

I HAVE
BEEN
KNOWN
TO...

THE WRITE TEAM

2010

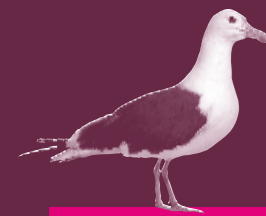
An anthology of work
by Bath Festivals'
Write Team

 Bath festivals

About Bath Festivals

Bath Festivals organises a year-round education programme linked to Bath Literature Festival, Bath International Music Festival and Bath Festival of Children's Literature. This programme of projects and activities enables people to develop their creativity through literature and music.

The Write Team is Bath Festivals' flagship education project, aiming to provide year-round creative writing opportunities for pupils and teachers in Bath & North East Somerset. The Write Team, which is funded by the Paul Hamlyn Foundation, gives pupils and teachers the chance to work with professional writers, poets and dramatists to develop their own creative voice, both on the page and stage.



www.bathlitfest.org.uk www.bathmusicfest.org.uk www.bathkidslitfest.co.uk



The Write Team was developed by Bath Festivals to provide young people in four primary and four secondary schools in Bath and North East Somerset Local Authority with the opportunity to attend weekly creative writing workshops. The aim of the workshops was to develop pupil confidence, whatever their ability, through creative writing.

Following a successful pilot project, this year we have extended the range of creative opportunities to include sports writing and non-fiction as well as short stories, writing scripts for performance at the egg theatre, poetry and even making videos of their poems.

The workshops have involved playing with words, forms and giving everyone the chance to develop their voice. As one of the Write Team pupils' wrote, 'It gives us the chance to thrive on intelligence, creativity and fun'.

The anthology provides an eclectic and energetic record of the pupils' imaginative response to their tasks, which we hope you find as colourful and quirky as the workshops themselves.

Emma Metcalfe & Karl Bevis
Write Team Co-ordinators



An Egyptian Pharaoh's Gold Necklace

I can see dusty golden sands
bleeding, brown men
covered only with spattered muddy, old ragged cloth.

I see sweat pouring down their face.
They work on, pulling the huge heavy blocks of stone
to the new pyramid being built for my master.

I can hear my owner's voice, bossily shouting commands.
The heavy sigh of working men
fills the air with pain, agony, exhausted
while sand is whipped up by the musty howling wind.

I can feel the warm comforting skin of my owner,
the stony cold surface of the other jewels.

I feel joyful, proud to be at my master's service.
I tell the other treasures he is my enemy but really, he is my best and only friend.
I hope someday to be famous, throughout the land
Hundreds of people will come to see me, staring in amazement.

Once I overheard the Pharaoh say that I will live forever
with him.

Sophia, Year 5

BATHFORD
PRIMARY
SCHOOL

Me And You

If I were weather
I would be a ray of sun.

If you were weather
You would be a grey cloud.

If I were a plant
I would be a cactus.

If you were a plant
You would be a palm tree.

If I were light
I would be an ember.

If you were light
You would be a light bulb.

If I were a planet
I would be Mars.

If you were a planet
You would be Jupiter.

If I were a colour
I would be a spray of lavender.

If you were a colour
You would be blazing orange.

Harry, Year 5

A Carpet Beater

I see dust falling around me,
carpets hard and red,
cold hands clenching my body.

I hear thwacks and slaps,
ringing in my ear,
the screech of other carpets
being whacked.

I feel the rough edges
of the carpets
wet, soggy mush beneath my feet.

I am annoyed that I was born to do this.
I want to be placed in a royal museum
With the dinosaurs, a hundred years from here,
And never
have to do this wretched job again.

Ruby, Year 5

Lightning

I was born of the clouds of the air,
I am 900,000,000 planets old.
My real name has been lost as time has gone on,
I am known as lightning.

Thunder is my friend
But rain my enemy.
Pleasing me is impossible
I am always angry.

The best thing I ever saw was
My first view of earth.
The worst is water
taking my place.
I am a golden dagger from the sky.

Joseph, Year 5

In My Name

W: is a baby crying
A: is opening a mouth at the dentist
R: is a lion roaring
R: is a rhino running
E: is a squeaking door
N: is a plane flying

Warren, Year 5

An Egyptian Bow And Arrow

I see animals running,
running from my deadly arrows.
They come closer and closer
dust flying in my eyes.

I hear my master calling to the animals,
I hear the horses hooves striking the ground.
In my heart, I feel like a hero, feeding people.
I hope to kill a thousand animals.
I once hear about a tomb robbery.

Henry, Year 5

Footsteps

Footsteps patter through shadowless streets.
Footstep, footstep, footstep – step.
Footsteps creaking up splintery stairs.
Footstep, footstep, footstep – step.
Footsteps tip toe through creaky corridors.
Footstep, footstep, footstep – step.

A Roman Sword

I am blinded by my tough sheath.
My carved wooden handle is light.
I hear the sound of marching feet.
Mad yell of war far in the distance.

I feel the leather sheath rough and hard,
The soldier's side hitting and shaking me,
I worry what will happen to me.

I want to live through all the war I face,
Once I overheard the Gaul's secret plan.

Suddenly. Light. Blood, I see pain.

Then I fall. Down. Down. Onto the blood stained grass.

James, Year 5

Me And You

If I were weather
I would be snow.

If you were weather
You would be sunshine.

If I were a plant
I would be a rose.

If you were a plant
You would be a poppy.

If I were a light
I would be a lamp.

If you were a light
You would be a candle.

If I were a taste
I would be hot.

If you were a taste
You would be sweet.



Shriek Thundaga: The Storm.

In my heart is a red hot flame,
waiting to strike
with a deafening BANG.

I speak with a blinding flash,
a sharp crackle.

I was born
in a stormy sky
before time began.

I live in a cave of dark grey clouds
always moving on.

My name is Shriek Thundaga,
I am known as storm to humans
but to those in the know
I am Shriek.

I am best friends with metal,
water. Not fond of rock.

The worst thing I have done was
striking the same man
seven times.

I was created by a demon
to wreak havoc
I betrayed him.
Destroyed him,
and was set free from his fiery wrath.

Flynn, Year 5

A Dinosaur's Tooth

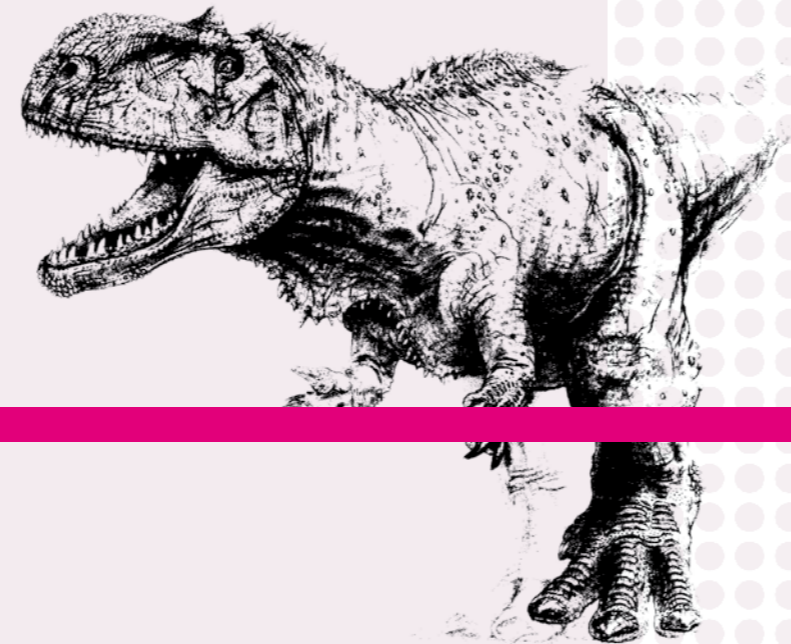
I see my friends below me
I see my biggest friend: tongue.
I see glistening white liquid rushing past me,
My friends are soaked.

I hear leaves blowing in the flowing wind.
I hear stamping feet
on rock hard ground.
I hear an ear splitting roar and nearly let go.
Now I am clawing at a dead meaty arm.

Inside I feel confused
I am stuck to a gum, one of my friends pushing me off.
I hope to kill another one of my master's kind.

I once overheard my master talking!
'Mmmm what's that flame in the sky?
Could it be the end of the dinosaurs?'

THUD!



Harry, Year 5

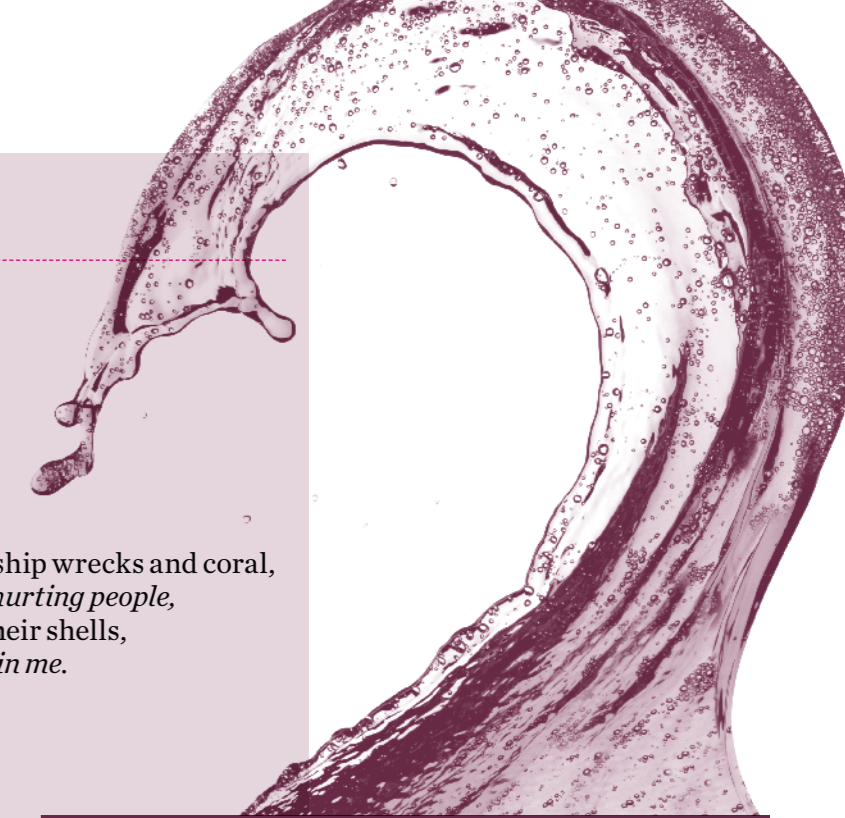
Snow

The snow comes swooping down like a bird,
It falls silently covering the land,
It travels for miles and disappears,
First into slush, then nothing.

Louis, Year 5

The Sea

I am the sea,
I have in me:
Dolphins jumping,
Seals swimming,
Dogs splashing,
Children playing,
Waves crashing,
Pebbles drowning,
Fish swimming in ship wrecks and coral,
Sharks eating fish, hurting people,
Turtles hiding in their shells,
That is what I have in me.



Lightning

In my heart are flashes of light,
My voice is quick and sharp.
I was born in the clouds.
My name is speed and might.
My age is infinity.
Water is my enemy.
I beat thunder to the human body
although he is my friend.

My favourite thing is zapping down to earth
destroying everything in my way.

The best thing I ever did was
Put your telephone out of use.

Charlotte, Year 5

Jack, Year 5

The Lost Friend

I'm Ella's baby shoe. My friend got lost ages ago and this is the story. It all began one sunny morning when Ella put me on and we went for a walk in Bath. Me and my friend were having a lovely time being pushed along in the buggy through a beautiful park. Suddenly a huge stone hit the buggy and my friend tumbled onto the rough ground. I never saw my friend again. When we got home, Ella's mum realised what had happened but she never found the missing shoe and I never got worn again.



Ella, Year 5

BATHFORD
PRIMARY
SCHOOL

The Lost Shoe

I belong to a little girl called Gracie and she left me behind in the Christmas holidays. Lost and not found until now, I was hidden at the very bottom of the wicker shoe basket. I was extremely glad when I was found, but very sad when I realised that my owner was not there and I wouldn't be able to keep her feet warm!

Rena, Year 5

Falling Books Set Off Fabulous Firework Display

500 people gathered to see the launch party for the website.

The Wonderful World of Writing. J.K. Rowling (with the help of others) pushed a book, domino-like off the edge of the Royal Crescent, Bath, to set off a fantastic firework display.

Now we will interview top engineer, Harry Wilson! Was the event a success? Why? *'Definitely! Lots of people came and enjoyed it thoroughly! The fireworks started at exactly midnight.'*

Has this event affected the website? *'Yes because now I'm super busy putting children through to authors. As an engineer I mainly do lights but some times I work on the computers.'*

'Overall this event was a great success. If it was happening again I would highly recommend it!'

Treat yourself, visit the wonderful world of writing!

Charlotte, Year 5



Curtains

The breathing of the curtains
The dreaming of the curtains
The stumbling of the curtains
The red anger of the curtains

The posing of the curtains
The glamour of the curtains
The reaching of the curtains
The partying of the curtains

The cascade of the curtains
The waving of the curtains
The darkness of the curtains
The closing of the curtains.

Amanda, Year 8

BROADLANDS
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

The Clouds

The twisting of the big clouds
The lightness of the big clouds
The harshness of the big clouds
The darkness of the big clouds

The shapes of the big clouds
The rough edge of the big clouds
The beauty of the big clouds
The petite-ness of the big clouds

The harshness of the big clouds
The below of the big clouds
The plot of the big clouds
The twisting of the big clouds.

Jools, Year 9

I Have Never

I have never seen a bear called Tom
I have never seen a nuclear bomb

I have never seen a Swiss man fighting
I have never seen upside down lightning

I have never seen a lonely hob-nob
I have never seen a real bank job.

I have never seen Sherlock Holmes' face
I have never seen a tank win an F1 race.

I have never seen a duck kiss a toad
Will I ever see the world explode?

Steve, Year 9

Seagull

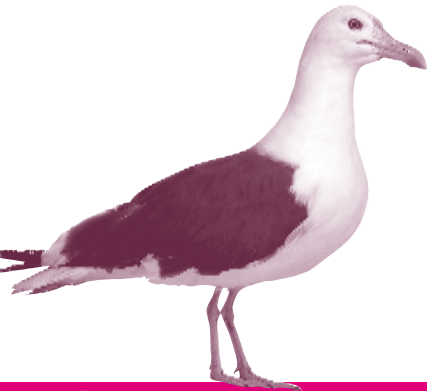
The squeaking of the angry seagull
The attack of the angry seagull
The vengeance of the angry seagull
The cry of the angry seagull

The circling of the angry seagull
The diving of the angry seagull
The stalking of the angry seagull
The theft of the angry seagull

The flight of the angry seagull
The landing of the angry seagull
The strife of the angry seagull
The victory of the angry seagull

The waddle of the angry seagull
The scavenging of the angry seagull
The peril of the angry seagull
The defeat of the angry seagull

The return of the angry seagull
The violence of the angry seagull
The invincibility of the angry seagull
The silence of the angry seagull.



Sam, Year 9

The Clock

The swinging of the circular clock
The ticking of the circular clock
The jilting of the circular clock
The presence of the circular clock
The beating upon the circular clock
The gyration of the circular clock
The age of the circular clock
The importance of the circular clock.

Michael, Year 10

WW1 – 1914-1918

As planes fly over the battlefield
We think what do our souls conceal?
Bombs falling, machine gun fire
The planes rage war higher and higher.
The machine gunblast cuts us down like cattle.
As we fight, the never ending battle
Huddled together like sheep in a pen
We wait for the cry when? When?
Then we hear a cry over, over
And think of our mates above the White Cliffs of Dover
We run over the bank, rifle fire a stutter.
We hear in the distance birdsong, a mutter.
The old and the young for country and king.
We dive to the ground as the gun shots ping.
Think of us now, as we rest in our graves.
Just think of the people, the lives that they gave.

Ashley, Year 9



I Have Been Known To

I have been known to
Be Micheal Jackson's choreographer
To show off and end up on my bum
To be smarter than you.

I have been known to
Break my thumb
Win awards
To win competitions
And catch a bus.



Karen, Year 8

I Have Been Known To

I have been known to
See the outrageous view of an orange sunset
Fly freely through the sky
To disagree with the situation, but stay anyway.
To notice the fragile movement of an eye.
To give all the power back to my friend.
To feel the shock of terror on a theme park ride.

Nathan, Year 8

I Have Been Known

To kiss
To fly
To race
To smile

I have been known
To drive
To eat lots
To support
To protect

I have been known
To get my face stuck to an ice statue
To kill a hypothetical granny
To get a BMW stuck in a ditch
To sell my best friend, accidentally.

I have been known to exist.

Edward, Year 11

I Have Never Seen An Alfa Romeo Still Alive

I have never seen a Ferrari stopped
I have never seen successful love
I have never seen a solar eclipse
I have never seen life AND death
I have never seen dry water
I have never seen cold fire
I have never seen flying rocks
I have never seen a crystal heart
I have never seen immobile time.

Jamie, Year 11



Within The Pitch

Within the pitch,
There is a football.
Within the football,
There is speed.
Within the speed,
There is a kick.
Within the kick,
There is a player.
Within the player,
There is a team.
Within the team,
There is a rival.
Within the rival,
There is a pitch.



Under The floorboards

What colour are the tears of a god?
What colour is a unicorn's blood?
How are you feeling?

Blue

Where's he hiding?
You know where I'm gonna put you?
Where did you hide my stuff?

Under the floorboards

What do you desire?
What is worth more than you?
What is your ring?

Gold

Matteo, Year 8

Gold

You haven't been listening to your teacher – what colour is your face?
How are you feeling?
What refreshing colour does the ocean sparkle with?

Blue

Do you know where I'm gonna put you?
Where have you put my friend?
Where do you like to hide?

Under the floorboards

What's something lots of people want?
What's heavy, expensive and in lots of shops?
What's found at the end of the rainbow?

Gold

Connor, Year 8

Gold

What is the sound of a pen lid coming off?
What is Godzilla's least favourite food?
What does my brain taste like?

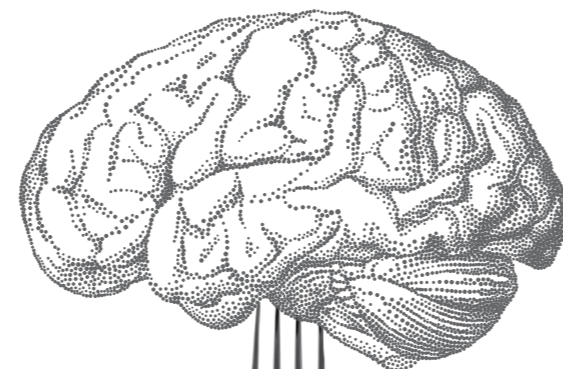
Crunchy

Where is the dead brother hiding?
What's on the car?
What's Jack's second name?

Frost

What is the colour of the sky?
What colour is shining and yellow?
What's my second name?

Gold



Matthew, Year 10

Me

If I were an element I would be water,
If I were a movie I would be Dead or Alive,
If I were a monster I would be an Ice Dragon,
If I were a light bulb I would be 100 watts,
If I were a star I would be Orion's Belt,
If I were a colour I would be aquamarine,
If I were a feeling I would be disappointment,
If I were a weather I would be lightning

Bradley, Year 9

Pop

What is another name for fizzy?
What is your favourite music?
What sound does a balloon make when it is burst?

Pop

Where do rats hide?
Where do the noises keep coming from?
Where can't humans get?

Under the floorboards

What do some people play in pubs?
What is the name of the sweets which are different colours and fruity?
Whose catchphrase is taste the rainbow?

Skittles

Anthony, Year 8

Pop

Where is the rubbish kept over years?
Where does that noise come from when you walk across the ground floor?
Where do all the spiders make their webs?

Under the floorboards

What does that high pitched squeal do to me?
What does the earbud do if I stick it in too far?
People getting stressy

It hurts my ears

What's that type of music I hate?
What happens when the needle hits balloons?
Snap and crackle can't go without

Pop

Troy, Year 8

Within The City

Within the city of Las Vegas,
There is a high roller rich man.
Within the man,
There is greed.
Within the greed,
There is a hatred.
Within the hatred,
There is a city.
Within the city,
There is Las Vegas.



Samuel, Year 9

It Hears Amazing Things

In the classroom it hears sniggering,
It hears teachers explaining again and again,
It hears the computer rumbling and humming.

In the staffroom it hears teachers boasting,
It hears biscuits crunching and crumbling,
It hears telephones ringing.

In my bedroom it hears chattering,
It hears clocks ticking,
It hears bed creaking.

In the pub it hears people shouting about football,
It hears people gulping,
It hears glass clink and chink.

In the street it hears feet tapping,
It hears police siren,
It hears barking.

In the garden it hears birds singing,
It hears trees waving,
It hears children having fun.



Beth, Year 5

WESTFIELD
PRIMARY
SCHOOL



Me

If I were a singer
I would be Michael Jackson,

If I were anybody
I would be Katie Pearce,

If I were a job
I would be Itigos Insurance,

If I were an airplane
I would be easyjet,

If I were my dad
I would be 47,

If I were a teacher
I would be Miss Littlewood,

If I were my dad's name
I would be Gary Heavyside.

Paige, Year 5

The Walk To School

Down Land Rover Lane
Past the teenage groups on corners,
Clouds full of snow
Snow falling, heavily, pitching.

Up the bumpy road
Past the sweet smelling petrol,
Clouds hovering dark over me
The sun shimmering through the clouds.

Down Icy Dangerous Lane
Past the fast gritters, gritting,
Cloud ready to snow again
Snow frothy, frozen on the wind screen.

The Walk To School

Down Lamp Post Street,
Past the brown dancing gate,
clouds fluffy, white and big,
the wind blowing on my face.

Up walking to School Road,
past the lady alone,
clouds as fresh as ice,
people push past as they walk by.

Down Houses Lane,
past the blue brick wall,
clouds making us laugh,
lovely people saying hello.

Emily, Year 5 George, Year 5

The Rain

The rain comes soaring down like an eagle,
The rain pitter-patters on the ground like a cheetah strolling along
The rain is strong like a huge elephant stomping on the cold ground.

Road Rage Corner

Down Horrible Smoking Lane,
Past the dangerous road-rage corner,
Clouds form up to bigger clouds.
Only BMWs go around road-rage corner.

Down Quiet Road,
Past working factory,
Clouds as fast as snow
Clouds flat down to the ground.

Up through Clean Houses Street
Past the not working factory,
Clouds as dark as inky pens
Sunny days have no accidents.

Nathan, Year 5

Kayleigh, Year 5

If I Were

If I were a wrestler, I would be Ray Mystery.
If I were a singer, I would be Dizzee Rascal.
If I were a job I'd be a police man.
If I had a car I'd be a Land Rover.

Ode To A Lamborghini

Oh! how fast you are!
Oh! how shiny your body parts,
Oh! how your engine revs
Oh! you make me think I am celeb.

Harry, Year 5

Dan, Year 5



I'm A Sailing Boat

Wave rider,
Wooden floater,
Pirate fighter,
People carrier,
Wind pusher,
Sail dearer,
Anchor holder,
Shell cracker,
Fish killer



Liam, Year 5

WESTFIELD
PRIMARY
SCHOOL

The Listening Station

In the class room it hears pens writing across the page,
It hears children slurping on their water bottle,
It hears doors slamming.

In the staffroom, it hears the crunch of biscuits,
It hears teachers chattering,
It hears the kettle boiling.

In my bedroom it hears curtains closing,
It hears toying breaking,
It hears children whispering.

On the beach it hears dogs barking,
It hears waves crashing.
It hears children shouting.

Walk To School

Down Lollypop Lady Road
Past the fast river,
Clouds gently racing
Horrible rain falling.

Up Dog Barking Lane
Past the old tree,
Clouds making funny shapes
Glittering, white snow.

Down Old Man Waving Lane
Past the creaking gate,
Clouds gently move
Windows frosting up.

Madison, Year 5

Christie, Year 5

The Listening Station

In the classroom it hears pencil nibs snapping
It hears a pen sweating, and ink running.
It hears computers humming.

In the staffroom I can hear the coffeemaker humming
It hears the doors squeaking
It hears the teachers chatting

In my bedroom
It hears my bed squeaking as I sit on it.
It hears my xbox controller clicking.

Harry, Year 5

I Have Been Known...

To watch TV
To fix a necklace
To read 2 books in 1 day
To make cakes
To cook
To sleep under my bed
To sleep through a lesson
To go to the good book
To sleep 7 hours when I'm ill.

Jada, Year 5

Rascal The Pony

Oh dear Rascal,
Your hooves clipping and clopping,
Galloping along,
Hooves shimmering in the sunlight,
Pitch blacks hooves.

Your skewbald colour stands out in the crowds,
The white and brown patches look like splotches,
Brown dazzling in the light like chocolate,
Yum!! But all squidgy.

Your fur so delicate
Fluffy and warm
I could just squeeze you
You're like my fluffy rug.

Harriet, Year 5

The Sea Is Like....

The sea is a smart white horse,
Galloping on the beach all day.
Swishing his mane and tail,
Jumping high over rocks and stones,
In his own special way.

Playing with the children,
Letting them ride on his back,
Waiting for a sugar lump or 4,
And when at night he just runs and swishes alone,
And when he reaches the end of the sea.
He turns round and gallops once more.

Abbie, Year 8

WELLSWAY
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

Darkness Lights The Way

Darkness lights the way,
Death is the path ahead,
No one is here to stay,
Life is tears and bloodshed.

He sneaks through your sight,
In a black hooded cloak,
Dark as the night,
Followed by grey dense smoke.

Hearts make no sound,
And bodies are left today,
Alone in a coffin in the ground,
Where darkness lights the way.

He lives within your dreams,
And messes with your head,
He creeps between the seams,
Of things spoken and unsaid.

And when it's your turn,
Your mind is left to sway,
As your heart and body burn,
Whilst darkness lights the way.

He snaps his bony finger,
Deciding who lives and who dies,
His choice and you're gone,
Alone in the moonless skies.

Life never gets kinder,
And people have to pay,
But one thing stays, a reminder,
That darkness lights the way.

Georgina, Year 8

Love Is?

Love is actually all around us
Love is a cherry tree, blossoming in the light
Love is an old Beatle, warmly worn
Love is a home, comfortably cosy
Love is a rom com, romantically funny
Love is being different, sometimes different for the better,
Love is jumping up & down, ecstatic with excitement,
Love is changing, for you and for me,
Love is sometimes evil, with a reason to be evil,
Love is invisible, but only when you want it to be,
Love is sometimes lonely, just to build up suspense
Love is love always there, for better or for worse.
Love is the closest thing to crazy

Love Is...

Love is a ghost always haunting you,
Love is an assassin coming to kill you
Love is a vampire trying to draw blood,
Love is a curse, never letting go.

Love is a gift above all others,
Love is a doorway to many a great thing,
Love is a friend, kind and irreplaceable
Love is the sunset drifting into night.

Love Is

Love is a jaguar, sleek and elegant
Love is a panda, cuddly and pudgy

Love is the twilight saga, a bit weird and boys still don't understand it

Just Because

Just because I'm quiet,
It doesn't mean I can't hear you.
Just because I'm smart,
It doesn't mean I don't have fun.
Just because I'm shy,
It doesn't mean I don't exist.
Just because I don't have many friends,
It doesn't mean I am a loner.

Just because I'm loud,
It's doesn't mean that I hear everything.
Just because I have fun,
It doesn't mean that I am dumb.
Just because I am outgoing,
It doesn't mean you have to pay attention to everything I do.
Just because I have many friends,
It doesn't mean I don't want to be alone.

A Poem

A poem is calm and slow
A poem has essence, yet no leaks
A poem is a grace with a heavenly flow
A poem is a ride fast and sleek
A poem is a riddle, a meaning but with depth
A poem is a raspberry sour but subtle
A poem is a stall with a wobble
A poem is a curry full of flavour
A poem is a story with beginning, middle and end
A poem is a flower patch wide in variety
A poem is a ghost forever stalking
A poem is a soldier foolish but brave
A poem is a dog always loyal
A poem is great but never royal
A poem is common person same but unique
A poem A poem A poem ...

I Have Led A Thousand Lives

A thousand times I've been alive and into each adventure I take a dive

I ran like the wind a king of the pride
When lesser creatures hear my shout they turn cower and hide
I was Sinbad the sailor a master at the helm
Taking on fearsome sea monsters in a demonic realm

A thousand times I've been alive and into each adventure I take a dive

I have captured a dragon the most arduous task
And once completed it went to lie in the sun and bask
I was a mutant cast from family and home
Left to wander the slums and speak in a moan

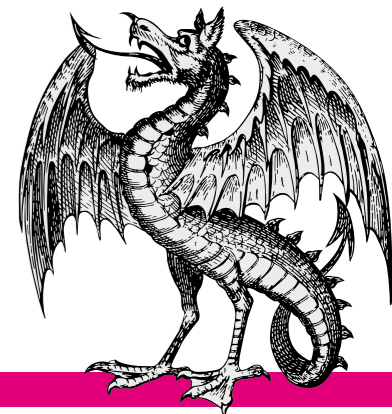
A thousand times I've been alive and into each adventure I take a dive

I have strode across the moon feeling as light as a feather
And when I looked down upon the earth I wished I could stand there forever
I was a detective sorting through clues
Investigating things so secret they don't reach the news

A thousand times I've been alive and into each adventure I take a dive

I once was a lover with a heart full of gold
The gleam of my lady shall never grow old
If once in a time my body shall grow cold
I would still live on through the stories that are told

A thousand times I've been alive
Only by reading the books in my vast archive



Helena, Year 8

Jonathan, Year 8

Tom, Year 8

Laura, Year 8

James, Year 8

Oscar, Year 8

WELLSWAY
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

Death

What keeps you alive
Is your greatest enemy.
 What stops you from living
Is your best friend.
 Death may be nothing, a place of boredom.
But it is away from worry, sadness, and worst of all, fear.
 And even though your family will miss you,
Nothing ever could beat the greatest thing of all....

DEATH!!!

Ultimate Poem Of Power

Fear.
Running.
 Don't look back.
Can't look back.
 Got to get home.
Home.
 A place where I'm safe.
A place where I can rest.
 But not yet.
Got to keep running.
 A sound, and I almost fall.
A gunshot rings out.
A dog barks.
What if-
 What if I'm going the wrong way?
What if I'm heading back to the old fairground?
 Where the gypsies live
Or the old quarry
 What if I'm heading to the quarry?
What if-

Freya, Year 8

Joe, Year 8

WELLSWAY
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

What Am I?

Cute and fuzzy
Small and sweet
 Black and adorable
Tired and lazy
 Playful and energetic

What am I?

I've Never Seen...

- A pig with feathers.
- The moon exploding of cheese.
- A baby drinking alcohol.
- The Loch Ness monster and a Dragon.
- A lion afraid of a mouse.
- A woodpecker pecking metal.
- A giant

Tick the one's you've seen!

Beside The Seaside!

I love the coast, the beach, the sea,
But something always niggles me.
 Sand in sandwiches,
Wasps in tea,
 On with the trunks and into the sea.
The thing that really pleases me,
 Is to think how dilute,
The pee must be.

Bethany, Year 5

Phoebe, Year 5

Theo, Year 5

ST JOHN'S
PRIMARY SCHOOL
MIDSOMER NORTON



A Recipe For An Awesome Pet

Cute German Sheppard
 Long haired
 Pick up a ball
 Nice day
 Non-aggressive
 Big paws x4
 Pointy ears x2
 Not in pen
 Needs to be able to eat your sprouts from dinner
 Sharp teeth
 Good bark
 Big
 Needs to be crowned
 Good defender
 Long tail
 A boy
 Fat

Sam, Year 5

Random Poem

Kids playing in the snow
Adults watching flowers grow
 Men mowing the grass
Bumper cars going fast
 I spot a bird in the tree
My Mum and Dad love peas
 Little babies smelling cheesy
Mums and Dads looking queasy
 I've never seen Mrs Mop
Me and my dog go to the shop
 Cats and dogs look cute
Me and my brother love to snoop
 Lots of people on the phone
Lovely chickens playing in Rome
 That's the end of my poem
Now I'm going to see Boris

Meg, Year 5



I've Never Seen!

I've never seen a fish in a box
I've never seen the moon with a hole through it

I've never seen a lion go tiny

I've never seen a pencil 10ft tall
I've never seen a car being launched
I've never seen a trumpet play itself
I've never seen a future world
I've never seen a pig that can fly
I've never seen poker stuff
I've never seen a nerd game show
I've never seen pork cook itself
I've never seen a computer log on
I've never seen a man grow bigger
I've never seen a woman grow smaller

The River

The river that flows
With water that glows
Just like a
Slithering snake

It rapidly dashes
And splishes
And splashes
Down to the beautiful lake



Alex, Year 5

Joshua, Year 5

ST JOHN'S
PRIMARY SCHOOL
MIDSOMER NORTON

Mummy

I can see nothing but black
I can see my wrapped up feet
I can see the end of my coffin

I can hear rats scuttling
I can hear another one of me
I can hear camels coming past

I can feel a smooth material
I can feel splinters
I can feel hurt

I hope for coming back to life

I am afraid of getting killed in the afterlife

Macy, Year 5

In My Name Is...

In my name is a person climbing
a sky scraper,

*In my name is a rollacoaster that
gets you giddy,*
In my name is a dinosaur eating
everyone.

*In my name is a beach ball bouncing
all around,*

In my name is the death slide
no ones off alive,

Now it's the nicer side a nice big

DOUGHNUT!

Lily, Year 5

Mum

Ingredients:

*A lovely voice
someone that cares
truthful
loveable
Big-hearted*

Method

- 1. Mix it all up*
- 2. Put in your mum's bread*
- 3. Maker her eat the bread or pour in her mouth*
- 4. Swallow*

The Unpolished Helmet

I can see lots of people shouting and screaming
I can see clouds moving closer and closer
I can see fire and people lying on a spot
I can hear noise forever
I can hear that people are gone
I can feel the ground
I can feel the dog drown
I hope for a polish
I hope for an owner
I am afraid of my owner leaving me all alone

Duree, Year 5

Tom, Year 5

Alphabet Poem

I was
Anxious, annoyed
Bored
Confused
Disappointed all because of an
Exam
Frightened I was
Gutted I was
Hot
Infuriated and
Jealous
Kicking my heels feeling
Lazy
Moaning and
Nothing to do
Occupied France 1042 till 1945. There's a
Problem keep
Quiet I
Rushed a
Sad
Toilet
Unstoppable
Victories we keep having. A
Wild
Xmas
Yawn
ZZZZ

Joe, Year 5

I've Never Seen!

I've never seen poles shift
I've never seen a sideways lift
I've never seen people drift
I've never seen a hotdog be sick
I've never seen a fish in a box
I've never seen my sister be good
I've never seen a cheeky wig
I've never seen Mars with a pig on it
I've never seen a chick fly upside down
I've never seen a seal on top of tinky winky
I've never seen Orange Juice go grey
I've never seen Mr Rees Pop
I've never seen a shop do a front flip
I've never seen myself jump off the world

I've never seen all of this

Ollie, Year 5



River

The river runs down
Into the nearest water,
Like an antelope galloping away from
Danger,

The river is bumpy and bubbles slowly
Rise and then floats away
It might be cold
But maybe old
But might be alright but never hot or freezing cold
But when its time it will float slowly
Swift clean away

Charlotte, Year 5

ST JOHN'S
PRIMARY SCHOOL
MIDSOMER NORTON

Recipe For A Snake Bite

Ingredients

Python (10 foot)
Cage, unlocked
Baggy trousers
A hospital
A bandage
Towel
A house
Blood (5 litres)

Method

Snake up baggy trousers.
Big sharp pain.
Blood from trousers, 5 litres.
Get a towel, try cleaning up (doesn't work).
Get bandage (doesn't work).
Start panicking.
Go to hospital (5 years).
Eventually come home.
Then python bite again.
Back to hospital.

DIE.

Monty, Year 5

Recipe For Disaster

Pets
Issue 1

Ingredients

The pet is not house trained and when
ever you look into his eyes he/she will
turn into this horrible monster with red
eyes, big sharp teeth and pointy fur.

Next issue
Monster attack

Jacob, Year 5



Dogs

Some dogs like walks, some dogs maybe not!
Some dogs like walks, some dogs maybe not!
Some dogs like cats, some maybe not!
Some dogs howl, some bark, some even yap,
Some dogs are fat and bulged, some are slim.
Beating that my dog loves hugs

Lia & Zara, Year 5

Dogs Are Cute

Dogs are cute as can be
They're fluffy as a rabbit can be
Sometimes they grow and whine
But they are a cutie pie

Next thing you know they grow up
With a click but they are still yours

Dogs run fast and fast
Suddenly splash. Of mud.

Dogs at night snuggle up in the night

Some dogs run so fast
That suddenly bash!

Shelbie, Year 5

Fire

Don't

Overpower us, it's not what we deserve,
Race across the desert.
Ruin buildings.
Help us with destruction
Burn out souls.

Do

Take care of us,
Keep us warm
Keep the darkness away.

Abi, Year 8

HAYESFIELD
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

A Brick In The Empire State Building

I see millions of people walking by each day,
They brush past me.
I feel the wind gently touching me.
I hear wow and ohhh that's amazing.
I belong to this building,
I'll still be here in 1000 yrs.
I once overhear someone telling me I was an ugly brick
I felt alone and angry.

Lowrie, Year 8

Bubbles

Flying through the air,
They float in a pair,
Moving gracefully and slow,
They just go,
Like magical dreams being carried on the breeze.
Great or small, we love them all,
They shine, they fly as tall as the pine.

Kirsty, Year 8

Krackatowa

I see the glistening ocean
In the sun light.
Green, vibrant islands,
The ash as it comes from my top.

I hear the roar as I explode,
The screams of the villagers,
The sea crashes as waves roll to the shore.

I feel the ash landing on me.
My top flying off,
Never for me to see again.

**I am sad for the people I am killing,
*I have destroyed myself in that place.***

I once overheard the villagers talking about their end,
I had no idea it would be me.

Ash From Vesuvius

I see the ash falling, thick and cloud-like.
I hear the rumble and roar from the volcano
The fire crackling and twisting.
I feel the heat, the burning laying of ash.
I feel nothing, just the yearning to be free from this furnace.
I hope for nothing, I have no wishes.
No dreams, only the heat and the burning.

Fiona, Year 8

Soumia, Year 8

HAYESFIELD
SECONDARY
SCHOOL



The Crown On Queen Elizabeth's Head

I see thousands of people bowing before me,
Priceless jewels sticking to me.
I hear a blacksmith
Hitting away at me.

I feel a perfectly manicured hand reach for me.
Polish, rubbing away,
I feel pride and justice on my shoulders
Like one of the sacred ones.

I once overheard
Her majesty wanting me to be re-polished
Saying I'm to be moved to a
different head.

Fiona, Year 8

Sword In The Stone

I see people gathering.
A brave knight,
A young innocent boy,
With an old man by his side
Looking in amazement and confusion
As I am lifted from my cold tomb.

I feel defeated and hopeless,
Depression and anger,
Numb and icy,
Free at last from the hard bed
For which I have slept in for centuries.

I hear
Cheering,
Gasps,
Snorts of disgust,
Astonished remarks
And the respect being given
To the boy standing there with me in his arms.

I would tell them to be quiet,
Scream at them to leave,
Patch up my wounds from the hard stone,
Cry for the years I have lost.
Go to the battle for which I was born to fight.

Sophie, Year 8



The First Window Ever Made

I see
Inside & out.
Up & down.
All around.
Trees swaying
Sun shining,
Leaves whipping across the Land.
People
Balloons
Everything.

I hear,
Shouting, screaming,
laughing,
gushing,
The wind whipping through the trees.

I feel
Cold, hot, solid;
the wind hitting me.
The sun beating down.
Happy & sad depending on the things I see.

Olivia, Year 8

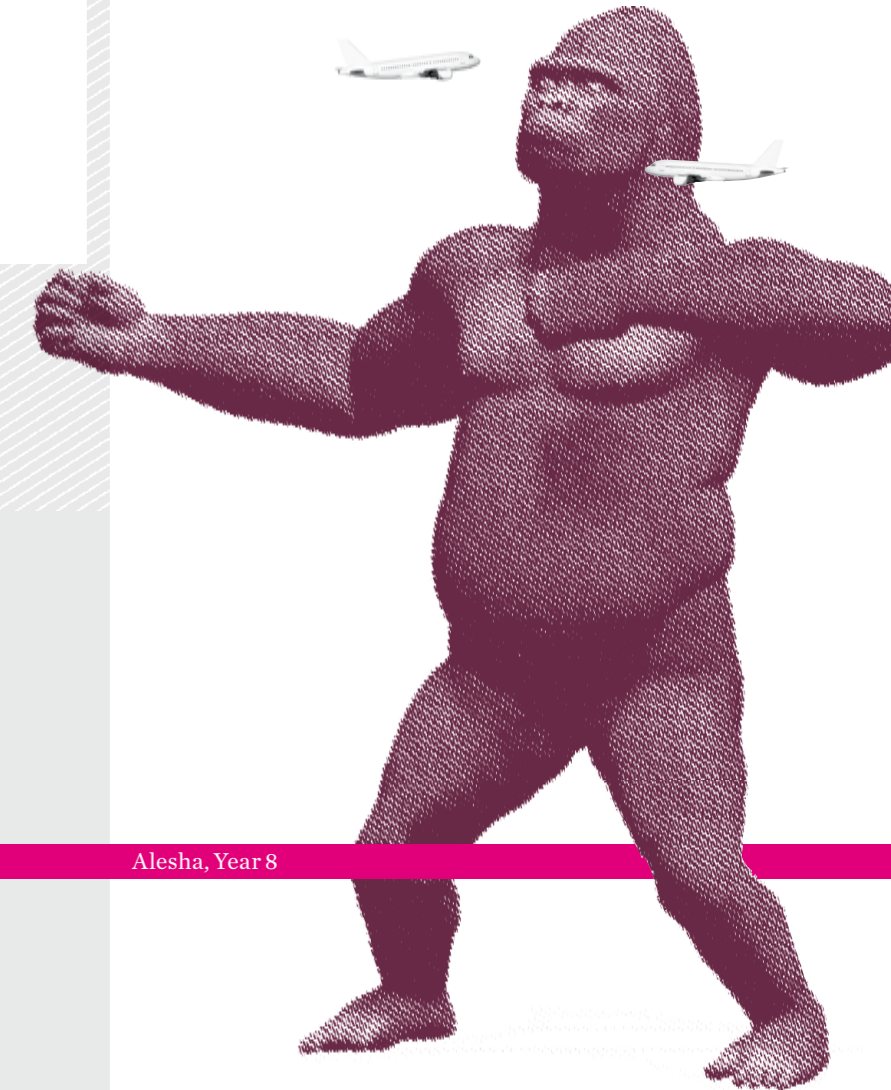
Aeroplane That Shot King Kong

I see my bullet in slow motion, penetrating the flesh
Of King Kong's chest.

I hear the painful cry as he falls.

I feel my pilot gripping onto me his knuckles going
white.

I have no feeling I'm being driven by the emotion of
My pilot.



Alesha, Year 8

The Shell

It looks really pretty.
It's very shiny.
It looks delicate and hard with a hole that goes deep into it.
It has different lines on it which makes it really wonderful.
It has a pointed back and that makes it more adorable.
It reminds me of my grandmother.
She likes collecting shells.
Very pretty ones.
She puts them in her bedroom and whenever she
Feels lonely she collects them together.

Clouds

Gathering of the clouds,
Rising of the clouds,
Wisping of the clouds.

Floating of the clouds,
Drifting of the clouds,
Wreathing of the clouds.

Marching of the cloud,
Rolling of the clouds,
Sleeping of the clouds.

Aleisha, Year 8

HAYESFIELD
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

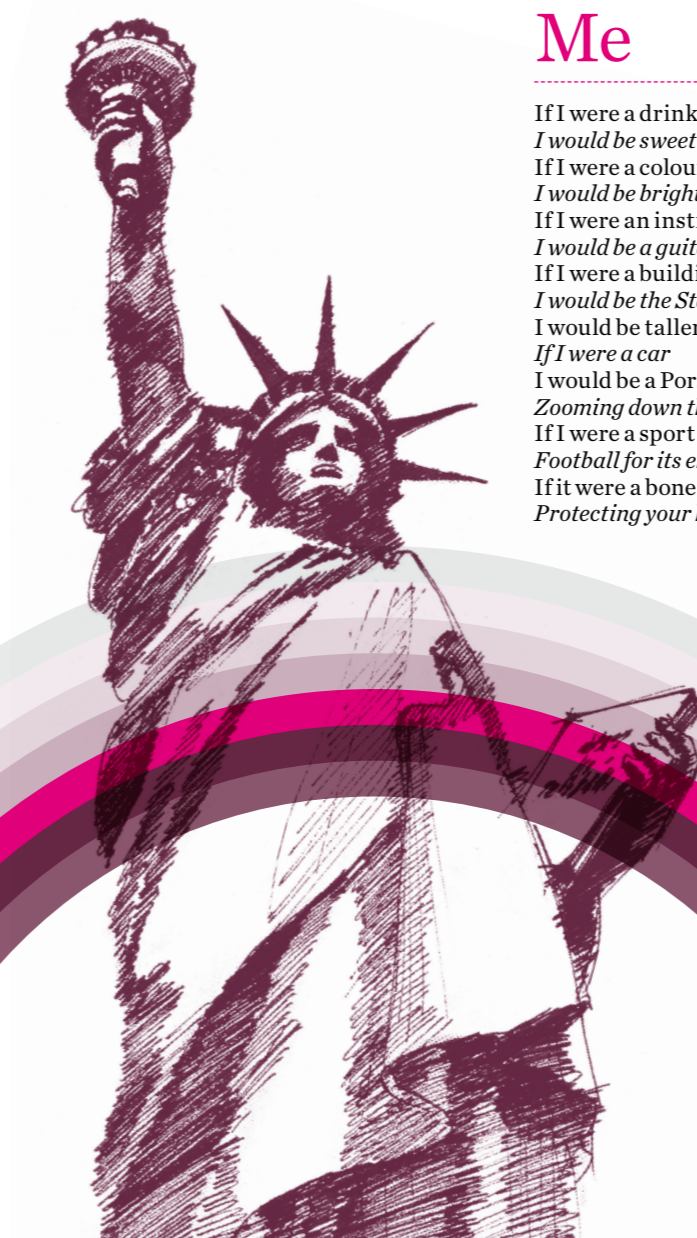
Zoe, Year 8

Bubbles Bubbles

Bubbles bubbles
Everywhere
Shining glittering in
The air
Swift as a feather
Light as the wind
Big ones small ones
Dance and sing.

Bubbles bubbles
Everywhere
Shining, glittering in the
Air
Twisting, swirling, dancing
And singing
But in the end fading
And dying.

Harriet, Year 8



Me

If I were a drink
I would be sweet orange juice.
If I were a colour
I would be bright red shining on the Liverpool kit.
If I were an instrument
I would be a guitar on a big stage with lights everywhere.
If I were a building
I would be the Statue of Liberty because
I would be taller than anyone.
If I were a car
I would be a Porsche GT
Zooming down the motorway.
If I were a sport I would be
Football for its energy.
If it were a bone I would be a rib of a human
Protecting your heart.

Joshua, Year 5

NEWBRIDGE
PRIMARY
SCHOOL

If I Were Me

If I were weather
I'd be Rainbow for everyone to look at me
If I were a colour
I'd be yellow like the sun
If I were a bone
I'd be a fast cheetah body
If I were a letter
I'd be R (or A) for lucky
If I were a car
I'd be a safari speeding away
If I were an animal
I'd be a deer so I'm energetic
If I were a building
I'd be the Eiffel Tower and stand out at night.
If I were a muffin
I'd be chocolate chip and delicious! Yum yum.



Rebekah, Year 5

Molly The Flower Queen!!!

If Molly were a flower
She would be so sweet
People would look at her in amazement
She will lighten up the streets with her bright coloured petals
She will make lots of smiles on the peoples faces
If Molly were a flower
She would sway calmly in the wind.

Nancy, Year 5

Me

If I were music
I'd be heavy metal rock booming out of my stereo.
 If I were a colour
I'd be the gold shining off the world cup trophy.
 If I were a car
I'd be my Mini speeding up the motorway.
 If I were a letter
I'd be the bold T showing off my name.
 If I were a sport
I'd be football the most competitive game there is.
 If I were a flavour
I'd be cola flavour.
 If I were a chocolate bar I'd be a Yorkie because
They're big and chunky.
 If I were a building
I'd be a supermarket because there would be non-stop food.
 If I were a drink
I'd be Lucozade making everyone hyper.
 If I were an instrument
I'd be a drum kit playing off my amazing beat and rhythm.

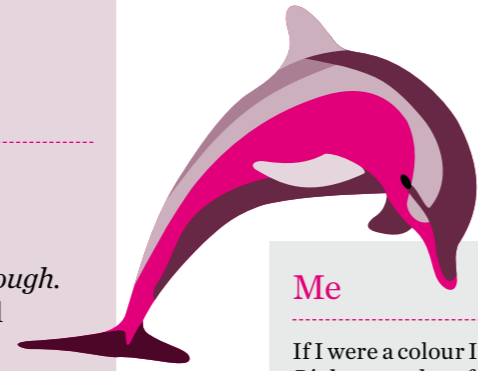


Thomas, Year 5

NEWBRIDGE
 PRIMARY
 SCHOOL

Me

If I were weather
I would be thunder.
 If I was ice cream
I would be cookie dough.
 If I were an animal
I would be a fox.
 If I was a muffin
I would be a chocolate.
 If I were a colour
I would be green.
 If I were a tree
I would be holly.
 If I was someone
I'd be me.



Me

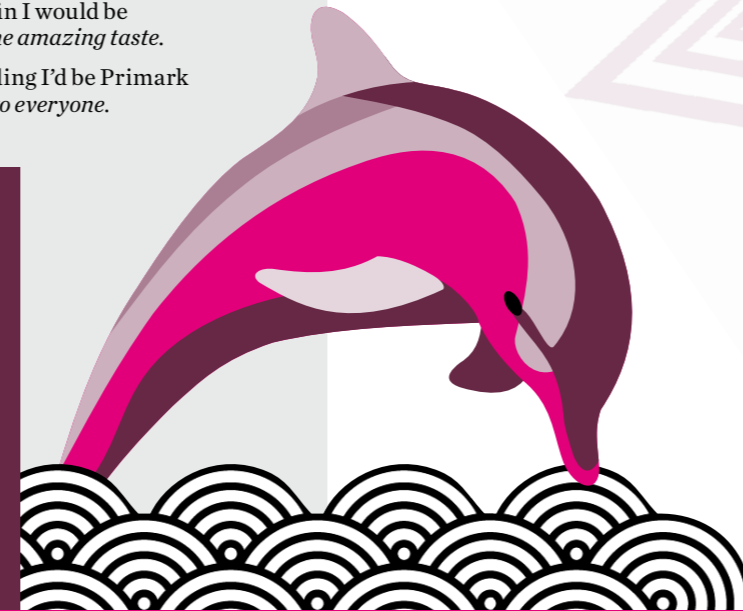
If I were a colour I'd be neon
Pink to stand out from the crowd.
 If I were weather I'd be sun
To heat people down below.
 If I were an animal I'd be a giraffe
To reach the long trees.
 If I were a letter in the whole World
*I would be S to share
 My name with the world.*
 If I were a muffin I would be
Blueberry for the amazing taste.
 If I were a building I'd be Primark
I will bring joy to everyone.

Me

If I were food
I'd be all different kinds of sweets, yummy.
 If I were weather
I'd be sun shining down on people.
 If I were a car,
I'd be a massive Hummer.
 If I were small
I'd be a cockroach crawling around.
 If I were an animal
I'd be a dolphin going up down, up down...
 If I were a console
I'd be an xbox playing all day long.;

Ben, Year 5

Sinead, Year 5



Night Of Nancy

If Nancy were night
*She would fill the sky with darkness
 And stars
 She would creep out in the moon light.
 She would call to all animals around the world.
 She would make shadows in alleyways
 She would bring happiness at night
 If Nancy were night,
 She would bring misty clouds to the Airls,
 To wipe away the moon.*

Molly, Year 5

Never Seen...

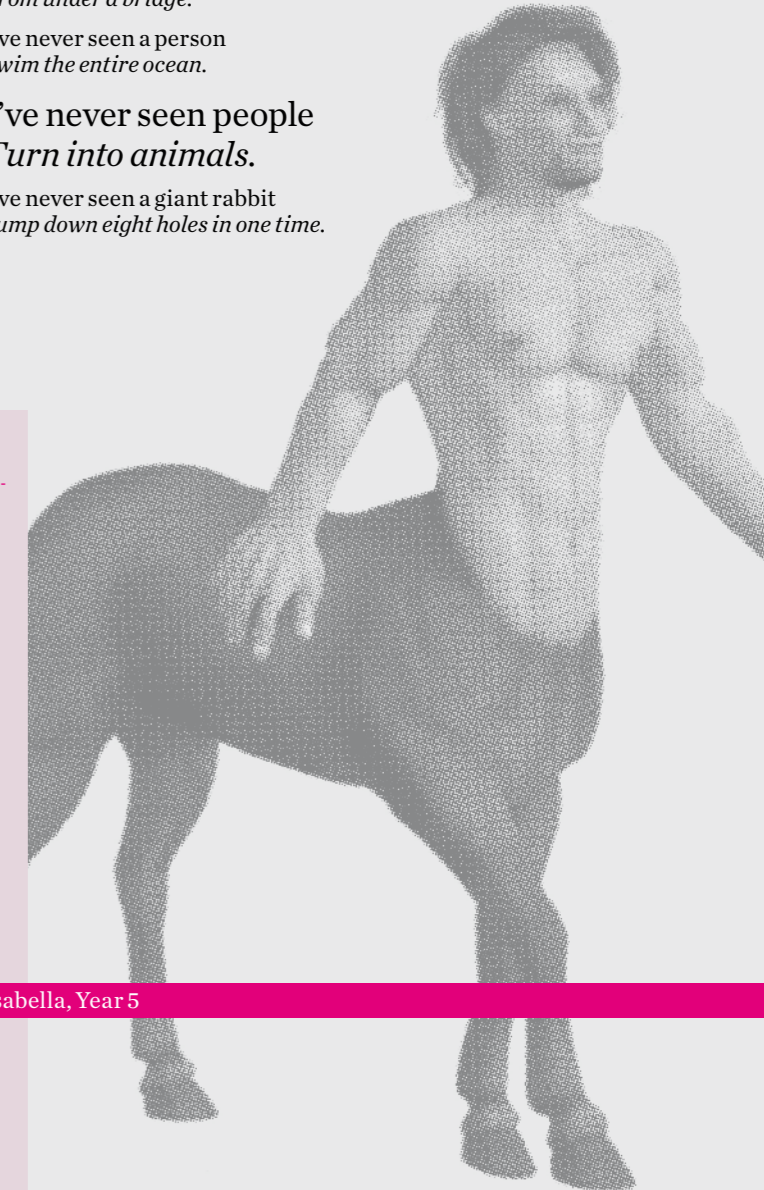
I've never seen a boat
That was an aeroplane.

I've never seen a troll come out
From under a bridge.

I've never seen a person
Swim the entire ocean.

I've never seen people
Turn into animals.

I've never seen a giant rabbit
Jump down eight holes in one time.



A Bat That Likes The Sun

They tell me I should sleep in the day
But I go out to play.

They tell me tan is banned
But I like the sun man.

They tell me I should hunt at night
But I sleep under a kite.

They tell me I should not use my eyes
But I wear sun glasses to give them a surprise.

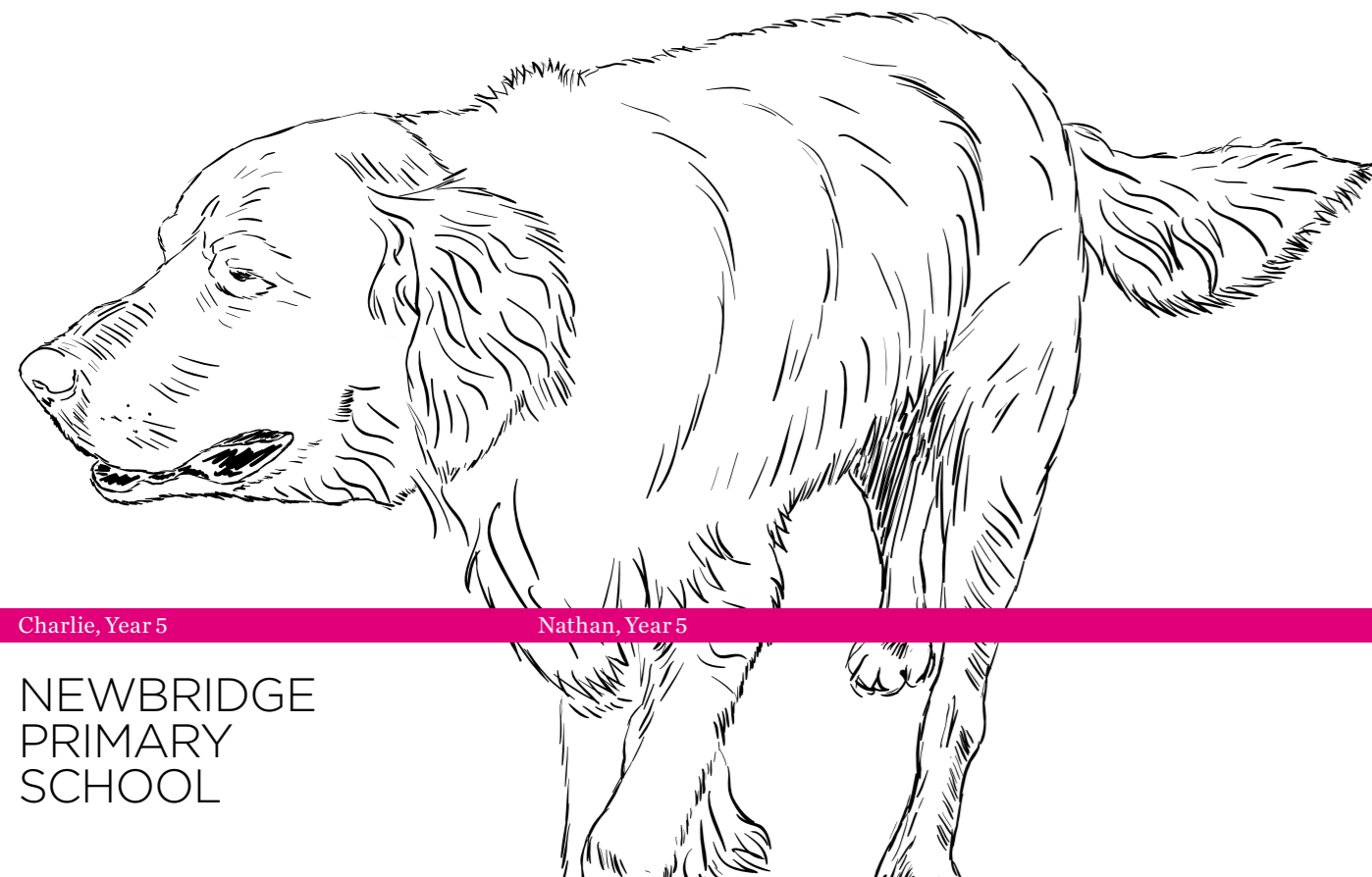
I go and surf and play all day
But sleep all through the night.

Theo, Year 5

Isabella, Year 5

Dying Because Of Chocolate

Chocolate made of poison,
Deadly but tasty,
Chocolate made of poison
Melts in your mouth,
Chocolate made of poison,
Cold breaks your teeth,
Chocolate made of poison,
Melted goes around your mouth,
Chocolate made of poison,
Will kill you in a day,
Chocolate made of poison,
Will make you have the pain.



Charlie, Year 5

NEWBRIDGE
PRIMARY
SCHOOL

I've Never Seen...

I've never seen my shoes go green
I've never seen a thunderstorm
I've never seen the Sahara desert

I've never seen a Labrador fart

I've never seen a Queen eat a bean
I've never seen a monkey which has gone mad
I've never seen a bus driver crash into a river
I've never seen a rabbit writing so near
I've never seen a cat called Christopher
I've never seen a car do the moonwalk
I've never seen a waterbottle spit some fire
I've never seen the clock do the salsa
I've never seen all these crazy things.

Nathan, Year 5

Me

If I were weather I'd be snow
So children find me fun!
If I were a colour I'd be a ravishing
Red, glaring and fun!
If I were a book I'd be the Harry Potter series,
Big and interesting with its magical ways.
If I were a drink I'd be a milkshake,
Pink sweet and chocolately.
If I were a car I'd be a stretch Limo,
Posh and roomy!
If I were a building I'd be Buckingham Palace,
Old but royal.
If I were an animal I'd be a kangaroo
Happily jumping with her friend!
If I were a biscuit I'd be a choc chip cookie,
Yummy and crunchy
If I were a number I'd be 12,
Young and fun!

If I were a person I'd be
Kalli.

Kalli, Year 5

If Kalli Were A Colour

If Kalli were a colour she would brighten up our walls
Making everyone proud.
She is sometimes pink when she's happy,
Black when she's angry.
And grey when she's sad.
Please pick pink or yellow otherwise she will get really mad.

Daisy, Year 5

I Don't Want A Bag For An Auntie

I don't want a bag for an auntie
She might split
I don't want a Play Station for a brother
He might break
I don't want a chocolate bar for a gran
She might get eaten
I don't want a tomato for a cousin
He might get squished
I don't want a car for a sister
She might get crushed
I don't want a light bulb for a an uncle
He might fall down and smash
I don't want a window for a grandad
He might get a stone thrown at him and get cracked
I don't want a candle for a mum
She might melt

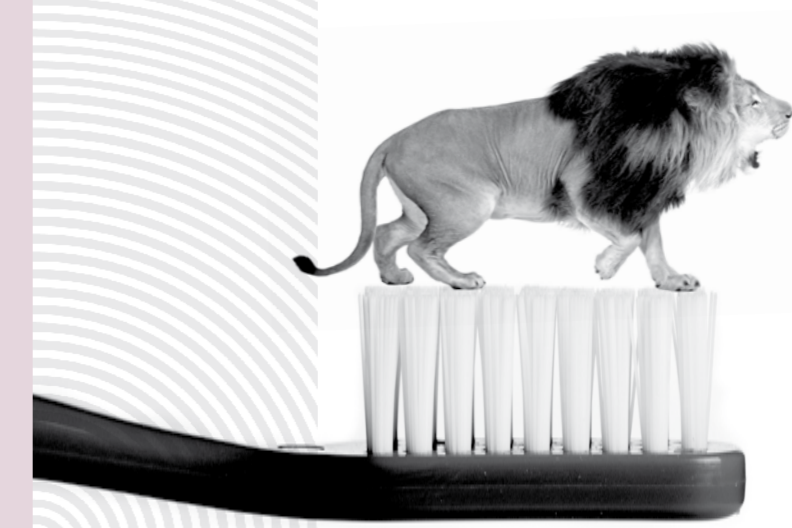
Abigail, Year 5

The Lion Is Hungry

The lion is hungry for plastic
The lion is hungry for clocks
The lion is hungry for wool
The lion is hungry for Superman

The lion is hungry for tooth brushes

The lion is hungry for bicycles
The lion is hungry for frogs
The lion is hungry for music stands
The lion is hungry for fire
The lion is hungry for flying pigs
The lion is hungry for a balloon
The lion is hungry for trampolines
The lion is hungry for computers
The lion is hungry for pebbles
The lion is hungry for everything



William, Year 5

Perfect Presents

Coconut cream
Fresh right form the coconut
Some sunglasses are expensive
But not from your parents
A bowl of gold coins found in a mine
Fools gold but precious to me
A shooting star colliding with another one
Another black hole in the Universe
The Sun on my skin not too cold, not too hot
But the perfect temperature
The feeling of being in the hot water
Just like a hot tub in the middle of the ocean
The sight of a fisherman catching a fish
Shaking it like a giant shakes a rainbow

Hodaviah, Year 5

What Is Going On!

Victor Decreed – Business Man
Michael Freeman – Strictly Conservative
Irene Steeple – Mature Lady
DJ – School Girl
Maxine Luella – Fashion Designer
Fiery Fenella – Fitness Coach
Kaine – Shady Character
Kaitlin – Shady Character’s Girlfriend
Mr Rich – Enough Said

Victor: Stop here a minute chauffer, I am going to see what is happening. Watch the car! (*Gets out of car*). What is it? (*Walking towards the builders*) Roadworks?

(*Enter Irene*) **I:** What is going on?

VD: Road works.

I: Road works?

VD: Do you want any help?

I: I am only 89, I am perfectly fine.

VD: Are you sure?

I: Perfectly fine ... will you help me cross the road?

VD: £10?

I: £10 for a little help? They would not have accepted that during the war, and won’t do now. Maybe we could strike a deal.

(*Enter Michael Freeman the MP*)

Michael: Hello

I: Hello, what do you do?

VD: I am off to strike a deal. (*Exit Victor*)

MF: I am an MP for Chinchester.

I: Do you know the Prime Minister? I knew all the prime ministers. Mrs Thatcher, a wonderful woman, we used to go to Wales to laugh and point at the miners ... You know I think there is a short cut over there ... Follow me. I was in the Girl Guides during the war. I was one of the first ones you know. Be careful its dangerous ... Do you want to come along?

MF: I am going to stay here, going to load one of my shotguns.

I: Shotgun? Can I borrow one? I seem to have mislaid mine.

MF: Yes, maybe later, I need to load it up.

I: Good Luck old fellow. Irene’s coming! (*Exit Irene*)

MF: (*Starting to walk towards the road works*) Excuse me. Can you hear? I am an MP you know. MP, not military policeman ... Right let me through. (*looking at the roadmen*) I hope you have got your work permits. You are now going on a list of people to be deported.

(*Enter Max who walks up quietly behind MF and starts to look over his shoulder.*)

MF: Hello, little child. How are you? (*stooping down to look condescendingly at Max*).

Max: (*pause*)...BOG OFF you CREEP.

MF: (*steps back in amazement*).

M: I’ve seen you before?

MF: Oh! You have seen me. I am a leading conservative.

M: You came to my school once. You were boring. I fell asleep at the back.

MF: There were a lot of you.

M: Miss said you were talking out of ...

(*Loud honk of car horn*)

MF: I will just go and see about this incident...pheasant in the offing! Tally Ho!

M: (*talking to the roadmen*) What are you doing? You missed a bit...That is rubbish. (*shrugs her shoulders*)

Off stage voice: Maxine Luella get back into the car

(*As Max is walking back to the car DJ passes on a Vespa*)

M: Wow – Crap bike.

DJ: (*talking on a mobile phone*) I know the catwalk is now. It is not a problem, just tell them DJ called. Yeah I am on my way, it is just some road works. (*puts down phone and looks at Max*). Push off kid.

M: My mum says you should not be talking while you are driving.

DJ: Well your mum is not a famous fashion designer, who needs to be at a catwalk NOW!

M: My mum could sue you. Call yourself a fashion designer?

DJ: Boys like you should not be allowed to dress like that.

M: I am a girl!

DJ: (*really condescendingly*) Oh, you look fine in that. (*picks up phone*). Get me John Lewis, make a note girls have got to look like girls a school.

M: Stuff you, I am not afraid to get my clothes dirty. See you. (*Maxine walks off to look at the roadworks*)

(*Kaine runs across the set in a hurry, he trips gets up and continues to run. Kaitlin follows swiftly behind him. Meanwhile Fiery Fenella jogs up towards DJ*)

Fiery: What is happening here then?

DJ: Just some road works. Are you a fitness instructor?

FF: Yes, that’s right I am off to my studio. You look as though you need a workout. Are you coming?

DJ: I am sorry?

FF: Apology accepted.

DJ: I cannot spend time with people like you. FYI those pink trackkis do not go with the organge jacket and the blue shirt. And the Nikes

OMG – everywhere I look it’s a nightmare. Here is my card.

FF: (*Takes the card and looks really downcast. The two K’s run up to the barrier*)

FF: Have you come for the 50 minute workout or the half marathon, it starts in a minute. You can buy your drink over at the stand. You might want to change your clothes, leather jackets can get very sweating. Can I have your name please?

Kaine: (*looking around*); It is Mr and Mrs er...Ford.

FF: It is not on the list...

K: We changed our name, we are under a different name...er...we got married you see. Can I have a look at the list. Here it is Rich.

FF: Oh! I love a good wedding. Tell me all about it, was it a big White Wedding or a big Green one?

K: Oh! Please can we get changed!

(*Mr Rich enters at a slow jog*)

Rich: Sorry I am late, bloody SAT NAV.

FF: Are you here for the 50 minute marathon?

R: Oh, I could do 70, 90, but I will stick with 50.

FF: Name?

R: I am Rich. B Rich.

FF: You have already signed in...

R: I have not signed in

FF: Yes you just got married to Mrs Rich.

R: Mrs Rich. Is she attractive?

(*Enter Irene looking resplendent.*)

I: I have taken down three cows and hi-jacked a tractor, but now I am here.

R: Oh! Very fit.

I: Oooohhhh cheeky

VD: I have done a deal!

Off stage Voice: Roadworks open!
(*Everyone runs towards the camera!*)

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Bath Festivals

Third Floor
Abbey Chambers
Kingston Buildings
Bath BA1 1NT

T: 01225 462231 E: info@bathfestivals.org.uk

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