

Wednesday 29th March 2023

10~ To write a diary entry from the point of view of a Windrush child.

Dear Diary,

*= with my mum and my big sister, Bianca
My name is Lavender Awpop and I am eight years old. I live in a small flat in London, but it's nothing compared to my old home in Jamaica - the hottest, sunniest paradise in the world. London is the opposite - dull, dark, depressing and freezing! London also has countless squished-up buildings - there's barely any space to walk! My new school has not been particularly welcoming either.

I was at school at 9:00am, which meant I was right on time on my first day, and everyone was staring at me. I was asking myself: 'Why do these stares feel so judgemental? Like everyone is judging me.' I ~~going~~ ^{thought} this thought. I sat down at a free desk, and the teacher started speaking. She then stopped and looked at me. She came up to me and said 'Can you understand me, Lavender?' She said very slowly, as if she was in slow motion. With this, I was highly insulted. It's as if she thought I was stupid!

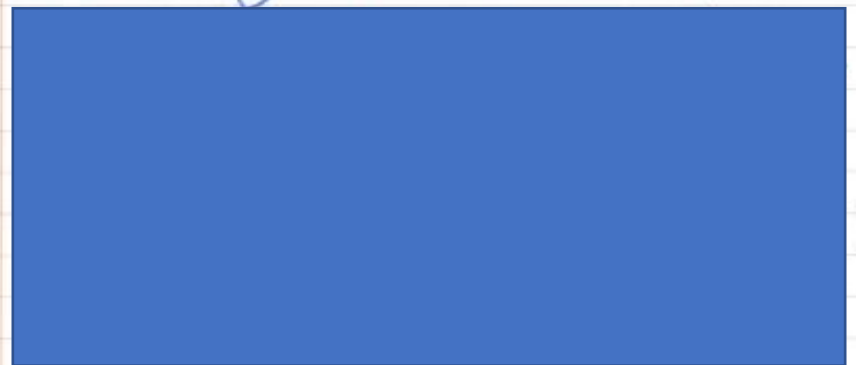
It was playtime. I stood out in the playground, alone, isolated, ~~solitary~~. The only person I ever knew in this school was Bianca, but her year group played at a different time. As I was gazing out into the grey skies of Britain, some boys, who looked about 10, blocked my view (well, it wasn't really a view). I was ~~reminded~~, just standing there. They obviously knew my name and said this to me: 'Lavender Awpop? More like Lavender Awpop! Why are you not in the forest, where you belong!' ||
^

I just stood there again, my mind racing, fear flowing through my veins. I didn't say anything, and I don't know if it was out of fear or I just didn't want to make things worse, one of the two. I think I did make it worse when I pushed them - well, attempted to - and sprinted as

fast as I could to the bathroom. The safest place in any building (well, at least I think so). I cried my heart out while those bullies were still probably sniggering, waiting to pounce on me.

For the rest of the school day, I felt tears ^{burning} at the back of my eyes. As soon as I got home, I ~~didn't~~ spend time with my family, I ~~didn't~~ get changed, I ~~didn't~~ eat. I just scurried to my room and slouched on my bed. In fact, I am still slouching on my bed as I am writing this - I've been slouching for three hours. I ~~still~~ haven't talked to anyone about this - I don't want to talk to anyone about this. When anyone comes into my room, I just pretend I'm asleep. I am sinking into my bed and starting to feel tired, like my heart. Bye. I will talk with you again soon.

Lavender ~ Lavender Awpop ~



Wednesday 14th June 2023
LO~ To write a story.

The grumpy grey Lily

The grumpy grey sky darkened as the rain fell all over London with a PITTER PATTER! PITTER PATTER! The streets below the dismal clouds were alone. Abandoned. Desolate. Deserted.

Lily - a six-year-old girl - was splashing in every puddle she saw with her little, pink wellies. Her long, wavy, ginger hair started flapping wildly in her face, trying to fight the strong wind. She quickly reattached her hair by putting some of her hair strands behind her ears. She then pulled on her pastel pink dress, complete with white, cartoony flowers. As she put her arms up to stretch them, her flared sleeves went up her arm, then back to their original position. Her light blue jeans had holes as they got wet from the rain. Lily had a frowning grin on her face, revealing two gaps in her rows of pearl-white teeth - she had lost two teeth a few weeks ago. Her chocolate-brown eyes were shimmering.

As she walked by, she did not notice the posters on the wall. MISSING. LOST. HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD? Lily came to a stop abruptly. An abandoned piece of chalk lay on the floor. A wall filled to the brim with names stood in front of her. There were dozens of names, maybe hundreds.

Without stopping to think of the consequences, Lily picked up the chalk and dipped it in the puddles nearby. (Her sister, Petunia, who was two years older than her, once said to her that chalk works better when wet). She wrote her name -

✧ Lily ✧

Lily's face lit up as she stared at her masterpiece.

Hearing a sudden noise from somewhere, Lily quickly turned around. There, in the window stood a doll. It was rather peculiar - it was the only shop open. Staring wide-eyed, Lily could not believe what she saw. The same long, wavy, ginger hair. The same pastel pink dress with cartoony flowers. The same light blue jeans. The same little pink wellies. The same little, round, pale face. The same chocolate-brown eyes. The same smile with two gaps.

Overwhelmed by her own curiosity, Lily needed to investigate this mysterious doll, which appeared to be staring into her soul, further. "What is this being here? Who made this? Why has it got my face?" Lily thought to herself. She saw a blue flash of lightning in the reflection of the shop window. She turned around to look at the lightning. She turned once more to where the doll was - or used to be.

"Where did it go? It was here a second ago!" Lily muttered to herself. She really did let her curiosity win this battle. She pushed the handle, but the door wouldn't budge. SPLASH! She kicked to a puddle with her wellies and stomped away, furious.

CREAK! DING! Joy. Glee. Delight. Lily excitedly sprinted into the shop, making a wet trail of footprints. Lily's chocolate-brown eyes sparkled in amazement. She was surrounded by dolls. There were dozens of dolls, maybe hundreds. "Oh my gosh!" Lily gasped. This is amazing.

On a shelf near to the door, there stood a girl doll with short, golden-blonde hair; she had a blue, woollen hat with a bobble on top; she had olivegreen eyes; she had camel-brown gloves; and she had a berry-red scarf. On another shelf, there sat a doll with her big grin making her look almost too happy to be there. She had brick-red hair; she had sky-blue eyes; she had a beautiful dress; and she had some warm-looking gloves and matching boots. All around her, Lily saw hundreds of dolls from different time periods and different places. Lily's miniature twin was now on a table in front of her.

"Maybe I'm hallucinating," Lily thought as she rubbed her eyes and blinked.
"No-one's here - or is there?" Quickly ignoring this thought concern, she was about to stretch her arm out to get the doll when she stubbed her toe on something. She pinched in pain. It was a doll on a bicycle. He seemed to be the only ^{boy} individual in the shop. He was pale; he had straight, black hair; he had a black suit; and he had black trousers. Lily had seen that he had fallen over and he was placed upright by her. Quick as a ballet, he cycled to the door. SPLAT! He accepted the fact that he was trapped and it seemed his therapy was pushing against the door. BASH! BASH! BASH! "How are you moving?" Lily asked, puzzled.

She went back to her quest but, yet again, the doll disappeared; it was on a high shelf. As the little boy bashed against the door, Lily clambered up to the doll. She was determined to get that doll. She wouldn't let it escape again. "Yes! I've almost got it," Lily thought as she stretched her arm out to capture her prey. As she got nearer and nearer, the bashing of the boy doll intensified. She touched the doll's nose. BASH! BASH! BASH!

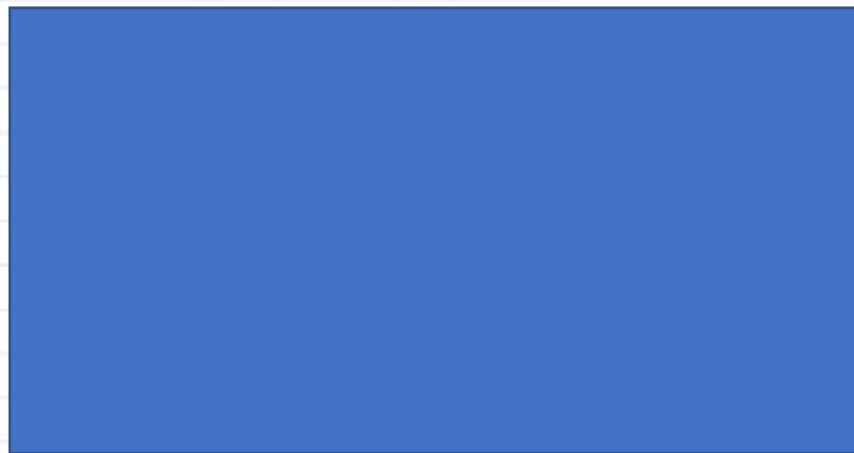
Darkness. The plays. Blood. Swirling. Flashing. Shack. Dolls. Heavy breathing.
"Where am I? Who am I?" thought Lily. She was no longer the positive little girl walking on the streets; she was now just another girl doll trapped in a shop for eternity.

In the window, a new doll appeared. Her short, black hair was in a bun; her dark purple hoodie's hood was up; she had black leggings; and she had black trainers. The grumpy grey sky darkened as the rain fell all over London with a PITTER PITTER! PITTER PITTER! The streets below the dismal clouds were alone. Abandoned. Desolate. Deserted.

Luna (a twelve-year-old girl) was toddling along the wet streets, her head up and her hands in her hoodie pockets. Failing to notice the missing posters on the wall, Luna kept toddling until she came to an abrupt stop. A discarded piece of white chalk lay on the floor. There was a wall which must have

had hundreds of names on it. Without stopping to think of the experts that would occur after, Luna picked up the chalk (which was still wet) and wrote her name.

Luna ☹️



Monday 20th March 2023

To: To write a persuasive letter.

[Redacted]
Cherry Orchard Primary School
Cherry Orchard Road
Handsworth Wood
Birmingham
B20 2LB

Monday 20th March 2023

Dear Miss Taylor,

I am writing to you to make sure that you are aware of an issue: plastic recycling bins. As you are a highly influential individual, and you care for the environment, I believe that you are the perfect person to discuss this problem with.

Did you know that in the space of 73 years, 8 billion tons of plastic have been produced by humans? This will not decompose easily - it will take up to 500 years to break down. It is estimated that each year, more than 1 million marine animals die due to plastic pollution.

Plastic is useful for humans to use with its strength and durability, but it is harmful to wildlife as they could choke on it, eat it or get trapped in it. Is this fair? I do not think so. I think that the wildlife deserves better. Thankfully, there is a solution: plastic recycling bins.

As a responsible, young guardian of the environment, I want to be part of the solution to the problem. I am requesting provision of plastic recycling bins to our school. Cherry Orchard Primary School currently has recycling bins for paper, but it does not have recycling

bins for plastic. If children have plastic that they need to dispose of, they have no choice but to throw it in normal bins. Imagine if all of the plastic in those bins. Now imagine if all of that plastic was recycled. We could prevent species being harmed; we could make the waters of our area look more pleasant. In conclusion: with your help, we can improve our planet.

I appreciate you taking the time to read my letter. Please consider my proposal and provide this school with plastic recycling bins. I hope that we can discuss this further. If you would like to contact us, you can email my teacher, Miss Parkin at r.parkin@cherryorchard.hamp.sch.uk. Alternatively, you can come and visit our classroom, G. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours Sincerely,

[Redacted]