

The Write Team 2008

An anthology
of work by
Bath Festivals'
Write Team

 Bath festivals

before |
was silent

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Bath Festivals organises and runs a year-round education programme linked to both Bath Literature Festival and Bath International Music Festival.

This programme of educational events and activities enables people to develop their creativity and explore a variety of art forms. The work that happens during the Bath Literature Festival and Bath International Music Festival is just one part of the work we carry out across Bath and North East Somerset with a variety of partners throughout the whole year.

We run targeted education programmes in schools, youth centres and community settings and are happy to talk to people about our work and the development of future programmes. We also offer advice on working with artists and developing projects.

The Write Team has been a significant element of our education programme in 2008. The project has had rich benefits for the young people and teachers involved and we are delighted that this pilot year is to be followed up by a further two and a half years of research and practice.

www.bathlitfest.org.uk

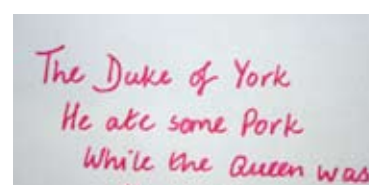
Emma Metcalfe
Write team Project Coordinator, Bath Festivals

The Write Team was developed by Bath Festivals to provide young people in four primary and four secondary schools in Bath and North East Somerset Local Authority with the opportunity to attend weekly creative writing workshops. The aim of the workshops was to develop pupil confidence, whatever their ability, through creative writing.

For the past 11 months the pupils and teachers, under the experienced guidance of the writers, have had the chance to try everything from performance poetry to short stories, as well as writing their own scripts and performing them at The Egg Theatre, Bath.

The workshops have involved a great deal of imagining, exploring and developing the confidence to write independently. Everyone has had the chance to explore words, share stories, create and meet new characters.

This anthology provides a lively record of the pupils' energy and imagination in writing which we hope you will find as exciting and adventurous as the process of writing them.



The Write Team was funded by the Paul Hamlyn Foundation and supported by the School Improvement Team at Bath and North East Somerset.

I Don't Want A Penny For A Gran

I don't want an alien for an Auntie,
She might be weird.

I don't want a mammoth for a Brother,
He might be huge.

I don't want a penny for a Gran,
She might get lost.

I don't want a cricket for a Cousin,
She might be too loud.

I don't want a feather for a Sister,
She might blow far away.

I don't want a carrot for an Uncle,
He might get eaten.

I don't want a coffee for a Grandad,
He might get drunk.

I don't want a car for a Mum,
She might get rusty.

I don't want a bed for a Dad,
He might get squished.

Bethany
Year 5

I Don't Want A Flower For A Nan

I don't want an egg for an Auntie,
She might go off.

I don't want a heart for a Brother,
He might stop beating.

I don't want a flower for a Nan,
She might die soon.

I don't want a mermaid for a Cousin,
She might be discovered.

I don't want a rubber for a Sister,
She might be erased.

I don't want a leaf for an Uncle,
He might blow away.

I don't want a water balloon for a Grandad,
He might burst.

I don't want a pane of glass for a Mum,
She might get shattered.

I don't want a painting for a Dad,
He might fade away.

Torrie
Year 5

Six Things I Have Lost

I have lost a lot of stuff
like an early morning Cousin to London
no one to play with.

A lucky leprechaun from my gramps
Noooooo!

My favourite baby book 'Blue Balloon'
No more popping fun.

My favourite CD of the best band
no more rocking out.

My multicoloured teddy bear toy
No one to cuddle at night.

My best poster from Year 1 –
But I'll never forget that year.

A pair of smelly old slipper socks
My feet will never be warm again,
So I bought a Pudsey bear pen from the charity shop.
I hope I don't lose this.

Jack
Year 5

I don't want an egg
She might go off.

for an Auntie,

The Listening Station

It hears in the hall at dinner time
the soft popping of bubbles in the soup being bowled.
It hears the slushy pouring of a jug of water,
the quiet tapping of feet.
It hears the cold squeak of fingers across the window.

It hears in the hall of the ICT suite
the uneven tapping of keyboard keys,
the squeaky talking chair being swung round and round the room.
It hears the quiet scratching of a child who has lost their pencil nib,
It hears the silent murmuring of the overhead projector.

It hears in the living room
the whistling poof of air out

It hears the loud crashing noise of a little boy playing with his cars.
It hears the quiet click cracking sound of the T.V. waking up.
It hears the tapping sound of doggy paws.
It hears the squeaky sigh of a girl being squished by her big black dog
It hears the plopping of pen on the drawing paper.

Bethany
Year 5

The Listening Station

It hears in the hall the rhythmic footsteps thumping to get dinner,
It hears the swallowing of food,
It hears drifting silent faces staring at food,
It hears the cook slosh the food on the plates.

It hears in the class the pens doing pictures,
It hears pens in mouths,
It hears children swallowing as teachers tell them off,
It hears the radiator bursting out hot air.

Holly
Year 5

of the sofa.

The Listening Station

It hears in the hall at lunchtime,
It hears the chairs clattering,
collapsing when people stack them.
It hears the muttering of children.
It hears children pass each other.
This sound never stops.

In the ICT suite it hears the tapping of typing,
It hears the squeak of fingers touching the screen,
It hears brains chatting to their fingers,
It hears the ticking of clocks, time passes.
This never ends.

It hears the dining room at teatime,
It hears the laughing of Mum and Dad,
It hears the sound of munching of mouths eating,
mouth watering food,
It hears the clattering plates as they get collected,
and nearly smash.

Elizabeth
Year 5

The Listening Station

It hears in the hall at dinnertime the chatter of chums,
It hears the clink of cutlery and polishing of plates,
It hears rumblings replaced by satisfied sighs.

It hears in the ICT suite the whirring hum of mechanical thought,
It hears the tiny tapping of magical creations,
It hears a lullaby signaling sleep.

It hears in my bedroom at night distant cars wailing for attention,
It hears the muffled voices from flats below,
It hears the counting down 'til morning.

Lowri

*“Before I would know the answer but
wouldn’t say it but now I will speak.”*

The Listening Station

It hears in the hall at dinner time, the scrape of a single plate,
It hears the chatter of one man’s voice,
It hears the growl of feet leaving the hall.

It hears in the I.C.T. suite, the tap of a single key on the keyboard,
It hears the whirr of a computer starting up,
It hears the creak of the old wooden door.

It hears in the office, the letter going into the envelope,
It hears the beep of the photocopier,
It hears the swish of someone’s hair moving.

It hears in the bathroom, a drop of water in the shower,
It hears the swirl of the toilet being flushed,
It hears the brush of a wobbly tooth.

The Listening Station

It hears in the hall at dinner time the sound of children shouting
It hears people stacking chairs rapidly
It hears the sound of munching on crunchy food.

It hears in the ICT suite all the children muttering away
It hears the loud sound of keyboards tapping
It hears the click of the mouse.

It hears at the pool, splashing around
It hears voices screaming give me the ball
It hears all the people getting changed and asking if anyone had seen their underwear.

Courtney
Year 5

It hears in the bedroom,
It hears the snore of a
It hears the flicker of a

the play of toys,
sleeper,
book opening.

It hears in the kitchen, the chop of a knife,
It hears the chirm of the kettle boiling,
It hears the squeak of the window closing.

It hears in the park the almost silent cheep of a bird,
It hears the cry of a girl falling off the monkey bars,
It hears the scream of children playing frantically.

Ross
Year 5

Inside The Sea

Inside the sea there are waves
 Inside the waves there is wet
 Inside the wet there is smooth
 Inside the smooth there are shells
 Inside the shells there are waves
 Inside the sea I feel the cold
 Inside the cold I feel the air
 Inside the air I feel the sea

Amy
 Year 8

There Is The Slow

...swooshing
 of the waves, swaying drunkenly
 upon the sharp jagged rocks
 littered with starfish.
 Murmurs of life whispering to you
 as a greeting
 there is a mind numbing fresh
 tangy sharpness to the air engulfing
 my nostrils.
 Beauty, hypnotises the mind.

Sapphire
 Year 8

What If Time Went Backwards?

Headaches before the fun.
 Throwing up at the beginning of the party,
 before it's even begun.
 Laughing at a yet, not heard joke.
 Waking when falling asleep,
 watching the glass fill with coke.

Tree's shrinking
 winter, autumn, summer, spring.
 Having the present before
 Christmas begins.
 Knowing your birthday
 after you've died.
 You're in trouble
 after you lie.

You're in the room
 before you move to the door.
 You jump in the air
 after you've fallen to the floor.

Time backwards
 E.M.I.T
 I'd know what had happened
 before it had happened to me.

Esther
 Year 8

You jump in
 after you've

From A Dream To Reality

I sat worrying my bottom lip, on
 this dingy, grey bus. There was a
 drunk in the corner, which was
 probably where the strong smell
 of five day old cider was coming
 from. The screams from the two
 prissy children at the front were
 driving me insane, I can't
 memorise my words with this
 racket ringing in my ears. I glance
 down at the script, the brown
 blobs of old coffee smudging the
 third line. The bus came to a
 sudden halt, I looked up - it was
 my stop. I took a deep breath as I
 stumbled more than stepped off
 the bus. There it was, as clear as
 the sun in the sky, the West End
 theatre. I swear my heart stopped,
 just for a second it stopped. It was
 finally happening, my dream was
 so close to being reality. I went
 through the huge metal doors,
 posters of future performances
 closing in on me.

Suddenly I was in the dressing
 rooms, the bright light scorching
 my eyes. The girls with blonde
 wigs giggle excitedly in the corner.
 Rob comes in. "Hurry up, you're on
 in five!" his familiar voice made my
 stomach lurch, I wanted to
 scrunch up into a ball and make
 the word disappear. Jessie comes
 up to me. "Isn't it exciting! I can't
 wait to get out there" She
 scampered off in her little pink
 dress. Aren't they nervous?

Suddenly, I was being pushed and
 pulled, my hair being scraped
 from my head, my clothes being
 stripped off me. I stare at myself in
 the mirror, someone shoves a tray
 of biscuits in front of me. I cringe at
 the sight of them and cover my
 mouth to prevent me bawling over
 them. "No thanks" I stutter.

There is an applause in the
 background. It was time. I step
 on stage bright light's blinding me,
 other characters in freeze frame
 waiting for their cue. The booming
 of the orchestra blaring at me,
 telling me to say my first line.

It all seems to be happening so
 fast. I stand on stage a thousand
 eyes glaring at me, all wondering
 "What is going to happen next?"
 I topple to the floor as the edge of
 the plastic knife digs into my side.
 There are gasps all around me, the
 curtain gently falls, covering me
 like white snow on a winters eve
 and the applause erupts. The
 curtain floats back up. I bow,
 the audience shriek wildly, roses
 showering me as the atmosphere
 slowly fades out and once again
 the theatre is empty.

Martha
 Year 8

the air
 fallen to the floor.

Where Am I?

Old and New.
Technology and Tradition.

Look at the chocolate brown mamba tottering
the Harajuku district.

Look at the pale geisha performing a tea ceremony.
Boys practicing kendo then practicing the art of arcades.

Taste new flavours,
they will flood your palette.
Slick jasmine then
crispy tempura.

I am an alien, a westerner.

Grace

Year 8

The Locals Move About So Very Fast

...then so very slow.
Musicians play in the back of a trailer.
Footsteps pounding the makeshift stage
river dancing towards the stars.

I hold a rough, jagged stone in my hand
picked up on a driftwood littered shore.
Small crystals break
on the surface of my skin,
the grit scratching.

Seawater climbs up my arms and legs,
wind fresh and sharp
whipping them, striking down the cliffs.

Suddenly a bell rings
a door opens, interrupting
farther up the shore.
Drunken chatter, clinking glasses and a loud song
meets my ears.

A waft of Guinness overpowers the salty taste of granite and bladderwrack,
knocking my senses.
I focus on the stony structure
arching and dipping
under a coat of soft grass,
tumbling into the bright blue grass,
shattering and collapsing
into churning froth.

Eleanor

Year 8

Wo Bin Ich?

Insects buzzing contently,
fairie's feet pitter patting
across the ever growing
water lily.
A hissing feral cat,
song of the ice-cream cart,
the sausage van smell,
the fresh bakery next door.

Smell of fresh meat
sickens me,
but the crunchy softness
of a sweet pretzel sucks
me towards it.

City trams trudging along,
the scrape of a stick
pulled along the side of a concrete wall,
forcing us away.

The houses all different
colours, shapes, sizes
making me jealous
the steep cobbled side streets
leading me upwards.

Kristina

Year 8

Executioner's Axe

I gaze around me.
A restless crowd.
The man in black grasps me.

The man with a golden band around his head paces forward.
The audience is sent into madness.
Shouting, jeering, even crying, they swarm towards me.

Where is the cloth that polished me?
What about the stone that sharpened me?
I am clenched so tight by my holder's sweaty palms
I might choke.

A dainty woman cowers below me.
Her clear green eyes tell of her gloom.
Who is responsible for her eternal sadness?
Then I realise.
Her eyes –
Could it be me?

Crown man nods.
I am thrown into the air by shaking hands.
My blade comes down onto her shivering neck.

A smooth cut.
My job is done.
A member of the audience shouts to my holder;
“You killed her! Anne Boleyn is dead!”

Katriona

Year 8

Racing Down Rush Hour

Cigarette butts
Steaming at every corner.
No space
For everything that
Wants to be
On the pavement.

Everything
Spills on the road,
With the red dragons,
And yellow canaries;
People-transporters
Racing down rush hour.

Stale chips drift by,
riding like lords.
Their steeds are
Yesterday's newspapers

Its survival of the fittest.
Space?

There is none.
Space must be very weak.

The picture changes.
A strobe light flashing,
Revealing things
That were never there.

And time moves
At twice normal speed
Catastrophe:
Comes and goes.

But life rides on.
Excuses?
I've no time for stragglers.
Keep up with me...
Or fall behind.
It's your choice.

I fly, chiming like the towers,
Looming over the
Red dragons,
And yellow canaries;
People-transporters
Racing down rush hour.

Ella

Year 8

Under The Spotlight!

The car judders to a halt and I start. I didn't realise the journey would be so short. I look up from my knees to find three faces staring at me. My Sister gives a small smile, my Dad, a wink, and my Mum, in a slightly strained voice says: "come on, then. Time to go."

I climb out of the car with a little wobble, and lurch forward, tottering off like an old lady.

"Wait, don't forget your music," my Sister calls, holding it out.

"Thanks" I croak with a voice that doesn't sound like my own.

An endless walk until I get to my changing room and I sit down.

"Come on, lets sort you out" my Mum says.

I am offered the practice room, but I feel that I've done enough of that already and just sit with my hands clasped on my knees waiting in my blue silky dress.

The changing room is tiny, I bet if I stretch I'll be able to touch both walls at the same time. The mirror is cracked and there is only one chair. The smell of food and coffee comes from the table. I stand up, but the sight is too much, now I feel sick.

I can hear people making their steady way up and down the corridor, the sound is strangely rhythmic I feel myself lulled into an odd sense of security.

I am jolted awake by the sound of someone else finishing their piece and it all comes crashing back. I feel as if the pressure is building up and just when I can't bear it any longer, my time comes.

All of a sudden, I don't want to go out there. I want to stay, curled up on my chair in this box of a room where I'm safe. That's not going to happen, though, and I can see myself up on that stage already, I can't throw that away now.

I take a deep breath, stand up and walk back along the corridor.

Standing on the edge of the stage, listening to the last person performing, I can feel my heart beat accelerating, I'm never good with nerves.

Now they're clapping, I swallow hard, and stumble on.

The stage is slippery with that just-polished sheen and I slip. I make the worst mistake anyone could and look up; thousands of shining faces look back at me, stars in the universe that is the auditorium.

As I fight to gain control of my fluttering heart, I sit down and take a shaky breath. I look up and begin.

I try to remember the way Hannah taught me, to feel every note, caress every key. The crowd is absolutely silent, listening to me play.

I am more than halfway through and already looking forward to the end, where I give my final finale.

Being the last person to perform has got its benefits, no more waiting and I get to find out who the winner is straight away.

And now it's the ending! As I play my final note, the crowd erupt in front of me, I physically have to take a step back to let it all in.

All the rest of the competitors are pouring from either side of the stage as the music dies down.

The judges are marching on to name the winner and I'm standing there wondering what to do when they name it as me!

I am speechless, I can see my parents screaming for me in the back row and I shakily step forward.

My acceptance speech is nothing more than a few garbled words, as I had not been planning to win, just to enjoy myself.

The mayor shakes my hand and says a small speech no more practiced than mine before I clamber over to my parent's jubilant faces where they bear me off without even getting changed.

Charlotte
Year 8

What To Do On An Exceptionally Boring Sunday

Mum's preparing lunch, chopping carrots and slicing potatoes. It's Sunday, I'm dead bored, channel flicking is getting to me. The glare of the TV is casting shadows across the big room, the window is spreading light above and around the floor and I'm just sitting on the comfy leather arm chair deciding what boring programme to watch. No TV, I don't want to buy the latest edition of Hoover! Then something clicks in my head, a light's switched on as I remember that thing I've pushed out of the way for months.

But I could do it now, even though I don't want to. I'll have from now to three when lunch is ready giving me five hours to do it. Achievable. Yes, I will do it! I'll tidy my room.

I shout to Mum as I climb the stairs slowly, venturing silently to the top, willing myself to actually be bothered to clean the hell hole. I reach the landing and walk to the door. I shut my eyes and pause, praying that Mum's already cleaned it. My hand's on the handle, I twist and push, revealing the smell of stuffiness and dust. Where do I start? The clothes on the floor, the unmade bed or the books tossed over the shelf.

I'm in a rhythm of tidying, an odd sock here an old vest there, chuck it in the wash basket then back into the pattern. I'm climbing across my bed, reaching the wall bookshelf, my room's so cramped I have the bookshelf in an alcove above my bed. Then I've got the oversized chest of draws looming over my small desk, scattered with paper and pens. I finish rearranging my books and climb down to the floor. I pull out a drawer I haven't attended to in years and get a mass of dust thrown in my face. I go to sneeze but I get that feeling when you can't and your nose just tingles. I wipe my nose with a cloth and start polishing spray, spray, wipe, wipe.

Then, suddenly I'm lugging the Hoover up the stairs, heaving it through the door and plugging it in. The last stage of tidying, sucking up bits of fluff, crumbs and thread. I unplug the Hoover and turn to do the next laborious job but I freeze, realising that I'm finished, I turn around to admire my work when that sneeze comes. A tissue! All over my stacked paper blowing it everywhere! But I rectify it quickly, layering it up again.

I'm so proud of myself, I've actually finished without hiding rubbish and clothes in spare cupboards out of sight. I jump down the stairs and lead Mum into my bedroom, practically pushing her through the door. I've done it! And I know I have because I see her eyes bulge and a stretched smile beam around her. I can see how pleased she is as she hasn't already started wagging her finger saying I missed out a spot - it's hard living with a perfectionist - I now know for sure how well I've done and allow myself to let it sink in. This better have earned some pocket money!

Ellie
Year 8

“The Write Team has solved my stage fright and speaking in class.”

Everyone Striking A Pose

I'm in the car, with only my Sister and my Dad.

I look at Gaby, who stares back at me with a huge grin on her face. I try to smile back but she knew I wasn't happy. Gaby gave a sigh and turned away. I turned also, clutching my stomach, feeling some sick rising in my throat. I tried to swallow vigorously, but it wouldn't go.

Thankfully we drove to a halt, I clambered out of the car, feeling suffocated by the seat belt I just had on. We were there!

Feeling dizzy and sick, we head into the sky scraper building. There are lots of posters. Britain's got talent in big red letters surrounds us. My head starts spinning from looking all around us. My head sways from one sign to another, when Gaby shoves me forward. "Dad left ages ago." She started to say. "I've got our form and our numbers. We need to go and find everyone else."

Gaby drags me off and around the building in search of our dance group.

We were in one of the halls, when the speakers start to boom a voice out of them. We skidded to a halt, "3461 to the stage, I repeat 3461 to the stage, thank you." I took no notice. I started walking off again.

When Gaby dashes past me, grabbing my arm on the way. We flew through all the doors in sight.

Then we came across a room with a massive sign outside saying "STAGE". We flung open the doors and there stood everyone from our dance group. There were at least one hundred of us, but we were all silent. Going through everything in our heads.

Staring around the room. I knew why Gaby had dragged me here. "That must have been our number." I thought, foolishly to my self.

Just then everyone started pushing forward. We were all edging our way onto the echoey floor.

We all stood there, huddled together while the oldest girls of our dance group spoke. Telling them all about us. My eyes started to hurt from the blinding light that was shining in my eyes.

They had finished speaking.

We all scuttled around the stage until arriving in our places. Everyone striking a pose, the music beginning.

Stomping and gliding all around the stage. Prancing leaping, never wanting this moment to end.

All of us putting as much effort into it as we could.

Then we finish.

Gasping for breath, the audience stands up and cheers, claps, loving what we just did.

Then walking forwards towards the judges, the clapping dies down. Waiting for them to speak.

The judges, Simon, Piers and Amanda all start to call out and tell us how magnificent we were.

"Lovely! I'm going to say yes." Simon yelled!

Everyone cheered in the audience.

"It's a yes from me." Amanda told us "Yes!" it was a yes from Piers!

We all started to scream! Hugging one another, I was crying I was so happy.

Dashing off the stage still screaming, a camera comes up to us.

We all holler "Were through!"

Jasmine
Year 8

I Don't Want A Lion For A Brother

I don't want a bike for an Auntie
She might go rusty.

I don't want a lion for a Brother
He might eat me.

I don't want a wasp for a Gran
She might sting me.

I don't want a cushion for a Cousin
He might get sat on.

I don't want a hamster for a Sister
She might get lost.

I don't want an orange for an Uncle
He might get eaten.

I don't want a pig for a Granddad He might turn in to pork.

I don't want an ant for a Mum
She might get stepped on.

I don't want a cow for a Dad
He might get milked.

Jessica
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the class it hears the squeaking of pens, the flickers of book pages. It hears the silence of children, and the whispers of children speaking to the adults.

In the music room it hears the banging of drums, the crashing of cymbals. It hears the high pitch of a violin, and the strumming of a guitar.

In the shop it hears the chatter of people, the screaming of children. It hears the ping of tills, the clanging of money. It hears the squeaking, Of trolley wheels as they go by.

Nicole
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the music room it hears the bang of the drum.
It hears the twinkle on the piano.
It hears the crash on the Steel Pan.

On the farm it hears the tractor driving into the farm,
It hears the cow's go Moo.

It hears the milking parlour going ch ch ch ch.
It hears the tractor raining seeds on the ground.

In the playground it hears shouting children,
It hears the clatter of the play pod,
It hears the wind as the ball Goes pass your face.

On the beach it hears the tapping of the spade.
It hears the whoosh of the sea.
It hears the lick of the ice-lolly.

At the caravan it hears the bike wheels go round.
It hears the running footsteps of the children
It hears the trees blowing through our feet.

At home it hears the sizzling in the pan.
It hears the wooden spoon stirring the curry mix.
It hears the plates clattering together and splat of the curry.

Tom
Year 5

Lost

Keys they are shiny,
where did I see them last?
There are lots of keys
I can't drive my car.

I lost my
It was

I can't think
what to do.

I lost my clean
green crispy money.
No more Queens stare,
No hope of sweets.

I lost my soft
cuddly teddy bear,
as soft as my pillow
It was special to me.

I lost my Mum.
Would I see her again?
I wanted to hear her voice.
I rang her on my phone.
She was in BHS, (British Home Stores)
I was so glad to see her again.

James
Year 5

brain.
painful.

The Listening Station

In the music room it hears yeah laughter,
It hears drums bang loudly,
It hears the piano tinkle.

In the classroom it hears pencils snapping,
It hears the quiet noise of children's mouths,
It hears the strong voice of teachers.

In the ICT room it hears fingers tapping,
It hears hands clicking on the mouse,
It hears the monitors turn on like a car engine.

In the canteen it hears children eating,
It hears children talking,
It hears dinner ladies saying come in,
It hears teachers saying be quiet,
It hears dinner ladies serving food,
It hears people saying ow! It's hot.

In the office it hears the phone ringing,
It hears people speaking on the phone,
It hears children running outside the office,
It hears the door opening and closing,
It hears children talking to the secretary,
It hears the secretary on the phone,
It hears the secretary typing on the computer.
It hears the bell ring, for people to come in,
It hears people entering the office.

In the medical room it hears children crying,
It hear children upset,
It hears children being sick,
It hears children singing.

Kiera
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the huts it hears pencils squeaking, children working in silence,
It hears children getting annoyed with maths.

In the canteen it hears the sound of crisp packets,
It hears dinner ladies saying yes,
It hears the sound of the knife and forks.

In the ICT suite it hears the tune of the computers logging in,
It hears people talking, keyboards being touched,
It hears the mouse clicking on to the internet,

In the swimming pool it hears waves licking the pool,
It hears whistles being blown by lifeguards,
People diving, splash, into the pool.

Danielle
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the class room, it hears a clunk of a pencil,
dropped by a child.
It hears the squeak of a white board pen pressing down,
It hears the bang of the door slamming,
It hears a rubber moving fiercely on the paper.

In the graveyard, it hears the squawk of a shallow bird,
It hears the wind cackling away at the branches.
It hears the sadness crawling in the air.
It hears the squirrel chasing a crunchy leaf.

In the park, it hears the children shouting for joy.
It hears the adult cry for the lost child.
It hears the squeak of the old swings.
It hears the dog bark at the wrinkled tree.

Hope

Year 5

The Listening Station

In the hut it hears the thump of the doors.
It hears the drip, drip from the water fountain.
It hears the scratch of the pencil on the paper.

In the D.T. room it hears the water running.
It hears the chairs moving about on the floor.
It hears the doors slamming.

In the music room it hears the drums banging.
It hears people singing in groups.
It hears the music teacher shouting.

In the bedroom it hears footsteps on the floor.
It hears the dog barking at people as they go by.
It hears people talking on the phone chatter, chatter!

Jensine-Lee

Year 5

The Listening Station

In the hut it hears
teachers whacking the white board.
A child jotting things down,
someone getting told off.

In the classroom it hears,
children shouting outside in P.E,
children tramping around the classroom.
A child yelling, people chatting,
Feet tapping on the rug.

In the music rooms it hears,
the sound of instruments clashing,
Teachers walking in their heels,
the bell ringing for lunch.

In the playground it hears
doors getting slammed!
The knock of the knee on the tarmac,
Trains screeching to a stop,
Buses going up a steep hill,
Clocks ticking all day long.

Alexandra

Year 5

I Don't Want A Runner Bean For A Cousin

I don't want a grape for an Auntie,
she might get too ripe.

I don't want an old toy for a Gran,
she might get broken.

I don't want a book for a Brother,
he might get soggy.

I don't want a runner bean for a Cousin,
he might disappear.

Marc

Year 5

The Listening Station

On the football pitch the Listening Station hears people cheering,
It hears the goalkeeper kicking the ball,
It hears the referee blowing his whistle.

In the music room the Listening Station hears children's playing,
It hears a man talking,
It hears a drum playing.

On the beach the Listening Station hears the sea rousing,
It hears people having fun
It hears children licking ice cream.

In the shop the Listening Station hears people talking,
It hears the button ticking on the till,
It hears people crunching sweets.

In the canteen the Listening Station hears children plopping soup,
It hears someone scraping knives and forks,
It hears the dinner lady cleaning tables.

In the huts the Listening Station hears children talking,
It hears pencil writing on a piece of paper,
It hears the teachers whispering to the child.

Scott

Year 5

The Listening Station

In the music room it hears a crash that shakes the wall,
It hears smooth drums shimmy.
It hears windows crackling.

In the classrooms it hears the white board screen hum,
It hears the mouse clicking,
It hears people chatter and murmur.

Matthew

Year 5

I Don't Want An Orange For A Brother

I don't want a glue stick for a Cousin
I might get stuck to him.

I don't want a raisin for an Auntie
she might be too wrinkly.

I don't want an orange for a Brother
he might be too sticky.

I don't want a pen for a Gran
she might run out.

Emily

Year 5

I Don't Want A Block Of Cheese For A Brother

I don't want a book for an Auntie,
she might get worn out.

I don't want a block of cheese for a Brother,
he might go off.

I don't want a wheel for a Gran,
she might go flat.

I don't want a jumper for a Cousin,
he might get wet.

I don't want a bell for a Sister,
she might get rusty.

I don't want a cake for an Uncle,
he might get eaten up.

I don't want a chimney for a Grandad,
he might get black.

I don't want a candle for a Mum,
she might get burnt.

I don't want a box for a Dad,
he might get broken.

I don't want a water bottle for a friend,
he might get drunk.

Jack

Year 5

*“Now I can write a poem without
a second thought”*

The Listening Station

In the huts it hears children,
It hears the teachers talking,
It hears pencils being snapped.

In the music room it hears drums,
It hears the sound of the CD player,
It hears a tambourine.

In the playground it hears the sound of crying,
It hears the sound of a ball,
It hears the bell.

In the football pitch it hears the sound of the crowd,
It hears the speed on the ball,
It hears the whistle.

In the cinema it hears the sound of popcorn,
It hears the vibration of the speakers,
It hears the munch of cakes.

In the shop it hears the chink of the checkout,
It hears the slash of the cards,
It hears the rush of trolleys.

In the bedroom it hears the thump of the stereo,
It hears the crunch of toys,
It hears the sound of the TV.

In the farm it hears the moo of cows,
It hears the thump of the horses,
It hears the crunch of the grass.

Kaylum
Year 5

I Don't Want A Dictionary For A Gran

I don't want a cupboard door for an Auntie,
she might fall off.

I don't want a pillow for a younger Brother,
he might explode with feathers.

I don't want a dictionary for a Gran,
She might keep telling me how to spell things.

I don't want a glass cup for a Cousin,
he might break into pieces.

I don't want a ruler for a Sister,
she might underline all my work.

I don't want a ball for an Uncle,
he might go bounce, bounce, bounce.

I don't want a pencil for a Grandad,
he might snap.

I don't want a ring for a Mum,
she might be too sparkly.

I don't want a raisin for a Dad,
he might be too wrinkly.

Sarah
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the huts it hears the birds calling,
It hears the children talking, pencils squeaking,
It hears the howl of wind blowing in the trees.

In the music room it hears the roar of the instruments,
It hears children singing,
It hears the squeak of the teacher writing on the chalk board.

On the football pitch it hears the bang of the goalie crash to the ground to save the ball,
It hears the thump of feet up and down the pitch,
It hears the screech of people cheering.

Luke
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the huts it hears the children talking,
It hears the rubbers banging on the paper,
It hears the squeaking of the pen on the board.

In the music room it hears the fiddles,
It hears the teacher talking,
It hears the banging on the drum.

In the DT room it hears the paint splash on the floor,
It hears the chair of someone pushing in,
It hears the children whispering to each other.

In the field it hears the dogs getting the ball,
It hears children playing,
It hears the screaming of babies.

In the farm it hears the tractors clunking to each other,
It hears the pigs eating,
It hears the cat purring.

Sophie
Year 5

I don't want a pencil for
he might snap

a Grandad,

The Wedding Ring

The wedding ring that Henry VIII's wives wore

I can see laughing faces from up high,
But betrayal behind a staring eye.

Below, I see the birth of many
I usually see the big fat belly.

I feel the constant brush of skin
And the constant fear within.

I hear the sniggers of delight
but also mourning of the fright.

I wish I was loved by only one
and not taken off like some dirty scum.

My friends change from time to time
Each one becomes divine.

I am afraid of neglect
to see the chopping of the neck.

I once heard the passion of another
But not dear Henry it was someone other.

Milly
Year 8

If It Wasn't For Sound

If it wasn't for sound,
Then we'd live in our own little worlds
A bubble of confusion not knowing where to turn.
No music would play and time would be wasted.
Not hearing the sound of your baby Sister laughing
Or her steady heartbeat
You'd be lost in a world of unknowing.

Anna
Year 8

Lion

Your image of ferocity and defiance,
Stands as a beacon of hope to all.
You are a black hole,
Misunderstood and feared.
Portrayed as the villain,
Time and time again.
The mane you exhibit is smooth and flowing,
Like a surfers favourite wave.
Most of all
You are a leader,
A knight in shining gold armour.
Leading an orderly army to war,
on the barren yet habitable savannah.
You are courageous and proud.
You are a role model.
You are a friend.

Sam
Year 8

The Warrior's Gun

The rumble echoes...
I wish for silence, blue sky and smiles.

I feel the never ending tremble of my
I hear the moans of sinful bodies

owner's hand shaking with fear,
falling beneath my fire,

I see behind me, the enemy's darkness clouding my vision of the happiness behind,
I see below me, blood shed by unclean hands the bodies lie everywhere.

I have friends, five of them clinging on tight to my barrel, shaking,
I listen to the enemy, once I heard them running in fear,
I am full of death and never ending guilt,
I am afraid of release of the fingers, for then I would fall.

Bryony
Year 8

Inside

...the sea, the swamping bulk.

Inside the bulk, the speeding fury.

Inside the fury, the immeasurable deep.

Inside the deep, the changeless calm.

Inside the calm, the terrible current.

Inside the current, the crashing waves.

Inside the wave, the harmless foam.

Inside the foam, the sea...

Lewis

Year 8

The Crown

I see the heads of hundreds of monarchs below me
their subjects' greedy eyes gazing from either side.

I see grandiose glass chandeliers and scheming siblings behind me.

I hear pleas for mercy. I hear grunts' of response.

I feel grubby, sweaty hands and musky, dense air.

I am lavishly decorated and admired.

I wish to see a fair country with happy people.

My friends are the flies that visit me, creeping and humming day by day.

I am afraid of mistreatment and being forgotten.

I once overheard King Henry VIII cry for Catherine of Aragon while married to Jane Seymour.

Kieron

Year 8

I am lavishly decorated and admired.
I wish to see a fair country with happy

Samantha And The Fire

Samantha ran down the steps of her small house in London. She checked her watch 'I'm late' she thought. She swung her backpack onto her back and rushed to the train station. She had a Bath Spa ticket to see a music concert. She had designed the outfits for the band!

The train slowly came to a stop at the Bath train station. Samantha ran all the way to the Bath Spa. She stuffed the train ticket into her pocket and got out her purse 'I'm here to see the music concert' said Samantha 'Tickets cost £60' She gave the money to the man behind the desk and walked off to the concert. At the concert, Samantha met her friend Jane. 'I've designed the outfits for the band playing tonight' said Samantha. 'I can't wait to see them' said Jane.

After the concert Samantha dashed to a campsite that she booked. At the campsite Samantha opened the old ripped rucksack. Everything shot out onto the grass. She switched the torch on and started putting the tent together.

Later on after she put the tent up her friend Jane came over and cooked dinner on the gas stove. Samantha put some pasta on the boil and Jane made some tomato sauce. 'This is delicious' said Samantha

'I agree' replied Jane.

After dinner they ate a chocolate swiss roll for pudding.

'Thanks for inviting me over' Jane said 'No problem' said Samantha.

Suddenly, out of the corner of Samantha's eye she saw a flame on the tent. The flame grew bigger and soon the tent burst into flames. 'Fire' Samantha screamed, waking up other campers.

'I forgot to switch the stove off' Samantha thought to herself 'What am I going to do?' Samantha yelled, panicking. The fire spread across the field and torched a campervan on the other side.

'Get out of the van' Samantha shouted, through the window of the van. A man and his wife jumped out of the campervan door. The window at the back of the van smashed open. A cupboard catapulted out of the window in flames and smashed onto the grass. The husband dialled 999 and asked for the fire service. 'Great Holiday campsite is on fire' the husband shouted down the phone. The phone dropped out of his hand and landed on the burning grass.

'What have you done to the campsite?' yelled the campsite owner, running towards them. 'It was an accident' said Samantha, almost crying. People ran out of their tents in amazement as the whole campsite burnt down.

The campsite gift shop burst into flames! The shopkeeper rolled over the counter and kicked open the burning door! He ran outside and stared at his gift shop. Burning down. Children were running away from the park that was in flames. The bouncy castle exploded with a tremendous bang. Luckily no one was on the bouncy castle. A man jumped out of the car he was driving, because it was on fire, the back seats were blazing in a fire. The car exploded just after he jumped out. "My Ferrari 355" sobbed the car owner.

There was the sound of screaming sirens as the fire engine screeched to a halt in front of them. 'Get the hose out' bellowed a fireman to another. They switched the pump on and blasted the fire with water. Soon the whole campsite was just piles of burnt tents and caravans and campervans.

Luckily, most of the campers were insured but Samantha had to pay for some tents and equipment. 'This has been an expensive holiday' Samantha said to herself.

A few months later the campsite was restored and everything was back to normal. Sadly, Samantha did not have much money after paying for damage. But she was glad the fire was over.

One lucky day her job gave her a pay rise. Samantha was happier than ever. She bought a bigger flat on the other side of London. She became the boss of Borovick Fabrics. She lived happily ever after for the rest of her life!

Laurence

Year 8

people.

“There was mutual curiosity and excitement, as teacher, pupils and writers were all learning from each other.”

Next Step

Madeline-Tulip was walking by the Bus Station, to get a bus heading for Bathford where her Aunt, Uncle and Cousins lived. She still had her one-way train ticket from London in her bag. She was also holding her lucky crystal which her parents gave to her before they died. At only 16 years old, she thought she could manage the bills but soon they started piling up and she had to move from huge London to tiny Bath. Her Mother had left her a large fortune to inherit when she was 18, but her Father died in a car crash when she was 10 and her Mother recently lost her life to cancer.

She soon caught the bus and was looking out the window dreamily, so much she nearly missed her stop.

She soon walked down the road to her Aunt and Uncle's, she didn't really have a good relationship with them since 5 years ago, She let her 6-year-old-at-the-time Cousin Arabella listen to her Korn and MCR CDs and soon she was asking them what all the words in their songs meant. They told her never to bother them again unless it was an emergency.

Even so they stuck her up in the attic. They also told her she would have to earn her keep. But after they had gone out she saw Arabella she was tall and had long black hair and white-blue eyes.

'Hi' said Arabella nervously

'Hi, Aggie'.

'You know one person called me that. It's nice to see you Maddie-Flower' said Aggie. Then suddenly she gave her a great big hug and of course Maddie gave one back.

'Aggie what has happened since last time?'

'Well, my Parents have become even more strict so now I am trapped in my own house'

'Well, Aggie I was thinking when I turn 18 and inherit the money and house and the entire company you can live with me'.

So after a couple of days the two found out more about each other. Maddie took Aggie into town, Maddie had heard from Aggie where all her 'types' hung out. So, before they went out Maddie got dressed in other Band Merch clothes and they headed out to the stake area in Victoria Park. Of course they got remarks like 'Emo' and 'how are your wrists' but they ignored them. As soon as they entered the area someone said 'Oh Green Day Rocks', to Maddie and he took her and Aggie to meet his friends, their gang.

Indigo-Ebony Real Name: Helen Mitchell, she wears black and purple clothes and black and purple make-up.

'Jack Moonlight' real Name: Andrei Pernoslav, parents are Russian Immigrants, has a lip ring and his hair is light blonde on the top and black on the bottom, wears eye-liner and wears mainly Manga style clothing. William Wallace, black hair styled so he looks like a lion/porcupine cross vampire. His clothes are Manga style but he claims they were inspired by vampires. So anyway back to the story.

Jack told Maddie there was a college in Bath, so she could study Art as they pretty much all did. So after that she and Aggie went home and just in time before Uncle Richard and Aunt Mary returned. But when they did get back they told Maddie that she would have to start looking for a job tomorrow, or she'll get thrown out.

So Maddie was confined to her damp, dark, dungeon for the rest of the night. She only had a bit of dinner. But she had to unpack everything that was her's. Make-up, clothes, posters, guitar, drum sticks and much more. So Maddie started wishing her Mother hadn't got cancer, so she would never have to come to Bath and live in this hell hole. Mind you if she hadn't she would have never made friends with Jack, William and Indigo and also rekindled her friendship with Arabella.

So on, the next morning Maddie had a lot of things but Aggie couldn't come because she had to go to school and she heard Richard and Mary saying they didn't want her to hang out with the 'freak' all of the time. So Maddie pretty much ran around Bath all day to places that Indigo said she may like to work at. She tried the silver shop but no places were available.

She tried MB's but they said they would like to but they were full also she tried Lush but they said they were over staffed, she knew this was genuine because a girl who told her this had bright blue spiked hair and piercing all over face and she worked there. She finally tried HMV and she accepted her. Also she had to write her CV and hand it in to Bath College to see if she could get in.

Scarlett
Year 8

She soon caught the bus and was looking out the window dreamily, so much she nearly

missed her stop.

Great Escape

The streets of London are cold and dark. There's too much noise and I can't sleep. I don't know what I was thinking, I must have been mad, but I suppose home life is getting too much. I don't know what they'll do when they find out but they'll be worried that's for sure.

I shiver as I wait for the bus. All the pocket money I saved is shoved in my pocket and weighing me down. I don't know where to go. This was a stupid idea, but I really can't face going back, not with all the noise and mess, and the fact that no-one cares for me.

It finally arrived, I have no idea what time, I couldn't find my watch. I know it's late because I can't even see the stars or moon, it's like they've run away. I clamber onto the bus my rucksack weighs a ton as I flop down on the first available seat.

When I wake up its light. It can't be too late as there aren't many people about. Then I realise where I am. Slumped on the cold, dirty floor of a bus, I look out of the window and see loads of other buses. The door won't open, so I fiddle about with the buttons until I realise the only way out is to break through the emergency exit or wait for the driver to come. After what felt like hours of waiting someone steps on the bus, half asleep I sneak out whilst they're not looking.

The fresh air greets me as I step on to the concrete ground. Then I realise that school starts in 20 minutes and I don't know where it is from here. Frantically I look around and spot a bus bearing my schools name. Without thinking I run and get in whilst the driver isn't looking.

My head is banging and my back really hurts but I'll have to make it through the school day. When the last bell finally rings I am faced with a few choices: go back to my house or live on the streets.

I stand in the school grounds when I suddenly think of another choice; I could go and live with my Gran. She doesn't live very far away and I could easily walk there. So with a new lease of life I grab my bag and get going.

Later on that day I arrive at my Gran's house and greet her with a smile on my face, knowing that I could finally escape my dreadful home life.

Anna
Year 8

I See...

I See...

I see blackness all around me,
I see dull metal spheres in front of me,
I see light at the end of an endless tunnel...

I Feel...

I feel alone
I feel the shudders of mechanisms,
I feel weights lifting as my siblings are shot away.

I Smell...

I smell blood and tears,
I smell burning smoke,
I smell stungent gas filling my tube...

I Hear...

I hear screams and cries and orders,
I hear bangs and explosions,
I hear a loud, constant whirring behind me...

I Feel...

I feel energy
I feel guilt
I feel pain
I feel nothing.

Tom
Year 8

Winter

The old black horse
Wears his blue muddy coat
Like a dragon. He breathes
Light wispy clouds.
A bubble of sadness, gloom.
His almond eyes weep, a river of wet fur
Anything that falls from the sky
Falls on him. Grey droplets, you can see
The world in a mirror of yourself.

Group Poem

The streets of London
and dark. There's too
and I can't sleep.

are cold
much noise

Things I Have Lost

I lost my Sister's drawing
something I deny,
but when I found it once again
she almost began to fly!

I lost my Mum's DC once
the responsibility was mine
and I found it in the garden
on the washing line!

I lost my way in the bookshop
but then my Mum came down
when I told her what had happened
her smile turned into a frown.

But if I lost my pure gold necklace
I don't know how I'd cope
I think I'd find it someplace
Like under my lavender soap.

Isobel
Year 4

I Don't Want A Monkey For An Auntie

I don't want a football for a Brother
he might get kicked over the wall.

I don't want a sock for a Sister
she might get smelly.

I don't want a light for an Uncle
he might run out of batteries.

I don't want a fish for a Grandad
he might get caught.

I don't want an apple for a Mum
she might get eaten.

I don't want an orange for a Dad
he might get squishy.

I don't want monkey for an Auntie
she might eat all the bananas

Olivia
Year 4

I Don't Want A Field For A Cousin

I don't want a vase for an Uncle
he might get broken

I don't want a box for a Grandad
he might get opened.

I don't want bread for a Mum
she might get jammed.

I don't want a field for a Cousin
he might get built on.

Nina
Year 4

In The Library

Ben was reading a book in the
school library. He shivered as he
read the book, his cheeks were as
pale as the moon. Reading in the
library didn't help, it was too quiet,
because no-one was talking,
suddenly he screamed. The book
he was reading was a horror book.
It was about a werewolf. For the
benefit of the reader I will now
describe Ben. Ben had rosy
cheeks, ginger hair, a short nose,
blue eyes and blood red lips.

A hand came down on his
shoulder. It was Mrs War the
school librarian. She was grinning,
not a friendly grin, but a mean
grin, a werewolf's grin.

Ben got up and went back to class.
Luckily Ben had brought the only
weapon that could kill a werewolf
into class to show that very day.
The weapon was a marble egg.
When a werewolf sees the
egg it dies.

Ben held the egg up to the light,
the egg was red and it sparkled.

Mrs War walked into the
classroom. She froze, rooted to
the spot, she stared at the egg.
Next week there was a funeral
but everybody was happy. Four
months later four big grey wolves
stood over the grave of Mrs War.
There was silence.

Sam
Year 4

She was grinning,
but a mean grin,

not a friendly grin,
a werewolf's grin.

Possible Presents

The excitement of the first day of school,
The feeling when you know
something good is going to happen.

Accidentally squirting
talcum powder all over the bathroom.
When your dog turns into a hot water bottle.

Just sitting there blissfully
saving all your pocket money and feeling like a millionaire.

Esme
Year 4

The excitement of the first day
The feeling when you know
something good is going to

I Don't Want A Turkey For A Gran

I don't want a pencil for an Auntie
she might get too sharp.

I don't want a ruler for a Brother
he might be too short.

I don't want a turkey for a Gran
she might get cooked.

I don't want a pen for an Uncle
he might run out.

I don't want a book for a Dad
he might not make sense.

Ben
Year 4

I Don't Want A Fire For An Auntie

I don't want a pencil for a Brother
he might get blunt.

I don't want a cat for a Gran
she might runaway to Spain.

I don't want a piece of cake for a Sister
she might get eaten.

I don't want a sock for an Uncle
he might get smelly.

I don't want a wall for a Grandad
he might get painted.

I don't want a fire for an Auntie
she might get too hot.

I don't want a handbag for a Mum
she might get lost

I don't want a ball for a Dad
he might get kicked over the wall.

Jody
Year 4

of school,
happen.

Possible Presents

The sound of whispering willows
Blowing in the wind.

The sound of peace and quiet
A sunny breeze on your face.

The smell of fresh bread cooling
On the window sill.

The sight of a peaceful meadow.
A deserted tree in autumn.

The soft music of a ballad
The sight of whirling leaves and shiny conkers.
The smell of pizza, sweet corn and onion.

Siana
Year 4

I Don't Want A Chicken For A Gran

I don't want a chair for a Brother
he might get sat on.

I don't want a chicken for a Gran
she might get peckish.

I don't want spaghetti for a Cousin
he might go a bit twirly.

I don't want a computer as an Uncle
he might log off as I am using him.

I don't want a car as a Sister
she might roll away.

Greg
Year 4

“The children are more imaginative and willing to read work aloud or perform on a stage”

Possible Presents

The Christmas jumper left in a cupboard ready for the next year.

The sinking of sand under your feet. on a deserted beach

The feeling of saying something that hasn't even happened.

The glow of the sun on your face.
The touch of the wind blowing through your hair on a cliff.

A warm hug and the thump of your hear beating slowly.

Daisy
Year 4

Zack

...is red
He is late at night
He is a chocolate cake with creamy swirls
He is a pair of leather jeans
He is a Ferrari
He is Florida
He is a ticket for a wrestling match.

Matthew
Year 4

I Don't Want A Spider For A Grandad

I don't want a flame for a Gran
She might burn

I don't want chocolate for a Cousin
I might eat him.

I don't want a plum for a Sister
She might get squished.

I don't want an orange for an Uncle
He might get peeled.

I don't want a spider of a Grandad
I might get stuck in his web.

Jack
Year 4

I Don't Want An Onion For A Gran

I don't want a bird for a Cousin
he might fly away

I don't want a spider for a Sister
She will start to eat flies

I don't want an ant for an Uncle
He might get crushed.

Omar
Year 4

The Listening Station

In the staffroom the Listening Station hears the crack of biscuits being broken in half.
It hears coffee being gulped by thirsty teachers
It hears the door lock for the night.

In the classroom the Listening Station hears children drop off to sleep
It hears the teacher shout, waking them up.

In the music room the Listening Station hears the ching of a piano
It hears the strum of a guitar
It hears the crash of a drum

Jo
Year 4

I Don't Want A Lamppost For A Brother

I don't want a biscuit for an Auntie
she might get digested.

I don't want a Grandmother made of clay
she might get put in a kiln.

I don't want a crash test car for my Grandad
He might get heart broken

I don't want an army bunker for a Mum
She might get blown up by my Sister

I don't want a lamppost for a Brother
a dog might leave a surprise on him.

Oliver
Year 4

The Listening Station

In the staffroom the Listening Station hears tales of murder
it hears the repetitive whirring of the photocopier
it hears the sighs of teachers weary of patience.

In the lunch hall the Listening Station hears the deafening roar of hundreds of lion cubs.

It hears the clang and bang of formica on stilts.

It hears the crackle and crunch of tantalising treats.

Rebecca

I Don't Want A Bean For My Cousin

I don't want a Robin Hood book for my Uncle
the reader might get a bit rough or playful.

I don't want a plastic wrestling figure for my Auntie
she might get caught in a head lock.

I don't want a chicken for
lots of people eat chicken.

my Brother

I don't want a bean for my Cousin
whoever eats him might get gassy.

I don't want a shoe for my Grandma
as the foot might not fit.

Cameron
Year 4

He Is

...sky blue
He is midnight
He is spicy prawn linguini
He is a crisp leather jacket
He is a Bugatti Veron with black leather seats
He is Hawaii
He is an exciting surprise
He is a fighter jet whizzing through the air.
He is a speed boat skimming over the sea
He is a skate board doing tricks in a skate park
He is a lightening strike hitting the spire of a tower.

Theo
Year 4

She Is Lara...

She is pink and purple stripes
She is the early morning sun
She is a sweet grapefruit
She is a stripy swimming costume
She is a pink limousine with soft pink furry seats.
She is the country of ginormous Russia
She is the fun surprise at every party
She is the dripping of rain
She is a sweet shop around every corner
She is the wellie in the puddle
She is the story of shining Cinderella.

Amber
Year 4

The Listening Station

In the staffroom the Listening Station
hears a sigh of happiness as a back lands on a cushion.
It hears lips sipping tea.

In the classroom the Listening Station
hears the soft chatter of lessons.
It hears the scraping of pencil to paper.
It hears a list of instructions for the children to follow.
It hears the children snoring.
It hears the soft tapping of fingers on a keyboard.

Scarlett
Year 4

Some Where Under The Busy Streets

Fred was in a dark damp water works. He was following Sylvester the mass criminal, an important man to the American government. He was visiting London, well to commit a crime obviously!! Fred used his special camera to peer around the corner, this was a special camera it sent all of the images to his P.D.A. The camera was a tiny thing it was about a centimetre and a half long and razor thin. It was described as a metric A.C adapter so it can be connected to his laptop for example. As he peered around the corner he caught a glimpse of some thing it startled him but it turned out to be a rat! But he double checked there was nothing there then he crept around the corner to follow Sylvester. Fred had brought his listening device with him but he wasn't going to need it on this particular occasion because every thing echoed even the water dripping out of the worn seals of the pipes every drop was heard.

Suddenly Sylvester turned around Fred dived behind some pipe working

Fred crept around the corner. He crouched behind some pipe workings for a few minutes. Then he crept behind the pipes following Sylvester. He stopped and wondered where they already were, all he knew was that they were somewhere under London's busy street what did Sylvester want here? Maybe under Buckingham Palace, maybe that's what Sylvester was up to no good. He was doing something to the water pipes my first thought was he was trying to cut the supply of London's water. But then I thought logically, he would not bother doing that it was most probably poison as he pulled something from his rucksack. A small pot of something but I could not make out what it was.

But I was a shifter and I could jump from place to place, and I had to find out what it was. I jumped through the air ten times faster than the speed of light, to a suspended platform above him. He had some sort of liquid in a tube and something that appeared to be salt but it would not be that it was some kind of chemical.

Suddenly I realised that the pipe line we were next to was private. It must be going to some where important like the Houses of Parliament or Buckingham Palace what could Sylvester want with this?

As I looked down on to the pipe line I noticed a little golden plate I could not really make out what it said. Then I looked at it again through my special spy camera's it read 'Buckingham Palace'. 1800 and in 100x and I could just about make out a hall-mark it was real gold.

Luke
Year 8

The Crown

I see the ceiling, decorated with creatures of all kinds
Delicate beams of light around me.

I see people, both tall and short,
Their heads bowed beneath me
The red curls covering their feet.

I feel the air stick to me
Making me warmer and warmer.

I smell the feast
they are about to consume.
It is laid out on the table like a picture
Waiting to be disturbed.

I shine with all my might
Dragging attention towards my beauty.

I hope to be like my Brothers and Sister
Pass through generations.
It would be splendid
To see the world pass on with me

Olivia
Year 7

The Minotaur's Horn

I can see the corridor getting darker as it gets further away.
I know every way around the labyrinth.
Behind me cracks of light seep in from the day outside.

I can hear water dripping from the ceiling,
I can hear a deep angry breath,
I can hear the sharpening of blades,
I feel pain as a sharp rock presses against my side.

I feel scared but I'm ready to fight.

I long to soak myself in my enemy's blood
I admire the dagger that my enemy uses.
I fear being broken, separated or unused.
I have heard the drip of blood as it seeps from a human neck.

Mikali
Year 8

“Instead of football or girls being the hot topics, writing is at the heart of their relationships – they meet and talk about stories. Brilliant!”

Friends Don't Stand

The blue sky defends itself from clouds.
We do the opposite,
we invade barbarian land.
Rip down their walls
Mark their land with my wheels
Make it Roman land.
I smash down the gate in front
It cannot hold!

Behind me Roman men shout
“Barbarians! Barbarians with no honour!”
My friends I shall not fail them!
I move towards the gate
I shall hit it soon.

AHHH!
Arrows, flaming arrows!
Friends help me, pulling out the flaming demons
that could destroy me.

But I do not fear death
I fear losing my friends

WHACK!
I hit the gate
WHACK WHACK WHACK!
I keep hitting the gate
With one fine hit I knock it open.

My men charge through pushing me out of the way
I stand still
All around me I hear metal clanging.
Minutes pass, still nothing
I hear someone shout “Withdraw!”
All I can do is hope it is the enemy.

I was wrong.
My men run away.
No it can't be! It can't!
They run to the hills
All I can do is sit!

Days pass
I sit here
A battering ram sitting in the field.
a ram half buried in the earth

Louis
Year 7

Whack!
I hit the
WHACK

gate
WHACK WHACK!

Things were not going as she planned. Already, her heavy clothes were claggy and chafing. The green Wellingtons tripped under roots and stumbled into holes. It had rained sometime before, and although the earth had begun to dry, everything was still messy.

The map in its plastic wallet had lied to her and mislead her. Three times she'd thought she was in the right place. Three times she'd dug down and down until she'd had to throw aside her shovel with a metallic curse.

This must be it, surely? If not... if not she'd have to continue on and on; but the whole world was beneath her – how could she ever be expected to find the right place? Luck would surely be required.

She started to dig, turfing aside shovelfuls of damp earth, weighted down with grey stones. Around her, the wind ruffled the autumn leaves and the birds sighed in the trees. Slack! The blade of her spade slotted against something hard and buried deep. Throwing aside the spade she threw herself down.

She scabbled and clawed into the dirt. First she touched the smooth surface, then she started to see it, a dull gold gleaming surrounded by soil. As she rubbed away more and more earth, she could see the shape there – the rounded ends of the casket, the dirt-dimmed glow like warmth under her hands, the grubby line that marked the lid, the dogged hinges... she could not open it in these conditions, though she hungered to see.

She stopped. She dared not try to prise the whole thing from the earth by herself. She didn't know if it was too heavy, if it would crumble to dust – to gold dust out of the soil. She grabbed her camera and photographed the scene from every angle. Her boots squelched as she darted round the site. She had to send the images, and quickly. She needed to cover the area, to protect what she had found until the professors arrived. She had to be patient, to await her moment of glory in every history journal in the world its existence til now was little more than a rumour, a promise, a half-forgotten shard of knowledge debated by experts in dusty studies and odd corners of universities and museums. From time to time a party would try to locate it, using some map obtained in peculiar places. No-one had come close. Just more whispers, more rumours.

And here she'd found it. The casket's existence, and its contents, would be revolutionary – would stun and amaze. The greatest find in year, and so close all this time. She might have stumbled across it at any point. The rains could have washed it into view. An earthquake could have thrown it up above ground, or smashed it away forever.

She stood hands on hips, watching the blue tarpaulin stretched beneath the tree. She did not know whether to stay or go. She half wanted to stand guard all night, and half wished she had not dug it up today. It would have been better, perhaps, to discover it with an audience and a dramatic flourish. Anxiety would prey on her now. What if someone spotted it? What if they doubted the authenticity of the pictures? What if one of the professors claimed it as their find? It would not be easy to explain why she had the map, how she had the map.

Far of in the distance was the sound of a car passing, unaware of what had reappeared out of the earth. A squirrel shot through the trees.

She stood, uneasy, as the light began to fade, still undecided whether to stay or go.

Lois

The Overseer

I can see the ever dancing fire,
Delicate embroidery on my ladies skirt,
When I look up I see the diamond encrusted chandelier.

There's the constant ticking of
The sweet song of the bluebird,
And the distant clattering of

I can feel the softness of a royal hand,
the warmth of the nearby fire,
I'm so proud to be forever by the royal family.

I came from a master craftsman,
He can cut the prettiest of gems.
But I wish to be more pretty,
to stand out from the crowd,
to look oh, so attractive,
and make my owner proud.

I admire many things,
diamonds, rubies and pearls,
I'm still afraid of being lost,
forgotten in the dark,
kept away in a box, covered in marks.

I once heard her talking,
new jewellery,
ruby rings, pearl necklaces
does she really need these things?

I am the elegant sapphire ring,
glistening upon my ladies hand,

Chantelle
Year 7

the Grandfather clock,
perching in her nest,
the dishes in the kitchen.

Talk Talk

I'm surrounded by strangers I've never met before. All of them are making a fuss over me. "Put some more spray on her hair. Get her a drink, she looks thirsty."

My mouth is dry, I can barely speak my palms are sweaty. I can see pink near enough everywhere I look, everything's clean and sparkly I have my own mirror and even chair. If I stand up right now my legs would probably give way. I've never wanted something so much before and now I can finally achieve it. "Its time," said Paul.

Paul is the director without him I wouldn't have a clue what to do. I stand up, slightly shaking, trying not to wobble, scared of falling over and embarrassing myself before I've even got to the stage. It is just around the corner now. I turned and there I can see where I'd wanted to be my whole life. I took a deep breath and say quietly "you can do this," then I walked out on to the stage. Hundreds of eyes are watching and that's only the ones I can see. Plenty more would be watching me at home. I open my mouth, in doubt for a split second, but then feel the words coming out

of me from nowhere, expressing things I've never thought before, touching emotions I don't normally feel. Meeting new people that I instantly have to decide whether I should believe or not. Trying to interpret what type of people actually are to dig deeper beyond the words they're saying, having only seconds to respond to what they've just heard. The buzz of all the excitement felt good, one I haven't felt in a while and nowhere near as strong.

Lily
Year 8

The Toy Elephant

Sonlab threw the toy elephant she had had as a child across the room. It was white ivory with an intricate pattern of flowers around the body, it smashed into oblivion as it hit one of the others. Everything reminded her, nothing let her forget. People had told her it was good to remember but that's not how she was feeling right now.

She picked her shoulder bag up and made her way to the temple (the Hindu temple). As she stepped out into the street the wind battered her rough, stubble ridden shaven head - the burning returning into her mind. The traffic was busy as Sonlab made her way through the estate and several comments flew out of car windows. Every one of them sent a tingle of a shiver down her spine but her anger only seemed to be rising. She was angry at life, she was angry at the world but most of all she was angry at God.

As she approached the temple she realised more and more that the temple is not where she wanted to be. Sonlab had always been proud of her faith and culture - or at least had tried to be. The voice rippled through her head "No one ever said it was going to be easy, I'll always be here with you Sonlab"

"No!" she cried. Several people turned to stare at her grimacing at her harsh damaged skin, the burns only just healing. They looked bewildered, almost scared at the tone of her voice. Sonlab walked on quicker hoping that no one had noticed always looking over her shoulder. Though she knew all right that they had all seen. She staggered as the lights flickered in her head, the screaming returning. Sonlab couldn't take it - the memories, the grief all returning, always there never fading.

"Y'al right mi lover?" A woman reached to touch her, to help her "Leave me alone" Sonlab shouted "Don't touch me" The woman's touch had brought her back to earth. Though Sonlab didn't know which was worse: the real life or her hellish flashbacks, she realised it was all a nightmare. The woman looked shocked at the strange girl's rudeness. She also saw the pained expression on the girl's face.

"Call me - if y'need any 'elp, I'm always up for a chat."

The woman slipped something into Sonlab's bag - it looked a train ticket, but then Sonlab realised it was her number.

"I don't need no one's help, I know what I'm doing" called Sonlab's voice full of hysteria as she ran off into the shadows. Sonlab saw a small alleyway, looked around, took her opportunity and ran down into it. She knew this day would come but Sonlab thought she wouldn't feel like this. Is this where she wanted to go: a dark, shadowed alleyway littered with rubbish? Then again feelings didn't matter to Sonlab anymore; nothing did. She pulled out her late Father's screwdriver. The only thing to remember him by - the only thing left. She paused for a moment as if to think, took a deep breath and thrust it into her vein.

Jenny
Year 8

“Y'al right
A woman
touch her,

The Parcel

It was getting dark when he was going home around 6ish. The evening was warm, with a bright orange sun set behind the trees. He always knew when another mission was coming as it was always delivered by a courier, just a parcel, but always the same company. There was a parcel by the door. Matt took it to the kitchen and unwrapped it. In it he found a clip on neck strap, the type used to carry ID by sales reps or school staff. He also found a contact card for Mr David Garner, and lastly a Churchill Insurance letter, and his briefing.

Matt was an assassin his last two missions had been for M15, working in Russia, his target was a Russian MP double crossing the KGB and EU, he enjoyed roaming the cold snowy streets of Moscow, but knew the Russians were not to be trusted. Matt had joined the army at 18 following his Brother's footsteps. He managed to join the intelligence corps. He completed a survival course lasting 12 months, which was tougher than the world's worst school dinner. And from then on things were pretty straight forward after joining the army that was. Before that he was all over the place in jail all the time, no money, just a messed up life.

Matt just had himself, his pathetic excuse for a flat and his mates. He was playing football in the park when he saw a man the same age as him, in a suit, nice watch and the car he always wanted, a BMW M5, and that's when he realised he had to do something with his life and he had to do it now. The next day he went to the nearest army recruitment office.

Luke
Year 8

mi lover?"
reached to
to help her

Wonder Of The World

I can see the clear blue sky – not a cloud in sight,
I can see curves of heat coming off the burning sand,
I can see a city of men and women working in the scorching sun,

I feel the smooth granite all around me,
I can feel waves of heat lightly touching me,
The fine chisel marks on me.

I am made of granite from an ancient quarry,
One mile away from where I am now,
Carefully chiseled to perfection,

I had one hundred and ten friends,
But now I have only three
all are smaller than me,

I am over three thousand years old,
I fear people will destroy me,
Mark me for life,
My sides are now not smooth any

more.

I wish for nothing more,
I have what I want.
I am the pyramid for the tomb of Tutankhamen.

Elliot
Year 8

Six Reasons To Forgive Me

Is it my fault?
When what created me
Hates me?
When my rage burns
I cannot control it.

Is it my fault?
When what destruction I cause
Is nothing compared
To that which machines
Have achieved?

Is it my fault?
They choose to compete with me
I'm rising to the challenge.

Is it my fault
That my home in hell
Had been taken from me
So I'm transporting earth's creations to my world of black
Is it really my fault?

Chloe
Year 8

"I now enjoy writing descriptions and poems. I hope to keep on writing after this project".

I Don't Want A Toothbrush For A Sister

I don't want a sponge for an Auntie
She might get soaked.

I don't want a hairdryer for a Mum
She might get too hot.

I don't want a kettle for a Brother
He might boil over.

I don't want an apple for a Gran
She might go rotten

I don't want a toothbrush for a Sister
She might get dizzy

I don't want a chocolate bar for a Cousin
She might get eaten.

I don't want a hamster for an Uncle
He might bite me.

I don't want a chair for a Grandad
He might get squished.

Sophie
Year 5

I Don't Want A Plum For A Grandad

I don't want a cat for an Auntie
She might scratch.

I don't want a knife for a Brother
He might cut.

I don't want a tomato for a Gran
She might pop.

I don't want a swede for a Cousin
I might eat him.

I don't want a remote for a Sister
She might change channel.

I don't want a candle for an Uncle
He might melt.

I don't want a plum for a Grandad
I might make him into a sauce.

I don't want broccoli for a Mum
She might get cooked.

I don't want a ruby for a Dad
He might get smashed.

Eleanor
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the playground the Listening Station hears a giggle from the corner
It hears a cheer from the football pitch.
It hears a sudden whistle - the end of play.

In the staffroom the Listening Station hears the slurping of tea
It hears the deep laugh of the male teachers
It hears the chattering of teachers as they fall into conversation.

In the car park the Listening Station hears the rumble of engines
It hears the faint sound of the playground
It hears a goodbye from people going.

Joe
Year 5

I Lost My Sense Of Direction

I lost my sense of direction
While I was on my way to detention.
It was off to the right
I turned to the left
And ended up on top of a kite.

After a few days
I got off the kite
I wrote this poem with my left hand
Instead of my right.

Daniel
Year 5

I don't want
She might

broccoli for a Mum
get cooked.

The Listening Station

It hears the crunching of leaves as children stamp on them as if they were in deep woods.
It hears balls being bounced.
It hears a small child whack onto the ground.
It hears an ear splitting scream.
It hears the splash of children playing in the puddles.

In the staff room it hears tea being sipped slowly by exhausted teachers.
It hears lessons being plotted.
It hears biscuits being crunched.
It hears teachers whispering secrets the children never hear.

James
Year 5

I Don't Want A Computer For A Sister

I don't want a car for a Grandad
He might lose his wheel.

I don't want a bed for a Brother
He might be uncomfortable.

I don't want a cup for an Auntie
She might break.

I don't want a banana for a Gran
She might go soggy.

I don't want a music player for an Uncle
He might blow up.

I don't want a computer for a Sister
She might crash.

I don't want a sprout for a Cousin
He might taste horrible.

Shannon
Year 5

I Don't Want An Onion For A Cousin

I don't want a tooth for an Auntie
She might get knocked out.

I don't want a saucepan for a Brother
He might get burnt

I don't want a grape for a Gran
She might get drunk.

I don't want an onion for a Cousin
She might make people cry.

I don't want a hedgehog for an Uncle
She might prickle me.

I don't want a star for a Grandad
He might dazzle me.

I don't want a pen for a Mum
She might get inky.

Ella
Year 5

I don't want a
He might get

I Don't Want A Harmonica For A Grandad

I don't want a grape for a Cousin
He might turn into wine.

I don't want a football for an Auntie
She might pop.

I don't want a bunny slipper for a Brother
He might bite my toes.

I don't want a satsuma for a Gran
She might squirt juice at me.

I don't want a harmonica for a Grandad
He might go out of tune.

I don't want a game for a Sister
She might get lost.

I don't want a computer for an Uncle
He might get a virus.

I don't want a flag for a Mum
She might get blown over.

I don't want a piece of garlic for a Dad
He might get crushed.

Anna
Year 5

I Don't Want A Soufflé For A Dad

I don't want an olive for a Brother
He might get stuffed.

I don't want a bowl of custard for an Auntie
She might get lumpy.

I don't want a grape for a Gran
She might shrivel up.

I don't want a sprout for a Cousin
He might give out gas.

I don't want a squirrel for a Sister
She might go nuts.

I don't want a banana for a Grandad
He might unpeel.

I don't want a chocolate for a Mum
She might be too sweet.

I don't want a soufflé for a Dad,
He might sink.

Sarah
Year 5

potato for a Dad.
mashed.

The Listening Station

In the playground the Listening Station hears the ball hurry past,
It hears screaming and shouting
It hears the apples dropping from the tops of the trees

In the playground you
a whole lot of sound:
Sometimes it is annoying
Sometimes it is fun

In the staffroom the Listening Station hears the teachers laughing and chattering
In the kitchen it hears the clanging of spoons and knives.

Adam
Year 5

can sit down and hear

I Don't Want A Clock For A Cousin

I don't want a gun for a Sister
We would be the cartridge family.

I don't want a birdhouse for an Auntie
She might get left outside.

I don't want sunburn for a Brother
It would really hurt.

I don't want a kiwi for a Gran
What an old bird she would be.

I don't want clock for a Cousin
She might get loads of ticks.

I don't want a dalek for an Uncle
He would only watch Doctor Who

I don't want a warthog for a Grandad
He would be a pig.

I don't want a fish for a Mum
She might be full of bones.

I don't want a badge for a Dad
He might get pinned down.

Joe
Year 5

I Don't Want A Snake For A Sister.

I don't want a match for a Brother
he might burn.

I don't want glue for an Auntie
She might get stuck.

I don't want blue cheese for an Uncle
He might smell.

I don't want coca-cola for a Grandmother
She could go flat.

I don't want a bath for a Cousin
He might get cold.

I don't want a snake for a Sister
She might get snappy.

I don't want to a cuckoo clock for a Grandad
He might go cuckoo.

Tom
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the playground the Listening Station hears the ball bouncing on the ground.
It hears the children making a noisy sound.
It hears the children's yells which make the grown ups bristle.
In the playground the Listening Station hears Miss Elliot blow a whistle

In the staffroom it hears the crunch of toast
It hears tea being slurped and cups being crashed together
It hears biscuits being nibbled and teachers talking.

Billy
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the staffroom the Listening Station hears teachers making cups of tea
It hears doors opening
It hears feet walking

In the kitchen the Listening Station hears knives dropping on the floor
It hears taps gushing
It hears steam swoosh from the oven

In the playground the Listening Station hears the children screaming like mice
It hears balls bouncing on the ground
It hears the thwaking of apples in the bin

Jade
Year 5

I Don't Want A Computer For An Auntie

I don't want a clock for a Brother
He might go tick tock.

I don't want a banana for a Gran
She might get squished.

I don't want a cabbage for a Cousin
He might turn green.

I don't want a shark for a Sister
She might eat me.

I don't want a pig for an Uncle
He might snort.

I don't want a bird for a Grandad
He might coooh!

I don't want an iron for a Mum
She might burn my top.

I don't want a violin for a Dad
He might be tone deaf.

I don't want a computer for an Auntie
She might crash

Laura
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the playground
It hears the smack of a child falling,
It hears jumping up and down of excited children,
It hears the high pitched screaming and giggling of girls,
It hears boys cheering once they score a goal.

In the staffroom
It hears the teachers slurping hot tea on a cold winters morning.

Rachel
Year 5

The Listening Station

In the playground it hears girls giggling like mice
It hears teachers talking
It hears boys shouting as they score a goal.

In the staffroom it hears the slushing of coffee
It hears the Head Teacher laughing

It hears the munching of biscuits.

In the kitchen it hears the grrrrr of the mixer
It hears the banging of plates
And the chef on the phone.

Tom
Year 5

“Seeing such a shy boy perform on stage at the egg and in front of his year group was just fantastic – he was buzzing about it for a long while afterwards”

A Good Cause

Lies flow out of my mouth.

“Of course I’m sure,” I say. “It was definitely him.” It’s for a good cause. It’s for a good cause. I can’t stop the words looping inside my head. I have to justify what I’m doing. Thank God she keeps looking away, hugging Button Bear. I couldn’t do it if she kept staring at me with those sad, brimming eyes

“I was walking home, because lift; not without telling her where end of Green Street, and I spot because he’s wearing that coat.

Remember when Mum was decorating the house and he walked in and got paint all up his sleeve?”

She nods.

“It’s still there,” I say. “It was definitely him.”

“Did you speak to him?” she says. The hope in her voice and the tearful sniff almost break me. But I keep going. It’s for a good cause.

“He spoke to me,” I say. “He turned around and he saw me, standing on the corner, with my mouth hanging wide open, because it was him. It was Dad.”

“What did he say?” she asks.

I take a deep breath. I need it. She’s looking at me again. “He came over and he said, ‘Is that my girl?’ and I nodded. ‘Is your Sister with you?’ he said

“He asked about me?” She’s smiling.

The interruption throws me for a second. “Uh, yeah. Yes, of course he did.”

Her smile grows. So does my guilt. It’s for a good cause. It’s for a good cause.

“What else did he say?” she asks.

“He asked about school and stuff, and if Mum’s okay.”

“Is he coming to see us?”

This is it. The heart breaker. But it’s for a good cause.

“He said he loves us, more than we could ever imagine possible. More than anything,” I pause and wish I hadn’t. It gives her hope. “But he’s never coming back. He’s going away because he doesn’t want to make us, or Mum, sad again.”

I explain a bit more. Making up why he thinks it’s for the best.

After a week, she stops looking out of the window. After another, she stops jumping up every time the phone rings. The guilt starts to ebb away.

It was for a good cause.

Felicity

I couldn’t ask Mum for a I’d been. So I come to the him. I know it’s him

The Dusty Road: Drawing Of A 'Rural Scene' By Munkacsy Mihaly

I would love to ride
upon the cart
to spare my weary legs.

To see the thin trees battered,
while I am safe
for now at least.

Soon we shall reach home,
but I will walk
in the eye of the story.

I would see the monstrous cloud
and ask thou Lord
Why it had to choose me.

I would long for the ploughman
to hear him talk cheerfully
in long slow Dorsetian.

While I drenched, would trip
and bathe in mud,
It's stench drowning me.

I would pick myself up.
Stagger on
longing for the ploughman.

He would protect me
But the only thing now
Is nothing, nothing at all.

I would find an inn.
I would stay there
hoping for another ploughman.

Samuel
Year 8

The Harvest Moon: Drawing Of A 'Pastoral Scene' By Samuel Palmer

I would love to
jump into that
picture.

Silver and gold leaves
at night
midnight, stars sparkle.

People shifting corn
surrounded with flowers
green to purple.

Yellow to blue
the sky
changes colour.

I would love to
walk in that beautiful valley
to take charge of the sheep.

I would lead them to
a magical place
let them roam
where the sun and moon shine
at the same time.

Shannon
Year 8

My body is
be rescued,

My Great Escape

I'm walking down the beach,
clouds gathering above my head,
my pink surf board trailing behind
me. Saying bye, not knowing if it
might be the last time I say this.
The waves are crashing on the
wet, cold beach. I tried to get out
of doing this but I knew I had to do
it for the girls. I'm hoping the mist
will clear so I can see were I'm
heading. As I walk closer to the sea
I feel like it is running further away
from me. My heart is pounding
telling me to go back to the safety
of the beach, but my brain is
saying do this you can't chicken
out, wimp.

I know I should go with my heart
however I can't. I made a bet that
girls can surf as well as boys.
My so called friends are egging
me on. Sarah is bossing me
around like usual, Sam is quiet too,
and Fiona is flirting with Ben. In
return Ben is playing Fiona's game.
Despite all the chaos, I step into
the moist, gloopy sand my feet are
sinking, feeling like I am stuck with
my feet glued on the floor.

I lie down my surf board, I look up
the perfect wave is heading my
way. I get ready to go. I'm gone,
I'm doing great, I am so proud of
my self thinking I have proved my
friends wrong. The fog is getting
worse, beginning to think why I am
doing this. I feel a sharp tug on my
clothes thinking it's my friends I
carry on. Suddenly I see a fin, then
two and then three. I'm feeling
really apprehensive. Wondering
whether I would survive. I'm trying
to keep all my body on my board.

I have been hanging on for what
seems like hours. My body's just
about to give up. I can see a small
boat in the distance. It's coming
my way. I can't control my
excitement, I know I can't give up
now even though I am freezing.
My body is shaking. I wait to be
rescued, wanting to give up.
The boat is in eye distance, I am
beaming with delight. It sees me.
A man asks me if I need help I
respond quickly. I'm being pulled
up to safety. I can now breathe.

I can see the land. I am so happy.
Relieved. I step of the fishing boat
on to solid ground. Seeing my
family reminds me of how much I
love them. Later that evening I
think to myself what has happened,
I say "It could only happen to me".

Annie
Year 8

shaking. I wait to
wanting to give up.

Black Cupped In Red

I can see the great sky with it's fluffy fellows.

Behind me, I can see narrow paths underground and a hedgerow with a brown gate.
Below me, I can see a half buried helmet of those who helped me grow.

'What is the difference between them?'

I hear a tourist say over the peace and quiet so long ago.

I feel the gentle breeze rocking me side to side.

I feel happy that I am a positive from a negative.

I feel my black centre – symbolic flower –
cupped in the red blood of those who fought for me.

I wish for an end of casualties and clashes.

My friends are my fellow people and those who pay for me every year.

I am afraid of a never ending clash of countries.

I overheard the cheers of the British people

And I am still great friends with Flanders.

Sam

Year 8

Henry VIII's Clock

I can see a highly decorated ceiling

I can see glowing stained
I can see solid carved

I can hear birds singing away in the trees and the murmur of voices.

I was made by the finest hands.

I long to meet the man with diamonds on his clock face,

My friends are the hands that polish me.

I once heard them say Anne will be executed today.

Alex

Year 8

10 Views Of Teaching

You can take a horse to water, but you can't make it drink.

Horse, you can make it to water but you can't take a drink
Take a can't to water, it can drink you make you horse but
Drink can make you a horse, but it can't take you to water

You can't water a horse, but it can make you take to drink
Can you drink a horse to water, make it take you but can't
you take it, water can't make a horse drink to you but can
horse you to take it water can't make a drink, but you can.

Water, horse can't take to you but you can make it a drink.
Drink can't take a horse to water, but it can make you you.

Matthew

glass windows.
paving stones.

“The children are more imaginative and willing to read work aloud or perform on a stage”

My Great Escape

It's my work break. I've had a boring morning and am feeling like such an idiot for taking this job, a gruelling five years. I, for once, sit down at the work bench where the nerds, I mean people who like work, can sit down and do more work. But I'm not going to do any work. Oh no. I'm going to figure out my great escape.

Break's over. Everyone returns back to their offices frowning, except for Pat, who is the assistant to the boss and will grass on anyone, so I hope he doesn't get in my way. Since this isn't my first time sneaking out, he'll keep an eye on me more than anyone else. I see my friends, Bloke and Guy talking next to the vending machines. I push them into my office.

“Hey. What was that for?”
Guy shouts. He sometimes gets aggressive like this.

“I have the best plan ever. I'm going to sneak out.” I say excitedly.

I whisper my plan to them and they agree to help me out by 'disposing' of the boss' assistant, Pat. The only problem with my plan is that the weather needs to be hot, very hot. I'll just wait until tomorrow.

I arrive home after a 'busy' day of work. I say hello to my family but then I rush upstairs. My family is surprised at the fact that I never rush anywhere, because I am so fat. But I'm not fat, I'm just big boned. The reason is I never miss dinner because of my big bones problem as it always makes me hungry. Once I am in my room, I shut the door as I don't want my family to realise what I am doing. Otherwise, they'll be suspicious. I turn on the TV and I watch the weather.

I wake up the next morning and grab the curtains. I swing them open. A big grin arises upon my face. It is sunny and day, I am glad. As for my 'keenness', I am already leaving the house before my family even wake up! I arrive at my office on time (for once) my plan is about to be put into action. First, I have to do a piece of work which doesn't feel like work. I decide to arrange all my files (secretly magazines) into different orders while Guy took a photo of me and stuck it on the security camera. After that, I ask if he had 'disposed' of the bosses pet and he said yes. I run to my car, stop a bit to catch my breath, and I jump into my Volkswagen Golf 4th Generation and drive off. I am free and loving it a lot. A LOT!

Nathan
Year 8

My Great Escape

I look down from the heights, families trundling about the place with their picnic baskets and wind breaks. I loom over them, the annoying pests. I have opinions too you know. They get on my nerves. Why can't they go away? They are so rude. Whoosh!! I land on the sandy beach, the granules of sand between my feet. There is the kingdom, the succulent smell, my tummy gurgles. A giant box of chips, I stare endlessly at it; I am going in for the kill. But then a brutish little boy whacks his feet around. I start to flap and then jet into the air. The smell of the grimy salt water around me. I see the people get further away and then I land on the shop roof. I can smell the waft of hot dogs, the smell of all smells. But there are humans gathered around it like a net. I have not a hope in hell, my scrawny neck and thin body. I hop down on to the hard concrete.

Six foot five giants in Converse trainers attack me as the humans get on with their everyday life. We are the scavengers of the food chain, the runts, us the seagulls.

I rise into the air and soar around in the misty clouds. The young children with their buckets and spades and parents having to tell them to shut up. I have to put up with this every day. They come and go but I stay put. The seagull of Sidmouth beach. I want to go and see places but to the superior race of this world I am just a bird, an excuse, a seagull. I don't have a family. They died out at sea, and I am not a very good flyer. Being the bird in the sand it isn't the best ever life one could want. I was born this way, it's not my problem. We are all our own person. So I pluck up my courage, or what I have left of it, and put one foot in front of the other and fly. My wings flapping in the breeze of the beach. I see such wonderful things. Boxes that are moving.

They have wheels and the humans are inside them. Technology to the masses. And now there are more boxes. Moving along big concrete paths. I may make mistakes but I'm new to it come on give me a break. The adrenaline starts pumping and the fear ticks inside me I look at all the marvellous things. It's more than the crummy sea and the endless piles of yellow sand. I wipe it from my tiny memory and think about all the marvellous things I'm going to see. All the best things I could wish for. At last I am free from the beach's grasp. I am free!!!

Ashley
Year 8

It's my work break.
boring morning and
like such an idiot for

I've had a
am feeling
taking this job

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now |
think loud!

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