

Senior Writing from Pūtara (Room 6)

Our students have been looking at adding expressive language features such as: simile, metaphor, and hyperbole to their writing. This helps create a more vivid picture in the reader's mind. Please enjoy these excellent samples . . .



Hope

These past few days have been hard for an old man like me, but still there is hope.
My wife died of cancer three days ago, the pet dog of a bombing two days ago, and my son,
yesterday on the front line.

May hope carry me away from this wretched world!
Now I sit at their headstones - and sadly turn over their happy memories - back before the
war began.

These flowers are all I have left, and they are the things that will keep me going.
Grey, on grey, on grey, is what I wear today to express my sadness against the dim, snowy
sky and bitter cold,
Again, may hope carry me away!

In this world of sadness I'm but a mere distraction... A simple example of misery - with a
twang of pain.

Harry Dickson

Hope

*Sitting on the bench at the park, that was covered in patches of water...
What I hold in my hands is the last thing my grandson gave to me. While staring at the poppies,
I grow into memories of us before he left for war. Hearing the rain starting to fall, whispers in
my head start getting too me.*

*"It's time to let go," I whisper to the poppies, before I get up in pain and tears, and place them in
front of his grave.*

I walk in the mist of the night - back home - feeling worthless.

Lilly Perkovic

Hope

*Sitting silently on the frosted bench, under the dim light, memories rush through my mind of her singing a dim tune. I close my eyes, remembering when we used to sing and dance in the dead of night, listening to this tune. Hope is all I have left, hope is the only thing keeping me alive. The light in the street dims, as the snowflakes fall, just like my glistening memories of her...
I see her drift away.*

Indy Burton-Foley

Hope

*I'm sitting alone on a cold, dark bench. Nothing to keep me company, but a red flower.
It's a dark stormy night, I have nowhere to go. Not anywhere.*

*Snowflakes drift slowly down. Street lights make them glisten in the moonlight.
I tap my shoes on the ground, only to hear the ice cracking beneath me.*

*It feels like I have been waiting here 100 hours.
Until...*

*I see two headlights coming up the road. The car stops right in front of me.
A man hops out and asks, "Where do you want to go?"
"The homeless shelter," I replied.*

That's when I knew I had hope!

Carmen Bidois

Hope

After a few tragic days, I'm starting to lose hope. I feel like there's nothing left for me. But the flowers I hold in my hand remind me. There is hope and there is a purpose for me.

I reflect back on all the good times I've had with my love and a tear runs down my cheek. I look back down at the roses, her favourite flower. They brought light to her world and I hope they do the same for me. Sobbing all night at her grave won't do me any good; I take my first step and my leg wobbles, as though I'm walking on a tightrope; however, step by step it improves, just like my future will, one day.

I just need to keep reminding myself to have hope.

Meila Mitchell-Hopa