

# THE MOUNTBATTEN SCHOOL



THE MOUNTBATTEN SCHOOL POETRY FESTIVAL 1995.



I Illustrated By

• Nick Haines  
• +  
Terry Haines



I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to read and judge the enclosed poems. I would like to congratulate all those who made it to the final judging stage. I was impressed by the range and depth of quality in some years.

I have selected four placed . as requested and highly commended others that were noteworthy. I have also indicated some of the criteria I have used in my selection.

The sonnets by Sally Nye and Claire Pankhurst are outstanding. I recently judged a national poetry pamphlet competition and noticed that the sonnet is making a strong revival, compared to five years ago. It is a marvellous form, whether rhymed or unrhymed, and well worth exploring.

#### **YEAR 7**

Generally a very high standard with a good range. Jennifer and Victoria show great clarity of expression. Nick's use of simile is most impressive and imaginative. Emma displays excellent use of language in an exact and measured poem. It was difficult to decide upon an order for these diverse poems. I changed my mind many times.

#### **YEAR 8**

This was a hard selection to make. There was a wealth of inventive and competent writing. Congratulations to students and teachers. In my selection, I was looking for depth of meaning and texture in the content as well as an element of mystery. I was most impressed by the poetic techniques employed.

#### **YEAR 9**

The winning poems here are a great credit to their authors and to their teachers. They are eminently publishable and way above the national average for this year group. I hope that these poems are entered into all the various schools and children's poetry competitions as they deserve wide recognition. Overall, the quality of this year group was outstanding.

#### **YEAR 10**

Overall another good range of quality material making selection a genuine pleasure. In my selection, I was looking for poetry that showed rather than told the reader. I was impressed by the number of poems that lingered in my mind as well as the strength of language combined with economy of expression. There was also consistent use of form, rhyme and metre. The winning poems, though, created psychic landscapes and were of a very high standard.

David Caddy.

David Caddy.

( 1995 Judge )



## *The Toughest Kid Around*

*'Children come here please,  
Your Father and I have something to say',  
'Oh no! Another family meeting,  
It's OK we already know it's another trip to Gran's.  
Last time we were at Gran's we ran from Gran',  
'No No No  
You see your Father and I have decided to get  
A divorce',  
'Oh please don't cry, dry your tears  
It's not that bad, but we're both very sad',  
'BUT WHY?'  
'When you get married after 20 years you fall out  
Of love and now there's thousands of rows,  
Your Father is moving out tomorrow',  
'No, please, No I know you can sort it out',  
'Face facts, Children'.  
'Empty and lonely is our house',*

*Now my Dad has gone and we still see him,  
Things have worked out for the best, now we're  
Happy as can be, but this was not the nicest  
Place to be, and during a divorce there's brute force  
And just like me you have to be the  
Toughest Kid  
Around.*

*Jennifer Gatrell  
7DD*

## *Nature's Turbulent Temper*

*The cool water's cruelly spitting,  
The wind as its accomplice,  
Fiercely sending it flying  
Through the cold, coarse air,  
Stinging our faces as we fight our way,  
Against the enemy,  
Towards fresh water gushing through the bank,  
Onto the sodden earth.  
Where grass had once proudly stood,  
The wilful water pours.  
The water-washed mud squelches,  
Under our sinking feet.  
We approach the quick-silver fish,  
Squirming,  
Struggling,  
Helplessly,  
Against the waste of the swirling depths,  
And eventually,  
Collapsing,  
Exhausted,  
On the marshy land,  
And we continue our hopeless struggle,  
Against the sheer strength,  
Of nature,  
Itself.*

*Emma Preece*

*7DD*

## *Fingernail*

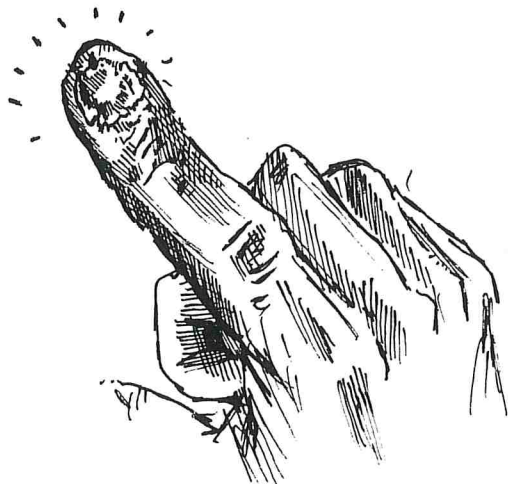
*I am a short, stubby fingernail,  
With dirt all under my tip;  
When I should be long and pointed,  
With a coloured varnish dip.*

*I keep on being nibbled off,  
Inch by inch by inch.  
Chew, chew, chew is all they do,  
But I'm not allowed to flinch.*

*I wish I could grow long and strong  
So I don't keep snapping away.  
Smoothed and rounded with the tip of a file  
And cared for day by day.*

*I'm still a short stubby fingernail,  
With dirt all under my tip,  
But one day I will be long and painted,  
With the coloured varnish dip.*

*Victoria Stuart  
7WK*





## *The Storm!*

*The wind whistles loudly,  
and brushes past my face at speed.  
Crash! flash! Trees fall from thunder and lightning,  
Leaves fly up.*

*Thud! thud! Rain drums on roof tops,  
Children fear and seek,  
Help! help! shout terrified villagers,  
Lonely trees droop.*

*Water mixes with petrol,  
Low rainbows appear.  
Umbrellas turn inside out,  
Like lamp shades.*

*Telephone lines fall down,  
Like dropped knitting.  
Cats' hair blows forward,  
Like a hair drier.*

*Slates blow off roofs,  
Like books on a slide.  
Plastic bags take flight,  
Like kites in the sky.*

*Nick Obee  
7KG*







## *The Country Side*

*Touch the atmosphere of the fields,  
The beautiful country side,  
The smell of the wet grass,  
The mud under your feet.  
The wind blows the trees  
On top of the hills.  
The flowers sway in the breeze.  
There's a cottage standing lonely in the valley  
With not a soul in sight.  
Hear the birds with a beautiful song  
That only they can sing.*

*Catherine Misselbrook  
7DD  
Highly Commended*



## *I hate the Dentist!*

*As we walk towards the surgery, my nerves are all a quiver.  
And when I stand right at the door I really start to shiver.  
I really hate it here so much, it's a rotten place to be.  
It's six months since I was here last, six whole months  
dentist free!*

*The receptionist calls my name, they want me to go in.  
As I walk towards the door, I give a nervous grin.  
The dentist smiles and says "Come in", he asks me how I  
am.*

*I smile at him and say "Fine thanks". We both know it's a  
sham.*

*He asks me to sit in his chair, it's the terror of my life.  
I feel he's going to hack my teeth with a giant carving knife.  
I open wide he looks inside and pokes and prods around.  
And after an eternity I hear that marvellous sound.  
"Ding Ding! Next please. No surgery dear".*

*I'm leaving treatment free!  
I think I'll buy a sticky cake,....  
To scoff before my tea .....*

*Sally Smith  
7KG  
Highly Commended*



## *End of the Day*

*Hard day's work over,  
Tired horses and rider  
Plod down to the field.  
Open gate, in they go,  
Bridles off - say goodbye.*

*Sudden transformation  
Ear pricked, head high  
Off at a gallop free at last  
Mane flying, tail streaming.*

*Now the undignified bit.  
Down onto the knees and side  
And rub a roll,  
Herd creatures now  
Humans forgotten.*

*Amy Collins  
7LT  
Highly Commended*

## *Town Life*

*Towering shapes of tower blocks  
Row upon row of different shops  
Street cleaners with big mops  
Pigeons way up, up on roof tops*

*Big illuminated shop signs  
Police walk round, give parking fines  
While a family in a Restaurant dines  
The sun doesn't half shine*

*People run around  
Big bargains are to be found  
Some people are homeward bound  
Buses drive round and round*

*Some small stalls  
Maybe they sell tennis balls  
Telephone booths take in calls  
A Cinema plays 'Ghosts and Gauls'*

*Shop lifters get caught  
Loads of shops items being bought  
Peoples purses start with fifty pounds and then back to nought  
Someone buying lemon torte*

*Lots of strangers all around  
A toddler trips and falls to the ground  
While some stray money has been found  
It looks like a whole one pound!*

*A dog lies down outside  
It really looks as if it died  
Could it belong to a bride?  
No*

*It's such a dark and lonely town  
Now everyone's home.  
There isn't a sound*

*David Kieffer  
7WH  
Highly Commended*



## *The Badger*

*Snorting and tossing his head,  
A badger awakes from his daytime slumber.  
Slowly he plods out of his set  
To meet the world at night.  
An owl hoots in the big oak tree.  
A hedgehog scuttles on.  
The owl swoops down and .....  
The hedgehog is gone.  
Meanwhile the badger  
Is just sitting there  
Watching.  
The badger starts to feed  
On a passing snail  
He sees a glint of golden light  
Then he turns toward  
That lovely daytime hole  
He calls his set.  
Once there he returns  
To another day's worth  
Of silent, frozen sleep.*

*Jonathan Bisset  
7DD  
Highly Commended*



## *Memories*

*My Nan looks at the sky thinking of  
the times the planes bombed her life.  
All the sounds she describes are making  
her cry and hide.  
She looks at the window in fear and dismay  
"The window is broken she says",  
It's only a little crack, but her memory says more.  
I take her upstairs and lay her down,  
I'm like the man who kept her calm  
and took her to a place where no explosions were around.  
The war times. What a great disaster!*

*Michelle Pettitt  
8WH*

## *The Sea*

*The angry sea crashes against the rugged rocks.  
Spray leaps from the white horses.  
The howling wind whispers and wails.  
It passes a ledge where an old man sits.  
He sits lonely, eyes wandering, following the horizon.  
He breaks the spell by standing up.  
He takes care, not wanting his fate to be decided by the  
mermaids.  
Suddenly he stops, not quite at the top.  
He turns, can't drag himself away,  
He stands absorbing its magic  
Almost as if the mad sea holds some sort of power over him.  
For ages he stands, not a flicker nor flinch passes through  
him,  
But he must go, he has a family.  
Almost sadly he leaves, but he'll be back, to that magic sea.*

*Claire Edgerley*  
**8DY**



## *Elidor*

*In the darkness without any colour,  
Are the shadows chasing like forest fire,  
The king Malebron defending the land,  
But the king is lame and sure to tire.*

*On the stringed fiddle,  
the breaking note played nigh,  
Through the church he entered,  
To clear blackness from the sky.*

*Into this world came he,  
And searched for help and hope,,  
He found the boy named Roland,  
But could this Roland cope?*

*In Elidor came Roland,  
His brothers and sister lost,  
He opened the mound and found the treasures,  
The children's blood turned to frost.*

*The children ran and ran,  
To outrun the blackness from the land,  
Malebron got out his fiddle,  
And played the notes with the highest sound.*

*Out of the church,  
Which crashed to the ground,  
Grabbed by the demo squad,  
Spirits darkened not to be found.*

*Nick gave a quick snore,  
They ran as fast as they could,  
They were now free,  
But there were the shadows in the hoods.*

*Back to the house,  
With sword, spear, cup and stone,  
Nick won't believe in Elidor,  
Now Roland's on his own.*

*The static builds up,  
Where the treasures do lie,  
Shadows appear in the woods,  
So mean and sly.*

*The static spreads openly,  
Like a disease that won't cease,  
Everything starts working,  
No-one can make peace.*

*The treasure are moved,  
Things are under control,  
But they've found the way through,  
The children, speechless like a doll.*

*The children go to a party,  
In the crackers sword, spear, cup and stone,  
Malebron was trying to get through,  
On the computer, Roland was shown.*

*On the way home,  
A white shadow runs past,  
"Didn't you see the horn on it's hear?  
It's Findhorn at last".*

*Roland shows Nick,  
The shadows in the woods,  
But Roland's tried too hard this time,  
Yes he's tried harder than he should.*

*The children run back into the house,  
Locking doors and windows too,  
The shadows smear cat blood everywhere,  
The children don't know what to do.*

*The next day,  
The children went to find Findhorn,  
They see the shadows in the street,  
Their spines are prickly like a thorn.*

*The children see Findhorn,  
And chase for all they're worth,  
Roland put up a heroic fight,  
Then Malebron came up out of the earth.*

*So the shadows are defeated,  
Findhorn waits outside,  
Helen comforts him gently,  
Now Roland must abide.*

*Roland walks toward Findhorn,  
With tears in his eyes,  
Roland knows what he has to do,  
Yes Findhorn has to dies.*

*As Roland strikes Findhorn,  
Helen give a scream,  
Findhorn kneels to the ground,  
And sings the song with a theme.*

*As Findhorn sings,  
The sky over the water lights,  
Malebron steps into it.  
Without any fuss or a fight.*

*The children throw the treasures,  
Sword, spear, cup and stone,  
The land over the water disappears,  
Leaving the children all alone.*

*The shadows travel to hell,  
Everybody's without pain,  
Rolands saved Elidor,  
Now everything is normal again.*

*Robert Nicholson  
8KG*



## *Purple Is*

*A majestic sea of royalty,  
A passionate secret searching to find  
another lonely heart,  
A haunted house with screams heard miles away,  
A howling, frosted mist floating over a dusty moor,  
A madman, shooting innocent people, lunging  
through windows in a furious torment,  
A last thought searching for a body to roam,  
A violent scramble in the dark of night,  
An old, bruised tramp, humble and lowly,  
Scavenging in bins to keep himself alive.*

*Graeme Forward*  
**8KZ**

## *Tiger*

*A coat of copper,  
And amber eyes,  
A dark streaked back,  
Face marked with white.  
Silver whiskers,  
And claws of grey,  
A cream coloured nose  
And paws of bay,  
This is the tiger I know.*

*A long golden tail,  
That touches the ground,  
And big padded paws,  
That make not a sound,  
Sandy coloured ears,  
That twitch as they hear,  
And far seeing eyes,  
That tell what is near,  
This is the tiger I know.*

*A thick heavy jaw,  
Curved and strong,  
Filled with white teeth,  
Sharp and long,  
Claws short but deadly,  
Hide in the paws,  
And a featherlike mane,  
As white as snowfalls,  
This is the tiger I know.*



*Katherine Herborn  
8DY  
Highly Commended*

## *Angry*

*My brothers make me angry,  
They really are a pain,  
My brothers make me really mad.  
I'm sure I'm going insane!*

*I'm not really a human boy,  
I'm really in Incredible Hulk!  
So if my brothers annoy me again.  
I'll turn them into pulp!*

*When I get really mean,  
My skin will turn a ghastly green,  
The buttons on my shirt will fly,  
And to the human world they'll say,*

**GOODBYE!**

*Gideon Gilbert-Johns  
8KG  
Highly Commended*



## *The Milkman*

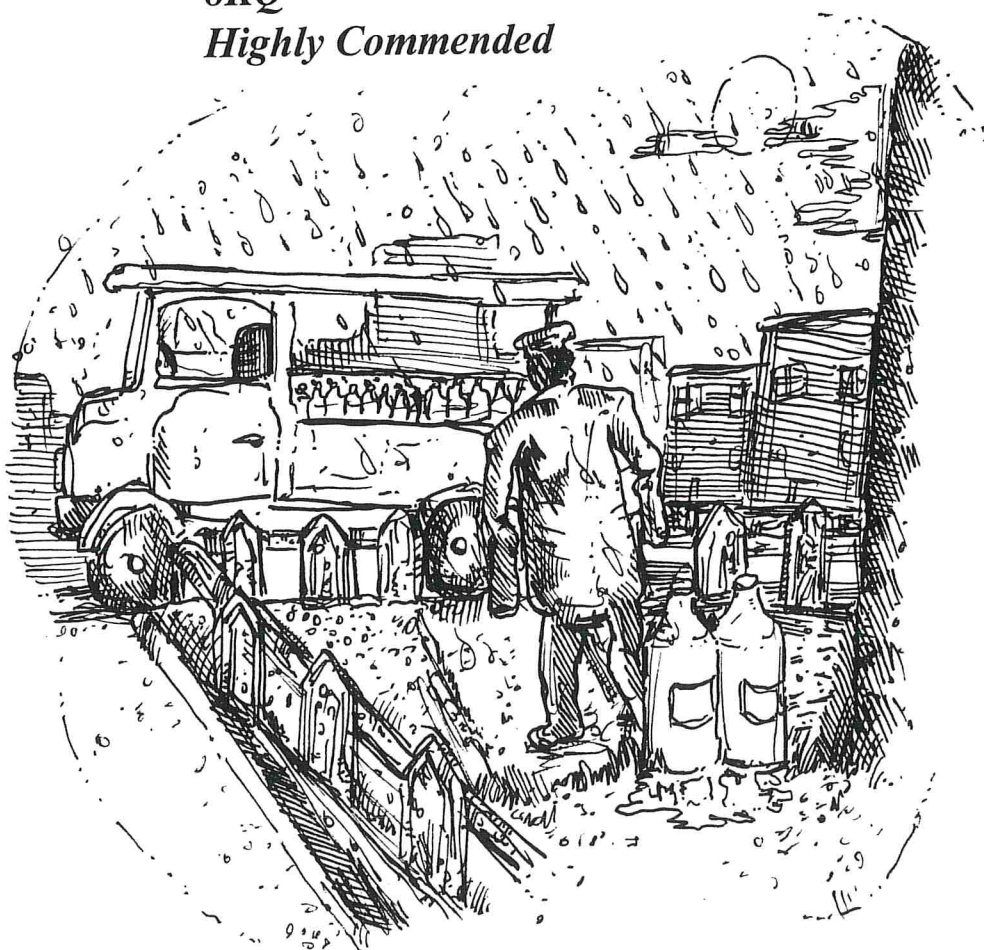
*Whilst we are sleeping he comes in his float,  
Dressed in his uniform, hat and long coat,  
Clinking his bottles, and whistling a song,  
Going from house to house joggling along.*

*Out in all weathers, felling the cold,  
But he keeps on going till his milk is sold,  
I like him 'cause he's never sad,  
He is our milkman, and also my dad.*

*Debbie Grahamsley*

*8KQ*

*Highly Commended*



## *Silver*

*A bright gleam in  
the day's new  
dawn.*

*The lead from  
a pencil cold  
and hard.*

*A gathering of  
needles ready  
to sew.*

*A Rabbit flashing  
by in the long  
damp growth.*

*The stars lit  
up in the dark  
night sky.*

*Catherine Start*

*8WK*

*Highly Commended*

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*The World is Stone (Sonnet)*

*Stone, the world is stone; no trick of the light,  
The still of the night, the choke of the air,  
The winner's delight, the loser's despair,  
The fear of the day, the fear of the night.  
No colours of love; it's all black and white.  
It hurts me so much. I'd love not to care,  
But of evil and hate, I am aware.  
My life's full of dread; I want to take flight.  
It's cold to the touch and hard on the soul,  
In the grey streets, in the neon unknown,  
I look for a sign that I'm not alone,  
But all is frozen from North to South pole,  
Love is no more. I can't find my way home,  
In what meets the eye as a world of Stone.*

*Sally Nye*

*9LF*

*After War (A Sonnet)*

*A new day dawns on a city silenced.  
The shelling and gunfire and terror has passed.  
A sense of loss replaces the violence  
And now a new depression is cast.  
The air hangs heavy with lingering memories  
Of a world of torture and pain.  
Bitter souls cannot forgive enemies.  
The fighting is over but the hurt still remains.*

*Amidst a sea of rubble and debris,  
Two small girls sit hand in hand,  
Smiling, unable to understand  
Why their country fought to be free,  
Why dreams are dreamt to rebuild lives on,  
Why hearts are set on new horizons.*

*Claire Pankhurst  
9KQ*



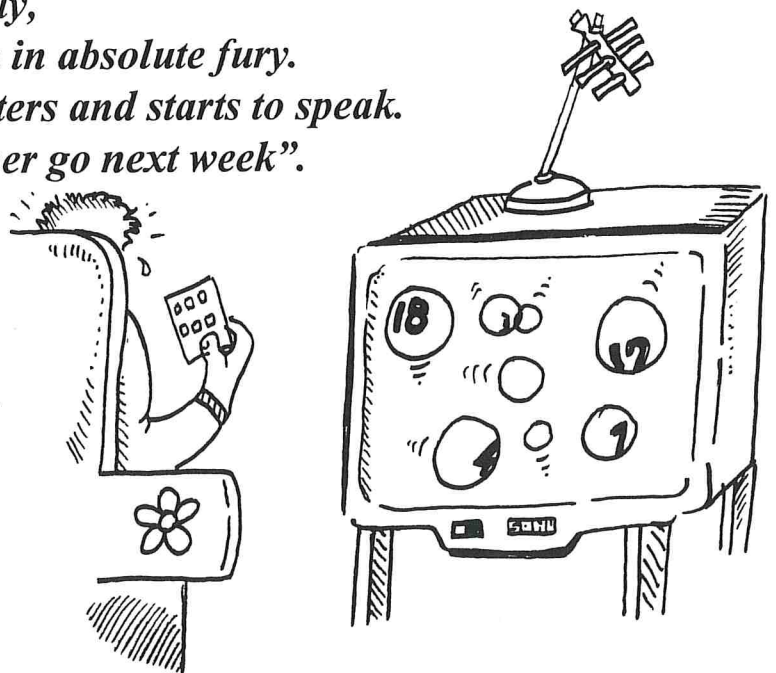
*Lonely, grey child  
Crouching amongst the debris  
That the invaders left behind.  
It's not her fault.  
It's not her fault that she's alone.  
She did not know what it meant,  
The rumble of gunfire,  
The many casualties.  
But then they came  
Like a plague.  
They swept the town clean  
And left disaster in their wake.  
It's not her fault  
But saying that  
won't save her from  
Hunger,  
Disease and  
Death.*

*Elizabeth Lock  
9LF  
Highly Commended*

## *The National Lottery*

*Millions watch those numbers turn  
Dreaming of money they could earn.  
The clock ticks on.  
The tension builds.  
The last number falls  
And is still spinning  
The families watch and dream of winning  
Things they could buy -  
Things they could do  
If only their dreams come true.  
They grab their sheets.  
The numbers are checked.  
They only have one;  
Their hopes are wrecked.  
Dad tears the sheet  
And turns off the telly,  
Storms out the room in absolute fury.  
Mum sighs and mutters and starts to speak.  
"We will have another go next week".*

*Colin Gundry  
9LF  
Highly Commended*



*The Man behind the News Desk*

*Nine chimes ring through my head,  
And a different story fills the screen.  
The picture that is painted,  
Is a dark and morbid scene.*

*The smart dressed man behind the desk  
Does not feel what he has read.  
He tells of violence, loss and danger,  
With millions lying dead.*

*A picture is shown. A woman holds her  
Bleeding child with hope.  
But there's no chance for either,  
For he's gone. She'll never cope.*

*Her skin is rough and wrinkled,  
And matted lies her hair.  
Her eyes show pain, a story of life,  
A story that is not rare.*

*Her family are all fighting,  
For her country is at war.  
They know not why it started,  
And they know not what it's for.*

*"How long must we all suffer",  
She cries in foreign tongue.  
The clouds and smoke have covered,  
A long forgotten son.*

*And then the picture changes.  
The man behind the desk  
Now reads of football glory  
And cricket in 'The Test'.*

*But what of the wrinkled woman?  
And how about her son?  
He may have turned the page  
But there's nowhere he can run.*

*He leaves his tidy office  
And drives his sportscar home  
But with every beat of his heart  
Lies the woman all alone.*

*He pulls up to his country home  
And shakes her from his mind  
For he is paid for reading news  
To reality he is blind.*

*Karen Ward  
9DD*

## *Phobia*

*Lurking in a corner,  
Hardly visible to my searching eye,  
Yet his presence disturbs me,  
I long to yell out, but inside I cry.  
I approach with caution,  
Slowly, like an execution.  
He appears dead,  
But I know it's an illusion.  
He's waiting for me,  
Ready to pounce.  
His deftly agile body,  
Weighing less than an ounce.  
One inch further forward,  
But he remains still,  
Planning the moves,  
He will make, to kill.  
Finally his body twitches,  
I make ready to take flight,  
But this time his intentions are not evil  
And he scuttles out of sight  
Black, cold, motionless and inactive,  
Is Death's Associate,  
The Arachnid.*

*Lucy Hickox  
9WW*



## *Wooden Blocks*

*What are you able to build with your blocks?  
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.  
The chairs are mountains, the carpets the sea.  
There I'll establish a city for me.  
Great is the palace with pillar and wall,  
A tower on top, the height is so tall.  
See on the steps of the palace, the kings  
Coming and going with presents and things.  
Steps coming down in an orderly way  
To where my toy ships lie safe in the bay.  
This one is sailing and this one is moored,  
Sing to the ship and sailors on board.  
Rain will keep raining and others will moan  
But I can be happy building at home.*

*Jenny Gilbert*

*9LF*

*Highly Commended*

## *'H' for Humanity*

*Hunted, chased, just for fun  
I am their prey, impending death, on the run.  
Hounds on my tail, horses at the rear,  
I hear their voices drawing near.*

*My breathing is heavy, my body grows weak.  
An answer for their actions I seek.  
I have to rest, I cannot keep up the pace  
But I shan't surrender to the human race.*

*The chase is over. I have been caught.  
It's the bitter end, the battle's been fought.  
Before the ruthless man I lie, their helpless catch.  
He's committed a sin, that the devil could match.*

*But why? I ask, I have done them no wrong.  
I am innocent, but from death I must run.  
A pastime, a sport - is that the idea?  
The thrill of the chase, inflicting fear?*

*Humans are animals. Why hunt their own kind?  
There is no excuse I am able to find  
Which letter to you represents sanity?  
'K' for killing or 'H' for humanity?*

*Sarah Smith  
10LF  
Highly Commended*

## *Tintagel*

*Across from Glebe cliff,  
With mist rolling in,  
The eyes of the Bailiff  
Watched the mining for tin.*

*Earl Richard built a castle here;  
High, solitary upon the rock.  
St. Juliot had a chapel here;  
Built by the monks of St. Petroc.*

*On the island cold men shiver;  
Praying for weather that will be good.  
On the headland there is a river,  
Above - where soldiers stood.*

*Beneath the isthmus is Merlin's cave,  
Near the place where knights jousted and shot;  
Where to King Arthur Merlin advice gave;  
By the shining towers of Camelot.*

*Before King Arthur's mighty town,  
Durocornovium stood - battered by wave after wave.  
Romans mining tin dug down and down  
Facing the Glebe cliff and an early Christian grave.*

*Gavin Saunders  
10WK  
Highly Commended*

## *Hoovering*

*With a gloomy expression on her face,  
She pushes backwards and forwards,  
In rhythm with her steps, to and fro.  
As she sweeps past, I lift my legs high,  
For her to vacuum underneath.  
She kicks the hoover forwards, and  
Pulls it towards her again,  
Flicking the cable away from her.  
She swings the hoover to her side,  
And repeats her standard hoovering steps.*

*Mark Drayton*

*10LL*

*Commended by W H Smith*



## *Natural Overture*

### *Mezzo forte*

*Grass ripples up a scale and down.  
Litter chasing each other like hares  
In a polka.  
Grasshoppers jump in chords.  
Wind whistles through hedges,  
A squeaky violin.  
Twigs beat against twigs in quavers.  
A kitten stirred to a frenzied tarantella.  
Crescendo!*

### *Diminuendo*

*Three shy mice, three blind mice,  
Creep under the ox-eyes swaying  
in semibreves.  
Crickets turn crotchets.  
A lark circles far above,  
A pure flute.  
Primroses treble against brass oaks.  
The heron tries a stealthy minuet.  
Pianissimo.*

*Andrea Thurgate*

*11DD*

## *Sea of Secrets*

*I walked down the beach at night  
And all that I could see  
Were beautiful secrets glistening  
Secrets that meant things to me.*

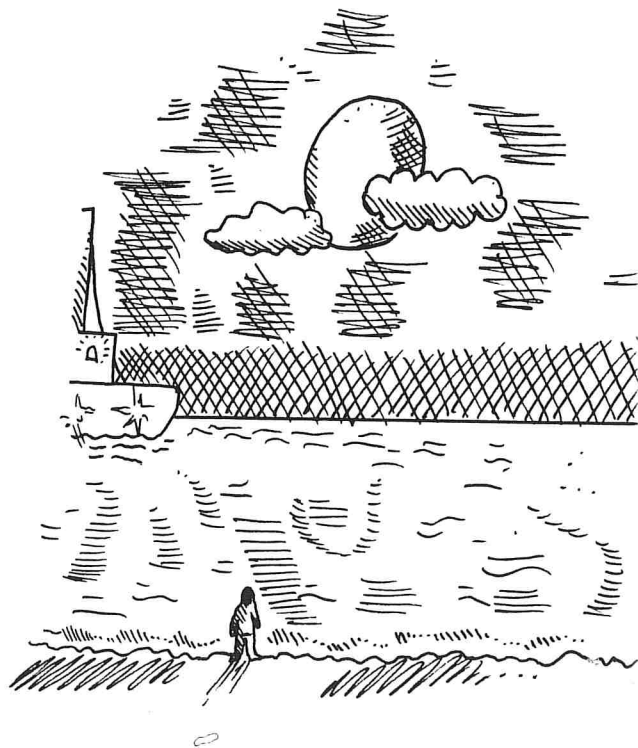
*The sun was fast asleep  
But the moon was full of life  
And the waves were gushing in  
On the beach that wintry night*

*The light from the passing boat  
Lit up the deep blue sea  
But the moon was fighting hard  
To try and impress me.*

*The sea knows all the secrets  
Maybe all the wishes too  
All the hopes and all the sins  
And all the jobs to do.*

*But it always keeps a secret  
It never repeats what it heard  
It answers all your problems  
Without saying a word*

*But when I think to myself  
Which one is simply the best  
Of all the things in the whole wide world  
The ocean beats the rest.*



*Larissa Birkett  
11KG*

## *Ice*

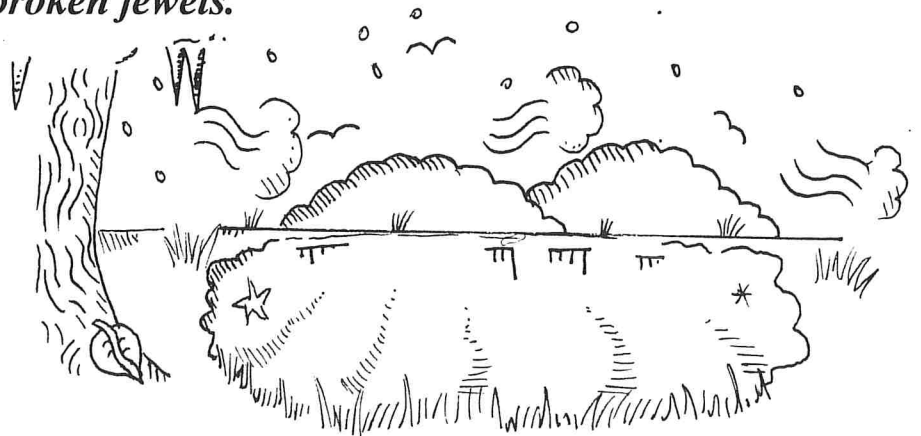
*The frozen ice stands solid,  
Not a crack, not a splinter,  
Sparkling like a sheet of diamonds.*

*Leaves fall, gliding along the surface,  
As gentle as a human skater.  
Birds peck, trying to recover lost food,  
Nothing can disfigure the frozen waters.*

*The air grows deathly cold,  
The ice freezes to golden white.  
Leaves which have once glided,  
Are now like small diamonds of white crisp ice.*

*The footstep breaks this beautiful ground,  
The heavy stamp crashed onto the ice.  
Small white ornaments are flattened,  
The ground is a shattered,  
Sharp, bed of broken jewels.*

*Lucy McHugh  
11KQ*



## *Coma*

*Days revolve around  
And Sleeping Beauty sleeps in a hospital bed,  
After an accident, unfathomable.  
That body, once full of life,  
That mind, once full of thought,  
Lies vacant - rendered useless,  
Not living but merely existing*

*Waiting for that winter to pass into spring,  
This is the winter of eternity.*

*Family and friends hold a vigil by her bedside,  
Holding onto hope and memories.  
Hope that one day she will awake from her slumber,  
Memories of the way things were.*

*Still she lies muted  
Her life fading away*

*Erica Brown  
11DY*



## *Solitude*

*My tears are falling down my face like rain.  
I am sad and lonely, all by myself.  
I'm asking myself, again and again,  
Why it's always me put up on a shelf.  
I don't like people, they never like me.  
I hate making friends, I want to be free.  
As I walk by myself along the lane,  
They say horrible things, causing me pain.  
I need someone special, a loving he,  
Who can open my heart, with caring key.  
I'd like to have friends, and laugh all the time,  
Happy with someone I could call mine.  
There's only one thing I want to be.  
Your face is the only thing I can see.*

*Nicola Shaw*

*11DD*

*Highly Commended*

## *The Whizzkid*

*As he sits there, staring at the screen,  
I often wonder what he's thinking  
A vast memory of knowledge  
Eyes fixed, never moving,  
Fingers move silently like a small stream,  
Flowing over bumpy pebbles.  
The screen flickers  
His eyes remain unblinking  
Absorbing information.*

*Nick Maltby*

*10KG*

*Commended by W H Smith*



