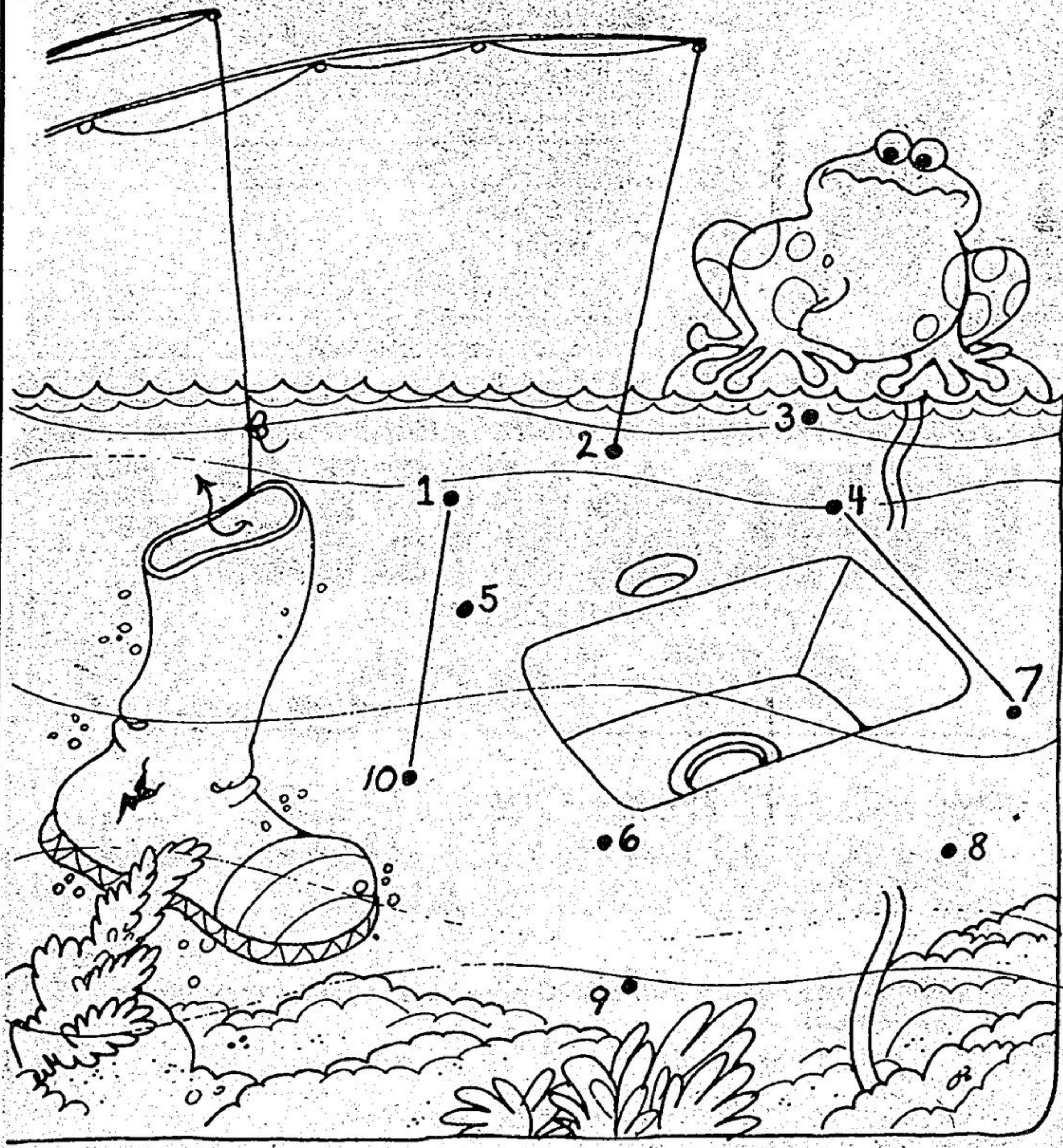


# Weekender Children's Page

Connect the dots from 1 to 10.



## Unionville Public School Wild haircuts

Some haircuts are wild,  
And some are mild,  
There is also the army kind,  
And there is the old fashioned kind too,  
You can dye it blue,  
It's your hair though some people may stare at you,  
Style it as you like,  
But some people may run with fright,  
But do it as you like, cause it's your hair.

By Heather Whitt  
Grade 6

Food in the fridge,  
Food in my mouth,  
When I get through eating,  
I have an empty shelf.

I stuff my face all the time,  
All of that food is mine, mine, mine,  
But sometimes I load,  
And then I explode.

Jenny Kilcullen  
Grade 6

Drifting down the calm blue river,

A small handmade raft,  
Logs of driftwood,  
Strung together with long tough vine,  
Gentle breeze warms the skin,  
See the endless azure sky.

By Dylan Fedy  
Grade 5

There was a chicken from Houston,  
Who spent all day just a 'roostin',  
Too short to play ball,  
Or to climb to his stall,  
For he's always needin a 'boastin'!

By Scott Graziano  
Grade 6

There was an old lady from Magoo,  
And she had gum on her shoe,  
From the day she was born,  
Till the day when they mourned,  
She stuck to that gum-like glue.

Melanie Hann  
Grade 6

## My grandparents

He does not stand tall in height  
but the tallest in respect,  
He is not rich in society  
but the richest in love.  
Winter has set on his head,  
Eternal spring in his heart,  
A dear man, my grandfather.  
Her face does not reflect youth

but reflects love and affection,  
Her words are not sophisticated  
but authentic and wise.  
Winter has set on her head,  
Eternal spring in her heart,  
A dear woman, my grandmother.

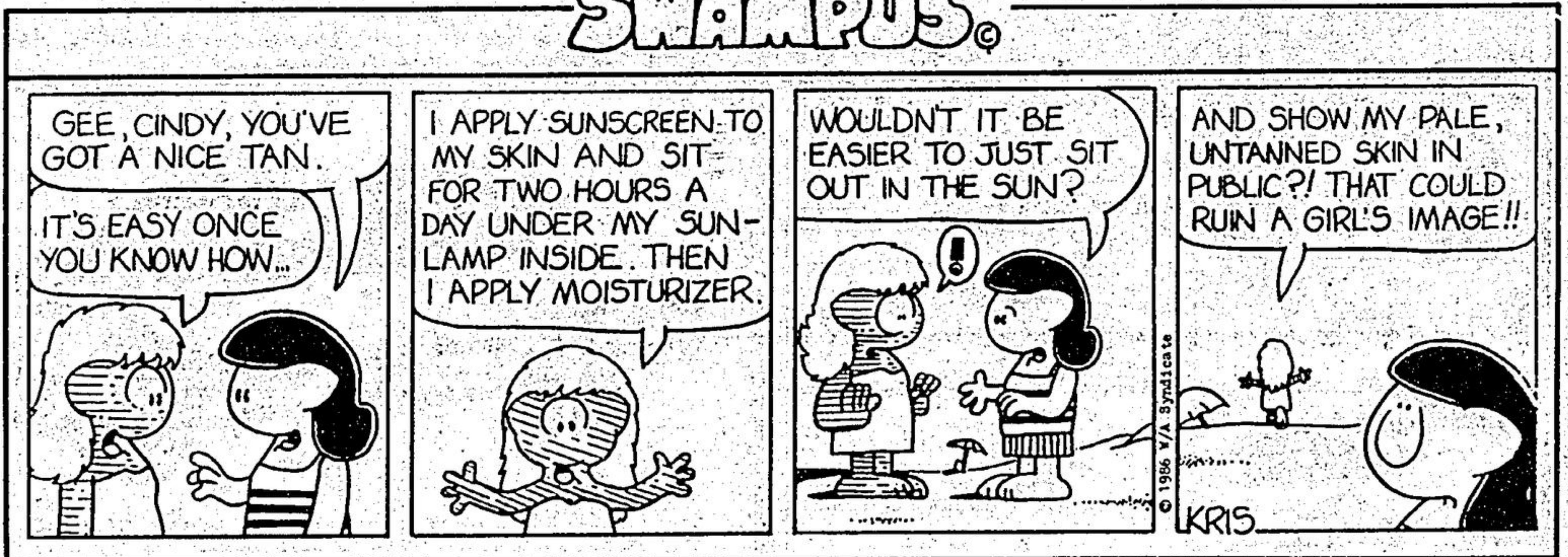
By Christina Strongolos

### Little girl's image

Dappled with sunlight,  
Shrouded in cotton,  
Laden with a child's hope and tears.  
She sits solemn and passive,  
Painted eyes, unfocused,  
Blurred in a cluttered room.  
Apparently lifeless,  
A radiance dwells inside her,  
Dwindling as the fragile life escapes.  
She is gifted by life,  
Momentarily, conveniently,  
To become a figure in a little girl's fantasy.  
Placed on her perch,  
Bound in warmth,  
She possesses an air unlike her ragdoll illusion.

By Alex Keilty  
Grade 7

## SWAMPUS

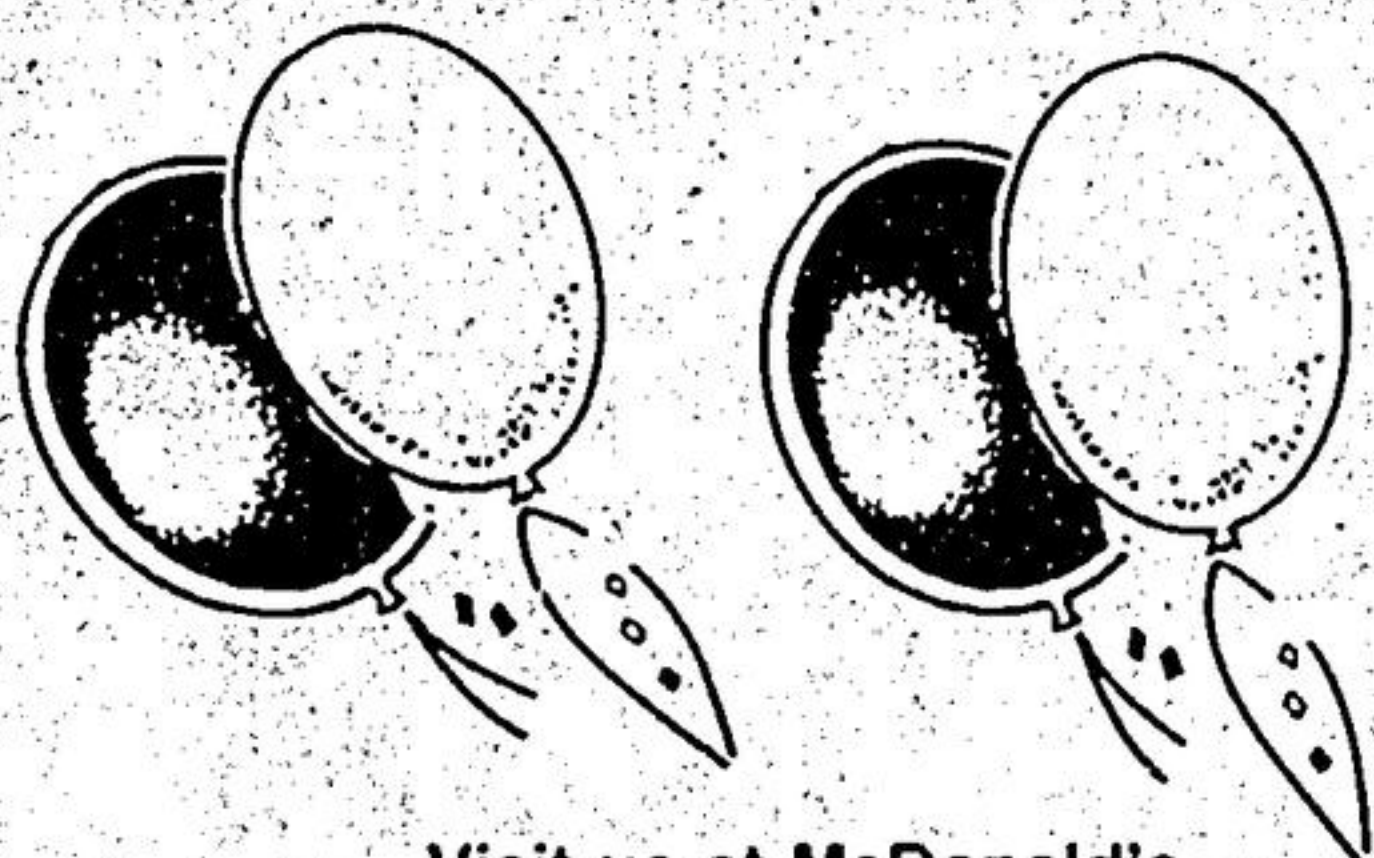


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