

Green Pencil Award 2015

Food for Thought

Scotland's food and drink

26 November 2015, Central Library, George IV Bridge, Edinburgh



Foreword

I am delighted to have been asked to write the foreword for this eighth annual Green Pencil Award booklet, showcasing the top 20 prize winning entries from this year.

The Council's Green Pencil Award is our creative writing competition for Edinburgh children in the P4 to P7 age range. The competition, which is organised by Edinburgh Libraries and Eco-Schools in Edinburgh, was launched this year by author Vivian French at Carrick Knowe Primary School and has attracted the biggest ever response in its history, with over 1,500 entries received from across the city.

The theme for the competition this year was 'Food for Thought' and it presented a great opportunity for our entrants to demonstrate their creative writing skills and incorporate their knowledge of Scottish food and drink.

The shortlisted entries were judged by a panel drawn from our own Libraries and Literacy teams as well as The Edinburgh International Book Festival, The Scottish Poetry Library, Scottish Book Trust, The Edinburgh International Science Festival and Edinburgh City of Literature. Whilst the judging was no easy task, the exceptional quality of the entries this year ensured it was a very enjoyable experience for everyone involved.

I would like to thank all the schools, libraries, parents and carers who encouraged all our young writers to participate and I am grateful to the many people, including our generous sponsors, who contribute to the competition's success.

Finally, I would like to congratulate each of our 20 finalists. It is a fantastic achievement to be selected from so many outstanding entries and I look forward to reading more of your work in the future.

Councillor Richard Lewis

Convener of Culture and Sport Committee
The City of Edinburgh Council



Green Pencil Awards 2015

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Highly Commended

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Highly Commended

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Primary 4–5

The Stew

Once upon a time, there lived five friends called Tina Turnip, Chris Carrot, Polly Potato, Aubergine Joe and Bob Beef. The five friends lived in a large cottage in the middle of the Broccoli Forest. In the cottage, it's warm, cosy and even though it's large, the friends have to share rooms.

One day after they came back from a walk, they had got mail from their old friend and now evil Baron Von Brussel.

'Oh no', said Bob to everyone.

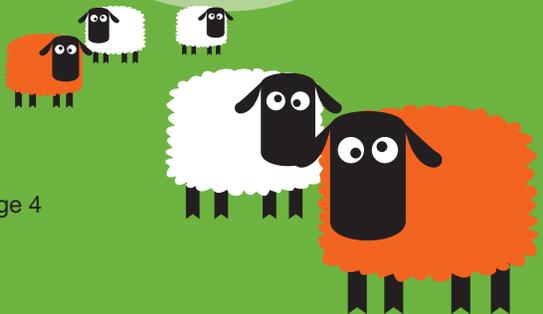
'Not him!' screamed Chris.

Although the journey was tough and long, they all went to see him. When they arrived, they asked him what he wanted.

'I brought you here to ask if you wanted to come to my pool party' he said.

They hopped into the stew pot. Brussel said he would turn on the heat and he turned on the fire. He put on the lid and said it would heat quicker. By the time they figured out they were in a stew, it was too late. But what Brussel forgot is that the dumpling would expand and when it did, it lifted the lid off. Then the friends clambered out and ran back to their cottage.

Tom Blakemore
P5A Bonaly Primary



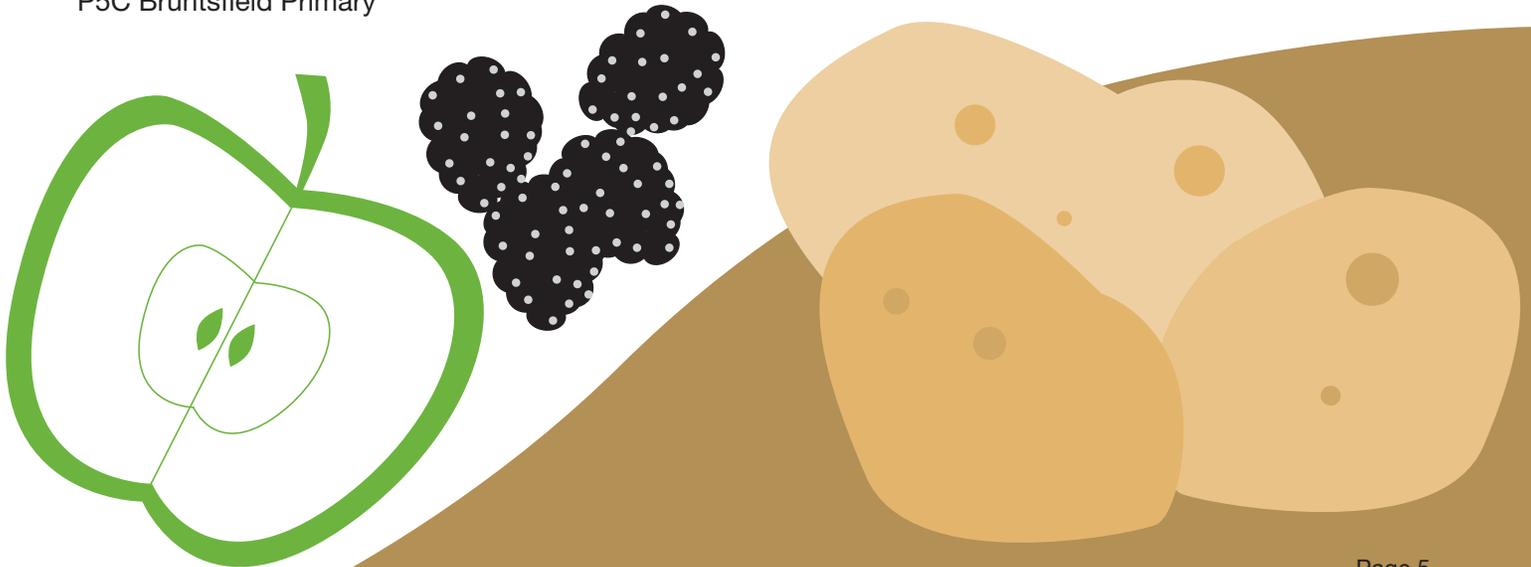
Scottish Brambles

Scottish Brambles are the best!
Countrysides are full of them in autumn.
Optimistic you should be when you pick the big, black beauty.
This delicate fruit is easy to squash so be careful with them.
Trousers and gloves will give you protection against the thorny stalk.
I love the pure taste of the refreshing juicy sweetness.
Some have a big burst of flavour...
However, some of them give you the surprise of being sour!

Bring a tub in case you find any to take home
Race to pick the sweetest looking ones before the birds have their feast.
All the wee bubbles on the berry should be black when ripe.
Morning dew gives the brambles their daily shower.
Brambles and tasty apples go well in a crumble,
Lovely flavours mixed together excite my taste buds.
Everlasting memories of good times searching for brambles.
September is the best month to pick those delicious Scottish brambles.

Jemma Cattanach

P5C Bruntsfield Primary



Love Letter

Dear darling potato,
I love your skin, you are yummy
in potato soup. You blow my
mind when you are with mince.
You are so fluffy when mashed,
I think you braw with haggis and
neeps. I love your curly fries. I
love you dearest potato. Take
me to potato land.

Ellie

I ♥ you

Ellie Wilson

P4A St Peter's RC Primary

Chorizo

A bonfire in your mouth
Burning on your tongue
The cousin to salami
A great friend to chicken
It makes your mouth water
It is in a land of it's own
With a lovely lick of spice
Chorizo is a dream come true.

Rebecca Tidswell
P4 Clifton Hall School

Steak

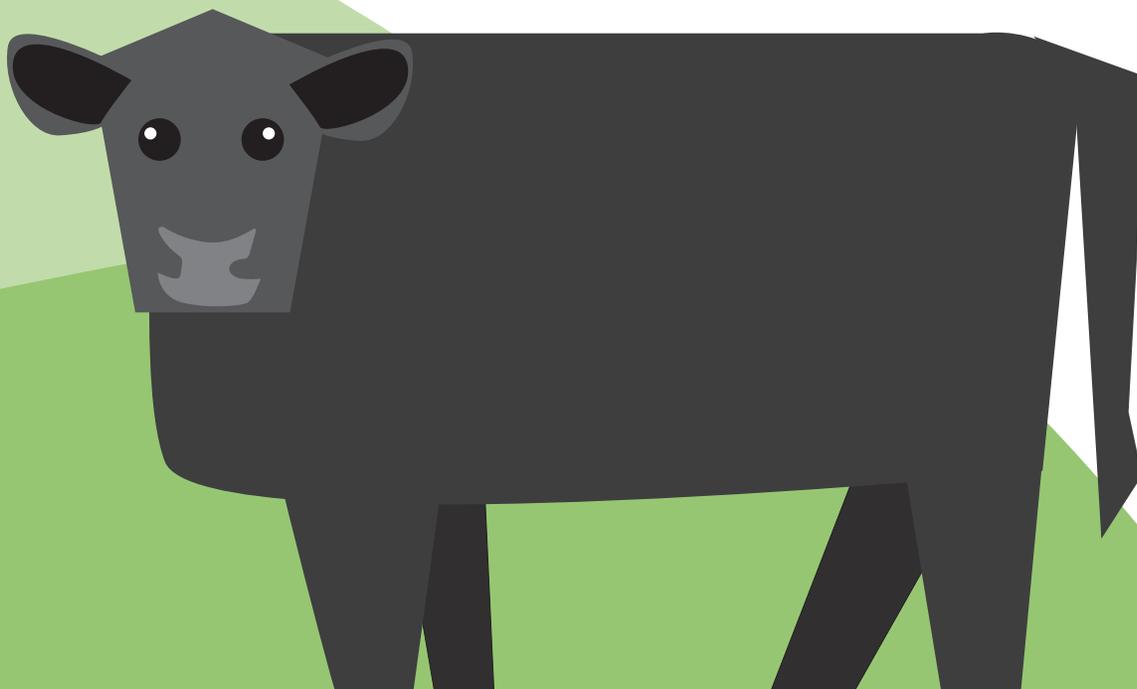
Beef king
Meat treat
So juicy
Best dish
Fried friend
Cows gift
Chips chum
Mouth watering
Special food
Delicious steak!

Hamish Ferguson
P4 Clifton Hall School

Sausage Stew

My mum's and dad's sausage stew
In the pot when grandad comes
Yummy tasty steaming hot in the pot
It's tastier than an ice cream cone
As hot as fire
It makes me feel loved
As loved as a baby
My mum's and dad's sausage stew
I love sausage stew
And it loves me too

Kaylynn McLintock
P5 Castlevew Primary



The Magic Tunnock's Teacake

'Jimmy, stop tapping that pencil and concentrate,' said Mrs. McCrumb who was getting irritated while teaching class 5B. Jimmy McDonald was an ordinary 9 year old boy from Glasgow who only wanted to play football. He lived with his mum, dad and his 21 year old brother Hamish. When Hamish was at school he got top grades so he got a super job at Tunnock's factory.

Every Friday Hamish would bring home a box of Tunnock's teacakes as a treat for Jimmy. Jimmy was struggling trying to think of something to write and was excited about break time so he could eat his yummy teacake. 'Ding dong,' went the school bell. Jimmy dashed to his tray and grabbed his teacake. He ripped off the silver wrapper and scoffed it in one go, not dropping a crumb. Jimmy didn't realise but he was floating-this was no ordinary teacake.

The bell rang and break was over. Jimmy felt like a light bulb had switched on inside his head. Brilliant ideas were whizzing through his mind so he quickly wrote it down on paper. The teacake must have had magic powers. Jimmy never told anyone about the magic teacake. So he was very smart and was like his brother and got top grades. He was so smart he got asked to go to the Tunnock's factory with his brother Hamish.

James Hunt

P5B Bonaly Primary

HIGHLY COMMENDED



Irn Bru

Och I love tha' Irn Bru!
 Bricht, braw and bubbling too!
 Abou' the colour o' a highland coo
 Bu' best o' all it's bad fer you!
 And dinnae ferget tha' delicious sheirtbread!
 Although pairsonally ad prefer some haggis instead!
 Bu' still, ad gobble thum up in one.
 If I had a bigger gob, tha' would be fun!

Emma McShane

P5P Pentland Primary



HIGHLY COMMENDED



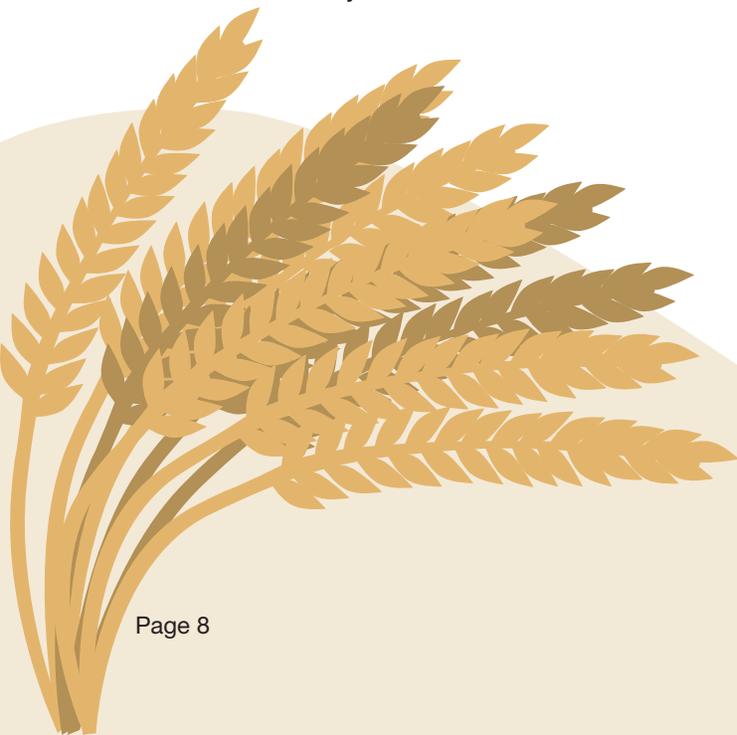
My Food Heroes

Smelly boots, eyes peeled, scooping potatoes,
Muddy hands, tractors moving,
Very shivery, harvester rumbling,
Meat, vegetables, meat,
We are farmers.

Waves crashing, water splashing
Bleary eyes, sore hands, gleaming orange sun
Bags packed, kiss goodbye
Salt coated, soaked and cold
So brave and fit,
Gas fire, smelly boots.
We are fishermen.

Alan Galligan

P4B Leith Primary



OVERALL WINNER



What They Say....

My mum says, 'Eat your mash it's tasty'.
I say, 'It's too lumpy'.
My mum says, 'It gives you muscles'.
'EAT YOUR MASH!'
My mum says.

My dad says, 'Eat your black pudding, it's amazing'.
I say, 'It's made of blood'.
My dad says, 'It will make you taller'.
'EAT YOUR BLACK PUDDING,'
My dad says.

My uncle says, 'Eat your Dundee cake, it's wonderful'.
I say, 'It's too nutty'.
'EAT YOUR DUNDEE CAKE,'
My uncle says.

My dinner lady says, 'Eat your oatcakes, they're lovely'.
I say, 'They're so hard I might break my teeth.'
My dinner lady says they will give your brains.
'EAT YOUR OATCAKES!'
Says my dinner lady.

I saw my mum guzzling iron bru
I saw my dad munching tablet
I saw my uncle chomping tea cakes
I say, 'It's not fair!'
They say, 'Haud yer wheesht,
EAT YOUR TEA!'

Louis Reilly

P5B Hermitage Park Primary

Primary 6–7

Through the Eyes of a Strawberry

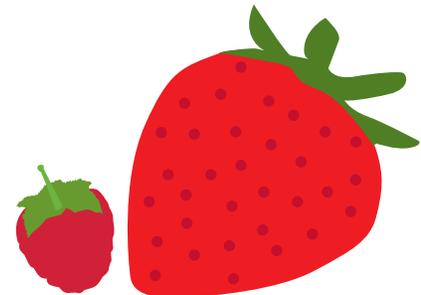
My fragile form bears a pale green coat and my head rests under a lime green hat and although I am small my heart is HUGE! And my ideas are ever bigger!

Days go by and I realise I am now a shade of pinky white but I'm also slightly plumper and my lime green hat is growing loose now that makes me wonder?

Day after day, night after night I grow on my wee bush, watching my wee world go by and I'm happy, yet there's something missing, something not quite right. There's a little space somewhere to the right of my tichy strawberry heart...I want to run and jump away from here, away from my isolated bush. I could travel all of Scotland and maybe worldwide too! First I'll go to Edinburgh and Glasgow then Aberdeen then I'll head to Inverness to see Nessie and her famous loch!

You see this could be very good for me, very good for what is now a glowing, red strawberry!

Celeste MacLeod-Brown
P7C Wardie Primary



Irn Bru

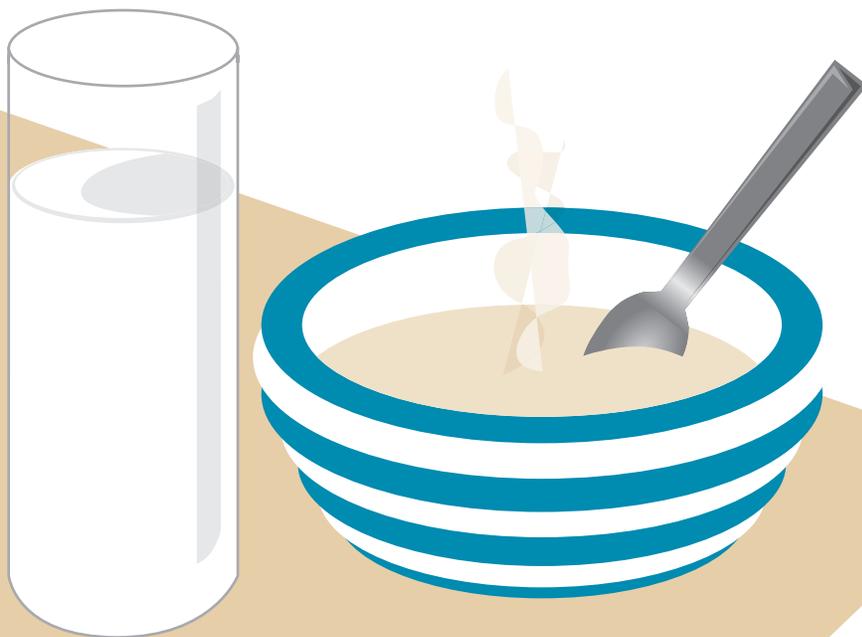
It fizzles
And
Sizzles
Like a bumble bee
Sizzling and fizzling
About the ground
When I first taste
It's like a Sea of Satsumas
On the tongue
It feels like a bee sting
Deep down
In the bottom of the bottle
I can hear the orange sea
Swishing and swashing
The waves
Clashing and clanging
Like a wet cement waterfall
Drizzling down
Onto your hands

Kaylee McKeague
P7 St Mark's RC Primary

Porridge

My dad's porridge
On the table every morning
Slimy, smelly, disgusting
Like a year old glass of milk
Like crinkled up paper
It makes me feel sick
Like I have just been on a rollercoaster
My dad's porridge
It reminds me why I have cereal

Gabriel Lee
J6 Clifton Hall School



Life or Poison

I bring the knife down. The beef cuts in two. I feel sick as I slice the meat into smaller chunks. I am vegetarian.

I put the meat into the mincer and begin to turn the handle. I am a kitchen maid in Lochaber Manor and I have to make the Scotch pie today because the cook is sick.

I empty the mince into a large pot on the stove and begin to make the pastry. As I mix the dough I think about the first Scotch pie I've ever eaten. It was at a picnic with my parents. I feel a pang. The memory is distant, long before I was orphaned, before I was forced to work for these people. I wasn't vegetarian back then.

I glance at the shelf and see the poison used to kill rats. Why? As I knead the dough I remember the first time I made a Scotch pie. My father said I should start at the beginning although my mother said it was not something a girl should do. I remember the moans of despair as we shot the cow. That was when I wanted to become a vegetarian.

I see the poison out of the corner of my eye. Stop it! As I fill the pie with meat I remember the taste. The first Scotch pie tasted amazing. The last Scotch pie I ever ate tasted only of death.

The poison catches my eye again. What am I thinking?

I think of Lady McAber, "I don't care if you like meat or not, Cook!" And the master, "You will never be like us!" Not forgetting the twins "Mini Cookie! Mini Cookie!" They were not trying to be nice.

I look directly at the poison. I could drink it, everything would be over and I would join my parents. Or it could slip in to the pie. What good would it do? My life is worth living and horrible as they are, so is theirs. I throw the poison out the window and put the pie in the oven.

Sasha Hamilton
P7C Towerbank Primary



Fishing for My Supper

Early in the morning, I wake up in my bed
Early in the morning, when the sky is red
And my dad says;
“Go fish for your supper”

I went down to the river, where the ground went crunch
I went down to the river, It’s nearly time for lunch
And I thought;
Go fish for your supper

Walking to the bank, right next to the shore
Been fishing for hours, this is getting a bore
But suddenly
I was fishing for my supper

This is good, my brain was thinking, the line is going crazy
This is great, my head was thinking, now I can’t get lazy.
Then the gillie said;
“You are fishing for your supper”.

Oh dear. Oh well. It broke the line.
Oh dear. Oh well. I’ll try again, I’ve still got time.
And I said;
“I will catch my supper”.

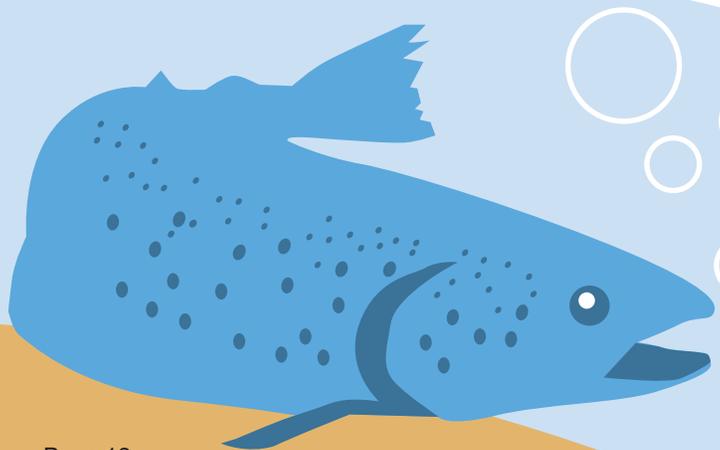
Got to be careful this time. No slippery get away
No, I will stay and fish, right to the end of the day.
And again;
“I will catch my supper”

The line! It’s reeling! I’m going to catch a fish!
I’ll throw it in the oven, have it hot, and serve it on a dish.
And then...
I got my supper

I took it home and had it hot, served up on a dish
I took it home, and had it hot, my very own-caught fish.
And of course,
I had my supper.

Early in the morning, I wake up in my bed
Early in the morning, when the sky is red.
And dad says;
“Go fish for your supper”.

James Stuart Fotheringham
P6 Cargilfield School



Oatcakes

Crumbly like shortbread,
You can dip them in tea,
Wonderful flavour
They are heavenly.

Oh how I love them,
Much more than any cake,
You can hear them crunch,
They're easy to make.

Just a few ingredients,
Salt and oats and milk,
Mix and stir and knead,
A mixture smooth as silk.

When they come out of the oven,
Steaming like fire,
I pounce on them and devour them,
I never tire.

Golden like an angel's halo,
Thick as a book,
But when I'm done with them,
There's nothing left, look!

Layla Clark

P7C South Morningside Primary

An Ode to Tunnock's Teacakes

Oh Tunnock's! You mighty company, brought us the Teacake. For who does not love the chocolate and marshmallow, a black and white contrast made in heaven?

The marshmallow, oh my days, fluffy like a newborn lamb's wool and sticky as tar being poured onto the roads, clinging to my fingers like a baby to its mother.

Chocolate so crisp it snaps like shortbread, perfectly white until the cocoa is added. Irresistible like a beautiful flower, drawing in my body until I can come no closer.

A biscuit base, crumbly like a mountain landslide, melting in my mouth like ice in the heat.

Your wrapper is as royal as a stately king and why not? For the Tunnock's Teacake should be known to all.

Deeksha Veiraiah

P7B South Morningside Primary



HIGHLY COMMENDED



Nothing Rhymes with Porridge

I like to write rhyming poems,
About Scottish food.
But the problem is,
Nothing rhymes with porridge.

High'n the new for irn-bru,
Give a cheer for beer,
Every peep eats a neep,
But nothing rhymes with porridge.

The best scan is probably roast lamb,
But then there's haggis and it's much much better
No-one gets gout if you eat trout,
But nothing rhymes with porridge.

There's venison and salmon
And oatcakes too.
But nothing rhymes with porridge.

Sophie Chapman
P7 Cargilfield School

HIGHLY COMMENDED



Scottish Feast

Made in Scotland fae girders, I love ma Irn Bru
But when I sit doon tae drink it, I'll hae some shortbread too

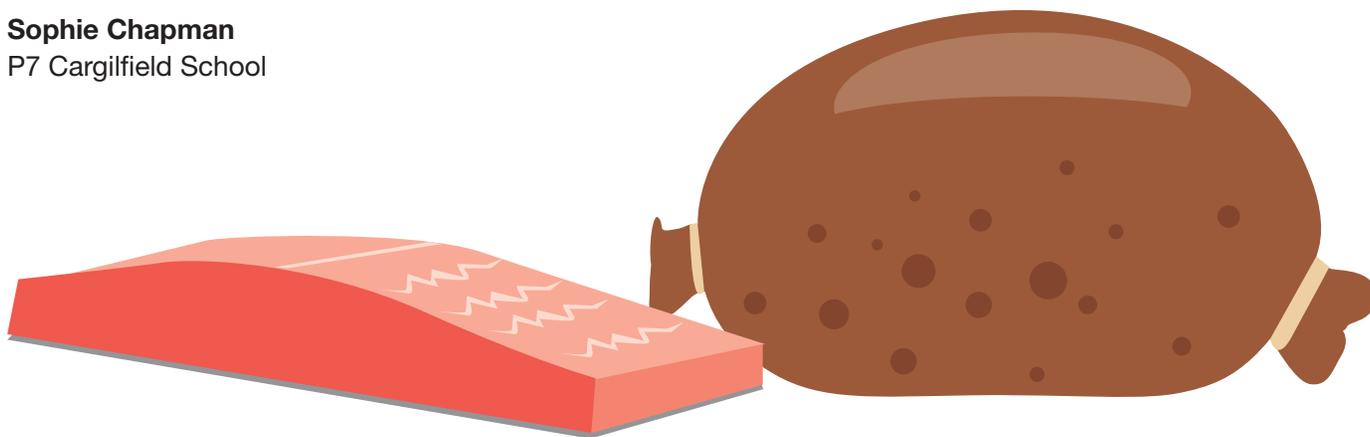
I catch a hairy haggis running 'bout the glen
Run home and tell ma wife "get the neeps and tatties on, hen"

I pour a nip of whisky, sit doon in ma chair
I'll hae a Tunnock's wafer, if there's any spare

I eat smoked salmon and oatcakes when I'm feeling posh
I dinnae ken how others eat that green healthy nosh

You can keep Chinese, Indian, Thai and all the rest
I've eaten all around the world and I ken Scotland's best

Katherine Shaw
P6 Echline Primary



HIGHLY COMMENDED



A Neep's Life

Down in the underground, nowhere tae be foond

Ma wee neep self, makin' nae sound.

A farmer's hand digs doon and grabs me, he picks
me up, there he has me!

I wriggle and squirm but it's nae use! He carrys me
back tae his hoose!

Lifting me up he says "What a fine neep, I'll be sure
tae have ye for ma tea!"

Then he chucks me in a basin, filled tae the brim wee
freezing cauld water. I think this is the end, I'm gonna
be slaughtered! The farmers heartless, he made me
starchless!

Wi' his greasy, grubby, manky fingers he picks me
up and roasts me for dinner! I sizzle and crackle and
slowly burn, I close my eyes, ma stomach churns!

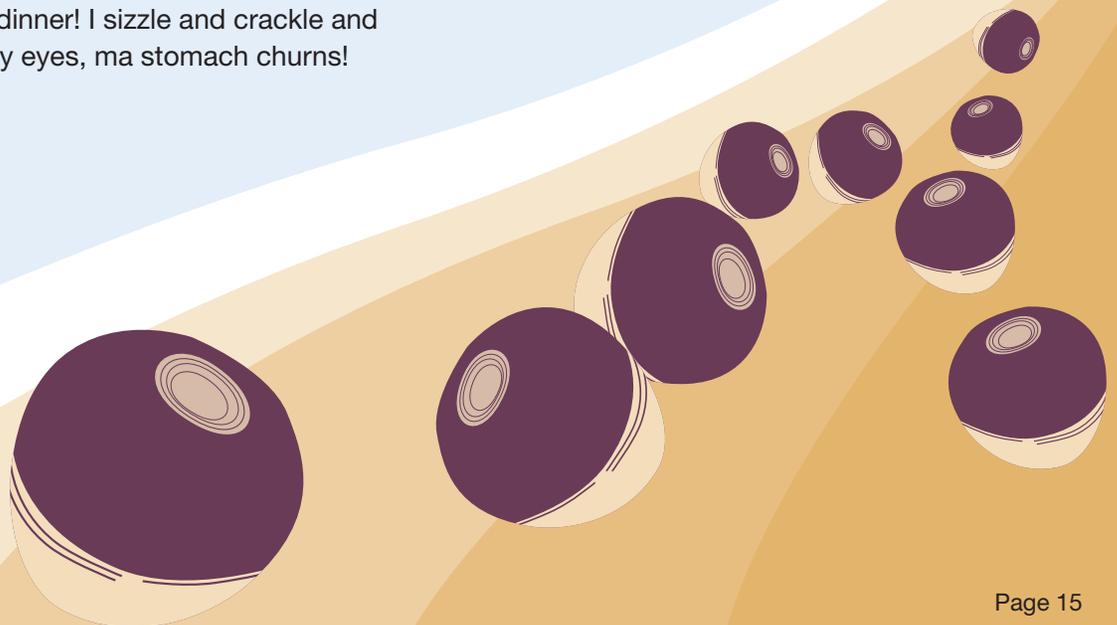
But alas! I'm saved! The farmer puts me, on a plate!

Besides me is haggis and tattie, they talk to me,
getting real chatty.

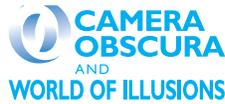
A spoon comes near, the end is here! Passed the
teeth and through the gums, watch out tummy, here
I come!

Fiona Ingrid Ewing

P7 South Morningside Primary



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