



The Places Dreamed

The Ninth Anthology by
Students of *The Complete Works*

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Edited by Christian Foley



*"My journey is the thoughts of thoughts
that I keep instead of throwing...
My journey is the places no one has been before
and the places people have dreamed of going..."*

- Nicolas

Christian Foley, Poet in Residence

Introduction from the Editor

In the closing poem of this collection, Nicolas writes of the ‘places people have dreamed of going’. The line suggests that our circumstances can be divided into two distinct locations, *where we are* and *where we dream to be*. The Complete Works, as a school, is committed to connecting these locations, bridging them, paving a pathway between them. Getting to where you want to go is a continuous journey, and one that never has a final, fixed endpoint. In our childhood and adolescence, this journey can seem even more unmappable and difficult to navigate, yet writing about our lives and communicating our experiences is one way to situate ourselves in the wider world.

The theme of this anthology is ‘the journey’ and the construction of the book, as it always is, was characterised by the twists, turns and unexpected deviations of youthful imagination. I can never predict what students will create in our writing workshops and the journey through this book does not have consistent scenery. Sometimes the view is that of beautiful, magical escapism; sometimes it is gritty and unrelenting in its depiction of reality. The book opens with the lines, from Aaron, ‘this poem is a journey / like a first bike ride in the wind’. We always remember that experience, and I hope this book contains similarly unforgettable moments. This is *The Places Dreamed*.

Phil Richards, Founder of The Complete Works

Foreword

It has been fascinating to witness the journeys our students have made over the last year and a privilege to see how the staff of TCW have supported each one of them to discover their own individual routes to success. Our aim has always been to enable every student who comes to us to realise their dreams and fulfil their potential.

This anthology demonstrates a great depth of creativity and imagination and as each student navigates the twists and turns along their own particular path, we watch them grow and develop in this respect. I believe that our job is to help them to not only have academic success but also to become people who will make positive contributions to society and the world we live in.

The poems, prose and artwork in this anthology, alongside the music and presentations created for this year's showcase, once again demonstrate the talents our students possess. I have no doubt that they will all arrive at their 'places dreamed.'

I would once again like to thank our Poet in Residence, Christian Foley, for editing this anthology and all the TCW staff and teachers who have enabled this work to take place.

A poem is a journey

Aaron

This poem is a journey
a journey to never forget
this poem is a journey
like a first bike ride in the wind
through the drifting dreamclouds
this poem is a journey about to begin...

If a poem

Az

If a poem is a river of words
Then I am a fish swimming along its current
I am a delicate lily pad being gently moved by the
water
I am a frog being swept towards the ocean

If a poem was an ocean of letters
I am the cloudy sky before a storm
I am a whale riding its waves
I am the tide going gently in

If a poem was a forest of lines
I am the cold breeze flowing through its leaves
I am the ant marching through the dirt
I am a bird making it my home

If a poem was a sky full of verses
I am a grey cloud floating through it
I am a hot air balloon watching it
I am a bird calling it my home

If a poem was my home
I am the painting watching it all
I am the kettle boiling in the background
I am the chair that is never moved

If a poem was a universe
On a single piece of paper
I am its alpha and omega

Creator of its nature
I am the overseer of time

Keyhole

Manu

A mysterious keyhole, it waits, silent, unmoving,
begging me with unspoken words,
The fog of curiosity carries me, drifting
uncontrollably, closer and closer,
Until I was upon it, the fog carries me down and
opens my eyes,
Forcing me to look inside, but I wasn't the only one
peeking through,
Their eyes aligned with mine, and their skin as pale as
snow,
They blinked, I blink back, a swirl of endless
possibilities contained within those eyes,
The knob twists and the door opens, the eyes were
gone, leaving behind nothing
But darkness. The door closes, leaving me alone,
I look through the keyhole once again,
The darkness flickers, I flicker back

What a Journey

Luca

What a journey

Away days moving out
From my house, what a journey.

Real spirit, flow away, our flight is here
British Airways, I know the way.

Flying away like an angel in the sky
from the distance of my home.

Getting the flow that's already what I know
Green light I'm on the go
Like Mercedes on the road

Turning bends, making friends
Me and Huss until the end

Isle of Dogs, that's the ends
Journey starts, it depends

Where will I go?
I got dreams flying to Dubai
All the things I could buy
Gold bars, nice watch,
Supercars, driving fast

Don't worry about being rich
I would rather be nice

I would rather be friendly

That's my journey

It's Luca's journey

I've Got Words

Theo

I've got words that sputter and smoke, they flutter,
bespoke,
I'm a plane, ain't broke, like some of you lads
Think you're a Boeing airline jet-set to fly, do crimes,
do time,
And I've got words that *click!* Unlock those bars, MY
BARS!
I'm a star, shoot far across the night sky, like a cat I
still got my nine lives
Live it down underground like a tunnelling pound-
heavy beast or a mole
I don't make sound when I snap and eat your soul.

My Journey

Theo

My journey's taken me to two homes, back and forth
like a tennis match
My journey's carved into pavement stones, E1 to E1
and back, my whole life in a backpack
DLR, Overground, C2C, my journey is the lines on the
Tube Map
And all the colours on the rainbow shine through to
bring you Samson Moore; thanks Dad!

I got Mum's bad joints and your hair and I think your
jawline must've got in there somewhere
She said you looked like the spitting image of George
Clooney; and between yours and her genes I turned
out a bit loony
But without that I wouldn't be here, East End
represent! Resident for 18 years this 3rd of July
My journey's only just beginning here; bye!

The Railway

William

Single ticket, nice ride
Over distance, the train just seems to glide
Tell me Santa, do you recognise me?
Have you got a train that someone can buy me?

Happy Christmas, I wrapped it up and sent it
Avanti West Coast, Northern Grand Central
Southern Rail and First Great Western
I'm on the Railway from Euston to Preston



William

The Lost Pages

Overview (By Jack Laffargue, the Creative Co-Ordinator at TCW)

The Pageseekers are a secret organisation that specialises in rewriting history. They have three main departments: the Editors, the Librarians and the Writers. The Editors are the agents who travel back in time to alter historical events according to the organization's agenda. They use a device called the Pen, which allows them to manipulate reality with their words. The Librarians are the guardians who keep the original records of history in a hidden library. They use a device called the Book, which allows them to access and verify any historical information. The Writers are the authors who create fictional scenarios for the Editors to use in their missions. They use a device called the Keyboard, which allows them to generate and send any story they want. Pageseekers operate under the supervision of a mysterious leader called the Author, who decides what history should be and why.

The Pageseekers have a sophisticated system of rules and protocols to avoid paradoxes and contradictions when rewriting history. They use a concept called the Timeline, which is a representation of the chronological sequence of events that have occurred or will occur in history. The Timeline is divided into two parts: the Fixed and the Flexible. The Fixed part is the portion of the Timeline that cannot be changed or altered by the Editors, because it contains events that are essential for

the existence and continuity of history. The Flexible part is the portion of the Timeline that can be changed or altered by the Editors, because it contains events that are not essential or relevant for history. The Editors can only travel to and modify the Flexible part of the Timeline, and they have to follow certain guidelines to ensure that their changes do not affect or contradict the Fixed part. The Librarians monitor and verify the changes made by the Editors, and they can correct or undo them if they detect any errors or inconsistencies. The Writers create scenarios that fit within the Flexible part of the Timeline, and they have to follow certain criteria to ensure that their stories do not conflict or interfere with the Fixed part.

*An example of a Fixed event is the birth of a person who has a significant impact on history, such as a political leader, a scientific inventor, or a cultural icon. For instance, the birth of Albert Einstein is a Fixed event, because his discoveries and theories have shaped the fields of physics and cosmology. An example of a Flexible event is the occurrence of a minor or random incident that has no lasting or meaningful consequences for history, such as a traffic accident, a weather anomaly, or a personal choice. For instance, the colour of the dress that Marilyn Monroe wore in her famous scene in *The Seven Year Itch* is a Flexible event, because it does not affect her career or legacy in any significant way.*

The Lost Pages (Chapter 1)

Aaron

Hey miss'

'Where's the author?'

'For one, call me boss and not miss and two, the author doesn't talk to low level editors like u'

'Wait, I'm no editor'

'You are now, we are going to get you your special pen and other equipment now'

'Write your name here'

Signature- Thomas Pankhurst

The boss gave Thomas a weird look as if she had just seen a ghost.

'Are you ok miss uh I mean boss?'

'I'm fine'

'Oh good'

'I don't know if you will be'

'Wait what did you say?'

'Nothing'

Thomas was prepped and sent to just a normal lift as he stepped in the lift dropped.

Thomas fell to the ground; his eyes began to close and everything had gone blurry. Thomas is now slowly dozing away into his fears as 'BOOM' he hits the floor.

At this moment the doors opened and Thomas didn't know whether to be happy to see the ground or scared because he had no knowledge of where he was.

On his first step his heart froze, he could see trees but they weren't green, they looked as if they were made from a scrap yard. Rusted metal formed the branches and what looked to be a copper trunk, the grass was made from nails so he decided not to walk through them.

He now puts his focus on the street in the not so far distance. He soon sees what he believes to be a person but they look like a cyborg; he slowly moves away scared of what it would do if it even laid eyes on him, but in this moment even though he lacked knowledge of the task at hand he knew it had to be done.

Anxiously, he moves his way onto the street making sure not to be seen. He soon wonders where all the cars had gone, then a noise!! Unlike anything he had ever heard before but could see nothing, until he looked up and saw a sky full of cars but not normal cars, these cars looked similar to the trees he had seen before, no wheels but decayed metal.

Thomas was now sure no more people walked the street, so he took an interest in this one car.

It wasn't like the others it wasn't red from rust, it was white. As he began to look for the reason behind this, 'STOMP'! He feared for his life but spun to look at what had laid their foot behind him. An old woman looked

back at him, but not like two people who didn't know each other, they KNEW each other and this meant that it could jeopardise his mission... He could only think of one way of getting rid of this issue...

He looked at the woman he had to kill. She was his grandmother. And she recognized him. *To be continued on page 53.*

Sweet Talk

Leo

Come with me I will show you everywhere
I can show you the park or restaurant
I'm in the studio with Christian, singing

I have GCSE's in a bit

But I'm not worried about it
I'm just worried about you

Let me show you everywhere in Hackney

I promised you a restaurant
But I ain't really got the P's
I promised you a restaurant
I hope you like Maccy D's

We could have a happy meal
I could talk Portuguese
Show you all the fancy things
Order a Big Mac. With cheese.

Keys

Charlotte

Keys that jingle
keys that release albums or just singles.
keys that dance
keys that always take their chance
keys that whisper
keys that are as cold as winter
keys that sing
keys that aren't phones but still they ring
I've got keys
keys that leap
keys that could send a sheep to sleep like little bow
peep when her songs go deep
I've got keys that lullaby
keys that flutter by like a colourful butterfly that ain't
so shy in the bright blue sky
I've got keys
keys that go to Mexico with Aztec temples
from long ago
pots of gold with no rainbow.

Can't Speak

Reuben

Can't speak
Mind's bleak
Nothing to seek
My intentions weak
I want to cry
Not try
I don't know why
I can't even tell myself to say hi
Can't write
Can't fight
My words refuse to be bright
Can't push out any more of my might
I've given my all
Won't stand tall
Because if I do
I know I will fall
And no, I refuse to give it my all

I Got Words

Anaiyah & Franky

I got words

Words that jump, words spin, words that fill me deep
within.

I got words

Words that fly, words that go high in the sky.

I got words

Words that draw, words that make me fall, words
that make me crawl

I got words.

My Journey

Franky

My journey is GCSEs
2 hours straight no talking
My journey is sitting in a classroom
like at your grandma's house no talking
My journey is adrenaline
My journey is now I can breathe again
My journeys keep my thoughts alive
Just like being given the chance to glide



Taijah

I Got Words

Oliver

I got words, words that spit
Looming out so quick, you can hear it
I got words, words that bounce
Sprung like a tiger, ready to pounce
Words so light not even an ounce
I got words, words that shine
So bright you can't tell they're mine
Till your mind with my rhymes
So sublime, you get fined
I've got words, words that rule
12 inches in a day stuck in school

My Journey

Oliver

My journey 25 hours across the world
Up in the sky my hairs always curled
40' summers the heat unfurled
Always expanding my little world
My journey to Peckham Rye, from that flight in the sky
Won't let life pass me by
My journey both city and outback
My life can't fit on my back
Quantum physics on my track
With the rest of my pack

I Got Words

Nicolas

I got words, words that act

Words that tell a true fact

Words that flip the world upside down like a bat

Words that give you bad luck like a black cat

Words that talk like this and like that

I got words

Words that make money rain and make tracks

Words that play like kids and match attacks

Words that talk to each other and spit bars back to back

Words that are tired of doing things and they start to lack

My Journey

Wesley

My name is Wesley
This is my journey
Running through nursery
I was in a hurry
I was never sorry
I was very clever
At the age of seven
I was even smarter at the age of eleven
Why would I get stuck in a cage
Now I won't get off this stage

I Got Words

Niamh

I got words that make tea
Words that make me feel free

Words that make me wanna dance
Words that make me wanna laugh

Got words that don't write
They just wanna fight
I got words that feel fright
Words that stay up all night

I got words
Words that bite
They want to fly as high as kite

I got words locked in a cage
They make me feel me so insane

I don't need a plan

Zonethia & Anaiyah

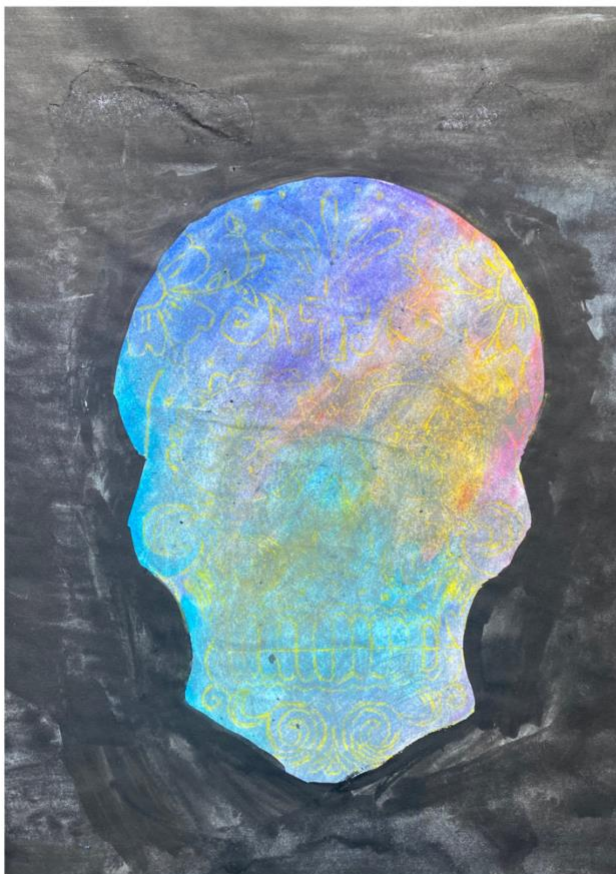
I ain't ever scared of nothing,
yeah, that's right I'm brave
Step to me then definitely you'll get put in your place
Designer fashion yeah, I wear that, know I got
that taste
I ain't that sweet, nah I ain't a strawberry lace

Growing up is scary, so I feel like Peter Pan
I just wanna fly up in the sky and never land
I'm an Amazon that means I don't need a man
I got it sorted all the time so I don't need a plan

I don't need a plan
I don't I don't need a plan (x4)

I ain't ever scared of nothing,
Yeah, that's right I'm calm
The world is like my phone because I got it in my
palm
Do not step to me and ask if you can have my snap
These man are telling lies everything they say is cap

But I got that magic you can call me Superman
Yeah, you know my name but that don't mean that we
are fam
Yeah, I draw the line, right there in the sand
I got it sorted all the time so I don't need a plan



Zonethia

Physics

Anaiyah

You know I got some dreams
Photography I'm taking pictures
You know I got some dreads
Rastafari that's religious

Yeah, why can't I be rich?
Cos my words are so expensive
They say that life's a stitch
I'm sewing seams on my adventures

History's a tapestry
You can meet me on my timeline?
Let's see if there is chemistry
Laws of physics in my eyeline

We got it down to a science.

My Mind

Wyatt

Nothing on my mind
Legs feeling like glue
I can't stop this grind
You can't do what I do

Nothing in my head
Spinning in the wild
Resurrect me from the dead
So I can be a child

Leaking from the shrine
Feelings in quagmires
You cry, I fly

Comet Song

Rory

Here we go again
We will find our way
Nothing can stop us right now
With a blazing comet through the sky

All day long here we go
Nothing can stop our comet
It's like a bright, bright star in the sky
It's like a god in the sky
Even though we aren't real gods

Even though we aren't real gods
It's time for us to fly real high

It is time for us to fly

This my letter home

Gemma

Mum I'm doing just fine
Going through hard times
Bro is on a mad hype
Always on my phone
Not even every third night
I'm just trying to get my words right

When they're snakes moving slow
Friends you gotta let 'em go
Round here police run up in your house
Trying to get the drugs out
Trying to get the knives out
Trying to turn our lives till they're inside out
'Till they're upside down
Yeah that what's it's like now
Then you step outside now

That's another stop and search
Swear that they love 'em all
Putting us against a wall
Putting us in a back stack
When your hands like that
Wanna change this life
But my hands are tied

Feeling like I'm stuck
Cos my hands are cuffed
They put me in cells
For a whole 24

Had me feeling like what was that all 4
Released me on bail
I can't trust family
I got bars like jail

That's my reality
People sell drugs just to get a little money
When there's no one to rely on
Life isn't funny
Cos it ain't no joke like Sonny

Yeah it ain't no joke
This my letter home
This my letter home

Anaiyah's song

Anaiyah

I better do a rap cos I can't (sing)
Shine on the mic like you got (bling)
Queen of the school don't need no (king)
Smooth on the beat like it ain't no (thing)

You know the name that's (Anaiyah)
I don't sing in no (choir)
I'm just here to (inspire)
Turn the levels up (higher)

I better do a song to let you (know)
I could never get it wrong better check this (flow)
Started from the bottom, better check this (pro)
Nah this ain't frozen I let this (go)

Thought Listener

Niamh

I am a music maker

I am a beat shaker

I'm a high preacher with no teacher

I'm an art creator full of thoughts

I am a thought listener

My Journey

Reuben

My journey is bland
Nothing to it but brittle cracked land
My journey is not an experience, it's a survival
No second chances, no teammate revivals
My journey is a pathway
Not pretty, not even a good one
Worn and torn from the unrelenting rain
Now shrivelled and broken, unable to hide any of its
pain
My journey is easy mode gone hard
Like I've been given a Lego set and I'm expected to
build a full-sized Shard
My journey is a fractal
One that eventually ends
It's all just the same
Everything I've learnt in life, just not factual
But as I shrink, my perception on the world bends
And there I am again, going off the deep end
A swirling void of enigma, no more light fluffy drizzle
Everything shuts down, no personality, not even a
fizzle
And now here we are
Once again
Zero thoughts
Empty head
My journey is penultimate
My journey...
My journey...
Was this even a journey?



Reuben

Raise

Toni-Marie, Afzal & Nicolas

Afzal: The freestyler, Malcolm X free fighter
Raise your lighter up, no cigarettes
No regrets like Dappy, glad I'm happy

Nic: Raise your children up
'Cos I would do it gladly

Toni: All I said is raise your children
I lived a struggle and I wish I had the raising
Nah I got dragged up
Trying to catch the rays in
Outside ravin'...

That's Our Road

Charlie

Hold up let's take it slow
Am I there yet? Maybe so
Am I there yet? Maybe no
I don't know, I think though

Hold up I'm not no pro
But we match just like my clothes
I strike matches like my smoke
Feel the glow, is it gold?

I don't know, let's just go

I'm on the edge of a fall
Feel the breeze just let it all go
Your touch just let me be close
I don't know, let me know

I'm on the start of a trip
This where the journey begins
There'll be some turns and some twists
That's our road, that's our road
That we'll go

I Wonder

A

I wonder what it's like
I hear how it feels
I see them roam freely not a care in the world
I desire to be a leader
I am a butterfly transformed from a caterpillar
I pretend I'm this person
I feel I have power
I touch my weapon
I worry for my friend
I cry for his life
But I am nothing more than a butterfly transformed
from a caterpillar
I understand the crimes I have done
I say I will change
I dream I will be forgiven
But I am nothing more than a butterfly transformed
from a caterpillar

Flip

Afzal

Flip through the game
And I land on my feet
Flip through the rap
Then I land on the beat
Flip through my life
Like an old photo book
Flip through the verse
Then we flip to the hook

When we flip we don't flop
When we hip we don't hop
When we start we don't stop
making hits like it's pop

Be the best version of myself
Took a record off the shelf
I was digging in the crates
Now I'm spitting to be great
Chop it up and rearrange
Everything has changed

When the school got chicks

Nicolas, Wesley & Leo

Chicks, chicks,
Look at these chicks!
Hello little chicks!
Little chicks doing bits...

What came first? The chicken or the egg
I don't really know but every chicken is a ledge
Hold 'em in your hand, yeah that's a first
Don't upset 'em, we're not playing Angry Birds
See the pecking order, which chicken won?
First a chick walks, then we watch Chicken Run

Chicks, chicks,
Look at these chicks!
Hello little chicks!
Little chicks doing bits...

Vegetables

Aaron

Parents always say eat your vegetables
A vegetable forms in the ground
The ground holds the weight of the people
The people hold the weight of the world's worries
The worries of the world are heavier than the
Elephant
The elephant doesn't forget
You forget when you're old
Old where do you go
Going nowhere or somewhere
Somewhere you will forget
Forgetting is making new memories.

I am a

Aaron

I am a

headset wearer

keyboard gamer

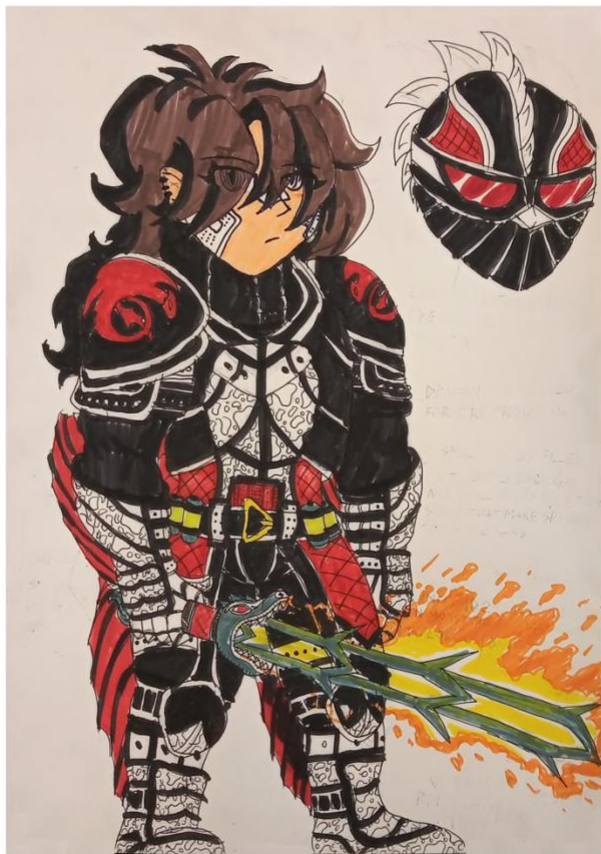
mouse clutcher

COD player

zombie slayer

snapping turtle lover

poem writer



Dominick

Rhydian Rumble

Rhydian

I'm the one
Yeah, I'm the one
I'm the one
You know the song

Ready to rumble
Rhydian don't crumble
I run on my feet
Rhydian don't stumble
Busy like a bee
Rhydian don't bumble
king of the beat
Rhydian ain't humble

Heaven Knows

Nicolas

Time's like a metronome
Call me on the telephone
'Cause I could never, never let you go
I just wrote to let you know
See me shine with my Superman chain
ADHD, that's my Superman brain
Too much energy, so they say I ain't sane
When I'm on the track, I'm a runaway train

The Lost Pages (Chapter 2)

Milo

He had always loved books, but he never imagined they could be so dangerous. Charles was a Librarian. He spent his time reading and organising his shelves and shelves of books. Charles was a grumpy man whose face reminded passers-by of a gloomy weekday; it was always screwed up. This job suited him well as he didn't have to speak much, just gave a smile to customers. If there was one person Charles could be around, it was his wife, Lily. She was a kind natured, naive woman. He was almost as protective of his books as he was his wife. No one could touch the books he worked on, especially without his permission. It was one of the perks of the job.

How Charles ended up with this job is a funny story. Someone slid a letter through his door explaining the job and asked him to write back if he was interested. He had recently been fired so it was this or one meal a day. He ended up writing back accepting the job. It sounded great, but in reality, it was a bit dull and lonely, although he didn't seem to mind as he's been working there for almost 30 years now. There was a rivalry between the editors and the librarians because the librarians believed everything should be left as it was written and people could be endangered by their work. It was a passive rivalry. As most things, Charles had a strong view on the work being done at TCW, he thought it was dirty work and sided with the librarians that stuff like this shouldn't be touched, after all he

didn't want anything messing up the life he had created for himself.

Out of the many stories that have gone through the library, he remembers one vividly. That's because this one was personal; the story was about a young boy who got sent away from his family for misbehaving. The young boy was his beloved son. The writers sent him to a boarding school far away from home for reasons unknown to Charles. He has never gotten over this betrayal and still feels fuming towards the editors, fuelling their feud. Charles hasn't seen his son in over twenty years, he doesn't know what he's been up to but he hopes he has created a good life for himself with a stable job.

Charles needed a distraction from thinking about his family and the past issues with his son. He opens up the latest addition to the library. It was a rewritten story about a young boy plotting to murder his grandma. Familiarity was all over this story. The pieces of the puzzle started to connect in Charles' mind. The story included Thomas, who was often rewritten into stories, except he was not the only character that Charles recognised. Thomas' dad had a troublesome charm about him, one that Charles knew all too well. The victim in the story was a lady with a kind and trusting character, the type that very few people in the world had left. He opened the book and saw his name. He was his grandson. And he had to stop him. *To be continued on page 81.*

I Tried to Write Some Bars

Zahida

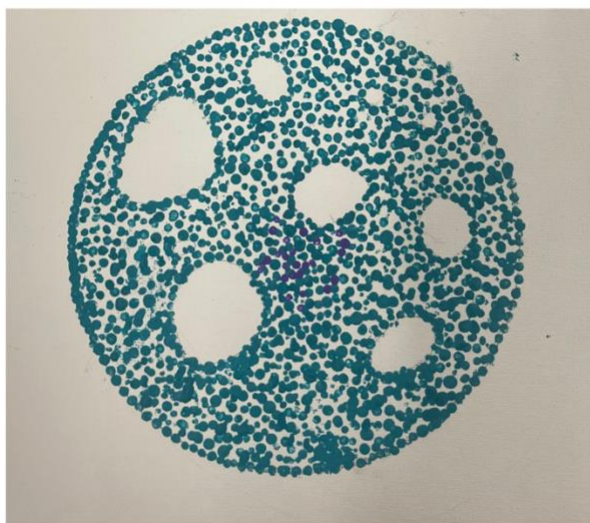
I tried to write some bars
But I lost my job
Living homeless in a bog
I hated my old job
But I miss watching my cheques get logged

I tried to write some bars
But ended up locked behind them

Random Rap

Zahida

We've turned off the lights
Now we're not visible
Yes... I'm specific, it's because I'm autistic
I wrote a good lyric
Had to get rid of it
Is my teacher enthusiastic?
Does she like my ideas?
I ask my peers
My horoscope says I'm possessed
Each day I get dressed
Like I'm going to congress
I'm a survivor
My teachers talk bares
I swear
But I got her a raise
Without any praise
What has neglected me
Has never affected me
I'm a survivor.



Kaedi-Jay

Gemma's Rap

Gemma

I'm Gemma and my brother's name is Jack
I listened to his songs, and I think they sound whack
I'm better on the track, when I rap, I'm a G
Took a little smoke break now I'm back upon the beat

TCW, we keep it in the fam
My nan's boyfriend, his name is Dan
Shout out Nan, that's my girl Tracey
When she hears this the whole block goes crazy

My dad's old dogs were way too lazy
Eating all my roast dinner even the gravy
Am I rapper, I dunno like maybe?
One thing's certain I'm too wavy

Oppression

Nicolas

I've never been the student, I've always been the teacher

Hello there, it is really nice to meet ya

Sitting there talking like a preacher

Spitting to the crowd, making them a feature

I was getting kicked out, cos I was kicking off

My spiritual energy flowing like I'm lost

I'm so sick but I don't need to cough

I'm a free fighter with no....

Oppressors holding down the oppressed

Life is a struggle. Us man getting stressed

Resisting arrest, with my heart in my chest

This ain't a rap it's a bulletproof vest

Open Field

Tyler

We start off in a village called Singley, with a measly population of just 147 Residents. It's a regal village with very limited modern technology, it only has electrical towers to power the homes and light up the streets. Things like Xboxs, Playstations, Nintendos or anything else simply aren't a thing in Singley, so the youth of the village resort to outside activities to ease their boredom. Unfortunately, these mischievous kids aren't very considerate of property which leads to issues arising with neighbours. Four kids were seen running through a field of scarecrows knocking everything down, with little consideration and causing issues. Jay Marlow, Robert Kent, Sheldon Bell and Jasmine Raver spark these issues.

The scarecrows would get knocked over and in one case broken, the scarecrows that were knocked over would be picked up by the youth and the broken one thrown into the woods. In front of this field sits a cabin like house that is easily the oldest building in the village, and lying within this house is an old 76-year old man by the name of John Martin, who owns the fields. He sits at the window gazing at the playing children with grievance "Get off these fields, Now!" yells John. The kids avert their eyes to the man with a startled expression and scamper off, he moves from the window and carries on with his day. Tomorrow arrives and the kids are back again, this time it's just Jay and Sheldon play fighting in the fields knocking

scarecrows left, right and centre. Jay pushes Sheldon which sends him flying into a scarecrow, snapping it in half, they pick up the pieces and hide them and pick up the other scarecrows, putting them back in place followed by a swift retreat from the fields. John finds the broken scarecrow and is infuriated, this would be the final straw for him after putting up with it for one and a half months now. Instead of doing the rational thing of alerting the parents, he decides to set traps within his field; a concealed pit that falls into a bed of spiders, a mine that shoots dirty water, a gun in the bushes that fires pink paint and a tripwire that would drop a bunch of apples.

Due to the lack of scarecrows, a murder of six crows return to the fields (the reason the scarecrows were up in the first place) They squabble amongst themselves about John's decisions and rationality. "This isn't very safe..." says the gentle crow.

"His method of dealing with this is utterly ludicrous." says the serious crow.

"Looks like a great choice of action to me." says the arrogant crow. The crows would judge him until John realised their return, "What are you judgmental little weirdos doing back here?" John annoyingly enquired. All six crows snapped their gaze upon him "Well if it isn't my favourite old bag" jokingly said the arrogant crow, "those fake humans you set up had begun to decrease in number, so we made our inevitable return." said the intelligent crow.

William on the track

William

It's so busy on the central line
I pass through Bethnal Green
Feel so dizzy on the central line
But this is still my dream

It's so busy on the Northern Line
I'm travelling through Old Street
Feel so dizzy on the Northern Line
But it makes my life complete

It's so busy on the Bakerloo
I'm stuck at Warwick Avenue
But it's so pretty on the Bakerloo
There's nothing I would rather do

It's a busy Piccadilly line
I'm having such a silly time
It's a busy Piccadilly line
But Wood Green is so fine

It's a jam-packed Jubilee Line
I'm passing through Bond Street
It's always busy on the underground
But it my makes my life a treat

Talk about

Kayleigh

We could talk about my hoodies
We could talk about my shoes
We could talk about pink
We ain't talking bout the blues

We could talk about my trackies
We could talk about my shoes
We could talk about my bag
But I haven't got a clue

We could talk about my glasses
We could talk about my hair
We could talk about me
But I really don't care

We could talk about my flow
We could talk about my rap
If we're talking bout a gangsta
Then we're talking bout my cat

Outer Wilds

Yasin

Outer Wilds is an exploration and puzzle game. It's a unique experience with no replay value due to it being a puzzle heavy game. You play as a Hearthian - space lizards that grew bipedal - on their planet Timber Hearty which was recently cleared for space exploration. You are tasked with understanding Nomai ruins and 'the anomaly'.

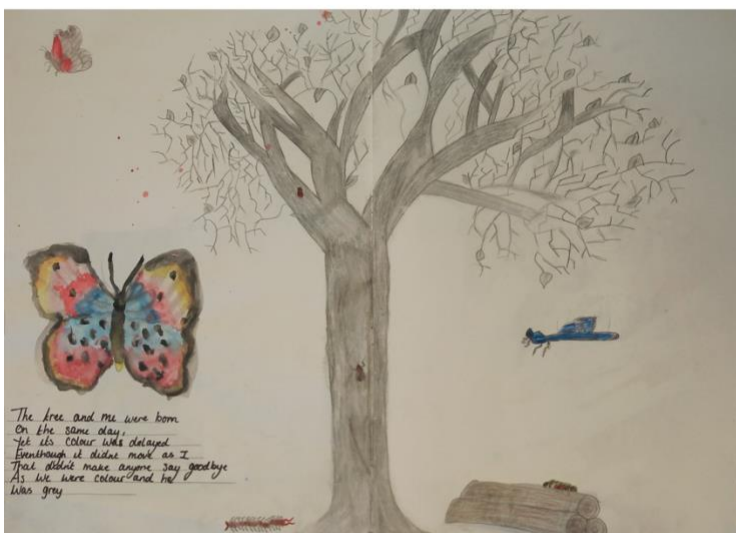
The game uses the players' knowledge as a means of progression; the player could beat the game in twenty minutes through sheer luck, but that is nearly impossible. Additionally, the way the game teaches progression is done well and simply; most of the time there are scrolls hinting at the solution with an example within the vicinity.

All of these lessons culminate in a big discovery and breakthrough such as a way to finally navigate a strain and hauntingly pale quantum moon. The game also has amazing art and sound design. It borders on being a horror game, be it large monsters or existential angst. As well as having solid art design its physics simulation is really well done; you could sling out of a planet's gravitational pull with enough velocity on foot, slingshotting off the planet.

The Tree

Janelle

The tree and me were born
On the same day
Yet its colour was delayed
Even though it didn't move as I
That didn't make anyone say goodbye
As we were colour
And he was grey



Janelle

Shiny

Nasima

The crab in Moana is shiny
The light in the room is too
The crab in Moana is shiny
I'm shiny, how about you!

The crab in Moana is shiny
Shiny just like the moon
The crab in Moana is shiny
Just like the back of a spoon

The crab in Moana is tiny
Tiny so I can't see
The crab in Moana is tiny
Tiny just like me

The crab in Moana is tiny
Tiny riding the swell
The crab in Moana is shyly
Coming out of his shell

Gangsta Kitten

Kayleigh

I've got a Gangsta Kitten, her name is Lexie Lou
If you mess with Lexie, then she'll be scratching you
I've got a Gangsta Kitten, her name is Lexie Lou
Her favourite food is chicken, and her fur is soft and
cute

She's got lovely whiskers, and really furry paws
But if you mess with Lexie, then Lexie goes to war

I've got a Gangsta Kitten, her name is Lexie Lou
If you mess with Lexie, then she'll be hurting you
She might even throw you, into her litter tray
She hangs around on corners, playing Dr Dre

Yeah and you don't stop
Gangsta Kitten and I'm playing with a mop

It's like this
It's like that
It's like this
It's like a rap

But sometimes Gangsta Kitten, is really really sweet
Her favourite food is chicken, and she really loves me
I love Gangsta Kitten, and give her lots of treats
Being a gangsta is tiring, so she goes to sleep

A day in my life

Rhydian

I was born December 16
be a rapper that's my dream
I was born somewhere in Wales
Flip that coin like heads or tails

Bullies made my school life tough
Until one day I had enough
But nobody can hold me back
Here's my story in a rap

Here's my story in a rap
Cup of tea let's have a chat
Chat bout this, chat bout that
This is true, no cap

Is it?

Kayleigh

It's Kayleigh Isitt

Is it?

Yeah

It's Kayleigh Isitt

It is?

Yeah

Let's go bowling

Hit you with a strike

then I'm rolling on the ice

Oh yeah that's nice

Sounds so good you should say that twice

Nah mate, I say what I like

Riding around on my bike

Oh, yeah that sounds cool

By the way what do you think of school?

It's okay

Okay, Kayleigh Isitt?

It is

Yeah, wait a second are you okay Kayleigh

Kayleigh are you okay

Okay stop!

Two Words

Nicolas & Leo

I'm Nick
I'm Leo
I'm this
I'm that
I'm rhymes
I'm rap
I'm truth
I'm facts
I'm cool
I'm cold
I'm bars
Of Gold
My raps
Get sold
Too hot
To hold
Two words
One flow
Too slick
Too pro
Too quick
You're slow
Green light
Let's go
Two friends
Two bro's
One school
That's old
For life

That's right
Where's Huss?
Don't know

Two hearts
One beat
Two homes
Two streets
One town
One drum
One sound
London
Where you from?
London
Where you from?
Portugal
Where you from?
Hip-Hop
What you got?
Some skills
Where at?
Right wing
That's sick
Left foot
Top Bins
Two nil
We win
You lose
Oh well!

'23 Bonnie and Clyde

W & K

I'm Bonnie
I'm Clyde
We're both on the run
We robbed a bakery
We stole some buns

We filled a bag
We came to take
We stole some icing
it was a piece of cake

The baker shouts
'Come back now'
But we jumped in the car
And drove on out

On the highway
Doing 93
We heard sirens
He called the Police!!!

We're in a car chase
We've got to dash
Watch out for that shop
We're going to crash

It was a pasta shop
We're covered in sauce
It's all your fault

Let's get a divorce

The Po-po got us
By the Dolmio
They put us in cuffs
And took our dough!!

I Tried to Write Some Bars

Reggie

I tried to write some bars
But didn't get far
Kinda bizarre
Jumped out the car
They called me a star
Got me feeling like I'm on Mars
Called me the Tsar
I tried to write some bars
But instead I got chips...

Dilla Time

Afzal

Dilla time, Dilla time
Eating like it's dinner time
Check my watch
Yeah you know that it's winner time
Cold like the winter time

Wait, let me begin the rhyme
Standing at the foot of the hill
Let's begin the climb

Climb Mount Everest
Looking at the moon
I'm MC Huss, Neil Armstrong soon
I wonder like Stevie
I find rapping easy
Hot in here like Nelly
Watch me on the tele

From London to Turkey
You know us we're certi
I'm 20 but Christian is 30

We don't stop rapping when we're old
Like Quincy Jones
Or Frank Sinatra
Fly me to the moon
I don't need any magic around

We got a magical sound

All way from the underground

Call me the goat like Michael Jordan

Balling like Kobe

Just scored a slam dunk with Christian Foley

Oi, I'm top of the league

In the NBA

During the Lesson

Joshua

My Name is Joshua

Today I feel bored, doing the lesson.

Sometimes I am a shield

Sometimes I am a sword

But I am always great

I ask the world, why?

And the answer is I feel bored doing the lesson.

The Wake Book

Kai

Creatures are starting to dread the morning,
Rustling now that morning is dawning
It's a blue sky with white fluffy clouds
Blindfolded dream-clouds awakened by sound
7AM BRRING BRRRING it's alarming
COCK A DOODLE DOO if you're farming
Everyone's waking, all are alive
Morning has come now it's time to survive

The Lost Pages (Chapter 3)

Wyatt

She was a writer, a creator of new worlds and stories. She worked for The Pageseekers, but not willingly. She was called Wendy. She is 6ft 0cm and she wears a leather suit. She had previous experiences of being an author in the past. But now Thomas got her to work for The Pageseekers at the library. She doesn't like it because she is changing the past. Wendy does not like telling lies, she does not want to change the past because she liked it the way it was at the start. Her moral compass is telling her to do whatever makes her feel comfortable but be prepared to take the wrath from Thomas. Wendy does not fit in with the TCW staff because she likes telling the truth when the rest of the staff tell lies. She does not tell her colleagues because she doesn't want to jeopardise her job.

She used to like story writing to express her creativity of the truth. Pageseekers scout out historic information and turns it into lies. Wendy does not like this because she is helping her colleagues by telling made up stories about the past. Wendy knows why she has to change stories and that is because of Thomas's manipulation towards her. She misses her co-writers / friends that she used to work with at Fox news. Thomas got Wendy to start here because they went to uni together. Wendy is feeling in no emotional control at all she is being put under huge amounts of pressure to do the task that Thomas has asked her to do and that

makes her feel uncomfortable because she wants to tell the truth, not lie.

In the past she had to write horrific twists to otherwise normal events. In one story she had to put an unreal twist on, there was a fire that happened at a bakery in Yorkshire. Wendy had to tell major lies based on pedestrians' health in the situation. Not only this but she had to write many stories about people's death. One of the stories was about a teens death when they fell out of a window. Wendy's body response to writing these events was an excruciating pain in her head and stomach to make her feel lopsided to see if she will do it or not. Wendy had a sense of cold shakes but she took her mind off it by writing an untruthful but fascinating story. Wendy did not have a knot in her stomach, she just had flashbacks of writing truthful stories and she then wrote an untruthful story because of her ex-partner Thomas. Her eyes did not swell up with tears, they were very concentrated and fierce with emotions and she could not control it so she wrote the heart-breaking story.

She believed that she should tell the truth but... Her ex-partner Thomas threatened her to tell the truth or she would not survive another day on earth, because he would make it a living hell. Plus it will ruin his reputation. She has come up with a plan for her new truthful story but she has got one person to get rid of... Wendy began to write her story. She typed the final sentence and hit send. She had just written about Thomas's death. And it was personal.

Leo's Bars

Leo

They all know I'm hot like a kettle
I withdraw money from central
Introduce my music to 'da bizness'
Are you hearing I said 'da bizness?'
Christian raps, that's unlikely
My white G
Bringing people together like congress
Ever heard of a rapper with a horoscope
I named him Christian
Cos he's about the future
Making us visible

Infinite Poem

Art

Subways are stations for trains
Trains move fast like tigers
Tigers are uncommon
Uncommon is rare
Rare is the feeling of satisfaction
Humans are most satisfied when they are powerful
Power is electricity
I feel electric when the weekend rolls by and I can
sleep in
My dreams are remembered in fragments but they
are vivid
My dreams are hard to define and find but I know
what I want to do
But that is just for me
I shall not tell you in this poem
Poems are very confusing.

Gentle Wind

Manu

The heavy flowing wind brushed my creaking sandals
Guiding me to my destination, taking my hand and
showing me the way,
stroking my hair and keeping me safe,
soothing my ears with gentle birdsong
And keeping me awake,
The leaves dance the most beautiful dance,
The trees sway left and right,
Perfectly in tune with my beating heart

Pretty Raindrops

Manu

Pretty raindrops were falling from the sky,
Streamlined and effortlessly beautiful
So many that they filled up the sky,
Stormy rain clouds came and went,
Whistling in the wind,
Dropping off countless raindrops as they went by,
Each one washing, washing away houses and people
alike,
Happy smiling people,
screaming in excitement and joy at the raindrops
gracing the icy night sky,
Wood and debris was flying everywhere, smoke and
more people,
But we didn't care, cus we were smiling, smiling for
the raindrops to wash us all away,
It was like a dream.

The Man and the Monster Can

Aaron

It was just a man and a monster can
The can had glistening eyes
But not like the stars
It had a flame about it
But not like the sun
The can was down
Tears fell to the ground
Not like a rain cloud
Because
It was just a man and a monster can
The can could also be happy
But not like a clown
The man really liked the can
But not as much as the can could dream
The can had great feelings towards the man
More than you could ever dream
The can could also be angry
But not like a monster
It could also be scared
But the man was there
And when he is not, it will still forever be
The man and the monster can

Bars

Ava

I've got bars, bars that bang, bars that break.
Bars that do not make mistakes
I've got bars
I've got bars that bake, that I stir into a cake
I've got bars
I've got bars, bars that bark
Bars that are light and bars that are dark
I've got bars
I've got bars, bars that befrill, bars that bring life and
bars that kill
And chill in Brazil with their own free will, and listen
to drill, making a mill, they're sick, they're ill.

I've got bars that bastille, bars that put you in a cell
for real, that's an ordeal, deal or no deal
I've got bars,
I've got bars that, boom, bars that need some elbow
room,
Bars in person bars on zoom
Bars that sweep you like a broom
I've got bars.



Ava

My Journey

R

My journey is that of an East End boy
I can't remember my first years of life
Brains get mushed by time, don't they?
I was punching holes in Primary
It's still there in the plaster
That's legacy
My school uniform is a hoodie
Black Nikes
Growing up around the East
In the streets where families are familiar with bullets
And people shoot up on the roads
It's not safe
But I'm a protective brother
I pick up my sister from school
Chat to old teachers at the gates
They ask how I'm doing
They ask where I'm going
I dunno...
Wherever this journey takes me...

Late Night Café

Franky

I'm at a chill late-night cafe
I'm drinking pumpkin spiced latte
Almond milk
The emptiness I feel
Fills the room

It's not busy
Lately my head's been spinning till I'm dizzy

Body chilled like the fizzy
Drinks in the fridge

Frozen in time
I see myself gliding
Through the lightning

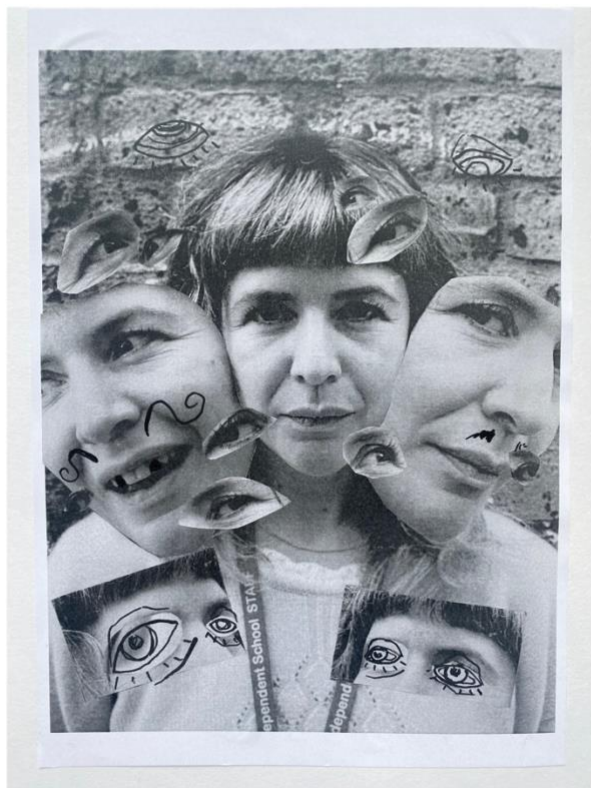
The wind is a hairbrush
The rain circulating
A kaleidoscope
Permeating raincoats and umbrellas

Body soaked just like the sole of my shoes
Waiting for Mr Mysterious to appear
From out of the blue

Journey Haiku

Aaron

I can't remember
What just happened yesterday
But here I am now...



El

Writing

Ava

A journey is a lesson and life is a teacher,
A teacher is a symbol of help,
Help is what I need when I'm lost,
Lost is when I don't have google maps
Google maps is when I explore,
Exploring is something to do when you're bored,
Boring is when I read a book,
A book is when I book a table,
A table is used for writing,
Writing is a long difficult journey.

My Journey

Nicolas

My journey is when I go to sleep and dream
of all the things I can't do
and then I wake up after school.
In my spare time I do the things I can't do
My journey is when I get bored of doing normal things
as a child so I stare at the wall...

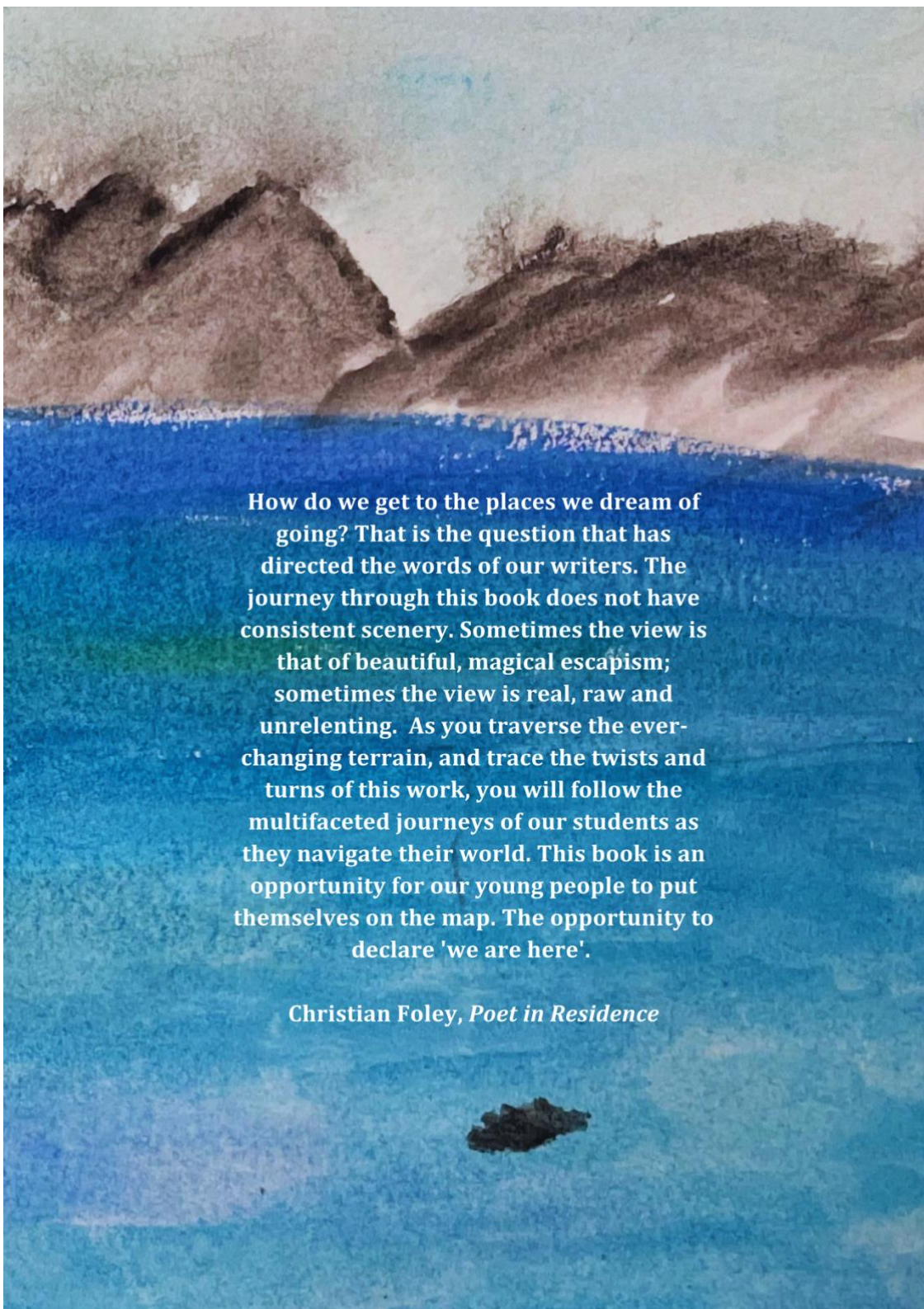
I'm like Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
My journey is the contemplations
of the constellations, in the earth's atmosphere
and my thoughts the hemisphere...

My journey is the thoughts of thoughts that I keep instead
of throwing...
My journey is the places no one has been before
and the places people have dreamed of going....

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How do we get to the places we dream of going? That is the question that has directed the words of our writers. The journey through this book does not have consistent scenery. Sometimes the view is that of beautiful, magical escapism; sometimes the view is real, raw and unrelenting. As you traverse the ever-changing terrain, and trace the twists and turns of this work, you will follow the multifaceted journeys of our students as they navigate their world. This book is an opportunity for our young people to put themselves on the map. The opportunity to declare 'we are here'.

Christian Foley, *Poet in Residence*