

Calvin



I'm Calvin Dickson, remember my name,
My plectrums of hope will immortalise my fame,
It's the foundation of my music,
The building blocks of life.

My street's a Victorian nurse,
It was bombed in the 1930s,
They aimed for the track,
But missed and hit smack,
At the house at the end of the street.

In the future I see,
A world full of mean,
People wanting to rule,
The new medicines will,
Stop us all being ill,
But will I still be in school?

We'll jump into 2012,
Diving into action,
I'll go for gold,
Through wet and cold,
Striving for perfection.

Kwami



I am the writer
The expresser of worldly pains
Yet my drumsticks are
My pen in the world of music
But again, I read.
I read and lose myself
In a new world of pen and paper

Come visit me in my multicultural land
Where my neighbours, friends and family
Revel in people's differences.
Let's take a short journey
To the park
A lush haven
Giving seclusion and sweet silence
I love it

My poems give the world hope
Producing love and friendship
My steady beats on the drums
Will push those who fear
To strive to be the best
I show you how to create a portal
To the land of stories

2012
The year of unity
The year our dreams
May finally be rewarded
As we leap, jump and twist
In the Olympics.
Robots galore
Re-adjusting our lives
Home schooling,
The way to more education
Races together
Bringing the true meaning of life

Luke



I am the writer, half of a fighter
The public pressure is on.

I wish I were lighter
I live somewhere you relax
The birds singing and the school bell is
Ringing.

The day is young, just as I am
The sun is shining
For my spirit is climbing.

I swim into the future to a land
I call home.

My flexibility mixes with my mental agility,
Can compete on the world stage.
Leaving my mark on the line of history.

It is the future. People
Going down the road of victory
Inventing cars with a protective guard.

I'll shoot my way to the future
A gold torch of blazing fire
Quick as a sprint of thunder.

Fabian



My diary symbolises my future
Documenting my dates and times.

I live like a Marques Boy. I roll on
The streets like a Crazy Frog.
Jethro House, a concrete home for many people
With his nose in everyone's
Business.

Let me take you to my future
In 2012, there will be
Flying shoes and computer chips
In people's brains

My humour will jump hurdles
Overtaking war, bringing peace to
The finishing line.

Liam



I'm strong inside
I enjoy doing work
I'm half English and half Vietnamese
but I'm whole human.

My glasses are part of me,
they are the key to my vision.
I live on an estate
Popham it's called.
Everyday I go to school,
I see gangs making trouble,
nowhere to play,
trash overflowing,
a forest of concrete,
an artist or animator is my dream
so I can share my gift with other people.

In the Olympic year of 2012
the future will be changed.
you'll see flying cars hovering
above your head.
Children darting through the traffic
on their hover boards and skates.
Business men; jet packs on their backs,
no need for the tube.

I'll power lift my future goals,
and I'll triple jump the sandpit of
fear for my gold.

Neron



Hi I'm Neron, a pencil with no lead
waiting to be sharpened.

My street is dead like Tutankamun
in his coffin.

I'm a creative producer like Dr. Dre.

In 2012 I'll see hand-free phones implanted
in every ear, and
hover boards at every foot.

I'm stunned by the starting gun,
making my own track, running for gold