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Pamphlet designed and produced by Robert Gillman

**THE
REDBRIDGE RHYMESTERS**
And
SNARESBROOK PRIMARY SCHOOL
Present their
SHARED POETRY SESSION

Which took place on

5 March 2019

At the Allan Burgess Activity Centre



*Snaresbrook Primary School has adopted
Age UK Redbridge, Barking and Havering
for 2019, raising funds for the Charity
throughout the year.*

*The theme for this session
was*

BACK to the FUTURE



By: Zainab

GRM

03/03/19

IN 50 YEARS TIME...

In the future,
Not in the present,
The world will change...

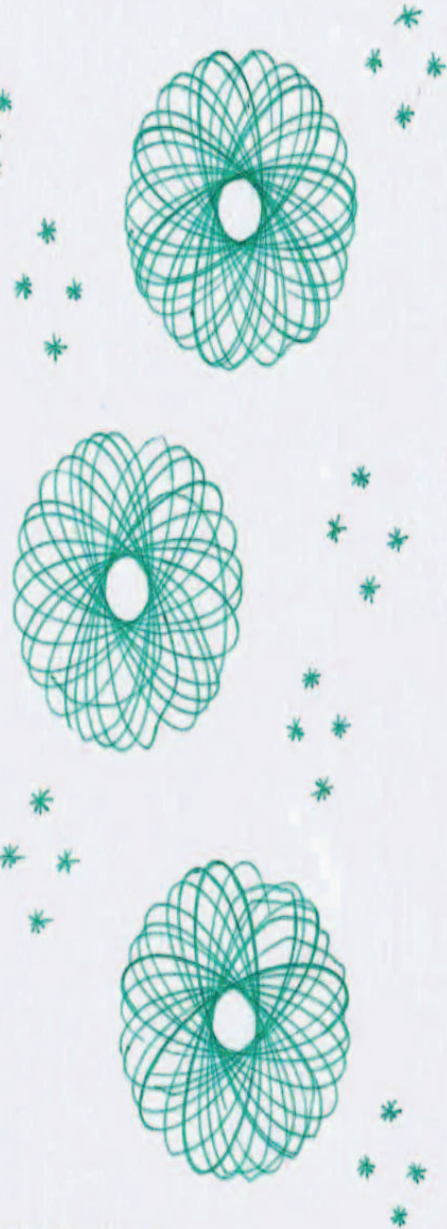
You could go to Mars...
Fly in your car...
And scoot in plain air...

In the future,
Not in the present,
The world will change...

It will be unimaginable...
Unbelievable...
Unforgettable...

All that in fifty years time...
Just imagine...

What will it be like in fifty years time?



Factory young men working 50 years ago in Hong Kong

Some young men worked in a factory,
Sewing denim jeans in Kwun Tong seven days a week.

No holiday

No complaint

Noise from sewing machines kept on flowing in the air,
like a busy Sunday market.

They spent longer time in workplace
than their homes.

Well, the factory was their second homes.

Education was not free.

They did not afford to gain a lot of education,
thinking about earning money
was more important than studying.

Their supervisors were very harsh and strict,
like a hotel inspector.

Their tolerance level was high,
higher than the full moon.

They kept on working,
following instructions from the supervisors.
Silence was golden when they needed to.

They had the wisdom and patience.

Their lives were not only for work.

They made friends in the factory,
Enjoying different conversations,
Sharing sweet, sour, bitter and sour stories.

They knew how to balance their lives,
like yin and yang.

Sophie Lee

Our Future

We have advanced
 our world has too
 Cars now fly
 Less people die
 Confidence has served us all ✕
 Peace has walked to our hearts
 Every soul has been messed around with and
 fixed
 No animal suffers from pain anymore
 We control the universe
 We all love and come together
 We thought through a lot
 We have been through a lot
 But it was worth it
 We won

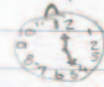
Together

Aureya



Areja 6RM

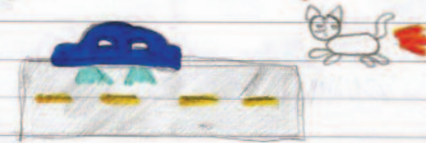
Technology



Technology is amazing, fascinating,
 extraordinary and it has a key
 role in the game of life. But just
 imagine how, how life would be like in
 50 years time!

2019 → 2069

Our beloved pets,
 might become mutant robo animals
 flying in the daylight blue,
 Cars, a part of everyday life
 will no longer need a driver,
 It shall run on it's OWN!
 hovering above the grounds.



But let us not forget about what we
 have in the present, even if robots
 rule in the future! This is,
 how me and my twisted imagination
 imagines how life would be like in 50

YEARS

AAAH!



Arissa 6BB

For you and me,
it seems hard to imagine

Our world,
in the future;
not tomorrow but in quite ^{some} ~~a few~~ years
a few decades.

But what would our world be -
What would we be

Maybe technology would be our life

Now,
Perhaps teachers...

Are Robots!
And most other jobs too,
that don't include electronic things,
At All.
Most people don't even work at all,
Here in the future

Maybe Scientists have invented...
Every life saving Cure!

And maybe
Some more incredible inventions too -
that let us live for centuries
Here in the future.

Elestren 6BB

Future

Maglev trains, Flying cars, robots and all
things new - what we were promised when we
were young,
Now looking around, all we see is a bleak
landscape and shattered dreams,
Barren lands and empty rigs where we once
extracted black liquid gold,
But now, surrounded by toxic landfill,
neither decaying nor de-composing,
Oh what mess you left behind,
Polluted air and chemical smog,
The world demolished, destroyed - people
left annoyed,
Oh what mess you left behind.

Written by
Sara

6BB

50 YEARS AGO

Fifty years ago (or more ago) and more flown by
but as nothing compared to that cherry tree
silhouetted against the sky;
Recalling a square in London
with its pretty flower beds & bandstand,
seeing the beautiful Dray horses pulling carts
of Watney's beer crates.

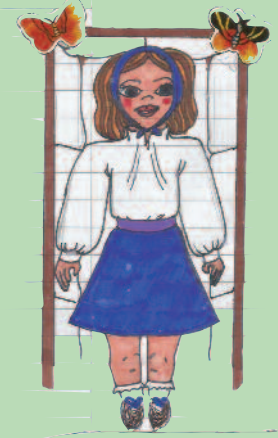
The 1950s' smogs where you couldn't
see your hand in front of your face,
and a General Practitioner asked me to walk
in front of his car with a torch
when he was called out on an urgent case,
Dodgy that, as he missed me by inches
while slamming on his brakes.
From then on it was a blind man
who walked him round to urgent cases; others had to wait,
But I was safe to tell the tale over 50 years late.

Moira Clark



50 Years Ago – I became a “Livin’ Doll”

The stage was dark.
The music started.
The hall was hushed.
The curtains parted.
I boldly stepped forth;
And I became a “Livin’ Doll.”



Like a robot I walked.
The song filled the air.
Leaning well back –
I showed off my hair –
Then – reversing my steps –
I really felt like a “Livin’ Doll.”

The music stopped.
The curtains fell.
A moment of silence –
Then – I could tell –
They liked it – they clapped.
I was glad I was a “Livin’ Doll.”



Later, for a while,
Children came to our home –
And I would always dress up,
Time and time again, to become
The robot I had created;
I really was – a “Livin’ Doll.”

Pan Kerr

Terry at Ten

*My name is Terry and I'm ten years old
In Primary school I am
The best friend that I have there
Is a black boy who's called Sam
We play together all the time
And he tells me lots of things
All about his Grandad
And the presents that he brings
He is from the Caribbean
Jamaica he still lives
So when he comes to visit
To Sam so much he gives
He's had coconuts carved into things
Paintings he has done
And the stories that he tells him
Of his Island in the sun
Sam then tells me all about
Jamaica as he's been
The beaches and the clear blue sea
The bluest he has seen
We chat too on our mobiles
When we are far apart
One day I hope to go there
So I'm saving for a start
I've seen photos of Jamaica
And it looks like Sam has said
It never seems to rain much
The sun just shines instead
I'm so pleased I have a friend like Sam
And I'm glad he likes me too
Together we will go through life
In whatever there's to do*

Terry Bickell

How Time Flies!

*When I look back over fifty years
As a lass of twenty-two,
The whole world was my oyster
With everything fresh and new.*

*Back then, I thought I knew the lot
And could always hold my own
In any argument or debate:
My English skills well-honed.*

*Since then, there've been advances
In medicine, space and science;
And then IT – that two-edged sword
Not governed by compliance.*

*And life's a long, hard road to ride –
You're tempered by the fire
Rough edges smoothed, until at last
You reach your heart's desire.*

*Of course, it's clear: I've learned so much
But, as the seasons turn,
I realise that the more I know,
I've yet still more to learn!*

Alexandra Wilde

2069

50 years since I was eleven,
With toxic air I lasted until 61.
There were no flying cars,
No people living on mars.
Daylight no different from the dark.

When I turned 60,
The sky was no longer blue.
The clouds were black,
My lungs were too.
No species were left,
Nor were most of you.

It wasn't the best time to be alive,
It would be a surprise if you survived.
Earth engulfed with a thick layer of smog,
the ocean a giant heap of bog.
We had one chance and we wasted it.



IN Fifty years time

In sixty years time,
I will be sixty and growing old,
I will be getting wrinkles on my forehead,
Thinking about going to a clinic for Botox.

In sixty years time,
There will be a lot more technology
more things will be automatic
children getting devices at the age of five
and are mesmerized by the power it has,
Watching them grow with technology as I
think about when there were none

In sixty years time,
I will have a robot doing everything for me,
I will be standing by the window,
Watching people and be happy as they sing
and dance as I think about it would be
like to play and dance again without technology

This is what life would be like in
sixty years time !!

By Eliza 6BB

What we've got

*We have a phone, we have a tablet
We have a laptop and a telly
We don't play in the street so much
And there are lots of quite large bellies
I've heard that many years ago
They had none of those above
But they were fit and all played out of course
Which everyone did love
They had roller skates and soapbox carts
There was football, cricket too
All played in the street back then
So much they used to do
They'd stay out until the light did fade
Then go in for their tea
Listen to the radio
No telly there would be
They'd walk to school or go by bike
Not many had a car
Only one or two along the street
They used to walk so far
I often feel we missed a lot
Being of my age right now
But we are told that this is progress
And everything is powered
I don't know how they went along
Not having mobile phones
No Google to find out things
Like who was Casey Jones?
I'm happy who I am today
And just hope my future's safe
As I look forward to my years ahead
In which I have much faith*

Terry Bickell

Working at home mums in 1960s in Hong Kong

*In 1960s, most mothers assembled multicoloured plastic flowers,
looking after their children at home in Hong Kong.
Children discovered their own free games to play.
No playstation.
No television.
No laptop.
No barbie.
No internet.
No social media.
Most mothers earn low wages,
their money was tight.
No ability to hire any nannies.
No ability to buy any toys in the shops.
They were savvy.
They were minimalists.
They did not waste on anything at all.
Most of the time,
they did not eat enough to feel full completely.
They were slim,
walking a lot.
They saved money and kept fit too.
They did not get sick often.
They loved chatting to their friends and families,
face to face.
They did not have a lot.
They did not feel empty,
living in simple and full lives,
like a full glass of red wine
With the abundance of anti-oxidants.
Light was illuminated everywhere
around them.*

Sophie Lee

Humans no longer exist

Everyone sees the future as one big creative world,
I see no further than humans never existing anymore.

Games would turn into real life gaming,
Kids running around with shotguns and assault rifles
trying to get as many kills as possible

Will we turn into robots?
How would our family carry on if robots took over humans?
I could picture the whole thing in my head.

Houses will be like pods on the London Eye
Our furniture will soon be used as technical devices for
god knows what..

Most of all, how would we keep our stomachs filled?
Hell, is we even have any in the future.
Metal chicken, fried chips we would be lucky!

Cars. Cars would definitely be flying.
I don't think that aeroplanes would be in fashion
anymore.
The roads would be for walking only.
Imagine sky traffic!

Anyways the future...
I think we've got a bit of time to relax with our
present world rather than what we would be like
and live like.
Future here we come!

By
Mannah GBB

Christmas Eve 1951

The streets were dark the lamplight dim
As I wandered through the night
Shop windows here and there were lit
With inviting streams of light
I pressed my nose against the panes
And marvelled at the sight
The toys and games and Christmas books
Displayed to left and right

But now the wind was whipping me
My cheeks glowed rosy bright
It was the time to hurry home
My heart high as a kite
My mum looked cross but knew my heart
Her worrying was slight
This Christmas Eve all was at peace
As I was tucked up tight

Robert Gillman

change

The future is drawing near-
maybe quicker than desired
We don't know what the next day, month or year holds.
It's shrouded in Mystery
Will we still exist? or will we be a forgotten Legacy

In 50 years, will we be Visiting holiday homes on the moon?
Could Sunday brunch with neighbouring alien colonies
Become the new normal?

In 50 years, will we have realised we realise the tragedy of
war or will we still rage on causing more damage due to
Advance in military weapons

In 50 years will we be quicker and more efficient and be
Able to send emails telepathically? could night vision
Goggles be invented for workers commuting at late nights

Will anything really happen in 50 years?
could too much change hurt our world?
Not all change is good
but in half a century I believe that the good you can do is
Only limited by your imagination

Jessica

6RM

Back in the Late 60s

Upheaval of body and mind –
New schools – new clubs to find.
The world begins to stir itself –
With dreams of old taken off the shelf.
So – listen – look and learn
For each era will have its turn.

The giving of new life to exploration –
On the land and beneath the ocean –
New music – more modern drama –
Even outer space edged into the panorama.
Minds were opening up into the future,
And technology would become the new tutor.



Pan Kerr

The Virgin Mary Had A Child

**The Virgin Mary had a child
Jesus was his holy name,
Both of them were meek & mild,
In the Bible they have fame.**

**Healing people who had pain,
Jesus never showed his pride
Lived in heaven once again,
After he was crucified.**

**Jesus still loves everyone.
Even those who made him die.
Seemed just like another son.
And many people ask God "Why?"**

**Christ was born on Christmas day.
Shines above our mystery sky.
In a manger there he lay.
Suffered but will never die.**

Karen (aged 12)

Corruption of the police force in the 1960s in Hong Kong

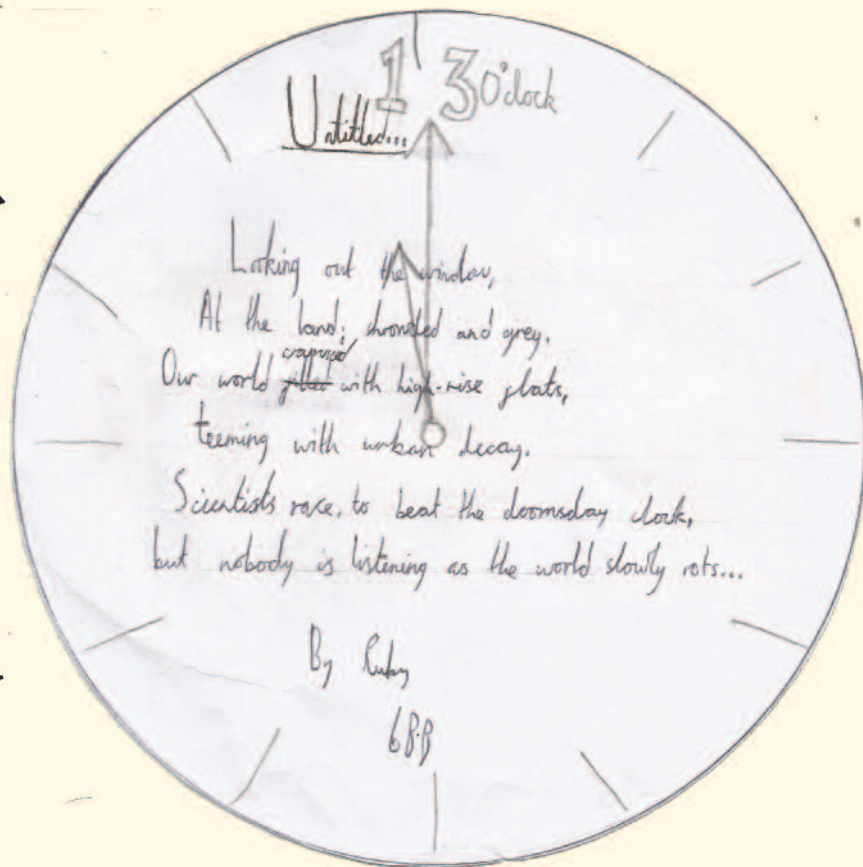
**He was a street trader,
selling fish balls in Hong Kong.
He worked so hard every day,
getting up at 3am,
preparing the food and sauces
with special secretive recipes.
He did not mind
as he enjoyed seeing his customers
smiling, enjoying his self-made delicious fish balls.**

**Every week, a policeman came,
taking some food away without paying.
The policeman demanded for protection fee.
For the first time, he declined to pay.
He ended up being beaten up.
His face and arm were bruised,
experiencing excruciating pain.
He did not mind to feel the pain.
The policeman wrecked his equipment,
all of his food and sauces landed
on the pavement.**

**His heart was broken into a thousand pieces.
The corruption of the Hong Kong police force in the 60s
grew like China Wall.**

**This era exposed the ugly side of the police force.
He wanted to fight.
He had no choice but to pay for the protection fee from the second time.
That was the only way
for survival.**

Sophie Lee



Sitting in this chair old and
grumpy,

Here I am, one old lady.
So tough right now.
So hard right now.

When will my life ever end.

Weak
Pain
stress and
pail

My memories in my head
are passing away.

I can't remember anything
those days.

Wish they were back just
the same.

The roads were packed full
of cars,

but now so clear, nothing but
paths.

The life right now is very better,
back to then when it was so
different.

By Lily 688

FLAMBOYANT FUTURE

People walking up and down
robots twirling round and round.
No more rent no more bills,
no more work just more pills

Flying cars watch were you stand
don't wanna end up in a doctor's lab.
No more books just pads.
No more school no more jobs.

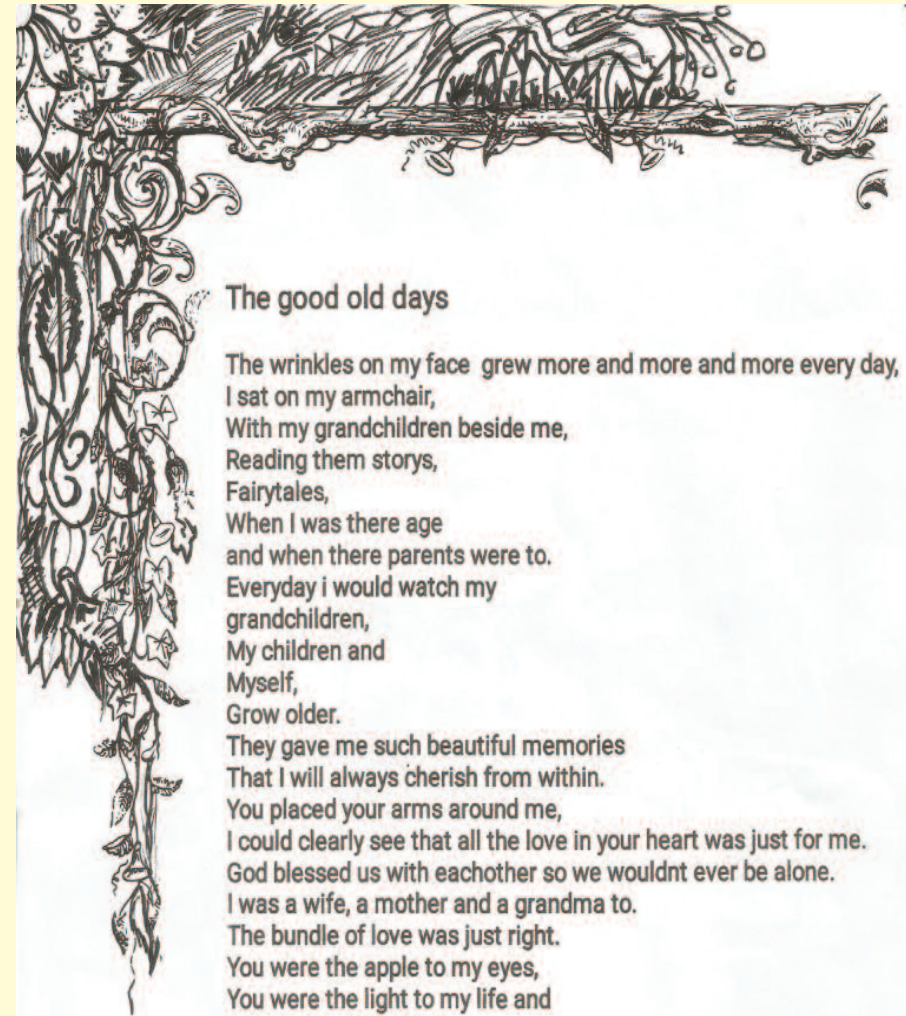
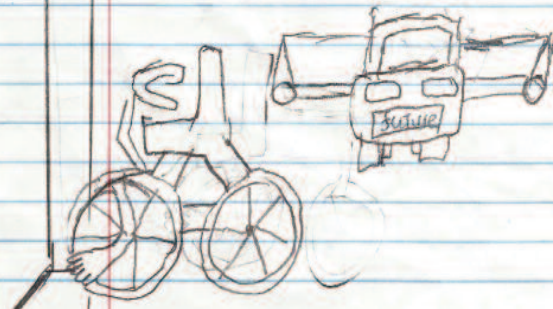
Dogs are over so are cats
don't need any pooper scoopers in your pack.
Bikes are old school just lie back
you'll be there in a zap.

The futures are some you wait
and see because soon it will be
your turn to be light and free.



BY: NGRIPE AND PHOEBE

5MA



The good old days

The wrinkles on my face grew more and more and more every day,
I sat on my armchair,
With my grandchildren beside me,
Reading them stories,
Fairytale,
When I was there age
and when there parents were to.
Everyday i would watch my
grandchildren,
My children and
Myself,
Grow older.
They gave me such beautiful memories
That I will always cherish from within.
You placed your arms around me,
I could clearly see that all the love in your heart was just for me.
God blessed us with eachother so we wouldnt ever be alone.
I was a wife, a mother and a grandma to.
The bundle of love was just right.
You were the apple to my eyes,
You were the light to my life and
The rose in my garden,
That you forever will be till the end.
I still see your face to this day,
They were the rays of sunlight to mine.

by Lamia 6RM

I'll soon be a Teenager

Three more years I have to wait
Then a teenager I will be
My life will change, I'm sure of that
I'll just have to wait and see

By that time I'll be gone from here
To that big school on the hill
An academy they call it now
In which I'll stay until

My GCSE's are done
And I've decided what I'll do
Go on to university
Or just leave with a job in view

I've spoken to my Grandad
And he has told me of his time
When he left school at fourteen
To go on an assembly line

No chance of university
No chance of staying on
But back then there were jobs so plentiful
That you never could go wrong



He told me if he had a job on Monday
And he wasn't very keen
Then by Friday he would have another
So easy it would seem

He said the world has changed so much
So for youngsters now it's grim
He feels sorry for us all right now
Out there on a limb

I may be only ten years old
But I have learnt so very much
Listening to much older folk
Who seem to have that magic touch

I've heard back in the old days
So many, many times
There were good and there were bad of course
And for sure some worrying signs

Looking to the future
I'll remember what was said
By Mum and Dad, my Grandad too
And also what I've read

Terry Bickell