



Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards

Charity No 1200514

Somerset Anne Frank Creative Writing Awards 2023

Shortlisted Entries

Adjudicated by Emma Craigie

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Amelia Neeson-Muir

“No one has ever become poor by giving” - Anne Frank

Dear Diary,

It was cold and rainy outside today. Gosh, I love the rain! It's always so fun to dance around in!

Okay, I admit it. It's a teeny tiny bit embarrassing. But it's like a show for the homeless people! They enjoy my company – I hope.

Speaking of the homeless people, I feel so bad for them! They don't get the advantages that they deserve! It's cruelty! How did they end up homeless, anyway?

Perhaps they gave too much? Tried to help out family or friends, and gave a bit too much? Or they gave their wife or husband whatever their heart desired, losing it all at the same time?

But that's impossible! No one has ever become poor by giving, right?

I must go now! Mother is making bolognese for dinner! Farewell!

Yours Truly, Amelia NM

Kacey Whaley

We will never be poor,
We are rich in our heart and that's all the more.
People are worth more than richness in purse,
But at the end of the line we all end in a hurse.
When we enter gods gate we realise we were rich in our lives,
We never needed jewel and big houses with high prices.
Our sould is worth more than money could ever get,
And we should never forget.
Though my pocket may seem empty my heart is full,
As wise person once said,
No one has ever become poor by giving.
By helping those who struggle through It all,
We become rich in our heart by helping a stranger.
With a good deed,
And always helping in times of need.
A kind word and a lending ear,
We can make people feel loved and clear.
Even though It can be a cruel world outside,
You can find richness in being kind.
As Anne Frank said,
No one has ever become poor by giving.

Jayden Basson

24th February 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Today, I am feeling outraged and mournful on what I have witnessed. It started off fine up until I repelled the blackout blinds from the window. It was 6.45am and I was shattered but excited on what today might bring. Will I get freed today and escape from this isolated and rodent infested annex in this old office building.

Whilst having leftover croissant, from last night, I saw, just out of the corner of my eye, a penniless man who was knocking on a house across the street. You could tell the man was a beggar. He had rugged clothes and a beanie with holes in it. The beggar was greeted by the man in disgust. Then the man, who opened the door, intentionally slapped a penny into the man's hand and told him to get lost.

I felt mortified on what just happened. Why are people so rude to people who are just as important as them? Treating them with shame and outcasting them with no place to go or food to eat. Why do people do so much for the rich but so little for the poor? No one has ever become poor by giving. Like Hitler, he's outcasted his own people because of their religion or protesting on what's right for their country or for the world. That's why I'm stuck in this old wretched building where us and the Van Pels can't escape or feel the grass or sun on our bodies. When will I, Margot and my crush Peter be freed and play football or tag or even look at the clouds and see funny shapes and laugh? If the war does end, and justice is ours, Germany will hopefully be safe for the Jews or anyone else who's been kicked out of their own country with no place to go.

I have to go now it is teatime and its soup with some old bread.

Yours, Anne

Ethan Cable

Monday 9th February 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Today was like every other day - miserable: hiding in the attic waiting to be able to speak to anyone other than you. I wish I could see the outside world. Will I ever have children? Will I ever see the outside world? The first warning siren went off while we were eating breakfast (it made me jump); however, I thought nothing of it because it was the planes crossing the coast.

After I had eaten breakfast, I went to take the blackout blinds off. I saw a homeless man wearing ripped, dirty clothes and no shoes. He was knocking on a door. A lady wearing a beautiful pink, glittering dress and shiny pearls on each ear opened the door and smashed a shiny coin into his hand and then slammed the door in his face. It made my body feel helpless and angry because no one has ever become poor by giving.

I could not shake this feeling off all day because I can relate to him. I have been trapped inside like a dog trapped inside like a dog trapped in a kennel and he might be feeling that way too. Everyone should be treated equally (kindly). I wish I could give him all the money I have because I would rather give money than keep it.

I hope the war will be over by the end of the year. It is keeping everyone awake.

Yours,

Anne

Amelia Cox

21st May 1943

Dearest Kitty,

I feel as if I'm falling into a pit of anger and fear. My head is spinning like a never-ending merry-go-round and my heart aches with the hope of someday escaping this room of isolation! I'm trapped in a damp room and sometimes I feel as if the walls are caving in on me. I listen to the old grandfather clock ticking every second and watch as Margot sulks on her bed hoping that someday we will escape and we will live the life of freedom again. It reminds me of the questions I wish could be answered. Will I be free again? Will anyone find us? If so, who?

As I woke up with a start, I realised the line for the bathroom was already forming. I peered over to where the grandfather clock stood and jumped when noticing it was seven thirty! I had overslept! I scrambled to my feet and wobbly walked over to join the four-people queue for the bathroom. I used my spare time to let out a small yawn.

After I had freshened myself up, I strolled over to the blackout curtains and peeled them back revealing a small boy in ragged clothes. He was limping from door to door asking for money or food. A beggar, I thought.

Watching the sorrowful boy reminded me of myself. Do people even realise that we Jews are human beings not dogs? The world could be a better place if only the ungrateful, richer pedestrians that live on this planet would show some respect to the poorer people. As I spied out the murky window I watched as a lady wearing a long, purple dress and lots of pearls shoved a coin in the poor boy's tiny hand and slammed the door behind her.

"How ungrateful people are nowadays!" I muttered under my breath.

It is true that no one has ever become poor by giving?

Yours truly,

Anne

George Cadwallader

Wednesday 22nd February 2023

Dear Kitty,

I feel as if I am a raging storm cloud; tendrils of electricity and pellets of water push through the winds of frustration in my mind after another tumultuous day locked up within the puny attic walls. Just watching the greedy people of the world and being unable to change anything. Every day I hope for a better world and it never comes.

Does anybody lucky enough to have the right of freedom and stacks of money ever think about the people less fortunate than them? When I wake up to another depressing day trapped in this annex and pull the dark blackout curtains that hide me from bombers, I often see no generosity even when I see another greed-ridden person give a coin to someone who needs it more; they absently throw it into the beggar's hand and slam the door. Leaving the beggar feeling like another mistreated animal in this unfair and cruel world.

Every day, I see this again and again; powerless to change anything and left to my own devices. When I open the grimy window and get a breath of the refreshing outside air I think: 'no one has ever become poor by giving,' and then I know there may be a better world where all can be free one day.

Yours, Anne

Harlee Harding

3rd February 1944

Dear Kitty,

I started my day by looking at the silk-like leaves. I need to run out of this murky, old room and shout, "I'm free." Margot, Mother, Father and I will live the best life after all of this is over.

Then, I wonder to myself 'why treat people so badly?' - they are human like you and me. But then, I saw it with my own green eyes. All he had asked for was a silver coin, not to be hit on the hand and have a door slammed on his face. This world needs to change...

Us Jews need to stand our ground and we should not suffer for the Nazi's wellbeing. Even the rich get treated badly, like a criminal, but I think to myself you don't get poor by giving. One day Jews, poor and rich will get along.

That's all for now,

Yours, Anne

Kaya Holmes-Adams

Monday 10th February 1944

Dear Kitty,

Today was a very tumultuous day and we've been here for two years now! I'm angry and out of control about all of the poor beggars on the street. You might wonder why this anger has happened.

It all started at 6:45 in the morning, I woke up and I removed the black out from the murky attic window. I sat at the window for a long time, but then I noticed a young little girl all alone on the street. The girl went up to multiple rich people's doors. She carefully knocked on one of the doors and, when the door opened, the man, who was wearing a new suit, threw some coins into her hand and slammed the door on the little girl. This is why I feel sad for all the beggars that live on the streets. Most of these beggars are like me. They are living like they are trapped in a room.

Have you ever wondered what it's like to be treated like an animal or being locked up in a small room? Well that's how my life has been for the past two years. Imagine going outside and enjoying the fresh air. No one has ever become poor by giving!!! I'm hoping the war will end soon, so I can be free.

I'll write back soon.

Yours, Anne

Aston Hunt

Tuesday 12th March 1944

Dearest Kitty,

I feel as if I am holding my breath swirling around in the giant ocean of fear and depression with nobody to save me from this sea of bad thoughts. I am trapped here in this place and you're the only one I can talk to without putting everyone in danger, Kitty. I feel like I should do something but I am hopeless and vulnerable.

Every morning, as I take off the shadowy blackouts, I look longingly out to the sodden roads and fields lit up by the early morning sun. I see a beggar, a lonely person with nowhere to go - and that's how I feel. So it hurts when I see a beggar get shoved away or the door slammed in his dirty, mournful face.

People should be treated like people, not a stray dog looking for scraps. It's disgusting that the world has come to this. Everyone is born equal but the community makes you who you are; we are like foxes scuttling around trying to escape hunters who will not stop until we and others are dead. We are the same, we breathe the same air and we all die equal, beggars everyone decides their fate but I only see sadness and I only hear distress and fear.

Yours,

Anne.

Dylan Jones

16th June 1943

Dear Kitty,

Today was an infuriating day and I am still worried and fed up. A sea of bad emotions swirling round my bout of life; whirlpools of depression trying to suck me in. All I can think about are my feelings rushing and flowing around me after what I saw today.

At around 6.30 this morning, I was woken at the sound of feet thumping heavily across towards me. I jumped up in a craze of fear readiness, defending myself with whatever I could find. But it dawned on me that it was only Margot. After that, I stayed up until breakfast at 7.30. At 9.00, I lifted the blackouts and stared glassily into the murky, soot-filled windows: cars were milling around in the streets, army officers strutted around in their uniforms and to the far right of me was a small rickety house and an old, homeless beggar going from door to door trying to grab at least a penny of profit. I watched him go to the next house: a lady with fine silk robes and a cup of water. She went over to the beggar, slammed a coin in his face (literally) and slammed their wood-engraved door. The poor beggar shivering in the cold, just moved on to the next house.

The only thought on my mind right now is no one has ever become poor by giving; why can't people be treated the same? Why are people poor? Why do people get treated like animals not human beings? If I could make one wish it would be to make everyone equal and to be treated in the same way. While I can't leave, I hope that in 100 years that wish will come true. All I have is you Kitty and my family to keep me company.

Yours, Anne

Elizabeth Mitchell

Thursday 22nd November

Dearest Kitty,

Today was a soul crushing day. I'm still faithless and dependent. As the air raid siren wailed on, I felt a shock of panic run through me that I thought this would be the end of me. After, I peeled the blackout curtains off as I closed my eyes and wished I were like everyone else.

As I looked out of the window to the dim lit streets, I saw a man: sad and hopeless knocking at doors, hoping for food. Door after door was slammed in his face and every time it happened I felt my body burning up, emotions bubbling to the surface. Sometimes I almost feel like I'm homeless, in my tiny pyjamas and my tangled hair. I was almost in tears as I felt an icy chill blow across my face as I climbed back into bed and hugged myself tight.

Why do people act like they're special in their big fancy dresses and posh suits? Does nobody have a heart to give just one coin to someone in need? Have they ever thought they aren't the only people who need money? No one has ever become poor by giving. I feel helpless and in danger. But if you want to change then never treat someone like a poisonous creature filled with hate and anger because we were once filled with love but the rich threw it away.

Yours,

Anne

Lily Poltimore

Dearest Kitty,

This morning, I woke up feeling tired and fed up as I could not sleep comfortably last night. A minute later, I got up to remove the black out and as I looked out my slightly cracked window, all the dust made me feel sad but hopeful that one day I would get out of this place and breathe the trouble-free air. Still deep down, I worry that one day they'd find me.

While gazing out of my window this morning, I witnessed an elderly man limping towards a rather wealthy family's home. When he knocked on their wooden door, a lady wearing a pink silk dress with pearl earrings opened it. I heard a slightly squeaky voice saying, "Please, oh please may I have a penny." and then the lady disrespectfully shoved a coin in his hand and slammed the door in disgust.

As the morning went on, the scene replayed over and over while I was thinking. I thought why are wealthy people treated differently than others because, after all, we are all humans and we all have feelings.

Yours,

Kitty

Sienna Porter

Tuesday 2nd February 1944

Dear Kitty,

I feel as if I'm in a circle of anger and fear. My heart is beating really fast and my head is all over the place. I would really like to get out of this room that I feel like I'm trapped in. I'm in a damp, dark room and I feel like the walls are making the room even darker. My bed full of blankets was already quite torn and it was covered in dust.

As I woke up, I saw the line for the bathroom was manic so I decided to wait for a little bit. After the bathroom line was empty, I went in. I then decided to open the black out windows. I saw a beggar knocking on a woman's door across the road. The woman answered in a fine, red silk dress while the beggar started to say, "Do you have any money or food please?" The woman said in a moaning voice, "Ugh not really, but here." she shoved a coin in the beggar's hand.

My heart fell to pieces. Why is it that people like me are always being treated like animals? The beggar quickly scurried off before the woman would shout at him even more. I felt so angry and upset to see someone like me being treated this way. No one should be treated this way. No one has ever become poor by giving to the people who need it most.

Yours truly, Anne

Ellie Smith

24th February 1944

Dear Kitty,

I am incredibly exhausted, tired and wound up. I did not sleep very well at all. I am a bit annoyed and fed up as well. Does anyone know what it's like to live in a small tiny room with two more families? Honestly. It is a hard life. I feel like I will explode. It feels like I am going to die. I am scared. I have a sister called Margot. She is my older sister she is scared as well.

Today, I woke up in the morning and I pulled down the blackout blinds. I saw a poor beggar. He knocked on number one's door. He asked for money. The person answering got a coin and threw it in the road and slammed the door. Honestly, does anyone know what it is like being poor and a beggar? I felt angry and frustrated. I saw him going to number 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. I felt sorry for him. I am upset. No one has ever become poor by giving.

It is time to put up the old blackout blinds. I write to you Kitty. I hope me and Margot escape? I am sad.

From Anne

Jack Waygood

24th February 1942

Dear Kitty,

Today was a difficult and emotional day. I am feeling sad and depressed because of what I saw today. I was sitting by the wet and damp window - shivering in the cold. Watching the beggar knocking on people's doors for money.

They were opening and closing, throwing a penny into the beggar's hands and then slamming the door. How can people be treated like this; so unkindly? No one has ever become poor by giving.

People can't treat the poor like this. Like dogs. It is horrible and cruel. I feel like I can just do something but I can't. I can't see this anymore. People treated the poor like dogs.

Yours, Anne

Tilo Williams

No one has ever become poor by giving
A truth that can be seen each day
From those who are struggling and living
And those who have much more to give away

The act of giving can be so small
A simple smile, an offer of help
Yet we often overlook the power of it all
And the joy we can receive from it ourselves

Though money can buy many things It can never compare to a kind deed
The gift of love and joy it brings
Receiving is just as important as the need
No one has ever become poor by giving
Though the act of giving never ends
Let us all remember this great teaching
And continue to give until the very end.

Seren Pinnell

Close the door tight don't leave it ajar
I will be happy, as long as you are

The gift of safety and to keep you near,
Protecting you so you feel no fear

To escape from the chaos of the world.
To help you forget things you have seen and heard.

Happiness and joy shines through,
I will not be poorer from helping you

A heart that is full from gifts that i give
I do not want gratitude, this is how i live

I will not be poorer from helping a friend,
We will all be happier in the end.

Rosalyn Pole-Evans

She looked up at the person sitting behind the red and gold counter, and they gave an effortless nod before swirling away from her and continuing to pull little keys off hooks from the seemingly ever lengthening wall behind them. She dropped the pen she had been holding back into its polished wooden container next to the sign out book, and headed to a small door at the side of the enormous room that camouflaged well with the rest of the decorative space. An icy breath chilled her as soon as she left the building, but it was quickly countered by a soft green hoodie that covered up her red and black uniform that she thought looked ridiculous.

Five minutes passed and soon she was by the safety of her car. She reversed out and drove onto the busy street, preparing for the long, restless drive home. By her watch, it was just gone seven, but the sun was far gone so she got her light from the many lamps and adverts and general chaos that was the city. About twenty minutes into her journey the noise of the city started fading and she was driving through tree-lined lanes, reflecting on her tiring day. Her brain, relaxing into the therapeutic drive screamed in unfamiliarity though, when she slammed on the brakes and her tires screeched to a stop trying not to hit... something.

It wasn't an animal, or a human, rather some sort of creature that stared up at her with hollow, unblinking eyes. It was wrapped in a variety of wispy cloths with muted, muddy colours that were detail-ridden depicting flowers and patterns and most worryingly, human skulls. Its face looked like dried clay, as if it could snap and crumble at any moment. She was taken aback, she didn't know whether to run or talk, she couldn't drive off as it was sprawled across the entire lane, and it seemed to sense her uncertainty, and so it spoke. The voice made her feel uneasy but it had a familiarity she couldn't place, like she had heard it before. "Give," it said, through its rounded beak "Give what you didn't before." her mind started pacing back through her memories, opening every file in her brain trying to remember what she could've possibly not given before? "Money? I have money..." she said, her voice sounding much hoarser and trembling than she would've liked, but nevertheless she grabbed her purse from her back trouser pocket and rummaged through the sparse array of coins.

"No," the creature responded, its voice clearly strained and annoyed "You need to give yourself." it then disappeared leaving only a muddy patch on the ground where it had laid. She stood there for a while contemplating, and deciding how to react. Maybe it was better if she didn't. If she didn't give the creature what it wanted of herself. And that's how she went on. To home and to work and to anywhere she was keeping herself, hiding her personality under wispy cloths that meant nothing. And by not giving, she became poor, robbed from true experience. Nothing was true and nothing mattered to her.

Lexi Chapman

If each and every one of us
Gave a single thing,
Would we all be impoverished
Or would the bells still ring?

Whether the beauty in our hearts
Or the cash in banks
If we all gifted something true
No one would be losing.

Being good is in our nature
Although some refuse to admit
Kindness brings as much to us
As those who receive

Leonara Clark-Cornell

A State called altruism

There was always enough for us all,
enough food, shelter and love.

The world has shown so much love, right from the start,
When Jesus observed the poor widow offering two small coins at the
temple,

He also saw the rich giving lots of money,
But it was the poor widow that had given more.

This world of ours breaks,
The people cry,
Their homes gone in floods,
Their crops ruined,
Their hopes dashed.

The exodus of refugees,
From the east to the west,
From the southern hemisphere to the northern.
Has shown the short sighted greed of developed nations.
Politicians powerless in the face of populations,
wanting to keep their land and their wealth to themselves

The greed of man.

The united states of america,
Built on the back of immigrants.
The richest country in the world.
Anne Frank was right!
Nobody ever became poor by giving.

A more modern example is germany,
The most generous of nations.
Where foreign aid and welcoming refugees is concerned.
Germany is thriving economically.
While other nations - including our own - struggle,
Our birth rate is down,
We are in economic recession,
We need refugees.
Economically we need them ,
Socially we need them!
Our hearts need them!

For while there is suffering in any corner of the world,
We all suffer.
We hear the screams of the helpless,
In their despair,
There is no escape from that.
And nor should there be.

We are human and feel each other's pain,
It is the safety valve of our humanity.
These ideas are all on a macro scale,
But translate to the micro as lessons to us all.

We can campaign to change our nation for better,
We can protest,
Or strike,
Or chain ourselves outside a foreign embassy,
To highlight an injustice.
And we will.
But for now, as teenagers,
Only two years younger than anne frank when she died,
We can practice the small ways of giving,
A smile,
A random act of kindness.

Each seeming act of altruism is a gift,
A gift mainly to ourselves,
For in each act of generosity,
Love and appreciation,
Our hearts grown stronger and more loving,
And ready to show the way ahead,
For each of us and for each nation.

Iosie Butler

"No one has ever become poor by giving." Ann Frank

So many have so much,
But so few have much to give.
Many have little in their clutch,
But would love to live as if they did.
Giving is a passion that not many have,
And receiving is as rare as a blue moon.

I believe that giving,
Is the best way commune,
Giving can make you rich,
In a way selfishness cannot,
Rich in happiness,
Which is a lot.

Maude Gawen

"No one has ever become poor by giving." Ann Frank

War.

War is an unforgiving monster,

lurching across the horizon,

Making its way towards the city of peace,

And ready to uproot the lives of millions of its citizens.

War is a merciless storm of destruction and anger,

The violent waves it causes crashing down on innocent people,

And sweeping them away into a sea of sorrow and scare.

War is a thick smog,

A smog blurring the path of futures for family and friends,

A smog invading lives, concealing truths,

A smog that lingers and leaves a bitter taste behind in its tracks.

War takes and takes from people without ever giving back,

But one thing it cannot take from people is the ability to be kind,

To have hope,

To give even when everything you know has been taken away.

As "Nobody has ever become poor by giving"

Darsh Patel

"No one has ever become poor by giving." Ann Frank

Life is unexpected

There are many paths to life. It is unexpected, that's for sure. But... what if it wasn't? What if you could control an infinitesimal portion of your future?

Haphazard acts of benevolence always rebound to the outputer, always spreads positivity, always makes a difference in ones' day. It never fails to increase morality and hope. It never fails to achieve contentment. It never fails to capture the elegance and beauty of kindness.

Kindness is like a boomerang. It bends, twists and returns, through each crack and crevice, around each corner and behind each person, no matter how many obstacles there are, the boomerang always finds a way to come back. No matter the circumstance, no matter the status, no matter the race, no matter the sexuality, it always comes back.

Kindness never fails...

St Sebastian Euripidou

This is a very true statement as you can give someone anything from food ,snacks ,donate blood ,good advice ,a smile ,encouragement ,forgiveness ,kindness ,your time ,help ,laughter or money and it would all be gratefully received.

The rewards of giving are priceless ,when we give even the smallest of things it can mean so much to someone else and the sense that it brings to us is immense being able to see a bright smile ,laughter ,tears of joy and gratitude that we ourselves have brought to someone else.

For Anne Frank to write this quote in her diary as a child has a big impact into what was going on in her troubled life at the time .Miep Gies was the woman that helped hide Anne Frank and her family and she shared food rations with them along with other things .She was not well off herself but gave hope ,food ,kindness and encouragement to Anne Frank and her family at a time when they really needed it .Miep Gies put her life on the line for the act of kindness that she showed .

As this statement says to me it's not about how much we give ,it's about how much love we put into giving .

For a child to go through so much pain and suffering Anne Frank stayed optimistic and believed in the good of everyone and such powerful quotes like these, we should all have them imprinted in our hearts .

This Quote is very inspirational.

Leanna Elton

Anne Frank's diary quote: "No one ever became poor by giving."

Sleep. Dream. What do you dream of? Do you dream of mansions and riches? Do you dream of rainbows and unicorns? Or are your sleeping moments dogged by nightmares? Chasing you into waking, day after day.

Some dream of better lives. Sleeping on the streets they fall into a fitful slumber. A bed of rocks: a park bench: a cardboard blanket. Nowhere to call home. They wish to have somewhere to go, someone to go to. Their dreams could become a reality. All you have to do is give them something.

Anything. Some money, some food, some food. Spare them a thought. You won't lose anything. But they may gain everything. If you don't give things to others you will be poor, not in money but in person. Your soul will be shallow. Your thoughts, selfish. Instead of dreams, nightmares will haunt your peaceful moments. What is money but a worthless currency, a place holder for the pitiful? A way to put yourself above others, feel like you are strong and others are weak. This same money could save lives. Whereas, with an excess, your's could be destroyed. Remember this; no one ever became poor by giving.

Aysel Shalaby

"No one has ever become poor by giving" Anne Frank

I woke up this morning and my mum **gave** me a warm embrace before she changed my pampers even though I didn't let her sleep a wink last night. I **gave** her some cues. My father **gave** me my bottle and some tickles. I **gave** him bubbly giggles. My granddad **gave** me a lift to school. I **gave** him a kiss on his cheek. My teacher **gave** me an A* for my school work and praise on my presentation and hard work. I **gave** her a special piece of art I made at home. My grandma **gave** me a mixing bowl and we baked cup cakes together on the last day of my primary school. I **gave** her a massage. My aunt **gave** me a bicycle for my sixteenth birthday so I could cycle to school on my own. I **gave** her a wink as I cycled past her house every morning. The head teacher shook my hand and **gave** me a pat on my back as I scored the highest marks in the whole school. I **gave** the graduation speech to thank him for everything. My friend's dad **gave** us a lift to university on the first day of term. I **gave** him a wave as he drove away. My flatmate **gave** me a treat as we celebrated our successes and packed our bags on our last day at university to start our work life. I loved the sparkle in her eyes as I **gave** her a farewell gift. I **gave** my job my time sincerely and it **gave** me a sense of achievement. My husband **gave** me his wedding vows and I **gave** him mine lovingly. I **gave** birth to my first baby. She **gave** me joy. I **gave** the kids their daily bath. They **gave** me cuddles and kisses at bedtime. I **gave** my daughter her school report and hugged her tight as I was proud. She **gave** me a thankfulness look that melted my heart. I **gave** the kids a day's treat at the park so they could enjoy the spring sunshine. They **gave** me a headdress they made. We **gave** the bank the down payment for our mortgage. The bank **gave** us our first owned home. I **gave** my mum a long glance as she skipped on the beach with her grandchildren. She **gave** me pleasure as I watched her joyfulness. I **gave** my sister my condolences for losing our mum, it was emotional. She **gave** me a long warm much needed hug. I **gave** the GP my consent to do my heart surgery. He **gave** me the chance to pay for the department's renovation. My daughter **gave** me my pills and a glass of water. I **gave** her a gratitude smile as she put me back in bed after this long day. I **gave** my last breath feeling wealthy and loved. They **gave** me a remarkable tribute as they walked away from my grave.....

Vivienne Simcox

An old woman lived in a hut in the forest. The hut was ancient, but a merry place all the same, and the old woman and nature lived in harmony, no disturbance or distraction. She worked the land, growing crops, nurturing trees and performing spells to ask goddesses of the land to care for it as much as she did.

But one day, the old woman fell sick. She lay in bed, coughing, her lungs burning and she could not get up, not even to tend her precious plants. As she stilled, and tried not to strain herself, her hair began to grow. It wrapped itself around her bedposts and trailed over her floors. It covered the house in a thick blanket, and the plants eventually withered away.

After some time, the old woman fell into a deep sleep. She tossed in her bed, weak from sickness, the tendrils of her hair writhing around and covering the whole house. The house lay undiscovered for quite some time.

Until, on a hot day towards the end of the summer, a girl happened upon it. Her name was Eda, and she was always joyful. You couldn't pass her in the street or see her in a meadow without hearing her singing to birds or calling out a greeting. Eda peered through the open doorway, brushing aside locks of grey hair, and saw the old woman asleep. Eda went over to her and tried to shake her awake but to no avail.

Eda wandered through the house, carefully stepping over strands of hair.
She peeped
through a glass window in the kitchen, she saw what looked like the
remains of a once
beautiful garden. She could see thorny roses and bruised apples that must
have fallen from
some long deadened tree. Eda could see, even when the garden appeared
dead, that the
old woman had cared for it very much. So she began to tend to it. Day after
day, Eda came
down from the village with tools and a heart full of hope to work hard in
the old woman's
garden. After a year, the garden was full of life once more. Flowers bloomed
and the trees
were heavy with fruit. One day, she walked towards the house, and the old
woman stirred.
Eda looked inside. The old woman sat up and stared at Eda standing in the
doorway.
'Who are you, child?' The old woman croaked.
'My name is Eda.' The girl answered. The old woman looked around, her
eyes found the
window and she stared.
'My garden...' The old woman looked at Eda in surprise. Eda smiled.
After that day, Eda came to the old woman every morning with honey cakes
and baskets of
fruit. In return, the old woman taught Eda how to perform rituals, so the
kraft would be
passed on. They became the best of friends. Eda had learned that, even if
it's only a small
gesture, no one has ever become poor by giving.

Maimie Owen

“What’s your little ‘God’ going to do” My bully, Jason, teased, kicking me in the ribs. My vision blurred as some tears escaped my eyes and ran down my face. He walked off, laughing with his friends.

I limped back to my parents’ apartment, holding my side due to the pain. My side still in pain from Jason’s kick earlier. I stumbled into my room minutes after making it inside. Within moments I had fallen into a light sleep.

The next day, I made it back to the school. Luckily my side had stopped causing me pain. I put my hood up as Jason and his friends approached me. He pushed me to the ground harshly. He readied his fist to land a punch on my face. I covered my face with my hands.

“Leave him alone!” I heard someone yell. Looking over at the person, I could see a tall girl with midnight black hair. Jason walked off, not bothering to fight with her. I looked at her thankfully. She reached out her hand to help me up. I accepted the help and stood back up.

“Why is he bullying you?” she asked me curiously.

“I’m a jew...” I told her shamefully.

“So?” she said as I picked up my bags from the floor.

“You’re ok with it?” I asked her confused.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” she responded, a bright smile plastered on her face. We stayed together for the rest of the day.

Holly Pike

Smiles make a difference

An isolated face,
I send a smile,
Escaping their dangerous place,
Just for a little while,
I'm always there,
To lend a hand,
When your mind,
is struggling to stand.

My life was turning upside down
like a roundabout.
Spinning round and round,
A happy wonder I received,
My heart so blessed,
It's everything I need,
Her smile so bright,
She is someone who wants to turn
the world right!

I take a deep breath,
There out of sight...

Lewis Crompton

The soul slumped on the street
They ask, "do you have any change?". "Of course I do." My reply was upbeat
I lent a quid or two
to help the man with no shoe
'No one has ever become poor by giving'.

The guilt trip shown repeatedly on telly
Always questions 'can you save the thirsty kids?'
It leaves a sadness in my belly
I typed my credentials into their website
To fill a poor child with delight.
'No one has ever become poor by giving'.

The conflict forcing its way into my eyes
They exclaim 'take the Ukraine you can't deny'
My hands became sweaty; rubbed them on my thighs
I rang the number shown above
To be this child's sacred dove
'No one has ever become poor by giving'.

The Nazis are at our door
More scared than ever before
I found a girl, holding a book, I let her in with pity
Her name was Anne, and the book was Kitty.
She told me she was a Jew
It sent me askew, I hid her in my Annex
She finally beat the brutal war
Couldn't imagine this before, just old Anne and Kitty
She thanked me then said 'no one has ever become poor by giving'.

Annabelle Kempton

Not rich not poor,
Money isn't the only gift that can cure,
Whatever you give,
Could even be enough to live,
Putting a smile on people's faces,
Help fill those blank spaces,
You never know if someone is desperate,
You can only tell when they truly express it,
Helping others,
Heals all that suffers,
Sharing what you can,
That's how everyone began,
Emotions running wild,
It could even be a little child,
You don't become richer just because you are wealthy,
That just shows you were brought up unhealthy,
Old or young or new-born or teen,
You could have repaired someone's dream,
A new pair of clothes,
They might have even been your foes,
Having nothing,
Giving something,
All you have got,
Might be a lot,
The better person you are,
Shows your abilities can spread afar,
Kindness and compassion,
It could even be a little ration,
A warm house,
Or a dirty street living with a mouse,
No matter who you are,
No one has ever become poor by giving

Harrison Trinder

‘No one has ever become poor by giving.’

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Drooling with desperation,
Eye'd the wealth of one's fellow man.
One sharing out love in plentiful banquets,
Though full of empty fortune.
He led us a-move,
Giving us an annex,
Overturned like a fossil,
Forced on us to lay down low.
Nazi riots bred new carnage,
Deadening filings littered the streets,
Yet the heart still led us to safety,
A flux grace of heavenly gold,
Giving all they can,
Longing to sustain us.
As we all grew together,
Helpers and all,
In pots of yellow,
We smothered in a love, so in abundance,
Near not ever decipher.
A new heart slowly fell
Into my grasp
A beanpole so shy
That fell to eyes of boredom
So I went crossroads

A-chatter with lovely aflame
'Til we bundled up a new-found intimacy.
Laying in the bed, an interaction.
Soft, calming, all too new, yet so old.
A warmth: 'Knutscherei,'
When at a time,
Both needed someone to talk to.
Lies of people went a-spring
Around the streets,
Looking over the attic window,
A sight of singing peers
Lay in faded hues, white and blue,
A-light with red choruses,
Longing for aid.
Their choice was made,
Soon so was ours.
Fate came for its price,
Awakened from its grave
By a hiding-friend.
The young elf that ran errands,
With accepting gapes of nourishment
That lay in the ground,
With sparkles of a sheer sneer,
Atop the shine of false gold and empty pockets
Lying over the red sabres below.
So off like cargo,
The van Pels and us.
Passed down a sign.
Bergen-Belsen.
Written in white letters.

Drawn out into a field of poppies.
Of which I soon became.
Of which father didn't.
Yet had ever so wanted to.
Otto turned a-flurry.
Went rampant around town.
Spewing out from his mouth-gate
Of tingly hell,
Scrounging around for a story,
That ever so needed to be paired,
For his little girl,
So needed to be shared.
Their feet never grew tired,
Through the voyage-journey.
Neither their heart,
Nor their voice
O' how little did they mind.
They went on to give so much.
They gave their story.
They got their respective glory.
Anne, the Gies, Hana Brady,
All lives lost to the crematory.
But all repaid with more than ever,
The accomplishment of honour to their families.

Antonia Kaye

There's a precious land. An arcadian shimmer of heaven: a tranquil buzz of
scintillating, balmy colour and dozy river meandering. There's a precious
land,
mystifying yet ethereal, an illumination of fluttering fingers glittering with
light
tickling over its long, dewy grass and serpentine bellies of winding azure. It
is the
idyllic aurora of whispering beauty, a beauty only whispered by the lips of
nature
itself.

There's a precious land. It is calm, soothing, so untouched—
But then they stumbled upon it. They stumbled upon the precious land, a
great
people hailing from the cement deserts, known for silencing melodies of
gentle
chirruping and bumblng for blind profit; a people known for silencing
symphonies of strong, rushing serendipity flowing through waters once
flowing
for freedom, for freewill, for life, only to contaminate them with rubble,
curses
and wasted utopia, turning them corrupted and pungent and rotten for
blind
profit, for blind, instinctual, meritorious profit. A human being in a precious
land
such as this only turns a halcyon paradise into a savage, harsh, rough and
terrifying desolation. A human being who only writhes in disgust at the
Earth's
unique love for them; a human being who will destroy, destroy, destroy and
want

more and take more, even when their pockets are full and their hearts
empty, who

will only mutilate a precious land such as this one.

Behold: a precious land with only devastation at the hands of humans in its
future.

But the precious land, in this compromised, delicate form of ephemerality,
a

realm of so much magnificence to give and so much perfection to lose, only
sang

to the settlers a ballad of things it would give; like a pelican of hope and
generosity, and the humans interlinked in harmony with the precious land
as the

sun does its planets and the planets its sun. How the sun offers light and
warmth,

and keeps giving - giving food, water, trees, life itself and yet never tiring
from it,

and how the planets create stability and routine for the sun, bathing in its
stars'

radiance that seeps through every breach in the walls that we make to
ignore it.

A euphony of concord elating in every use that we make of that light, of the
blink

of the time that we are alive... but that we take use of the compassion and
abundance we are given wisely and intertwine with it in the little fraction
of time

with open eyes we are given.

I know a precious land that never became poor from the life it gave.

Charlie Evans

Outside the inner walls

The heavy thuds of marching feet
Walk in form down the street
And the shouting voices of angry soldiers
Heard behind screams of those scolded

Through the walls we imagine the sight
Listening to the noise of terror and fright
We mustn't move or make a sound
Cannot risk what happens if we are found

Silently I sit, a single wall between us
What are they thinking? Always trying to guess
A breeze flows through with a feeling of dread
And I sit and wonder, would I be better off dead?

Beau Maddox

Hunted

A poor soul hiding from hounds,
Never make a sound as they lurk near,
No man could save us from the horror,
Eventually being found is a future near,

Fear circulates through my veins,
Running and hiding from the men in grey,
And the more we the closer they prowl,
None will live as they hunt us like wolves,
Knowing what is to come haunts all.

Grace Swift

Homelessness is becoming a widespread epidemic.

In every town there are new residents on the streets, struggling to survive the night, enduring the bitter winter winds. On my walk to College today, I'm stunned by the appearance of a man and his dog on the high street, the area I live in is privileged enough that I'm shocked by the sight of anyone so disadvantaged to be without a home – that should have been the first sign.

Over the following week, I observe everyone's reaction to him, and I'm horrified to discover it's a mixture of blatant disgust and disregard or complete ignorance, deceiving themselves into thinking nobody is there. Together they have made this man invisible.

People wander past day in and day out with their heads held slightly higher, noses turned up, as if this man has just secured their status as 'somebody' and therefore does not deserve to receive basic human decency. Meanwhile, some cross the road or face the ground, meekly avoiding eye contact as they skirt around his set up against the wall of a shop, as if scared he'll attack them for getting too close. This man, who is a human just the same as you and me, treated no better than a rabid animal. As if being forced to live among the elements is not dehumanising enough.

In comparison, I'm amazed by our ability to adapt, to build a solace under the shelter of a shop's overhang, to accept the hand life has dealt us and make the most of it. A newfound sense of gratitude overwhelms me, and I know that this man and his dog have given me a vital appreciation which I previously lacked. This man, who may seem insignificant to countless onlookers, with no one to remember him once his time is up, has unknowingly given me an entirely new perspective on life. It has cost him nothing. Not a single penny. Yet my life is so much richer.

The following day I leave the house early, so that I can pause and speak to this man and his dog who have been ignored for the past fortnight.

One person's feelings may be irrelevant in the big picture. Yes, we are mere sidepieces in a show that will continue without us. Easily discarded and forgotten about. Yes, when I am gone, and I eventually die, nobody will remember this man and his dog. Regardless, I approach.

I'm greeted with a tentative smile and fervent tail wags. From that morning onwards I take the time to sit and catch up, and what starts as meaningless small talk, an exchange of simple pleasantries, becomes a close connection between two strangers whose paths just happened to cross.

That mild Monday morning our futures irreversibly changed for the better, when a man and his dog reignited my love for the world, and I, a simple passer-by, gave him something priceless, just a simple conversation, a reminder that he is seen. Valued. Human.

Madison Bouchta

Bombs

Red hot flames

Deafening explosions

Flashes of scorching white

Her face,

The sight of innocence

Plagued by the desperacy of hunger

Driven to do anything to fill three stomachs

Black oily suits, slick like silk

Razor sharp shark teeth

Sly smiles, wicked wolf of the wood

‘I’ll blow and blow and evict you from your house.’

Rationed meals out of tins

Spaghetti-os and spam

Food banks finest vittles

Only last til the end of the week

Ocado, HelloFresh, Waitrose

Electric car eco-conscious

Subscription service toilet paper

Sky, Netflix, Disney Plus

Sainsbury’s Shelf Stacker

Dominos Delivery Driver

The face behind the blue polo

Simply searching to survive

Tesla self-drive, heated seats
Business class, private flight
VIP Booth to watch the fight
Obnoxious of the war on the street

Guilty for craving seconds
Going on no breakfast or lunch
Unwashed clothes Smell like sweat, mould and dust
She can't take it anymore

iPhone 14, Face ID
Cryptocurrency capitalism
Tax evasion, money laundering
21st century middle class

Another blanket, thin old socks
No amount of gloves
Warm frozen fingers
In a freezing house

It's just the imbalance between the rich and poor
The instability of the working class
The question of heating or hot water
The cost of living, rising everyday.

And it's not going down.

Self-preservation,
It's the right wing way
The man with the money

Land and fame

But even times are hard for him

The cost of almond milk is increasing

And the customers of his farm shop are leaving

Things will never be the same

Mother of three makes decisions alone

Tomatoes or tampons?

Petrol or Polly's present?

School trips or soap?

Hefty debt, student loan

Hangs on his shoulders, won't leave him alone

His investments are falling

Like an arrow shooting face down

She goes from shop to shop,

Searching for a third job

He recognises that look of desperacy,

That glossy glint in her eye

Hands raking through hair

Eyes closing over spreadsheets

There's not enough money to hire someone

No matter how much she needs to feed her kids

She trusts that hope is out there

Continues to cut the mould out of bread

Continues to wash in cold water

She lives another day

Food bank flyer
Gets him thinking
Surely all that sell-by-date waste
Could go to a better place?

Church hall, he sees her there,
Those desperate eyes give him a stare
Unboxes tins, packets, long-life milk
Suddenly hope is real

It's no happily ever after
It's no fairytale ending
But its the reminder good is out there
With those who prioritise giving

So when reflecting that times are hard
Remember they're harder for some
Practise gratitude for the small things
Even when there seems to be none.

The Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards

Inspired by Anne Frank, Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards is a registered Charitable Incorporated Organisation (Charity Number 1200514) that recognises the great achievements of young people across Somerset who demonstrate our three core values:

- Actively opposing discrimination, bullying and prejudice
- Supporting and caring for others in need
- Working within conflict resolution and social inclusion

The SAFYAs

Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards' mission is to create an impact that is both positive and long-lasting on young people and their communities.

The SAFYAs are set out to recognise the youths of Somerset (Key Stages 2-5 – Ages 9-18) who go above and beyond to attain our core values.

These young people, and the inspiring qualities they exhibit, deserve personal recognition. As they are the foundations of our future, it is vital to encourage them in what they are doing in order to continue to improve the community of Somerset.

Winners of each award will receive £100, as well as all winners and shortlisted entries receiving a copy of 'The Diary of a Young Girl – Anne Frank' and a certificate of recognition.

Creative Writing Awards

Anne Frank's diary is an inspirational piece of writing, from an astonishingly insightful girl. The diary is a stimulating and thought-provoking piece of work – we want to know how it inspires you.

Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards invites Somerset's creative writers of the next generation to submit their Anne Frank inspired work. Every year we choose a quote from Anne Frank's diary and ask our entrants to write a piece based on it. Your work can be in any form you choose - poetry, prose, a diary entry or a short story with a maximum of 500 words. The winners will get the opportunity to read their entries aloud at our Awards Ceremony.

There are four age categories:

School years 5-6 (Ages 9-11)

School years 7-9 (Ages 11-14)

School years 10-11 (Ages 14-16)

School years 12-13 (Ages 16-18)

A shortlist of entries will be selected by our committee and the final winners will be adjudicated by a special guest judge.

All winners and shortlisted entries will receive a copy of Anne Frank's diary and a certificate of recognition. On top of this, each 3rd, 2nd and 1st place entry will receive book tokens of value £25, £50 and £75 respectively.

Get in touch!

Website: www.safya.org.uk

Emails: help@safya.org.uk

Facebook: Somerset Anne Frank Youth Awards

Twitter: @SAFYouthAwards

Instagram: @somersestannefrankyouthawards