

Class No: 35

S1 Girls

The word party by Richard Edwards

Loving words clutch crimson roses,
Rude words sniff and pick their noses,
Sly words come dressed up as foxes,
Short words stand on cardboard boxes,

Common words tell jokes and gabble,
Complicated words play Scrabble,
Swear words stamp around and shout,
Hard words stare each other out,

Foreign words look lost and shrug,
Careless words trip on the rug,
Long words slouch with stooping shoulders,
Code words carry secret folders,

Silly words flick rubber bands,
Hyphenated words hold hands,
Strong words show off, bending metal,
Sweet words call each other 'petal',

Small words yawn and suck their thumbs,
Till at last the morning comes.
Kind words give out farewell posies.
Snap! The dictionary closes.

Class No: 38

S2 Girls

Playgrounds by Berlie Doherty

Playgrounds are such gobby places.

Know what I mean?

Everyone seems to have something to
talk about, giggle, whisper, scream and shout about,
I mean, it's like being a parrot in a cage.

And playgrounds are such pushy places.

Know what I mean?

Everyone seems to have to
Run about, jump, kick, do cartwheels, handstands, fly around,
I mean, it's like being inside a whirlwind.

And playgrounds are such patchy places.

Know what I mean?

Everyone seems to
Go round in circles, lines and triangles, coloured shapes,
I mean, it's like being inside a kaleidoscope.

And playgrounds are such pally places.

Know what I mean?

Everyone seems to
Have best friends, secrets, link arms, be in gangs.
Everyone, except me.
Know what I mean?

Class No: 42

S3 Girls

Creative Writing by Gervase Phinn

My story on Monday began:

Mountainous seas crashed on the cliffs,
And the desolate land grew wetter ...

The teacher wrote a little note: Remember the capital letter!

My poem on Tuesday began:

Red tongues of fire,
Licked higher and higher
From smoking Etna's top ...

The teacher wrote a little note: Where is your full stop?

My story on Wednesday began:

Through the lonely, pine-scented wood
There twists a hidden path ...

The teacher wrote a little note: Start a paragraph!

My poem on Thursday began:

The trembling child,
Eyes dark and wild,
Frozen midst the fighting ...

The teacher wrote a little note: Take care - untidy writing!

My story on Friday began:

The boxer bruised and bloody lay,
His eye half closed and swollen ...

The teacher wrote a little note: Use a semi-colon!

Next Monday my story will begin:

Once upon a time...

Class No: 45

S4 Girls

A FEATHER FROM AN ANGEL by Brian Moses

Anton's box of treasures held
a silver key and a glassy stone,
a figurine made of polished bone
and a feather from an angel.

The figurine was from Borneo,
the stone from France or Italy,
the silver key was a mystery
but the feather came from an angel.

We might have believed him if he'd said
the feather fell from a bleached white crow
but he always replied, "It's an angel's, I know,
a feather from an angel."

We might have believed him if he'd said,
"An albatross let the feather fall,"
But he had no doubt, no doubt at all,
his feather came from an angel.

"I thought I'd dreamt him one night," he'd say,
"But in the morning I knew he'd been there;
he left a feather on my bedside chair,
a feather from an angel."

And it seems that all my life I've looked
for that sort of belief that nothing could shift,
something simple yet precious as Anton's gift,
a feather from an angel.

Class No.: 47

S5 Girls

Hide and seek by Vernon Scannell

Call out. Call loud: 'I'm ready! Come and find me!'
The sacks in the toolshed smell like the seaside.
They'll never find you in this salty dark,
But be careful that your feet aren't sticking out.
Wiser not to risk another shout.
The floor is cold. They'll probably be searching
The bushes near the swing. Whatever happens
You mustn't sneeze when they come prowling in.
And here they are, whispering at the door;
You've never heard them sound so hushed before.
Don't breathe. Don't move. Stay dumb. Hide in your blindness.
They're moving closer, someone stumbles, mutters;
Their words and laughter scuffle, and they're gone.
But don't come out just yet; they'll try the lane
And then the greenhouse and back here again.
They must be thinking that you're very clever,
Getting more puzzled as they search all over.
It seems a long time since they went away.
Your legs are stiff, the cold bites through your coat;
The dark damp smell of sand moves in your throat.
It's time to let them know that you're the winner.
Push off the sacks. Uncurl and stretch. That's better!
Out of the shed and call to them: 'I've won!
Here I am! Come and own up I've caught you!'
The darkening garden watches. Nothing stirs.
The bushes hold their breath; the sun is gone.
Yes, here you are. But where are they who sought you?