

1 st	Rosa	Title	Age 4	FS/KS1 Age 4-7
<p>Through the door, I'll find, A crab trying to pinch a butterfly, A monster eating Cheerios, A unicorn with a bright golden horn.</p> <p>Through the door I'll find, A Care Bear with a heart on its bum, And a moon on its tummy.</p> <p>Stop! The monster is coming right for us! Run!</p> <p>I'm going through the green door, To the beach, To the forest.</p> <p>A pony field with an odd one out, "You are not a pony with that bright, golden horn! You are a unicorn!"</p> <p>Ride the unicorn, Back through the door, Back to bed.</p> <p>Child's own words/work, scribed by Mum</p>				
<p>Judges' Comments A lovely, imaginative poem demonstrating an understanding of poetic form. Striking and original imagery creating an almost dreamlike quality. A monster eating cherries! How bonkers is that?! The poem tells a story- the writer returns to bed. It has been a living dream!</p>				

2 nd	Scarlett	The Mouse and His House	Age 6	FS/KS1 Age 4-7
<p>Through the door, And on one paw, There was a mouse, At the door of his house, Eating cheese, Looking pleased.</p>				

Through the door,
And on the floor,
There bounced a ball,
Along the hall.

Through the door,
There came a foul roar!
It was a cat
That found a bat!

Through the door,
And on one paw,
There was a mouse,
At the door of his house,
Eating cheese,
Looking pleased.

Judges' Comments

This poem demonstrates poetic convention in an original way. There is good rhythm. There is confident use of rhyme for example door/paw. Scarlett uses appealing imagery. 'On one paw' the mouse is paused, there is tension. Child's own words/work, scribed by Mum

1 st	Maia	The Secret Door	Age 11	KS2 Age 7-11
<p>I opened the heavy wooden door and stepped inside, But what I saw gave me a surprise.</p> <p>There wasn't an old medieval castle with guards greeting me as I walked in, As well as rum in big brown barrels and flickering candles making it look dim.</p> <p>There wasn't a silver spaceship with aliens at the controls, Acting like I was on a day trip sightseeing rocks made of gold.</p> <p>There wasn't a land made of sweets with a chocolate river running down, As well as boats made of treats and gingerbread people in the town.</p> <p>There wasn't a beautiful mermaid palace hidden in the enchanted magical sea, With mermaids wearing a Pearl necklace and drinking delicate cups of tea.</p> <p>I opened the heavy wooden door and stepped inside, But what I saw gave me a surprise.</p> <p>And beyond the hidden door was a secret library,</p>				

So I sat down on the floor and read the book meant for me.

Judges' Comments

A lovely poem showing many conventions of poetic form- rhyming couplets, repeated language and a clever twist at the end to give the reader a surprise.

2 nd	Saffron	I Opened the Magical Door	Age 10	KS2 Age 7-11
<p>I opened the magical door and saw a world full of leaves and trees; They spin and swirl, they rise with the breeze. I opened the magical door and heard the howl of the wind..... Or was it the howl of a wolf waiting to greet me? A shadow leaping towards me, filling me with fear. I opened the magical door and smelt his rancid breath, Which sickened my stomach. His black world: his red eyes give me nightmares that I'll never wake from. I opened the magical door and touched his thick fur, Fur sticky with blood. My blood! The nothingness. The still surrounds me; the never ending nightmare begins. I opened the magical door and found that I was his next victim!</p>				
<p>Judges' Comments</p> <p>A true poem that is full of feeling and with a strong strength of imagery. A gruesome and scary tale! Really good vocabulary choices- rancid breath.</p>				

1 st	Ruby	The Door	Age 14	KS3/4 Age 11-16
<p>The Door. Wooden and weathered. The door that watched my grandparents bring my mother home. The door that observed my father carry my mother over the threshold on their wedding day. The door that espied my grandfather leave for the last time. The door that welcomed my initial toddler steps. The door that saw our delight when we brought home our puppy for the first time. The door that led to halcyon days, contentment and happiness. The door which has been sealed shut for months is now the entity I dread the most. The door is witness to me collapsed to my knees, shaking, sweating and shivering. The door stops the virus from creeping in and seeping into my veins. The door beckons me through. Sunlight tiptoes around its edges.</p>				

The door wins. I unleash the locks and chains. I embrace the outside.

Judges' Comments

'The door' becomes a metaphor for life. It has 'seen' joy and grief, 'halcyon days' and 'dread'. 'The door' imprisons but also protects (thoughts of 'lock-down' here – a response to the present). 'The door' also invites release: "I unlock the locks and chains". "The door beckons me through" to sunlight. And "Sunlight tiptoes around its edges" – a lovely metaphor, use of personification.

Each line begins with the same strong noun, ""The door". Sometimes the sound of the word is harsh (e.g. "The door ... sealed shut"; sometimes friendly (e.g. "The door that welcomed..."). The sentence "I unleash the locks and chains" is particularly effective in conveying the sense of release.

2 nd	Florence	Stepping through a door into another world	Age 12	KS3/4 Age 11-16
<p>If I could step through a door into another world, one where I feel that I truly belong...</p> <p>I would fall into a long-forgotten wardrobe, in a dusty attic room, packed deeply with thick fur coats and listen to my feet scrunching in the crisp white snow.</p> <p>I would accept a Turkish delight with confidence, defeating the White Which once and for all, by turning her into stone.</p> <p>I would disguise myself as a villainous alien, by miraculously saving pupils from alien overlords and other strange super villains who live in the depths of space.</p> <p>I would fall into a world of my childhood dreams, getting myself into mischief with Crowky and other arrogant evils who live in the land of Roar.</p> <p>I would push Miss Trunchball into the choky, promising only to let her out if she pinkie promised to never again swing around children by their pigtails.</p> <p>I would roll a giant peach down a hill, be saved by a squawk of passing seagulls, swooping into the middle of nowhere, surviving on creepy crawlies.</p> <p>I would borrow Lyra's braveness, silently hiding in a cupboard to find out dark secrets and plots, and maybe even prevent a murder, like she did.</p> <p>I would be hot-headed as Anne Shirley, climbing boldly onto a ridgepole, even though it was just a dare – just to prove Josie Pie was wrong.</p> <p>I would turn Ethel Hallow into a toad in the Potions lab, mistakenly adding too much frogspawn – accidentally, on purpose!</p> <p>I would spend a day with Ruby Redfort, working for Spectrum on a highly dangerous mission, cracking the code before Ruby does...</p> <p>And we would celebrate with a fresh glass of banana milk and pink iced doughnuts.</p> <p>If I could open a door into another world, one where my imagination can fly untamed</p>				

Then I would write my own story, where I am the only heroine,
Stepping through a door into another world, again and again...

Judges' Comments

Imaginatively entering the worlds of other creative writers before entering one of her own.

Long lines interspersed by short (2 or 3 lines) verse pattern.

Rhythm created by repeated phrasing "if I could...", "I would..." of verbs of intent@ e.g. step, fall, push, etc.

This poem is also about courage and "saving" others – takes courage to step into another world but to do so opens up new worlds of possibility.

2 nd	Louis	Homecoming	Age 12	KS3/4 Age 11-16
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The moon is shedding its benevolent light on the glistening dew,
On the forests and the rivers, blue.
A figure, striding through the bushes, caught on brambles as he ambles through the starlit woods.
Stumbling through a cluster of ferns he finds a clearing.
A granite-walled, slate-roofed house, lit with a merry, orange light.

Bittersweet memories of how he used to play, laughing and screaming all day
How he picked gentle, sharp-tasting blackberries
How one day he sailed away to work in the Australian mines.

He takes a deep breath. Will he be accepted once more?
Should he open the door? Should he not, should he, should he not?

He chooses. The door groans slowly open.
On a table, a Christmas feast is laid, a fire licks in the grate, smoked fish hang from the rafters.
His small family pauses, food halfway to their mouths.
He shivers. Will he be thrown out?
His question is answered.
A hug.
He is home at last.

Judges' Comments

The poem evokes atmosphere, memory and anxiety. It has an effective resolution. The natural world (night forests, rivers etc.) contrasts with the human scene inside the granite house.

The first verse sets the scene, with one anomaly: he is striding and ambling.

The second reflects on the past.

The third is a moment held, with the repeat of "should" in "should he not, should he, should he not?" conveying anxiety and uncertainty.

The fourth begins with an effective short sentence: "He chooses."

"His small family pauses, food halfway to their mouths." Captures the moment.

The question "Will he be thrown out?" is answered by a physical response, a hug.