

## 2024 Lucille Strath Award Winning Entries

### Person Grandfather

When I was born,  
my grandfather named me,  
because my grandfather wanted me to be like his mother,  
and from the day he named me,  
He loved me more than anyone else.  
My grandfather loved me the most among his grandchildren.  
He loved me as much as his mother.  
I don't remember my grandfather at all  
because we moved to another city at a very young age,  
my family and I didn't have a grandfather.  
A few years later we went to Turkey and a year later my  
grandfather got sick and passed away,  
without ever seeing my favorite grandfather.  
I don't know my grandfather's voice or face,  
I always asked my father, he gave me his photo,  
I would look at his photo every time I missed him.

*By Rama Sheikh Mohamed, Grade 10*

# Long Farewell

In the evening's  
glow, on a day so  
clear,

At eight, the van  
came, and drawing  
near.

Packed up our bags,  
nothing left behind,

Empty house, my room,  
memories entwined.

Family, friends,  
all together  
we rode,

To the airport,  
heavy hearts,  
on this road.

Thirty of us,  
sharing one last night,

Leaving behind,  
under midnight's light.

Seeing my country,  
soil  
and sky,

For the final time,  
tears  
in my eyes.

Farewells unspoken,  
hard to believe,

Abandoning it all,  
difficult to leave.

Lasting memories,  
in a villa we stayed,

Laughs and talks,  
in joy we swayed.

Wednesday  
to  
Monday,  
time flew fast,

Knowing  
with  
sorrow,  
it was the last.

By the lake  
we gathered one final time,

Twenty souls,  
in rhythm and rhyme.

A last dinner shared,  
hearts  
intertwined,

In the essence of Persia,  
memories  
enshrined.

At one past midnight,  
I bid my home  
goodbye,

A new life awaits,  
beneath a foreign  
sky.

New beginnings, in a world so vast,  
But the heart holds tight, to moments past.

*By Fardad Farajollahi, Grade 12*

## Memories in Syria

When I was little,  
with my cousins and friends  
in Syria, we played.

Laughing and shouting  
on a quiet farm in a small village,  
we built stone castles,  
for our goals.

And went in the  
Sunny - Hot - Bright  
with breaks of rain  
and played futbol.

It was very competitive, there was lots  
of shouting and cheering. We would  
play without a referee,  
and with five players.

We loved to play outside together.

*By Ibrahim Sheikh Mohamed, Grade 11*

## Baby Panda

Finally, I slept deeply. I tried hard to sleep and I closed my eyes so deeply. Suddenly, I woke up at 9 PM.

I was not happy though.

I want to wake up with the sun.

For the next few days, I tried to rise with the sun.

It did not work at all.

I felt disappointed. I lost hope again.

I decided to not go to sleep and stay awake so I can see the sun rise. I wanted to feel the sun's rays and the beginning of a new day.

Half an hour passed, my eyes felt heavy; my body slept deeply again.

The next day I woke up at 6 PM in the evening, long after the sunset.

I felt disappointed. I lost hope again.

A few minutes later an idea came to my head: it says go walk, go work, go exercise go... go do *anything* that makes you feel tired.

I walked, I worked, I exercised... I did *anything* to make me feel tired. Later, I went back home at 11 PM, with the shining moon.

I was so tired I slept deeply like the baby panda.

It finally worked.

I woke up in the morning right on time with the sunrise.

I can see all of nature getting lighter and lighter.

The voice of nature was like a person who was deaf and heard the voice of his family for the first time. I feel happy to gain my hope again.

I returned home feeling indescribable.

*By Ussama Al Khalid, Grade 12*

# Green Industries

Together in  
Green Industries.

A very good and fun class.

We planted a lot of vegetables and flowers.

Tomato,  
Cucumber,  
Basil and  
Eggplant.

We make a lot of beautiful bouquets

Valentine's Day,  
Easter and  
Mother's Day.

My favourite bouquet was Mother's day

because I like the flowers' colours.

There were  
dark purple,  
light purple,  
white, and  
some greenery.

All the flowers arranged in a teacup.

I hope my mom likes it.

*By Zainab Sayed, Grade 12*