

# Winter Writing and Art Competition

A collection of poems and artwork from the Dovestone Learning Partnership

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Headteachers from all schools formed a judging panel and had the pleasure of reading students' writing and viewing their artwork.

The standard of all entries was superb! After long deliberation three pieces of writing and three pieces of artwork were selected as the worthy winners. Our winter competition anthology showcases the excellent work alongside other top entries.

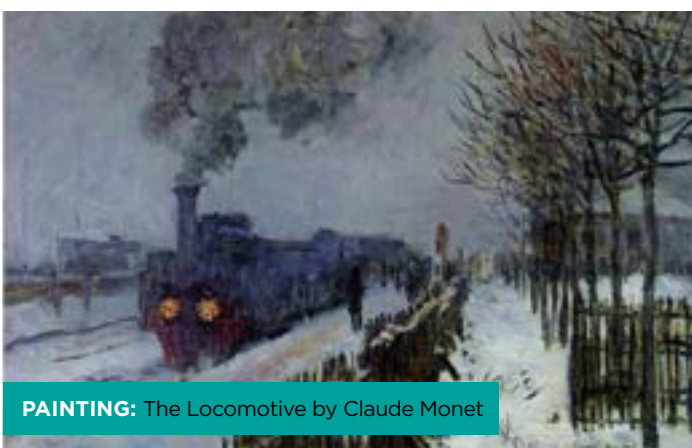
Well done to all students who took part.



**PHOTOGRAPHY**



**SCULPTURE:** Snowball in Trees by Andy Goldsworthy

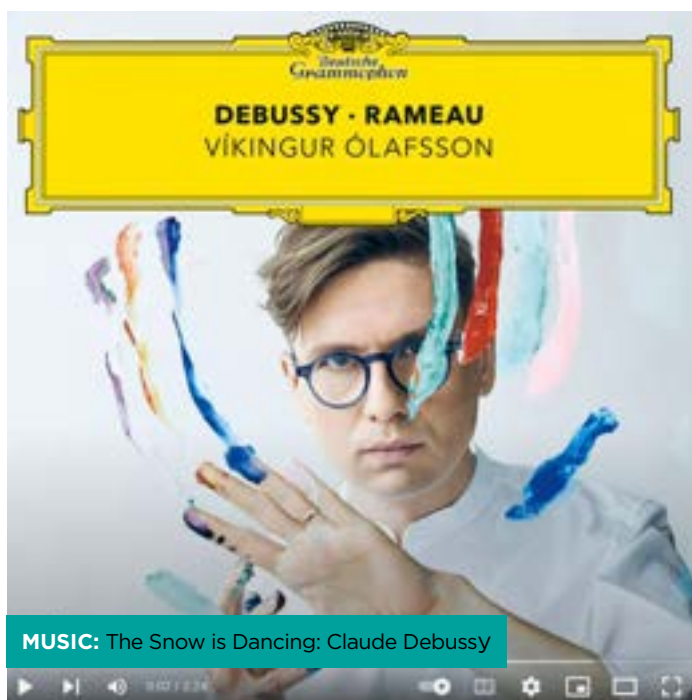


**PAINTING:** The Locomotive by Claude Monet

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## Participating Schools:

- Christ Church C.E. Primary School
- Delph Primary School
- Diggle Primary School
- Friezland Primary School
- Greenfield St. Mary's C.E. Primary School
- Knowsley Junior School
- Saddleworth School
- St. Thomas' Leesfield C.E. Primary School
- St. Agnes C.E. Primary School



**DEBUSSY - RAMEAU**  
**VÍKINGUR ÓLAFSSON**

**MUSIC:** The Snow is Dancing: Claude Debussy





**Holly Wilson**  
Age 12  
Saddleworth School

### **Everything came to a stop**

The only thing moving was the whistling sensation sprinting from behind. Immense, extravagant, the glassy mountains covered with a white blanket were the only thing visible to me. My heart skipped a beat, my pulse increased and my vision rapidly became blurry as the space I once saw as close now felt like a million miles away. I stop. Standing motionless.

The mountains intimidated me.

The sweat that was once warm dripped off my hands and into my thick gloves. I hear the angry force starting to pick up the pace once again. I hear a rumbling sound growl behind me as the mountain of froth starts to crumble, tiny particles start to fly off into the abyss.

The cold intimidated me.

I felt as if my legs were paralysed, my hands had a mind of their own and my lips were closing shut quicker than I could blink.

My body intimidated me.

The sky above begins to brighten, causing my eyes to quiver leaving me visionless and clueless of what lies ahead or in the past. The only thing that kept me going was the thirst for adrenaline and the fact that this is the most dangerous obstacle I have to overcome.

The sky intimidated me.

The mountains of pure crystals start to collapse causing shards of ice to fall in its path. Leaving me distraught on where to go. I wouldn't even dare to move when the weight of my gear could drag me down in seconds into the bottom of the abyss.

If I make it, would it even be worth all this struggle, danger, mental and physical pain? Would it be worth all the time I sacrificed away from my loved ones?

This place intimidated me.



**Eloise Powell**  
Age 10  
Diggle Primary School

## The Christmas Spirit

### Introduction

It was Christmas Eve and I was not in the Christmas spirit at all. So I bring you the most magnificent story about saving the Christmas spirit.

### Chapter 1

I woke up in the cold, not knowing what had happened. I looked around and saw my usual house, the smell made me feel quite gloomy, but something felt odd. Then, I looked out of the window, and saw the familiar countryside covered with a white swirl of snow and ice. It all looked and sounded very normal but somehow it felt different. I got dressed slowly because I felt fearful, knowing full well that something extremely strange was going to happen.

I went downstairs to get some breakfast, the stairs creaked ominously as I walked down them and the sound was very eerie. Was it me going crazy? I was just getting a bagel when the floor rumbled violently, making me drop my plate, smashing it into a thousand pieces. The shaking was so intense that my cupboard doors brutally swung open. It happened so quickly that I ran outside with my head ringing fiercely... but as quickly as it started, it all stopped. I looked left then right! But what I saw was even worse than a rumbling house. It was a man, but not just an ordinary man, a shadow in a man shape... I had to run because he was edging nearer, what else could I do? I couldn't go back into my house because then he could come in, even if I locked everything, he still might get in using shadow powers. So, I ran in a different direction, hoping he wouldn't be able to catch me.

I ran for my life, jumping over bushes and crawling through hedges. My legs were stinging as the brambles scratched the flesh of my knees. I kept on running until I saw the train tracks, the smell of smoke filling up my nostrils, so I knew a train must be near. Then I had an idea. I got to the ticket booth and grabbed a ticket, glancing behind me curiously. I nearly screamed at the sight of around 20 shadow men chasing me! A run broke into a sprint and on. The train's piercing whistle blew alarmingly as the train began to leave the station, the great metal wheels squealing with effort. I sprinted so rapidly my legs were burning, and I nearly fell over. The last person on the train opened the door after seeing me desperately try to get on. I worked up the courage to take a massive leap into the train, and jumped...I felt so relieved because I felt sure I would fall onto the track! I had made it successfully! After my personal celebration, the passengers stared at me as if I was deranged so I found my seat and sat down.

### Chapter 2

On the joyous train, it felt magical! The seats were green and red and children were joyfully singing Christmas songs like Jingle Bells. Santa hats and headbands were being given to all of the children who didn't already have them. I saw tons of sweets and chocolate being passed round and I heard the munching of children eating delightfully. After that I was given mulled wine, the sweet smell filling up my nostrils, and warming me. I saw steaming mugs of hot chocolate being given to the children and they had little chocolate beards. I felt a little bit curious, so I asked one of the ladies, who was giving out mulled wine what train I was on, and she said, "Did you forget to read the posters? This is the Festive Flyer Christmas train! We're going to go to the biggest Christmas celebration in the world! Here, take a leaflet!" I stared at the leaflet and it said that the final destination was a magical Christmas market. It did not say which Christmas market, it just said it was a surprise. Even though I was going to a Christmas market, I felt so downcast, after all, I had



just been chased by shadows and even though it was Christmas Eve I still hadn't managed to get into the Christmas spirit! Another lady saw me and said, "You look so sad, maybe this experience will get you into the Christmas spirit!" I really hoped she was right.

### **Chapter 3**

Once we had arrived at our destination, all the children were excitedly jumping off the train onto the platform with their parents saying, "Calm down! We will get off in time! No need to rush!" I got off as well and couldn't believe it! We weren't at the North Pole! We were at the Icicle Illuminations! The Icicle Illuminations was the best place to go at Christmas time because it included Christmas markets, a singer singing Christmas songs, a refreshments table called Rudolph's Refreshments, party games (pin the tail on Rudolph) and a massive Christmas party that gets insane at the best of times! I could definitely feel the Christmas feeling when I heard the children laughing and the Christmas songs. I was also puzzled because I had always thought that the Icicle Illuminations weren't real, but here I was, sitting in a chair watching children dancing to Christmas songs!

Everyone with children made one final stop before getting back on the Festive Flight through the snow! I thought I knew what it was since everyone was coming back with brightly coloured presents, swinging them round with joy. I followed the children before noticing a huge sign saying 'SANTA'S GROTTTO' I could hear laughter and there was a succulent gingerbread smell. That's what the children had been jumping off the train for! I steadily made my way back on the train since there was no rush to get back on. The journey back was even more festive, I couldn't wait to get home - I had totally forgotten about the shadow men. I have to admit, the food was even better than on the way to the Icicle Illuminations - they had fruity mince pies and huge chocolate bars, and it smelt of cinnamon and oranges. On the journey, everyone partied for Christmas Eve and I heard Christmas songs that made my heart dance with joy.

### **Chapter 4**

I got off the train in the dark and I walked back to my house. I felt warm and happy but disappointed that it was over - I had completely forgotten about the shadow men until it was too late. I was sitting by the fire in my pyjamas with a still half full mug of mulled wine. Then they invaded, the shadow men came through the door, I was absolutely terrified. I was so scared that I froze with fear, but instead of coming for me, they put an enormous, decorated Christmas tree in an empty corner and the smell of pine cones entered my head. They decorated my grey, tedious home until it was shimmering in Christmas lights and decorations! Then the shadow figures removed their masks... It was Father Christmas and the Elves! Then Father Christmas said to me, "I thought you would never get into the Christmas spirit but you are such a good person that I had to reward you! I've got to go now to deliver presents, stay festive." Then the Elves and Santa climbed up through the chimney. I ran upstairs and saw him once more and he yelled joyfully, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

Then I woke up. Was it all a dream? I thought it might have been until I looked beside me and saw the Festive Flight train ticket. It had to have been real! My pyjamas smelled of cinnamon and pine cones! Then I went to get dressed, and in the front of my wardrobe was my Christmas dressing gown and slippers! After I got dressed, I went downstairs and there was the marvellous Christmas tree! It had presents wrapped up in red and green wrapping paper underneath. Then, I looked on my dining table and there was a colossal turkey that smelt of sage stuffing and gravy! I invited all the village round to my house for a great Christmas dinner and the sound of Christmas cheer was ringing in my ears for the whole day, I was so lucky that I had found the Christmas spirit and got to spend the day celebrating with the people I loved the most!





**Beatrix Meredith  
Williams**  
Year 6  
Christ Church Primary  
School







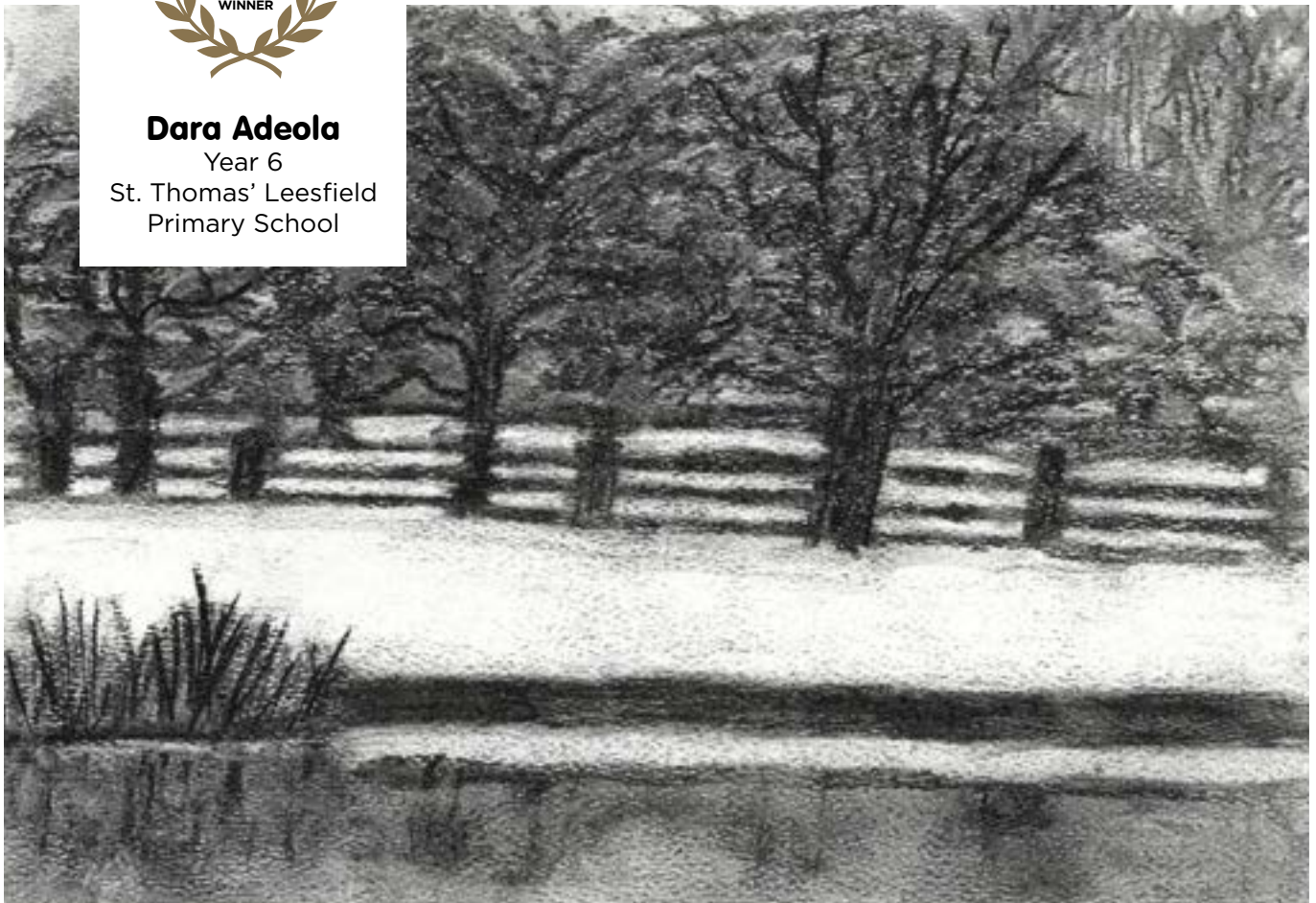
**Verity Bate**  
Year 6

St. Thomas' Leesfield  
Primary School



**Dara Adeola**  
Year 6

St. Thomas' Leesfield  
Primary School





**Harry Marsden**

Year 6  
Friezland  
Primary School

### **Stimulus:**

### **Claude Monet's Locomotive**

On a cold winter morning, the proud locomotive stood on the snow blanketed tracks. The pale white snow came down like angels from above. Passengers stared through the small frost-kissed windows at the beautiful snowy landscape. Rhythmically, the train exhaled great plumes of smoke into the world's atmosphere. The steam train, which had an old, rusty, metal exterior, has been on countless adventures. The train's wheels started to move. Loudly, the snow crunched on the tracks; the majestic locomotive sprung to life. As a whistle echoes through the cold and breezy night, the vintage locomotive steadily gained momentum and left the snowy, tranquil landscape.

The adventure had officially begun.



**Emily Sekula**

Year 5L  
Knowsley  
Junior School



## Winter Haiku

The snow is falling  
Getting stuck in between trees  
And makes a snowball

The glittery moon  
With soldiers standing in line  
Saying hi to snow

Snomen galloping  
With white, crunchy snow falling  
Makes the moon happy

The train is roaring  
With slippery ice beside  
Sitting in the cold

The wind is freezing  
Making me as cold as ice  
Whilst snow is falling

Marshmallows roasting  
By the hot, smoky fire  
With a hot chocolate

## Pixie Swift

Year 5  
Greenfield St. Mary's Primary School

## Silver, White Snow

Silver, white snow,  
No people in sight,  
Only the moon is shining so bright,  
Winter is cold,  
Branches are bare,  
Animals are sleeping, deep in their lair,  
Light is scarce, except from the moon in the sky,  
Lots of silver white snow falls from on high.

## Anna De Boer

Year 4  
Knowsley Junior School

## Stimulus:

### Claude Monet's Locomotive

One chilly and snow-covered morning, the mighty locomotive stood proudly over the frosty, rusted tracks. Rhythmically, the train exhaled marvellous plumes of smoke. Passengers stared at the vast, snowy landscape through the frost-kissed windows. As the engine started to rumble, the snowflakes fluttered through the air like fairies dancing in the night. The whistle echoes through the crisp air; the train began to move. The carriages, which were full of thrilled passengers, were adorned with intricate brass details. The train's wheels crunched through the serene white landscape. As the train rushed through the snow-draped woods, the locomotive left behind the panoramic dreamscape. Eventually, the train pulled into the next station.

## Martha Gledhill

Year 6  
Friezland Primary School

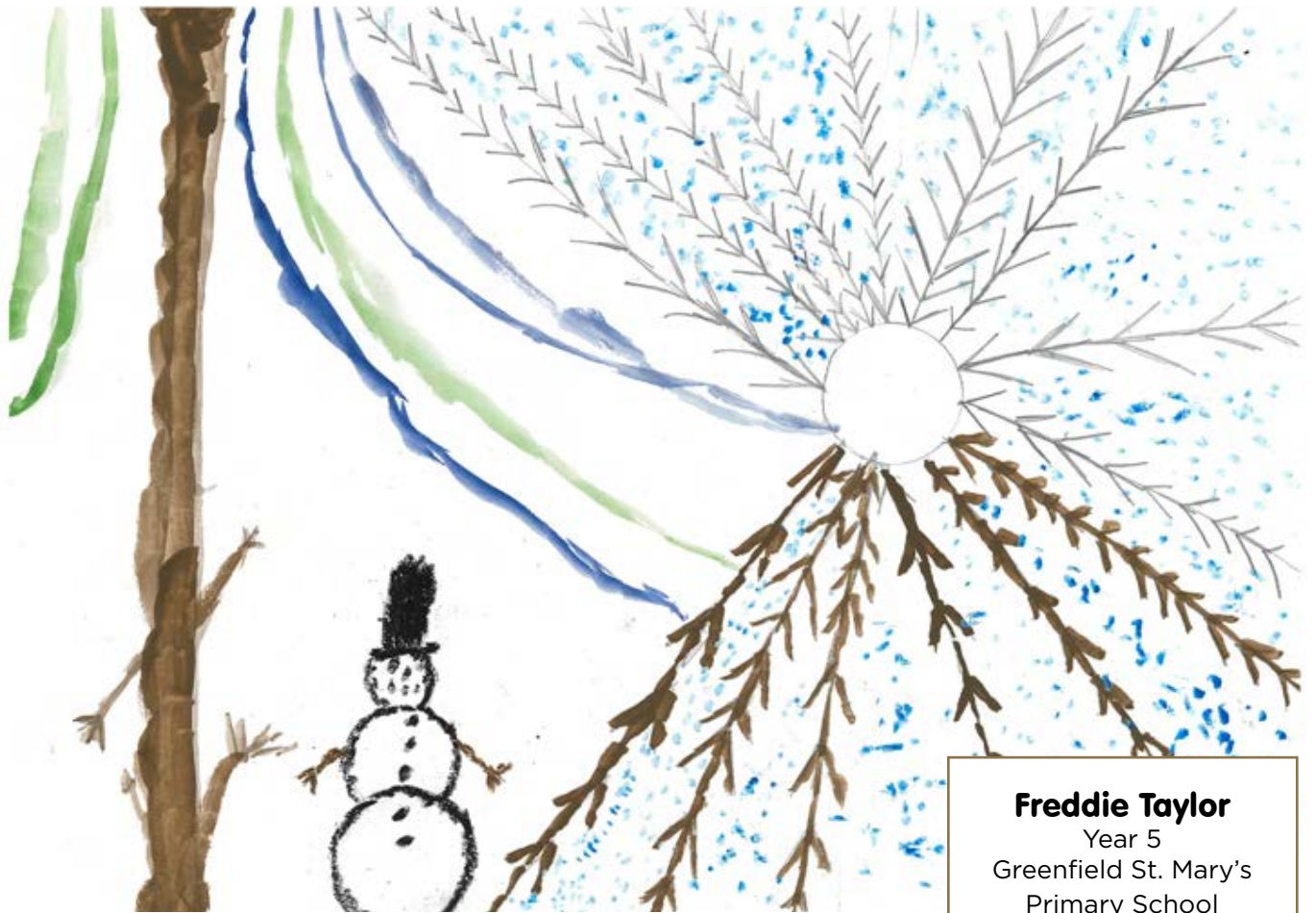
## Stimulus:

### Claude Monet's Locomotive

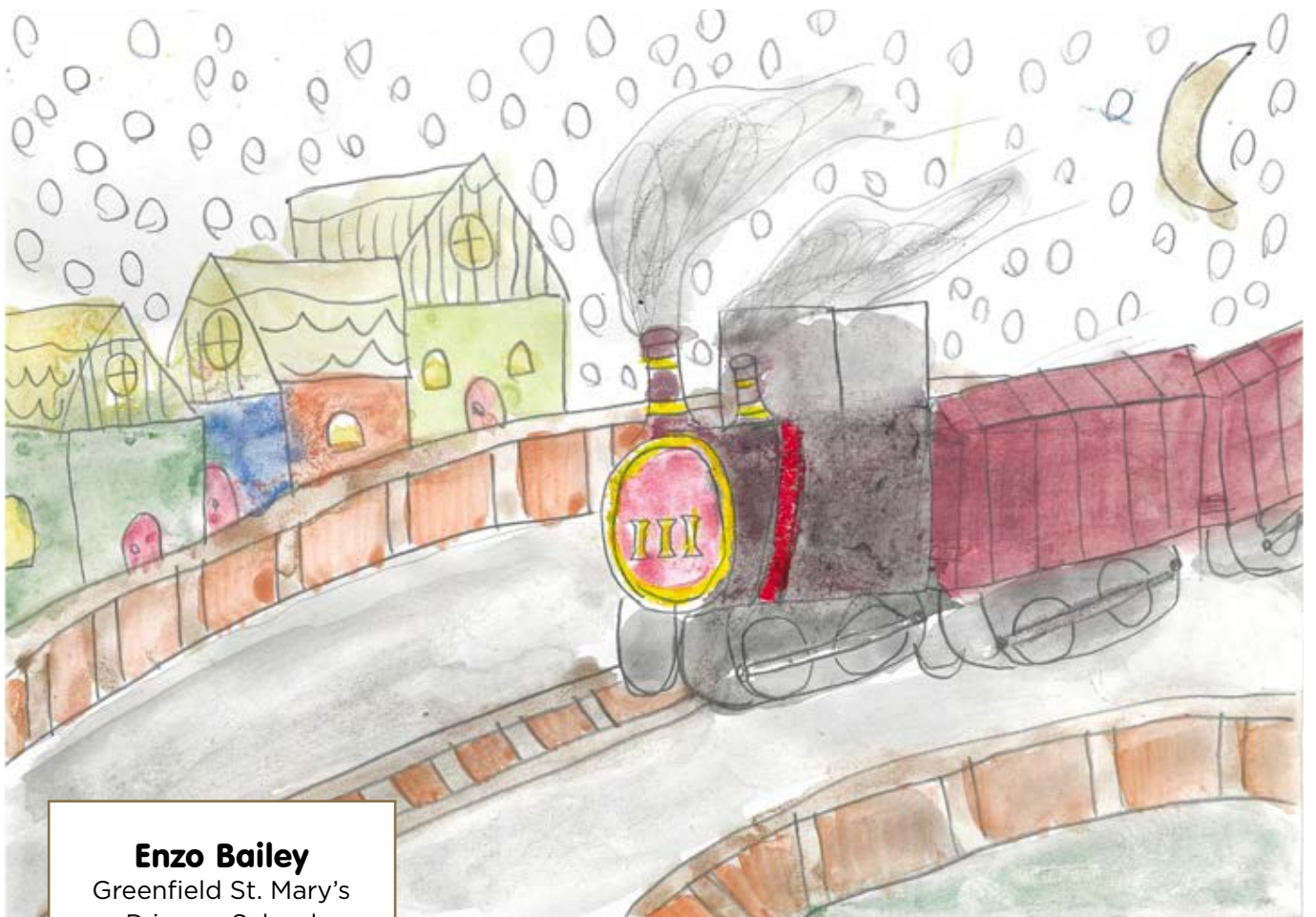
As moonlight spilled over the vast landscape, the powerful locomotive stood majestically on the fresh-layered snowy tracks. Slowly, the train breathed deeply in and exhaled plumes of smoke into the cold misty air. The cold excited passengers, bundled in warmth, clambered onto the gleaming locomotive. Out of the frosty-kissed windows, snow danced like a ballerina on a stage. There was a rumble; the mighty machine's whistle blew through the station and the train roared into life. The locomotive, which had gleaming pistons and wheels, glided along the icy tracks. Passenger seats were pilled by eager travellers. As snow danced to the ground, the train marched into the distance. Another adventure had begun.

## Keira Platt

Year 6  
Friezland Primary School



**Freddie Taylor**  
Year 5  
Greenfield St. Mary's  
Primary School



**Enzo Bailey**  
Greenfield St. Mary's  
Primary School



## Lost Things

John crept to the door. He looked around at his home and his wife's peacefully sleeping face. At the happy little bulge in her stomach. John's future son. His heart began to crack and tear until finally disintegrating into a small pile of powder in his body, making his limbs stiffen, and brain dishevelled into a troubled mess. Could he ever leave? He had to. Yet a tsunami of memories came to him, he shook them away. If he was going to do this, he had to be strong. He stared at his wife's face until the very last moment. Until the moment he left his house forever.

Ten years Later...

Joe woke up with a start. Sweat was pouring down his face and his eyes had bags under them that were ten feet long. He had been having nightmares again. Thrashing and turning all night! He had been having nightmares about his father. About where he was, about what happened, why he never came home. As he tried to recall what he had dreamt, it slid away from him as if it was water cupped in his hands.

He got up and went down to breakfast. Joe had an idea. Something he hadn't tried before. A good idea!

He grabbed a pile of paper and started to write. From the little his mother had told him, he began to write and draw. at last ; a poster! But would it work? He had to try. He heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Joe shoved the posters behind his back.

"Hi Mum"

"What are you hiding?"

"Nothing mum"

Allysa skidded round him and saw the posters. Her face darkened.

"I-I've told you before, your father is - well - d - dead."

She quivered on the last word.

"Put them away "

Joe clenched his fist, didn't she miss her husband?

That night, Joe shook in bed, tossing and turning imagining what had become of his father. He woke up. His eyes were wide and bulging. He thought to himself, this has to stop. I have to stop it!

Joe crept downstairs, his heart pumping rapidly and eyes glazed. He took a bag and filled it with plentiful food and water, a sleeping bag and a change of clothes. He tiptoed to the door. Not unlike his father, he gazed at his mother's face until the very last moment.

The next day, Joe was sleeping under a tree nestled in his sleeping bag wishing to never wake up. Yet, he did. He yawned- his mouth a cave- stood up and repacked his bag. Then, he started to walk. At first, a clumsy stumble which grew into a steady pace and then erupted into a full on sprint. Whizzing through the trees and bogs, roads and villages, every particle of his mind wishing and yearning for his father, calling his name, ignoring stares as he went, until finally falling to his knees, his eyes watery from the wind. Hopeless. Desperate. Full of despair. Why did he ever leave his house? Warm and comfortable and...nice.

It started to snow. White glistening crystals soft and comforting in his hand, falling from the blue-grey sky. A river of emotions washed away any other thoughts from his brain. His mind clouded over and was infiltrated by an impenetrable fog. His mind was dizzy. His limbs were sore. He fell back for the first time, into a dreamless sleep.

When he woke, he was engulfed in a heavy blanket of snow. He was groggy but for the first time since leaving, well rested. All around him was snow. There was no stop to the endless expanse of white. Where was the village? The trees?

"Uuuugh!" Joe groaned. He had stood up to quickly and fell forwards..... right into the arms of his mother. He laughed out loud! Had this all been a bad dream?

He rubbed his eyes. Snow. More snow. He was back to reality.

Joe walked forwards . A tear ran down his face and dropped down into the snow. The tiny droplet started to melt the snow, washing away the cold but leaving a tiny pin prick of a hole behind. Joe dropped to his knees and tried to peer through.

Light! A fire! Could it be? He fiercely brushed the snow away, clawing and digging rapidly penetrating the thick layer of white powder. There was an inevitable drop down but he felt like he could take on the world so he jumped in. Plummeting down into the unknown.

Joe looked around. He was on his back and his legs ached. His mind- well- there was only one thing on his mind. The very reason he had set off on this journey. A figure. A large figure. A figure with the same piercing blue eyes, same inward smile, the same blond hair- just like his own.

"Dad?"

They ran towards each other grasping the others' hand. There was no need for words. Both firmly connected, they ran.

They ran all the way. Not powerless and alone but together. Whole- his father filling the void that had taunted him for years.

## April Bowes

Year 5

Delph Primary School

## Winter

In the night sky, ornaments shimmered,  
Snowy trees danced on the winter horizon,  
Lights on the tree were brighter than the  
moon's reflection.

On the Christmas tree, a bright star stood.  
The forest suddenly sparked with lights.

Snow was as white as the winter sky,  
Kids' faces were as red as a fire but as  
cold as ice,  
Branches shuffled around as winter blew,  
Snow crunched as children stepped on it,  
The girl ducked to dodge a snowball.

Slowly, snow fell onto the floor and landed  
on a tree.

The snow sat on the tree gently,  
Like a mother on her newly laid eggs.  
A snow-covered gate stood beside it.  
The sun shone on white, fluffy snow,  
It was as white as clouds.

A fire was as bright as the sun.  
In the background, a village stood,  
Snowcapped mountains watched over it,  
The village could be seen for miles around.

Slowly, snow blew over to the rough,  
round snowman,  
The snowman sat beside his tree.  
He had a bright, orange nose,  
Which shimmered in the sunlight.  
In the cold, fast wind, his scarf blew,  
Joyfully, the snowman smiled for the last time.

### Joshua Roberts

Year 6  
Delph Primary School

## Winter

Warm and welcoming a fire burned,  
Beside it a beautiful glass lantern lay,  
Delicate and fragile on soft woven pillows,  
Bitter and cold a frost grasped,  
Snow blankets covered the mountains,  
Below the frosty winter sky icy crystals  
covered,  
Surfaces shone brighter than a silver moon.

Stone-cold icicles hung calmly,  
On snow covered rooves,  
Brilliant red panels of wood lay,  
Frozen walls of a winter lodge,  
Sad, dying colors of Autumn strewn around,  
Thick, heavy, unforgetting snow blanketed  
the ground,  
Towering trees stood tall as mountains,  
No light, no sun,  
Water dripped slowly, slowly off the icy  
death traps.

Proudly four tall trees stood,  
A field of ice and snow,  
One stood larger, wiser almost,  
Towering over a broad wooden gate,  
Soft white snow coated the ground,  
Lifeless, a wire fence hung at its side.  
Warm winter sun shone through,  
Ever-aging branches of a tired oak tree,  
High in the sky,  
Beautiful robins fly, singing happy songs  
of spring.  
The ancient trees listen, contently,  
Leaning sideways happily.  
And standing up tall,  
As it waved its branches a final winter's  
goodbye.

### Erin Butler

Year 6  
Delph Primary School





### **Rosie Shorrock**

Year 6  
Christ Church  
Primary School

## **The Climber**

As I slowly, cautiously ascended up the life threatening, thin, unsupported ladder, which clinged onto the thick ice above the endless, icy abyss. Suddenly I heard a black falling down into the void as far as the eye can go. After watching the ice block falling, I thought to my self "could have this caused an avalanche?" Watching the void in disbelief.

When there was 1 more step to get off the wrecked ladder the wind suddently turned savage. (Nearly pushing me off). As my flumsy body held on the ladder for dear life I heard the ice crack and slowly dismantle. I was not sure which ice as there are thousands in this icy terrain but I increased my speed after I heard the ice crumble.

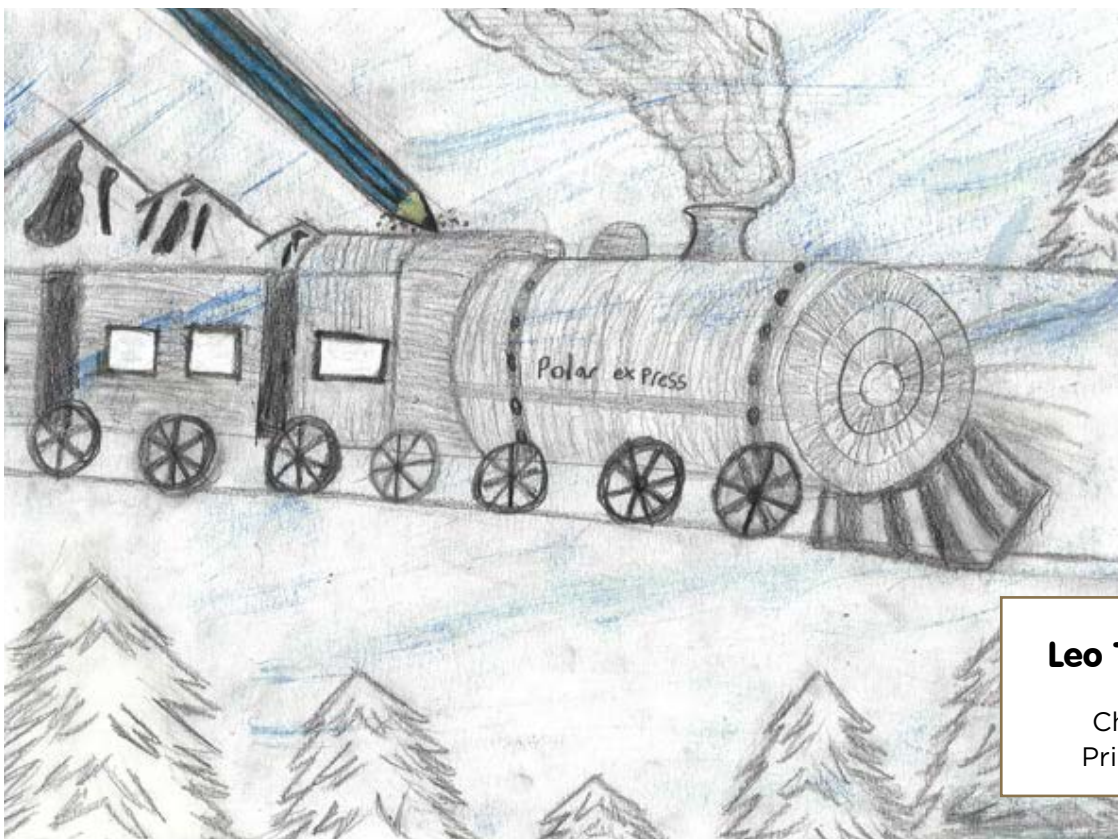
After hours and hours of scurring down the torturing ladder I finally reached the peak of the tiring journey as the atmosphere changed. It was night and I was worried; not knowing what was on the unkown glacier.

The peak of the tretourous ladder was more dangourous than the journey as I didn't know what creatures were lurking in the mist.

Fortunately after I cautiously slept on the unbalanced tretchourous ladder it was the morning. At the edge of the peak I saw a special castle in the kingdom of ice. Worn and weak the ladder holding onto the ice. As I turned around to the infinite void I saw more worn ice collapsing down into the void in the distance (so far it was inaudible).

### **Kaiden Nyuyen**

Year 7T  
Saddleworth School



### **Leo Turner-Percy**

Year 6  
Christ Church  
Primary School

## Peaceful

Everything was peaceful.

The soot from the steam train stained my skin. It gave me a warm, fuzzy feeling in the freezing-cold breeze. Snowflakes as beautiful as crystals covered the tiled concrete, making the station look like a winter wonderland. Jack frost was nibbling at my nose as I sipped my scorching coffee, that was the only thing keeping me from freezing. Melted frost leaked into my worn-out boots. There was no one else around. Just me.

As I strolled through the bright, white snow blanket to see when my train was coming, I noticed that there was a glow coming from one of the train carriages. The figure inside was lonely, everyone else had caught their train and fled the monstrous blizzard that was only getting worse. I felt alone. I missed my family. I wanted to go home.

Looking up at the snow falling on my face reminded me of when I was younger, I had all my friends and family around me and we would drink hot chocolate by the fire. I would watch the snow come down for hours, it was hypnotising. I awoke from my daydream and the train with the figure inside had been and gone.

The wind was picking up and I was overcome with a fear. A fear that I had missed my train, I would be stranded in the snowstorm. I could really feel the chill on my cheeks now, I was dreaming of being by a fire, under a blanket. Instead, I was there, at that old, lonely station. My hands trembled and my feet went numb, would I really have to sleep here for the night?

I could hear a faint whistle, a bit like the whistle at the start of a race. I didn't know what it was, I didn't want to know. I was tired, run down. Soon I fell into a deep sleep. I felt trapped. Lost. Was this really my Christmas eve? As I snored away, my sleep was interrupted by a man. I opened my eyes slowly and very confused to see a train driver sat by me. He asked how long I had been out here. I answered back that I had been waiting for a train that never came. He looked worried and nervous. I wasn't really sure what was going on myself. He whispered in my ear, "come with me." I followed along, snow crashing into my face. It stung, a bit like a bee sting. He took me to a train carriage, when I stumbled in, the heat hit me. It was heaven. The mysterious man poured me a hot chocolate, it was everything I had dreamed of. I sipped at my boiling drink and glared out of the window. I felt like I had been saved.

An hour passed by and I realised I had drifted off to sleep again. I looked around and remembered about how the man had rescued me. I wanted to thank him but he was nowhere to be seen. He was gone.

Maybe it was all in my head, maybe he was just an imaginary person. Whoever he was, he saved me from freezing in the jaws of the winter blizzard. It was like someone had sent a savoir. I thought about what had happened for a while and then I rested my sleepy head on the window. I shut my sore eyes and dreamt.

**Cara Hamilton**

Year 7L

Saddleworth School



**Isabelle Rose Sever**

Age 11

St. Agnes CE Primary  
School



## The Snow is Dancing

The snow is dancing round and round  
Faster and faster without any sound.  
Children sitting, drinking their cup o' tea  
Wondering when the sunshine will be.

The snow is dancing, the moon is bright  
Parents make sure the warm bath is right.  
The wind is howling, it cries and cries  
Infants sleep, still rubbing their eyes.

The snow is dancing with the sky  
Snow drift form right up high.  
A young girl watches, watches with fear  
Praying that the snow will clear.

The snow is dancing watch and learn  
Before the weather takes a turn.  
Grab your hat, scarf and gloves  
Come and dance with the mighty cubs.

The snow is clearing, melting each day  
It will soon be gone away.  
The day is dawning up comes the sun.  
Summertime is here, let's have some fun.

### Layla Jameson

Aged 11  
St Agnes CE Primary School

## The Snow is Dancing

I swiftly slipped on my glistening new shoes,  
Blades suspended beneath them and lacy looped through,  
I carefully stepped onto the frozen lake,  
Being more cautious for my own sake.

I swept around the bustling crowd,  
Starting to whirl and feel quite proud,  
As I began to leap people cleared,  
And around the rink those people cheered.

I leaped, I jumped, making no sound,  
Looking at snowmen dotted around,  
As I carried on, I found this beat,  
And from this beat, followed my feet.

So I danced along, until I came to an end,  
In a gorgeous pose of which I did descend,  
I swiftly slipped off my snow covered shoes,  
Blades suspended beneath them a laces looped through.

### Minnie Cadogan

Year 6  
Diggle Primary School

## Lone Snowman

Lone snowman stood in the snow,  
Swaying with the flow.

Lone snowman watching children play,  
Cold and upset as he lay.

Ignored and confused  
What was poor snowman doing wrong?

No hat, nor scarf  
Lone snowman his heart is now only half.

Lone snowman melting away,  
Seasons changing through the day.

Lone snowman now a puddle  
Oh how has he got himself in a muddle

No longer there, poor snowman now so bare...

### Sienna Burke

Aged 11  
St Agnes CE Primary School

## The Midnight Train

The bitter wind blew in the dead of night.

As the rusty tracks scraped and screeched,  
The bitter wind blew in the dead of night.

The cloudy smoke intoxicated the air,  
As the rusty tracks scraped and screeched,  
The bitter wind blew in the dead of night.

Slowly, snow fell and covered the village,  
The cloudy smoke intoxicated the air,  
As the rusty tracks scraped and screeched,  
The bitter wind blew in the dead of night.

As the solemn looking figures patiently waited  
Slowly, snow fell and covered the village,  
The cloudy smoke intoxicated the air,  
As the rusty tracks scraped and screeched,  
The bitter wind blew in the dead of night.

The fire burnt brightly, fueling the steam train  
As the solemn looking figures patiently waited  
Slowly, snow fell and covered the village,  
The cloudy smoke intoxicated the air,  
As the rusty tracks scraped and screeched,  
The bitter wind blew in the dead of night.

### Elizabeth Bardsley

Year 6  
Diggle Primary School

Verity Bate, St. Thomas' Leesfield Primary School

