

Six Weeks of Term

By Amy McNamee, B1

Six weeks of term - school time flies!
Since we greeted new friends with smiles in our eyes!
We walked in the gates, breathing in the atmosphere,
Of the weird and wonderful new school year.

How strange it is to wear a mask,
And physical distancing is quite a task,
The next generation will never believe,
That we were afraid to cough or sneeze!

New teachers and subjects, and playing hockey,
And the InterHouse cup, c'mon House B!
So now it is time for the Mid-Term test,
And we'll finish the term in our Halloween Best!

School Term

By Ella Moran B1

The mid term break is nearly here,
September and October seemed to have disappeared!
November tests have rolled by,
Without even stopping to say hi!

When I stood at the doorway on my first day,
I thought, however should I find my way?
Soon I found out, it was easy as pie,
Just by following the maps, and using my eyes!

We sprayed down our desks,
And wiped them clean,
Sanitizing our hands,
Making them gleam!

We learnt maths equations,
And played lots of fun P.E,
Following the rules,
Is always the key!

I have learnt a lot,
In this new beginning,
Like how kindness is always
Worth giving!

But this school...

By Malika Chami P4

Yes that's me, the new girl,
Glares and a few funny looks,
That's what I expected to whirl.
But this school was not like those in them books.

The new teacher is walking me to class,
While I'm just thinking to myself,
"Hope the girls aren't just sass!"
But this school isn't like mindset of an old bookshelf.

Everyone knows what's going on,
Sitting at their computer working away,
And there I am sitting craving a prawn,
But this school is not like those who love a boring day

I moved to this amazing school,
With such friendly girls and staff,
Now without a doubt is this place cool,
You will definitely crack a laugh

I told you this school isn't like those schools!
#ols_rocks

Red Sky At Mourning

Connie Heather B6

The truth dawned on the sky this mourning,
The midnight suit, too tight for the son,

And the solar system is burning
All the planets and all of their sons.

See flashing stars spell out a warning,
While the stormy clouds conceal their guns,

If the sky rains bullets this mourning,
Is it better than a rain of none?

Acid hissing, eroding, burning,
Streaking stones as the droplets still run,

But let there be hope in the warning
That the mourning has truly begun.

