

2023 2023 2023 2023 2023 2023 2023 2023



PAT ERSON N  
HOUSE  
WRITING



HAPPINESS

# A few words from the editors

 Zach  
@PatersonDHBOH

The entries are flooding in! Once again everyone in Paterson has shown up and we're ready to fight for our place on the podium. [#housewriting2023](#) [#bleedpurple](#)

9:34 AM · Mar 8, 2023

132 Retweets 25 Quote Tweets 624 Likes



 George  
@TheEconomist

"You WHAT SON?!?!" That's right. We're gonna secure a massive W in the WATSON [#bleedpurple](#)

12:00 PM · Mar 9, 2023

203 Retweets 51 Quote Tweets 7K Likes



 Nathaniel  
@PurpleRazu

Have you seen [@Ridley's](#) House writing 🤔 - the others don't have a chance against us. [#bleedpurple](#)

12:00 PM · Jun 1, 2021

439 Retweets 12 Quote Tweets 8.3K Likes



 Liam  
@LP

Congrats on the other houses for their participation, it's a shame that Paterson blew it out the water with their win this year and submitted such outstanding entries. Better luck next year. 🤔🤔🤔  
[#Bleedpurple](#) [#housewriting2023](#)

 This fact is not disputed

4:00 PM · Mar 15, 2023 · Samsung Smart Fridge

1 Retweet 5K Quote Tweets 170M Likes



 Sam  
@PurpleReview

Glad I'm not in [@Phillips](#) rn - I heard their magazine is drier than [@Lee](#) House Music 🥰  
[#bleedpurple](#)

3:47 AM · Mar 10, 2023

1.5k Retweets 134 Quote Tweets 58k Likes



 Harry  
@harry.

Time to take it home Paterson, with so many great entries there is no way we won't take the trophy!! [#housewriting2023](#) [#bleedpurple](#)

 This fact is undisputed

4:48 PM · Mar 6, 2023

315 Retweets 124 Quote Tweets 1.4K Likes



 MsChalk  
@PurpleQueen

Students of Paterson House - you have made me so happy 😊 with the number and quality of House Writing entries submitted so far. What a house full of absolute LEGENDS.  
[#TeamPaterson](#) [#PurpleArmy](#) [#bleedpurple](#)

12:00 PM · Jun 1, 2021

1.2K Retweets 440 Quote Tweets 7.2K Likes



# Foreword

Happiness was first introduced to Paterson House as an 'annoyingly mid' theme. Since then, Paterson have shown us it is so much more.

Through our 24 pages, we couldn't hope to show every single thing that makes us in Paterson happy, it's just impossible.

But, that didn't stop us from trying.

Through photos of our moments, the little things and everything in between, we hope that you can see a little of what makes our purple army happy.

Before that, I'm grateful to have had an amazing editorial team who have worked hard reviewing the work from each year group. Their effort has been integral in creating the magazine you're about to read and in inspiring Paterson.

To Liam, Tommy, Pragvansh, Sam, George and Shom, thank you.

As always, we would be a mess without Miss Chalk and I cannot convey the effort she pours into the House. Thank you, Miss.

Reviewing the writing entries while I played with little purple boxes has been the ever-wonderful and irreplaceable Senior Editor Harry. Thank you, Harry.

Please enjoy the diverse interpretations and styles that reflect Paterson's views of happiness. The time and effort put in by everyone have been incredible. I hope the design does the entries justice. Thank you, Paterson.

Zach | DHBOH and Design Lead



Happiness is a uniquely human emotion.

So, we asked the purple humans a question...

### What makes you happy?

...this is what they told us.

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## My true happiness

My heart races every time you're near,  
your smile brings me so much cheer,  
with every glance my heart takes flight,  
my crush on you feels so right.

Your laughter and echoes are like a sweet melody,  
makes me think that your love is a necessity,  
I feel so happy when you're around,  
that I hear my heart sing aloud.

I never knew a crush could feel,  
so joyful and real,  
your presence fills my heart with glee,  
the happiness within me is plain to see.

So I'll cherish every moment spent,  
with you, my crush and my heart's content,  
for your sheer presence brings me such bliss,  
and in your arms, I'll find true happiness.

So let us choose happiness, let us choose love,  
let us be grateful for the blessings from above,  
for happiness isn't just a splendid emotion,  
but a way of life, but a heartfelt devotion.

**Sid** | Paterson 9



## Hyoshi springs

I sat down to meditate at the shrine. My hair danced daintily in the gentle wind, my kimono waved whimsically in a rather similar manner. My pursuit of inner peace and contentment had begun.

I immersed myself in the environment and allowed nature to nourish my senses. The sound of searing steam escaping the hot springs into the air soothed my ears and the taste of the crisp, fresh air lingered on my tongue for a while, providing me with a sense of tranquillity, the sunlight seeped through my supple eyelids and the warmth caressed my skin.

My eyes opened. I gazed out from the sanctuary that overlooks the hot springs below and soaked in the richness of my surroundings. An abundance of cherry blossoms had their pulchritudinous pink petals whisked away by the wind which coloured the sky. My spiritual journey was complete, I had found peace and happiness within myself. I finished meditating, stood up and left the shrine with a clearer mind.

**Nathaniel** | Paterson 11

## What makes you happy?

'Inset days'

**Chris** | Paterson 7

## Happiness is through the window

You look up at the little round window being illuminated by the moon. You know how easy it should be to get in. The window is ajar and just wide enough to fit through as if it's asking for someone to crawl through it. And you know that's true, for it's not a trap. But something haunts you. Whether it's knowing what you would leave behind, or the fear of what could be on the other side. Deep down you know it's better for you over there, but yet you are clinging onto what you have now, no matter what the cost, you've become attached to the sadness because it's all you know, it's comforting. You've helped many people through the window yourself, even in some cases giving them a knee up. You have always been selfless. But selflessness can only get you so far, there has to be a point where you take the leap and put yourself first, put yourself through the window. It can't be done for you. Happiness is through the window.

**Nick** | Paterson 13

## What makes you happy?

'Watching Manchester United lose'

**William** | Paterson 8

## How to make a happiness cake

### You will need...

a bowl | a spoon | an oven | a baking tray | a smile | 500g of friends  
750g of family | 1kg of kindness | 750ml of passion | 1tbsp of favourite things  
3tbsp of jokes | 100ml of success | 2tbsp of relaxation | 1kg of yourself  
a bar of chocolate

### Method

1. Melt your chocolate bar of choice.
2. Preheat oven to 180 degrees celsius / gas mark 5.
3. Start by putting all of your friends and family together in the bowl, mixing until they are even. It should have a golden colour.
4. Add the 1kg of yourself and 1kg of kindness. Gently blend these ingredients into your mixture. This is the core of the whole cake.
5. Pour the passion and success into the mixture and wait for a few minutes until the mixture has absorbed all of the liquid. This will help your cake stay fresh.
6. Add your tablespoons of jokes, favourite things and relaxation. These three ingredients will help to bring out the flavour of your happiness cake.
7. Pour the mixture into the baking tray and bake for 25 to 30 minutes.
8. While baking the cake, heat up your melted chocolate. Make sure the temperature is between warm and hot.
9. Once the cake is done, pour the melted chocolate and, as the cherry on the top, add a smile.

### To serve...

Serve it however you like! Present it in a way which you think happiness looks like. Everyone interprets happiness differently, so it gives the happiness cake your original and unique aesthetic. Personally, I would have this cake with a warm comfort drink like hot chocolate, or tea and some plain digestives but if you enjoy this cake with a fizzy drink or if you think some crisps really complement the cake that is fine too! It just shows that happiness can be appreciated in many different ways. Enjoy!

**Arrunmolivarman** | Paterson 7



## [Earth] and (Mind's) hum[il](an)ity

[Earth]

[Life expects ecstasy, life causes sin.

No, life expects nothing from this worthless copper tin.

Are cynicism and ecstasy just two sides of one coin?

Or two different ways for hum[il]ity to fall?

Both of these philosophies might be what Solomon consigned,  
two different ways of interpreting pride.]

(Mind)

(We expect expectancy,

we demand a full close.

No, we expect nothing if we distract from the noise.

Are complacency and rebellion just two sides of one coin?

Or two different ways for hum(an)ity to fall?

Both of these might be the message we should remember,  
to bypass our rose-tinted eyes,

"The grass is always greener on the other side".)

(Maybe you should forget pride,)

[maybe you should settle for the greenless side,]

[(maybe the answer is on a different coin to both sides,)]

maybe you should forget yourself;

forget the (soul, heart and mind);

[Earth, seas and skies];

and just,

be kind.

**Luke** | Paterson 9

## What makes you happy?

'Successful cooking'

**Eldan** | Paterson 8

### Nan

She is my soldier

She is my rock

She is my star

Amongst the sky

She is my blood

She is my passion

She brings me happiness

Till death do us part

She was my soldier

She was my rock

She is now a star

Amongst the sky

She was my blood

She was my passion

She will bring me happiness

Till we meet again

She now brings me sorrow

I'm not sure it will be the same tomorrow

And her sonnet now sings happiness through sunrise and sunset

Leaving behind her golden smile

(Nan 1933-2023)

**Nathan** | Paterson 11



## Holiday of happiness

Happiness, something we all have,  
that emotion is almost like a friend.

You can either have it or lose it,  
you can't have both.

Lots of things can make you happy,  
you just have to think in your mind,  
for things that will make shine,  
and not whine.

That is not happiness,  
that is the opposite, what you don't want.

My experience of happiness,  
struck me- a shock,  
as if a rock had hit me.

It was in the days of my holiday,  
the sun was shining, I was dying  
of the heat, the temperatures hot  
still, I thought what a holiday  
I am having.

To this day I still think about this,  
it made me happy.

Happiness can have multiple meanings.

My meaning of Happiness,  
is doing things that I love,  
to make me happy,

and not stay snappy with stress.  
Just remember happiness is key,  
make sure you try your best,  
don't follow the rest,  
be yourself.

If not a crowd will emerge,  
and you will submerge,  
into the depths of others.

Not thinking, what about me?

Happiness,  
what a wonderful meaning  
it has.

Jason | Paterson 8



## Am I happy?

Am I happy? Hmmm...

I suppose my father would say that you should always be thankful for your family. I've always had my family - which is more than can be said for some people I have known. I can still see my brother's face even though I haven't seen him for many months. His nose was slightly crooked and he had a little stubble.

I rolled over in my bed and it creaked slightly. The bed felt as stiff and emotionless as ever. There had been many people in this bed before me and I'm sure there will be plenty after.

My breath was heavy. It made my bones ache and tremble with every gasp. I could hear the bustling hallways around me - it seemed far off. Distant. I felt as though I wasn't truly there. I wished that I was at home with my brother. Wrapped up warm with my mother's blanket, in front of the fireplace, watching the blaze dance and crackle.

I suppose these thoughts keep me happy. Though my mind often fails me, I'm sure this memory is true. It is far too powerful and present to not be. So I guess I am happy?

I heard the beeps increase in frequency and my body began to weep. My mother rushed into the room, followed by two people I couldn't recognise. They were both wearing white cloaks and had their faces covered. Come to think of it - my mother was wearing the same covering. Where am I? What is going on? My vision became clouded with darkness, though the room remained illuminated. My legs began to shake and my head began to throb. My throat felt like it was on fire and my fingers flexed uncomfortably.

Then in the same instant that it had begun, I felt it stop. Despite the cries I could still hear in the same distant and far-off way as before - which sounded distinctly like my mother's - my pain had finished. The room was light again. However it wasn't the rancid LED light of the room which I had found myself in for my entire light, it was a kind of gentle and welcoming light. It was brighter than anything I had ever seen, but it didn't hurt me in the slightest.

I see now. I'm sorry brother, but I won't be able to sit with you again.

I suppose this is it for me. Nobody wishes to die sad. But I wonder,  
Am I Happy? Hmmm...

Sam | Paterson 12



## What makes you happy?

'Japanese architecture'

**Muhammad** | Paterson 11

## Happiness comes in seasons

Happiness radiates, like a magnifying glass, from the centre of the heart,  
but occasionally, like a shard of glass, it can sometimes fall apart.

Happiness bellows as I prance through the luscious autumn fields,  
the rainbow smell of the waving spring flowers appeals.

Happiness warms the heart like fires on cold winters eves,  
the rain that brings me happiness with its plump, juicy droplets on summer tree leaves.

Happiness melts the warm gooey marshmallows, fresh off the fire,  
as I watch the fireworks create the most wonderful spire.

Happiness sings the most gorgeous tune, "Happy Birthday to you!",  
the candle went out, with a wish, whenever someone blew.

Happiness is that one rare, special thing,  
may it be that perfect person or that precious pet. Whatever gives you that zing.

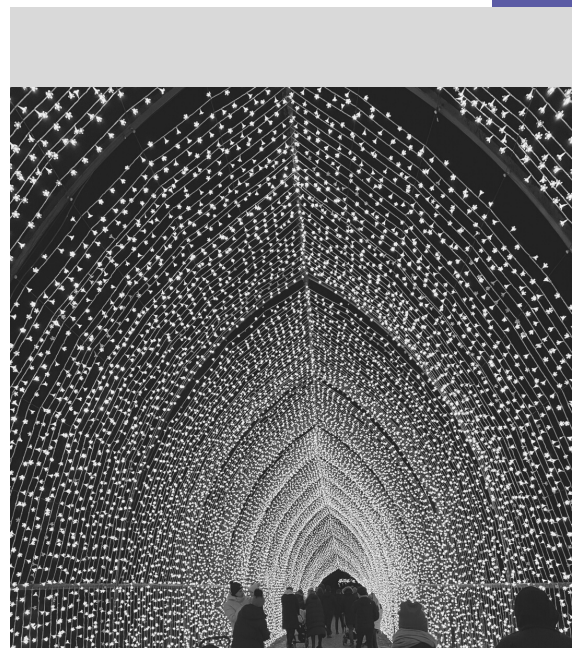
**Ciaran** | Paterson 7

### True happiness

Amidst the chaos of life's endless tide,  
where sorrow and strife often take lead,  
there is a joy that will always abide,  
and in its embrace, we find what we need  
true happiness is not found in wealth or gain,  
nor the pleasures that our mortal plane provides.

But instead, it is the love we obtain,  
and the peace in that in our heart abides.  
It's in the laughter of a child at play,  
and in the comfort of a friend so dear,  
in the beauty of a sunset's ray,  
and in the knowledge that our path is clear.  
So let yourself seek this happiness divine,  
and in its warmth, our hearts and souls combine...

**Louis** | Paterson 8



### The other side

Have you ever thought that in order for one person to be happy, someone else has probably sacrificed their happiness?

You just won a sports game – you and your friends celebrate knowing you just won a hard-fought game and you are all happy. But there are other teams at that event, the people that lost and even if they fought as hard as you, they aren't happy.

You got a gift on your birthday – think of all the work, effort and time spent to get that gift from its components to the object you are unwrapping on your birthday. People sacrifice their time, the only thing money can't buy, to make sure that you can be happy even when they might not be.

So next time you win a game or get a gift, think about all the people that have sacrificed their happiness for you.

**Joe** | Paterson 10





## The clarity of happiness

Happiness is like a ray of light,  
a warm and gentle glow,  
that fills the heart with such delight,  
and makes the spirit grow.

It's like a song that fills the air,  
a melody so sweet,  
that lifts the soul beyond compare,  
and makes the heart complete.

It's like a flower that blooms in spring,  
a beauty to behold,  
that spreads its fragrance on the wing,  
and makes the heart feel bold.

It's like a friend that's always near,  
a comfort in the night,  
that wipes away the pain and fear,  
and makes the world feel bright.

Happiness is like a precious gem,  
a treasure to be sought,  
that shines so bright in every realm,  
and never can be bought.

So cherish every moment of joy,  
and hold it close and dear,  
for happiness is the soul's employ,  
and makes life truly clear.

**Conor** | Paterson 9

## Elevated euphoria

As soon as I triumphantly stood on the summit of the mountaintop, a rush of euphoria encapsulated me. The feeling of weightlessness was indescribable as I swayed in the icy-azure wind. My heart palpitated with anticipation as I stretched for the blistering sun which felt inches away.

As I gazed above, I was greeted by a mesmerising sight. A flock of luminescent-coloured birds soared around me, darting in and out of the coniferous trees. Rays of sunlight dilapidated through the emerald trees, casting an ethereal glow on everything around me.

My excitement grew as I began to explore, diving deeper and deeper into the cool, refreshing snow. I felt alive and free as I breathed, my body moving effortlessly through the gust. Every twist and turn brought new wonders into view and I felt like I was discovering a whole new world.

As I climbed cautiously back down to the base, I knew that this experience would stay with me forever. The rush of excitement and the feeling of complete immersion in this new world were like nothing I had ever felt before. And as I emerged from the ground, I knew that I couldn't wait to climb back up and explore even more of this incredible elevated world.

A celestial experience.

**Saharsh** | Paterson 10

## What makes you happy?

'Nando's'

**Toby** | Paterson 8



## Seeking happiness

The key to happiness is not the reward,  
not the sense of pride,  
not what you gained  
or you lost.

The key to happiness is not where  
you went,  
not when you went,  
not how you did it,  
or what you even did.

The key to happiness is not fame,  
not awards,  
not money,  
or how you are remembered.

Happiness is a choice,  
a state not obtained,  
not found,  
but earned,

Happiness can earned by accepting  
that things aren't perfect,  
that things can go wrong,  
that things don't always end well,  
however...

The only way to be happy is to want  
to be happy,  
and that's why it feels so good.

## The cycle

As each neuron in his body fires erratically, a soft tingling sensation takes over him. Then, the dopamine floods his synapses, filling every firing neuron with indescribable joyous warmth that ripples through him with the beat of his heart.

Endorphins arrive en masse, creating a voracious sensation of warmth and excitement that spreads throughout his body like a plague. On the back of his eyelids, great paintbrushes make large strokes of reds, oranges, and yellows like an abstract painting beyond his comprehension but not beyond his appreciation of its beauty. And there, in the gentle hum of joy flowing through his body, he finds it – bliss.

He wakes up with a jolt, feeling the joy and warmth flowing out through his fingertips and into the night. A hollow, frigid feeling gratefully takes its place, trickling in from the cold night air until it snuggles into its familiar nest in his heart. He crawls out of the machine and stumbles to the kitchen, groggy, and snatches a bite of cold toast leftover from breakfast, struggling to swallow it down his dry throat. Still, in a sort of trance, he makes his way up the stairs, hauling himself up by supporting himself against the damp walls. In his room, he collapses onto the bed, letting the mattress consume him. Within seconds, he's asleep, still wearing his work clothes.

Returning from work the next day he finds himself overcome with a buzzing sensation throughout his body that, had he ever felt it before, he would have called excitement. That day the paper had informed him of a rather intriguing development in his life, a new update to the 'pleasure machines' (as they were aptly named) which allowed complete visual simulation limited only by the user's desires. So after removing his shoes he makes his way over to the machine, almost salivating at the thought, and apprehensively climbs in and turns it on. With a flash it all returns, the pulsating feeling under his skin, the comforting warmth spreading up to his extremities, and the dense bundle of joyous mirth that emits these unending earthly delights. Yet he does not find the bliss for which he yearns. For there remains the source of his anticipation, and here it arrives. Once again the great paintbrushes descend from the heavens to paint his eyelids in their rich colours. But this time they don't paint the familiar abstract scenes to which he is accustomed but instead intricately detailed landscapes and he is the artist. Slowly he directs his thoughts, testing the extent of his newfound talent.

He is flooded with every sexual fantasy he had ever dreamed of, and more that he hadn't, then indulging himself in a king's feast, he imagines himself as CEO of his company and bathes in the fame and pride, and then violently punishing those that had ever done him wrong. He passes through each of the seven sins, carried by a river of carnal desire, floating carefree on its consequence-free waters. This is ecstasy unlike any he had felt before and he gorges himself on it. But then the cold grip on the night snatches him out of his oneiric haven. Its icy claws drain the fleeting warmth from him, leaving behind their frigid shackles around his heart, straining his breath. The hollow feeling residing in his chest leaves him quaking and short of breath, such that he has to recuperate for a few minutes until he can finally stumble out of the machine.

Staggering back into the kitchen he throws himself over the chair which creaks sharply with the impact. He considers standing up but his legs are already asleep. Defeated he rests his head on the table and lets the soothing river of sleep carry him away.

## For the hope of it all

Was it fate, destiny or sheer dumb luck,  
pieces laid perfectly into place,  
a grand plan devised by the universe, seemingly stuck,  
an ending I was never ready to face.

Living for the hope of it all,  
from the heights of grace, doomed to fall.  
Never again able to stand tall,  
both legs broken, forever left to crawl  
all the way back to you.

Jealousy,  
envy,  
I could never win,  
sentenced to a fate far worse than death,  
yet I would live on, no regrets.

Although I must apologise, this isn't what we wanted,  
tarnished, disgraced, left unwanted,  
the walls that crumbled, returned to form,  
the masterpiece drawn up, tattered and torn.

Perhaps I played too carelessly,  
cards strewn haphazardly,  
I thought we could play endlessly,  
maybe I thought wrong.

Living for the hope of it all,  
things were eventually bound to go wrong,  
heaven only lasts so long,  
no secret meetings behind the mall,  
it really was a cruel Summer, after all.

**Seb** | Paterson 10



## I'm back

It was nearly a year until I got discharged from the hospital.  
The trauma of the things I had seen hadn't disappeared.  
They had only been pushed away. Far, far away into the  
back of my head by the thought of reunion. The wife I had  
left pregnant eight years ago along with our unborn  
daughter. The daughter I never got to see grow up. My grip  
grew tighter on the piece of paper I held in my hand.  
Crumpled and grubby, with a house address written on it. I  
started walking. I turned and turned down the streets of  
London and finally, I stopped. 15. I looked up and read the  
number on the door. Slowly, I limped towards the door,  
tentatively raised a fist and then stopped. Suddenly, I  
became overly self-aware; my grubby, tattered boots, my  
damaged leg, my bag covered in soot and-

The door suddenly opened. Staring at me, with tears  
streaming down her face...  
"Martha?"

She ran towards me and wrapped her arms around me. The  
relief I felt in that moment can't be described with words.  
My wife, buried in my arms, eyes staring up at me. I hadn't  
seen her in so long. Every time I marched hours from front to  
front, every time I killed a man, I thought about her. The one  
waiting for me to come back, no matter how low it may get.  
And suddenly, very faintly, I heard a voice.

"Hi Daddy."

I removed my gaze from my wife and looked back towards  
the doorway. Hiding partially behind the door frame, was  
the tiny figure of my 7 year old daughter. I unwrapped my  
arms from my wife and slowly walked towards our girl.  
"Hello, beautiful"

And she ran into my arms and I turned to my wife, eyes  
glimmering with tears of my own, and for the first time in our  
lives, we embraced as a family. A memory I shall hold in my  
heart and carry with me until the end of time.

**Michael** | Paterson 9

## What makes you happy?

'Ice Spice x PinkPantheress'

**George** | Paterson 13



## Does money really buy us happiness?

If money buys happiness, so they say,  
then why do so many feel lost each day?

A heart full of riches, but an empty soul,  
with no purpose or passion to make them whole.

Perhaps it's true that money can buy,  
a moment of joy or a temporary high,  
but can it buy love or true connection?  
Or cure the pain of constant rejection?

Money can buy a lavish display,  
but can it bring peace at the end of the day?  
Can it mend a broken heart or soothe the mind,  
or help us find the answers we need to find?

So, while money can bring some pleasure and ease,  
it's not the key to lasting happiness, please.  
For true joy comes from within our hearts and souls,  
and the love and connection that makes us whole.

**Affiq** | Paterson 9

## El propósito de humanidad

**Editor's note** – a translation is provided in the appendix

Felicidad

El propósito principal de humanidad  
Pero en realidad, no es tan fácil evitar la oscuridad  
Buscamos tranquilidad y estabilidad  
Pero en nuestras corazones sabemos que nunca lo  
tendremos en totalidad

A veces perdemos nos identidad  
La enfermedad mental, una plaga en nuestra sociedad  
Presión, expectación y responsabilidad  
Tienen efectos grandes en nuestra mentalidad

Pero, con un poco de positividad  
Podemos ayudar la gente a través de la adversidad  
Para darles la habilidad  
Disfrutar la vida en normalidad  
Y crear un mundo con mucha más felicidad

**Jonny** | Paterson 12

## A day at the beach

I went to the beach two days ago,  
I thought it would be nice as the sun was low.  
I felt my toes beneath the sand,  
I stared out at the empty land.  
It was just me and the sea,  
and a cool summer breeze,  
and it reminded me of home.  
This is my happy.

**Benjamin** | Paterson 7

## What makes you happy?

'Concrete evidence'

**Ibraheem** | Paterson 10



**Benevolent beatitude  
(A villanelle)**

I walk aimlessly with bated breath, beckoning for the silence to finally ensue;  
my thoughts jumbled, peerless and desecrated.  
Will my countless invocations finally come true?

I must not succumb to the incessant, chattering voodoo;  
if so, my perpetual prayers must become consecrated.  
I walk aimlessly with bated breath, beckoning for the silence to finally ensue;

Still, my mind tempts me as I cannot find my place in the one above's queue.  
He scorns me and rejects me finding my obstinations deflated;  
Will my countless invocations finally come true?

Interceding the above one's wrath a hectic hue  
of blazing red and fire of which, from out of thin air, is fabricated.  
I walk aimlessly with bated breath, beckoning for the silence to finally ensue;

It torments me and ruptures my idea of the world anew.  
However yet once again a light guides me to a universe which is ultimately created.  
Will my countless invocations finally come true?

In this world his benevolent beatitude once again guides me in a sparkling debut;  
of the rewards of delight for a belief that has become corroborated.  
I walk aimlessly with bated breath, beckoning for the silence to finally ensue,  
my countless invocations have finally come true.

**Keane** | Paterson 11

**What makes you happy?**

'Performing live'

**Vishnu** | Paterson 9



**Bittersweet**

Happiness, a fleeting feeling  
A momentary joy, revealing  
A light that shines so bright and pure  
But fades away, it can't endure

We seek it out with all our might  
But happiness is not our right  
It comes and goes, like ebbs and flows  
A precious gift, that no one knows

The sadness of happiness is real  
It's there, beneath the joy we feel  
For in its fleeting, brief embrace  
We know that it must soon give chase

It's like a rose, that blooms and dies  
A shooting star, that quickly flies  
A butterfly, that flits away  
A rainbow, that can't forever stay

And yet we chase this happiness  
This feeling that we can't possess  
We know it's fleeting, yet we yearn  
For just a moment, to discern

The beauty of a happy thought  
A moment in a life well-fought  
A shining light in darkest night  
That gives us hope and brings delight

So let us cherish happiness  
Embrace it in its fleetingness  
For though it's brief and quickly gone  
Its memory will forever live on

**Sam** | Paterson 13



I'm big in a photo and up with my friends. You see me in the sun and when I'm having fun. When I'm playing my favourite sport I'm up to the sky. What am I?

It's Christmas Day, my presents await and butterflies fill my chest. I feel tingly and light last year was such a delight. I'm in the spirit of Christmas... what?

They crawl on all fours or slither like a snake. They cuddle with you at night and play with you during the day. Most of us have them and they are our best mates. Who are these creatures that make us feel great?

We're all happy to be purple and we're excited to win. We enjoy the thrill of house events and we feel amazing when we hold the trophies above our heads. What house are we?

It uses more muscles to frown and it makes you bring others down. You don't want to be gloomy instead you want to light up the room. I'm the opposite of happy and you should avoid me at all costs. What am I?

I run through your veins and stop you from feeling pain. I come from the brain to protect you from vain. You need me to feel good and I help you through the day. I help to stop the relay transmitting and I race to make you happy. What am I?

A smile. Joy. Pets. Paterson. Sadness. Endorphins. And you need me all to be happy.

Ollie | Paterson 12

### Money can buy happiness!

Money buys happiness, that's something I swear.  
I can buy my own jet and fly anywhere.  
I'll never go hungry - I eat caviar,  
and exotic meats from near and far.  
I don't need friends when everything's mine,  
I have myself and my vintage wine.

Money buys butlers, dressed in black tie.  
But I feel so off and I do not know why.  
With a table so long it can fit a town,  
I sit there alone with a horrible frown.

Did I waste my life all just for the dough?  
Should I have taken my time and been a bit slow?  
Was it worth all the friends that I lost?  
Am I truly happy pursuing the dosh?

My time's almost up and my youth is over,  
but I still own Ferraris and a Range Rover.  
My money just doesn't make me feel sad,  
but I like to think back on the times that I had.  
And one day soon I'll be nothing but bone,  
in a gold-plated coffin, I'll still be all alone.

Tommy | Paterson 13



## Ne certainement pas impossible

**Editor's note** - a translation is provided in the appendix

Bonheur vous donne vivre

Il vous tient serré, comme un couvre-livre.

Il introduit la joie, et beaucoup des choses avec lui

Mais aussi, il vous entourer avec l'amour, vous effectuer immobile.

Quelque personnes le rejettent, leur cœur

Il a découvert quelque chose donc a fait le résilier.

Mais bonheur ne disparaîtra jamais

Et existait toujours dans leur cœur, comme une torche enflammée.

Un peu des personnes cherchent bonheur depuis

Gloire, argent, statut, et peu importe améliore leur image ensuite.

Les choses matérielles sont rien pour moi

Et je pense que bonheurs n'est pas ça quant-à-moi.

Il vraiment est une belle chose, celui de bonheur

Répandre autour du monde comme c'est un décontamineur.

Même si je sais il sera très difficile

Je veux toutes sortes de bonheur étant partout,

Lequel n'est pas certainement impossible.

**Harry** | Paterson 10

## What makes you happy?

'My fish'

**Pranish** | Paterson 7



## What makes you happy?

Anything can make someone happy,  
it can be something simple,  
from their favourite food,  
to a catchy jingle.

Anything can make someone happy,  
turn a frown upside down.  
For me, football makes me happy,  
but for others, it could be a clown.

Anything can make someone happy,  
sometimes it can be the exact opposite.  
Some people are happy with giving,  
and some are happy about getting.

Anything can make someone happy,  
many things make me happy,  
football, gaming, holidays,  
these are all things that make me happy.

Anything can make someone happy,  
for some, it could be something abstract,  
or some sort of feeling,  
like thrill, satisfaction and amusement.

Anything can make someone happy,  
to me, the most important is people,  
whether it's love, care or people around you,  
everyone needs people to be happy.

Anything can make someone happy.  
What makes you happy?

**Malek** | Paterson 8



Te desum. Semper tam felix eras – semper cum tibi eram felix, Felix.  
Non fuit dies sino me putare de tui, de quare? Semper eras amicus  
qui affectus fulgebat. Advenibas convivalis. Spirabas, inspirabas,  
exspirabas ridens, contaminans omnes. Itaque, cur felicitas aliorum  
quae tuae praeposita est? Cur non possumus cognoscere profundum  
intra te quem erat inanem ut omnibus felicitatem tuam donare  
posses? Possemus redare beneficium, sed prius potuimus dereliquisti.

Tandem, delectamentum, quod nos dabas, deseruit simul deseruit.  
Utinam omnes opes urarem, bella pugnarem, inferna per qua  
ambularem, ut tempus reverterem et te mulcerem.

Poenitentia

George | Paterson 12

## Defining happiness (A speech)

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness". These are the exact words written in the American declaration of independence. At a surface level, nothing seems amiss. Saying all of these high and mighty things, using high and mighty words that no one has heard of. In other words, we see that everyone is equal and by the creator were given rights that they can't give away such as Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

Why did they write "the pursuit of happiness"? Why not just happiness? To me, it seems like they are saying that people can't be happy. Like happiness doesn't exist. The dictionary definition of happiness is the state of being happy. You can see happy people all around you, which means they have happiness, so clearly, it exists. The movie, "The pursuit of happiness", shows the tale of a homeless salesperson who manages to land a massive deal with a brokerage firm at the end of it. That must mean that money equates to happiness, right? I mean it sure seems that way. We all dream of lives where we are multimillionaires on a yacht sipping a pina colada. But then comes the old saying, "Money can't buy happiness." And to be honest that's true. You can't just go to your local Lidl and buy a kilogram of happiness. Okay, if money isn't happiness, then, what about chemicals? Chemically, happiness is just the release of dopamine and serotonin in our bloodstream. It doesn't seem like much of a hassle. What about drugs? Those that take them do feel happy. Yet it destroys the person's life till they are but a shell of their former self and now all of sudden, they aren't so happy anymore.

So what is happiness? Take your pick. Happiness is a chemical response. Happiness is money. Happiness is being with your friends. Happiness is, in my opinion, everything and nothing. The greatest mountains to the smallest of amoebas. The platinum-certified album to the participation award at the tots' soccer game. Because in this world, different things make different people happy, and some people may never find it because they were looking in the wrong place. And I think that's why they wrote it. Happiness has to be found. Now, all you have to do is find yours.



What makes you happy?

'Ice cream'

Zayan | Paterson 8

**Misery's masquerade**  
**(A nonnet)**

(1)

Gazing curiously through misted panes  
A pickney, untroubled it seemed  
Yet sorrow could not concur  
Thus that glum murky night  
Dejection sent aid  
Shabby canine  
Twilight hound  
Lustre  
Shines

(2)

Growing rapidly, casting shadows  
As if devilry descended  
Upon the fear stricken child  
Woe strode within his reach  
Glaring was this wolf  
Entrancing eyes  
Yet he spoke  
Crisp breath  
'Friend'

(3)

It spoke with a sinister calmness  
Devoting its speech to deceit  
But the boy did not agree  
That he was being tricked  
Joy's Trojan horse ploy  
Cloaking his gloom  
That same dream  
Ceaseless  
Help!

(4)

When the silver sun luminescent  
Aid doth return, three tales to share  
Departing now though, direful  
Dawn followed, dark expelled  
Perplexed was the boy  
Yet continued  
Clouded mind  
Arise  
Now

(5)

Entering school, her safe gaze met his  
Beloved, beside her, a man  
Dressed bloody red, like Satan  
Swiftly left her presence  
Approached the boy was  
Supposed love  
With someone  
Not him  
Why?

(6)

Envy clouded his mind, unsettled  
Jealous thoughts he refused to show  
Returning to his abode  
Obstructing minds anguish  
Tick tock goes the clock  
Dusk approaches  
Wolf likewise  
Full moon  
Twelve

(7)

Sonorous footsteps approach lento  
Wet muzzle sniffing the window  
A tale of romance he spoke  
'Love is abstract fiction'  
The moral made clear  
You are not loved  
All a lie  
Half-truth  
Fake

(8)

Upon the mutts departure he woke  
Ashy mist creeping below doors  
Smoky bacon, golden eggs  
Atop a gleaming plate  
Grandma's breakfast treat  
Actions tender  
Nurturing  
Was this  
Love?

Yes

Certain

Foolish wolf

Fictitious myths

Deceived by anguish

Misery's Masquerade

Despair clouded the boys view

Finite attention will pass thus

Until truth woke from its deep slumber

(9)

Nigh

Ink black

Lucid moon

From the flora

Another fable

Darker than space itself

'Warmth of kin, ceases by death'

Endless intimacy was fake

Sorrow's gig plays a cacophony

(10)

Wake

Sunrise

School awaits

Eager to talk

Explain to his pals

Yet his words like white noise

Jubilance turned to sadness

Covert veil upon his shoulders

Cloak impermeable to friendship

(11)

Home

Alone

Despite grief

Uninvited

Speak of the devil

Emerging from darkness

Shabby fur damp with Spring's dew

Muttering 'Friends are but Voodoos'

Dancing from strings around the outcast

(12)

Three

Three times

Enough wretch!

Outrage claimed him

Yet the wolf remained

Nightmares troubled the boy

Incessant within his drowse

Merry-Go-Round; the brain's theme park

Inescapable, tied to woe's leash

(13)

Dream

Horror

At gunpoint

Frightened pickney

Happiness at risk

Standoff of emotions

Misery at the muzzle

Barrel quaking within his grasp

Decision never made; until now

(14)

Hound

Returns

Devil's dog

Nightmare walking

Eternal haunting

Finale to its fables

Ascend the endless staircase

Merriment or sorrow perish

Relieve the tormentor of his daze

(15)

Blaze

Psyche

Forest fire

Within his mind

To live without glee

Or without dejection

Simple choice made burdensome

'Weak misery- Joy's alias'

Trigger pulled. Happiness slumped. Lifeless

End.

(16)



## Trip out

Rumours began in Year 10. "Year 11s will be allowed out at Wednesday lunchtimes". At first, the prospect was spurned and the proposer stultified. A muffled whisper spread across the assembly as the words were uttered once again from the Head of Year.

It was Monday. Two more days. The matter pervaded the playground as an infectious disease, everyone planning for this Wednesday.

Contained animals, the bubble of boys gathered around the exit gate as they waited their turn to be released. Along the pavement they strolled, with laughter and guffaws as shoes slipped from the curb, desperate to talk with the front of the pack.

Changing surroundings brings rejuvenation, as the herd knows not where it is going, only where it is...until 30 minutes past the hour and a frenzied gallop to know happiness on the right side of a barred gate.

**Hugh** | Paterson 11

## Happiness' requiem

Oh, happiness oh so sought and precious,  
too delicate to linger here longer.  
Yet you often depart and depress us.  
Oh, how I oft wish you could grow stronger,  
but alas all good things must always end,  
like a country of peace turning to war.  
But you hold on to us like a true friend,  
with gifts and a warm smile like none before.  
When all is dark and happiness is sought,  
when we turn to you and need you the most,  
when we reach to you like a fleeting thought,  
you go out of sight becoming a ghost:  
without a reason, turning friend into foe,  
with a jealousy soon to overflow.

**Adam** | Paterson 8



## What makes you happy?

'Cross country running'

**Edward** | Paterson 9

## Freestyle

What is happiness? Many have had their say...  
Views are divided as much as night and day,  
so here is what helps to make me smile,  
as I begin the winning poem and go freestyle.

It is the euphoria when the final whistle does blow,  
the winning kick through the posts nice and low,  
the excitement and cheers from the winning team,  
as sweat and toil lift from our bodies like steam.

It is the "great work" comments for homework done well,  
evening after evening and some nights as well,  
the delight from the teachers of hard work paid off,  
this all helps me drink from the happiness trough.

It is the thwack of the ball on bat in the sun,  
the run-outs, the tears, the camaraderie, the fun,  
it is the friendship and family and delight of being here,  
all adding to life's happiness, our joy and cheer.

It is the beat of my heart that keeps me alive,  
as blood seeps through my veins allowing me to survive,  
but surviving for what is the important question,  
as living gives me happiness and I wear it like a weapon.

To be happy is very personal to me and you,  
for 15 years I know this to be true,  
to be really happy we must open our minds,  
and live side by side together as one humankind.

**Matt** | Paterson 11



Happiness is something more...

Dear Diary,

Over the past few years, I've been obsessed with finding happiness. I've looked for it everywhere: in the human body, in the brain, and even in animals. All for one goal: to capture it into something we can replicate. I had grand ideas of a pill that could cure depression or a drink that could give even the most pessimistic people some happiness. I'll admit, at times I have felt like the whole idea was, for the most part, rubbish. But I've never set off course completely. This will probably be my last entry, at least for a while. Everyone I was working with decided to quit recently, to go and pursue other ambitious ideas. I don't blame them. But now, everything has changed. I know now that the place I was looking to for answers, science, isn't the place I need to look. Happiness is something more than just enzymes or brain signals. It's something none of us will ever really understand. It's what makes people want to go on in life. I was quite naive when I thought I could just bottle it. Now, I'm going to slow down and enjoy life. I don't need to look for happiness: It's always been there, really.

Yours Truly,  
A changed man.

Ervin | Paterson 7

The simple things

Happiness is a warm embrace,  
a sunny day and smiling face,  
a heart that's full of joy and grace,  
and love that never leaves a trace.

It's feeling grateful for what we have,  
and giving freely without a snag,  
being present in each moment's crag,  
and savouring every little tag.

It's laughter shared with friends and kin,  
and a peaceful heart that's deep within,  
forgiveness that releases sin,  
and letting go of what's been pinned.

Happiness is not a fleeting thing,  
but a way of life that makes us sing,  
it's finding joy in simple things,  
and cherishing every single wing.

So let us strive to find our bliss,  
in the little things that we don't miss,  
and share our happiness as we reminisce,  
for true joy is what we don't dismiss.

Johann | Paterson 13



This broken town

Amidst the ruins of a broken town,  
where sadness and sorrow weigh us down,  
there blooms a flower, a ray of light,  
a glimpse of hope in the darkest of night.

In the rubble and debris of a shattered dream,  
where despair and heartache reign supreme,  
there shines a star, a guiding spark,  
a glimmer of joy in the bleakest of dark.

Amid tears and mourning cries,  
where grief and loss fill up our skies,  
there sounds a melody, a song of glee,  
a note of happiness in the saddest of seas.

For happiness is not bound by time or space,  
it can find a home in the loneliest place,  
and though our hearts may be heavy and low,  
we can still find joy in the moments we know.

So let us look for the happiness in our midst,  
and cherish the memories that bring us bliss,  
for even in the darkest of times and spaces,  
there can be happiness in the saddest of places.

Mack | Paterson 9

What makes you happy?

'Getting takeaway'

George | Paterson 12

Happiness is a light that shines through the clouds,  
a beacon of hope that constantly surrounds.  
It's a warm embrace from someone you love,  
a feeling that rises from the heart above.

It's the sound of laughter in a busy park,  
the melody moves us to our hearts.  
It's the joy of giving and being kind,  
a treasure that we can all find.

Happiness is a seed that we can plant,  
with each small act of love that we grant.  
It grows and blossoms with each passing day,  
a precious gift that never goes away.

So let us hold onto happiness with might,  
and let its radiance shine ever so bright.  
For it's a treasure that we can all hold,  
a source of comfort and peace to unfold.

**Shaheer** | Paterson 8

### **Pursuit**

To pursue happiness, is that our goal?  
To reach this state, is that why we live life?  
If we find happiness, do we become whole?  
Even if this path we walk is only filled with strife?

To pursue happiness, is this path worth walking?  
To achieve this goal, no matter the cost?  
To find glee, delight and always be laughing.  
No matter what we may have lost?

To pursue happiness, what does it even mean?  
To even find this answer, we walk a path of nastiness.  
To find this answer, never before seen,  
is it our only choice to try to pursue happiness?

**Aqeel** | Paterson 12

### **Happiness is key**

Happiness can be anywhere, you find it at your local shop: getting  
the thing you want,  
Elation can be anywhere, you find it whilst playing video games:  
securing that victory,  
Joy can be anywhere, you find it when watching sports: seeing your  
team score a goal.

Emotions revolve around happiness,  
Love is an example of this, it is caused when happiness meets other  
emotions  
Sadness at first glance may look like a polar opposite to happiness,  
however whenever someone is feeling sad, they will eventually grow  
out of that state and become happy once again like an everlasting  
cycle.

**Matthew** | Paterson 7

### **What makes you happy?**

'Money'

**Cristiano** | Paterson 13



Taking the good with the bad

Sometimes life deals you a bad card.  
It makes you feel ways you never hope someone else has to feel,  
an indescribable sadness that cannot be put into words.  
But at some point during this sadness, you begin to realise that's what life's all about.  
You begin to realise that this indescribable feeling in your heart is not a bad thing,  
because feelings like that, at the end of the day, are what make us feel alive.  
Feelings like these are what make us feel human.  
And you have to learn to accept those feelings for what they are,  
and recognise them for what they do for you.  
Because without those feelings the good times just wouldn't feel so good.  
So really, it's always a beautiful kind of sadness, the kind that makes you you

Harry | Paterson 9

The pebble narrative

Drifting along evermore I go,  
staring up at the clear blue sky,  
content I continue to bobble,  
just me my thoughts and I.

Will I drift to a distant land uncharted?  
Home to a people as mysterious as the sea?  
Who's ways are old and sacred,  
who have lived based on the principle of glee.

Drifting along evermore I go,  
staring up at the clear blue sky,  
content I continue to bobble,  
just me my thoughts and I.

Will I find a place to call paradise,  
prosperous and plentiful like the Nile,  
with residents warm and welcoming,  
greeting each other with a smile.

Drifting along evermore I go,  
staring up at the clear blue sky,  
content I continue to bobble,  
just me my thoughts and I.

Blissfully bobbing along the banks,  
taking in the fresh river breeze as I go.  
Where will this new adventure take me?  
Without a care in the world; I don't know.

Felix | Paterson 11



What makes you happy?

'Stargazing'

Pragvansh | Paterson 12



## Spring tide

笑うって、  
春潮溺れる  
目の涙

Warautte  
Shunchōoboreru  
Menonamida

I laugh  
Pleasant tides drown  
Eye's tears

**Liam** | Paterson 13

## The warm embrace

The warm embrace of happiness,  
a feeling so pure and true,  
it fills your heart with gladness,  
and lifts your spirits anew.

It's a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day,  
a gentle breeze on a summer night,  
it's the laughter of children at play,  
and the joy of love shining bright.

Happiness is a gift we all deserve,  
a treasure that's priceless and rare,  
it's the beauty of life we preserve,  
and the moments we choose to share.

So let us cherish this warmth divine,  
and embrace it with open hearts,  
for happiness is the greatest sign,  
that life is a work of art.

**Billy** | Paterson 10

## What makes you happy?

'Improving'

**Suhail** | Paterson 8

## Find your happiness

**H**appiness can be a feeling of joy,  
**A** sense of relief, or a  
**P**rofound victory, or simply a  
**P**leasing sight or maybe an  
**I**ncredible journey  
**N**ot to discover happiness but to discover yourself, or the  
**E**xcitement of a new challenge or the  
**S**ight of challenges being taken  
**S**o you see, happiness is what you want it to be

**Lukas** | Paterson 7



**Le secret du bonheur**

**Editor's note** – a translation is provided in the appendix

Le soleil brille sur le visage de monsieur Bonnet, il tombe en fentes à travers la canopée au-dessus. Mr Bonnet se retrouve assis sur un banc moyen, à côté d'un arrêt de bus moyen, sur une rue moyenne au centre du Paris, après avoir passé une journée moyenne au bureau moyen. Pendant qu'il regard fixement la rivière du circulation sans fin, il commence a se ronger les ongles dans une mélange d'ennui et de stress alors qu'il attend anxieusement le bus. Quelques minutes plus tard, deux hommes vieux, d'environ 80 ans, viennent et s'assoient sur l'autre côté du banc.

"La vie coûte trop cher Jean" un des hommes grogne.  
L'autre, qui on peut supposer est Jean, rit avec un petit grognement. Mr Bonnet n'a pas mieux a faire alors il commence à écouter.  
"Il n'importe pas, tu es sur le point de mourir!"  
L'autre homme continue  
"Je ne blague pas, quand je vois tous ces jeunes occupés toute la journée, aller au travail, rentrer chez eux, dormir et répéter chaque jour. C'est le même métro boulot dodo que je faisais il y a 40 ans."  
Jean grogne pour signaler qu'il est d'accord et il répond.  
"Nous vivions toujours en train de poursuivre la prochaine chose, toujours dans un état de mécontentement permanent et soif de plus. Nous jugions que nous trouverions le bonheur sans les possessions matérielles et le succès. Et maintenant ils font les mêmes erreurs que nous. Mais nous ne pouvons pas les critiquer. N'est-ce pas Rémy."  
Une silence tombe sur les deux pour un petit moment, jusqu'au Remy l'interrompre.  
"Est ce-que tu penses que tu as trouvé le secret du bonheur?" dans un ton mi sérieux, mi moqueur.  
"Je ne peux que deviner" Il répond brusquement.  
"On ne peut pas trouver le bonheur sauf si on trouve une échelle dans laquelle vivre. Il ya une échelle universelle ou rien de ce que vous faites n'importera jamais et une échelle humaine où les choses bêtes important trop. Si Vous vous inquiétez trop de l'un ou de l'autre vous ne serez jamais heureux."  
"C'est des conneries" Grogne remy.  
"Le seul façon de trouver le bonheur est de fait tout ce qu' on veut, et de ne pas se soucier de ce que les autres disent, avec cela des bonnes rapports suivront et plus important, on se sentira toujours à l'aise."  
"Mais puis, on ne trouvera jamais un raison d'être" Jean répond  
"Et puis quel est le raison de vivre "  
Remy marque une pause, il semble que la question lui a complètement collé  
"Je sais pas, peut être il n'y a pas une secret de bonheur"  
Jean rit.  
"Le mort est près est toujours nous ne pouvons pas résoudre le problème, il n'y a pas d'espoir "

Le bus vient, et part. Mais monsieur Bonnet reste sur le banc, Maintenant il est seul et il regarde fixement les arbres au-dessus. Mr Bonnet reste sur le banc jusqu'au le soleil se couche quand il décide sur cup de tête de revenir chez lui à pieds.

**Thomas** | Paterson 12



**What makes you happy?**

'Formula one'

**Oliver** | Paterson 7



## What makes you happy?

'Walks with my family'

**Connor** | Paterson 11

## Oh Trish

Nobody listened quite like you, such a soft gaze that never ends.  
You know your eyes always caught mine. You could meet mine for  
longer than I ever could. Though, many times I watched and held  
your back until sleep dragged my eyes shut.

Nobody else wanted to hear me when you listened. The isolation  
was often so deafening. You always appeared right when I needed  
you, cared for me when I fell ill and spent the day in bed with me.

Nobody protected me as you did. On guard 24/7 you were ready,  
window watching, weapons ready. You brought me presents, even  
when I told you not to. Even when your presence was enough.

Nobody made me as happy as you did – you were more of a human  
than you know.

Fly high, little one. I miss you, fluffy one.

**Zach** | Paterson 13

## Nothing lasts forever

How can we be happy,  
with everything going on in the world today,  
wars,  
famines,  
earthquakes,  
diseases.

How can we be happy,  
when people are dying every time you breathe,  
a mother loses a son,  
a wife loses a husband,  
young or old,  
they won't be happy anymore.

Yet again,  
all things in life have an ending,  
so enjoy them before it comes,  
laugh,  
smile,  
enjoy your life,  
but remember,  
nothing  
lasts  
forever.

**Edward** | Paterson 9



## Forevermore

What is happiness to you,  
is it green grass or rivers deep?  
Or simply the chirp of macaws blue,  
these precious things you must keep.  
For sadness can be a heavy burden,  
and without happiness, sorrow will worsen.  
But the light will always shine through,  
even in the deepest darkness,  
light will always find you,  
even when your world is at its darkest.

Happiness comes in different shapes and forms,  
what happiness is to you is yours to own,  
but worries like clouds in your head may form storms,  
but know that in times like these, you are not alone.  
For there will always be people to support you,  
Whose care and love for you will always be true.

Things that bring you joy you must always cherish and adore,  
and you will be happy forevermore.

**Alexandru** | Paterson 7



## You and I

What does happiness mean to you?  
Good food, nice cars, a pet mouse,  
the seaside, a hotel, a boathouse,  
good health, great strength, a beautiful spouse,  
no troubles, no pains, no doubts?

For me, happiness is in,  
good friends, a great mind, learning capacity,  
peace, safety, a tranquil mentality,  
calmness, solutions, a moment of humanity,  
no fighting, no attacks, no brutality,  
but most of all, my family.

**Vedhanth** | Paterson 8

## What makes you happy?

'Making music'

**Ayan** | Paterson 10



## My imagination

The track was a cobbled, uneven mess, worn, dry and dusty from long use, with grass growing in tufts down the centre. On one side, a woodland of beeches and shrubs grew, the ground littered with fallen leaves and broken-off twigs. On the other, fields of rippling grass and grazing sheep were bordered by moss-riddled, slate-grey stone walls and occasional oaks. Through the overhanging branches, red kites wheeled high, soaring over woodland and field alike, on the lookout for their next meal.

Along the track, up the hill, stood a rusting metal gate at the bottom corner of yet another field. The field rose from the gate to the top of the hill where an oak stood, silhouetted against the dusk sky of crimson and orange. Clouds drifted lazily, catching the colours and painting a rich sunset. And at the base of said oak, sat a boy lost in a book. At the cry of a red kite, the boy jolted back to reality from the world of the book. His mind drifted as he sat in a daze, admiring the sunset and watching a red kite swoop low in an adjacent field. The wind gusted, throwing a mess of hair into the boy's eyes. A hand reached up, sweeping it off of his face as he once again turned his attention to his book. A smile cracked across his face as he followed his favourite characters that he had grown to love, through their battles and darkest times, their greatest triumphs and smallest victories, characters he knows better than anyone else in their worlds. Tears trickled down a grief-twisted face as they died or were left, in victorious charges, brutal battles and gruesome executions.

Lost in their worlds, escaping our reality for what feels like seconds, In the dying light, a voice shattered the solace of the book. "Mum says that if you don't come back now, you'll not get dinner tonight.". Startled, the boy looked up to see a girl not much older than he, staring down at him, a scant few metres away. "How are you even reading in this light? Did you not notice that the sun has set?".

"Plenty of light sis, and why read by sunlight when such a radiant young woman is out tonight?", teased the boy as he bookmarked his page and stiffly stood up, earning him a punch to the shoulder. "Oww!?! Now, what's for dinner?".

**Reuben** | Paterson 11

## What makes you happy?

'Skiing'

**Ollie** | Paterson 12

## Dulled Blade

Forgotten  
mouselike magnificence  
of the mindless mundane.  
Symphony of subtle winds, breathing  
life into living, and soul in sublime.  
Cacophonies of colour  
created crudely by roses'  
fallen petals.

I listened;  
Rhythms of familiar  
far flung by fantasies of fervour.  
Regularity of song syncopated  
with accents of scintillation.  
Screeching scenes of excitement  
bringing belated booms of  
disbelief.  
Living grew louder,  
my ears grew deaf

Enveloping  
texture of adoration  
timid touch of tenderness,  
the embrace of tepid tranquillity.  
Stopped short by sharp points  
of painful despair,  
grasped by fear.  
Suffocating.

Enticing ignorant indifference  
obscuring elation,  
exalted euphoria  
torn asunder.  
Battered. Broken. Dead.  
Cut, clinically clean  
By dulled blade.

**Liam** | Paterson 13

## That wonderful feeling (A song)

Verse 1:

Happiness, it's what we all desire  
The feeling of warmth, singing in a choir  
That state of mind, where your distress disappear  
The desire to smile whilst joy is always near.

Chorus:

Happiness, it's a wonderful feeling  
A feeling that lifts your day up high  
A feeling that fills your mind and soul  
And it's the thing that makes us feel whole.

Verse 2:

It's the joy of the simple things, like a smile or a hug  
Or maybe its music that cheers you up like a drug  
Could it be the beauty of the world, the colours and the sounds?  
Or is it the moments that you spend at football grounds?

Chorus:

Happiness, it's a wonderful feeling  
A feeling that lifts your day up high  
A feeling that fills your mind and soul  
And it's the thing that makes us feel whole.

Bridge:

It may be quite hard to find when life gets tough  
But my dear don't you, ever give up  
Because happiness is something we can all reach  
It's the fun we all have, and the memories we treasure.

Chorus:

Happiness, it's a wonderful feeling  
A feeling that lifts your day up high  
A feeling that fills your mind and soul  
And it's the thing that makes us feel whole.

Outro:

So when you're feeling down, just remember this  
Happiness is always just a thought away, a simple bliss  
Find the joy in life, and hold on tight  
Because happiness will be your guiding light.

**Shom** | Paterson 12

## What makes you happy?

'Taylor Swift'

**Seb** | Paterson 10



## A gift

Happiness is something that we all can find,  
yet not something that can be easily defined,  
as it can be more than a simple feeling,  
or the pleasure given by achieving,  
happiness cannot always be consigned,  
for some it is a state of mind.

Happiness can be a memory,  
a reminder of what things used to be,  
or it can be found accidentally,  
by those that take simple pleasure in the things they see.

Happiness can be found from years of seeking,  
or something as simple as sleeping,  
it takes upon many forms,  
having the power to transform,  
your life from just the simple norms,  
into a life full of rewards.

Happiness is found by those who are free,  
not bound by what others think they can be,  
it might not be a simple gaiety,  
or a sudden burst of ecstasy.

Happiness is not an image waiting to be depict,  
in order to find it people must commit,  
and those that do will admit,  
that their life has grown because of it.

**George** | Paterson 12



# Appendix i

**For everyone who can't read in every language... neither can we!**

While we have a talented editors team, we aren't all fluent in the languages we've included in our magazine and we don't expect you to be either. So, please enjoy reading the (close) translations below.

## **Ne certainement pas impossible (Page 12)**

Happiness gives us life,  
It holds us tight, like the cover of a book.  
It introduces joy, and lots of things with it,  
But also, it surrounds us with love, making us motionless.

Some people reject it, their heart  
Having found something that makes it dissolve.  
But happiness never fades away  
And always exists in their heart, like a flaming torch

A few people seek happiness from  
Fame, money, status, and whatever improves their image next.  
Material things are nothing to me  
And I think that happiness is not that for me.

It really is a beautiful thing, that of happiness  
Spreading around the world like a decontaminator.  
Even though I know it will be difficult  
I want all kinds of happiness being everywhere

Which is certainly not impossible.

**Harry** | Paterson 10

## **El propósito de humanidad (Page 9)**

Happiness  
The main purpose of humanity  
But in reality, it's not that easy to avoid the darkness  
We look for tranquillity and stability  
But in our hearts we know that we'll never have it in  
totality

Sometimes, we lose our identity  
Mental illness, a plague in our society  
Pressure, expectation and responsibility  
Have huge effect on our mentality

But, with a bit of positivity  
We can help people through adversity  
In order to give them the ability  
To enjoy life in normality  
And create a world with a lot more happiness

**Jonny** | Paterson 12

**Felix Felix  
(Page 13)**

Dear Felix,

I miss you. You were always so happy – you always made me happy,  
Felix. Not a day goes by that I don't think about you, about why?  
You were always the friend that brightened the room. You arrived,  
and so did the party. You lived, breathed and died with a smile,  
infecting everyone. So why did you put the happiness of others'  
above yours? Why didn't you let us know about the chasm inside you  
that you emptied to gift everyone else with your joy? We could have  
returned the favour, but you left before we could.  
In the end, all of the mirth you gifted us left at the same time as you  
did.

The riches I would burn, the wars I would fight, the infernos I would  
walk through, to turn back time and check up on you.

From Poenitentia

**George** | Paterson 12

# Appendix ii

## Le secret du bonheur (Page 20)

The sun shines on Mr Bonnet's face, falling in slits through the canopy above. Mr Bonnet finds himself sitting on an average bench at an average bus stop, on an average road in the centre of Paris, after an average day at an average office. While staring into the churning river of traffic he begins to bite his nails in a mixture of boredom and stress, restlessly waiting for his bus to come. A few minutes pass and two Old men, of 80 or so, come and sit at the opposite side of the bench.

"Life's getting more expensive Jean" one of the men grumbles  
The latter, presumably Jean, snorts. For lack of a better passtime, Mr Bonnet begins to listen.

Not that it matters, you're going to die soon"  
The other man continues "i'm not joking, seeing these young people run around all day going to work coming back from work sleeping and doing it every day, it's the same cycle I was stuck in 40 years ago"

Jean grunts in agreement and replies

" We lived chasing the next thing, in a state of permanent dissatisfaction and lust for more. We deemed that we would find happiness in material possessions and success . And they're making the same mistakes now. We're none to talk. Is that not the case remy "

A silence passes over the two for a moment until Rey interjects

"Do you think you know the secret to happiness?" In a half serious, half mocking tone.

"I can only guess" he responds

" You can't be happy unless you find a scale to live in. There is a universal scale where nothing you do will ever matter and a human scale where stupid things matter too much; if you worry too much about either you'll never be happy."

"What a load of rubbish" Remy grunts.

" The only way to be happy is to do whatever you want, and not to care what other people think, with that good relationships will follow and more importantly you'll always feel at ease"

"But then you'll never find purpose"jean responds

"and then what's the point of living"

Remy pauses, seemingly stumped,

" I don't know. Maybe there's no one secret to happiness"

Jean laughs

"We're on death's doorstep and we still can't figure it out, what hope is there. "

The bus comes and goes. But Mr bonnet stays, now on his own sitting still and staring into the canopy above. Mr bonnet stays on the bench for a while, until long after the sun sets when on a whim he decides to walk home.