

# The Elements



Meadowhead **Community** Learning Trust



Daniya Mahmud Y7

## Everyone a Writer 2018

## 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 700 entries to the ones you see published here.

For the sixth year of the project, we were inspired by the ancient concept of the elements. The ancients believed the World to be composed of four basic elements – Fire, Water, Air and Earth. These were considered the critical forces that sustained life. Everything in the physical World was observed to have a combination of four principal qualities – hot, cold, dry and moist. Subsequent scientific experiments have proved this to be incorrect. However, the four elements exist as important symbols for many people.

In the lessons that prepared students to write many were inspired by the work of Seamus Heaney's Follower and Simon Armitage's In Praise of Air. These were read alongside Claude McKay's The Night-Fire and Imitaz Dharker's Blessing.

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

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

We would like to thank everyone who entered and those who continue to support this project. Particular thanks go to Ms Sanchez for her invaluable support in setting up the anthology and helping with the launch event on Thursday 3rd May.

We hope you enjoy the anthology.

Rebecca Dale, Charlotte Gallacher, David Sheppard and Tamsin Woodward  
Teachers of English, Meadowhead School

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# Earth



Bethan Anderson Y7

### **To Make an Element Earth**

To make an element Earth,  
You'll need, a bagful of ground,  
Oceans, of wild water,  
A handful, of swirling storms,  
5 cups, of gentle breezes,  
A pinch, of raging fires.

And your equipment shall be,  
A spherical mould,  
A scorching oven,  
A metal spoon,  
A lighter, or matches,  
And a timer, too.

The method, for your elemental Earth, is to;  
With great caution,  
Put the earth in the mould,  
While squeezing, Earth hard-  
Hard as you can.  
Drench 2 thirds, of the world, with water,  
Carefully though,  
Make 1 third, land, on your Earth.  
Light the fire,  
With great care,  
And spoon onto Earth.  
Next, add the gentle breezes,  
But keep, them calm, for now.  
Put in the oven, and set the timer,  
To 10 minutes, now wait.  
After, those 10 minutes,  
Add the, swirling storms.  
Now, put in the oven,  
Very carefully,  
And set the timer,  
To 5 minutes.  
Then take out,  
And you will have, your element Earth!

'Bang!' there bellows the blazing, fiery volcanoes!  
'Swish, swish!' sings the calm, gentle breezes!  
'Splash!' there crashes the restless, never-stopping waves!  
And all the rest, which you have made, are joining in with the sound of nature...

**Benjamin Wilkins Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Earth**

Earth is the mother of this world,  
Life would be nothing without earth,  
It's suspension under our feet,  
It keeps this world stable,  
Where would be the fun if earth was  
nothing?

Without earth there would be  
emptiness and desperation,  
Think about being suspended on the  
edge of the earth,  
Falling into never-ending holes,  
The earth gone, the whole earth gone.

**Cameron Simmonite Y6**  
**Woodseats**

## **Quake**

As I stand in the field all alone  
I feel the ground start to shake  
The Earth gave out a great big groan  
It was the start of a giant quake

Trees crumble as houses fall  
Buildings destroyed that once were tall  
I run hopelessly for help  
This quake certainly wasn't small

The ground shaking all around me  
Cracks starts to form  
I feel like I'm locked with no key  
Darkness starts to swarm

Suddenly, I hear a wave  
As devastating as a knife  
This was basically my grave  
I thought this was the dead end of life

As I stood in the field all alone  
The ground never stopped to shake  
That was the Earths big groan  
That was the giant quake.

**Ben Gray Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Doodlebug**

The Doodlebug whistled gracefully through the air. How could something so gentle sounding cause such mass destruction? Meanwhile, citizens of Coventry held their breath and hoped upon all hope that it would carry on. Some were relieved as it passed overhead, but some had only just begun to hear it and were holding theirs. Eventually, the Doodlebug collapsed on an ammunitions factory. The flames licked every surface of the machinery. The fire escaped the factory and destroyed anything and everything in its path. Fiercely, the roaring fire engulfed a tram in seconds. Soon the fire brigade arrived and put out the fire with hoses and buckets of water. Unfortunately, a building's structure was weakened and it fell heavily on the earth.

**Lily Smith Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **More than just Earth**

A flurry of snow drifted around me down to the hard forest floor. Everything had frozen over this morning and had been given an icy glaze.

The fireball of the sky had long left this earth, bringing the colder night around. Treeless branches waved to the moon as it came into view behind the pale clouds. The evening brought round more than just a cold atmosphere, however, but a feeling of dread with it. The fox's small head snapped round frantically at any and every noise that certainly wasn't "just the wind". He swore footsteps over crunchy leaves could be heard behind every bramble and bush. Perhaps it was other forest creatures scuttling through the ground which fog had settled over like a misty blanket. His nerves got the better of him and he crawled away with speed and near silence. Then the fox turned to crouching in cowardice with clenched jaws and covered eyes.

While he shuddered in the cold turbulence, the world had gone beyond evening and twilight now; it was midnight, or near enough. With mother moon directly above him shining down turning his red pelt into a ghostly golden hue, he felt neither uneasy nor welcomed by the planet he had his claws wedged into fiercely.

Slowly but surely, the snow died away and droplets of something kinder shot down from the heavens. Rain. The small mammal pounced under shelter as the rain on his body was more than irritating, it felt immobilizing. The air had still kept its comfortlessly frigid quality to it. Waiting for the sun to rise, the fox reflected that the Earth possesses so much more than just earth. Air in the icy wind, water in the raindrops and fire in the sun and the flames of forest fire he may have to face in summer. But for now, all he wanted to do was sleep.

**Lily Huntley Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Ballet in the sand**

I feel the sand trickle between my toes as I gently rise to standing.

A tree is calmly swaying above my head, sheltering me from the blinding sunlight.

I close my eyes and listen to the peaceful song of my breath... inhale, exhale.

The sand tickles my feet as I take a step, then another, and another; I feel safe.

I sit on the sand and feel all my weight becoming absorbed into the ground.

The sand is engulfing my body and dancing over my skin like pixies performing a ballet.

I no longer feel a part of this world, life feels simple.

Just me, the sand, here, now... simple yet perfect.

Feeling captivated by the motionless beach, I gradually fall into a placid slumber.

I am care free, motionless and content.

**Abigail Pendleton**  
**Meadowhead School Y9**

## **We are the monsters**

We are the monsters that kill!

The innocent creatures under the briny sea are being slaughtered by human kind.

Our non-biodegradable waste bathes beneath the balmy sun,

Not knowing how many defenceless animals suffer from its existence.

Plastic straws cemented up turtle's noses,

Other plastic objects...eaten by the poor things, that lay under the water, because they think its food.

We are the monsters that injure!

None targeted dolphins and whales...trapped in nearby fishing nets.

We trample over their vast territory, so why not be more careful?

Over one thousand bycatch a year!

Why don't we do anything to help?

Strangled because of the panic we cause them,

As they try to escape the animals just get even more braided in the strong rope.

We are the monsters that want!

People want beauty products and household cleaners even when they are tested on captive fish.

Laboratories trap many species of fish, to test produce on for the human race.

Fish make up the majority of animal tested products.

Torturing these fish... why do scientists and cosmetic makers think it is ok to hurt these poor creatures?

We are the monsters destroying this beautiful planet!

Raising the price of plastic bags, changes nothing.

Recycling, changes nothing.

We are still throwing are rubbish away and letting the ocean and its animals suffer from it.

We will no longer be the monsters,

We will try to clean the world.

But until then we are the monsters!

**Gracie Cooper Y8**

**Meadowhead School**

## **Earth**

It was 1983 and I was on my way back from school. I loved walking through the forest, I always felt calm around the trees. The warmth of the summer breeze in my hair, the calming rustle of the leaves on the trees' tall branches. In the forest all my worries would disappear.

One day, I was walking through the forest as normal when I saw a strange looking orb. I touched it and saw a world of pain fly passed. I didn't understand but I felt a pull towards a dark part of the forest! I was so full of curiosity that the chance of danger slipped my mind. I stopped dead in my tracks. Whispers filled the silence of the dark forest. I then realized that no one ever came down here. Thorns drew blood as they dug into my skin, however a pain of more hurt grew inside me as I held the orb. A bright light flashed before me. Slowly I walked towards the light until I was directly under it.

A huge flash filled the forest. Birds fled. Trees screamed as their leaves rustled. Then, all was silent...

I staggered back, shocked and overwhelmed by what had just happened. I turned my hand over and looked at it. There was a small plant growing on it. I screamed as I saw what had happened to me. I couldn't go back. If someone saw me. What would become of me?

What can I do...?

**Alice Bull Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**



## **Quake**

As I stand in the field all alone  
I feel the ground start to shake  
The Earth gave out a great big groan  
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**Ben Gray Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

The element of earth  
Find the secrets  
Hidden inside  
Find a key  
And look to the side

A rocky path  
A winding road  
Emerald grass  
A croaking toad

Looking at beauty  
Makes me wonder  
The crimes I committed  
Over and under  
I find the key  
Of solid stone  
Open the lock  
And look how I have grown

The prize I got  
Is certainly sweet  
The chance of life  
To live on a street

A home, a job  
And a beautiful wife  
Pets of my own  
I have a taste of life

**Nancy May Hinde Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **What a delight**

What a delight it is

to know and see,

The joy the Earth can bring to you and  
me.

Enriched colours bloom out of seeds,  
whilst everything entwines and sits  
perfectly in the places it needs

Sometimes I wish I were a bee,

Flying free,

In breath-taking places for my wings  
to take me

But look around don't you see?

Mess and litter - don't you agree?

It's ours to keep and to look after,

Not to pollute and hope it'll end  
happily ever after

So love the Earth, treat it kindly,

After all our job is to keep it sublime

**Izabella Dzelme Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **I am Earth**

I weave through plants roots,  
I cover the coffins,  
A subway for worms,  
With water I kill.

I nourish bluebells,  
But can kill hyacinths,  
Tectonics I shake,  
Make buildings and walls.

Covered in infections,  
But full of sustenance,  
Dangerous cavities,  
Some places I'm parched.

I'm saturated,  
I'm terrestrial,  
Covered in loam,  
I am Earth.

**Annabell Millns Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Seven Wonders of the World**

Within the earth's centre, there lies a blazing, fiery mass of calescent metals. At the poles there are ice caps of ivory, with temperatures so mind-numbingly cold that they would freeze anything that dares to endure them.

There are peaks so immense that they seem to tower imposingly over even the most extreme of landscapes, and troughs so deep that the intense pressure of the water inside them could crush anyone's chance of a life.

To the inhabitants of the earth, our planet seems incomprehensibly vast, but when compared to the limits of what we know exists, it seems like a drop of ink on a piece of paper.

It's still hard even to imagine how this miracle of nature came to exist; no matter who lives here and how extensive their knowledge is, we may never truly unlock the secrets of this celestial sphere, suspended in darkness.

Earth gives birth to many chromatic forms of life, from the tiny pieces of plankton floating in our deep blue seas to the tremendous creatures who recognise these as only nourishment for their long attempt at survival.

However, each generation comes to an end eventually, with lifeless skeletons falling helplessly into the vast abyss feared by all. After all, in this world, it is very hard to leave a legacy.

Our kind's way of doing this is to destroy our habitat – to sabotage our planet to an extent that nothing could ever savour it as much as we have. We take our Earth for granted, but without it we couldn't continue.

**Isaac Waldron Y9**

**Meadowhead School**

## **The Elemental Dragons**

The tales we hear as children are often untrue, but a few are real. The more these tales are told, the more they are changed until they are no longer believed in. This is exactly what happened to the legend of the elemental dragons. Still remembered, but not believed in.

The elemental dragons were once one with humans. Worshipped as gods, these dragons helped save humanity from extinction by creating a bond which shielded the earth from harm. First, the earth dragon, the oldest and wisest of them all. Second, the air dragon, ruler of the skies and the clouds. The water dragon, powerful and elegant, guarded the boats and the marine life across the seas. And lastly, the fire dragon young and quick, helped keep the world in order. But with the changes of the planet, the dragons went into hiding. Waiting to be found.

Only together could they stop the threat inbound...

This story starts with a little boy named Sam Brown. He had long brown hair, and often had a scratched and muddy face. His clothes never seemed clean even after being washed and he liked it that way. Sam was an odd child, his mother always told him that he had got it from his father. His father ran away when Sam was only a baby. And his mother was never keen to talk to Sam about him, when she did, she always emphasised the bad in him. Sam however liked to imagine the best of his father even after what he had done because somewhere inside him, his father was still there, and Sam imagined him as hope. The reason why he was so fond of nature was because one of the things his mother tried to hide, was the fact that she and Sam's father both loved nature and loved exploring together. Sam's mother had not told him about it, but he knew, so whenever he went exploring, it made it feel like it was bringing them all back together. It was all he ever wanted, and all he ever thought about.

**Ben Green Y7**

**Meadowhead School**

## **Neglected by Mother Nature**

I hold in my hand  
The last living trace  
Of life in this dank  
And dystopian place

Who could have thought  
That a simple volcano  
Would wipe out the world we built?  
The grass used to be green  
And a joy to see  
But now it's cindered and starting to wilt

And the clouds that used to  
Colour the sky  
Are now little more than smog  
Looming overhead as a painful reminder  
of when the world was more than just fog

And finally the creature  
That lay in my hand  
Begins to breathe its final breath  
It won't stop struggling  
But there is no hope for it now  
And the creature succumbs to death

And now I am  
The last living trace  
Of life in this dank  
And dystopian place

But I know I don't have long left either  
As this place is uninhabitable now  
And I am in great danger  
What did we do to deserve this  
To be forsaken by mother nature?

**Ewan Anderson Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Earth**

Trees are infested in nature  
Their brisk skin is trampled on continuously  
Worn out and ancient -They stand peacefully  
They've seen and been  
Their only fear is a man- a man with a spear

Flowers are an amassment of fragrances  
Their soft petals waving at me in perfect harmony  
Vibrant and shy- They dance around innocently  
They've laughed and cried  
Their only fear is a man- a man with a spear

Roots are adventurous and arrogant  
Their hollow thorny surface grabbing for me furiously  
Inquisitive and vital-They grow expeditiously  
They've lived and aged  
Their only fear is a man-a man with a spear

Humans are destructive and selfish  
Their rotting fake masks hiding them from their true identities  
Egocentric and foolish-They laugh ignorantly  
They've killed and taken  
Their only fear is themselves-the murderers that they are

**Liani Quinn Y8**

**Meadowhead School**

## **The Four Disasters**

Zach opened the door to his bedroom and slumped down onto his bed. He'd had a bad day. He was tired from P.E, and as soon as his head hit the pillow, he was out cold.

He entered a new dimension. A dimension where there was nothing, nothing but Zach. He observed his surroundings, which took him a second as everything was the same. And then suddenly, everything all happened at once. There was now a mountain in front of him, which sloped upwards until Zach couldn't see it anymore. Then, bright orange liquid came hurtling down the slope in his direction. This wasn't just any mountain, it was a volcano. Zach started running away, past a town full of people screaming, fearing for their lives, doing anything to be able to do something ever again. He then reached a place where regular reality stopped and it returned to the nothingness which he experienced before. He didn't stop running though, until he got to a huge concrete wall. He turned around and saw a city bustling with the inhabitants stopping their errands and starting to turn and run as the tsunami protection wall had a crack. That crack turned into a spider web of fractures which then turned into a billowing wave swallowing the buildings around it. And Zach started running again. He reached the nothingness again and was cautious for any other disasters. Then he suddenly felt warmer as now, he was under the beaming Chilean sun. He then felt a ripple in the ground. Everyone in the city felt it. Immediately, the building next to him dissolved down into a pile of rubble before being eaten up by the ground. Screams filled Zach's ears, and once again, for the third time in his life and in the past 5 minutes, he was running for his life. He exited the city and reached a flat wasteland, the only thing in it, a highway full of cars accelerating away from the mound of air building up in front of him. It was grabbing all of the cars around it, and flinging them in to the air. Zach even saw a poor cow swirling in the frenzy that was the tornado. He ran away, but this time there was no nothingness. Lava was flowing. Water was rushing. The ground was falling away, and the air was going crazy. Zach now knew that however bad his day was it was not as bad as the people involved in these disasters.

**Ben Knight Y7**

**Meadowhead School**



## **Vines**

All of these vines,  
Coiling and coiling,  
I'm trapped and it's too late to hide.  
My anger escapes  
Blood boiling, boiling,  
Battling the demons inside.

All of these vines,  
Straining, straining,  
Not much longer I'm able to cope.  
Losing my mind,  
Draining and draining,  
Draining my body of hope.

All of these vines,  
Squeezing, squeezing,  
My bones are already numb.  
The thunder and lightning,  
I'm freezing, freezing,  
Crashing like every last drum.

All of these vines,  
Reaching, reaching,  
Covered in soil and tears.  
My lungs cry for help,  
I'm screeching and screeching,  
Screeching but nobody hears.

All of these vines,  
Weaving, weaving

I struggle, I shriek and I groan.  
My conscience remains,  
But leaving, leaving,  
Leaving my skin and my bones.

All of these vines,  
Trying and trying,  
Trying to bury me down.  
My eyes become red,  
I'm crying and crying,  
Crying so hard that I drown

All of these vines,  
Grasping, grasping,  
I'm left there to die and to rot.  
My throat closing in,  
I'm gasping and gasping,  
Gasping for I don't know what.

All of these vines,  
Pulling and pulling,  
Fighting a war I can't win.  
I can't bare to think,  
My mind's dulling, dulling,  
I close my eyes and give in

**Gina Saxby Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

I am growing, nice and tall  
Hoping that I do not fall  
I am blooming, getting stronger  
Sprouting leaves and getting longer  
All I need is rain and sun  
To live my life and have my fun  
But then I see an orange glow  
It's not the leaves, I've got to go  
I try to run and get to safety  
Because no one else is here to save me  
I start to burn and shrivel up  
I try to breath but have no luck  
Suddenly, I see some hope  
It starts to rain, there's lots of smoke  
I'm left with nothing, cracked and dry  
Thin air surrounds me, I might die  
But wait.  
This is not death, it's a new feeling  
I'm blooming again, I'm growing, I'm healing  
I'm in a different world, I feel fresh and new  
I'm alive again and my family are too.

**Joanna Bird Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

# Air



Chloe Pearson Y7

### **This is the air I breathe**

I moved miles away,  
To have a better life.  
Thinking of how  
Am going to do this  
Without the people  
That I know will support me.

I feel regretful,  
Depressed and heartbroken.  
I went from top,  
To bottom, but  
No one understands me.

I've tried, cried  
Yet, no importance.  
But, I realised that  
All I need is myself to be confident,  
And think in a positive way  
I mean, why did I moved here for?

To struggle and to doubt about  
Giving up.

Don't listen to the devil.  
The only thing that he does,  
Is to manipulate people's mind.  
Also, don't push yourself to have something  
Because other people have it.  
Wait till the time comes  
God has a plan for you.

This is the air I breathe.  
A life of patience,  
Where good things come your way  
If you accept it  
Dream, believe, and have faith.

**Chioma Akudolu Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

## **WWI**

The group of courageous men sat there in silence had the battle had finally stopped for a while. Thinking of their families, friends, and memories made them feel at home, peaceful for the first time in months. Forgetting the terror and war, talking and laughing, the troops were unprepared for what was about to happen. BANG! Suddenly, bombs dropped in the tens and the Germans came on the push in swarms. In a panic, the troops quickly armed, grabbed the nearest guns and defended from the trenches...

The battle lasted for hours, the Germans just kept on pushing and pushing, as the British stood their ground, defending the trench as it was their life. Pre-prepared defences helped to fend off the enemy, barbed wire trapped and halted the attackers with large barricades obstructing the path. And even though they were outnumbered the troops fought hard covered head to toe in mud and blood. After the hard fighting, they eventually won their hard-earned battle. And as a memory they each collected something from the earth to take home and return with.

**Reece Broadhurst Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

Flames grow, producing flashes of unforgettable light. Proud, towering statues are engulfed by the deadly body of fire. Pieces of broken glass erupt into shatters, as brick crumbles into nothing. Yet it is the fuel of our lives, it is the reason we exist.

So gentle and calm, the gushes of wind carry the waterfall of glimmering liquid. Droplets of tranquillity skip down the streams, leaving their footprints behind on the unstable rocks. However, this substance is also the most painful liquid. It's salty flavour is the most hated taste of all, as drips chase down faces every day.

The foundation of all lives, Earth surrounds us. It's dense, viscous mud caking our feet, its extensive blades of deep emerald grass dancing next to thousands of sweet-scented blossoms. It's the ball of wonder and mystery that scares us all, as it's so unclear what will come about next.

Air. A substance so vital to our existence, yet it's the element we forget so much. Chasing us wherever we go, the tasteless gas enters and escapes us with ease. Grasping the air for the first or last time, its importance will never fade.

**Evie Cook Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Air**

I am Air.  
The calmest of elements.  
You survive with me and breath me.  
Dancing in the light of a full moon.  
Whatever you are doing I am there.  
I am invisible like a super power,  
weaving in and out of everything in my way.  
You will die without me and I make the clocks turn.  
I am graceful, elegant and magnificent.  
I am Air.

I am Air.  
Destructive and devastating.  
Calming and tranquil at times but evil and powerful most.  
Creating different catastrophes everywhere I go:  
such as joining forces with water and earth to make immense tsunamis.  
Some more devastating than others.  
I make hurricanes, tornados and many more dreadful actions.  
You fear me and retreat to hide in all you can find.  
I can howl louder than a wolf and bite harder than a shark.  
I am strong.  
I am invincible.  
I am Air.

**Cara Turner Y5**  
**Bradway Primary School**

## **Elements**

I am a bird  
As strong as a bird can be  
And because I am the strongest bird  
The air belongs to me

I am a shark  
As scary as can be  
And because I am the scariest  
The sea belongs to me

I am a cheetah  
As fast as a cat can be  
And because I am the fastest,  
The ground belongs to me

I am a dragon  
As big as I can be  
And because I am the biggest  
All the fire belongs to me

But,  
I am a human  
The best as I can be  
And because I am the best  
The elements belong to me

They fight and clash  
With all there their might,  
But nobody succeeds

Because life is the elements  
And the elements are in me.

**Rudi Straw Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Air**

I am Air. Keeping you alive is what I like to do. Whistling through the atmosphere, I blow a gentle breeze in your faces. Suddenly, you're completely relaxed and all your worries have vanished - saving you from starvation by pulling the crops out of their seeds. Whilst doing so, I drive the black clouds, the storms and the rain away and transport you to the sunshiny day you were after. Taking in my oxygen is like finding a cure for the most disease. Breathing in my relaxing breath will keep you cool for all eternity. Your meat will be poisoned without me because animals wouldn't be able to breathe which means they wouldn't be healthy. Heading out in my fresh air will increase your brain power and energy level. Lovingly, when you rush out to the park to fly your kite but there is no wind I will summon tiny people to levitate the kite high of the ground.

I am destruction, I am devastation. Occasionally, I will steal your lives; I will rip souls out of the good and the bad. I will summon explosions of hurricanes, tornados and vortexes. Destructively, my powerful tornado will suck you and anything else in my path into my vengeful wrath. With my almighty strength, I help my friend fire try to spread and burn down the entire population. I will steal the storms and transport them straight to your door. You will feel apprehensive when you see me blow your neighbours off the face of the earth. I shall throw black clouds and danger at you. My armies of freezing temperatures, rain and snow creep around waiting for their next victim. I am Air.

**Sonny Owens**  
**Bradway Primary School**

## **Air!**

I am air  
I am your best friend  
You wouldn't be alive without me  
I will help you breath, dry your clothes and help your boats sail  
I am as calm as a sleeping baby  
On a warm summers day, I'm the calm breeze that is touching your skin like a feather  
You will never see me, and you will never succeed in catching me.

As peaceful as I might seem, I'm not all calm  
When I'm angry, I'm your worst nightmare  
I will blow your head off; knock you over and make the sea go wild  
My extreme ability will be able to make a humungous swirl that climbs high up to the sky like an aeroplane  
I'll hit you like a ton of bricks then go as quiet as a door mouse, before finishing you off, like a battering ram.  
When I'm finished I'll be your air again.  
I am air.

**Heidi Sibbald**  
**Bradway Primary School**



## **Air**

The air was hot and the smell of baking hung the air. The sun was setting in the horizon. The birds were still singing their songs, they were slowing down, calling their last calls. Then darkness fell and the air was cool and clear again. The hot days would end and the winter days would soon begin. The wind picked up ever so slightly and filled the trees making them rock from side to side. The swing on the dry old rope swayed gently in the breeze. I loved being out here, but it could be the last time I visit this amazing place where I had made so many memories. I want to stay longer but I have to go away to my home, to England. I will miss it, with all of my heart. I don't know how long I stood there I wanted to stay for longer just staring at the tractor. Looking at the barn, the house. Then it went silent.

**Polly Calow Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Roaring Tornados**

It rips through towers, gathering fears,  
and drums against my ears,  
a chorus of howling madness,  
its mindless,  
it has no mercy,  
they knock down towers high,  
no one can stop it, no king no queen,  
all this destruction, what does it mean?

**Blossom Bayne Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

All I can see is white. White sky, white ground and white skin, slowly turning blue. I've never felt so alone; isolated from the world and trapped with my thoughts. I don't really have anything to go back to when I think about it and part of me just wants to give up. I did this to get away from it all, a chance to be brave and make myself proud: but instead, I have never felt so weak and cowardly. I have travelled all this was to go on this journey and what for? To prove I could achieve something? Or simply to run away from my problems?

**Isabelle McNally Y11**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **The unstoppable**

The devastation of the powerful,  
Unbelievable tornadoes whizz all around you,  
As the freezing, cold air,  
Brushes past your rosy, pink face,  
As tears drop from the gloomy, grey sky,  
Whilst fears reach the ceiling.

The feeling makes your heart  
Beat as fast as the breeze  
The branches wave like an old friend,  
As the wind gallops past them

Fear spreads across the city,  
Whilst the tornadoes furiously boom,  
Like a trumpet.

**Dzeina Dzelme Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **Wings**

I run; feet pounding the hard earth, fleeing from something I can't outrun. Then I remember I have wings...

I push off from the ground and as my wings spread open, they catch the wind, and I am lifted high above the terrain.

I marvel at how easily they cut through the air like it is water, yet its hands can hold me like a mother cradling a baby. How in clear skies I can just soar but in stormy weather I can hardly keep myself in the air. How it blows me along from behind yet tendrils of wind push me back. How it can be the greatest gift or a coward's escape. How it can knock down trees and houses yet brush gently past. How some days I can go higher than man ever has but on others I can barely reach the clouds. Clouds; how they can be white and fluffy yet they can be torrid and grey. How a warm wind can skim my wings one minute and raindrops can penetrate them the next. How the sun can blaze through like a guardian angel but be invisible to our eyes.

I soar through the air which I take for granted yet appreciate every minute of it.

It's my power

It's my control

I am free.

**Cara Staniland Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

When such a darkness consumes you, you no longer speak your words lightly,  
Your words are heavy and deep, like the thoughts in your mind,  
An obsession that started with feeling like the air, light and softly thought of, beautiful,  
That obsession turns into a harsh heavy wind, pulling you down,  
Turning your words into kites, lost in a storm,  
The only piece of you is the beating of your heart, the only thing that stops you flying away  
is the fact you're alive,  
Your obsession with air turns you into the air, delicate and unknowing,  
It starts to drift you and those around you away,  
And you try to speak gently, softly, like the air,  
But your broken tones come out heavy and painful, like you're gasping for air for your fire  
filled lungs.

**Hannah Hall Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Air**

The air looks like a window so clear and pretty.  
The air tastes like a freshly opened carton of juice.  
The air smells like perfume from the god of wisdom.  
The air is the clearest thing on this planet.  
It lets creatures fly from its strings.  
It allows us to live and breathe even though we pollute it every day.  
The air is a calm creature.  
Let it live.

**Alfie Brear Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

Air is what we need  
To live from day to day  
Our lungs, the trees and plants  
We need it to come what may.

Air contains oxygen  
It's something we can't see  
It's colourless and odourless  
But without it, we wouldn't be.

**Jack Webster Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

The darkness was closing in,  
No air – can't breathe.  
The tunnel was never ending,  
Just endless space between me and the exit.

Id stopped moving.  
I looked down to find my leg trapped in a metal bar.  
My eyes widened in surprise and I tried to get my leg free.  
Not working – drowning,  
Was this the way I was going to die?

With my last efforts I pulled free,  
Through the pain I tried crawling out the never ending tunnel of darkness,  
Moving – moving.

Finally after agonisingly crawling,  
I see light.  
The surface was near.

With one finally push of effort I broke the surface,  
Gasping for my breath,  
I was safe again.

**Abi Greenwood Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

It's all around us,  
The source of all life  
It helps maintain us, yet we kill it with all of our vehicles  
We need it, yet we can't see it.  
We breathe it, yet we choose to breathe smoke  
We have an infinite supply of it thanks to the trees.  
But we kill them for a piece of paper  
It seems that humans will destroy so much to gain so little.  
We need water yet we pollute it.  
We blame it on society yet we are society.  
We know chemicals are bad, yet we make them to soften are clothes.  
We are our own enemy  
We are killers.

**George Clark Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **There's A Bird In The Sky**

There's a bird in the sky,  
There's a bird flying high.  
I watch it with awe,  
as it swoops and it sours.

There's a bird in the sky,  
There's a bird flying high.  
I'm caught in a trance,  
by its graceful dance.

There's a bird in the sky  
There's a bird flying high.

Then suddenly it's gone  
In the breath of the wind  
There was a bird in the sky  
There was a bird floating by.

**Alex Wellings Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

I am air whose power is phenomenal. Although I help people , I have a different side to me. I blow fires out and kill their souls. When it is warm , I stop the sweat. I help people stay alive and keep everyone happy. After all I am air.

However , don't be fooled by how nice I can be , ( although I do fancy myself as a pleasant bloke.) I help hurricanes and tornadoes be as deadly as they can and destroy the landscape you can see now. When you are playing football, I stop the game immediately. As loud as a lion, I howl through the night until I reach a thousand decibels.

I am an invisible wizard : keeping composed and and doing my job well. As fast as lightning, I can dislodge houses, trees and buildings until the world is stripped bare. I bite at your skin and destroy your happiness. You can run and run as fast as you can , I can still catch you because I'm the world's giant fan.

**William Barlow Y5**  
**Bradway Primary School**

## **Air**

I am air. When you visit the park, I shall blow my cold breath to make your kite fly. Despite my icy wind, I keep you alive. Gliding my way through the trees, I rustle the crunchy leaves. Children get excited when I push them and try to hold them up. Stunningly, I drive away the stormy clouds and bring you bright sun. Walking through the summer days bringing autumn along, I change the seasons therefore a season has passed.

I shall summon armies that smash every house and building. Swooping in from nowhere I kick in storm clouds to ruin your life. Under water I spin my fingers and create a vortex, creatures including humans get trapped in my vortex.

Have I come to your city yet?

**Fern Jackson**  
**Bradway Primary School**

### **It's kept me breathing**

Earth has kept me alive, surviving on air,  
For 14 long, painful years,  
I have breathed, laughed, smiled, and cried,  
Had my heart broken a few times,  
But above all, the air has kept me breathing.

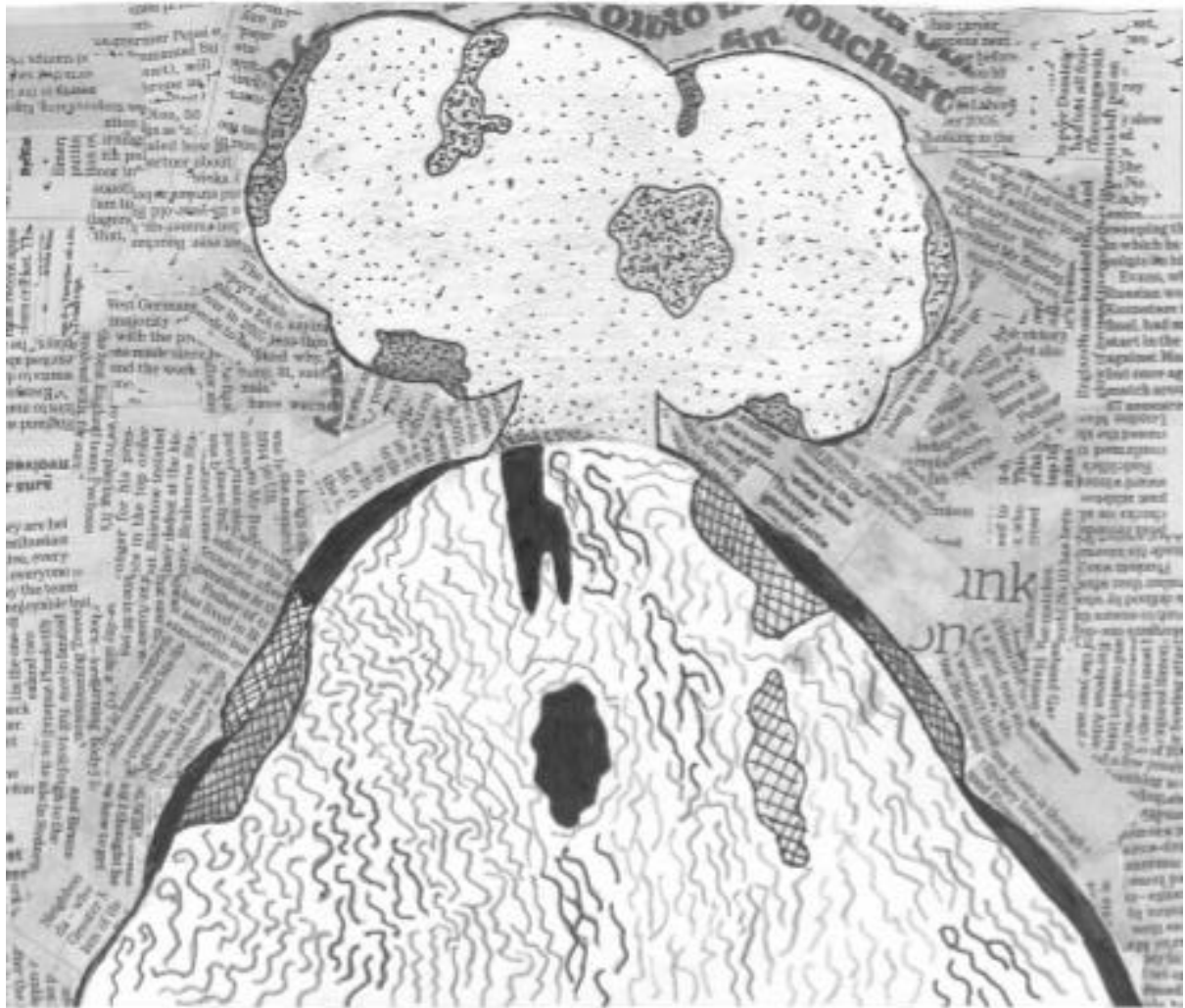
I learnt to ride my bike,  
How to dance and laugh in the rain,  
How to love and learn to let go,  
I've learnt about myself and discovered new things,  
But above all, the air has kept me breathing.

I've grown from a small innocent child,  
Into a young adult making choices for myself,  
Decisions will be hard and walls to climb over,  
Conquered the world,  
But above all, the air has kept me breathing.

I have lost my way but I always have guidance,  
Lost some loved ones along the way,  
Grown up and grown apart,  
But above all, the air has kept me breathing.

**Alicia Luke Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

# Fire



Lucy King Y8

Fay girl has a cap and a faybul.  
(Fire -girl has a cape and a fireball)

**Minnie Bean (Reception)**  
**Abbey Lane**

Fir Boy- He has fr hands and fr buton.  
(Fire Boy. He has fire hands and fire buttons.)

**Isla Gray (Reception)**  
**Abbey Lane**

Roc man has a cap and roxs.  
(Rock-man has a cape and rocks)

**James Bowman (Reception)**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **Fire**

Burning. From a flame.  
I watch that flame,  
Flickering coyly ,  
Yet so powerful.  
So easily weakened,  
By the whisper of the wind in the night sky,  
Now left as a simple flicker,  
Dying.  
Yearning for life, until it flickers its last.  
Leaving me,  
Lonely.  
Even something as hypnotic and breathtaking as fire, leaves behind something as dirty, grey  
and irrelevant as ash.

**Donte Blackwood Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**



## **Fire**

Sun spitting  
Wax melting  
Lava breaking  
Candle flickering  
Volcano erupting  
Rocket blasting

**Aisha Diallo Y1**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!**

Sparks glow,  
Fires grow,  
Bigger and higher,  
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!  
Flames curling and swirling,  
Smoke furling and twirling,  
Fire snapping, crackling, racing, chasing, smoking and choking,  
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

**Brooke Sargeant Y6**  
**Woodseats School**

It all started in room 3, apartment 12. The young adult created me you see, she turned me on. An hour or so went by. That's when I climbed up the side of the burning oven and began to crawl out, bursting the walls into flames. I ran in cheer across all four walls of the room, the room now was a sudden burst of fireworks layering the midnight sky. But his time it isn't so pretty. My flames slithered across the mahogany door like vicious snakes. I had now spread across the whole apartment. The eagerness had swam throughout one apartment to the next. The whole building flooded with flames, it was a multi-coloured painting. The mess I made was my art, my painting, my mistake...

**Friyya Kayani Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Just another day**

I'm getting closer to it now, I can tell. My whole body's heating up and the struggle to breathe is growing. I've been called out to many accidents but I can't help feeling scared and worried – as if I'm helpless in this situation. I feel like my head is going to explode with the quick-rising heat.

Then suddenly, I hear a scream emerging from behind the door next to me and without thinking – I pull the door open. Coughing, I step back into the empty hallway and take a breath. The smoke that once filled the compact flat rushes out like a huge unexpected tsunami! It overwhelms me, my throat feels like its closing up, refusing to inhale anything. I gasp and splutter eventually managing to get out of the thick, fog-like gas. Putting aside my own feelings, I streak into the room and shout for the body inside. Not even a second later I hear a reply, it's faint but I manage to catch it. I make my way to the far corner of the room to see a young girl cowering in the corner clutching a small, grey stuffed rabbit. She reached out to me and I picked up her small frame slowly. She can't have weighed much - only a couple of stone – it made me wonder how old she really was.

I ran out into the corridor, looking to my left I saw a flicker of orange light, a tiny percentage of the monster dismantling the floors above me. As I reached the stair well, I glanced at the frail girl in my arms, and without another look I began the short distance down to the ground floor.

**Amy Bloor Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **The Famished Flame**

The famished fire swallowed the building whole, leaving its trace of ash and dust. Nothing can satisfy the fire's everlasting hunger, to spread its flame and avoid being extinguished. The flame decided to travel through the woods, with the desire to consume every tree, log and critter in existence. Doing so, the fire set the whole forest alight whilst traversing back through the city. Firemen scattered around the city, destroying the fire's territory and restoring it back to normal. Only water is powerful enough to reclaim so much land. In the hands of humans, fire becomes vulnerable. Wind takes a sword and strikes down fire as soil consumes its last remnant. Its last hope of survival. The elements hold a spiteful, contempt rage towards each other and if one element gets power over any other, they will strike down that element. Extinguishing that last spark of hope residing inside of the dark gloomy world. In fire's darkest hour, a child lights a candle taming the fire's hunger. The flame looked outside the window and saw a gargantuan smoke trail of where fire once stood. The flame feels empathy for the extinguished flame but also gratitude for the life it has been given. For every fire extinguished, one is ignited...

**Ryan Bellamy Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Flame**

In a small, dead wood grew a little flame that flickered slowly in the night sky, its flame reaching as high as it could to the sky, it dreamed of being big and ferocious. Though a dream was just a dream it wouldn't be likely to come true. The flame looked around, touching anything that seemed possible to burn. As the flame touched anything that it could find it immediately began to grow, the light of the flame now shining brightly, lighting up the sky. Soon enough the small, weak flame was now ginormous, able to look down on anything as weak as the flame was before. Slowly, everything began to turn to ash, sirens echoing around the woods, the sound of the sirens slowly becoming louder. The flame took one more look up at the sky before its existence was no more, the sky was the one to look down at it now.

**Eve Codling Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Fire**

Blinded by the cloud of smoke waiting for me beyond my mask.  
Flames engulf the room.  
The smoke begins to stir.  
As I turn I am blinded by the colony of lights gathered by the base of the tower.  
The ever growing fire is bringing the building to its knees.  
The building has fallen silent.  
All that is heard is the crackle of heat.  
The bellow of voices echoes down the hall.  
But they are too late  
The smoke is turning black.  
I only have moments left.  
The walls are beginning to fall.

**Katy Mitchell Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Flicker**

It flickers,  
Red orange gold,  
Illuminates the night sky,  
Like a golden bird taking off into the cobalt blue.

It flickers,  
Where flowers once bloomed,  
And people once lived,  
Leaving a blackened charcoal path in its wake.

It flickers,  
Lit on the end of a string,  
It burns up ready steady,  
Like glitter it cascades in all colours.

It flickers,  
Caged in hard steel,  
A family huddles round,  
Like chicks to their mother.

It flickers,  
Atop a mountain,  
Of melting wax,  
Lit and ready to be wished upon.  
It flickers,  
Despair, hope,  
Radiating emotion,  
But this flicker must go out.

**Harriet Aspey Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Places of interest**

The wind blows  
And the trees doze  
On that lonely hill.

The creek flows  
And the ground moans  
On that lonely hill.

The heat rises  
And the rocks prize it  
In that boiling volcano

The heat reveals surprises  
And the ash advises  
In that boiling volcano

The waves roar  
And the fish adore

In that barren ocean

The beach is sure  
And the shells ignore  
In that barren ocean

The sand shuffled  
As life rustled  
The tiny cells persist  
The others resist

The creatures exited the ocean

Placed their feet on the sand

And...

**Andrew Farn Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

**Fire**

Volcano-exploding  
Lava-glowing  
Bonfires-flaming  
Rockets-blasting  
Sun- burning.

**Roberto Volpe Y1**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **The Elements**

As I wandered along the white path in the frozen woods  
The wispy snow tickled at my reddened cheeks  
As the winding path blanketed in silky snow crunched beneath me  
My boots imprinted glimmering footprints in a trail behind

The flakes of precious snow aimlessly tumbled down through the chilly air,  
As the breeze threw them around elegantly  
Above me clouds hung in the air spreading majestic crystals  
I pictured myself in a snow globe, the small fragments of snow being whipped around me

As the bricks of my house came into focus  
The billowing smoke piled from the red chimney.  
I opened my door and began to unravel my tangled scarf from my neck  
Stamping my feet on the mat, the silvered slush from my boots slid of onto the floor  
Melting as it touched the floorboards  
Sliding of the feathered rim on my boots like a graceful angel

Slowly pulling my sodden hat off my head, I stepped into the heated living room  
The scarlet fire blazing in the worn fireplace and the dancing flames lighting up the corner  
A crimson glow reflected in my eyes captivating me with its grace  
The passionate spell sent embers floating through the transparent air

I then settled down facing the fire, its radiating heat bouncing onto my skin  
The comfort of the silk chair wrapped around me.  
Peering out of the window, precious, glass icicles cautiously hung along the ledge  
All the winged pearls of snowflakes stream along their path  
They stack up to form an ocean of ivory.

**Kira Craig Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

This is the story of a magical goddess named Sitra.

Sitra has a woman's body with wings that glitter in the sun and moonlight. When she flies, she leaves a glitter trail behind her. She wears a dazzling crown that has blue and purple gems on her soft, furry head. She wears a red, orange and yellow dress with flames on. Her shoes were as red as a ruby and her skin was as pale as a piece of white coloured paper. She has a head of a cheetah which is soft and furry. Her special symbol were the gems on her crown which represented the power of fire. The Ancient Egyptians people would set off fireworks and have bombs set off. They would do all of this outside of their pyramids, praying that she would not set their houses on fire. The person would say "Please don't set our city on fire and please give us nice food and keep us warm." When somebody was mean to her or hurt her feelings she would set their houses on fire, smash pyramids and destroy things. Once, she was so angry she destroyed people's houses and set everything on fire.

Sitra was the goddess of fire, flames and warmth. If someone was cold and hungry she would help that person by giving them food and warmth. Before the word had fire, flames and warmth, everyone in Ancient Egypt was very cold and hungry. They had yucky food that they couldn't eat because it would give them tummy aches. The people of Egypt were so hungry and cold that they couldn't survive. At that moment, Sitra was flying through the clean blue air and saw what was going on. She felt sad for the people of Egypt. She felt one of her gems fall from her crown.

Sitra felt like her heart had broken into millions of pieces. Sitra started crying, when she cries, her gems fall off of her crown. They kept coming and coming and coming down. Sitra was very upset about the people not having any warmth. The gems rolled down her dress and landed on the ground. The gems started crackling, getting hotter and hotter and hotter. The Ancient Egyptians wondered what the flames were as the flames flickered. One of the Ancient Egyptians tried to touch it, "Ow!" he yelled as he leaped back like a frog. The people of Egypt looked up in amazement and there, fluttering down from the sky was the caring, kind and beautiful goddess Sitra.

"Thank you for this flaming thing," shouted all the people as one.

"You're welcome, but the thing you call flaming thing is fire." She replied. Her voice saying 'you're welcome'. After that day, the Egyptians had warm tasty food and they were as warm as they could be forever living. One day, Sitra got really angry and set someone on fire as they were making fun of her. Then the story of Sitra was a tale for all to tell.

**Izzy Delany Y3**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **Fire**

Volcano erupting.  
Candles floating.  
Sun blazing.  
Bomb. Smashing.  
London burning.

**Cormac Moss Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

**I couldn't help it. I was curious.**

I couldn't help it. I was curious. I poked my head out of the Anderson shelter, only to see a German bomber plane, roaring its way through the smoke-infested air. A metal sphere dropped. Wizzzz. Was it a bomb? My mother pulled me back. The earth shook vigorously and loudly. "What were you thinking? You could've died." My mother trembled, shaking me. "I couldn't help it. I was curious." I told my mother, sobbing. I turned my head to see the aftermath of the bomb and the raging fire swimming along the floor. Despite the marigold, glowing flames being terrifying, the sound of the heroic firefighters was comforting. They saw me crying and allowed me to put out the blazing, angry flames with cold, icy, crystal water.

**Chloe Lawson Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **Fire**

Because I could not destroy the FIRE,  
It did kindly destroy me.  
Does the FIRE make you scared?  
Does it?

I will consider the blaze.  
For the blaze is fierce because it wants to kill everything in its path.  
A blaze is stormy. A blaze is intense,  
A blaze is violent.

A blast has got rage. A blast is ignited  
A blast is powerful.  
It does blow,  
It does kill,  
It destroys.

**Mohammed Abdrahman Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**



I could see the light. Amongst the darkness, and sorrow we felt all around. It was so bright. So vibrant and colourful. A deep fiery yellow, held high at the top of a long, slowly lessening wick. And for just one moment I didn't acknowledge the slick, black resting place being carried by ghostly steeds. It drifted through the pathway created by people. As it passed, some mumbled a few words. Their last words. They were never to see this loved one again. But in all of that, a flame still burned. A glimmer of light was still held proudly. For in this moment where nothing could bring joy, there was still hope. And that was enough to help us carry on. But we will never forget this. We will always commemorate her. Her memory still burns as bright as ever.

**Alfie Arno Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Elements**

Billowing, black smoke rapidly took over the once quiet streets of Sheffield, as the ear piercing screams from the bombs rained down. As the bombs hit the buildings, they fell down like an avalanche collapsing into a pile of rubble. Suddenly, bombs were coming down; out of nowhere they started hitting the tall slender buildings. Unstoppably, the fire started to leap from building to building. As the fire engines drove, the buildings started collapsing, behind fire engine. As they were putting the fire out they heard the screeching, screaming of the bomb coming down from the midnight, black sky.

**Alex Hopper Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **The Blitz**

In the silence of the night, a sudden explosion filled the air with flaring, scarlet flames with minute flickers of pale ginger. Soon the building was engulfed in a raging, inferno infinitely growing larger. Sweltering heat filled the moonlit atmosphere; it turned the crisp moonlight into the perfect void of dancing flames. Gushing water drowned the flames creating a mushroom cloud of smoke and steam, but vibrant fire still burst through the arched windows and tried to escape the flood of ice cold, turquoise water. Eventually, the building crashed to the scorched earth of bricks and shattered glass.

**Ewan Bell-Cole Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **The Elements of the Blitz**

The explosion of the scarlet-red flames lit up the street and intimidated the innocent, praying citizens. As the bombs rained down, screams of children and people seemed to fill the loud midnight. While firefighters sprayed out fierce water quickly it had battled the angry flames. As the never-forgiving blitz took place, factories were bombed devastatingly effecting nearby homes of innocent people having to breathe in the now intoxicated smoke-filled atmosphere. The sorrow of homes being destroyed travelled between everybody like an infection. The world was grey and the smoke killed the once elegant moonlight and destroying all possible hope in a matter of seconds. Everything was lost.

**Rayyan Qureshi Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Fire**

The king of light flickered across the silver blue sky,  
It seemed to be calling but no one knows why,  
The wind was blowing strongly but didn't put him out,  
Who knows what he'd say if we weren't about.  
As I walk towards him, fire knows that means danger,  
When he backs away from me, sparks know I'm a stranger.

**Katie Hallam Y3**  
**Norton Free**

### **Fire Burning**

As I move closer to the crackles, I hear people screaming and sirens blaring in my ears.  
I turned around and ran for my life. But it was useless the people were in the way the flames hurt my eyes. I ran behind a house, the trees tumbled it was like they were possessed.  
I was too tired to run away. It was the end of me. I felt something. It was heaven.  
I opened my eyes it wasn't heaven. It was a fireman's hands. I cried so hard.  
I blessed him with my heart.

**Tyler Marsden Y3**  
**Norton Free**

I could hear a small noise coming from the room at the end the corridor. As I walked towards the entrance, I felt warmer. I could now see a small yellow glow illuminating from the centre, inviting me to see inside. Carefully, I creaked open the heavy doors and peered inside. The glowing object caught my gaze. I walked towards it; I was intrigued to see more. The door closed behind with a loud bang, which startled me as I wasn't paying any attention to how far I had walked. The entrance was now far behind me, and I realised that the glow I was chasing seemed to be getting further away. And the noise just stopped, and the glow faded away, it confused me. But then, from behind the glass wall a huge flame burst into life. It started to engulf the room like blood spilling out from a wound. A wound from a sharp blade that had been tipped with poison. I was now trapped inside the room with heat of a thousand stars emitting from the walls. The building started to crumble away beneath my feet and I knew I had no control over my fate. I was in the hands of the fire. We all are in the hands of the fire.

**Damon McLean Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Mass Destruction**

This is only the beginning, the fire-fighters will pay for the damage of what they have done to us, my family and our fallen brothers. They should die, all of them.

Death strikes beyond the second, the minute. All on this very building, screaming like I'm ripping their life away all in one very second. Tearing memories, happy all the way to sad, out like they never existed at all.

However, this is only the beginning of this. It shall be known that the fire-fighters are pure evil, a devil's creation only for more death and potent, poisoning destruction, only for human society.

As I crept slowly through each and every room, blocked with the close ally of my friend, Smoke. Suffocating air filled the whole building, as this only the beginning of my mass, madness of my destruction trying to cause death of loved ones, just like how my brothers died before me.

I've never seen anything like this before, as it gets closer, all I can feel is the anger. Now parting ways, explosions like a firework. I've never had an adrenaline rush quite like this before.

**Richina Cotton Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Grenfell Tower**

Warm, hot embers surrounded my lifeless body. Spirals of neon orange, yellow and red were all that I could see as I tried to move my ragdoll like arms. The heat sent pulses of shock and anxiety through my brain. Savouring every last breathe as smoke blanketed the room like covers over a bed. I was scrambling my dainty body over to the closest window gasping every bit of cool air as the room became darker and darker, like the sky when the sun sets. Ear piercing screams could be heard from every angle as if it was some sort of torture room in a horror film. Bits of my room were falling to the ground in pieces almost forming a burnt jigsaw like ground. The smell of burnt plastic and thick smoke made my eyes water and body shake. I was now half way out of the window staring at a crowd of people who were looking at nothing but the flames as my neighbours screeched down to them. Sirens and flashing lights of purple and red surrounded the area like a gate. People could be seen in the distance waving out of their buildings as I was wishing I was them, safe and far away from danger. Sweating people in bright fluorescent jackets and helmets ran into the entrance of the building with hose pipes and cloths and anything they needed. It was then that I had that last bit of hope that I'd survive.

**Nicole Vickers Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Home**

Last night I dreamt I was back at the place I had called home. I stared at the ivy, which had crawled its way through the windows. Insects scattered around the broken stones; Crawling in and out of the cracks. Paint was peeling off the rough walls of the house. Horror was radiating off the house.

As in was walking down the driveway, the smell of petrol and burnt wood, flew into my nostrils. I scarped my fingers across irregular, sharp edges on the wall. Most of the house was broken, with immense parts ripped out. Dark, green leaves made their way through the gaps, destroying the house even more. They curved around, reaching the edges of the room. The whole room was full of ivy. Beer bottles and cigarettes were smothered across the floor. I appeared at the door. My hand reached for the rusty door handle, sending a shiver down my spine. With my shaking hands, I twisted it. Out of nowhere a tingle of sensation hit my hand. I ripped my hand off the handle and the feel of burning started to subside. In an instant the door flung open by itself. A smell of smoke flew into my face. My eyes moved downwards towards the floor. Shattered glass was covering the floor. Ashes, vine and dust floating around in the room. Where I used to eat, laugh and smile was destroyed. My eyes started to tear up, yet I felt calm and safe. I felt as if my parents would run through the door and engulf me into a warm embrace.

**Saphire Davies Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Fire**

I am fire. When you walk through your door, I'll be there, sitting, ready to warm you up and wish away the cold air. I will comfort you with your hot chocolate and then hide away in your house. Until you light me up. Our gazes will be fixed to each other. I am fire.

I am fire. When I charge into your buildings, you will run and cower in fear. My colossal flames will tear down the earth. As I wrap my breath-taking flames around your buildings, I will embrace them to my core. I am the most unpredictable element. more unpredictable than water, earth and air. I will jump at everything I see and burn them down until there is no more than an ash left.

**Luke Talbot Y5**  
**Bradway Primary School**

## **Grenfell Tower**

A burnt out matchbox in the sky  
Disaster twenty-four storeys high  
The past of everyone burnt to ashes  
As the blazing inferno flashes  
Deafening screeches in the streets  
Forever playing on repeat  
Air cries out for justice  
Firefighters' oxygen a desperate hiss  
Sixty torturous hours of pain and misery  
The blaze extinguished but forever in memory  
Men wiping a single tear from the eye  
As their children do nothing but cry  
Memorial walls flooded with heartbreak  
Remembering those who will not wake  
Millions arrive to offer their aid  
As Grenfell tower creates a daunting shade.

**Charlotte Wathall Y11**  
**Meadowhead School**

I opened the door and she tried to run,  
So I tied her to a stake and she scorched me back.  
She had started a fire that I couldn't contain  
As her black fingers parted the flames...  
Again I was alone.  
Alone because they didn't know that her sin was prouder than mine.  
Her heresy was that she wouldn't burn a bible with me,  
And she may have loved her God,  
But she ran from my devils like a drowning saint.  
Drowning in the blood and vomit,  
As the glass shards claw at her neck.

I saw her bring matches to the shower  
To dry the tears on her cheeks.  
And she left her ribs broken,  
Because when I asked to crack them  
She hurt less.  
Hurt because the liberosis in my mind is screaming to let her go,  
And she may pray for freedom,  
But instead I'll eat her flesh.  
Once her flame is swallowed,  
Swallowed by my frozen throat,  
I won't be cold anymore.

**Maryam Media Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Hunger**

The flames lapped at the walls of the house; hungrily climbing higher. Tendrils of smoke crawled in through an open window bringing the flames in with it. Wallpaper curled off the wall as the heat intensified and smoke gathered in a dark cloud above the burning room. Feeding off the burning furniture, the fire made its way to upper level of the house; leaving a blackened trail behind it. It slithered around the bedposts of the master bed seeking something else to satisfy its hunger. The fire made its way to the only room of the house it had not yet visited. The flames hesitated. Through the doorway of the final room, was a crib. Its delicate structure looked eerie in the moonlight; like a hollow shell of a previous life. The flames tiptoed closer. Smoke curled around the animal mobile like a snake. The crib collapsed; empty. The fire knew it had run out of time. It was no use. The house was empty. Slowly the flames retreated into the darkness leaving the smouldering house behind.

**Lauren Kidd Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

**I am one with...**

I am one with the trees,  
I am one with the breeze.  
I live where the little flowers grow,  
I am here where the water flows.

I am one with the plants,  
And even the ants.  
I am one with a mountain of snow,  
I am one with the fireflies' glow.

I am whom can walk between fire and ember,  
I am the one you must remember...  
I am one with the flames,  
I am the one with no name.

I wander your lonely planet,  
And despair at what I see.  
This entire world's in panic,  
And pollution covers the sea.

This has infuriated me  
The wrath of a God is no good to anyone.  
My anger shall make all of you flee,  
Once I am done, there could be no one.

I am a volcano of anger that shall erupt,  
And all of those who I see unfit,  
And those who are corrupt,  
Shall be dead...

**Angelina Thackray Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Friendly Fire**

The campfire reaches  
Lighting the night  
Rolling the logs  
Red embers take flight  
Sharing our memories  
Eating nuts for snacks  
Spitting shells in the fire  
The fire spitting them back  
We laugh at jokes  
And sarcastic remarks  
Smoke waters our eyes  
We run from the sparks  
The conversation lags  
As the evening tires  
We all kick back  
Put more wood on the fire  
Centre of attention  
Entertaining as well  
We become entranced  
Succumb to its spell  
Unrecognized faces  
On the bark as it burns  
Enchantment transcends  
All lack of concern  
The warmth lives inside  
As we slowly turn in  
Our friend, the fire  
Has cleansed us again.

**Bradley White Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**



## **The Elements**

As it slipped down my face, gently caressing my cheek

It carried a flurry of emotions with it:

Joy, happiness; fear, regret

Her soft touch brushed it away.

Heat rushed through me.

The comforting warmth

With a reassuring familiarity.

My face is burning, burning

But now cooling, cooling

From the gentle breeze

It weaved through my hair

Now sweeping across my face

A chill went down my spine

She was bringing me closer

The cold disappeared

From her magic touch

We laid

The earth our bed

All nightmares vanished

As we gazed up at the blanket of stars

**Isabelle Smith Y9**

**Meadowhead School**

## **Alone**

My fear of loneliness washed over me in a dishevelled heap of tears as I watched him burning away slowly, I couldn't help it. All the good, old memories unfolded like a film that I'd seen before. Flames of doom crushed my crumbling house; spreading its boiling rage through everything that lays in their path. The scent of smoke reeked in my nostrils, scorching and sweltering hot. Sweat dripped down my forehead even though my body was shivering... I crawled away from the violent, whipping flames, ashes burning my eyes. Behind me, the place I once called home was gone, only a pile of rubble lay left in its bed.

I couldn't believe it, everything I loved was gone. My heart weeped and cried out to me like it needed a hand to hold. I still can imagine the flames dancing in its own range, slowly fading away ...

**Irina Cristea Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Fire**

I am fire. I am the liveliest element there is. I will dance in the moonlight. I will calm you at the end of the day. I am fire. My flames will tell a story. Although you may think me frightening and evil, I will guide you in the dark. I will eat through the darkness of the night. I will stop the hairs prickling on your neck because I am fire.

I am fire. I am the one that will spread knocking the trees down like dominoes one after the other. When I travel towards you, you will cower in fear. Eating away at your dreams because I am fire. Your dreams could not be saved. The haunting scold upon your neck. I will scold your hope until it is no more. I am your nightmare as I sway in and out of your dreams.

**Isobelle Colton**  
**Bradway School**

## **Wild flames**

Sleeping deeply as the flames grow quick,  
Wild animals attack,  
From the bottom of the house,  
To the top of the house,  
It slowly burns down.

As they awake,  
Screams roar loud,  
With wild flames.

**Felicity Cutts Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **The Flame**

I watched as the burning flame crept forward, and I felt my back begin to sweat. It was alive and angry, seeking revenge. I heard a scream from next door, and saw the door burst open, but it was too late. I was surrounded, fear was creeping over me. I clung to the bed poles, for I could see no escape. Dense smoke filled the room, and my lungs forgot to breathe. My room was being torn apart before my eyes. I closed them, and felt the beast growing nearer. The heat was unbearable. I heard a smash of glass, and a roar of anger. I looked around, and saw what was left of my room. Nothing. Everything had been destroyed. Smashed, burned, torn apart. The black smoke blinded my vision. I had to hold my breath. I couldn't hold on. It was going to end, it would have to eventually. I felt the sparks burn my skin. I heard cruel laughter. I was going to die.

**Lucy Downham Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

Flames racing around the corridors, the walls, the doors dancing in their magnificent wake,  
Embers gracefully falling to the ground like millions of stars in the overwhelming darkness.  
An angry redness destroying anything that dares to face its dominating glory,  
A warm light soothing the emptiness of life.  
Death, surrounding a raging brightness, laughing a maniacal laugh.  
Heat, warming the damp, cold feeling of the night,  
Charging at buildings, watching them fall like dominos, grinning.  
A calm wave of tingling heat rushing through the blackness to reach a lonely soul,  
Flames demolishing entire cities, with no guilt pulling them back.

Licking the final lumps of charcoal it dies, finally.  
But the danger will never fall.

**Alice Evans Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

Bullets spat at the ground,  
Harming the egg that Mother Nature had laid so many years ago.  
The blood of the world covered the bacteria,  
Making their appearance as dark as their soul.  
Flames licked at the soldier's feet,  
Turning his trodden down shows to nothing but ashes.  
The air was tense and full of bitterness,  
The forced hatred grew and grew with each artillery thrown.  
The muddy water covered lifeless heroes,  
Hoping for its miracle of life to seep back in.  
The elements,  
Everywhere and everything.  
Even at the end of the world,  
They will prevail.

**Jonathan Brocks Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **The ashes of me**

Red fire paints the walls of civilization,  
Burning the veil of silence that covers this world,  
Smoked in tears,  
The flames rise higher and higher,  
Laughing out at our fear.  
  
The fire leaps out,  
Licking at the world's feet.  
The flames snake around my heart,  
Imprinting the rings of light into my soul.  
  
As the fire dies down within me,  
The embers begin to fade,  
Flickering their last signs of life,  
I fall to the ground with the ashes that are my heart.  
  
The smoke floats away,  
Carrying my soul towards the unknown.

**Lucy Walker Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Elements of The Blitz**

Malevolent, menacing hulks of sculpted metal cut through air  
That was thick with smoke, tension and despair.  
The bombs are coming.

Darting down to rip holes in the tortured earth  
That would be rubble, ruin and rather less worth.  
The bombs are falling.

Concussion, disaster and screaming and fire  
This was life and death, the situation dire.  
The bombs are here.

Then silence but for bravery fighting with water  
Soldiers get medals but also they ought to.  
The bombs have been.

**Mr Henshaw, Y6 Teacher**

**Abbey Lane**

## **The Elements**

We are all the elements

We are fire, blazing with the warmth of our love,

Fire is like friendship, the flame is very pretty and spreads very quickly.

We are water, bringing life to our homes,

Water is like love, water goes everywhere. No matter how hard something is water will soften it.

We are the earth beneath our feet, steady and firm,

Earth is like family, helps us take our first steps and makes pathways to success.

We are the air all around us, our love is with us everywhere we go,

Air is like happiness, always with us when we need it most.

Fire is your heart,

Water is your mind,

Earth is your body,

Air is your spirit,

The four elements are like the four quarters of our mind working together to make a whole.

**Rachel Findlay Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

This is a tale of a day everyone forgot, and which had no effect, but is still worth remembering. Should you have been at the site of any of the 'encounters,' you would have seen the following...

A majestic, shimmering dragon seemingly appeared out of nowhere. Its beautiful scales rippled like a blazing sunset on a hot summer's day. The dragon spiralled and flew, almost as if it was being pulled by the gentle guidance of the wind. It truly was an awesome sight. But just seconds afterwards, people in London saw a kraken rise out of the Thames. It was a deep blue, like the depths of the ocean, and its eyes were the darkest black, so dark that if you stared at them for too long, they almost seemed to grow. Its thick, squid-like tentacles tore out nearby buildings and used them to cause even more damage. And then, should you happen to be in Central Japan, then you would see a mile-long worm emerge from out of Mount Hokata, in such a way that it appeared to have burrowed through the earth. It was a horrible shade of creamy off-white, with blood red fangs protruding from the end that functioned as a head. The creature writhed, and as it did, earth sprayed across the landscape. Then, it began to shake violently, and a large earthquake shook the nearby ground. Just to put the icing on the cake, anyone near the Popocatepetl volcano in Mexico would have been witness to something even more incredible. A Phoenix arose from the crater core, its plumage alive with a mighty fire. It began to burn brighter and brighter until, suddenly, it just disappeared. So did all of the mythical creatures, it was as if they were never there in the first place. All of the damage they caused was instantly reverted. So remember, even if the elements are not making their presence known, they are always there, waiting for the time to come for them to rise again...

**Isaac Funk Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Trapped**

The fire followed her through the depths of the building like a dark figure hiding in the shadows. The glow that it possessed lit the corridor; not just that one but every corridor. The once transparent windows became opaque with the smoke that rose. Running, screaming and panic filled the building. From outside the blaze became a torch illuminating the town that it inhabited. She could see the fear that consumed everyone including her. People's options were limited. They tried to get away from the flames simulating a hellish pit of torture, but around every corner flames greeted you with a warm hug.

Trapped.

She feared this. The feeling of no escape. Without realising it her steady effortless breathing became an out of control pant; spluttering caused by her body repelling the dark clouds entering her lungs boomed, like the music that passed through her walls daily. Although she knew it was dangerous, stopping was what she had to do. People rushed past her as if they were doing the 100m, unaware that escape had not yet become a plausible option. Her mouth was open and the words formed in her brain but they would not escape: instead staying trapped just like her. Therefore people continued to pass her by; inferior to her as she was more knowledgeable but yet in no better position. No one in the exterior four walls of this building was in a better situation because this was abominable. For everyone.

On the far side of the building, a baby had just witnessed his form of life disappear into an abyss of danger. The woman it had clung too: relied on, had just left. Just like that. Like it was nothing. Danger was not a viable feeling that had been developed in the control system of this developing human and yet isolation and exclusion consumed him. The cries he let escape him were not ones of fear but a calling for love and tenderness. The fire that invaded his home had taken him prisoner; through his blurred vision people passed without acknowledging the existence of this helpless child. Although young, at that moment the wisdom of an elder became of this child; he could see people for who they were. The blaze caused the light inside of people to disappear and the deficient selflessness to emerge like zombies from a grave.

The once tranquil building homing innocent families became a maze of discomfort and false hope. A child's cry could be heard from anywhere you planted your feet. This one however was lonely. No panic surrounded it like the others did. He just sat there. Did he understand? Was the thought of danger one of the plethora of thoughts spinning in his brain?

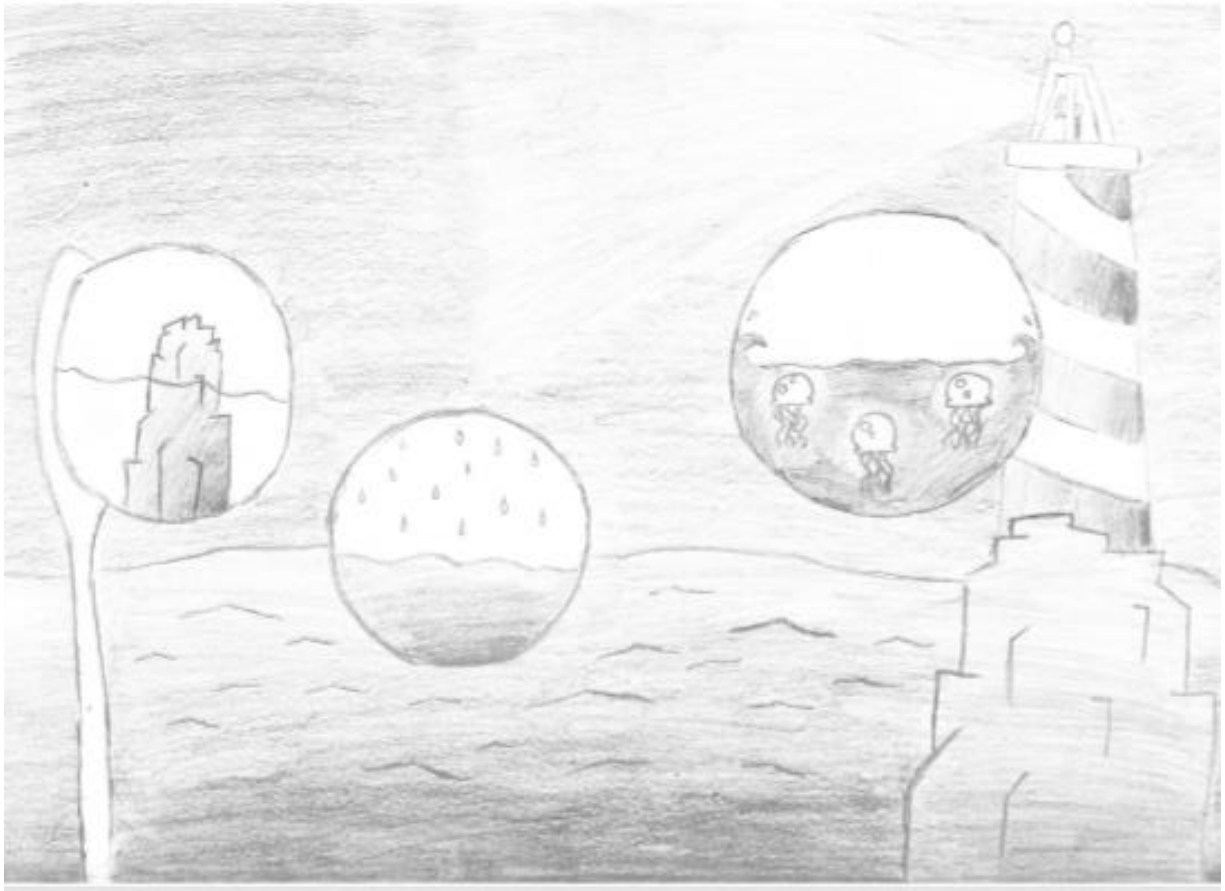
Without a second thought the girl who saw no escape ran through the building losing all composure, looking for this child isolated and in danger. Fire obstructed her path; she could not get any hotter so it wasn't an issue in the quest to rescue this child. The child glared at her with sorrow in its eyes that begged for a saviour. Was she it? However this was another maze to conquer. Guards stood tall in the form of appliances from fridges to sofas. The feeling of heat trying to enter her being, sat at the back of her mind: avoidance was next to impossible but the sight of this child sat as commander in the vehicle of this woman's body.

The guards were no match for her perseverance and diligence. She was not sporty; her physique challenged her, yet she reached the child before she realised how the circumstances had now changed. Hair stuck to the excretion of fluid that created another layer of protection: the child did too.

**Scarlett Hickling Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**



# Water



Ruby Coates Y7

### **Urban Exposure**

Slow dusk drips  
in to damped-down day.  
Blind wind grabs at our hair,  
wraps around the  
bare-boned trees  
that moan  
in parodies of prayer  
as we scuttle  
through the tight alleyway,  
that creeps alongside  
the silhouetted church.

A small voice  
slips in to the silence.  
"Will the bells ring?"  
Tension transfers  
from his hand to mine.  
"Just the dreaded tick tocks then,"  
he says,  
as we pass  
the lowering clock faces.  
I reassure with a  
wave of warmth and words,  
shepherding him onwards.  
We break out  
in to brightness,  
stunned for a second  
by the shimmer of streetlamps  
and hurtling headlamps.  
The liturgy begins:  
"Car, bus, lorry, car.  
Car, bus, taxi, car."  
Tidings of comfort and joy  
for a very small boy.

Leaves rustle and bustle  
as our feet hit earth, ground  
in playgrounds of sound.  
We stamp and stomp,  
swish and swoosh,  
crackle and crunch  
until thankfully,  
rushing to fireside light and warmth,  
we step in to the warm space,  
the sheltering embrace  
of home.

**Jill Wagg**

## **Water**

As I slowly stepped in to the cold clear water, my eyes quickly filled with tears. My heart felt like it had filled with ice; I never thought this day would ever have to come. I was drowning. I was going fast. The bubbles started to rise. Cold water trickled down my throat and in to my lungs; I could feel it. Every time I tried to breathe I just let more and more water in. I felt as if my body couldn't do anything as if I was getting squeeze. Suddenly I stopped breathing. Panic. It began to fill me. My eyes carefully shut closed. Gone.

**Tilly Linnett Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

A single droplet  
That one drop,  
That single drop,  
Did not feel like a drop at all.  
It was like a wave,  
An angry wave,  
That's not so little or small.  
As I started to cry,  
The drop left my eye,  
And I was left feeling deflated.  
The memories crept back,  
My mind was no longer black,  
And I just felt so frustrated.  
More tears left my eyes,  
And with no surprise,  
An ocean was created.

**Ellie Bachelor Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Water**

Sometimes water laps on the beach,  
As it covers the golden sand,  
But as her emotions change,  
In the dead of night,  
The calm turns to ruthless,  
She sprays towers as high as skyscrapers,  
Then shatters all's dreams as she falls,  
She cuddles the clouds,  
Turns quiet extremely loud,  
All this just because she is throwing a tantrum,  
With fury and rage,  
Known by all who sailed,  
These rough, rough waters of deaf,  
As boats are tossed around,  
Then bought to the ground,  
All with a splash and a bash,  
For her own enjoyment,  
All sailors she must torment,  
Then thrust them to their eternal bed,  
She catches dreadful fevers,  
And her temperatures soar,  
At seventy five degrees,  
She would sizzle dungarees,  
But her mind has two hearts,  
Both kind and cross,  
The waterfalls and terror-pools,  
She lives forever,  
Has no mother or father,  
No ability to birth,  
Because she is the one,

She is the only,

She is the best,

She is the worst,

She is Water.

### **Fire**

He sometimes sits around in a camp,  
And toasts marshmallows,  
He sometimes creates disturbance,  
He sometimes does it in houses,  
He sometimes does it in forests,  
But where ever he goes,  
There is one thing you will always know,  
Destruction always follows,  
His furious flames will make the sky ebony,  
His hair is an autumn orange,  
His younger brother is named Lava,  
He really is a part of him,  
They seem to always have a fever,  
They together destroy the land,  
They climb up the mountains,  
They slither into ditches,  
Their only enemy is Water,  
They are kind towards a camp,  
They are horrid to a forest,  
They can follow their desire,  
Because they are the only,  
Lava and Fire.

### **Air**

I swirl gently through the sky,  
I give a hot beach walk,  
A nice small breeze,  
I ruin towns or cities,  
Until they fall at my knees and plead,  
I am a living magnet,  
I pull everything in,  
I never let go,  
Everything belongs to me,  
I pick a route and follow it,  
Nothing can stand in my way,  
Nothing is too heavy for me,  
I grow stronger and stronger every day,  
I move buildings and cars,  
I play games on my way,  
Frisbee with rooftops,  
Skyscrapers are just dominoes,  
Destruction is one mammoth game,  
I have no mercy,  
Merciless you might say,  
I care for no-one,  
So no-one cares for me,  
Trees fall to bits,  
With a crackle and crack,  
Crunch is also a noise to be heard,  
Everything fears me,  
For I am sometimes powerful,  
But I am sometimes nice,  
Because I am the only air.

**Amelia Beckett Y4  
Abbey Lane**

## **The Key to Life**

It flies down from the sky,  
Tumbling, shimmering,  
Making the land glisten in a shawl of magic and mystery,  
Creating wonder and hope in everyone's eyes.

It rolls in on the beach,  
Splashing, crashing,  
Rolling over the children's feet as they laugh,  
Pulling the brave surfers back into the shore,  
Before slipping back away again, escaping.

It falls down from the sky,  
Running off the delicate fingers of clouds,  
Dripping, splashing,  
Washing away all the worries of the world,  
Creating its own music as it bounces on the lakes and house roofs.

It sits in the lake,  
Tranquil, calm,  
Peaceful under the sun,  
As the fish dance in the waving coral,  
And the adults tenderly dip their toes into the warmer shallows.

Then it crawls out of her eye,  
Running down her face,  
A tsunami of feelings escaping.  
Washing away the fears and worries,  
Pulling the makeup away.

The water held the key to everything,  
To magic, to laughter, to peace, to sorrow,  
And most of all,  
To life.

**Sophie Wright Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **The Pretence of Safety**

Just give in to the fragile pretence of safety now,  
Because the water's deadly, and don't ask how.  
If you take a dip you may just meet your demise,  
Beware, the fragile pretence of safety is all just lies.

Please listen to my plea and never go under again,  
For the water's pretence of safety has claimed  
The lives of many men,  
Even though water can be treacherous it puts out fires,  
But even then if you believed it's faulty  
Pretence of safety, you'd be believing a liar.

So if you can conquer all that deadly tide,  
You must still face the dangers from the depths, for  
The sea is where they abide.  
If you are victorious over all that, you can say  
The false pretence of safety didn't fool you.  
And say it with pride, because  
You are one of many few.

**Connor James Baldwin Y6**  
**Woodseats Primary School**

Where there is light, there is dark.  
Where there is warmth, there is cold.  
When there is strength, there is weakness.  
Where there is calm, there is stress.  
Where there is killer, there is harmless.  
Where there is fear, there is love.  
Where there is life, there is death.  
Where there is something, there is nothing.  
What is hope without water?

**Sam Evans Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **What is earth without water?**

Water,  
Imagine earth without water,  
No happy animals,  
No drinks,  
No jumping in a relaxing pool,  
No nothing.

What if you want to look at the lovely sunset, talking to the water while it shines and retaliates by waving a bit,  
Humans wouldn't have that,  
Humans wouldn't even be alive,  
Although it's not just humans and animals that need water, plants need water,  
Without water earth would be nothing.

Some people take water for granted,  
Some people are so spoilt,  
Some people are so fussy,  
And in that moment they don't think about a poor person who doesn't have fresh water,  
Those poor people sometimes feel like they have nothing.

**Sade Okuyemi-Daniel Y6**  
**Woodseats Primary School**

### **The way the waters wonder**

Feelings of diving into nothingness of the ocean whisper.  
Resting upon the glass glaze of never ending life.  
Glow that pull you in and hope that brings you out.  
Secrets and wonders of the world lay deep in its sands.

Rushing waves talk to animals of the deep and beyond.  
They splash, they laugh, they pass on life of the oceans creation.  
Deep down there's secrets that hold the world.  
And animals swim and swirl, they will topple and twirl.

The shells and fish that lives within.  
Treasure our ocean with colour and the hope of the sky above.  
Life of the oceans are witting and exiting.  
Ready to find out how the way the waters wonder.

**Casey Musgrave Y6**  
**Woodseats Primary School**

### **Dark and stormy**

I can still picture it clearly  
I was stuck  
Stuck in a swirling whirlpool of nightmares  
I remember the seaweed wrapping around my feet like it was  
holding me back so I could be hit  
I was screaming and shouting  
Screaming and shouting  
Hoping someone could hear me  
I started swimming helplessly  
But I knew it was no use  
As the rain started lashing down on my face  
And the thunder rumbled I realised I might not last  
I suddenly got a mouthful of salty sea-water  
I started choking  
And choking  
When I was then engulfed by huge wave but it felt like I was  
Being swallowed by a vicious monster  
I was tossed around more and more like a teddy bear being  
Handled by toddlers  
And then finally I felt dry sand  
And that was when I knew I was safe

**Lily Saxelby-Newall Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

Where there is light, there is dark.  
Where there is warmth, there is cold.  
When there is strength, there is weakness.  
Where there is calm, there is stress.  
Where there is killer, there is harmless.  
Where there is fear, there is love.  
Where there is life, there is death.  
Where there is something, there is nothing.  
What is hope without water?

**Evie Cocks Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**



## **The Great Flood**

We were sitting there,  
Afraid of what was coming,  
Something large, something deadly,  
And then it came.

It crashed and smashed against everything,  
Against cars,  
Against houses,  
Against buildings.

It wiped out most things,  
Most objects,  
Most nature,  
Most people.

Then it all went silent,  
The only sound was the crash of the water,  
Which was heard every time it went past someone,  
Or something,  
And there was only one thing left at the end,  
And that thing was me.

**Ruby Yate Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

The tides lift me up and out to sea,  
who knows how far they'll carry me  
through shoals of fishes, glittering gold  
through mountains of icebergs, shivering cold  
down to the shipwreck, through a hole in the deck,  
down past the kelp, brushing my neck,  
deeper into the dark and cold, the big black sea releases its hold  
back to the surface I breathe in the air,  
the salty waves slick back my hair  
the tide lifts me up and out of the sea,  
who knows how far they've carried me.

**Charlotte Finn Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

One miserable, cold day a little girl called Lissie was slowly plodding along in the yellow sand when beneath her feet she saw a sparcial. Lissi excitedly ran towards it. With her pink balet dress swishing bhind her. When Lissie tuck her first blow of the bubble her big big eyes widened and to her surprise the bubble lifted her to the cold sky. Lissie dunced under the crystal, clear ocen with the bubbles srownding her so she could breath. Lissie glided through the ocen swimming with the beautiful, colourful fish and between slimy seaweed.Lissie flew out of the deep,blue sea. Soon after she felt like she would melt with sucumstanses that she was in a hot firey volcano! The bubble terned in to protective glass. Drifting out of the volcano she saw a little boy. Lissie desided it was her tern to pass on the exsperyens Lissie happily went home. What a frilling experience it was!

**Mhairi Watkins Y2**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Water**

I am water I have the ability to flood streets, block peoples path and make people collect their belongings in a hurry. I am the most powerful of all 5 elements, as soon as you see me, you will tremble in fear and bolt in the opposite direction After you've soaked me up I will have washed your belongings away.

Although I am not afraid to kill anything that stands in my path. I can also be calm and tranquil. When you do are thirsty and dehydrated , I will be their to save you. When you are panicking and stressed I will be their to soothe you, I am essential to you . I am the most calm of all. I run through woods, parks and help the environment by helping plants to grow.

**Joshua White**  
**Bradway Primary School**

I am destruction. I am vigorous. I am Water. The most menacing of all weather. I will summon armies of floods, rain and tsunamis. You can run but you can't hide from me. My giant waves will make you flee in fear, I will brush away your house and your city. My droughts will crack the floor. Your crops will die in horror.

But I can be your friend. I will keep you hydrated. Without me there would be no you. I will keep you cool, on the sunny days. I can keep you clean. I am fun to play with. I will bring you food and water.  
I am water.

**Luke Barker Y5**  
**Bradway Primary School**

## **The Waters of Earth**

The mystic wet water,  
Swirling round in a drama.  
Makes many eyes widen,  
With its majestic dance.

It splishes and splashes,  
Around in the wells,  
The ponds the lakes and the seas.  
Some people don't dare to set foot in some water,  
And others like swimming with ease.  
For the irrational fear of the dark unknown,  
Comes from the depths of the seas.

Down at the bottom of the murky sea,  
Live creatures vast and microscopic,  
Too deep for the great whales.  
Some creatures are tricksters,  
Some scavengers,  
Some sly mean hunters,  
And plankton big enough to inhale.

Some creatures swim around in the shipwreck,  
The sharks secret den.  
He's hiding in the shadows...  
SNAP the fish are gone...

**Henry V. Burrows Y6**  
**Woodseats Primary School**

She is beautiful she's like the girl of my dreams. She is mesmerising all it needs is a little spark. I watch as she dances observing her sudden movements. The wind lifts her higher and higher but if I touch her she burns just one bowl of shape shifting water will take her from me.

**Mitchell Beighton Y11**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **The Battle of the Elements**

As the inferno blaze enters the atmospheric arena, the other elements surround,  
Water unleashes towards the vigorous flames, it can be seen all around.  
But now air penetrates the walls of the arena and increases the tenacity of the burning red flames,  
Unexpectedly, the water still bulldozed through the back-tracking blaze with no real aim.  
Now earth courageously bombarded towards the blaze despite catching fire,  
It begins to be put out as the water go's lower and the smoke go's higher.  
You felt water had won now and the end was upon us,  
But everybody admitted water and earth should share the honours.

**Luis Boaler Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Tears**

Because I could not call for tears,  
Because I could not cry,  
Because I could not grieve the dead,  
Sorrow says goodbye.

Because I could not call for tears,  
Because I'm full of woe,  
Because distress is all I see,  
I have to let it go.

**Noah Manning Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Water**

This free spirit substance flowing down the hill,  
Like a mermaid swimming with no care of life.  
The beautiful ripples, shimmering in the daylight.  
I will never forget how it flows,  
Down the mountain with its delicate but essential celebration of life  
The ripples, the waves giving life to all around me.  
It cleans our soul from everything we did.

But it is powerful, a sea of destruction.  
With its unpredictable attacks,  
It demolishes our planet without warning.  
This two sided object feeds us, Gives us supplies to survive.  
It will make breathing impossible, drowning us with its wave of violence.  
Water is calm and water is violent.  
Water gives and destroys, Splashing around, soaking us.

**Megan Hunter Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **The thunder**

The moonlight was shining through the trees, the clouds covering the sky above, the mix of orange, and blue and grey, creating a masterpiece like a painting;  
and the only sound, were the delicate droplets that hit the ground, slowly.  
But the sound of the rain and the delicate wind got louder;  
And oh so peaceful night, changed into a thunder.  
and most people tried to ignore it and sleep;  
Children were sad, people were mad, because the next day would be ruined and ugly;  
But there was a girl. A teenage girl, that thought so otherwise, she thought that thunder was beautiful and wild.  
She looked sad, but not because of the rain. She was calmed by the angry thunder. And she came outside, to thank the rain, for being there for her.

**Zofia Hlebowicz Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **The Tanker Came**

It started as a dot,  
But it came closer,  
Closer still.

The tanker came,  
It came past,  
Past our island.

At the 12 o'clock chime,  
Only in the morning did we see,  
In the morning we found out.

The sea was immense with crepuscular darkness,  
The wreckage of the tanker was dashed on the rocks,  
Fish bobbing on the oil filled sea.

**Dan Mills Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **Poseidon's Palace**

The glamorous structure stood tall. Heather-coloured seaweed danced softly from side to side surrounding it. Fish swam elegantly through the golden gate that towered over all. Lapis-blue crystals leapt from the floor, dolphins chattered happily, whilst entering the gorgeous structure. Bits of coral shone throughout the deep, dark, gloomy ocean. The sea was lit up by shimmering gold and glimmer seaweed. Fish swarmed around the towering building. Poseidon, God of the sea, watched over all who swam around his magnificent castle.

**Amelia Milner-Harris Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **Poseidon's Palace**

In the first days, the sapphire-blue sea teemed with bioluminescent plants, which housed sleeping underwater wildlife regenerating their health to be a mother to the new day dawning. Phosphorescent sea cucumbers clean Poseidon's red carpet of scarlet hippocampi pigments. The dark, damp entry cave shows the way to the sea god's majestic abode, whereas at night glowing natural signs lead the way.

At the entrance, there are pools either side of the path, that is interspersed with violet conch shells, because guard's are strung up and down the place ready to attack intruders, with visitors walking silently up and down. A gargantuan chandelier is hung on the slime of a sea snail with repulsive sea cucumbers hanging on for dear life. Even though visitors are allowed into the palace the dining room is a private haven for the god and only Poseidon intricately decorated with scallop shells and a lofty, captious kitchen on the boarder. As you leave you can smell the repugnant smell of seaweed intruding into this sanctuary of the God of the sea- Poseidon.

**Katy Hopkinson Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **A description of Poseidon's underwater palace**

Deep down in the never ending, stunning, sapphire sea, through the obsidian tunnel is surrounded by vibrant coloured fish with outstanding patterns. The tunnel felt like it was always midnight, so it is scary and noiseless. Out of the blue, the quiet tunnel leads the way to the most glorious of all sights. Slowly, schools of fish swim around in joy to search for food, over the slices of tangled, honey sunbeams, which are dazzling and dancing to their audience. Every colour of fish, corals and other sea-creatures is a myriad of rainbows. In the middle, an island of gold is protected by a massive, clear bubble.

Inside the gargantuan, hazel-wood palace, is a luxurious amount of modern and gold decorations. Shimmering under the sunlight, the strong poles like elephants' legs hold the expensive roof. On the smooth ground, seashell patterns lined up across the palace, leading to the personalised throne. On both sides of the pathway, are two huge pieces of transparent windows with a splendid scene of salty shades of blue. Over the sea, two large planks of glass followed the way on the left and right. Waves like diamond ripples sometimes banged on the window and were begging Poseidon to let them in.

**Kaley Yau Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **Water**

"Help me! Help me!" I screamed as I paddled at the water. It was a weak attempt to stay afloat and not drop into the dark abyss below. I was way too far out from the shore for anyone to hear me. The more I screamed, the more salty sea water washed into my mouth, forcing me to choke. My legs flailed wildly in the shimmering blue water. I was petrified. I hated not knowing what was below my feet, there could be anything.

I didn't know what to do. I looked around, my eyes darting across the clear blue water, in search for any sign of rescue. I looked up into the bright ball of orange fire in the sky, realising that no one was coming to save me. A huge wave swept over my face, stinging as it hit my eyes. Suddenly something brushed up against my foot and I felt my body tense up from shock. Opening my mouth, I attempted to scream, but all that came out was a scratchy wail. Tears that were almost as salty as the ocean began to form in the corners of my eyes. My arms felt numb and weak, I couldn't paddle for much longer. I tipped back my head, my long hair hitting the water, soaking it instantly as I lay on my back. My heart aching from fear and the realisation that I'd never see humanity again. The sun burned my flesh and I felt myself slowly start to become dehydrated. I closed my eyes so I no longer had to look at the sun but the now calm waves knocked me into a peaceful but terrifying sleep.

I had no idea that I wouldn't ever be able to open my eyes again.

**Emily Cousins Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Mermaid**

I was walking along the edge of the beach to see in the corner of my eye the water shimmering in the distance. I had never seen the water before let alone walked on the warm sand bare foot. I felt a warm feeling in my chest as if someone was telling me to get closer to the water. Without resisting the urge, I started slowly walking to the water, passing quite a few shells, when I was in touching distance of it. The water, up-close, looked absolutely stunning. I reached out to touch the water when I saw the cutest tortoise I'd ever seen. It was as green as the fresh grass back home. I reached out to touch the water when I was startled by a crab which caused me to lose my balance and fall into the water. I was laughing at myself when suddenly I felt different. I felt as if I was transforming but that feeling was so different that it was hard to explain it. I look down to see if my clothes were soaked only to find a tail in place of my legs. My heart was pounding and my mind was racing. Maybe I was hallucinating or it was a dream but it felt too real. I have always loved mermaids, the stories and the movies, but this was different and so confusing. I saw a family walking in the distance and without thinking I jumped in the water. I was relieved I wouldn't be seen but I realised I was breathing under water.

**Ashlee Kirkham Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**



I know a place where the world is still  
Where time and space have no hold  
I know a place where souls become one  
And there are stories left untold...

The waves whisper to me, calling me to the soft sand.  
The water flows over my feet, surrounds where I stand.  
The air smells sweet, salty as the sea

I know a place so wonderful and deadly  
It pulls me in too deep  
Oh my deep blue ocean world  
I'll return to you after the surface pulls you from me.

**Niamh Hyatt, Y9**  
**Meadowhead School**

## **Grateful**

A handful of life  
Trickling into grateful mouths.  
Children swarm  
Like moths to a flickering flame  
Around the rusting pipe.

The tiny flash of a spark settling, evolving,  
Warming grateful hands.  
Others rush  
Like leaves in an autumn wind  
To grasp the fragile heat.

A gulp of air  
Swelling grateful lungs.  
Heads emerge  
Like spring shoots from fertile sod  
To taste the sweet, fresh ether.

The feel of soft, solid earth  
Beneath grateful feet.  
Families travel  
Like schools of silver fish  
To kiss the earth of their homeland.

**Isobel Brewer Y8**  
**Meadowhead School**

Flying round the world like a dove on the wing,

Trees whispering to the howling storms,

Penetrating, piercing, freezing the water

And enclosing the fish underneath.

I see air.

I see wind.

I see storms.

Tumbling down the clifftops like an angry, imprisoned criminal, finally set free,

Rotating down the mountain, eager to cause destruction,

Sighting it's targets,

And ending their lives, forever and beyond.

I see earth.

I see rock.

I see obliteration.

Igniting the trees like a boiling, burning bandit,

Stealing their bark, leaves and branches,

Feeling infuriated

And seeing red.

I see fire.

I see sparks.

I see burning.

Crashing around the space it occupies, like warriors battling peasants

Wrecking those who dare to investigate,

With power strong enough to kill,

And leaves no evidence for how.

I see water.

I see waves.

I see danger.

Together they are powerful,

More powerful than a giant,

Than a troll,

Than a wizard,

All because of being here,

Always here.

I see the elements

**Lydia Hole Y4**

**Abbey Lane Primary School**

### **The elements as humans**

My eyes are oceans,  
My hair is blue,  
My clothes are turquoise,  
And royal blue too.

My eyes are amber,  
My hair is red,  
My temper is short,  
From what my friends said.

My eyes are grey,  
My hair is white,  
I can be caring,  
And I'm always right.

My eyes are olive,  
My hair is green,  
I'm the most eco-friendly person,  
That you've ever seen.

**Madeleine Rolling Y6**

**Abbey Lane**

### **Men of the four elements.**

There once was a man called fire,  
He always complained he would  
try,  
Not to burn objects,  
Like his school projects,  
That he would always set alight.

There was once a man called  
water,  
The fish live in him for sure,  
He is where you surf,  
And is what you drink,  
And collects at the bottom of  
your sink.

There was once a man called air,  
Who always grew clouds for hair,  
The birds and the owls,  
Flew through him for hours,  
And they soared through the sky  
with care.

There was once a man called  
earth,  
He is now the final forth,  
His mum is called Nature,  
He owns all sorts of creatures,  
And is also where we live.

**George Muscroft Y7**  
**Meadowhead School**

**What am I?**

I am restless,  
I am a creator of sheer terror,  
I am a death giant,  
I produce waves as high as skyscrapers,  
I am a ship swallower,  
I have unimaginable power,  
What am I?

I am a dancer,  
I twirl through buildings and forests,  
I bring houses to the ground,  
I leap out of volcanoes,  
I move as fast as lightning,  
I am unstoppable,  
What am I?

I am terrifying,  
I play frisbee with roof tiles,  
I am like a vacuum cleaner,  
I am deafening,  
I am a deadly destroyer,  
What am I?

I am the mother of life,  
I move without moving,  
I am the world's tallest mountain,  
I am the world's deepest ditch,  
I am everywhere,  
What am I?

**Eva Shaw Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

I was pacing down the little path beside the glistening stream, I didn't know where I was going but I didn't really care, I was so mesmerized by the beauty of the stream. The golden sun was shining and was making the water reflective so I could see myself. The tropical fish were dancing with the waves in sync. I wanted to take a closer look so I walked through the silky grass and before I knew it, I was being taken away by the graceful current. I was one with the water, it was like I was in a trance, all my fears and problems were washed away. I've never felt so peaceful. I knew then and there that this is all I want, to feel like this always. I closed my eyes. I opened them and found myself on the soft, long grass, I could see the fluffy glowing clouds in the shimmering sky above me. I felt a surge of power run through me, something I've never felt before. I lifted my pale hands into the air and to my amazement the water followed my hands. I was one with the water, I felt the soothing water run through me, I knew this was my destiny and I couldn't be happier.

**Elizabeth Kirkham Y10**  
**Meadowhead School**

### **What am I?**

I am an ocean of awe,  
A sea of exquisite creatures, which human brain can't begin to comprehend,  
I am the glory of dancing in the rain,  
I am a delightful miracle,  
Keeping millions alive,  
But blink-  
And I am roaring my victory as I ravage through this street, and the next,  
I am the merciless tyrant,  
Ripping homes to shreds,  
Snuffing out life, as I fill their lungs with the promise of death,  
I am the burden that remains on the parched lips of many,  
Lying still, in their barren, unmade graves,  
What am I?  
A blessing or a curse?

**Millie Edey Y11**  
**Meadowhead School**

