



Levenshulme  
HIGH SCHOOL



# Levenshulme High School Creative Writing Anthology



# CONTENT

Sr.No.	Student Name and Form Group	Page No.
1	Manipulation by Sana 7P04	1
2	A Heart of Clay by Aisha 11S05	2
3	Save the Children by Aqsa 7N09	3
4	Let's Do it by Daniella 9S01	4
5	She Knew Too Much by Eden 9N09	5
6	First Day at School by Fara 7K09	6
7	Goodbye Despair by Huma 11P07	7
8	Dead Girls Don't Die by Naha 10P07	8
9	Perfect by Ramsha 11P08	9
10	Life by Sakina 11N07	10
11	Tunnerler by Samina 10N05	11
12	Kindness by Silica 10S07	12
13	Homelessness by Saleha 7N06	13
14	Honour by Sumayyah 11P05	14
15	What Are The Seasons -Urdu Poem With Translation -by Iawla 9K02	15
16	The Bird's Heart-Arabid Poem With Translation -by Shawq 11P03	16
17	The Wind and The Water by Richana 10S05	17
18	The Necklace of Loyalty by Zainab 7N05	18



## Manipulation

They manipulated her to wear that dress,  
Telling her that she'd be the prettiest of them  
all.

They told her she needed to wear platform  
heels.

They said she needed to be tall.

They told her that if she wanted hot guys  
She would need to change her techniques.  
They told her to wear makeup  
Because without it she would look cheap.

They told her who she should love.  
Anything other than a hot guy was wrong.  
They always made her feel like she never  
Really belonged

She hated wearing dresses  
And she couldn't walk in platform heels.  
She couldn't live up to their standards  
And all of their ideals.

They told her that she was a geek,  
And that she would never fit in.  
Her heart felt heavy  
As she held the blade to her skin.

And once she had decided that they  
would push her around no more  
She fixed the blade to her wrist  
And fell to the floor

She never did need the make-up  
Being herself would have been fine.  
She should have worn whatever she  
desired  
And not been defined

When they came to realise that she  
never knew they cared  
They wished they had told her  
The world was more beautiful with her  
there.



## A Heart of Clay

When I was younger I was given a doll  
And a little tea set,  
A shadow of who I was to be;  
A woman made to bare children  
A creature designed for domesticity.  
My brother received a toy car,  
And a miniature toolkit,  
As if he would be the one to drive the  
family forward,  
To assemble his own future.  
Whereas mine was seemingly set in stone.

Dress a boy in shades of blue  
A girl in arrays of pink,  
Tell him that he must never cry  
Tell her how to think.  
They instill it in us when we are young,  
When our minds are liable to manipulation.  
Whispers sneaking into the crevices of  
consciousness,

Only to convey what is acceptable or not.  
Life is a performance.  
Everyone wears the false mask of  
perfection;

Walking facades,  
Secrets concealed behind carefully  
constructed hearts,  
The truth caged behind silenced tongues.  
I choose to remain an onlooker in this  
tragedy.

It's not easy being a woman in the  
performance.  
So many expectations to live up to,  
Predetermined titles I must adopt.

Their callous words puncture my heart,  
And carve my sense of identity.  
Don't they see I am not a person without  
feeling?  
An entity of just teeth, nail and bone?

If I am clay then they have set the mould  
Of who they think I should be.  
But little do they know,  
Only I am the sculptor of my destiny-







## Save the Children

I am human  
I am a Muslim  
I am, who I am

I will save the poor children who need our help  
So let's work together  
As a group

The children will be warm-hearted,  
If the children's dreams come true,  
So let's work together,  
As a group

So let's share our ideas  
And make up a plan,  
So we can help the poor,  
So they live a better life,

Now that they are free,  
And who they're meant to be,  
We could have a celebration,  
And make a pretty decoration!



## Let's Do It

If we took away the media  
Could life be easier?  
No right, wrong or perfect,  
Everyone would know they are worth it  
If racism didn't exist,  
Maybe no more use of fists?  
If life is worth living,  
Shouldn't we all be forgiving?  
Time goes fast,  
Why not make here and now last?  
Together we can stop reliving the past.





## **She Knows Too Much**

The black crow waltzing down the lane of doves knows that her feathers are too thick and dark for the beautiful white doves to glance at. Her brown eyes pierce your mind to think that she is less domesticated

She knows too much.

She acknowledges that she is an abnormal anomaly that no one in society will ever understand.

Yes, she knows too much

The doves will only know what they see, which is a black crow with a mind of its own.

I know too much



## First day at secondary school

Ring! Ring! Ring!  
My alarm at six am in the morning.  
Out my bed I'm yawning,  
On the floor I'm crawling.

I put on my school clothes and a shining  
blazer,  
Not my ordinary navy-blue jumper.  
From head to toe I'm dressed in-black,  
Looking like an eerie bat.

I munch down my breakfast,  
I head outside.  
With my glimmering black shoes,

A chaos of cars everywhere,  
Parents beeping horns here and there.  
This was quite a usual,  
Start to an academic year.





## Good Bye Despair

Why do you hide yourself under that mask?  
All scars can't be covered  
Let's finish this boring see-saw task  
I can balance myself  
No need to suffer  
Our sighs reveal our deepest worries  
You cannot make them all disappear  
Deserts and seas  
They are all some form of fear

Each day  
Feelings pouring out like Rain  
It's on replay  
Sometimes I feel like there will be no  
Tomorrow  
You wake me up and gone is my sorrow

You're the brightest star of my  
constellation  
Disclosing to me the reasons to love  
myself  
You have become part of this narration

Beautiful moments flow like a fountain  
When hardships form a mountain  
At the end of the day  
It is nature's play.  
Don't be afraid to move on  
Say goodbye and just go on

We are fine now.  
We lost our way-  
But I am relieved  
This is the start of a new day.



## Dead Girls Don't Die

You trek through this walk of death as if you live,  
Mortality stains your fingers black and blue,  
Your knuckles are perpetually bruised and scarred,  
Yet your eyes burn like wildfires, unforgiving,  
You see fantastical faces like raindrops,  
They drown you in your sorrows, you can't beat them,  
You bleed and you bleed, your head held high no more,  
You long for a home that's no longer your own,  
You were the queen of your kingdom, how time flies,  
Now you're polished bones, another broken soul,  
The mayhem of their myths, darling of their dead  
The music of their words only inspires dread  
Trust me, they said, the stars are aligned for you  
I found that the stars had aligned against me  
Dead girls may not die, but dead girls always lie.





## Perfect

You crave their skin and desire their fame.  
Yet you do not know the truth little one.  
The numb lips and their silicon smiles are concealing the true darkness.  
Portrayed to be loved by you and your kind -  
To be worshipped.  
Your sublime gods are all you need- naive you are little one.  
Of the incessant purging and exploitation and muffled up cries -  
They weren't sung any lullabies.  
Cruelty whispered into the ears of these infant gods to be perfect, porcelain and known.  
And that is what you want little one, I see the envy has grown.

You've blossomed into a woman now.  
I see the faint wrinkles but your blurred vision glares at something more.  
The withered reflection looking back into your eyes is worthless,  
The agitation is something you cannot suppress.  
Because you need that flawlessness, their attraction and their finesse.  
So you seek refuge in Botox and needles,  
Yet you forget you will still grow feeble.  
Brittle, old and forgotten.

Your once vibrant petals will eventually fall.  
So now you see little one, you see what I have been chosen to show?  
No girl was planted to be the perfect woman-  
Social media just wants you to follow.



## Life

'Di dum' the first heart beat in the mother's womb  
Breathe  
Breaths taken  
The cry, purely excruciating

'Di dum, Di dum' the heart pounding taking the first steps to life  
Breathing frantic  
In and Out  
The smiles sharp, the serpents shrieking  
Mocking,

'Di dum, Di dum, Di dum' the heart pounding, breaking the cage  
Breath lost  
Remembering breathing  
The truth of life stabbing, twisting, penetrating  
Death howling,

'Di dum - 'last breath.  
No warning.  
No truth.  
Darkness.

'Di dum' the first heart beat in the mother's womb  
Breathe  
Breaths taken  
The cry, purely excruciating

The cycle of lies, starting again





## Tunneler

Big, black, bloodthirsty beast  
it had no name but it brought me shame  
we played its game and I went insane  
crying "Tell me your name! Tell me your name!"  
"Tell me your name before I truly go insane!"  
But the sound of my voice was lost in empty space  
Drowned in the sound of the world's fast pace  
Footsteps echoing and voices belting  
My own voice crying "God, please end this"  
My feet moving out of my control  
One step, two steps, three and four  
So much so that I can't count anymore  
Did I say four? Where goes five?  
In my mind, these numbers thrive  
The tears flow and they refuse to stop  
One drip, two drips, a drip and a drop  
Like cordial dispersing through water  
Leaving its stain no matter what it says  
No matter how it pleads or how it begs  
Engulfing each particle with its bittersweet taste  
An impurity that I have no choice but to face  
An impurity that will crush my little fort of eroding stone  
Even if I lock my doors and barricade the windows it will always find a way in  
Seeping through the cracks it worked so hard to create  
Hell-bent on being the reason why I truly break  
Dragging me back into the darkness and aiming my eyes at the light ahead  
Basking in the fact that I don't fight back  
Giving me hope, only to remind me that a light only lasts so long  
Until it runs out of fuel and returns to being a hungry darkness  
It ensures that I'm broken down to something so small it can take over  
completely  
Wrapping its murky shadow around the flickering light I have left  
The light I clutch to desperately because I know that it is my only comfort  
In this tunnel of life



## Kindness

Kindness, kindness is a word not many understand.  
If shown and gifted to you,  
It's a word that melts your heart  
If they use it to tease you and create chaos,  
Then it's a word that makes you break apart.

It is something many need strength for,  
So you need confidence and more  
To be able to spread and share,  
Therefore the love we need is quite rare.

But kindness is not a simple word,  
I'm sure that you must've heard  
That...

"Kindness is the language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see",  
And that it's not wrong to eventually turn into who you're meant to be.

I personally know it's easy to hate  
But it takes resilience to be gentle and kind  
I'm a person who believes in fate,  
But when I do something wrong, oh how I wish I could turn back time.

When you're showing kindness, don't expect something back.  
Do things for people not because of who they are or what they do in return,  
But because of who you are and the respect and honour you want to earn.



## Homelessness

Do you ever see him sitting alone?  
Do you ever see him cry?  
Do you ever feel the pain?  
Do you ever ask him why?

Do you ever give him money?  
Do you ever give him a drink?  
Do you ever give him food?  
Do you ever rethink?

Do you ever see him sleeping on the floor?  
Do you ever feel the cold that he goes through?  
Do you ever check your garbage for food?  
Do you ever find this an issue?

Do you ever have a good sleep?  
Because I never do.  
Please help me and the world who needs you.



## Honour

I try to get my voice to scream  
Smuggled by the hands of the devil  
But trying was pointless it seemed  
As no one was in sight to break the shackles

A bright summer's day fades  
As the door shuts from behind  
But I could see a familiar face  
That caught me by surprise

It slowly crept towards me  
Although I didn't know what was to come  
And it gave the smile of an angel  
So I welcomed it home.

I could feel the hate fuel his punch  
The heat of it releasing through the collision of his fists against my teeth  
And it continued to boil and divulge through his loathsome words  
As I scramble across the floor to break free.

Finally I am put to rest. No longer having to live the long day  
My last tear drops, down the side of the corner of my eye  
Through the cracks of the wooden floor board whereupon I lay  
And the only thing that I let out was a fearful sigh.



## What A Thing Are The Seasons

کیا چیز ہے یہ موسم

گرتے پتے دیکھ کر سعدیہ نے پوچھا ایک باغ سے گزر رہے تھے امی اور سعدیہ  
 امی بولی یہ ہے موسم خزاں امی دیکھوں وہ پتا کیوں گرا  
 یہ سن کر امی نے جواب دیا سعدیہ بولی یہ موسم ہے کیا  
 گرمی، خزاں، سردی اور بہار اللہ نے بنائے ہیں موسم چار  
 اس میں ہے مزہ کی اپنی بات ان کے علاوہ ہوتا ہے برسات  
 ٹھنڈی چیزیں پیتے کھاتے ہیں گرمی میں لوگ نکلے چلاتے ہیں  
 لیکن خود کو دھوپ سے بچاتے ہیں ہلکے کپڑے پہنتے ہیں اور باہر جاتے ہیں  
 گرمی بھی ہوتی ہے ہوتیں ہیں بارشیں برسات کا موسم ہوتا ہے پڑتے ہیں اولے  
 خوب مزے لیتے ہیں ہم بارش ہو تو ہوتی ہے چم چم  
 تیز ہواؤں اور بارشوں سے سب ڈریں بادل گرئیں، بجلی چمکیں  
 شروع ہو جاتے ہیں پتے گرنا پھر آتا ہے موسم خزاں  
 خالی ہو جاتے ہیں پودے پیڑ اس لیے تو کہتے ہیں اسے پت جھڑ  
 کپڑے پہنتے ہیں لوگ بھاری اور گرم اس کے بعد آتا ہے سردی کا موسم  
 ہوتیں ہیں سرد ہوائیں اور برفباری سردی کے مہینے ہیں دسمبر اور جنوری  
 زمین کی خوبصورتی میں آتا ہے نکھار یوں چمکے سے آتا ہے بہار  
 ہر طرف ہوتے ہیں شادابیاں اور سبزہ زارے  
 بہت حسین ہوتے ہیں بہار کے نظارے

Mum and Sadia were passing through a garden

Seeing the falling leaves, Sadia asked:

"Mum look! Why are the leaves falling?"

Mum said this the season, autumn

Sadia asked, "What is this season?"

After hearing this mum said:

"Allah has made 4 seasons: summer, autumn, winter and spring."

Besides this is the rainy season

Rainfall has its own joy

In summer people turn on fans

Eat and drink cold things

Wear light clothes and go outside

But they protect themselves from the sun

In the rainy seasons hail stones fall

There is heat, and rain

Rain drops go chum chum

We have much fun

Clouds thunder, and lightning strikes

Then comes autumn

The leaves start falling

This is why it's called the season of leaves falling

Empty are the plants and trees

Then comes the season of winter

Now people wear heavy and warm clothes

The months of winter are December and January

Now come cold winds and snow

Now sneakily comes in spring

The beauty of the ground is great

Extremely beautiful scenes of spring

Everywhere is a cool shade and greenery.

## The Bird's Heart

كنت جالسه أتأمل الطيور  
إنظرا طرق رحيلك وأدور  
الساعة واقفه أنتظر أ تلف وتدور  
أسائل لست ذكرت أيامنا والشمس  
لأنم من قلبك ذلك الشعور  
رمالاح فر لم عدلا طور  
يا ترى ل ترد أيام قفز السور  
روو تراي لمحة عند المرور  
و عود ل ذلك السرور  
ياليت لو بيوتنا تتجاوز  
ح ل ليله نتحاور  
و الغزل بينا يتداور  
وجك القمر ينور  
من كتك قل يفور  
رأنت بالاسبه الإم اطور  
روما قلبك الآن الـ  
أخ أن تمر الدور  
و مزلنا لم نطور  
ما ل ذا الغرور  
تخليت ولم عد ذاك الغيور  
سأحبك ع مر العصور  
رع أن تحل الامور  
رو ليد أنا العصفورة وأنت العصفور  
لنحلق لعالم الطيور

I sat down viewing birds  
And looking at that route of departure  
Time had stopped; wished it never did  
I wonder: Have you forgotten  
Those moments we shared?  
Has your heart lost feeling?  
My face is showing happiness no more  
Will we have back those memories  
Of jumping over the fences?  
Will all that happiness return?  
I wish our houses were neighbours again  
We spent every night together and talked  
About us falling in love  
Your face is like the moon shinning  
Your laughter fills my heart with pleasure  
and joy  
You are emperor  
Why has your heart turned to stone?  
I fear that time will end  
Before all this is changed  
What is this arrogance for?  
You are not that jealous lover any more  
I will love you for ever  
Please come back to me  
To be together again  
And fly high like birds



## The Necklace of Loyalty

The sun blazed beneath the clouds in a golden haze and as the patches of the misty light shone through the gaps in the trees, we realised that we were in the jungle. I could hear the golden, crisped dry leaves that crunched beneath my feet like ancient twigs and bones. I was with my companion, Veronica, but I had to drag her forward because she was too busy playing around with her new mobile phone.

Hidden beneath the overgrown, malodorous grass was a beautiful plant: It was as red as the reddest rose and it had sharp spikes sticking out like bloody daggers. I was tempted to pull it out from the ground. Just as I was about to touch it, Veronica slapped my hand so hard that it started to sting.

"What the flipping hell are you doing Veronica?" I shouted.

"If you had touched that for even a second you would have been dead by now," she screeched.

"Oh stop exaggerating Veronica."

"Well excuse me for trying to save your life Vanessa, but your information this is the most pestilential flower in the whole of the universe!"

"Umm...Then thank you for saving my life" I said sheepishly.

Having walked for such a long time, we decided to stop and eat. We tucked into fruit, dried nuts and left over strawberry cake. We could hear the sounds of thunder and lightning coming from the top of the mountains. There were vexed crimson lines like wounds in the sky spitting their gloomy rain on top of us as if warning us to go away. The wind whistled; the trees swayed, and that's when we saw the cave. As the shivers of excitement ran down my spine, I bravely started to march towards it. Suddenly, Veronica pulled me by my collar and hauled me behind an impressive looking creature. My green eyes could not stop staring at this demonic and menacing looking dragon: It had hard, jagged textured skin and jet black eyes. I put on my armour like Vanessa had advised and slowly crept in to the extraordinary looking cave.

Eager, but cautious, I got on my back and started to slide across the floor like a snake. I carefully avoided the snoring dragon and tried to reach the precious necklace that lay right between its wings.

I felt something cold and icy; it was the necklace. I held it in my right hand proudly showing it to Veronica. The necklace was gloriously surrounded with shimmering gems that glistened like icicles. Carefully, I tiptoed back as quietly as I could so as not to wake the sleeping dragon. I hugged Veronica tight and jumped gleefully towards the sky.



## The Wind and The Water

The wind and the water sprinkle and splash all over the side of me. It was slightly refreshing, but at times it would get very irritating; I couldn't see and it wasn't even raining and half of the time, I had to use my windshield wipers to clean my face.

I like the people, in the town, some of them are: short ones, tall ones, fat, skinny, black, white. Some live in houses, and others in very tall beautiful buildings, as many others do. They love the sound of the not-so-gentle waves, crashing and colliding into its barrier, and me. I go along my track, electricity flowing through my metallic veins. The wind changed, and grew harder, and a lot more forceful. A large gust of wind, bombarded ferociously into the side of me. I could feel myself losing my balance as the wind pounded into me. The buttery yellow sun began to shoot its warmth upon me as I made my way to my destination. The sprinkles of water had evaporated and I can feel myself becoming warmer.

I can now hear the sounds of the sweet birds chirping and tweeting away their beautiful harmonies. The sound was like heaven on earth. You are only able to get this a few times in your lifetime, if you listen carefully. They tell a story with their delicate hums and whistles that are too precious to be imitated. There was one bird in particular that had the most gracious sound you'll ever hear. It had a daunting hint of red to it that no other bird had, almost like small phoenix. The amazing melody it would sing had no words to describe it.

I could still feel a salty sensation in my mouth from when the river water had previously hit me. This taste lingered on my lifeless tongue for a while. I could feel the salt almost evaporating the moisture from it. The bitter taste slowly crept down my metallic throat leaving a piercing kind of pain as it went.



Here we are again. The river water spat its salty poison on me as I scurried by it. Before I knew, it had consumed me for what had already felt like an eternity. The river was more obstinate than any other creature around and it doesn't even live, so how does that work? There doesn't need to be much wind for it to throw its physical insults at me. All of a sudden, I can feel more liquid coming from the sky only less salt has been formed in it. Now I have two kinds of the same substance being dashed at me.

The huffing wind, pushed back at me as it did before only this time it felt like it did it for a purpose. The air blew and roared for attention, and it made sure it was too consistent to ignore. This was a daily routine for me. I know I'll do this again, tomorrow anyway.





Levenshulme  
HIGH SCHOOL



EDUCATION  
and  
LEADERSHIP  
Trust