

FIRST PRIZE

What We Can Be When We Are Older

We can be a hero.
We can be a firefighter.
We can be a book maker.
We can be a movie maker.
We can be a doctor.
We can be a construction worker.
We can be a toy maker.
We can be a garbageman.
We can be an astronaut.
It doesn't matter what we will be when we are older,
As long as we can be ourself.

by *Gabriel Guzman Facun* (Kindergarten)
Tiger Jeet Singh Public School
Milton, Ontario

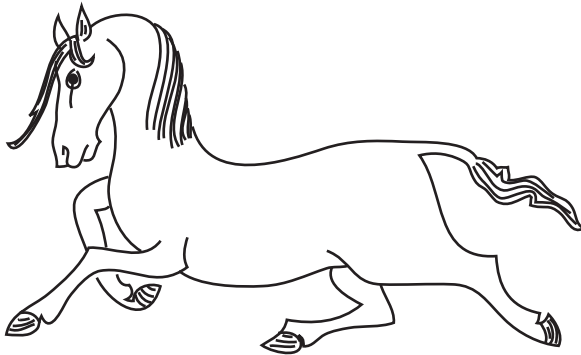


FIRST PRIZE

If I Were a Horse

If I were a horse,
I would eat hay.
People would pet and ride me
every day.
I would sleep in my stall,
and I would neigh.
I would wear horse shoes,
gallop, and trot.
If I were a horse,
I would eat carrots and grass,
and people would braid my mane.
If I were a horse,
I would not like loud noise,
but I would love the sound
of wind in my mane.

by Claire Morsi (Grade One)
Académie Ste. Cécile International School
Windsor, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Bunny

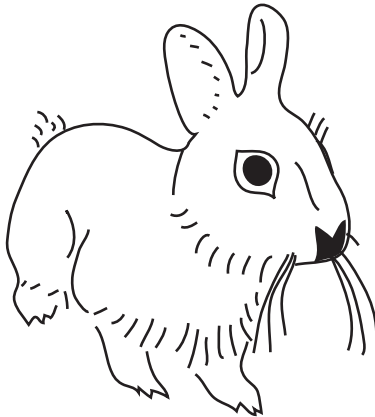
Black like a brownie,
Brown like toffee,
White like cotton candy. . . .

Bunnies jump like a kangaroo,
I jump like a kangaroo too.

Bunnies are soft and fluffy;
I wish the whole universe were fluffy,
So nobody got hurt and everyone stayed happy.

Black like a brownie,
Brown like toffee,
White like cotton candy.

by Riley Yu (Grade Two)
Central Montessori School
Toronto, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

New Glasses

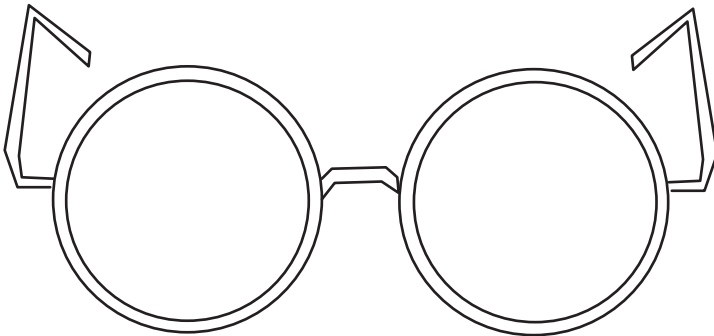
I need glasses
I hope I don't get any *sasses*
From kids in different classes

I have not had them before
I run through the door
Oh wow, glasses galore!

My doctor's name is Ted
The frames can be blue, pink, purple, or red
I don't have to wear them in bed

I got them this May
It was a perfect day
I got them! Hooray!

by Lauren Dorricott (Grade Three)
Calvin Christian School
Hamilton, Ontario



FIRST PRIZE

Old Prairie

Standing in the prairie on a hot summer day,
Looking all around, watching the muskrats play.
Watching the willows, they bend with the breeze;
Playing in prairie grass as long as I please.
Watching the sunset on the sea far beyond;
Swimming in the little, clear duck pond.
Smiling as the little jackrabbits jump;
Staring at the ducklings, they swim in a clump.
Listening to the crickets sing,
A bird is awoken, he flaps a wing.
Running around in the white sand with bare feet;
Observing the men, they're making some wheat.
Checking around everywhere for mice;
Singing a song because it sounds nice.
Searching in the weeds for a four-leaf clover;
Rolling in the tall grass, over and over.
Feeding the chickadees seed by seed;
Giving the horses whatever they need.
Getting the flour, fresh from the mill;
After, running down the hill.
Eating my lunch, a delicious sandwich;
Sewing up my hat, stitch by stitch.
Sighing because it will soon be fall;
Watching it, watching it, watching it all.
Looking at the boat sailing on the sea;
Being myself in this country so free.
Getting the eggs from the chicken pen;
One had a chick, I think it's a hen.
Working in the garden, pulling each weed;
Riding the wind on my faithful steed.
Doing everything good deed by good deed;
This is the prairie life I choose to lead.

by Sylvia LeBlanc (Grade Four)
Rockcliffe Park Public School
Ottawa, Ontario





FIRST PRIZE

The Orchestra

I walked silently into the auditorium
with the audience surrounding me.

One by one, row by row,
the musicians set up for the unknown show.

As the conductor was concentrating
on commencing the concert,
the waft of violin wax tickled my nose.

The lights dimmed and I was engulfed
in a bright darkness.

I finally heard the *tap, tap, tap*
of the conductor's baton
against the metal music stand.

The music started.
I could now see the bow dancing
across the strings of the violin,
creating a sound so piercing
that it almost popped my ear drums.

The vibrations of the notes bouncing off the walls
carried me to another dimension.

As I drifted further out of reality,
the annoying cry of a baby
disturbed my sleep-like trance.

I woke up to the cymbals
letting out a high-pitched screech
to try to steal the spotlight of the show.

Suddenly the drums got louder and louder
with every beat.
It sounded like elephant footsteps
stampeding towards me.

Amid the standing ovation, the clapping and whistling,
the last word I heard was
“*Encore!*”

by Li MacCharles-Hall (Grade Five)
Elmdale Public School
Ottawa, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

My Cat, Sadie

Super dark black
Soft like a stuffy
Likes to sleep in my bed
Rolls and stretches
Purrs when she's warm
Scratches when she's mad
Meows to say "please"
Loves me a lot

by Alexis Lumax (Kindergarten)
Taylor School
Swan River, Manitoba



SECOND PRIZE

Goodbye, Summer . . . Hello, Fall

Goodbye, September,
Hello, October.

Goodbye, lunch at home,
Hello, lunch at school.

Goodbye, colourful toenails,
Hello, woolly socks.

Goodbye, fresh fruit,
Hello, picking apples.

Goodbye, swimming in the pool,
Hello, hot tubs.

Goodbye, summer TV shows,
Hello, Halloween TV shows.

Goodbye, kindergarten,
Hello, grade one.

Goodbye, dripping Popsicle,
Hello, crispy pie.

Goodbye, Tinkertown with friends,
Hello, friends at school.

Goodbye, going outside,
Hello, staying inside.

Goodbye, flowers,
Hello, dying flowers.

Goodbye, green leaves,
Hello, colourful leaves.

Goodbye, blood-sucking mosquitoes,
Hello, red ladybugs.

by Amrita Duggal (Grade One)
Joseph Teres School
Winnipeg, Manitoba



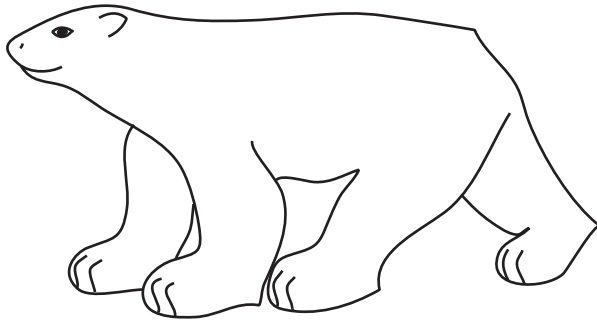
SECOND PRIZE

A Warm Polar Bear

In winter, I dress like a polar bear.
I know exactly what to wear:
Boots, gloves, coat, scarf, and hat.
I'm a polar bear that is very fat.

I go outside and play in the snows.
I'm not cold when the wind blows.
Even in a very big storm,
Just like a bear, my coat keeps me warm.

by *Shivani Viswanathan* (Grade Two)
Sidney Ledson Institute
Toronto, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

Henry

Henry is a hedgehog.
Elephants are his enemies.
Dancing is his hobby.
Gosh, he sure is good at it!
Every time he spins around, he falls on his snout though.
He likes sleeping too.
Of course, he also likes his family.
“Go, hedgehogs, go!”
Says Henry, waving his little arms.

by *William Hu* (Grade Three)
Brian Public School
North York, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

The Bee . . .

I was minding my own business
When a bee noticed me.
I made a great long squeal,
As I ran away to flee.

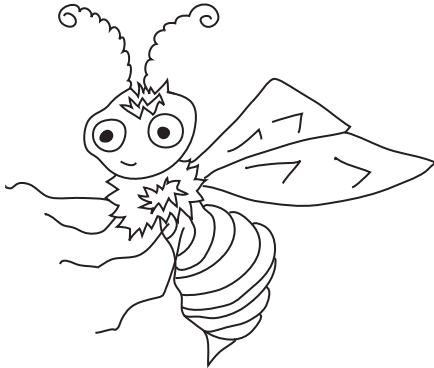
I panicked, turning left and right;
That bee kept up with me,
I must have run too fast,
'Cause I fell and hurt my knee.

I didn't waste a minute,
I got up super quick.
That evil bee was buzzing
'Round my head to make me sick.

I know it wants to sting me hard,
But I had to catch my breath.
I quickly stopped to face him,
Knowing it meant a certain death.

"Stop chasing me please, please, please!"
I shouted loudly to the sky.
To my shock I saw no bee at all,
It was just a harmless little fly!

by Mya Harris (Grade Four)
Area Enrichment Class—Cambridge
Cambridge, Ontario



SECOND PRIZE

My Dog, Ben

It started when Mom said, “We are getting a dog.”
My heart was racing, my head was in a fog.

We drove on the street to pick up Ben,
It was love at first sight when we saw him in his pen.

White and fluffy and full of joy,
I knew he was perfect and better than any toy.

We took him home with a whimper and a cry,
But all the while we knew he was our cutie pie.

We walked through our door and welcomed him home,
With hugs and kisses that would never let him feel alone.

Our first night with him was exciting and scary,
Learning about each other can sometimes be harry.

He runs and he jumps, loves paper and balls,
Gets so excited and bangs into the walls.

We walk to the park after school every day,
To meet his dog friends that just want to play.

He digs in the dirt and rolls in the grass;
Smart little fella, a treat he will never pass.

With licks and a wagging tail, he’s always happy I’m there;
I promise to keep him safe and always take good care.

I thank the lord above, every night before bed,
For my family and friends and especially my dog, Ben!

by Justin Scarcello (Grade Five)
Holy Cross Catholic School
Toronto, Ontario

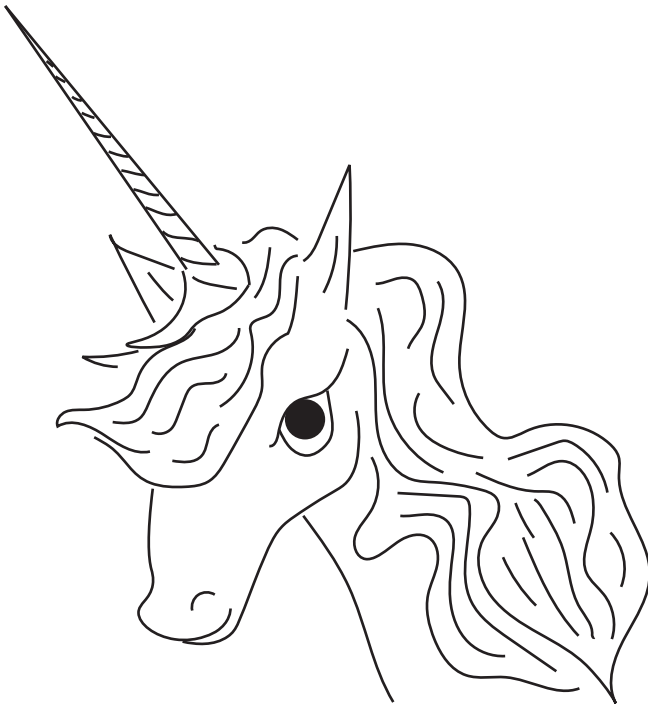


THIRD PRIZE

Unicorns

Unicorns are pretty
Unicorns are nice
Unicorns make me jumpy
Unicorns chase mice
Unicorns' hairs are rainbow-coloured

by *Grace Hunt* (Kindergarten)
Glenn Arbour Academy
Burlington, Ontario

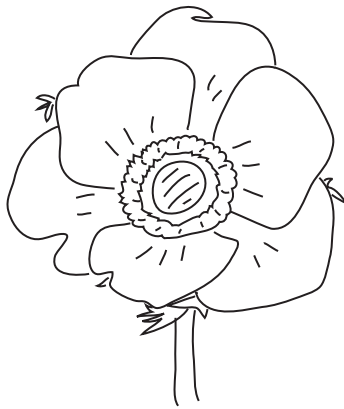


THIRD PRIZE

Soldiers

Soldiers
Fighting in war
Many did not come home
Let us remember these brave men
Always

by *Chloe Shum* (Grade One)
Trinity Montessori School
Markham, Ontario

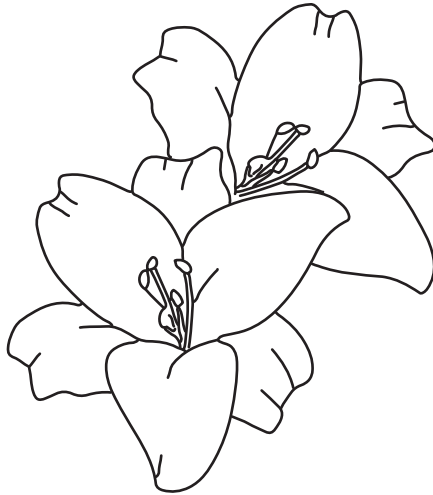


THIRD PRIZE

Flowers

Flowers feel very soft,
Look very beautiful.
Orange lilies are in my garden.
Water them every day.
Every flower plant grows roots and leaves.
Red roses brighten up my day.
Some flowers smell so good!

by Ida Luo (Grade Two)
Kingslake Public School
North York, Ontario



THIRD PRIZE

The Hockey Game

The first period had begun.
I felt like the metamorphosis started.
I raced to centre ice.
The referee blew his shiny, silver whistle.
My face turned red.
I took the puck away.
I tight turned to the left side.
I sped up slowly.
The defender got too tired.
No one could catch me.
I passed the puck to my teammate.
He moved back a little step, then paused.
His skate shrieked!
He passed the puck to me.
I did the fancy Mohawk move,
Shot the puck.
The horn blared!
I scored!

by Ty Sivak (Grade Three)
Charles Dickens Annex School
Vancouver, British Columbia



THIRD PRIZE

Mom

A beautiful deer,
Cautious and safe,
Leading the pack.

Shiny green eyes,
Stars with growing leaves,
First thing people see.

An ocean,
Swaying unhurried,
Back and forth.

A Coke,
Fizzy and bubbly,
Full of excitement,
Popping with ideas.

A book,
Full of interest
And entertaining,
With awesome characters.

A tree,
Sprouting every day
With leaves
Of memories.

The fast car,
Swift moving,
With high-rapid engines
Breaking the sound barrier.

A wolf,
On territory,
Protecting its cubs,
Ready to attack.

Soothing,
A lullaby
Never ending.

by Madison Burnell (Grade Four)
St. John's-Ravenscourt School
Winnipeg, Manitoba



THIRD PRIZE

Ocean

The ocean is a picture
Of elegance and grace;
Its waves are like buckets
Pouring down beauty.

Its colour goes from
A blue as light as glass
To the jade of a tropical jungle,
Then the blue is as dark as night.

Its beauty draws you in,
But then its dark side reveals itself;
The tide grabs you,
It pulls you deeper into its depth.

Frantically, you struggle
To get to shore;
Instead, a wave slams you
Hard against the ground.

Desperate for breath,
You swim to the shore.
You collapse against the beach
In relief, only to discover that

The ocean is a dangerous
Beauty.

by Rachael Barden (Grade Five)
The Fernie Academy
Fernie, British Columbia

