

When you are young everybody loves you
When you are young you can feel happy
When you are young sometimes you are blue
When you are young you might need a nappy

You have a pressure forcing you down
You realise you are starting to grow
You feel blown, lead away but blown
All you need is a dowery

How to understand the world?

How do we communicate properly?
How to explore everything in one twirl?
How to eat all my greens like broccoli?
How to fit everything in your brain?
All words pouring out like rain!

by Harneel Mansu

A sonnet

My Love

Tasty cheese



Pizza

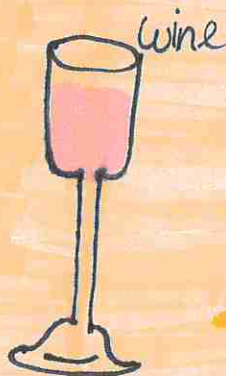


Amore mio

Welcome to Italy



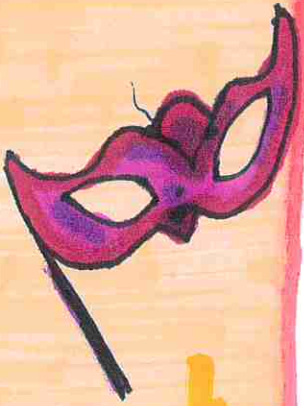
Rome



Italia



Oh Italy



Truth about Youth

Sarah Khadawi

7A

Mr. Thompson
2/2/21

We may still be growing
But we still have big dreams
Progress takes time
So don't push too extreme

Good manners may be important
But all characters have flaws
So don't start berating
When we don't stick to the course

We may always try our best
But energy is never expendable
Talents need to be worked
Don't think it comes all natural

So don't tell us we don't try enough
When our work isn't what you expect
Everyone is different
We need help to perfect

Maybe it's the slow poison I carry in my
pocket,
A foul enemy drugged in profit.

A venomous toxin right under our nose
Disguised as a friend, a mentor but an evil
foe,
An foe so cruel seizing our time,
our innocent mind and our senses to
guide.

A yellow peer manipulating its lies,
Covering the truth in broad daylight.

Truth for youth.

A girl beyond the hips of sex.

They say the truth is harsh, in this world we have been treated like trash, every girl aspires to be pretty & skinny unless you're called ugly, we can't even wear a short skirt, or a sleeveless shirt, wear makeup or we'll be considered a beg, they say everyone judges, but no that's our own choices, I say beauty is beyond the skin or how much we weight, but no they say, raise your chin life's tough, that's how it is, look amazing, then you'll be appalling, which makes things easy I guess, I sigh & say, before I saw a beautiful girl beyond the hips of sex, but now all I see is a girl drowning of insecurities not placed by her, ~~but~~ ^{but} by this world I laugh, they say if 7 billion people say it's right then there isn't another side, no acceptance, but only pain, girls today feel like a mistake, no more self love & embrace, with grace & beauty women used to strive, now most of us feel like just a figment of men's pride, our beauty has been ripped & torn from it's roots, maybe if they don't only look at our hips of sex but our beautiful inside, they'll see our true beauty & the way we gracefully & ride.

made by Angelaoluwa Adeoye form: 75 sign: ~~Angela~~

English Teacher: Mrs Chiariello :

BULLING

Feeling trapped, heavy chains on my soul
Emotional bullying takes its toll
Isolated and lonely, my heart turned cold

In your mind games, you think you're so slick
Messing with my emotions, trying to make me sick
But I see through your schemes, I won't fall quick
I'll build my strength, rise above like a phoenix

Your verbal firepower, spitting words so obscene
Using disrespect, turning me unseen
But your words won't define me, I've got self-esteem
Rising above your hate, like a king or queen

You think it's funny, making a scene
Public humiliation, like a bad dream
But I'll prove you wrong, show you what I mean
No longer your punching bag, I'm a force to be seen

Hands raised, ready for the fight
Physical bullying, trying to take my light
But I ain't backing down, I will hold my ground tight
Strengthened by every punch, I'll soar to new heights

No title

Anika
Khan/8H
8X1

I am me

And you are you

But what does it cost

to uncover the truth?

Amidst the aches of hatred words,

Amidst the worry of beauty and waves

A frown begins to appear

As you break down in tears

It's something you can't display

So bury those foolish thoughts away

Continue making yourself perfect

Before your mind starts to neglect

Hold your head high

And hope that you won't cry

A 1000 products applied all over

All ~~you~~ so you don't blow your cover

They won't see the real you

And apparently that's all that matters

Acting as a person when you aren't

The words still remain engraved in your heart

Buried deep like a tattoo

You start to realise you aren't you

A stranger who looks at you in the mirror

The ~~one~~ that makes your brain shudder

Maintaining a painful facade

Your mind begins to drift
away

standing over the altar of
truth

You hold your heart under
a nose

And in a simple pull

It all seems so fake

But was this really what

you wanted in the end

anyway?

Miss Thornton

FIRE



Fire, oh fire, burning
bright,

A mesmerizing and captivating
sight.

Dancing flames, reaching higher,

Igniting passion, fueling desire.

In the darkness, you bring light,
guiding us through the darkest night.

Warmth and comfort, you provide.

A source of strength, a
fiery tide.

But fire can also bring
destruction, leaving behind scars
and disruption. Handle with care,
respect its might, harness its power,
use it right.

↓ next page.

Truth about Youth 2024!

Emaan Taj
81
82/E2

They say we're too young,
We don't understand the world,
how it works; what it does,
But deep down, we know,
we want to change the world,
Our voices heard, our views listened to,
But the adults ignore us,
whether we are right or wrong,
The people in power don't help,
they don't do enough,
to make our voices heard,
The adults blindly take charge.
Why can't we be listened to?
Why can't we be heard?
Just because we're young,
that doesn't mean,
we can't change the world.



What Is Life?

Life is getting told "it will get better" or "You can do it"
Truth is, it doesn't really get better, you just forgive & forget
It's like living on a road but you took a wrong turn
That's life, right?

Life is driving down a road, but nothing changes
It's driving down a road, but you're in a circle
Driving down a road, but you aren't moving
You're stuck & sinking, but no one is helping
That's life, right?

Life is watching people you thought would stay, leave
Everyone leaves
Coming to terms, doesn't change anything
But that's life, right?

Life is being by yourself whilst hiding from reality
It's being left to think
It's being ^{swallowed} by your thoughts
Dying from the inside out
But that's life, right?

But what can we do?
You just follow the long, long, long road of pain & misery

But it's fine because, that's life, right?

My poem is about what life can be like when
in a bad mental state or having no motivation. ~

Alexa Barros - 9H - Mrs Hamilton - 9x1

Monday
18
2024
Abhinav
Singh 9c

Dark side of Modern society?

Modern society there are people
door to door,

3 year old child crying for ipads on the floor,

The screens are used to help in future,

It looks like screens are using us,

Do we think we are ^{secure} ~~sure~~?

You can hear little kids swearing and
their screams.

What happened to our dreams?

Why people make ^{fun of} disability ^{and there} memes,

In this society it's easy to lie.

People can't see the god watching from sky,

People judge each other very quickly and
call each other bad guy. ^{people think}

After doing big crimes they can be
forgiven with cry, but that's lie.

If you wanna tell ~~the~~ truth don't shy.

Beasture!

She was,
pure yet coming
weak yet loving
And that realisation was deeply crushing,

She couldn't blame herself but those in her midst
As she transformed into the company she would persist
The world was becoming bitter and vile
No place to escape so hide within your own damage pile

An arm of days each a different version of another
But it's like what they say we're only here for each other,
As actors on a stage as Goffman once said,
We all wear masks to disguise our dead

She watched as the plague of hate and sin spread,
Against corruption and tears plowed in rivers instead,
Manipulating souls of the innocent kind,
Injecting them with envy and pride

Polluting people with dishonesty and greed
Injecting them with damning standards and sinful deeds
She mirrored the people she held dear,
No matter what result she came near

The world around her becoming so cruel
A selfish place filled with ignorant fools
She was not at fault but her mind led astray
You too could be her so be aware and don't fall down that eerie way.

AUTISM SPECTRUM DISORDER

What exactly is Autism Spectrum Disorder?

There is a Vast Spectrum

ADD... OCD... Anxiety... ADHD... Depression... the list goes on and on

Each diagnosis more complex than the next

Weeks, months, years go by... and still I'm left without one
Every day I hear the same!

"Is she autistic?" "Are you ok? Do you have autism?"

The hurtful stereotypes of autism that have burrowed into people's heads

It's not just the low functioning aspect of our community.

US. The high functioning are always forgotten about
"You don't have autism!" "You don't look autistic!"

Autism isn't about looks... or sounds... or behaviour

We aren't the outcasts, monsters or troublemakers in society that we're made out to be

Our brains are just wired a little differently to those around us.

Truth about Youth

In the eyes of truth, my words take flight,
What is the world around me, bathed in doubtful light?
The fire of thought ignites a burning quest,
Setting to school, I appraise this world's unrest.
Thinking of reality, phrases start to form,
Revealing truths about youth as my third eye storms.

To school one comes, a yearning heart in tow,
Seeking knowledge, fate's cruel wheel to slow.
Through trials of pain, where envy starts to seed,
Kin turns to foe, a wound that will not bleed.
Triumph brings scorn, where ignorance prevails,
But failure's root in withered effort trails.
Whose fault to bear, the striver or the guide?
Where blame descends, can truth in shadows hide?

Blamed are the teachers for faults their own,
Lessons neglected, knowledge un-sown.
Change is demanded, yet effort won't flow,
Success they await, while seeds never grow.
Is this the reality we see?

Now let's talk about the other who comes to impress,

Afraid to unfold, she talks in distress.

The one who's afraid to find herself, she tries to blend in the crowd, her self is condemned.

Let's talk about her, authenticity starts to bend.

She looks to please others, to look nice,

She seeks to colour herself with brushes of dust, to be recognized.

She looks to smile to warm up someone's day,

But she fails to listen to her inner space.

She's not to blame, it's the light of social media that shines the blinding beam, her true self hides beneath.

Then she questions why in the presence of the moon she cries, but she forgets she's a star that forgets it shines.

She is not helpless as she seems, she plays with lust spreading like steam.

She could walk the path of self, but seeks suffering,

Her own flaws her greatest storm, lessons unbuffering.

She craves victory, yet fears the fall from grace,

Life's lessons echo in her self-made maze.

He smirks, misreading words that seek to rise,

Blind to his own reflection in my eyes.

Respect's a coin she offers for a glance,

A key pressed in his hand for fleeting chance.

He whispers promises of triumph's gain,

Forgetting wisdom's halls, where knowledge reigns.

**This ground he treads, no place for scholar's might,
But shadowed realms of lust and fleeting light.
He scorns the mind aflame, the toiling hand,
Chasing echoes as his true path shifts like sand.
With teacher's word he spars, for favor's gleam,
An ancient echo played, a timeless scheme.**

**The future wanes if we refuse to shift,
Contentment fades where hearts and actions drift.
If joy's a stranger to your daily plight,
Break free from chains, let inner passions ignite.
The mirror holds the key to brighter days,
Let smiles replace the blame, as change we raise.**

**The you awaits our care, a vibrant plea,
Let's nurture it, and find true harmony.**

**Through hallways they wander, to fit and appease,
While knowledge and wisdom fall down to their knees.
The future, uncertain, a path yet unmade,
And this is the truth about youth, it is said**

I am a black girl, strong and proud
My roots ^{run deep} ~~run deep~~, my culture loud
~~Born~~ ^{Born} in a land of vibrant hues
Where the sun shines and the rhythm moves

My ancestors were warriors, fierce and brave
They fought for freedom, their lives they gave
Their blood runs through my veins
Filling me with strength and no restraints

I am Congolese, a land of beauty and pain
A history of struggle, but still we remain
Our spirits unbreakable, our hearts full of love
We rise above, like a soaring dove

I see myself as a reflection of my land,
A resilient soul, with a heart so grand
My skin, a canvas of rich dark tones
My hair, a crown of coils and cones

I am a daughter of the Congo
With a story to tell, a song to bestow
My voice echoes with the beat of the drum
As I dance to the rhythm, I feel so home

I am more than just a stereotype
More than what the media likes to hype
I am a black girl, with a mind of my own
Breaking barriers, paving ~~on~~ my own throne

My Congolese heritage, a part of me
A source of strength and identity
I wear it proudly, like a badge
of honor
A reminder of where I come from,
my anchor

I am a black girl, with a story to tell
A story of resilience, a story of knell
My background, a colourful tapestry
Woven with love, strength, and ~~ancestry~~
ancestry

So when you look at me, see
more than my race
See the beauty in my culture,
the strength in my face
For I am a black girl, proud and free
And my Congolese roots will
forever be ~~part~~ a part of me



THE BUILD UP

By Humaira Kabir-Nassir 10F

5 years of hard work

Goes towards one thing,

5 years of hard work

God knows what it will bring.

4 years we push saying

'its ages away',

4 years we stayed unbothered but still praying

Now we think of how it gets closer day by day.

3 years in when we choose our options

Geography or history what are we picking,

3 years in when our heads start spinning

Try to cheat tests, it's ourselves we are tricking.

2 years left and work experience is a chance

Exams around the corner, at our teachers we scoff,

2 years left when into the 'real world' we glance

Everyone's excited because schools let off.

1 years left our gcse's knock

Hurrying our revision information fills our mind,

1 year left when we are taking our mocks,

Not long left before we see our essay lines.

0 Years remain, no not even a second

In the exam hall we sit with a pen and paper,

0 years remain when we are sitting in those chairs

These tests we take as our lives shapen.

There everyone sits the same paper at hand,

There everyone sits different places we shall land.

The real world

Life is full of experiences.

It can be good or bad.

We learn from both good and bad.

It develops who you are as an individual.

No one is ours in this world.

The quicker you accept that,

the better.

We all are humans, we all go through things,

No one is happy.

Be nice towards everyone, you never know what they face.

Not everyone wants the best for you.

Keep things private, till they are achieved.

Struggles are real, that everyone face.

The end goal is to become a successful person,

and if not achieved,

failure is everyone's worst fear.

Competition takes place.

Ruins relationships and friendships.

Conflict, hate, ego gets in the way.

Then you have no one,

except family and god beside you.

That's the real world.

Mental Health and Gang Violence

By Jayden Nguyen 11F

In alleys dark, where shadows loom, Youth are drawn to a different gloom.

In the clutches of gangs, they find a home, But beneath the facade, their spirits roam.

Caught in the cycle of violence and despair, Their hearts heavy, burdened with care.

In the streets' chaos, their souls collide, With every gunshot, a piece of them dies.

Yet behind the bravado, a silent plea, For someone to see, to set them free.

Trapped in a world where fear reigns supreme, Their cries for help, like a silent scream. Mental health struggles, hidden from view, In the midst of chaos, they battle through.

Anxiety, depression, a constant fight, In the darkest alleys, they search for light.

Let's break the chains of violence and pain, Offer compassion, let empathy reign.

For in understanding, lies the key, To heal the wounds, to set them free.

With support and guidance, they can find a way, To break free from the darkness, to see the day.

For youth trapped in gangs, let's lend our hand, And help them find peace, in a troubled land.

Name: Ilerrichuwa Adeoye

Truth about youth

Form: 11 G

English Teacher: Ms. Hussain (11/22)

The Girl Child

The girl child

Perceived as a feeble thing

Moulded by the atrocities of a patriarchal society

She craves success

She dreams of progress

She is willing to do anything

To break the constant cycle of poverty in her life.

But she can't

She dares not

Neglected and denied

She bears this cross herself.

Many mock her and pity her

For just trying to share her views

And advocate for her rights

but yet again

She is turned down by society.

Just like that a promising life is wasted

The remaining embers of her hope extinguished

and crushed to dust

But why?

Why do we choose to let them suffer,

Why do we crush their dreams

without giving it a second to thrive

Is it her fault she was born a girl

Is it her fault she couldn't pick her gender,

Is it her fault society is adamant

(Please Turn Over)

I am... who?

And suddenly,
i woke up.
For the first time
In my life i saw
Myself,
As i was;
Labels removed,
Unfiltered,
I looked at myself in the mirror
And saw beyond the scars put there
By life.
I no longer saw a daughter
Conditioned to believe that she had to live life
As a colouring pencil,
Never straying outside the thick black lines of the
Image her parents conceived.
I no longer saw an older sister,
Nurturing her parent's children,
Burdened with preserving childhoods,
Her feelings aged to numbness and
Silence
In her own youth.
I no longer saw a potential beauty;
If not for the weight in her stomach or
The bags beneath her once lively eyes
She might have felt a little more like her body
Was a home she belonged to.
Slowly I erased the smile,
A facade,
Unraveling the thickly bandaged wounds and
For the first time
In my life i saw myself
As human.

Echoes of Generations:

Malaikah Tanveer 12D

In the fleeting glow of dawn's embrace,
Old eyes peer through the veil of time's grace.

Observing youth in this modern age,
A kaleidoscope of hues, a vibrant stage.

They see the youth, wild and free,
Lost in the chaos of technology's spree.

Wrapped in a cloak of virtual reality,
Where screens dictate their true vitality.

In this world of instant gratification,
Older souls find a sense of agitation.
They yearn for days of simpler times,
Where joy was found in nature's chimes.

But amidst the noise and hurried pace,
They glimpse the youth, a flicker of grace.
A generation with dreams so bold,
Chasing stars in a universe untold.

Though misunderstood, they still believe,
In love, in hope, in dreams to achieve.
Their hearts beat with a rhythm unique,
A symphony of voices, bold and meek.

So let us bridge the gap between old and new,
Embrace the wisdom, the dreams pursued.
For in the melding of generations' lore,
Lies the key to unlock futures galore.

In the eyes of the youth, the elders see,
A reflection of what once used to be.

