



the  
**David Rutherford**  
Poetry Prize Winners  
2009

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Year 3 Joshua Lad  
Year 4 Gussie le Roux  
Year 5 Elspeth Aylett  
Year 6 Brandon Sumner  
Year 7 Emily Ivey & Alastair Robinson  
Year 8 Olivia Hardy & Ruaridh Kelly



## The David Rutherford Poetry Prize

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Named after a renowned past headmaster of the school, our new poetry competition was open to all pupils in Years 3-8.

Initially winners were chosen from each English set, when a panel of judges including the Headmaster had the difficult task of selecting an overall winner from each year. Poems were assessed for their originality and good use of language, as well as their range of imagery and techniques.

This year the seven themes that pupils could choose to write on were:

- Spring
- Easter
- Nature and the Environment
- Holidays
- School Days
- Celebration
- Own choice

We were extremely impressed with all these Year Winners, for their creativity, their ability to structure and their effective use of rhyme and rhythm. Congratulations to all!

**Theresa Neale**  
Head of English

## Spring

Spring, Spring you are finally here,  
You are my favourite time of year,  
Colourful flowers start to grow  
Hard-working farmers start to sow  
Prickly hedgehogs start to creep  
And adorable lambs start to bleat.

I love the daffodils reaching for the sun,  
And hot cross buns, and Easter egg fun  
I love my tortoise, steady and slow  
When he comes out to say hello  
I love splashing in the April showers  
And giving my mum Mother's Day flowers.

The wren collects twigs for her nest,  
The warm sun dries my pants and vest  
I smell the freshness of the newly mowed lawn  
I feel the softness of the newborn fawn  
Spring, Spring you are finally here,  
You are my favourite time of year.

### **Givers of Life**

I have been to a place where there are  
Twisted trees twirling,  
Battered trees bending,  
Desperate trees dying.

I have walked in a place where there are  
Hollow trees howling,  
Tall trees towering,  
Rough trees rustling.

With roots like legs and branches like arms  
They are little old men.  
Our entire history lies inside them.  
They keep their secrets from the world.

## **The Disastrous Dinner Lady**

The dinner line is single file,  
With no one allowed to speak,  
And if you do, you're sent to the back,  
For the rest of the week.

She doesn't like conkers or marbles,  
And dining hall footy is banned  
If you are caught, she'll take the ball,  
And bursts it with one hand.

Everyone eats up their cabbage,  
No one dares to leave any greens,  
She's the Frankenstein of the food hall,  
The King Kong of the canteen.

A beast on dinner time duty,  
A roar that causes earthquakes,  
Children shiver, teachers tremble,  
Even the headmaster shakes.

A dinosaur in the dining room,  
A prehistoric unfeasibly large beast,  
The head doesn't really rule the school,  
Not in the dining room at least!

Year 6 Winner

Brandon Sumner

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### **The Perfect Easter**

Easter time is so much fun  
Spring is out of the way and we see more sun  
Time for long walks  
And picnics in the park  
Playing outside until it gets dark.

The air full of the chocolate smell  
Of Easter eggs eaten by the adults as well  
Easter egg hunts in the gardens  
Children looking for eggs in their hiding places  
When they find them big smiles on their faces.

The parks are filled with happy faces  
The children running around having races  
Families eating lunch on the grass  
For dessert a nice hot crossed bun  
Dogs chasing balls and having fun.

Flowers blooming ready for spring  
Colours so beautiful they make you sing  
The fresh smell of newly trimmed grass  
Washing on the line drying in the sun  
Dad making BBQ for everyone.

Easter Monday is another family day  
Some go to the seaside and walk along the bay  
Collecting seashells and other souvenirs  
Stopping for ice cream and lollies on a stick  
Hoping the car journey is quick.

## **School Days**

Brains working  
Pens leaking  
Teachers nagging  
Rubbers squeaking  
Mouths closing  
Ears opening  
Children learning  
Minds churning  
My school day keeps going!

Doors opening  
Boys shouting  
Girls screaming  
Legs moving  
Mouths opening  
Biscuits crumbling  
Footballs shooting  
Doors closing  
My school day just keeps going!

*/Continued*

Children running  
Hearts pumping  
Sticks waking  
Balls flying  
Whistles blowing  
Break starting  
Everyone changing  
Children weakening  
My school day just keeps going!

Bags packing  
Work finishing  
Parents waiting  
Teachers hesitating  
Kids running  
Schools tiring  
Cars opening  
Engines rattling  
My school day finally finishes!



## Spring

Winter's icy reign draws to a close  
As the sun melts the frozen white blanket that  
covers the ground.

The air grows warm and the sky is bright.  
The world begins to wake.

Green leaves sprout from the twisting branches.  
Round plump buds littler them  
From which pink and white silk blossom blooms.  
A cool breeze carries them so that they might  
dance in the wind.

The forest awakens, leaves rustle and the scent  
Of damp earth lingers in the air.  
A bird sings his song and it echoes throughout,  
Bringing the place to life.

## **The volcano**

A volcano is a beast,  
A beast that is hungry,  
Hungry for over a hundred of years,  
Years away from his Viking-like feast.

His stomach is rumbling deep down below  
Saliva flows from the crater of his mouth  
Out pours hot molten lava  
His dinner on a plate of land below.

The roar of this beast shows his might  
It need not be too bad  
If there is enough warning  
Everyone is safe and has taken flight.

Perhaps the beast has done some good  
The land below is rich once again  
Producing lots of food.  
It's a wonderful sight!



Feltonfleet School  
**Poetry Prize Winners**  
June 2009