

Everyone A Writer 2024



Jude Melia Y7

Proud

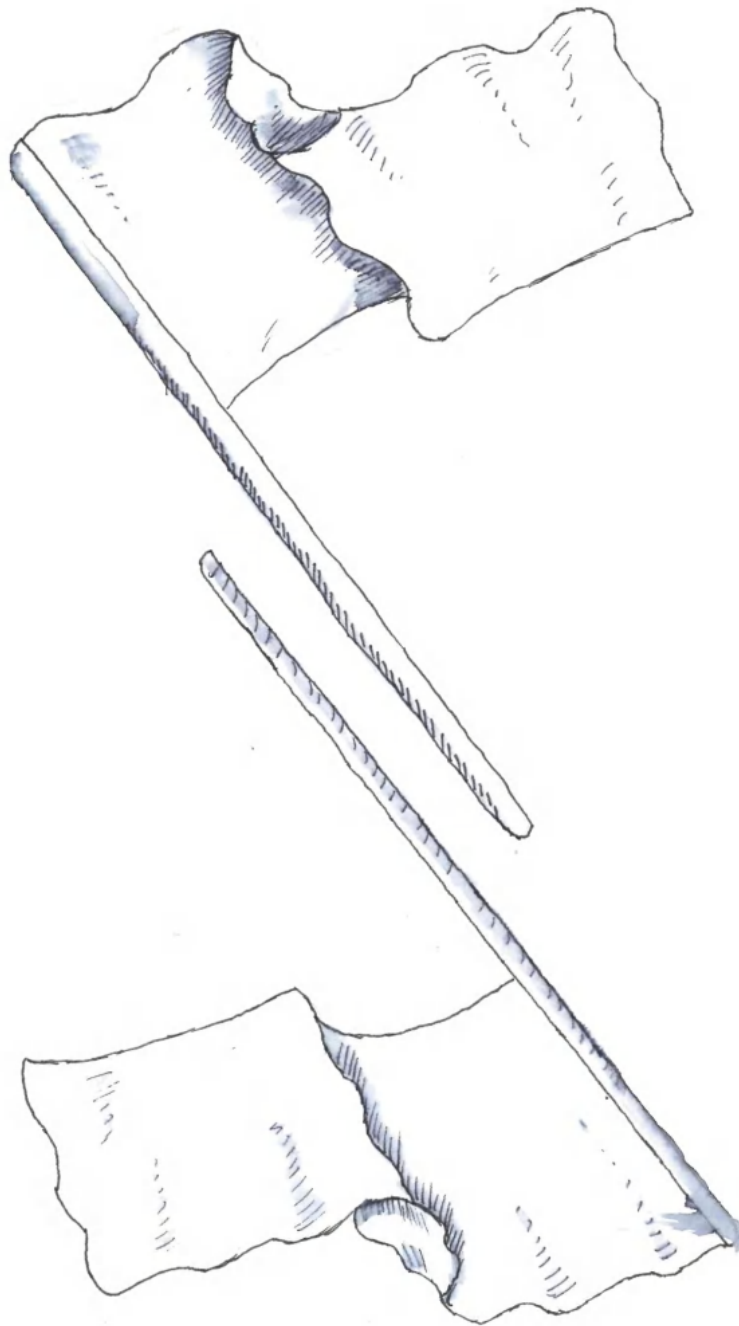


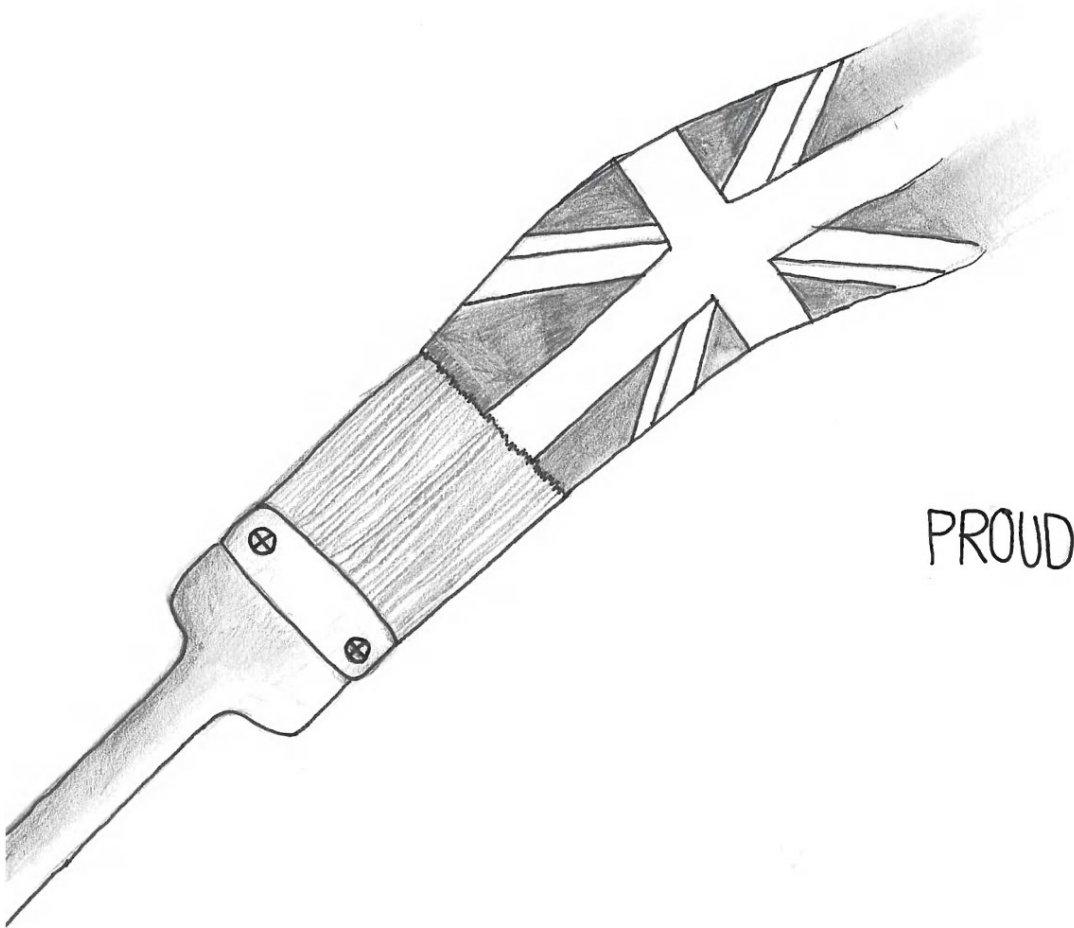
At Meadowhead, we make a difference



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Rose Bambrough 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 eleven years of the “Everyone a Writer” competition. Everyone a Writer was set up in 2012 with one simple idea – that anyone, whatever their age and experience, can be a writer. In this anthology, you will find work from students of Bradway and Abbey Lane Primary Schools. They are published alongside writing from their counterparts at Meadowhead.

This year students were asked to consider the theme “Proud”, and what it means to have pride. Students considered the more negative historical interpretations of the word, as well as the modern connotations attached to the LGBTQ+ community. An overwhelming number of entrants expressed pride in their own achievements and advancements, but what was perhaps most moving was the number of students who put themselves aside and took the opportunity to express their pride in others. I was overwhelmed by the empathy and compassion shown by our young people in their desire to congratulate, celebrate or simply recognize the achievements of others. Many of our students also took time to recognize the horrors currently ongoing in Palestine, and expressed pride in their culture and people in spite of this. Student artists in Year 7 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, David Sheppard and Tamsin Woodward

Who I Am



Walking into class with those voices in your head.
Sitting down in your chair with your face bright red.

The teacher is picking on people to read.
Please don't pick me to be the lead.

All you can do is focus on your breathing.
Nothing else helps with all this stressing.

Suddenly, you hear your name
What if I mess up? I will feel shame

With your hands sweating only after the first line.
With your voice trembling and a tingling down your spine.

You turn the page and read the words out loud.
I'm still nervous but start to feel proud.

Isla Wilkinson, Y7

Meadowhead School

Life is bitter yet sweet,
Let obstacles shape your figure,
Address them with vigour,
Be proud to break limits in what you exhibit,
Share connections and achievements,
Inspire with pride,
Open the door leading outside,
Life undefined,
Walk into it unsigned,
Be proud to be the light in their life.

Danny Chen, Y9

Meadowhead School

You

No matter what colour you are,
Shape and size, no surprise,
Your shade of skin,
There's no such thing,
As sin for how you look.

You should be proud,
Stand out from the crowd,
Try something new,
Just be true,
Embrace and accept,
You.

You are unique,
No such freak,
Ignore what they say
Be your best every day,
You can do it,
Work and fight through it.

Just be yourself,
Don't forget who you are,
You've come far too far,
To let go of this journey,
Release and set free,
To embark on this quest,
Of who you are going to be.

Joshua Waite, Y8

Meadowhead School

Little Things

When people are asked what they're proud of
They talk about big achievements
And big successes
But I'm proud of the little things
Because they're big to me

I got out of bed this morning
I didn't oversleep
I had a shower and brushed my teeth
I made someone laugh
I ate a full meal
I did someone a favour

I smiled at someone today
I got to school on time
I raised my hand in class
I didn't go on my phone before bed
Instead I read a book
I looked in the mirror and found three things
That I love about myself

These are the things I'm proud of
Even though they may not seem impressive
I'm proud of these little things
Because they're big to me

Imaan Whyles, Y7

Meadowhead School

When I Was Proud

I'll always remember my first run. I was nervous and worried fear climbed up my spine because I thought I would have to quit. Butterflies flew in my tummy. As I started to run my cheeks went red my throat felt as if dust was stuck on it I wanted to give up on my first attempt. I did it I slowly jogged it. I was shocked happy surprised. I had run three miles in thirty-four minutes. My body felt ache but I didn't care. I was over joyed and delighted to be done. Sweat dropped from my hair.

I was so proud of myself. it was my first attempt I was so amazed. I always wanted to give up but I didn't I wanted to cry with joy.

Joshua, Y5

Abbey Lane

I'm gay, people think I'm a joke,
An animal at a zoo to poke

I'm lesbian, I've never felt like I belong,
Living in a world where others dictate
What's right and what's wrong

I'm bisexual, they call me irrelevant, nothing
But I? I know I'm something
Something amazing.

Here we stand shouting out loud
We are proud! We are proud!

We wish you would see us like we see you.
Open your eyes! Open your eyes!

We wish you would think of us like we think of you.
Open your minds! Open your minds!

We wish you would love us like we love you.
Open your hearts! Open your hearts!

Tairrie Shore, Y7

Meadowhead School

Oh how I love being a girl,
As pure a pearl,
My hands as gentle as silk.
I am the powerhouse for kindness and love,
Being graceful as a dove.
And I fly and I thrive and I twirl,
Oh how I love being a girl.

Self-Love

You may not be perfect
No-one ever is
But you must protect
The sunshine within

Remember to love yourself
Even if no-one else does
Once you have learnt to love oneself
You have learnt to love

Be proud of your achievements
You deserve to shine
Don't let anyone give you treatment
Like you aren't worth their time

I'm so proud of you
So let the whole world see
Who you are and who you
Have always wanted to be

Emily Hunt, Y7

Meadowhead School

I adore the way my fingers interlock with my caramel hair,
Like a key in a lock,
Like it was meant to be there
And I own my pride , my pride to be feminine
And I own my pride to be a creator of life
And I own my pride for my hair, my hips, my hands and lips,
Oh how I love being a girl.

Hattie Carnall, Y8

Meadowhead School

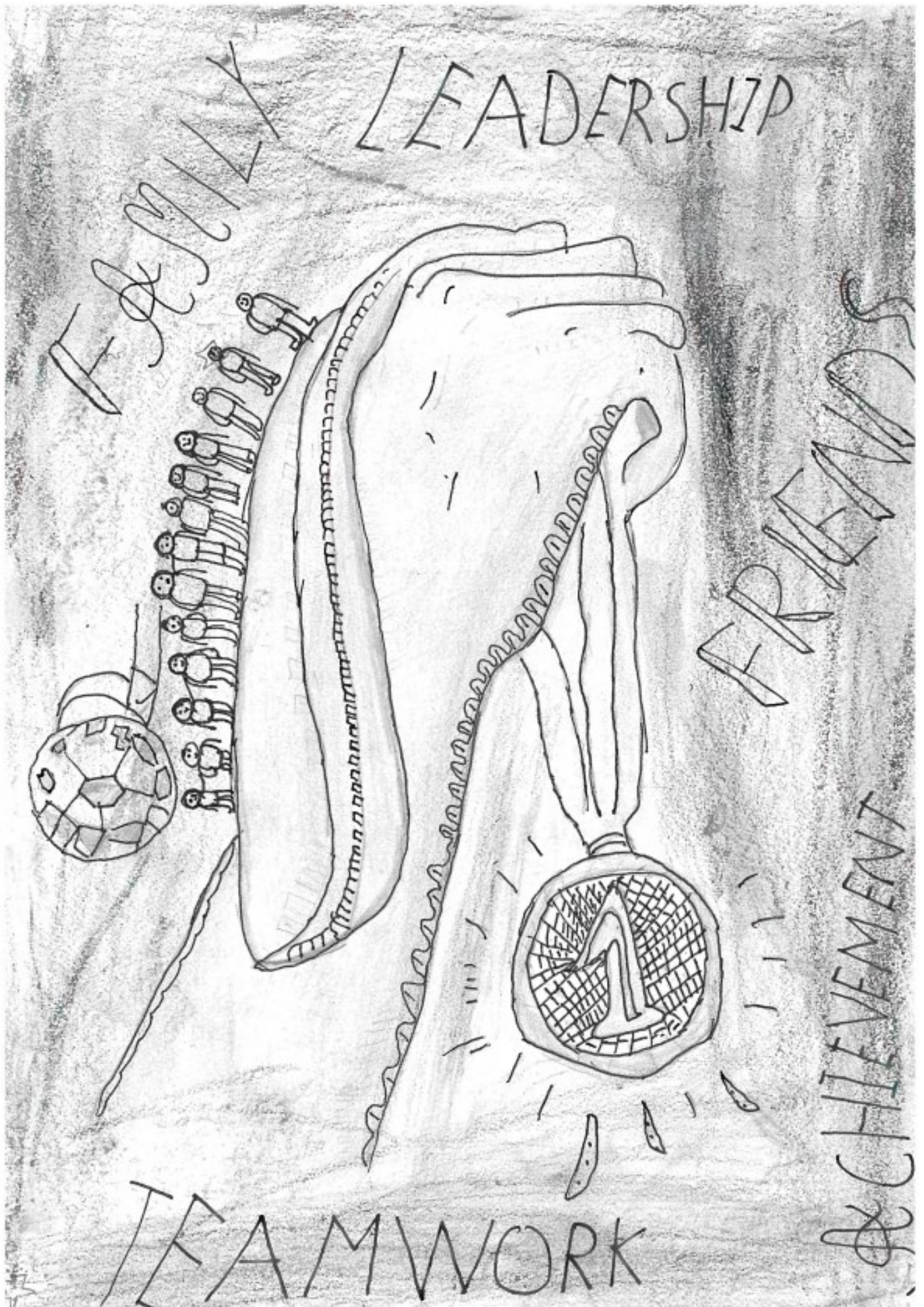
My Imagination Is Amazing

My imagination,
Like a warm glow inside,
Playing on that castle up high.
Look at those witches,
Soaring through the sky.

My imagination,
That new, amazing world.
Dragons flying in the sky,
Never stopping for the world.
My imagination.

Lyra, Y2

Abbey Lane



Michelle Agoi Y7

Proud,
What a wonderful, magical word,
Oh, how I do hope my thoughts will be heard.

I suppose it's like a spark,
Of light,
Of hope,
Of warmth,
That brings you out of the dark.

Just aim for that target,
Shoot like a rocket,
Like an archer with an arrow and bow,
Soon you will have reached your goal,
You are a force of courage in a world of darkness,
Ignore other people's cruelty and harshness.

Even when people are looking and whispering,
And you feel like everyone's laughing and hissing,
Disregard their assumptions and judgemental notes,
Instead think about them inspirational quotes.

Be proud of the silent battles you've won,
Remember to make a rainbow, you need rain and sun.

We are never a finished piece,
There are always little tweaks that can make us nice and neat,
However, when you are proud, grasp onto that feeling,
It's rewarding and, oh, so healing,
Don't let your little light go out,
But you don't need to scream and shout.

Be proud of who you are inside,
Let your true colours shine not hide,
In the depth of your heart a fire burns bright,
A feeling of pride takes flight.

For me, that's what pride is,
A feeling not to miss.

Evie Austin, Y7

Meadowhead School

Nothing Like It

It shines at your brightest
It grows when you are strong
But it hides when you are losing
And it weakens when you're wrong

It always helps to reach those
And chase after those dreams
But pulls you back when you're behind
Not as good as it might seem

It's good to have a balance
For both those highs and lows
But it's like a double-edged sword
When fighting off those woes

Pride's a blessing and a curse
It shapes the human course
For better or for worse
Our journey's guiding force

Roy Keeling, Y9

Meadowhead School

Does my confidence scare you?

Am I too kind?

Does that question ever cross your mind?

Are you scared of me?

Am I too brave?

Is my perseverance what you crave?

At least I'm proud,

Proud of who am, and what I achieve,

At least I have hope,

At least I'm able to cope.

Katie Eatch, Y7

Meadowhead School

Oh how boring life would be without pride,

A bottomless pit of hate,

All life and colour would simply hide,

Perhaps it would just be fate.

To feel no accomplishment after hard work,

unimpressed with actions of a loved one,

it must be upsetting to have no pride,

like never feeling the warmth of the sun.

Toby Dales and Autumn Turton, Y7

Meadowhead School

You Can Be Proud

You can be proud when you believe.

In all of the wonderful moments you have achieved.

You can sing on stage and be nervous at times.

But if you believe in yourself, your voice will sound divine.

If you find something that is tricky or hard, do not panic at all.

Because if you imagine and be brave, your task will flow like an enchanted waterfall.

If you are going on a hike and the roads are very bumpy.

Do not overreact because actually there is no reason to get grumpy.

Heights may not be your thing so get rid of that negative thought.

Calm and relaxed, try and think of the positive sort.

Overcoming your fears and having hope in your ideas.

Nothing can stop you now, because you had it in yourself all along.

Do things your own way, just be you and be proud.

Aanya Khan-Patel, Y4

Bradway

Dear future self,
I hope you are scrolling down the page through this letter,
I don't know if you are going to respond to me,
I don't know who you are at this point,
But I will get to know you along the way,
It's hard sometimes but you will get through it,
Find your happy place,
Think of happy things and achievements and goals,
And the truth will set you free.

Connie Swallow, Y7

Meadowhead School

There are things we shouldn't have done,
Words we can't take back,
At first it was fun,
But is it sympathy I lack.

Should I really be proud,
If it's at another person's expense?
I may have won but does it count,
If it's others' joy it prevents?

What's the point of my achievements,
If guilt runs through my veins?
The thought of others' bereavement,
Weighing me down like steel chains.

Bridget Lindsay, Y7

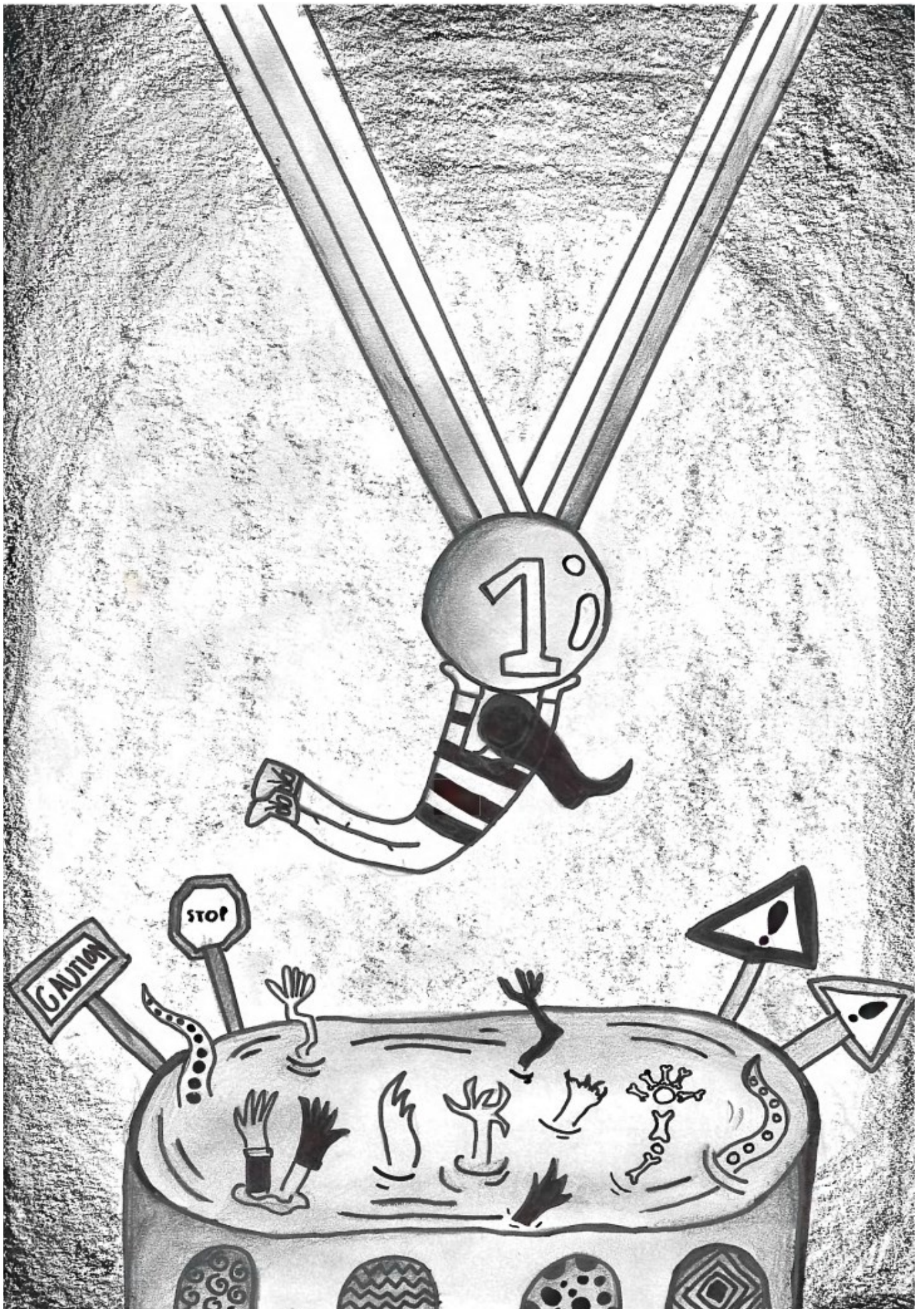
Meadowhead School

I Am Proud To Be Me

When I wake up, I feel tough.
I put on my socks and my other stuff.
When I go downstairs, I feel brave
Just like I'm in a beautiful cave.
I love being proud with a smile on my face.
When I play the double bass!
I love the piano,
I love it so much.
I sometimes do it when I'm having lunch.
I love my friends
I say it out loud.
I am strong.
I am brave.
I am PROUD!

Elsie, Y2

Abbey Lane



Why shouldn't I be proud of the person I've become,
Born with dreams and passions, no need to succumb.
Every achievement, big or small, I celebrate with joy,
Embracing who I am, no reason to be coy.

From the moment I entered this world so bright,
I've been on a journey, seeking my own light.
With each step forward, I've grown and evolved,
Learning life's lessons, problems I've resolved.

Why shouldn't I be proud of the battles I've fought,
The obstacles faced, the lessons I've been taught?
Every scar tells a story, every tear a testament,
To the strength within me, my spirit's firmament.

In a world that may try to bring me down,
I rise above, wearing my confidence like a crown.
I'm proud of my flaws, for they make me unique,
A tapestry of imperfections, a beauty to seek.

Why shouldn't I be proud of my achievements so far,
The goals I've conquered, reaching for the stars?
Each milestone reached, a testament to my will,
A reminder that determination can fulfill.

So let's celebrate ourselves, in all our glory,
For we are the heroes of our own story.
Why shouldn't we be proud? Let's shout it loud,
Embracing our worth, standing tall and proud!

Jahaira Palmer, Y7

Meadowhead School

Proud

In a world so vast and wide
Where dreams and hopes reside,
Theres a feeling deep inside,
That fills up with pride,

It's the joy of standing tall,
Embracing who we are, standing strong and all.
With every step, we take our stride,
Knowing we have nothing to hide.

Proud of our achievements, big and small,
Each victory, we cherish them all.
With hearts full of courage, we face the day,
Knowing our worth will never sway.

So let your light shine bright,
With pride, take flight.
Embrace your uniqueness, loud and clear,
For being proud is something to cheer

Be proud of yourself

Maisie Griffiths, Y8

Meadowhead School

Healing. Takes. Time.

The rollercoaster rides are fun,
But the stoops are not.
Being high in the sky is the best feeling,
But how do we feel when we drop.
Emotions can get the best of us,
But how do we heal from them.

There is never a basement at rock bottom,
You just need to find your ladder,
Even if it means building it yourself.

Changing isn't easy, especially so soon,
Not every heart heals straight away.

You are only planting a new seed,
Just on that takes time.
There is never a basement at rock bottom,
You just need to find your ladder,
Even if it means building it yourself.

Healing. Takes. Time.

Healing. Takes. Time.

Keavie Batey, Y8

Meadowhead School

Enemies has seven letters, but so does friends

Lying has five letters, but so does truth

Failure has seven letters, but so does success

Cry has three letters, but so does joy

Negativity has ten letters, but so does positivity

Hatred has six letters, yet proud has five

That's one less letter, but proud still thrives

You'll always have a choice, so choose the better side of it.

Dylan Higgins, Y7

Meadowhead School

I am the sun, my dear, and the sun never deactivates.
I am the anchor of myself, and the ship is me.
I live as I am. I don't compose characters for their sake.
Whoever does not like me does not deserve me.

I prove myself to myself, not to others.
I don't contrast myself with anyone else,
And it doesn't concern me to be better than others.
I contrast myself by myself previous years.

In the law of my pride
I detest owning items available to everyone.
I do not praise myself in front of people,
But rather I let my actions praise me.

My self-esteem is not a sarcastic tongue
Nor an arrogant nature. My self-esteem
Is to stay away from everything that reduces my value.
My self-confidence is the first step to achieve my dream.

Lara Alagha, Y8

Meadowhead School

In the mirror, I stand so tall,
A 14-year-old, proud and all.
Through ups and downs, I've found my way,
With every step, I seize the day.

Not perfect, flaws may come and go,
Yet proud I am, and let it show.
With dreams to chase and goals to meet,
I'll conquer challenges, no feat too fleet.

In this journey of teenage grace,
I wear my pride upon my face.
With every stumble, I learn and grow,
A proud 14-year-old, ready to glow.

Leonard Sunderland, Y9

Meadowhead School

All The Little Things

Be proud of all the little things even if they're small,
Like going for a big, long walk or not going out at all.

Be proud of all the little things like waking up each day,
However, you must remember you won't always have your way.

Be proud of all the little things like walking up to school,
Ignore the horrid people, they really can be cruel.

Be proud of all the little things take pride in your family and friends,
Even if you argue you can always make amends.

All the little things won't make you feel so low,
So don't be afraid and be proud in what you know.

Ella Whalley, Y8

Meadowhead School

If You Try

Holding your head high
Marching along your road
Facing your obstacles in your way
Carrying a hefty load

You are who you are
And let no one say otherwise
Don't let your spirits sink when you fall
And let them see the fire in your eyes

No matter how hard
Or how far the fall
When you get cut down
Climb back up that wall

You can fly like a bird
And touch the sky
You can run like a cheetah
If you at least try.

Sophia Burrows, Y7

Meadowhead School

I am proud of myself for what I have done
I am proud of myself for how far I have come
I am proud of the effort I have put into school
And having the courage to dive into a pool
I am proud of my family for all the help and support
And proud of myself for not giving up
Everything I have done whether that is big or small
I am filled with pride more and more
Jumping over challenging hurdles like being in a race
Or being proud of myself for coming first place
I have been proud many times in my thirteen years
And facing some of my scariest fears
But I am excited for what my future holds
And will always be proud of it all.

Charlotte Heppenstall, Y8

Meadowhead School

Proud To Be A Girl

I stand as a girl with dreams so bright
With strength and grace, I'll take flight
No limits can hold me back
As I chose my dreams on the right track.

Being a girl is a gift, unique and true
I'll embrace my power and let things shine through
I'll conquer challenges big and small
Proud to be a girl, I'll stand tall.

In this world I'll make my mark
With courage and passion I'll have my spark
Being a girl is something to celebrate
I'll embrace it fully with my love and my fate.

Molly-Mai Patrickson, Y9

Meadowhead School

Yes, I'm a girl.

No, I'm not ashamed.

Why would I be, are you insane?

You catch like a girl, can girls not catch?

How are girls and weakness attached?

"Girls are so fake, they are caked in make up"

You say, yet it's your type, why don't you wake up?

Why hate on girls? Call them gossips and fakes.

Meanwhile you came from a girl,

Maybe it's time to work on your mistakes.

Isla Orton, Y9

Meadowhead School

I'm A Girl

I'm a girl, who has her own rights,
And who looks for everything to be equal all the time,
I'm a girl, who likes to be rough,
Even though sometimes it's tough,
I'm a girl, that will always be proud,
Like the time I got a medal but it felt like a crown,
I'm a girl, who has a mission,
To train really hard and get in to a competition,
I'm a girl, who really stands out,
Well sometimes I have a doubt,
I'm a girl, who has backing,
Like my family and friends never lacking,
I'm a girl, that will always love myself,
And I will still always be me!

Gigi, Y6

Abbey Lane



Harriet Corker Y7

The Ride

Sick. I feel sick. Mouth dry. Frightened. Shaking. Toes tap. Mind numb.
A million butterflies try to escape my stomach. Lumps block my throat. Shallow breaths. Shivering. Tense.
The harness lowers. And clicks.

The DC Rivals Hypercoaster travels at 115km/h along a 1.4km track. At Warner Bros Movie World on Australia's Gold Coast, it starts with a 59 metre drop at an 89-degree angle. It is the tallest, longest and fastest rollercoaster in the southern hemisphere.

I've been on rollercoasters before, but none like this. It's colossal, intimidating and I feel too young for it. My sister's too small to ride the giant, but she wants to. This gives me courage. I'm doing it for my sister. My dad is coming on as well. He's saying: "You can do it. You're brave enough."

At the start of the queue, just as we're going to get on, I think: "I'm not brave enough," and start crying. "You're scared now, but once you get on it, you'll love it," says Dad. "You'll be so proud of yourself."
I thought of how my class would be amazed. I didn't think any other classmates would dare to go on it. I would have something to tell them. I smile, nod my head.
"This is for your sister," I tell myself. "You can do it."

Clack, clack, clack. The carriage climbs the serpent-like purple track towards the grinning joker's head at the summit. Then, the carriage tilts downwards, and we see the whole car park from a bird's eye view.
We hang off the edge, trembling and then... WOOOOOAAAAAHHH! We shoot down, the wind whipping at my face. My stomach stays in the air as my whole body drops. My face breaks into half smile, half silent scream.
It rattles and twists and turns and jumps and shakes and turns upside down and woah woah woah woah throws my body around all over the place and makes me feel like it's going to jump off one of the hills into space and... then it's all over. The whole experience is an amazing, confusing mess.

Getting out of the carriage, my body feels weirdly dizzy and numb, almost as though I'm not inside it. I stumble toward the exit. Waiting there is my sister, who runs up to me and squeezes me tight. On her face is a massive grin. She feels proud of me. And the pride, more than I've ever felt before, surges through me, too.

Amelia Whitley, Y5

Bradway

How To Be Proud: A Recipe

First you want a bag of confidence sieved so there are no lumps, and 50g of happiness to be precise.

Now add a large spoonful of trial and error, that nothing comes without.

Now mix so it is smooth and creamy, then pour 20ml of effort in and watch magic happen as you stir.

Now pour all of this in a tin and leave in the oven to bake.

After that it's time to make icing using determination and positive attitude and add 10ml of concentrated work life balance and stir it all together.

Now pour this on the cake and look at what you made.

A proud cake.

Enjoy and remember to be proud.

Winnie Smith, Y7

Meadowhead School

Proud to be Florence

Greek speaker

Maths whizzer

Street dancer

Proud writer

Ukulele player

Bunny lover

Brownie promiser

Young-voices singer

Happy Humanist

Florence, Y3

Abbey Lane

Maybe Failure Is A Choice

Maybe failure is a choice, but this isn't the case.

All mistakes I made, made me stronger,

I crush my struggles like a vase,

Seeing how my achievements grew bigger.

Improving my weaknesses,

Emerging into the real me.

Pushing to success,

Running from my struggles,

Over a rainbow full of my achievements,

Under my mistakes that can always turn into something better.

Don't give up so quickly, keep fighting on to be proud!

Maisie Webster, Y9

Meadowhead School

I Am Me

I'm a superhero

I'm proud

I'm strong

I'm me

I'm a superhero

Nothing can stop me

I can be anything I put my mind to

I'm the best version of my self

I'm a superhero

I'm unstoppable

I'm unique

I'm fashionable

I'm a superhero

I'm capable of anything

I try my hardest everyday

Even in the darkest times I remain proud

Always be proud of yourself and others

Isla, Y6

Abbey Lane



Samuel McKay-Smith Y7

Proud of myself
For keeping on going,
Hiding the pain without anyone knowing.
A psychological battle,
One that is hard to be won
Always deep in my thoughts,
Always feeling alone,
But I keep on going
Without anyone knowing
What I am going through
To me, it's nothing new.
So yes, I am proud of myself
For keeping on going,
Hiding all the pain without anyone knowing
Staying positive,
Always with a smile,
Even laughing with friends for a while.

Malvi Zygiar, Y9

Meadowhead School

I am proud to be me for the things I do, even though things are tough.
I am still me so if you say I can't do what you can do, don't think I am just not capable.
I can do anything I want to do.
I am strong.
I am brave.
I am smart.
I am kind.
I fight through the tough times.
I can do anything I want to.
I can imagine I am a warrior going to fight in a war.
Just watch me as I soar high in the sky.
I am proud to be me.
Just imagine you are me and you should be proud of yourself too.

Maryam, Y2

Abbey Lane

When I am proud
I feel like my courage has been found
As happiness circled all around
I would feel free
To be me
I drew and drew
Until I had sketched a few
Knowing it was good
I felt like a blooming flower bud
I was so proud about my drawing
As I heard the crowd roaring
So, remember to be proud
If you are never proud you will always have a frown

Nandika Bakshi, Y4

Bradway

A Difference Can Be Something You Can Be Proud Of

I was walking down a street, everyone laughing and staring. People sneered at me and shoved me violently, as others whispered quietly. The spots on my face itched badly, as if I had been bitten many, many times. I felt out of place, alone. The scrape that ran down my arm was hurting, and a spot of crimson red blood trickled down my arm; it warmed on my dark brown skin. I stepped up the steps of school gloomily as I feel every morning. I told myself everything is going to be okay, and that I can escape to my room at the end of the day, and hide all my cuts, bruises, scars and scrapes. I took a deep breath, and stepped into what felt like a nightmare. In class, everyone looked at me, their faces drawn to mine.

At lunch, all the children sat at least five meters away, while I just sat there, thinking.

I hid in my bed, tears streaming down my cheeks. As soon as I had stopped crying, I ran into the bathroom, my eyes aching from being so sad. I rubbed on all my little to big creams and ointments and got ready for bed. I searched my draw for some socks, to hide them from their chipped toenails, fat warts, and cuts. I went to sleep with a frown on my face, sad from having such a bad day. The weekend was tomorrow, and I was very glad that I could have a break from being bullied and shouted at. Whenever I went out in the garden, the people who lived over the fence would say in a horrible way, "Pssst! It's the ugly boy again, eewwww!" I pushed my glasses up to the top of my nose, holding back tears. I ran into my house, as salty specks of water trailed behind me. The next day, I stayed inside, not even bothered to come out. I wrote in my diary, about all my worries and fears, everything I had in mind.

School came back one day later, and I felt a feeling of dread. I sighed, letting out a long, deep breath and walked out the front door.

After two whole weeks of school, it was finally the holidays. I was so relieved, that for once a smile got printed on my face. I was so happy that I even hugged myself! Mum said we were going to the library for the afternoon and in my mind, I thought, "No, no, no! This cannot be happening!"

I trudged up the old, crumbling steps of the library, as mum said, "Cheer up, will you? You might make some friends!"

"No I probably won't." I mumbled. Mum opened the huge, black doors of the library, and loads of people and children were crowded around bookshelves, searching for a book to read. I went silently over to the middle reader's section, where a small girl stood. She was about the same age as me, but smaller. I tensed ready for the snigger or the shout, but that did not come. Instead she just smiled and said, "Hello!" I was so shocked by what I was hearing, that I just said "Hello," back. Suddenly she said, "Do you want to be friends?" and smiled once more.

"Yes." I said quietly.

Then she did the unspeakable: she gave me a hug. It was one of the loveliest things I had ever felt. Then my mind clicked, and now the reason came to me that if you were different, you can still be friends.

He smiled and a huge grin spread across his face. He was no longer afraid any more. If you are different, be proud and show great pleasure towards it.

Eliza Maxwell, Y4

Bradway

The pencil in my hand
Or pen or painted brush
A blank canvas stands before me
I know I shouldn't rush
A world to be created
And I am the creator
Characters, places, creatures
On a sheet of A3 paper
I'm proud to be an artist
It fills me with delight
My artwork means a lot to me
I draw by day and night
Doodles or detailed pictures
On a wall or in a book
My art is a cuisine
As for me: I am the cook.

Charlie Coward, Y7

Meadowhead School

I am proud of the medals I've won,
Stickers I've earned and writing I've done.
I am proud of the work I do,
Bracelets I make and how I get through.
But when I need help, I'm not afraid to ask
Because most of the things I'm proud of need someone's help.
I am proud of my mum and my dad,
For helping me up when I am sad.
I am proud of my friends for being kind,
And always saying that they don't mind.
But when I need help, I'm not afraid to ask
Because most of the things I'm proud of need someone's help.

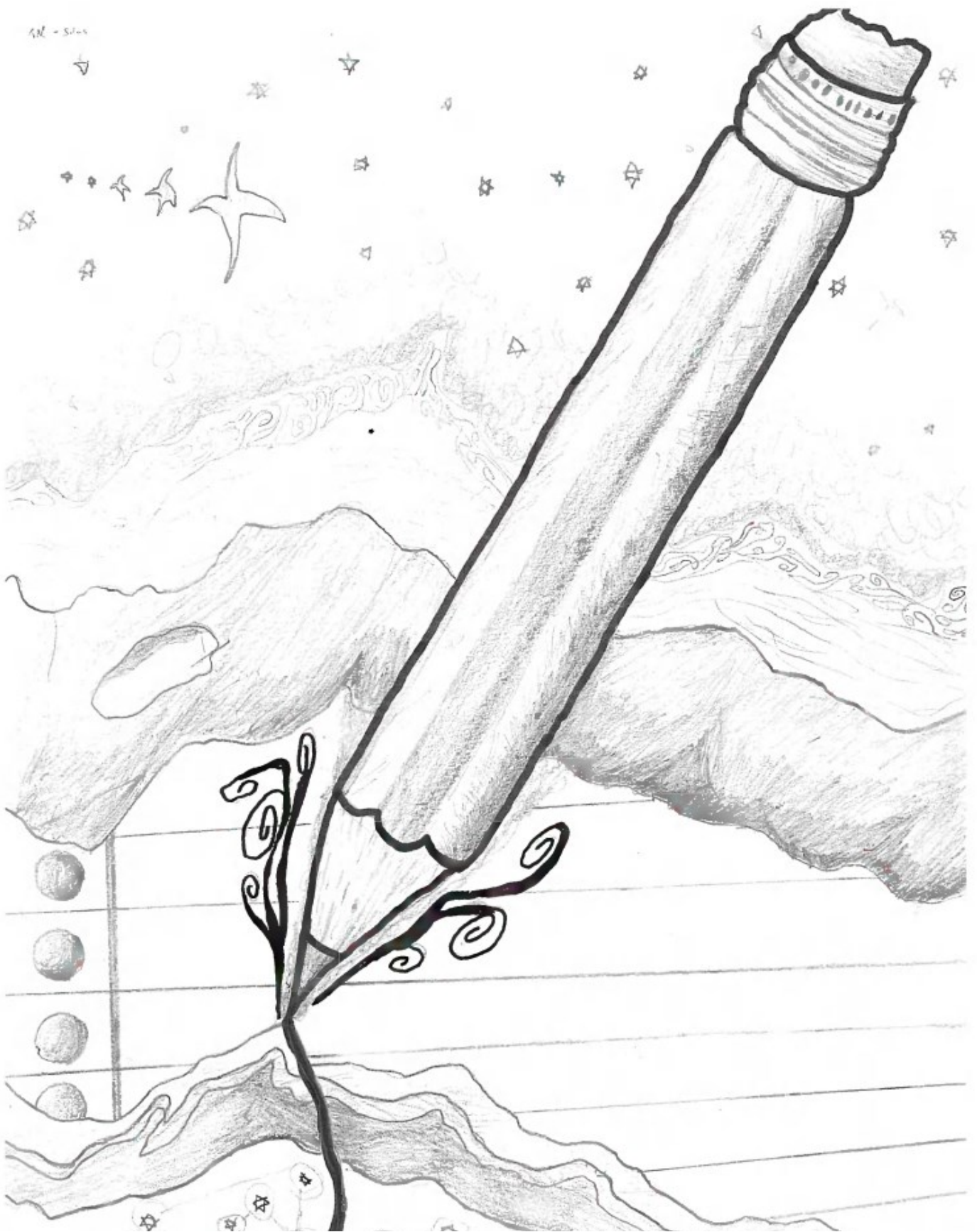
Skye Kurcewicz, Y3

Bradway

The paint was grey and less vibrant than ever.
Her vision was clouded by perfection and anger,
Her art was not what it was supposed to be, it wasn't perfect.
In her eyes it was not good, not even passable for art.
She was told again and again how great it was and only listened to the criticism.
Eventually, she stopped.
Her short break turned into weeks, months, then years.
She started to try art again.
She worked harder than ever, not every piece was perfect, but it still had effort poured into it.
The paint grew brighter, more vibrant than ever,
Her paintbrush strokes flowed on the canvas.
Not every piece was perfection,
But she was proud of her work.

Maya, Y6

Abbey Lane



I still remember that it was a beautiful Thursday winter morning. We had the option to perform a practised, well-done gymnastics routine. As soon as me and my partner accepted the offer to do it confidently, a grey cloud floated over my head miserably. Why did I accept? Truthfully, I sob at the thought of performing, but as soon as I learned a cartwheel I was motivated. It felt like the other graceful, hardworking groups had already finished before me and James started. Determined, I focused on the hard, amazing tricks and not the staring eyes. When I finished, clouds went away to reveal the sun, while I smiled. A warm, sensational summer breeze past and I felt tall. I was cured from the scared sickness.

Freya, Y5

Abbey Lane

My Best Netball Match!

As the piercing noise of the final whistle cut through the frantic final minutes of the game, everyone eyed my very last shot swishing through the net. Had we done it? I jumped around the court with two of my best friends (Georgie and Izzy). We were all so thunder struck and taken aback that we just beat the hardest team in the Under 11s league!

A grin spread across my face from ear to ear, while the opposite team rolled their eyes over and over. "Not very supportive," I thought to myself, but Izzy soon shook me out of that mind. All of a sudden, I felt unstoppable, like I could do anything. Just if you believe in it!

Molly, Y5

Abbey Lane

Skateboarding Star

After going there for the first time, my legs were wobbling like crazy as I held onto the metal bar for support. Picking up my confidence, I stood on my skateboard, tightened my helmet and set off down the ramp. Disbelief filled my head as my brother smiled at me and I smiled back. Even though he's younger than me, he's still my very good friend. As I smiled back at him, I walked to a different ramp and tried it out. It was amazing! As I headed back home, I knew I would not forget this moment.

Jiaolong, Y5

Abbey Lane

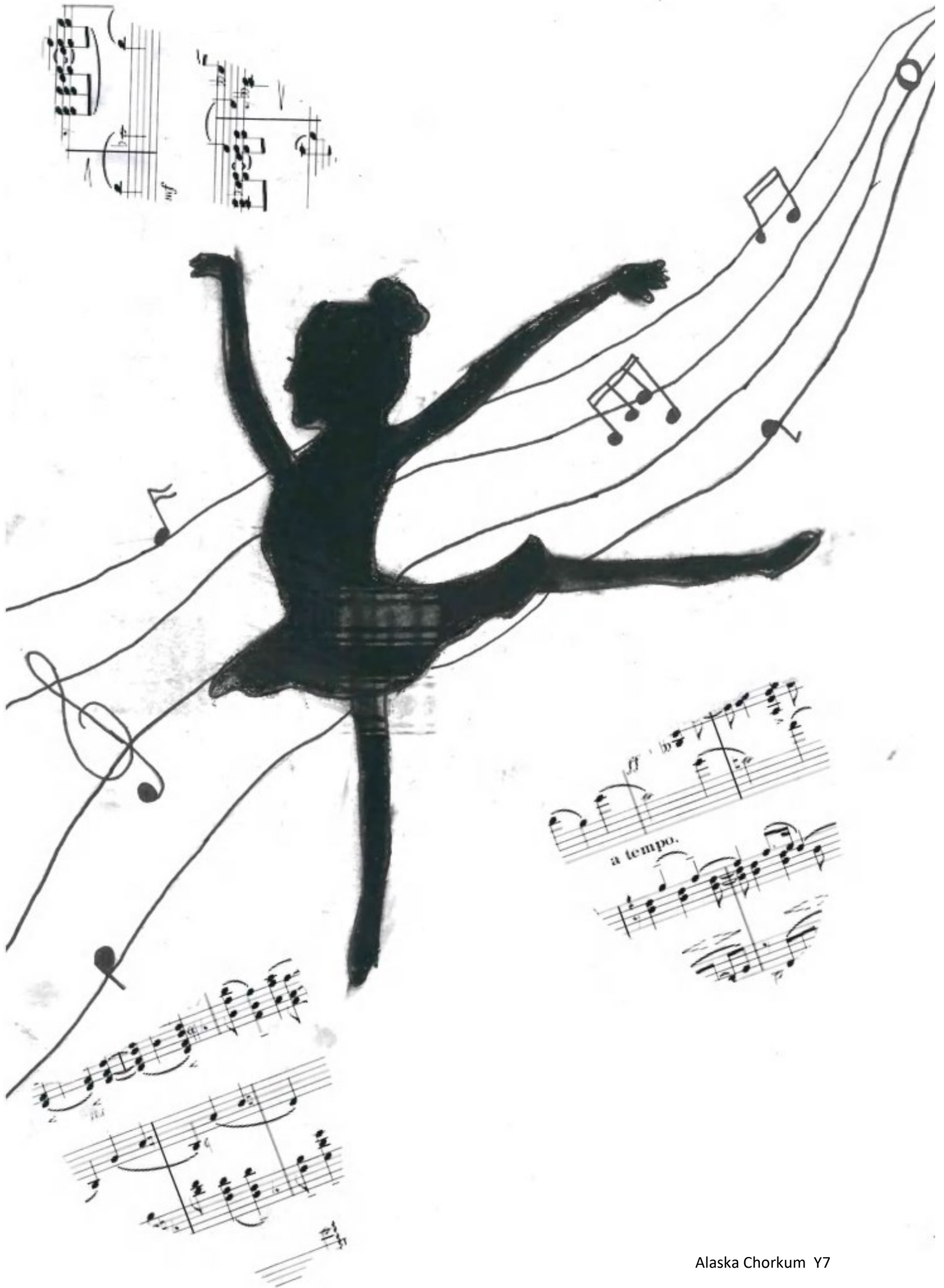
My First Competition

The final person before me had just finished their dance. I was so anxious to finally do my dance in front of everybody. I kept forgetting my dance and got so irritated, so I was frightened I was going to forget it on stage my arms and legs were shaking. Everyday, I practised and practised, until I did my steps right, I kept falling or missing a step. I was delighted when I finally did the dance correctly.

My stomach felt sick, my heart was beating like a drum. I was breathing heavily as they announced my name and number and I stepped on the stage, soon I had managed to do my dance right! I was overjoyed the crowd was clapping and cheering. I ran off the stage, I jumped up and down I was thrilled! I hugged all my friends, since we were all proud of each other for doing our solos we were jumping with excitement as tears ran down our faces. I was out of breath from dancing and doing the moves right. I was so surprised!

Eadie, Y5

Abbey Lane



Ice Skating

People love to go skating, across the ice;
It may be rather chilly, it's just so nice.
People wrapped up in coats, gloves and scarves.
Share each other's company, and also some laughs.

Fairy lights twinkle, up in the trees nearby.
Excited eyes sparkle, and the spirits are high.
Across the rink, skaters twist and twirl;
On the ice, their skates create ornate swirls.

Novice skaters hang on tightly to the side;
Their nerves, with smiles, they try to hide.
A good sense of balance is vital, to stay upright;
Wobble-wobbling about, some people lose the fight.

Some skaters execute some amazing moves:
That they are old pros, they can easily prove.
Some people hold hands, as they skate around;
Taking in all the exciting sights and sounds.

The skaters' noses and cheeks glow, rosy pink,
As they make their way round the huge ice rink.
Some of the first-time skaters, tumble and fall,
And they just can't seem to get the hang of it all.

It's a festive experience, which is hard to beat,
And, for many, it's an exciting winter time treat.
To go skating, at an outdoor rink, people wait all year;
It's an activity, guaranteed to bring some festive cheer.

Lorna Brough, Y7

Meadowhead School

My hair in a tight bun
Ballet clothes switched out for normal
Holding on to my plaque
I had done it
I had passed my ballet exam

Sitting in the car
Watching the city scenery go by
I wondered what this strange feeling inside was
I had an emotion I could not describe
It was pride

People thought I could not do it
But I still tried
But I proved them wrong
I felt pride in knowing that
I proved them wrong

I was on cloud nine
Feeling divine
Knowing that I had done the impossible
Doing something people thought I couldn't be done

Lottie Tasker, Y9

Meadowhead School

Proud to be Dexter

Flawless footballer
Perfect problem solver
Exceptional eight-year old
Resilient runner
Empathetic encourager

Dexter, Y3

Abbey Lane

Proud to be Elliott

Glorious guitarist
Patient pianist
Cheesy puff eater
Up to date ukuleleist
Amazing ADHDer

Elliott, Y3

Abbey Lane

Proud of me?
Proud of me,
Going to do great today.
Proud of me,
Going to get an LOA on Maths.
Proud of me,
I know I will love today.
Proud of me,
And we're going to have a ball,
Yeah!

Reggie, Y2

Abbey Lane

Proud to be Otis

Mischief maker
Knowledge giver
Maths whizzer
Dino lover
Epic singer
Awesome listener
Toy collector
Positive reader
Epic pranker

Otis, Y3

Abbey Lane

Proud to be Zainab

Smart joker
Zoomy runner
Lovely dancer
Super writer
Ambitious learner

Zainab, Y3

Abbey Lane

The Shot

The pressure was on
It was all relying on me
I couldn't feel my feet
My heart was pounding
Whoosh. The whistle went
I was off like lightning
There was my chance
In the blink of an eye it went in
It felt like I had achieved something
I was ecstatic
Finally, we beat them
Pride, all I felt was pride.

Erin, Y6

Abbey Lane

Football

Walking out of the tunnel onto the hollow turf,
To the sound of your club's famous anthem,
The spine-tingling atmosphere,
People cheering,
The adrenaline rushing through me,
When I scored in front of the Kop,
The band playing and the fans joining in to their rhythm,
Match Winner and Man of the Match,
The rest is history.

Nathan Mills, Y8

Meadowhead School



The game begins, kick off is taken,
The ball in play,
No mistakes to be made now
Years of training,
Growing and thriving
For this moment,

The crowd unite,
Past one, past two,
Three and now four,
The last one past,
This is my time to score.

One last look towards the net,
I strike,
And yet the crowd go silent,
As they watch the ball soar,
Before it hits the top corner,
And now they scream and roar.

A proud moment in my life,
Goals of the tour,
What is your proud moment?
Will you score?

Ben Pashley, Y9

Meadowhead School

Dreams Made True

From dreaming a goal
To achieving a goal
From having a dream
To getting that dream

From watching them on tv
To being that person on tv
From aspiring a career
To doing that career

From dreaming your future
To having that future
From watching my heroes
To being the hero

From looking at the bottom of the climb
To getting to the top of the climb
From nervous waiting
To tears of happiness and hugs
From the hard training
To the real thing happening

From being second
To being a winner

Imogen Lilley, Y9

Meadowhead School

I Am Proud of Me!

I am proud of me,
When I tried the monkey bars.
It was hard,
But I kept on trying.

I am proud of me,
When I tried the hard part of the trim trail.
I couldn't reach,
But now I can.

Adannya, Y2

Abbey Lane

I am powerful
Done a front – flip, wow!
I am proud
I am happier than ever
I am proud
I'm a bit sore now!
I am proud
I have a big, beaming smile
I am proud
I feel I can do anything!

Sahibnoor, Y2

Abbey Lane

My First Ever Trick Shot On A Skateboard

I'll never forget my first ever trick shot.

Standing next to my future, which is the enormous ramp, to do my extraordinary trick shot. My body felt like exploding fireworks shooting in every direction as I swiftly moved in my universe on my skateboard. Determination filled my up like fuel filling up a roaring sportscar. I had to walk miles to get to my nearest park if I wanted to chase my dreams. Now let's move on to my magical trick shot,

The parks laughter and loudness all turned into silence, I moved on the wheels like I was on a cloud. The ramp looked like Mt. Fuji. Courage gained up then I swung skateboard up in the air and I miraculously did it: my dad cheered in joy. My heart felt like pounding hooves. I felt really proud as I did not give up on this journey and I was determined.

Faria, Y5

Abbey Lane

My Proud Moment

At breakfast, Mum did not know what to make for breakfast. I asked if she could make pancakes and she said yes. Mum asked did you want to help, but I said no, because it looked way too scary. Kindly, Mum said try it with a little help with her and see how I did. Nervously, I said yes and started trying to do it with Mum. Amazingly, I managed to make my first pancake!

I kept on making more delicious pancakes without giving up, and now I can spread the smooth, melted chocolate on my warm, freshly made pancakes! Now my parents were proud of me for making yummy, mouth-watering pancakes. I am proud of myself for making some pancakes. Next time I will try do it on my own! Never give up, stay strong!

Victoria, Y4

Abbey Lane

Roller skating

What could be better
 Than the sound of wheels
 Moving on the coarse ground
 Bruising our heels?

What could be better
 Than the sound of joy
 Of racing round a track
 With your metal toy?

Nothing! Nothing
 Could be better.
 That wonderful bliss of skating
 Is there no matter the weather.

What could be better
 Under the bright sky
 Than feeling proud
 And soaring high?

What could be better
 Than skating round a park
 With your most precious possession
 Until it gets dark?

Nothing! Nothing
 Could be better.
 That wonderful bliss of skating
 Is there no matter the weather.

Davina Akogwu, Y7
Meadowhead School

With engine purring, I hit the track
 My kart zooms forward, my heart attacks
 The wind in my face, the thrill in my veins
 Racing with speed, no room for pains

The smell of gasoline, the roar of the crowd
 Adrenaline rush, my senses cloud
 I push the pedal down, my heart soars high
 The rush of speed, I can't deny

The corners sharp, the straights so long
 I drift and slide, my skills so strong
 The competition fierce, the challenge grand
 I race with pride, my spirit expanded

The chequered flag waves, my heart celebrates
 I cross the finish line, my soul exercises
 The rush of victory, my spirit soars
 Proud of racing, my heart explores

Ryley Smith, Y8
Meadowhead School

One Note At A Time

The crowd would roar
 As my fingers would fly
 My nerves would soar
 I felt I would die
 I was terrified and excited at the same time
 The feeling was sublime
 I was scared I would choke
 All I had to remember was
 One step, one note at a time.

Joe Fretwell, Y9
Meadowhead School

What I Have



I am proud of myself for waking up every morning. Even with a painful condition and my struggles, I'm still standing. I'm not complaining about it. I'm spreading the word about it. It makes me stand out, but that makes me even more proud. Yes, I may be small and young but to be honest I don't care. I am proud to be me. You can call me names, you can say things about me but I don't care. I am who I am and you can and never will change that. I'll carry on doing what I feel comfortable with doing and you can't do anything about it. And you can never stop me.

Klaudia Budzinska, Y7
Meadowhead School

I wonder when the day will come
I just need to stop the feeling of numb
And waiting all the time
Why am I scared? They seem so kind

I need to find the confidence
I'm getting impatient
All I need to do is say hi
Then I'll celebrate with some pie

I want to be in their friendship group
Then I'll get out of this never-ending loop
The day will come
I'm sure

Today might be the day
I just need to say
The words that will make it happen
So I'll close my eyes and imagine

I'm going to go talk to them now
It's now or never
I did it
I'm so proud

Lucy Von Moeller, Y9
Meadowhead School

The Things That Make You Proud

Take a look into your mind,
Tell me what you find,
The things that make you wow,
The things that make you proud

Take a look around,
Tell me what you found,
It may make you warm and bright,
Maybe steal the day of light.

Take a look at what I say,
Tell me in a way
You can now be strong,
Don't follow one along,
We are none, then we are one.

Hannah Randall, Y8
Meadowhead School

In a world filled with love and grace
Family stands in a special place
Through thick and thin, they're always there.
A bond so strong
Beyond compare.

Betsy Gowens, Y8
Meadowhead School

Moments In a Lifetime

We both tentatively looked at the screen
It all looks so tiny
A tear falls down my cheek as the heart beat fills my ears

He knelt down on one knee
My tummy filled with butterflies
Without hesitation I said "Yes!"

No more vomiting, no more infections
I touch my head and feel the tufts of hair
I ring the bell!!!
Smiling to my friends and family clapping proudly

Missing him desperately
I felt a familiar touch stroke my back warmly
I turn around and see the camouflage suit
He is back!!!! We hug tightly

The pain was too much to bear
He looked at his tearful friends and family, who were around his bedside
He held my hand gently and I whispered "It's OK to go, sleep tight my darling"

Finlay Outram, Y7
Meadowhead School

Proud

This journey has been long
All I wanted was for it to be over
Now I can finally sing my song
These cuts and bruises no longer
My headspace clear
If I publish my story some may shed a tear
All these years of strife and distress
My home life was just a mess
This construction of pain
An evil conductor was on my train
From within I was already dead
Then my spark came back
It felt like there was a sudden crack
But finally I'm free
And nobody can stop me.

Malieke Sene, Y9
Meadowhead School

Proud of winning a football tournament.
Racing with my friends and family.
Other members of the family, I love.
Understanding my special Mum and Dad.
Doing great things for others.

Finn, Y2
Abbey Lane

Dreams

Dreams,
All the worlds' riches in my hands forever,
Greed, hate, wrath, I avoid them all forever,
Friends and family, all of us together,

Dreams,
Some are big,
Others are small,
For some you'll have to fight,
But others are on your route

Dreams,
They are priceless,
Never let go,
Because if they're gone
They won't hesitate to go forever

Nasa Maalood, Y9

Meadowhead School

My Family, My Pride

My Pride roams in a pack,
My family have each other's back,
My Pride are strong and together,
We will be forever,
My Pride and I are connected with love,
We are a tribe that I think the world of,
My Pride are determined and hardworking,
My family are not afraid of fighting,
My Pride are a strong group,
Working together as a troupe,
My Pride and I are everything and as we prowl on the street,
Be careful; we don't like everyone we meet,
I will always be thankful for my Pride,
We are together for the ride.

Betty Cubitt, Y7

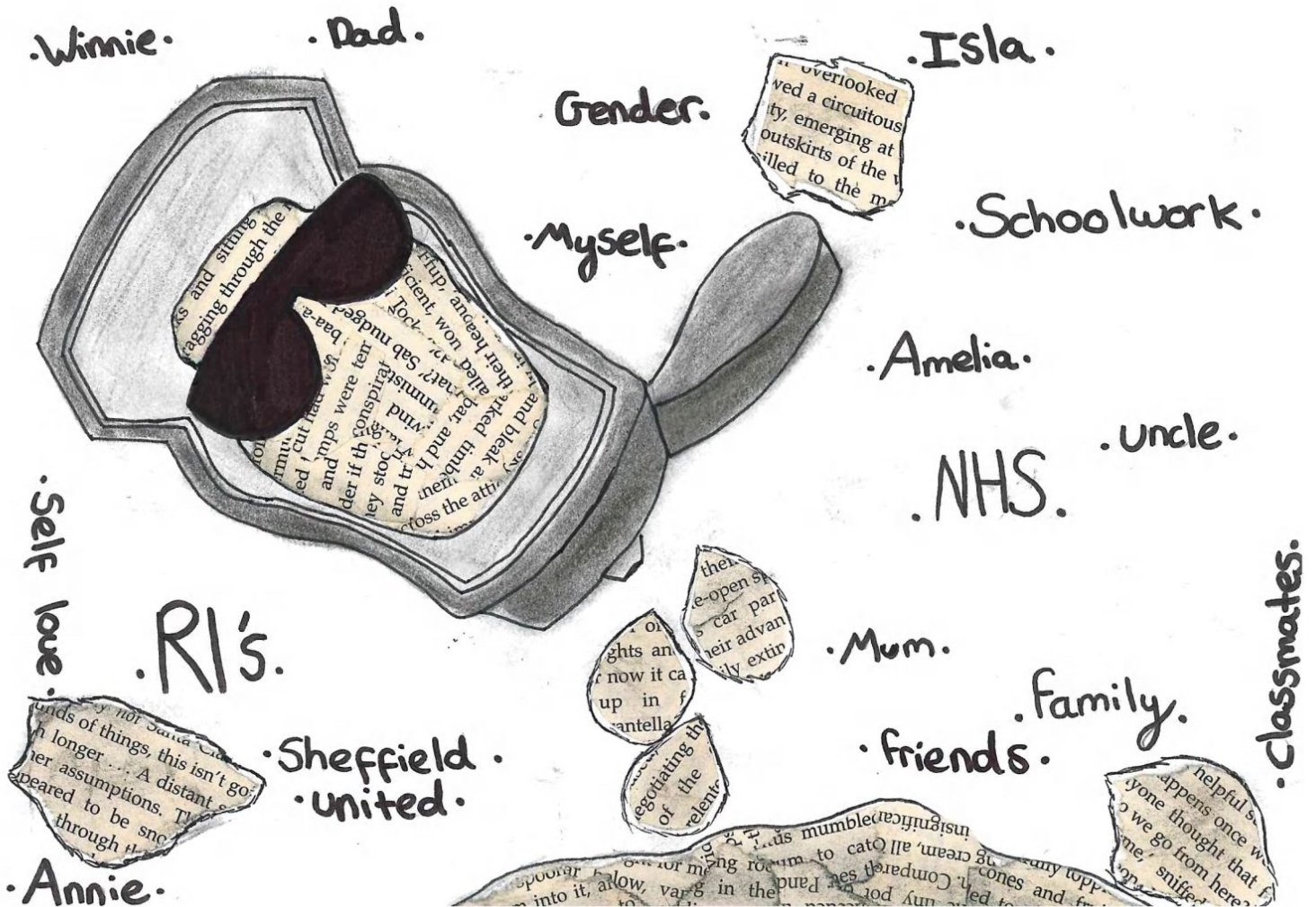
Meadowhead School

Friends

From the moment I see your faces by the school gate
And from the moment the day ends
I'm happy I found you
If I'm feeling sad then you will make me happy
And if you are sad I will make you happy again
It was the happiest day of my life when I met you
And I knew we would spend every day together
And I'm so happy I found you
You make me laugh
You make me happy
And sometimes sad
But the next day it's like nothing happened
That's why I'm so happy I found you
And I hope you will be my friends until the end
And we will help each other when we need it

Amelia Scholey, Y7

Meadowhead School



Katie Eatch Y7

The first moments, I see light
 The lights lead me to the end of the path,
 The light helps me develop and evolve,
 This makes me proud.

Struggling but learning from my mistakes,
 Struggling but developing from my defeats,
 Struggling but strengthening from my losses
 This makes me proud.

Achieving and reaching high goals
 Achieving challenges, I would have never attempted
 Achieving quests that could have a massive impact
 This makes me proud.

Mila Amba, Y8
Meadowhead School

I Am Proud

I am proud of playing for a football team.
 Standing up to people being mean.
 When I score on a Sunday
 I feel proud for the rest of the day.
 Going through hard times but having fun.
 Never giving up with my brother, dad and mum.
 Playing with my friends makes laugh out loud.
 That's what I am, I am proud.

Oshie, Y2
Abbey Lane

Dear diary,

You will never believe what happened to me today! It has made my day elated and crazy, fun, proud, but the day did not start like that. This morning I woke up and went straight to the pool. When I went in the deep end I had to get out, because I could not swim in deep water. It was too scary. I never gave up and kept trying and trying no matter how hard I tried, I could not do it, so I asked for help. When I asked for help I finally did it on my own. My family were so proud of me that they bought me a colourful, bouncy castle and I was proud of myself. That is how I was proud of myself self.

Next, when I need to do something hard I will remember this feeling and keep trying .
Even if I find something so hard that I almost give up.

Vriddhi, Y4

Abbey Lane

Dear Mummy and Daddy

I am very proud of you two and I know it's hard for you but I understand. You go to work every day and I know it's hard for you. I think I could help you. Maybe I could do the pots and maybe I could help you dry stuff. There's loads of stuff I could do to help. But out of everything I'm proud of you.

Love from Piper x

Piper, Y2

Abbey Lane

Not There Yet

I find my resilience and adversity to be a trait I should never lose. Yet, sitting there beneath the fluorescent lights of that classroom, I'm struggling to write a single sentence to be proud of. I find myself not being resilient in the face of challenges, but towards anything I try to accomplish.

Believing such a level of self hate wasn't a challenge but an unavoidable consequence to my actions I could never set straight. I couldn't even push myself enough to try perfecting something, to have a go at something new, someone new because I had given up on myself.

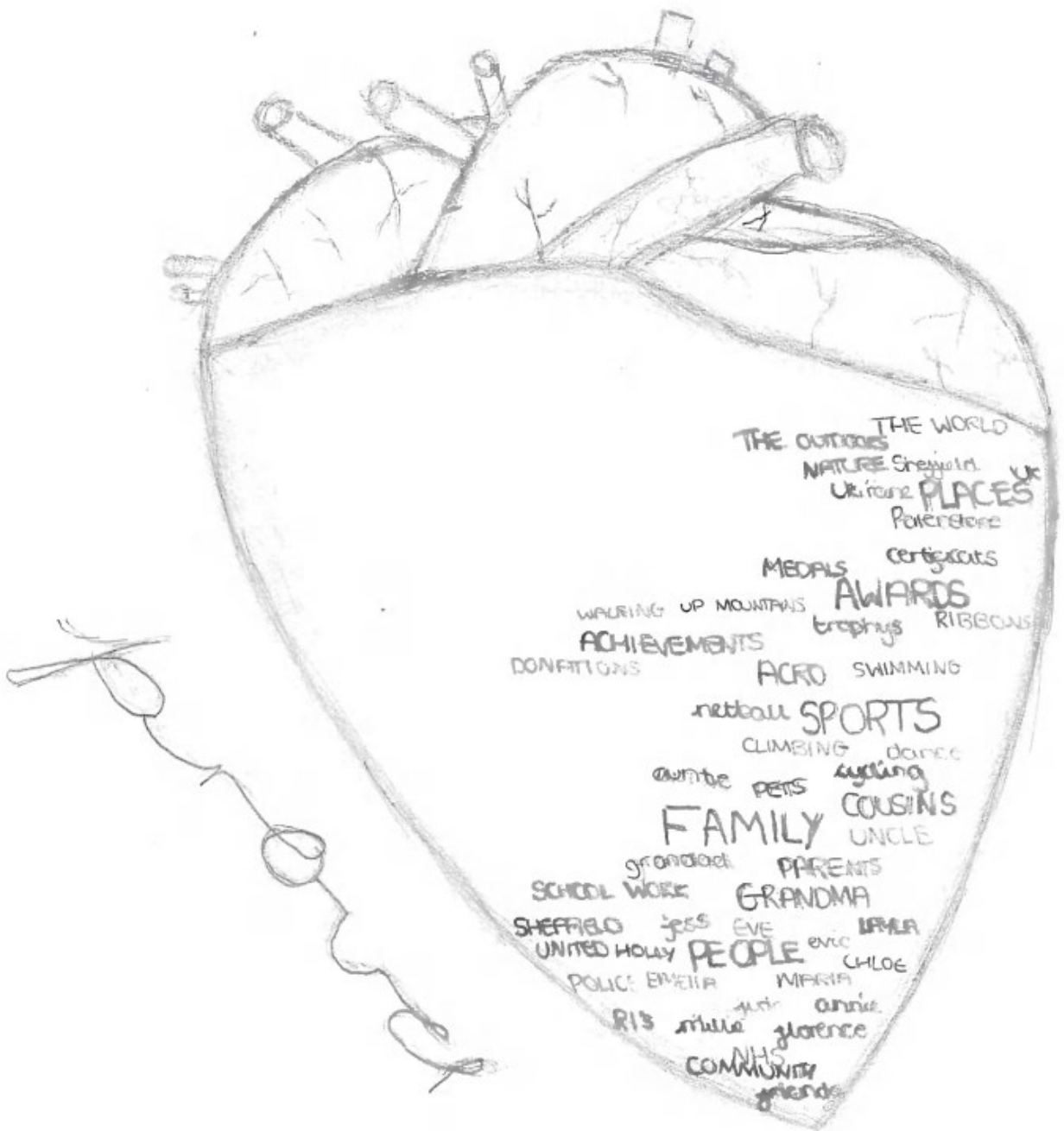
Somehow, someday, I realised I was facing my biggest challenge yet and I was able to push myself to change and grow, and moving to a new area really allowed me to start fresh and become someone new. Even after all that, I've got a lot on my list of things to achieve so I'm still not there yet.

But I will be soon.

Gift Kimpinde, Y9

Meadowhead School

My Culture



Hester Boothman Y7

Black Pride

Black is powerful,

Black is natural,

Black is strength,

Black is beautiful,

There's nothing that could stop us from doing

What we want.

Black is inspiring,

Black people can do what white people do,

There's nothing that can stop us.

Marcus Rashford on the football pitch

Usain Bolt on the running track

Simone Biles on the bars

Maya Angelou on the stage

Pelé winning the champion league

Black people doing their thing.

Black power, let us sing.

Black doesn't crack,

We breathe the same air,

We drink the same water,

We are not different at all,

We live in the same world,

But the only difference between you and I is our colour.

There's no need to be offended for who you are,

There's no need to oppress other people.

Don't let people make you think that being black is a bad thing,

Being black is an amazing thing.

Don't let them stop you from thinking that black is not able of anything.

Black is pride.

Amelia Ntare, Y7

Meadowhead School

Nigerians Are Happy People

It doesn't matter if we are on some floating slums

Like in Makoko in Lagos

Or the government of the day

Is not living up to our expectations

One thing hardship can never take from us

Is our happiness.

In the midst of fear, challenges, difficulties and pain

We still find one reason to be happy

That's what I'm really proud of.

Awesome, Y6

Abbey Lane

Wings

Pride,
An emotion that can let you fly,
Or clip your wings.
I'm proud of my wings
Wings that have been clipped for centuries
Yet when we flaunt these accessories
We're seen as vain and "anti-white"
Whatever that means
And they feel threatened
So they try to clip our wings
We lose good people
And so we show aggravation
But they turn to manipulation
Call us "crazy" and force us into stereotypes
Cramping our wings in these boxes
But our ancestors did not fight for freedom
Just for the cycle to repeat
So we break free from the shackles holding us down,
Pick up our fallen crown,
And achieve great things
So I am proud
Proud of my community and myself.
Pride,
An emotion that can let you fly,
Or clip your wings
And thanks to pride I'm flying higher than ever

Jumah Sesay, Y8

Meadowhead School

They said I am brown
And you are white,
I am not bothered by colour,
I am proud to be me.
They said I was wrong
And you were right,
Let their conscience be the judge,
I am proud to be me.
They said you are tall
And I am short,
I am proud to be me.
They said you were nice
And I was rude,
I am proud of my actions,
You can never be me.

Rabeea Tanveer, Y9

Meadowhead School

Heritage

Heritage. It's something we should,
All be proud of. Never listen to anyone,
Who says, "Imagine having a heritage,
Of this or that." Be proud of it.

Black. One way to sum me up.
My heritage is Nigerian. I love being
Nigerian. It's amazing.
They gained independence in 1960,
It's amazing. I feel
Honoured and most of all,
Proud

I was brought up around cooking,
And I still am. Jollof rice, Puff Puff,
Only to name a few of the many amazing
Foods. This is a part of my heritage.

Race. I guess it could be a part,
Of your heritage. I mean you
Should be proud of your race.
I am.

Diverse and proud
From the difference of my complexion to the difference of my culture
The uniqueness of my colour and the confidence of my background
I am different, diverse, and proud
The royal feeling of my heritage and the texture and coils of my hair
From the greatness associated to the labels created
I am different, diverse, and proud
Its elegance and its grace are simple yet meaningful
Be different, be diverse and be proud

Brianna Eboigbe, Y9
Meadowhead School

People can say whatever about me,
And the colour of my skin,
I always try and use the negativity,
And turn it into positive emotions.
There is a saying: "Don't return evil for evil."

There are also many black
Famous people to be proud,
Of.
Alesha Dixon, Mo Farah, Barack
Obama, Marcus Rashford. Just
To name a few.

My message to you all is,
Be proud of your heritage,
And finds ways to express it.
If people think being black is something
Bad, they should think again,
It is something to be proud of,
And that is something
I am not letting anyone be the judge of.

Eunice Adegbite, Y9
Meadowhead School

I come from a line of soldiers
I come from success
My family make me proud for their bravery and strength

I come from passion
I come from talent
My grandad makes me proud for his role in the challenge

I come from steel
I come from the heart
My friends make me proud for their part

I come from education
I come from mistakes
Where growth and learning take place

I come from independence
I come from responsibility
And dive into a world of invisibility

I come from a flag
Red, white, and blue
This flag makes me proud of where I came from too

Rojan Salem, Y9
Meadowhead School

Sheffield

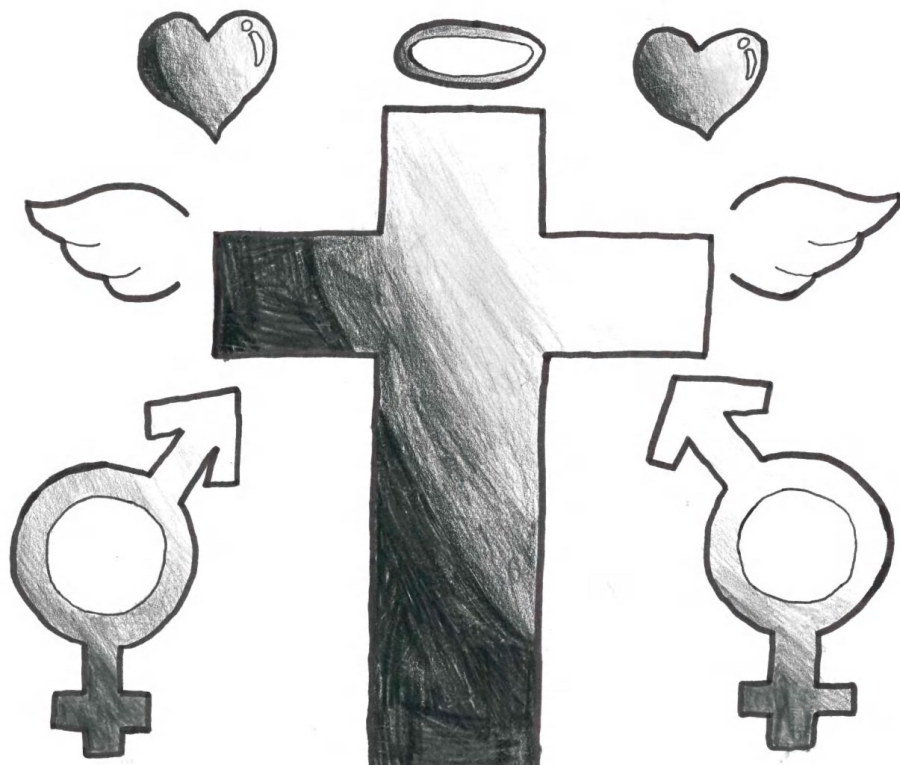
5 Rivers
7 Hills
Steel City
Provides a thrill

Home of football
Blades and the Owls
4 clubs, 1 city
We scream, we scream
With a howl

Dore And Totley
Beauchief, Woodseats
A city in South Yorkshire
We know every street

Crucible, Lyceum
Drama everywhere
Panto and plays
Laughter fills the air

Henry, Y6
Abbey Lane



Proud Of My City

I'm proud to be from Sheffield
A city full of diversity
Hundreds of people come here
And lots go to the university

I'm proud to be from Sheffield
At any time in the year you can see
All of our proud football teams
Sheffield Wednesday, United
Or even Sheffield FC

I'm proud to be from Sheffield
You can come see a play in the Lyceum, Crucible
Or the Montgomery
At Christmas time
The pantomime
Is performed for all to see
The majestic lights
Are hung as high as could be

I'm proud to be from Sheffield
At the weekend you can go
To the giant Sheffield arena
To see your favourite band
This city welcomes everyone
We always offer a helping hand

Amy Goodison, Y7

Meadowhead School

A Proud Life In Sheffield

I'm proud to say I live here
Have lived here my whole life
I've memorised the streets I walk
And yes I try to thrive

I'm proud to say I have made friends
Through sport and through my school
We've laughed and cried together
And yes around them I'm a fool

I'm proud to say I'm in a team
Cricket and netball have my heart
I've won awards and made mistakes
And yes it was hard at the start

I'm proud to say I have admired the sun
Looked up at the birds in the sky
I have stared at nature's dazzling lakes
And seen bugs soar and fly

Fliss Prestwich, Y8

Meadowhead School

My Hometown Of Sheffield

My hometown of Sheffield
When steel works and cutlery unfortunately fade
The way that the streets buzz and thrive
In Sheffield I feel alive

My hometown of Sheffield
The increase of the crowd
At the peace gardens where it gets loud
At night the city gets very busy
That is the time where people get tizzy

My hometown of Sheffield
Oh, I love this city
When I move away it will be a pity
I hope this place will live forever in my mind
Everybody is so kind
In my hometown of Sheffield.

Thomas Merritt, Y7

Meadowhead School

Be an Owl or be a Blade,
In the sun or in the shade.
There is no place I rather be,
Than in the city that helped shaped me.
With its green and pleasant lands,
That gave its voice to many bands.
Arctic Monkeys, Def Leppard and Pulp with Jarvis Cocker,
Something for all whether punk, mod or rocker.
I could say much more with no embellish,
So, I will leave this here with a splash of Hendo's relish.

Meadow Beckett, Y8

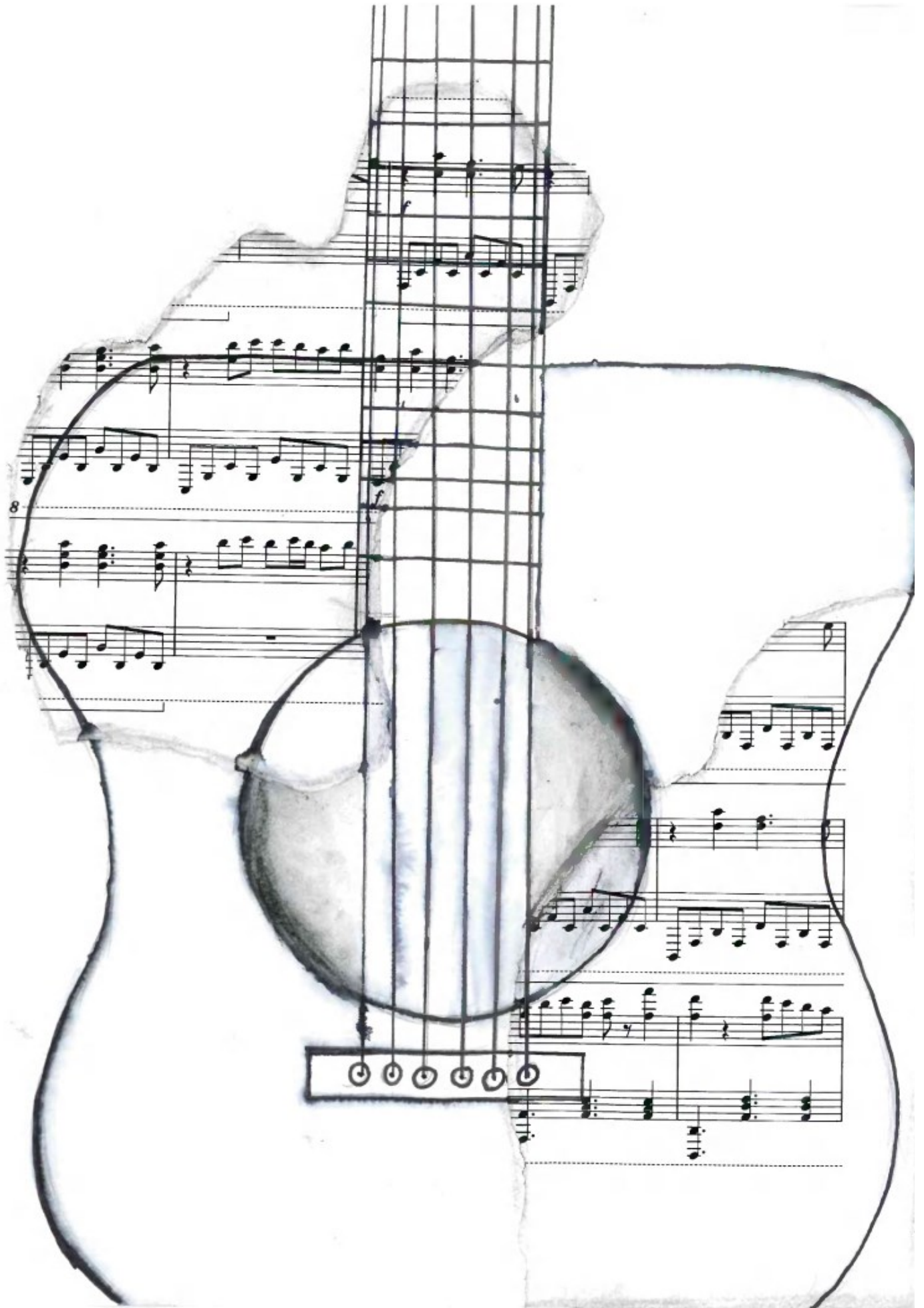
Meadowhead School

Proud to be from Sheffield

I'm proud to be from Sheffield,
Stars were born in Sheffield,
Jessica Ennis,
Helen Sharman,
Alex Turner,
Steel industry boomed in Sheffield,
Harry Brearley,
Kitt Sollitt,
Ruby Gascoigne,
Art and music thrived in Sheffield,
Pete Mckee,
Arctic Monkeys,
Def Leppard,
I'm proud to be from Sheffield,
It's where I live and breathe,
From dusk 'til dawn,
The city of steel,
Sheffield.

Amelia Gregory, Y9

Meadowhead School



Not Who You'd See In The Crowd

Although I'm not who you'd imagine in the crowd,
I don't care, for I am proud.

I'm a Yorkshireman, I am strong.
I am Northern, and that's not wrong.
I'm proud of the things like our healthcare for free,
Or just the little things, like a cuppa Yorkshire tea.
I'm a Blade, even though we're going down,
But as long as I'm proud, that won't make me frown.

I am proud,
Although I'm not who you'd see in the crowd.

I'm proud of my heritage, rich and embellished,
And our little condiments, like Henderson's Relish.
I'm proud of our steel, shiny and clean,
And the vast amount of our city that's green.
I'm proud of our large range of religions,
Or going to town and feeding the pigeons.

I am proud,
Although I'm not who you'd see in the crowd.

I'm proud of our nature, with flowers and bees,
And our amazing artists, like the Arctic Monkeys.
I'm Northern, people may think that we're dumb,
But think of the challenges that we've overcome.
I'm proud of this poem and all I have said,
And I'm proud of my home, with my nice warm bed.

I am a Yorkshireman, I am proud,
Although I'm not who you'd imagine in the crowd.

James Wilby, Y9

Meadowhead School

Pride In Others



My Family

There was once a woman,
A woman on a stage,
With the heart of a lion,
And a huge vocal range.

Her choir stood in city hall,
All for one and one for all,
They were together, scared, but loyal,
As they sung for the golden royals.

There was once a man, born in France,
Who wore oil and dirt on his hands,
He would stride up and down town,
And made flames dance, as the sun went down.

There was once a woman, who worked in London,
At the very place where the royals ruled England,
She was ecstatic when she was hired,
And worked there 'till she retired.

These are my ancestors and this is their story,
These are my ancestors and this is their glory.
And now to the present, from the past,
But, remember it well, because it goes by fast.

There is still a man, who helped in China,
There is still a woman, who survived cancer,
There is still a woman, who wrote a book for her religion,
And we miss the man, who taught the next generation.

This is my family and this is their story.
This is my family and this is their glory.

Emma Kay, Y7

Meadowhead School

My lovely father who, unfortunately passed away to a deadly brain tumour. He would dress in a banana costume and give treats to the homeless. My dad makes me proud. Now, this my poem about pride in inspiration of my dad.

This year,
I will make myself proud,
I will aim high,
Achieve great things,

In 10 years,
I will make my dad proud,
Try to donate enough money to scientists,
To slay the cancer that killed him

This year,
I have made myself proud,
Had my artwork hung at Western Park Museum,
Met my favourite artist Pete McKee

In 10 years,
I will have donated enough money to scientists,
Give food to the homeless,
Just as my dad did

Love you dad!

Jaydan-Lee Charlton, Y8

Meadowhead School

Proud

He's an arcade machine in a video game store.

Old and forgotten.

He's a dirty jumper at the back of a closet.

Unwashed and forgotten.

He reminds me of a black and white film.

Dull and empty of colour.

Yet still I'm proud to help him through.

After all he's young and learning.

He can be a pain.

Or an awesome help, it's never been decided.

He can be the light at the end of a tunnel.

Or the void lurking behind me.

I can help him and he will help me.

That's the art between us.

So why do I feel so proud to know him.

Because after all, he is just my brother.

Noah Day, Y8

Meadowhead School

Wrong

Since the start of time everything has been wrong

Wars, fighting, protests

Everyone should have a voice

Wrong is homophobia

Love is love

Get used to it

Let them express themselves

Wrong is racism

We are all the same

Human

Skin is skin

Get used to it

Wrong is war

Fighting over nothing

Killing innocent people

Ending lives

So don't ruin yours

Harry Styles, Elton John, Tina Turner,

Martin Luther King, Rosa Parks, Harriet Tubman

All went through hard times

Discrimination

We all need to be proud of these people who help change the wrong.

Jessica White, Y7

Meadowhead School

Proud as a Peacock

Proud as a peacock,

Remember, never give up.

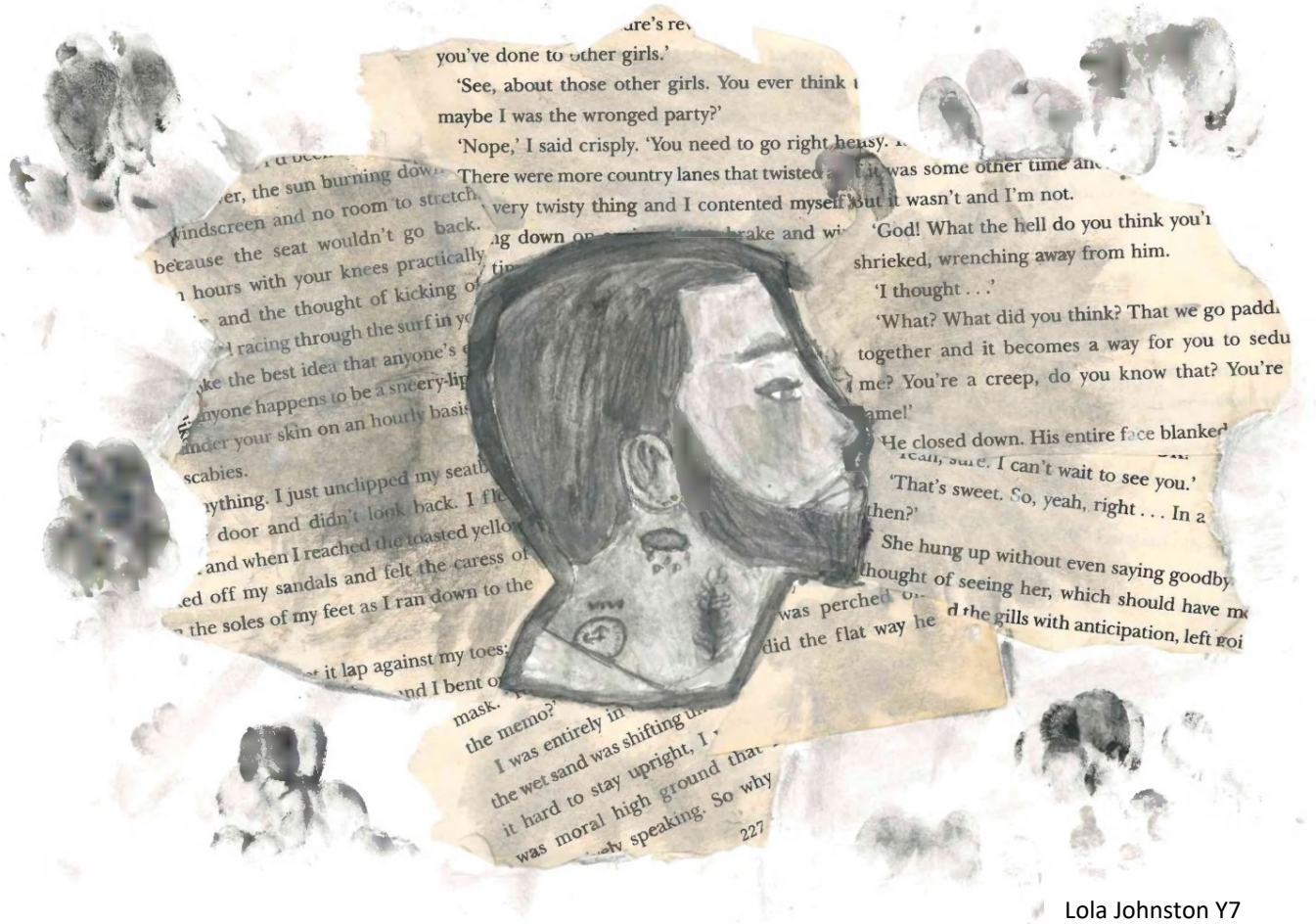
Of course if you fall, get right back up!

Undo if you make a mistake.

Do believe in yourself!

Grace, Y2

Abbey Lane



Lola Johnston Y7

Proud

Day in, day out,
 My brother soldiers on.
 Despite his tormenting pain,
 Causing tears to fall,
 Soul to sink,
 And heart to cry inside.
 Pride surges through me like an F1 race,
 When I see happiness on his face,
 For seeing his smile lifts me to a better place.
 Through his pain,
 My brother soldiers on.
 Day in. Day out.

My brother is hyper mobile and he has to wear orthotics to help support his ankles and lower legs so he can walk. He is often in pain so this poem is for him.

Thomas Edwards, Y7

Meadowhead School

Lionesses Final

You had to be there
To experience this
A magical moment
No one again could witness

On the pitch they stand tall
Girls with passion for the ball
The final, a kick of desperation
The lionesses, an inspiration!

As the final whistle blows,
Their passion and skills clearly show,
Each individual giving their all,
It paid off, that's for sure!

I am proud of these footballers,
They inspired thousands to admire
Especially young girls like me and my team,
Becoming a lioness, a total dream!

A moment like this, never to forget
Every pass, never a regret
The whole country, celebrating this victory
A moment like this, to go down in history!

Layla Sambrook, Y7

Meadowhead School

Proud Inspirations

From poor to more
From dreaming to achieving
From mould to gold
From zero to hero
From supporting to playing
From living in ditches to all the world's richest
From hate to fate
I can dream on forever but it's the doing that counts
It's not so long ago
When you showed me you felt low
You overcame your fears
And it really did make me cheer
Whether the sky falls or the sky rises
I will always look up to you
A simple goal
A simple feeling
It will make you smile
And make you feel like you're dreaming
The feeling of your idol succeeding
Will never be topped.

This a poem about my inspiration Marcus Rashford

Tom Boudjada, Y9

Meadowhead School



Esme Oddy-Brown Y7

Colours of The Day

She saw colours all around
 Creativity to be found
 She saw paintings,
 On the walls,
 She saw drawing,
 In the stalls,
 Sometime life can be hard,
 But the pencil helps draw over the blue of your day,
 Yes, a pen brings colour to your day.
 Yes, a pen brings colour to your day.
 To take the blues away
Esme Oddy-Brown, Y7
Meadowhead School

I am proud of not because she won,
 But because she tried and fought.
 She got there without a thought,
 Arise she did and get through.
 No matter the weakness
 She was always her sweetest
 And forever I am proud she has beat this.

Teagan Rooke, Y8
Meadowhead School

I'm Proud That You Decided To Stay

In case you haven't heard it today
I'm proud that you decided to stay.

When everyone else seems to be unimpressed
But really, you're trying your very best,
When life itself feels unsound
Know that I'm glad that you have stuck around.

When people assume that you don't even try
But you're holding back tears so that you don't cry,
When your mind feels flooded by guilt and fear
Know that I'm pleased to see that you're still here.

What Would Katie Do?

What would Katie do?
I ask with tears running down my face,
As soon as you left us for heaven above,
Everything just felt out of place,

In my bedroom I cry onto my cheeks,
They tell me its going to get better,
But this last years, not weeks,

What would Katie do?
I ask with a frown on my face,
She would watch my dance shows,
Even watch me win a race,

Telling me shes proud of me,
But is that the way it will always be?

Even though thinking about you brings us so much pain,
We will still bring you flowers in the pouring rain.

Emelia Washington-Scott, Y7

Meadowhead School

When to others everything seems alright
But inside you're battling in an internal fight,
When you feel like you should just give in
Know that I'm happy that you're still here because you can win.

And I know that the world is a cruel and messy place
Just remember I'm happy to see your face,
Even though things may not be going your way
Know that I'm proud that you decided to stay.

Cara Bell, Y9

Meadowhead School

Enough

I'm proud,
I'm proud of you,
All the tough decisions you've had to make,
It's okay to take a break,
For never giving up and keep on going with determination,
Your mind filled with wonders and creation,
I know you're insecure about your looks and who you are,
But you're perfect inside and out by just being you,
No matter what your past stories tell,
You're still okay to hide in your shell,
Look in the mirror and be in awe of who you see,
They are a ray of sunshine and the colour of a bee,
That person in the mirror is good enough,
I'm proud,
I'm proud of you.

Izzy Williams, Y9

Meadowhead School

Be Proud

Be proud of yourself
Even if you're a mythical creature
Or a monster
Just be you
Never doubt yourself
Nothing can stop you

Believe in yourself
Cos you can do anything
Always think positive
And throw all the bad things away
You can do anything you put your mind to
But you could still take those bad things any day

Be proud of your looks
Even if people say otherwise
It only matters what you think
Just say to yourself "I'm fashionable!"
Cos you are
And never give up

Be proud of what you have done
Celebrate, enjoy, have some fun
Your work is the best it can possibly be
You're capable of anything
Be pleased with yourself
Be PROUD!

Rosa, Y6

Abbey Lane

The Robin

Oh, my dear Sister Robyn
I love that you can make a grey day cheery
I also love that you're caring, kind and sometimes a little bit witty.

Oh, my dear sister Robyn
This may come to you as a shock
But when I say you mean so much to me I mean that I mean it a lot.

Oh, my dear sister you remind me of a robin
And not just because of your name
You remind me of a robin because of your beauty and your cleverness
But not only that
You're as free as a robin too.
You fly high in the big blue sky
And when you fly into a grey cloud you always see a silver lining.

Oh, my dear sister Robyn I'm very proud to call you my big sister.

Willow Higginbottom, Y7
Meadowhead School

You should be proud
Let me tell you why
A tear fell from your eye
When the mean girl said you're shy
The school had a play
Which made you want to say
You went up for a part
And found your courage at the start
Like a lion ready to roar
And a peregrine falcon about to soar
You filled up with pride
And put that mean girl to one side
Never feel ashamed
You're not ready to be tamed!

Hannah Rehman, Y4
Bradway

A Granddaughter's Pride

In my family's history, my granddads stand tall,
Both were brave men who answered the call.
One was in the Falklands War, caught in the fight
The other saw nuclear tests, a haunting sight.

Their stories are part of my family's history,
Showing courage, sacrifice, and bravery.
One faced battle at sea every day,
The other has memories that forever will stay.

My granddads are heroes in their own special style,
One living, one passed but both making me smile.
I'm proud when I think of all that they've done,
The sacrifices they made shine bright like the sun.

Elsa Walkden, Y8
Meadowhead School

Proud Of You

As you see the one who lights up my days
 You're the person to inspire
 You're never a liar
 You will always be a friend of mine
 You sparkle and shine.
 You're like a star in blue, vast sky
 Your smile brings me glee
 You'll always be with me.
 You float like a delicate, puffy cloud.
 You should be proud
 You bloom like flowers
 We've been friends for hours
 No matter where you are you will always be with me
 Be proud of you for who you are
 Shine brightly like a guiding star

Olivia, Y3**Abbey Lane****I Am Proud To Have You**

Dad I am proud to have you
 With who I feel ecstatic and safe
 Who is loving and caring
 Who is the guiding light and the pillar of my life
 His voice soft and strong
 Who has words of wisdom
 I don't tell you enough
 For you are the most important I have ever known

I love you.

Amilah, Y6**Abbey Lane****The Lionesses**

Some people say that women's football is easy,
 I don't see why they say that it's a breezy,
 Men's football is harder, they say,
 I can score a goal in women's football any day,
 But I don't see the England men's team winning any cups,
 Losing to Italy and France in the cups,
 The Lionesses beat Germany in the Final of the Euros 2-1,
 I can't see England's men going on that kind of run,
 The women's team got to the Final of the World Cup,
 The men only got to the Quarter-Finals tops,
 Just because they're women doesn't mean they're weak,
 Women can do what men can do if not better and I seek,
 That women's football should get more respect,
 Go on Lionesses, keep being the best.

Prosper, Y6**Abbey Lane**

Diego the proud
Diego the proud
How you make me so proud
Whether it is sunny
Whether it is rainy
You're always here to cheer me up
You're always here with cuteness in a cup

Diego the proud
Diego the proud
How you make me so proud
Whether it is daylight
Whether it is night
You're always here with a cuddle
You're always here purring in my bubble

Diego the proud
Diego the proud
How you make me so proud
Whether it is summer
Whether it is winter
You're always here when I am upset
You're always looking at me with your beady eyes like the sunset

Sometimes this is all I need
A fluffy friend to be there for me

Tia Ramsamy, Y3

Bradway

I am proud of the things I do
I hope you are too
Like learning to ride a bright, red bike,
Doing a big, long 10k hike
Swimming 10 metres
Being myself
And being able to grab a book from the shelf.
Being able to write,
And to do maths,
And having jokes that bring lots of laughs

Herbie, Y3

Abbey Lane

Dear Mum, Dear Mum

She sacrificed her self

She buried all her dreams

Just to teach me

How pride can come in every way

She is one of the strongest, bravest, most

Supportive woman on earth that I've ever seen

Even though she has an IT degree

She struggles every day just to teach us

How pride can come in every way

She tells me she just wants and needs us

So dear mum just to let you know that

I'm very proud of what you've done so far

From your dearest daughter

Aanya, Y6

Abbey Lane

Nature



In the morning dew
The flower blooms.
Standing tall in the light
Pushed with pure delight.

Through the day the flower sways
In the hot summer breeze.
Soon a person may lay
In the fields of gold hay.

The light is getting long,
With morning call song.
And the blackbirds do throng,
The day appears strong.

Jacob Jones, Y7

Meadowhead School

Winter,
Dying and decaying,
With every day that goes by,
Fallen leaves,
Broken down by the wind,
Finally spring,
Finally into bloom,
Finally leaves are growing again,
Finally pink flowers are springing into life,
Finally proud of what I've become.

Daisy Myers, Y8

Meadowhead School

But Will I Ever Be Proud Of Myself?

I'm proud of the luscious leaves which grew back on their trees,
I'm proud of the agile birds who learned to fly free.
I'm proud of the activists who fight for their right,
I'm proud of everyone night after night.
I'm proud of the bells which made lovely chimes,
I'm proud of the officers who stopped all those crimes.
I'm proud of the doctors who cared for our health,
But will I ever be proud of myself?

Isha Waseem Ahmed, Y7

Meadowhead School

Island Hope

Flowers blossom and grow
Underneath the island hope
Everyone stands proudly
And grows individually

Within the halls
People recall
The pride inside
And embrace their differences

They realise night falls
And water flows
Underneath the island hope

They pull the rope of independence
A seek the comfort of their home
The home of the island of hope

Isabelle Bedford, Y7

Meadowhead School

Bloom

Girl lurks in the shadows, waiting for her day to come,
Like a growing flower waiting for a bee,
Girl is patient,

Girl follows all the rules,
Like a flower growing straight up,
Girl is smart,

Girl keeps herself to herself, she makes no fuss,
Like a flower growing in its own pot,
Girl is quiet,

And yet,
After doing everything right,
After being patient, and clever, and quiet,
Her day hasn't come,
Because she hasn't told anyone,

Years pass over girl,
Still, she can't bring herself to tell them,
But girl is no longer a girl,
She is a woman,

Now girl realises,
Why should she care what anyone thinks,
Girl is happy to be different,
She is part of a society,

Her costume crumbles away,
She is proud to be pride,
And just like a flower,
Girl has finally bloomed.

Freya Townshend, Y7
Meadowhead School

Proud as a Peacock

Proud as a peacock,
Jumping with joy.

Proud as a peacock,
Beaming with so much joy.

Proud as a peacock,
Bursting with joy and laughter.

Greg, Y2

Abbey Lane

The Proud Flower

There was a seed, down in the soil
All alone to twirl and coil...

It longed to see a swallow and a dove
And the just the sights that lay above
Just as sudden, a cracked end!
The flower started to ascend!

As it popped up, it gazed at it all
Now it didn't feel so small
Years passed...and it wilted

But before it did, it dropped a seed
And there it lay
Waiting for the day
To rise...and it did!

Emily B, Y4

Abbey Lane

Pride is like a dandelion, a beauty but a weed,
Pride can be your saviour if you plant the right seed,
Pride can bury jealousy,
Six feet underground,
Pride can be a killer,
But kindness always comes around,
I am proud of my family,
And I am proud of my friends,
I am proud of what I come from,
I come from England,
I come from traditions and love,
My family make me proud because of all they have overcome,
I come from my parents,
I come from Romania, on my great grandads' side,
I am proud of him because he was in WWII

Rose Bambrough, Y7

Meadowhead School

A tree that still has pride
Even after 300 years
Its leaves glide in the wind
I'm the light,
Full of delight.

Even though near the end,
Round the bend there is hope,
Even the end has a beginning
So that they can be forgiving.

Midas touch me, turn me to gold
Let me watch my whole life unfold
Back to the beginning
Hope I can have forgiving

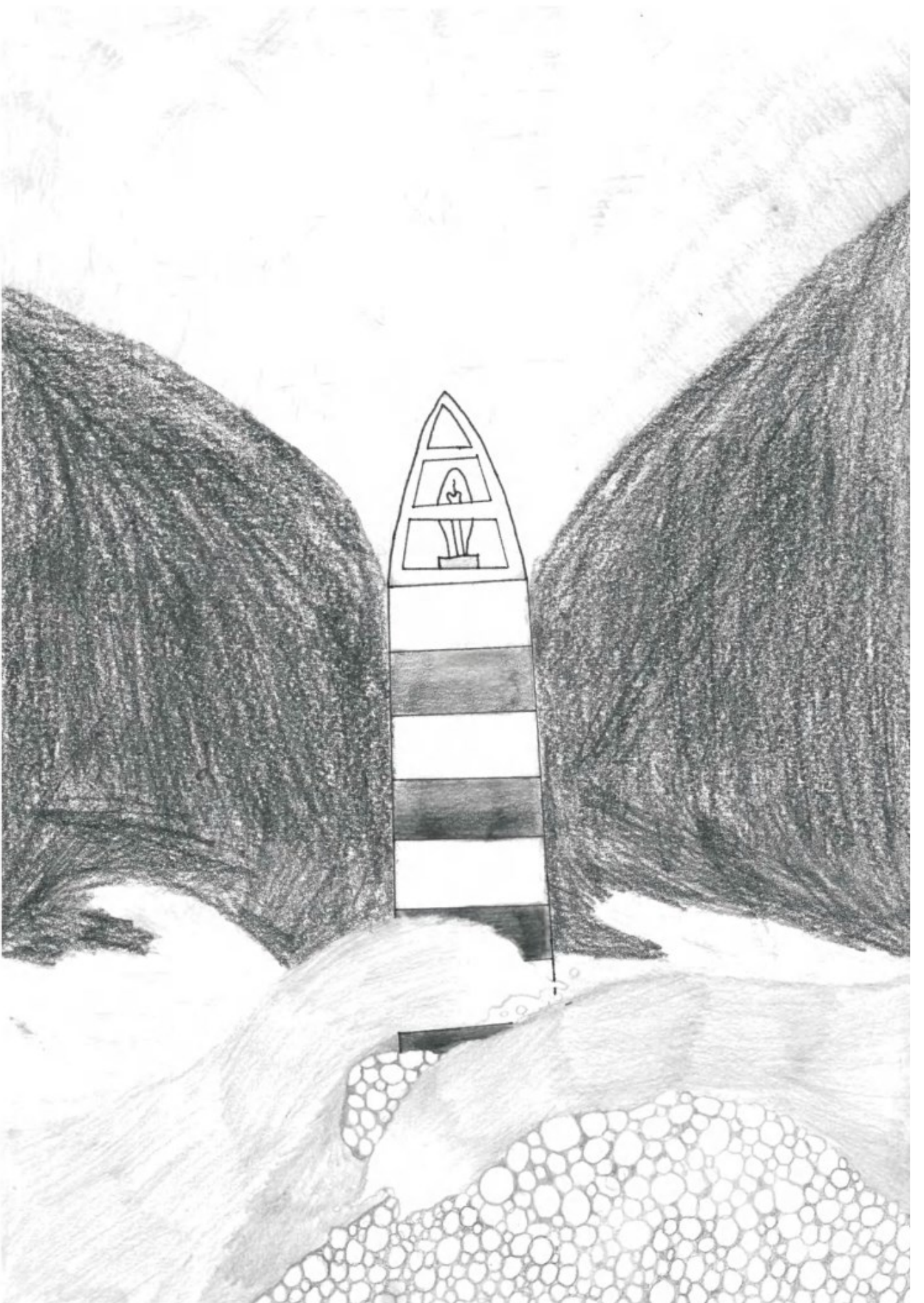
Owen Bowers, Y7

Meadowhead School

In the heart of a lion, pride shines bright,
A symbol of strength, a guiding light.
With each mighty roar, a story unfolds,
In our pride, we stand, courageous and bold.
In the vast savannah, where the sun kisses the earth,
We roam with purpose, each step filled with worth.
With determination in our stride, we chase our dreams,
In the lion's realm, where nothing is as it seems.

Sahara Mullings, Y9

Meadowhead School



The Lighthouse

The Lighthouse.
Like the North Star in the purpling sky,
Do you shine that bright?
Throwing its light across the crests of dancing waves,
Proud as the milky moon's rays.

The Lighthouse.
Its achievements are widespread for all to see,
Is proud the way to be?
Revealing the jagged fingers of rocks, the danger,
The double-edged blade, vanity, is rash as well as a wager.

The Lighthouse.
It is not vain, it therefore doesn't cause pain,
How do we be proud, not obsessive?
Vanity. The longer you hold it, the deeper it scars.
It is not something we can ignore.

The Lighthouse.
The shining light is bright enough to illuminate the night,
But is yours too bright?
Becoming obsessed is never the best,
You may forget about the rest.

The Lighthouse.
The pride in its light dances through the swirling galaxies of the night,
Do you project your light?
It will be beautiful, and it will be bold,
But the story of vanity is a story to be told.

Stella Killeen, Y7

Meadowhead School

Fly High

You are a bird,
Fluttering through a gentle breeze,
You are happy here in the sky,
Flying, zooming, higher, higher, high.

But then you fall,
Now you're caught in a cage,
You're anxious and you're scared,
But don't be afraid my great bird friend.

You have been here before now,
So breathe, calm down, and let yourself out.

You're back in the sky now,
Flying, zooming, higher, higher, high,
Be proud,
And fly.

Eva, Y6

Abbey Lane

Trying, failing, succeeding
Failing feels terrible
Succeeding feels great
Failing leads to success

The more you try, the more you fail the more you fail
The more you fail, the more you succeed
You will learn from your mistakes
And these mistakes will help you get stronger

It's like a rainbow,
The rain will come before the sun
Remember try, try again
Trying, failing, succeeding

Don't let these mistakes, break you down,
Learn from your mistakes
Stand up with your head held high ,
And try, try again

Be proud of your mistakes
Be proud of your errors
Be proud of the journey
And be proud of your achievements

Don't be scared to fail
These mistakes are what help you
Try, try again
Trying, failing, succeeding

Monet Swaby-Pemberton, Y7

Meadowhead School

A Pride of Lions

Alone a storm of anxiety consumes them,
Alone means you are unable to hear your fiery, ferocious roar,
Alone ensures invisibility will overtake and become you,

Together their combined passion allows them to glow brighter than the sun,
Together they are stronger and can persevere for longer,
Together they are united as one.

Hannah Goodwin, Y9

Meadowhead School

The Pride

Waiting, waiting
The baby cubs with each other
Mama was excited to talk
Her babies have been born

The trees rustled
Who was there?
Was it a predator coming to attack?
But no, it was Pa

He saw the cub
And roared in delight
He was finally a father

He jumped and pranced about,
Mother grew a smile of glee
She loved her cubs
And her partner

Eventually after trying and trying,
They were finally a happy, proud family

Darcey, Y6

Abbey Lane

Proud as a Peacock

Proud as a peacock,
Of getting the certificate.
Proud as a peacock,
Having a warm glow inside.
Proud as a peacock,
I am a vivid light.

Rayna, Y2

Abbey Lane

Anthill

Footsteps.

Tiny, tiny footsteps.

Each indent, shifts sands, reshapes hills.

However limited, each ant will find a way

To reshape the world

That its successor will take up.

A glass world,

No matter how small to us

Would overflow the creativity of those petite bugs.

Working together, ants can reform dirt

To create luxury galore in a simple habitat.

But even those who simply leave footsteps.

Each one that shifts sands,

Reshapes hills

Shall give enough pride to break the glass.

Theo Wheat, Y8

Meadowhead School

In the game of life, I stand tall,

Like a gracious giraffe.

Living my dreams, satisfied with my successors,

Never daunted by my failures,

Then hugely proud when I finally succeed.

Every hurdle I smash with pride,

Lighting up the dark days with pride.

My winning goal scored, my team victorious,

Remembering always pride comes before fall,

Standing tall,

Head held with pride,

Never boasting never blowing my own trumpet,

In the game of life I always stand tall.

Duncan Beeley, Y9

Meadowhead School

Trees

Their roots dive deep,

Deep underground,

Travelling through the soil,

Their journey to be found,

Their roots show their journey,

The journey they have been,

Migration through the soil,

Some emerge to be seen,

Their roots are similar to humans,

The history of their family's past,

Heritage forms people,

Stories of ancestors will forever last,

My tree makes me proud,

Proud of my family's history,

Who knows who I would be without it,

My tree would be a mystery

Ruby Uttley, Y8

Meadowhead School



Jahaira Palmer Y7

Baby Bunny

Once upon a time it was winter. It was as cold as an iceberg. The family of bunnies had finished hibernating and they needed a big meal. They were as cold as the arctic. They were still in the nest, about to come out. They saw a big dreadful orange fox who looked hungry. He had a mouse's tail in his mouth. It was terrifying because they thought the fox might eat them.

Baby bunny wanted to make his family proud of him because he had never done anything before like he was about to. He was going to set a trap to keep his family safe. He went to get his fluffy bunny that looked real. He hid it behind a skinny tree near a hole. The fox came out his house and saw the toy bunny. He thought it was real but it wasn't. He fell in the crack, it was a pure black hole. He screamed. The bunnies laughed because he had. "Baby don't do that again! I am very proud of you for keeping us safe and letting us safely get food."

The family ate crunchy carrots from the fox house at a big party.

The end.

Lily Drayson, Y2

Bradway

The Sea

O upon the sea shore turtles sing.

O upon the sea shore the sand glistens and shines.

O upon the sea shore the fish flip and flap.

O upon the sea shore the sea swishes and swashes.

I am proud to be at the sea with all the summers and seasons.

I am proud to be at my favourite place, the sea.

Lewis Benton, Y7

Meadowhead School

Fallen Flowers

Chopping onions is near impossible without the familiar sting, yet we still continue cutting. And every now and then the flowers we keep on our window sills need water, but we forget about watering the flowers, and a slow stench creeps in, so slow we almost don't realise it's there. When we do, it's often too late, and no sooner than they were there, rotting in the pot they used to live, are they chucked away and given up on.

We often miss the signs the flowers give us that they need water, only blaming ourselves when it's too late, never noticing in time to help. And so they're left to help themselves, until their last breath.

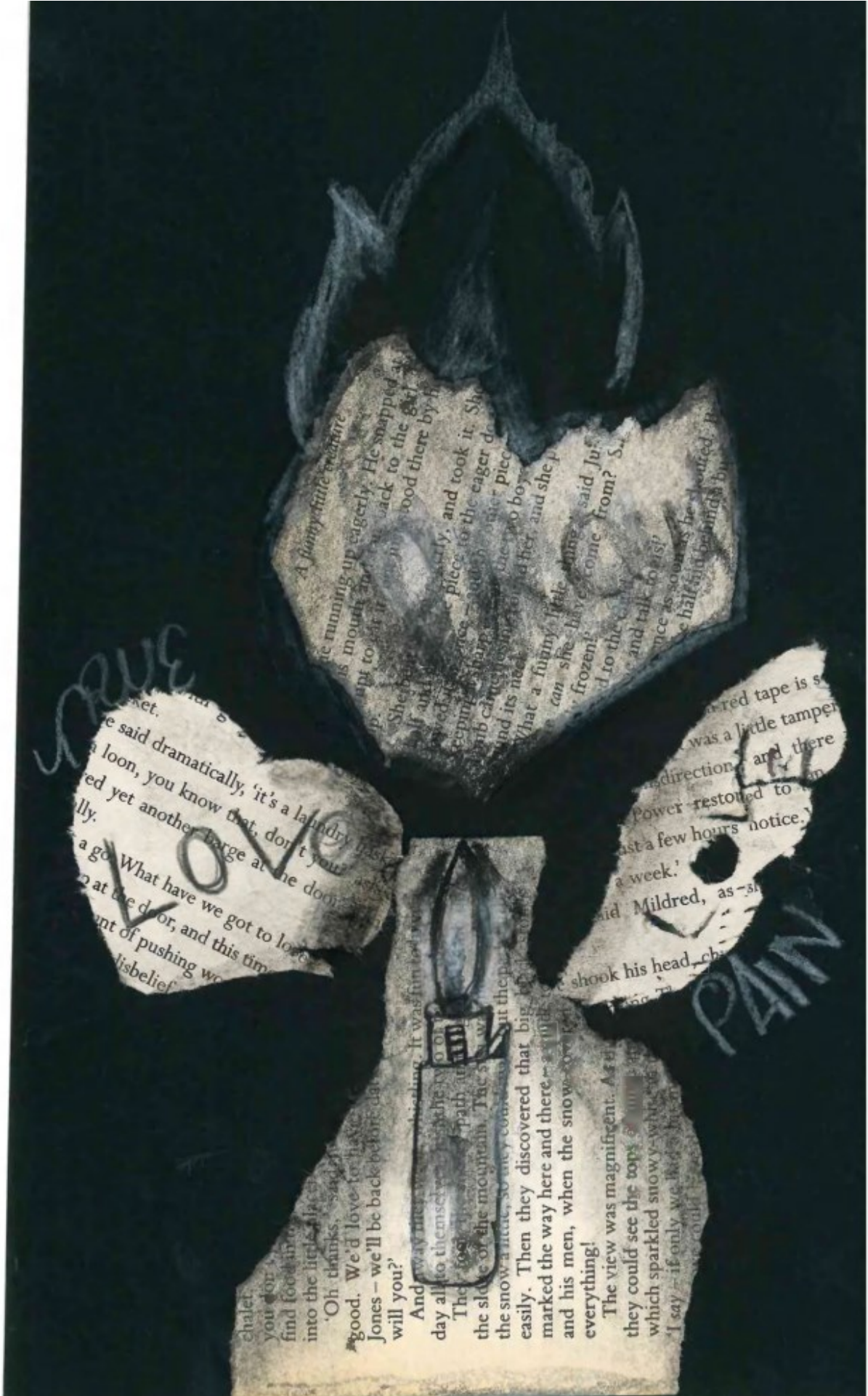
Only then do we see it, once all opportunity has passed. So we have no choice but to send them back to the Earth. And they go back into the disturbed soil they once came from, buried, finally ready to start again.

For Beth, the flower that got picked before she had time to bloom.

Jasmine Barratt, Y8

Meadowhead School

Conflict



Lola Fisher Y7

In Islam's gentle embrace, my soul finds peace,
Guided by wisdom that will never cease.
With each prayer, a divine connection I feel.
In submission, my spirit begins to heal.

It its' beauty, I find my identity clear,
In its' mercy, there's solace near.
Islam is more than just a creed,
It's a path to love, a way to succeed.

Through Quran's verses, I find grace
In the Prophet's teachings, kindness I embrace.
In fasting and pilgrimage, I renew my faith,
In unity with believers, our spirits bathe.

Islam unites hearts from every land,
In brotherhood and sisterhood, we stand.
So let us cherish this guiding light,
For in Islam, our souls take flight.

But let's remind ourselves about this.
In the shadow of conflict, Palestine stands,
A land torn asunder under opposing hands
Where cries for peace echo across the lands,
Amidst the rubble, hope still withstands.

Eliya Mustafa, Y7

Meadowhead School

Proud?

That's what we are told,
To be proud of our ups,
And our downs.

But how can I
When we live in world,
So full of hate and violence

Where guns are tired
And people hurt
For the purpose of
Rich men with no cares
Politicians fight over
The people's choices
Countries go to war
Over parliament's quarrels
And men die to hate

People on the streets rejected by society
Sleep under the polluted sky
Because of rejection
From the selfish rich men

So, I'm not proud.
Not proud of the world we live in
Or how we live in it.

Theo Holdsworth, Y9

Meadowhead School

Free Palestine

It's not free, Palestine: save Palestine.

There tears are expensive, not like any other.

There's no safe place wherever you go,

You can no longer call your house a home.

Freedom for Palestine, freedom for Gaza, freedom for everyone

Mother and father, everywhere you look children bursting out

With tears while you're bursting out with laughter.

Aisha Kidby and Hany Mohamad, Y7

Meadowhead School

For Sheffield to live and survive WW2,

Bombed for a century none stop,

Sheffield will live for years and years to come,

We were targeted for bombs because of our steel,

We were happy the way we were,

But then,

But then the Germans struck,

We lived for a century in fear,

Hiding and waiting in terror and dread,

We stuck around though to tell the tale,

The tale of the blitz,

There was the smell off fire through the air,

The whistling then the sudden crash off bombs,

You could hear the sound of people whimpering as tears flowed down their faces,

Buildings crushed and busses torn to shreds,

There was a certain sound that filled the air with dread,

That noise put people in a false sense of panic and alarm,

That noise though saved thousands of lives.

James B, Y6

Abbey Lane

A warrior

Fearlessly rides into battle

Risking his life at will

Proudly riding on horseback

With a great winter's chill

Suddenly on that faithful night

A sudden bang

And there was no light

Shrapnel engraved in his face

The soldiers passed the lifeless body

Leaving him to perish

His eyes opened

He was saved lying in a hospital bed

Travelling round the city

Wondering if he would return

But finally he recovered

He went back home

A warrior

Sam Monkman, Y7

Meadowhead School

Life in Palestine

The flag splattered with blood waved high in the cold air. Cries of children begging for freedom, toddlers taking their first step of life but never knowing it'll be their last, never knowing life will end, never knowing life will end, never knowing the next Janazah prayer is closer than ever.

Walking into the unknown never sure when the next strike will ignite houses and tear the land apart, falling asleep whilst rain of blood is heard, children waking up to the sound of bombs wishing it would be birds.

"We pray 6 times a day Fajr, Zuhr, Asr, Maghrib, Isha and Janazah" said a Palestinian child.

"All these kids around me are kids why would you send a missile at them? It's not fair." said a 10-year-old Palestinian girl.

"What would you like to be when you grow up?" A journalist asked a Palestinian child, "When I grow up? We are in Palestine, we don't grow old, any moment We may be shot. We might die walking down the street; we could find ourselves dead. This is how our life is in Palestine" replied the Palestinian child.

The smell of dynamite imprinted in their life's no matter their age. STOP! they shout, but never get heard.

Fajr: The **first** of the **five** mandatory prayers of Islam to be performed anytime starting from the moment of dawn

Zuhr: The **second** prayer of the **five** mandatory, performed at noon

Asr: The **third** prayer of the **five** mandatory, performed in the afternoon

Maghrib: The **fourth** prayer of the **five** mandatory, performed at the beginning of sunset and ends before night fall.

Isha: The last and **fifth** of the **five** mandatory prayers in Islam, performed after Maghrib has been recited and completed

Janazah: The Islamic funeral prayer, performed **only** at funerals

Bilyana Kostova, Y10

Meadowhead School

Oh Palestine

to see you suffer

Oh Palestine

Your brave children give me hope

Oh Palestine

You will always be in our hearts

Oh Palestine

Your land smells with olive trees and Za'atar

Oh Palestine

A land of hope and love

I am proud of all my Palestinian brothers and sisters for bearing through the war with Israel.

Roughly 10,000 innocent children have been killed and all together more than 29,000 people have been killed.

In this war many children have lost their parents and other family.

Younis, Y6

Abbey Lane

Your people will never die

Our hope will never stop

Palestine will be free

Mahir Al Omar, Y10

Meadowhead School

I wake up today rub the sleep from my eyes
 A mother in Palestine wakes up today and rubs the dirt off her deceased child
 I wake up today and turn the heating on, shivering in my safe house
 A family in Palestine wakes up today, shivering in the streets; their house was bombed last night
 I wake up today and playfully punch my younger brother in the arm
 A boy in Palestine wakes up today and holds his brother close, fearing he won't see him again
 I wake up today and ignore the news.
 It isn't my problem. Right?
 A girl in Palestine wakes up today and is forced to watch her childhood friends cry out for their parents
 I wake up today and complain about having to go to school
 A teacher in Palestine wakes up today and prays his students are safe somewhere
 I wake up today and wave at my neighbours as I walk past her house. Her garden is neat and beautiful.
 A man in Palestine wakes up today and sobs as his neighbour fails to make it out of his house that is ablaze.
 I wake up today and roll my eyes at the sound of a baby crying next door
 A nurse in Palestine wakes up today and desperately hopes to hear the crying of babies on the ward except for the
 silence of the dead
 I wake up today.

Ghosia Sajid, Y9

Meadowhead School

Mia Cutts Y7



Can you imagine...
Being persecuted, hurt, killed,
All because of who you are,
Having to escape your country,
Because of what you think,
Having to hide who you want to be,
Or else you'll be thrown into a dark, dark cave

Can you imagine...
Not being able to show your true thoughts,
Or you will be surrounded by metal bars,
Starving, dying, lying there,
It's as if no one out there cares,
They're all smiling, laughing, having fun,
Yet your head is down, tears are filling your eyes

You should be able...
To be proud of who you are,
And of who you want to be,
To not have to hide these things,
You should be able to share all your thoughts,
Be friends with those you want to be friends with,
Because you are you

You should not have to...
Leave everything behind,
Your family, your friends, your loved ones,
Many have to face these things,
They are just people like you and me,
Yet they are treated like animals,
Put in cages

Can you imagine...
A world where you can be proud of who you are,
A place where you can be you,
Somewhere where we are all treated justly,
Where you can be yourself,
And tell others of your thoughts,
The end of poverty, the end of war
Be proud of who you are!

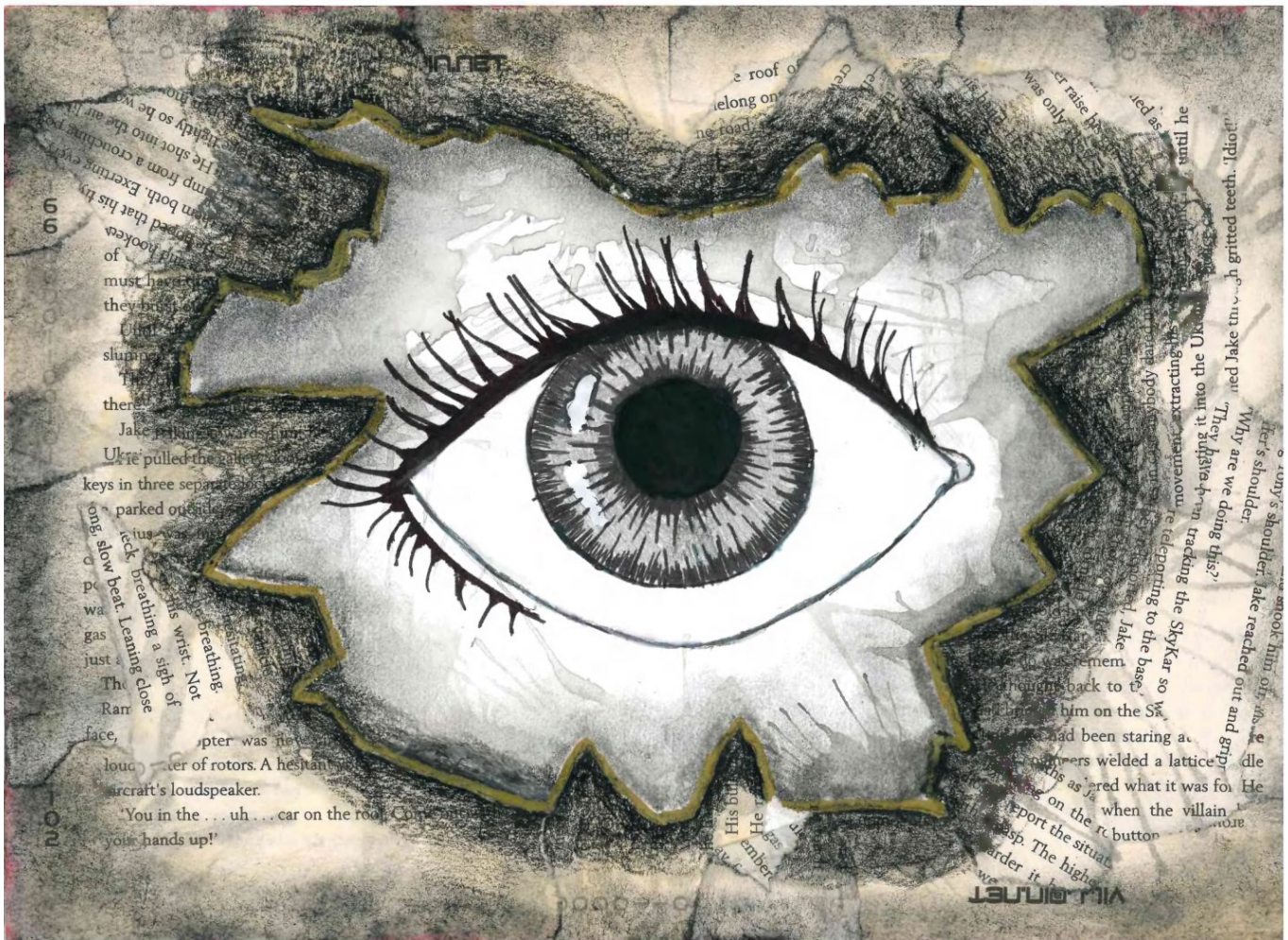
Eloise, Y6

Abbey Lane

Colonizers write about flowers
I tell you about children throwing rocks at tanks
Seconds before becoming daises.
I want to be like those poets who care about the moon
Palestinians don't see the moon
From jail cells
And prisons.
It's so beautiful, the moon.
They're so beautiful, the flowers.
I pick flowers for my dead grandfather
When I'm sad.
He watched Al Jazeera all day.
Metaphors about death are for poets
Who think ghosts care about sound
One day, I'll write about the flowers
When Palestine is free.

Leen Basha, Y10

Meadowhead School



Evony Revill Y7

Drowning my hearing, sirens and gunshots were the only things to be heard throughout Kyiv. As panic coursed through my veins, I darted around my small flat in search of key things I couldn't leave behind. I impatiently tapped my mother when she opened one squinting eye and looked at me in confusion when it hit her. Terror spread vigorously through the area like a deadly virus, as my father, who was going to war, kissed my forehead lovingly because I may never see again the incredible figure he was in my eyes. I glanced to see my father walk out the door with wet eyes like rockpools as my heart sank into my stomach.

A jeep with bulletproof windows paused outside my flat and honked its horn twice.

Sheltering my head with one of my suitcases, I rushed into the back of the small four by four. As every individual water drop raced down the window, a tear dribbled down my cheek as my father faintly waved goodbye.

After roughly seven hours we arrived at Kherson for a gas refill and a night's stay at a hotel costing me and my family lots of our money. When we went into the hotel the receptionist gave us a dirty look because of our ripped and torn clothes but we didn't mind because we were used to it. Although the quality of the room wasn't the greatest it would do for tonight.

Our alarm vibrated indicating it was time to get back into the car, whose next stop was the coast of Crimea where a family would be willing to accept me and my mother. After around fourteen days of travel we arrived in Toros which is on the coast of Crimea, when our car stopped in its tracks outside the family's flat. I hesitantly entered, mixed emotions cascading throughout my trembling body towards the door. As my mother rang the doorbell I paused reflecting the tribulations that my father was facing and I felt immensely PROUD.

Bobby Kay, Y5
Bradway

Someone invaded our land,
I have no choice, I have a gun in my hand.
Our peaceful life shattered,
My homeland, destroyed and battered.

I've left the home that I know,
I'll go where I have to go.
Leaving my children and wife,
The village I've lived in all my life.

People are hiding in fear,
The enemy, ever so near
Buildings are just piles of rubble,
Feel like our people are in trouble.

Walking for mile after mile,
I've lost every reason to smile.
Explosions going off all around,
Oh how I'm sick of that sound.

Uniform covered in mud,
I look down and see lots of blood.
Lying under hospital covers,
Next to more of my sisters and brothers.

I stand medal pinned to my chest,
I fought, I tried my best.
Singing our anthem out loud,

I feel PROUD.

Harvey Bolton, Y8

Meadowhead School

Powerful nation

Amazing people

Life has meaning

Ending war

Saving land

Time to listen and remember

Incredible history

Never give up

Excellent watermelon

Mustafa Altayem, Y8

Meadowhead School

People are dying

Kids are crying

Not many people trying

To save the innocent

The powerful are ignorant

And the presidents don't care

The children of Palestine are getting a scare

The soldiers are killing kids armed with stones

They don't have phones

To call for help

We can help

Shayaan Hussain, Y9

Meadowhead School

Nakba

Across the seas to the river.

Blood poured.

Like fine red wine in glass.

Scream of terror rasps.

The war had waged.

How unsheltered are the homeless.

The blitheness had died.

Jolly, jovial and merry ends

Under the rubble.

Mehrin Yalamkur, Y9

Meadowhead School

Glory

Wars give glory and pain to all
Some have glory while some did fall
They passed on stories through generations
Proud to fight for their country and nation
Their memories shall live on
In stories they passed on
Medals are honoured to those that march day through night
Surrounded by vast jungle and gory fights
Grandparents fought with pride and valour
We should maintain their memories and share their honour
We should be proud of one another.

Harrison Thompson, Y9

Meadowhead School

We Will Be Remembered

I do not have pride
I can not have pride
For myself at least
I didn't protest for the right to live
I didn't fight any wars
I haven't saved lives or changed the world
The world would not notice if I died
I am proud of only my country and its heroes
I am proud and full of respect for the brave men that fought oppression in the world wars.
We will be remembered
Our world is burning
We will burn too
But if we forge onwards and pave the way for the future
We will be remembered as survivors
We survived war and disease
We have survived into a new age of humanity
We are part of that new age
Our hardships and oppressors will remain into the future but we will be free
We will overcome
The future of the world belongs to us and it's time to claim it
We will be remembered.

Sebastian Schofield, Y9

Meadowhead School