

## **Year 7 – 1<sup>st</sup> Place and OVERALL WINNER**

### Climate

And what we thought was life  
was us living a false dream.  
The skies had raged while the sun kept rising,  
In her pathway we would melt and bathe.  
As the thoughtless drops of litter ran,  
from the open spaces of our shaded hands,  
It only took two pulses,  
for the Earth to tear and burn.  
And amongst her ashes,  
life was about to fade.

While the world shut its doors.  
Closing her eyes on our past chaos,  
My lungs opened to a fresh flow of tranquil air.  
In this locked silence I found the meaning of life.  
I began walking, embracing each step of clean cement,  
and the beauty of birdsong rebirthed,  
In a quieter and lighter Earth.

By Jallah

## Year 7 – 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

### Climate

It's a cool place where it get's colder  
Where our childhood get's older  
Change and the world,we think,are racing to a fall  
The time's event would seem more chaos but all  
Drift the one deadly direction but this is only  
Wisemen hope nothing,the wise are naturally lonely  
Hurricanes and storms lead us to danger  
Whilst we prove climate a changer  
My world is on fire,how about yours  
That's the way I like it and never get bored

If you do not really like this one I have another one.

By Fiza

## Year 8 – 1<sup>st</sup> Place

### The Thieves

The world is getting hotter and hotter  
Day after day  
But do you every wonder  
How this came to be?  
Glaciers are melting  
Sea levels are rising  
Rainforests are dying  
Wildlife is scrambling

Cars, trains, buses and planes  
These are the things we use every day  
Clouds of carbon dioxide fill the air  
Animals are left dying in despair  
Lots and lots of gruesome deaths  
Will this ever really end?  
What is the point in all of this  
When your great,great,great grandkids  
May never exist

Our factories are working  
Toxins emitting  
The ozone is evaporating  
And we won't stop adding  
Chemicals in what we are trying to breathe  
Our future has been stolen  
And it is our fault  
We are the thieves

By Aisha

## Year 8 – 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

### The Monster

A little drizzle from my lips,  
I knew you were coming shortly with a storm that you will emanate.  
You promised you wouldn't stop until an earthquake had emerged.

You made houses and shelters fall apart,  
I felt the pain when people watched with an ache in their hearts.

I felt the shuddering of your whispers pulling me into what I swore felt like a hurricane.  
The expression on your face was that of a tornado in the making, I hurried out of my house  
as I cried for my life.

Why did you have to appear?  
Was it for the attention?  
Well here you have our ear; we know this problem won't just disappear.

I searched for my family, but they were nowhere to be seen. Save and heal those who are  
dying,  
Pray and comfort those who are crying.  
Parents who can't find their sons and daughters,  
find out they are dead or washed away by the waters.

You snatched the land with nowhere to stand.  
The land that once was with children holding hands and music bands that were grand.

Homeless and hungry they howl with disbelief.  
Wishing for a chance to fulfill their dreams,  
A dream that one day, hoping things will be okay,  
And their problems will go away.

Love, peace happiness that's all it was until today.  
You destroyed the place and turned it into doomsday.

You may make the sky dark, but there's always stars shining and it's all here on this earth.  
You caused some die and some to cry,  
but it was only us who survived.

We didn't know you would arrive; we weren't prepared for **this** life.  
I wanted more to thrive,  
You made your achieved dreams come true now satisfy us,  
The Monster who kills our land please just leave.

By Karima

## Year 8 – 3<sup>rd</sup> Place

### Climate

Children all enjoying celebrations  
Understanding rituals unique to them all  
Learning different cultures  
Teaching diversity and showing love  
Understanding the sounds of different languages  
Rituals practised in their own unique way  
Everyone respecting each other for who they are and what they are

Artistic patterns wonderfully created from colours of the rainbow and patterns of the mind  
New music all to teach from the melody to the rhyme  
Drama and more to increase knowledge

Diversity is the key to a peaceful religion  
Individuals coming together starting a community  
Variety makes our way through all of us but shouldn't affect how we are  
Equality we should be to all as all is to us  
Related through humanity and nature  
Skin colours all perfectly created  
Intelligent we all are and have religious education and more  
Talents we all have but different in many ways and we should be proud of them  
Youth and all ages living together as a family

By Muneebah

## **Year 8 – Special Mention/Highly Commended**

### YOU

Wouldn't you want to be written down in history and people showing their admiration, adoration for YOUR generation for saving humanization and saving our wildlife and habitations. It may seem like an animation but its good for our nation and its good our salvation of economic simple needs.

okay let's start from the beginning i know this got you're mind spinning but at the end of the day its all of us women and the rest of the world who'll be winning, and if nothing happens in the future you'll be sitting whilst doing your knitting and your grandkids will be missing out on that opportunity to breathe the clean air YOU once breathed.

You're lungs corrupt from the CO<sub>2</sub> and you didn't know, didnt have a clue and the ones who are safe from this CO<sub>2</sub> are the ones who believed it was all true all those stories in the news so i guess the only one to blame is truly YOU.

By Amina

## Year 9 – 1<sup>st</sup> Place

### It's winter, you know

Your lungs are tied to your limbs like cantaloupe flesh  
The air intoxicating you  
Your pace is slow  
You are too terrified to die, and only hope survival listens  
Only you can see,  
the air, its red  
And upon the ground  
Are white and yellow daises  
You peer up, at the sky  
It's winter you know  
It should be frosty, cold and hailing  
And fluttering with flakes of snow.  
It's winter, didn't you know?

By Innaya

## Year 9 – 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

### A casual contrast

As the seed that has been grown  
that of a contrast,  
from a gloomy secluded cabin  
to a bright soothing light  
from which I fight  
it's procuration is imminent  
without it, I would change  
a dull colour would consume me  
which scares all. Prevents me  
from expressing my thoughts,

Though to a strange shift,  
a damp welcome, I suppose?  
How am I to keep my colours in the season's?  
A tiny droplet is what I'm looking for,  
which moisturises. As I engross  
the very molecule,  
You may think it is dependence  
but it is nature. With its miracles  
pouring out from side to side,  
still the end is to come,

Last but not least,  
Is a heavy burden,  
one with plain colour that surprisingly blocks mine!  
but at the time I would have only one colour to show,  
As if half shaven(fully really)  
I can't say this is all,  
as parts flow out into others,  
hail, cloud, sleet  
we'll just have to wait and see  
what the climate holds on in beneath

By Noor



## Year 9 – 3<sup>rd</sup> Place

### I'm sorry

The planet is melting  
And we are not helping,  
Sea levels are rising and  
Reefs are dying,  
Trees are burning, with greenhouse gases

Filling the air,  
And people don't care  
Chemicals turn into air we breathe,  
And nobody is even able to see  
All the animals that are trying to flee,

The great disaster that we create  
While sitting fishing on the lake  
We don't even realize the damage we cause  
Only till we try to put the world on pause  
Our planet is screaming for help

And soon our children will have no story to tell  
About the times they went on an adventure  
Between the Australian forests and the Amazon trees  
Between the deserts and the Atlantic seas

Dear 2055, I really hope you survive  
I'm sorry we didn't take care of the world,  
At least now we have a lesson to learn.

once again I'm sorry...

By Donia

## Year 9 – Special Mention / Highly Commended

### All around Climate

If we know how lime trees are affected,  
we would stop polluting the area we live in,  
from animals to homes to werewolves' bones,  
innocent animals soon be alone.

If we know how people are affected,  
maybe we would stop loved ones from getting selected,  
all people lost from cries of lava,  
innocent humans soon all alone.

If we know how objects are affected,  
maybe we would take more care,  
for coming generations to share  
as innocent objects soon be alone.

If we know how kids are affected,  
maybe we would stop and think,  
before kids become pink  
innocent kind become a link.

By Iqra

## Year 10 – 1<sup>st</sup> Place

### A Voice Left to Haunt

Sirens ring again.

There the city burns            the city screeches, screams for help.

*This mirrors a kangaroo which is swimming in her own cries of despair  
as she fights for her last breaths, beneath masses of smoke, from the burning of fossil fuels  
to electricity in your homes.*

The earth is warming            ‘nonsense’            as they say  
but there a voice urges from the centre of the smoke

a voice of a child echoing forcefully in the radar of the smoke

an echo caused by a child’s anger,  
an echo that leaves the ears to bleed,  
an echo bouncing of the haunting choices  
of the past.

Now the smoke blurs the vision of humanity  
and forcefully retreats the memories of the mistakes  
that were sentenced to be forgotten            forever.

But this child here is left alone

But this child here is left to become free,

                         survive

                         thrive

                 once upon a time ...

within ruins of a world meant to be home  
as owners left this place which once named  
but now it’s all lost in age and dragon smoke...

*Smoke quickly begins in filling her lungs, the kangaroo desperate of survival as she unable to  
let go of her life to humanity’s mistakes, as she is buried beneath masses of smoke  
from the burning of fossil fuels to electricity in your home.*

One other place, far to remember

the child’s anger reaches a forgotten, forged memory

This awakes the ocean that was betrayed, battled, broken            for its treasures

And then the sea begins to kick            mercilessly

on those who betrayed the right they had

The sea is thirsty for what is left            and fearing the extinction by the existence of a  
drought.

An extinction like the sea’s past, forgotten friends.

An extinction of the sea

which was here before humanity ,            more than millennium years

of history within the sea

to be lost in a few decades

if not less.

*The kangaroo begins to give up  
as she loses hope.*

*The agony and pain she had for years*

*from the deforestation of her home to continues attempts of survival from the forest fires  
all just disappear as she remembers her origins and doubts that she will be the last  
to suffer*

*but hopes that the next may be tougher...*

A child's echo, eternally echoing

In the radar of smoke

A voice left to haunt,

Left to haunt humanity

of what was left of the

climate.

By Waad

## Year 10 – 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

### Vices of a Blind Eye

Some grow up smothered  
by the air they breathe,  
thick, grey, deadly.

Others eat fish ridden with potent chemicals,  
fish which writhe and choke  
in their own seas.

Trees sit ablaze, burned to blackened  
miseries. Pitiful remnants of once  
ethereal ecosystems all intertwined in harmony.  
Left to rot in agony.

Sat upon a burning Earth.  
With extinct species,  
Mother Nature is left with dwindling hope.

Mother Nature has proven time  
and time again, that She is good.  
She has always been kind  
and generous to humanity.  
In retrospect, she feels rage  
towards her compassion.

*Never trust in humanity!  
Conceited, immoral, wicked!*

They wage wars,  
corrupt to exploit the needy.  
For a little extra oil  
and money in their pockets,  
they turn a blind eye  
to their lethal consequences.  
But now?

Now, they create a profusion of fabricated lies.  
If they do not use logic and haste,  
they shall soon learn of their timely fate.

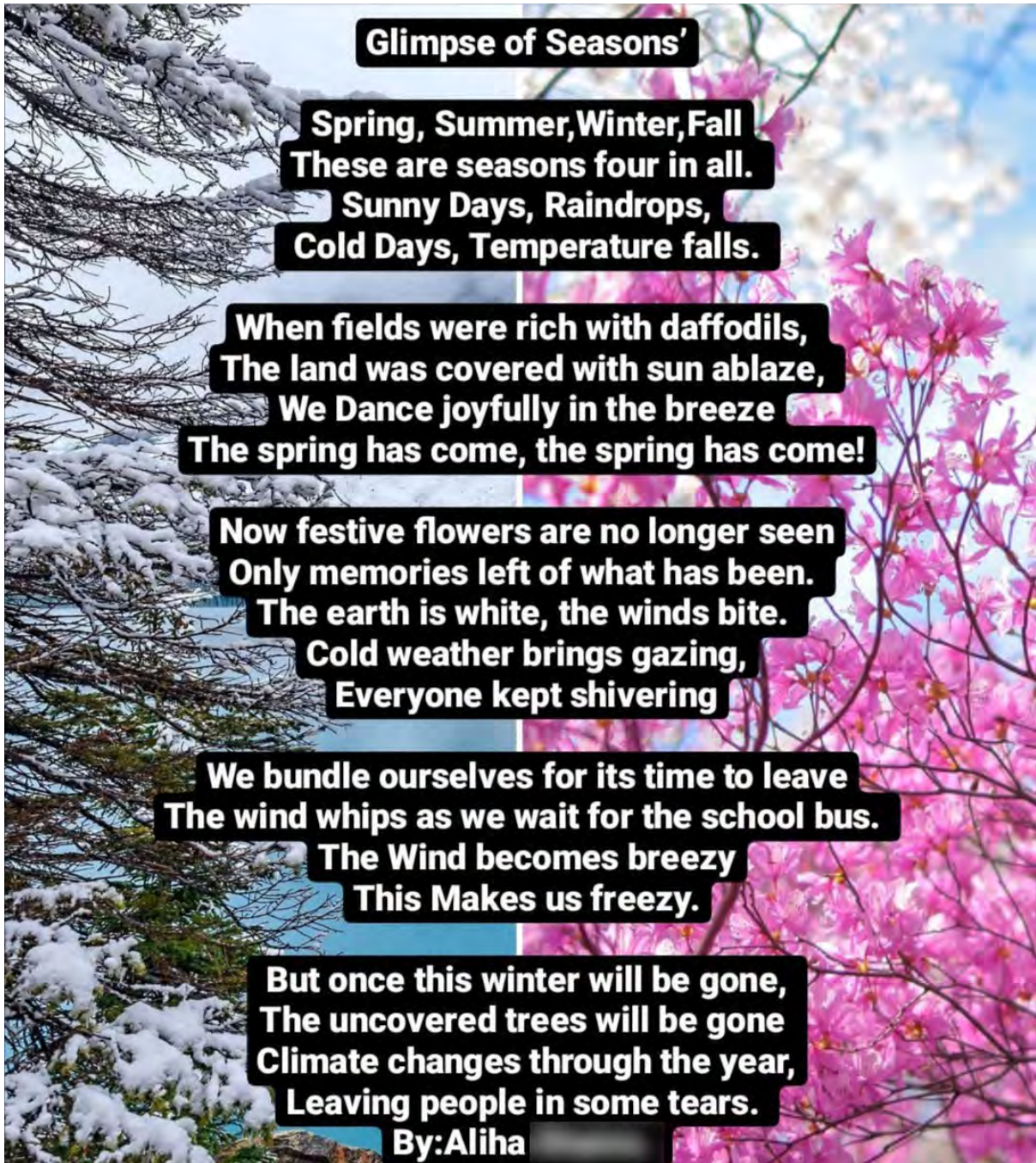
Then they ask,  
why is humanity to blame?

Disease contaminates humanity,  
caused by the conscience's negligence,  
showing humanity, the true hierarchy.  
For the human conscience is vain.  
It can only love itself.

Then they ask,  
why is humanity to blame?  
All they do then,  
is crawl back to their crude habits.  
Vices of deceit.

Mother Nature will wilt,  
taking her traitor to the grave.

By Yusra



**Glimpse of Seasons'**

**Spring, Summer, Winter, Fall  
These are seasons four in all.**

**Sunny Days, Raindrops,  
Cold Days, Temperature falls.**

**When fields were rich with daffodils,  
The land was covered with sun ablaze,  
We Dance joyfully in the breeze  
The spring has come, the spring has come!**

**Now festive flowers are no longer seen  
Only memories left of what has been.  
The earth is white, the winds bite.  
Cold weather brings gazing,  
Everyone kept shivering**

**We bundle ourselves for its time to leave  
The wind whips as we wait for the school bus.  
The Wind becomes breezy  
This Makes us freezy.**

**But once this winter will be gone,  
The uncovered trees will be gone  
Climate changes through the year,  
Leaving people in some tears.**

**By: Aliha**