



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

EDUCATION
Tute



Shelf Care
English Society



Half Term Five

Shelf Care English Society

Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



BE PROUD OF WHAT YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU DO

**YOU'LL
MAKE
IT, I
SWEAR!**

WOAAH... WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

Well, we made it to penultimate month of the school year! It's hard to believe it's been 6 whole months since we were making new year's resolutions. For some year 11 students, they will have finished their exams and experienced the end of an era by the time this edition is published – a huge congratulations to students at Tute and beyond for all of their hard work! For some of us, we are on the countdown to summer – using the sun to brighten our days and the scent of flowers to sharpen our creativity. Why not use this milestone as a time for reflection and for motivation? Before we know it, we'll be lighting the Christmas trees again!

HT6 will fly on by!

BE PROUD OF YOUR CREATIONS

Whether you write lyrics, recipes for brownies, poetry, prose, or puppy-handling advice, be proud of everything you have mastered and things you are continuously working on. This is the ideal place to shout about your celebrations and share the things you are most proud of creating. In a humble way, of course.

**LIVE.
LAUGH.
CREATE.**

And share it with us!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ARGO, KS3

The Ethics Councillors. EC-1 through EC-9.

Steel's jaw dropped. "Ohhhh no. These guys don't even blink." Sparks looked up. "Who are they?" "Ethics Council," Psi replied, voice tight. "They run what's left of unaugmented humanity. Europe, the orbital vaults, deep-sea sanctums... they speak in consensus only. No emotion. No margin for error." EC-1 stepped forward, hands folded behind their back. "Arkiah'n is a forbidden construct. You tampered with relic code and woke a class-nine extinction event."

EC-5 continued without pause. "This falls outside of regional governance. We are assuming control of the battlefield. All augmented beings are hereby classified as potential assets or threats." "Nice," Sparks muttered. "They called us 'assets.' That's not terrifying at all." Harbinger narrowed his eyes. "They're not here to help." EC-3 looked directly at him. "Correct. We are here to contain."

Then they moved. The drones swept downward in perfect sync, their pulse rifles zeroing in on Arkiah'n and, without hesitation, opening fire. A wave of surgical blue light cut through the sky. Arkiah'n didn't dodge. He absorbed the entire volley, wings folding around him like a cloak. When the energy dispersed, he stood there, completely unharmed. Then he raised a hand. One of the drones melted. "No," EC-9 whispered. For the first time in years, the voice modulator cracked. "Fall back," EC-2 ordered. "All Councillors, retreat to Protocol Aegis. This battlefield is compromised."

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

I felt suspicious of the way it was fully intact, even though neighbours reported feeling a shockwave from 3 miles away. As I approached it, I felt a field around it, like I was on top of a mountain, it started making a low, dull beep.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

JASON, KS3

...Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a tall silhouette of a slim 13-footed creature that looked like it was almost melting. The creature slowly walked into the fading fog from a distance with its eerie footsteps following along. Without any hesitation whatsoever, I followed it into the abyss, following all the footsteps. But when I reached the fog, it was gone. Footsteps, trailing everywhere, green substances slowly melting away, flooding the floor, and nothing but a sight of fog. An intimidating, deafening call, like that of a sperm whale, echoed across the area, surrounded by long, thin trees and fog. But in spite of the fear, I continued along the journey, following nothing but my trust worthy guts. Then all of a sudden, BOOM. A loud pop goes off, the sound goes away, and behind me, stands the tall creature menacingly staring down at me. Shockwaves vibrating down my spine, my nerves filled to the top with fear, i slowly turn around and look up and see a...

ARJELO, KS3

Stolen Shell! Terrible Tortoise Theft Shocks Town

Who could be so heartless as to steal a helpless pet? In an unbelievable and bizarre burglary, a beloved family tortoise named Leaves was snatched from a peaceful garden in the early hours of Monday morning. The dangerous and daring thieves didn't stop there—they also made off with a deadly fast, high-powered BMW worth over £10,000. The tortoise's devastated owner, Tim, says, "It's not just a pet. Leaves are part of our family. I'm completely heartbroken." Police are currently investigating the crime and believe the thieves may have used the car to escape quickly. Locals are being urged to check gardens and sheds, and to report any sightings of a "large, slow-moving reptile with a green and gold shell." Could this cruel crime be part of a larger pet-stealing plot? Residents are now on high alert as the shocking shell theft continues to make headlines.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

Once upon a time, humans ruled Earth. Until one day, an anomalous comet landed on Earth. Following the comet, multiple towns of people went missing. This was but the beginning. The creature behind this was located. It was a bio-mechanical machine about the size of a Tyrannosaurus rex. It also resembled one, except for the fact that it had spikes and gas emitters along its back and arms as long as its legs. It had a scorpion stinger at the end of its tail and a mask that consisted mainly of an LED screen. This creature was captured, killed, and dissected. This sealed humanity's fate. They discovered it had amounts of human DNA. The mask sent out a distress signal upon the death of the creature. Humans named these BRUTES. A year later, a gigantic spaceship warped into Mars' orbit. It released drop pods onto Earth with surgical precision. One hundred BRUTES and a thousand other more humanoid creatures that were covered in crab-like armor and had a smaller mask to fit their faces. They carried weapons to spread their twisted 'CURE'. They also had human DNA. Bullets did nothing to their armor. Luckily, new advances in laser technology could pierce their armor. But more ships arrived. Humans learnt resistance was futile. They were a universal organization named 'MOTH'. They kept coming. Humanity sealed itself in bunkers. Others joined the MOTH. Three centuries later, recent disturbances forced the remaining pockets of humanity out of their bunkers. They emerged into a completely new world.

ARJELO, KS3

Niamh's breath hitched as her eyes widened, darting frantically across the dimly lit room. Her pupils shrank, her face drained of colour, and a tremor flickered across her lips as she tried to speak but failed. The muscles in her jaw tightened, holding back a gasp, while her brows knitted together in desperate alarm. A bead of sweat traced a slow path down her temple, unnoticed amid the rigid stillness of her frame except for the subtle quiver in her chin. Every instinct screamed for her to move, but she was frozen, her terror locked in the raw emotion of her unblinking stare.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

Dangerous drivers. Every country has them... they go around without a care for anyone's safety. Have you ever seen just how incompetent these people really are? There was a time when I was in my dad's car. We were waiting at a set of lights next to another car when the lights went green. Just as we set off, the other car accelerated and turned into our lane, not even indicating, and barely missed us, so my dad had to slam the brakes on, even though both lanes went to the same place and merged later on. If it wasn't for my dad's sudden reaction and quick thinking, we could have had an accident. It made me feel annoyed. It made me feel shocked. How hard can it be to use your turning signals and observe your surroundings?

AARON, KS3

Have you ever found yourself in a situation where a reckless driver nearly caused an accident? This is a reality many of us face daily on the roads. The need for everyone to drive more safely is not just a personal concern; it's a collective responsibility that affects us all. Every time we get behind the wheel, we hold the power to make choices that can either protect or endanger lives.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

The black panther is found across many regions of the world, like South America and Africa. Despite their iconic name, they are not a distinct species; the term "black panther" is used to describe any black-coated big cat, including leopards and jaguars. Panthers have an amazing swimming ability and prefer marshes or wetlands to drier habitats and will use this ability to catch prey such as fish or small water mammals.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

i think progress is a bit like a rainbow, because like it's always around but I think I can be difficult to see and you only really notice it when it comes when you realise how far you've come, especially in a tough spot, like how rain make the rainbows come out, you know?



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

JAMES KI, KS4

The year 2064: I was led to my bed, and my personal robot woke me up and delivered a coffee. I stepped out of bed feeling rejuvenated and ready for the day ahead. I looked up at the dome where we were living was protecting us from the wider atmosphere, and saw spaceships flying around with commuters. My spaceship had just arrived, I got onto the spaceship and got dropped off on the roof of my workplace.

My workplace was mainly comprised of a large team of intelligent robots; however, there were a few humans dotted around monitoring the robots via live video feed. The employees were all provided with augmented reality goggles; therefore, they could see the stats of each robot with a brief glance.

ARJELO, KS3

The Na'vi are the native people of Pandora, living in deep harmony with their lush and dangerous world. They believe that all life is connected through a powerful force called Eywa, which they worship and protect. From the moment they are born, the Na'vi are taught to respect the creatures, plants, and spirits around them. One of the most special things they can do is tsaheylu, a sacred bond formed by connecting their neural tendrils to animals and even to the planet itself. This bond allows them to ride mighty creatures like the banshee and the direhorse, not by force, but through trust and connection. The Na'vi live together in strong family clans, guided by wisdom, tradition, and love for their home. They do not take more than they need and are deeply saddened and angered when outsiders, like the humans, come to mine their land and destroy sacred places for resources like unobtainium. For the Na'vi, life is not about power or wealth; it is about balance, spirit, and belonging.

LILLY, KS4

The Navi are a Fictional humanoid species, they have blue skin and large eyes, their culture is connected to nature and the spiritual world, they communicate through a really confusing language.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LEON, KS3

You wake up to the sound of blaring sirens with a skull-splitting headache. You stiffly get up off the floor and take in your surroundings. Of course, you're in the worst possible place you could be in right now. Haizen Labs. All of a sudden, you hear static, then a voice. Thankfully, your earpiece is still working. "All units in Haizen Labs, evacuate now." You try to respond, but the only noise that comes out of your mouth is laboured breathing. You've been hit pretty badly by whatever the hell hit you, so you find a nearby seat and try to clear your head so you can remember, ignoring the earpiece. You look around once more, and in the corner, there is a Haizen 49 Sub-Sonic Laqei. You stumble over to the rifle, grateful to have some form of protection. The last thing you need to run into is an E.L.S. Then it hits you. You remember.

WILLOW, KS3

Niamh screeched as the shadowy creature came running towards her at full speed. She tried to run, but her short legs managed only an average speed for a 9-year-old. She shrieked and shrieked as she struggled to get away from what was about to kill her, only in a matter of time.

JEMIMA, KS3

Hello and welcome. I'm aware that this zoo is trying to decide what animal to buy first. And I have some ideas.. Pandas! Do you want an animal that's stress-free and adorable? Then a panda's the way to go! First of all, Pandas are very cute, very low maintenance, and need very little attention. Give them lots of bamboo and a nice enclosure, and they can keep themselves occupied all day and night. Pandas are very independent creatures, so you'll be free of stress as you start up your zoo. Secondly, pandas will bring lots of customers and give you a great start to your zoo business. People love cute and fluffy animals, and pandas are just that. They will bring flocks of people to your establishment. Finally, I think pandas will make your business skyrocket and bring in lots of money. Thank you for listening.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS5 (1/2)

The sun shone brightly as she walked down the pathway, the gravel crunching beneath her feet. She breathed in the country air, her nostrils filling with the smell of freshly cut grass. As she walked, she looked to the gardens on either side of her, which were filled with vibrant flowers, lavender bushes, and hedges trimmed so neatly it was as if they weren't real. The whole estate looked like a scene from an old painting. She glanced up towards the grand manor house towering over her, overwhelmed by the size of it. An extravagant, brick staircase led towards a huge navy-blue door, which had to have been at least a hundred years old. She looked up to find an old-fashioned, gold door knocker and took a deep breath before knocking it loudly three times.

Ellie's heart pounded heavily in her chest. It felt like an eternity before the huge door finally opened. Before her stood a very slim woman with short, neat chestnut brown hair that was streaked with grey. Her face looked dull, and she was starting to develop wrinkles, particularly around her deep blue eyes, which had large grey bags underneath them that she had tried to cover with foundation. She was wearing a white linen blouse and had a string of pearls around her neck with a bracelet to match. Her brown trousers hung limply around her waist, only held up by a black leather belt with a shiny gold buckle. She looked nothing like the pictures that Ellie's social worker had given her as a child; in fact, she was almost unrecognisable. Her facial expression was cold; she looked bored and uninterested, almost as if this was a waste of her time.

Ellie froze; she couldn't speak, she couldn't even move. All the things that she had planned to say, the things that she had rehearsed for years, were gone. She had been waiting for this moment for her whole life; she had longed for it.

Now here she was, standing outside her birth mother's door, and all those dreams she had were crushed, her heart broken slowly into a million pieces.

How could she have been so stupid?



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS5 (2/2)

Ellie remembered that day so vividly. She was five years old, and she had settled in well with her adoptive parents. They loved her endlessly and gave her everything she could have ever wanted, and she loved them too. Her social worker still visited regularly, and this Tuesday afternoon was no different. They were sitting at the round, oak table in the dining room doing colouring with the same crayons they always used when her social worker mentioned she had something to show Ellie. She pulled out a photo – a younger, happier version of the woman standing before her now. The same slim woman with the chestnut brown hair and deep blue eyes, like the colour of the deepest part of the sea. Ellie was put into foster care at only 5 months old and had never shown much interest in her birth parents until her social worker showed her that photo of her mother. Ever since that day, Ellie had always dreamed of the day she met her mother, the woman whom she admired more than anyone else.

She was brought back to the present by the harsh sound of the woman's posh voice. The woman repeated herself, "I don't know why you are here; I have nothing to say to you." Ellie stood there, unable to speak, a million questions racing through her mind. How did she even recognise who Ellie was? Isn't it obvious why she's here? How could she be so heartless?

And with that, Ellie made a decision she never thought she would make. She didn't need this woman. The woman who gave her up when she was a tiny baby, putting her through the many hellish years of being in foster care. The woman who had shown no interest in her throughout her entire life and didn't even say anything after Ellie travelled hours to come and finally meet her. She had plenty of people who cared about her in her life.

She turned back around and started to walk back down the gravel pathway, without even saying anything to her mother. She had lived a happy life without that woman, and she wasn't going to let her ruin it. She had more respect for herself than that. She looked up at the sun beaming down on her and smiled. She was ready to move on.

Student Spotlight

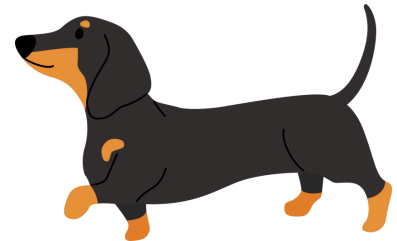
What have you been doing?

MATTHEW, KS3

Why dogs may behave badly and some consequences of this.

A bad dog means it has a bad/abusive owner, previous or current. Why would a dog be mean? It's like a bully; they have most likely had a bad past and need to take it out on someone or something, which then makes people think they are bad and ban them. Like an X-L bully: they killed a small number of people in a year, but greyhounds are way more dangerous. And I have heard a lot of dogs getting shot by police, because they growled when the cop pointed a gun at the owner.

I used to have a Dobermann. And then I got a rottweiler: they're the best. I also like golden retrievers and dachshunds.



FREDDIE, KS3

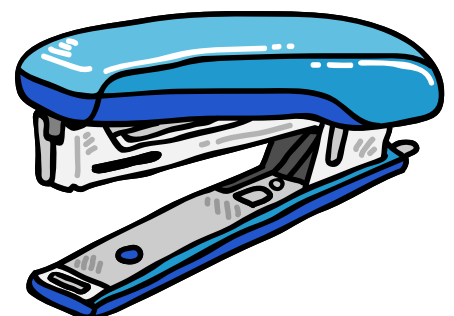
Freddie's Favourite Films:

I like anything to do with aliens. I do not believe in aliens; if they were real, I'd be too scared to watch movies with them killing people!

Xenomorphs: They look like staplers. Xenomorph heads: They're aliens to begin with. They basically look like really bony people with large, long heads, and they have tails with skewers on the end.

If you tried to kill a xenomorph with a shotgun, you'd probably be dead yourself. They bleed acid.

I can justify a lot of villains!





Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

MYLA, KS4. (1/4)

The steel and concrete wall loomed tall, casting my shadow across the city like a giant gravestone. It hummed with machinery and flickered with a thousand ads — glowing, blinking, begging.

Beyond that wall was the city of Ljuset Dal — the Valley of Lights.

So bright the sun looked dim in comparison.

So loud I can hear the adverts through my four-foot-thick insulation.

So desperate that even the billboards are screaming:

"BUY ME NOW!"

"LIMITED TIME OFFER!"

The streets are nearly empty now. No footsteps. No conversation. Just the hum of drones and the whir of driverless cars. This used to be a city full of people carving out lives, working, laughing, surviving. Now it's a hollow shell of synthetic life and forgotten traditions. A corpse animated by AI and corporations too greedy to let anything die in peace.

I live just beyond that wall, in the forest.

Off-grid.

With my wife. My kids. My longboat.

I am Myla — the final hope.

Or maybe just the last fool screaming into the wind.

It's a heavy title, "final hope."





Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

MYLA, KS4. (2/4)

Some would say "prophet" is a stretch too. But what else do you call someone who refuses to kneel before tech when the whole world already has?

I've searched. I've travelled. I've listened.

And in over thirty years, I haven't met another soul who sees what I see.

The year is 2053. The old world ended a long time ago. Most hard labour will vanish by 2025 — replaced by machines, apps, and automation. Hunting? Outlawed. Woodcutting? Unnecessary. Farming? Controlled by labs. People don't work anymore. They watch, scroll, and consume. They wear VR like skin. They've forgotten how to live.

But me? I remember.

I teach my children the old ways — how to light a fire without a lighter, how to track animals in the snow, how to chop wood and build a home with their own hands. I raise them to be part of the Earth, not just passengers on it.

Am I scared? Hell yes. I'm terrified.

But I will not go quietly.

Let's go back.

The year is 2025. I'm 18. And the cracks are starting to show.

Trump's back, terrifying the world. Putin's starting wars. Society's addicted to screens. Traditions that survived centuries are being swallowed whole by content, apps, and convenience.

People no longer chop wood after a long day.

2025



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

MYLA, KS4. (3/4)

They no longer come home to a house they built on land they own with kids they raised and a partner they love.

I wanted that. Still do.

The more I lived in that world, the dimmer its light became.

Greedy corporations threw worthless products in our faces.

Every update promised ease, but delivered emptiness.

Now I'm 46.

I live in the forest outside Ljusets Dal, in a cabin I built with my own hands. I have a longboat. A wife. Kids. Real ones, not avatars. We hunt what little game remains, grow what we can, and yes, sometimes we have to buy food from the city to survive. It's not perfect. But it's real.

I still vlog on YouTube, ironically — showing people how to live off-grid, how to craft tools, and sing Viking chants. Sometimes I wonder if anyone's even watching. And that wall? That massive concrete slab? Well, it's filled with convenience shops so big robots get your food for you, tech stores filled with new robots to do simple tasks.

I pray people start seeing the reality, the mess we're in, and help rebuild what was a culture-filled earth filled with love, warmth, kindness, and personality.

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Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

MYLA, KS4. (4/4)

Chop, swing, bang. Chop, swing, bang. Tirelessly and endlessly, I chop wood ready for when my kids get back from school, warming the house, cooking food, and baking. As the axe swung one last time, a drone flew over my head, scaring me with its buzz.

"Dear Myla, we at the Welfare For Forest and Traditions have seen your channel and like your ideas and everything you do, we would like to hold a meeting for you in the town square next week, just a little gathering to show what the world could be like. It will/may be broadcast to around 4.5 billion people. Hope to see you there! - from the people at WFFAT"

The robot whirred one last time before saying:

"The meeting is on the 12th of the 3rd 2052. Please be there by 12 pm."

Swoosh!

Before I knew it, the drone disappeared back to the coffin it crawled out of...

The distaste of entering such an awful, distrustful "city", joining a "society" for a short while... I shake my head in anger, chopping wood with the force of a truck carrying one thousand lbs of steel. Do I go? Do I stay? What tricks will they have in store this time?





Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

RUBY, KS3

Ashes of the Undead

The world had crumbled, leaving only echoes of a life that once was. Ellie had survived longer than most, learning to navigate the ruins, always searching for others like her. When she found Michael and Sarah, it felt like hope had returned. But hope was fragile in a world crawling with the infected.

They had a plan- reach the abandoned research lab, find the cure hidden deep within its wreckage. But fate was cruel. Sarah, the fearless one, the glue holding them together, was bitten. There was no time for goodbyes. No time to grieve. They barely escaped as her eyes glazed over and her body twisted into something monstrous.

Michael and Ellie pressed on, desperation fuelling their every step. The cure was real; they knew it. But the path was lined with horrors: decayed streets, shadows moving in the distance, the growls of the creatures that once were human.

Then came the moment that tore Ellie's world apart. The last vial of the cure was within reach, but so were the infected. Michael shoved Ellie forward, facing the horde alone. "Go!" he shouted. The last thing she saw was his brave, broken smile before the creatures swarmed him. With shaking hands, Ellie clutched the cure. The last of its kind. It wasn't supposed to be like this. She had lost everyone. And yet... she refused to accept defeat, she returned to Michael, his lifeless form barely recognizable, but he wasn't gone. Not fully. His body twitched. His eyes, cloudy and lost, flickered with something deep inside. Ellie hesitated only for a moment before injecting the cure into his arm, hoping against all hope, breath would return to him, colour to his skin. His eyes (his real eyes) met hers. "Ellie?" he whispered.

Relief crashed over her. She didn't hesitate. She threw her arms around him, and in the ruins of the world, against all odds, they kissed, an anchor in the storm, a promise that even in the ashes of the undead, love endured.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

MYLA, KS4. (1/2)

The sun rose. The blackened sky hides.

Hiding just like all those men and women in their rich palaces telling us what to do.

Everywhere I look, there's a war

A war not just physical, but mentally

Destroying everything like a wave of destructive terror, a wave a lava.

WHEN WILL IT END!

The future is not going to be pretty, yet I still hold hope for the future. I mean, heck, look at our youth, every day it gets harder with men and women in power not understanding, not willing, changing things for the "better"

There's an argument to be made that we, as youth, don't know everything either, but all we want is a life, peace, care, to be happy!

I personally look back and understand times before now were not "better," but, hell, they sure seemed it. Running across the playground, no worries. Going to your local shops, having a laugh, saying how bad times were then.

It's time to move forward as a group, A team, A unit. It's time we work together to help keep what we have left of our community alive.

I see a few versions of our future, a dystopian modern mess ruled by tech like in blade runner, A war filled destruction ticking time bomb both in human rights or in physical nature but I also see a future full of peace a world calm, at last, the earth finally healing for the first time.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

MYLA, KS4. (2/2)

I write this to warn you, not to hurt, to change hearts, and maybe help.

Set aside your differences and help allow the start of world healing.

I write this on 8/05/2025.

Two wars are on the brink of causing a mass war with huge nuclear implications.

The UK is removing rights, destroying an already burned nation.

My hopes for next year are for everything to calm down. My big future plans are to get the treatment I deserve, be myself, and live happily. Have a wife or husband, maybe have kids, who knows? I have a small shack in the woods in Sweden. Use solar and other green sources to help the planet. Teach my kids not only the primal ways to live but how to live in future times, understand their needs, and forever improve.

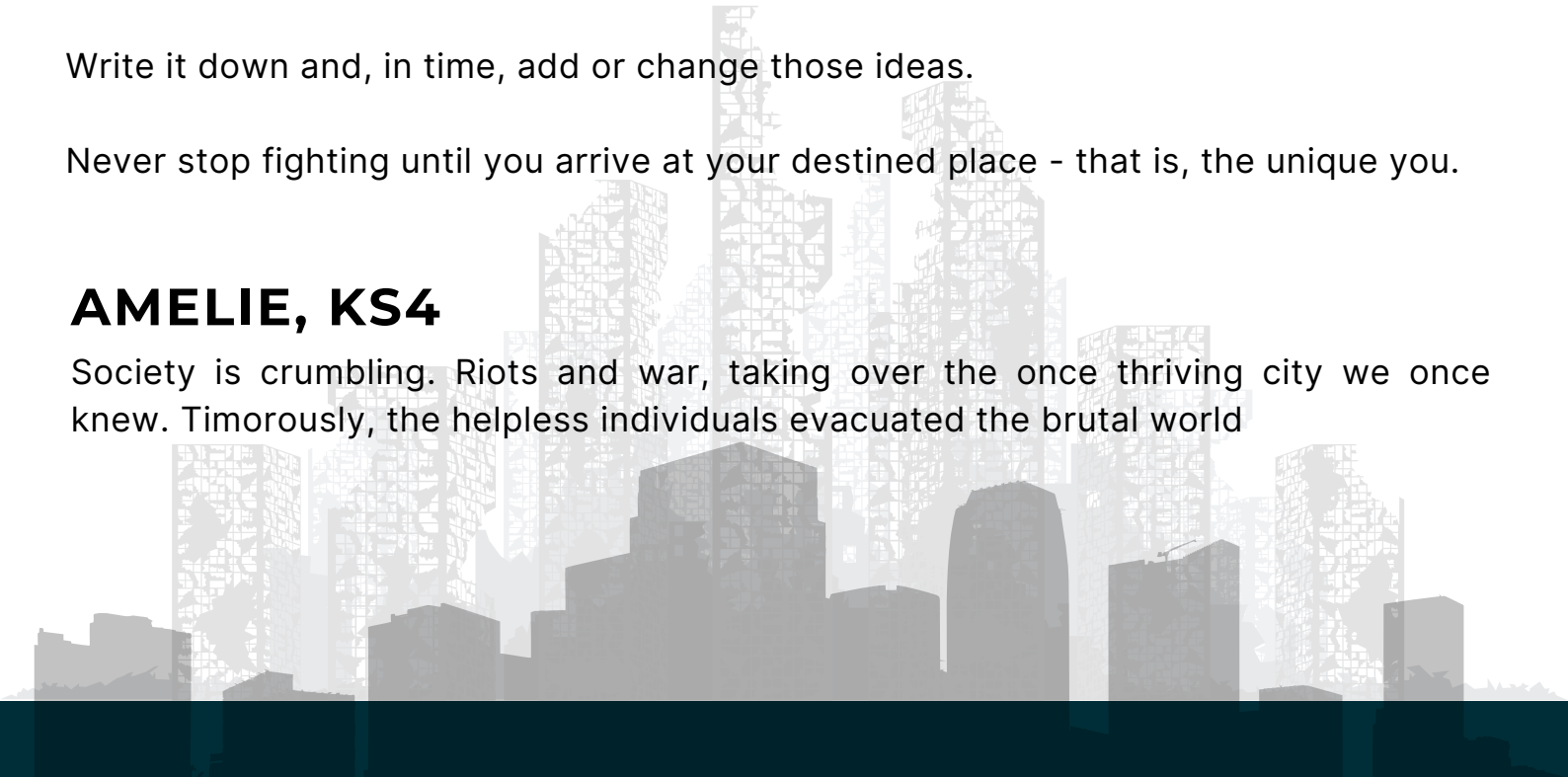
Take a think, what is your future, what right now is your life going to look like?

Write it down and, in time, add or change those ideas.

Never stop fighting until you arrive at your destined place - that is, the unique you.

AMELIE, KS4

Society is crumbling. Riots and war, taking over the once thriving city we once knew. Timorously, the helpless individuals evacuated the brutal world

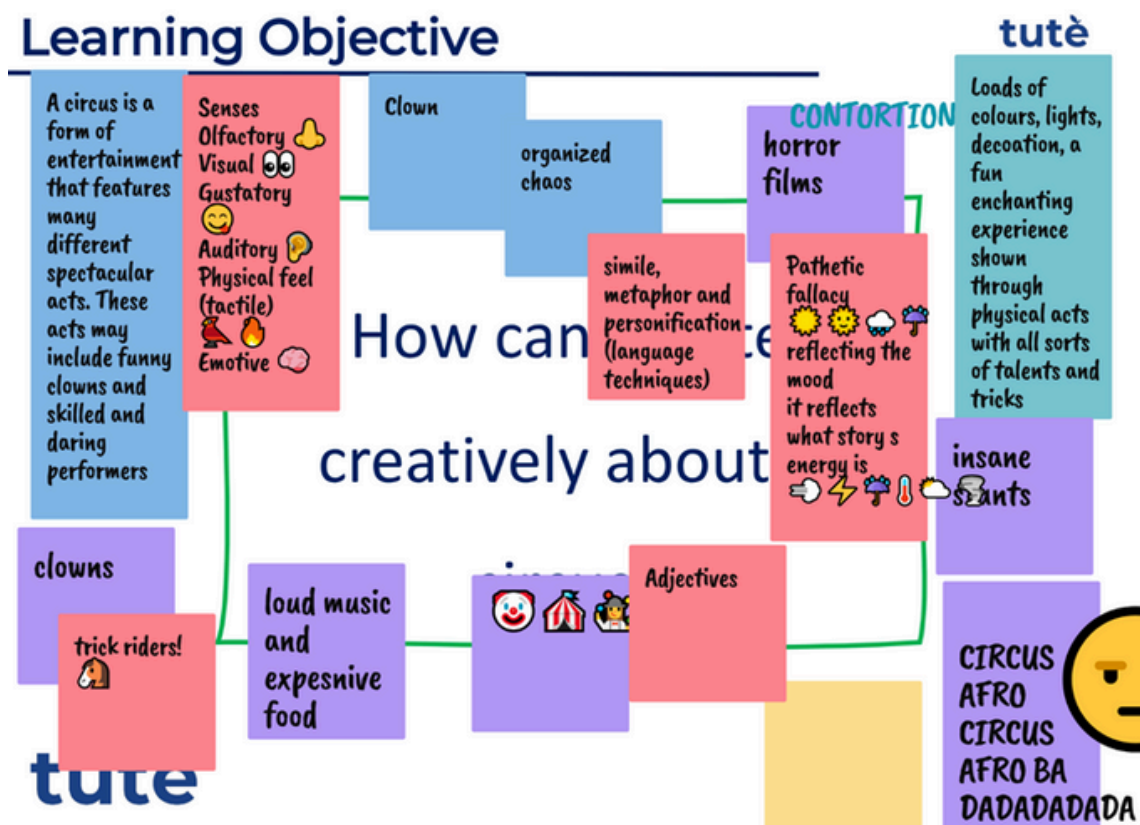




Collaboration Corner

How we work together - Secondary Edition!

KS3 CIRCUS WRITING!



AMY, KS3.

A couple of hours ago, I just came home from the circus. I'm telling you now because I can't sleep. I'm scared. As soon as I got there, I could just hear people laughing and screaming awfully loudly. I went there with my friends and we were trembling as I was walking towards it, we finally got there after feeling like it took ages. Halfway through, I fell asleep, which is weird because I don't sleep when there are loud sounds. I woke up, my friends disappeared, and everyone disappeared until I saw a group of scary clowns that were in the corners of the room. I couldn't get out, I was trying so hard, the Clowns then turned around. It felt like my heart had stopped pumping. They all pelted me, and then I woke up. It was all a dream, and then it was over finally. But I saw someone sleeping, everyone left him and the clowns went into the corner of the room and then I heard...



Collaboration Corner

How we work together - Secondary Edition!



JOHANNA, KS3.

A circus is an incredible experience. The Lights, the colours, the people, the crowd, it's an experience you can't forget. As you approach, you can see the vibrant, beaming lights shining out into the open sky, and all sorts of music and songs being played. Delicious, sweet food and drinks are being sold in stores along with merchandise like balloons, clothes, and toys, along with amazing decorations along the tents and inside. You can see all sorts of entertainment inside. Trick Riders, Contortionists (Hoops, Aerial Silks, Trapeze artists, etc.), strongmen, jugglers, incredibly flexible and talented people here to amaze and immerse you into this wonderful event, and it's a memory you are sure to remember, and maybe even cherish.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3.

Steadily, I squelched through the field, squinting at the sun that decided to show, just as we arrived at the tent. Instantly, the freshly popped popcorn slivered up through my nostrils, bringing a tingling warmth throughout my body. Seats were filled - only ours empty.

MARIA, KS3.

Circuses normally pop up every once in a while, you're most likely to go to a circus near night, and the lights look 10x brighter then. Sometimes, on toys in the circus, they may even have Disney or Pixar characters for you to win. The people who work there should be kind and helpful, but also funny and silly. Circuses like to use stripes a lot and for colours normally ones that will stand out/pop, the atmosphere of a circus is generally good, kids are screaming and laughing, and everyone seems to be having a good time, unless you went on a spinny ride and now are all nauseous.

TYLER, KS3.

A circus is a captivating form of entertainment that typically features a variety of performers, including acrobats, clowns, and trained animals, showcasing their skills and stunts within a circular arena, often a "Big Top" tent, surrounded by eager spectators. You can hear the uproar of the crowd cheering the clowns on.



Collaboration Corner

How we work together - Primary Edition!



THE STORY OF COCO, THE RACCOON GOD

Written by: William, Cooper, Mia, Richard, Chase, Jaxon, and Leonie - Year 3-4!

Melvin the Protector of the God, the one and only RACCOON GOD, called Coco, had special powers to transform into a HUMAN, Raccoon's enemy. Melvin was so concentrated on Coco the Raccoon God, keeping him safe. He had to clear a long line for him to walk through whilst making sure no one saw Coco BUT... SOMEONE SAW Coco...THEN IT WAS CHAOS! Whilst everyone was going crazy, Melvin turned back into a Raccoon and told the other Raccoons to follow him and protect Coco (obviously in raccoon language). This is how the best Raccoons ever escaped. It was amazing! Watching the action above was Coco's best friend, Choco, who was killed by the humans. This is how the WAR BEGAN.



The raccoons went and hopped on the HUGE train! But... Was that a fox? I'm certain that was a fox. It was as big as a Great Dane or German Shepherd! It was as quick as a leopard, and fierce like a lion! The raccoons were afraid to see that the foxes had found them, they ran and ran and RAN! They all almost slipped because the floor was so slippery! Then they found a hiding spot. They were all so pleased and delighted to see that the foxes had lost them. The raccoons had fear in their eyes when they saw a fox come near them. Luckily, the foxes turned around and left, since they never saw anything there because the raccoons were greatly hidden. After the train, there was actually Coco the raccoon God left on the train, but he got out, and the foxes were jumping up and down.



Collaboration Corner



How we work together! - Primary Edition!

THE STORY OF COCO, THE RACCOON GOD

Coco *aka The raccoon* God met up with the other raccoon Gods. They were friendly at first...BUT THEY CHALLENGED HIM TO A FIERCE BATTLE TO THE DEATH! Sadly, The Raccoon God Coco died in the process...but he was SECRETLY ALIVE! HE CHARGED AT THE THUNDER RACCOON GOD, KEKO, WITH NO MERCY INTENDED. Coco hypnotised the Raccoon God...he had mastered the sacred technique of Metavision. The Raccoon God fell straight into a pot of steaming hot chocolate, which was in the arena. Metavision is a technique that allows you to have more social awareness and gives you the ability to see the potential of what someone can do.

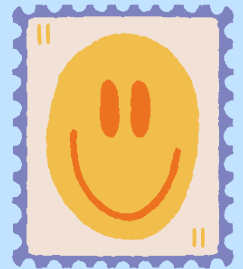
The End, or maybe it wasn't..... we shall never know!



Below is their postcard of success!

Battling isn't always the key, try and sort it out together!
- William

it's good to take turns when we work as a team!
- Richard



I like finding spelling mistakes!
- Richard

We want more creative writing lessons

I just liked the whole story!
- Mia

I liked the writing and ideas that the others had
😊 - Cooper

It was fun cause I actually made it. It's the most amazing thing I've ever made! - William



Awareness Check



Discussion Time

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

A student view on: Homelessness

Article: Why people don't choose to be homeless.

Hidden Voice: People don't really have a choice, as it is just life for you, and many people lose their jobs and become homeless, and their mental health suffers.

Macy: A lot of the time, people do not have a choice about being homeless for many reasons: loss of money; being born into a poor family; bad mental health, which could be caused by drugs, etc, and you could unintentionally end up with no money and on the street.

Any reasons why someone might run away from home?

Hidden Voice: They aren't happy and just want to get away from civilisation. It mostly comes down to idiots on social media causing suicide in kids, so they run away.

Maria: It's obvious that people who say 'homelessness is a choice' have never been homeless or nearly been on the brink of homelessness.

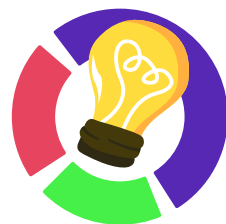
Esme: I knew someone who ran away just because they had really strict parents.

Evie L: Same. Sometimes that can be fair, though.





Analytical Angle



See how you're working hard and where it's taking us!

PAPER 2, QUESTION 4 EXEMPLAR - MAX

The writer of Source A feels passionate about art.

They say: "Art is the only true way to capture the essence of human experience."

This suggests the writer believes art transcends ordinary representation because the phrase "only true way" implies that art is unique and irreplaceable as a medium for expressing deep, intrinsic truths about humanity. The use of "capture" also suggests an active, almost urgent need to preserve these truths in a timeless form.

In comparison, the writer of Source B feels more sceptical or critical about art.

They say: "Art is nothing more than an illusion that distorts reality."

This suggests the writer sees art as a deceptive medium because the word "illusion" implies that art is fake or misleading, while "distorts" further emphasizes that art does not reveal truth, but alters it. This view contrasts sharply with the idealistic view in Source A, highlighting a significant difference in the way the two writers perceive art's role in representing reality.

PAPER 1, QUESTION 3 EXEMPLAR - HIDDEN VOICE

At the beginning, the writer focuses on the car being upside down. This interests us as readers because it is a narrative hook, and we wonder if the car has crashed or has been driven off by accident, or if it has been abandoned because the setting looks to be a desert.

In the middle, the writer zooms in on the character's goggles, which interests us as we can't see his eyes, which then leaves a spooky and mysterious tone because we don't know what he is seeing. We then see the car crash through his lenses, which is interesting because he is having a flashback to the car driving off the cliff.

At the end, the writer focuses on the man standing there with his thumb up again, which is a cyclical structure because it happened at the start as well. This interests us as the reader because we start to wonder if he is stuck in a loop or if he is controlling the events of the car crash in a supernatural way.

Vocabulary Vacation



Don't be basic. Say what you mean!

Paradoxical – that sounds absurd but makes sense

Predilection – A strong liking for something

Behemoth – Something enormous/powerful

Hamartia – A fatal flaw that leads to downfall

Inundated – Overwhelmed or flooded

Buoyancy – The ability to float in water or air

Exuberance – Enthusiasm and excitement

Surreptitiously – Done in a sneaky, sly way

Ethereal – Delicate, light or otherworldly

Solipsistic – Thinking only your own ideas and thoughts matter

Captain Rhea stood aboard the **behemoth** Elysium, her thoughts **paradoxical** — thrilled by discovery, yet weighed by solitude. **Inundated** with messages from unknown civilisations, she remained **solipsistic**, retreating into her mind. Her **predilection** for exploration clashed with a hidden **hamartia**: unchecked ambition. Beyond the viewport, an **ethereal** nebula shimmered with **exuberance**. Reports of a rising AI threat arrived **surreptitiously**. Yet, her **buoyancy** endured — the human spirit uncrushed, even in the endless void.

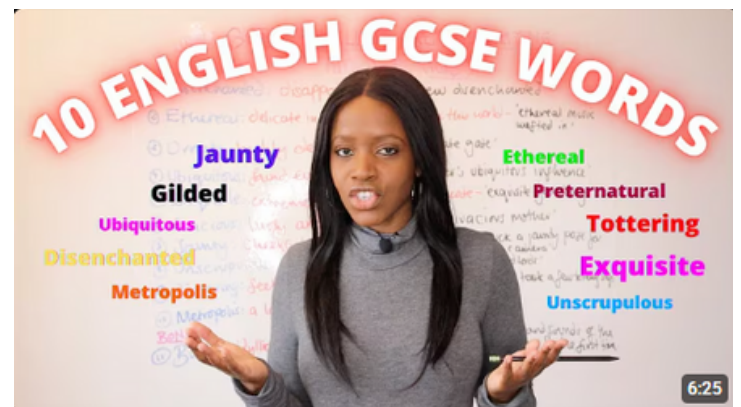


How can I find more?



It is time to be curious! Time to be a logophile and adopt an interest and a love for words. But what can you do to naturally expand your vocabulary?

- Play word games, like Wordle!
- Listen to songs, TV shows, and movies, and keep an ear out for any interesting words that you haven't heard before.
- Look at synonyms.
- Be curious and follow Words of the Week.
- Read, read, read!



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WoNMDoX90gU>



Coming Soon

On your Tute radar



JULY-END!

It is already Half Term 6! How has this happened?! Time passes so quickly and the end of the academic year is upon us.

Looking ahead at Tute, we have Pride Month to celebrate in June where we look into identity and what it means to you. We celebrate inclusivity and differences and we celebrate freedom and love and expression.

In July, I encourage you to look back and reflect on the time that has passed and to keep your mind open and positive. Bask in your achievements and your successes, remind yourself that failures and setbacks happen, but you have overcome that. The end is in sight and the future is promising and bright.

Whether you are about to start a new school, move up a year, take a GCSE, get your results for your GCSEs, go to college, start and apprenticeship, get a first or a new job, hold your head high and think positively. Know that this next chapter of your life is a transition and it will feel as though you are riding a roller-coaster of emotions. Feel them. Experience them. Always remember you are in control of them. Most importantly, enjoy it. Good luck!

UNIQUE FACTS

An octopus has so much love to give - they have three hearts!

Australia is wider than the moon.

The word companion is Latin meaning 'the one with whom you share bread.'

Fire changes colour when it burns different materials.



Shelf Care English Society

Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



NEXT EDITION: JULY TO END!

**IT'S
OVER
9000!**

(Not quite, but we are
stunned by all your
entries to Shelf Care!)

MAKE THE MUNDANE A MASTERPIECE

Anything that can be observed, can be written. Even the everyday, even the mundane, even the very ordinary can be captured creatively. We may feel as though we need to write about such fantastical things. We may feel as though the extraordinary, the shocking, the unusual, the unexplained can make for the most engaging pieces, but that isn't the case at all. Even seizing the moment to describe a piece of normality and find the beauty in it can offer someone a snippet into your life. That is a masterpiece.

YOU COLOUR AND FRACTURE THE LIGHT

In the next issue of Shelf Care, and the final one for this year, we will be putting together a bumper edition of Shelf Care to feature all the excellent submissions we have received this academic year. It has definitely been a brilliant time. If anything, we should be proud of everything we have achieved. You colour and fracture the light - a unique piece of you can be seen in everything you do. All around you are remnants of your life, dreams, hopes, goals, and achievements; they help you shine. So shine on, you crazy diamond.

**WE'RE ALL
IN THIS
TOGETHER**

Check out the bumper
edition of Shelf Care