



# Barrow Hills

SCHOOL

## House Poetry Competition

# Year 3

Bea

Thomas

Lexi

When I am an adult,  
I want to be an amazing,  
inspired artist and be a wonderful writer.

When I am an adult,  
I want to be a brave, excellent explorer and explore the gigantic,  
snowy mountains and travel to the terrific jungle and be a beautiful,  
pretty princess.

When I am an adult,  
I want to have one hundred great,  
lovely children and have the cutest, softest pet tiger.

I cannot wait to be an adult!

When I am an adult,

I want to get ten cute dogs! I want to get a mansion that is haunted! Go to the gym every day! Buy all the baked beans in the green and blue world. Eat all the delicious chocolate!

When I am an adult,

I want to go to the under world! Get a very very fast Ferrari! Meet the worlds super super smallest man! Make a realistic time machine!

When I am an adult,

I want to get the smallest dog in the multiverse and play football with it on Mars.

I cannot wait to be an adult.

When I am an adult,  
I'm going to be a beautiful ballerina and I'm going to live in a very posh mansion and have two kittens  
and maybe a perfect puppy.

When I am an adult,  
I'm going to be a vet and I am going to help all animals in need and make sure that all the animals will  
have a good life.

When I am an adult,  
I'm going to be a horse rider be world champion and be queen of the sweet horses.

I can't wait to be an adult.

# Year 4

Felix

Mateo

Lucia

**If I couldn't be me then I would like to be,**

A growling wolf running wildly through the dark, damp, moonlit forest hunting for its prey in a huge pack,

Or even a fierce lion standing proud in the burning hot, golden Savana with some strong cubs next to me, waiting for their next meal!

### **Second Thoughts**

I can imagine being a huge anaconda searching to get its weak prey that lurks behind bushes,

And what if I became a penguin swimming gracefully through the icy water looking for shiny silver fish?

But greatest of all, if I couldn't be me, I would choose to be,

A powerful eagle swooping speedily like lightning through the towering trees at an incredible pace!

If I couldn't be me...

If I couldn't be me then I would like to be...

A cheeky monkey climbing with agility in the tall trees above,  
Gracefully swinging, searching for fruit.

Or even a speedy panther stealthily prowling looking for something to feed  
my cubs.

If I couldn't be me then I would like to be...

A playful dolphin exploring with my friends in the ocean blue  
Or maybe I could be a swift peregrine falcon, with its top speed of 100mph,  
Diving on its prey.

But the greatest thing of all would be the one and only King Kong  
To have the strength and size of such an outstanding creature would be  
incredible.

What would you be if you couldn't be you?



If I couldn't be me then I would like to be...  
A furry koala climbing in the canopy of eucalyptus trees.  
Or even a plump panda hauling itself up the tall sheet of bamboo.

Second thoughts....  
I can imagine being a waddling penguin sliding swiftly through the ice.  
And what if I became an elegant mantaray  
Leaping gracefully out of the water with its flat expanse of movements?

But greatest of all would be a roaring polar bear catching its prey in one ferocious bite!  
That strength would be mind blowing!

What would you be if you couldn't be you?

# Year 5

Georgia

Emilia

Sophie C

Too many choices!  
I don't know what to do!  
That blue-roan dog.  
Oh that golden one too.  
They're all so cute.  
Some fluffy.  
Some silky.  
Shaggy and neat.  
Their high pitched barks.  
The sound of them whining.  
Fur brushing on the tips of my fingers.  
Dogs whispering to me begging me to take them.  
I can't pick mum, I just can't.  
It's too hard to choose.  
Oh mum, wait look at the hamster scuttering on the floor.  
Those deep brown eyes.  
That ginger, blonde hair.  
There are so many choices but this hamster is just right for me.

On my holiday I will be:  
On a tropical island on the other side of the world or,  
Dashing down a ski mountain feeling the wind in my hair.

How do I decide?

Do I want to feel the scorching sun on my skin,  
And the chill of my ice cold drink,  
See the sky as blue as the ocean above my head and  
Hear the sea dashing onto the shore.

Or do I want to feel the fire warming my skin,  
Marshmallows melting on my tongue,  
See the snow as white as a single daisy in a grassy field,  
While watching amateur skiers toppling down the hill.

Unless... I travel the world!  
I won't miss out on any enchanting cities,  
Or stunning coastal views.  
I'll go everywhere!

Would I go to the end of the world?  
Would I see the first tooth of a baby  
and a dragon wrapped in a box?  
Would the wind push me to the ground?  
Would I go to Mars? See the planes of Africa?

Would I hear the autumn leaves fall from the trees?  
Would I hear the morning breeze?  
Could I hear the howling jungle?  
and the volcanos rumble?

Could I touch the scales of a dinosaur?  
and swim with the whales and feel the hedgehog spines?

Could I smell the smoke of a fire?  
Could I smell Mexican food?  
and smell the swift flowers?

Could I taste the thick goo of a brownie?  
Would I taste sour lemons?

Choices choices what should I do?

# Year 6

Dulcie

Cleo

Daisy-Skye

Glitter for glamour  
Or black for white  
Paint for pallet  
Or eyes for sight

Rough for texture  
Or soft for clothes  
Glitter for hair  
Or a masquerade fair

A smile as bright as a rainbow  
Or a scowl as black as night  
A butterfly or moth  
Or dark for light

How would you make your perfect picture?

Likes the whistling wind in their hair or the quietness of a library, what character shall it be?

Boy or girl, sporty or smart, what character shall it be?

Likes junk food or not, likes tantalising mint choc chip or sweet honeycomb, what character shall it be?

Past or future, inky depths of the sea or the starry peaks of space, what setting shall it be?

Tranquil countryside or a bustling city, people have extraordinary powers or normal bland people, what setting shall it be?

Shall it be as hot as Australia or as cold as the Arctic, what setting shall it be?

My head is pounding fiercely with all these choices in my head. Writing a book can't be that hard, can it? Oh no, another choice to think about!



If I could go back o the past,  
A magical spell would be cast,  
I could see all my history,  
Of my ancestry.

Sinister hallways,  
Creepy doorways,  
Trees swishing,  
Gentleman whispering.

I can see rickety old cars,  
I can hear the sound of guitars,  
I can touch the stone wall,  
Of the village hall.

I can taste the apple in my hands,  
I can smell steaming porridge in pans,  
The sky is as blue as the sea,  
I can see steaming mugs of tea.

The past is yet to be explored,  
Never to be ignored.

# Year 7

Charlie

Leo

Toby

Among the stars where gravity doesn't exist,  
Or down on Earth where everything is safe,  
What should I choose?

In a cabin on a snowy mountain,  
where everything's cosy,  
Or down on a beach,  
where everything's soft,  
What should I choose?

Maybe a far off planet,  
A lush forest,  
Or desert temple,  
A bunkere deep down in the ground.  
What should I choose?

A battlefield with the smell of blood,  
in the air,  
A jungle smelling of,  
flowers and life,  
What should I choose?

Deep under the ocean,  
Tasting of salt,  
Up in the sky,  
With the taste of emptiness.  
What should I choose?

In a matrix of black,  
Nothing there,  
In a field of white,  
completeness there,  
The opposites,  
Dark and light,  
Good and bad,  
Yin and yang

What should I choose?

Should I go to school today? Or not!  
Good morning mister magpie? Should i salute you or not?  
I'm on my way to school, long or short way?  
Mauve today I should go the cross country route?  
The cross country route it is!  
As I run through the fields with flocks of sheep, herds of cows and horses.  
As I run past a manor house the guard dogs chase me.  
Should I climb a tree to lose them or just run?  
I see the school gates but they are closed so I jump the small fence that the dog can not jump.  
But as I land I trip on my shoelace and get my blazer dirty.  
But I got to school on time!  
So I guess life's about choices.

Temple bell sings through,  
Sakura blossom pink, fresh,  
Or green tea below.

Frog on a lily pad,  
Or a purple English rose,  
Golden autumn leaf falls.

Sencha fills the air,  
Hot but peaceful diffusing,  
Or fish in sushi.

Taste of emptiness,  
Bare black folded ninja-yoroi,  
Or taste of steel.

Trees are like choices  
Branching off in many ways  
But so often bare.

Decisions

# Year 8

Bea B

Beatrice A

Erin M

Only a single rope attaching one life to another.  
One cut away from a different life.  
A life of happiness and warmth.  
Choices...

Miles away from any civilization, on a perilous mountain, where the  
hissing wind slithers through your ears.  
Choices...

Glistening snow, reflected in the crisp clear sky.  
The aroma of alpine trees swayed to and fro, and the sound of tiny  
footsteps, plodding across the sheet of paper foraging for food.  
Choices...

Tick Tock. Tick Tock.  
The sound of time slipping away.  
Choices needed to be made.  
One life for another, or two lives together.  
Choices needed to be made...

Today I will go,

Far away.

I could go to the top of the snowy mountains,  
White as a clean sheet.

I could go to the bottom of the deep blue ocean,  
Blue as the high sky.

I could go to the future,  
Far, far ahead.

I could go to the past,  
Far, far behind.

I could go to space,  
No one lives there.

I could go to the jungle,  
Full of tigers and bears.

But, mountains are too high,  
Oceans too deep.

The future and past,  
Too much to learn

Space too far,  
Jungle too wild.

I think for now,  
I'd better stay.



Questions, answers,  
Lectures, arguments.  
A thousand ways to communicate.  
But which do I choose?

Apologies, excuses,  
Jokes and awkward conversations.  
Is there a wrong choice?  
Did I choose it?

Instead, I stand there  
with a smile on my face,  
Trying to avoid choosing at all.