

Manchester City of Literature

The Portico Library's Art of the Book Award competition is open to Pupil Referral Units and schools and departments with Special Educational Needs in Greater Manchester.

An excerpt from *You Are My Best Friend* by Zoey Burt
Inscape House School

A baby turtle is seen on the sand trying to make his way to the ocean but it can't because there is a great flock of seagulls blocking his path. Scared and frightened the turtle hides in the shadow of a rock and ducks back into his shell. Suddenly a little girl appeared. Running like a wild beast straight towards the flocks of seagulls, scaring them away. The little turtle sees this and smiles. The smile is very soon gone when the little girl runs over him. He tucks into his shell in fear but the child is confused and decides that the best thing to do is to pick him up and play him next to place him next to the ocean by the shore. This turtle doesn't seem to be doing much but before she can investigate any further her mother picks her up, worried sick about where she might have gone. It doesn't matter though since they have to go home now. This baby turtle pokes its head out for a moment to see her waving goodbye over her mother's shoulder. The turtle waves back and then swims into the sea. With a smile that wide I couldn't imagine that he'd ever forget her after that moment. He might even remember her for the rest of his life.



Take a walk with Manchester's
brightest young writers

1-15 June 2023

#MCRSchoolsWritingTrail
manchestercityofliterature.com



Manchester City of Literature

The Portico Library's Art of the Book Award competition is open to Pupil Referral Units and schools and departments with Special Educational Needs in Greater Manchester.

Daddy's Little Girl by Jessica Thatcher, Inscape House

I am my own bully
inside and out my mind is like a prison I just can't get out
I want to be ok but I can't sometimes I just want to scream and shout
I sit in a room full of friends
but my thinking never ends
it's like I'm there but I'm really somewhere
somewhere dark where people stare
I'm not saying I don't want to be me
but sometimes I want to be in a different Country
where no one knows my name and my stories are not the same and my thinking isn't all a
shame
but I always wished you would have stayed
flashing light I always seen sad eyes at the age of 13
dads are meant to be there my dad was somewhere
we had to forget his name but my story had to be the same
my mum is strong like no other we always seem to get each other
the love she give to all her 4 kids is more than he can give
he doesn't Love he doesn't
he doesn't feel
sometimes I think he isn't real
but how can he make you feel like you're falling when your feet are on the ground
they teach you how to walk but somehow I don't know how to stand
I never know if I'm ok but I'm afraid my heart is bigger than other that's why I hide it
away
why am I the one that has to be afraid
with sad eyes at the age of 16 god knows who
I will be



Take a walk with Manchester's
brightest young writers

1-15 June 2023

#MCRSchoolsWritingTrail
manchestercityofliterature.com



Manchester City of Literature

The Portico Library's Art of the Book Award competition is open to Pupil Referral Units and schools and departments with Special Educational Needs in Greater Manchester.

An excerpt from *Fox cub* by Talia, Key Stage 5, Inscape House School (Most Engaging Story Award)

Chapter one: The hospital walls

BEEP... BEEP...BEEP "what is that noise" I tried to say but I noticed how sore and waspy my throat is "where am I" opened my eyes only to have the bright light hit them, As my eyes adjusted to the room I noticed the sound of talking and a beeping nose coming from beside me that's when I took note. My left eye I couldn't see out of it. It was pitch black. I turned my head to look at my left to take note of the white walls, floors and door also the fact that I was hooked up to probably hundreds of wires, I moved my hand to touch my face when I took note of the bandages "what happened to me" I said in a dull and lifeless voice still raspy and sore. I looked around the room hoping to find someone to answer, when the door opened for me to see a doctor and two officers come into the room,

"Looks like you're finally up" said the doctor,

"Where am I what's going on" my throat hurting as a spoke giving me instant regret as I finished my sentence.

"You probably have no recall on where you are or why your here so I understand your distress," the doctor said checking the beeping machine the officers walking over to the end of the bed. "Any pain?"

"No"

"Are you sure" he asked

"Everything is just... numb" the doctor looked at the officers and tilted his head towards the door,

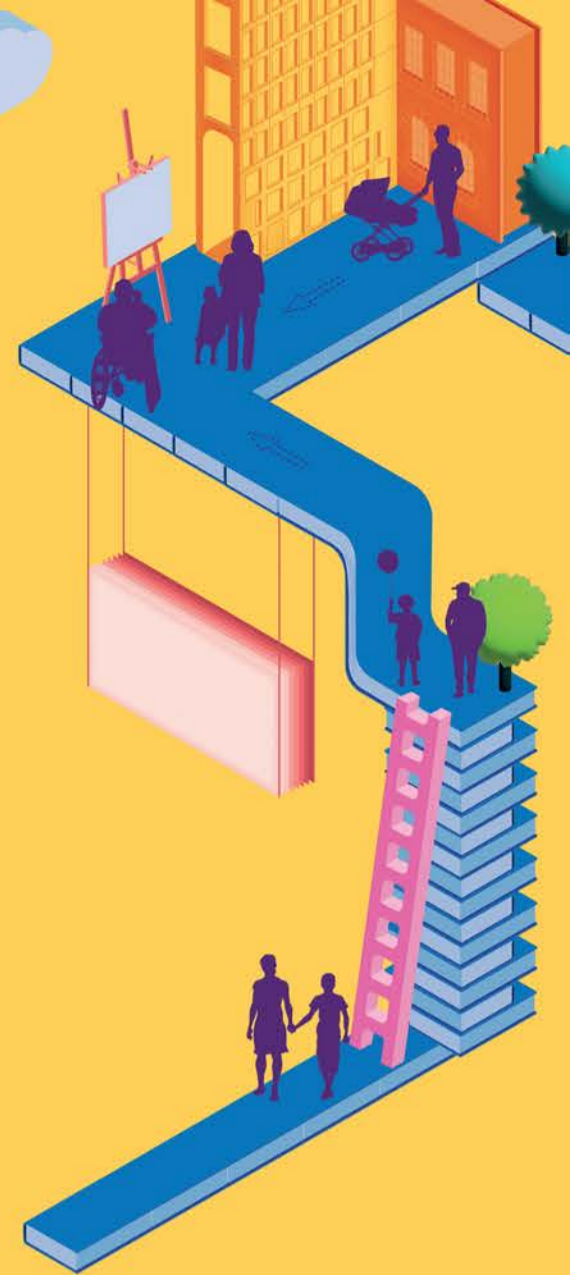
the officers then left through the white hospital doors.

"Who were they why am I here?" I asked

"Why you're here isn't important neither is who they are you don't have to worry about that" the doctor answered,

"I why shouldn't I know it's my life I should know why I'm here and who I am and who they are!" I yelled

"You don't remember who you are?" the doctor stopped looking at the machines and left the room closing the door behind him.



Take a walk with Manchester's brightest young writers

1-15 June 2023

#MCRSchoolsWritingTrail
manchestercityofliterature.com



Manchester City of Literature

The Portico Library's Art of the Book Award competition is open to Pupil Referral Units and schools and departments with Special Educational Needs in Greater Manchester.

An excerpt from *My name is Ebony and I am 16 years old*
by Ebony Topham, Key Stage 5, Inscape House (Best Writing)

I'd describe selective mutism as being trapped and suffocating, you want to be able to talk and you can't no matter how much you want to, I just dread any social situation because selective mutism makes the simplest of tasks so anxiety provoking that the easiest option is to avoid it. It really makes me feel low because you constantly feel on edge and it's really hard to cope with, you just want to be like everyone else but you can't. It can isolate you because you are trapped in your own silent world and people think you are being rude or just choosing not to talk which isn't true.

I'm not really sure what my hopes and dreams are, I just want to be able to talk, I want selective mutism to go away I want to be normal and be able to do things like everyone else

An excerpt from *Pumpkin and Ash*
by Ebony Topham, Key Stage 5, Inscape House (Best Writing)

Guinea pigs are my other special interest, I have 2 guinea pigs who live in my bedroom. They are both boys. Pumpkin is an abomination of fluff and ass. Pumpkin has very long ginger and white hair, it makes him look as majestic as a horse. Personally I think he should be a hair model. His eyes remind me of little red rubies (he's albino), so he can see but sadly that is limited. Although he lacks eyesight, he makes up for it in personality! He is a little sass demon!



Take a walk with Manchester's
brightest young writers

1-15 June 2023

#MCRSchoolsWritingTrail
manchestercityofliterature.com

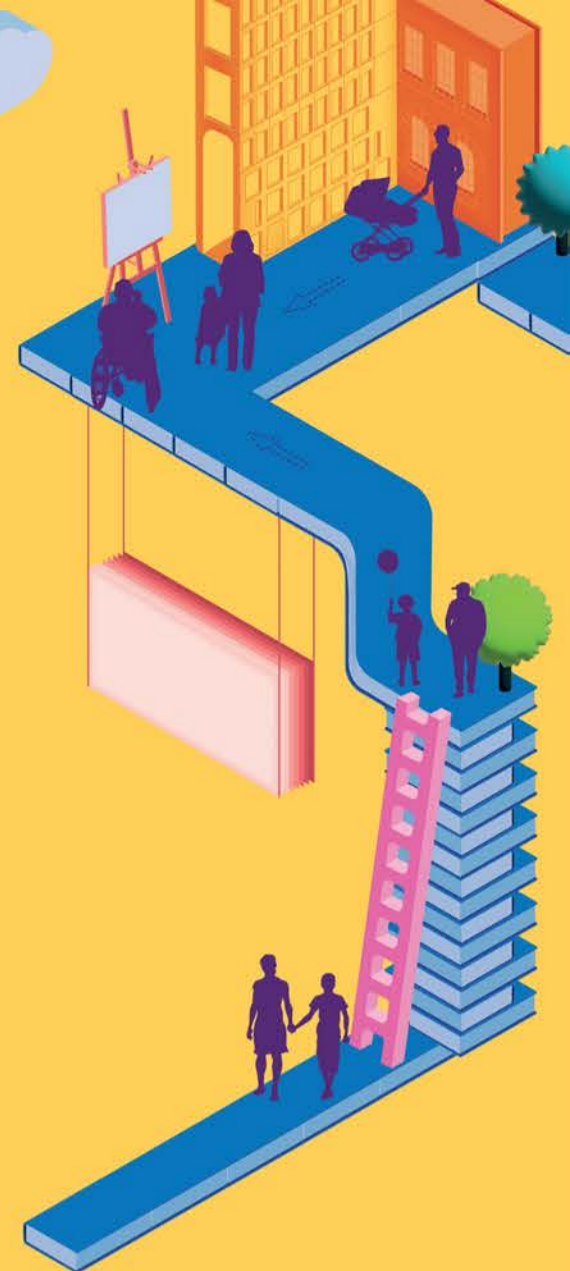
Manchester City of Literature

The Portico Library's Art of the Book Award competition is open to Pupil Referral Units and schools and departments with Special Educational Needs in Greater Manchester.

Original and creative, these stories are presented in handmade books that can be written, drawn, or a combination of artwork and text.

The Schools Writing Trail is proud to display 3 of these books at Central Library:

1. *I'm a Legless Lizard* by Saffron, Inscape House School (Winner, Best Artwork & Overall Winner)
2. *Why Dragonite Doesn't Talk* by Ebony Topham, Inscape House School
3. *Pumpkin and Ash* by Ebony Topham, Inscape House School
4. *I can't stop falling* by Jessica Thatcher, Inscape House School



Take a walk with Manchester's
brightest young writers

1-15 June 2023

#MCRSchoolsWritingTrail
manchestercityofliterature.com

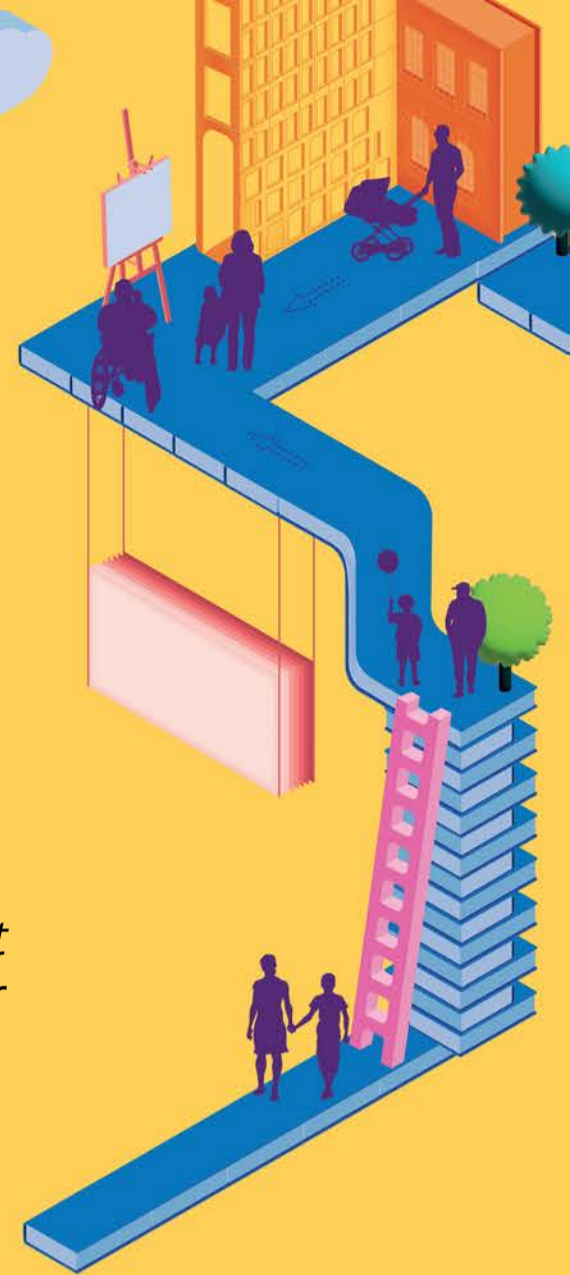


Manchester City of Literature

The Portico Library's Art of the Book Award competition is open to Pupil Referral Units and schools and departments with Special Educational Needs in Greater Manchester.

Original and creative, these stories are presented in handmade books that can be written, drawn, or a combination of artwork and text.

The Schools Writing Trail is proud to display this copy of *Chloe and Scarlett* in Manchester by Leah Jones from The School at the Christie, Manchester Hospital School.



Schools Writing Trail



Take a walk with Manchester's
brightest young writers

1-15 June 2023

#MCRSchoolsWritingTrail
manchestercityofliterature.com

