

A Verulam School Publication

Top Button

April 2020 Issue 22



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Contributors

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Editorial

Normally everything written in Top Button would be written by students, but under our current rather extraordinary circumstances it falls to me to introduce this edition. The Spring term is an absolute delight for the English Faculty at Verulam as we have great pleasure in exploring poetry through creative writing with Year 7, protest poetry with Year 8 and begin our GCSE poetry anthology with Year 9.

Never has this been more justifiable and validated than in the year 2020; as a testament to the power of poetry 'spoken word' performances are gaining wider and wider audiences across the globe and in response to the Covid-19 lockdown Sir Patrick Stewart one of the best Shakespearean actors of our time, (and yes, Captain Picard too) has been reading one of Shakespeare's sonnet every day and by doing so has amassed an enormous additional following. I believe poetry speaks to us in a unique and moving way unlike any other art form.

The work produced by our boys is varied, thought-provoking and shows just how hard they have worked to express their ideas through the medium of poetry. Some of the poems are accompanied with a short explanation of their intentions as writers which illustrates just how much intelligent consideration and effort has gone into this work. I hope you will enjoy reading their poems and will perhaps be inspired to express your ideas through poetry. The boys should be rightly proud of what they have achieved.

Mrs Avery
Director of English

Aidan Chester 11 Hamilton



As Reptile Wrecker entered the Souk his senses
became vivid.

He smelt the richness from the spices, the soft leather and
sweet fruits.

He felt the heat from the sun shining down from above.

He heard the haggling between the stall holders
and shoppers.

Within minutes, he heard a commotion in the distance.

He ran through the maze of alleyways and out into a
large courtyard,

Where people gathered, shouting and pointing towards the
infamous Bone Breaker.

This slithering snake looked menacing and evil.

One after the other, Bone Breaker's teeth grabbed its prey.

As he wrapped his muscular body around his victims,
he squeezed tight until the animals suffocated to death.

Bone Breaker then swallowed them whole, in one gulp.

Reptile Wrecker grabbed his lasso and launched it towards
Bone Breaker.

With perfect accuracy, it looped over its neck and
tightened to restrain him.

Eyes bulging, mouth opening, saliva dripping: Bone
Breaker looked defeated.

Reptile Wrecker grabbed his gun and shot
Bone Breaker dead.

The crowd's cheer echoed around the Souk.

Everyone felt happy and relieved, once again.

Reptile Wrecker looked content and walked away.

He is forever known as the 'Saviour of the Souk'.

Saviour of the Souk
by Joshua Banfield 7 Jennings

Herald welcomes all,
Today's contest for Athens:
Two gates flung apart.

The Wisdom Giver,
Versus the Ocean Ruler,
Trident Thrower flings.

Salt water appears,
No use for many people,
Tactic Thinker's turn.

Her arms elongate,
Becoming an olive tree,
Winner Athena.

Contest for Athens
by Gaurav Shiva 7 Jennings

KENNINGS:

ATHENA:

WISDOM GIVER

TACTIC THINKER

ATHEN'S WINNER

POSEIDON:

OCEAN RULER

TRIDENT THROWER

HORSE INVENTOR

Imagination can see further than the human eye,
And knowledge can take us from A-B,
But the imagination can take us from A-Z.

This screen: free entertainment system, is a
time eater,

Though something of use it can become,
A gift of freedom it is none other,

Imagination encircles the world,
Knowledge is only for those who are fortunate.
Imagination is the language of the soul,
Listen to its words and unearth all you need
to fulfil.

In another dimension we live another life,
In our inner world, that is our home,
Our territory is our fantasy.

Ever dreamt of flying? Soaring high?
Though they did not let you and sad indeed
you became,
Well think twice and let your imagination fly.

This dream catcher isn't a part of us, it is us.
In reality there is pain,
But in the imagination there is suffering,
For we can never win the war of reality,
Only imagination is its enemy.

Cars, fridges, games and more,
Wouldn't it just be a bore?
If imagination hadn't taken action,
There would be but one attraction.

So, let me ask a quick question:
Is knowledge what you seek
Or imagination at its peak?
For imagination is paramount,
Of that I am sure without a doubt.

Inquisitive I have become,
Yet the imagination works as hard as a machine,
It gives you the will-power to live and makes
you feel ecstatic.

Cheerful this makes you,
As well as other beings,
Imagination makes the daisies dance as you
walk by.

Imagination is as light as air,
You can take it anywhere,
You needn't forget it at your home,
Or even on your telephone.

Think, imagine and believe in anything,
I can believe getting grade 9,
Oh wouldn't that be divine!

The imagination
by Victor Artemi 7 Churchill

About my poem:

As you can clearly see this is a poem on the imagination. The point I am trying to get across mainly is that the imagination is paramount to our survival and is a key that can unlock other worlds unknown. Here are a few other things I have included in my poem:

In stanza three I have said "imagination is the language of the soul", this means that the imagination has its voice and it can be heard if you listen closely. What I have written is clearly a metaphor because it doesn't really have a voice but it feels like it does. In this stanza I really wanted to focus on the imagination's meaning and what it can do.

In stanza nine I have used a simile, wanting to express how the imagination is a hard-working part of your brain.

I portray all this by saying: "the imagination works as hard as a machine." I think that "as hard as a machine" shows how it is doing its duty, (Faire Mon Devoir). Also in the following stanza, I have used personification in saying 'make the daisies dance'. This gives you the idea that the imagination makes everything around it happy as well as you. Through this you can see how the imagination truly is amazing.

Finally, I have used a kenning and a metaphor by saying, "this dream catcher isn't a part of us, it is us!" Dream catcher is a kenning and isn't a part of us, 'it is us' is a metaphor since it doesn't completely make us, it is just a way of expressing how much we need it in our life. I think that we need it in our life. I think that I have demonstrated to you what the imagination means to me. I hope I have opened your imagination and your inner eye.

World Issues

WWI

WWII

Remembrance

We will remember them,
All those who fell in wars,
All those who died defending,
For them our hearts are open doors.
The infantry, who faced the rifles spitting bullets,
Who were not scared to die – they were so fearless!
So let's make sure that they don't go,
Our minds will host them, and we will make them deathless.
In savage battles every soldier counted,
Be it artillery, or infantry, or cavalry,
Who speedily their chestnut horses mounted,
And went to fight, to kill the enemy!
We will remember them,
All those who fell in wars,
All those who died defending,
For them our hearts are open doors!

***WWI and WWII Remembrance
by Nikolai Cherniaev 7 Park***

**As the morning sun rises
And the poppies grow
We all sit down together
And listen to the wind blow
As we remember the souls
Of those who fought
And all those protectors
Who were brave and thought
Of peace and balance
And would fight till dawn**

***Remembrance
by Kieran Sisk 7 Hamilton***

The earth, once lush, with plant and tree,
Animals, unharmed, unfarmed, all free,
Primeval forest, as old as time,
And redwoods, the original skyscrapers, in an endless climb,
To reach the top, there, the air, as clean as ever,
No smoke in sight, the sun, a shining beam of light,

But then humans came, and humans evolved,
And with engineering problems were solved,
The Industrial Revolution, brought with it pollution,
And whilst car engines are churning, forests are burning,

So, this is the question, this is the challenge:
Can we as humans, repair the damage?

Our planet

by Max Milton 7 Churchill

About my poem:

With my poem the first step was to decide what topic I would write about. I wanted something that is very current but also something that needs to be addressed and treated more urgently. That's how I came up with 'Our planet'.

Throughout the poem I wanted to use rhyme. This was to emphasise certain words, giving them prominence. It also brings musicality to the poem and makes it easier to follow. I had no specific rhyming pattern, mainly because I find they often seem a bit forced but also so the audience doesn't know what's coming next.

Near the beginning of the poem I was using quite a few similes and metaphors. For example, whilst describing primeval forests I wrote: 'as old as time'. Of course, they're not actually as old as time, but the exaggeration highlights the statement and the audience can use their imagination to decide just how old the trees really are. I used the same technique whilst portraying redwoods when I said, 'in an endless climb'. I also described redwoods as, 'the original skyscrapers'. We all know that in their location skyscrapers usually dominate the sky. The reason I referred to redwoods as being skyscrapers is because they used to dominate the sky.

I thought carefully about my structure. I had a clear beginning where it's the perfect world with no problems. I had this to show what we should be aiming for and to paint a vivid image. This was then followed by a problem, a reality of what it is now. I then finished on a question, a challenge to give the audience something to think about. I did this because I wanted everyone to remember the poem and remember the problem.

**Alone, homeless, dirty
My house, my family, my friends left behind
War, violence, hate
stop this.
A tattered teddy bear, ripped in the street,
No one cares about.
People ask who you are,
A refugee!
Don't call me a refugee, I'm free.
Alone, homeless, dirty
A useless toy, thrown away,
no one loves it.
Under bad bombs bursting everywhere.
People stare on me, who you are,
A refugee!
Don't call me a refugee.
I'm a bird in the sky,
Who wants to fly far away.
I still have a dream,
Children all over the world,
Live in peace and freedom,
No more bombs, no more suffer.
No more refugees.**

*A refugee
by Ahmed Hadj 7 Churchill*

There are bad people in this wicked wild world
Who we always have to fight
They think themselves super bold
They take other people's rights.
There was a fairness-promotor who said he had a dream
That all races were like in harmony
He gathered other people to make himself a team
Martin has fairness in him which is also a part of me.
Racism is a raging storm
It's like a bad disease
Racist people - their hearts are torn
They just don't believe.

Racism
by Syed Usman Qutbi 7 Jennings

**You brought me sunshine
when all I saw was rain
you gave me your heart
when all I felt was pain.
My life felt hopeless
but now it feels bright
we are making a future
that will be full of delight.**

New beginnings
by Thomas Wilson 7 Hamilton

The world started full with greens;
Apes evolved into humans and were first unseen;
When humans evolved;
All the problems were solved;
Then came the Industrial Revolution;
Which was followed by lots of pollution;
With machines turning;
Chimneys burning;
The reason all the natural disasters;
Is because our pollution is actually plastic masters;
Now you're probably wondering how?
Well, there's a lot of ways now;
But we must take course now;
Because our earth could die in a pow;
The pollution is as bad as the end;
It might as well be the end;
Because plastic is the destroyer of the world;
God has not been served what he deserves;
I mean the plastic bags;
Just make the world mad;
Black smoke is just world-stopper
The ice is melting all into a plopper
So, take course now;
Or the world will disallow

The world's problems
by Thomas Hope 7 Brampton

About my poem:

In my poem, I tried to make everyone aware of how seriously the earth is suffering. One of the reasons I wanted to do this is to show everyone they need to start to make a change soon or there's no stopping it so I used the alliteration "So take course now; Or the world will disallow" I used it because I think the way I wrote it expresses how the world will not really change once we reach the most dangerous point of no return.

In the second stanza, I wanted to focus on how all the problems started by writing about the Industrial Revolution and small parts of it, for example I used; machines turning, chimneys burning.

I am really pleased with 'Because plastic is the destroyer of the world; God has not been served what he deserves;' in stanza 3. I think it really shows that plastic was a mistake and God's mad about our Mother Earth dying because of this mistake.

In stanza 4 I like how I used the kenning 'world-stopper' Well I say it's a kenning but really, it's true. I also used the metaphor 'destroyer of the world' about plastic and I admire how I used it and how some believe it.

I hope I now have told you about how importantly the world needs help.



Animals

The beautiful, yet ferocious feline,
Pounces through the long grass,
As strong as a bulldozer,
This Asian Queen embarks on a solitary hunt.
The gnarl giver, with its Titan teeth and beaming eyes,
Is a master of disguise with its cunning kill,
Gnawing on her carnivorous prey,
Before she is yet to be seen.
This hunter detester, as friendly as a parent,
Protects her cubs from the angry ambush,
As elegant as a dancer, this unique striped beast,
Roars loudly and wins her battle once again.

The Asian Tiger
by Joshua Banfield 7 Jennings

There is a wolf that's sleeping,
Within his slumber weeping,
Grieving at his pack's ignorance,
Of his never ending assurance,
Seeing as they left him defenceless,
Against the feeling of selflessness,
His paternal instincts for his pack,
Caused them a discipline lack,
His fine fur wet with tears,
Knowing he has been exiled for years,
Against the rule of his own law,
Did he kill with his own paw?
So here he is asleep for now ,
Until it's time for him to prowl.

The Alpha Wolf
by Leo Bennett 7 York

Strength, speed, skill

The dramatic dribbler showed amazing feats

Then, with a twist and a turn, he launched the ball into the back of the net like a missile

The gigantic sea of red roared and chanted

As the goalkeeper fumbled for the ball,

The match winner was already dancing around the corner flag,

Riding the waves of adulation

The echoes of the stadium's cheers would be heard around the world

Goal!

by Hugo Wares 7 Jennings

Cycling is a hobby.

You can cycle with your friends,

You can meet new people.

There are different types of cycling: mountain, road and jumping,

Bikes are unstoppable, they can travel over every terrain,

As long as the human is capable.

It gets you out and about, even if you get a caffeine-hit,

The point of sport is to get you fitter,

And the fitter you are the more capable you are.

The speed is unreal, the speed you pick up,

The satisfaction you get when up in the air,

You travel as fast as a shooting star

Because you're unstoppable.

When you take off the tip of the lip,

You're asking yourself when you're going to land,

The impact of the landing vibrates your whole body.

You hope you don't crash because it will be very catastrophic.

Cycling is a sport.

A good one indeed.

If you enter any races you hope you will succeed.

Going to succeed

by Samuel Stacey 7 Churchill

Football is an international language,
 Played throughout the world.
 Many teams play this sport,
 But most are as good as naught.

Garrulous goalies giving in;
 Diligent defenders duelling divers.
 Merciless midfielders mapping out a win;
 Wily wingers whipping in winners.
 Savage strikers smacking in screamers!

At a match you will find a bunch of fans
 Stomping around like a herd of elephants.
 If you heard the noise your ears would bleed,
 Like you've been hit! But we're all agreed:
 Win or lose, it's worth the pain.
 Football is the Beautiful Game.

The Beautiful Game
 by George Betteley 7 Brampton

About my poem:

In the first stanza I used the metaphor "international language" to show the importance of football for all countries not only our own. As well as this, the line "Football is an international language" could also be associated with bringing countries together even if they don't speak the same language or share the same cultural heritage. This is just what happened in WW1, during the Christmas Day Truce. German troops and men of the British Expeditionary Force at the Somme initiated a ceasefire for Christmas Day. Many soldiers met in no man's land and some played spontaneous games of football. In the second stanza I used alliteration to highlight the stereotypical jobs of the main positions in a game of football. The use of alliteration has two roles: firstly, it emphasises the importance of each individual position within a football team, and secondly, it reflects the physical movement of the ball and the players on the pitch. This was seen when I wrote: "wily wingers whipping in winners". In this context I described wingers with an adjective 'wily' and then a verb, 'whipping' all beginning with the letter 'w' for alliterative effect. In the last stanza, I used similes to express the loud and raucous behaviour of the stereotypical fans. This is shown when I used the simile "Like a herd of elephants." This helps us to visualise the significant physical and audible presence of a team's supporters. Even when small in numbers, they make their presence known, and just like elephants, their behaviour can be highly unpredictable, especially when upset (with the score).

There's a place in my heart called Watford
With 21 thousand singing a chorus
A place I never feel awkward
My home is the home of the Hornets
An ocean of Yellow and Black
A scene that is always grand
I always want to come back
To take my Rookery stand

This magical lamp holds a genie
So powerful and full of tricks
This hero of mine is Troy Deeney
I feel delight every time he kicks
Sometimes this love affair is tough
But I just can't get enough!

Watford Poem
by Thomas Lennard 7 Brampton

You sit there a little tense
lots of goals he scores
the players make no sense
the fans knock down the doors

He's got a shot-blasters
he is stronger than an ox
he can run even faster
and he's as sly as a fox

He is the best of the best
no one will beat him
he is better than the rest
nothing can defeat him

When you win, the ants storm onto the pitch
on a bad day your football goes down a ditch

The Beautiful Game
by Joshua Sperry 7 Hamilton

About my poem:

In my poem, I wanted to express my passion for football because I feel that some people don't understand how much joy comes from playing the game. For my poem I have tried to use something like a Shakespearean sonnet structure which contains 3 stanzas of 4 lines with a rhyming couplet at the end. For my whole poem I have used the alternate rhyme format using a,b,a,b like "he is stronger than an ox/ and is as sly as a fox". I used alternate rhyme because I feel that it gives a good flow to the poem. For my second technique I have used a kenning. The kenning I used was "shot-blasters" because I feel that "shot-blasters" explains most footballers in two words. For my last technique I used a metaphor. The metaphor I used was "when you win, the Ants storm onto the pitch". The ants symbolise people when they pitch invade after a big win. I used this metaphor because when people pitch-invade I feel a huge rush of excitement.

Feeling the butterflies, I scan my brain, preparing myself for the beginning of the race ahead,
I stare hard into the water pure and still,
There it was, a single beep, the sight of the light flashing,
I jump.
A single second.
I'm airborne; but not for long as I take my final intake of oxygen-plummeting into the once still
glassy looking pool,
I propel myself under the water, then break the surface and take a short yet fast breath,
There I am, I hear the muffled sound of my team-mates cheering as I swim like my life depends on it,
There and then as I turn my head to breathe, I see an opponent. An enemy gaining, a victory snatcher,
From there on out, adrenaline gushes through the internal maze of my body to push me even more,
I reach the end.
With one spontaneous sudden action, I do my fastest turn; only 3 more lengths to go-
2 more;
final lap...
Then it starts: my lungs bellowing with fatigued anticipation, the nagging in my legs and agony
in my arms, 20 more metres,
I can't make out anyone in front of me; maybe I've won; or maybe everyone has already left,
Finally, I've made it, I grab the side with both hands as I try to calm down
The grand sense of relief feels like a brand-new experience but yet it's not.
Victory!

Swimming
by George Logie 7 Brampton

About my poem:

In my poem, I wanted to communicate what it is like to be in a swimming gala or race. In the first stanza I have used contrasting phrases. These phrases are, "I stare hard into the water pure and still" and, "I take my final intake of oxygen-plummeting into the once still glassy looking pool." In these two phrases I have shown how vital and important the start of a race is by emphasising the fact that everybody wants to get into the top position. In the second stanza, I have also communicated the fact of how adrenaline can push you even further in the line, "adrenaline gushes through the internal maze of my body to push me even more." This outlines the point of how exciting a race can be by using the human body's features as a source of amplification. I also highlight how powerful an opponent can be by using a kenning. This can be seen in the quotation, "an enemy gaining. A victory snatcher." The kenning "victory snatcher" outlines how sneaky an opponent can be by placing a deliberate focus on the emotional drainage that comes from concentrating purely on yourself.

Finally, in the last stanza I have used personification in the first line where it states, "Then it starts: my lungs bellowing with fatigued anticipation, the nagging in my legs, and agony in my arms." This language technique shows how tiring a swimming race can be taking the traits of a human (nagging) and implanting them into my poem for emphasises.



**Have a go at creating your own
'toilet roll artwork person'.**



**The next edition of Top Button will include
more amazing artwork and written work -
let us see what you have been doing so that
we can showcase it for you!**
**Submit your work via the Top Button link on
the school website.**

