



Barrow Hills

SCHOOL

House Poetry Competition

2024

Year 3

Vidur

Grace

Charlie

As I walk through the rainforest
I see poisonous frogs hopping funnily about
Jaguars prowling stealthy around the forest
Eagles soaring proudly in the air.
Sloths lazily eating tropical fruits.
Noisy monkeys barking angrily.
A menacing tiger fiercely pounces on me.
I scream for help but nobody hears.
Luckily I escape into a river but it is filled with
piranhas with sharp pointed teeth
I swim as fast as I can when I escape I find myself in a
desert I run really fast all the way home and apparently
I have been away for one hundred years!

I feel tired and exhausted

Noises I hear: engine roaring

The people in the street

Here in the car I press my nose on to the window

Excellent song on the radio

Car crash making traffic

And I see the beautiful school

Running late we eventually arrive at

BARROW HILLS

To school.

Oh I see the buildings go by and magpies glide by.

School buildings are big and small and huge and tiny!

Clouds swiftly go by, and trees do too.

How does Eddie manage to annoy me every time it is driving me mad!

Oh I can not take it any longer!

Oh would you just stop!

Looks like we're finally here, at school

Year 4

Josh

Mathilda

Millie

When I set in the West,
I rise in the East
Over mountains, oceans, farms and
cities I go.

No one knows how I was born,
even I don't know that.
I look down on you all year round,
Just to give you light

I never stop,
I hope I never leave
Your solar system.

I never sleep but the moon reflects my light,
It's very hard to keep track of how old I am.
Endlessly you go round me.

It's peaceful in some places and busy in
others,

I am very busy making light,
It's endless rays of sun for me,
I am sorry if you get a sunburn.
Sometimes I try too hard.

I was born in the clouds it's my
home I'm here to stay
It's quiet, how I like it. This is
where I lay.

I see birds migrating every year,
I see them fly incredibly near. My
life is all a breeze.

In the night I look up and wonder
just once more,
What It's like down there and how
much I will care.
For me It's a life that's free.

I can live here. It's the best no
vest.
It's too hot as I travel through the
world!
Thunder lightning it's so
frightening.

This is my home and I'm all alone.
Just me and the stars.
As I travel across the endless sky.

Little eggs

Will turn into frogs

Bit like jelly on the tops

In the middle little black things

They appear like minute dots

Little tadpoles

Will turn into frogs

But for now they're swimming around in my
pond

Small black dots with a tail too

I wonder where they will travel to?

Little froglets

Will soon be frogs

Have lost their tails grown some legs

Now their heads are turning green

No more tadpoles to be seen

Little frogs

Have gone so far

From eggs to tadpoles to froglets to frogs

Now they can have their own eggs

And start it all over again!

Year 5

Charlotte

Sam

Arran

On a misty night as I take flight on a ship
A ship in the night
Pirates and aliens, wolves and hounds over mounds
Over bridges over night over ridges
I fight battles and rattle tea from the mad hatters kettle
and sing tunes with the plate and the spoon
and jump over the moon
Ride dragons, fight monsters and wander around
The cave underground under mound
Where the creatures play on a roundabout
and I did all this by reading a magical marvellous Book
and that's all it took.

Quicker I waddle, quicker I scurry,
As fast as I can.

Here I am, all alone scrambling
over the rocks,

Trying to get to the water,
Overheating, stretching out.

Now I was there.

I had arrived at the water.

Here I am, swimming in the sea,
I hear a loud rumbling noise,
Advancing on me.

Curious I swam towards the noise,
Three shark fins whirling and
twirling,
Creating bubbles.

Closer I swam.

And then it all went black.

Here I am, lying in bed,
The memories of the dream,
Still fresh in my head.

It was still dark outside,
The sun was just dawning.

Here I am, driving to the beach,
The beach renowned for the birth of turtles,
Rocky though it is.

As I look out at the endless city,
I thought about my loving family,
I had to leave behind.
I would miss their welcoming smiles.
I hear the bells ringing,
Like the perfect pitch of an orchestra,
In the night breeze.
Goodbye beautiful city.

As I look out at the endless city,
I wonder about my new home.
Would it be big?
Would it be small?
Would my new family be nice?
Would they be mean?
I knew one thing,
I would miss the city.
Goodbye beautiful city.

As I look out at the endless city,
I say goodbye one last time.
Goodbye beautiful city.

Year 6

Bea

Arlo

Eddie

Highly Commended:
Hugo, Lexi, Michelle,
Hermione

The boat bounced on the stormy sea,
The waves crashed and the whales cried
And still the boat continued its journey on the stormy sea,
The rain poured, the wind blew
And even the gulls knew that the boat would never make it
across the stormy sea,
All there was for miles was the blue of the sea and the blue of
the sky,
Where the waves would take take the boat no one knew
But still the boat bounced about on the stormy sea.

The horns blare,the salty wind whips my hair.

The engine starts,the sails ripple.

The journey begins with not a single fiddle.

The harbour fades the noises disappear,

Like a plug plunged in your ear.

The sea beneath us glides behind

The water is immobile

The destination is still nowhere near.

The sea is rippling quicker

The rain is getting thicker.

The storm begins

The boat is being whipped around

It sways and shakes

It dips and quivers.

The wood cracks and leaks begin to spring

The water is ominous,unpredictable

The storm will not clear as far as they know

The motor will take them far

But not far enough

They think it is over

But they are mistaken

The storm is still harsh but it is getting clearer

And their destination is getting nearer.

The harbour is near

And the storm starts to disappear

They get the rope ready

The water gets shallower

They slow down the speed

They pull up against the harbour

The journey is over

They have done it

They step off the boat

And walk to dry land.

Past the hilltops,
On a rigid wooden track,
meadows and mountains,
All gone in a flash.

Under the bridge and over the Creek,
Passing the fields, all full of sheep.
Trees and bushes,
speeding past,
Like a sports car,
Faster than fast.

Year 7

Reuben

Josh

Delilah

Highly Commended:
Alfie, George, Charlie

Lush green meadows whizzing by,
While the golden sun shining through the windows,
Making a shadow of me on the old worn seats beside me,
The clap of the wheels churning,
While hurtling through the gloomy forest,
A slight glimpse of stags and foxes,
Faster than light,
The wind whistling through a crack in the aged window,
The smell of the fresh air travelling through the train,
As the train steams towards its destiny.

Quick as a flash,I fly
Branches poke at me like needles
Causing me to swoop,stoop,speed
I glance at the peaceful,pristine lake glimmering like a
rare ruby.

My beady eyes are on the look-out
Scanning for a tasty snack
Out of the corner of my eye,I spot
A single white egg standing as if it's alone.

As my dark talons lower,I snatch
The beautiful egg hiding deep in my threatening feathers
The warmth is like a hot-rod of metal,
Soothing me instantly

I dart speedily through the crooks and crannies,
Diving,descending,dropping
I gaze at the hole in the tree,longing to be back in my
home,
The bark looks as sharp as a razor
As I squeeze through,I feel overwhelmed
Now I'm home

The cold turned me to ice and I could barely move a muscle,
The wind viciously shook me from left to right.
I could turn to a stone statue
But I walked on.

The damp smell of the wood tickled the end of my nose hairs,
The pebbles on the path crunched below my feet.
I could see the trees reaching out to me,
But I walked on.

The path lingered in front of me like an endless deathtrap,
The sky slowly turned darker and darker
I could feel everyone watching,
But I walked on.

The wind brushed past me and whistled loudly into my ear,
The sickening howl of a wolf haunted me.
I could almost touch my fear,
But I walked on.

The moon loomed menacingly over my shivering body,
The horizon stood in front of me like a dead end.
I could taste the death around me,
But I walked on.

The piercing noises of the wood steadily crept closer and
closer to me,
The cold night had swallowed the last of my little courage.
The colours faded to black I could stand it no more,
I RAN!

Year 8

George

Emilia

Bo

Highly Commended
James, Hugo

The fields stretched on for miles around
Each like tiny oasis bursting with life
Each with their own precious crop,
The scent of sunflowers filled my lungs
As they stood there watching with their yellow faces,
thrushes and blackbirds sing their melodies
Like they're performing a miniature opera in their
hedgerow stages

I passed a woodland scene
With beautiful bluebells bursting with life from every
nook and cranny
And foxgloves standing like skyscrapers in a city of
moss and daisies
I had to move on

I made my way down past an oak
Acorns weighing down each branch
With toadstools nestling in crevices in the bark
Like seats for tiny fairies.

Deafening gushing,
Towering waterfalls,
Fast, frightening rapids.

The river rushes from its source.

Crumbling glaciers,
Swirling currents,
Through mountains and valleys.

Quiet gurgling,
Deep waters,
Safely, slowly flowing.

The river ambles through the
countryside.

Crumbling banks,
Gently currents,
Through towns and forests.

Serenely sighing,
Many miles wide,
Meandering, almost static.

The river shuffles to the open sea.

Deserted islands,
Twisting tributaries,
Towards the vast, murky ocean.

Great big banks of sand.
Powerful gusts of wind.
towering lumps of land
Nowhere to live.

Blue sky blanketed the darkness of the night,
As the path i was to be taking engulfed by fright,
The dryness of the land cut deep into my throat
Swallowing up whatever moisture was left in my
bones.

What am I doing? Why am I here?
I said to myself as I was covered with fear.
Step by step i crawled along the path trying to
figure out who i was,
Eventually the trail came to a halt,
My legs ground down to a grainy gold,
A blacked out shadow crept my way
Like a half dead rabbit sleeping awake.
I lay down silently sought to stop,
The journey had come to an end. For now.