

1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner 7<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> Grade

Ashlyn Leming,

Norterra Canyon Elementary School, Deer Valley Unified School District, Phoenix

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The 50 States Census Cadence

One, two, three, four

Census workers at my door

Five, six, seven, eight

Where do we now populate?

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve

Congressmen can spread the wealth

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen

A cause for Congress to convene

Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty

We are growing fast and plenty

Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four

I am told to answer the door

Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight

How did our wealth segregate?

Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two,

We grew our representation by two

Thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six

Will this mean a new district?

Thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty

I will answer for my country

Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four,

Census counters must be footsore

Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight,

In Arizona they should hydrate

Forty-nine and fifty,

I hope Congress will be thrifty!

One, two,

Sound off

Three, four,

Count off

The 2010 census

It matters!

2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner 7<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> Grade

Taylor Ramirez

Circle Cross Ranch Circle Cross Ranch K-8 School, Florence Unified School District, Queen Creek

### **Count Me In!**

Verse 1

There's this thing called the census

They say that it is about us

But am I makin' the right choice,

Speaking to the government-with my voice?

Chorus

It's about us!

Am I doing it correctly?

It's about us!

Will someone please tell me?

It's about us!

I guess we'll all win

It's about us!

So count me in!

Verse 2

It can help build bridges

Fill up all the ditches

But I still got my doubts

'Bout the kind of people that the census counts

Chorus

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It's about us!

Am I doing it correctly?

It's about us!

Will someone please tell me?

It's about us!

I guess we'll all win

It's about us!

So count me in!

Outro

If everyone's important

So what's the problem with it?

Sign the census letter,

And it'll make our lives better!

**“Count Me In; Why the Census Matters”**

The first words that sprang out of Jack’s mouth that morning in class were “What in the world is a census?” They were just studying ancient Rome in their textbooks, and the word census came across Jack’s eyes.

“A census is the count of the population. I would think you would already know what a census is. The next census for the United States is going to happen next year, in 2010. Make sure your parents fill out the census forms, it’s a very important thing to do,” replied Mrs. Johnson.

*Big Whoop*, thought Jack to himself. Who cares how many people are in a country? The day trudged on for Jack, and at last school was over. As he walked home, he started thinking about the census. What did it matter to him? He was just a twelve year old boy living in Little Rock, Arkansas. Besides, a census wouldn’t help anyone. It would just make people’s lives more tedious. Who wants to sit at home and fill out a hundred question test about their lives?

Later that night, at dinner with his parents, the word *census* was brought up again. “It’s almost time for the census, and those tedious forms have to be filled out,” said Jack’s mom.

“Then why don’t you just refuse to fill out the forms?” exclaimed Jack.

“It’s a lot more complicated than that, Jack. Go online and look for information about why a census is important,” said his Dad.

*His dad’s answer to every question*, thought Jack to himself. Jack reluctantly finished his food and went upstairs to do his homework. Later that night, around nine

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o' clock, Jack went on his computer to look for information about the census. He found out that a census helps decide how much federal and state funding is given to communities around the U.S. If everyone in his community did the census, the government might give their community funding for new schools, new roads, new hospitals, etc. It would also help out with the decisions the community would make. The government spent a lot of money on the census, around 15 billion dollars. Most of the expenses are from census workers trying to find people who didn't fill out the census online. Jack knew that many people in his community had jobs that took most of their day and that they wouldn't have time to take a tedious census questionnaire. He decided he would benefit from the new roads and schools in the long run, and that in order to receive all that funding, he had to inform his neighbors about the census.

The next day was Saturday, and Jack didn't have school. He went around the whole neighborhood and told everyone how filling out the online census would benefit their community and how a lot of funding would be given to them by filling out the census. Each neighbor responded to Jack by saying "Count me in".

Honorable Mention 7<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> Grade

Kathryn Harper

Circle Cross Ranch K-8 School, Florence Unified School District, Queen Creek

Juliet

HM

Watching Mariana glide across the stage in her stunning costume, I sighed. She was beautiful. I live in a small, unremarkable town, less than fifty miles away from Mariana—my wonderful cousin. Actually, she was more than just beautiful. She was gorgeous. Her looks were forgettable—at least, they *would* be, was it not for the way in which she held herself. Now, in a custom-made Juliet costume, nothing could compare. Sitting in the back row of her brand-new high school auditorium, I thought about the circumstances that made it so.

Almost ten years ago, the population in my town was miscounted, due to a mistake made by the census takers. Three-quarters of the answer documents—which only represented two-thirds of our town— were destroyed. Mariana's town was almost completely opposite. The population of her town, twice the size of my town, was counted (and tallied) *four* times. Due to this, big, fabulous hospitals were built and schools were fixed up, rebuilt to accommodate more students, and made to be dazzling.

One thing to be built was a new, modern, fancy hospital was built right near Mariana's home. When she collapsed suddenly at home, she was able to get an MRI, CAT scan, and results of the tests in a matter of hours. The new, high-tech equipment in the hospital allowed doctors to locate where the tumor that made her collapse was located and remove it within two days. She went into

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remission, no longer battling brain cancer, and ever since had carried herself in a way that said, "This is me, and I care who I am." Without all the equipment, Mariana would probably have died.

Jane, on the other hand, died when she was run over by a car, the nearest hospital overcrowded and out-of-date. If she went to Mariana's school, she would probably have survived, but instead she went to my school, and was unable to survive.

Taking a long, deep, slow breath, I glanced up at Mariana as she grabbed the knife—so real looking that a little girl, no older than eight, cried in terror—and "stabbed" herself to join her love, Romeo. Glancing around the auditorium, I looked at the clean black flooring, the lustrous red curtains, and the magnificent real-wood flooring of the stage. The high school, proms, and the costumes were all paid for by the school and the money from the census.

After seeing all that Mariana's town has that mine does not, I make a firm decision—I *will* make sure the Census is counted correctly next spring. Enlisting in the help of little kids, I will go door-to-door and be sure that everybody receives, fills out, and turns in a Census form, so that we will not be like Mariana's town, where they have too much of almost everything, but so that we will have enough of everything. And maybe another Jane won't die because the hospital was over crowded.

Honorable Mention 7<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> Grade

Stephanie Bonham

Snowflake Jr. High School, Snowflake Unified School District, Snowflake

Count Me In; Why The Census Matters

H/M

Why the Census matters. Do people even know?

Some say it counts the population in high and in low

Others tell that when people move in and out,

The Census changes without a doubt

So when you hear a knock on your door, don't fear

They only want to ask how many people live on you floor

I hear the Census means a lot to us

To keep us quiet and not have a lot of fuss

Others exclaim that when the population increases,

Buildings, businesses, and schools are built for nephews and nieces

So count me in, don't throw me in the pit

The Census means quite a bit .