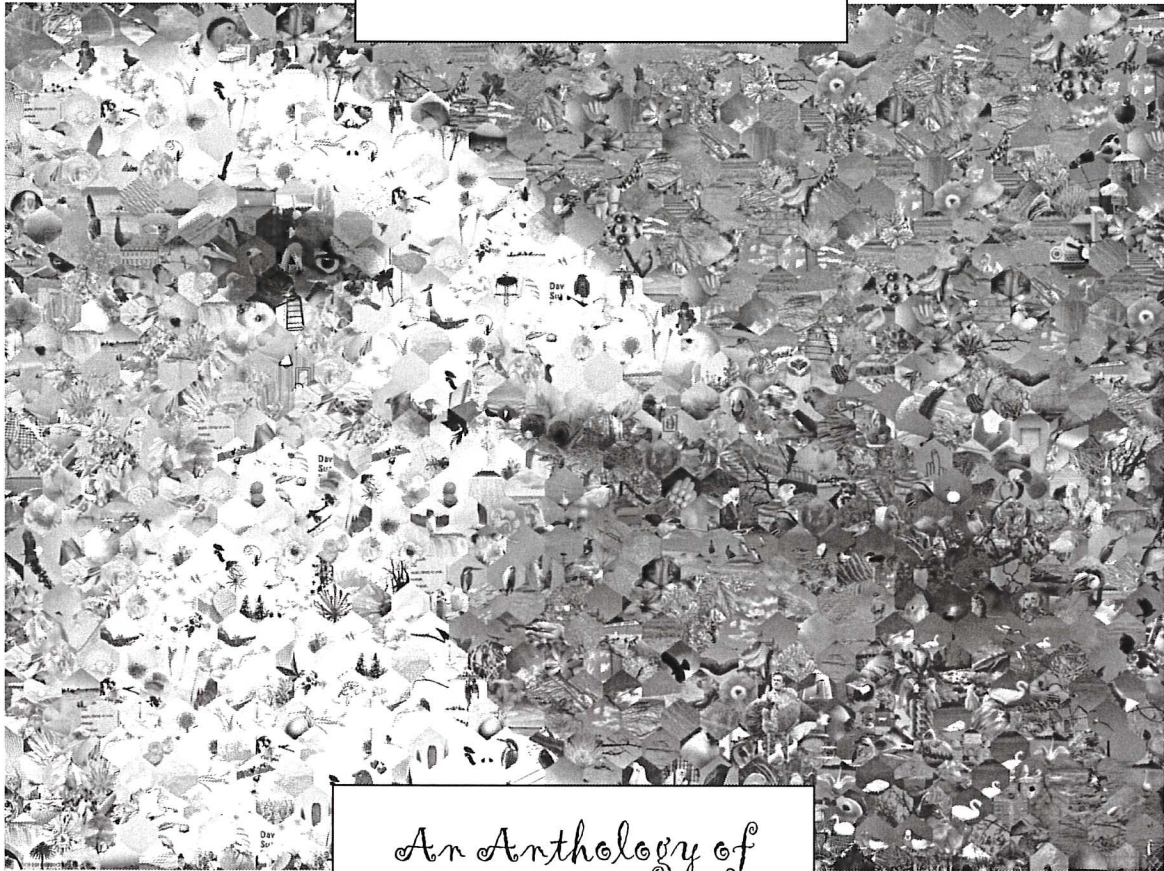




Mountbatten  
School  
Poetry Festival  
2015



*An Anthology of  
Poems  
Produced by students  
in Years 7, 8 and 9*



*With sincere thanks to  
Cat Randle  
For judging this year's poems  
and especially for taking the time to make helpful and encouraging  
comments on so many of the entries.*





# Poetry Festival 2015

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## *The Girl Who Saw the Stars*

There once was a girl,  
Her name was Pearl.  
She dreamt of the stars,  
The Moon and Mars.

She had wanted to go to outer space,  
So she could wander round a magical place.  
But her parents didn't want her to,  
They wanted her to do something she didn't want to.

Pearl dreamt of being an astronaut,  
One that could fly.  
Whom didn't need a helmet  
And flew, oh so high.

20 years later  
She heard bad news,  
Her dad's business was bankrupt  
As he had been sued.

She took them into her small home,  
She fed them  
And gave them  
a bed made from foam.

They both died a week later  
Having caught a disease.  
Pearl was devastated  
As her parents had ceased.

She wanted to make them proud  
And become a doctor.  
After years of hard work  
At her university "Focters".

Pearl successfully made it,  
To be a nurse,  
But she didn't like the job  
It was a curse.

She realised that  
She needed to do what she loved.  
To make proud her parents,  
Who are now above.

She took all the training  
And got straight A's.  
She studied, and studied,  
And studied for days.

Pearl applied for a job  
To go into space.  
The company accepted her  
to go to this place.

"3....2....1"  
Said the voice.  
Pearl, smiled  
At her brave choice.

She then stepped on the Moon  
and looked over to Mars.  
She whispered "I Love you mum and dad",  
As she gazed at the stars.

Amazing story! I love the way you re-visit the astronaut idea  
and use it to get close to heaven – I nearly cried! Great work  
– keep writing.

**By Zoe Lambe**  
Year 7  
**First Place**



## LADY JANE GREY

It's a tragic story,  
The tale of Jane,  
Only sixteen, she met her end,  
She was a threat to Mary's reign.

With an advisor named Dudley,  
The trouble began,  
He convinced the King,  
To stray from his plans...

So the line of succession,  
Right then was changed,  
But when the noble man passed,  
Who was to take the throne, but unfortunate Jane?

For nine long days,  
A prisoner was she,  
Owner of riches –  
But not feeling free!

As dark storm clouds,  
Approached overhead,  
Jane closed her eyes,  
Stood tall and said:  
"I know what is coming,  
I just have no control,  
Over what's sure to come,  
And it's troubling my soul!"

There was no answer,  
But she thought that she heard,  
The wind whispering, voice soft as silk,  
Comforting her until the singing of the birds.

Before all of this, she was happy enough,  
But now bright eyes lost their sheen,  
Jane now knew those happy times,  
Were nowhere to be seen.

A loud knocking sound, on the door was heard,  
The day would be one of dread...  
Jane suspected that by the end of it,  
She and her husband would be dead!

In that youthful head of hers,  
Warning bells sounded, loud and clear,  
The fifteen year-old knew it:  
Mary was near.

Keeping composed,  
Not shedding a tear,  
The girl accepted her fate,  
And faced her fears.

The wind didn't whisper slow comforts now,  
And the cockerel only watched on sadly;  
Blinded by power, Mary took Jane,  
And left her in the Tower.

Poor young Jane,  
Mary had no mercy,  
She met her end, only sixteen,  
She would never bow down and curtsy.

All I can tell you now,  
Is don't be sad,  
Life:  
A great adventure to be had.

Use your time,  
Remember this rhyme,  
Make the most of your years,  
And your vision will be clear.

An interesting story and great structure! Keep writing.

**Georgia Barnes**  
Year 7  
**Second Place**

# Look for Me

Look for me when we march in harmony  
Like horses pulling a cart.  
You'll hear the ships rip through the waves  
To take us away.  
The docks creak as we clamber on board  
and  
The water thrashes around like  
It's in a fight.

As we embark onto the vast ocean  
My mind is train tracks,  
Fixed only on the blood filled task ahead.  
But every now and then the train tracks  
Swerve and my mind is swallowed  
By screams, shouts and bullets.

My shoes crunch the sand  
On the enemy's land, and  
The men around me put the cold  
Deadly bullets into their chamber.  
Then .... the bombs GO!!

My Officer shouts 'RUN' but I freeze  
As if my shoes are stuck to the ground  
I know I desperately need to run  
But I just can't!

The gentle waves lap over my feet  
Then they lap over my mind.

Now all I can think of is home,  
The gentle breeze coming off the sea.  
The creaky stairs as you go up and down.  
The whistle of the rusty old kettle.

Then all at once,  
The memories disappear,  
Like the waves washing away the sand!  
And all I'm left with are the horrors,  
screams and fallen men.

Suddenly, I'm shoved and told to run!  
So I do.  
But I run so fast, my legs feel like jelly!  
Mud splatters over me,  
Pulling my eyelids down,  
As if to say, give up, give up and die!  
But all I'm thinking is  
RUN!!

Eventually, everything goes to a stand-still,  
So we crawl back to the trenches,  
But every step I take, my heavy bones  
Drag behind me.

As I lift my heavy eyes, I see the trenches!  
A river of relieve surges through me.  
My bones don't feel heavy anymore.

Brilliant use of language and metaphor – a lot of thought went into this and it shows! Well done.

**Lois Worthington**  
Year 7  
**Third Place**



# Mr KING

Some rule their empires doing nothing,  
Surrounded by luxurious, massive chairs.  
However, this King was different,  
He stood strong,  
Stood tall,  
Stood proud.

When the sheriff announced to marchers  
“Get off our streets,”  
When the Major told students  
“Your vote doesn’t count.”  
This all happened using fire hoses  
While police dogs glared  
To shift them along.  
But this King stood strong,  
Stood tall,  
Stood proud.

This king was speaking boldly  
of peace and love,  
Shouting “free at last, free as last.”

When people spread hate,  
He stood spreading love,  
stood with power,  
Until it rolled across the land like the sea,  
Breaking down walls,  
with joy for freedom for his race  
TO BE FREE!

Until...

They shot him,

Hoping to see him fall.

Hoping to hide him away from the rest of the world,

Hoping to bring him low.

But this King,

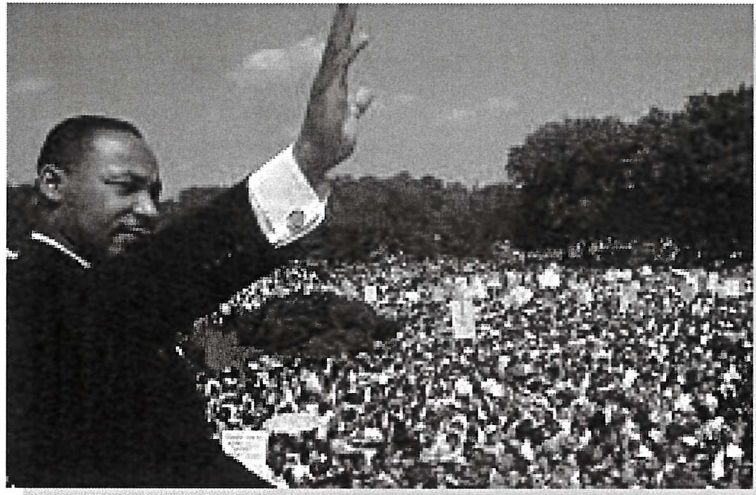
Even though he stands dead,

He still stands strong,

Stands tall,

Stands proud.

And we remember his dream.



Millie Jeneway  
Year 7  
**Commended**

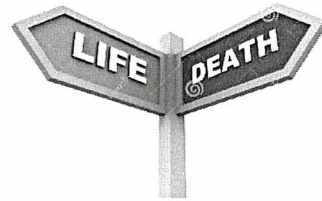
## How to stop a disaster before it happens?



Just an ordinary man that's all I would say,  
Sometimes alone,  
Just a simple door manager,  
Not that far from a phone.

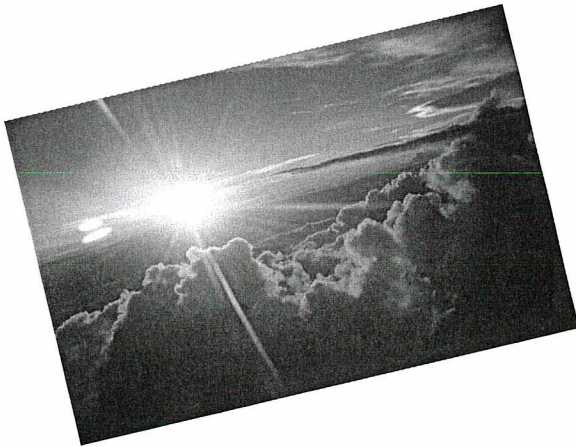
I'm sorry for everything I've done,  
I'm sorry for all the lives that were lost,  
I'm sorry for you all,  
I fear my heart must pay the cost.

I hear the sounds,  
And I open the gate,  
Their life in my hands,  
And I chose their fate.



My heart throbs to hear those sounds again,  
The sounds of joy, hope, cheer and laughter,  
The pain of that day passes through my veins,  
Who knew such a little thing could be such a huge disaster.

The cracks, the snaps,  
The painful cries,  
The boos, the hisses,  
As their souls fly high into the skies.



Frozen to the ground,  
Like a cold winter's day.  
Too scared to look at  
Where the bodies lay.

The worst thing I could do,  
They could be alive now,  
How could I let this happen?  
I guess back then I didn't know how.

I thought the ground was a monster,  
With large sharp claws,

Staring with malicious eyes,  
Opening its wide gaping jaws.

Time was a blur,  
I heard nothing except a tiny ding,  
Everything was silent,  
Apart from the angels that began to sing.

"You could have prevented this.  
Can't you see what you've done?  
Can't you see anymore?  
This is not for fun!"

"How, oh how?" I cried  
Tears in my eyes,  
It had started raining,  
God's tears for my demise.

Once it had happened,  
My heart turned to stone,  
My legs became lead,  
So now I sit alone on my throne.

Boom, crash, bang,  
The sounds I'll never forget,  
A slithering snake deep in my heart,  
And I know my mind is set.

I should have stopped it,  
Earlier, earlier, stopping, stopping  
Waiting, waiting  
Later, later, dying, dying.

Too late! Too late!  
Dusk is soon approaching.  
His stare will make you want to drown,  
It's something you should be fearing.

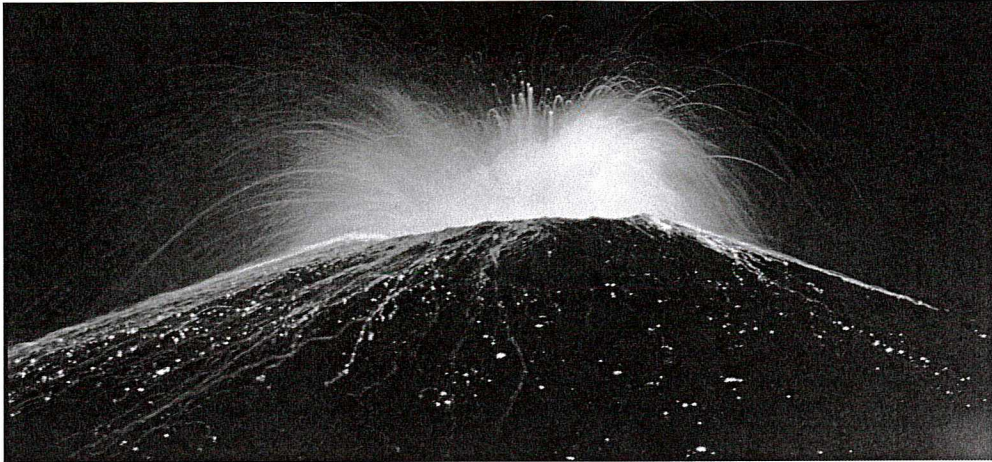
You don't want to see this face.  
Don't let it go too far,  
Please stop it soon,  
Or you'll feel like you're stuck in a jar.

Stop it soon or it will take you,  
He might want something to eat,  
It's time for me to go,  
He's someone you don't want to meet.

Stephanie Moore  
Year 7  
**Commended**



# The Flaming Mountain



There was once a family living on the Ostian port,  
Not a castle, farm or fort,  
But a small town on the port of Italia,  
A country quite a bit smaller than Australia.

“T’was the Ides of September,”  
John told his kids,  
The mountain Vesuvius was waking from its slumber,  
But the signs were there to miss.

Constant earthquakes shook the ground,  
And tremors ripped through the air.  
Snaky shivers ran down people’s backs,  
Heads turning not finding anything there.

“Me and Ferox set off to warn people,” said John.  
Already rocks were hailing down,  
The journey was tedious and long.  
We grabbed a stallion and set off towards the menacing mound.

Setting out after us came Lupus,  
Determined to warn his friend.  
He took a horse! I mean what a dumb dufus,  
He left the house and rounded the bend.

It was at that moment the mountain decided to roar,  
Rocks as big as asteroids left great gouges in the ground,  
No quiet came, no stop to the endless noise galore,  
Many people screaming or dead all around.

Flames flickered at the top of the mysterious mountain,  
Lava leaked out of the cracks,  
The scorched sky above tinged with fire, red as blood,  
And ashen grey clouds swirled quickly without lack.

There was a flaming bush sitting at the end of the path,  
Seeming to say get out of here,  
But would people listen to John never mind a bush?  
Flames on the leaves leaping at anyone too near.

And for those people who didn't listen,  
They were covered in ash.  
The silly boy who set out just to warn his friends,  
Who would have already been warned by his Uncle John Rash?

All I am trying to say is that we should trust others,  
This is not hard to do.  
Just like we trust our fathers and mothers,  
We should trust each other too.

This is the end of the tormentation,  
Bodies scattered over a blood-stained nation.  
The end of a horrible termination.  
I hope you never find yourself in such a tragic situation.

Sean Wheeler  
Year 7  
**Commended**

# Too Late!

A calm, home environment,  
What a settling thing to see,  
Late morning relaxation,  
"What a perfect life," says he.

Switching on the television,

An appalling sight arrives,  
His wife's destination is being destroyed,  
So he jumps in the car and drives.

But before he can start the engine,  
Caring friends appear,  
"You have no chance of saving her!"

Although he was sure he would come near...

Speeding carelessly towards Manhattan,  
Hear the car cough and splutter,  
Halting at the parallel towers,  
Was the starry eyed nutter.





He smashes through the barriers;

He slams down the door!

Blocking out the cruel thoughts,

Of not seeing her anymore...

He flies up the staircases,

He springs over a chair.

Thinking of how he needed her -

And how she may not be there.

At last he heard the sweet, scared voice;

His fragile, alone wife.

He reached out his hand to move the rubble,

But the reach cost him his life.

She'd waited in pain for hours!

From saving her he was inches away,

But he'd fallen to his death a second too early,

And she didn't see him that day.

A cold, unfair reality –

What a real thing to see.

Filled with love and desperation,

"What a false world," said she.

Florence O'Farrell  
Year 7  
**Commended**



# Madeleine McCann

A young girl went missing,  
On a summer's night in May,  
Her name was majestic Madeleine,  
Her parents made a mistake where they would  
pay.

She was in her apartment in Portugal,  
When her mum and dad left her alone,  
What she didn't know was  
She would never return home.

Her parents were only fifty yards away,  
She was left with her twin sister and brother,  
She was checked on every half-hour,  
She was gone when checked at 10pm by her mother.

10:14 at night the police were called,  
They searched from top to bottom - everywhere,  
But they didn't have any luck,  
And then her parents realised that what they did wasn't fair.

The room was not treated as a crime scene.  
Twenty holiday-makers slept in there,  
Before the room was sealed off.  
The police then looked for a single hair.

A few weeks later a woman from the resort spoke,  
Said she saw a man carrying a child.  
This was a hunt to find the mystery man.  
To do that the police went wild.

The man was then a crucial suspect,  
For about a year or two,  
Until the McCanns found out,  
The fact was made up and wasn't true.

It was like trying to find a needle in a haystack,  
A little girl lost out in the world that is so big,  
Like a fish lost in the ocean,  
Like a tree that's lost its twig.

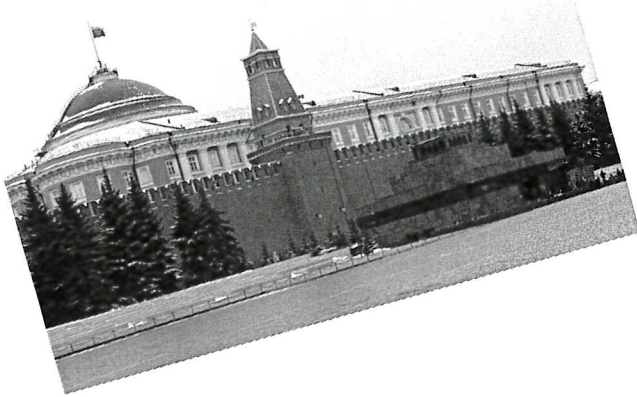
Eight years later she is still not found,  
Her parents are slowly losing hope.  
The biggest missing person case world-wide  
Her parents are trying to live with the fact and cope.

The message of this shocking, shameful story  
Think of the consequences that you will make,  
Think of other people before yourself,  
Or something in your life will soon break.



Hannah McNally  
Year 7  
**Commended**

# *The Russian Bombers*



*I think back to when I was a lad,  
Adolescent and grim at the time.  
Nothing I thought could go wrong,  
But sadly truth and peace was a mime.*

*The officers there were many,  
Bad news they had plenty.*

*"Oh will no-one save our country?"  
Pleaded the melancholy sentry.*

*I signed up, without a doubt,  
The cold ink ran across the sheet.  
We were a united army,  
Assured we couldn't be beat.*

*A gunner in the first division,  
My arms were muscular and wide.  
Not a room not a building was unoccupied,  
Sadly, nowhere to idly confide.*

*I kept my journal with me,  
Ravno Menshikov that was my name.  
Everyone felt like a hero,  
But war was an unforgettable, callous game.*

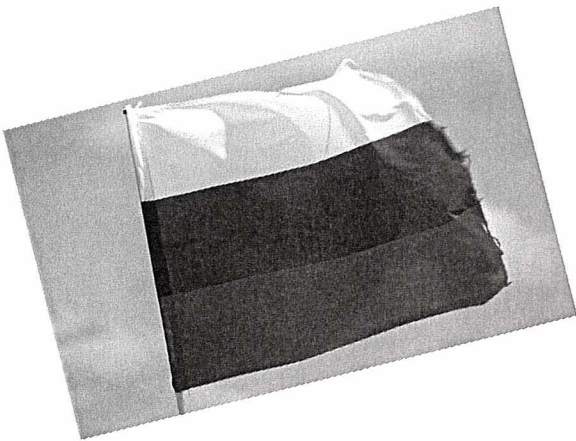
*Our country was a wolf; stalking its prey,  
Peace and love was our starved craving.  
Home and liberty was a motivation,  
A path of hatred and unjustness the Nazis were paving.*

*The planes revved to a start,  
A puff of smoke and dust from the engine.  
Clouds as black as shadows covered our goal.  
The foundation and colonisation of Berlin was a sin.*

*We soared over rubble gentle as a bird,  
The wind blew in my excited face.  
More clouds of coal covered the sky,  
Clearly, this was the end of the race.*

*Bullets sprayed high and low,  
A German resistance was on the street.  
Tonight our bombs would feast;  
On the flesh of the rebellion feat.*

*CRASH my right wing collapsed to the ground!  
BOOM the left wing fell as well!  
My plane had been hit, a spiral descent.  
The world around me fell.*



*I looked up into the sky,  
A searing pain among my body.  
The Russian flag had been raised up high,  
Respect and liberty felt holy.*

*No smile showed on my face,  
My chest felt heavy and tight.  
Fallen comrades lay silently around my body,  
Killing hadn't felt right.*

*War and hatred should never happen,  
Love and respect I wanted to see.  
Never again should this unfold,  
Not over the vast, navy sea.*

Sam Robinson  
Year 7  
**Commended**



# War Poem

Sit you may, miles away  
Sipping a peaceful brew  
Think not of me and them  
Whom fill your headline of the day.

We suffer much  
And you not any  
So do you care?  
Where we are, what we do?

I doubt it much, so would many.  
Do we make you pause?  
Make you think?  
Or are we nothing, as you sip your drink?

You aren't there  
So should you feel as us?  
Cry at night, recollecting on life  
Its meaning and its purpose.

But you will not smile  
Say "got it"  
Because you do see a life  
Not just a headline.

But is that true?  
Or are you cold?  
Are you shallow?  
Is it just another story?

I'd like you to see as I...  
Stop, see, feel their pain.  
If a photo speaks a thousand words  
Why does it speak only one to you?

Money, money  
Makes the world go round,  
But if this can't make it stop for a second  
Then why do I care, we care?

Is it because we're human?  
Or just possess something you do not...  
A heart  
The ability to feel others pain.

When you sit at home  
Do you read our stories?  
Find meaning in the photos  
In the lives?

Is profit worth more than people?  
Luxury more than life?

Tom Summer  
Year 7  
**Commended**



## *Decisions*

The sky kidnaps the clouds  
You steal my heart  
The lightning strikes me in the soul  
You forget I'm behind.

Waiting in the rain is heart breaking  
I can't leave the chance of us  
The glass shatters like my heart  
The cars speed to the pace of my breath.

It feels like a decision between  
Heaven and hell, angels or devils  
I never want to be without you  
Why am I trying, why am I?

I've been loving you too much  
It's time to let go  
It's time to walk away  
I don't love you anymore.

Paris Taylor  
Year 8  
**First Place**

# *Life is a Metaphor*

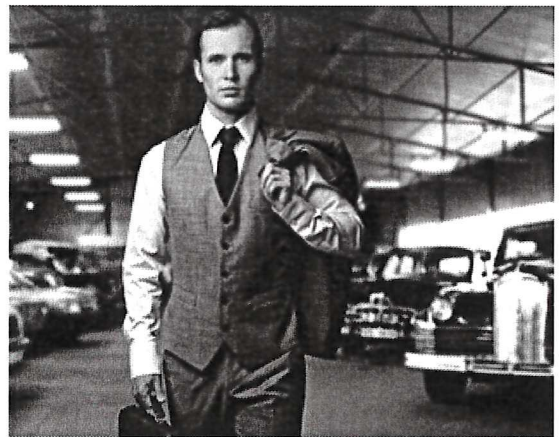
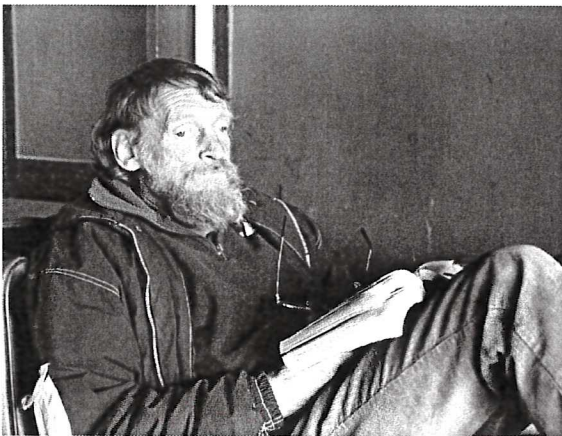
I chopped the hearts from the plants I grew,  
From just a seed my own hands sowed  
The sun above is a pressuring mock  
Gruelling conditions, my master's eyes they stalk  
The shillings I earn buy me a laugh  
Down the public house, around the hearth.

I see these rich men, dressed in their money  
Threaded into their skin is power, lives of luxury.  
Do they know that happiness doesn't need a price tag?

They abuse their books in the face of the poor and fags  
Whilst the lowers of society stay underdeveloped.  
Our identities – irrelevant, our health and care – abandoned.

The Government tells me that I'm too poor to feel glee and love.  
But it's true, when you work so hard these become distant memories that belong to those  
above.

Why is there a barrier, difference, separation?  
**Why can't we be one free equal nation?**



Great use of questions at the end and a great mixture of reality  
and metaphor – keep writing.

**Helena Wreford**  
Year 8  
**Second Place**

# One by one

I walk through a deserted street,  
The sewage glowing like a river at my feet,  
I see Devia's eyes working in disguise,  
Children rocking on their feet.

Showers hissing past like snakes,  
Circling and weaving in the corpse filled mud,  
Darkness closes in,  
Concealing me in a haunted cloak.

As people mourn over countless graves,  
Pouring their tears one by one,  
On those life-less desolate pits,  
Their sadness making me cringe.

Ripping my heart  
Into countless parts,  
For who could say this was justice?  
Who could say this was fair?

One by one, they all fall down,  
Their cries like sirens,  
Their tears like pools,  
Their clothes well used.

One by one,  
Death is due,  
For another day,  
Is another way.

Lovely use of language and metaphor. A talented writer –  
keep going!

**Alex Sandison**  
Year 8  
**Third Place**

# Reading

Entering paradise,  
A smell of fresh ink,  
Rustling pages,  
The feel of new spines  
No cracks, no creases.

In the dim light,  
I can read the titles  
Of books I know and love  
In a secluded corner,  
I begin to read ...

Now, I ride a hippogriff with Harry,  
Win The Hunger Games with Katniss,  
Rebel against Erudite with Tris,  
Compete for Maxon's heart with America,  
Whisper "Stay Gold," to Ponyboy.

Study the science of deduction with Sherlock,  
Learn to be a bodyguard with Connor,  
Journey through Middle Earth with Frodo.  
Books live in my heart forever,  
I know the characters as if they were  
My friends.

I will remember my first time,  
I read all these books,  
Parts of my soul laced through the pages,  
Joining me to them forever,  
A continuous part of my life.



Caitlin Judd  
Year 8  
**Commended**

# The Drunken Man!

Every day I awake drunk,  
Spending my evenings in the pub.  
My life belongs on the grubby streets,  
Where all the homeless meet.

For countless hours I sip my beer,  
Families without homes shedding a tear.  
I have nowhere to go in this industrial city,  
And my soul belongs in the jug of pity.

I feel as if the world has been cut off from me,  
A shipwreck at the bottom of the sea.  
My money literally fell through my pockets,  
My only possession is my grandmother's locket.

Luke Templeton  
Year 8  
**Commended**



# THE WORKHOUSE

I am wise but weathered.  
I am tough but tired.  
I am frugal but frail.  
I am meaningful but miserable.  
I am humble but hurt.  
I am buoyant but broken.  
I am defiant but degraded.  
I am invincible but isolated.  
I am learning but labelled.  
I am hopeful but hostile.

I am defined by the workhouse.



Evie Mollitt  
Year 8  
**Commended**

# Streets

Damp air, filthy streets,  
Smoke hangs in the air – an ethereal mist,  
Crowded slums, miserable homes,  
Long for vibrant fields and a place to belong.

Huge house, no one there,  
Born to be rich – not to belong,  
Silk dresses, parasols,  
A sandstone house in the countryside.

Turn mangle, severe mustiness,  
Staying in the kitchen for days on end,  
Work had, no pay,  
Scrounging just enough bread for tomorrow.

Never work, but never live,  
Trapped in a prison of velvet and lace,  
Full of strife, not sugar or spice,  
How they wish I could be I am not.

Times are changing, we hear them say,  
But we can no longer see,  
How this society has anything good,  
Or what we will come to be.



**Caitlin Judd**  
Year 8  
**Commended**



# A Walk Through Life

Walk through the streets and look at their faces.

Stress, fear and anxiety written all across.

The nature around destroyed and lifeless.

Cries of despair from all around.

Look at those living their life grandly!

Look at them with disgust and a question of why?

Why do they not help?

Why do they ignore?

Surely, they were like this at first?

**Tazmin Ali**  
Year 8  
**Commended**

# Don't Forget About Others

I'm taking time to write this,  
To make sure nothing goes amiss,  
It must be perfect,  
For you to be reading now.

Is everything mine?  
Or shall we take the time,  
To look at those other people,  
More misfortunate than us?

There are many in need of help,  
Not able to do much more than yelp,  
Because of starving and malnutrition,  
But cannot do anything to change it.

There is something we all need to remember,  
Glowing more brightly than a dying ember,  
Everyone on our planet;  
Every single being.

Death is just around the corner,  
No longer will you be the mourner,  
It could happen at any point,  
So be prepared.

So often we are not,  
But more so when we tie the knot  
Of marriage and love.  
There is more than just me to this world.

Lovely theme – we should remember this more often. Keep writing!

**Frankie Tyrrell**  
Year 9  
**First Place**

## *Moving on*

*I'm tired of trying;  
I'm through with dreaming.  
Sleepless nights and the crying,  
It was time to let go.*



*I don't really want to say goodbye  
But happiness can't be forced.  
He was happier without me,  
And it burns my heart.*

*He said he would never break my heart,  
But that's what they all say.  
Then they promise;  
They'll always love you.*

*With him minutes felt like seconds,  
Hours felt like minutes.  
My struggles and fears would be gone with him,  
Our love felt infinite.*

*But now I have to walk away.  
Leaving the memories,  
Leaving the pain.  
Staying away from him forever.*

*How are things going to be, since there is no more you and me?*

Very honest and heartfelt – I could feel the sadness – great use of 'time' language. Well done.

**Shanice Tsang**  
Year 9  
**Second Place**

# The Escapist

*Do you ever wonder  
How oblivious humans would seem  
If such a thing as books  
Had never even been?*



*What if Atticus wasn't a lawyer,  
Or if Finn never met Sawyer?  
Hobbits didn't live in a hole in the ground,  
And Wonderland had never been found?*

*What if crimes weren't solved on Baker Street,  
Romeo and Juliet never did meet?  
What if Jekyll was not Hyde?  
A Prejudice without Pride?*

*If Ahab had let go with a smile  
And K was never put on trial?  
There would be no Oliver Twist,  
If books  
Did not  
Exist.*

What a unique idea using great examples. Well done.

**Mollie Randtoul**  
Year 9  
**Third Place**

## 5...4...3...2...1... Lift Off

The rocket shot off  
At the speed of light,  
G-force pulled us into  
Our seats.

The sound of a volcano  
At the back of our ship, roared.  
As we shot into orbit  
The fear of dying rushed  
Through my head.

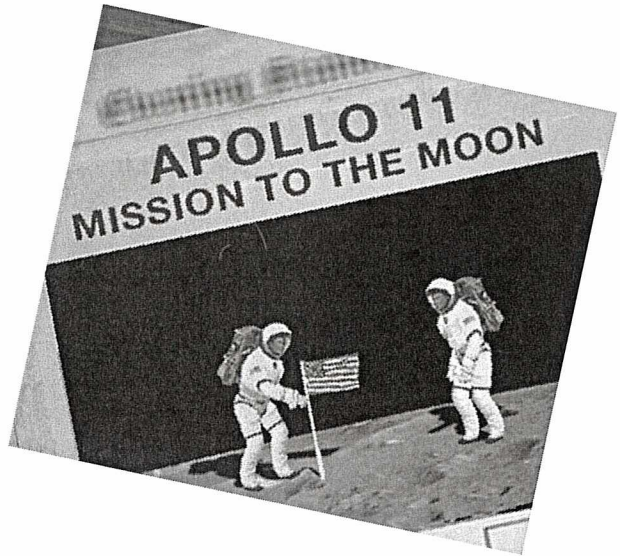
I turned my head to glance  
At the amazing Earth we live on today,  
It was the size of a marble.

Two days later we are stuck  
Looking for a landing spot,  
It is so rocky.

Finally, we find a smooth landing spot  
We descend slowly, but anxiously.

We land  
Excitement pumping through our veins.

Armstrong with care  
Steps down the ladder  
As his foot hits the ground  
He smiles.  
One small step for man, one giant step for mankind.



Ethan Power  
Year 9  
**Commended**

# *Revenge*

Revenge comes quiet,  
Doesn't scream, doesn't shout.

Just light the fuse,  
Bring justice about.

All who have hurt me,  
Vengeance will come,  
Slowly but deliberately,  
Crushing your numb.

It will knock on your door,  
Tease you out.  
Engulf dreams in gore,  
Conflict, no doubt.

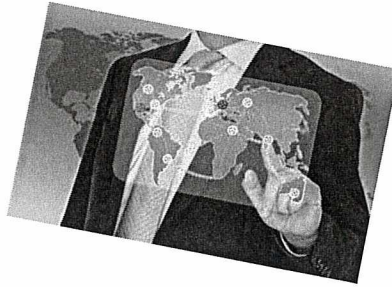
So watch your back,  
Revenge is a shipwreck  
It's always in the waking,  
Breathing down your neck.

**Rebecca Moody**  
Year 9  
**Commended**



# Bangalore Interview

*I am going on an interview  
Whether by choice or necessity,  
But – I have to go with confidence  
And being prepared is the key.*



*I need to stay calm and relaxed.  
Show them my great personality,  
Especially, when they ask  
'Why have you opted for the software industry?'*

*That ... that is because,  
Speak – with pride and diction!  
That is because after a great  
Consideration and consultation –  
I came to the conclusion,  
That this socialist illusion,  
Was a great botheration  
To the Indian Nation.  
Whose basic occupation,  
Was cultivation and irrigation.*

*But – with further contemplation,  
And some deliberation,  
I discovered that,  
Without globalization and exploration,  
There cannot be optimization.*

*Without optimization,  
India's transformation,  
To a super-power nation,  
Will be just a conversation.*

**Justeena Tennyson**  
Year 9  
**Commended**

# *One's Sunset is One's Sorrow*

Dark in a lifeless cavern,  
Once bright flame now lethargic and loveless.  
False purpose achieved,  
No chance for reprieve.

What once was a place of joy and hope,  
Now blackened and undone.  
The climb is hard,  
But the fall is harder.

Sparks up empty cables,  
Once loved once not, just to start again.  
Darkness is left here with no moonlight to howl at,  
Only solitude to pitifully cower within.

How could such a beautiful flower,  
Carry so many poisonous thorns?  
Writhe as the loneliness runs rife,  
And the knife buries itself within.

The memories strike hard,  
And the feelings swiftly follow.  
Your outline shined bright,  
But was squandered by others.

And I will never stop mourning,  
No I will not.  
For your sunset,  
Caused my sorrow.



**Rowan Masterman**  
Year 9  
**Commended**

# *The Rose*

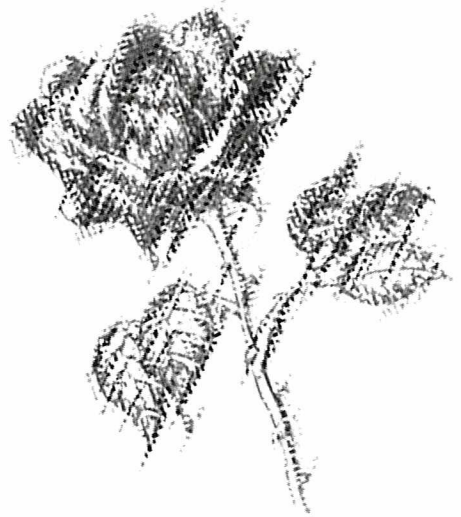
*Could you cry as the rose wilts  
And sing of delicate beauty?  
I'm sorry to pry, but do you hide under  
quilts,  
To hide what is your fatigue duty?*

*The sweet smelling of the scarlet rose  
That is the perfume of your heart  
The false smelling of the wilting rose  
Of which art does not mirror your heart.*

*Emotions red  
Each petal that falls off your soul,  
For the many stories of frozen beds  
Whose hearts run to coal?*

*Yet you left a tear  
To diminish your glory  
Even though it is crystal cry  
Tears cannot diminish your story.*

*The abstract art that melts away;  
Left in the rain to wilt  
To make you fall into a pit of dismay  
But left you the blank canvas of guilt.*



**Lizzie Gilmour**  
Year 9  
**Commended**

# Still I Remain

Who is this man,  
That can pull a trigger and end a life,  
Without so much as the quickening  
of his heartbeat?

What do his hands grasp now I wonder -  
Cold metal, a commando dagger?  
Whilst the memory of his soft touch,  
Still aches on the surface of my skin.

I may not know who he is,  
But my heart does.  
It shouts his name with every beat,  
And grieves every second that we're parted.  
It knows every inch of his skin,  
And can see the edges of his soul.  
Each beat a metronome counting,  
The moments until he's safe in my arms.

I didn't know that fear like this was possible.  
But it has become my every day companion.  
I'm waiting for him alone in the darkness.  
Like a princess locked in a tower,  
Whilst I spin my fear into hope and  
My love and prayers into a suit of armour  
To keep him safe.  
I still remain.

**Aimee Fisher**  
Year 9  
**Commended**

## The Lone Soldier

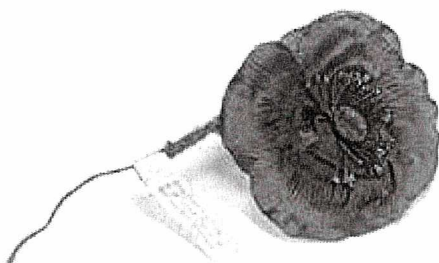
I write this poem, as I stand here alone.  
The sun is diminished, no celebration or laughter.  
Just misery and pain, for so many are dead.  
I feel lost and isolated, in this land of emptiness.

Nothing stirs all is corrupted, except the mournful  
Memories left behind.  
A lying figure emerges from the mist, I step tired and weak.  
He lies there frozen in pain, motionless and cold as stone.

I sit beside him, imagining how it all ended.  
The cries and screams, endless agony.  
“Be a hero” they said, “make us proud,” they said.  
The words echoed through the night,  
through the ghosts of soldiers.

They sacrificed their lives, we will always remember them.  
It happened so suddenly, so fast.  
So many lives destroyed, children without fathers and  
Mothers without sons.  
I can’t help but cry.

I write this poem as I lay here alone,  
in this land of emptiness and sorrow.



**Angelina Birkett**  
Year 9  
**Commended**

