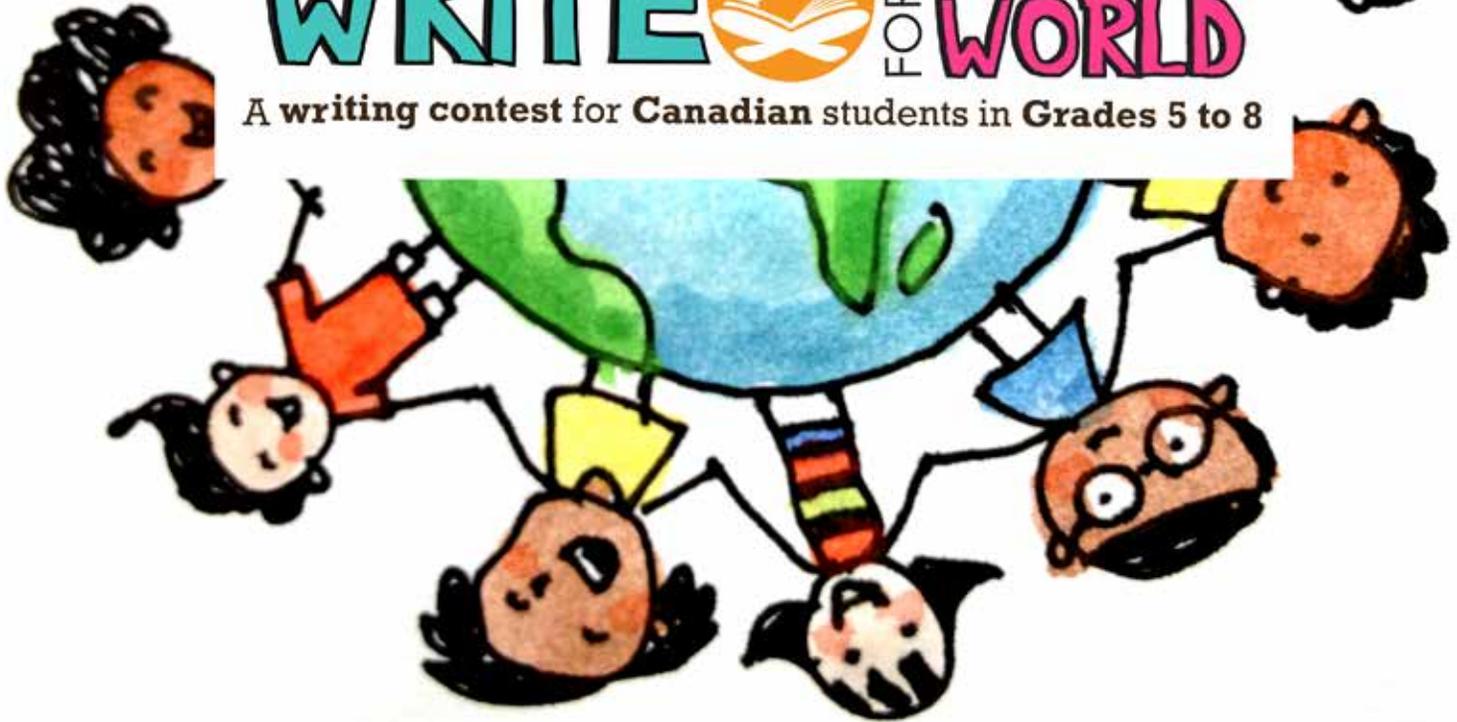




WRITE FOR A BETTER WORLD

A writing contest for Canadian students in Grades 5 to 8



Thank You

We want to give a tremendous thank you to everyone who was involved in the 2016 Write for a Better World contest! Thank you to all the **teachers, principals, and school administrators** who took the time to encourage and motivate their students. Thank you to our special guest judge, **Jonathan Auxier**, for the generosity of his time and an inspirational contest theme. Thank you to our wonderful sponsor, **TD**, for continuing to support and share the importance of literacy and global citizenship through the Write for a Better World program. Finally, thank you to all the **young Canadian writers** for their participation!



Congratulations

World Literacy Canada is proud to announce the winning stories for the 2016 Write for a Better World contest. We congratulate the top 10 finalists, including the first place winner, Samantha Palmer, whose winning entries are published in this edition of the Write for a Better World magazine.

We received almost 1,000 entries across Canada, it was difficult to narrow down the top contenders! We were truly blown away by the creativity, talent, and insightfulness of our Canadian students. Your short stories are a true reflection of the diversity of our country, and the amazing potential of our youth! Your perspectives on global issues and your eagerness to learn, grow, and write truly inspire us.

The theme for the 2016 Write for a Better World contest created by our guest judge, Jonathan Auxier was, “Looking at yourself through the eyes of another.” This theme was in perfect alignment with the overall focus of the contest – to look beyond

our own perspectives and our way of life. Our goal for the Write for a Better World contest is to encourage Canadians (of all ages) to build on their sense of compassion, empathy, and personal responsibility towards others. In doing so, we become more aware of the issues affecting individuals and communities different from our own. We hope that this awareness will foster an appreciation of the diverse experiences lived by citizens all over the world.

World Literacy Canada’s mission for over 60 years has been to empower women and children through literacy and education. We are proud to see our mandate come to life within the pages of this magazine. The winning entries are a true demonstration of the powerful role literacy can play in forging connections between cultures, encouraging respect for others, and empowering youth to effect changes in their local and global communities. Congratulations to this year’s winners!



Contest Winner

SAMANTHA PALMER - GRADE 8, CALGARY, ALBERTA

I pushed the savannah grass from my eyes to focus on the predator more clearly. This was my chance. My chance to send little Ziya to school. From birth she had wanted to learn. Ayodele is my name and as a thirteen year old boy I also longed for school but I couldn't match my sister's enthusiasm. My family is poor and like most people in Ethiopia, we couldn't afford much. We couldn't send Ziya to school much less afford our small mud hut.

"Lions are very profitable," local poachers had claimed, "if you killed one then you will become a very rich man." The memories recounted my brain, before a fly drifting near my face brought me back to reality. I continued to stalk my prey. The lurking shoulders of the beast showed no weakness to the beating sun. I sat up right trembling both fear and anticipation. What if I miss? What if it attacks me? Scrambled questions searched my mind but I shook the doubt off before it had the chance to stop me. I took aim. "Ziya... I have to do this for Ziya!" I thought and took one last breath before my fingers curled around the trigger. BANG! The gun had launched me onto my back and I heard a yelp of pain. Silence followed.

Despite the pain, my face lit up. I had to know. I scrambled forward to see my prize. I had done it! The limp body of a female lion laid before me. I imagined my family's pride and honor when they saw me carrying the lion home, Ziya's face when she learned she may go to school. Through my delight, I heard the softest noise, a tiny meow. I drifted to as stop, my head swimming in confusion. Regret flooded my body as two lion cubs emerged from the savannah grass.

I had just killed their mother.

Tears of realization welled up in my eyes as they pawed at their mother. She had died at my hands and two lion cubs suffered from my decision. I am a monster!

"I-I...I'm... s-so s-sorry," I muttered between tears. Their eyes flicked towards me and back to their mother, as if putting the pieces together. I fell to my knees and reached out towards them, but...it was too late. The cubs had escaped into the savannah grass, leaving me all alone.



Finalists

MARLEY MELBOURNE - GRADE 8, TORONTO, ONTARIO

At St. James Elementary School in Jamaica, I'm known as "the tattle-tale". I don't understand why because it can't possibly be my fault that the kids here steal my lunch money and call me names. All I do is tell the teachers. It's the heroic thing to do, because I'm teaching other children a lesson. But one day, everything changed, and I never looked at things the same way again.

It was February 25th, 2011, and I, Gregory Harrison, was strutting down the rusty halls of school to the Principals office. Omar Johnson had gone out of control and something needed to be said. So when I reached Principal Joyce Davis' office I told her the story:

"Recess had ended and I was heading for my cubby. I saw Omar Johnson sprinting down the halls, so I told him to slow down. I showed him my hall monitor badge and gave him a detention slip. Omar's gotten a detention slip before, but this one made him mad, really mad. So he told me that I was ruining his life." I didn't know it then, but this was true.

Principle Davis didn't say anything for a while. The only sound was the steady tapping of her pencil on her laptop, the only laptop in the school. Then she spoke in her strong Jamaican accent. But she didn't dismiss me as usual. She asked to speak with Omar.

After Principle Davis finished speaking with Omar, she called me back into her office. Her face looked stern and professional. Omar's fists were clenched tightly under the old, plastic chair.

"Mr. Harrison," Principle Davis interrupted the silence, "I'd like you to hear what Omar has to say."

Omar said that I never took the time to listen to his story. At first I didn't understand this, but as he continued the pieces locked into place. Omar's family was short on money. They needed every second that Omar wasn't at school dedicated to time working on the fields. So when Omar stole my lunch money it was because he needed it so that his parents would think he was working when he was at detention. And when I commented on what he wore and what he had I was single-handedly ripping out every last bit of hope for the Johnson family.

I'm not a hero. I'm a villain. Omar is a fighter.

SERAFINA PIASENTIN - GRADE 8, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

People often say that “every person is the hero of their own story.” What they don’t tell you is that sometimes you are the villain in someone else’s story. This is the story of the day I learned that lesson the hard way.

* * *

I heard my little sister sobbing. The sky a black blanket speckled with stars. Moonlight illuminated her tear-streaked face.

“Shalila,” I whispered, “What’s wrong?”

“I miss them.” She sniffled.

“I know,” I muttered as sadness filled me. I held the picture of our parents, memories captured in a frame. Their caramel skin glowed in the sunlight. My sister and I wore huge smiles. Hidden behind the picture was a note which I always read;

Amabella and Shalila, Don't forget that people will come and people will go, but only some will leave footprints on your heart. Try to be one of those people. Touch as many hearts as you can, and for each one craft a paper crane. Here's your first one, for you have definitely marked our hearts, Love Mom and Dad.

Shalila slept now, but I lie awake recalling that day... in Syria, planning our escape from the war... something went wrong... our boat capsized...Shalila's hand in mine...on the shore of Greece...no one else survived... in Ms. Spiros' Orphanage...trying to understand. I thought of the box that held my paper cranes.

Each one representing a good deed and hope for a better life. Falling asleep, tears trickled down my face.

Ms. Spiros was arrogant but it was better than Syria. She pretended to show kindness when others were around, but she purposefully made our lives miserable. My first priority was to protect Shalila, but I couldn't stop what happened the next day. The bell woke us and Shalila and I went downstairs where she announced that Shalila was to be adopted.

I could see my sister's chestnut coloured eyes sparkle with tears. We had been through so much and now they were going to separate us. Nothing I did mattered. I watched from my bedroom window as her silhouette disappeared. I spent my days curled up inside myself but when the chance arrived, I would try to make someone else's life easier while mine got harder.

My cranes were what kept me going. I gave my dinner to someone else and I was about to add another one to my box, when I discovered it wasn't there. Panic flooded my soul. There they were, my cranes, my good deeds, shriveled up in the fireplace! Sparks of hope disappearing. Ms. Spiros stood behind me, satisfaction decorating her face. She definitely left footprints on my heart.

ANDREW HUANG - GRADE 8, VAUGHN, ONTARIO

My legs were noodles, my mouth tasted of vomit, and there was a queasy pain in my stomach. My eyes adjusted to the brimming light of the morning sun as I staggered out of the train station with my turbulent symptoms.

I was just released from my deranged train ride and as a government official, I came to Rio to monitor the construction of hotels for the FIFA world cup.

As I neared the construction site, I noticed a profound change in the atmosphere – enough to send tingles down my spine. I had come across a peculiar small town; one where no children played football outdoors, where no adults enthused, and where no one exhibited excitement for the upcoming Football games.

Football was like religion in Brazil, I could not understand why the town was so forlorn.

Paying no mind, I continued down my path and shortly after, arrived at the site. The workers had yet to appear; I was early.

At the time, preparations were being made to clear the houses that stood there in order to make space for construction. As I looked around, through the shattered window of a peeling house, I could make out a family of four, eating their pequeno-almoço together. Bothered by this fact, I rushed over to question why they were lingering about a restricted area. Weren't all of the former residents supposed to be relocated to another area?

Dressed in colourful clothing, a small boy greeted me at their door and let me inside. And through a cup of coffee and some Pão de queijo, they told me their story.

As I was responsible for monitoring the construction in the district, I felt ashamed for overlooking what had happened. Offering little compensation, we took away the homes of our people so that there could be space for a few games of football. And since some of them had nowhere to go, they stayed.

Immediately, I remembered the town that I had happened upon earlier. Recalling the fact that everything seemed so solemn, I assumed that their love for football had diminished because such an incident occurred so close to home.

Enraged by our government's negligence, I stormed back to my office. I thought about what I had learned this morning. I thought about families who lost their homes, football, and pondered about what I could do to support those in need.



CLOEY KINNEY- GRADE 7, FLORENCEVILLE-BRISTOL, NEW BRUNSWICK

The bus stopped at an ancient looking building, and with vines covering the brick, this looked like something out of an R.L Stine book. Children who were half-naked ran along the bus, trying to figure out what it was doing there.

“Everybody off,” The grumpy driver yelled at us.

“This was a terrible idea,” I mumbled as I climbed off the bus. My mother thought that dropping me off in Bolivia would be a ‘life changing experience.” So far, I’ve only seen naked people, absolutely no schools, and people begging for money. Dear mom, why do you hate me?

“I don’t have any spare change!” I yelled at the man tugging on my shirt. I sighed, and started walking towards disgusting looking hotel. In this heat, my hair is surely at its worst. All of a sudden, I heard a small cry from behind a bunch of vendors. I wandered off the path to investigate. There lay a little girl, her brown hair knotted and invaded by flies. She was bruised, scratched, and very grimy. She looked terrible, in all honesty. The malnourished child looked up at me, her brown eyes holding no evident sorrow, despite her living conditions.

“I don’t need anything.” She said in an accented English. I was about to reply when Andy, my guide, called my name. I ignored him, and focused on the girl, but he was very persistent.

“Let’s go!” He tugged my arm, and as he dragged me to the hotel, the little girl disappeared behind the vendors once again.

At the end of the week, I had learned a lot. There was almost no education, a low percentage of people had access to clean water and sanitation, and many were homeless. It’s terrible. I constantly thought of the little girl. She was poor, but did not want, and content with just being alive. Technically the opposite of me. She’s unlike anybody I’ve ever met. This little girl could teach the world a thing or two, but there she was. Sitting behind an abandoned vendor, instead of in front of the world. As I made my way back to the bus, the same man asked me for money. This time around, I let a tear slip out the corner of my eye, because I understood now, and I gave him all the bolivianos I had.



NATASHA SHEMEEN - GRADE 5, SURREY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

1947, Ireland, The Great Potato Famine.

The air was thick with the decaying stench of blighted potatoes. I stood inertly on the doorstep of the grand house, my expression as heavy as the sombre fog. I was once a handsome fellow though my thoughts had so often been filled with darkness that I'd gained a pinched, unhealthy look that I couldn't shake.

Ever since the beginning of the famine, I'd known that this would happen. With desperation resonating louder and louder through my tenants I'd been doomed from the start. Where once I'd scoffed at the Irish and their dependency on the potato crop, I now frowned, wondering if this starvation and suffering would also be my fate. I'd evicted, farmed and reaped the reward of my position yet it had not been enough. The apathetic voice of the official on my doorstep still rung in my head.

"I'm here to evict Robert Lloyd, on orders sent by Samuel Matthews, the landlord of this property," the official had stated in a stiff voice.

I had tried desperately to keep up with rent, to survive in the withering Emerald Isle, and had failed miserably. An atramentous hearse clattered by in the street behind me though my expression didn't waver. I imagined all the clumsily built coffins piled inside the hearse, all to be thrown together unceremoniously and buried. Thousands of dead all forgotten as time turned its yellowed pages without pause.

I held a handful of shillings tightly in my fist, knowing that this would be my only chance to escape that fate.

I turned and began to walk.

The street was teeming with ragged beggars, their eyes glassy with hunger. The few who still had land to call their own slaved away in a futile effort to save their crops. They all shrunk from me, unaware that I was just as vulnerable as them now. I paused and stared into the dark eyes of an emaciated woman, lying eerily still on the damp ground. She was morbidly changed by hunger but it felt as if I knew her. I stepped forward, squinting at her face, but a skinny child sprung into my path.

"Don't you dare touch my mama!" he yelled, anger burning in his eyes. That's when I remembered. Weeks ago, I had evicted the same woman and her children from their land. Now she was dead and her children were left to fend for themselves. It was all my fault. Without hesitation, I held out the shillings.

"Take it," I said as his face lit up, "A gift from your middleman."

He grabbed it and ran off without a word of thanks. I couldn't help but smile.

AARON COMEAU - GRADE 7, DIGBY COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA

People often say that “every person is the hero of their story.” What they don’t tell you is that sometimes you are the villain in someone else’s story. This is the story of when I learned that lesson the hard way.

I’m a border guard. Often Syrians try to sneak across the border, the Mediterranean Sea, in a boat. They try to come at night so we can’t see them so well. But we still them. We can hear them talking to each other. They try to be quiet but it doesn’t always work. The babies often cry, and then we know that there is a boat out there.

Those boats are not really boats. They are more like rafts made out of inflatable tubes. Not everyone has a life jacket. Some do, some don’t. The children are more likely to have a life jacket than their parents, but there’s no guarantee. Sometimes the Syrians get seasick because of the rough waves or the wobbling raft.

Then it’s time for my job, trying to stop the Syrians from getting in to Greece. I am working on Lesbos, which is a Greek island close to Turkey. From here, the Syrians go to Athens, and then to the rest of Europe. We want Syrians to stay away because they might

attract the dangers from their country, like all the bombings and shootings. I feel bad that I have to send them back, but I have to because it’s part of my job.

When I send them back, it reminds me of Aylan Kurdi, the little boy who drowned. He made it so far, with his parents, but then drowned when he was nearly safe. He is not alone. There are plenty more children and their parents who have drowned. Sometimes they have to swim to shore, and they don’t make it. Sometimes the parents send the children alone, and hope they make it to Greece. Quite a few times I’ve found their bodies. Then I feel sick to my heart, because they were just trying to look for a safer place to live. If I wasn’t as used to it, I’d probably cry.

It is very difficult being a border guard because I’m trying to protect my country, but then the Syrians are just trying to find a better place to live, so it’s hard to send them back.



SHELLEY CHEN - GRADE 7, VAUGHN, ONTARIO

The deafening sound of bombs could not be heard over the erratic beating of my own heart, convulsing with every step I took. I caught a glimpse of my mother running beside me, her burqa long gone revealing her bold features, livid with fear. I notice her mouth parting to form a perfect oval as her pale lips elicited a cry of terror that could be felt in the fathomage of my chest and the veins in my body.

Yet no sound could be heard over the orchestra of explosions; prompting my demise in due time.

My mother grasped my hand and we sought refuge behind a stack of rubble when we heard guns firing. Bullets flew everywhere, and though the cries of the wounded fell short to the overpowering sound of detonating chemicals, the contrast of red was vibrantly

clear against the ashen city. Taking this moment to look around, I saw the small Afghani town I grew up in, demolished. The street markets and vendor stands gone, crumbled to dust and waste. All the houses, so miniscule and irrelevant; trampled by giants.

My glazed eyes fell to my mother, sullen and quiet, holding me against her chest. Her wavy black hair flapped in the wind and debris and for a second I revel over how absolutely pathetic we were; sitting here as our entire town was destroyed. How all we could do was watch everything get taken from us. I despair over all the years I should have had, and all the memories and could have that will cease to exist.

Thirteen years were not enough, I thought as hot tears filled my eyes.

But the final page had yet to be turned.

(continued on page 11)



(continued from page 10)

Amidst the glazed scenery behind my fogged eyelashes I could just make out idle shapes of human silhouettes approaching us. Soldiers: each with bulky jackets on their shoulders and menacing guns in their hands, continuous shots like a mantra for destruction. An American flag ran along the breast pocket of each one as if to capitalize its own nation, a god awful reminder of who was most powerful.

The squadron was almost upon me when I notice another figure, a little further back of the troops, holding some sort of device I had never seen before. I stared, trying to identify the mysterious machine when I felt the bullet hit me, smooth and clean. I felt another wave of tears flowing down my face, in reverberates; slowly, then all at once. This was it, I thought. A cynical smile crept its way along my face as I looked back at the figure with the unknown device.

It was the last thing I ever saw.

Within a lavish high-rise on the outskirts of New York, a woman is watching the news.

“..And here is live coverage of the War on Terror continuing in Afghanistan where American troops have succeeded once again in taking down another al-Qaeda base, however there has been no news on the search for Osama-bin Laden just yet...”

The woman focuses her attention on the screen with the headlines:

“Obama’s call for justice, American heroes destroy yet another terrorist base.”

On the screen showed soldiers with guns running amongst rubble and wreckage, shooting anyone they could find. A girl, the woman notices, no older than 13 lay among the wounded on the ground staring right at the camera.

She was smiling.



CECILIA LA ROSE - GRADE 6, TORONTO, ONTARIO

I'm standing on a dirt road, a car drives by sending dirt flying into my eyes causing them to well up. I'm in Georgetown, and I'm one of Guyana's many indigenous peoples. My people are the Arawak, and my name is Leticia. My home is not here in Georgetown, it's in the jungle, where we live beside a river.

I needed to get away from my house, where everyone was talking about how school starts tomorrow and how I need to get my grades up... I just couldn't listen to it anymore... oh god I'm late for dinner. I run home, savouring that last bit of freedom that would soon be gone.

I arrive at my village. I slow my run. When I come to my house I greet my mother and I start to get my stuff ready for school tomorrow. The sun is setting over the trees as I crawl under my mosquito net making sure no part of me is touching the net, I drift to sleep.

I'm awake, no bites, no swollen bumps...I'm ready to go. I finish my cassava bread, kiss my family goodbye, and leave. I rush to school. When I arrive I see my friends. We chat catching up on the last week, the bell rings, we go in.

"What is four sixteenths in its simplest form?" asks the teacher. Maria puts her hand up but I yell out the

answer first. "One quarter miss." "That's right Leticia." At recess my friends and I, are chatting about class. I didn't tell anyone, but I was really proud of myself for getting the question right... but for some reason Maria wouldn't look at me.

After school my friends and I are walking home, we stop by the river to look over the surface dotted with tiny insects. As they leave I spot Maria crying on the riverbank, I go see her.

"What's wrong?" I inquire.

"Nothing except my mother's angry with me because the whole year you've been stealing my chance to speak and the teacher thinks I'm falling behind. School's all I've got and my mom's threatening to pull me out...go away" she sobs.

I leave thinking about how I thought I was being the hero answering the questions for her, when really in Maria's eyes.

I am the villain.

YASHASVI SHARMA - GRADE 7, CALGARY, ALBERTA

Last year it was a cold day in January, and as usual I took my half an hour-long hot water bath. Since it was Saturday and I didn't have homework, I headed over to the TV and plopped on the comfortable couch. As I was scrolling through the channels, I froze on an advertisement of a child from Cambodia. Poor guy, he didn't have water to drink! I suddenly realised that I hadn't just taken a bath; I had wasted a month's quota of drinking water according to them! I closed my eyes and started thinking from that child's perspective, how it would be like...

With a pot in my hand I walk miles with my mother only to find muddy water, light brown in colour. The child that is now me is more excited to fetch drinking water than to get education. I search for the best area that would have the cleanest water. Then, I submerge my only pot into the brown water. Of course, I catch some water spiders, Odonata, Neuroptera, and some Coleoptera. I start my way home. On the way, something shines in my face and I look down. It's a phone! I inquisitively bombard my mom with a list of questions on how to operate it. She

doesn't exactly know how to use it. As I play around with it, eventually I get the phone to click on something and I see a You Tube video showing the beautiful Bow River full and bounty with fresh, clean water. Being a Buddhist who believes in the middle way, I think, what a waste. Do they even know about us? If only...

Suddenly someone splashed water on my face. Oh, it was my mom. She asked me why was I sleeping at 2 in the afternoon. Oops, I forgot, I had accidentally slept. All I replied was sorry since I was still thinking about that dream.

After an hour of wondering why somebody does not do anything, I realised that somebody was me and I finally decided and promised myself that I shall not waste any more water and take that half an hour long bath. I shall also fundraise money at my school and every month shall give \$50 to a Cambodian fundraising company. I took these thoughts to my class creating awareness of water crisis and everyone helped and supported me.



What is a Global Citizen?

A **global citizen** is a citizen of the world. Much like a citizen of a country, a citizen of the world has responsibilities and duties to global issues. You are aware of and respect places, people, and cultures that are different from your own. You carry out your life as an empathetic, responsible, and inquisitive individual who strives to make the world a better place. As a global citizen, you believe in the power of working together to achieve common goals that benefit all of humankind.

Are you a Global Citizen?

DO YOU READ OR WATCH THE NEWS?

Reading, watching, or listening to the news is one of the best ways to learn about the world around you! You hear about new people and important issues going on in other countries. Sharing what you learn with your friends or discussing it with your parents gives you the chance to hear other views and opinions that you might not have thought of.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED HOW YOUR LIFE AND EXPERIENCES MIGHT BE DIFFERENT FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S?

Putting yourself in someone else's shoes demonstrate empathy and understanding. It is also important to recognize that we, as Canadians, are extremely privileged to be living in a country with education, resources, and freedoms that many other citizens do not share.

DO YOU OFFER A HELPING HAND WHEN YOU SEE SOMEONE IN NEED?

Compassion for fellow human beings is a necessary part of achieving lasting change in the world. If we ignore the struggles of others, we allow their suffering and oppression to continue. We should always take action when we see others in need, both locally and globally.

DO YOU ENJOY LEARNING ABOUT OTHER CULTURES, LANGUAGES, AND COUNTRIES?

It's important to be curious about the world around us. By learning about different people and different cultures, we increase our understanding of the world around us, including what problems people around the world are facing and how we might work together to solve them!

Did you answer yes to any of the above questions? You are a global citizen in the making!

WHATS NEXT?

Be sure to stay involved and continue making a difference! World Literacy Canada runs events and fundraising initiatives throughout the year to support our work at home and abroad. We rely on volunteers and ambassadors, like you, to help us raise awareness and funds. Take the chance to gain leadership experience, meet fellow philanthropists, and contribute towards positive changes in our local and global communities!

WHAT IS WORLD LITERACY CANADA?

World Literacy Canada (WLC) is a Canadian non-profit organization. Our mission is to empower women and children around the world through literacy and education. We currently focus our efforts in Canada and India. India is home to nearly 37% of the world's illiterate population according to a report published by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. Not knowing how to read or write can mean lack of access to employment, the market, and advancement in society. WLC works with communities, offering literacy classes, scholarships, access to libraries and much more. We believe that literacy can contribute to greater knowledge, confidence, independence, and empowerment.



Write for a Better World Workshops

This year, World Literacy Canada had the opportunity to hold numerous workshops in schools across the Greater Toronto Area as well in First Nations communities.

The Write for a Better World workshops are designed to help students gain a better grasp on the concept of global citizenship as well as to help students develop writing skills. Through interactive and collaborative games and activities, students had the opportunity to brainstorm story ideas for the Write for a Better World contest.

It's always a great privilege to interact with students. We enjoy hearing about the passion young Canadians' have for reading and writing, and how they relate to other cultures and global issues. Every year we are amazed by the imagination, insight and understanding demonstrated by participants and this year was no different!

These workshops were lead by World Literacy Canada team members as well as children's book authors and storytellers. Thank you to everyone who was part of the workshop component of the Write for a Better World program!

Testimonials

“How to raise global awareness among early junior high students? It’s a perennial question...Then there is the “Write for a Better World” contest, held every spring. This functions as a platform for the students to show their increasing global awareness in the form of a brief story...Because the contest wishes to address other cultures, our students do not necessarily look at other countries. Often they think about other cultural or ethnic groups within Canada. What is better than that – an increased awareness of the multicultural ‘world’ within our country. That perspective requires as much thought, consideration, and research as finding out about another country and its generic culture...They develop writing skills, including all aspects of the writing process from brainstorming to completing a third, final copy in a form that intrigues them. The prospect of entering a Canada-wide competition excites them. Not all choose to submit their composition, but writing for a contest provides a thrill. They discover the pleasure of a piece well-done, and in the process apply what they know about other cultures.”

- Andrena Teed, Grade 7 teacher, St Mary’s Bay Academy, Nova Scotia

“It was a great experience having World Literacy Canada come in to work with my Grade 5/6 class. The presenter was fabulous and led a fun and engaging workshop for the students. The workshop was a great jumping-off point for exploring narrative writing and having the students develop narratives of their own.”

- Kelly Iggers, Gr. 5/6 Teacher, Annette Street Public School, Ontario

“What a way to get my students pumped about writing for an authentic purpose! In anticipation of the Write for a Better World contest, [the presenter] captivated my grade 5 students through [their] storytelling and responses to their myriad of questions about writing and being an author. My students were left abuzz with the anticipation of writing and submitting their own stories to the contest. Thank you World Literacy Canada for affording these grade 5s the opportunity to be inspired and motivated to effect change through the written word!”

- Megan McGee, Grade 5 teacher, Allenby Public School, Ontario

“When I was invited to consider the Write for a Better World Contest, I was very inspired by the opportunity to connect this writing contest to my student’s burgeoning comprehension of worldviews and the clashes that often result between them. This year’s prompt asked students to consider the hero – villain relationship that can surface between worldviews with opposing values and beliefs. Working inside a two week window we launched this four hundred word writing challenge to all 184 grade eight students. Students were extremely motivated by this Canadian writing competition which challenged them to focus on a global theme woven into an engaging prompt which promoted critical thinking and careful composition, where every word mattered...The streamlined entry process made this authentic writing experience a perfect fit for my 21st Century learners. Our experience was nothing but positive on all accounts and students expressed that this was one of their favourite activities in school this year. We look forward to seeing next year’s prompt and hope to make this an ongoing tradition at our school.”

- Melony O’Neil, Grade Eight Learning Leader, Mountain Park School, Alberta

A special thank you to: Jasmine Gill, Ken Settington, Sage Tyrtle, Jennifer Peña, Rebecca Hazell, Betty Kim, Ryan Furlong, Anastasia Richards, Claire Apostoli and guest judge Jonathan Auxier.



World Literacy Canada
401 Richmond Street West, Studio 281
Toronto, ON M5V 3A8, Canada

Tel: (416) 977-0008
Inquiries: info@worldlit.ca

www.worldlit.ca
Charitable Registration Number 11930 4640 RR0001 UA-24799663-1