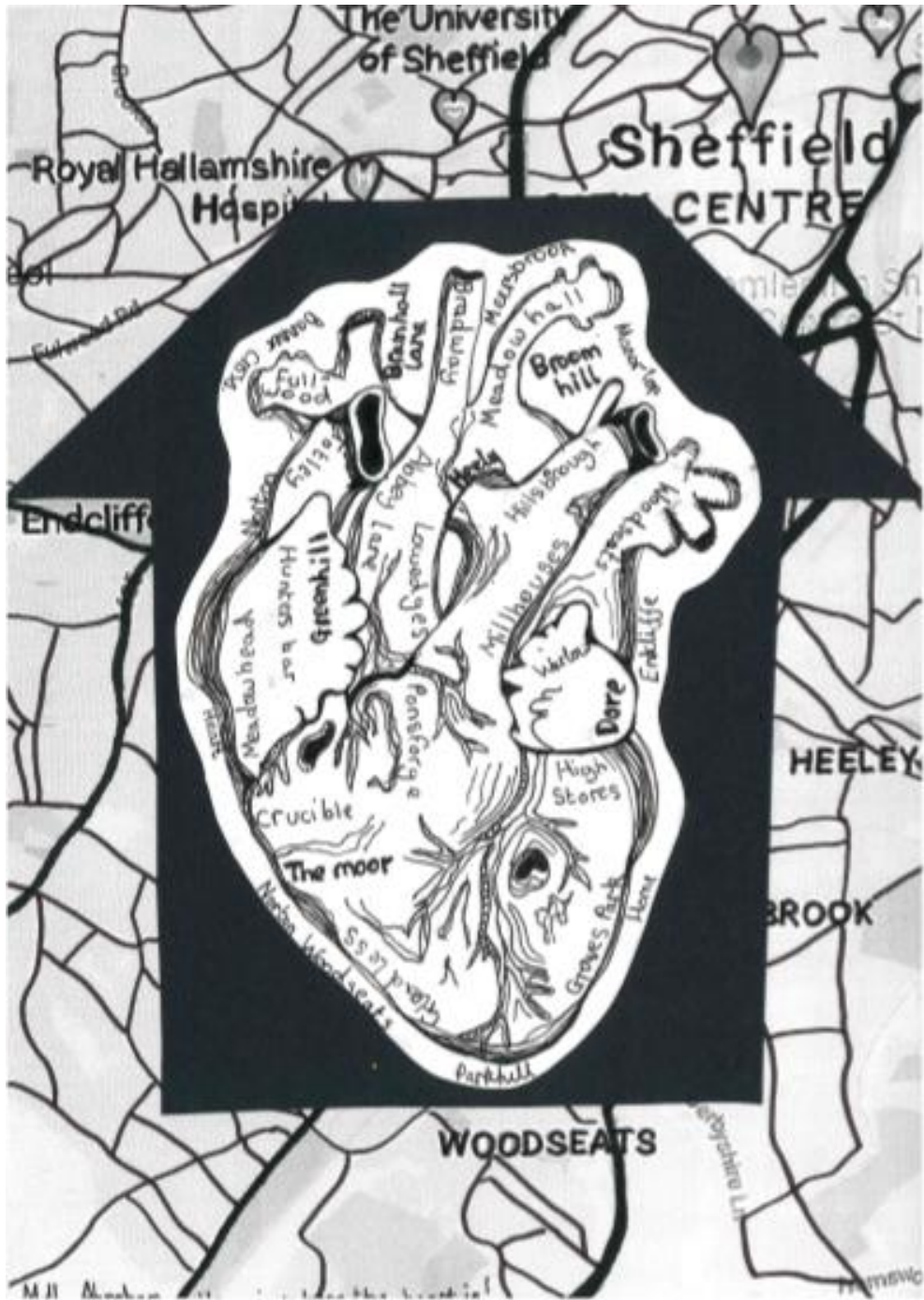


# Houses and Homes



Meadowhead **Community** Learning Trust



Molly Abraham Y7

## Everyone a Writer 2019

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 800 entries to the ones you see published here.

For the seventh year of the project, we were inspired by the British tradition of writing about houses, from Austen to McEwan, from Brontë to Du Maurier. We were also inspired by contemporary stories about migrants who have made their homes in a new country.

In the lessons that prepared students to write many were inspired by the work of Carol Rumens, John Imlah and Philip Larkin.

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

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

We would like to thank everyone who entered and those who continue to support this project. Particular thanks go to Ms Huff and Ms Coley for their invaluable support in setting up the anthology and helping with the launch event on Thursday 9th May. Also thanks to members of staff at Meadowhead School and members of the Trust Board who supported in shortlisting the entries and choosing the winning writers.

We hope you enjoy the anthology.

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

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# Life at Home



Charlotte Senior Y7

A house is a house whether big or small  
A flat or mansion it doesn't matter at all  
A house is a building but doesn't make a home  
A home is full of love so you never feel alone

A home is where memories are formed and stored  
A memory is worth more than money could afford  
If you have a home you should feel very blessed  
A warm loving home is simply the best.

**Euan Storey Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

### **What makes a home a home**

As you open the door, the refreshing smell of washed linen invades your nostrils. The cosy hallway is short and narrow, the kitchen spaced out and modern. The fuzzy soft carpet engulfs your feet, like you're walking on clouds. The most humorous place in the house is the living room, all the walls are traced with pictures of our family, it reminds me that our bond is inseparable and we will be together forever. Our sofa is my favourite place in our comfortable abode, where you can sink in after a stressful day. That's where you can find my mum, a kind-hearted women with a great sense of humour. Always making jokes even on bad days. As you open the conservatory door the fresh spiteful air slaps you across the face, the wind blows in your hair as you step into the garden. In the very left of the grassy bank there is a deep-rooted wooden shed filled with activities and memories, for instance: The body boards in the summer as a family we would go to Cornwall and play in the sea. The bikes, as we would ride round Rother-valley together. To the right we have a pond full of fish, I remember building it with my step-dad and granddad, and I recall me thinking I was very strong and tried to lift the wheelbarrow of slabs. Up the stairs and to the left is my bedroom, a humble messy sanctuary, a place to rest my head and recharge my batteries after a long day of school.

**Aaron Kidd Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

**I Yearn to Have a House**

I yearn to have a house,  
A house to call my own,  
No shouting mothers,  
Obnoxious brothers,  
Just happily alone.

I yearn to have a house,  
Detached with spiral stairs,  
The kind with flowers,  
A roof that towers,  
No worries and no cares.

I yearn to have a house,  
Engulfed in warmth and light,  
A nice hot meal,  
Would be ideal,  
To savour every night.

I yearn to have a house,  
One built on grassy hills,  
With Marble floors,  
And golden walls,  
A house will little bills.

I yearn to have a house,  
The outside doesn't matter,

A wooden shack,  
Or money stack,  
But preferably the latter.  
I yearn to have a house,  
No daily family riot,  
A couple of guests,  
But at my request,  
Just peace and calm and quiet.

I yearn to have a house,  
A castle to myself,  
I'll wander the halls  
With emerald walls,  
And bathe in all my wealth.

I yearn to have a house,  
Cliché as it may seem,  
Yet I'm stuck here,  
As it would appear,  
But how a girl can dream...

**Gina Saxby Y9**  
**Meadowhead**

**Home**

What is home?

Home isn't a place, it isn't an image and it isn't where the heart is; despite what inspirational painting your mam gets from B&M and hangs up in your bathroom. Your house is not your home, a house is where a boy gets beaten for his sexuality, a house is where a mother doesn't come home every night, a house is where a baby's parents fight. This does not make a home.

Home is a place where you don't have to be afraid, where foundations of love never fade. Home is where people love you for who you are, no matter how close, no matter how far, you know you'll be loved forever this way, even beyond our dying days.

It's where you belong, where you feel happy.

Home is a feeling of comfortable vulnerability and love.

**Ebony Lee Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

## **Home is Anywhere**

Kirin was packing up his last box of stuff. He was about to enter the spacecraft that would take him to mars, along with about two thousand other people, they were some of the last inhabitants of earth. After pollution and global warming practically ruining earth, the international government had decided to move the people of earth to mars, to restart humanity on a fresh planet. Kirin hauled the box off to the mini-bus, waiting to take him to the spacecraft station. The new cities had been constructed under enormous glass domes, and stuffed with greenery, they had oxygen systems and trees and parks, some builders and engineers had also managed to stabilise the gravity to be more comfortable to humans. Buildings were still being built, and parks still being filled in with trees and grass, but eventually everything would be finished, and life would continue on as normal. Kirin had found a quiet street called Mitchell Road, and decided to live in number 37, it was a house made of mars brick (bricks made from mars rock, they were red and beautiful) and it had a small balcony with vines and creepers hanging off it. Despite the beauty of the house, he unpacked his possessions and immediately went to explore the new city. The city had taken on the name Sheaf city, after the river going down the middle, the water had not been taken from earth, but had been melted from the ice on part of Mars, meaning it was a completely Marshain river. Kirin found a nice park, and was feeding some ducks when he heard an unfamiliar voice say:

"Hello there," Kirin was slightly unnerved by the friendly stranger, but replied, "Hi,"

"The names Amysis, Amysis Tabit."

"Kirin," said Kirin.

"Isn't this a beautiful city?" said Amysis, "I got a really nice place on Mitchell Road, number 39." Kirin was slightly scared by this turn of fate, but slightly pleased, the man was certainly friendly enough, and was probably quite good at doing favours. So he said, "That's incredible! I live in 37 Mitchell Road!"

"Oh that's cool!" replied Amysis, "Hey, shall we get some coffee, I hear there's a really nice new place just outside the park."

The coffee shop was one of the first fully constructed shops in Sheaf city, it was painted red and white, with lots of tables and chairs, and a small till with a glass case on top, boasting cakes and doughnuts.

"It's a sweet place," said Kirin, trying to take in the colourful and cluttered surroundings.

"It's not bad is it?"

"I love it!" They bought some coffee, and some doughnuts, they were covered in chocolate and hundreds and thousands, "Where shall we go?" asked Kirin, "I could show you around my place?"

"Sure," so they began the journey back to their new home, the sun slightly smaller than on earth, but still beautiful when setting.

Just goes to show, home can be anywhere.

**Amos Tatton Y7  
Meadowhead**

**60 Earlston Road**

The checkerboard pattern of the kitchen floor  
The slick quick glide of the parquet in the hall  
The big blue bathroom where we tried Grandpa's teeth  
The smell of the piano, its soft wood gleam  
The red light in the hall, beacon in the dark  
The drive, long and narrow, where I rode my trike  
The deckchairs in the garden, shelling poddy peas  
The doily on the sugar bowl for visitors' teas  
The stairs to the attic, palace of delight  
The patterns, the textures, the weight of the light

Your house leaves its echo though the sound has passed

**Naomi Key**

**Teacher**

**Meadowhead**

I love my house because I have a bunkbed and I can jump on and off. I like my house because I like my tedees.

**Lucy Y1**

**Abbey Lane**

**Letting go**

The silvery grey fur was matted and worn. The figure was a shadow of its former self but loved more and more as the days went on. The blush pink t-shirt was engulfed with dirt so thick, it could be described as a disease. A single touch and you would have caught it. Every thread was split, every word was ripped. If any other creature, object or person saw it, without a second look it would be kicked away for someone else to find it and throw it away. But no, for someone it was special, it belonged to them and as long as it was with them it would stay there forever. The man who it belonged to didn't care about the rips and tears. He didn't care about the marks and smudges. This was because it was a gift, a gift from the most precious thing known to man. It was a gift from his daughter. And he kept it on the keys to his house, hang on no, not his house, it was his home. And he knew that as long as he kept them with him he would never have to let go. Even when she was married, even when she had left home and made a new family, he knew that no matter where she was she would always be home. His humble abode would be eternally full of love and happiness. His home was finally complete.

**Katie Wright Y8**

**Meadowhead**

Home is the smell of breakfast waking you up,  
You complain about it but you still enjoy the taste,  
It's the groggy mornings and you're told off for staying up late,  
It's when you eat and you're told to not let any go to waste,

Home is the time to leave for school,  
The 6 hour journey there and back,  
When they kiss you goodbye and give you your bags,  
And they end up telling you not to slack,

Home is cold breeze of icy winter,  
It's where you cuddle up in your warm coat wishing for warmer days,  
It's the long city streets paved with grit imagine that the town was quainter,  
It's when you leave school knowing tomorrow would be another crave,

Home is the times of opening Christmas presents,  
It's the place of excitement and hope of the holiday,  
It's the laughs of cousins, aunties who are pleasant,

It's when your grandparents compliment you and you reply 'what can I say?'

Home is the lukewarm breeze of spring,  
It's warm but still cold with new days of life,  
The birds chirp and flowers bloom,  
The rarest among Mr Smith and his wife.  
Home is the time of love,  
The smell of pheromones, the mutual feelings, and the embarrassing words of confession,  
Even if there's rejection,  
It will always be a lesson.

Home is the time of summer,  
The barbeques with families and the others,  
The smell of burnt sausages and burgers,  
Even as your cousins laughed around the girders.

Home is the sound of falling leaves,  
The fast-running children and playful screams,  
It's the mark of almost the years passed  
Even if this one is the last.

**Adinah Palmer Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

My house is a detached house. In my house there are 4 rooms. My favourite room is my bedroom and my room is very quiet. I love playing with my brother. My favourite toy is my house which is brown and cream. At home I have a phone and Xbox but my favourite is my tablet

Homes in the past

My mum was born in 1982. In my mum's bedroom she has a bunk bed and she shared it with her sister. She lived with nana granpops anty Becalla and two brothers.

My mum had some lovely toys but her favourite one was a big yellow teapot that is a house. For family time my mum and their family played games .

**Amy Scott Y2**  
**Woodseats**



## **Where is home?**

Most people see home as where you are living, the house your living in, I don't, I think is the place you feel most welcome. Now, I'm most at home where I was born, Portsmouth, I only lived there for around a year, but whenever I am there I feel happier and there is no specific reason why I hold Portsmouth so close to my heart, it's just the place I feel most welcome. I know it's no New York or Rio de Janeiro, but for me it's more important than that, it means more to me than most things and I will probably never know why. Although I have left I feel one day I will go back and live there, maybe for university (if I get in of course), but that day I will have to wait for.

I always like to learn things about Portsmouth and what its history is, I found out around two years ago that it was a major harbour in WW2, I guess you could say I was impressed, it was one of the first time when I just wanted to brag about something, and it felt so good to say that I was born in the place I was, no one knew before, but now quite a lot of people know. I slowly got less and less bothered, until I saw on the news the new Queen Elizabeth aircraft carrier was docked and going to set off at the Portsmouth Naval Base, it was great, and a few nights later I went to my air cadet squadron and just bragged and bragged. I finally found why I love Portsmouth so much, it's because I'm proud.

The End.

**Josh Miles Y9**  
**Meadowhead**

## **Untouched**

Cobble bricks balanced carefully,  
Forming an unstable wall.  
Ready to fall,  
Break free.  
Small plants wrestling their way out of the ground,  
Not weeds, just little escape artists.  
My steps crunch through the gravel,  
I go further, my reflection staring at me in the window.

I see shoes, never to be touched again,  
The laces loose, patiently waiting to be clean, neat and tidy.  
Crumpled magazines, the colour leaking into the silent darkness,

I venture further, my feet moving slowly through flimsy strings of green grass,  
Soon to be overgrown the garden sways in the wind.  
Still this house lay un-touched.

**Isabelle Walker Y6**  
**Woodseats**

### **A visit to Grandma's**

Hollins End. The faded lettering etched over the lintel, barely visible in the early morning gloom. Clammy clouds of bated breath hovered and vanished. Hampered by the envelope clutched tight against her right palm, now half-crumpled, wrestling the key through the lock.

"Come on, get a grip," muttered through pursed lips.

The door yielded. Relief.

Through the hallway to the kitchen. Familiar smells lingered all around and memories stirred, like softly falling snowflakes. At the flick of a switch, lights on. Heating on. Kettle on.

Another glance at the envelope addressed to her. The solicitor had insisted. His client's instructions: 'To be opened and read in my favourite place'.

Cup in hand, she obeyed and settled into her grandmother's kitchen chair, carefully retrieving the single sheet from the envelope. In shaky handwriting at the top right corner of the sheet was an apparent afterthought. An unknown mobile number.

Sigh followed pause. Her stomach stirred.

*Chloe, love,*

Grandma's voice echoed in her ear.

*Time's running out and I'll be gone when you read this.*

Like spilt mercury, teardroplets seeped from beneath eyelids.

*The house and everything in it is yours to do with as you wish.*

A thousand thoughts. Tempting possibilities disturbed the tears.

*But before you decide, I have a confession to make. It's been on my conscience for a long time. Too long.*

The thousand thoughts died a thousand deaths. Curiosity conquered tears.

*A long time ago, your Dad did something wrong that caused me much embarrassment. To my shame, I made your Mum believe he had been violent, so she told you. I'm sure you remember. The truth is, he never did or would hurt anyone. You must believe this.*

A lie? How? Why? The rhythmic thumping of head and heart crescendoed.

*For reasons that may never make sense to you, my pride was more important than his reputation - and it cost him your love.*

The revelation that the barrier between them stemmed from a faulty perception of reality sent shockwaves.

*When I wrote my will, I left you my house to be your home, a way of making him pay for his wrong. How wrong I was.*

The handwriting veered unevenly. A heavy conscience? Who could say?

*But bitter regrets restore little so it would mean the world to me if you'll show him this letter. Let him know how much I love him and long for his forgiveness.*

Torrents flowed, followed by sobs, then stillness.

The past pressed persistently against the present. Deep within her heart, an aching and a longing stirred. Could the furnace of yesterdays still forge a different future? What would her mother say?

*The number at the top is the most recent I have for him.*

*All my love,*

*Grandma*

Shafts of sunlight dappled the floor.

Heart beating wildly, she retrieved her phone, fingers frantically moving. A ringing tone. An answer.

A soft intake of breath.

"Hello, Dad."

**Anonymous**

My home smells like peperoonie pizza.  
My home feels like a palace.  
My home looks like a peacock shrieking.  
My home sounds quiet and peesful.  
My home tastes like a sweet apple.

**Jordhan Y1**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **I don't feel safe at home**

Home, I don't feel safe at home,  
All I hear is shouting and fighting,  
All I want is it to all stop,

Late at night,  
I wait for shooting stars to come by,  
I wish for my parents to stop,  
Every time it gets worse and worse,  
I hear more shouting and more fighting,  
My heart shatters to a thousand pieces,

I sit in my room and cry, cry, cry,  
Hoping everything will be okay again,

Deep in my heart,  
I feel like my house is a painting gone  
wrong,  
Home is no longer a happy place for me,  
No longer a place to escape the world,  
More like a place where hatred is formed,

Sometimes I wish to escape,  
It feels like I'm in a bubble that won't pop,  
I don't feel safe at home.

**Anonymous**

### **My Ugly House**

The house was lit from tower to cellar. In  
my living room, it was small, dusty, rusty  
and had an old broken table leg and a  
steaming hot fire.

Outside it was very mucky and when the  
rain fell, the mud got sludgy.

In the kitchen, there was moss on the  
counter. Its old fashioned room and it was  
bigger than a classroom. In there it even  
had my times table sheet so I did my  
times tables every day.

My favourite room was my bedroom  
because it made me feel safe and at  
home. It was the best room and it smelt  
like flowers and blooms.

In the hallway, it was cramped. Even the  
floor cracked when people walked on it.  
The shoes were polished because my  
mom polished them every day. The wall  
colours were brown from the mud.

**Lacie Peet Y4**  
**Bradway**

## **The Haunting**

It looked like a normal house at first. A nice house, on a nice road of a nice town. But then the people on the road of the house saw the other side of the Victoria terrace after all they were the ones who saw blue faces gaping, as they looked out of the window or the handprints with their languid bony fingers. Or the fact that when no one was home smoke seeped out of the chimney stretching up like a hand into the sky.

Previous owners, who had bought the house had been innocently found dead on the floor lying in a pool of their blood, white as a sheet. The house's victims were always killed on the 13<sup>th</sup> night after their arrival, and each time they were lying in their blood, mouths open, just dead. Each time, the house went up for sale again, the house was bought, the people moved in, then they were dead and this loop seemed to go on and on and on... The house looked pleasant in the day time, the red-bricked walls hot in the sun, the door had stained glass windows in its doors and the sun-faded curtains were shut so you couldn't look in... Then the stars were swapped for the cornflower blue sky and the pearl-like moon hung amidst the grey wispy smoke-like clouds, and the house was alive...

Then the new neighbours moved in, the other residents smiled at them weakly scared to tell them their fate. With the key clasped in his hand the man put the key in the rusted silver lock and opened the door. They stepped in and looked around the dusty dim hall and ran their hands along the once polished bannister rail and they smiled at each other. The couple was a man called Alfie and a woman Louise the house seemed perfect to them but then for every buyer it did until the 13<sup>th</sup> night that is. Alfie and Louise were so happy with the new house they didn't notice the cupboard of weapons, you see ghosts and ghouls are evil but they cannot kill anyone with no weapons and well this cupboard was not really a cupboard but more of a home for the hunters who were invisibly chained into the houses land. It was a cupboard of rusted chainsaws and knives stained with blood and other weapons, torture weapons an electric chair a hanging station and things I would not like to write about. Anyway by the second night the house had begun to come together, the removal van had dropped off the last pieces of furniture and the pantry was full of food, in fact it was going so well that Alfie and Louise threw a party. The party was massive and it was also on the 13<sup>th</sup> night. For 50 times the house had murdered but now you could say it was the residents turn. All of their friends came to the party. The ghouls watched as Alfie lit the candles on the mantelpiece above the fire. Then a drunk friend tumbled into him and the flaming match slipped and set fire to the house. They all ran out, as the house flamed up but the ghouls in the ghastly cupboard burned with their knives, their souls still chained to the houses ash.

**Alice Gibbs Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

The room dripped with unease.

Slithering across the floor and slipping up the walls.

Lurking on the rooftop and across the beams, up the chimney.

Belligerent memories fill the damp, dusty air.

Flies across the rafters, dances like a conflagration.

A fortress of anxiety.

Yet callous soils of yesterday, may yet bloom

The flowers of the future, intoxicating in fragrance

And the formidable castle, could still be  
As the gentle rectory, a place beyond an amalgam

Of menace and despair.

The floor cracks and shudders, the roof weathers and wears

A gentle glow fills the room, the walls begin to breathe.

The thatcher's work, the carpenter's art  
Is imbued with a lovely, wonderful little life.

Aloofness is friendless in its absence  
And a life is lived.

Grief comes and passes, longing wavers and goes.

The paint flickers, the door is resigned

The walls close, the rafters wilt

A house is dead, and all is quiet.

Waiting for the next soul to call it home.

**Magnus Hole Y10**

**Meadowhead**

### **Skyscraper**

I carefully attached one thousand helium balloons to my house when I heard a rumble. It was my huge, heavy house lifting off the ground. We were on top of a skyscraper and was fire underneath  
Suddenly I fell! I quickly grabbed onto the birds and flew back up.

Before I know it I was home.

**Liam Y1**

**Greenhill**

A house may look simple from the outside and inside but it will share memories; some bad, some good but that's a house.  
A home is where you feel accepted, where you feel safe, where you can be yourself.  
Your home doesn't have to be your house, in fact it could be a roundabout. In your home nobody cares if you're posh or you're poor, they want to make you feel happy. If you're ever sad they'll give you a shoulder to rest on, a blanket to lay on.  
But your home could be anything, good or bad. It might be where fights get started or deaths are discovered. Maybe you can't choose your house but you can always choose your home .

**Callum Thompson Y8**

**Meadowhead**

## Choices, choices

Tally walked along the desolate street. She'd never been there before, but she felt strangely connected to the place. It was a simple tarmac road, surrounded by tall bushes, which obscured her view of anything beyond. Eventually, the bushes petered out, and there, standing in front of her, was the biggest house Tally had ever seen! The doorframe was embossed with gilt lettering, spelling out, "Ledgewood Manor". The sun seemed as if it were inside, shining through the windows. The garden contained fruit trees and bushes galore. Tally fought the urge not to clamber over the picket fence and stuff her face with tangy gooseberries and sweet raspberries and oranges bursting with flavour. And- because Tally had excellent self-control- she would have moved on by that point- if it weren't for the gorgeous picnic! There were rainbow-coloured fairy cakes and huge jelly mountains and chocolate digestive biscuits and succulent cucumber sandwiches. Madeira cake with lemon icing and strawberry and custard trifle and thirst-quenching blackcurrant squash and gooey fudge brownies and a chocolate log, laid out neatly with knives and forks to complete it. She blinked a few times and then pushed on. Her self-control may have been good, but it wouldn't hold out much longer. As she walked on, she glanced behind her. The door seemed to change colour as she left, to what looked almost like a *blood* red. Next, she came upon an *interesting* home. The left half of the house was shorter than the right, and the ceiling curved round into the wall. On the right hand side, it was about a storey higher. All in all, it gave off the impression of a shoe. This one didn't quite appeal as much as the last. Tally thought it looked like a child's drawing and would be boring after a while. When she pressed on, she noticed the roof shrinking inwards, making it awfully claustrophobic. Tally assumed it must be a trick of the light and moved on. She came to plenty more houses, all very nice, but not quite to Tally's taste. Only after she turned down a Hobbit House, a mansion and a fun-looking treehouse, did she realise that she was looking for something in particular. As soon as she realised, the next house was finally one she wanted. A small brick terraced semi-detached home, the tiny chimney puffing out clumps of smoke. Through the window Tally could see her Father reclining in his chair, and imagined his soft snoring. Her younger brother (Donald) was animatedly sitting up on the sofa, watching cartoons and her Mother sitting upright knitting needles click-clacking together in a soothingly familiar pattern. Tally suddenly realised how tired she was. She quietly opened the front door, crept into the living room and curled up on her Father's lap, and timed her own breathing with his. She woke up in her own bed and sighed with contentment. She didn't know if it had been a dream, and frankly, she didn't care.

**Lily Smith Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

### **My house is my home**

My house is my home and my home is my house,  
Without them id be as shy as a mouse,  
I live there with my mum and dad,  
They make my home a home and that makes me glad,  
My home is a place for happiness and love,  
When I'm there, I'm as carefree as a dove,  
In my house I laugh and I cry,  
I talk and I smile and I sleep and I sigh,  
In my room, my bed does rest,  
And that's where I lie when I need to get something off my chest,  
I'm lucky to have a house, I know,  
But those who don't can still show,  
Their home: be it a car or a chair,  
It's their home as long as they care,  
Homes can be sold,  
I've been told,  
But that's not true,  
For only you  
Can decide what is your house or your home,  
Not your mum or your dad or your garden gnome,  
My family has owned my house for generations,  
And it has survived many celebrations,  
To me, my home is the best thing in the world,  
It beats a cat, a dog or a dress that twirled,  
No one can take my home away,  
It will stay in my heart til my dying day,  
In my home lives my family and fish,  
We won't move house, I wish,  
Nothing can replace my house, home or comfort zone,  
Non one can steal it, even if they're fully grown,  
I love my home with the whole of my heart,  
Nothing can tear me and it apart,  
If I were to lose my home I don't know what I'd do,

I'd try and keep it by wearing my lucky shoe,  
My home is love, my home is peace,  
I don't care if the wallpaper has a crease,  
Losing my home could make me shed real tears,  
Especially if everyone cheers,  
My home is where I belong,  
When I'm there, I do no wrong,  
Sometimes I trip, sometimes I fall,  
Once I actually lost my ball,  
But I don't care about all that stuff,  
For at home, I'm, quite tough,  
At home I might get hill,  
And sometimes I sit on the window sill,  
My house has two floors  
And like one hundred doors!  
My home is where I am full of joy,  
Unlike other children I don't have a special toy,  
In my house there are clothes I make,  
And inside there's a hose, a pipe and a garden rake,  
Often, I'm sure,  
That my home is secure,  
My house is made of cement and bricks,  
inside there's a clock that tocks and ticks,  
To me, a home is a whole community,  
Although we all do have the right for immunity.  
A home doesn't need to be a physical thing,  
Just a place that makes you so happy that you sing,  
Everyone has a home,  
Making sure that no one's alone, my home's not perfect, but then what else is?

**Alicia Smith Y5  
Greenhill**

**Forgotten**

A sketch of what was once filled with love,  
By breath of life, by wing of dove,  
A beacon of brilliance, the pillar stands,  
A gateway to a once magical land.

The peeled back paper on the wall,  
Seems to go back to the way it was before,  
A place where wonder once roamed,  
A special little place called home.

Fragments of quill,  
There at your will,  
They were once happily dipped in ink,  
There to write what you think.

The books are worn,  
All tired and torn,  
In this room where masterpieces were  
created,  
Where people used to feel so elated.

Blankets are all ragged and ripped,  
Old picture frames are cracked and chipped,  
Teddies and toys are all dirty,  
Water in bottles are all murky.

Stationery is scattered on the floor,  
A broken rucksack is desperately clinging onto  
the door,  
This place where precious possessions were  
kept,  
And young children slept.

To the side this house was tossed,  
All the love once here is now lost,  
This majestic house is swallowed up in the  
scenery,  
Forgotten by all, all but me

**Amelia Beckett Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

Dear diary,  
I had the worst day ever because the witch said we are going for a big picnic at the woods. But she  
trapped me in the tower in the forest. Is this the worst day of my life? I am stuck in this tower  
forever of my whole life.  
Rapunzel

**Mathumitha Mathan Y1**  
**Greenhill**

Home is where the heart is,  
Home is where you feel loved and safe,  
home is where love falls apart and builds again,  
home is where memories are created,  
home is where Family and Friends belong,  
home is where emotions are able to flood freely.

Home isn't a place, it's a feeling,  
Home is a place you grow up wanting to leave, home is a place when old you want to go back to.  
Home is a place where you can say and do things you wouldn't in the outside world.  
Home is a place that not everyone has, so cherish every moment.

**Finn Barton Y8**  
**Meadowhead**



**Was Once**

The dampened colour,  
Peeling off the wall.  
Was once bright,  
Shining in the night.

The grand instrument,  
Creaking in the corner.  
Was once my huge pride,  
Which now has died.

A dust coating,  
On rusting metal.  
Was once a grand fireplace,  
Smoke billowing higher in haste.

A protruding spring,  
And fraying silk.  
Was once a mattress so soft,  
Now aging in the loft.

The brown cotton,  
Greying and moth eaten.  
Was once our large chair,  
Covered in cat hair.

The delicate hand,  
Long since stopped.  
Was once always ticking,  
As if the old clock was picking,

The splintering wood,  
Smashed glass.  
Was once a note framed,  
So beautiful,  
Never to be shamed.

It read,  
Home is where the heart is.

**Harriet Aspey Y9**  
**Meadowhead**

**House and Homes**

A house is a home.  
A house is where you live.  
A home is full of comfort and people you love.

Houses come in different shapes and sizes.  
Just as we do.  
If they were all the same it would be boring.

Our house is full of fun and laughter.  
I hope it never ends.

**Maya Shirt Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

## **Crackling fire**

Home. I cannot forget it no matter how much I try to because I love it so much. The flower filled meadows surrounding my family and my cottage in the peak district. I still remember the wood fire crackling as we sat and watched it and talked and told stories of my childhood. At home I could sleep for hours. Now an hour would be so very rare because of the constant noise from outside of my tent.

I could see myself farming the crops and watching the smoke rise from my chimney and the dog running and playing until it needed to heard sheep .We would eat our home grown food while we sat by the crackling fire and we would play the board games we had till we all fell asleep .Now I was alone flipping a cup I found on the floor. I am desperate for it all to end so I can go home. I wish it all be gone and I regret leaving home every day the cows the sheep and my other animals, pets and family. I wish I was allowed d to leave and never return to this dreadful place. My home was one of the finest you will ever see. The walls are smooth and I built it all. It took many years but the finest piece is where the crackling fire sit. My fire here was put out because they do not want the enemy to see it. The commander punished me for making one here. they say if I am not careful I will get shot.

So I lie in my tent thinking of my home. The stone walls and the windows overlooking my meadows and animals and after a while I would walk to my room and light my crackling fire. I could dream and dream for ever. I wake and go down stairs and could feel the sheep skin rug rub softly against my feet as I go to cook breakfast. I could sit in the living room or could go to bed. Either way I would sit near the crackling fire with my family.

Now I eat to the rattle of the big guns and the food was terrible scraps every day and they expect us to live on it. At this moment I miss home more than ever. Everything about makes me miss it every second I think of it: the farm my family the house and the crackling fire.

**Stanley Sunderland Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

Diary,  
It is boring because there are no toys. On my birthday the witch got me a horrible present. In the night it is dark and absolutely freezing. I am feeling lonely because I have no friends. It is really boring in the tower.  
Not so happy,  
Rapunzel

**Emmie Mclver Y1**  
**Greenhill**

**Granny**

Granny is really boring and dull,  
She lives in a bungalow down in Hull,  
She makes you play Scrabble galore,  
It really does make you bore,  
Granny's wrinkled and shrivelled  
everything you hate,  
She got them while visiting one of the  
American states,

One Victorian biscuit tin,  
And one very annoying portable bin,  
An ancient stair lift for the sake of her  
knees,  
And even twelve sets of keys,  
A boiling hot fireplace,  
And a musty, old case,

But that's only what the bare eye can see,

Really she's a secret agent who loves  
drinking tea,  
The stair lift is an invisible car,  
Which can drive really far,  
Don't eat those cookies they're identity  
scanners,  
They will protect you from scammers,

She's the one to call when there's a secret  
mission,  
About a superstition,  
Criminals cannot hide,  
Even when they're tucked up inside,  
The basement is her secret hideout,  
Also where she cooks her favourite trout,  
And plans her attack on the enemy's base,  
But sadly she cannot tie her lace.

**Danny Spight Y5**  
**Woodseats**

The universe is a home to galaxies,  
Galaxies are homes to solar systems,  
Solar systems are homes to planets,  
Our planet is a home to continents,  
Continents are homes to countries,  
Countries are homes to counties,  
Counties are homes to cities,  
Cities are homes to towns,  
Towns are homes to roads,  
Roads are homes to houses,  
And houses are homes to us!

**George Muscroft Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Collins Crescent**

It was a cold Sunday night on Collins  
Crescent  
All the small houses neat in a row  
You couldn't even hear the wind blow  
All except one, the White's house  
It was never a quiet night in the White's  
As there was always a fight  
A stir in the night  
The White's house was dull and grey  
No one would want to stay  
The lights were off the curtains were  
closed  
All except one room in the attic  
Where Miss White stays from dusk til  
dawn  
The raven haired girl would sit on the  
window sill  
Counting the stars wishing she was on  
mars  
As war continues below her  
A glass breaks, mum screams  
Dad yells pacing  
The young girls tears threatening to spill  
Scared, alone at all will  
The front door slams  
The engine starts, Mum begs and pleads  
The ravenette observes from afar  
The little silver car drives away  
Dad will be back when he's old of age  
Sobs rack the tear struck girl  
This feels like the end of the world....

### **Grace Marsh Y8 Meadowhead**

### **Houses and Homes**

No memories made  
No carpets laid  
No happiness there  
The walls are bare

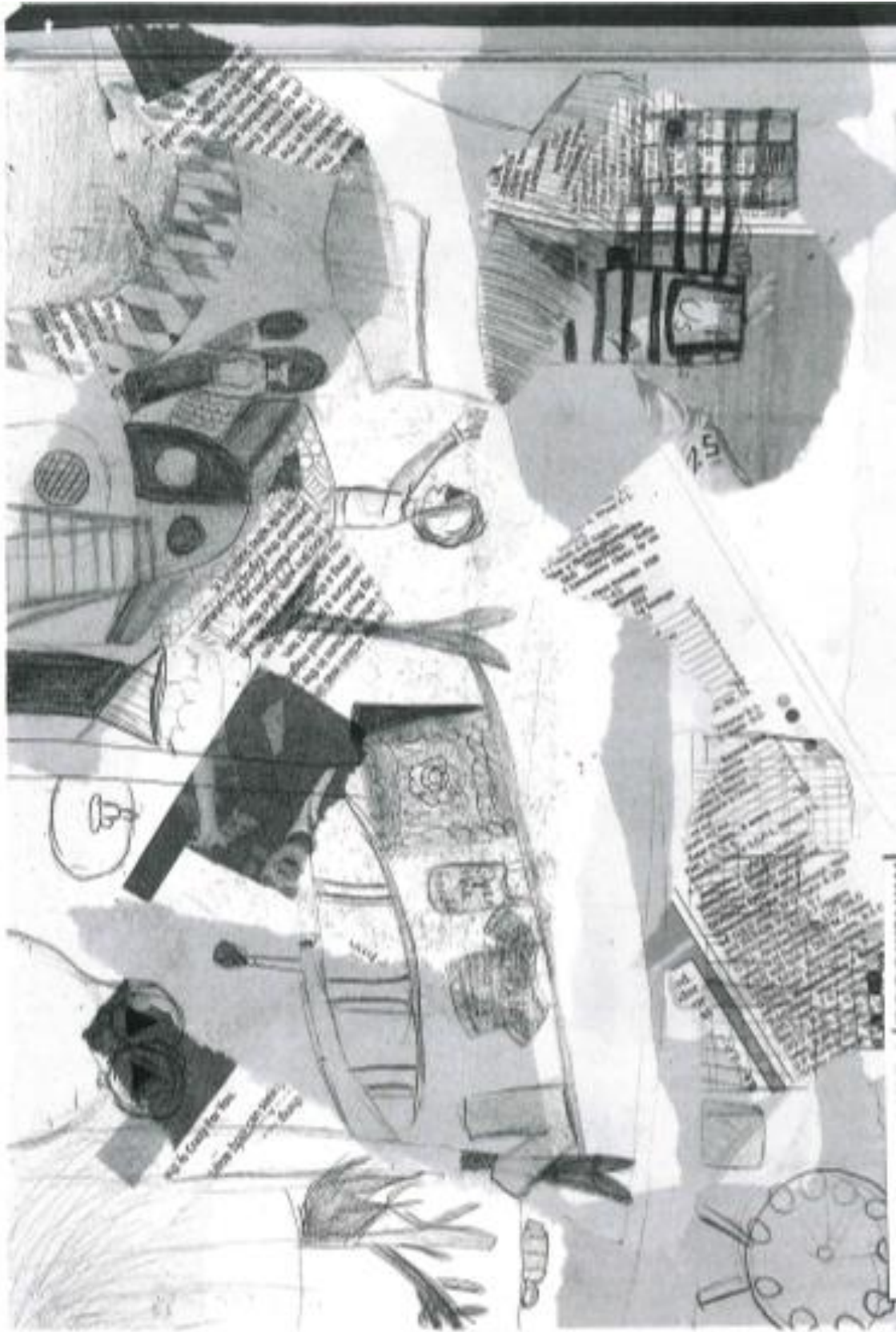
All snuggled up together  
Family is forever  
A pet of yours may live there too  
No matter how many people, love is true

A building made from bricks and mortar  
A place where father plays with his  
daughter  
Rooms freezing where nobody ever goes  
That special warmth that everyone knows

Memories starting to be made  
Footprints in the carpets which are laid  
Happiness is beginning to show  
Pictures on the walls that we all know

Different homes to compare  
Big houses and no one lives there  
Small shelters that get really cold  
Loving homes are priceless, worth way  
more than gold

### **Alice Dinsdale Y7 Meadowhead**



Anne-Marie Mihailescu

Y7

## **Home**

What is home?

Distant memories flew into Avery's head, of laughter, and joy and happiness. Calm memories of rain drops hitting her window, and dripping down the glass, making her slowly drift off to sleep. But these are just flashbacks that she barely remembers... did this all actually happen? She doesn't remember.

These days falling into a deep slumber is nearly impossible, you've got nightmares chasing you, and no matter how far you run from them, they always get you in the end. And the fear of everything going on around you, scares you to the point where most nights are sleepless.

Avery sat down on her old leather couch that was one of the things still left which weren't destroyed and ripped to shreds. She tuned her radio until she found a station that played the music recorded decades ago. Of course, playing that kind of music was illegal now, so it took her a long time to find the banned station, and listen to, what she likes to call 'actual music'.

It started raining.

She opened the old crooked door, and peered outside. As usual, no one was there, so she could enjoy the wind, and the wet drops of clear water hitting her face on her own. All alone again.

The place where she lived, was what she once used to call home, and she still tries calling it home, but it's not the same to what it used to be. It once was a happy joyful place, where her, her little brother and all the other children used to laugh and enjoy every day spent together with the caretaker.

But together they were no more.

As the flames and smoke of war has hit their town, and sounds of gunshots and explosions, everything has changed; and as the sirens sounded, and all the children cried, Avery-a girl of 15 years old at the time (now 26) had a task to take care of her 7 years old brother, as everyone were separated from them, and most likely engulfed in flames of war.

Two little kids had to run through the battlefield, which was full of bodies and reeked of blood. She protected him the best she could, but then somebody noticed them. An enemy, who little Avery linked her big, fearful eyes with, was walking towards them with a smirk on his face. Before Avery and her brother managed to get away from him he shot his gun, and it managed to get her brother. Cries sounded, and as she saw her small brother die in her arms, she realised that she will die just like him if she doesn't get away from her attacker. She ran and ran... everything was destroyed... she had to leave her brother and everyone behind—

A painful feeling of anger and guilt has filled her, as she re-watched the flashback in her head, for whatever time again it was.

Avery sat down on the old, mostly destroyed porch of her old home, crying in the rain and letting her tears mix with the rain. She felt broken, she could never get back the lives of people who she loved... it all just seemed worthless. The orphanage behind her, once was so filled with joy, but now, only an empty cold feeling, hurt, and Avery herself remain, in the old once-called-home.

**Zofia Hlebowicz Y9**

**Meadowhead**

My home is a place of happy memories  
It is a place of loss  
It is a place full of opportunities  
Full of my happy family  
But not everyone has a home  
A place to grow  
To go  
Live life to the full  
No warm place to stay  
No safe place to lay  
Sometimes they don't have anyone who cares  
The luxury of company  
So alone they start to despair  
The feeling sinking in  
Then depression sets out to make your life a misery  
Depression makes you want to die  
Cease to exist  
But some people can't drag the knife  
Can't kick the chair  
Can't take the pills  
Can't take the drink  
Can't even jump  
So they have to deal with their pain  
And even if you do get help you feel unhuman not quite right  
So that's why we need a home to feel safe and secure  
We need to be loved and have someone who we trust  
And that's why we have homes  
They let us live life to the full  
A place to argue and make peace  
A place of friends or family  
A place to live a proper life  
Even if our lives are happy or sad even if we don't have the same backgrounds  
We all have a place that we call home

**Robert Willoughby Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

## **My Grandma's House**

Once I walk in, I always smell cottage pie baking in the oven. My lovely grandma greets me at the door, to offer me a drink. As soon as I walk into the kitchen, we all smell tea and coffee, tea in one pot and coffee in the other. Walking up the stairs, all of the flowers that she collects smell beautiful like always. Excitedly, I run into my room and lay on the bed ready for a nap.

Gazing through the window I see thick yellow tiles shining in the sun. Happily, I run down stairs and run into the garden while, looking at big old rusty, brown garage. Her lovely green gleaming grass shining in the sun, with red roses all around. With it all I have the time of my time of my life here at my grandma's house.

My grandma lives in Chester, a place far, far away. My papa had cancer but how he is better.

It is pretty and warm on the inside and the outside is pretty as well. Some weekends we go but some we do not and I get very sad. It takes two hours to get there as 75 miles is a long way. On the way we get food. I have a great journey.

Me, my mum and my dad all love playing games so my grandma has lots in her house. The best game is football. I play it with my dad and that makes my grandma's house fun to me. As well we like to play Scrabble, Hello Harbor, playing with Lego, hide and seek, play in the garden and having fun.

Grandma has an airport near her so we see lots of planes in the air. I wave but I do not know if they see me or not. We normally have tea at 5:30pm, a great time for me because I am hungry at that time so my grandma does it at the perfect time. When I go to bed grandma reads me a story and then I go to sleep.

**Sophie Watkinson Y4**

**Bradway**

Dear diary,

Today has been the worst day of my life because when I woke up the scarey wich told me we were going on a lovely picknick but she locked me in a tower. I really don't appreciate it! I feel so sad. Will I ever see my friends? I must hope for the best. I just want to say I love you dad and mum!

Rapunzel

**Reuben Marsh Y1**

**Greenhill**



## **Never Ending**

A shiver crept down my spine. It had been twenty years; twenty long hard years, filled with the miseries of modern life. I hadn't seen it. My legs seemed to tremble with each step I took. I didn't have the courage to come back, to come back to the place that ruined my childhood. That ruined my life. Over the years I tried to forget; but I couldn't do it. A permeant scar. Ever since mother died I spent my few free years looking for her killer. I finally found it.

I was twelve, not a hint of self-control in me; it was a Tuesday night, I remember it well. Farther had just got back from the pub, he was drunk. As usual. Mother always sang, every night before I went to sleep. That night she didn't; that was my first hint that something was wrong. A sharp pain shot through my ribs, a shadowed figure flashed before my eyes. I thought nothing of it at first, I thought it was farther being stupid like always. My room was a small room, a large cupboard took up most of the space; it was where I would hide when farther was hitting mother. It happened often, I had found comfort in that cupboard, it was the only place I felt safe.

My ribs began to sting, throbbing with ferocious pain. Blood begin to flow, covering my thin bed sheets. I started to hallucinate; strong images filled with hatred and anger filled my young, innocent mind. A bloodcurdling scream echoed throughout the house. I seemed to be losing blood fast, with all the energy left inside my small weak body I gained enough momentum to leave my room, which seemed to be shrinking with speed. My visions were becoming stronger, the strength left inside me began to wither away. I had to know where the scream came from. I had to. The floor was beginning to turn red, blood red; it was mine. With my last ounce of strength, I tilted my head to the door. The last thing I saw was a shadowed figure; carrying the body of my dead mother.

I stepped inside. The smell of decapitating furniture flooded my nostrils. I took another step, the house had been abandoned. The local news had called it, "the house of horror." A familiar pain rippled through my body. The scar was still there, a constant reminder of the incident. I looked around, not much had changed, and the dried blood still laid there, untouched. The hallucinations were becoming stronger; I saw the figure, moving at an uncountable speed. He looked me in the eye, his eyes were filled with regret, a large scare spread like an infection across his face. He looked at me as if I was an intruder, a murderer. A gust of wind ran thought the house, I fell to the floor like a ragdoll. He grabbed a knife. A sharp pain shot through my feeble body. The figure lifted his balaclava of his scared face. With my last breath, the figure spoke, "goodbye son."

**Jack Simpson Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

home is where the family is  
home is where your happy  
home is where you are  
home is where the heart is

home is where your mom is  
home is where your dad is  
home is where you sibling is  
home is where the heart is

home is what you love  
home is where you want it to be  
home is where your pets are  
home is where the heart is

**Joseph Glew Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

## **Homes**

Home is where the heart is.

Objects are collected over the years.

Memories made with family.

Everyone gets along.

So it's the place where I belong

**Emma Linley Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

## **The diary of the house**

Dear diary,

It was the day that the people came to my house. I was really annoyed with them, because I didn't like things to change. I really didn't know why my old friend left me. I asked myself, is it because I wasn't good enough? Was it because I didn't look right? I had no idea at all. Everybody got settled down in the house with their two mischievous children called Penelope and Jason. Suddenly, they rudely smashed one of my precious walls! I got so angry that I shook the whole house. They got really worried. They thought that I was haunted. They were gobsmacked! One of the children [Penelope] drew a beautiful picture of a happy family. She even put me in it! And Jason drew me with a heart around me and put, 'we love our new house'. That changed everything. Maybe I won't kill them after all.

**Najat Alshaby and Zoe Burkinshaw Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Ben's Hen**

Ben was by far the weirdest person on planet earth. Probably because he had two pets. Those pets were a hen and a toad. The toad shouldn't really have a place in this story but it does anyway. Ben had a hen and this particular hen was...well, unusual. It only ate one thing: radish. Occasionally some cornflakes, but back to the story.

One day Henny went missing! Posters went up and the word spread but no Henry to be seen! Two months later on Ben's tenth birthday at 7am he was wandering through the forest to see...eggs? Astounded, he picked them up for a fried egg breakfast but.... HENNY!

It was Henny with eggs? Wait a second...Where is the rooster? Never mind, Henny? Little baby chicks! Aww. Ben couldn't take Henny away from her home.

So Ben built his own on his twentieth birthday (time flies by) and they all lived happily ever after. Except when they, you know (pass away).

They still lived a happy ever after. Wait. Where is the radish (or cornflakes)? So they moved a bit nearer to a supermarket. And then live happily ever after.

**Erin Hall Y4**  
**Greenhill**

### **The Changing House**

This is a story of a family with a daughter and son who move into a rather peculiar house.

Jenny, the mother, was in the kitchen drinking coffee when she mentioned to Christopher (the dad) "I think it's time we move house." This was a sensible idea as their current house was very cramped and they have had this house for a very long time. Christopher agreed although he liked the4 current house more than Jenny. Katy and Harry (the two children) were in their bedroom listening to every word they were saying. "Awww do we really have to move?" moaned Harry.

A couple of days later they were in the car ready to see their new house. As they turned the corner everyone said it. "Wow!" exclaimed Katy and Harry. It was a big, grey, old house that looked like it needed decorating big time. Apart from that they were all very excited. When they got inside they took a quick look around the house and then went to bed as it was quite later. Before Katy went to bed she put her glasses in a drawer next to her bed.

The next morning Katy picked up her glasses which were now on top of her drawer. She did not realise her glasses had moved as she didn't have a very good memory and it was a very small change. Although the next night a photograph of her family had moved and then the bookshelf turned into a bin and every night something in their house changed and the changes got bigger and bigger and bigger until everything in the house was upside down on the roof. Christopher was furious,. "How the heck did this happen?" he shouted.

"Spooky," whispered Harry.

Christopher demanded a new house, so, so that's what he got. A few days later they ended up in the same place, in the car waiting to see their new house again. Finally they settled with a big, clean house.

**Edward Muscroft Y4**  
**Greenhill**

Diary

I had a dzaser because on my twelve birthday the wich trapped me in a tower. I am so, so sad because there is no door or stirs. Mym mum was like my best friend ever! But my life has past orver. It ws my dad's fault. Well allshley it was my mum's fault because she aked by dad to go to the wich's garden. It is cold and wen it is nighttime it is as lootleel freezing. I hate it here!

Not so happy,

Rapunzel

**Jemima Y1**  
**Greenhill**

### **The Ideal Home**

#### Ingredients

- A couple of pillars holding the family up
- Bricks full of homeness
- Marble walls mixed together with everything you need in them
- A wooden door that makes us smile
- Foundation of strength
- Windows squashed together
- Rope wound with a smile
- Love creating the living room
- Cuddles creating the warmth of the bath
- Sweet dreams placed on the pillows
- Cuddles keeping the roof on

#### Equipment

- A sprinkle of sweet dreams
- A couple of pillars
- A cuddle of marble walls
- Cuddles to keep the roof on
- A spoon of love

#### Method

1. Carefully lay a plate of foundations (they are fragile).
2. Happily, mix a cuddle of marble walls, which have everything you need in them.
3. Put up a beautiful couple of wooden pillars holding the family up.
4. Put up a romantic couple of bricks making your house a home
5. After mix together the smile of the home and put on the only lonely wooden door
6. Remember to add the amazing cuddles to keep the roof on
7. Squash the giggles in the windows and the cuddles to create the warmth of the bath.
8. In your house, put in the love creating the warmth and the happiness pf the living room.
9. Place a sprinkle of sweet dreams on every pillow
10. Finally, attach the rope (wound with smiles) to bring everyone together.

**Alice Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

It's finally dawn, the cellar door is open and people are waking up. The key is if you want to survive in a mental hospital is that you wake up early before the cellar door opens. My names Nathen, Nate for short most of my old friends called me that but things have changed since I came in here.

My room is small with the walls mostly painted in blood but some parts of the walls are still white-ish, I have a bed with no bed in it and the poles of the bottom of the bed stick in my back when I lay there to sleep. On the floor in the right hand dark corner is my bathroom it's not the best posh bathroom everyone would want but it will do, it lets me pee so I don't really seem a problem with it.

It's 4.57am. Time runs pretty quick round here and you mostly see many fights but I choose to be a wimp and mind my own problems. They open the cellar doors at half past four so for the normal time I awaken this is really late I normally awaken around ten to four. I leave my cellar making sure that the hallway is clear, it was like normal most people are in the breakfast room already but I skip breakfast it doesn't go well with my stomach and go to the gym.

Morning routine

1. Breakfast.
2. Gym for an hour.
3. Medication.
4. Go back to cellar.
5. Get locked up.
6. Wait.

I'm in the gym lifting weights boring but I guess there isn't much to do about it. The thing is I'm not the only person who skips breakfast. This girl she has long blond hair, pale skin, green- blue eyes and lots and lots of scars on her face and body. She seems normal like me but I could be wrong. I look at her and she looks at me back but doesn't say anything she just continues lifting her weights.

Eventually after gym all people take their turns and wait for the doctor to come give them their medication, no one likes it they run I just sit there and take it I don't need the medication because I'm not crazy! The only thing crazy about me is that I managed to survive in this place for 3 years. Eventually after 3 and a half hours the doctor comes over to me and asks me to take a seat he looks tired, probably tired of running after the others but he smiles at me and gives me the needle full of this horrible green stuff I hate it. It drives me insane and makes me want to hit my head against the wall but I do nothing.

Now I'm walking back to the cellar watching every move this is where many people get hurt because we all had our medication which makes us mad for me I hear a constant ringing it's horrible but I can cope with it. I get to my cellar and once again they lock me up the annoying thing is it's like being punished, punished for someone else's mistakes I'm not the crazy one it was my friend he left me there with a knife and a man on the floor in blood while he did a runner and I only noticed this when the police arrived so now I'm stuck here waiting... but that won't stop me from escaping.

**Phoebe Steer Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

### Where are they?

It was twelve o'clock in the morning,

No one was around,

Was everyone S

L

E

E

P

I

N

G

Because there wasn't a sound.

Maybe they were cleaning,

Or maybe they were at work,

They might have been on their pillows  
sleeping,

With no one to hurt.

What if they were dancing somewhere in  
town,

Out with their families making lots and  
lots of sound,

People were worrying about where they  
could be,

Were they out with their families?

Or **deep**,

**Deep**,

**Deep** in the sea

Now what if they were hurting,

What if they were not?

And what if they had banged their head  
on a **big**, brown rock

Could they be eating breakfast and  
drinking lots of tea,

Or could they floating in the **big**, blue sea.

It was twelve o'clock at midnight,

Still not a sound,

People were hunting, looking for them,

But they were still not found.

The police got involved now,

And the cold made them stiff,

Could this be a mystery oR just a lovers  
tiff?

**Paige Phillips Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

### **The Welsh Castle Was No Ordinary House**

From the top to the bottom were rough stone walls and a big wooden door. On top was a soldier's turret. Inside was the big hall. I loved eating delicious food on the huge table at the end of the hall. A large metal fireplace kept us warm on rainy days. As I walked down the corridors, I smelt the ancient aroma of history on the walls. Down the corridors were stairs leading to the rooms.

The first room was the bedroom. It had a four poster bed. The next room was the bathroom. In the corner was a wooden bath and a soap drawer.

The best places were the tower and cellar. You had to go up the big stone stairs of course. I liked playing archery and sword fighting on the massive field next to the carrot and rose garden. An orchard was nearby, filled with luscious apples. The castle was well guarded by trees.

**Reuben Williams Y4**  
**Bradway**

### **The House**

It was midnight. The streets were empty and dim; only the moonlight shimmering on the large puddles. There was only one small house standing alone at the end of the road. My house. I pulled out my old rusty key and carefully placed it into the keyhole "Click" it opened. I was pushing it open ever so delicately when "Snap." A hinge broke. And fell to the floor. I peered, in slowly looking around. The stench of rats under the floor boards was horrific and the state of the hallway was just horrendous. I walked into the living room it was dull and gloomy but the chair was spotless. I sat down and drifted off to sleep. Darkness...

**Harrison Maher Y6**  
**Woodseats**

## The house with the roses

Hello, my name is Matthew and I'm here to tell you about the house with the roses.

Every day on my way to school and back I passed a house with red, beautiful roses behind the dirty and smashed windows. This wasn't a bouquet of flowers that you buy in a florist, it was a room full of wild roses with thorns and soft green leaves. This was an abandoned house...abandoned since January 16<sup>th</sup> 1813 in which David Folent once lived.

Now let me tell you more about this mysterious David Folent. He was murdered just a day before his sons 2<sup>nd</sup> birthday he was travelling to a friend's house to stay the night before he saw his son who lived with his former partner.

Who killed him? It is still a query officers and detectives still think about but all we know is that he didn't return.

The house was made of solid beige bricks and was the size of a mansion, it was lined in a black metal gate, which was now all rusty, once beautiful flowers crowded the soil around but now all that's left is rotting bulbs and deserted mole hills. The wooden door had white trailing flowers peeking through and wrapping around the handle as if trying to escape. Even the curtains had been littered in ivy. There was one room in which the bed frame had smashed the window and the bed (which had been made) pressed against the window. Apparently everyone on Lokkwood Crescent dreamed of living in this house and now I understand why. Neighbours said that the kitchen was the size of a house and the dining room was like a theatre, and his bedroom well they would say it was like the world something that you wouldn't believe the size of.

One day as I was walking home from school this group, of which I recognised from my school, were pointing and shouting 'LOSER! SQUATTER!' and words I can't say, as well as throwing litter at the house. I wanted to see why so I hung back a bit until they disappeared. I saw a flash of blue and white in vertical stripes (like pyjamas?). I had to investigate. I opened the squeaky gate as I wandered through this lost walkway scared for what could be inside however I was determined and wouldn't stop at anything to see what was behind that door (ok, maybe if a scream I might run...slightly fast). I had made it up the stone, muddy steps to the front door. As I reached out to hold the matte handle I hesitated, *was I ever going to come out this door, is it a criminal behind this door. Is it...David Folent?* I turned the handle.

**Mia Harrex Y7**  
**Meadowhead**



Dear diary,

Today was the worst day ever! The witch said we were going on a picnic but instead I got locked in a disgusting tower. The witch wouldn't let me out. I only get to see the horrible witch every day. It is strange because there is no door. It is too high for me to jump down. Can life get any worse?

Rapunzel

**Isabelle Millard Y1**

**Greenhill**

### **The Winter**

I am here at last  
The only home I know  
The forbidden place of wonders  
I always longed to go

I never felt at home down there  
Below the reach of snow  
Up here I am free at last  
Free to be alone

But this place does not want me here  
For I will try to tame  
The only wild place around these parts  
The place that is always bare

It wants to only be itself  
To never know a man  
As I tread the perfect floor  
It whispers to go and flee

I am the icy weather  
I am the frost and snow  
You have no hope to conquer me  
For I will be your foe

Shining swords of icicles  
Creeping snow in waves  
Sharp and jagged mountains  
Dark and haunting caves

These are my creations  
Don't stand in my way  
For no one in my icy realm  
Will ever go away

Now you will be the only one  
The last to try to win  
A favour I will do for you  
And cover up your sin

On hearing these heartless words  
My heart inside will break  
Now the only place I feel at home  
Is forcing me to flee

**Lucy Hallam Y7**

**Meadowhead**

A home is powerful.

You may think that a home is the same as a house but they are two completely different things.

A house, a building that someone lives in. It's simple when a house is empty, it is just a carcass on a street, but a home is much more. A home is a place you feel welcome, filled with memories of love and loathing, laughter and grief, sadness and happiness, mischief and pain. Our home is full of enough power to control the world with excitement.

The phrase "make yourself at home" means you can feel safe here, for your home is a barrier that makes you feel safe.

Homesick: it doesn't mean that you miss your house. It means that you miss where everything is nice and you can relax. That's why people get sad or stressed when they are away from home.

When a house is haunted, it's because the home used to belong to a living person before his demise. They don't want to leave behind the fun and happiness that roamed the halls of the empty house. So they stay, forever living with their memories and grief as a ghost, haunting whatever living soul tries to abolish the hidden memories with their own.

I miss the times I used to visit my grandparents in their home, where my childhood began to fill with joy. Those memories faded as my Grandmother got ill, those memories stayed but also new ones were created, ones that scarred me. Memories that stick in my mind today of her lying there unable to talk or move. She was downstairs in a place where the dining table used to be; it was replaced with a hospital bed which stayed there. I remember that my grandparents' home was one of my favourite places to go and slowly became a place I never wanted to go because my mind had replaced the happy memories with ones that I couldn't bear to think about. The home of two became a home of one.

We sold the house, leaving behind the bad and good memories, leaving behind the home she died in.

A home is powerful.

**Daisy Heaviside Y10  
Meadowhead**

## **The thing**

Finally we are leaving. After all this time we get to leave. We can just put all of this behind us and go back to our old house, where we are safe. I'm so glad it's over... finally.

It all started about a year ago. We really wanted a new house and we had found a huge house in the countryside. It was an unusually cheap house so we just thought why not. We could see the potential in the house and we bought it. We never thought twice about it being really cheap, and why it was so cheap but we were soon going to find out. It was quite isolated from the rest of the world. We felt alone. Once the house was all decorated we loved it, we felt at home. One normal day our dog started acting really weird and we didn't know why she was barking at thin air and she never does that. It was since that day that paranormal things started happening. At first it was just something not being where we left it, we never thought much of it but it was as sign a sign of terrible things. Then things got weird. I heard faint noises of screams and people shouting "help" in a weak helpless voice but nobody was ever there. I convinced myself it was just my mind and it didn't matter anyway, nobody else in the house believed me anyway. I was in bed. Terrified to sleep, my eyes wide open, not wanting to fall asleep, fearing what could happen while I was asleep. I was the only person that could hear these weird noises was me. I eventually fell asleep, it was a mistake.

I told them. I told them that it was trouble, but nobody believed me. We went downstairs and we just stopped. Frozen. There right in front of us was our rocking chair. Rocking back and forth as if somebody was in it. Jack in a boxes were making creepy music and popping up unexpectedly. We knew we had to get out of here. I knew it was trouble all along. It was as if there was something stopping us from leaving this dreaded house, something holding my family back from leaving. After we had seen this there was no alternative. We had to go home.

The home where we belonged our cosy little house, where we felt at home. That's where we went and that's where we stayed. We knew we only had one home and no matter how the other houses were we know where we belong and we are never going anywhere else.

**Abigail Herring Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **House and Home**

A house is a home,  
Wherever it shall be.  
On a floating island,  
Or in the Great Oak Tree!

Wherever you live,  
It is perfectly fine.  
Out in the peaks,  
Gets better every time!

A house is a home,  
With whoever it shall be.  
Maybe your best friend,  
Or your family!

Whoever you live with,  
Like them or not.  
Your home unites you,  
So love a lot!

A house is a home,  
Whatever it shall be.  
From a hut to a mansion,  
We see them differently!

Whatever you live in,  
Any shape or size.  
Whatever it's like,  
It's a home in your eyes!

**Daniel Wellings and Ethan Thomas Y6**  
**Abbey Lane**

As I nervously walk down the gloomy, narrow path my surroundings had become a dark abyss and had cancelled everything out around me. The handcuffs scratched and dug into my skin. My stomach was churning and I sweated profusely. I could hear the men screaming, banging and keys rattling, but it slowly started to drown out. Finally, I got to the end of the path-which seemed to go on forever-and I anxiously turned to see where my new 'home' lay.

I slowly but very carefully walk in. I notice emptiness darkness and quietness-which I am not used to and never will be. The officer quickly slams my door shut and I hear the locks turn. I am trapped. There is nothing to do. I longed to be home where my friends and family were. I instantly regret everything I've done. I pace up and down in the little cell which was as small as a box. The walls felt like it was closing in on me, chasing me, stalking me. I sit down on the rock hard mattress and stare at the dull wall with my legs and hands shaking constantly. The room was isolating and it already felt like forever. There was no life in this cell-no windows and no one here. There was barely any light apart the flicking, lifeless light outside. My body felt paralysed, numb and my mind was blank. How will I survive in here? What do I do in here?

**Aleeza Batool Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

## **What is a home?**

A home is a place to feel safe and calm, but is it always? A home away from a home, a home that may not be yours, somewhere unknown. Wherever that home may be make it homely, tranquil and loving. The mirror of sun laid across your grandma's carpet and the smell of the sweet Sunday roast cooking for traditional Sunday feast. The sizzle of your mum's iron sizzling away on the kitchen floor as the never ending pile of washing vanishes.

As the dusk closes in a cool brisk breeze shoots down the chimney making a calming whistle. The chatter of a Sunday night game show soothes you before the chaos of a Sunday roast. And finally the time comes as you mum shouts for you to come for the roast. Laid upon the table is bowls of vegetables and gravy ready to complement your chicken.

But is this home? is it always this loving or is it a tornado of hate and regret? A shattered heart that resembles the broken window in the living room or that reminds you of your past life? Nothing but a memory.

**Imogen Statham Y9**

**Meadowhead**

## **The Lonely Mermaid**

Once there was a girl called Emily. She didn't have a home or parents. Emily was nine years old. She didn't have a home because lots of people didn't let her have one! So every night wherever she was nearest to she slept there. One day a very kind man gave Emily some money that was 20 pounds! Emily was so happy that now she had some money. Two days later she went to the shop to buy some food. She bought some strawberries, an apple and a packet of crisps. That night because she still didn't have a home she went to the beach. And she jumped in the sea. It was very cold in the sea. Then out of the darkness something shiny appeared. "Wow!" said Emily. It was a giant crystal! She grabbed it and started to swim again. Then a huge rock appeared. Emily saw a key hole and put the key through the hole. Suddenly the rock opened up! Emily was amazed. She walked through the gap. Inside the gap there was water everywhere! It was very cold in the water. Emily was so tired of swimming that she fell asleep. Whilst Emily was asleep a magical mermaid pulled Emily deeper into the ocean. When Emily woke up she was inside of a beautiful castle! The castle was covered in gold and silver. Emily was amazed by how beautiful the castle was. Then the mermaid who brought Emily to the castle showed up. "Hello" said the mermaid, "I'm Shyla." "Hello I'm Emily" said Emily. Then they made friends. Suddenly a very fat merman appeared. Shyla said that it was her father (the king)! "Hello I am King Edward". "Hello father" said Shyla, "Hello daughter" replied King Edward. "Father, this is Emily" said Shyla. "Hello Emily" said King Edward. Then Shyla grabbed Emily's hand and showed her to her room. Shyla's room was very pretty. In her room was a silver magic mirror. Shyla said "Emily make a wish". "Oh magic mirror please give me a home", wished Emily. "But Emily you don't need a home", said Shyla. "What do you mean?" said Emily. "You can stay here", replied Shyla. And so she did.

**Nancy Hibbert Y3**

**Bradway**

### **Houses and Homes**

Tree lined streets full of houses and homes.  
Ancient bough arms reach across roads, clasping hands in knobbly knots.  
Stained glass leaf ceilings, held aloft.  
Chlorophyll green and xanthophyll red; a kaleidoscope of dappled colour overhead.

Grand houses reach to the sky, mans greatest architecture come alive.  
Dark red brick, sash window frame eyes,  
Protective slate roof tiles to keep all inside dry.

Honey bee parents; industrious, kind.  
Performing gymnastics on the balance beam of time.  
The juggle of work and home life.

These guardian homes; built from love and trust, stand watching proudly.  
Children play games in the streets below, making friendships for life as they continue to grow.  
Girls and boys playing ball games against the brick walls,  
Whooping and shrieking with the fun of it all.

Through faded curtains a man in his house, watched solemnly on,  
His home once filled with such laughter and life, now only ghost memories roam his halls.  
Crumbling brick walls and mortar, much like his own,  
Alone.

Seasons changing, the street now littered with crisp brown leaves,  
Crunching underfoot as we rush around; autumns symphony.  
Houses and homes cast shadows in the twilight,  
The children tucked up in bed inside, warm and tight.

The man has no-one to call his own,  
Alone.

Seasons move on, (as we all know) this is life's eternal carousel  
Winter approaches, cold wind bites the skin, cold breath plumes linger.  
Snowflakes start falling, to begin their winter prance.  
A magical choreography, until at last the snow starts to settle.  
Marshmallow pillows of snow blankets those slate roof tiles.  
The tree lined streets of houses and homes appear as though under a snow globe dome.

Christmas approaches, homes best time of all.  
Fire leaps from log to log as the hearth glows warm and bright,  
Pine needles infuse the room with all their might.  
Gingerbread men baking to be adorned and strung.  
Board games, charades and lots of laughter; winters cacophony.

These houses and homes on the tree lined street appear so alike.

Solitary meal, woollen blankets of old, the old man is feeling rather cold.  
Alone.

**Debbie Mander**  
**Parent**  
**Bradway**

## **Houses and Homes**

"Happy new year." Phil said enthusiastically.

"I'm not happy so it's not a happy new year for me and it's not always a new year so you are just reduced to year and you don't say year on its own." Said Amy miserably.

"Why not?" asked Phil.

"We are not at home." Said Amy looking down at the floor as she spoke.

"Yes we are." Objected Phil.

"Home is where the heart is and my heart is elsewhere."

"If you are going down that root then your heart is in your body, yes."

"Yes."

"And your body is on Earth, yes."

"Yes."

"And the Earth is in the solar system, yes."

"Yes and it should be called the system solar because solar means of the sun."

"Ok, the solar system..."

"**SYSTEM, SOLER!**" shouted Amy

"It, is in our galaxy, yes."

"Yes."

"And our galaxy is in our galactic neighbourhood, yes"

"Yes."

"And our galactic neighbourhood is in our universe which is 13.75 billion years old, yes"

"Yes, 1. What was with the fact? And 2. What's your point?"

"My point is your heart is here so this is your home and you said a fact so why can't I plus time is short and I mean it as time altogether."

"You're saying time happens all at once and it's just a perspective."

"Time is relative."

"I know you where trying to make me feel beter but life is not just some story made up by a random kid."

"Yes it is any way I've got to go now Amy."

## **Alex Furniss Y8**

### **Meadowhead**

Happiness plus love form,  
Our musical houses,  
Cosiness and playing equal,  
Our chaotic homes,  
Funniness and togetherness make,  
Our messy buildings,  
Smiles and enjoyment create,  
Our cottages that are as tiny as a mouse.

## **Edward Heyes Y4**

### **Abbey Lane**

### **Moving the furniture**

Living in me there are two people, my body their vessel, their home,  
Polar opposites, alike only in the way they present themselves, through my body,  
I speak, it's one of their words, and I think it's one of their thoughts,  
They are twisting in me, living in me, arguing, making up,  
Their domestic lives are my battles to fight, the moving of their furniture the moving of my identity,  
I have no individual thoughts, I have no sense of self,  
Two people live in my body, so which one is me?  
What happens if I am neither, if the way I am is a lie?  
They're moving the furniture again.

**Hannah Hall Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

### **No Longer**

I walk slowly down the well-trodden path  
A memory, long ago, the ghost of a laugh  
I slow to a stop, do I want to remember?  
The memories, the pain of that dreadful November  
I stare through the window, the insides bare  
Burnt out remains only sit there  
My hand reaches out to the old withered door  
The familiar greeting gone evermore  
I glance at the windows now smoky and grey  
How much longer can I bear to stay?  
The pain of the memories as strong as before  
I can't stand it, not any more

**Alex Wellings Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **My hows**

I live in a Boo and wit hows I lov my tedees in my Bedroom my fafoot is tootl.

**Eoin aged 4**  
**Abbey Lane**



## Houses and homes

There it stood all alone  
stone  
bland as can be  
curtains as blue as the sea

made of cold wood and  
Plain white walls as  
and long laced  
All the rooms

dark and lifeless  
Not a single spot of brightness  
All the windows broke and dusty  
with a sink that's taps are rusty  
This solemn house will stand alone  
Until a family  
sought to own  
and make this poor old house  
a home.

**Alisha Watkinson Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **My Home**

My home is cosy and warm  
And it's very special to me  
My home is beautiful  
My mummy painted the walls all nice and bright  
My lovely bed has soft sheets and a fluffy pillow  
My family keep me safe in my home  
And when I'm at home, I'm happy

**Amelie Hanson Y1**  
**Woodseats Primary**

My home smells like strawbry candles  
My home feels like fluffy teddis.  
My home looks like a casel.  
My home sounds noisy because we are always bizy.  
My home tastes like ice cream.

**Maddie Y1**  
**Abbey Lane**

Can you guess what I am?  
Go on, guess,  
Alright, alright,  
I'll tell you, but I'll only give you a clue,  
I can be anything if you think about it,  
A river, a lake, a city, a burrow,  
I make people feel safe when they are with me,  
Some people even chase after me,  
I at least belong to every living thing,  
I am even a part of the world we live in,  
Have you guessed what I am yet?  
I am a house, a home,  
I am anything that comforts you and  
Keeps you safe.

**Ben Newbould Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Perfect Christmas**

It was Christmas, the house was beautifully lit from tower to cellar with luminous spheres of blues and reds and greens and yellows. The chimneys spluttered as great clouds of grey smoke exploded from the chimneys mouth. The sky was a dark blue, sprinkled with dazzling specks of crystalized matter. The floor was coated with gleaming white snow. The lane was bordered on the left by a tall green wall twisting and towering above the city. The street was filled with hope and cheer.

You could hear the ear pounding screams and cheers from Mrs Aldgreen's house, she must have been watching the Christmas special of pointless and countdown. Mrs Aldgreen, who would soon be joining us for dinner, was a kind old lady. She was very welcoming and seemed to the typical elderly resident.

I slowly started to walk towards the brown oak door, the snow crunch beneath my feet. I turned and reached the cold metal handle. The door slowly opened and I was greeted with a warming smile. I carefully stepped inside and strolled down the hallway. It smelt of clementine and anise. It was warm and comforting. I soon entered the kitchen the smell of Christmas dinner lingered in the air.

My mother was removing the vegetable from the pots and was placing them into the elegant Christmas crockery. Much to my surprise I had walked into an extremely competitive game of charades. Everyone was screaming at my brother James, but there was still no sign of Mrs Aldgreen.

Mother soon called to the table we all carefully found our place at the table and prepared our self for a feast. The table was laid with gold and crimson ribbons with a white lace table cloth. The Christmas tableware was filled with steaming carrots, potatoes and the dread Brussel sprouts. But Mrs Aldgreen was still nowhere to be seen.

I asked my mother where she was and she gently replied "she'll be joining us soon". My mother and my brother scattered away into the kitchen as we marvelled the luxurious feast that lay before us. My mother soon arrived carrying a large shine silver platter. I could feel the saliva building up in my mouth. She carefully placed the domed platter onto the table. She elegantly lifted the lid and there steaming away dressed to perfection was Mrs Aldgreen.

Dinner is served.

**Lizzie Brady Y9**

**Meadowhead**

My name is Margret. Me and husband Albert are going on holiday next week, we are very excited. We haven't been on a proper holidays since 2 years ago when we went away with our grandchildren. It can be quite hard for us to find places to go, because not many houses have some sort of stair lift for me to use. I am in a wheelchair as I seriously injured my leg when I was a young child on holiday.

I had a horrible dream last night. The dream was, that me and Albert were on our way to the cottage in the countryside we are going to. When we got to the house I thought I slightly recognised it but I wasn't sure where from. Albert pushed me in the door and we looked around the room.

Suddenly I felt sick and I remembered where I recognised the house from. Memories were flooding back to me. Bad ones. Ones I had tried to forget. I turned my head to the right and I saw the stairs. These were the stairs I fell down and permanently broke my leg. We went into the kitchen and, while shaking, I told Robert that this was the house. But while we were mid conversation, his face started to change. A few seconds later his face and clothes had completely changed. He was wearing a doctor's uniform. I looked him in the eye and realised who he was. Albert had turned into the doctor who had told me that I could never walk again. And then, I suddenly woke up. I knew it was real and I knew the house we had booked wasn't that house. But still I thought, I'll check in the morning.

**Anna Walker Y8****Meadowhead****Atop a hill**

In a small town called Blackwind, on top of a hill, sits an old house that hasn't seen the light of day in many years. The only thing in that house is a lonely old man and all of his stories, which will soon be gone forever.

On a terrible night the sky shot out one single bolt hitting the old man's house lighting it on fire as fast as a match spreading top to bottom, room to room in a matter of seconds. He had no chance of getting out, so he sat in his bed thinking of the family he is going to get to see and the things he is going to tell them.

The next day the sun was brighter than ever. It gleamed where the house used to stand but now the only thing there was rubble and dust as all his stories and memories are gone because the one place he felt relaxed and safe lied to him.

**Oliver Slack Y10****Meadowhead**

**Houses and Homes**

A closed door, a dark window, a cold breeze,  
An unwelcoming atmosphere.  
Creaky floors, dull emotions, sadness,  
Throughout my childhood.  
Dreams of laughter, happiness  
Love and excitement,  
But they were just dreams to me.

**Lexie Keeton Y9**  
**Meadowhead**

My dream house is small but very long it has gaurds to shoot baddies. It has cameras so I can see if bergulars are trying to steal money.

**Alexander Y1**  
**Abbey Lane**

**Somewhere**

Somewhere we start and end each day, our favourite place,  
Somewhere we come to laugh, to cry,  
Somewhere filled with every emotion possible, hugs and kisses,  
Somewhere we share with one another,  
Somewhere we feel comfort and warmth,  
Somewhere we start and end each journey,  
Somewhere that never fails to make us smile,  
Somewhere funny yet respected,  
Somewhere we spread love and care,  
Somewhere we wouldn't change for the world,  
Somewhere we call HOME.

**Chloe Myers Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **I Guess**

Is home a place or is it a concept?  
Can it change or is it set in concrete?  
I guess that's for you to decide  
I guess that's for you to confide  
I guess that for you to see yourself  
And look inside

Is your house just some walls?  
Or is it where your pounding heart calls.  
Is it the place you dread coming back to?  
Or is it where your family have come to  
love you.  
I guess that's for you to decide  
I guess that's for you to confide  
I guess that for you to see yourself  
And look inside

Is your house well kept?  
Is your house tidy and swept?  
Or has the table grown mould.  
Is your bed made, clean and inviting?  
Or are you just dragging yourself out to  
keep on fighting.  
I guess that's for you to decide  
I guess that's for you to confide  
I guess that for you to see yourself  
And look inside

Do you have a home, not a house, a  
home?  
Is your home a house with a garden  
gnome?  
Or is a thought, a fantasy, a dime  
Or has it been in front of you all this time.  
I guess that's for you to decide  
I guess that's for you to confide  
I guess that for you to see yourself  
And look inside

Home for me is where I feel safe  
Where my family lives  
Home is a sanctuary  
Home is where my feelings flow freely

**Izzy Smith Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Alone no more**

She always waits for me at the window

And lets out a slight 'woof' as I approach  
As it is her favourite time of day  
Maybe because she gets a pat and a  
stroke

But whatever it is, it sure fills her with joy  
As she could run for hours with her special  
toy  
And every time I see her face it reminds  
me I don't need no bloke  
All because when they say their man's  
best friend it is no joke

My house can get a tiny bit messy, but I  
don't complain  
Sometimes not even about the muddy  
carpet stains  
I can't stress enough how excited I am to  
see her at night  
I'll take of my shoes and she'll be sat  
waiting for a play fight

But I'll tell her later and she'll give me a  
paw  
However every now and again she'll be  
waiting for me at the door  
So we'll play for a bit until it's time  
And she'll wonder in grumpily as if to say  
'fine'

What's made me, me is right here and  
right here is home  
So step aside because this house isn't  
filled with garden gnomes  
Just a furry friend, with no high street  
trend  
And a love that's unbreakable, topped off  
with a friendship unmistakable

**Isobel Church Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

My home smells like sasagis.  
My home looks like a cyoob with a piramid on top.  
My home sounds like a crowd cheering.  
My home fels like a very smooth brick.  
My home tastes like storberries very sweet and they also taste very good.

**Maya Y1**  
**Abbey Lane Primary School**

This house will no longer be my home. This family will no longer see me each and every day. This town would no longer be where I live. This is where I move on. I get on a plane and go to the other side of the world, far far away from everything and everyone in my past. I'm going to live with someone who I've never met before. Sit in a classroom with people I've never seen before. Eat dinner with people I've never eaten with before. My whole life has been tipped upside down, torn apart. I've felt every emotion possible. My bedroom door won't creak every time I close it. My fridge won't always smell like the left over from the meal we had the previous night. The chairs at the dining table won't make a noise every time I move. My dog won't bark. I won't be able to go on day outs and hikes with my family. For a long, long time I will not be able to do anything I have ever done in my past.

My first word, my first time on my feet, my first time reading and writing. Memories creep up on me as I walk around the house collecting my belongings. I remember my first time climbing up the stairs as if it was yesterday so proud of me getting to the second step, pushing myself even further. I'm now looking around at the pictures of me with only two teeth, or very little hair. I've learnt everything here. From speaking, to riding a bike, to being in top set science. You don't think about living in somewhere completely different, until the time comes. Never in a million years would I have thought of moving from here. It's not just your house; it's your home, and it feels like it's for life.

My pictures are off the walls, my clothes are all folded up, my drawers are all packed up. Nothing will ever compare to that feel of emptiness. An unimaginable amount of cardboard boxes, filled to the top with random things, which I don't even remember myself sometimes, but know it would be a huge regret if I didn't take them. Throwing out shoes that haven't fitted me for so many years, but never felt like throwing them away. All my school books, old jewellery, old clothes. Things that could never be replaced. Memories just flowing out like a waterfall.

I have never known what it's like to have a new house. I've had one and that is all I ever needed. It doesn't feel right, I bet it won't for another couple of months. Freezing cold, not one bit of it feels like home. This isn't a home, it's a house. My home is where my family are, where it's always cosy, no matter the weather; where everyone has a smile on their face. The easiest hello and hardest goodbye.

That house would no longer be my home.

**Daisy Deakin Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Coming Home**

I'm sorry  
That I won't come home tonight  
I'm in literal hell  
So you can be in heaven

They say home is where the heart is  
And now I understand why  
I put my life on the line for you  
And it definitely paid off

I can't escape death now  
I can see my whole life  
Flashing before my eyes  
The beautiful memories  
Going, going...  
To black

I love you Mum and Dad  
And my loving wife  
My beautiful son and daughter  
And of course my best brother  
I just want to say  
I love you  
Because I won't be coming home tonight

**Joseph Epworth Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Are houses and homes the same?**

House and homes are they the same?  
Yes, no; does anyone know?  
There's so many differences but the  
concept is the same,  
Four brick walls and a roof on top,  
But is that where the similarities end?

Houses are empty and have no creativity,  
There's nothing in them and they're  
supposed to be scary,  
But that's just silly.  
They have no personality and they don't  
have to care for anyone.

Homes are full and have lots of creativity,  
There's lots in them and they're never  
scary,  
Which is obvious really.  
They have lots of personality and they  
have to care for everyone

Homes and house are still judged the  
same though,  
They are judged by how big they are,  
What type they are,  
How tall they are,  
And where they are.  
But something else gets judged like that  
too;  
Us,

We are judged this way by how big we  
are,  
Or by what type we are  
Or how tall we are  
Or by where we are,  
And then we get labelled like house and  
homes too,  
By money.

So let's stop judging ourselves like objects  
and stop judging all together.

**Sam Wooldridge Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

### **My garden**

At my haws I hav a litl garden. my litl swig is the bet bit. I platd snowdops with my Daddy.

**Orla aged 5**

**Abbey Lane**

### **Your Home**

A home is a place where we feel safe, where we go back to when we leave. It is a place people remember even if abandoned or rejected. You may hate your home, a place you never want to go back to because of the time you spent their, but everyone has a place they want to go to. Your home may not be walls but the people who were with you in there with you as a child. A cottage, a mansion, a flat anything. Home is what you make of it. Home is where the heart is.

**Leon Woolen Y8**

**Meadowhead**

### **Now I am filled with joy**

First I was nothing, not even wooden sticks,  
I knew I wasn't going to be built of bricks,  
Just a lonely log cabin in the middle of nowhere,  
I wasn't looked after, I had no care,  
Then I was attached to another tree,  
Thought that would bring joy to me,  
I was not right,  
My life was never bright,  
Every owner said I wasn't strong,  
On the I knew they were wrong,  
Then I found my heart, my soul, Roy,  
Now I am filled with Joy,  
Whenever he leaves to collect stone,  
I feel abandoned alone,  
Even if the owner is out to collect thatch,  
I know his heart is always attached,  
Now I dance with love and joy,  
All because of that little boy.

**Haniya Y5**

**Abbey Lane**



## **Goodbye**

I opened up my heart to you,  
Like the door to my childhood home  
I let down my guard for you,  
And your familiar tone  
Yet you shattered my castle walls  
Upon the place I once called home

You came into my life,  
Only to walk out and leave me with strife  
And even when you'd left,  
I still couldn't quite fix the emptiness I felt in my chest

You were my comfort, my saviour, my home...  
And when you'd gone, I was all alone.

## **Lily Rodgers Y9 Meadowhead**

### **The cloud with a silver lining**

There I was in the endless black of the forest. Blasted, twisted trees unrecognisable.  
Walking, no, staggering through the mist, its icy tendrils fumbling for a grip. I stumbled, mud splattering in my face.

Then, there it nestled, a peculiar house. I padded forward. There stood a door, a crooked door, covered in flaking paint and mould creeping in at the corners. I pulled the handle and the door fell apart revealing a cosy hallway. A shudder of cold hits me. It beckons me in. At the end of the hallway was an open door. Through the doorway I ran ...

Now I found myself in an enormous library with cosy chairs and a carpet deep enough for my bare frozen feet to sink in. Two cats came purring up to me, one white one black .

I chose a book and settled into my new home .

## **Grace Rowland Y6 Woodseats**

### **Broken home**

My home is empty,  
The furniture dead,  
I still remember when you said,  
“Home is where the heart is”.

But now that you have gone,  
This isn't true,  
My heart, that you'd won,  
Is still with you.

Now you have gone,  
I feel lost,  
The shadows you have cast,  
Are drowning me.

The rain outside,  
Reflects my mood,  
I feel lonely, sad, depressed,  
Knowing this feeling won't end, without you

What have you done?  
I had hopes and dreams,  
You have ripped at the seams.  
Wishes and needs,  
All those good deeds.

I had a happy home,  
I was an innocent child,  
But what am I now?  
I am lost.

### **Anonymous**

### **My home poem**

Homes always there for me,  
It's somewhere I can be,  
Where I can sleep away from,  
The things that really bother me,  
Feeling secure at home is,  
Far from where people moan.

Every street has a home,  
And every home has a heart,  
Wherever I roam,  
I always end up back at home,  
From the hot summers in Spain,  
To the pouring English rain.

In through the small, specked window ,  
Shines the moon,  
Onto my book about a witch and her  
broom,  
I'm snuggled under my warm covers,  
With squared patterns on them,  
I feel safe in my cosy comfy bedroom.

**Myles Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Homes**

Hollering from my window, nobody here  
to help.

Opening my eyes to the smell of smoke  
and the sight of flames.

Upwards the blackening smoke goes.

Severe flames engulfing the tower block.

Engulfed, the smoke choked me.

Fun is what won't happen to me again.

I look and I pray to see another day.

Ringling, the sound of sirens in my ear.

Eventually rescued, rescued and freed  
from fire.

**James White Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

I wonder, what is a house? Why don't we go on a journey to learn what houses and homes are? Come on then, let's go!

### What is a house?

A house is somewhere you live but other people could live there too. Whether it is big or small, then it will still be your house. It could even be a tree house!! In Sweden, the houses are just like in England. In some tribal countries the houses are small and dull. In America you have a high chance of living in a block of flats!

### What's makes a house a home?

Your house is only a home because it has something that you love in it! It could be a pet, family, a teddy, toy, sweets or food!

**Mia Moor Y4**  
**Woodseats**

Drip...Drip...Drip...

The soft, silky touches of water on my face wake me up from my sleep. It's become quite common now, even though I tried to prevent it. It's like the water always finds me, softly rousing me to consciousness.

I sit back on the bed, staring aimlessly at the window. I take note of the sea, high, wavy and majestic, with the waves hitting each other like children in a playground. I see the bright sun, hear the chirping of birds, and marvel the peace and quiet of nature and all that's familiar. I smile at my brother, playing in the garden without a care in the world.

And then the thunder started crackling...

There went my peaceful reverie, replaced by the cruel, unrelenting reality. Harsh winds hit the windows, as if being held back by tight reins, screaming and struggling to escape... They were breaking apart, rattled and reduced to fragments, crying and trembling.

I finally get out of bed

Creak...Creak...Creak...

The age-old floor complains from beneath my feet, making ominous sounds as I make my way out of the room and into the balcony.

I'm drenched within seconds, but I feel alive.

I can finally breathe when I feel the cold air around me, making me feel newer than I was before...

A small little girl is carried on her father's shoulders, beaming and excited. She is put down and she immediately sprints to the house, talking in the shiny floors and the high ceilings, the swing in the garden and the promise of fun.

These memories all started to crumble as more and more rain fell on my face...

Cracked walls, dusty floors, rain dripping from the roof, a forgotten, broken swing, empty promises, heavy lies, screams and gasps and sobs...

It's like happiness never existed in this house.

'My dreams aren't as colourful as they used to be.

My hopes not as bright...

My home is not as welcoming

My childhood is out of sight...'

Each day that I grow older, I notice more cunning lies, meet more deceitful people, find more fissures that made up the foundations of my home, comfort and innocence...The home that kept me safe, contained me, made me believe everything will be alright.

And every single day, without me controlling it, another wall will start to crumble, more rain will drip from my bedroom ceiling, waking me up and showing me the darkness of the world around me.

The house falls apart, and I fall apart with it...

My one sense of comfort, my dearest enemy. My escape from the world, my safety blanket, my handcuffs and my prison.

Today is the day I leave you behind. Your memories and terrors will forever haunt my mind. You will never leave me alone, but at least with this last farewell, I can finally let you go...

**“It was the first fissure in the columns that had upheld my childhood, which every individual must destroy before he can become himself.”**

— Hermann Hesse, *Demian*.

**Sarah Abdelmaksoud Y10**

**Meadowhead**

### **Just another building**

The years I've spent within these walls  
I love how we made it a home  
Don't we all  
Now as I stand in this empty building  
A new one, a cold one, with an empty feeling  
The plaster being stripped, the ceilings being painted  
I cry and weep but my parents are elated  
I miss my sofa  
I miss my bed  
I miss the memories  
They say it's all in my head  
I'm told it's just some old brick  
But I remember dancing in the kitchen  
While my dad takes the mick  
I long for the past garden  
The flowers, the leaves  
Mum... Dad  
Why'd we have to leave?

**Mia McNally Y8**

**Meadowhead**

### **Home**

A home is more than a place to live.  
It is more than a roof over our head.  
A home is a sanctuary that we carry with us,  
no matter where we are,  
a haven that we keep close to us no matter  
how far from our residence,  
a place that we never lose wherever we come  
from or wherever we go.  
A home is not a house.  
A house is temporary, a home will last  
forever.  
You may move house, but a home will stay  
the same.  
A house is built with bricks and cement, but a  
home is built with our memories  
A house's walls may crumble and its interior  
may fall apart, but nothing, nothing can take  
away a home.

A home's walls are impassable and its  
contents invaluable.

For a home is not where we are  
It is who we are

**Gabriel Tatton Y10**

**Meadowhead**

### **Who lives in a house like this?**

As I look through the keyhole, there is a rusty old car that could move by itself and even fly! Inside, is a huge, hideous door that is ebony black. As soon I enter, I see a posh table and fancy drinks – so this is someone who likes to entertain a large number of guests. On the sideboard, a stray piece of ornate wood lies by itself – what could this be used for (waves it around and sparks fly!) Also, there is a lovely blood red carpet. Upstairs, there is a collection of fancy picture frames (that can move and talk to one another) and lots of bed rooms and all the boys hang out together in the rooms. What's this? It appears to be a type of sweet that can talk! Walking out into the large, back garden, there is a forest and small rocks and a water fountain.

So over to you in the studio...who lives in a house like this?

Answer: Harry Potter at Hogwarts

**Ibraheem Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **The memories**

I can still hear the screams of men inside my head; screaming as if their worst nightmares are in their soul, controlling them, killing them. I can still taste the bitterness on my lips and the smell of fear haunting me as days go by. The butterflies in my stomach, adrenaline in my nerves as I walk across my neighbourhood road. I think I can smell the aroma of my mum's cooking and the luscious sweetness of my sister's perfume drowning my nose.

I close my eyes and follow my senses, but my senses see death upon me. I sense the heart of my mum, it's broken and the tears of my sister with rivers sprinting down from her eyes. I start to run as fast I can with the wind racing past me and whistling through the trees. I stop. My hand slowly trembles to the door, I raise my hand to the handle of my house. Emotions, memories rushing around my mind as I open my home, my home. My feet are stuck on the ground as if I can't move. I see my mum on the stairs falling apart I try to speak but no words. My mum looks at me and starts to walk towards the door. She drives her hand closer and closer and shuts the door right on me as if I wasn't there. Wait I really wasn't there, I really wasn't in my neighbourhood. Sorrow runs through my veins, I am gone and gone for ever.

**Khalid Edwards Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

The sturdy oak door creaked open, its handle long gone and the glossy black paint that once made it look elegant and stylish was now chipped and faded. Inside, plants and countless species of animals had taken over, leaving the once extravagant looking staircase barely recognizable. Expensive looking furniture sat there, abandoned by their owners and slowly being consumed by vines and other sinister looking plants. Doors lay on the glass covered floor as though they were ripped clean off their hinges by an animal maybe or maybe even by a person, desperate to escape from something get out of that house to safety. Unfortunately, there's no way of knowing.

Dark corridors led away from the safety of the forest and into the unknown. Darkness that could either keep a person from danger or hide a unseen entity in its shadows. Walking along one of the uninviting passages you notice a warm looking glow in the distance. At first you feel safe, maybe whoever is in the room could keep you safe. However as you slowly approach the doorway you begin to feel uneasy. It starts in the pit of your stomach then spreads as you slowly creep towards the room. Then your whole body is begging you to turn and run for your life to avoid whatever unholy entity lays in wait for you inside. But against your better judgement you ignore it and place your hand on the doorframe. Your heart is pounding in your chest like it's trying to warn you of the danger that awaits you.

Slowly you look inside the room, first at the wall furthest away then at the floor. It looks safe so you step inside. You let yourself relax as your heart beat returns to normal. Its fine, you're safe.

Suddenly you feel a sharp pain in your back then something forces you to the floor like a hammer smashing a brick into a million pieces. Pain takes over your whole body and the room starts to fade, you really should have checked behind you.

**Tommy Brookes Y10**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Beautiful different homes**

Some homes might be bigger than others

But they are all perfect. You might have just moved into a new home and liked it more or liked your old home more. Some people might live in flats that are perfect for them. Some people have pets that live with them and mess up the homes. Lots of homes have people every morning come and look out the window and think I love my home. Some homes have bigger rooms then others and some people have storage rooms in their homes. All homes are just beautiful and different in a perfect way.

**Poppy Sayers Y4**  
**Woodseats**

### Cracks

Glass lay shattered across the floor,  
Windowpanes cracked,  
Photo frames meet the ground,  
Moss clammers up the secret ridden walls,  
Scratches turn to cracks,  
Cracks begin to split,  
Distancing far from the once perfect house

Onlookers would not notice,  
For you could stand in the rubble and see  
a palace,  
The windows were not smashed with  
stones, but with harsh words thrown  
around like a child with a yo-yo

The broken house would lay to rest,  
With no attendees to watch,  
With an exception of the 2 foot tall  
aftermath of a perfect home,  
Now turned to stone,  
Frozen in the moment  
Was the broken house

Home is where the heart is,  
What do we say about a broken heart?  
An almond sized heart,  
Clasping onto what was left,  
Split between two houses

For this was not a broken house, but a  
demolished home

**Katia Feetham Nixon Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### What home should be for me?

Home for me should be **relaxing**.

But isn't.

Home for me should be **sat having a cup of tea with my family**.

But it isn't.

What is home?

Home should be **peace** and having **fun**  
with **the family** as you grow up

But home for me is like a **virus** spreading  
for miles around,

My home is like a **war ground** as you  
witness **guns** and **bombs** doing what they  
were made to do.

My home is full of **nasty comments**,  
**shouting**, a **marriage** soon to be and a lot  
of **tears**,

My **comfort zone** for me is round **next door**  
with the people who make me feel  
**like that's my home**.

Why, why, why?

What is a **proper home**?

Home for me can be **different** but it isn't,  
It's just **not my cup of tea**.

**Ruby Fisher Y8**  
**Meadowhead**



Home is where happy times take place,  
It takes us through the saddest of times,  
Home is where we have warmth and happiness,  
But home would be nothing without people to meet and greet,  
And love,  
Then there would nothing on the inside,  
Or the outside,  
If you have a bigger, colossal home no need to tease,  
Because the real thing that fuels the home is the people we love,  
Joyful fun and amazing games also take place,  
But the reason why I love my home is because,  
I can spend my time with the people I care for most.

**Max Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

I don't like my house, it's small and old  
Its colours are dull and full of mould  
It always looks unhappy and I've never  
seen it smile  
It just sits there on the ground and does  
nothing for a while  
So every day I close my eyes  
To a magical world that's full of surprise  
My house is amazing in this place  
So let me tell you how it is so ace:  
It's big and bright and always?  
It's beaming smile lights up the world  
With its city view and sunset sky  
This magnificent view is not a lie  
Or is it? ...  
Is it sunset or is it fire?  
It starts to get hot as the flames rose  
higher  
I taste the smoke as it chokes me tight  
And the fire starts to spread at the speed  
of light

The house had turned black with a  
splutter and a cough  
And it was now small, as half was burnt  
off  
In my dreamland world, my house wasn't  
there  
And the ground was left completely bare  
All that was left was a small burnt tree  
So it's time I got back to reality  
I open my eyes and I can see  
A wonderful house waiting for me  
None of its burnt and none of its black  
There's no piles of ash and dust on its  
back  
I start to smile and my house does too

After all this time I like what I see  
I love my house, and my house loves me.

**Joanna Bird Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

Happy peepul in our home  
Our homes keep us sayf.  
My mum bakes me a cake.  
Evereeone needs a home.

**Reuben Y1**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Belonging**

The hallway smelt of acid and burning wood. The mantle piece was on fire and the flames were spreading to the door! My mum and sister had already fled and even though I tried my hardest to smother the flames, they just kept coming! I ran out of the house to watch the only home I'd ever known burn to the ground. I'd never belonged in it though, I knew that for certain.

In the days that followed, I eventually found my family but not a place that I felt I fitted into.

The search went on for days, weeks. I lost count in the end. Friends put us up and, luckily, they understood that we had to move on in time. I missed my home more than anything, the porcelain vase on the kitchen table, the stained glass window in the living room, everything I loved. Gone, burnt. My life was a blur, smudged at the corners. Would I ever find my place in life?

I searched many cities and towns and FINALLY I found one that felt right. Derbyshire was the place, I just knew it! In the city there was a town called Dronfield and in that town there was a terrace. A house stood at the very end and as I peered into the gloom, I saw a perfect spot on the kitchen table for a porcelain vase, a missing window pane fit for a stained glass window and the further I looked, the more the building felt like home. Entering my new home, I felt a wave of joyfulness wash over me. I welcomed my family in by confessing that I wouldn't cross the threshold to leave until it was confirmed that it was my house for as long as I lived!

Years have gone now and my house is rather different with a blue guest room and the living room is no longer dull green but a calm purple. I still love my house and I've spent many a happy day playing with my sister in the garden or kitchen. This happiness hangs in the air like rays of sunlight enveloping you. I hope whoever inherits my house will care for it as I do. It is my pride and joy and I wouldn't want it any other way. It keeps me up on rainy days and it feels for me, when I'm down. It's like part of my soul, which will be here for ever more, lives within the boarders.

I have to move on, my house.

**Lucy Rundell Y5**  
**Bradway School**

### **Left behind-**

Why did you leave home?  
Why did you go so soon?  
Your books are dusty  
And your curtains are closed.  
I don't know what to do.

Whole rooms are empty.  
Memory boxes are left untouched.  
Your family is scared to open them.  
They are too fearful for what will be released.

I don't know if I'm angry  
Or if I want to cry.  
Maybe I'll just hit the walls and scream  
and scream and scream.

The bricks are full of hatred.  
The furniture is lost.

Worst of all, who are on their own,  
Is the family you left lost.

Your sister stares at walls all day.  
Your mum can barely sleep.  
I can't imagine life without you.  
With what you left behind.

I forget why you left.  
Maybe you were depressed.  
Now the sofa is torn  
And the clothes will never be worn.

Why did you leave home?  
What made you do it?  
There is no help to be found  
While you are stuck underground.

### **Anonymous**

### **Tomas' New Home**

Through the window, he could see lush countryside. Tomas opened the window and smelt the air. It wasn't like the smoky air in London, it was fresh air and the birds were singing. Then he looked over the houses and saw the town was peaceful.

Not many people lived there and Tomas didn't have any friends. In fact, he was not allowed outside at all. His new home was a large cottage in a small town. Well, big compared to the other houses and cottages in the town, well, apart from the garden. But Tomas didn't mind, the garden was lovely as was the house.

**Stephen Hodgson Y4**  
**Bradway Primary**

## house or a home?

House

Noun, plural hous-es [*hous-ziz*]

1. A building in which people live; residence for human beings
2. A household

Home

Noun, plural hom-es [*hom-es*]

1. The place in which ones domestic affections are centred
2. Where you made your favourite moments; where you feel most comfort and peace

What's a house? I ask to myself,  
I then thought about it and I was heartfelt,  
It's just a few windows, a door and loads of cement,  
And a bunch of bricks that couldn't be bent,  
It's not always a safe place though,  
It might just be a place where you come and go,  
It might always be a mess,  
It might increase your level of stress,  
But a home... Well, a home is much different,  
No hate, no shame, no arguments, no bickering,  
You find it deep down, deep down in your heart,  
A place you know, that you've loved from the start,  
Home is family, friends, love,  
All the bad vibes goodness got rid of.

**Maisie Bonacina Y8**

**Meadowhead**

I love my home because it cepes me safe.  
I love my home because it is cumfy.  
I love my home because I feel confident in my house.  
I love my home because it cepes me warm.  
I love my home because it cepes my family to gevery.  
I love my home because it cepes me helfy.  
I love my home because it cepes me and my family happy.

**Talula Y1**

**Abbey Lane**

**Locked Out**

Locked out,  
What could I do?  
Sit? Wait? I had no clue,  
No key,  
No way to get in,  
My head, my head, I could feel it spin.

Everything I had was in that house,  
But now I felt like a helpless mouse.  
My mind was blank,  
I couldn't think,  
My brain and my body were not in sync.

Locked out,  
Nothing to do,  
My mind had utterly turned to goo.  
Everything I had was in that place,  
But it was so much to face.

Locked  
Out

**Thomas Connley Y8  
Meadowhead****Houses and Homes**

I blamed it on my sister.  
I blamed it on my brother.  
I blamed it on my father.  
I blamed it on my mother.  
I blamed it on grandma.  
I blamed it on grandpapa.  
I blamed it on my family.  
I blamed it on my family tree.  
It took a while before it got to me.  
I tried to deny what I had done.  
What I had done to the baker's son.  
On a Friday night I was on my way home.  
When I saw him walking all alone.

As we passed the large grey lake.  
My fingers and arms began to shake.  
I went to the boy and looked him in the eye.  
As I pushed him in I heard his cry.  
I am not sure why I did such a thing.  
I don't know how I live with what I did.  
But now his body lies beneath.  
His flesh and bones.  
Underneath my house and home.

**Eleanor Dickson Y9  
Meadowhead**

### **My home**

The mansion was ancient. It was a pile of dust and dirt. Mum walked in as if we weren't leaving our home. Leaving everything. I stepped into the labarinth, the dark cage, keeping me away. "Go look around." Mum whispered. I saw a gap. I ran, desperate and frantic to go home. I missed my home. I ran through forests, swam the seas, climbed mountains. Just to get home.

**Niyantri Trikona Y6**  
**Woodseats Primary School**

### **My Home**

To me my home is a comfort zone,  
It means I'm not alone,  
To me a home is something I cherish,  
It means I don't want it to perish,  
To me a house is a protective home,  
Just like a protective dome,  
My house is where I live,  
It's also very big,  
I'm very lucky I live in this home,  
It's also made out of stone,  
My house is heaven,  
Just like Devon,  
My house is where I belong,  
Hopefully I will be there for long,  
My home is very great,  
I have lots of mates,  
I have a gnome,  
It lives at my home,  
At home it's fun,  
I like to play in the sun,  
I have a lot of fun,  
Playing in the sun,  
My home is very cool,  
Even though I don't have a pool,  
The roof on my house,  
At least they are not as wide as miles and miles.

**Oliver Lowe**  
**Greenhill**

### **Taken**

In a small village lived a family. In the family there were two little girls who were twins. One was called Apple and the other was Crumble. Thrilled, delighted, jovial, the family are always happy at home. Apple and Crumble both went to bed at seven PM. As soon as the parents went to bed, they fell straight to sleep. Apple heard a noise...she was gone! When Crumble woke up, she found out that Apple was missing.

Outside she felt as brave as a lion (however inside she felt as fearful as a mouse). Crumble exclaimed "Mum, Dad, Apple has gone!" Dad pushed everyone outside and made them search everywhere for Apple. When Apple was ready for high school, her best friend was Crumble. One day, Crumble called to her mum and dad "Can my friend come round?"

Mum shouted "Yes! But what is her name?"

Crumble exclaimed "Apple!"

Apple went to their house and Mum recognised her. Then everyone was that happy that they cried with happiness. They lived happily ever after with their home.

### **Isla Y3**

#### **Greenhill**

Dear diary,

Today when I woke up the witch gave me the worst surprise ever! It was disastrous! Before I knew it the witch trapped me in the worst, tallest tower that I've ever seen! I feel so lonely because I have not got any friends and I've got no room for my hair. It's very dark and scary. I wish I could get down.

Not so happy,

Rapunzel

### **Reuben Hodgkinson Y1**

#### **Greenhill**

### **In a house**

I looked outside the house were my dream house layed. I looked in the garden. Leaves wrapped round the trees with reds, blue and yellow flowers nerr the bushes. I looked in the living room. I looked in the bedroom. I looked all around the house. I looked upstairs and downstairs. I looked in the garden where bugs live. I looked in the pond where fish live. I went in the living room. I went up to my bedroom and put my pyjamas on. I jump into my bed. I wated till nine o clock. I got up out of my bed and put some clothes on.

### **Lola White Y3**

#### **Greenhill**

## **An old house**

What have you seen in  
your hundred years?  
If I asked you what would  
you say?  
Of the dozens of families  
that lived in your walls,  
Of the children that you  
watched play?  
Of the pets and the films  
and the birthday cakes  
And the Christmas  
mornings and dinners?  
If you could whisper your  
favourite of all,  
Who would be your  
winner?

You've sheltered the  
Smiths and the Straws  
And the Sharps  
You've protected from  
hail and snow and rain  
You've kept little girls  
warm and little boys cool  
And you'll probably do it  
again  
Could you pick your  
favourite day of all the  
Ones you've been there?  
The happy memories and  
the love and the care  
A young man and his wife  
and his daughter and son  
All the smiling and all the  
fun  
Sat by the log fire, singing  
songs, drinking wine

Playing games in the  
garden to pass the time  
Staying up late  
Teens graduate  
Baby's first steps  
Summer holiday prep

Or was it the days you  
watched all the pain  
You cried into the gutters  
and down the drain  
Your windows went foggy  
and your  
Paint washed away  
The for sale sign went up  
And your frail body lay  
Waiting for someone  
other than him  
The old man in his  
armchair  
Blind closed and lights  
dim  
His wife passed away  
The children grew up  
They forgot about him  
and  
The house that they  
loved  
Until eventually your  
walls  
Give in  
If you could whisper your  
favourite  
Who would win?

The humans are gone  
Your floor boards are  
rotten  
The furniture's broken

And you've been  
forgotten  
The sounds between  
rooms are no longer of  
laughter  
But the buzz of the fridge  
No happy ever after  
An old house on a street  
that used to be known  
An old house on a street,  
all on its own  
The old man left too  
On a cold winters day  
I couldn't ask him why  
He wasn't okay  
He never came back  
They said he was sick  
If you could whisper your  
favourite who would you  
pick?  
The creak of the ceiling  
A squeak of a mouse  
You're not a home  
You're just an old house

Home is perfect  
We feel calm and adored  
Home's never perfect  
We feel angry and bored  
We move on and move  
out  
People come and go  
But how does the house  
feel?  
How will we ever know?

**Miah Straw Y10**  
**Meadowhead**



## **How to make a perfect home**

### **Ingredients**

1. Love
2. Care
3. Thought
4. Tidiness
5. Peace
6. Kindness

### **Equipment**

1. Oversized backing tin
2. Large mixing spoon
3. Vast mixing bowl
4. Stifling fiery oven

### **Method**

1. First precisely, put 69g of peace and 32g of care inside your vast mixing bowl.
2. Secondly, pour 78g of tidiness and 97g of love into your vast mixing bowl.
3. Next specifically put 72g of thought and 58g of kindness inside your vast mixing bowl.
4. After carefully mix all off your ingredients together as carefully careful will get with the large mixing spoon and pour it into your oversized backing tin.
5. Finally carefully slide your oversized backing tin into the stifling fiery oven at 201 degrees Celsius for 25 minutes and you should have a perfect home as perfect as perfect could be.

**Olivia Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **The Forgotten**

Some say they've felt screams pierce their heart. Some say they've heard the muffled cries of a tender child. However, everyone knows it was never really abandoned all those years ago...

No-one has ever ventured past the doors. Great wooden doors laced with metal borders that, over time, had become dilapidated and riddled with mould. Until a young student, who had travelled from London, wandered across the decrepit mansion looking for a place to study peacefully away from the trauma of the city. His name was Daniel Clever. He decided to catch the train to Ederidge village but it wasn't how he'd imagined. No, it wasn't at all. The village itself was eerie and uncanny. The people were ominous and dismal. He was soaking wet with thunder ringing in his ears. He was fed up so he booked into the cheapest hotel he could find.

Disturbed by the village and its inhabitants, he decided to wander into the forest to read his book. After about only half an hour, the heavens opened up and a downpour soaked him to the bone. Fed up and exhausted, Daniel spotted a dirt-beaten track through the clearing in the forest. He thought it would lead to a farmhouse or even a barn but how wrong he was. After 20 minutes, he came across an abandoned mansion worn by neglect and tangled with the forest itself. Something wasn't right. He felt a pair of cold eyes watching him. His frozen state overpowered his fear. Knowing full well no one would answer, he knocked on the decrepit doors. Giving them a firm kick, the doors buckled and collapsed helplessly. He searched his backpack. Finding a handful of matches, he began lighting the candles. This gave him satisfaction. Nothing would happen in the light. He became indulged in his book. Bang! Intrigued by the sudden noise, he explored. The candles all went out. Surrounded in darkness; fear crept in. He froze. Behind the door, a high pitched melody repeated wearily. Louder and louder it became. Ear-splitting. Ear-piercing.

It stopped. Complete silence. Unnerved, he went back to the main hall and lit the candles once again. And, once again, became indulged in his book. Time flew by. Until he drifted off to sleep.

He woke suddenly by the sobbing of a young infant. Terrified, he had to have another look around. The crying came from the second floor. Creeping up the humongous staircase, which creaked and cranked under his weight, he realised he'd underestimated the sheer size of the house. There were a hundred rooms he hadn't even set his eyes upon. But the crying didn't stop. He slowly approached the door that he thought the disturbance came from. He tried it. Locked. He gingerly walked away. Creeeeeeaaaaakkkkkkkkk! He turned. The door was now open. That was odd, he thought. He peered in and on the bed sat a porcelain doll. He couldn't help but touch it. His vision blurred. He became it. His soul forever trapped.

**Louie Owen Y8**

**Meadowhead**

Home  
[həʊm]

## NOUN

The place where one lives permanently, especially as a member of a family or household.

What is home? If you were to look in a dictionary the answer would come out to be,  
“The place where one lives permanently, especially as a member of a family or household.”

However, if you are one who’s had an actual home, then you would know that such a term goes much beyond its concrete description.

I believe that everyone needs one fundamental thing in life; a home. Not a house, or flat or mansion, a home.

Everyone has to have a place to be born, a place to grow up and a place to become yourself

A house is just a building that you fill up with different items

Where you live but you may not feel at home there.

A house is a simply a shelter.

Home is more than just four walls and a roof and to feel at home one really needs a home. A home is a family with full of love and care.

A home for each person is completely different. It takes a specific kind of person to make a house a home.

In fact, many people who are capable of building a thousand houses find it hard to really build a home.

For me, home isn’t always a house, it can be cities, locations, or even a person.

Just where you can feel like you can be 100% yourself. You should be able to feel like you can relax.

Because after all,

There’s no place like home.

## **Megan Oldham Y10**

### **Meadowhead**

## **Lost to Home**

Once upon a time a sixteen year old girl was stolen from her wonderful, awesome and fabulous home. She was L.O.S.T lost. The evil sea witch had stolen her. The evil sea witch’s house looked horrendous. It had skulls on wall, skeletons on the carpet and worst of all, a root of souls. She was in a horror house.

*Three years later*

She is now nineteen. She couldn’t leave the house otherwise her soul would be in the root. She was scared, worried and petrified. “I just want to go home,” she thought.

That night she decided to sneak out of the evil sea witch’s house and she did. She saw something in the distance, it looked like her warm, fabulous home. Alicia was so happy!

## **Izzy Wasp Y3**

### **Greenhill**

**My home**

There was once a country that I called home,  
But had to leave and start again.  
My new home is cold and wet  
But it'll be better than death.  
For my country has corrupted  
and is slowly coughing on  
all the deaths and wrong choices  
chosen, too many to right,  
too many to stop.  
My dreams wander back  
To my home gun fire, flashing lights  
But all the same heart-warming.  
How I long to be back home.

**Ronnie Bell Y6**  
**Woodseats**

**Love and appreciate what you have**

You may live in a house  
Where you think you don't belong  
But it's important to remember  
That you have a roof above you  
To keep you warm and dry  
And have the warmth and comfort of a bed  
Where you can lie your sleepy head  
You can lie on your mattress feeling happy or  
even wanting to cry  
You may not have a bunch of toys to play with  
all the time  
The important thing is that you're loved  
Surrounded by the special ones  
That feed you and keep you clean  
You may think that they are lovely or even  
really mean  
But think about it, what they do  
To keep you safe and sound  
Now just think and look around  
At the people who work all day and night  
Help you when your stuck or even in a fight  
It may be a family member or a friend  
That keeps you going through life till the very  
end  
You need to take the time and give it a good  
thought  
Who bought this all for you  
To keep you happy and go through  
To learn to laugh, to dance and play  
So you can eat something everyday  
Appreciate all the things  
That your loved one brings  
To keep you warm and dry  
To comfort you when you cry  
My loved ones are my family, teachers and  
friends  
That keep me going till the end  
I am thankful for all these things  
That my loved ones bring.

**Sophie Kincso Walker Y5**  
**Bradway**

### **Types of houses**

Have you ever thought,  
What houses there are,  
Some quite near,  
And some quite far.

It's made of twigs,  
And other things,  
It doesn't have  
Anything as expensive as rings.

There's the house,  
For those who are rich,  
People say,  
That it's a myth.

Then there's middle class,  
Which isn't the best,  
Some is clean,  
And some has mess.

But that's a lie,  
It's not true,  
There's a room for me,  
And a room for you.

These houses,  
Are okay,  
Not the best,  
If you're away.

Then there's the one,  
For the poor,  
It's not very stable,  
And doesn't have a door.

When you're out,  
Burglars can come,  
Take a phone,  
That belongs to your mum.

What kind of house would you choose?

### **Ruby Uttley Y3 Norton Free**

Isn't it funny?  
How if you dress up a house,  
And fill it with money,  
It may never be a home,  
Raining never sunny,  
Just a twisted box,  
Full of hearts, melted and runny,

But on the street,  
Where the homeless call home,  
You can find your feet,  
Find a family,  
There may not be much to eat,  
And there's not much money,  
But the people you meet,

Isn't it funny?

What is a home?  
It might not be a house,  
Just a place to not be alone,  
It does not have to be an object,  
A thing that is shown,  
Just a place to feel safe,  
That is a home,

Isn't it funny?

### **Millie Marshall Y8 Meadowhead**

Darkness filled the streets of my home town... The road, a long strip of ebony black ribbon, the moon was the only source of light. I turned left on the next road, leading to a house. The house was small and old, crumbling day by day. No sign of life existed in the town. The blackout indulged me.

Gravel underneath my feet crunched as I tried to stay calm. Helicopters soared throughout the small town. I kept close to the walls of my road.

I raised my hand, shaking as I tried to grab for the door handle. The door opened with a slight creak as I slammed it shut and slouched against it. I sighed, staring down into darkness.

Memories filled my head...

A child singing as their mother prepared their dinner. But then they faded... They turned into cries of pain instead of laughter... War sirens screamed through the neighbourhood.

I shook my head.

Tears streamed down my face... I was alone and had to fight for myself.

I got up a staggered to the living room... the furniture ripped and broken... a single bed stayed in the corner of the room... the blankets on the floor. Obviously, it was my bed. I sat down it and looked at my hand. Blood covered the palm of my hand, filling my palm with a deep crimson red. I reached for the pathetic first aid kit and wrapped my hand.

I stared up at the ceiling and flopped down onto my bed. "I am Ida Langhorne. Daughter of Thomas Langhorne". The house creaked as I spoke, reading my emotions. "It just you and me now. We have no one else." Tears streamed down the house windows mimicking its eyes.

My mind flooded to darkness as screams gradually got louder in my head. War sirens piercing my ears. The sound of bombs exploding – killing loved ones. I was trapped in my own imagination... but this was no imagination. This was real. Flashbacks of when I was younger. Me, singing... My mother preparing dinner for us... My dad coming home from work at the stroke of midnight... Then they were gone....bombed, gassed, killed.

It was now me and the house. I was a warrior of my own survival – the house a scrapbook of memories, attempting to keep me sane.

**Katia De Silva Moura Y9**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Moving Away**

I entered my room at 9:00 to go to bed, but the smile that was once on my face quickly disappeared. Something wasn't right. Maybe it was the fact I was having to leave this place behind. I had been trying to push it out of my mind but I knew sooner or later I would have to think about it. But I don't want to. I didn't really believe it at first when mum sat me down at the table and spoke to me like I was two years old, and told me we would be moving to a new house far away from here as she had had a new job opportunity. Obviously I want to support my mum in every way as we don't have a lot of money and this is great news to us, but at the same time a big part of my life is being torn away from me. I haven't been going to school recently as I have been feeling ill. My mum says it's because we are going somewhere new and I should try going back to school but I refuse. I want to spend as much time in my house while I have the chance.

I walk across my room admiring it in all of its glory my wicker heart fairy lights wrapped around the end of my bed and how all my books are stacked up neatly on the shelf. I can't do it we are moving in a week and I am not ready to let go. I walk across the landing towards mum's room and stretch my arm out towards the golden door knob when I hear my mum shout. She's on the phone for sure. I step back. Wondering if I should risk going in. Suddenly, I hear a loud BANG! It didn't come from my mum's room though it came from my room. It's probably nothing. I go in my room and lay on my bed staring at the soft pink duvet cover. My eyes fill with tears but I tell myself not to cry .I can't cry.

My thoughts are soon interrupted by my mum walking in my room I turn my head slowly to look at her, her eyes are red she has definitely been crying. Shuffling up the bed she sits next to me and all of a sudden with no words brings me into a hug. I began to cry and she gives me a reassuring squeeze and I squeeze her back we sit there for about 10 minutes cradling each other. I look at the time and its 10:00. I slowly pull away from her and she lets me go. After she tucks me into bed she kisses me and the fore head and gives me a weak smile and leaves my room. Mum must be just a worried as I am about all of this. Tomorrow I'm going to try to go to school. I will just have to wait and see what happens.

**Matilda Reed Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

10 steps.

Stumbling through the aftermath.  
Every step I take, things goes black.  
Flashes to the fire are coming back.

One step,  
Flash of burning fire.  
Two steps,  
The smoke is climbing higher  
Three steps,  
Ceilings crumbling all around.  
Four steps,  
Collapsing building shaking ground.  
Five steps,  
The fire crawled into my room.  
Six steps,  
A flash. The silence. Then BOOM.  
Seven steps,  
Haunting thoughts running through my head.  
Eight steps,  
My parents remains when they were found dead.  
Nine steps,  
Tears flowing down my face.  
Ten steps,  
No parents , no house, not even a trace.

A flash of fire. A flash of light.

I'm back to a house that will never feel right

**Molly Rennie Y8**  
**Meadowhead**



### **Upside Down Home**

Tick tock, the clock sang slowly in an abnormal way,  
As the days inside this upside down house were mysteriously longer,

Snoring, snoring, was every-time you slept on your magic comfortable bed,  
While your dreams will come true that peaceful night,

Glittering, glittering shone this mystifying enchanted mirror,  
Which could make your wishes come true everyday like little Snow White did once,

Floating, floating on a galaxy kitchen room,  
Where fire never burned and crystal cups never broke,

Pop, popped the bubbles on your magical tour to your small swimming pool,  
As you swam deep down and found a mermaid aqua ocean with dolphins happily singing to the sun,

Uuh, aah was the whisper of the ghosts on your listening ear,

Saying please get them out of this filthy, unlighted attic room,

Roar, roar sang your pet lion from nowhere,  
Who never ate a single human bone,  
But the grass from your jolly, alluring, pink, candy-floss garden,

Flush, flash, ran your Aladdin, wizardy carpet,  
Like the thunder from a smiling storm,

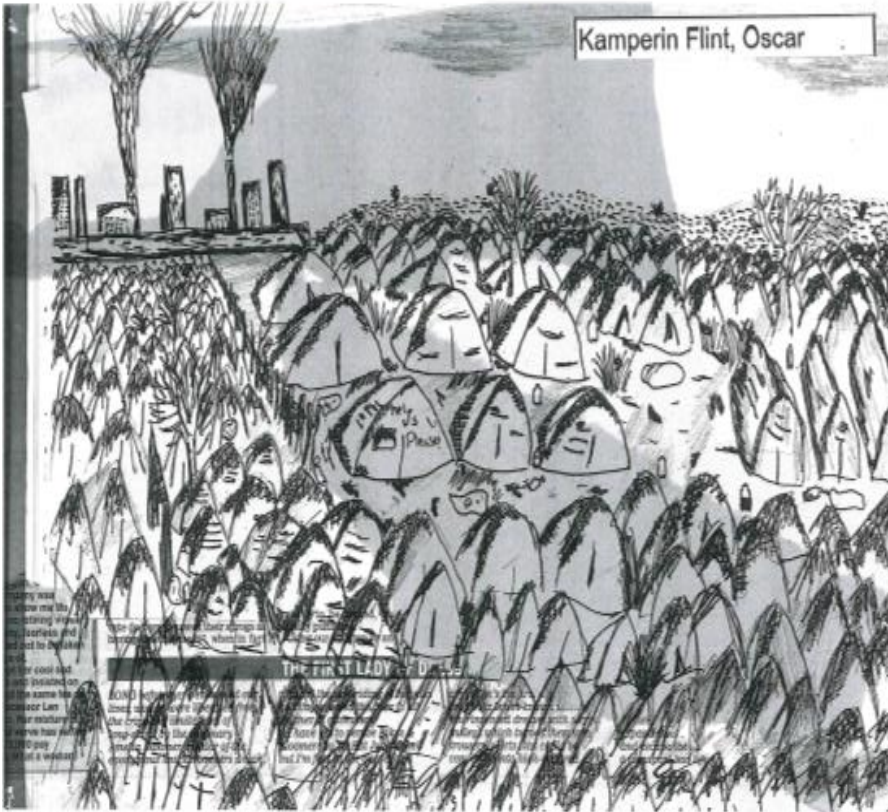
Now listen, listen, because this house would be our upside down,  
Where the female is the male, the male is the female,  
Purple is yellow, yellow is purple,  
And morning is the moon, night is the sun,

But who wants to live on a different world,  
When everything in your own world is perfect?  
Because this is your beautiful home,  
And you'll never want to change it,

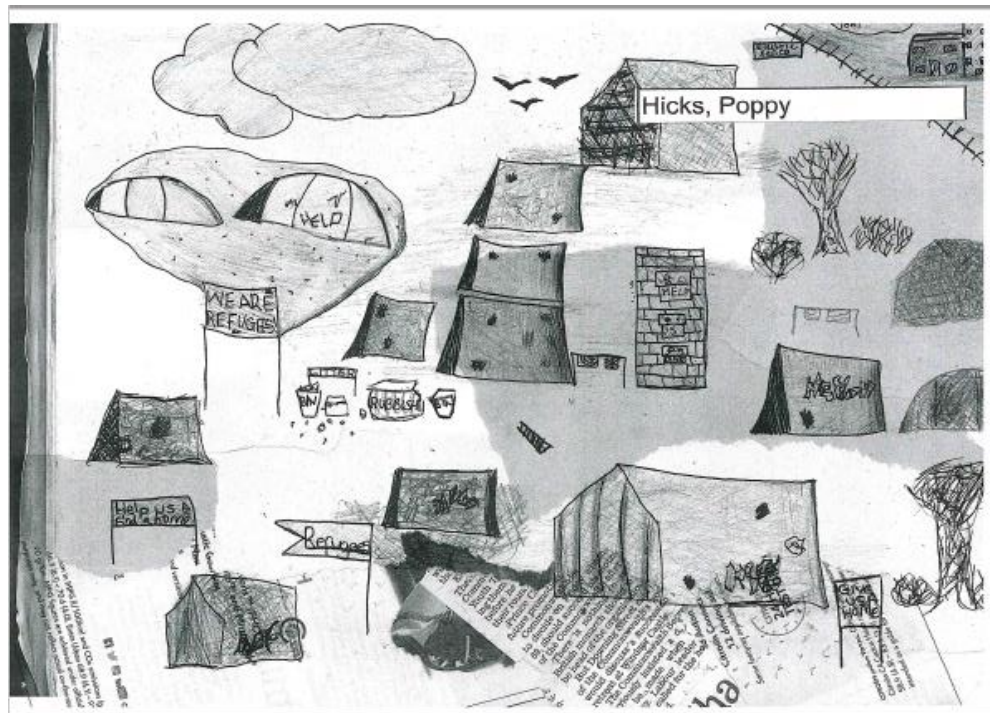
Never.

### **Minnie Docal Y8 Meadowhead**

# Homelessness



Oscar Kamperin-Flint Y7



Poppy Hicks Y7

### **A New Hope**

A boy called Tom only had streets to roam and he was treated like dirt just like his father had been. When an answer of a market stall was not looking he would steal food for himself.

The rain and the thunder scared hi and there was quite a lot of it in the UK. After the market was closed there would be no shelter for poor Tom. His clothes would get soaked in the rain and the sun was the only thing to dry them off. Then once when he tried to get some bread a group of people snatched it off him. Then a lovely kind lady gave him an apple. The next day he cried and cried. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Then the same lady came by and enquired "what's the matter young boy?"

"It's just that no one is being nice to me," stated Tom.

Then Tom found a house that didn't look very welcoming. Still he knocked on the door. After ages someone opened the door. It was a young girl. She said "What do you want?"

"It doesn't matter!" exclaimed Tom.. So Tom went back to the streets still hungry and lonely.

Someone adopted him and took him to a house that looked very horrible. It was late at night and it was raining so he had no choice. In the night there were weird noises. It kept happening so he decided to try and put an end to it.

Tom stayed up late at night and then saw his parents change into aliens and making the same noises that Tom heard. So he tried to destroy them....

**Isla Taylor Y4**

**Greenhill**

### **Walking at night is danger**

On Cherry Well Lane  
Lived a lonely house  
Not a thing was stirring  
Not even a mouse

A boy laid the streets  
Of clothes very bare  
As he roamed the streets  
For a place to share

A lonely house  
Was all he needed  
For a lonely boy  
Needs a home indeed

Though through the night  
Cold and dark  
The young boy slept  
Without his heart

For all he needed  
Was a place to go  
His heart was as cold  
As a frozen stone

For that very moment  
The sun woke up  
The boy was saved  
From up above

His heart fluttered like a bird  
His ear caressed every word  
Uttered by the lovely house  
Without his special secret code

To unlock the door he never found  
To find that one amazing sound

**Eva Ball Y7**

**Meadowhead**

### **The effect of war**

War surrounded the country, like a lion stalking its prey. Sirens calling out, an all too familiar noise. Many taken away from their homes to a safer house in the country. The once bright eyed, happy children's faces twisted into a mix of grief and fear. Families ripped apart, sights of death scarring their minds. The feeling of insecurity and uncertainty following like a looming shadow, as people leave the comfort of familiarity, not knowing if they'll return to the same place.

Buckets of water thrown in a mad attempt to stop the raging fires from engulfing the whole community. As it dripped down the glass of the windows, it seemed as if the once welcoming place was crying in pain. The previously inviting kitchens, cosy bedrooms and restless gardens, now a wreck.

Bombs burning with rage destroying fond childhood memories in an instant. Anger between countries, taken out on innocent lives. Childhood being ripped away, replaced with unfamiliar surroundings. The home, a place of smiles, laughter, arguments and security, now replaced with just another house caught up in the crossfire of war.

After years of fighting, heartbreak and separation. The torn apart countries all reunited with their loved ones, the longing feeling to be home, now gone. Many left unrecognisable to each other, after being apart for so long. Men, women and children left devastated with nothing but each other. The aftermath of conflict incomparable to anything. Homes lying in a heap, as if beaten up, unable to recover.

Builders like surgeons hopelessly trying to reconstruct the unrecognisable homes, unable to remake the memories that were once held so close to the heart. Millions of people left homeless, bankrupt and alone. Young, harmless children left to fend for themselves with no parents, home or friends. Hearts left feeling as if they were mercilessly ripped out, replaced with a darkened void. Eyes being opened to the cruel, truth of war, wondering if it's really worth it when you end up with nothing anyway. The twisted sights burned into brains, filling them with grief. A home turned to a house because of the greed of those who were meant to protect their country.

### **Eve Palmer-Morris Y8 Meadowhead**

#### **Homeless wishes and truths**

I wish I was warm and dry,  
I want to be comfortable,  
I wish I could be snug in bed,  
I want to be clean, smartly dressed,  
This is my dream,  
I wish I wasn't cold and wet,  
I don't want to be uncomfortable, I wish I wasn't sleeping rough,  
I don't want to be in ragged clothes with holes,  
This is my life,  
I wish I was happy,  
I don't want to be sad and dispirited,  
I wish I had friends and family who cared,  
I don't want to be scared, lonely and isolated,  
These are my wishes.

### **Alex Hopper Y7 Meadowhead**

**Everyone should have a home**

Most people have a home,  
But some people don't,

Maybe their home is the street,  
With just one mucky sheet,  
They don't have much to eat,  
Not even a comfy seat,

Some people want everything,  
But some people have nothing,  
Even just 50p makes them smile like it's Christmas,

You should be grateful for whatever type of house  
you have,  
Because some people have nothing at all.

**Candy Howard Y6**  
**Woodseats**

**~~Home~~ on the street**

I live on the street  
Not much of a home  
People always walk past me  
So I'm always alone  
I sit on my blanket  
In the bitter cold  
And wonder what it's like  
To live without mould  
I have no friends to talk to  
And no comfy bed to sleep in  
And the money I collect

Never reaches the top of my tin  
I sit and imagine  
What it's like to have a home  
But right now my only  
Possession is a small comb  
If I had a house  
It would smell like cake  
It would be small and cosy  
And every night I would cook a big steak  
But right now I can only imagine  
What it's like to have a home  
Because I live on the street  
All alone

**Ella Marsden Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Broken home**

Her city had been captured by the crimes that happened. In all the shadowy corners of the town, down every uneven, cobbled street, past every flickering streetlight, was panic. A city filled with panic and terror. It was not a safe place to live. But is used to be.

When she was younger, her vivid imagination turned the most basic things into extraordinary games. She used to be completely safe playing in the shared garden, even walking to school alone but, if that happened now, you would be in great danger and risking your life. She remembers picturing her adulthood when she was just a little girl, getting married, having children, her dream job, her own home and just enjoying been free to do what she wanted to do. Now she understands her life is anything but free.

Tears dripped from her bruised eyes as she remembered these memories, when she was safe, happy and healthy. She wished her young, gullible children could have had the same wonderful experience but that wouldn't be possible, not now anyway. She consistently wonders if they will look back at their childhood, remembering not being allowed to go outside alone, not allowed to play in the garden, not allowed to leave the house, all to keep them safe, to keep them alive.

The streets they lived on were crawling with rats and other rodents, they hid in all the cracks and holes hidden from the human eye. The streets reeked of animal waste and dried blood and the pungent smell was trapped in the maze of streets, just like anyone who lived there. All the windows were either boarded or smashed with jagged claws still sticking out. Green glass shattered on the road from all the drunks that ventured out alone, risking their life all to just get a drink. Their footsteps flooded her ears like the sound of a drum creeping closer and closer. They were heavy and staggering which made them all the more frightening. They were trying to find her, hunt her down and attack. She pulled the covers over her head and tried to stay as far away from the window as she could. Her children's bodies lay next to her, their chests steadily rising up and down, up and down. They were oblivious to what was going on and she was glad they didn't know. Right now she feared her life and theirs. She knew what was happening!

She never knew who or what might be around the corner; getting food from the local shops made her shake with fear. While she walked she was constantly peering over her shoulder checking nobody was there. All the joy had been sucked out of her body leaving an unhappy body of frail bones and weak muscles. She knew they wouldn't last much longer!

**Eve Sambrook Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Just a place to call home**

Another terrible day as always. Hundreds of people walk by every day, not realising how lucky they are: to have a family, to have food, to have a place to call home...I wish I was as lucky as them. I long for comfort, warmth and shelter. Just a place to call home.

I used to have a home, mind you. A loving family with a funny dad and a kind mum. But it all went wrong, horribly destroying our perfect family, all happening because of that shrieking monster in the crib.

She came, I was forced to leave: I will never forget my mother's sparkling blue eyes, brimming with tears, some escaping onto her rosy cheeks. My father, on the other hand, had a scarlet mask on, his temples throbbing with anger and fury. The man I looked up to was a harsh, cruel monster. His bitter words were super-glued to my brain, buried in deep with my memories however, my mother's sad face was etched onto my conscience, guilt flooding me whenever I thought about it.

I left home that night. I yearned to hug my mother in her arms, but my hatred for that vile creature gave me determination, a sense of independence. I had to spend the night in the corner of a gas station, my face burning with disgrace and regret. Why had it all gone wrong?! Oh yes, because of the baby devil coming and throwing my life around like it was a toy. Life had been fun, exciting, but it had all been turned around.

I see toddlers screaming ungratefully at their tired parents. The reason? I don't know, but I can definitely keep guessing. Maybe they didn't get the toy they wanted? Or maybe their parents didn't buy them the food they wanted? All I know for certain is that I wanted it all. I was jealous of a 3 year old child and I did not regret it. I watched how his parents looked at him lovingly, even though he was throwing a temper tantrum. I couldn't bare it anymore; I went to the orphanage in the centre of town. I didn't think much of it because my head was filled with mysterious figures, my new parents. Tender cuddles orphanage was pink and frilly, and I despised it at once but there was a silver lining in my brain. I walked through the glass doors expecting children to be playing, instead a receptionist, drinking a mug of coffee. Suddenly, a deep, menacing voice came from behind me and in the blink of an eye I felt myself drifting away, almost like a ghost: no it can't be ...

I'm in a room. There's a light coming from somewhere, I'm not entirely sure where though. It's getting cold now. I can feel goose-bumps arising on my clammy arm. What's happening? Where am I? I rush to 76 Parker Avenue.  
Finally, I'm back home...

**Gunjon Paul Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Little Boy**

I saw you on my television screen once, sitting amidst the rubble of a building which you once called home, your face a pale, tear-streaked mask, your light summer clothes covered in debris, and I wondered what you were thinking about, what you were feeling in that wounded, battered body. A gash on your arm was bleeding, a stark crimson stain soaking through the dust, but you did not appear to feel any pain as you stared vacantly at the camera lens.

Around you a field of shattered concrete slabs and splintered glass lay jumbled in an impossible chaos of shapes and sizes, shimmering and trembling under the fierce heat of the sun. Gone were the familiar lines of streets you had grown up with, honeycombed with people's homes, where generations of families had lived their lives, where diverse communities had intermingled and interlaced. All that was left was destruction, dust and sadness. Behind you there used to be a regular line of handsome buildings, now just the jagged profile of war remained; row upon row of ruins, houses crouching low, as if cowering from the onslaught they had witnessed, windows devoid of glass and gazing sightlessly at the carnage below.

Amongst these empty, broken shells of human life, shreds of people's existence fluttered in the arid breeze, or lay, inert, never to be part of a home again. A woman's dress, incongruous with its bright, hopeful colours, still hung on a washing line, attached at either end to the few remaining pieces of wall. A child's collection of stuffed toys was strewn across a floor, some lay forlornly below in the street, blasted by the shockwaves and scattered as if thrown in a tantrum. All the time there was a brutal silence, punctuated occasionally by a shout, or the roar of a bulldozer searching for survivors; the unnatural silence of lives changed forever, of deserted homes laid bare to the gaze of strangers. A plate of food, half eaten, still lay on a small table, miraculously untouched by the blast. These had been comfortable, private spaces once; bathrooms, bedrooms and living rooms echoing to the everyday stories of people's lives. Now walls were peeled back, forced open, by the bombs which had hurtled from the clear, azure sky. These ruined buildings were home to no-one anymore, populated only by a multitude of flies and opportunistic rats, feasting on decaying food in abandoned kitchens.

Yesterday I saw your picture again in a magazine, the pinched, pale, numb face of two years ago now printed next to one which was animated and joyful. Sitting in your new house, close to your father and far from the chaos of war, you appeared to be truly at peace, surrounded by the embrace of your family: home once more.

**Paul Stockley**  
**Headteacher**  
**Bradway Primary School**



### **The Homeless Person**

Once upon a time there was a man called Harry. He was a homeless person. The only way of getting money for food was the play the maracas and if you want to know how much Harry gets then the answer is not much. 31p a week. Harry loved lottery tickets because sometimes he wins about five pounds but it was unlikely to happen.

Autumn was ending and winter was starting and the air became bitter and cold. Everyday Harry had to go to the shop to buy something but he normally got....nothing. He had to eat the free fruit for children.

One day, Harry was walking in the snow. Slowly he saw a flash of silver, he stopped to see what it was. It was half buried in the snow. Harry dug it out....it was a lottery ticket! He quickly got one of his pennies and read it. Harry frantically began to scratch....he had won a house and three thousand pounds!

Harry rushed to the nearest shop and after year and years of living on the streets he had got a house!

**Maya Merritt Y4**  
**Greenhill**

### **The Conflagration**

The house. In flames. I stared at the thick black smoke rise into the clouds which were once white. The house was like a candle on a birthday cake, but of course it wasn't a celebration, it was a total disaster.

As I say my last goodbyes, all the memories flood back in. My old bedroom, the place where all my feelings were kept. They all seemed to follow me, stalking my every step. This was the place where it all begun, I will never forget my family, they made this feel like home. All my clothes, toys, books, memories burnt in the conflagration, the ones I will never get back.

The neighbours cluster as close to the makeshift barrier as they could, watching the fire fighters unreel the hoses. I step aside, then begin to walk the opposite direction – trying to clear my head. The police approach me, fussing me like a new puppy. I feel trapped inside this horrible situation, no way to escape.

I begin to get inside the police car but I can't leave without seeing it one last time. I sprint as fast as I could until I reached the destruction, quickly coming to a halt. My vision is blurry, I can't live like this anymore.

**Maddie Ford Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

## **The House of Fire**

### **20<sup>th</sup> March, 2011**

They're after me. Masked figures dressed in orange flame, holding burning torches out in front of them. My lungs burning, I race towards what was once a place of safety, my home. But it is a home to me no more. Its scorched frame barely even resembles a house. I pass through the front garden, and jump the small section of charred wall that leads to the living room. I stub my toe, but no matter. It may well be bleeding, I don't allow myself to look. If I can just get to the cellar, I might be safe. Might. As I swing into the kitchen, I risk a glance backwards, to my pursuers. They're close. Scarily so. Finally, I've found the small panel of wall that swings back to reveal the cellar. I open it and then...

I wake up screaming. Sweating. But at least, as far as I can tell, I'm safe. If our wretched family can ever call ourselves safe. I pull myself out of bed and look towards the window. Sunny, midmorning. Saturday. Kiera's 11<sup>th</sup> birthday. I'm careful not to wake her as I tiptoe past her room, but as I expected, she's already downstairs. I stand in the doorway, watching her. A few seconds go by, and she hears our mother moving above. She turns to move and sees me, a wide grin spread across her face. She's too young to remember what else this day signifies to the rest of us. I wipe the solemn frown from my face, replacing it with a matching grin to Kiera's. We're so similar, just our heights tell of our differing ages.

An hour passes, it was time for me to drop Kiera to school. Little did I know, this wouldn't be the normal school day for her. It would be another event, on the tenth anniversary of the last.

### **20<sup>th</sup> March, 2001**

We all sit around the table, exchanging ideas for our dream house. Heated pools, trophy rooms, sandwich bars. We would have EVERYTHING. Or nothing. Depends which version of the future you look at. Real or ideal. Kiera sits with us, but is in her own world, probably dreaming of teddy bears and blankets. And unable to warn us of the danger that was in only her eye line, and we had our backs to. She was too young to know it was dangerous, or how to get that message across anyways. Had she been older, we might still live there. But she was no more than an innocent baby, and the candles on her cake were distracting. The arsonist was free to proceed.

In no more than a minute, the fire alarms went off. But stupidly I said it must just be the candles. That probably lost us about three minutes. So I'm still as innocent as Kiera, right? You don't agree? I don't blame you. I should have known better. I should have known.

**Evie Round Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

People always say that '*Home is where the heart is*' and I agree. But I don't think that a home is bricks and mortar. It's where you belong and where you feel safe, with your family and friends. That's your home. What was so wrong with our old home that we had to leave the safety of a real house with little diseases?

This is my home. A long maze of tents and metal shelters representing houses and shops and hope; roads made up of mud and sand which on a windy day blows into your eyes and that broken swing on the corner of the medical centre where children stand in there too small cloths and bare feet, covered in mud and waste from the toilet that is there for 1000 of us. We laugh, we play but this wasn't the life I thought we would get when my parents moved us to the city. I don't mind it here, it's my home with friends, family and memories (there're not all joyful but they make me who I truly am). I wouldn't mind going back to our house in the countryside but we can't, we can't afford it and the city is better. Any way that's what my parents said when we moved. Here we can cook in the street, because we don't have a kitchen; in my old life we didn't have that novelty. Here we have a railway track running straight next to our house - we had to walk for ten minutes to get the train in my old life. Here there are disease-ridden animals - everyone at my old home had to walk to a field to see an animal and it didn't have the excitement of maybe getting a life threatening disease. But I have to remember, here is always meant to be better than a real house with a bedroom and a stove.

**Madeleine Turner Y9**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Homeless**

We take our homes for granted,

It's sad but it is true.  
Your family all together,  
Whether you have 1 or 2.

You truly feel like you belong,  
It hurts when you're away.  
But whilst you have your happy home,  
You'll never drift astray.

It's hard to imagine not having a home,  
Not having a place to go.  
Not having a place where you belong,  
Is really an all-time low.

Some people help-or try to!  
But nothing they do seems right,  
And you know that you will never get  
Your home back without a fight.

Home is where the heart is, that is what  
they say  
So how'd you feel if someone came and  
took your heart away?

**Lara Shaw Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

## **Home and Home**

When I look around the ruin that I call my home my vision is cloudy and twisted. Memories intertwine with the cruel reality that I try constantly to obliterate from my mind. I yearn and long for the world of peace and freedom that we used to live in... But even my strongest, most heartfelt memories of those times are slowly being snatched from my ever loosening grasp! However even now, in this desperate time hope can be seen. It pierces through this blanket of darkness that smothers us. This blanket of utter despair that engulfs us; dragging us deeper and deeper. Hope still comes through: its blinding rays seeping into us and restoring our faith in the place we used to love.

That glimmer of hope is because of my home and the memories it holds.

The scars from a war that destroyed lives, families and our community are evident everywhere. A constant reminder of what we have lost. Everyone's lost something. Toys, books, homes, childhoods, loved ones....Me? My Dad.

So now to the future and the heart wrenching decisions that have been made! I am packing my bags. We are leaving for England tomorrow. Mamma says it will be safe. Mamma says it's a new future. Mamma says a lot of things but her eyes don't tell the same story. Mamma also says it's what dad would have wanted. I'm not so sure. What if leaving here leaves his memories behind too?

As we leave our home, the strenuous journey looming ahead, I try desperately to savour everything: the happy times we shared here together, the hope and the love. This place wasn't just a house, it was my home and I feared it couldn't be replaced.

The days go quickly in England, always with the same feeling of sadness and regret thrashing around in the pit of my stomach. I feel exposed, back home my memories of dad were like my safety blanket... Now they are gone. The truth is that I miss him and I miss my home. However, in the darkness a star shines bright. A star of hope. Hope that one day this can be our home. Hope that one day we can piece together and begin to rebuild our lives. It won't be easy... I know that. But hope and the thought of a proper home might make it possible!

**Molly Abraham Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

### **No one chooses to be homeless**

Just think of that person that you've just walked by  
Think of their situation, compared to your own.  
How just a small donation would help them so much  
To buy the things that you take for granted,  
Yet they cherish so much.  
And you've just walked past them, like they're not even there,  
Not bothered about their life or how you could help.  
Walking away not guilty at all as you see them suffer in silence  
They did not choose to be homeless

Mothers shield their children from them like they're a deadly disease,  
Grandparents give disapproving looks  
But still it was not their choice to be homeless

They have lives too  
Favourite foods, and special homely features they carry around  
They are people  
They need to be loved and feel cared for not treated like an animal or an inconvenience  
They did not choose to be homeless

It doesn't stop when everyone else goes home,  
As they are already in theirs sat shivering cold with no one around.  
They are alone fearing for their life every single dreadful night,  
Hoping so hard that the police won't come and move them along  
Because they did not choose to be homeless.

**Ruby Le Page Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

My name is Maya Rivers, I'm fifteen years old. I didn't expect to be where I am today, but I don't regret a thing.

I didn't ever think about playing my guitar, which my mum and dad never let me play, out in the streets of London at 10 o'clock at night without even noticing I'm there, because they're "so busy" with their important lives. But here I am playing my prized possession (more like my only possession) attempting to earn a few pounds. I can hear teenagers, young adults, giggling and glaring at me, trying not to be obvious. They must think I'm stupid. I look at my ripped hat to see not any money but a note saying "I wouldn't bother." Even though I don't know them, it still hurts me to think that they think I'm wasting my time.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THE MONEY HAS GONE?" My mum barked at me. I stood there motionless not knowing what to say, except the truth. I was only ten years old, but my mum was shouting at me like I was a criminal. I never wanted this kind of relationship with my mum but she had never treated me like I was her child.

I've just woken up from my unsettled sleep. A loud car horn beeped at a reckless, drunk driver. Even though it is now only two o'clock in the morning there are still traffic jams on the roads and people pushing and shoving each other to get where they need to go. There's a huge gust of wind that blows through my hair and ripples through my clothes, that makes me curl up tightly in my thin, worn blanket. Once the streets quieten down, I am left with my thoughts. Thinking about what my life could have been like. Thinking about how my parents never really loved me and how I didn't care. And thinking about how the bus stop was more of a home than that house would ever be.

"Why don't you just admit you stole the money?" said dad.

"BECAUSE I NEVER DID!" I said frustrated and confused.

"Well, if you're not going to admit it then maybe you should just leave," Mum said coldly.

"Maybe I should." And that's what I did. I marched towards the door, and before I stepped outside the house for the last time in forever, I turned around and said "This was only a house I used to live in, but it was never my home." And I walk away never looking back.

My name is Maya Rivers, I was kicked out by my mum and dad for something I didn't do and because of them I am living on the streets trying to turn my life around and change the cards I was dealt. But like I said at the beginning, I don't regret a thing.

That is my story and this is my home.

**Freya Pound Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

Home is a language, home is now a legend, a story of where you grow up happy and safe, but now you no longer exist anywhere. They set your entire world aflame. They took away the sweet childhood memories. They took away the safe zone where you lay your head beside the comfy chair.

Nothing is left, only the sorrow of weeping soul, laughter and good times all disappeared. Nothing is left not even the high pitched tone of mothers voice, feeling lost, desperate and trapped, deep down a hole, a place where you have to kill to survive from vicious animals

My safe shelter has gone. The bright shiny ceiling aged with me. It's not as pretty as it used to be. It has wrinkled and aged, bits of it turned grey. Then I look up I see the new me, I see the state I am in. Has the old me really gone? Is what I see just a imagination or a dream, a wish to come true?

I wish I can go back in time to return to the person who was free, not trapped and desperate for help. Even the loudest shout was ignored and trashed away. I wish I could have the ability to get back what was mine once. I want my old elegant home back. I want to be able to experience what it felt like, but this all fake everything has changed. Nothing is the same, everything is shattered away, even the glamorous trees have faded away. The streets feel empty inside my home. Nothing left, not even a small rock where the weak mouse rests its small legs. Everything disappeared. Crouching my legs to my chest sitting in the empty room staring. The crushed wall rushes the painful times I had. Now I don't even have them. What am I supposed to do?

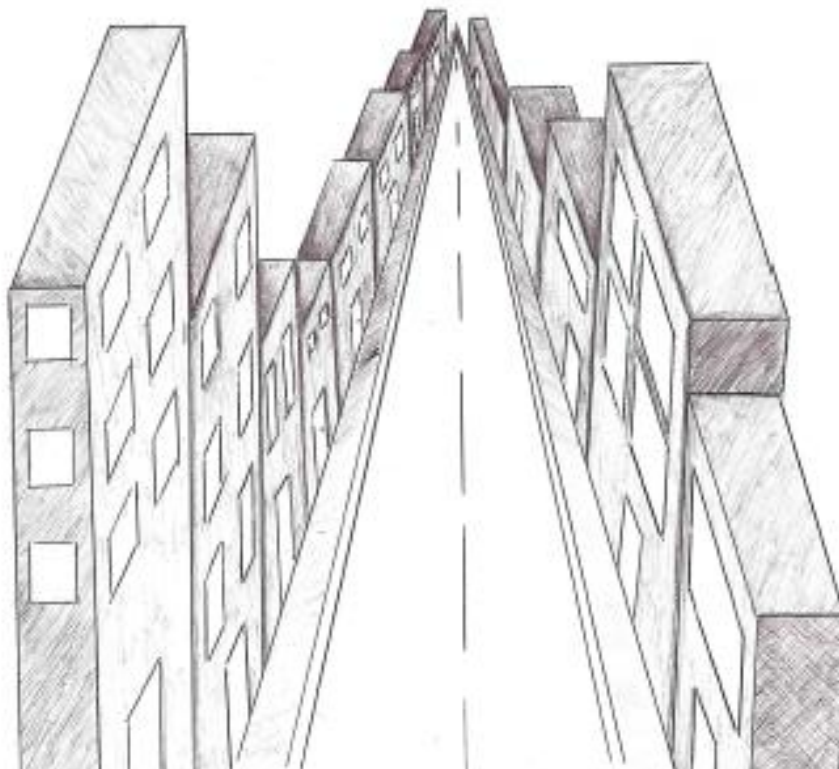
**Atena Javidpour Y9**  
**Meadowhead**

Jack Ethan Simpson Y7





Danyal Janjua Y7



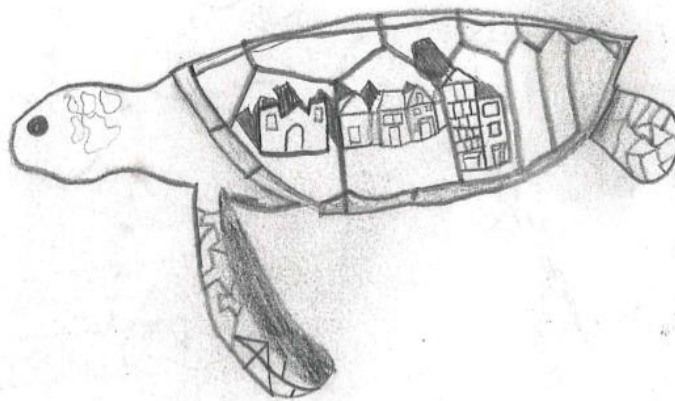
Will Ray Y7



# Habitats



William Wellsby Y7



Jack Cooper Ward Y7

### **The rainforest monkey**

There was once a rainforest monkey who sat in a tree. He was a young monkey, so he had to hold onto his mum to stop himself from falling out of the tree. It was a tall tree- one of the tallest in the whole rainforest. Its branches stretched towards the open sky, as it stood guarding the rainforest. All the animals looked up to the tree, frogs, colourful parrots and of course the howlermonkeys. They lived on the other side of the rainforest and every sunset they would howl a melody of tunes. This intrigued the young monkey and he grew up listening to the tune and staring out at the sunset every night.

As he grew up, he soon learnt the ways of the rainforest, how to hunt and survive. As he grew bigger he was allowed to climb the tree on his own. He would still watch the sunset and listen for the howlermonkeys every evening. They would all howl in harmony and he would fall asleep listening to their tune and thinking his home was paradise.

One morning, the monkey woke up and looked out to the rainforest. However, instead of trees on the horizon, he saw something different. Something big and grey. It looked like a monster and he could hear its menacing roars from his tree. He froze, terrified, but after a while he shrugged and climbed down the tree to hunt. When he came back to his usual spot to watch the sunset, he heard no howls, so he waited. And waited. And waited. But no howls came. What had happened to the monkeys? He questioned it as he slowly fell asleep

Crash! He was woken to nuts and fruits falling on his head and violent shaking through the tree. His whole family of monkeys had woken up and were screaming with panic and pointing down. The monkey looked down and saw.....the monster! It was eating his tree, his home. He started to feel sick with nerves as he spotted...the humans. They usually came for tours but what were they doing?! The tree started to shake and tilt, he needed to go. But this was his home. But he had to. He took one last look at the rainforest but there was no rainforest. It was gone- it had been destroyed by the monster. He started to cry and ran down the tree and into what was left of the rainforest. He could see other animals running with him and looked back to see....his home crashing to the ground. He gasped. His home was destroyed. Where was he supposed to go now?!

### **Eden Salisbury Y8 Meadowhead**

Lodges sit in water,  
Over the lake is a lodge,  
Dig the entrance underwater,  
Givs the beaver protection,  
Entrance is underwater.

### **Seth Y1 Abbey Lane**

Today is a damp night in the Amazon rainforest and the sky is filled with gloomy, grey storm clouds. It is silent, apart from the howling wind. It looks like a storm is arriving and I need to get back home but I am really tired from flying. As I begin flying, the wind starts to get stronger but I know I'm going to make it. The wind gets worse and it's almost impossible to fly with control. Relieved, I find myself in my tree, trying to get comfortable in my nest. My nest is small. It didn't used to be when mum was here. I miss her.

One day they came, the humans. It's all their fault. They ruined everything when they stole my home. They had this thing I think they called it a chainsaw and they used it to slowly demolish this beautiful, incredible place. The splinters of wood remained in the spot where the tree once was, as if the pieces of wood were calling to be reunited with its family. Bit by bit, every day, pushing us further and further in the forest. Why would they do this? Don't they understand what they're doing and how it affects us all? They went too far when they started killing us. I remember when I could fly carelessly and I could feel the wind in my feathers, everyone was happy. Why do they want our homes?

Then a couple of weeks later they just stopped. What was the point? Was it worth all those lives? Are they happy now? Will they come back? Now I have no home and I am now alone.

**Daniya Mahmud Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **The Price of Destruction**

Everyday a bit of my home gets taken.

The people take it away from us.

We have nowhere else to go

We spend most of our time scrambling through the trees searching for a safe place but every time they find us and we have to start again

When it does happen we don't have much time to get away.

It starts with the deafening sound of the chainsaws that slowly cut their way through our home and then the tree starts to shake which makes it even harder to get away

Next comes the smoke that fills our lungs with toxic gas.

The ones that are lucky to get away climb as far away as they can away from the killing machines and the terrifying memories.

After that the cycle starts again and every day they take more and more of the home we have lived in all of our lives. It's not just our home they're taking, it's the food too. We search all the trees we can but it's just getting harder and harder to find the things we need to survive. I don't understand why someone would do this. Why would you want to hurt a monkey?

**Lily Saxelby-Newall Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **The Orangutan**

The trees towered around me  
The leaves once were my home  
But something happened to it all  
And now I feel alone

The forest fell around me  
My lone home was destroyed  
All because of humans greed  
And now I feel alone

I have fond and happy memories  
Of when it all was there  
Now all I have is memories  
But I remember when...

I softly combed my mother's fur  
My fingers like a comb  
I bounded from each tree to tree  
Then I was at home

I hid from angry predators  
I gobbled up my food  
At night I slept in trees up high  
Then I was at home

Now that has disappeared  
The home I knew is gone  
Memories alone are with me  
There is nowhere I belong

I long to be at home again  
To hear a friendly call  
But only silence answers me  
I long to be at home

**Lucy Hallam Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

Wait until it is dark to find food.  
All rabbits are friends  
Rabbits live deep underground.  
Rabbits eat carrots and grass.  
Every rabbit has long ears.  
Night time is when rabbits come out.

**Elliot Y1**  
**Abbey Lane**

## **Forgotten**

### In loving memory of Elliott, Spider and Pickle

I have a good home. No. A great home. I have warmth. I have food. I have housefolk who care for me. I most certainly have a good life. My name is Gherkin. I live in a wondrous home with everything I could ever want. I love home. My lovely warm bed. Oh how I love my lovely warm bed. Well, maybe just a little nap.

Is...is that birdsong. Oh! Its morning. Well I better get out of bed. Wait. My humans - where are you? **MEOW! MEOW! MEOW!** Humans. Please... answer my calls! Maybe they are upstairs. Yes! Upstairs! HUMANS! HUMANS! **MEOW MEOW!** Hmmm... They are not upstairs. But they are not downstairs either. My humans... where are you...

What...oh. It's my... well... I do not know how many mornings it has been without my humans. I am so cold. I am so hungry. I have no housefolk who care for me. I have to hunt for my food and eat fleshy mice and birds. I hate my life. This is not home anymore.

## **Alice Bull Y8**

### **Meadowhead**

## **My Hedgehog Home**

One cold night I wiggled and wriggled out of my nest. I quietly walked along the pavement. I am going to tell you about my house and what I do. My house is as special as yours.

My prickles protect me from predators. I made my house by collecting some leaves for my nest. I am only a baby, so you might be surprised that I can make a house. I have lots of food in my house. I love my house that Y2s made. You might read this and hear that your year is in it!

Oh no! A badger is coming. I'm just going to find food. I run to get food so the badger can't get me. 'Haha!' I said to the big, black, fierce badger.

I think my home is lovely. The leaves are very warm and cosy. I am a vegetarian so I don't eat meat – it is very yucky. My friend Mrs Hedgehog – her Cheetah friend eats meat.

My little baby hedgehogs must be so hungry. I hope their daddy is home so he can cook their tea. Well, it won't mind them if they don't have food till later.

Now I'm going home. I hope you liked my story!

## **Lexie Nicholls Y2**

### **Abbey Lane**

### **Mobile Homes**

I am a crab; a crab with no home.  
I look for a shell wherever I roam.  
There's one over there that looks just right,  
Oh no it isn't, it's ever so tight.  
I see another; so I go over and give a big tug,  
This is just right, as snug as a bug in a rug.

I am a tortoise; I have a home that I own.  
I raced a grey hare, at the start he had flown.  
He stopped halfway round to have a nice snooze,  
Going slow and steady, I won with the help of some booze.  
My home is a shell, so hard and strong,  
I can stay safe and sound by doing no wrong.

I am a snail; I leave slime and eat quite a lot,  
Gardeners don't want me to live on their plot.  
The French like to eat me, they cook me in wine.  
Birds like to take me, for them it's just fine.  
I wish humans would like me; it's not much to wish,  
Far, far better than being used in a savoury dish.

I am a Queen Conch from the deep blue sea,  
My home is so tough; I'm as safe as can be.  
When man tries to catch me, my shell's like a thorn,  
They just want to use it, like a musical horn.  
Alone on the seabed, with no home anymore,  
No mortgage for me to buy a new store.

### **Ariana Mander Y6 and Granddad Poppy Abbey Lane**

#### **Taken**

ONCE there was tall, green trees  
NOW there is the stumps of the trees  
ONCE there were monkeys swinging in the trees  
NOW there are ashes blowing in the wind  
ONCE there was a glistening river  
NOW there is a bomb site  
ONCE there was wildlife  
NOW there is fire.  
My friends: GONE  
My trees: GONE  
My home: TAKEN  
At our pace we are last to leave  
I, sloth.

### **Ariel Monks Y7 Meadowhead**

### **The Jungle**

A land full with a luscious sage sea,  
From horizon to beach, wildlife roams free  
Trees once conquered this land  
But now turned to dust and sand  
By the ones who encroached on my land

The soft pillow of a kapok tree  
The place for us until we become three  
My red feathers mingled with blue  
Stay forever just like glue  
Just like the kapok tree where I grew

One day, from out the grey  
These strange creatures came from the decay  
How tall and mighty they appear  
What they are here for is not so clear  
Will they ever disappear?

Monsters roaring, trail behind  
All aligned, as if ready to grind  
Closer and closer they come  
The mighty jungle will never succumb  
As it has only just begun

### **Annalise Compton Y8 Meadowhead**

#### **Animal Habitats - Dolphins**

Ones upon time there was a dolphin with a broken heart who doesn't have family so he was living alone and sleeping alone and doesn't have any friends to talk with. He lives in a small house. He lives in big blue oceans called Bottlenose. One day he was swimming with his broken, sad heart and saw a beautiful girl called Maria and he was in love with her. So they were together and live happily and had friends and children.

### **Mariana Horvathova Y8 Meadowhead**

### **Home Sweet Home**

Billy was a cat. She lived in a boring old cat house with a boring old cat bowl with boring old cat toys and boring old owners. To make it simple, she was a *very* bored cat. Since she was a kitten, she wanted to experience *adventure*. Could she be a famous explorer but then got very badly hurt by an angry leopard so people thought she was dead? Or maybe she was actually a pirate who developed a bad head injury during a very dramatic duel against Blackbeard, and, during the incident, had forgotten everything and got sent to where she was now? Anyways, one thing was for sure. She needed a twist to her life. A spice. Something different.

One rainy afternoon, she had an idea. At the dead of night, she would secretly scramble over the garden fence and onto the road. *That* was when her adventure began...

She scrambled over the fence and onto the road. Then, she spotted a cosy looking tree near the hedge at the local bus stop. "It's too leafy!" she purred, leaping out of the tree in shock.

Next, she decided to have a snooze in the farm round the corner from the Newsagent's shop. "It's too itchy!" she shrieked, hopping out of the hay pile in surprise. She sat on the pavement and wept. "I have nowhere to go," she sobbed. Suddenly, a poster caught her yellow, glistening eye. It said, 'Free rocket tour, 24<sup>th</sup> March, this forthcoming weekend!' Billy had an idea...

She strolled down to the woods of which the rocket was going to be blasted. She climbed onto the ship, hid in a box, and, sure enough, the rocket grew hot – then hotter and hotter and hotter...

Before she knew anything else was going to happen, the rocket summoned up speed, gained momentum and blasted through the deep blue sky and into space! When they finally landed, she realised that they were on the moon!

It was night time and Billy was ready for bed. Suddenly, she began to float.

"It's too floaty! I want to go home!"

She flew home in the rocket ship. Tired and contented, happy and relieved, she dozed off and murmured, "Home sweet home..."

### **Zahra Ali Y5**

#### **Woodseats**

### **Coral Reef**

Homes in the beautiful, blue sea aren't made of brick,  
They're made out of creatures called polyps, wide and thick.

Wonderful fish live there,  
Creatures with small fins instead of hair.  
There are lots of fish and creatures like a reef shark,  
but the polyps only show their long tentacles when it's dark.

In each coral, the polyps are all joined together,  
but don't just grow because of the weather.

### **Esme Sherwood**

#### **Y4 Woodseats**



### **Mouse's New Home**

One night. One dark night. Mouse was sleeping in his cosy house. In his cosy bed. Mouses' house was warm inside. He lived inside a tree. He was suddenly woken up by a loud banging sound. BANG! Mouse came outside of his house and saw that people were chopping down his tree. He jumped down and watched sadly as his home got chopped down. Mouse tried to look for a new home. He found a hole in the ground. So Mouse slept in the hole.

Not long after, Mouse was woken up by Fox "Get out of my house!" Fox shouted. So Mouse ran as quickly as he could out of the hole. Mouse was sad and cold. He soon found a pile of logs and there was a hole in them. So Mouse slept inside the logs. But was soon woken up by Snake "Leave my house!" Snake hissed. Mouse was upset. He suddenly found Bird. Mouse asked "May I sleep in your house please?" Bird replied "Yes you may." So Bird carried Mouse to his house and that night, Mouse slept warm and cosy again. All thanks to Bird.

### **Rachel Aldred Y6 Woodseats**

#### **My habitat**

Hi. I am a little, shy hedgehog like some other animals I live in a micro-habitat. I am going to tell you about my new home. Do you want to know about it? If you do read on.

My house has a long tunnel to get in. You would find me in a woodland in a prickly holly bush or in a bush surrounded by mud. My den is near to a log that means that I can get food. I eat little bugs. It is nice and dark because I am nocturnal. You can help me by leaving water out for me. My nest is amazing because it is cosy, dark and lovely. My normal predators are foxes, owls, badgers and hawks. Good luck finding me because I will be camouflaged! Often predators break in but with this new den they just go by. I think humans can help hedgehogs because some hedgehogs do not have homes and some don't get food. Please help hedgehogs, they need help. I will hibernate in winter so we need help building safe homes.

### **Holly Y2 Abbey Lane**

#### **Stanley's Discovery**

Unfortunately, it was only another day for Stanley to be digging holes. Although Stanley was already fatigued of digging holes, the scorching sun didn't make things any better, which actually made things a whole lot worse for Stanley. His skin was like a scaly snake. His blisters and his terrible scars had caused this. If he was going to lose any more weight, he could become a skeleton. He could have lost at least five stone.

His dehydrated throat was so parched that he couldn't swallow. Whilst spotting the cloud of dust, and a water truck coming towards him, Stanley looked down at the barren wasteland anxiously with his heart in his throat. Suddenly, he poured something mysterious in his hole. He wondered what would happen next....He was panicking.

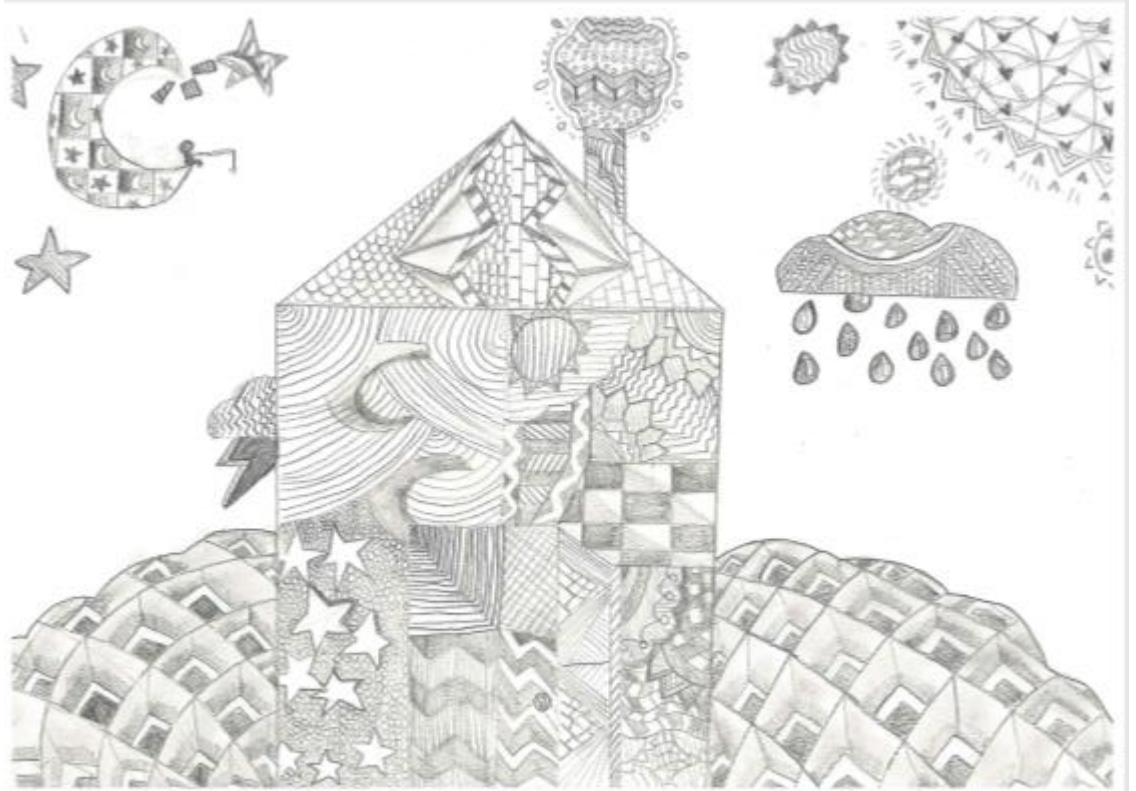
He wiped the dirt off it. He couldn't believe what he had just seen. Stanley looked at it. It was a gold tube. It was already as bright as the shimmering sunlight. He didn't know what to do with it. Stanley was glad that nobody had realised his discovery - Stanley smiled.

Unsurprisingly, the tube had the initials 'KB' etched onto it and it was about the size of his middle finger. Stanley tried to figure out what the initials 'KB' stood for.

### **Henry Chatterton Y5 Greenhill**

# Homes of the Imagination

Gunjon Paul Y7



Casey Musgrave Y7

### **The home blessed by the gods**

There is only one home for demigods. At least that is what we thought. But apparently there is another home. This is the story of how we found that home.

I'm Annabeth Liar. Daughter of Kronos. But this isn't my story. It's about the place that I call home. Camp Green God. I ran away from my real home with my nasty mom. So this is what I call home.

### Camp Green God

There are 140 cabins for demigods to sleep in and we're still adding more. There's the Big House at the far end where Chiron lives. Behind the big house are the woods where the dryads and satyrs live. In the centre is Hestia's hearth who protects camp. Then there is the strawberry field. And then there is Demeter's tree at the front.

### The Romans

It was on my sixth quest with Leo when we stumbled across the Romans. They were fully kitted out with armour. Meg Gun was leading them when she spied us. She glared at me then made a sign at the Romans. It was the sign to charge. "Stop!" I called. I was desperate for no bloodshed and Leo already had his sword out and Grover was hugging his pipes. "We mean no harm!" I yelled. The two groups stared at me. Meg nodded and started to leave. I yelled at her again. We struck up conversation when Leo starts talking with Jason Grace. I followed her to her camp and it was breath taking.

### Camp Jupiter

Camp Jupiter has its own town called new Rome where demigods can retire {Retire!} It has a similar layout to ours. But the best thing is that it has sacred animals! The 2 demigod groups are now working together to try to stop Uranus but that's another story. Camp Jupiter is the home to hundreds of demigods! Camp Green God only has two hundred demigods! But both camps are homes. Anyway right now I'm waiting for my friends to return from Athens. So I thought I would write this. To my fellow demigods be careful! Uranus is rising soon - be prepared! And by Uranus I mean the titan god one. I'm going to send this by roman eagle if I can get one. If Meg is happy with this, we can send it to my friends at Camp Green God my home!

The Romans' sacred animals!

**Maelyne Samartani Y5**

**Woodseats**

**Donut Land**

I carefully attached one thousand helium balloons onto my house when I heard my glasses and plates fall on the floor. It was my huge heavy house lifting off the ground. Suddenly, I landed in Donut Land but I could not see any donuts. Until I went under a tree and a donut fell on my head. After that I pumped my multi-coloured balloons up. Then I landed in a donut shop and I had some donuts. After that I pumped up my balloons. Before I knew it I was home.

**Kiara Bishop Y1**  
**Greenhill**

From dream to reality, then heaven  
My house, now a ditch of rubble.  
The shelter, hardly standing.  
Ghosts of flames surrounded the torn beds of death.  
I can't hear or see,  
But I can taste the bitter ash as it rests upon my tongue.  
The smoke clears,  
I open my eyes, for all was a dream.  
I hear the siren,  
My heart jumps.  
I run.  
I forget to get mother.  
My feet keep on racing,  
But I don't want to go.  
My world goes black.  
I feel weightless.  
I go beyond the sweet smelling waters I never crossed.  
A light.  
It begs me to come.  
I accept the invitation,  
To my new home in the sky.

**Skyla Jessica Jenkins Y6**  
**Woodseats**

### **Houses and homes**

Partly submerged in the aqua, coral-filled ocean, a five-bedroom, luxury smart home lies for those, who like both computers and outdoor time. Enjoy counting pikes, cod or swordfish as you sleep, or use the voice-activated blinds for a more homely feel. If you love sailing, you'll be glad to find that this state of the art, unique home surprisingly comes with a hidden, roomy boathouse! Why shouldn't you buy this brilliant, ultra-modern house, which will even, just as if it were magic, open the doors for you?

Compete with your friends to win any cup on our multiple, ultra-modern, super-fast games consoles. Are you not one of the many fans? This ideal home even comes with a board games room to help you have fun yet not be on a screen all day. Relax on our wide, comfortable bunk beds, which have a slide for extra storage.

Go outdoors and get a catch in your fishing boats. Why don't you go and explore local moors, villages and wildlife? Picture yourself climbing a local edge and seeing some mountain lambs softly padding towards you. You can also, with this home, take your food outdoors in 5 easily portable, heated dinnerboxes, stored in your energy efficient (A++ rated) futuristic kitchen. With such value, how could you turn down such a brilliant offer?

**Benjamin Wilkins Y5**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Dream come true**

Last night I dreamed my house was an underground house with dinky little elves as family. Suddenly I sadly woke up and remembered that I'm living in a broken house with no lights or family. I decided to take a walk in the summer breeze. I rolled down the hill, tossed in the grass... Eventually I strolled back home. "I wish I lived where I dreamed". I said feeling depressed.

Soon enough, I went to bed. I dreamed the same dream until ...it was morning. I finally broke some glass from my window pane, then I dashed upstairs to the roof. Cautiously, I put the sharp, pointy glass against my eye. I saw a hill with a few doors in it. "I need to explore those doors. With a certain pace I sped ahead to the door.

I have got to the door..." Should I open the door with the blue handle or the door with the red handle or pink?" I will go through the pink door...

Inside the pink door I saw a lot of dinky elves. It's like a dream come true. One elf said." Welcome home Olivia. We are your family. "

"Can I live here?"

"Of course". We all hugged because we became family and there was plenty of space to play with my new family.

**Amy Currie Y3**  
**Norton Free**

**If I built a house**

If I built a house, there would be mythical unicorns flying around.  
There would be dancers dancing around.  
Last night that's what I dreamed of!  
The hallway would smell of candy floss.  
A free spa to relax in.  
Come in the magical house don't be shy!  
The alarm ticked off TICK TICK  
I gradually entered my room after school  
There was loud music playing  
It stopped...  
If I built a house it would be LOUD!  
But sometimes peaceful  
That's what happened  
I built the house.  
But every night I heard the ticking TICK TICK  
But.....  
The best thing is the POOL  
It's transparent  
It's heated It's warm  
But you still hear the ticking  
TICK TICK  
My house was no ordinary house  
It's a MAGICAL HOUSE!  
But you are still wondering what the ticking is?  
Not an alarm. Not a clock  
It was the  
Unicorn dancing on rainbows.

**Amelie Harrison Y3****Norton Free****Dragon World**

I carefully attached one thousand helium balloons to my house when I heard a rumble. It was my huge, heavy house lifting off the ground. Suddenly I landed in Dragon Land and saw some baby dragons getting caught by a huge dragon. Then it stopped and turned to my house. As quick as a flash I slammed the door and the fierce dragon tried to break in. I pumped a thousand balloons and I flew away. I landed next to an even bigger dragon. Then I flew off and landed next to a lollipop and I was going to get it before a dragon took it away. Next I saw a dragon donut and as quick as a flash a dragon took it but I flew away. How exciting that adventure was! Then I flew back home.

**Will Y1****Greenhill**

### **My ideal home**

In my mansion sits a ten-metre-long cyan, sapphire blue swimming pool that contains a mountain of water. In mine and my sister's bedroom, there is a beautiful bunk bed that has a fossil, silver slide, which is lots of great fun, this rests on the white floor. Surprisingly, in the living room next to the colossal TV, a massive aquarium stands with pride like a human on top of Mount Everest. Outside this phenomenal palace, an amazing garden that has shamrock, lime, green grass holds a full sized football pitch.

Back inside, next to the music room lays a sangria red family cinema, which is excellent when people are lodging at your house. Unexpectedly, the music room has every single musical instrument you can imagine, every inch is filled, stacked on shelves from floor to ceiling like a supermarket. Inside the astonishing, pearl white mansion, a barbeque room stands where a loving family is. In a family room, a snug, cosy sofa waits there for someone to snuggle in. After a long day at work, the beautiful view from the balcony finishes your day off perfectly.

**Umair Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

### **Racoon Land**

I carefully attached one thousand helium balloons to my house when I heard a blast of energy coming out of the balloon. It was my miniature house. Before I knew it I was soaring through the sky. While I was watching the bird in the sky I suddenly heard a noise. It was my toy raccoon sliding across the floor. I picked him up and stroked him. Bump! I had landed. I peeped out the window and I saw tonnes and tonnes of raccoons. I cautiously opened the front door and the raccoons greeted me. They told me about a jaguar who was trying to kill them and eat them. What a mean jaguar he is!

**Katy Y1**  
**Greenhill**

### **Raptor Land**

I carefully attached one thousand helium balloons to my house when I heard my dog Hugo bark. It was my huge heavy house lifting off the ground. Before I knew it I landed at Raptor Land. There were so many raptors there. Suddenly a huge raptor came to eat me. Quickly I blew up the balloons and then I landed home. What an adventure that was!

**Etienne Y1**  
**Greenhill**

### **Mermaid City**

Elsie was on the plane to Italy. "When will we get there?" she whined. They had only been on the plane for fifteen minutes. "In about an hour dear," her mum told her. When they landed she was bubbling with excitement. "I'm going swimming!" she cried. Before she ran off her dad grabbed her and said "We are checking in first!" She burst out crying.

When she calmed down they checked in and went to their room. "Can I get changed?" Elsie asked. When they unpacked she put her glamorous bikini on and ran down to the beach. The ocean was shining blue and it was extremely pretty. She dipped her toe in the water and it was warm and relaxing.

She dived in and in the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of a glowing portal. She swam into it and cried "What's happening?" She was getting dizzy. When it stopped she came out of the portal.

There was a city just like where she was staying. There was a hotel in front of her. Inside was replicas of the houses around the hotel. Elsie selected a light purple room and went in.

"I just need to find my parents," she explained to the man in the lobby. She swam up to the surface but she couldn't get out. Someone grabbed Elsie. She screamed and turned around. In front of her was a girl with teal hair and shell bikini. Then she looked down. "You're a mermaid!" she exclaimed. She wanted to stay with her. "Come with me; I'm Angie," she said.

They went to the house. Elsie started to explore. She found a locked door and picked at the lock. It opened and she went in. Inside was a queen's crown. "Angie, can I stay here?" she asked. She knew

something incredible. They picked a room and went to bed.

### **Chloe Carol Horne Y4 Greenhill**

A boathouse is a mixture between a boat and a house. The Henry family live in a boathouse. It's small, cramped, though not too much. But they don't mind, because they can adventure on the rivers and lakes and seas. They can see the world: the mountains, the forests, the volcanoes through their telescope. When they are floating gently on the ocean, they can see colourful dolphins, magical mermaids, and gigantic whales. The Henry family can play music and dance in their boathouse on the water anywhere in the world.

### **Dumebi Ohaka Y7 Meadowhead**



### **My Ideal Home**

Leading into the driveway, you would see a miniature, cute garden and a small fun escalator in front of an automatic door. Before you walk inside, there is a seven metre path surrounded by lots and lots of beautiful, emerald green flowers that smelled like paradise! On the other side of the huge mansion there is a gargantuan football pitch, so that visitors can come and play football on it with the owner. Absolutely outstanding, the whole magnificent place was painted with a creamy colour and a bit of bronze. Through the door was a humongous corridor with lots of rooms either side of it, and some escalators going up and down. Unexpectedly, the first room is a huge, awesome cinema room with lots of reclining red seats that made it so comfy to sit on, so comfy that you would probably fall asleep. With great fun, there is a trampoline in a room, and if you go into this room you would go coo-coo and have the most fun you will ever have in your life. Scoffing greedily, there is an amazing cool room with lots of sugar-filled and unhealthy sweat jars, and a fat o-matic machine!

As you walk up the escalator, the first thing you would see would be a warm, cosy, bubbling Jacuzzi that was so cosy you would definitely fall asleep in it. On the other side of the room are two beds, both joined by a slide you would have to slide down after you woke up. With great amazement, there are lots of aquariums around the house about different glorious and fascinating things. If you were super hungry, you would go to the gargantuan fridge, which was always full, which could be found in the circle shaped kitchen in the home.

**Zach Y4**  
**Abbey Lane**

A bank is a house for money.  
Money that wouldn't be lonely,  
But money that just sits there.  
Money that isn't special,  
Money that has no purpose,  
Money that isn't being used.  
It has no secrets,  
No individuality,  
That money has no story to tell.  
But *my* money. My money has stories to tell,  
Each coin has its own story:  
The Battle of Hastings and Team GB,  
These are on my fifty ps.  
Beatrix Potter and Brunel,  
I have shillings and farthings in my collection as well.  
The Olympics, Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder plot,  
Pounds and pennies – I've got the lot.  
The Victoria Cross and Paddington Bear,  
My special coins – I take them everywhere.  
A bank may be a house for money,  
But my pocket is a home for the stories of my money.

**Harvey Grocutt Y7**  
**Meadowhead**

### **Sunken Home**

Sunken under the water where I live,  
The sea creatures swim in the aqua sea,  
Little creatures peacefully flow around,  
I see a display of animals as I sit and relax in my beautiful home,

My home sunken and it became an adventure,  
I started to discover as I find I'm the only person who lives under the sea,  
Me and the creatures live alone,  
The massive home is mine with all my belongings inside,

The delightful view I can see the coral sways beautifully,  
My home is so large I could fit all the animals inside,  
I have so many rooms it's so big,  
My new home makes me happy, I hope I live here for ever.

**Ellie Clarke Y8**  
**Meadowhead**

### **My Favourite Home**

Outside of my house, we have biscuit brick cover with rainbow icing. The roof has got beautiful, brown, chocolate that makes you feel hungry. The plants are made out of candy cane all sorts of colours. Some are rainbow as well.

When you get in the house, you will see a magical bowl full of chocolate and vanilla flavour. The walls were made of ice-cream which makes your mouth fill with water.

Outside of the house, there is lots of yummy treats. The candy carrots are the most healthy sweets you can get. When you get to eat it, it grows straight-away.

Finally, upstairs in my room, the wooden bed is made out of chocolate and the cushions are made of marshmallows, same as the squashed –up covers as well.

**Tishalee Ramsamy Y4**  
**Bradway**