

**ASCOT RACECOURSE SUPPORTS
LOCAL SCHOOLS CHRISTMAS
POEM COMPETITION 2021**



WINNERS

WINNER: 5-8 YEAR CATEGORY

**Alex McCullough, 7½ yrs,
Cranbourne Primary School**

WHEN RUDLOPH BECAME A RACEHORSE

Rudolph was a reindeer with a bright red nose,
With his large antlers he could strike a magnificent pose.

But Rudolph was very sad and full of remorse,
Because all he really wanted was to be a racehorse.

At Christmas time his job was to deliver gifts to all,
But his dream was to run in a race and line up in a stall.
He longed to feel the hallowed Ascot turf beneath his hooves
With Santa on his back and show his dashing moves.

Courageously he trained all year to be fit and strong
So he could deliver presents all day long.
He also wanted to be very quick and fast
Just in case he could race and not come in last.

Eventually Christmas came and Rudolph was watching the race.

The horses lined up, but there was a spare place!
He looked to Santa and his friends who said you go on and run
So he joined the race, ran like the wind, and he won!

WINNER: 8-11 YEAR CATEGORY

**Toby Spong, 11 yrs,
Cheapside CE Primary School**

THE ELF THAT BECAME A JOCKEY

My elf

Sat on the shelf

He looks around

He likes animals

Cats and dogs

Horses and frogs

Walks and runs

In the sun

What a sight

What fun

Riding a horse

At Ascot racecourse

Being a jockey

Winning a race

Over the fences

How ace!

WINNER: 11-14 YEAR CATEGORY

**Lottie Furst, 13 yrs,
Charters School**

WHEN RUDLOPH BECAME A RACEHORSE

Rudolph he reindeer and his shiny nose,
Stopped during his work, just for a quick doze.
(he had been working all day, without pay!)
But upon opening his eyes he could find no sleigh!

He searched frantically around looking for deer
But no antlers, no elves around here.
A short man in bright colours took hold of his head.
“Mmmm, you seem a little different” he quietly said.

But with a shrug of his shoulders often done by the elves,
He retrieved a bridle from one of the shelves.
He began to tack up Rudolph, pulling too tightly,
Then sat upon him, positioning himself lightly.

Rudolph was in shock as he trotted around,
He paced back and forth, hooves striking the ground.
“How did I end up here?” he thought
Then from outside the room, he heard a loud snort.

Emerging outside, he had to blink twice,
Rudolph's knees almost buckled, like Bambi on ice.

He gazed in awe at the fresh green course,
Then settled his eyes on a fine graceful horse.

The audience gave side looks as Rudolph emerged,
But still his excitement could not be purged.

Him, a Reindeer, at Ascot Races?
He spun with glee, ignoring angry faces.

The jockey led the reindeer up to the stalls,
Amid the racegoers excited calls.
And as the starter's orders finally came,
He raced ahead hoping to win his fame.

But something was wrong, Rudolph was last,
As the racehorses were just too fast.
Rudolph hung his head in shame,
As the crowd jeered and pointed in blame.

Suddenly he heard an abrupt, huge pop,
All the loud music came to a stop.
The screens went off, the lights went out
And the laughing crowd began to pout.

People were frantic "please help me" they cried,
But they couldn't see, no matter how they tried.
The out of nowhere came something that glows,
Rudolph the reindeer with his bright red nose.