



**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



### A bit about us

As an education charity, we care about making learning more accessible. Since 2012, we've worked directly with more than 700 schools across Greater Manchester, West Yorkshire, and Merseyside, to more than 30,000 pupils to provide high-quality tuition in core subjects. Everything we do is to improve outcomes for young people, and our strong evidence of impact certifies this.





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.

”



## Diary Entry

Monday 12th May 2019

Dear Diary,

Today was amazing. It's my birthday! I am 10 years old. I got so much gifts. We went to Manchester. We ate delicious food. I tried boba for the first time also I got a cool balloon. My dad got me the balloon. My sisters are jealous because when it was their birthday they ate at home. My brother did not really mind. (That's why he's my favourite). I got a new laptop. My old one broke". I loved today but it's getting late I need to go. Bye!

From Anabia.



**Anabia**

Year 5

Peel Park Primary, Bradford

Tropical leaves dropping from trees  
A breeze ever so fast making exotic  
spirits disappearing

Monkey causing mischief where ever they  
go

Cheeky cheaters taking over the  
land nothing can ever stop them



**Afsha**

Year 5

Peel Park Primary, Bradford



## Revenge is a dish Served Sweet

One day I met someone Cold Soul ~~Cold~~  
Cold as the dark heart as if he'd been in the  
fire breathin' night forever and ever revenge is  
a dish Served Sweet forever and ever ya never  
gonna get to me the thing ya did to me, unforgivable  
unforgettable, I'm unstoppable I can see the guilt  
in ya eyes Sayin' ya sorry Your in denial Oh  
in despise won't make me change my mind I  
couldn't care less oh you've been detected leave  
me alone ~~stop~~ O Pol agy not accepted  
NO NO NO ylah you might be wonderin why I  
did this you started all the drama Your the  
Pushof the wind to make me flame  
louder & louder



**Sarah and Tamara**

Year 5  
Peel Park Primary, Bradford





## Friendship

My friends are caring.  
We will make each other laugh.  
They make me light up.

They'll always be there for me.  
I will never let them go!



**Mila**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





**Eddie**  
Year 4  
Denton West End Primary



## Friendship

My friends are happy  
I know that I can trust them.

They are positive

They will always make me laugh.

I will be grateful for them.

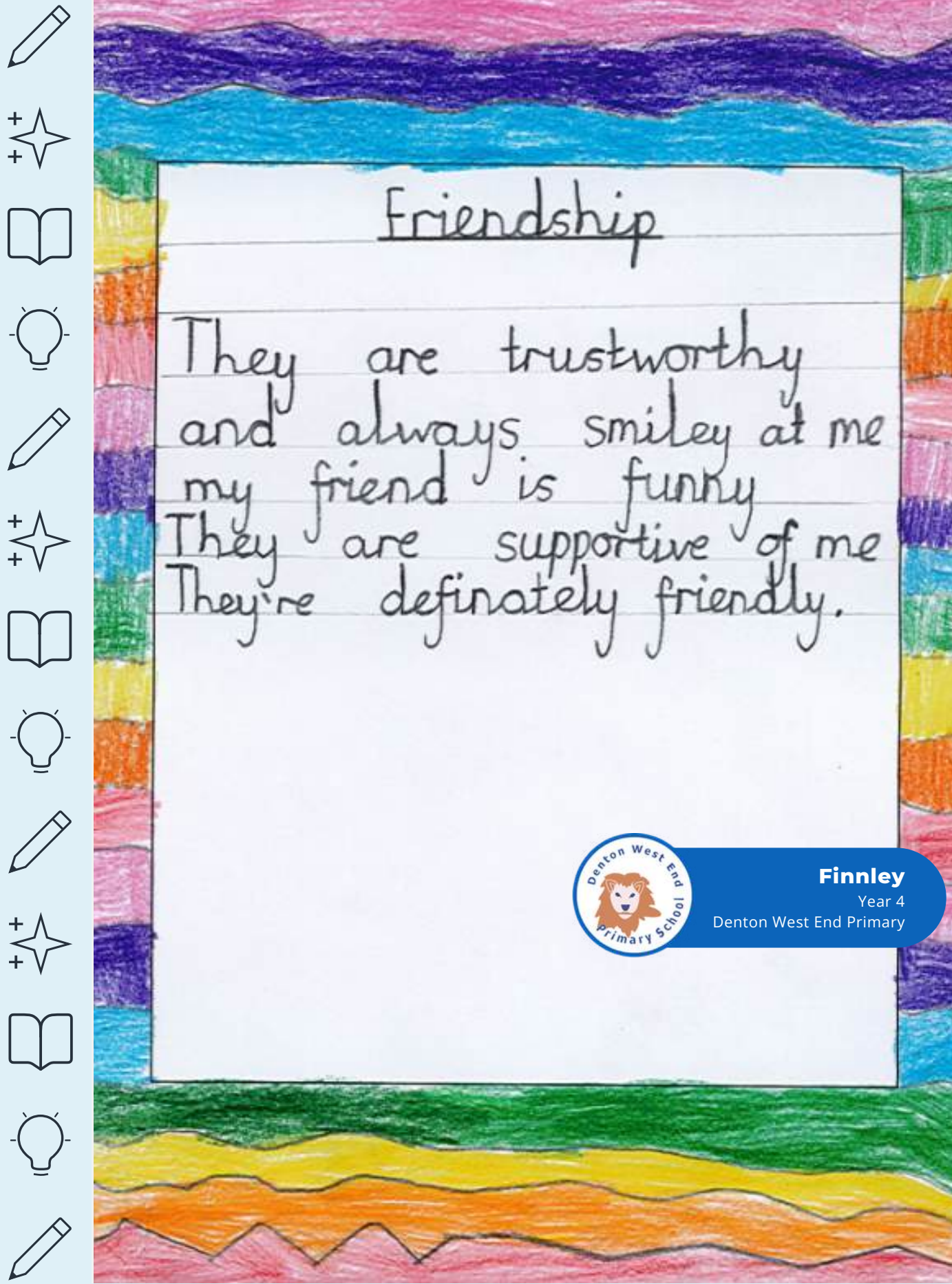


**Betsy**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





## Friendship

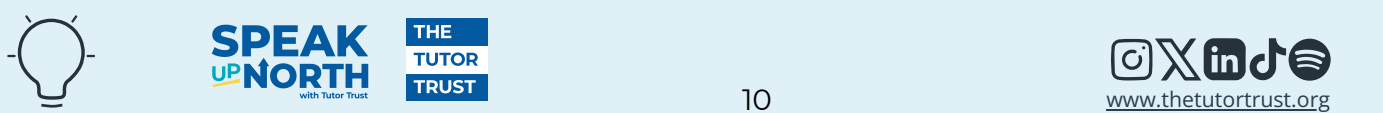
They are trustworthy  
and always smiley at me  
my friend is funny  
They are supportive of me  
They're definately friendly.



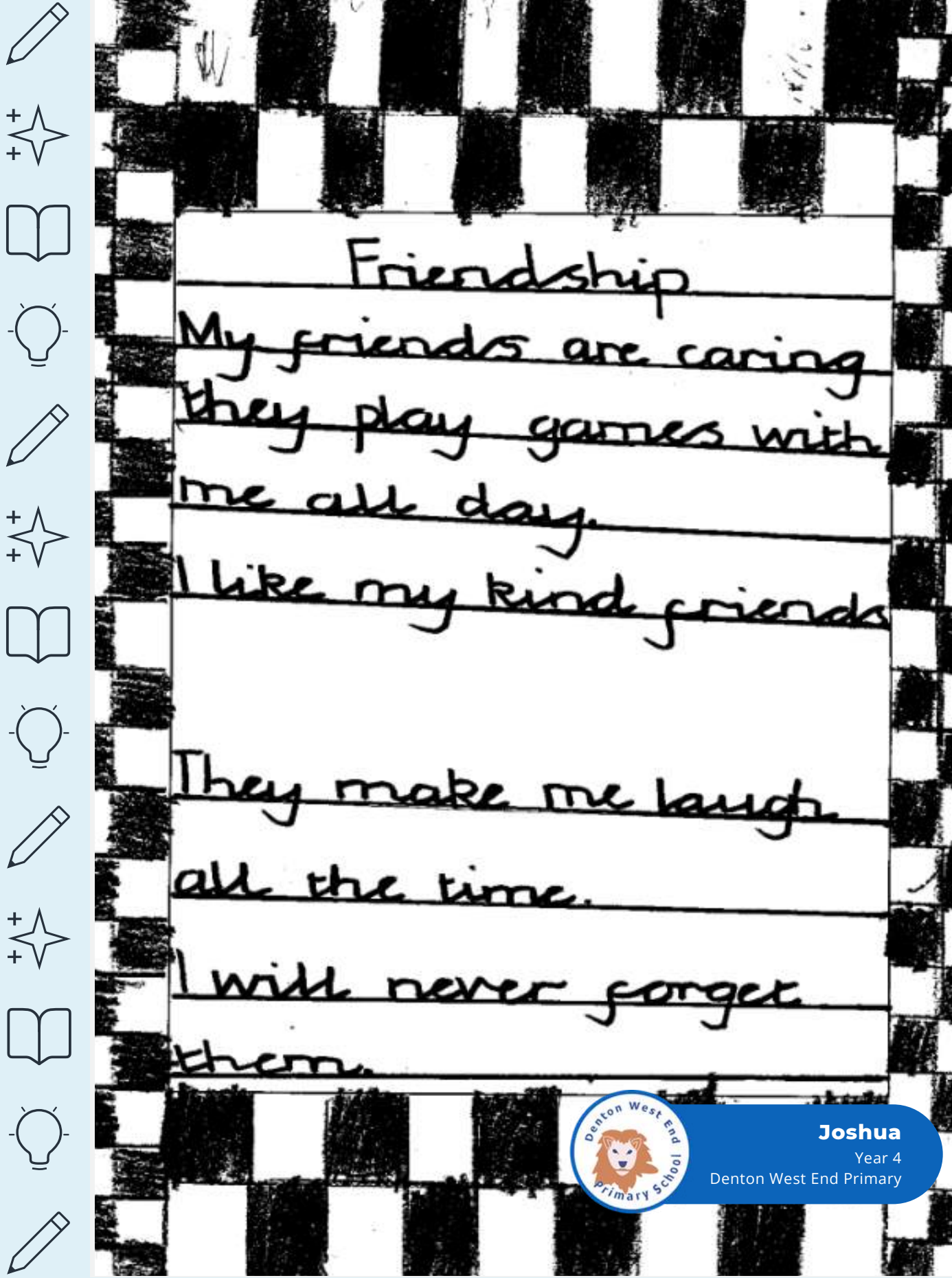
**Finnley**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary



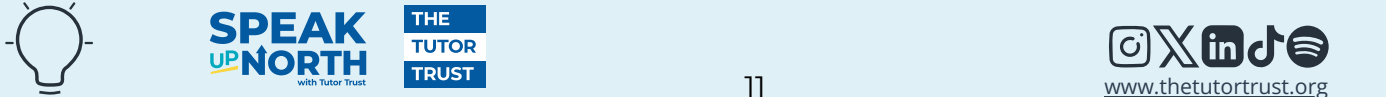




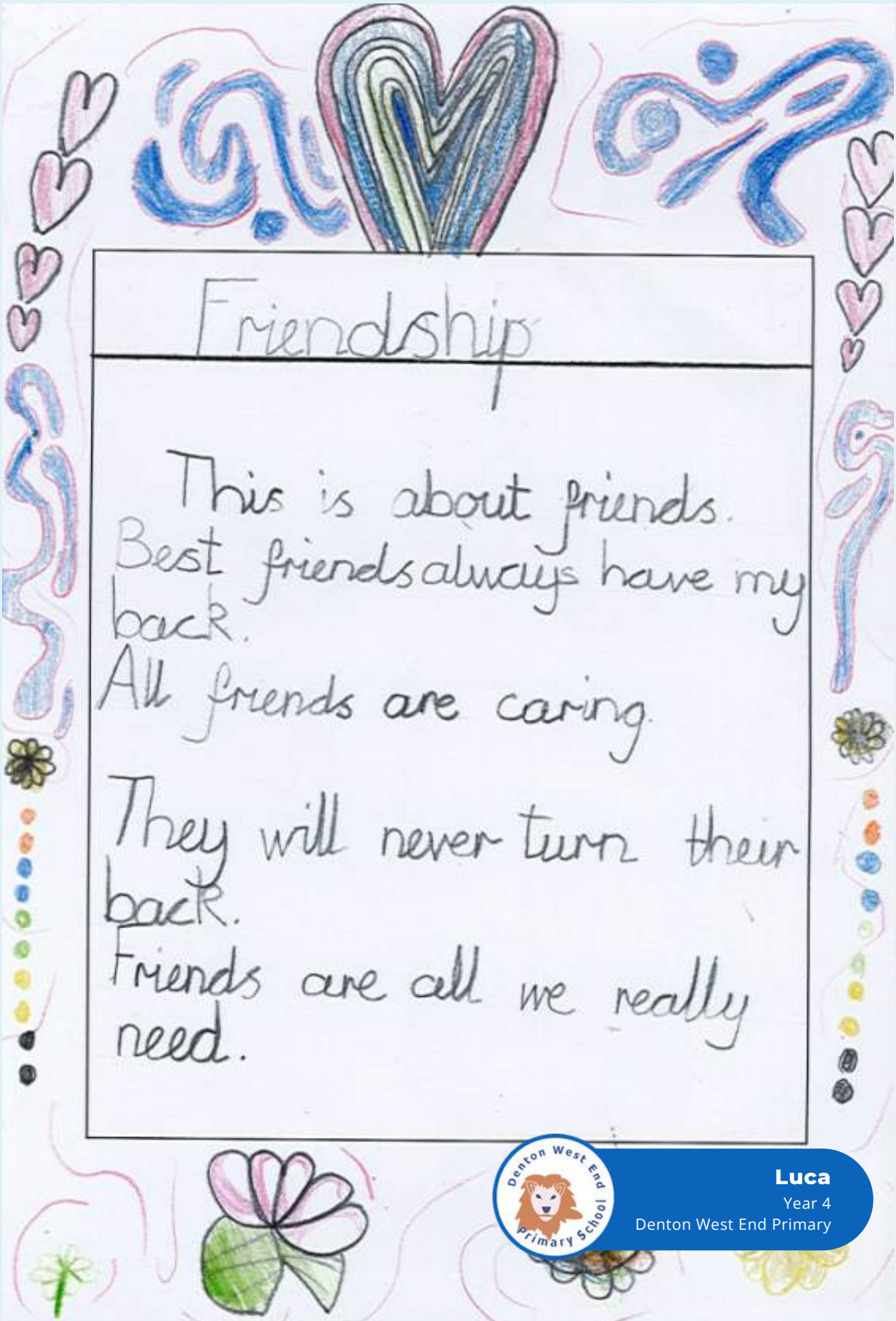
**Joshua**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary







# Friendship

This is about friends.  
Best friends always have my back.  
All friends are caring.  
They will never turn their back.  
Friends are all we really need.



**Luca**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary



## Friendship

My friends are caring.  
They will never let me down.  
I always trust them.

I have always got there back  
They always believe in me



Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





## My best friend

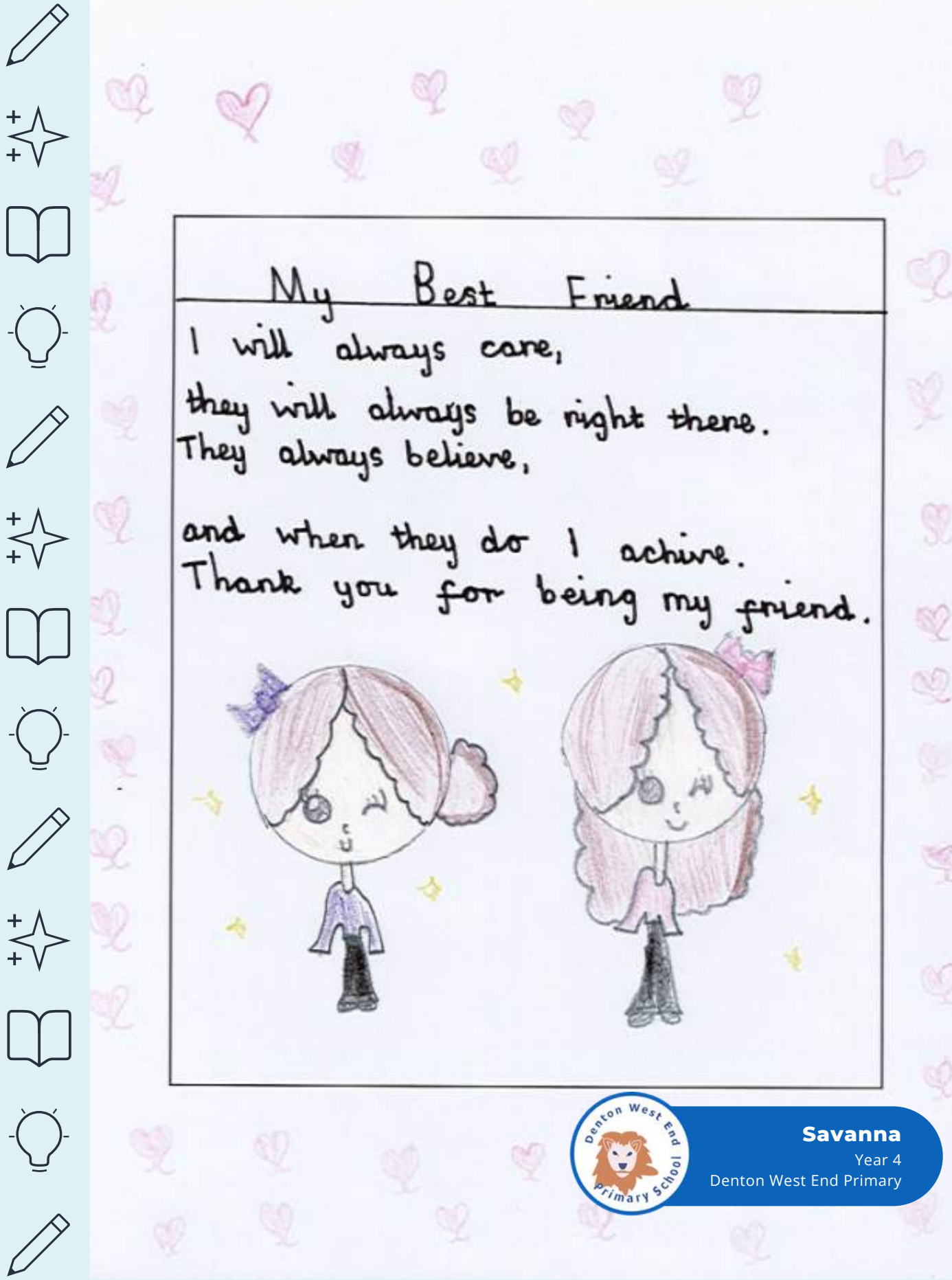
People you can trust.  
Caring, funny, fun for life.  
I am faithful now.

They have always had my back.  
My kind friend for my whole life.

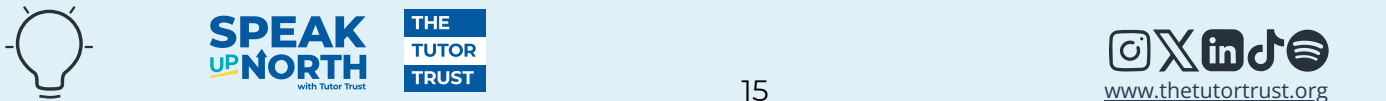


Year 4  
Denton West End Primary

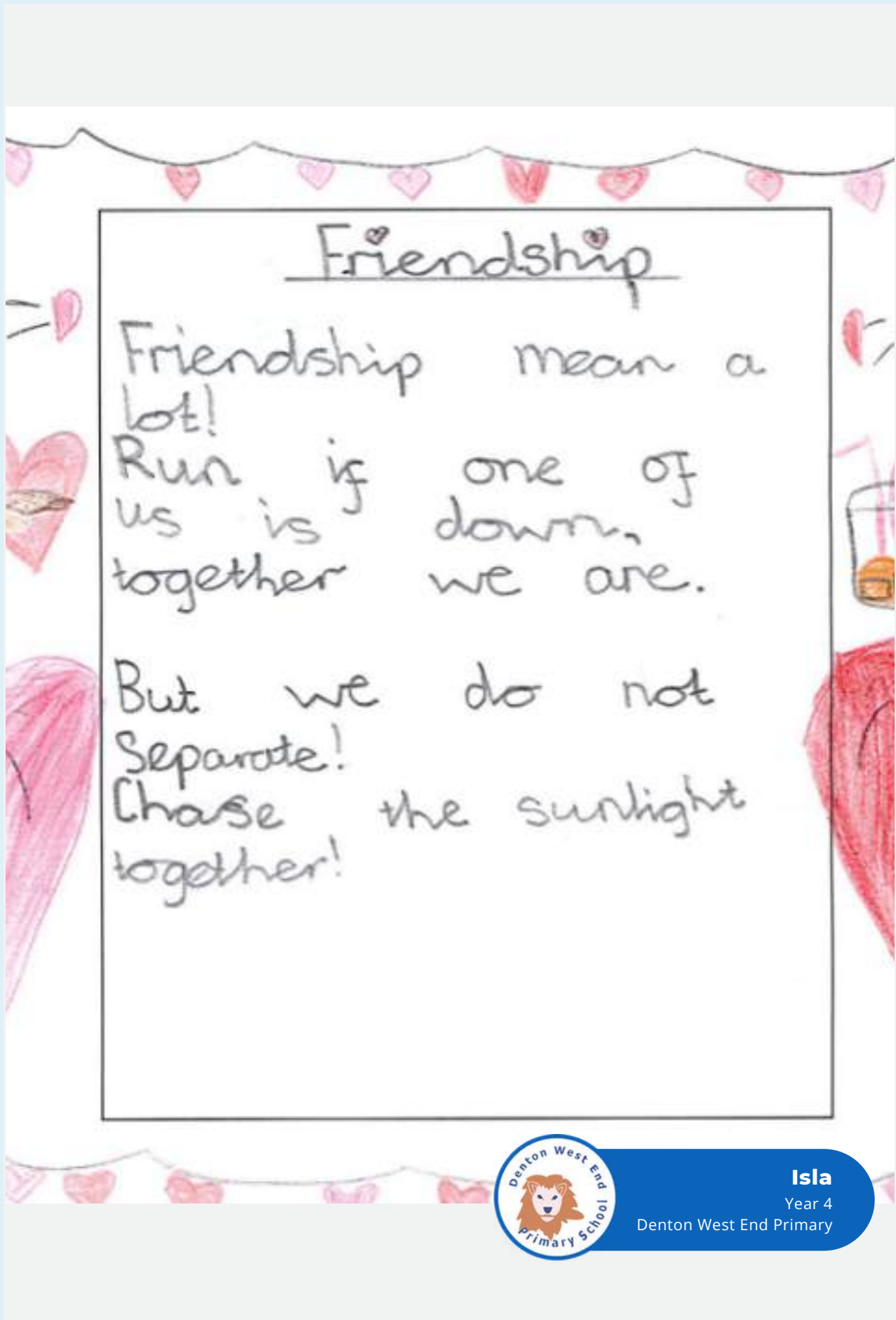




**Savanna**  
Year 4  
Denton West End Primary







## Friendship

Friendship mean a lot!

Run if one of us is down, together we are.

But we do not Separate!  
Chase the sunlight together!



**Isla**

Year 4

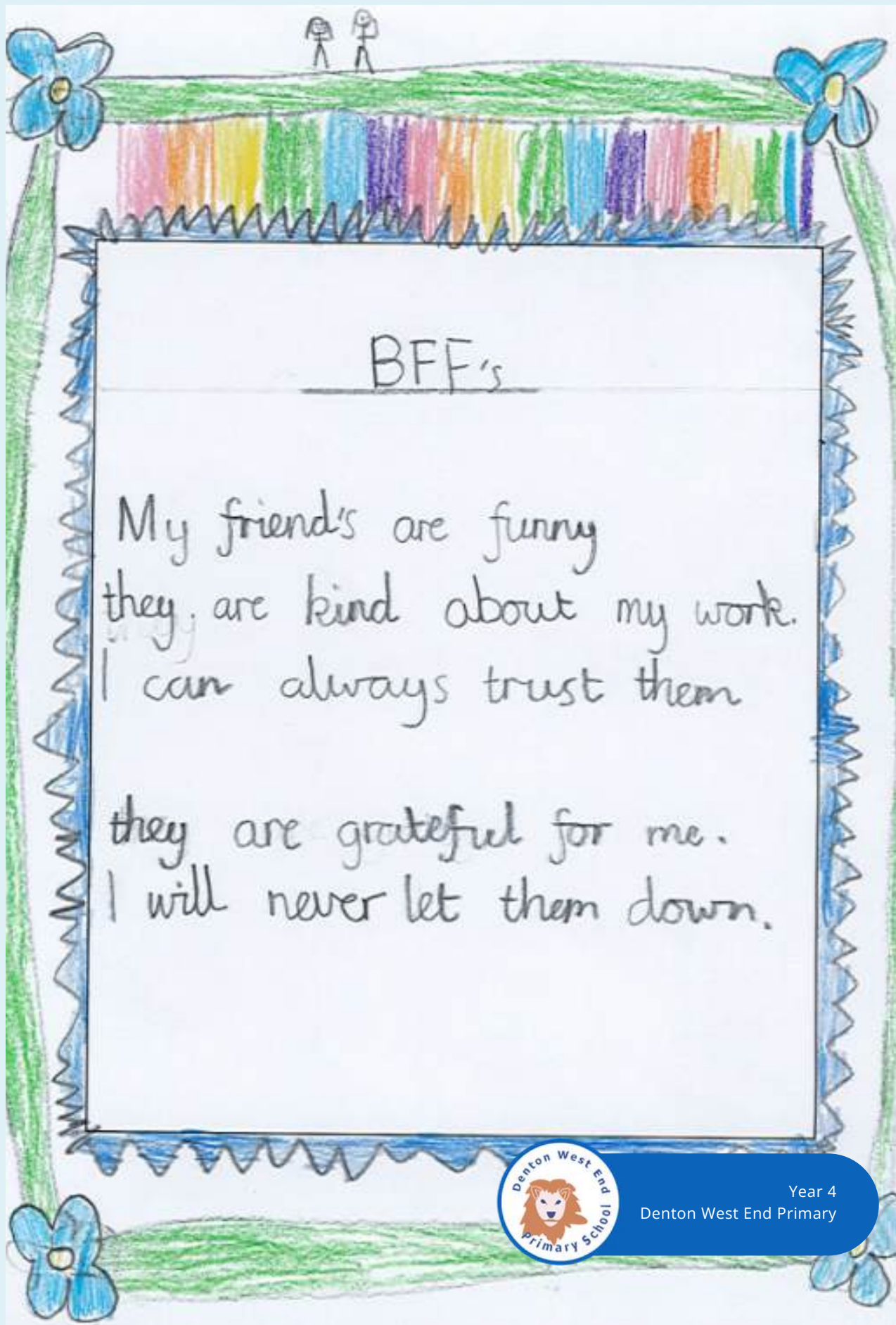
Denton West End Primary





Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





Friends  
Forever

### The Fabulous Friendship Poem

My friend is caring.

They will always play with me  
having memories.

She will never leave my side  
The fun never ever ends!

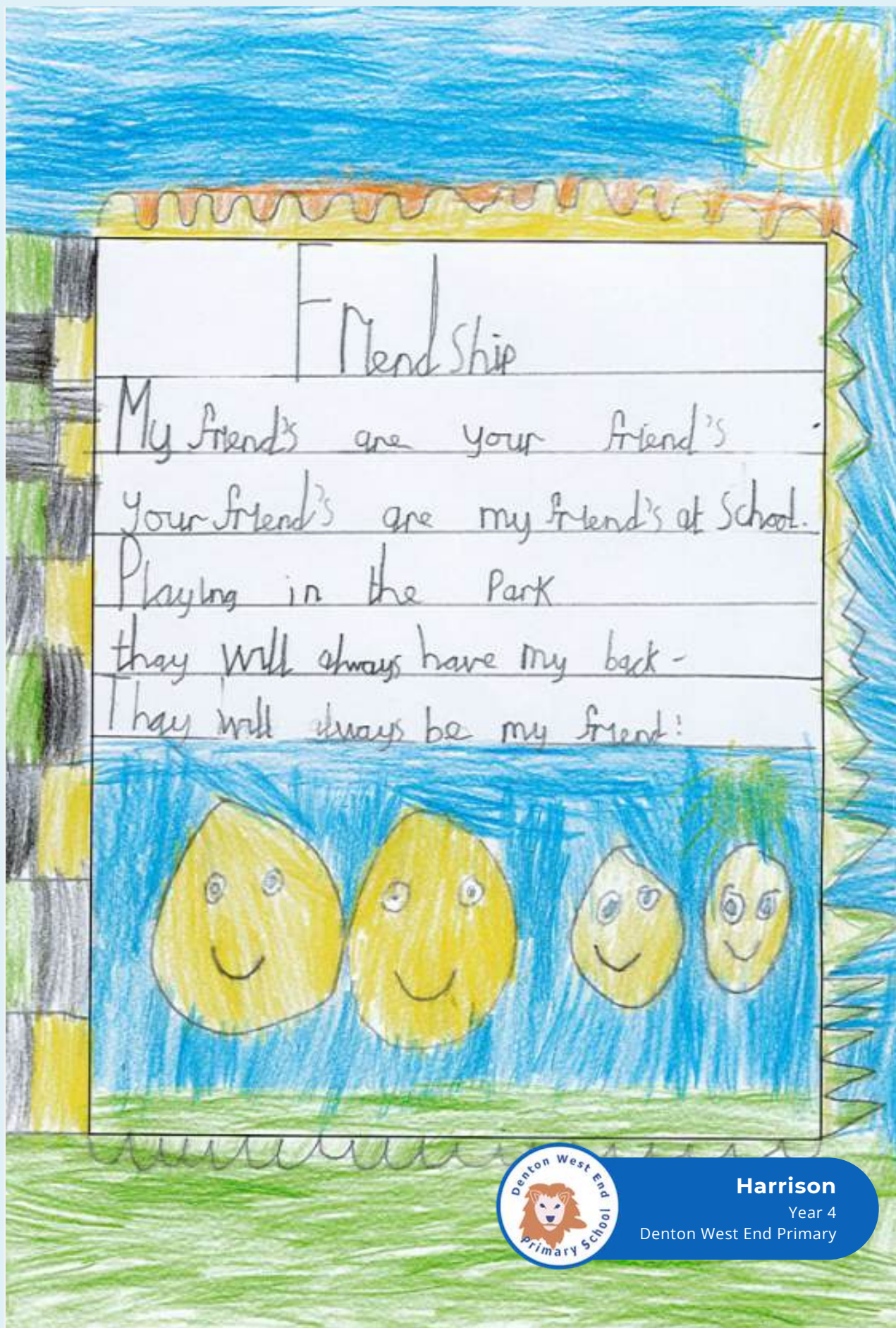


**Isabelle**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary



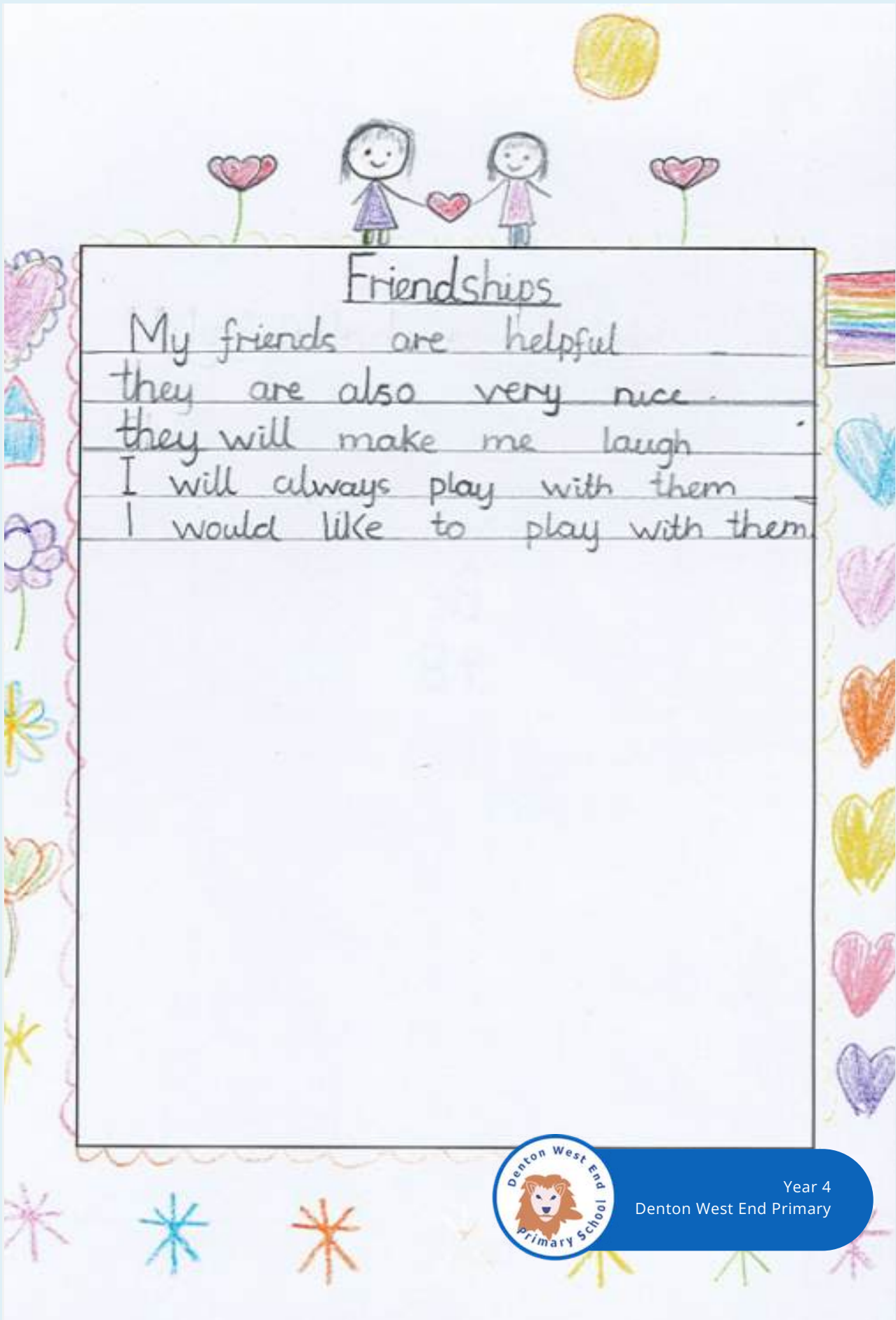


**Harrison**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





## Friendship

My friends are funny  
they are supportive in me  
and they are friendly.

They will never turn their back.  
They are the best in my life!

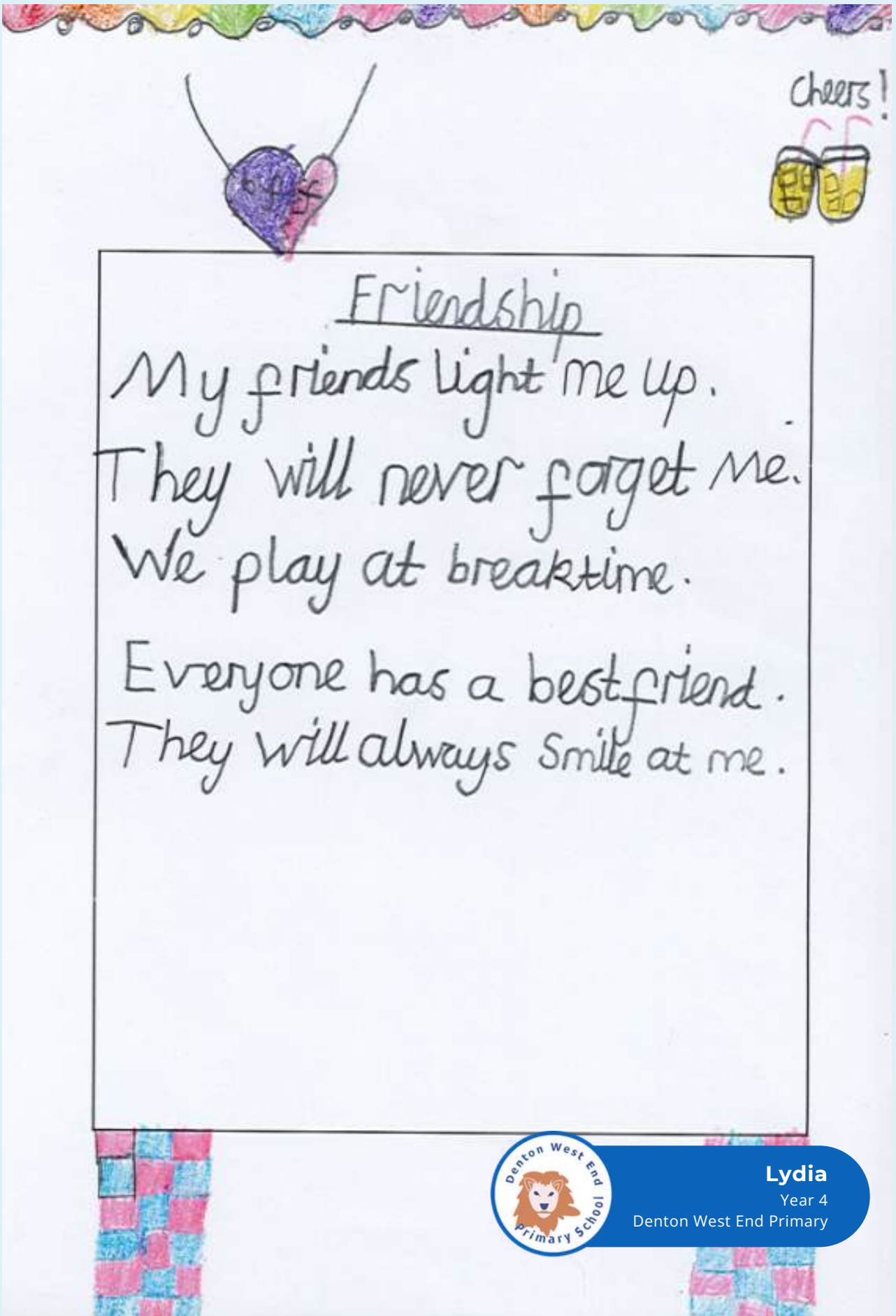


**Dougie**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary



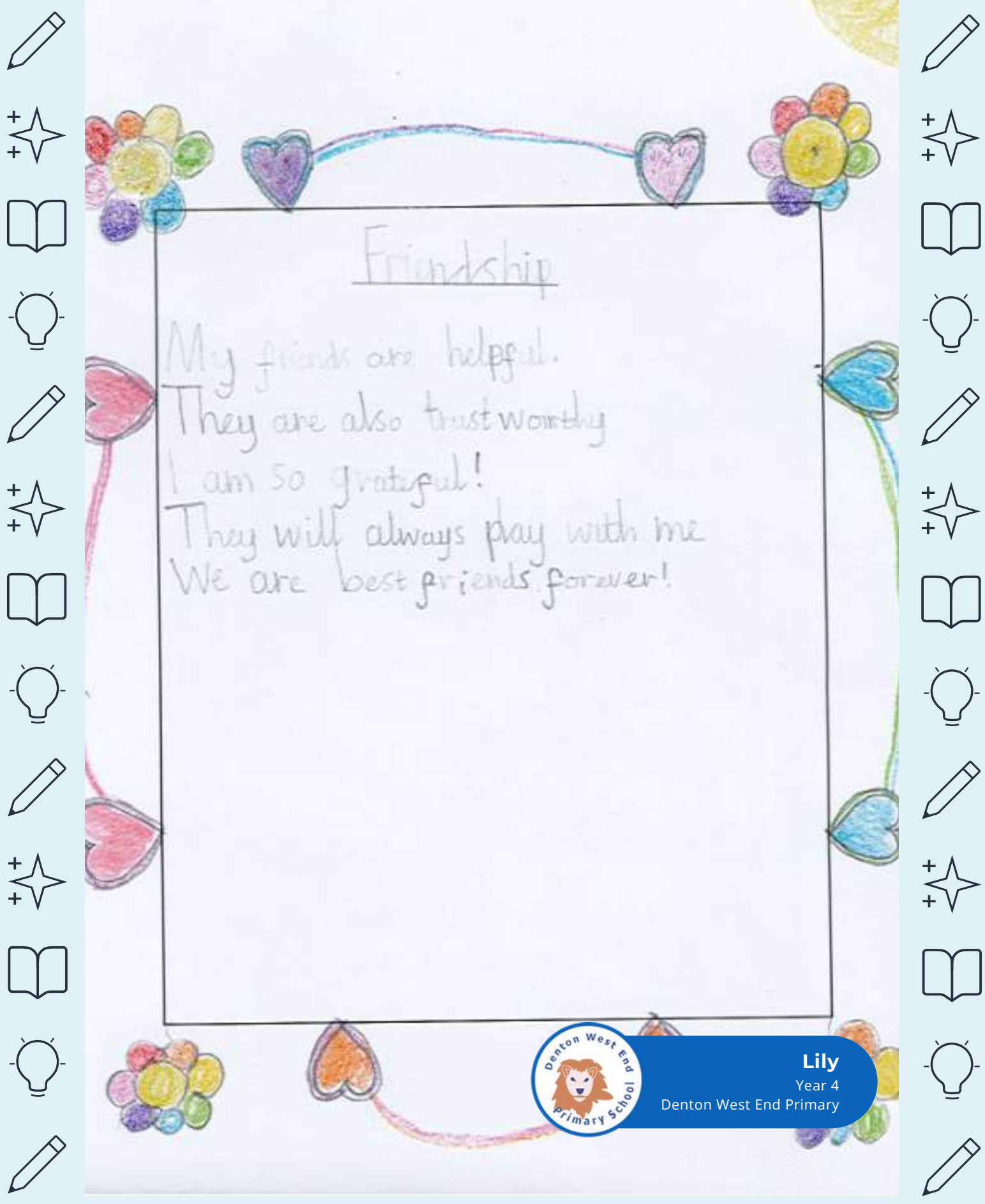


**Lydia**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





**Lily**  
Year 4  
Denton West End Primary



They are so kind  
I have an endless friendship  
I am so happy

My heart will never break  
I will not die alone

Friendship

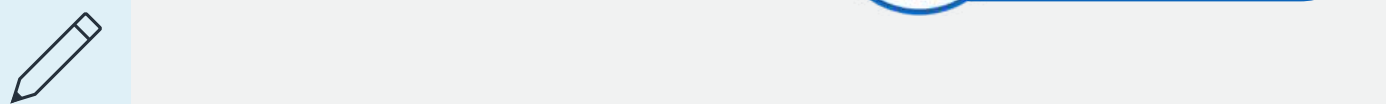


**Bodhi**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





**Neve**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





# Friendship

At Denton West End

Nothing can separate us

Here, we are happy

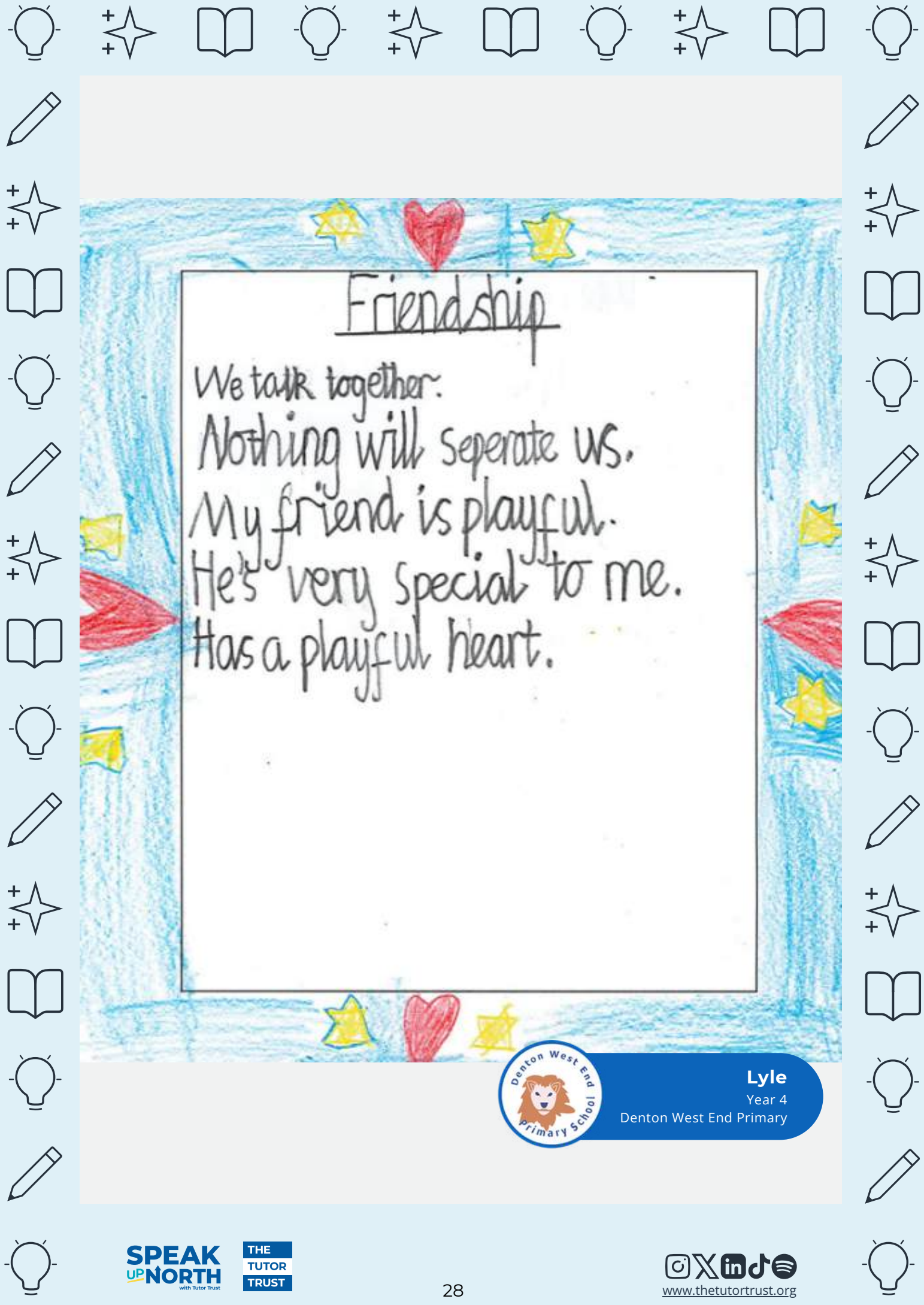
We have big bonds between us

But my favourite friend is you.



Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





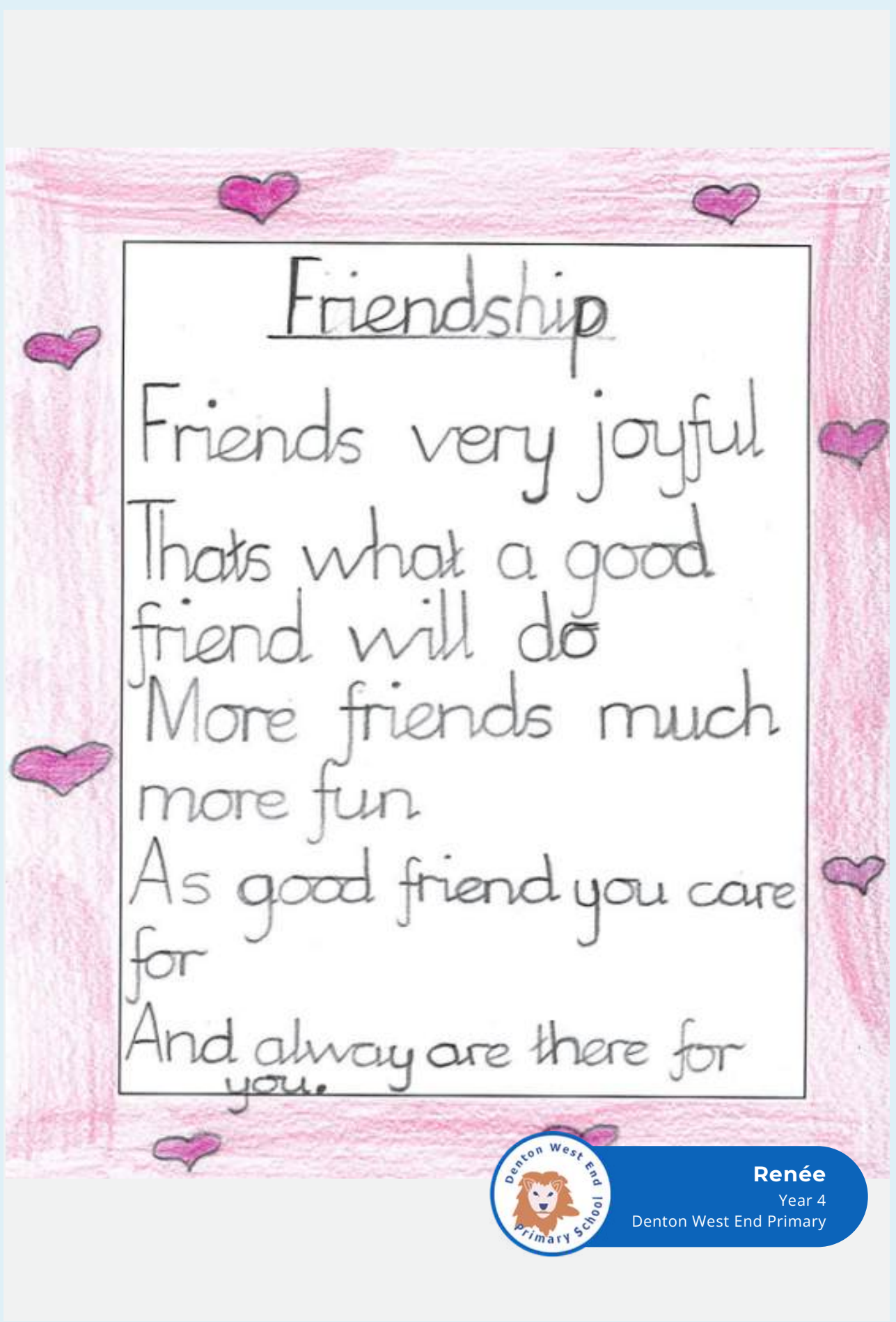
# Friendship

We talk together.  
Nothing will seperate us.  
My friend is playful.  
He's very special to me.  
Has a playful heart.



**Lyle**  
Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





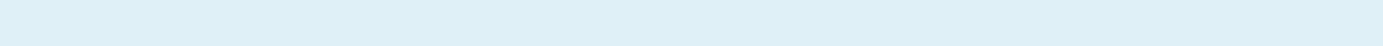
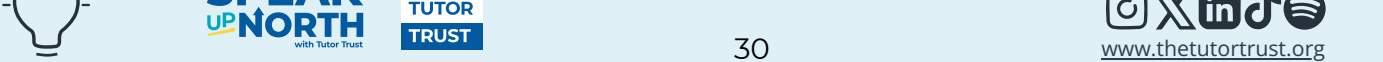
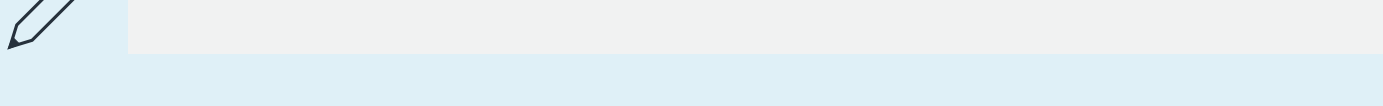
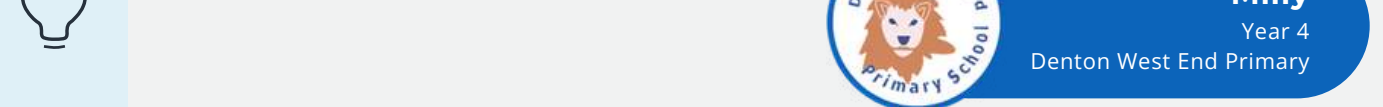
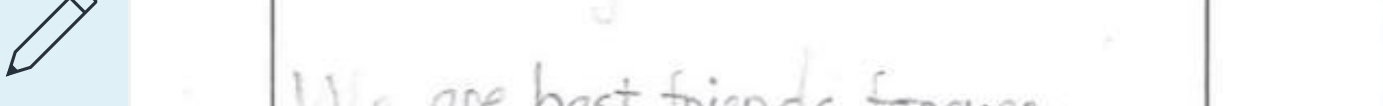
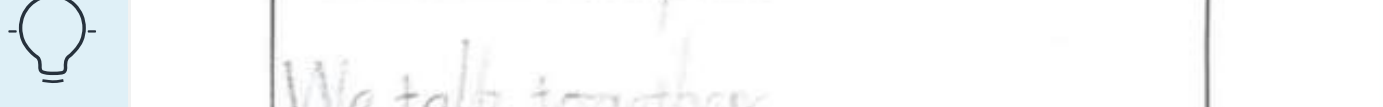
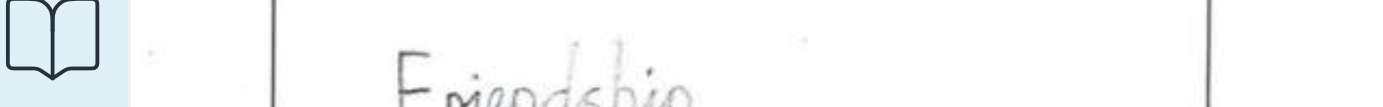
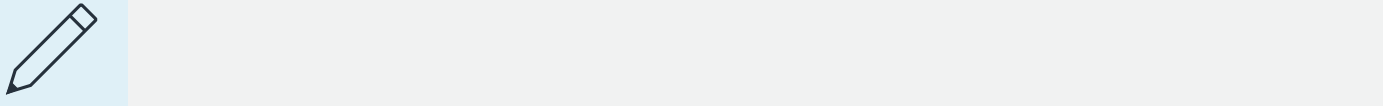
# Friendship

Friends very joyful  
That's what a good  
friend will do  
More friends much  
more fun  
As good friend you care  
for  
And always are there for  
you.



**Renée**  
Year 4  
Denton West End Primary



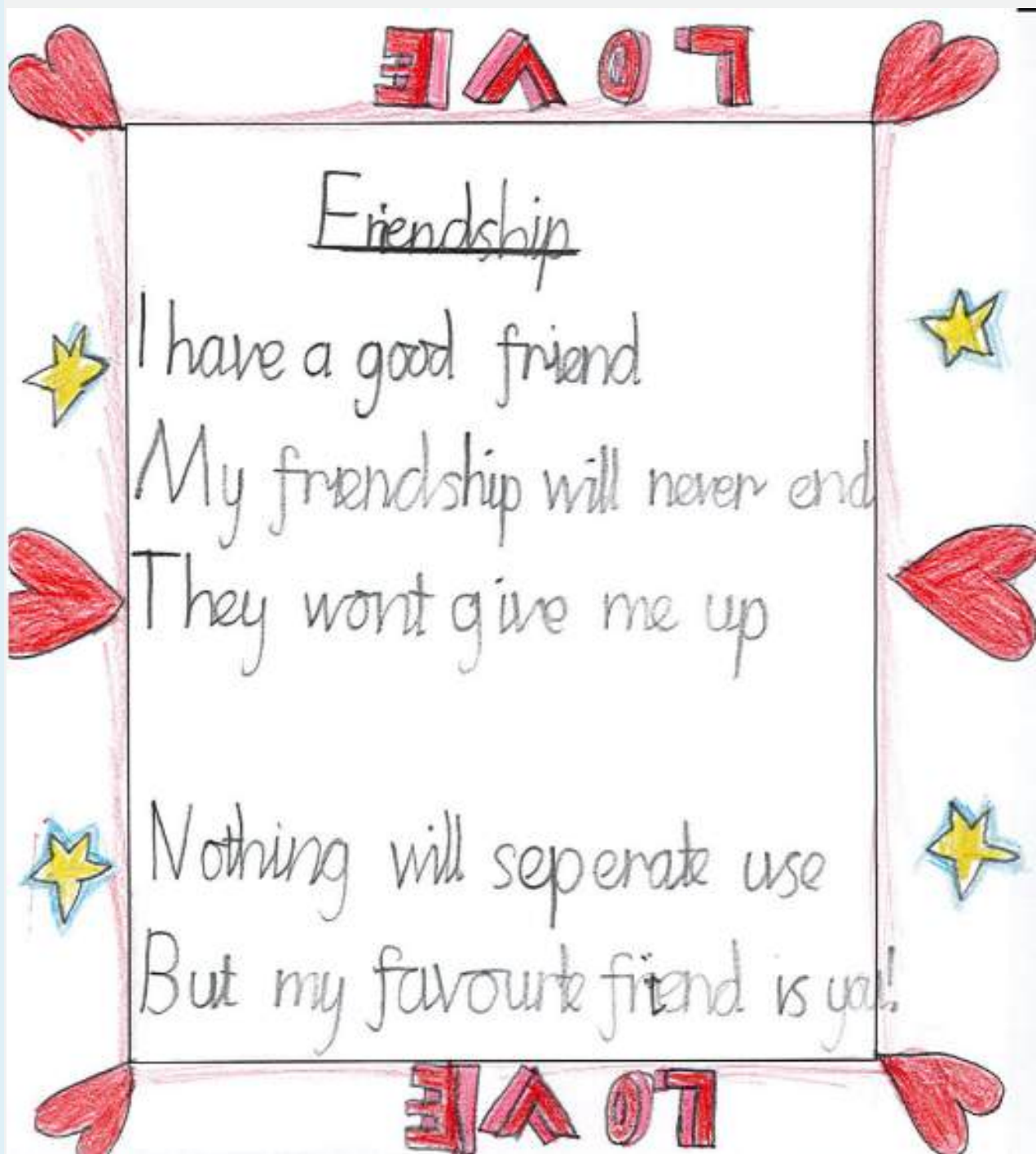
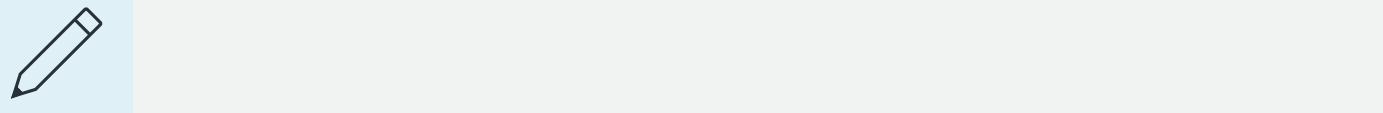


Friendship  
We talk together  
We are best friends forever  
They make me smile  
We are always supportive  
We laugh and love each other.



**Milly**  
Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





**Zach**  
Year 4  
Denton West End Primary



LOVE ★ ♥ ★ LOVE

Friendship

Friendship is the best

Our bond is very strong

Love and happiness.

They always give compliments

Nothing will separate us



LOVE ★ ♥ ★ LOVE



Year 4  
Denton West End Primary





## Friendship

Love and happiness  
Supportive, trust and  
caring  
Sharing, kind, loving  
They are always there to share  
Loving, gentle, funny, kind.



Year 4  
Denton West End Primary







## Friendship

Best friends forever

Never leave each other behind

Sharing a strong bond

Best friends are always there  
for you

Are together forever.



**Sienna**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary



# Friendship

I have a good friend,  
with a friendship that  
won't end.

We are always there  
for people who care  
even the rain can't stop us.

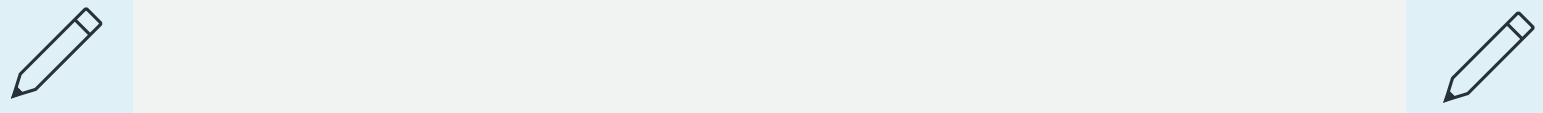


**Lola**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





Specail

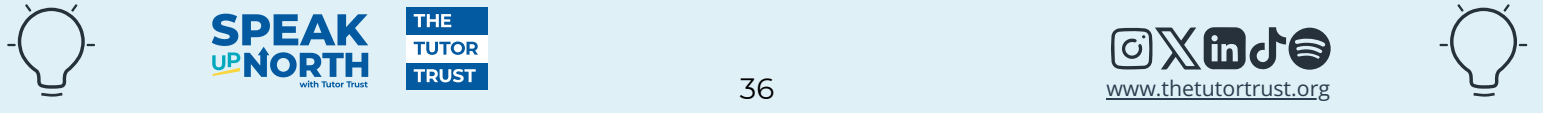
Specail



**Oscar**

Year 4

Denton West End Primary





# Friendship

We can trust our friends.  
Our friendship is so special.  
We all share laughter  
Nothing will separate us  
My friends are lovely and kind



**Georgia**

Denton West End Primary



## Friendship

Always there for you

Friends always care  
for you to

Very generous

We are happy together

We are always together



Year 4  
Denton West End Primary



# Friends

When I see my friends, I feel happy and play games with them.

When I see my friends, I hear laughter bouncing off the walls.

When I see my friends, a hug feels like a warm embrace from the sun.

When I see my friends, we talk about different sports like football.

When I see my friends, I tell them my secrets because I trust them.

When I see my friends, if they are hurt I will protect them and cheer them up.

When I see my friends, I feel like I belong.



**Adam**

Year 5

Broadfield Primary, Oldham



# Home

Home is yummy smells from the best food that my mum makes.

Home is chaos everywhere with toys all over my messy floor.

Home is where I love to chill by myself in my cosy room.

Home is where I eat sweets with my little sister one by one.

Home is where I escape from the cold world outside.

Home is where I cuddle with my mum on the sofa watching TV.

Home is where I watch movies with my family all together.

Home is where I listen to my parents, who give me chores.

Home is where me and my family belong.



**Rosie**

Year 5

Broadfield Primary, Oldham



# Oldham

Oldham is 100s of cotton mills that make up our history.

Oldham is full of friendly local people.

Oldham is a busy town full of shops.

Oldham is where the weather is wet and cold.

Oldham is proud to be in the North West of England.

Oldham is Oldham Athletic where people play in their stadium.

Oldham is our broad accent that is hard to understand.

Oldham is green places such as Alexandra Park.

Oldham is home, its where I belong.



**Hafsa**

Year 5

Broadfield Primary, Oldham



# Belonging

I come from a place that belongs to me, which is my home.

I belong to my mosque because we share the same beliefs.

I belong to my family because we are all tied by blood and linked by kinship.

Home is my Nintendo Switch because I love playing games and entering unknown dimensions.

Home is the fragrant aroma of my mum's home cooked scrumptious kebabs.

I associate with Manchester United because I share similar interests with them.

Belonging is my bedroom because it's my happy place, my safe haven.



**Hashim**

Year 6

Broadfield Primary, Oldham



# Belonging

Home is where I belong, it's where every human comes from.

Belonging in a community where every human should feel safe, loved and protected.

Here's to all the people who have been affected.

We should treat a person the way we would want to be treated.

So that way no one will ever feel left out or cheated.

I come from a place that taught me to treat everyone with respect no matter where they belong.

Doing this will never make you feel like you are doing something bad or wrong.



**Aliza**

Year 6

Broadfield Primary, Oldham



## MY FAMILY

I am writing from a place that makes me feel like I'm special, makes me feel like I am or I belong here, this place is around my family.

I remember once when I needed help and my family helped.

I remember once when I needed support and my family supported.

I remember once when I needed help in learning and my family helped.

I remember once when I needed to feel like I belonged, my family did that.

They say, "What can your family do? Huh?" well, my family can do a lot of things.

There was a time when people said I'm bad at football and I'm bad at cricket.

Because of my family, I'm now good at football and also good at cricket.

All thanks to MY FAMILY!

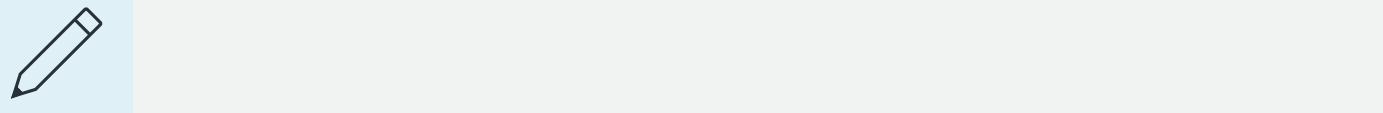


**Yahya**

Year 6

Broadfield Primary, Oldham





Fun game to play  
offside the rule of the game  
over throwing ball  
team meats are the best  
ball in the goal  
a penalty kick  
lots of fun  
lots of cheers



**Ibrahim**  
Broadfield Primary, Oldham





Winter is fun and snow.

Icy garden glisens.

Night quickly comes.

Trees are full of snow.

Eat hot food.

Read BOOK'S and snuggle up.



**Bizma**

Broadfield Primary, Oldham



Belonging.

A simple word,  
A cherished meaning,  
When all the world loses its  
feeling.

Whether with your family or not,  
At home or in a secret spot,  
This one word has plentiful  
meanings.

From literal; say, "where something  
sits,  
Where it should be,"  
It collectively fits.  
Or abstract, like,  
A sense of familiarity,  
Helping me like a well-oiled bike.

Where you feel safe,  
Where you want to be,  
Where you have friends,  
Where you belong



**Jessica**  
Stockport School



Where your heart feels calm,  
Where your stress blows down,  
Where your brain feels at rest,  
Where you belong.



When you feel like you'll never  
fit in,  
Just know that we all fit  
into the puzzle of the world  
differently,

Just know that YOU belong.



**Jessica**  
Stockport School



Everything here was perfect.

Swinging merrily on the old, worn-out swing, I spotted a russet red squirrel, sitting proudly on a tree branch. Almost as if it is on patrol, surveying the traffic of birds ahead of it.

"Micheal, time to get ready for bed!" requested my mum.

"Ok," I answered.

Whilst walking up the verdant green grass, I admired the beauty of this place. Through the window, a kaleidoscope of colors beamed from the glowing ember of the burning coals. Suddenly, an evocative memory of me fishing in river below us came back to please me.

"Hi love," said my mum.

"Hi," I replied.

Whilst walking through the oak paneled hallway, the stairs I were yet to climb towered above me. Finally reaching the top, I put my pajamas on and prepared myself for the battle I would now face. After arriving at the dome shaped table, I sat down and took a sip of my hot chocolate. I was ready. My mum handed out the cards and we fought. The person is the soldier, the cards are the weapons, and the table is the battlefield. After a long-fought battle, I came out victorious.

"Time for bed!" mum called.

Whilst laying on my bed, something didn't feel right. It was like I was not going to have a good night's sleep.

"Are you ok Micheal?" asked my mum

"Yes, why?" I spoke.

"Just you seem bored," she said.

"I'm not," I answered.

"Well night night anyway," she said.

"Night night," I replied

As I drifted off into the night, I gazed at the roof. Flabbergasted about the day I had just gone through, I finally fell asleep.

Darkness all I could see was darkness...

The moon sparkling as bright as a knight in shining armour, Nature eclipsing the terrain around me. But something didn't feel right. Bloodstained berries staring at me through one of the last emerald green bushes. It was almost like I had just woken up from a thousand years of doomsday. BANG! a shot out of nowhere. My mind spiraled out of my comfort zone. Not knowing what it was, I decided to investigate; the darkness awaits me. My footsteps echoing in the abyss. Suddenly, time froze in my existence. A sound, a sound I have never heard before. Squealing, something squealing in the shadows. In my head all I could do was wait. It was like I was in sleep paralysis. My heart was pounding, racing even. I couldn't move. Suddenly I realized what it was; a wild boar awaited me...

The wild boar was the enemy, the tusks were its weapons.

I was its target...



**Jake**  
Stockport School



Bang pain; bang suffering; bang the endless trauma. Most of all the heat sweating screams cries off endless suffering. Pain a shooting pain it filled my leg through and through. Immobilising, darkness screams of family friends faded into the eerie blackness: I try to hold on just to see a bit more just a glimpse of their faces. No, just the inky black...

I awoke, sweating, heart pounding, face sodden, I was screaming, it happened again.

'The terrors again I guess.' Said 137

'Good morning to you too smarty pants.'

'Come on you need some breakfast.' Said 138

'I guess.'

The winding stairs from our tower were intricately carved and beautiful, not that me 137 and 138 knew anything else. We are what you could call captives: Well not really, we're not tied up. We're given free roam of the Monastery in fact. We're never allowed to leave and must train in battle day after day. We're not captives we're more like what's the word for it ah yes -pets. We are pets.

Bit clumsy: My foot, lost at birth, is not a cold metal clump... That dream it was a dream right surely but if not, who were those people I grieve them I feel I should know them, but I don't and a pain in a leg I've never had. No, a figment of my imagination surely.

Breakfast as usual a band off mangy mutts scrambling for a morsel of food teeth bared ready to bite. Hackles raised it was a mosh pit I just couldn't deal with. So, whimpering I slipped through few bites scratches and bruises I got my food. Not much porridge makes me shudder people fighting over this grotesque catastrophe. Not even time to finish my meal a whistle was blown the day had just begun. Bounding of with his mute was Master Fang all his Boys yipping and yapping at their master for attention. This meant it was time for training or I was whipped so I followed dragging my heels and whimpering.

Hand to hand combat pain, shouting and whipping. His scars, his bulging muscles Master Fang, he hates me: I hate him and that's fine Master Claw likes me I'm smart quick on my feet but nevertheless I'm hated. Every day, I wonder why they train us, what is outside the walls I wish I could escape and be free. After bruising bludgeoning and utter battering I trudged back towards the doghouse.

Up the winding stairs through the unobtrusive little door, two unobtrusive, unimportant, pointless little children became three and I flopped on to my bed for what I thought would be another pointless unimportant little night.

But how wrong I was...

'139, 139, wake up!'

'Uhh...' I awoke groggily 'What time is it'.

'Shhhh me and 137 have been planning this for months we're going to escape.'

'And we couldn't bear to leave our friend behind.'

'And that's you 139.'

'Wait we're going to finally be free.'

'Oh, come on are you in or are you out?'



**Max**  
Stockport School



'I'm in!'

'Good or we'd have to throw you out the window.'

137 threw me a piece of hand-made rope; he risked many beatings to gather all the materials. Very impressive. And even though I hadn't been told, I knew we were going to climb out the window. 138 locked the door and barred it shut, I tied as the rope to the doorknob and in my heart, I knew this might be the end of me. 137 climbed first, he was agile and shimmied down the rope with great agility and dexterity and before long. 138 started the perilous climb down to the river and as soon as 137 was a quarter down the wall I heard it the siren. It was a loud blaring horn and 138 though clumsy shimmied down the rope even faster than 137. Bang, bang, bang the same noise that's been haunting my dreams was upon me once more it was them, who destroyed my village and cut of my leg, I would be back, and I would be coming for revenge. A bloody and violent revenge but not now, now I needed to escape. So, I shimmied down the rope faster than ever before my hands burned hotter than the sun, but I didn't dare to stop never daring to look up and see the snarling faces of murderers. But I was too fast I didn't see the arrow I fell backwards my foot lost grip on the rope, and I fell the gushing water raced up to meet me, the dagger like rocks, I prepared for the smashing into the water and the cold embrace of death...

But it never came...



**Max**  
Stockport School

My name is Ayat Tauqeer.  
I am nine years old.  
My father name Tauqeer gqbal.  
I enjoy painting and reading  
story books.  
I love my school.



**Ayat**  
Year 5





## Jewels in the attic


One summers day, Alisah was setting the table. "Unbelievable who would do such a thing!" Alisah's mum said. Alisah's mum (Miriam who dreams of being on TV) was very serious about this matter. Miriam looked stressed. "What is it mum?" Alisah questioned with a disturbed look on her face. "Someones stolen the crown jewels," Miriam said. Alisah couldn't believe it. "Anyways enough of that dear will you go and fetch the napkins from the 'attick'," Mum said.

As she arrived, she it was dark and eerie. It looked abandoned. The silence filled the air. The door creaked open. She walked trying to find the napkins. But something caught her eyes. There was a shimmer in the distance. Alisah could see it clearly now. It was the crown jewels! Alisah rushed downstairs.



**Maahira**  
Year 5





Her mum and dad ~~so~~ stood in shock. "I know what it is like but I didn't do it I swear!" Alisah said parickingly. Minutes later she heard the sirens of a police car. She begged and begged for her mum not to open the door for her. But it was too late. The policeman was already taking details and had the crown jewels in his hands. Tears gilled her eyes and sadness gilled her body. She felt like a failure. A big opportunity gushed down the drain.

The policeman approached. He ushered into the car. She was scared. When the door opened she realised she was in front of the Queen and her dining ~~dr~~ room. She had the food. Let's just say it was more posh than delicious.



**Maahira**  
Year 5



# Liverpool

There she goes, skipping the rocks of the dock,  
the blazing sun blurring the ferry yards away.  
This day, just a lifetime earlier, four leather-clad lads  
stood in this place, before taking the states.

What a place to breathe and shine.  
She'd never walk alone through the streets of Bold  
and fields of Strawberry. A Bombed Out Church,  
but it continued to give peace a chance.

The countless museums and galleries permitted  
to live and let die, while searching for better days  
from their sweet lord in the spiked cathedral.  
But she was sound as a pound.

This city to her was everything. Her stars and killing  
moon,  
she could never run (so far away) from this space.  
The city rooted in labourers and working-class  
heroes, the place  
where history was not once forgotten. She was safe.

THE  
TUTOR  
TRUST

Ellie  
Tutor Trust



# SPEAK UP NORTH

with Tutor Trust

Thank you for taking part in Speak Up North!  
We hope you enjoyed the competition and hope to see you  
back next year.

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