

I AM THE SNOW

I am the snow
Falling quietly on the ground
Fluffy, white flakes settle down
On roofs, houses and chimney pots
Hedges and trees, sheds and gates
The air is filled with a dazzling mass,
Beautiful shapes like a lacy cloth
Never made exactly the same
I can be cotton wool or lambs' fleece,
Or just hard nothingness, bits of sky
Descending for the first
And last time.

Sarah Cox IP

I AM THE SNOW

I am the snow
Falling slowly, drifting, creeping;
Not yet an hour old.

Covering fields with a white blanket,
Giving mountains a new cap.

Here comes the wind blowing me into
Wild shapes and sizes,
Buffeting me into hedges, trees and windows.

All in the the cover of night.

Rosa-Kate Suffolk IP



Emma Judd, IV

HAIKU WRITTEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF WINTER

Lonely, quiet, pure
Snow softly falls on bare trees.
Footprints across the whiteness.

Saralouise Ashley IP

WINTER

Winter is full of dread, but happiness.
Its robe is made of snow and hail worth more than diamonds.
Night is its long black hair,
Terrible gales are its voice.
Even if it is terrible, winter provides its clothing for the poor,
bare trees.
Reigns in a throne of icicles.

Kaythi Yin IY

WINTER

Through the night I travel,
On my swift horse of white.
A deadly king riding,
Against my foe, I fight.
Where I touch with glassy finger
Leaves everything mirror-like.
Ices over ponds,
With freezing fronds.
Tentacles, reaching out,
To swallow the world!
The enemy approaches,
Leaving trails of flame,
Melting all my handiwork,
All I have done in vain!

Christianne Ellison IIO

SNOW

The day dawned, pure and fresh, the grey sky contrasting with the brightness of the perfect snow. It glittered like fairy dust as the sun dared to compete with the snow to see who could dazzle their spectators the most successfully. The undisturbed snow was like a newly-made bed, enveloping the land with its blankets and sheets, disguising the sights of the countryside.

Icicles hung from the snow-covered windowsills, like long, glistening fingers, reaching down towards the ground. Gate posts were encrusted with ice, and the trees bowed down low, heavily laden with their burdens of snow.

The ground, untouched by human foot, clearly defined the path of the sparrows to the windowsill, where they greedily devoured the breadcrumbs which had been left for the robin.

A small wisp of spiralling smoke was visible in the distance, as the tractor pushed the heavy snow plough to clear the lane in preparation for the gritting lorry. In just a short time, the picturesque winter scene was disfigured, as the large, man-made monsters forced their way through the snow, leaving a trail of salty slush.

Joanna Ball IIE

A CHRISTMAS WISH

When I stir the Christmas pud,
I wish, I wish, I wish, I could
See Santa and his reindeers fly,
As clearly as with an eagle's eye.

When I sleep on Christmas night,
I wish, I wish, I wish I might
See Santa on his sparkly sleigh,
Away to celebrate Christ's day.

When I wake before the dawn,
I wish, I wish, Christ had been born
In Brighton, so that I could see
The three kings low on bended knee.

When I wake for the second time,
I see the reindeers in a line,
I stay in bed as still as stone,
Glad, I am, to be alone.

Fiona MacGregor, The Junior School

WINTER EVENINGS

Winter: often the topic of conversation between two people. They discuss the cold, bitterness and the lack of comfort. When I hear the word 'Winter' my mind naturally drifts into thoughts of snow-covered hills with children laughing, sledging and building snowmen, but then I think of the evening, the warm, comfortable evening.

As I come in from the snow I shake my hands to warm them. It is only five o'clock and already dark. As I walk around the house drawing curtains I turn the heating up in each room. About to draw the sitting room curtains, I stop, look and I suddenly realise for the first time how grateful I am to be living in such a beautiful country.

I can see the silhouette of the woodlands and the snow-covered field ahead of me. The snow is no longer white but orange owing to the street lamps speading their light. The snow is not even but extremely churned up because, of course, the youngsters have been sledging.

Smoke is rising from the chimneys which are standing proudly on glittering, snow-covered roofs. From where I am standing, I am not able to hear or see any traffic, but instead hear the gentle yet insistent falling of snow against the windows and I can feel the stillness of the outer life

Eventually I draw the curtains and I put the kettle on. I run upstairs swiftly and grab a big woollen blanket from the airing cupboard. Along with this I pick up my favourite novel and go downstairs, prepare myself a steaming mug of hot chocolate and I go into the sitting room.

I light the real log fire and then put on some gentle classical music. I curl up on the sofa with the blanket covering my legs and feet (which are especially cold) and I open my book.

I always become involved in novels, but so much so in this one that when my gorgeous, black and white fluffy cat jumps onto my lap, it makes me jump. He walks round in a circle several times and then curls himself into a ball beside me.

I put my book down for a while to drink my hot chocolate. I place one hand around the handle and one completely encircling the mug. Steam rises and travels past my face. The smell is so delicious that I shut my eyes so that I can fully benefit from it. I drink the chocolate quickly and get back to my novel.

Soon, I finish this and as I lay it down upon the table, I see the reflection on the screen: A girl, curled up on the sofa covered in a big woolly blanket, with a gorgeous cat positioned in her lap, whose loud purring matches the tune of the softly playing background music; the fire, alight with flames roaring high, sending off sparks that crackle and hiss as they begin their ascent up the chimney. It really makes me wonder how it is humanly possible to detest winter when it is filled with beauty, comfort, internal warmth, and a feeling of security.

Angela Eleini IVU

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me a partridge in a pear tree.

That is very lovely.

On the second day of Christmas he gave me two turtle doves.

That is very romantic.

On the third day he gave me three French hens.

What a silly man.

On the fourth day he gave me four calling birds.

It's getting a bit crowded.

On the fifth day he gave me five gold rings.

Oh! How gorgeous.

On the sixth day he gave me six geese a-laying.

I'm not sure about this.

On the seventh day he gave me seven swans a-swimming.

My parents are getting worried.

On the eighth day he gave me eight maids a-milking.

This is ridiculous.

On the ninth day he gave me nine drummers drumming.

This is getting a bit noisy.

On the tenth day he gave me ten pipers piping.

This is impossible.

On the eleventh day he gave me eleven ladies dancing.

Now this has gone far enough.

On the twelfth day he gave me twelve lords a-leaping.

What a stupid man.

Maya Hatton, The Junior School

I AM THE SNOW

I am the snow,
Covering the hills, the fields, the trees,
Falling lightly on the towns below,
Changing each town to an isolated city.
I am untouched by human hands,
White as white, pure as pure, so cleansing, so flaky.
Sometimes my stillness is destroyed.
But I shall be back to cover the high hills, once again.
Zeina Harding-Roots IP

FATHER CHRISTMAS'S DIARY

January 22nd
Rudolph's nose has stopped glowing. He is very upset, but the nine reindeers are very pleased because he keeps them awake at night, his nose is so bright.

February 1st
My birthday, I am 169 years old. Got a new red hat, new red suit and new black boots; that is what I get every year. Well, mustn't grumble, at least I got something.

March 9th
Slept all day and very nice it was too.

April 29th
Got bored and decided to go and spend all day with the reindeers; they loved it.

May 11th
Went to beach, but it was too cold to swim, so made an ice castle instead.

June 30th
Gone on a crash diet. I have got to lose weight and it's all the world's fault; if they had not left all those things to eat I would be all right.

July 31st
In bed with cold.

August 1st
Still got cold, so going to phone doctor.

September 19th
Gone to get away from it all.

October 31st
Sleigh gone in for service.

November 30th
In big rush to get everything done.

December 25th
It is Christmas day, hooray, hooray, all presents are delivered. I got some lovely things.
Emma Joynt, The Junior School

I AM THE SNOW

I am the snow.
Laying a soft, powdery blanket
Over the green hills.
Falling quietly like tiny parachutes.
Nothing to capture me.
Glistening brightly, until the
Blazing sun transforms me
Into water,
Leaving me to return next year
To my deathbed.
Natalie Bloom IP

EPIPHANY GIFTS FOR JESUS

I would give my heart to Jesus with my love. I would also give him some lovely toys that he could play with. I think he would like me to give him that, because all babies like toys, and I would give him a very nice pram so his mum did not have to carry him about everywhere, and she would not be so tired. I think that Jesus would like that a lot. This is what I would give to Jesus as a present.
Emma Joynt, The Junior School

RIDDLES AND ACROSTICS

A ring that goes round never ending
With eyes on stalks
A refuge and a home it provides
For the being it doth hide
A train or veil
Behind follows it wherever it goes
Rich it must be though
For silver it leaves behind

Answer: A small

Sarah Cox, IP

I am silky to the touch,
My sizes and colours may vary,
People often relate me to witches,
I can catch my prey *perfectly*.

I'm often kept as a pet,
My tastes in food include vermin,
I can jump and pounce,
I'm quick off the mark,
I fear dogs but not birds,
What am I?

Answer: A cat

Angela Wise, IP

I am a small, little creature
Who makes women scared
They leap up and down
Until I'm out of sight
I live in a house
And make myself cosy
Until the cat comes round.

Answer: A mouse

Tejal Patel, IP

WHAT AM I?

I am smooth in the middle yet also sharp. I am green in colour and live through the year. My friends come out in winter and keep me company. Sometimes when I'm unlucky they don't come out at all. I'm hard to get at because I'm protected well. I take time to grow and my favourite time of year is winter. Sometimes I don't look like myself, but I'm usually easy to tell. Most people have me in their garden, but some don't. I'm usually ignored, but my friends help me to look nice, because they show up against me.

My friends are round and chubby and easy to squash, whereas I am sharp and hard to hold. I'm curled at the edges for no special reason and always held by the stem.

I'm so famous that a song has been written about me. There are different kinds of me, but we all have our own friends. When we die we turn brown and drop off the stem.

Answer: I am holly

Lucy Major, The Junior School

Her tongues of blazing bright light
Flickering and waving violently.
Sparks are let off,
Flames burn away at the dying wood
Which soon turns into ashes.
But still she glows,
With her glaring eyes.
And licking, luminous tongues.

Answer: A Fire

Natalie Bloom, IP

The bullrushes sway
 As I huff, puff and blow
 The trees' branches begin to rustle
 This is fun!
 I blow a little stronger
 The waves begin to stir
 Trees begin to creak,
 Petals begin to fall off flowers,
 And fly in the air.
 I then blow even stronger still
 The waves rush forward and back.
 The boats are tossed about
 The tiles of the houses begin to fall
 And I sing and scream through the corridors.
 I whistle through the houses of all,
 And children run and hide.
 This is my kind of fun.
 Fences begin to fall and are tossed in the air
 People cling onto the nearest thing
 For all their life is worth!
 I give a scream of joy.
 I still blow harder,
 Sinking boats and ships
 I blow houses down, trees, caravans, cars lorries.
 I am pleased now you can see how strong I am,
 Much stronger than the sun.
 What am I?

Answer: The wind

Rebecca Bystry, IP

Standing still, never on the move,
 I wear tatty clothes. I do not exist.
 I'm also visible, I cannot think at all,
 I stand long and tall,
 Erect all the time, as quiet as a mouse,
 More the wiser! Can you guess what I am?

Answer: A scarecrow

Zeina Harding-Roots, IP

ACROSTIC

An acrostic is this,
 Creating a poem from a word,
 Acrostic retaining the first letter for the beginning of each line.
 On completion it is done,
 Save that this is not yet.
 This 'T' will help me
 I know.
 Creation of the word is finished.

Claire Grinyer, IIO

CHOCOLATE

Crisp and crunchy, nice and sweet
 Handfuls of sweets in my small, sticky hand,
 Oh! I adore it, all sweet and creamy,
 Claps of joy for the chocolate time.
 Orchards of chocolate trees
 Ravishing food in many a shop,
 Eaten in a hurry with deep satisfaction,
 Tingles in my flavoured mouth,
 Ended so sweetly, tasty and gone!

Rachel Masters, IP

NOVEMBER

Not a leaf in sight, the animals take fright.
 Over the garden wall the icy wind does blow,
 Vexed at having to make an early show.
 Every dark cloud is hanging low, on
 Moody strangers everywhere.
 Bare trees and biting air,
 Early nights, but never fear,
 Rejoice for Christmas draws near.

Natalie Bloom, IP

LANTERN

Lights glow orange and red
 Ancient candles lit on dark nights
 Naked flames flicker from the fire
 The stars in the sky shine bright
 Evening stories draw to a close
 Ragged scarves and gloves dry by the fire
 Night lights fade away.

Sarah Cox, IP

SNOWFALL

Snow, cold to touch
 Now winter's near
 Over the hills and over the houses the snow tumbles down
 Waving all about the sky
 Flakes flickering down
 All around the ground
 Lying like little stars
 Like little white sequins

Tejal Patel, IP

HALLEY'S COMET

Hurting across the jet-black sky,
 Astronomers gaze in awe as it shoots by
 Lighting up the heavens.
 Legends tell of its mysterious powers,
 Evil, death and destruction they say,
 Yet eagerly await for it to return
 Seventy years to the day.

Natalie Bloom, IP

AMERICA

Animation, cartoons and films
 Macdonalds, Disneyland and rockets to the moon,
 Exciting rollercoaster rides and
 Rocky canyons,
 Irregular earthquakes, hurricanes,
 Captivating views and golden falls,
 America — land of the free.

Hannah Flaxman, IP

NUT CRACKERS

Nuts are gathered in the Autumn
 Ugly and brown they sit in the bowl
 'Tis the season for them to be eaten
 Crunch! crack! nut crackers are busy
 Rivets are straining
 And chestnuts are roasting
 Cobs, walnuts, almonds and brazils
 Kernels of all these are eaten
 Endless supplies and nuts are abundant
 Round the fire on a winter's eve.

Sarah Cox, IP

HELP!

Hole in the Well
 Enveloped me with great ease
 Low is me
 Please HELP ME!

Claire Grinyer, IIO



MYSTERIES

A ONE WAY TICKET

It was a dank and dismal day as October mourned over the loss of her sister, warm September. Busy traffic screamed to a halt as the diversion signs, showing routes that were not flooded, were acknowledged. All unpleasant smells had been washed away by the tears of October, and everything was fresh.

Lorna Campbell waited patiently at the bus-stop for the '36'. Her face was brighter than most on this miserable morning, although her clothes were soaking. Her new brown raincoat, which was guaranteed to be waterproof, had betrayed her and welcomed the wind and the rain.

The bus crawled along the road, afraid to travel any faster. The doors opened, welcoming Lorna into the dry and the warmth. She stepped up, eagerly.

"What can I do for you, young miss?" asked the driver, emphasising the wrinkles on his forehead.

"The town centre, please," replied Lorna, shivering at the warm atmosphere as she handed him a wet fifty pence piece.

The driver gave her five pence change, and as she took her ticket, which immediately formed a yellow mess on her hand, he said, "Might be late today, love. Diversions, you know."

Lorna thanked him and took a seat next to a middle-aged woman. The woman, who was carrying an umbrella (which explained why she was dry), moved closer to the windows and looked down at Lorna, distastefully.

Lorna was excited because it was her first trip to town since the accident, about seven months before. Her family had been returning from their holiday, when they were involved in a car crash. She had depended on a life support machine for four days, and after this time all hope had been given up, when suddenly Lorna made a miraculous recovery overnight.

The small town of Aldgate was in a valley, where it suffered from the floods. Lorna stood by the door, grasping the handrail firmly. The bus sped down the hill. The driver desperately, with his foot on the brakes, screamed round the corner. The doors were wide open when it stopped skidding and suddenly halted. Lorna was flung down onto the pavement, head first, where a crowd of onlookers gathered around her. Lorna felt dazed, but she felt no pain. Everything stopped spinning and she climbed to her feet. She heard worried voices around her.

"Are you all right?" asked an old woman.

"I'm fine."

"Do you want an ambulance?"

"No, no thank you."

"You're lucky. You could have been killed. I can't believe you're not hurt."

These words remained in Lorna's mind as she crossed the road. She had not been feeling the same since the accident seven months before. She entered the café dreamily.

"A coffee, please."

"Certainly," said the young woman, and after a few minutes she handed Lorna a mug full of steaming coffee.

Lorna paid her and sat down, clinging to her coffee as if it was her greatest possession. At the next table there was a group of young people who seemed vaguely familiar. One, a dark boy, rose to order another drink. He caught sight of Lorna and turned white.

"I don't believe it," he muttered.

"What?" enquired a girl, turning round. She gasped in amazement when she saw Lorna.

"Lorna Campbell?" asked the first boy.

"Yes," said Lorna. "What's wrong?"

"But . . . but . . ." said another boy, staring at her. "You . . . you were dead."

"Dead?" questioned Lorna.

"It can't be true," they laughed. "You'd have to be a ghost!"

The crowd laughed at the joke, but suddenly stopped. Lorna's mug of coffee fell to the floor as the ghost of Lorna Campbell, which had existed for just over seven months, disappeared.

Joanna Ball, IIE

THE UPSIDE DOWN PYRAMID

Introduction

On the news not long ago a Dutch archaeologist was seen describing how, after many years of searching he, with a friend, had uncovered the long-lost tomb of Tutankhamun's Chancellor. They knew it was near Tutankhamun's pyramid, but it had been buried under the sand, and they hoped to go in the following day.

It was the hottest day they had had for months; it was very hard work for the two archaeologists. They had dug quite deep already,

and were just about to try somewhere else when one of their spades hit a rock. They dug around it and found that the rock was unusually big. So they scraped off all the sand and soon realised that it was the entrance which led to a tomb.

They had a lot of trouble trying to break into the tomb, but eventually managed to make a hole just big enough to climb through (it was such a large door that they couldn't possibly knock it down). They were both pleased with themselves and wanted to know if it was the tomb they were looking for, and what was in it.

They found the store room after breaking down three very thick doors. There were so many beautiful objects; it was an unbelievable dream come true. There were golden idols to worship and to guard the body, chairs, cabinets, beds, coaches, lots of jewellery, gold fans, a shield, a gold game box, tapestries, carpets, rugs, bales of cloth, tools, weapons, pots, baskets, vases, musical instruments, masks, couches and all the belongings that a high Egyptian official might need on the journey to the next world. On the walls were pictures of people hunting, scenes from the holy books, magical figures and also animals like oxen; all of them were painted in the most wonderful colours.

The Dream

They were so pleased and excited that they sat down to rest and admired some of the objects they had discovered. They both fell asleep and dreamt of becoming millionaires. One of them woke and, leaving his friend, took a torch and went to explore the rooms. He went through to the hall; it was absolutely marvellous. It was about a quarter of a mile long and all the walls and the ceilings were gold-plated.

He walked forward, looking up at the wonderful patterns and the carvings on the ceiling. Suddenly, while touching one of the golden reliefs on the wall, he felt it give way and found himself falling. He didn't know what was happening because he was still confused about how he fell. Then all of a sudden he stopped falling. However, he had not landed with any sort of a jerk; it was a soft and quite gentle landing.

He looked around and saw an even more extraordinary sight than was in the tomb above. Suddenly his friend, who had been woken up by the commotion, arrived beside him. They sat there speechless. Right in front of them was a fountain with streams leading out from it. Trees and plants grew everywhere, in magical patterns. Lots of little children ran up and welcomed them warmly. They spoke in a strange language, which the archaeologists found difficult to understand. It was an ancient form of Egyptian.

The two archaeologists were invited to stay with this large tribe. They soon found out that these people had been missing for hundreds of years; they had found the fountain of life and lived in this upside down pyramid, which had been built by Tutankhamun's Chancellor as a mirror image of the great pyramids built by the Pharaohs above ground. These people had found all that they needed and wanted in life here, so they had stayed. Overwhelmed by their discovery, the archaeologists stayed so that they could learn the secrets of this new world.

Daisy Balogh, IY

WAS IT A GHOST?

In 1922 an article was published in the Times newspaper. It shocked and thrilled a lot of readers, and bedroom doors were kept firmly shut afterwards, for the fear of a rushing wind.

The story was set in Northern Somerset, about three miles from the coast. The house had recently had a fire and was left like the frame of a bird. The only parts that still existed were the cellar and the front elevation.

My grandfather and John Finch were staying near to the house, which was once my ancestors' country mansion. All the land round the house was once theirs, but had been gambled away. My grandfather and John were having dinner at the hotel at which they were staying, and decided to test their minds by going to the house, which no one ever dared to go to because of all the deaths in the house at the time of the fire. Not even a dog dared to go up the drive.

They set out at about 10 o'clock. As they stared at the house they felt evil and their stomachs quivered. They went through a window that had been left open; it gave way into a basement. The basement was in an awful state and as they moved their feet in the rubble the sound echoed around the empty, cold place.

As it was printed in the paper, my grandfather said: "To tell the truth, I was bored with the whole proceeding. I did not believe in psychic phenomena and considered it foolish to waste a wonderful evening in tramping round an old house. But when we started to examine the rooms, I didn't admit that I treated the whole thing as a joke."