

# The BEST BOOK *EVER!*



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A selection of poems from pupils of all ages  
from Year 1 to Year 9  
written during workshops run by writers  
from The Windows Project  
as part of *In Other Words* festival  
to celebrate the reopening of  
Liverpool Central Library in May 2013.

*Pupils were invited to celebrate  
their favourite books,  
their favourite characters,  
their love of libraries and reading.  
In these pages you may find  
the writers of the future...*

## THE GRUFFALO

The Gruffalo's food shopping,  
He's looking for some meat.  
He's really, really starving  
And he wants something to eat  
So he goes to St. John's Market,  
But he's scared there by a mouse  
So he runs and runs and runs and runs  
Then hides back at his house

*BROADGREEN PRIMARY SCHOOL*

*YEARS 1 & 2*

## **THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN**

The Headless Horseman

Races,

    Gallops,

        Cheats,

And wins the races at Aintree.

Everyone's scared when they see him.

*BROADGREEN PRIMARY SCHOOL*

*YEARS 1 & 2*

## **THE TIGER WHO CAME TO TEA**

The Tiger who came to tea  
visits Joe's Nan's house in Broadgreen  
and eats everything in the fridge,  
but Joe's Nan doesn't mind,  
cos she's kind.

*BROADGREEN PRIMARY SCHOOL*

*YEARS 1 & 2*

## **CINDERELLA**

Cinderella goes shopping  
in Liverpool 1.  
She wants to look nice for the ball,  
but she ends up playing footie  
in Sefton Park  
and she ruins her dress in the fall  
when she slide tackles.

*BROADGREEN PRIMARY SCHOOL*  
*YEARS 1 & 2*

## **IN MY AMAZING BOOK**

I my amazing book it totals up the words  
in the pages, pages, pages!!!

All the paragraphs times  
into products of 50 and 50.

In my amazing book  
the words and punctuation are subtracts  
and the numbers and symbols are added.

And that is my book!!!

*ADTI JHA and NIMISHA BOMPALLY*

*St. Vincent de Paul Primary School*

## **IN MY AMAZING BOOK**

Knights slay fire-breathing dragons,  
Trolls eat scared sheep,  
Ogres hunt their prey,  
evil elves tease giants  
and a King is held hostage by  
a vicious ogre who threatens to kill him.  
But a proud knight stabs the ogre through its heart,  
rescues the king  
and gets a shiny medal.  
In my amazing book  
I am the knight –  
Dylan the Great!

*DYLAN HAMILTON*

*St. Vincent de Paul Primary School*



## THE BOY OF VERTICAL LINES

The boy of vertical lines approaches,  
with eyes that hypnotise,  
lost in the map of the fence that divides  
one from another, sister from brother.  
Alone in the camp  
the bones that would walk away with their lines...  
of the dreams that dance  
buried deep within  
the heads of the men made of vertical lines.  
The camp, the sea, awash with demolished dreams.  
A boy stands watching, eyes meet eyes,  
a resolute excitement as they walk in to die.  
The colour fades as on the ground they lie  
in a camp made of vertical lines...

*MAYA McDOWELL-UPPAL*

*Belvedere Academy*

## LAURA'S STAR

A beautiful bay window stands open  
hidden by thick curtains  
until a small girl lifts them, and what she sees  
is the sight usually reserved for her dreams.

Millions of stars cling to the sky.  
Nobody wonders, nobody asks 'why?'  
It is a beauty too strong to question.  
To Laura, the little girl knelt by her window,  
one star shines brighter than the rest.  
With her eyes tightly shut, hands clasped to her chest,  
"How I wish I could have my own star!" she says.

Next night, the routine repeats.  
Laura peels herself out of tightly tucked sheets.  
Tiptoeing away from the comfort of her bed,  
upon lifting the curtain, her eyes fill with dread.  
Her star's gone.  
Vanished.  
Nowhere to be found.  
Frantic eyes catch on something twinkling  
on the ground.

Five year old Laura discovers her courage.  
A fluffy pink dressing gown and matching slippers  
are all that this girl needs.

Racing down the stairs, careful not to disturb  
cosy parents snuggled in front of the TV.  
Three latches later, the door unlocks.  
Laura can no longer hold her shock.  
There on the ground, broken it seems  
is her very own star –  
the star of her dreams.

Cradling it gently, she looks to the sky.  
She will never let go.  
Never let go,

*ELLIE HERR*  
*Belvedere Academy*

## DEAR DIARY

Dear Diary –

Forced to endure back-breaking labour,  
disease and death every single day,  
with the scent of burning human flesh,  
with the echo of non-stop questions.

Why?

Why has this happened?

What have we done?

Why?

Why are you letting them do this to us?

Why?

Why have you abandoned us?

Dear Diary –

She never saw her mother again.

Her sister fallen from her bed,

Never to get up again, never to say 'I'm okay.'

Alone in a place of suffering,

took her final breath,

died with no gravestone,

with just a couple of months

before the end of the war,

before freedom.

Gone through hunger, death and despair

for nothing.

She would never step beyond the barbed wire fence

holding hands with her mother and sister.

Dear Diary –

Her father stepped out of the train,  
looked all over the crowd of escaped prisoners,  
but no sign of his family –  
and he knew in his heart,  
even though he refused to believe it,  
he would never see them again.

Tell them her story.

Shout it out among the stars

so all may hear

the sad story of a little girl,

only a little older than you and I,

so this will not happen again.

Ask yourself, people of the world,

do you want a child,

a child so full of hope,

to suffer in the future

because of persecution?

*YUSRA FARAH*

*Belvedere Academy*

## **LOST IN SPACE**

I am lost in space, how can this possibly be?  
I will tell you a story and you will see.  
We built a rocket and flew up to space,  
then we landed in an imaginary place.  
I stepped out to see what was there.  
Surprisingly I saw a green object floating in the air.  
I moved a little closer  
because I didn't have a clue,  
but accidentally I stepped in alien goo.  
As I started to walk,  
I heard an alien talk.  
I replied and said, "Hey" –  
however it ran away.  
I followed it curiously:  
what was in store for me?  
Right in front of my eyes  
stood a big surprise.  
A Martian village in front of me –  
how could this possibly be?

*GWLADYS STREET PRIMARY*

## **THE BIG MARS BAR BREAK**

Wake up,

Warm up,

Sit up,

Stand up.

Space suit zipped up.

On our way to training.

we have spent months

excitedly preparing.

After training

to go to Mars

we take a break

to eat

Mars bars and Cadbury Stars!

*GWLADYS STREET PRIMARY*

## **HARRY POTTER**

Dull grey clouds closing in on the forceful wind  
coming from the power of the dragon's wings,  
blowing air away from his face to catch his speed.

The rattling broom from my gripping glove  
holding on as tight as I could.

The eerie silence broken by the dragon's roar  
coming from above the ice cold air;  
the dragon's breath steaming inches behind me.

Fresh air floating into the warmth of my mouth.  
Outside, the frozen air.

*DANIEL BROWN*

*Childwall Valley Primary School*

## **THE SUITCASE KID**

The beautiful mulberry cottage  
and mulberries caught my glittering crystal eye.

Loud birds singing noisily  
and children playing happily.

The wooden cottage gave me horrible splinters  
and the soft grass was slowly swaying through my shoes.

Juicy mulberries dripping in my mouth,  
squishy and sweet.

*CHLOE COLLINS*

*Childwall Valley Primary School*



## **THE BEST BOOK EVER**

The best book ever  
runs through its pages,  
jumps off dots and flips through letters.

The best book ever  
juggles its words and spins its sentences,  
leaps over 'T's' and crawls through 'O's'.

The best book ever  
hangs off 'P's' and ducks under 'H's',  
climbs off 'M's' and handstands on 'F's'.

The best book ever  
throws its full stops to the end of its sentence,  
then swings off capital letters.

The best book ever  
dances till the end of its sentences  
then cartwheels till the end of its pages.

*SOPHIE MOSSMAN*

*Longmoor Primary School*

## **SHUTTER ISLAND**

Builds the tension throughout the sentences,

But,

Doesn't mention too much.

As our heart is beating,

The story is heating up...

Boom!

It explodes like a bomb.

The plot is gone,

The tension goes

As the story cycle starts once more.

*MICHAEL KAVANAH*

*Longmoor Community Primary School*

## **THE HUNGER GAMES**

Hungry for death,  
It kills its prey  
Like a hungry tiger killing baby animals.  
But every hunter needs to be hunted  
And become the prey.  
The heart of the new prey has stopped...  
As tears flow to equal the last breath...

*JOSEPH MULHOLLAND*

*Longmoor Community Primary*

## **THE BEST BOOK EVER**

The best book ever is full of numbers  
Hopping across the page onto the other.  
The best book ever is full of remainders  
Stopping numbers from being whole.  
The best book ever is full of multiples  
Getting bigger, bigger and bigger.  
It makes it fun to do calculations  
In your head or in your book.  
It makes it fun to sing along  
With the times table songs.  
Jotting helps to solve the investigation  
And its fun as well.

*BAILEY GILLIES*

*Longmoor Community Primary School*

## **CARRIE**

I traipsed down the road  
As my bother, Nick, followed behind me.  
My mother held onto me tightly  
As we came through the gates, gates, gates...

My heart was pounding like an air raid siren.  
'Am I ever going to see you again?'  
'Are you going to be okay?'  
I mumbled to my mother  
As my brother Nick followed behind me...

Mothers like mine had tears in their eyes  
As we left, left, left...

We walked into a hall and sat with our siblings.  
I wanted to go with my friend  
But we were on different trains.

I was thinking...  
Are we going to have a nice family?  
Are we going to be chosen?  
I suddenly froze!

When we arrived on the train,  
Nick went with his friend Wayne.  
I was left by myself  
With a girl who had a big mouth.  
I really wanted to move, move, move...

When we departed to Wales,  
Me and Nick went into a room  
And ate scones and cakes  
And drank a cup of piping hot tea.  
After that we both fell asleep...

We both now suddenly wake  
With a big mean man in our face...

*RACHEL BANKS and RHIANNON DAVIES-McCABE*  
*Longmoor Community Primary School*

## **A LIBRARY IS...**

Bumpy rough covers on colossal books.

Sweet rusty, dusty books.

The bitter taste of dust

when the wind whips it up in your mouth.

Brilliant, knowledgeable books ready to be read.

People whispering

and flickering pages in the wind.

*LUKE and JACK*

*Holy Cross Catholic Primary*

# **The BEST BOOK EVER!**

*Workshops led by*

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**Curtis Watt**

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**Belvedere Academy**

**Broadgreen Primary School**

**Childwall Valley Primary School**

**Gwladys Street Primary School**

**Holy Cross Catholic Primary School**

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