



**Somerset  
Anne Frank  
Awards**

# **The Somerset Anne Frank Awards' Creative Writing Competition 2016**

## **2016 Shortlisted Entries**

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## Alfie Clarke

Stuck in this place feels like forever

My head is spinning, I feel as light as a feather

When I look at the stars tonight I can't help but think it could be my last

Their opinions are different to mine

I hear a bang-my heart has never raced so fast

I have my own ideas and principles

I have my family i'm not alone

I know what I want

Even thought I'm only fourteen

My soul has been washed away-I don't know who I am anymore

My time cannot be up

Our time cannot be up

We are united and will never give up I don't know the world anymore  
Locked up inside

Why do they do this to us?

We are all the same

I will carry on standing up for what's right and wrong for as long as I shall live

My time on this world will be short

But the thing that matters most is how I live in now I will continue to be positive and always be hopeful What is life without hope?

I am fully of hope

I will never give up.

# **Jacob Reid**

Anne-Frank

Just an innocent

Girl caught

Up in

A war

Of hate

We must escape

From the soldiers

But why? Brave People

Shelter us in there attic,

Hidden from view. sh!

Not a sound .Or we

Shall be discovered. Just

A small window to

See outside your

Prison. What do

You see? How

Do you feel use

Written words to

Tell the

World how

This Shall

End. No.

One knew but now we do

We have those written words.

## **Maisie Robertson**

My mind is fully made up,  
Me, Anne Frank, just fourteen,  
I know quite well what I want,  
From what I have been through and seen.

Hiding away from the Holocaust, I know who is right and wrong, The  
Holocaust is wrong for sure, I know though I'm only young.

Parents expect you to listen,  
To everything they have to say, But at the age of fourteen,  
I think they should hear my way.

Just because I am a Jew, Nazis wants to kill me,  
We Jews are all in danger, Including me and my family.

Hiding in a gloomy attic,  
During the Second World War, We're hiding here in Amsterdam,  
Hidden behind a closed door.

Writing in my diary,  
It's all I have to do, Never going outside, Just because I am a Jew.

My imaginary friend Kitty,  
Is my only fun,  
As I sit inside this room, Missing the lovely warm sun. I tell her all my  
secrets, Everything about me,  
And all of this I'm writing down, In my diary.

## Hannah Day

### **Walk by Eagle River**

Long ago in Syria I was practising maths when the the men in blue suits and brass buttons marched us all out of our small school into a waiting truck. It was one of the worst journeys I ever experienced; the silence was thick like fog no one had anything to say. For three nights and two days we travelled until eventually we stopped outside a harbour where me and three other children were bundled into a black taxi that smelled of alcohol and cigarette smoke. "Where are we going?" asked the little boy to my left, I'm afraid I can't remember his name as this all happened about four years ago. The men just huffed and looked at each other until one said "That's none of your business." The boy opened his mouth to ask another question but a man shot him such an evil look that the small boy just gaped there stuck to his seat. A grey bleak building surrounded by six foot high metal fences topped with a curl of barbed wire towered in front of us. The small boy was dragged out kicking and yelling while the two girls followed meekly behind the bundle of noise. I took one glance at the building and ran faster than I ever ran before I had no idea where I was going but as long as I could get away from that building I would be fine. I ran until I could run no further I stopped outside a place called Eagle River. As I walked I heard an eagle cry I looked and saw how free and majestic he looked and burst into a flood of tears. I was far away from home with no one to go to, how could I ever be free like them.

## **Beth Norman**

### **The Bloodcutters**

I awoke this morning, fresh and happy, ready for another cheerful day in Hamtlet, but then I remembered. I was no longer in my wonderful home, I have been thrown out by those cruel Bloodcutters. Let me tell you all about it...

At three o'clock in the morning, when the moon was still full and pure, and the silence was only broken by the rustling of the wind in the trees, I rose from my bed. Once I had tiptoed out of the door, I clambered up an oak tree and settled myself on the topmost branches. I lay back, listening to the tweeting of the owls and watching them swoop in and out of the clear, white moonlight. Suddenly, a bang split the air. I stood straight up, balancing on one thin branch so I could see the village. My home was on fire. War had started.

I dropped to the ground and started to run as soon as my bare feet touched the mud. Red smoke had the buildings. Wait, red smoke? Red? The Bloodcutters, they had arrived. When I reached the outskirts of Hamtlet, I coughed as the fumes reached my lungs. My eyes smarted and my lungs felt like they were filled with smoke. Coughing so much that I could barely stand, I pushed myself into the cloud of red vapour. I had to save my parents and siblings from the evil monster of an army.

In the end, they found us, all of us. My parents could not survive the fire, so it is now just me and my four younger siblings. We have been thrown out on the streets and it worse than I ever imagined. Although I'm only fourteen, I know who is right and who is wrong...

## **Annie Ryn-Edwards**

I don't need your help

Although I'm only fourteen, I can care for myself, survive on my own,  
and choose my own life.

I don't need your help.

I know quite well what I want and I can make that happen

To write, record, and imagine That's what I want to do, However, I  
don't need your help.

I know who is right And that's the belief, The kind, the helpful. That is  
what I shall be. I don't need your help.

I know who is wrong So don't be a murder A killer, a their. I'll help you  
come through it

I just don't need your help.

I have my own opinion.

I have my right to share it,

like my ideas and principles.

And I will share it, hold it and fight for it. And still I don't need your  
help.

## **Sarah Shaw**

This quote by Anne Frank makes me think about how much she's seen to make her feel this way at 14 years old.

I am 10 years old, what do I want? How do I feel?

I want a good life and to help others in need. I want to be an author or teacher one day. I want to have a husband and have children that grow up happy and healthy.

My thoughts on who is right and who is wrong. People who are right: Police, Parents and my Teachers. People who are wrong: Criminals and Bully's.

I have my own opinions for everything I do and believe in. I believe there is a god, Chinese food is the best and I draw the best pictures.

I have my own ideas such as when I am with my friends at school I have ideas making up games. When in the classroom, I have good ideas to help the group with our work and what to write, just like now for example.

Principles? Well I am sure everyone has principles, Even though I am only 10, I already have principles that I live by. Respect for life, determination, honesty and respect for elders.

Everybody is different, people will have different opinions, ideas, principles and what they want in life. I have listed some of my own ideas and opinions. It would have been very interesting to have met Anne Frank when she was alive and to talk to her about her ideas and opinions, so I could get a better understanding of her quote.

## Sam Irish

I am Anne Frank, a lonely little girl I hear tears falling down cheeks

I hear slaughter of Jewish people

I hear screams and terror, sorrow and sadness

I hear love and happiness disappearing

There's no hope anymore.

I am Anne frank, a smart little girl

I see friends be took away

I see hunger, hate, love and sadness overcome powerless humans

I see ruined lives, burnt hearts, and sad faces I see children's lives be took away

Why is this happening?

I am Anne frank, a wonderful girl

Love is lost, lonely, and long gone Happiness is hopeless and hatred Freedom is frozen, unfounded and forgotten

Life is everything but everything is gone The world is ruined I am Anne frank a dead little girl

I feel the loss of family and friends

I feel lonely, guilty that I should live while others suffer

I feel lost in a world I try to control

Do I deserve to die?

I try to be good and help my family

I try to keep calm and not let my anger fly out I try to believe that it will be ok

I try to smile through my old lips

I don't want to die

I am Anne frank and this is my last I hope i can leave this place soon I dream a life i won't get

I need a good education

I want something I'll never get I am Anne frank and this is my last.

## **Megan Owen**

Although I'm only fourteen. Fourteen, a bridge between youth and elder.

I know quite well what I want.

Want is not much to me because I don't always need it.

I know who is right.

Right, you have to be it to respect life, no matter who you are.

And who is wrong.

Wrong, to judge without knowing what they are inside.

I have my opinions. Opinions are what keep us strong.

My own ideas.

Ideas that make me known today.

And Principles. Principles that underpin my life.

## Dulce Furner

Dear Kitty,

The attic looks smaller than ever. We are getting some news soon. I can tell Papa is worried he's doing his walk. I'm terrified. Everyone is terrified.

Although I'm only fourteen I have my own opinions and ideas. I know quite well what I want – to be free. We are all standing strong and it's our war to win.

I definitely don't want to be in the concentration camp; I'm scared for my family and myself. Life as a Jew is hard but I'm proud to be one. It's worth standing strong for our freedom. We are all worried, we are all scared.

I feel like the space around me gets smaller and smaller every day and the outside gets bigger and bigger. It feels like every second I'm suffocating and the soldiers get closer to finding us as we get weaker.

At the slightest creak, my heart beats faster. We are all terrified but we are all happy- happy that we are still living. All we have been doing is suffering but we are strong; we are ready to face life.

My life is complicated, but worth living. Hiding and not getting caught is all I care about. It's like a big game of hid and seek and the seekers are losing.

## India Mockridge

Dear Anne Frank,  
Behind a wall of books,  
You hid from the Gestapo. Yes, Fear had you in his icy grasp, But you set alight  
the fires of hope, bravery and courage.  
You let it engulf you;  
You are the fire.

You had a window of stars, Wished for a window through the horror. You knew  
what you wanted.  
You had so many rights,  
But they were swallowed by danger.

So brave, so strong.

You knew the Holocaust was wrong, You knew freedom was right,

And you couldn't express that. Yet your fire burns on.  
A diary can't portray you:

Your magnificence and beauty, Your ideas for peace and light,

Your dreams and strong opinions.

You were hidden in a small space. You were the sun,

Glowing with positivity. Your diaries were stars.

Although you were only fourteen, You are a role model.

You set alight the fuel, Kindling the world with influence.

Your fires never went out,  
And they never, never will.

You didn't run from your faith. Death draped his cruel cloak over you, And you  
were only fifteen.

Hope, bravery, courage,

You held the most important qualities.

Your body may be dead, But your spirit and fires burn on.

## **Millie Chappell**

I have feelings, my own opinions and wishes as well

Although I am only fourteen,

I know quite well what I want.

I want to come out of hiding and see my friends

I want my stories to be published

I want to go home and see the rest of my family

I want the war to be over

I want to have a proper shower and have a delicious meal

I know who is right and who is wrong

Everybody deserves to live a free life – that is right

It is wrong to gas us Jews when we are doing is believing in our culture.

The Gestapo is evil, killing thousands of innocent children and adults.

I have my opinions, my own ideas and principles.

I believe that everyone should be allowed to live a free life and not have to go into hiding.

I believe that we should be allowed to be who we want to be

At least I have kitty, my diary, but she is also my friend

And the window so that I can look up at the night sky and the stars and dream about what might happen next.

## **Shannon Bradner**

### **ISIS: demanding, cruel and unreasonable.**

Clueless to the malicious trouble they're causing. Forcing too many young Muslims to change their innocent ways to join them in their attempt for purity. Once you're targeted by ISIS, say goodbye and hope that everything will be okay. Paris... Brussels... who knows where they will strike next. If you shave your beard: dead. Consume alcohol: gone. So many rules. So many restrictions. In my opinion: too many. Although, I'm not them and I don't know their ways of life. Maybe it's the right thing; maybe it's the wrong thing. Everyone's opinion is different, but we should all be tolerant to other's differences. Although I'm only 14, I know what's right and wrong. I may have my own opinions and beliefs, but that's my problem. If I want to believe something, I will believe it, and nobody has the right to persuade me to think differently. My body, my thoughts, my problem.

Just remember something, you are who you are and nobody should insult you because they think differently. Stand strong, walk with your head held high and have a beaming smile on your face because you are you- and that's what matters.

## **Zak Aladin**

"Although I'm only 14"  
The earth still turns for me.  
The seconds pass, they're daggers to the heart, But still, I am not free.

I want no more than justice;  
Can't anyone see my view?  
The fight and they kill, purely for the thrill, They'll never know what to do.

Each side is no better than the other,  
Their only aim is to win the war.  
Each human they slaughter, for their new form of 'order', Yet their 'order'  
has many flaws.

So here I cower, in loss and despair,  
Each day I wonder if it'll be my last.  
They don't care if you're praying, they don't care what you're saying -  
Sooner or later you'll be in the past.

For I know what is right and wrong with this world,  
I don't care if they might disagree.  
They're all acting terrible, change would be a miracle, Too bad that we're  
down on our knees...

They say that we're here to follow their rules,  
But I'm allowed my own thoughts in my head.  
Or has that, too, been taken? Will we ever waken,

From this nightmare entwined with the dead?

We can only wait - that's the worst of the enemies, Time can control us all.  
It can bring back the light, it can abandon the fight, Or it can lead us  
straight to death's call.

But we won't give up! No we'll fight to the death,  
They can't break us apart even more.  
We'll be different and kind, we'll make peace with our minds! Not this  
discriminational tragedy of 'war'.

"Although I am only 14",  
The earth still turns for me.  
The seconds pass, piercing right through my heart, But one day... One day  
we'll all be free.

## Georgina Croft

Wow... I-I'm speechless; this can't be real, I must be dreaming.

Just imagine if I had never chosen to write a diary; only my father would have been able to tell the tale and it would have only been from his point of view. I'm so glad that he published my diary because that was my dream ever since I started to write in it.

I honestly cannot believe that all of this has happened! Even the annex still exists and it has been turned into a museum dedicated to me and my life, this is unbelievable! It's so crazy to think that my life has become so famous all because of my diary and some evidence that was left behind. So many people from around the world know my story and my life but none of them ever knew me personally.

I documented my whole life in that diary and I always wanted it to be published and become a novel but I never expected it to make a change to the world! It's also crazy to think that there is only one recording of me in this whole world... only one! I can remember that day so clearly, I remember it all and now so many people know what I went through before I was sent to the camp.

I'm so glad that my diary managed to stay well-hidden because if the Nazis ever got hold of it, it would have been burned immediately without any thought. It was all like that; everything that belonged to a Jew was instantly burned or sold on, we weren't allowed to keep anything, not even our names.

I still can't quite believe that my dream has become a reality, I'm so thankful towards my father for reading through my diary and making my wish come true. It makes me so happy to see that my own words have inspired others to be true to themselves and not let anything get in the way. It's also amazing to see that people still know my name after 87 years and they are still interested about my life and how it felt like to be a fourteen year old girl during the war.

It's incredible to see how technology has moved on and that people are finding out about me without even reading my diary, I find that so fascinating because it means that people who do not speak or understand German can read my diary in their language, it makes me so happy that people can learn about me and they are interested in me. It makes me feel so special and I'm still so glad that my father bought me that diary and convinced me to write in it.

I am eternally grateful towards anyone who is intrigued by me and my life story and I still cannot believe that this has happened... I'm famous!

## **Izabel Ilie**

She looks up from her diary and just that one sudden, small movement causes particles of dust to mild together and shape around her face lazily, dancing around, teasingly. She thinks, she needs to sneeze. She can't. She needs to talk. She can't.

She wants to be free, be normal. She can't.

She sighs very softly, her apparently worthless breath allowed a passage of clean air into her sickly lungs. She wonders if anything will change, get better. Without a window for the real world, she's not sure at all.

And it isn't as if she could ask anyone - she can't talk. Even if she had the opportunity to, she's not sure that she would. She's much too scared to talk. Not even her family would listen to her, she thinks. They would just tell her to be quiet. She's not allowed to talk.

No matter what they say, she knows she should be able to talk. It's a human's right, to communicate their feelings. She knows this. She knows it's wrong, what they're doing.

She chuckles to herself when she wonders if someone would actually have the courage to stand up to them.

She shakes her dirty hair out of her face and her eyes land to the floor where a cockroach is scampering about. She knows most girls her age would be grossed out, and wouldn't do this, but she

holds her hand out, and the insect scurries back to where it came from.

She frowns, and her spirit's a little broken.

She looks back at her diary, the tattered-up friend to which she confines the most secretive thoughts to. She thinks, her pen's almost run out of ink. Her spirit's a little broken.

She shakes her head to herself, her dirty lap, the dusty floor, the dusty journal.

How can she even have spirit, hope, in a time like this?

She knows it's wrong, how they took away everything. If all you are is what you own, and they you away from that, you're only left with your spiring in hand.

And that's one thing she knows she'll never let go of.

She knows that she has to believe, to be strong. She knows she needs something because her family won't be around forever. And... and, she's sick. Ill. She's sick of being ill, sick of it.

So she breathes in the musky air, and her throat feels gross. Her entire body, and maybe they're right. Maybe someone like her doesn't deserve to breathe fresh air. Maybe someone like her doesn't deserve food, or clothes, or friends.

She doesn't have friends like normal girls. She has her spirit, and that's all. But maybe, and just maybe, that's going to be good enough for her.

## **Caitlin Webster**

I'm just a young girl a Jewish young girl, why should that make any difference to what happens to me whether I live a good life or not, after all it's only a religion just a belief just a name! I hear sorrow, screaming, people dieing, every day, screams of crying. I cry at hate I cry at sorrow. I pretend I'm happy with a smiling mask but I'm sad. I pretend words don't hurt me but they do. I pretend I'm perfect but I'm not.

My pencil cutting waves of history into the paper catching every moment when I can looking at when this is ever going to end just because of people choose to be who they want to be what they believe what the look like how they dress. Doesn't everyone what the right to be who they want to be rather than be punished for who they are just because they are different.

I don't look any different to a non-Jew my hair is the same I have the same skin colour I wear the same clothes the same shoes all that is different is I wear a badge on my left side of my top in the shape of a star a yellow one why i have to wear this I don't know but I have to just because I'm a Jew!

I'm just a small girl entitled to my own rights!

## **Chloe Silverwood**

"My age does not determine who I am. My age does not confirm my mental or physical ability. Although I am only 14 I know quite well what I want. I know who is right and who is wrong; I have my own opinions, my own ideas and principles. Thank you, for your time." I breathed out a heavy sigh I was previously unaware I was holding in. none of the adults in the room would expect someone of my age to come out and speak so strongly about my argument, but someone had to and I was quite frankly sick of age stereotyping. I did not deserve to bare the image of being 'immature', 'stupid' or 'just a kid' because of when my birthday is. What I should be judged on is how thoughts and my personality. At some point all great minds were my age. It is wrong to doubt me and put me down. Imagine if someone had told Einstein or MLK or Hawkins or anyone they would never amount to anything and they were just a silly kid. Imagine if they believed it. Where would be then?

A minute past and still the same questioning expression lay on their faces. Like they believed my speech hadn't even happened. Yet I continued to stand there and I would until they believed it.

### ***Earlier***

I was shaking like a leaf in the autumn wind. I had revised my speech a hundred times over, each time finding a better argument or erasing something that may make me seem like what they expected of me. I felt the need to sound older whilst still proving my age as it was the point me been here.

With legs as wobbly as jelly and a heart with rapidly-paced beat, I made my way onto the raised platform in front the audience. Uninterested faces attached to fidgeting bodies. The only emotion given off by the spectators was boredom. This didn't settle well with me and gave me a slight edginess which concluded in me given a rather shaky start to an already risky talk. After my not very good start the adults lost interest in what I had to say and minds drifted to 'what could possibly be on TV tonights?'

Regardless of the partial attention I continued with the speech and found a little more confidence in myself at every word spoke and by the end of the speech I was feeling really about the whole experience. Until, there was no sound of clapping. No cheers. Nothing. I had been expecting maybe even a small gesture but there was silence. I waited patiently, ignoring my fellow speakers calling for me to exit the stage but still I stood. Slowly, clapping could be heard and the sound escalated until it filled the room. For once I had been listed to.

My point had been made. Age was just a number and in that moment, only words mattered.

## Emily Parrott

It all started in 1933,  
They brought in rules, which discriminated against me, Slowly the  
Nazis took our stuff,  
And finally they made us live rough.

By the time I was 13,  
Jews were hardly ever seen,  
I may be young,  
But I certainly know what is right and wrong.

One by one my family were gone, My rights disappearing quickly, Off  
my friends went,  
All the Jews had been sent,

To work till their bodies were no longer needed.

Principles, laws,  
All hidden behind closed doors,  
My opinions, being trod into the ground, My time had nearly come.

I don't understand why they hate us, Aren't we all the same.

No one deserves to be beaten,  
Killed for no good reason,  
All because we believe in a different religion.

## Carly Barrington

Dearest diary,

Young Anne has inspired me to record some time here, she believes one day our words could show the world our story of passion and conflict within this country of warfare, hunting down us Jews as if we were a pack of wild animals. It haunts me that thousands of innocent young children are being punished by the absurd reasoning of Adolf Hitler. Peter, Margot and Anne, are just a few of the young ones spending their childhood hidden away, crumbling in fear of the unknown.

Already, I am seeing how putting our situation into words is a wonderful distraction, from the everlasting tension amounts even the bravest.

The moods have bene nothing but depressing and full of dismal lately. Daily I am informed of stories of our dearest friends, and acquaintances, grasped by the evil hands of Hitler, and driven to their dreadful fates.

It's been just over a year since we went into hiding in this ghastly annexe: the building is okay, we manage, but living here knowing countless other, defenceless Jews are suffering through unimaginable horrors, its heartbreaking.

We live everyday in fear that it may be our last. Mostly we remain quiet during the hardest times, except for precious young Anne, she never lets anything get in the way of her integrity. Anne once spoke something that has always stuck in my mind, her words, "Although I am only 14, I know quite well what I want. I know what

is right and who is wrong; I have my opinions. My own ideas and principles." This only began to show what a intellectual and passionate girl she is.

Everyday, Anne writes in her diary I've never seen the words she writes, although I'm certain that they are bursting with her passion, and hope. Throughout the good and bad times, she has kept up that one thing - Her diary. Even though, in her heard, she knows the situation our lives are in, she still shows hope for a greater time ahead. Her courage, and resilience, gives even me a spark of hope at a longer future. Through all the wrong humans may have done, she still believes that deep down, deep in their hearts, there remains a glow of good within them. She clings onto the beauty in life, no matter how absurd or impractical.

I too hope that one day, the cruelty will end, tranquility will return once more, and Jews will not be classed as an enemy.

No matter whether I survive through this, or any of us do, I pray that these events will never be forgotten. If I don't live to see the light at the end of this tragic time I hope, that the future is bright, and that the world finds a way to live in harmony amongst each other.

Whether I write in here again or not, I pray that voices are heard - that these words live on.

Yours, Auguste van pels X

## Heather Donaldson

**Although** I have committed no crimes.

I'm caged like a prisoner.

**Only** the luckiest are saved and I appreciate my good fortune.

14 years of age yet I know who I am.

I will stay strong,

**Know** what I will.

**Quite** a difference to life I once knew.

**Well** worth the price of staying in here.

**What** would become of us if we just surrendered?

I look at the world through an attic window.

**Want** not to be free but just to keep living.

I pray that we'll make it through this ghastly war.

**Know** that I also pray for the safety of others.

**Who** could save us now?

**Is** this the way my life will be?

**Right** now is all we have.

**And** the future is unknown to all.

**Who** did we hurt to cause these punishments?

**Is** this the last year? Week? Day? We will have?

**Wrong**; Only I seem to understand that word.

I hope this just makes me stronger.

**Have** faith this will end is all I can tell myself.

**My** greatest wish is for people to know about my experience.

**Opinions** have been censored but mine will forever stay strong.

**My** hope is I will always fight for what I believe in,

**Own** my mind unlike many others.

**Ideas** go unheard.

**And** so do cries of suffering.

**Principles**? The world should have more.

## **Claudia Speakman**

Anne was here to write her story, She tried to tell it wasn't glory, World  
war two was devastating, Society's rules were ever changing.

The night drew dark, And the clouds circled in, One leader led his  
army, To a camp within.

Children made to work,  
People beaten to death, Footprints left in the dirt,  
Taken to a gas chamber where they were left

Scratches on the walls, Left people in shock, Who was this man? What  
did he want?

Hundreds of bodies. With their coffins arranged, Left everyone  
wondering, Have times really changed?

## Zoe Hyam

This world is so messed up because it's so judgemental Like you gotta fit in, you gotta be

'Normal' or 'perfect'

But them words are so overrated, inflated

So irritating

Coz you say we gotta be...

Perfect.

But no one knows what perfect is,

So why do they try, to force so much normality On me

You see normal's one of the biggest lies Normal doesn't exist, but see

We all have our own normalities

Our own way we do this and that.

But you force normality on me

With these words, those words

That could damage lives.

You stain our thoughts forever with distain

But if you refrain from causing pain

You won't drive us so dam insane.

It's one of the worst crimes you could commit

So stop. Leave it.

If we weren't all so judgemental

And thought a little more

Existential-ly

The world would see people for who they are And maybe just maybe

The world would be

A better place.

Just let it sink it...

We could all be

Happy.

So don't be so judgemental.

Wait, let's just stop.

There might always be

Just one silly person

Who puts you down

And brings you round

And if you struggle mentally judging me

Set your mind free

You gotta learn to chill, relax

And stop causing pain

Let go, distress

And learn to dance

In the rain.

## Neve Champion

12<sup>th</sup> June, 1940, after school.

It was her birthday today. Everybody cared. It's strange, you know? To see people care about someone that much to give them presents and cards and hugs. All I get is, well, I don't, I guess, now that I'm thinking about it. Bruises, new nicknames. Do they count? That's what she got from me today. She cried. My life is painful, yeah, painful.

27<sup>th</sup> June, 1940, midday.

It's been a while. This is getting a bit battered now isn't it? Like me. I had to sneak to the toilets because my arm started bleeding again which is how I'm writing this now. People are getting suspicious of my bruises, no matter how much I pull my sleeves down. I just call them names to get them to go away. It works, but at what cost? I have no friends. At home, all I hear is "your opinions don't matter! You're the youngest so why should I listen to you? You don't know what you're talking about." It's painful. Even the amber setting sun doesn't cheer me up anymore. The violet-blue sky used to ease the pain. Now it just reminds me of how useless I am. How useless I will always be. I better go to class, the teachers will be wondering why I took so long. Trouble is, I can hide the bruises but how do you hide a tear-stained face?

16<sup>th</sup> July, 6:00pm

She came into school today. She was different, somehow. More... upset, more quiet. Her face was paler, tear-stained, like mine

normally is. I walked over to see what was wrong but she immediately ran off to her friends. They all stared at me, sniggering. They were obviously talking about me.

20<sup>th</sup> July, 1:00am "You don't matter"

25<sup>th</sup> July, 7pm  
"Nobody cares about you."

28<sup>th</sup> July, midnight  
"Why are you even here?!"

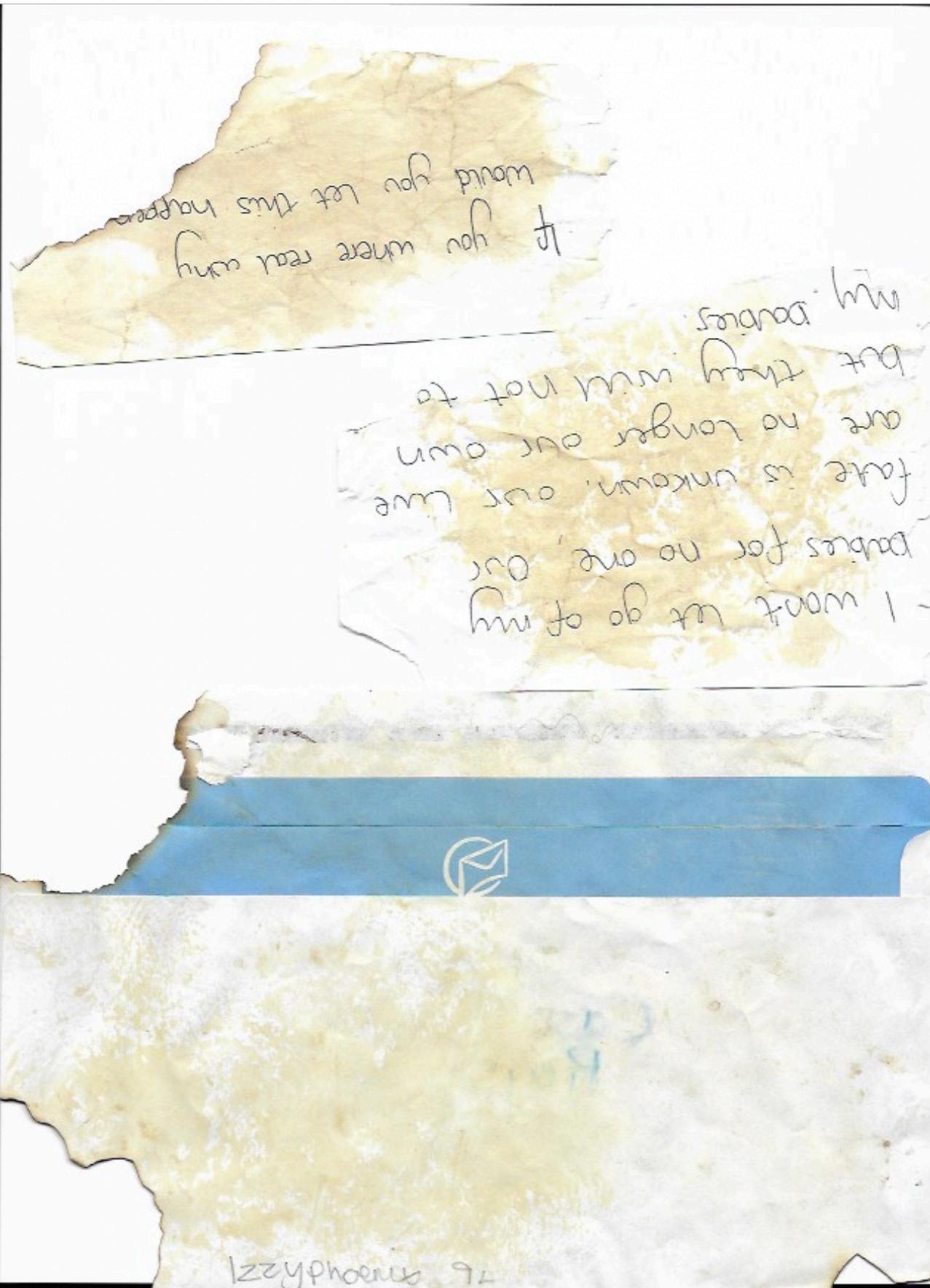
31<sup>st</sup> of July, 4:00am.  
Why is this happening to me? ME!?

9<sup>th</sup> August, 5pm  
I don't want to be a bully, honestly, I don't...

## **Izzy Phoenix**

Izzy has presented her work in the form of short pieces of text on small pieces of paper as if they were torn up and ruined. Photocopies of her work are displayed on the next four pages.

Her piece is titled “Last prayers”.



I would you let this happen  
If you were read why

I want let go of my  
babies for no one, our  
fate is unknown, our live  
are no longer our own  
but they will not to  
my babies.

lzyphoenis 94

and I will see u

see us say. I love you

I will stay strong through  
we are at Alg about 100 from

him soon I am scared but

needed for work but we'd see

from the they say he was

camp we got separated from

begin to be arriving at the

time to write they the big men

I don't have to much

The morning

for taken me in I will see you again.

plus in this letter they have

and stronger than anything

some gives me more content

the more

letter will have

My family, friends,  
neighbours are dying around  
me. They have been nothing  
but faithful, why are you  
killing innocent people  
due "where is your  
God? They scream at me  
these native tough. Ever  
I am starting to doubt  
I am now

Want let go of my  
babes for no one.  
Our fate is unknown our  
lives are no longer our  
win but they will not  
take my babies.

When they take everything  
from me I will still  
hold on

They may strip me bare,  
they take my dignity

But I will not let them  
tell me my faith is  
worthy of des

Mummy I'm scared  
they took you away.  
I don't want men to be  
the scary men keep  
the children and keep  
shouting and keep screaming  
I don't think I can  
see my  
Mummy

## **The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards**

Inspired by Anne Frank, the Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards recognise the great achievements of young people across Somerset who demonstrate our three core values:

- Actively opposing discrimination, bullying and prejudice
- Supporting and caring for others in need
- Working within conflict resolution and social inclusion

### **Individual Awards**

The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards' mission is to create an impact that is both positive and long-lasting on young people and their communities.

The Individual Awards are set out to recognise the youths of Somerset (Key Stages 2-5 – Ages 9-18) who go above and beyond to attain our core values.

These young people, and the inspiring qualities they exhibit, deserve personal recognition. As they are the foundations of our future, it is vital to encourage them in what they are doing in order to continue to improve the community of Somerset.

Winners of each award will receive £100, as well as all winners and shortlisted entries receiving a copy of Anne Frank's diary and a certificate of recognition.

Starting in 2021, we will be introducing a new Paul Heim Award to the Main Awards, in memory of our former Committee Member. This will be awarded to the entry that best fits all 3 of our core values. The winner of the Paul Heim award will receive an additional £100 on top of any prizes they may have already won.

## **Creative Writing Awards**

Anne Frank's diary is an inspirational piece of writing, from an astonishingly insightful girl. The diary is a stimulating and thought-provoking piece of work – we want to know how it inspires you.

The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards invites Somerset's creative writers of the next generation to submit their Anne Frank inspired work. Every year we choose a quote from Anne Frank's diary and ask our entrants to write a piece based on it. Your work can be in any form you choose - poetry, prose, a diary entry or a short story with a maximum of 500 words. The winners will get the opportunity to read their entries aloud at our Awards Ceremony.

There are four age categories:

**School years 5-6** (Ages 9-11)

**School years 7-9** (Ages 11-14)

**School years 10-11** (Ages 14-16) **School years 12-13** (Ages 16-18)

A shortlist of entries will be selected by our Committee and the final winners will be adjudicated by a special guest judge.

All winners and shortlisted entries will receive a copy of Anne Frank's diary and a certificate of recognition. On top of this, each 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 1<sup>st</sup> place entry will receive book tokens of value £25, £50 and £75 respectively.

### **Get in touch!**

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