



**Somerset
Anne Frank
Awards**

The Somerset Anne Frank Awards' Creative Writing Awards 2018

Shortlisted Entries

Adjudicated by Emma Carroll

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India Reed

The city was now just a pile of rubble.

The city that she had once known to be a city of glory, hope and courage was now a city of despair, emptiness and hopelessness.

Broken bricks lay scattered over the remains of houses, and shattered glass showered the area, a finish to the carnage.

A barrage of destruction.

A glimpse of hell soaring through the ash stricken sky, fire somehow creeping into every corner, every nook and cranny.

They said, there was nothing.

She said, there was something.

Because, if there was nothing, you would not see anything.

You would see only darkness, only fear descending down, wrapping you in its matter lacking cloak.

They saw nothing.

But she saw something.

She saw her hope, she saw the hope of others, she saw a way out.

She knew that she could help them; she felt that she could give them even more hope with every part of her childish mind, but she just didn't know how.

They still said, there was nothing.

But she said, there was even more.

She saw what was left; all the buildings and families that were left.

She saw that the glass was half full, not half empty.

But still, they saw nothing.

But she saw everything.

So she left it to them to open their eyes.

She told them to look, to see the beauty that was left. All the people still living, all the houses still standing.

She told them to find the flowers that were still blowing, she told them to find the fields they were blowing in, and she told them to look.

She said, there was something.

And they agreed.

Henry Tucker

Beauty -
The lime green trees
Beauty -
The sparkling stars
Beauty -
The glistening moon
But beauty fades away
And the Gestapo approach
The bookshelf that holds secrets
Secrets locked tight
Secrets that should never be revealed
Pray-
Pray-
Pray for God's help
Reach -
Reach for Kitty
Your only trusted friend
You write from your heart
Your heart willed with hope
Then your time up
You have to leave
You have to leave Kitty behind
Then someone will know
You step down those stairs
Scared of your fate
Shoved into that dull, blank vehicle
You feel like all the hope and beauty has been sucked out of the world
Then you remember what you wrote as you travel towards death's
door
"Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy"
Then death's door slams shut

Robert Nicholas

Darkness fills all of my thoughts
But my heart is full of stars
Those gleaming burning stars of hope
Is all that keeps my heart beating
Beating with passion,
Beating with hope
And I am one of those stars of hope
A spark to light a blazing fire
And that fire is a rebellion
A rebellion against the Nazis
But moments before the Gestapo arrives,
I decide to take a look out of my misty bedroom window.
As I stare at the wonders of the natural world,
I think deeply about the lime-green trees and the sparkling stars
And I say to myself,
Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy.

Elsie Faulker

I think of the words that my Mother told me long ago.....

“Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy.” She always used to tell me this at night. When the war started. She said: “Callie. Don’t be scared. We live in a world full of hate and treachery, and no matter what we do, we may never be able to stop this. But it’s okay. Because we can still try! And we can still admire our world, even if it’s from a great distance.” I never really understood what she meant when she said this. She was a strong woman though. Her beliefs meant the world to her, and she always stuck up for what she thought was right no matter what the consequences were. That’s what I admired most about her. Even though a lot of the time, I didn’t exactly understand what she meant. I understood why she meant it. Because that’s who she was. Before she died. That’s who she still is, even though she died. Someone who can make such a big impact on another person, that they don’t have to know what it means that they say as such, they just have to understand why they were saying it. And that’s me. How I see it. My name is Callie Abate. This is me....

I wake up to the pounding and wailing of the wind and the rain. It makes such a horrific noise that all I want to do is somehow get away from it all. From the peeling paint and the piles of rubble and bricks. From the broken windows and the mouldy wood.

All of this was what was left of my house. When the thing occurred, this was all that was left of it. And now me and my older brother, (Jaydon), were left here. All on our own. With a bottle of musty water, and the words my mother gave us. I tried listening to her. I tried to see the beauty in the frosty sea of stars, and the crumbling, cracked buildings, everywhere. But it was tough to see the beauty in other things. Like the anxious look on Jaydon’s face, or the angry look on mine. I tried my best though. Because I knew it would give me a good distraction from everything.....

Evie Titley

Dear Anne Frank,
As you lie beside the waving stars,
You wish for your happiness.
Whenever you hear the tanks or guns,
Your spirit gets dampened but always came up again.
You beg for food,
You get none.
But every day you look out of your window, And wonder
what it was and will be like to be free.
When you got caught Anne,
You cried in desperation.
But no one had pity on you Anne,
You were taken away to devastation and death.
But let me tell you something Anne,
All your dreams came true.
Your wonderful father found Kitty,
And now you are world renowned.
We all cry when we hear your story,
We are filled with sadness.
Yet now, when we look at your gravestone, we can think of the beauty
still left around us and be happy.

Hannah Pike

Beyond the bookcase,
In the door,
Hiding from the Nazis,
Scared yet safe.
Writing her diary in peace,
Hours gazing out the window to her freedom,
She thinks of all the beauty still left around and is happy,
Her hope lives on.
Two years concealed in the only space she has,
Writing to Kitty as her terrifying life carries on.
Wishing to see the wondrous world outside,
She watches the graceful birds fly by,
She stares at the leaves drifting delicately off the trees,
And the flowers dancing in the breeze,
She wants to be free.

Lucy Pitchfork

There's darkness around you, but still you think about
happiness,
You stare out of the window confused,
Confused about the life surrounding the death.
The window, your only way for you to see life,
Kitty, your friend, your diary, the only one you share your thoughts
with.
In a tiny room you're stuck, but you imagine all the life and beauty
around.

New life at the start of every year,
Fragrant flowers and young spring animals,
Wildlife, worms and woodland creatures,
The four seasons: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
All bringing hope and new life to the year,
Worrying about the Nazis,
Praying to get out of the house,
To escape captivity,
To be free
To be back with nature
The beauty all around.

But when will you ever get out?

Noah Gazzard

Dear Diary,

I am happy for what I have which is more than some people I know but I just want the war to be over which is probably never going to happen. The stars are my only light in the world but it's good enough for me and every day I am hoping for the war to be over,

In the night, I go up to the attic and make-do with the stars and write everything down in you Kitty. Without you, Kitty, I don't know what I would do. The Nazis are looking for my family, hunting us down. If they find us we will have to go to a concentration camp so we would probably die.

Yet there is beauty left around me and I am happy that there is. I can see the trees around me and they are bright green and grow apples. In the day time, I can see the shining sun out of my window. The outside world is so enjoyable but I am stuck in this house. When the war is over I can run wild in the exciting world that I haven't explored yet. My hopes are high for the terrible war to end as it has been on for so long. I can't wait to explore the outside world and have loads of fun with Margot.

Ruby Gazzard

I wait,
Wait for the large, bright moon
To shine into my tiny secret room
And brighten up the dark, scary night
I listen,
Listen to the creepy chimes
Of the tall tower clock
The tower clock that stares into my window
I watch,
I watch as the colossal sun
Falls deep down far from sight
And as the shining stars
Rise up into the gloomy sky
I'm scared
Scared of the frightening darkness
Scared of the grey shadows
Scared of the terrifying war
I think of all the beauty
Still left around me
The bright blooming flowers
The wonderful wide world
I dream,
I keep on dreaming
Dreaming of the natural beauty of our world
Dreaming of the amazing animals
Wondering what else is outside?
I'm happy
Happy to think of all the beauty still left around me.

Rainielle Manabat

When death, the demise of a mind,
Occurs it seems that God is blind.
The comfort of others seem to fade
It comes to realisation
Life is a charade.
This happened to me just seconds ago today
Just like that, she disappeared to a place faraway.
The day new but is despondent and dismal
How passers by look at me in a way that is abysmal.
Me, sitting on a park bench, drowning in thought
And the idea of my behaviour and whatnot
Came into perspective and I assessed it
But this will not be discontinued until I benefit
Then people catch my eye and make me stare,
But they didn't regard my existence
As if I wasn't even there.
They just played and joked around
This just carried on and it didn't die down.
"How oblivious those children are,
How they can't sense sorrow from afar!"
I bellowed this in irritation and pique
But then I suddenly felt unsteady and weak
I woke up from my slumber soon after
And thought about life in the hereafter
How life is endless and has equality and peace
But first, she was stabbed and drenched in cerise
A death horrendous and macabre
How dare that devilish robber!
He killed a beloved being who we held dear
But instead of an apology, a mocking jeer.
I looked at a mirror and looked some more
Until I saw my conscience- my mentor.
Two beings vile and divine
My decision ranging from dire to benign.
They discussed in detail and persuaded me
Convincing me to act either dejected or esprit.
I'm concealed and hidden in a depression,
My happiness was put under repression.
But it is necessary, is it what I need?
Is depression and sorrow to impede?
No. Goodness and virtue is left and only it.
My persona differed as it succeeding to acquit.
But death is irreversible and this won't modify
Despite us continually having to whimper and cry
But I am now prospering due to the answer that I gave
And therefore I am no longer misery's slave.

Eleanor Clark

There was a summer before it all began- a summer of unrealistic beauty- a gathering May, a sudden June, a dense July and an August of ripened russet pears. That summer, wildflowers grew with abandon, as though there was no tomorrow. And how were they to know there wouldn't be?

There was a pool in the woods, where we swam, free and myriad in our own loveliness, the water mellifluous about our supple limbs. We used to pile our clothes, neatly on the root of an ash tree, and the golden green dyed our shirts to richness while we bathed.

Beyond the woods, we walked the chalk track home, past the church on a Friday night. There we talked and gave laughter to our small philosophies of insignificance. We had no need for future, when our summer was eternal.

When we reached the house, our feet dusty from the long walk home, we'd sit between the apple trees, or precariously on the swing. We'd cast our eyes to the heaven we didn't need yet, and sigh at our immortality.

After summer storms, the sky used to break. Each day was crowned by a spreading lark who pieced it back together at dawn. Each day we thought we could stay like that, for morning's assured renew, when all the world would be well again. A true dawn mends the pieces of yesterday's broken sky, and covers over the joins with clouds, (for the glue we used in our model boats was unromantic).

The world came down to us in September, when the branches burdened with burgeoning fruits dropped them, and sinking low into the grass, they were washed away by the cooler rain. At the fall of our Eden, we wept for ourselves.

Ourselves and the glorious sight that we'd lost.

There seemed little left to imagine, little left to believe. Still less that we could understand now, without the sweet armour of innocence. We turned our faces to a dark that gathered the fabric of our world together in wide, sweeping stitches. And our sacred fairyland, water lapping at banks of sugared earth, and paths of chalk and wayside blooms, gentle on skin painted with hues of delight, was dried up, and gone. So we lay there on the grass, and the dew wet our clothes, and we were cold.

And suddenly, it is June again, and we have fallen into the open the lap of summer. Again, the larks have an overture to dawn, but they have not the power to steady our sky. Again, the lanes are lined with wonder, but they are not devoid of obstacle. Again, we crown ourselves in trows in the orchard, but we have to go in at dusk, and face the lives that are upon us.

And we say to ourselves, as we tread the weary stairs to bed each night: "Think of all the beauty still left around you, and be happy," for the world has not changed, only we.

Hannah Price

The Earth shudders. The bright square of daylight visible through the villa window begins to diminish. The room dims. Silence. Dread's frosty grasp encircles my throat; I struggle for breath. The door bursts open and Gaius, the blacksmith, appears, his features ashen. He yells emphatically at my parents, but I do not hear. My eyes are fixed on the foreboding sky. A huge, ugly black monster lurks at the summit of the mountain. My wrist is snatched, and someone is dragging me, but I cannot tear my eyes away from the bloating darkness...

Faces, voices, noise; so much noise. Every painful intake of breath assaults my nostrils with the stench of burning. The ash is just beginning its eerie descent when we reach the harbour and claw aboard the last boat to make it out intact.

My name over and over... My eyes snap open and for a moment I sit still, trying to decipher if the scent of smoke is a lingering figment of my nightmare. I jolt as Gaius enters the room summoning me to breakfast. Gaius, my preserver who dragged me through the streets, he who silenced my screaming and brought me here, to the refugee camp. I believed my parents to be on another ship, but so many burned there is little chance of their survival. My new-born brother, spending the week with my cousins in Herculaneum will be gone for sure.

I stumble free of the tent, squinting in the light. Even now, a week after the eruption, a soft grey haze blocks the sun; a fading bruise. Today a ship is returning to Pompeii to assess the damage. The camp is simmering with terror and bewilderment; survivors unable to process the ferocity which the lives they have known have been snatched from them. It is likely, certain, they whisper, that every farm, every vineyard is destroyed. Burned, buried in ash. The survivors cluster around their food, scars and burns still bright on their scorched skin. Heads bent in prayer, they mutter their grief to the Gods.

A gentle breeze ripples through the camp. We raise our eyes heavenwards to witness the ash haze slowly parting. The sky revealed is a stunning azure; the first glimpse of beauty we have seen in a week. Gradually, a single smile is formed on the lips of each survivor. The moment of beauty kindles hope.

Seb Lowe

'Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy'

*

Silence became deafening after a while. Sitting alone in my 6 foot by 6 foot

enclosure, with no company but my shadow. My eyes were always alert now -

concentrating on the steel lined door before me. The pandemonium outdoor

events penetrated the thick walls that contained me.

*

I glared longer at the door, praying for my own good will that it'd stay shut, and it

did. For I knew that if I asked my poor God to salvage my life and produce mercy

in my presence it would shield me from the depth of my darkest regrets.

*

I realised that I was going to stay for a while and started to lose hope. My only

wish was to escape my pit of eternal loss; yet I couldn't see to my exit.

I dared to detach my gaze from the threat to my existence, and noticed that

during my time of fear, I wasn't aware of a bright, heavenly feature that grew

behind me.

The most beautiful rose grew in such a dilapidated room of despair.

It was beautiful.

Mocca Arapé

When the fog of night has shifted
And eyelids, blearily, lifted
Peer through the haze of sleep
Towards a new day, fuzzy, sparkling in its uncertainty.
And although nightmares plagued the mind
And fears, like a glue still bind;
The sun smiles alongside flowers, kind.
When discontent becomes content
And ghosts go sleepily back to bed
Daylight breaks and shines through dark
Lifting sleepy heads, brushing the cheeks of the weary.
And when birds rise, ready to sing their songs,
The light bounces off the water, running along.
All that remains is life, beautiful, pure and strong.

Velfany Estiberio

Beauty is who you are,
No one can bring you down.
In every star,
A cute sunflower lives.
We can't hear her
Except the beauty she gives.
A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
They say it fades,
They say it goes,
Some say we don't have it,
But it's not the possession.
We all see it differently.
So be happy and be who you are.

Connie Shelton

As I entered the alley and stood before the building, my heart started racing, as I looked through the eyes of Anne Frank and saw how a simple thing like religion could end your life so rapidly. Anne was once a happy, carefree girl, but as the times went on, her life started to crumble before her eyes as she was forced into intense hiding where the simplest of tastes for freedom became impossible. After years of living in these intense situations, she and her family and friends were discovered and this young teenager was forced into a concentration camp. Even though she died, the Anne Frank story has changed the world and moved many people's hearts, including my own. The way this girl wrote down her painful experience through this tragic time really makes me reflect on my everyday life and how we can do what we want and think what we like without being judged or taken away to be punished or tormented. This little girl's story made me upset, but at the same time happy from how she persevered throughout and made the most of all of the little moments in life. This is what I believe she wanted us all to do, grasp the little moments and don't forget.

Eleanor Motion

One little girl, one war, one last letter. All she wanted was to feel wanted but life chose a different road.

Dear Mum,

The road to uncertainty, never ending, always ongoing. I don't want to be here. Why am I like this? Why do they hate us? They killed you and dad. I am alone fighting for a crumb of bread. Why did you leave me! You lied to me! the last thing you said was, "Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy." Happy about what? There is nothing beautiful about a death camp. Death, depressing, dying all mean the same thing. Am I among the forgotten? Why us they scream because all their faith in humanity is gone. They have taken everything, my hope, my innocence, my life. What is left? Nothing, as you have gone. You left me, maybe dying is just easier. I am nothing but an old fact forgotten in time. I don't have a name just a number. How am I meant to live with a faith that is spat on or have everything taken away because of a yellow star? I want to feel what happy used to be: not this camp of hell. I want them to feel my pain. I want them to know what it is like to cry yourself to sleep every night or work every day digging pits for people's graves. I want them to smell the stench of burning bodies and I want to have everything, everyone taken away until they are left with a number, no name, no home just a number, and clothes that have been worn by those who are dead.

They have taken every last bit of my hope, my strength and my fight to live. It would be easier to die, than to suffer through this hell. I want to run through green grass one last time. It rains every day, it is like the sun hates us like everyone else does. What have I done to them to make them want to kill me? I want to be free like everyone else in this world. Why war? Why do we have to kill people to feel more powerful? Why can't we "Think of all the beauty still around you and be happy."

Amelia Hyland Martin

He was sparrow with a cape, bold and royal, to his wonderful new cape he was proud and loyal. He flew fast to his nest, so fast almost soaring. A small voice crying at the pain he was ignoring. His sparrow mother cried when she saw him: the light in her eyes so fast growing dim. So sun set, sinking fast beneath trees, our little sparrow fell fast to his knees. He'd caught the cape on no more than a twig, and it tugged and it tugged on his small sparrow neck. Along came the dark yet fast sacred night, as he struggled and fumbled pining for flight. The plastic tugged and it tugged on our little sparrows neck. For a glorious cape bright and new, had fell from the hand of someone like you.

The day was bright and the air was crisp, and the wind floated by, no more than a wisp. He sat on his branch so happy you see, for now winter was over now he could flee. From that little old hole he'd stashed full of nuts and out to the world with no doors longer shut. Yet far in the distance he heard slight sound, a single acorn fell from its mound. Over the hill came a sight to behold. A large metal monster polished to shine with great gnashing teeth and buzzing saws. Our squirrel was scared of this new metal beauty. For never before had he seen such a thing. Later that evening when stars reached the sky and clouds wafted by with a small silent sigh. And as he was sleeping in the silent night, the tree it rumbled shaking with fright. A great metal weapon dug into its side, and it let out a groan as it silently cried. And our little squirrel lost his home.

The tigers that ran through the falling trees, struggled and ran as they fell to their knees. As the red blood dripped, a tall a man unclipped; his sharpened knife from his tough leather belt. The turtle swam through the dark blue sea, spying colourful things that filled him with glee. Yet when he tried eating he choked and gasped for the bright little pipe got stuck in his throat. Think off all the beauty still left around you and be happy. But that's the problem, we're killing it.

Lily Davies

Our world is a strange place, full of so many different people and so many different emotions. I find it mind boggling that people's beliefs are so varied and we all have another side to ourselves, mostly dark but occasionally, you may hopefully find a good side to one's soul. The grey world that surrounds me is unfamiliar, a dark cloud looms over this alien place and I, well I am lost.

I wake up to a land deprived of colour but flourishing in grey, a land which has let so many people down however, I am a lucky one, the only one. The only way to live is to escape to a happy place, to lose your mind and let hope be your best friend. To hide is to live however if you can't live the way you want, is there any point at all? My life is like a constant conveyor belt, one that leads me nowhere -

just a straight line with an ever-distancing horizon. I am stuck in this dark world but still I have to find a way to escape, and my way, well my way is to draw; to paint the places I am yet to explore, to dream about new corners of the world and to lose myself in my own

imagination. I do this because I have to, otherwise I cannot find my happiness. The colours in my world are the three colours in my palette, red, blue, green the colours that portray my life the best; anger, security, envy. A new day is a new place, a new day to lose myself in my imagination, the rolling green hills, the turquoise blue sea and the coloured creatures that own the land. I

have learnt to block out my imperfect surroundings, the grey walls around me change to beautiful pictures, everything can change with a little hope, a dream.

The world that we live in is a marvellous place, the way we live together as a society, the way we rely on each other. However what if we can't rely on each other, what if we are slowly fading away from each other? I feel that I cannot rely on anyone left around me and the beauty, well the beauty is being eroded away every second but I can still, somehow find my happiness.

Bethany Spike

It was black with little glints of gold. We all knew where we were going. We said our final words and it was done.

I was never afraid of anything a normal child was; not heights, nor spiders, snakes or the dark. I wasn't into dolls, pretty dresses or fairies- all that make-believe, pretend stuff. Pa had always said "There is nothing to fear when God is with you" until he left me for another life, another world, another time. Then it was just me and Ma.

We did everything together, in between her job and school. I became very independent and solitary, disappearing from society. School was a bore, with the only exciting thing being the drills that were repeated daily. It was kind of ironic, we were excited about something that could lead to us fading away. All feeling of safety was gone, vanished, consumed, unless I was in her arms. She was my blanket, my barricade. Until she left me too.

Dead people receive more flowers than the living ones because regret is stronger than gratitude. I knew I could have done nothing about it, it was obviously God's fate for me to be lonely. I would often pretend to be the Lone Ranger- the only person I could relate to. We were both isolated. No one understood anything- not even I did. What was the point in trying when you only fail, time and time again. A butterfly flew passed my window- a Holly Blue to be precise. I became quite an expert on this creature- it was the only way to pass time. My favourite one was a Marbled White. I always dreamed about being one of them. Then I could I fly away and be free from the cage I'm trapped in. They said it was only temporary, that we wouldn't be there for long. I've lost count of the days. I have no concept of time at all. We were being given less and less as time went on. More people flooded in once in a week, coming in their thousands. I'm surprised they had enough room for us all. I gazed into the hazy distance, another Holly Blue fluttered passed my eye. I followed it until it was in the distance.

It was as if the butterfly was signalling hope.

Now gone.

I was slowly disintegrating, first my body, now my mind.

Jack Clayton

I could hear bullets whizzing past my ears, war cries, drowning the battlefield with sound, bombs destroying people's lives, guns crackling in the distance. I jumped into the trench, mud splashing into my face. I sat myself against the wall and wondered why I had done this. Why had I chosen to be a soldier. I've seen my friends dying right in front of me. I've seen innocent people being tied up and slaughtered. As I look over the trench I see hundreds, maybe thousands of angry people firing their weapons killing each other, I soon realized that the opposition had over-run us bringing our numbers near zero. I had to do something. The communication box was in the other trench. I needed to find a way to get over to that trench without exposing myself to the enemy. It wasn't just a matter of digging a hole, the distance was 30 feet. That would have taken me a day to do, and I don't have a day left to spare. So i thought, "Maybe i could hide myself with all the dead bodies and crawl over there". I thought about it for a second and thinking of any way that it could go wrong and there wasn't any way. Unless I messed up. With the thought in my head that I couldn't make a mistake I slowly climbed out of the trench and crawled through the dead bodies. I could see people without limbs, exposed organs and even headless, i soon realised I was crawling through a massacre. Suddenly I heard footsteps. I stopped dead still, planted my head on the ground and waited, the footsteps grew louder and louder. It was a horse just walking through the desolate war zone being unharmed. Both sides stopped firing and just watched it plod along the frontline. I made it to the front trench and jumped down to grab the box. Calling for support; then I just sat there, thinking about that horse and I thought of this quote; "Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy". I whispered to myself, "maybe there is beauty in a war".

Lily Couchman

The orange glow of midday light made me think of you. Of sun drenched summers perfumed with the sickly sting of botanic gardens. But also the wild places. We would run, damp with dew, through ryegrass that tickled our knees. The listless breeze would tousle our hair as we idled on a bed of grass clippings, relieving our bruised feet. An orchestra of whirring crickets was all we needed to be satisfied. The view outside my window is now fully saturated in sun. It's as if you were smiling at me. You're not so different now. More wise, perhaps. Ageing with everyone else. But somewhere, I'll be scraping my knees and climbing ancient trees and you'll be convincing me to let go, allow the rope swing to take me over the edge.

We were forever searching for a secret den- do you remember? Laughing from place to place; crawling with the undergrowth, worming our way through hollows so we could sit, full of the day, in dank soil.

We've relived these memories so many times over the years- even now. But it's never the same. I open the window. It's much colder than I expected so I close it again and turn on the heating. I could never resist a cloudless sky; we used to swim in it and when the blue turned white, we'd dry ourselves on the clouds and, shivering to my house, drink smoothies through straws.

The colours are too bright now; they make me feel sick. I close the curtains.

Every winter, it gets harder to reach that place. Siberian winds bustle away all the warmth, jamming nostalgia down my throat. But, when you smile back at me, I know our eyes share the same orange glow of our childhood.

Ella Gardiner

Today there is so much pressure on young people, it affects their psychology. The following series of poems explore well-being amongst adolescents. Anne Frank was right when she said “think of the beauty still left around you and be happy.” It is this message that is being lost, especially through social media and exam pressure, and needs to be brought to fore today.

Their Story

1:50pm
train tracks
Bath
shining paint
gleams in the morning sun
1:55pm
a bridge rumbles
with cars

in the opposite direction
the tracks

narrow into fields
1:57
flowers litter the rusted wooden
slats
I watch
I wait

2:00
he is opposite me
back turned
suited, satcheled
his head twitching to his headphones
2:05
people gush onto the platform
a family, a father

chattering, gesticulating
nudges the man
my man
2:07

3 Fates

2 weaving
1 snipping
Am I before cut?
After the cut?
Am I cut?
Bound for Lapland
Our flight cancelled
Redirected to
Helsinki, Amsterdam

We stole sweets from the
lobby
Laughing, free... guided
Be our youthful innocence

Our worst family holiday?
No.
I saw Santa our Rudolf in
the back of the van!
We were together
A family
Together
...but not forever
Snip
School arrives
Control, responsibility
slides

Snip
Future
The present is lost
Exams grow closer.

the man falls
the father turns
struggling, reaching
out of his hand

2:08

screens watching
I'm watching
a newcomer arrives
tries to help the man

looks around

appealing
begging
a wall of phones

2:09

the train from Dorset
arrives one minute early

2:10

Their story is recorded
Not in the Moment

The moment is here...
on my screen,

The moment will be
here... in my head

Yet the moment has passed.

The moment illuminated in a panel
of glass

The sound of the bass and the
bright lights

Dulled by the inadequate lens.

Snip
Pressure looms
The training, the pathways
Future is engraved on the
door

What is my future?
Snip
Do I have a future?
snip do Snip I SNip want
SNip my SNIP future...?

Snip

The moment is shared and
repeated in pretence

An attempt to awaken the
green beast within

But is this an
achievement?
The moment is planned but
not for the first hand,

Staged to be the best it
can be

Yet the moment was never
intended for me.

Sarah Rowley

We are all that's left
ragged bound and beauty found.
All else perished but we still cherish.
You must 'Think of all the beauty still
left around you and be happy'.
Life is sad and sad is life.
All things light and dark,
have a place in heart and mind.
There cannot be love without hate or
life without death as from pain comes
joy and all joy sours to pain.
Life balances out all must come to an end, eventually.
You should embrace every moment,
tragic or wonderous.
You'd do well to remember this.
We are the rulers of our destiny
and the creators of our demise.
We are all that's left
ragged bound and beauty found.

Hannah Filer

I'd like to begin my speech by asking 'What is charity?'. It could be defined as "The voluntary giving of help, typically in the form of money, to those in need". But let's go a step further – what is charity to you? And why 'must' it begin at home? In my argument, I will discuss mortality rates, economic vulnerability, and women's education to prove that it is selfish to claim that we should focus on our own problems while completely ignoring the strife of others.

In 2016, 5.6 million children under the age of 5 died – that's 15,000 every day. 15,000 divided by 24 hours in a day – 625 an hour. 10 have died since I started speaking. And 83% of these deaths were caused by communicable, preventable diseases. These statistics, although shocking, represent massive worldwide progress – the under-5 mortality rate has decreased by 56% since 1990, and is the lowest that it has ever been. It is hard to see any other cause for this than the Sustainable Development Goals – a set of 17 "Global Goals" outlined by the United Nations, implemented to "transform our world" by 2030. One of the goals aims to end the preventable deaths of newborns and children. So, what is charity – pursuing cures to eliminate preventable child death?

Moving on, I'd like to bring your attention to education worldwide, especially to the ongoing battle for global women's education. I cannot believe I am still saying this in 2018, but 50% of girls in the poorest countries do not attend secondary school. I have recited this statistic so many times that I am numb to it. It is estimated that for every extra year a woman spends in education in developing countries, there is a 15% increase in her total lifetime income. Yet in Burkina Faso, some girls do not attend school due to a lack of private toilet facilities. The only solution to this is charity. It is our moral obligation to supply solutions that will enable women to provide for themselves.

More and more charities are focusing on how communities can be encouraged to help themselves. Take an important charity here on our doorsteps in North Somerset. The Za Foundation, a group of women from North Somerset, set up an after-school programme for children orphaned by AIDS in one of the poorest regions of South Africa. One of these students gained a scholarship to teach music at a school in North Somerset and gave back to children in our very own primary schools,

sharing the richness of his culture and stories from his past. So, what is charity – exchanging skills and resources for rich cultural diversity in our community?

To conclude, I would quote A. E. Housman: “If we can, we must”. If we can prevent infant mortality, then we must. If we can invest in foreign economies to provide stability, then we must. If we can provide women’s education, then we must. I believe I have thoroughly demonstrated that charity is the nourishment and preservation of our British culture, values, and moral integrity back home. It is our duty as an economically developed country to be benevolent and just with our resources, and to be a beacon of hope to those in need.

James Bird

Anne Frank famously said “Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy”. This inspired me and I came to a realisation that it is still relevant today. The world we live in needs to be appreciated and everyone deserves to have a voice. Freedom of speech is essential and we must be able to voice our opinions and beliefs without being blocked by a system, whatever those beliefs are. Left or right should not be considered bad or wrong as a democracy should be the priority. The political system of the United Kingdom has evolved to a point where democracy is disappearing. With a two/three party system, it is difficult for the typical voter to vote merely on their political beliefs that they hold, or for many to align with a singular party. A voter can do so, but for many, not without feeling they have wasted their vote. The current First Past the Post system prevents a full democracy from existing as it blocks the ability for more than the usual two to three parties to make up a government. It is no surprise that in 2015, only 66.1% of the UK population went to the polls to vote and have their impact on the result. The turnout of 66.1% could be seen as ‘average’ and not considered low, however compared to the entire population voting and having a form of political participation, it provides a huge deficiency to the possible democracy of the UK.

Countries including Belgium and Australia have enforced compulsory voting as a means of increasing the potential of a complete democracy. All citizens over the age of 18 in these countries have the requirement by the law to take part in elections. A complete turnout of the entire population ensures that every person’s political beliefs are heard and most importantly, there is more of a democratic result. Currently, as citizens, we share many similar civil responsibilities. Taxation, compulsory education and jury duty are all responsibilities that citizens of the UK share as a collective body. If these civil responsibilities are compulsory and viewed as an essential aspect of being a UK citizen, then why is the concept of compulsory voting still yet to be introduced? General elections are the most important times in most democracies and so the need for the census to vote is paramount for enhancing democracy. Enforcing compulsory voting will achieve a full democracy where the population makes a difference and is not scared away by the voting system the UK adheres.

Gerrymandering and tactical voting have become a prominent aspect of the electoral system in the UK that prove democracy is limited and lacking with the voters in general elections. Gerrymandering is where a voter manipulates the boundaries of their constituency in order to favour their particular party. In both the UK and the USA federal system, democracy is greatly threatened by the aspect of gerrymandering which creates mainly two extremes and no middle ground in politics. Currently in the UK, we have the choice of either two parties. Any votes on the other smaller parties are almost wasted. Arguably, populism has increased and yet a proportional system could allow more radical and extreme groups to thrive. However this has to be through democracy. We must preserve voice and democracy, in order to strive for individual voice and the ability to live freely.

The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards

Inspired by Anne Frank, the Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards recognise the great achievements of young people across Somerset who demonstrate our three core values:

- Actively opposing discrimination, bullying and prejudice
- Supporting and caring for others in need
- Working within conflict resolution and social inclusion

Individual Awards

The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards' mission is to create an impact that is both positive and long-lasting on young people and their communities.

The Individual Awards are set out to recognise the youths of Somerset (Key Stages 2-5 – Ages 9-18) who go above and beyond to attain our core values.

These young people, and the inspiring qualities they exhibit, deserve personal recognition. As they are the foundations of our future, it is vital to encourage them in what they are doing in order to continue to improve the community of Somerset.

Winners of each award will receive £100, as well as all winners and shortlisted entries receiving a copy of Anne Frank's diary and a certificate of recognition.

Starting in 2021, we will be introducing a new Paul Heim Award to the Main Awards, in memory of our former Committee Member. This will be awarded to the entry that best fits all 3 of our core values. The winner of the Paul Heim award will receive an additional £100 on top of any prizes they may have already won.

Creative Writing Awards

Anne Frank's diary is an inspirational piece of writing, from an astonishingly insightful girl. The diary is a stimulating and thought-provoking piece of work – we want to know how it inspires you.

The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards invites Somerset's creative writers of the next generation to submit their Anne Frank inspired work. Every year we choose a quote from Anne Frank's diary and ask our entrants to write a piece based on it. Your work can be in any form you choose - poetry, prose, a diary entry or a short story with a maximum of 500 words. The winners will get the opportunity to read their entries aloud at our Awards Ceremony.

There are four age categories:

School years 5-6 (Ages 9-11)

School years 7-9 (Ages 11-14)

School years 10-11 (Ages 14-16)

School years 12-13 (Ages 16-18)

A shortlist of entries will be selected by our Committee and the final winners will be adjudicated by a special guest judge.

All winners and shortlisted entries will receive a copy of Anne Frank's diary and a certificate of recognition. On top of this, each 3rd, 2nd and 1st place entry will receive book tokens of value £25, £50 and £75 respectively.

Get in touch!

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Twitter: @SAFYouthAwards

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