



GUILDFORD
HIGH SCHOOL

Transitions

POETRY FESTIVAL 2021



POETRY FESTIVAL 2021

2020-21 has been a little...different. In keeping with this time of the unknown and the unprecedented, the theme for this year's Poetry Festival is Transitions, and the genre pupils have been given is performance poetry. Pupils were introduced to the charm and wit of Henry Baker, the talent of the 12-year-old Solli Raphael, and the originality of Sabrina Mahfouz. This booklet showcases the best of the poems written by pupils, interspersed with artwork by Guildford High School pupils, and performances of their poems can be watched on ClickView: you will not be disappointed!

Every class in Years 7-9 were provided with a 'podcast' of top tips from our Poet in Residence, Rachel Long, who inspired them to write with integrity and encouraged them to perform their words in their own individual style.

Each year group has had a focus within the theme of Transitions as follows:

- Year 7 - pupils focused on sound imagery and onomatopoeia
- Year 8 - pupils focused on the use of pace and rhythm
- Year 9 - pupils focused on using powerful/emotive language

As a department we have been incredibly impressed by the fresh and inventive responses by pupils and we hope that you enjoy our celebration of their creativity.

Miss Katharine Whiteman, Teacher of English and Drama

*'You are a child of the universe,
no less than the trees and the stars;
you have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you,
no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.'*

Max Ehrmann, Desiderata of Happiness



Y E A R

7

CHAMELEON'S COLOURS

He ambles, rustling leaves as he struts down the twig, a content chameleon.
Butter yellow to the tips of every toe. No purring of engines, or squawking of
birds to alarm him.

He lays down, stretching in the dappled sunlight rushing through the dancing
leaves listening to the whistling wind.

Eyes lazily observing his surroundings. Warm skin.

Crack! A twig snaps down below. He hears hissing from a chameleon in a nearby
tree.

Slithering noises. His pigmentation deepening into a liquorice black, blending
into the shadows of the branch.

Hissing softly just to soothe himself from the fear of the predator.

His fear and anxiety like an impending avalanche.

His anger flares up, threatening to take over. One of his kind swallowed whole.

His skin exploding like a volcano spewing colour like lava and ash.

Hissing uncontrollably, longing to strikeout.

Hoping to lash out at the predator, leave him with an unhealable gash.

Misery.

His colour and fight seep out of him, leaving him nothing but a dull grey shell.

Realizing he can't do that or he will die as well, swallowed whole.

Pain and sadness and regret flood him until his barriers break.

All he can hear is the pitter-patter of raindrops.

Alana Amankul, 7SF



TRANSITIONS

Transitions from A to B, transitions from B to C, transitions are the things that make us, transitions are the things that break us, like the smash of a hammer to glass, crash, smash, into thousands of tiny pieces until no one can see us apart from the scientists with their fancy equipment.

Transitions from free to locked down, transitions from up to down town, transitions that lock us away for eternity, in a puff of magical smoke, like the gentle puff, puff, puff of a steam train guided into the sunset by the old track, shutting us off from the rest of our beautiful planet, the world we knew filled with people, and voices, and sights, and sounds, and smells, and everything about it...it's all been locked away.

Transitions in a book the turn of the page the turn of the chapter the end of a book transitions to the next the third of the trilogy the end of the end of the end, like from youth to old age, birth till the end, the end of your life, like the end of a good book, it's the end of a good life and when it's over it's gone it's gone in a click of your fingers, click, like a firework going up up up until it pops, bang, and it's over, it's the end of the end of the end of the end.

Ottie Broome, 7GE



METAMORPHOSIS

A new beginning.
A sapling in spring.
My youth among memories of last season's wind so chilling.
Warm light through a layer of cloud,
Yawning trees, branches bowed.
Lambs stumble, trying to stand,
Mother sheep understands, lends a hand.
In a while we are free from the shackles,
Summer crackles into motion, the notion of commotion begging blossoms to bloom with emotion.
Children play in long grass, grasp the returning feeling of heavy summer sun, some joy.
I watch for a while before a harsh autumn emerges, summer now just a decoy.
Dark hues and beige dyes against the blues of the sky,
I remember the wind's bitter scars,
Resignation polluting the moon and stars.
I'm brittle now, weakened with the infectious aura knowing that fauna and flora dwindle,
It kindles pity for the leaves littering the ground,
I'm another victim of change once green, now brown, struggling, oozing sap, learning how it feels to drown...
The west wind whispers words of decay, and with a whistle, I'm blown away.

Isobel Browne, 7GE



NEW SCHOOL

Through the hazy mists of time, my thoughts climb to when I was in my prime.
Year 6, the year we'd all been waiting for, proud tigers, leaders – hear us roar!
Top of the school, we rule, blazers, chairs, desks too small.
Restless, yearning for something more, anticipating what's in store,
Pawing the ground, ready to bound, finally, full of glee, I'm breaking free!

New school, new year, not full of glee but full of fear.
Dark and daunting days so near, now here,
Faced not with smiles but leers and, as I choke back salty tears,
I'm a cowering kitten, timid and shy, and I'm wondering why I was so eager to
fly,
From my comfort zone – now I'm completely alone,
In this world that's new, I must battle through and I know it's time,
Willing myself to believe that I'm fine,
I put one trembling paw over the line.

Florence Datta, 7HG



BLACK LIVES MATTER

Their voices silent,
The heads held low,
But anger boiled deep below.

Years and years of bloodshed in tears,
They've been discriminated, unrepresented, forgotten,
And pushed with might to the bottom.

All it takes is one young man,
His future robbed from his beaten hands.
All it takes is three words, "I can't breathe".
Fury, rage are all released,
Statues topple and crash with each heave,
Removing unpleasant history piece by piece.

People rush to the streets,
Holding banners, creating heat.
Why was this man's life taken?
Was it his colour or his creed?

Their voices loud,
Their heads held high,
The protests echo through the sky.

BLACK LIVES MATTER.

Maya Davidson, 7SF



CHANGE

there's always change
New school. New town. New ground
Trying to keep in the emotions that my brain surrounds
And I have to remind myself
That there's no gain without pain and there's no fame without shame
And I build the bricks
And I stack the towers
I learn no one exists without powers but

there's always change
Ice caps melting, polar bears starving
Our population is infecting but we're ignoring
As temperatures are soaring we are evolving
We're humans living on a world that's revolving but

there's always change
Our minds change, our bodies change, our hearts change
Our houses change, our families change
The people we love melt away
But change is always there, change is never changed

Diya Girish, 7CB

TRANSITION POEM

It all started when we built blocks
And played with dinosaurs
Not having to worry about what it says on the clock
ABC's come next
Followed by 123's
Still nothing too complex
Now the ABC's are full words
And 123's number bonds
Still no stories to be heard
These words are growing
Into sentences soon
Maths equations are now showing
These sentences are stories
These maths equations are due to extend
Now we go back to the beginning

Isobel Green, 7CB



THE TRANSITIONS OF LIFE

You and I are two different people
But when we get older we follow the same sequels
Primary to secondary, work to home
Love to hate, life to death
Many things along the way, I can't guarantee we will be the same
From 0 to 20 life is an adventure
Schools, universities, play dates, youth
From 20 to 40 we find our own paths
Homes, jobs, nights out, love
From 40 to 60 we work till we stop
Long nights, emails, headaches, retirement
From 60 to 80 we live our best lives
Family gatherings, hugs and kisses, meditations, fragile yet alive
From 80 to 100 we fulfil our lives
Visit our cultures, find out our family history, bye to the old and in with the new
Life is a transition and I want to go through it with you

Abi Ramachandran, 7HG

YEAR 8



IF ONLY THERE WERE PLANET B

How did we ruin the world?

I will not stand and watch that girl's hijab being ripped off,
I will not stand and watch that person being told to go back where they're from.
I will not stand and watch them being told to die,
I will not stand and watch that boy being told not to cry.

Why do I have to call this out, why is this not already in one's mind.
Surely this shows you the kind of world we've designed.
Icebergs melting, fish drowning in plastic.
Bags on the street, masks on the floor, straws in turtles and so much more.

You cannot stand there and watch another black woman being stopped in the shops,
You may not have your dream house but do you think those polar bears even have a place to stand.
You have a family but they were abused, she was kicked out and he was abandoned.

Machines in the ground
Forests disappearing, trees cut down.
Animals losing homes, falling in despair.
But it's okay because you have your wooden chair.

Amani Ali, 8SH

THE FOREVER CHANGING WORLD

From winter to summer to autumn to spring,
A transition is the changing of absolutely anything,
From light to dark to dark to light,
From right to wrong to wrong to right,
From laugh to cry to cry to laugh,
From calf to cow to cow to calf,
The options are limitless!
I could go on and on and on and on...
From hard to soft to soft to hard,
From yard to garden to garden to yard,
From puppy to dog to puppy,
From mucky to clean to clean to mucky,
But I won't bore you anymore,
So I'll tell you something you didn't know before,
A transition can happen in the blink of an eye,
Such as how time can suddenly fly by,
But it can also drag through a year or two,
Just remember to sit tight and see it through.

Olivia Cameron, 8SH



CHASING FIRST PLACE

Sweat and endless tears, struggles for years and years
Just for one triumph, to hear that ear-splitting cheer.
The race will be mine;
One step at a time.

A hazy smear of yellow and green sprints ahead to seize my dream
And all the hope I had inside, it fades away before my eyes.
Stretching so far ahead, those white lines, glaring white lines;
One step at a time.

This is my test, my final trial, I must summon all my strength for the finishing
mile.

I ignore my legs stiffening as my pace is quickening,
Hope rising in my chest, determined to beat the rest;
One step at a time.

I'm trying so hard, the pain I feel with every yard
Is consuming me, but I must embrace it to go from
Second to first, second to first, I have the pattern rehearsed;
One step at a time.

I'm at the limit of my pain but with every stride I'm trying to gain
That centimetre, that metre, can I beat her?
Unbelievably, I'm over the line, and I made it;
One step at a time.

Eva Daniel, 8LL



ISEKAI

The Island of Neverland,
Through the Looking Glass to Wonderland,
The Hundred Acre Wood,
Middle Earth where Hobbits stood,

Each one its own entire world,
Created by a few innovative words,
By each turn of a page,
We're inspired by tales,
Battling monsters, facing quests,
Wild adventures, fearful tests,

Transitioned from reality,
Lost in a magical fantasy,
Shifted from the cosy comfort of our beds,
To a peculiar place in our heads,
Where we can both cry and smile,
Where imaginations run wild,
Win and live or lose and die,
A better world awaits,
Spun out by the three fates,

We are always able to find,
A realm in between the bind,
With magical creatures and star-crossed lovers,
A home beneath the covers.

Lana Dawe, 8GW



THE WOLF CALL*

In the gloomy ghastly graveyard
Held by winters icy grip
The wolves howl to the moonlight
To trigger the apprenticeship

His spine twists and folds,
As his limbs glow and grow.
Hair invades his bare skin,
As his razor claws start to show.

His teeth turn to blades,
And his nose damp and black.
His eyes narrow, wide, scarlet,
Ready to attack.

He'll snap and they'll snarl,
And he'll howl at the sky.
With his foaming fierce snout,
Till he hears the brethren cry.

Prowling and hunting,
Man and beast become one.
Mystically reshaped,
In the shadows they run.

Anya Digby, 8CW



THEIR LITTLE 'REVOLUTION'

A dead flint throne on stone and sand
Fashioned by a child's hand
How it bled those beneath of dreams
Bequeathing dolled-up nightmares in return
A King above all, control over all
Yet what will happen when the King is dead?
On the riverbed stones split into sand
That formed firmly delicate glass statues
Unable to withstand their watery views
So they wash away, wipe away, wish away
Their reflections with lying ignorance and poisoned wine
Drunk on pleasure, tuning out warning signs
"Honestly, who cares if our King is dead?"
How bloody hands paint these masterpieces
Hung in throne rooms and plated gold chambers
Upon canvases of wildflowers that they call weeds
Crushed underfoot.
And your singing voice is now kneeled upon
'Till it is silent, an empty bead strung-
Soulless beauty threaded on a necklace
Suffocating glamour stifles thorns that
Grow on roses that wet tears on robes worn
Once by tyrants.
They are their own ghosts, ripping at the frowns
'Till they turn around, smiles of joyful cheer
Crowning them King.
Yet what will happen when the King is dead?
They are the sand, the glass, Man is *them*, they are Man, Man is the victim
They are the victim.
Yet who could've known the Man who had so much blood in him?
Glass crown shatters, walls that surround itself
Crumble.
Biting shards tempered, forged in bitter rage
Helpless are they, who will hate a hero?
The riverbed sings the cry of the new
A throne, a crude cage
Barring the sceptre, crown and carpet red
Bleeding those under them, six foot beneath
That is what happens when the King is dead.

Eva Huang, 8HH



THE SILENT CLOCK

Alone.
Slumped against the wall, head resting on one knee.
My clock sat there, mocking me.
Tick. You can't do it, you're way too weak.
Tock. Another silent tear slipped down my cheek.
Tick. They will all laugh and point and stare.
Tock. The frustration boiled inside me, as I pretended not to care.
Tick. You can't do it, you'll never be able to.
Tock. I smashed the clock. It just lay there. Broken.
My frustration boiled over
Exploded - a supernova
I will do it.
I will show them all, I will, I can do it.
And through my elation, I smiled at the silent clock,
that no longer gave a tick, tock,
because now it knew what it was like to feel.
Alone.

Zara Leong Doherty, 8LL



TAKE A STEP BACK

Life was free
We were free,
We were happy, to a degree.
But then it struck, COVID came,
Turning our lives completely insane.

The Government addressed this,
We really must request this:
That you must stay inside until this pandemic is bested,
The whole world is infested by this awful virus,
So you all keep rested while we get them tested.

Only one week in, and the clock chimes,
The chimes take time
And time just goes slow, but we thought it'll be fine.
But I bet anyone would pay me as many dimes, pounds, euros or yens,
Just to see time go normal again.

Because we all were stuck and out of luck,
Even if we did still see the Amazon delivery truck,
Yet, it was so different it couldn't be fixed,
So we all put our trust into good old Netflix.

Then it came the time for school at home,
We thought it would be brilliant, but we hadn't known
That we would actually miss the getting up so early,
And seeing real faces rather than on Zoom where they were blurry.

In between online lessons we scrolled through our phone,
Until we would hear Teams calling and let out a groan,
And on goes the lesson just one boring tone, until...Oops
I can't unmute my microphone...

Aside from school, and the hours on the device,
We had free time,
Lots to be precise.
So all we'd think about is the dreadful news,
And whether it was a little too early for booze.



To distract ourselves,
We jam packed our time to take away from the fact
That we'd run out of vanilla extract,
From the sponge cake baking,
And banana bread making,
And from all the stress, we took a step back...

'Cause there was alcohol in the fridge and it was time to start drinking,
Keep drinking,
Less thinking,
And yes, of course you're stinking,
You haven't showered in a week, but who will find out?
You just need to get those glasses clinking,
And stop your hopes from sinking...

Sinking into your couch,
That's got chocolate and crisp wrappers just laying about.
But no one will see them, no one will know,
Because you can angle your Zoom camera just like a pro!

They will never see you're only half dressed,
Or that you haven't had rest,
Or that your house is a mess,
Or that you are kind of depressed,
Or that you always say that you are coping okay
But you know you haven't been out in 10 days.

Even with distractions, the boredom is continuing,
And the thought of this being lifelong is still lingering,
So we all just continued what we had been doing:
Constantly listening to that same song,
And counting the times your parents tell everyone to 'get along',
And attempting to cut your own hair,
As there was no hope of getting in the hairdresser's chair,
And thinking it may have looked better when it was just too long.

Eating out was another desire,
Or at least having a personal chef you could hire.
As I'm sure we had all had enough of endless sandwiches,
And not having to eat the same food from our fridges.

But it should have been easy,
We didn't have to do much, just stay at home, you see
And get tested if we felt queasy.
But we didn't...

The cases go up, the restrictions increase,
We disobey the rules, and leave so many deceased.
This cycle repeats but, some don't realise the severity
Or how much this pandemic needs some sincerity because...

Just by one friend hugging another,
Can cause the deaths of so many others:
Helpless children who lost their mother
A crying girl who lost her brother.

Just by disobeying the government's briefing,
You have scarred a family with lifelong grieving.
And you have ended a life with your irresponsibility,
And misjudgement of the knock on effects ability.

Medical workers must go in each day,
With hundreds of patients coming each to say,
That they have COVID even though the rules, they didn't ignore,
It's being careless that could send those innocent people to death's door.
And so many people need an operation for a fatal disease, that can't be paused,
But thousands of surgeries are postponed to make room for the cases you have caused.

Thoughtless actions,
Purely out of need for satisfaction,
Have made people break down to fractions,
Because interaction is not the way forward, it's a retraction,
A retraction back to those heart-broken families reactions.

The list of struggles is long, that's true,
But we must protect everyone, old and new.
So let's keep going, although it's not particularly uprising,
And stay at home, frequently sanitising.

We have done so well, we have gone through so much,
We have been miles apart, yet still kept in touch.
So for this third lockdown we can do it, there is no doubt,
All we need is hope.
And Joe Wick's workout...

(Warning: don't drink under the age of 18, even though the pandemic is a pretty good excuse...)

Matilda Malcolm, 8HH



CHANGE OF PERCEPTION

The mirror was like the hate comments that poured in under every post,
Because the parts that mattered most,
Were not the parts she might look at in the mirror and smile,
But why her clothes were never in style.

Her pointy nose, her wonky teeth, and those ugly beauty spots,
Where was the beauty in those uneven dots?
Her face just didn't look quite right,
If only appearances could change overnight.

The prettiest girl in the class was perfect, everything she wanted to be,
But they were the same, why couldn't she see?
The prettiest girl in the class whispers a silent prayer,
Before admitting she wished that she had straight hair.

This was when she finally saw,
That all of her 'flaws' were not really flaws,
What were her impossibly high beauty standards for?
She felt so much prettier than she had ever before.

And so she glanced at the mirror, with a smile so wide,
Because beauty isn't something social media gets to decide,
And the uneven dots that embellish her face,
Were never even ugly in the first place.

Ella Needham, 8CW



FLOWING WINDS

As the wind flows through meadows sunny,
From fire of war we ever hurry.
Goodbye to loving friends and family,
Away from terror spreading steadily.

Just as the wind flows a different way,
We uproot our lives as they decay.
Bringing in the new, pushing out the old,
Life moves on, to warmth from cold.

Quickly, slowly, flows the wind,
And new disaster now destined.
Crashing, banging, at the door.
It is deaths, final, fateful roar.

Not yet, we push on, harder, stronger,
As we set down a joyful anchor.
New life springs, hope is blooming,
The storm is gone, no longer looming.

I have lived, an insightful life,
I've been a mother, daughter, and a wife.
Remembered by many, known by few,
But I am loved, and so are you.

Sophia Tantram, 8GW



SWITCH



I have a bilingual friend.
Sometimes I wonder how much fun it would be
To switch from one tongue to the next without any hassle.
How carefree to be able to
Find the key that fits the lock without thinking.
For me I cannot switch without hearing the whir of rusty cogs
Trying to scrape out sounds from beneath the floorboards
Comb through the pile of consonants, tangled like the fur of stray dogs.
But for my friend,
She must have every single word filed away and organised,
So that it's as simple as changing direction or
Closing your eyes.
For me it's not that easy.
I have to snatch at umlauts and accents as they scurry away,
Then mould each sentence as if it were clay,
Futile attempts to make them cooperate,
foreign are the positions for my letters,
So they complain, they want to remain with their family
I can't blame them,
But the whining drives me insane.
After that I'm in brief purgatory,
My efforts could be too minuscule and slip through the sieve forgotten.
But then I seal the sentence with a capital and a stop,
Letters jumbling like coins in a jar until this point,
Cacophony of clangs,
They stop, comply and the penny drops.

Charlotte Allen, 9CW

YEAR 9



CRIMES

They say things are different now, we earn more respect,
But they're not stopping white people last time I checked,
We go on marches and protests all the time,
But can someone tell me why walking down the street is a crime?

'I can't breathe, I can't breathe,' he shouted,
Don't try and tell me that's a fact that policeman doubted,
32 shots were fired at Breonna Taylor, but why?
Just tell me, why are we always the 'bad guy'!

They said over time it would get better,
But now I'm walking down the road in a Black Lives Matter sweater,
Tell me why it was us that were accused of committing crimes,
Why was it our fault all those times?

Martin Luther King was killed for preaching,
Yet still no-one has listened to his teaching,
Rosa Parks got arrested for just sitting on a bus,
So tell me, when white people killed us, why wasn't there a fuss?

We need change and we need it now,
But can someone tell me why, when, and how?
So I've written this poem and I've made it rhyme,
So I'm begging you, can there be change this time?

Violet Beaumont, 9CW

PEOPLE

Life is a strange thing right?
I mean, we're born downright
Stupid, we're messy and weak,
Filled with zero dreams,
But we learn and seek
For something that seems,
Impossible to find.
Whether it be fortune or fame,
We become blind,
And forget life is a game.
Don't play to win,
Play for the grin,
You will find on your face and others.
We're brothers,
We're mothers,
We're lovers,
But most of all,
We're people.

Lana Darcy, 9SP



PRE-PERFORMANCE NERVES

You know when you walk onto stage for the first time
For your first scene or song,
You can't see the crowd because the lights are so strong
But you know they're there, it's a feeling you have
A sixth sense
Of all those eyes staring you down
Waiting for you to speak, to sing, to slip up
And you're terrified of the people in front, behind, below and above you
Surrounding all of you
Seeing all of you
But then the music starts
And you stop
Your thoughts are on the words, your head is in the zone,
And your heart is in the moment
And everything slips away
Your fear, your worry,
Your words flow out of your mouth
Like they are meant to be
A plea for freedom and to be heard
And it's just you
And the words.

Samantha Good, 9HD



TRANSITIONS

I feel like I'm drowning;
Isolated in places I didn't know existed
Silencing irrational thoughts in an anxious, fractured mind
Surviving a night with a mind that wants to die
Spirals of physical and emotional abuse
The day ahead weighs heavy
With thoughts reflecting the flaws of the world.

It was then I realised.
I had lost something precious.
Myself
A day is not a lifetime
Living a chapter won't define my whole story
Fear is a liar.

I am worthy.
I am brave.
I am bold.
I am beautiful.
I believe in myself.

Jess Harmer, 9GL



THE BUTTERFLY

Do you wonder if a caterpillar
Worries about change
Or if it will or, when it does
Will it stay the same inside

When I was maybe four or five
I strived to thrive
in the way I always had
And I was glad
I stayed the same
and didn't change

And then at perhaps nine or ten
I looked around again
And everyone was not the same
But I still felt unchanged

I felt pain,
the pain of being left behind
Worried that people would be unkind
If they did find, that I had not yet changed.

But then I saw the butterfly, he had grown wings
Symmetrical, colourful, such beautiful things
And he told me that I too had grown wings
They're unique, and that change is a wonderful thing.
And that I was too busy looking out and not in,
And failed to see the beauty of change within.

Sadie Lim, 9SP



PRECIOUS CARGO

Forged in fires in factories,
Tossed in crates across the seas,
Packed in boxes, they see no light,
stuffed and bound, no will, cannot fight,

Rows upon rows of colourful exterior,
Black inside and just getting dimmer,
Examined for faults, the chipped ones thrown out,
And the ones that are perfect now have no doubt.

Picked up and bought,
Used until dry.
The life drained away
Can now lie down and die.

However, the topic of this is not what it seems
For the subject of this has no hopes nor dreams.
Could be slavery or trafficking, that would be darker,
But the true main character of this, is a pen, from China.

See the mind can transform,
The purest of things to be so dark,
But we can colour it back in.
With the ink of a pen, in the hands of a child.

Hannah Perryman, 9GL



HOW DID IT ALL GO SO QUICKLY?

How did it all go so quickly
One year ago, seems like ten
when will it end, I have no control
I feel like a dog who's stuck in a pen

A year of rules and regulations
A year of the blind leading the blind
you can see ten people, no six, no one
Can we exercise with coffee? No sorry, you'll be fined

What a different life we used to live
I've forgotten the feeling of a restaurant and a pub
A cinema, a theatre
or seeing a friend and just giving them a hug

Now I see that we took it all for granted
The excitement of a sports match
The taxi drive to the airport
The parties, the dances and the festivals
The boring cycle of school everyday, waking up at 6:30AM
What I would do to have that boring cycle back

Everytime there's a cough, there's another day added
Added to the lifestyle we follow so strictly
I just want fun and freedom
How did it all go so quickly?

Ella Pugh, 9HD

OUR PLANET

Once vivid and green,
When the air was clean.
Once teeming with life,
When nature was rife.
Our population once 603 million,
Now 7.7 billion.
With cogs and gears,
We've stolen future years.
We're burning fossil fuels.
To manufacture tools.
We're being nothing but fools.
The earth has warmed by 1 degree,
Causing a rising level of the sea.
We're destroying the habitats,
Of sloths, orangutans, and bats.
To make way for palm oil plantations,
We need to act as a nation.
If we don't stop now,
We won't know how.

Charlotte Sleigh, 9SP



THE CHANGES OF LIGHT

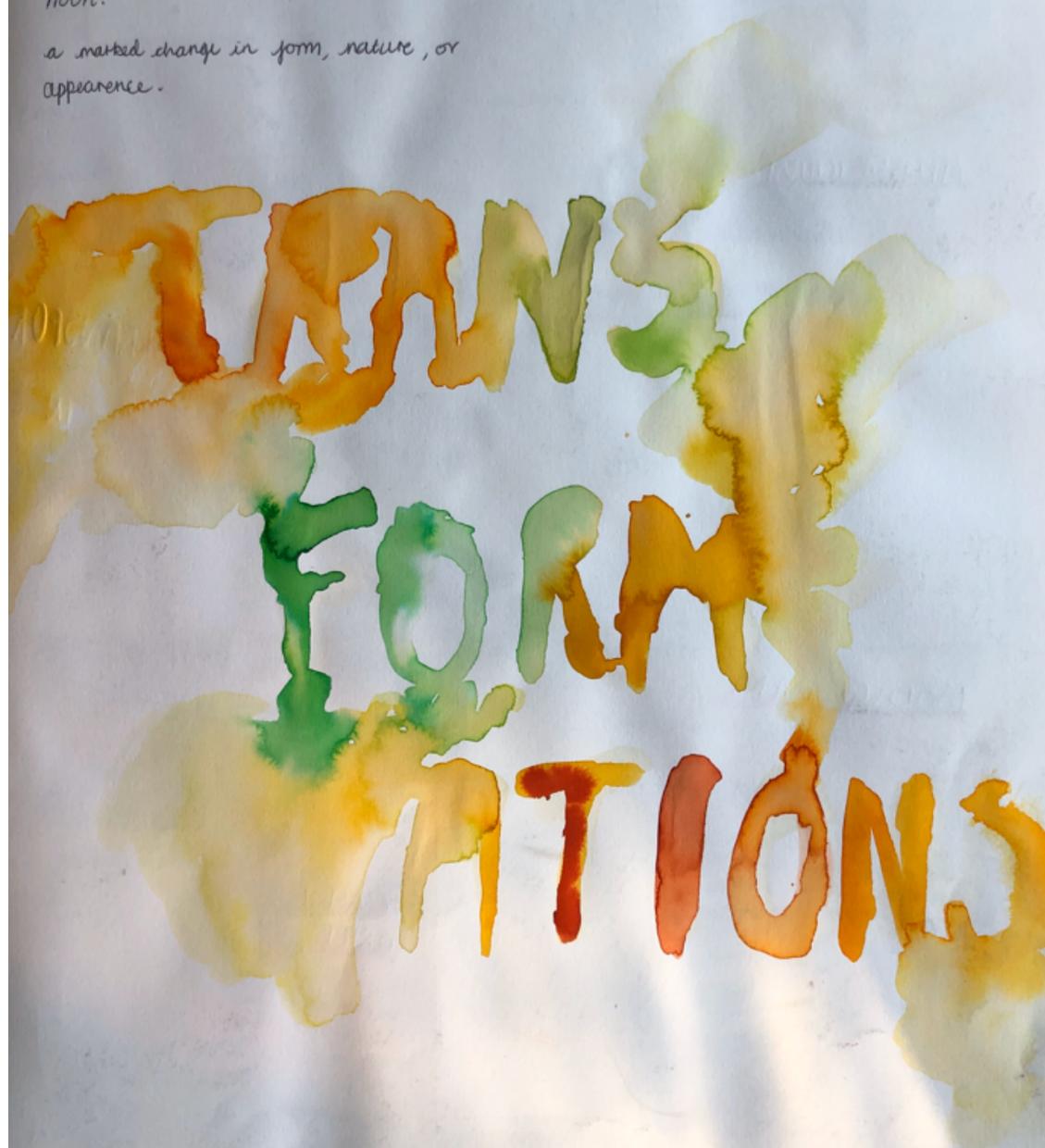
Burning streaks catch my eye,
I turn and gaze with a sigh.
Tangerine orange, ruby red and golden yellow,
Paint the sky a watercolour meadow.
My shadow is long,
The day is almost gone.
The sun lets out its last roar,
And the gloomy darkness begins to pour.
For one moment my breath is slow,
As I imagine peace in a world that I do not know.
Missed outings with friends and trips abroad,
Sports fixtures cancelled and school a fraud.
How can I escape this madness?
For my head is a deep blue sea of sadness.
The shortest day is almost over,
The blackened quilt starts to smother,
Yet beacons of light sparkle and shimmer.
Sending a message of hope from afar,
That only in darkness can you see the stars.

Eleanor Woodfine, 9HD

transformation

noun.

a marked change in form, nature, or appearance.



THANK YOU...

On behalf of all of the English Department, we would like to say a big well done to all of the finalists!

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Inspiring Girls

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