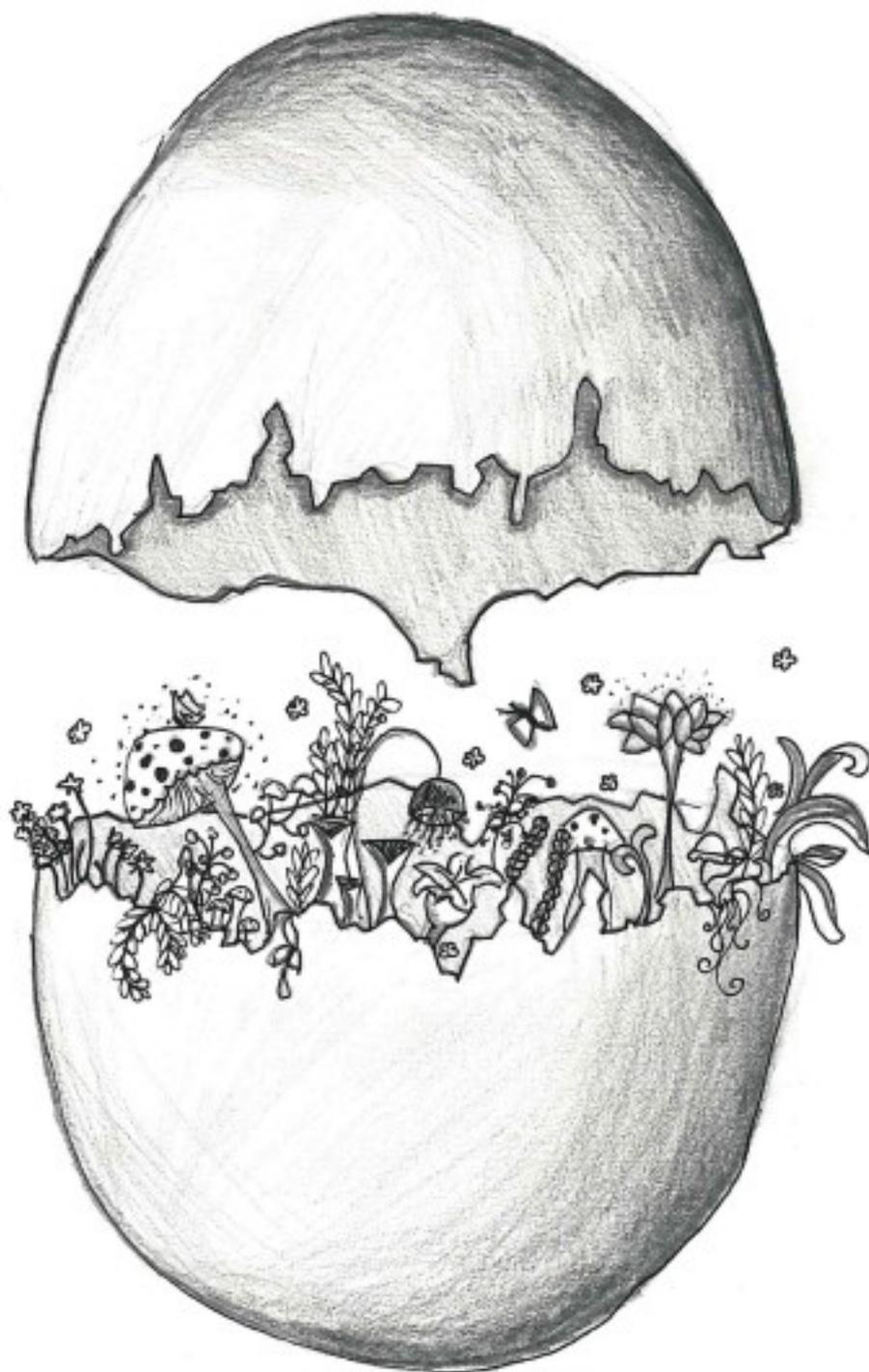


Everyone A Writer 2022



Lily Kamperin Flint Y7

New Beginnings



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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. Next year will mark a decade of this competition. In this anthology, you will find work from students of Abbey Lane and Lower Meadow Primary Schools, 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 Udall for her invaluable support working with primaries and also helping to boost our bank balance—thanks to her this year we were awarded a Tesco grant that we have been able to spend on prizes for every anthology entrant, contribute to Trust school libraries and even book a guest poet for the day of the 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.

Our children have been asked to consider the theme “New Beginnings”, which felt apt for the “post-Covid” world we now find ourselves in. An optimistic choice, perhaps, as when the academic year started there still hung an air of uncertainty, and whilst most restrictions were lifted illness still plagued. In many ways, this was our most disrupted year yet.

As we gently slid back towards normality as the school year progressed however, a low burning tension began to simmer for our society. No one could have predicted the events in Ukraine, a moment of such historical significance that many students returned to their anthology entries and resubmitted—a new beginning through a very different lens. You will find some of these entries in the back of the anthology.

Once again I am struck by the resilience of our young people, currently living through a state now referred to as a “perma-crisis”, who demonstrate empathy and compassion in the face of tyranny, and strive for normality after an inexplicably disrupted start to the new decade. Like the Phoenix, our school emblem and the focus of so many entries this year, they are inspired by the idea of a fresh start. They are determined to make this year a new beginning.

For the last two years outside of normal circumstances, our celebration event has taken place virtually. Finally, this year, we are able to return and gather to celebrate our students once again. We can once again reunite to celebrate together, hear entries performed live, and our winners can even shake hands! It truly is a new beginning.

We hope you enjoy the anthology.

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

A New Year



Katrina Lees Y7

A New Page

The blank white sheet spread across the computer screen before me.
This was a nightmare come true.
A blank page.
An unwritten story.
I struggled for ideas but my mind went blank.
I thought some more and my fingers began to tap at my keyboard.

First just a word.

Then came a sentence and soon a whole paragraph.
A sense of relief washed over me.

Now only a few hundred more pages to go.

Henry Prestwich, Y8
Meadowhead School

Is This Life?

Is this life? Being let out of my house?
Tell me now is this a dream I'm living
Yet something strikes my feelings
Excitement? Happiness? Yes it's those emotions.

Wow... Grass? Flowers? Other people and the sky.
Everything is so bright and vibrant, it's an eye-sore
Fresh air strikes my face yet I don't feel amused by it.
It's too much being let outside
I got so used to the inside that this feels abnormal
Maybe this is my new beginning.

Sabrina Faize, Y8
Meadowhead School

Change is coming
Birds chirping and bees humming
Purple and yellow flowers bloom
Leaving behind the dull, grey gloom

Change is coming
Cool, bitter air
Wet, dewy grass
Forget about the past

Change is coming

Emma Saxelby-Newall, Y9
Meadowhead School

Winter turns to spring,
The dull white comes to colour.
As life comes back from the ground,
Nothing is gone forever.
So don't let the memories drift away,
Don't let the joy turn to dismay.
As the winter air freezes the way,
Spring comes round to save the day.

The sun shines down once again,
To symbolise the start of today.
Forget the bad things from before,
As it doesn't matter,
About your flaws,
No one's perfect after all.
Just appreciate the day ahead.
If you don't take it out your brain,
It will leave a dark place,
Forever in your mind.

Alex Dickson, Y7
Meadowhead School

This will be a new start
One of many

Although this chapter is nearly done
In a year's time
A beautiful new chapter
will begin

The petals of a
Cherry blossom
Bloom

However this life
Is fleeting, soon to be
A gnarled tree
Lifeless once again

But then the next year
Will come around
Show its beauty once again
That will fade away

This will be a new start
One of many.

Matthew Gregory, Y9
Meadowhead School

10. The Line Islands celebrate the New Year first; they mark the occasion by decorating their homes with flowers.
9. Then in New Zealand, people link arms and sing folk songs to celebrate New Year's.
8. Australians celebrate by going on boats and crowding in town centres to count down and have firework displays.
7. Japan celebrate next - they spend time with family and by visiting shrines in large crowds.
6. Nepal celebrates the New Year by dancing in the street in parades and reunite with friends and family.
5. In Germany there are many concerts around New Year.
4. Additionally, in Greece they spend the time playing cards with family.
3. Most people in England spend New Year watching fireworks in London, and having parties with friends and family.
2. In Scotland it is called Hogmanay and people see in the New Year with traditions such as bringing coal and singing Auld Lang Syne.
1. Finally in the USA they celebrate New Year by counting down on the big screens in the city with drinks. Times Square is the most famous of these.

People like to make New Year's resolutions, things they want to achieve in the New Year and habits they may want to break.

Harrison Thompson, Y7
Meadowhead School

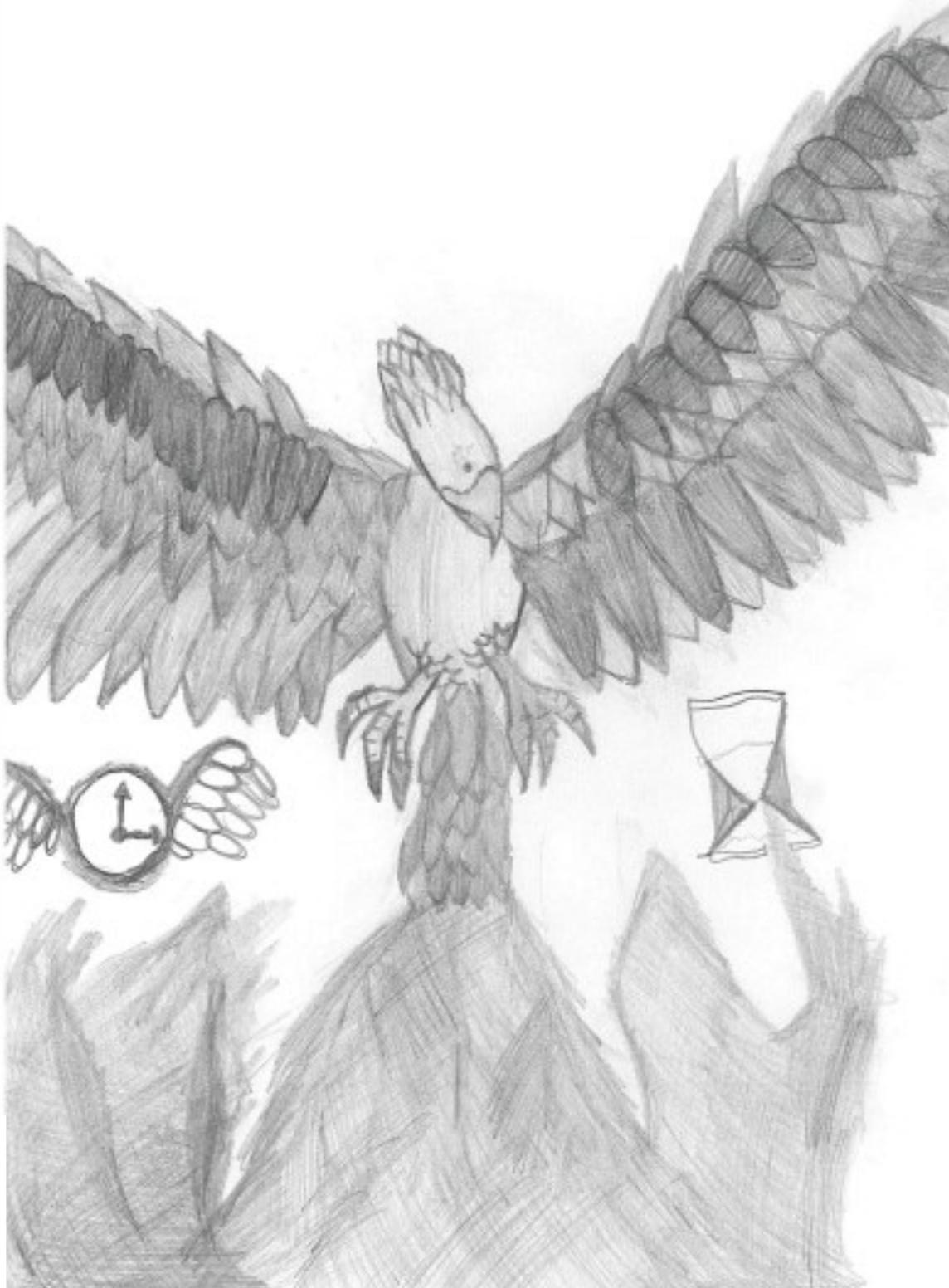
Flame

At the new year, when weather is dreary,
And although holding on we begin to grow weary.
We have something to hope for when good spirits are few,
When the world starts again, and life is renewed.
We all rise up, up into fame,
Up, up, like a phoenix, a flame.

*Daniel Wellings, Y9
Meadowhead School*

The sun rises,
as the weather surprises,
A new life for me and you,
COVID eases like it had to do,
The past two years have hurt me to,
No more suffering or any pain,
As springtime comes round again,
Now our minds are relieved,
And most of our past lives are retrieved.

*Ben Pashley, Y7
Meadowhead School*



Joseph Higgins Y7

Now this virus is almost done
Everyone can meet up and have some fun
We're all so relieved
Because there is no more being trapped inside
Everything is nearly back normal
Get celebrating because new beginnings await
Is everything finally going to be restored?
Now that our prime minister announced
No more being locked up
Inside our packed houses
Now back to walking dogs
Getting together with friends
So let's start this new beginning and pray this will end

Freddie Bancroft, Y8

Meadowhead School

Winter

The cold snow falling around me,
Rising and rising,
Pass my boots up to my knees
And I'm laughing with glee.

A warm hot chocolate by the fire,
Topped with marshmallows and cream
Sipping and drinking,
Filling my body with heat.

Snowflakes twinkling,
Sticking to the window,
Glistening in the reflection
The wind closing the door.

Icicles growing on the edge of the roof,
Sharp like blades,
Prickling the tip of my finger,
As the sun comes out they fade.

Is winter really gone?

Katara Hawley, Y9

Meadowhead School

New Beginnings

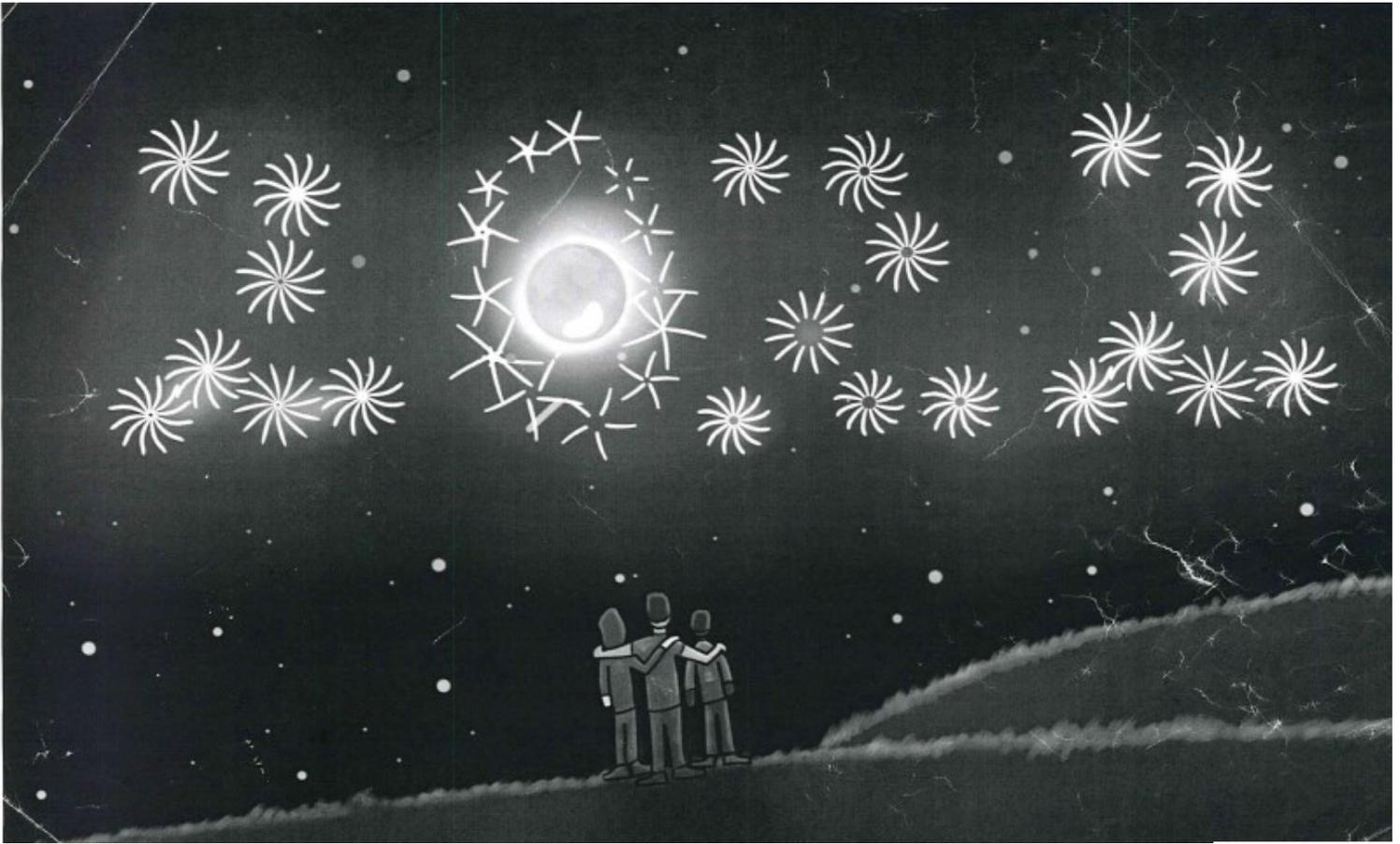
As the clocks strike 12
We celebrate the New Year
Try to forget the previous year

We have grief for the ones we lost
But we know we still love them and have them in
our hearts

As we start the next day of the New Year
We try to forget the previous year
Shops closed
Society worried
Losing lost ones
And school closed
Months after months stuck at home with the ones
we know and love
We start a New Year with a new beginning

Aisha Hamid, Y8

Meadowhead School



Roy Keeling Y7

Here's a Toast

Death and life is an everyday thing that happens right under our noses
So here's a toast.

Here's toast to a new beginning, a fresh start, a new calendar.

Here's a toast to drawing a line under your past this year: it is all about looking ahead and forgetting our behind.

Here's a toast to a new day as the sun and moon take shifts over the big sky.

3...2....1...

Here's a toast to the ones we love the most.

Happy New Year

Ronnie Mangham, Y7
Meadowhead School

Hope

I sat there, on my bed,
Crying,
Crying till I could cry no more,
How long,
How long I asked,
Why,
Why this area,
Why not there or there,
Why here,
Why us,
Don't worry, my parents said,
Don't worry,
It will all be ok,
It will be over before you know it,
That was before I knew what was going to happen,
I thought about my family, my friends and myself,
About how I won't be able to see them for a long time,
If I will ever get to see them again,
I didn't know what was to become of it,
This unknown virus thing,
Would I be able to go out, or socialise or even go to school?
I wondered if these would have to stop till this virus went away,
But then, it all became real,
No more,
No more fun or love,
No more playing on the street or friends coming round for tea,
No more lively streets,
No more life,
No more,
No more than hope,
Waiting for a new beginning,

Now,
More than a year has past,
No normality,
But wait...

There is still hope,
Hope, sneaking onto the plate,
The plate that has been bare for all of the human race,
Our futures may not be futures at all,
But bad fates,
All our endings looked the same at that point,
If only, if only,
More time has past and we are all still waiting,
Waiting, waiting,
And waiting since 2020,
Where is the new beginning?

But now the hope is all fading after time,
After all this time,
It's nothing more than depression,
What is the point,
The point in life,
The point in living a peaceful life,
The point in waiting for a new beginning,
But wait, what's that?
Appearing out of nowhere like a brightly coloured rainbow,
In a dark, gloomy, rainy sky,
Could it be,
Could it be our knight in shining armour,
Our saviour, our god?

YES!
YES it is,
A new year,
A clear new year,
The hope comes back,
My hope arises like a bird taking flight,
Like a volcano erupting,
Like a ticking time bomb going off,
Like a chemical reaction with water and metal exploding,
Could it really be,
The hope is coming back,
Back to me,
Back to us,
Back to the nation,
Back to the world,
The adrenaline kicks in, my hearts skips a beat,
Is this the new beginning?
5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Now it's 2022,
And all is clear and bright,
Sunny skies,
And bright new bustling life,
And here,
Here is our new beginning,
A beginning of love,
A beginning of joy,
A beginning we all won't forget,
Our new lives,
We all start to regrow,
Like a phoenix from the ashes,
Thank you for our new beginning,
Thank you for no more desolate streets,
And no more bad news,
Thank you hope,
Thank you world,
Thank you.

Sienna Turner, Y9
Meadowhead School

New Beginnings

As the clock strikes 12
There was a sense of hope for this new year,
As the previous years were filled with fear.
After a horrific experience we lived,
There was grief for those we lost.
As we hoped this would be the last,
As it happened so fast,
Months we wasted worrying; if we could get food and supplies,
Panic buyers hogging it all,
Some shoppers that only manage to get something small.
Protests fighting for what they believe in,
Live lessons that were not fun - they were awful!
The country went crazy.
Queues that were hours long just to get into a shop.
Swabs we had to put up our nose and in our throats,
Isolation for 14 days,
Lockdown after lockdown,
Everyone was down,
Not being able to see family and friends.
Now it's the new year,
So, let's just hope,
The worst years of our lives are over.

***Sophie Brameld, Y8
Meadowhead School***

Four Seasons

Remember the time of year,
Flowers blooming so bright,
Days getting longer,
The feeling of warmth finally running through your bones again,
Writing the first date on the calendar,
A fresh start.

Remember the time of year,
The sweet sensation of ice cream melting on your tongue,
Waking up to the shine of sun bursting through,
The rush of cool water running against your body,
A fresh start.

Remember the time of year,
Piles and piles of leaves dancing and swaying on the ground,
Trees bare, shivering in the gales,
Days gradually getting shorter,
The new school year has just begun, and you are already tired,
A fresh start.

Remember the time of year,
Snow landing gently,
Walking onto a blank canvas not knowing where it will take you,
Wrapping up warm and cosy,
A fresh start.

***Ava Colton, Y9
Meadowhead School***

Nature

Another year, new chances,
While nature repeats its dances,
The flowers push up through the thawing ground,
All the new beginnings,
But eventually the new beginnings will become old,
And be replaced by new beginnings,
Another year new chances,
As a sapling pushes up through the leaves of the past,
Now their leaves open up to the sun,
It has a whole life, far from done
Many new beginnings later the tree will fall
Nethertheless more new beginnings will come of its death,
And the sun will rise on
Another year.

Charles Bright, Y9

Meadowhead School

New Beginnings

Ring. An unplanned call.
She picks up the phone.
Ping. A new message.
They open the text.
Ding. An odd visit.
He unlocks the door.
They had a normal winter.
She worked away the rest of December
They tried to start their New Year's Resolution of getting better at art
And he watched embarrassing films for all of Valentine's Day
Spring brought the opposite of growth and joy
She was more bitter than the lemons that she couldn't squeeze properly on Pancake Day
They almost screamed seeing couples channels doing stupid Easter videos
And he swore that he would punch someone if he had to stay in that quiet house the whole of May
Summer saw them try everything under the sun
She finally went with the rest of her family to Church in June
They volunteered to help with the Independence Day parade
And he committed to helping to run holiday clubs the whole of August
Autumn could not have been more miserable
She quit her job in September annoyed by all the happy families buying up
shelves of stationary for the new school year
They lay in bed all season, only moving to give children their desired sweets on Halloween
And he watched the bonfire from his living room enviously, hearing everybody laughing the whole night
Then it was December again
She accepted her mother would never walk through the front door again
showing off some silly Christmas ornaments
They realised that they would never be forced to watch some corny Christmas film with their partner
And he acknowledged that his sister would never again wake him up absurdly early just to open presents that
they'd ordered online a few weeks before
And so they all began again
Like each of us do

Amelia Beckett, Y8

Meadowhead School

The Clock

A glowing circle at the top of a tower.
A face that peers through time like a looking glass.
A symbol of things to come, a memory of things gone by.
A thought that stands alone for all of the past, present and future.
A reminder of loss.
A celebration of victory.
A soldier that marches ever on.
As dawn turns into dusk,
It never sleeps, never wakes.
And as its hands align,
And point to the stars,
It opens the door of a new day.

Jessica Crump, Y7

Meadowhead School

Un Nouveau Depart

Well the time has come,
For the moment of the new,
Some dread me, they end up in the blue,
I can come in many
shape or sizes,
Many forms and guises.

Zoe Burkinshaw, Y9

Meadowhead School



Birth



Miracle!

A miracle just arrived today,
A little baby has come to play.
With miniature fingers and tiny toes,
Mommy's eyes and daddy's nose.

God has blessed me with you my dear,
I'll hold you close and forever near.
We can all use what you shall give,
So rise with wonder as you live.

Always remember you're a shining star,
And we'll always love you for who you are.
Your heart is full with lots of love,
A precious bird flying above.

We glance into you sparkly eyes,
And we always like to realise. . .
The beauty that God has given you,
Will always pass us through.

Aalayah, Y6
Abbey Lane

I am a book that has just been written
I am young like a new born kitten
Will I be left on a shelf or will I be read
"What will happen?" I said in my head
My curiosity burns greatly like a star
I need to know will my story go so far?
Will it inspire young growing minds
I am I fiction or fact, there are so many kinds

I wait for ages but know one will read me
The only company I have is a bush like tree
My excitement begins to shrink and shrink
My story must be sad or bad is what I think
Never thought I would have to wait so long
I wish to hear something a voice, a song
Instead I sit silently under the thickening dust
Waiting for a person, anyone to give my trust

What can I see? A hand reaching far out
Will this hand find out what my stories about
It flicks through my pages reads my blurb,
The person smiles then says "this book is superb"
She hugs me and I realise I have found a friend
I suppose all lonely times have to come to an end

Anya Barrett, Y8
Meadowhead School

Birthday Queen

The sun has risen,
It's my time to shine,
Smallest to largest all in a line,
The candles are lit giving me butterflies,
The balloons are dancing have a good time,
When the sun set strikes,
My day is over,
Closing my eyes and dreaming of another.

Edie Thomas, Y7
Meadowhead School

Beautiful baby, your beginning is new.
This is what I can tell you to help you on your way:
Always be careful to not hurt yourself.
Remember not to talk to strangers and don't follow strangers.
Never walk out on your own.
Be careful of the dangers of the world.

New beginnings can be the start of something truly amazing.

Alex, Y2
Abbey Lane

The embryo plants itself
Inside the woman's womb
The foetus takes its shape
And starts the process very soon

The head, the body, and limbs take form
Within the first few months
The stomach starts to swell
Into a lovely little bump

Fingers and toes develop
As do the eyes and ears
A little button nose is formed
And the little face appears

The organs all grow as time goes on
The baby now fully developed
The waiting game for labour starts

This is a new beginning
Of nature taking its course
The birth of a new born baby
Nature is such a strong force.

Jorja Webster, Y8
Meadowhead School

Another year begins and time rolls in
Here you are,
As delicate as a raindrop,
As small as a feather

Hard to think you were made for this world,
A place where a single pull of a trigger
Could lead to the loss of a loved one.

Where poor beings are suffering because of the polluted toxins
These evolved snakes created.

Your eyes,
So amazed by the colours around,
I fear that light will fade,
When the clouds of reality block them from its source.
I carried you, now I love you.
For what will come I can only apologise.

Jamilia Rozario-Hunter, Y9
Meadowhead School

My lass, my lass
I am trapped
Locked in bars
Hidden within scars
Beauty in a brute
Thrown down a different route

My lass, my lass
I am nothing but my actions
All that's left is adaptations
If only I could retreat
But yet I must face defeat
My precious, my beauty
I am not a man of cruelty

My lass, my lass
My soul is pure
I mean nothing of war
My dear I am to blame
For all I feel is shame
The same gaze may never meet my
face again
My dear I hope you feel no blame

My lass, my lass
I dream the day we meet
Without glass between our seats
Future of the touch
Her dinky hand in my clutch
My lovely speckled star
My lass, close yet far

My lass, my lass
I will see you
When life is not so blue
I will meet you at a bend
As all beginnings come to an end

Olivia Hepworth, Y8
Meadowhead School

Beautiful baby, your beginning is new.
This is what I can tell you to help you on your way:
Always learn and listen because you will be smart.

Remember to be respectful and kind.
Never be naughty, instead try your hardest to be good.
Be kind and helpful all of the time.

New beginnings can be the start of something truly special.

Bella, Y2
Abbey Lane

Dear wonderful baby,
I am truly thankful for you to come into my life you
are probably super super kind.
Here is some friendly advice:
Always stand up for friends and family.
Always be kind and helpful to others.

From Darcy H.

PS. I will be there for you always.

Darcy, Y2
Abbey Lane

Safety Net

I leave my safe place to jump into the unknown
Like a bird leaving its nest for the very first time.

My feelings move from fear to hope,
Im a traveller with the world at my feet!

My journey began at the age of 4,
When I had only just learnt to stand.

They wobbled at first but soon became strong.

Over the first few years,
Life is a roller-coaster and my feet never touch the ground.

Suddenly I became a grown-up,
The safety net disappeared from under me.

“Good luck!” they shouted,
I didn’t want to let them down.

Now the pressure begins.

Kaitlin Smith, Y9
Meadowhead School

Beautiful baby, your beginning is new.

This is what I can tell you to help you on your way:

Always be kind and ready to learn.

Remember to be loving and respectful.

Never hurt others.

Be grateful for all the good things you have.

New beginnings can be the start of something truly magical.

Ishaq, Y2
Abbey Lane

Egg Crack

What is being held in the oval cage?,
The creature being held is in an outrage
The sand is pouring, it is nearly time
The chick is waiting impatiently in line
The shell is split in two,
The chick looks out to only see a few.
What a wonderful world.

Logan Rust, Y7
Meadowhead School

Beautiful baby, your beginning is new.

This is what I can tell you to help you on your way:

Always please and thank you.

Remember only eat everything what is edible.

Never try to be someone else.

Be respectful. Be patient. Be yourself. Be kind. Be thoughtful. Be adventurous.

New beginnings can be the start of something truly amazing.

Maxwell Y2

Abbey Lane

A pregnant ewe, an engorged udder and the bleating sheep sending out a distress alarm.

Twirling ringlets bounce off the damp salmon skin,

And under soft plump skin, teeny eyes squint at the glow from the sky.

A stainless, pure child oblivious of the world in front of him.

Resting, under a quilt of its mother, resting.

The dainty limbs buckling under the youngster,

But would never give up.

Eager for freedom, to gallop and spread its wings.

Aids from the ewe, always a helping hand, never a nuisance.

Mimi Viney, Y9

Meadowhead School

Beautiful baby, your beginning is new.

This is what I can tell you to help you on your way:

Always be yourself and don't hesitate to tell someone if

Someone is upsetting you.

Remember not to eat play dough.

Never say swear words in front of an adult.

Be kind and helpful to your parents.

New beginnings can be the start of something truly magic.

Freya, Y2

Abbey Lane

The arguments we've had,

The tears we've shared,

The hope of a change,

The hope of a new day.

The day has come,

The time for a change,

The baby's born,

For us a new day.

Jack Merchant, Y9

Meadowhead School

Spring Has Sprung



Connie Young Y7

In a blanket of white snow there was nothing except three purple flowers. They danced in the breeze.
Nothing around; everything was quiet. Everything was covered with snow, almost like it was suffocating.
Except the purple flowers.
There is still hope.

Ellie Hindle, Y9
Meadowhead School

A bud of a dandelion flower,
Opening more and more after every shower.
The petals fold out,
The colours so bright, they could almost shout.

A newborn lamb takes a step for the first time,
The day has broke and the birds start to chime.
It waddles around, trying to find its stability,
It hasn't quite found its proper agility.

Out of the nest, the baby bird takes its first flight,
Spreading its wings, the whole world comes into sight.
It chirps and it chirrups, breathing in the crisp air,
Its feathers ruffled, he has taken a big dare.

The first morning sunrise,
Light beams onto the earth,
Reflected on the water that trickles down the stream,
Bringing everything to life.

Edith Bannister, Y8
Meadowhead School

Life on earth,
Spring is here
The air is clear
Everybody cheers,
As new life awaits!
Daffodils rise
It is now winter's demise
It's all new
So don't feel blue!
To new beginnings!

Aleena Dell, Y7
Meadowhead

They seek a new life,
Guided by the light,
Gradually growing,
Their future is bright,
Their white petals blooming,
Green stems uncurling,
The seeds are now forming.

Amber, Y6
Abbey Lane

Spring is a new beginning
Spring is a new beginning and bees are buzzing in the flowers
Spring is a new beginning and bees are buzzing in the flower and flowers are blooming.
Spring is a new beginning and bees are buzzing in the flower and flowers are blooming and eggs hatch.

Isaac, Y1
Abbey Lane

The sun is climbing up the sky,
Trees spreading their branches up so high,
Flowers blooming spreading their beauty,
Pleasing passers-by: that's their duty.

Colours spreading all around,
Saplings sprouting out the ground,
It's a new beginning for animals, plants and trees,
It's a new beginning for you and me.

The occasional showers only bring a little dull,
But the rainbows afterwards make it so much fun,
As the giddy animals come out and play,
Think, it's a fresh start, a fresh day.

Spring is a time of hope and joy,
Bringing glee to jolly girls and boys,
It's a new beginning for animals, plants and trees,
It's a new beginning for you and me

Billy, Y6
Abbey Lane

As the possibilities fade
And the door closes
Leaving behind the snow
And cold weather

But across the room is a new door
With new and unique possibilities
Like newborn lambs
And blooming flowers.

Emily Atkinson, Y9
Meadowhead School

As spring awoke from its frosty slumber, so did its luscious bed of unique flowers of all glorious colours.
They gently arose from their lush beds of soil as the emerald green vines climbed up the oak trees,
Wrapping themselves around the ancient, rough bark.
As the orchestra of birds filled the air, it was joined by the patter of bunny feet;
Feet which hopped through the wide vast meadow once again.

Hattie, Y6
Abbey Lane

A Love Poem to Spring

When you arrive, bursts of colour fill my vision
Your beauty is a lion, wild and free
What is simpler than a light frost that crunches beneath your feet?

The scent of your early-morning air that somehow makes me as
happy as the day is long
Tell me, how do you do that?
It must be magic, I think sometimes.
But maybe the sight of your flowers is simply a
promise
That the sun is on her way.

Eva Shaw, Y8
Meadowhead School

Vibrant butterflies yearning,
To escape from a prison of past.
A beautiful rose emerging,
From a small bud's firework blast.

Bird of fire, rising,
To a smoky sky of grey,
The early sun arriving,
The happy twinkle of a cloud-free day.

A tiny sapling growing,
Reaching high to touch the moon.
A brand-new candle glowing,
The old one'll be snuffed out soon.

A new family hoping,
For the best in their new house.
Last year, no one was coping,
This year, we won't doubt.

A fresh start is exciting,
A new beginning here,
In our minds the past is thriving,
It will never disappear.

Katie Hallam, Y7
Meadowhead School

Flowers growing
In to a stem with leaf

That grows into a flower,
It blooms for a while and
Down the petals go
Now the stem
Everything's gone,
It grows again
On and on.

Finlay, Y5
Abbey Lane

As the snow thaws on another winter, the sun rises, banishing the darkness winter once brought. A silhouette of a small, lonely house stood on the horizon in front of the looming forest. A river ran into the trees as the sun's light shone through the branches. Winter had finished, and along with it, the beginning of spring came along. The feeling of warmth means that the colour, previously hidden under layers of snow, can bloom and bring life to this desolate place. The slush and snow have now melted making the grass and ground moist and the sound of birds echoed all around. Spring was on the horizon.

Alfie Hancock, Y9
Meadowhead School



Libby Gray Y7

Thunder clapped, piercing the night sky with its terrifying sound. Rain pelted against the rooves of the houses, cascading in violent streams down the window pane. The wind bounded through the trees like a tidal wave hitting the city. Animals scurried for shelter, having to wait out the treacherous weather. Lightening struck, lighting the sky in a flash of blinding white.

However, on the meadow not far from the big oak, a single stalk has begun to grow by stretching its tendrils towards the sky. The rain had turned to a gentle patter and the wind converted to a tender breeze. Animals left their homes, overjoyed by the fresh variety of unearthed worms. Hope was on the horizon again.

Mia Foster, Y9

Meadowhead School

Plants turn into beautiful flowers and sweet green grass.
Fresh showers and golden hot sun make a colourful rainbow shining in the sky.
Birds are making new songs and beautiful butterflies are on the flowers.

Rosey, Y1

Abbey Lane

The hostile winter came
Cursing the world with misery
The savage gale took revenge
Bringing us frostbiting pain
In its victorious gain

But even in the darkest of times
A spark of hope arises
As spring approaches
Waking the barren world
In its glorious gain

Soon emerald meadows replace the bare horizon
With blazing carpets of bluebells
Dancing crowds of daffodils
And arrays of crocuses glistening with dewdrops
In its magnificent gain

Metamorphosed into a crystal-clear mirror
The petrified and motionless brooks are reborn
Bubbling and rippling softly
A huge curtain of mesmerising diamonds flows down
In its triumphant gain

Perching on the blossoms,
Delightful thrushes, blue tits and robins
Sing melodious symphonies
Spreading cheerful spirit
In its joyful gain

As hope came
And the page has turned
A new day has started
Bringing new beginnings
In its picturesque gain

Tishalee Ramsamy, Y7
Meadowhead School

We were sleeping soundly,
Cowering in our houses,
Blindly following a tiny ray of hope,
We shut down our factories,
Stopped driving our cars,
And out of the dark,
Nature came creeping,
Hugging the world with a gentle touch,
Reversing our damage,
The flowers grew and the fields flourished,
The animals thrived and for a moment,
The world was peaceful.

Marshall Marshall, Y8
Meadowhead School

A world scorched by fire
A lone willow stands
Its branches sway
The willow can barely hang on to what is left

But it must start a new
A lone leaf now hangs on a thread; the willow calls a stem
But it is life at least
Maybe the sky will finally open and the sun will flood in
100 years on that willow still stands as proud as ever
It now stands in a grassy meadow
Its branches bare no longer

George Collins, Y7
Meadowhead School

Winter was there,
The flowers wilted and nobody cared,
The helpless bunnies hid, the canaries migrated,
The fruits dried up and the magpies ceased mating.
Then something happened that wasn't predicted:
One buttercup blossomed and the air filtered,
The bunnies revealed themselves and the canaries soared,
The spring had come: thank you Lord!
The fruits became ripe and the cherry blossoms smiled,
Spiders scuttled out of pipes and the birds flew for miles,
Spring had come, winter had finished.
Spring had brought a new beginning.

Charlie C, Y5
Abbey Lane

A seed.
As it starts,
But from it life blossoms.
A sapling in the soil.
And in time,
Greater it will become,
A mighty oak.
It will grow leaves,
And seeds of its own,
They will drop to the floor.
A seed.
As it starts.

Sidney Lewis, Y8
Meadowhead School

For the first time,
Mother Nature wants to strike back.
For the first time,
She is filled with pure anger.
For the first time,
She wants to meddle where she can't.
For the first time,
She decides, enough is enough!
For the last time,
Friendship will be taken for granted.
For the last time,
She'll allow her children to bleed and be forgotten.
For the last time,
The ones in control will hold her trust.
For the last time,
She will see tears and look the other way.

This time, Mother Nature will fight.

Phoebe Ellis, Y9
Meadowhead School

Waiting to touch the sun
To be showered by the cooling rain
To be called beautiful, unique
Waiting. Waiting

I'm here in the soil
Finding an escape
To a world beyond imagination
Waiting. Waiting

I'm now old
Lived my time through summer and autumn
But winter's here to kill me off
No longer waiting. No longer waiting

I wish I was still young, safe underground
Now my time is up
Not long now
No longer waiting. No longer waiting

Aleesa Amin, Y7
Meadowhead School

A Seed of Hope

One sheet of white sparkling snow
But the seed underneath just below
Now emerging is a stem
A beautiful winter gem

White delicate little petals
So fine and gentle
Just one lonely flower
With resilience and power

A symbol of hope that spring is coming
Soon I will hear the bees humming
The birds are grinning
So here it is: a new beginning

Abigail Lawrie, Y8
Meadowhead School

The sun was a warm welcoming friend in such a bleak time.
The star was glowing,
The solar light shone hot,
Spring was on its way.

I dug the dust in the sweltering heat of 8 degrees (we were used to 2).
I dibbed the dirt,
I seeded the soil,
Spring was on its way.

My gherkin germinating in the greenhouse.
The pepper planted,
The sweetcorn sown,
Spring was on its way.

Isaac Corker, Y8
Meadowhead School

As the rooster called from the farmers door,
Suddenly awoke a rabbit on the moor,
Creeping over the valley the sun shone brightly,
All the ducks mothers holding them tightly,
This is a new beginning!

The trees awoke from their long winters nap,
Colourful flowers appeared in a snap,
The birds are coming,
Wildlife is humming,
Spring is a new beginning!

Bright, beautiful buds appearing from the ground,
Row by row around and around,
Not a cloud in the azure sky,
Jubilant birds flapping up high,
This is a new beginning!

As the sun dropped behind the warren,
Other scintillating birds came from lands foreign,
Settling down for the night,
Preparing for their long flight,
Spring is a new beginning!

Seb R, Y6
Abbey Lane

Thick blankets of snow cover the ground
But still, purple flowers bloom
Tree branches reach out to catch the falling flakes
But still, purple flowers bloom
Snow turns into rain causing rivers and streams to overflow
But still, purple flowers bloom

Splinters of sunlight peak through the clouds
But still, purple flowers thrive
Rivers and streams give way to beautiful waterfalls and
ponds
But still, purple flowers thrive
A few drops of rain fall out of the sky
But still, purple flowers thrive

Proving things don't always go from bad to worse.

Lucy Bonsall, Y9
Meadowhead School

The butterfly egg hatches,
The caterpillar lives on branches,
After some time it lays on its chest,
A cocoon is there sleeping for a rest,
Once it awakens from the cozy nap,
The cocoon opens with a snap,
A new beautiful butterfly is ready,
Their blue wings moving slowly and steady,
The butterfly sets itself free,
Ready as can be.

Alice Bishop, Y7
Meadowhead School

As the chill in the air fades
The brightness of the sun strengthens
Yellow and purple flowers cover the grass like
polka dots
Living things arise like a crescent moon up in
the moonlit sky

The pewter clouds suddenly became lighter
And the sapphire sky lasts longer
Now that its spring
Everyday something new comes to life

Brianna Eboigbe, Y7
Meadowhead School

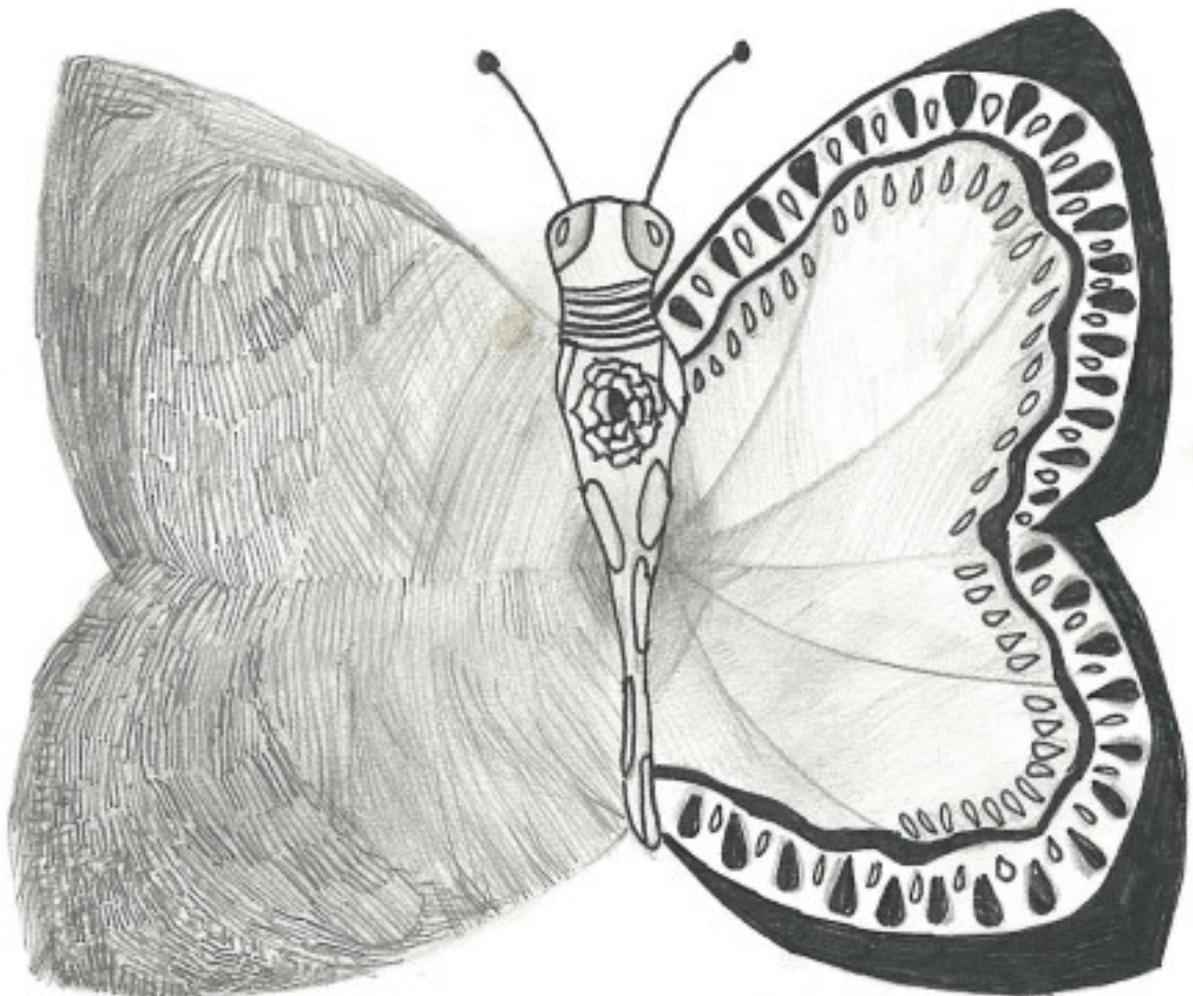
I open my eyes to a visually appealing sight, the throbbing earth emerge emerald green javelin spears as they curl up autumn trees that refuse to blossom. Little weeds, teeming with life, reach out their arms to the sun that they so desperately desire. The clouds clearing; the sun rising and an abundance of sunlight glimmers off the marine blue lake.

Leonard Sunderland, Y7
Meadowhead School

As the auburn sun rose over the soundless fields, the golden glow from the sky slowly faded away leaving a cerulean cloudless sky behind it, ready for its new beginning. Gradually, nature began to awaken to see what the new day would bring. The trees disentangled themselves and the exquisite, fragile flowers began to flourish across the multitude of fields leaving the once vast, iridescent expanse a sensational creation brimming with colour.

Spring had arrived.

Eliza Bell, Y9
Meadowhead School



When The Flowers Grow

The flowers erupt from the ground
The beautiful petals open
Growing like a wave in the ocean
When the flowers grow

The flowers dance in unity
The whispering growing louder
Spreading wonderful aromas
When the flowers grow

The air becomes pollinated
The fields grow sudden colour
Smelling like sweet, sweet cherries
When the flowers grow

The whistling dances through the air
The seeds leaping out of the flower
Soft as silky bed sheets
When the flowers grow

The sun shines down brightly
The roots arise from the ground
Lovely smells are growing
When the flowers grow

And when the flowers grow
All of your senses change
When the flowers grow
The flowers grow.

Amelie S, Y5
Abbey Lane

Evolving

The body of the caterpillar lay in its cocoon,
Laying under the sky, laying under the Moon.
The body extended, stretching longer and longer,
Wings began to sprout, growing larger and larger.
The body of the caterpillar evolved into a butterfly,
And the body flew away, high into the sky.

Isla Orton, Y7
Meadowhead School

The Seasons

In autumn,
The fiery colours of the leaves,
The bare and vulnerable branches of the trees,
As the hedgehogs gather and hoard,
The wind hits the forest sharply like a sword.

In winter,
The lakes are solid and cold,
And the fire crackles, the embers, a strong gold,
The children wrapped up and hot and stuffy,
The snow was deep, clean and fluffy.

In spring,
The rain will stop and start,
But if you're lucky the clouds will part,
Letting the sun's rays invade,
And the picnic blanket is gently laid.

In summer,
The ice lollies are out and cool as ever,
No rain to spoil the lovely weather,
The wasps and flies aren't here to stay,
There'll be lots more of these warm days.

Raf Smit, Y7
Meadowhead School

Nature flourishing again once the dark winter is over
Enough of the rain, the sun will always rise again no matter what
We are the human race, we will always rise again
Bees share their pollen, drawing out life from the depths of the deep void of soil.
Everything is back to how it was the year before
Grey clouds turn away as the shepherds and their flocks rule the land
In the spring, the birds hatch their eggs and hunt the worms as they the worms
Try to escape the clutches of the hungry predators
Now that the winter is over, the plants thrive in the sunlight that Has graced the land
New life is emerging everywhere, even after everything that we have been through
Iron fingers close around the memories of our loved ones that we have lost
Noon passes and all the families are out playing with their newborn babies
Green is appearing once again now the sun has blessed it with light
Sadness has been washed away, and once again, spring has been renewed.

James Evans, Y9

Meadowhead School

The Sun Rises

Whether life is good or bad
The sun rises in spite of everything
Whether the flowers bloom and wave in the wind
Or whether there is no drop of water in sight
The sun still rises.

No matter if the branches break
Or whether the nest falls
The sun rises in spite of everything.

Whether the clouds weep and the rainbow smiles
Or whether the snow falls and lightning strikes
The sun still rises.

Ruby Senior, Y8

Meadowhead School

A cool breeze caresses mother nature
As a tender lover's touch.
Trees awaken, stretching and coming to life.
Snowflakes thawing
By the warmth of the glistening sun.
Flowers emerging
Shoots of new life bursting colour through carpets of
Green.
Vibrant, beautiful spring.

Rustlings in the woods suggest signs of new life
Ready to experience life's adventure.
Hopping little feet,
Bleating baby lambs
Wobbly first steps
The chance for a new beginning
Vibrant, beautiful spring.

Phoebe Smith, Y9

Meadowhead School

Samsara

Noun: HINDUISM / BUDDHISM

“the cycle of death and rebirth”



The Phoenix

Is it right to say the Phoenix never dies?
For if bursting into flame is not dying, then what is?
"Phoenix do not die"
This is nought but lies,

For there is no point trying not to perish,
Reborn from the ashes,
It does not raise much Cain,

But what is the point of a short repeating life,
If you are guaranteed pain?
But when the time does come,
To death they have a chain,
And they blaze into ashes,
And life rewinds again.
It's hard to start a new life,
No matter which way,
But after time you will be fine
And change again you may.

Nahush, Y6
Abbey Lane

No matter the story told before, the phoenix will rise,
Paintings, the most elegant, will always be criticised,
But a new day's beginning, a new chance to forget,
A new day full of memories or a new day full of regret,
Whatever way that day will turn out,
We must try to keep sane or our fire will burn out,
Just try to keep going, try to think of the prize,
No matter the story told before, the phoenix will rise.

Annelise Moon, Y8
Meadowhead School

A New Life

It is everything,
But with one single second it can become nothing
It is a precious thing,
But it can be easily shattered
It is an unpredictable thing,
But it can be predicted and destroyed
Be careful of what you do,
Because you never know when light will become dark
And you don't know what you will remember of "it"

Sonny, Y6
Abbey Lane

Once Again

Upon the stroke of the Phoenix uprising,
The droplets fall, dampening and fertilizing,
Once again,
The shoots protrude the turf, hopeful and sanguine,
Once again,
And the cracks enclose on the air, revitalizing,
Once again,
And the water swirls and slides, revitalizing,
Once again,
All this upon the stroke of the Phoenix uprising,
All of this because the sun kept rising each morning,
All of this and the Phoenix still has its uprising.

Before the new era began, still,
The gust would caress the lifeless surface,
People's hearts sank like lead,
When the water failed to flow,
When the crops failed to strive,
Still thirsty, thirsty,
Despite this our sun will rise in the morning,
And our Phoenix will have its uprising.

Upon the stroke of the Phoenix uprising,
The sound of silence echoes the relief shown,
Once again,
The life attempts to break free, revealing its many colours,
Once again,
The subtle hearts of shell-shocked civilians are restored,
Once again,
The valiant are relieved of their high-risk duties,
All this upon the stroke of the Phoenix uprising,
All of this because the sun kept rising each morning,
All of this and the Phoenix still has its uprising.

Before the new era began, still,
The sound of firearms rifled through the skies,
Life became trapped when the colours of the fields were replaced,
And people mourned as their subtle hearts sank,
Sirens sounded, forcing insanity,
Still insanity, insanity,
Despite this our sun will rise in the morning,
And our Phoenix will have its uprising.

No matter how straining the situation,
The sun will rise in the morning,
And the Phoenix will have its uprising, once again.

Sonny Owens, Y9

Meadowhead School

Endings are okay
They are simply a new beginning

When an ending occurs, you get to take
the love and experiences with you in
your heart

You get to choose a new beginning
You get to choose love

You get to choose family
You get to choose you

Darin Bastu, Y7

Meadowhead School

Dark to Light...

As worry drowns your head,

Another bitter winter falls...

The flowers, the plants, the

Animals gone to hiding

Darkness surrounds you, it's an

Endless corridor. Light. Light then

Comes renewing you for a new better

Start to life. The world can be cruel sometimes

Yet we all can get the gold from it.

Make a difference. Be a unique person.

Sebastian O, Y6

Abbey Lane

At the start of life
It was as if the world
Was at your feet
And your life was waiting
To be unravelled

You grew up looking
At the world for inspiration
And it struck you on the head

The Reset

The fire-filled eagle soared though the air

Blinding all the creatures in their lairs

They looked like dots from the view of the phoenix

The phoenix soared up and up

Like the steam from a boiling cup

It left the atmosphere, as if it did a giant jump

The phoenix flew towards the light

To finish the job, like a cigarette

It reached the sun, to begin a new life, to reset

Jack Jordan Y8

Meadowhead School

As life moved on
Got married
Got kids
Got a Job
As you watch your children
Grow up you remember
Your times as a child

As life has moved
You got old, with your wife
And as you watched your
Children start a family
With the couples they love
And will not leave

As death approaches
You remember the life you had
The memories you made
And you look back on a life well
spent

Hayden Behan, Y9

Meadowhead School

How

My beautiful phoenix,
How do you fly so free
And flaunt those fiery feathers?
How can you feel like a king,
Just to be reduced to embers?
How can you rise from nothing,
Just to be everything again?

My pretty narcissus,
How do you sit so perfect in your pot
And sway so nicely in the breeze?
How can you rest, knowing your origin
And not be afraid to become like him?
How can you see life in death,
And not be afraid to protect that?

My delightful poppy,
How do you have such delicate petals
And a fragile stem to match?
How are you not ashamed of where you grow?
How do you see death and destruction,
Just to deem it home?

I think I understand
How there is always life after death
And how the end is always the beginning
If you never stop trying and persevere
There will be a reward.

Ramatullah Sesay
Lower Meadow

Five Stages of Grief

Denial,
A fools fantasy.
An illusion of happiness,
Only I can see.
I can't believe it,
Refuse it to be true
Laughing we deny
The truth that I can't undo

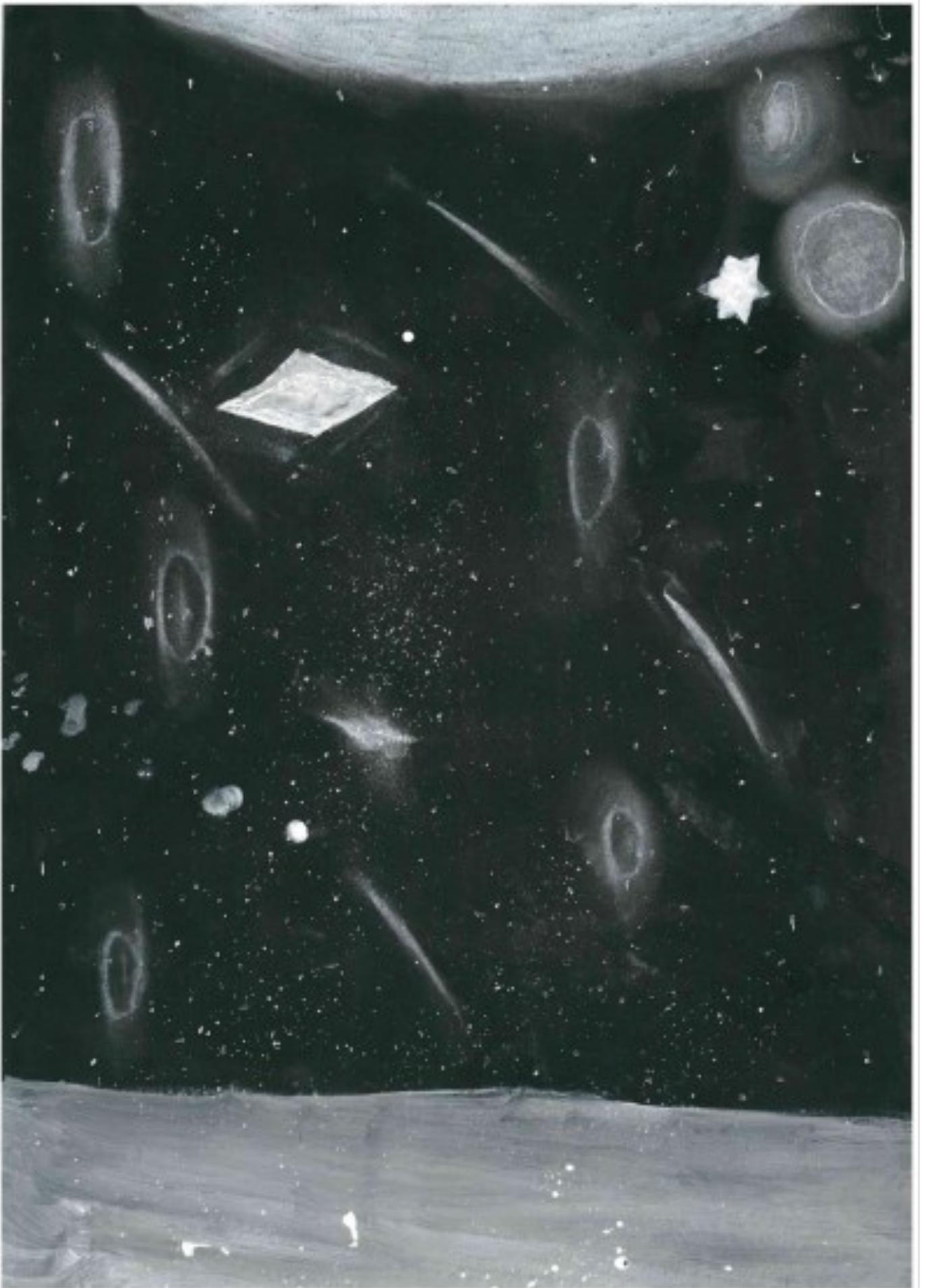
Anger,
Like white hot fire
A façade of rage
It makes me tire.
I couldn't control myself
I shouted and screamed
Couldn't clear my head
I felt so weak

Bargaining,
Gambling on a fan of cards
A halfwit casino
For all the lost and scarred.
Deal into the game
And roll the dice of fate
Eyes of the prize
Live in a world only you create

Depression,
What a vulgar word
A shot through the heart
Like a double-edged sword.
I stand alone
My mind like a ghost
I need to feel something
I'm still so far from home.

Acceptance,
A freeing feeling
A fated mask
No longer peeling.
My weakness has vanished
The tide of sadness washed
away But a little grief inside
Is where it will always stay

Cara Turner, Y9
Meadowhead School



Hattie Henry Y7

Again and Again

Waves crash upon the rocks
A growing baby coming of age
The skipping stones like a bottle of milk,
Adding on mass and growing in size.
For millions of years the stones are gone,
Washed upon the shore long ago.
It falls to a young boy who throws it back.
And the cycle begins,
Again and again.

Mitchell Jessop, Y9
Meadowhead School

Just like a phoenix
Fly into a new beginning
Rise from your past
Break into a new you
Go from old to new
Then start your journey fresh
When things get rough
Just like a phoenix
Go for a new beginning

Lucas Cunningham, Y8
Meadowhead School

A Phoenix's Rebirth

An era has ended – my era. Trying to fly steady, the persistent gleam of my destination made my eyes feel heavy, yet the merging hues of amber and honey-yellow danced ever so fluidly- it was hypnotising. Slowly charring at my feathers, the heat from the dying star in front of me pressed firmly on my face, wings, feet: my whole body was slowly numbing. The scent of the salted body of water below me faded as my senses were overloaded with the sour smell of smoke: yet I carried on forward- I was nearly there.

Before this body's end, I tried to remember assorted memories whizzing round my head: ones that made me grateful, excited, loved; some that made me regretful, scared or hurt. Acceptance. Yet, I could stop my movement, divert around the sun, float endlessly in space, and forget, but I can't. I won't. If I did that, nothing would change. I viewed the tempting stars around me as a nuisance; to stop distracting me. I took one last look at the abundance of flames around me, it was closer than I had imagined. As if it had morphed, or it was my imagination: the flames looked scarier, angrier, ready to engulf me and----

A piercing burn.

I'm awake. In the present. I look around: on a desert plain, the sun seems so far away, and my mind blank, an empty book. A million questions surround me, yet I can't answer. What had happened?

Eve Campbell, Y9
Meadowhead School

The Phoenix Will Rise

The great feathered phoenix of orange and red
With a long slender tail and crest on its head
As it grew old and went past its best
It flew to a desert and built a twig nest
The sun lit the nest with a fiery flash
In a burst of flames the bird turned to ash
Then out of the embers another will rise
Stretch out its wings and take to the skies.

Eddie Powls, Y7
Meadowhead School

The world disappears,
Concealed by an ivory blanket.
A crisp silence,
An undiscovered secret.
The feeling of peace,
Falls upon you.
An opportunity,
Pure and true.
A fresh start,
Presented just hours ago.
A clean canvas,
Of undisturbed snow.

Harriette Brown, Y9
Meadowhead School

A single crocus
Serene and bold against the white shimmering snow
Pale purple
The petals,
So fragile and delicate
Softened as the morning sun rose to kiss the land.

A young girl,
Gentle with youth
Stopped beside the glistening violet blooms
The snow under her boots
Buckled and crunched underneath her
As she gazed in wonder at the beautiful image before her.

If only she could hear me
If only I could tell her
That the beautiful scene of youth and hope
Could not last forever.

Mairi Taylor, Y9
Meadowhead School

I Never Said Goodbye

I never got the chance to say I love you,
I never got the chance to say I'll miss you.
Nobody told me that you were going to die,
It hurts, I never said goodbye.

Where are you now, please talk to me,
Show yourself and let me see.
I know that can't happen no matter how much I try,
All I wanted to do is say goodbye.

I hope that you are happy wherever you are,
I have you in my heart no matter how far.
To the heavens above, I wish I could fly,
Only to give you a warm goodbye.

I will remember you each day I live,
You were such a good person with so much to give.
Such a privilege to have known you, no one can deny,
I think it might be time to say goodbye.

I will keep with me the good times that we shared,
I want you to know just how much I really cared.
Till we meet again, on God we must rely,
I love you, I miss you and for now, goodbye.

Bilyana Kostova, Y8
Meadowhead School

Fix
When life pauses,
We restart.

When a virus tries to destroy us,
We make a vaccine.

When the world warms up,
We cool it down.

When there is inequality,
We enhance fairness.

When a country wants war,
We defend ourselves.

Life is restored, refreshed, renewed...
Lucy Simpson, Y8
Meadowhead School

Starting Again



A Fresh Start

Here is Nothing,
A lonely thing.
Here stands Nothing,
A lonely place.

A fresh start,
That's what it needs.
A fresh start,
Some clean air to breathe.

And now Nothing stands,
Content with no change.
Not a thing to fear,
Nothing stays just the same.

A fresh start,
That's what it needs.
A fresh start,
Some clean air to breathe.

Here nature stands,
Flourished with colour.
Flowers coming and going,
Yet Nothing's life is much duller.

A fresh start,
That's what it needs.
A fresh start,
Some clean air to breathe.

Nature seems so happy,
Now Nothing is there.
Things will go but from this you will find,
A new life comes to be.

Mhairi, Y6
Abbey Lane

It was in the summer of 2016,
The sky was both bright and clean,
Feeling neither happiness nor sadness,
All I thought was that it was madness.

I had left a home to move to another,
People closest to me too, it was a bother,
Missing things was the least of my worries when,
I didn't even know how I'd manage then.

Everyone there was a stranger to me,
I didn't know what people were like, I didn't see,
The language that was spoken was unknown,
Almost as if it was a completely different zone.

Overwhelming thoughts were racing through my head,
Just like when you're thinking deeply alone in your bed,
It was so weirdly confusing,
The situation was kind of amusing.

Now 5 years on there's so much I've done,
Learnt a new language, it wasn't very fun,
New friends came along too,
And meeting others wasn't so blue.

It all happened so fast,
Now it's all in the past,
As fast as the blink of an eye,
Almost like when you enjoy something so much you don't
even notice the time fly by.

Alisha Waseem-Ahmed, Y9
Meadowhead School

Although the drought of the world
Has changed the lives of many
A single seed of hope
Has been planted in our soil.

Although it seems we're doomed to stay
Inside forever and ever
A single seed of freedom
Has suddenly begun to sprout.

Although it's like
Masks will forever be upon our face
A single seed of nature's beauty
Is slowly beginning to rise.

Although we think the world is ending
And everything is bound to collapse
All three seeds have now fully grown
And the past is in the past.

Ben Rhodes, Y7
Meadowhead School

When Will My Life Begin?

Vulnerable, isolated and alone,
Continuously moved from home to home,
A blistering anger deep inside,
The thought echoing "Did they try, did they try?"

What am I?

I am a child forged through pain,
An outcast from birth, are my parents to blame?
Determined to live, love and learn,
Yet each foster family I silently yearn,
For my actual parents, as if they'd return

What am I?

I am hoping, that this family can appreciate me,
Never let me spiral and grip me closely,
I've showered this world with my precious hope,
Still I'm told, you'll have to cope,

I am a boy.

Longing for a new chapter in my life,
Maybe have a family with, children and a wife?
I am desperate for a new beginning,
With an actual brother or sister or mum,
Hopefully my streak of bad luck is done.

Ethan Thomas, Y9
Meadowhead School

A Place To Call Home

Where I live, there is no place to call home,
Where I live, there is no safe sanctuary.
Conflict, famine, dehydration,
Contorted promises of hope,
When all of a sudden, it can all change,
When someone shines a light.
A promising, wondrous light.
That can change your whole life and give you a second chance
And maybe even a new place to call home.

Harriet Dickson, Y8
Meadowhead School

New beginnings can mean so many things,
From the frost of Winter to the warmth of Spring.
For some it's the fireworks that light up the sky,
To wave off the year that's just gone by.
Perhaps it could be the feeling of pride,
When you take the ring and kiss the bride.

For me it was the feeling of being free,
From the clutches of the man controlling me.
My days are no longer drowning in tears,
No longer his puppet controlled by fears.
Although I knew my heart would sting,
I found the strength to cut the strings.

Where he once wrote my pages in blood red ink,
And filled them with deep purple marks.
I was finally able to turn the page,
And spread the wings of my heart.

Jessica Bird, Y8
Meadowhead School

I got an acceptance letter,
It felt so brand new,
I felt so happy,
It was the very start of something new,
A happy beginning, a fresh start
Even though I'll be far
It was a part of growing up
Getting your own home
Even though I will be alone
Even if my family is far
They will always be a phone call away in my heart

Ellisa Diallo, Y8
Meadowhead School

The End of the Beginning

The siren stretched for miles
People screaming
The lights beaming
We rushed to safety
My Ma getting hasty
A cramped little space
Could keep us so safe
Bombs dropping every minute
Each one trying to break our spirit
When will this nightmare go?
I SAY NO
I stand by my country
We must not let this war bring us down
We must protect our town
Until the job is done.

Ella-Mae M, Y6
Abbey Lane

A phoenix rises from the ashes,
People greeting with elbow bashes,
Trapped inside a safety bubble,
Most people crumbled, reduced to rubble,

A single spark of hope,
Climbing a victorious rope,
A vaccine was created,
Everyone felt elated,

Masks across our faces,
On a daily basis,
Everyone back in schools,
Following the safety rules,

What once was a tadpole is now a frog,
What once was a puppy is now a dog,
We were given a second chance,
All safety rules have been enhanced,

A broken world we will fix,
We must rebuild it put down all the bricks,
Together we will push through,
After Covid struck, all our hearts grew,

A bud has now become a flower,
We're making progress every hour,
Slowly we'll grow and rise to the top,
Someday Covid will eventually stop.

Erin Gough, Y7
Meadowhead School

The Same But Different

The street lights dim
And the stars start to fade
As the sun rises over the horizon
Like it does every morning

Everything feels the same
Who would think that today would be so
different?

Clouds dance across the sky
And a cool breeze runs through the air
Like it does every morning

Humans wander through their houses
Knowing that today is going to be very different

Birds chirp in their nests
And water saunters down the streams
Like it does every morning

Everything feels the same
Yet everything is about to begin so differently
It's a new beginning
One never seen before

Kaitlin Greaves, Y9
Meadowhead School



Lacie Peet Y7

Secondary School

As I walk everyone stares,
I know I'm a little bit different,
But I don't care,

After everyone gets into class,
Ready to learn and pass the exams,
Although,
I'm just sitting there thinking to myself,
"Will I even pass?"

I know it's weird and tough, because it's the first day
you could just learn new and interesting fun stuff,
So don't be scared, even though it's a new day,

Just think you might make someone so happy today,
But it's amazing when you make new friends,
Since, you don't have to cry and sit at the bench,
Now it's the end of the day so again go home and relax and play,
Then tomorrow, you will have that fun all over again!

Amtul, Y6
Abbey Lane

The Flower

When the world was at its darkest moments, fighting,
Worry, panic, fear...

A flower bloomed.
Not three flowers,
Not two, only one.
One miniscule daisy.

But it represented something incredibly large,
It showed all the soldiers something very special. Hope.

And finally after many months,
The fighting ended,
The soldiers headed home,
And the world exploded into a blooming, colourful haven

A beautiful place for everyone to call home.

Chloe Horne, Y7
Meadowhead School

Dear diary,

It was a day like every other, it was a normal Sunday and there was a little lake by my house. I was playing with the baby turtles in the lake. My heart was filled with joy and happiness.

There was a forest close by too. Suddenly, there was gun shots firing from every direction. My mum grabbed me by the arm.

“Quickly, we have to go NOW!!!” she said frantically.

She told me to pack a suitcase. I packed 4 bags and one suitcase. This was the problem I was so worried about the other 20 members of my family I started packing like sonic!

Luckily they were outside. My heart was racing as fast as a car. We all got on the first bus we saw. I was looking out the window. Then the sky faded the grey. It was like the rain drops were erasing my memories, my happy memories.

Nevaeh, Y3
Abbey Lane

Letting Go

Even though the truth is locked
I will open up the box
It may be sad
But you must reminisce
The past may be a blur
I am here to clean your eyes
When you left a storm flew over
All the flowers dropped dead
Just wait for next summer
Everything will rise
Just like the Phoenix

Amelia Jackson, Y7
Meadowhead School

It's the end of a dynasty.
Not just any dynasty, but MY dynasty.
The dynasty I was promised would bring me joy and happiness,
But gifted me with misery, ire and sorrow.

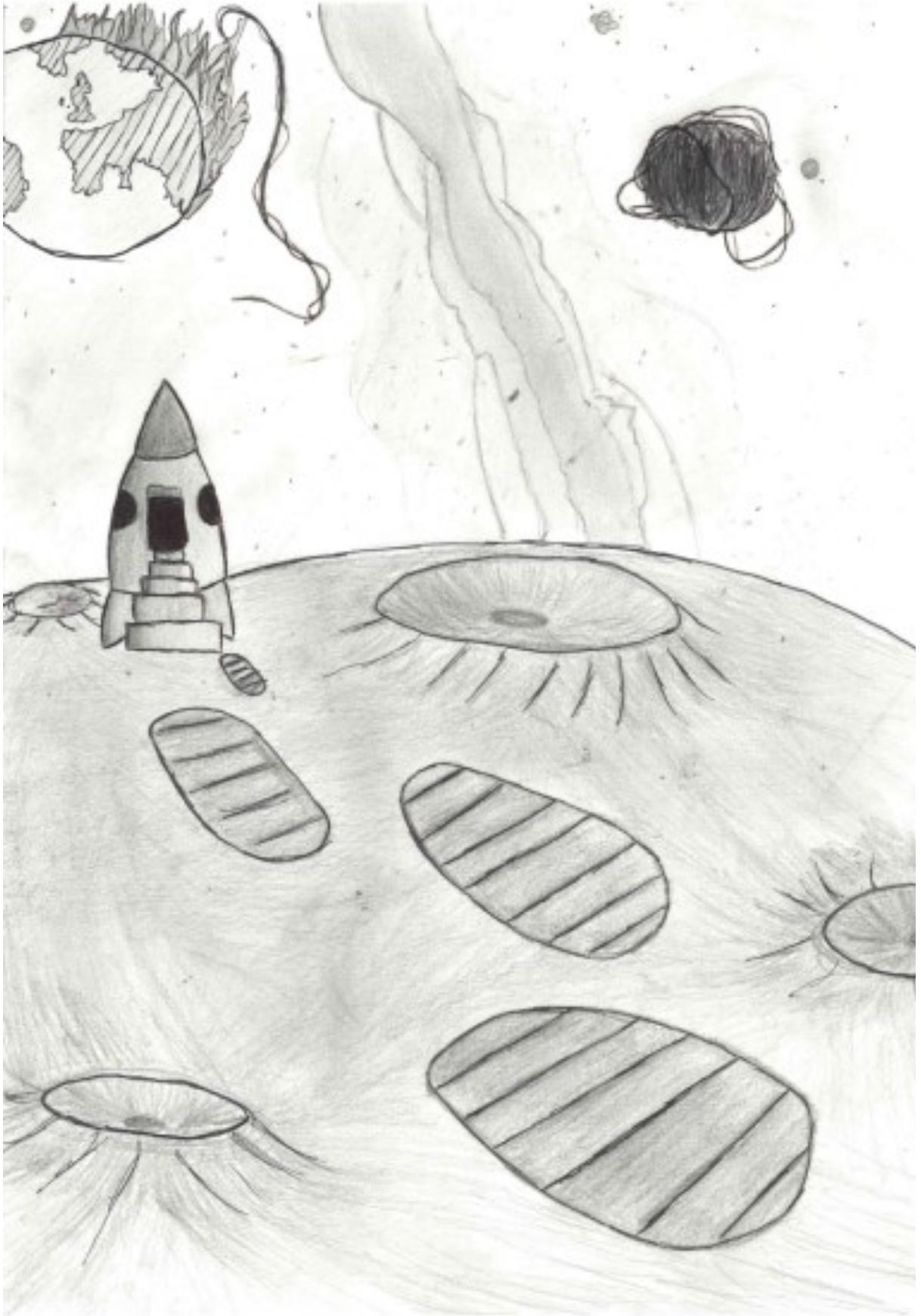
It was collapsing. I panicked.
I didn't know what to do.
I tried to save it, even if it meant getting my hands stained.

I argued with my partner, anger seethed through me.
But they were right.
This dynasty was gradually devouring me to my death,
And the end of it was the only way to save my relationships and life.

Although it took me a while to agree,
I decided to take the high way.
To start from scratch.
It's difficult.
But every new beginning is hard from the start.

It's better,
Happy, loving
And I can hear laughter echoing in the halls of my house.
I'm happy. My family are happy.
But the start of a new beginning and a happy end.

Peace Law La, Y9
Meadowhead School



As I stepped off the cramped train, a brutal gush of wind made me lose my balance. The blazing sun proceeded to blind me as I walked down the street, trailing my luggage along. I had to move to this new country because danger was lurking near where I lived, and if I had stayed any longer my life would be seized. Blasts of air continued to blow, and the broken road had a large line of traffic endlessly blocking the crossings. When I finally managed to cross through a narrow opening, an enraged storm began to brew in the bleak sky of miserable clouds, and a waterfall of drops smacked against my face. I stumbled down an uneven path of mud, tripping many times, and after what seemed like an eternity, I had reached my destination. My new apartment building. Gloomy shadows loomed over me as I entered the rotting structure, and a cheerless man shoved a key into my soggy hands and pointed one of his skeletal fingers to a snaking stairwell. While I crept up irregular steps, the only thing I could hear was the banging of rain against fragile windows. Lastly, I had reached the top floor, where the weather screamed louder than before. Inserting my rusty key, I entered what would have to be my new home for who knows how long. It was nowhere near perfect; the wallpaper was torn, floorboards were missing, and the ceiling was flaking away. Hopefully I don't have to stay in this mess for long. This was far off a perfect new beginning.

Isla McPherson, Y8
Meadowhead School

It was my first day back to school today. I felt very overwhelmed, it was different, but at the same time it was normal. Many familiar faces occupied the area I was in, but they looked older. Voices were muffled by masks, the new norm in this very strange world, and everywhere you looked there were hand sanitizer bottles and people offering masks. I was in an older year, missing the feeling of being the youngest, where everything was a lot more normal. I felt uncomfortable too, being stranded in a sea full of students, it was very different to being sat alone, only having my laptop as company.

I was in the same class for every subject, in the same corridor for most lessons. I rarely caught a glimpse of the other years. These vital precautions limited us greatly. A sick feeling in my stomach; it was anxiety. The unstoppable fear about this unsettling new life coursed through my veins.

Tilly Nuttall, Y9
Meadowhead School

Time has gone on
A new year
A new month
A new day
So what's stopping you?
What's holding you back?
The sun has already risen
Don't let another precious day fly past
Let go of the things weighing heavy on your shoulders
And start again
And again if you have to
Why stumble on something that is behind you?
Why keep reading the previous chapter when you've
Already turned the page?
Acceptance is in the eyes of the beholder
A gift we all wish to receive
Acknowledging the things we can and cannot change
And finally being at peace

Alfreda Nagbe, Y8
Meadowhead School

Through the Clouds

Weak rays of light glance through
 The cloud cover too thick
 Blocking out the Sun
 Drawing it into the abyss

Those great dark clouds will line
 The bleak grey skies
 But bright sunshine is waiting
 And can always break through

But the clouds can draw apart,
 Like great heavy curtains
 The sun doesn't care when it's shining,
 It always brings its best costume to the party

When there's no clouds in sight,
 The sun feels warm on my skin
 It lifts me up
 It makes me feel free
 Like I can soar through the air,
 Like I can do anything
 Like I can be just me.

Grace Ridley, Y8
Meadowhead School

Crying Child

As spring comes in,
 The winter's breeze disappears,
 Leaving nothing but a crying child sitting in the wind,
 No one there to interfere
 No one there to help

But the child stands up
 Tears in their eyes
 Tomorrow is a new day, but today at the same time,
 Why keep walking as the tall child does?

Because they know something you never understood,
 Even when the winter catches frostbite, and freezes your
 Tears dry
 Summer and spring always comes,
 Showing the sun bright in the sky,

Be the tall child, the one who cries,
 But keeps the walking the path of spring
 To bring a new today, or see tomorrow.
 Never the one who ends yesterday.

Amelia Rickett, Y8
Meadowhead School

With Hardship Comes Happiness

Times might be hard right now
 But one thing I know it will get better
 Whether you're living without
 Or someone you know was put to rest
 I know that...

The storm clouds will clear up and it will be the start of something new
 Like a new door opening and on the other side is endless possibilities
 Happiness is a phoenix it dies to only to rebirth even stronger
 My point is that with every hardship comes happiness
 Also remember it ok sometimes not to be ok
 And to express are emotions because you matter and you are special in your own way

Zain Rowell, Y8
Meadowhead School

You Are Never Too Old, It's Never Too Late

Every ending has a beginning,
So, say goodbye to the old,
And in with the new.

Say goodbye to the past
And hello to the future.
You live most of your life inside your head,
Make sure it's a nice place to be.

The best time to plant a tree was 20 years ago
The second best time is now.
So go, turn over the page
And start that new chapter.

The chapter where only you can chase your
Dreams
And those new opportunities.
The chapter that gives your body
Freedom to grow.

The freedom to grow,
A chance to evolve
Don't stress the could haves,
If it should have, it would have.

Trust the magic of new beginnings
And suddenly you find,
It's time to start something new
Like a bird who's ready to fly.

Like a bird who's ready to spread its wings
And overcome those challenges
The type of challenges that life
Just throws in your face,
Trying to stop you from taking life
At a steady pace.

It's time to write a new story,
One where only the sun shines,
One which brings happiness
Along with adventure.
Knowing that the start of something new
Brings the hope of something great.

Just remember you are never too old,
it's never too late.

Beth Shaw, Y9
Meadowhead School

Another One?

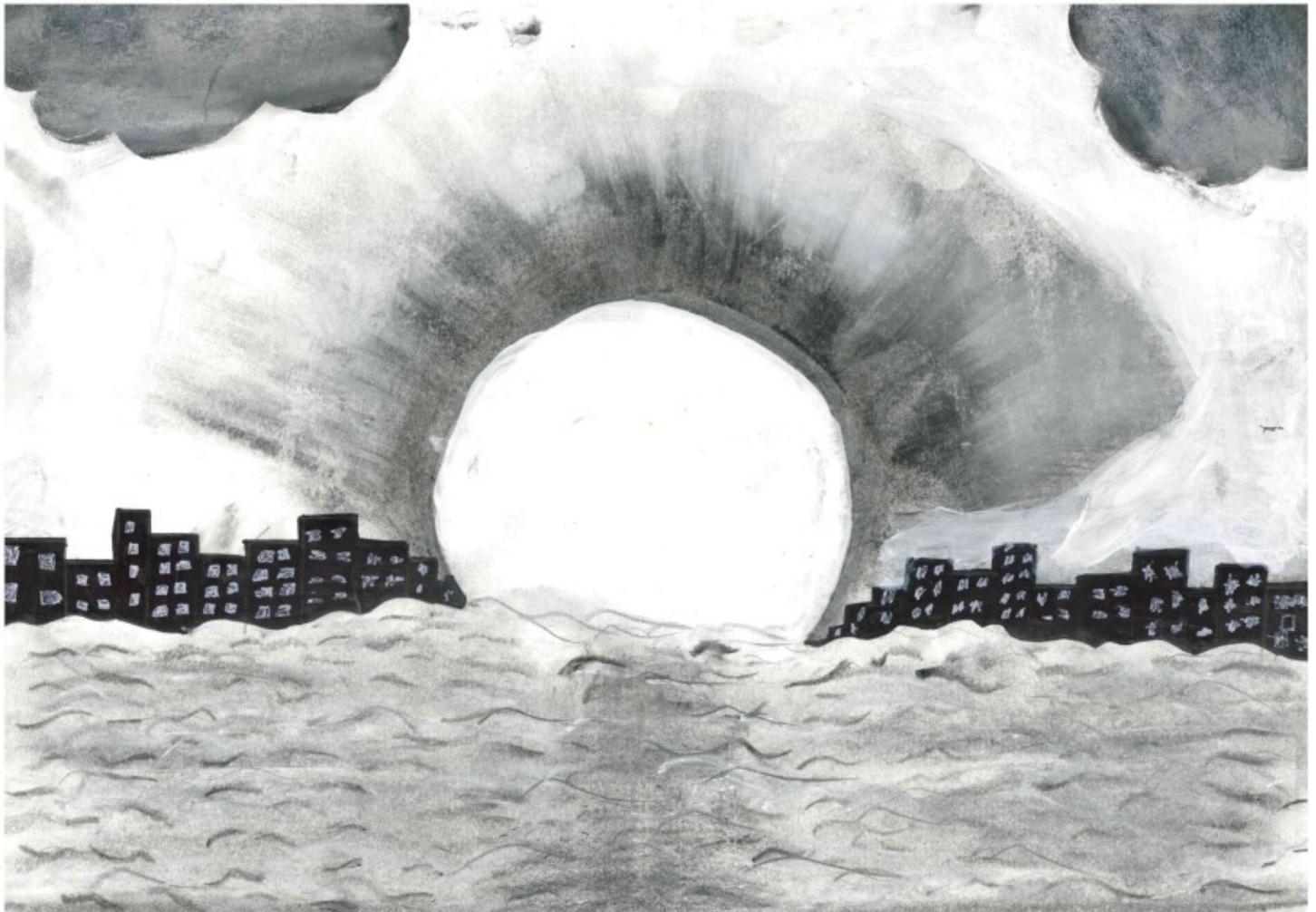
This time it could be different,
We might not always be in an enclosed space
Freedom is what we hoped and dreamed for
However, it seems it will never happen with this ever-lasting
Chase.

Maybe, this is for the good of our wellbeing,
The constant fighting may stop
For the people that have helped us
Working constantly, around the slowly spinning clock

Our strong bonds may start thinning, becoming a strand
A screen is there between us
Yet mentally we still hold hand in hand

How can we call this a new start when everyone's apart?
Let's hope this one will stop the chase
Refresh our minds,
Clean the slate.

Olivia Thompson, Y9
Meadowhead School



The mighty hand of heartbreaks had just punched 11 o'clock. Mothers cried, children shrieked the wait had died to the conductor's announcement. "All aboard! All aboard!" The reality hit me, the collar I chewed and the nails I bit couldn't relieve me of this cruel anxiety; neither could my mother's forced bitter sweet smile. Her eyes flooded with tears as I stepped onto the train of mystery. My frail hands shook at the noise and rumble of the train moving. My mother's watery eyes slowly got further away until she was just a figure in a smoky jam-packed King's Cross station. I didn't sleep for months. I never connected with people the same. The trauma had taken that funny little boy away. I was a freak, they called me. The shy one. That day in my head wasn't good, of course, but it wasn't bad. That day was a new beginning; it made me the man I am today, my mother the woman she was. It was awful but it was what I needed. That incredible consequence had told myself what real pain is, after that I was indestructible.

Jem Martin, Y8
Meadowhead School

The tension becomes larger as you carve your way into a new world.
Bigger people are out there... what are you going to do?
You don't have anyone pestering you to do something now because they'll expect you to already know.
It is time you plant a new seed.
Experience your life in a different way.
Become the better version of yourself.

Keavie Batey
Lower Meadow

Stepping into a whimsical wish
How strange it is being here again
But I've never really been here before
Only in dreams and hopes
How is it that I'm everything I aimed to be
But I never even noticed my arrow moving?
I feel just the same
As the girl who tried to shoot for the stars
And now I'm here; am I really a myth?
Or a martyr who died trying to be someone else's
projection?

My head tells me I'm here
But my heart hasn't moved in years
Arches and windows and pillars stand before me
But as a dollhouse in my bedroom
I'm a portrait of praise and descriptions
But I'm stuck inside a frame
Pinned at a wall designed to look pretty
And to be laurelled alongside alumni

Who am I once I have finished the day
Packed up my pencils and ink
And done studying
Am I still that girl who set her heart on being the best?
Made her mission to succeed at whatever she decided
All before the age of ten?
How can a person know everything and then nothing at
eighteen?

Maybe it's time to make a new shot
Aim further up past meaningless gold star stickers
Pierce through nebulas and galaxies
Prepare the bow and finally let go.
Begin a new challenge.

Leila Aldridge, Y8
Meadowhead School

New House, New Beginnings

Stepping through the door into a new house
All my boxes around, cluttering the space
No sounds, not a creak not even a squeak of a mouse
And all the visions for this brand new place
What fun I'll have settling in here
Making all new friends when in town
That make all my fears disappear
No more feeling afraid and down
In here now, all my friends and family around

Nina, Y6
Abbey Lane

The familiar cacophony of sounds hurled about lay vacant. Instead, a deafening silence overshadowed me, lingering for the warmth of my words to furnish the bitter air. A dense gloom had descended over the capital, obscuring the remnants of charred houses. Languid flames sputtered to my right, highlighting the carcass of the fragile, withered pines behind it.

Smoke billowed throughout the desolate ruins of the city, which was inhabited by scorched, dilapidated buildings crushed into each other, establishing a hulk of steel.

Amongst the rubble, a crash caught my attention. I jerked my head backward and squinted. A singular beam of white light slithered out of the debris and exposed a darkened Capital St sign, twisted and singed. The light flickered before vanishing.

I rushed forward, my palms grasped the frigid grip of the Glock 19 stationed in my back pocket. I manoeuvre over bricks, extricated from their territory, and fired two ear-splitting shots in front of me.

A loud wince of pain followed by a shout to run caused me to halt. Sweat dripped down my hands. The rasping of my breath filled the silence. I edged closer. My eyes darted around, waiting.

I bolted into the deteriorating building and twisted to the right. Illuminated by a singular, white light, the figure of an older man slumped against the wall caught my eye. Various plants covered the singed bricks. Aside from the flickering torch, the room was gloomy and the sombre air loomed above, choking us in its omnipotent grasp. A faint stench of gasoline rose through the air.

Dried blood tarnished the man's wrinkled, pale blue shirt. A vast tear alongside his right arm revealed a raw cut, still oozing with blood like darkened tears. Gray, bedraggled hair veiled his face from the piercing light, casting a pitiful shadow across his face. His marred hands settled against the bitter floor, skimming the blood covered grip of a handgun.

He opened his mouth, exposing grim yellow teeth. Murky red flecks sullied the few lingering teeth. A croak of pain wept out. Tears dripped down his face before they came cascading out.

I raised the gun at his head, my fingers quaking as I clutched the bitter metal.

"One day," I mumbled. "One day I'll make 'em pay."

My finger twitched on the trigger. The shot rang out, tearing the air. The man jerked to the floor. Blood dripped down like tears. The pitter-patter of falling blood filled the room.

"It'll all return to how it was before. I promise." My words evaporated into thin air as I left.

Sam Banks, Y9

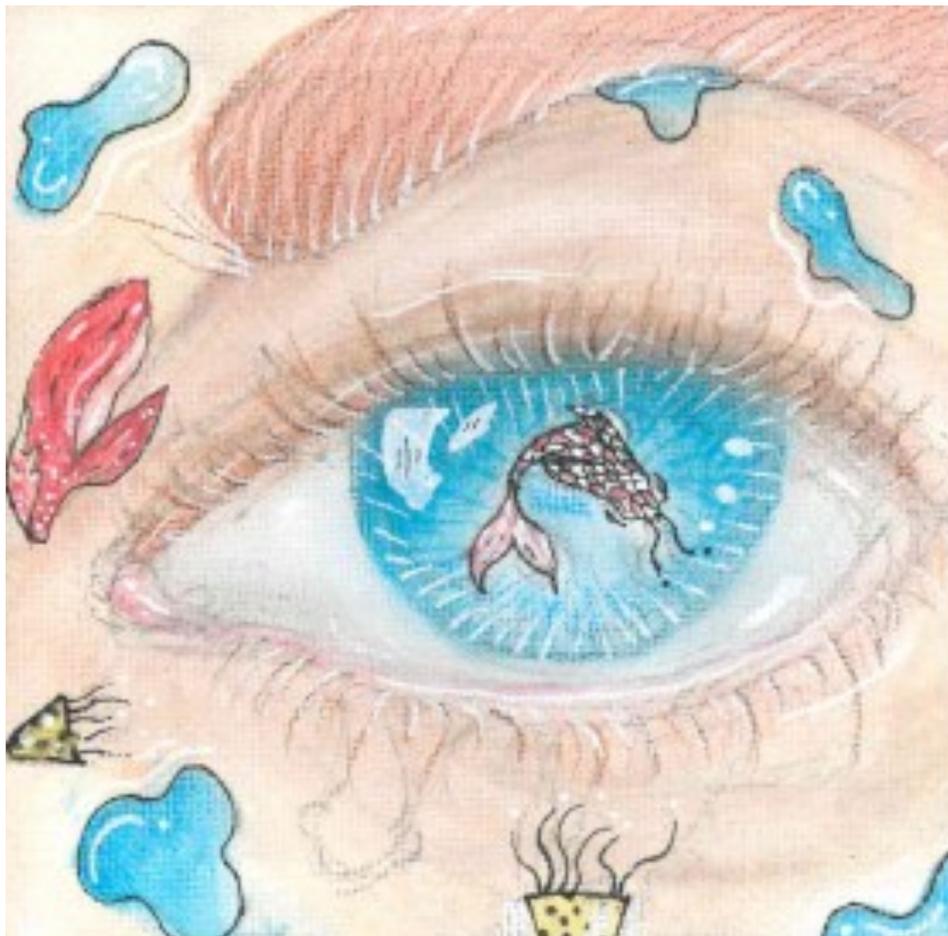
Meadowhead School

I'm starting over,
Think of an end
As a beginning
No matter how hard it was.
It was a brand new opportunity,
To build strength
And power.
Take a deep breath,
And start over.
Your journey
Was never over,
It's just waiting.
It might be hard at times,
But never give up,
Always believe!

Josette Ishimwe
Lower Meadow

At one point you will develop
At one point you will change,
At one point you've got to turn the page,
Whether the page is good or bad,
Read it and see,
You'll find out whether it's full of sadness or full of
glee!
At one point the clouds will come,
At one point they will not.
But your feelings come first no matter what.
At one point you will develop,
At one point you will change,
At one point you've got to turn the page.

Elsie Daniel, Y7
Meadowhead School



Hannah Marshall Y8

Driving past the water tower
The solitary soldier
Curving around the roundabout
Going to school.

Driving past the water tower
In my own secure bubble
Glowing with friends
Shining with happiness
What could go wrong?

But bubbles always pop
I no longer drive past the water tower
I walk to school now
Lonely beyond belief
Putting my head down
Sad, alone, longing.

But maybe I'll blow another bubble
This one as strong as steel.
But I still long to drive past the water tower
And return to the past.

But it's a new beginning now
And I treat it as such.

Roy Keeling, Y7
Meadowhead School

New beginnings, something people look forward to.
Not me, I have a different point of view.
All I hear is change, something to fear.
The unknown, the emptiness is all I hear.
People think of opportunity, endless possibility.
But in reality, it's just a complete unfamiliarity.

I feel an overwhelming stress and it just seems to be me.
Everybody is alright, happy about what could be.
The night before, I cry to the point where there's no tears.
I shake uncontrollably, as if all I have is fears.
The unknown scares me, to the point where I stay in bed.
But the thoughts still haunt me, running through my head.

I feel an anxiety for anything that could happen.
The worry of where I'll be and will I get trapped in?
Who will be there? Who will sit with me?
I feel a worry for everything that could be.
I hate new beginnings because all they bring is bad.
Just the thought of them continues to drive me mad.

The night before something new, I question everything that
could be due.
I sit with myself in front of the mirror,
"I don't want to go", I repeat to her.
I look at myself, with a red puffy face.
Why do new beginnings make me feel displaced?

Sophie Walker, Y8
Meadowhead School

Fresh start; no looking back.
Pack your bags, get out and move forward
To what this new start may hold.
Don't be scared.
Kick the dust of your feet.
A new beginning is what you will meet.

Eden Thurley, Y8
Meadowhead School

May We Let The Poppies Bloom

First there was war,
All fighting and madness,
But they didn't know much more,
All it was, was sadness.

Bombs and guns,
All fighting and madness,
The machines weighed tonnes,
All it was, was sadness.

Then the world went from inside out,
To the right way round,
In the pond, no more scared trout,
All the guns hit the ground.

Now there are no more shirts torn,
All we are, are grins and happiness,
Now we know much more,
All it is, is joyfulness.

May we let the poppies bloom,
May we let the smiles come forward,
May we let the sun come out,
May we let the poppies come forward,

May we let the war go,
And let the poppies come out,
Soldiers will be remembered down below,
And jumping above the water will be the trout

May we let the poppies bloom!

Caitlin Brown, Y7
Meadowhead School

It was beginning
A place to call home
The smell of freshness was written all over it
My mind is like a blank piece of paper
It is time to bring happiness to the future
The sun was shining down on me like it's a sign
There was no darkness or sadness in sight

Isla Motley, Y9
Meadowhead School

Escape Our Home

A new beginning is a positive thing right?
A new chance or a fresh start
Well for us it a different matter
We were forced to leave our country because of the war
Me and my family managed to a country far away
We have no idea where we are all we know is we are safe
I thank God we made it out alive.

As the war rages on we had no choice but to escape
We had to escape leaving everything behind
Escape leaving our family behind
Escape to a new country
Escape to a place where we don't know the language
Escape to a place where we have nothing
May God help us

Umair Nadim, Y7
Meadowhead School

Ukraine



Rebecca Ntondonke Y7

Regeneration of new outcasts
Escaping war
Fearful of what will happen next
Under control by others
Gunshots are heard in the days and nights
Everyday people flee
Entering a different world without harmony

Calvin, Y6
Abbey Lane

My hands are bloodied and
My eyes red raw from crying
So many people have died
What was the outcome of fighting?
So many people I have seen being killed
Lots without homes
Their arms will chill
It has finished now, at least
It's time to start a new life
And ignore the past.

Louis Sabzevari, Y8
Meadowhead School

A Ukrainian Tale

I can't remember what my original thoughts were when I heard about the first Russian invasion of Ukraine. I probably didn't think much of it – my country had had numerous problems with Russia ever since we left the USSR. I would have had no idea that it would turn into a full-blown, bloody war. Every day I turned the TV on to more of our cities being invaded by Putin and his government. It was on the third week, however, that my life would be changed forever...

I woke up to my mother and my sister ordering me to get out of bed and pack my clothes and valuables. We were leaving the country in seeking of refuge in Poland, where we would be safe from Russian invasions and bombing. My first thoughts were: "What about Dad?". But I was quickly told that he had been enlisted to fight against the Russian forces. Of course he had. Almost every man in the country was being called to fight in this war. I wondered if I would ever see him again. Upon instruction by my mother, I packed all the essentials and we left for the train to the Polish border.

The train ride was long, dirty, and packed full of people. It wasn't a fast train either. I remember holding my mum and sister tight, hoping that we would arrive safely. As the hours drew on, all I could think about was how things were going for Dad. I wished he could be with us.

After what felt like days, we arrived at the Polish station. It was even more packed full of refugees and evacuees than the train. My mum, sister and I held hands as we left the train, so we didn't lose each other. Where we went next, we had no idea. We were just happy to finally breathe some fresh air.

We were directed to the family queue, where we hoped some very kind Polish people would take us in. After waiting for several hours, an elderly couple approached us and told us that we could stay in their house until we were directed to go somewhere else. I can't describe how grateful I was for this offer. We finally had somewhere to go - somewhere to stay.

I am writing this story as of living in the elderly couple's house for three months now. My name is Danilo and I am fifteen years old. I'm not sure how much longer I will be staying in this house. My father writes to us once a week, telling us about his story for the week. This war may last years, but all we can do is hope that Ukraine can rightfully push the Russians out of power, and restore peace across Europe. I stand for my country, my passion. Ukraine.

Zach Wheat, Y8
Meadowhead School

As I walked through the rubble of my once amazing town of Kyiv I was devastated. They left nothing. This war needs to end. I have been fighting in the battles for Ukraine; we have been fighting for 5 years by ourselves. Families mourning the dead, their children, their husbands. Moscow bombing our towns and cities thinking it is what they must do to keep the 'peace'. We all know that we are the fighters for the freedom of the country. We try to fight, not do it because we were told to. Some of the Russian soldiers have been killed because they try to help the women. We respect them. My dad, my brother and I are all fighting for our country. I am fighting tomorrow. I will fight. We will end this. This is the war to end all wars and we will win no matter the cost

Noah Pearson, Y8
Meadowhead School

Across The Border

They couldn't catch us. I was exhausted. I had run for days, across different terrains: rocks, sand, gravel and plenty of grass fields. Around me, a moss ridden stone sat in a permanent slumber, grass retired in the breezeless atmosphere. Whilst limping, I trudged my way over to a rock and slumped my back against it. In my hand, a jar I held tightly- my degu sat exhausted inside the jar- I placed it on my legs. In my pocket a crumpled biscuit stay. I quickly grabbed it and broke a chunk off. Slowly, I opened the jar and placed a chunk in my degu's paws. Rapidly, he scoffed it down.

I was alone with no mother, no father. I was entirely alone.

I found a house and rapidly ran to the house. I opened the door.

"Help, I've come from Ukraine with my pet degu!" I exclaimed.

Time for a new beginning.

Zane, Y6
Abbey Lane

The thought of the aftermath of this catastrophic ending sends shivers down my spine. Men and only men fight for freedom while women stroll away evacuating themselves into the hills. I stare at the clouds filling the skies, waiting until the dust coats my eyes. The sound of constant gunfire makes my ears ring as night falls. Hopefully tomorrow will be a better day.

Archie Rodgers, Y8
Meadowhead School

The sun glazed upon the patched yellow grass ripped apart by explosions left from what some call a world war. The slim dark trees were dead with just what was left of the rawboned branches reaching out, almost touching the misty sky, dead like a dodo.

Leftover fighter jets within the far distance of the prolonged fields, smoking engines adding on to the battleship grey sky until just streaks of pastel white cloud remain.

Wailing and yelping getting louder and louder by the minute, loud enough to hear the thumping and beating of your own heart. It was quiet, but not for long, until the screaming of the gory blood soaked pedestrians affected by the ceaseless conflict increasing between two countries.

The city was at ruins. A grey and misty sky painted in charcoal-black, the same as the buildings (or what was left of them anyway). The remains of the carcasses scattered among the pitch-black roads with few cars on it. Explosions were a daily event at this point; many were happening around us.

Harry Wathall, Y7
Meadowhead School

This reality is just profanity, it's full of calamity, its challenging my sanity and view on society. It seems like fantasy that the streets now a valley turned uncanny, flooded with a rally. The people unleash their fight for peace and equality.

Pablo Cousins, Y8
Meadowhead School

Regeneration
Escaping war and death
Fearful of the war
Under control by other countries
Gunshots every day and night
Entering different borders of countries
Entering a world of peace

Sam, Y6
Abbey Lane

I turn to see my village up in flames,
All the memories of where I use to spend my days
Rush through my brain,
It's a feeling I can't tame,
But yet before me stand two paths; two new opportunities,
Maybe one could lead to a new beginning for me.
New life in a new light,
New people to meet, new places to see,
It might be a slight fright,
I could end up more alone in the dangers of the night,
But I don't know what the future holds,
I just have to pick a path and see where it goes.

D'Chanel Thomas, Y7
Meadowhead School