

2006 Student Winners

Cheese Poet Laureate's Award: best dairy ode (Grades 5-8):

1st Place

CHEESE

by Alyssa Currier

I like cheese,
I beg you please,
I'm on my knees,
I need my cheese.

Mozza, old, cheddar cheese,
They're all so good,
Just give me cheese,
PLEASE!

I love my cheese,
I'm on my knees,
Begging, OH PLEASE,
Yah, I finally got my cheese.

nd Place

HAIKU

by Matthew Lachance

I love the sweet taste
It is so good and so great
It is cheese cheese cheese

Cheese Poet Laureate's Award: best dairy ode (High School):

1st Place

CHEESE

by Janna Witteveen

Cheese is good, cheese is great,
I like cheese upon my plate.

In the morning, late at night,
Anytime I'll take a bite.

I eat cheese on my toast,
But with some crackers I like the most.

Orange, yellow, white and blue,
My favourite's orange; how about you?

Although cheese smells like stinky socks,
It's okay because it rocks.

There's cheddar, and Swiss, mozzarella and bree,
Try each kind and you will see.

It comes in blocks, curds and slices,
And even affordable at very low prices.

So now you've heard about my cheese,

Go do me a favour and buy some please!

by Shelby Robblee

Cheese is not something I favour
probably because of its pungent flavour.

Although many people like cheese,
cheese is just not for me.

3rd Place

CHEESE

Best Poem about Ingersoll – Past or Present (Grades 5-8):

1st Place

UNTITLED

Best Poem about Ingersoll – Past or Present (High School):

1st Place

FLOOD OF 1937

1937 was quite a year
people of Ingersoll lived in fear
water filled every street
more than a couple feet
people left their hometown dwellings
for how long? no way of telling
the water damage everywhere
imagine the cost of home repair
this story I swear is true
hope it never happens to you

THE INGERSOLL FIRE

by Kristin Anderson

As the sirens echoed through the town,
People came to see from all around.
They did not know what was to come,
The fear had made their bodies go numb.
Until they saw a group of white knights,
Who fought the fire throughout the night.
The fire was put out to the towns relief,
but, it had created so much grief.
To the towns comfort no lives were taken,
but, from the disaster the town was shaken.
Some of the buildings could not be spared,
So instead a park was declared.
Now the people of Ingersoll are at ease,
and have a nice place to eat their cheese.

by Ashley Garland

Many people live and play
In Ingersoll everyday
All over town they work or attend school
And in the summer they go to the pool
Ingersoll is a place to grow
There isn't many people you don't know
That's why I love to be here everyday
Because Ingersoll is a great place to love, live and play

Rhyming Verse – (JK-Grade 4)

1st Place

TUXEDO JOE

Cole A. McDonald

Tux is a cat. He's black and white.

He likes to run and eat and fight.

He sleeps in a pen with our dog at night.

I love my cat.

He purrs and purrs when I scratch his chin.

He cries by his dish till we pour food in.

When he gets in a fight, he needs to win.

He's a good cat.

MAJOR INGERSOLL

It's for our town he
fought.

HAPPY SNAPPY

Rhyming Verse – (Grades 5-8)

1st Place

BYE BYE BLUE TOY

by Brittany Presswell

Andy was a young boy,
Who had a special thing.
It was a plastic blue toy,
And that toy could sing.

He brought that toy everywhere,
He brought it to the lake.
He dropped it in the water,
Oh for goodness sakes!

He ran up to his mother,
He ran down to his dad.
No one really seemed to care,
Andy was extremely mad.

Then he shouted with,
With an angry voice.
“I you don’t help me,
I don’t have a choice”

He came back in half an hour,
With a smile on his face.
For in his tiny hands,
Was a new toy in a plastic case.

OH BROTHER!

by Mikayla Pacheco

There once was a girl named Mikayla

Who had two brothers at home.
They constantly drove her crazy,
And never left her alone.

Rhyming Verse – (Grade 5-8)

3rd Place

IT'S HOCKEY TIME

by Madison McIntyre

My alarm goes off
It's 5 a.m. and it's hockey time
I love my cosey bed
But it's time to rise and shine

by Ali Tasker

I have a big harry dog named Oreo
One day she was sprayed by a skunk

Her eyes were all red her mouth foaming
Even after washing her she still stunk

Just when we thought she smelled better
She'd go for a swim and get wet
her fur would still smell like she just got sprayed
We still love our big smelly pet

by Krista Fluttert

I'm going shopping,
I love going shopping,
My sisters are playing,

There is no stopping,
The shopping,

by Michelle Kathleen Mol

Crashing waves and salty air,
Seashells on the sand,
Fishers on the sea,
And children on the land.

Sand castles built up high,
Little pattering feet,
Excited laughs and giggles,
In the summer heat.

Old and weathered fishermen,
Bringing in the net,
Their faces ancient and tough,
Their clothes now soiled and wet.

The waves roll in and the salty air,
Greets me full and free,
The sun is setting, we should go,
Or I'll never leave the sea.

by Lora Obradovic

Words they whisper in my ears
Words they whisper in my ears
Will turn my thoughts into a deadly fear
Like bleeding hearts
Will not live on

By tomorrow she will be gone

Leave my world, leave my heart

Together we're always apart

My soul still breaths

Yet it's dead

Still here I cry

Alone in my bed

by Chris Taylor

On the couch a guitar on my knee

A pick in my hand and a song at my feet

Strummin' along with a CD on play

I'll play my guitar all night and all day

My Fender plugged in to an amp on high

Sometimes my parents just want to cry
Playin' along and singin' aloud
I singon my own or play for a crowd
I play with my dad for family and friends
This is a hobbie that will never end
"Brand New Girlfriend", "Teen Angel", "Last Kiss"
Playing my songs causes me bliss
"Kryptonite", "Folsom", "I Want to Go Home"
Now you have reached the end of my poem

by Jessica Karn

Although their work isn't fun,
They will not stop until it's done.
Working hard during the day,
Mowing, raking and baling hay.
Animals to which they tend,

Are generous to the products they lend.
They have so many mouths to feed,
Love and care goes into every seed.
Putting bread upon our table,
Is what they'll do as they are able.
They're here to make the world warmer,
Who are they?
Of course their farmers.

Limerick (Grades 5-8)

1st Place

DIZZY

Limerick (Grades 5-8)

2nd Place

UNTITLED

Limerick (Grades 5-8)

3rd Place

UNTITLED

Limerick (Grades 5-8)

Honourable Mention

THE BUMPY BROWN TOAD

Limerick (High School)

1st Place

VERSHMAGEN DRAGON

His name was, in fact, Vershmagen.

He had a great roar

With fire galore,

Unfortunately, he was a pagan.

by Sara Jayne Sweetland

There was once a girl named Jen.

Who borrowed a brand new pen.

She wrote some letters

And added some feathers

Then sent the letter to Ken

by Campbell Alexander Douglas

The thunder of footsteps.

The sound of screaming bullets.

Time stands still.

by Madison McIntyre

Hot sand on my feet
Harley barking at the waves
Guess what I'm doing?

by Elizabeth Mitchell

Stars how they sparkle
dancing to and fro all night
peace and calm avails.

by Dylan Schneider

Rosey is my rat.
Rosey sits on my shoulder.
I love Rosey rat.

by Nicholas Rizzo

Snakes are slippery
I saw two at my cottage
They slither through grass

by Sara Jayne Sweetland

On a winter day
The pathway was chilly like
A numbing cold breeze

by Brittany Granger

Unknown Mystery,
Magical Discoveries,
Yet to be Exposed.

by Allison Scheele

Little hands guiding,
Tractors that rumble and roar,
As leaves glide to earth.

by Samantha Levesque

Black
TOo Fat
FoOd
CaTnip
Sleeping

by Alyssa Carrier

Ingersoll

Nice

Generous

Excellent

Remarkable

Sweet

Oxford

Lovely

Loyal

by Christina Eus

I is for Ingersoll, Thomas

N is for native land

G is for Governor John Graves Simcoe

E is for the eldest child of Mr. Ingersoll, Laura Secord

R is for revolution of the states.

Secord was Laura 's married name.

O is for Ontario

L is for lovely land.

L is for loved by its citizens

by Erica Siu

Cami is where my parents work,
They build the Torrent and Equinox cars.
Soccer is a great sport to play in the summer,
We were the champs this year!

Hurley's Independent is where I shop,
We get gas and groceries.
Westfield is where I learn,
The best parts are lunch and recess.

by Sam Mishchenko

Ingersoll,
Good fun,
Playing, Buying, Talking,
I like Ingersoll,
Town.

by Herbert Tapley

It's hot on nachos,
a sweet dairy product,
can twist very easily,
sliced to be wiggly,
awful if moldy
macaroni is slippery,
creamy like glue,
some are like solids,
some are like liquids,
but best in my stomach.

by Samantha David

Some people say,
you don't need friends,
but I find that hard to believe.
Without any friends there would be no me.
I need someone to laugh with,
someone to cry with,
or just to have a darn good time.
People who choose not to have friends,
are probably very unhappy.
When I'm with my friends,
I feel like nothing can go wrong,
that I'm safe,
and that I have a home away from home.

by Eric Gibson

They're pretty nice
They like to play
They always work though, day after day
Too bad they're always busy

by Dylan Schneider

Roaring, rumbling, rolling
Brightly, smashing and crashing and flashing
Pouring, drenching, soaking wet.
LIGHTENING STORM!!!

by Chelsea Innes

As I listen to the distance
I hear cries of help, cries of sorrow, cries of pain
I hear a boom here,
a bang there
Then some screams of warning
And some more cries
I listen for more, but the distance has gone dead
I wait, but nothing
not a sound
Then a cricket breaks the silence
as the dawn creeps upon the word.
Birds chirp and the squirrels talk to each other
And I wonder
if what I just heard was a war,
that was once in my own backyard.

by Kelsey Pretty

Galloping fast, and trotting slow.
When I canter I go with the flow.
When I run just try and stop me
because racing is my game.

by Sara Jayne Sweetland

Dance is like a hard rainstorm
It has a rhythm of a drum
The pitter patter of steps excites me
Start to finish
Slow to fast
Clog to jig
Jig to reel
The beat roams through my ears
Tapping, stepping, clogging
All the same to most people
Only known to some
Only known to those
Who do.

Beautiful Disaster

Free Verse (High School)

3rd Place

Milk

2006 ADULT WINNERS

RHYMING VERSE
1ST PLACE

SACRIFICE

by Dr. Thomas A. Lamb

A piper plays a sad lament
Six soldiers take their place
Today a friend is going home
The tears slide down their face.

He was a boy, so very young
He did his duty well
At home his family waits for him
The stories they can tell.

A wife and son will greet him there
A thousand questions "Why?"
Just twenty-five and full of life
A shame he had to die.

A flag draped coffin on the plane
So many miles to go
The soldiers struggle, fight back the tears
Their steps so very slow.

Back home, a town pours out their heart
The grief so very strong
A distant land. What is our place?
A war so very wrong.

A piper plays a sad lament.
Today he's laid to rest
A man so young and oh so brave
One of the very best.

ND **PLACE**

WILDFIRE KISSES
by Alan Richard Tanner

RHYMING VERSE

3RD PLACE

THE SAGE OF HUGHIE LEDUQUE
by Jim Anderson

That was the night Ol' One Eyed Mills came
ridin' into town.

Now Ol' One Eye was a real nice guy
Who was never short of luck
As he rode into town he was wearin' a frown
He was after Hughie Leduque.

Hughie's life up to this time had been rather bleak and dim
But it hadn't been as bad as it was going to be
When One Eye got a hold of him.
'Cause Hughie was always a ladies man
And had been all his life
But he should have known better
Than to try and put, the make on little Ol'
One Eyes' wife.

Ol' One Eye only has one friend, or companion as it were
And that was a scruffy old wire haired thing.
Looked somethin' like a cur.

But he followed Ol' One Eye faithfully from sundown to sunup
He'd always been there at One Eye's side ever since he was a pup.

Ol' One Eyes' dress was out of this world
Not flashy but worn and bare spotted

The Saga of Hughie Ledùque - 2-

-fallin' off

Rather worn out soled and half rotted

And his breath was not fresh, well aired or frisky
His teeth were bent and gnarled out of shape
The result of swillin' all that rot gut whiskey

But lets get back to One Eye and Hugh
And One Eyes' wife Jolene
A real good looker with a body quite nice
As nice as Hughie had ever seen.

So when One Eye was away panning for gold
In streams or caves underground
Hughie was puttin' the make on Jolene
And they started runnin' around

Now lets' back up this tale a bit
This tale of booze and gals
And hear about the bygone days
When Hughie and Mills were pals

Hughie used to work for Ol' One Eye
Was a good worker to, by the way
But he liked to booze a bit too much
Sometimes ne'er made it thru' the day

But Ol' One Eye was the kind of guy

That would give a bloke a break

3-

So he'd take Hugh home to a nice hot coffee
to try to clear his head.
And if by night fall he wasn't past it all
Ol' One Eye would put him to bed.

When Mills found out about Hughie Ledùque
Fooling around with his wife
He blinked his good eye, gnarled his teeth
And screamed "Hughie, I'll take your life!"

When Hughie caught wind of what Mills had said
He was filled with fear and strife
"Cause" he knew Ol' One Eye was man of his word
And Hughie ran to the hills to hide.

But Ol' Eye Mills knew every inch of those hills
He'd worked up there for years
Every nook and cranny and gorge and cave
Had been his own domain.

So chances are that Hughie Ludùque
Wouldn't find a place to hide,
Realizing this he buried his face in his arms
And he snivelled and cried.

Now man is born to live and die
A life of joy and thrills
but no more was born to deserve the fate
That waited for Hughie in them thar hills.

Ol' One Eye knew Hughie was there

4-

Remember the saga of Hughie LeDuque?
And how One Eyed Mills did him in?
Well that was quite a few years ago now,
Things have changed somewhat since then.

'Cause Jolene and Mills never got back together,
But still they remained the best of friends.

5-

They'd party together or play cards and drink,
Of course, One Eye was never the same.

His furry old cur wandered off one day
last summer in the pouring rain,
But search as he might from morn until night,
Old Mills never found him again.

Some say "cur" ran off with a farm neighbours bitch,
And stayed to look after their brood.
While others say Bad Cowboy Jack shot him down
and figured he taught the dog good.

As One Eye grew older, he got the "bad shakes".
The result of his wild, rough life.
Heavy smoking, and drinkin, and carryin, on
had cost him a once caring wife.

His friends were all gone, at least most them were,
Two others and me still remained.
But he was a loner now, a tight fisted gambler,
he had really lost more than he gained.
For awhile he lived at a small country inn
stranded with NO! transportation, 'til his brother
came up from his home in the SOUTH and put
Mills in a home for the aged.

But Mills didn't like it, he felt too confined,
he was used to being free to roam wild.

His behaviour was awful, his language obscene,
he acted much worse than a child.

6-

He cursed and he growled at the nurses on duty;
he told them he needed more space.
They got him a wheelchair, so he could go outside,
that put a big smile on his face.

He'd sit in the sun and read Western books,
"I like thick ones!", he said with a grin.
And he started up smokin' and drinkin' outside
with goods that his son smuggled in.

I asked him one day why he started up smoking,
He coughed and looked up at the sun.

He said, "Jimmie, it don't really matter much now, CAUSE THE DAMAGE IS ALREADY
DONE!"

Ol' Mills really wanted to get out of that place
and have a small flat of his own.
he said that he wanted his son living there,
so he wouldn't have to be alone.

But his son was a druggie, a down and out fool
and we knew such a set-up would fail.
Because of his lifestyle, his thieving and such
the cell doors stayed open at the jail.

You see, One Eye knew it would never work out
'cause his son had nothing to give.
And Ol' One Eye knew it was just wasted thinking,
so he lost all will to live.

Then Mills ended up on a hospital bed,
his insides were causin' frustration.
Testing was done on this scruffy old 'goat'
seems he needed an operation.

The surgery done, he lay in his room, but
still he would ring bells and shout.
Then without prior notice to doctors or staff,
he got dressed and signed himself 'out'.

This was the beginning of the end for Old Mills.
Some thought that he'd lost his head,
Soon infection set in and at two ten A.M.
The old codger Mills was dead.

His brother once again came up from the South,
a trip that would cause him concern.
Cause Old One Eye' once said
'When I'M PLUMB DEAD AND GONE
PUT MY ASHES AND ALL IN AN URN!'

A service was held in the Chapel next day,
the people that came were few.
Many had come to see the old goat
and bid him a fond "ADIEU!"

MAN NAMED ZEKE
by Glen Seminoff

I once knew a man named Zeke.
He sat and ate cheese for a week.
He began to feel crummy;
So he said to his mummy.
“A physician’s help I should seek.”

RAIN
by Lorí Munro Pearsons

Rumblings of Thunders,
Gentle Rain Quenches Thirsty Earth,
Rainbow, arching sky

LIFE OPPOSING
by Alan Richard Tanner

When I'm swimming
The water's warm
When I'm sinking
The water's cold.

When I'm dreaming
The sky is close
When I'm waking
The heaven's far.

When I'm living
The grass is green
When I'm dying
The dirt is brown.

Swimming, sinking
Dreaming, waking
Living, dying
Life opposing.

HARVEST

by Janice M. McDonald

Around us, stories
lie written in lush chapters
of tans, golds and greens—
tales of hard work, resilience,
with a climax for the tongue.

THREE KIDS AND A WAGON
by Ruthanne Foster

Look, here they come again

There

Now he's running almost backwards
The tongue of the wagon held firm
In his outstretched grasp.

And the others,

The blond toddler
Gripping on to the side
A look of wide-eyed terror
Splayed across her face
Pressed back into the embrace
Of the older one, his mouth open in laughter
Head thrown back
And the rush of summer air
On his neck, and blowing through his hair.

Here

where the crumbling concrete
runs downhill, from main street
towards the little spring fed creek.

Surely

This must be what sidewalks
Were designed for
Not the skateboard chunter
Nor clickety-whir of bicycles

But

Three impetuous tykes
In a halcyon summer twilight
An old wooden wagon
An hours' worth of play
Just before nightfall.

IN REGRET
by Diane Abbott

Quiet after-season
looking at you again, aware
the hollow spot I once filled
you grew over

Your serious face
covers considerations; holds
no more passion for me
than for a stuffed bear

Further, with you
I am now just white,
like a sheet, and not
particularly interesting

I will hug you lightly –
courteous greeting motion

You'll not be close
and overwhelm me again.

ON WANTING TO BE A "BIG CHEESE"
by Irene Davelaar

How can one decide
who to vote for?

Will the candidate be gouda
or will their smooth talk have a whey
to swiss us off our feet?

Would it brie too much
for them to havarti
and not edam up their words?

But it Colby,
that one would not make curds
of the whole feta
and be a blue ribbon cheddar!

Parmesan me, for getting too cheesey
with this Roquefort of words.

I'll end this ricotta
with a farewella mozzarella

And may the gratest cheese be pressed!

INGERSOLL CREATIVE ARTS CENTRE

by Meagan Ipsen

ing classes:

-Pottery,

-Painting and drawing

and don't forget Fibre Arts,

quilting and beading.

These classes are open all season long.

Winter, summer, spring and Autumn.

There are classes for teens and adults,

there are also classes for children.

Come on out and enjoy these activities,

or we will put all you talented people

in the cauldron.

Stirring once, stirring twice, stirring in some

toasted mice.

Visit our studio's, gallery and shop.

Come and make the chance to stop!

We are located in Ingersoll, at Victoria

Park.

Built in 1972, we have all your artistic

needs.

Come and do some art, to fill your spare

time needs.