



University of  
**Kent**

Academies Trust  
(UKAT)

**CG** CHATHAM  
GRAMMAR

# Creative Writing Club

*A collection, 2018-2022*





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# Creative Writing Club

*A Collection, 2018-2022*

Stories and poems written  
by the Creative Writing Club  
2018-2022

Hannah, Dolcie, Jaye, Poppy,  
Cairo, Diamond, Erin, Emily,  
Isobel, Anjola, Joy, Maddison,  
Mia, Lucy, Ciara, Jenifer  
& Ysabelle

Illustrations by Ms Goosey

Since its creation in 2018, Creative Writing Club has been running weekly, even continuing through lockdown over Teams. There have been many members that have come and gone over the years, but all have been remarkably talented and have left little creations in their wake. I found the students' words so full of life, power and talent that I did not wish for these poems and stories to disappear from the world, forgotten, at the bottom of a folder, never to be read. Instead, I thought I would compile them into an illustrated book so that these students - and others - can appreciate these little reminders of their time at Chatham Grammar.

- Ms Goosey

## The Worst and Best Christmas

By Hannah, age 12

Winner of the 2018 Christmas writing competition

Prompt: 'This is the story of the best and worst Christmas ever'

**This is the story of the worst, and best, Christmas ever.**

Imagine lights, and gifts, and anything or everything to do with Christmas. Reach out to a distant moment in your past (Christmas related) where you thought everything was perfect. Nothing could ruin that moment - it was perfect.

Remember that time, when it was perfect, and be still. Be still and, only for a moment, remain still, grasping that perfect time. Think of the colours, the sounds and the smell of the room or place - relive that moment ... then immediately remember you are standing in the present.

That distant perfection is, no matter how real, distant. And it will always be. The past remains in the past, and the present will become the past. This will always be so. And even after I've said this, you still hold on, thinking about the past.

**This is the story of the worst, and best, Christmas ever.** The one where you dreamt up a past so blissful, you forgot to live in the present. And thus losing a moment of life. The one where you travelled back in a myriad of events, instead of forwards.

The one where you realised that where you stand now, will determine where you'll stand then.







## Hang the Washing

By Cairo, age 14

I want you to hang up the washing.  
Go on, I dare you.  
And imagine all the thoughts  
My head is running through.  
The kids are watching TV  
And my partner's making lunch.  
The birds outside are chirping,  
And the world's at peace for once.  
I call the kids together,  
And check Adam's binding right.  
I apologised when he came out  
Because he thought he'd cause a fight.  
The kids know to ask if I'm mum or dad,  
And Phoebe loves braiding my hair.  
Patton's the second eldest, leaving soon;  
He walks now with a more cheerful air.  
And Ava-Lee, my pride and joy, leaves for Africa next month,  
Back to the place of her ancestry.  
She promises to email her love,  
And despite my young age, I still have dreams,  
Of a life that I may have,  
And the fact that I may not achieve them all,  
Simply drives me mad.



## Red Dust

By Anjola, age 13

Red dust of India against the lilac sky  
Red dust of India above the world so high  
Red dust of India brushing against my cheek  
Red dust of India settling on the leaf  
Red dust of India slowly turning brown  
Red dust of India becoming dirt  
Red dust of India  
no longer red.



## Sons at War

I watched in sorrow,  
My son go to war.  
A spring in his step,  
A gun in his hand.

I sat in silence;  
My son was at war.  
All was so quiet,  
I stared at the door.

I stood in despair,  
The house had gone down.  
My son was at war,  
My joy was at war.

I laid in peace,  
My coffin was bare.  
My son died at war,  
The Englishmen took him.

I jumped at the chance,  
A fight that's abroad.  
A gun in my hand,  
I ran out the door.

No man's land,  
The field of the dead.  
Injured and wounded,  
Holes covered most chests.

I shot one man down,  
Who knows how many more.  
I'm regretting the fact,  
that I ran out the door.

I was deaf to the shots,  
My wounds had gone numb.  
I'd run out of chances,  
So had my mum.

By Maddison, age 12





## Flowerbeds

by Maddy, age 12

The flowerbeds are full,  
The flowerbeds are alive.  
The rain has stayed away,  
The rain has gone away.

The flowerbeds are wilting,  
The flowerbeds are sick.  
The rain has stayed away,  
The rain has gone away.

The flowerbeds are dying,  
The flowerbeds are pale.  
The rain has stayed away,  
The rain has gone away.

The flowerbeds are dead now,  
The flowerbeds have died.  
The rain has stayed away,  
And now it's taken lives.

## I Am

By Cairo, age 14

In my life, I have little life-changing moments. They've only happened once or twice, but I do love when they come around. I had one today.

You see, when you begin to practise magic, one thing you learn very quickly is that you can have all the crystals and candles you want, but the thing that makes it work is your energy.

I always liked the quote "My body is my temple, but I am the god it is devoted to. Do not presume to tell me how to decorate my altar". It's used as a way to defend self-expression but I've interpreted it differently.

I am the god I devote my altar to, and if my power comes from me, then I am all-powerful. I know, now, that you have to learn it. To feel it in your soul. To understand that you are your master.

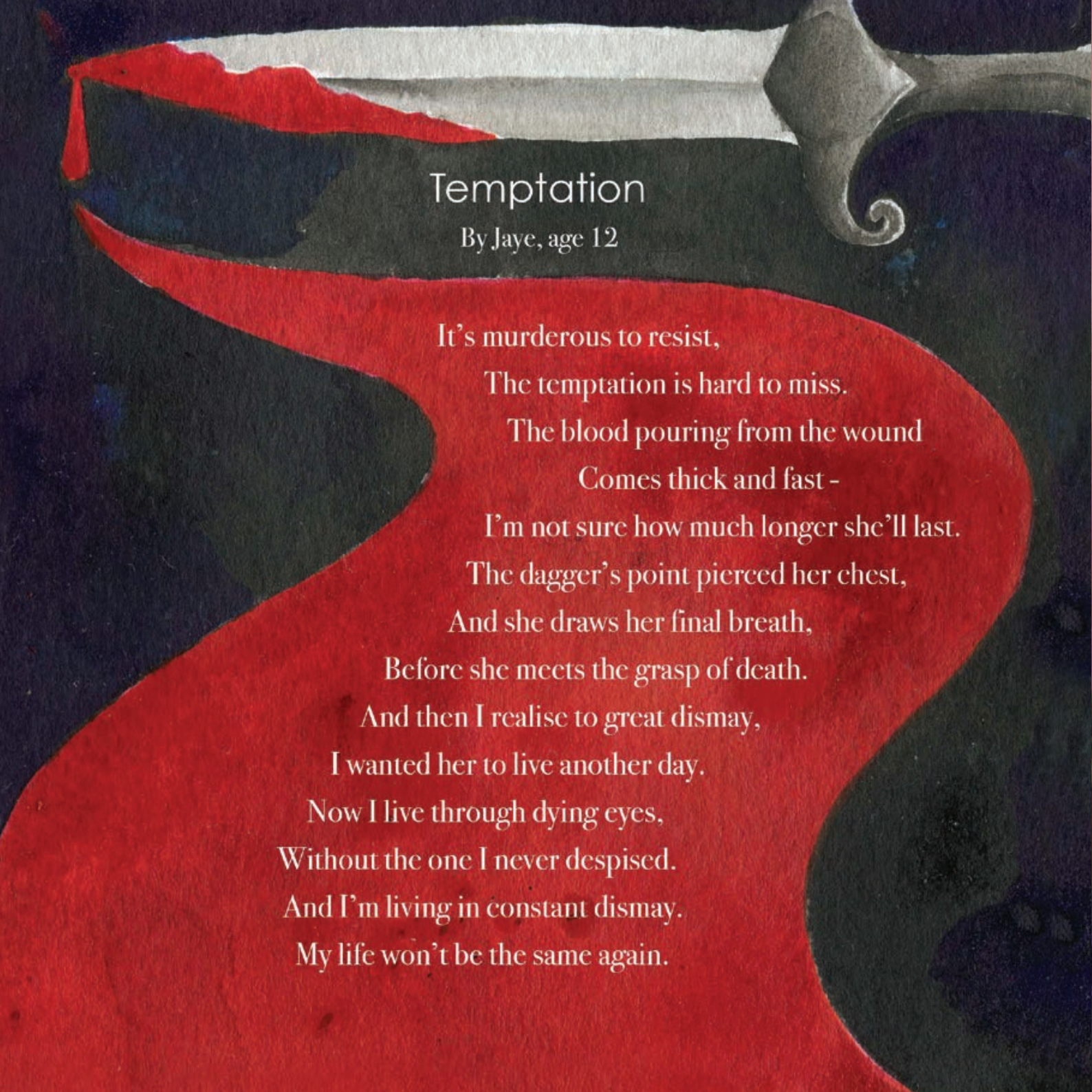
Love, though sweet, hurts like a dagger. Grades and schools and jobs should never be a priority over you. Your power is in you and so is your freedom, if only you reach out and grab it.

So I've learnt today that I am.  
I am not a student.  
I am not a person.  
I am not a concept.  
I am not a dream.

I am.







## Temptation

By Jaye, age 12

It's murderous to resist,  
The temptation is hard to miss.  
The blood pouring from the wound  
Comes thick and fast -  
I'm not sure how much longer she'll last.  
The dagger's point pierced her chest,  
And she draws her final breath,  
Before she meets the grasp of death.  
And then I realise to great dismay,  
I wanted her to live another day.  
Now I live through dying eyes,  
Without the one I never despised.  
And I'm living in constant dismay.  
My life won't be the same again.



## Conscious

She was drifting,  
In and out,  
In and out,  
Before blackness overtook.

He was drifting,  
In and out,  
In and out,  
Before he saw the light.

They had drifted,  
Comatose or not.  
Consciousness had left them,  
And it wasn't coming back.

by Maddy, age 12



# Look

By Joy, age 13

Look at the grey skies and watch the light fade away.  
Look at the chances you have to last another day.  
You struggled,  
And suffered to lay down cold.  
Only to discover that the mystery's yet to unfold.

Look at your name, ready to be demeaned.  
Look at your weary soul, ready to flee.  
Feel the agony,  
And endure the constant rage.  
Defy their orders and be put in a cage.

Look at the merciless beings you work under.  
Look at your blood; their hands are smothered.  
Commanders in charge,  
Using you for their fight for meaningless power.  
You carry on fighting just to not be called a coward.

Look at the grey skies and watch the light fade away.  
Look at the chances you have to last another day.  
Look at them again,  
And call them your allies.  
If only you hadn't fallen for their endless web of lies.





# Make-up

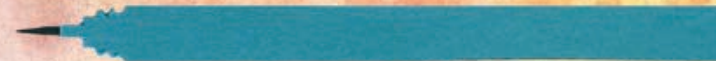
By Poppy, age 12

Sometimes I don't understand why people wear make-up.  
Especially teenagers; I think it should be for grown-ups.  
I mean, what do people have that they want to cover up?  
Sometimes I don't understand why people wear make-up.

Sometimes I don't understand why people wear make-up,  
Wearing make-up just makes me feel fed up.  
It's so itchy, it makes me want to take it all off.  
I mean, come on - make-up?  
More like fake-up.  
You're hiding the person you're supposed to be.  
Sometimes I don't understand why people wear make-up.

Sometimes I don't understand why people wear make-up,  
Why spend your money on it, when you could save a whale,  
Or an endangered snow leopard?  
And would you want the make-up you wear to have been tried  
On a dog, or a bear?  
Why promote that cause?  
Sometimes I don't understand why people wear make-up.

Make-up, make-up, make-up,  
Sometimes I don't understand why people wear make-up.



# Exceed

by Mia, age 12

In class you're expected to succeed,  
This is something your teachers agreed.

All they want is to give you good marks,  
Don't rely on others' remarks,  
Spread your wings and try to fly,  
Go higher and higher towards the sky.

In class you're expected to succeed,  
This is something  
your teachers agreed,

However ...  
Some teachers are evil,  
And not so believable.  
They make targets high,  
You can see it in their left eye.

But there's a secret,  
They're in disguise.  
Their true identity is ...

Pink fluffy cacti.





# Dear Earth

By Jenifer and Ysabelle, age 14

Is it painful when we cut down your trees?  
We will forever feel your regretful breeze.  
Do you feel suffocated when we pollute your waters?  
Everyone is affected; your sons and daughters.

Mother nature is a helpful friend,  
It's never too late to amend.  
Our nurturing carer, she waters our crops.  
Have you seen her beauty from the treetops?

*Do you want to lose the Great Barrier Reef?  
Have you thought about the consequences of your grief?  
Look at the changing of the seasons,  
Don't you think your crimes are treason?*

*Imagine the seven wonders of the world,  
How the Victoria Falls' water purred.  
Have you seen the Northern Lights?  
If you have, you can picture the sights.*



*Do you care about the extinctions?  
You know the outcomes aren't just predictions.  
The temperature's rising and the islands are sinking.  
Please stop acting without thinking...*

Future generations won't see the stars,  
Because your atmosphere's being polluted by our cars.  
Do we wonder what's happening to your ozone layer?  
It's being weakened by man, the betrayer.

We are ever so sorry for our mistakes,  
We never considered your seas and lakes.  
You are decaying day by day,  
If we want a change, soon there won't be a way.

*Are you wondering how to fix it?  
Just start reusing, it doesn't take much wit.  
Plastic cans, bottles, card;  
Just start reusing, it's not that hard.*





## The Whale

By Emily, age 14

Response to prompt 'And then I saw the whale'

The incredibly violent waves crashed at the oars as the freezing water droplets shook my spine to my very core. Without looking back, I sailed ahead, and then I saw the whale, in the distance, a tail as tall as mountains, eyes as deep as this ocean and gills that could stretch out into the corners of the earth. It suddenly flapped its tail down on the death-defying waves, causing them to ricochet into each pore on my skin. But this wasn't the end of it. The eyes stared deep into mine as it opened its mouth. Then everything went dark ...



## Monster

by Dolcie, age 13

Contorted limbs,  
An evil smile.  
They are real,  
You can't live in denial.  
They will find you,  
Quick and quiet,  
Sliding across the night sky.  
They keep silent,  
Fingernails scratching,  
Teeth grinding.  
They are coming,  
There's no use in hiding.  
Monsters, you see; monsters,  
Out to get you and me.  
They'll watch you until the time is right,  
Watch and wait,  
Until the day's last light;  
That's when they strike,  
When unexpected.  
Try to fight back,  
But you will be bested.  
Monsters, you see; monsters,  
Out to get you and me.  
Unidentifiable laughs,  
A menacing look.  
But these are things,  
All found in a book.  
Just look in the mirror,  
And you will see,  
That the true monsters  
Are you and me.

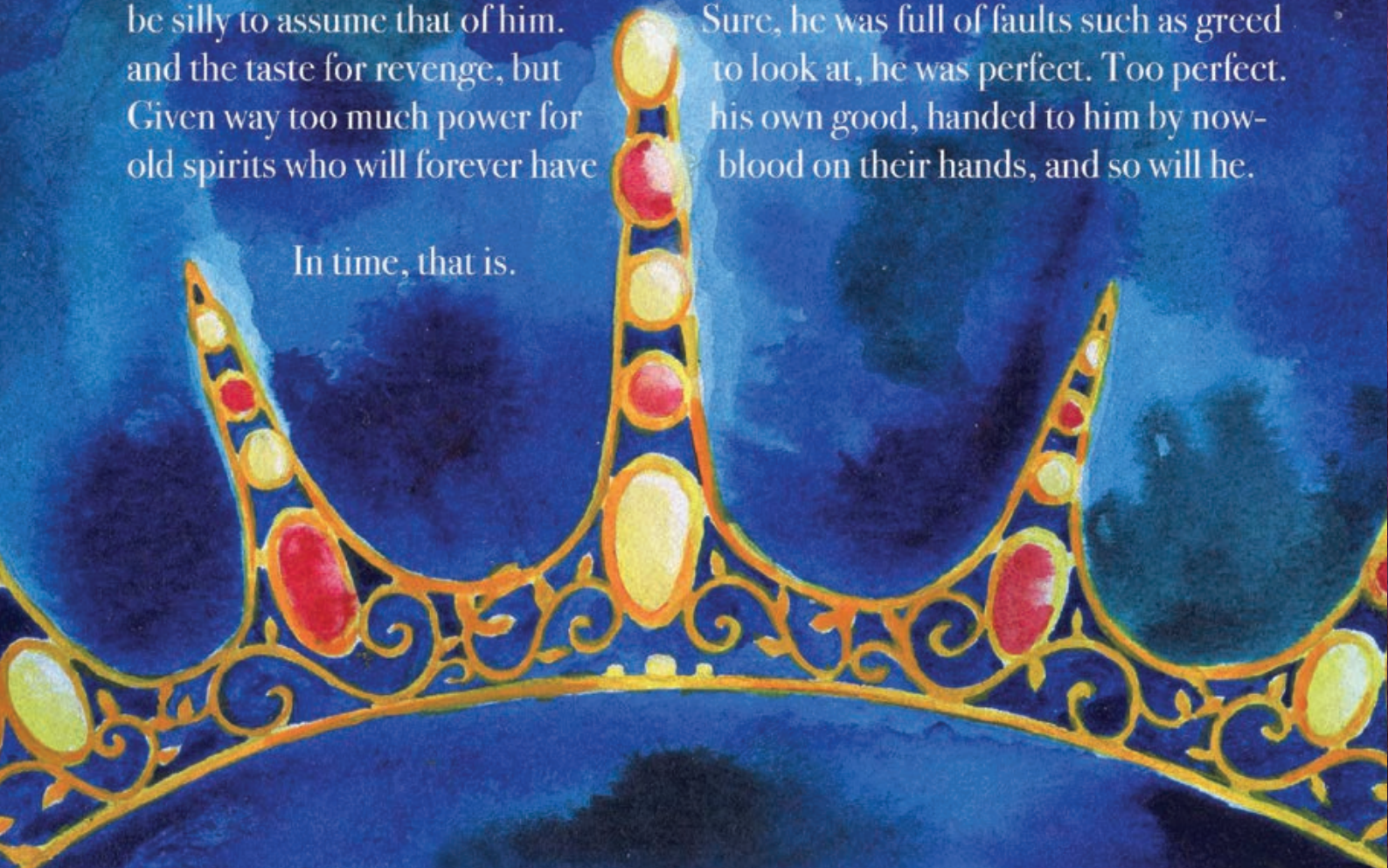


# The Throne

By Dolcie, age 14

Golden engraved jewellery hung slyly from the neck of the man who sat upon the throne, forged by the glass shards of broken promises and the blood of innocents - built on lies and lost secrets. Lost amongst the pillars of white marble and halls of old paintings, masked by a charming yet wicked grin and silver tongue. He was young, though his paintings and wisdom had deceived him and others, who believed him to be old, frail and vulnerable. But you'd be silly to assume that of him. Sure, he was full of faults such as greed and the taste for revenge, but to look at, he was perfect. Too perfect. Given way too much power for his own good, handed to him by nobles old spirits who will forever have blood on their hands, and so will he.

In time, that is.



# The Gravity of Us

By Dolcie, age 14

Response on prompt 'the gravity of us'

The fault of falling in love is the part about falling.  
To love, you must fall. And I did.  
I let gravity take a hold and drag me down. But you never fell.  
Instead, your white wings remained intact and your halo just shone  
with an even brighter light.  
You said you loved me, and yet you never fell.  
Instead, you remained on top of the fluffy white clouds,  
confined behind a gate.  
You label yourself a saint, but only a sinner would lie.  
They ask me, "Can't you just go back up?  
Since you're not in love?"  
But the painful truth is that I still am,  
it never stopped.  
So now my foolishness is marked  
by little red horns and a tail.



# Heaven and Hell

By Cairo, age 14  
Response to prompt  
'The gravity of us'

Heaven and hell,  
Sin and purity.  
Fire and water,  
Life and Death.  
We've learnt from a young age that 'opposites attract'.  
Night and day,  
Earth and sky.  
Birds and fish,  
Sun and moon.  
But we also learn that when opposing forces meet,  
it can destroy them both.  
We evolved.  
But like any force, it was opposed,  
and now we must pay the price.  
This is a law that we learnt from the beginning.  
Written into the DNA of everyone from the origins of time.  
We're a conscious, living, breathing race.  
We created the concept of good and bad.  
Our society now built on the rules of what we think is wrong and right.

We created the concept of science.  
Now, more than ever, we seek to understand,  
despite the knowledge that  
we will never know it all.  
We categorised everything.  
Now everything we know has a 'place in the chain of life'.  
We monopolised and industrialised.  
Now the rich live above us all and could solve all our problems,  
if not for their love of paper, that will eventually be meaningless.  
We gave everything a name and we numbered.  
Now our young slave through years of their life to learn  
everything we shove into their brains,  
Like the knowledge is a necessity that they cannot survive without,  
We began to count and tracked the time.  
Now the human race are the only ones with the fear of time running out.  
We gave ourselves jobs that placed us in an endless cycle,  
Earning money to pay someone else just to exist.  
Now we debate the meaning of life,  
And we alone are scared for what comes after the end.  
The truth is that as we evolved, we became more scared.  
This is the truth of the human race.  
This is the gravity of us.



# Pain

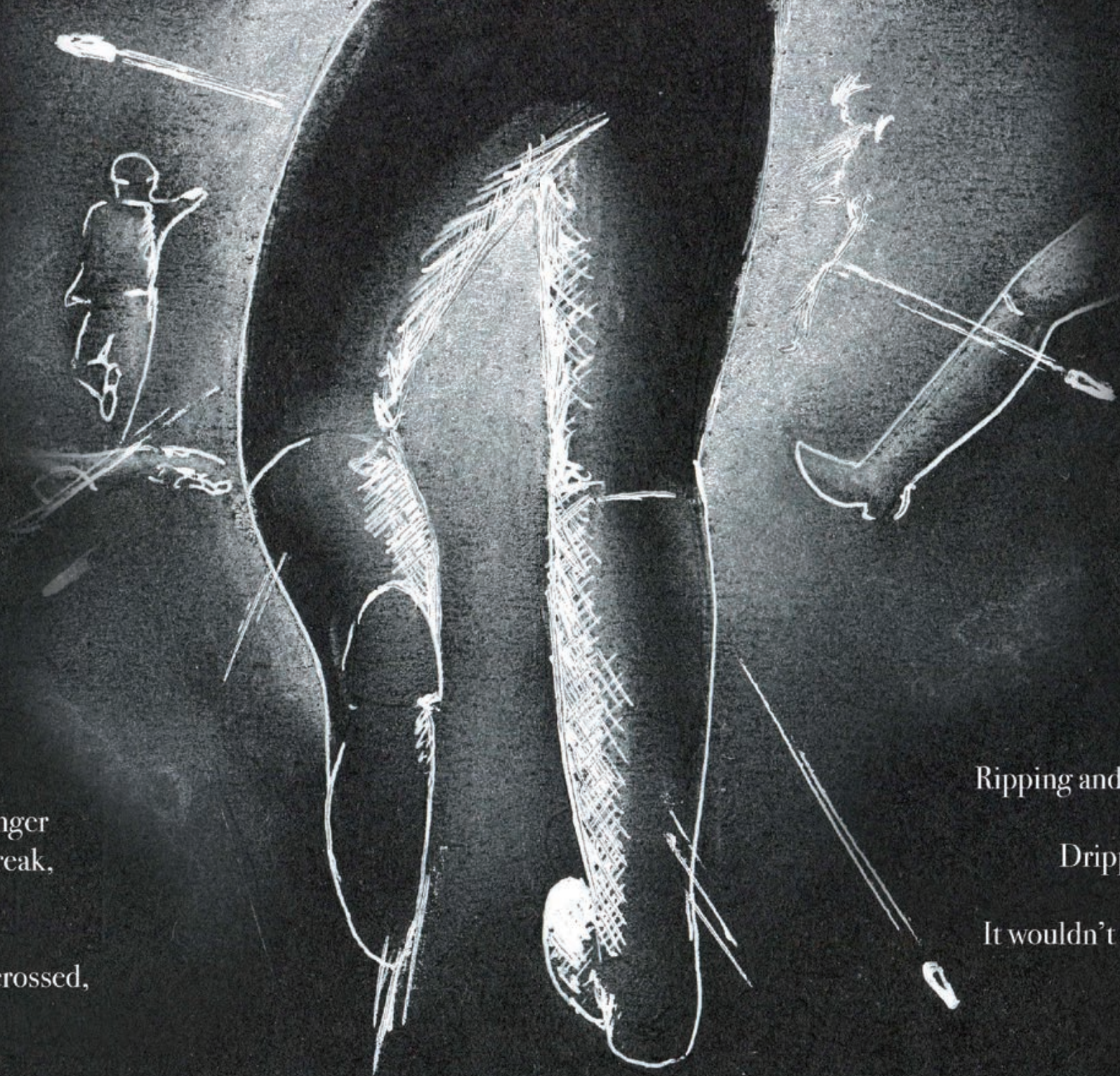
By Lucy, age 12

28th September, 1914,  
The day I found out the truth,  
I trusted them,  
And in turn I was betrayed,  
I was told it would be a game,  
That I would return a hero,  
But reality contradicts lies,  
And they were wrong.  
I have gone through pain like no other,  
Physical,  
And mental,  
And the trauma is too much to bear.

Pain,  
A word that strikes fear into my heart,  
Varies in size, from a small prick of the finger  
To the nociceptive ache of a cruel heartbreak,  
And the depravity of the inbetween.  
Some call it no-man's land,  
A terrifying border that should never be crossed,  
But I did.

That day,  
That torturous day,  
The day I lost it all,  
"Cross no-man's land," they said,  
"It will be fun," they said,  
and again, they deceived us all.

I stepped out,  
Gun in hand,  
Trepidation burning within me,  
I took my first step,  
I heard a gunshot,  
And then I felt the pain,  
An agony like none before,  
Ripping and tearing at my skin, desperate to enter,  
Then I felt the blood,  
Dripping down my leg like a torrent of rain,  
The wound still throbbing like hell,  
It wouldn't stop no matter how much I willed it to,  
Because that's the thing about pain,  
It demands to be felt.





## Remarkable Scar

By Joy, age 12

Most are oblivious to their surroundings, and others unaware of the danger that lurks around them. Their eyes blindly deceived by what only their naked eye can witness, even though their eyes are not visually impaired.

The onyx canopy of an endless abyss - which seemed rather vacant - still had a fairly distant illustration of dim celestial objects that were overpowered by the obscuring absence of light. No overwhelming ball of radiance, no vivid luminosity to shine on the infinite tenebrosity. In fact, the atmosphere had recently undergone this phase. Just like her. The little girl whose eyes were a mere reflection of only a few memories from her past, and her mouth solely a powerful weapon of the future, obtaining all the answers. Apart from her own, and that was the irony of it. She had given up on that gift, it never really assisted her. Who could blame her? She knew not her name, nor her parents, not even where she was.

## Fantasy and Reality

By Erin, age 12

Slam! I shut the car door with careless force; excitement runs down me like water in a shower. As I run down the sandy beach, wind howls and whistles in my face as if it were a wolf during a full moon. Our car is the only one here; the only human residue in miles. Even the sea is crystal-clear; no plastic bottles, no pollution whatsoever. Humans are winning over nature everywhere I've ever been, yet nature is the winner of the battle here, overpowering humanity like a dragon to an ant. I love it. I've never felt so at home with something so different to my home. Sometimes I wish I could travel back to when life was like this, when nature was the champion, when humans really were the ants, metaphorically and literally. I sprint like never before; this is a magical place.

I stop with a smile on my face: my mum bought me ice-cream, a flake 99 with strawberry sauce drizzled to perfection on the top. As I go to take it, I feel a nudge on my back. "Erin! Wake up! You've been sleeping here for nearly 5 hours! You've missed everything, even the ice-cream!" I open my eyes and glance around. There could be a hundred-thousand people from just what I can see, and a hundred-million plastic bottles lying on the dirty sand. The water is a brownish-blue sort of colour; I could easily mistake it for sewage. I can't hear the wind, or the seagulls. All I can hear are the humans talking and chatting. I shut my eyes, endeavouring to go back to my fantasy. But I know that fantasy and reality are two different things. Two completely different things.







## The Gravity of Us

By Erin, age 12  
Response to prompt "The gravity of us"

The gravity of us - it pulled us together like magnets as we were slowly but effectively wished away. My hands clenched hers, though our astronaut suits were trying to prevent that contact. I took deep breaths but that was just increasing the throbbing pain throwing a tantrum on the side of my head. I wanted to cry but no tears would come out - was I dead yet? I was excited. My stomach was in a knot and no known words to man were coming out of my mouth.

## I Saw the Whale

By Diamond, age 14

To some I am seen as just quick money;  
To some I am seen as just meat.  
To some I am seen as just blubber to be turned into oil;  
To some I am seen as just good bone  
to make umbrellas and corsets.  
To some I am seen as just oil to make perfumes for people.  
To some I am seen as just animal feed and fertiliser.  
I am used by you to satisfy your needs,  
Ripped apart for someone's delight,  
Tortured at expense,  
Broken at the feet of money, not cared about.  
ME the one who is suffering because I cannot help that Mother Nature  
blessed my kind with qualities desired by the richest of your kind.  
In the end to some I am a mother, a mate,  
A symbol of compassion, solitude and knowledge of both life and death.

I am a whale.



## What Can I do?

by Anjola, age 12

What can I do  
To make it all go away?  
The memories ...  
The cries for help ...

Try as I might,  
I can't see the light  
Out of this tunnel  
Of war and murder.  
When will it end?

All this sin,  
Poured upon me.  
As much as I plea,  
I just can't get clean  
I feel so mean.

In the trenches  
I sit on the benches  
Believing that  
This war will end  
What can I give?  
What can I lend?

Until the gun goes pow.  
He took a bow.  
I want to know how  
I can make this stop.

## Thunder

By Dolcie, age 14

Thunder shook and broke the ground,  
And sparks of lightning fell all around.  
My heart began to thump in my chest,  
Why were the gods giving me another test?  
I had fought and I had won,  
I thought it was enough; thought I was done.  
But I guess not.

Loud noises travelled and broke the silence,  
Images flickered across my mind, the kind with violence.  
My whole body began to shake,  
I was the god's gift to break,  
I had fought and I had succeeded,  
I thought I was finished, thought that was all that was needed.  
But I guess not.

The waters crash and rage,  
I feel like I'm trapped in a cage.  
My heart pounds with fear,  
I'll not make it to the end of the year.  
I try to fight, I try to win,  
See it as a victory, not as a sin.  
I guess I shouldn't question.

I am broken, I am bruised,  
This is not the life anyone would choose.  
My mind is drowning,  
And my soul is howling,  
I can no longer fight, I can no longer win.  
Now comes the repayment of sin.  
I guess I was just another pawn.



# This is Your Warning

By Anjola, age 12

Winning entry of the 2018 Halloween Writing Competition

Before you read this, you must keep an open mind. Do not just dismiss this as the ramblings of a madman. I know that's what I would've done if I myself had not lived it. I don't know how it got here, or where it came from, I just know that its patience is growing thin and as soon as I finish writing this I will most likely meet my end.

It all began a few weeks ago. I woke to the sound of scratching at my window. I turned on the lights and immediately noticed it. There was a black creature with its face pressed hard up against the window. It had no expression, no facial features. It had the shape of a human but its head was oddly rounded, like geometric perfection, and it didn't appear to be breathing. Now, I know what you're thinking - that it was probably just kids playing a prank and putting a poster on my window to scare me. These were my thoughts exactly. So I decided just to get ready for work down at the bakery a little early. I stepped out of the house to take the picture down ... it was not there. I

assumed the delinquents heard me coming and tore it down, so I thought nothing more of it and went to work. When I returned home, I made a point of checking the windows to see if anything was on them - nothing. I went inside to cook myself a spaghetti dinner.

As I was boiling the noodles I glanced up from the pot and fell backwards with a small yelp. It was in that window, and this time I got a closer look. This was no poster hung by a child, this was a horrible barbarian. It did, after all, have facial expressions. It had seen the fear in my eyes and grinned so wide that I thought the creature itself was going to burst in half. I tried to run but my doors wouldn't open, and nor would the windows. I was trapped. My



phone wasn't working so I got on the computer and contacted the emergency services. Of course, when I told them the reason, they simply dismissed it as some kind of prank and never came. I was on my own.

Days went by and that thing slowly drove me insane. There was no avoiding it - with a window in every room in the house, he was always with me, silently watching. About two weeks into my incarceration I got angry and began to pound the glass that separated us, hoping to somehow frighten it enough to leave me alone. It was pointless. The same blood-chilling grin broke across his face and he began to pound the glass with me - except that he was actually getting somewhere. The window splintered and I realised that, with only a pound of a fist, he could be in the same room as me. That is not at all what I'd intended to happen. I backed away in horror as he licked the glass with delight, the fractured glass cutting his astonishingly bright-red tongue, and blood dripped down the window. He was toying with me. I knew I couldn't take much more of this torture. I marched into the kitchen, jerked open all the cabinets and drawers until I found two rolls of duct tape. Then I proceeded to move what little food I had to my room. My intention was to cover the windows of my bedroom with duct tape and just stay there until I could think of a way out of this. When I got back in the room, I began to tape over the window, and his usual disturbing grin quickly morphed into a grimace, filled with rage.

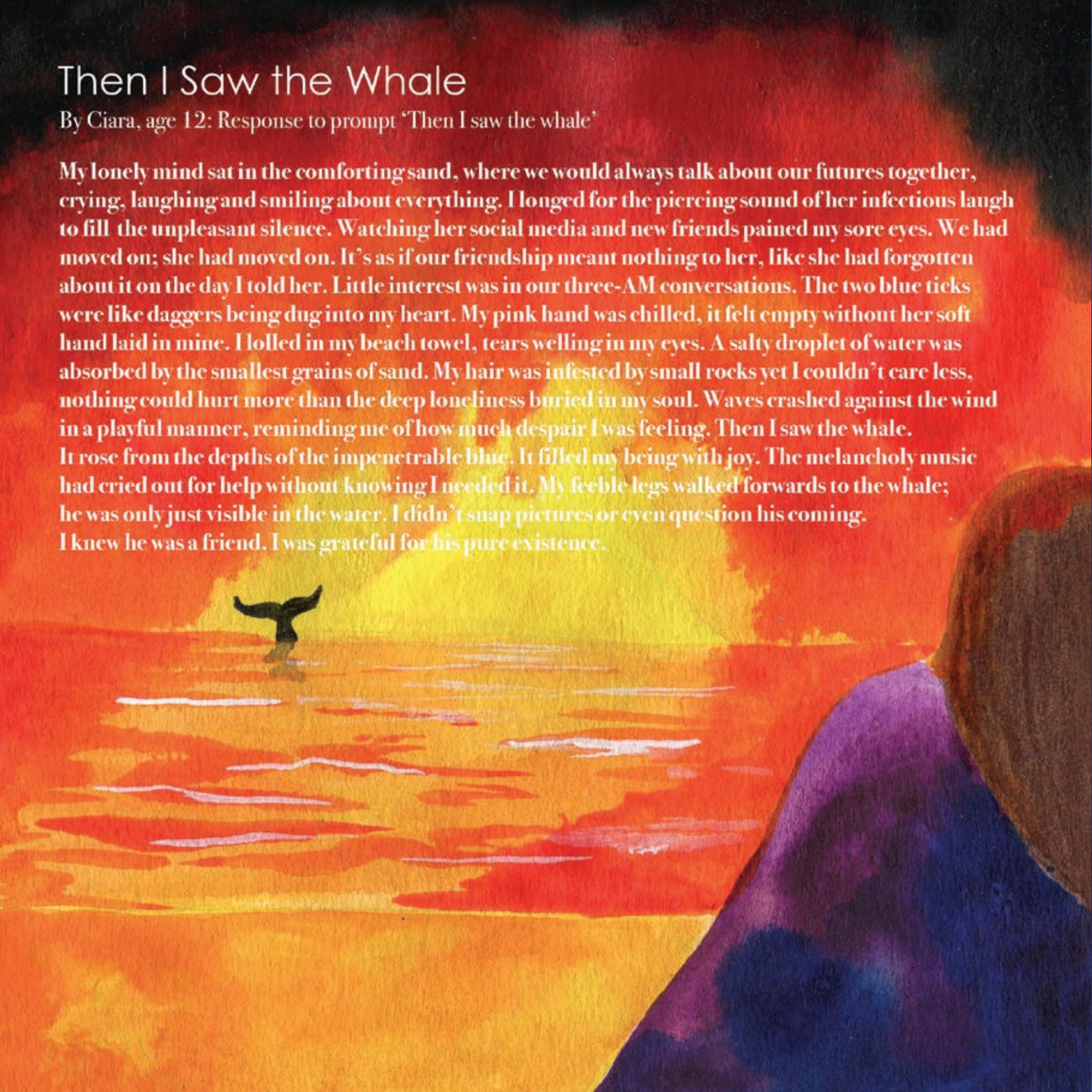
He roared and the entire house shook like an earthquake. This was the first time in my life I prayed to a god I have never believed in. I may not believe in a heaven but I now know there is a hell and I am currently living in it. But today will be my last day living like this. I heard a crash and the sound of breaking glass just moments ago. He is in the house. This will be the only thing I leave behind. My name is Oliver Shadow; if you are reading this tell my parents I love them ... He's watching ... He's always watching. I can feel his breath on my neck. I've accepted my fate ... this is your warning. It's not a poster, so get out while you still can.



## Then I Saw the Whale

By Ciara, age 12: Response to prompt 'Then I saw the whale'

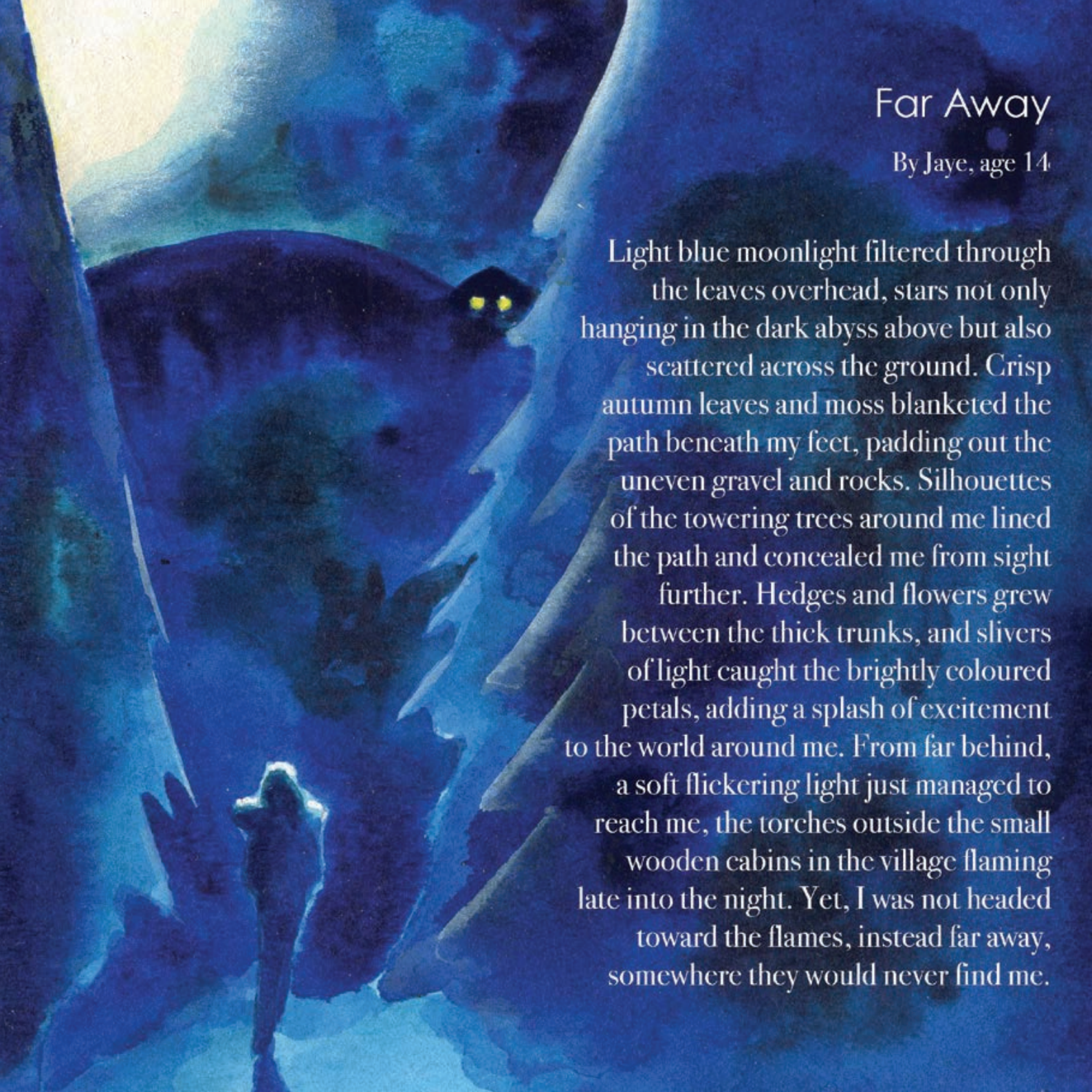
My lonely mind sat in the comfortingsand, where we would always talk about our futures together, crying, laughing and smiling about everything. I longed for the piercing sound of her infectious laugh to fill the unpleasant silence. Watching her social media and new friends pained my sore eyes. We had moved on; she had moved on. It's as if our friendship meant nothing to her, like she had forgotten about it on the day I told her. Little interest was in our three-AM conversations. The two blue ticks were like daggers being dug into my heart. My pink hand was chilled, it felt empty without her soft hand laid in mine. I lolled in my beach towel, tears welling in my eyes. A salty droplet of water was absorbed by the smallest grains of sand. My hair was infested by small rocks yet I couldn't care less, nothing could hurt more than the deep loneliness buried in my soul. Waves crashed against the wind in a playful manner, reminding me of how much despair I was feeling. Then I saw the whale. It rose from the depths of the impenetrable blue. It filled my being with joy. The melancholy music had cried out for help without knowing I needed it. My feeble legs walked forwards to the whale; he was only just visible in the water. I didn't snap pictures or even question his coming. I knew he was a friend. I was grateful for his pure existence.



## Far Away

By Jaye, age 14

Light blue moonlight filtered through the leaves overhead, stars not only hanging in the dark abyss above but also scattered across the ground. Crisp autumn leaves and moss blanketed the path beneath my feet, padding out the uneven gravel and rocks. Silhouettes of the towering trees around me lined the path and concealed me from sight further. Hedges and flowers grew between the thick trunks, and slivers of light caught the brightly coloured petals, adding a splash of excitement to the world around me. From far behind, a soft flickering light just managed to reach me, the torches outside the small wooden cabins in the village flaming late into the night. Yet, I was not headed toward the flames, instead far away, somewhere they would never find me.









## The Fountain of the Crimson Roses

By Isobel, age 13




The crimson betrayal intruded fountain,  
Splattering upon the roses underneath,  
The roses of the sunset became deep-dyed pools of blood,  
Thick red blood upon the rosebuds of innocents,  
Scarring them for life.

Cold metal drooling the crimson betrayal,  
Into the fountain of hope,  
Giving them less hope,  
Destroying it forever.




The darkness of the crimson betrayal,  
Devouring sweet innocents of the rosebuds,  
Weighing them down,  
Destroying hope and happiness,  
That they used to bring,  
Leaving them broken for eternity.



The rosebuds of the fountain,  
Sweet and innocent as can be,  
At least that was before,  
The crimson changes them,  
To crimson rosebuds,  
Staying dark until the end.

The crimson rosebuds,  
Blanketing over the fountain,  
The fountain of hope,  
The fountain of life,  
Now fountain of the crimson roses,  
And forever it will be.



## Snowdrops

By Hannah, age 12

Crow tall, green buds,  
In an ugly field,  
Covered in crystal blood.  
Spread your pure petals,  
then hang them low.  
Hide your shame,  
And then you'll know.  
Your green leaves,  
Will soon go lame.  
Then you'll die and  
Start again.







## The Glass Heart Full of Flowers

By Dolcie, age 13

Glistening glass displays,  
Displaying glass that glistens.  
Ringing are the bells,  
The bells are ringing, if only you would listen.  
Silent are the screams,  
The screaming is silent.  
Roses can be any colour,  
So tell me why violets aren't violet.

Glistening glass displays,  
Displaying glass that glistens.  
The rising sun comes shining through,  
The shining sun has risen.  
Crashing are the waves,  
The waves come crash against the shore.  
People aren't supposed to make the same mistake twice,  
So tell me why one has been made before.



## We Have the Rain

By Hannah, age 14

Young and bold are the words used to describe our generation. People who never have to go through hardship; those of us who are able to love and be loved. "We are blessed," Nana said. Though we constantly complain, we are blessed. It is not enough, I told her. It could never be enough. But Nana laughed. She smiled: "Why are you complaining? So what if the sun is hot and burning? It's beautiful."

And we have the rain, I replied.

"And we have the moon." Nana looked at me, still smiling, her eyes creased on their corners. It was always like this. Nana, ever-smiling and wise-looking, always correcting me. The tone of her voice made me feel like a child, fresh from the womb. Innocent and stupid; crying about everything whilst knowing nothing.

"So what if the sun is hot and burning? It's beautiful."

And we have the rain, I replied.

"And we have the moon." She smiled. "Life is like that, Lief. One thing makes up for the other. It's full of compromises."

I say I know.