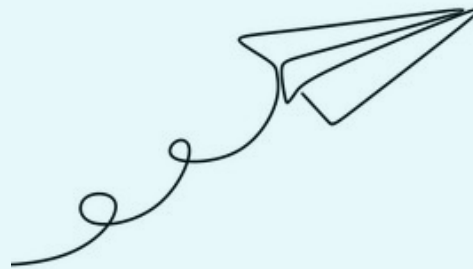
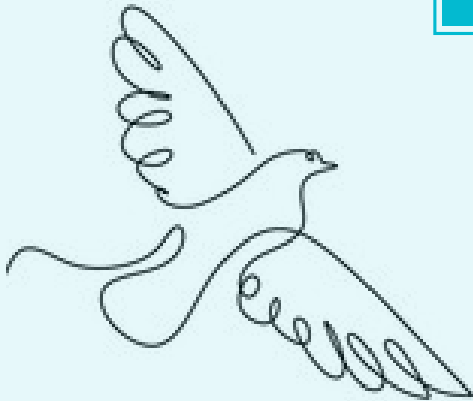


# Mother Tongue Other Tongue 2021

**A Laureate Education Project**  
An Anthology of Poems from the  
North West Poetry Competition



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Mother Tongue Other Tongue 2021

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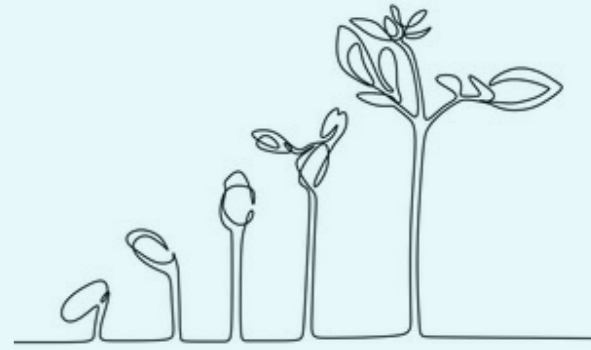
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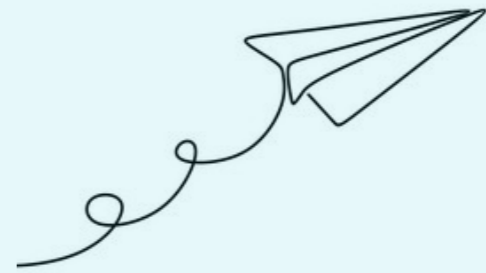
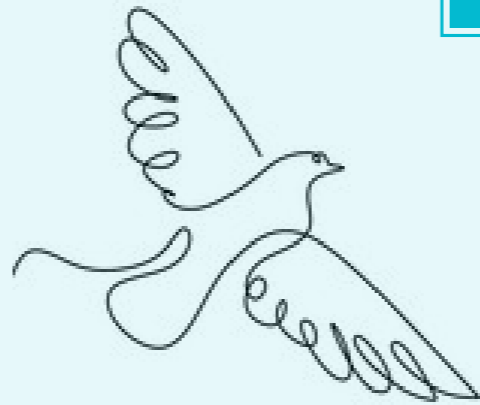
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Forewords



## Foreword by Malala Yousafzai

Education campaigner and youngest Nobel Prize laureate

“I am honoured to be part of the Mother Tongue Other Tongue project. I grew up speaking Pashto, Urdu and English. Growing up, living in Pakistan, I thought the world ended at the Swat Valley mountains but when I came to the UK I realised the world was a bigger place, with so many different cultures and languages to explore. I realised how speaking your own language and learning a new language allows you to appreciate your own culture and identity and learn about others too, truly celebrating diversity and multiculturalism.”

“When you are learning another language, you learn to think in that language, you learn to speak in that language and you learn to believe in that language and it allows you to think from a completely different perspective: it’s not just about the words and the grammar but the culture and the language it is associated with.”

“It’s a skill - a talent - and I hope those of you learning a new language continue to do so because the more you learn, the broader your mind becomes and allows you to think big.”



## Foreword by Dame Carol Ann Duffy

Former Poet Laureate

The Mother Tongue Other Tongue Poetry competition celebrates the many languages spoken in the UK – both the languages pupils learn at school, and the languages that they speak at home. As Poet Laureate, I am delighted to have been able to support the Laureate Education Project and have been thrilled to read the inspirational poems sent in by young people from all over the country. It is heartening to see the passion young people have for their language, writing and poetry. When you are young, you often discover that you have a talent for something, whatever that might be; you should follow it, be true to it and pursue it.

Differences in languages and culture are often considered barriers to communication but the language of poetry is read all over the world and all cultures have their own poets and poetry. The young people represented here are poetry’s children and the way they see our world is fresh and inspiring. In appreciating the poetry of others, or in sharing original poetry in their own language or in a language new to them, these fledgling poets bring another perspective to an art form, which can break down such perceived barriers.

I would like to thank all the talented and inspirational young people who took part in Mother Tongue Other Tongue, for sharing their thoughts and ideas through the powerful medium of poetry.



## Foreword by Professor Sharon Handley

*Pro-Vice Chancellor of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at Manchester Metropolitan*

As the Director of Routes into Languages North West I am passionate about promoting languages and encouraging pupils to learn new languages. I love the Mother Tongue Other Tongue Poetry Competition because it does just that – it celebrates the Mother Tongue, the language that is spoken at home, as well as promoting the Other Tongue, the opportunity to learn new languages at school. I have been very impressed with the standard of entries to the competition and would like to thank the young people and their teachers for their enthusiasm and creativity. I was very touched by some of the entries, which engaged with very powerful issues including immigration, war, family and relationships.

I would very much like to thank the Poet Laureate, Dame Carol Ann Duffy, for her creative leadership of this initiative and Amir Khan, the world-champion boxer, for his endorsement of the project. The Mother Tongue Other Tongue competition has been inspirational, and has enthused and motivated many young people to value languages and the diverse cultures of their communities. I hope you will enjoy reading the poems in this anthology.



## Foreword by Amir Khan

*British Boxer*

I was delighted to launch the Mother Tongue Other Tongue Poetry competition and attend the National Celebration Event at Manchester Metropolitan University. I think it is important to encourage pupils to learn other languages and to be proud of the languages they know from home. As well as English, I speak Punjabi and Urdu and I am learning Spanish. It definitely helps me communicate with people when I travel around the world .

The entries to the competition are inspirational and all the young people who entered should be very proud of themselves. The competition values all languages and I am pleased that pupils have had the opportunity to celebrate languages in this way.

I would like to congratulate all the winners and thank pupils and teachers for taking part. I hope you enjoyed the project and you continue to take pride in speaking and learning languages.



## Foreword by Imtiaz Dharker,

### Poet, Artist and Documentary Film-maker

Mother Tongue Other Tongue gives young people a way to cross borders in the most exciting way – through language. Moving between a first language and a learned one, listening to what is shared, what is different and what happens in translation, is an act of empowerment: it changes the way students see their own lives and others, as well as how they imagine themselves in the world.

They are able to pay attention to the words, the lullabies and songs they grew up with and shine all that light into the place where they are today. This is a project that celebrates all the richness of languages spoken in Britain. It feels as if it should always have existed, and I wish I had something like it when I was growing up. It would have saved me all the years of stumbling over my own tongue before I learned to respect it. It is inspiring to see these young people coming to language as something freshly discovered, newly-made. That is where poetry begins.



## Preface

The Mother Tongue Other Tongue multilingual poetry competition is a national Laureate Education Project, led by Poet Laureate, Dame Carol Ann Duffy. The competition celebrates cultural diversity and the many languages spoken in schools in the UK. This anthology compiles some of the fabulous winning entries from young writers in the North West for the 2021 competition.

Mother Tongue Other Tongue is a national project, co-ordinated by the Poetry Library. It was originally devised by Dame Carol Ann Duffy in collaboration with staff in the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at Manchester Metropolitan University and has been running since 2012. There are two separate parts to the competition and entries are welcomed from children aged 8 to 18.

The Mother Tongue part of the competition requires children who do not have English as a first language, or who speak a different language at home, to share a lullaby, poem or song from their Mother Tongue. They then write a short piece in English to explain the poem's significance to them.

The Other Tongue part of the competition encourages children learning another language in school such as French, German, Spanish, Italian, Urdu or Mandarin, to use that language creatively to write a poem. The 2015 competition was officially launched by award winning boxer, Amir Khan. Amir had this to say about the competition;

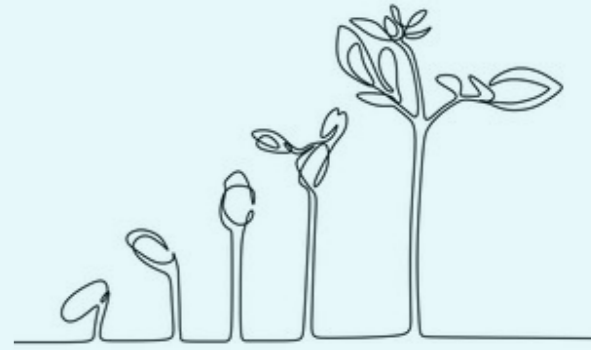
*"I think it's really important to encourage more pupils in school to learn a language and this competition is a great way to boost children's confidence."*

In 2016, the competition was officially endorsed by Malala Yousafzai, youngest Nobel Peace Prize winner and education activist.

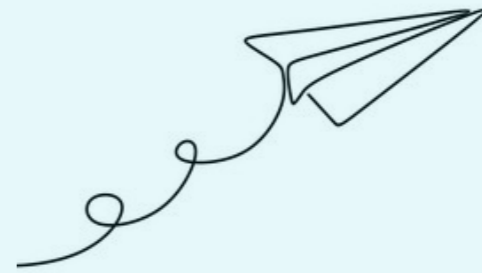
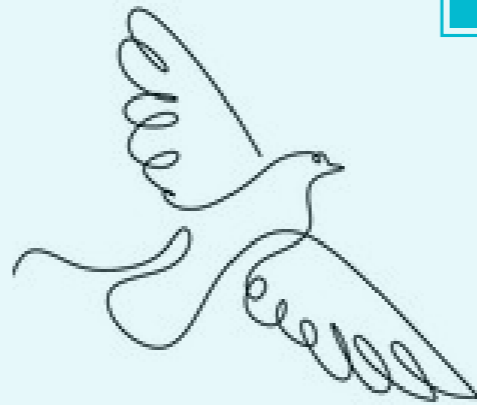
*"Our cultural heritage, identity and languages are all important to us and poetry is a great way to express these – I am very inspired by The Mother Tongue Other Tongue Project."*

In 2017, the competition was supported and endorsed by Annie Zaidi, widely considered the most prominent presence for women in professional football, and winner of the 2015 Helen Rollason Award at the Sportswomen of the Year Awards. Annie was honoured in the Queen New Year 2017 honours list British Empire Medal for her services to football coaching and is passionate about languages.

*"I was very impressed by the pupils who took part in the Mother Tongue Other Tongue competition. The poems, shared powerful and moving narratives from the pupils."*



Mother Tongue  
Other Tongue





## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 4, 5, 6

Manha Bhuiyan, William Hulme Grammar School, Bangla

বৈচিত্র্য কী?

আমরা বুঝতে পারি যে আমরা সকলেই অনন্য।  
আমাদের জাতি, বর্ণ পটভূমি যাই হোক না কেন,  
আমাদের পাথক্য দুবল না হয়ে এখানেই।

আমি এই বলে খুব গর্বিত,  
যে আমি আমার নিজস্ব উপায়ে অনন্য,  
তা হোক কারণ আমার পরিবার প্রার্থনা করতে যায়,  
বা আমি আজ আমার মাতৃভাষা যেভাবে বলি।

আমাদের দেশ বৈচিত্র্যময়,  
এবং একসাথে আমরা একটি মরীচি,  
জীবনের উত্থান-পতনের মধ্য দিয়ে,  
আমরা সবর্দা আলোকিত হতে থাকবে



## What is diversity?

It's where we realise we're all unique,  
Whatever our race, colour or background,  
This is where our differences don't fall weak.

I'm very proud to say,  
That I'm unique in my own way.  
Whether it's because of the place my family goes to pray,  
Or the way I speak my mother tongue today.

Our country is diverse,  
And together we are like a light,  
Through the ups and downs of life,  
We will always shine.



## **Commentary:**

My poem is original and I made it up in my mother tongue which is Bangla. This poem is important to me because it shows that diversity is important. Diversity is an important word and it means that everyone is unique and everyone has their differences, but no one should be ashamed of them and no one should be discriminating against someone just because of how they look, or their religion or their background. It says in my poem that I am very proud that I am unique in my very own way and the example I use is my family going to the mosque. This is with lots of other Muslim families too because their families go to the mosque especially on the Friday for the Jummah prayer. Our country accepts all religions and that means that we are free and are allowed to go to mosques while other people can go to churches or temples. I got the inspiration from this country itself. I see that there is racism in lots of other countries but then I compared it to our country, England, and we have diversity. This means that we are appreciated for our differences and we recognise that we're all unique. Our country is very lucky to be filled with cultures from all around the world and we can always be there when our neighbour needs help. Together, we are one and that shows that we are united.

## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Winner: Mridini Magesh, Sale Grammar School, Tamil

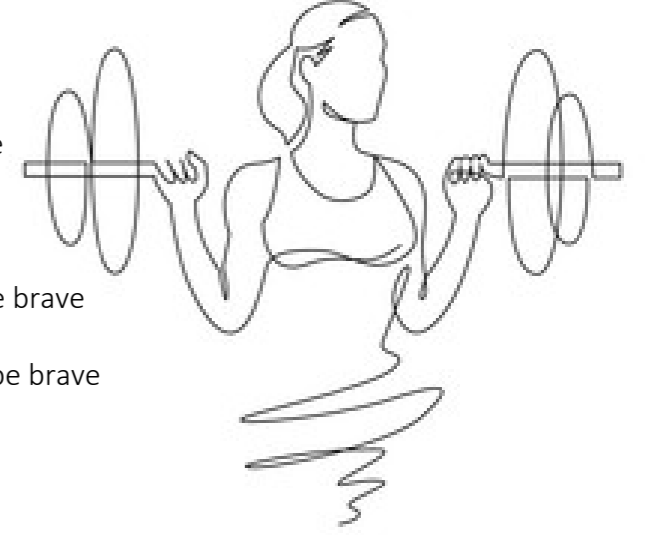
பாடல் 1

அச்சமில்லை அச்சமில்லை அச்சமென்ப தில்லையே  
இச்சகத்து ளோரெலாம் எதிர்த்து நின்ற போதினும்  
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தாச்சமாக எண்ணி நம்மைச் தூறியெய்த போதினும்  
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பிச்சை வாங்கி உண்ணும் வாழ்க்கை பெற்றுவிட்ட போதிலும்  
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இச்சைகொண்டே பொருளெலாம் இழந்துவிட்ட போதிலும்  
அச்சமில்லை அச்சமில்லை அச்சமென்ப தில்லையே



## Achamillai, Achamillai

I will be brave, I will be brave I will never give up  
Even if the whole world is against me I will be brave  
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what  
Even if someone bullies me I will be brave  
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what  
Even if I have become so poor I have to beg I will be brave  
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what  
Even if I lose all my friends ,family and things I will be brave  
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what



This song is not only important to me but most of India. Achamillai is written in Tamil, one of the oldest languages in the world. There are many languages in India, Tamil is only one of them. Achamillai is a poem of bravery and strength. It is a song that was written for women's rights in the 20th century. This song is also to teach kids like me to be brave and never give up. It has a great meaning and that's why it has been sung or spoken for many years. My parents were taught this in India when they were my age.



# Mother Tongue 2021

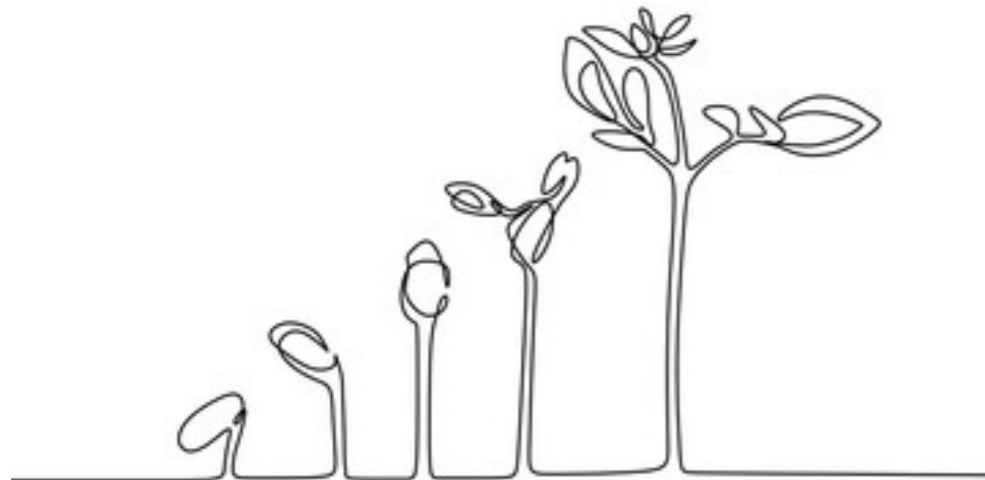
Year 7, 8, 9

Rachel Joseph, The Kings School, Malayalam

## നാളേയ്ക്കു വേണ്ടി

ഒരു തൈ നടാം നമുക്കമ്മയ്ക്കു വേണ്ടി  
 ഒരു തൈ നടാം കൊച്ചുമക്കൾക്കു വേണ്ടി  
 ഒരു തൈ നടാം നൂറു കിളികൾക്കു വേണ്ടി  
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 ഇതു പ്രാണവായുവിനായി നടുവു  
 ഇതു മഴയ്ക്കായി തൊഴുതു നടുവു  
 അഴകിനായി തണലിനായി തേൻപഴങ്ങൾക്കായി  
 ഒരു നൂറു തൈകൾ നിറഞ്ഞു നടുവു.

- സുഗതകുമാരി



## Commentary:

The language this poem is in is Malayalam, one of the many Indian languages. It is the language that my parents grew up speaking, as they are from Kerala, in southern India, where Malayalam is spoken.

This poem talks about the importance of planting trees and how we should be grateful to trees for all they do for us. The poem says we plant trees for our mothers (commemorating the dead), the little children (for the future), for the birds (to roost and make a nest in), for a better tomorrow (a better future), for lifesaving air, for the rain, for beauty, for shade and for tasty fruits. I was inspired by this piece as there has been a rapid decline in trees in the Amazon rainforest, and this poem reminds me why trees are worth saving. It is essential because I want people to be aware of the fact that trees give us life and they shouldn't be chopped down to urbanise the globe and for mankind's selfish interests.

On the contrary, we should be planting more trees as they give us all the benefits that the poem states! If there were no trees, there would be no oxygen in the air and we would all die! Also, we wouldn't be able to enjoy the luxuries of our favourite fruits, like apples, pears and plums! This is why trees matter so much to me! Without trees life on Earth would not be sustainable, so this poem gives out a powerful message to everyone and reminds us that we all should be planting more trees for a better tomorrow.



## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Zoe Werner, Withington Girls School, German

### Sterne

Ich wache auf,  
deutsche Flugzeuge kreischen über mir,  
Bomben stöhnen in der Ferne.  
Eine weitere Nacht ist vergangen  
und ich lebe noch.

Ich schaue zum Bett meiner Mutter,  
aber es ist leer.  
Sie ist schon auf und nach oben gegangen.  
Der Keller riecht feucht und schimmelig,  
aber er ist sicherer.  
Die Geräusche werden leiser,  
als die Bomber sich entfernen,  
nur um später wieder zu kommen,  
wenn es dunkel ist.

Meine Füße schmerzen, als ich aufstehe;  
sie fühlen kaum den kalten schmutzigen Steinboden.  
Mein Nachthemd ist zerknittert und dreckig,  
aber das ist mir egal.  
Ich stolpere die Treppe hinauf  
und rufe nach meiner Mutter,  
aber es kommt keine Antwort.  
Ich rufe erneut,  
aber meine Stimme hallt nur durch das leere Haus.

Ich kann sie nicht in der Küche arbeiten hören  
und auch das Radio ist nicht eingeschaltet.  
Und plötzlich weiß ich, wo sie ist.

Ich renne panisch auf die staubige Straße;  
ich kann nicht einmal schreien.  
Ihr schwacher Körper lehnt an der Wand  
und Blut fließt immer noch aus ihrer Wunde,  
die sich hinter dem gelben Stern verbirgt,  
der auf ihr Kleid genäht ist.  
Der gleiche Stern,  
der an meinen Kleidern befestigt ist;  
der gleiche Stern,  
der an der Brust von jedem Juden heftet.

Neben Mama sind tiefe Fußabdrücke  
von schweren Stiefeln in den Staub gedrückt,  
Fußabdrücke von Armeestiefeln.  
Ich stürze mich zu meiner Mutter hinab,  
sie atmet hektisch.  
Ihre Augen sind halb geschlossen,  
aber sie lebt.  
Ich nehme ihre Hand in meine,  
aber ich weiß nicht, ob sie es bemerkt.

Tränen kullern über mein Gesicht wie Felsbrocken.  
Ich schreie um Hilfe,  
aber niemand kommt.  
Ich drücke mein Nachthemd auf ihre Wunde,  
um das Blut zu stoppen,  
aber es ist zu spät.  
Sie ist weg,  
meine Hand immer noch in ihrer.  
Sie ist weg.

Jeden Morgen hatte ich mich davor gefürchtet,  
aber sie war immer da gewesen.  
Jeden Morgen hatte sie meine Hand genommen  
und wir waren nach oben gegangen,  
um miteinander zu reden.

Ich lasse mich neben Mama an die Wand fallen  
und dann sehe ich sie; überall.  
Körper,  
alle auf dem Boden liegend,  
und ich verstehe,  
warum niemand gekommen ist,  
um Mama zu helfen.

Die Sonne geht auf wie an jedem anderen Morgen,  
aber ich kann immer noch die Sterne sehen;  
überall.  
Jüdische Sterne

### **Commentary:**

I was inspired to write the poem 'Sterne' because of the war started by the Nazis on the first of September 1939 in Germany. Europe and Germany were destroyed in this war. Many German and European Jews were chased from their homes. Germany was split and millions of lives were unnecessarily taken away. In our world today, we still see starving children, we can hear the desperate shrieks of the suffering and we can smell the scent of burnt cities. We have destroyed others, and ourselves. We have battled in plenty of wars but we never had a victory. Even when we won wars, we lost lives, love, trust, and our families. This is the world we have made. This is our world, our home. We have separated ourselves, and we have fought each other, our family. Wars do not solve problems or bring peace, wars release our anger but build more hatred for the future. Everyone can fight and hate, but is that what we want? People have been killed but we have only let hate blossom into a dark flower. Always growing. We have to destroy this flower before it releases its nectar and we crawl into the depths of this evil trap. Children were left alone in the world, no one left to love them. It is terrible when children have to struggle through life on their own, but many do. Why? Mostly this is because we let their parents die in battle, either with other people or with illnesses. On average 112 children are being left alone each day, to fight the evils of our world. We are all the children of Mother Earth. We are brothers and sisters in heart, no matter what borders we have drawn on maps, we can never draw borders in our hearts. In the last decade 12 million children were left homeless because of war. Is this really the world we wanted to have or will we change it before it is too late? With my poem I want to remind people of how cruel war is, we can learn from history so that we don't make the same mistakes again



## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

Kanon Akter, Oasis Academy Leesbrook, Bengali

### Original poem in Bengali - Shonkolpo by Kazi Nazrul Islam

কব না কো বদ্ধ ঘরে, দেখব এবার জাটাকে,  
কেমন করে ঘুরছে মানুষ যুগান্তের ঘূর্ণিঝাকে।  
দেশ হতে দেশ দেশান্তরে  
ছুটছে তারা কেমন করে,  
কিসের নেশায় কেমন করে মরছে যে বীর লাখে লাখে,  
কিসের আশায় করছে তারা বরণ মরন-যন্ত্রণারে ॥  
কেমন করে বীর ডুবুরি সিন্ধু সৈঁচে মুক্তা অমে,  
কেমন করে দুঃসাহসী চলছে উড়ে স্বপ্নাঙ্গনে।  
জাপটে ধরে চেউয়ের ঝুঁটি  
যুদ্ধ-জাহাজ চলছে ছুটি,  
কেমন করে আনছে মানিকরোবাইকরেসিন্ধু-যানে,  
কেমন জোরে টানলে সাগর উথলে ওঠে জোয়ার-বানে।  
কেমন করে মথলে পাথার লক্ষ্মীর্ষনে পাতাল ফুঁড়ে,  
কিসের আভিযানে মানুষ চলছে হিমালয়ের চুড়ে।  
তুহিন মেরু পার হয়ে যায়  
সন্ধানীরা কিসের আশায়;  
হাউই চড়ে চায় যেতে কে চন্দ্রলোকের অচিন পুরে;  
শুনবো আমি, ইঙ্গিত কোন 'মঙ্গল' হতে আসছে উড়ে ॥  
কোন বেদনায় টিকি কেটে চণ্ডখোর এ চীনের জাতি  
এমন করে উদয়-বেলায় মরণ-খেলায় ওঠল মাতি।  
আয়লবুড আজ কেমন বর  
স্বাধীন হতে চলছে ওরে;  
তুরঙ্গ ভাই কেমন করে কাটল শিকল রাতারাতি!  
কেমন করে মাঝ-গগনে নিবল গ্রীসের সূর্য-বাতি ॥  
রইব না কো বদ্ধ খাঁচায়, দেখব এ-সবুজ ঘুরে-  
আকাশ-বাতাস চন্দ্র-তারায় সাগর-জলে পাহাড়-চুঁড়ে।  
আমার সীমার বাঁধন টুটে  
দশ দিকেতে পড়ব লুটে;  
পাতাল ফেড়ে নামব নীচে, ওঠব আবার আকাশ ফুঁড়ে;  
বিশ্ব- জগৎ দেখবো আমি আপন হাতের মুঠোয় পুরে।



### Translation:

I will not stay in a closed room, I will see the world now, -  
How people are turning in the whirlpool of the age.  
Migration from country to country  
How are they running,  
How is it that the hero is dying in the intoxication of millions,  
What are they hoping for in the agony of death.  
How the brave diver brings pearls to the Indus,  
How daring to fly to heaven.  
Holding the crest of the waves  
The warship is on vacation,  
How is Manik loading the Indus-vehicle,  
When you pull it hard, the sea rises in the tide.  
How Lakshmi of Pathal rises in the abyss,  
In what expedition are people going to the top of the Himalayas.  
Tuhin crosses the pole  
What are the seekers hoping for;  
Howie wants to go to the moonlit world Achin Pure;  
I will listen, the hint is coming from any 'Mars'.  
Chandu-khor is a Chinese nation that has been bitten by any pain  
In this way, Mati got into a death-game at dawn.  
How is Ireland today  
He is going to be independent;  
How the Turkish brother cut the chain overnight!  
How the sun-lamp of Greece nibbled in the middle of the sky.  
I will not live in a closed cage, I will see all the world around me.  
The sky, the wind, the moon, the stars, the sea, the water, the mountains.  
My boundaries are broken  
I will read in ten directions;  
I will go down to the bottom of the abyss, I will rise again to blow the sky;  
I will see the world in the palm of my hand.

## Commentary:

I have decided to choose this poem because it relates to my lifestyle a lot. In this poem Kazi wishes to travel all around the world to know more about how people from around the world live and communicate with each other, it is also important to my mother and she likes to sing it out. He mainly refers this the ladies and girls who years ago were expected to stay at home and care for the household, nowadays all girls are important to society, because they are conquering the world after men – this is inspiring to me & comes from the quote “thakbo na ko boddho ghore, dekhbo ebar jogottake”. This links to idea of freedom because as I know that not everyone likes to be kept in the house for long period of time, this can happen to everyone; school is a release for me, where I can be myself

I personally believe that this might be a good poem that might link with me, and reflects on my own personal experiences, particularly spending a lot of time alone during the pandemic; I just want to be free. In this poem the poet determines that he WILL be free, and I also believe that I will be free as I turn 18, my aspirations are to have the life of my dreams, succeeding at 22, which is 7 years ahead; and this poem really helps me realise this.

This poem was written to show how others communicate, and care for each other, as we all know, when we settle ourselves in a new city, country or town, it takes a pretty long time to adjust, I don't know if I've been repeating the same thing over and over again, but in here, I am describing my feelings, if I continuously say something, it actually shows how much I think about that stuff, and that there is less possibility of me forgetting all about them. I am a person who got so used to being kept inside the house, that when someone would leave in in the world around me, I might get lost; my friends calls me a TIGER when I'm with them.

Returning to the Kazi's poem, when I heard this poem for the 1st time, hearing my mom reciting it, I completely fell in love with it, “love at 1st hearing” I don't know why but I felt like it will suit me a lot, especially with my targets and determinations of doing something, and never giving up on something I really want to do and must doing it for my good. Long story short – you must never give up on your dreams, in the world, many people might say many things but YOU need to follow YOUR aims, not others, because remember that if you succeed achieving your dreams, no one else will be able to stop you anymore!!!



## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

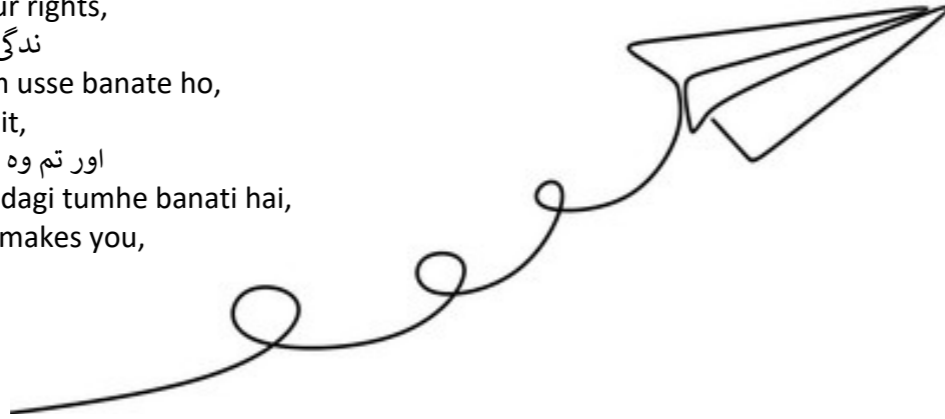
Syeda Zainab Mazhari, Withington Girls School, Urdu

### Zindagi kya hai?

#### What is life?

اپنے خوابوں کے لئے آگے بڑھنا  
Apney khwabon ke liye agey barhna,  
To move forward for your dreams,  
اپنی طاقت کو لے کر اچھائیوں پر چڑھنا  
Apni taqat ko le kar uchaiyon par charhna,  
To conquer heights with your strength,  
جو چاہے اس کے لیے محنت کرنا  
Jo chahiye uske liye mehnat karna,  
To work hard for what you want,

سوائے خدا کے کسی سے نا ڈرنا  
Siwaye khuda ke kisi se na darna,  
Not fearing anything except the Almighty  
اپنے حق کے لئے ہمیشہ لڑنا  
Apne haq ke liye hamesha larhna,  
To always fight for your rights,  
ندگی وہ ہے جو تم اسے بناتے ہو  
Zindagi woh hai jo tum usse banate ho,  
Life is what you make it,  
اور تم وہ ہو جو تمہے زندگی بناتی ہے  
Aur tum woh ho jo zindagi tumhe banati hai,  
And you are what life makes you,



جلانے والے جلاتے ہے چراغ آخر  
Jalaney waley jalatey hain chiragh akhir,  
Those that want to light lamps light them after all,  
یہ کیا کہا کے ہوا تیز ہے زمانے کی  
Ye kya kaha ke hawa tez hai zamaney ki,  
Despite saying the world is harsh-winded,

مظہری کو دی خدا نے زندگی کتنی حسین  
Mazhari ko di khuda ne zindagi kitni haseen,  
How beautiful is the life given to Mazhari (Zainab) by God,  
ہر گھڑی لگتی ہے اسکی آفریں صدافریں  
Har ghadi lagti hai uski afreen sad-afreen.  
For every moment feels like a hundred praises.

#### **Commentary:**

I have grown up speaking Urdu at home since it is my first language. In addition to this, I come from a family of highly esteemed poets of Urdu literature (my grandfather Hasan Shakeel Mazhari and my great grandfather Allama Jameel Mazhari). I think of Urdu as my gift from God and my pride in the modern world. Studying Urdu literature has inspired me to begin writing my own collection of Urdu poems of different genres as a past time. The second last couplet is taken from my great grandfather Allama Jameel Mazhari published in his book Guldasta Dar Guldasta (Volume 4). A poetic technique that I have used is called 'maqta' which is a way to add the poet's pen name as a credit to complete the poetry. This specific poem is inspired by the societal pressures and views that are commonly enforced on the youth of our community and how we as people can help overcome this and achieve what we want by doing the right thing despite many people opposing us. This poem also highlights the mindset that is rarely found in present times of finding the positive in the most difficult situations and how important one's attitude towards their life affects their achievements. I am privileged to be given a creative platform where I can express my love for Urdu and my heritage as a British-Indian and incredibly grateful for this opportunity.



## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

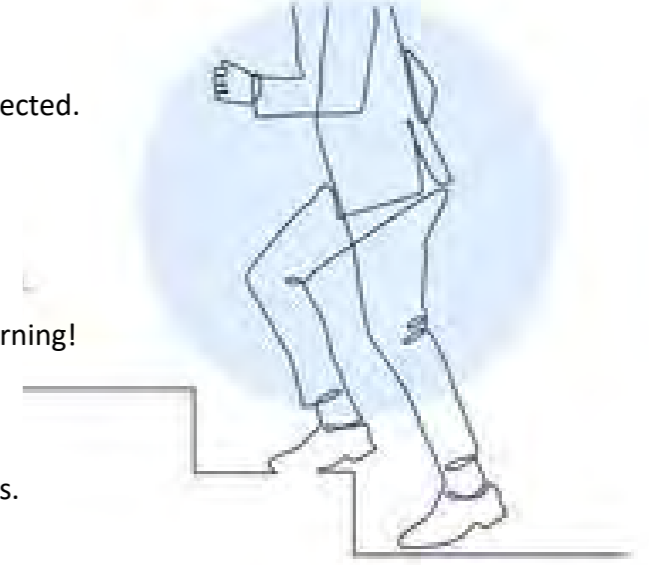
Fatima Alshemary , Albion Academy, Arabic

### You Didn't Know

أنت لا تعلم  
ستعلم أنني نجحت  
ولن تعرف كم مرة فشلت  
ستعلم أنني قبلت وظيفة جديدة  
ولن تعرف أنه تم رفضي مرات عديدة  
ستعلم أنني أخيراً بنيت منزلاً ولن تعرف أن منزلنا سقط على  
رؤوسنا ستعلم أنني اشتريت سيارة جديدة  
ولن تعرف كم مشيت طويلاً ستعلم أنني أول الحاضرين صباحاً ولن  
تعرف الأرق الذي جعلني ساهراً  
ستعلم أنني تغربت في بلد آخر  
ولن تعرف طعم الغربة المر  
ستعلم النهايات البهية  
ولن تعرف البدايات القاسية  
أرجوك  
كن رحيماً في حكمك على الآخرين  
ولا تكن ضيق الأفق  
فاطمة الشمري

### 'You didn't know!'

You'll know that I've succeeded,  
but you won't know how many times I've failed.  
You'll know I've been accepted into a new job,  
But you won't know how many times I have been rejected.  
You'll know I finally bought a house,  
But you won't know that our house fell on us!  
You 'll know I have a new car,  
But you won't know I walked furthermore.  
You'll know I'm the first one to be in the morning,  
But you won't know insomnia kept awake till the morning!  
You'll know I've moved to another country,  
But you won't know the cruel reality.  
You'll know about the happy ends.  
But you won't know about harsh and hard beginnings.  
So please be merciful when judging others,  
Don't make your gaze narrow and oblivious!



### **Commentary:**

I wrote this poem because of the bad experiences I had in my life.  
We don't have our own house yet; we don't have our own car!  
Most importantly, we were forced to leave our country Kuwait behind with all our childhood memories.  
Evil eye or envy is a very harmful and cruel feeling, and it is the worst thing in this life, especially from your closest people.  
Now, we have a better and stable life, but no one knows what we have been through to reach this point.  
Everyone has different stories in this life, we do not know about others' suffering, so we can't judge a book by its cover!  
We should be kind and understanding to each other because life is very difficult and there are many sensitive people who cannot recover from those difficult times.  
Life is like a train, this train will stop in different stations, one by one till the final destination.....





## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

Tirtha Desai, Lancaster Girls' Grammar School, Marathi

### येरे येरे पावसा – Rain come here

येरे येरे पावसा, तुला देतो पैसा  
पैसा झाला खोटा, पाऊस आला मोठा  
ये ग ये ग सरी, माझे मडके भरी  
सर आली धाउन,  
मडके गेले वाहुन!

Rain, come here, come here, I'll give you a coin  
The coin turned out to be fake,  
And the rain came down heavily,  
Shower (of rain), come here, fill my pots for me  
The shower came running,  
And my pots were washed away!



### **Commentary:**

And my pots were washed away!

येरे येरे पावसा, is a popular nursery rhyme from the Indian State, Maharashtra. Being quite a hot country, rain was much appreciated by its public; the rainy season, called for joy and flourishing crops. Although I, among many others, grew up in the city of Mumbai surrounded by its fumes and intimidating buildings, the pitter-patter of the rain would have this song come flooding back to me every-time without fail. As a child, I would skip along with my grandparents to their native village to join in with the fun of the season. It is still a vividly painted image in my mind – one which I ought to never forget. Splashing in the mud with the neighbours' kids, we would all sing this tune at the top of our lungs in the hopes of the clouds hearing us. It was said that singing would please the Lord of rain (Indra). Hence, the kids of these unnamed towns came together to form such simplistic poems in order to entertain him and earn more rain for their crops. Whenever these clouds rested and the thundering waned to slight dripping, us children burst into our songs and dances as the farmers grinned from behind their ploughs. While the intent and desperation for food seems rather melancholy, the thought of this poem has brought me recollections of nothing but euphoria and laughter. I had twirled around in fields I cannot recall, with kids whose names I have now forgotten, and yet here I am. Here I am, ten years later and still remembering every syllable of this song as if it were my own name.



## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Gul Mehqan Shamraiz Begum, Bolton Sixth Form, Urdu

### ہمدردی

ٹہنی پہ کسی شجر کی تنہا  
بلبل تھا کوئی اداس بیٹھا

کہتا تھا کہ رات سر پہ آئی  
اڑنے چگنے میں دن گزارا

پہنچوں کس طرح آشیاں تک  
ہر چیز پہ چھا گیا اندھیرا

سن کر بلبل کی آہ وزاری  
جگنو کوئی پاس ہی سے بولا

حاضر ہوں مدد کو جان و دل سے  
کیڑا ہوں اگرچہ میں ذرا سا

کیا غم بے جو رات بے اندھیری  
میں راہ میں روشنی کروں گا

اللہ نے دی ہے مجھ کو مشعل  
چمکا کے مجھے دیا بنایا

ہیں لوگ وہی جہاں میں اچھے  
آتے ہیں جو کام دوسروں کے

### Commentary:

The poem 'Hamdardi' precisely translates to 'sympathy' which is written by the national poet of Pakistan, Dr Muhammad Allama Iqbal. It's a conversation between a nightingale and a firefly. The nightingale is concerned and sad as darkness has enveloped everything and he can't find his way home. The firefly availed him with its full heart to illuminate the nightingale's way. Despite being an insignificant insect, who had nothing more than a light on its back, the firefly didn't hesitate to serve the nightingale.

This poem is my favourite because it gives a message of hope, compassion and solidarity. Iqbal encourages us to identify and use our best qualities to make a difference to other people's lives. He doesn't want us to feel abhorrent or consider anything contemptible. He delivers a message of peace, kindness and benevolence. This poem intrigues me because it evokes the spirit of compassion for others and relates to the present day where the world has become selfish, rapacious and materialistic. We barely tend to think about others and dismiss the opportunities to serve people. We have become ruthless, our hearts don't ache while seeing someone in pain and trouble yet Iqbal demonstrates the scenario of a tiny insect who did the utmost to help someone else, selflessly. Iqbal emphasises the concept of goodness and compassion and suggests that having the best physique doesn't make you a good person but being kind and empathetic to others elevates your status. This poem fascinates me because it sheds light on the shared issue and voices my thoughts. Iqbal used a simple yet astonishing method to convey a wonderful message to the world. This poem is close to my heart because I memorised it years ago but the connection hasn't withered after all this time.



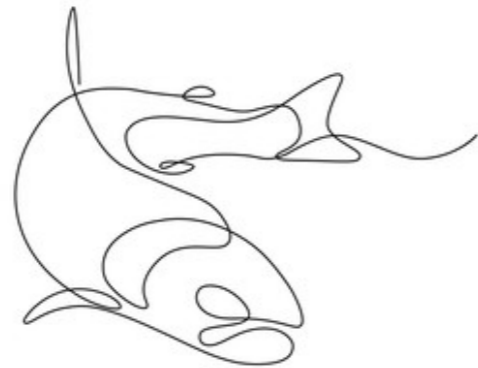
## Mother Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Yiyang Zhao, Altrincham Girls Grammar School, Chinese

### 大鱼 原唱: 周深 Zhou Shen-Big Fish

海浪无声 将 夜幕深深 淹没  
漫过天空 尽头的角落  
大鱼在梦境的缝隙里游过  
凝望你沉睡的轮廓  
看海天一色听风起雨落  
执子手吹散苍茫茫烟波  
大鱼的翅膀已经太辽阔  
我松开时间的绳索  
怕你飞远去怕你离我而去  
更怕你永远停留在这里  
每一滴泪水都向你流淌去  
倒流进天空的海底  
海浪无声 将 夜幕深深 淹没  
漫过天空 尽头的角落  
大鱼在梦境的缝隙里游过  
凝望你沉睡的轮廓  
看海天一色听风起雨落  
执子手吹散苍茫茫烟波  
大鱼的翅膀已经太辽阔  
我松开时间的绳索  
看你飞远去看你离我而去  
原来你生来就属于天际  
每一滴泪水都向你流淌去  
倒流回最初的相遇



The song 'Big Fish' is part of the original soundtrack of the Chinese film 'Big Fish & Begonia', released in 2016 after being in production for 12 years.

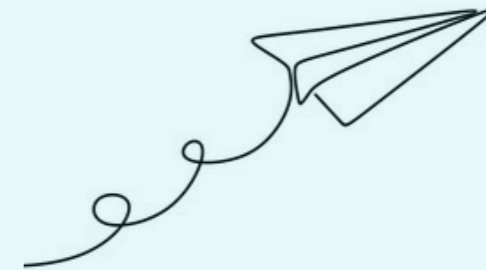
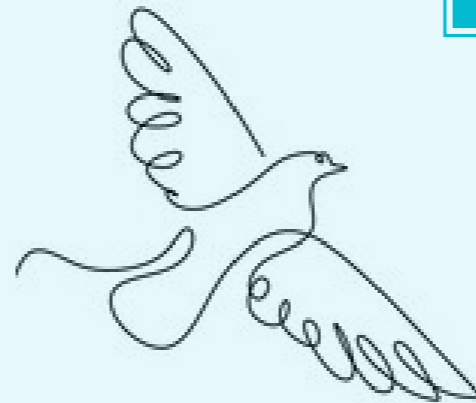
I first heard this song whilst watching the film in China with my mum and cousin, and whilst at the time the song seemed a conventional, ethereal background song, over time my perception of it has gained significance.

Some of my favourite lines of the lyrics are in the chorus, which roughly translate to: 'I'm afraid for you to fly away, afraid for you to leave me, but even more afraid of you remaining here forever'. The conflict in the thoughts of the speaker reflect the numerous paradoxes we experience in life, and the complex emotions we feel when parting with someone especially important to us. Despite the lyrics referring to a parting between close friends in the film, I believe they also highlight the emotions of parents, who grieve the loss of their children to the cruel world, but would rather they leave than have no progress at all in their lives and "[remain]" in a stagnant position. The image on the page opposite is taken from the film's poster, which displays the feelings of pain and tragedy prominent in the storyline - not only do the lyrics of this song also reflect the several tragedies in the film, but the music and Zhou Shen's ethereal singing do too. Another reason why I love this song so much is the context behind it: despite Zhou Shen's voice being initially considered as surprisingly feminine, this song was perhaps the first which introduced him to the world without being subject to comments on his gender, as for most people, they had heard the song in the film before knowing who sang it. People were more focused on his captivating voice, now often described as '天籁之音', meaning that his voice and skills reach the highest tier in the world of music. Through Zhou Shen's story and journey with music, this song also breaks gender stereotypes and represents society's acceptance of him.

After becoming familiar with Zhou Shen as a singer who loves to combine Chinese and popular-style music in his singing, and due to appreciating my Chinese heritage now more than ever, I now view 'Big Fish' as possessing the beauty and enchantment which traditional Chinese music has, but isn't restricted to. The complex emotions in the song and which the song evokes, as well as the personal connection I feel with it, make it a timeless piece of music which I hope the world appreciates too.



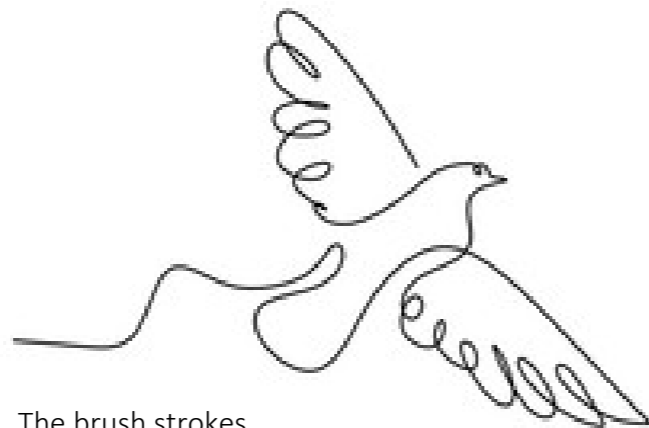
Mother Tongue  
Other Tongue



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 4, 5, 6

Theo Holden, Oakhill School, French



Les coups de pinceau  
Contre la page  
La page illumine le visage  
des artistes  
La photo fait briller  
le pièce  
Les émotions des  
artistes montent  
La rien la page est  
maintenant tout

The brush strokes  
against the page  
The page brightens the  
artist's face  
The picture shines  
the room  
The artist's emotions rise  
The nothing on the page  
now is everything

La beauté s'envole  
cage comme un oiseau en  
plein essor  
Les yeux des artistes  
scintillent dans la lumière  
L'artiste est sans voix avec  
son travail  
L'artiste est dessiné dans  
son image  
L'artiste est perdu dans sa  
photo ne sachant pas s'il  
s'échappera un-jour

The beauty flies out it's  
cage like a soaring bird  
The artist's eyes twinkle  
in the light  
The artist is speechless  
with his work  
The artist is drawn into  
his picture  
The artist is lost in his  
picture not knowing if  
he'll ever escape



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 4, 5, 6

Francesca Girolami, St Bede's College Manchester, Spanish

### ¿Te gusta?

¿Te gusta el helado?

Si me gusta, si me gusta

Te gusta el ajo

¡Sí, me gusta, sí, me gusta!

¿Te gusta el helado de ajo?

¡No me gusta!

Te gusta el jugo?

Si me gusta, si me gusta

¿Te gusta el queso?

Si me gusta, si me gusta

¿Te gusta el jugo de queso?

¡No me gusta!

¿Te gusta la pizza?

Si me gusta, si me gusta

Te gusta el melocotón

Si me gusta, si me gusta

¿Te gusta la pizza de melocotón?

¡¡No me gusta !!

### Do you like?

Do you like ice cream?

Yes, I like, yes I like

Do you like garlic?

Yes, I like, yes I like!

Do you like garlic ice cream?

I don't like!

Do you like juice?

Yes, I like, yes I like

Do you like cheese?

Yes, I like, yes I like

Do you like cheese juice?

I don't like!

Do you like pizza?

Yes, I like, yes I like

Do you like peach?

Yes, I like, yes I like

Do you like peach pizza?

I don't like!!



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 4, 5, 6

Bethany Reeve, Didsbury CE Primary School, Spanish

### Creciendo

La infancia, la edad adulta,  
Todo es genial, pero ¿qué  
Pasa con esos recuerdos que  
Hacemos cuando crecemos  
Creciendo? ¿Alguna vez  
Pensaste? ¿Alguna vez  
Pensaste que lo que estaba  
En el medio podría ser algo  
Más grande? Cuando  
Estemos creciendo.  
Todas Estas luchas por llegar a la  
Cima pensarían que están en  
Nuestras mentes, pero  
Aparentemente no.

I have decided to write this poem because people often think about and celebrate childhood and adulthood but they miss out what is in the middle, which is growing up. I think people should be more educated on the struggles of growing up so they can be a helping hand to those that need one.

### Growing up

Childhood, adulthood,  
It's all great, but what about  
Those memories we make  
When we're growing up?  
Did you ever think? Did you  
Ever consider that what  
Was in the middle  
Could be something bigger?  
When we're growing up. All these  
Struggles to get to the top  
You would think it's on our minds  
But apparently not.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Daniel Wakwima, St Bede's College Manchester, French

### La vie du temps

Tu m'appelles mystérieux, mais le mystère est mon animal familier.  
J'ai vu toute la vie, ont et été attristes par toute la mort.  
J'ai toujours été là, aussi fluide qu'une rivière.  
Une fois que j'ai fait un pas, vous ne pouvez pas revenir en arrière.  
Ma vie a été très longue.  
Aussi longtemps que le début.  
Tous les traités de paix et toutes les guerres menées.  
Sont arrivés sous le règne du temps.  
Sous mon règne du temps.

### The life of time

You call me mysterious, but mystery is my pet.  
I have seen all life, have and been saddened by all death.  
I've always been there, as fluid as a river.  
Once I've taken a step, you can't get back in reverse.  
My life has been very long.  
As long as the beginning.  
All peace treaties and all wars waged.  
Arrived under the reign of time.  
Under my reign of time.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Stanley Smith, Cheadle Hulme High School, French

### The Boy Who Lost His Mum

Le garçon porte un sourire  
Même si ta mère est partie  
Le garçon joue dans la rue  
Même si le ciel n'est pas bleu  
Le garçon est tranquille  
Même s'il y a du bruit dans sa ville  
Personne ne sait qu'il est solitaire  
Parce qu'il n'a jamais parlé après avoir perdu sa mère.

### The Boy Who Lost His Mum

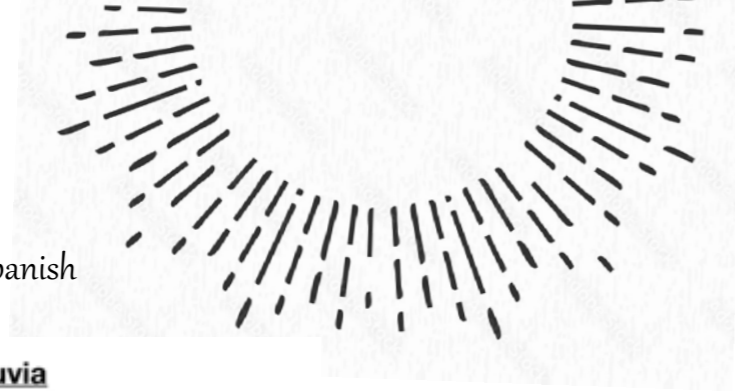
The boy wears a smile  
Even though his mother is gone  
The boy plays in the street  
Even though the sky is not blue  
The boy is quiet  
Even though the city is noisy  
No one knows he's lonely  
Because he never spoke after losing his mother.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Lydia Lutwyche, Oakhill School, Spanish



### Después de la lluvia

Después de la lluvia, sé que brillará el sol.

Y el cielo cambiará de color a azul.

Después de la lluvia todo cambia

Elimina toda la mancha.

Y saca a relucir diferentes sentimientos.

Espero que la lluvia también se lleve

Todas mis dudas y miedos, mi odio y mi dolor.

Entonces se nubla a mis ojos,

Entonces puedo ver la luz del sol después de la lluvia

### After The rain

After the rain, I know the sun will shine.

And the sky will change colour into blue .

After the rain, everything is changing

It washes away all the stain.

And bring out different feelings.

I hope rain can also wash away

All my doubts and fears, my hatred and pain.

Then it becomes clouded to my eyes,

So then I can see the sunshine after the rain.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Daniel Goharriz, The Kings School, German

### Ein Neuanfang

Die Welt hat sich den Virus eingefangen

Unser Leben wurde zum Zirkus

Die Welt verneigt sich der Kummer

Doch wir können nur in unserer Blase bleiben

Wir trugen unsere Masken, um unser Leben zu schützen

Und jeden Tag beteten wir zum Himmel hinauf

Vereint stehen wir, geteilt fallen wir

Lasst uns alle durch die Spitze der Mauer klettern

Auch wenn die Nacht vorbeikommt

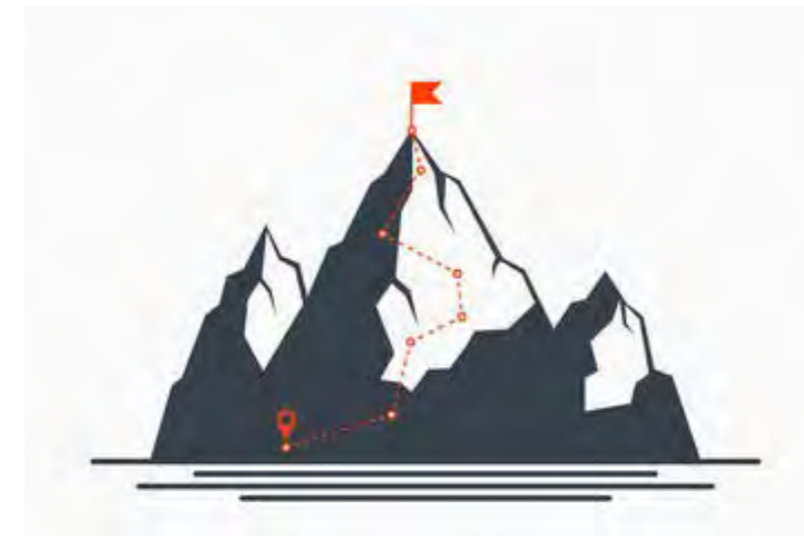
Die Sonne wird am Himmel scheinen

Die Vögel singen, der Wind tanzt

Teilen wir die Freude über einen neuen Anfang

Wie ein Wind, der über das Meer fährt, setzen wir die Segel

Wir gehen weiter und weiter, um nicht zu scheitern



### A New Beginning

The world caught the virus

Our lives became the circus

The world bowed down with trouble

Yet we can only stay in our bubble

We wore our masks to protect our lives

And everyday we prayed up to the skies

United we stand, divided we fall

Let's all climb through the top of the wall

Even when the night comes by

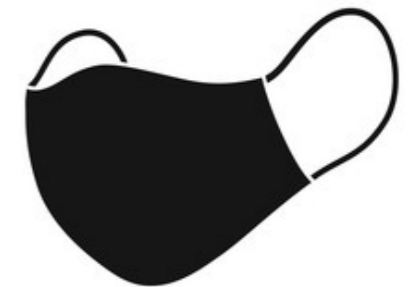
The sun will shine over the sky

The birds are singing, the wind is dancing

Sharing the joy of a new beginning

Like a wind cruising the sea we set sail

We go on and on aiming not to fail





## Other Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Ellie O'Hare, Lancaster Girls Grammar School, French

### La Vue de l'Oiseau

L'oiseau déploie ses ailes  
et s'envole dans le ciel.  
Avec le vent sur ses plumes  
il commence son voyage annuel.

Quelquefois la vue de l'oiseau est bien.  
Il voit les vergers grands avec beaucoup de fruits  
et les lumières de les villes dans la nuit.  
Il voit les lacs paisibles et les belles rivières  
et les bateaux de pêche colorés sur la mer.  
Il voit les montagnes enneigées  
et les personnes contentes sur les plages sablonneuse en été.

Mais quelquefois la vue de l'oiseau est mauvais.  
Il voit des usines déplaisantes expirent une fumée dégoûtante  
et les océans remplis de plastique polluant.  
Il voit des personnes combattent dans les guerres  
et les enfants pauvres sans des maisons ou des alimentaires.  
Il voit les personnes malades qui n'ont pas les moyens d'aller à l'hôpital  
et des personnes qui marchent sur des kilomètres pour recevoir l'eau propre minimale.

L'oiseau atterrit  
et il plie ses ailes.  
Il a vue le monde  
le bien et le mauvais.  
Il voudrait faire un changement.  
Mais, comment ?  
C'est juste un oiseau.



### The Bird's View

The bird spreads its wings  
and flies away into the sky.  
With the wind in its feathers  
it begins its annual journey.

Sometimes the bird's view is good.  
It sees large orchards with lots of fruit  
and the city lights in the night.  
It sees calm lakes and beautiful rivers  
and colourful fishing boats on the sea.  
It sees snow-capped mountains  
and happy people on sandy beaches in the summer.

But sometimes, the bird's view is bad.  
It sees ugly factories blowing out disgusting smoke  
and oceans filled with polluting plastic.  
It sees people fighting in wars  
and poor children without homes or food.  
It sees sick people who are unable to go to hospital  
and people who walk for miles to receive minimal clean water.

The bird lands  
and folds its wings.  
It has seen the world  
the good and the bad.  
It wants to make a change.  
But how?  
It is just a bird.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Dara Salami, St Bede's College Manchester, French

Détester,  
C'est un chose terrible. Je le déteste.  
En fait, la seule chose dans ce monde je déteste,  
C'est la haine dans ce monde.  
Quand on déteste on se nourrit de la joie des autres pour nourrir notre dépendance.  
Quand on déteste les gens, on encourage les autres à les détester.  
On ne sait pas qu'on est dépendants parce qu'on compose des histoires pour justifier notre haine.  
On ne sait pas que la haine consomme tout l'amour, la paix et la joie dans notre cœur.  
On ne savait pas que notre haine vient de la colère,  
Et la colère est la tristesse et l'insécurité en feu.  
La haine est une projection de honte et d'insécurité.  
Notre haine pour les autres est ce que nous détestons de nous-mêmes mais n'a pas le courage de faire face.  
Parce que c'est plus facile détester que de faire face la vérité.  
C'est plus facile blesser les autres que blesser nous-mêmes et admettre nous avons tort.  
Personne est né haineux,  
Nous apprenons à détester.  
La seule remède est d'enseigner l'amour et non le tolérance.  
L'opposé d'enseigner la haine est d'enseigner l'amour.  
Si la haine est de la glace, l'amour est la chaud et la tolérance est froid.  
Si on veut faire fondre de la glace, on faut utiliser la chaleur.  
Nous devons enseigner nos enfants ne tolère pas les autres,  
Mais adorer et apprécier leur différences,  
Alors, que nous pouvons combattre la haine avec l'adore  
Et le monde sera meilleur à l'avenir.



Hate  
It's a terrible thing. I hate him.  
In fact, the only thing in this world I hate,  
This is hatred in this world.  
When we hate we feed on the joy of others to feed our addiction.  
When you hate people, you encourage others to hate them.  
We don't know that we are dependent because we compose stories to justify our hatred.  
We do not know that hatred consumes all the love, peace and joy in our hearts.  
We did not know that our hatred comes from anger,  
And anger is sadness and insecurity on fire.  
Hatred is a projection of shame and insecurity.  
Our hatred for others is what we hate about ourselves but does not have the courage to face.  
Because it's easier to hate than facing the truth.  
It's easier to hurt others than to hurt ourselves and admit we're wrong.  
No one was born hateful,  
We learn to hate.  
The only remedy is to teach love and not tolerance.  
The opposite of teaching hatred is teaching love.  
If hatred is ice, love is hot and tolerance is cold.  
If you want to melt ice, you have to use heat.  
We must teach our children does not tolerate others,  
But love and appreciate their differences,  
So, that we can fight hate with worship  
And the world will be a better place in the future.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 7, 8, 9

Kira Limbert, Withington Girls School, Spanish

### Devuélveme mi corazón, por favor

Una tarde de verano, te quitaste tu chaqueta,  
Cuando no estabas mirando, yo deslicé mi corazón en la manga de  
tu abrigo.

Ahora usas mi corazón en tu manga

Para que todos vean –

¿Puedes sentirlo?

¿La manera en que mi corazón salta cuando dices mi nombre?

¿O como corre cuando me miras?

Te di mi corazón,

Salvajemente, apasionadamente, espontáneamente,

Pero no devolverás tu corazón

¿Pero puedes al menos devolver la mía?

Traté de arrancarte el corazón de la manga

Pero como una manzana en agosto,

Era demasiado joven, demasiado terco para ceder.

Te lo ruego:

Devuélveme mi corazón, por favor.



### Give me my heart back, please

One Summer's afternoon, you took off your jacket,  
When you weren't looking, I slipped my heart into the sleeve of your coat.

Now you wear my heart upon your sleeve

For everybody to see –

Can you feel it?

The way my heart jumps when you say my name?

Or how it races when you look at me?

I gave you my heart,

Wildly, passionately, spontaneously,

But you will not give your heart back

But can you at least return mine?

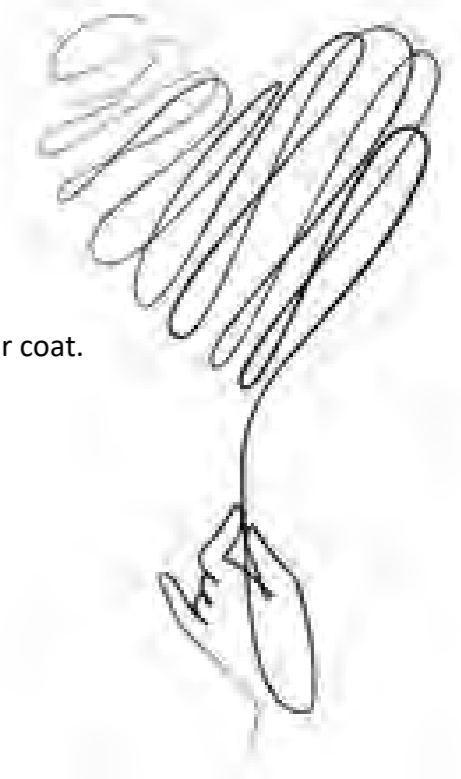
I tried to pluck my heart from your sleeve

But like an apple in August,

It was too young, too stubborn to yield.

I'm begging you:

Give me my heart back, please.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

Laibba Malik, Abraham Moss Community School, Urdu

ماں

ماں ایک ایسی غزل ہے جو سننے والے کے دل میں اُتر جاتی ہے۔ جی کرتی ہے ہاں کرتی ہے ایسا تو صرف ماں کرتی ہے۔ پیا ر تو صرف ماں کرتی ہے۔ پیار تو ہے ماں کی ممتا میں دنیا کہاں پیار کرتی ہے۔ ماں کا حق ادا کرتے رہو قسم ہے اللہ کی اگر تم اپنا گوشت کاٹ کر اسے دے ڈالو جب بھی اس کا چوتھائی حق ادا نہ ہو گا۔ ماں سچ کہا کرتی تھی کہ فکریں انسان کو بوڑھا کر دیتی ہیں۔ ماں تو ماں ہوتی ہے پہچان لیتی ہے کہ آنکھیں سونے سے لال ہیں یا رونے سے۔ اللہ نے ماں کو ایسا رُتبہ دیا ہے کی ماں کو مسکرا کر دیکھنا بھی عبادت ہے۔ میرے دل کی مسجد میں جب بھی تیری یادوں کی اذان ہوتی ہے اے ماں میں اپنے ہی آنسوؤں سے وضو کر کے تیرے جینے کی دعا کرتی ہوں۔ ماں باپ کی جتنی ضرورت ہمیں بچپن میں ہوتی ہے اتنی ہی ضرورت بڑھاپے میں اُن کو ہماری ہوتی ہے۔ اگر تمہاری ماں تمہارے غصے کی وجہ سے تم سے بات کرتے ہوئے ڈرتی ہے تو پھر تم افسوس کرو کیونکہ تم نے اپنے ہاتھوں سے مغفرت کا دروازہ بند کر دیا ہے۔ رشتوں میں سب سے افضل رشتہ و درجہ ماں کا ہے۔ دُنیا میں سب سے زیادہ دولت اس کے پاس ہے جس کی ماں زندہ ہے۔ بہترین ہے وہ ماں جو اپنے بچے کو اپنی محنت سے دین دار بناتی ہے۔ کائنات میں ماں کی ایک ممتا ہی ہے جو بے لوث پیار کرتی ہے۔ لٹوٹا کے عمر کی دولت وہ خالی ہاتھ بیٹھی ہے۔ میری عمر بھی میری ماں کو عطا کرنا میرے مالک۔ وہ ہو گی تو دعا دے گی وہ ہو گی تو وفا دے گی۔ ابھی زندہ ہے مانمیری مجھے کچھ بھی نہیں ہو گا میں گھر سے جب نکلتا ہوں دعا بھی ساتھ چلتی ہے۔ ماں کے قدموں تلے جنت ہے۔

### Why I chose to write this poem

I feel like this poem really express the value of a mother and what she does for us, and we can never thank her enough. We should appreciate every bit of it because if she was not there our lives would have fallen apart. It also shows the relationship of a mother to their kids, and how kids should show respect to her and value her. It tells us that our mother makes many sacrifices that we don't even notice. So as we grow up, we should slowly take care of them as much as they did us since we were born. Moms are the only people who love you the most in this world.



Mother is a poem that sinks into the heart of the listener. What is to be done with wealth without a mother? Mother's love starts where the world's love ends. You can't pay back a mother, even if you cut your meat and give it to her. My mother used to say that worries make a person old. A mother can recognize if her child's eyes are red from crying or tiredness. Allah be pleased with you if you see your mother with a smile. Whenever there is an adhan (called) of your memory in my heart, I perform ablutions with my own tears and pray for your life. Just because of how a mother took care of you since you were born, she deserves and needs the same in her old age. If your mother is afraid to speak with you because of your anger, then regret it, because you have closed the door of forgiveness with your own hands. The highest of point of a relationship is at its finest with mom. The one whose mother is alive has the most wealth in the world. The best mother is the one who has made her child religious through her hard work. The love of the famous mother is selfless love out in the universe. She spends the wealth of her age on her kids, and is sitting empty handed. She is the wealth of paradise. O Allah give my age to my mother and give all my loyalties to my mother. I am alive now, my health, my wealth all belong to my mother. Nothing will happen to me as long as my mother is alive. My paradise is under my mother's feet.



### Le Grand Chien Noir-Un poème d'Emilie Anderson

Je connaissais un grand chien noir  
Qui adorait dormir sur un trottoir poussiéreux toute la journée,  
Comme un géant doux ou une bête paresseuse.  
Ses yeux se fermait souvent, sa tête lourde ne bougeait jamais du sol.  
La musique joviale du camion de glaces jouait –  
Il ne faisait rien.  
Les enfants jouaient au foot bruyamment dans la rue –  
Il ne faisait rien.  
Un ballon rebondissait sur sa tête –  
Il ne faisait rien.

Mais il regardait toujours.

Une nuit, quand le ciel a mis son meilleur costume noir  
Et a chassé les derniers rayons du soleil,  
Je suis sortie à l'épicerie du coin –  
Parce qu'on ne peut pas faire de gâteau sans œufs !  
Alors que je rentrais chez moi, j'étais soudain entourée d'une meute d'enfants affames.  
Ils ont fait des larges sourires comme des hyènes, qui pensaient avoir trouvé leur prochain repas.  
Dans l'ombre, j'ai entendu le bruit de pattes  
Et une crie de guerre d'aboiement.  
Les jeunes terrorisés ont fui.  
Le grand chien noir avait fait quelque chose.  
Par la, il a dévoré le plus grand os que je pouvais acheter de la boucherie !



### The Big Black Dog-A Poem by Emily Anderson

I used to know a big black dog  
Who loved to sleep on the dusty pavement all day  
Like a gentle giant or a lazy beast.  
The jovial music of the ice cream van would play –  
He did nothing.  
Children would play football loudly in the street –  
He did nothing.  
A ball would bounce on his head –  
He did nothing.

But he was always watching.

One night, when the sky put on its best black suit  
And chased away the last rays of sunlight,  
I went out to the corner shop –  
Because you can't make a cake without eggs!  
As I returned home, I was suddenly surrounded by a pack of youths.  
They grinned like hyenas, who thought they had found their next meal.  
From the shadows, I heard the sound of paws  
And a battle-cry of barking.  
The terrified youths fled.  
The big black dog had done something.  
Then he devoured the biggest bone that I could buy from the butcher's!



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

Alina Ijaz, Levenshulme High School, German

### Das Leben – Life

Life is an opportunity, davon zu profitieren  
Life is a beauty, bewundere es  
Life is a dream, realisiere es  
Life is a duty, vervollständige es  
Life is a game, spiel es  
Life is a promise, erfülle es  
Life is a song, sing es  
Life is a sorrow, überwinde es  
Life is a struggle, akzeptiere es  
Life is a tragedy, konfrontiere es  
Life is an adventure, wage es  
Life is luck, mach es  
Life is life, kämpfe für es  
Life is too precious, zerstöre es nicht.

Das Leben ist eine Chance, benefit from it  
Das Leben ist eine Schönheit, admire it,  
Das Leben ist ein Traum, realise it  
Das Leben ist eine Pflicht, complete it  
Das Leben ist ein Spiel, play it  
Das Leben ist ein Versprechen, fulfill it  
Das Leben ist ein Lied, sing it  
Das Leben ist eine Trauer, overcome it  
Das Leben ist ein kampf, accept it  
Das Leben ist ein Tragödie, confront it  
Das Leben ist ein Abenteuer, dare it  
Das Leben ist Glück, make it  
Das Leben ist zu kostbar, don't destroy it.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

Aleeza Siddiq, Manchester School For Girls, Spanish

### La Lluvia

La suave tamborileo  
Goteando contra en las ventanas  
Lágrimas correr bajarse cada cristal  
Luz parpadeo, reflejando una universo de estrellas  
Mientras las joyas de libertad caerse  
Coleccionando en el piso  
Creando portales  
En mundos por igual  
Y yo veo  
En cuanto lloran los cielos  
Derramando sus penas  
Ahogando mío  
El agua salpicando contra mis brazos desnudas  
Fresco, frío  
La confortando humedad caricias mi cuerpo  
Frescura explotando dentro de mi  
Delicada gota colgando de mis pestañas  
Ojos cerradas, sentidos vivas  
Volvérsenos en uno con la lluvia



### The Rain

The gentle patter  
Dripping against the windows  
Tears running down each pane  
Lights flashing, reflecting a universe of stars  
Whilst the gems of freedom fall  
Collecting on the floor  
Creating portals  
Into worlds alike  
And I watch  
As the heavens cry  
Spilling its sorrows  
Drowning mine  
The water splashing against my naked arms  
Cool, cold  
The comforting wetness, caresses my body  
Freshness exploding within me  
Delicate drops dangling off my eyelashes  
Eyes closed, senses alive  
Becoming one with the rain

## Other Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

Harrison Crook, Oakhill School, Spanish

### La Fiesta

Una tranquila y fría noche de invierno,  
Había una llama que permaneció encendida en todo momento.  
Chisporroteó y rugió  
Al igual que deliciosa, jugosa carne en una parrilla abrasador.

Pero esta llama no se parecía a ninguna otra.  
Permaneció vivo y feroz,  
Iluminando su letal revestimiento,  
Sin embargo, no parecía tan amenazador.

Cuando me acerqué comencé a ver  
Se muestran los colores reales  
Todo vibrante y alegre  
Era como ningún otro.

Esta llama se mantuvo encendida  
Durante todo el día y la noche.  
Tenía un revestimiento que parecía hostil y quizás incluso aterrador.  
Pero una vez dentro, todo lo que podías sentir era su corazón de pura calidez.

Por eso seguía ardiendo  
La sensación de unión y celebración.  
Pero cuando el suministro de su combustible se agotó,  
Entonces, y solo entonces, la llama comenzó a apagarse.

### The Party

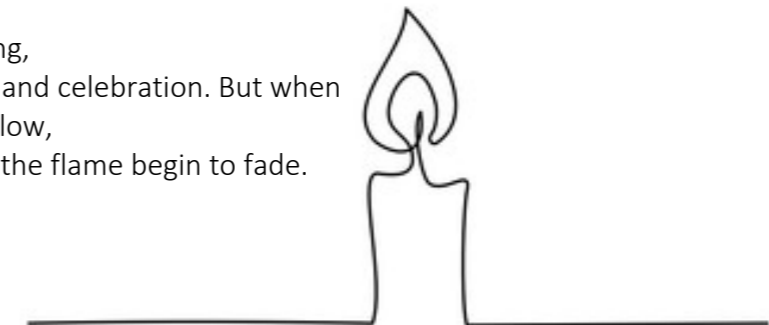
One still, cold winter night,  
There was a flame that stayed lit throughout.  
It sizzled and roared  
Like delicious, juicy meat on a scorching grill.

But this flame was like no other.  
It remained alive and fierce,  
Lighting up its lethal lining,  
However, it did not seem to be so threatening.

When I came closer I began to see  
It's true colours showing,  
All vibrant and joyful  
It was like no other.

This flame stayed lit  
All through the night and day.  
It had a lining that appeared hostile and perhaps even scary  
But once inside, all you could sense was its heart of pure warmth.

That is why it kept burning,  
The feel of togetherness and celebration. But when  
the supply of its fuel ran low,  
Then, and only then, did the flame begin to fade.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Charlotte Cridland, Fallibroome Academy, German

### Ich hasse dich (nicht)!

Ich denke an dich...

Wenn ich mich...

Schmachtend und traurig fühle!

Ich träume von dir in meinen Alpträumen!

Wenn du dich bei mir über deine Mama beschweren würdest

Würdest du mir alles anvertrauen

Die Bedeutung von ‚uns‘ ist verzerrt

Kannst du mein Herz nicht ersparen?

Ich werd' in tausend Stücke geschlagen

Immer wieder, immer wieder

Vergesse ich dich, um mich selbst zu heilen

Ich werd' dich nie vermissen

Vergiss mich, um dich selbst zu heilen

Wir passen nicht zusammen!

Mein Herz hast du entzwei gerissen

Du bist so chaotisch

Wie ein turbulentes Gewitter

Während ich, ich bin wie die Gans, wenn es donnert

Du musstest immer das Haar in meiner Suppe finden

Hand aufs Herz

Kann ich nur sagen, dass ich mich nie wieder in dich verlieben will

Ob ich das doch tue oder nicht, dass weiß ich noch nicht

Ich denke, dass ich verrückt werde

Oder vielleicht habe ich deinetwegen einen Kater

Ich hoffe, dass meine Erinnerungen von uns verblasst werden

Und alles, was ich sagen kann ist...

Ich hasse dich

Nicht!



I think about you

When I am feeling

Languishing and sad!

I dream about you in my nightmares!

When you would complain about your mum to me

You would trust me with everything

The meaning of us is distorted

Can't you spare my heart?

I'm smashing into a million pieces

Again and again, again and again

I'm forgetting you, in order to be better

I will never miss you

Forget me, in order to be better

We don't work!

You are so chaotic

Like a tumultuous thunderstorm

Idiom equivalent (I am a standing duck in a thunderstorm)

Idiom equivalent (you always pointed out the worst things in me)

Hand on my heart

I can only say that I never want to fall in love with you again

Whether I will or not, I don't know

I think, that I am going crazy

Or maybe I have a headache from you

I hope that my memory of us becomes faded

And all that I can say is

I don't hate you!





## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Millie Gordon, Lancaster Girls Grammar School, French

### Le Premier Coquelicot

Il y a une fleur  
Encore si jeune  
Elle brille au clair de lune  
Rouge est son brillant

Sa croissance est vite  
Elle danse dans le vent  
Mais quand elle chante  
C'est noir et si profond

Son rouge se renforce  
L'âge ne l'empêche pas  
Un peu bigarré  
Mais beau, malgré ça

Elle ne dort jamais  
En fait elle ne peut plus  
C'est toujours trop bruyant  
Les bruits sont forts et crus

Quand l'août arrive  
Un pétale rouge tombe  
Puis beaucoup d'autres  
Avec le rouge le champ plombe

Le soleil la fatigue  
Elle se repose la tête  
Et quand ses yeux se ferment  
Elle ne sait pas que pour toujours ils restent

Il y aura des autres  
On verra des centaines  
Avec la vitesse ils grandiront  
Car dans leur sol est le sang et la peine

Page 50

### The First Poppy

There is a flower  
Still so young  
She shines in the moonlight  
Red is her shine

She grows quickly  
Dances in the wind  
But when she sings  
It's black and so deep

Her red strengthens  
With age it does not stop  
A little bit mottled  
But beautiful, despite that

She never sleeps  
In fact she can't  
It's always too noisy  
The noises loud and crude

When August arrives  
A red petal falls  
Then a lot of others  
With red the field darkens

The sun tires her  
She rests her head  
And when her eyes close  
She doesn't know that forever they stay

There will be others  
We will see hundreds  
Quickly they will grow  
Because in their soil is the blood and the pain

## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Erin Campbell, Loreto College, French

### La Lune

J'ai tenu une lune pâle  
Entre les doigts cassés  
Et sangloté  
Jusqu'à ce que l'étincelle s'émousse

Il avait tes yeux  
Et ton sourire imparfait  
Et avec une voix misérable, il a imité  
Ton rire doré et tes soupirs ravis

Je pensais que je mourrais sur-le-champ  
En regardant cette image miroir  
De toi dans la lune  
Alors que je pleurais, tout ce qui nous rendait spécial

### The Moon

I held a pallid moon  
Between broken fingers  
And sobbed  
Until the sparkle dulled

He has your eyes  
And your faulty smile  
And with a wretched voice he mimicked  
Your golden laugh and delighted sighs

I thought I'd die on the spot  
Looking at this mirror image  
Of you in the moon  
As I cried away everything that made us special



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## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Cerys Williams, Loreto College, Spanish

### El Primer Pecado:

¿Cuál fue el primer pecado?  
Hay mucha gente que lee la biblia y decide que  
Fue la tentación de una mujer,  
El primer pecado no crecía alrededor los árboles de Edén,  
Crecía en la mente humana.

El Libro de Génesis describe cómo nació Eve  
De la costilla de Adam.  
Había dos marcas de mordeduras en la fruta prohibida,  
Del mismo deseo.  
Y al principio,  
Había dos bocas llenas de desobediencia.

Pero después del primer pecado,  
Expulsado de paraíso,  
Solo la boca de Adam estaba llena.  
Mientras Eve se atragantó por los primeros gritos de dolor humano,  
Él tragó las primeras semillas de odio.

Y ahora,  
¿Como me lo justificarás?  
El primer pecado,  
Misoginia



### The First Sin:

What was the first sin?  
There are many people who read the bible and decide  
That it was the temptation of a woman,  
The first sin didn't grow amongst the trees of Eden,  
It grew in the human mind.

The book of genesis describes how Eve was born,  
From Adam's rib.  
There were two bite marks in the forbidden fruit,  
From the same desire.  
And in the beginning,  
There were two mouths full of disobedience.

But after the first sin,  
Expelled from paradise,  
Only Adam's mouth was full.  
Whilst Eve choked on the first cries of human pain,  
He swallowed the first seeds of hatred.

And now,  
How will you justify it to me?  
The first sin,  
Misogyny



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Naeema Hussain, Loreto College, Spanish

### La belleza del mundo

Durante mucho tiempo se perdió,  
Perdido en el mundo de su imaginación,  
Los mismos entresijos de sus pensamientos.  
Perdido dentro de una hermosa flor incapaz de florecer,  
Su esperanza marchitándose como los pétalos de una flor hacen.

Entre los intervalos de cada segundo,  
Ni un pensamiento dejó su mente.  
Pensamientos de rosas, días soleados,  
Algún lugar cálido y amable.  
para siempre corrió a través de un túnel de oscuridad  
En busca de la luz para dotarla de coraje

Hasta que un día descubriría esa luz,  
La luz de un parpadeo dentro de su corazón  
Una luz tan vívida y pura,  
La construcción de esta obra de arte.  
Su mundo una vez de perseguido por sombras de gris,  
Ahora convertido en un manto de brillantes estrellas.

Porque vio la verdadera belleza en el mundo,  
De cada flor que creció,  
El apuro de los ríos melodiosos,  
Nubes errantes lejos y cerca,  
Los grillos de la madrugada,  
La hierba suave y el rocío...

Un mundo tan oscuro pero tan lleno de luz,  
Se preguntó debajo de las estrellas  
Brillando sobre ella esa misma noche



### The Beauty of the World

For a long time she was lost,  
Lost in the world of her imagination,  
The very intricacies of her thoughts,  
Lost within a beautiful flower unable to bloom,  
Her hope wilting away as the petals of a flower do.

Between the intervals of each second,  
Not a thought left her mind  
thoughts of roses, sunny days,  
Some place warm and kind,  
Forever she ran through a tunnel of darkness,  
In search of a light to endow her with courage.

Until one day she was to discover that light,  
The light of a flicker within her heart,  
A light so vivid and pure,  
The construction of this piece of art,  
Her world once haunted by shadows of grey,  
Now became a blanket of bright stars.

For she saw true beauty in the world,  
From every flower that grew,  
The rushing of melodious rivers,  
Wandering clouds afar and near,  
The early morning crickets,  
The soft grass and dew...

A world so obscure yet so full of light,  
She wondered beneath the stars  
glistening upon her that very night.



## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Yiyang Zhao, Altrincham Girls Grammar School, French

### Le Voyage Chez Moi

Je vous ai étudié,  
assise sur la marche,  
planter des produits de la patrie  
qu'on ne peut pas acheter ici -  
La vie a émergé du sol, et j'ai regardé  
pendant que vous avez pressé vos doigts autour eux,  
un mélange de feuilles émeraude fraîches avec leur source de vie,  
et cette source, c'était vous, aussi.

Je vous ai étudié,  
la précaution dans vos mains qui existe depuis dix-huit ans,  
la naissance d'une vie différente.  
Comme mes tantes chez nous, huit mille kilomètres à l'est,  
qui ont donné la vie à la nature et l'humanité,  
des amatrices de la flore  
et de la vie, aussi.

Je vous ai étudié,  
et n'ai pas pu m'empêcher de m'approcher,  
deux petits mouvements de mes mains ont suivi -  
mais bien sûr vous avez compris, et puis  
vous vous êtes déplacée à la droite  
pour que je puisse m'asseoir avec vous.

Et je suis peut-être comme elles:  
ces plantes, enracinées, seulement dans un sol différent  
à ceux d'ici.  
Je suis un mélange, grandissante, bercée par un climat différent.  
Une descendante du dragon qui plane constamment.  
Et bien sûr, cette langue dans laquelle j'écris -  
une autre culture que je découvris.

Je me demande  
si je suis aussi un cerf-volant -  
une ficelle dans une main de chacun de la famille,  
et contrairement aux plantes - enracinée dans un sol familier,  
attendant d'être enroulée,  
au-delà de la mer, de la plus haute montagne, de la Grande Muraille,  
tout le voyage  
chez moi.

### The Journey Home

I studied you,  
sat on the step,  
planting produce from our motherland that we can't buy here -  
Life emerged from the soil, and I watched as you pressed your fingers around them,  
a mix of fresh emerald leaves with their source of life, which was also you.

I studied you,  
the care in your hands which has existed for eighteen years, the birth of a different life.  
Like my aunts at home, eight thousand kilometres east, lovers of flora,  
and of life, too.

I studied you,  
and couldn't help but move closer,  
two small movements of my hands followed - but of course you understood, and  
moved to the right  
so that I could share the step with you.

And perhaps I'm like them:  
these plants, rooted, only in a different soil to that of those here.  
I am a mixture, growing, cradled by a different climate. A descendant of the dragon who is  
constantly gliding. And of course, this language that I'm writing in - another culture which I  
have been discovering.

I wonder  
if I am also a kite -  
a string in a hand of each of the family,  
and unlike the plants - rooted in familiar soil, waiting to be reeled in,  
beyond the sea, the highest mountain, the Great Wall, all the way  
back home.

## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Elizabeth Hamilton, Fallibroome Academy, German

### Natur im Sommer

Der süße Geruch von frischem Heu erfüllt die Luft.

Es bringt nostalgische Kindheitserinnerungen mit sich, wie man ohne Sorgen durch die saftigen grünen Felder rennt

Am Himmel leuchtet die goldene Sonne auf die bunten Blumen, die in den sommerlichen Strahlen funkeln.

Die Bäume führen so viele Geheimnisse - sie sind immer da, werden aber oft nicht wirklich bemerkt.

Groß sind sie und immer noch so unscheinbar in dem Aussehen, dass man sie fast nicht beachtet.

Jede Stunde, jede Sekunde reinigen sie die Luft, die wir atmen.

Man könnte sogar sagen, sie sind der Schlüssel zu unserer Existenz.

Die Vögel fliegen graziös zwischen den Wolken.

Fröhlich singen sie ihre gut geübten Lieder in der Hoffnung, vielleicht einen Partner anzuziehen oder einfach ihre Freunde zu sehen.

Verschiedene Vögel kommen und gehen mit den wechselnden Jahreszeiten.

Im Sommer verbringt die Lerche hier Zeit, um ein gemütliches und sicheres Nest in dem Baum zu bauen - ein Kunstwerk in meinen Augen, aber ein wesentliches Bedürfnis für sie.

Tomaten auf den Augen vor der Natur zu haben ist nur schade!

Es ist einfach schön und jeder Moment, den man in der Natur verbringt, sollte geschätzt werden!



### Nature in the Summer

The sweet smell of fresh hay fills the air.

It brings with it nostalgic childhood memories of running care-free through the lush green fields

In the sky, the golden sun shines on the colourful flowers, which sparkle in the summer rays

The trees hold so many secrets - they are always there, but often not really noticed

Big as they are yet still so inconspicuous in their appearance, that you almost don't notice them

Every hour, every second, they clean the air we breathe

You could almost say that they are the key to our existence

The birds fly gracefully amongst the clouds,

Cheerfully singing their well-practised songs in the hope of perhaps attracting a partner or simply seeing a friend

Different birds come and go with the changing seasons.

In the summer the larks spend time here, in order to build a cosy and safe home - a work of art in my eyes but an essential need for them

To be oblivious to nature is just a shame!

It is simply beautiful and every moment you spend in nature should be treasure

## Other Tongue 2021

Year 12, 13

Reece Kirby, Wirral Grammar School for Boys, Spanish

### Un poema de estudios culturales

Al inicio, conocemos a Ofelia,  
libre y desobediente, igual que Adela.  
Con caracteres poderosos, en particular el Fauno,  
Y los que no están, como Pepe el Romano.  
Vidal es el malvado, un capitán del dictador,  
y Bernarda, con bastón, protege su honor.  
Para Mercedes y el Doctor, ocultar la resistencia es su reto,  
mientras que la Poncia pill a un amor en secreto.  
Al final, la Princesa Moana renace en el mundo bajo del laberinto,  
pero en La Casa de Bernarda Alba, el último acto es bastante distinto.

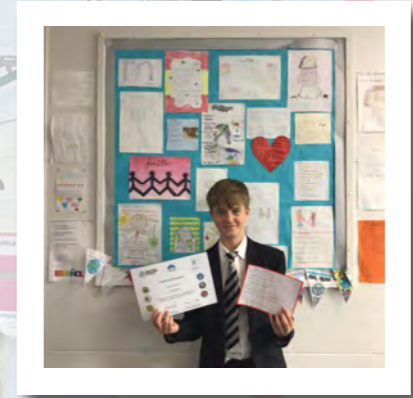
### A poem of cultural studies

In the beginning we meet Ofelia,  
free and disobedient, just like Adela.  
With powerful characters, in particular the Faun,  
and Bernarda, with her stick, protects her honour.  
For Mercedes and the Doctor, hiding the resistance is their challenge,  
whilst la Poncia catches love in secret.  
In the end, Princess Moana is reborn in the world beneath the labyrinth,  
but in La Casa de Bernarda Alba, the final act is quite different.





Routes into Languages  
Mother Tongue Other  
Poetry Competition  
Laureate Education

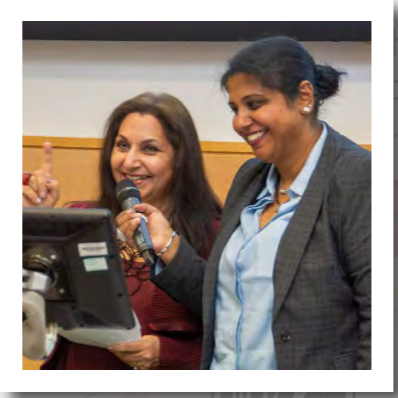
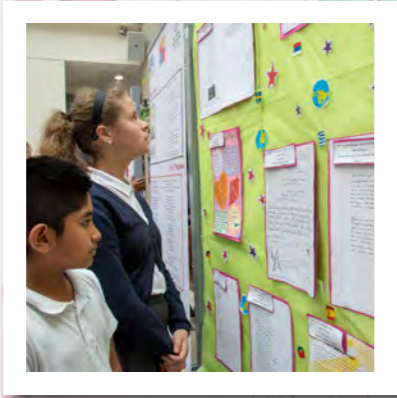


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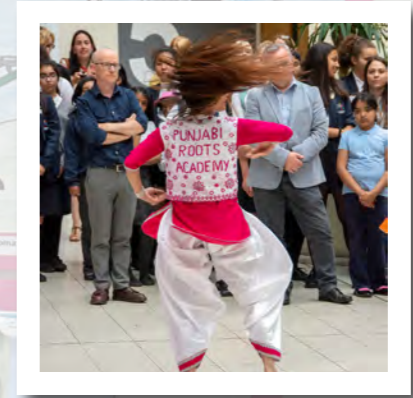
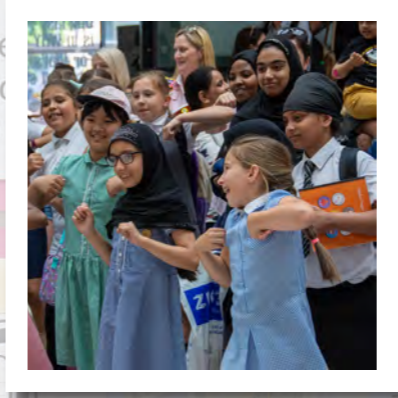


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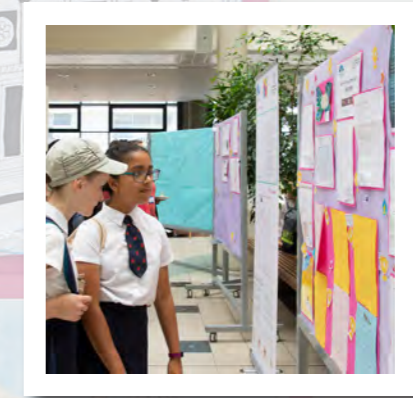
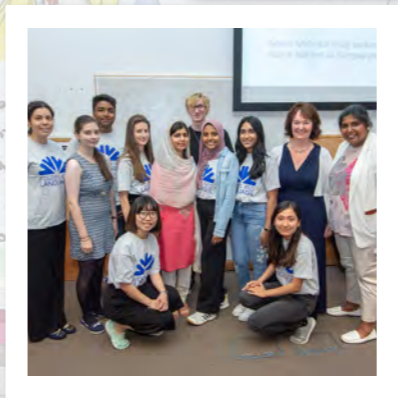
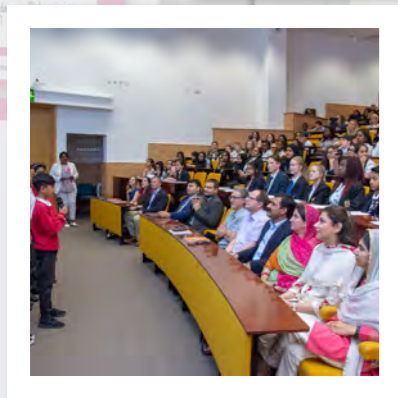




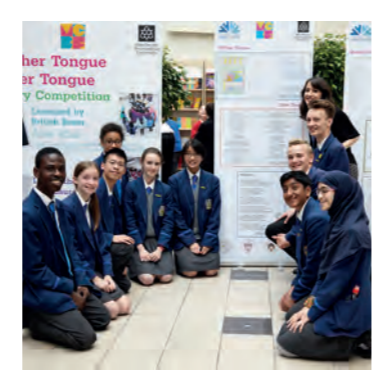
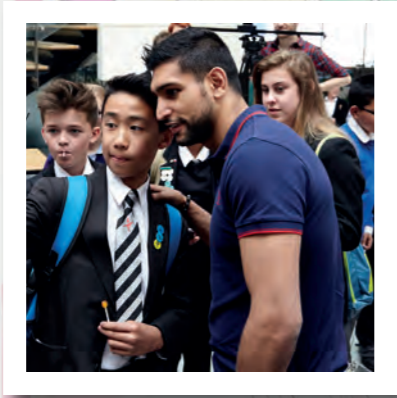
ROUTES INTO LANGUAGES  
Mother Tongue Other Tongue Poetry Competition  
Laureate Education



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We choose the Home that represents our country. Our national Anthem makes us proud, our traditions and it reminds us of our culture and also of home.







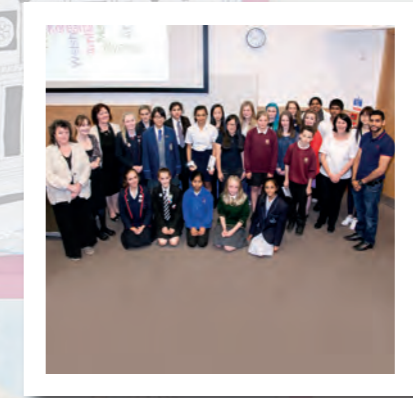
Routes into Languages  
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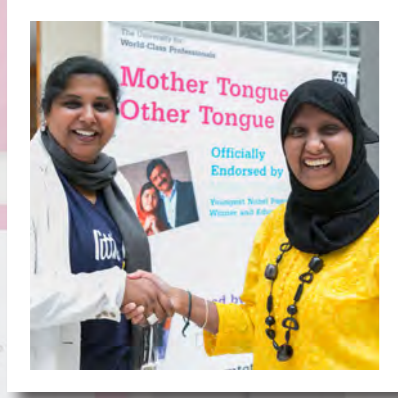


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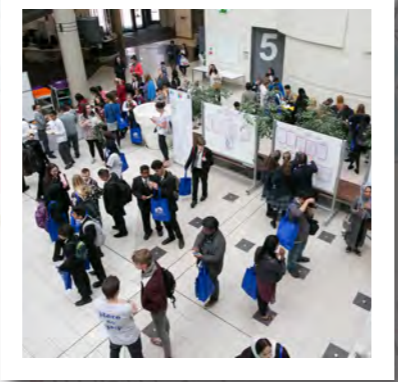


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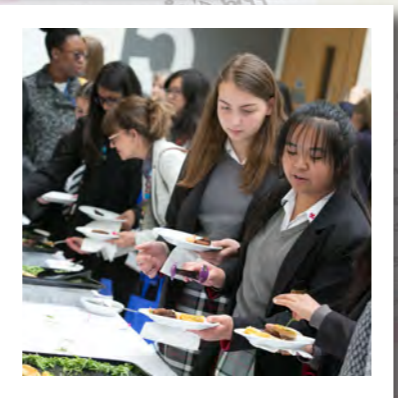
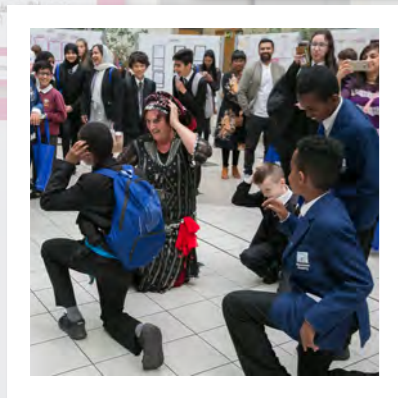
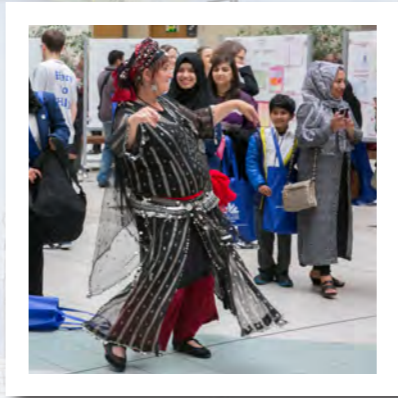




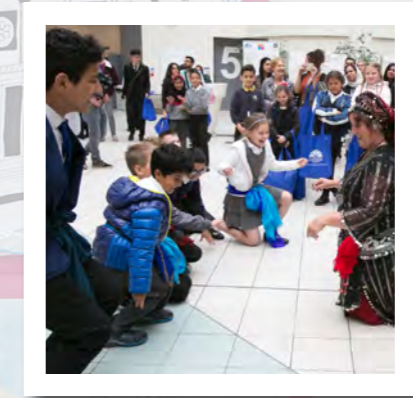
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## What the Teachers Say

"I think it is a wonderful initiative and am hoping it will run again next year so we can build a unit of work around it, with the poem writing as an end activity."

"The pupils were keen to express something personal about their own experience."

"The students fully enjoyed taking part in the project. I think they were engaged because it gave them a chance to use their own language in school and show their talents to their peers."

"We have over 50% of students for whom English is not their mother tongue so they felt proud being able to write in their mother tongue. Also, students who are learning a foreign language were able to see that writing in this language is not as hard as it seems."

"They enjoyed the freedom of being able to write a poem about any subject of their choice and for those whose mother tongue is not English, it is an activity which makes them value their mother tongue whilst giving us teachers, the opportunity to show that we value their ability to speak a language other than the ones taught in school."

"This was a good chance for students to be creative and have free rein over what they choose to write about. It really appealed to a range of students. It also helped students come together who may not usually work together."

"Students enjoyed creating their own poems and writing about what it means to them initially. They found translating poems difficult at first but then were very proud once they had managed to achieve this. Students were able to talk about their cultures and languages with the other members of the Creative Writing club and were pleased with the end result."

"It provided an opportunity to discuss with each other and gave me a reason to take students off timetable for an activity that made them feel special."

"Celebrating their own culture and being able to be creative in a language they learn at school."

"They loved the idea of entering a competition, and all the children in my Year 5 classes really engaged with the task. It was wonderful to see! I think it was the freedom and creativity that they enjoyed and it certainly was a great learning experience for me too. I will do more of that type of work!"

"The challenge of writing creatively in a foreign language."

"The students were able to see how important languages are and could be in their future."

"I showed the students some simple techniques (list poems, using adjectives to describe objects, use simple verbs to write about hobbies, schools) to write poems and I think it improved their confidence in written tasks in the lessons."

"I think it made them realise that the language is not simply a subject you study on a Tuesday afternoon, but it can be a tool to express yourself and be creative, much in the same way that English is."

"I am working in a class where all the students speak English as an additional language so this was incredibly beneficial for me. I was able to incorporate it into the literacy curriculum through poetry."

"Poetry is already incorporated into our curriculum but a competition like this adds another dimension as it enables those who speak other languages than the ones we teach to enter in their mother tongue."

"It highlighted to me the importance of creative activities. A poem doesn't have to be complicated, they can follow a quite simple structure but still manipulate language effectively. They can be quite inventive, even with little vocabulary and a dictionary! I will be building more creative work into our own curriculum."

## Mother Tongue Other Tongue 2021

The Mother Tongue Other Tongue multilingual poetry competition is a national Laureate Education Project, led by former Poet Laureate, Dame Carol Ann Duffy. The competition celebrates cultural diversity and the many languages spoken in schools in the UK. This anthology compiles some of the fabulous winning entries from young writers in the North West for the competition.

*"Our cultural heritage, identity and languages are all important to us, creative writing and poetry is a great way to express these – I am very inspired by The Mother Tongue Other Tongue Project."* Malala Yousafzai, youngest Nobel Peace Prize winner and education activist

*"It is heartening to see the passion young people have for their language, writing and poetry."* Dame Carol Ann Duffy, Former Poet Laureate

*"Writing poetry during lockdown has been a real confidence booster for the students. It has allowed pupils to express their creativity in another language."* Danny Hewitt, teacher from participating school All Saints Catholic High in Rossendale, Lancashire

*"It is wonderful to see more submissions than ever from pupils keen to share their love of language and poetry, and to explore what it means to be human in these extraordinary times."*

Becky Swain, Director of Manchester Poetry Library



**Manchester  
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