



Through My Eyes



**A Creative Anthology by pupils of Platanos College
2021-2022**



Introduction to *Through My Eyes*

Welcome to *Through My Eyes*, a creative anthology consisting of original writing, art and photography by pupils across all year groups at Platanos College.

Here you will find a range of perspectives about our communities, relationships, families and world: in other words, this collection of works made during the course of the academic year 2021-22, is a glimpse into our worlds and lives through our eyes.

This anthology contains authentic reflections on how we perceive the world around us, including the challenges and beauty of our lives as young people growing up in inner London. We also reflect upon the unprecedented events of the last few years and our connections both with those closest to us and with the wider global community. And of course, we once again take great pride in sharing with you the magic of our imaginations and creative minds.

We hope that you enjoy all of the wonderful pieces in this year's Platanos College creative anthology.

Introduction written by Omar Aouchiche

Front cover by Rhiyaad Chowdhury

Back cover by Tristine Keira Kamu



Broken
Silenced
Labelled.
That's where we are.
That's why we are silenced.
People say we are terrorists in the name of violence.
Lack of power
Lack of help.
So we don't matter.
"They brought it on themselves," people say -
Then why are we the ones who need to go out of our way?
People don't understand
We are not all the same;
I am me,
She is she,
He is he.
The Twin Towers we grieved with them.
It was a group of people
Who brought that label on us -
The start of imprisonment for us,
The beginning of labelling everyone the same.
How long is it going to take
To get the message across?
We all have different voices,
We all have different lives, dreams, hopes.
People say that Martin Luther King's message got through,
But did it really? If his message is lost,
Let's get it out there again, make these words full of
Pride once again.
So keep this quote from Martin Luther King in mind:
*"Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about
Things that matter."*



I am a bird.
Negative comments clip my wings until I can no longer fly.
I try again, but it's no use.
I'm a flightless bird,
But something isn't right.
I know my potential,
I know I can do better,
So I make my own wings,
And I will fly forever.



Empowerment is
The act of giving power
Or authority.

Empowerment is
The act of giving a gift -
A gift of strength,
Or of confidence,
Or of Energy.

A gift of friendship,
Or of kindness.
Planting an acorn
And watching it grow into
A mighty oak tree.

Planting lily seeds
And watching them grow into
Elegant flowers.

Making a good friend
And watching them grow into an
Amazing person.



My world is a rollercoaster.

My family makes the ride of life run smoothly.

My mum is the seatbelt, keeping me safe and close.

My friendships are sometimes broken wheels.

The rollercoaster of my world is fragile like my emotions.

When the ride goes up, I can see my whole future ahead of me.

Butterflies float in my stomach as I look forward to life's ups and downs.



Mariama Diallo



As the sun falls, so do your children.
The tides rise, yet your grief does not wash away with the ample sand.
For we burn your children and we spurn your love.
But to love is to lose and we do not love anything more than decadence.
The red-tinted haze extends beyond the horizon.
Plunged in smog, our idols of substance are blotted with our sins.
For we suffocate your children and we embrace our imminent end.
But once the canvas was green and the land was lush with bounty.
And we clasped the land in our iron grip,
Till it spewed its shimmering, slivered guts.
But to sin is to repent and we ask for your forgiveness
And we are bold to ask of it in our indignation.
We forget our place and our mindless slaughter and depravity.
Alas, not even the rivers, flowing and free as they once were,
Are free of our enslavement -
For we feed them full of our waste, sludge that seems indefinite,
Filled with superfluous matter.
Now the once free rivers are bloated vessels of our waste,
Filled with what we decree is meaningless,
Yet we do not know our meaning.
We grasp at things beyond us whilst we ravage your creations,
Attempting to find a purpose
As we tear asunder worlds and flee across the night sky
Like a parasite finding a new host.



Dear Future Self,

On this beautiful day, I'm very excited to write you this letter. I've been trying to find the exact words - I was so nervous to write to you.

I'm grateful to God, my family, friends and everyone who is a part of my journey.

My Future Self, always love yourself.

Appreciate yourself more often.

Tell your stories.

Put God first and in everything you do. I know God's plan for us is the best.

Listen.

Set goals, both lofty and reasonable and try to accomplish them.

I'm hoping that we not only make a mark on the world, but a mark on the people that we meet in our life.

Always remember family is everything and health is wealth.

Your girl is on her blogging journey; I can't wait to see what she has to offer.

My Future Self, hustle! Live the luxurious life you always wanted with the sweet bank account that you have hopefully acquired.

Life will always be crazy, fun, dynamic and unexpected.

Enjoy life.

In 11 years, hopefully we'll look back and be thankful for the decisions we make now. You will have grown into something I will always be proud of.

Stay blessed.



This Is My World...

Hello, my name is James Phillip. I'm 14 years old and I am a student at Platanos College, a school of excellent and outstanding students of all abilities - which is why I love my school!

Another thing I love is my family. I really truly adore my lovely family, especially my mother and father as they take care of me the most and love me the most too.

And I return the love to them. We are like a pack of sheep; we live, eat and sleep together and love each other very much!

The place I love and call home is the United Kingdom, as it is where I have grown up. I also love Iraq, as that is where both of my parents come from.

My dream is to become successful when I'm older. I hope to be rich, help people who need it the most and have a majestic girlfriend!

My favourite football team is Liverpool FC as they always perform well - even when the odds are against them, they still manage to get the big win. The sun smiles on them.



Rhys Arnold



Rain, clouds and grey skies forecast,
In a world of war; the world of now,
From east to west, and millennia past,
This greed, this fear that we all allow
To consume us in this world of now.

Weapons of silver, silent and loud,
Piercing and blasting at passers-by,
In a world of hostility; the world of now,
The fear of others; the fear of loss,
It brings us down in this world of now,

A world of stars is the world of ours,
Of gentle sunlight and a soothing breeze,
A world where you can rest at ease,
Of clean water, soil and air,
This is the world where everyone cares,

But this world of now is a world of grey,
A world of smoke and a world of dark,
Boiling and burning with the desire of peace,
The world's in unrest from west to east;
Will the world of ours ever be the world of now?



You gave me life, you gave me hope,
You helped me when I was stuck,
Like untying the knot on a rope.
And for that, I want to thank you.

You're the one who gave me love,
You're the person who created me,
You're the one who brought this world together.
For everything, I thank you.



I am wonderful
I am powerful
I am not weak and neither are you.
I do not give up and neither should you,
I will succeed and so will you.
We are not perfect, but we try,
We are not failures; we are winners.
We are special in our own way.
Never give up; you are worthy,
Family will always have you, trustworthy.
You will fail at times, but we must try.
I am not perfect, but we try.
All the negative voices in your head - ignore.
Be aware, sometimes you won't succeed.
But I am proud of you, dear.
Now, go pursue your dreams.



Crystal Azzopardi



Don't end it all yet,
Just stop and think about all the lives you might ruin too.
I'm not saying to lie and say, "I'm fine,"
But you deserve to stay and grow and thrive.

Don't end it all yet.
I know the feeling won't go away and you're feeling very low,
But please speak to someone,
Please just let them know,
Think about your family.

Don't end it all yet.
Give yourself the time you need to grow.
I'm so proud of how well you're doing.
Everyone has flaws, scars and memories.
You deserve to heal and bloom.

Remember
Ending it all isn't taking the pain away,
It's just moving it.
You'll regret it in the grave
Wishing you could just come back and pray.

Don't let the intrusive thoughts take over,
Don't give in,
Don't let go,
Don't end it.



Passion, vision, motivation and mission.

This is my power.

Worth, self-esteem and thoughts

Help me rise like a tower.

Friendship, dreams and love,

Hardship, change and more

Help me rise like a tower

Forward ever, backward never

This is my strength.



I am limitless
I am not alone
I am me, not you

I am limitless
I am capable
I am strong

I am limitless
I will follow my dreams, however bad things seem
I am powerful

I am limitless
I am determined
I am not going to give up

I am limitless
I am endless



Ameerat Daud



Dear Future me,
One thing I ask of you -
Follow your dreams, however things may seem,
And try to see them through.

Dear Future me,
I ask of you one thing -
Don't be afraid to admit how you feel,
Even if the truth may sting.

Dear Future me,
One thing I ask of you -
Remember to smile every day, be happy,
Behind the mask too.



My world is a contaminated place, filled with filthy air.
Vehicles and industrial emissions pollute the air.

My world is violent, with war between countries
Killing innocent people.

My world is helpless, the homeless on the street,
Crime roaming around their bare feet.



People need to change.

There is Covid running around the world and climate change!

People can change and they will.

People are not all the same -

And they don't have to be.

There are some people who are disabled.

There are some people with different coloured skin.

People in this world are kind -

But not all.

Some people are not kind,

But you can be.



Kelly Oliveira



I want to give you an inside look into my world -
Hope you enjoy because it will be one heck of a show!
In my life I have thrilling stories to tell.
My favourite country is Jamaica;
I love the clear, lush, stunning water and the culture and music.

You'd be surprised at what I've done in my life;
I've jumped over a lot of obstacles.
I have dotted and dived over a lot of them,
But some of them trap me and win.
But I overcome.

My favourite football team is the breathtaking Liverpool FC.
Well, people, my journey is at its last destination.
Please stand by...
I hope you enjoyed the ride.



Each time I fall,
I rise.
If I feel like I'm not strong,
I rise.
If I lose a race,
I rise.
If I'm not believed,
I rise.
Fighting after fighting, we all go down.
Stabbing after stabbing, we all go down.
But one day
The world will know the truth.
We rise
We rise
We rise.



Brown-skinned, British-Nigerian, Afro-hair, fourteen-year old girl

Love the colour blue and reading
Powered by the people who love me
The people I love
The school I go to
The world I'm in.

Waking up every morning
Knowing that I have that power in me
Knowing that people love me
Knowing that I have people to love
People to forget,
But also, the world to love.

I want to become a neurosurgeon -
The best, actually,
Inspired by my parents
Wanting to help the sick
So they leave mended
And fixed.
Making the world right
And a better place

Not just for me
Or for you
But
For us.



Cairo Cartier-Haye



I am a girl, a girl with curls
A girl with a brain
And with no shame.
A girl with black skin
Who can win.
A girl is who I am
A girl is where I stand.
A girl who stands for her rights
A girl who puts up a fight.
A girl who loves their family
A girl with no limits,
An unbeatable girl.
I will be her.



Empowerment, confidence and ability
To be able to find your own capability
Whether you keep it to yourself or not
There are things to help you out a lot .

Every day, someone will lose someone they can't let go of.

But here is something I want you to know:
Empower yourself and capability in mind is what you'll never lose.
Empowering yourself is something you should always do.

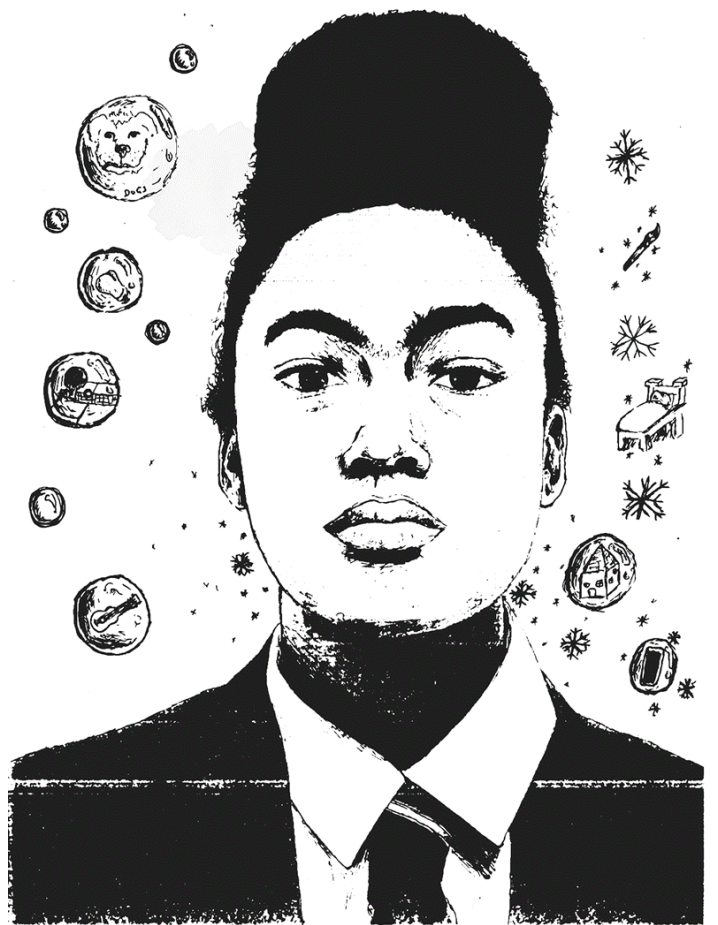
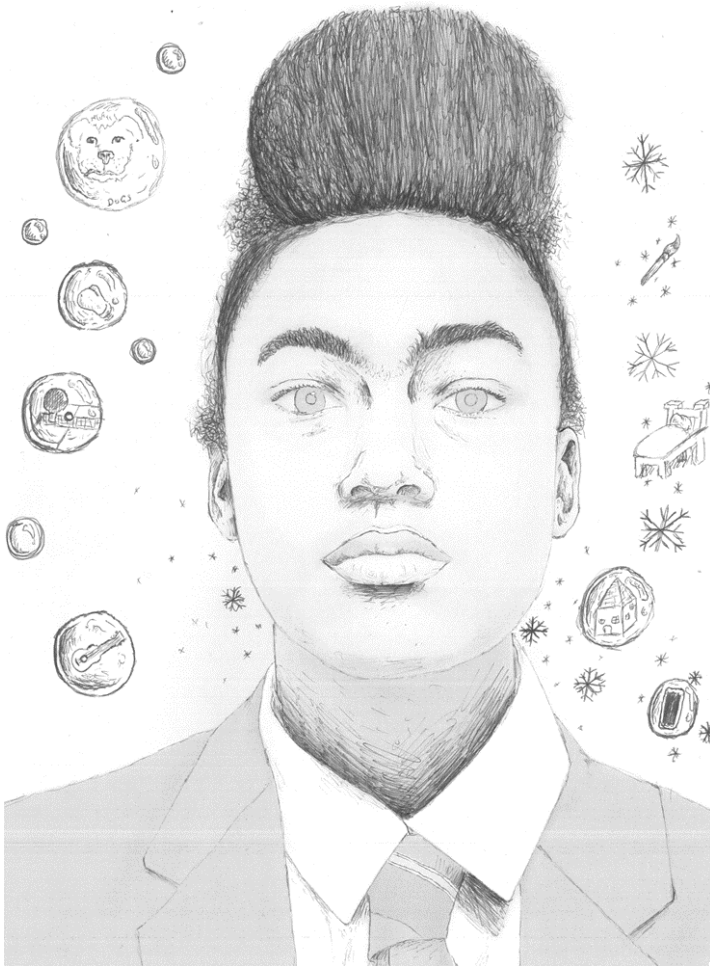
The world is changing and people are losing faith in humanity
And anxiety rates are increasing rapidly
And with the worldwide pandemic outbreak
Our lives are changing; our world is at stake.

Believe in yourself, you've always had the potential
To do your work to the fullest, which is always essential.
Give yourself a voice so you can be heard,
Show yourself and don't let your image be blurred.

Empowerment, confidence and ability.
You are able to find your capability -
All you need is to take the first step
And fate will guide you wherever you go next.



My world is like a book in which everybody has their own chapter.
As we all know, in every story there are happy, funny and sad moments.
The happy moments include achievements,
Spending time with your family,
Proving people wrong
And last, but not least, hanging out with friends.
Family can be annoying,
But comfort you on your bad days.
And so far I've seen that my world
Is filled with love.



Ella Crawford



Sceneries reflect the beauty hidden behind blankets of dust.
Underneath the crust she is hurting to the core.
Beaten and bruised with no hero to save her.
Little to no time left before she's pushed to the edge of that cliff.
Ice begins to melt and her love begins to wither.
Meteors strike her heart as she realises...
Everything was in vain and there's no hope.



Dear Future Me,

Hello. You may wondering who I am. Well.. I am your younger self. Oh, how many questions I have to ask! Which one should I start with?

Are you a doctor? Oh, how I dream of being a doctor!

Do I have a family of my own? Have I succeeded in life?

Being a child was hard, but time flows by. I experienced both feelings of being sad and happy. This is life.

Even though others tried to put me down, I didn't let them.

I can't say I was happy every day, but my family always put a smile on my face!

I wish you all the best. I hope you succeed in life.

Until we meet again,

Your younger self, Sarah.



My World is full of love

And in my world, the one I love most

Is my grandpa.

If not for him,

I would not be who I am today.

My grandpa made me realise that

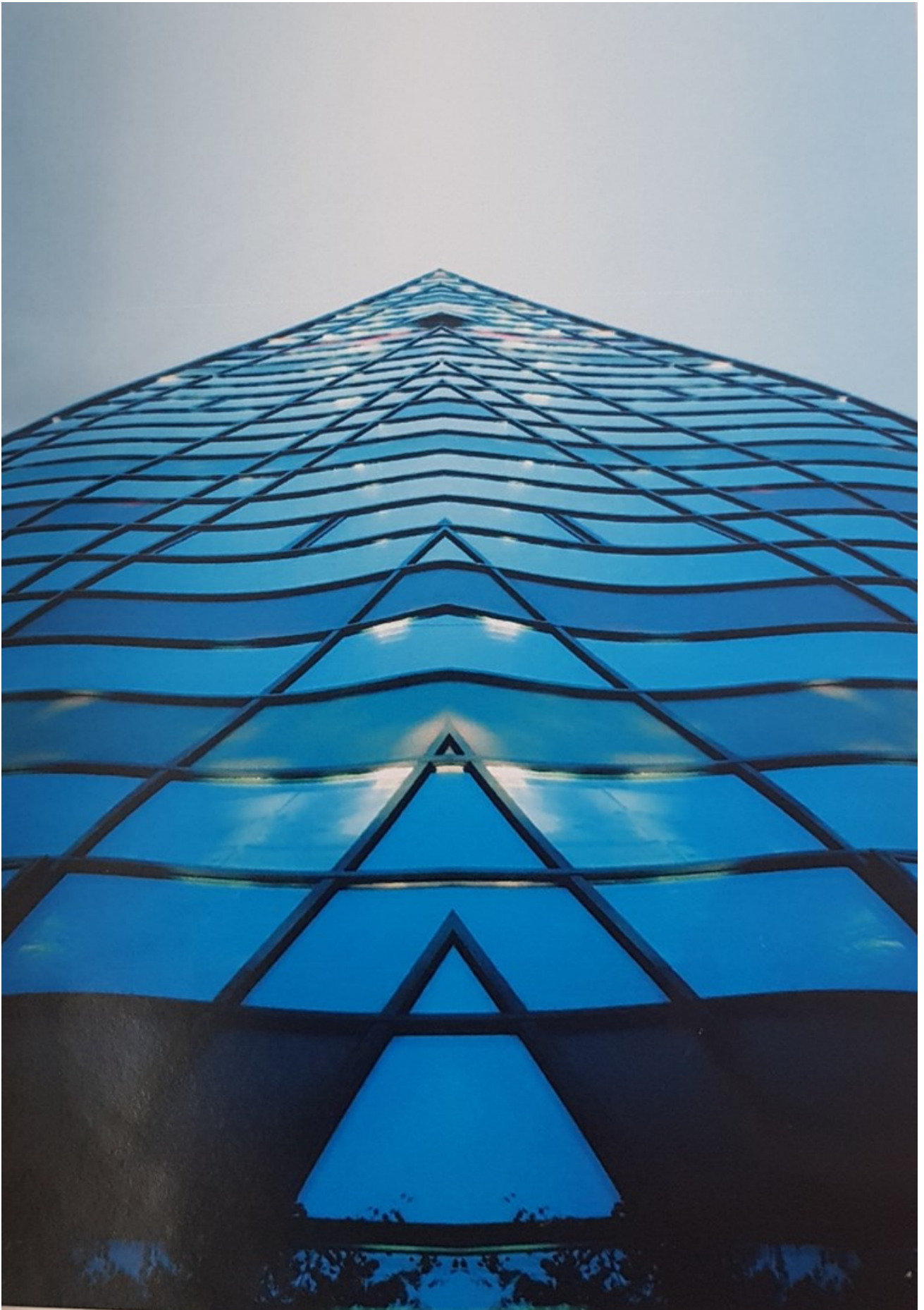
The world is not a bed of roses

And that nothing is ever achieved without enthusiasm.

I love my grandpa so much

And I thank him for instilling wisdom in me.

My grandpa is the foundation of my world.



Cairo Cartier-Haye



Dear Future Me,

I hope that at the age of 30, you have settled into a long-term job doing whatever it is that you love.

I hope that you have moved out of your parents' house to a comfortable and sizable home.

By now you should've finished with university - though at this moment in time, I seriously don't know how you would have made it through that stress, when I can't even bear the thought of having to take my GCSEs!

I don't know if you chose to pursue the areas that I'm currently interested in, but if not, I hope that you still enjoy whatever you do, even if it isn't your first choice.

I'm sure that over the years, many of your beliefs in life have changed, but I hope that you remember to strive to live comfortably and to not let money drive you into madness; it's okay if you're not living lavishly in a mansion that costs you an arm and a leg.

Of course, the most important point is that you're happy and that you'll write to your future 60 year old self so that she can reflect on the foolish decisions she made when she was 30.



Dear Future Me,

Whatever you're doing right now, stop.

Go outside.

Call your parents (if you're lucky enough that they're both still here).

Take a moment and go have yourself a proper personal day. And don't - don't you dare - feel guilty for taking the time for yourself.

This year has been a crazy one. You've learned what love really means, the lengths to which friendships can be tested (and lost), and you've become a yoga teacher.

You've lived in New York for 14 years and now you're ready to go to the mountains.

Do you have a garden and goats and a fireplace?

You've started thinking about having children, although you're not sure whether children or heading out on another epic backpacking trip free of responsibilities is the way to go.

Know that whatever decision you make, is the right one.

You're here now, and you're exactly where you need to be.

A couple of things to remember: you learnt how to honour and treat your body well this year and how to honour and treat those around you.

Don't ever settle for the easy way - just don't settle, period: life is too short.

And remember that this current version of yourself loves you...

And that's never going to change.



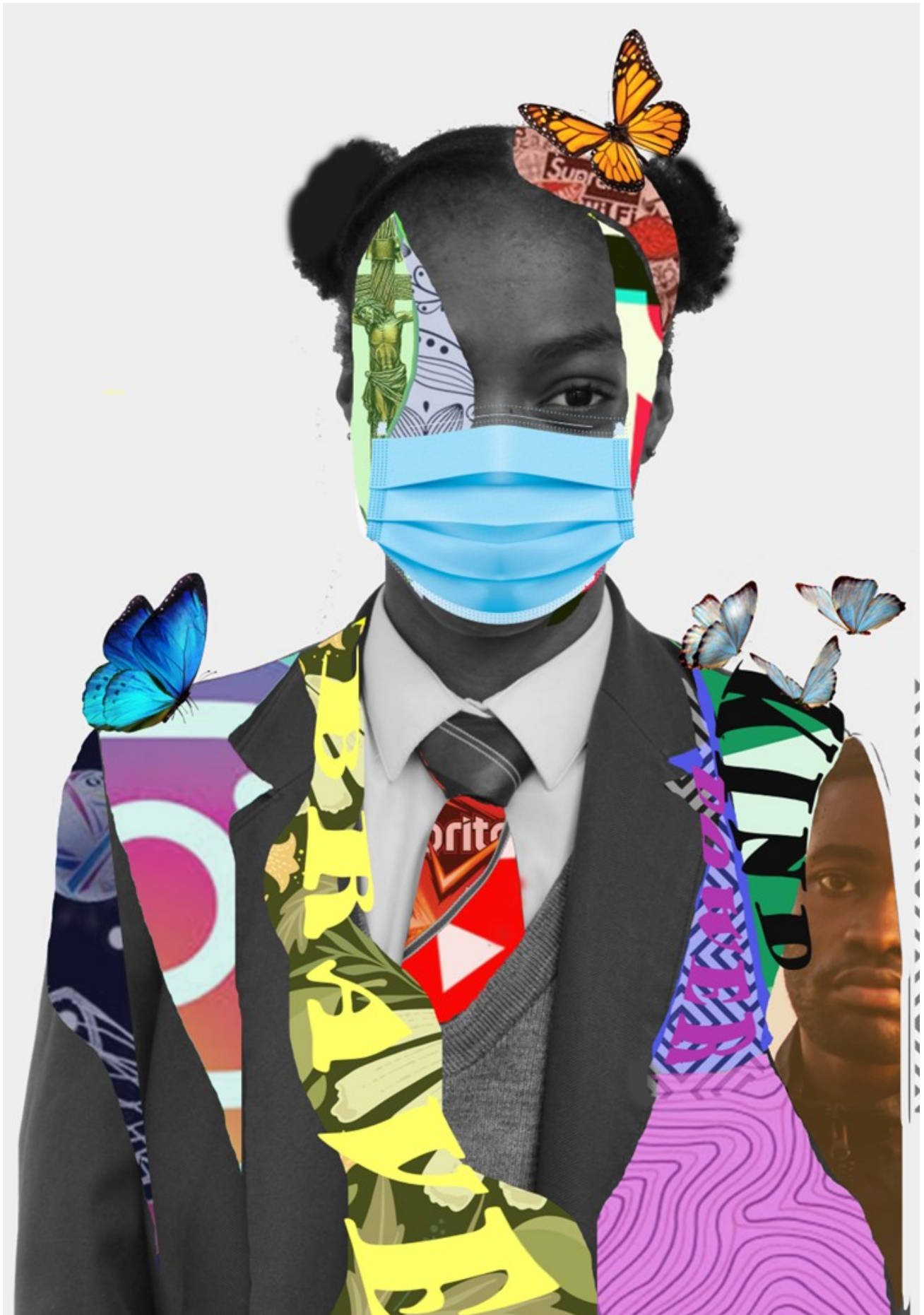
Something was very wrong.

The trees wavered, provoking a sense of dread far greater than the black mist surrounding me. The night, a shadowy malady of greys and blacks, plagued the forest in monochrome hues. A charcoal smudge of sky loomed above.

My heartbeat thundered under the low whistling of the breeze - a melancholy tune playing tauntingly through the skeletal strings of trees.

Something flashed and a sickly yellow singed the ashy vegetation, as if a fire had ignited the smothering darkness: a figure, bathed in an infernal glow, smouldered in the chilling mist. Smoke stung the air.

Then, nothing.



Virtuous Danzaria



The family I love: my mum, my dad and my brother. They have always been there for me.

My mum cheering me on when I had a performance, my dad always taking care of me and my brother who tries to comfort me when I'm sad. I always love coming home to the smell of my mum's cooking. Sitting together eating as a family - I always love seeing my mum smile when I tell her that the food was amazing as always.

I love my mum; she has always been there for me even when times were bad. I'm thankful for all the love she has given me, even though I don't always show it.

She's the most supportive mum and the only mum I'll ever have.

I love my dad; I love joking around with him, even though he can be annoying sometimes! I love him because he has always been there for me, even though we have been through some hard times.

He is the best dad and the only dad I'll ever have.

I love my brother, even though we argue a lot. Yes, sometimes I say that I hate him, but I don't mean it; I never have.

He's the best brother and the only brother I'll ever have.

This is the family I love.



Dear Future Self,
Are you where you've always wanted to be?
I hope you're happy.
I hope that you achieved all your goals.
I hope that you still remember me.
I hope you know I'm trying.
Is life still the same?
Or is it worse?
I can't imagine this world getting better.
For me it's only getting worse:
Covid.
Racism.
Sexism.
War.
Do you have any hope in humanity?
I don't.
I don't think I ever will.
Not with life like this.
Not with heartless people leading our world.
Do you still think the same way as me?
Do you still panic over the littlest things?
Or worry about everything?
I hope not.
I can't stand it.
I can't stand the feeling of fear.
It stops me from living.
I hope you've lived.



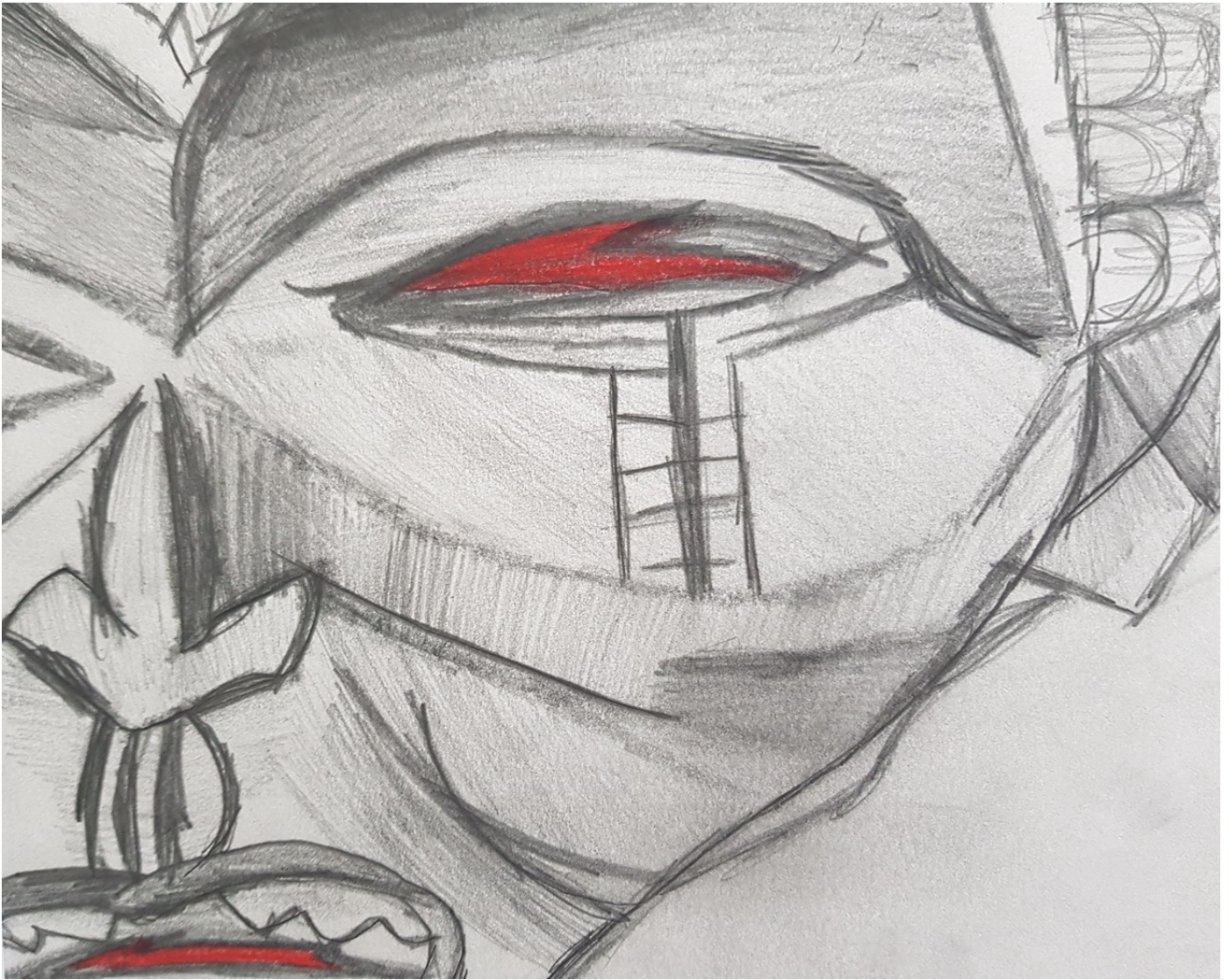
Everything was orange: bright; glowing; alive.

The sun's booming light was steadily beating like a giant's heart. There was nobody else: no birds; no fish; no people. Nothing that breathes – just me.

It was peaceful. Unnervingly quiet - something was wrong.

My heart – I could hear it stamping against my chest, as a drop of sweat slid slowly across my temple. I was gasping for air and as I dropped to my knees, the sun's once gentle rays flashed as deadly lasers, sizzling the boiling landscape. My hands and knees were scorched by the burning grass beneath me.

The world was orange. Burning.



David Matias



The forest: an abandoned place; a gloomy place.

Sweat trickling down your forehead,

Shivers down your spine.

No one notices

No one realises

No one cares

About your absence

Your feelings

Your tears.

A hole forms in your innocent heart:

Nothing can fill it.

You close your eyes as your soul says

Farewell.

Emptiness fills this hole.

Nothingness fills this mind.

Salty tears drip down your face

As you contemplate life.

Suddenly, the pain fades

And your eyes close.



The sand settles and sizzles between the spaces of my toes,
A cacophony of apricot, lavender, vermillion
Seemingly - shimmer in the sky,
By tantalising and teasing tomorrow
Tipping over the horizon.

Sundown,
My hand reaches out to grasp it,
Salt sea breeze is all I feel
As it tips over the horizon.

It envelops me,
A spectacle
Just for me,
Over the horizon.



Dear Future Me,

I know it seems difficult at times to continue, but don't forget that there's always someone by your side. Always keep hope because that's what you have done for so long. Reminisce upon your aspirations and follow all the necessary steps to reach them. Do not give up on your values, especially after everything that has occurred so far; but do live by them. Always take your time and remember that life is worth living; after all, if you don't live life, there's no point to it.

Life is a blessing - sometimes in disguise. Even when it seems it is absolutely impossible to withstand something any longer, look back and reflect on everything you've managed to overcome so far as motivation, because motivation and hard work are the formula to success. Acclimatise to different situations to help you find a solution - even when your mind is screaming due to the hardship of it all.

I'm writing this letter to you not to put you down, but to encourage you and to ensure that you still see the same thing that I do now – hope.

Hope that someday the world will be a better place. I hope that you will one day hear the soft breeze gently whispering in your ear that it will all turn out better than expected. I hope that you will one day smell the sweet scent of success. I hope that you will one day taste the bitter sweetness of hard work.

Hopefully, you will see the world in a positive light - as I do now.

Yours sincerely,

A Younger You.

Sumaya Hassan



Katy Le



Life is a masterpiece.
People brag on social media like it's a fashion piece.
In this life there is no time to waste -
Life moves fast, as if we are all being raced.
Life is a song
And we are not even on the first verse;
We are just a clef in this universe.
It can be demeaning -
I'm just looking for meaning,
But the system is scheming
To bring me down and all my kind
And now I'm supposed to not mind?
Imagine getting blamed for the wrong things
And getting no credit for the right things.
To be seen as nothing -
Is exactly what my life brings.
No such thing as the easy way
When you have dark skin and box braids
Or when you have brown skin and a taper fade
Then things are never gonna go your way.



My world is a soup,
It boils and churns.
Memories, experiences, hopes...
They float in the murky liquid,
Sometimes surfacing.
Some sink, succumbing;
Others bob relentlessly.

Deep underwater,
Sunken memories dwell;
a drowned junkyard is home to a thousand forgotten places

On the surface, new ingredients appear,
Tumbling down in a cascade of knowledge.
Soon they will plummet.
The great cauldron bubbles and fills.



Home.

A place of comfort, a place of warmth,

Like the loving arms of a mother.

A home is safe...right?

So then why did we run from you?

Why did we leave our beloved land?

Why did they ruin you?

"Run!" they say. "It's not safe here."

And so we run; every corner we take is a threat.

It's a wonder we're able to breathe another second.

Our limbs shake and burn.

Where were we going again?

Home...a new home.

A place where we can sleep in peace.

A place where we can dream.

And suddenly, safety clouds my vision;

We're here; we're finally here.

So why won't they let us in?

We stand here, shivering,

Being told to *"go back where you came from!"*

Do they not know what will happen to us if we go back?

Did they not say that they would help us?

Liars! They were liars! Our supposed 'saviours'.

They destroyed our beloved land.

Yet, even after what they did to you,

You are still my warmth, my comfort.

My home.



Alana Hall-Whitrod



Life is a bird.
It flies where it wants.
You cannot control it;
It spreads its wings and soars.
You are just part of the ride
Gliding and dipping and swerving
Escaping any cage placed on it.
Dodging any snare lying in wait.
No matter what,
It keeps flying,
Past grief,
Past happiness,
Past the pain and the joy.
Life is free.



Life is a football match.

My family are my fans cheering me on.

My friends are the players working alongside me.

The internet is a foul where cyberbullying injures.

My future is a pitch - vast and empty -

Ready for me to score a goal.

The shoe studs are my enemies, trying to stop me,

The final goal is my dream in life.



Another world.

Another sold nameless soul, singing praises to God at sea,
Searching for a reason for their sinister struggle.
Their betrayal was prophesied; their torment was certain.

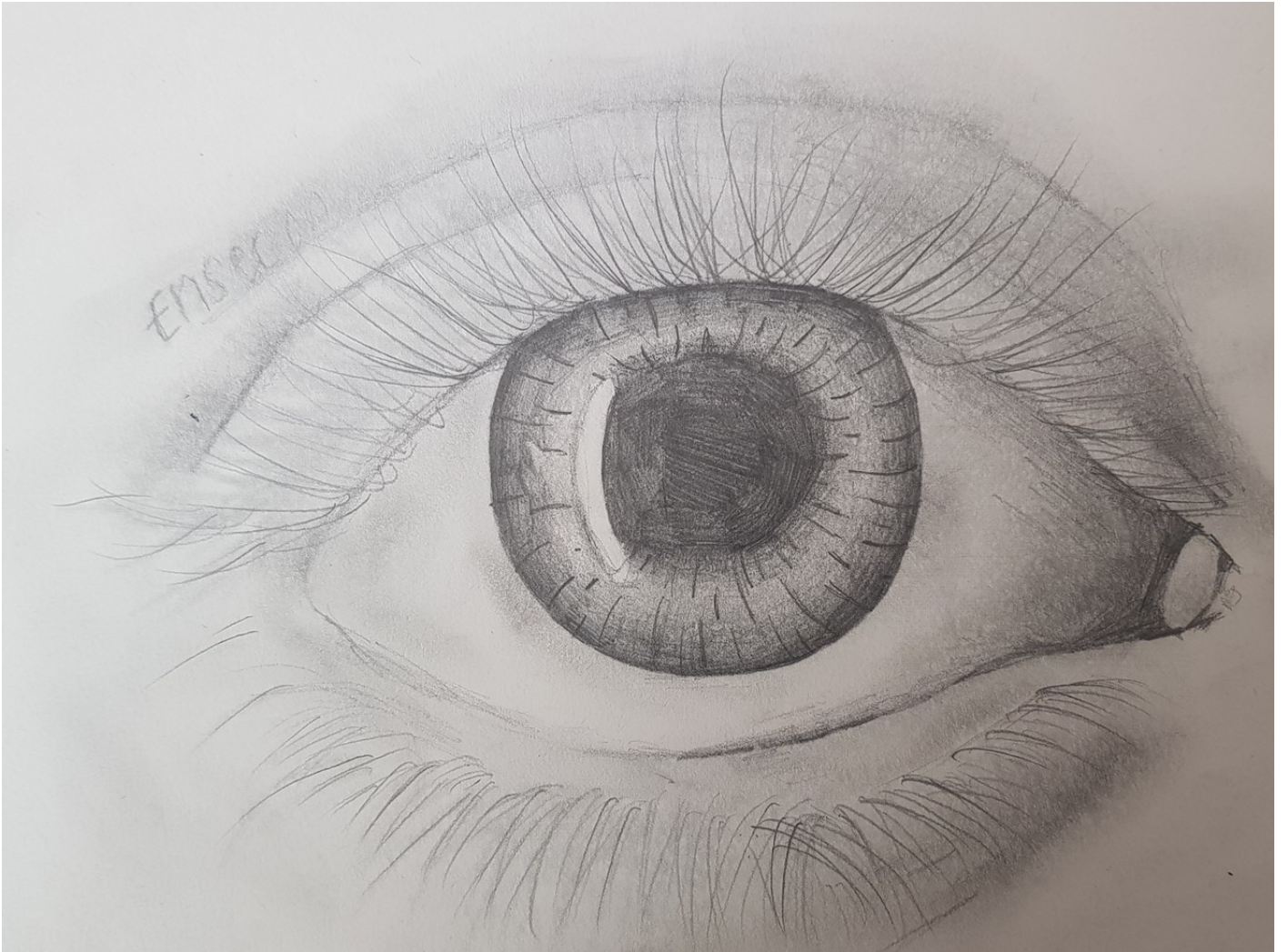
Another world.

Institutionalised coils cradle them like a cocoon,
Sealing their culture with a mirage, teaching a façade of their history.
They are looked down upon; hatred reflected in pain.

Another world.

Capitalism is the rapture; the rich go to heaven while the poor go to hell.
Sleepless nights relentlessly attack the forgotten, their minds slaves to suffering,
Their souls forged from the past; they see no future.

The nameless are tainted; torn from peace,
Suffering silently, crucified by the masses.
Visionaries are ignored; peacemakers are lunatics.
Greed kills the innocent; pride drives all.
All that's left of our world is a façade of beauty.





It's messy. Murky water taps in the ashy grey light, flickering as it dims. Tables are filled next to the snowy mirror. It's staring right in the eyes; she's standing there. Waiting. 3:26 am; four minutes left until 3:30 am. She can't sleep; she can't go back to sleep. Miscellaneous books are everywhere, their clawings on the rim, making you bleed. It is like everything is on hold. Transparent curtains drape over the plastic light, vibrant with blue bulbs attached to buildings, seemingly unmoving. Birds are crying, then disappearing, then calling out again. She's sitting in the kitchen, listening.



My world is the past and the present.
Memories tumble around at the speed of light;
The less special, the faster they go,
Like the cornflakes I had for breakfast two weeks ago,
Memories shooting off into the oblivion.
But they all move
With no constants or breaks
Forever flowing
Forever changing -
Like the real world, I guess.
However, in a secret corner, far into the distance,
There my treasure trove of memories lies.
You know - the special ones, the bright sparks of my world.
They still whizz around, kept in a jar, so that I can hold on to them
Tightly, so they can't run away,
So they remain mine, forever.
But in a murky corner, even further into the distance,
Far into the horizon,
Future memories lie.
Their colour is cloaked by the veil of time
I run faster and faster just to see their colour.
I abandon my precious jar without forgetting it
So that I can shape this new one.
In my world I remember my past
But move forward to embrace my future.



We are bold and brave, we are different.
We are strong, we are fighters.
We are capable, we are empowered.
We are inspired, we are fighters.

You can reach your dreams, you can fly high.
You can look up high into the sky, you can fly high.

I am going to push myself to meet my goals.
I am going to speak for myself and stand up for myself.

We are fighters.



Katy Le



Haiku

Hello future me,
As seasons change, so will you.
Never lose yourself.



Dear Future me,

Life is basic: wake up, eat, go to school, home, sleep, repeat .

We've been stuck in an endless cycle of Covid: thousands of people dead. It was hard at first but living in this world with this pandemic just became normal.

At the start, everyone was terrified of this monstrosity destroying our lives. Now, I just wish it would all end so that life can get back to normality. Although this beast is tamed, it's still lurking, watching our every move.

And let's not forget about the war. Yes, you may not believe it, but there's a war between Russia and Ukraine. I watch the news; I see innocent people die. The screams, the shouts for help; they surround my head.

I hope for a bright future. I hope for a better me. I hope for a better world.

I hope you at least, shall see this.



I am powerful, I am special in my own way.
I am capable, I can say.
Don't let them break you, as you stand
With power.
I am strong, I believe in myself.
I am capable of speaking for myself.
Don't let them break you, as you stand
Being confident.
I am special, I am not afraid to be
Who I am.
I am powerful.
I am who I am.



Teanna Tran



Moonless and motionless stood the Earth. Cheerful birds stopped singing. Elevated trees stopped swaying as fear overcame them. The pitch darkness made nothing visible. Dampness and moisture filled the air as I shivered beyond the forest. But a source of illumination was further in the distance. I had finally found the goodness in the evil of the forest.

However as I approached this unknown light, it had distanced itself from me. Soon enough, the illumination had stopped moving. As I approached, everything shone on my dazzled face.

Finally, I found myself face to face with the source of this mysterious brightness....



My world is a cup of tea.

The teabag at the centre of it is my family.

The sugar is the sweetness of my life

Because I want to reach my goals.

The boiling water is me, because I encourage myself to bubble to reach new heights.

The spoon is the mix of my friends' ethnicities

The milk is the changing colour of my grades.

The final cup of tea is the next stage of my life.



My world can be an amazing place, with flowers and bright sun lights. But sometimes it can be as poisonous as deadly snakes in the desert.

My world is my family and the places I love to go to. My world is filled with tall, towering trees that reach the heights of skyscrapers. It is filled with clouds that are as silky soft as the snow that falls from them. The sun peers through the frosty clouds.

But beyond this magical place is a hidden, deep curiosity that no one really knows about. In the distance, you can see mountainous volcanoes that shoot lava from their heads and unknown creatures that lurk through the graves of those who have gone.

Yet I never worry about this, because I want to stay in my happy place... my world.



Jennifer Melo



My world is a helium balloon -
What goes up always comes down.
Life can be enjoyable.
Life can be unlucky.
The colourful decorations on the balloon are my family -
Without them, my life would be plain.
But balloons don't stay up forever.
If that balloon pops...
The nightmare begins.



My dreams are my world.
I have huge aspirations for the future -
Though they may seem impossible.
Dreams surround everyone,
They are what fuel you to do good in life.
They set the path to make your own reality.
My dreams form my future,
My dreams run wild
And they control my world.
Just like a circle, my dreams have neither end
Nor beginning.
My dreams make me feel hopeful.



心 (Xin/Mind)

My world is my Xin, pushed out, of course.
But my Xin never shone light onto my shadow;
She's the one I hated – the only part that's left blank.

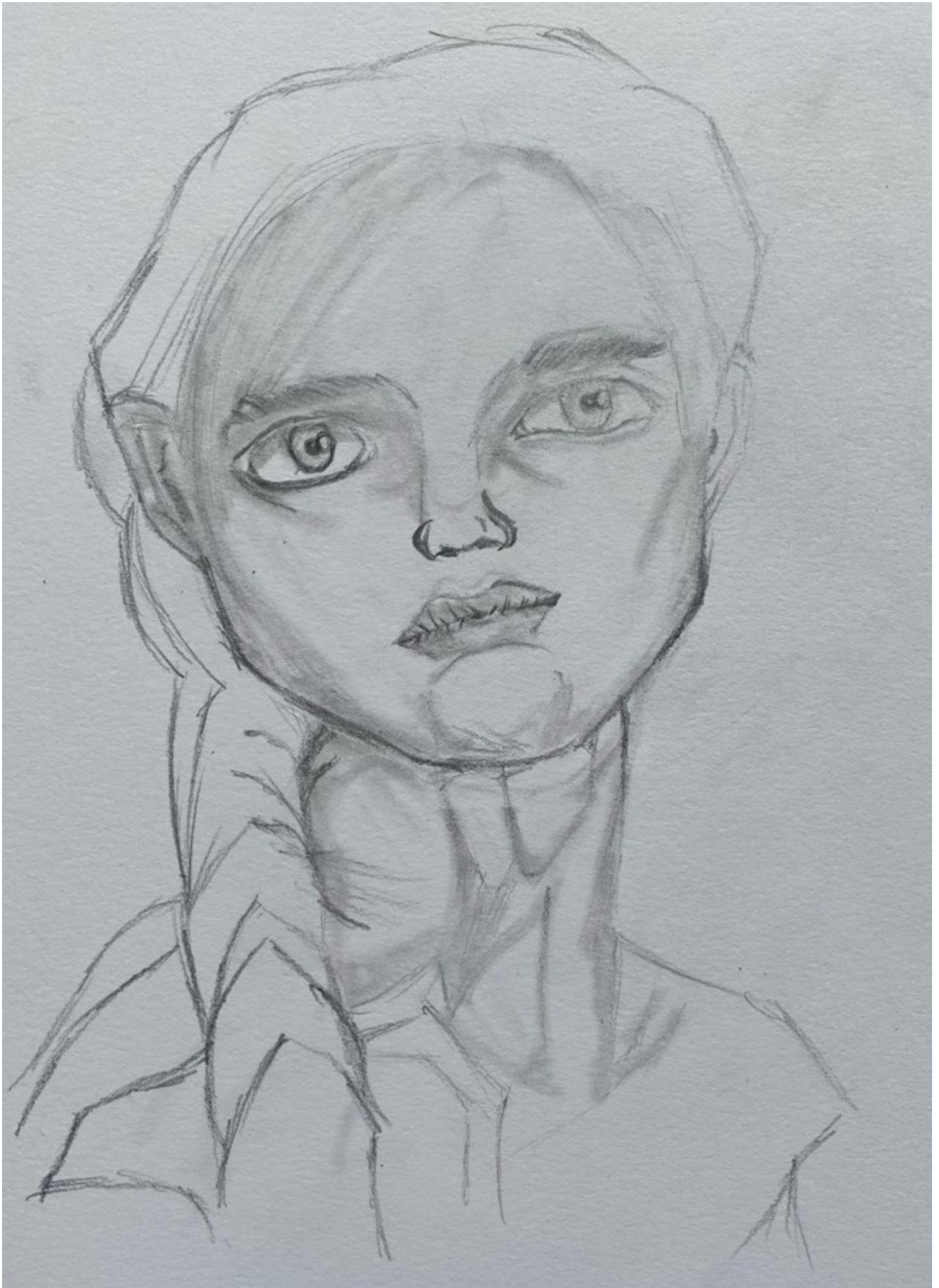
As if, I'm hesitant, to shade in this empty sector
Far down, far beyond where I stand.
She glares at me like a screaming inferno.

Did it hurt?

Stranded within a cage of murk, I run.
Her silhouette chases after me; my back to the light.
Now we're face to face.

I see your Yin and I'm sorry; I forgive you.

In this world she was my only pain,
My only enemy.
In my world, she's the only one I need
When there's no more screaming
And I've finally found consciousness.



Sebastian Jaramillo Reyes



In my world, life is like an endless loop.
I see the same people everyday.
I hear the same sirens everyday.
I smell the same deadly scent of car engines that slowly kill my world.
I feel the same boredom in this endless loop that is called life.
In my world, we all breathe the same air.
We all act like we care.
We all go to the same 'fun' fairs.
Yet, still I feel the same -
Bored in this endless loop that is called life.
But in my new world,
Where my family lives
Where my friends live
Where my books live,
The endless loop breaks away
From its boring and repetitive cycle.
It transforms from a circle into a straight line
Leading me to a place the boredom cannot reach,
To a place where I finally feel free.
I am no longer stuck in an endless loop.
Finally, I can proudly say,
In my world
I can see life in all its beauty.



Everything starts with something,
Just like a seed
Infinite potential
Growing in every way unique
Spreading its leaves
Building its roots into the ground
So nothing can pull it down
Spreading its beauty across the world
Spreading new seeds everywhere the eye can see
Making them grow with beauty inside and out
Making everything like a home
Spreading its dreams all across the globe
Growing in every way unique
Everything starts with something
Just like a seed.



Claudette Colvin:

She did not give up her seat to a white person on a bus;
She did this years before Rosa Parks did
She deserves recognition and justice.

Emmett Till:

He was fourteen and was lynched;
He supposedly offended a white person.
He died a brutal death as a child.
He deserves recognition and justice.

George Floyd:

He was brutally murdered;
His death shocked us all.
He deserves recognition and justice

Breonna Taylor:

She was killed in her sleep.
She was innocent and had her life ahead of her;
She deserves justice and recognition.

They all had one thing in common:

They were black.
Oppression and racism are still major issues.
Things need to change.



Crystal Azzopardi



A howl of damp breeze
Passes against window glass once again.
The sky splatters with star-studded shine spots,
A soup brews in a pot of
Sapphire
Lapis
Azurite...
A cacophony.

Moonlight cleaves its way through the darkness -
This hollow night sky.



Life passes like the morning breeze,
Fleeting, Ephemeral, Transient.
The essence of the soul and the consciousness of man,
Yet we seek to irreparably damage the fragility of mortality.
We contrast life's beauty with the stagnation and permanent grey of immortality.

Life is a cycle, there is no end,
Eternal, Enduring, Resilient.
It seeps through the cracks and finds a way,
Unbeknownst to us and what we say,
Vivid and picturesque
It persists, in the umbra of death,
In the bleakness of mortality.

Life is a frail flower, its beauty eternal.
Insubstantial, Brittle, Enervated.
As the petal flutters in the morning sun, in the beautiful gardens of existence,
It seeds new life, fabricating new memories with the loom of eternity.
It sprouts into a tree, filled with branches, filled with diversity.

This is the beauty of life.



My world is a place where I can be myself and let go off all my worries.

This place is my home.

In my home I can be free.

I can make a joke as dull as the night sky, yet make people laugh.

My home and my family are what I hold dearest to me.

Their smiles, laughter and happiness shine brightly like the sun.

I feel at home not when I am in my house,

But when I am with the people I love the most.

When I walk into my house, it is filled with my family.

I smell the fragrant candles and mouth-watering home-made food.

My family is comprised of my mum, younger brother, twin sister,

Grandma and grandpa.

I also have a great grandma and a great, great grandma (who is 99)!

I love my family!





Life.

A labyrinth of choices,

Routes,

Paths.

And consequences.

A kaleidoscope of perspectives.

What will they choose?

One exit or

Just another entrance?

Trapped in a network,

A maze of endless entity -

Turn left,

Turn right.

Ever-turning, never-ending.

Almost eternal.

Like continuous torture,

Dread.

One dead end

A full stop.

And it's all over.

Dissipation.



My life is a pancake,
My triumphs its taste of satisfaction,
Those who stand beside me, its hugging syrup.

The school spoon ploughs into the pancake
Devouring its time,
Its life shall break,
And the spoon shall steal.
Yet at the end of its meal,
The plate remains of our life,
Its time taken far too soon.

Another pancake can be made.
Life ahead seems to fall like cascading batter
Upon the pan,
It comes together
Whilst crumbs scatter,
At though the pancake was destined to shatter.



I entered this world looking up, crying,
While they were looking down, smiling.
Someday I'll leave this world looking down, smiling,
While they're looking up, crying.



Teanna Tran



Life is a piece of paper,
Often soft and gentle; easygoing.
But sometimes it is stubborn and filled with an inanimate anger,
Its corners the struggles of life:
Poverty, war, loss.
They become sharp with agony and hatred,
But still fragile, easily ripped from the centre.
It is light and can be controlled,
But holding too tightly will make it crumble,
Leaving the soft and gentle parts of your life forever creased,
Eventually to be shredded by the jaws of death.



Like a beautiful yellow morning sun,
She greets me as I rise,
With a bright, radiant light,
That blinds my sight.

He towers above the horizon, blending with the lilac nebula.
Obsidian black, impervious to any attack.
Almost omnipresent, he persists in the mind.
I remember his might.

Shimmering, Illuminating the canvas as the North star,
Like hope, your light flickers briefly.
Resting above the throat of the world,
Adorning the heavens like an ornament.
You lay upon your throne.



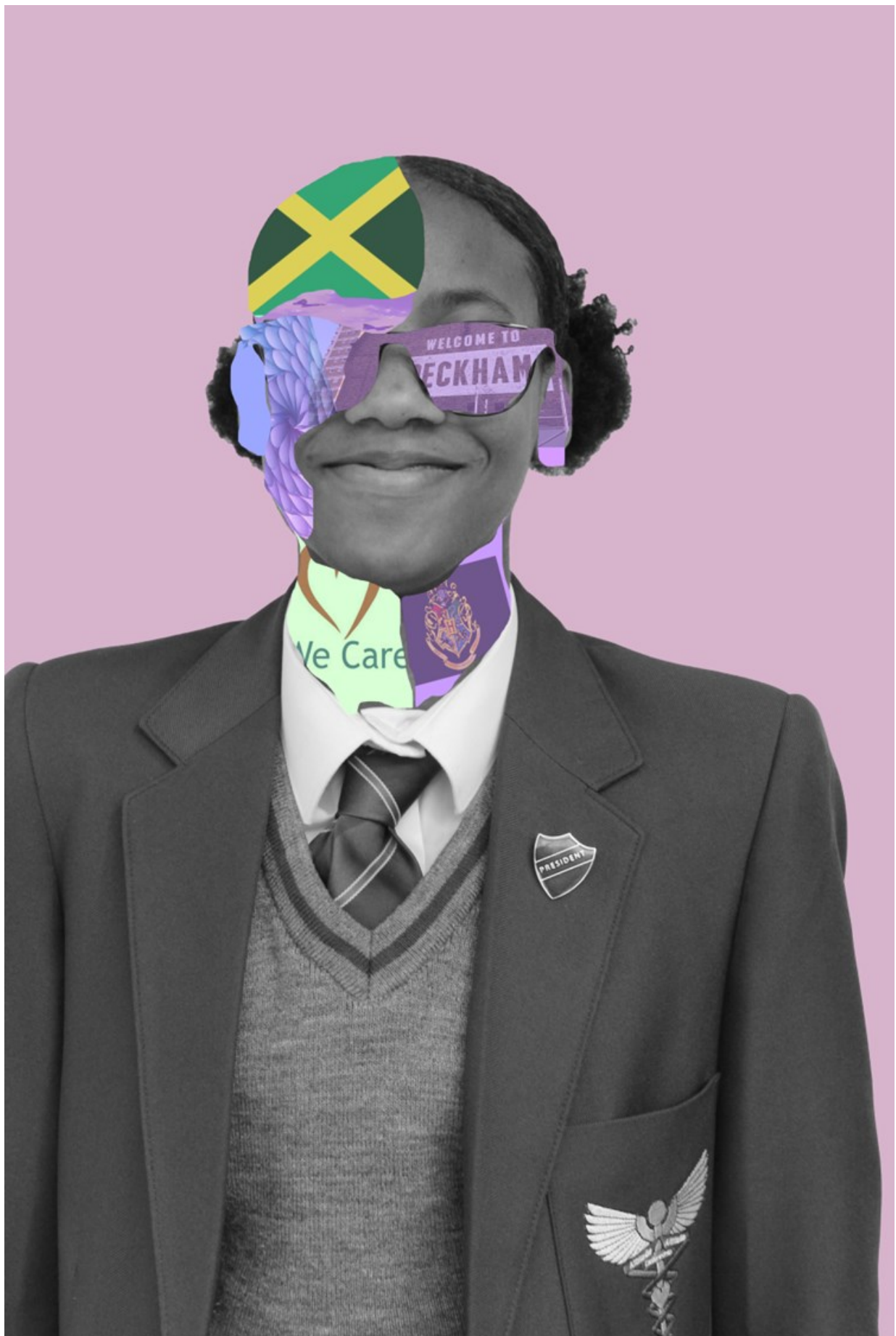
Life is ice cream.
The ice cream is you,
All your achievements
And your hope.

Sprinkles are the joys of life,
Whatever makes your life taste better.

The cone is your loved ones, those who support you,
The ones who help you cope
With the heat.

Your problems and worries heat you up,
You lose your sense of self, your integrity, your values.
Despite melting into a pool of liquid,
You always keep the same aroma.

Life is ice cream.
Your life is indulgent and sweet.
Your life becomes tastier
With every challenge that you meet.



Tamera Jerry



Life is the ocean.
It comes in all different motions.
Some days are praising
Some days are failing.
Life is a ride,
That we must walk through with pride.

Life is a song,
Sometimes high pitched,
Sometimes low.
This is life
And we must try to live it right.



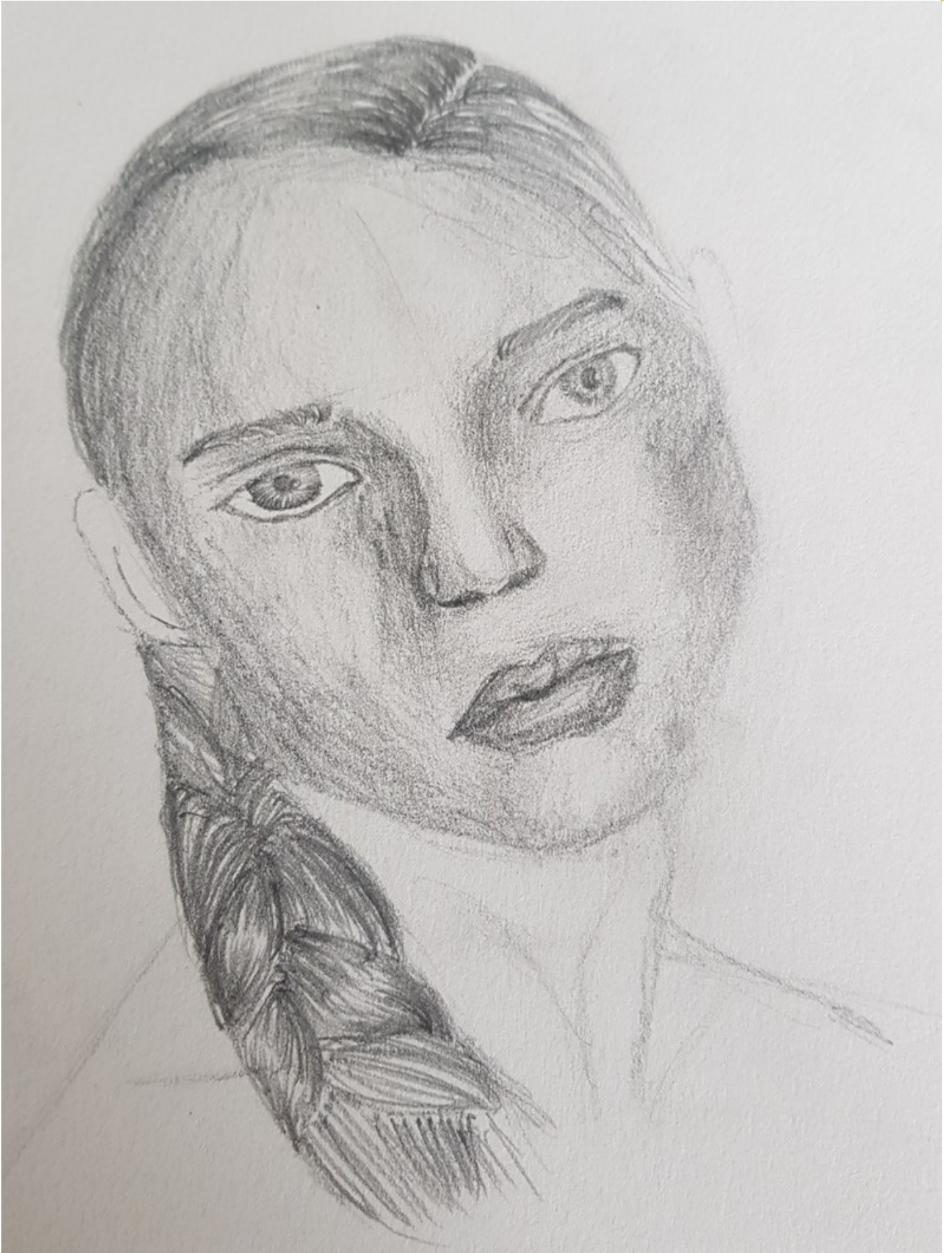
My world is one of faith,
Of prayer and remembrance of our one Creator,
Of knowing that we'll die and rise again
Sooner or later,
Of servitude and gratefulness to the most kind;
The most merciful.
Of relief that our hearts aren't blind
To the truth that 1.9 Billion of us live,
Of bearing witness to the oneness of the Creator;
The most giving,
He gave us life,
He gave us our minds,
Our hearts and our souls,
He gave some of us sight that we use to gaze upon this magnificent world
He made for us.
He gave some of us hearing that we use to hear our loved ones talking;
Babies laughing, birds singing, the waves of the sea gently crashing along
The soft sand of the shore,
He gave us a nose to smell with and a tongue to taste with,
Hands to write with.
My world is one of truth,
Of faith and sincere servitude,
My world is my religion,
A religion of peace.



My world is a cake with so many different flavours and textures. The base of my cake is my family. I love them with all my heart and without them the cake falls like a fading star in the night sky. The icing on my cake is my friendships. They can be sweet like sugar but too much icing can make you sick to your stomach. Icing can be ruined by a little excess - like friendship; one little thing and your whole friendship will fall apart! The cherry on top is my future. It can be sweet or sour - but I won't know until I bite into it.

My world can feel like too many cakes in one; sometimes I feel like my life can be a bit too sweet and sometimes I feel it is too bitter.

Finally, the bright burning candle on top of my cake is my happiness. Sometimes the candle will burn and be as bright as the sun. But sometimes it will fade until there is nothing left. This is my spectacular world.



Shackayla Reittie



Life is like a race,
It has no beginning or end.
Some try to blend,
Some try to pretend.

Life is a race,
A relay, a marathon or a sprint.
Some can see clearly, some have to squint
To see the end of the race.

Life is like hurdles resembling obstacles,
Or perhaps they are constables,
Guarding the way to the end
Of the race.

Those who fall victim to the hurdles,
Ultimately giving up on life,
Feelings locked up for themselves only,
Not alone, yet lonely
In the race.

However, there have to be those
Who make it to the end,
And undergo feelings of glee —
Or maybe a facade
Just for you to see
At the end of the race.



Life is a dream
Unexpected; spontaneous -
the blurred line between ambition and memory
Makes it interchangeable.

Sometimes, you forget, to comfort,
Other times, we sleep to remember.
This time I dream,
To move forward.

Yet dreams would lose value
If not balanced by ephialtes;
Ephialtes grab
And pull you,
Glaring with evil eyes
Until you lose control
and
Then,
Start to spiralise.

Life is a dream:
You must make it on your own
Don't become trapped
In someone else's.



When I was four years old
My world was a few streets;
Myatts Field, Magic Roundabout, the house, and the choir.
I knew things existed out there
But I didn't care
Because I was four.

Once I was seven years old,
My world had expanded a bit.
I'd moved away from the streets of my infancy,
And now my world consisted of school, home, pets and Ruskin
There was probably more out there
But I didn't really care
Because I was seven.

I hit eleven and my world was bigger
Red buses, green uniform, grey Brixton and my friends.
That garden that we played in and the pitch that we fought in,
The games that we made and the stories that we told.
There was swimming in my world now, school achievements and tests
The distant concern of secondary school secretly never let me rest.
There was lots more out there and for once I was interested
Because I was eleven.

I reached 12 and the world went to ____
In and out of school, my passions soon faded
Everyone was getting sick of viruses and homes
My worldview shrunk
I stopped caring
Even though I was 12.

I'm 14 now and the world is a bit better.
I'm not too sure how to think about it now
There's COVID, still, but I don't care much.
There are global tensions but even they seem far away.
There's still school, as always.



Ferdos Hagos



I love my family - they're the best in world.
We laugh so hard it can make your head swirl.
Listening to music makes me calm,
I listen to songs that voice no harm.

Football is my favourite sport and I'm good at it,
Give me a ball and I will blast it...
Basketball, I like it too,
I'll jump so high, I'll jump right out of my shoe!

Different subjects at school everyday,
PE (my favourite because we get to play).
Literacy: some words are tricky and some extraordinary,
Sometimes I have to look up words in my dictionary.

I have got good friends at school; they are the best.
Yes, they are better than all the rest!



A solitary box

A large, empty painting breaks

Betrayed by the world



All blank canvasses
Paint on a pretty face and have confidence.
Throw on your dress and stitch your mouth shut.
And don't forget to smile.

A beautiful dystopia
The crackled and scorched sea beds and liquid smooth trees.
Honeysuckle lava draped across the hearth of a forest,
I feel the river coursing through my veins.
Life and death.

I feel guilty for being happy;
For every smile there's another dead body,
Bullets soaring like birds.
A never ending cycle.



Ameerat Daud



The world that was once our own.

Humans laughing blindly

Animals crying in vain

Every roar of the ocean

Every whistle of the wind

Every strike of lightning

Is a signal of pain

Billions of people just walking by

Not noticing the demolition of our world.

Like they're blind to evil,

But open-eyed to goodness.

When is our world going to be

A safe place again?



Dazzling, shimmering, shining stood the aqua lake, its calm moves soothing me as we talk in unison. Then it stopped moving altogether. As if to tell me '*I have no time to live*'.

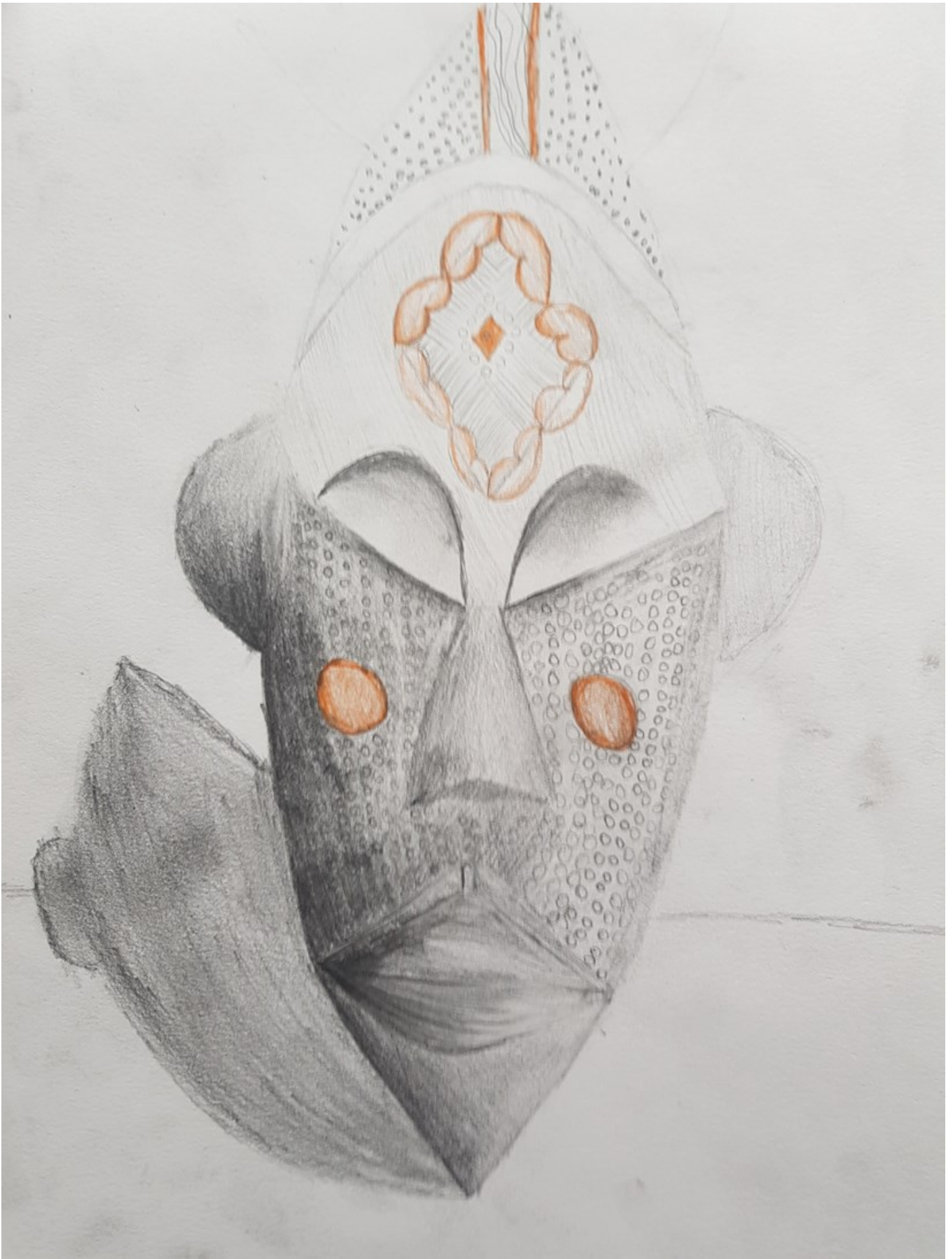
Suddenly, the pleasant air breeze that had gently walked past my face had turned into a ferocious storm. Everything in my world had been lifted from its habitat into the gigantic pit of endless darkness.

The azure lake rapidly dried up, revealing the grimy earth. Fiery beasts filled up what used to be the tranquil river. Vermilion, amber, flaxen liquids filled it. The iridescent leaves were ripped away from their roots, leaving the oak mahogany branch naked. Verdant bushes were torn away from their family.

I was torn from my world. Disgusted. Terrified. All was too uncontrollable for me to bear anymore.



I envision a world
Where no man will insult another,
Where love will bless the planet and peace will cover its paths.
In my ideal world, everyone will enjoy the joys of pure freedom,
And selfishness or greed no longer ruin our lives or sap our spirits.
A world where everyone is free,
Whether they are black or white,
Where hatred hangs its head
And peace is treated like a jewel,
Attending to the needs of everyone.
This is the world I picture.



Asma Mohammed-Ali



She is my world.
Her beauty blossoms -
Different colours,
Different shapes,
Different scents.
But one thing is for sure,
Green is her favourite colour.
Her beauty changes with the seasons,
But I'll never stop appreciating her
As she is the reason I live and the centre of my world.



No way out - or is there?
All hearts have holes, don't they?
Stuck in a bottomless abyss alone.
Life: a dream and a nightmare.
I don't know what to do.
I'm drowning in a disastrous flood.
Panic substitutes blood; so does fear....
What have you done to me?



Still alive for you, the end.
I was born, but never lived.
I willingly gave my last breath.
Fighting, but want to be fought for.
And we didn't talk after that.
Who hurt you? My own expectations.
It's about drive, it's about power.
And suddenly, we were strangers again.
How can emptiness be so heavy?
Life changed, when I became brave.
They say time heals.
They lied.
Confessed his love...at her funeral
Siri, delete mum from my contacts
Passengers, this isn't your captain speaking.
Your fingerprints have not washed off.
We were. And then we weren't.
Forever was always my favourite line.
We ignored truths for temporary happiness.
One bullet, is a lifetime supply.



Deborah Akintayo



Her eyes fluttered open, the light bleeding into her eyes like a sunrise. No noise could be heard anywhere. Getting out of bed, she dragged her feet to the door. It was locked. Tugging. Pulling. And finally breaking the handle, chills down her spine.

Running. Running. Running - out the front door. Into the street. Quiet as death. Polluted air flowing into her system. Looking left. Looking right.

Lying on the ground, an unconscious figure. Closer and closer she moves. The image gets clearer.

She's looking at herself.



Misery encapsulating everything
Yearning for warmth against cold times.

War: the root of suffering.
Overwhelmed by harsh views and high standards,
Running away from fate,
Loving those around you whilst hating them too.

Drowning;
Drowning in a pool of regret.



Something was very wrong: I could feel the knot building up in my throat. Blood rushing to my face. My vision blurry and my head spinning. Something was wrong.

I reached out blindly for the chair that I knew was there. Except it wasn't. Nothing was there. Something was wrong.

As my sight returned, my fears were confirmed; I wasn't in the room I had inhabited just a few seconds ago.

"Why are you so scared?" a voice calls out to me. It was chilling to the bones. And yet, why was it so familiar? Tears began to pool in my eyes.

Something was very wrong.



Amina Jaanaht



And if I think of my world, it cannot be described in one word or one sentence.

Some could say chaotic, a common teen's life,

Another would say boring, filled with exams and papers

Almost reaching mountain level.

Sometimes I wonder what other people's lives are like -

What they do throughout the day.

Do you stroll through a park or speak with friends who burst out laughing?

Mine is quite the opposite.

It's quiet like a calm starry night, not much happening except the moon shining.

Which translates to the crochets of happiness circling my room.

No one comes in or out, except me.

It's pure bliss to have my own space where my world comes to life.

Now if I think about it...

My world is privacy.

The sheer small action of just being by myself,

With no loud noises attacking my ears until they bleed.

A place where I feel safe without being judged or belittled.

Privacy may not be a place, but to me, it's my world.



Our world,
Affected by global warming,
With no one informing us
About the world we live in.

Our world,
Animals dying,
No one crying,
For the world we live in.

Our world,
Children being abused,
No one accused,
In the world we live in.

Our world,
Genocides
And more besides,
In the world we live in.

This is the world we live in



My world

Held hostage by the poisonous gases
That are free to roam as time passes.

Days go on as we suffocate,
As the government begins to subjugate.

No matter how hard we try,
Plants are left to die.

How long left till we face the facts
Or till we face the impact,
That our planet is in ruins?
After all, we're just human.

With not much time to go,
We must allow something to grow,
To ensure the safety of the next generation
And to keep a surviving population.





What is my world?
For some, it would be an unclouded brightness,
While for others it's tragic and melancholic.
But for me?
It's a muted, pastel medium.
Obsessions after obsessions.
Where can I go wrong?

Friend
Family
Unity
How can we have that when the world is falling apart?

How can I be content with so much misery in the world?

But this is my world...
I either can try hard and succeed,
With my wildest dreams.
Or I can drown in the pity,
Of a life not fulfilled.

So content, melancholic or swimming in the vast sea,
This is my world
And I love it.



Life is a puzzle.

I begin by connecting the outer pieces, creating a solid structure early; it represents the bonds I built with my family from the start of my life. My family forms the very structure of my life.

Then I pick out the obvious matching pieces from the pile and place my entire focus onto the correlating images to be constructed. These corresponding pieces blend perfectly together to form my friendships, the connections in my life.

But sometimes a piece goes missing, ruining the entire picture. Irreplaceable and lost, creating a hole in the artwork that forms the fabric of my life.

Complete or incomplete, my life is a puzzle I have yet to solve.



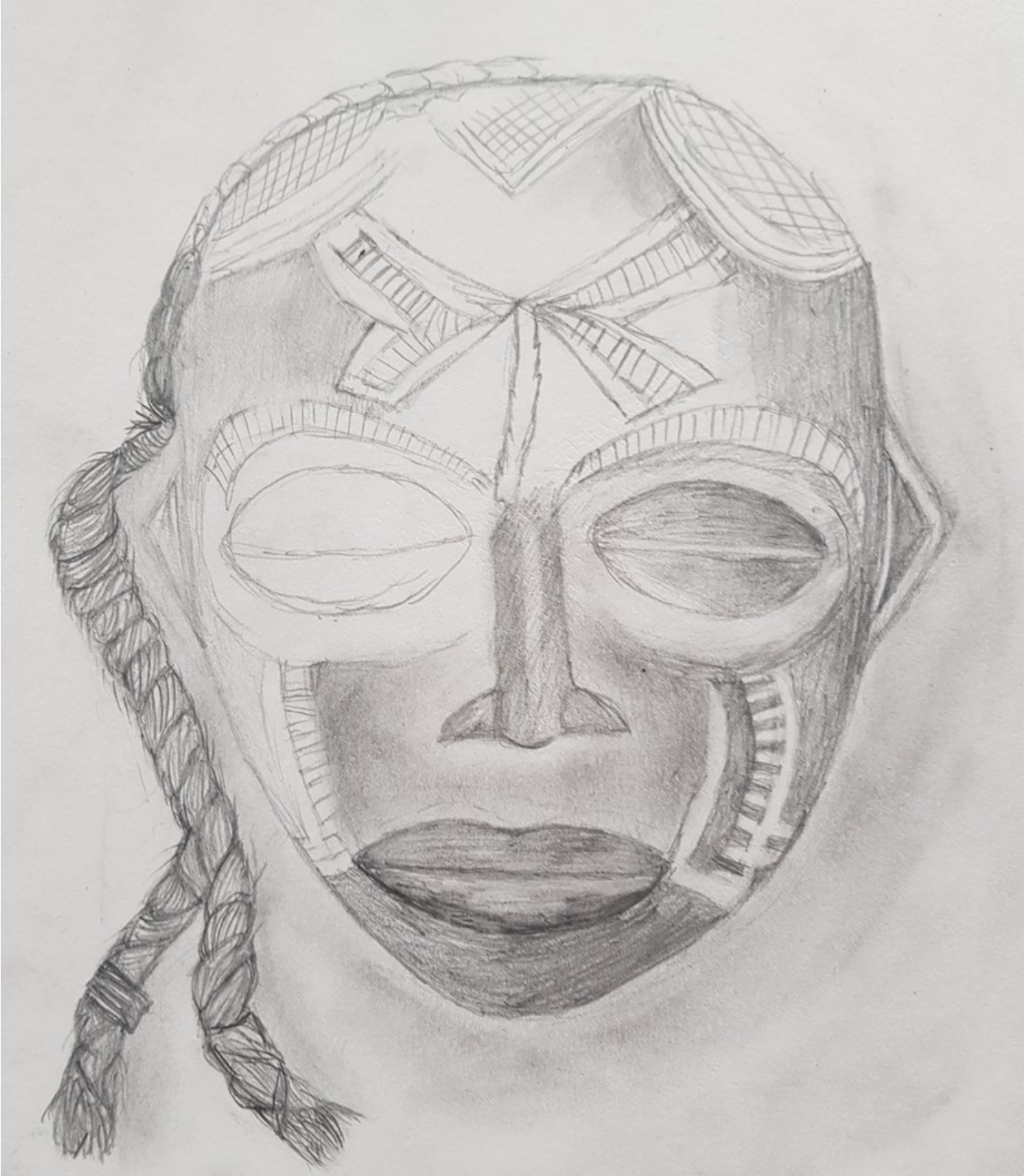
Life is a ship,
Life is a glacier.
Life is precious, we are fragile,
Life is a flash, we'll pass any second.

Life is an abstract concept,
Yet it drives you away.
Ephemeral life,
Eternal death.

Life is a canvas of collage,
Life is like a lottery.
You are born rich - or born poor,
And you're constantly fighting death.

Life is a cheetah,
Life is a savannah.
Full of ups and downs,
Like a rollercoaster.

Long live longevity,
To scare the reaper away.



Ceyda Ayhan



Life is like a glacier.
It may be broad, but it's bounded.
As time goes on, it reaches closer to the floor, grounded.

Eventually it will decrease in size as our world changes,
Each part of our life like a book full of pages.
Time is a never-ending fear,
Our destiny becoming unclear.

With not long left, it is only a matter of time,
Until we fall victim to a terrible crime.
Leading to our death,
As we take our last breath...

Life is like a glacier,
Don't take anything for granted,
As the plan for your next life
Might not yet be planted.



My life, my voice, my choice.

My voice is mine and I speak for myself.

My actions are controlled by me and others do not control what I do.

Sometimes, I am forced to do what I don't want to do;

But just because it is forced, doesn't mean you can't stop.

Sometimes, I am drawn to do things out of fear or anger

But I can control what I do;

I don't need to do what is unnecessary or harmful to others.

I can follow my own dreams

And no one can tell me what to dream about.

My life, my voice, my choice.



If I can do it,
You can too.
Together, we can dream
And believe,
So you get what I mean.
You can do anything,
Building, climbing, crawling -
Whatever.
Just do what you've got to do.
I believe.
So why can't you?
I believe
You can achieve.
Together, we can be free.



Distinguished, royal and wealthy,
It was like trying on a new pair of shoes,
On and off,
Effortless and stimulating.
However, this,
Didn't quite seem as familiar.
On and off.
I have all, yet nothing;
Maybe all remembered was worth forgetting,
This gift of forgetting everything...
I was suffocating.
Two hands with a stained grip.
I didn't know it would end this quickly,
Until someone did it.
The blade pierced into my chest.
Now I knew the next person would have to deal with
The false impression of,
On and off.
I took my last gulp of air but,
No one told me it wasn't going to be that simple.
On and off.



Romaysa Bouain



A Collection of 6 word stories

He didn't know where he was.

Aaron Jacob Begoulo Ahua

It left. Or so we thought...

Abdulrahman Abdulalim

Her cuts healed; her heart didn't.

Adeshewa Adebayo

Haters hated but he carried on.

Alaa Otmani

Anyone can be betrayed by anyone.

Alaa Ouzane

Born, education, work, die - it's life.

Aleksander Popiela

Life, a flower, dies in end.

Ana Luis

Man takes sins, hell takes man.

Aryan Hussain Ahmed

The scars stayed, like her death.

Asma Mohammed-Ali



A cry is heard. Life begins.

Asma Mohammed-Ali

She died so they could live.

Asma Mohammed-Ali

“It's better this way,” he lied.

Asma Mohammed-Ali

Life's more than just a chore.

Asma Mohammed-Ali

Never judge anyone by their past.

Aya Akarmass

People are only equal in death.

Bee Yan'Kyaa

The day that changed everything forever

Arre Sharif

Trapped in an endless traumatic cycle...

Caleb Thomas

Dad went shops; never came back.

Calvin Delaney-McDermott



I fell, bruised, beaten, still. Dead.

Ceyda Ayhan

Celestial bodies rose; I had slept.

Chukwuebuka Olisaedu

To dust I returned. An abyss.

Chukwuebuka Olisaedu

My love will not last forever.

Dillon Agyemang

What if life was a dream?

Fadumo Adde

Trance, silence, darkness, and then falling.

Jason Tran

The dark cloud stole her happiness.

Jessica Marques

Giving up's way harder than trying.

Kallai Boswell

We were and then we weren't.

Kelly Freitas Gouveia

To love and to be loved.

Kelly Freitas Gouveia

Loneliness has become my dearest friend.

Kelly Freitas Gouveia

She became everything she'd looked for.

Kelly Freitas Gouveia



What a plot twist you were.

Kelly Freitas Gouveia

Unusual girl, strange powers, reverses time.

Kelly Oliveira

Your life is yours to live.

Kyra Knibbs-Curtis

Life is what keeps me going.

Lara Henriques

A turtle falls and destroys time

Leonardo Loureiro Chagas

All he wanted was his family.

Lemuel Oderinde

I've won... but at what cost?

Lina Rigui

Seek for forgiveness; Not for revenge.

Lina Rigui

Took a wrong turn; lost forever.

Lina Rigui



He died happy, knowing he'd lived.

Luana Almeida

Love only consumes you with darkness.

Maisa Mohamed

Friend went school; never seen again.

Maria Mendes Gomes

Our guilt will follow us forever.

Melania Skotarenko-Spicer

Young. Knife. Man. Hospital. Doctor. Grave.

Menal Ahmed

How did it end like this?

Mohammed Johar

Past, present and future, what next?

Omar Aouchiche

The people chanted, "Black lives matter!"

Ranyah Nurhussie

I was born. But never lived.

Rayaan Isse



A blade's your worst best friend.

Rayaan Isse

I'm home. Hello. Is anyone there?

Reema Hassan

I think I need 7 words...

Reyan Abdulkadir

Restrictions, refinements, regulations. This is life.

Ryan Channer

Not doing this. Wait, it's compulsory?

Safara Coke

Man dies with heart not anger.

Samul Mahmud Saqib

Pain overtakes her heart within seconds.

Sarah Bashir

Another year, new chapter in life

Stella Candido

Technology takes over the world. Slowly.

Taija Maddix



One eye open when I'm sleeping

Teanna Tran

With glasses I can see reality

Teanna Tran

Dear Melancholy, why do you exist?

Teanna Tran

He made me forget. I remembered.

Virtuous Danzaria

COVID destroys lives; knowledge destroys COVID

Yacine Hamidi

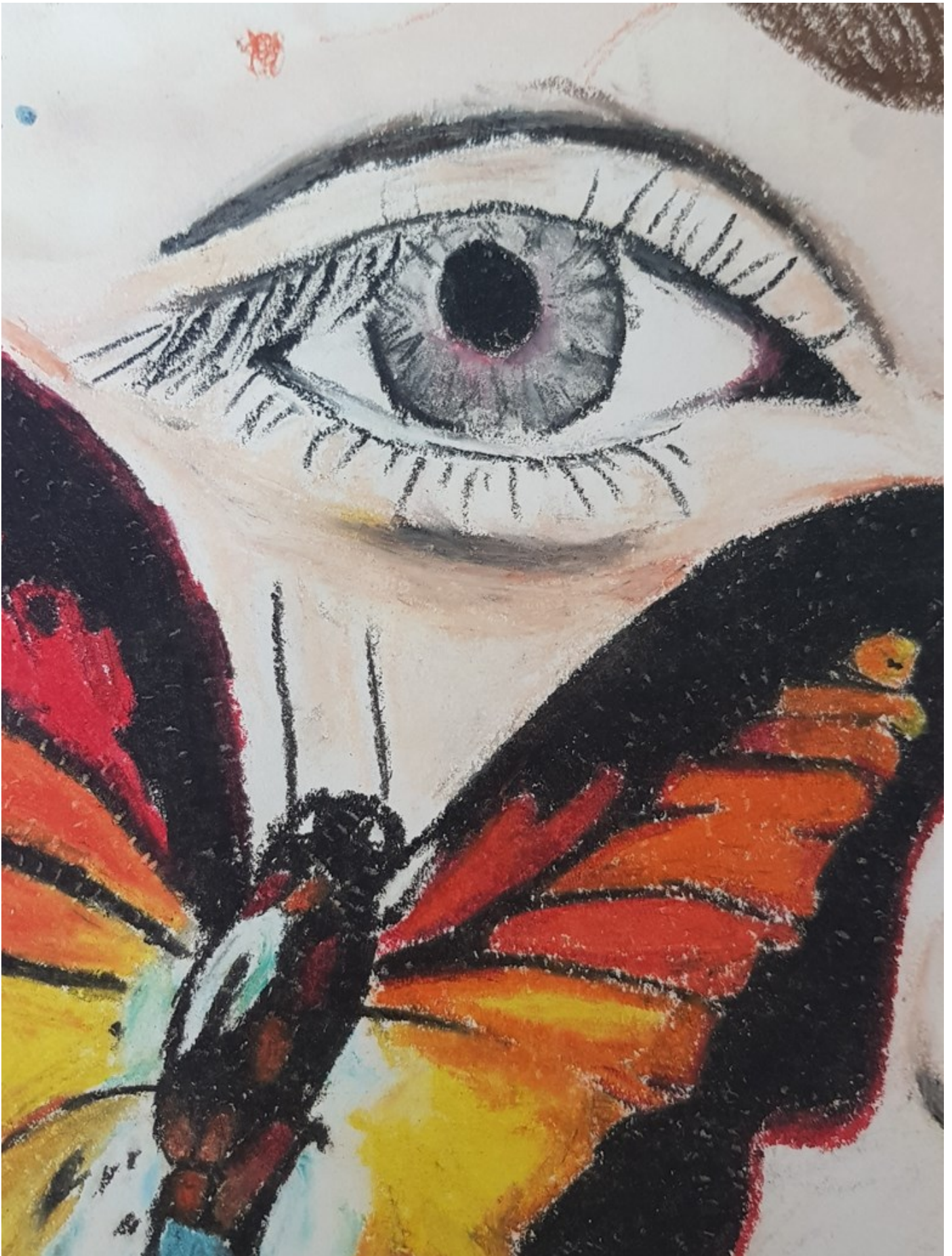
Life, happiness, stress rolled into darkness.

Zahra Osman

Pain is beauty; beauty is pain

Zahra Qureshi





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