

The

WAY
Way



LOCKET
locket

Volume 2



Foreword

When I sat down to write the foreword to our very first volume of the Ivy Locket, this time last year, I didn't think I could be more proud. Yet here I am, one year on, with the wonderful privilege of presenting our second volume, which - whisper it - I think is even better and I am even prouder! This incredible group of students, who I have the great pleasure of meeting with every Monday lunchtime, have continued to explore and develop their craft. Their writer's voices becoming distinct and unafraid. They continually impress and inspire me; now it is your turn to hear what they have to say.

Ms Tapsfield

June 2023



It's Not The End Of The World, Unless It Is

Anaiya Suchak

A pen drops.
Ink splashes onto your clothes.
It's a disaster,
but it's not the end of the world.

You smash a glass.
Shards shatter everywhere.
It's a disaster,
but it's not the end of the world.

A plant dies
because everything needs to be cared for.
But you can try again,
so it's not the end of the world.

Global warming rises,
we hurt our planet
but we don't do anything to help.

It's not a disaster - it's a crisis
that needs to be fixed.
Because we don't have a second chance,
so if we don't,
this time

It is the end of the world.

My Friends

Eleanor Rout

Friends,
I've had a few,
Friends,
I got no clue,
When you have to say sorry,
Or 'don't worry',
What to do.
Because each friend is different,
Unique and kind,
Because each friend has things,
They need to survive.
When it comes to my friends,
They like a hug,
To make them warm,
To make them feel loved.
But some aren't huggers,
That's ok,
Because each friend is different,
In their own special way.
Some may cry,
Tears, they will bawl,
Some just laugh,
When I walk and when I fall.

Some are smart;
Heads filled with brains,
Some have the biggest heart,
Bloods pulsing through the veins.
Some can sing,
High pitched, low down,
Some are artists,
Red, yellow, green and brown.
Friends,
I've had a few,
Friends,
I got no clue,
When you have to say sorry,
Or 'don't worry',
What to do.
But I love my friends,
Whatever they do,
My heart will beat for my friends,
And see the days through

The Stranger

Aliyanna Horne-Jackson

The Stranger. She is just a stranger. The ferris wheel stops. Unfortunately, I am one of the unlucky few stuck at the top. She sits right beside me and I cannot stop staring. She probably thinks I'm a creep. She sobs softly to herself. We don't talk, we just stare deep into each other's eyes. I have the urge to just grab her hand and pull her into a long, meaningful hug to let her know that everything is alright.

She tells me about a kindhearted man. He has three daughters. The first two are successful but they soon forget about their deceased father. If he is brought up they shrink and don't say a word. The third is very emotional after his death and never stops letting her feelings out and all of her pain gets too much to bear.

She runs away and meets a stranger. She meets him on a ferris wheel and just feels comfortable with him. I promptly gave her my number. She understood the feeling of just needing to run away from everything. So we decided to do it together.

We immediately get off the ferris wheel and run to a deserted meadow. We both have a dream. We must escape the past and fly and swoop and glide and soar into the future and hope that it is better than the present. We spend the next few hours building our beautiful, elaborately-decorated wings as we prepare to set off in our journey to the future.

Finally, at the end of the day we have completed our wings. As we reached the top of the ferris wheel I held the hand of this complete stranger. Grandmother would scale the ferris wheel and drag me all the way back home if she knew what I was doing. Right before we leap into the unknown we embrace and say good luck to each other.

Then we jump. Two absolute strangers hoping to fly into the future to escape the past. It may seem ridiculous but it did happen. I know it did. No burning from the Sun. No SPLAT. And no mean, scarily agile grandmothers. We just felt the harsh wind rushing under our wings. At last we had made it to the future.

THE END

Inspired by the Greek Mythology story of Icarus.



Threading Needles

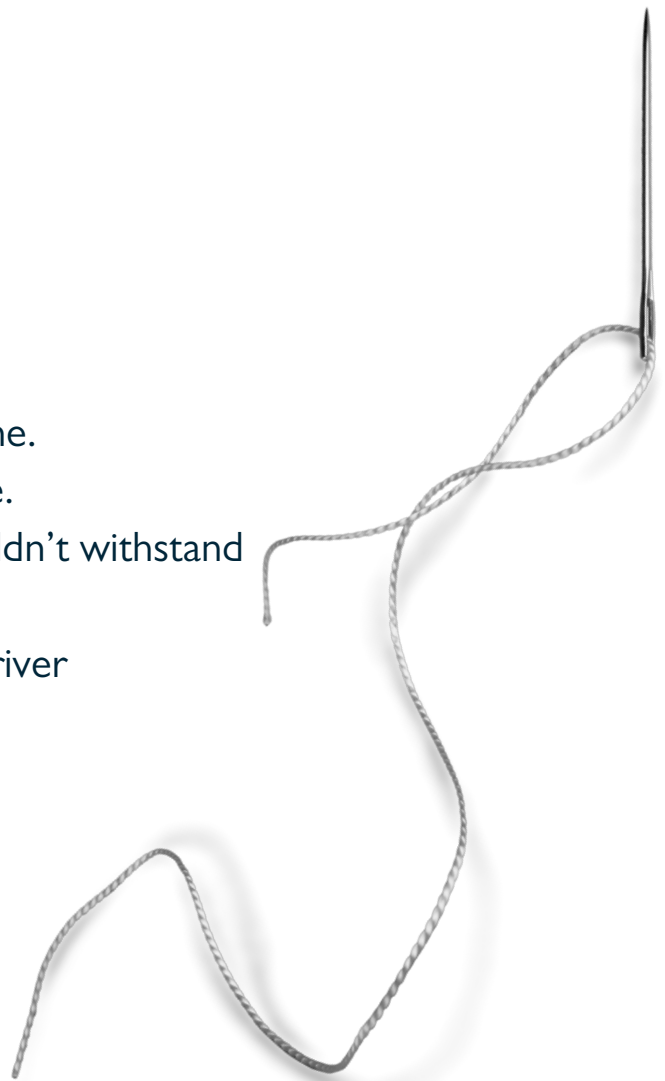
Anaiya Suchak

It was sharp, and dangerous.
We struggled to tame it.
At midnight hours, came back to tackle the challenge.
Stubborn - ruining everybody else's day.

We ran it through our fingers,
wrapping round our wrists, then,
through
the strong-willed criminal?
Supposedly not,
and back again.

Holding it, the smooth shine shone.
Back through the strip of promise.
It was bold and strong, but it couldn't withstand
perseverance.
Only ourselves are aware of the river
of calm that comes from the
art of trying.
We break it -

It is no longer our concern.



The Best Day

Loreda Liddell-Breen

Dear diary
This is Best day of my life
The plan worked
It worked.
The rope fell
She finally
DIED
I
WAS
FINALLY
THE
TIGHTROPE
GIRL



The background of the entire page is a close-up, textured image of pink cotton candy. The strands are thin and fibrous, creating a soft, fluffy appearance with various shades of pink from light to deep magenta. The lighting is soft, highlighting the delicate structure of the candy.

The Love Pillow
Loreda Liddell-Breen

The Love Pillow
The Pillow of Love
Sweet as roses
Pink as Candyfloss
Smell of sugar

I Never Thought You Would Leave

Ivy Elkins

The first time I saw you
I knew I could never be blue
I knew I had a buddy for life
So I would chop you some vegetables using the
finest knife
I would clean your cage
While you ran around in your bright pink ball
I would watch you crawl
Until it was time for bed
Then you would be fed
The whole system would repeat
Until that fateful day
When I had to pray
That you would be okay
But she took you
And now I have to say
I still have a buddy for life.

Too Late

Ruby Moss-Bowpitt

I look back on my life and question everything I did and did not do. What I ask myself everyday is why did I not do everything I could to stop climate change whilst I still had the chance; I had many opportunities and now mankind is suffering in a collapsing world. This world was once thriving and is now struggling to survive. This world was once full of people and now the entire population could easily live in England. This world once had clear blue skies and now the sky is full of dirt and dust.

I remember a time when I could sunbathe on a beach engulfed in warmth. I remember a time when I would hear stories of great adventurers who would go into the rainforests and discover new, exotic creatures. Now there are no more rainforests and the sun is hidden behind a thick barrier of grey foggy clouds. And the beaches, they have all gone too, lost in the great depths of the sea.

Although it feels like a million years ago, I remember a time when ice caps existed along with polar bears. The shining almost perfect surface of the ice top scattered with paw prints. I can faintly remember animals called penguins who died when it became too warm along with the winter that left long ago.

Man's poor decisions led us here to the world that suffers. When we dismissed Greta Thumbergs ideas, we led the world to this. When we cut down more and more trees, we hurt the world. When we kept emitting greenhouse gases, we caused this unbearable heat that strangles the world. Life is miserable now. I walk through empty streets with sparse amounts of trees. I can hardly see my hand 3 inches away from my face due to the amount of ash and dust in the air. Even in the countryside (which is now as barren and desolate as the deserts) there are no animals and the ground that used to be full of lush grass has been demolished to a carpet of dirt.

So now you know those poor decisions only hurt those who came after you. Your selfish behaviour was only there because this would not affect you. If this fate came to you would you still handle it as you did before. If you knew that you would be in this place, would you still ignore that climate change existed.

You before us gave us this fate. By the time we came along it was too late to fix this. It was too late to save the planet. But this torture we still have to live through. Because of you.

If only humanity had listened to all those voices long ago telling us to stop. To stop cutting down trees, to stop emitting greenhouse gases. To stop killing the planet. Voices crying out in the wilderness that we chose not to listen to. Why?

All those years we all spent telling ourselves it could be fixed, after only saying it wasn't going to happen. Here we are humans on the brink of extinction, all because of what we did. Crops fail to grow, all because of us. Water shortages, all because of us. Humanity never learnt from their mistakes. And look what has happened now. It is too late.



Dear 2023

Ruby Moss-Bowpitt

Dear 2023,

I wonder what the world was like before.
Before the seas rose and swallowed islands whole
Before the sun burned hotter with rage
Before we paid the human toll
Before it was too late.

Dear 2023,

I wonder what the world was like then.
When the plastic mountains rose and rose
When the oceans grew islands of humans waste
When the glaciers no longer froze
Then it might not have been too late.

Dear 2023,

I wonder what the world was like then.
When Greta Thunberg warned us all
When we didn't live in a collapsing world
When we denied the destiny that would befall
Then it might not have been too late.

Dear 2023,

You finally know what the world is like now.
Now this world is a wasteland
Now humans are on the brink of extinction
Now our future is written in the sand
Now the torturing sun strangles the earth
Now the fields have been demolished to ash
Now the rainforests and snowcaps, totally gone
Now do you realise your decisions were rash?
Now it is too late.

When We Were Parted

Anaiya Suchak

When I used to know you,
you were fragile and small.

Remembrance has splayed smiling memories.

However,
loving you wasn't always easy.
And time stole precious years away.

I heard your voice ripple through the air -
your call of desperation.

Though I have suffered unimaginable
pain to be here,
I come back to you
to help.

You have given me hope yet,
now I will side by you and rebuild.
I will love thee as I used to,
when you were fragile and small.
Before they took me away.
Before we were parted.



The Fear Of Fear

Anaiya Suchak

Fear can be given as
a cruel gift of malice
Or it can be
consumed independently.
Fear can be
run away from
or it can be
swallowed and accepted
through the process of
giving up.
It doesn't like anyone and
it's not there to be liked.
It doesn't have any fears
so eats off of yours.
It remembers things that
want to be forgotten.
It stops the evil of life
being pushed to the back of your mind.
If you flood yourself with life
then it
starves.
The only thing it is scared of is losing your
fear.
It has power over you so it leaves you

Empty



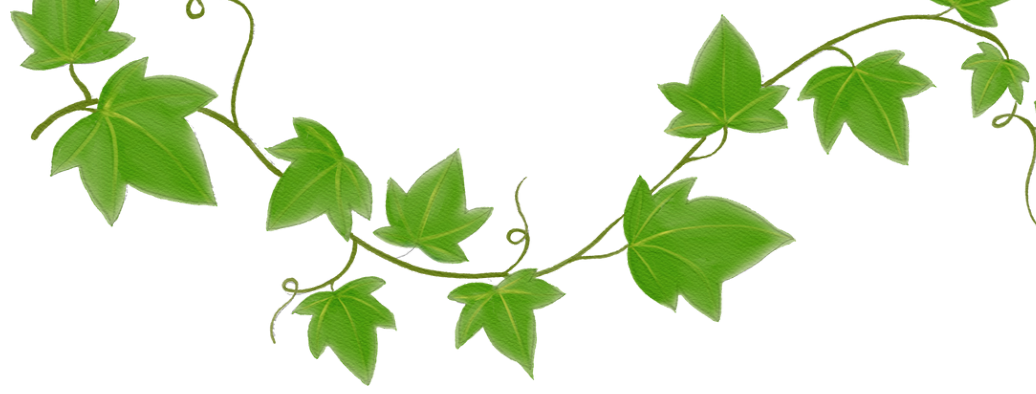
Izzy

Izzy White

Hi, izzy,
what's your name, izzy
is it izzy, izzy, or is it clarissa, izzy
I like the name clarissa, izzy
but, izzy, i am confused, izzy,
Should i call you clarissa izzy, or izzy izzy
I will start calling you clarissa, izzy
But, izzy, if you want to be called izzy, izzy, i will call you izzy, izzy
What is an izzy, izzy, is an izzy you, izzy
I think I will stick to clarissa, izzy
But what is a clarissa, izzy
Is clarissa an izzy, izzy
but is izzy a frog, izzy
But frog is isla, so is izzy isla, izzy
But if frog is isla and isla is izzy and izzy is clarissa then
is clarissa frog, izzy?
But if frog is minion, then does that mean that isla is minion, izzy?
And if minion is frog
and frog is isla
and isla is izzy
and izzy is clarissa
then is Clarissa a minion, izzy?



NAME



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for girls aged 3-18

G D S T
GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL TRUST