

**We need to make
some changes around here**

The Tower Hamlets Creative Writing Competition 2018

We need to make some changes around here

First published in Great Britain by
Tower Hamlets Schools Library Services
London Borough of Tower Hamlets

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Contents

1	Introduction	
3	Ms Tower Hamlets	Tasnimah Nasrin
4	This Girl is Called Jazmyn	Bella Donaldson
6	Feigning the Fight for Freedom	Labibah Siddiqah
8	The Unexpected	Sarah Noor
11	Why Do We Have to Live Like This?	Sarah Hasan
13	The Heart of Stone	Dolly Harvey
15	In 100 Years	Nyah Mahdiya Rahman
16	The Animal Revolution	Yusuf Hussain
18	Look at it in a Different Way	Marwa Aya Zaouchi
19	I'm Not Happy	Namira Qaisar Sandhu
21	Lost Pearls	Taqiya Labiba
22	Ways to Change a Woman's Rights!	Tazkia Hoque
24	I Dream	Oluwafeyikemi Abodunrin
25	Help Save the Earth	Tawheed Murshed
27	Dealing with Body Image	Ruby Caldarone
29	A Million-Mile Flight	Yahya Alam
31	It All Started as a Dream	Mohammed Sadad Hossain
33	Society's Ignorance	Jannatul Rashid
37	I'm Walking Home	Rhaven Coster
38	Homeless	Siddika Khanom

41	The Forgotten Note	Mahek Yasmin
43	The Forgotten Child	Safwan Ahmed
45	Home	Phoebe Harniess
47	Size Doesn't Matter	Saima Zahra Rahman
49	We Are All Different	Mauli Islam
51	A Mother's Cry	Fahim Ali
52	Beauty is Pain	Umyma Ahmed
53	Up to You	Jeannette M Goldman
54	Changes in My World	Khadija Begum
55	My World and Me	Yusra Abdul
56	Underneath	Sara Uddin
57	Prescribed By Those Who Want To Silence Us	Fairoz Faria
58	Change	Sameen Jannat
59	Problems	Daiyan Ahmed
61	Adilah's Terror	Tahiya Rahman
64	Truly Be Me	Maisha Tanvir Ali
67	On the Inside	Anisha Khanom
69	Surprise	Nashid Tabassum
71	More to Life	Ayesha Yasmin
73	Lost	Charlotte Worley
76	Together we can	Humairah Yasmin
78	List of winners	

Introduction

The 41 stories and poems presented here were written by the winners of the 2018 Tower Hamlets Creative Writing Competition, for young people aged 9 to 16. The winning poems and stories were selected by author Beverley Naidoo and represent 30 primary and secondary schools in East London.

The theme of the 2018 competition was “*Change*”. Change and conflict come as a matching pair. People both strive for and fear change. People unleash change without thoughts of the consequences. The young writers of these stories and poems have been influenced by change all around them - close to home or around the world. The 2017 Creative Writing Competition anthology - *I have a dream* - ended with this line; *Because the people of tomorrow are the children of today*. Change disproportionately affects the children of today - children have little or no control over changes that drive their lives. But conversely, they will be to ones whose experiences today will shape the world to come.

Tower Hamlets Schools Library Services would like to thank:

- Arts Council England for providing funding for this competition, including author workshops and the publishing of this book.
- Beverley Naidoo, for short listing the Tower Hamlets entries and final judging, prize giving, and workshops
- Clifford Chance for hosting the prize-giving ceremony.

- All of the teachers and librarians and parents who encouraged so many young writers to take part.
- The authors who delivered writing workshops to support the competition : Adisa, Neil Arksey, Gareth P Jones, Margaret Bateson Hill, Josh Lacey, Anthony McGowan, Sarah Mussi, Chitra Soundar, Philip Womack.

The Tower Hamlets Creative Writing Competition is an annual event for schools in the London Borough of Tower Hamlets for students aged nine years to sixteen. Conceived in 2004 by the Tower Hamlets Gifted and Talented strand of the Excellence in Cities programme, it has been run by Tower Hamlets Schools Library Service since 2011 with the aims of promoting wider reading and literacy, and to encourage young people to express themselves through the written word.

For more information about the Schools Library Service and the competition, visit www.towerhamlets-sls.org.uk



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

Ms Tower Hamlets

by Tasnimah Nasrin

Clara Grant Primary School

She's the beautiful blanket who keeps us cosy,
She's the one who is always bright.
But we need to make some changes round here,
And it's up to us all to get it right.
She is the one who ties us together,
She is the one who never lies,
But we need to show her respect too,
And our dreams we must realise.
She is the food which is always necessary,
Getting us ready to mix.
But we need to spice up the remarkable recipe,
And our mistakes we must fix.
She bangs the dreamy drum louder and louder,
Then she turns it into a happy song.
But we need to sing from the same page,
For together we can be strong.
She is the interwoven tapestry,
With the threads of every race.
But we need to fix the picture,
And make Tower Hamlets a beautiful place.

This Girl is Called Jazmyn

by Bella Donaldson
Morpeth Secondary School

I was allergic to grass, but still lay in it for her. I let her talk to me, cry to me, laugh with me. She was my friend, but my sister too. I hadn't known her for all of my life, but two months was more than enough to start caring for her - loving her.

Jazmyn had bright grey eyes and short curly hair that was a dark charcoal colour. Her skin was a beautiful caramel colour that shone and glistened a mesmerizing gold when the sun hit her. I, on the other hand, had blue eyes, dark hair and pale skin, freckles scattered my face but I was nothing special.

"Ethan?" Jazz turned her head. I turned mine and tried to ignore the prickling sensation erupting on the right side of my face.

"Yeah?"

"I'm dying." She said, bluntly. My eyes widened but quickly shrunk back to normal. I turned my head and looked up at the blue sky.

"Oh, lovely." I murmured. She sighed and sat up. I didn't really think about what she had told me until I heard her small sobs. I looked over at her. My stomach fell when I noticed she had her head buried in her arms and her body hiccuped with every sob. I sat up and moved closer to her, wrapping an arm around her small frame.

"What's wrong?" I asked. She pushed me away and quickly stood up. I stayed still, frozen in shock. She had never pushed me away from her. Jazz wasn't a cold person, she didn't hurt people, nor did she hurt herself. Jazz was smart and beautiful and as long as the flowers kept growing she would stay like that. Gathering myself, I stood up and stayed where I was. I fiddled with my

fingers. Then it hit me. Jazz never lied, never fibbed. Yes, she joked, but they were the stupid jokes your dad would tell around the table. Jazz was dying and it wasn't a joke.

"How?" I asked. She slowly turned, tears streaming down her face. Her eyes were no longer grey, but dark and sad.

"Leukaemia. It's back." Jazmyn announced. 'It's back'. She'd had it before. Jazz had never told me.

"Jazz, I'm sorry." I said, nearly choking on the guilt. She shook her head and wiped away her tears. A glistening smile replaced the sorrow, making it easier to breathe again.

"Don't be sorry. This isn't 'The Fault in our Stars' for God's sake. I'm dying. It's come back more aggressive and that's it. This is the final chapter of my life, and I'm going to spend it with you and everyone else I love. I don't have much, but I do have you and this flower field."

"But..." I started, tears trying to fall.

"NO, Ethan. NO." We need to be happy, make a change and smile. Laugh with me, Ethan. Don't cry. Death isn't about letting go, it's about ending your chapter. The final chapter that completes the book of my life. My existence. I'll go, I'll leave, but you won't."

"Jazmyn, stop."

"Ethan, make a change when I'm gone. Open your eyes and realise. Life is a pain in the neck but you're fine."

"I promise." I smiled. Jazmyn gave me a hug, embracing me in her radiating warmth. "Make sure you bury me here when I go, okay?"

"Okay." I held her tighter.

And she was, not too long after that day. The only soul that was buried with the flowers.

Feigning the Fight for Freedom

by Labibah Siddiqah
Central Foundation Girls' School

I am a feminist.
But what is that?

Do I do my part as a woman and serve
or
do I treat the men like they seem to deserve?

Can I
assault,
insult,
and revolt
to attain the world within my 'powerless' hold.

Am I creating a world of equality
or just allowing more disparity between
females
and males.

A social construct designed to kill
just leaves us with more holes to fill

These deeply dug ditches devoid of
benevolence
devoid of
decency

but which overflows with false meaning
and deception like the
raging surge of earth-struck waves

leaving only desolation.

It vitiates and
corrupts

the pure essence of being
a man,
a woman,
a human.

Am I a feminist?

The Unexpected

by Sarah Noor
Virginia Primary School

Sophie Smith woke up staring at the ceiling. Today was the day to go to the new school, Amity Secondary School. Who knows what will happen?

Dreading to get out of bed, Sophie waited until her mother called her to come downstairs.

“Coming!” she called back as she rolled out of bed.

She staggered downstairs and peered up at her mother’s face. It was creased with concern.

“Look, I know that it’s hard to move to a new school, but it’s good to have a fresh start.” she began.

Sophie nodded. She was still overcome with dread, but it was rather exciting.

“So your father and I had a chat and we thought it’ll benefit you more to just move on from your old life.”

Sophie went into the bathroom and slowly started to brush her teeth while her mind flooded with negative thoughts. What if everyone didn’t like her? What if she couldn’t cope with the work, and the children would torment her about it?

“What if there were no ‘what ifs?’” she thought angrily. “Come on, Sophie. Pull yourself together!”

When she finished, Sophie dragged herself upstairs to put on her new school uniform. She despised wearing crisp, neat clothes. She’d rather stick to her white crumpled t-shirt and ripped jeans. At 9 o’clock Sophie walked to school breathing very deeply. ‘Here goes nothing’ she thought as she casually strolled past the gate.

She saw boys playing football and shouting themselves silly when one of them scored a goal. She stared at girls huddled together, whispering and gossiping about who-knows-what. Then she saw a gang of fierce-looking girls rounding on a weedy person wearing round glasses. Sophie tiptoed past, hoping not to be seen. She heard insulting comments thrown mercilessly at the person. “Look at her! She can’t even walk properly!” “She can’t see anything without her glasses! Let’s take them and break them!”

Suddenly Sophie did the unexpected.

“Why are you teasing her like that? She’s done nothing to you!” she said defiantly.

“And who exactly are you?” said the one who seemed to be the leader.

“Sophie Smith.”

“Well, Sophie Smith, I suggest you mind your own business unless you want life to become harder for you.”

“I can do whatever I want, even if life becomes harder for me.” Sophie shot back.

There was a huge crowd behind them, watching and listening intently to the conversation. As soon as the leader saw them watching, she bolted towards the girl’s toilets, looking embarrassed.

As soon as she was gone, people began to shake hands or pat her on the back saying “You just beat McKenzie Bowler!” or “OMG! You took her down!”

Sophie grinned at all of them. She knew that life was slowly but surely becoming much sweeter.

Years went by, but Sophie’s relationship with McKenzie hadn’t

changed one bit. In the last year of Sophie's time in Amity Secondary School, she decided to help McKenzie out by sincerely apologising for what she'd done all those years ago. By coincidence, she found her in the girls' toilets and apologised. After what seemed like hours she finally accepted. The future seemed bright for Sophie Smith.

Why Do We Have to Live Like This?

by Sarah Hasan
Ben Jonson Primary School

Many years ago, I used to live a happy life,
but now instead of happiness, it's strife,
long ago, my Mum used to kiss me at night,
now, since the war, I can't go to sleep for fright,
before I used to think proudly of my city,
but now I hear people saying, what a pity.

Why do we have to live like this?

The war is misery and sadness,
sometimes it leads to madness,
I miss my home especially,
since that's where my family was.
All the fun and happy times,
are missed so dearly, I can't describe.

Why do we have to live like this?

with the war and everything else,
things feel like hell,
sometimes I feel like it's going to stay like this forever,
that it will never end, never,
sometimes I wish I could just die,
but not, whenever there's bad, there comes a good.

Why do we have to live like this?

Well I've heard that people have come to help us,
I'm excited but still a little scared,
will they win or not, but why, just why,
do we have to live like this?

The Heart of Stone

by Dolly Sparkle Harvey
St John's Primary School

Once there was a very adventurous guy with this very sassy lady and their names were Mike the dude and Vanessa the makeup lover. This all started when Mike and Vanessa found the brain of truth to the king but they got the wrong thing so they went off to the heart of stone. They travelled and travelled as much as their legs could take them.

Hours which felt like years they were finally halfway and had to climb a mountain, but Vanessa was scared - not to fall, but to break her nail. Mike was used to it so he just rolled his eyes.

Minutes later, "WHAT!" Wait, wait wait. Stop the story! You're probably wondering 'who is this?' Well, this girl/guy named Crabby Crab lives in the deep dark cave... Just saying, now back to the story! Crabby screamed so loud, we think the gods' ears popped out.

While climbing and climbing with all their strength, Mike felt the bag get lighter. He never thought it was the heart of stone falling...

Down

Down

Down

To the very bottom. How will they feel!?

Hours passed and nobody noticed until they got up to the top. Vanessa was crying her eyes out as during the process her nail

fell off. But the heart of stone was stolen by Crabby Crab's robotic servant. What will they do!?

Mike was fuming mad. "Breathe Dude, breathe."

"HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL WITH A BROKEN NAIL? I can feel my nail... I can smell my nail... We must go back for it!" After this long chat about nails, Vanessa brings out a filer and files her nails.

Minutes later, "Wait... is my makeup ready? Oh yeah, didn't you say it was fake?" questioned Vanessa.

"Couldn't you have said that about twenty tantrums ago!?!"

"Let's just do this silly plan. Sometimes I think you are torturing me to ruin my makeup." said Vanessa.

Hours which felt like weeks they finally found their base. It was the final battle.

Mike got the fake heart and SMASH, the heart of stone shattered to pieces while he got his real heart of stone and he ran into the distance and was never heard of again!

The End

In 100 Years

by Nyah Mahdiya Rahman
Stebon Primary School

In 100 years,
Will we be in tears?
Will they come alive?
Our biggest nightmares and fears!

Will they change?
The things we now love!
Will there be too much pollution up above?

Will our grandchildren ever see a polar bear?
Well, that would be quite rare!
Or would polar bears be skeleton and bone,
And statues of them for museums to own!

In 100 years,
When people catch one fish a year,
Would there be cheers?
Will the fish gradually disappear?
One by one, over 100 years!

In 100 years,
Will technology take over us?
Over technology we make such a big fuss!
Maybe this suggests, that we won't be sage,
Unless, we overcome this stress!
Hopefully we become a great success!
In the next 100 years...

The Animal Revolution

by Yusuf Hussain

Blue Gate Fields Junior School

I jolted up from my sleep. The stars twinkled above me. Deep rumbling sounds had woken me up. I stuck out my head from the hole and looked out. My fur stood on end, a shiver ran down my spine and a lump came to my throat. It was them...

Early next morning I raced out of the burrow and went to the vast oak tree where my friend, Owl, lived. I had to call his name out several times as he slept during the day and was active at night. There was a fluttering inside and out came Owl.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

I told him what I had seen that night and how it had woken me up. He quickly told me to inform everyone in the forest about the enormous, mechanical machines that had come to cut the trees down. It would mean that we would lose our homes.

I ran off as fast as my legs could carry me and reached the massive boulders where Possum lived.

“Hello Fox, what’s wrong?” he asked as he could see me panting.

I told him about the machines that I had seen. He listened carefully. When I had finished, he told me to rest as he would tell everyone else. He pause, then added that there would be a meeting about this in the evening by the river. He scampered off.

The evening came slowly as I was worried and full of concern. If we lost our homes, all the animals (including me) would have nowhere to go. I made my way down to the riverbank. By this time of day, the beautiful sunset was reflected on the shimmering river. As I took my seat, the worried animals were whispering together - it seemed that they too knew about the

news. The leader of the forest (Deer) started the conversation.

“As you have heard, woodcutters with their machines have come to cut down the forest. This will mean that we will have no place to live. But we can’t let them take our forest without putting up a fight.”

The animals cheered. Everything was settled. Tomorrow was the day they would win.

The next day was bright and sunny. As the machines came closer, the animals set to work. They tied a vine between two gargantuan trees. The squirrels all loaded themselves with acorns and nuts. The woodcutters had a terrific shock when suddenly the machines stopped. Out of nowhere animals from either side rocketed out. The birds flew down and rustled their feathers on the windscreens making it impossible for them to see. As they got out to shoo the birds away, the squirrels threw down nuts and acorns onto them. Skunks slid into the machines and let out their horrible, putrid stink. From that day on, no one ever came again to cut down trees in their forest. Once again, peace resumed.

Look at it in a Different Way

by Marwa Aya Zaouchi
Osmani Primary School

My bombs bring peace like it's meant to be,
but the ones you drop feel like acid to me,
children are suffering, crying, tossing and turning,
but they are not heard so they check their surrounding,
I fight the spirits, devils and more,
but I have never bumped into a devil like you before,
people are talking barbed wires,
spreading words of hate like the movement of tyres,
bullets that are mine bring laughter not tears,
but yours rip up the flesh causing our death coming near,
I drop confetti from the sky,
whoever's around me will never cry,
celebration will be around,
every nation will surround,
take one step in our land,
and you'll go back with only one hand,
you sent the whole army to take over our community,
but the ground beneath coughed out hot chocolate and coffee,
I wanted the stars to twinkle and the moon to shine bright,
oh, how wonderful it would be to see that wonderful sight,
but we were the victims and that was tight,
don't you think it's about time,
to stop the dreadful crime,
let's start a new chapter, story and life,
leave the dead alone and
never bring out
that
bloody
knife...

I'm Not Happy

by Namira Qaisar Sandhu
Swanlea Secondary School

You've heard of LGBT, right? Well I'm the 'B'. Yep, that's right. I'm Kiera Woods, thirteen years old and I'm bisexual. And, ummm, it's not easy. I can tell you that.

I stroll into school, waiting. Waiting for all the comments, looks, shoving. Basically anything negative. In 3... 2... and 1. Ah, yes.

"You weirdo. Loser." The bitter sound of "Freak" choruses throughout the school and fills my ears. Faces screwed up in disgust, as if they were thinking 'just the mere sight of you fills me with horror'.

I go through the same routine almost every day, but it still always happens. The huge lump rises in my throat, the tears prickle my eyes and the anger inside me bubbles like a cauldron. The word 'dread' flashes inside my mind like a siren, just thinking of what people would say if they saw me crying. I sprint to the bathroom, lock myself in the cubicle, clamp my hand over my mouth and howl. Tug. I tug on the toilet paper violently. Rip. It tears in half. Similar to my heart.

The walk home is excruciatingly long. That's why Mum tells me to take the bus home. But I like the pain. It makes me feel something different. That's apparently another reason as to why I'm not alright in the head.

I walk up to the half blue, half red steps, when I suddenly stop. Slowly, I run my finger along the engraved patterns on the sturdy oak door and slightly rustle the bubblegum pink petunias. An emerald green canopy towers over me and mischievously creeps its way to my neck, softly nuzzling it. That's what I love about my home. It's different. Like me.

I swing open the door, almost falling to my knees. That feeling

of home just... just makes you feel as if you're on cloud 9. In ecstasy, soaring like a kite through the vast crystal blue sky. But, soon enough, come back to Earth with a bump. My phone buzzes constantly, the noise ringing incessantly in my ear. But then Mum's head pops out of the kitchen. That's reason no. 2 why I love my home. It has my favourite person in it. But just then everything good in the universe seems to be gone.

My smile immediately turns into a frown, my eyes blurry and my heart... my heart stops. Because I forget that whenever you think you can escape the bad, it will always come back. And it will ruin you.

"Got to go Mum. Bye."

"darling, wai..."

I make a run for the stairs, slam the door behind me and collapse onto my bed.

Where's my mind? I steal a quick glance from the mirror, and then sit up. I drag my knees up to my chin so fiercely that I almost scrape it. And I look straight ahead, piercingly staring at the mirror. Why are my cheeks so fat? I grit my teeth. They're as yellow as the sun. My lips are so thin. My nose so pointy. About a million thoughts like these cross my mind. My chin quivers as I try to muster a smile and my heart beats a rhythm against my ribcage. I can't take it any more.

STOMP! STOMP! SLAM!

Well, nobody likes me, nobody is going to miss me. Rummaging through the bathroom cabinet, I finally find the perfect ones. My fists are clenched tight as I pour the whole bottle down my throat.

The walls around me start to shake. My vision becomes blurry. Everything becomes pitch black and I fall to the ground with a huge thud. The truth is, I am not happy. I never was. And now I never will be.

Lost Pearls

by Taqiya Labiba

Central Foundation Girls' School

He ties me
Shackles made of words and fists and fury
To him, the man that plays at being God;
From him
I can never escape
Never escape

Escape
Such a beautiful meaningless word
That creates the perfect barrier,
Between me and those burning lights of humanity
That burn so briefly yet brightly.

It is a blessing to be so loved
They tell me
So loved.
Love

Tears
Me from everything.
I drown where no one can see
But I
can never run, never will run,
Because the world is not my oyster

It is the shell

Ways to Change a Woman's Rights!

by Tazkia Hoque
Globe Primary School

How would you feel if someone were to impolitely, discourteously, and disrespectfully reject you when you had an inspired aspiration of becoming something that no women were able to become before? Well... in this dramatic and rather enticing story, I will take you through the tale of a heart-broken yet still strong woman who went through this horrible experience and was rudely rejected, along with many others.

“Ha, ha, ha, haaa!” Laughed the Chief Secretary ludicrously, hitting his clenched fist onto the mahogany table continuously, assuming this was a joke.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry! no woman can take this big a job and not fail immediately!” stated the ‘boss’, and kicked the woman out of the building, demanding she never come here again, or else the consequences would be dire!

Disheartened and dreamcrushed, Elizabeth miserably walked home, hoping that her two kids and loving husband could cheer her up. Fortunately they did. All four of them snuggled up on the comfy, sinking sofa and talked on and on until it was time to go to bed, especially about the day she had had. As they all got ready for bed, Elizabeth sighed in utter misery.

“Huuuhh. If only women could have more opportunities!” she exclaimed to herself, as she tucked herself into her cosy, red-velvet coloured bed and fell into a deep, deep sleep.

The next day, after Elizabeth dropped Phoebe and Max to school, an amazing and exhilarating idea popped into her head! A few hours later, she made hundreds of leaflets and pleaded her husband to help her with her plan. Do you want to know what

the plan is? Well, you're about to find out!

Her brilliant idea was simply... simple! It was to gather all the miserable, rejected women and bring together a secret alliance called The Secret Organisation of Women's Rights! They all gathered up in her grand house and had meetings about how they would be able to convince the government to give women back their rights.

Luckily, because of all the protests and rather persuasive speeches all the non-equally treated women confronted the government and finally got back women's rights and were forever more treated equally. The chief of the no longer secret organisation was filled with joy that she achieved her goal. But... what happened to all the mistreated children? That's another story...

I Dream

by Oluwafeyikemi Abodunrin
Calverton Primary School

I dream of more food for everyone
That one day hunger will be marched away
Like an army being defeated
Going up to feed each other's
I dream of less bullying
And more anti - bullying wouldn't that change
The way some people think and feel?
I dream of more houses for everyone
To live in
And no one in the streets
We will be happy together like puppies playing in the park
I dream of more chocolate in the school, where children play
In a chocolate river
Screaming happily

Help Save the Earth

by Tawheed Murshed
Old Palace Primary School

2041

16th June

It's getting worse!

The pollution levels are really high, but no one really does anything except me. But me alone just isn't enough. My friends don't do anything at all. Maybe I could persuade them but that could wait. Right now I have to beat Robert in a game of cricket. Maybe now they could realise how I feel.

19th September

I've told them and they said I'll have to work on my own. Even though it takes us all to do it and we could live better lives. I'm kind of sad since they don't want to take part. Over the years since 2031 they would help me and I would help them achieve our goals.

18th November

I think I know what I want to do. Maybe we could get people to run laps for money and we could sell chips for more solar panels. I don't know if my friends seem happy with it but I think it's good.

2042

15th January

It's snowing today and my Mum wants me to go outside but she needs to understand it's too cold for me. I'm downstairs and my Mum forces me to go outside. I'm in the middle of the journey and I see a man selling potatoes and we buy a sack.

21st March

We make as many chips as we can and sell one box for one pound. Something hits my chest and I fall. I wake up and I see my Mum with me in hospital. I see my leg is broken and I fractured my arm. My friends are probably sorting out sponsors. Suddenly they come in with two sacks each full of money. Robert said we have enough money for solar panels. Sophie said sorry that they didn't listen at first, but their exams were too important.

3rd May

We installed some solar panels and I asked if we wanted to do more, so we did it straight away.

2108

19th February

The world is a greater place thanks to my great Grandad.

Dealing with Body Image

by Ruby Caldarone
Wellington Primary School

Body image. Something I struggled with for a month. When I realised one night, I became so self-conscious. It's painful to think of the drastic changes I made myself go through. My body's fine now, it just changed at lightning speed. I remember that month all too clearly. I'm Luna and this is my story.

I walked into school as the sun rose, like any other day. "They better not say anything too bad." I said to myself quietly. They'd say so many mean things, only because I was a bit fat. The most severe things were said that day, worse luck. I wanted a hole in the ground to swallow me up. Honestly, I wanted it every day. My parents weren't much help."Fight for yourself!" my Dad said.

"Talk to a teacher!" my Mum said. Although I'd try, it wouldn't work. Most days I went home near tears. Only that day was much worse.

I kicked over many rubbish bins, tears streaming down my face. Their remarks echoed through my head. "Why don't you lose weight?" "Get lost, fatty!" "Nobody will ever love you!" "I bet she takes up half a bus!"

It was then when I stopped crying. I hated going on like that. "Why do they think it's all fun and games?" I whispered to myself.

Stood there for a while, I thought I'd found a way to stop it. "No eating, no bullying." I repeated to myself as I walked determinedly home. I had achieved an average looking body in a month, I still had plenty of muscle and I still looked healthy. I could've stopped there. I could've gone to school and wouldn't have been bullied. But past Luna wanted thinner. And thinner.

And thinner.

The month after I was bone-thin. I had unnatural sunken cheeks. My veins like mountains in my skin. I bruised way too easily. But I was finally satisfied... Only I was too scared to eat in case I gained weight again.

It sounds so stupid to me now. I mean, it sounds like a phobia. Forcing myself to be thin was a miserable idea. I still got bullied, not just for being too skinny, but for also not eating. At least I made a friend. She introduced me to someone who could help. Skie.

I reprogrammed when I first met him. We were soon dating within a few days. He was the one who saved me from me. He saved me from the hole I had dug myself.

Near the end of the month, he told me he had a surprise but it was at my house. "Wouldn't I have noticed?" I thought to myself. When we got home, it was nothing... but a plate of food. We sat down on my parent's cheap, black sofa and we (well, he) started talking... About me. About my terrible body. After, he encouraged me to eventually eat the food. When I finally did my eyes widened. It was so refreshing. My point of view completely changed after that. I am actually happy with my body for the first ever time!

To all girls out there, don't let body image get you down. It doesn't matter at all. Just be yourself. Whatever they say, it's their opinion and if you ever get or are trapped in that same loop I was, please, please tell someone. It helps so much.

A Million-Mile Flight

by Yahya Alam

Wellington Primary School

Sitting on the branch of my tree in the warm, misty atmosphere I watched two men (one taking notes down, the other just talking) interrupting my morning relaxation, but I didn't mind. Between chatter they shared quick glances at my tree, the only tree left in the city, and I cocked my head to one side and listened intently.

Watching humans is my speciality. Well, my only speciality. My old speciality was to explore the green fields, but I can't do that. Those were days of old that I miss. The fields are wrecked, and I lay the blame entirely at these aliens' feet.

The aliens are a variety of colours, mostly yellow. They carry a ball, sometimes a long stick with a spiral line going down, and some have an open box. Their sides can open, revealing their grotesque insides. Humans briefly go inside and out for transportation. To move around, they have rolling legs and glowing eyes to see in the dark.

The next day was utter devastation. An alien came with its violent weapons. To my surprise, the two men were inside and they seemed to be controlling it. They came and throttled their weapons into the last tree, succeeding in their fatal attempt of murder. I was frightened they would bring to me their destruction and as a rushed escape, I spread my wings and flew away. I kept on telling myself "Don't look back" but I gave in. I saw my tree falling, destroyed. It was like watching a friendly monster stabbed, falling, bleeding, begging for mercy.

My memories are all about the tree. I remember when I was a chick, the field was bigger, until they started to build big factories on top of them. They have destroyed all the fields, and there are tall skyscrapers and factories in their place. I flew as far away as

I could. My eyes were filling with water, blurring my vision like a thick mist. These were tears of fury and melancholy. How dare they? It was my tree. My home.

I soared away in misery. I had one place left: the migrating fields, though I'm only a hummingbird: small, defenseless. I looked down after a long time and arrived in the southern part of the Earth. I landed. The place was barren. I lost hope until I saw some aliens, and humans came out. I flew over and saw... a tree! The humans were planting some more, and the aliens seemed gentle. I was delighted and made a nest. I chirped in delight. Beside it was a little stream to drink. It was perfect that it was not in the cities. I have a new tree. My memories might have been left behind, but maybe there is room for more.

It All Started as a Dream

by Mohammed Sadad Hossain

Sir John Cass's Foundation and Redcoat C of E Secondary School

It all started as a dream. One night I was in my cosy bed. Looking at a mansion was my dream with all the cool things that you can have in your mansion. This got me into thinking about my future of what I am going to be, what my job would be and would I like it or not. If I get high paid job then I could be the world's richest man.

After that long thinking I fell asleep. About an hour later I started dreaming about me owning a ten million square feet of land and with a five million square feet mansion. Also the rest of the space is going to be used for other things for example like a big garage, runway for the aeroplanes, a big section of water connected to a river so I can buy the world's biggest yacht which will be customized fully, a huge and magnificent base which will have every single item there is on earth plus this company will have a website so you can buy anything you want other shelters, security, three million square feet garden where all the fruits and vegetables grow, a small house where all my expensive collection of things and a underground tunnel to be transported to a two times smaller building than the mansion. Also I will have luxurious buses such as the "Autotram Extra Grand", jets, aeroplane like the Boeing 757 private airliner with two Rolls Royce turbofan engines and lots more cars full of luxury.

If you are going to buy what is illegal in your country then a note will come up saying that you cannot buy this due to it being illegal. After all that was finished! As the rich owner went to inspect every single bit to make sure that there is no problem so my family could move in.

First, I went to the mansion because that is the main part and I

need to move in. The mansion has ten floors full of luxury and that is what I and my family wanted. So then I went to inspect the bedrooms and as I entered I saw a ghost. With in mind that ghosts are bad I started running with the constructors, plumbers, electricians and builders.

Suddenly I woke up with fear but my Mum was there which calmed me down and it was the morning. After breakfast my parents asked me what happened to you. After I told them what happened and this took quite a long time.

Straight after I finished they took me to me to a good hospital called The Royal London Hospital (they never took me to a GP because it was a serious thing and maybe GP's don't know why is this happening and what can they do to it) so we went in and we were waiting for quite some time (approximately three and two-thirds of an hour being wasted).

Once it was our turn they called my name out and we all had to go to a special room where you tell them what happens. Also that room is full of equipment and especially they are full of gloves because they need it to use for one person then they throw it away or otherwise you will be contaminated with germs.

When me and my family got to the room there was a world renowned doctor called Mr Foster (who is my mum's brother) who came to help me. He asked me "What happened to you my best and oldest nephew?" Straight after he had finished speaking I told him what happened which took me about an hour to say because it was a long story.

Later he figured it out within ten seconds what the main problem was. The problem was that I am really close to hitting puberty (is when you turn from a small kid to an adult) and you get wet dreams in puberty. So he said "Make sure you clean their beds, they have put their things in place and they don't sleepwalk." We went home, did our normal things and had a good day.

Society's Ignorance

by Jannatul Rashid
Bow Secondary School

Groups of people flow into the open streets of East London chanting their beliefs. Bow's one-way roads become alight with explicit language by aggravated activists. "Why does society dictate equality and make it an opportunity for a fake sense of tranquillity", a man wearing a hat yelled whilst moving his hands along his long beard. Running away from the disturbance of peace, bystanders fear what has become of their neighbourhood. Flames fire furiously into the twilight lit sky. It felt like the fire was burning the sky; burning the moon creating moon dust to fall into open mouths of astonishment. Everyone knew, but no one wanted to know. Gunpowder.

Let me set the scene, the cold hatred in the air freezes the residents of London, East London to be more specific. There is a division between the followers of Islam and those who follow other religions, alongside the government silently partaking in the riling up of the matter. Within the community of Muslims, we have Eadala who despite having revolutionary ideas about equality has been silenced for the sole reason of being a female. Now the story unfolds....

Glaring at the screen of the television, Eadala watched so intently; to her it seemed the pictures were dancing off the screen. Being so immersed into the world of politics, she could not hear her father calling her several times but that was a mistake she would soon regret. "How dare you ignore me?" bellowed the rather fat man whilst taking off his Taqiyah - Islamic religious cap - and asserting his dominance over her.

"Uum...um I was just watching a cooking program on Bangla TV, Abu," replied Eadala with a stutter ever-present within her

voice. She hated, absolutely hated using the term of endearment ‘Abu’ because she never felt a single ounce of love from him but it was what she was told to say and she listened.

“When did you get the courage to lie to me, I know you were watching the NCOF,” shot back her father.

“Huuh, what is that?” she replied with an inquisitive tone, pulling baffled faces despite knowing all about the National Conference of Freedom. The fear of what her father would do was slowly creeping up to her as she knew her father liked his daughters only one way, silenced, with no views.

“You’re just a little girl, don’t get yourself involved in a man’s world, in another year or so I’m getting you married off to the highest bidder,” laughed Arbaaz cynically, purposely doing so knowing the affect it had on his daughter.

“NO!” Eadala yelled to both her surprise and her father’s. Immediately looking down to the floor for any sort of comfort from the cold concrete flooring, she began to regret her decision only to realize that she does indeed deserve an opportunity to fight for her own identity.

“No-I won’t, I WON’T!” Eadala opposed her father. “I’m going to live my life as if it was my own, not one that has been planned out by you,” she bluntly stated despite having an indebted fear of him for as long as she could remember but she always managed to wear a mask of confidence.

Arbaaz stared. Arbaaz snarled. Arbaaz stood.

Time stood still for Eadala as she watched her father’s hand gradually travel through the air but she got knocked back to reality once the harsh impact landed on her face. “Aowh,” she winced in pain.

“All you do is tarnish my name with your idiotic feminist ideas,

at this point I don't care what happens to you," he took a long pause.

"You are no longer my daughter." Arbaaz said with no remorse as if he anticipated the begging and pleading from his daughter to begin almost immediately. The glare he gave her once she remained silent grew deeper and deeper with every passing second. The silence was deafening.

"So be it," she broke the silence, held her head high and walked out the house. Her first step onto the streets felt like the shackles of her previous life were being ripped off and flung back at the prison she resided in for 19 years of her life. The icy air brushed past her skin. It hit her. Where would she sleep? How would she get money? Would she become homeless? A trillion thoughts raced through her head as the night lights guided her through the grimy streets of East London.

Wandering around, she eventually came to a park. Eadala went inside to try and compose her thoughts. Snap. Crack. She immediately jumped, her black hijab blending seamlessly with the black sky. As soon as her foot landed on the twig filled pathway she gained a faster pace. The snaps and cracks continue, the chilling sound of the twigs breaking came to a halt. She came to a halt. She moved her whole body to face the park she slowly made her way through. It was empty. There was no one there. She indeed was alone. All alone.

Back onto the streets, Eadala took some of her final steps.

She came onto a group of men. Unfolded, and drawing to a close, we have reached the point in the story where I left off.

...It was gunpowder.

After his intense argument with Eadala he joined up with his colleges for a rally for Muslim rights, a sort of gathering for the

NCOF. Forgetting all the drama of the day, Arbaaz stood there chatting away. His brain shut down, once the young girl he had just disowned an hour ago was lying there dead. DEAD.

His emotions rolled down his face as he muttered regretfully “never again...”

Eadala’s sisters now stand a chance to face and conquer the expectations of society but did a life truly need to be sacrificed for her father to grasp the true idea of freedom?

I'm Walking Home

by Rhaven Coster

Central Foundation Girls' School

I'm walking home, not down a catwalk in front of an audience,
I do not want your stares; I do not want your whistles, I'm
walking home.

I'm out with friends, to have fun, to mess around,
I do not want your attention or your friends; I do not want to go
somewhere private with you, I'm out with friends.

I'm at a friend's party, not at your house to have 'fun',
I do not want your hands on my body; or your pills in my drink,
I'm at a friend's party.

I'm giving you my time, not my body for you to play with,
I do not want your kisses; I do not want your 'love', I'm giving
you my time.

But your ears evade my words, and you carry on, ignoring my
pleas.

I feel trapped, like a gazelle that's been cornered by a hungry
lion. My calls of help are not heard, or are, but ignored, because,
who would dare go against a lion?

I run, as fast as I can, but you like that, this game of cat and
mouse; gazelle and lion, woman and man; because you always
win —

Our world today is parted, and you come out on top and me on
bottom

Please.

I'm walking home.

Homeless

by Siddika Khanom
Oaklands Secondary School

So here I was. Wondering with questions lingering in my mind. Who am I? What am I? I scavenge the streets looking for food. As you might know I am homeless. My parents abandoned me. Anyway I was continuing my journey, my journey through life. But who is this? A friend an enemy? He gazed into my eyes with deep thought. But what's this ... he ran away? Confused I continued my journey. But what's this I see ... a letter! I read it taking in all the words and I found out that his life is a nightmare.

I followed him to find out more information. I crept cautiously until ... no! he turned around but thankfully there was a tree. He walked into a dark alleyway and beggars gave their hands out to him.

Finally, I mustered up my courage and asked him,

“What are you doing?” I gave him such a scare that he froze in horror.

“I'm giving the beggars money. I am the prime minister's son. I do this because I treat everyone equally.

Please don't hurt me.” he stuttered.

“The last thing I'd do is hurt you, but may I ask, why are you running away from me?” I questioned.

“It's your face, it looks burnt!” he exclaimed. Then in that moment I looked into a window in the alley way and realised... I look hideous! Then I remembered: fire, blood, faces, mum, dad!

“Hello? Hello? Are you there?” he asked. I shook my head and came back to reality. All these visions were blurred in my head and it gave me the thought of a question: who am I? Then I got

so carried away that I didn't realise that the boy was talking to me. The prime minister's son explained to me that he wanted to change people's lives for them so they don't have to suffer in the streets. But then something shot into my head... the letter! I rummaged through my pockets to find the crumpled letter. Then there I found it and his eyes filled with tears. Then those tears were a puddle on the floor.

"What's wrong?" asked.

"My mother she wants to send me to a boarding school so I can't do what I am doing right now. She doesn't approve of it and she dislikes the homeless!" he cried. There was a photo on the side of the letter and it came to me: faces in my blurred vision. Wait let me go back to my vision. Faces, blood...

PARENTS! She is my mother! And she let me go so I could be safe. Then excitement filled my eyes and then I realised..., she didn't come back for me.

"Where is your address." I said

"Excuse me?" he replied

"Where is your address!" I yelled.

"Calm down. It is 10 Downing Street." He says calmly. Then without a moment to lose I dashed to the address area. I knocked on the door furiously, hoping someone would open it. Then as the door creaked open, a beautiful lady asked,

"Who are you?"

"It's me mother! I am your daughter!" I replied.

"I don't have a daughter. She died in a..." she continued.

"A fire! But she didn't, she is right in front of you!" I said excitedly.

"Is it really you...Lauran?" she mumbled. Then she took out her locket and there was a face that was an exact replica as mine.

It's mother when she was younger. She cried and took out her hands out to me and gave me a warm hug. Then that question in my mind was answered. Who am I? I am Luran and I am human as well. Then I asked her a question,

“Mother do you hate the homeless?”

“I once hated the homeless but seeing you makes me regret it.” She said. My brother, William, continues his charity work and was now approved from mother. As for me I went around to homeless people and asked them questions about their lives. Some people expect other people to run away from the homeless but for me I see it as an opportunity to meet new people. I was once in their shoes and my life turned around. Sometimes if you ask them you might find out surprising things. I turned out to be the prime minister's daughter! Give people a chance and they will give you one. Everybody should be given a chance.

Homeless and others can change the world.

The Forgotten Note

by Mahek Yasmin
Virginia Primary School

It was a dark and cold day.

The building was covered with oil stains and dust, but its putrid stench was worse. It was a miniscule enclosure, surrounded with heavy traffic and smoke, the whole neighbourhood was damaged with poverty. They were alone in the apartment. Ben's grandmother lay silent on her bed. Her eyes were shut, and lay still as water. The only hope of life within her was a single tear drop, leaking from the corner of her eye. Ben's head was in his hands, buried in sadness and tears. Weakly, she reached for Ben's hands and held him.

One week later, Ben's grandmother's funeral was held.

The agony churning inside him was unbearable, so he left early. As the rain lashed down, Ben spotted a small shop where he could take shelter.

It was a music shop, bursting with instruments, guitars, saxophones, drums, but one that caught Ben's attention was a grand piano, wrinkled with age. He found himself walking towards the piano, and noticed a carving, his name.

Slowly, he sat down on the bench and began playing. It wasn't perfect, but his strange devotion was too strong.

Frantically, memories began pouring into his mind, when one particular memory spun into his heart, before revealing itself. In the memory, Ben was with his grandma. His parents died, leaving Ben's grandmother to look after him. She raised him like her own son, their unbreakable bond growing stronger and stronger each day.

Everything was fine until, the recession. It was a torturing time for people, when poverty was a person's greatest fear.

During this horrific period of time, Ben had no clue of what was going on. Mysteriously, household items began to disappear. The cutlery, the television, even the sofa! It was a tough time. The only comfort to the two souls was a grand piano. Ben loved it so much, he even carved his name into it to symbolise his adoration.

The piano helped Ben and his Grandmother through tough times, until one fateful day. The piano was gone. Ben didn't understand. Instead, his heart filled with rage, it was the one thing that brought him joy, the thing that made him forget about poverty and the only thing that made him forget about his dead parents, and it was gone.

It didn't take long for the bond between Ben and his Grandmother to fade, along with her worsening illness. Ben was guilty for his actions, and wished that he was better to his Grandmother when he had the chance. By this point he had been playing perfectly, just as if his grandmother was with him.

As the notes echoed through the music shop, he, after all these years, had realised that the thing missing from his heart, was the acceptance of the death of family members, and the change that came with it.

Suddenly, Ben felt something he hadn't felt in a long time, he was smiling. His problems didn't seem so large anymore.

The Forgotten Child

by Safwan Ahmed
Halley Primary School

“BOOM!” The sound of the bombs fills my bleeding ears. I run to my bedroom window and see the sky raining down flames of destruction and horror. I hear my parents’ screams. The buildings are tearing down in front of my eyes. This is it. This is the end. My father comes running into my room and grabs me into his arms. “Oh, my child, we need to go from here.” His warm embrace gives me a brief but much needed moment of comfort. I almost feel safe for a moment while I close my eyes. But the moment ends much too soon.

和平

The soldiers have arrived. The men dressed in green. Green, the colour of peace and life, but they bring only the contrary. They haven’t reached my home yet, but I can hear their guns from a mile away. The sound that haunts me in my sleep every night. I can never forget. My older sister grabs onto my mother as we run from our only safe haven, our home. I look up to see my neighbour’s home burnt to the ground. There is blood everywhere. People are screaming. Children are crying. This is hell on Earth. I can feel the hopelessness from the rapid beating of my father’s chest. I look towards my mother and see tears running down her face. She knows what we all knew, there is nowhere to go.

سلام

I look up at the sky like I do every day. I like looking at the shape of the clouds during the day and counting the stars in the night. But this time it is different. There are no clouds and there are no stars. There is only the images of death and destruction above me. That's when I notice the dark figure falling towards me, Any atom of hope drains from my soul. It's over. But I know the pain will soon end.

शान्ति

I smile at my father and catch a final glimpse at my mother and sister. The sky turns dark. Memories of my short childhood fills my mind. Dreams of my future shatter in front of my eyes. A tear trickles down my soft, rosy cheeks. I feel the pain overcome my tiny frame. There was never any hope for us. The screams echo to a silence whilst my eyes close for the last time.

Ειρήνη

My name won't be remembered. No one will care to know how I died. Here will be no tribute paid to my life.

Because I, like many, am no one.

A forgotten child.

Home

by Phoebe Harniess

St Saviour's C of E Primary School

My name is Maria and I live with my mum, dad and little brother Malik. Dad is Syrian and my mum is British.

Let me tell you my story.

I was born in Kent in 2003. I was born early and so tiny that all the doctors and nurses were worried about me. I was immediately rushed away to intensive care and because my mum was very ill after delivering me, she didn't see me until I was two days old. The hospital explained to my parents that I had lung damage and would need a lot of care. I stayed in the hospital for three months with my parents anxiously by my side. When we finally left the hospital we were a new family.

One year later my dad decided that he wanted to take me to meet his family and to experience life as he grew up in Syria. My mum took quite a bit of convincing, but his stories of a happy childhood, beautiful landscape, sunshine, clean air, a large loving family and good healthcare persuaded her. My dad was right, because when we got there life was amazing, I had all the health care I needed, stayed healthy and my parents were happy.

Soon after we arrived, my mum's tummy started to swell and a short time later I had a beautiful baby brother. We called him Malik and I immediately adored him. I was never tired of playing with him. We were a happy family of four with everything we needed and a beautiful home but in 2011, our lives were shattered. Dad tried to explain what war was, but I just didn't get it. I didn't understand why anyone would want to destroy other people like that. It was terrifying, I find it hard to talk about the horrific things I saw. We lost everything.

My Dad was really brave and managed to smuggle us out of the city and onto a bus across the border into Turkey. That was the scariest journey I ever made. From there we stayed for several weeks until we could fly out to England.

I didn't remember England at all. It was cold and unfamiliar and we had to find somewhere cheap to live because everything we owned was in Syria. Our new home was damp and cramped and grotty which made me very ill with my lung condition. We found a school but I was bullied for my accent, and I felt so lonely. No one else had been through war like me.

It's now been 7 years since we escaped Syria. I'm lucky to have two good friends now, Izzy and Freya, who understand me. We're in all the same classes and we look out for each other at school. Malik doesn't remember as much as me, but we both miss Syria and our friends and family there. We want to go back, but deep down we know it will never be the same.

Size Doesn't Matter

by Saima Zahra Rahman

Thomas Buxton Primary School

Shuffling carelessly, Jennie found a quiet area in her school and sat down. Why did everybody pick on her? Why did she have to be so short? These were questions that she thought about in her everyday life. Jennie Kim, 12 years old and extremely small for her age. As her petite figure leaned over her book, it created a shadow. Her appearance was not very welcoming, but her personality was something else. With bushy and unkempt hair, glasses and bruises all over her arms, it made her seem not the type of person you would want to meet every single day. Despite the fact that she looked scruffy and untidy, her personality was warm and bright. If only anyone would want to talk to her and make conversation... Drifting off, she snapped back to life from the ear-piercing bell. 'Time for English class.' She thought. And as she made her way to English class, her bad thoughts faded away.

"Settle down, settle down.." the teacher's voice drifted off slowly. As the teacher explained the task, Jennie's mind drifted off into another world. 'What would happen next in the story?' 'Why did Harry fall for the trick?' Suddenly, a voice called for her. "Jennie, do you agree?" Jolting back to reality, she quickly answered the question and didn't dare to daydream for the rest of the lesson.

Lunchtime. These thoughts drifted into her head as she quickly made her way to the football pitch. However, the football pitch filled with boys who were looming over her, creating shadows and making her feel like all the happiness sucked out of her. She made her way to her position (defence) and started to play. The usual taunts and insults came to her from the other players — even from her own team! "Oi midget, why you even playing for?"

You're a girl and a tiny one!" Yixing shouted. She tried to contain the sea of tears which threatened to come gushing down. As she got pushed around the pitch, the ball finally came to her. Her jog escalated quickly into a sprint, and she finally reached the ball. However, a mob of towering boys came darting across the pitch to her. They played rough, and thrashed her and she fell to the ground.

It was the afternoon. Bandage on her arm, it was time to give the speech she wanted to give to her class. As she stood high and tall, she marched to the class, feeling confident, and began.

"I think that it's time to make some changes around here! People think that they are too good for other people, just because of their height! That is so wrong. Just because you are taller than some people doesn't mean that you are superior than them!" .. She continued with her speech, going loud and clear, so that everyone could hear her. After it, to her surprise she got genuine claps and comments. And from that day on, no one ever picked on her again.

We Are All Different

by Mauli Islam
Cayley Primary School

Nervous, I walked into school. It was my first day. It seemed that everyone was glaring at me. I heard a blond-headed girl mutter “She’s different, she doesn’t belong here.”

From that moment I knew today wasn’t going to turn out to be a great day.

I walked in to the dull classroom full of moaning students. Although I am quite keen on learning, I know what it feels like to wake up to a dreadful Monday morning. The blond-headed girl came up to me. With a smirk on her face she stated “Go sit in the back of the class, you belong there.”

But then I heard a voice, loud but sweet “What’s your problem Natalee, can’t you leave her alone? It’s her first day!”

Then Natalee replied

“No way! She should go back to Africa.”

From that moment I knew why everyone was staring at me - why Natalee was being rude; because I was black. I zoned out, I thought about why people thought I was different. I was brought back to bitter reality by the teacher’s voice. I sat through the boring lesson, half-asleep, it felt like hours.

At break time I tried to make friends with the other classes, but they all just ignored me. As the days passed I started getting ‘fun nicknames’ like poop-face. I was getting sick of it; I didn’t know what to do, so I went to a teacher and asked her for help. Nothing happened though. While I was sitting at my lunch table, a girl came up to me and introduced herself to me.

“Hi, my name is Jaden. Do you want to sit at my table?”

“Oh, ok sure”

I followed her to the table beside the door. There were three other girls sitting on the table. They were all different. One had braces, the other had a funny arm, and the last one had spots all over her face. Then I perceived that Jaden had white patches on her face. I sat next to Jaden as she talked.

“This is Lucy, there is Christine, and over there is Michelle.”

“Hi,” I started “my name is Cherry”

Honestly, I felt like was talking in front of thousands of people. I waited for someone to start a conversation. Finally, Lucy started talking, and for the first time I felt like I belonged there. As days went by I started standing up for myself and the bullies knew I wouldn't be affected by their words. I also made new friends. They stopped trying to offend me; although the bullying stopped for me others were still affected. Why do I care so much? Because I went through the same thing and I don't want anyone, no matter the race nor religion, to be bullied. When I was with Jaden, Lucy, Christine and Michelle I felt strong. It was nice to know I had someone looking out for me. I want everyone to be treated to equally, even though we are different.

A Mother's Cry

by Fahim Ali
Marnier Primary School

A mother's cry,
Why did her son die?
For a petty lie?
Was that really worth an eye?
They took away his life,
No time for children and a wife.
They came at him with a knife.
And stole him of a wonderful life.
Knife crime is at an all time high.
Yet here we are scratching our heads as to why?

Beauty is Pain

by Umyma Ahmed

St Paul's Whitechapel Primary School

Girls feel that in order to FIT IN they need to STAND OUT
They feel that they can only be seen with the
COOL GIRLS with there HAIR OUT,
You have to change the LOOK just to BLEND IN,
You feel that you need to find the RIGHT SORT of girls to walk
to school with
Because heavens knows that you can't walk to school yourself,
By flooding your THOUGHTS with what the OTHER COOL
GIRLS think
Your SELF-ESTEEM AND CONFIDENCE gets flushed away,
Then once again when you gaze in the mirror you SEE a complete
STRANGER who stole your IDENTITY
Letting people take away who YOU are can only cause GRIEF
AND
PAIN in you heart
Because BEAUTY is PAIN
Owning the high tech and cool branded GADGETS apparently
Make you POPULAR
You then realise that you can't STAND UP for yourself because
OF YOUR SELF-ESTEEM,
And those popupar girls who are practically the ROYALTY of
the school
You know deep in your heart that YOU are NOT one of THEM
So think, are YOU being YOU, are YOU being TRUE to your
own heart,
Are you lying to your self or not just remember that the next
time you
Think that you're NOT GOOD ENOUGH,
Well guess what, you are because BEAUTY IS PAIN.

Up to You

by Jeannette M Goldman
Solebay Primary School

Stand tall in a line,
Be quick like machines,
Do what's expected or you'll let down your team.

Be automatic, know what to do,
It sucks to be expected to when you got no clue.

Have to be in shape,
Your mouth's in tape.
Keep your feelings hidden —

all the better for you.
Severe your thoughts,
Push them away,

Can't concentrate the whole of the day,
If I'm silent all day long,
They won't even see,
How I feel AN-G-RY!

STAND UP FOR YOU
'CAUSE YOU MATTER TOO

Changes in My World

by Khadija Begum
Osmani Primary School

In my revolution,
There will be peace.

In my revolution,
Wars will be no more.
Soldiers will shake hands and return to their homes.

In my revolution,
There will be no more bombs.
Instead lemonade will drop from the sky.

In my revolution,
There will be no more Theresa May.
Her words will fall like the rain.

In my revolution,
Racism will be no more.
People will come together like the oceans that were once divided.

In my revolution,
There will be no more Donald Trump.
The world will be fantastic without his words of hate.

In my revolution,
There will be no more pollution.
The world will shine like stars.

In my revolution,
The happiness in life will weigh more than you.

In my revolution,
There will be peace.

My World and Me

by Yusra Abdul
Central Foundation Girls' School

Imagine a world when nothing was right
And I could change it but
Was too caught up in my fights

Imagine a planet where girls were abused
Bashed and brashed, beaten black and blue

And the boys get no better
Forced to fight other people's wars
Even though they don't support the cause

Imagine a place that was engulfed in smoke, smog and pollution
And I had a solution
But laziness got the better of me

I carry on clear-cutting, killing, expanding
But never looking back and fixing the mistakes
As I drained the lakes and destroyed natural wonders
I never once thought - STOP
I am harming a blessing which I see as a curse
A curse which I started and now must end
But still I am stubborn, arrogant to see the error of my ways
So; there will be no change
And just for clarity, if you still don't know who I am, my name
is humanity

Underneath

by Sara Uddin

Central Foundation Girls' School

A fortunate stroke of serendipity
was all they needed.

Now

the bells rung.

Herds of naked children run around
Savagely dashing to the stalls.
The Summer Festival began.

Sunshine passionately pierced through the clouds
Illuminating the ecstatic crowd

Like a torch,

It accompanied the festival

Making the colours from the children's bright smiles bounce
around,

What a time to be alive.

Alive?

Is this how they were supposed to feel?

Underneath

Underneath the town,

Underneath the joyous celebration

The outcasts.

The underdogs.

The unnameable.

Still suffered

But did anyone help them?

Or where the people above too busy enjoying themselves?

Prescribed By Those Who Want To Silence Us

by Fairoz Faria
Central Foundation Girls' School

A dose of Nepenthe,
let passivity corrode your lungs,
so you exhale the apathy they want,
Feed it to yourself, to your mind,
between meals, between lies,
intoxicate yourself with placebo pills,
let it treat things that aren't there
and forget the opaque obstacles we face.

Medicine prescribed is subjective,
it's only objective
is to blur your subconscious
which is conscious during the night,
but a coma by day.

Side effects may vary:
unable to speak out against injustice,
as this drug dissolves the protest at our lips
oppressive enzymes breakdown the compassion we once had
forcing any language of love to wilt at your tongues.
Nepenthe acts like ethanol of the ethical kind,
never allowing us to sober up to reality.
injected systemically deep into our veins
The symptoms of our ignorance may last a couple of days
or an eternity.

Ask your doctor for further ~~restrictions~~ information.

Change

by Sameen Jannat

Central Foundation Girls' School

Wings of innocence fly above; their heavenly sounds fill the air,
Eyes filled with dry tears; water had become sacred there,
Negligence of whole nations; lethargic minds,
Engraved names on stone; and hearts,
Endangered become extinct; beings once instrumental,
Diversity becomes a danger; difference is detrimental,
Chemicals fill lungs; seize lives,
Happiness becomes a myth; smiles only found on corpses
Anger becomes fear; now the distance is unknown,
Nuclear dreams; vaporising our fearful conscience,
Graduating hatred continues; and only festers,
Evolution was a miracle; till we bartered our souls into monsters.

Problems

by Daiyan Ahmed

Stepney Green Maths, Computing and Science College

Streets full of guns,
Home full of worried Mums,

Who's next to die,
Is my child getting high?

Why doesn't the government change this?
Are they all just racist?

Theresa May you're living a dream
While we're all here losing our self esteem

Losing money for the NHS
Left the EU for the best?

The government don't care about the poor,
they just want to gain more,

This is all a disgrace,
What happened to the human race?

Working long hours can't get rest
Still struggling with money, struggling with taxes and debts,

In east London tryna gain respect as a don
Until minute after minute someone is gone

The youth fighting over post code;
is a new trend?

What had happened to just being friends?

Innocent people dying

Look at Grenfell why are the government lying?

Hospitals full of stabbed patients

Why can't we stop and have some patience?

Let's live life with no knives

!STOP GANG VIOLENCE!

Adilah's Terror

by Tahiya Rahman

Central Foundation Girls' School

Terrorist.

The word instils fear into humanity, driving people to the brink of their sanity and into their homes. It causes people to barricade their doors with bolts and doubt every movement made by those surrounding. It causes judgement; every suspicious looking person on the bustling train has two empty seats on either side.

A word with so much negativity is plastered on the front page of every tabloid and every newspaper, bold for the world to see. Our fear turns us into naïve humans, resulting in a tight grip on anything. Seemingly true. We become small, cautious cats chasing the spot of moving light on the ground, or youthful dogs running in circles in attempt to catch their own tail.

We veil ourselves behind a rose-coloured screen, shielding ourselves from the calm conflict behind. Except, our steel armour is no longer shiny, tainted by the absence of our much needed aid.

Adilah stepped out of the deserted train, the biting wind quick to welcome her. Her alert, brown eyes danced around the noiseless surroundings, the quiet, rhythmic thudding of her boots against the stained cement echoing. Bright posters decorated the dull walls, young adults leaning against them. Weary eyes met hers, and her lips pulled up in a sympathetic smile.

She understood the difficulty and reluctance of working late more than most.

Unconsciously, she adjusted her hijab, pulling her bag closer. As she approached the stairs, her phone began to buzz. It was her mother. Her thumb tapped the red button after a short mental

debate about whether or not she should pick up.

Ana uhibbuk, I love you mum, but I can't deal with your caring persistence right now. Forgive me, she thinks.

Dread coursed through her veins as she began a haste journey up the stairs. Fingers gripped tight onto the cold, metal handrails, she ascended up until she reached the stair landing. She noticed that there were more people here, so her nerves calmed a little.

Yet still, Adilah didn't notice the tall, hooded man looming beside her, closer than a stranger should be; she was too focused on her escape. Her alert eyes didn't observe how he stared at her with distaste as she clambered up the worn-out staircase. She didn't feel the drastic change in atmosphere as one word shattered the night's silence.

Terrorist.

When his pale, icy fingers fisted the back of her hijab, fisted her protection, fisted her dignity, Adilah's even breaths halted. Time froze. All of her balance was lost as he tugged hard on her scarf, her hands flying up to break her fall. She collapsed to the dirty ground, her fall ungracious. The humiliation stung.

Though, he was yet to be satisfied from only those actions, the hatred, insecurity and fear intense in his beating, cold heart. His hold only tightened as she resisted, dragging the girl down the stairs like a lifeless ragdoll. The grey scarf began to pull off in his grip, revealing her brown locks. Her small back thudded on each step, no doubt painting it black and blue as a painful reminder.

The sound of a piercing scream bounced off the walls of the station, and Adilah could only wonder who was in such excruciating agony.

But her thoughts were cut short as the ache in her back increased.

He had her scarf in his bloodied hands, thrusting her down

the stairs. Tears sprung to her eyes as she lurched forward, attempting to protect herself from the momentum of the fall. She was afraid.

Then, everything was still, her body sprawled out onto the unwelcoming floor, supporting her from the abrupt fall. Seconds passed like hours, the tension thick in the air. He quickly hurled her scarf at her as if it was a disease, before resuming to stroll ahead, as if those previous seconds had never occurred. As if she wasn't seconds away from breaking down, the remains of her dignity spun around her frail wrists.

She sat up, her body shivering in fear, arms enclosed around her knees. Her pink cheeks were wet with tears, as she grasped the knowledge that she came in close contact with death, yet not one person from the crowd stepped up to support her. Each person stopped to gawk and witness the scene. Each person turned their head to avoid her poignant, tearful gaze, as if it was just another day.

She had never felt so alone.

Truly Be Me

by Maisha Tanvir Ali

Central Foundation Girls' School

I walk. I walk. Down the same road. Not really with an actual destination. Nowhere to go. So many places to see. The sounds of low murmurs fill my ears.

I walk.

The same as I do everyday. Taking the same path over and over again. I hate this. The same path, the same people, over and over and over again.

I walk.

I walk until I reach my house door — a little too small but big enough for a family of three. A gust of wind reaches me as the door is abruptly swung open and Aaliyah's familiar face appears.

We both looked pretty similar, I guess. We both had dad's deep green eyes and mum's face structure. However, while she was wearing a white shirt tucked into a baby pink skirt, I wore a black hoodie with my dark washed jeans. "Mum wants to talk to you," she said before I could even get a word in.

I could see the hint of amusement swirling in her eyes as I let out a groan of despair, knowing that the conversation probably wasn't going to go down well. It never really does with mum. "Have you finished your homework yet?" I question. She looked down and shook her head. "Well you better get started now. Go on." I nudged her in the direction of her room and walk into the kitchen where mum normally spent her days — cooking was her way of coping with dad's death.

Two years ago, the cancer had finally ended him and we also seemed to have lost our mum with him. She changed drastically

after his passing. Cared just that little bit less about her children, little by little. Cared more about what other people thought when she was ready to go back to society.

Aaliyah was only 13 when we lost him and I was 15, taking on the jobs that our dad wasn't there to do and my mum wasn't strong enough to anymore.

As I walked into the kitchen, my mum turned her attention to me, looking me up and down, judging my outfit. When she turned her head back, I rolled my eyes slightly. I knew she would never understand me. Understand how I don't actually want to be in this body.

The body of a girl.

"Aaliyah said you wanted to talk to me about something," I tried to sound nonchalant about it, moving to the table behind her with a bowl of fruit on it. I picked up an apple and bit into it. With a loud sigh, she turned around to face me completely and spoke.

"I got a phone call from the school."

My heart dropped.

"They said that you were truanting to hang out with certain people. Certain people that I will not condone you being friends with."

I knew whom she was talking about. My friend, Jazmin. There was nothing wrong with her in my eyes. But to my mum she was a sinner because she was bisexual. She was 'wrong'.

"And why is that, mum?" I asked, despite already knowing the answer.

"You know why. I don't want that girl influencing you."

'Oh, if only she knew,' I thought.

“That’s nice, mum.” She glared at my show of attitude and disrespect, as she likes to put it.

All I knew was that I wasn’t overly tolerant of intolerance or people who talked about my friends in that manner.

Just as she was about to speak, the doorbell rang. I sent a silent prayer upstairs before walking away.

“This conversation isn’t finished, young lady!” I heard her call out, wincing slightly when I heard the word ‘lady’.

When I got to my room, I shut the door and fell back on my bed. My room was never entered by anyone else. It was my only sanctuary, and despite the small size, I made it work. After a quick half hour break from life, I got up and out of bed. I put on a pair of joggers and plain t-shirt. I started with simple stretches, then moving on to planks, push-ups and then some sit-ups. I was trying to grow some muscles. I was sick of looking in the mirror to see such a small, feminine body. I despised it. ‘Only a few months left’ I thought. Then, I was free from this house, from my mother who would never truly accept me.

Free to do what I want.

Free to truly be me.

On the Inside

by Anisha Khanom

Central Foundation Girls' School

I never knew what ugly meant. Until then. Staring at my reflection in the broken mirror, my eyes brimmed with blurring tears and in that moment I realised how ugly I am. I tried to ignore every blemish, every curve, every imperfection but it was hopeless. The hateful instagram comments were right. My ex boyfriend was right. I was ugly and that realisation was too painful; it hurt more than I could admit. I could never be as skinny or as perfect as the models I saw on magazines. The walls that held me up, that made me feel strong and beautiful just... collapsed. Salty tears fell from my chin, drenching my shirt and the sobs punched through, ripping through my guts.

Bang! The door slammed open and in came my mother, loving as always. In one swift motion she swept me up, rocking me slowly as my tears soaked her shirt. I lay my head against her shoulders and let her arms wrap me up. 'My baby,' she spoke softly "wipe your tears. I know what is making you so upset because I've been in your position before. You don't feel beautiful, your self-confidence is at zero and looking like those infallible models is just a dream, I know how it feels." With a gentle hand she wiped my tears and I gazed into her concerned eyes. "Let me tell you a story. When I was young, I was bullied. In a sea full of blonde hair and fair skin I was the only one with dark skin and a crazy afro. When all the girls had super thin bodies, I was chubby and different. I remember one day in particular their words hurt me to the point where I ran from them with tears in my eyes. I crashed into the janitor's door. I didn't care who saw. I just broke down. That's where your father found me and he comforted me in the way I hold you now." At the mention of my father a small

smile lit up my face. A few years ago my father passed away so I cherished each and every one of his stories but this was a tale I hadn't heard before. With a squeeze of my arm, my mother continued. "I tell you now the words he once told me when I was feeling so utterly low. He said to me:

"May you be constantly and infallibly aware that infallibility doesn't exist. It's an illusion created by people interested in your wallet. If you choose to seek perfection, may it be in an infallible grace - for yourself and others around you. May your strength be not in your beauty but in your heart. May you discern in your centre who you are and tenaciously live it out in the world."

With every word hope bloomed inside of me and in that moment I could almost feel my father's loving hand on my back. He was here with me. My mother looked at me with so much warmth and love in her eyes that it hurt. "Baby you are beautiful and I love you!" she whispered sincerely and with one final peck on the forehead she left silently.

When I stared at my reflection again, I thought to myself, one day. One day I will learn to love myself. All those lies the media tells us about "beauty" had corrupted and poisoned my mind. It was time I changed the way I thought about myself. It was time I embrace who I am. I thought back to my mother's words and I prayed that three words would always remain more important to me- the last three words I say every night, when my mother asks me the question: Where are you the most beautiful?" Three words so bright no concealer can cover them.

Where are you the most beautiful?

On the inside.

Surprise

by Nashid Tabassum

Central Foundation Girls' School

From atop the mountainous hill that was situated between the palm trees stood a rabbit. Just a rabbit, a minuscule creature that could almost not be seen, as if it was a needle that had fallen in the snow. It stood on its powerful hind legs and its arms straight and menacing. From afar could not be seen the atrocious look in its eyes.

Madness and insanity swirling and swirling. The lavish creature did not waver nor did it speak, but only absorb the silent atmosphere. As the wind whistled softly, the velutinous fur on its back shivered, the luscious strands of silver straighter than a blade.

The rabbit had focused its eyes on the scene before him. Hundreds of dead rabbits. Not one left alive. Someone's sister, and another person's mother, all of their lives had flashed past his eyes. He looked away from the horrors that stained the very field he had lived in. However, he could not shed a tear, For this sight was normalcy.

The rabbit was tired. He was tired of the millions of rabbits that had been killed. He was tired of everything that had been done to him, which he did not deserve. It was the wretched wolf. That very wolf had taken his mother and brother. Robbed them away from him like a rat stealing the expensive cheese from a someone's house. The rabbit hopped away from the scene of the crime and he continued down the steep hill. He hopped and hopped and hopped until he could take it no more. He was sullen and did not want to endure the suffering and the pain anymore. The rabbit, who was hopping faster than he ever had in his life, had anxiety staining his heart. The closer he got to the

den of the murderer, the faster his heart beat. It reached a point where lie thought that it would fall out of his chest.

It was too late until the poor rabbit had realised his grave mistake, he was the prey to the perpetrator of the abominable incident. The rabbit attempted to turn around but every time he did, his heart ached. it pained until he reached the door of the den.

Petrified, he pushed the door open lightly until he was able to fit through. The rabbit could not lie and say that the den of the wolf was not jaw-dropping. She was a queen. Everything that littered the cave was precious metal, and from the centre was the animal herself.

She sat regally, her malicious eyes narrowed on the petite rabbit that had nothing to lose. The rabbit hopped closer and opened his mouth to start chattering. He started with his passionate speech, but alas the wolf did not listen. It ignorantly rejected him until she struck her talons out and struck the rabbit. As he bled he thought of his family and his pursuit to save the rabbits, and most importantly of all, how things needed to change...

More to Life

by Ayesha Yasmin
Morpeth School

I was there again. Well, it's the only place I'm ever by myself. A place to call home. It's a beautiful place. The beautiful sunset, the waves crashing down onto the sand. Sometimes I feel like the only reason I love to be here is because we're alike. I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. Except my life is full of disaster and depression whereas the beach is beautiful and simple. I wish my life could be like that, but it's not.

My life is a mess, like a huge paint splatter. Everywhere and ugly. My parents never have time for me, half the time they don't even realise I'm their daughter, and when they do it's never a good conversation and it ends badly.

That's why I'm always here, somehow I feel like the sea understands me and it's calling me. Today I decided I will go. Far, far away from here and never return. Somewhere I can start fresh, all by myself.

I get up and I start walking towards the ocean. I sense the wind blowing my long hair, whispering to me. "Go". But then I stop, I realise that I'm shaking. I feel an urge to walk back and go home, but that idea doesn't please me. So instead I carry on walking. I feel empty.

The water's up to my chin. But I keep walking and walking. Until I never returned.

My eyes open. Where am I? I can't remember anything. What have I done? People are watching me, asking me but I can't hear anything.

All I see is people moving their mouths.

I yell, saying that I don't know, nothing comes out of my mouth,

but I'm pretty sure I said something. My eyes blur and then everything goes blank.

I wake up and I appear to be in a room. I'm in a hospital. Hours later my parents appear. They're crying. I've never seen them cry. Well, at least over me. They run up and hug and kiss me. It felt nice but for some reason I can't hear their cries or anything.

They sat by me when they told me. It all made sense. What did I expect? There's a consequence to everything.

I'm deaf.

Lost

by Charlotte Worley
Morpeth School

Too loud. Too bright. The sky was blue, like the ocean, a huge mass trying to swallow me up. The sun, a ball of fire in the sky, blinding me. Screaming children running around, playing. Scrambling over the climbing frame like ants on a scrap of food. I held tight to my mother's hand. I felt safe. With her I knew I was safe. She looked down at me and smiled. I smiled back but this felt wrong. Bad.

"Do you want to go and play with the other children?"

I shook my head vigorously.

"Please, you have to try. Try and have fun!"

I felt pressurized. That felt wrong, and bad too. They all seemed to be wearing too much colour. Too bright. My mother walked me over to a park bench and sat down. She was still smiling. I let go of her hand, it was soft, warm and comforting. As soon as I let go, that comfort was gone.

I walked over to a see-saw and sat down. I was by myself.

I looked over. My mother was still on the bench. Good. A little girl came over to me and sat on the other end of the see-saw.

"Hi!"

I didn't reply, I just stared. She had long jet black hair, caramel skin and big aquamarine eyes. She had a purple t-shirt on with khaki shorts and sandals. She was rather the opposite of my jagged, short, dirty blonde hair, pale skin and hazel eyes.

"Hello." I said.

She smiled as the see-saw went up and down, up and down.

"I'm Ahmina, what's yours?"

“Otilie”

She smiled again.

“Oi”. It was a loud booming voice that made me shake.

“Get off, I wanna go.” He was big, scary and ugly. I scrambled off the see-saw and ran. I found a clump of bushes and hid. Hid from this scary pig-like creature. I was still shaking. I was never shouted at by my mother.

My mother. Where was she? I couldn’t see her.

I look over to the see-saw. Gone. I go over, she’s missing. I try and think, but my child is gone.

Okay, okay. Think, I tell myself. Come on, where did you last see her? By the see-saw. Why would she go? What if she was kidnapped?! What if... No. No. No. I tell myself. I check around in every little hiding spot she could be in, wanting her to stick her head out, or jump out at me and start laughing, like she used to do.

But what if she’s hurt? What if I wasn’t there to save her? To protect her? No. I check again. No sign. What if I never find her? She never runs off, she’s so...

The panic inside feels like a monster is climbing up through my stomach, through my throat. Suffocating me. I’ve never been parted from her before.

I think, what was she wearing? Blue duffle coat, denim jeans, yellow wellington boots. I wander around. Maybe she went through the park. What if she’s dead. No No No.

“Otilie?”

“Otilie, where are you?”

“I feel so alone. I curl up into a ball and rock myself. We should never have come out here. I want to go home. I want to go home.

I look through the leaves, the little prison I locked myself in.

Do I go out, or do I stay?

I'm frantic, I'm running around the park like a mad thing, but who wouldn't?

I guess I'm coming out. I crawl my way through the leaves and branches that cling to my face. I almost hear them pleading me to stay. Stay where it's safe.

I see her. I run. I grab her. I hold her.

Together We Can

by Humairah Yasmin
Central Foundation Girls' School

Today, from rumours I heard,
About the dead and the wounded being scattered like birds.

With eyes like burnt-out candles,
I stared in vain,
at the horror that unfolded,
stifling my own heartache and pain.

But from within, came a feeling that helped me to cope.
It was warm and reassuring; it was a spark of hope.

It came like the rain, showering me from above.
It came its sister, whose name was love.

They reassured me and said that everything would be alright,
Because with a new dawn, comes the light of the day,
with the power to erase the darkness of the night.

So hope helped to wipe away tears that fell because of fear, anger
& pity,
And love helped to clean the wounds from the unnecessary pain
that was inflicted on my city.

And so, with these two great soldiers by my side,
I made a plan,
To unite every man, every woman and every child.

Together, we can give oceans of compassion to those who curse,
And seas of kindness to quench their thirst.

Together, powerful words we can state,
We can stand firm like mountains and extinguish their hate.

Together, with like minds,
We can bring about change, for all of mankind.

Together, we can.

List of Winners

Key Stage 2 Poetry		
Joint 1st & Best in school	Tasnimah Nasrin	<i>Clara Grant Primary School</i>
Joint 1st & Best in school	Fahim Ali	<i>Marner Primary School</i>
Joint 2nd & best in school	Marwa Aya Zaouchi	<i>Osmani Primary School</i>
Joint 2nd & best in school	Nyah Mahdiya Rahman	<i>Stebon Primary School</i>
3rd & best in school	Umyma Ahmed	<i>St Pauls Whitechapel Primary School</i>
3rd	Jeannette Goldman	<i>Solebay Primary School</i>
Commended	Khadija Begum	<i>Osmani Primary School</i>
Commended & best in school	Oluwafeyikemi Abodunrin	<i>Calverton Primary School</i>
Commended & best in school	Sarah Hasan	<i>Ben Jonson Primary School</i>
Key Stage 2 Short Story		
1st & best in school	Mahek Yasmin	<i>Virginia Primary School</i>
2nd	Saarah Noor	<i>Virginia Primary School</i>
3rd & best in school	Yusuf Hussain	<i>Blue Gate Fields Junior School</i>
Commended & best in school	Safwan Ahmed	<i>Halley Primary School</i>
Commended & best in school	Yahya Alam	<i>Wellington Primary School</i>
Commended & best in school	Phoebe Harniess	<i>St Saviour's C of E Primary School</i>
Commended	Ruby Caldarone	<i>Wellington Primary School</i>
Best in school	Saima Zahra Rahman	<i>Thomas Buxton Primary School</i>

Best in school	Tawheed Murshed	<i>Old Palace Primary School</i>
Best in school	Tazkia Hoque	<i>Globe Primary School</i>
Best in school	Mauli Islam	<i>Cayley Primary School</i>
Best in school	Dolly Harvey	<i>St John's Primary School</i>
Key Stage 3 Poetry		
Joint 1st	Yusra Abdu	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
joint 1st	Rhaven Coster	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
2nd	Humairah Yasmin	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
3rd	Sara Uddin	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
3rd	Fairoz Faria	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
Commended	Sameen Jannat	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
Commended	Daiyan Ahmed	<i>Stepney Green Maths, Computing and Science College</i>
Commended	Labibah Siddiqah	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
Key Stage 3 Short Story		
1st	Namira Qaisar Sandhu	<i>Swanlea Secondary School</i>
2nd	Nashid Tabassum	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
3rd	Anisha Khanom	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
Commended	Tahiya Rahman	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
Commended & best in school	Jannatul Rashid	<i>Bow Secondary School</i>
Commended	Bella Donaldson	<i>Morpeth School</i>

Commended	Maisha Tanvir Ali	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>
Commended	Charlotte Worley	<i>Morpeth School</i>
Commended	Ayesha Yasmin	<i>Morpeth School</i>
Best in school	Siddika Khanom	<i>Oaklands Secondary School</i>
Best in school	Mohammed Sadad Hossain	<i>Sir John Cass's Foundation and Redcoat C of E Secondary School</i>
Key Stage 4 Poetry		
1st & best in school	Taqiya Labiba	<i>Central Foundation Girls' School</i>

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A mother's cry... © Fahim Ali 2018
Adilah's Terror © Tahiya Rahman 2018
Beauty is Pain © Umyma Ahmed 2018
Change © Sameen Jannat 2018
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Help Save the Earth © Tawheed Murshed 2018
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