



Garvald Children's Poetry Competition 2016

Poems on the theme 'Messages'
to celebrate
National Poetry Day

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Introduction

This competition was organized by the Garvald village webmaster in support of National Poetry Day, 6th October 2016. This is the fifth year of the competition and there were eighty marvellous entries! The theme, as for National Poetry Day, was 'Messages'. Poems were sent as anonymous entries for judging. We were delighted to have poet **William Hershaw** as our expert judge this year. We thank William for taking the time to read all of the poems and our congratulations go to the winners. Their poems have been published online at www.garvald.org.uk on the 'Competitions!' pages.

Comments from the judge

First of all, thank you for asking me to read and judge your poems. I enjoyed them all and learned a lot from reading them. In all three categories I found it very hard to choose winners because it was obvious to me that a lot of thought and hard work had gone into writing them all. The theme of "messages" is such an interesting and important one in the world we live in today. If you didn't get your poem placed please keep writing. Well done the winners!

Some ideas for next time:

- Try and choose an unusual and thought provoking title so your poem grabs the reader's attention.*
- In poetry there are a whole load of word tricks which are fun to use as well as rhyme and rhythm: similes, personification, metaphors and the one that's hard to spell but perhaps most fun - onomatopoeia. Try and get them all in.*
- Remember that punctuation is just as important in poetry as any other kind of writing.*
- Think about writing in Scots.*
- When I've finished a poem I like to play a wee game. It's like Kerplunk with words. I try to take away as many words as possible without spoiling the meaning of the poem. It makes the words you do leave in stand out more.*

*Thanks again,
William Hershaw*

Winners

Category: 9 Years

Winner: **Grace Fletcher** (*A Message I Never Answered*)

Second: **Molly Mack** (*My Dog Passes Messages*)

Runner Up: **Calypso Robson** (*Don't Read This Message*)

William, our judge, said:

In the poem **A Message I Never Answered** nature is trying to tell us something. What can the message be? 'Help me!' I like the structure of using the four seasons in this poem. The last stanza shows how we can lose contact with nature if we don't acknowledge her cries for help.

The poem **My Dog Passes Messages** demonstrates how we can communicate with other creatures - or maybe how other animals can communicate with us. How rewarding this can be!

Don't Read This Message is a plea for privacy! I liked this poem because it explores how we like to keep secrets but also love to share them at the same time.

Category: 10 Years

Winner: **Rudie Shearer** (*Message in a Bottle*)

Second: **Campbell Mack** (*Hermes*)

Runner Up: **Arthur Meynell** (*This Living Death*)

Judge's comments:

Sometimes in poetry less can be more and it's what you leave out that can be important. The structure of **Message in a Bottle** is deceptively simple. Each first line uses repetition of the phrase "Message in a bottle". Each second line begins with a present participle verb describing movement: "lapping", "pulling", "crumbling". We never find out what the message is because it is "ink blurred by the tide". The ending of the poem is quite sad and leaves a sense of mystery yet the whole poem manages to say something profound about time and the finder's situation.

Hermes is one of a number of good poems that uses personification of the messenger god Hermes as a metaphor for our social media. I love the phrase "ripping through the sky". Great word choice.

This Living Death is a serious war poem written as a diary entry from the trenches. This poem makes us think and sympathise with any soldier losing his comrades in war and facing his own death. Powerful and direct.

Category: 11-12 Years

Winner: **William Gimlette** (*The Letter*)

Second: **Orlando Gray Muir** (*The Balloon*)

Runner Up: **Jinan Misbah** (*Messages to Myself*)

Our judge said:

The Letter is another poem with a sense of mystery: what does the letter that is on the table say? Is it a letter received or waiting to be sent? The poet finishes with two very effective similes. The word choice creates thoughtful, vivid images: “swirl”, “cursive” and “crisp”. A skilled poem. One definition of poetry is “using the minimum of words for the maximum of meaning”. The author knows this.

The Balloon is a great story poem. The ending is not obvious and manages to be sad yet hopeful at the same time. The lines “it popped and let all my emotions drop to be caught in the wind” are memorable and beautifully expressed.

Messages to Myself is a reminder of how busy our lives have become. “My wall will never clear”. I hope it does soon. The poem poses the question “does social media and technology always improve our lives?” In this poem at least it helps the poet to organise her/his hectic life.

Winning Poems: Age Group 9 Years

First Prize

A Message I Never Answered

At the beginning of spring one year,
I was sitting in a park,
I looked at the flowers,
I saw a pattern in the flowers, it said Help Me!

In the summer I was on the beach,
Written in the sand there was a message,
Always the same,
Help Me!

In the Autumn I was under a tree,
The leaves were falling and I tried to catch them,
It didn't work, I looked down,
The leaves were pushed into letters,
It said Help Me!

I was making a snowman in the winter,
With my hat and gloves on,
I dropped the carrot, I looked down,
There was a message, always the same, Help Me!

The following year,
There was no message,
I was never going to know,
No one would ever know what it meant,
It was a message I never answered.

Grace Fletcher, Age 9.

Second Prize

My Dog Passes Messages

My dog barks when he is scared,
And drools when his food is being prepared.

He whines when he needs a wee,
And tilts his head when he watches TV.

He runs from the dark,
But when he wants to play he gives a loud bark.

He crouches down low waiting for me to give the ball a huge throw,
He waits by the kitchen door in hope that food will fall on the floor.

The thing I love most and I hope you agree,
Is the message of love in the kisses he gives to me.

Molly Mack, Age 9.

Runner Up

Don't Read this Message

This message is private,
Don't read on, no stop now!
You might be thinking why, what, how?
If you must know, it is none of your business.

This message is private,
Stop, go away, leave me alone!
All of this message is my own,
Don't even try, you won't find out why,
I don't want you to see.

This message is private,
You're really getting on my nerves,
Leave me alone, don't you know what personal space is?
Oh I give up, I will cough up,
It is just from my granny saying hi.

Calypso Robson, Age 9.

Winning Poems: Age Group 10 Years

First Prize

Message in a Bottle

Message in a bottle
Lapping against the rocks

Message in a bottle
Being pulled away by the tide

Message in a bottle
Being found

Message in a bottle
Pulling out the cork

Message in a bottle
Crumbling in her hand

Message in a bottle
Ink blurred by the tide

Message in a bottle
Never coming home

Rudie Shearer, Age 10.

Second Prize

Hermes

Hermes was as fast as lightning ripping through the sky
No one ever believed that messages could fly
But fly they do through wind and hail
A letter, text or short e-mail

He carried it in hand
Over sea and over land
He always gets it there
So be aware

You may see him in the air
And get a little 'scare'
He always makes a prayer
And flies with flair

Campbell Mack, Age 10.

Runner Up

This Living Death

These gunshots are deafening.
This trench is deep and sorrowful,
My lifelong friends are now rotting in the mud.

Is this really how we end?
Is this a living death?

My weapon eagerly waiting by my side,
Wounded cries of pain haunt the air,
Writing to you in this crumpled diary, before I am gone too.

This entry is my last,
And before long I will be forgotten.

I will go and find a world of unknown,
Going up triumphant,
Away from this damaged world.

Arthur Meynell, Age 10.

Winning Poems: Age Group 11-12 Years

First Prize

Letter

There is a letter on the table,
The words swirl in neat cursive
A picture of Her Majesty lies on the front,
The words are held in a strong tight grip,
It is square, stiff and strong

While the envelope flies off,
Paper as gentle as cloth,
As crisp as a fallen leaf.

William Gimlette, Age 12.

Second Prize

The Balloon

It took about five minutes to inflate the balloon
When it was done I wrote a small message
Outlining my feelings
It read:
*This is a last response of a dying man
Who tries to make the world a better place
Though seems to fail at every turn*
I caught up the balloon and flung it out of the open window
As it soared into the clouds
I slumped onto my bed and despaired.
It rose slowly at first
But was caught by the wind
And soared over land and sea
Until after three days and three nights
It popped
And let all my emotions drop
To be caught by the wind
It fell to earth to earth and was held aloft by a tree
A lonely man found it and he too
Felt the feelings expressed by the letter and took them to heart and helped
others
Where I failed

Orlando Gray Muir, Age 11.

Runner Up

Messages to Myself

I see the emails popping up with my own name on them,
I see the post-it notes glued all over the walls.
I sit down for several minutes trying to work out what the hurried streaks
of blue mean, all my reminders.
All the duties I will eventually have to complete.
All the essays I have to write, all the messages I receive.
I know who they are from.
I know when they are due.
I know what to do first.
And when I finish them – I rip the note off the wall with satisfaction
But it doesn't last for long because I rip it off just to stick a new one in its
place.
My wall will never be clear.
But it is not a fear of mine.
It is not a bore, because these messages aren't orders from someone else.
They are all messages....
Messages from myself.

Jinan Misbah, Age 11.

Other Entries: Age Group 9 Years

A Message from Fairyland

I was walking along one day,
On the 21st of May,
When I found a worn-out letter,
Which could be much, much better.

I carried it to my house,
And checked Twinkle, my white mouse,
I carefully opened the letter,
Which by now was much, much wetter,
For I had fallen in a puddle,
But my mum gave me a big, big cuddle!

It was definitely meant for me,
With a lovely cup of tea!
The letter was from fairy Sky,
Who really hates to say goodbye!

As it was cold I fetched my mittens,
While I read what else was written.
I understood what to do,
I just couldn't believe it was true!
Down the village well I fled,
And landed on a comfy bed!

Then I heard a bell ring three times,
And fled into a row of mines,
I ran into a lovely room,
With a gigantic balloon moon!

In Fairyland I won some sweets,
They really are the perfect treats!
I have made lots of fairy friends,
I hope this party never ends.

Polly Watson, Age 9.

[A Message to Dog Owners](#)

Bag it and bin it, signs everywhere,
What do they mean, no one seems to care.
They walk their dogs and let them do,
Their disgusting, big, brown, stinky pooh.

Big or small, fluffy or hairy,
There's no such thing as the doggy doo fairy.
Please pick it up, it stinks the place out,
"Watch out for the pooh!" your mummy will shout.

So when you next walk your dog, please bring a bag,
And put it in a bin with a doggy pooh tag.
Our countryside should be clean, for you to have fun,
So make sure there's no doggy doo, that's right, *none*!

Lucy Townshend, Age 9.

[Do Read This](#)

Do have neat work,
Don't be mean,
Do work your hardest,
Don't argue with your siblings,
Do be kind,
Don't be negative,
Do have hope,
Don't answer back,
Do make friends,
Don't be bossy,
Do be grateful!

Annie Mitchell, Age 9.

A Message to My Best Friend

It's the big day of the one jump competition,
Moppet my pony by my side, we'll jump it I know, we'll clear it I know,
Together as a team I won't need to scream,
Just jump it, just jump it, oh please!

I know we can do it if you just believed,
And mum would be so relieved.
You know now how mum always says be a poppet Moppet,
You just must look after my buzzy Bea.
Just jump it, just jump it, oh please!

Our number is 204, an even Steven lucky digit.
Hooray, we have luck and more luck if you don't buck.
Just jump it, just jump it, oh please!

She's running and running,
Is she going to be cunning?
Then suddenly she has wings, we're flying,
Mum's saying, we're over.
She's jumped it, she's jumped it, hooray!

Beatrice Struthers, Age 9.

Written by the Sea

We were flying in an aeroplane on my way to Italy,
We had just taken off and we were soaring through the air.

We had passed many islands, all with pure white beaches,
But then we passed one island, a very odd one,
It still had pure white sand.

It seemed the sea was writing something.

IT SAID.....

Romilly Bucher, Age 9.

The Star in the Bottle

One day I found a bottle on the beach,
I opened it and felt the world's reach.
But in the bottle was a star,
How, oh how did it get there?

The star was bright, as bright as sun,
It gave me such a fright.
A message on the star appeared,
How, oh how did it get there?

I only read your luck is here,
Before the message disappeared,
No one knew the message I read,
How, oh how did it get there?

Lucy Campbell, Age 9.

Countryside Conversation

I was walking in the country one day,
I heard the bushes mumbling,
I heard the corn rustling,
I heard the trees whispering behind my back,
Yes it wasn't fake, it was a tree whispering behind my back.

I was so shocked,
But I carried on walking,
Then I heard the grass talking,
I was so startled and scared,
I started running and shouting,
Everything was whirling around my head,
I heard that whispering sound again,
And then it finally stopped, so I stopped as well.

Then the sun came out,
My face turned from frightened to happy,
I was still really scared,
I walked home through the woods and passed the river,
When I finally got home all the sounds had gone.

Emily Knight, Age 9.

The Letter

You sent me a letter!

When I got it,
It gave me a smile,
How your new puppy
Ran two miles!

When I read it,
It made me laugh,
How you tried to give
Your dog a bath!

You're puppy sounded so cute!

Even though he
Could hardly speak,
You must be giving him
Lots of treats!

It made me chuckle,
How you tried to make,
Your puppy shake,
Even though he stole your garden rake!

It made me giggle,
How you tickle,
Your puppy's tummy,
It's almost like you're his mummy!

But you need to give him a NAME!

Amaryllis Burnett, Age 9.

A Friend

I have a friend who likes to sit in front
Of his computer
Typing all day long it's as if it was his job
He doesn't do anything
Else I'm very surprised he doesn't get bored
I definitely would
His eyes are fixed to the computer but when
There's a power cut he goes distraught

Ronnie Brown, Age 9.

Early in the Morning

Early in the morning when
The birds
Start to call the buds
Start to
Open and the cockerel
Starts to call
The windows start to
Open
The humans are awake all
The creatures
Start to run for what
They have in stake

Olivia Urquhart-McKendry, Age 9.

In the Future

Dear Mum
I am In the future
I am 39
I am in America
With my best friend
And she is a pop star,
I love it here
But I want to
Come home.
See you soon.

Evie Harkness, Age 9.

Stuck on an Island

Dear mum, I am writing to you 'cause
I am stuck on an island
There are snakes and poison frogs
And they don't have any dogs
I have to eat bad things
And they look like strings
Oh please send me some food
Or I will be here for my child hood
Oh and I am not coming back home
'Cause there are no boats here so help!

Amelia Guzikowska, Age 9.

Other Entries: Age Group 10 Years

Lost

I'm lost,
Where am I?
Bang, fire crackers,
I walk on.

I hear a whirling sound,
I look left, candyfloss,
Bright pink candyfloss,
I walk on.

Then I hear a name,
On the loud speaker,
The voice describes my clothing,
I walk on.

I smell pizza,
Wood fire pizza,
Mum's favourite stall,
I walk on.

I see my brother,
I'm running faster and faster,
Flashes of bright colours,
Past the bouncy castle and face paints.

I stop,
The next thing I know I'm up close,
With my arms around him.
I was lost and found.

Where was I?

Flora Baxter, Age 10.

Save Our Soul

I found a message in a bottle,
It opened by itself,
Water poured out of it,
And on it, it said help!

There was a message written in the sand,
The waves washed over,
But you could faintly see,
It said help!

I had a lie down on the sand,
I looked up to the blue sky,
I saw another message,
It was asking for help.

I wonder who they were all from,
And if so, why choose me?

India Gordon, Age 10.

My Last Letter

My life is not worth living.
I spend my life rotting in decay.
Every day is worse than the last.
I cannot bare these nights alone.

Lord why did you create life that is what I ask?
Why were we born what is our point on earth?
Life has no point,
And neither does dying.

What did I ever do wrong Lord?
That is all I ask.
Death is coming to get me.
Dear world goodbye, I am gone.

Theo Tweedie, Age 10.

My Family is Always Texting

My family is always texting
They just can't stop
But when they get a text
It makes my brain go POP!

They're always on Instagram,
Facebook and Twitter too
They can't get away from WhatsApp
And don't forget Deliveroo

Sometimes I get fed up
And go to my room
But I get so bored up there
What shall I do?

Should I go outside to play?
Or should I ride my horse all day
What should I do?
I don't have a clue

Wait I think they have stopped
They are finally talking to me
Oh but wait a minute "Ping"
They are back on again

Flora Stodart, Age 10.

Messages

They go back and forth like a ping pong game
They refer and indicate everything that's been happening.
They travel and return as fast as sound
They can go anywhere even into space.
Round the world across the galaxy
Soon enough they'll all return.
Round and round they go
Till they have nowhere else to go.
They may be kind or mildly nasty
They could be jolly or very gloomy
They can travel by air, sea or ground
Written by ink or machine
They teleport from place to place
Seal it or ship it off
And I think it's really time
I shipped this one off as well
But before I go I want to tell
You'll always know they'll be
The Messages of always.

Jad Misbah, Age 10.

Decisions

My friend sent me an e-mail
I don't know what to do.
She asked me to the cinema
But I have work to do.

I have an English essay.
I have to get it done
If I don't get it in by Monday
I can't have any fun.

But it is a funny movie
That I really want to see.
I could just bring my essay
And hope that nobody sees.

But what if my friend does see
She will think that I don't care
About the movie we are watching
Or even that she is there.

I think I've made my decision.
I going to stay at home
Pretend that I am sick
And do it on my own.

But friends are more important
I just don't know what to do.
So I call her on her mobile
And ask her what to do.

She answered in a cheerful voice
"Of course I understand
We can go to movies any time
And I've got to go to band."

So we agreed on another time
One I think I can do.
Let's just hope I finish my essay
So I won't have work to do.

So I go and finish my essay
At least I think I'm done
I hope my teacher likes it
Or I won't have any fun.

Sophie Stansfeld, Age 10.

Messages

Messages are pieces of writing
That may be exciting
A message could be about gods
Or facts about fishing rods

It could be about a pistol
Or maybe about a new type of crystal
Maybe about a headline of a school
Or about a green swimming pool

It could be about a golf ball
Or about a bomb in a mall
It could be from England Cricket
Or even about an expensive bus ticket

It could be about something perfect
Or about an award winning architect
Hopefully it won't be bad
Or even something really mad

It could be about a massive brawl
Or maybe about football
They could be presages
But best of all they are all messages

Oliver Reynolds, Age 10.

Hermes the Messenger

There once was a messenger called Hermes
He was very quick on his feet
He flew through the air like a bullet
Looking for someone to beat

Then when he got back on Mount Olympus
Zeus challenged him to a race
All Hermes could say was
Ha ha you've got no pace

So he took Zeus to the Olympic track
Where they got ready for the gun
Take your marks get set GO!
And away they run

Hermes got off to a good start
Then he looked round and saw Zeus talking
On his lightning bolt 7s
He was not running he was walking
So Hermes slowed and waited a second
He didn't know what to do
He wasn't looking where he was going
And stepped in a doggy doo

So he sat down on the grass
And took off his shoe
He didn't want to continue the race
But unfortunately he had to

Then he realised that Zeus had overtaken him
He had to get up and win
He could not let old Zeus beat him
His body would just not let him

So he ran as fast as he could
But Zeus had finished the race
Hermes was so annoyed all Zeus could say was,
"Slow and steady wins the race"
He said it with a grin on his face.

Joe Townshend, Age 10.

Messages

All those messages clogging up my phone,
Every second my phone pings,
And guess what there's a message looming on my screen,
Worst of all I spend all night reading texts of every kind,
Like wakey, wakey rise and shine.
And when I leave my phone at home
I have to spend hours trying to catch up,
And then suddenly I had an idea,
I replied stop sending messages, send bottles instead,
I woke up next morning and I had a colossal parcel,
I opened it up and millions of bottles came tumbling down on me
As I clambered the top I realised something,
I was wrong messages are much better than bottle letters.

Thomas Dewar, Age 10.

My Stupid Texts

My friends always send me texts
I never know what to reply
I always end with something stupid
So now I've really got to try
So let me start
What shall I text
Oh come on
I've got to think of something next?
I put in some emojiis
Starting with the smile
But what shall I write
This is going to take a while

Alexandra Ramsay, Age 10.

Hermes the Messenger

When you send a text
What happens?
Does it fly through the air?
NO! Hermes is there

He carries the text
On his small golden back
When he arrives there
He has to go back

If was asked to send a message
And feeling fine today
That's when all the wifi's working
And everyone's like hip-hip hooray

There are roughly 4 billion Hermes
Roaming around the light
But there is no way you can see them
Because they are too bright

William Gale, Age 10.

My Message to the World

Have you ever wondered why we recycle?
It's because if we don't bad things will happen
If you don't recycle you put rubbish in the bin
But when it's all filled up, where do you put it then?
The rubbish man has to come and take away the din
But if he can't fit in his handy lorry
You don't put it anywhere and that's when it starts
You have more and more rubbish until you can't fit a lolly
And you get to much rubbish until your house is full
People start complaining and you do anything
There was so much do. It was a handful
People start to move away because of the smell
And the government hat to act
So they said if you don't tidy up well send you to hell
We will send you in a rocket
All the way to mars
With all your muck and et
And you will never come back down
And if you survive
We will kill you and bow
So that is why we recycle
To not go to mars
So in the future recycle
And you will live a happy life

Max Thomson, Age 10.

A Message to a Seal

My friend Otter the seal is one of my friends.
She lives on the island of Mull and I live on Skye.
My and Otter write to each other every week. Here is one of my letters.
Dear Otter,
I'm coming to Mull next week to see you so we can go swimming together
and catch fish.
Love from
Abbey
Here's one back to me
Dear Abbey,
I can't wait to see you I have prepared supper for when you come.
Love from Otter

Abbey Wood, Age 10.

My Poem

You can send messages:
On Instagram, postcard,
Post it notes
My mum texts other
People to make plans.
You can even use emojis
Like if you are angry you
Might put an angry one.

Florrie Bailey, Age 10.

My Poem

My brother likes messaging
In the bath
In the garden
In the pool
In the shed
Even use emojis
When we are out for tea
I don't know who he is texting or even if he is texting
All I know is
HE HAS A LOT OF FUN!

Sylvie Arkieson, Age 10.

My Poem

Messages, Instagram, Snapchat,
Facetime
All these things are good for all.
To keep in touch and contact the mall.
Good for a chat
And
Good for pictures
And telegraphs.
You can also send comments and
Have some fun.
Now go send, send messages and a have a laugh.

Jonty Fraser, Age 10.

The Letter

At school my brother was writing the letter,
At night he was writing the letter,
And he was still writing the letter a few days later,
The next day I was writing a letter.
Day and night,
At home at school,
In free time in the lesson.
And I sent it.
Next it was my mum
At work, at home
And after that it was my dad.

Jacques-Olivier de la Rouchefoucauld, Age 10.

My Poem

Instagram is fun to have taking photos and videos
And texting, you can also make comment and plans with your friends,
You can laugh at the pictures and double tap to like
You can ask to follow someone and if they say yes then
You can look at their photos, so if
You want you can get Instagram and
You can do anything
I said in my plan

Freddie Stuart, Age 10.

My Daddy was Messaging

My daddy was messaging in the kitchen when I fed my dog
My daddy was messaging in the stables when I fed my horse
My daddy was messaging in the garden when I fed my cat
My daddy was messaging in the field when I fed my lamb
My daddy was messaging outside when I fed my mouse
My daddy was messaging everywhere

Clemmie Morrison, Age 10.

The Note

There was a note flying flapping
In the wind, it had crossed seas,
Fields, cities, towns, but yet no
One knottiest it in till then
A little girl chased and chased it
Day and night in till she got it. She
Read it but it had nothing except a picture of
A man on an inland and if you look
Up at the sky you might just see it flying high.

Tom Leckie, Age 10.

Minecraft Chat

In my room there is an Xbox and when I get home
I talk to my friends in Minecraft
Every day I go on it to talk to my friends
But my mum says "if you keep going on it you
Will be banned from it." But I did not listen to her.
So in the middle of the night I went on the Xbox and talked to my friends
"What do we do? "
We did not know what do
And my mum was being
Sarcastic she did not
Mean it so
From that day on I was allowed to go on my Xbox.

Hugo Maciver, Age 10.

Save Me!!

Dear whoever receives this letter
I'm stranded on an island
The tide is coming in
The choppy waves smashing
Against the rocks
I came to explore but it's a DISASTER!
The aggressive dark black sky
Grumbling overhead I'm
Very frightened
Whoever you are
Please save me!

Abbie Sneddon, Age 10.

Dear Future Me

Dear future me
I hope I am wealthy married very successful
Live my life the way I won't actress red carpet
My life won't stop my friends are all ways
Hear and never far a way
Nobody tell me what to do
(I am doing this poem cause I want to)

Jessie Doherty, Age 10.

Freakmessage

Messages, messages they're a waste of time
They're rubbish they're appalling (I'd rather suck a lime)

So save yourself because they are really dumb
They will drive you crazy, they will spoil your fun

So don't take a chance, just go smash your phone
And if you're worrying, chill you're not alone

Indie Phoenix-Hill, Age 10

HOLLYWOOD

Hi, hello what's your name?
Yo my name is Lilly pilly pod the frog, what's yours?
My name is Stacey slivery snake
What are you doing at the sunshine Hollywood beach?
Let's go for a swim in the sparkling sea
The only reason I called myself a frog is cause I'm wearing
A frog swimming costume
Same but I'm wearing a snake costume
Sorry I moustache for lunch

Jasmine Quinn, Age 10.

I Hate Messages

All the time they are really dumb and stupid.
They are really annoying
Ting, ting, ting,
They are loud and can be short
I only like them when I don't get them,
I get frustrated
They waste my time.

Kal Burnett, Age 10.

Reflection

I once walked along
The sea shore
The water sparkled
At me then
I said "hello"
Then the water glittered
At me then
I said "hello" a little
Louder then I
Leaned over and I saw
My reflection
It said to me
"hello"
I screeched aaaaaa!
And hid ever since.

Scarlett Totney, Age 10.

Stuck on the Wild Side

Dear founder,
I am stranded on a tiny island I am shaking so much I think I missed a heartbeat. These vines are waving in my face almost like there teasing me of the fan blowing in my face when I'm boiling at home. But right now I have goose bumps from how scared I am. This is not our garden that I pretend is my personal jungle. This is a proper jungle and before you say it's scarier than you think I can't write I'm frightened more than a mouse getting chased by a stray cat, speaking of them I feel like a tiger will come up and eat me alive. I don't know how I can face to survive in this wild overgrown jungle. I hear strange insects making my ear ache horribly and I feel homesick. I feel like I've been punched in the stomach by a demon. So lonely most of this time here, I would beg for you to send help please, S.O.S.

Heather Wheelan, Age 10.

Tear Drop Letter

Hello you don't really know me but I know you
Somehow we are family I must explain I am your
Grandmother's sister I know you're close but she sadly
passed away last week I would have written to you
before but I was not ready I'm not ready to meet you
but one day I will I feel so cold and depressed she
haunts my house and finishes my knitting but thanks to
I've got a new woolly blanket to keep me warm during
her shivering hauntings she loved you dearly and she
still does the funeral was yesterday I'm sorry

Sincerely

Betty

Hopefully see you soon

Isla Irvine, Age 10.

Australia

Sorry mum I haven't been able to speak to you
I've been wrestling a wallaby!
And playing the diggeridoo!
The kangaroos are hopping like popping candy popping!
Kookaburras are singing on the gum tree
(At least they can sing, unlike me!)
I visited Sydney and met my friend Mindy
She had been to Rome and...
Oh yeah I'm not coming home!

Tom Kelman, Age 10.

A Message to the World

Positives and negatives,
Wrongdoings and right,
Be careful where you go from here,
There will be dark days and light,
World, you are a powerful being, make sure you put up a fight,
Because if you let the lawbreakers win,
There won't be any light.

Fergus Curran, Age 10.

An Unexpected Letter

Flunk goes the letterbox.
In comes a letter,
Rip goes the envelope,
Reading the letter.
Warm glow inside me,
Smiling from ear to ear!
Writing a letter back.
Dear Grandma dear...

Daisy Ingram, Age 10.

Email

Emailing a friend,
Hoping for a reply,
Why won't it send.
My battery's about to die.
Come on come on,
Press press press,
My batteries gone,
Why why why.

Jessica Cole, Age 10.

Other Entries: Age Group 11-12 Years

My Sister Keeps on Texting

My sister keeps on texting
I think she's going to EXPLODE!
With all that technology in her brain
I think she's already lost her lode.

She's always on Instagram
YouTube and Snapchat too,
She's only 18 years old
And I think she's texting you.

If you're one of her friends
Please don't be offended
I think our parents are angry with her
I think your friendships ended.

This may be the last time
She ever texts, in truth
But I think she's already busy
Working out how to use Bluetooth!

Honor Stevens, Age 11.

Messages

The night	I was sending	Like my phone in the night
was black	in that night	the moon was bright
and bright	a message	this is my poem
as a message	in quiet	about the night

Jose Mercader Age 11.

Messages

When I was on the hospital
My mum sent me a message
When I was playing hockey
My sister sent me a message
When I was on the school
My teacher sent me a message
When I was in my house
I decided to read all those messages.

Pilar Mercader, Age 11.

Some Message

I message now, I message then,
Message when?
What do I say?
Who should I write it to?
My brother?
My sister?
My mum?

Will I message day, night, all the time!

Lilly Wallace, Age 11.

My Brother was Snapchatting...!

My brother was snapchatting in his bedroom!
My brother was snapchatting in the loo!
My brother was snapchatting on the sofa!
My brother was snapchatting on his pc!

Zac Green, Age 11.

The Message I Will Never Forget

My phone beeped
My heart stopped
It said secrets cannot be kept
My arm dropped
Tears ran down my face
I told my mom
With a steady pace
My body went frozen numb
Who sent it?

I'd received one before
But I wasn't as bad for sure
I blocked that sight
And didn't sleep that night

Hopefully it wouldn't come back
My mum said, "Grab your anorak."
We went for a long walk
With very little talk
My mind was a mess
But I was now scared less
I hope this won't happen again
This message I will never forget.

Lulu Scovell, Age 11.

The Letter

I once received a letter
It lay upon the table
Its stamp the colour of blood
Its envelope the colour of grey.

I peeled it open
Not knowing what to expect.
My heart juddered
Then stopped.
I read the words
Verse after verse

Without thinking I slammed it down,
Because all it contained,
Are words that cause me pain.

It told me what had happened.
The thing I was dreading the most.
That the flames had risen higher,
Higher than my house.

Ella Thompson, Age 11.

The Lie

My phone buzzed
The screen shot on
It linked me to a message
Title: Urgent!
I read the text eagerly then gasped in shock
"Go to Mr Knight," from Lulu.

"Mr Townshend can I be excused?"
Silently nodded and let me leave
Trembling all over
A voice inside me, "Run!" was quickly dismissed.
Strode to his door and knocked

"Hello, be quick."
I asked why he wanted me
His eyes went blank, his fists clenched
He shouted and told me to go.
I nodded and ran to lessons
Tears flooding my face.

At break I confronted Lulu
She looked at me like I was speaking a new language
I explained till my eyes were dry yet she still looked blank
Said she'd lost her phone that day.
A ring from Ella's bag

There lay Lulu's missing phone
Thoughts were whirling in my mind:
Frightened, upset, worried, alone.

India Baillie, Age 11.

Message from Mars

It was a crisp September morning
With the dew-lined grass in all its glory
On it lay the strange object
That I now know to be
The message from Mars

I remember that morning all those years ago
That got me to where I am today
That made me the man I now know
I did what many before me had dreamed
Discovered the creatures that revolutionised our planet

As the human came forward
I awaited my fate
Would I die or live?
Be famous or forgotten?
All I knew was that I was
The Message from Mars

Jamie Thomson, Age 12.

Waiting

It was a Baltic morning outside.
I was waiting for a text message
My dog, Rosie.
She was a big gentle dog who loved the fire
The text was about Rosie having puppies

He was sat on the sofa twitching
With his phone in his hand to hear the news
Fraser heard the wind battering over the top of the roof when
SUDDENLY!
The phone started vibrating and a text sprung up
"2 girls and a boy"

I started jumping for joy and doing a dance
The vet arrived with Rosie and the pups
Thank you to the vet and sat down on the sofa
One by one Rosie and then the pups came galloping into the room and
flopped next the fire
At that moment I knew everything was fine

Jonty Mitchell, Age 11.

Joy and Despair

Running around on battlefield.
Bullets and shells explode from their barrels.
Knowing that death is at hand.
Hearing screams of pain and emotion.
Fearing that I would be next to slide the bolt and pull the trigger.
So bearing it, only the hope of survival to support and warm us.
With the fire going out, the sun packing in I see a lantern.
Hopefully the light of victory is on our side,
With a horse, galloping through the squelchy fields and misty night air,
its hooves dancing to the beat of my heart.
In the mist the rider steps off, with dark eyes that reminded me of my
fellow fighters sorrow and deaths.
A letter he handed me, which I took before he rode off, his horse swaying
side by side towards the moonlight in the East.
With quivering hands I broke the wax that held the secrets of the paper
from the outside world. It read:
“My heart shall only ever be for the beholder of this letter, the man
with blonde hair and blue eyes, the love of my life.”
It wasn’t much, but from the heart it is limitless. I write back:
“If I should die think only this of me, that there is a young maiden living in
the deep depths of my heart, and shall not ever be let out, even
after the death, joy and despair of World War II.”

Alexander Stuart, Age 11.

The Lost Horse

I was in around the stables,
When I heard a loud neigh.
I couldn't find the silly horse,
She'd gone off by the gorse.

I asked around but no one knew,
She was hiding in the shadows.
I had to send a message,
To ask where she could be.

But still just hope and no answers,
But you've always got to try.
One more day till its back up North,
Where hope and dreams can't last.
I've been told at least one hundred times,
But I can't and won't give up.
Again not here, again not there.
My mum has called me back,
Now to accept he's gone.

Henry Thomas, Age 11.

A Message to My Friend

I went on vacation sent you a message and you did not reply.
I tried to call you and you never picked up.
I heard you were hanging out with someone else, was it me?
I was coming back, you sent me a message, saying I will meet you
So we can be pals again.

Amy Harkness, Age 11.

A Rap about Letters

I write you a letter you don't send back why is that?
Maybe you don't have time for that
I send you a letter about my great holiday but you don't send back
Why is that?
Maybe you don't have time for that I send you a letter several times?
At least send me a letter
I will go into to space just to see your face you big disgrace
At least send me a letter
I'm not waiting all day just to see your letter
You better make it quick before I throw you in the pit

Oliver Guatelli, Age 11.

A Rap about Messages

I wanna send a message but I got no Wi-Fi,
I wanna send a message but I don't know why?
I finally get onto my DM's,
My fingers are typing, everyone's writing,
I don't what to type today, so I just walk away,
So the very next day I sit and sit and think and think of what to send back.
So I SMACK!
My phone in anger.
Ping, Ping, Ping my phone goes every single second of my life,
Ping and Ding is all I'm hearing
So all I send is....
"SHUT UP"!!!

Alistair Clyne, Age 11.

How Does It All Work

I sometimes think and wonder
How a letter goes
From my pen and paper
To the next person you know

But how does the post do it
Why not a change
Why not email
But how does an email work

Travelling through space and time
Oh it won't be fine
Why don't I change to Skype
Better learn how to type

Oh how does it all work

Email, Facebook, Instagram, Skype
All these things you need to type
Letters, postcards
Things you write
You don't need to type

Oh how does it all work

Anna Meikle, Age 11.

Messaging My Friend

Beep goes my phone
A message from my friend
I type my reply and I'm about to click send
I have no Wi-Fi what am I going to do?
If I don't reply what would I do?
I need to think fast
Or my phone won't last
All of a sudden three bars pop up
Now I can say, "What's up?"

Callum McBain, Age 11.

Not Right Now, Mum

Buzz buzz who can it be?
It must be someone in my family
I am in school right now is not the time
I am studying for my exams I am filling in a sheet about how I will succeed
BUZZ BUZZ
Who is it now?
I have to pick up
Let me have a look
It is my mum I can't reply
She will talk for ever and ever to the day I die

Carys McKnight, Age 11.

Earth and Space

I am a Dad and I live in space,
I also have a Daughter and she's called Grace,
I'm not coming down in a pace.
My Daughter misses me ever so much,
So she hops in a car and releases the clutch,
Writes me a message in the sand saying
"Dad I love down on the land".

Rorie Watt, Age 11.

Message in a Bottle

A message in a bottle,
Washed up on the sand.
I wonder who wrote it,
It's gone from land to land.
I pick it up and the cork pops off.
The letter says,
Meet me in the loft.
Is it for me?
I look at the date,
1943!
Maybe I will write a letter,
And send it off to sea!

Ellen Hunter, Age 11.

Text

Letters emotion emojis & more
My world is full of texting galore
Beep, Beep Buzz, Buzz
Another text
Only the a hundredths of the month
Type, type, type
Emoji here & there
Send
Beep, Beep, Beep all through the night
I wake up so tired
Can't get out of bed
And now I am late for school again

Isla Kilkenny, Age 11.

The Typewriter

Tap tap tap cling the sound of a type writer in sing
Type type the message is about a bike
I write about it all the way it is so
Good I could drop a mike
Type type, type I finish the message
It's about
Bikes, mikes and pipes

Jemma Swan, Age 11.

A Message to a Friend

Texting, texting, texting

Every day, all-day

XXX always at the end

Texting, texting, texting

Interested only in getting a reply

Nothing, nothing, nothing, come on reply

Going now bye-bye.

Louisa Stoddart, Age 11.

The Argument

Letters racing through my mind

What will she say if I

Send this text?

I'm just trying to apologise

Oh!

She is calling me

What is she going to say?

Hello

Why is she not speaking?

Oakleigh Robertson, Age 11.

2% Charge

Tap Tap Tap!! Send.
Beep goes my phone.
2% charge left.
I run downstairs and grab my charger.
By the time I got there my phone shut down.
Oh no what do I do.
I charge it for a while.
And it goes back up to 2%.
Now I can message my friend again.

Matthew Neilson, Age 11.

SMS! (Save My Soul!)

Help! I'm lost,
I was gonna buy a GPS,
But OH MY GOSH! The cost!
I've been driving for a while,
I'm seeing deer named Kyle,
How far away from, is probably the length of the River Nile.
I may be in Alaska,
Or maybe Madagascar,
Tell me, where am I?
Did I drive up to the sky?
I am driving round in circles,
And all I see is turtles,
I am zooming to the sun,
Oh dear I am NOT having fun,
Thank Lord I am saved,
My car has been enslaved,
I see the Gifford sign,
Now everything is fine!
OH NO!
Now my petrol tank is low...

Taylor Donaldson, Age 11.

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All winning poems are published on www.garvald.org.uk, the website for the village of Garvald, East Lothian.

Other websites of interest for young poets, parents and teachers:

- www.youngpoetsnetwork.org.uk
- www.poetrysociety.org.uk/content/competitions/fyp
- www.guardian.co.uk/childrens-books-site
- www.poetrysociety.org.uk/content/education
- www.nationalpoetryday.co.uk/index.php
- www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/

Scottish
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