

Name : Louis vink

School : Bruern Abbey

My house: Wellington

My poem about REFUGE

My refuge feels like pages a book

My refuge smells like wet grass

My refuge sounds like birds tweeting

My refuge looks like the drawing room

Name : Ralph W

School : Bruern Abbey

My house Drake

My poem about REFUGE

My refuge feels like hugging mum

My refuge smells like mum's breakfast

My refuge sounds like mum's voice

Name : Arthur M.

School : Bruern Abbey

My house: Churchill / Nelson / Wellington / Drake

My poem about REFUGE

My refuge feels like stroking my dog.

My refuge smells like delicious wrap.

My refuge sounds like the padding of my dog's paws.

Name : Alfie

School : Bruern Abbey

My house: Churchill

My poem about REFUGE

My refuge feels like hugging my teddy.

My refuge smells like my mum's perfume

My refuge sounds like zzz

My refuge smells like my mum's perfume

Name : Henry A

School : Bruern Abbey

My house: wellington

My poem about REFUGE

My refuge feels like hugging a golden retriever

My refuge smells like my mom's bacon pancakes

My refuge sounds like a movie soundtrack with brilliant songs

My refuge looks like the wonderful restaurant The Ivy

My refuge tastes like mom's chicken kiev with chips and  
vegetables

Name : JAMES G

School : Bruern Abbey

My house: Drake

My poem about REFUGE

My refuge feels like SQUISHIEZ

My refuge smells like MUM'S PIZZA

My refuge sounds like CARS ZOOMING

My refuge looks like A FOREST

My refuge tastes like SUSHI

Under the sofa the spider webs sway in the sweet breezes

Under the sofa the dust on my hands

Soothes My hand

Under the sofa where the stray  
Lego bricks are

Under the sofa the freezing stone tiles.

My quiet place is in my room  
I can feel the air coming through the window from outside  
I can hear the cars  
Swooping past  
I can smell the forest  
Leaves

And the toys i feel happy about  
Hot wheels  
Monster trucks  
And fidget toys

When I played football  
I heard a plane doing looping's  
I can shoot with my foot  
And try out some new skills.

This is my poem.



Name Milo Ritchie

House wellington

My quiet place is my room.

Where I hear nothing except the cars and the aeroplanes.

in my room i feel cosy,

soft

and warm.

I see my colourful abstract lovely painting.

In my window I can see planes

flying low

old stubborn houses.

When i'm in my small city garden

I can hear loud cars and motorbikes.

And Emergency vehicles going by quickly.

Name Mark Rutherford

House Drake

My refuge is my room  
With the 17 cuddly stuffed animals as furry as husky fur.

My refuge is my room  
With the silk covers of my bed and the cool refreshing pillow

My refuge is my room  
The white book shelf filled with 84 books some are good some are boring some are super long some are barely 10 pages

My refuge is my room  
With the white, old chest of drawers filled with underwear and my socks and my pyjamas

My refuge is my room  
With the huge cupboard inside are my school uniform and my coats and my shooting shirts.

Name Barnaby Currie

House Wellington

YR 5

Bruern Abbey School

my quiet place is up in the tree

The trees swaying and the wind howling that's all I hear when I'm up in  
the tree

Setting up In the tree reminds me of the beach and just sitting down and  
relaxing

Sitting up there reminds me of sitting down In the sailing boat when I first  
learned to sail with the Wind skimming over my head

The tree reminds me of when I was down in Cornwall and the tree was  
cut down but something strange happened a tree started growing from  
the middle of the tree that was cut down

When I'm up in the tree I get to hear all the sounds around me

It's so peaceful up there

I think I can sleep

Even with the children playing around the tree it's still really calm

And that's my quiet place

My refuge is on my scooter.  
It is so peaceful outside.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

wind brushing my face.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

There are birds chatting and stones crashing.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

There is a big hedge that I can hide in.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

I can fly my rc plane and race it.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

I always lose to the plane because it is so fast.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

The outside on my scooter is the best.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

I smell spaghetti that my mum is making for the 56th time in a row.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

And I went inside to eat.  
My refuge is on my scooter.

My happy place is my sitting room

In my happy place i like the sound of the tv

I feel very comfortable in my happy place.

I see the fish swimming around

Blue

Orange

Green

Relaxed

My refuge is My room

My refuge is My room  
It is Snug and warm  
It has loads of vegetation.  
I can Hear the wind and the birds  
I can hear the cows.

All you can see my globe  
I can hear the three swaying

## My refuge

Well i don't have refuge

Sometimes i look

For the bath room

### Next to

To my bedroom

Or my bedroom it self

Or at school acuball

Or just empty corner

How however what

I'd like to be is a different

Story.

Name Theo Pitura

House drake

My place is my brain  
seeing patterns in my eyes  
bells ringing in my ears  
Feeling nothing

My place is my brain  
It changes every time I think