

<https://s3.amazonaws.com/www-inside-design/uploads/2019/01/kinetic-typography-5.gif>

CREATIVE
CONVERSATIONS
DAY

AFTERNOON
WORKSHOPS

Thump thump thump
Running across the pavement

Pitter potter Patter
Running across the sandpit.

Ice cream in hand,
Screams of delight
As children race down the slide.

Creak croak
The swings are getting old
Serving generations of kids
Playing at the park.

Whizz round
The roundabout
Faster, faster
The children cry

Running running
SPLAT.
Ice cream gone
Forever

Jemima

Mango tree 🥭

The mango tree grew mangoes
The tree-house was now clean
He climbed the tree, scared the possum
We got the mangoes

The emerald green and crimson red skin
Shone in the kitchen light
As my aunt got the knife to cut down
Through the the tough armour

The flesh is as gold as the sunken treasure
You find in the ancient pirate ship
The flesh is as sweet as the icing
From the richest cake

The mango juice deeps into my mouth
I remember when I saw it picked
The succulent, fresh fruit
Tempt me with its memory

Back in Australia
Where the sun is hot
There was a mango tree
With a treehouse and delicious fruit



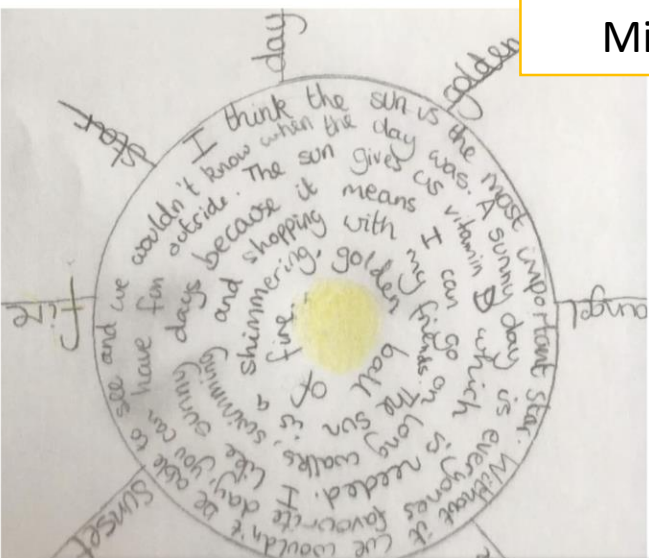
Zara

Year 6

Ruby

The ear-piercing sound of the blaring horn,
angry drivers scorn,
While the city that never sleeps is born,
The taxi's blur by,
And the big billboards up high,
Expect you to buy all there supplies,
Walking round the busy streets like a labyrinth
The pitter patter of the rain,
Rings in my ears,
The umbrellas go up like colourful clouds,
Zip, Zip, Zip,
Coats hug there owners like a cocoon,
Everybody trying to get across the zebra crossing,
While cars try to battle and get across,
This is the life of Hong Kong 🇭🇰

Millie



The journey of a feather

The flight of a feather,
Fragile and neat.
Fiddling, falling
Through the abyss.
Unfazed by the fumbling waves.
It's owner flies on,
Through the fog.
As the feather is dampened by the sea foam,
It's colour starts to fade.
Then it's journey through the air ends,
Covered by the sea's facade.
The feather then ventures on,
Through the silky blue.
Through the leaping froth,
Further, further, further...

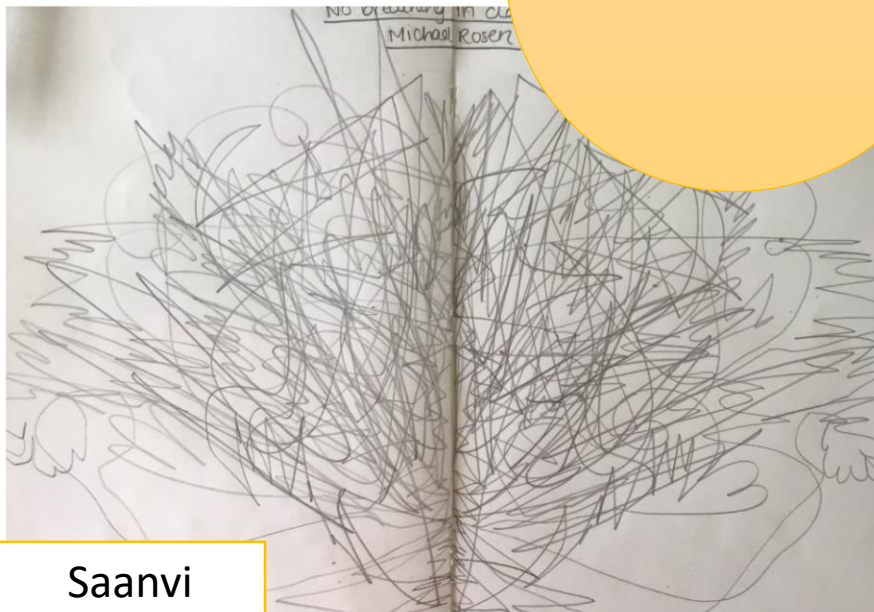
Scarlett

Clatter, Clatter, Clatter
Clatters of mess
Clatters of dishes
A clink and Clank as the dishes go shatter

Shards of glass
A clatter of mess
A big clatter and a lot of stress.

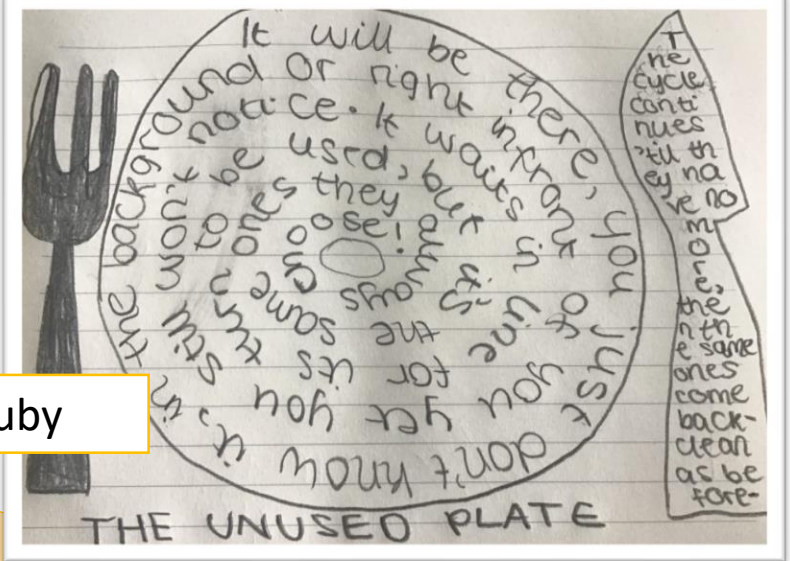
The clatter of toys being thrown down a wooden staircase by an angry child
The rage
The power
The clatter

The clatter of horses hooves on a pavement
As they ride along
The clatter
The clatter of stress



Saanvi

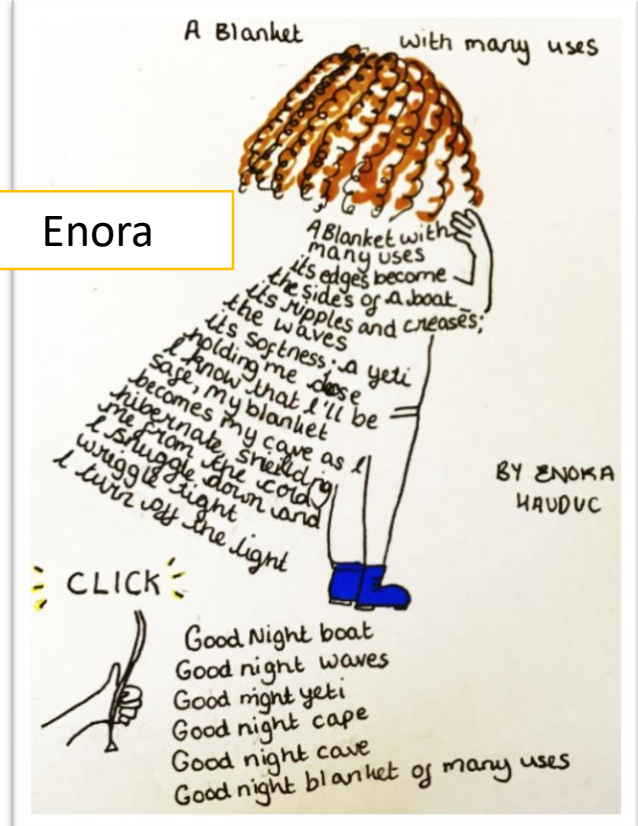
Zayna



Ruby

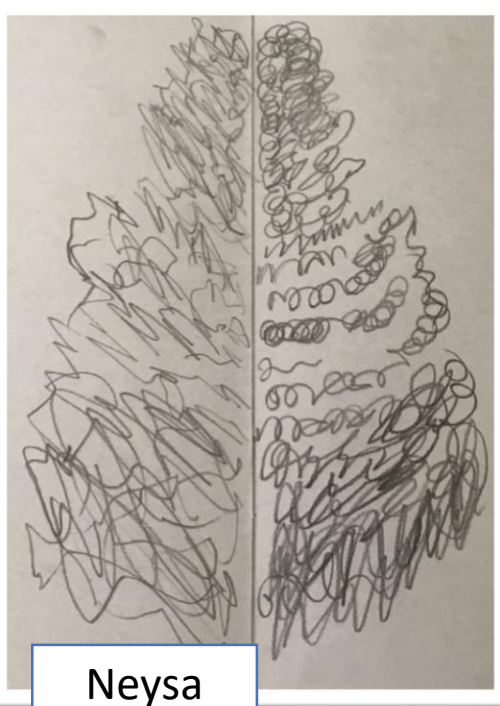
Lower 4

Enora



BY ENOKA HAUDUC

Upper 4



Neysa

A DATE WITH SPRING

Got a date with Spring
 Got to look me best,
 Of all the trees
 I'll be the Smartest dressed.

Perfume breeze
 Behind me ear,
 Pollen accessories
 All in place.

Raindrop moisturizer
 For me face
 Sunlight tints
 to spruce up the hair.

Whats the good of being a tree
 if you can't flaunt your beauty

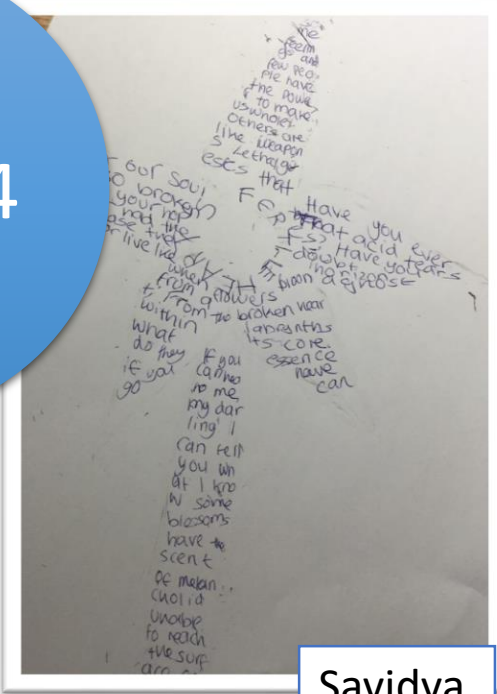
Winter I was naked
 Exposed as can be
 Me wardrobe took off
 with the wind.

Life was a frosty blunder
 Now, Spring here I come
 Can't wait to slip in
 a little green number

By John Agard

Naadiya

The whisper of the waves
 Crisp on the stone,
 The spiral of the wind
 Gasping in uproar,
 The rocks soaring off the cliffs
 Rapping as they hit the floor,
 And the spirit of the moon,
 Clapping at my soul,
 Leaving me craving more.



Savidya

Lithe
 and
 soft,
 curling like
 a cat, swift
 and deadly, striking
 with fierce precision. Twisting
 upwards, rising and consuming,
 a soft caress with deadly intent. Fire
 is destruction, fire is growth.

Jasmine

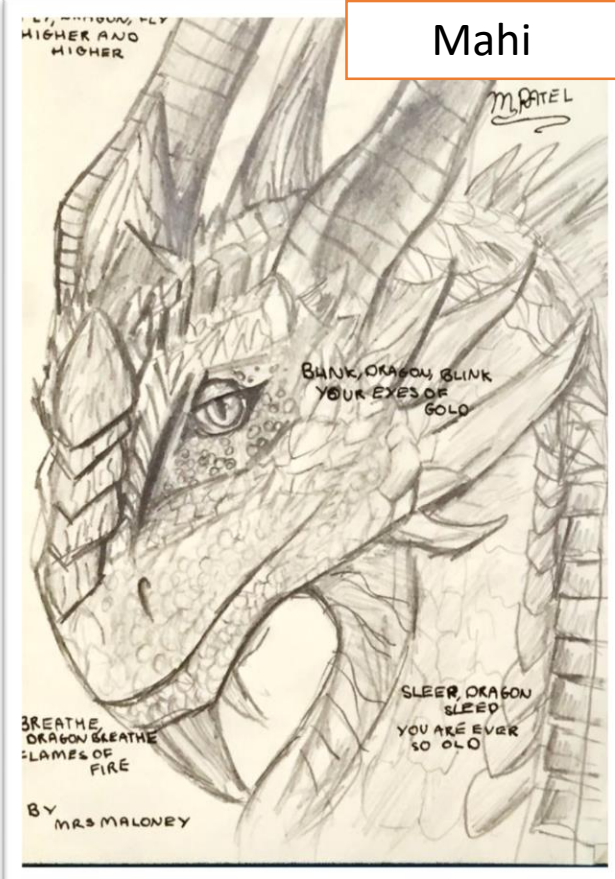
The spring of the sun
 As it climbs up so high,
 The spell it casts
 On the space beneath the sky,
 The sparkle of the waves
 Waiting on standby
 But the spectrum of colours
 That I see in the day
 Is nothing when I think of
 The night.

Amelia



Sara

Mahi

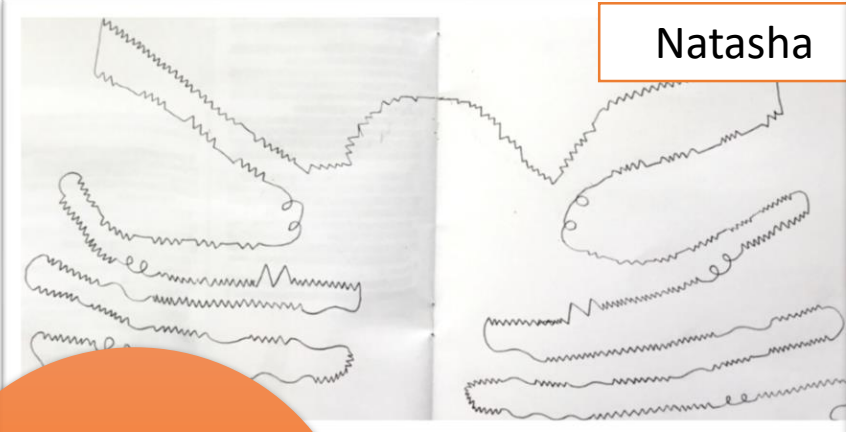


chromosomes deciding 23 from your mother 23 from your father can I be my own person? I think my eye hair-colour, whether I will be born healthy or sick, the hand, my everything my gender. some are make me Do I get to rebel? To of my parents

46 of the my, everything your mother your father my own some times not-Deciding colour my whether I will be, why or size of my head, including my chromo what who I am. choose? break free legacy?

Aparna

Natasha



Lower 5

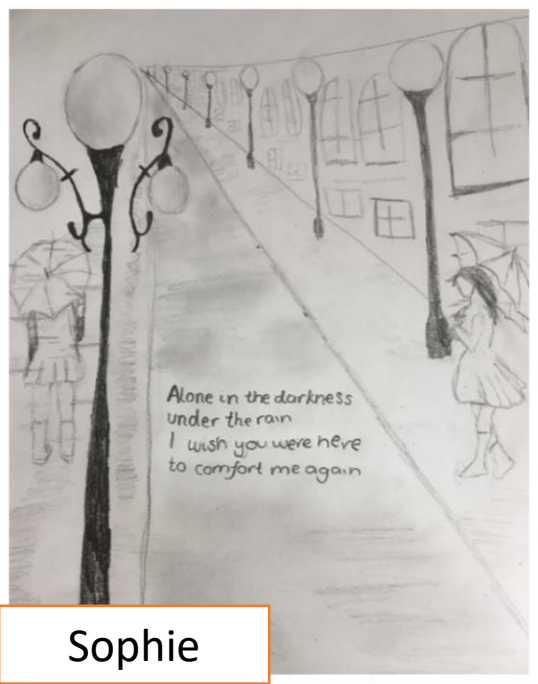
Tama

Su sheng
Sua yang
flying floating PRING
the bird who sals its nest victors
purifying pulling BIZING
the fasty water on a winters day
hiding ~~disgusting~~ LYING
warmth that leads you astray

I beg of you now to stay
ALERT & AWAKE
Through the hardest of days when love turns into HATE
And let flowers bewitch you To poison your MIND
For after all we are **DEVIANCE**

Kiera

LISH, SPLASH
Splish, splash
Pitter, patter
Falling To The Ground
Fast then slow
Until it stops
Oh what a fabulous sound!



Sophie

The little fish swims around her tank, longing to be free in the sea. She remembers the memories of the colours of the coral, and swimming in it to hide from predators.

Maya

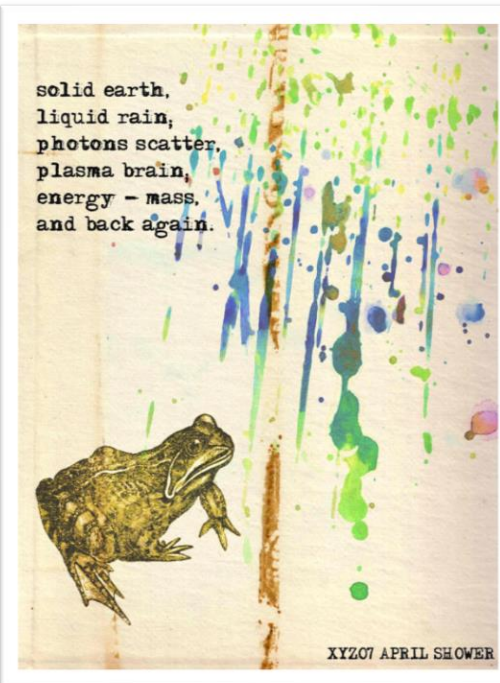
She remembers the wildlife and all the amazing sea life that surrounded them. She remembers the cool and blueness of the water, and swimming through it. But now all she can think about is being contained in this tiny fish tank, trapped away from all other wildlife and the outside world.

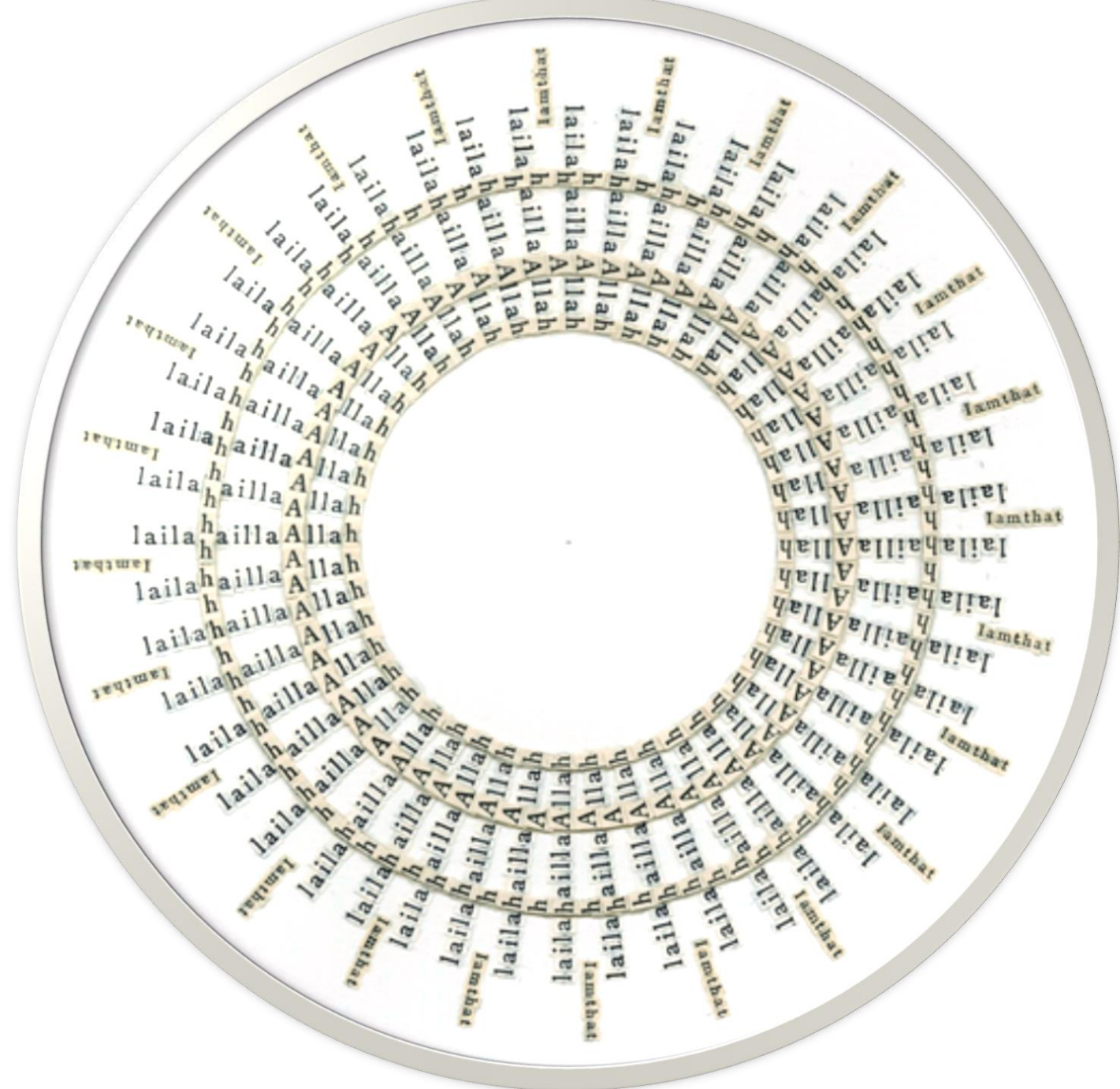


This afternoon is
a chance to be
even more
CREATIVE.



The English Dept
are running
workshops to give
you even more
ways to write
your own poem.

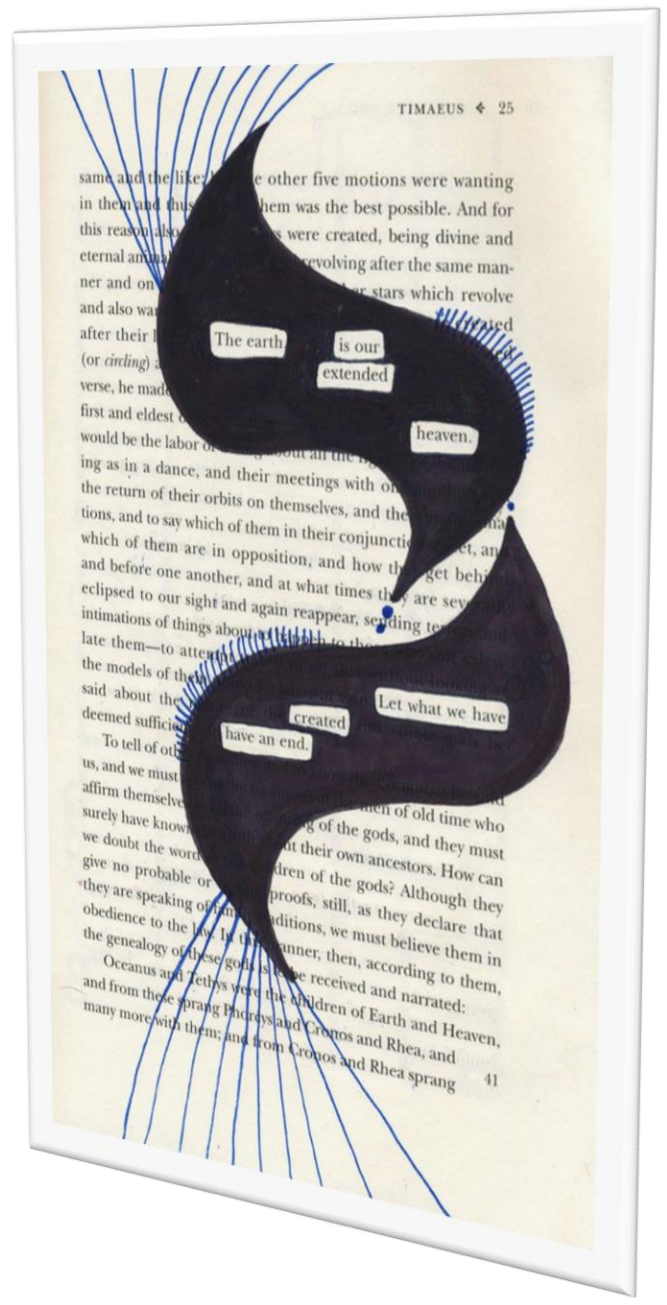




...and the Art
Dept are
running
workshops to
help you make
your poems
into visual
artworks.



You will need to have written your poem before you start making it into an artwork.

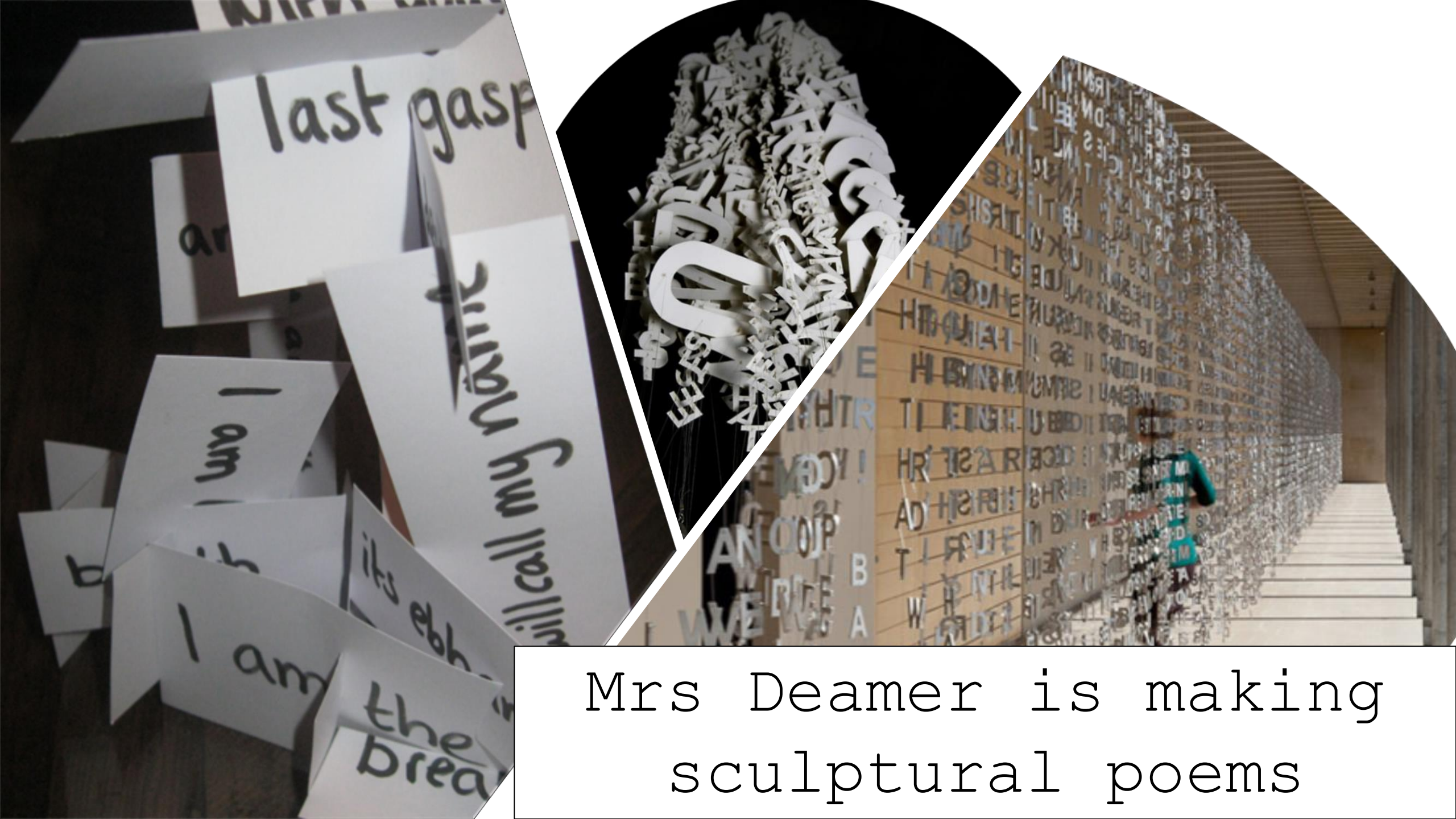


Your poem can be about anything -
You might develop something you
started this morning
You might have already written a
poem that you're proud of or
You might want to start something
new.

There are 3
different poetry
workshops on offer

- Mrs Jeffock will help you write a poem about an object - you'll need to have the object with you
- Miss Bowie will help you write a poem using your senses
- Miss Condon will help you write a narrative performance poem

There are 5
different art
workshops on offer



Mrs Deamer is making
sculptural poems



Mrs Wiseman is making Wordle poems



<https://youtu.be/h23mpMFws4s>



<https://youtu.be/7s-WZvmsPlc>



<https://youtu.be/8fsH8qxDDY4>

Miss
Arlington
is making
animated poems



Miss Shaw is making pattern poems

same and the like: the other five motions were
in them and thus the best possible. And
this reason also... were created, being divine and
eternal animals revolving after the same man-
ner and on other stars which revolve
and also w... created
after their...
(or circling) a...
verse, he made
first and eldest...
would be the labor of... about all the...
ing as in a dance, and their meetings with one
the return of their orbits on themselves, and the...
tions, and to say which of them in their conjunction...
which of them are in opposition, and how they get behind
and before one another, and at what times they are seen
eclipsed to our sight and again reappear, sending ten...
intimations of things about to happen to them...
late them—to attempt...
the models of their...
said about the... created
deemed sufficient...
To tell of other...
us, and we must... men of old time who
affirm themselves... of the gods, and they must
surely have known... their own ancestors. How can
we doubt the words... children of the gods? Although they
give no probable or... proofs, still, as they declare
they are speaking of family conditions, we must believe
... to the law. In this manner, then...

The earth

is our
extended

heaven.

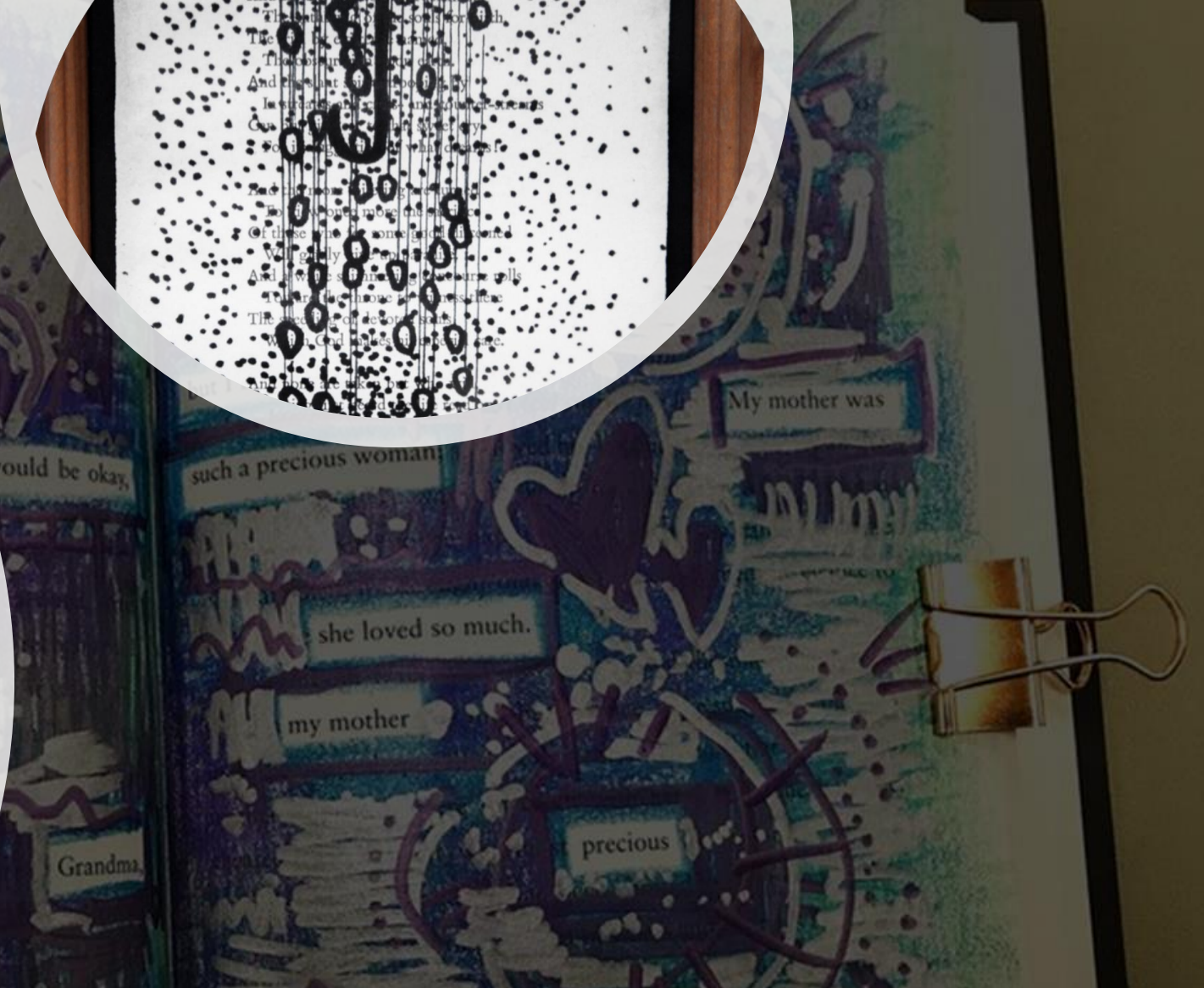
have an end.

Let what we have

created



Mrs Hobbs is making blackout poems



- 2.00pm - if you want some help writing your poem, access any of the live writing workshops on ZOOM.
- 2.00 - 2.45pm - write your poems and if time look through the Art ppts to choose which one you want to make.
- 2.45pm - if you want help making your artwork then join the live art workshops on ZOOM.



Haberdashers' Aske's School — for Girls —

ENRICHMENT WEEK 2020



<p>2.00</p>	<p>If you need help writing a poem attend a live poem workshop (see below)</p> <p>Or if you are happy with a poem you have written this morning then choose your visual style: click here. Live art workshops will begin at 2:45</p> <p>If Ms Bowie and Mrs Jeffcock's workshops are full please go to Ms Condon's (as it is a larger zoom account it can hold more pupils)</p> <p>Ms Condon – Performance Poetry</p> <p>Join Zoom Meeting https://zoom.us/j/96781172752?pwd=dk1OckVneEwwSGk0TnVVeldaNGRaZz09</p> <p>Meeting ID: 967 8117 2752 Password: 614772</p> <p>Ms Bowie – Open up your senses: Poetry workshop</p>	<p>Teams Calls</p> <p>Habs Cloud</p>
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Before 8.30am tomorrow-upload your finished poems and your artwork to your form folders.

Tomorrow in form time your tutors will be hosting live calls to look through all of the AMAZING things you have been up to today and you will all get a chance to vote for your favourites. Winning poems and artworks will feature on the Habs Online Gallery.