

# FIRST PRIZE

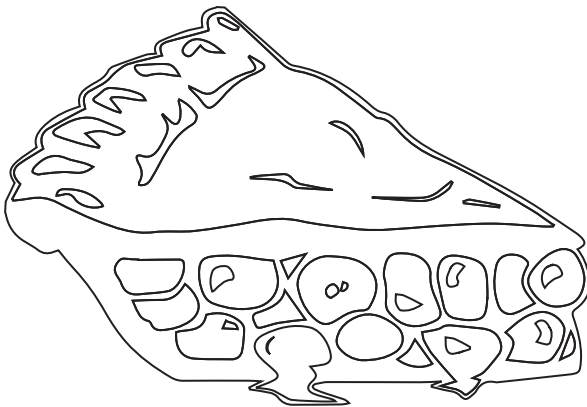
## The Blueberry Pie

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Sienna. She liked to make pies. Sienna wanted to make a blueberry pie.

She went to the forest and picked some blueberries. Sienna met a bad witch. She did not know the witch was bad. The witch said, "Give me the blueberries." Sienna said okay and gave her the blueberries. The bad witch ran away.

Sienna picked more blueberries and went home. She made two pies. Sienna shared her pies with her two friends Ailla and Carly. They said they were yummy.

*by Noeli Cheng* (Kindergarten)  
Century Private School  
Richmond Hill, Ontario



# FIRST PRIZE

## Crystal of the World

*Boom! Bang!* went the plane when Evan and I flew through the sky. Lightning flashed in a tornado.

Suddenly skeletons walked out from the tornado and they came with a missile. They shot the plane. Evan and I jumped in the mini pod and landed in the woods.

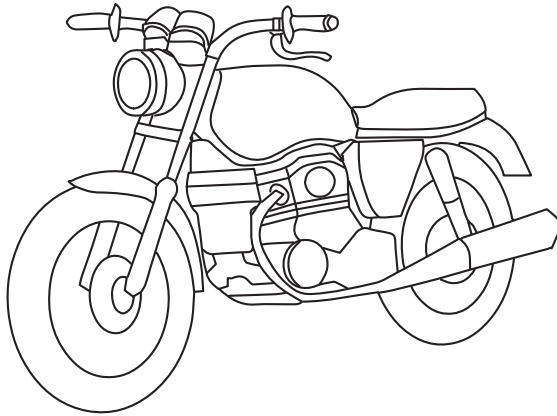
Evan found a tree house. I went to attack the skeletons. Evan knew why the skeletons were attacking us. They wanted the blue crystal we were transporting so they could rule the world.

I attacked them and shot them with my laser. Then a big skeleton came. I tried to get the missile working. It was charging. I found a motorcycle. I went to get Evan.

We drove away, but the giant skeleton caught us and put us in a metal cage made out of bones. We tried to get out, but we couldn't. Then we found a broken metal bone. We broke the cage with it and we got our guns. We shot him and then we went home and the crystal was saved!

*by Wyatt Anderson* (Grade One)

Harrington Harbour School  
Harrington Harbour, Québec



# FIRST PRIZE

## Water Frost

Once upon a time, there lived a sailor who crossed the seven seas. The sailor was called Max. He was thirty-six years old and had been studying oceans and lakes.

One day he set off to a strange ocean nobody had ever seen. He thought he was dreaming because the ocean's water wasn't blue or greenish in colour; it was white. He said, "That is impossible."

Then he saw a tail; its shape looked like a fish and it was flat. He thought he saw a manatee. Then he thought again, *How can a manatee live here?* He said, "That is impossible."

But it was a mermaid and she was a princess. Her name was Water Frost because her hair was white and her tail was blue.

One day Water Frost was sitting on a rock and she was thinking, *What is a real human like?*

On a stormy Monday sailor Max was in his ship and he was thinking, *What is a real mermaid like?* He took a sample and he carefully went back home to see what was in the ocean water.

He took a microscope and he couldn't believe what he saw. His equipment told him there were little pieces of mermaid scales in the white ocean. He was very excited because he had always wanted to see a real mermaid. Then he set off to the white ocean to try to find a mermaid who was friendly and kind and beautiful.

Max tried to find a beautiful and kind mermaid, but there was a reason there were no mermaids on the rocks. Water Frost's mom was giving birth to a baby mermaid, who was very cute and kind to her mother. Her mom named her Bloom and soon she grew into a big girl mermaid.

Max was still looking for a mermaid so he could research a mermaid's body. One lucky day he found Bloom and Water Frost playing in the ocean, so he went to catch them. He used the net to catch them, but it didn't work at all because they could swim through the net. He gave up and he said, "I will name the ocean Frost," and he sailed away. He told what happened to him and what he saw and others went exploring like Max.

**by Maggie Ping** (Grade Two)  
Kingslake Public School  
North York, Ontario



# FIRST PRIZE

## Jet Black

*Crunch!* I ran across a field of dead leaves. Suddenly, whoops! I fell in a pit covered by a tarp and leaves. Oh yeah, I wished I had remembered the pit my friends and I made. At least it made a good hiding spot. I covered up and hid. *Now back to the dragon*, I thought.

I took off my helmet, grabbed a piece of paper, and got a feather. I loved drawing. Being a prince was great, but I really wanted to be king, I really wanted to own the palace. But being a prince wasn't too bad. Besides it seemed like my friends worshipped me.

I went down the secret tunnel to the castle. As soon as I got under one of the castle tiles I got out as fast as I could and shut the tile on the ground. I quickly headed to my bedroom to check on Little Furry. *Whew*, my pet dragon was in his room made of glass, which was in my room. Suddenly I heard claws digging into my bedroom's roof!

I sped into the courtyard to find a dead black scaly creature. Vacant eyes stared right into my eyes. Grey smoke the colour of the rain clouds drifted from its nostrils to my nose. Wings stretched from its body. Fire came from its mouth and almost touched me.

"Dragon!" I yelled as loud as I could. I ran everywhere and eventually fell through a trap door. I slid down and fell into the dungeon.

I noticed a slight movement in the darkness. Just then it hit me—no, literally—the dragon! Then I remembered Little Furry! I called him about one million times; okay, maybe that's exaggerating. Then he finally heard me. He shot lightning at the dragon, but the dragon shot fire as well. Little Furry dodged the fire, but the other dragon wasn't so lucky. It got hit in the stomach. The dragon got knocked out. But it got better soon. The dragon made a ring of fire around it. Then it shot up in the air carrying its eggs.

Right then the egg cracked! I ran as fast as I could to catch it. Yes, I got it! Right then the egg cracked, revealing a tiny version of its mother. "I'm going to call you Jet Black," I said to the little thing.

by **Samuel Janz** (Grade Three)  
Glenmore Christian Academy  
Calgary, Alberta



# FIRST PRIZE

## The Great Chicken Catastrophe

“We’re trying to get Grandma back to Calgary and it’s raining chickens,” I said.

“It’ll be a lot of fun,” assured my dad.

“Yeah right,” I said accusingly.

We’d been in Saskatoon for the past few days for the Jalsa. Now we had to drive along the southern route through Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, and then Calgary, and to wake up at 3:00 A.M. I pleaded with my dad to collect some chickens before we left so we could ship them to Ghana, and he did.

During the trip I saw my mischievous brother doing a cuckoo sign at me. I got furious and blew a raspberry at him. I think he got mad because he told Grandma in Twi, “Mariam spit at me.”

Enraged, I hollered, “Kojo wanted me to.”

My dad heard this fight and I think he got really mad because he yelled, “Do you want a time-out?” We were speechless. Maybe we didn’t want a time-out.

It was quiet for a little while until I whispered in my brother’s ear, “I’m telling on you.”

“Daddy, could you pull over because there’s a problem?” I said. “The chickens are flying out of the car!”

“Oh no!” said my dad.

We pulled over and caught most of the chickens, but the rest were gone. We locked them in the car, and made sure they couldn’t come out.

I realized some of the cars were going in the wrong lane. My dad started doing it, he was trying to get around a cargo truck. Bad luck. A cargo truck was coming up ahead. “Daddy, we’re going to crash,” I said.

“Mariam!” my dad yelled in an annoyed furious way. The cargo truck was beeping its horn: *Beep!*

The cars saw this and started to clear out. We drove into the space. I was glad we were saved.

*Bock! Bock! Baa! Bock!* “*Auugggh!* It’s raining chickens again!” I hollered.

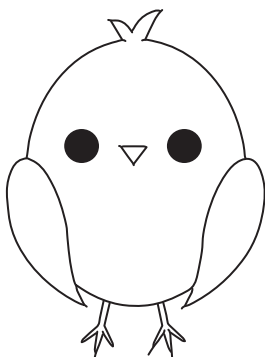
Suddenly my brother chanted, “I want McDonald’s! McDonald’s!” We had chicken burgers and chicken nuggets. Then I realized we were eating chicken. I started to yell, “Don’t eat the chicken!”

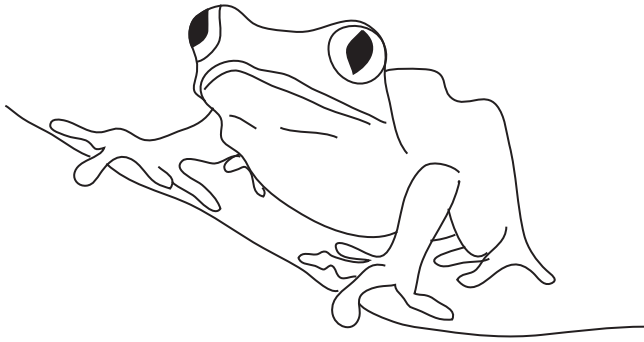
My parents calmed me down and we had a peaceful lunch.

*Beet! Beet!* Somebody was trying to steal the chickens, so we ran outside and saw the robbers making a fuss with the chickens. The chickens escaped and the robbers ran away. *What did they want with the chickens anyway?* I thought, but we locked the doors and drove out of there.

“Finally we’re in Calgary,” I said. We looked in the truck. There were no chickens left.

**by Mariam Agyemang** (Grade Four)  
Aurora Academic Charter School  
Edmonton, Alberta





# FIRST PRIZE

## The Frog

I didn't know it until my best friend, Kate, said, "Hey, Crystal, you must have a frog in your throat."

*I don't know how that frog got in there, but I'm going to get it out one way or another.*

The next day at school I went to the nurse hoping she had answers. When I got there, I told her what had happened. She gave me a weird look and started laughing. Then she told me to leave.

I really needed help; eating a frog is a serious issue. I thought for a bit. *The nurse might have told me to leave because it was too hard for her to work on.* I called the doctor. He booked an appointment for Friday at 10:30 A.M.

Friday was tomorrow. That night when I hopped into bed, I was scared. *What will the doctor do to me? Will he give me 1,000 needles?* I thought and thought.

The next thing I knew it was morning. I got ready and went to the doctor.

When it was my turn I told the doctor what had happened. The doctor kicked me out when I was done speaking. I sat outside in pain. I learned they literally kick you out. I knew at that very second, I had to call 9-1-1.

After I told the dispatcher the whole story about the frog, she totally hung up. *Man, some people really don't get emergencies!* I made another call.

"Hello, Kate," I said. "Listen, I have a really bad problem."

"Oh man, did you get stuck in the toilet again, Crystal?" Kate asked.

"No! We made the toilet seat smaller, but what I was going to say is, you know a few days ago when you said I had a frog in my throat?"

Kate had to think for a few seconds, "Oh yeah, so what about it?"

"Well . . . I just . . . um . . . I just can't stop thinking about it! I have to get it out! I've tried to get help, but nobody cares." I explained what had happened.

Kate didn't say anything. Finally, she answered, "It's just a saying, Crystal. It means your voice is croaky. Listen. . . . Your voice is back, no more frog. *Tada!*"

"Oh, then forget what I just said. Uh . . . bye." I was so embarrassed. I hung up before Kate could say another word.

The phone rang again. It was Susie. *Oh, no. There's a rumour going around about a girl thinking she ate a frog. Yikes!*

**by Jaylin Iberg-Weston** (Grade Five)

Peterson Road Elementary School  
Langley, British Columbia



# SECOND PRIZE

## Pirate Adventure

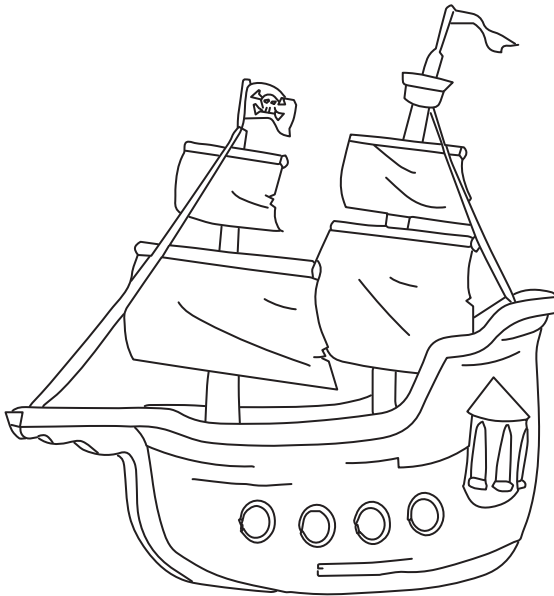
Once upon a time in a faraway place there was a pirate who looked all over for treasure. He looked all over the place until one day when he fell into a den! There, he found a hole in the den.

Then he went into the hole; he fit in the hole. He found a big treasure chest in the den. Then he called his pirate friends to come.

They ran to come. They helped carry the treasure onto their ship.

When they got home they opened the treasure. They saw gold and a small statue. They shared it with other people and then they all lived happily ever after.

*by Darren Wong* (Kindergarten)  
Sunrise Montessori School  
Markham, Ontario





# SECOND PRIZE

## Pickle Cat's Tooth

Pickle Cat has a loose tooth. Pickle Cat took a bite into an apple. He said, "Ow!"

Pickle Dog said, "I know what to do." He tugged on Pickle Cat's tooth. It did not come out. Pickle Dog called the tooth fairy.

The tooth fairy punched his tooth with a hammer! But it still did not come out!

Pickle Bird came and said, "I know what to do." He put pepper up his nose. He sneezed, but it still did not come out!

Pickle Shrimp came when Pickle Cat was sleeping and he put sea horses on his head. Next morning he looked in the mirror. He said, "Aaahhh!" He jumped on the ceiling. He lost his grip and fell into the bathtub. His tooth fell out! He put it under his pillow.

The tooth fairy came and put a toothbrush under his pillow. They lived happily ever after.

*by Alessa Benoot* (Grade One)

Meadow Cress School  
Chatham, Ontario



# SECOND PRIZE

## The Owl That Freaked Me Out

You would never believe what happened to me last night! Well, a barn owl silently flew into my house. It crept into my room and suddenly screamed, “Yah-yah, yah-yah!” at me. I woke up.

I quickly dashed into my parents’ room and told them about the owl screaming in my face. But they said, “You must be dreaming. Just go back to bed.”

“Why?” I asked. “It actually freaked me out!” I exclaimed.

My parents replied, “Well, dreams seem like they are real.”

But I didn’t quit yet. I wanted to show them real proof. I opened my dad’s toolkit and grabbed his flashlight. I turned it on. At first I thought I was going to get blinded by how bright the light was! After a moment, I got used to it so I was fine. I shone it everywhere until. . . I yelled, “Dad! Mom! Come! Look at the owl!”

My parents walked over to me drowsily and saw the owl right away. My parents and I even figured out it was a barn owl! Its face was white. It had a lot of feathers. It also had huge black eyes and a pointy beak. Since we lived on a farm, the owl must have come from the barn. Luckily I learned about barn owl hoots and their responses on YouTube. I listened to the owl and found out the barn owl just wanted me to help it catch a mouse to feed on.

I found a mouse in the attic. I picked it up and fed the owl. Right away the owl returned to the barn.

The next morning I went to the barn to feed the animals and I found an owl pellet on the ground. I didn’t dare to step on it because it looked disgusting. The pellet also seemed dirty. I had read books about owl facts and they said when owls digest food, they don’t digest the bones and fur. The bones and fur go into a part called the gizzard. Then the owl coughs out the pellet.

The following night I went out with my family to find the owl. We found the exact same owl and found out it was a boy. We named it Arthur. Arthur and I became friends and we played with each other every night. It’s wonderful to have an owl pal!

*by Nicholas Cheng* (Grade Two)

Richmond Hill Montessori & Elementary Private School  
Richmond Hill, Ontario



# SECOND PRIZE

## The Different-sized Adventures

Once there was an inventor named Jon. His helpers were his pets Doggy the dog and Doctor Kitty the smart cat. In his lab there lived a curious mouse named Mister Mouse who copied their ideas.

One day Jon, Doggy, and Doctor Kitty decided to make an airplane. Doctor Kitty sketched out the blueprint and instructions for a paper airplane. Jon made the paper airplane. Then Doctor Kitty and Jon made a machine. They called it The Bigger Maker because when they used it on their airplane it became the size of a regular plane!

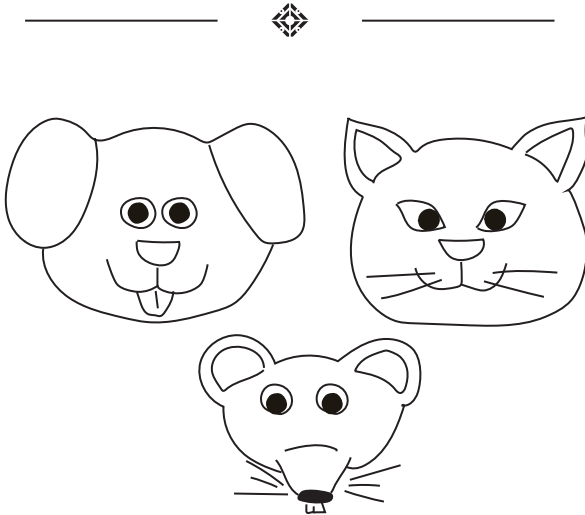
Doctor Kitty motioned all three to go inside where there were paper seats, but since it was gigantic, the seats could hold up the trio. Then Mister Mouse tripped over the red and black wires and tried to put them back, but he got them in the wrong positions. He decided to test it out and hit the start button, but by reversing the red and black wires he made it The Smaller Maker. The ray from The Smaller Maker hit the paper airplane that doubled the energy, shrinking it to the size of a mouse's paper airplane. The trio didn't have time to react before they could realize what was happening. Mister Mouse threw the paper airplane and off it went. Luckily Doctor Kitty had been prepared for this. He had made a tiny paper engine in case of emergencies and it was powered by drool, which Doggy had a lot of.

Off they went on an epic adventure around the world, maybe even beyond! Soon the trio were soaring high in the sky. Being a paper airplane, it was lighter than a regular airplane, and being so small, it weighed just a few grams, so it was just a bit above the clouds. To make sure Doggy was always drooling, Jon held a fishing rod with a bone on it.

The three friends were having a great time until they looked behind them. Guess what was approaching quickly from behind? A real plane! Regular size! Jon quickly put all the bones in the plane onto the fishing rod and Doggy drooled even more. The plane was going beyond maximum drool fuel speed!

From over the clouds, a seagull saw them and smelled the bones. The seagull swooped in, picked them up with its claws, and brought them back home. Doggy gave the bones to the seagull as a thank-you gift. They fixed The Bigger Maker's wires and made themselves big again. Then they disconnected the wires for good. They didn't want to go on another too big, or too small, adventure.

*by Cameron Gardner* (Grade Three)  
MindWare Academy  
Ottawa, Ontario



# SECOND PRIZE

## The Avalanche

*Slosh! Squish! Slosh!* Tom dragged his feet through the thick, frigid snow. “Finally, I’ve reached the bus stop!” the green-eyed, brown-haired boy muttered under his breath.

As Tom scrambled over the last snow bank, the aroma of gas filled the air. The bright, snow-covered bus was waiting for him. While Tom clambered into the warm well-furnished bus, the frozen, glassy lake caught his eye. Tom pulled down his thick black scarf, and continued making his way into the shiny vehicle.

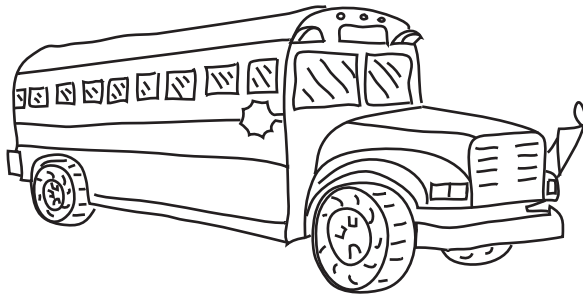
As he slumped down into his seat, the bus jolted forward and was on its way to Parker School. Suddenly, Tom heard a deep rumble coming from up ahead. *Probably just the sound of the freight train at the nearby crossing*, he thought. Peeking out the window, he saw nothing out of the ordinary. Just then, he spotted a shift in the snow on one of the highest peaks in front of the bus. “I’m probably just seeing things,” he thought aloud, positioning himself in a more comfortable place. Without warning, the sound grew louder. Curiously, Tom peered out the frosty window, hoping nothing unusual would catch his eye. A white blur rolled down the massive stone hill. Everything went black. An avalanche had covered the bus!

Panicking, Tom raced around in circles, listening to the voice of the female driver hushing the screaming children. Tom polished his spectacles—as he always would when he was stressed—and ran to the middle of the bus. With all his effort, Tom pulled down the safety tab on the roof’s emergency exit. Disappointment struck him as he noticed it was jammed. Anger fused through him from head to toe. How could he get out? The indoor bus lights flickered out. “Great, now the power is out!” he, along with some other students, exclaimed. After he had tried to open all of the jammed doors, he let out a whimper and slipped back into his seat. And that was when he remembered: *My watch!* The microchip in it had a built-in danger alarm. It would instantly contact his mother if he were in danger!

When he pressed the button, nothing happened. Minutes passed. At the half-hour mark, a faint siren sounded. Like gophers, the kids perked their heads up. The sound got louder and louder until the police and Tom’s mother were right outside the clump of ice. His mother had received the transmission! Finally, they were safe!

Rushing to his mother, he wondered if he would ever be the same. Just remembering the idea of being trapped made him frightened. Tom decided to have his mom drive him to school forever on.

*by Cooper Scott* (Grade Four)  
Rundle College Elementary School  
Calgary, Alberta



# SECOND PRIZE

## The Weather God

*Swoosh! Swoosh! Scrunch! Swoosh! Scrunch!* When Eagle Feather and his sister, Li'l Snow, were snowshoeing near the mountaintop, suddenly they heard the grumble of an angry avalanche.

"Watch out! The ferocious monster is awake!" cried Eagle Feather as he quickly grabbed the hand of his precious little sister to hide under a mega-gigantic pine tree.

"He's gonna eat us in one bite!" cried Li'l Snow, terrified.

*Sweeshhh . . . aaah!*

"Ouch!" moaned Li'l Snow as she woke up and bumped her head on the bed board.

"Li'l Snow, come quick!" shouted Eagle Feather from the kitchen.

"Oh yeah, what is it?" cried Li'l Snow. She was not too sure about this.

"I made you breakfast," proudly said Eagle Feather.

Li'l Snow wiped her eyes and stretched. *Raheharhshrahshaaa. . .*, she yawned while moving to the table.

"Bon appétit," said her big bro' with a happy smile. He served her some raw eggs with deer meat and berries from yesterday.

"Uh, again? I'm getting tired of this dull meal," angrily cried Li'l Snow.

"Well, suit yourself. I am going to eat and I suggest you do it, too, unless you're not hungry," said Eagle Feather as he gobbled up the meat left on his plate.

Li'l Snow grimaced and only ate one quarter of her meat. Next, she gently pushed the leftovers to Eagle Feather, muttering to herself. "Yucky Sasquatch food. . ."

After breakfast, the two children went to visit their grandpa's old cottage nearby their house. They knocked on his door but nobody was home.

"Look, Grandpa left his magic cane on the veranda!" cried Eagle Feather.

"Let me touch it. . ." said Li'l Snow.

"Me first!" cried Eagle Feather. So they both fought and pulled the cane so hard . . . *crack!* The cane broke in half. Suddenly came a big snowstorm.

"What have we done?" said Eagle Feather.

"Grandpa will be sad because we broke his precious tambourine cane stick!" gasped Li'l Snow.

The kids opened the unlocked door to stay safe inside and hide Grandpa's weird cane under his bed.

An hour later, it was warm and sunny outside and a tall and rusty old man with a giant beard and a huge animal cloak on his shoulder appeared at the window.

"It's Grandpa!" nervously cried the children.

He entered the cottage and hugged his sweet grandchildren.

"Grandpa, we missed you so much," said Eagle Feather.

Grandpa smiled. "I know. . ."

The children bit their lips. "We should tell him," said Li'l Snow.

Grandpa crossed his arms and said, "I already know because spring is now making its way."

Eagle Feather grimaced. "Uh?" Li'l Snow scratched her head.

"Hahaha, . . . you broke my weather stick." Then Grandpa winked at them.

*by Miwa Hayashi* (Grade Five)  
Elmwood School  
Ottawa, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

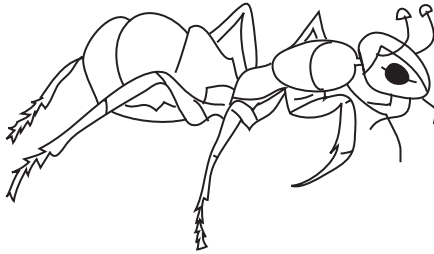
## As Small as an Ant

If I were an ant I would crawl up a straw and pretend it were a tunnel. If I were an ant I would think my house is giant. If I were an ant when I was trying to get a piece of fruit I would call to my friends or family to help me get an apple.

If I were an ant I would live with my family and sometimes friends. I would visit my grandma and grandpa one or one hundred days because they take me to school.

I would love to be an ant. I would actually love to be an ant.

by *Chloe Baillie* (Kindergarten)  
St. Anne Catholic School  
Kitchener, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

## Toy Bear

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Tiara. She wanted a toy, a teddy bear. She asked her mother for it. Her mother said no to her because she had too many stuffed animal toys. She went to ask her father for it. He said no also. After a while, her mother told her it was her bedtime and she went to bed. She had a dream her mom gave her a toy bear for her birthday.

She asked her mom where her toy bear was the next morning. Her mom said she did not know. Tiara looked for her toy bear in her house and could not find it. She asked her mom again and her mom told her she did not have a toy bear. So she figured out it was a dream.

She ran to her backyard and closed her eyes and made a wish for a toy bear. When she opened her eyes, a toy bear fell from her tree house and landed right in front of her. The toy bear could speak! It told Tiara as long as she was good and nice, her wish would come true.

*by Tsz Fei Wang* (Grade One)  
Dunlace Public School  
North York, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

## The Frog That Didn't Like to Hop

Once upon a time in the woods lived a frog and a fly. The frog's name was Hive and the fly's name was Tye. Tye and Hive were best friends. They went hiking together and they went swimming in the sea together. They did everything together.

One problem was Hive didn't like to hop. So Tye tried to help him by playing some hopping games, but it did not work. Hive didn't like to hop, so he said, "I can't, because I don't like to hop."

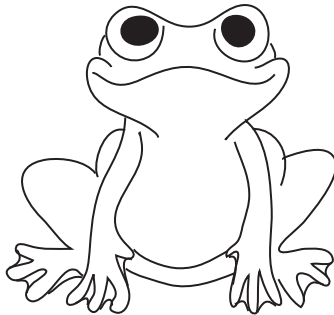
"Come on, just try," said Tye.

"No, no, no! I am not trying to hop, I will try to walk instead," said Hive.

"Frogs can't walk," said Tye.

They decided to go for a swim to get their minds off things. They splashed each other and swam across the lake. They laughed too! Suddenly Hive hopped. Hive realized hopping was fun. "Now I will hop like a real frog!" said Hive.

by *Lindsay Pardy* (Grade Two)  
Quispamsis Elementary School  
Quispamsis, New Brunswick





# THIRD PRIZE

## The Mystery Box

One windy Monday morning there was a little boy named Max camping in the woods with his parents. Max asked his parents if he could take a walk, and his parents said yes. So Max started walking quickly away from his tent, but a few minutes later he was lost in the very dangerous woods. Max didn't know what to do, he panicked.

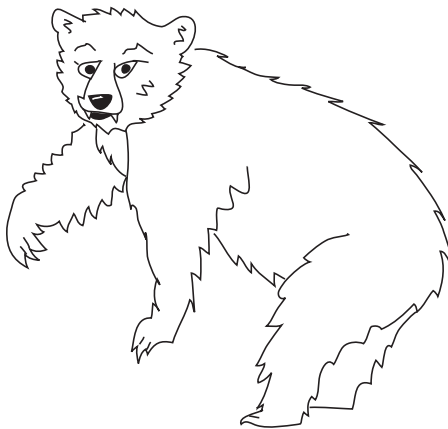
Suddenly, Max heard something, so he looked around and saw a bush moving. Max started walking closer and closer to the moving bush. From out of nowhere, an enormous brown grizzly bear jumped out of the bush and started chasing Max. "Ahhh!" Max screamed and started running as fast as his little legs could move him. Max saw a lake up ahead, so he decided to jump in.

*Splash!* When he jumped in he saw his best friend, George. Max swam down to the bottom, almost out of breath, but Max got there quickly and picked up George. Also at the bottom of the lake, Max saw a mysterious colourful box. Max thought George probably saw the mysterious box and wanted it, so he jumped in, but when he got to the bottom a huge rock had trapped him in the water. Then Max thought, *Why can he still breathe?* Max didn't care about that though. Luckily Max had come to his friend's rescue.

Max lifted the rock off George and together they swam back to the top of the lake with the mysterious box. They started punching it powerfully. Then the mysterious box opened and a light so bright shone and Max and George almost went blind. Then Max and George heard a loud voice and it boomed, "This box is a never-ending prize; now you will never get lost again in your whole life and nothing bad will ever happen to you."

Max and George screamed, "Yes!" And then soon went home and had fun. They were very happy nothing bad could ever happen to them again.

*by Joseph Viola* (Grade Three)  
St. Anthony of Padua School  
Milton, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

## Journey of Ants

“Come on! Only a few more miles till the pollen forest!” my dad said.

I was worn out. Somehow my baby brother was so energetic. “To the desert of dessert! La-la, la-la!” my brother chanted. I was sick of it!

*Only one more mile*, I thought as I trudged slowly across the soil. My six legs were tired and my antennae was drooping.

Finally we were at the big house. I crawled under the big weird rock above me. The human nest was huge! Like 50,000,000 ant dens combined! I found a big, black platform. There was a button with a big white symbol. *Should I press it?* I gave it a lot of effort and pressed it. Big lights flashed across the platform. *This is magic!* Suddenly loud noises came from it!

“Now for the weather, it’s Allison here. Thunderstorm in the Waterloo region, and a tornado in California!” Then I heard a loud stomping.

“Mary, who turned on the TV?”

“Maybe one of the kids did.”

“Ana, Susan, who turned on the TV?”

“I didn’t.”

“Me neither.”

“Okay.”

*Whew, that was close.* I pressed the button again. “There was a rob—” *Good. Now let’s continue.*

“Now we only have to get to that box and we are there!” Dad told us.

We marched to the box with Dad. *It’s a sugar mountain!* All of us ran to the mountain and we ate until we were as fat as a bowling ball.

Then it was morning. And someone was moving our box! The box was open and I heard singing: “Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Ana! Happy birthday to you.”

Then someone screamed, “Ants! Get the bug spray, now!”

*Not the bug spray!* We all ran. Stomping came our way. *Pssst, pssst!* Ant spray shot! But they missed! We crawled under the big weird rock thing and ran.

*Woof! Woof!* . . . *Not one of those monsters the humans carry around!* We kept running. Good thing the monster was on a leash. Or we would’ve been doomed.

We were almost there! Finally, home sweet home. I could see it. Suddenly something pink caught me. “Help!” I yelled. It was no use. I got lifted in the air.

“Hey, guys! Gum!”

“I don’t want it, there is an ant on it! Get it off! Get it off!” I shook with the pink thing and fell. *Ahhh!* I tumbled home.

*by Anaahad Kaur* (Grade Four)  
Sandhills Public School  
Kitchener, Ontario



# THIRD PRIZE

## Why Worms Are Slow

A long time ago, worms were fast. Demeter, Goddess of Agriculture, had given them powers to crawl fast so they could help the crops grow faster, but made them promise to help the crops grow first.

All of the worms loved their power. They could crawl so fast they were as fast as a human. The worms helped the crops grow faster than they were supposed to. Since Demeter was very happy with this, she left them alone for a hundred years.

Thirty years later, worms liked to play. They used their powers to play tag. They still helped the crops, but the crops didn't grow as fast as they normally did. When the worms heard the farmer's family was going on a cruise for three weeks, the worms played every day. They didn't help the crops grow, and one week later, the plants died. The worms didn't care about the crops or the promise they had made to Demeter.

Poseidon, who was watching the worms, searched for Demeter to tell her about it. He found her in Hawaii. Poseidon ran to her and said, "Demeter, what are you doing here? Do you know the worms are only using their powers for playing instead of working? Do you even care about that?"

"What?" exclaimed Demeter, who was flabbergasted.

"All the plants are dead! They only use their powers for playing! Do you even know what you are doing?" yelled Poseidon loudly.

"You're lying, the worms promised me they would only use their powers for working," said Demeter angrily. She walked away and talked to a lifeguard.

Poseidon ran away and spent a week trying to find the farm.

At the farm, the farmer discovered the crops were dead. He was very angry, but the worms were having fun.

Poseidon found the worms and said loudly, "Okay, who didn't help the crops grow?"

The worms looked at him and laughed harder. "Hey, Seaweed Brain, we're just having fun," said a worm.

Poseidon stared at them angrily and bellowed, "Don't call me Seaweed Brain! And remember your promise to Demeter!" The worms giggled and crawled around him. He used his magical trident to make the worms slow. The worms crawling around him crawled slowly. "This is a punishment. You broke the promise, so now you have to suffer the consequences." He walked away and told the farmer what happened.

After Poseidon left, the worms did their work properly. Demeter was ashamed and monitored the worms daily. This is why worms are slow. It reminds them of what can happen if they don't help the crops grow.

*by Vivian Zhi* (Grade Five)  
Trillium School  
Markham, Ontario

