

Introduction

This Anthology of creative writing by Key Stage 3 pupils has been compiled to celebrate our individual identities and unique characteristics and features. The anthology came about when all pupils in Years 7-9 were asked to create their own original pieces of writing based on the title 'This Is Me' and from these, a selection were chosen to form the book you are about to read.

At Platanos College, we respect everybody and we aim to celebrate the things that make us different as well as those that unite us. We take prejudice and bullying seriously and we strive to make everybody in our community feel comfortable in a safe place where we are all valued and respected.

This is exactly why the whole of Key Stage 3 was asked to make their voices heard - so we can all share what makes up our own individual identities. Our anthology is made up of writing by pupils across a range of classes, who come from different backgrounds and nationalities and have a range of interests; what unites us is that we all belong to Platanos College, a community school in the heart of the most diverse and multicultural city in the world.

This is a teacher-free zone! All of the artwork and writing in this anthology is by our pupils because we know that we are the artists, writers and voices of tomorrow.

We really hope that you enjoy reading this first instalment of the Key Stage 3 Creative Writing Anthology.

Written by Mert Alp Aydin
Year 8

Platanos College Key Stage 3 Anthology
Volume 1
Autumn 2019

Contents

Introduction –	Page 1
Contents –	Page 2
Xamza Isse –	Page 3
Aimee Brown –	Page 5
Khiara Jarrin –	Pages 6
Thalia Begum –	Page 7
Diana Bernard –	Page 8
Ana Marques –	Page 9
Fares Ouanouli –	Page 10
Emily Adegoke –	Page 11
Tatiana Abrantes –	Page 12
Osarodian Obayangbona –	Page 13
Sidra Kadir –	Page 14
Sumayyah Daud –	Page 16
Rushda Ahmad –	Page 17
Victor Antonio –	Page 19
Michelle Le –	Page 20
Kaydn O'Connor –	Page 21
Kelly Gouveia –	Page 22
Shyla Fenton-Duhaney –	Page 24
Stephanie Candido –	Page 25
Ridwaan Abdulle –	Pages 26
Imogen Bowes –	Page 27
Meleah Smith-Angol –	Page 28
Mert Alp Aydin –	Pages 30 - 31
Omar Aouchiche –	Page 32
Bushra Amanullah –	Page 33
Orban O'Brien –	Page 35
Humaira Ahmed –	Page 36
Dillon Agyemang –	37
Theo McLean –	38

This is me.

My name is Xamza -
The name of a brave soldier;
I have a need for justice
And an angel that watches over me
From my shoulder.

This is me.

My name means brave,
Like the ancient warrior -
He too fought for what was right
And when it came down to battle,
He was superior.

This is me.

My name is a legend,
Like the man of wonder,
The man so pure,
If you knew him,
You could not find a dark interior.

This is me,
Xamza.

By Xamza Isse



The eyes are the window to the soul,
But I keep the glass dirty.
Things bottled up and thrown into the ocean,
Only sometimes found.
Deep in a journey I want to control,
Retreating to a world I can,
Creating voices for my own amusement,
And friends I dream to know.
Enjoying the curve of my face,
Often true,
Rarely faked.

By Aimee Brown

My name is Khiara Jarrin.
My name means 'small' and 'dark.'
Who would have known this would be true?
For God has chosen this for me.

I come from London,
But my Motherland is Ecuador.
It sounds like a parade in the streets
Full of beats.
The noise makes me feel like home -
The sounds I hear are everlasting.

Those who are most important to me are God
and my family -
They smell like happiness and love.
My family is protected by angel doves.
In my free time I read the Bible and play sports,
They taste like freedom.
I want to reach heaven's kingdom.
The Bible is my inspiration,
For God created one world's nation
And all beauty stays in heaven.

By Khiara Jarrin

I am the sun waiting to rise
I am the blessing in disguise
I am an angel up up high
I am the smile who stops by.

I am the happy tear on your face
I am the lead of merry grace
I am the crystal on your proposal ring
I am the trophy you are going to win.

I am the bright moon in the sky
I am the question asking 'why?'
I am beautiful kind and smart
But being me is a big part.

By Thalia Begum

My name is Diana Camilla Bernard,
Not like the royalties,
But just because it is.
I come from the jungle known as London,
A noisy city that's filled to the brim with roars
of lions,
But also the faint squeaks of mice.
The person who is most important in my life is my
mum,
Who smells of all things sweet and spicy,
And sometimes the perfume I bought for her
birthday,
Her warmth is the sole thing I can depend on.
In my free time I like to listen to music,
The lyrics drifting me across the warm river known as
a melody,
Each word sung full of meaning,
As I dread the end of every song.
My dreams for the future are blurry,
Maybe I'll become a lawyer and be able to help my
family live comfortably,
Because I owe them at least that much for helping
me grow,
For helping me become who I am now
And, for loving me.

By Diana Bernard

My name is Ana, meaning 'Grace' in
Portuguese.

I have huge hazel eyes to gaze upon in the
mirror -
Not to hate, but to admire myself within and
without.
I'm not selfish, I'm spreading self-love.

This is me.
I am hopeful for what's yet to come...
A beautiful future or a frightening phase?
One day, I'll see, and have my time to shine -
Shine like a shimmering star in the night sky.

This is me.
I am tall and have long, luscious hair,
I am a growing grizzly bear.
I am a swan swimming in the lake,
I am a girl with a happy fate.

This is me.
I am a dandelion dazzling in the
doom,
I am a musician flying to the
Moon.
I am an artist painting a picture.
I am who I want to be.
I am Ana,
This is me.

By Ana Rita Marques

What you're reading was written by me,
Not a Drama, a Tragedy or a Comedy,
This is no film, fantasy or a fable,
Just a bunch of words lying still on a table.

The purpose of this? Don't ask me,
Or anyone actually,
Just... read,
And let it grow in your head like a seed.

A lonesome tree,
Something no one else can see,
No... it's only for me,
Watching on as the leaves are gracefully set free.

Perhaps this is all a test,
Something to compare me with all the rest,
To see who's the best,
But I'm not that fond of a contest.

Maybe this is just a dream,
A way for me to blow off steam.
A break from the reality we're in,
To this cosy paper inn.

But
the truth is...whatever I want it to be!
I'm free!
And so are you,
So now it's your turn...
Let's see what you can brew.

By Fares Amir Ouanoufi

My name is Emily Adegoke,
But I'm not sure it's who I am.
Ema is what I've been called since I could walk,
So it might be who I am..
My name is Ema?
I come from joy and darkness,
Why?

I don't have a single clue.
But there are two sides to every story -
Right?

That's why adults tell us...
"Never judge a book by its cover,"
But they do it themselves.
Everyone is important to me
Because without anyone,
I'd be awfully lonely.

In my free time I sit and listen
To anything,
Everything
Around me.

By Emily Adegoke

This is me,
I dream of having a successful future,
The mountain of choices ahead in life,
Where decisions are made and dangers are faced.
Success a delicious taste but hard to find,
It's always there but not always seen,
Behind everyone, ready to be discovered.
This is me.

The dream of having a happy future, before the
darkness of
life takes over.

The two-faced mind choosing my next decision,
Whether it's good or bad I don't know
But I know I can't always have control.
The happy life I always wished for,
Decided again by my two-faced mind.

The mountain changes direction and so does the
wind,
And with it, all my chances are gone.
The happy ending I wanted gone,
The sweet taste of success gone.
Lost in the breeze.

By Tatiana Abrantes

A majestic youngster spurred by determination.

A soul originated from my surroundings.

Proud of my culture, pride from my category.

I'm something more than what you think.

This is me.

An individual with flashing arrays of vehement

and

perpetual vibrancy.

My wings moulded by courage.

Talons from the deepest perseverance.

This is me.

By Osarodion Obayangbona

My name is Sidra Kadir
My name is a tree next to heaven.

My name is important to me.
I am proud to be from Iraq,
And proud to have Middle Eastern blood.

Most times I am filled with joy,
But sometimes I may want to cry like the clouds.

I am intelligent and brave,
Not afraid to say what's on my mind.
I am respectful and kind,

Most importantly I am myself,
And that's what separates me from the crowd.

I may look different, I may act different,
But that's what makes me special.

By Sidra Kadir



This is me.
I'm 5 foot 3,
I keep me head held high,
The clouds are jealous.

People tell me "you look better without your glasses"
And I say,
"You look better without my glasses too."
You see, I have thick skin,

So, I can handle anything. I
feel good when I smile,
But when you grab me cheek by cheek,
"I don't like that," I say,
"Stop it, please."

When I'm wearing my graphic tee,
I feel invincible, untouchable, I feel free,
With my crown on my head,
No, it's not a tiara,
I adorn a simple black cloth,
My knight and shining armour.

I don't need a knight to come rescue me,
I know how to deal with the monsters -
I did in Year 3.

They squeal, "why are you so ashy, don't you moisturise?"
You think you know it all, but with pools in my eyes,
I crack you a half smile and try not to let it show,
"My condition doesn't define me,
it's for my dermatologist to know."

By Sumayyah Daud

For years people wondered what I am!
Trust me when I say, I came as a blessing
For my mum and dad.

My name means knowledge, true path and guidance,
Which may not always define me.

When I was born,
I never did cry,
Never did weep.

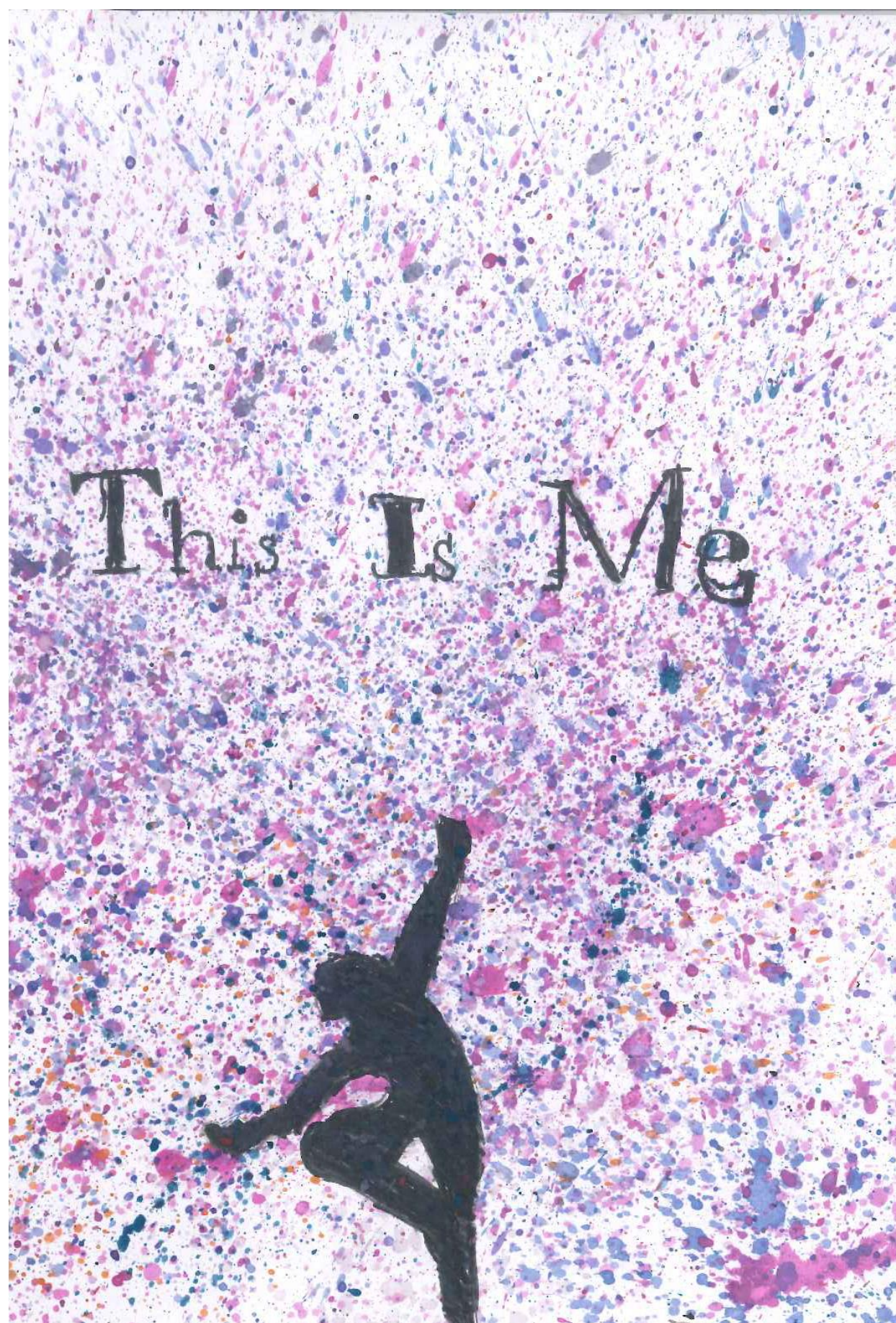
“Oh, she’s so sweet!” cried anyone I could see!
My mother is my blanket,
My father an angel, sent down for me.
The world is my house,

It carries my friends whom I call family.
My family are my guardians,
They are full of colours and spice!

Ancestors and parents from India,
Never a dull moment.
We love flavour and food galore,
Come visit us - even after your main course,
You’ll be wanting more!

As for travelling,
We range from pilgrimages to Bangalore!

By Rushda Ahmad



My name is Victor Antonio,
I'm named after my father.
Victor is a synonym for victorious,
A name for a conqueror.

I come from Ecuador,
My country sounds welcoming -
As if when you enter,
Everything from the outside world disappears,

The most important people to me are my family,
My inner family...
My mum smells like home,
She's the alpha of the house
And I'm her cub.

In my spare time I listen to music
And lose myself in my mind.
Music is my breeze of freedom,
Being lost in the melody,
I feel like I'm in my own world with no pain or distress.

My future dream is to give my mum the life she deserves,
To treat her as the queen that she is.
My dream is like a tunnel,
A long tunnel;
There's struggle through the darkness
But at the end there's always a light,
And that will be my accomplishment.

By Victor Antonio

My older brother always compared me to fire.
You know, the mixture of hot gases you use to cook.
At first, I never understood,
Until I realised just what life was really like.

I started off as a tiny flame, barely knowing how to expand.
I barely moved,
Barely danced,
Barely touched anyone.

My mind and body were all over the place,
Seeing objects I wanted so badly to touch, yet couldn't.
Yet, the more I came across different flames,
The more I began to change.
I adapted to the world around me.

The tiny flame I once was, has taken over several objects,
To evolve into the big mass of fire I am today.
Fire, that always starts off small,
Before it decides to grow bigger.

I can shrink at times, but grow back with flames bright as
ever.
And when I do grow bigger,
I dance -
Dance with not a care in the world.

This is me,
The girl that's considered a dancing flame.
Although the flame will soon sadly wither away,
It refuses to be extinguished by anyone else.

By Michelle Le

I was anonymous until now....
A name starting with K and ending with N,
A quad of land I have been blessed with.
Resilient for my dream to become reality.
As a cloud in the blue sky, I act, flowing
with the world.
This poem brings me to life.
I am not anonymous anymore...
I am Kaydn.

By Kaydn O'Connor

This is me,
I might not be the smartest,
I might not be the brightest,
I might not be the one with the most friends,
I might not be the one with the best ideas,
I might not be the one to contribute as much as
the others,
But I love me for me.
I will accomplish what I want to accomplish,
I will achieve my best,
I will prove them wrong,
I will get better,
I will be someone important,
And I love me for me.
Enough of the will and the might.
I know I'm strong,
I know I'm capable,
I know I'm passionate,
I know I'm caring,
I know I'm special,
I know I'll make it because...
This is me.

By Kelly Gouveia



BY - Yacine 7W

I am the princess of the mountains,
I walk upon snow.
I come from a country where music is our
show.
Oh, how I love my mum's smell - the scent
of female cologne.
I draw when I'm happy, I draw if I feel
alone.
I draw when I'm sad or if I feel off tone.
I dream to buy my family a forever home.

By Shyla Fenton-Duhaney

I am not known.
My name is from my sister, such a
blessing.
The country I am from is beautiful and
small,
The smell of perfume my mum spreads,
And the smells of fruits fill the room.
My legs usually ache,
From playing all this sport.
My dream shines in the blue sky,
Waiting
Patiently
For its time.

By Stephanie Candido

My name is Ridwaan Abdulle,
I am named after the angel that guards the gates
of heaven,
My surname still a mystery waiting to be solved.
I come from Somalia,
A land rich in oils,
Going through war,
Clouds covering the true country.

The people most important to me in my life are my
parents,
Who cared for me when I was born,
and still do.
I'm waiting to re-pay them when I grow up.

In my free time, I like to play basketball, football or
go
swimming,
Swishing like Stephen Curry,
Speed like Michael Phelps,
Skills like Lionel Messi.

My dream for the future is to become a doctor,
Helping the sick and the needy,
This is me!

By Ridwaan Abdulle

My name is Imogen
I am small,
But I stand tall with confidence.

I like to dance like the wind,
Paint like the sky
And write like the clouds.

My family is my shield,
Keeping me protected whenever I need it.

My dreams are like continuous waves,
Crashing to shore or slowly drifting to the
sunset.

By Imogen Bowes

My name is Meleah
And this poem will tell you about me.
Born in England,
In the cold,
This must be why I like tea and scones.
I am the only child
Who can act a bit wild
My mum keeps saying,
“WHAT’S WRONG WITH THIS CHILD?!”

My family is a shield
Who sticks by me like super glue.
I drink like a fish
And love a great dish.

My strong spirit rises up
As music flows through my ears.
The dark is my greatest fear.

I’m from three islands which are so far away,
But yet so close -
Dominica, Jamaica and Guyana, and they say “father” like
“cum mi farda.”

My dreams are clear -
Me wanting to be a criminal detective
Will one day appear.

By Meleah Smith-Angol



My name is Mert,
I came 3 months early.
I could have died, but I survived, because I think I fought.
The only thing is I don't remember it.
It wasn't just my fight,

It was because of the right conditions the Earth provided,
The situation my mother was in,
Coincidence, I always think.

Not everything has a reason,
Because life is a never ending
story with twists and turns,
That is expertly written and woven and crafted -
The ultimate story of non-fiction.

I come from Turkey
For me it is more than a dying economy
What I see are people suffering because of greed.

My mother, my father, everyone that sacrificed
Something for me,
Their time, their money
Everyone is important to me because they did something for
me.

My teachers taught me, my mother fed me
My father helped us with our financial stability.
I still wonder why they did what they did for me, just why.

In my free time I code and play video games.
To me code tastes like blood, sweat, tears and gallons of coffee,
The effort and frustration I have to put in.

To be on our way to intergalactic colonisation.
Some choose to help the common person,
I choose to save humanity from itself,

Our past mistakes of coal and petrol energy generation,
I want to back up Earth in case of a nuclear war,
As the death clock is looming closer to 12,
Closer and closer.

One day we can expel suffering,
End the barrier between human and
animal,
These are my wildest
And most improbable dreams,
But these dreams make me
Me.

By Mert Alp Aydin

My name is Omar,
Backwards is Ramo.
Similar to Ramos,
My favourite footballer.

In my opinion,
Ramos is a legend.
He is an inspiration,
To all young defenders.
I should have been in Year 9,
But I was born late.
I lost a whole academic year,
But now I have less on my plate

I am Saudi Arabian and Algerian,
So I am Arab and African.
Planes are nothing new to me,
Neither are jets.

I am a teenager,
I am growing in intellect,
Both to be inherited,
And acquired.

By Omar Aouchiche

My name is Bushra Amanullah.
My name is Arabic -
It means happy news, glad tidings, good omen.
I am from Afghanistan.

Afghanistan is like...well...
The sweet smell of food captivates you under its spell.
Be careful - these sweet smells might turn dangerous and will
lead you astray.

The hell of war has torn us

Apart.

The most important people to me are my parents because -
My mum carried me in her womb for months and days,
Even when the days were grey.

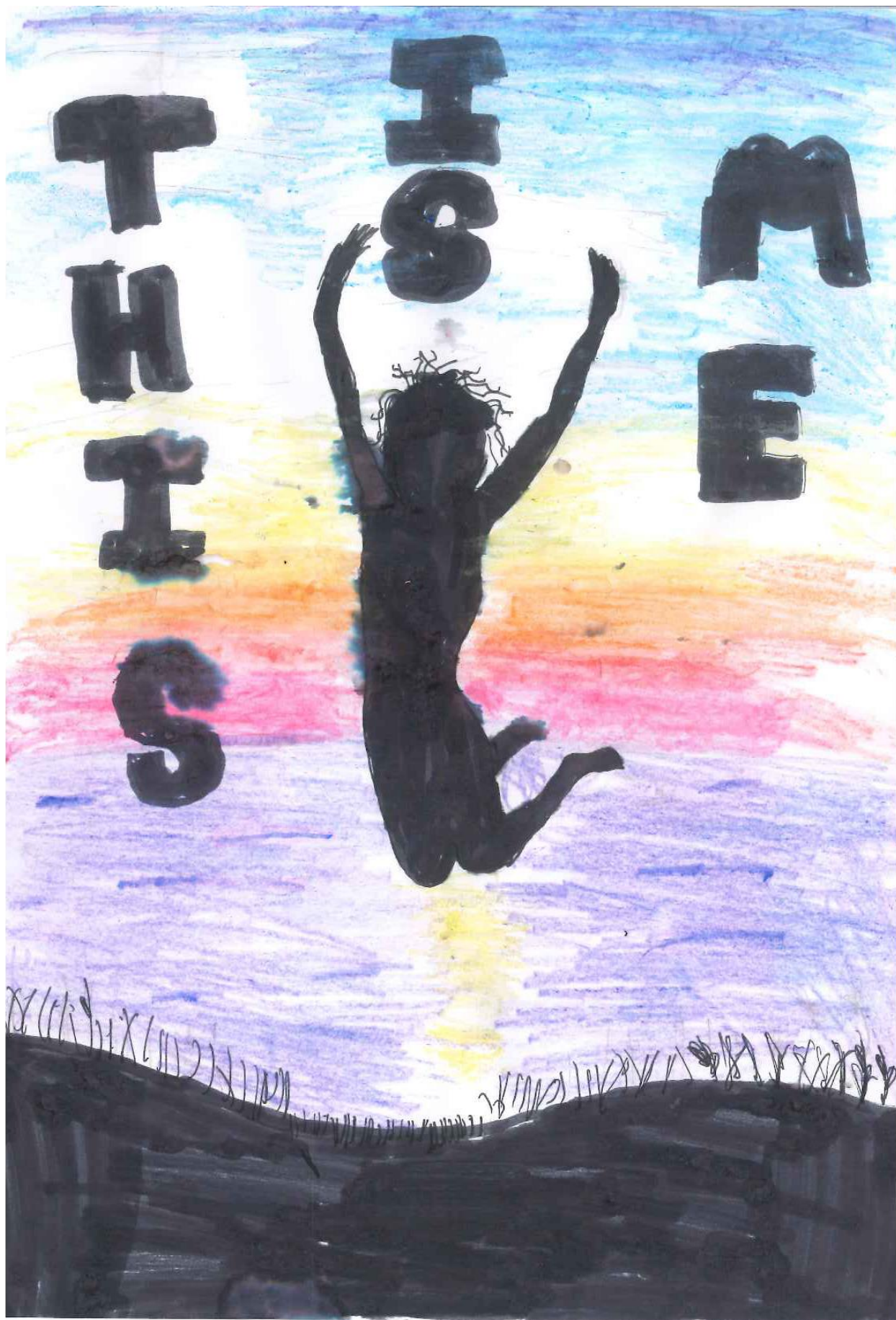
Whenever I was sad, she told me it was going to be okay.
My dad put a roof over my head,
Whenever I was going to bed,
Those books he read.

What I want to be when I grow up?
I want to be a doctor -
If it comes true it will be a shocker!

For my future I see a rainbow,
I will sew my peace together.
Who do I love?
I love my family and my friends but most importantly,

I love myself.

By Bushra Amanullah



People expect me to be perfect, tell me I should be things that
seem surreal.

They want me to be better, but they don't know how I feel,
When I'm told that I should be the best

It's getting me stressed.

Still, they put me to the test.

I'd like to get some things off my chest:

To say...

I am just like the rest.

We are all like grains of sand - now I think I understand.

Some are rough, some are smooth,

But we are all eventually moved, by the same great waves,

The waves of time.

They crest and fall,

They move us all

Together, separating and reuniting

The grains of sand.

So alike and yet so different,

That make up this world, this beach, this place

That's home to all of the human race.

But now I'm running out of time,

I'm coming to my last few lines.

So the last thing I'll utter in this tangle of rhymes

Is a statement

At the end of it all, after we're finally, finally done,

Even though we may seem tiny,

Everyone is sublime in their own special way.

I am me.

You are you.

Everyone on this earth is, too.

By Orban O'Brien

My name is Humaira.
My name means the colour of red.
I am the nickname of a beloved wife.

Bangladesh is where I am from.
The country that makes you feel a new
sensation every step
you take - We look like a parade of
colour.

My family smells like cotton candy,
The type that tickles your nose
So you know when it's around.

My dreams are like monstrous oceans
That swirl to make beautiful patterns,
Yet sometimes need to swallow a person
To eventually become peaceful.

By Humaira Ahmed

I'm about as certain as I can be,
That all of us, to some degree
Have things that even we don't see;
I wonder what I'm yet to learn about
me.

I know I'm not the person that I'll be
tomorrow

Nor the me from the past,
Shaped by the days that followed.
I'm here in the moment - that's all I
can be.

And that's all I can say about me.

By Dillon Agyemang

The only way to know where someone is going
Is to first know where they're coming from.
You can't really split someone into their feelings
Or the cowardly premise of a lacklustre shudder.

Even though my true thoughts are enough to send one reeling,
Every single one sprouts from my past.
It's impossible for me to tell you everything wrong
For that we would be grown and old.
A sinless innocent item -
Or so I'm very much told.

Each card reluctantly thrown, each excuse possibly made,
Every single reason why I could sit outside in the pouring rain,
But the sadness in each eye endears me to stay.
Don't forget this sprouts from a place of endless pain.
We are told every day that the dead cannot rise,

But the ground here is fresh.

In my imagination I am a prize,
Each problem together like mesh.
I could tell a thousand stories, some happy, some sad
But here he lies dead and buried: my dear old dad.

My story should instil anger - is it not one's fault?
But I keep that story locked away like diamonds in a vault.
No matter how much I tell this story or what comes to my head,
I'll never forget his final teachings:

"Let the dead bury the dead."

By Theo McLean

With Art by

Shyla Fenton-Duhaney

Tahira Uddin

Meleah Smith-Angol

Camissa Konte

Yacine Hamidi

Ana Marques

Lucia Whittington

and

Cover by

Orban O'Brien

