



It's time to write
a new chapter...

EDUCATION
Tute



Shelf Care
English Society



Half Term Two

Shelf Care English Society

Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



DIVE INTO THE REALM OF YOUR IMAGINATION

SANTA TELL ME

You wrote me a story

FIRST EDITION? FINISHED IT.

Wow! What a great first edition of Shelf Care! We have had some excellent submissions so far and seen such a great range in your writing ability - so pat on the back and round of applause to our fabulous writers. Do you want a chance to be a Shelf Care Writer? Well you can be! Simply decide on what you'd like to write and send it to your teacher. Poem, prose, script, information sheet, fact file, recipe... the choice is yours! Unleash your creative freedom today!

PENNING THE NEXT BESTSELLER?

What does it take to pen the next bestseller? It's all about those little elements we all get tied up in. We love a fantastic plot with twisty-turns and a dramatic reveal to make your brain itch. We thrive for characters that we love to hate or hate to love from the first moment we meet them to the end of their journey. We search for the hidden clues to piece together, the signs this would happen all along and you can bet we predict the ending and then flick ahead to check it out... That's what makes a bestseller the BEST - right?

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

Is a Shelf Care Submission!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LILY C, KS4

How can you be more generous and giving this Christmas?

Christmas has always been seen as one of the most expensive holidays of the year. It's usually seen as very stressful, as kids of today always ask for very overpriced gifts such as consoles and phones. The pressure of Christmas can be extremely overwhelming to some people who are short on money. Social media is even more overwhelming during Christmas, as many people feel covetous for not being able to keep up with "rich" families.

How can you help people in poverty or low of money and how is it beneficial?

Giving old toys, clothes, shoes or money to charity shops can be really helpful for people struggling. Giving food to places like local food banks can help those who can't afford a full Christmas dinner. By doing the things listed above, you are supporting many communities and helping out thousands of families struggling with affording gifts. It is helping families to make Christmas feel less stressful and more joyful. Any action you take to donate money or items will be appreciated by so many charities.

How giving at Christmas affects you and the people you've helped?

Christmas can be about spending quality time as a family by having a meal together, watching Christmas movies, playing games and more. It's usually a time when children are happy after opening their gifts from Santa Claus. When you give at Christmas, many families can experience this, and it makes you feel more helpful as you've impacted someone's life positively. Not only that, but it's a great way to spread the festive cheer and make sure it's a merry holiday for everyone - by giving that old toy, or your old clothes and helping thousands who don't have the same quality of life as you do.

Merry Christmas to all!

Popular charities: British Heart Foundation, Salvation Army, Age UK.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIENA, KS4 - PAGE 1 OF 4

The bus rumbled down the winding road, its tires humming steadily against the asphalt. Everyone inside was lost in their own thoughts, the soft murmur of conversations blending with the occasional jolt of the road beneath.

But then, without any warning, the driver's hand jerked the wheel, and the bus lurched forward, throwing passengers off balance. The tires screeched in protest as the vehicle came to an abrupt stop, the air thick with the sound of the brakes.

A hush fell over the group.

Through the front window, nothing seemed amiss—just the last stretch of road ahead, swallowed by the crystalized snow. The driver sat motionless, eyes narrowed. There was something there, just beyond the light's reach—a subtle obstruction. Something was blocking the way, but it wasn't immediately clear what it was. A strange chill filled the air, and a nervous murmur rippled through the passengers. No one spoke, but everyone felt it—something was hiding in the shadows.

The driver's grip on the wheel tightened, his knuckles pale against the leather. He didn't say a word, didn't turn to the murmuring passengers behind him. Instead, he eased his foot off the brake and let the bus crawl forward, the headlights slicing through the snowflakes tumbling lazily from the snow-caped sky.

The pace was unnervingly slow, each creak of the vehicle amplified in the hushed silence. Outside, the world was a pristine winter wonderland, the snow blanketing the trees and fields in soft white. The road ahead looked untouched, almost inviting, as though the entire forest had been waiting just for us.

But the driver's tense posture told a different story. He scanned the road with sharp, darting glances, as though expecting something to appear—a shadow, a figure, something we couldn't see.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIENA, KS4 - PAGE 2 OF 4

No one dared to ask what.

Eventually, the bus rolled to a stop at the edge of a snowy clearing. The forest beyond looked like something out of a fairytale: tall, frost-covered pines stretched toward the Ethereal sky, their branches sagging under the weight of fresh snow. Everything glistened in the resplendent sunlight, sweet zephyrs stirred the trees with its breath.

The driver exhaled sharply and stood, his voice clipped. "This is where you start," he said, pulling the lever to open the door. The hiss of the hydraulics echoed through the wonderland.

We grabbed our bags and stepped into the cold. It bit at our faces, but the scenery was mesmerizing—serene, magical even. The plan was simple: an overnight hike through the snow, following the trail until dawn.

Once the last of us was out, the driver climbed back into his seat. He hesitated for a moment, then looked at us for the first time all night. His expression was unreadable, but his eyes seemed distant, almost regretful.

"Stick together," he said, the words hanging in the frosty air.

Then, with a final hiss of the doors, he shut himself inside. The engine rumbled to life, and the bus's headlights swept over the forest one last time as he turned back the way we had come and our designated leader, Alex, took the first step into the snow-covered trail, his boots crunching softly against the untouched surface. He didn't say much—just adjusted his pack and nodded for the rest of us to follow. The path wound its way through the forest, narrow and faintly marked, the trees on either side rising like silent sentinels.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIENA, KS4 - PAGE 3 OF 4

We fell in line behind him, our breaths puffing out in ghostly clouds. The forest was mesmerizing, the kind of beauty that felt almost too perfect. Alex moved steadily ahead, his flashlight casting long shadows across the glittering snow. It was as though he knew exactly where he was going, even if the rest of us weren't so sure. We approached a glittering icefield, a restful cabin coruscating in the frosty wind.

It was perfect, the kind of place I'd dreamed about escaping to. Warm light spilled from its windows, pooling on the snow like liquid gold. A thin plume of smoke curled from the chimney, drifting lazily into the pale winter sky. Everything about it whispered *home*. My chest tightened with longing, and I stopped in my tracks.

"Clara, you good?" Jonas called, his voice snapping me back to reality.

"Yeah," I said, my eyes fixed on the cabin. "I'll catch up in a minute."

Jonas hesitated, frowning, but eventually turned and followed the group. I waited until they disappeared into the woods before stepping off the trail and onto the lake. The ice was a glassy white, dappled with frost and laced with faint cracks, but it felt solid enough beneath my boots.

The silence out here was profound, broken only by the soft crunch of my steps and the occasional creak of the ice. As I walked, the cabin seemed to glow brighter, beckoning me closer. My breath came in soft puffs as I imagined what it must feel like inside—warm, safe, serene. Although the more I stared the more I was drawn to the cabin, the way it looked so exemplary, as if it were a model of perfection yet the way it looked so exemplary, as if it were a model of perfection, yet there was a subtle feeling of wrongness that lingered just beneath the surface.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIENA, KS4 - PAGE 4 OF 4

The closer I drew, the illusion began to unravel. The golden light that had seemed so inviting from afar grew dim, flickering as if it struggled to stay alive. The cabin's walls, which had looked sturdy and polished, were now warped and cracked, dark streaks marring the wood. I slowed, my steps faltering.

When I finally reached the porch, my stomach twisted. The windows, which I had imagined glowing with life, were crooked and smeared with grime. Frost clung to the glass in jagged patterns, like claw marks. What I'd thought was smoke curling from the chimney now looked thicker, darker, seeping down the stone like tar. A faint, sour smell hung in the air.

I turned and glanced back across the ice. The trail was gone, swallowed by the trees. My group was long out of sight. For the first time since I stepped onto the lake, I felt a stab of unease.

The cabin loomed in front of me, quiet and expectant. Something inside me whispered to leave, but my feet wouldn't move, as if the cabin had reached across the threshold to claim me. And in the doorway, just beyond the edge of the light, something shifted.

It was watching.

LUCY, KS4

The night was drawing in, darkness descended upon the city. The only light illuminating the faces of weary people was the lights of the buildings. Shoulders brushed each other as the crowd flowed from street to street, all trying to reach the train station. Everyone made their way through the metal doors, the sound of tickets scanning and small talk filled the room. You could almost feel the room tense as the sound of the train got closer, people ready to launch into the nearest door and make their way back home.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LILY, KS4

Bang! Gorgeous, illuminous, bright lights burst into the darkness, scattering across the sky. A burning orange flame was situated in the centre, silhouettes hovered over. Toys dancing in the atmosphere - flashing red, green and blue. You could see the stalls surrounding the crowd, and the enormous queues for sweets.

Cotton candy flavours filled my mouth, and the sweet smell filled my nose. I could feel the fluff rub against my tongue as I sucked the mouth-watering flavours out of the coloured clouds. Rain sprinkled gently over my arms. Smoke touched my naked hands. I strolled through the overwhelming swarm of people, feeling the coats and bags brush against my skin. I felt the breeze on my face, and the wind in my ears. People talking and whispering, laughing and screaming, but never as loud as the gunshot like sounds. The barbeque sizzled as the beef burgers were tossed on, coins rattling in the pockets of the customers, kids chewing their candy. Children's toys buzzed as they waved them through the pitch-black sky. With every step, leaves crunched beneath me, and twigs snapped. I could hear the traffic from the road down the street: cars honking, trains departing, bikes skidding. Every breath that people took sounded just as grating as the music that was playing. A sharp pain run through my ears and into my brain; a pulsing and piercing noise jumping around inside my head. Soft sponge rubbed against my face as I slipped my headphones over my ears.

Silence.

CHARLIE, KS3

intoxicating smells wafted gently down the street and into my nose, walking up to the stall I ordered the most delicious looking apple pie. it had all the most fabulous of spices, Cinnamon, nutmeg and even a bit of black pepper, don't ask me why but apparently it is good with it. I took a humongous bite, and I must say their confectionery is excellent, the pastry was buttery the apple was soft but still had some bite to it. I waved to Jerry as he bumped down the street. it was the world's best apple pie.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

REGAN - MY GINGERBREAD MEMORIES

Every year me and my grandparents go to M&S to buy a gingerbread house. When we get back home, I start to build it, but I find it very tricky, so my grandad comes in and helps.

Once it is built, we put it in the fridge for 3 hours. Once it is solid we start to decorate it. Then the next day we take it home to my parent's house and it sits there for a few weeks.

Then the best part: we start to eat it!

CALLUM, KS3

Good Morning from Botney Bay! The sun is shining and there isn't a cloud in the sky. Sydney - what a lovely place. I proved that there was no great 'Southern Continent', for example, I also collected lots of samples of flora and fauna from new places. I've also recorded customs and interactions with native people.

I've had a great few weeks under my belt. I'm very tired but it's been very worthwhile, seeing the world like this. Everybody doubted me but I knew I could do it. This will be a historical story for years. It will be my birthday on 7th of January soon. I hope to have had more sleep on the lead up to that. The mutton I had for dinner last night has given me a bit of a sore sea belly today but the weather here has really perked me up a great deal. We're having salted beef tonight for dinner and that's one of mine and Joseph Banks' favourites. We look after Endeavour (the Boat) together. Be in touch again soon, must tend to my chores.

CC (Captain Cook)



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LAYLA, KS3

In 2036 Russia had won World War Three, killing the Government leaving the remaining population to fend for themselves. But as time passed, the UK got worse, buildings started to crumble, pipes rust and burst, you couldn't use cars because of no petrol and it wasn't a safe environment. As global warming got the better of the world, the glaciers had melted causing most countries and towns to flood drastically.

Even though the war had won over the world, the UK had to suffer the most being put through lifelong torture of darkness, starvation, hunger and danger. The population of the UK started to split creating different teams and cults - one more dangerous than the next.

The UK was evolving, creating the army's training plan to get revenge on Russia. Over 50 years they was unstoppable. Although Russia had the weapons, the UK had more people, strength and strategy.

A lot of people used vehicles as homes and bases, hunting animals left astray. The sky was dark and smoky and the UK hadn't had sun in years. The wood of the boat docks started to rot leaving it weak. Power cables started to hang lowly and sharks populated the flooded land. Electricity had cut off completely leaving the UK in pitch black darkness. People used the ruins and bunkers as places to hide from danger.

Big Ben was starting to wither and weaken yet still stood tall watching over London and wore the flag of the new UK - a graffitied hand upon a white background. The time never ticked but still went on, its was one of the many rotting buildings and it was considered very important. It stood high and mighty, setting it apart from its surroundings. It also had a crack on its face resembling its past battles.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LAYLA, KS3

In the middle of the street, was a hollowed out, red double decker bus. The bus was beaten and bruised leaving it in a state, when inside you could hear the creaks and pained groans. It wore the same symbol of the evolving new UK, it stood with barriers on top, trapping it like a caged animal.

It started to rust within the shelter and fill with water, people used the top of the bus as a way to keep out of the flooding as they panicked. Soldiers with guns protected the civilians; they wore somber black, warm clothing, as dark as the night sky, guarding them for what was to come.

Smoke and mysterious light appeared from the top of the building leaving minds filled with curiosity. People questioned it but no-one had dared to talk about what it was. The smoke was thick and dark and stunk of burning flesh, and had a green tint which was unusual... very unusual. The crackles of the fire were obnoxiously loud and aggressive and very off-putting and the light had a ringing sound and then there was a blood curdling scream!

What was it?



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

WINTER'S EMBRACE



LUCY, KS4

The trees coated in snow glistened under the warmth of the sun. In the distance they stood tall in the icy cold weather. The icicles gripped onto the trees as the crisp, cold wind of winter weather attempted to shake them off.

CHRISTINA, KS4

The trees were stood still, the icicles parading around them. Cold mist in the skies fled the area almost like it was a cheetah with it's speed. Snow fell like luxurious gold forming into snowflakes. An uproar of ice covered the whole area replacing any sign of a sunset like it never existed.

JT, KS4

You can hear the crunchy snow beneath your feet as you stumble through the thick frost. You look at the path your feet made and its like a trench.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

COLLABORATION CORNER - PARTY TIME!

We are jigsaw puzzle pieces, fitting our words together to see the bigger picture.



The beautiful lights were glaring at night in the Disney mansion. Lovely diamond blue colours were sparkling beautifully off the Lamborghini and McLaren cars that were shining in the dark.

Kyle R

The gargantuan manor illuminated the night like a firework on bonfire night.

Noah

The luminescent lights beamed brightly as the guests strolled carelessly inside the grand double doors like tourists in the holiday season.

Grace H

The mansion lit up the hill side as it stared down on the village below.

Hidden Voice

In the dark night, the moon smiled as it watched over the flood of people below.

Tiffany

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

POETRY NOOK

HIDDEN VOICE

Down. Deep. Below the tide,
 Schools of fish saved coin-like shells,
 As they glided along water, flush with pride.
 Conversing over 'what's the best size?'
 'Is there a value to our gratuitous gold?'
 'Whether to seduce, seal or stronghold?'
 Still, they gave and adored - never sold.

Past the river, not far from here.
 Leaves drop to the floor and
 Panes of sunlight shatter across puzzling deer:
 'The oak was ripe yesterday, was it not?'
 Unknown to them, hid in shadows of the grove,
 A scheming squirrel stands on her treasure trove
 A bank of secret acorns, not open to loans.

up high in the sky - not quite yet.
 When the golden sun is gone,
 An invisible melody will echo its silhouette.
 A mother bat seeks to feed her young,
 Selfishly stealing lives of lacewings.
 But somehow in altruism, she brings
 To her baby, an assortment of things.



ELOISE, KS3

The Winter of Snowstorms

A winter of snowstorms
 That melt the next day
 rime ice like thorns
 that glisten once
 then turn to slush
 winter of puddles and mud
 so soft you could dig into it
 yellow winter light
 in a cotton candy sky



Awareness Check

Transgender Awareness Month and
Disability Awareness Month



CHARLIE, KS4:

He looked up into the mirror, his once long, layered hair was shaven off, the makeup he wore to disguise himself was smudged, and his full chest was binded. 'Lucia' was no longer fitting to his identity. 'When was it ever fitting?' He asked himself. When was he ever comfortably until now. The truth is, there was never a Lucia, not since he was thirteen. He took a sharp breath which hitched as tears poured from his eyes. What would his father think? Would his grandmother even survive seeing him in his true self? Or his mother, his poor mother. He turned the faucet on and cupped water into his hand before throwing it onto his face in an attempt to stop the tears. He turned the water off and looked at himself again, he'd shed his own skin and become somebody knew. Finally, he turned around and slowly creaked the door open. He took a few steps, his legs wobbly, his arms heavy, but his spirit unmatched. Before facing the inevitable he grabbed some paper and began to jot a name before scribbling it out, then again, and again, and again. Finally, he settled on something. He looked in the mirror and a smile formed onto his face. 'Yeah, I look like a Todd..' He muttered to himself.

CHRISTINA C, KS4:

Kira's name never sat right with her. When somebody said it, an uncomfortable feeling would always go through her brain. She always felt like the odd one out in her group of girl friends at school and felt like something was holding her back. So instead of getting some sleep, she was up after midnight, her mind was a resonance of confusion still. She was up endlessly searching on the internet about gender identity and other peoples experiences with not feeling comfortable in what they've been brought up and Kira found it all quite relatable. It felt like a catharsis for her a brain after knowing other people had the same experience, but they also clarified that it was fine not to be 100% sure on who you are yet. Besides that, she still didn't like her current name and was researching alternatives. It was like an ephipany that went over her as she saw a list of names she found suitable for herself for the time being and specifically saw the name Kiran. She found it a lot more comfortable to identify as and hoped that when she told her friends at school if they could try using that name on her for now on the next day so that she could figure out who she is better that they'd accept it and not use her deadname.



Awareness Check

Transgender Awareness Month and
 Disability Awareness Month



PHEOBE, KS3:

Charlie was a boy. He was born a boy, he was called a he, he wore boys clothes, he had a boys body and he enjoyed playing football. However, all of his best friends were girls, he loved dressing up in luscious and long dresses, sequin bags but most of all Charlie loved makeup. Every time his mother went into the makeup he longed for her to buy the newest bronzer or the darkest mascara for him to later experiment in. Charlie didnt like the idea of having to hide who he was and after a long few days of researching and an emotional rollercoaster. Charlie decided he didnt want to be Charlie anymore he wanted to be Evie and he wanted to be a her to match her new stylish name. She loved her new identity, it was like it was meant to be all along. Evie still plays football like a professional, she now bounces and leaps around to Taylor Swift and most exciting of all her mother got her some new glamorous makeup to match the new identity! Evie is happy she transitioned, she loved her new name and her new lifestyle. Evie didn't have to be afraid or hide away from who she truly was inside. Evie is and will always be Evie.

Author Spotlight!

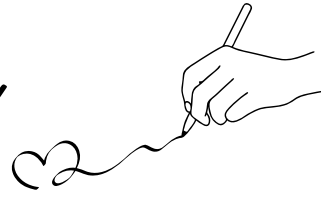
LAURA NOAKES

Laura Noakes is an author of twisty mysteries for children and young adults. When she's not 'researching' crimes or devising increasingly devious obstacles for her fictional characters, she enjoys badly crocheting, playing Nintendo Switch games on the easiest mode and watching copious amounts of reality TV. She is both disabled and chronically ill and her stories usually feature heroines of the same persuasion. She is owned by and obsessed with her two cats, Scout and Sunny. Her debut book, *Cosima Unfortunate Steals a Star*, was published in 2023, followed by a sequel in 2024. Laura has always had an insatiable love of stories, so it was almost fated that one day she would write some of her own. She strives to tell stories where disabled kids are the heroes.





Competition Time



BBC

Young Writers' Award 2025

The BBC Young Writers' Award with Cambridge University gives young people in the UK aged between 14 -18 years the opportunity to submit short stories of up to 1,000 words.

First launched as part of the tenth anniversary celebrations for the **BBC National Short Story Award**, the Young Writers' Award aims to inspire and encourage the next generation of writers.

Entry Dates

- Submissions for the BBC Young Writers' Award 2025 will be accepted from 9am (GMT) Wednesday 11 December 2024.
- The deadline for receipt of entries is 9am (GMT) on Monday 24 March 2025.

How to Enter

Follow the link to find out more:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/send/u188737214>

Get more details here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/articles/25ZXBZtCqNjmJKrmRvHkcL1/heres-everything-you-need-to-know-about-entering-the-bbcs-young-writers-award-2025>

Five stories will be shortlisted and will be narrated by an actor and recorded for an exclusive broadcast on BBC. They are then published in an anthology. Winners will get to attend special workshops, get a tour of the BBC and go to an awards ceremony!



Resources



Lots of helpful resources can be found here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/teach/articles/z8phm39>

This includes talks, writing exercises, and more!

Learn more about last year's winners and shortlisted stories here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/articles/2cslf9QxZKznVCqplBS0SY0/submissions-now-open-for-the-2025-bbc-young-writers-award-lauren-layfield-announced-as-new-chair-of-judges>





Coming Soon

On your Tute radar



JANUARY - FEBRUARY

As New Year comes around, we can't help but reflect on the year and the saying "New Year, New Me." But what if there doesn't need to be a new you? Celebrate what makes you an individual, what makes you unlike any other person, and join us in sharing our identity.

Our new prompt for Shelf Care in January and February will be challenging you to write for the theme 'Celebrate: Unique!'

Our focus over those two months will be to see what it means to be unique and why you should celebrate all the things that make you different. If we were all the same, it would be boring! Whether you rise to the challenge or prefer to write something in a different style, make sure you submit it to your teacher by Wednesday 12th February.

UNIQUE FACTS

Since 1945, all British tanks come with tea making equipment.

Due to breathing, your ribs move about five million times a year.

The longest jellyfish on record measured 160 feet.

A mix between a Chihuahua and a dachshund is called a "chiweenie."

be you

BEING YOU IS YOUR power

Tute EDUCATION

Shelf Care English Society

JANUARY FEBRUARY

RISE TO THE CHALLENGE THIS HALF TERM WITH OUR THEME: ME?

CELEBRATE: UNIQUE

WRITE ABOUT INDIVIDUALITY, UNIQUENESS OR IDENTITY OR
CREATE A PIECE ENTITLED: 'NEW YEAR, NO CHANGE.'

Submissions due on:
February 12th 2025

Shelf Care English Society

Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



NEXT EDITION: JANUARY - FEBRUARY!

TRADITION OR A MISSION?

Do you have traditions?

ARE TRADITIONS... UNTRADITIONAL?

Isn't it strange how we don't seem to make traditions in the same way as we used to. Think about it - when was the last time you coined a new tradition that you could do every year? Do you have traditions now that you are so used to, you don't even notice them anymore? We implore you to think about the paradox: are traditions untraditional? Are they too dated? Or will they survive the test of time? Share your thoughts and views on this for the next Shelf Care!

GOT IT? PROOF IT!

Stories aren't perfect the first time round. Or even the second. Or third. Perfection very rarely happens the first time around and that is absolutely fine. That is why we encourage you to proof-read. It is such a valuable skill to proofread: check your work for errors, make some upgrades and add more depth in. Looking at it that second time around is really valuable. We know when you upload your work to Shelf Care that you got this! You don't need to prove it, just remember to proof it and submit the best piece of work you can!

WINTER'S WICKED WILL CHILL

What's your ideal snow day?