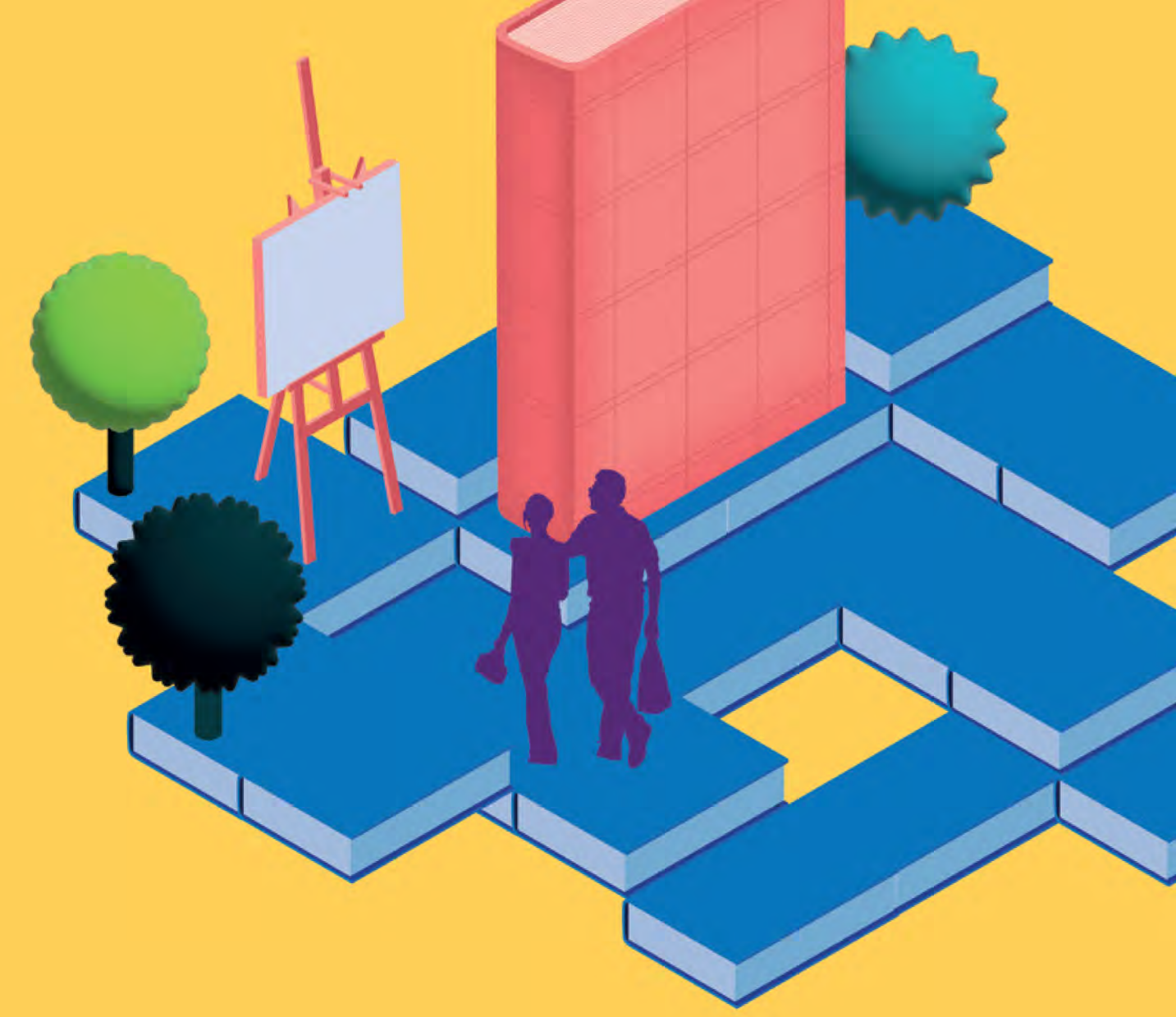


# Manchester City of Literature



**By Elizabeth Reynolds,  
Trinity C of E High School  
'Crazy Childminders'**

Children crying off to school,  
rocks splashing in the paddling pool,  
the scent of love, friendship and care,  
the dolls made of chewed-up plastic and hard stares,  
girls doing make-up and curling their hair,  
my friend made of lip gloss and fun dares.

The smell of the tabby cat from down the street,  
makes me think of my smelly dad's feet.  
Although sometimes there's a bang, thump or crash,  
there's always a friend to heal your bash,  
she'll take you to bed  
and give you that horrible banana medicine  
to fix your head.

From markers without lids or that one piece of the  
puzzle you can't find,  
my childminder's house is the safest place in my mind.

**By Sam Higg,  
Trinity C of E High School  
'I come from...'**

I come from a mind where  
I don't understand things,  
Like meanings or social cues  
I come from a mind that  
Is just too full,  
And sometimes I can't hold it in.  
I come from a mind that  
I can't control.  
And that very often goes astray.  
And though I live with these hardships,  
They lead me through life,  
And so I see life in my own special way.



**Take a walk with Manchester's  
brightest young writers**

**By Ayomide Adebayo,  
Wright Robinson College  
'In this place...'**

In this place my day turns sunny when it was once grey.  
My mum's friend gave me some money and told  
me to have a fantastic day!  
The children calm down and sweat off their sugar highs.  
Too packed for tables so the plates rest on our thighs.  
As the gossip dies we tiredly go to our cars, I sit and  
stare at the ever- distant stars.  
I wish I could live here but that's not this case.  
Sunshine or rain I love this place.

**By Naphtali Mahari,  
Trinity C of E High School  
'What am I?'**

I see far and wide under the seabed through  
the great Savanna  
The dry deserts, the grassy plains and mountain peaks  
The extraordinary features the world has to give us  
Streets named after men, houses made by  
engineers and doctors make us better  
But the question is...  
What am I?

**By Lilly-Rose Peppard,  
Wright Robinson College  
'Phones'**

You might not know it but I'm always in your hand,  
Constantly getting dropped on concrete and sand.  
You spend hours scrolling away,  
Next thing you know it's the end of the day.

## FIRST STORY



**1-15 June 2023**

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# Manchester City of Literature

By Tapiwa Mutanga,  
Trinity C of E High School

## 'The Friends We Deserve'

The temptation and patience when waiting for my parents' permission to go out is immense. The barrier is broken. The anticipation vanished before my eyes. The amount of joy was overwhelming. Hearing the cheers, screams and laughter, and just pure joy.

No hate and no misogyny because this was the place to be.  
I feel the delightful atmosphere it creates,  
It's perfect, in fact it is immaculate.

We are the team, we come across challenges because we are human but we discover new strategies to become a better me, you and us. As long as we are having fun, we fight for the love we conserve. These are the friends that we deserve.

By Samara Wright,  
Trinity C of E High School

## 'Memories'

Nursery rhymes sing of memories  
The creak of the door as I crept in  
Of the springs on the bed - our bouncy castle  
The rustle of sheets I was buried under  
Your phone shone a spotlight on your face as you sang  
Makeshift karaoke with me

Child's song, child's touch  
Golden halos are born from opened curtains  
You shield your eyes - too bright, too bright!  
Then too dark  
Lightning mars the diamond sky  
Thunder rumbles, my memories  
Someone shouts  
I flee --  
To your arms, safe,

safe,

safe

## FIRST STORY



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1-15 June 2023

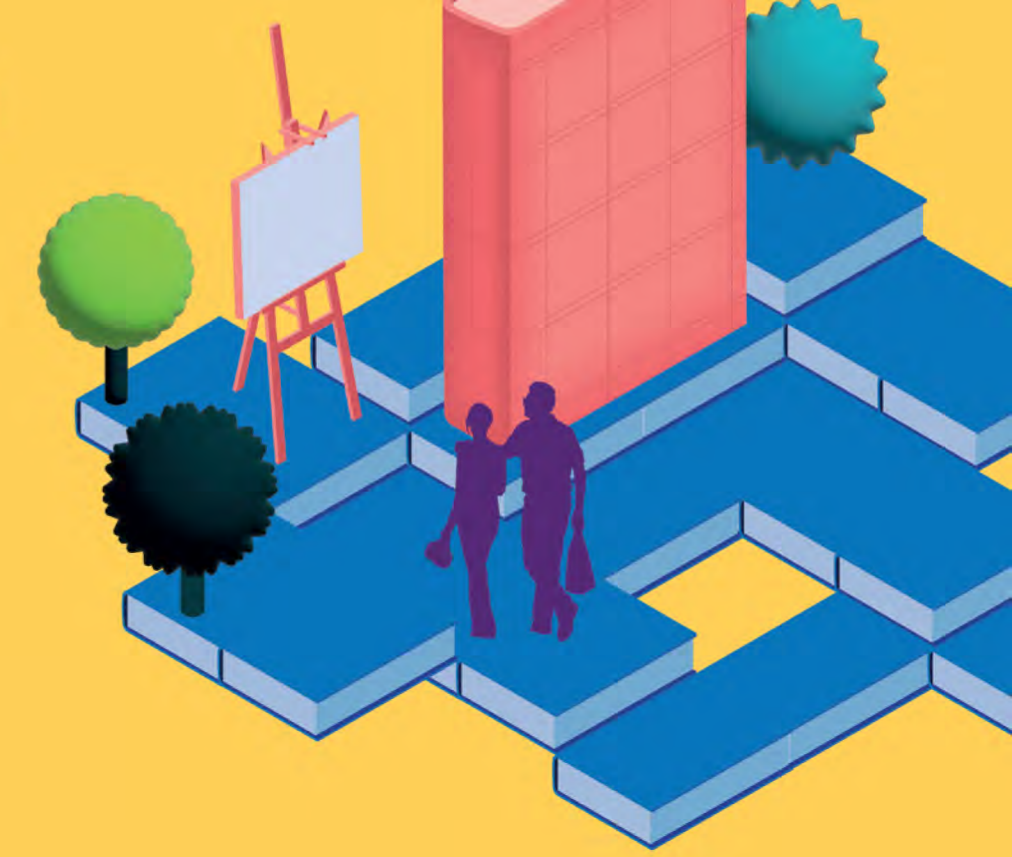
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# Manchester City of Literature



By Fatimah Ashraf,  
Unsworth Academy

## ‘A student’s backpack’

All I wish is for a break from sweaty shoulders and  
files as heavy as boarders  
2L of water “Bottled in Yorkshire”

Just another city of the same torture  
I care for you like family yet you think I’m your  
enemy

Nothing more than a chaotic cohesion of lines  
embedded into rundown buildings with tinted  
blinds  
A jumble of letters horizontal and vertical in a city  
crowded with students that are no longer little

But what if we created a bond? I can’t see yellow  
so you left me in the sun I can’t see green so you  
threw me on the grass yet when I couldn’t see red...

You tore my fabric hoping to see some blood like  
leaves, you leave me

You threw me on to the ground with  
a whack  
This is my life as a student’s backpack

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## FIRST STORY



Take a walk with Manchester’s  
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By Hafsa Ennasry,  
Unsworth Academy

## ‘Motion’

I stare blankly at chaos, confused  
As I feel stinging disturbing my view  
Slowly my view blurs  
My eye lid shut close to darkness for a quick  
second.  
Then opening to blinding lights  
Attracting my view to reality.  
Anxiously, busy people walking in opposite  
directions  
It felt like light was flashing past me  
Serious and unhappy faces darkening the mood like  
a cloud covering the sun  
The sun was the only thing that was brightening the  
mood.  
I would sit for hours and watch the repeated  
motion,  
As if life had no meaning nor purpose.  
I watch as you sit, walk and talk  
Living life the same way as everyone else.  
If you try to be different, they tell you “Go  
somewhere else!”  
People are scared of change so they avoid it.  
But some experience what ‘norms’ would  
consider as abnormal.  
I’m tired,  
We all are,  
Humans need to rest to wake up again  
To experience the same thing as yesterday.  
Unless you want to experience change  
Not like everybody else.



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By Finnlay Lyon,  
Unsworth Academy

## 'Breakfast'

Rolled out of bed, groaned loudly.  
Checked my alarm, six forty-five.  
Dammit.  
My whole body creaked and cracked like a  
Lego tower.  
Lazily sprayed on deodorant  
Slumped down to breakfast  
Cold milk sloshed around the bottle  
Cereal crackled gently  
Burnt bagel seeped out of the toaster,  
Lingering in the air like a freshly blown-out candle.  
Spat out toothpaste into the sink  
Stepped downstairs to put on my coat  
Listened to the soft clicking plastic of my zip  
I stepped out the door and glanced over my  
shoulder,  
Shouting goodbye to my mum.

By Morgan Walshaw,  
Unsworth Academy

## 'Grandma'

I don't like endings  
They feel too much like giving up, feel like losing  
Your broken face looks wrong  
the strength you always showed me  
illness burnt it away  
though short in stature  
you gave me strength of mountains  
I miss your strong heart  
I hate feeling things  
When I lose you it will hurt  
I'm not ready for that

## FIRST STORY



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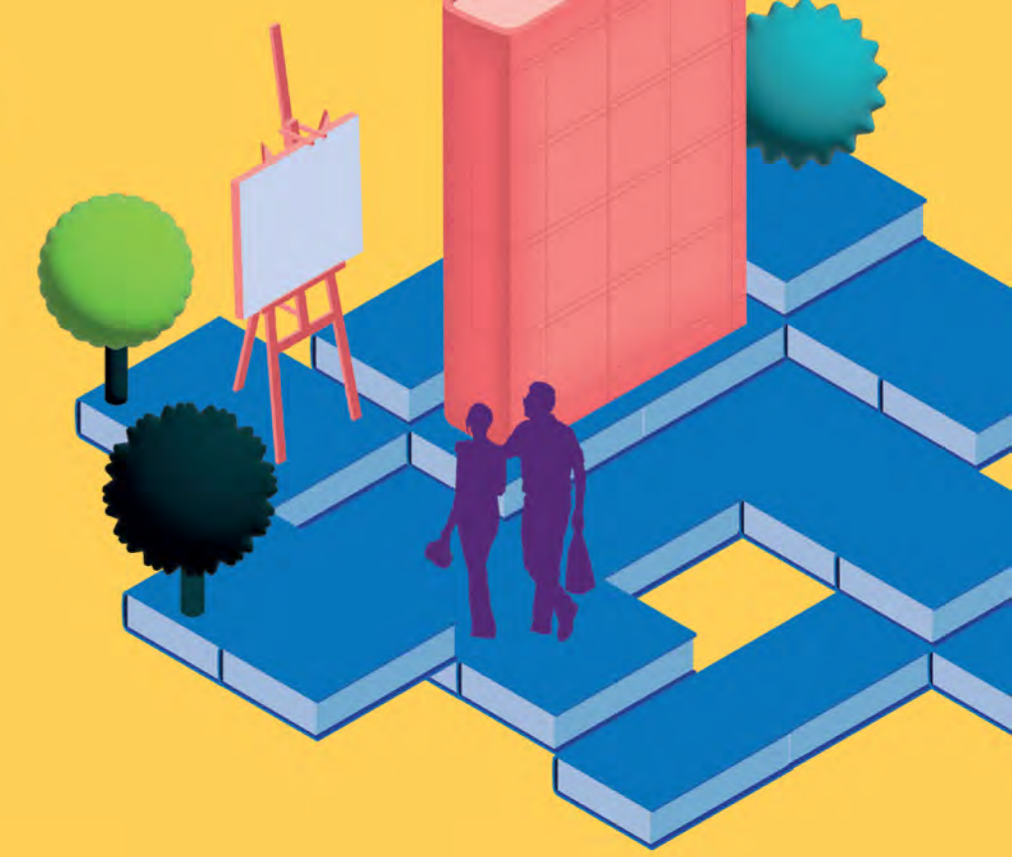
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# Manchester City of Literature



By Frances Hulme,  
Wright Robinson College

By Angelrose Ugwu,  
Wright Robinson College

## ‘Manchester’

Manchester is part beautiful architecture,  
and part litter-filled and dirty streets,

Manchester is part water fights with your mates  
the second it’s over 20°C, part cancelling plans  
because of the torrential rain like a shower on  
full pressure,

Manchester is part protesting through the  
streets and demanding peace as people run  
past to catch the bus,  
and part arguments and fights in the streets,  
like stray cats over a mouse on the floor,

Manchester is part going to concerts at  
Manchester Arena, not knowing if your bike  
will still be outside when you leave,  
and part avoiding crowds with your head down,

Manchester is part walking through the  
Arndale with your Coke from Maccies as  
a straw dissolves in your mouth,  
and part shopping for new clothes if you  
have more than £5,

Manchester is part me,  
and part you,  
Manchester is us as a whole.

## ‘Nostalgia’

As I walk around, I hear a cacophony of noise.  
The car’s beeping, dogs barking and students  
chatting. I get a sense of nostalgia as I see  
kids laughing, reminding me of my bittersweet  
childhood, playing in my grandparents’ huge  
garden, filled with mango trees and the sweet  
smell of strawberries.

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## FIRST STORY



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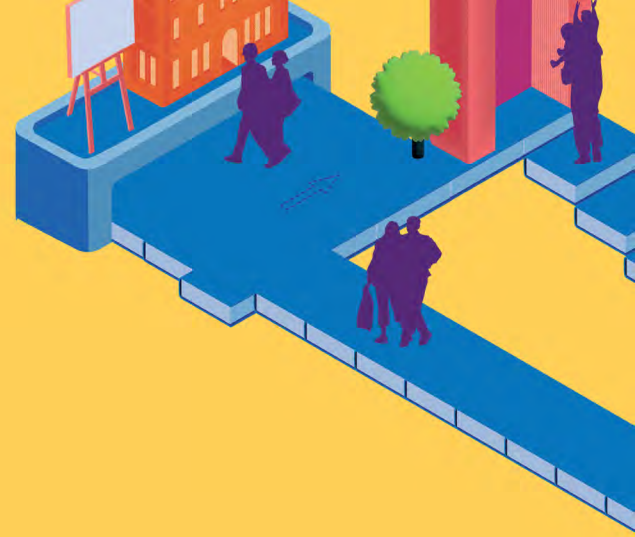
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# Manchester City of Literature



By Oliver Davidson, Stockport School

## 'Nature'

Vibrant birds chirped charmingly like chimes on a windy day.  
Beautiful bees buzzed around in the bright sunshine.  
They fly from flower to flower minding their own business.  
There were no clouds in the sky. Just a light blue ocean towering over my head.  
Not even the sound of rumbling engines could drown out the peace of nature

---

By Eleanor Thomas, Stockport School

## 'Our Colourful Manchester'

Manchester. Yes, we are held in place by a relatively grey sky.  
But it's a land of complete contrast. Formed by every colour, red, blue, yellow.  
In people's hair, eyes, skin, every person radiates another blend of colours.  
Through every step they take a rainbow of colour is left behind, painted across  
the pavements.

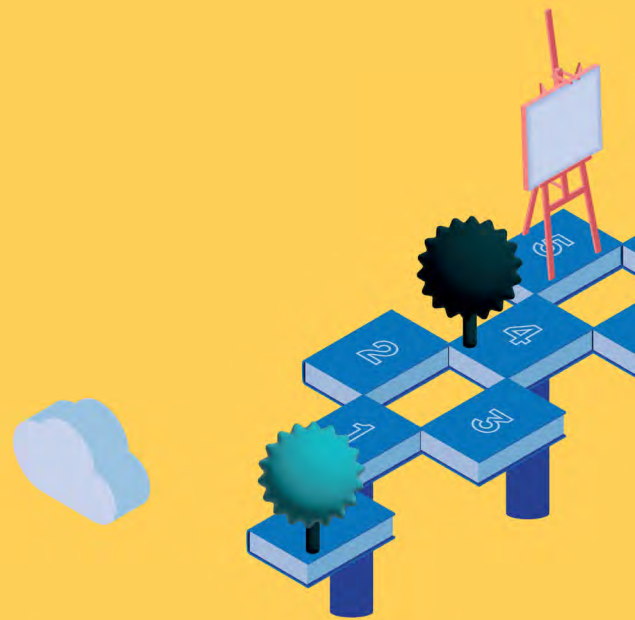
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## FIRST STORY



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