



THE WELLS ACADEMY

*Flights of*  
**Fact and Fiction**

A poetry anthology by  
Year 9 students



THE WELLS ACADEMY



## **Introduction**

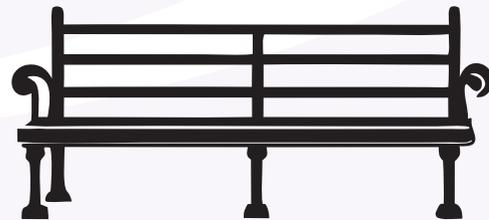
In March 2025, students in Year 9 had the exciting opportunity to encounter some incredible birds of prey up close. This special event was designed to celebrate World Book Day, British Science Week and National Careers Week 2025 focusing on birds of prey as the theme.

Inspired by their experience, students were challenged to craft a descriptive piece or a poem, capturing the sights, sound and emotions of the moment.

We have compiled an anthology showcasing some of their impressive work, highlighting their creativity and vivid descriptions.

On the bench, the owl lies.  
Alert and cautious  
Awaiting the prey that flies.  
His beady eyes and steps saunter  
Until it is time to hunt them down.  
A piercing pain whilst the claws grab  
Clutching onto the life that is in its hands.  
The soul: helpless. The soul: fragile,  
The owl's feast: agile.  
Just in a moment, it's all over.  
The lifeless body left.  
Now, onto the next.  
It allows no rest.

**By Antonina Cykowska**



I stand in front of a run-down bus stop,  
taking a break after a long walk.  
Soaring through the sky, my eyes catch  
the form of a buzzard in flight.  
Agile and swift, alone in the sky, its broad,  
elegant wings brush the warm summer air.  
It glances at the ground, powerful with  
dominance. Ferocious, sharp, blood-stained  
claws are tucked below its feathers,  
itching for an attack.  
The sight sends waves of adrenaline through  
my veins, intimidated by its regal stance.

**By Jessica Spitzmuller**



Only I can see how elegant and fierce she is while circling her prey. Her talons are as sharp as knives and her speed as quick as lightning. She climbs into the sky, her vision locked onto her weak, frightened, targeted prey. Soaring she is camouflaged into the trees. She is an apex predator as she uses her quick stealth to her advantage, her eyes filled with murderous intent.

She dives, as quick as a car and strong. She lands on the prey. She's so fierce with a killer look in her eyes as her claws dig into the victim's feathers. It dies after one agile sweep.

She picks up the prey's lifeless body. She hovers, her wings flapping as she begins to drift off into the bright sky to feed her babies.

**By Chalice Plater**

In a hush of night, where shadows bend,  
A silent sentinel, the barn owl, descends.  
Her wings brushed with moonlight,  
Soft as a sigh.

With a piercing orange gaze  
it watches the sky.  
Through the ancient woods  
Where whispers are weak.

In stillness it glides  
On feathers so fine.  
She is an elegant predator.  
She is a divine hunter.

Her heart is steady  
As stars glow light.  
She seeks her prey beneath  
The cloak of night.

Just a flicker, a rustle,  
The world takes a breath.  
She's not just a predator  
But she's a muse when the sun sets.

**By Diana Felstead**

I think to myself,  
why am I not a falcon,  
why don't I fly?  
Why didn't you, God, give me wings?

I would leave the Earth and soar into the sky.  
I would have climbed high into the clouds  
to see the heavenly gifts that God bestowed  
upon our country,  
to see the mountains, steppes, and valleys,  
to feel the spirit of freedom  
and will that resides in our hearts.

We will overcome all pain and illness,  
we will overcome this grief,  
having only a trident.

**By Ivan Kaliuzhnyi**  
*Translated from Ukrainian*



Gorgeous, in a twisted fashion.,  
Swooping through his wooded mansion,  
Eyes of yellow and heart of stone,  
Here the hawk soars alone.

When the dreaded squawking sounds,  
Defenceless rodents flee the grounds.  
Though their desperation won't suffice,  
Talons cutting them like a knife.

Heading home on his lonesome,  
He doesn't question his actions, so gruesome,  
Love and hate wind into one,  
Anger, joy, pain and fun.

Dark beak curved like a hook,  
He's beautiful, if you really look.  
Feathers soaked in crimson waters,  
The hawk continues with his ruthless slaughters.

**By Daisy Spilsbury**

Its wings, as soft as snow,  
Glide through the sky as it sees the wind blow.  
Observing the world from the sky above,  
Oh so quietly that they could be the wings of a dove.  
Patiently waiting for any prey to swing by,  
You can hear the voices of the prey cry.

**By Erika-Andreea Coconel**



## **The Eagle**

I stand high above, dominant.  
Soaring through the sky I am elegant.  
I can see a bird, cowardly, in fear,  
Watching, I prepare my attack, hoping that it can't hear.  
I am better than all that fly,  
In the mountain, I spy.

It climbs into the sky. I will pursue.  
I choose them with a mind to subdue.  
My talons, as sharp as ever,  
Can be used on prey whenever.  
I catch up ferociously, tearing them apart,  
Seeing my work of art.

**By Zuhao Zhang**

In the woods, buried in the trees,  
Scurries a mouse bringing food for his family of three  
And up above, soaring in the sky  
The peregrine falcon begins to fly.

He's spotted his meal, dashes down straight,  
As the mouse eats, unknowing that he is on the plate.  
The bird soars down, snapping his beak  
For tonight he has found the most magnificent feast.

**By Ashleigh Conway**



He soars above the ground like no other,  
Sparking a sense of fear into his prey,  
Searching for his next target.

He spots a stray.

The eagle swoops down,  
A life in its hands  
As the claws latch on.

**By Tiffany Sims**



Below me, the world is clear.  
I'm not that quick but I am regal.  
My feathers help me softly glide.  
My elegance is true, not a lie.  
My vision is far clearer at night,  
My claws too strong for my own size.  
And my eyes pierce your soul with might.  
I feel your fear: you cannot hide.

**By Gabriela Gindac**



## **The Eagle**

I walk and step out.  
The eagle's eyes stare into my soul.  
A sign of fear runs through my nerves  
I am his prey.  
Nothing will ever slow the death stare that runs through you.  
Nothing will ever be so majestic.  
Then it swoops through the air.  
The feathers fall to the ground.  
Goodbye my friend.  
The friend I might never see again.  
The friend that might kill in the next hour  
And the friend who stares into my soul.

**By Charlie Cox**



## **Carnivorous as he is, he must be swift.**

Watching, he soars through the sky preying on the  
small vulnerable prey.  
He climbs into the sky as the world hides beneath him.  
The powerful, perched prey-hunting predator  
Hovers above the pathetic prey.  
Only he could be the circling, camouflaged energy.  
Carnivorous as he is, he must be swift.

**By Arooj Durrani**



I stood outside in the dark, gloomy night, letting  
my dog out but something felt...odd. It felt like  
something was hiding somewhere. Out of nowhere,  
rattling surrounded my garden. The bird, with the  
majestic pattern on their body was possibly trying  
to find food. From what I could tell, its wings were  
short but it had an elegant way of flight. Below my  
feet was a rotten, decaying mouse meaning the  
hunter had found its prey.

**By Kaiden Priestley**

Soaring in the sky, I see two big, evil-looking eagles trying to look for some innocent prey. They looked hungry and angry. Then, one of them started slowing down, landing his muscular feet on a giant rock. He started looking around. I called my friend to tell him about it then he came to see as well.

After a while the other eagle came and landed his sharp-looking nails on the rock. He was holding a dead rabbit. I felt bad for the innocent prey. They both started eating the rabbit with blood all over their bodies. They looked dangerous. I had to record it for my other friends. It was kind of mesmerising to see how they survived in the wild, but it was sad to see the rabbit die as well.

**By Yaro Briajy**