



Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards

Charity No 1200514

Somerset Anne Frank Creative Writing Awards 2024

Shortlisted Entries

Adjudicated by Wafa' Tarnowska

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Kinga Dudzinska

"We can't control our destiny, but we can control who we become."
- Anne Frank

24.03.1944

My dearest Kitty,

Today I feel so lonely, spring started and we still can't be free to fresh air until the war is over. Margot says that everything will be fine and we will eventually run around outside and go to school like we usually did. Oh, I really miss all my friends I feel really lonely and sad without them I really hope they're still alive. I don't really know what destiny is for. Maybe it is just our instinct/inner conscience telling us what we have to do.

So, I ask Margot what exactly is destiny and she says:

"Destiny is our future but who we become is what we choose. Our future depends on how we choose to care for the world around us and we choose to follow our destiny. No one knows what will happen in the future that's why we need to care for what we have and always look at the bright side of life. Who we will eventually be all depends on us and who we want to be when we're older. We can be whoever we want to no matter who or what wants to stop us (it's someone we choose to be)."

I don't know what happened with people they just don't understand about our destiny and that no matter what, you can never change it.

We need to be strong, think optimistically and let our destiny take us to where we need to be.

That's all for now,

Yours, Anne

Xander Davis

1.2.24

My dearest diary,

I can't describe the way I'm feeling right now. It's like it's been raining for months now. Tears falling down my cheeks dripping onto the floor. I'm empty and full at the same time like I'm too tired but I can't sleep. I suddenly stopped crying and I stood up and sat on my bed. As the waves of sadness come over me I realise school is the reason I'm crying. The subjects are hard. English is hard. Everything is hard!

Suddenly I thought about it. It would be bad if I didn't do the work. I'm good at writing. I know how to write and I know I can read. Even if my work is bad I can still write well and read. I can use these skills for English, history, geography, RE and maths.

I found out I can't control my future but I can control who I become in the present. That will affect me in the future. This is what I have to do to make school not that hard anymore. I can make it easier by working harder and putting one hundred percent effort into my work.

So the lesson I learnt is that if you work harder you can do more.

Yours truly,
Xander

Bonnie Allan

22.5.20

Dear diary,

I can't describe how I feel but it is like the horizon is filled with dark rain clouds. My eyes feel like rain. I'm all curled up on my bed with tears down my face.

I was coming back from school and as soon as I walked through the dark door. I saw my mum waiting for me and she said "Can I tell you something?" in a sobbing voice. Of course I said yes but that was the worst decision of my life. Mum had told me that she had signed me up for Piano lessons and my heart felt like a herd of elephants.

My first day was a mess I had no clue what I was doing. The next day, was amazing, something incredible... I was a master but the question is...
Can I still play it like I used to?

I know that I can't control my future but I can control
Who I become. (I will practise the piano every day.) With my newfound determination, I went to practise my first piece.

From Bonnie

Payli-Jai Harding

Dear diary,

I was in school today, and I was having a great time there. But in maths, the questions were so hard, and I was asking myself, "Why don't I know this? Everyone else can do it, so why can't I do it?" And after Maths, I have a test tomorrow. But then, my eyes started to water and tears welled up, running down my face. My face was in my arms, but then my friend came over and asked, "Are you okay? If it's about the work, then just stop working. That is year 6 work, not year 5." So Mr. Clarke must have given all of us the wrong work, she explained. I realized that too, so we both told Mr. Clarke, and I used my skills to finish the work.

Then I realised, instead of crying, I can do something to help. I can control what I can do, and I am smart and beautiful. And I know my skills are being confident, happy, and being kind.

So onwards and upwards with renewed spirits. It'll all work out because I'm determined to write.

Amelia Hayes

Friday 20th July 2024

Dear Diary,

Today is the day of my leavers service, and my nerves have taken over me. My legs are shaking and my hands are dotted with sweat.

I was suddenly sat on a bench in the hall facing a big crowd of people holding tissues and there were tears streaming down their faces; too many to catch. Then, I saw my mum, sat in the front row, and as I walked to the front with my booklet in hand ...I started to cry. I managed to start reading my booklet but as I said my last few words, 'I will miss everyone in the school so, so much,' my mum started to let out millions of tears which turned into a river of sadness.

I sat down on the bench and bowed my head trying to hide my red and shiny face. But then I couldn't hold my emotions back any more, my tears flowed faster and my hands were red and stinging. I managed to pull myself together and get through the rest of the service though, but sad memories rained into my brain and saddened me for the rest of the day.

From then on I didn't weep or cry or sob but I always had a burning fire deep inside my heart that hurt when I thought of my old primary school.

I am now sat on my bed writing this and have moved up to secondary school. It's pretty good, for a secondary school I mean, but always remember 'we can't control our destiny, but we can control who we become'.

Write in you soon, Diary.

Sincerely from,
Amelia

Sophie Ball

Friday 15th July 2024

Dear diary,

Today, I felt empty, like there was a giant hole inside me, pulling me in. I don't know why... that's a lie, I do know why. It's because I'm finally leaving my school. I've tried to pretend it's okay, tried to act like I don't care but I do I really, really do. I've gone to school here for 6 years which suddenly makes me feel empty again but realise it's just a new adventure, a new way to learn, and hope sparks in my chest.

I feel a warm feeling in my chest and actually understand, do I have to be sad? No, I'm good at listening and learning so I'll be alright. Of course I'm going to be sad sometimes, but that's just life. I am smart and I do focus so actually I will be alright, I will, I will, I WILL!

I know now that I can do it; I could even visit my school if I really need to. However, I have my friends to support me so I will try and I will succeed at school and I will help my friends as well. And suddenly I think of something that makes me feel better and that is "I can't control my destiny, but I can control who I become."

I have to go soon, but now I know I will be alright and I can make new friends and it will be okay so I have no reason to be upset or scared. Right, I have got to go now but I will write again soon.

Yours truly,
Sophie

Olivia Cross

Thursday 20th July 2023

Dear Diary,

Until now, I have been hiding my feelings from everyone, but I am finally going to share them with you. This morning, I felt devastated because me and my family would need to leave our house behind and move to another residence.

I took in one last view of my house before sitting in the windowsill and watching the crystal-clear raindrops fall quickly down the glass pane. My room felt bare; memories of positive times flooded into my brain, messing with my head. I remembered when my parents would sleep on the floor with me when I cried through the night and when my sister, Bella, would play and sing with me all day long. Those were the happy times, the fun times. In my six years of living there I never thought I would have to leave.

Then, I realised that I can be brave; I can be resilient and leave my house, but I don't need to leave the memories. I can take my memories and my things with me.

In my new home, I can make new memories and I will be able to make it feel like I have always lived there. Right now I am sitting on my new bed, in my new room, in my new house. I know that I am sad, but everyone can be sad because that's just life. You're allowed to be sad, but just try to be happy, try to make the world a better place with your actions. I said to myself, "I can't control my destiny, but I can control who I become."

Yours sincerely,
Olivia

Bertie Guillaume

Thursday 1 February 2024

Dear Diary,

I'm struggling to find the words of how I'm feeling like a bomb that had just hit me. Just whatever I do my tears are overflowing. So it started when we were playing a game of basketball at school and I got angry because were unfair a bit like a coke bottle that has been shook and blown its lid. So I just threw the ball into the car park Without thinking at all. All my friends shouted at me saying, "What did you do that for?" My heart sank like I just fell into the ocean. I walked away depressed.

I sat on the bench dejected and terrible. I just didn't know how to make it up to my friends. And I just realised I could ask the teacher to get the ball back so I did just that.

The teacher slowly got the ball as my friends watched reassuringly but as the teacher tried to the ball over the car park fence she failed and it went under one of the cars and she explained how she couldn't get it! So I went and they forgave me.

Now I've figured out how I can control myself and we went back to playing basketball.

Tomorrow, I will make sure that I will control myself and not throw the balls into the car park because if I don't, I'll prove myself wrong. I know I can be right. I know I can control who I am. I can't control my destiny, but I can control who I become.

Yours,

Bertie

Sienna Porter

Friday 20th July 2024

Dear Kitty,

For a long time now I've always wondered if I was ready for the next step in life. The year was coming to an end now; it doesn't feel real.

All of my friends filled my days with laughter and fun. I'm really gonna miss them. I feel so awfully miserable about leaving the school but as the other year sixes all lined up ready to go to the hall for the service I suddenly felt shaky. My legs were trembling like never before, I felt so nervous. We all sat around on the bench looking forward to a crowd of people. I took one look at my friend and immediately burst down into tears. I could feel the droplets from my tears drip down my face. I felt like my life was over.

And now it's really over because I took one look at the board and knew it was my turn to go up and share the great experiences that I have had in this school. So I wiped away the droplets on my face and picked up my booklet ready to go. I started to hesitate whether I was going to do it or not. So I plucked up my courage and stepped forwards to only see my mum in the crowd and my friends cheering me on behind me.

I stood up with confidence and walked along to the front and I started to read. But as I was reading, I started to think about my future later on in life and what it would be like. But I guess I will have to wait and see what comes and goes. I am a bit nervous about going to a new school but it's kind of the same feeling as starting this school when I was 2 years old. So I knew I was going to do fine. But as my reading came to an end all the crowd started to give me a big round of applause.

Right now I am sat in my bedroom writing this and also looking through Anne Frank's diary. It amazes me how she wrote nearly every day whilst trying to get through a war so i tried to do it with mine. But as I always say, "We can't control our destiny but we can control who we become."

Yours sincerely,

Sienna

Daisy Summers

Thursday 25 January 1944

In the secret annex.

Dear diary,

Today was so utterly awful, oh it was horrible so bad I can't explain it but I will try for you. I was upset for this reason and this reason only. I am so sad since I might not be able to go back to school, finish my work and become a journalist (my life-long dream).

Wait but maybe I could become a journalist, I have got enough skills to write this; I assume you love my writing. I am so proud of my writing here so if I can do this I can do anything I believe in.

Now that I know I can do anything, anything at all. I have also figured out that I can control what I do and when we do. My life is great for this reason, oh I just love it I can control what I do over and over again.

As I sit up from my puddle of tears I noticed my back really, really hurts from the position I have been sitting in was not a good idea but something else I realised is that "I can't control my destiny, but I can control who I become". So I will carry on saying that to myself to keep myself positive.

That's all for now, Anne.

Sophie Day

Sophie's Poem

In Oake school the girl stood, stood alone
with Children playing all around her
Someone came to her they asked to be friends
Happiness made her smile.

She has black hair eyes brown kindness
Comes from her
When I am upset, she checks on me.
She makes me feel better
We share our dreams
We can't control our destiny
But we can control who we be become.

Kaya Holmes-Adams

Wednesday 16 July 2023

Dear Diary,

On this day, I didn't feel right, something was wrong with me. It all started this morning when I was sitting in the window sill, staring at the crystal clear rain drops, then it hit me... I was going to leave this school. What's so bad about that you might ask? Well me and my friends are going to different secondary schools; it's like being ripped apart.

My friends filled my days, nothing but them. I felt devastated when I realised that they weren't going to the same school as me. I flopped into my bed and I could just feel that I was going to cry my heart out.

And I know it's sad that I have to lose my friends. But I have to be the person that's funny and good at gymnastics. Even though it feels strange, I know that I would get used to not having my friends by my side. I will surely keep in touch with them (like Sophia) and still make new ones.

So on my first day of secondary school, I will find one of my friends (Molly) that went to my primary school. We will both walk around the place to know where to go for are lessons (and not to get lost). When my friends are sad I will try to cheer them up. And then I thought to myself, "We can't control our destiny, but we can control who we become".

Yours, Kaya

Maggie Fox

Friday, 7th July 2024

Dear Diary,

I'm not sure why I feel so upset and sad. It's like there is a bug inside of me and it's trying to get out. I still can't believe that I'm leaving. There's only two minutes and thirty-two seconds before I leave my friends. I don't want to go; it's like leaving the people I care about.

As the sadness came over me, I thought for a second. Maybe my friends will still see me; maybe I won't have to let them go. I found out that all the sadness I have had, I can actually do things like dancing, singing, writing and sports. I can control my sport and singing - it's just come to me.

I can control what I do, I don't need to hide. It felt good: dancing, sports and singing - I felt free to let it out. All the sadness just came out. I still feel sad and upset but not like before. Things are getting better. We can't control our destiny but we can control who we are and I can dance and do all the things with my friends.

Thank you for listening dear Kitty.

From Maggie.

Amira Higgs

I choke back the tears. I snap back into reality. England is not Ukraine. I've moved on. We pack up our stuff in a hurry as the bell rings and I head outside.

I walk out of the classroom and stumble into a crowd of students. They are jeering and laughing at something. Or someone. I push to the center of the crowd. Elbowing and jabbing at the people in my way. There, in the middle of the circle is Aleksandr, the new Russian refugee.

What I find so hard about the war is that people assume they are being 'good' by supporting Ukraine and hating Russians. But the reality is, every Russian is different, not every Russian is like Putin, especially not Aleksandr. No matter how soul destroying and heart breaking this is, we should be able to forgive those that turn against us.

Fury builds up inside me. Rage tears out of my mouth as I run towards the crowd and haul the boy to safety.

I open my mouth to speak, tears are streaming down my cheeks as I face the students, 'I may be Ukrainian, Aleksandr may be Russian, you guys may be British. But we all share one thing in common, we are all human. Now I know that I cannot control what happens in this war. But I do know we can control our actions and what type of person we become. Isn't there already enough war happening in this world? Leave Aleksandr alone. What has he done to you? If I can stand here, as a Ukrainian who has and still does experience all the trauma and grief that the Russians inflict upon us and stand up for someone the world perceives as my enemy, you don't have a right to be horrible and cruel to him.'

I smile and glance up at my husband, his warm eyes gazing lovingly at me and his smile creasing up his dark skin. I think back to this moment, and how I realized that I couldn't control my destiny. But I have controlled who I have become. I take my husband's hand in mine as our three children run up to us for a bedtime story. This time, I tell the old tale of how we fell in love at such a young age and changed what we became: 'I choke back the tears...'

Klaudia Dudzinska

"We can't control our destiny, but we can control who we become."

Anne Frank

22.09.1944

Dearest Kitty,

Today it was no longer safe and peace had ended, the sound of sirens echoed around the area, we heard shots and explosions. I was afraid to look out the window, I could hear little children crying. I started to wonder if my friends were safe, if they had managed to find shelter. Then these questions appeared in my head: "Why me, why my family, why all these people need to go through this horrible time. Is this meant to be our destiny? Can our destiny be positive and negative? Why does this need to happen; what is our destiny? I just want to be free again for me to have a better destiny. I've got a lot of things I want to become but if my destiny is stopping me from doing this then what am I meant to do?"

After I finished eating my dinner I was really curious about what is destiny so I asked my mum and she said:

"Our destiny is what we are living for. What is our destiny will happen and you can't stop it or change it no matter how hard you try. However we can control who we become. Whatever we want to do in the future/ who we want to become all depends on us and our willings. We can be whoever we want no matter who stops us we can always control who we become. Destiny and identity or future identity are two different things. We don't know what will happen in the future but we just have to keep our hopes up and let our destiny lead us to where we need."

I will write to you Kitty tomorrow I promise. I hope me and Margot will be free again soon. I feel really downcast.

Yours truly, Anne

Holly-Louise Pinfield-Wells

Her father is time
The master of clocks
And the past, present and future
He loves his daughter dearly
At the cost of his health

Her mother is universe
The guardian of the galaxy
She organises the stars
She cages her daughter with
Her destiny she carved in the stars

She is destiny
She is her future
She is out of control
She acts out of character

Tossing and turning
Thoughts clouding her mind
She knows that she
Is in control of who she is

Stretching and pushing past pain
Emotions clouding her judgement
She knows that she
Is in control of who she was

Her body contracting and relaxing
She remembers with the pain
That only she
Will control who she will become

She knows that
We can't control our destiny
But
We can control who we become
This is what she lives by
To protect her world from harm
Repeating it over and over
In her darkest, hardest times

Ashleigh Niescierowicz

In the realm of fate, we often find dismay,
For destiny's path can lead us astray.
Yet, in the depths of our soul, a glimmer of light,
We hold the power to shape our own flight.

Like a captain steering through tempestuous seas,
We navigate the currents, with courage and ease.
Though storms may arise, and waves crash upon,
We choose who we become, when all is said and done.

In the face of adversity, we stand tall,
For within us resides a strength that won't fall.
With every trial, we forge a spirit anew,
Transforming our essence, like a phoenix that flew.

For life's tapestry is woven with threads of strife,
But it's in these moments we discover our life.
The choices we make, the paths we pursue,
Define who we are, and what we can do.

In the darkest of nights, when shadows surround,
We kindle a fire, a beacon profound.
With determination, we banish the gloom,
Igniting a spark that will never consume.

For destiny's hand may deal us a blow,
But our character, our essence, we have control.
Through valleys of sorrow, we rise from the ground,
Embracing the challenge, with strength we have found.

In the realm of dreams, where aspirations reside,
We dare to reach higher, to let our souls glide.
With passion as our compass, we set sail,
Unleashing our talents, like a triumphant gale.

For destiny's path may be winding and long,
But our will and resolve, they make us strong.
We sculpt our own future, with hands firm and secure,
Creating a legacy that will forever endure.

So let us embrace the power we possess,
To shape our own future, to rise above the rest.
With hearts ablaze, and minds set alight,
We'll conquer the world, with our spirits so bright.

For in the end, it's not fate that defines,
But the choices we make, the love that combines.
We cannot control our destiny, it's true,
But who we become? Well, that's up to me and you.

Grace Lampson

“We can’t control our destiny, but we can control who we become.” Anne Frank

I screamed, “Papa, Papa!”, as the Nazi soldiers took me away. I screamed for my mutter, who was sobbing as she was brutally shoved into the back of the van.

The soldiers threw me inside. I hit the wall, blood seeping through my nose. Papa was pushed inside too. We all held each other tightly. Esther and I couldn’t help savouring the moment – holding the memory...somehow, I knew that this was going to be the last time that we would hold each other. We hugged. I smiled.

Hours later, we arrived at Sobibor. I was stripped naked. My dignity removed, as the hose opened on me. Men gawking. Laughing. Pointing.

My uniform, threatening, wanting to break me down – screaming and crying as some of the other prisoners had done. But I had also seen what had happened to them. I watched their bodies crumple, blood rushing out, as they lay broken on the floor. They had not yet taken my will to live, my desperation to fight – to prove to them that they are not gods, that they do not have the right to kill and destroy me. I will survive. I will fight.

In a blur of exhaustion, weeks faded. I had never experienced exhaustion like this. I was so tired. I couldn’t eat. I couldn’t sleep. My living now revolved around avoiding the bullets of their guns, the heel of their shoes.

Eventually, the male soldiers visited us. They came, bursting through the doors.

Rifles in hand. Everybody knew what they wanted. The soldiers took their pick...I saw a small man, with a fat face and round eyes, glinting with a piggy gleam. He made a beeline straight for me. I backed away into the wall, half expecting the final death blow, but what he had in mind, what he had planned for me, was much worse.

He started grabbing at me, his sausage like fingers, tugging at my threadbare uniform. I gathered all the strength I could muster and kicked and fought as he groped. Relentless. I spat on him. I cursed him.

I closed my eyes.

Finally, when it was over, he whispered, “Until next time, Jew.” Trembling, he walked away, but then he turned. He lifted one hand and brought the rifle hard down onto my face. I felt my bones crack. My eyes closed. Again.

I saw Esther walking towards me. Her smile, lighting up her face, and mine. I pictured Mutter and Papa, holding me tight and I remembered our final embrace. I grabbed hold of that memory. My memory. Our memory. Esther and I held each other tightly. I closed my eyes. And smiled.

Written by Grace Lampson

Emily Smith

People say what you're destined to be,
Although that may be all they see
It's your choice who to become,
Don't let them boss you
Tell you,
Who you're destined to be.
Because our family doesn't decide who we are
We decide who we are
People cannot say what you're destined to be,
You can forge an exciting path or a new legacy
We all decide who we're destined to be,
Not our friends nor our family
We decide who we become.

Noelie Lever

We can not see what lays in front of us
It is mysterious, tremendous or even disastrous
We can not control our fate
What will happen and what we will create
We can not decide time ahead
Upcoming events, what we plead or what we dread.

Surprisingly, we can decide who we are and what we think
Let our decisions and thoughts guide us in a blink
Our behaviour will impact positive and negative
Be effective and reflective
Allow our mind to Bloom
Like a flower in a room.

We can help ourselves become who we want
Be adamant with our opinions or be tolerant
We can choose which pathways we follow
Which will flow and make us grow
We can develop a purpose in our existence
This will offer us a sense of fulfilment and help us control our essence.

Erin Harvey

A better version of you:

our destiny is undetermined
our future can't be known
but we can choose who we become and where we make our home
home is not a place you live,
but the people who are there,
the ones that make you happy, and the ones who seem to care.
you decide how you act
and how you spend your life,
you can laugh out loud, to show your joy and make your light shine bright
you can cry alone about your sorrows without anyone to care
or tell someone about your problems someone you know is there
there through all your highs and lows, to give you not a stare
a stare of judgment or disgust but make sure you know they care.

don't change who you are
for anyone but you
only change to become.
a happier version of you.

Even if your destiny
is not what you expect
Don't hate your life because of it,
Live with no regret.

Mayeeshah Muhammad

During the dull, dark and soundless day in the winter of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, the air is thick with the acrid scent of smoke, and the distant echoes of gunfire break the uneasy silence. The battlefield stretches in desolation, a grim tableau of mud and wreckage; few souls traverse this haunting expanse, and the sparse population only magnifies the isolation. I move cautiously through the twisted remnants of once a serene landscape, every step laden with the weight of uncertainty. The absence of comrades accentuates the solitude; my senses are on edge. Shadows dance in the periphery, each rustle of the wind becomes a potential threat. Fear tightens its grip. I navigate this lonely battlefield, a small, vulnerable presence in a vast and unforgiving landscape.

I cautiously tread through the desolate terrain, my senses on high alert. Suddenly, the ground gives way beneath my boots, and I plunge into a dark crater. The echoes of gunfire intensify surrounding me in a cacophony of chaos. The crater is a refuge, yet its jagged edges and damp walls offer little comfort. The air is thick with tension, the acrid scent of gunpowder lingering.

As I catch my breath in the dimly lit abyss, the crater reveals its haunting details. Mud clings to my uniform, the steep walls seem to close in around me. The distant sounds of battle echo off the crater's walls, creating a disorienting symphony of destruction. Fear tightens its grip, and my body trembles with each distant gunshot.

Suddenly, a shadow emerges from the darkness- a German soldier, disoriented and stumbling. He loses his footing and falls into the crater, the shared vulnerability transcending the enmity of the war. The crater becomes a temporary sanctuary, a silent witness to the shared humanity amidst the chaos. Fear unites us, and the realisation dawns that, in the midst of this vast and unforgiving landscape, we are all but small, trembling figures seeking solace in the shadows of war.

In the dim crater, the German soldier appears weakened, his vulnerability stark against the backdrop of war. Speaking with a heavy accent, he masked his fear but couldn't hide the tremor in his voice. "I...no...good...english," he struggled. Uttering "schmerzen," pointing to his wound, we shared a laugh until looming shadows darkened our temporary refuge. An internal battle rages within me; loyalty to my assigned duty clashes with an innate sense of humanity. His wounded state blurs the lines of enmity, prompting a choice between following orders and extending compassion. Suppressing the conflict within, I retrieve a bandage and approach cautiously. The wounded soldier, once a faceless adversary, becomes a fellow human ensnared in the brutality of war. In an act of defiance against the mandates of conflict, I bandage his wound. This showed the cacophony of battle- a fragile thread of compassion woven into the fabric of war. I walked forward learning that you can't control your destiny but you can control who you become.

Hannah MacMillan

Stars

Dearest Mary, please, don't worry so,
I have arrived here safely, on the front line,
And I received your letter long ago
I hope to see you soon, but I am doing just fine.

Every night I lie upon the muddy, cold floor,
I stare up at the velvety black sky, the stars shining down upon me.
The stars are always there, the only constant in this Great War,
And they look down upon us, shining bright for all to see.

The stars control our destinies, but not who we become;
That is only up to us, who know ourselves the best.
Some become the purest souls, but not everyone,
Some morph into monsters, become unlike the rest.

I am far, far away, farther than you will ever know.
But you see the same stars as I, so look at them for your Joe.

To Mrs Smith, bad news I must convey,
It is about your husband, Joe, and the battle that he fought.
I am grievously upset about what happened on that fateful day.
And, I must say, this deploring news will leave you in disarray.

On the twelfth of August, 1916, the year of our Lord,
His troop fought in the trenches, your husband at the front.
The Jerry shot, and like a dragon they roared.
Then they shot them down, like dogs on a hunt.

As your husband crumpled, he looked up to the dark sky.
He stared up at the stars, shining upon me.
He spoke, "The stars chose this for me, and they know why".
"Now they reveal my destiny, for us all to see".

He asked for you to hear his last wish, under gunshots from the foe.
"Mary," he spoke. "Look at the stars for your Joe."

Daisy Gilmour

Written in the stars

Drifting through the city of stars,

Constellations as if scars,

Memories of a long-ago time,

Floating around in your mind,

Time warping life and destiny,

Supernovas making it heavenly,

The never-ending hypnotising allure,

Seems to trap you as if a lure,

The stellar surroundings such beauty within

Yet no matter what is written in the stars,

It will never pull the stings of your heart.

As celestial bodies float all around,

I stop to listen but can't hear a sound,

Collapsing to infinity the black holes start to swallow,

Leaving nothing behind except empty hollow,

Planets wait, watch and ware,

As everything around starts to stare,

Lunar eclipse a couple a year,

Looking around I see something appear,

Everywhere I look a new constellation,

But that does not change a new creation,

What is written in the stars never sways

What is written in your heart as that is here to stay.

Dear Anne,

I found this poem and thought you may like it; you were always going on about your hopes and dreams and your destiny. I hope you understand it better than I do. I am so sorry you never got to see yours, you deserved it. I thought you may want to know a little about what is happening now that you have passed. For starters the war is now over, and the peace treaties have been signed. I have moved back to Amsterdam now and everyday remember you. I have received your diary and have published it too, but I left out everything I felt was too personal. It is quite popular, and I can see why. I read it. I thought if I saw what you wrote it might make me feel closer to you. I am so proud of you. I guess that this way you can live your dream of being an author in a way even if you do not get to see it yourself. I want you to know that I am okay, and I know I will be. It is 1947 now and I have listened to what you said about not trying to control my destiny. Instead, I'm focusing on making sure I am a good man. I have forgiven everyone I possibly can and hope to let one day go of all this. I hope I will meet you again one day. I know that you will never get this letter, but I feel that it is the only way I can accept your passing. I do not know if I will ever fully, but this will get me closer. I hope it will anyway. Ich liebe dich sehr, meine Süße. I will forever be missing you no matter what happens in the future whether it is near or far.

Yours truly, Father (Otto Frank)

Ariana Layton

The Bookcase and The Betrayal

You would never think anything of the bookcase, it looked quite ordinary. It was beautiful though with its marbled oak frame and neatly organised books. However, if you look a slight bit closer it was far from ordinary.

Every book on the shelf seemed to be in Dutch, except two. One of which was a huge German book titled "Rezept für marmelade". It was very battered, and the pages seemed to be turning every shade of yellow. In any case it looked very well loved as if it had been handed down for many, many generations.

The other book in German wasn't actually just one book: it was collection of many books. They were textbooks for all sorts of subjects. Maths, Science, History. But most of them were "Dutch literature" books, very complicated ones at that. Whoever was using them was clearly smart.

One thing stuck out like a sore thumb. It was this huge mustard yellow folder; bursting at the seams with loose paper of all different shapes, sizes and colours. I laid out all the paper on the tired floor below and searched through every sheet and loose scrap to try and find anything worth noting down. I didn't find anything that interesting, but I thought it was worth a look anyway.

My efforts looking through the loose paper were futile and I thought about giving up but the books caught my eye I thought it would be a good idea to flick through each book.

It took two whole hours to look in each and every book but I'm glad I did. In one innocent looking book I found a full collection of old letters from the SS addressed to someone named Margot. I can't be one hundred percent certain what they said as I don't speak German, but they seemed to be reminders for something or another.

With everything I had learnt about them and how close I had got to the people who use the bookcase, I almost, almost felt bad about what I was about to do. Almost. One thing is for certain though, the bookcase and the people living behind it are far from ordinary.

Oliwia Kulbacka

I watched him up on the stage just slightly taller than myself, have the time of his life; passionately strumming his guitar and unleashing the power of his angelic voice. His dark, curly hair contrasting the neon, strobing lights dancing around him and his guitar, who was almost like a best-friend. The gel evenly applied to his curls reflected the different colours posed onto his 1980's haircut like mirrors, making him the most handsome 'time traveller' my eyes had ever seen. He smiled confidently as he announced the name of his next song, and triumphantly punched the arid air above him as a signal for the rest of his band to begin. The crowd howled at the boy like a storm through a chimney and his smile grew wider as he watched them appreciate his hard work. He closed his eyes delicately as he began singing, further melting the hearts of teenage girls watching him intently from below the stage. In unison, the audience turned on the cold flashes of their phones which really did warm up the atmosphere (if that was even possible). The main character opened his eyes to a slit and watched the sky of stars created by his fans; the small white dots mirrored in his dark eyes. It was a bliss, not only to listen to the angel of a man standing a metre in front of me but also to admire the strength with which one person can unite hundreds - thousands - of strangers. After the song was finished, the boy swapped guitars knowledgably also exchanging a word with his bandmate. He arrived back at the microphone as if it was his home and, once again, announced the song following the last; causing an eruption of joy amongst the huge crowd. That, being one of the more popular songs, convinced the crowd to sing along with the walking talent who created it. The floor of the venue shook energy of the band almost distracting me from the reason I decided to come. Voices and high jumps made the air hot and arid, which only caused the poor boy to sweat (which he didn't seem to mind). Spotlights illuminated his dampened face and it appeared to shine in multiple colours as his voice radiated joy onto the audience. After having announced his 'final' song, the boy was met with a series of sad wails (which knew that he was going to come back, but nonetheless wanted to keep the 'tradition' going). He walked off of the stage, proud and grateful for his crowd. Proud and grateful. Proud and joyful. Proud and exhausted, but definitely without regrets.

Charlotte Pompey

How can I?

We cannot control our destiny but we can control who we become,
I stand. eyes shut tight. repeating the dreaded words,
I cannot move, it has finally consumed me,
I try to scream, silence. i am trapped,
Trapped in my own head with no escape.

We cannot control our destiny but we can control who we become,
I lie, eyes shut tight. repeating the dreaded words,
But how can i control my future if i cannot control my own head,
How can i control who i become if i don't know who i am?

We cannot control our destiny but we can control who we become,
I lie, eyes open wide, staring at the burning cigarette,
I toss it to the side and let the smoke fill my lungs, the pain feels good,
I stare at my ceiling feeling nothing but disgust for who i had become,
I exhale slowly allowing the smoke to fill the dark room.

We cannot control our destiny but we can control who we become,
I sit, eyes open wide, staring at my palms,
I always believed your hands tell the future,
I think back to a time where my father would read my palms,
Destined to succeed he would say,
I pray that is true. now more than ever.

We cannot control our destiny but we can control who we become,
I knew that was a lie,
I couldn't control my destiny nor who i would someday become,
I was spiralling out of control and all I could do was hope.
Hope i was destined to succeed
Hope my father told me the truth

We cannot control our destiny and we cannot control who we become
I lie, eyes shut tight, finally at peace.

Riley Thomas

Partnership

The immense trees towered over the small platoon of me and seven other men. Dirty water squashed and sludged beneath their feet, the boots becoming soft with water soaking into the leather. The shrubbery swaying and whooshing creates an atmosphere that someone is watching you at all times. The feeling of someone's eyes permanently drilling into the back of my skull, constantly fearing danger. The bags are clunking, full of stashes and rations, ammo and shells. All going to be used to neutralize a group of terrorists, setting up a line of mortars and anti tank launchers. We sneak up close, drop to the floor in a prone position, we are clear. Slowly we rise to our feet in a crouching stance, steadily creeping towards the targets, clearing our way of land mines and claymores. A single noise and we could end up cold. Every step could be our last.

We arrive at our destination, an old shed, nearly falling apart, surrounded by men wearing shemagh and two hole balaclava. Crates piled up, full of FGM-148 Javelin launchers and colt commandos. A cloud of smoke is followed by the sound of a whistling sound, the first mortar has been let off. Followed another, and another, and another. Men speaking Albanian can be heard shouting and laughing as they watch the damage they have laid out in front of them.

We lay silent, silent, silent. Bang. A spark of light is set off, we jump up, the Albanian men in a state of shock as we let loose. A child is seen running with a Sig Sauer P320, he drops. He turns pale, we regret what we did that day, but he was a threat, no longer a threat. Our signalman called for an airstrike, we stayed behind cover.

Distant engines can be heard as we continue firing at the opposition. A sonic boom is heard as the plane hits mach 1, followed by a rumble and the ground shaking, the trees swayed and dirt was chucked up as the thirty millimeter uranium incendiary shells penetrate the ground and Albanian men. It was the sound of our savior, the a10 thunderbolt.

The men plummeted, limp to the floor, cherry red blood poured painting the ground, changing the nature around us. Watching this happen, I don't know what happened, it's like a switch was flicked in me that changed the way I looked at myself and what I was doing. I remember reading something on the way to the camp along the lines of "We can't control our destiny, but we can control who we become." I can't remember what book it was from but it just spoke to me. It really stood out and made me think that I can't change the future and I have to deal with the outcome and how I see things. If I can alter the way I feel.

Anyway, we ended up capturing the area and held two people in the back of our transporter, we took them in for questioning and ended up finding out that they were planning an attack to do large amounts of damage to Tel Aviv. We got information on them planning to plant a bomb in Saint Peter's church.

We stopped that. If we didn't deal that damage to the men we would have been responsible for the lives of so many more people. I can't stop thinking about the child, he had a whole life in front of him. The parents obviously didn't care and thought it was ok to put him in that situation, what horrible people.

Poppy Marks

Life

It's a strange sensation to suddenly forget why you walked into a room or why you opened that door, it's an even more sickening feeling when you forget your own name. I have been cursed before even experiencing life, the agony of this sickness is distressing and the knowledge there is no cure is inconsolable.

I want normality, not sympathy. This is what was set up for me. I believe it's my destiny. Now i know i don't have long fearful thoughts that have circled my mind that have never before. Unfamiliar urges and erratic ideas are all my body is running on. I want to experience so much in such a little amount of time. A loud impatient knock jolts the door as the chain rattles, piles of unopened letters and leaflets barricade the hallway as I hear a familiar shouting. I just want to hide and waste away until the soon to come end. It's running through my blood, taking what's mine and I can't stop it. I'm ashamed of what I have become and how I have treated others, but am I willing to change?

Sometimes I think this is my choice. I can control who I am so why am I letting this destroy what I have left?

Luca Beagley

What's to come

Hope will come
It's in neverending site
Optimism keeps me going
Faith and belief are real
Hope's nature for all
Hope's life now

The road of destiny
The meandering thought of despair
It follows the hope that people dream
War comes briskly;
War comes atrocious
It's never here
They'll never come

Before i can think, he's here
Hope's now gone
Destiny now here
All future has ended;
All dreams now gone

Hope has gone
I'm blinded by its future
Death approaches close
Depression stops my life
Doubt and fear take over
Hope's now sorrow
Hope's now agony
Destiny is now here

I now understand
Deaths come to my door
My life has lead to this
Which is now my destiny
Maybe to be what's to come
Is a new destiny
For all that suffer to death, a new turn

To wonder what's happening
I thought death was here
It's actually life
Life's withering effect of joy spreads
It infects me with hope
The final step for a new destiny
A hope for a new destiny.

Kele Ngaimithi

Character is a matter of choices ,not fate.

Imagine you being in a family where your own father treats you differently from the rest of his children just because maybe they have been having a row with his wife. Right, your mother! Of course.

This is a story about a young girl. She lives a life which she loves a lot because of the comfort she is in. She is a kind-hearted person as she always says, "be a little kinder than you have to."

Everything that has a living character loves her a lot. As everyone is not perfect, she has her own differences with her mother. Her grandmother who is like a Scottish pine, tall, straight-back, proud and plentiful woman loves her a lot and she always calls her "Mwari" a Kenyan-kikuyu name, basically used to describe a beautiful angel.

As all kikuyu grandmothers do, her grandmother always tells her stories when seated around a bit of cool Ignatius, giving her pieces of advice about life. She always follows each and every step her grandmother tells her.

One thing which she really loves to fulfil is being a great person. She likes being an example to her sibling although her father hates her a lot. Not only does she want to become an example to her sibling but also to the whole community. Truly," she is a mountain, unyielding in the face of challenges", though she goes through a lot in life.

She says creating her own path is creating a better world ahead, a new brand one. she always wishes to reach to her own sky because to her it's just doing her best.

But fate just hits her unknowingly where she is thrown out of her home by her father and her mother decides never to leave her child all alone and they leave together.

Life becomes so hard, but with her mom around her, she just overcomes everything and tries to do her best in her education to make her mother proud. She finally does it and she wins a scholarship to study abroad and work on her future, and at the same time, her mother gets a call and being told she has found a well paying job at the same place where her daughter needs to go.

Her mother first flies away and she is all left alone in a country, with no siblings around, no father around but the best part is that she lives with her grandmother. She obeys and respects her grandmother, though "whilst the cat's away, the mice take over."

Then,after three years, her scholarship finally gets approved and she flies away to her mother. A big change from using "Kenyan matatus" to using an aeroplane. Wow! What a view from up there, the cosy chairs of the plane makes her feel proud of herself, though fear of air accidents lingers her.

She finally arrives at Heathrow and finds her mother waiting for her with a bouquet of flowers and a cute large bear doll. She gave her a hug which made her feel like a warm blanket around her.

And she got into an international school where she feels welcomed and loved by everyone, she tries to work on her education and she believes she will make it. A school where TRACK is all everyone talks about and she has learnt all of it.

Truly destiny is on her.

Eva Coxwell

Control Who You Become

With breaths in the air
The ocean has its silent caves
Deep, quiet and alone
Like the tears of soldiers
Though there be fury in the waves,
Beneath them is none
And there are those for whom we weep
The young the bright the fair.

Calmly the wearied seamen rest
Beneath their own blue sea
The ocean solitudes are blest,
For there purity
the sea has secrets
carried out through the waves
The sea has guilt
The sea has care
Unquiet are its movements
But peaceful sleep was ever there
Beneath the obis of blue sea

Hadley Carreras-Bennett

In life's vast ocean, our destiny sets sail,
As waves of time guide us, we must not fail.
But amidst the struggle, a beacon of light,
Our true self, a lighthouse burning bright.

For we are the captains of our own ship,
Navigating through storms, our course could slip.
Though winds may howl and currents may blow,
Our spirit is strong, we let it show.

As the tides of life ebb and flow,
We sculpt our destiny, hearts in tow.
With each chisel strike, we shape our fate,
Crafting our masterpiece; a life truly great.

Just as the artist molds clay with care,
We mold our lives, with love to share.
With every brushstroke, colours come alive,
Our true selves arrive, ready to thrive.

So let us display our canvas of life,
With passion and purpose, the feelings are rife.
For our destiny may be on a wobbly course,
But who we become is our greatest force.

Caleb Schreiber

A sudden grind of the door pierces the heavy silence of the dimly lit annex. The weathered shield stands, the most important thing in our lives. Yet, in the room's tight hug, we're all dying, all too quickly, I know. Something shuffles outside the door, occasionally halting as if navigating obstacles. The limp door, more a cruel reminder than a shield, sweeps handfuls of fragments aside, revealing a face. I think. Scanning around the shape, I find an angle that illuminates the now grinning profile. Deep-set eyes, a twisted grin and ashen skin that clung to the bone, a countenance haunting the shadows. The eyes spasm around the walls, before settling on a prisoner. Me. I pull my arms, wrapped around my knees, closer to my chin. As I drop my head down, into my cold knees, the foreign neck extends towards me, only to retreat as a familiar voice interrupts. I don't know what it said, but what I do know is that when I crank my sobbing head up, the vault door is shut. Corner Man, as he calls himself, insists we're safe, in our so-called vault. Ridiculous. We're not safe, and we're not secure, not least because the wooden door is almost see-through from rot. He looks at me, unaware of my raging, I look at him. They know we're here, but no worry. We must continue praying. Of course, they know we're here, and no; praying won't do anything; it didn't for the family of three who died and were thrown out last night. This room, once part of the foreign office, now harbours our doomed existence. If help comes, he asserts, they'll find us here. We must stay positive. We must keep praying. His attention shifts to a spot of concrete near his folded legs, now to the concrete. He etches characters carefully: WE CAN'T CONTR. Something about Anne Frank, I guess; that's all he ever goes on about. Anne Frank's optimism feels a mockery in this relentless abyss. Anne spoke of happiness, but I feel I'm sinking in sadness. I know there are bad things outside, covered in dark colours that won't go away. My heart is a sad song. Anne's happy words don't fit with my sad world. The air grows dense with uncertainty. The fragile peace shatters from distant gunfire. The door, our lifeline, shudders from explosions. Chaos. A group of menacing figures storms into our haven. Armed and unrelenting, they cast aside the feeble remnants of our sanctuary. Corner Man's face contorts in pain as he falls on his face, into a stagnant pool. He lay there, disguised by the dark mud that he had disturbed. Ears ringing, I'm removed. As my body is tossed, I sight the scratched wall. The inscription was finished. WE CAN'T CONTROL OUR DESTINY, BUT WE CAN CONTROL WHO WE BECOME. The hopeful words disappear as I enter back into the world where such words mean nothing more than a blunt pencil and a full diary.

The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards

Inspired by Anne Frank, Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards is a registered Charitable Incorporated Organisation (Charity Number 1200514) that 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

The SAFYAs

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 SAFYAs 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 'The Diary of a Young Girl – Anne Frank' and a certificate of recognition.

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.

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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Emails: help@safya.org.uk

Facebook: Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards

Twitter: @SAFYouthAwards

Instagram: @somersetannefrankyouthawards