Summer’s Sunset

Ages 5-7

Summer Bows to Autumn

Summer bows low as the Autumn rises,
The tree’s new warm colours feel like prizes,
The reds and golds are like a cool fire,
The pretty leaves are like flags pinned higher.

So rosy and bright they sing out, “Hello!”
Lovely leaves as friends and the finest fellows,
This evening they party in pumpkin air,
In sweet smells that curl and twirl easy-peasy.

Rain comes as happy tears, no fears, no end,
A silver mist that comes as a cool friend,
That plays sky games in the autumn sun-rays,
That writes its own poem of homely days.

Story Starter

This autumn it is as if the summer bowed and left. It is as if the warmth of its days is leaving in slow steps. All around me the light is still warm and bright. Each day feels right. The rain comes to drum on the street, on hats and to make puddles. I do love to jump in puddles. Splash! Water goes everywhere! I laugh inside. I have a giggle that wiggles. I have eyes that sparkle. Then one day I jumped into a magical puddle and found myself in the most amazing place…

Prompts

1. What do you love most about autumn?

2. Art time! Can you draw a tree with pretty autumn leaves? Can you find fallen leaves to make prints with?

3. Can you continue the story? Where does the magical puddle take you? To a land of daring dragons? To meet a friendly faery? What fun waits for you there? How can you help your new friends and how can they help you?

Ages 7-9

Summer Bows to Autumn

Summer bows low as the Autumn rises,
The tree's new warm colours feel like prizes,
The reds and golds are like a cool fire,
The pretty leaves are like flags pinned higher.

So rosy and bright, they sing out, "Hello!"
Lovely leaves as friends and the finest fellows,
This evening they party in pumpkin air,
In sweet scents that curl and twirl easy-peasy.

Rain comes as happy tears, no fears, no end,
A silver mist that comes as a cool friend,
That plays sky games in the autumn sun-rays,
That writes its own poem of homely days.

Rivers as well-fed ramblers banter loud,
Chattering happily, so sweet and proud,
Water flows freely as white curling threads,
Feeling swell, rushing over river beds.

Birdsong is like a warm, lovely coating,
Writing Summer's story with grin-gloating,
Never goodbye, "See you soon!" it sings,
Wind comes as if all the sky was wild wings

Summer's sunset calls for the homemade crafts,
Autumn's colourful trees love being daft,
Leaves float as life-rafts in the full rivers,
And Mother Nature never shivers.

Story Starter

This autumn it is as if the summer bowed with grace, then left. Without any ‘footstep sounds,’ summer is leaving in slow steps. All around me the light is still warm and bright. Each day feels just right, as if Goldilocks chose the weather. The rain comes to drum ever so lightly, upon the street, upon hats and to make puddles as street art. I do love to jump in puddles. Between the leap and the landing, my sense of joy is always expanding. Splish! Splash! Sploosh! Water goes everywhere! I laugh inside. I feel a giggle that wiggles. I sense my eyes sparkle brighter. Then one November day I jumped into a magical puddle and found myself in the most amazing place…

Prompts

1. What do you love most about autumn? Can you write it as a small poem of your own?

2. If you could change the colours of the leaves in autumn with a wish, would you? What colours would you choose?

3. Can you continue the story? Where does the magical puddle take you? To a land of daring dragons? To meet a friendly faery? What fun waits for you there? How can you help your new friends and how can they help you? What is the magical mission you take on together?

Ages 9-11

Summer’s Sunset

Summer’s sunset is Autumn’s rosy glow,
As sky-flames of reds and golds so mellow,
Leaves quiver as cello strings that sweet-sing
The cooling wind whispering, curl-twirling.

Rain descends as happy tears without end,
Freckling cool-woolly skies as a fine friend,
Cloud teamwork writes in joyful, sunny rays,
Of dreams, of kind schemes, of love’s lovely days.

Rivers as well-fed ramblers banter-bright,
Gamboling with such carefree sweet delight,
Birdsong comes to coat each soul as armour,
Wind through willow-reeds speaks gentle and low.

Summer’s sunset calls for the homely craft,
Autumn’s hue-rise calls for honest graft,
Honest deeds and creeds ride leafy life-rafts,
Mother Nature as day’s photograph drafts.

Heavenly spells bind as cool magic weaves,
As twiggy wands laugh, merry sadness-thieves,
Leaf-falls the pitter-patter of dancing,
Hearth-hued footsteps as Love’s own leap-prancing.

Summer’s last bow is Autumn’s dawn and door,
Not bitter as the breath of winter’s yawn,
Yet unwriting spring in gentle fashion,
To savour each scent, sight, sound as if one.

Story Starter

Summer was leaving in the slowest and softest steps. The heat of August was calm and cool when November came, yet when was the day it all changed? Well, every day is the easy answer. The seasons are made of the days, and each one is a different living photograph. The sky is a new artwork of clouds. The wind blows with a new fingerprint, it gusts in whorls, chattering in the last of the bright leaves. It was the middle of the day when the magic puddle glowed, as if it were a mirror in the footpath. I have never been one to refuse the invitation of a puddle jump and so, one leap, two feet, I bounced up and down into its middle. Sploosh! The water drops went up, but never came down. Instead they air-drew a magical world from what was all around me. Surely it was all a dream, yet it felt so real… and then from behind me came a magical voice…

Prompts

1. Write a poem about a magical autumn day.

2. Imagine that the summer and autumn are friends that can speak. Write a conversation between them as summer becomes autumn. Remember to use speech marks for the things they say and to start a new paragraph when someone new speaks. What do their voices sound like? Birdsong? Wind? Sparks?

3. Can you continue the story? What world do you find yourself in? Why are you there? Who do you meet? What adventure could you go on as a team?

Ages 11-14

Summer’s Sunset

Summer’s sunset is Autumn’s steady rise,
Graceful hearth-hues as a fiery soul prize,
Echoes of living flames so sweet-mellow,
Echoes of loving memory’s cello.

Rosy-golden comes welcoming hellos,
Love-spun leaves as amiable fellows,
Quiver as violin strings turned breezy,
Wind whispers, curls, unfurls, twirls so easy.

Rain descends as happy tears without end,
Freckling cool-woolly skies as a fine friend,
Cloud as a merry crowd bathe in light rays,
Dreaming of the cosiest homely days.

Rivers as well fed ramblers banter-bright,
Jostling with jolliest joyful delight,
Rushing water carols as a proud crowd,
Feeling swell, turning their volume up loud.

Birdsong coats as soul armour-mist floating,
Writing Summer’s mirth with feathered gloating,
Warmth whispers that it will return in spring,
Yet for now the wind is a cool air-wing.

Summer’s sunset calls for the homely craft,
Autumn’s sunrise calls for honest graft,
Honest deeds and creeds ride leafy life-rafts,
Mother Nature as day’s photograph drafts.

Heavenly spells bind as cool magic weaves,
As twiggy wands laugh, those sweet sadness-thieves!
Leaves fall as countless happy feet dancing,
Hearth-hued footsteps as Love’s own leap-prancing.

Oh, the rascal rambling river ripples,
Adore the light's dilly-dally dapples,
Swim in its bright pools of soulful fuel,
Such lambswool rays as a thread's loose spool.

Summer's last bow is Autumn's dawn and door,
Not bitter as a wintry yawn fresh-born,
Yet unwriting spring in gentle fashion,
To savour each scent, sight, sound as if one.

Story Starter

Summer was leaving in the slowest and softest steps. The heat of August was calm and cool when November came, yet when was the day it all changed? Well, every day is the easy answer. The seasons are made of the days, and each one is a different living photograph. The sky is a new artwork of clouds. The wind blows with a new fingerprint, it gusts in whorls, its chattering in the last of the bright leaves. They say that growing up isn't easy. They say that with liberty comes responsibility. We read, "Sense and Sensibility." We read, "Pride and Prejudice." And bit by bit, as the summer departs, a different kind of cool feeling and reasoning enters. 'Care and share' becomes 'compete and win.' As the seasons change and rearrange, life does too. It does not ask, nor wait for you to be ready. And so I stood there on that street, no longer fourteen, and sixteen a memory a few years back. Today was the day I was going to set my plans in motion, maybe more 'care and share' than most would dare - yet to win was always my goal.

Prompts

1. Write a poem about a reflective autumn day of changes that are in the street and within your character.

2. How can Autumn symbolise a change from easy days to tougher times, a reminder that winter will come next. Can you write a new story starter, similar to this one but make it your own?

3. Can you write a story plot with a big issue to solve and three smaller issues to solve along the way with creative flair?

4. Can you continue the story? It could be realistic or a fantasy in a magical world.

Ages 14-16

Summer's Sunset

Summer's sunset is Autumn's steady rise,
Graceful hearth-hues blaze as a soulful prize,
Echoes of living holy flames mellow,
Echoes of a memory's sweet cello.

Rosy-golden come tree-boughs wave hellos,
Love-spun leaves as amiable fellows,
Quiver as orchestral strings turned breezy,
That whisper, curl, unfurl, twirl so easy.

Rain descends as happy tears without end,
Freckling cool-woolly skies as a fine friend,
Clouds filter inky-calligraphy rays,
Loop lyrics of homely relaxing days.

Rivers as well fed ramblers banter-bright,
Gamboling with gregarious delight,
Currents a-caper as a water-crowd,
Feeling swell, turning their volume up loud.

Birdsong coats as soul armour-mist floating,
Writing Summer's mirth with feathered gloating,
Warmth promises to return in Spring's prow,
Wind as cool wings willow-reed sings its bow.

Summer's sunset calls for the homely craft,
Autumn's hue-rise calls for honest graft,
Honest deeds and creeds ride leafy life-rafts,
Mother Nature as day's photograph drafts.

Heavenly spells bind as cool magic weaves,
As twiggy wands laugh, merry sadness-thieves,
Leaf-falls the pitter-patter of dancing,
Hearth-hued footsteps as Love's own leap-prancing.

Oh, the rascal rambling river ripples,
Adore Sunlight's dilly-dally dapples,
Swim in its bright pools, soul rocket fuel,
Such lambswool rays as a thread's loose spool.

Pumpkin skies, aromas rise, fire flickers,
Summer's heat in retreat, logs in wickers,
Sparks as fireflies' smoky glitter pops,
Silver wisps flash as gossamer wing-tops.

Summer's last bow is Autumn's dawn and door,
Not bitter as a wintry yawn fresh-born,
Yet unwriting spring in gentle fashion,
To savour each scent, sight, sound as if one.

Story Starter

Summer was leaving in dolly steps - in increments so tiny it felt incredulous that they should ever matter. It left in slivers of silvery light so thin and whips of heat without spark or pulse. Can a season disintegrate a crumb at a time? Can it be a beach losing a solitary sand grain in each new autumnal rain? I guess so. Yet, what came in its wake was beauty. The coolness was soothing. The clouds capered as a merrily conspiring crowd, not tethered to antipathy, at least willing to glow in the light of each new day. I was twenty-one when that summer fell to the tide of autumn, when everything changed in the most surprising of ways. Let me tell you about it so you never have to live through what we did - what fast-paced movies make exciting and glamorous isn't pleasant at all.

Prompts

1. Write a poem about a reflective autumn day of changes that are in the street and within your character.

2. Can you think of other changes that happen so slowly that they become almost invisible, yet eventually undeniable?

3. Can you create a story plot that blends one of those changes with the symbolism of a seasonal change? Typically hopeful stories move from a cooler season to a warmer season, more challenging stories move into a cooler, darker or stormy season, but not always. The choice is yours.

4. Write a short story from your plot. Use strong imagery. How does your character handle the changes and how are they themselves changed by the situation?

Ages 16-18

Summer's Sunset

Summer's sunset is Autumn's steady rise,
Graceful hearth-hues as heart-ace are soul's prize,
Echoes of living holy flames mellow,
Echoes of loving memory's cello.

Rosy-golden comes wanderlust hellos,
Love-spun leaves as amiable fellows,
Quiver as orchestral strings turned breezy,
That whisper, curl, unfurl, twirl so easy.

Rain descends as happy tears without end,
Freckling cool-woolly skies as a fine friend,
Cloud choreographed calligraphy rays,
Loop lyrics of homely halcyon days.

Rivers as well-fed ramblers banter-bright,
Gamboling with bonhomie's sweet delight,
Currents a-caper as a water-crowd,
Feeling swell, turning their volume up loud.

Birdsong coats as soul armour-mist floating,
Writing Summer's mirth with feathered gloating,
Never warmth-adieu yet, "À bientôt!"
Wind as cool air-wings willow-reed speaks-low.

Summer's sunset calls for the homely craft,
Autumn's hue-rise calls for honest graft,
Honest deeds and creeds ride leafy life-rafts,
Mother Nature as day's photograph drafts.

Heavenly spells bind as cool magic weaves,
As twiggy wands laugh, merry sadness-thieves,
Leaf-falls the pitter-patter of dancing,
Hearth-hued footsteps as Love's own leap-prancing.

Oh, the rascal rambling river ripples,
Adore Sunlight's dilly-dally dapples,
Swim in its bright pools, soul rocket fuel,
Such lambswool rays as a thread's loose spool.

Pumpkin skies, aromas rise, fire flickers,
Summer's heat in retreat, logs in wickers,
Sparks as firefly's smoky glitter pops,
Silver wisps flash as gossamer wing-tops.

Summer's last bow is Autumn's dawn and door,
Not bitter as a wintry yawn fresh-born,
Yet unwriting spring in gentle fashion,
To savour each scent, sight, sound as if one.

Story Starter

Summer was leaving in dolly steps - in increments so tiny it felt incredulous that they should ever matter…

Prompts:

1. Write a poem about autumn.
2. Write a story about change that carries the symbolism of the end of summer through autumn, with winter on the near horizon.