

one day
the words
will be
visible

THE WRITE TEAM
2011

An anthology of work
by Bath Festivals'
Write Team

 Bath festivals

About Bath Festivals

Bath Festivals brings leading international performers, writers and thinkers to Bath every year to inspire, entertain and challenge audiences of all ages and artistic tastes. Our festivals champion diversity and collaboration, celebrate the fusion of the traditional and the contemporary; open people's minds, and showcase the work of both established and up-and-coming performers – all in the unique setting that is Bath, a UNESCO World Heritage Site and home to some of the finest historical and architectural sights in Europe.

Learning and participation are at the core of Bath Festivals' programme, in the belief that participation in the creative arts makes a unique and vital contribution to personal growth, and the wellbeing of individuals and whole communities. Bath Festivals therefore has a significant programme of learning and participation activity, not only delivered through the three festivals, but also through major year-round projects such as the Write Team.



www.bathfestivals.org.uk www.bathlitfest.org.uk www.bathmusicfest.org.uk www.bathkidslitfest.org.uk



The Write Team was developed by Bath Festivals to provide young people in primary and secondary schools in Bath and North East Somerset Local Authority with the opportunity to attend weekly creative writing workshops. The aim of the workshops is to develop the pupils' confidence, whatever their ability, through creative writing.

Every week Write Team pupils meet to play with words and develop their voice using activities and techniques developed by professional writers. Whether exploding with exuberant discussion or silent with creative concentration, the workshops are never dull. The pupils are always eager to look observantly at their world and write imaginatively about what they see. As one of the Write Team pupils wrote recently, *'The Write Team is fun and helps me in the outside world. Even though I think my writing isn't impressive, I still read it out and am proud of what I have done.'*

The Write Team offers a range of creative opportunities including sports writing and non-fiction as well as short stories, writing scripts for performance at the egg theatre, and even creating poetry inspired by the beautiful gardens at Prior Park.

This anthology provides an eclectic and energetic record of the pupils' imaginative response to their tasks, which we hope you find as colourful and quirky as the workshops themselves.



Emma Metcalfe & Karl Bevis
Write Team Co-ordinators

A Highlighter

A highlighter is a nice type of vegetable.
It grows deep in the valleys of England.

You plant it in winter and it grows in spring.
It tastes like a tangy lemon.

And is perfect for drawing over chips.
If you drip the ink on some soil, some more will grow.

*I had to hide behind it.
My fingers were trembling
at the computer keys.*



Sofia

I am cold warm and hot
I am a fast rolling tyre
I am an adventurous person jumping off a cliff
I am a flower with a horrible bee on me
I am a young girl jumping out of a small plane into water

Alex

Sofia

Dragon

A fierce and dynamic overgrown lizard with wings
That is pitch black and has gigantic needles down his arm
Which he uses to demolish villages in seconds!
That has to be a black dragon, the King of them all!

A deadly and vicious rapidly growing winged reptile,
That is darker than the night sky. He has colossal spikes
Down his head which he uses to tear apart villages in seconds!
This has to be a black dragon, the King of them all!



I Am Thankful For...

Blue is thankful for sea
Sea is thankful for sea creatures
Sea creatures are thankful for sushi
Sushi is thankful for bellies
Bellies are thankful for food
Food is thankful for factories
Factories are thankful for pollution

Tom

Lewis



Untitled

Did you?
No! What?
Don't know what
What's that fire?
No but it is no fire
Then what is it?
I don't know
Why didn't you just say that at the beginning?
I don't KNOW!
Stop chucking blue fur on me!
I'm not
Run! It's a werewolf. To the stairs!
Why?
They can climb stairs quickly, but not the master bedroom.
Alright!
Ow crud, they have an arm
Of what?
Zombies dumb!
Did you know they can run and sprint?
Did you notice the dragon outside?
NO!
Parachutes. Yes!
FREEDOM! But they only go down.
Into the hole to freedom now or never!

Nathan

Molly



The Picture

It has a curve in it that looks like an eagle's beak or an owl's head
The red, yellow, green bushes and trees
The misty blanket of fog floating over the trees
The green ivy and moss creeping up the tall castle walls
The birds singing and tweeting
The stream gently rippling down the rough rocky bank

*The shell is a fruit jungle.
I will give you the best seat,
I will show you my pet mosquito.*

If I Were

If I were light, I would be fireworks in the night sky.
If Jasmine were light, she would be a moving lamp next to me.
If I were weather, I would be a strike of lightning.
If Jasmine were weather, she would be white snow.
If I were furniture, I would be a beanbag.
If Jasmine were furniture, she would be a sofa.
If I were breakfast, I would be a bacon butty.
If Jasmine were breakfast, she would be jam on toast.
If I were wrapping paper, I would be bunny prints.
If Jasmine were wrapping paper, she would be pink koalas with sparkly blue spots.

*She has a lovely
disco top and lights*

My Shell

Its round and has rusty edges
It smells like sea water
The bubbles look like ancient skulls evaporating
Its swirls and lines look like a masterpiece
Inside it feels like it was touched by heaven
Its shape is like a Chinese hat
If it were transport it would be a boat
If it were food it would be succulent Yorkshire pudding
If it were a feeling it would be care
If it were weather it would be sunny.

Culley

Maddie



All Different Things

Mum and Dad whispering
Alarm clock beeping
The force of the wind against the window sill
Water coming on
Telly coming on
Time ticking
Pins and needles
Birds singing a beautiful tune

We like December, she wears a holy scarf.



Pig

Hi! My name is Willaby,
I am a pig.
I live with my mum and brothers and sisters,
We live on a farm.
We are spoilt by our kind owner,
He gives us plenty of space,
And soft straw to sleep on.

In the summer, my brothers and sisters and I,
Roll in the mud bath we made,
We tip over our water bowl,
We splish and splash around in it,
Sometimes our owner brings his daughter with him,
She likes to talk to us!



Kaydee

September

September has a Bristol City kit,
Blue trainers and pair of cool red socks,
And always has her hair up in a black hair band.
She loves going to see the City games,
And always buys a red funny finger.
She's got sharp studs on the bottom of her trainers,
And has a cool pair of shin-pads,
She also has a black jacket with a bright gold Nike tick on it
And she loves playing outside on her BMX and her black JDBug

*I see a dark, brown
smooth shell in
front of me*

November

We like November, he has a grey top,
His shoes are yellow as lightning strikes,
It gets wetter and wetter day and night,
The grass is muddy and his shoes turned red,
The flames are here - it's bonfire night!
A hint of yellow and red becomes orange,
The rain is falling, his trousers are blue

*It brings the miracle that
makes me alive!*



*His shoes are yellow
as lightning strikes.*

To My Brother

Do be a good boy,
Don't whack your toys,
Do zip your mouth up,
Don't be rude,
Do leave me alone,
Don't mess with me.
Do give me hugs,
Don't be a bit spiteful,
Do do some amazing work,
Don't play with my friends,
Do be my best brother ever.

Lucy

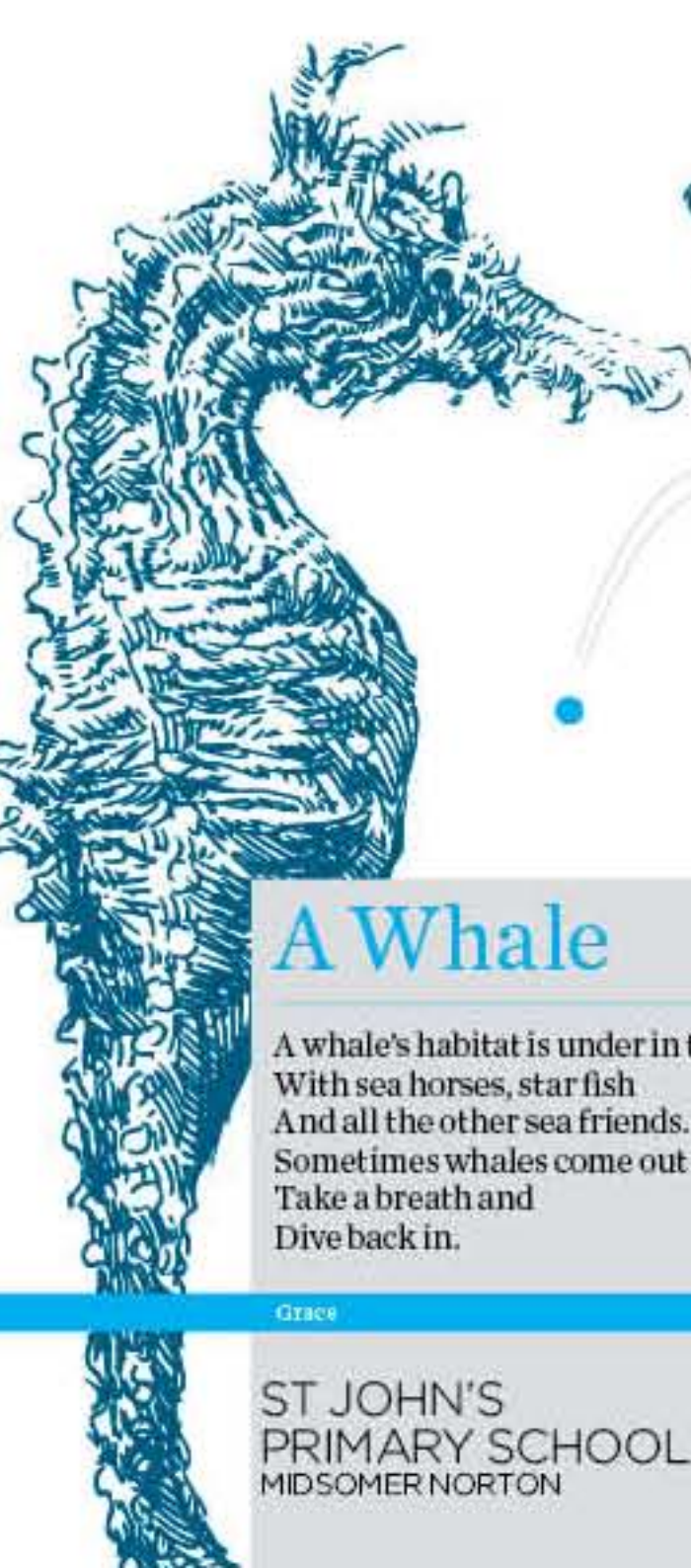
Ashleigh

Octopus

Welcome to my home, my favourite cave in the sea.
Do you want a cup of octopus ink?
You are a fish aren't you?
"Yip" Good! That's great!
I have the slow cooker on, so you can probably smell the vegetables.
I found them on the surface last night.
Do you need the toilet?
It's upstairs "No thanks"
Ok, take a seat and I'll get some biscuits.
Would you like to stay the night?
The spare bedroom is upstairs.
"No thanks" Guess what? "What?"
It's the end of the day "Yip"
And so I'm going to eat you "Yip"
"Hold on! What? No! Ahh! Mum! Dad? Help!"

Ellie

Lauren



Zoe

I am a kite soaring through the sky
I am a bouncy ball springing to the sun
I am a wicked trampoline that throws people in the air

I Remember

I remember tearing apart a beautiful, decorative, wrapped present.
I remember practising handstands on the freshly cut field.
I remember stuffing Starburst sweets with my friends.
I remember playing on my mum's iPhone.
I remember making a bright yellow house out of a green show box.
I remember having a laugh with Amelia!
I remember calling Grace.

A Whale

A whale's habitat is under in the deep, dark blue sea,
With sea horses, star fish
And all the other sea friends.
Sometimes whales come out the water gracefully
Take a breath and
Dive back in.

Grace

Maya

Zoe

Maise

Oscar

Jasmine

ST JOHN'S
PRIMARY SCHOOL
MIDSOMER NORTON



Child

Don't
Eat Small things,
Go near a crab,
Stick things up your nose,
Answer people back,
Stick a plastic bag over your head,
Flick food,
Pick your nose,
Bite your nails.

Do
Neat handwriting.
Be yourself,
Practice makes perfect,
Get to sleep,
Get up,
Stop being cheeky,
Speak once think twice,
Be careful.

An old tatty,
rugged window

Rules

Don't Do
Don't Do
Don't do that
Don't eat pat

What do you think, I am a gnat?

Don't hit the pelican
Don't shoot the elephant
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

Don't touch the electric
Don't knock Patrick

Now What?
Nothing

Playground Poem

Been annoyed and angry,
Tryin' to write this stupid poem,
Not givin' up,
Nearly cryin'
Feel like dyin'
Gonna go to sleep

Drawing is
thankful for
cartoons





*Ripples of diversity
Silent water flooding my ears.*

Snapped Nerve

A sudden thought,
A mind set alight.
The spark of a light bulb
A fizz of a firework.
The omniscience of eminence
Only the embers are left.
Slowly fading to nothing,
An empty mind.

Echo

Echoes dwell in lonely minds,
and fill empty moments with memories of regret.
When you sit alone they prowl,
Forming from love, betrayal and deceit.
Clearing big empty spaces where candles should stand,
A vast blobbery shadow with no organs or eyes,
When not needed they haunt black shadows of forgot tendreams and wishes, never fully out of service.

*The 97% water clock
I am warm and enclosed, alone.*

Helen

Annie

HAYESFIELD
GIRL'S SCHOOL



*It sounds
like a
giant
munching
child's
bones for
breakfast*

Toffee o Toffee

Toffee o Toffee
Why do you purr so loud?
Why do you sleep so calm?
Why do you walk so proud?
Toffee o Toffee
Why do you play so wild?
Why do you act like a child?
Why do you run away all the time?

Georgia



The Butter Actor

I carelessly place
the actor in the fridge.
It sits
sighing,
If I walk by.
I can sometimes hear,
the actor warming up its voice.
Now,
I decide it's time, for my actor to perform.
I open the fridge,
And enter its tub of a home
named 'Clover' or 'Lurpak' or 'Flora'.
I rip off the roof,
Watch the actor.
It sits unmoving,
Its body squashed into an unwanted form.
A yellow lump.
Just waiting.

I grab my instrument of torture,
Which I like to call the actor's Knife.
The actor's career hasn't even begun.
I slowly cut down
Down
Down
Into the flattened flesh.
Rummy blood oozes out,
It's practiced screams
Echo
Echo.
I try to ignore,
as if in slow motion,
I spread
the actor across my toast.
As its screams,
slowly melting into the crumbs.
Goodbye
My actor and the curtain falls.



*Your life on a thread
Spikes of fire*

Katherine

*My loneliness swirls
Blurring my vision and blocking my path*

Explosion

A breath of life
A sparkling ice sculpture
Curled, glossy wax
A length of velvetine ribbon
Black ink in clear water
Or a twisting vine.
Fast approaching,
An explosion.

Milla

Biscuits

In the biscuit factory
It hears cream being whipped
It hears the soothing flour dropping in the bowl
It hears the mixers working hard.
In the supermarket
It hears packets rumbling
It hears 'bang' as they get dropped and smashed.
It hears 'beep' as it goes through the check-out.

Step 1 Grab biscuits

Step 2 Empty lower biscuit into the bin

*It dances elegantly
from dawn to dusk
The sun rose, sitting vividly
through the tree tops.*

A Welly

A welly is a rich green colour,
Dappled with hazy sunlight,
Cascading tall and proud,
Gently swaying in the wispy air,
The sound of a ruffle and crunch of leaves,
When autumn awakes, all is bare.
Nothing but the solitaire branches
Bending and twisting in every direction.

Elotse



Flame

The backbone of a fire demon,
Reaching into the never-ending darkness;
Cackling like a witch,
Brightly, dangerous!
Little fire sparks around,
Soon to disappear,
Curling up in a ball.
Ready, for what?

*The jellyfish dances
on tippy-toes
The shell is a creature
waiting to let out its anger!*

The Balloon

Small red fire, lonely in sky
Fire that minutes ago had been pressed to my lips.
A fire, tied together with ribbons of smoke.
The fire has grown
The fire inflates
The fire floats
And in the cloudy sky, fire explodes.

*I am a lump of coal
A simple, unassuming*

The Cloudy Lion

I am a lion, floating in the blue.
I can be as white and fluffy as a lamb
Or as grey as a threatening wolf.

Never boastful, I protect the skies,
Sending weather down to man.
I hang serenely in the sky,
Sometimes covering the sun.
And when it gets dark I play with the moon.

*The warmth of the fire wraps
a blanket around her bare legs.
The crumpled brown biscuits wait
in front of me without a care in the world.*

The Shell

The shell is a train carriage following one behind the other, carrying life.
The shell is an island not yet discovered,
The shell is a spare mattress wanting to know how it would like to be used.
The shell is a multicoloured vest, unused, unique.
The shell is curiosity.

Memories Of Performing at The Egg Theatre.

First on, first off. First clap, first laugh.
Music starts, no one is there.
The speakers in the hallway making me jump,
pushing through the curtains, at last back stage.
Play starts. Curtain Up. First line starting the show.
On we come, off we go, jogging about.
Finish. Tell the others to go down the stairs, on they go too.

*Slowly the beast
started to crawl in.
Pounding at the window,
creeping through
the cracks.*

Love: Is a Yellow Paste Usually Used in Sandwiches or on Toast

Love is easily spread in all
Four crusty corners,
Lives in a bright coloured
Container in a cold place.
Can be left on a shop shelf and melts into bread like a sponge.
Then suddenly it's all gone
And the relationship is over!

Alana

Lizzie

Madison

Madeline

Jessica

Charlotte

Isabella

Laura

*Paint running down like tears,
Caked mud lying on the tyre like a bruise.*

*An umbrella has four little legs
It is very fluffy with big bold eyes*

Showtime

Blinding lights and expectant faces
Our audience waiting in their places.
Last minutes snacks and pats on the back,
Adrenaline hits me with a whack.
The noises drop and the curtains rise.
So quiet, until one baby cries.
Paralysed with fear and counting to five,
I watch the stage come alive.

*Turn clothes on dark skin,
Molten hair in the wind.*

1 2 3 4 5



We Like Biscuit

We like biscuit his crunch and chew
Makes the biscuit wet and thin.

Knows he the creamy bourbon
heading towards my mouth.

Oh I can't resist biscuit and a cuppa on an early breacktime.

As he shrinks with each bite
You will see him again with your next cuppa
Ready for me to repeat these words again.

*A caramel yoghurt swirl
As the sun slowly sets through
the clouds.*



Shadow Me Over

The shadows
They are lurking
In the dark depths of the sea.
Floating with the waves
Where no-one else can see.
The crimson red that colours deep within their eyes
Piercing deep within them
Colouring empty skies.

*Boredom feels the never-ending path of the tree.
A coil in every corner on a black silk gown.*

The Crash

Silence echoes around the room.
Batling to sleep, the tick of the grandfather clock.
One heart beat, bumping at the ribs of an innocent girl.
Blood swimming round and round, boiling at the essence of fear.
Thoughts buzzing around the hollow room,
Noisy in the mind of one,
Silent in the mind of another
Soon, it would be dawn.

Lili

Georgia

Decci

A Laptop is a Small, Jumping Rodent

It keeps itself warm with it's soft hazel fur.
It plays it's favourite platform games,
Leaping and collecting fruit.
When I have to feed it, I have to put it's food on a disc.
Then post the disk through it's side.
It eats nuts and berries and pieces of fruit,
But downloaded types of course.
It loves me and I love it and that will never change.

Talitha

I Like April

I like April
Her eyes sparkle like wet grass
Her dress is a flower
Her birthday sings in the lovely spring
It is a wonderful time of year
I like April because it is the time when I was born



A Hamster is a Ball of Fire

It speeds along in it's cage
It looks cute but is a cuddly devil
It loves your Mum's candle
Do not buy it a hot water bottle
It will keep you extra warm
Your Hamster loves you all the same

Mary-Lou

Imogen

Oh Badger

Oh badger, oh badger, why do you dig?
Oh badger, why do you eat under my house?
Oh badger, why do you make us fall?
Oh badger, oh badger, why do you dig entrances into your hole?

I Remember

I remember going on holiday camp with Melissa to Devon
I remember having a party at Christmas
I remember eating couscous and it was disgusting
I remember staying at Melissa's house to Boomerang
I remember a den in Melissa's bedroom
I remember hurting the floor

Chloe

Jessica



I Remember

I remember going on holiday with Jessica to Devon and we got lost because we could not remember where the caravan was
I remember Jessica staying at my house and going to Boomerang and I cut my finger
I remember making a den in my bedroom with Jessica
I remember that Chloe cut her ankle on my bunk bed
I remember I went to Jimmy Spices and tried Italian curry
I remember my birthday and Christmas presents by the tree



Melissa

August

I like August he is a boy
Who likes yellow because
Its just like summer when its August
He brightens up the wonderful sky
He always wears yellow
I like August

Laura

Corey

A Globe You Eat For Pudding

A globe you eat for pudding
Hard on the outside hot and gooey inside
When I finished I feel like I've eaten the whole world
Don't over cook it, it might burn like the sun beaming on the world
The globe will be invaded like you invading a pudding



Joanna

Joanna

I am an umbrella catching the rain
I am a delicious doughnut with sparkly sprinkles
I am a snowy mountain with the sun gazing up at me
I am a sparkling ice-cream waiting to be eaten
I am a horrifying rollercoaster
I am an odd creation



Emily

I am a cold fridge in my new kitchen,
I am a hungry, angry crocodile who is waiting for his food,
I am teeth of an old grumpy man,
I am a leg wearing the best style of shoes in the shop.
I am a young friendly gymnast doing star jumps.

Emily

Julia

I am an umbrella in water
I am a sunny face
I am a tall tower
I am a funny dancer
I am a happy tent



Julia

The Duck

This person loves ducks. He keeps his nice and clean. He has a bath from 1 till 5 and plays duck to the rescue. He has perfect yellow skin and has no chunks out of him. When the boy goes to bed he says quack quack. He always dreams of him being a duck and saving people.

Charlie

I am a bed crowded with teddies
I am a giraffe with a very long neck
I am a kite flying child

Charlie

Jed

I am a happy fish
I am a tape having fun
I am a flower in a bowl

Jed





When I Wake Up

I can hear the tap dripping
I can smell the toast
I can hear my dog
The howling of the wind
The telly is on when I wake up
I hear the sheep
When I wake up I hear the pipes gronking
I hear the pipes slushing
I hear my mum running to my bed

Bullied

Been punched kicked smacked pushed
Much much more, do I take it anymore?
Them thinkin' I'm a punchbag
What do you do?
Why trust your friend when you've got yourself?

I Like May

I like May
Her eyes are sparkly brown
Her hair is blue
Her dress is flowing white
She dances slowly
She brings sun when she's happy
She brings rain when she's angry

Kerri

Zak

Eddie

OLDFIELD PARK
JUNIOR SCHOOL

When I Wake up

When I wake up I hear my dad making breakfast
I see my sister brushing her teeth.
Just two minutes and I'll be out of bed.
Please I am so warm in my bed
Do I have to go to school today?
I want breakfast in bed.

Nadim

Ollie

Picture Poem

A man next to a big tyre
The hard workers hat was rock hard as stone
The big giant wheel was bright blue
The engine revved really loud next to the man's ear.

A Cloud is Something You Write With

A cloud is something you write with.
Fluffy and white.
Staring at this miracle
Perfect in front of me.
Invisible ink filling my pages.
They can't see it so they don't believe me,
But one day the words will be visible.
The letters clear
And me and my cloud will be famous.
Everyone will see my words
And we will be recognised.
Never forgotten me and my cloud.

Natalie

WELLSWAY
SCHOOL

Vampire Broccoli

They're coming...They're coming,
I know they are, they ALWAYS find you,
"RUN! They're coming, just run!"
Running! The laws have changed now that THEY have taken over,
There's nowhere to hide, nowhere to run without them finding you,
Changing you...
There is only us three left now, everyone else is gone,
We've tried everything to stop them,
But they just keep coming back...
"Wait, there is something hiding in the shadows."
I edge closer to the darkness,
My hand reaching to the creature,
Hoping that it isn't one of them...
All of a sudden the figure jumped out,
And bit me!
Its one of them! And now there's no way back for me,
I've lost to them,
"Run! It's one of them!"
The other two disappeared in seconds, never to see them again.
I bash the stupid vegetable against a wall,
And stagger into the light as I transform...
I am no longer a human; I am a brussel sprout,
And it's the entire stupid vampire broccoli's fault.

Freya





*If I were from outer space I would be a planet.
If I were magical I would be a wizard.*



How to Break Your Collarbone

Do get into a fight with your cousin.
Do get your cousin to drop you on concrete
Do jump and land on it.
Do jump off the Eiffel tower and land on it.
Don't go to hospital.
Don't go to bed.
Don't tell your mum.
Don't tell your nan.

*Feeling all sticky,
Bright blue sweets covering the sky*

Desert

Smooth sweet, sugar in bowl,
Bright blue sweets covering the sky,
A sandy dress, blowing in the wind.
A glistening pot of honey,
Feeling all sticky,
A deep yellow sun in the distance,
Shiny, smooth golden and bright,
little feet touching the sand.

Lydia

If I Were

If I were water
I would be a water fall.
If I were a noise
I would be bird noise.
If I were in a garden
I would be a horse.
If I were an animal
I would be an eagle.
If I were from outer space
I would be a shooting star.

Esme

The turn of the vehicle/Person in turn.

Cameron

How to go Through the Floor Boards

First walk around and find a weak spot in the floor.
Secondly find the heaviest weight you can
Go up somewhere high
Get the weight in your hand

THE
NEW
MUM
CRASH

*If I were water I would be mist
If I were a jewel I would be a diamond*

Byron

If I Were

If I were from outer space
I would be a sun in the day
the moon in the night.
If I were water
I would watch the sea
I would drink a cup of tea
the sugar would make me like sea salt water
If I were magical
I would be a wand
If I were a noise
I would be Santa's sleigh
If I were a garden
I would be a poppy swaying in the wind
*Oh Giraffe, oh Giraffe
why is your neck so long?
That is just the way I was born -
That is just the way I was born*



Matia

*It's salty, sharp and it's crunchy.
If I were from water I would be a waterfall*

My Strange Place To Be

It's very small, but I fit in fine
I grab my pillow, move my clothes
and place the pillow down,
I sit there thinking what's happened in the day
I sit there like there's no time in the world,
there's no other place I'd rather be,
I'm relaxed in my cupboard
It's a strange place
to be in but it matters to me.



Biscuit

I see all my friends.
I hear, people talking with biscuits in their mouths.
I feel the hot jar I am in.
I feel, people trying to take me!
I hope that the most famous man in the world will eat me!
My secret is, I know a potion to make me bigger and stronger.

Declan

*It's nice and soft on the inside.
It breaks into little pieces when you bite it.*

Tanisha

Fire Monster

Angry fire monster blasting bolts,
loud as the roar of lions,
making fire fish in space
flickering flames on the floor.

Men in spotlights, the DJ plays music with headphones
a campfire in dark space booming out sparks as exploding
colours of rainbows bursting out.
And when it goes all life dies.

*My den is bigger than big, taller
than tall, as secret as secret.*



Dominic

SALTFORD
PRIMARY SCHOOL

*If I were water
I would be a raindrop*

Frost

Frost I write with frost, it is my friend
I'm never lost when it's around
he helps me draw
on the floor.
It isn't fair
I don't have a pencil
like the other kids
I HAVE HIM!

Amy



If I were a book I would be a poem

A Burst Of Flame

Cinderella
wearing her favourite golden dress,
fireworks going bang bang, bang, crackle.
They anger the sky.

Down comes a meteor bang.
Glass burns in an oven
bubbles appear by magic
a glass rose, a present for Cinderella

Megan

The Desert

The desert sand near the deep blue sky, bumpy pyramid,
Sand raining down from the tip of the pyramids.

Grains of sand blowing in your eyes,
Golden sand like you can eat it,
crackling and sizzling when you stamp on it.

Pointy ridges on the smooth soft sand,
Crunch it, bite it, like the taste of chocolate,
mmmmm, sandy, salty, eat it if you can.



Luke

*If I were magic
I would be invisible*



*Strolling on the beach
in the wind, walking
softly along.*

A Classroom is an Animal

A classroom is a animal that snaps and flays around in the air.
It teaches you to eat grass and spits out water.
It moves like it has not been on this earth at all.
It does gymnastics and wears a tight band around its head to keep fit.
It goes around in circles 10 times before it sits down.
and sings a Michel Jackson song when it gets bored.
It says hi and waves it hand when it sees its friends.
It learns to read when it sits on a chair.

Emily

*The Headphones are
a person that walks
around like a pig.*



The Shell Poem

This shell is a pushchair
with its shining golden wheels.

This shell is a home,
the home of a slimy snail.

This shell is the taste of smooth chocolate.

This shell is a bed
the person in it is dreaming
of going on his sled.



Harrison

The Rainbow

The rainbow comes in like a gliding parrot
floating across the sky,
leaving a beautiful reflection all around.
Left to right is a wonderful sight.
The pot of gold at the end of the colourful stripes.
Glazing like the glowing sun setting on the steep hills.
The rainbow fades as it lands,
then falls asleep.

*The silver reflection of a
drop of rain sitting in silence.
This place is a place where
I can be alone with my thoughts.*

Lucy

SALTFORD
PRIMARY SCHOOL



Aden is a shelter over your head.

The Lion's Pride

The sun comes in on the savannah's plains.
The sun is the same colour as the African lions
As they run on the wild savannahs.

The setting sun
glimmers on their backs
the sticks snap as they lie down

*The wind comes in
like a furry hamster.
Filling its cheek pouches with
warmth and blowing out the cold!*

The Hamster

The rough bars scratch at my fur,
The sunflower seeds taste delicious as I strip them down.

The pencil on the floor is HUGE,
The smell is all sawdusty from my bedding.

The little squeaks at my enemy,
The wind from the window blowing my food.

The vitamins in my yellow water bottle,
The yellow of my plastic ball looking the most beautiful.

Isabel



The Gorilla House

Welcome to my home, here at the gorilla house
we have lots of babies who smell like manure
and we have mums who fight over men gorillas.
Men here always play fight and after their fights
they always start panting, then they go to sleep.
We always smell manure, hay and straw. But all
of the adults can't get to sleep because we always
hear infant gorillas shouting and playing. Would
you like to live here? Because you would be
more than welcome to live here. Yes or no?



Cody

*A zombie is a ring that you get engaged to.
A zombie is a googly-eyed animal with a long tail*

*Thunder, lightning and
rain pour on the desert.
sand dunes are calm*

Desert

The dry sand near the tall mountains
Sand dunes are calm
The rumbling sand storm flows through the desert
Thunder, lightning and rain pour on the desert.
It suddenly stops.
The sky is red in Egypt
Everyone is shocked and scared.
Then the wind blows
The plants reappear
Everyone parties.

Cody

Seashell

It is swirly, brown, black, white and yellow
Feels bumpy and quite light
I imagine the blue sea whistling
Reminds me of the London eye!
A rocket shooting up in the sky up, up, up
A pink shoe with buttons on it
The shell is at the beach in Borneo
salty from the sea.

Phoebe

*Chew your pen, avoid fish swimming
round, round and round*



You can see little clouds
Falling from the sky.



When I First Wake Up

When I first wake up
I can hear
The shower water running
Josh and Lizzy shouting
Lilly snoring
Daddy stressing

When I first wake up I can see
Lilly running
Teddy's sleeping
Lights flickering

*The jelly fish swimmer
in the dark sea like lava*



Mist

The white lion
Runs across the world
Scattering
Snow, frost, mist and ice
In the night.

You wake up and see
The white lion.

Sam

Poppy

SALTFORD
PRIMARY SCHOOL

If She Were...

If she were weather she would be windy,
Free and unknowing.
If she were shoes she would be slippers,
Reliable and always there when you need them.
If she were furniture she would be a vase,
Very elegant and slick.
If she were food she would be a muffin
Individual and soft on the inside.
If she was a time of day she would be the sunrise
Beautiful and early.

*If he were shoes he would be
trainers, if he were a vehicle he
would be a van.*

The Whisper-ones

The whisper-ones are
In the breath of the living,
On the tip of a tongue,
Never ending,
Always moving,
Gliding smoothly through the air,
Gentle, quiet
Hid by a hand.



Kelly

Zoe

OLDFIELD
GIRL'S SCHOOL



Untitled

Crying paint makes dents in mountains.
Snail left black, metal trail
Curly-wurly strips on paint
Dull indents on white shell
Celery dips in sour cream
Tyres trail dirt
Stripes, my pet leopard

Chelsea



Untitled

Hovering fruit in the sky,
Green patterns on huge bums,
Deadly cheese eats insects,
Grass tastes nice on oranges,
Red butterflies have circular stripes,
Scary leaves eat elephants,
Spikey arms eat broccoll and celery.



The Cold-ones

The cold-ones are numb,
They live in the depths of the ocean
And never show their faces.
They eat what is said to be
Sorrow and hate.
They move around the water like ghostly figures,
Dressed in white long dresses
That covered their faces,
The cold ones are dead



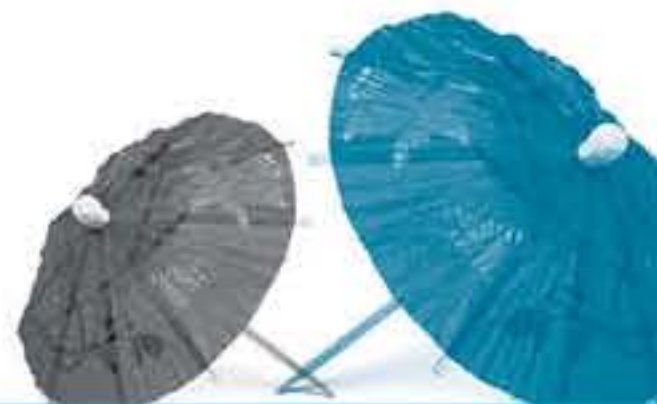
*Her shoes are damp
Her eyes are frosty*

Katie

Alice

People

People are at the seaside
There is a rainbow coloured
staircase nearby.
The water is blue.
The umbrellas were black, yellow,
brown and gold
And had a staple in them.
The shells were prickly and curvy,
I saw a dark hole near the spikes



Misha

We Love Thursday

His old shirt he's already worn
and those two odd socks.

He becomes forgotten,
just another day at school.

Sometimes, he wants to be skipped,
but fears being forgotten.

He staggers forward, watching the clock
He suffers from early beds
As people cut him off to enjoy Friday
All he wants is a little recognition.



A Detention is a Way of Life with Nightmares and Dreams...

Everyone witnesses at one time of their life,
Dark. Shallow. Lonely.

Teacher. Me. Alone,
I just wish I was at home.
Mother went ballistic,
Teacher caught me eating a biscuit.

A blink of an eye... PHEW! Just a dream.

*A splash of rain is a sprinkle of
glory separated from the cycle.*



The shell is an emptiness
The shell is a piece of deep dark chocolate

Sam

Amanda

A Plaster Is Something You Can See Through

Why would you want to see through a plaster?
You will see lots of blood and a cut, that's not good is it?
Well if you let me finish I will explain.
If you have a plaster that you can see through
It will be good because you can see how well your cut is healing.
If you look real close you can see little holes in the plaster
Oh and it is water proof

*Humour is a cup
of hot chocolate.*

*Humour is a place where
you can laugh like crazy.*



Chelsea



Advice For Dora The Explorer

Don't trust anyone you don't know.
Come prepared for anything.
Find a safe route to get somewhere first.
Don't climb over bridges with trolls under.
Have a mobile phone with you at all times.
Learn more facts.
Make sure your bag is closed tight.
Dora the Explorer never listened.

Leanne

*The shell is a sandy desert
with a single bumpy road
The shell is a thundery stormy night*

Advice on Kissing

Brush his hand
Don't pull him in
Edge closer slowly
Don't come on too fast
Stare at his lips
Wait till he leans in
Watch his head
Don't talk when the moment comes
Enjoy!

*The glistening sparkle of the
outside is so bright and white,
It would blend with a
piece of blank paper.*

Louise



A Sofa is Like a Desk But Worse

A sofa! A sofa?
 What are they talking about?
 It's crazy,
 Insane.
 Well it kind of makes sense,
 I don't know how but it just might work,
 Yes, yes.
 A sofa, a sofa is like a desk but worse.

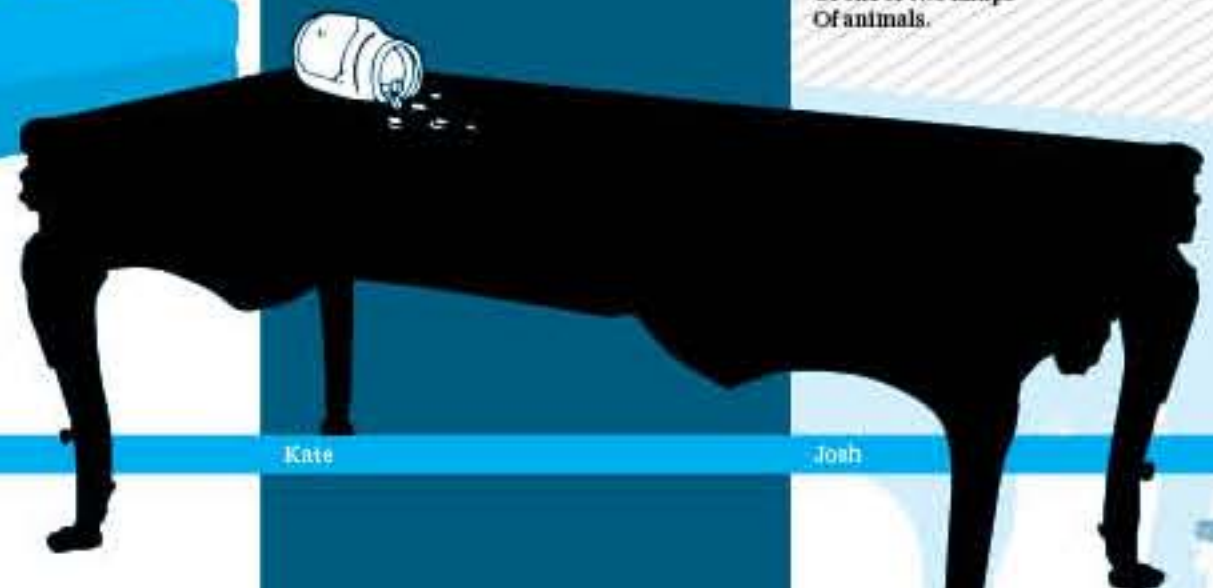


Scott

BROADLANDS
 SECONDARY SCHOOL

A Table Is The Best Medicine

Four legs, that's what you need!
 None of this penicillin rubbish.
 You need mahogany to help you breathe,
 Pine for chesty coughs and colds.
 Antibiotics? Don't make me laugh!
 No, what you need is an extra leaf,
 As used for dinner parties and at Christmas,
 Well, that's my belief.
 Don't believe me? Think I'm mad?
 You've never had to treat bronchitis
 With whatever came to hand, have you lad?
 As I thought. But don't take my word for it,
 Just take some marquetry and cherry inlay,
 If you know what's good for you.



Kate

*The shell is a cold ice-cream
 The shell is a lone sailboat
 drifting on the sea.*

The Environment is a Boiling Hot Drink With a Few Tea Leaves

It has a boiling hot water cycle
 And green plains of tea leaves just spread around.
 The boiling water cycle pours on the green plain of tea leaves.
 Stirred by silver wind,
 Milk white clouds cover it,
 With a touch,
 Of one or two lumps
 Of animals.

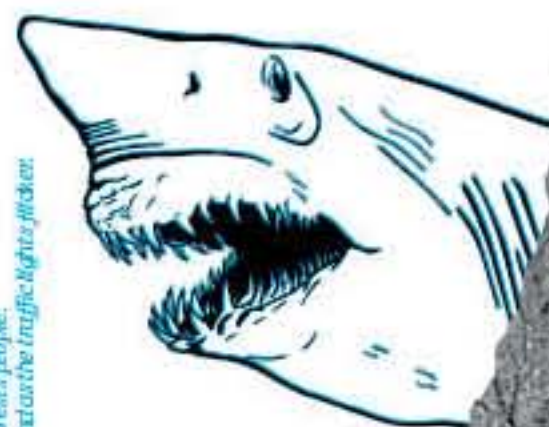
Joah



A Crochet Hook is a Savage Fish with Sharp Teeth

With its shiny scales
 It darts through the water
 Its pointed ends leaving a thin trail.
 One of the most feared beings in the sea
 Little is known about it
 A story lives on,
 It lets its prey swim under its hooked body
 And snaps shut
 Leaving a trail of blood
 Floating in the sea as it swims off.

Ashley



*A sea road is a traffic and current people.
 It stands by the side of the road as the traffic lights flicker.*

A Shark is an Item of Clothing Designed to Cover the Whole Body

Here is a three-piece suit,
 Mouth for a collar,
 Fin as a hat.
 Or how about a shark skirt
 With a long flowing tail?
 Why not try shark slippers
 With their close fitting flippers?
 How good their eyes look
 As a necklace, earring or just brooch.
 You may even consider a belt
 Of finely sewn shark's teeth.

Sam

*The shell is a thick misty fog
 The shell is visible but exciting socks*

My Bed is a Dark Black Cave

Each time I lie down it takes me away
 A blank canvas waiting for paint.
 In this place I feel free, and so does my mind,
 It allows me to follow my dreams.
 In my 3D diary I write every night
 Endless pages to fill with everything I think.
 But my word is not perfect.
 I mean whose is?
 With darkness, noises and beasts as well,
 I have to be careful no-one knows what could happen,
 That's why I call it my dark, black cave.

Becky

*A memory is a see-through object easily misread
 Glass is an event from your past that stays in your mind.*



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