



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

EDUCATION
Tute



Shelf Care
English Society



Half Term Three

Shelf Care English Society

Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



WISH IT. WANT IT. DO IT.

**LET'S
GET
REAL:**

You LOVE writing.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

January has begun and passed. To some it felt like a week, to others it felt like years before we made it to February and now we are already halfway through the second month of 2025. What a time it has been! We have celebrated loads of your writing achievements and seen the return of our veteran Shelf Care writers as well as new faces that we welcome at Tute. We are already thinking of how we can continue to showcase your incredible work so stick around and find the writing that matters to you.

THIS IS THE MODERN WAY.

In the previous edition of Shelf Care, we told you not to change. We told you to celebrate what makes you who you are, and to continue to be your amazing self and, whilst we still believe and advocate that, we also like to consider how trying something new can be a new thing. For me, it is a genre of book or a style of writing. Go outside your comfort zone a little bit and try something a little risky. You never know - you might even like it!

**SPRING
HAS
SPRUNG**

Into another submission!

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ROXY, KS3 (PAGE 1 OF 2)

Edge of the Infinite

Chapter One:

She sat on the edge of the cliff, her legs dangling over the side, feeling the cool breeze kiss her skin. The moon hung low in the sky, casting its silver light over the world below. The ocean below stretched endlessly, waves crashing against the rocks with a power that made her feel small, yet strangely alive.

Lena had always come to this spot when the weight of everything became too much—when the thoughts in her head spun out of control, too fast and too loud. The sky was dark, the stars scattered across the vastness, each one a distant promise of something bigger, something more than the suffocating confines of her life.

Her mind was racing. She had so many questions, so many doubts. What was she supposed to do? Where was she meant to go? She was just sixteen, yet it felt like she was already supposed to have all the answers. The pressure to figure everything out, to be someone, to be enough—it was overwhelming.

She had been overthinking for hours, her thoughts spiraling into a chaotic blur. It wasn't the first time, and it wouldn't be the last. She couldn't help herself; her brain wouldn't quiet.

Am I doing enough?

Am I good enough?

Will I ever figure it out?





Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ROXY, KS3 (PAGE 2 OF 2)

Edge of the Infinite

Chapter One (Continued):

Her hands gripped the edges of the rock beneath her, and she closed her eyes, letting the sound of the ocean soothe her for a moment. It wasn't much, but it was something. It was real.

The moonlight bathed her in a soft glow, and for a second, everything felt still. But the peace was fleeting. The questions came rushing back, louder than before. Her chest tightened as she thought of all the paths she could take. The future loomed in front of her, an endless road, and she had no idea where to begin.

"Why is it so hard?" she whispered to the wind. Her voice barely carried over the crashing waves, but it was enough. She felt a little less alone in that moment. The universe didn't answer. It never did.

But there was something about the vastness of the sky, the ocean beneath her, that made her feel like she was part of something bigger. Maybe she didn't need all the answers right now. Maybe it was okay not to know. Maybe all she had to do was keep moving, keep thinking, keep searching for what felt right.

Lena let out a long breath, the tension in her shoulders easing just slightly. She wasn't going to figure it all out tonight, or even tomorrow. But maybe, just maybe, she didn't have to. She had time. And sometimes, that was all anyone could ask for.

The waves continued to crash, the stars kept shining, and the moon watched over her like a silent guardian. For the first time in hours, Lena felt a small flicker of peace. And with that peace, she allowed herself to stay just a little longer, on the edge of the world, beneath the endless sky.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

While on my way, through the foggy forest, smiling to myself, I was thinking 'it's going to be exciting' as I stand in front of the massive buildings standing there. But as I look up at the windows, I see something. A girl. Staring at me. With her big wide eyes,, tears streaming down her face but her not moving a muscle. Then, suddenly, she pulls her head back inside and slams the window shut. and as I think about turning back I hear a twig snap behind me and then running steps towards me...

ROXY, KS3

The moon hung like a cold eye above the treetops, its pale light swallowed by the thick fog that twisted between the ancient oaks. Each gnarled branch reached out like a skeletal hand, clawing at the dense mist. The air was heavy with the scent of damp earth and decaying leaves, and the only sound was the soft crunch of twigs underfoot, muffled and distant. Shadows danced at the edges of vision, their shapes uncertain and shifting, as if the forest itself were alive, watching, waiting. In the suffocating silence, the night held its breath, harbouring secrets too dark to speak.

As the traveler pressed deeper into the fog-laden woods, an eerie stillness settled over the trees. The night air was thick with the scent of damp earth and pine, but something else lingered—something metallic, sharp, and unsettling. A twig snapped behind them. The traveller froze, heart hammering against their ribs. The sound was too deliberate to be the wind, too heavy to be a mere animal. Slowly, they turned, but the fog clung to the air, concealing whatever—or whoever—lurked just beyond sight

ZACHARY, KS3

It was a cold day he could see his breath like smoke from an old pipe like his grand father puffed on. In the living world his heart was racing no sound to be heard not a car or a lonely bird...



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

CHARLIE, KS3

As we emerged from the twisted forest we discovered a flat piece of land. The morning air crisp and thin fanned my sunburnt face. As we ventured further up the treacherous mountain we found traces of what seemed to be crispy, milky, white snow. When we got to the top my boots were caped in fluffy white snow!

WILLOW, KS3

It was 8:00am at school, with the Occult Club members walking into their clubroom on the first floor, next to the Drama Club. They all entered the clubroom and sat down at their seats and began reading a selected book from the witch-like bookshelf. . the weather was gloomy and blustery, with no other students left in sight as the occult club began their ritual. the rain hammered against the rooftop of the school like workmen rebuilding it. The club members were preparing for their daily ritual to try n summon a demon, the club leader, oka ruto, set up the candles on each corner of the pentagram symbol on the floor, then took the ritual knife on the desk and placed it into the skull. the club members then sat around the pentagram, and started their ritual.

RUBY, KS4

My best friend, Lilly, is a passionate pianist - listening to her play is simply magical. As you step foot into her house the nifty notes come whizzing into your ears and dart from wall to wall inside of your head. It's almost enough to knock you off your feet!

She was terrifically talented - at everything, it seemed. If you were to hand her a pencil and paper, she could draw anything you heart desired, and it had been that way for a long time. If you were to give her any instrument, she could play it. Any song you wanted, she could sing it. It was truly magnificent. However though, all this attention Lilly attracted made her little sister jealous...

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

PHOEBE, KS3

The sun is beaming, the clouds are gathering and the blue sky has appeared. The cast stream is staying quiet whilst some birds are singing from above. A majority of the birds are flying far and wide, whilst others are tiredly hovering over the body of water. The smell of earth is one I had never thought to be overpowering, yet it is. I am sitting down for a moment to take in this exquisite sight, the grass feels healthy and smooth. I cannot believe this grand, gorgeous and graceful land. It all looks like a professional art piece that should be hung in the finest of museums.

JASON, KS3

My home. I love it! The walls, the TV, spider webs my Mum hasn't dusted yet are all something to look at with gratitude. Everything around me is a reason to enjoy my home. The beautiful, colourful walls and the nephew crying all night making everyone lack sleep, my room where I hide on the weekend because I have full permission to play games. Neighbour's kids screaming with joy, the scent of my room, feeling of the walls, waking up to see my family, family reunions and all that stuff. Now I'm talking about my home only because I don't know a cool landmark to choose from since I don't usually go to those kinds of places. I am sure there are many other landmarks more beautiful than my home but I choose my home because... it's my home! No cool story like Batman's entire life story but still... Thanks for reading!

**THIS IS
MY HAPPY
PLACE**





Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

CRAIG, KS3 (PAGE 1 OF 3)

July 17th, 1999

In the deep dark woods under the full moon was an abandoned castle, next to it was a graveyard overgrown with weeds and plants, and the gate squeaked when you opened it. It was a particularly foggy night and I only could just make out a castle on the hill. There was a crack behind me but when I turned round there was nothing there. I kept walking towards the castle. I heard it again. I began to run. Next thing I knew I was in a prison-like room filled with cobwebs and spiders. It was then when I heard talking.

"Have you got it?" said the first voice.

"No but I will keep looking," said another.

"Get on with it then! Hurry now, we don't have all day."

"Yes, master."

The door opened.

It was a man dressed in black with white skin and a scar across his eye. This was who I had seen in the newspapers the day before at home. Could it be...? Just then he collapsed and goo leaked out from his mouth and nose. It was a blue colour but was hard to see in the dark light. It was moving towards me. I panicked and tried to escape but it was no use. Before I had time to escape, it reached me and was soaking into my skin. Everything went black.

On a hot summer's day, July 17th 1999, just 3 days after a boy went missing, the people of the local town went searching for the boy once again. They knew it was no use because of what lies beneath the trees in the woods but wanted to find the body. After five days of searching they gave up looking for the boy and barricaded the woods off and forbade people from entering.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

CRAIG, KS3 (PAGE 2 OF 3)

July 17th, 2019

“Mom, where did you put my school uniform?”

“It’s on the bed in the 3rd bedroom.”

“Thanks.”

I went to school. Another boring day at the prison I told myself. I was a smart boy but didn’t have any friends. I just kept to myself day after day after day. That was all about to change.

“Hey, what’s up?”

It was the new kid.

“Hi,” I said

“My name’s Mason – yours?”

“Craig,” I said.

“What’s with the fence around the forest?”

“I don’t know.”

“My parents say it’s off limits,” said Mason. “They say it’s because a boy went missing in there 20 years ago.”

“That’s just some old story an old woman made up,” I said. “Either way they just don’t want us to go in maybe, just so we don’t hurt ourselves.”



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

CRAIG, KS3 (PART 3 OF 3)

The bell rang.

At lunch, I saw Mason sitting by himself, all alone watching the other boys play football. I sat next to him.

“Do you want to go into the woods after school and see what really is in there?”

“I don’t know it’s off limits and you could get arrested if you went in there.”

“You scared?”

“No!”

“Then meet me by the lake next to the fence,” said Mason “That’s if you’re not scared.”

After school, I met Mason at the lake.

“So you decided to come then,” he said. “I didn’t think you would.”

We jumped over the fence and went in.

BELLA, KS3

In this warzone, there is a lot that could harm you, from wire to bombs the possibilities are endless. A nuclear bomb has hit! The many men who are fighting for their country need to get away! They get in the white truck and drive away as fast as they can, they have to leave someone behind, there isn’t enough room in the truck...



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

TESS, KS4 (PAGE 1 OF 2)

The snow melted into its surroundings. It was a cool day in January, and I was staring out of my bedroom window.

Today was the day I'd become a new person. The things that marked me out would melt just like the snow below to reveal cold, hard, consistent concrete. Orderly perfection. Just like everybody else.

Sleepy, I pulled my plain grey school bag over my shoulder and slipped into my plain grey shoes. It was a glaring departure from my usual bright coloured attire, but it was necessary. No matter how miserable it made me; I had to blend in.

The walk to school was devoid of its usual vibrancy. My surroundings seemed to have adopted a monochromatic tinge: even the sun above had turned a yellowish shade of grey, like an old black and white photo found crumpled in the corner of an attic.

Chameleons: this was the focus of my science lesson, the first lesson of the day. I loved chameleons- or used to. Usually, I would have put my hand up and excitedly shared what I knew. But that had to change now.

Like me, they strived to blend in with their surroundings, completely camouflaged. But they were at least able to express themselves. They could adopt any colour they desired.

I had to suppress mine.

Slowly, the day dragged on, and the remaining colour in the world drained with it. With each lesson I found myself feeling more and more suffocated. In Art, I suppressed my go-to bright pop art style in favour of quick sketches, devoid of any sense of self expression. In Drama, I asked for a new role; my current one was too bold. And in English, I wrote very little: I was used to stylised writing, but that would mark me out. I needed to fit in.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

TESS, KS4 (PAGE 2 OF 2)

Didn't I?

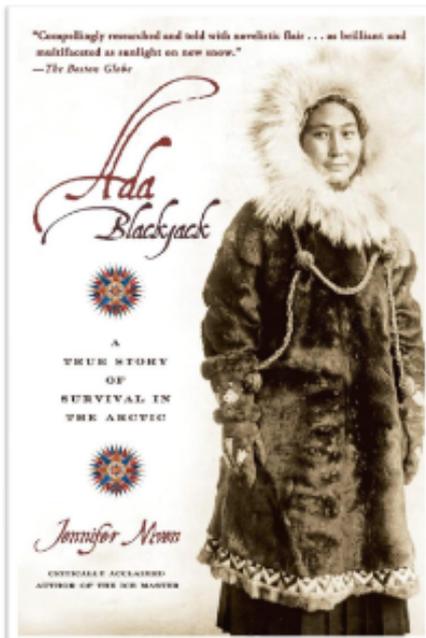
The snow melted into its surroundings. It was a cool day in January, and I was staring out of my bedroom window.

Today, like the chameleon I'd learned about the day before, I'd adopt my bright colours again - but unlike the chameleon, not to camouflage. Not to camouflage, but to stand out.

CHARLIE

It was probably August anywhere between the 4th and 21st. I was heading back to camp last night or day the traps had worked and we might actually be able to eat. whilst trudging through the thick almost solid snow a blizzard had begun, I knew the signs, it had dried up, the clouds were rolling in thick, and all the animals that I had not seen prior started squealing and howling... then, I heard possibly the most knuckle-whitening sound possible the snarl of a polar bear and the sound of heavily padded paws in fresh falling snow... The snow got heavier and heavier and I was nearing camp but I could still hear the "flump... flump...flump" of paws behind me...

I wouldn't look back as I'd rather die clueless than in panic, but I stayed calm and made it back. The paws were quieter now and I went to sleep shivering not from cold but from fear.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLA

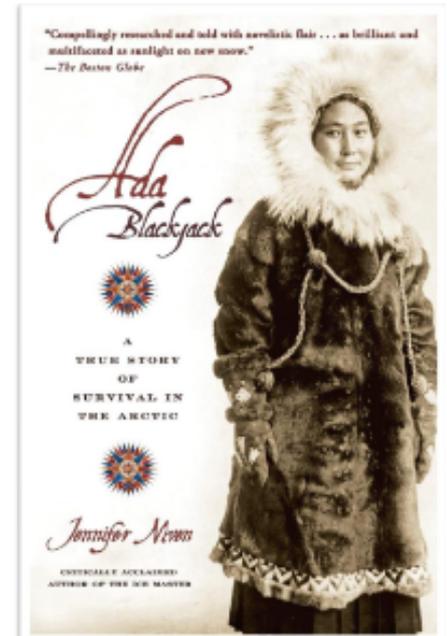
The icy wind whipped around me, biting at my exposed skin. I pulled my fur-lined hood tighter, trying to shield myself from the relentless chill. The sun, a pale ghost in the sky, offered a little warmth. It was a cruel mockery of the warmth I craved, the warmth of a fire, the warmth of a home. I was so tired. My legs ached, my muscles screamed in protest with every step. I was so hungry, my stomach was empty. But I had to keep going. Knight needed me. He was so weak, so pale, so fragile. I was his only hope.

ZACHARY

Day 48: I woke up cold as always, I had to go straight to hunting as I walk miles and miles of the same landscape nothing changing i reminisced on the days of when I lived with hundreds of other people, simple things like saying hello... I had forgotten, every day my resolve grows weaker. Will I make it out alive?

AMY

As the sun slowly appeared on the horizon, I managed to carefully check the traps one by one. My body was trembling in fear of the thought of a polar bear sighting. Every day I ventured outside for food just to keep us alive for the night. I gripped my snow knife as I once again crept into the darkness of the night.





Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

KS3 STUDENT SNIPPETS

ARCHIE

I walked along a janky, old bridge clinging on for dear life. The sea breeze was knocking me like a tornado, but it was so relaxing: like I was totally at peace walking along that bridge

BECKY

He slid across the room like a startled penguin: eyes blown wide like someone had just told him he was about to perform to the nation.

SKYE

He was on the water, going as fast as a lion on the wave. He could smell the fresh air and touched the crisp, refreshing water. He could see the sunset and it was like a summer evening: not too hot not too cold

MAX

As I walked down the eerie driveway, the only thing I could hear was the crunching of leaves beneath my feet as I approached the old house. It smelt like rotten eggs: vile and repulsive. Inside the spooky house, a nightmarish figure loomed in the window beckoning me inside with a long, withered finger.

HIDDEN VOICE

I am a gaming champion! I practise a lot and I win a lot! In football games I score, pass and assist. I am as fast as a lightning bolt. I dribble like a pro! Watch me go! Online play is outstanding every day. Playing with my old friends is fun, fantastic and fabulous. Our team is the best!



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

KS3 STUDENT SNIPPETS

MORGAN

It was getting late, thick clouds making the air seem stuffy and hard to catch a breath. Voices holler from out behind the old bark trees, figures appearing in the corner of my dilated eyes. The eerie silence became loud. The deep fog thickened. Where even was I?

HIDDEN VOICE

It was a cold, foggy, night; the trees brushing through the whistling winds. The path was frosted up...

MIA

The eerie woodlands glooms with thick fog, you can't see far. It smells like the fresh cut grass in summer. The texture around me is damp. All I can hear is the rustling of bushes. It tastes and smells green.

JACK

The night was dark and gloomy, nothing but the moon's light glimmering through the massive glass roof. There was a huge T-rex below the glass. Just the thought of how much history lies in this and the whole building: so much life and so much death. With a faint laugh from the shadows, the moonlight faded away and silence filled the room...

INDIE

As an engulfing darkness now fully enveloped the once bustling city, I could begin my mission. The mission that if completed successfully would change everything. Determinedly, I followed the dim but comforting glow of a flickering streetlight in the distance, knowing this was my last chance - it was now or never.



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

KS3 STUDENT SNIPPETS

IZZY

The fountain of apricot lava gains width. My jaw drops as low as the ground. This is like nothing I have ever seen. Giant chunks of rock are blown off the mountain of fire, like pieces of an equator colliding and smashing against the earth's floor. The volcanic ash 'screws-up' my face. I take a memorable photo and run for my life as fast as a hungry eagle soaring through the air.

JESS

My heart is throbbing. Each beat making me weaken more. Alarm haunts me like demon lurking from within. Flaming lava oozes dauntingly as smoke grasps the air like a shadow to figure. I urge to move but my body stands still ...

NANCY

Obsidian smoke surrounds us like an invisible fence preventing us from escaping. A waft of a stench as pungent as cigarette smoke hits my nose and I have hold back a gag. A river of wine like lava rolls the down the hill. It would be described as magical and mysterious if not for the impending danger it brought...

CHARLIE

It's my first night raid, flying over some dense forest my navigator tells me that he's just seen an enemy fighter. Over the hum of my own engine, I do hear a very faint growl of a far aircraft. I tell him to alert all gunners... A couple minutes pass and I see holes appearing in my wings, BUT I see nor hear any tracer rounds hitting my plane...

The fog was getting thick, and it all went quiet. I realised my altitude and suddenly
CRASH In the darkness I cluttered around trying to get my seatbelt of as a fire starts in engine two. I shout, no sound... I look around, no one else is here... I climb out and see a startlingly bright figure yet in black and white, the moon burns my eyes, before I black out.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

COLLABORATION CORNER - PARTY TIME!

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



The sky was foggy and dark.
It looked cold and unsettling.

Beneath the murky waters
lived multiple species of slimy
cold mysterious creatures.

Amy

The transparent, sea-
green water was
refreshing yet murky
depths lay ahead.

Summer

Snakes,
crocodiles and
eels became
entangled in the
plants on the
riverbed.

Maria

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

POETRY NOOK

TESS, KS4

A cat's fur comes in many forms:

Dappled tortoiseshell; snowy white, inky black,
 long and fluffy, short and silky:

Should the cats change?

An array of shades, textures and patterns-
 become-

All the same?

Skies appear in many ways:

Clear cool blue on sunny days, soft and fluffy
 clouds in many shapes, bright stars lining the
 night's grey:

Should the skies change?

An array of colour, shape, warmth and glow-
 become-

All the same?

Artwork presents many expressions:

Impressionist dapples, textured swirls, abstract
 emotion and saturated colour:

Should the art change?

An array of vibrancy, tone, technique and marks-
 become-

All the same?

All the same?



Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

POETRY NOOK

OSCAR, KS4

In a world of hues from bright to pale, each person's quirks compose their tale.
 There's Bob who eats his soup with a fork and Sue who talks to her pet pig, Pork.
 There's Tina who loves mismatched socks and Paul who collects pictures of rocks.
 Don't forget Jill who whispers to plants or Joe who dances in his sweatpants.
 Some folks are loud, some quiet as mice, some like their pizza with extra spice,
 Some read books on the treadmill, while others built sculptures from their bills.
 No one's the same, that's the fun, imagine a world where we are all just one .
 If everyone acted and looked like me , we'd argue all day: how dull would that be?
 So celebrate the quirks, the weird and the wild, from a grumpy old man to a giggling
 child.
 For being unique is life's great art and that's what makes us all so smart.





Awareness Check



Individuality and Uniqueness

ALICE, KS5

We are pushed into boxes. Forced to be defined by the things we can't control but we are not what we struggle with. We are our choices, our actions.

We may be different but we are all equally deserving of good. Our individuality comes together like a tapestry full of life and colour.

Everything about us is equally deserving of its space in the world. The good. The bad. What makes us ourselves. And being ourselves is the best thing we can be.

ANALEISE, KS5

Everybody is unique, we all have different things about us: our hair styles, regardless of the length; our varying heights; our loud or quiet voices; our personalities; our interests.

We are all human and have two legs, two eyes, and more. But when we look at a person we don't see ourselves, we see individuality; we all have different identities and that is what makes us who we are.

The world changes like our thoughts and feelings but we should embrace that rather than hide from it: change can improve and make us learn from our mistakes, if we embrace the uniqueness of everyone.

As a whole we are the same. We all breathe, think and talk so why should we look at someone as if they are an outsider or a bad person just because they seem different? We are all human; we make the same mistakes, think the same thoughts and breathe the same air. So next time you look at someone and think they are not an equal, look at yourself because you are no higher than them; we are all the same...we are all equal.



Awareness Check



Individuality and Uniqueness

JAYDEN, KS4

I am different in many ways: I am interested in uncommon subjects. I'm unfiltered. It might seem like a bad trait to have but I think being honest, straight-forward and direct is the best way to live.

Celebrating being unique or different is a key part of being human; doing the same thing as others everyday or acting the same as everyone else takes the beauty out of our diverse life. It's the big or little differences we have that makes us our own person. That shows our colours and our vibrancy and it should be celebrated by everyone. It is such a key factor in life.

YUNA, KS4

There is a little bit of something special in everyone, I think. Some people can move in mesmerising dances, some are born with profound natural talent, some people can even break world records. That isn't to say, however, that you have to be record-breaking to be special: everyone is special in their own way. Some people can make a really good apple pie, or maybe have a talent in making people smile, and that's special too. All you need to be in order to be special, is the wonder that is you.

MEI, KS4

My unique talent is ballet. I go to ballet regularly and on Saturdays I go to musical theatre. Because of this my back can bend a lot. The fact that I endure a serious amount of the pain to look "pretty" to me personally is insane. I love inspiring others whilst onstage, so I do enjoy it because I know what comes at the end. It feels like a reward after years of work for one hour of people's enjoyment.

Vocabulary Vacation



Don't be basic. Say what you mean!

Mellifluous - Used to describe someone's voice as being sweet or pleasant to listen to.

Cacophony - A harsh mixture of sounds.

Clandestine - A secret.

Petrichor - The pleasant smell produced after rainfall.

Candid - Truthful or straightforward.

Seldom - Rarely

Draconian - Harsh or severe.

Egregious - Knowingly or outrageously bad, deserving blame.

Ineffable - Too great to be shared in words.

Viridity - Lacking experience, innocent.

Brontide - Low, muffled, rumbling sound.

The **egregious** owners of the **Draconian** factory **seldom** described the workers as loyal. The **clandestine** conditions could be found beneath the **brontide** of the machines, or the **cacophony** of shouts. Within, one **mellifluous** voice might be **candid** and kind, but it was often with an air of **viridity** that couldn't be relied upon. Our hopes of freedom are **ineffable**, our pleasant days as fleeting as **petrichor** hanging in the air.



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://youtu.be/KB4QR6NA43Y?
si=ElkgmiC1Pchz72vX](https://youtu.be/KB4QR6NA43Y?si=ElkgmiC1Pchz72vX)



Coming Soon

On your Tute radar



MARCH - APRIL

This has been a fantastic issue of Shelf Care and we continue to be so proud of you and what you can achieve. So many of you tackled ideas around what it means to be unique and different and you celebrated those factors and explored those ideas so well. We have loved every moment.

Looking ahead to March and April, we are slightly changing our approach with a question rather than a statement, and that all centers around: Am I aware? Spend this term reflecting and deciding how perceptive you are.

What is perception? I hear you ask.

Perception is how we use our senses to understand and interpret the world around us. So what is the world like through your eyes? Or someone else's? Or from the perspective of an inanimate object? Spend this term considering your perception of the world and how it is changing with you. Celebrate your awareness.

UNIQUE FACTS

The oldest living land animal on earth is a 192-year-old tortoise named Jonathan.

Salvador Dalí designed the logo for the Chupa Chups lollipop brand.

The average person blinks 14 to 17 times per minute.

Allodoxophobia is the fear of other people's opinions.

BE AWARE

Shelf Care English Society

March **April**

EDUCATION **Tute**

RISE TO THE CHALLENGE THIS HALF TERM WITH OUR THEME:

ARE YOU AWARE?

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

Self Awareness

Submissions due on: April 4th 2025





Shelf Care English Society

Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



trust your
JOURNEY

NEXT EDITION: MARCH - APRIL

**KNOCK ME
 DOWN, I GET
 RIGHT BACK
 UP AGAIN.**

The importance of trying again.

**COME BACK STRONGER THAN A
 POWERED-UP PACMAN.**

We can see that you are working really hard on your Shelf Care entries, and on your written work in classes in general. Just remember to not be too hard on yourselves. We cannot be perfect first time and it takes time to get things right. So, always try and try again: Read your work, edit it, redraft it, scribble it, change the shape, run away with it. Your creation is yours - have fun with it.

GIVE 'EM OUR BEST!

Our Key Stage 4 students are working very hard and are in their final three months before the GCSE exams begin. Let us all take the time to celebrate in their achievements and successes. Especially when they take the time to line our editions of Shelf Care with some beautiful examples of writing. As we enter our next half term, do remember that you are always appreciated for your positive attitudes and how much you try your best. Continue being your best selves!

**IT'S THE
 FINAL
 COUNTDOWN**

Do-do-do-dooo-do-do-do-doo