

The House on the Hill

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As a younger student, I learnt that children had rights, responsibilities and privileges, many of which I was already receiving. But as those subjects grew a little more complicated after each passing year, I realized that although a child may be raised with such virtuous rights, it was possible for them to not know it. It could happen the other way around as well, such as a child whose caregivers barely accepted and accomplished their rights growing up to find that others were raised thoughtfully as a child deserves. But if they don't learn about their rights soon enough, the unmistakable uninvolved parenting would be likely to end up intergenerational for the next child. In that case, teachers across Canada should be prepared for the worthy lessons they would have to teach at an early age for the children to know their rights. Since I learnt my rights and responsibilities in fifth grade, it was true that I had not known whether I was receiving my rights or not, so I think Canada can make sure that children know them as a goal.

In The House on the Hill

In a house on the hill
Lives a child called Bill
Who works all day
With no time to play
And wonders through the night
While shivering in fright
'Do I not have rights?'

On the other side of town
Lives a child called Brown
Who sleeps in school all day
With infinite time to play
And loses his cool
When he says,
"I hate going to school."

Bill dreams big dreams
Of being on school teams
He says through his chores
"I want to learn more"
But Brown doesn't know
That Bill says so
He takes lessons for granted
And says
"Education is worthless, worthless to the core"

But on a hot summery week

Brown and his family take a trip to the creek
They laugh and play
And eat all day
And one day, through the smoke of the grill
Brown sees a house
A house on a hill
And through its window
A face appears
A face filled with hope and long streaks of tears

"Hello" says Brown to the small timid Bill
And Bill greets him back but looks beyond the hill
Then sees Brown's car, the grill, and the tent
And the trailer with no doubt the perfect air vents
Bill starts to cry again
But Brown stops him
And notices the pain
They talked the whole night
Until Bill's mother came
And yelled at Bill to start cleaning again.

Bill told Brown
That he would trade anything
To go to school in town
And although Brown despised it
He felt sympathy for Bill
The two different children were the perfect fit

One day on top of the hill
The two were talking
And Brown told Bill
That if there were children
Who were like Bill
Who didn't know their rights
And needed to feel
Teachers should teach them at a younger age
And parents should know them
Before they raised the kids
And so that way everyone would be on the same page

From that day on, Bill's mother had a trial
And Bill went to school by walking a mile
But as he had learnt his rights thanks to Brown
He knew he was safe, although away from town
And Bill helped students as he grew older
To remind them what their deserved rights were
He traveled to many homes across Canada

To help teach the children who could afford
As Bill had been once before
And with the help of many people
The number decreased
Of the children who didn't know their rights as they pleased

The End