

## Florence Bugle by Pippa Dale

Florence Bugle didn't go by rules,  
She broke them-making them shatter into thousands of pieces like glass,  
Her short bleached blonde hair swirling in the wind,  
Her triumphant strut that only spoke 'don't mess with me'  
So nobody did.

Florence Bugle didn't think like other people,  
She looked down on them, unsmiling with such attitude it could move mountains,  
Her set, jutting jaw chewing tenaciously at off-white gum making that awful 'click clack smack'  
noise as it was chewed.  
Her deep, dark blue eyes she rolls more than her fair share that only spoke 'don't mess with  
me'  
So nobody did.

Florence Bugle didn't speak like other people, she spoke with a thick, rich sarcasm that rang out  
to intimidate,  
Her pale, shameless skin on show, pale enough to pass as a ghost,  
Her long, uncharacteristic arms folding slowly to have them across her body that only spoke  
'don't mess with me'  
So nobody did.

No, Florence Bugle didn't go by rules,  
Or think like other people,  
Nor does she speak like other people,  
Florence Bugle was herself, and no amount of scolding was going to change that.  
Florence Bugle wasn't your average person,  
Florence Bugle was a rebel.

## Romeo & Juliet's Argument by Poppy Flattery

Juliet was getting was getting upset. Romeo was late – again! She was stood outside Ye Olde Axe public house and there were lots of very dirty men and women nearby. Just as she was about to give up Romeo appeared chewing a lamb's leg. “Where have thou **giddy, puppy-headed, boil** been?” she shouted.

“My **simpering, stretched-mouth flibbertigibbet**, I was queueing at the butchers for this most delicious lamb's leg. Would ye like a lick?” Romeo exclaimed.

“A lick! A lick!” Juliet bellowed. “I have waited here for hours you **shallow, foul-spoken, promise-breaker**. I have dirt upon my favourite shoes.”

“I was hungry my **meddling, cream-faced, ticklebrain**, did you expect me to starve you **twangling, languageless fancy-monger?**”

Juliet took off her dirty shoes and threw them upon Romeo's head, then with her nose in the air, she strode angrily away. “You are nothing but an **odiferous, wasp-stung, pantaloons**,” she called over her shoulder.

Romeo picked up Juliet's shoes, flung them at a drunkard and walked into Ye Olde Axe public house for a tankard of beer to wash down the lamb's leg.

## **A reckless old man who is a graffiti artist by Tom Frape**

Mr. Fredrickson, the sweet old man next door they think,  
My thick glasses always hung low on my nose,  
And a woolly hat that is completely off colour,  
I will be a good role model for the children,  
Like the cats home I raise money for with my graffiti,  
It's a secret to get money to help the cats home that will be demolished,  
I will walk out bare foot in the rain,  
And clear out isles in the shops,  
Whilst wearing horrible clothes that don't match,  
This is NOT the sweet old Mr. Fredrickson who lives next door.

## **My friend Phoebe by Ruby Beard**

My friend Phoebe  
Likes to stand out from the crowd.  
With mix-matched clothes,  
and yellow feathers in her hair.

She skips everywhere she goes,  
not caring that people stare.  
While singing at the top of her lungs,  
with her out of tune voice.

She always seems so happy.  
And so care free.  
Perhaps we should all take note,  
and be different like Phoebe.

## **I miss home by Poppy Wilkins**

School starts today.  
I feel sick,  
Knots of worry and questions that just won't go away.

How will people react when they see me?  
How will I know what I'm meant to do?  
Staring blank-faced at the teacher before me,  
I don't understand, I just don't understand.

People are staring,  
They're looking at me,  
They think I don't notice.

But I do.

I wanted to come here.  
I really did.  
I thought anything would be better  
Than where I was before.  
But now I'm really not sure.

Everything is different,  
The people,  
The climate,  
Even the food you can buy in the shops.

I miss home.  
I miss my friends,  
And family too,  
My house and its garden,  
Before they were bombed.

I don't belong here.

The weather was hot,  
Here it just rains.  
Again and again.

I really miss home.

## **When I'm Older by Olivia Flanagan**

When I'm older, I don't want to be an old lady who sits down, and does a crossword, I don't want to be obsessed with flowers, or baking. I want to be the sort of Grandma who everyone wants to know, who goes for long walks, who plays the electric guitar, who dyes their hair different colours every few months.

Everyone tells me that I'll forget about it and just become a normal old lady like everyone else plans on being, but I won't forget, I'll remind myself everyday that I have something to look forward to.

I'll buy my grandchildren cool presents like electric skateboards and guitars, we could even start a band! Even if their mother says no, it's their choice if they want to become like future me or not!

I'm not going to find a husband either, I want to be known as independent, and strong, I'll live in a tiny cottage, but filled with bright colours just so people don't forget. I'll have 3 dogs, 2 rabbits, 6 ducks, and 2 horses, maybe even a few cows.

When I'm older, I want to be free.

## My Rainbow Afro by Alexander Bloom

I was the same until I changed  
It's easy to be different when you have a rainbow afro  
It's easy to stand out with a bush like afro alone  
Let alone a radical rainbow died one  
It's easy to get sent home

It's not stupid hair day everyone yelled as I walked home  
It's not acceptable was the teachers favourite line  
But I Knew it was allowed I read the rules  
But people hated different  
People hated my hair

Tears and angry phone calls  
Yelling and sickly sweat tones  
Fear and aggression  
How can I escape it how can I escape school

Finally it was settled I went to the head  
But he just sent me home  
My farther rang him but he just said  
No no no

But I had friends at school good friends  
Who when I came to school on Tuesday  
Had rainbow afros and we all went to the head

It's not stupid hair day people yelled  
But not any more my friends my good friends stopped that  
Now people love our hair  
People don't see it as different any more  
People see It as cool.

**When I am Old by Tabitha Chopping**

When I am old I will order whatever I want,  
Ice cream with ketchup,  
Half coffee, half cream,  
And sausages for breakfast, brunch, lunch, tea and dinner.

When I am old I will wear whatever I want,  
I'll wear slippers in shops,  
Tie my hair back with old socks,  
But I will always make sure the colour's match.

Because I am old no one will care except for my children, who'll still be embarrassed,  
But it's their kids that matter,  
They really must see,  
The load and proud rebel still inside me.



# She likes Reptiles by Esme Waghorn

Allowed to choose a pet,  
She thinks of a snake  
Perhaps a crocodile  
A lizard maybe a chameleon.  
Komodo dragons are fun.  
A tortoise would be best of all.

At her friends house,  
She meets their two new kittens; Sarah and Duck.  
One ginger, one black.  
They play fight, climb the curtains,  
Chase balls of wool

Her cousins have a lop-eared rabbit  
"Feel how soft he is," says her mum.  
"stroke his ears." She's not impressed.  
"A puppy then?" Mum pleads.  
"You could train him, take him for walks."

But she likes Reptiles.  
She admires their ruthlessness  
The scales and shells appeal to her.  
Their slow, cunning movements  
Are so fascinating  
"The tortoise please" She insists. She knows her own mind.