



**Somerset  
Anne Frank  
Awards**

# **The Somerset Anne Frank Awards' Creative Writing Competition 2017**

## **2017 Shortlisted Entries**

Adjudicated by Angie Sage

# Contents

## **10-12 Years Old**

Alex Lemin	Page 3
Sonny Davis	Page 4
Mackenzie Williams	Page 5
Amelie King	Page 6
Maya Humphreys	Page 7
Tilly Hooper	Page 8
Iona Cormack	Page 9
Evie Walters	Page 10
Ben Armstrong	Page 11
Lara Hill	Page 12

## **13-15 Years Old**

Charlotte Hurst	Page 13
Pippa Wellwood	Page 15
Marnie Davin	Page 17
Caitlin Wood	Page 18
Hannah Johnson	Page 19
Harry Paynter	Page 20
Toby Stannard	Page 21
Erin Flemming	Page 22
Alex Martin	Page 24
Hannah Madeley	Page 26
Alanah Stone	Page 27
Eleanor Clark	Page 28

## **16-18 Years Old**

Abigail Casson	Page 30
Lorcan Cudlip Cook	Page 32
Pearl Andrews-Horrigan	Page 35
Edward Buckton	Page 37

<b>The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards</b>	<b>Page 38</b>
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## **Alex Lemin**

Killed in a concentration camp; can't go back;  
Walking up that ramp;  
To concentration camp.

if only we could wind back...  
But what is done cannot be undone;  
But as she is walking up that gravel track; She is trying to think of way  
to prevent that.

But sadly, what is done is done;  
As we think of ways to prevent;  
The life of Jews, to some;  
Are worthless - they think they should be dead...

So goodbye to her body  
and her quotes too;  
When killed in concentration camp; Her soul still lies there for you...

In modern day life.  
Where the house was;  
Savaged by stormed;  
Ruined by rain;  
Tormented by thunder;  
Lashed by lightning;  
This house made our community; All because of a single NAZI...

What is done cannot be undone?;  
the quotes goes;  
But we can prevent it from happening again; Is, then, how it ends;

Anne frank... a child philosopher...  
You don't usually see a lot of her; Walking around Amsterdam, rain or  
shine; but hiding in an attic.

And that's it;  
Anne frank summed up in a poem; All her quotes too;  
Her life as a Jew must've been scary; Might'e made her a little wary,

## **Sonny Davis**

The room was cold Dim and small  
But that was our home After all

Since the Nazis invaded  
Our lives were shaded  
But as my young friend Anne told me  
What is done cannot be undone  
So we must prevent it from happening again

Our lives were shattered  
Our body's were battered  
But our hope still remained  
Even though we shouldn't of been blamed

Life was terrible  
Living behind a book case It was unbearable  
Living in a tiny space

Since the Nazis invaded  
Our lives were shaded  
But as my young friend Anne told me  
What is done cannot be undone  
So we must prevent it from happening again

Every night  
Was a dreadful fright Knowing that they were there Ready to pounce  
and scare

Every morning  
Was a frightful warning Of the day ahead Which was full of dread

Since the Nazis invaded  
Our lives were shaded  
But as my young friend Anne told me  
What is done cannot be undone  
So we must prevent it from happening again

## **Mackenzie Williams**

I believe that she has given bold words in such a horrible time showing her bravery through the art of motivation. Many people admire her as a role model because of this bravery but from what is happening around the world it seems that humanity has failed to heed her advice by fighting with others. Yes, we've made racial equality but has it stopped the wars in Syria. No. But if the human race just took a look back into those times of peril for the Jewish people then maybe some people wouldn't be scared to sleep at night. Anne Frank is like a light in the history of world war 2 for Jewish people, a beacon of hope, and what has this amounted to for everyone else. Nothing, absolutely nothing. So, what i am trying to get across is that a bold woman stood out for the rights of her people and now the people of the 20th century have just forgotten all about it and have decided to do it their own way which is clearly not helping: the emotions of population, the economy or the trust between countries. The past is the past but as the quote states we can prevent it from happening again, how do we do that? Co-operation, something clearly not happening between America and Syria right now. Now that her advice has been forgotten what does this show about the human races choices. Does this show the: racism, sexism and religious discrimination that some people may truly feel and then take it out on others? This concludes my thoughts on her quote I hope you have enjoyed reading my opinion and that it has truly shown what was meant by it.

## **Amelie King**

Anne Frank,  
You live and breathe positivity,  
The world is your crystal ball; it guides you,  
You have seen horrors unimaginable,  
Yet still you strain to see the bright side of everything. You are taken  
by the cruel clasps of death,  
Many have the same fate,  
Is there a way of stopping it?  
You toss and turn in your grave,  
You will only be at peace when it's over.  
What's done is done,  
We are out of the darkness and in the light,  
The war is over – pray it never happens again,  
Never again they say,  
Words are not enough,  
You've got to believe.  
Deny it and pretend it never happened,  
Don't face the truth,  
Maybe it will go away,  
But you can't forget,  
No lesson will be learned,  
And the world will fall apart.  
Diversity is important,  
Individuality is important,  
If we can't respect it,  
We can't prevent the past from  
happening again,  
Until we respect differences,  
You died for no reason,  
But your legacy lives on.

## **Maya Humphreys**

Hidden away,  
Behind a shelf of books,  
Emotions swallowed me whole,  
Fears were around every corner.  
The stars were my only hope...  
My only freedom.  
The wish of being famous now sounded obscure, Depression  
surrounded me, followed by anger.  
'Why?' was my only question,  
Why did the world have to be at war?  
Why did people have to be so prejudiced?  
I just had to look on the bright side,  
War had almost ended,  
The stars were still shining,  
And I,  
I was still here,  
Here in my room writing my diary.  
But still I couldn't push my thoughts away,  
Someone might find out all my deepest secrets,  
The war may never end,  
And someone might find out,  
Someone might find our hiding place.  
Behind a shelf of books,  
In a small corner upstairs,  
I'm here with Margot,  
Writing in my diary; the stars guide me to my freedom.

## **Tilly Hooper**

Dear Anne Frank,  
You can never change the past, But you may change the future, As you  
write your peaceful quotes, That could change everything. You could be  
that sun, Anne,  
The girl that is famous,  
Who she wants to be,  
But no one will know your secrets, Unless they see your diary.

Anne, you can never change the past,  
You can always change the future, Concentrate on the future,  
And let your spirit and fire burn,  
Make yourself a star.  
You can make everything change the future,  
Just stand up,  
Tell everyone else that Jews are people you don't hate, Tell them it doesn't  
matter what religion you are, You don't need to be treated like this.

The Nazis can be horrible, But don't be horrible back, You'll make war to the  
world war' Just because you argue, Don't argue in the place. Your days go  
past,  
As your hiding,  
You could get found,  
Keep hiding, Anne,  
Don't make a sound.

You got found, Anne,  
The Nazis take you to the concentration camp, Sadly your body dies,  
But your spirit survives,  
And so did your farther.

That is the story of you, And your dreams came true, But only when you died.

## **Iona Cormack**

Dear Kitty,

What is done can't be undone, but we can't prevent it from happening again. I think every day that this can't last forever. I know it can't. The cruelty from this world will soon break through. I have hope, hope that all this will soon be over and the fear will run away. I know every day feels like darkness and there will never be a light that will shine through, but we've still got a chance.

I can tell that that we will all be smiling in a year. Even though on the Concentration Camps all I imagine is pain and fear on people's faces. When I imagine the gas chamber noise in my head I want to cry because I don't know who it could be. Was it a young child? Was it one of my friends?

When I go to sleep at night, I feel lonely when most would feel cramped in my position. I can never get to sleep. I stare at the stars all night wondering what it would be like when this is over. Margot always says death's door is on our way and I know my fate might be near but as long as we prevent it happening again then I'll die happily.

## Evie Walters

Your courage is like the sun,  
You shine brightly – not afraid  
Not scared of the outcome  
So you fight for what is right  
The past cannot be changed  
But the future can be rearranged  
Hope is the moon  
We cannot live without it  
Passion changes the world  
Making it a blessed place  
You gave the world passion  
You made the Nazis realise  
we are all human  
The weight was on your shoulder  
You knew you were the sacrifice  
But you did not give up your heart and your fire  
You knew you had to give the world a better future Though you were  
only fifteen,  
Your spirit was as strong as the sun  
Your heart was bigger than the world  
And though the dark one took you  
Your fire still shines brighter than the sky  
Your freedom was the stars the moon and the sky  
You are one of them because you fought for what is right.

## **Ben Armstrong**

One day good  
One day bad,  
Death looking for you, Dream as long as you have, Dream until your  
final breath.

Watching the shadows looking for you, Getting scared the closer the  
closer they get, Then they go.

The stars shining,  
Like your eyes in the dark, The bookcase, your only hope, The stars,  
your only freedom, Kitty, your only trusted.

The betrayer,

The Gestapo,  
Closer and closer they came, Then you're found,

Pray,

Pray,  
Pray for God's help,  
Closer,  
Closer you're coming to be one of those stars.

Your last words,  
'What is done can't be undone, but we can prevent it from happening  
again,' Let us pray she's correct.

## **Lara Hill**

A couple of years ago, I had a rough time with friends and family and the only way that I saw to handle it was through anger and making others worry and be scared. I knew it was wrong but I couldn't grasp it, I couldn't think straight. I was absorbed in this world where I didn't have to do anything to sort it out. Soon I was getting out of hand and my teachers were starting to worry, I couldn't do my work or listen, I had to go into private tutoring as I didn't get on with the others, I fell into depression and continued to bully other children.

I became the person everyone hated. A few months after, my parents split up and neither of their new partners wanted custody of me! So, my Grandma took me in but she was rather old and I spent most of my education time looking after her and helping around the house. The teachers would shout at me for skipping school but I never told them what was going on though I wish I had. I harmed innocent people, something I wish I could take back. My teachers called my Grandma to explain about my attendance and grades saying that they were going to expel me as I didn't get them up. I was running out of excuses so I decided to tell them all that had happened, with the looking after my grandma, my parents' divorce to depression and bullying. School got a mentor and sorted out my problems as best they could. After all "What is done cannot be undone, but we can prevent it from happening again."

## **Charlotte Hurst**

**What was happening at this time?**

**Hitlers Holocaust**

**A tragic loss of life**

**Time gone by and still no-one forgets**

**Innocent**

**Sent along railways to certain death**

**Deprived of their own clothes**

**Of their own belongings**

**No clean fresh waster for a while**

**Emmaiciated people struggling to survive**

**Conditions were horrendous**

**All crammed into small rooms**

**No heating**

**No proper bedding**

**Only the camp workers were treated properly**

**Their strength and will power slowly decreasing**

**Broken bones and broken spirits**

**Everyone was starting to give up**

**Un-ashamed of what they did**

**Neighbours**

**Doctors**

**Outcast Jews worked with the system**

**Nurses**

**Everyone was somehow involved**

**By the 18th of May 1945 Un-bearable conditions were over**

**The Holocaust was finished**

Warning signs had come about  
Every whisper about the camps were heard

Cautiously they entered  
An un-expected visit  
No one was expecting them

Previously they had come  
Rags were put away  
Everyone cleaned up  
Very nice looking place now  
Each forced to play along with the game  
Not one of them spoke the truths of the camp

The visitors to the camp were the Red Cross

Infuriated by what they saw  
They brought up the problem and dealt with it

Few from extermination  
Returning from the camps  
On their own, no family left  
Migrated Westward  
Homeless and hungry  
Alone  
Poland wasn't an option  
Pogroms (violent anti-Jewish riots) everywhere

Emigration chances were slim  
Netherlands had let them down too

Immersed with hope  
New homes, new jobs, new lives  
Getting on with starting again

Anti-semitism still exists  
Gas chambers shut down  
Allied forces repatriate the Jews

Imprisonment for many Nazis  
No one forgets.

## **Pippa Wellwood**

I am speaking to you today to tell you about an increasing concern that I have regarding a Refugee camp in Germany that I currently volunteer at.

Let's start with Anne Frank. She experienced a pain that no one could ever imagine at such a young age and it wasn't just her, millions of people were experiencing a pain that was unbearable. Yet history is repeating itself. Why? This world is supposed to be better and safer but is it really?

Recently I have begun reading the Anne Frank Diaries and I am concerned about the similarities between the Holocaust and the situation happening in Refugee camps and Syria. In the book, it has a quote that says, "What is done cannot be undone, but we can prevent it from happening again." I believe that if the situation here in Germany and in Syria I think that it has a real possibility of happening again. Children here are Famished and Dehydrated, they are becoming squashed into the tiniest of tents. The camps are worryingly close to being like the conditions used in the Holocaust. Why can't you see that this is not acceptable?

The main reason the Holocaust happened was because of the resent the NAZI's had against Jewish people and what if the German people no start resenting refugees. Couldn't that create a huge risk of another German coming into power who hates incomers coming into Germany.

I've heard rumours about volunteers being concerned and scared about the similarities to the Holocaust. Some of the volunteers have grandparent and great grandparent who were in the Holocaust and they have letters and have heard all about the terror the Holocaust caused. Surely you believe that we cannot let this happen again. Children are having nightmares about what might happen to them even though they are supposed to be in a safe place away from all the terror. Do you not think that it is appalling the way that many young children are being treated? Surely it is unacceptable and it must be stopped.

It is exactly like what is happening in North Korea and them trying to develop nuclear bombs. Why are they developing a nuclear bomb when they know exactly what will happen if they drop it? The nuclear bombs that were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki at the end of World War 2 left devastating consequences and I really don't know why North Korea would drop nuclear bombs when they know the consequences. Everyone should

work together to stop the past repeating itself. Why do something that has happened in the past and left tragic consequences?

If you know what Anne Frank went through then you would never ever wish it upon anyone else so why are the refugees in this camp scared, lonely and terrified to go back to where they have grown up. I personally think that we need to do something now otherwise it could get a whole lot worse. We should stop it whilst we still can. No-one wants the Holocaust to happen again, so why do so many people feel like it is?

We need to think about what has happened in the past and if it left horrifying consequences, like the Holocaust, then we really can't let it happen again.

Why would we?

## **Marnie Davin**

Do not call me a hero  
When you see the medals I wear, This war cannot be undone  
But it is for now.

Do not call me a hero  
each night I stop and pray, We gotta stand strong  
And wipe those tears away.

Do not call me a hero  
Now that I am old and grey, For all the friends I lost.  
I survived those days

Do not call me a hero  
For all the real heroes,  
Have crosses, lined up on the grass  
We can prevent this from happening, one day...

## **Caitlin Wood**

Imagine...you are hiding, you're hiding because deep down you know that's the only way to survive. You're hiding with others and just like you they have no idea how they are still alive. They are just like you and you're it together, you're hoping and praying that they will never find you. You trust each other and you're relying on the person outside. Hoping that they will carry on giving you supplies so you can stay alive and praying that they won't give up your lives. So far you have been lucky to survive but unlike the others you know that your luck will run out.

Just imagine this...even though you probably can't. You have just been found.

As they barge through the door you all get up with nowhere to go you all hold on to each other tight. But as they approach they peel you off each other as if you were something nasty on the bottom of their shoe. Since you have nothing else to do you scream, you try to run, you cry, you kick and you punch. You do all of this yet you know that you won't escape, you just didn't want to go down without a fight.

You are now in the streets, you have been strained and there is nothing you can do. As you watch the others struggle, scream and cry, you pause for a moment. The whole world freezes around you, and for that moment you are free. You slowly look around you and see the distress in your loved one's faces. You see the emptiness of the streets and just think. How did this happen? What did we do to deserve this? Why didn't we do anything to stop it? You ask yourself all these questions. Not knowing the answers, you return back to reality.

You are now on a train; you have been cramped onto a train with thousands of other Jews. You have no belongings and you have no idea where your family is. There was no food only a bucket of water and a bucket for waste on each carriage. The journey lasted for days and many died on the way as the result of suffocation, illness or hunger. However you survived the journey not that that was a good thing.

The holocaust was one of the worst crimes in history. It will not be forgotten or forgiven. This is something we all wish never happened but it did and we can't undo it. But as Anne Frank once said "What is done cannot be undone, but we can prevent it from happening again." This is true and I

hope that it we stick up for each other and work together then we can prevent something like this happening again.

## **Hannah Johnson**

I see the petrified faces of passers by,  
Strangers I've never known yet they're all scared to die,  
Counting down their precious time,  
Pretending not to notice the crimes,  
The lives being stolen by evil,  
Of strife and upheaval,  
The window is blocked for our protection,  
But it's just our reminder of no connection,  
Segregating the weak from the strong,  
But I'm not weak, but strong and I am not wrong,  
I have a voice, a voice in my words,,  
A voice so powerful it's silent and deafening all at once, like the wings of a  
bird, Words are my communication when my voice will not be listened to,  
I'm not afraid to die, because my voice will always live on through,  
In the pages of my friend,  
Until the very end,  
Thank you for preventing the death of freedom and democracy,  
To rid the world of hypocrisy,  
For being the only one who doesn't pretend,  
For what is done cannot be undone,  
But we can prevent it from happening again.

## **Harry Paynter**

“What is done cannot be undone,  
But we can prevent it from happening again” I wish this was true.  
I wish history didn’t repeat itself. I wish history didn’t repeat itself. Is  
it too later?  
Too late, to prevent the past from repetition? To prevent the past from  
repetition?  
Should never be to deny  
But to learn. I wish we could learn.  
I wish history didn’t repeat itself. I wish history didn’t repeat itself.  
Maybe our earth is not the only thing in a cycle. In orbit.  
But perhaps our past -  
thee past, history,  
is too, in a cycle,  
a loop,  
we call what cannot be undone, catastrophes,  
tragedies,  
war,  
mass shootings,  
genocides and yet we let it happen again. I wish the people of the  
world had, one unified path of peace and respect, instead of having to  
justify or oppose one’s actions We know hope our names  
But does prevention and protection? Are we trying?  
Are we trying hard enough?  
I wish history didn’t repeat itself  
I wish history didn’t repeat itself If we can prevent attacks on  
humanity such as injustice and terror Then why don’t we?  
Why are horrific things still happening?  
chemical attacks, civil war, inequality

## **Toby Stannard**

Anne Frank it must have been bad, The only survivor was your dad,  
Which makes me sad,  
Your diary is all you had,

In the attic you had no space,  
Then you disappeared without a trace, You were taken to a strange  
place, Tears streaming down your face,

You must have been scared when you were found, By the Germans and  
their hounds,  
They had you surround-ed,  
And took you to their compound,

You tried to hide,  
You probably cried,  
Your family was divide-d, All but your father died,

You were betrayed,  
You were afraid,  
You would have preferred deadly nightshade, Or perhaps a hand  
grenade,

Why did they come for the Jews, You didn't get to choose,  
So you were abused,  
Which cannot be excused.

## **Erin Flemming**

Time, Time,  
Cannot be reversed, Cannot be stopped, Cannot be altered.

It's done,  
Cannot be undone,  
The action is a bow, Constructed and tied by time.

The action itself,  
Is like a padlock,  
Yet the key has been thrown away.

Imagine this,  
The action is a rock,  
And time a filter,  
The rock cannot get through.

The rock and the filter,  
The rock is too big and has been immobilised, Your actions,  
Filter them.

Your brain is the filter, Your action is the rock, Think before you do it,  
Think before you act.

Time, Time,  
Cannot be sped up, Cannot be skipped, Cannot be modified.

Look, into the past,  
Pretend to go back in time,  
Even though time will not allow it, Just pretend.

Look at past enemies,  
People who committed vast crimes, Look how their reputation collapsed,  
Just as they did.

Do you want to follow in their footsteps? Do you wish to fall just as they  
did?  
Do you want to be loathed?  
Do you wish to be disrespected?

Everyday people in our 'normal' society commit crimes. Crimes that can  
cost them a lifetime. We all know that every fault comes with some sort of  
consequence. So why do certain human beings seem to think that whatever

they are doing is right? Also, certain things that people do (shooting someone, bullying someone, etc.), how does it benefit them? Is it supposed to give you power, because in my eyes i believe it gives no power or superiority whatsoever. So, stop yourself. Prevent whatever action it is from happening so that whatever consequence is hiding behind the crime is also stopped. Think before you act because once again, once something is done, it cannot be undone. Even a 16 year old girl who was at risk of death knew better than most people who have lived on this earth longer than she was able to. Remember her wise words before you do something. Think, filter, stop. If you do something out of pure stupidity beware that you can't undo what you have just done, and accept that Anne Frank will be simply disappointed that you have not listened to what she said. Time will not let you go back and change what you did. Therefore, you will be weighed down by regret. Think of it this way. If you chose not to commit the crime, you will be able to live the rest of your life not having to regret what you once did, you will only ever feel relief. Visualise people like Hitler, Donald Trump, Putin, terrorists and extremists, look at some of the prices that they had/are having to pay. Of course, some people agree with their hypothesis' and think that what they are doing is right but that just means that they have a few more life lessons to learn. Don't end up on the enemy list by following in their footsteps, and don't forget "What is done cannot be undone, but it can be prevent from happening again".

## **Alex Martin**

“What is done cannot be undone”

Throughout history, there have been examples of decisions made that have previously been enforced and being reversed. An illustration of this being legislation. In the early 80s, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher introduced a new law that stated everyone in the UK should pay the same level of poll tax. However, this caused major uproar with people across the UK as poorer people were having to pay a larger portion of their wage whereas wealthier people were paying less. Due to such a disagreement with the new law from the public, Margaret Thatcher decided to scrap the law completely.

Another example that is taking place right now is President Trump's ban on free movement. Before President Trump came to power, many people believed that free movement was a right and couldn't imagine anything different. Therefore, many people were shocked when their “right” was taken away overnight. President Trump is also considering undoing women's abortion rights. This could have a major impact on women as they might have been raped and cannot use contraception due to possible future laws.

In addition, people's behaviour can sometimes be undone, name calling and damaging property are examples of this. Nevertheless, there are certain things people do that can't be undone. For instance, genocides can't be undone as lives have been lost (eg. Holocaust, Saddam Hussain, Milosivich Kosovo, ISIS. All of these are examples of behaviours that can't be undone due to lost land, or ISIS destroying national treasures that can never be replaced.

“We can prevent it from happening again”

Founders of US, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, believed history was the most important subject for any citizen to study. Women were previously denied the opportunity to become priests as the men in leading the church believed they couldn't deliver the same message. Despite this view, women have finally been given the right to become priests as church rates drop due to disagreement from the public.

European politicians and military leaders in 1914 were fully aware of the ancient and modern history including how Peloponnesian War began in 431BC (most destructive war in Greek history). The same politicians

allowed assassination in remote parts of Europe leading to the war which claimed the lives of 11 million.

After WW1, politicians then allowed WW2 which killed 50 million men and women. For years now, we have been ignoring genocides going on around the globe. In 2011 President Assad's regime murdered over 470,000 and left 1,500,000 injured while governments continue to support the president.

"Those who don't know history are doomed to repeat it" - Edmund Burke

Unfortunately, people tend to believe that the world around them has changed to such an extent that the lessons from history are no longer relevant. They fail to realise, however, that human nature never changes. Emotions are what influence people's behaviour and therefore their actions. We have the power to stop history repeating itself, it's whether we choose to use it.

## **Hannah Madeley**

Every little girls dream, singing and dancing, not me, I wanted to write, but what could I write about?

Trapped in this bubble of a cramped building, being forced to act like mice in this cage. Watching that emerald green tree change through the seasons, from an olive green to a rich gold, to pure white. I was always wishing that I could step onto the thick, straw like grass; letting the breeze flow through my rich, dark chocolate hair. But no, stuck in that hell hole, room, nothing to do but write in my diary. With nothing really to write about only my raw emotions, love or how it was. Wishing I could be normal, but then what could I write, every writer needs an interesting tale; but I never imagined this....

Silence broken. BANG! Soon soldiers filled the petite room. Taken, moved to the train station, shoved into a tight wooden carriage, not like the once that little girl's wish they could go in to become princesses, with golden arches and imbedded problematic patterns. This was one, to send us somewhere but where? Where ever are we going I could tell that it wasn't somewhere sympathetic. Pushed and pulled out of the cart, selected into groups who either worked or people who didn't return. We lived; for now, in the holocaust. you never knew when your last day was. Men working, with guards yelling, merging with howls of criminal dogs. We had 3 meals a day (well that's what they called it, for me it was like a snack) and water. It was all very simple, food drink, beds, rooms, pretty much everything. It was atrocious, there were many ways to die, the dark cell, execution, medical experiments, the gas chamber, the standing cell, backwards hanging, the starvation cell and more. Auschwitz was uncrupulous and had poor medical care. I started to get ill and my family were scared that I wouldn't survive. I died from poor health, they said it wasn't fair as I was taken at such a young age but if my life had to be taken = for people to see how bad the Holocaust was, and to understand why it can never happen again then my life wasn't a waste. The Holocaust can be prevented, I was taken at the age of 15, however I now get to see the world as it is now, and how the future of the world should be safe because hopefully we have learnt from the mistake of the Holocaust. It can never be forgotten, then we couldn't learn from it. I am grateful that my father survived, so he could share my tale. A writer needs and interesting end, but I could never have imagine that the end would be mine.

“What is done cannot be undone, but we can prevent it from happening again”

## **Alanah Stone**

I sprint. The changing faces of people around me become a blur as I dart over to the glimmering red bus as if my life depends on it. I refuse to take cars anymore.

I was in a car accident because a drunken driver hit the end of my car and I went tumbling; I thought I was ok but then faces started to disappear. My family, my friends and all the people I loved ripped away from me because of a mistake someone else made.

I was later diagnosed with prosopagnosia. But that is just a fancy term for I can't remember anyone. I walked into a house of strangers the day I came home from her hospital. I didn't know who any of my closest friends and family were. Gradually I learnt who everyone was, matching faces to names, but as soon as I left the room it was gone again. I would look in the mirror; the person staring back would be someone unrecognisable.

I stare in awe. This is it, I think to myself. I begin to only concentrate on the bus as everything surrounding me is drained of colour. Only the vibrant crimson of the bus is left to stand out amongst the cold, dark night as I fade out of reality.

The realisation of what I am about to do hits me.

Then I notice that if I don't get on the bus then it will leave without me or at least that is what the man with the very thick London accent is yelling to me from the driver's seat. I decide to listen to him because he controls whether I get on or not and I can't afford to miss this bus.

Slowly and cautiously, I step on and trade him the money in my hand for a one-way ticket. As I walk away, the image of his face slowly leaves my mind and if asked, I would not be able to recall it. Looking around the bus, I see empty faces.

Then I see him – sitting on the window seat at the front watching the dull, grey sky. Observing the trees shudder in the wind as if they were human. Gazing at all the people down below, running and racing to get to something that probably isn't important.

The one person I can remember ... Finn.

As I take the seat next to him, he turns around and kisses my forehead; his green eyes seeming much darker in the shade of the night.

"Ready?" he asks with a smirk playing on his lips and a glimmer of wonder in his eyes.

"Ready" I whisper back.

We're heading to meet a man about starting a charity to help people like me; people with medical conditions that affect the brain. I can't change

what happened to me but I can stop it from happening again. So other people in my position have something to live for ... hope.

## **Eleanor Clark**

The ink was crumbling to dust; the places the ancient nib had jarred forming tiny meandering breaks in the running river of time, and it was brown and smelt of the cart track down Cheriton Hill, when the dust rose high in the mist after rain.

Particles danced like fairies when she turned a page, with adoring delicacy and a throb of longing. The air was full of the very essence of humanity mingling across ages, space closed between by her gentle fingers.

The field poppy in a jam jar on the windowsill leant against its friend, a sumptuous cornflower, resting together, exhausted from the effort of redemption. She vowed to the poppy, as something more real than a supposedly symbolic piece of paper pinned to a lapel in a lonely service at which only the remembered were blessed. Even the molecular structure that built its sweet nectar, was grown of the Earth.

Plucking the poppy from the jar, and watching the water from its stem wash about on the varnished wood, impermeable, she closed the fragile pages of the book.

The French landscape lay before her, unfolding its undulations down from the window, and over the corn-field, to the west where the vineyards grew, and the Marne river, flowing silent and slow beyond it all.

Fruits sank heavily into the ground as they fell from trees in the orchard, rocking the rope of a wooden swing hanging precariously, neglected, from a branch. Each low thud like the clumping of boot nails across the muted earth, ruptured and shredded of its wealth in the heat of battle. The country rolled away unchanged, until the last stile and the bend in the long white road. There the tranquillity ended and the blades of grass bore the scars of the past, and the swish of the wind carried footsteps and whispers of the long-dead. War country.

She went back to bed. Dreamt.

She fell at His feet, or where they would have been, if He was five feet eleven, like the book said. The poppy clutched in her hand did not droop, but the black spots crinkled like crepe in a mourning dress. Whispering Wilfred Owen in a lilting, lurching voice, she pledged every breath to His eternal rest. As though He understood, she sensed the phosphorescent light break over the gravestone head, and knew that God would pardon, if mortals would not.

A death bell from a country steeple formed the last perplexing images of the dream, before it faded red and black, like blood, and Devonshire earth, like the bullet that ended Him, like ink in His book. He had not deserted them, his hallowed comrades, and was not cowardly or futile. When He took His final journey and pressed His spine against that post, facing the barrel of the gun, was He a coward then?

The brittle, damp-spotted paper of the book blew open in the wind. She smiled. "Dulci et decorum est pro patria mori. Never again, Grandfather."

## **Abigail Casson**

Taken,  
Forced to leave but a soul left behind,  
A branded creature, my, my, clothes,  
Bright yellow star shone only insults and blood,  
Inhale, exhale and yet instead of calm, slow, everything time, It was gas,  
choke and everything-  
Grasping, crowded, broken wing.  
Ignorance and at least it's not me's,  
Instead, my body, their intoxication,  
Daily dancing with death, contorted and thin,  
The purple marks quickly etched into my skin.

Perhaps,  
Perhaps I wanted to forget, No... yes, yes,  
I wanted to forget,  
The way I bled from inside out, Mentally, physically,  
All worn out. Drained.

Then,  
Concrete rubbing on my complexion,  
Sensually perverted and me, my lungs,  
A chamber filled with your toxic air,  
Dyed with alcohol and yet instead of seeping, soothing, everything yellow,  
You were scarlet, shadowed and everything-  
Laughter, malicious, peregrine falcon,  
Dignity robbed and history repeats,  
Human over human, but where is the humanity  
In ripped tights and writhing against a stone-freckled pavement,  
Forcing your way into my innocence.

Perhaps,  
Perhaps I wanted to forget, No... yes, yes,  
I wanted to forget,  
The way I bled from inside out, Mentally, physically,  
All worn out. Pained.

The after-math,  
His prints were etched on my skin,  
Begging to hear gunfire so I could rot within his, my, cage,  
Shadows of your hand lay purple on my neck,

Grotesquely beautiful and yet instead of delicate, dainty, everything pretty,  
I was dirty, diseased and everything-  
Screaming, shrill, bush stone curlew,  
I remained huddled, raw and left mute from nightmare repeats,  
Binned remains of slaughterhouse meat, yet the meal  
I felt bland for your hands ripped me open and later my carpet stained  
blood, I had no energy to change out of my clothes.

Perhaps,  
Perhaps I need to remember, No... yes, yes,  
I need to remember,  
The way I bled from inside out, Mentally, physically,  
I was all worn out. Changed.

Now,  
I have breathed and am breathing,  
No longer victimised but me, I survived,  
Mute turned to writing and writing turned to speech, Listening they did  
and help I received, revived, everything grief Turned to light, calm and I  
was everything-  
Laughter, deep, golden eagle,  
Empathetic to each other, we want no repeats  
Of souls deteriorating, forced to lay on the streets, we know What is done  
cannot be undone but prevention is key,  
And we, the aching chest of no more, of help, of future.

## **Lorcan Cudlip Cook**

Sometimes, in the midst of spring, there is a yearning for winter's resolution.

But April had been kind to the revelers, and this day was her vital gift: trees welcomed the afternoon's sunlight through their bows, promising hours yet to come; while above, the sky was cloudless enough to reflect the marinated dreams of each man below. The women had their phones.

For men they were, in the fashion of an older time when boys were men on command; when girls were women because they had to be. The command, though extant, was elusive, and there was the sense that it would take just a few deserters to undermine its authority. But there were none to be found in the orchard that day, and the shoulders of every youth were borne down with a specious load they assumed represented the mantle of maturity.

The process of unfolding into more exploratory nocturnal areas yet to begin, the party suggested a series of stills. Cliques were angled around the axis of the central table, framed by Russet trees and benches crumbling into a more modish state. Occasionally, these conservatively arranged scenes were interrupted by wayward mayflies, granted both fleeting courage and swift social death by the table's plentiful spirits; over-indulgence was, naturally, crucial to the success of such an occasion, ("or else, how could you talk to anyone?" said one cynic to his companion), but timing was essential – one could not be tastefully sick before nine o'clock.

It was well known among these fragile bacchants that beer was consumed for enjoyment and vodka out of necessity, while the wines acted as a placebo in the absence of any real aphrodisiac. By evening, sex was all the more conspicuous for its lack of physical presence. There was only implication at this stage of the gathering; stray hands, looks avoided and smiles answered with unsated eyes. And to Jack Moran, a sarcastically languid youth slightly withdrawn from the assemblage, observing this kind of allusion from a distance seemed the only amatory relief available.

As is often the case, Moran's given name was far removed from 'Jack' and its connotations. However, upon receiving the peers, he had committed himself wholly to coalescing a series of ideas around Jack –

than personality". Nevertheless, Moran generally remained on the outskirts of the

soubriquet from certain consequential

after all, as the school counsellor had once told him, "image is just so much simpler

concentric social gallery, abstract and unfit for the rows of grey canvas within.

And

perhaps that is why, when the music had begun and darkness gave the phones a reason, she came to him.

Finishing a cider prescribed to him by a concerned drunk, Moran was standing by

the orchard gate when Eva approached. She knew him of course, Eva knew everybody. At least, that's what her eyes promised.

"Jack! Have you got Wi-Fi, my phone is -"

"- Yeah sure. What happened?"

Eva laughed. Moran wasn't sure why.

"Cracked on the patio up at the house..."

He handed her his phone.

"Christ, only ten," she said. The yellow screen lit up.  
And then Moran understood.

"The house, right, with -"

"- Tom," said Eva.

She watched Moran's face and seemed to suppress something in her own before attending to her streaks on his device once more.

"Fair. He's with Meghan, right?"

"Exactly, it had to be done."

Eva locked the screen and smiled. "You know Jack, I really want a nice guy. I mean, look at you, you wouldn't cheat would you Jacky? You wouldn't... But then again I want a lot of things." She laughed, perhaps because anything else would have been dangerous, and started to walk away.

"Eva, my phone..."

“Oh of course, sorry, I’m so blonde!”

As Moran watched her re-enter the rehearsed disorder, he remembered when she had first dyed her hair. It was around the same time as the grades began to fall away. Around the same time as the sixth formers noticed her.

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Nursing autumn’s first chill with an incongruous rum and coke, Moran was standing by the orchard gate when Eva approached him. For Eva knew everybody.

At least, that’s what her eyes promised.

## **Pearl Andrews-Horrigan**

A level options evening – what a bore  
The kind of thing that you hope your parents don't get the email for It's  
your future, why do you have to bring them along?  
They just interfere and tell you your decisions are all wrong  
Well sorry mum, but "back in your day" things may have been different But  
this is a new day and age  
So please don't drag me to the back of that queue  
Just because the history teacher likes talking to you

Oh. Too late.

Guess I'll have to smile patiently  
Whilst we wait for all the Tommies and Timmies and Todds  
To finish contemplating their lives and weighing up their odds  
Of getting an A\* in this subject or that  
"He's aiming for Oxbridge, bet you didn't know that" a mother can't help  
but inform me  
When in fact it's all her darling boy talks about, even during PE  
Which, if it wasn't obvious, he has not written on his options form  
Though neither have I, to be fair  
Mine has one blank space left and I'm preparing for teachers to do battle to  
the death to defend their subjects  
Not because I'm a particularly special student but because they need the  
numbers to protect their funding

So I stay standing by the History display despite not being convinced  
There's never any harm done just by looking, I think  
And before I know it I'm next in line  
To be talking to the teacher whose voice can transport you backwards  
rather than forwards in time So we're chatting about my choices and my  
concerns

Until mid-conversation I interject those fateful three words...

"WHY TAKE HISTORY?!" He exclaimed  
"My dear, of any other A level choice you should be ashamed  
You see, how can you hope to understand the present without looking back  
When you examine the past your preconceptions start to crack  
For what is done cannot be undone unlike a lace on a shoe  
But the future is yours; the decisions are down to you

So understand where you've come from to help you choose the way to go  
Learn about humanity's mistakes so you're not afraid to say no  
No I won't stand for this, no not again  
I'm breaking the link on this self-destructive chain"

I took History. Who couldn't have after that?  
I chose a seat last September and there I have sat  
Through 18 months in which I've covered 200 years  
A turbulent time in the present, the parallels have stirred up some fears  
Because the Nazis aren't back but if they were they'd vote for Trump So  
let's just all hope this is another bump on the road for humanity Which,  
currently, seems to be lacking  
Hatred's striking back and apparently has popular backing

So although our teacher should be teaching us how to pass exams We  
instead discuss politics and the new President's plans  
He tells us if we're unhappy we have to take action  
Advice for life and our futures, he tells us to always have compassion "I  
have no idea what's ahead," he says "only what's behind

Which is what I'm meant to be teaching you, so you can find your own feet  
There are nasty things in this world and it'll be up to you to beat them"

Six months and a summer stuffed with results on, It's safe to say Sir; at the  
start you weren't wrong What's in the past can't be undone  
Despite the claims of those loonies and liars

The skeptics and cynics and the holocaust deniers  
But you may be too hopeful that we can prevent it from happening again  
That's not what's happening at ballot boxes or in people's brains  
Hearts and minds are being won and I fear it's too late  
I can see the future coming, and as someone who doesn't usually believe in  
fate I am afraid.

## **Edward Buckton**

What is done cannot be undone,  
But rivers flow through forest dens children have made. What is done  
cannot be undone,  
But sunlight washes concrete builds in earnest gold. What is done  
cannot be undone,  
But vines sponge old tracks, pulling them to decency. What is done  
cannot be undone,  
But stones lie engraved, a grave, times marked misguided. What is  
done cannot be undone,  
But trees are rooted where bodies lay in damp heat. What is done  
cannot be undone,  
But Bergen-Belsen barbed wire rusts; it's buried, now. Scholars learn  
victim's hardships, teaching, subduing. What is done cannot be  
undone,  
But we can prevent it from happening again.

# **Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards**

Inspired by Anne Frank, the Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards recognises 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 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 1<sup>st</sup> place entry will receive book tokens of value £25, £50 and £75 respectively.

### **Get in touch!**

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