

CYP Now Awards trip down to London,
On the trip down we have lots of fun,
Once we arrived the long trip was done
Used the Underground,
Where there is endless sound,
Squeezing into the crowd,
Getting off and changing,
The amount of people ranging,
got to the hotel,
Posh, Warm, Homely,
We all got ready,
Keeping everyone moving steady,
We got to the awards,
Six-thirty arrival,
The music is upbeat like a revival,
Seven pm food begins,
The a break for introduction,
Then with instruction,
There was a band,
All done by hand,
With no backing track,
At the end we all clapped,
Then the main meal commenced,
Followed by the dessert,
Towards the stage our eyes revert,
The awards begin,
Twenty-three categories,
People cheering in all their glories,
Each category Barnardos was in we got excited,
A flame inside of us ignited,
But when we didn't win in any we were still delighted,
The end of the night,
Disco under the strobe light,
Back to the hotel,
We all said goodnight,
Then the final morning,
A bright, crisp day was dawning,
A walk in Hyde Park,

Went to the Winter Wonderland,
Where markets and rides stood,
End of the day,
Time for the train back,
Delays and problems with travel,
Eventually getting back on gravel,
At Preston station,
We say thanks in appreciation,
And elation,

Written by LINX Member, age 17