

## 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!**



STANLEY  
AVENUE

LIBRARY NEWSLETTER

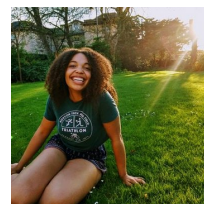
## Summer Reading Challenge

It's time for the 2020 Summer Reading Challenge! Achievement points are awarded for every entry - all details are on the VIP Zone.



### New Penguin Talks!

The fantastic Penguin Talks series has new recordings to offer! Click [here](#) to learn **How to Boss Your Mood** with a clinical hypnotherapist & performance coach who share how to manage anxiety and take control of your mood in uncertain times. Click [here](#) to watch **How to Embrace Your Intersectionality**, in which LGBTQ+ criminal barrister Mohsin Zaidi and YouTuber and disability activist Jessica Kellgreen-Fozard discuss their intersectionality and how we can embrace our identity. If the world of books interests you career-wise, click [here](#) to watch **How to Get into Publishing** with Penguin employees Simon Armstrong and Hannah Chukwu.

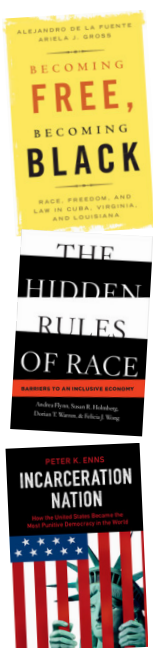


### Listen around your subject! Podcast Edition #4



If you study **Sociology**, anti-racism educator Layla F. Saad's [The Good Ancestor Podcast](#) interviews change-makers and culture-shapers to explore what it means to be a good ancestor. For **History** try [Slow Burn](#) - each series takes a forensic look at a key event or moment in history. So far they have examined the Watergate scandal, Bill Clinton's impeachment and the murders of Tupac and the Notorious B.I.G. But if you need a break from anything study related, try [Still Processing](#)'s culture chat, or fascinating interviews on NPR's [Fresh Air](#) and journalist Elizabeth Day's [How to Fail](#).

### Cambridge University Press release free Race, Protest & Policing Books



Following the death of George Floyd and subsequent Black Lives Matter protests in America and across the world, Cambridge University Press have released a number of their books on race, protest and policing for free. You can access the PDFs of these books, including those pictured left, in the VIP zone.

### Imperial College London Science Recommended Reads

Staff, ambassadors and academics from Imperial College London have released a recommended reading list that covers the sciences, mechanical engineering, medicine, maths and more - click [here](#) to take a look.



**SOCIAL DISTANCING**

**STUDENT BOOK REVIEWS!**

Even though school's out, you can still share reviews of any books you've read whilst at home! [Click here](#) to access the ACS Book Review Wall where you can post a short review.

# Poetry Competition 2020 - 'Home'

## Winning Poems



Year 11  
& 12

**WINNER!**

### Home

My hands are steady as I write this  
Difficulty in stating how I feel in times of  
crisis  
What a complex climate to be around  
Feels like a tidal wave has overcome and  
drowned the sound of everything and  
anything.

Home is a state of mind  
This I cannot deny  
I struggle to find the time to fight injustice  
and not want to cry  
I do not want to waste any time

You and I we understand the sentiment  
Black Lives Matter rhetoric  
You and I came here under stress  
Sell your soul to keep breathing  
yet we are still under duress

Swimming in a sea of indifference  
The only things being emitted  
a lack of wanting to do better  
We can fix all of their errors  
You and I we do not have to lie

I turn the T.V. on and I want to see  
superheroes  
Yet I see another Zero,another  
stat,another body.  
This is the story of you and I  
I have tears in my eyes,I empathise

But keep your head high,you and I  
We have history to rewrite  
We have tears of joys left to cry  
You and I we are not another statistic

Home is a state of mind  
This I cannot deny  
We will find the time  
fight injustice and not cry

My hands are no longer steady  
I am ready to begin.

*Samira Ali*  
LS4

Year 11  
& 12

**RUNNER-UP**

**Home**

Its said to be a lingering feeling,  
Of peace and unconditional love and healing  
But how can we heal in an environment that we  
keep abusing?

Yes, home is an emotional connection but,  
How can we live without breathing?  
The breath of life, unconditionally gifted to us by  
the earth  
Through food, shelter, medicine, water and  
oxygen.

The one who birthed and nurtured us when we  
were bleeding.

How can we be so unfeeling?  
Masses of our natures gone,  
To manufacture the devils way of dealing  
And soon we will all be left kneeling,  
Begging and screaming for forgiveness but the  
earth won't do much giving.

It is your fault too.

Using the world like a credit card with no limit  
Taking advantage of its water and sacred beings  
For your favourite brand to test its "beauty  
potions"  
But nothing in this world will ever make you  
beautiful if  
you don't show your emotions.  
Ripping through habitats and killing God's  
creations

To even build plantations and devaluing their  
aspirations

How have we become such an abomination?

But the earth is so forgiving. Can you also be more  
willing?

To put an end to mass deforestation without  
negotiation

By making donations and taking down evil  
corporations.

And reducing your plastic usage and your life  
threatening carbon

Footprint as it's time that we take action!

Listen to me, its urgent.  
Our world is burning down and hurting.  
Our days on earth are numbered,  
And if we do not change, our world will no longer  
be  
coloured,  
Not because of natural disasters, but because we  
are the hazard.

We are all empowered but soon we will be  
overpowered  
By our poisonous decisions and blunders.

I hope one day we  
will all be able to truly say: "Our home has  
recovered!"

*Adelina Ciobanu*

11Q

Year 13

**WINNER!**

## The Island Home

I was gifted a little island,  
and the finest human senses  
So I built myself a little hut,  
with no knowledge of man's later fences

I was gifted the concept of love,  
companions I could call my own  
So I extended my roots and my branches,  
so more spirits could find their way home

I was gifted small hearts so pure,  
new fruit with new seeds to sow  
So I shared my knowledge of which I was sure  
would help our island to grow

I had given them all my ideas,  
hoping that our small island sustains  
But they started to clog all the rivers,  
and they started to shoo off the rain

I had given the island my body,  
what was in me to give back to growth  
I was little - one of many beings,  
yet now helped form the green island's coast

I had given them years of my living,  
adding on to years gifted to them  
But they lost me in fogged-up perception,  
and the skies now began to descend

The island gave them all its body,  
so they tore power off its skin  
And they drew from its veins and hacked at its  
flesh,

without thinking they killed unborn kin

The island gave them signs aplenty,  
peeled its scalp to help tears overflow  
But the beings on it did not worry at all,  
(their power bought them safety, you know!)

The island is close to its finish,  
hurt its people to get them to see  
If they continued it wouldn't just wound the land,  
but its dear family of people would bleed

The island stays chained at the neck,  
mutilated with borders and war  
Once supported their steps and conditioned the air,  
but for their selfish needs trunks were torn

The island fighting to survive,  
is slaved away most selfishly  
Quivering with loss of old strength,  
"I'll be gone before you, don't you see?"

They won't stop 'til they burn it to ashes,  
paradoxical ways that they won't leave alone  
In the forest they left wounds and gashes,  
as they fired their bullets they riddled the coast

I was gifted a little island,  
yes it may seem as if long ago  
But past lives grew flowers and shared their good  
home,  
and now nothing and no-one can grow

*Jasmeen Torgul*  
US4

Year 13

RUNNER-UP

## The Paradox

Home-  
The four walls I'm enclosed in  
Where thoughts are but an ongoing fantasy  
Lies being at the epicentre of one's mind  
As I step into what they call my safe haven,  
My arms tense  
Swarmed by the echoes of doubt that scream  
out of my pores  
I am reminded of what little happiness in life  
means to teens  
Reminded of the lack of sleep and motivation  
one endures  
My mind dances to the thought of escaping  
this nightmare by entering my bed-  
Only to simmer so seamlessly into another  
Insomnia  
Have you heard of it?  
Recounting and rewinding my day constantly  
to let my duvet feel some sympathy  
Just some  
To hold me tight enough so this episode can  
pass  
So my palpitating chest can ease this night  
Just this night  
My pillow, holding years of agony  
No, but this is just one of my mood swings  
right?  
Thought not

The living room-  
Upon each carefully constructed fold in the  
brocade curtains,  
The floor I ruined with my dirty shoes,  
The sunken in sofa  
There-  
There stands my family,  
The deafening noise reminds you of the  
personal zoo you keep close to your heart  
Where eyes light up joyfully  
Hearts imprinted in one's mind  
The dead flowers I kept up here are  
breathing again  
The light touch of my mother's voice has lit  
up my soul again  
This is where my heart lay  
Amongst the sombre extremities of what I  
called life,  
the shattered image of oneself,  
Emotional pain that bruised my skin  
I learnt that in this home-  
I was loved  
I felt that little happiness my soul had  
missed outside the premises of my home  
Because home is where my heart is  
And where it is buried.

*Fatima Elmi*  
US5