## **POETRY COMPETITION RESULTS**

## The Warm and the Cold

November time has come and gone, And December time is here, Where different things are hot and cold, And Christmas will bring cheer.

Freezing snow is closing in, Waiting for the sun, Like a rabbit waiting for spring, So it can go and play outside, Having lots of fun.

The flimsy, floppy, blazing fires, Fighting at the coal, Like a young son, Fighting through the heavily wrapped presents, On Christmas Day.

The pretty presents dancing under the tree,

All wrapped in bows, Like tap-dancers dancing all through the house, On their tiptoes.

The slippery, slidey ice that keeps sniggering at me, When it makes me fall over, Like a person in a play, Just playing their parts.

Now it is Christmas Eve, Let's all sleep tight, Like snowmen standing very, very still.

by Stephanie Mead, age 10

What a fantastic response! Tens and tens of quite brilliant poems, especially from the younger members of our community. Unfortunately not everyone's age was included which has meant that the prizes can't be easily placed in age categories. However, because all the younger entrants go to school in the village, the sponsors have decided to give an additional book token to the WHOLE school for ALL pupils to enjoy.

OK...... the unanimous winner of the adult section was a beautiful, wistful, questioning poem by DAVE MORGAN called 'A Child'.

Given the quality of all the poems in the younger age groups, the judges found it difficult to choose between five exceptional entries, so decided to award book tokens to each. In no particular order these are James Edkins and Nathan Aldridge both aged 5, Aimee Eaves

A Child

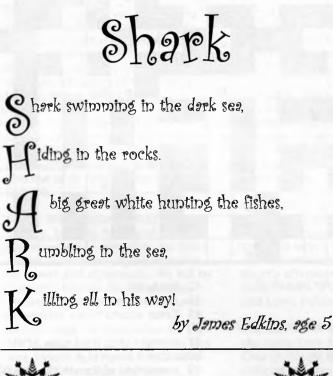
WhoamI Who sits and dreams. While others do their task. Why am I inquisitive, While others never ask. Will I ever rule the world Or even see it end, Will I have a happy life And always have a friend. Or will my life Last for a year, Or even just this day, As quickly as God gave me breath, Will it go away. While others fight to have their say Will I be always mild. WhoamI To ask these things. Me? I'm just a child.

by Dave Morgan

FINAL DATE FOR ENTRIES TO THE SHORT STORY COMPETITION MARCH 6. 2002 (age 11), Tom Potterton (age 10) and Stephanie Mead (age 10). WELL DONE!

Special mention must also be made of Josh Edkins, Olivia and Lydia Barnden, Mawgan Smith, Jessica Powell and Ben Andrews. Keep up the good work and why not start your short story entries NOW for March 6<sup>th</sup> closing date?

Just a reminder about the Short Story Competition. Three age categories will apply: Under 11, 11-16 and 16 and above. The only restriction is no more than 1500 words but your story can be about any subject whatsoever. Entries should be dropped in to *Trio* at Secrets or posted to Calenia, 3 Trewetha Lane, Port Isaac, Cornwall PL29 3RN. Book tokens will be awarded to the winners and the winning entries will be printed in the Easter issue of *Trio*.





The ice sniggering when I slip over Snow drowning flowers like a murderer Warm coats cuddling you like your mother Strong winds pushing me over like a big bully Hot drinks soothing your thoughts like your trusting teddy bear

Hail stones falling over like a drunken old man.





## Winter Poem

The thick snow, diving in waves onto the roads before being chased by ploughs,

The ice covering your windscreens screeching, squealing and shouting when being removed

The thunder shouting, the lightning flashing and the sky firing rain out of water guns,

The New Year is sending letters to inform us of its arrival,

Christmas is now departing

The fireworks fly

The New Year has arrived.

by Tom Potterton, age 10

liding through the greenery, ever prev, to other Janinals. lways ratting his tail his prev swiftly ating in one huge gulp by Nathan Aldridge, age 5