



English

Descriptions of a sweet factory

I opened the old rusty door and I saw the most wonderful machines. There were loads of conveyor belts. Really loud noises were thundering out. Boxes full of sweets littered the floor.

On the left side of the room there was a shaping machine. Big chunks of sweets were running down the conveyor belt and pumps were pushing them into place. There were fishes, stars, squares and circles.

On the right side there were jars full of gobstoppers. Straight in front of me there were long sweets, pink and rock hard. When they were coming down the conveyor belt they were rolling everywhere. Then a little machine joined on to it and it wrapped them up and put them into a box.

At the back of the room there were huge chunks and then a hammer was knocking them into squares.

Perry Andrews 2H

I was all eyes when the stone door creaked open. But I was more than that when I walked into the room. The room was like a sweets paradise! Machines littered the floor with sweets pouring out from all directions!

In the corner of the room a large hammer hammered out large blocks of toffee. It sounded like a butcher's shop. Two huge pots filled to the brim with toffee, stood just in front of it. Nearer to me was a large machine that stamped out sweets into all shapes then poured them into a stripy barrel. But the biggest machine was behind that and it sounded like a bomb dropping. It made sticks of rock that looked like sticks of dynamite.

How lucky I was that I found that golden ticket that enabled me to go to Willie Wonka's Chocolate Factory.

James Mannion 2H

The big door flung open; I stood there gobsmacked. The room was like a nursery for children.

In the top right hand corner was a conveyor belt with sweets almost falling off, cascading into a big tub. There were also big puddles with lots of exotic colours. There were big jars of multi coloured everlasting gobstoppers that the machines had spluttered out. Some machines had huge pumps and the lids were rattling. One machine had so much pressure that a hole burst on the lid and all sorts of liquids.

Cylindrical sweets were flooding the cardboard box. The sweets were layered with pink wrappers. There were big thick square toffees being trickled into plastic spherical tubes. All these weird sweets were being piled into a tub which had odd pictures all the way round the outside. They were all being transported by a conveyor belt.

Bobby Maclean 2 H



Vinehall School

2002-2003

The Earth

Through the burning rock, flaming fire
streaming streams of molten lava
No one goes.

Up and up, into the sea where the sharks
lay ready to pounce,
No one goes.

Silent where it lays, pressure of erupted
lava covering all bad people,
No one goes.

Into Rome, up and down, into the tomb
of doom, where dragons of fire lay,
No one goes.

Up into the everlasting space, you will
find nothing but death,
And there, no one goes.

Edward Hawke 1R



English



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The Magic Box

A box so small and magical
Decorated with shells and stars
I've never opened it yet,
But I'm waiting for the moment to come.

Some slithery snakes,
A frightening, fidgeting frog
And scary spiders.

I will put in my box
The first drop of honey from a busy bee
The last word of a dying poem
The first earring from a princess.

A mouse in a jungle
And an elephant in a hole,
A witch on a horse
And a cowboy on a broomstick.

I shall play in my box
On a bouncy trampoline
I will fly in the air like an elegant eagle.

Marie Cotton Rhein 3G

My Magic Box

My box is fashioned from the fishing net of old fishermen
from the sea,
With gold tassels hanging from each corner,
It's inside is lined with the robes of the Queen.

I will put in my box

The white water rafts gliding along the river
The big monster from the Loch Ness
And amazing animals of African wildlife.

I will put in my box

The first step of a baby's shoe,
The last song of a declining nightingale,
The first flower in a glowing meadow.

I will put in my box

A thirteenth month and green snow
A wizard clutching a handbag
And a shopper waving a wand.

I shall sail in my box
In the great seas of the Atlantic Ocean
Then anchor in a wide blue bay
The colour of the sky.

Rosie Nicolson 3G

My Magic Box

My box is wrought of golden leaves,
Raindrops and rainbows.
It's base is of matted grass.

I will put in my box
The purple pointed pebble of Peru,
Some shining snow from the Himalayas
A shining silver sword from Singapore.

I will put in my box
The last sail of the king's ship,
The brightest topaz of the queen's crown,
The first feather of a rascal robin.

I will put in my box
A four hundredth day and a fifty-third
week,
A knight on a daisy
And a fairy with a lance.

I will fly in my box
In an old world war biplane
Then parachute out on to
A warm Hawaiian beach.

Joshua Powell 3G

Tension

People rushing, no one cares, no one
giving a second stare.
Cars bibbing, there's no sign of peaceful
time.

Someone shouts nasty stuff, it's really
horrid when people are rough.
Oh no! There's a fight, all horrid nasty
spite.

Someone stops and thinks a while, is it
worth being vile?
Person hits them in the face, oh no! It's far
too late.

Little girl rushed to hospital, is she dead,
is it possible?
People weeping by her grave, sadness,
sorrow has been made.

The person that killed her is full of grief,
now won't even hurt a leaf!

Kitty McGirr 2S



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Cars bibbing, there's no sign of peaceful time.
Someone shouts nasty stuff, it's really horrid when people are rough.
Oh no! There's a fight, all horrid nasty spite.
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People weeping by her grave, sadness, sorrow has been made.
The person that killed her is full of grief, now won't even hurt a leaf!

Kitty McGirr 2S