

Aliyha Bi 7H

English Teacher -
Miss Bennett.

Truth About Youth: Remembrance Day

Remember! The Poppies, deep magenta-red, the colour of the blood once shed, remind us of the men who gave their lives, their countries for to save
Remember! A field of war, it's history a thousand poor men's misery, who shielded us from suffering from such an awful, dreadful thing.

Remember! The guns were ready to be fired and every man, however tired he was of fighting, stood prepared for death! His only weapons bared.

Remember! However many of them died, the other soldiers always tried to keep themselves battling on until to us the war was won. Remember! So now, on the eleventh day, remember the dreadful way they fought and died, but was it worth the many lives that left our earth? Remember!



Football Racism

Day by Day
Game by Game
It just never quits



Rashford, Saka, Sancho miss
The hate starts to spread
The racism starts to rise
The boys done the nation proud
But racist chants are still heard loud

How is this allowed?

Players Judged by their skin
But that doesn't stop them to win

There is no room for racism

Fans don't listen
Who will listen

It has to be stopped
As if it's locked

And thrown away
There is no room for racism

Amaal Alam - 7Y1: Miss Bennett

Truth About Youth (if you want to you can also read it backwards as it makes sense).

Oh, can't you see?

Years ago...

Young birds chirping every morning, (like us)

The flowers, contaminating the air with a fresh smell of earth,

The sound of rain every night, crashing on to your window,

Trees, waving as you stroll on in the calm wind.

Water, trickling on a river.

Oh, can't you see?

Now...

Those wonderful trees, thousands being chopped down per minute.

Sea levels, rising to new averages every year.

Our fresh air, no longer fresh, is polluted with smog every second, minute.

Animals, no longer with a place to live,

Glaciers, meltin because global warming is too much for Earth,

Oceans, being dumped with 1 garbage truck full every second,

(there is approximately 5.25 TRILLION pieces of plastic in the ocean)

Kids, wondering if they'll even have a future.

Oh, can't you see?

Reduce, Recycle, Reuse, these are words we can all remember.

LED light bulbs instead of normal light bulbs.

Washing laundry with cold water instead of hot water.

Switching to a vegan diet instead of meat based one.

Using a bike or walking when travelling short distances.

Oh, can't you see?

As a planet together, we can all stop the speeding process of global warming.

We became the problem in the early 1800's

Now we can become earth's

SOLUTION!



My Black Skin


My black skin has a history
It is way more than just a skin colour
It has a meaning, a background
Back in the day my skin was mistreated, hated.
It was judged as if it was irrelevant.

My skin means internalized pain.
It's gotten better through the years.
But some things never change.
You probably think this is a joke
But do I make fun of your skin?
Is it funny that I'm dark?

Colorism is a thing too,
It be your own people
It's gotten better through the years
Now I love people.

Yes, I am black
Afro haired.
Strong melanin.
Strong-willed individual
My black is beautiful.

K·A·O·I·A·T·O·U 8F.



Christabel
Konradu
8D

I DON'T

Trust No one

until today → I found my best friend

Jokyo

I try to hide my feelings from everyone since i have no one to trust or believe untill the day I will fall in love with the ~~person~~ that right person because no one will believe me if i told the truth to someone. I cry everynight before i sleep.

My nightmares are coming to take me away I left my traditional beliefs to just become an athiest and a emo girl. My crappy life is becoming worse and worse everyday. My parent do not believe me neither do I trust them.

Aren't parents supposed to trust and support their children?

Even if i told the truth I would still be punished. We children and teenagers have also a life to live. We can't just sit down and let our family press us to give up on our dreams. I want to have a life that I would be the happiest woman on earth. I want to be creative. Don't let your nightmares overcome you. Be WHO YOU ARE.

Can't you see that you are the most beautiful person in the whole country?

The reason one of why I don't trust any one is because the world is full of dark ness

China

I was born in a strict family. I wasn't allowed to go out and I had loads of friends but they betrayed me.

WHY DOES HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS PAIN

DEMO

I am just a nobody

ONLY MUSIC CAN CURE MY ANGER ON EVERYONE.



Just bizarre actual hurt

Just

Innocent people are in need,
War breaks out, and People aren't free
The sounds of gunfire's and bombs are heard
As Families try their best to flee.

Violence, Blood and Tears are all that is witnessed
As Children strive to escape this nightmare,
Some consider suicide while others parents have died.

As we're in our homes safe and sound,
These poor people struggle to survive the havoc of war
Families are shattered and Children are cold and desperate.

War can be overwhelming and rough,
It damages and makes life tough,
Guns, Bombs, and Violence ruin it all
Creating a severe downfall.

We must act upon this problem,
And help all those in need,
Against the catastrophe of war
As we create shields from the horror.

Safwan Miah

IN THE LIFE OF AN EPILEPTIC!

Hira Salam 9A

★ Year seven had just begun,
and I was just 11 years old,
I was changing after coming from school,
and something happened uncontrolled,
I had my very first seizure,
Scared, I woke up from another horrible scene,
where this time I remembered what had happened,
I travelled to the kitchen for some food,
when suddenly my vision blackened,
my left hand began to shake with force,
and I soon collapsed in my mother's arms,
I was awakened, and surrounded by nurses,
who later claimed that I have epilepsy,
I began to take my medication in twenty ~~hours~~ ^{two} hours,
and they say it will last until I am twenty two,
Often during class my hand jitters uncontrollably,
but my actions and feelings go unnoticed,
I feel like I am going to faint,
but these feelings need to wait,
I loathe attracting the attention of others in my class,
and try to dominate the sickening feeling for it to pass,
I hallucinate a lot during the nights,
I often feel like my death is rearing me,
but I have to stay strong and win these nights,
There are certain things that I can not do,
like go to a concert, and watch some movies or films too,
There are also certain foods which I can not eat,
like too much chocolates and cheese,
There are times where I'd like to call out to my teacher,
however I have to restrain myself and have full control,
and this is the life of an epileptic.

BY HIRA SALAM 9B

Beauty standards exist only to harm a young person's mindset,

Existing only to form ridiculous expectations,

And in reality, it just creates more insecurities.

Underneath the pretentious facade,

There's many kids, low on self-esteem

Individuals constantly worried about their appearance.

Fix the problem now, before it grows any worse.

Understandably, it will take a lot of effort, but

Let's accept everyone for who they are, we owe our youth at least that much, don't we?

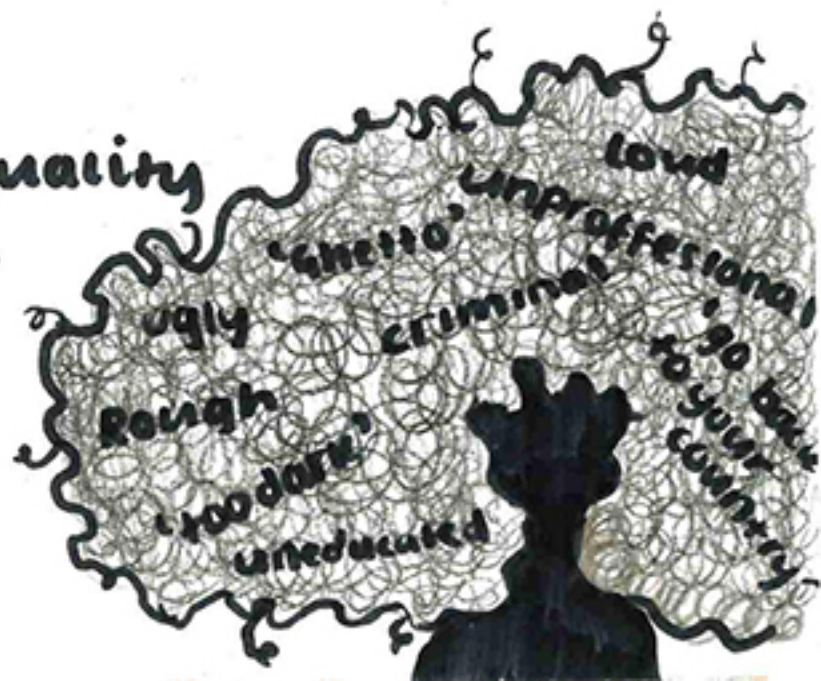
Beautiful brown skin that is diverse in shades.
Thick, luxurious hair that varies in texture.

Left our war torn countries with nothing
but hope for a better future for our kids.

And in return we got nothing but injustice,
mockery and suffering.

Come together in peace to commemorate
how far we've come and admire each others
elegance.

Kindness and equality
is all we ask for.



By: Jean Whithread
Form: 10 E

A Priceless Mother

Mom you've given me so much,
Love from your heart and the
warmth I can feel from your
Touch.

The Gift of Life and you're my bestie
We have a very special bond which
only comes from God.

If I could give a diamond
for each tear you cried for me,
It would be worthless.

Mother is not just a word
It's an emotion who care
and love never ever ends,

Mother is just a person
who can always stand and
makes you strong

I LOVE YOU

YOU ARE MY EVERYTHING

you
are
the
sun
in
my
life

PARENTS.

Parents are those that are both loving and caring, helpful and sharing.

Always help and are there for you whenever you need them and when you don't too.

Resilient and calm, they save you from harm big and small, just give them a call.

Everyday, our Mom and Dad help us, so why don't we stop the fuss!

New foods and dishes we ask them to make, especially our favourite chocolate cake

Today, I want to tell this to you, mother and father I truly love you.

So sweet you are and benevolent too Mom and Dad I ♥ you.

By Arsa Zaffar 11H

Hollow Heart

We all have secrets that we attempt to keep hidden beneath our skin, but sometimes these secrets are uncovered, trapping us in a situation from which we cannot escape. Every day, society generates new rules for us to obey, but have you ever asked us how we feel about them?

Everyone puts pressure on us to be or behave a specific way, which is tiresome. We put on a brave face to make others proud, but we overlook the suffering we cause ourselves. Simply because we wish to follow the rules that have been imposed on us. Everything is a source of stress that wreaks havoc on our mental health. We've had days where we're not sure if we'll be able to finish this. When we beg for assistance, we are turned down. When we tell people what's going on, they assume we're lying. They believe we're lying to get attention or make a scene. Things happen, our parents tell us, because we let them!

Have you ever known what it's like to walk in our shoes?

We realise that life was simpler and calmer in the past, but now it's all work, work, work. Blocks upon blocks of pressure pile up until we're overwhelmed by all the feelings we've attempted to keep disguised. Even if life is difficult, we are required to persevere. On the inside, it's rotting, but on the exterior, it's thriving. We're like lifeless corpses who are both breathing and decaying. You occasionally inquire about our well-being. We claim we're OK, but do you understand why? To provide joy to our parents or guardians. We sacrifice our misery to get to you, yet this just adds to our suffering. It's as if a cloud of hundreds or thousands of difficulties is hovering over our heads, obstructing every decision or choice we make.

Why aren't you seeing all of the warning flags that we're trying to send your way?

Do you even realise that we don't always complain?

We will occasionally deceive you, but only because we do not want you to realise the extent of our sorrow.

We put on distinct characteristics to impress you, but they all signify the same thing. All of them are false false false.

It's as if we have another voice in our thoughts at times. We lie up all night obsessing about things that aren't even life-threatening. You, on either hand, did this to us. We are the ones who have made it through the life you have given us. We conceal or cover the wounds you have inflicted on us. However, we may be able to mask these wounds, but the scar will always be visible.

We seek alternative methods to release ourselves when the world becomes too much for us.

Yes, some of these methods are severe, but what do you expect?

What is the best way for us to heal ourselves?

Every day, millions upon millions of tears are shed as a result of the internal storms. All of these tears create puddles, but after a while, they start to form seas. We feel devastated by the process of the tide.

Consider yourself immersed in a sea of tears.

How would you feel if you were defeated by the great ocean's waves?

Wouldn't it be excruciatingly painful?

But you've only ever felt the ocean once. Every day of our life, we are aware of it. We are sick of crying. Sick of trying. Yes, we're shining but inside we are declining.

We are the true victims of this stereotypical society....

Dear Oppressor.

for evry ounce of my pain

for evry tear from my subtle eye

for evry unheard wish of mine

for the lost sound of my gentl voice

for my displacemnt

for the bereavement off my children

for your hollow shadow that filled my
hunger

for the heedless nights in which i
shivered

for the times i questioned your
humanity

If frankly you have not understood

I want my freedom

!

The Lovely Hateful Days

HATE

I hate waking up every morning ;
bearing the dread of the day to come,
the ash-like skies,
the walk to school,
the pretence,
sitting with you.

I hate going to sleep every night ;
bearing the loud silence that fills my room.

LOVE

I love waking up every morning ;
knowing that I have another day with you,
the wide blue skies,
the walk to school,
the laughs,
sitting with you.

I love going to sleep every night ;
knowing the giddy feeling whilst thinking of you.



Femicide

Dead women I count,
To the numbers that rise but never fall,
She was carried away and left in leaves,
Sabina Nessa I'm sorry we couldn't defend your calls.

I'm still keeping count,
To every woman that loses a stone,
To the people we once trusted
Sarah Everard believed the biggest lie of all.

Counting on,
But to no end,
They live without a mother,
Maria Rawling, their only friend.

I was always told to run home,
Breathless for the minute I redeem relief,
Is it me they look for?
Predatory men that seize the deceased.

To the lessons we learn,
To the rules we know,
To the breaks and pains and bends and burns and bruises we each sew.

I am counting women,
Each killed by men,
Ticked from a box making the headline again.

By Mariyah Begum 13C