



**Somerset
Anne Frank
Awards**

**The Somerset Anne
Frank Awards'
Creative Writing
Awards 2019/20**

Shortlisted Entries

Adjudicated by Chris Ewan

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Rose Olney-Dethal

Dear Anne ,

"looking at the sky ,the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful ... Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every day with courage"

So that's how you felt. You stayed optimistic and determined through the toughest of times .You stayed and picked out all the beauty from every nook and cranny when your mum , sister and dad saw none. The sweet aroma of nature extinguished your fear. You would stop being panic-stricken like everyone else but you would peer through the crack in the curtains and spot every last piece of nature. The one flower that hadn't wilted, the blue sky that's still shining and the countryside in the distance.

You looked up to nature. The waves danced near the beach you passed after the Gestapo found you.

You thought no-one would remember you.

But...

Let me tell you something Anne,

They did.

I hope in the future they still will,

Your's sincerely,

Rose.

Lucy Groves

My thoughts racing in my head.
People being hurt for no reason.
Helpless children being wiped out.
Nazis hunting Jews.
I pray for one last chance
To see the world around me.
With no suffering or crying.
To explore the wilderness.
Beyond my wildest dreams.
I close my eyes every night
And think about when it's over.
Think of the turquoise Sky above me.
Think of my future.
Beauty is nature
I have seen the passing seasons
Spring, summer, autumn, winter.
Spring glistens with life
Making new plant every second
Summer jumps with light
As you hear excited children playing.
Autumn's colours bloom into action
Russel red, burnt orange and amber
Winter is white with snow.
Snowflakes drifting steadily down the sky.
"Nature makes me feel humble
And ready to face every day with courage."

George Chilcott

The Moon, The Clouds and The Stars

looking At the sky,

the clouds, the moon

aNd the stars,

they give me hopE.

all the Franks are Jews

nazi GerRmany

hAters of Jews

they went into hidiNg

they think they did well but they got caught

the stars Shine so bright

The white dots

some think of relAtives

some think of buRning ball of gas.

Shine on.

the Moon

some think Of cheese

different shapes and Oh...

the moon be yourself

cotton Candy

baLls of whiteness

On the earth

yoU see them

fluffy clouDs

cloudS be yourself.

Emily Pearce

I was running. I was always running. Running from life. Running from the people who haunt me every waking moment. I was running to a place I call peace. I slowed down, almost to a standstill. I was standing on gravel no longer. My feet were on a patch of damp grass. I surged on, my shoes becoming wetter and wetter because of the damp grass. I spied flowers now, beautiful lavender and lovely daisies. The sky was growing darker, and little silver dots appeared in it. I wandered on, and heard a rustle. A hare popped out of a hedge and raced along the path, leaping into another one. The sky was almost black now, and the silver stars were becoming clearer by the minute. I was here. In front of me lay a wonderful bed of flowers, purple, yellow and blue. There was a tree with lots of green leaves. I sat under the tree and looked up at the stars. This is where I feel happy, I said to myself. This is where I belong.

Sofia Sartain-Walker

Her Patch of Sky

She's been there for so long that her name is lost. She can't quite picture where 'there' is. Stars light up the cave which is lonely and sad, illuminating the rocky prison where she is held. The stars and sky are her twinkling friends, all her memories gone with time.

All knowledge is lost except that which she most regrets. She never asked for it, the information that was meant to remain secret. Her grandfather's last words told her of the dragons and where they could be found. That's why she was taken; sweet innocence locked away forever.

Rats and mice never came, the dragon's appetites controlled that. Birds, bats and fireflies visit her every night. They are familiar with her and never feel fear at her approach. Shooting stars bring calm and happiness to her every time they soar over the small, jagged patch of sky that she can see but not touch. Sometimes, gusts of sweet, fresh air surround her; filling her with the courage and patience to face each day as it slowly crawls by.

The dragons bring her food and water, unaware of the visits that make her days enjoyable even though she is caged. Her animal friends light up her evenings with joy; wing beats create quiet, careful laughter as free as the chirping of the birds who swoop in. The more nature comes, the more she is hopeful to one day escape and be part of it. Until that day she would tolerate her dark prison with the help of her heart-lifting friends.

Awaiting the evening she decided to rest, looking forward to another night of twittering, wing beat, twinkles and buzzing. Happiness flickered through her heart, spreading through the chilly, lonesome cave and making it warm.

298 words

Gracie Glanfield

Tree Tops – Inspired by Anne Frank

The hum from the bees and the song of the birds,
Is like nature's own little lullaby.

Walking onwards and entering the woods,
I feel the wind blowing in my face.

I sit under an old oak tree and pull out my ruby red diary.

Then, I start sketching the tree tops.

Half an hour later...

I finished my sketch and started to write:

I'm lying on the forest floor,

Looking at the tree tops,

I wish I could come here more,

but for now I hope this never stops!

The sun is coming through the leaves,

In little shafts of light.

I'm fascinated by how it weaves,

Through the holes to make it bright!

I smell the dampness in the air,

You could feel the dust.

Little toadstools everywhere,

Brushing your legs off is a must!

I'm still here lying on the floor,

Still looking at the tree tops,

Still wishing I could come here more,

But sadly now... this is where... my poem... stops

Isabelle Burgess

Our Atmosphere

The moon shining down on me, it's a full moon.
Everything is silent apart from an owl in the distance,
The only light source is the moon,
A car zooms past, and I fall over,
The smell of flowers consumes me.
I soon get home and look in my telescope at the stars.
Millions of stars shining on me,
Walking down the unlit lane,
The only thing I have is the stars,
The wind blowing in my hair,
I fell over again,
The smell of mud covers me like a blanket,
I stand back up and put my cotton-feeling hat back on,
A lovely day with the blue sky,
New clouds begin to form,
Nearly every cloud looks like candy floss,
Every time I look away I see more clouds,
Fun games, counting clouds
Rain is a long way off my home,
A cloud covers the distance,
Nice people waving from next door,
Knocking on my friend's door to say hello
A drop of hope falls into my heart,
As I realise I have something following me,
Not someone not something,
I realize it was courage,
Anyone can have courage

Cassia Pickford

6th of July 1942

Dear Kitty,

What would I do without you! Today has been rough, but I still have you!

Earlier, I gazed up at the peaceful apple trees dancing in the gentle breeze, looking calm. Surviving is easy for them so surely it should be easy for humans. Outside the flowers don't look bothered, unlike my frantic family. Its trauma, yet the nature compromises making me feel humble. Facing the world is easy, once nature has been seen with its untroubled ways. For some reason, my family doesn't look positively. Although, I understand that the infuriating Nazis are shouting at us but the nature is still there waiting. Waiting, to be appreciated.

Outside I look hopeful, inside I start to worry.

The beauty should definitely be endured by you Kitty, me and everybody. Most people take it for granted but I think it's there to be appreciated. The smiling apple trees carry on dancing joyfully with the flowers singing their cheerful tune. Whilst in the cramped annex, everyone is scared to step out of our door in fear of the cruel Nazis. We are all panic-stricken, whenever we see a Nazi march by with their face like tomatoes from infinite anger. Furiously crushing anything in its way, from flowers to what it seems like people. If we ever do walk around town, it's with those ugly stars. Although, with nature I feel free. The crystal-clear sky, the mysterious moon, the twinkling stars make me feel calm and hopeful.

Takara Harding

Such a Sky

Such a thing I saw

I saw a shiny dot in the sky

I saw a star a glamorous star

I saw what looked like sweets

Such a thing I saw

Such a thing I felt

I felt candy floss fresh from the store

I felt clouds but as soft as pillows

I felt clouds as soft as ever

Such a thing I felt

Such a smell I smelt

I smelt dreams calm dreams

I smelt flowers from up above

I smelt the end of it all

I smelt the sky above

Such a smell I smelt

Annabel Gilmour

An amber lustre softly sculpts the meadow, a lone candle concurrently defying and defining darkness. Filtering through the leaves, a golden beam falls as the light of freedom on my face. I can almost feel the warm hold of the ray as it caresses my cheek; soft, supple skin grazing against mine. The yoke of the Sun slips into the promise of tomorrow, pulling the curtain of night along with it, itself a shield against the vituperation of the rest of the world. Stars remain as scars where the fabric of the sky has been hole-punched with gunpowder kisses, a glittering reminder that even in the midst of destruction you can find beauty.

I see my own problems reflected in the canvas as a notch in the belt of Orion: an insignificant speck of something in the great extent of time. Wind whistles past, whispering to me of hope and love and sometimes I hear it speak of my freedom; liberation from the incarcerations of this annexe. Imagining a time where a yellow star is no more than a childlike wish.

Twinkle twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are.

Buttercups and daisies shoot up between the tousled tufts of grass, a distant echo from past lives and childhood games - daisy crowns, daisy chains, do you like butter? Poppies, too, that here are not a paper promise of forget-me-not but the real, living pledge to not be forgotten. Birds cheerfully chirp their gratitudes, praises sung like a melodic wave of calmness that washes over me. The iridescent moon installs itself above me, a parent whose light will guide me and a guardian angel who will watch over me.

Knowing I will wake from this dream does not dilute it, instead, making it my own pocket of freedom; a jewel of hope that I can hold close to my heart.

Come morning, I will wake and peer out of the window (a real life manifestation of my dream) and find myself ready to face the day with courage.

Lillie Lavelle-Sullivan

Anne Frank's Diary: July 5th 1942:

I love nature so much. I wake up in the morning thinking about nature and birds and butterflies and cats and dogs and dragonflies: I like all nature (apart from pesky little things like flies and ants.

I suppose, I like ants, I like watching them carry bits of leaf and making their home tidy. Although, I wouldn't like being in a big colony, It's bad enough having to live with my sister, margot (who's 16)

She thinks she's the boss of me, telling me what to do 24/7.

I love nature. Once I asked my best friend Jacqueline Van Maarsen (Jacque) what her fave animal was - she was telling me, but I was In a world of my own, thinking " If I was an animal, what would It be?"

And then I knew... I would be a butterfly. I was thinking about their colourful wings and their tickly legs and the soft beating of the wings. If I were a butterfly, I would fly to all the places I would like to go, and sit on the tops of trees and buildings and watch people from down below.

There!

I just made something rhyme!!!!

Another thing I like is the night, like the stars and the moon and the trees.

I feel connected to nature, almost as if I was born to nature. I mean, my mum is still my mum, and my dad is still my dad, but I feel as if nature is also my mum or my dad - you know I feel as if I am the mother of nature.

I also feel as if the trees talk to me and the moon watches over me and the stars make me feel sparky and bright and calm.

Nature makes me feel ready to face everyday with courage and makes me feel calm and hopeful.

Looking at the sky makes me feel serene and relaxed, looking at the blueness of the sky and the white clouds makes me feel soothed and looking at the clouds move, makes me feel as if I am moving too, right through all of the cities and towns and villages and soaring all the way to London and visiting all the shops that sell all of the sexy black crop tops and the ripped jeans.

I'm in China now.

Anyway, I've got to go now...

Mason Toland

Dear Kitty,

Looking at the sky, the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful. Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every day with courage. I need courage for times like these, I'm worried that I may be sent to one of those wretched camps. I have heard horrible things about them. However, I cannot confirm if those rumours are true. I just cannot shake the feeling that something bad will happen soon, it's as if it involves death. I would just like to thank you Kitty for listening to me for all this time, even when others won't. I always look at nature, it helps me feel calm and helps me to relax and try not to worry about anything too much. I wish I could go back outside. However, Mother tells me it is not safe to go out there, because it is far too dangerous for a girl like me to go out, especially when there have been recent air strikes. I wish I could understand why the Germans are wanting to bomb this place, wouldn't they want peace? Or is that something that should never be accomplished? I will probably never know the answers to any of these questions that constantly travel through my mind. Another thing I should tell you is why I like nature so much. I like nature because it almost seems like a release from my worries, maybe something better is waiting for us as a society up there? Possibly. I don't know. I'll never know. The sky surely holds some sort of secret, right? I mean no-one has been up there. I wonder what waits for us above, will it be decided when we die? It's a mystery, new things are always being discovered about nature. It makes me feel humble and ready to face the day with courage because I do wonder how animals like cats and dogs can co-exist with each other, yet we cannot. Is this something that other people wonder? I wonder if people feel the same way I do about nature. Am I the only one that wonders how nature is always surrounding us. Why would the Nazi's want to destroy something so peaceful and humble? The beauty of nature should be preserved, not torn down by people as a result of conflict.

Yours Faithfully, Anne Frank.

Benjamin Hunt

Analysis of the quote

The quote “Looking at the sky, the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful... Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every day with courage.” was written by Anne Frank. She expresses this love for nature and how it is a soothing and calming presence that relaxes the mind and spirit. This is conveyed when she says, ‘Nature makes me feel humble’. highlights Anne Frank’s amassing perseverance and thought process as, many people in her situation would not think to write about the world outside and its beauty but would focus on their fear and paranoia. Whereas Anne Frank focuses on what keeps her going which I feel shows her maturity and mindset at which she goes about her life. ‘looking at the sky, the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful’. This I feel really portrays her way of thinking and processing the world around her. Anne Frank was caught in a terrible place pinned into the annex by the oppressing and sickening rule of Adolf Hitler. Even though she knew the horrifying truth of the camps she pushed it out of her mind and focused on the positives. This shows how strong she was during her time of struggle and is an inspiration to everyone that no matter how dire your life or situations, there are always positives and beauty to be found in nature wherever you look in the world. This statement to me is so powerful as it shows how resilient Anne was and how in this horrendous scenarios she kept her head held high through it all, some people of her age might of gone crazy by the constant threat of being discovered. In her writing you see this amazing maturity and incredible way of seeing things. Also, through her writing she creates this amazing perspective of the war, this shows how her mind processed the war and everyday life in the annex. It is truly a remarkable piece of literacy that perfectly captures the call to the Jews in hiding yearning to get outside again and how the beautiful world we live in gave them hope.

Beth Grace Farr

Grass, trees, sky

The soft tongue of nature's being laps warmth onto skin marred with markings of summers before

We sit, solitude as ever but humble in her presence

Are we ever alone, as the wind courses through, snaking its way into every strand of hair, bellowing this way and that, leaving soft kisses on cheeks?

Liberty, freedom, prison

She controls me,

She controls you

Words are simply not enough to break her, her grandeur too great to fathom.

Her silent rage bites at those who do not bow down, who disrespect her power.

Have you heard her whispers in the night?

Those that echo through her body, reverberating over and over and over

Begging, wanting, needing, someone to listen

To respond to her cry for help.

Delicate, fragile, broken

She replicates those who sit on her throne

We replace our Queen

We believe we are better

Knowing we should bow down

Rebelling something that feels so right.

But can we?

Can we submit to something so obviously greater than we are?

Care to lay with your mother for a while?

To relax into her embrace as she sings you to your slumber

For her to rock you out of her place.

Wake up.

Realise you were wrong

And for what?

The greedy world screams, aching with the knowledge of effort bereft of reward

The answer is simple.

For the peace of another day.

Sarah Rowley

Simplicity is Beauty

The good days are a rare wish and we should try and make the best of them, no matter our circumstances. We can and should, always find Beauty and hope in our surroundings. Just look from trees to skies and from the birds to our words and from the flowers to the bees, and from the bees to the seas. They seem so vastly different and yet we and they are all connected. All of us are made from the same singular substance, cut from the same cloth. We all share feelings and emotions, not all ways the same experience but the same unwavering floods of sensations. Whether it's that cold warmth on the first day of winter or the first tear that roll down your face at the first heartbreak you experienced or the overwhelming anxiety that comes with the sense of being alone even though there are 7 billion people on our planet. When you look at all these things you can see and feel, the beauty of this world that we share connects us, and is around us. And if we can find beauty in a single plant or creature or feeling, that was a past moment, then there must be hope. In every word we say; every thought we think, every person we meet and everything that's passed unnoticed. Never- give up because there is always hope when there is beauty and in this world, we live in there's more beauty than we can appreciate. And if you can't find it down here then look up, beauty is abundant from the stars in the sky to the moon and from the moon to the sun which keeps all of our solar systems in perfect alignment. There is nothing more natural- more perfect and more magnificent than the beauty of our own Earth - are only Little lives. For if we can find the light in the sky then surely you can find it down here. And when you do you will feel ' calm and hopeful' because nature makes us 'feel humble and ready to face every day with courage'.

Eleanor Motion

Oh, what a sight it was.

The waves crashed peacefully on the glittering sand. The little rock's and minerals blasted into the ground. Waves washing away all the mistakes we make. Oh, what a sight it was.

The beaming rays of light lit up my heart with hope. Beautiful just beautiful. The flickering waves of hope filled the trees, the grass and flowers. Oh, what a sight it was.

The wind rustled each strand of my hair. The light breeze glided through the leaves on each branch of my tree, my tree of believing in each day, my tree of life. The memories of joy and wonder. Oh, what a sight it was. The sun hid, the wind turned cold, the tree died. The memories of my parents taken away in seconds. My world was rocked. Where did the love go? Taken away in a flash. The cold rainy day is glued in my mind. The clickety clacks of the train is fixed in repressed memories. Dogs barking and soldiers shouting is always on my consciousness. Oh, what a sight it was.

A cold breeze brushed my neck, thoughts of death filled my head. The memories of stepping on the little skull, the crake it made under my foot. Shivers still go down my spine. Oh, what sight it was.

The blue and white stripes, white and blue stripes. Oh, how I hated those blue and white stripes. The uniform of my life. Once happy. Once full of wonder. Once free. Magical thing freedom is. Taken away in a blink of an eye. Where has my life gone? Will I be free again? Thoughts of freedom gave me a glimmer of hope. Oh, what a sight it was.

The land of death. The land of misery. The land of worthless, defeated, helpless "humans". The whistles of nightmares still ringing in my head. My shattered dreams of hope and joy. What has life come to? Oh, what a sight it was.

Despite all of my horrific memories my delicate, graceful, fragile tree of life is bearing new shoots, blossoming once again. My new chapter of life has begun leaving all the mournful days with no courage behind me. It has now led me to sitting by my enchanting tree "looking at the sky, the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful. Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every day with courage." Oh, what a sight it was.

Neve Champion

The rain trickled from the sky, moving thoughtlessly from somewhere way up high to somewhere way down below. It gave no struggle, put up no fight as the clouds – evidently its master – flung it down with little effort. One troop after another were sent down to the battleground, attacking the defenceless victims below. Picnic plans eroded, day-long outings made significantly wetter, and spirits drowned. All because of the brainwashed droplets coming from a place masked by a single sheet of grey. It was a deep, soul-sucking grey, one that sucked the colour out of the world; the only ones left being shady greens and overcast blues. The sunless sky couldn't help but fill the world with hopelessness. Even what should have been a gorgeous sunset was washed away by the beast, locked up like a secret deemed too precious for the Earth to get its hands on. It was life-draining, hope-destroying, body-aching; down below was controlled by a ruthless monster who refused to stop sending mind-controlled fleets to attack, at least until every last glimmer of hope was truly destroyed. It seemed like it would never end, the army was infinite. The world wondered if the mutant would ever give in, ever stop its reign of terror down below.

Up above, the monster was a mere star in a solar system of ambition and hope. The sun was free to roam this place and was allowed to do whatever it wished. It could dance, sing, even sleep if it wanted to. The sun teetered on the edge of a faraway peak, one out of the reach from the world down below, and contemplated what it was to do next. Should it sleep? Or maybe it should remain awake and dance with the raindrops, foil the monster's plans down below and switch the outdated grey painting for a unique collage of colours. As the sun thought, a brainwave of pink candyfloss, blue bubblegum and golden jewels swayed up above, moving rhythmically to a silent melody. The colours greeted each other with a blurred bow and immediately moved into hold as if they had done it a million times before, which they had. Dancing was a great way to pass the time, it seemed. The routine could have lasted for mere seconds, or maybe it was days, but the colours spun and twirled and jived to their beat nonetheless. Until a decision had been made.

The sun sunk lower and lower, allowing the beast to keep its grasp over the world below. As it descended, the sun promised to play a leading role tomorrow, that way, the hope down below would be rebuilt twice as strong as it had been prior to the attack; clearly, the beast didn't know that its reign of despair only caused a desire for ambition, and that was exactly what the sun promised to deliver.

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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