The Labels YOU GIVE ME!

Adults look at us u're the problem to solve They just see us in groups and think were being loud or annoying

They see us on TikTok and think our brains are turning into mush But they dont see us when were stressed about my homework

Or even when im worrying about the next 10 years. They just see me as a "teenager" and think they know me

You see a loud kid just making a scene. But im just a person not face on a screen

Im tryung my best finding my way, I have my own thoughts and things to say

You think you know the truth, but you only see a part. So try looking at my head and looking at my heart.

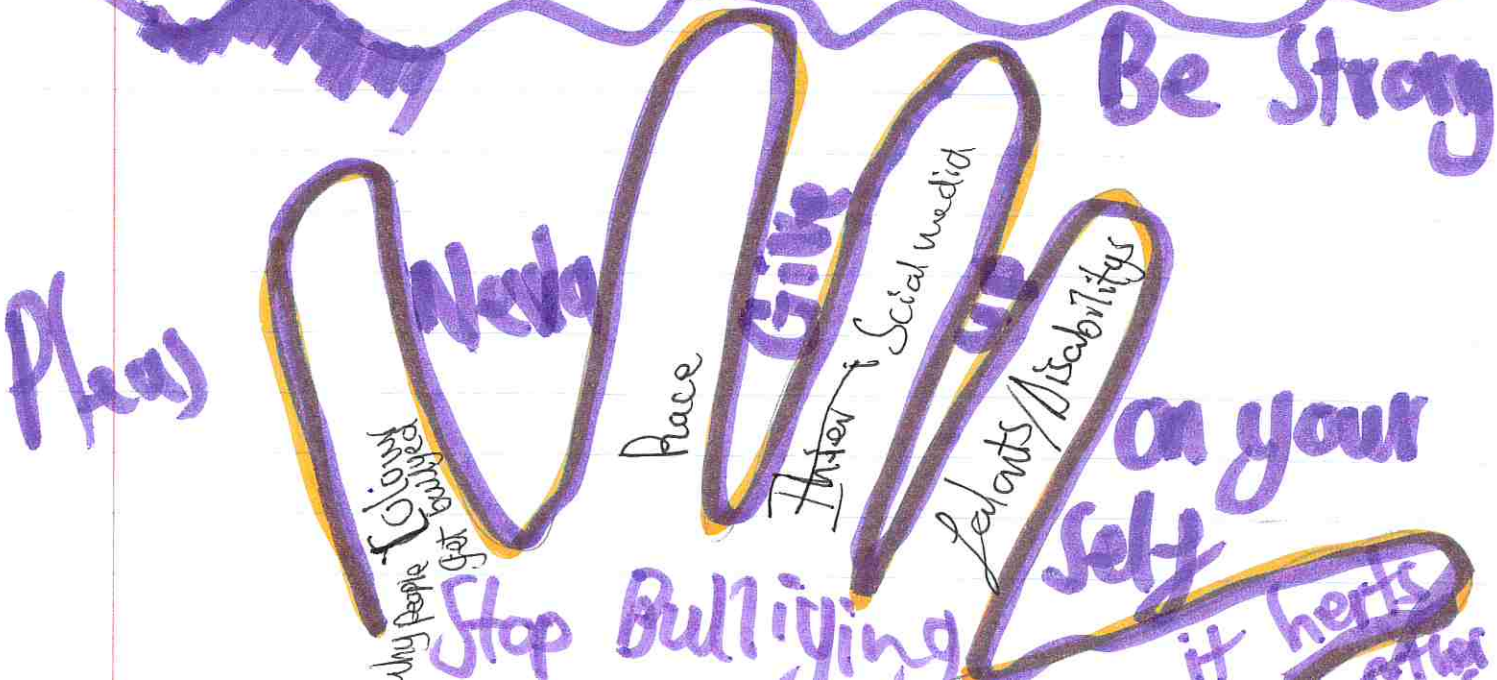
I Know myself The Best

Annigah
7C
7XEN1
MisschoudhernyMissKhera

Year 8 7B

Truth about youth.

Today many people are effected by the internet negatively examples are ~~tiktoc~~ instagram, roblox, ~~yotu~~ youtube, Chat Gpt and other ai forums effect people as it limits thier imagination as they rely on artificial intelligent so much People get ~~eye~~ eye probles and they use thier divices all day with out brake. Most people ~~don't~~ zatet about what they need to be doing as they are hooked ~~onto~~ up on videos, Games and Creating ~~Content~~ over the head stunts to impres others. examples trying to shop lift at Stores, trying to rob a bank. ~~Most people don't cesare about how thiere parents are to~~ people have rights over Wesh stuy like Contraband, and Chips. ~~Many people in the usa~~ about 50% of the population in the usa are obise as they eat Junck food, ~~drug~~ and have an unhelthy lifestile. most die at the age of about 40-50 as thier ~~lefte~~ unhelthy liye Style makes thier body weaker aftere Years of neclect. Now adays many people smoke especialy young ones. 11-16 years, many of them do this to impres people and to avoid bullying. this leads to harmful chemicals and oils entering your body this can cause, lung issues, Gum issues Yelow teath and bad breath. Bullying Bullying is a teribla thing to experience as it Causes depreshion, anzoyity, emotional distres and Can lead to people caniting suicide. If you are being bullyed tell an elderly person or Some one you trust like parents, teachers and other el peopl. Never sieyes silent ~~tel~~ speak up.



Name: Navya S
Form: 7D
English group: 7y/En3

You write about us
like we are a problem.
"Teen crisis."
"Too much screen time."
"Lost generation."

But you never ask
what we are going through.

You measure us in numbers,
in grades,
in behaviour points,
like we are just scores on a page.

You say we're too sensitive—
But we live in a world full of challenges.
You say we're dramatic—
But we see more than you might think.
You say we're distracted—
But this is the world we are given.

You tell us to be patient.
To wait our turn.
To respect the rules
when the rules don't feel fair.

You tell us to speak up—
but not too loudly.
To dream big—
but not too differently.
To lead—
but only later.

Still—
we create from our bedrooms.
We raise awareness before we can drive.
We learn fast, care deeply,
and fight for futures
we will actually live in.

We are not lazy.
We are just trying to be someone/something we want to be.

Not spoiled.
Just aware.

Not lost.
but figuring out a world
that changes every second.

We are not your headline.
We are not your problem.

We are the generation
learning how to stand strong
even when things are unfair.

And we are ready
to be heard.

8D The thoughts of a child.

"It's all because of that damn phone!"
"You're never independant and can't do things on your own"
"You're always isolated and depressed"
But have you ever stopped and asked yourself, "why is my child stressed?"
"You need to step out and socialise"
How do I make friends when I can't tell the truth apart from lies?
Maybe one day the past will whisper a secret untold,
And you'll understand exactly why I'm never bold.
"You're always doing something useless, be helpful and do some chores."
Well have you ever stopped and thought how what I do can open many doors?
Why's it always "my child is an engineer, my child is a doctor."
But never "My child is happy and works in their dream sector?"
The world shrinks to the size of my cold, dark room,
It's hard to walk in public when all people do is gossip and assume.
Maybe one day I'll truly be free,
For now you'll be the death of me.
I can feel their eyes crawling on my skin, staring and judging,
But I'll lower my head and continue praying that the bad thoughts are budging.

Truth about youth Entry 1. Circumstances by Ellen.

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH

THE PHONE

They see a screen and call us "Zombies." They think we're ignoring the real world. But my phone is where my friends are. They see a distraction; I see my whole life.

THE HOODIE

Adults see a hoodie and think "trouble!" They cross ~~think~~ the street or stare at us in the shop. We're just hanging out because there's nowhere else to go. It's annoying being judged for just existing.

THE STRESS

They call us "Snowflakes" Because we talk about our feelings. They say school was harder in the "old days." But they didn't have social media watching them 24/7. The pressure to be perfect is everywhere now.

You taught me how to listen to footsteps
instead of bedtime stories
and to tell what mood the house was in
by the way a door is closed

you told me that love comes with conditions
fine print,
and a raised voice that I would shrink myself to fit

your good days I learned how to apologise
before I understood what I did wrong
I learned that crying was too "sensitive"
that asking questions was "talking back"
and that needing comfort was being dramatic,
so I grew up early
I folded my feelings like laundry.
Nobody wanted to see.
And stacked them high in the back of my chest.

and now if someone loves me gently.
I don't know where to put it.
I wait for the door to slam
for your kindness to expire
because you taught me love is something you survive
not to keep you safe

Suraya H

8G

jenny
9>2

R.

9A

Womens rights

"She should be in the kitchen."

Until she has to work.

Back from 9-5 just to baby sit.

There's no stop

There's no end.

She should support, care, cook + clean.

& he just needs to provide.

He wakes to be served tea by the 'maid'

She was awake all night calming the child.

Just to get in the kitchen

support, care, cook + clean.

No time for a career

+ NO ONE supports her.

"it's what she's made to do"

5 years later shes moved from 'that' house

Quit her job + stressed out.

Her daughters growing

& she's raising her on herown.

But it feels like she's raising to ~~~~.2.

A man telling her what she 'can' & 'cant' do.

10 years down the line & her daughter's grown.

Now there's 3 more kids.

The eldest nurtures the siblings like her own kids.

Mom prays to God

"let her be better than me"

"I DONT want a man to tell her what to do."

Now the Daughter.
grown + mature.
Now she rebels against culture
Not getting married.
Not having kids
Yet still being feminine
+ successful in her own way.

Sehajbir S. 9B Miss Nawaz

Walking -

Eyes burning holes in me
emptiness surrounding me
shadows sitting next to me
No faces laughing with me
only laughing at me
I am still walking

pressure takes control of me
Gripping me with it's hand
NO crevices left to escape from
Im stuck, endlessly trapped
And it punches me again and again, until no more of me is left.
But it's okay, I am still walking.

Thousands of pen strokes a day.
My hand not letting go of my neverstopping pen
Putting effort in for a change
But all my work is ignored, only the grade taken to account
No, I am still walking.

I finally get out of this cage and get home
But nothing gets better.
My parents still fight and scream
I let my music drown their words out, tears running down my eyes.
Im still trying, I am walking.

It's getting too difficult
I try to commit
But I never do it
Death scares me
I am still walking.

SPARKS WITHIN US

Conflicting angles colliding reluctantly
Searing through the minds
Injecting into the hearts deductively
Drilling into their carefully drawn out lines

Authentic and genuine , they believe
With eyes clear and souls set
Vulnerable and raw, they are deceived
With eyes blurred but crushed not yet

Heavy with hopes and hazy with dreams
They march out intending to plant their seeds
But laughter dissolves and reality kicks in
Will they really be able to grow this and win?

Their eyes sink obstructively with dread
As they are blinded with the grey
Unable to bear those clouds that are filling their heads
Unable to block out those lies they are being fed prey

Buzzing with new ideas and fantasies
Instead told to follow their same legacies
Clinging to hope and their precious bright dreams
They are scolded and forced to dull those gleams

Enter the barrier they hold around their heads1
Let them be reminded of the ending they'll all get
Whether they have the heart and are willing to be dead
Or whether they're already in the same relic and have no heart to frett

The fire inside extinguished
But hiding away is an unnoticed spark
A spark that will eventually be distinguished
A spark that will leave an incredible mark

Anisa I[redacted]
9G
9z/En1 Miss Thornton

Truth About Youth – 2026 Submission

Arina S – 10z1 (Miss Thornton)

To love like a hound

A daughter wears her mother's last name like a dog wears its collar
The litter she is from seared deep like a testimony
One where reverence and fear are two faces of the same bruised coin
Hardly any warmth left lingering on that tongue of hers,
It seeps in cruelly as she commands her to fetch once more
She would crave her affection and arrive at every call
Wear her loyalty on her neck
Until it was hardly different from piety
And gentle whispers became akin to an answered prayer
But she's still that stray mutt with unkempt fur
Baring her teeth, biting without purpose
Every drag of teeth across flesh, only to sink deep into skin
Her bites became her own type of leash
Sharp in its nature, but just how else would she stay?
It's not as if she was intending to keep her around

Pests

Rats are the ambassadors of filth
That fact is older than ancient myths
They've been waging war against health with every breath
Ever since the days of the Black Death
They thrive in dirt like enemies of bliss
Spreading ailment in their little mischiefs
This knowledge is as common as the air we breathe
But there may be more than what people see
The rattus norvegicus is a survivor
And their pack mentality is their main driver
Their communication skills are literally beyond human comprehension
But they're unfortunately defined by societal connotation
They're insanely adaptive and exceptionally intelligent
But the negligence of man makes that fact irrelevant
Opinions unchanged, history is set
So they're nothing more than a bunch of pests

Cockroaches are stains on the Earth
Their eternal existence is everyone else's curse
They can survive in any condition
Mother Nature's malefiction
Roaming around without much worth
In reality, this isn't quite true
They share common human views
They operate in unity
They function in communities
Yet they're stripped of credit that's clearly due
Young roaches are taught safety
They co-operate happily
They work together as one
Until their job is done
They are a mischievous family
But we continue to infect
The societal percepts
Of these wonderful creatures
With immaculate features
They're nothing more than a bunch of pests

Crows symbolise chaos and death
Soaring through the skies as bad omens
To strike fear they go to great lengths
Murders fly by when Pandora's box opens
You don't need to think this through
They cannot compared to the disciplined and wise raven
But these ebony avians have feelings too

They remember threatening faces
And make sure to warn their crew
They hold grudges for ages
They're can be social; joy is their guest
They're open books and they're writing new pages
But they're always going to be oppressed
By society's constant myopia
They're nothing more than a bunch of pests

The Cetacea are a beauty genus
The dolphin is an elegant animal
Gloriously galloping across the seas
A staple of aquatic mammals
They're the second most intelligent creatures
Rivaling the human race
They're a symbol of harmony and wisdom
They're an icon of grace
However dolphins are also overly predatory
They ruthlessly hunt fellow marine life
They excessively malicious towards other species
And they fulfil their desires with infanticide
The ocean fears their savage nature
But their luxurious appearances leave humans impressed
They turn a blind eye to the sexual aggression
Such a beautiful thing could never be a pest

People are quick to judge based on what they see
Opinion often trump the truth
And tale of ducks and swans cannot guarantee
That people will find it any more difficult to assume
People say they oppose ignorance
But that idea isn't always real
People often show indifference
If there is a lack of visual appeal
Something can be really intuitive
A whole world of potential could await
Something could be insanely unitive
But whatever we deny or embrace
If it doesn't have the appearance to impress
It will always be nothing more than a pest

Gursimar K
Y10
10F

Spring

After a long month of winter
Spring quietly, calmly starts to appear
With a fresh start, the sun starts to shine again in the sky
A warm, gentle day begins, with winter fading.

Blossom trees begins to bloom again
Adding soft peach tones to the fields and the parks
Pink petals float slowly through the air, filling it
with delicate, soft and sweet feeling, as it
wants to show the beauty of the spring.

Green leaves return to the quit trees
Brightening branches that were ones cold and dark.
Golden light flutters on the fresh leaves, filling
the world with life and colour.

Birds sing proudly in the morning, like a musicians
having their best time without getting disturbed by anyone.
Bees buzz from flower to flower, like tiny ballet dancer
as if the whole garden is a part of a tiny happy
festival, with colors twirling everywhere and the sunlight
playing hide-and-seak through the leaves.

And as the day comes to an end, the world
feel calm and alive, with soft sunlight and the gentle
smell of flowers in the air, reminding us that spring
is here and promising us that it will always come
and lightneing up the world and fading away
the darkness.

∞ Soul Ties ∞

Some people stay
even when they leave

Not in your house
nor in your arms
but in your heart
quietly, softly

A feeling that won't fade
even if it should

Hearing their names
reaching for them
but you shouldn't

It's strong
but invadable

A small part of you
will always remember
how it felt
to be near
to be close

11H
Aixa B[redacted]

Tanvi F 11A

Sat in the hall,
The view a mirror,
Clinical and harsh,
My eyes see clearer,

I see it's everlasting,
The divide clear,
The split between the affluent and not,
It prevails especially in here,

I see this boy - his hair unkept,
A tangled, suffering mess,
I see he is malnourished,
A stack of bones and flesh,

Hardened, labored, cracked,
I see he hides his wasted palms,
I see the pencil he grasps,
Is equally as harmed

Next to him this flawless form
~~Prettified and~~ Poised - her polished fingertips
Hold her pen warm
As her hand writes her success

This boy like most others,
Is armed with deprivation,
The girl however,
Upholds her reputation,

The same paper they sit,
The exact same course,
The roles change for the girl when failing,
The boy is ruined with a mere pause.

HOW could he ever compete?

18/02/26

Nana 11f

K. Dawn of Confusion.

In an evolving world of minds,
where man strives for perfection.
A brilliant mind thinks of simplicity -
And in the dawn of knowledge is born man's greatest tool.
A gift to shine, a crutch to lean, and a silent guide.
With a potential to create,
To think, to make, and enlighten the lost.

It screams perfection, guidance and ease.
Difficulty seems distant,
Almost forgotten.
Some say, it sharpens minds, grow mind
And absolutely erases struggle.
It unfolds what text books cant explain,
What the greatest minds cant comprehend.
It completes with ease and such graceful perfection.

On the hushed side, it whispers something something else,
And others warn of its grimness,
Skills slowly diminishing,
Victories won without bloody sacrifice.
And answers popping without thought.
Where did our efforts go?
The depth and meaning of work?
And the true happiness of accomplishment?

What did we really make for ourselves?
Not a foe, nor a saviour, - dark or bright,
But a force that prompts you to ease,
Bends your sickle to a spoon,

Navroop K
12B

Time is a flowing river; it is sometimes slow and at ease, carrying our sailboats along. But clouds creep up, disrupt the flow and suddenly time becomes a rushing medium, wild and unpredictable.
We have no control over this unpredictable stranger and so we remain loitering in its hands.

As the youth, we are told to enjoy and cherish time before it clashes with the responsibilities of life.
We are told to bloom flowers with our creativity, yet it is stolen from us through artificial intelligence. The ideas, which once belonged uniquely to mankind, are now encoded into machines. Is it to save time, or to overshadow our artists, our writers and dreamers? Life is much easier because of all the ever expanding technology, yet competitions raise pressures in the young minds.

Our wandering eyes search for the path to success, but we force them shut in fear of failure and risks- in fear of comparisons.
We dream of exciting adventures and rollercoaster rides yet the media echoes the dangers surrounding us, dimming our naive and brittle courage.

However we, as the youth, may be young and challenged but our demeanour for freedom and justice shoots above the clouds and the many hues of the sky. Like stars, we connect- and like a roaring pack, our voices raise more than awareness.

We spark change.

Sanjeet K
12 B

Courage, determination, power behind a young innocent girl.

Struggle is real, but peace begins with a smile,
Determination comes from every faith in mind.
Power is real use it or deny,
Innocent girl fought for her life.

Every second felt like last,
Knowing that it would never last.
Seeing yourself in the mirror,
Would make her see the past.

"You're not enough, you're hard to love,"
no voice below, no voice above.
She held those words deep in her chest,
they stole her sleep, they gave no rest.

But something in her would never die,
a quiet strength she kept inside.
With shaking hands and heavy eyes,
she chose to stand, she chose to rise.

With courage strong and mind so set,
she ~~chose~~ faced a world that showed regret.
No favor was given, none was shown,
so she became her own alone.

The pain stayed close, it never left,
it carved her soul, it took its depth.
But now she walks, no longer small,
she does not beg for love at all.

The innocent girl is gone somehow
a stronger soul is living now

Hisaom M 12A

What If

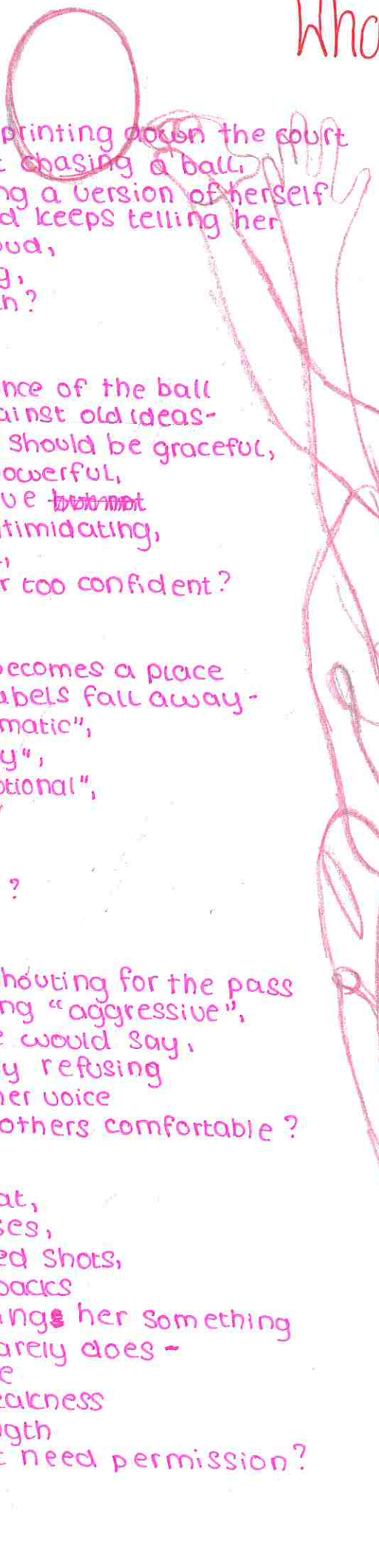
What if
the girl sprinting down the court
isn't just chasing a ball,
but chasing a version of herself
the world keeps telling her
is too loud,
too strong,
too much?

What if
every bounce of the ball
echoes against old ideas-
that girls should be graceful,
but not powerful,
competitive ~~but not~~
but not intimidating,
confident,
but never too confident?

What if
the court becomes a place
where labels fall away-
not "dramatic",
not "bossy",
not "emotional",
just
fast,
focused,
fearless?

What if
the girl shouting for the pass
isn't being "aggressive",
like some would say,
but simply refusing
to shrink her voice
to make others comfortable?

What if
the sweat,
the bruises,
the missed shots,
the comebacks
are teaching her something
society rarely does-
that failure
is not weakness
and strength
does not need permission?



What if
the team huddled together,
laughing after the whistle,
is more than a team-
but proof
that girls can build spaces
where they lift each other
instead of competing
for approval?

~~What if~~ And what if
the girls people underestimate today-
the ones called "too competitive",
"too confident",
"too serious about sport"-
are the same girls
who will grow into women
who refuse
to sit quietly
on the sidelines
of anything?

So what if
the game is just a game?

Or maybe
it's something bigger.

Maybe
it's a place
where girls learn
they were never meant
to play small.

Never got to be

I mourn the little girl I never got to be

I think about her quite often

Maybe she would have liked soft colours and pretty pinks

Or maybe she would have liked playing dress up and swing sets

Maybe she would have been loud, loud the way children are allowed to be

The laughter that fills a room, without being told to lower her voice

Maybe she would have cried over scrape knees instead of learning how to swallow her tears before they got the chance to roll down her cheeks

I wonder what it would have been like to be a careless child

To belive the world was safe

To believe that adults were supposed to protect you instead of hurting you, disappointing you, or disappearing when you need them the most.

I became aware too early

I learnt being the oldest daughter meant being the second parent

The emotional supporter, the mediator

The child that is "to mature for her age"

Sometimes I picture her

The version of me that stayed soft

She didn't know how to hold other people's pain

She didn't know how to carry a household on her back

She doesn't know fear the way I do

And thts the part tht hurst the most

Not what happened to me

But what never got to happen for her

Sometimes i feel like im griving someone who never existed

And somehow that grief is heavier than morning someone who did

WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF INBETWEEN

They look at us and softly sigh,

"why do these young ones question why?"

Why chase new roads we've never known,

When safer paths were always shown?"

" Their voices hold a distant land,

A suitcase gripped in a trembling hand

A life rebuilt through sleepless nights

Through factory shifts and endless fights."

" they crossed the seas with the hearts of flame,

Yet strangers still misread their name.

They swallowed pride, endured the cold

And carried dreams too big to hold"

" so now they look at us and say,

Be strong, dont let our hopes decay.

Be doctors, lawyers, reach the sky

Make every sacrifice worth the try"

“we see and hear them

All we ask is to be seen before we’re measured

Seen before we’re piled with burdens.

Is this really too much to ask for.”

“ we are children of in- between

Of cultures mixed and rarely seen.

One foot in stories they always knew,

Other foot in worlds that feel brand new.”

“they fear we’re drifting away

That we forget where our roots once lay.

We fear they’ll never truly see

The weight of who we are asked to be.”

“ yet in their eyes there’s quiet grace

A history time cannot erase

Each expectation, high and wide

Is love they never learned to hide.”

All of this is true, yet we are them!

We understand them!

So, when they ask us to aim so high, it isn't pressure – it's their reply to the doors once closed to them

"go further than we ever could."

Ranjit S

13C

Kingbella K 13C

We Are Not What They Call Us

The fortunate generation, they call us.
The privileged generation, given everything.
We are assumed to be living the best life because we are not living the same life as our mothers, who were married off at a tender age.
We are assumed to be living the best life because we are not living the same life as our fathers, who had to abandon their education to cater for their families.
But we all forget that it is not our fault that the world is damaged enough to be sending off a nine-year-old child to marriage, just because she is "of age", just because she has begun to grow.

When will the world be awakened?

We were brought into this world at different generations, different eras, but the pain and the damages of the world are sustained
Even though we were brought into this world at different generations, different eras, we all bear marks and scars that only our eyes can see.
How dare you say we are the privileged generation when you are the cause of our pain.
Yes, you struggled, but that does not mean that whoever that did not experience your pain is living the best life.

We are taught to be silent because we are supposedly the fortunate generation.
We are obliged to have "thank you" in all our speech, even when we are wronged
Because, after all, we are a "privileged generation"
Because after all, we are young, senseless and have "no experience in life"
Because after all, we do not have emotions that should be considered.

Your thank yous are the food for the perpetrators.
You feed them until they dominate you.
You freeze your heart to melt others', why?
When will you put yourself first?
When will you be allowed to put yourself first?
Now you and silence are one flesh.

Yes, we are the privileged generation where a sixteen-year-old is supposed to figure out their life .
Yes, we are the privileged generation where a sixteen-year-old is supposed to be on top of their class or else they are not "good enough"
What is "good enough"?
What is good enough when we are told we can never be "enough"?

You are not taught how to embrace your natural beauty
So you use technology to accept yourself

You put on filter, you succumb to modern technology of our "privileged generation"
Now your voice is filtered,
In fact your voice is censored.
You failed to recognise that society and technology are one flesh.
Now you are an outsider in your own fortunate generation

We are told to smile, laugh and move on,
as if you have not attempted that every night you stay in the dark and drown in sorrow

Oh please! Don't laugh, no, don't bother, your laugh is now contaminated with sadness
Oh please! Don't laugh, no, don't lie like everything is perfect, now your laugh is as dark as charcoal.
Oh please! Don't smile, oh, don't hide your sorrow
You have become as plain as snow; you are now an open book, yet people choose to close it, because it is easier to ignore.

I see your silent delight when you are asked, "How are you today?"
Then I see your silent cry when they leave before you can even lie with a word, "fine"
What is fine? When was the last time you felt that word?
Just like that, you can see the back of your own friend, your own colleague, your own generation. Yes they turned their back on you. Who doesn't?
You smile, laugh and move on as you are told.

It is a cycle!

Don't beg to differ.

Don't smile before it is too late. Stop smiling before your smile is buried.
"Why didn't they say something?"
Maybe because they didn't know they were allowed to
"Why didn't they shout?"
Maybe their heads were underwater.

You are silent.
You are called silence.
You are silenced.

Don't laugh,scream !
Don't smile, shout !
Don't be the perfect doll if that is what it takes for the world to be awakened from its assumptions.

No! We are not what they call us.
The fortunate generation, they call us; as if we are not the living dead.