

My Lizard Wizard

First Prize - Poetry Competition (Fourth and Upper-Fourth)

Small, slender, slinky
His rippling body darts across the
jungle floor.

He pounces and a black field
cricket perishes.

He licks his lips and surveys the scene.
But no, he's not in the jungle -
He is here, in England,
In a glass tank,
With a lid,

A lid that shuts him in
Like being in a cell.
He's trapped.

Sometimes he gets a look,
A look at what? A cosy house?
But he doesn't care, he has never known
any better.

The only jungle he has ever known is
the jungle of feet and furniture.

I wish I could release him
Back into the wild.

He'll never know the sun, only a light bulb,
Timed to go on and off.

I want to release him,
Back, to where he should be,
Where his ancestors were.

Siobhan Callaghan
Upper Fourth

Love

'Love is like a red, red rose',
So Robbie Burns, he says.
But I believe it's eternal,
To stay for infinite days.

It is not labelled by colour,
Not purple, red nor pink.
It doesn't hold a gender,
But genders it can link.

Flowers do not represent
The everlasting bond
Unless you have a love for plants,
And of gardens you are fond.

Love cannot be expressed,
Nor written down in prose.
For love is something immortal,
Not a red, red rose.

Louisa Macmillan
Upper Fourth



Siobhan Callaghan with Wizard

What is Behind the Shadows?

What is behind the shadows?
Is there only gloom and sorrow?
Does no plant or flower grow
In the shadows of tomorrow?

Shadows lurk in every mind,
In every corner you will find
Shadows taunt your every thought;
Will they ever be caught?

What is the meaning of these shadows?
Do they show no flower or meadow?
Is there a lonely life to come?
Will I be the only one?

For these answers, I must wait.
Only time can show my fate.
But curiosity still grows:
What is behind the shadows?

Bridget Green
Upper Fourth

A Cup of Tea

C I've always liked my cup of tea,
R It fills my life with lots of glee.
E When I am down or blue with madness,
A It warms me up with lots of gladness.
T I drink my tea with a drop of milk,
I Then stir it round: symbolic silk.
V I add some sugar to make it sweet
E And settle to my favourite treat.

W I smell the delicious, sweet aroma,
R And almost fall into a coma.
I I drink it up while it is hot
T And dream of winning the National LOT!
I
N
G

Zante Walker
Lower Fifth

Make-Up

I clambered up to stand on the chair,
And saw a sea of lovely colours there:
Pinks and blues and reds and more
And in less than three seconds
It was all on the floor.

There were pots and dips and things on sticks,
The stuff that Mummy has on her lips,
And all sorts of cakes, mainly pink or red.
I decided to share the fun with my ted.
I gave his fur a tinge of pink,
Mine I coloured blue
And his hair went red with sticky stuff
And I added water too.
When I heard my mum coming up the stair
I ran to show her my teddy bear;
The response came as a harsh surprise
And I soon felt hot tears filling my eyes.
'Anna! Anna! What have you done?'
This was no longer any fun!
Having seen the mess, she started to fume
And promptly sent me to my room.

Why are adults always so boring?
Well, other kids, I'll give you a warning:
They say they will, they say they'll play
But when you're having fun
It's a straight 'NO WAY'.

Anna Fremantle
Lower Fifth

Mum, Let Me Grow Up

Sarah was coming
Down the stairs
And she was dressed
In bright green flares.
Above she wore
A short pink top
Which caused her mother's
Mouth to drop.
The mother gave a
Deathly stare.
Sarah said,
'You're not being fair.'
The reply was,
'You're a spoilt brat.'
'You're not going out
'Dressed like that!'
'Oh, yes I am.'
'I'm going
'With Sam.'
'You know I said
'You're out
'Too late.
'Tonight I want you
'In by eight!'
'Mother, you won't,
'You can't
'Stop me.
'After all
'I'm thirty-three!'

Lindsay-Anne Nolon
Fourth



Surrealistic Snooker!

Emily Latham
Upper Fifth

It's Coming - A Sixth Former's Confession

'It's coming!'
A Six One earnestly replied.
'Now where have I heard that tale before?'
My English teacher sighed.
'I've left it down at House;
'I'll get it during break.'
'Can't it be on time, for once?'
'Really, for goodness sake!'

'It's coming!'
'But I went home last weekend
'And I really couldn't tell you,
'How fast Royal Mail will send.
'I know this happened last week,
'But I've really, really tried.'
'How come you're always sunbathing?!'
My history teacher cried.

'It's coming!'
'But right now it is in rough,
'You'll get it really, really soon,
'But I've got to add some stuff.
'I thought it was for next week,
'Until I was told last night,
'And so it's not quite finished
'And I want to get it right.'

'It's coming!'
Laughs echo round the room.
'No, this time it really, really is,
'It's really coming - soon.'

Alexandra Schaafsma
Six One



Natural Forms

Harriet Storey
Six Two



Textures
Annabel Barnett
Six Two

Excuses

Sorry, Miss, I'm really sorry,
I was attacked by Indians
And hit by a lorry.
A creepy old man
In a white car
Drove me away
But not very far.
I ran back to school
And slipped in a puddle,
Surrounded by girls,
All in a muddle.
As I reached the school gate,
I looked at my wrist.
When I knew I was late
I was punched by a fist,
Dragged to that door
All covered in blood.
I fell on the floor
Which is splattered with mud.

Sorry, Miss, I'm really sorry,
I was hit by a very big lorry.

Elizabeth Heneage
Lower Fifth



Leaf Shapes

Kathryn Pinker
Upper Fifth

Birthday Girl

The 17th of February
Does it still hurt to hear that date,
To know that name,
To see that face?

The 17th of February.
I see your look
Look at the past
And the sadness
Rip your heart.

The 17th of February
Is what the calendar says.
It stays the same,
Quietly whispers her name,
Still they sit,
Stifling the feeling they create.

Pretend it didn't happen...
The dead girl's smiling eyes,
Her cheerful gaze,
The fresh, youthful, dead face,
Frozen in time.

It could be mine.

Snatched from their grasp;
Her yearning darlings
Awaited her return
With open arms.
Their arms forever empty.

The culprit himself is ignorant,
Oblivious, long gone,
Hard to say which is worse
And still you must be strong.

The 17th of February
Is just another day.
I cannot feel your pain -
I would not, to be fair -
But I can see the vision
In your tears,
Feel the sadness in your stare.

She does not feel the pain,
But her little lost daughter
Demands nothing from her now;
And while her icicles, melted by no
one,
Remain for all to view,
She stands on the outside,
Sitting in the house of her
Life that ended years ago.

Madeleine Boshier
Upper Fifth

On the Wings of Life

When children are ten
It nearly is then,
That they go into the world
And their wings unfurl.

They glide on ideas
That will take them years
Ahead of their time
To lands
Of hate and war,
Not beautiful sands
Which their dreams should include
As an interlude.

Alicia Blunt
Upper Fourth

Four Portraits



Self Portrait

Harriet Storey
Six Two



Young Man Anneline Groves
Upper Fifth



Man

Susannah Gault
Six Two



Woman and Leaves

Serena Rowe
Six Two

Keep Fighting till VE

Second Prize - Poetry Competition (Lower Fifth and Fifth)

It's dark and dingy in the trenches,
Lying in the squalid stench,
Soldiers with their fists in clenches,
All around the war commences.

Fight for victory.
Families for their fathers fear,
The horror of the war is clear,
Yet another bomb falls near,
Keep fighting till VE.

* * *

Homeless children look around,
All that's left is burnt out ground,
Their family home a smouldering mound
From all of London not a sound.

Fight for victory.
One more 'plane above them flies,
But this time brings victorious cries,
'It's the British,' one man sighs!
Keep fighting till VE.

* * *

Up above the sky is lit,
More bright bullets 'planes do spit,
Yes, a Nazi 'plane is hit,
Tumbling down, kids jeer at it.
Fight for victory.
Out at sea the cannons firing,
Proud mothers their young sons admiring,
That 'letter home' has got them smiling,
Keep fighting for VE.

* * *

Now at last the end has come,
Families to the stations run,
Soldiers greeted with some rum
Many wounded, limbs are numb.
You've fought for victory.
No more cannons out at sea,
No more fear for you and me,
For at last we've won the key,
The key to victory.

Serena Carter
Lower Fifth

The Advent of Spring

The lightning struck with vivid force
The clouds they shook with thunder,
The naked trees fell one by one,
Their bark was torn asunder.
The rain beat on deserted streets
With icy groping fingers,
Whilst in the thicket of the wood
A frightened creature lingers.

The rivers rose with turbulence,
Their banks about to spill
Then suddenly - tranquillity,
The tormented night is still.

At last the rays of sunshine
Pierce through the dew-drenched dawn,
Making all the world awake
To salute the brand new morn.
Crocus show their rainbow hues
Birds sing a song of mirth
At God's creative bounty
And the advent of Spring's birth.

Natasha Pobjoy
Lower Fifth

Homelessness

You see them in shop doorways,
Or sitting in the street;
Won't you spare a single penny
To help them find their feet?

They only have a thin rug
To keep them warm at night,
The streets are cold and lonely
And there isn't any light.

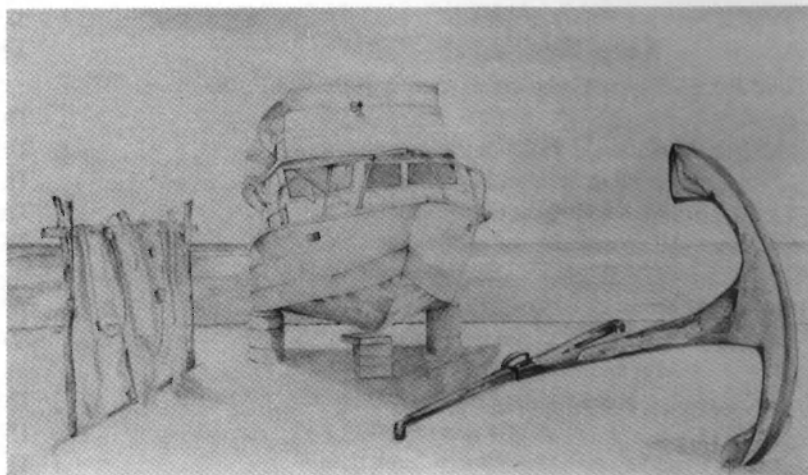
So next time that you see them
Do not just stop and stare,
Please don't walk right on past them
And pretend that they're not there.

Sophie Moore
Lower Fifth

The Sea

The sun sparkles on
The beautiful glass sheet of serenity.
It ripples;
It has just awoken from
A deep dark sleep.
A cloud floats past
The light present
Causing a dark shadow to fall
Over the enchanted waters.
It tells of mystery and
Secrets never to be known,
Of a depth that goes on forever.

Lucinda Watts
Upper Fourth



The Shore

Kate Kandiah
Upper Fifth

Night Creatures

As the night draws nearer,
The wolves begin to howl;
Now the stars are clearer,
The owls set out to prowl.

Sleep covers most creatures
In their quiet dens;
The night covers the features
Of the farmers' pens.

Eyes gleam like jewels
In the silver moonlight
And claws are used like tools
In a cruel and deadly fight.

The Demon

Drifting are the dark clouds of the night,
Which hide the moon's dim glow,
But a few lonely rays fall down,
Falling on the crashing waves of dread
For that is where it lives,
In that dark, bleak cave,
Asleep but not dead,
The monster of the night,
He is the dreaded black demon;
He is but asleep - not dead.

Katherine Alexander
Upper Fourth

Darkness

Darkness is like a hooded cloak,
Wrapped round the world at night
And it reaches every nook and cranny.
To some it is an enemy,
To others a friend, to whom it is
Another whole world,
Unexplored and exciting,
Unreal and frightening
Where surprises loom towards
Children sleeping in their fantasy world.

Candida Wells
Upper Fourth

Olivia McGill
Upper Fourth



Stormy View

Susannah Gault
Six Two

The Spider

When I was little, I think about four,
I found a spider on the bathroom floor.
I tried to catch him, but he ran away,
But luckily I saw him the following day.

His back was curved and his legs were thin,
He was making a web, just by the bin.
The web was made of soft silky thread;
'What a wonderful spinning gift,' I said.

But, oh dear, the Hoover's out,
I hope my spider's not about,
But when I was emptying the Hoover bin
I saw some legs belonging to him.

Leonora Pearson
Fourth



Bird of Paradise
Ainsley Everingham
Upper Fifth

There Once Was A Beauty
First Prize - Poetry Competition (Lower Fifth and Fifth)

There once was a beauty that ran through the woods,
Its antlers proud and high.
There once was a beauty that ran through the woods
And when it leaped, it would fly.
There once was a beauty that ran through the woods,
Until that fateful morn
When men with faces full of scorn
And shiny guns by their side,
Slowly through the woods did stride.
Their sour faces then turned bright,
As of the beauty they caught sight.
The defenceless beauty they did surround;
From them no movement,
From them no sound.
The beauty pondered unaware
Of hidden dangers lurking there.
A branch did rustle,
The beauty sped,
A shot, a squeal, and blood dark red.
The corpse it lay all forlorn,
On that frosty, fateful morn.
The corpse it lay on the ground,
From it no movement,
From it no sound.
What once was a beauty
Now is still,
Its eyes wide glaring,
Its face fixed tight,
Not having been given
A chance to fight.
What once was a beauty
Is hung high on a wall,
What once was a beauty
Has no beauty at all.

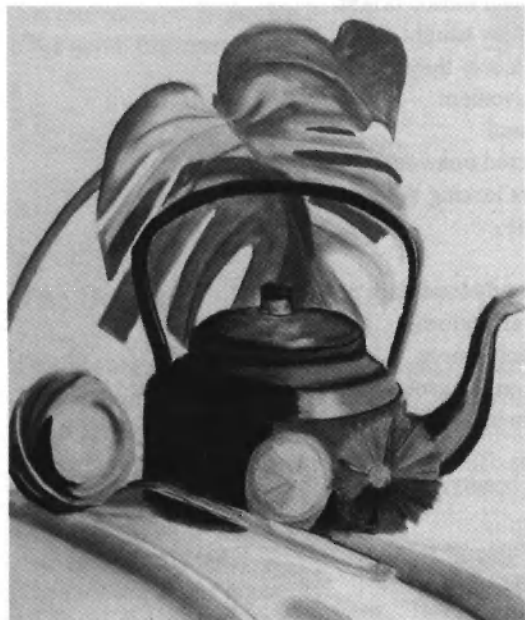
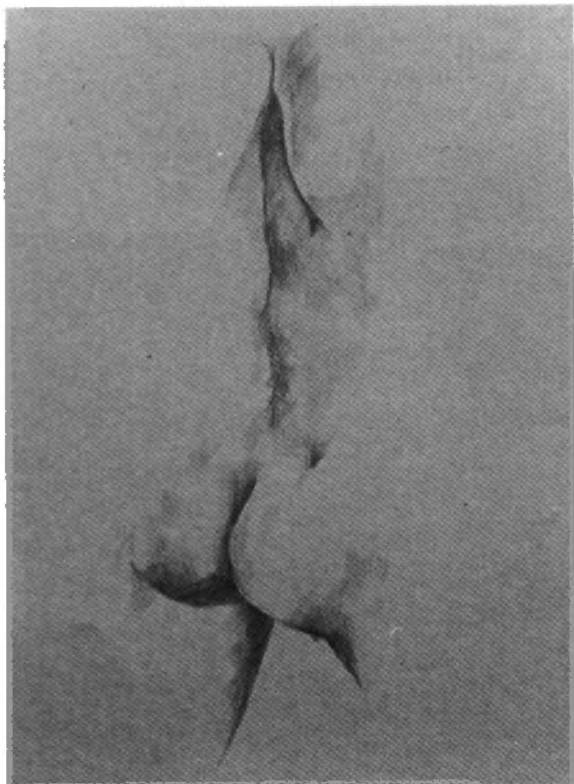
Joanna Langham
Lower Fifth



Arthurian Symbols
Hilary Smith
Upper Fifth



The Mandala
Maidie Yeung
Upper Fifth

**African Family**Charlotte Prince
Upper Fifth**Still Life**Philippa Newell
Upper Fifth**Life Study**Yukiko Kawaguchi
Six Two

Israel Enslaved in Egypt

Second Prize - Poetry Competition (Fourth and Upper Fourth)

The Israelites lived in Egypt,
their numbers grew and grew
and with Pharaoh the King of Egypt
a peaceful life all knew.

But old Pharaoh died and was buried,
and a new Pharaoh came to rule.
'We must stop the Hebrews increasing
and make their lives bitter and cruel.'

So the Hebrews became slaves in Egypt
and built Pithom, Raamses - store cities.
They were whipped and beaten and punished
and life changed to hardship and pitie.

Among every kind of hard labour
was brick-making and ploughing the field;
but their numbers continued increasing
and Pharaoh's keen ire did not yield.

Pharaoh moved on to desperate measures
and issued a command most vile:
'Your new-born daughters I allow to live
but your sons you must throw in the Nile.'

One mother hid her son at home
until he was too big to hide.
She put him safe in the waterproof basket
in the reeds at the riverside.

Pharaoh's daughter, coming down to bathe,
found the basket with the child inside.
She adopted the boy and called him 'Moses'
and brought him up with pride.

Moses grew up and knew the Israelites
were suffering in misery and pain
and God spoke to him from the burning bush
and said 'Israel will be free again.'

'I will rescue Israel from Egypt;
'you must do what I tell you to do.
'Go to Pharaoh and say that I sent you;
'he must let my people go.'

'Their suffering has gone on for too long;
'Pharaoh must learn that I am the Lord.
'Israel's land will flow with milk and honey
and green peaceful acres so broad.'

Elizabeth Sebag-Montefiore
Upper Fourth

Elizabeth Hilliard Prize

This year there were joint winners of this competition, both of them short stories. Because of this, it is not possible to print in full the successful entries but we include the openings of both stories to indicate the quality of the writing.

The first extract is from Eleanor Akenhead's *The Incubus*:

The world is dark, for my eyes no longer see. I am alone with my thoughts; muffled, unintelligible sounds from the hospital in which I lie occasionally silence the voices which jabber ceaselessly inside my head. My other senses have died, leaving nothing but a cold and lonely tingling in their stead; yet somehow, I have developed an unearthly ability to detect people's presences, even when they do not speak.

Secondly, we include the beginning of Ramona Pearson's *Presumed Dead*:

My heavy chest heaved, drawing in breaths of close stifling air. No light entered my partially-open eyes. I felt strangely secure in what felt to me like a narrow box. Soft satin cushioned my pounding head, and in a state of near delirium, I relaxed once more into a deep sleep.

Those wanting to know how these powerful stories progress may obtain, with the authors' permission, a complete version of each from the English Department.



Frog in the Throat

Natasha McDonald
Upper Fifth

Poetry Competition 1995

For the first time, the number of entrants passed fifty and we are once more indebted to the English Faculty of the University of Kent at Canterbury for providing us with a highly experienced and conscientious adjudicator, Dr Janet Montefiore, who gave us a fascinating analysis of the reasons for her choices as well as a powerful explanation of the value of poetry in a civilised life. We trust that the University's English Department will continue to find it possible to support our efforts in the field of poetry-writing.

Fourth and Upper Fourth

First Prize

Siobhan Callaghan

Second Prize

Elizabeth Sebag-Montefiore

Very Highly Commended

Katherine Alexander

Alicia Blunt

Bridget Green

Louisa Macmillan

Highly Commended

Emma Buzzard

Jay Stephenson-Clarke

Isabel Clement

Lucy Gilbert

Sophie Hall

Ana Jackson

Olivia McGill

Marina Mooney

Lindsay-Anne Noton

Leonora Pearson

Charlotte Teare

Lucinda Watts

Candida Wells

Julia Wells

Megumi Yawata

Commended

Laura Hawkes

Claire Moore

Louise Neil

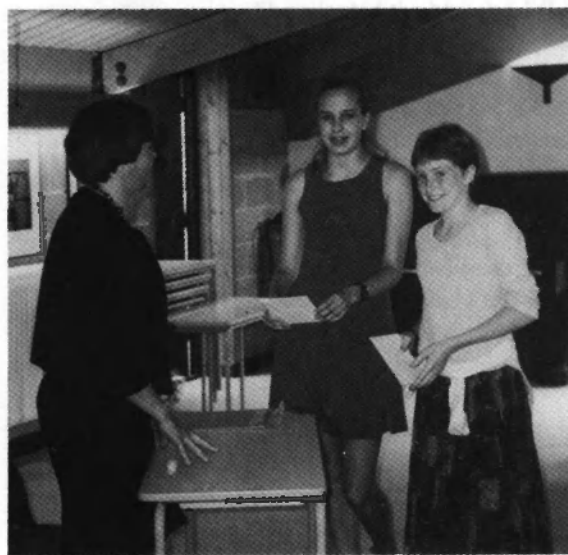
Andrea Peartree

Maya Shamji

Clementine Shipp



Dr Janet Montefiore presents awards to (top) Siobhan Callaghan (left) and Elizabeth Sebag-Montefiore and (below) to Joanna Langham (left) and Serena Carter



Lower Fifth and Fifth

First Prize

Joanna Langham

Second Prize

Serena Carter

Very Highly Commended

Anna Fremantle

Elizabeth Heneage

Sophie Moore

Natasha Pobjoy

Zante Walker

Highly Commended

Georgiana Aitken

Penelope Bennett

Katie Cullinan

Rosie Garthwaite

Christina Hadden

Louise Heming Johnson

Catherine Langdon

Sara Milnes Coates

Sophia Mooney

Livia Schaafsma

Alexandra Seddon

Hannah Vaines

Neelam Verjee

Harriet Witheridge

Alice Wright

Commended

Yvonne Liao

Harriet Reid

Lucie Sargent