

Even if I did not win  
I had fun playing “Find Grandma”  
Hiding behind the recycling bin.  
(MD)

O, Grandma where art thou?  
I have searched high and low.  
From the tumultuous lake's flow,  
To the quaint cabin's all in a row.

The willowy silhouette of trees,  
Seem like giants swaying their arms in the breeze.  
While a crackle of a leaf, and a flutter of a wing,  
Sends a chill through my bones that is daunting.

O, Grandma where art thou?  
Waiting in a fortress high and majestic,  
Guarded by flashlight bearers swift and strategic,  
Lurking through the grounds.

Sneaking, tumbling, rolling and concocting plans,  
We attempt to find Grandma, dispersed into little clans,  
Suddenly she appears, and we are victorious  
Until Sir Devereaux shines upon us, for that he is notorious.  
(RP)

Camp Mush-A-Mush has been a blast  
With all the memories that will forever last.  
Last night we played a game,  
the exact same one each year.

As the light shines from far away,  
We run someplace where we can hide and stay.  
We crawl and stall or even fall.  
That's what makes the game for what it's all.  
(NR)

I had a lot of fun trying to find Grandma,  
Even though I didn't actually find Grandma.  
Because Rylan found Grandma,  
We all had a lot of fun, but know it's all over  
(JP)

There was a school named KVA,  
The people there all went away.  
They went away to a camp,  
When everybody got a cramp.  
Playing a game is what we did,  
The trees and bushes is where we hid.  
The mission was to find grannie,  
Without letting the flashlight,  
Shine on your fannie.  
Darker than the darkest night,  
Trying to stay out of sight.  
Camp Mush-A-Mush  
(EG)

Everyone knows, it is said  
When the sun goes to bed,  
And the moon hangs up high in the heavens,  
That vile creatures emerge  
In a terrible surge --  
Werewolves and vampires and gremlins.

They travel in packs,  
And their favorite snacks  
Are children abandoned by nannies.  
But these dangerous beasts  
Have been known to feast  
On innocent and delicate grannies.

So they gave us a fright  
By attacking one night  
Using cover of darkness to hide,  
But Granny cried out  
In a frightening shout  
And her protectors all rushed to her side.  
Defended by dwarves  
Wielding light saber swords,  
Poor grandmother huddled in terror  
While the battle went on  
Lasting nearly 'til dawn,  
When one dwarf made a terminal error.

Poor Granny was found,  
And with the terrible sound,  
Of screams, we know we'd been beaten.  
She was taken, they say,  
To a cave far away,  
Then seasoned, and solemnly eaten.

(KAB)

Were you searching for Grandma,  
Or were you searching for you?

If you didn't find Grandma,  
I hope you found something about you.  
(TD)

Sitting alone on the edge of a slide,  
Under the moonlit sky and field,  
Hearing the sounds carried on the fragrant evening breeze ----  
Pure delight and blissful joy pervade the surrounding space.

Transparent clouds race across and can not hide the autumn moon.  
CRACK....SNAP.....Thumping earth sounds,  
Running shadows scurrying through the night surround me.  
"Go Back!" "Go Back!"

The moon slowly drifts across the star filled sky.  
Soon the pine trees will hide its rays.  
AH!!! Racing towards me with unstoppable speed -- RYLAN!  
Leaping in triumph and confident victory.

Oh yes -- the "game".  
There is a winner -- many winners.  
These young apprentice warriors,  
Thank you for your inspiration, commitment and discipline.  
(MRO)