



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

EDUCATION
Tute



Shelf Care
English Society



January-February Edition

Shelf Care English Society



Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



you
are
loved



WRITERS DREAM DEEP WITH EYES OPEN

**SUMMER
SUMMER
SUMMER**

Feelin' sunny.

SPRING SPRUNG

Spring is approaching and is the time for new beginnings and fresh starts. As we look ahead to Easter, I would like you to consider what is important to you, what is worth beginning that you might have been putting off, or what you can start as something new. This could be a new hobby or a new tradition, it could be taking part in something you've never done before or learning something new from a friend. Why not consider what could be new with you and shape it as a great thing?

THREE CHEERS FOR SWEET REVISION

We are on the countdown now for our GCSE students so please join me in wishing our Year 11s the best with their upcoming examples. They still have time, a whole three months to go, but it is a scary time nonetheless. Cheer from the sidelines, offer support, check in on someone, or ask to help them in some way. I am sure it would be appreciated. And if they haven't done anything yet? Remind them they should probably make a start - we want them to be their very best so let's work together to achieve that.

**LOOK UP
AIM HIGH
SUCCEED**

Keep persevering!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ANNA, KS3

The sky was gloomy. A little, sad tent sitting there, it wasn't alone though, it had a man in it. He looked like he was freezing, what was fair who couldn't be? I mean, his skin was sparkling from previous rain and snow. Frosty air surrounding him. But lucky for him he had set a sparkling fire. He looked relieved as a flame went up. But then it caught his tent. Making the dark night sky bright again as it went up in flames. He dashed out, panting. And he just stared. Maybe he was too cold to do anything, the tent on fire was illuminating the night sky. And after a few minutes it finally set. The sky going pitch black again. He collapsed, too exhausted to even cry. He was really giving up, really going to die like this. And at this point? He was too tired to even care.

ARTHUR, KS3

The figure of the castle's remarkable architectural design triumphed the landscape. The hollow frame of the castle stood strong against the thundering rain, as if it was striking lightning back at the clouds. The fractured staircase lead up to a giant archway that led inside of the beast of a castle. The silence was loud, it was as if I could see silhouettes in the corner of my eyes, with twisting shadows haunting the structure. Why did I enter...?

ISABELLE, KS4

A lone ship leans into the swell; a dark silhouette caught in the middle of a restless sea. The water churns in layers of blue, foaming as each wave hits the ship. While the sky above hangs heavy and angry. The mast tilts at an uneasy angle. Everything feels suspended. As if it's the moment before disaster hits. It's quiet but tense. A smell of salt and cold air hits every inch of the vast space, as the ship struggles to stay afloat.

JACK, KS3

The solitary racoon clung to the thin birch tree, his soft, smooth grey and white coat shining in the sun. His little ears occasionally twitching. His long, fluffy, black and white tail wiggles as he adjusts his grip on the tree.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LIBBY, KS3

The forest feels rich and alive, painted in layers of green and gold. Tall trees- birch with pale, peeling bark and darker, thicker trunks- frame a wide, open woodland clearing. Sunlight filters through the leaves, dappling the grass and lighting up a winding blue stream that cuts through the scene. The ground is busy with life: mushrooms cluster near tree roots, shrubs and ferns fill the understory, and the water reflects the sky as it curves past rocks and fallen logs. In the distance, soft green hills rise toward hazy blue mountains, giving the forest depth and a sense of calm openness. Above this, a stag stands alert among the trees partially sheltered by foliage. His coat is a warm brown that blends naturally with the forest, but his pale throat and chest catch the light. Tall, branching antlers rise proudly from his head, symmetrical and strong, marking him as a mature male. His ears are pricked forward, and his dark eyes seem watchful, as if he's listening for movement deeper in the woods. He looks calm but ready, a quiet guardian of this part of the forest.

CODIE, KS3

Deep into the forest as you zoom into animals you'll see a peaceful hedgehog with its prickly top and smooth lower half then you zoom into the deer a tall yet long neck with the brown elegant antlers and soft brown ears, and you pan other to the peaceful yet steep mountains then to the right of that if you pan to the fox a ginger elegant peaceful fox and as you zoom in you'll see the details of ginger fur

SAPHIRA, KS4

As I stood on the edge of the rock looking out over the dishevelled lake, I felt the crisp air breeze across my face. I felt a sense of relief in myself as I felt like my freedom was striking me like no other way it had before! It felt electrifying, all my worries had been released. As I looked down on the golden tinted edge, I felt spirited.

ISABELLE, KS4

The burgundy on my t-shirt when you splashed your wine onto me. How the blood rushed into my cheeks. So scarlet, it was maroon. Then the red of my heart bleeding. The rust grew between our telephones.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HAYDEN, KS3

The man lay back in his chair as it creaked back and forth chh... chh... It was a dark day. It was the perfect day. The rain ran, the thunder was ready. BOOM! A lightning bolt hit the graveyard. The man shot awake and knew it is time. He ran up the dank stairs to the lab and there it lay: his monster. He took a sip of orange juice then VOOM! A thunder bolt struck the roof. He shuddered, put the orange juice down and put on his jacket. He cracked the old dyed window and climbed up the castle roof. VOOM! A thunderbolt struck beside him, so he decided to climb faster. He assembled a lightning rod then BOOOM! A lightning bolt hit, his body went lifeless and he fell from the roof, landing on a balcony.

Hours pass and he wakes. He's jittery. Everything feels different. He slips through the eery halls, paranoid, and he limps as he goes, hoping the monster is alive, but it lays lifeless. He goes to grab the orange juice but somethings is off. It has bits now! Someone or something is in his home and has made this orange juice disgusting then DING! Everything goes black.

ZACHARY, KS3

After months of being homeless, a man finds an abandoned building. He lives there for a couple days and realises something is terribly, terribly wrong; a horrid smell comes from the upstairs. He decides to check it out and sees something but its definitely not human, though it stands in human form. Its body is misshaped, as if it was borrowing the skin from another creature. Then he notices something. In its hand ...it was eating something or...someone. He can't help but let out a gasp. It's head spins unnaturally, its face distorted, eyes black and flesh hanging from the mouth. As the wind hits the eerie walls, he yells. Then all goes...silent.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

In the depth of the battle, filled with a lack of food and tired soldiers with gun fire from every angle, it feels like there is no escape. With the foggy skies and a lack of view, they knew they were done with no hope. They went for one final fight. The war was not over but this...Was it one last fight?



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

IMOGEN, KS3

I dragged my feet through the thick snow. Exhaustion dripped down my brow, as I dragged the dogs' corpses back. Poor pups, I said. Although we were out of food, and I was far too frightened to go further into the thick woods. Bears remained in those woods, and upon the sight of one, fear flooded my senses and my heart began to pound like a drum. The dogs were heavy and tiring to carry, but I had a lack of food and supplies. Foxes no longer fell for the traps - or they blended into the harsh, terrifying white blanket that covered the ground. It was isolating and my nerves were constantly full of fear. Every slight bubble of sound shook me into a pale, cold fright. I knew I wasn't alone, but the thought of being alone in the dark was worse.

SAPHIRA, KS4

It was a blistering day with the rain pounding down onto the deck; I was flabbergasted to learn that the weather would not change. It was so difficult to take control of my vessel as it leaned from side to side; I knew that it wouldn't be long before the ship may capsize. I gathered my crew and prepared them for the worst. As hard as we could we pulled the tassles to regain control. It was preposterous, nothing we did changed the ship's outcome. Before we knew it, water started flooding on board. Myself and my crew were genuienly screwed. We were stuck with the ship almost breaking apart, my crew were in panic now. The once confident faces were wiped. My crewmate wept in fear "It's over Captain! There is no hope!"

ELLIENA, KS4

I stood at the edge of the cliff, the gaping valley stretching endlessly below, silent but for the distant murmur of the world. Light poured over the jagged peaks like molten gold, slipping into cracks and brushing the grass with the warmth of honey and ripe wheat. The world below was a patchwork of fields and trees, peaceful yet impossibly far. The wind whispered and hummed through the jagged rocks. The stone beneath my feet felt tenuous, unsteady, as if it could shatter with a single breath. The mountain rose before me, fierce and unyielding, wearing the sun's last glow like a crown of fire. The air buzzed around me, sharp and electric, and for a moment I felt both small and infinite. Is this the end — or the place where everything begins?



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ANNA, KS3

It was dark, but of course that's when I had decided to go on a walk. I heard footsteps behind me, yet when I looked back, I was only met with one, sad, lonely tree. It was sitting there patiently; like it was waiting.

I shrugged. Then it started raining, so I took out my phone and was about to ask my boyfriend to get me, but at that moment, he sent me a text. I read it out loud, only realising what it said as I spoke, "I know what's going to happen to you, we're over." What was he talking about? Two years gone just like that? I put my phone away, shaking, as I continued to walk.

But that's when I heard it, running, footsteps patting on the ground. I spun my head back, hit with a crow bar on the head. I collapsed onto the ground, as a masked figure stood above me. Was I really going to die like this?

ISABELLE, KS3

A precarious rock ledge juts out over a slate grey cliffs. The sound of the hummingbird blesses my ears, as I stand in shock that I had made it. Behind and below the valley, water fades into muted teal and pale jade.

BAILEY, KS3

Dawn broke, daylight split, the sun meandered down teathering those beneath. The sun was a god. The morning glimpse woke me up with a sudden jolt, the cold snow air sieved down my back. Today was not an exception to be lazy, nor a day to go hungry once more. I hung over the end of my bed, getting a few glares at my downed teammate. - in the form of a part in the diary

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

As the man got stranded in the deep snow, he sent up his tent and made his dinner. The next morning he tried to find his way back to the meeting point but couldn't. The heavy snow grew stronger and got deeper and deeper as he cried and screamed for help but no one could hear him.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

I walked over to my mum, who was clearing stuff out from the attic. She found an old photo of her and someone who had a mohawk, a lip piercing, and a spiked scarf around his neck. I then realised it was Louis Dujardin, who was a famous singer in the 90s. She held it up with dust and mud all over her hands from when she was digging through the boxes. The paper had the corners ripped off with what looked like burnt paper surrounding the corners. She began to explain the meaning behind the photo, where it was from, how she met him, and the conversation they had.

"I was in a bar, and as I turned around, I saw him standing there. I walked over to him and said, 'Hi, are you Louis Dujardin?' He replied with 'yes, yes, that is me. Are you a fan? Yes, I listen to your music all the time' I had replied." She started rambling on about how she had met him and gotten a photo with the Louis Dujardin, and that they had talked and talked all night long. "It was one of the best days ever," my mum said.

After they had met that night, they never talked again, they never saw each other, but that still didn't change how good that night was and how my mum still talks about it.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

Where they are: "They could be at a park."

Who are they: "They look like they could be in a relationship."

What about their relationship: "They have the same interests since they're wearing the same type of clothing, they might have met at a concert where they first started a relationship."

What about them: "They could be in a rock band because of the outfits, or they could be in a gang."

When the photo was taken: The photo looks like it could have been taken in an older era, possibly the 1800s to the 1820s, due to the monochromatic-like colors in the photo."

Who took the photo was taken by: Probably one of their friends, or it might be a memory from the past."

What the emotions are like in the photo: they seem not to be bothered about what is happening... "



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

DYLAN, KS3

It was only very early in the morning, birds and other animals were only waking from their deep slumbers, but you could not hear any of the birds' songs, you could not hear any animals making their recent debut to the world for another day, as the vicious waves splashed and roared and crashed, crushing and destroying all that lay in their formidable path.

The roaring waves raged against the wind, crashing against anything that stood in their way, chaotically flying in all directions with no signs of an end being visible to the naked eye.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

Dear diary, I woke up early to the sound of huskies shuffling around in their sleeping area at the crack of dawn, but they had died some time ago. I felt as if I was going crazy, I don't think that's far from the truth, I crawled out of my sleeping bag and opened up the tent. I had second thoughts about going out, but I knew that if I didn't, I wouldn't make it to another day. I walked for what felt like forever, every step laborious as deep snow surrounded each foot as I was walking. Before I knew it, it was nighttime. I only had a rabbit that I had killed on the way, so I decided to head back, worried about getting caught by a bear. or even worse, a man with a rifle. So I started to head back, lightheaded and with a heavy heart.

JESSICA, KS3

The monastery stood alone on the mountain, made of blank grey stone that looked almost black in the rain. Arching narrow windows lined the delicate walls, letting a peep of light inside. The bell tower grew taller than a beanstalk up above the building. When the wind violently gushed close, it blew the eagle statue off the cliff down into the depths of nothingness below. It made a short, eerie sound. Ivy spiraled up the cracked walls, and the air around the monastery felt deafening and sinister, as if it had been abandoned for centuries.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

JASON, KS3

Behind where the forest resides, there was a beautiful, ancient, hilly mountain that was lined up going up and down. It was snuggled with fresh morning dew and sharp, sentimental rocks. It was amazing, one of the best mountains you could ever witness with your bare eyes. Above the mountain was the light blue sky, overcasting the wondrous ridged mountain with all its might. The mountain's aura was unparalleled; not only could you see it from miles out, but you could also feel it, you could sense it, you could smell the fresh morning dew flowing away into your nostrils.

DYLAN, KS3

Dear Diary,

Today was awful. I woke up this morning to a horrendous screaming, a shrieking of which I have never heard before. Men's voices, shouting in desperation, terrified and distraught. A violent roaring as gunshots are fired. I step out of my igloo. Red snow, red tents, stained in blood. I stand and watch while injured people run frantically around my home, our home. I do all that I can. I run. I run far away and don't look back. I don't look back at this slaughter, this massacre that was the end of my friends. My family.

HARRIET, KS3

The sun was smiling at me as I was walking past the dancing flowers; the caravan was waving at me as I walked away.

Yet, in the distance, thunderstorms sometimes sound like they are grumbling to each other.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

The battlefield was filled with panic and desperate, frantic cries for help as the brave group of soldiers was under heavy fire. Everyone hid behind the broken-down Humvee as whizzing bullets ricocheted off the armoured, reinforced metal. Bullets crashed onto the hot sandy ground as the last remaining soldiers pushed through the thick sandy smoke



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

JACK & HIDDEN VOICES, KS3

After all this time and after everything she had learned about this house, she realised that it was true.

Surrounded by dark, mystical fog with creaking sounds that were like a crying fox or something else, she built up the courage to walk the steps up to the abandoned house. The door swung open as if something was greeting her.

After taking a step inside, a damp smell hit Maddie. The hallway felt like a million steps too far after. She sat down for a minute, and she saw the house's victims. Her soul came running out of her body as Maddie thought she saw a mysterious figure.

As Maddie walked further inside, the upstairs lights flickered because the building was that old. As she kept walking up the creaking stairs, she spotted a door. She silently walked up the stairs, and all she could hear was whining and scraping against the door; she opened it, thinking it to be a lost dog, but it was far worse...

ANTONIA, KS3

A tall man entered the room, his hair slicked back perfectly and his smile very faint, almost like a frown. He looked clean, wearing a black suit which was very clearly of the best quality. He didn't interact with anyone in the room, yet he was very aware of all the guests.

No one heard him enter the room, but once one person noticed, they all stared in shock, almost as if they were frozen.

He let out a small smirk and turned away towards the bar. You could hear his leather boots clicking against the marble floor whilst small strands of his hair gently swayed in the air.

Approaching the bar, he greeted the bartender and said, "Good evening, sir, may I please have a small glass of wine?"



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

MILLIE, KS3

Gatsby stood in the shadows, his past hidden in treasure. His gaze pierced through the crowd, yet revealed nothing, as he had secrets only a certain someone could understand.

Despite the air of mystery, Gatsby's smile was genuine, and his eyes held a welcoming light. He moved through the room at a comforting ease; his words were warm, his presence inviting.

ALLANNAH, KS4

They were celebrating; they had just caught the criminal they had been dying to catch since theyd heard about this case. It had been a hard job for Dan and the team- it was as if each piece of evidence was harder to decode than the last.

As Dan walked to the cells, he could hear the piercing howl of the wind. Despite the celebration in the next room, the weather was grey and drab, casting an eerie shadow down the long hallway, which echoed the sound of dripping rain. Finally, he reached the holding cells. Dan knew the routine he had to follow by heart- he was known as one of the best detectives, and this was his 50th case solved without mistakes. So he handcuffed, escorted, and locked the criminal in his cell. As he turned to leave, he jumped as he heard a voice.

'You've dropped something.'

'What?' He replied, turning around. On the floor, he noticed he had dropped his plastic bag of evidence. Quickly, he gave a nod of thanks to the man and hurried to his office to check that all his evidence was still there. To his shock, no photos were missing- but one had appeared!

The drip of rain intensified- so did the beating of Dan's heart. How could he have missed this evidence? Trying to act nonchalant, he stumbled back into the room of the party. The harsh, luminescent lights burned his eyes, a stark contrast from the jet-black sky outside. The noise of laughter and chatter mixed with the bangs of thunder was too much for him. He was stuck in the celebration of his nightmares- how was he going to tell everyone?



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

SAVANNAH, KS3

The alien planet was full of rocks and water; the rocks were high and tall with gaps in the middle. My eyes were enraptured by the relaxing stream of water.

My ears were filled with the sounds of water moving and rustling from behind the rocks.

The Ripplehorn Drifter ate a bright luminaberry by the musky water and spotted fish. My mouth even tasted the strong scent of the berries.

The plants smelled like lavender but were spikey to touch. Coming into contact with them causes a red rash to break out on your hand and a sharp pain.

KEIRA, KS3

My eyes were enraptured by the sight of the sun glistening on the crystal clear water.

My ears were filled with the sound of water calmly swoshing echoes in the distance.

ANTON, KS3

The alien planet was full of calm, relaxing nature.

I sniffed and found the smell of the water ancient and musky. The plants smelled like raspberry sweets. But touching them could turn you to sand. They were poisonous!

JJ, KS3

The plants smelled like lavender chocolate but when you touch them, they decay your hands. They're poisonous!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LAYLA, KS4 (PAGE 1 OF 2)

It's a cold, chilly autumn day in Central Park. Flora is sitting on a bench, wrapped in a warm trench coat paired with a soft baby pink scarf around her neck. She was sitting next to her mum, who had cancer, reading her favourite book.

Although Flora is upset about her mother, she will not let her see it. Flora would constantly crack jokes and act funny so she could put a smile on her ill mother's face. But her mother is getting sicker, and the treatment is no longer working. They both know what is soon going to happen, but neither will utter one word about it.

Flora stood at the bottom of her mother's hospital bed, looking at her cold, lifeless body. She should be upset, she told herself, but she couldn't cry; she was completely numb.

It was a crisp autumn Monday morning, fallen leaves stretched up and down the pathway, leaving the trees hairless. A golden-like luminescence lay upon them. Flora and her mother, Lily, were sitting on a worn-out, damp bench outside the hospital. Her mother passed her a little box wrapped in a red ribbon. "Happy Birthday, my little flower," she muttered. "I know it isn't much, but I just scraped up all the money I had left from your father's will".

I stared at her and spoke, "It's more than enough, you didn't need to even get me anything". Lily just turned her head to look at the people passing by ignoring Flora's comment. I decided that it was best to just open my present and not pay any attention to my mother's actions. Slowly, I undid the ribbons attached to the little box and opened the lid of the box. My breath suddenly hitched. It was as if my soul was suddenly sucked out of me, my mouth gaped open in awe, and tears brimmed in my eyes. There it was, sitting so beautifully in the black velvet cushion, my grandma's vintage Vivienne Westwood diamond bracelet. It glistened amongst the early morning sun. I carefully placed it beside me on the bench, scared of it possibly being snatched from my hands.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LAYLA, KS4 (PAGE 2 OF 2)

Turning swiftly, towards my mother i went to thank her and tell her how much I loved it, but I was halted by the harsh reality of my actions. My mother was no longer real i had just imagined the whole thing as if she was still present in this cruel world. "My mother died a month ago," I said in an indistinguishable tone. Jumping out of my skin, a harsh sound of thunder struck behind me. It then suddenly started to pour down on me, my mascara running down my face as I wept on the same bench I once sat at with my mother.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4 (PAGE 1 OF 2)

I got to the door and tried to get through it, but I couldn't get the key through the door without gagging at the smell of the mould and rust. With a massive struggle i had to force the key through the door. As I was pushing the key through the door, it felt very brittle, as if it was going to break because of the force I added to get the old, rusty, golden key through the door. On the lock they was think green moss with a strong smell of rust breaking through the lock.

As I got the door open, I decided to take a look at the door to find it was quite soggy from all of the rain and trees falling and hitting the door after all of these years. To me, this door felt like it had been there for centuries. Maybe even over 100 years, the door kept blowing open with the speed of the wind, but as it was blowing open, it was very squeaky, which indicates that this door is very, very old. I took a closer look at the metal and the door frame. The old, rusty, metal door makes me wonder if the door could have even been made in ancient times because of the discoloured effects of the door and the way the pattern has been designed. The holes and gaps at the bottom of the door has me questioning if its broken because of how old it is or if some one has broken in because there could be some really valuable things inside such as sparkly, golden coins, old antique locks, brown and crusty notebooks from back in the day that are really hard to get hold off in the world we are living in today.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4 (PAGE 2 OF 2)

Moving on to looking just above, below, and around the door, I can see that there is a light that is connected to a beautiful golden light holder that has now unfortunately been covered up with all of the slimy green trees, the smelly moss, and the brown, unhygienic rust. The light shade seems to be frosted over and dewy because of how cold it is there. If the light had not been covered up by all of these disgusting and dirty features, it would be a beautiful light to take credit for. The old cracked wall holding the door up has now been covered up with mold, moss, and other unpleasant things that you find when you're out in the wild. If you look down at what you are standing on, you will be able to see the small chunks of rock that have slowly broken off and disintegrated over time from all of the people who have been standing there admiring and taking in this old, unique building. Just before you go up these pebbly steps, you can see where all of the branches have fallen off the tree and are now full of powdery mildew, which is making the start of this building really untidy and unhealthy-looking. When I was coming up the gross-looking steps i had to be very careful of my suddorings and what I was going to step on.

The ancient trees and the garland branches are reaching out like wise old arms, which are embracing the building. The lush green bushes and moss-covered stones add a touch of mystery to the scene, while the forest floor is a soft carpet of fallen leaves and damp earth, this is whispering tales of all of the forgotten times. The entire setting uses a magical, ancient, and timeless quality.

At the heart of the image stands a grand, wooden door, its surface detailed with intricate patterns and sturdy metal studs. Above the door, a soft, ethereal light emanates, hinting at a hidden space beyond.

Gradually expanding the view, the door is framed by a stone structure, its architecture suggesting a blend of nature and craftsmanship. Lush greenery, including moss and other plants, clings to stone, softening its edges and adding a touch of wildness.

As the view widens further, the scene reveals a forest setting. Towering trees, their trunks partially visible, surround the structure, creating a sense of enclosure and mystery. The forest floor is covered in more greenery, and the overall atmosphere is one of tranquillity and enchantment.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

TAY, KS4 (PAGE 1 OF 3)

Want to know what band to listen to? Well good!

There is this one band that I'll talk about throughout this (maybe another), but if you like early 2000s indie rock then buckle up, I have a good band for you.

This band was created in 2002, with the frontman as Alex Turner, the drummer, Matt Helders, the guitarist, Jamie Cook, and the bassist, Nick O'Malley. Together they are the Arctic Monkeys!

Now you may have heard of some of their biggest hits: 505, Do I wanna know? R U Mine?, Why'd you only call me when you're high?, I bet that you look good on the dance floor, Fluorescent Adolescent and When The Sun Goes Down.

Their biggest album was AM, which contains Do I wanna know? R U Mine? Arabella and a lot more.

The band's last album was 'The Car', which was released in 2022, but as of Friday, the 23rd of January 2026, they released -as a collaboration for charity- a song called OPENING NIGHT, which has already played on the radio way more times than any other band. On the 26th of January 2026, they played over 8 Arctic Monkeys songs on the radio – if there are any Arctic Monkeys fans reading this, then you'll understand what I mean- they even got Matt Helders on to do a quick interview about the new song, Matt said that they might get back into doing music together.

If you like Alex Turner and think he is a good artist, then you should listen to his solo album 'Submarine', which is a film that includes those songs. Alex is also in another band called the Last Shadow Puppets, with Miles Kane, formed in 2007.

The last shadow puppets don't have any chart-topping songs like the Arctic Monkeys (even though Alex Turner is in it, and people love him), but instead they have a few well-loved songs like Standing Next To Me and Mirical Aligner. The Last Shadow Puppets may seem like they have too much energy -which they do, in some songs- but that's why people like them, they want to scream those lyrics back to the creators.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

TAY, KS4 (PAGE 2 OF 3)

Arctic Monkeys have released quite a few B-sides/albums/covers. Their most popular song before AM came out was 'I bet you look good on the dance floor', which in one of the clips, Alex says, 'This is I bet you look good on the dance floor, don't believe the hype'.

But if you were wondering, the albums that they have released are Who The f* Are Arctic Monkeys, whatever they say I am I'm not, Humbug, suck it and see, AM, favourite worst nightmare, tranquillity base hotel and Casino and the car. They have a lot of singles as well.

Even though they have their own CDs, they are also in other mixes. These mixes include (with the song name)- Best Of 2006, which has Who The F* Are The Arctic Monkeys. Late Night Tales: Matt Helder's has a mixed compilation by the Arctic Monkeys Drummer. Isles Of Wonder has I Bet You Look Good On The Dance Floor. All The Rage has Diamonds Are Forever (Shirley Bassey's cover by AM). Various NME Compilation has Bigger Boys and Stole Sweethearts. HELP (2) has a brand new Opening Night.

With all the apps combined, Arctic Monkeys (from 2002 to now) has over 30 billion streams, and their album -AM- has gotten 1 billion streams on all the tracks in the LP. But with their popularity growing, the streams are going to continue to rise every month. This is due to 'I Wanna Be Yours' gaining 2 million daily streams.

This band has a lot of LPS and CDs (cassettes too). They stopped touring in 2023- 2024, and fans are suspecting another album and tour soon!

Another band like the Arctic Monkeys is Lovejoy.

Lovejoy has Wil Gold as front man, Ash Kabosu as the bassist, Joe Goldsmith as the guitarist and Mark Boardman on drums.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

TAY, KS4 (PAGE 3 OF 3)

These guys were made in 2020, but Wil Gold isn't just a frontman; he used to be a Twitch streamer called Wilbur Soot, who was known for his Minecraft gameplay and was on the Dream SMP. He releases solo music under the Wilbur Soot name and is now uploading geography talk.

Now, Lovejoy isn't a band like Arctic Monkeys; they don't have any hits that have made it in the charts, but they have their own small fandom that supports them. Their first release together was a cover called 'Privately Owned Spiral Galaxy', which has been removed. But the first ever piece of music they wrote was an album called 'Are You Alright?' This had gotten a lot of attention, songs were getting over 10m views, even though it was a 4-track album, people loved it. Now it's 2026, and they have released 4 albums, each are getting better by the song, and every album is a banger.

They just got off touring the USA from their new LP, One Simple Trick, and Wil himself said there might be a new single and tour for the EU in Spring (Hopefully!!).

There are a lot of smaller indie rock/pop bands out there.

If you like indie pop, which has a mixture of rock, I recommend The 1975.

A band that is inspired by Arctic Monkeys is The Reightons, totally recommend if you like Arctic Monkeys. There is also the Neighbourhood, who have a few TikTok popular songs, which are- Daddy Issues and Sweater Weather.

Miles Kane has his own music he writes as well, though he sings with Alex, he isn't as popular. Releasing 6 solo studio albums and 20 singles. His career started in 2011, his first album was The Colour Of The Trap (2011), and his most recent album is Sunlight In The Shadows (2025). His music ranges from acoustic to electric, and on the album Change The Show (2022), he did both. His most popular song is Don't Forget Who You Are (2013), was in FIFA 2014. I would recommend him; he is such a brilliant artist who (I personally think) needs more recognition. Come Closer (from the album Colour of the Trap) has over 40 million streams. With all the apps combined, he will have (from 2011 to now) approximately 1.09 billion streams.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

C.H, KS5

INDIVIDUALITY, UNIQUENESS, IDENTITY

Individuality is what makes each person different from everyone else. It is shaped by our thoughts, experiences, values, talents, and the choices we make every day. Even though people may look similar or share the same background, no two people are exactly alike. This uniqueness is an important part of who we are and how we see ourselves in the world.

Identity is closely linked to individuality. It includes how we understand ourselves and how we want others to see us. Our identity can be influenced by family, culture, friendships, interests, and personal beliefs. As people grow, their identity can change and develop. Learning more about ourselves helps us gain confidence and understand our strengths and weaknesses.

Uniqueness should be valued rather than hidden. In society, there can be pressure to fit in or follow trends, which sometimes makes people feel afraid to be different. However, progress and creativity often come from those who think differently and express their true selves. Artists, scientists, leaders, and everyday people all contribute something special because of their individuality.

Respecting individuality also means accepting differences in others. When people feel free to be themselves, communities become more understanding and supportive. Celebrating uniqueness encourages self-expression and helps everyone feel included. In conclusion, individuality and identity are essential parts of being human. Embracing who we are allows us to grow, connect with others, and make a positive impact on the world without losing ourselves in the process.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

DAISY, KS3

First of all, let me get something straight: I did NOT ask to be a pastry chef!!!!!! But Mum is on yet another "life skills" kick, so today I was stuck making blueberry muffins.

She told me to "fold in" the berries, which makes ZERO sense. I tried folding the batter like a piece of paper, and now the kitchen looks like a Smurf had exploded. EVERYWHERE

Manny had tried to "help" by putting his stupid plastic dinosaurs in the muffin tin, so if I break a tooth on a T. rex later, I'm charging Mum for the dentist bill.

ANTONIA, KS3

Today is Tuesday the second aka my birthday aka the perfect time to impress Charlotte (my crush) and I'm gonna make sure this year is my year, my party will be so awesome everyone from school will call me "Party King Greg" anyway what better way is there to start your manhood, then taking a fresh cold shower with my dad's shower gel and cologne.

coughs

This kinda stinks, but it's better than smelly armpits and sweat. I put on my lucky suit, which I usually wear to church, and combed my hair to the side.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

Dear Diary,

I was going to have my first birthday, and then there was blood everywhere. I was only five. My parents didn't care about me; they just left me to get a drink of blood like a vampire. They were the worst. I had no one who loved me. I cried in my room all night. When it was my birthday, there was no smile.

Bye!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

GEORGIA, KS3

OMG!! It's my best friend's birthday today. I am so excited !! My mum ordered me the outfit I wanted to wear. However, she has ordered the wrong size. It's like 4 times too big !!

"MUM, I can't believe you have done this!"

She is saying it will be ok?!

I mean, how would it be ok?

ELLIE F, KS3

I wake up bright and early because... ITS MY BIRTHDAY, aka the best day of the year. But this one will be the best ever because 427 days ago, my mum promised me that on my 11th birthday, I would get a mega limited edition Bad Monkey action figure.

I race down stairs to see all my presence. After waiting forever to open, I reach for the rectangular box and unwrap it quickly, but....

What! It's a barnacle boy figure!?

I have not liked him for 3 years; I throw him across the house and race to my room.

Officially, the worst birthday ever.

GEORGE, KS3

I spent all day at school upset because everyone forgot my birthday. It was the worst birthday ever. I walked slowly home. There was no point in going home. I walked up the path, opened the door, and to my surprise, my family shouted. There were balloons and banners, party food, and cake. They had remembered.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

ARTHUR, KS3

Today was my birthday, and what a day I had. This morning I was getting ready for school, but THEN my parents decided it would be a 'good' idea to make me wear a GINORMOUS birthday sash.

I felt ridiculous.

It went from bad to worse... once I arrived at school, people pretended not notice me in the hallways, and when they did, it was because of Snickers, the Snickers I had to give out because it was MY birthday. What a waste of good sweets; they didn't even eat the sweets. They were chewed, spat, and thrown straight to the bin - more wrapper was ate then actual sweets.

Then I realised, they weren't ignoring me because my outfit was bad, in fact, it was the opposite... They all liked it that much; they were all scared to ask where I'd got it. Turns out my parents weren't the only ones with ridiculous fashion sense.

HOLLY, KS3

I was so excited for my birthday this year, after my last one went horribly wrong. I spent hours on decorations, music, and food, hoping it would be perfect, and it was. Until I heard a bunch of children screaming over the music coming from the garden.

Next thing I know, the door wouldn't stay shut, and about ten toddlers were running around eating the food and wrecking my decorations. I tried to get them out, but there was no stopping them; they were feral.

I admitted defeat and went up to my room. Worst birthday ever.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

Today was my birthday. I am now 21 years old. In the morning, my car was gone. It was a Nissan GT-R R34 and cost \$150,000. When I asked my parents what happened, they said, "It's your sister's special day—it's her graduation."

"Where's my car?" I said.

They said, "Well, about that... It's in the yard with a bow on it. It's for your sister. You can just buy another one."

Another one? That's rare and costs \$150,000! When do I find another one?

My parents said, "I don't know. Not our problem," and called the police on me for trespassing.

By the afternoon, I was homeless, and I soon figured out they didn't even remember it was my birthday. By the end of the day, I was cold and shivering with no money because my parents drained all my accounts and took all my mobile devices. The nearest police station was 20 miles away.

I rate this birthday minus ten. At least I have you, Diary. Bye.

BEN, KS3

I woke up to the wailing of my alarm clock and turn it off annoyed as usual until I remember that its my birthday, I get out of bed and get dressed as I walk out of my bedroom Manny walks past me making a racket obviously not caring about me, as I walk down stairs I hear music and as I walk into the kitchen party poppers go off, lights turn on and people yell "Happy Birthday" cheerfully as they bring the cake towards me my little brother throws his toy at the cake and icing goes everywhere, me annoyed walks out the room as people yell and blame it on each other but not Manny since 'he's just a kid', as I walk into the living room I sigh as everything is ruined and as usual no-one will comfort me about it as I sit there I think and then a toy plane comes flying at me, I duck as Manny and his friends thunder pass, today was really the worst day ever.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

ANTON, KS3

Dear diary,

Today is my birthday! It's the morning, and I'm now 11 years old. "Wake up!" my mom said. She was singing, happy birthday to you,, my cat was in my room. I went downstairs to eat. My mom asked me what do u like to have. I said cereal. What do u like to have? I said takeaway breakfast while I eat i watched YouTube. By the afternoon, we were planning a party and sleep over. But then...

Everything was going wrong!

The cake fell on the floor. I felt sad, then my present got delayed, and by the end of the day, we bought a new cake, and I waited for the present to come.

I would rate the birthday -trillion, it was the worst birthday ever, bye!
Anton.

HARMONY, KS3

Dear diary. Today is my birthday! i'm really excited that my grandma and grandpa are coming over for my party all my friends are coming It's going to be so fun! We are going to go pick up my chocolate cake from the cake shop soon. I got in the car with my little brother and sister. We are on the way to pick up my cake. I arrived, and I picked up my delicious chocolate cake. I am so excited for my party. My dad drove my siblings and me home now he went to pick up grandma and grandpa. I haven't seen them in ages! Everything is going perfectly, just how I imagined. My friends are arriving, and the candles on the cake are being lit. This is the best day of my life! I was told to close my eyes, then the next thing I hear is SPLAT, and gasps I open my eyes to see my cousin has smacked my chocolate cake out of my mum's hand!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

Dear Diary,

Today was my birthday! I'm now 15 years of age. In the morning, I woke up, made my bed, and headed downstairs. After that, I went to the living room to open presents. After presents, I made my way into the kitchen to grab something to eat. Then, as I grabbed something to eat, I made my way upstairs into my room to get ready for the day.

By the afternoon, a lot had passed. We had opened presents, I had breakfast, I got ready, I saw family, and we were on the way to the place where my party was being thrown to set up the banners, balloons, etc. We even had a cake baking in the oven. But something felt unusual.

We had set everything up, but something was still off. That thought was long gone when I saw everyone walking in. Near the end of the party, everyone was ready for cake, so my brother went home to pick it up. Then we got the call...

We had forgotten to take the cake out of the oven, and a massive fire had started. We came home as soon as we could and immediately called 999. The woman answered; she sounded very calm. We, on the other hand, were freaking out! My mum screamed down the phone, and as soon as we got home, 999 was already there waiting for us.

By the end of the day, with everyone panicking, the fire went out. We had entered the door to find fire debris all over the floor, the walls, the roof—everything. This birthday was the worst. Anyway, that's enough from me now. Bye, Diary.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

SULAIMON, KS3

Dear diary,

Today was my birthday. I am now 13 years old. In the morning, I got up and watched my computer. For breakfast, I had custard with pineapple and coconut juice.

By the afternoon, my family was barely in the TV room. I was happy. But then... Everything was going wrong!

First, my dad sneezed on the red velvet cake, which made it fall onto the dirty floor. Then, my new RC car got damaged.

But by the end of the day, we went bowling! Daddy and Zara won. I would rate this birthday 2/5 - It was the worst birthday EVER.

Bye, Sulaimon.

ANGEL, KS3

Dear Diary,

Today was my birthday! I'm now 14 years old. In the morning, I went downstairs, and my mum made me breakfast. I had waffles; it was delicious. Then I went up to my room to get ready for the day whilst playing some music.

By the afternoon, I went to my auntie's house to see the rest of my family. And then everything went wrong! First, I tripped over my auntie's cat, and I found it funny, but it hurt. Then my auntie accidentally dropped my cake on the floor! That made me really sad.

By the end of the day, after I opened my presents, I was very happy. Then my auntie got another chocolate cake, which was her backup one, and it was great! I would rate this birthday 4/5.

Goodbye, Angel.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

AMELIA-ROSE, KS3

Today was my birthday, and I'm now 12 years old. In the morning, I woke up to my little brothers and my parents coming into my room to sing "Happy Birthday." Then I played Animal Crossing for a bit and had my birthday party with Raymond, Bob, and Sherb, and everyone wished me happy birthday.

Then I got ready to have my birthday party, to go bowling with some of my friends, and then in the evening, my mum and I went to Tesco, and everything went wrong because it was so dark we couldn't see. So I stepped off the kerb into a pothole, and at first we thought it was just a sprain, but I couldn't walk.

So my mum had to call my dad to come and help carry me to the car, and by that point, it was so swollen. So my mum took me to the hospital, and it turned out that I had broken it and pulled muscles in my ankle as well. So they gave me a boot and crutches.

When we got home, it was really late, so I went straight to bed to write this. But overall, I would rate this birthday 2 out of 5. It was the worst birthday ever!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AYAAN, KS3

Dear diary,

Today was my birthday! I'm now 12 years old. In the morning, I woke up at 6am, hoping to get a new PC. By the afternoon i opened a present and got some used socks!! I was disappointed and angry but i did get £100.

And then Everything went wrong!

First, my cat scratched all of the money. Then I went into my room and saw a PC, it was for me the one i always wanted! By the end of the day, I got a new PC, used socks, and no money. I would rate this birthday 2/5 - It was the worst birthday EVER.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

MYA, KS3

Dear Diary,

Today was my birthday! I am now 13 years old. In the morning i woke up with my cat on me. Then I got out of bed and made my breakfast, which was pancakes and Nutella and strawberries, and for a drink I had hot chocolate with whipped cream and marshmallows. Then I got dressed in some jeans, a tshirt and a jumper. Then I went downstairs to see that there were no presents or decorations, and then went outside to see if there was anything there, and there were no friends or decorations or anything.

Then I decided to go get my horse from the stables in our garden, so I got my horse then I took it on a walk in the woods. Then 10 minutes into the walk, I got stung by a wasp, so I screamed because it hurt, so then I turned around to see my friends and family behind me saying surprise! There were presents, balloons, and a banner saying Happy Birthday. So, I would rate this birthday a 3 because I got stung by a wasp. Bye from Mya.

LIBERTY, KS3

Dear diary, Today was my birthday! I'm now 14 years old. In the morning, it all started out normally. I was in the caravan eating my English breakfast when I realised there were no balloons or presents.

And then... Everything went wrong!

First, everyone forgot my birthday, and I was devastated as I was looking forward to this all year. Then I fell down a hill and broke my leg, so I spent the rest of my birthday in the hospital. By the end of the day, everyone remembered it was my birthday, and we had a mini party in the hospital. I would rate this birthday 2/5. It was the worst birthday EVER.

Sincerely, Liberty



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

ELLIE-ROSE, KS3

Today was my birthday, and I'm now 13 years old. I just got up, and I had pancakes for breakfast. I texted my friends, and they are coming over later. My mum is helping me put up all the decorations.

By the afternoon, most of my friends had come over. We had a music playlist set up, and the decorations were up and sparkling. And then everything went horribly wrong. First, the decorations started to fall down. The playlist started to glitch and play some cringey music. Then the cake was brought out, and when we went to take a bite, the cake wasn't made properly.

By the end of the day, everyone got sick and had to leave early, and I didn't even get to open my presents. I rate this birthday 5/5; it was the worst birthday ever!!!

Bye!!, Ellie-Rose

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

Dear diary, today was my birthday!! I am now 13 years old. When I woke up in the morning i was greeted by my cat Loki. He jumped straight onto my face, and it was only six in the morning!

After I reluctantly got out of bed i realised... IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY! I immediately ran down the stairs to start making myself breakfast, my favourite, eggs on toast.

By the afternoon, my family started arriving: cousins, grandparents, uncles and aunties. Everyone was just on time. Perfect. It was official, this was going to be the best birthday ever! Or so I thought...

Everything went completely wrong! For starters, my dad tripped over the door frame while carrying the cake! I've never been a fan of floor cake. I was so very excited for that cake i was absolutely distraught. Then we were playing a board game, and my cousin flipped the board halfway through, ruining it for everyone. By the end of the day, everyone left early. WORST BIRTHDAY EVER!!! 3/5. Bye!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

LIBBY, KS3 (PAGE 1 OF 2)

Today was supposed to be my big day. My 14th birthday party. Fourteen! That's practically ancient in kid years. I had it all planned—pizza, gaming, music, and absolutely zero toddlers.

But guess what? My little brother Max decided to hijack the entire thing.

I was halfway through beating Leo at Smash Bros when the doorbell rang. Then it rang again. And again. And again. I thought maybe the pizza guy was just really enthusiastic. Nope.

It was a stampede of five-year-olds. Like, actual Reception kids. Tiny humans with sticky fingers and zero volume control. Max had invited his entire class without telling anyone. Apparently, he thought my party was "boring" and needed "more fun." More fun = chaos.

One kid tried to ride my dog like a horse. Another one licked the cake before we even cut it. Licked it. With tongue. Full contact.

Then someone—still not sure who—spit on the sausage rolls because they "looked weird." I didn't even get to eat one. Not. One.

My friends were just standing there in shock, like they'd walked into a preschool rave. Leo got hit in the face with a balloon. Jamie stepped in jelly. I think Ethan cried a little.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

READING YOUR HEART OUT - INSPIRED WRITING!

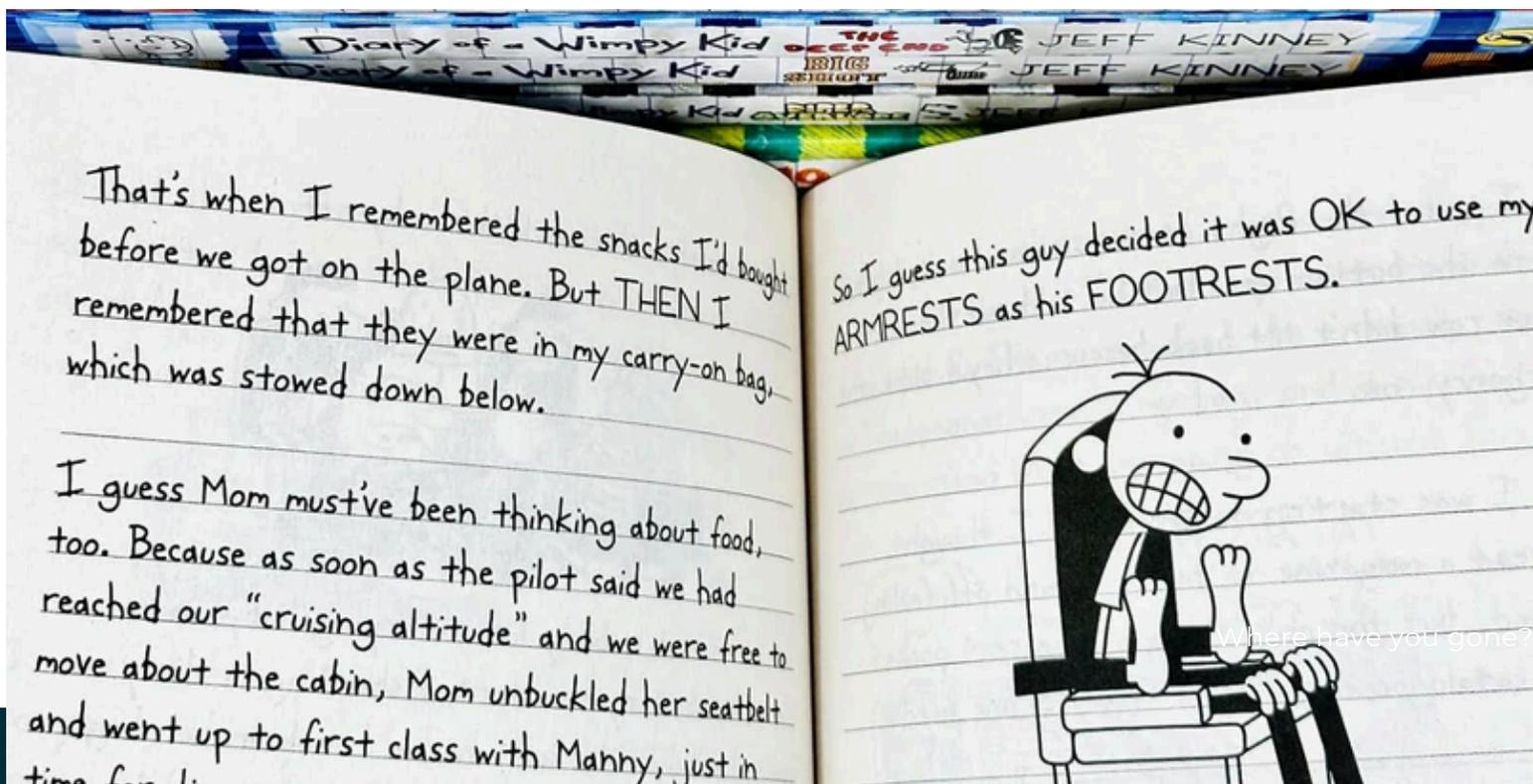
LIBBY, KS3 (PAGE 2 OF 2)

Mum said we should “make the best of it.” So we did what any mature 14-year-olds would do—we barricaded ourselves in the living room and watched horror movies while the five-year-olds turned the kitchen into a war zone.

At one point, I peeked out and saw Max leading a conga line of tiny gremlins. They were chanting something about “party juice” and throwing crisps in the air like confetti.

By the time they left, the house looked like a tornado had eaten a snack cupboard and exploded. Mum was crying tears of joy. I was just crying.

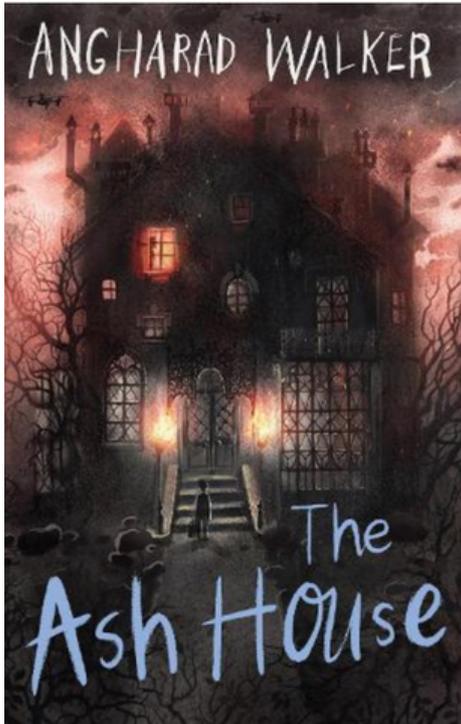
So yeah. Happy birthday to me. Next year, I’m celebrating in a bunker. Alone. With cake that hasn’t been licked.



Reading your Heart Out!



CHECK OUT OUR RECOMMENDATIONS!



A new boy arrives at the Ash House. He can't remember his name - or why he's been sent there. Given the name Sol, and troubled by a mystery pain that no medicine can cure, he joins the gang of children living in the shadows of the secretive house. Soon, however, there's more for him to face: the darkness that descends with the arrival of the Doctor...

A timeless, multi-layered debut for ages 10+; perfect for fans of Neil Gaiman, Holly Black, and Ransom Riggs's *Miss Peregrine's Home for Peculiar Children*. Truly unique and original storytelling, with touches of magical realism and dystopia.

10+

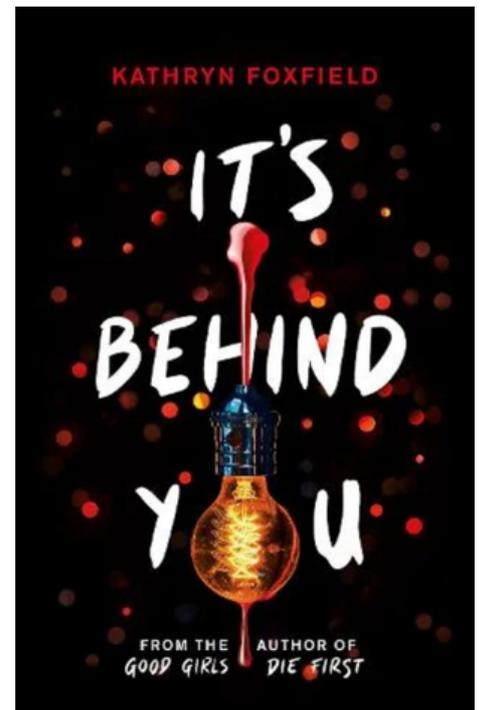
The bestselling author of *Good Girls Die First* is back with an entertaining, high-octane and read-in-a-single-sitting new thriller.

Welcome to the reality game show that'll scare you to death! Have you got what it takes to last the night?

Five contestants must sit tight through the night in dark and dangerous Umber Gorge caves, haunted by a ghost called the Puckered Maiden. But is it the malevolent spirit they should fear... or each other?

As the production crew ramps up the frights, secrets start to be revealed... these teenagers have hidden motives for taking part in *It's Behind You!* and could some of them be... murder?

It's Most Haunted meets *I'm a Celebrity Get Me Out of Here*. Perfect for fans of Holly Jackson and Karen McManus. Knife-edge tension and twists you won't see coming...



13+

Reading your Heart Out!



THE 100 WRITING COMPETITION

We're excited to launch a special writing challenge to celebrate the National Year of Reading and OFG's 100th school. All students are invited to take part by writing exactly 100 words in response to the title "The 100."

Your entry can be poetry or prose, fiction or non-fiction — the title is completely open to your interpretation. The only rule is the word count, so choose your words carefully and make every one count

The Tute English department will select its top three entries to go forward to the final judging panel. Winning pieces will be published in OFG's "The 100" book, and schools will win book voucher prizes.

Key date: Submit entries by Monday 23rd March.

Ready to take the challenge?
 Start writing your 100 today!







**Outcomes
 First Group**

TO CELEBRATE OFG'S 100TH SCHOOL
 AND THE 2026 YEAR OF READING
 JOIN IN OUR BIG

'THE 100'

WRITING COMPETITION

WRITE ONE HUNDRED WORDS
 IN POETRY OR PROSE,
 FICTION OR NON-FICTION,
 WITH THE TITLE 'THE 100'.

ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED BY A SPECIALLY INVITED PANEL OF
 LITERARY EXPERTS AND ONE WINNING ENTRY WILL BE
 SELECTED FROM EACH SCHOOL TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR
 VERY OWN OFG 'THE 100' BOOK.



Coming Soon

On your Tute radar



MARCH - APRIL

2026 is already rocking and rolling. We are starting to transition into Spring with lighter, brighter weather, less snowstorms, more time for our health and wellbeing, and fresh starts. The next topic that we get to explore is around awareness. Spend some time reflecting: how aware are you? What is life like from your perspective? Spend time getting to know you and how you can help and benefit you and then use the time for some holistic writing. Our challenge encourages you to have a go at raising awareness for something that matters to your or be more aware by sharing the view from your eyes. It should be thought-provoking. Let's share our views - it is exciting and intriguing! Entries are due on 3.4.26.

We asked 100 people to share one thing they do to help their wellbeing!



**BE
AWARE**

Shelf Care
English Society

March **April**

RISE TO THE CHALLENGE THIS HALF TERM WITH OUR THEME:

ARE YOU AWARE?

RAISE AWARENESS TO SOMETHING THAT MATTERS TO YOU
OR
CREATE A PERCEPTIVE PIECE ENTITLED: 'THE VIEW FROM MY EYES.'

Submissions due on:
Friday 3rd April

Shelf Care English Society



Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



“Everything
you’ve ever
wanted
is on the
other side of
FEAR!”

NEXT EDITION: MARCH - APRIL

BE THE BEST VERSION OF YOU.

And always make good choices.

SUMMER TERM SADNESS

It’s not all about fresh starts; we also look at summertime with a sense of sadness as we can see there is an end approaching. For some that is the end of another academic year creeping upon us. For others, it is the dawn of examinations that they have spent months preparing for. Some new starts bring nerves: going to College interviews, seeking a place and then getting the grades to begin that next step... summer brings challenges that are both exciting and nerve-wracking. So, we wish our students all the best in these next steps and support them each step of the way.

TOP 100 WRITERS

Outcomes First Group (OFG) are celebrating 100 schools with a special writing competition for students to have a go at writing a Drabble. Check our Reading Your Heart Out page for more information on that, but just think: could you write a story in 100 words or less? What would you write? What genre is your favourite? Have a go because we would love to see it!

**I’M THE
BEST
AROUND**

Nothing keeps me down!