



Dreams ... Beaches ... Dead Eagles ... Surviving ...

Short stories and poems

Written by children at Brudenell Primary School

Brudenell Primary School

I see the rough wavey sea in front of me

I can feel the humid breeze across my face.

The beach is yellow and sandy and the sand is smooth and wet from the ocean.

My family are in the ocean but I am not with them because I am exhausted.

My parents took me to the beach for a holiday. It was a long journey from Leeds so I got too tired to play.

I lay down on the smooth sand, with the sun shining in my eyes. The bright blue sky and the white clouds. I close my eyes and fall asleep.

Adil Ibrar

Lost

My dream is to become a person who makes everywhere and everything fair and safe. The wounds on my face represent what has happened in the past, when I hurt myself badly and they will stay for the rest of my life.

I am in Scarborough. I see the ocean, the golden sand, sandcastles and a few rock pools which are absolutely lovely. There are a lot of shops like a fish and chip shop, there's an ice-cream van too.

I lost my family I last saw them where I am now. Where the blazing sun is beaming in my face. We were all on the sand playing, laughing, having fun. We came to Scarborough to have a good holiday and look what happens. I get lost. I wish someone would find me! I am screaming and shouting their names but nobody is responding. I want to see my family again, oh where have they gone? People are looking, staring at me. What is going happen to me? I am going to look around the beach. Maybe they are looking for me too.

I shall run and hide at the train station. I hope nobody notices me. Maybe my family is there, oh please family find me. I love you all.

Adila Arif

The Beach

I can see the river flowing. The blue skies are in the horizon. I can feel the sand on my feet. I can smell the sandy water like as if it's next to me. I can sense the birds ascending high in the sky. My family are in delight. I can taste the sandy air. I am feeling nice and relaxed. The sand on the beach is nice and cool. There are the cirrus clouds high in the sky making different types of shapes.

My family are with me enjoying the bright sunshine on their faces. Under the palm trees next to a cove, we are having a nice barbeque. Enjoying the bright sunshine. W was shocked at the weatherman because there were no tides coming. My family and I were playing a game of beach ball.

Suddenly a boat has just come to get me and take me away. Now I wish I never came because now I'm getting angry. I hate people that are mean. The wounds on my body hurt but I will never give in to the enemy. The scars on my face represent my injuries but I hate the people that are determined to hurt other people. I dream that they had never done these marks to me. What have I ever done to you?

Love

I dreamed that dangerous bombs will immediately stop for a long period, for a long calm time, and you know you are protected from vicious and scary times.

The scars on my beautiful face hurt but some are sore but as I am a model the scars on my wonderful face have ruined my career.

My family are secure and have a lot to eat and drink but I've got some important news for my family because I only had one hand, but I found someone who can help me to survive. 'Oh wow I've got a real new hand. Whizzo, caloo callay I say!'

My life is back but I have just bumped into my family. I was crying with happiness and they said 'Are they your children?' I replied 'Yes and two girls on the way.'

As time moves on my family are on their way back to Leeds. They're on the plane, they don't realise that they are about to die during a super-tornado. I phoned up the airport saying 'Have any of your flights gone?' 'No.' Phew thanks. I drove to the airport and picked up my family. They stayed with me for life. I gave birth to my healthy daughters born on December 15th.

Alisha King

Trapped

The scars on my face are a symbol of my hard work. I have suffered for years. I can not take it anymore. I WILL not take it anymore I have exerted myself for a long time. I wish to be like all the 'normal' people, the ones with fancy cars and big houses.

I am in New York, I can see big skyscrapers. I have just arrived here and I don't know anything. I need to find help my leg is bleeding. I have been shot. I don't know what is happening.

My family are in England, working. The labour there is very hard due to the fact that it is an island. I can't afford a phone to call my mum or dad. I think I'm going to faint.

60 minutes later

What. Where am I? I think I am in the hospital. How did I get here? I have an oxygen mask around my face. Doctors are surrounding me. They are rushing around.

Finally they have left.

My objective – to escape.

Aman Joshua

My dream was to be on top of this sea and relax and play with fake toys. The scars on my face represent the bad things that have happened in my life like a fight in football and people who get you angry. I like to be on the sea because I will be calm and clean so then I don't need to have a bath. The kind of fake toys I would like to play with is boats, human beings.

Aryaan Chngal

Dream

My dream would be to get all of the scars off my face and look like I am not poor. I want to get all of the scars off my face because they hurt my face and people keep on asking me questions. My family have left me in Africa and they have gone to America. They have left me In Africa because my grandma has a backache. My family are at home and I am in my friend's house playing. My house is a flat and it has a big garden. I am in Africa and I can see the children writing and I can see the classroom. The children are all the same age and the class is small and warm. They are writing with fountain pens.

My family were coming back from America to pick me p in Africa. They said to me come on hurry up or we will miss the flight. I said to my mum can I hold the rucksack. She said here you go. Finally we arrived to America . It felt like home and the scars on my face I don't notice them any more.

Asad Mehmood

Surprise

Everyone was running to the truck after they heard the screeching of the wheels. They were handed bags of exotic smells of the food. All of the kids were bursting with laughter, the water bottles swished whilst they took it home.

My two brothers and sisters are walking by the river. My mum is going to get us a school. Dad is getting us food. He had to get lots of bags because we are the biggest family in the village. I'm with my little brother Bob and little sister Beatrice.

There are weird people walking our way dressed in black. I'm terrified because they are holding something so shocking it can't be described. I need to run. I don't know why I'm not moving. They're getting closer. It's like I'm stuck to the ground with superglue.

I think about the scars on my face and wonder how it happened. My dad says I was hurt in my past. My mum says I fell whilst I was playing. I wish I could remember.

Asiman

Remember me on Earth for the duty I did

Since I was small I dreamed to be a strong person, but whenever I said so people said it was a stupid dream, but I just want to be a good person and be remembered for doing my duty on earth.

School has just ended and I am sitting on the edge of Norway and am staring at the Atlantic Ocean, when the people who were spitting on my dreams just pushed me in the ocean.

I woke up in a hospital, very dead I think. I am in a coma. I don't know what language it was but I am too busy dying. What will my mum say, what will she do? Where is my sister?

'Morning Ravi Rivwani how are you feeling?' said the nurse. 'What, that's my name?' I don't care what they call me the food is fabo. AM IN ENGLAND YES YES AM LIVING MY DREAM! I will make my country proud, I will study hard and become the politician of Norway. The posh woman has just let me out. Where do I go? What part of England am I in?

Years later I found an adopted family and I have grown to be a strong person. I have a lot of confidence in myself. I joined a band and we are famous. I am planning to go to Norway this year.

We have just ended the concert and I am on my way home.

CRASH BANG!! dead on the street. I miss my mum, sister Kim, family. I may be dead but I will always, always love my family. I hope the world would live by my quote – 'Love each other. Hating somebody is like having poison in.' Goodbye world. I hope you remember me for the good I have done.

Cristabel

Survival

I have lived in London for seven years. Just to make you sure I am in London the capital city near Big Ben and London Bridge. When I open my window I smell the refreshing breeze on my face. I can feel the taste of the river Thames swirling in my mouth.

My parents are in New York on the other side of the world because my dad has got an excellent job and my lovely mum has gone with him. I stayed in London because all my soul and memories are here, the memories that when I came in my first house, when I grew up here my first primary school and all my family stay here in the house that I am living in.

Just before I had a bath I was in the garden planting seeds for summer. I saw some boys going past my house. They were looking at me weirdly. I felt scared and worried. I left everything there, went in the house and locked the door. They broke my door open and put me in a bag and took me away. I was terrified.

Meanwhile my parents are still in New York. The kidnappers phoned them. My dad picked up the phone. They said we've got your daughter. We want a ransom - £10 000 but no police.

Halima

A mysterious thing has just happened to me:

A dead bald eagle splashed into the river in front of me. I was shocked when it happened.

I am standing by the river in New York City.

Above me I can see birds and candy floss clouds in the sapphire blue sky.

I turned to my sister and told her about the eagle.

Hamza Shakoor

A Dream come true

My mum and dad are searching for water because we have no food to eat. My sister is at mosque and my brother is crying. My parents can't afford for all of us to go to mosque. I can taste the dry dusty air and I can smell the smoke from the bombs that have dropped. I am in Africa.

The scars on my face mean I am poor and I have no food to eat. This has been happening all my life. I have to drink dirty water.

Bam! A bomb has just dropped heavily next to me. My face has more scars and my flesh has been burnt off. One of my legs has been blown off and I feel like I've been hunted by a wild wolf.

My dream is to have my leg repaired, have food and get a job when I'm older. And for everything to be peace.

I am sixteen and a letter has been delivered to me. 'You have been chosen to come to London and get your leg repaired'. My dream has come true.

Two years have passed. I'm earning money and have enough food. Most important – I have had my leg repaired. I have sent money and food to my family.

Hamza

The gashes on my face mean I will perish sadly but my soul will be happy. They happened because I was trying to view the whole island, I ascended to a lofty place with rocks. Dreadfully I slipped and I bumped my head. Luckily I survived.

I am on an island. It is sizzling. I noticed trees, sun, coconuts, fish, sea, sand, plants, waves and rocks. I am swimming in the tranquil sea.

My family are with me enjoying themselves and my brother is yodelling and making echo sounds for example 'Squak!' But in a while we are drinking from coconuts then some monkeys were throwing coconuts and were saying 'Ooh ooh ah ah!' and a parrot was saying to me 'squack stupid brain!'

A volcano on the island was erupting. We built a raft but all of us couldn't get on. I said 'I will stay all of you go.' They pushed the raft into the ocean and went on the raft finally the volcano blew up the whole island including me. My family didn't know the way home. A miracle happened and my soul came to them and showed them the way home. They will always remember me.

Ibraheem Mohammed

My dream is to become a really affluent person so that I could help the poor people. I would also like to be rich so that I can help people if they are in trouble or if they run out of money or maybe if they go bankrupt. If I ever do get really wealthy then I would be very grateful.

I am now in New York where I can see the Statue of Liberty. I am also really delighted since my family are secure and happy in Paris. Cabs are zooming to pick up passengers. Newspapers are gliding on people's heads.

My family are safe and protected and content. They have just rented a flat where they can see the Eiffel Tower. They just rang me. I have just arrived from New York, it's quite chilly here in London.

The scars on my face represent victory of WW1 but now I am so extremely glad that the war has finally ended.

Kasim Mahmood

My New Best Friend From Transylvania

All I can see through darkness is people carrying fiery torches. Some are weeping, some are shrieking. They are shoving and pushing each other. I always thought that Transylvania would be a contented place but now I am here, this is one of the most mournful places I have ever been to.

Right now, I am alone, living in an orphanage. I have been here since that horrible day when my family died in the terrible car-crash. These two weeks have been ever so horrible. I get tormented every day. It's this bunch of girls who are always wearing pink and always get followed. They call me nanes and threaten me and usually do things, you'll never imagine. There's this girl Tiffany who thinks I am a freak and odd. That's one of the reasons she bullies me. Everyone follows her like as if she's the chicken and the rest of them are the chicks.

The scars on my face are at last getting away. To be honest, I am a survivor. I survived the car crash in which my whole family died. We were driving off to the mall and CRASH! After that I woke up in the hospital with no clue about what happened.

Maham Javed

Still surviving

I want to make my family proud and happy by playing football and being brave through this dangerous life. Finally! I receive a phone call from my family! I can't wait to talk to them! Hello dad! Where's mum? Dad, what's the matter?

My phone slipped from my hand, the floor got closer, my eyes closed.

I wake up and find I am in hospital.

I tell the nurse. My brother, little sister and mother got shot in front of my dad because he wouldn't tell them where I was. I felt shocked and stupid. I never should have gone. They are looking for me. They know I am in Hollywood. I need to keep moving.

I am extremely scared. My hands keep shivering. I hope my dad is safe. He is the only one I have left. If they kill me let that be. My soul will stay happy and free.

10 years later

I am now 21. Finally these maniacs have given up. I am just married and I have two sons, one has just been born.

BOOM SPLASH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I can taste blood at the back of my throat. I thought the war had ended. I was wrong. I cannot protect my family any more. God be with them. This is my story, my dangerous ending.

Maryam

The Dream

All I dreamed for was to have my real family back. I lost them because of a stupid car crash. Sadly I survived. At least if I died I won't be unhappy like I am this moment. Also if I died I'll be happy because we all died together and nobody will be crying. The car crash happened because we went camping on the mountain and, on the way back my dad went too fast so he couldn't control the car. Then we crashed.

Now I'm with a new family. They are one boy, one girl which are teenagers, two twins, and parents obviously. We headed to the forest.

Amazing colourful birds flying and chirping around the forest. There is such beautiful things in the forest. Nobody could resist the pretty butterflies everywhere and the sun shining above me.

Me and Liv went to play. Suddenly I fell into this deep hole. Liv helped me out by using a rope because her hand was short.

When I fell into the hole I scraped my face so now I have scars on my face.

On the way home was a creepy way despite it was still morning. Liv was screaming all the way then dad looked at her which means he wasn't concentrating on the road. Then a tree was in front of us so we crashed! Happily I died. Now I can see my family in heaven!

Mayar Algah....

My dream was to be on top of this sea and relax and play with fake toys. The scars on my face represent the bad things that have happened in my life like a fight in football and people who get you angry. I like to be on the sea because I will be calm and clean so then I don't need to have a bath. The kind of fake toys I would like to play with is boats, human beings.

Aryaan Chngal

Dreaming I live by the sea

I can see the sun shining and the sea moving.

I can see people playing in the park and boats gently moving on the colourful water. I watch the houses being built and I dream of owning one.

I am in Sudan on the shore of the Red Sea. My mum and dad are in South Africa for the holidays. I am with my brother.

A bomb just exploded one metre away from my brother's face and it damaged his arm and leg.

Scars on my face are from when I lost my brother and I haven't anyone to talk with!

I dream of living near the sea and having lots of friends and being safe.

Suddenly my mum and dad came back and found out that my brother died. My mum and dad got really angry and started crying.

Oumar Ceesay Drammeh

Story 1

When she first came to England 37 years ago, she was pregnant with her first child. Her and her husband bought their house for about £2000 and had to borrow money off relatives to buy the property. In order to return the money, they rented the 2 upper floors out to people. They were drunks and didn't care about the houses owners. So out of fear in 1984 when her 6th child was born, they all stayed in one room because they needed the lodgers.

As they were the 1st generation to come to England from Pakistan, there were no shops, no mosques to pray in. They had to travel miles away in order to find foods and a decent place to pray. There weren't any microwaves or sources of heating so they used coal; to heat up.

They were on a £5-£10 income every week and they only got that much because her husband worked at a factory and later he used to work in a take away in order to earn more money. So they bought second hand furniture, a black/white TV for £5-£7 and if they needed anything else they would have save every penny to buy it. They had to wash clothes by hand and due to the lodgers made their own bath downstairs.

They would find it hard to go out and about because of the lack of English that they had and not that many places that they could go to due to their race. When they did manage to find somewhere to go dogs were set on them so that the dog owners would see them cry. They were often told to 'go home' and were called other offensive things. They cried as if someone had died but it was out of fear.

Something that she can still remember is that when she went to the doctors by herself, on the way back she got hit by stones and bricks. She was so scared that they might hit her in the eyes or somewhere else.

Brudenell Primary School