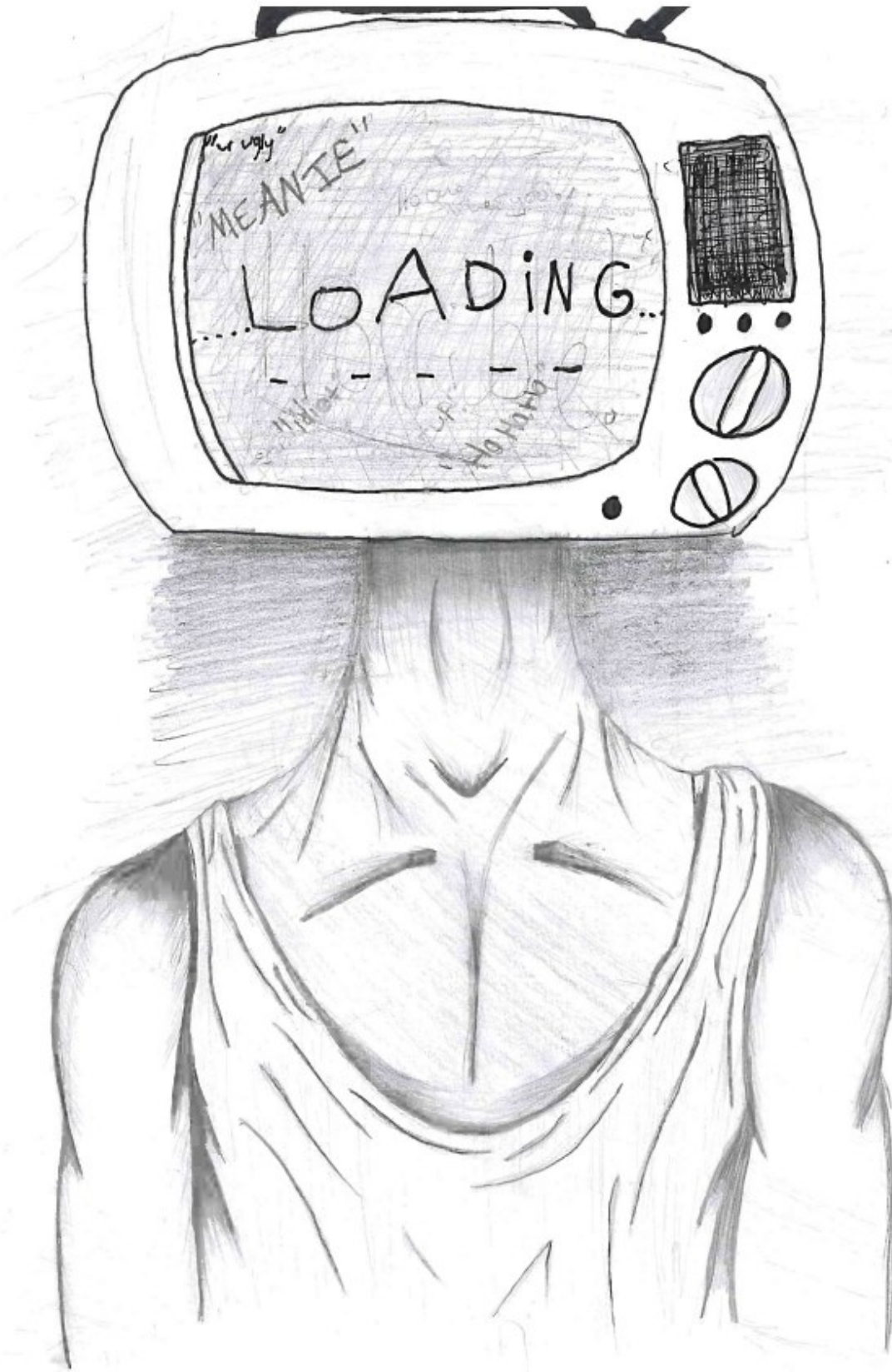


# Everyone A Writer 2023



Aalaiyah Higgins Y7

# Becoming



Meadowhead **Community** Learning Trust

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Katrina Lees Y8



Maya Rollins Y7

### **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.

This year marks ten years of the “Everyone a Writer” competition. A decade of anthologies, launch events and celebrated students. A decade of exploring topics from our houses and homes to the pandemic, from journeys to the elements, from the fragility of our planet to our Sheffield.

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 and teachers of Lower Meadow and Abbey Lane Primary Schools. They are published alongside writing from their counterparts at Meadowhead. And we’ve come along way from “Everyday Objects”!

We wanted to celebrate those ten years by considering a theme of the passing of time, and what we become. Whether that be growing up, working towards or dream career or simply becoming who we are as people, this year’s theme encouraged students to consider their path through life. 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.

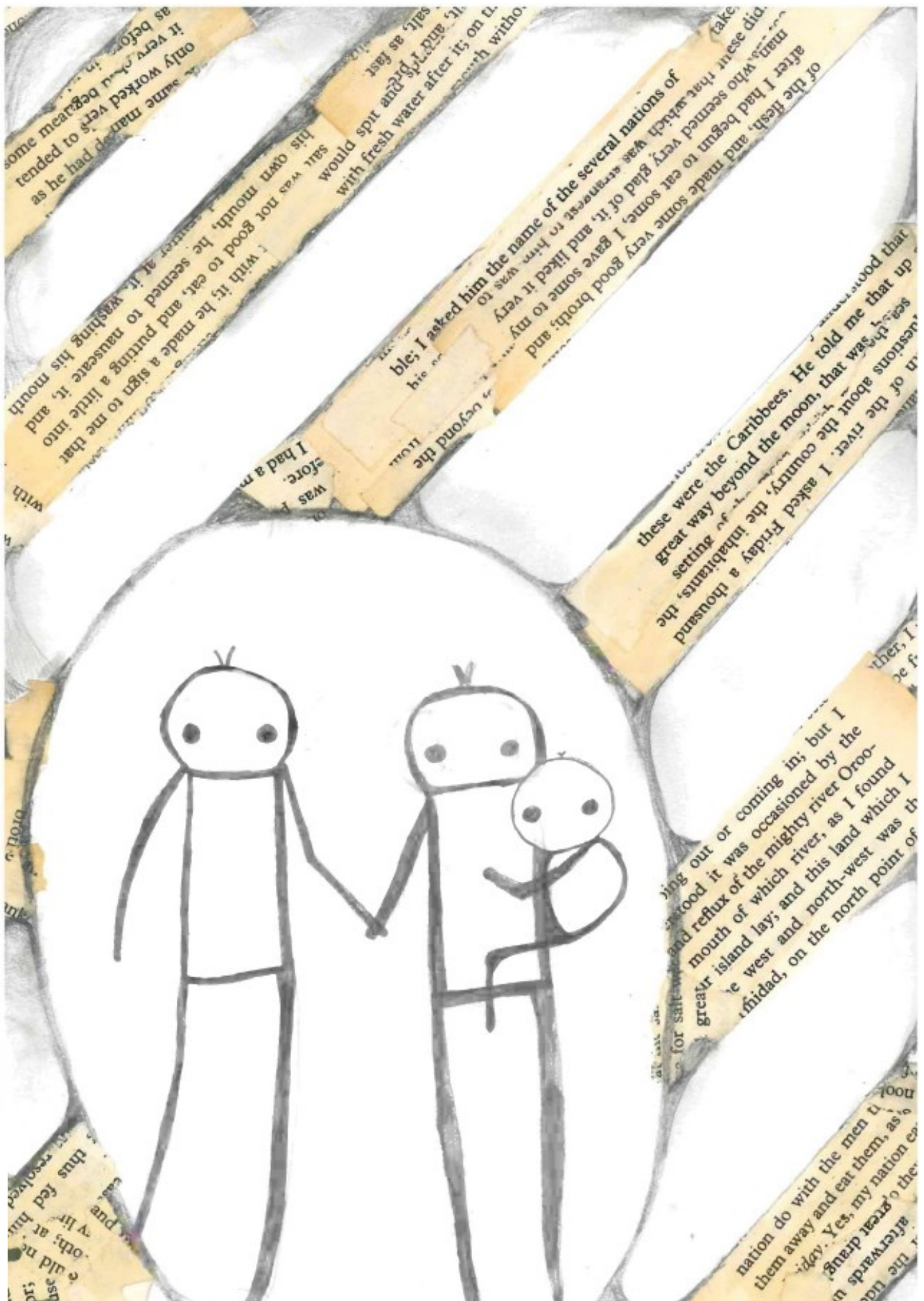
We would like to thank everyone who entered and those who continue to support this project. Particular thanks goes to Mrs Udall for her invaluable support with primaries and the organization of the event. Also thanks to members of staff at Meadowhead School and members of the Trust Board who supported in shortlisting the entries and choosing the winning writers.

***We hope you enjoy the anthology.***

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



# Birth



**As We Grow**

We start our life in our parents' arms.  
We are nurtured, comforted, protected.  
We study the world from a safe distance  
Experience life by other's words.

Then it is the time to leave the safety  
We either spread our wings and touch the sky or we fall.  
Down, down, down to rock bottom where we must build up.  
Up, up, up we must climb one step at a time.

By the time we have climbed back up and there we realise.  
Realise that we have grown unrecognizably.  
Our ambitions separate us from others  
And if we don't take the leap you will never know who we would be.

**George Harvey, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

**From The Day I Was Born**

From the day I was born  
When I first saw the light  
My parents were filled  
With happiness and delight

They wondered with thought  
Who I would be  
Will I succeed?  
Would they be proud of me?

They hope I inspire  
Be a role-model, fulfil  
Will I be a mother?  
They wonder still

And as they wondered  
Their hearts filled with glee  
Because of all the opportunities  
There were for me

Now they look at me  
And think of what I've done  
But still they wonder  
Who I will become

**Bethan Mitchell, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

The world all around me but encased in a shell.  
The sound of the clicking of my beak, pecking for light.

Click. Click. Click.

Boredom.

I've tried. I've struggled. I've squirmed. I've wriggled. I've fought, I've kicked. I've punched. I've flinched.

Yet, life is slipping away at the tip of feathers.

I'm almost there ; I can feel it. The presence of light wrapped me in its warmth. I'm almost free.

Doubt.

These rounded walls will be the first and last thing I see. I'm sure of it. Even the concept of life outside of my prison walls seemed obsolete.

Freedom.

I can fly.

**Hattie Carnall, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Now I Found My Style**

The moment I saw my parents  
My heart fill with glee  
Because I knew there was something in them  
That was meant to be in me

Looking at them  
Seeing their smile  
I knew in me  
I had their style

In their eyes  
I can see  
The love  
They have for me

Now I've learned  
What jobs I can be  
I finally found my style  
Which has always been in me

***Lola White, Y7***  
***Meadowhead School***

### **Becoming The Universe**

Darkness.  
Nothing but the empty void,  
A vast abyss,  
An impenetrable inky blackness.

Suddenly, a flash of light.  
Atoms are fusing, swirling, whirling.  
The light is blinding,  
And the noise would be deafening.

Dust is gathering,  
Planets are forming, colliding, spinning.  
Stars are burning,  
And a multitude of cosmic particles are assembling.

The universe has begun.

***Isaac Corker, Y9***  
***Meadowhead School***

### **Phoenix**

A new morning rises,  
My flames sparking from my former ashes,  
My wings spread, embracing my heat,  
As I rise, calling the odyssey,  
The roaring screeches, a warning to all,  
Like an air raid siren before the bombs fall,  
I attack the morning with my great wings of fire,  
Taking off, a burning desire,  
Soaring through the clouds, as my new life has started,  
And as the years go by,  
I will return to the ashes,  
After the phoenixes have parted.

***Ben Pashley, Y8***  
***Meadowhead School***

# Growing Up



Maisie Jackson Y7

### **Younger**

I want to be younger again,  
Where you have no school,  
Playing with my toy train,  
Reaching the sink with a stool,

I really want to be younger again,  
Making forts out of pillows  
When you fall to magic rub the pain,  
Going to school discos,

I really really want to be younger again  
I think people wish their lives away,  
"I can't wait to do what we want"  
I bet loads of people said the same,  
I always wanted to be able to drink fizzy drinks when I felt like it,  
I don't know why I wished that because I can still only have a bit,

I really really really want to be younger again,  
Getting loads of attention every day,  
Not caring what we say,

I really really really really want to be younger again,  
Being a toddler is amazing,  
So please please don't do what many of us did,  
And wanted to be older,  
Enjoy your childhood, it's amazing.

**Amy Currie, Y7**

**Meadowhead School**

### **Patience**

Be patient,  
Patience is part of becoming,  
Becoming means putting in effort,  
Discovering yourself takes time,  
Climbing up a mountain is not easy,  
Falling is part of becoming,  
No need to rush,  
Take however long you need,  
Know that you're not alone,  
A star needs time to discover how to shine.

**Danny Chen, Y8**

**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming**

Nobody knows who they will become,  
Whether it's important decisions or simple ones  
It can change a lot of outcomes for the future.

Stood torn between two paths,  
Which would you choose.  
Some choices can be turned back on and others can't.  
Will you study for that test?  
Will you apply for that university?  
Will you go to sixth form or college?

These decisions make us who we are,  
Who we become depends on the small decisions  
We didn't pause to think about.  
Will you keep ignoring that person?  
Will you reply to that message?  
Will you comfort that person when they need it?

Some choices need to be made by you and not others,  
Some will make or break your reputation.  
But that is all part of becoming you.

**Amy Hodgkinson, Y9**

**Meadowhead School**



When I was born, I was ever so small,  
Now I've become a little more tall.  
Learning so much along the way,  
for what I might become one day.

Going to school, learning fact after fact,  
like algebra, fractions and how chemicals react.  
Filling my mind with interesting knowledge,  
ready for next steps, university or college

How will I use all the things that I learn?  
What job will I have?  
How much cash will I earn?

If only I had a crystal ball,  
To see into my future to know it all.  
Will I be happy?  
Will I be sad?  
Will life be good?  
Will life be bad?

Nobody knows, only time will tell

What I will become...

**Harvey Bolton, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

Finally, the day came,  
Running around with aim,  
Playing in the yard,  
Although things can be hard,  
When you're becoming,

Next up double figures,  
Filling up the book with pictures,  
As secondary school came,  
It was time to play the game,  
When you're becoming,

Along came University,  
Still calling for more diversity,  
So, when turning eighteen,  
It's time to be seen,  
When you're becoming,

Now, counting 30, 40, 50, 60,  
Preparing for 70-year jubilee,  
With money to fret about too,  
It's time to step into,  
When you're becoming.

**Henry Chatterton, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

The change is menacing.  
From peaceful, murmuring halls.  
To breathtakingly narrow, grubby walls.  
There's more to change than you think.

New school leads to new friends.  
The teachers can be better or worse.  
A new school can be a curse.  
There's more to change than you think.

The main show begins here.  
Where life continues its journey  
Choices that could make you an astronaut or an attorney.  
There's more to change than you think

**Harrison Thompson, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming a great pupil**

Use expanded noun phrases ,  
Listening at all times.  
Practising common exception words,  
Until I start to shine.  
Go on spelling frame, go on at all times,  
Now I'm really starting to shine!

**Herbie, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**



The sun rose gracefully over the towering peaks on the horizon. This was it my first day alone, away from home. I sat perched on the end of my bed, almost waiting for somebody to come down and tell me what to do and how to do it. A million thoughts flashed through my mind, each thought portraying myself in a different future. Yet I didn't feel overwhelmed. I just let my mind drift and wonder. Never did I feel scared or worried about what will happen next, I just let it happen. After all, I was becoming an adult.

**Alfie Lowe, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Growing Up**

My face covered in melted ice cream, hair in pigtails with sparkly bobbles, dressing up teddy bears,  
Raindrops races down the car window, One Direction blasting out of the speakers,  
Visiting my grandparents, eating caramel wafers and getting J20s out of their garage,  
Lining up behind the start line ready for the teacher to shout "Go" for the egg and spoon race, going out for tea with the whole family, being fussed over by waitresses,  
Bedtime stories read aloud, bubble baths and mugs full of creamy hot chocolate,  
Walking to school with my parents, early morning cinema trips, waking up to see Oliver the cat asleep on the sofa.

But now it's different. I'm becoming an adult.

I can't be covered in ice cream or I'm considered childish; my hair is usually scraped back into a messy bun for ease, my teddy bears lay out of sight down the side of my bed, deemed to be childish if sat on my bed.

Raindrops still race down the windows but I'm unable to watch as I'm the one behind the wheel, One Direction still blasting whilst we wait for a reunion.

I see my Grandad often, I see the caramel wafers waiting in the fridge and the J20s in the cupboard but I'm no longer offered them.

My last sports day, 3 long years ago because now exams take priority; I'm now the waitress watching families celebrate.

Reading to myself before bed, hot showers, mugs full of tea and coffee.

Walking to school with friends not family, late night cinema trips, Oliver no longer with us but the arm of the sofa is always occupied by his replacement, Shadow.

I am becoming an adult in front of the world while grieving for the child within me.

**Eve Sambrook, Y12**  
**Meadowhead School**

Looking out the window you feel a gust of cold breeze  
Deep in your thoughts, still trying to find out something that's yours.  
Stars give us a symbol of our dreams  
But some are further away than it might seem.  
You should always try to go further than anyone's been  
But when you think of quitting  
Don't forget what this opportunity means.  
And never change anything for anyone who you have seen.  
When you finally have reached your dream,  
Look around at the scene,  
But always be grateful and stay humble for  
The opportunity you received.

**Ebenezer Gichuhi, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming Me**

Becoming who I want to be  
Has always been my hope  
Just to be me  
An invitation in an envelope

Becoming stronger day by day  
And never falling apart  
I'm more independent, I'd like to say  
And perhaps a bit more smart

Becoming someone new  
Throughout my years in school  
Reaching high to the sky of blue  
Shining as bright as a jewel

Becoming someone kinder  
To laugh and have some fun  
I'd like to keep becoming  
And look up to the sun

Becoming older all the time  
With loads more things to do  
Just to hear the bell chime  
We knew that lunch was due

Becoming who I want to be  
Has always been my hope  
Just to be me  
An invitation in an envelope

**Fliss Prestwich, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming... Sadness**

Sadness is a mere tear  
That rolls down your cheek,  
When sadness is near,  
You begin to grow fear.  
Sadness can make your lungs and heart  
Grow apart.  
Because when sadness is here,  
You can't grin from ear to ear.  
Sadness can make your brain  
Go  
Insane  
When sadness is here,  
The pain begins to grow.  
Because when sadness is here  
Your mind can't flow.

When sadness is here

Happiness is not.

**Emilyn McGonigle, Y6**  
**Lower Meadow**

I have become something,  
And I know "something" doesn't seem that special,  
But at least it's something.

That will be me in 10 years time,  
I guess I put it that way because,  
I don't really know what I want to be.

I guess that I am something,  
At the moment,  
I guess I will always be a something.

But I will be a different something,  
I will go through different phases,  
I will go through different lifestyles.

Although I hope to have the same enjoyments,  
Swimming, editing, climbing, listening to music, drawing sometimes,  
I never know what type of something will come next.

So yes,  
I want to become something,  
I want to become anything,  
As long as its myself.

**Jasmine Rivers, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**





James Cowell Y7

From the day I was born  
To the day I die  
A new life is waiting  
Or am I just breaking?

The birds are calling  
Louder and louder  
The leaves are falling  
Quicker and quicker

The wind blows by  
Like the clouds in the sky  
When the thunderstorm dies  
The birds like to fly

Nothing good lasts forever  
You have to make the most of it  
You have to be clever  
What you do with it

**Lucy von Moeller, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming an Artist**

From a new born wrapped in a blanket.  
What will I become?  
Now a baby with a bottle.  
What will I become?  
Now a toddler with a teddy.  
What will I become?  
Now a child with a book.  
What will I become?  
Now age ten with a phone.  
What will I become?  
Now I'm twelve with a BFF, best friends forever.  
What will I become?  
Now a teenager in an art lesson at school.  
What will I become?  
Now 19 and almost there.  
What will I become?  
Now 30 years old and an artist.  
What have I become?

**Ivy, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Little Red Balloon**

When I was five I had a little red balloon  
That I won from a funfair game  
I clutched the string in my tiny palms  
It made me happy  
I took it all the way home but  
The string slipped away  
I tried to go back and grasp it once more  
But it d

r  
i  
f  
t  
e  
d

Up  
Up  
Up

I watched it, watery eyed  
As it became smaller and smaller  
A tiny red speck in the dull grey sky  
A pop echoing through nothingness  
I look up at the sky now  
And wonder  
What that balloon could have become  
If only  
I  
Didn't  
Let  
Go.

**Katie Hallam, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming Yourself**

Becoming someone can be a challenge,  
But you just have to face it,  
Like moving forward one step at a time,  
Scared, anxious, not knowing what to do,  
But that's life,  
Rebuilding yourself every day,  
To become the person you are today,  
Growing up,  
Moving on,  
But keeping the memories close,  
And don't worry, everyone's in the same boat

**Katie Hancock, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

What do you want to be when you grow up?  
That one big, impossible question that every adult asks you  
Some many ideas, possibilities, dreams, rattling around your head like marbles in a jar  
How is there an easy one-word answer when there are so many different paths to take?  
But, you have to reply with something, but what exactly?  
A fire-fighter?  
A doctor?  
An artist?  
Yet, there is one thing I know I want to be when I'm older  
I want to be kind.

**Lucy Bright, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**I Could Become!**

I could become a lawyer to separate right from wrong.  
 I could become a doctor to save lives.  
 I could become a therapist to help people.  
 I could become a teacher to help people learn.  
 I could become a mum to create a family tree.  
 I could become a surgeon to do the best for people.  
 I could become a head teacher to run great schools.

**Miah Walker, Y6**  
**Lower Meadow**

**Put It Down**

I used to go to the park and play with everyone  
 Now all I see is children on their phone  
 Not talking to anyone  
 Put it down.

Minds taken over  
 Nobody with their friends  
 Not picking out clovers  
 Put it down.

Nobody in the park getting louder  
 Not trying to get superpowers  
 All they do is scroll for hours  
 Put it down.

Children growing badly  
 They are all glued to their ipads  
 Not hanging out with their lads  
 Put it down.

**Olly Mason, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Embrace Change**

The dawn of a new day brings with it a sense of hope and possibility, an opportunity to begin with renewed vigour. Leave behind the mistakes and regrets of the past. It's a new beginning one where we may embrace diversity, equality and inclusivity, and where everyone has the freedom to love and be loved for who they are. A new day dawns, illuminating a path towards a society where everyone is free to dance at their own rhythm, and leave the shackles of history.

I will end with a quote from Gloria Gaynor "life's not worth a damn till you can (openly and proudly) say, I am what I am."

**Reuben Rose, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Becoming**

Becoming mature,  
 Please do ensure!  
 Becoming kind,  
 If you don't mind!  
 Becoming responsible,  
 It must be possible!  
 Becoming older,  
 You don't need to ponder!  
 Becoming wise,  
 Knowing truth over lies!

**Sebastien Oldfield, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Uncertainty**

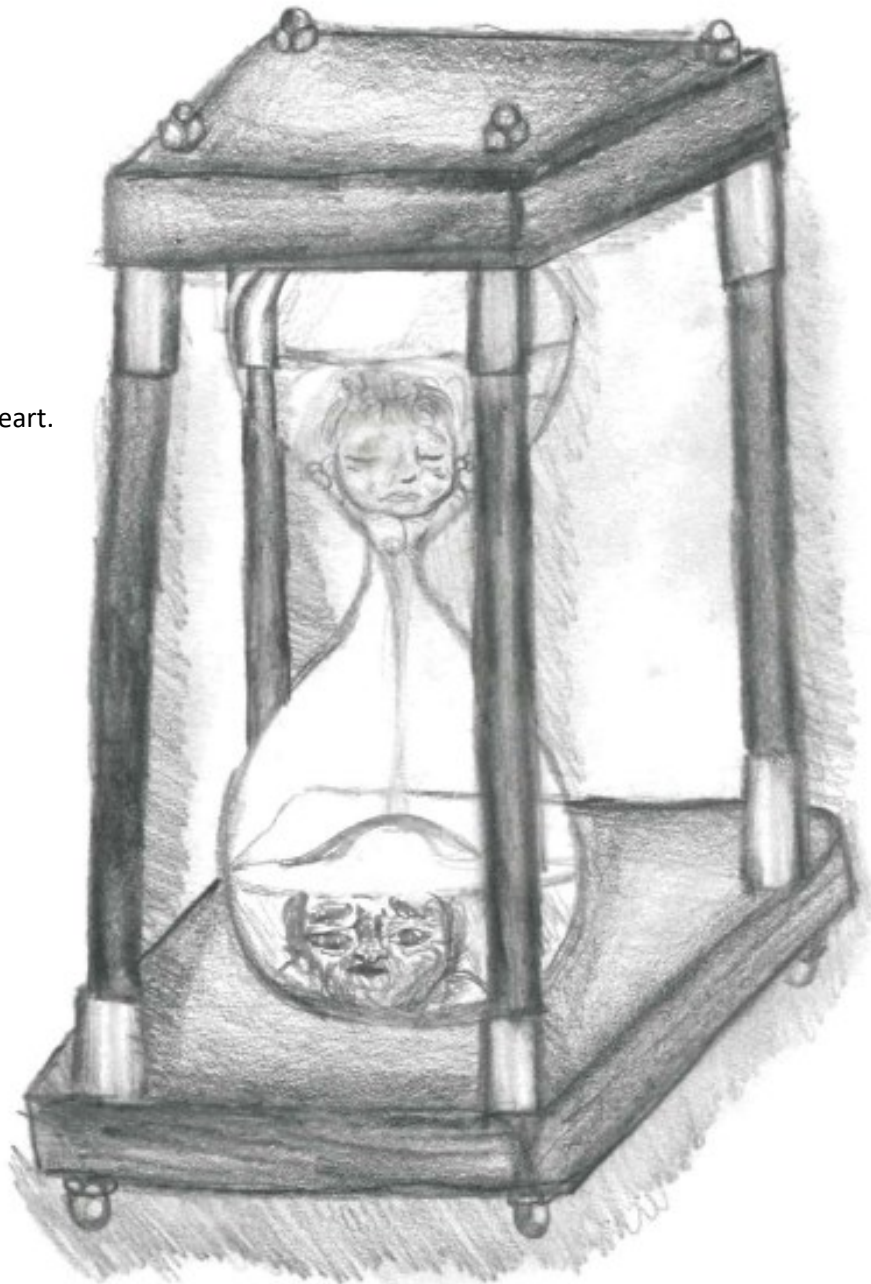
Not knowing what the future holds,  
 Can sometimes make your dreams fold.  
 Some people can be sure and ready to soar,  
 Having a strong feeling on what to do in their core.  
 Experimenting and exploring is part of the process,  
 Just do what feels right, don't be afraid of progress.  
 Remember not everybody's journey is the same,  
 And know everyone eventually finds their lane.

**Nina Sanderson, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Becoming Me**

I am still growing  
And developing every week  
Until I stop.  
I do not know how I am going yet  
But I know how I want to do in my heart.

**Hope Smith, Y6**  
**Lower Meadow**



Madina Hashimi Y7

**Let Kids Be Kids**

Jumping and bumping, running, and skipping  
Playing around whilst slipping and tripping.  
Most of us were like this maybe age 5 or at 6  
And having that one aunt telling tales of our mischief.

But imagine going back, without a care in the world  
Learning, having fun, our creativity unfurls.  
Soon kids can't be kids, just having a great time  
Problems like climate change at the front of their mind.

So, let's keep it simple, a win-win for everyone  
So, kids in the future can still have some fun.

**Roy Keeling, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

Who you become is not fate,  
Hard work is important, not something to hate,  
Look up to an idol inspiring,  
Quit and then quit but never stop trying.  
Improve on what you already know,  
Even when you're at your low,  
Complete every goal upcoming,  
This is who you're becoming.

**Ellie Monkman, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**



We're told we're becoming,  
But in reality it's a mask.  
There's an abundance of products layered on our faces.  
Yes, so we're told we're becoming,  
But also because we want to believe it ourselves.  
We crave getting called "a model".  
Foundation. Concealer. Contour. Blush. Mascara. Lipstick.  
Slowly, they ruin your skin  
And your perception.  
You no longer think you're becoming without it,  
Nor are you told it.  
When the mask comes off, it's not by choice.  
It gets smudged by the tears,  
Of remembering what's behind the mask.  
We destroy ourselves, just so  
We're told we're becoming.

***Sophie Walker, Y9***  
***Meadowhead School***

### **Age**

I can feel my knees hurt from 30 years of work  
And I know that my age is starting to lurk

Face begins to sag  
My skin is all wrinkly my eyes have bags

My ears barely hear  
Almost nothing sounds clear

I used to run and jump around  
But now my bones hurt to get me off the ground

My hair is getting grey  
It gets darker everyday

I knew it I was getting old  
And it was sooner than anyone told

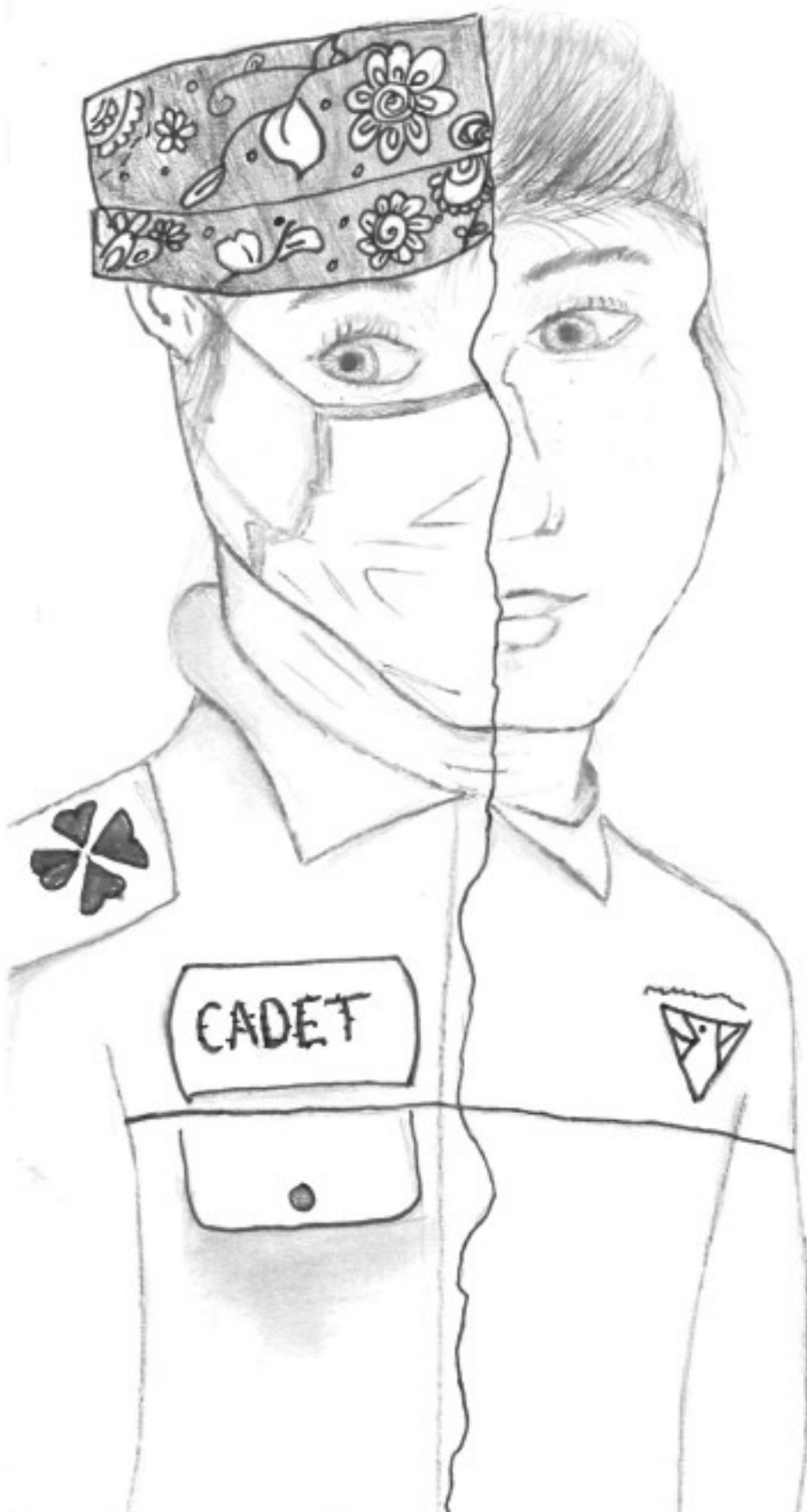
***Matty Hall, Y9***  
***Meadowhead School***

### **Getting Old**

Looking in my mirror,  
Why are there lines on my face like wrinkles in the bed sheet?  
My hair has turned grey like the sky on a rainy day  
My skin has turned from ice to water  
That has been left for years  
I used to run to catch the bus  
Now I just watch as I slowly walk up the road  
And it passes by, children waving and smiling  
I used to go out throwing rocks seeing who can throw the furthest  
Now I just sit and watch  
Hardly walking around my house  
Watching my grandchildren playing tag laughing and running  
Remembering the past when I could play catch

***Izzy Gelsthorpe, Y9***  
***Meadowhead School***

# Dream Career



As I walk through the school gate  
With hundreds of lives  
The bitter taste of stress has arrived  
Stuck in their minds wrath  
Each person is guided down their own path  
I wonder where we'll go?

Analysing each person  
Thinking about their best version  
Maybe a actor?  
Maybe a reporter?  
Time grows shorter and shorter  
I wonder where we'll go?

Decisions, decisions  
What should I be?  
A lawyer?  
A soldier?  
A referee?  
Constant thoughts burn through my head  
Would I succeed if I go this way?

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"  
As a child, that question is thrilling  
But as a 13 year old, that question is instilling  
Endless doubts overcrowd in my head  
I am afraid my confidence has fled

Time grows impatient  
Where will I go?  
Where will I go?  
I wonder where will I go?

**Alicia Bandeira, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming a Scientist**

Dear Diary,  
What a day! Today was my first day as a scientist. Early today, I nervously walked to my shiny red car and drove to the car park. My hands were shivering at the speed of light, but I thought to myself "Don't be nervous!" I got out of my car and walked to the huge rough building and went inside. A few hours later it was lunch and I had a yummy amazing tuna and sweetcorn sandwich (my favourite) and sat in the lunch room. Then I actually discovered a new bacteria and then I went home. I was so proud of myself.  
See you soon, Billy.

**Billy, Y3**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **New Beginnings**

You take your first steps  
And you unlock your first house  
I want to be a Doctor  
I want to be a Police Officer  
I want to be a Shop Keeper  
I am sat in a lecture  
I am sat in training  
But I will never forget that day I got my first pay check.

**Anna Casey, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

Dear older me

When I am older I want to become a astronaut  
because I want to see aliens. I want to have a  
rocket to zoom up up up!

I want to go to the moon and put a flag on there.

I will try hard to be an astronaut

**Frankie, Y1, Age 6**  
**Abbey Lane**

I want to be a dad to have babies.

**Freddie B, Reception, Age 5**  
**Abbey Lane**

**Dream Job**

Your dream job,  
 It is like a staircase of random encounters,  
 The one you shake hands with near the top,  
 The one you have to trip up a few times,  
 The one who tries to stop you and get there first,  
 The first fall out with a good friend,  
 The first fight with a foe,  
 But in the end you feel powerful and strong,  
 But it is not the same for others.

***Callum Satterthwaite, Y8***  
***Meadowhead School***

I am becoming a young woman,  
 Don't know how but still running,  
 A new car? Bet it's stunning,  
 Could be a singer? Don't know how so I'm just humming,  
 A lot ahead I know is coming,  
 Been away for a while, time for homecoming,  
 Don't know what life is like  
 Don't know what I'm becoming.

***Courtney McWilliams, Y9***  
***Meadowhead School***

**Becoming Grace Williams**

One Saturday afternoon, twenty one year old Grace Williams (soon to be a mega art sensation) was sitting in her living room, sipping a steaming cup of herbal tea. She was expecting an extremely important letter, which could change her life forever. Finally, there was a faint clink of the letter box, as a small, crème envelope slipped onto the mat, followed by a couple of magazines. Eagerly, Grace grasped the envelope and she tore it open, her hands trembling with nerves. "I got the job!!" she exclaimed, waving the letter in the air. All of a sudden, her parents rushed in, congratulating her, happily.

The next day, Grace said her farewells and headed to the train station. With caution, she stepped onto the train, which was crammed full of people; she attempted to avoid making eye contact. An hour later, Grace exited the train station and ascended up some stone stairs, leading up to the bustling London square. Pulling out her phone, she walked along the street, while googling directions to her new flat. As she turned a corner, Grace's phone buzzed, then the screen went black. "Oh no," she mumbled, biting her lip. "Hi!" Grace spun on her heel to find a twenty three year old woman staring back at her. "Are you new to the area?" she asked.

"Err... yeah. My phone just died and it was my only direction source," Grace explained. The woman nodded, sympathetically.

"My name is May, I can guide you if you want me to,"

"I'm staying around the corner from the Whitechapel gallery," replied Grace

"Cool. Follow me," May turned around and walked down the alley.

After thanking May, Grace walked into her flat that had deep cracks dotted around the walls and cobwebs in the corners. "Well it could do with some work," she placed her hands on her hips "But I'm sure I can make it homey." After finishing a long afternoon of unpacking, it was soon time for tea: jacket potato with beans and cheese. The next morning, Grace got ready and headed to the Whitechapel art gallery to set up her big exhibition. Immediately, she began working on her main project, splashing paint all over her canvas- and herself to. Amazingly, Grace's art work was adored by all who came to see it; she became a big success in a couple of hours! The following day, she appeared in the local paper and was surprised to see the amount of requests for her art in every art gallery in London. This truly shows that one ordinary girl can become triumphant if she works hard in life.

***Emma K & Alexa T, Y6***  
***Abbey Lane***





Joe Shultz Y7

### **Becoming**

As a child everyone dreams about their life,  
A car, a mansion, money and a wife.  
They want to become a success bearing fame,  
Something, someone, or a big name.  
Not just a shadow hidden away,  
That journey starts today.  
Tune in, turn up, get in gear,  
It's your life, live it, have I made that clear?

**Freddie Fickling, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

I want to be a teacher because I want to help children.

**Nina K, Reception, Age 5**  
**Abbey Lane**

I want to be an ice cream seller when I grow up and  
will live in a caravan.

**Brynne W, Reception, Age 5**  
**Abbey Lane**

I want to be a postman because I'd like to work for  
Royal Mail.

**Elliot L, Reception, Age 5**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Becoming a Doctor**

Dear Diary,  
When I am older I want to become a doctor because I love to help and care for people. I think I will be good at the  
job because I will make people better when they're ill and I will clean wounds. I would also assure my patients if  
they're nervous. I hope I get the job, I'll be so happy if I do.  
See you tomorrow,  
Georgie

**Georgie, Y3**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Becoming an Artist**

Dear diary  
Today was my first day as an Artist. It was so scary because I painted my first ever picture and guess what, I get to  
show it off! I will sell it for £2000 pounds. Now I get to live in a mansion made of chocolate!  
I can't wait to write again soon,  
Lily

**Lily, Y3**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **What Would You Be**

What would you be?  
Would you be an architect designing people's homes  
Or a chief cooking peoples tea?  
Or maybe an archaeologist studying ancient Rome  
What would you be?

An astronaut landing on the moon  
Or a teacher, teaching people to read and write?  
An artist drawing a cartoon  
Or a protester protesting for people's right?  
What would you be?

Would you be an author writing the number one selling  
book  
Or a builder driving a big truck?  
What would you be?

**Harry Higgins, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

Dear older me,

When I am older I would like to be a teacher because I  
can tell my students what to do. It would be very fun  
doing that.

**Grace, Y1, Age 6**  
**Abbey Lane**

**If I Was To See Myself**

My life begins with a simple thing,  
At school with my friends,  
Wondering when my life would begin,  
I wanted to be an actor,  
A teacher,  
Whatever I could be,  
Wondering when my life would begin,  
I joined university and stayed there for 3 or 4 years,  
I told my mum what I wanted to be,  
And she said that was amazing for me,  
Wondering when my life would begin,  
I started to get trained for a nurse,  
Training was hard and difficult ,  
But I never gave up,  
This was my dream,  
And it was what I wanted to be,  
And now my life was starting to begin,  
I am a nurse.

**Lucy H, Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

**Becoming a Boxer**

I have two big gloves.  
What will I become?  
I have head gear.  
What will I become?  
I have gum shields.  
What will I become?  
I have pads.  
What will I become?  
I have a referee.  
What will I become?  
I have a stadium.  
What will I become?  
I have a shot.  
What will I become?  
I have a robe.  
What have I become?

**Maeson, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**

**Becoming**

What am I,  
Who am I,  
I am a boy,  
And I love my toy.

What am I,  
Who am I,  
I am a chef.

What do I have,  
What do I have,  
I have a family.

What could I be,  
Who could I be,  
I could be:  
A boy,  
A chef,  
A man,  
Or a father.

Everyone is something at the start,  
But they are becoming something greater.

**Logan Byers, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

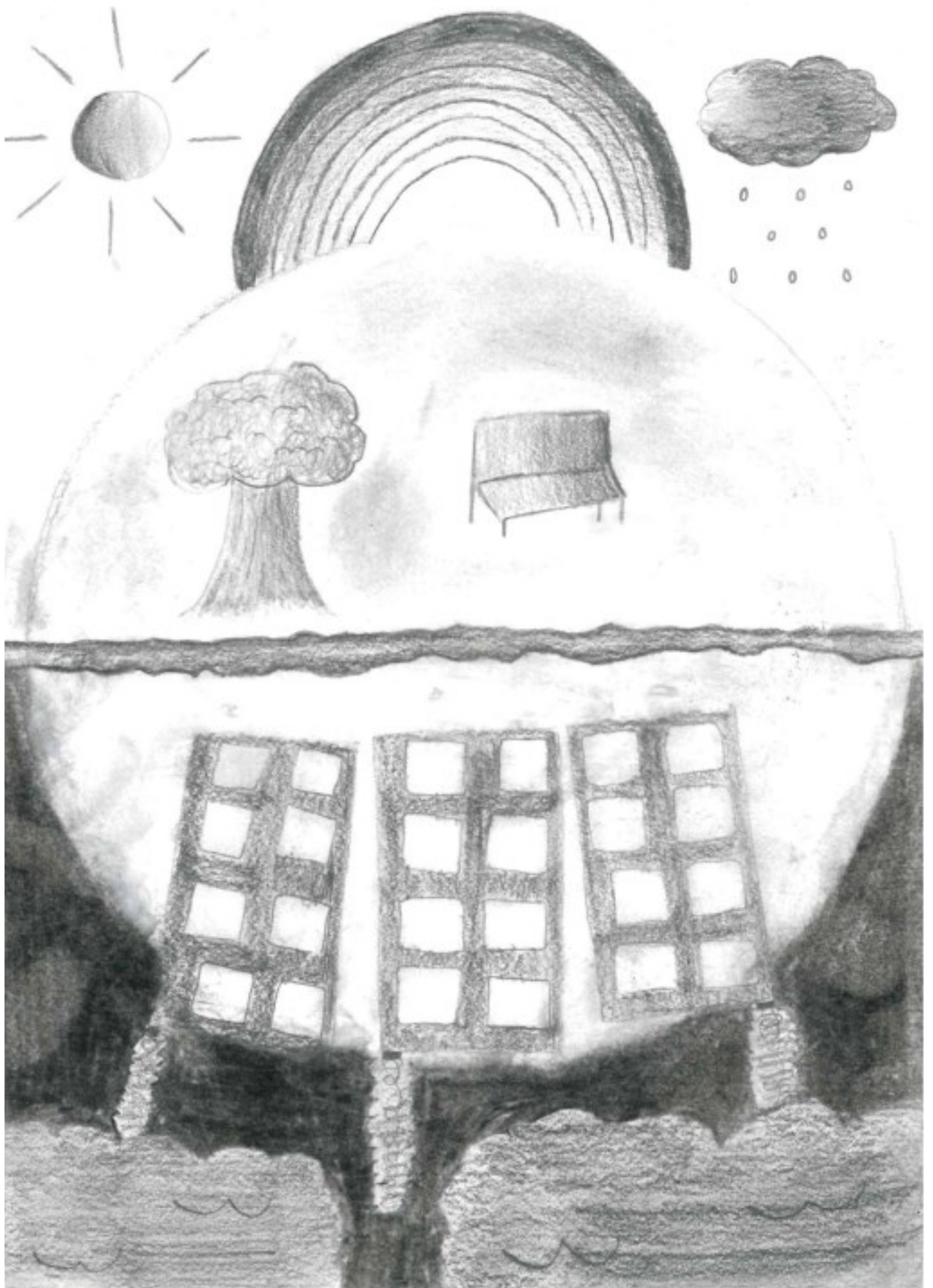
I want to be a millionaire  
Travel the world  
Make so much money I can share

I want to be a businessman  
Create a car  
Make a van

When grow up  
I want to be a family man  
When I grow up

When I grow up  
I want to climb the tallest tree  
I want to be the completely free

**Nate Newton-Smith, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**



### **Heart Surgeon**

Dear Phoebe,

This is me and Neve writing to you to wish you a happy birthday; we also want to tell you that we got our dream jobs as heart surgeons.

We miss you so much and can't wait to see you again. Even though we have been accepted we still have to wait a few more months to start. When we arrived in Greece it was super busy and we almost got lost! When we got to the first hospital, we did some tests but we weren't accepted, so we decided to finish off the day by going to our new apartment.

When we entered the apartment, we noticed that there was quite a lot of dust and a dampish smell, so we got straight to it and started cleaning. The next day we tried signing up for the same job at a different place and succeeded. We practised a surgery on a mannequin and we both passed. But we are still in nursing school so we have to wait one month to join the hospital.

We are currently waiting for our flight to come see you. We decided to come home because we're on our two weeks break. Then after that we will have one more month till we leave to join the hospital we are so excited.

Lots of love  
Lexie and Neve

PS: Can't we wait to see you!

***Lexie & Neve, Y6***  
***Abbey Lane***

### **Becoming a Circus Man**

Dear Diary

I am getting a new job today and that is to become a CIRCUS MAN! I'm jumping up and down with excited nerves. I believe I can do it even with people doubting me. I don't believe them because I believe in myself. Anyway, today I was first up my act was spinning heavy objects with my fingers. It was great, I get £10 an hour and I work 3 hours a day so I get £30 a day (that is a lot of money). I can't wait until tomorrow.

Speak soon,

Love from Seth.  
P.S. Thanks for reading

***Seth, Y3***  
***Abbey Lane***

Dear older me,

When I am older I want to be a author all of the books that I make will go to the shops for grownups and children. Some of my books will go to the library. Some of my books will be a prize! I want to be an author because I like reading.

***Elsie, Y1, Age 6***  
***Abbey Lane***

Dear older me,

When I am older I want to be a teacher and a scientist. I want to be a teacher and scientist because I can help people learn and discover new things. I want to have 2 babies. I want to travel to Germany and Scotland. I will try hard to be good.

***Emmie, Y1, Age 6***  
***Abbey Lane***

### **Black Belt**

It takes dedication, motivation  
Hard work,  
Years of preparation.

Sweat, tears and frustration,  
Smelly clothes,  
Poor Mum!

So much time,  
Lots of bruises  
But it is worth it.

All of it towards that one thing  
And that one thing,  
Is a BLACK BELT.

**Thomas Woolhouse, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

Dear older me

When I am older I want to become a scientist and do experiments so I can make different inventions.

**Daniel, Y1, Age 5**  
**Abbey Lane**

Dear older me

When I am older I want to become a teacher and a gymnastics teacher because I want to teach people to be strong.

**Rosha, Y1, Age 6**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Becoming an Explorer**

Dear Diary,

"What a day!" I said to myself. Today was my very first day as an explorer. This morning, I quickly drove my cool, car to the jungle. I parked it in a clearing. Then, I saw a humungous rock python the largest snake in the world gasped a really big gasp. It made me even more nervous and excited. But the day was not done so I went deeper. I saw tarantula, crocodile and snakes. After, seeing all those amazing animals. I went to my car it was in bits so many bits!

Speak soon, Freya

**Freya, Y3**  
**Abbey Lane**

I want to be a paramedic because I like to look after people and my Mummy.

**Amber T, Reception, Age 4**  
**Abbey Lane**

Dear older me

When I am older I want to become a policeman. I want to catch bad guys and help people. I hope I can drive a police car.

**Wilson, Y1, Age 6**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Heroes**

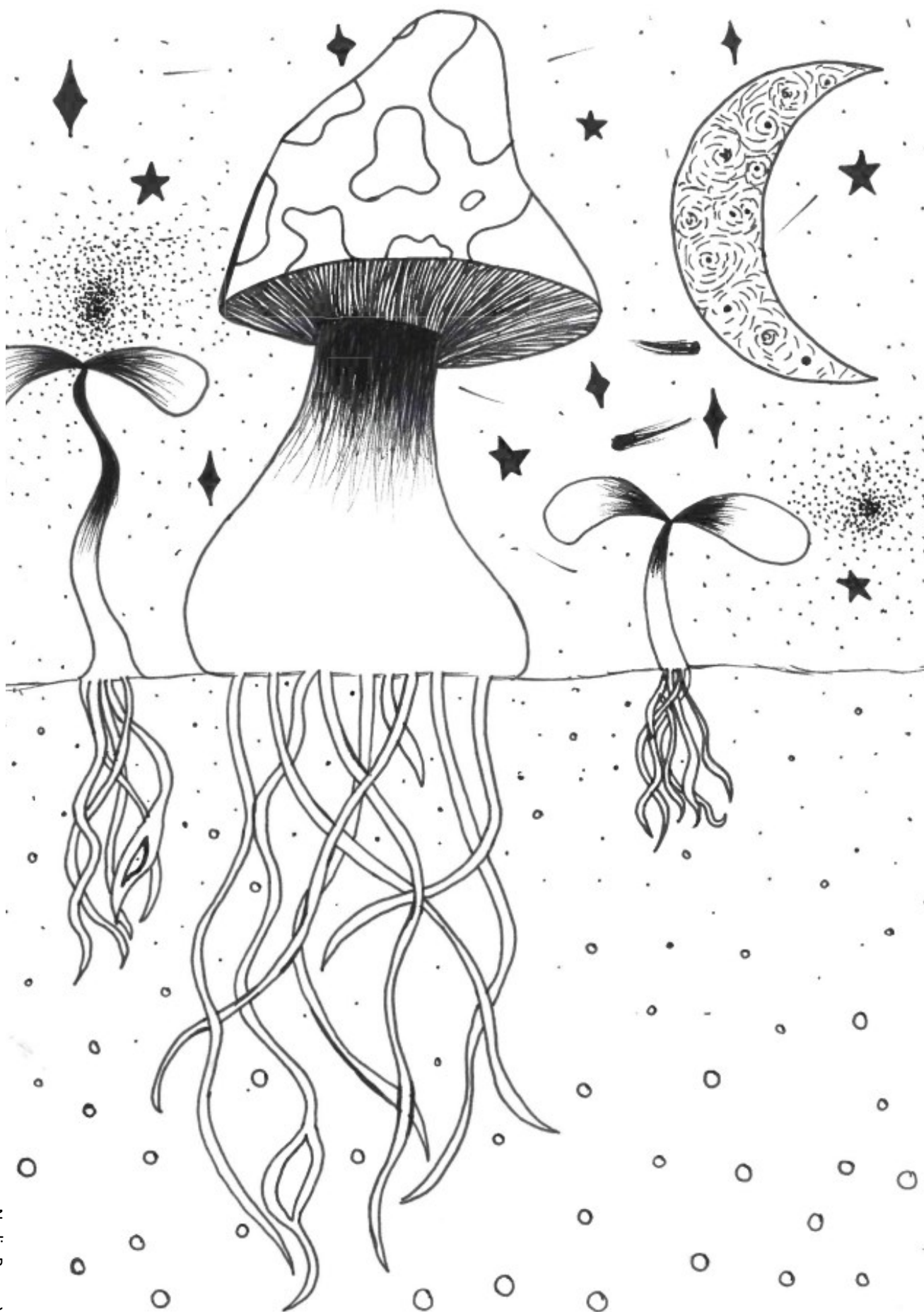
The stories all mention heroes  
But the best don't wear capes  
Some live in secret  
Saving lives and people  
Many share their heroic ways  
However, we are becoming  
The ones we seek to be

Around the world they stand their ground  
Stopping villains and wars  
Others may be cooped up in their own head  
Jumping from problem to problem  
Without a care in the world  
These are the real heroes

**Oliver Marsden, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**



# Nature



### **Becoming a Flower**

Becoming a flower.  
Starting as a tiny seed.  
What will I become?

I am only a seed.  
What will I become?

A little flower with a stem.  
Now I am tall.  
What will I become?

I see you down there.  
I was like you and now I am giant.

**Aidan R, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**

Becoming is a journey we all must take,  
An adventure that we must undertake,  
It's shedding old skin, and growing new wings,  
And embracing the changes that each day brings.

Becoming is like a butterfly's flight,  
As it transforms from a caterpillar's plight,  
From crawling to soaring, it spreads its wings,  
It's beauty and grace, a wondrous thing.

Becoming is like a seed in the ground,  
Growing roots deep, and reaching for the sun,  
It's blooming and thriving, to fullness found,  
A life well-lived, when all is said and done.

Becoming is not just a single event,  
It's a process of growth, that we must relent,  
In every moment, we have the choice,  
To become more, and to raise our voice

**Amelia Gregory, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

What is life?  
Life is a seed growing and growing it never stop  
Its purpose getting greater and greater day by day  
It starts in the darkness with no soul to guide it  
Until a little splash of water awakens it  
Faster and faster the roots start to grow  
Waiting to become.

**Amelia Naylor, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Butterfly**

Like a butterfly,  
I'm changing.  
Adapting.  
Although I've not found my place,  
I'm sure I will.  
That's a fact.

**Cameron H, Y6**  
**Lower Meadow**

### **Moon Phases**

We cannot see it through our own eyes  
Until the waxing crescent comes and we begin to realise  
The first quarter has come and gone  
And the waxing gibbous is showing strong  
Suddenly we see it in its pride and glory  
It has become something to watch for everybody  
Through the clouds we begin to see  
A waning gibbous smiling down on you and me  
The third quarter is already here  
And where it is in the sky is no longer clear

**Cara Bell, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming a Tulip**

Stem hatching from its seed  
What am I? I have to wait and see.  
I just appeared out of the soil!  
I can't wait to see what I am!  
My leaves are growing!  
I am so excited!  
OH! I am a Tulip! Whatever next...?

**Elodie, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**



Erin Hinshelwood Y7

**Becoming a Sunflower**

Just a tiny seed laying in the darkness  
 Roots suddenly begin to sprout  
 Still sat laying in darkness  
 But a tiny stem pops out of the ground now looking out  
 at the sun  
 Gets bigger and bigger  
 Leaf by leaf I begin to grow  
 Will anything come and will anything go?  
 My petals will bloom very soon  
 Suddenly the start to bloom  
 Now my petals follow the sun  
 Now high up in the sky it is so much more fun!

**Dexter, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**

**Coming into Bloom**

Planted to be big, strong and long  
 I stretch up and collect my sunlight.  
 All day long in the mud  
 One day I will become stronger  
 And wave to the trees as they call me  
 The boss.  
 I look up to the sky as I say goodbye  
 I fall to the ground and I die.  
 I'm deep in the mud, one day I will  
 Come back up.  
 I'm in heaven, looking down thinking of  
 when I was deep  
 In the mud.  
 I miss all of the good times that we had  
 With the trees and the world.

**Fin O, Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

**Becoming a Tree**

Roots grow quickly, trunks sprouting slowly and...POP, a baky brown tree!

A season goes by, it's sunny summer. Let's laugh and cheer because summer is here!  
 A season goes by, autumn is here. Windy, slushy leaves go past and all my leaves fall!  
 A season goes by, its winter now and I am cold but finally it's the final season and it goes past again.  
 Its spring and all my leaves are back hip hip hooray! It's spring again!

**Leo, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**

**First Flight**

It will take a lot,  
 For her to step off that edge.  
 To see if her wings will droop under pressure,  
 Or will they spread and soar through the wind?  
 If she succeeds to fly freely and beautifully,  
 Then the pride of her loved ones will keep her  
 soaring.  
 But oh how truly terrifying that first jump will  
 be,  
 Out of the safety of the nest,  
 And into the wild unknown!

**Edith Bannister, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Bloom**

A scared stalk  
 Peeking through the safety of the soil  
 Breathing in the crisp, fresh air  
 A breath-taking bud  
 Leisurely breaking open  
 Like an oyster revealing its pearls  
 A fragile flower  
 Delicately waving in the gentle breeze  
 Bright and bold for all the world to see

**Eva Shaw, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Wonders of The Greek Waters**

I stood on the golden sand,  
 Staring out into the crystal sea,  
 My goggles in my hand,  
 As the waves rolled to me in glee.

I started to swim into the waves,  
 Gliding with grace,  
 As if I hadn't swam in days.

I got ready to plunge,  
 Before anything could lunge.

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

I opened my eyes,  
 Sea stories weren't lies,  
 Below me fish were swaying,  
 While little ones were playing.

I surfaced after I had a peek,  
 Don't you just love the waters of the Greek.

**Freya Buckley, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Seed**

The seed that has fallen,  
 From the mother tree,  
 Embeds itself in the moss and roots.  
 The beginning of a new leaf,

The next generation,  
 Sprouting with potential,  
 Small and weak they start,  
 But leave a footprint on your heart,

Not everyone may make it,  
 But you have to believe,  
 Try your best,  
 You can achieve,

Life will fly by,  
 And you'll raise seeds of your own  
 One day you will look back,  
 And realise how time has flown.

**Joshua Waite, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

As the sun begins to creep out from behind the clouds  
 And the birds start to sing clear and loud  
 The smell of freshly cut grass  
 Oh how I wish this could last  
 The snowdrops flourishing from the ground  
 And a single rain drop is no where to be found

**Francesca Gallagher, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Becoming**

The world is coming to an ending  
 We are all screaming and yelping  
 Everyone is depending  
 On your helping

It used to be a bright colourful place  
 Where you could frolic no care in the world  
 With a big smile on your face  
 And be free and unfurled

It has now turned into a place where,  
 Glaciers are melting  
 Forests have fires that are like a blue moon,  
 rare  
 And people are not regretting

**Leia Follon, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

BECOMING...like a fresh daisy sprouting from the ground  
 A cub becoming a lion with the pack its around  
 Discovering new things about me that I would never know  
 The lessons that teach you about being older and wanting to grow  
 A new feeling of excitement but also despair  
 The hurdles and obstacles you come across you should be aware  
 The fact of growing older is scary but stunning  
 But knowing where your going is a new BECOMING.

**Geordain Laker, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**







**Day and Night**

In the morning as the sun rises,  
 A palette of colours dazzles the sky,  
 A new day dawn upon us,  
 With new hopes and ambitions,

In the evening the sun sets,  
 A day is complete and accomplished,  
 A new moon gleams upon us,  
 With new dreams and reflections,

A new day, a new night.

**Hannah Goodwin, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

Every flower was once a seed,  
 Vibrant colours shining inside.  
 England, for example,  
 Replete with daisies and forsythias,  
 Yellow jewels in fields of gold.

Flowers grow and bloom then die,  
 Leaving behind all their seeds.  
 Over time, the seeds will begin to grow,  
 Waiting, deep beneath the earth.  
 Every year, the flowers appear,  
 Rejoicing in the beauty of Spring.

**Lola Martin, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**The Cottage**

An aeroplane made of steel, flies over fields. Eventually we arrive at the cottage, the sounds of buzzing bees and swaying trees. I open the old, wooden gate to meet with a gigantic meadow of flowers and hives of bees. I take a steady stroll to the cottage door, there was a blazing fire and egg soup galore.

There were comfy sofas, fluffy rugs, brick walls and coffee mugs. I peeked out the window past chicken coops where chickens nest and cockerels rest, I spot a group of rabbits hopping and chasing one another whilst apples are dropping. Late in the evening, a midnight summer stroll, playing fox cubs yapping at each other, while their mother was napping.

The week has flown by, many memories to remember it by. Oh farewell cottage, I hope we meet again, till next summer I say as the taxi turns the bend.

**Maxi & James, Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

**Global Warming**

The sea has become a murderer,  
 Its heart filled with hate,  
 And just like fate,  
 Drawing in land just like fish bait.  
 Land never seen,  
 Beneath the murky depths of the murderous sea,  
 Where sailors flee.

The sun has become a murderer,  
 Firing its scorching flame,  
 That no one can tame,  
 Cracks embedded in the ground,  
 Whilst we sit around,  
 Ice caps tear,  
 Animals in despair,  
 All alone with no home.

So, you see there is no planet B!

**Holly Guilfoyle, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**See the Dandelion Becoming**

A weed is an unwelcome addition  
 To your perfect flowerbed  
 Yet I see no need for a dandelion  
 To be labelled as a weed  
 You would only understand if you  
 Saw the dandelion becoming.

A single drop of spirit (and rain)  
 And perhaps some sun is all a dandelion needs  
 And a flower blooms, so mellow yet so magnificent  
 In many hues of yellow  
 You will only feel true joy if you  
 See the dandelion becoming.  
 And suddenly the lovely yellow bloom  
 Becomes white, ready to be blown away  
 By the wind, or the humble human breath  
 And the bloom of white petals is gone  
 And your wishes carried away to be granted  
 Some other day  
 You will feel the worries disappear if you  
 See the dandelion becoming.

**Liv Naylor, Y7**

**Meadowhead School**

**Becoming a Carrot**

I'm a little seed growing  
 I'm starting to sprout roots  
 I'm growing a sprout up above.  
 What will I become?  
 I'm turning orange  
 What have I become?  
 Now I've been picked out of the ground.  
 I'm a carrot leaving life successfully.  
 Now I'm chopped up for carrot soup.  
 Now eaten all mushy and hot.

**Oskar Y, Y2**

**Abbey Lane**

I am becoming...  
 I am transcending from a seed  
 I am a flower blooming  
 Waiting for my petals to spread  
 I am becoming...

I am a balloon  
 Rising to the suns and the moons  
 The time for me to pop is coming soon  
 My youth is only starting  
 I am beginning,  
 I am blooming and  
 I am rising  
 I am becoming.

**Maisie Lyons, Y7**

**Meadowhead School**

**Becoming a New Season**

Sun is burning on my skin.  
 New life is coming and flowers are blooming.  
 Birds tweeting happily,  
 Seeds are slowly sprouting.  
 Insects are crawling everywhere.  
 No more hibernating.  
 Rain is pattering gently on the ground.  
 Bye bare trees, Hi green trees!  
 Why don't you go outside and enjoy the gleaming sun?  
 The snow has faded.  
 Oh come on let us enjoy a glorious spring day.

**Olivia L, Y2**

**Abbey Lane**

**Butterfly**

I looked at my family one last time with a sorrowful smile before stepping out into the world. It pained me as I left my home, tears in my mothers eyes, but I knew what was right. Like a butterfly I burst through the sky, spreading my wings as I flew freely. I soared higher and higher without a care in the world, my whole life waiting in my cocoon, waiting to be something more.

**Seth Jones, Y7**

**Meadowhead School**



**The World is Becoming**

The world has become both  
A wonderful and horrible place  
And it is all down to  
The human race.

When the world's many minds  
Work creatively and hard  
Once they combine together  
The world is blessed and scarred.

Breaking it down  
To what we use today,  
Plastic polluting the oceans,  
Was it meant to be that way?

When the planet gets warmer  
And the smoke and fumes rise  
We watch the ice caps melt  
Right before our eyes.

And humans become hungrier  
For more of their cash  
Our ideas like knives  
Cause the earth to be slashed.

Cutting down trees,  
Destroying animals' homes  
We should stop our becoming ideas  
And leave the poor creatures alone.

And when there is only humans  
And animals are no more  
We will regret our becoming minds  
And our hearts will feel sore,  
Forevermore

The world has become both  
A wonderful and horrible place  
And it is all down to  
The human race.

**Phoebe Cuff, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Not Easy**

Becoming isn't easy,  
It's known to require patience.  
Like a caterpillar sprouting into a gorgeous butterfly,  
A daisy coming out of the ground from hiding,  
The leaves on a tree coming back on its branches,  
The grass getting greener.  
Don't get mad at yourself when you can't become something.  
You will one day.

**Sabrina Faize, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Becoming a scientist**

Look at me, I discovered a new ant...the catcho ant.  
SCIENCE!  
Look at me, I discovered a new beetle...the dung doy  
SCIENCE!

**Ruairidh, Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**

As the final flower blossoms, the darkness of winter fades behind us  
Spring is becoming  
The dull grey of the sky bleeds into blue and the frosty mornings and  
icy nights melt into memory  
Lambs and calves and foals fumble and spring through dewy  
meadows  
The sun breathes new life back into the earth  
Grass, soil, trees  
Spring is becoming  
We watch in awe as the spiny limbs of trees bud vibrant green  
leaves, the promise of hopeful beginnings drowns the glooming  
dread of winter  
Flowers become once again  
Pockets of yellow, red, orange, pink  
Dance with the dreams of spring in our heads  
Which we all believed were gone  
We breathe again  
Spring is becoming

**Taiya Billam-Wright, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

# Identity





**New ME**

Introducing a new ME  
 A new ME has joined this year  
 A prepared ME  
 A happy ME  
 As confident-as-can-be ME

I'm no longer a wannabe  
 I'm just great old ME, ME  
 A fresh start ME  
 A we-can-do-this ME  
 A positively-happy ME

I'm as certain as can be ME  
 That this year  
 Is just as better than before  
 To some degree,  
 That I can learn

That this is a new ME  
 A happy ME  
 A let's try this ME  
 Since this new ME  
 Is a great ME

***Nataliya Hemans, Y9***  
***Meadowhead School***

**Becoming**

I'm a son to my parents, a brother to my siblings,  
 I'm a nephew to my uncle and a nephew to my auntie.  
 As I grow older, I'll become bolder.  
 Becoming, becoming.

Becoming is tricky,  
 Becoming is a challenge.  
 Secondary, six form and university  
 Each one is one step closer to becoming.  
 Becoming, becoming.

Once I've become,  
 I'll be the husband to my partner, the father to my children,  
 I'll be the uncle to my nephews  
 And overall, a loving person.  
 Becoming, becoming.

***James McManus, Y8***  
***Meadowhead School***

**Best Friends**

From 3 months old to today,  
 You have been my best friend in every way.  
 We've had all of our firsts together,  
 I hope this friendship lasts forever.

Best friends are not just for school,  
 Me and you are so damn cool.  
 Best friends never look like it,  
 But losing you is like falling into an endless pit.

Me and you are like peanut butter and jelly,  
 You're the food I need to cure the hunger in my belly.  
 You pull funny faces at me across the classroom,  
 When I'm with you I soar through the air like a balloon.

Best friends are not just for school,  
 Me and you are so damn cool.  
 Best friends never look like it,  
 But losing you is like falling into an endless pit.

Even though we sometimes fight,  
 We forget about it after a night.  
 We may not always agree,  
 But we are still best friends you see.

We wrote this poem just to prove,  
 That our friendship is like a sudden soothe-  
 Keep good friends while you have them in life,  
 As you never know if there'll be another one like them.

***Amelie W & Mia P, Y6***  
***Abbey Lane***



### **Everything**

I've always had your eyes  
I wonder if I could ever see the world the same way  
You know everything that anyone could  
I could live a thousand years and never come close to you  
I find it funny how I'm taller than you now  
Even funnier that one day I'll be your age  
You're larger than life to me

I've always been told I look like you  
I wish that I could see myself the way others do  
You're the most beautiful person I've ever seen  
I can see how we're alike though  
We have the same red mark on our lips  
Carved from nerves and teeth of course  
And my joy is always reflected in your face

I know that you've loved me since you saw me  
And I know that I'll love you forever  
When I was little always said I wanted to be you  
And that is still true fourteen years later  
You've always said that I'll achieve great things  
But I don't think you see  
The greatest achievement of my life would be  
If I could become like you  
Because mum you're everything to me

**Amelia Beckett, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming**

Becoming like a beautiful blue butterfly fresh out its cocoon,  
Becoming like a new soul entering a baby's body,  
Becoming like an old soul exiting a loved body,  
Becoming like a keen kid winning his first football match,  
Becoming like a shaking intern who had just got promoted,  
Becoming like a teenager getting a colourful car,  
Becoming like a peacock uncovering its fabulous feathers,  
Becoming is all around us,  
We all become something,  
And that's what connects us.

**Alice Bonsall, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **New Beginnings**

I've become a survivor  
Living through an outbreak by being a fighter  
Concealing my face with a mysterious disguise  
Listening to the whole world's woeful cries  
Confined in a nightmare with surely no end  
But forever acknowledging to always defend  
I've become aware  
Seeing the world clearly like a fluorescent flare  
Realising the truth and secrets within  
Just as I assumed I could finally begin  
But change needs familiarising, give it time  
Never say die, just pursue the climb  
I've become a squad  
Uniting with new individuals even if they're odd  
But once you realise that they're the one  
You're stuck with them for the long run  
You'll laugh through the pain and enjoy the fun  
And realise that you've persistently won  
I've become my true self

**Isla McPherson, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

I am myself  
And my soul.  
I am me.  
I am whole.

Like a river,  
My blood gushes free.  
For my own heart,  
I am the key.

I am the creature  
Of the night,  
But I am also  
An aeonian light.

I come from the rocks,  
Those were broken  
As the mountains fell.

I come from the blood  
That as Eve bit her tongue  
Alongside the apple was shed.

I am myself  
And my soul.  
I am me.  
I am whole.

**Marissa Tekalign, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**



**Speak Loud and Proud**

Police brutality  
Getting told you are being protected by someone  
That is so quick to judge  
Prejudice will always be wrong  
Killings are so inhumane  
End colour oppression to help another generation  
Educate the population  
Not just one month of the year  
Time to treat the open wound  
We all live under the same moon, sun and sky  
Discuss openly and freely  
Take care of hatred and see  
That at the end of the day we are all free.

**Brianna Eboigbe, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Unexpected Manslaughter**

I remember when my son was 29  
He was nice and strong  
And always on time.  
But one he decided to conceal a knife,  
He didn't know he would end up  
Taking a life.  
He got a life sentence.  
Never got a chance to explain.  
That it was for self-defence.  
But they'd heard the story  
Over and over again.  
He hated what he became,  
All he could do was weep.  
So please become what you truly want to be.

**Blessing I, Y6**  
**Lower Meadow**

**The Good Old Days**

I still remember the good old days  
Where we all used to play  
With my friends  
All day long  
Memories in my head.  
Of the good old times.  
But  
The murder happened.  
It was all my fault.  
I wish I'd stopped them the first time.

**Rayyan Nadeem, Y6**  
**Lower Meadow**

Many people come and go  
From the plane of becoming  
They wonder  
What they will be  
Who they will be  
They sit here  
And wonder

A mirror stands there  
Alone and in solitude  
Some get angry and attack the mirror  
But it still stands  
Some people cry and beg the mirror  
But it will never falter  
Only those  
Who show true ambition  
Can discover  
Who they want to be

The mirror was created from  
The ambition of those before it  
Who inspired it to become  
Soon they passed  
But the legend of  
The plane of becoming and the  
Mirror of choice  
Always lives on.

**Bea Milnes, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

Naomi's passion for baking and gardening was inspired by her beloved husband, Benjamin. The owner of La Fleur, a beautiful French woman, ran the café with tender care, serving the most exquisite light pink tulips, delightful tea cakes alongside her husband, Benjamin. Naomi had a special talent for creating precious unique flavours, and her sandwiches were always made with love. Her tulips were a sight to behold, with their delicate petals and vibrant colours. Naomi put her heart into her café, and it showed in every aspect of her business.

Naomi and Benjamin were deeply in love, and they cherished every moment they spent together. They would often take long walks in the countryside, holding hands and admiring the beauty of nature. Naomi loved to bake for Benjamin, and she would often surprise him with his favourite tea cakes and pastries. Benjamin, in turn, would bring her flowers and write her love letters, expressing his devotion to her. They were each other's best friends and They shared a bond that was unbreakable. Even during the harsh winters in 1913, their love only grew beautifully.

However, when WW1 broke out, the streets were silent, the aroma was cold, the café's business dwindled, and Benjamin left to serve his country. Despite the hardships, Naomi remained hopeful that Benjamin would return home safely, and she continued to run the café, baking her delicious treats and tending to her tulips, hoping that one day Benjamin would return and they could be together again.

As time passed, the café's business continued to decline, and Naomi's heart began to wither, along with her beloved tulips. Despite her husband's absence, Naomi held onto hope and waited for his return. However, she never received any notice from him. Eventually, the café had to close due to the disruption of war, and Naomi was left alone, alone with her thoughts.

As the war raged on, Naomi's health began to fail, and she became increasingly frail. Her neighbours, who were medics, did their best to care for her, but they knew that her time was limited. One day, Naomi passed away, and her neighbours buried her in a nearby cemetery.

On the day of her funeral, Benjamin returned home, only to discover that Naomi had passed away. Heartbroken, he made his way to the cemetery. Despite the hardships of war, their love had remained strong, and Benjamin knew that he would always cherish the memories of their life together, and there he placed beautiful, light pink tulips on her grave.

***Ruth Zintchem, Y9***  
***Meadowhead School***

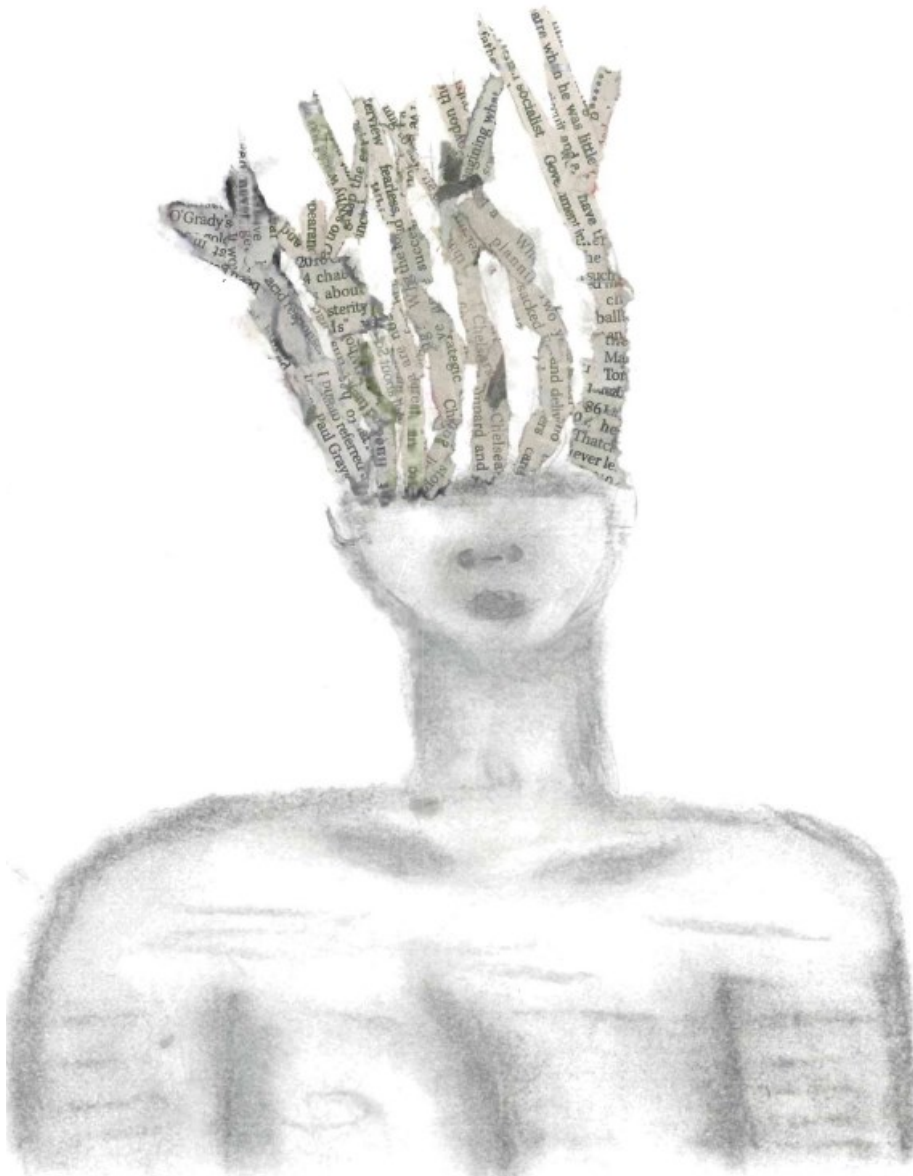
Every day ordinary people are suffering  
 They have done nothing wrong and yet  
 They face the consequences of this world  
 Sometimes it is their fault  
 They make bad decisions which lead to their conditions  
 Other times however it is not their fault  
 They could not keep up with the world and they were  
 Left behind  
 So take a moment to think about them  
 And be grateful for what you have  
 Maybe you could help them  
 And they could become something greater

**Alex Owen, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **What Ifs**

What could have happened?  
 Voices clouding my head,  
 Filling it with questions,  
 What ifs is all I could think about,  
 What if I took different paths?  
 What if I looked and sounded differently,  
 What if I grew up in a different household,  
 What if I'd had a different childhood, friends and family?  
 The questions are all I can think about  
 No matter how hard I try not to,  
 Oh the possibilities.

**Amber Beckett, Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**



**Becoming What You Want To Be**

Becoming something takes effort  
Sometimes it takes effect on the mind to follow the path  
Even when you don't seek it  
You can follow your heart  
Go to what you feel  
What is right for you  
When you give up, something  
Will give you a spark of hope  
To carry on  
What you're doing.  
Don't quit  
Don't lose hope  
Let the flower of kindness bloom in you.  
So you don't lose sight of it  
Feel the blossom bloom some bloom,  
Some need love to reveal what is inside  
Take what gardens of life even  
When you  
Go off the path  
Reveal effects of joy to their hearts  
Extend the bloom  
Sins lead you to the job of hatred  
Reveal what people couldn't see  
Improve your path to experience  
The heart is flowing  
Find opportunities  
And see if it belongs with your heart,  
If it doesn't  
Let someone who needs it most have it  
Instead of you  
Never let it go of what is right for you  
If someone is sad  
Help them out  
And make a friendship  
That will never break  
Find what keeps you going  
And ask "am I worthy to show what is right for the world?"  
Never be mean  
Or there be consequences  
In life that awaits you  
Show what the flower  
Can do

**Charlie Roberts, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

It's when we  
Start to feel  
Like an island  
That the world becomes bleak, and  
No one says anything to us  
The world becomes a dark, lonely, sad place  
Your entire life feels like two lands splitting up and  
Becoming the bridge between two countries.  
Yet there is more to the world than sadness and  
Depression.  
It's hard to forget someone who gave you so much to  
Remember,  
Yet life is too short  
Grudges are wasted of perfect happiness ,  
So laugh when you can!  
Spend and enjoy the time that you get with your  
Loved ones.

**Nitasha Waseem Ahmed, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**



### **Becoming**

Big shoes to fill yet I made them bigger,  
Such a role model for me in my early years,  
Told off a couple of times,  
Yet this is me now,  
Moulded by friends family and public figures,

I've got to a big mark in my time,  
Joyful occasions with celebrations,  
Events that I will never forget,  
Yet I have been moulded to who I am now,  
And I haven't even reached my prime,

The people around me have allowed me to be brilliant,  
Such a role model for me in my early years,  
Praised once or twice,  
Yet we all have a weakness,  
How lucky I am is one in a million.

**Harvey Batty, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Ten Years From Now**

Boarding a plane of possibilities and ideas,  
Traveling to find inspiration in a strange world,  
Trying to experiment with new jobs.

Art,  
Nothing will be perfect,  
Trusting whatever speaks to me,  
The contrast between vibrancy and monotone on a blank canvas,  
Anything can work for a masterpiece.

Gardening,  
Creating a unique world made from ideas and imagination,  
Utilising the potential of nature in creative ways,  
Conjuring life in different environments and conditions,  
Providing homes for the local wildlife.

Photography,  
Watching the world pass by through a lens of a camera,  
Viewing wonderful places from a different point of view,  
Waiting patiently for the perfect moment to capture a new memory.

Well what am I going to do? I'm not sure yet, but I'm certain when the time is right I will know.

**Edward, Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

Dear everyone who doesn't know the pain.  
The pain of being different without  
Wanting to  
Being born different  
Looking different  
The stain upon my face which is now  
My treasure  
You still stare  
You will point  
For years you made me feel worthless  
You made me question  
You made me conform  
You pushed my family, my parents to tears  
The world is cruel, you are cruel without opening  
your mouths  
I was made to feel inadequate, by something  
That is beautiful  
You don't know the pain  
You don't know the treatment to survive  
I am better, because you don't have  
Control

**Ms Giblin, Teacher**  
**Meadowhead School**



We have come so far,  
 But there is still a long way to go.  
 I can see the future is bright but somehow my vision is blurry.  
 I cannot see clearly.  
 The hatred we have for one another is scary.  
 Why do we judge people with disability and keep them locked in the closet?  
 Why do we treat them as if they are different from us?  
 Yes, she is visually impaired!  
 Yes, he has a hearing problem!  
 But does that determine their failure?  
 Impairment and failure are different things if you look closely.  
 Why don't we treat people with disability as we want to be treated,  
 Instead of treating them like they don't belong?  
 I pray that their suffering won't be long.  
 I have seen the differences,  
 And I have had my preferences.  
 But it's time we changed our mind-set and face our difficulties.  
 So let us help and love one another.

**Emily Chappell, Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

#### **How Do I Become My Dream?**

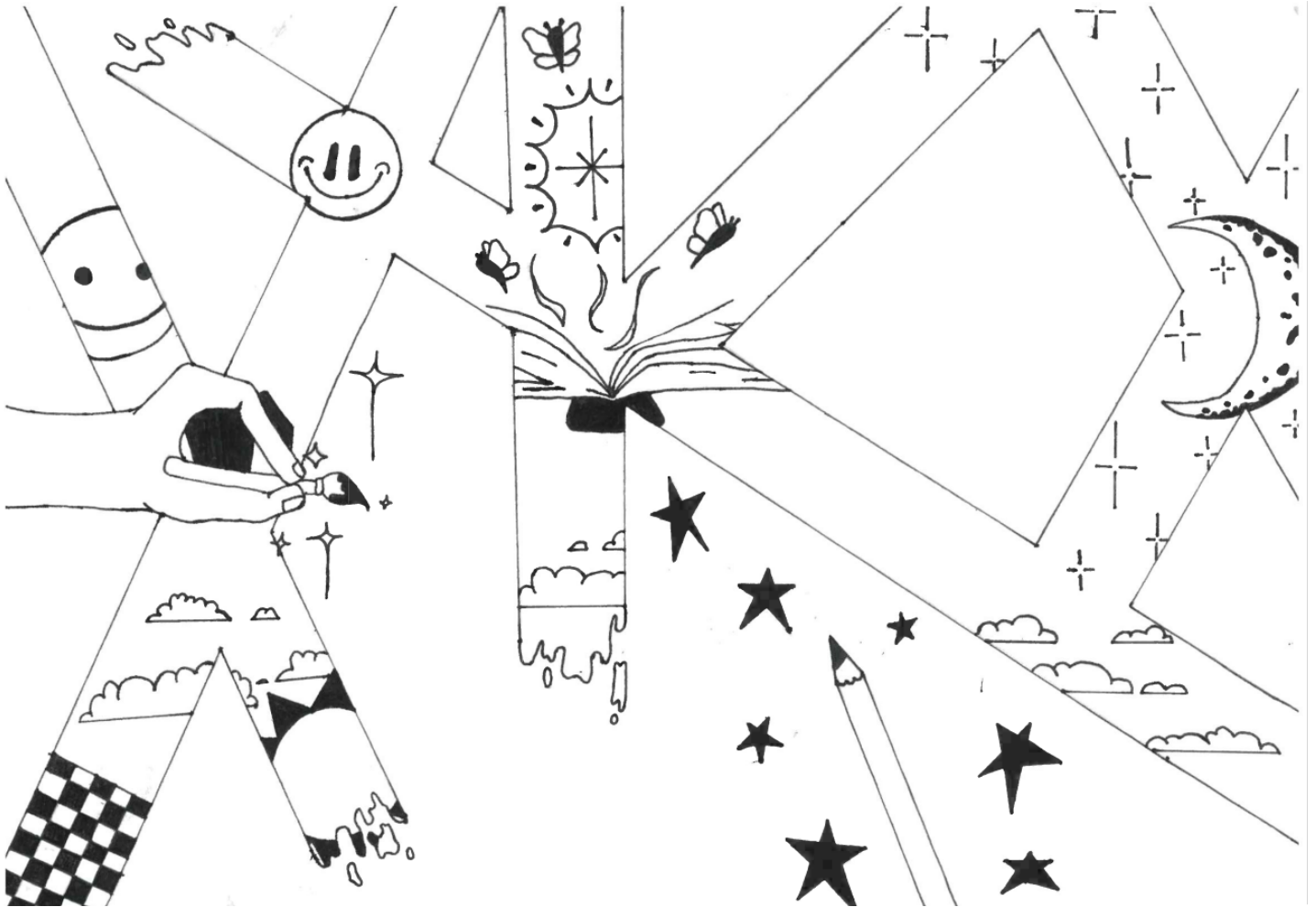
A scientist might be what I like,  
 And so I hop on my bike,  
 Seeing if my parents approve,  
 They say I may have to move.  
  
 Maybe I will be a teacher,  
 But then again I am my own creature,  
 Shouting as loud as I can,  
 I tell them they will not be my only fan.  
  
 Packing up boxes,  
 I think of fellow foxes,  
 And how they survive off meat,  
 Just maybe I can move my feet.  
  
 Saying my farewells,  
 I heard a ringing bells,  
 Or maybe it's just the car,  
 But I will be sad about being far.  
  
 Now I'm there I'm getting chills,  
 Sadly I will now pay bills,  
 Even though I'm away,  
 I think still and lay.

**Evie, Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

#### **Becoming Me**

This is me, at 19 years of age,  
 Young, I know, but I'm no longer in a cage,  
 I just became something great,  
 Yes, I'm young,  
 Yes, a female,  
 My life is going straight...  
 Towards my goal,  
 The world's youngest female,  
 In managing to bowl,  
 For the England team,  
 And who said that I would fail?  
 Many doubted me,  
 Some encouraged,  
 And made me see,  
 I could be anything I wanted to be,  
 The crowd is cheering,  
 My heart pounding,  
 My dream just came true,  
 Below the sky,  
 Sparkling blue...  
 Did I doubt myself?  
 Of course, but I held my head high,  
 Worked hard and soon I was beyond imagination,  
 And now I feel like I could just fly,  
 This dream is all thanks to many,  
 My teachers, friends and coaches,  
 Now I owe you more than a penny,  
 For making my dream come true.

**Eloise, Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**



Salina Tamang Y7

### Ten Years From Now

Ten years from, now the world will be a better place, with no pollution or climate change, where everyone is happy, respectable and accepted. All prices are lowered and the cost of living is affordable, the world is a much better place in ten years that everyone loves. All the vehicles are run on electricity which makes the world less polluted and bikes are used more often, so people get exercise as well as the world not getting polluted. Now, with few electrical inventions – and no plastic being used either- we use wind turbines, that power our houses that, although are small, still have enough room. Our leaders are strong, people that have a range of men women, who are sensible and reliable and because of them unnecessary factories are gone and all people enjoy their job and are paid a good amount of money that everyone is happy with and men and women are paid the same amount. Racism is no longer a thing; everyone is treated the same no matter what race or what gender, resulting in everyone being happy. Outside happiness dances around the luscious plants and trees that everyone loves and plays in: everywhere is pure nature, where exotic and until now extinct plants sprout and climbing ivy and vines crawl up wall, beautifully decorating them. The roads and pavements were dug up then taken over by grass and flowers, with fields just round the corner waiting to be played and danced on. The paper is no longer trees so animals can thrive, instead stone is used (it's waterproof and doesn't rip easily) plus people use the smallest amount of paper as possible. The seas are the most beautiful blue where animals and coral thrive and the plastic gone no longer a threat to the sea-creatures. At school, the amazing people of today are taught about nature (all the student's favourite subject) and everyone is given enough help and support to be able to go to college and get jobs they adore. Ten years from, now the world will be a better place, with no pollution or climate change, where everyone is happy, respectable and accepted.

**Amelie, Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Somewhere**

Somewhere between then and now,  
She became strong,  
Like a graceful oak tree  
With a weathered but determined soul,  
Strong like a mountain that scrapes the sky with its aspirations,  
Showing strength like saplings that cling on through howling winds.

Somewhere between then and now,  
She became confident,  
Like a bird proudly showing off to a mate,  
Confident like an ant leading the swarming colony,  
Like a peacock strutting with its train of opulently coloured feathers.

Somewhere between then and now,  
She became quietly assured,  
Like the moon softly whispering to the stars  
That things would work themselves out,  
Like the sun slowly rising each day  
Casting its gentle glow all around.

Somewhere between then and now,  
She sought out the people right for her,  
Like moths drawn to a flame,  
Like a flowing waterfall that bubbles with joy and purity,  
Like the chatter of life in a forest.

Somewhere between then and now,  
She looks back on how far she has come,  
The person that she has grown to be,  
She is content that the journey she has travelled  
Will help her to become  
A flower that fully blooms.

**Grace Ridley, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming**

I feel numb.  
My heart beats vigorously,  
Almost pounding out my chest.  
A type of energy or even adrenaline,  
Forms and disperses through my body.  
Is this it?  
Is it really my time...  
My time to...go?

I realise there is no point me trying to fight,  
Trying to stay in a world,  
Where we are stuck in an endless cycle,  
Be born. School. Work. Retire. Die.  
Be born. School. Work. Retire. Die.

Maybe I shouldn't be afraid,  
Maybe this isn't the end,  
Maybe this is just the beginning of something greater.

My head begins to spin,  
I feel my body start to shut down.  
The light keeping me going, keeping me alive,  
Slowly fades away into darkness.

I have been set free.  
I am becoming,  
Becoming me.

**Niamh Dobbs, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **The Light at the End of the Tunnel**

The envelope is rough against my fingers, like sandpaper. It's so beautiful, so dangerous, a truth yet also a lie. The words inside hold the answer I've been seeking, but also the pain I never want to feel again.

The memories rise again, rushing like waves. The ringing in my ears drowns out everything but the pounding of my heartbeat. My breathing speeds up, harsh and erratic.

Her words echo in my head.

Control it. Breathe. In and out. In and out.

The darkness starts to recede, and I open my eyes. The tunnel is still dark, but now there's a light at the far end. It's faint and flickering, like the light from a candle, yet it draws me in like a moth to a flame.

Something inside me yearns for that light. I want to run to it, revel in it, delight in its beauty. There's nothing more precious or more beautiful than that light.

I start towards it, but it's like moving through treacle. Every step is an effort, every movement makes me gasp. My heart flutters against my ribs like a caged bird.

Ba-bum. Ba-bum. Ba-bum.

I can hear words in it, words in her voice.

Let go. Let go. Let go.

And, one by one, I let the memories go. They fight me, screaming and kicking, but I prise them out and let them fall to the floor. I feel lighter afterwards, freer. When I reach for the light again, it's easy.

I walk towards it and the shadows fall away. The light shines brighter, beckoning me in.

Feet away from it, I look down at the envelope. It's heavy in my hand, weighing me down. I look at it for a moment, then rip it in two.

The light shines brighter again, and this time I let it. It swallows me, taking me onwards.

It lets me become who I was always meant to be.

**Lucy Hallam, Y11**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **A Spark**

A lone artist walked up to a towering block of flats. She wore paint splatted dungarees, which were full of colour and a sea green t-shirt. Walking up to her ruby red door, she put her key in the lock and, in time with the ticking of a golden clock, tenderly stepped into the dark room, whilst avoiding empty paint tubes and paintbrushes of every shape and colour. Her long, brown hair fell in front of her face: it shielded her from the magnificent views of the bright city. It was a dramatic contrast against the dark room. She sat down at her pearl-white desk and picked up a black paintbrush; she squirted out some black and some blue colour and swirled them together to create a gradient worthy of the night sky. Gently dabbing her brush in the paint, she made the first stroke of dark on the canvas.

When the blue was done, she flicked bright white paint onto the image to create an almost 3 dimensional galaxy, making the stars twist and turn in each other's wake. Finally, the girl closed her eyes, so that she could let her hand guide her. Her paintbrush dipped into the yellow and orange creating a spark of fire and warmth on the page with its strokes on the canvas and she finally opened her eyes and gasped. It was a spark. A spark of hope.

**Stella, Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**





### **The Queen I Will Become**

The crown glares at me, like the light glares of its polished jewels,  
It sits on a pedestal that is draped and adorned in gold and satin,  
And I think how I will soon be that pedestal,  
Not only as I will be decorated in the goods of the land,  
But I will be a stand for this golden garland,  
The piece of jewellery that could command armies,  
The headpiece that can make worlds burn in just a word,  
The strip of gold that treats rules, like a queen treats her labourers,  
The crown that controls everything,

A silver clock sits on the walls of the hall,  
It ticks and ticks and ticks,  
As if its hands are waving my life goodbye,  
As if it's counting down to my demise,  
And also to the demise of this life I once knew,  
And counting down to when I will become who I am meant to be,  
Who I was born to be,  
And who I will die being,  
A queen, a ruler, a conquer, a tyrant, a leader

It's someone else's turn now,  
To sit there waiting for their fate to come find them,  
The fate of being so tired you can't even move,  
The fate of all the guilt resting on your shoulders,  
It's what you get when you're the heir to the throne,  
Waiting and watching the others fall before you,  
It's like watching your future unravel in front of you,  
For you are running in circles with no way out,  
You're a lamb to the slaughter,  
The next victim,

I know what it's like, being worn down,  
I've seen it happen in front of me,  
How you turn into glass,  
A fragile, joyless decoration  
Who is only there to look pretty,  
I've seen the slow slope into being a lifeless silhouette,  
Who doesn't care what's right or wrong, just what's easy,  
I don't want to be like them,  
Eroded down into dust,  
I want to feel, love, cry, bleed,  
But that's who I will become,  
Who I need to become.

**Roni Hobson, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Finally I am Becoming**

Finally I am becoming,  
Becoming the real me,  
The best me,  
I am becoming.

It's time to embrace,  
Time to chase,  
Chase my dreams.

Erase the struggles of the past,  
It's time at last,  
To become the real, better me.

Many things got in the way,  
Mental health and Covid are examples of what  
Caused the delay.  
But today is the day.

All of my potential cannot be wasted,  
For many years I have waited  
But now is the time, the better me will be created.

Many more decisions to make,  
Opportunities to take,  
I am awake.

Finally I am becoming,  
Becoming the real me,  
The best me,  
I am becoming.

**Zoe Woodley, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Becoming**

As a caterpillar to a butterfly,  
From low to high,  
An egg to a chicken,  
The batter begins to thicken,  
Real isn't how you are made,  
You can't become through trade,  
It's something that happens to you,  
See it's about finding out who,  
YOU are.  
So from a boy to a man I think I can  
I am becoming.

**Stephen Hodgson, Y8**

**Meadowhead School**

#### **I Want To Be A Part Of History**

I want to be a part of history  
To leave my mark on the world.

I want to be like  
Sir Winston Churchill  
Or  
Florence Nightingale  
The people who help this country.

I want to be a part of history  
To leave my mark on the world.

**Tatjana Petruswoska-Whiteley, Y6**

**Lower Meadow**

My toes stretched into the space of these shoes,  
These shoes that once fitted fine.  
My eyes scrambled for light,  
In a room that was previously well lit.  
Darkness gave me no sense of direction.  
A car with a full tank of gas,  
A beaten shoe on the accelerator.  
Rough tarmac spat into the humid air,  
Miles away from any half useful imaginary highway.  
My eyes glued to the rear-view mirror,  
Like a fugitive on the run.  
A torn up one-way ticket,  
A holographic suitcase.  
Oil grease down the cracks of my knuckles.  
Every voice of the world in my ear,  
But with no clear message.  
Forward was my only answer.  
To take this ride was my only choice.  
Advance through every terrain,  
Witness every hour.  
Adapting through this journey,  
Becoming its product.

**Jem Martin, Y9**

**Meadowhead School**

### **We All Struggle with Change**

I live in hope that one day  
We will have more beginnings than tragic endings  
Like fragrant flowers that bloom from thousands of dispersed seeds  
Like lush strong trees that grow back their countless leaves  
The inclement wintry season strips life of all vibrant colours  
The sizzling summer sun embodies nature and magically restores life and all colour  
We all struggle with change  
Yet how can we imagine a better tomorrow  
Without accepting both hope and sorrow  
The splitting of a chrysalis doesn't fear the transition of becoming a beautiful butterfly  
Just like in the blooming Spring, brave birds migrate from Northern skies  
Vulnerable displaced humans courageously cross uncharted territories due to conflict and war  
With anticipation and trepidation arriving on foreign shores  
Yet, fearfully not knowing what life has in store  
How we evolve and what we become is part of what makes us human  
And also, what makes us whole.

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