



THE RICE REPORT

This issue sees us celebrating the wonderful submissions we received for our story and poetry competitions over the last term.

Read on for a dystopian story set in a world where the Axis won the war, poetry on the futility of a soldier's life, as well as reflections on love and the power of poetry itself

Inside this issue:

'Axis World' by Alfie Q 2 – 3

'A Planet of Books' by Joseph A 4-5

'Valentine' by Thomas D 6-7

'I Want to be Yours' by Tristan P and Syon S 8-9

'Returning Home' by Joseph A 10-11

'A Soldier's Dream' by Matthew H

'On Poetry' by Thomas D 12-13
'The World Around Me' by Mustapha A



AXIS WORLD

BY ALFIE Q (YEAR 7)



In 1945 the Allied forces surrendered to the Axis powers. If you were not German or Japanese, you wouldn't have a great life...

New York City 2072

What went wrong? What happened to the city I used to love? The screens in Times Square now read, 'Hail Hitler, he will care for you.' That rubbish used to trick people, but now we know much of a lie that is. Big black buildings stand tall above the streets, it's quiet, too quiet; too quiet compared to the America I used to know: bustling streets, cars speeding up and down, the smell of hot food, all gone.

I arrive at the Free America Rebellion HQ, the organisation set up to free America from the Axis' cruel grasp. A video tape is handed to me as I enter, "take this tape to the people in the Neutral Zone in Chicago, gain more rebels," says our leader.

This could be dangerous; I had to pass all of the Nazi cities and towns which would be risky in itself, but I would have to be searched at the border. What was my plan?

At 2:45 am I set off through the back roads of New York. The dark alleyways scared me more than Hitler himself. I turned passed Times Square which was still engulfed in screens blaring out Nazi propaganda.

As I reached the end of Manhattan there was a soldier.

“STOP! INSPECTION!”

The inspection post was a small building with marble walls emblazoned in big Nazi posters. My heart was racing as fast as the Spitfire my dad used to fly.

“State your purpose for leaving New York.”

“My...” I started, “I need to see my family upstate. Emergency.”

The German soldier paused, my heart paused too. Silence. Then he replied:

“Okay, I believe you. Go!”

I had made it through the checkpoint, phew.

The drive towards Chicago was long, tiring. Passing fields and farms made me want to cry. My brother had owned a farm, but when he refused to give his crops to the Axis powers he was shot. That’s the reason I joined the Rebellion, to avenge my brother.

As the sun gleamed in my eyes, I arrived at the outskirts of The Windy City, Chicago, and saw what was left of its high rises and skyscrapers on the horizon. It wasn’t much different to New York now, barred windows and propaganda on every wall.

Moving into the city, the depression of the people was palpable: no emotion in their faces, no happiness, no love or laughter. Nothing. They should call it the Ghostly City, the streets that were once filled with cars and bikes and shops displaying goods, are now all abandoned. Huge blacked out buildings lined the streets, where the rich officials lived oblivious to how tough life is on the streets they now own.

I stopped the car and got out, took one long look at the city lay before me. A toppled metropolis, the American nightmare. In the distance I could see my destination, and the multitude of checkpoints I would need to pass through or around to get there. How would I do it? And what difference would it make if I even did?

This the Axis World now and I was just one small part of it.

A PLANET OF BOOKS

BY JOSEPH A

In a far-off place, where stars softly glow,
There's a planet of books, a place we all know.
Its skies are filled with words, stories take flight,
A world where dreaming feels just right.

Mountains of books stand tall and proud,
Their stories loud, their covers bowed.
Each peak holds a tale, each valley a rhyme,
In this bookish land, it's storytime.

Forests of stories spread far and wide,
With characters walking by our side.
From fairy tales to mysteries, love stories too,
Every kind of book is waiting for you.

Rivers of poems flow smooth and sweet,
Their words a song, their rhythm neat.
With verses and lines that touch the soul,
In this poetic world, hearts feel whole.

Cities of knowledge, bustling and bright,
Where wisdom shines, like stars in the night.
With libraries big, and books galore,
Learning and adventure are at your door.

On this planet of books, time takes a rest,
For stories stay fresh, they're always the best.
Here, every reader finds a cozy nook,
Lost in the pages, of their favourite book.

VALENTINE

BY THOMAS D (YEAR 7)



One year now has gone,
For me this is paper,
This one-sided love:
I love and I hate her.

She shines like the moon,
A reflection of the sun,
But this love it's lethal,
Came with a knife and a gun.

She's layered, like an onion,
Her good side appears,
But under the skin,
She's red and she's fierce.

I better be careful,
I gave her a rose,
But she wanted an orchid,
Love comes and love goes.

I WANT TO BE YOURS

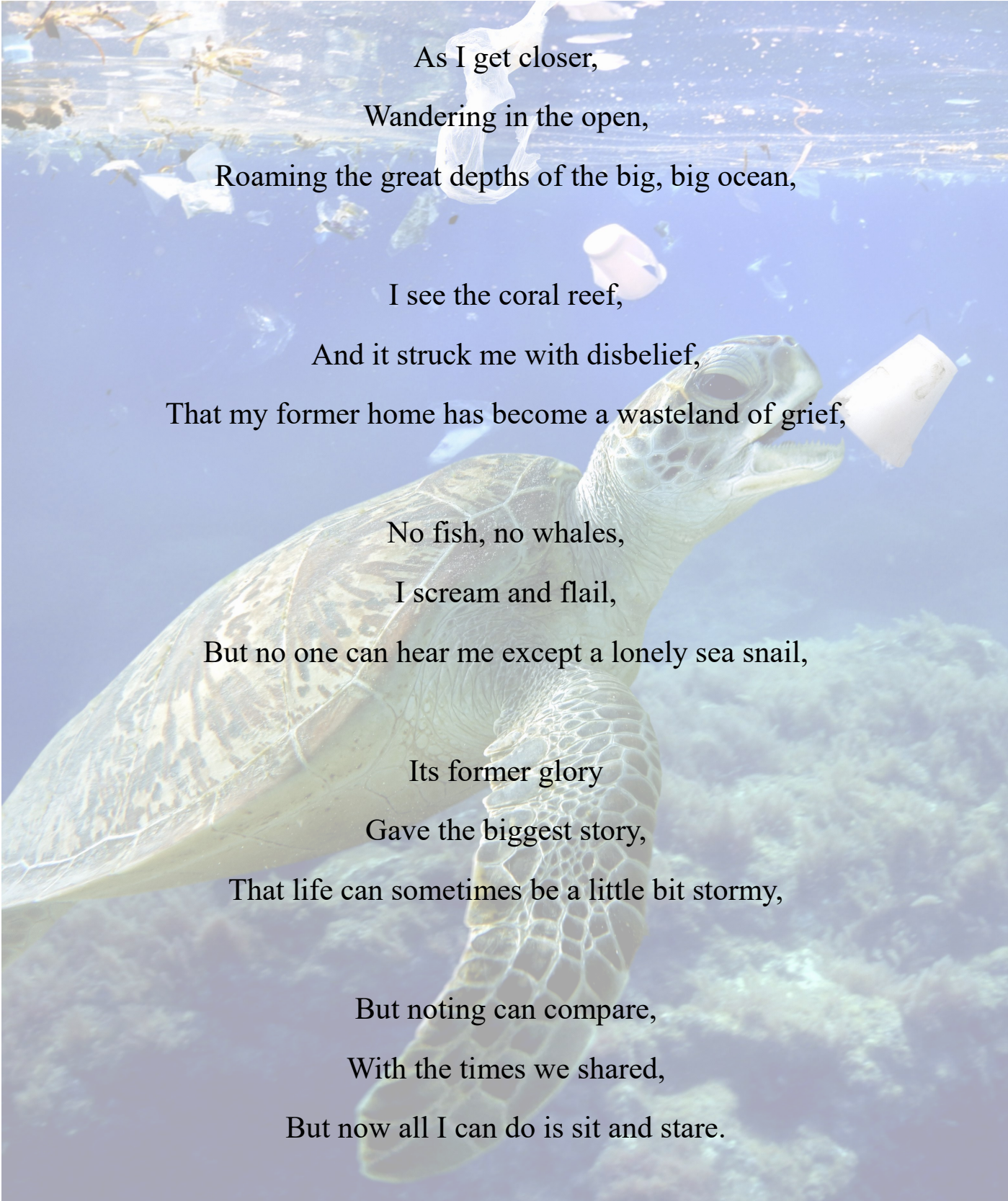
BY TRISTAN P AND SYON S (YEAR 7)



I want to be your football
So you can play with me all day,
I want to be your umbrella
To protect you from the rain,
I want to be your anaesthetic
To stop you from any pain,
I want to be your map
To guide you through everything,
I want to be your microphone
To make sure you're always heard,
I want to be your CCTV
So every other boy is deterred,
I want to be your gloves
To keep you warm in cold time,
I want to be yours
But will you be mine?

RETURNING HOME

BY JOSEPH A

A sea turtle is shown swimming in a blue ocean. The water is filled with various pieces of plastic waste, including a white plastic cup, a white plastic bottle, and some brown debris. The turtle is looking towards the right, and its head is slightly open. The background shows a coral reef at the bottom of the frame.

As I get closer,
Wandering in the open,
Roaming the great depths of the big, big ocean,

I see the coral reef,
And it struck me with disbelief,
That my former home has become a wasteland of grief,

No fish, no whales,
I scream and flail,
But no one can hear me except a lonely sea snail,

Its former glory
Gave the biggest story,
That life can sometimes be a little bit stormy,

But noting can compare,
With the times we shared,
But now all I can do is sit and stare.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

BY MATTHEW H (YEAR 7)

I want to change the things I do,
The way I think, the things I choose.
A soldier just isn't right for me.
It isn't the thing I want to be.

I want to change my dream for sure,
Imagine a world without war.
It would be great and I'd be glad,
That the world has got rid of all the bad.

I want to change my life, you see,
A soldier just isn't right to me.
An author or a poet or something in-between.
Where nothing is violent and no destruction seen

My life is harsh, my life is sad
And it makes me feel extremely mad.
For the world is being torn asunder
But it will never ever take me under.

ON POETRY

BY THOMAS D (YEAR 7)

Another year, the day has come.

Poetry, it's so much fun!

Write it, change it, make it rhyme

The only problem could be the time.

Could be about your favourite weather,

Or something you don't really like.

Something you do often, or never

Or even how you ride your bike!

Poetry, it's so much more

Than just writing more and more

It's up to you, make it rhyme?

Oh wait, no! I'm out of time

THE WORLD AROUND ME

BY MUSTAPHA A

As I travel through the worlds greenest place,

I realise, “wait, why do I love this?”

I think I am all a green face.

I feel that this is a world I just don’t want to
miss!

I just catch the pace,

While I travel on the thick green grass,

I say to myself “what if I was it?”

I feel this is just class

If I can just sit,

And pass.

As I travel further up,

I listen to the waterfalls

I feel like I’m in a bathtub.

When I listen, I feel that in the rain, I play ball.