

Upper School Spring Festival March 2025

CLASS 10 SPEECHES

Savannah

BIRDS FLY HIGH

Day by day trees they are falling
Animals they are dying
Birds they are singing their soft sweet songs awaiting their doom
The chop of the merciless axe
The screeching hellish whir of machinery
They kill the silence, the habitats, the trees
And yet we go on
We go on killing these innocent beings
We go on destroying our home

We go on ruining this wonderful world, a world our children will never see as it is in this very moment.
A world that, without our help will cease to exist
Yet...

Still, day by day the ocean is warming, melting the ice like a child's ice cream on a hot summer's day,
And like the child's cries of dismay, tears fall from the icy glaciers dripping faster and faster never ceasing to stop
The animals they are dying, hunger aching in their stomachs and the loss of their homes ever on their minds
Polar bears, sea lions, penguins they are all awaiting their doom
Fish they are peacefully swimming
Until they are not...

The nets strangle them with its tight unforgiving knots ripping painfully through their skin scattering glistening scales in every
direction

The boats they chug, chug, chug
Releasing poison from their path a cloud of thick black smog darkening our earth
The poison we let steal and strangle our only hope
Oxygen...

The only thing that keeps us alive
And yet still, day by day we continue to emit the enemy of our friend through the chimneys of factories and the exhausts of cars
We leave a path of cloudy grey smoke, a betrayal to our future
But yet we still continue

We continue to chop, chop, chop down the trees
Football fields of trees
Every second, every minute, every day
They are falling, groaning, cracking as branches break like broken fingers
Roots are upturned as the trees bleed and their limbs are torn off
They are tortured for no reason at all
And yet we stand by and watch
As we still continue to slowly destroy our earth
Our home
Our only home
We need to protect it
Save it

Make it a place we want our future children to live
Not a place we dread
Not a place we wouldn't want to live ourselves
A place where animals can thrive and dive and fly in the plastic free oceans and the poison less skies
Where they can continue to live a life without hunger and not have to wonder if they still have a home
A place where football fields of trees do not become meals for machinery
And are not cut down every second, every minute, every day
A place where the ice does not melt and is not delt fortune cards of disaster
A place where the dark grey clouds of poison and betrayal are non-existent
A place we can call home

Where we can live free of guilt and not have to worry of the ever-lingering dome of poison
A place where we can feel free and soar in the skies like the birds that fly high singing their sweet soft songs
Free from their doom, the birds fly high.



Eli Boxes

Don't you dare blame his face.
Don't you dare tell me it's his race.
Because if it's his race then it's one we're all losing -
And I don't know when we started choosing between our pride and our morality -
We're forgetting our mortality.
Because now - these notorious novelties are becoming a normality,
And fairness is just a formality,
And maybe racism isn't my reality.

But just because I'm white,
It doesn't mean it's not my fight.

Don't you dare tell me it's his skin that's his sin when his skin isn't going to war.
Don't you tell me his skin isn't your kin just because love isn't law.

Don't you dare tell me their kiss
shouldn't exist -
When their kiss isn't setting fires.
Their kiss isn't losing lives
Their kiss isn't pointing fingers
pointing guns
pointing knives.

Don't you dare tell me their hands are contraband
When yours are stained with ignorance.
Don't you tell me your afraid of their kind,
That they're out of their mind!
When yours is buried in belligerence.

Whether it's their beliefs that they carry deep in their soul,
Or the person's hand they hold.
Whether it's their God
their name
or their sex -
I'm sick of this boxing this bridging this building of people into sets.

And try as you might, you can't convince me that humanity's evolving.
When, history's just revolving -
And maybe we don't burn witches anymore.

But we're still fumbling,

f

a

l

l

i

n

g,

fighting -

Our. Stupid. Wars.



Joel

Refraction

When you see these psychedelic strips of colour in the atmosphere,
Try, not to think of them as inconsequential, fear
Not, everybody laughing jesting making fun of you,
Because these gaudy stripes, they have a story to be told.

We do not know when this phenomenon was first recorded,
But I'm fairly sure the first occurrence must have been greatly applauded,
Perhaps the most iconic place where we have seen this nonpareil,
Is in the Norse mythology, the rainbow bridge called Bifrost.

In the Greek mythology there was a goddess they called Iris,
Which we now know as the ring around the middle of your eye,
Who was a harbinger of rainbows but there are not many myths about her,
They knew they knew but little of the goddess of the sky.

Chinese classic texts that date before our common era,
Have referenced a creature named Hong, who may have been superior
To other beasts, in that, by count his heads were two and in between them,
Was the rainbow body of a dragon, if you can believe it

The Hindu god of weather, Indra, was the king of excellence,
And heaven, too, although the Hindus had it split in subdivisions,
He rode a four-tusked elephant called Airavata, and was armed
With Indradhanus, a rainbow bow which shot arrows of lightning.

The Hebrew bible called the Tanakh speaks of a great flood, the
Sole survivors of which lead by Noah, who claimed that he could speak to God,
And God sent him a sign, a promise, never again to purge the land,
Which manifested as a glorious rainbow, springing forth as if from God's own hand.

Now take a moment.
Consider what you've heard.
All these stories have something in common –
Exactly that.
They are just stories.
But the truth as we know it today is even more wonderful.

See, the sun emits light of a very large range,
From two to ten billion nanometres,
Of which only a very small slice we can see, from
Three-eighty to seven-hundred-forty.
And these rays from the sun are affected by droplets
Of water as they come down out of the sky,
And they refract then reflect then refract again
Before impacting into your eye.

Now the angle of bounce and the angle of bend
Are dependent on only two things;
The first is the difference between air and the raindrop
And the next is the wavelength, you see?
So the refractive index of red light in water
Comes out at one point three two five,
While the violet light is marginally more,
At one point three three four.

And this microscopic difference,
This quantum fluctuation,
Enables the sunbeams to be sorted by category,
And lets us see the glory of the electromagnetic spectrum.



Tudor

We Are the Future

Our own, stupid, selfish desire,
Construct Mother Nature's funeral pyre,
Burning the trees, and killing the bees,
The world will soon be consumed by the fire,
That burns in an anguish, too hot to extinguish,
That rages and rages, through all of the ages,
And yet, we too stuck, in our own selfish cages,
Too blind to see all the harm we have caused,
Destroying the planet, simply without a pause.
And it's soon time to change, or all will be lost,
Our friends, our family, the planet, our host
For two million colourful, wonderful years,
Will all crumble down, in silence and tears.
But don't be grey, there is still hope,
Get out of bed, and stop your mope,
All those videos you see, all those articles you read,
They make you so sad you start to weep,
And you do nothing but eat and sleep,
There are things to do, things to say,
Nothing gets done if you only wish and pray.
I beg you, leave the Amazon alone,
Just a forest, yes, but she is our home,
The air we breathe, it's because of her,
Deny it all you can but those empty notebooks in the trash
Recycling them won't plant the trees, it's rash
To buy and buy without a thought because sure as rain, the world will crash,
If we don't care about the forest,
There's no point thinking about the rest.
And when I talk about the oceans,
Those evil levels of pollution,
But yet we think there's no solution,
Well, I'll give you one, stop nuclear fusion.
Just think about all that toxic waste,
That we dump, in our own selfish haste,
Not thinking what the fish will taste...
Our dangerous radioactive paste.
Crude oil, at least, that's running out,
But it's still a problem, have no doubt,
The solution's easy though, so never pout.
Look, just don't buy plastic,
It's not really that fantastic,
Paper bags are just as good
To hold your food
'Cuz in the end, they're made of wood.
But now, there's a nasty conundrum,
That's about to put me in the doldrums,
Paper comes from wood, which comes from trees,
So are we forced to choose between our forests and our seas?
That's not a decision I can make with ease.
Every part of our world matters
And I'd be mad as a hatter
If I had to choose between the former and the latter.
No choice makes sense to me, it only makes me sadder,
And when I think of the world now, it makes me madder,
That we refuse to see the error in our ways,
And sit on our butts all long eating Walkers and Lays,
Polluting the ocean, the forests we raze
To the ground, and seeing the deer fleeing the forest fire
As if in some nightmarish daze,
All because of our own selfish craze,
For money, power, lust and greed,
It's like an incessant need
That gnaws you like a beast you need to feed
But this is not the life we should lead.
So that's really why, I'm here standing today,
To warn you, of this cruel, selfish way,
And I won't leave, until I've had my say,
So here is my message.

