

REDBRIDGE BOOK AWARDS



Ms Liebeskind, the school librarian, set off with a group of excited Woodford students on a bright spring morning to Ilford Town Hall. The book club had spent the cold winter months reading and reviewing the short-listed books for the annual Redbridge Book Awards. They arrived to a buzzing atmosphere of book sales and signings and took their places in anticipation of hearing the published authors discuss their work.

Prize winning author and Manga collaborator, Julian Sedgwick opened proceedings by talking about his own creative journey as an author. Starting in his back garden in Kent, leading him to study Chinese and Philosophy at Cambridge university. Early bereavement led him to close ties with a Japanese philosopher and father figure, and eventually to his current working relationship with collaborator and illustrator, Chie Kutsuwada.

This year, the school library has been home to the Creative Writing Club, ably lead by Kyo and Amaya, both in year 12. The Woodford group were delighted when Amaya was announced as one of three Redbridge Prize winners for poetry writing (**See Amaya's poem below**), along with Aariyaki in year 11 in the short story category.

This year's prize winners are:

Published children's book: Cringe Club by Emily Jane Clark

Published YA author: Trauma Land by Josh Silver



Wonderland

My baby's eyes are clear-blue with water streaming
down her rosy cheeks like the river she sits by,
alone in her company.

or dozy, drowsy, daisy
in her bed.
lying wide awake.

Count the sheep to help you fall asleep,
only she counts her days instead.

Come to Wonderland, where we're all mad-
because god knows she's already halfway there.

And so here she is in Wonderland,
everything everybody's never wanted.

The pretty petals of the perfect pink and purple flowers

and the large mushrooms, which could be a home for a small insect,
or could be used for a hot soup, on a cold winter's night,
or could be poisonous.

She sees the Cheshire Cat grinning widely, at her,
smiling with arrogance because of course everything is funny.

The Mad Hatter; soothing her solace. Let's be mad together,
let's be lonely together, now are we really so lonely anymore?

Or the white rabbit with his ticking clock.
Watch how it ticks, ticks,

ticks, ticks, ticks.
Counting the time,
counting her days.

Welcome to Wonderland, where we're all mad-
in our own forgotten fantasy or our own whimsical misery,

where we're all left wondering,
where she's still wondering,
did we ever really get away?

By Amaya - 12PRI