

ONE

The Creative

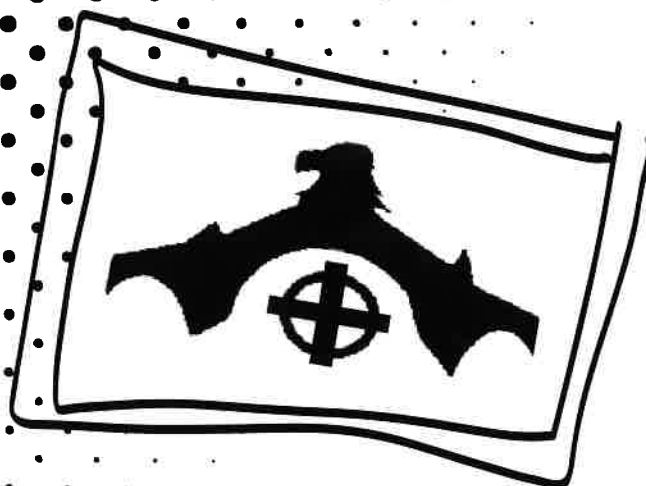
Kids


from Y.D.C.

Ysgol Dyffryn Conwy

all the
wyne
home good to
had lost and
there was a
bait more.

The Lead Creative Schools Scheme aims to promote new ways of working, with innovative and tailored programmes of creative learning designed to improve the quality of teaching and learning. 7 Tudur worked with writer Heather Dyer, artist Alana Tyson and teacher Mrs. Moseley to improve their writing skills and expand their creativity.





A lot of time was spent learning about relief printmaking. It was challenging at first because the plate is like a negative and it also prints in reverse. Each print had a space left for the addition of text; either as a thought bubble, a speech bubble or a caption. After three sessions of printmaking the learners really got the hang of it and were making some super creative and exciting prints.

The learners created characters and then evaluated them based upon five attributes chosen as a group. Each attribute could have a maximum ranking of 5. They then made their own deck of character cards and had a Top Trumps tournament. To play, each player turned over a card and whoever had the highest of a chosen attribute won all the other cards.

Symbols are images which mean something. Every learner created a "story cube" with their own symbols and used these as inspiration to create collaborative stories by rolling several cubes at a time.

The *I Come From* poems were modeled on a poem of the same name by Robert Seatter. Here, the children have used images, experiences, sounds, smells and the occasional line of dialogue to evoke a snapshot of their lives, thereby 'showing' rather than 'telling' the reader about themselves.

7 Tudur are here to tell you where they come from, with tales of fighting unicorns, abandoned houses in the woods, big chickens and wistful doughnuts. Inspired by their homes and backgrounds, this diverse group of young storytellers uses printing, drawing and the written word to present a multitude of tales with strong messages: look after your Pokemons; you'll be glad you built that zombie barrier; never ignore a hidden door; and always, always keep your friends' superpowers a secret.

- Mrs. Moseley

Blackout poems are 'found' poems. The children created a poem within another piece of text (a newspaper article or an excerpt from their own stories) by choosing to isolate certain words. When you're making a blackout poem it sometimes feels as though some words want to be chosen, to tell their own story. I suspect this is the unconscious at work.

Year 7 were given the challenge of writing a story - any story - in 45 minutes, on the spot, in silence and without any help. Each child had only their own imaginations to rely on, and they created original characters, settings, scenes, and worlds that you, as readers, are invited to explore.

A Place I Know

When you look at the breathtaking view of the vast garden, you're bound to pick up on the flower bushes that surround the garden, and how absolutely gorgeous they are. There are enough bushes to make you believe that every variety of flower grows in this very garden. There are flowers of all sorts, from poppies to violets.

Behind these beautiful bushes, you'll find a thick, slate, hand-made wall, with chunks of moss stuffed in every crack. These walls were built to keep out the sheep kept on the broad fields behind. If you look down you'll notice the light green grass, often shining in the sunlight. The grass is very pure, not a twig in sight. You could prance around for hours.

In the corner of the wall you'll spot a pleasant hazel summer house with windows as the door. Inside, you'll find a glass table, and comfy black chairs, displayed neatly around the rather cramped, yet delightful room. The summer house has two flower pots placed tidily on each side of the doors. If you listen carefully, you'll hear the sweet, calming chirping of the birds, flying majestically up high.

And the most fascinating thing about the garden is most certainly the pond, and the fish that live within it. The pond is surrounded by long, pointy blades of grass, some of them with rushes on the tip. The pond is covered by a metal net, as previous visitors have fallen in. If you look closely, you'll catch a glimpse of a wonderful flash of orange rushing around, preferably when there is fish-food scattered there.



Alexis

When you look at the breathtaking view of the vast garden, you're bound to pick up on the flower bushes that surround the garden, and how absolutely gorgeous they are. There are enough bushes to make you believe that every variety of flower grows in this very garden. There are flowers of all sorts, from poppies to violets.

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In the school grounds...

As I embraced the breath-taking sight of Ysgol Dyffryn Conwy and its surroundings, I noticed many things. I noticed the bare trees not yet blossomed. The spiky bushes silently waiting for spring to come around. Looking over the bushes stands the proud Ysgol Dyffryn Conwy. It's a rather towering building, from its benches, colossal doors, glass corridors, to the broad fields behind. The field was deserted, not a pupil in sight.

The field is circled by a long pathway that escorts you to the exit. I also picked up on a clear, blue sky. If you keep quiet you'll hear the seagulls chirping and see them soar through the sky. But if you peer down, you'll notice damp, mossy tiles. If you wiggled your feet, you'd hear a faint squeak from underneath your feet. The wind blows your hair in your face, hitting you with a chilly but glorious breeze. The wind causes the trees to tilt slightly sideways. Overall, it was beautiful.



I Come From

I come from building tents out of blankets with my dad.
I come from a nice snack before bed.
I come from sing-songs in the car.
I come from scratching the entire TV with a screw-driver.
I come from the excitement of my sister being born.
I come from lending a hand with taking care of my sister.
I come from my sister eating all the yoghurts at night.
I come from the heartbreak of my mum and dad splitting up.
I come from breaking all the ornaments in my grandparents' house.
I come from obsessing over all things Moshi Monsters.
I come from wonderful family holidays to Majorca.
I come from exciting school trips.
I come from my sister eating my poo!
I come from going to church, then to McDonald's every Sunday.
I come from a Sunday lunch on a Monday with my dad's side of the family, which we call, 'Monday Meal'.
I come from getting the paddling pool out in summer.
I come from a fortunate 2 Christmases, with each side of the family.
I come from the struggle of watching my mum get re-married.



A Place I Know

I've had a lot of fun on my Xbox and my phone. I always walk to school on my own. I have a bike and a scooter and I feel the wind and I hear cars drifting past at 20mph. I see a lot of mud on the floor outside and a lot of bushes and grass, and inside there's rubbish on the floor.

Bam

Pokémon Zinc

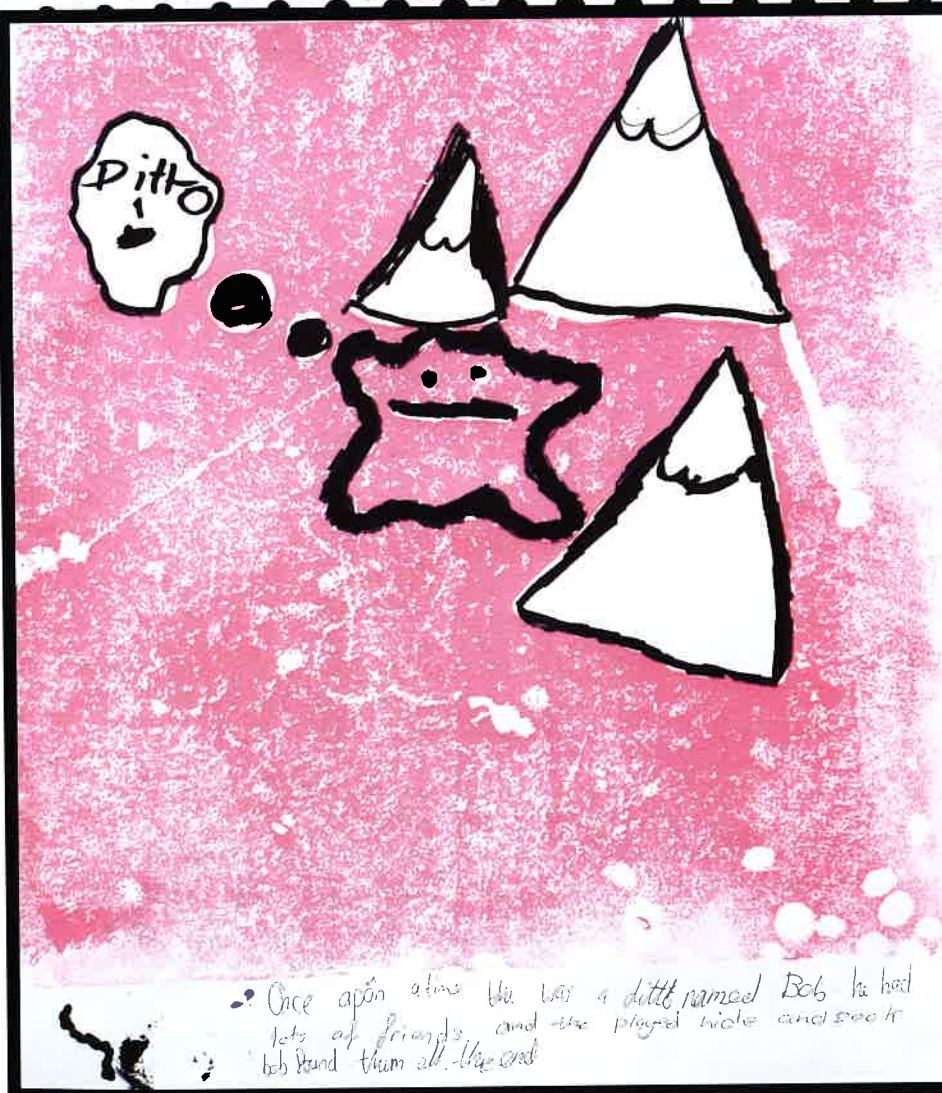
Once upon a time there was a kid named Orange. He became ten that day, and when you're ten you can get your own Pokémon. So, Orange was really excited and rushed to Professor Oak's lab to get his first Pokémon. The choices were Eevee, Pikachu and Growlith. Of-course Orange chose Growlith and his friend Purple chose Pikachu. And they had a Pokémon battle.

Growlith won with 1 hp so then they set off for Veridian City, and on the way to Veridian City they encountered many Pokémon and both of them caught a Pidgey and a Weedle. On the way to Veridian they encountered many trainers to battle and eventually their Weedle evolved into Kakuna and then Beedrill and their Pidgey evolved into Pidgey Otto.

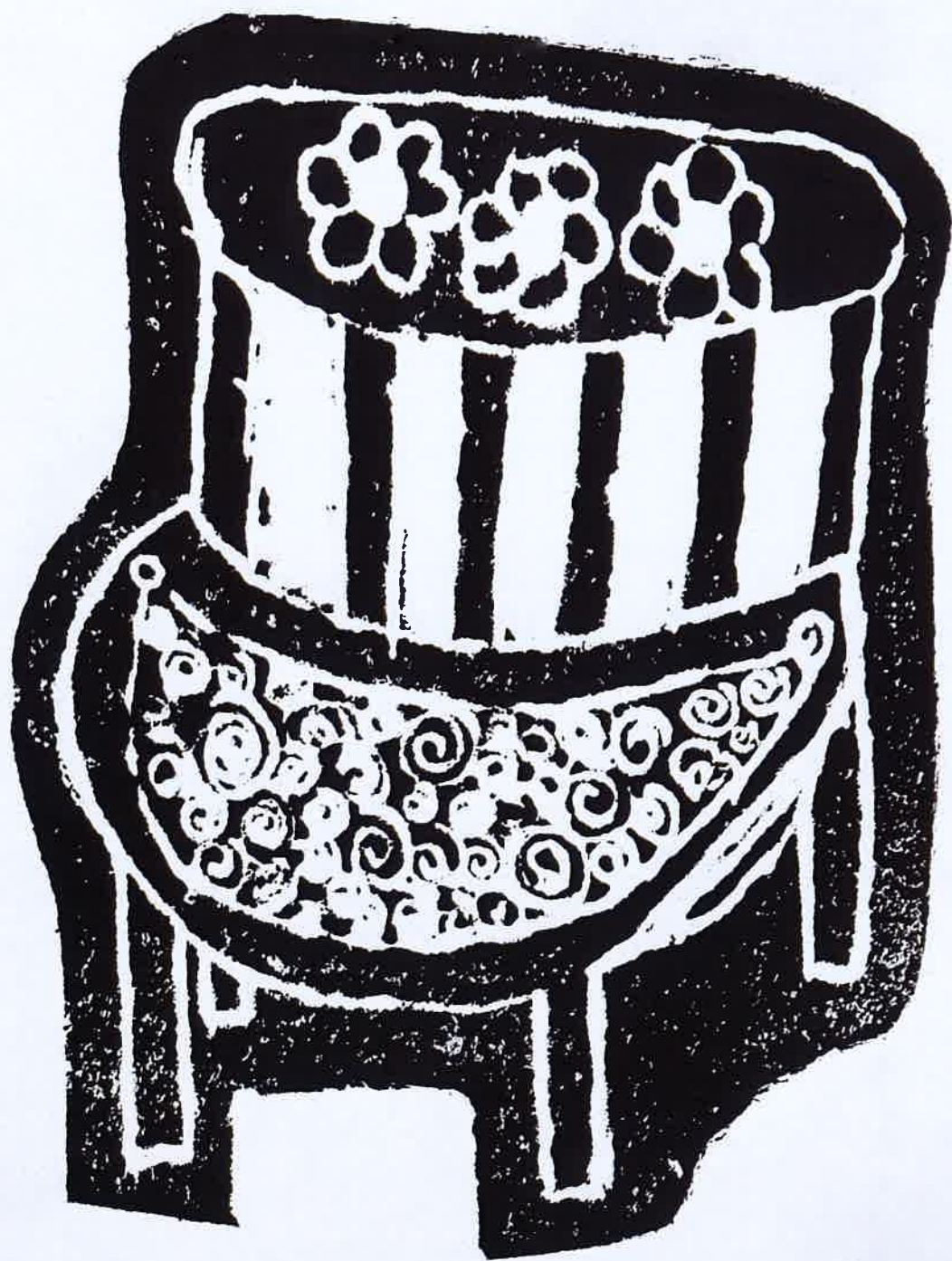
And finally they arrived Veridian City where they went to the Pokémon Centre to heal their Pokémon, then they went to the Pokemart and bought some healing potions and antidotes to heal poison. Then they started to go to Pewter City and on the way they saw a Nidoran male and caught it, then they trained it until it evolved into a Nidorino. And on the way to Pewter City they found a fire and a thunder stone. Orange got the fire stone to evolve. Growlith into Arcanine and Purple picked up the thunder stone to evolve Pikachu into Raichu. Then they got to Pewter City.

They healed their Pokémon and went to fight the gym leader, Brock and his rock type Pokémon. It was a tough battle but in the end they won. After they beat the gym their Pidgey Otto evolved into Pidgeot. Then they went to Mount Moon where they caught a jiggly puff and a defairy. In Mount Moon they found a moon stone. It was a hard choice but eventually they chose Nidorino. It evolved into Nidoking.

Then they got to Cerulean City and healed their Pokémon. They went to train their Pokémon and got them to level 30. They had a tough battle but eventually they won. So they healed their Pokémon and headed out for LT. Surge's gym, and on the way they found a Pikachu. It was a tough battle but eventually Orange caught it inside a quick ball.

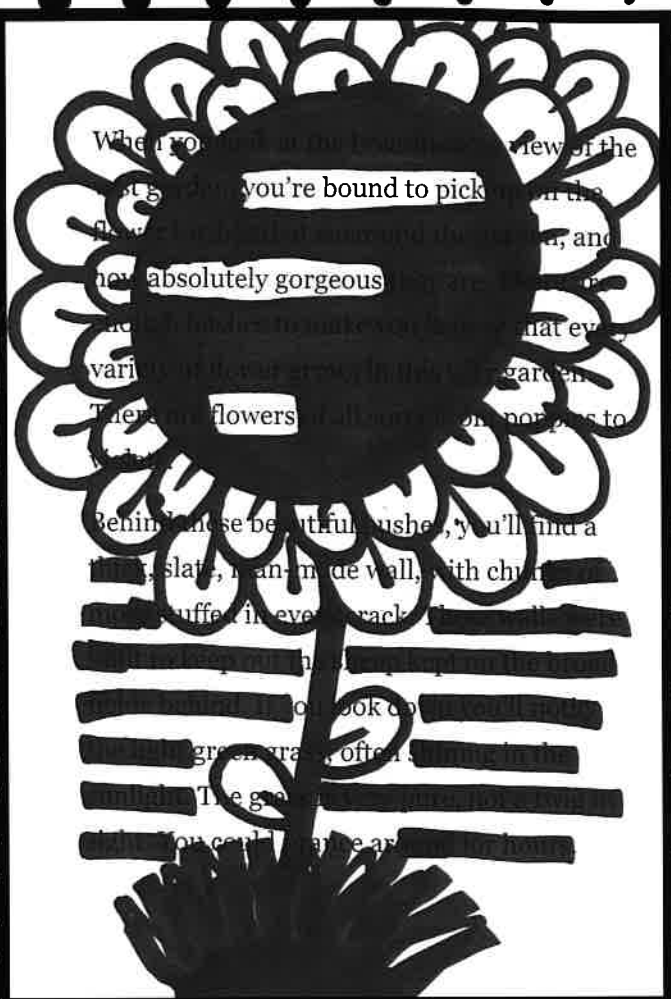


Once upon a time there was a little named Bob he had lots of friends and they played hide and seek. Bob found them all. The end



It was there, in front of
me, in the corner of the
room, the magic chair.

Begw



My Life

I come from rugby on Wednesday night, and shopping on Saturdays for new clothes. I come from farming after school with my father, and sleeping like a pig at night. I come from talking and laughing with my friends in school, and playing hide and seek in the sheds on the farm. I come from "Supper!" my mum shouting and "Coming now!" dad shouting back. This is my life.

As I wandered through the streets I noticed a path that I'd never seen before. It was quite wild and narrow, but it looked nice, so I went on it. It was ok. It wasn't special, but there was one weird thing about it. I was walking slowly and looking at the trees and the beautiful flowers, when suddenly I heard a stick snapping behind me. I looked back straight away and there was no-one there. I started worrying. I turned back to try and go home but there was someone there, standing in the middle of the path. He was a man, I was sure of that. He wore a long, black cardigan with its hood up. What was I going to do?

"What have you done with her? I told you to keep her alive."

"She is alive. But I beat her up a bit!"

"Bring her to me, and remember I want her alive. She knows too much."

I woke up. I couldn't remember what had happened. I was lying on a bed with my hands and legs tied with a big rusty rope. "Help!" I shouted. No answer. Where was I? Suddenly I remembered. I got beaten up by the man on the path, and he took me here, and tied my hands and toes. Where was I? Who was the man?

I heard talking. They were saying, "We have to get answers from her. She knows too much about David's treasure."

What treasure?

"Yes boss, I will try and get answers from her."

"You better, and I want it before midnight."

I must escape. I tried and tried to get my hands loose, but there was no point, whoever had tied the knots was good at it. On the desk by the bed there were scissors. I backed towards them. I grabbed them and finally I cut my hands free. Now my feet. It was quite easy to get my feet loose.

Next thing to do is escape from this place. There were planks of wood on the window. There was a door in the end of the room. I went through it. There was a window there I smashed. I jumped out. It was on the first floor so it was not far from the ground.

I ran through the trees as fast as I could. I heard shouting in the distance. The wind was blowing now. Eventually I arrived at the village. There was no one around anywhere, even though it was Saturday. This was so weird. I heard shouting from the trees. It was the man. I'm doomed. When I started running I remembered: this was only a dream!!

I woke up sweating and screaming. I never want this dream again. I hope it's not true.

A Place I Know

My sisters come up to my room and throw my toys at me and destroy my room.

I go downstairs and watch telly as my little sisters get in the way and shout loud and at dinner they throw food everywhere. I love downstairs in the front room watching telly on my own and with my mum. And I roll on my carpet.

My kitchen. I spend quite a lot of time in my kitchen making food and getting biscuits and chocolate.

And I play on my Xbox and feed my fish. My room is quite dangerous because

of my drawers. On the top of them I've got my Xbox and on the right I have my laptop charging and a fish tank in the middle, with my telly on the top and my phone and GoPro charging on top of my laptop.

Ben

As I embraced the breath-taking sight of Dyffryn Conwy and its surroundings, I noticed many things. I noticed the bare trees not yet blossomed. The spiky bushes silently waiting for spring to come around. Looking over the bushes stands the proud Ysgol Dyffryn Conwy. It is a rather towering building. From its benches, corridors, glass corridors, to the broad fields behind. The field was deserted, not a pupil in sight.

Hunting

from him or waiting for him among the slopes and forests of the island, and straight for it he steered.

Now the dark forest-crowned cliffs gloomed and towered high over his boat, and spray from the waves that broke against the rocky headlands blew spattering against his sail, as the magewind bore him between two great capes into a sound, a sea-lane that ran on before him deep into the island, no wider than the length of two galleys. The sea, confined, was restless and fretted at the steep shores. There were no beaches, for the cliffs dropped straight down into the water that lay darkened by the cold reflection of their heights. It was windless, and very silent.

The shadow had tricked him on to the moors in Osskil, and tricked him in the mist on to the rocks, and now would there be a third trick? Had he driven the thing here, or had it drawn him here, into a trap? He did not know. He knew only the torment of dread, and the certainty that he must go ahead and do what he had set out to do: hunt down the evil, follow his terror to its source. Very cautiously he steered, watching before him and behind him and up and down the cliffs on either hand. He had left the sunlight of the new day behind him on the open sea. All was dark here. The opening between the headlands seemed a remote, bright gateway when he glanced back. The cliffs loomed higher and ever higher overhead as he approached the mountain-foot from which they sprang, and the lane of water grew narrower. He peered ahead into the dark cleft, and left and right up the great, cavern-pocked, boulder-tumbled slopes where trees crouched with their roots half in air. Nothing moved. Now he was coming to the end of the inlet, a high blank wrinkled mass of rock against which, narrowed to the width of a little creek, the last sea-waves lapped feebly. Fallen boulders and rotten trunks and the roots of gnarled trees left only a tight way to steer. A trap: a dark trap under the roots of the silent

and up
and down
the

In the Forest

One day I went to a forest far, far away from home. I walked 2k and then I fell into a dip. I was scared: there were trolls but they helped me with the broken leg I got falling down the dip.

I didn't understand what they said because they didn't speak English. They talked like this: **gbafijagwl**.

I didn't understand, but then I met the king. He spoke English
I said "What is happening?"

The king said, "Did you fall into a dip?"

"Yes," I said. "Who are you and the trolls?"

And the king said, "Just people from space."

"Do you want to go back to space?"

The king said, "Yes. We have built a space rocket out of metalnwe stole from your home."

"Can I see your rocket?" I said.

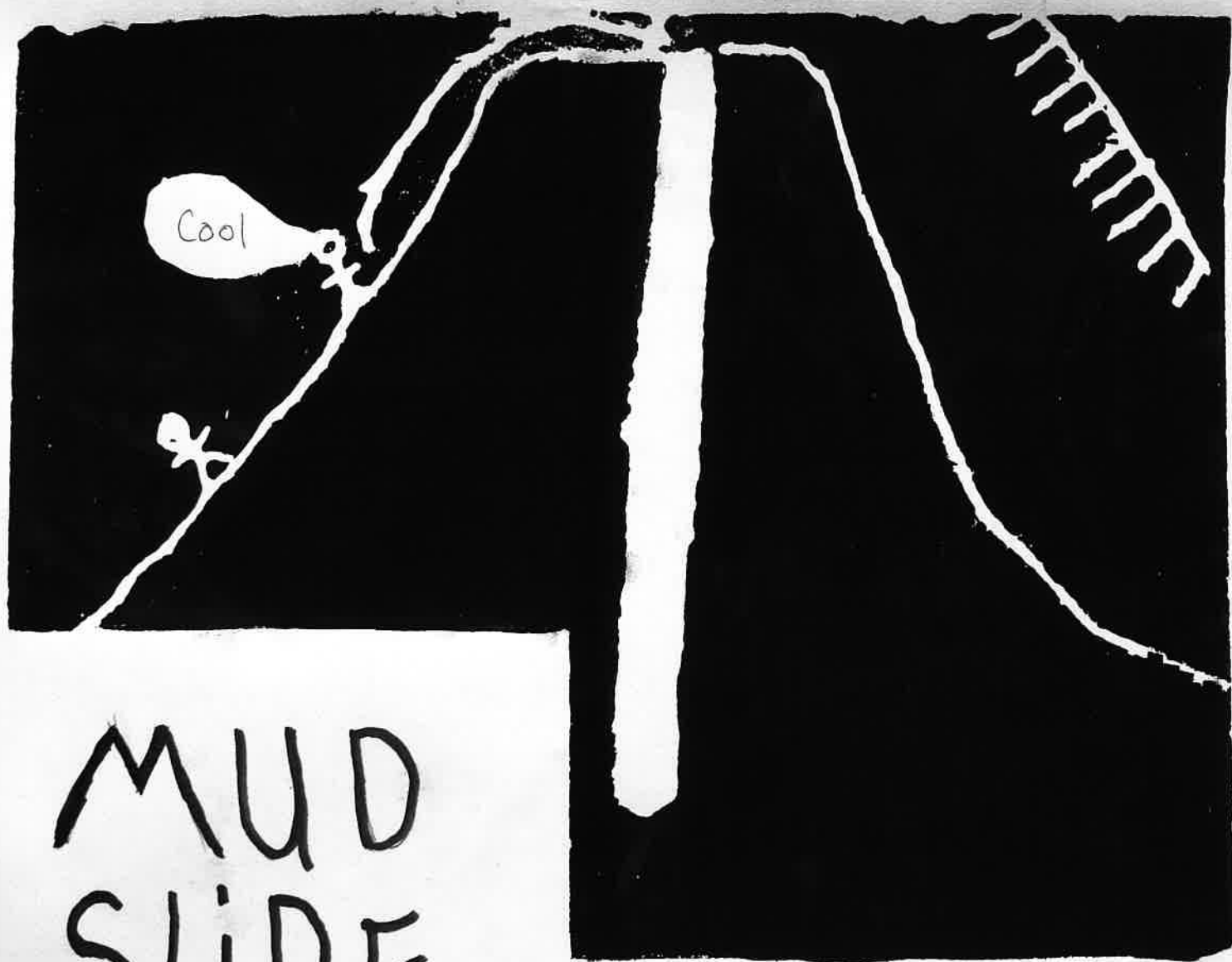
He said yes. The rocket was massive.

I said, "Should we go to space now?"

"Yes, of-course. But you have to drive the rocket back to our planet."

"But I don't want to do that," I said...

Gai



MUD
SLIDE