



# Year 3

George

Mateo

Delilah

## Colours

The sky is blue and water is  
too!

Bubble gum is pink like a  
strawberry drink.

Red is the colour of pages  
and pages after a disaster,  
The only colour named after  
a fruit is a ripe orange.

Grass is green like the juicy  
apples growing on trees.

By George  
Kean

## Colours

**What is green?**

**River is green shining  
brightly in the beautiful  
orange sun.**

**What is red? roses are red**

**and the petals feeling  
lonely in the forest rain**

**what is orange? Mango  
is orange sunbathing in the  
boiling hot sun.**

**What is blue? The sky is blue**

**staring at the tiny people  
down below.**

**By Mateo  
McCormack**

## Colours

**Blue, the sky is blue  
with white soft snow  
falling down slowly  
and hail white hail  
and it is very hard.**

**Green, the grass is green  
with green flowers  
coming through and sun.  
The big yellow sun  
shines lots of light on  
the green grass and green  
flowers.**

**Red the roses are red  
and pink too, but they're  
not just any pink and  
red roses, they are the  
most beautiful red and  
pink roses in town!**

**By Delilah  
Murtough**

# Year 4

Xanthe

Emilia

Fletcher

## Rose

Rose, Rose has gold hair,  
Waving about everywhere.  
Dark brown eyes and bronze skin  
Rose, Rose will always win.

Striding swiftly down the path,  
While her brother lays in a hot warm bath  
Rose, Rose eating colourful candy  
Going somewhere nice and sandy.

Rose, Rose so beautiful and fine  
Her friends are balls of sunshine.  
Rose is a racing tiger.  
Rose is as awesome and incredible as a liger.

By Xanthe  
Kean

## Ella

Ella, Ella blonde hair and a sunny smile.  
You will see her shine from a mile.  
She's funny and smiley  
She will help you it's very likely.

She's cooking a treat  
For people to eat  
She wears her apron and dress  
What is she cooking? Can you guess?

Ella's smile is a gleaming sun  
When she pulls out of the oven gingerbread men and a bun.  
The smell is a bouquet of flowers  
She was making them all for hours and hours.

Suddenly four pairs of eyes blink  
While Ella is there having a drink  
Then one says "Quickly run away"  
"Don't worry, she won't eat us today"

She turns around and they are all gone  
Oh no, now there are none.  
She rapidly runs but they rush into a tree  
Ella turns ....and leaves them to be free.

By Emilia  
McCormack



**My little brother**

**Stanley**

**Stanley is a trainer**

**lover**

**Stanley is a top secret**

**spy**

**Stanley is a TV machine**

**Stanley is a sweet lover**

**Stanley is a hot dog**

**lover**

**Stanley is an eating**

**machine**

**By Fletcher  
Murtough**

# Year 5

**Dulsie**

**Jacob**

**Max**

**Special mention: Cleo**

## **Save Our Planet**

**Littering**

**and polluting this beautiful world  
that makes it musty and dusty**

**Why do we do it?**

**Can't we stop?**

**We have to save our wonderful planet.**

**Come on!**

**Be kind and helpful to this wonderful planet.**

**Help our planet**

**not kill it.**

**Save the wildlife and everything in it.**

**You and me, ordinary people.**

**Work together.**

**We can make a change.**

**Stop littering.**

**Stop being mean.**

**Stop polluting this wonderful planet.**

**Don't steal palm oil from the rainforest.**

**We can do better than this.**

**We have to save our wonderful planet.**

**Come on!**

**Be kind and helpful to this wonderful planet.**

**By Dulsie  
Kean**

**The Wacky Wacky World of  
Wordo**

**In the Wacky World of Wordo  
When you jump you fall down  
When you try to fall down you  
float out of the atmosphere.  
You can see through bricks but  
not windows,  
You draw with rubbers and rub  
out with pencils  
You draw on chairs and sit on  
tables.  
Fire is blue but the sea is red  
Oh the Wacky World of Wordo.**

**Dolphins fly and birds swim,  
You burn in water and swim in  
fire.  
You climb shrubs and walk  
through trees.  
Happy is sad, sad is happy  
Hot is cold, cold is hot  
Night is day, day is night.  
Oh the Wacky Wacky World of  
Wordo.**

**By Jacob  
McCormack**

## New Planet

When I dream I think of a  
new planet with  
houses and roads.  
You can hear the wind  
whistling in your ears.  
With beautiful singing  
birds and animals, and  
you can see lovely  
mountains on the horizon.  
With no people on there at  
all.

There is no horrible  
pollution or nasty litter.  
That planet has perfect  
weather, hot summers and  
rainy autumns and snowy  
winters  
and the planet is perfect.

By Max  
Murtough

# Year 6

**Millie**

**Edie**

**Toby**

**Special mention: Joel, Molly,  
Huw**

## Japan - Beyond What You See

Streets, flooded with people,  
Each one with their own unique story.  
All the colours, oh the colours,  
Each shade perfectly placed.  
Turn the corner,  
A whole other world, a place where everyone's safe  
An anime fantasy,  
A cartoon vision, a world where all problems are solved  
In the darkness, oh the darkness  
All the lights glowing bright as ever  
Japan, a place where everyone's free  
To write their own unique story.

Restaurants, filled with flavours,  
The lights a fire that never runs out.  
The smell of raw fish,  
Suddenly scrumptious.  
The taste even more tantalising.  
Each dish simple,  
Yet plated with care,  
To create a complex mix.  
Different flavours on every plate,  
Two separate tables, two separate worlds.  
Japan, a place where everyone's free  
To make a dish with *their* flavours.

Fashion, from dull to as bright as the sun.  
Colours placed together that you would never imagine,  
But somehow, it feels so right.  
Layer upon layer,  
Jacket over jumper,  
Yet somehow it still looks divine.  
A pop of colour, there to shock you,  
And blow you away with the wind.  
Either simple, or completely complex,  
Either sweet, or completely gothic.  
Japan, a place where everyone's free,  
To write their own unique story.

By Millie  
Kean

## HUT

A hut, a mud hut , a celtic old ancient hut.

A hut, one with a big blue bamboo roof , a sky blue kind of blue, put together with entwined bronze wire .

A hut, one with vines crawling up its mud brown cracking walls, bright green vines with bright red flowers like little buds of joy.

A hut, one with thousands of butterflies resting on bright red flowers on bright green vines , beating their wings making the hut breathe and at its core its heart thump with a soothing rhythm.

A hut, a mud hut, a celtic old ancient hut.

A hut, one with a background of tall old oak trees with vines creeping up it forming a forest.

A hut, one with a background of a forest and beyond that if you peer through the trees you will find a sea of waving tall grass , light green grass.

A hut, one with a bright blue sky , the colour of hope , a sky littered with rainbow birds , the colour of happiness, screeching and playing , being free .

A hut, a mud hut a celtic old ancient hut.

A beautiful vision.

By Edith  
McCormack



## Home

Ancient, black, wooden beams, the supports,  
Roses and honeysuckle climbing up the whitewashed walls,  
A large rock outcrop covering the Tudor window in shade.

The tame ducks bobbing on the babbling stream,  
Dormant stones and pondweed sleepwalking around in the  
current and flow,  
Clear wavelets of water lapping against the grey, stone patio,  
cold and determined.

A whirl of colour,  
A hidden museum of rare orchids and tulips,  
A home and cafe for the birds and beasts.

The antecedent of everything,  
An opposite of a prison,  
Not just a lifeless pile of masonry and loud silence.

By Toby  
Murtough

# Year 7

**Bea**

**Theodore**

**Leonor**

**Special mention: Matilda**

The Future of a tree

Waiting.

Waiting for the giant ants riding greasy monsters,

Waiting for the withering of my friends.

Falling, falling, falling,

Piercing screams that make my heart stop,

But not the giant ants.

Animals that live here scatter away.

What do they need?

Why do they need?

All we need is soil and water.

One by one we're chopped away.

But one day I know,

The animals will come back.

No more worrying,

Withering,

Waiting.

Trees are coming back.

And we'll take back what's ours.

By Bea

Kean

## **My vision of the future (life on mars)**

**This is a vision of a life on mars  
Where everything has changed**

**There is hard rock  
As hard as a brick**

**The ground is red  
As red as blood**

**There are tall buildings  
They are as tall as the sun in the sky**

**It is always night time  
It is as dark as a endless hole**

**There are two moons  
Like two eyes on a face**

**There is dust  
As much as a sandstorm**

**This is a vision of a life on mars  
Where everything has changed.**

**By Theodore  
McCormack**

Vision of the sky

The golden sun rises, reflecting  
on the water making it  
glisten.  
through the misty clouds until it met  
the moon.

The white lady rises above the mist,  
it shines across the river making it  
silvery white  
back it goes through the mist to meet  
The lion

The fire fuses with the cooling ice,  
as they float through  
space  
So they disappear over the horizon in a blaze of  
mist

By Leonor  
Murtough

# Year 8

**Louis**

**Jamie**

**Barnaby**

**Special mention: Phoebe**

**Who am I?**

**I've been given the name warrior  
and fame,**

**I think I am brutal, brave and  
strong,**

**I imagine I run a rampage as fast as  
a cheetah, as strong as A Rhino, as  
slippery as an eel,**

**I wonder if everyone knows my  
name,**

**I am the name of royalty and the  
appearance of war,**

**I've been kings that lead in battle  
and warriors who fight in Battle,**

**I look big and muscular but feel  
small and weak.**

**I am Louis.**

**Louis  
Kean**

## Etymology

The title given to me is engineer.  
I normally imagine myself as a artist,  
The workshop as my canvas.  
Where my imagination is the limit  
With robot owls soaring above me  
and smoke billowing from the forge.  
I am working on the ultimate creation  
With blueprints as ideas and tools as  
paintbrushes,  
I lock myself in my imaginary workshop and  
let ideas flow  
Like water from the floodgate of the real  
world to imagination.  
If my ideas fail I don't give up, because i'm  
an engineer  
I am a planned building  
I am a delicate machine  
Maybe I am already a machine creator.

By Jamie  
McCormack



## Who Am I?

I am the son of consolation, a warm blanket of  
comfort and compassion.

Time giver, generous, honest.

The son of loan, handing time to those who need  
it.

I wonder about the harshness of crime and justice,  
swirling around my head like a biting, stormy  
wind.

Reading, enduring, imploring.

Confused by sin due to holiness.

Interested in joy not conflict.

I am like a bridge over troubled water.

I nurture and protect.

Son of greatness.

By Barnarby  
Murtough

# Results



**Please see the video to hear from  
the Judge himself  
Mr Allen**



And the winner is....

**Murtough**

