



Gold

It's strange how different words mean
different things to different people
How our minds work in different ways

Have you ever noticed that?

For example,
Some of you will have read the title.
Some of you won't have.
If you did, what did you think of?

King Midas and his cursed touch.
Pirates and their bags of riches.
The Happy Prince and giving away so much.
Fool's gold in sand and ditches.

Or the Queen, with her royal robes.
Crown jewels down to her tiny toes.
A mansion, with huge entrance stairs,
Streaks of sunlight on the billionaire's-

There, some examples
You get the idea.

Did you think of that?
I doubt it.

But now that we've mentioned them.
Notice any similarities?

That Grecian king, just look at him.
He turned his own daughter into an element.
Pirates are thieves, always have been
They steal and scavenge and live to torment.

Fool's gold is fake that's what "fool's" means.
And, does it really make you smile?
That billionaire is in the Philippines.
She hasn't been home for a while.

The Queen doesn't care for what she inherits
Her country is better than her crown.
That Prince gave away his skin in carats
And did you ever see him frown?

So, as you pine over sparkly gems.
And watch blonde models wearing them.

Just wait, and think about what I've written.

For,
As you watched them walk the red runway,
What you didn't realise was:

Those models worked for that billionaire,
And she paid money to our Queen,
Who was probably related to that King,
And pirates definitely must have stolen from him...

So even though stories are stories
And even though statues can't talk
Just think about it I implore you
Your brain will "Tick Tock" like a clock

Because, we're all connected in our greed.
Our greed for these small needless things.

Rubies and diamonds and emeralds
opals and crystals and jewels.

And of course

The most
Famous
One

Called:

Au, in group 11, with atomic number 79
A melting point of 1064°C
And a molar mass 196.96 grams/mole
But, otherwise simply known as
Gold.

Sophie Gallagher THE MAYNARD SCHOOL



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What is gold?

What is gold?

Is it the sun?

What is gold?

Is it having fun?

What is gold?

Is it 24 karat?

What is gold?

Is it a pirate's parrot?

What is gold?

Is it a ring on your finger?

What is gold?

Is it the jewellery of a singer?

What is gold?

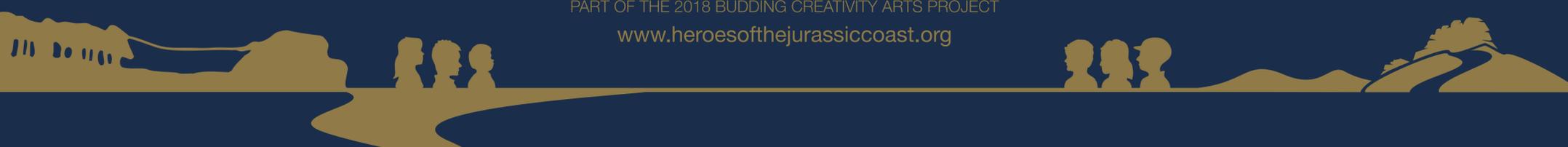
Anon THE MAYNARD SCHOOL



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The Golden Seasons

Bright yellow daffodils, buttercups and dandelions,
Unfolding themselves towards the sweet sun,
The grass finally crisping up from the tragic rain of winter,
Blossom on the trees, pale pink and creamy white,
And all of this, glistening in the golden spring sun.

Beach balls and paddling pools,
The damp air hanging low by the salty sea,
The rush of licking the last lick of the lolly,
before it drips down the stick, leaving a sad blob in the pickle coloured grass,
And all of this, glistening in the golden summer sun.

The ground has been carpeted in leaves,
crimped and crispy,
Orange, yellow and brown,
every leaf that elegantly falls tells a different story,
And all of this, glistening in the golden autumn sun.

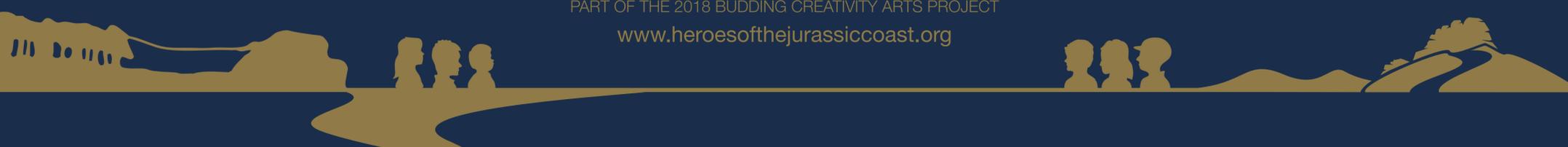
All leaves are disposed of,
blown away in the harsh and bitter wind,
The Trees dressed with glossy snow,
Perching on top of each and every branch like a bird,
And all of this, glistening in the Golden winter sun.

Katelyn Tomlinson THE MAYNARD SCHOOL



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Golden Anniversary

From the start it was my great power,
It was easy, I blossomed like a flower.
I had a naturally unique gift,
I knew nothing would set me adrift.
The start was fun and entertaining,
My coach was so lovely in training.

I started to train a great deal more,
My new coach would constantly roar.
It got unpleasant and I wanted to quit,
I almost couldn't put up with it.
But I had to take it on the chin
And not let it get under my skin.

The comments were unbearable,
Training became so terrible,
I don't think she believed in me,
But she would always disagree.
She knocked all my self-confidence,
And always wanted to be dominant.

For over 5 years I stayed strong,
I would struggle, don't get me wrong.
I'd fake an illness to get away,
This would completely set me astray.
I went to the English Championships though,
That day she wasn't on a low.

The next year was the hardest for me,
I was always trapped and never free
I knew one competition would be my last at that level
It was, and I finally escaped the devil.
This year I moved groups and now I am delighted,
It's like a bulb inside me had lighted.

My old coach did have her nice days,
Those are ones I miss and crave.
She was kind and funny, I warmed to that,
But was often cold and let me fall flat.
Now we have a great relationship,
This makes me happy I admit.

I have a new coach who is so loving,
She never takes away, always giving.
She gives opportunity and skill,
And she persistently keeps alight the thrill.
I have the thrill of gymnastics again,
And that's even brighter than the rain.

So this year has been especially golden for me,
And there will be many more, just wait and see.
These displays and dances don't show my passion,
But we do present ourselves in great fashion.
This was just how my years here have been,
And there are many more girls that look so keen.

50 years is quite a while,
For so many laughs and so many smiles.
So many memories and so many wins,
And most of all so many grins.

Flo Evans THE MAYNARD SCHOOL



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