

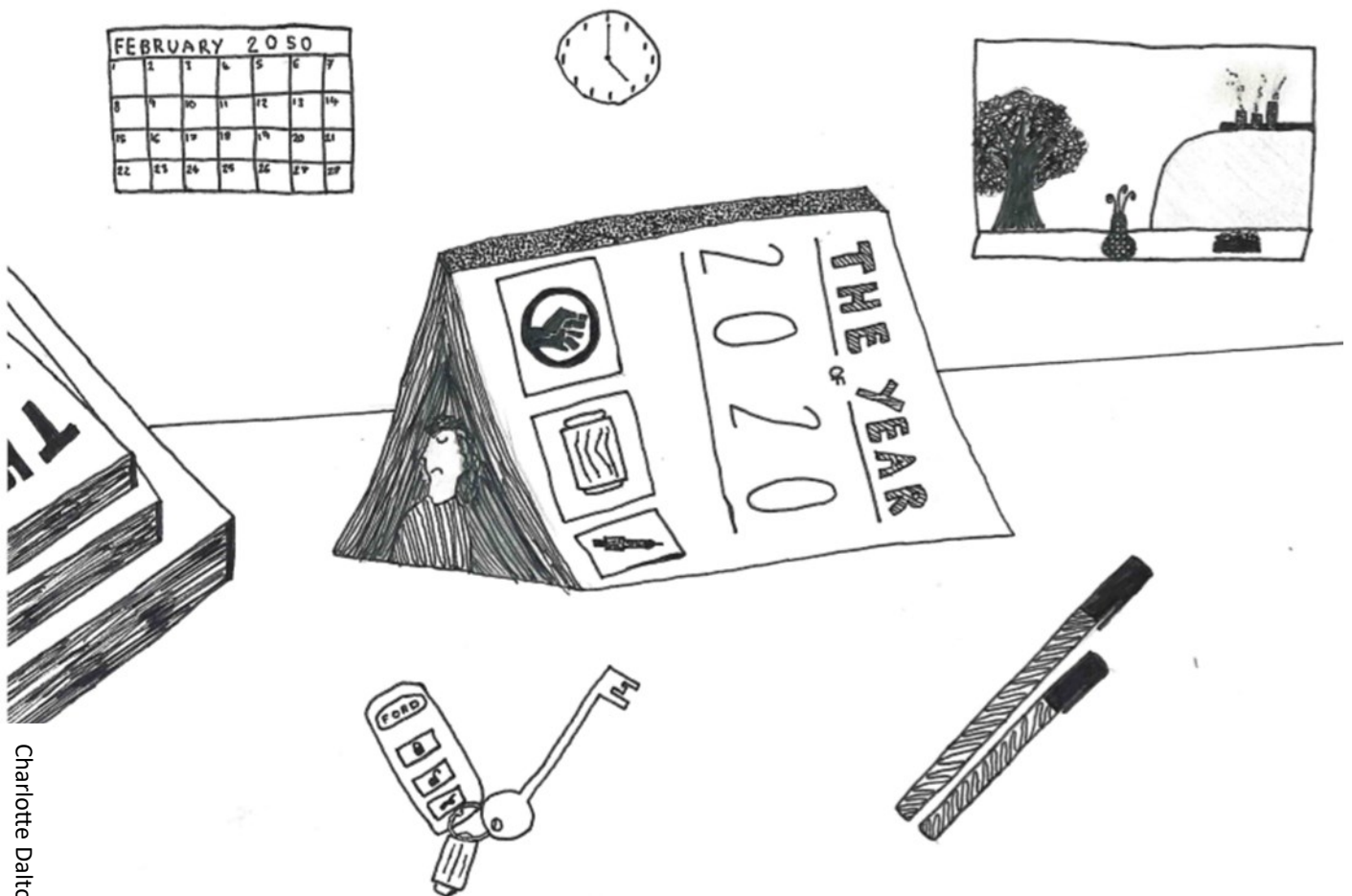
A complex, hand-drawn illustration in a sketchy, expressive style. At the center is a globe with a map of Africa. Surrounding the globe are various symbolic elements: a large gear with the word 'BLIND' on the left, a hand holding a sign that reads 'RACISM IS THE REAL VIEW' on the left, a wolf's head at the top, a hand holding a gun on the right, and a large gear with a keyhole in the center. The background is filled with gears, tools, and abstract shapes, creating a dense, layered composition.

The Year The World Stopped



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Welcome to the Everyone a Writer anthology

Thank you to everyone who submitted writing for this anthology. As with previous anthologies, it proved a real struggle to narrow down over 400 entries to the ones you see published here.

For the ninth time, student artists are published alongside the work of their writer colleagues. The standard of the artwork was genuinely outstanding and we have included a number of pieces that support the concepts explored by the written word.

Everyone a Writer was set up in 2012 with one simple idea – that anyone, whatever their age and experience, can be a writer. In this anthology, you will find work from students of Greenhill, Woodseats, Norton Free and Abbey Lane Primary Schools. They are published alongside writing from their counterparts at Meadowhead.

We would like to thank everyone who entered and those who continue to support this project. Particular thanks go to Ms Huff for her support in setting up the anthology and Ms Udall and Ms Webb for their invaluable input with the Virtual Launch Event. Also thanks to members of staff at Meadowhead School and members of the Trust Board who supported in shortlisting the entries and choosing the winning writers.

In previous years we have celebrated the launch of Everyone a Writer with a celebratory event where our schools gather together, students perform their entries and winners are applauded. However, for the last two years now we have not been in normal circumstances.

Our children have been asked to consider the theme “The Year The World Stopped”, inspired, naturally, by the Coronavirus outbreak in 2020 that has altered the last year of our lives beyond recognition. Through their writing they have explored the impact that a global pandemic has had on their young lives—their school years cut short, rites of passage denied, birthdays passed over without celebration.

But our students have also looked out with empathy and understanding at the impact this last year has had on lives other than their own—the lives of the elderly, their peers, their teachers, NHS staff and those of other races and ethnicities. Our children have learned more this year than we could perhaps ever have hoped about global institutions of oppression; they write of a second Pandemic of inequality, brought to their attention through enforced and lengthy hours of quiet introspection. They have heard the protests, seen the marches and listened to the shouts for justice. They understand that this year we were not “all in the same boat”. In lieu of writing about their own experiences of lockdown, many of our students have chosen to contribute instead to this narrative—they too ask for change.

Ironically, whilst we returned to school as “usual” in September, the submissions to this anthology were actually written virtually during our second forced lockdown of the year, where students had to adapt once again to attending online lessons and managing their own education from their bedrooms.

Many of us will worry that this year will have an unprecedented and immeasurable impact on our young people.

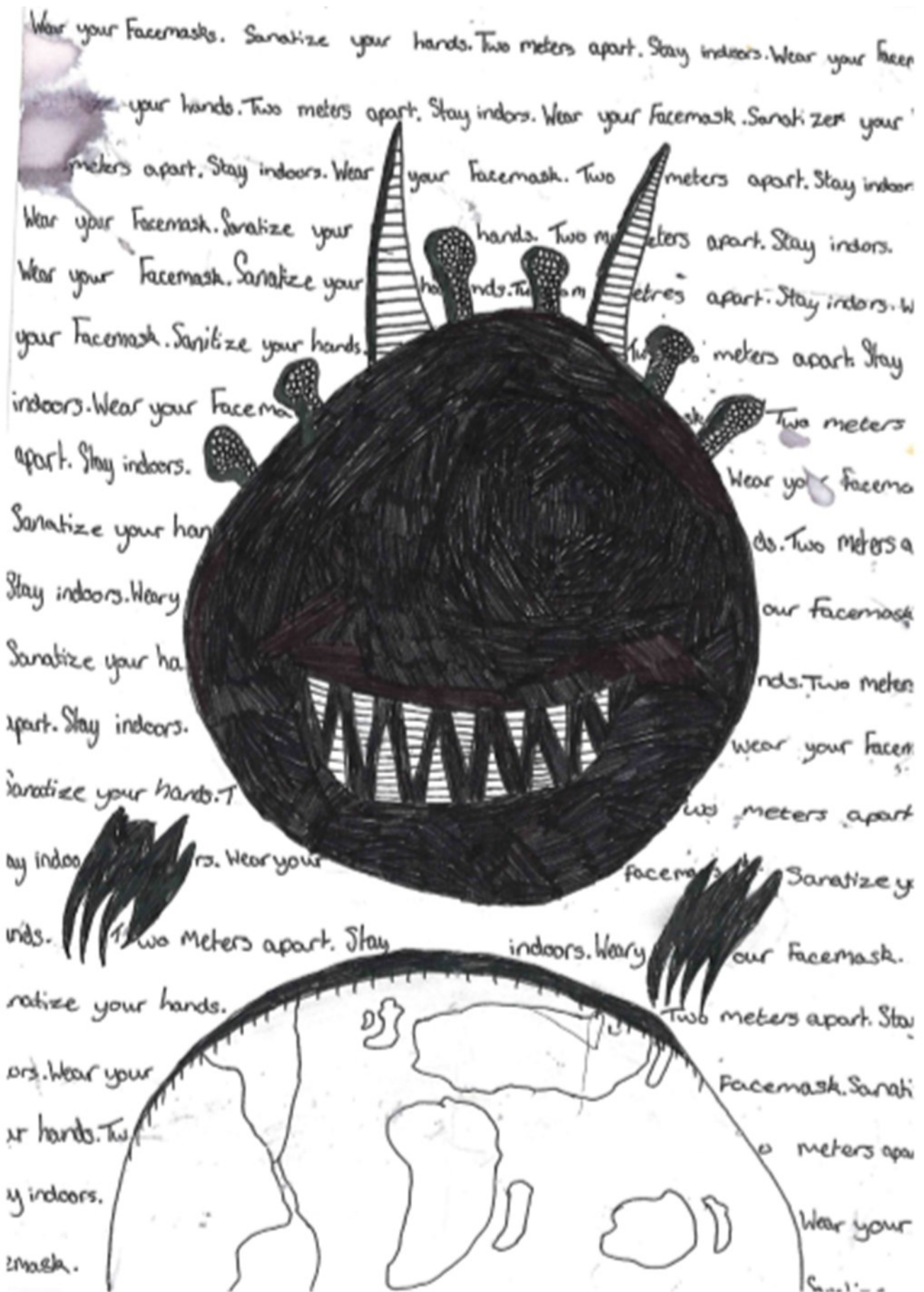
However, I hope that as you read this anthology, and you hear our readers share their entries during the Virtual Celebration Event, what will resonate are messages of empathy, of resilience, and of hope. Whilst we have all suffered losses, our children recognize the future that lies in front of them.

Perhaps for them the world hasn't stopped- it's merely on pause.

We hope you enjoy the anthology.

Ellis Cox, Rebecca Dale, David Sheppard and Tamsin Woodward
Teachers of English, Meadowhead School

How It Began



Strange figures stood, rows of cages and cloth covered stalls, an endless maze with no exit.
Strange figures stood, among the rows of creatures bound by iron cages.
Strange figures stood, walked, drunk, ate food, joyfully talked, unintelligent to their defeat.

An invisible killer marched among the maze of cloth and iron, crept through the brick jungle,
All had fear, an inevitable terror unstoppable by steel or flame marched through concrete halls,
All cried, all mourned, all tried to hide away,
They starved, fear the only thing driving them on,
The invisible killer,
A twisted fiend not of darkness but suffering.
Loathsome black eyes upon its beaked face.
It was figureless, unseeable, wore a hood, a skull, a featureless face.
Some said it held a scythe, was grey, black or colourless.
Only one thing was certain - it was death.

None could stop its endless march of terror, a crusade of evil
It was unstoppable.
The monster stood, watching over its empty court of concrete halls.
Halls once populated, full of posters and colours, emotion and people,
Once streets, roads, schools.
Nothing mattered anymore,
For if you were to stroll along the path you would find a monochrome sad land,
Ravaged by the rule of a tyrant,
You would not go there, my friend,
For all you would find was an endless snapshot in time, never changing, never progressing,
The year the world stopped.

Alex Collins, Y8
Meadowhead

The Battle Begins

Can the world carry on?
Only if we do our part and help it.
Ready to battle the virus?
Only if we can do our part and fight it.
Nothing can stop the NHS,
And everyone else, who is ready to battle,

Zoom,
Tik Tok,
Home learning,
Shops,
Closed,
Countries,
Lockdown,
Coronavirus,

I miss going to the park all the time,
Having to wait in the shopping line,
Having to wear face masks,
Having to do home tasks,

Then,
Lockdown,
Coronavirus,
Making the Earth cleaner, that dirty it can kill,
The Earth can't heal itself,
So we have to help.

Caitlin Brown
Woodseats

Everyone has got a story to tell,
In this dry abandoned period of time.

In early Lockdown late March to be exact,
The cars were dead and the people were
Hostages to this dark murder.

She kills silently,
Causing the lives of 2.5 million people.

She moved swiftly across the globe,
Not letting anyone terminate her great power.

In a few years she may lay dormant.
But we will never forget the calamity of Covid 19

Don't forget, you can be her next victim.

Baxter Uttley, Y8
Meadowhead

It started with reports of a virus in China
It started to spread by plane and cruise liner
Only a few cases in Europe and UK
They'll control this thing, it will stay away
From me

Then March 23rd UK national lockdown
The PM delivers the news with a frown
"Before their time" loved ones you may lose
It's way more of a threat than any past flus
Stay home

School is at home, two homes for me
Moving between my two families
A fever and both households self-isolate
No test to confirm but hope it wasn't too late
To keep it within

I don't see my friends for weeks/months at a time
But through gaming still get to hear them online
Worksheets and Powerpoints are lessons for me
And videos of teachers from the Oak Academy
But the curve is flattening

Lockdown is eased, it's now "stay alert"
At last back to school, the early starts hurt
But it's good to be back and see people in person
Really hoping that things won't worsen
Second wave coming?

Lockdown two comes in November
What isolated life felt like we can still remember?
It's the "new normal" now, not like before
Confirmed case now, and we shut our door
Mum's positive.

Then it's live lessons through Teams, and "unmute your mic"
"Raise your hand virtually", "Is everyone alright?"
But lockdown has a roadmap for easing
Schools will reopen in March, surprisingly pleasing
To me

And now there's the vaccine for adults within the UK
First my grandparents dosed, it could be okay?
There might be a third wave so they say on the news
But need to keep going not get too blue
Hope's coming.

Fraser Lawrie, Y9
Meadowhead

This time last year,
Corks were popping,
And people were cheering
For a happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year

A few weeks later
In the news we heard a lockdown in china
We brushed it off and carried on normally
For a New Year, a New Year, a New Year

Next came the first case. It was in York,
This seemed a minor threat
And wasn't very scary
This was the start of a new year, a new year, a new year

Then was the first death
It was a threat and we worried
A vaccine was far in the future
This soon changed into a panicked year, a panicked year, a panicked year

A month or two passed and cases grew
The president announced the first lockdown
Only for a few weeks, *we thought it would last*
We started to think this is now a lonely year, a lonely year, a lonely year

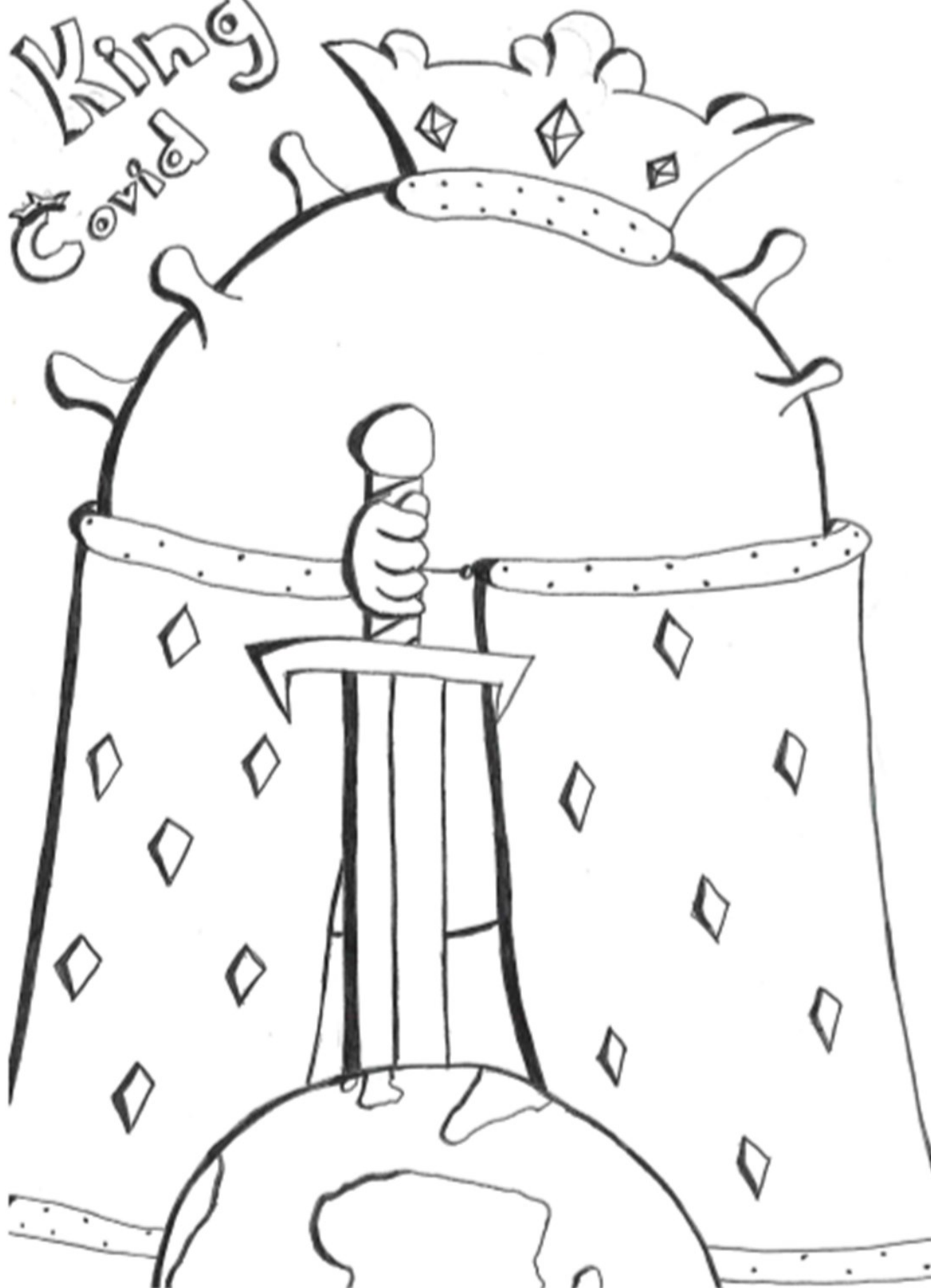
Days turned into weeks and then into months
In and out of lockdowns, flipped back and forth
Our elderly not having any human interaction
This was now a depressing year, a depressing year, a depressing year

But throughout this whole thing
What surprised me most was the way the country came together
Video calls to help the lonely,
Fetch shopping for the vulnerable,
And stay isolated to minimize the Covid patients

We have sacrificed a lot to keep the NHS safe
And they keep us safe by treating the ill
SO DON'T BREAK THE RULES JUST AS THE RESTRICTIONS ARE EASING!!!
This was the year the world stopped, stopped, stopped

Alfie Taylor-Haigh, Y8
Meadowhead

King
Covid



The Last Year

At the start of the lockdown,
People started panic buying,
People became infected,
Hundreds started dying.

When we were very desperate,
To eagerly watch the news,
Life was like an escape room,
Where we had to find the clues.

America had an election,
To see who was in charge,
Donald Trump is in a mood,
Now that Joe Biden is at large.

We were separated, distanced and apart,
We had to refresh and create a new start,
Life was difficult depressing and isolated,
All hope was gone when Corona was created.

Ruby Uttley, Y5
Norton Free

This is a battle of turmoil, health, and the return of our freedom. Whilst many are confined to the suffocation of their homes brewing with bewilderment and terror, thousands are being tormented by the real possibility of death that awaits to swoop like a bird of prey. These helpless souls are left crippled with affliction. When will this virus stop its fight of malevolence? When will we be honoured by the return of the serenity that once caped the nations? When will we return to liberation, to our right to roam freely? This is the great unknown.

The weight of anxiety looms over us like an eerie demon lurking above its victim. The eyes glare, the innocent soul is targeted and Boom! The infectious virus is spreading once again. Rapidly, the distant twinkle of hope is dimming in the shadows of despondency. It is a continuous challenge that we all must battle against. Can we be victorious? The future is uncertain, but we must struggle with resilience to regain our lives.

Phoebe Smith, Y8
Meadowhead

A Normal Day

It was a normal day, the day it all started
But that normal day, made everyone frightened
And that normal day, was the day everyone wished
hadn't started
But that normal day, our world started to stop

No one noticed at first, our world coming to a halt
It travelled so quickly, coming from China
Then France, then Germany, then Italy,
Then England

Our shops were shut, our schools closed down
Our workplaces discouraged, and all of us housebound
We were stuck, with not much to do
We picked up some new hobbies, and ate some food

That normal day, changed all of our lives
That normal day, caused too many people to die
After that normal day, communities were closer
But that type of normal, is now gone forever

Mia Sanderson, Y9
Meadowhead

Oh, how the world changed.
Streets were cleared,
Shop doors closed,
Supermarket shelves empty,
Playgrounds once filled with noise laid silent.
Suddenly everything stopped,
Not seeing family was suddenly an act of love,
Not hugging friends was a sign of affection,
Oh, how the world changed.
Conversations got boring,
And suddenly all we could talk about was the weather,
Our kitchens suddenly became the gym and our office,
Oh, how the world changed.
Somehow through it all a light started shining,
A sense of community,
A sense of hope,
A sense of positivity.
We came together to help those who were vulnerable
And cheer on our keyworkers.

Lauren Howson, Y9
Meadowhead

As Usual

I stood strong and tall,
as usual.
I watched the street below,
as usual.

I stood alone,
not as usual.
I waited for someone,
not as usual.

Something's happened,
this isn't usual.
Something's wrong,
this isn't usual.

Mia Harrex, Y9
Meadowhead

As sea levels rise, as icebergs are melting,
Coral reefs are dying, and no one is helping,
As innocent people were dying for just being black
Trump was tweeting, not fighting back
Just as I thought it couldn't get worse,
A virus appears just like a curse,
Next thing we know, we're stuck in our homes,
Feeling confined, confused and alone
Every time I turned on the news more people were dying,
Yet there are still people who are denying,
Denying a virus, "It's just a hoax",
For the last time this is not a joke,
But even though there is a virus around our planet,
Our people have found a way to stand it,
By helping others in our community,
Two meters apart but still a sense of unity,
Whether it's caring for your neighbour if they fell ill,
Or helping the redundant pay the bill,
So who would have thought at the world's darkest time
The human race would find a way to shine,
So if there is still any doubt in you,
Just remember to stick together and we'll make it through.

Jozef Lewis, Y9
Meadowhead

Day 32:

Its black all around. It wasn't the fire killing me—it was the sharp, deadly smoke curling up in my lungs. I thought I was alone but I constantly keep hearing slight screams. I think my mind's going crazy.

Day 33:

Its 4am, New York is crumbling.

Sky scrapers are collapsing and crashing like falling dominoes. Dustbins and cars are going up in flames, now I know what it feels like to be alone... Days are going fast. Shopping malls are abandoned; everything is gone. All our homes. We. Are. Hopeless.

Day 34:

The grey clouds start leaving the sky. I hear sirens and my body starts to shut down, as a man in a red helmet picks me up and puts me in an Ambulance. Still I can smell smoke. My sight blurred; red and blue is all I see. I suspect people, well some people, would still be alive. The world is still recovering from the mystery. Nobody knows what happened to this day.

Ellie, Y5

Abbey Lane

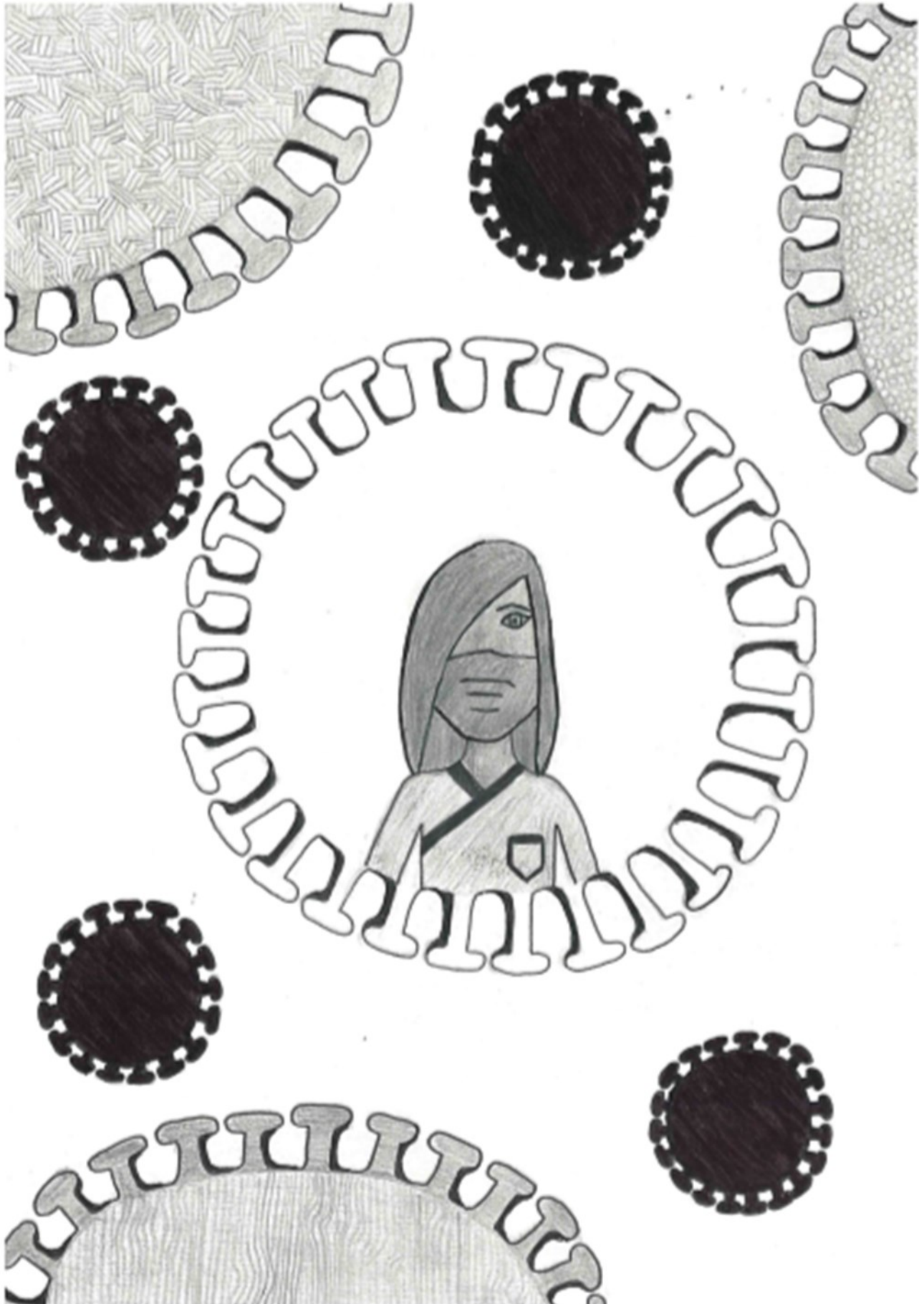
On September 2019 in Wuhan, China, disaster struck. Hospitals were full of helpless lives in threat of death. Shops were shut and out of supplies, also schools couldn't take the risk. It was chaos, since that horrid day and will likely stay that way for a while. The past few months have been tough for everyone and we need to work together to get through the hard times like these. It is tragic that many lives have been lost to this, so, if we want to get through these difficult times, we need to stay clean and well. So take this piece of writing as a thank you to all people that have sacrificed all of your fun and friends just because of one bat.

In May 2021 things are getting better but still bad even in present day. Please do what you can to keep everyone safe, such as keep clean, stay safe, wear a mask, and make as little interaction as you can. Oh, and thank you again.

Finn, Y5

Abbey Lane

Life in Lockdown



Chrysalis

Forced to crawl away,
Burrowing, creeping,
Seeking sanctuary;
Seclusion.

Cocooned beyond reach;
Enveloped in isolation.
The chrysalis formed;
Enforced retreat.

Distant and solitary,
Wrapped and secure.

Cracks in the chrysalis
And we tentatively unfurl
Away from security.
Womb like comfort:
Over.

Delicate tendrils
Reaching,
Hoping.

Outside is raw:
Unknown,
Unfamiliar.

Let me hibernate once more.

Mrs Hills
Meadowhead

Doubts

For a world that has stopped, my brain has never been so active. I feel distanced but trapped. How is that possible? I sleep in everyday, yet I'm still drained. But is sleep ever enough if it's your soul that is tired? Before everything, I used to seek a knight. I wanted someone else to protect me and fight my own personal battles. The more I am alone, the more I realise that I have to fight for myself. I finally came to the realisation that it's not the knight I seek, it's the sword they grasp in their hand.

Every day is the same. Wake up, eat, school, repeat. I get a little variation at the weekend, so it's not all bad. I replace a big screen for a smaller one. Sometimes I feel like a jack in the box. Enclosed in a confined space for a while, then let out, only to be locked back in again. My life ruled by the one in charge, my life transformed into a children's toy. Is my life owned by other people? Are they forcing me into a pattern? How do I break it?

The simple things in life begin to feel like a chore. Like getting dressed in the morning. Why get dressed if I'm not going to see anyone? Sometimes I scroll through my phone and see people being productive with their time. I know I only see a snippet into their perfect world, but it doesn't make me any less discontent with myself. But when I try and imitate this, why does it always feel like I'm on borrowed time?

Anyone imprisoned in one space for months on end would have their doubts, right?

Madeleine Rollings, Y9
Meadowhead

Against the glass, smeared with fingerprints,
I press my face,
To see the pace,
Of the world I'm living in.

There's a girl dancing to a laptop,
She spins, and jumps and leaps so high
She has escaped the world where time has stopped
But is transformed back to unmute and say goodbye.

There's an old man who lives alone,
I see him cooking his tea at night,
He must feel as though his world has stopped,
When he's only picked up the phone.

There's a living room down my hill,
You see its golden warmth lit by laughs and joy,
It's like they're immune to the time to kill
As they spend evenings playing with their little boy.

There's a couple next door, who yell all day,
About respect and communication and bills to pay,
By night they're so tired that time takes a stop
In their house where next to each other they peacefully lay.

The nurse that lives across the road wakes up at the break of dawn,
To walk her dog, before her early shift
Her world is now more chaotic, and time is a rare gift,
And in the late evening she comes back, so tired she can only yawn.

Alice Gibbs, Y9
Meadowhead

The city that Alex once knew seems like a stranger to him. His favorite bar seemed lifeless. The streets looking lonely. He couldn't remember how many times he wished that the center wasn't so crowded, yet now he scans the deserted pavements praying to see one person. Traffic lights that used to infinitely glow red now shine an endless green. Ice cream parlors that used to be bustling with exuberant children now appear undesired and dejected. The world had locked away like innocent prisoners fighting for their freedom by staying isolated.

He screams into the distance, not able to contain his indignation. Alex felt trapped and soulless, not holding any control over the situation. He stopped to take in what the world had come to. Looking down, masks lay dispersed on the sidewalk, giving evidence of past life. He needed some security, he needed his family, he needed love. Lockdown had taken everything he needed away from him. Alex came to the realization that this was not a short-term dilemma. This could be for life. He knew before that this was a serious matter, but he never came to terms with how long it was going to last. A single tear slips down his cheek, landing delicately on the concrete floor. He had so many questions, yet so little answers. What did we do to deserve this? What are we being punished for? Why us? The world had stopped. Simply stopped, and the only way we could help was to do nothing at all.

Nicole Evison, Y9
Meadowhead

Silence. Silence. Everything had stopped. The world had changed forever. Before, we could go out and about our day, have fun and meet friends and family. Within a flicker of an eye, everything had been stopped. It was a deadly disease. It had hit our globe. A deadly disease. Children stopped receiving their education, you had to work from home when possible and all holidays had been postponed. People were stuck at home. Everyone sat at home shaking like a leaf, petrified and worried of their loved ones getting the Virus, you could only get out for 1 hour. Hospital overwhelmed by patients- like a rocket, deaths ascended every day.

Freedom seemed far away. Rainbows became the only bright side, used to congratulate the NHS. Every Thursday, we would step outside to clap for them. It was relieving to see the friendly faces. Keyworkers had to work endlessly without a single break. People were panic buying everything on the shelves. Sir Tom Moore raised money for the NHS.

The restrictions may have been lifted by now if the government had acted sooner, and people actually followed the rules. Now, we are stuck in this for an extremely long time. Nothing to do. No places to go. This is Covid life. This is Covid life.

Zoe Woodley, Y7
Meadowhead

Happiness was the thing that danced around us piercing our souls.
The sweetest smiles were sprinkled in every sight I see.
But now, the darkest disease came along like a foul.
Our hearts stared deeply.
Not being able to see Meadowhall was impossible.
Locked up in our homes was not the only thing irritating.
Going through this nightmare, the world itself was capable.
Week by week, quarantine passed on us waiting.
Other things kept budging us one by one.
This situation is a hole to the history of doom.
Hope was the thing trending, hoping that the pandemic was gone.
Phones and laptops were no use.
The worst daily news ruined everyone's life.
Contentment slowly reduced.
Lockdown was like a pain by the point of a knife.
Could this get any worse?
The corridors were shining with light.
The shops stood there, silent, and vast.
All I would say is make more hope, sleep tight.
If lockdown were ever over, I would take my word in delight
And say, "At last."

Doha Abdullah, Y7
Meadowhead

Last Year

The concerts are empty with no songs or bands
In shopping centres and buildings people washing their hands
In towns and shops there are families wearing facemasks
Trapped in homes there are students doing their tasks
People jogging for an hour while drinking many litres
And a few men and women staying two metres
In leisure centres and swimming pools there are no teams or clubs
There were no food or drinks in cafes or pubs
Catting and laughing to families on zoom
Lots of people in house sitting in a room
Many people clapping at 8o'clock at night
A few people working as soon as it is light

Ethan James Y5
Norton Free

Listen, the last stroke,
Of death's noon has struck,
Upon us, everytime, every
Second a person passes away,
We fell asleep in one world,
Then we woke up in another,
Our hearts are drowning,
In our bodies, floating away,
On the ocean, our hugs
And kisses became weapons,
On a battlefield fighting,
For our lives and family,
People wanted to be in
Schools everywhere shut,
Mums and dads had to
Home school kids,
But in the second
Lock down we used
Google classroom
To do lessons,
There were downsides
Though, no friends,
Stuck in the house,
Watching TV, no freedom,
You could hear birds
And ambulance sirens
The parks are
Wondering about us
We will ever go back to
Normal or will we
Not,
I was so lonely
And sad
All we did was watch TV
And play games and
Did lessons on screens
All we could do was trying
And protect NHS
With this nasty virus,
There also was less
Pollution
We also have to
Wash our hands more
The streets were like
A ghost town,
But at least we got
More time with parents,
We also got annoyed by siblings,
Let's pray another lockdown
Does not happen in the future.

Alyssa Briggs
Woodseats

The year the world stopped
I felt miserable because I couldn't hug my friends.
I was angry because I couldn't go swimming or go to the
play area.
I had to stay away from family and friends.
I couldn't meet anyone at parks or playgrounds.
I became bored and ran out of toys to play with.
I learned to respect the NHS for saving us.
I hoped this mayhem could go away.
And now, all because of the year the world stopped, I am
a very different person.

Sonny, Y2
Abbey Lane

The Look Of Lockdown

What does lockdown mean to you? It could mean the loss of a loved one or strengthened bonds between family and friends. Or you could just be a pessimist who uses it as an excuse to complain. For me it shows the sheer vulnerability and integrity of our species all at once. People laughed and people cried. People carried on while others stopped. People got too much work and others struggled due to the lack of work. Shops slowly faded out of our high streets, but flourished on the internet. While industries suffered, nature thrived.

World War 2 was the bloodiest conflict in history, but Covid-19 is a conflict within the people themselves. You might be able to watch war, but you cannot see a war ravaging inside of a human. People wore gas masks due to fears of gas bombs, but we wear masks because we're scared of a virus. People scrambled for intel on how they could win the war, but we scrambled for intel on what this virus does and how quickly we can stop it.

2020 was the year when we saw the world crumble apart and then the people of it had to rebuild it as best they could. People constantly debate what we should do next and whether normal is wanted anymore. No matter your stance or situation the strangeness of the last year and as we begin to sprint towards the previously never-ending horizon we can only think "What comes next?"

***Jack Grayson, Y8
Meadowhead***

The world has stopped. Today we stand united as one. We are all in our own cages together. Going nowhere. We are nearly through this but now we will fight it in our homes, our minds and hearts. Placing ourselves in self-imposed exile where we stop and stand still as the world panics around us. But others have it quite different—the health care rushes around trying to cope as its structure warps and crumbles, but everyone helps hold it strong as those who ran to help. And now we will pull through together, as one force, to be able go back to normality. If those we call unfit run to their aid when it needs our help the most then so can we. Just a few more months of exile, even when you have nothing to do, extremely bored—just remember its saving lives. And remember those who we clapped for only months ago, the NHS saving lives directly in the firing line. We can do the same by staying inside going nowhere. In our own small world of exile because soon we will be hand in hand once more. Soon the world will move again.

***Matthew Gregory, Y8
Meadowhead***

They Said

We leaped for joy,
And laughed with friends.
It won't be too long,
Like an endless holiday
I said, we said, they said

I slept in until 10,
Then stayed in for work.
Dreaming about a perfect time,
This will blow over.
I said, we said, they said

Never thought of this,
You miss your own birthday.
Look out the window
Change your plans
I said, we said, they said

One piece of exercise a day
Now everyone is exercising,
To make it go away
Keep positive, not long
I said, we said, they said

The end of the year,
Is incredibly near,
And hope is still in our eyes,
Boris must save this, beyond repair
I said, we said, they said

We need a hair cut
And the shops are shut,
Parents attempt to cut your hair,
No one will see it though.
I said, we said, they said

This is the new norm, I said
This is the new norm, we said
This is the new norm, they said

Tommy McManus, Y9
Meadowhead

Life Last Year

Face masks covering the
Fragile future.
Finger-tips touching the
Glass to see close relatives.
Care homes caring about the elderly.
Time was slow motion but
Slowly the light
Of the infected
Tunnel is showing.
We will get through this.

Spencer Trenchard, Y5
Norton Free

What A Year It Has Been

What a year it has been
Although Covid wants to play
But I'm not very keen
Even though I have all day.

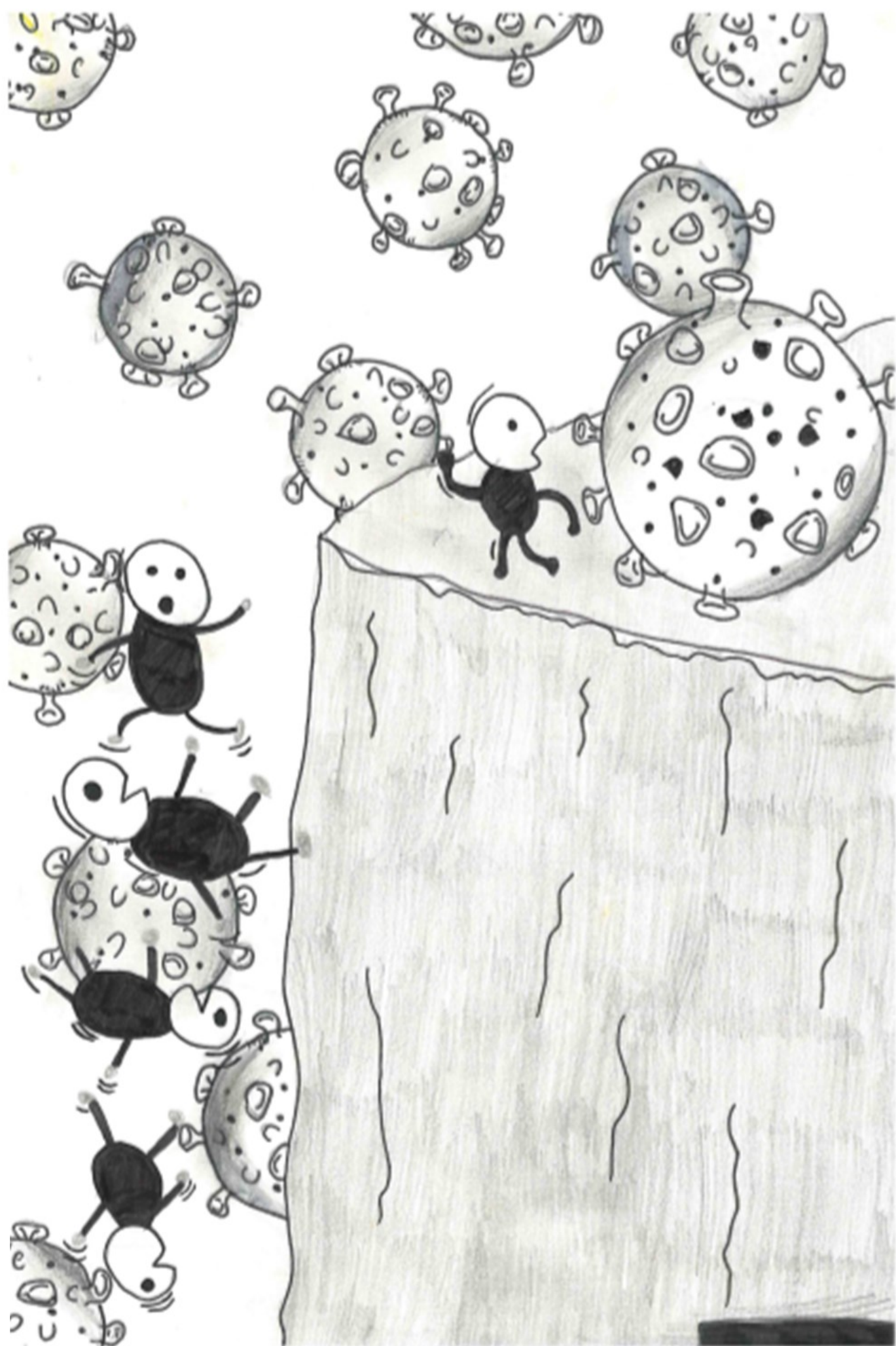
What a year it has been
Though Covid has turned very mean
It's acting like a moody teen.

What a year it has been
We've been through a lot
I think the cities shall gleam
Just like a shiny pot.

What a year it has been
So things we have seen
We have to obey
Even though we have all day.

What a year it has been
Everything is hard
Having to make sure things are clean
While people are getting their vaccine
card.

Summer Smith, Y5
Norton Free



We all tuned in then it was announced
Lockdown
That one word that would change our lives
Send dread to our stomach
Stay home don't go out
That was the message
The year the world paused.

The traffic died down
Schools closed
Shops closed
The death toll rose
Spirits and hope died
People suffered
People struggled
The year the world paused.

The NHS got flustered
Struggled with exhaustion
Yet they carried on fighting
Rushing around for everyone's needs
Rainbows became symbols
A symbol of gratitude for our heroes
Who struggled and survived
Thursday night the nation clapped
Bringing communities together
But the message was still there
Stay home
The year the world paused.

Pupils sat doing work from home
Parents became teachers
Teachers set work
Pupils no longer saw friends
No longer had fun
Schools shut
Mental health declined
People longed to go back
To education, to friends, to teachers
But the message stayed the same
The year the world paused.

Day by day, week by week, month by month
People stayed in
People cried, people laughed
No longer seeing friends or family
The streets were silenced
no one came out
The year the world paused.

People lost jobs
Places shut, people struggled
Shops, hospitality
But the message stayed the same
The year the world paused.

Then the message changed
You could see family and friends
Go out to play
Hug people
Schools returned
Places opened their doors
Hope came back
But Covid 19 lingered
Life was going back to normal
The country was about to play again

The numbers began to rise again
Masks became essential
Schools remained open
But not for long
The Prime Minister gave a speech

We all tuned in then it was announced
Lockdown
That one word changed our lives
Sent dread to our stomach
That was the message
The year the world paused.

Olivia Webb, Y9
Meadowhead

Everything stopped
The sands in a timer were held back
The drip of the tap was a metronome for the pace to live life at
It was like wading through thick curd
All you wanted was to escape
You were gripped in a vice that held you back as you kicked and screamed for your freedom
Grief enclosed everything
The dark parade of cars that drove down your street was regular
It was spreading like the plague
Dark tentacles swirled just on the outside of your vision
Always pressing nearer
The wheels on your bicycle spun round and round
The interlocking chains connecting each event together
It was a chain reaction
Humans were the catalyst
And we were caught in the crossfire
All you wanted was a shard of hope to crack through the shell that enclosed you
Whispers of silver thread taunted their way through the news
But would it ever really end?
Would you ever gain your freedom back?
Or would you always be trapped?
That was when the truth hit home.

Imogen Walker, Y9
Meadowhead

Are We Done Yet?

Another person gone
Another soul missed
Another person to mourn
Are we done yet?

Another day inside
Another family member missed
Another hug lost
Are we done yet?

Another online class
Another mate missed
Another day together is forgotten
Are we done yet?

Another species saved
Another day the earth breathes
Another day of clearer skies
We need to keep going and stay strong
Are we done yet?

Nathan Griffiths, Y8
Meadowhead

A little holiday. On the news, counting cases now. 50 cases in Britain. Hardly any. Not a worry. Not a problem. Beginning to rise now. Quite fast. But not too fast. Another three weeks off school. It's getting a bit boring. It's fine though. It's sunny outside. Who doesn't mind the sun?

It's now gone. That "little holiday" turned into a huge time of being trapped. The streets empty. Shops all have their shutters down. The Thursday was the highlight of the week. Stand at your front door. And clap. For the NHS. It gave a light in the dark. It gave hope. It gave unity. Now they're saying we can ease lockdown. Go outside. See friends. Do sport again. We're going back to normal! Or so we thought.

Things are looking up. And so are the cases. But we're back at school. Back with friends. Just around the corner. It still lurks. Waiting. Waiting to pounce. And so it does.

Another lockdown. Nobody happy. Nobody glad to be off. People losing jobs. People losing homes. People losing loved ones. But as they say, look on the bright side. It will be fine. It will be back to normal. Will it ever be?

Elvie Warburton, Y9
Meadowhead

Time is close, our future is in the grasp of our hands. We here are lucky, we fall and fly higher, but some don't fly back. We are stuck in our own cages that surround us, whilst nature and everything we have hurt roams free in the life that we have left. Wildlife is surviving better than ever, without humans, we have hurt so much; deforestation, carbon dioxide, hunting, all for us; nothing for them.

We have to strive forward, not dwell on the past, the bad things that have conquered over what once was a good world. People have turned bad, they believe in white supremacy, apps are what we are and yet apps don't do the horrible things some people do in this world. But, light is seeping through, people are changing, having hope and happy visions. The world we love is piercing through the locked gates we closed.

The ecstasy in people has risen. We drew rainbows and placed them in our windows to show gratitude towards the NHS staff, we were all close to heaven and now steady on the ground. We have worked together and fought through a life-changing time, creating many sorrowful and joyful memories. Life is like a dream with nightmares inside and we have survived it. Time is now far from us, but have we learnt our lessons...

Lucy Maltby-Fox, Y8
Meadowhead

Lockdown From The Perspective of a Young Boy's Diary

Day 1

Diary,

Today was the freaking best, school has been cancelled which means I had the entire day to do whatever I wanted. I woke up extra early (earlier than on a school day!) to watch TV and it was amazing. My mum then forced me to do all the really boring stuff: brush my teeth and get dressed. If it were up to me it would be PJ's all day and not a single vegetable in sight, that would be the perfect life, but parents are boring. Then it was time to play on my Xbox and I was on it soooo long. The only thing I miss is my friends but I'll see them tomorrow anyway. I wish everyday was like this, no school, just me and my Xbox.

Day 5

Diary,

5 days off school?! It's been like a free holiday. I can't believe it all this time I've had to do no work whatsoever, its been awesome. So much Xbox-ing and watching TV. Don't get me wrong, I miss hanging out with my friends but they're all fine, I'll probably see them next week anyway. Ok I'm going, my friends are back online again.

Day 12

Diary,

Today sucked! Online learning of course - the teachers are still trying to ruin my free holiday, typical. I had to get up at 8:15 and get dressed before 8:30 my first lesson. 8:30! It's Monday so it meant I had Maths first, who wants to do Maths first? I'll give you a clue... NOBODY! All my lessons didn't finish until 1:30. 5 hours of work... I might as well be in school. Actually no, they wouldn't let me eat in lessons would they, and learning from home they don't have a clue because they can't see me! Oh yeah, my mum told me that we're witnessing a world crisis or something and this will go down in history. As long as this world crisis doesn't stop me from going on my Xbox I don't care.

Day 34

1 month. 1 month I've been stuck in this prison. These live lessons are killing me. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I want to go back to school. I mean, I miss my friends and I'm sick of being stuck in the house. I'm not allowed out anywhere and I miss talking to people. I'm even bored of my Xbox! So yeah, something must be really wrong.

Elva Watson, Y9

Meadowhead

Another lockdown, parents groan
Back to home learning
Dreaming of happier times
This is what happened
During the year the world stopped

Pubs and restaurants closed
No more meals out
Only takeaways open
Fish and Chip Friday is still allowed
This is what happened
During the year the world stopped

Stay home
Protect the NHS
Saves lives
This is what we were being told to do
This is what was said
During the year the world stopped

Clap for carers
A since of community
To help encourage the NHS
A chance to see people
At a distance
This is what happened
During the year the world stopped

Missing seeing people
Trying to stay hopeful
Thinking of better times
Hoping that lockdown
Will be lifted soon
This is what I thought
During the year the world stopped

The internet crashing
Became the new norm
Teams IT issues
All the time
This is what happened
During the year the world stopped

Then a few days ago
A glimmer of hope
Going back to school
The cases are beginning to go down
This is what I is happening
During the year the world stopped

Just a little bit longer
A few more weeks
Then I will be able to
See my friends
This is what will happen
During the year that the world stopped

Ariana Mander, Y8
Meadowhead

On March 24th 2020, the world started to cry,
No more hugs, no more kisses,
We all slumped down at home,
Hoping, waiting, listening,

Wildlife started to flourish,
Animals of all kinds were seen,
Badgers and foxes,
Deer and sheep,
All were living lavish,
In the quiet and deserted city,

Then the world went psychotic,
People stopped obeying the rules,
Protests carried out on BLM,
The murder of George Floyd occurred,
And then we all were at realisation,
We were evil,
And the world was cruel,

The UK,
China,
Americas,
And all the other major countries had come to a
halt,
A deeper understanding in life came to us all,
A lockdown,
A silence,
A cry

While we stayed and sat,
Maybe made friends with a cat,
Or made a game,
We realised the world isn't about fame,
Or money gain,
It is about love and care,
Happiness and sadness,

Protests of race and sexualities made history,
The punishment was by the earth,
We need each other,
We need the earth,
We need the sky,
We need the ocean,
We need the air,
Without it we will perish,

No more hugs, no more kisses,
We all slumped down and listened to Boris,
And lockdown changed us all,

The world stopped,
Someone meditated,
Someone sang,
Someone prayed,
Someone danced,
Someone met their shadow,
And we all thought about how we could do better,

All cooped up and hiding away,
While we are farmed by this invisible killer,
The world is a big game of hide and seek,
But we are being preyed on by this anguished
disease

Covid 19 please stop
And return us to our normal lives of joy and peace.

Malieke Sene
Woodseats

I remember,
I remember everything,
I remember not understanding at first,
The fear that everything I once knew would change,
The fear that the world had stopped,
I remember the silence,
The worry that too much time had passed,
Too much to change,
Thinking that we were alone,
Because we were,
No friends,
No family,
No escape,
Every day the same,
Cold... empty,
I remember missing most of Year 5,
Not understanding my work,
My parents too busy to help me,
School went from the place we most hated,
To the place we wanted to be,
Home wasn't home any more,
It was a prison,
Just getting out of bed was a struggle,
Nothing new to look forward to,
Eating became a distraction,
But distractions only last for so long,
We were left drowning in loneliness,
Sorrow,
Pity,
They say after a storm comes a rainbow,
But the only ones for miles were the ones we drew,
We were outspoken,
Powerless,
Afraid,
We're still waiting for our rainbow...

Orla O'Neill
Woodseats

Covid-19 Is Here

Covid-19 is here
There's no way out
The earth is in prison
There's no doubt

It's becoming a part of our life
It needs to stop
People stormed the White House
Now Joe Biden's on the top

Facemasks are a fashion
Tiger and leopard skin mask are made
It isn't the way to live
Lives are starting to fade

WE NEED TOILET ROLL
People started yell
The streets were silent
It was easy to tell

Harry Higgins, Y5
Norton Free

Covid is going nowhere, it's like a fun fair.
So many ups and downs, we are in a war just clinging on.
How are we going to survive? We have no grit, we have no fight,
The world is so scary, you might be alive in the day and gone in the night .
It's unpredictable, we didn't know Covid was coming
It was unseeable
The world we live in is miserable,
So many racists on this planet, it's despicable
We are destroying the world and it's not fixable.

There are people on this world like Sir Captain Tom
Raising millions of pounds
But there are millions of people dragging it down
They weigh a metric tonne,
Here is a good Samaritan Marcus Rashford
He is the reason the people are eating when they cant afford it
All it took was hard work, a voice and dedication
A simple combination, the next generation getting their education
We're in a tough place, it's a bad situation
He is one of the reasons why I love our country,
Working hard for our nation, it's amazing,
Different people will learn from him, there will be a continuation
He works so hard he deserves a nomination

Everyone can make a change, it takes determination
We can stop terrible things like discrimination and segregation.
We are all different, everyone needs to think and listen
If we work together there will be a change and it's
This year the world stopped due to Covid, let's write it down and get it noted
We didn't see our family our Christmas, we shouldn't forget about 2020
Let us remember that we are equal
And I want too see my family in December
And do a full year of school and start in September.

Alexander Asaba, Y9
Meadowhead



A Rollercoaster Of A Year

The feeling of dread you have when you're sat about to reach the top of the rollercoaster. You're leant back looking up at the sky; your heart starts racing. You know it's about to drop down into the uncertainty of the darkness, but you don't know when. You have the fear that the seatbelt isn't quite tight enough, but you know it is. Your stomach is twisting and squirming as if it is trying to drag you to safety and you can feel your heart pounding beneath your hoodie. You feel the beat grow stronger and stronger, taking over your whole body until you feel like it is about to explode. The rollercoaster drops. It all stops. A split second when your stomach drops to the floor. A second when you feel nothing but the thrill and fear of what comes next. But she wasn't on a rollercoaster.

She sat expressionless on the sofa slowly sinking back into the cushions like they were swallowing her whole. She felt sick in anticipation of what was to come next. She stared blankly into the TV at the news reporter, like her eyes had clouded over with fog. The news report she had feared. The one she had dreaded, the one that had just come true and unfolded right there in front of her and thousands of others sat at home too. She didn't know what to think, what to do or how to react. She wanted to yell and scream like a toddler throwing a tantrum in the middle of the shops, but she had nothing to say. The same feeling as when you know a rollercoaster is about to drop.

Then, suddenly, the rollercoaster drops. It tips you over the edge slowly then plummets down. You get the feeling of being on top of the world but then suddenly you're falling, the wind racing through your hair making it fly everywhere. The feeling of hot blood is pumped through your veins and your screams and shrieks escape the depths of your soul. A scream of pure fear and dread but also of exhilaration, excitement, and pure heaven. You feel your body rising from the seat as though your body is almost floating. The feeling of weightlessness like your seat has disappeared and you're flying. Or are you falling?

The suddenness of it all. She could've never comprehended what was going to happen. She felt powerless, useless, and out of control. It was like she was fighting a war against microscopic soldiers. She didn't know how to fight back. Nobody did. They could either fight it face to face, or retreat to the safety of home. So everyone retreated. Only that didn't stop talk of it getting to her. Day in, day out it was the only topic of conversation for everyone around her. She couldn't escape it. She was safe from the virus, or so she hoped. But all the talk, anxiety and fear was a never ending infection she couldn't get out of her head.

The rollercoaster began to slow down, slowly going over each bump. Bump after bump they were never ending. One after another, all the same height, the same speed and the same feeling as the days, weeks, months that were ahead of her.

It was like Groundhog Day. Like she was stuck in a simulation that kept repeating over and over again with no way to turn it off. The sun still rose every morning and looked down on everyone, beaming for hours on end, blasting its heat (unusually hot for the time of year) until it began to sink back down. The flowers still bloomed and showed off their delicate but vibrant petals, the nights still came and went. The days were endless and long, but the weeks were flying by. She felt like she was wasting her life. There was so much she had dreamt of and looked forward to doing but any plans she had had were crushed. She spent hours thinking about all that she lost and overthinking. But it gave her time to do things she would never normally do like watching endless hours of Netflix, baking banana bread and cookies, playing board games which unsurprisingly ended in family arguments.

After you've gone round and around the rollercoaster, it isn't as exciting as it was before. The novelty wears off, you know what's going to happen next, the element of surprise has disappeared, and you just want to get off.

As the days turned into weeks, and the weeks turned into months she craved a pinch of normality. She longed for a hug from her friends, to be able to see them, the feeling where your stomach hurts from laughing too much, just a bit of normality. But what is normality?

***Eve Sambrook, Y10
Meadowhead***

The Year The World Stopped,

Our home began to heal,
The Earth grew back,
The vines grew up with us but still,
All we feel,
Is how we are trapped in a box,
Which they named a bubble.

Habits become hobbies,
Which change and they change,
So we try to escape but we're still in a cage,
An endless loop,
But the government says..
"Just go and see your friends"

So they stay,
And we pray,
Does the world have to end?

It's an invisible killer,
But we still help it grow.

Nature grows back,
We let it this time,
We look outside and see a bee-hive,
It's not virtual so still,
We let out a sigh

Clap for carers they said,
But nothing really helps.
We're stuck in this bubble,
Oh, please make it pop!

Mia Moors
Woodseats

The Worst Thing Was Last Year

This thing is not about wealth, it's about health
It doesn't care who, it wants you
We had to do our tasks, wearing masks
Covid is invading, it is raiding

Lessons on Google Class room, quizzes on Zoom
Washing hands with soap, holding on to hope
Toilet roll sold out, people angrily shout
Covid stays as a bat, now a rat

People taking a test, doing their best
Scientists making a vaccine, every one keen
The world won't stop, until Covid drops

Alfie Dean, Y5
Norton Free

The Chaotic Year

The world has been changing
Feelings have been ranging
Germs got left behind on everything we touched
We had to do cleaning, oh so much.

Germs took over people and made them ill
They cough, sneeze and even kill.

We have been told to stay at home
To prevent these germs
We all missed our family and friends
But we had to stay safe.

It's time we put this to an end
Working together the world will mend
Follow the rules to keep you well
What an amazing story we have to tell.

Amy Currie, Y5
Norton Free

If Winston Churchill Had To Deal With Covid

(A piece inspired by the speeches of Winston Churchill)

The gratitude of every home in our Island and indeed throughout the world, goes out to the healthcare professionals who, undaunted by the odds, unwearied in their constant challenge and mortal danger, are turning the tide of the pandemic by their prowess and devotion.

Never before was so much owed by so many to so few.

All hearts go out to the Doctors, whose brilliant actions we see with our own eyes day after day; but we must never forget that all the time, night after night, month after month, all our healthcare professionals put themselves at risk, caring for the sick using all their skill, often under the hardest of conditions. On no part of the NHS does the weight of the pandemic fall more heavily than those working in intensive care, who play an invaluable part in the care of the most seriously ill.

We shall remember the efforts of our Teachers, our delivery drivers, and our Politicians.

We shall remember the other key workers, too many to name, but equally important.

We shall acknowledge the efforts of the community who have followed social distancing guidelines whilst supporting their neighbours.

All have helped us through these difficult times.

Oscar Abraham, Y7

Meadowhead

The Void

grey,
cold,
clouds with their once cheery gusto,
now float forgotten. forsaken. forlorn.
bustling streets with the hidden footprints of
families, children, lovers,
now concealed under the hefty prints of business
men and politicians,
off to go and decide our future,
your future,
my future.

let them act like they know best,
they've already had their fair share of fun and
games,
now let them strip me of my best years,
let them stay ignorant to our sorrow,
as malleable as puppets, are we?
desolation overwhelms us quicker than you think,
swallowing us whole,
the monsters we were scared of as kids,
this is it,
loneliness.

happiness is the fresh bed of snow you wake up
to in late december,
unfathomable.
just as it arrives, it leaves,
one day we're with our friends, laughing, smiling,
living,
you close your eyes and then you're confined
inside,
reminiscing when we should really be living,
one day in, one day out
one day out, one day in
let me escape.

masks and sanitizer take the place of pencils and
paper,
staring at a screen all day, just to soon replace it
with a smaller one,
my world has become an abyss,
its stopped its spinning,
I miss the sound of the school bells ringing,
learning is a tiring chore nowadays,
staggered starts, testing, distance,
please, do all it takes
just let me go back.

7:45am and life restarts itself, over and over,
life is a broken remote,
pausing
rewinding
once my biggest problem was my score on a test,
now it's the sheer fear of being stuck in this draining
routinely loop,
too lazy to brush my teeth, too lazy to comb my hair
too lazy to think
too lazy to live.

I miss the hugs
I miss the touch
I miss being a teen
I miss complaining about school
miss laughing with my friends
I miss seeing my family
I miss waving hello
I miss running through school doors
miss saying goodbye.

only the distant echoes of ecstasy and glee mingle,
in the misery polluted air,
now, only a void of intolerable hush,
while the sun carries on shining his warming glow,
no light is bestowed upon us,
sickness creeps in on our smiles,
giggles become gags,
good mourning to us all.

Gunjon Paul, Y9
Meadowhead

As the world outside descends into to madness, a few of us do as they please.
Running around even having parties, as society falls to its knees.
Their maskless faces grinning ear to ear
Their empty brains devoid of fear.
Whilst others haven't had a haircut, in getting on for a year.

As everything around becomes chaos, some of us do as they choose.
Some of us struggle to feed our families, whilst others hoard bog roll and booze.
People stay locked up, struggling against depression.
People wear masks outside, avoiding covid infection.
Whilst others drink beer together outside, "relieves a bit of the tension".

All this, the health problems, the danger, the hoarders,
Are made only worse by Boris's nonsensical orders:

"Now, now as I'm sure you all know, these are difficult times.
Due to people not doing the right thing, deaths are on the rise.
But never fear, the government's here, and pandemics we avert.
Now take on board our great advice: make sure to stay alert!"

"The time has come, we're back on track, let's go back to before,
However, we must take precautions to avoid virus uproar:
Eat Out to Help Out,
Now restaurants are closed.
Get outside and see your friends,
But try to stay alone.
Help the economy, go out to work,
But be sure to work from home.
And go see your grandparents, they must be so bored.
But at all costs leave your grandparents alone, their lives are not secure!"

"Now that's enough from me, I'll hand over to my medical advisors."

"Go outside!"

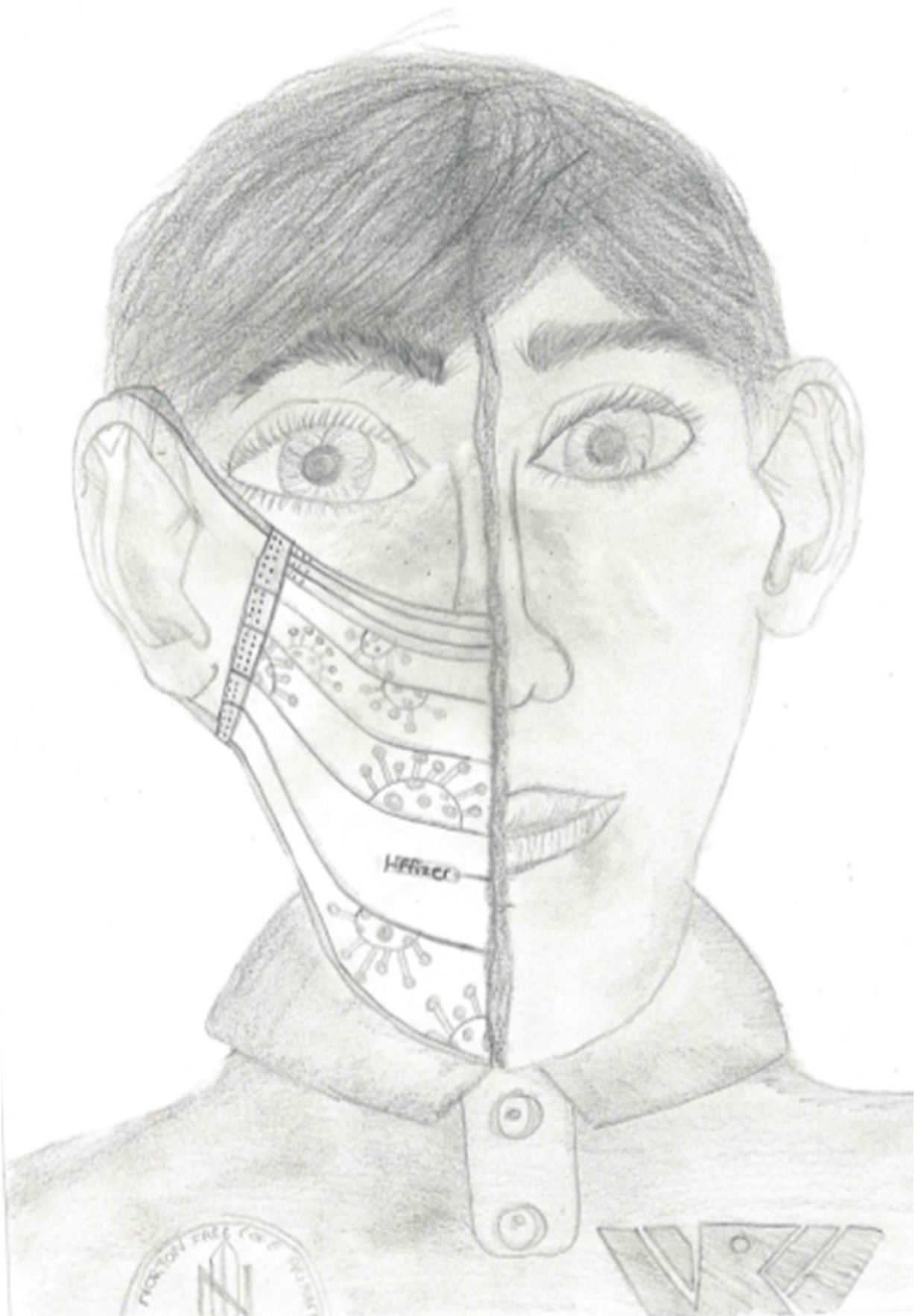
"Stay at home!"

"There you have it everybody, this advice is going to help us."

This is rubbish, for worst year, 2020 is a contender,
Death, idiocy and incompetence, but I will always remember,
The year everything closed mid-March,
Just to open in September.

Amos Tatton, Y9
Meadowhead

New Ways Of Living



Tomos Taylor Y7

Emotions of the Pandemic

A murderous disease lingering quietly,
And forcing a rupture in every society,
An onslaught producing heaps of anxiety,
And causing devastation in every variety,
A slither of hope, but not in its entirety,
We have gotten dismayed but still fiery,
Prison is now what we consider our privacy,
But love and care has kept our sanity,
Sympathizing, caring. Our friends and family.

Ethan Thomas, Y8
Meadowhead

It was like someone pressed pause on normality,
Suddenly everything changed,
It was so fast,
The streets became isolated,
People vanished into their homes,
Running from this deadly disease.

It was everywhere, outside, inside,
Somehow even the spaces in between,
It was as if we were mice and it was a cat,
Chasing us as we tried to escape,
But, there was no escape.

I miss the hugs and talks,
The smiles and laughs,
I miss being wild and free,
Going to school, being careless.

Our world changed overnight,
The buildings stood still,
No longer disturbed by the buzzing of the crowd.

The Earth went quiet for us,
But nature blossomed,
We waited and waited,
And hoped to be free,
And go back to normality

Alisha Waseem Ahmed, Y8
Meadowhead

The year the world stopped
I felt scared because this had never happened before.
I was sad because I couldn't see my friends.
I had to stay at home and lock the doors.
I couldn't go to restaurants or playgrounds.
I became bored because there was nothing to do.
I learned to appreciate the NHS even more.
I hoped the virus would stop.
And now, all because of the year the world stopped, I am a slightly different person.

Sienna, Y2
Abbey Lane

The year the world stopped the BLM movement happened and hate crimes increased.
The year the world stopped violence against LGBTQ+ increased and the chance of their rights to be taken away.
The year the world stopped even in summer the days seemed to grow longer and more tiring.
The year the world stopped Biden won the election and the rights of people have started to be restored.
The year the world stopped some people were able to see each other again.
The year the world stopped Christmas was cancelled.
The year the world stopped the vaccine was made.
Things got better and worse but we have a chance again to see our friends...to see our family.
Maybe in a year the world will start again.

Georgia Feltrup, Y7
Meadowhead

The year the world stopped
The year it was a ghost town
Nobody moved: nobody dared
For they didn't want to be the next to join the word
Of echoing coughs and gasping, desperate breaths.

The year the world stopped
People were only seen on video calls
If anyone stepped through their front door, it was for
food or medication, and masks distorted their faces.

The year the world stopped
Everyone's eyes were painted and hesitant
It was clear that they were haunted by the ever-
moving spectre
By the name of Covid 19.

Jessica Crump
Greenhill

The Last Day Of School

I walk along a lonely street,
No one in sight that I could meet.
My school bag is trailing on the floor,
I'm nearly at my front door.

A single tear runs down my cheek,
I won't see my friends in weeks and weeks.
Facetime calls aren't the same,
When you can't play a simple football game.

My parents lead me into the hall,
My friends are already in a call.
I might not see some of them ever again,
Because secondary school is around the bend.

Months and months blend in to one,
And there's news that home learning could be gone.
We get the news of going back to school,
June might not be so cruel...

Edith Bannister, Y7
Meadowhead

And people froze
And baked and went for walks
And slept and sang
And played and clapped
And people were kind
And suffered then healed
And dreamed of others
Someone helped
Someone made us proud
Someone protected the world
Someone made a vaccine
And people began to change
And people healed
And the world healed.

**Billie Craig
Greenhill**

The New Normal

Normal,
Normal was a range of things
Normal was children learning and adults working,
Normal was children playing together in the park and
adults catching up over a glass of wine
Then the world froze,
Normal was now that we would have considered bizarre
before,
Normal was now two meters away from everyone,
Normal was masks no matter where you go,
Normal was families stranded away from each other,
What was once normal is now the past.

**Neve Evans, Y9
Meadowhead**

Sat around the TV,
The Prime Minister was who we heard,
Ordering the nation to stay at home.

Official statistics, charts and graphs,
Government workers
Telling us facts that didn't make us laugh

Covid-19 is its name,
Changed the whole world
Now nothing's the same

Keyworker children, stuck at school,
Playing not learning,
While their parents are working,
It feels so cruel

Death in the care homes,
In hospitals too,
Scared and alone,
Are me and you

On video calls,
Using zoom, meet and teams
"You're on mute!"
We all look like fools

Wash your hands, stay apart
No friends, no family,
It breaks your heart

Nature restoring, pollution down
Goats in the village
Roaming around

The year the world stopped,
Different for all
Vaccines are coming
Back to school!

**Isaac Corker, Y7
Meadowhead**

A halt on the globe; someone pressed pause. The world as we know it has changed forever. As I walked outside, the street deadly quiet, almost empty. The wind the only noise, I can't even hear the car engine roaring. I long to smell the smoke from factories, across the street; I long to hear signs of human. The world has frozen. It seems to be just me and the wind, solo. Where is everybody? Finally! A person, I'm not alone. But what's that blue thing on their face? Why are they wearing on their face? Why are they wearing it? Can they breathe? Should I be wearing one? They disappeared. Even the wind calmed down, looks like it's just me and my empty heart, sat alone.

Ellie Griffiths, Y7
Meadowhead

And people stayed at home
And worked remotely in their rooms
And played, drew and read
And people became kind
And clapped and baked

Someone cried
Someone celebrated a birthday alone
Someone raised money
Someone made the vaccine

George Schofield
Greenhill

2020 was the year the world stopped
The Coronavirus left us shattered
We had to stay home
And only talk to people on the phone
Many things we had to stop
Including going to the shops
Everyone went on walks much more
As it was the only time we could go outdoors
The places that used to be allowed
Are now places where people aren't allowed
We have to rely on the NHS
Otherwise we would be in a total mess
We clap when the clock strikes eight
To celebrate the people who are great
Even though we couldn't go away
We had a good time with our family
So even though 2020 was a mess
People still celebrated success
For example Captain Tom Moore
Who walked so far even when he could go outdoors
The Black Lives Matter protests were very good
Because they helped us to see those that were misunderstood
So although 2020 was the year the world stopped
The Coronavirus won't leave us shocked

Daisy Crowther, Y9
Meadowhead

It was COVID-19 that ruined our year,
 Please don't go anywhere, we're living in fear.
 Boris made an announcement, he said we got to stay home,
 Protect the NHS, download the app on your phone.
 You can exercise daily but only for an hour,
 Got to stay clean, may as well have a shower.
 Supermarket rules say shop one at a time,
 No toilet roll, no pasta, JEEZ look at the line.
 COVID shut all our schools, no learning to be done,
 The worries of slipping behind were there, but at least we had the sun.
 The announcement was made, masks had to be worn,
 No sanitizer anywhere, our lives were torn.
 Boris opened pubs only for a meal,
 Eat Out to Help Out sounded like a deal.
 Back to school it was, mixed emotions all around,
 Masks were mandatory but so many were thrown to the ground.
 The second lockdown came just as Christmas was in sight,
 Trees went up early whilst we carried on the fight.
 At last shops were open, presents could be bought,
 We could see family at Christmas... or that's what we thought.
 Just after Christmas, schools were shut down,
 Here comes online learning, teachers deserve a crown.
 Lockdown number three is what we're on,
 It definitely hasn't been easy for anyone.

Maisie Everitt, Y7
Meadowhead

Last year

Last year was lame
 Everyone was the same.

NHS rescued the day
 NHS makes Covid go away.

Everyone on Zoom
 At your home lonely in one room

The world was like a prison
 It felt like a collision.

Can't see our friends
 Covid doesn't mend.

Donald Trump mad
 Joe Biden glad.

Whitehouse raided
 People hated

Two metres apart
 Lockdown depart.

Leonidas Williams, Y5
Norton Free

The Nightmare That Never Happened

It was a normal day, until night fell. Everything was good. I was minding my own business, playing in the garden, but then IT HAPPENED. My life flashed before my eyes and then I knew I wasn't at my home. After a while, I'd discovered where I was. It was possible that I had gone back in time to 156BC. It seemed impossible. The wind was like a tornado, the sky as dark as ash, the grass as thin as paper. Was this my own personal nightmare?

If I wanted to go back, I knew it would be hard to get through. The journey had begun.

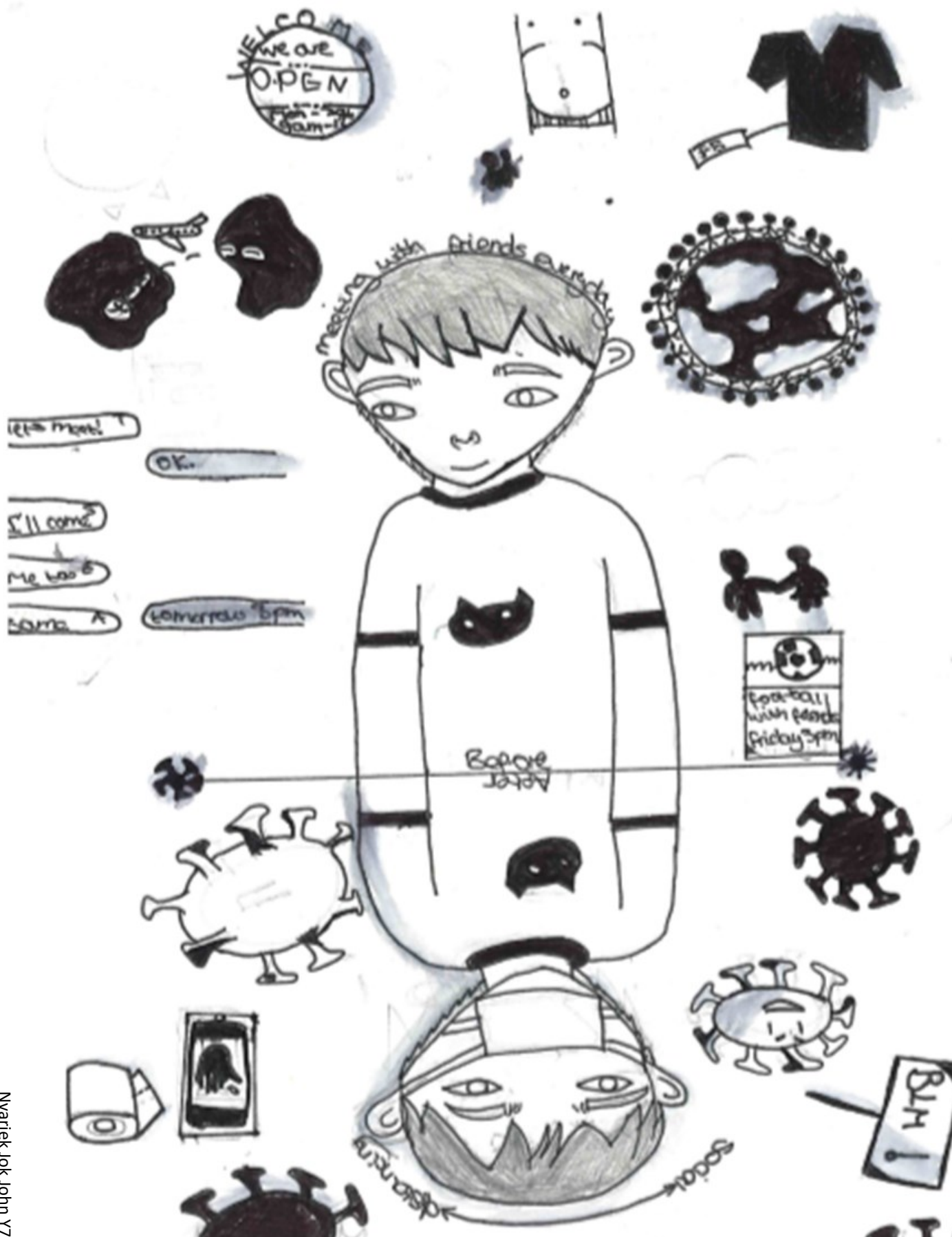
As it had got darker, it felt like the world had stopped, like time didn't exist. My life was a mess; I wasn't sure if I wanted to go back or not. As I started to lose hope, a light peeked through the rough, twisted mountains. I ran as fast as lightning, because I thought maybe there was a bit of hope after all. I came face to face with the door of light. Every step brought me closer. I leaped in.

That's it. I was awake. It was a dream, a terrible nightmare of a dream. At least I was home from the nightmare that never happened. The world is no longer stopped.

Ella Mae, Y5
Abbey Lane

And people wore masks,
And hand sanitized and washed hands
And we met on Zoom and did work on Google,
And we did Joe Wicks and exercised,
And we ran out of yeast and baked,
And paused
And sang deeper,
Someone cried,
Someone laughed,
Someone left,
Someone met their end
And people began to think risky
And people helped
And in the non-attendance of people who lived in ignorant ways
Dangerous, risky and obnoxious
But we made it work
And we survived.

Isabel Rhodes
Greenhill



Time to Slow Down

This is the time to be slow,
Try as best you can, not to let go,
Time will come good,
And you will find your feet.

People stayed home,
Read books and listened,
Made art and played,
AND STOPPED!

People began to think differently,
Even the earth began to heal,
People found each other,
Created new ways of life.

AND WE SLOWLY STARTED TO LIVE AGAIN

Maxymilian Janczak
Woodseats

The year the world stopped
Social distance hugs
Social distance friends
New choices and dreams of new visions
The playground calls us and asks "where are you?"
NHS are the heroes
And when we are together we are stronger than ever
The day when this is over
Will be the day we will be united
This will be the year we will never forget

Dominic Janczak
Woodseats

6 feet away,
You must stay.
School is closed,
Only essential shops are open.
Masks are required everywhere you go,
Except for your own home.
Lonely you will be,
No friends you can see.
You will be bored,
And that's a guarantee.
Clap for the NHS,
Draw the rainbows and put them in the window.
Outside in the garden it is dead silent,
No more traffic, more birds singing.
The cages humans are in,
Looks like the roles are reversed!

Fin Hyde
Woodseats

POV

Lockdown
It's changed all of us
Our experience is based off how we live it
It's up to you

Maybe you're a nurse
Exhausted day after day
Under pressure constantly
From March to May

Maybe you're a parent
Your priorities are your children's needs
"Mum! Dad!" Every minute of the day
You've locked the door and hidden away the keys

Maybe you're a protester
Standing up for what is right
Keeping George's memory alive
And walking down the streets, even at night

Maybe you're me
Making the most of this time
I'm enjoying lockdown, I like my house
I'm definitely doing just fine

Keep looking ahead for these better times
They will come to you
And hopefully things will be back to complete normality
By 2022

Jessica Smith, Y9
Meadowhead

The streets are empty,
We can't go out,
No sounds,
No movements,
We can't see our friends or family,
No cars starting,
People are making rainbows,
Dreaming for it to be all over,
Ambulances racing past every second,
Animals randomly walking through the city,
We wish it is all a dream,
But it can't be,
People getting tested every single day,
Nature is growing,
Its making a path,
Less cars,
Less noises,
Less pollution,
No schools,
Online classroom,
We will never forget this experience...

Evie Brown
Woodseats

The world as we know has changed forever
Abandoned locations calling our names,
Wondering where everyone has gone, waiting
For families to be skipping round the fountain holding
Hands again being happy,
The streets were crowded, now people walk alone
Into the distance
Speaking to families through a screen wishing
They were actually in front of you telling you their stories
Everything locked up, there is no way to freedom
Lying down in our gardens wishing we were at the beach
Giving air hugs to our grandparents wishing we were up close
Hugging them tight, reading books on the sofa becomes a wave
From the end of the drive
Our homes that we called a safe relaxing place, is now known
As a hard working school
Looking out the window seeing the world waiting for us saying
One day, the time will come

Casey Kay, Y9
Meadowhead

And people were still
And people stayed kind
And they walked and smiled
And they wished for hugs
Someone danced
Someone laughed
Someone cried for the last
And people shrieked "It's a hoax!"
And people believed the jokes and lies
And people's masks crumbled in front of their eyes
And dolphins swam in Italy
And people sung in Spain
And rainbows shone in the windows of Britain
And we gave to Captain Tom
And you'll never walk alone
And we prayed for George Floyd
And Black Lives Matter
And Joe Biden became the 46th
And a black woman became Vice President of America
It did not leave us hope
It broke our spirits
It united the world
It brought us to our knees
But we will stand up again
Against Covid 19

Grace Mulholland
Greenhill

When the world stopped,
We were living on a loop
We were silently waiting to wake up from this dreadful, horrible nightmare
We were stuck in and we couldn't get out of.
People tried to enjoy their time stuck in this nightmare,
People sang, danced and had fun in the loneliness off the dark,
But deep down inside everyone was still stuck in a nightmare
And not one person could wake up from it.

When the world stopped,
We spent time and lived the same day over and over as if it we were a movie stuck on repeat,

When the world stopped,
We hoped,
We lost our minds with having nothing to do because we were stuck in loneliness,
Waiting, just waiting for a sign that we were a just dreaming,
And that tomorrow we will just wake up and everything will be better
And it was some story our brains had made up because we were bored,
But we didn't.
Time was becoming timeless as this invisible killer was taking over the world
As a way to get back at us for all the things we had done.

When the world stopped,
We stopped.
We played the same day on repeat.
But we got better,
We became stronger and more powerful together,
When the world stopped.

Esme Sherwood
Woodseats

How Long Will This Go On?

Normally I'd say I want to be alone, but now I'd do anything to be with them,
Days are repeated and we're stuck in our ways,
Freedom is gone and there's more restrictions,
Who knows how long this will go on?

They say forget about the past, but what can we do when today is the same as before?
Schools are closed and the death rate increases,
Mental health has taken a hit,
Who knows how long this will go on?

We suddenly realise how precious our life was before it was taken away,
Before we were told to stay in our homes and wear masks everyday,
We went from one world to another in a matter of days,
Who knows how long this will go on?

I dream of a day when I can go out without fear,
A day when I can go out to eat and party with my friends,
A day when masks will become a thing of the past,
But who knows how long this'll go on?
But today was the same yesterday,
Nothing has changed,
And it probably won't for a while
Because Corona is still going on

***Chloe Heppenstall, Y9
Meadowhead***

It was not that the earth didn't orbit around the sun,
In the same way it has been doing since the beginning of time
Nor was it that the seasons didn't change

Although slow,
We still watched the petals and leaves grow and fall,
And finally decay.

However, it was that people started losing their jobs,
Cerulean blue masks started to flood the streets,
Covering the disintegrating cigarettes
The ones that were tossed aside rather than going in the bin,

We shut our doors and windows,
Desperately willing ourselves to escape,
From the fake rumours which corrupted our minds, thoughts and actions.

So no, the world didn't stop spinning,
But,
If anything,
Time decided to catch up with us.

Isabella Ellams, Y9
Meadowhead

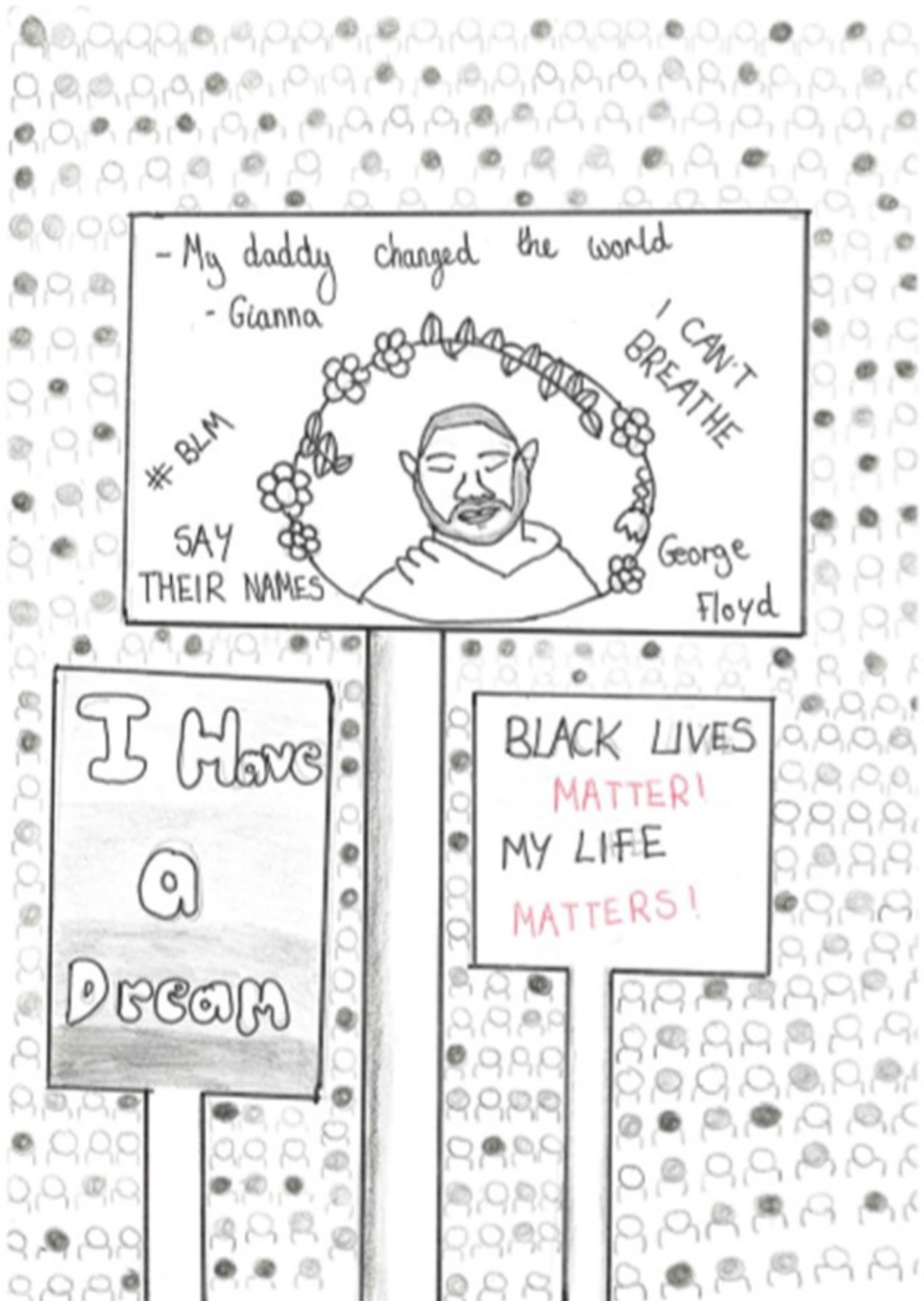
Some healed each other,
Some met their shadow,
Some died,
The bitter blow of the world hurts,
Slowly reality disappears,
The world started to heal as we were getting broken,
Letting the hope in your heart scrape away,
Letting your close friends go,
Letting everything you love go,
Time is timeless,
Hugs gone, kissed gone, love gone,
Our freedom is locked away - is it forever?
Disney is out of magic, France is no longer the most romantic place,
Everything is gone,

The year the world stopped.

Leon Noel
Woodseats



Uprising



And here we are again,
It's a cycle,
Justice, peace, corruption, but
What we need is ACTION
Freedom, a revolution
To fighting for what's right
Like many more before us,

Black Lives Matter
And before the oppressor we shall not matter
Education, demonstration, explanation

As a minority
We stand in unity
This is a perpetual problem
And it will be terminated.

But here we are again
Facing the same issue
Is ever there really going to be an end,
To this war, to the discrimination,
To the taboo subject of racism?

Does it make your blood boil?
Does its blade result in your death?
Are you afraid?
Oppressed?
Manipulated?
Do you know the feeling?
The anxiety?
And all this... for what?

Our race
We plead for your help.

But here we are again.

Lisa Okunwague Blessing, Y9
Meadowhead

The Fight

Time lost and changing minds,
The sun a glimpse of paradise.
The streets we walk on a war zone,
Only connected though the phone.
People killed for the colour of their skin,
And a world where being gay is a sin.
We can't put all our problems in a bottle and just close the lid,
The world may have stopped but the fight never did.

Olivia Whalley, Y9
Meadowhead

Just Like You and Me

I would be lying if I said I felt fully united,
More than two wars breaking out,
The first, invisible, silent,
The other, killing people in plain sight but with people ignoring it, and going on for years,
Looking above and over the lifeless bodies, black the bodies are,
Plies and plies of lifeless black bodies,
But no one says a word,
But when they do, tear gas "MY EYES MY EYES", "I CAN'T SEE,"
Passing milk to wash out the pain that's blinding you,

An echo of pain but still stood there with their fists strong,
Chanting "I can't breathe, I can't breathe"

Not only giving awareness of people's death because of the colour of their skin,
But because they can't breathe from the oppression,
From the depression,
Eating away their insides,
The same insides me and you have,
The same insides that make them human,
Just like me and you,
Black the colour some people are so afraid of,
Feeding off black being, evil, dark, monstrous,
But ignore that black is elegant, kind, and beautiful.

Isabelle Smith, Y9
Meadowhead

I felt as lonely as a deserted ship. How the world has stopped by a blink of an eye. How the world has changed and has become so different. Humanity is no longer as bright as a diamond glistening in the ultramarine, dazzling sea. It has become as dark as the shades of the night. How people's colour has been treated so differently to black people's colour. How their freedom was demolished in one bite. They are no longer treated as the same - they are treated as someone who doesn't matter in the world and someone who doesn't get a say in anything. The country is no longer free. I feel like it is locked up and black people are the prisoners which is not okay. Black people being judged for who they are etched my vision. I feel so isolated - I want to speak out and tell everyone that there is not anything wrong with their colour, it's who they are and you should never change for anyone. I wanted to start a revolution and protest to the government that every colour matters in the world, not just white people's lives because all lives matter and all colour matters in the world. I want an explanation on why black people have to suffer with people being racist and saying their lives doesn't matter when it does. My angriness is insanity and smouldering. I was so inspired by clapping for the NHS because they inspired me to keep going and save everybody's lives. The NHS has given up so much time to save people but they have had to witness death in front of them which makes them as brave as a soldier going to war and fighting for their family and their lives. Black people shouldn't be manipulated by white people and do what they say because everyone has a voice and everyone has a right to use it.

Elisha Whittaker, Y7
Meadowhead

Everyone

Everyone is equal,
Everyone is human,
Skin should not define treatment,
Just because I'm different or you're different does not mean you should act differently towards each other.
Care for all, be kind, be generous, be the best you can be and if we are the best,
Then we will defeat the virus and we will put an end to racism.

Liam Marjoram, Y7
Meadowhead

Dear Republicans,

When you say "All Lives Matter"
Is that what you really mean?
Or is that just a way to get yourself back on the scene?

You don't think latinx lives matter,
You think they bring crime and drugs
You don't think black lives matter
Because you think of them as thugs

You say "All Lives Matter"
But don't respect the LGBTQ
You say "All Lives Matter"
But you call Covid-19 the "Asian Virus" and "Kung-flu"

If you really thought all lives mattered,
You wouldn't objectify women and their rights
If you thought all lives mattered you wouldn't just stand by and watch the fights

If you genuinely thought all lives mattered
You wouldn't say Muslims are terrorists
Or back away and say they simply need to see a therapist

Naima Rosario-Hunter, Y9
Meadowhead



Pause and fast forward
Agony and pain
Could not describe this horrible year
Loved ones are lost
And it's never hit harder
Heartbroken we are

Riots galore for a young black man
Killed with no hesitation
"#BLM"
"I can't breathe!"
"Colour is NOT a weapon!"
Down on our knees as we seek justice

Pause and fast forward
So I can catch a breather
Pause and fast forward
So this year can end
Pause and fast forward
So I can see what shall come next
Pause and fast forward
Step by step we shall make it through

As much pain we are in
We must stay strong for each other
Schools are shut
Even the biggest shops too
The struggle is hard I know
But together we are stronger
We can beat the virus
But the one thing I really want is to...
Pause and fast forward

Nataliya Hemans, Y7
Meadowhead

Together we stand
Through this strange time
Just remember that
We're all in this boat

That seems we cannot leave
But eventually
We fight back
But just remember that

We do all we can
To protect others
And of course ourselves
Do the best you can
Just remember that.

Max Raszyk, Y9
Meadowhead

Black Lives Matter
Can you hear us as the glass shatters?
A person's skin is seen as a threat
Just one look and your mind's already set
Pull out your guns and tasers
Protect the white girl, we must save her
Your badge does not put you above the law
Don't act so innocent, we know what we saw
Anti-quarantine protesters with weapons that kill
While BLM movement is armed with milk
We live in a world full of disease
And no, I'm not talking about Covid-19
Racism, a disease that's been killing for years
Another life lost, another mother brought to tears
I CAN'T BREATHE
I CAN'T BREATHE
We hear you George Floyd, your death is not something the giver can avoid
How can you say that "All Lives Matter" if black lives don't?
This generation will not stand for this injustice
Fight for those privilege is lesser
Silence is just as bad as the oppressor
Say their names and say them loud
I hope they're looking down and are proud
Taking a knee during the anthem, what a disrespect
But a knee to a knee to a black man's throat is taking out a threat
1963 MLK Jr. had a dream
Yet we're still fighting in 2020
I may be one voice but I will be heard
I will fight for what's right, you have my word.

Alfreda Nagbe, Y7
Meadowhead



Bed of Privilege

I lay, in the velvet bed, that is my privilege,
I have been here, resting for all my life,
Today I opened my eyes for the first time.

Blinded by the darkness, their screams echoed through my mind.
I saw people, being dragged into the mouth of reality.
Curling up in a ball, I thought I was too innocent to have just witnessed such a thing,
But the ones screaming felt pure too?

Harsh and violent, unjust and groundless,
Bodies slain around me, but I had no need for my fear,
As although I was restless, my velvet bed still had barriers.

Head sweaty, heart heavy, eyes droopy,
I felt a deep surge of discomfort; why don't I just go back to sleep?
This isn't my fight. This wasn't my problem.

But it was, discrimination is everyone's problem.
Now is the time to uplift black, lower class, disabled and Asian voices.
Use your privilege for good.
Let's get uncomfortable.

Evie Harpham, Y9
Meadowhead

People shouldn't get hurt for the colour of their skin.
Neither get told that who they love is a sin.
People should all be treated as equal.
Lives are real, not books with sequels.
If we want something to change we must stand
We should educate ourselves more so we can all understand
Why should people be denied peace?
Being who you are shouldn't involve the police.
If we try our best to make things fair.
All we need to do is show we care.

Libby Simmonds, Y9
Meadowhead

Renewal



Take Me Back To 2020

Isn't it strange how the world was at standstill
No one allowed in the house
Sitting around, bored, no clue
How the bins go further than you

Isn't it annoying wearing a mask
Just to go about everyday tasks
We're still not actually done with it all
The fast-paced world slowed down to a crawl

Take me back to 2020,
When we danced without a care
The neighbours watching, horrified
But stop? We wouldn't dare

Take me back to 2020,
Strolling through the woods
Lost in our thoughts on nature walks
Twigs snapping under our boots

Take me back to 2020,
Sunny summer days
Ice lollies from the corner shop
Sunday dinner and fizzy pop

Take me back to 2020,
The joyful weekly clap
The rainbow-stained window panes
The Christmas presents wrapped

But when all is said and done
That year was as good as any
And with that I say farewell
And take me back to 2020

***Eva Ball, Y9
Meadowhead***

The Birds Still Sing

The birds still sing up in the trees
While the whole world has been brought to its knees
This deadly virus, swept right through
But nature still grew,

The wild flowers thrived
Whilst we were forced to stay inside
Squirrels and foxes came to life
And really embraced the wild life.

Cars no longer emitted harmful gases
And grounded planes couldn't leave.
Students logged into online classes
Nature had full reign to breathe

At home hair kits were all the range
Some more successful than others
With this new change
"There's only a week
Between good and bad hair!"
Echoes up the stairs

We probably wouldn't bat an eyelid if aliens invaded
"Just another day" we'd say
As all chaos unfolded

Yet no matter what was happening
With what little normality left we cling
The birds still sing.

Ruby Le Page, Y9
Meadowhead

On and On

A peculiar setting began to take control,
A greater future was our ever-lasting goal,

But all we got was a time full of doubt,
We were trapped inside and we couldn't get out,
Deaths galore we began to pout,
We have had enough and we began to shout,

But as we struggle the Earth can breathe,
This is our home and we will never leave,

Is it better if we're gone?
This is just going on and on,

Is this a sign?

No

It's just another deadline,

Should we not be here?
Should we be gone?
But this is not going to let us down,
Even if it's on and on.

Giuseppe Setaro
Woodseats

The World's Cycle

The doors were finally unlocked,
The sky greeted the sun again,
The memories of lockdown were temporarily blocked,
The buzz of freedom was in the air,
The year was almost over,
As we tear away another layer.

Drinks were drunk,
Laughs were laughed,
Time was spent,
Toilet rolls were finally back in stock.

Until doors became relocked,
It was happening again,
Our optimism was knocked,
We had to stay local,
No more weekends away,
Hoping for a miracle,
That one day the cycle would end.

***Greta Varley, Y9
Meadowhead***

2020 was meant to be mine
2020 was going to be the year I shine
2020 was meant to be a celebration
2020 was going to be a good year

2020 wasn't mine
2020 wasn't my time to shine
2020 wasn't a celebration
2020 wasn't a good year

But things changed for good as well
Although we may not see it
It was a different type of fun
Although we may not think it

We saw our family more
We found ways to work from home
We tried to get out grandparents to Skype without saying "can you see me?"
We worked together but apart

We kept our distance
We waited patiently
We stayed at home
We wore masks

Most importantly we gave our planet a rest.

***Evie Exton, Y7
Meadowhead***

The Day the World Stopped

One day Covid broke out and made a shout.
It was really very hard instead of seeing people they had to write a card.
Children and grownups had to work from home and sometimes we may feel alone.
We couldn't hug because we could catch the Covid bug.
Nothing was open for a long time the space of a really long time.
A vaccine was found one day so back too normal was the way.
Things were then good when the vaccine was found.
But luckily the vaccine could be found so we could be normal again.
And now we are.

Amelie, Y4
Abbey Lane

2020, the year everything changed,
The year the world stopped, when
Everyone retreated into their homes
And waited, waited for the nightmare
To end.

Defenceless, 1 month, 2 months, 3 months
4, staying home, protecting others. Isolation
Is our salvation. The only barrier between us
And the demons outside are the walls and
Windows of our houses where we seek refuge.

Emptiness, in the streets, in the cities and shops
A ghost town, a deserted world, devoid of life.
An invisible enemy, slowly suffocating us one by
One. Loneliness, time, reflecting on the past,
Worrying about the future, about others.

But there is hope, a light at the end of the tunnel,
Our healthcare heroes, like warriors they battle the
Demons without despair or fear. To find a cure, the
Race is on. A vaccination for the nation.

Darcey Lowe, Y8
Meadowhead

The year the world stopped,
Nature began to flourish
More birds came into gardens
More plants grew in gardens and parks

The year the world stopped,
Everyone and everything stopped
Schools stopped
Shops closed
Nobody could see family or friends
And we created new ways of life

Until the bitter weather passes,
Covid as bad as poison
But times will become good
And life will improve

We dreamed of new visions
And the earth began to heal
Just as they were healed themselves

The wire brush of doubt
Will no longer linger
When these times come to a past
Just look into the future
And not think about the present

Charlotte Tasker
Woodseats

Fatigued and Vetoed

The days, the weeks, the months, even that year when we suffered fatigue,
The barren buildings stripped of all life, the stadiums' silence decayed the league,
A mimic of the plague, a forbidden, forgotten landscape,
The tranquil world around, the trapped ways of living seemed hard to escape.

But still, through the spyglass will always live hope,
Even as it crumbles, or we decline the slope,
Let us live in unity, and together we will proceed,
Focus on future, it'll come, guaranteed.

When we've been trapped inside, locked behind our own lives,
Let's hope from friends, family and strangers that their aspiration derives,
We miss the days out, supporting the local or childhood team,
Instead these days it's just GOAL! with a smile and a gleam.

But still, through the spyglass will always live hope,
Even as it crumbles, or we decline the slope,
Let us live in unity, and the earth will be healing,
Focus on future, it'll come, I have that feeling.

But still we are drowned, still missing something, still missing some things,
At test matches, without the crowd, wickets taken, Archer, Axar and Cummins,
Family trips, picnics in the park, weeks of Greek Isles, Spain or France holidays,
Going on tour, bouncing at concerts, or getting lost in the maze of Maise.

But still, through the spyglass will always live hope,
Even as it crumbles, or we decline the slope,
Let us live in unity, and always believe
Focus on future, it'll come, I never try to deceive.

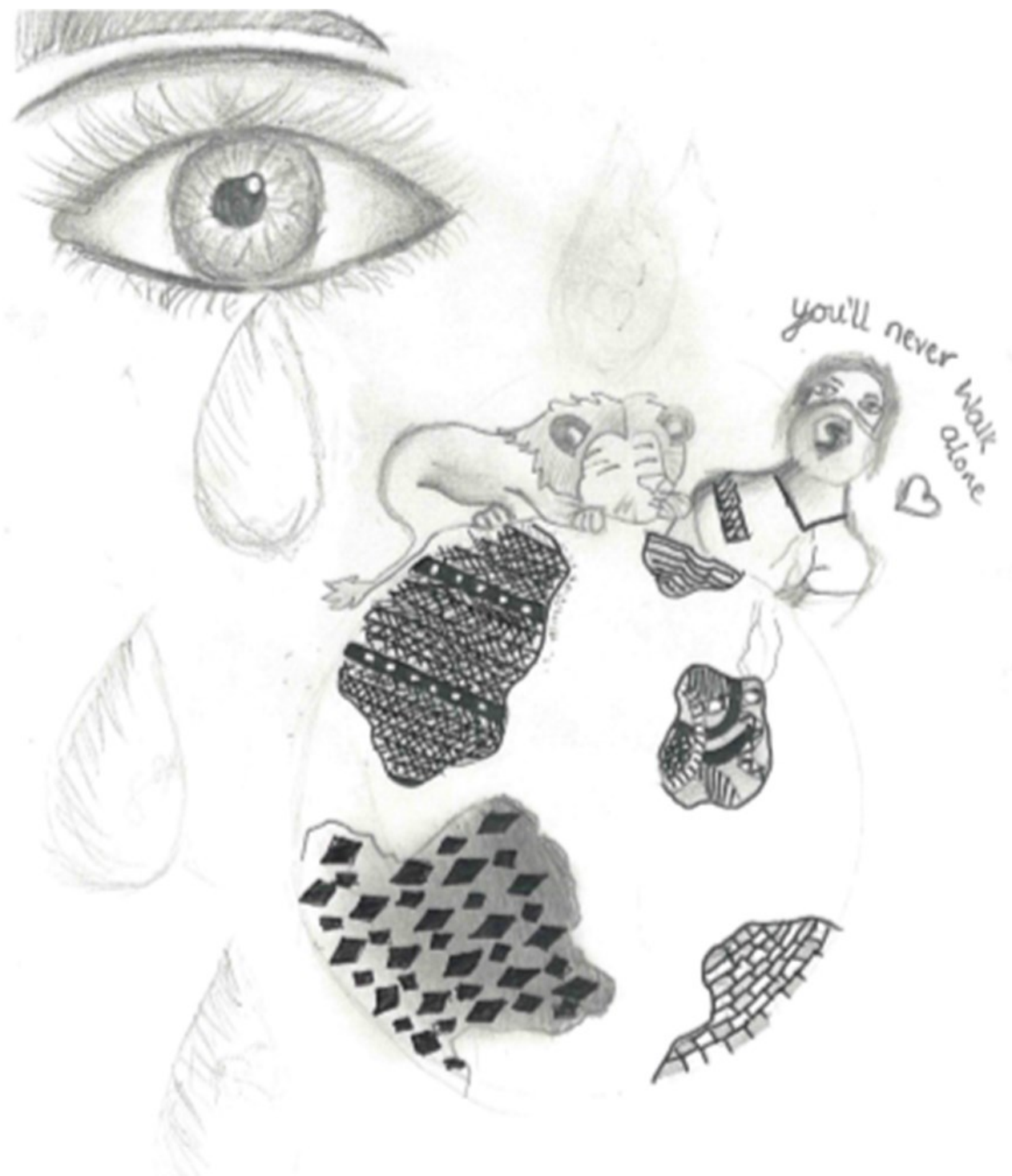
The scorching sun went into hiding, hiding in fear and dismay,
Terror watched on, continuing his paralyzing display,
An eerie fog loomed over us and our beloved home,
As terror watched on, and began to finish his roam.

But still, through the spyglass will always live hope,
Even as it crumbles, or we decline the slope,
Let us live in unity, and always believe
Focus on future, it'll come, I never try to deceive.

Sonny Owens, Y8
Meadowhead

People stayed home
And rested and exercised and made art as well as playing outside and learned new ways of creativity,
Some people meditated
Some people prayed,
Some people met their shadow
There was dead silence,
The water was as clear as ice
The Earth had a breath,
Even the world was healed
People started started to make a different side of themselves,
Away from family and friends,
Hugs and kisses becomes a dream
Animals started to roam the street
People were hiding inside,
Seeing people became a dream
Face masks were hard to bare,
2 metres was horrible
Shops closed,
We had to queue for supermarkets,
Days were repeating itself
It was all the same,
The word was dead on the outside
But amazing on the inside
The world had a 7 month holiday,
People started to realise that the world was coming back from the dead,
People started to have Zoom parties, great atmosphere
Everyone started to look on the positive side,
And started to realise that we can get out this together

Charlie Shanley-Baty
Woodseats



I once remember a narrow-crowded street packed with busy people rushing here and there. Cars pipping at one and other as they were late for work. The sound of voices and music filled the air. There were people from all over the country to buy what they needed or just to have a day out. From clothes to food to jewellery, shops everywhere filled with families and friends. The normal life.

Life that was once filled with joy and happiness. Now it is filled with fear. The street that was once filled with life lies silent and almost forgotten. Leaves from the trees fell like tears of sadness. It seemed that nature itself had lost its smile. Will the world ever go back to normal? Everything is quiet and lifeless, roads empty and shops are closed. Everywhere I go, everything that is now lost hopes for the normal life. The normal life, maybe it was a dream, maybe it was just a story. The life we all remember and want back, how long will this go on for? Will the nightmare stay with us? This was the year when the world stopped. It was like time had frozen. Everyone afraid to come out because of the war between us and the deadly virus...

It all happened so fast, lockdown came and everyone stayed at home. At first it seemed the virus was winning but sometime after, a vaccine was made and we started to get rid of the nasty disease. We all hope one day life will go back to normal but until then, we will help one other and stop the virus.

We have lost lives, we have lost hope but together we will fight and win this war. We will not give up. We are strong, we are brave and together we are unstoppable.

Alicia Parker, Y11
Meadowhead

Covid-19 is serious,
It has changed our world so much.
We all now feel anxious,
Covid-19 is a deadly virus passed on through touch.

We have been told to stay at home where it's safe,
And not to go on long adventures,
To do one hour maximum of exercise,
We are trying to find enough vaccines but they are in a maze.

When we were told to go outside
We took our first step out the door
And the world was clean.

Daniel Currie, Y5
Norton Free

When The Walls Came Closing In

When the walls came closing in, how times have changed.
People have suffered, people becoming deranged.
Things have been destroyed, things beyond repair.
People mad and distraught, and tearing out their hair.

But if we have learned something from this,
Is to enjoy the things that come for granted,
Things that we might miss.
People have suffered, people have chanted,

For change in the way we think
Because things as simple as a school bus, as we know,
In the time that it takes you to blink,
Those simple things go running away from us.

Henry Dunker, Y7
Meadowhead

The Lights in the Darkness

We were stopped from seeing our friends, our family.
School shut and we worked online.
Work shut and we were furloughed.
You couldn't go outside.
You couldn't go on holiday.
Locked alone in your house, no contact.
Lots were lonely or sad.
But then,
We stepped back to look at the view
And the lights were so beautiful
And there were so many.

The world had come together to support
Black Lives Matter.
People had come together to support the NHS.
We got to spend time with our family,
Appreciated the Facetimes with our friends.
We learnt new things,
Were able to grow without pressure
And find ourselves.
We got healthier
And did exercise.
The world began to repair because we were stopped
from doing some of the damage.

So many good things came out of lockdown,
You just need to stop and look to find them.

Lexi Walker, Y9
Meadowhead

Last Year,
There were deserted towns
Last Year,
Schools went down
Last Year,
We had to go on Zoom calls
And we couldn't even play a match of football

Last Year,
Masks covered our face
Last Year,
We could make a quarantine base
Now we can leave our place.

Amelie Harrison, Y5
Norton Free

I cannot escape this walking dream,
Ambulance sirens,
Boredom, loneliness,
Time is timeless
Humans in cages,
The time will come,
The air will be kind
Long relationships behind
The quarantine line,
Birds chirping
Some animals may walk some may rest
Empty streets call for us
Worry for the people around us
One hour outside a day for exercise
Caged for months and months
Some met their shadow,
Earth healing nature growing
Animals getting more revealed to the world
Clapping for the NHS 8pm every night

Evie-Mae Harding-Willoughby
Woodseats

The day Boris announced,
The world laid still,
It was like a light switch had been flicked off,
Everyone had one phrase swimming in their minds,
Stay home, Stay safe, Protect the NHS,

Days, nights, hours, weeks, months,
Went flying past,
All the time wasted sat on the sofa,
Time with friends flushed away,
Shop supplies running low,
Toilet roll, hand sanitizer, canned food,
Stay at home, stay at home,

Panic going in our heads,
Are my grandparents ok?
No hugs or kisses,
They were the main killers,
Stay safe, stay safe

Many recovered,
Many died,
We lost many heroes,
Including Tom Moore
All he wanted to is raise money,
And walk,
Round and round his garden he went,
We will get through this,
If we stick together,
Get these main roads busy again,
Let the light come on once again

Elsie Cockayne
Woodseats

A Deafening Silence

People stayed at home,
A deafening silence took a hold,
Animals taking over the cities,
And no more people to make the world bold,

People stayed at home,
Social media took a hold,
The NHS working hard,
To help us as we go on,

Lockdown,
Boris saying NO,
All of his graphs,
And staying at home,

Everything was closed,
Nobody to kill the earth,
So it started to heal,
And many new births,

China,
The smog has cleared,
We can finally see its beauty,
Without a mask needed,

A deafening silence,
COVID 19,
The Earth is mending,
So let it do so.

Holly Nile
Woodseats

The world we knew has changed so much
Never needing to think about
Who we saw, what we did,
Who to hug, or who to kiss.

Then it came...
Silently
S l o w a t f i r s t
But all too soon, it was moving too fast

LOCKDOWN

Everything stopped
No going anywhere – not even school!
That was now in the living room
Families torn apart.

The world started to Zoom on by
This was the only way to see people
Unless you went for your daily walk
Then other people would avoid you as though you had it.

It?
The invisible killer
Clapping for those who worked on the front line
Of the war against our new enemy.

But stay at home under rainbows we did
And little by little we had our freedom
Jabs in people's arms helped to stop it in its path
The end dream is so close

So close we can nearly touch it
Hug those we love and who we have missed
Get out on the sports field again
And return to a new normal life

We may still need to be careful as
We definitely don't want the dark clouds to return
But spring is on its way
As is the hope of the world starting again.

Daniel Carnall, Y7
Meadowhead

This is a time we will never forget
A time of pain, sadness and endless regret
We have all fought so hard and we keep on
battling
No matter how hard it gets we will keep on
tackling

But some people found a way to put a smile on
our face
Sir Captain Tom and his garden race
Clapping on the roads every Thursday night
The neighbours in pyjamas, oh what a sight

This is a time we will never forget

Abi Clark, Y8
Meadowhead

Empty

A single leaf skitters along the dusty pavement.
Twirling, swirling skipping past a window,
Where a young girl looks out at an abandoned
street
Occupied only by a blackbird and crow.
The sun: peeking out through the curtain of clouds
Sees emptiness and loneliness and sorrow.
Trees withered, old and frail,
And dark houses row on row.

But somewhere in the darkness
Mother Nature stirs from her slumber.
Something beautiful is thriving,
Bringing a distant promise of approaching
summer.
A stillness has descended on the quiet streets,
Lonely, yet beautiful and purely serendipitous
Life is growing in the wake of human absence
And the girl sees the empty as something truly
precious.

Mairin Taylor, Y8
Meadowhead

The year the world stopped,

Earth stood as still as a rock,
Hugs and kisses become weapons,
And we could barely stay afloat,
When we could not leave,
Bodies were carried.

The year the world stopped,
It was the last stroke of death,
People found new ways of living.

As earth healed,
Humans were stuck in cages,
And the sea became as clear as a diamond,
As the air was as fresh as ice.

As evil as poison,
Our lungs got filled with disease,
Yet earth's lungs had a breath,
Dead silence as the wildlife come to town.

Isla Lomer
Woodseats

When seeing your friends was forbidden,
And you had to talk through a screen.
Mental health deteriorating,
It felt like you weren't being seen.
A constant banging headache,
Caused by obsessing over silly posts.
There was nothing better to do with our time,
We started losing hope.

Announcement after announcement,
Bad news constantly flooded our minds.
School work was moved online,
The world seemed to be going blind.
It felt like there was no light to be seen at the end,
But then the regulations started easing and easing
again.
So now we should thank all essential workers who,
Put their lives on the line to save me and you.

Isabella Duncan, Y8
Meadowhead

A Gasp For Air

We fell asleep, and woke up in another,
The world fell apart.
Nobody felt as if they could be free,
Nobody felt as if they could even do anything about it.
The earth was screaming for air,
Not a peep came out.
Even at its darkest shriek,
Nobody could hear.

We went from hugging, listening to every word they had to say
Because you never know how long you'll be able to do this for,
Then that became a reality.
We were forced to stay in the place we spend most,
We felt trapped.
Families drifting,
Families getting sick and tired
Of spending every minute with the people they love.
There was no hope.

We had finally come to a worse version of our fear,
The act of love we do now is staying away from our loved ones,
And when we don't, we use it as a weapon to them.
Staying inside is our main priority,
Not doing makes the earth crumble into ash more.
Wearing masks is a cry for help,
But without them, we would crumble with the earth.
We pray every night that this bitter weather passes,
The weather is always the same.

These cries are slowly fading away,
We're all getting better.
The best part is,
Nobody has to feel alone.
We're all in this together,
Doesn't matter whether you're
On the other side of the country to your other family.
Doesn't matter if your not as bad as some others,
Because no matter what,
We're all stuck in this together.

The places where we could barely see its beauty,
Was so clear now.
Maybe to clear.
Disney has gone "bibba-dee-boppy-a-de-doo"
And lost its magic,
Just like our hobbies and what we used to love.

We are all here,
On Earth,
For a very good reason.
We were brought here to be combined as one whole.
A whole heart, a whole world, a whole big family.
I'm so glad I get to at least know
That we're all in this new world together.
This is our new everything.
New normal,
New home.
And no matter how much we hate it,
We have to face this together.
We no longer have to have 'a gasp for air'.

Isabella Hobson
Woodseats

Point of View

A young girl bored as can be sat drawing at her desk,
She probably could have slept in but couldn't find any rest,
So, she drew,

She drew a stretch of road much like the one outside her house,
But something was not right here,
It was as quiet as a mouse,
No,
People were not on the streets,
They were tucked up in their beds,
Parents having to teach their kids,
It really hurts the head,

Children don't play in the park,
Or walk the dog,
Bark bark!
They're stuck on their computers,
On all the video games,
With only being able to Facetime friends,
Their lives are kind of plain,

People losing jobs,
Still with old worries too,
Still worried about cancer, politics, the flu,
Businesses close their doors,
When we need them more.

So, you may wonder what are these ideas inside her head?
A wild fantasy?
A future book of dread?
No,
This is all true,
For this is how this girl confused as can be,
Saw her world in 2020.

***Helen Heeley, Y8
Meadowhead***

The Girl by the Window

A girl by the window, imprisoned inside,
Nothing to do, told to hide,
Her palm to the window, staring out through the glass,
When would this end, how could it pass?

The girl sighed, looking out at the street,
Normally so noisy, now incomplete,
The shops were deserted, the school windows dark,
This was far from a walk in the park.

The TV blared on, but she knew what it said,
The numbers were rising, more people were dead,
To her, it was living, this COVID-19,
There was nothing to stop it, no vaccine.

Yes, it brought the neighbours together,
But what good what that when you're caught on a tether?
Leave the house for one hour every day,
But don't leave the region, other people stay away.

The girl considered, there was some good,
Emissions were falling, so she understood,
Levels of carbon dioxide went down,
The skies were clearer over her town.

People adapted, they learned to survive,
Maybe she could too; live, and thrive,
Use Zoom, FaceTime, Skype, all those things,
Find her own way, use her own wings.

Yes, she decided, that's what she would do,
She'd live the life she could, until it withdrew,
It didn't help anyone to sit, all morose,
It couldn't last long; the end must be close.

The girl smiled, looked back at those days,
They were the ones that made her think,
"Sometimes the things we hate the most,
Will keep us from the brink."

Her world today was better,
The skies were blue and clean,
The people learned to smile again,
Reflected on what had been.

While the virus spread and flew,
The lessons learned were plenty,
The most important one however,
Was that hindsight's 2020.

Lucy Hallam, Y9
Meadowhead

2020

An ode to twenty-twenty,
A requiem for the dead,
It creeps,
Invisible, opaque,
It made the world halt to a fast break.
This virus mocks us,
It is the very definition of cynical,
Satirical, ironic,
It laughs in the face of mercy and relishes in the
demise of us,
Humans.
It is an ally of nature, it allows the birds to sing, the
plants to grow,
As it mocks us from the other side of our windows,
Tapping at the glass.
Who knew?
Who knew that the world would flourish without
us?
How the plants grin, how the sky sings,
With the melody of the clouds, swaying side to
side,
As we sit in a vegetative state,
In our man-made world,
In our brick fortress
Locked to others from the inside.
Are we really social creatures?
Or is that an idiom used far too much to validate
our fast-paced lives?
There is something bittersweet laced in this virus,
It has reminded us that we are not the only ones
on this planet,
So, we should leave some room for our insects,
our nature, our animals,
Be the democracy, not the dictator.

Faye Richardson, Y9
Meadowhead

A Story

A young girl asked, "Can you tell me a story?"
A lady replied "Of course, sit down little Lori"
This story is about a germ we called Covid
It made people scared, it made people livid
It took over the world, it took over our lives
There were new rules like no high fives
It was sad, I won't lie to you
There were tears being shed, quite a few
There were queues of distant, hidden faces
For empty buildings or silent places
The news was filled with sadness and doom
People began to see the endless gloom
Restrictions were lifted, restrictions were set
People got bored, so they ordered a pet
The outside world got attention, more than before
Nature was happy to open its door
Finally, there was a cure, things looked good
There was a better future, we were glad we
Withstood
Covid was gone, people were free
There's away out, a golden key
This started sad but ended in glory
So how was that for a story Lori
The girl replied, "It was great. But is it true?"
And the lady said "It's as real as me and you."

Anya Barrett, Y7
Meadowhead

