

Slam poetry

I am a hero

Kindness has become a tornado of pretend,
We forget to breathe the truth in the wind
Instead we consume the lie in the breeze

I am a hero

Kindness a common good, a basic lesson, has been lost
A theatrical stint
A tool of personal gain; A praise
The world has lost interests of generosity
but plunder in the pursuit of greed

I am a hero

kindness is a tree,
of full of lush green leaves
twigs intertwine with stories
now dead, with nothing left but
a struggle to hold the smallest hope
the last green leaf falls
because kindness, we fear, carries with it a burden of unwarranted connotations
a mockery of soft hearted character
a flaw filled branch trellised (tre-less-t) and bound in trend

Yet I am a hero

I do not defy gravity or contort lasers with my eyes,
I do not shoot webs from my finger tips or move metal with my mind

But I am a hero

The world does not call upon me with a symbol in the sky,
Or a message though some magical third eye,
It is my heavy soul that needs to be soothed by the sight of kindness
That compels this dear hero to save the town called home,
Little by little

I am a hero

In kindness lies happiness but,
Kindness is seen as a performing art
Something like a masquerade
Life painted in a different shade
By those who want a praise filled parade
So, when real kindness finally shows the curves of its face
We question it
What's is the catch? This can't be true?
Kindness for me means you want something too.

But I am a hero and I believe in
A smile to make a small moment worthwhile is
A heart filled with hope,
And a hope filled heart is where great happiness may start
It may seem like a heavy task,
But share a glimpse of your kindest part
Breathe in the wind
Uncover what has been hiding underneath
Embrace it. Be a hero.

In kindness, my happiness grows fonder
In the days that I can do nothing but wander
I could still pick up my kindness and throw it to the crowd
Because my kindness goes unseen but not unnoticed.
A smile I create is a smile of my own.
Each small unseen act of kindness,
Is an art form in its finest

I am a hero.

Gabby

WHITE FLOWER

BY EBONY HUGHES

Snow was on my face as I watch mum get the axe. A shrivel shrub had grown out of nowhere some time ago. Mum and I never liked it and today we're chopping it down. "What else do you need?" I yelled across the white field, but there was no reply. "Anything else you want?" I yelled louder, and still no reply. "Mumma!" I yelled out, as I walked to the woodshed to see her laying in snow. "Mumma you alright?" "Mum!" Tears were rolling down as I spoke because she wasn't responding. "Mum!" I sobbed "Wake up!". I wiped the snow off her face as I dragged her into the woodshed.

Two days passed after the incident and Mumma just woke up. They found out she has this thing called cancer and not many people survive that. I climbed up onto the deck with tears in my eyes and glared out at the field and noticed the shrub that we never chopped down. A teardrop rolled down my skin as I continued to stare out at nothing. As the weeks went by the trees were dancing and the snow was fading, everything was coming to life except Mumma, each day she was weaker and weaker. Sometimes I would even stay up to 11:11 to make a wish but I couldn't do anything to help her.

The sky was lit by electricity and the ground covered with water. Today was an inside day. I rushed upstairs and when through my chest and pulled out my chemistry kit. I love it, it is my favourite thing in the world, well except for Mumma of course. She always encourages me to be a scientist and would always surprise me with new parts and different ingredients. For once in a long time a smile came across my face. I blew dust off the wooden box that it belonged with and made my way downstairs trying not to break anything. I had to go outside to get some ingredients to play with because all the others had been used up. I was getting drenched as I ran around, picking things to add to my experiments. I saw some beautiful flowers growing on a strange bush when I realised that it was the shrub we were going to chop down. So, I decided that I would pick some flowers for Mumma to show her that the shrub isn't as bad as we thought it was. I rushed inside dripping wet to grab a vase. I put the flowers in it except one because I was going to use that one for my experiments. Mum was asleep when I put the flowers in her room. I shut the door gently and slid down the stairs. My chemistry set was already bubbling away when I placed one of the white petals in when a rich smell of vanilla, raspberry and peach gushed around the room and up my nose. Those flowers smelt nice. Suddenly someone grabbed my shoulder. I flinched as I turned to see Mumma, out bed for the first time in weeks and was looking perky instead of her usual sickly and ghostly appearance.

"Smells good" muttered Mumma, voice was soft but not as harsh as usual. I pointed to the chemistry set. "I think I have me a new essential oil." Mumma said with a smirk on her face. I giggled. I didn't think she was serious, but she grabbed the flask and poured some on her hands and rubbed it in. I looked at her puzzled.

"What harm could it do?" she responded to me with a wink.

Every morning she would put on that oil. She always like to pamper herself I guess now isn't any different. Three months went by and every day she used that oil not once did she forgot to put it on.

Mumma was at the doctors for her usual check-up before I knew it the doctors were rushing around like animals and were calling for help. I tried to ask what was going on, but no one would answer me. They said she had six months, but it's only been four. How could it go wrong so fast? My head pounded as I tried to think what was going on. I thought she was getting better. Then my mind clicked the oil, that stupid bush was going to kill Mumma. I couldn't believe it. I should've cut it down instead I used it to kill Mumma.

My head was spinning and all I wanted to do was give Mumma one last hug before she goes. I thought about this moment before and what I would do but I didn't imagine it would arrive so soon. A nurse told me to go sit down and another told me to stop crying. I move my hands off my face and wiped a tear from my check. Then I see a nurse with my chemistry set and the oil Mumma was using. It just confirmed what I've been thinking, and I lose myself again, spiralling out of control.

An hour has passed, and a nurse comes up to me. She places her warm hands against my cold skin and wipes away a tear. "Sweetheart do you know what you've done?" I looked up at her my chin wobbling. "No, no don't cry. It's ok. You saved your mum, those special flowers of yours is the cure" She said as smiled at me. I get out of my seat and turn around to see Mumma.

"I told you, you were a scientist." She spoke with that soft voice of hers, but instead of replying I just give her that hug I have been so longing for.

Georgina Tenny

Front Door Boy

It was a bright sunny afternoon, as the sun shone its brightest lights of the day across the deserted street of Nazareth. The surrounding buildings were all identical, made of grey brick, had a slate tiled roof and being closely packed with each other, they created narrow alleyways across the entire neighborhood. With no one in sight, just a lonely bike which had been left behind after the huge rush which had just occurred. There was a terrible storm approaching, the biggest winds and rain recorded in history was just a few hours away. All shutters had been closed; all doors had been locked and all families locked themselves away inside.

I looked up as the nearing clouds begin to darken, the small trees in the distance begin to sway viscously. As I peer out my closed shutter, I see rain quickly forming puddles on the brick street. I see a small lonely boy knocking on everyone's door, no one letting him in. They were frightened of the immense winds. The small boy continues to run along the street, seemingly becoming stressed. Finally, the boy comes to my door, and I hesitantly let him in. He is completely soaked from head to toe and seems to have come down with mild frostbite. I have not yet closed the door, and a gust of wind enters the house, knocking ornaments over and anything that stands. I immediately slam the door. Before I asked the boy any questions, I ran rapidly all through the house, retrieving all the blankets and warm clothes I could find. Luckily for me, I used to work at an all-boys orphanage, so I had many variations of clothes that I had lent to the unfortunate boys. As I ran back into the front room, I noticed that the boy was gone, I couldn't see him anywhere in sight. For the next half hour, I scrambled all throughout house looking for any clues to see where he could have run off too. Not so long later I was getting tired and feeling the urge to give up, but I knew couldn't stop now.

Suddenly a swift wind slapped its death defining temperature across the back of my spine. I quickly turned around to find my bedroom door wide open with all four-windows glass shattered all over my sheets. I slowly made my way to the window, climbing over all the dangerous sharp pieces of glass and minding my way on each individual step. As I peered over the edge to the terrifying outside, I saw the boy, but only for a small moment, he was there and then just evaporated into thin air.

My mind mushed with thoughts around who this mystery man might be. The only thoughts that flashed into my brain were terrifying, I couldn't concentrate, I couldn't think straight. I had never experienced this sort of event before and had never been stuck in such a serious situation like this. The only other place I could've seen anything like this occur would be from a movie, a horror movie. There was no way I would be able to sleep tonight, being known to a deadly boy roaming the street. All I knew was that I had to stop this boy before he strikes at anyone else's front door, there was no time to wait I had to start preparing. From all the mystery movies and detectives, I had studied, I knew everything which was needed for this mission to be a success. The sun was slowly setting as I set out for the big night ahead, with my main priorities being said, to find the boy and keep him away from the rest of the neighborhood.

The last time I had seen the boy was at the bottom of my building, which was the perfect place to start searching. I had no idea if this boy was still alive, after the way he exited out of the window onto the hard-layered brick ground but I couldn't give any chances, who knows who's lives could be at risk and

there was no way I was putting my neighborhood in danger. As I slowly made my way through the streets, I noticed a pattern, every building had some sort of glass shattered right underneath it and I knew exactly where this had come from. I peered up to see the boy exactly where I suspected, in front of another person's building. This was my only chance to capture him and find out his true-life story.

Now I am back inside my cozy building talking to the boy, as you can see my mission experienced a positive outcome. His name is Toby, an orphan all the way from the other side of town and the only reason he is here is because he ran away from home and feels he can't fit in anywhere. After hearing the boy's upsetting story, I decided to take him in under my permanent supervision. From this experience, what has been learnt is too never judge someone so quickly as you may not know the full story and to always be willing to give second chances.

Nothing

Tossing from side to side, his walnut hair in a tangled mess on the bed, tawny highlights still framing his pale face. His cold sweat dripping onto the sheets while his lips continue to lose their colour by the second. The most painful yet empty experience he has ever felt, regret, hunger, need. This was never a look Ash wanted, falling apart in front of his family. Anxious his mother would return before the loud clock on the wall chimed it was six, four hours, 240 minutes was all he had. Regaining his strength Ash reaches across the bed to his phone, groaning in pain as he looks for his most prized contact. Finding the words, he begins to text him, "Usual place, usual amount" Looking at the clock realisation kicks in, he has one hour, 60 minutes to get to the small park by his house.

He begins to sit up, dizziness setting in as the blood rushes from his head, closing heavy eyes as he tries to get rid of the throbbing pain in the back of his head. Finding an old, grey jumper he slides the coarse material over his head, arms and body. Walking to the bathroom he pulls out the mesh bag hidden under the sink, looking inside he finds it empty. Swearing under his breath, only last week there was five hundred in there. Throwing the bag on the floor Ash runs his hands through his hair pulling at the roots in anxiety. Where will he get the money? Looking through the house for anything worth much, he had almost sold everything they had. All that was left was a two-seater, couch, table, kettle and a television. Nothing that could easily be sold to the pawn shop down the road.

Two blocks away. Two blocks away stood his sister's small apartment, she would be home. He could ask for money there, she loved him, she would give him money. With the newfound hope Ash grabbed his phone and started walking towards the apartment. Looking at the time realisation crashes, 43 minutes until he had to meet him. As his walk fastens to a jog, he arrives at his sister's house in record time. 37 minutes, 37 minutes until he had to get back to the small pond by his house. Knocking on the window he looks from left to right and sees her small car in the driveway. Though the peephole his sister stands frozen cold, terrified of the boy she had once called her brother. Ash knocking on the door soon begins to turn into a violent banging, scared he was going to break the rusting hinges she calls to him.

'Ash?' her voice shaky.

'Hey its me' Ash hushes, although due to his efforts the way he says it comes off harsh.

'You need to leave' she tells him, although all she wants is to give him a hug and tell him it will be alright.

'No, you can't, you can't shut me out like this, I'm your brother we grew up together" His hands turn to fists as he violently bangs on the door. Emotions running high. Punching the wooden frame. She manages to leave the door, calling her mum she tells her about his state and how he came to her house.

Whilst Ash, now filled with guilt and regret, starts walking home. Money is all that is on his mind. Where will he find the money he needs? Returning home emotions take him over and he throws anything he can on the ground. Taking his anger out on plates, knives, forks, spoons anything he could find. Until he finally picks up the TV as he lifts the screen above his head, realisation kicks that its worth something.

Wrapping the television in a sheet he walks down the road. The bell chimes as he walks into the small pawn shop. Walking to the front desk he places the TV down onto the bench, worth at least \$800 it was much more than he needed. 19 minutes, get in and out of the shop as quickly as possible. Behind the counter the woman checks the screen, all of the attachments and then goes out back. As she returns she has money in her hand.

'\$500, take it or leave it' Tossing the money in her hand she smiles.

Nodding his head, he takes the money, leaving the store with much less than he came in with. Checking the time, he has 8 minutes. It's a 10-minute walk. His walk turns into a jog, noticing none of the surroundings around him. The park coming into his vision he slows to a walk and goes to the bench near the back. Wearing a hood the man he texted comes into sight.

"Double?" Ash deeply whispers.

Nodding his head, the man pulls out a second bag. Passing the \$400 over he then gets the two small bags filled with his kryptonite. Taking this opportunity the two shake hands and walk in their opposite directions. Ash soon makes it home, devil's weakness calmly sitting in the pocket of his old grey hoodie.

2 hours later his mother returns home, desperate to talk to him about getting help. Raged that the TV is missing, she storms into his bedroom. Limp his body lies on the floor, frothing at the mouth. She checks for a pulse. Nothing. That's all that was left. Nothing.