

The Girl Who Climbs Mountains

I watched her grow day by day,
Always around to run and play,

I felt the world stand still,
As we danced to Taylor Swift,
Always around to give me a lift,

I watched her grow and flourish,
While others watched in awe,
As we lunged down the corridors
And fell right into German in C4,

In Music we rocked and rolled.
Whilst Mr Cheeke cheered for more,
And Mr Beckett wanted to rock in a dark corner,
Closing each and every door.

In PE we danced which was wonderful larks,
And our skill and panache were fantastic,
Poor Mr Baker let us,
Knowing our future careers probably didn't lie in gymnastics,

In Art we laughed,
As we built paintbrush towers,
And flicked red paint,
Whilst we were meant to be drawing flowers,

Our laughter kept us going as we climbed up Pen- y- fan,

“Can we picnic in a rain storm?”

Martha shouted “yes, we can!”

She made us feel happy,

And never sad,

She made us feel wanted,

Of that we’re so glad,

I know she’s watching us somewhere,

Up there where she shines,

A part of her stays with us,

A bond that never untwines,

I watched as she brightened up our lives,

With such courage that she had,

All I can say with all my love,

Is thank you Martha’s mum and dad.

Tabitha Harris Y8

Howell’s School, Llandaff

Written in memory of Martha Pugh 2017