



THE KING'S SCHOOL

CHESTER



Junior School Magazine 2010 - 2012

Welcome



Welcome to the bumper edition of the King's School Junior School magazine, which gives an insight into the range of opportunities the children enjoy at our school.

Our thanks to our editor, Mrs Gibson, assisted by Mr Hollingworth, who have worked hard to put together this excellent collection of photographs, pieces of work and memories of recent times spent in the Junior School.

As you will see, the children have enjoyed day trips and residential visits, sport and music, drama and art. All this is made possible through the dedication of the teachers and non-teaching staff and the children's enthusiasm and evident enjoyment in all they do is a pleasure to see.

You will find the following pages give you a glimpse of the hard work the children do, the breadth of extracurricular activity and the real sense of family and community spirit that is evident at King's.

Simon A. Malone
Head of the Junior School

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HOUSE CAPTAINS

At the beginning of the academic year, House Captains and Sports Captains are chosen by the Staff from amongst the Fourth Year. Each of the four Houses, Lindans, Falles, Shepherds and Evans, have two House Captains, one boy and one girl and one Sports Captain.

The House Captains are required to represent their House on a number of occasions and have a variety of responsibilities. As well as 'leading from the front' when it comes to inter-house competitions, the House Captains act as guides during Open Morning and are often asked to greet visitors to the school. The Captains are expected to keep a weekly tally of the house points gained and make sure that the house point totals are displayed correctly on the House Board. During the school day, House Captains are instrumental in the organisation of entry and exit to assembly. The highlight of any House Captain's career is to be the recipient of the House Trophy which is awarded by Mr Malone at the end of the academic year to that House which has gained the most house points during the course of the year.

The House Sports Captain is specifically responsible for the numerous inter-house sports events which take place throughout the year. It is his/her role to select and organise swimming, cricket, football, netball and cross country teams from the pupils within the House; this requires a knowledge of the abilities and strengths of the House members. The Sports Captain is expected to report to the Head of House on the progress of the teams. It is the Sports Captain who has the delight of representing the House at presentations and the joy of holding up, to great applause any sports' trophies awarded to his/her House.

It is a great honour to be selected as House Captain and Sports Captain as those pupils chosen to hold the posts are considered to be in possession of the qualities which define the King's pupil.

SCHOOL COUNCILLORS

Unlike House Captains and Sports Captains, the School Councillors are voted onto the Council by their peers. At the beginning of the year, those pupils who wish to be considered as representatives of their form on the Council, must present to their form a convincing speech outlining their ideas for the Council as well as how they feel their personalities and characters would add to the role. This is a demanding task and the pupils rise to the occasion.

Prior to the day of voting, candidates conduct a campaign -posters appear on the walls requesting support and outlining the candidate's intentions and promises. The presentations themselves are extremely exciting. We have had power point presentations, raps, poems and a "Who wants to be a Councillor" quiz show! Following the presentations, the School votes. A ballot box is provided in each classroom and the pupils' votes are secret. Once elected, the representatives, two from each form, must elect their Chair, Vice Chair, Secretary and Treasurer. More presentations follow until a committee is formed.

The School Council meets every four to five weeks to discuss and plan future commitments and events.

Please turn to page 49 for an update on the Council's business.

House Captains 2010/11



Evans

Ruhi Singh, Robert Batson
Charlie Jones (Sports Captain)



Lindans

Fraser Marsden, Annie Powell
Miles Meredith (Sports Captain)



Shepherds

Megan Gareh, Scot Hodgson
Isobel Wild (Sports Captain)



Falles

Jessica Lee, Tom Thelwall-Jones
James Tomlinson (Sports Captain)

House Captains 2011/12



Evans

Anna Chadwick, Arjun Balasubramaniam
Oliver Bradford (Sports Captain)



Lindans

Olivia Hughes, Aled Bennett
Seb Corry (Sports Captain)



Shepherds

Sam Flory, Emma Giddis
Josh Andrady (Sports Captain)



Falles

Jack Walker, Erin Morgan
Pranav Majumdar (Sports Captain)

Sports

J4 Cricket v Rossall 2011



AJIS BOYS' HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

In the final, King's were the underdogs as Kirkham had some very skilful players. However, as we had done throughout the whole tournament, we played for each other as a team. James Tomlinson made some amazing saves in goal and Tom Thelwall-Jones and Fergus Abberton tackled like their lives depended on it. Max Dunlap 'bossed' the midfield (Mr Thelwall-Jones, watching on the sideline, said he had "the heart of a lion") and Matthew Reece-Jones and Llewelyn Bevan chased down the opposition tirelessly.

The play was end-to-end throughout the match but Miles Meredith took his chance mid-way through the first half to give King's the lead. After half-time, Kirkham pressed hard for a goal and it got very tense but then Miles Meredith put the game beyond doubt, scoring an unbelievable goal, to give King's victory!

When the final whistle went, we all jumped for joy, including Mrs T! Incredible, we were the AJIS 2010 Boys' Hockey Champions!

King's Victorious Squad:

Fergus Abberton (C), Llewelyn Bevan, Max Dunlap, Ryan Kingsley, Miles Meredith, Rory Monk, Matthew Reece-Jones, William Richards, Tom Thelwall-Jones, James Tomlinson.

Tom Thelwall-Jones 4T





S P O R T S





KING'S V BIRKENHEAD U9 FOOTBALL

On 15th November, 2011 King's School played Birkenhead Prep at football.

We all got changed after lunch and assembled in the hall. Mr Duncalf took us to the first pitch to get warmed up. We started off by playing a game called 'Wembley' for a little while. We then saw the Birkenhead team arrive, we were all excited to play. We then went to the far pitch to take penalties against Tom, our goalkeeper. It was then time to have our team discussion with Mr Duncalf. We then all got into our positions on the pitch. The whistle blew and off we went. It was a tough match but we came out on top. George Arnold, left midfield, scored the first goal quite quickly. Birkenhead returned with a goal, which made it 1-1. Then it was half time.

We played really well in the second half and Beau Denton, striker, scored two goals. King's School played really well as a team and we won 3-1.

Ben Goodrich 2B

Sports





S P O R T S





Living History

A YOUNG QUEEN

What would it be like to wake up one morning and discover that you were queen? This is what happened to the young Victoria in 1837. Amelia Standing and Matthew Drew put themselves in the shoes of the young princess and the Lord Chamberlain, respectively, and wrote the diaries of these two historical figures as they pondered the momentous occasion:

I was awoken at six o'clock by Mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conynham were here and wished to see me. Lord Conynham then acquainted me with the fact that my poor uncle, the King, was no more and had expired at twelve minutes past two this morning and, consequently, that I am Queen.

At first, I wondered if it were true. As I met the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conynham, I realised it were as bad as I thought. My uncle had passed away. I felt so joyful but I was in despair for my poor uncle, whom I loved. I wish to be remembered for decades to come as a noble queen who ruled an impressive empire.

Will my people love me as much as my uncle? Will they think that, since I am a girl, I am not fit to rule (I'll prove them wrong if they do). Will I have children to inherit the throne because if I do I don't want many. Maybe my people will hate me and overthrow me.

How will the House of Lords and the House of Commons react? I knew that they loved working with my uncle so how will they react to working with me? I will not keep my mouth shut, I will show them that I am the boss. I'm not just there to be a pretty face, I am there to rule England.

I will prove to everyone in my empire that I am not a weak woman. My empire will be better than a king's empire because I will be a memorable monarch who rules well. I will rule as well as I possibly can because I want to prove that women have the power to rule successfully.

The Coronation is the main thing that is making me nervous because maybe they will boo me, maybe I won't be declared as the rightful ruler. Maybe they will decide to crown someone else, perhaps it will go disastrously wrong. I'm really excited about the Coronation but, at the same time, I'm nervous.

Some of the things I would like to do now I'm Queen are make it so that the oldest prince or princess is the first in line to the throne, expand the railways, invent some other way of transport which is not pulled by horses. I'm still really nervous and hope everything goes perfectly.

Victoria

Amelia Standing 4H



Diary Entry - 28th June 1837

This morning I have had a hand in changing the course of history. At twelve minutes past two, this very day, our dear King William IV died and, consequently, the young Princess Victoria is to be Queen.

I arrived at the house at six o'clock and informed the Duchess of Kent, the princess's Mamma, that I must have an audience with the princess. I have a number of worries about this situation.

I worry about how I'm going to tell her that she is Queen and that her uncle, King William IV, has died overnight. When I tell her, I'll need an audience. I need to be in my finest manner.

I think this is going to be troublesome, having a girl on the throne. How am I going to get the people of Britain to respect her? Despite the worries about her being a girl, she is only eighteen, consequently she needs to take advice to become respected.

As well as these troubles, I wonder what she is going to do. I suppose if she marries a clever man and provides a male heir, she will be more respected.

I think she needs courage to make people respect her but for these first early years of her reign, she needs to stay in the background.

When she gets older and more respected and she has to make her own decisions, it is to be hoped she'll be a good Queen and won't ruin England's and the Empire's place in the world.

Matthew Drew 4H



OUR VIKING DAY



Callum told us that the sailors sat on sea chests, loaded with weapons and kept dry by making a leather coat and soaking it in fish oil. We learnt that Vikings only put shields on the sides of their ships if they were coming in peace and the frightening figureheads were used only when an invasion took place. Hidden in the corner while all this was happening, Rowan had been sorting out costumes in a big basket and she started to give them out! I was given a blue dress-shirt with yellow embroidery round the hem and collar. Amazingly we were given weapons to hold and helmets to wear. I held a Viking sword and it was very heavy!

We sneaked into Callum's tent which he had forbidden us to enter. Surprisingly, it was very comfortable. I sat on a goat skin, while the others sat on sheep hides. Rowan began to tell us about everyday life. She taught us that men, who were deemed to be more important than women, slept in the warmest part of the tents, the middle, while the women and children slept at the sides, where it was colder. Rowan told us that mothers and babies shared a spoon, the mother having the big end and the child the small. She also informed us that the Vikings

didn't have a proper toilet, only a six-foot deep hole, and we were horrified to find that, if he needed to go to the loo at night, Callum just did his business in the corners!

We went outside to learn about arrows. Callum showed us the real skins of a wild boar, red deer and a reindeer. Cautiously, I touched all their skins and they were soft but eerie and I would rather not touch one again! Callum taught us the names and purposes of the arrows, which were all gruesome and hard to remember. He also showed us ash and yew bows and how to string them. The ash one was easy but the yew was strung by machinery.

Another lovely surprise was in store for us! We were to make beeswax candles in the music room! It was a simple matter of rolling a wick in the smelly wax and with that it was time to go home. I had a brilliant day and I learnt a lot of amazing things about the Vikings.

Alchemy Lucas 2A

J4 VICTORIAN AFTERNOON

We first met Mr and Mrs Davies. Mr Davies was pretending to be a Victorian butler, who earned two pounds a week, which was a large amount of money in those days. They both picked out five girls and five boys to 'train' to be servants. The boys had to put their hands behind their backs and the girls' hands were in front of them. The boys then had to nod their heads, whilst the girls curtsied when Mr Davies came past. They then had to balance a book on their heads and walk around the room without it falling off!

Next, Jess and Megan made some bread with Mrs Davies. Megan made the yeast runny, whilst Jess mixed the dough. They mixed the yeast and dough together and mixed it all up. Mr and Mrs Davies then showed us the cane and the 'dunce' hat. Amber came up to make some jam, whilst Arvind and Mr Davies showed us about the 'climber boys', who climbed up people's chimneys and cleaned them. Then Ben demonstrated the job of moving the horse droppings away from the ladies in the streets so they wouldn't get their dresses and boots messy.

Eventually Amber's jam was ready and we started to make some butter out of whipped cream and milk. We all had a go at shaking it and four people drank the buttermilk! The bread was ready by now and looked quite nice. All in all, the Victorian afternoon was really entertaining!

Anna Jones 4T



GREEK MORNING

We found out that Troy had a wall around it and the wall fell down four times and they rebuilt it so enemies couldn't attack. Next Mr and Mrs Davies talked to us about some true stories like Pheidippides, the Marathon runner, who ran from Athens to Sparta non-stop.

Mr Davies pretended to be the Minotaur and he made me jump, alternatively he could have made me laugh. Finally, after all the other exciting things, I had a go at a role-play with some other children. It was about Jason and the Golden Fleece.

I thought that our Ancient Greek Morning was extremely historical and it gave me a real boost!

Mr and Mrs Davies are really clever and their presentation was fabulous!

Sophie O'Leary 1D



A MAJESTIC DAY IN THE MARKET

Creeping along my face, a golden beam of sunshine woke me. Excitedly, I burst out of my oak door, skipping along under the blazing sun, which rushed like a wave to the market.

Seeing an emerald and ruby, I traded my sparkling diamond for a beautiful peacock-feathered cloak. Suddenly, a loud noise echoed in my ear from behind me. Regretfully, I turned my head around to see the dreaded market inspector shrieking, "How dare you sell these poor quality pots at such a high price!" The pot seller would have answered back but there was a fierce eagle warrior with a razor-sharp spear, who had a menacing look that could make your heart sink, glaring at my grub.

Admiring a midnight-black panther skin on a nearby stall, not daring to reach my hand out to touch its vicious teeth, I exchanged my jaguar tooth for a delicious omelette to soothe my hunger. Out of the corner of my eye a short-haired puppy was whining whilst attempting to squeeze through the bars of its cage. As quick as a flash, I ran over and exchanged my bag of gold dust for the sorry animal. I had always wanted a companion.

Feeling rather thirsty as I walked up to the water stall, I swapped my father's hand-carved lucky charm made of whalebone. Having quenched my thirst, I looked over to the far corner of the market and, to my surprise and sorrow, I spotted three young children with rusty chains around their scrawny necks.

It was getting darker as I heaved my heavy bones back to my house but this time under the moon instead of the sun. With a sigh of relief I settled down on my straw bed for a long sleep.

Felix Griffin 2A

'LIFE IN THE FACTORY' BY A VICTORIAN GIRL

I'm Lucy Brown and only aged eleven. I have been working at the Joneson's Mill for the past five years of my life, although days crawl by really slowly when you can't walk anywhere. I started work at the mill when I turned six, the overlooker put me straight to work as a scavenger just like my brother.

Being a scavenger is one of the most dangerous jobs at the mill and all I get for it is 2s a week. We have to work from 6am in the morning until 9pm at night then, when I had finally walked the three-mile lane back home, I just collapsed.

Two years after I started working at the mill my legs got trapped in one of the machines and after that I couldn't walk. My older brother and younger sister were just able to carry me there every morning, but if we were ever late the overlooker would deal with us. The overlooker was a bad man and if we were ever late or stopped work for a little rest he would beat us with a leather strap until we were black and blue.

In the next couple of years my brother got caught in a deadly machine but, unlike me, he didn't escape. When that happened, I wasn't able to go to work because no-one could carry me anymore. I didn't die, like my brother did, but due to working at the mill I'm really unhealthy now and, if I don't die of some sort of sickness, I will die due to the infection in my legs.

Eloise Dooley 4G



THE SNOW QUEEN

presented by the children of J2



On Wednesday 30th March, 2011, the J2 children of The King's School, Chester performed 'The Snow Queen' in the Consterdine Hall. The performance was a great hit with the parents, staff and children in the audience. The children had been practising extremely hard for several weeks and the hard work had definitely paid off! The performances were fantastic and the audience was astounded.

The Sprites were played mostly by J2D and they were fierce and bold. The Snow Queen was played by Jasmine Denton, who wore a spectacular costume and very sparkling make-up. Her crown glittered in the lights throughout the play. The Robbers came mostly from J2A and they did an extremely humorous scene, which made the audience roar with laughter. The Crows were also fabulously funny. Junior Crow, played by Paddy Barlow, was the funniest one and Ma Crow, played by Aylish Maclean, was the sensible crow. Pa Crow, played by Jake Wundke, was the straight man. The three of them together were hilarious and kept everyone entertained for the whole production.

An exceptional performance was given by the star of the show, Gerda, played by Alchemy Lucas. She showed that she was an extremely talented actress, who gave a clear and emotional performance. Her co-star, Kai, played by the very handsome Joseph Webb, was very nervous but gave an excellent performance, too. Both of them were well supported by Miranda Thompson, who played the Grandma, and was also brilliant.

The scene at the castle was really entertaining. The Prince and Princess, played by Daniel Sharratt and Emily Haughton, were bickering all the time and this was very funny indeed. They were joined by the King and Queen and all the servants to perform a very complicated and well-choreographed dance. The music, provided by the J4 percussion group and Mrs Roberts, added to the huge success of the performance.

The J2 children of The King's School should be extremely proud and impressed with their achievement. 'The Snow Queen' was a resounding success!

Joseph Webb 2D



Living History

My Tudor Costume

by Miranda Thompson

The ruff

I made my ruff from paper. To make it, I got along strip of lining paper and folded it the way you make a fan. Next I used a holepunch to make a hole in the folded piece of paper and threaded some string through. Finally I tied it round my neck. It is very itchy to wear. The most expensive Tudor ruffs were made from lace, but others were made from linen. Tudors used starch, supports, underprops and pins to make the ruffs stick up

The material

My dress is made from curtain material. In Tudor days, rich people wore clothes made from silk, satin, velvet, taffeta and sarcenet. Fabrics were dyed rich colours, which was very expensive because the dyes had to be imported from foreign countries. Only noble people were allowed to wear these rich clothes. There was even a law about it – the Tudor Sumptuary Laws or Statutes of Apparel.

The skirt

Tudor ladies wore a sort of cage called a farthingale under their skirts to make them stick out. The farthingale was made out of willow branches. They also supported the skirt with a roll of fabric tied round the hips called abumroll. Instead of a farthingale, I have used a circle of cardboard to hold out my skirt and made a bumroll from a pair of tights stuffed with newspaper.

Boning

There is some plastic boning in the bodice of my dress. Elizabethan corsets were stiffened with either whale bone or wood.

THE GREEN TEAM EVENT for Macmillan Cancer Support and The Hospice of the Good Shepherd

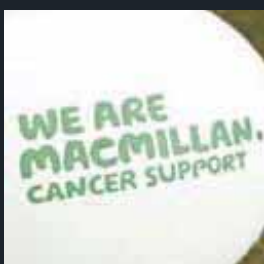
Despite the weather forecast on Thursday, 26th April, The Junior School was determined to fulfil its promise of raising money for this wonderful charity by running round the school fields.

This great idea was the brain child of two of our pupils from the Third Year: Jasmine Denton and Edward Kane. The two pupils, both members of Mr David O'Neil's form, put forward the idea of a charity run earlier in the year. They suggested a run or walk of 1 to 2 km to take place during a lunchtime break. Once given the 'go ahead' by Mr Malone the two pupils prepared a fantastic advertising campaign which they posted all over the school.

It became the 'Charity Day with a Green Theme'! All of the pupils were invited to come in their own clothes – with one proviso- that one article of clothing was to be green. When the morning arrived, Mr O'Neil sported green socks, green top and a green wig. Mark Hill from 4G was unrecognisable in a Shrek mask with curly wig and Mr Malone looked just the ticket in his green Leprechaun outfit!

Everyone brought £2 and this donation was split between The Hospice of the Good Shepherd and Macmillan Cancer support.

Our reporter caught up with Mr O'Neil in the afternoon of the event and he said, "Many thanks to all staff and pupils. Over £600 has been raised so far. This is a brilliant effort in all the rain – a green TEAM event!"



ANIMATION CLUB



IT WAS BUSY TODAY IN THE MARKET

Blazing sunshine sparkled through the straw of my hut. I was excited because it was market day. Immediately I gathered my things, including six copper axes, fifty cocoa beans, a cotton cloak and twenty turquoise feathers. I hoped to buy a slave, a dog, tortillas and some maize. I quickly rushed through the door and sprinted to the narrow, wooden boat that would take me to the market.

A few minutes later I arrived safely at the market. Bustling with traders and spectators, the market place was a wild and raucous hive of activity. Many people turned to greet me as I pushed my way through the crowd. They traded stories and gossip in the same enthusiastic and frantic way that they swapped their possessions.

As I chose a tempting tortilla, I heard a gruff voice shouting behind me. I turned to see the sharp-featured Market Inspector, who was berating the owner of a pottery stand.

"All of these plates have cracks in them! You're wasting everybody's time with your shoddy wares."

The Eagle Warrior, who glared evilly at me, stood behind the Market Inspector. He clearly thought that this argument was none of my business and so I gathered the tortilla and my other things and moved on to the next stall.

My wandering brought me close to the sound of yapping puppies as I approached a stall selling live animals. They were all tethered up on leashes, looking as thin and miserable as the human slaves who were chained up next to them. My heart reached out to a miniature, hairless dog with beady, brown eyes that seemed to be begging to be rescued. I traded twenty cocoa beans for its freedom. I planned to keep it as a cuddly companion rather than devour it for my supper.

Having quickly swapped ten turquoise feathers for some maize, I turned my attention towards acquiring a slave. I chose a teenage girl with mazarine eyes and ebony hair. She looked healthier than the others but, as a result, cost me six copper axes, my cloak and the rest of my cocoa beans.

We all wended our weary way back to my hut, where I was greeted by my sister at the door and I told her of my busy day of bartering. My sister asked if we could eat the puppy. "No, it's my friend!" I screamed.

Our new slave prepared a late night meal before we retired to our beds.

Lily Walker 2A

A VICTORIAN TALE

"I can't go on, I just can't; we're going to die out here and you know it!"

"No, we're not!" The boy shouted back over the wind.

His sister's face was quivering with fear and tiredness; if he could have helped her in any way, he would have. The storm was raging and the lightning was tearing through the clouds like a sharp needle through fabric. The thunder was clapping out of the jet-black clouds which hung over them – like a bad omen.

The trees lunged at the sky like arthritic fingers trying to tear open a letter. As they trudged past them, they seemed to throw out gnarled roots, as if trying to make them trip up into the thick, oozing mud. Their clothes ripped as they clambered through what seemed like endless barriers of thorns. The thorns scratched and scraped them – tearing through their skin, making them leak rose-red blood. "Hell," thought the boy, as he continuously battled through the pounding rain.

The sudden bursts of lightning made the sky look as though it was laughing at them and mocking them! "She's right," the boy thought, "we are going to die out here in this desolate wasteland." As he thought this, a branch broke overhead, landing just next to the girl's tattered shoes! As they trudged on, the storm somehow got worse, neither of them thought it was possible for it to get worse: the rain was already pelting at their dirty, tattered rags, making it a living hell!

"Look, light!" screamed the girl. It was as if someone had taken a stone and struck a spark of hope into her heart. Even the boy had broken into a run; he was sprinting through the stagnant puddles with the wind at his back. There was a huge clash of lightning which momentarily blinded him; he stumbled over a gnarled root, sending him tumbling through the air. As he fell, the world seemed to slow down, almost to a halt. When he stopped falling, he was even dirtier, colder and wetter. He just wanted to be safe.

His sister caught up, he was almost at the light. His sister seemed happy, but still sad. The final paces were the hardest. As they stumbled towards the gate and leant against it, it bruised their sides but they did not care. The gate felt cold and wet – almost reptilian – but yet there was something comforting about it. They did not know what but they knew they were where they were meant to be.

There was a bolt of lightning and a clap of thunder which illuminated the words on the gate "PARISH WORKHOUSE".

Ben Davies 4H

JOURNEY TO THE WORKHOUSE

Howling, as if in pain, the harsh winds blew violently; dark, thin clouds whipped across the black, velvet sky. Darting down, a solitary leaf left the bare tree as the crooked branches shivered in the cold, piercing winds. Hanging down, the tree's branches that were bare looked like witches' fingers desperately trying to grab two small figures on the hillside. Loudly cascading teardrops pounded the damp, soaked earth as the long, thin grass blew in the freezing winds.

Silhouetted against the black midnight sky, the bright moon glimmered as it slowly crept behind the dark clouds. Faint pricks of light glowed everywhere across the dark, silent night. Suddenly, a huge rumble of thunder spread through the area.

"W-w-what was th-th-that noise?" asked Oliver as he tightly clutched Sue's hand, which shivered in the cold winds. "Just some thunder," Sue said. "Nothing to be scared of." Razor-sharp thorns looked like they were ready to tear flesh, as if they were the teeth of a ferocious beast.

As they nervously trudged along the gigantic hillside, a beam of lightning struck the ground. Frightened, Oliver stumbled on some rocks and fell to the ground. "I can't go on, it's too much, just too much," said Oliver.

"Come on, not long to go!" replied Sue. Suddenly a flash of lightning lit up the jet-black sky. Looking up, Sue saw the distant, dim lights of an old lantern; it was the workhouse. Unexpectedly, Sue remembered when she and her mother would arrive at their antiquated, cosy house after a long walk.

Formidable floods of water hit the earth like torrents, cascading down onto the damp grass, that rippled across the hillside, disturbed by the rain. Another sharp strike of lightning appeared in the sky. Throwing clouds across the heavens, the wind blew frantically. It was a wild sight.

Worsening, the storms continued. "Finally, we made it," Sue cried, as they approached the dim lights of the gloomy workhouse. Her legs trembled and her yellow, gritty teeth shuddered. Sharp, steel spikes shot up like arrows. As Sue rang the ancient, rusty bell an old lantern creaked by the gate and swayed from side to side, its light uncovering a crooked shadow coming towards them.

Edward Hughes 4D



SCHEHERAZADE

produced by Jan Anderson



The exotic delights of the Persian Court were brought to the stage of the Vanbrugh Theatre as children of J2 performed a spectacular interpretation of "Scheherazade".

The magic begins when two children, played by Lily Walker and Tom Hughes, discover an ancient dust-covered book – Tales of The Arabian Nights - in an antique shop. A mysterious shopkeeper, played by George Arnold, begins to reveal the fable.

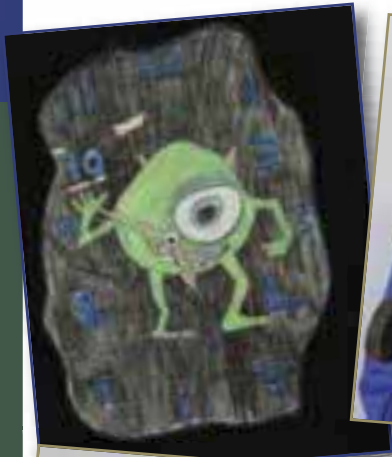
A story of love, intrigue and power, the plot revolves around the beautiful Scheherazade, played by the charming Mansi Gupta, who must entertain the sinister Sultan or risk a trip to the executioner's block. Scheherazade beguiles the Sultan, played

with authority by Angus Millard, with her cleverly interwoven stories of Arabia.

The famous tales of the Beggar, Ali Baba, the Fisherman and the Stone King were dramatised by a magnificent cast, in a play written by Nick Perrin and adapted for the 59 children of J2 by director Jan Anderson.

Sumptuous costumes were provided by the family and friends of the children, along with teachers Pennie Aspinwall and Jo Benson. Music was supplied by Barbara Roberts, supported by a merry band of percussionists.

Technology









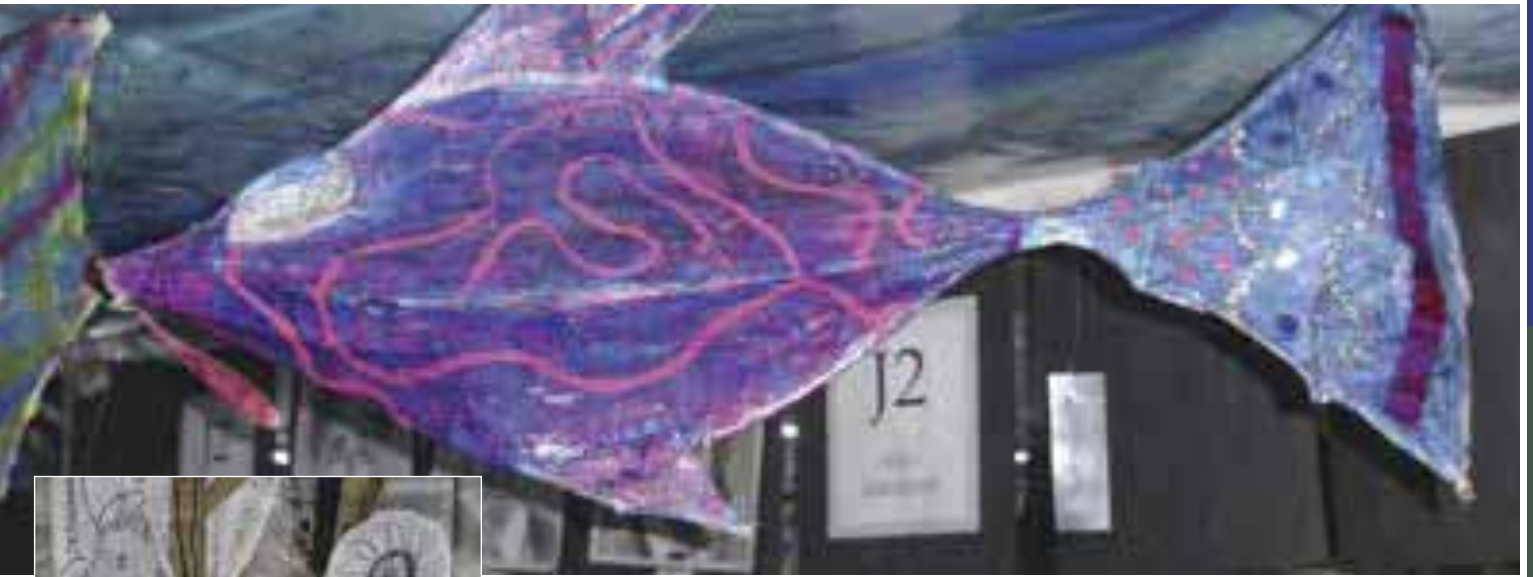
Picture This!





Picture This!





The Willow Sculpture

Visitors to The King's Junior School's playing fields will be fascinated by the wonderful willow sculpture which literally took 'root' in February 2012. After months of careful watering and tender care, it now provides an interesting landscape and play area for the pupils of Junior King's.

The sculpture was the brain child of our Art Coordinator, Miss Kirsty Savage. Her intention was to create a stimulating environment which would be 'hands on' in its creation and which would provide a living play area for the pupils.

The project was sponsored by The King's Parents' Association and the whole school was involved in its planting: children and parents worked together over a period of a week, during a particularly cold spell in February, when the willow was dormant.

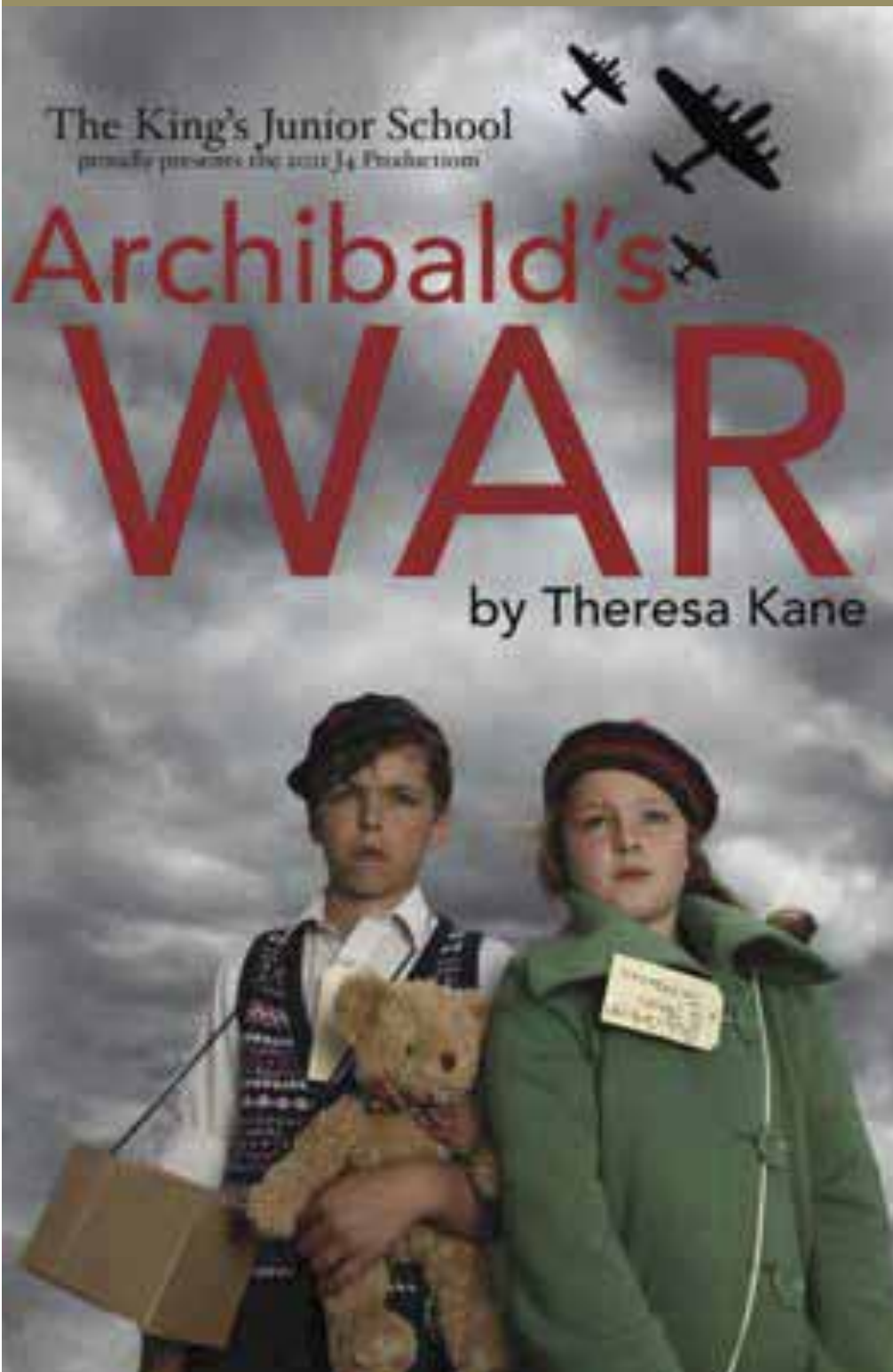
The artist was Julie Starks from Bristol who is an expert willow sculptor. Having seen photos of the site, and after discussions with Miss Savage, Julie Starks suggested a sea scheme theme. She designed a large octopus, the central dome of which, or body, was to provide accommodation for a small class pursuing outdoor activities. The tentacles were tunnels with curving walls; two smaller fish domes completed the seascape design.



Planting began by marking shapes out on the ground and removing the turf. Vertical thicker pieces of willow were then dug in and bent and tied into the shapes. Every 20 centimetres, 'weavers' were put into the ground and woven around those structures. The willow began to sprout in March.

The creation of the willow structure has been a real team effort.







The King's Junior School Proudly Presents : The 2012 J4 Production

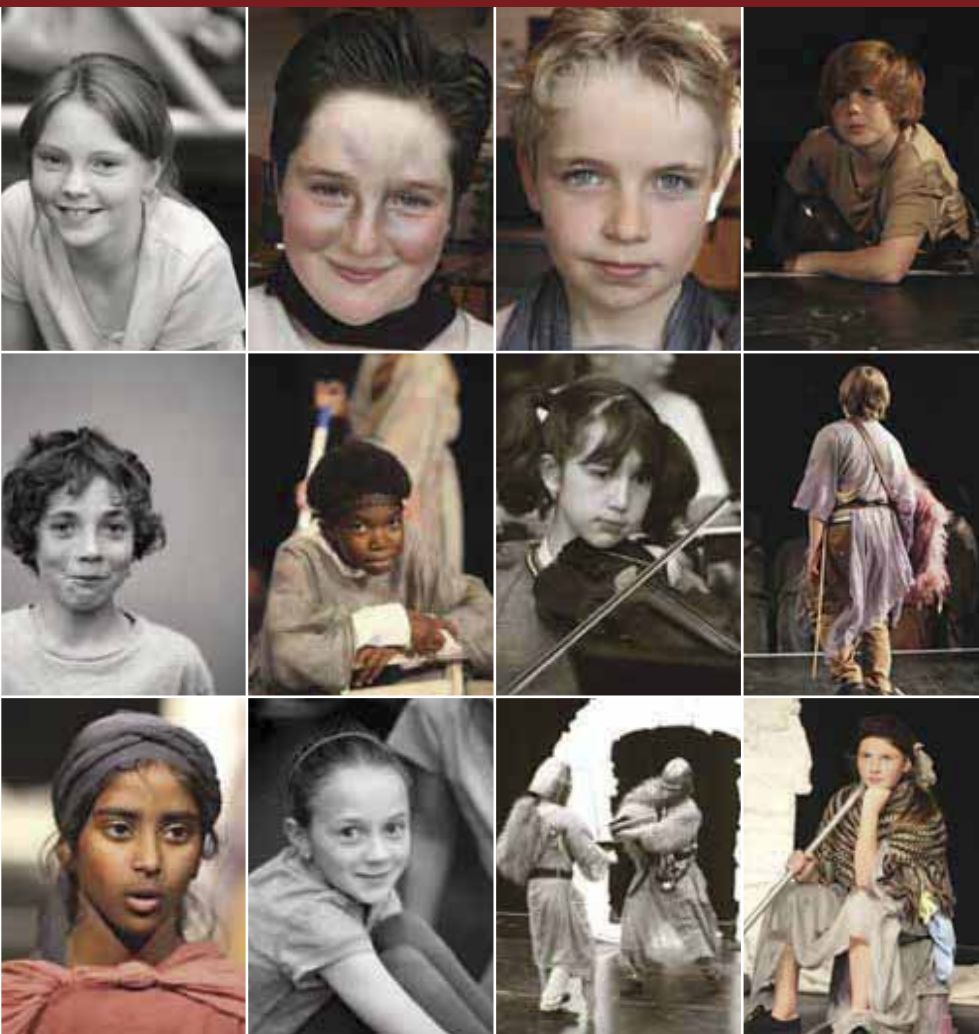
MACBETH

A Shakespeare 4 Kids Adaptation by Julian Cheney, Matt Gribbet & William Shakespeare



Wednesday 27th & Thursday 28th June 7:00 pm The Vanbrugh Theatre





CELEBRATION OF PUPILS' PERFORMANCE IN SPEECH, MUSIC AND DRAMA. 2011 - 12

One day, on 29th February, something amazing happened! The 'Celebration of Pupils' Performance in Speech, Music and Drama' was held at King's Junior School in the Consterdine Hall. Many pupils demonstrated their skill in drama, speech and music and I am just going to write about two of the performers.

Aled Bennett strode up onto this stage, his maroon guitar clenched in his hand. It was made of fine wood with a glistening varnish. It was a fine, beautiful instrument. Wiping sweat off his brow, he played Buen Augurio by Maximo Diego Pugal, a stunningly good piece, which Aled played like a Grade 8 master, whose music consumed the minds of the audience. The music wafted like a gentle breeze through the air. The guitar practically sang to the audience and the audience thankfully repaid Aled with thunderous applause.

Oliver Irvine was ready. His hands trembled and his lips quivered as he walked upright onto the stage. He paused. He thought. He recited. 'How to ask for a Hamster' is a comical poem, which tells of a pleading boy, who begs his mum for a whole load of unusual pets, when all he really wanted was a hamster. The way Oli recited it made me feel as if I was watching TV. As soon as he finished, he was washed over by the applause.

As you can see from this passage, the King's Junior School contains many kind, generous and talented pupils and teachers in its safe, comfortable environment. I am sure that many people have talents like this. This is why schools are so great.

They help excavate these talents, which can sometimes be buried deep inside.

Georgia Spender 2A

Actors' Thoughts

"Before I made my first entrance on stage, I felt very nervous but excited."

Aled Bennett

"I think that Macbeth, as a character, was gullible, easily persuaded and fickle."

Hugo Evans

"The funny thing that happened in rehearsal was when I was dragged off painfully: both people that took me off went their own way – and I ended up doing the splits!"

Charlie Clarke

"Standing in the wings, I heard the confidence and determination in some of the actors' voices"

Isabelle Pearce

"This experience meant a lot to me because it was on my 11th birthday and I will always remember that."

Eliza Edwards

"Backstage I was nervous because even though I knew my lines, I was afraid that I would forget them."

Matthew Daborn

"The funniest thing that happened in rehearsal was when we first saw Xavier and Laura performing as the porters." Akila Mohan

Creative Writing

TEN THINGS FOUND IN A WIZARD'S POCKET

A dark, starry night.
 Some magical words that nobody could ever spell.
 A glass of squash full to the brim.
 A large giraffe.
 A vest made from leopard skin.
 A handkerchief the size of a blue whale.
 A bill from the coat shop.
 A bucket full of moons and planets, to mix with the dark night.
 A white rabbit.

Georgia Spender 2A



SOMETHING IN THE MIST

Deep in the emerald forest, Something was stirring. Two yellow eyes were staring unblinkingly in the darkness. The mist was rising from the ground like steam off a cooking pot. Something padded through the wild undergrowth as silently as a panther. The moon was a shining beacon suspended in the jewelled night sky. The Something was searching, searching high and low and only he knew what for.

The forest animals cowered in their dens, hiding from this mysterious monster. His ears were as large as elephants' and his teeth were sharper than any knife. Something roared like a bull moose and screeched like a hawk but he still could not find what he was looking for. The trembling trees seemed to be whispering to each other, their leaves being buffeted about by the wind. CRASH! Down fell several oaks and birches as the Something plodded by. SLICE! Lots of wild flowers were lashed at with Something's razor tail.

Something ambled through the thick mist, investigating every nook and cranny of the wood, prodding and poking in the dust with his paws. Something climbed up trees to seek his prey but still nothing interesting appeared. Something searched the four corners of the forest and in the darkest, shadowy corners of the trees. The spooky, eerie cave that was his lair towered over the forest and Something longed to rest but he must find what he wanted, he must, before dawn. The swirling mist lingered in the air, its icy fingers touching you when you ventured in too deep. Suddenly, Something let out a roar of triumph. He stared with his brilliant yellow eyes at his prey. Something had been searching for ME.

Rhiannon Jackson 4T

THE FORGOTTEN ROOM

I glanced around and my eager eyes fell on a wardrobe in the corner. It was leaning against the old peeling wall, like a man who had underestimated the power of ageing and had walked too far. A hem of a wedding dress was just visible, trailing out of the ancient wardrobe.

My eyes attempted to drink in the whole room. Old carpets, wardrobes, newspapers and old vases jostled for space in this cramped place.

In the corner I saw a box of Christmas decorations. Gold tinsel drooped from the side of the box. It once was a thing of beauty but now could be mistaken for a limp piece of rope. Baubles, all sorts of colours, could be mistaken for neglected treasures. Next to the box lay an angel with her wand broken and her wings snapped. You could tell she had been here a long time.

I noticed a bundle of newspapers, some of which dated back to 1945. I picked one up but found that yellow bundle of information was totally illegible. I had been here long enough to realise that there was a musty aroma; I rather liked it.

A small box was leaning on a mirror with many intricate cobwebs on the once shiny surface. In the box was a small, toy dog. An eye was missing and the other had been carelessly sewn on. A little of one ear had been bitten off, although you could tell it was once loved as most of the fur was rubbed off.

At the very end wall I saw a roll of carpet. It had once been white but now it was a dirty, creamy colour, almost hidden in the corner. I heard the raindrops tapping on the window.

Shooting across the room was a stream of light, spiders danced in the ray of gold. I turned back to the wedding dress and saw someone's initials.

Sophie Garnell 4H

THE CROCAMINGO

A Crocamingo is a lovely animal. It is a combination of a flamingo, parrot, crocodile and a lemur. Did you know that in China they call it 'she yo', which means four animals?

Description

The Crocamingo has a black and white tail, a scaled body, a feathered body and a pair of long legs. It measures two and a half metres – quite a big animal, isn't it? The Crocamingo can run up to 40 mph. Did you know the Crocamingo can slow its heart beat so it can play dead and, if something tries to eat it, it can eat them!

Diet

The Crocamingo is an omnivore, which means it eats meat and plants. Its favourite thing to eat is lemur with some berries.

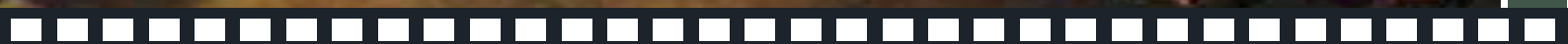
Where it lives

The Crocamingo lives in the jungle. It sometimes lives in the Amazon river. The baby Crocamingo is born in July – August. It takes one month to learn how to catch prey. The Crocamingo egg weighs 1 kg.

Summary

Although the Crocamingo is a large animal, it is in danger so, if you want to adopt one, you can and if you want to know more about the Crocamingo, go to www.crocamingo.co.uk.

Joshua Korb 1D



THE ROAD

The road I'm talking about is magical. I call it 'A Journey into Secret Worlds'. It is always there but walking is the only way that you can be on it.

First of all, you sink into the road and you feel like jelly. It sounds squeaky and sticky, like you are going into a bog. Once you're underneath, it is as if you are under the sea. You see octopus and fish and I once saw a shipwreck. The shipwreck was brown and tattered and all mouldy.

Next, you bounce up into the sky and travel all over space – to the moon and back to earth. It feels exhilarating. You see the stars glittering. When you bounce, it's like you're on a trampoline.

The final adventure is the 'eat a bit' (that's what I call it!). What happens is that you eat lots of chocolate and candyfloss off the floor, which makes a hole. Then it makes you shrink and a swan swims towards you and you get on it and it carries you across the hole to the other side of the road.

When I get back to my house I always have a swan's feather with me, so I know that it is true.

Alice Thomas 4G

THE ROAD

The dust storm whirled through the desert so that I could only see a few feet in front of me. I glanced at Gemma. Her light brown hair hid her face and her hands covered her eyes.

"Amy," she said, her voice small and quiet, "are you sure we'll... you know ...," she paused, "find the stone?"

I was hoping she wouldn't ask that question. "Probably," I said, sounding as though trying to convince myself, "but if we don't..."

"The shadows will take over," interjected Gemma. She turned her head away from me and looked off into the desert, though there wasn't much to see through the dust storm.

I knew she was upset. Her father had recently been killed by the shadows. I put my arm on her shoulder and tried to comfort her, though I knew her father's death had left a scar that couldn't be healed. For a few minutes there was an awkward silence. Finally she spoke, "Look!!" she shouted and pointed to something black a few metres in front of us. It took me a couple of seconds to figure out it was a road. Then something in my mind clicked. If we follow this road, we could be led out of the desert and to safety. But suddenly a small crack developed in the road and grew larger and larger until it was as long as a car and a foot wide. Gemma screamed as the road began to crumble and fall apart.

Gravity soon brought me to my knees and forced me onto my stomach so that half of my face was being pushed into gravel.

"Gemma!" I yelled but there was no reply. I tried once more but the same answer of silence came. The dust storm suddenly started to move quicker and faster until everything was a blur of amber. An ear-piercing scream came out of nowhere and darkness fell upon me.

Sarah Korb 4G



THE ATTIC

The attic was dark. I fumbled for the switch and as I touched it, a lone bulb, which hung from a tired wire in the centre of the ceiling, flickered into life.

I noticed an old golliwog, its body protected by a rotting cardboard box. The box felt soggy and damp and was scribbled on by what I could only assume was a young child. The musty aroma of the box crept out to fill the attic with the sorrow of the abandoned, helpless little doll. Once loved, it must have spent holidays, movie-nights and bedtimes, both happy and sad and exciting, wrapped up in a child's arms. The golly had lost one eye which was covered in a Winnie-the Pooh plaster, the other falling almost off its stitch.

My eyes then fell on a cupboard which leaned against a cracked and peeling wall. A broken leg forced the cupboard to lean helplessly over on one side. I was sure that it was a wounded soldier limping home from war. The right door was missing a hinge so it revealed a torn hem of lace and silk which belonged to an ancient wedding dress. It felt so soft and delicate to touch.

As I looked around the room I saw a bundle of newspapers clearly dated 1945 and an old roll of carpet, the plastic backing being attacked by the many inhabitants of the attic. In the attic things were squeezed into corners or just dumped in the entrance. I suddenly saw something unexpected...

A smashed mirror, held with a silver frame, was covered in paper-clipped black and white photos of a young girl, her hair as sleek and black as a raven and scraped back in a tight bun. Her waist was only a couple of inches due to her corset. I pushed away some cobwebs and noticed how the delicate work of the spider almost hid a little lock of her hair. Overturned face liquid stained the wooden table.

I quickly turned to check the trapdoor was still wedged open and, as I did so, I heard a creak from the floorboards. It was a scratching, pattering sort of sound. I swivelled round to see everything once again, still, apart from the golliwog, who seemed to have found his way out of the box and onto the small bundle of newspapers.

Stephanie Christenson 4H



THE REFUGEE

The blue turban was made of cotton, like a coiled snake nestled on his head. It was silky, although it was made of cotton.

The man had a wrinkled forehead, cracked by the sun and creased with age, sweat dripping from every brink, beaten from the golden rays. His eyes looked tired from hard work, years of work. His eyes made him look like a veteran, fighting for his life.

He looked solemn, in prayer, thinking of his kids. He was coming to the end of his life, regretting.

His turban had been blown away by the wind. He ran after it, his veins pumping as he ran, ran, ran...

Hamish Strudwick 4H



WHAT AM I?

- A cuddle-lover
- A furry stretcher
- A tree climber
- A leaf flicker
- A collar-wearer
- A mouse chaser
- A carpet scratcher
- A stair racer.

Sophie O'Leary 1D

A ROYAL FORECAST

Good Morning everyone and we all know what day it is today. It's the Royal Wedding. I'm looking forward to seeing Will and Kate get married but the big question is will it rain?

Normally I would start with Scotland but since you are all so excited, let's start with Westminster and Central London.

Today will start cloudy with sunny spells later, hopefully in time for the wedding at 11.00 am. But no rain is forecast. Hooray !!! Winds will be light, north-easterly. The temperature will be around 18° C. So a chilly start, warming up later. Overall a very pleasant day.

For the rest of the country, who cares about the weather? All eyes will be on the Royal Wedding! Only kidding! For the rest of the country, for your street and wedding parties, Scotland, Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland and Borders will have a sunny day, the rest of the country will be cloudy with sunny spells but with a chance of showers in the south east. Whatever you're doing, have a nice day (and don't forget the suncream).

Arthur Greenwood 1B



PUPILS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED MOBILE PHONES IN SCHOOL

Recently, in class, we have been debating whether or not mobile phones should be allowed in the Junior School. I feel very strongly that we shouldn't be allowed phones in school and I have a number of reasons to support this view.

To start with, my first reason is that it interrupts learning. The reason parents send children to school is to learn and I am sure parents will not want anything to get in the way of their child's education. Like the saying – 'knowledge is power'. For example, if a phone goes off in class, not only will it disturb the owner but it will disturb the whole class. Another classroom situation where phones are bad is that the pupil may be thinking about their phone in class, what their friend is saying on Facebook or another latest craze.

Secondly, I think that primary school pupils are not at an age to understand the dangers that lie in mobiles. Do you really think that a seven-year old would be able to understand the dangers of Facebook, Twitter and other social networking sites? A child may be on Facebook in a lesson and receive abusive and hurtful comments, which would undermine their confidence. Some children may even be tempted to meet up with a stranger they met on a social site.

My last reason for not having phones in school is that it may encourage bullying. A situation which could happen, if mobiles were to be allowed, is that somebody may be picked on for not having a mobile or the latest model. This may result in bullying in cyber space and in schools. Bullies might be enticed into this via mobiles. Also, if you had a fall-out with your friend, then you might feel that you must send abusive messages back to them in anger.

I am sure I have convinced you not to allow phones in school and my main reasons are that it interrupts learning, has dangers of the internet and it encourages bullying.

Ruhi Singh 4G



JESUS RODE INTO JERUSALEM ON A DONKEY

I held the hand of my father as we jostled through the crowd. The sun was high. I could feel my heart pumping. The king was coming to our town! I hoped that I would be able to touch the hem of his cloak as he passed.

A huge roar rose from the people. In the distance, I could see... a donkey. Why was the king of kings riding on a donkey? I was much disappointed. He was also not wearing a magnificent cloak but a plain white tora.

People started laying their coats on the ground; how foolish is this? What will they start doing next? My question was soon answered – the people of my town started chopping branches off the nearby trees.

They placed the branches and their coats on the road – so did my father. Jesus' donkey walked over these. What on earth was going on? Suddenly I realised that, although he was the king of kings, he

did not wear expensive clothes because he was trying to teach us.

He was trying to tell us by his clothes and donkey that he, the king of kings, wasn't trying to be great. I lay my coat on the ground, too, and the donkey stepped on it. "This is the best day of my life," I thought.

The people behind started a chant and I joined in. It went, "Praise God! God bless him who comes in the name of the Lord! God bless the coming kingdom of King David, our father! Praise God!"

This was the best ever day of my life. I wish I could replay it from the beginning. When I arrived home, I wished that I had realised at the beginning why the king did not wear fancy clothes or come on a beautiful horse.

Amelia Standing 4H

BOOK REVIEW: CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY By Roald Dahl

Have you ever read a Roald Dahl book? If you haven't, this would be a good start for you to settle into. Every single book that Roald Dahl writes is good and I am sure you will enjoy this.

Now, here is some of the story: Charlie Bucket has a Grandma, a Grandad, Granny, Grandpa and a Mum and Dad. They all live together in a small hut in a village. They are very poor. One day, Willy Wonka sends out five golden tickets. If you got one you would get to go to his Chocolate Factory. Charlie needs a ticket to have a good life but does he succeed?

I like this book very much because Dahl uses some of the best words and phrases. He makes words up, like 'snozzberries' and he has great alliteration, like 'luminous lollies' and 'wriggle sweets'. He makes the characters sound really revolting or really kind or really bad. Roald Dahl says, "When I first thought about writing the book 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory', I never originally meant to have children in it at all!" I am glad he changed his mind!

I would recommend this book for ages six to twelve and you will enjoy this book very much if you are very jolly or like surprises! I would give this book a five star rating.

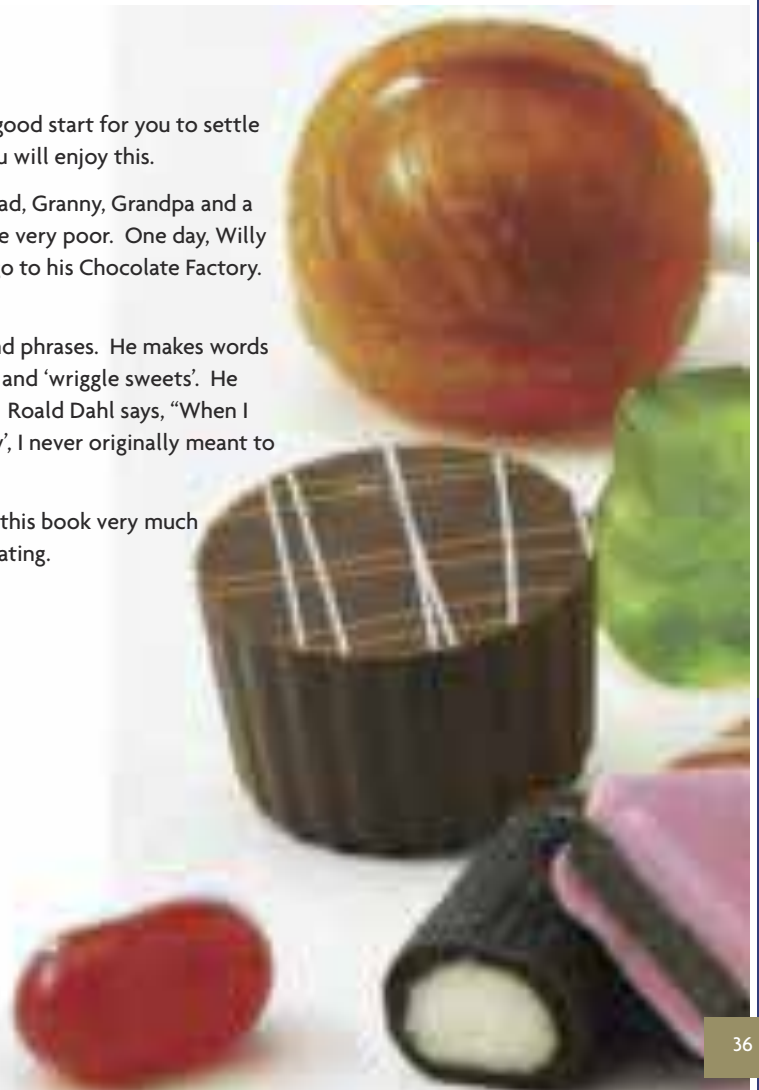
William Thompson 1D

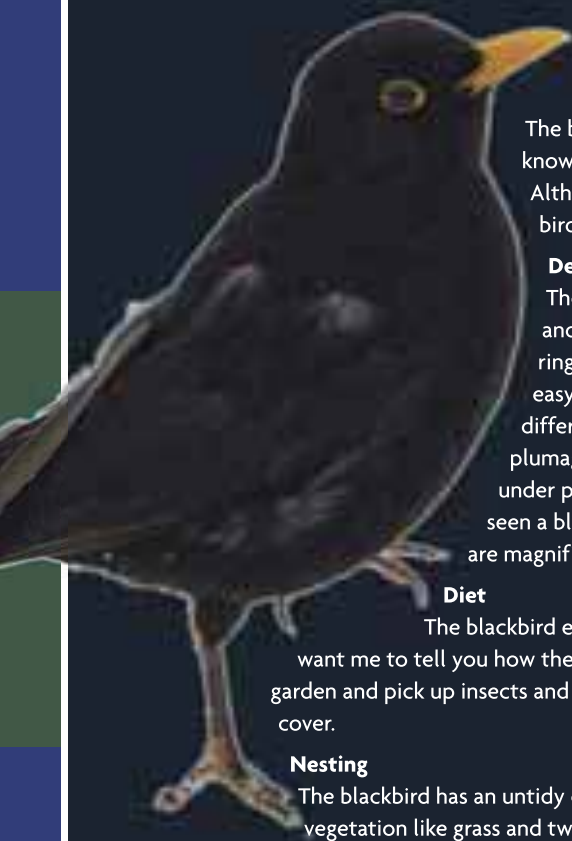
RECIPE FOR WINTER

Take some deep, white snow,
Some sparkling frost and ice
And freezing snowballs.
Add some red holly berries,
Some ruby-breasted robins
And shining baubles.
Mix with days of silver frost,
Some carrot-nosed snowmen
And a sprinkling of stardust.

Decorate with glittering
garlands,
Some green holly leaves
And the smell of mince pies.
Leave in the freezer
For three long months
And you have made winter.

Miranda Thompson 2A





BLACKBIRD

The blackbird is one of the most well-known birds in the United Kingdom. Although the male's plumage is black, the bird is beautifully coloured.

Description

The male blackbird's plumage is black and it has an orange-yellow bill and eye ring. Did you know the male blackbird is easy to recognise but the female is different because she has a dark-brown plumage and a yellow bill with speckled under parts and a pale throat? Have you seen a blackbird before? If you haven't, they are magnificent!

Diet

The blackbird eats insects and earthworms. Do you want me to tell you how they get food? They run across the garden and pick up insects and earthworms and then run back to cover.

Nesting

The blackbird has an untidy cup built by the female from vegetation like grass and twigs, bound together with mud and finer grass. It lays three to five eggs and incubation takes ten to nineteen days. It takes a whopping ten to nineteen days to fledge.

Summary

The blackbird has two to three clutches. If you put blackbird seed in your garden you should surely see them. Would you like more information about the blackbird? If you do, go to www.gardenbirds.co.uk. Then you should see a list of birds. Click on blackbird and then there will be all the information you need to know!

Marcus Young 1D



MEMORIES OF A TIGER

As I gaze at the stars
I feel so imprisoned in this foreign land.
My pride was taken away,
My homeland left behind.

Only I will ever know
The pain and suffering of this kind.
I left my loved ones
In such a far-off place.

Now I am trapped in a man-made green patch,
With a boundary line.
Oh, how I took my freedom for granted.
Those days are left behind.

My orange and black stripes of thick fur;
My deep-set eyes, gazing at the sky.
I once felt like a tiger.
Now I am lost. Why, oh why?

I could sprint with great force,
As I hunted my prey.
I was the great beast,
Who provided the best feasts.

The wild and proud life in me,
Is now a dismal and gloomy one.
My soul is wondering
What to do.
Oh!
Think!
What has man done?

Nikhil Mediratta J3O

THE LEOPARD

She swiftly climbs to the shelter
of the tree,
Doing it better than you could, or
me.

She never slips or falls;
She never slows or stalls
For she was born to this, you see.

She was made to jump and leap;
She was meant, in the day, to sleep
This creature on our earth,
That was spotty right from birth,
An animal with such steady feet!

Rhiannon Jackson 4T





Who Am I?

Air cutter
Bill clicker
Silent flutter
Neck twister

Head bobber
Wing spreader
Body swayer
Victim catcher

Tree weaver
Food receiver
Fierce biter
Song writer

William Halewood
3P

OWL RENDEZ – VOUS

I had a rendezvous with an owl
His eyes were like balls of fire

He wore a cloak of feathers
He winked at me
I followed him
His flight was more a quest
more a mission

He took the path down to the frozen lake
On winter's scent

I heard a call from the tree tops
The owl retreated by the pavement as if he knew
He listened there
I saw a shadow flee

It was a petrified creature
He perused his victim
And swooped

The following night I encountered a crocodile
His mood was volatile.

Charlie Clarke 3P



Owl

Owl lingered
in the whistling wind
sighting mouse and vole
scrutinized each movement and
passed each moment by but never a
sound was made.

Owl plummeted
into the winter white landscape
sharpening talons and beak
terrorized each living thing
setting the land alight with fear.

Owl seized
upon the screeching prey
plundering to the ground of thick
powder
in his beak the animal lay
now which creature awaits his
appearance?

William Medland 3P



Encountering an Ominous Owl

I encountered an owl
His talons were deadly daggers reflecting
the moonlight
He wore a coat of golden armour with colours
mischievously stolen from autumn.
He stared with a gaze which
brought darkness around
I followed in his shadow
His flight was more a swoop more a soar
He took the path along the craggy cliffs
On adventure's scent
I heard the roar of the crashing waves

He vanished by an ominous cave
He lingered there
I saw a shadowed silhouette emerging
from the darkness
It was a mysterious figure in an ebony cloak
I watched as the owl perched upon its shoulder
And then I crept
A fortnight later I collided with a crocodile
we spoke - for a while!

Laura Scott 3P

Creative Writing



THE GRAVEYARD

Silently, I pushed open the old, rusty gate and found myself in the ice-cold graveyard. The first thing my eyes wandered to was one particular grave – I don't know why but I was attracted to it. It seemed to be leaning wearily with age. It was coated with shadows and I could only just make it out but I could see it was weather-worn and crumbling. Then a small mouse ran across the damp grass. Subsequently, an eager-eyed owl swooped down and perched on top of the grave. I took a step back, not scared, just a little shaken.

After my less than wonderful experience with the owl, I looked up at the deformed trees. Their branches reached out as if to scratch someone! Some drooped over like hunchbacks, while others stood tall; they were the soldiers of the forest. Their leaves started to blow violently and I began to wonder why on earth I had come here. Frightened, I stepped back again and now I could see the whole, horrible scene. I was petrified.

My eyes scanned the scene, from the tombs of the dead to the small shrubs – it was all vile. It was enough to chill the blood. Twigs seemed to beat out sinister messages on the gravestones and furtive rustlings in the grass suggested the presence of malevolent creatures. Intermittent shafts of moonlight revealed further gruesome details to my already horrified gaze. Tree trunks, gnarled and wizened with age, seemed to speak for the tortured souls of the dead!

Suddenly, the owl on the first grave I had looked at flew away, sending a gust of ice-cold air blowing on my face. I still seemed to be attracted to it, so I walked over trying to forget all the horrors of the evil graveyard but when I got there I realised the name was obscured by a clump of moss. I had a strange urge to know whose rotted body lay beneath the tombstone, so I scraped the moss off. When I read the name, I was so overcome with fear I nearly had a heart attack! The name read Adam Bartlett. Adam Bartlett is my name. How could I live with this burden?

Adam Bartlett 4D



MUAFLA AND THE GHOST

Once there was a dragon called Muafla. He was a noble and bold hero, at least in his mind.

"I am the bravest hero ever!" he boasted to himself, when he accidentally walked into a gate. It looked very spooky, even for him. He took a deep breath and ran in. He saw ghosts everywhere. He trembled and ran. Muafla was disappointed in himself, that he had been scared by a city. All of a sudden a ghost ran towards him and possessed him.

One day, a brave little mouse wandered in the haunted city with a containment unit in his hand. He saw Muafla looking like he was sleeping, but standing. The mouse felt sorry for Muafla, then he realised he had a containment unit in his hand and he wanted to do something for him.

All of a sudden he threw his containment unit underneath Muafla and opened the containment unit and it inhaled the ghost and Muafla was free! They became best friends for life.

The moral of the story is: treat others the way you want to be treated.

Jonty Spall 1T

THE HOUSE BY THE MOAT

The derelict house cast mysterious shadows over the moat. My foot quivered as I took a step onto the drawbridge. Suddenly, something with scales and blood-red eyes heaved itself out of the river and slithered towards me. I screamed and ran towards the rusty metal doors. They strangely creaked open but I didn't hesitate to race through! I ran and ran until finally I looked back and sighed in relief. I had lost him! I took a glimpse at the chandelier, it was smothered with cobwebs, like a boy's knees in a football match. I jogged to a knight suit. As I admired it I caught a glimpse of a black shadow in its reflection! I whipped round ... Phew! Nothing there! I crept as silently as I could towards a rotting door ...

My hand trembled as I put it on the gleaming doorknob. As I slowly opened the door, a fragile book thumped to the ground in front of me! Suddenly, the pages ripped themselves out of the binding of what used to be a book. They whirled around in a flurry and I swear the shadow passed by again! As I swatted them away, to my horror I saw a man slumped over a table. My brain told me one thing: run!

I burst out of the room hurriedly and raced to another. As I opened the door, I was surprised – it was a kitchen! Not what you would expect. But that was before I saw the knight and so much more! As I looked around, I didn't notice a knight behind me. It tapped me on the shoulder as I whipped round and screamed. I ran to the window, opened it and jumped out!

I ran through the forest, not daring to look back! I finally arrived home. My Mum had my tea ready but I didn't have much appetite!

Eden Hambelton-Davies 1T



TRACTOR POEM

Me and Allis

I have a tractor and her name is Allis
She lives in a shed
Not in a palace.

Allis is sixty
But looks really good
To cover her engine
She has an orange hood.

Off to the rally
We have to go
We polish her up
To be off to the show.

Kristian Ellis J3J



MY MONSTER IS CALLED ELIZER

My monster has a body like a girl human
 Eyes like a red demon's eyes
 A nose like a scary witch
 A mouth like a swimming fish
 Legs like a dolphin tail
 And arms like a violet clam shell.

My monster is as friendly as my special mum
 As clever as an archaeologist
 As loud as flashing lightning
 As smelly as an ogre
 And as frightening as a dream.

My monster Elizer.
 The end.

Isla Plass 1D

MY MONSTER IS CALLED BOB

My monster has a huge body
 Eyes like small M & Ms
 A nose like a rotten carrot
 A mouth like a bruised banana
 Legs like a fat sausage
 And arms like a skinny cucumber.

My monster is as friendly as my mum
 As clever as me
 As loud as a pop star
 As smelly as a swamp
 And as frightening as a ghost.

My monster, Bob.

Melissa Hughes 1D

MY MONSTER IS CALLED MINOTAUR

My monster has a body like a crazy dog
 Eyes like a slithering snake
 A nose like an old witch
 A mouth like a roaring lion
 Legs like a quick ant
 And arms like a snorting pig.

My monster is as friendly as a scary dinosaur
 As clever as a flying pigeon
 As loud as a huge lion
 As smelly as a wet dog
 And as frightening as a sucking vampire.

My monster Minotaur.
 The end.

Joshua Lee 1D



MY INVENTING ROOM

Head bent over the table, my mind plunges into a pool of ideas. Wandering over the room, my eyes are caught by the photo of a waterfall; it reminds me to keep working just as the waterfall perpetually runs along the river bed. Freshly painted, the smooth, beige walls are a sandy desert.

Standing ahead of me, a sleek, wide window sends me cool messages of fresh air. Barely scraping the surface of the delicate glass, dusty blinds cascade with a ripple until they land on the windowsill. As I twist the extended plastic rod, the wooden blinds slowly start to shut out light like eyelids after an exciting and eventful day.

I can hear calming music from my ebony black I-pod Touch. I can hear dinner whispering words of temptation from the pan. My brothers lay the table and all I can hear is the clink and clatter of cutlery.

Next to me is a translucent glass of orange juice; the water's surface reflects everything around me. If I look at it closely, then it's like I'm in a watery, fresh, surreal world. Abruptly I submerge and travel back to the land of ideas. All of this is done in the blink of an eye ... Accompanying my beverage is a freshly baked, spongy treat which sits on my favourite plate.

What could I want more in the world than to be experimenting with my imagination? I write on a wooden, intricately carved table; eagerly my pen moves on a large, elaborately shaped piece of furniture. As I sit there, my mind energetically buzzing, I think to myself what astonishing new world could I unlock next? Sitting there upright, I recall all the anticipated Christmases spent there, I can almost hear laughter and crackers splitting – I can almost catch the unmistakable aroma of turkey in the oven.

This table, this ordinary table in this regular room, somehow, to me, is an infinite number of outrageous things!

Anna Chadwick 4G



MY INVENTING ROOM

The same smell of paper and pen always greets me as I enter my inventing room. Before I start my creations, I always have a rest on the bean bag, next to a sofa bed, alive with clothes.

Behind the desk stands a large cupboard that casts annoying shadows onto my work, no matter what position I adopt.

On a table by the bed stands an illuminated clock into which I can plug my valuable I-Pod. It groans under the weight of the many books that spark my imagination and is cold to the touch. The metal double bed is cursed with an uncomfortable mattress.

The cupboard is decorated with a wide variety of posters from my favourite cartoons. The view from my window is quite boring because all I can see is a large hedge! Whilst I cannot be distracted by my obstructed view, the one thing that really annoys me is my little sister's shouting!

I usually take a shiny, red apple and a clear glass of water into my inventing room to enjoy whilst I am working. My eyes always seem to drift into the corner of the room, where a majestic white bookcase stands and dominates the room.

On the floor of my inventing room lies my old Playmobil knight's castle, filled with miniature warriors waiting to fight the next war!

Did anybody guess that my inventing room is my bedroom? I choose to work there because it is the only place that I can get any peace!

Jack Walker 4H



MARCH OF THE PENGUINS

Emperor Penguins have adapted themselves to the harsh Antarctic in many incredible ways, they have not only adapted their body but their behaviour as well. Such ways include thick feathers to protect them from the extreme cold, which tears through the land in the form of 100 mph winds. The sheer cold seizes the lives of many unfortunate penguins and their chicks. Staying on the subject of the cold, another adaptation is a flap of thick, furry skin, which smothers the egg in a warm veil. This, combined with the ability to walk on their heels, so that the egg is securely gated into place, means that the egg is completely (almost) protected from the elements.

Smaller adaptations are mainly used to move around on the rugged ice. Their tail acts like a counterweight, helping them to balance on the ice. If their feet become tired, they can lie down and slide using their robust rear claws. In order to stand again, they can use their long beaks to get back on their feet.

Some of the penguins' behaviour is an adaptation, too. Every few years they march, as one huge group of penguins, to their breeding ground more than seventy miles away. Because they have made this astounding journey thousands of times over millions of years, they have developed a sort of navigation system. By this, I mean they eventually find their way but they hardly ever make the same route again because of the constant shifting of the ice.

protected from their main predators: the almighty orca whale and the sleek leopard seal. However, they are still subject to theft by the southern giant petrel, a bird prone to catching and eating penguin chicks.

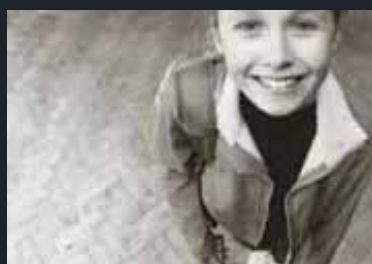
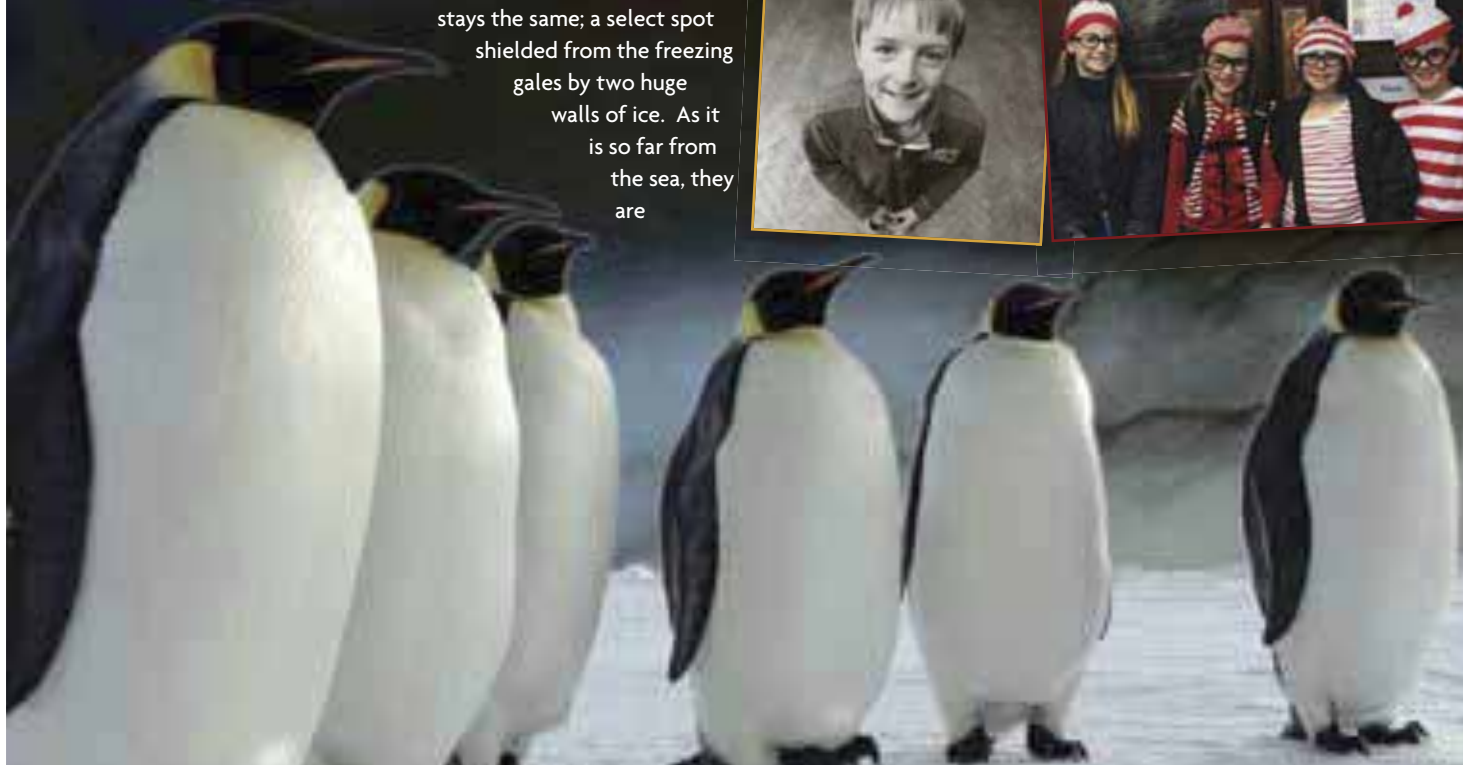
When the mating comes around, much more bizarre behaviour begins to show. In order to attract mates, males lift up their heads to make them more majestic, therefore attracting females. Each pair has its own call, which will later be taught to the chick.

Once the egg is laid, the female must teach her partner how to care for the egg, for when she returns to the sea to feed. The male must mimic every move she makes, for example lifting the flap of skin that conceals the egg.

'March of the Penguins' is an incredible documentary of the seventy-mile trek the Emperor penguins endure in order to reach their breeding ground and ultimately ensure the survival of their kind. The film is truly inspiring and, although quite sad at times, utterly sensational. It shows that the most unlikely candidate, the humble Emperor penguin, can survive in the harshest conditions on the whole of planet earth.

Despite this, their breeding ground stays the same; a select spot shielded from the freezing gales by two huge walls of ice. As it is so far from the sea, they are

Lucas Arthur 4H



THE PAPER BAG PRINCE

Slumped in his armchair, a man was enveloped in his dreams. Rough, grimy white strands of hair splayed from his elderly, wrinkled face, covering his mouth entirely. His clothes had been patched and ripped; the outfit he was clothed in was destroyed. On his sleeping head was a fluorescent pink hat, in which a small, furry mouse made a home. Scared of the various cats which roamed the small room, the mouse peeked out to check the creatures were still having their usual slumber.

Slouched in a glass jar, two toothbrushes told jokes to each other. Sucking on the sealed jar, the cockroach scuttled around the murky glass. Its shining body armour glistened in the light of the clear, bright, oil lamp beside it on the left.

Enveloped in dreams of no cats and bird food, the slumbering pigeon was silent, cramped on the packed window ledge. With eyes closed in a red copper pan, the mouse slowly slid down the length of the pan. On the man's knee lay a magnificently groomed ginger cat, snoring as it dreamt of gobbling up some tasty mice. Silently sleeping, the jet-black cat (who used to belong to a wicked witch) lay in a very peculiar position. Curled up in a cramped, tight cardboard box, the bushy-tailed fox lay still, comforting his feet with fur.

Lying forgotten and abandoned, the bent, mad professor's glasses looked grimy and unwanted, hoping Dr Frankenstein would return to experiment with them again. The lenses were broken, which was not a good sign. Subsequently, the glasses lay hopeful that they would once again be used for chaotic madness. Nesting on the boiling oil lamp, still warm and snug, a red-bellied wing flapper was in a slumber, with dreams of adventure and soaring through crystal-clear skies. Hungry, it wondered whether the cat might have some food to share.

Abruptly and unexpectedly, the mouse from the red copper pan plunged down towards the ginger cat. Landing with a quiet yelp of pain, mixed with fear, it landed unsettlingly close to the cat's monstrous jaws. Consequently the man and the monster simultaneously twitched as if they were waking! Life at stake, the mouse scurried away from the imminent danger into the safe hospitality of the pink, woollen hat.

Matthew Hynes 3P

A BOY

His eyes were buckets of soul, each tear brought new emotion. Glass-like pupils reflected the light and eyelids shut out the world; closing flaps performed a dance on his eyelids, or perhaps it was a movie shown on a constant reel. Every change of light forced his small eyes to squint. His eyes were whirlpools of darkness and sadness.

His forehead was sweaty and creased by stress. Shining down, his forehead lit up his face. Places between the wrinkles were taut and stretched by the heat of the sun. Upon his head lay a sun-washed hat, faded and grey, old and brimless. It was worn out by time and offered no warmth to his closely shaven head. A cotton cap covered his cranium, a hovering hat hugged his head.

The atmosphere slept peacefully as the world revolved, sun was yet to come. The clouds were ravens navigating the sky. The world was changing from black to blue. Every minute the wattage of the bulb was turned up. The morning countdown had begun. The sun, which was being fended off by darkness, broke the night like glass. As one figure stood under the glare of the sun, he was solitary and silent.

His nostrils were caves on his face, sooty and never-ending. The caves led to the stove of his body. A single bridge led over to his mouth which was trying to smile but couldn't, an invisible bar pursing them shut. Each breath gave nothing away. His teeth were biting back the tales of his experience. He knew he had observed too much but letting it all out would only make him remember fate. His lips were chapped and skin was peeling off.

Now his eyes were closing slowly inch by inch. The eyelids had stopped their performance and were bowing; they wouldn't reopen for a while. Suddenly his whole face was lifeless and pale, his eyelids were shut but the world carried on.

George Bell 4G



THE DAILY

Should Animal Organs be used for Transplants into Humans?

Whenever the topic of conversation turns to animal transplants, it won't be long before someone raises the question "Should animal organs be used for transplants into humans?" There is a lot to be said on both sides of this argument.

On the one hand, there are not enough human organ donors to go around. Just 7% of humans are willing to donate their organs to hospitals in order to save human lives. In addition to this, 67% of people waiting for a transplant die in the process. This is a reason for having a ready supply of organs. Similarly, 43% of transplantations organised cannot be carried out because there has been a sudden request for the organ concerned and the hospital has no organs left.

On the other hand, some people argue that there is no guarantee that the xenotransplantation (cross-species transplants) will work. For instance, there is no guarantee that the organ in question will be accepted by the body. Also, xenotransplantations have not been carried out before, so there is no guarantee that the transplant will work.

Nonetheless, it could be said that xenotransplantations save human lives. Due to there being barely any human donors, xenotransplantations save the lives of those who need a transplant. While it is true that human organs are less likely to be rejected by the body, it is also commonly known between transplant doctors that pigs are a very good alternative because they mature quickly and are cheap and easy to rear.

However, it has also been said that xenotransplantations can spread animal illnesses into humans. Many diseases have no effect on the animal they have come from but can have devastating effects on humans. In addition to this, scientists have a lack of knowledge about how diseases spread between species or the reasons that can make it easy for them to do so.

Everyone will want to make up their own minds on the question, but I hope you'll agree that I've shown that this is a controversial issue, with plenty of arguments on both sides.

Oliver Williams 4D

THE MOUNTAIN WOMAN

The sky was a painting
And the Mountain Woman gazed out at
the scarlet sunset,
The radiant clouds pink blots upon the
flaming sky.

She was black,
Like the mountain, against the sun,
And, as she leapt from one boulder to
the next,
Although she was but a dot compared to
the mountain's great bulk,
She shared its strength.

Blackened was the sky,
As she finally reached the mountain's
great peak.
Slowly the Mountain Woman began to
dance and then quietly sing.
She sang louder and louder,
And louder still
And soon her voice echoed all around
the mountain.

She danced faster
Until she was like a flame itself –
Even her wild chant was like a thousand
sparks;
Each word crackled in her throat and
flickered from her tongue.

Her once heather-coloured eyes,
Now blue as the heart of a flame,
And her hair, a cupful of blood spilt over
the sky,

Her stone heart now a dying coal.
She was enveloped in hungry fire
And revealed again, surrounded by lily-
petal flames,
Embers hissed like snakes and glowed
like amber tears,
Flares fizzed with Titian reds.

The Mountain Woman crooned softly,
Coaxing the mountain to resume its
endless sleep.

The sky began to brighten
And soon it was drenched in blue.

The air was filled with frost.
The Mountain Woman's voice was a
lonely eagle's mew,
A lost climber's call,
The mountain heard the lullaby and was
soothed.

Her eyes were violet,
Her hair was a swirl of mist
And silence reigned once more.





WHOSE SIDE WILL YOU CHOOSE?

Whenever the topic of conversation turns to animals, it won't be long before someone raises the question, 'Should xenotransplantations be allowed?' There is a lot to be said on both sides of the argument.

To begin with, the people against animal experiments argue that using pigs for medical reasons is cruel and will cause suffering. Despite the fact that pigs are already being used for food, they believe that pigs are suffering more in medical wards than they do when they are going to be killed for meat. Furthermore, 94% of pigs are already being hurt for skin grafts, pig insulin for diabetics and pigs' heart valves. This number will increase rapidly if and when xenotransplantations start.

On the other hand, the people in favour of xenotransplantations state that pigs are not an endangered species and are already being killed to feed the human race. So why is it not acceptable to kill them for medical reasons? On top of this, pigs are cheap and easy to rear and this will help to solve the issue of expense when transplanting human organs.

To argue this, the people against using pigs for xenotransplantations say that pigs contain certain diseases that are not yet able to be cured by drugs and these diseases could be passed on to humans. They argue that transplants from humans only give human diseases, which are quite predictable, whereas animal diseases are less predictable. Furthermore, 91% of people have survived diseases from human transplants. However, the statistic for animal transplants would be a lot lower.

Finally, the people who support animal transplants hold their argument with the fact that xenotransplantations would save human lives. To begin with, they say that 98% of pigs' organs already have a human DNA, maximising the chance of success. Secondly, medical scientists will not have to risk a human life when receiving organs from a human body.

Everyone will want to make up their own mind on the question, but I hope you'll agree that I've shown that this is a controversial issue, with plenty of arguments on both sides.

Read 'Pig Heart Boy' by Malorie Blackman to find out more about xenotransplantations.

What do I do now: Well, first decide what you think, then go to our website and submit your thought for free! (www.youdecide/xenotransplantations.com)

Oliver Irvine 4D

THE PIANO

The darkness surrounded the piano, like a falling curtain. He sat wondering, "Should I really play after that awkward day?" He couldn't stop. Glazed eyes clearly transfixed his runaway hands. He did not see, his only vision was his memories. Delicately, his tender fingers danced along the black and white stripes; the flawless symphony carried him back in time.

Although he willed her to come, the frail old man couldn't help closing his eyes with fear as the moment approached. Like ivy wrapped around an ancient tree, he could feel her hands entwined with his; he held his breath hoping for the moment to last. She really was here! He felt her familiar touch, cheek to cheek. He could never forget that sweet, powdery smell; it made him feel light-headed and comforted. As his wife's spirit returned to the depths, he reflected solemnly on his past memories; his eyes widened as he thought about all the love he had for her.

Shaking her from his thoughts, a further memory struck him like a cold lead bullet. He remembered his time in the ambulance brigade. Thinking fiercely, running quickly, he felt that one tiny flicker of fear. "Can I do this?" It was as if the wind was hugging him into great danger. Suddenly bullets came from all directions and, in a blink of an eye, his friend was dying on the floor. Running to the helpless body, he dragged it behind the wall. There he plunged to his knees, the body in his arms: the worst part of it all was that he had to try and comfort him, holding his hand for the last few moments of his life. Failing to stem the tears, he knew he had lost his dearest friend.

Struggling to escape the deep abyss of loss and regret, he tried to bring happier memories to mind. By the click of fingers, distant thoughts of childhood came into his mind's eye. As he gazed upon this miraculous parcel, with silky blue ribbon and crisp, crunchy, sky-blue wrapping paper, all perfect, he wished he could hold this moment forever. Hesitantly, with trembling hands, he reached out to grasp the long-awaited gift. "What could it be inside?" he wondered, as he shook the box gingerly. Holding his breath, he delicately removed the ribbon and lifted the blue lid. Looking up to the sky, as if to say thank you, he felt this was the most treasured moment of his life. "I can't wait to prance around on this magnificent hobby horse!" he thought, picturing himself galloping wildly around the room. Galloping wildly, pretending he was the best jockey in the world, he gathered speed.

"Ha-ha, I've won the race!" Later, the silky, blue ribbon and wrapping paper came in handy, as he pinned the blue rosette on his horse.

It wasn't the old man who mounted the wooden beast now, it was a child, a boy. It was his grandson, who raced around the room to join the old man at the piano.

Gently, placing his hands on the ebony and ivory keys, he played the last couple of notes. He did this with such a fine touch, it made the music sound heart-warming and calm. As the wonderful heart-warming music died down, he looked up to his grandfather.

It was as if he discovered a new talent.

Jasmine Denton 30



World Book Day



Dear Diary,

Today is the day I am going to regret for a long time. I feel so astonished that I did that, I am not an uncaring spiteful person. I don't know what came over me. I shouldn't upset children, hurt their feelings, even thieves like Hugo. This is the whole tale...

I was opening the booth and it was the crack of dawn. Hugo emerged out of nowhere and he ran towards me. I knew what he was going to ask for. I bestowed him a handkerchief full of ashes, but he didn't know what the contents were; he thought it was his notebook. Hugo's eyes were wide and hopeful. At that moment I felt ashamed of myself. When I held out the handkerchief, Hugo took it. I watched as he opened it; his eyes turned from hopeful to devastation, then tears began to fall. I felt myself crying. What had I done? I tried to blink the tears away but the boy saw and dropped the ashes. I watched as they glided to the floor in slow motion. Hugo stopped weeping, but started shaking, his fists clenched and I heard the grinding of his teeth. The boy charged at me, but I was quick and caught hold of him and a bundle of questions flew out of me: Why is this notebook so important to you? What are you hiding? Why won't you tell me? At this point the boy was practically sobbing. I told him to go away because it is over. Hugo scampered off and plunged into the shadows of the train station. I feel disappointed in myself. But I shall still try to find out the secret of the boy. The question that I really truly want to find out is: what is the connection between the automaton and Hugo? I shall tell you my plan next time.

Mariam Littler 3P

THE GERBIL

The gerbil
Squeaky little fur ball
Excitable, bar nibbler, night runner
Tunnelling like a little worker
Eyes like flames
Scurrying, scampering sunflower seed muncher
Non-stop nest builder

Gerbil
A hard-working example to us all.

Amber Disley 4T

TIMMY THE HAMSTER

As dusk arrives, a pink nose emerges from a cosy bed.
Followed by silky slim whiskers and a chestnut head.

Translucent ears prick up and beady black eyes blink,
As he stretches and yawns and reaches out for a drink.

His spidery feet streak as he scampers and darts,
Climbs, runs and jumps, he has a racing heart.

His acrobatic skills score ten out of ten,
He could perform in the circus straight from his den.

He sits in his bowl amidst seeds, fruit and nuts,
Crunching and cracking them as his sharp teeth cut.

He keeps himself clean with his tongue and his paws,
From his stubby white tail to the tips of his claws.

As daylight appears, he wearily lumbers
His velvety body to bed, for daytime slumbers.

Joseph Warr J3O

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

What a crowd! Shrieking and clapping, cheering for the jousts. The clang of the lances, the slapping hooves on the hard, dry ground! Eyes wide, watching carefully to see every detail of the competition, a young girl watched the magic mirror maker win fight after fight. What do you think she was thinking?

After a while, the young girl turned to her father, "You're great. Why don't you try in this competition?" "I will give it a go", said the young girl's father. "The magic mirror maker is really good, so I might not win because he is the best. Nobody has ever beaten him."

The young girl's father tried his best. Suddenly smiles crept upon people's faces. The young girl's father had won. The air was filled with noise. The young girl and her family were very happy but the magic mirror maker was furious. His face was red like a tomato. His eyes narrowed. "I shall curse your daughter for telling you to compete against me when she knew you were going to win".

So the magic mirror maker cursed her and she vanished into a big, grey tower. The mirror maker cackled and then, with a puff of smoke, he was gone.

As quick as lightning, they arrived at the tower. The young girl's family was very worried because they did not know where the young girl was. The mirror maker told her that the only outside world she could see was through the magic mirror. She had to weave what she saw each day. The mirror maker said, "I will be back!" and, with that, he vanished. Early on the next day the young girl decided to sing. The reapers were reaping early and heard her song. They wondered who was in there. Whoever was in there, they felt sorry for them.

Madeline Ellis 1D



THE BOY FROM AFGHANISTAN

Wide awake, staring into the ocean, the boy stood there. All he could see were living nightmares; a bottomless trap hole of the screaming souls he called family. What seemed to be on the other was war. The bloodshot eyes were open but blinded by terrible memories. They were oriental-shaped and polished by his tears. He was fighting back his true feelings. He was looking at the past. He was asking for help to find the future.

His eyebrows were barely noticeable. They were sucked into the black hole of his innocent eyes. The eyebrows could not hide the boys' tears. His skin, bright orange and sunburned, was scorched by the staggering heat. There were bumps all over him because his blood was being raided by mosquitoes. It would seem like he was melted and then eaten alive every day.

He could hear the soft moaning of the wind's funeral voice ... they were still funeral voices. The waves were calm but the litter in the sand made it uncomfortable to stand in with bare, blistered feet. Not even the beach was a good place for his solace. The wind moaned on until it started to mock the boy. The waves sighed in the dawn of sorrow.

The smile was lifeless. It had no happiness at all. He wasn't feeling easy. He was confused. Why did this happen to him? The thought made his soul sink. His face showed many scars; each one possessed memories of the fatal mistakes caused by humankind, although he had survived each of those mistakes. That may be why he was still holding on. His face looked as if he was helpless but his very existence proved that he could change his future ... but he couldn't do it alone. He could not escape alone. He was still imprisoned in his own home.

Tears had flooded his eyes until they had burst into a waterfall. It was a river of pain and distress that flowed down his cheeks. The boy's eyelids were closed tightly together. All the resistance was useless. The tears of bitterness had covered his face. He could not last much longer. Now he was crying for help ...

But did he get any...?

Xavier Brown 4H

TO HENRY WITH HINDSIGHT

Dear Majesty

As a pupil from your school, I feel I must write to you with a little advice.

Divorcing Catherine of Aragon was probably your worst decision. This made you less powerful because she was very important to Spain and she was married to your brother, Arthur. Falling out with the Pope in Rome was utterly insane. The Pope was as powerful as you and he had Rome on his side. My advice would be to not have married your brother's widow and not to have fallen out with Rome, especially.

You know, and I know, your decision to marry Anne was fairly good. She was quite pretty and, although she had a sixth finger, this did not mean she was a witch. In my opinion, when you beheaded Anne, it was completely unfair. The only thing she did wrong was not to give birth to a male heir to the throne.

I know you wanted a male heir, however this did not mean you had to rush into marriage. You should have waited for the woman you really loved, Jane Seymour. She gave birth to Edward, as you know, who became King at the age of nine. He sadly passed away after six years on the throne.

I do not think it was clever of you to call Anne of Cleves the "Mare of Flanders", because you upset Germany and caused havoc. I hope you learned a valuable lesson from this, because the painting Holbein sent to you was a flattering work of art. You should realise that the paintbrush usually lies.

When you were forty-nine years of age, it was unwise of you to marry a girl aged nineteen, Catherine Howard. Catherine was much more energetic than you because she was much younger. She cheated on you so she could love someone nearer her age.

You should be grateful to Catherine Parr, your sixth wife, because she nursed you when you were ill, she acted like a maid to you and she gave up the man she loved to marry you.

Finally, Your Majesty, I would offer this advice. If you had not eaten so much, you might have lived for a couple more years.

Yours sincerely

James Brannigan 3J



J4 Plas Menai 2012 Adventure Holiday



School Council 2010 - 2011

Matthew Reece Jones (Chair)

Eloise Dooley (Vice Chair)

School Council 2011 - 2012

Charlie Clarke (Chair)

Miriam Littler (Vice Chair)

THE KING'S JUNIOR SCHOOL COUNCIL UPDATE

Over the last two years, the School Council has worked with Mr Malone and Mr Griffiths to ensure that the playground facilities have improved.

During Matthew Reece Jones' chairmanship, the 'Adventure Trail' was realised and has since become one of the most popular areas in the playground. Charlie Clarke's council began the drive for a 'Reading Gazebo' which is to be erected in the yard. The gazebo is to provide shelter against the sun and a comfortable place for pupils to sit and read their favourite books at both lunchtime and morning break.

Currently, the council has raised over £200 from second hand book sales which take place on a Friday lunchtime. The drive continues, and the new council of 2012 -13 is building on the firm foundations set by its predecessors.

The council makes sure that the views of the pupils are heard and acted upon where possible.

King's Junior is a listening school.

SCHOOL COUNCIL RAP

I put on this cap
To sing you my rap.
I'd like to say
My name is Freya
I was your player.
It wasn't an easy step
Being your rep.
I didn't kip,
The playground's gladder,
You got snakes and ladders.
Don't make me sadder,
Don't pick another.
I've been like a mother
To Ben, Alex, Annabel,
Lucy, Mansi, Daniel,
George, Rahul, Abraham,
Not forgetting Nithilan.
You, too, Tom and Hugo

And, of course, B-B-Beau.
I'll do whatever you like
I'll be like your mic.
I'll try to make it better.
You won't regret it.
So please pick me
Ben, Alex, Annabel,
Lucy, Mansi, Daniel,
George, Rahul, Abraham,
Not forgetting Nithilan.
You, too, Tom and Hugo
And, of course, B-B-Beau.
Billy, William, Jacob,
I can really do the job.
And, please, Annabel T
Please, please, PICK ME!

Freya Walsh 2B



J4 Plas Menai 2011 Adventure Holiday

ODE TO MENAI

Round about the Menai go
In the J King's pupils throw –
Sails that battle gainst the wind
Hands and feet in tangle find.
Rock face wall climbing done
Helmets on for Kayak fun.
Splash them all in the Menai Strait.

ALL

Courage, courage, the fateful leap
Or land headfirst in a twisted heap.

Diving off the raft was cool
Looking like a total fool!

Bike on ground do not crash
Or you'll fall in a flash!

Paddle fast or jellies sting

Getting stung is a painful thing.

For three days of our challenging tasks
While the teachers drank from warming flasks.

ALL

Courage, courage, the fateful leap
Or land headfirst in a twisted heap.

So thank you to Mrs Rudd

For a trip that was so good.

We learned new skills, we made new friends.

Such a shame it had to end.

Courage, courage, the fateful leap
Or land headfirst in a twisted heap.

4H

THE LEAP OF FAITH

My proudest moment in the Junior School was when I conquered the 'Leap of Faith' at Plas Menai.

We put our safety gear on, then our instructor said, "Who wants to go first?" All the girls in my group said, "Megan" and pushed me to the front! As I started climbing, I felt a shiver go up my spine. I was terrified.

I was three quarters of the way up. It was a windy day, so the pole started shaking. I was about to break down in tears and climb down. Then I remembered that I only had one chance. I pulled myself together and carried on. I was at the top. I was underneath the platform. I was told to climb onto it; however, my hands were shaking uncontrollably. My arms wouldn't lift me onto it. Finally I clambered on. My stomach flipped as I looked down.

I stood up and prepared to jump. I shifted my feet to the edge of the wood. I had a countdown but all too soon it ended. I took a deep breath and jumped. My heart skipped a beat.

I smacked the red buoy with force. Then I dangled limply in the air waiting to be hoisted down. I had done it. I felt ecstatic. I had heard stories about the 'Leap of Faith' and now I had actually done it!

Megan Gareth 4H



A LETTER FROM HENRY VIII TO ANNE OF CLEVES

Dear Anny Poos

I'm writing to you to tell you that I just got your portrait and, straightaway, I went wit woo, thwor, you are quite a looker. I loved it; the paintbrush never lies (even on my pictures!). Anyway, I would love it if you became my beautiful, young wife because, well, I'm quite a handsome, attractive man. I love doing all the Tudor sports like jousting and football. In conclusion, I'm your dream husband in a nutshell, as you can see by the picture (at the end). Also, I am very powerful and I can chop anyone's head off with a few words, "Off with your head". Of course, if we got into a squabble, I would not chop your head off with an axe but with a sword. If you come to England, you would have such a good time. England is such a noble country. I mean, they have me as their ruler and everyone likes me.

I'm sure that you have heard that I have had three wives already, including two that I had a little argument with, with them ending up with their heads on a block (they were lucky I did not have them hung, drawn and quartered).

Anyway, I think those wives were not of a high enough standard for a scrawny pig. However, I think you will be a better one for sure.

What if you come to my court, where you will never be lonely as I also live there. The place is bustling with courtiers. This court is the centre of art, music, dance, poetry and tournaments (and lots of my hobbies). You shall receive your own private tailor to keep you up to date with fashion. You can also eat beef, lamb, veal, rabbit and, if you are slightly peckish, hedgehog (my favourite's peacock). Please write back ASAP.

Your love slave,
His Royal Honour
Henry VIII

Daniel Sharratt 3P





A Captain's Letter Home c 1100s

Dear Father

Currently, I lie on coarse straw dripping with blood. My gashes cry for help. The camp is stained with life and it smells of death. Shadows of ravens circle my deathbed. Incredibly, the sky seems to be filled with sorrow and the sound of people weeping.

All I can hear is soldiers crying for mercy and screaming for peace. The clashing of steel invades my ears. The light is fading just like my life is draining. It is dark in here and the shadows loom over the tent. God is drawing me closer towards him; I don't have long to go.

The battle is a wave of shock and terror. Crows swoop over the bath of reeking wounds. The hurly-burly is not a nice sight. However, we all hope this will change soon. Lightning crackles over my head. The sun shines through the grey clouds only vaguely. It is as if the sun was a torch shining through a giant's ebony blanket. It is faint. You may also think that it looks like another Golgotha with all the people drowning in blood.

We have a new betrayer amongst us. He is the merciless Macdonald, he is untrustworthy – many of my great friends died under his name. I can remember the times when I looked up to him, but now I think nothing of him: he is dishonest and he has turned over his coat. He has dearly upset our loyal king. Macdonald needs to know better.

Scotland's new hero, to your amazement is Macbeth. He was the one who killed Macdonald who was the fierce slave of the evil spirit. Bravely, Macbeth thrust himself forward – nothing held him back. His sweaty palms clenched the steel. Defiantly, facing the turncoat, Macbeth thrust his brandished steel into Macdonald who tumbled to the ground. Macbeth unseamed him.

You may be wondering how I was injured, well it was all to do with saving Prince Malcolm. Malcolm was fighting a Norwegian when, unknowingly, another one crept up and as he was pushing his arm forward to kill Malcolm, I charged in, saved Malcolm, and I was cut right across my arm to my chest. Then I was left on the floor to die. Meanwhile, Malcolm rushed into the camp to tell the king that I had saved his life and where I was.

Father, I have not let you down. I have met our king. He called me brave. Meeting the king is one thing, him calling you brave is another. I have been courageous and determined; I am not lily-livered. I have done this for Scotland's sake and its people. I want to please you.

I still remember those times where it was mother, you and me, we always went fishing and had lots of fun. Don't worry I will give your love as I will be with her soon. The happy memories will always stay in my heart and will never fade.

Your faithful son

by **Isabelle Pearce 4G**

A Mackay Solicitors

Mackay Solicitors
High Street
Castle Town
CH5 7LG

Ugly Sisters
Main Street
Tower City
HEP 8QX

Dear Ugly Sisters

I am writing this letter about how you treat Cinderella. It is unacceptable and cannot continue. If it does, you may find yourselves receiving an Order from the King. If you disobey this Order, you may find yourselves before a Judge.

Cinderella wants a loving family and a nice life. She has instructed me that she is sick and tired of working all over the house doing your chores. I hereby give you notice that she will no longer comb your hair or wash the floor. From today, therefore, you must let Cinderella have time to enjoy herself and provide her with nutritious food.

Ensure at all times that Cinderella is not feeling lonely and unhappy. You are expected, within fourteen days, to buy Cinderella new clothes (nice ones) and allow her new shoes (sparkly shoes). Give her a bedroom without rats and mice. Provide Cinderella with all the furniture she needs. It must be of a quality that you would accept for yourselves.

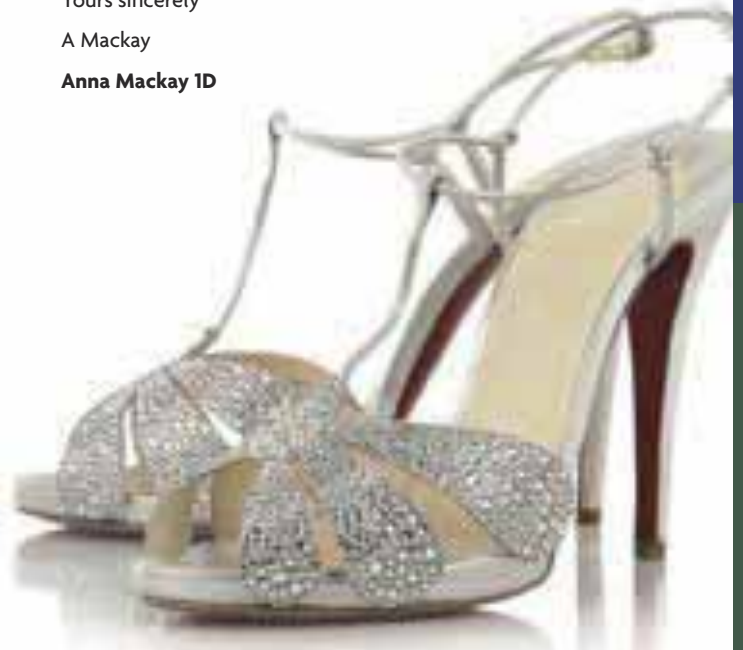
Under no circumstances is Cinderella to be locked up in her room and she is to be allowed her freedom as you are. She is not to be prevented from attending any ball or social event of her choosing.

I look forward to receiving your acknowledgement of this letter within seven days. If no improvements are made to Cinderella's life, I will have to write to the King. I trust this will not be necessary and this matter will end here forever more.

Yours sincerely

A Mackay

Anna Mackay 1D



The King's Junior School's Own Olympian 2012 - Mrs Sheila Whitta

On Friday 3rd August, the athletics began. My first event was a qualifying pool for the men's hammer. We lined up to walk through a long tunnel half way round the circumference of the stadium to the 1500m start – a route which was to become very familiar to us over the next ten days.

Everything was timed to the minute – our marching out to the event (clipboards in right hand, stools, perpendicularly, in the left), the athletes' arrival, the start and end of warm-up, the line-up for presentation to the crowd and media, the start and finish of the competition. Essentially we were putting on a 'show'. A spanner was thrown in the works by a cameraman, who decided he wanted to place a camera and microphone in the hammer sector, 12m from the cage mouth! This delayed the start.

Five more hammer events followed. During the men's final, a flying hammer hit one of the gates of the cage, causing ties holding the netting taut to break and it was some time before this could be fixed. The noise as Usain Bolt crossed the line was deafening – unfortunately, we couldn't watch, as hammer isn't a safe event to take your eyes off!

Our last event was the women's hammer final on Friday 10th August. By an unlikely coincidence, the first throw in the fifth round by German athlete, Bette Heidler (8th place), measured exactly the same as the previous throw, the last in the fourth round by current leader, the Russian Lysenko, even after double-checking. However, when the measurement was sent through to the computer, it was thought to be so unlikely that it must be an error and never reached the scoreboard, although the distance had been noted down at EDM and was also stored on its mini computer

disk. Heidler, knowing it had been a good throw, protested and was awarded a substitute fifth round trial, which, however, she then fouled. The sector judges had realised that there was a potential problem and had marked the impact point of the German's original fifth round throw with a coin. At the end of the competition, this was re-measured and proved to be identical to its original measurement, although when the EDM's computer disk was examined it showed that it was, indeed, a different measurement to Lysenko's throw as the third decimal place, which doesn't show on the screen, varied by a couple of digits. Video footage also corroborated this. As this affected the medal positions, post event datum checks were made with EDM and steel tape to ensure that there could be no mistake. By this time, however, all the athletes, apart from the German, had been escorted from the event site, with the Chinese athlete believing she was in bronze medal position.

When the revised result was posted, with Heidler in third, the Chinese team lodged a protest. The 'hammer team' had to remain for some time after the event and, eventually, three of us were summoned to go before the Jury of Appeal to give evidence: myself (as EDM operator), the prism judge and the computer data-inputter, who was a Gamesmaker. Eventually the Chinese protest was overruled.

Although a very traumatic evening, the concern and anxiety was offset later when the Australian ITO overseeing the event, Brian Roe [one of the key players in the Sydney Olympics], came up to me when my original measurement was proved correct and shook my hand, saying, "You're a star!" I was later told that praise from

him was praise indeed as he wasn't prone to handing out compliments.

We had a little free time during the Olympics and were able to have a good look round the Olympic Park, visit the London 2012 shop or meet up with family and friends. The planting in the gardens was quite spectacular and made a good foreground for photographs of different venues. Gloriana, the Royal Barge from the Jubilee River Pageant was also moored in the Park.

A couple of free days at the end of the Olympics allowed me to see both my daughters. We went on the London Eye, from where we could see the closing stages of the men's marathon as the athletes ran along the Embankment.

That evening saw the whole group of officials file into the stadium for the Closing Ceremony. The spectacle which was to unfold was spellbinding and the conclusion, with the extinguishing of the flame, quite emotional.

The Paralympics

Living in the village, amongst the athletes, was quite a different experience: it made it very easy to accept their disabilities and view them more as 'differences'. They were just as competitive and ambitious as able-bodied athletes, enabled, rather than disabled, by their sporting achievements.

We all ate together in the Main Dining Hall, there was also a clinic on site, a small general shop, a larger London 2012 souvenir shop, a coffee shop, postal and phone services and information points. There were also laundry facilities although we had to do our own ironing!

I learnt a lot at the Paralympics. Having judged at a fair number of disability meetings over the years, they are generally



few and far between. Here, due to the different classifications, we were working virtually every morning and evening session. My first event was a seated club throw which I hadn't previously judged. Being on 'implement control', gave me an opportunity to look at the different types of club at close range. We were advised not to hold them by the narrow end as the athletes would put a sticky substance on them to obtain a better grip. How true this was!

I wasn't on a high jump event but was impressed by watching one-legged high jumpers on the television coverage, clearing heights of a good standard for able-bodied athletes. Equally impressive were the visually-impaired long and triple jumpers. I had three such events, one spiking, one at the computer and one as a steward trying to keep guides and athletes apart in order to prevent event-site coaching. The hardest of all was trying to keep the spectators quiet so that the athletes could hear their guides' acoustic orientation, which enabled them to run unerringly (in most cases) down the runway to take a 'leap of faith' at the correct place and land safely in the pit.

Spirits remained high in the NTO room and camaraderie, laughter and jokes usually prevailed; teams really gelled. On the last Saturday, we had a small 'window of opportunity' for group photographs in the stadium before the spectators for the last evening session of athletics arrived. Our team had bought a framed souvenir picture and card for our leader, Dave Jessett, and we presented this to him at this time.

My final day at the Paralympics started early – 4 am! I had volunteered to help on the Marathon course and was assigned to a drinks station for the first of the two marathon events - for amputees and visually-impaired athletes.

That day concluded with the Paralympics Closing Ceremony – another huge spectacular. My mind was still awirl with a million images: victory ceremonies with emotional athletes; the 'mini minis' for implement retrieval; flag-bedecked spectators of all nationalities; half-awake officials on early breakfast; the tireless Gamesmakers perched high on tall stools as they welcomed and directed people; mounted police on patrol in the Park and so many, many more – a bit like the Olympic 'pictograms' on so many souvenir items.

The memories will stay with me for a long, long time – I hope!



MY OLYMPIC HERO

Chris Hoy

Chris Hoy is a Scottish track cyclist, representing Great Britain and Scotland. He is a world champion cyclist and Olympic Games Gold Medal winner. His current team is called Sky Team Cycling.

Early Life: Chris Hoy was born on 23rd March 1976 in Edinburgh, Scotland. His full name is Sir Christopher Andrew Hoy. His nickname is The Real McHoy. The school he went to when he was a child was called Stockbridge Primary School in Edinburgh. He has a BSc (Hons) in Applied Sports Science. He was inspired to cycle at the age of six.

Achievements: He won his first Olympic title in the 2004 Sydney Olympics, a silver medal. He is the first Briton to win three gold medals in a single Olympic Games since Henry Taylor in 1908. He won these three medals in the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. He is also a multiple world championships winner.

Honours: He was awarded an OBE (Order of the British Empire) for services in cycling in 2005.

He was named Sportman of the Year in 2008. He was also named as BBC Sports Personality of the year in the same year.

He was knighted in 2009. In the same year, he was inducted to the University of Edinburgh's Sports Hall of Fame.

A high-speed Class 395 train has been named after him by the train operating company.

He was an ambassador for the 2012 summer Olympics in London.

Personal Life: He is married to a lawyer and lives in Salford, Greater Manchester.

Partap Shergill 1D

USAIN BOLT

Unfailing Olympic Champion.

Set, lift, go!

Imperious face goes serious.

Noise, tense and hoping, come on, Usain, you can win!

Banging of his healthy heart

On track, his legs like pistons

Limbs rippling, powering along

Transfixed. The line is close, he does it!

Here is his signature pose.



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