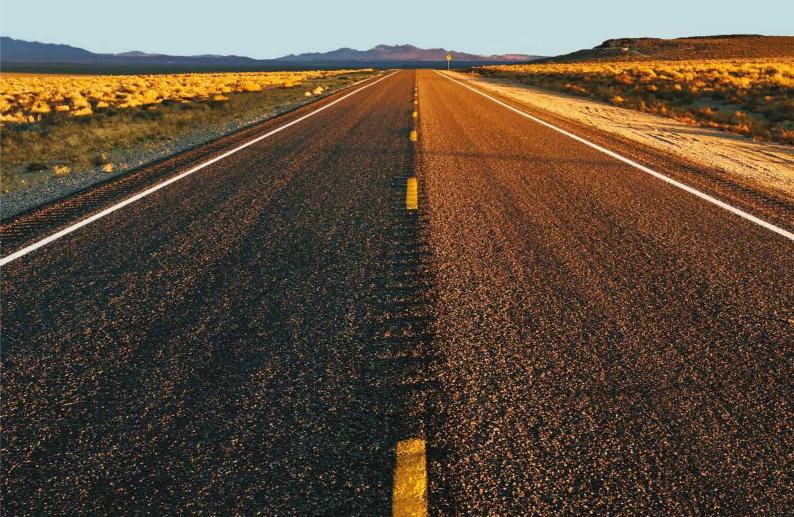


WHAT WILL YOU LEAVE BEHIND

An anthology of creative writing





GRACIE PEARSON

NO PLANET B.

It started with love, but it ended with death...

Enchanting wonders once surrounded the city, its greenery attracting your eyes to the most transient of beauties, consuming you.

The fresh breeze from the wind pricked your face as you watched the water of the ocean dance, calming you, taking your breath away.

The blue water would look back at you, looking into your soul as you let go of everything, even as the rain touched your skin it still felt magical.

The world was a safe haven, full of colour and life, but we took that away from Mother Nature, now our cold hands grab her beneath the chin and the creation she made turns black and grey and white.

Smoke from factories takes away the fresh breezes replacing it with toxins, the greenery darkens turning different shades of browns and yellow, and the ocean is fighting a war and right now the enemies are winning.

On a rainy day the world turns miserable and the flowers and the plants drown, but what we do not realise is that we are not just killing them, we're killing us humans too.

As we sail down the polluted water, litter is the only thing in sight, hundreds of thousands of plastic floats through rivers and seas every day, causing the wildlife below to suffer because we can't walk those extra steps to the bin.

Plastic, fishing nets, and factories are Mother Nature's deadliest predator and as we travel deeper into the ocean it is clear to see the damage we have caused. The tight plastic bag strangles the turtle, gripping its neck as its mouth widens as if it's screaming for help, taking its last breath as it turns lifeless.

Unfortunately, turtles are not the only animals to suffer, but in fact every living being is, as they don't know the difference between litter and food. You see the plastic you use, tortures the ocean forever. We are turning this beautiful piece of art into something that is disgraceful and disloyal to our home, our planet and everyone and everything in it.

You can't honestly tell me that you are okay to know that you're responsible for many of the deaths that have occurred, because you couldn't be bothered to put rubbish in the bin where it belongs. The ocean is being carried in a bag, its heavenly habitat slowly being demolished as we carry the bag adding more and more poison to it. The colossal amount of waste being washed up on shore and then taken back into the water is disgusting. Heaps of rubbish pile up every day, turning our marine environment so polluted that before we know it, there will be more plastic in the ocean than there will be fish. Marine mammals die every day from consuming damaging products, causing their organs to react differently resulting in their death. When veterinarians investigate the causes of why there is a re-occurrence of animals dying, it is mainly because their bellies are filled with plastic and their blood has been infected by it too.

The ocean's depth bath in a steam of silver light that spills through the clouded sky. Water rapidly crashes as the wind brushes against my face, stabbing it like tiny pin pricks as we venture further in the mysterious waters. On the journey, many spectacular creatures approached us, their intense beauty striking at my eyes, overwhelming me.

My mind keeps thinking about all the extinctions of these astonishing mammals and how they are still dying to this very day. Why do we kill such glorious imagery? Then this heartbreaking, but realistic thought hit me like a bullet ripping through my heart, "One day, the monsters in this world will have defeated Mother Nature, lurking, ready to target her again; not knowing she's already dead."

Nature doesn't need people, but people need nature, so please stop destroying our only life that is produced on our only Earth.

There Is No Planet B.

OUR EXCELLING EARTH BY NATASHA HOPSON

Our excelling Earth is special, Our excelling Earth is spectacular, Our excelling Earth is friendly, Our excelling Earth is picturesque, This is our Earth!

The Earth used to have Dodos,
They were small - about three feet tall,
They also had a tail but not as big as a whale,
They had grey feathers, although some not,
Another extinct animal is the mammoth
They were classed as Mammuthus
The last one died at the age of 10,500
They used to live in the North Western Canada

But now there is plastic about
Killing even more animals off
Are we willing to change?
We have to if we want these animals with us
Let's be kind
I'm sure that animals wouldn't mind at all!

Our excelling earth is special
Our excelling earth is spectacular
Our excelling earth is friendly
Our excelling Earth is picturesque
Let's make our world a better place.



ELOISE GORVIN

DEAR FUTURE ME,

By the time you read this. The world will have changed. I hope for the better.

Change...

Such a funny word

A word of hope yet a word of confusion

How? When? Why?

All of these non-answerable questions

Circling round like a hole of darkness.

You get it right?

The loneliness

When your mind tells you; this isn't ok...

Our seas... our lands... our people...

This word... tears us apart... yet... brings us together...

A word that we fear...

Yet a word that we need...

And yet the word itself on its own

Does not complete its task alone

With its people and its meaning

Only then will it truly make sense

But only to let go

To let go of what you can't change

Changes you...

And that changes everything

We need to realise that we can't go on much longer

We can no longer censor or block

This isn't for your sake

This is for all

Every child Every adult

Everyone

This is not their mistake

This is our mistake

And this mistake needs to be fixed not alone

But together.

So.

Dear future me

Your future is created by what you do today.

Not tomorrow.

Not next week...

Not next year

Make them proud. Make us proud to call ourselves

An asset to this planet.

Save it before saving yourself.

Before it's gone -

THE WATER IS NOT FLOWING

BY KATIE COCHRANE

The water is not flowing,
The sky is not blue,
The temperatures are changing,
The turtles are eating the wrong food.

The forests are dying,
The air is polluting,
Fresh water is depleting,
And Australia is on fire too.

Canada is flooding, We are all polluting, And worst of all Wasting food.

Our world is fading, While we are pretending, That's nothing's going on

The world is dying,
Some people are trying,
There must be something

Loads is happening
To the world
We need to do something about it
Or else there won't be anything left.
Our planet is being destroyed
And barely anyone is helping
Spread the word
To help
Save The World!

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MIA WILKINSON-FLORES

LAST CHANCE

It hurts and it burns, Like the tall trees say. It worries and concerns, Those still around today.

Is this really our destiny?
The era in which we survive?
Cause there are monsters coming for me.
And they know where I like to hide.

My fallen mother, father, siblings and friends. It's only ever anarchy,
And it will never end.

Amur leopards.
Black Rhinos.
Bornean Orangutan.
Cross River Gorilla.
Eastern Lowland Gorilla.
Hawksbill Turtle.
Javan Rhino.
Orangutan.
Saola.
Sumatran Elephant.
Sumatran Orangutan.
Sumatran Rhino.
Sumatran Rhino.
Sunda Tiger.
Vaquita.
Western Lowland Gorilla.

These are all my closest friends. Yet without proper help Their lives will end.

Yangtze Finless Porpoise.

I think I might be the only one left. I'm getting a bit old now. All my children died at the vet. And all the zookeepers start to frown.

I am truly the only one alive. It's a weird thought to me. But the vet said to take one last dive. Will my next child save my species?



WHAT I WANNA

BE WHEN I AM

BY SOPHIE KERR

And I wanna make my mum better.

OLDER

I wanna be a cook And make delicious food

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AUTUMNAL HAIKUS

RYAN MULLANEY

A loving mother
And a kind and thoughtful dad
And you feel happy

HARLEY ANDERSON

Falling leaves and rain Falling from the darker sky Early sunsets and dark

JOSHUA BUCKLEY

Cold rain pouring hard Over the dusty desert Surprising the sand

LUCY GOULD

Leaves in the darkness.
As the trees prepare to sleep
Stars peeking through clouds

ETHAN DOCKING

Leaves turning orange
Wind blowing leaves off the tree
Falling on the floor

LEXI CROCKER

An icy cold breeze Conkers falling off the trees Leaves turning orange

LOGAN TURLEJ

Dry leaves tumbling down Trees scattering all around. This is autumn time!

MASON EBANKS

So much nice colour Autumn so rich with orange Both so cold and warm

LEWIS DELOOZE

Leaves falling off trees Followed by a nice cold breeze People jump on leaves

ISABELLE PRIOR

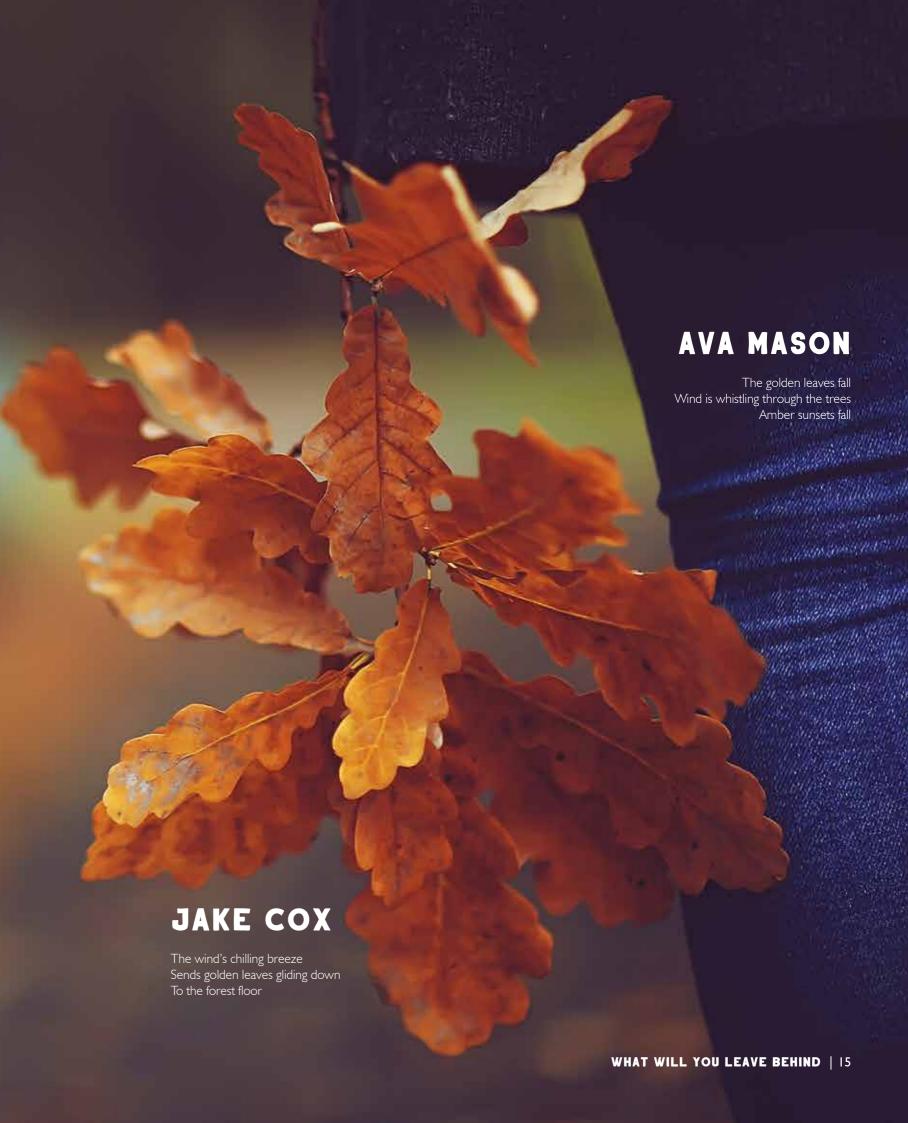
Breezy autumn day
Dreaming of trick or treating
Childhood memories

HARLEE MUTCH

A wet rainy day Playing football with my friends I feel excited

NATASHA HOPSON

Leaves crumbling through town A warm fire crackling below Freezing cold begins





WHAT WILL YOU LEAVE BEHIND

If you would like to contribute to the next anthology, please speak with our Literacy Teacher Mr Edmonds

