

EALING  
ROAD

# LIBRARY NEWSLETTER

JUL  
2020

## Poetry Competition Winners!

Thank you and well done to all of you who submitted entries to the poetry competition! We had a huge number of entries from all year groups and it was wonderful to see your creativity and hear about your experiences at home during lockdown. A big thank you to Mr Osmany for organising and leading the judging - keep your eye out for a celebration of all your literacy creations soon. **Scroll down to read the winning poems!**



## Cressida Cowell's Creativity



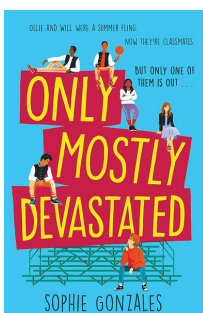
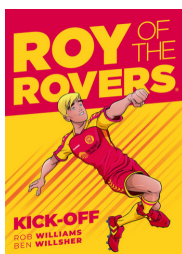
### 'Summer Camp'

Author of *How to Train Your Dragon* Cressida Cowell hosted a virtual 'creativity summer camp'. Click [here](#) to watch all of the writing and drawing masterclasses, with authors and illustrators including Jason Reynolds, Onjali Q. Rauf, Zanib Mian, Sharna Jackson and Patrice Lawrence. Keep an eye out for more videos being added each day!



## Free Roy of the Rovers eComic!

[Click here](#) to read two free *Roy of the Rovers* comics, which follow 16 year old Roy, who tries his luck playing football for the Melchester Rovers.



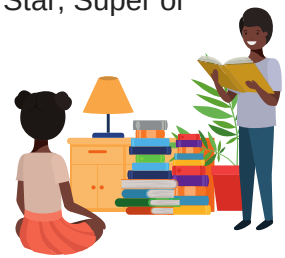
## SOCIAL DISTANCING STUDENT BOOK REVIEWS!

'Ollie and Will get together during the summer but sadly Ollie had to move and Will stopped texting back....will they see each other again? It's an amazing read and it shows that you should give people second chances, because who knows what could happen? I want to recommend it to anyone who's likes romance and drama. It's my favourite book and it could be yours - I couldn't even put it down.' - Ashanti Reid, 8T

[Click here](#) to post your own book review on the ACS Book Review Wall!

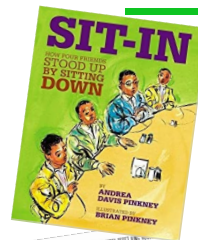
## Summer Reading Challenge!

It's time for the 2020 Summer Reading Challenge! Like last year, you'll have the opportunity to choose the Star, Super or ULTIMATE reading challenge. Remember that achievement points are awarded for every entry! All details are on the VIP Zone.



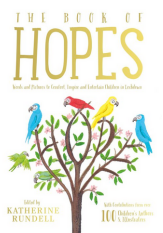
## Black Lives Matter - New Audiobooks

Following the death of George Floyd and subsequent Black Lives Matter protests in America and across the world, audible have released some [new free audiobooks](#) that celebrate Black voices and history. They include Kwame Alexander's *The Crossover* which tells of basketball and brotherhood, and *Say Her Name*, a collection of poems paying tribute to the activists behind the Black Lives Matter movement.



## The Book of Hopes

*Rooftoppers* author Katherine Rundell has collated an extraordinary collection of short stories, poems, essays and pictures from more than 110 children's writers and illustrators, including Lauren Child, Anthony Horowitz, Greg James and Chris Smith, Michael Morpurgo, Liz Pichon, Axel Scheffler, and Jacqueline Wilson. The collection is dedicated to the doctors, nurses, carers, porters, cleaners and everyone currently working in hospitals. [Click here](#) to read the eBook for free.



# Poetry Competition 2020 - 'Home'

## Winning Poems



Year 7

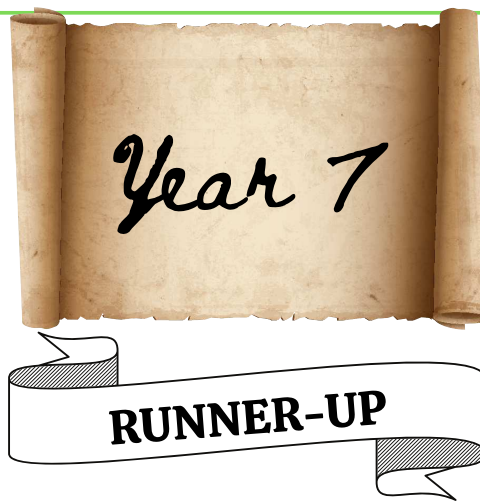
**WINNER!**

### HOME

Beautiful home  
Where I like to roam.  
It is a safe place  
Which I embrace  
With all my heart  
We can never be apart.

Wonderful home  
It's like a big dome  
Where I can read a book  
With lots of things to look.  
It's the thing I long for  
The thing that gives more  
HAPPINESS.

Milad Ahmadi 7Q



## QUITE CHAOTIC

it's boring staying at home, isn't it?

quite chaotic.

everyone's running around the stores like a snake and mice.

quite chaotic.

just staying at home and using the devices as usual.

quite chaotic.

the parents out must be tired keeping their kids at home.

quite chaotic.

they can't even be bothered to get up and kick a ball.

quite chaotic.

all we do is sit in one place and play games or do online

school or go on your phone.

quite chaotic.

having to touch water every hour of our lives.

quite chaotic.

if we all stay at home, hopefully everything would end!

**STAY AT HOME!**

*Sharjana Dinesh 7W*



### **What Is Home?**

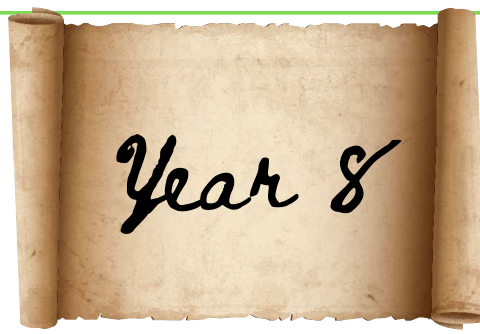
What is a home?  
I ask myself that day and night,  
A boy I met, who wasn't too bright,  
He opened my eyes and I began to roam.  
Many I met had different views yet none were wrong nor right.

Some say home is the aroma of a mother's cooking,  
The silent sound of the page turning on daily paper,  
But I'm still here in the wild, looking,  
Walking down the streets, gazing up to the mighty skyscraper.

Another I had met said home is with family and friends,  
Hard to believe such people truly exist.  
I would love to meet them and tie the loose ends,  
Yet I simply keep walking in the endless, thick mist.

However my quest has not yet come to an end,  
I will travel from Paris to Rome,  
Maybe on the way I can find a friend,  
And at long last relax in my home sweet home.

*Pranchi Vishvesh 8P*



### **I Know I Am Home**

As I step inside, the smell of my mother's cooking meets me at the porch, I inhale the aroma so distinctive, I know I am home.

As I throw myself on the couch, comfy and warm, after a long tiring day at school, I know I am home.

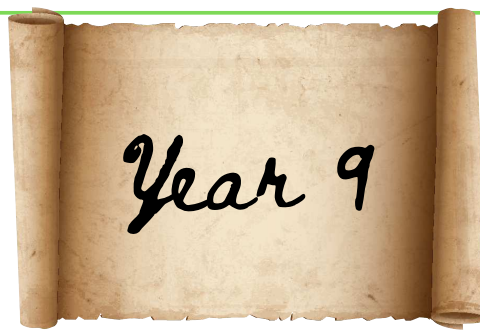
The sounds of my siblings screaming in disagreements, followed swiftly by their laughs, I know I am home.

The walls carry years worth of memories together framed in a glass box, I stare and I smile reminiscing the good old days, I know I am home.

Hearing Dad's hysterical yet idiotic jokes which no-one laughs at, the sound of the looming silence, I know I am home.

Home where my family is, where my happiness lies, where I feel safe. Home, forever my favourite place.

*Rima Bhandari 8V*



## Suffocate

Home

Home is where my heart is  
Is it?

It's only 4 walls  
But each breath is taking  
Just a little more

Of the will  
To smile that is certainly  
becoming a chore

It's just 4 walls  
They say but each one  
Echoes with my pain

Unbearable day by day.

The tears that find  
Their way out by night  
Drowned out by laughs

Of glee and delight  
During daylight, stay  
Won't you stay?

I watch as the clock tick tocks  
Staring into empty space  
As I realize I'm stuck

Home.

Warm fires and cosy beds  
Starry nights  
light up my sight

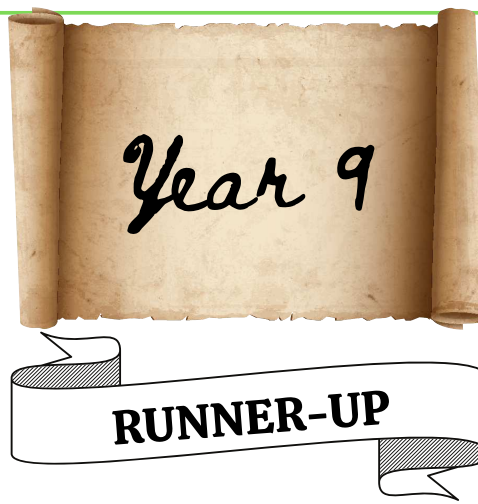
Safe and sound  
Or stuck in a hollow  
Playground

Spiralling out of  
Control, I keep  
Going on in circles

Alone.

In my home  
Home is where my heart is  
Is it?





## Home

These painted bricks  
Filled with memories  
The love and laughter  
The tears and anger.

We come from different places  
but we're all made the same  
We may be different  
But in many ways, there's no change.

Where is home?  
Here or up there?

We may not sound or look the same  
but we are caught on the same page.

They say home is where the heart is  
other's say it's where you get paid.

Boxes moved around,  
others stayed put.  
You are you  
it's just a different book.

*Zoe Hopkins 9Q*



### Home Sweet Home

Winter, summer, autumn, spring,  
I am the one you live within,  
Everyday in happiness we sing,  
I am your castle and you are my king,

I always have the rooftop for my hat,  
For my shoes there lays a mat,  
Everyday you pull back the curtains and open my eyes,  
Together we look at the beautiful world, see the sun rise,

You and me, we make a team,  
living life together like a dream,  
Like a mother, my hair you comb  
I'm here forever, your home sweet home

*Riyaben Patel 10P*





## Heart of Home

Home is all we have left,  
She lights colours in your life that are bereft.  
She's filled with delightful memories,  
And love from different centuries.  
A place with her own heart and mind,  
Where you and your family will bind.

Home is all we have left,  
She lights colours in your life that are bereft.  
She's the shoulder to cry on after all the despair,  
When everything's lost, she will be there to care.  
A place full of comfort while you're in pain,  
Not looking for any gain.

Home is all we have left,  
She lights colours in your life that are bereft.  
She's our peace and beauty,  
Waits for us everyday to fulfil her duty.  
A place where we are dearly attached,  
There is nothing that can be matched.

She shelters you.  
Loves you unconditionally too.  
She is defined by you.  
A place where you grew.  
Home is all we have left,  
She lights colours in your life that are bereft.  
The Heart of Home.

*Urvashi Ullas 10P*