

I am from down the road in bustling street corners  
I am from bright markets and 'beware of pickpockets '  
I am from a small school with sisterly bonds  
I am from a petite house in forgotten roads  
I'm from freestyle uniform with shallow peers  
I am from backstabbing people with stinging words  
I am from a car journey to a new home far away  
I am from waiting for an old friend who never came  
I'm from walking home alone as darkness consumes the roads  
I'm from finding skulls outside my door and holding them in frozen fingers  
I'm from laughing in tears and once smiling wide toothed  
I'm from sitting tests in a spacious room  
I'm from being tricked by friends and crying and giggling  
I'm from crying from hours in the darkness when midnight strikes  
I'm from being banned from a waterpark till the end of my days  
I'm from surprise for love no longer unrequited  
I'm from shamelessly bickering over the darkest topics with friends  
I'm from asking people to sign an art book  
I'm from going to a new place with hiding behind new uniform  
I'm from panic attacks and worst fears awakening  
I'm from joy from seeing people that I love succeed  
I'm from listening to the cab contemplating too much  
I'm from wishing I was as dead as I was inside  
I'm from losing a lifelong friend that was always by my side  
I'm from fighting all my thoughts with punk and the crash of rhythmic drums  
I'm from wishing I was dead from the disease that nearly got me  
I'm from seeing friends with red scars against their pale wrists  
I'm from 'now doesn't create the ending'

### ***Anonymous***

I'm from Grande house  
I'm from long sweeping staircase  
I'm from gun cabinet kennels  
Wet dog  
I'm from large oak doors  
I'm from 4 poster beds  
I'm from quadbike cold starts  
Wet dog  
Early starts  
Old land-rover  
Moor, clear  
Rain - wet dog  
Shot gun  
I'm from filling in the gamebook  
Wet dog  
The Antis at it again  
Grouse flying low  
Wet dog

### ***William Warde-Norbury (Third Form, Grafton)***

I'm from taxis honking down congested streets.  
I'm from big families and loving homes.  
I'm from artistic roads and diverse communities.  
I'm from tired mornings with hectic backgrounds.  
I'm from making things to quench my creative thirst.  
I'm from designer clothes and hostile feelings.  
I'm from secrets kept and anxiety with it.  
I'm from crowds of self-centred people pushing and shoving to get places first.  
I'm from parents away and feelings vulnerable.  
I'm from fear of the known yet curiosity of the yet to be discovered.  
I'm from pretend acceptance and proud people.  
I'm from tiptoeing down the squeaking stairs to overhear muttered conversations.  
I'm from silent tears falling like miniature grenades.  
I'm from masking emotions to make other people's lives easier.  
I'm from believe in yourself and anything is possible.  
I'm from pursue your dreams if it's the last thing you do.

***Myles Ryan (Third Form, Grenville)***

I am from orange sunsets  
I am from long walks on dusty roads  
I am from sundowners on the veranda  
I am from breath taking views of Tabaco fields  
I am from the roar of old engines  
I am from days spent on lakes getting sun burnt  
I am from long drives back to Town  
I am from nasty crashes  
I am from long nights with good friends  
I am from dancing and culture  
I am from laughter around a fire  
I am from pristine uniform and short smart hair  
I am from strict rules  
I am from breaking those rules  
I am from school war cries  
I am from the water polo pools  
I am from the pride of my school  
I am from a soft bed with warm sheets  
I am from Home  
I am from Zimbabwe

***Archie Strong (Third Form, Grafton)***

I'm from snowy fields  
I'm from frosty toes  
I'm from wearing warm woolly clothes  
I'm from church bells  
I'm from dewy grass  
I'm from where the cold icy wind blasts

I'm from spring walks  
I'm from green leaves  
I'm from the tiny sprouts of new trees  
I'm from were mornings dawn and evenings dusk  
I'm from were night settles on day like dust.

I'm from summer fun  
I'm from water fights  
I'm from saying up through the night  
I'm from beach waves  
I'm from swimming pools  
I'm from enjoying the summer holiday before school.

I'm from leafless trees  
I'm from gnarling branches  
I'm from going away on long ranches  
I'm from golden leaves  
I'm from ploughing fields  
I'm from riding around my dad's hayfields.

***Francesca Macleod Matthews (Third Form, Nugent)***

I'm from the never go out without your umbrella  
I'm from the afternoon tea, scones and cucumber sandwiches  
I'm from the globally known brilliant history  
I'm from the accent everyone tries to imitate  
I'm from the brutal game of rugby  
I'm from the land of the Queen  
I'm from Britain

***Cosima Prestwich (Third Form, Nugent)***

I am from the dark streets of Bedford,  
I am from light sidewalks of Thrapston.  
I am from cinnamon buns in a café,  
I am from thrilling roller coaster rides.  
I am from princess stories,  
I am from horror movies.  
I am from work hard,  
I am from play hard.  
I am from fantasy novels,  
I am from cartoon drawings.  
I am from heroic comics,  
I am from adventures I can only wish for my life.  
I am from the cold shores of Ireland,  
I am from the sun-kissed beaches of Italy.  
I am from Laxton, where I was made,  
I am from Stowe, where I will make who I will be.  
I am from long days behind a desk,

I am from short nights snuggled in my duvet.  
I am from my little home,  
I am from outer space.  
I am from a cruel reality,  
I am from daydreams and fantasies.  
I am from an ordinary life,  
I am made of extraordinary dreams.  
I am just the warm-up act for the future.

***Keira West (Third Form, Lyttelton)***