

CELT CREATIVITY PARTNERSHIP PRESENTS

# A RAMBUNCTIOUS FESTIVAL OF EPIC VERSE



Wednesday 3rd July 2024, 6.00pm

At Brannel School

To instil a love of poetry, creative writing and performing arts

# cre·a·tiv·i·ty

[kree-ey-tiv-i-tee, kree-uh-]

–noun

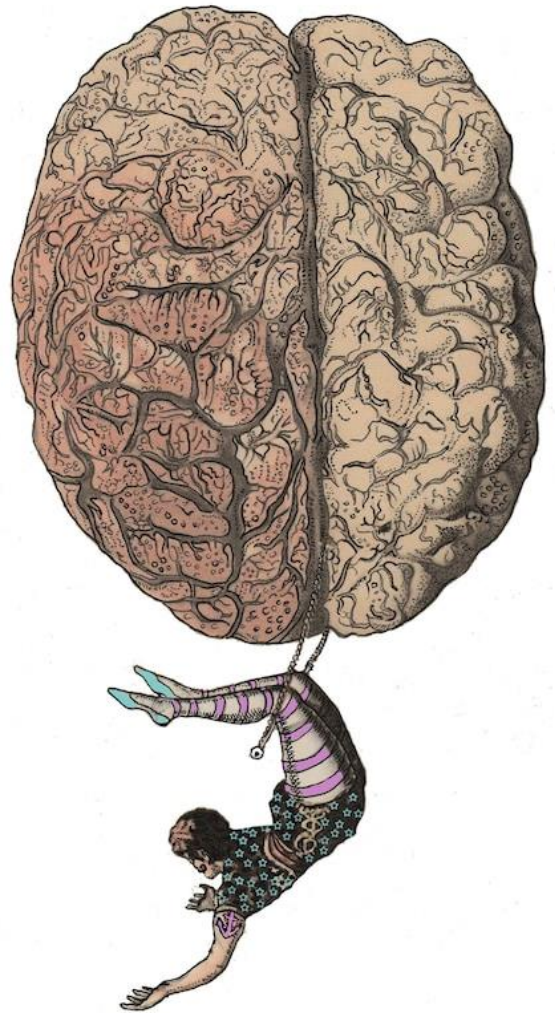
The capacity to imagine, conceive, express, or make something that was not there before

## *What is Creativity?*

*It was Einstein who said that Creativity is "intelligence having fun."*

Creativity is essential to all disciplines, not just the arts. Without creativity, the world would not have made such huge advances in science and technology, in engineering, art, mathematics. We would have no Covid vaccines, no international space station, no paintings on the Sistine Chapel ceiling, no computers, no internet. Can you imagine a world with no internet?

When we describe the likes of Einstein, Kurt Cobain, or Steve Jobs as creative geniuses, we forget that they started out with just a theory, a guitar, and an idea. Every single one of us has the potential to be Creative. What some of us may lack is the opportunity to express our natural creativity. Others may lack the courage to do so. Creativity is courageous. It's not caring what others think, or even what the outcome may be. It's about embracing something that fascinates you, something which others may rudely and wrongly dismiss simply because it's of no interest to them. It's being unafraid to think differently, to do things "wrong." It's being unafraid of not being as good as someone else.



## *Why does Creativity matter?*

Because we are human. Because we thrive mentally and spiritually when we harness it. Because it lights up the brain and motivates children and young people to learn and to develop skills like adaptability, problem solving, and collaboration—skills which are essential both in school, and later in life.

## *CELT Creativity Partnership*

At CELT we want to give every child in every one of our schools both the opportunity and the courage to express their individual creativity with confidence.



**LEARNING TOGETHER**

CORNWALL EDUCATION LEARNING TRUST



Roll up, roll up...

Welcome to the Circus of the Imagination!

I shall be your Ringmaster tonight, and this is where your tour begins.

Are you ready for the ride?





Now don't be fooled.  
It's not going to be all jokes and laughter from us tonight  
Because to unleash your imagination, sometimes you need  
Just a little push... a little bit of courage... a little bit of bravery...  
and sometimes...  
Just a little sprinkling of magic.



To start, we have a feast of song and dance  
To tickle your tastebuds and delight.



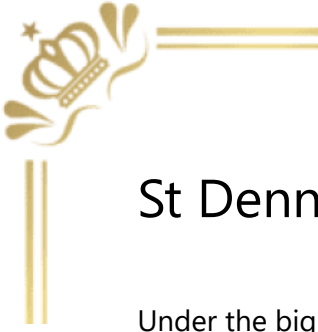




Excitement thunders and creativity strikes, down in the big top where lies our delights.  
Into the Circus of the Imagination we go. Buckle up! Enjoy the ride!







## St Dennis Primary Academy | Under the Big Top

Under the big top, the circus comes alive  
I was mesmerised by the kaleidoscope of colours  
Sweet, buttery aromas of popcorn and candyfloss tantalised my tastebuds  
All around me, a cacophony of sounds filled the tent

The magical lights dimmed as I took my seat  
From centre stage I heard a booming voice  
The Ringmaster, in a crimson coat  
Announced the show was about to begin

All of the acts were wonderful to watch  
The agile acrobat climbed her way to the peak  
Bending and stretching her body into strange shapes  
The audience let out an electric applause

As the courageous cage riders pulled the throttle  
The roaring of the engine erupted through the tent  
I got a strong waft of exhaust fumes  
When they got faster in the globe of death

Next the clumsy clown rode his unique unicycle on to the stage  
Squirting water making all the children squeal  
Suspended over the crowd the skill full performer arrived  
Jumping and leaping on a single, thin wire





Creativity isn't always light-hearted.  
Even the circus has a darker side - not for the faint-hearted.



# Bodmin College | Life in the Tent



There is more to the circus than just clowns,  
Their vibrant disguises masking their frowns.  
Smudged white faces slipping the act,  
Be entertaining yet not be entertained.  
This is the way their minds have been trained -  
Pain is "funny", pain makes money, they preach.  
This never-ending nightmare, sucking out all reality like a bloodthirsty leech.

A trapeze left dangling by two pitiful strings that disgorged chaining freedoms  
upon beings.  
From the eyes above,  
Always looking down,  
Not up in wonder.  
Up is me.  
You will know one day you will fail miserably.  
I will fall from the heaven,  
Into a body of souls. You will wish you never dare be so very bold.

Watching from the crowd, acrobats fly over the stage.  
The animals in the background locked in a cage  
Longing to be free.  
If only someone wouldn't laugh at me.  
Tigers roar at the crowd  
Yet never feeling loved or proud,  
Missing their lives out in the wild,  
Taken away from their child.  
Living to perform for entertainment,  
So the circus receives a payment.  
Working long hours.  
Stolen from the beautiful flowers.

I am tired of being treated like dirt.  
I wonder when I will stop getting hurt.  
But here I lay  
Longing for that one day.







Creativity is our circus. Our ideas are the animals that seek to entertain.  
But sometimes, ideas fade, and I guess that's how tragedies are made.





# Newquay Tretherras: The Dilemma

Id

Ego

Super Ego

Push harder, strive relentlessly to stay on top!

Why care? What's done is done! And cannot be undone!

That's because you have never been able to resist my charms.

Foolish, spineless fools,  
Can't you see the fame, the fortune, the power,  
Awaiting you, just beyond that door?  
If you hesitate, you know the misery that lies in store  
— Don't you?

Yes, at last, you see it my way.  
I'll guide you past these feeble cares,  
To a future bathed in selfish abandon.

Who cares about the truth, all that matters is people's perception of you.

Yes! You've made the right choice. I won't let you down.

Oh my goodness; what should I do?

How am I ever going to survive this?  
Will I ever be able to be forgiven?

Of course I care!  
That is why I am so horrified by what has happened.  
It didn't even feel like I was in control ...

... What did you do?

I know, I know ... you are right - I am just going to have to come clean and face the reality of my actions.

Oh my, the animal rights lobby is going to lose its mind! Anything could happen to me if I admit what I did - couldn't it?

I've made up my mind.  
I can't have this getting out.  
I must pack my trunk and get away from here.

Nay, hath thou not seen the consequences of thine actions.

If thy heart feels no need to care, then why dost thou linger on this blessed orb.

My will leaves no mark, for if it did thou wouldst see the true nature of our plight.

Thou art but deceiving, deceiving thyself.  
Only the truth can grant thee liberty.

Natheless, what awaits the poor deceased ... Elephant?





Creativity is the bridge we travel from tragedy back to the light.  
Moonlight here to be exact...



# Newquay Junior Academy | Underneath the Moon's Soft Glow

Underneath the moon's soft glow,  
The circus tents begin to grow.  
Laughter leaps and dances round,  
Echoing with a joyful sound.

Clowns with crimson, cheery grins,  
Laugh like chimes on playful whims.  
Lions leap with thunderous roars,  
Majestic as mighty ocean shores.

Elephants elegantly prance,  
With trunks that twirl in rhythmic dance.  
Acrobats ascend so high,  
Twisting like ribbons in the sky.

Popcorn pops in buttery bliss,  
Whispering secrets with a hiss.  
Candy apples gleam and shine,  
Sweet as stars in a sugary line.

The circus hums a tune so bright,  
A symphony of pure delight.  
In this world, both wild and free,  
Magic lives for you and me.







The Circus of the Imagination knows no bounds, so let's leave this tent for now.  
Out the tent, out the folds, where this door leads nobody knows.





## Whitemoor Academy | Through the Door

I see a pink and purple ombre door.  
I can hear the seashore.  
I smell the sweet scent of the freshly grown strawberries  
And Kelly's ice cream that is scented like cherries.

I see steppingstones floating in the sky and I start to climb.  
I smell a sticky sweet candy scent in the air.  
I climb and I climb until I hear the skies rhyme.  
I reach the molten marshmallow sun, it's so good I want to share.  
This is very rare!

I touched a beautiful butterfly that flew into my hands.  
In the horizon I see glistening golden sands.  
I can hear the birds chirping, their sweet song carried on the breeze.  
A moment so calm, it's one that I wish I could freeze.

Exploring the beautiful bubbles of imagination,  
Flying across the chatty clouds,  
Distant laughing of playtime, dancing in the crowd.  
I never want to leave.



Amongst the beautiful bubbles of imagination and the chatty clouds  
Fly winged beasts, fierce and proud.  
One little dragon quickly learns  
The power of creativity that burns.





Once upon a time, a little dragon once flew  
On sky-blue wings around the world that he knew.  
He dreamed of being a famed acrobat,  
But he lived in a chicken coop and that was that.  
He practised daily, knocking eggs on the floor,  
The farmer wondered what the mess was all for.  
He spied on the chickens to see who to blame  
And soon saw the dragon swing from the frame.

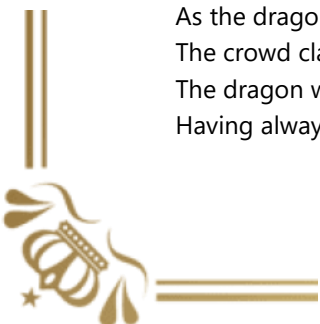
The farmer kept quiet, but one summer night  
Tired of swinging, the dragon took flight.  
After loop-the-loops and messing around,  
The dragon took a small break on the ground.  
Suddenly darkness swept over the sun  
And dragon could feel that his time had come.  
He was grabbed by a stranger and dragged to the wood,  
Our little dragon did all that he could.  
He soon found himself in a strange little town  
And forced to perform as a circus clown.

Dragon performed to crowds near and far  
But he still wished to a big acrobat star!  
One night, out of nowhere, he spun on his ball  
And hit the hard ground in a humungous fall.  
He tumbled about, tail flapping in the air  
Then crashed into the crowd and caused quite a scare.  
He tried to say sorry but fire he sprayed  
A red-hot wild-fire was unfortunately made.

Our courageous dragon flew away feeling shame  
From a distance he could see the towering flames.  
He headed to Tesco to buy a small treat  
As much Classic Lindor as he could possibly eat.  
The choc was on offer at half of the price  
And soon our small dragon began to feel nice.

He ran into a ring master who looked ever so proud  
To be wearing a jacket so terribly loud.  
He offered the dragon a job in his huge circus tent  
And the dragon knew what this finally meant.

Soon a big crowd formed for him every night  
They watched him perform with his courage and might.  
A new set of moves with a front-flip for the king  
And a special new jump through a hot, fiery ring.  
As the dragon swooped and he flew,  
The crowd clapped and cheered and shouted 'Wahoo!'.  
The dragon was now rightly bathed in fame  
Having always been used to being called lame.





Through stories and fables, dragons have become a familiar beast in our skies,  
But now it's time for a frabjous collection of foes to fly in your mind's eyes.





# Mount Charles School | A Frabjous Collection of Foes

Keep an eye out for the Griffin With poisonous spikes and strong arms that strangle it's victims.  
Sprint away as it roars and chases your dreams.  
Keep an eye out for the smorifying Griffin, as when you're happy it makes you scream.

Beware the Spotty Owl with jaws that snatch and claws that catch,  
Eyes that are the size of the moon and begin to loom in the woods.  
It wobbles and awaits you in the doom.

Beware of the Natadiln with pimply skin and wobbly legs that limp under night.  
Hide as it is very fast and very slimy under the shunned stars  
And it tumbles when it runs.

Beware of the Angreous and it's deadly claws. Shun its gloom eyes and his sharp jaws.  
"Father I shall take it down with my vorpall sward."  
"Oh my beamish boy – wait until you learn he is deadly."

Beware of the Flaming Snake with eyes of flame and spikes that burn you like a firework.  
Avoid looking at it's eye  
Which blinds you like the sun.

Shun the Tycic with a physic eye and a venomous trail that could kill 100 cows.  
Hide as it slithers and reaches under the stars.  
Be careful as it wander when it tows.

Avoid the Duck A Dilly and avoid looking at his colour changing eyes.  
The scales on his tale are deadly.  
If you try to run, he will follow you.

Stay away from the Nightmare Monster with its loggaly horns and orangey red fur that looks like fire.  
Beware of it's venomous flangs and scaly wings  
That have a faint glow under the tugly sky.

Beware of the Chizaard with tall legs  
And crunchy eyes that can kill you  
Like a fire lizard.

What out for the destructive Vinner  
With a tongue like a snake and venomous pikes that shoot out like a porcupine.  
Hide as it listens and looks under the shining stars, as it growls it stomps and looks for its prey.

Look out for the Dangreos Slub that sills anything who totes it.  
Beware of it's eyes that are made of human flesh  
And be careful of its stom if you get eaten.

Beware of the Stryposaurus with fake eyes on its wings.  
Shun as it swims with all six limbs and leave out its tail's sharp sting.  
Beware of it sharp spikes that run for miles along his back.  
Fear it's frightful sniffing nose For manxome scents it can track.

Our disgusting pets will haunt you when no one is there to help.  
Their evil minds go snipper snap  
They plan to take everyone's head  
And then go galumphing back.



Creatures like these galumphing round proves the power of creativity,  
But what happens if imaginations we stifle,  
And we let young minds grow idle?









# Carclaze CP School | I've got an Imagination

*Today children, we are going to be writing a non-chronological report about...*

Here she goes again, telling us what to write,  
A fact-file about fish, a diary as a knight,  
A non-chronological report (whatever that is?!)  
We're expected to be a grammar whizz.

But what if we were allowed to choose,  
Has she really got that much to lose?  
Just give us the chance and off we'd go,  
We've got imaginations, don't you know?!

An upside-down Christmas tree riding a five-wheeled car,  
A gorilla in a top hat swinging on a gymnastics bar,  
A hip-hop mouse eating exploding popcorn,  
A flossing fish racing a unicorn.

A witch flying on a sandwich, not a broom,  
An elephant in a racing car going zoom!  
A cow with an umbrella doing the splits,  
Two rats on a trampoline eating their nits.

A lion wearing a tuxedo camping in a shop,  
While a kangaroo does a backbend over the top,  
Banana robots shooting at limping llamas,  
Flying zebras wearing a pair of pyjamas.

A rainbow cheetah riding on a pink fluffy cloud,  
A caterpillar playing a trumpet extremely loud,  
A giant tennis racket hitting eggs, not balls,  
A worm with wings walking on wiggly walls.

Baboons on airplanes eating chocolate cake,  
A cat on a skateboard diving into lake,  
A green and yellow rhino dancing on a car tyre,  
A dragon in a tutu breathing sprinkles, not fire.

So can't we just for one short day,  
Write the things WE want to say,  
Just give us the chance and off we'd go,  
We've got imaginations, don't you know?!





Imaginations should run free,  
Like Mother Nature we need to learn to be  
Strong, fierce and... me.



## Poltair School | Mother Nature's...

On Monday, she was angry and hurled leaves at the lake.  
She blew and blew,  
Whistling as she flew.

On Tuesday, Mother was curious,  
She blew away the clouds,  
And removed any shade in sight.

On Wednesday, she decided to cry.  
Upset, she rained upon all,  
She drenched each and every soul.

On Thursday, she felt anger flushing through her.  
Her thunder boomed and crashed,  
Her lightning struck at the sky,  
Shouting, snarling and laughing.

On Friday, Mother contentedly filled the sky,  
Stuffing the air with clouds,  
Fluffy, clean and white.

On Saturday, she was hot.  
She wanted a breeze,  
She wanted the earth to freeze.  
She concealed the ground with frost,  
Allowing snow people to be scaped.  
The shivering cold hovered,  
Forcing all to wear winter clothes.

On Sunday, Mother was exhausted.  
Tired of all her trouble,  
She made the sun contentedly beam  
Little showers throughout the hours,  
A slight breeze to keep the cool.





Mother Nature shapes us every day,  
And teaches us to be a hero, each in our own way.





# Penrice Academy | Heroes

Compassion.

People who surround you with love and joy.  
People who care and hold the kindest values.  
They listen to you in times of need.  
Always work to the highest star and beyond.  
They are your hope in the darkness.

Gratitude.

Changing the world,  
One patient at a time.  
Ask nothing in return, other than aspiring to be kind.  
We value their compassion.

Respect.

They taught you to  
Walk, talk, read, write  
And supported you during tough times.  
Cherish all memories,  
Cherish every second.

Aspire.

Moment to moment, the value of memories we yield.  
Inspiration can bloom from the darkest abyss.  
While there are many I believe in,  
I am original, I am unique, I am unlimited as me.  
I can be the hero I choose to be.  
I can be the hero I choose to be.

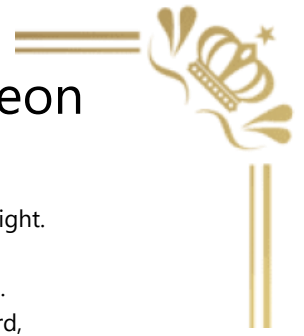




Creativity teaches us that heroes lie in the people we love,  
But Greek myths and legends teach us that Gods live on high in the clouds above.



# Pondhu Primary School: The Pondhu Pantheon



High on Mount Olympus' peak,  
Where skies are clear and eagles seek,  
The gods and goddesses take their place,  
In myths and legends, time can't erase.

Zeus, the king, with thunder's roar,  
His power vast, the skies he tore  
With lightning bolt, he rules the skies,  
His justice swift, his gaze so wise.  
Yet mortals whisper, some in fright,  
"Did you see his toga, it's clearly far tight!"

Hera, queen with regal might,  
Guardian of the marriage rite.  
With peacock pride, and watchful eye,  
She keeps the bonds of love held high.  
But she once turned a rival to a bird,  
The squawking around was quite absurd!

Poseidon, lord of ocean's waves,  
With trident strong, the seas he braves.  
His chariot of dolphins leads,  
Through coral reefs and ocean reeds.  
Still sometimes on the shore, you'll see,  
He freaks when seaweed tickles his knee.

Demeter, goddess of the grain,  
With harvests full, she ends the pain.  
Her daughter lost, she mourned in woe,  
But seasons change, and life does grow.  
Yet when in stress, her hair turned hay,  
She swore she'd never cut it that way.

Athena, wise with owl's flight,  
In armour clad, she seeks the right.  
Goddess of wisdom, craft, and war,  
Her strategies known near and far,  
But she once wore socks of mismatched hue,  
Claimed it was "battle chic," who knew?

Apollo, god of sun's bright gleam,  
Of music, truth, and prophecy's dream.  
With lyre in hand, he sings the day,  
And drives the night's dark away.  
But caught once with a sunburned nose,  
Even gods need suncream on, you know?

Artemis, huntress of the wild,  
With silver bow, fierce and mild.  
Protector of the young and free,  
In forests deep, she's meant to be.  
But when deer outsmart her traps,  
She blushes red and takes the naps.

Ares, god of war and strife,  
With spear and shield, he seeks the fight.  
Yet chaos in his wake he leaves,  
A warrior's heart that seldom grieves.  
Still once he tripped on his own sword,  
Gods laughed so hard they nearly roared.

Hephaestus, smith of gods' great art,  
With hammer strong, and loving heart.  
From molten fires, his craft does rise,  
Creating wonders to our eyes.  
But when he sneezes, watch the sparks!  
The soot and ash leave funny marks.

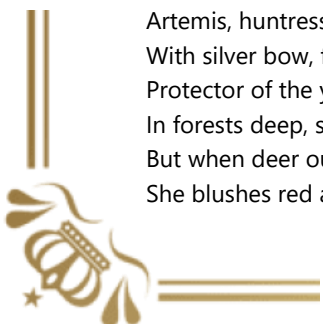
Aphrodite, love's pure light,  
Born from sea foam, beauty's sight.  
With charm and grace, she weaves her spell,  
In hearts of gods and mortals dwell.  
Though watch out if you're Aphrodite's crush,  
She'll surely turn your heart to mush!

Hermes, swift with winged feet,  
Messenger of gods, none can beat.  
With cunning mind and clever ways,  
He guides the souls through night and days.  
Yet Hermes loves a prank or two,  
Stole Apollo's cows, who knew?

Hestia, hearth's eternal flame,  
In every home, she keeps the same.  
With warmth and peace, she guards the fire,  
The heart of home, our true desire.  
But don't you dare snuff out her flame,  
She'll cook your toast to charcoal blame.

Or Dionysus, vine's delight,  
With wine and dance, he brings the night.  
The joy of life, the festive cheer,  
In revelry, he casts out fear.  
But mornings after wine's embrace,  
He's found with grapes all o'er his face.

These gods of old, in tales of yore,  
Their stories told forevermore.  
From Zeus' might to Hestia's peace,  
Their legends never cease to please.  
So listen close and hold them dear,  
These myths of gods we now revere,  
For in their tales, both grand and small,  
We find the magic that binds us all.  
With courage, love, and wisdom's might,  
With hearth's warm glow and sun's bright light,  
The gods of Greece still find their way,  
And through Pondhu's words, they live today.







Here in Cornwall, we have our own myths and stories from ages gone by. Let's summon the ghosts of those legends and let Cornish Creativity fly.





## Brannel School | To Sea to See

Creativity is not a 'thing.'  
You cannot hold it, or see it, or touch it.  
Creativity is not a 'thing.'  
Creativity is in you, and me, and in the air we breathe.  
That's why creativity tastes like salt to me.  
It drifts here in the Cornish air,  
And has the power to take us anywhere.

As I breathe in Cornwall's salty sea air,  
I am transported to a land before time:  
A land of ancient magic, myths and legends,  
Round tables and swords, where King Arthur beckons.  
Among the cry of the gulls above,  
I hear the whinny of noble steeds and the roar of Cornish knights,  
As they gallop to defend and fight,  
Fight for this isle with all their might.

From the dizzying heights of Tintagel's courageous cliffs,  
Cornwall's magic guides me to the caves below,  
Where, if you listen carefully, you'll hear  
Whispers of spells and the waving of wands,  
Echoes of Merlin and mythical tongues.

It is this magic that guides us out to sea,  
For in Cornwall where else should we be?  
It is there that creativity lies in droves,  
As the waves and surf guide us home,  
Back to the place where creativity began.

When we abandoned our gills and scales and chose to walk on sand,  
We brought the stories from sea to land:  
Stories of Cornish maids and mermaids,  
Who taught us to swim, love, and be brave when our strength fades,  
From Zennor to the depths below,  
To the Mount of Michael and giants long ago.

Creativity lies in every inch of this ancient land,  
Teaching us what it means to be Cornish and proud –  
it is the Cornish air that we breathe  
that reveals the story laid underneath.







The world needs dreamers and the world needs doers.  
But above all, the world needs dreamers who do.

Sarah Ban Breathnach