

Art Results 2020

Infants

Winner

Olivia

Yr2/7yrs



*Judges' Comment*

*This colourful, textural collage captures the wildness of Cornwall, with the wild tree and boats tossed on the waves.*

Runner Up

Louie

Yr1/5yrs



*Judges' Comment*

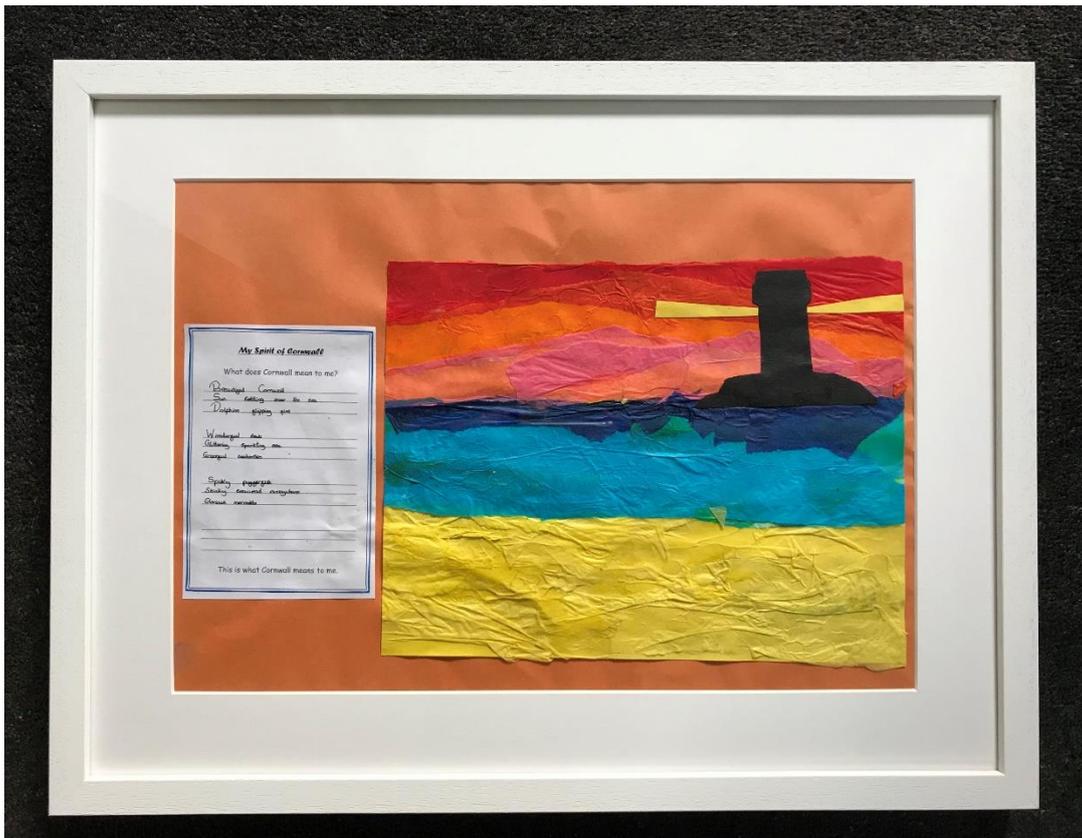
*This picture portrays the essence of coastal Cornwall. Nicely observed using mixed media in fresh, clean colours. We found it uplifting.*

Juniors

Winner

Reenie

Yr3/8yrs



*Judges' Comment*

*Strong, dynamic shapes and colours layered with care. This picture is striking and technically well executed.*

Joint Runner Up

Ruby

Yr4



*Judges' Comment*

*The watery texture and colour of the background contrasts well with the red poppies that effectively define the foreground of this picture.*

Joint Runner Up

Francesca

Yr6/10yrs



*Judges' Comment*

*This watercolour painted in subtle colours is a nice composition showing great observation of the reflection of the castle and capturing the sunset behind.*

Secondary

Winner

Maisie

Yr7/11yrs



*Judges' Comment*

*Quirky diagonal slant, good texture of the sea and reflection of the sky on the water.*

Runner Up

Millie

Yr9/14yrs



*Judges' Comment*

*Good composition with subtle colouring portraying a moody sky so often found in Cornwall.*

**Story Results 2020**

**Juniors**

Winner

Finn

Yr6/10yrs

The Wreckers

The horse tails swung in the breeze, the lights to which they were attached flashing in different directions. The biting wind was sending gusts far out to sea. A ship rocked about, being played with as if the swell was a cat with prey. The men onboard barked commands at each other: they were desperate. If they could just get to that light, maybe, maybe they would be safe. The party slowly descended the cliff face, flaming torches. It had been an hour since darkness had arrived and enveloped the world. The moon had started its reign once again, and, lord of the night, it had become omniscient. However, the sailors, unlike the moon, were desperate and could not see through the lies and tricks which existed. Waves pummelled the hull of the boat, seemingly begging for it to cave inwards. Dirks and axes were unsheathed, the foreboding face of the steel gleaming in the moonlight. From far away, the figures of the armed group could be seen. They took up their positions. The captain stared hopefully. His determination that had been inside him his whole life seemed to have been repaid. Axes and dirks flew, the wreckers had succeeded.

*Judges' Comments:*

*Highly evocative and I really felt I was there.*

*A clear story structure.*

*Carefully chosen language creates the scene and describes the action.*

*Powerful language brings the scene alive, reminiscent of Daphne's Jamaica Inn.*

Runner Up

Louis

Yr6/11yrs

The Spirit of Cornwall

In the beginning there was only the Spirit of Cornwall and the Spirit of the Wild. After an eon a torrent of new spirits gushed forth. The ancient Spirits captured them in a cursed orb.

1874 Mabel the Archeologist couldn't believe her eyes: an ancient tomb under the Hurlers! Bert screamed as something licked his hand. The Beast of Bodmin Moor. In the centre of the tomb was a strange orb. As soon as Mabel touched it the ceiling crumbled.

2001 Two robbers entered the Royal Cornwall Museum's Secret Vault, grabbed the orb and scarpered. A wildcat giggled to itself as it tripped the two men and they tumbled down the stairs, breaking the orb. The museum curators found the two skeletons stuck to the chandelier. The orb had disappeared.

The freed spirits worked their magic. Bob's carnivorous plant collection supersised itself. Joe hauled in enough pilchards to capsize his boat. Cecil had to be rescued from a mine filled with gold.

Only the ancient spirits could save them now. They sped like a pasty down a miner's gullet to Minions for a ritual.

A chough and a wildcat sprang into existence. The naughty spirits disappeared. Or did they?

*Judges' Comments:*

*Rooted in Cornish beliefs, full of action, mature and accurate vocabulary. A well-constructed story.*

*Ambitious and the writer really explores the theme. The story includes atmosphere and action, history and magic. Gems like Mabel the archaeologist in 1874 and speed likened to a pasty down a miner's gullet make the story memorable.*

Secondary			
Winner	Lucy	Yr8	The Spirit of Cornwall
<p>Out across the violent sea a small fishing boat is tossed by the waves, its hull lurching as the waves open their cavernous silver mouths to swallow it down. Dark rocks loom beneath the cliffs and the roar of the swell echoes in your ears. People dart across the deck, their cries lost in the whirling spray. The boat lurches, its end dipping low into the stormy water. The next wave reveals a sharp rock jutting out of the sea-the boat has been hit. Wood flies up into the air, the boat lurches again, tipping people and barrels of fish into the ocean.</p> <p>A small figure hunches at the top of the mast, her body numbed with fear, her sopping hair and bright yellow coat plastered to her skin, salty rain and tears running down her face. The boat tips again and everything is chaos, more bodies join the inhumane waves desperate to save the crew. Only you notice the girl slide onto the floor a dark wound on her head adding to the mess on the deck. Then you are diving into the sea with the ghosts and winds of past times whistling in your ears, waves frothed with blood break against your chest and pieces of the wreck scrape along your bruised body. You feel the rocks switch smoothly into splintering wood and then you are sliding along the deck with the fish and ropes. As you reach the girl the sun rises drawing paths of light across the ocean, a helicopter spins towards you and this single thought goes through your head; “no matter how harsh Cornwall is; it will always gift you the sun.”</p> <p><i>Judges’ Comments:</i>  <i>A really tightly written story, great description and there was a full story. I really felt the lurch of the small boat at the start of this story; I was on board. A striking opening and real potential. The shift to second person is very distinctive and leads into a section of real imaginative engagement. Super language used in first two paragraphs although perhaps the final paragraph was less clear.</i></p>			
Runner Up	Mia	Yr8	I am the Ocean
<p>Her feet touch the sand and she begins to cry; the seagulls swoop in curiosity above her as she walks into the ocean, her eyes shut. Tears pour through her hands like blood as they drip down from her freckled cheeks and the water lifts her dress to her hips as she offers her body to the sea. Waves surround her neck and she shivers while lifeboats are sent out to rescue her.</p> <p>The heavy rocks in her pockets weigh her down and the little Mousehole cat longs for her touch at the shore. But the boats are too late, her Cornish childhood had left her eyes and the Mousehole cat stalks away.</p> <p>Memories of family holidays: laying in the sand dunes, staying at Butlin’s and getting into a hot bath after surfing flood through her as she lets the water pour into her mouth and fill her lungs. It feels like she is floating, floating in the air, submerged in a pool of sadness. She closes her eyes and her convulsions move the patterns of the waves. The ripples lap over her face, coating her eyelashes in salt water.</p> <p>She accepts death. She becomes part of the Cornish ocean.</p> <p><i>Judges’ Comments:</i>  <i>I like the detail and it is a polished description; good narrative voice, sense of place and narrative development, albeit a melancholy story. The last sentence ‘She becomes part of the Cornish ocean’ links it to the theme.</i></p>			

## Poetry Results 2020

### Infants

Winner	Scarlett	Yr1 /5yrs	The Spirit of Cornwall
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Houses that are red blue yellow and green,  
Scones that are scrumptious and yumptious,  
Pasties that are scrummy and yummy,  
Cammel Ceek, Dairy land, Kidzworld Flambards and Waterworld and eden  
pasties at grann's house,  
Juices and jams at the cyder farm,  
Surfing and jummping over waves,  
Playing and exploring in caves,  
Comeing home to ure nice warm beds and dreaming in our sleepy heads.

#### *Judges' Comments:*

*A five year old's impressions of Cornwall told in vivid language, very descriptive.*

*The poet writes of places she loves and memories of delicious food.*

*She describes the importance of returning home to her own bed, with wonderful memories leading to happy dreams.*

Runner Up	Chase	Yr2 /6yrs	Cornwall
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rugged, rocky, relaxing  
ancient history all around us  
Seagulls swooping, screeching  
Stormy seas swirling  
walking around beautiful coasts  
Murky, mysterious magical.  
This is the spirit of cornwall.

#### *Judges' Comments:*

*Good use of alliteration (stormy seas swirling and seagulls swooping and screeching), very vivid.*

*We liked the reference to Ancient History, which added atmosphere and the contrast created by using the word 'murky' in the last line.*

### Juniors

Winner	Florence	Yr6/11yrs	Simply a pest ...
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'Beware, thieves operate round here

Please protect your food if a seagull comes near.'

I should know – I'm a local boy;  
St. Ives born and bred  
Our motto down here is don't rest 'til you're fed!

Like the Cornish fishermen I've watched fishing fleets come and go.  
Chasing the seasons and the tide's ebb and flow.

I'm just a cheeky fellow – A born survivor  
100% local St.Ives-er.

I'm an expert  
I've been swooping and diving since the miners' years.  
Gobbling up unwanted crusts and drinking pixies' tears.

I've got a bad reputation: 'Aggressive pesky nuisance.'  
Fully undeserved.  
I take what I want and eat what I'm hurled.

Those human beings claim I'm a pest  
I'm not! I'm resourceful –  
I'm better than the best!

'Beware, thieves operate round here  
Please protect your food if a seagull comes near.'

#### *Judges' Comments*

*A poem to enjoy, full of humour, depicting another side to the Cornish seagull's spirit.*

*Strong imagery – 'I take what I want and eat what I'm hurled'.*

*Lyrical too – 'drinking pixies' tears' and 'Chasing the seasons and the tide's ebb and flow'.*

Runner Up

Esme

Yr4 / 8yrs

The Storm

In the unknown seas,  
the storm laughed at what it had done.  
It pounded and punched the crying, crumbling cliffs.  
The ocean charged towards the shore  
as the wind screamed above the raging sea.  
The sea twisted and churned  
while the gloomy clouds loomed over the angry ocean.  
But one little lonely boat huddled to the harbour wall  
as the storm grabbed and chucked the other shivering boats.  
Bulging and brave in power the storm rages on.

As the sea hit the breakwater it launched over the houses.  
The boats shivered and huddled together like penguins in fear.  
The breakwater was as brave as a soldier as it stood there as fierce as it could be.

The birds flew for their lives as the fish sheltered in the seaweed that got swept away.  
 The storm was going to win. It was a boat breaker, house drencher, fish hater.  
 Bulging and brave in power the storm rages on.  
 The storm had won.

*Judges' Comments*

*Lovely imagery. Good use of similes, 'breakwater was as brave as a soldier'.*

*Descriptive verbs '*

*Great alliteration – crying, crumbling cliffs*

*Poem tells a typically Cornish story – a really stormy sea!*

Secondary

<b>1st</b>	Zelah	Yr7/12yrs	View of Godrevy Lighthouse
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Grey Sky, grey sea,  
 I stand tall between them, a barrier between two worlds  
 Just like I have done, for 161 years.  
 I am tired now, so I watch the hungry North Atlantic gnaw at my rock

...and beneath it, as if recounting it later to the sky,  
 Sleek seals, the same shade as the sea,  
 Dancing and twisting beneath the unrelenting waves,  
 Playing with currents the fishermen fear;  
 The ocean was theirs that day.

And in the sky wheel the gulls and the kittiwakes squawking for food they will never get  
 For tourists with their pasties have long since gone-  
 It is February now,  
 No human soul can be seen  
 For the bitter cold and icy bullets of rain keep them huddled in their houses;  
 The wild North Coast of Cornwall belongs to nature once more.

*Judges' Comments*

*The Spirit of Cornwall found in its winter mood, incorporating a sense of different worlds, the sky and the sea and the creatures of the sea: 'The ocean was theirs that day'.*

*The final stanza creates a strong idea of the force of winter with its metaphor: 'icy bullets of rain'*

*Good use of personification: 'I am tired now so I watch the hungry North Atlantic gnaw at my rock.'*

*Alliteration: 'Sleek seals', 'shade as the sea' and attractive verbs – the seals 'dancing', 'twisting'.*

*Structure: successive stanzas gain one more line.*

Runner Up	Anya	Yr9	
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At the tail end of England lies a jewel to be discovered.  
 A place decorated in spectacular panoramas.  
 The ocean,  
 A compassionate, benevolent mortal,  
 Embraces me in her gentle arms.  
 The cerulean water glistens in the sunlight,

A blanket of stars,  
That shine so intensely it almost blinds you.

The sky is a vast empty canvas during the day,  
But when the Sun goes to sleep,  
The canvas is illustrated with electrifying colours,  
Sapphire to glowing lava.

A colossal paint brush soars over the beaches,  
As they are scattered with petite droplets of colours,  
Emmets weave in and out of them,  
Basking in the intense beauty.

One more glance of the place will leave you on the edge.  
A place so full of history and enchantment.  
Yet full of uncovered secrets,  
That lie trapped underneath its beauty.

*Judges' Comments*

*Vivid imagery of night over the sea. An emotional response to the atmosphere of the scene. The poem is arranged in well-ordered stanzas. Effective use of metaphor (e.g. 'A colossal paint brush soars over the beach'). Creates sense of beauty and mystery. Personification: 'Embraces me in her gentle arms'. Strong verbs and adjectives. Lyrical.*