THE FUTURE HOUSE
BRAVE NEW VOICES

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INTRODUCTION

The third year of Brave New Voices celebrates the achievements of the project by looking forward. The Future House is where we shall all live, and the anthology explores the moving, hopeful, and sometimes surreal visions of what that future might entail for young writers who can only imagine it.

All of the work was written by young people taking part in English PEN’s Brave New Voices project in 2017/18. Four groups across London, at British Red Cross, Capital City Academy, Migrants Organise, and Queens Park Community School, ranging from 12 to 26 years old, met for weekly workshops, holiday intensives, and a residential weekend in Wales. All of the young people have experienced displacement, and all speak languages other than English as their home language.

The focus in this anthology, the third produced for Brave New Voices, has been to look to the here and now, and to what lies ahead; to explore imagination, humour, and visions of a fantastical future, alongside challenges in the daily life of the present. The inventiveness and honesty of the writing is again testament to the talent of the participants and the skill, professionalism and heart of the writers who led the groups. It is also a brilliant example of what PEN holds to in its Charter, that writing “knows no frontiers and must remain common currency among people in spite of political or international upheavals”.

I’d like to thank all the participants in the project, our tireless and committed partners at Salusbury World, the teachers at Capital City Academy and Queens Park Community School, our colleagues at Migrants Organise and British Red Cross, and the dedicated, inspiring writers who delivered the sessions: writer, producer and performance-maker, Dzifa Benson; writer and co-founder of Wigan Pier Workshops, Kat Lewis; poet, playwright and performer, Avaes Mohammad; and spoken word poet, educator and inaugural Poet Laureate for Brent, Simon Mole.

Huge thanks are due to Rosemary Harris, who co-ordinated this year of the project, inspired it with her artistic vision and edited the anthology, with the support of the entire PEN team.

We must again thank the generous support of Brave New Voices’ funders John Lyon’s Charity, the Limbourne Trust and AB Charitable Trust, whose support has been the bedrock of this remarkable project. Without their contributions, this invaluable work simply would not be possible.

We are particularly proud that some of this year’s writers will be performing at the BBC Ten Pieces Prom on July 29th at the Royal Albert Hall, a testament to the quality of the work they have produced, as showcased within these pages.

Antonia Byatt
Director, English PEN
SELF IN THIRD PERSON (CASE STUDIES)

NK

One day there was a girl called NK and she started the story of Brave New Voices when she was 14 years. When she started she was very nervous and shy because she thought she would have to read or write in front of everyone and people would make fun of her because she wasn’t really speaking English properly or writing and spelling words. But she starts to like the teachers and see how kind and nice they are. She got along with the teachers and the students and they are all her friends.

Now she is proud of herself and she changed a lot and she started to think more about her education. Now she speaks English properly and she knows how to spell words. She finds English PEN different than normal English lessons because you can speak and share ideas, however in English lessons it’s good but you always feel nervous to read or write in front of everyone.

She changed a lot. She used to be very shy and now she is strong and clever and she doesn’t care about other people making fun of her because now she speaks English properly and she has friends and she is strong and not shy.

MA

Once there was a boy called M and he was 13 years old. He is from Syria. At the beginning M was shy and he didn’t like to talk a lot. At first M thought that in Brave New Voices there is no writing, it is just playing. But it was a little bit like he thought he had to write. He liked to come every time because his friends used to come, and M liked to write about himself.

M now is not shy or nervous to write about himself. M found it less writing than his English lesson. M now is more brave to talk to people and less nervous when he is writing about himself.

NH

Once upon a time there was a girl called N. She was shy when she came to school. She was born in her country, the name of her country is Syria. She is 14 years old. This girl loves her friends and family. She loves Syria and she always speaks about her grandmother, she loves her too. N loves Syria, she loves to send them money. N loves to write about her grandmother in school.

N only loves to speak about her grandmother in English PEN. N loves to work with English PEN because we work together. N has more friends and she tells her best friends that she loves them, and ‘You are my life, like my sisters.’

She comes to school just to see her friends, and her teacher and she loves to come to English PEN.
THE FUTURE

We travel to the future by magic click, and meet an Egyptian mummy.

“Buna! Bonjour! Hello! Bom dia! Hello!”

We eat chicken, potatoes, kebabs. I order cheeseburger. In the future the skeleton police solve the problems of the people. They catch the thieves and tie them up with hairbands and lock them in their hair houses. Houses made of hair.

We believe in family! We believe in family!

ADNANA PREDICA

THE LAND OF THE MAGICAL TURKISH KEBAB

I eat kebab and potato in the year 3035
This country is very... interesting
The houses are made of potatoes
Each house is a huge potato with a door cut in
And there are rules in this country
Intelligent rules: just eat kebab and potato

EDA CEYLAN
An English PEN book / READERS & WRITERS

YO YO YO!

People travelled from Cricklewood, QPCS, and Khartoum.
We travel quicker than Spiderman in cartoons.
We take a bright white and red, time-travel plane.

2018 to 2118. Shiny wonderful colours.
My family greet us. We are in Sudan.
“I miss you so much, where you been? Long time!”

We eat popcorn and relax at the IMAX,
but there’s no screen tonight.
Everybody wears glasses, super-tech-25.
We sort out any disagreements with a football match.
I score an outstanding goal in front of the fans.

Yo, nothing's better than education and family.
That's why we stand for education and family!

AMAD BAKHIEI

LUA DE CRISTAL

She is tall as the tallest tree in my park in Goiania.
She says good morning like a grandmother, friendly and quiet,
but her face is a really strange face.
She has three eyes, big sea blue eyes
and two mouths, like huge holes in the ground.
She has long blonde hair.
She loves warm hugs because she is cold.
She is wearing a black dress like a dark night
and her necklace is a part of the moon.

She’s scary like a horror film
but she has a really good heart.

AMANDA DE FREITAS
VICTORY

A beautiful superhero
wearing a heavy suit.
Red with sparkling white dots,
fire on his shoulders,
fire down the side of his legs.
His eyes as blue as a wave
with breath that smells like a rose.

As fast as a flash,
“I am here to save the day!”

An evil villain, Metroman, is plotting to destroy the city
and he is strong, very powerful.
He must be stopped.

Metroman throws a skyscraper at our hero
but he catches it and throws it right back.
And then there is a victory song at the end
as the credits come on the screen...

AHMAD ALBAKDALIA
UNIBOW

I am Unibow
I love crisps and Nutella
I use the crisp like a spoon to scoop Nutella from the jar
I don’t like schools
I want to sleep on clouds
I want to fly to the moon
I want to control the weather
School is always thunder and rain

CARLA

My name is Carla.
I have a magic earring,
so I can do anything.
I can control everything.
Sometimes I change things to another colour.
If the bus is red, maybe I make it purple.
If the door is brown, for a minute it can be pink.
Your black work trousers are a rainbow now.
I’m a fair person and clever.
I’m from Brazil
and one day I will visit Sao Paulo.
FAVELA

Free food. Chicken, chocolate, Coca-Cola. 
We play music and volleyball. 
In Favela our magic house has a floating chair and a trampoline. 
If you sit in the chair you can float up as high as the tallest tree and you can see the whole of the community from above. 

People live together, being black or white. 
We travel here from Kilburn, by bus. 
We are met by a robot, and maybe robot animals. 
“Você está com fome?” 
They give us free food. Chicken, chocolate, Coca-Cola. 

LUOMILA REBONATO

PERFECT HAPPINESS

Bea’s sister took her Air Max 95s. 
They are black with pink and white laces. 
Perfect happiness is sleep. All day. 
Or an awesome car like a Bugatti. Dark red. 

Bea fights with her sister because her sister is annoying. 
She wishes they were friends again, 
wishes it so much she feels tired. 
Perfect happiness is freedom. 
Nobody tells her what to do. 

Today Bea is going to a Drake concert. 
She sits next to her sister. 
They talk and laugh together. 

ANONYMOUS
THE FUTURE HOUSE

CHIP MOUNTAIN

We go to Egypt.
An Egyptian mummy meets us.
She wears a white scarf and bright blue trousers.
She gives us chicken and chips.
A pile of chips as massive as a mountain.
There are so many chips they spill out the shop.
I fill a big bag and take it home
and eat it in my bed.
It was important to me, that nobody else ate this.
The chicken and chips.

The Egyptian mummy took us to a hotel.
“Sleep well, sleep well!”
And then she disappeared.
Left on the floor where she stood
was a USB memory stick.
I put it in my laptop.
The picture that pops up is chicken...

and chips!

AHMAD ALM
ANOTHER BOOK

My name’s Estela, now I’m in my office. There are pictures on all the walls; family, friends, places I want to visit. Today it is just me and my dog, but I feel like someone else is here too.

I am writing another book so that what happened to me doesn’t happen to other people. My perfect happiness is seeing my family. My biggest regret is not learning sooner to love people enough before I lose them.

Now I will always do everything I can for the people I love who are alive.

BIANCA DE CARVALHO

INVENTIONS


Stop time. And sleep. Don’t waste the time when you sleep Because time stopped. Homework machine – you need this in your life.

Sleep machine – you already know this is important, right?

LAURA BENNETT
My mum told me that if you go to sleep at Sleeping Club it’s gonna make you look younger.

The bed is everything.

It is the important thing for us humans, in 3018, to go to Sleeping Club.

Yesterday I lost my watch that my best friend gave to me when we were younger. I lost it. She is gonna kill me.

Next day, I find her at Sleeping Club. And I always wear that watch when I meet her.

Where is the watch? she asks.

I said I left it at home.

Please don’t lie, you are my best friend, tell me the truth!

So I two-hand click – make the world stop.

And then – Free money-maker machine.

Buy a new watch. One that looks just the same. Into the Teleporter. Get back to Sleeping Club in no time at all.

Two-hand click – the world starts again.

Hey, I found it! The watch!

LAURA BENNETT
ABOUT NINE

1. Nine is nearly ten. I like nine.
2. Nine is easy to write. Nine likes me.
3. If I have ten pounds, it’s only paper.
4. If I have nine pounds there is paper and coins too!
5. Nine looks like a walking stick for a grandad.
6. Something to help him get around the place.
7. Nine looks like a golf club upside down.
8. Something to hit a ball with, a very long way.
9. Nine rhymes with fine. I like it!

KOSAE AL YOSF

8.45

Before Bob’s mum died she gave him a watch.
It makes him feel special
because it makes him think of her.
When Bob is called for an emergency
he looks at the time
and feels sad.

8.45 – sad
12.00 o’clock – sad
3.20 – lonely

Whatever time it is the watch makes him think about his mum.
Bob wishes the violent things stop,
wishes all the world was shiny and gold like his watch.

PATRIK DA CRUZ FERREIRA
BENJAMIN

Benjamin is busy trying to help people in the world. He is good at helping people but he spends so much time helping them he forgets to see his girlfriend. Benjamin is shy and anxious so he always wears headphones. He tries to call his girlfriend but she does not answer. Benjamin sits on his bed and cries.

There is a knock on his bedroom door. Will it be her?

MARIA LUCIANO DA SILVA

CACHORRO (DOG)

Big forest green eyes
A touch that’s white hot like hell
He moves quickly
His breath smells like chocolate
“Welcome to my house!”
He is carrying a small baby

MATHEUS HENRIQUE LUCIANO DA SILVA
Lola Smith is a vampire
Who only drinks the blood of fish
She has promised to never drink the blood of humans
She likes humans
All her friends are humans
She is a fisherwoman who thinks fish stink
She thinks she needs a new job
But if she is talking to a friend
And she gets hungry
And there is not a pond nearby...
She bites her friend
And he becomes a vampire

Lola has broken her promise
She does not like cameras
Because the flash is like the sun
It frightens and hurts her
As she walks off in her red heels
One of them breaks on the pavement
Faris is a graceful, successful businessman. His house is electronic.

Push a button – water on
Push a button – curtain close
Push a button – cameras on
Push a button – biryani with kozbara
Push a button – kebab with kozbara
Push a button – dishes done
Push a button – secret garage pops up

“Look at my house, my beautiful business house. I will build my dreams in this house.”

On Faris’s shoulder a tattoo says Gemma. Gemma is a name he will remember for ever. She betrayed Faris, she loved money more than him.

One morning Faris’ manager speaks to him, a high pitched, angry voice:

“Faris – do not build this house! This house will make us no money!”

“OK, OK” Faris replies. “I’m not going to build it.”
But the people need the house, and he doesn’t care what is happening.

Behind the boss Faris comes and builds the successful business house But the boss finds out.
Who told him?
Gemma.

Gemma is a name he will remember for ever.
FUTURE HOUSE

We came from Willesden Bus Garage and Neasden underpass, from Damascus on a super high technology bus.
The sea greets us.
The beach is now in Neasden.
A wave comes up the underpass.
The trees are growing leaves,
The floor is growing grass.

If we disagree we call someone clever to help us, on the telephone.
Sometimes they send us a businessman to help – he is called Faris.
Our future house has a swimming pool.
It has three floors and four gardens
And two big gyms. There are speakers in the gym
That play music, and important messages in a loud voice.

“Thank you for listening.
We need good education and we need people to have friendship.
We have robot humans.
We have big ships, carrying even more technology treasures.
Thank you for listening.”

KASSEM AL-SHTEWI AND KOSAE AL YOSF
SWIMMING INSIDE THE WATER

A fish is running,
Finding peace
To enjoy the life with his family.

A fish is searching,
Swimming hard
To learn the taste of water.

A fish is lost in a different way,
Seeking for help.
Hungry for food.
Tired of water force.

A fish is swimming inside the water,
Feeling sick,
Fighting hard from bigger fish –
Life, money, war...

FERDOUS SADAT

YOU JUST IMAGINE
BRIGHT FUTURE

I'm a light like a star
I'm sunshine
I'm a light of life

I'm close to you like soon
I'm a step in front of you
I'm a bridge ready to take you to the golden town

I'm hiding myself in the library

You will see me tomorrow
I'm waiting for you

My name is Future

BRUK TEKLAY
LIFE AS A SQUIRREL

Living alone inside a circle
Sometimes I feel it is a miracle
Sometimes I feel I’m in control

That’s why I transferred myself into a squirrel

Stronger than me, no one can reach him
I was trying to understand things from him

Suddenly my mate was calling me
Because I was far away from him

After I came back home
My friends asked me what I saw different than them

I told them how the squirrel survives in a small home
He looks confused but is strong
Without anyone, including his mum

He tried to understand things from us

Unfortunately we passed him quick

BRUK TEKLAY
HORSE ALONE IN THE FIELD

Sun is warming his back.
His soul is cold.

He is eating hay, hungry.
It doesn't taste good.

He sees a lot of field.
His freedom is stopped by fence.

The field and sun are present every day for him.
He is waiting for his soul to get warm again.

He is waiting.

ELIDON HOXHAJ
MOUNTAIN TOP

Top of a mountain
Keeping her head down
Feeling humbled by
The great big world.

She didn’t ask for this life
But neither have they
So she bows her head
In shame.

She looks down
With avoidance and submission
Because of all the times
She was afraid to speak.

Unsure of herself
And lacking strength
And faith,
She kept quiet.

But up here
Nobody could hear
Her deepest thoughts
And burning passions,

The feelings of injustice
And sadness
Coursing through
Her veins.

Nature’s acceptance
Together with the silence
Of the universe
Opened their arms to her.

On top of a mountain
She raised her head
Feeling humbled by
The great big world.

But she opened her eyes
And looked around;
She was not alone
And with their hands together

The people

Faced the great big world.

RENATA STYBNAROVA
TORMENT
He didn’t have a childhood
He wasn’t like his friends
He was facing an adult’s life

He struggles, fails
He stands back again

He fights with all his soul
He learns

He thinks there is light in the end
Of his long and dark tunnel

He doesn’t know how long
That tunnel is
He doesn’t know how
To enjoy sunrises

He doesn’t know
How long in this nightmare

He can stand

ELIDON HOXHAJ

FUTURE LIFE
Thanks God for this life
Wife, children, my business

Four days at work, hard work
Three days with my family

Having a good life
Spending free times
But I don’t want to be very rich

Thanks God, I’m happy
I’m satisfied
I’m proud about myself

Thanks God,
I have my visa
I’m eating pizza

With my child

FERDOUS SADAT
THE BIRD IS BLACK

The bird is black like the dark night in Wales
Like the nights I spent in the jail cells, black like
I slept alone

The bird is black
Like the night I spent on the streets
Burnt toast and roast meat
Black like coal, like a black hole, black like
Buffalo’s skin, born in Africa

The bird is black
Like the smoke coming out from a broken bus
Black like my TV screen, like fancy car’s windows
Black like the blackest day in Nepal

Earthquake
The bird is black like the darkness overcoming
And lights getting dimmer and dimmer and dimmer

The bird is black
Like a black baby from a black family
Black like Mohammed Ali
Black like my eyeballs
Black like a Fighter with a capital ‘F’

The bird is not black like a silhouette
Of an independent India, free Palestine,
And a safe Syria that I always dream for

The bird is not black like blinking stars
Darkness around it

The bird is black
Black like my shadow
THE HOPE

Once upon a time
A little girl made a wish
She wished to live in a land where clouds
Are always crying
But sometimes sun comes
For the afternoon
Always the cheeks of the green fields are wet
And happiness is a joyful kid
Playing in the green fields
She wishes to be a cave
Of all the flowers in the garden
Now she feels the warmth of sun
In her face
Sun is calling her for afternoon tea
A little girl and the sun having a chat
About the topic
It’s hope
Nothing could stop the girl

PEGH KERMANI
THE STORY OF MY HEAD

My head is thinking
Sometimes in focus
Sometimes it’s dizzy
In the morning I wash my body
The story of my head is thinking

DANIEL ASEMATE

DARKNESS

I don’t miss the dark
I don’t like the dark
I don’t like any dark things
In the night if it’s dark I can’t sleep

I am made of all these things
Sometimes my dream is true

KIỂU TRINH

RELAY WITH ME

This is the way I am going now
I know where
I do my best
I will fly to the sky

AMADOU DIALLO
AND ERMIAS YKALO
SKY CITY

This is water
It is calm
There is a little London
Here, in Canada
The houses are red
And the river passes through this city
I saw the football pitches
My teacher said the red bus belongs here
Only in the UK
And also I saw a clock

SOLOMON TESFAY

FAMOUS

In the future I will be famous
Drinking coffee with my lady
By the sea
With my friend Lee
I’m going to party
He makes trouble with security
I want to make peace with everybody

NATNAEL ABEBA
NINE LINES

I saw this China on Google
Thousands of cars
A lot of road
There are so many highways
I am driving home
The car is moving
A picture of night
I am tired of driving
I am tired when I look

BEREKET HABTE
AND KIÊU TRINH

ALONE

Sometimes alone is good
Sometimes not
Like you, smiling
When I see you
I change my mind

LEMI MIDEKSA
MY HEAD IS HARD WORK

This is not simple
I can win the memory game
But what are you doing now?
Sometimes I have stress
My head is hard working

KHADIR QALICHA

THE STORY OF MY HANDS

With my hands I did a lot of good things
I did work to write and help all my body live
My hands dress me in clothes and brush my teeth
I never give up on my dreams
I have big dreams
I am made of all these things

JAMAL KOHISTANI
UNTITLED

What I’m saying is
Stop mumbling
Speak slowly
Where is your accent from?
I am Ethiopian
Do people mumble in Ethiopia?
We did

DAWIT DERJE AND LEMI MIDEKSA

FUTURE DREAM

I dream what I will be in the future.
A dream is something to make happen in our future
Or not, it’s up to you.

I would like to be rich, so I know
I have to work harder.

However the dream can become a nightmare.
It will be a bad dream and you will be scared

And you tell your mum
“I had MANY MANY nightmares.”

You use this excuse to not go to college.

JAZAK MOUHAMED
MOTHER

My mother is my life
But I didn’t understand her life
She is calling me and she is in pain
For my life

My mother I say sorry at this moment
Because I know I think little
About your hard work

My mother, now when I think
I say sorry again and again

You carry me nine months in your stomach

MEQUANNT ASSEFA
METAPHOR VIBES

Love is open eyes
Sunlight tastes like tej
Wednesday feels slippery
Grapes sound like a light breeze

Lemon is sunlight
Music is new shoes
Exploding grapes

Love is a waterfall of mothers

DAWIT DEREJE

tej – mead or honey wine made in Ethiopia and Eritrea

THE BEST

I’m thinking the word ‘best’.
Best makes you feel best.

To be in that kind of position
You have to work harder.

When you nominate yourself the best
It means you made a lot of work in your life
So you feel proud of yourself.

JAZAK MOUHAMED
THE HOUSE OF PECULIAR

The room of witches is full of cauldrons bubbling up with love potions.

The bed of shooting stars is lighting up our bedrooms so that we dream of scoring goals.

The chairs of prophesy make you feel like you are sitting in front of God.

The hairbrush of relaxation is observing our thoughts.

CAPITAL CITY ACADEMY GROUP

CATS

Once upon a time three little cats decided to visit Pluto to check if there were any human beings there. The three cats jumped on the rocket then realised that they didn’t know how to fly it.

There was a reckless cat between the three of them, so she pressed the button that makes the rocket fly away. After the rocket exited the ozone layer, they started to feel like there was no oxygen. But the genius cat remembered to bring the space suit so that they wouldn’t die in space.

But there was the third cat who agreed with everything. That’s why you always have to have an intelligent person or animal on a journey that you don’t know the end of.

RUBA KOUNBUS
HARD DAYS

I am counting my hard days!
Day by day.
The little afraid angel inside me
is trying to run away.
But who can escape from the present?

Trying my best with my teachers
is the only way I can survive,
the only way to build my knowledge
and the only way to think about the future.

I want to change my life because
it stabs the inside of my heart.

No more falling down,
just winning our dreams.

The devil is hissing in my ears like a poison snake
telling me that nothing is worth studying.

MOHAMMED ALHAMADEN
AND RUBA KOUNBUS
THE EARTH DANCE

In 20 years I will fly with the birds
Up in the sky, dancing with the angels

I will become 34
The trees start to laugh

In 20 years I will become a mermaid
By having long purple spiky hair
My tail will be pink and purple hearts

In 20 years I will be under the peaceful, colourful ocean
Where people come to meet me

In 20 years I wish to make people turn to unicorns
And make the earth dance
And the sun be pink and the trees
Turn to red

The boys will fly by God giving the angels power
To make boys and men have wings

Men will have wings where they live in the sky
And girls and women
Live in the earth

RAWAN AL HAWAMDEH
20 YEARS

In 20 years
I will have married someone I love
And I will have one son
And one daughter

I will be living in a big house with a swimming pool
And a barbeque

In 20 years
I will be living in Syria
In peace
And the Syrian people are happy

In 20 years some people will have died
And some will be born

And I will be
Sad and happy

NERMEN AL HAWAMDEH

LOVE POEM

As you walk under the jasmine tree,
it falls so that it can touch your soft body.
The wind blows
so that it can fly through your smooth black hair.
The sun shines
so that it can see your smile
and the moon wants to come down
so that you can light my night.

ANWAR ESIED
FLYING, HELPING, EVERYTHING

In 20 years
I will be a mermaid swimming with the fishes
In 20 years
I will go and travel over the country
In 20 years
I wish I can fly
In 20 years
I will be a wonderwoman
In 20 years
I will go flying, helping people who need help
In 20 years
I can build a house with my hands
In 20 years
The sky will be the colour of a rainbow
In 20 years
I will be the best wife ever
In 20 years
My parents will be grandparents
In 20 years
I will be having kids
In 20 years
Women will have more freedom
In 20 years
There are only going to be 10 hours in a day
In 20 years
The moon will have eyes and mouths
In 20 years
I will be able to change the weather with my phone control
In 20 years
Everything will be magical

MARYAM MOHAMED
GROWING FRIENDSHIP

The world is a wheel that shows the two sides of people, brings out the truth of every single person, making the blind feel the horror of this world. But nobody deserves sadness, we all need happiness. Maybe my life isn’t always easy but I love living it anyway. I have a family who are always there for me. They love me and no matter what I do or say.

My life is not always hard, I have found the best friend I ever saw in my life. She stands by my side and fights on my side. She will never leave my side. These words my vow to you. As I look into your eyes, this truth I see.

Are all of the emotions within your eyes?

If you are alone, I’ll be your shadow. If you want to cry, I’ll be your shoulder. If you are not happy, I’ll be your smile. If you need me, I’ll always be there with you forever. I hope we’re best friends until we die. And then I hope we stay more than best friends and walk through sadness and happiness together.

And if someone asks me who is your best friend? I’ll simply say thanks for being there and helping me grow our friendship. That’s what I would like you to know.

HEBATULLAH KOUNBUS

TOUCH THE MOON

In 20 years I will be back in Syria, my country
With my man and my children
And I’m going to meet my old friends
And remember all the things we did

All the earth will change
And cars will start to fly

The racism will stop

In 20 years the Earth will be all women
Because the men will be expired

We will be able to touch the moon

NOORALHUDA KOUNBUS
THE FUTURE HOUSE

WINGS

Cars will fly in the blue sky and drivers are robots.

Witches will be flying with their Magical sticks.

In 20 years’ time there will be Muslim dress With real wings.

We will be able to sit on the moon.

When the sun rises up she will laugh.

RUBA KOUNBUS
THE FUTURE HOUSE

Edited by Rosemary Harris

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English PEN is one of the UK’s leading literature and free speech charities, based at the Free Word Centre in Farringdon, London. We promote the freedom to write and the freedom to read, supporting literature and promoting freedom of expression. Our community engagement programme works with refugees, asylum-seekers and other socially excluded groups. We run a full programme of public events and award prizes to outstanding British and international writers, and campaign for the right to freedom of expression, supporting writers at risk and intervening to protect the space for communicating freely.

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