



**SPEAK  
UP NORTH**  
with Tutor Trust

**THE  
TUTOR  
TRUST**

# Belonging

Poetry and stories anthology 2024



## All about belonging

Speak Up North is a platform for young people from across the North of England to tell the world what matters to them.

The first edition of the creative writing and oracy competition focused around the all-important theme of **belonging**.

We were amazed to read a broad range of experiences of family and friends, place, culture, personal achievements, and even more across young people aged 5 to 16 (Key Stages 1-4).

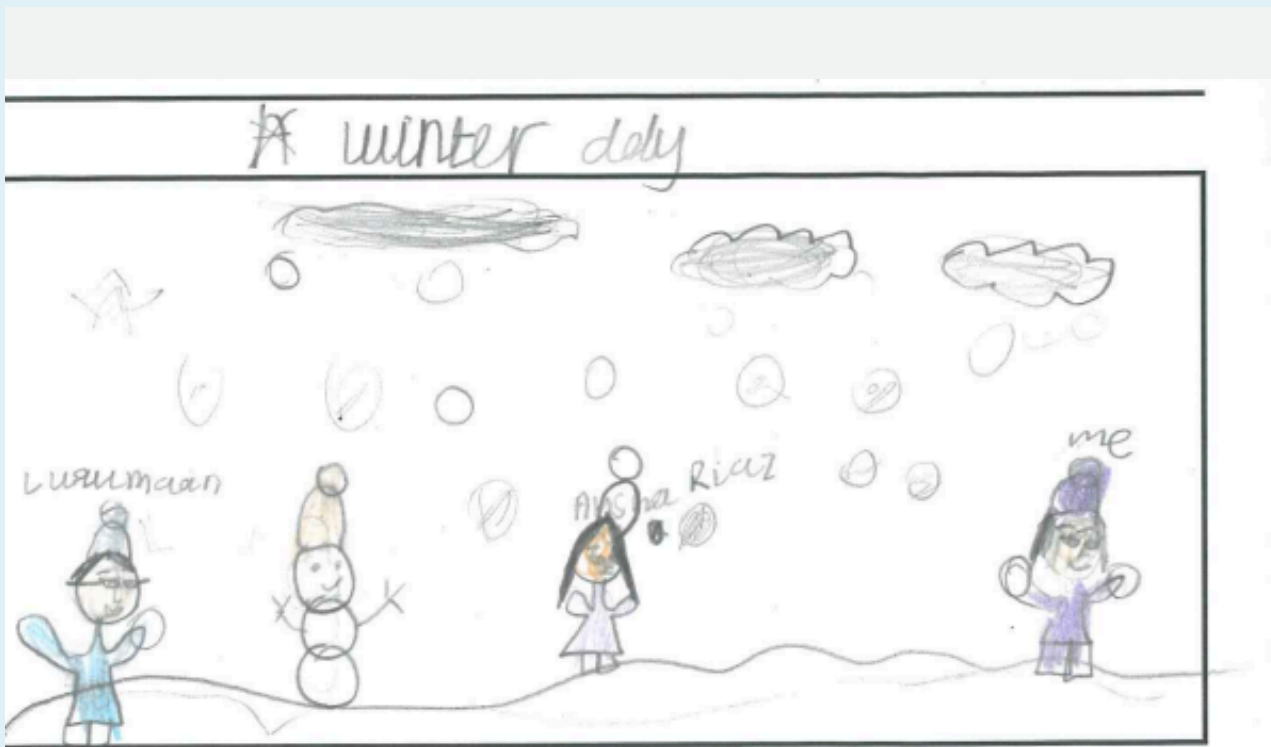
Thank you to every pupil who took part, their schools for getting involved in the competition, and the families who also engaged.

## Thanks to our featured schools for your involvement



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Winter is a cold season  
 I love going in the cold icy snow  
 Now snow is my favorite season  
 The snow is white, crunchy and we can make snowman  
 End of winter is so sad.  
 Right now I am sad because wintering  
 days are so rainy and cold.  
 and when it was the end there was ice  
 you like snow so do I.



**Aisha**  
 Broadfield Primary, Oldham



### Judges' comments

“

This is a great use of an acrostic poem to evoke how the season of winter brings a sense of belonging to you. Well done!

”



# The Spring ☘

Now that winters gone the  
earth hath lost

Her snow white robes and now no  
more the frost

Candies the grass or casts an Icy  
cream

Upon the silver lake crystal stream

But the warm sun thaws the benumbed  
earth

And makes it tender; gives sacred birth

To the dead swallow wakes in a hollow  
tree

The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee

Time with the season; only she

doth carry

June in her eyes, in her heart January



**Umme**

Year 5

Peel Park Primary, Bradford



## Judges' comments

“

This is a beautiful poem about the changing seasons - I love how you've taken inspiration from other poems to use archaic, old-style language. Lovely use of personification.

”



### Belonging

The bullets hurt, but I do not care. It is bewitchingly beautiful, like it should not be this good, but it is. It is strange. My family, their presence is the thing. The secret ingredient for greatness. I am not sure how dazed I look, but I must look quite bewildered, as they are all shooting me side-eyes.

It is beautiful.

It is so beautiful I do not care what they think. But then why does it feel like they are all stabbing me in the back? It is just a view. It is just a view...No. I need to run; I need to hide. I need to cover up my face. They stare at me. I want to curl up in a ball and roll away. But they are my family? I feel like I should not be here though. Why would you make someone feel they do not belong somewhere? Why do people make others feel they do not belong somewhere? It is crazy how something as small as liking a view more than others, can outcast you. Make you feel like you should find somewhere else, somewhere to hide, from the people who think you are a freak, even if they are your own family. Sorry, I repeated myself a bunch there, didn't I? I got the tenses wrong, the person wrong. What if I do not belong to the writer's community? But surely, it is about what your message, your meaning is. Not how well you did on your English GCSE or how well you did in school. It is about the deeper picture. The true reason you put your words where they were. Did you use a thesaurus to make your piece sound better? Or to get praise so you can feel good about yourself. Did you really understand what it meant? Or did you just put it in because it sounded nice. What if that word does not belong in that context? Either way. You should not change a word, or yourself, to make you fit in somewhere where you might not belong or feel right to.



**James**  
Stockport School



### Judges' comments

“

You've taken a very interesting and creative approach. It's a vivid and authentic exploration of alienation from both community and language, almost postmodern in its sensibility.

”