



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

EDUCATION
Tute



Shelf Care
English Society



Welcome to 2026!

Shelf Care English Society



Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



WRITERS DREAM DEEP WITH EYES OPEN

LET'S LOOK AHEAD

And follow our dreams.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Welcome back to another term at Tute and a HUGE Happy New Year to each and every one of our students! We do hope that your winter break was wonderful, however you celebrated it! What is your favourite thing about the New Year? Do you stay up to celebrate and shout the countdown? Do you make a wish for the year ahead? Do you watch any fireworks or go anywhere special? Maybe you just sleep on through it and get a well-rested start to the year. Let's enter the new year at Tute feeling all those great things: Celebrating what we can do and how far we have come; feeling well rested and positive for things to come; and sharing in best wishes for everything that 2026 might bring.

THE SEASON OF CHANGE

January brought many things, and one of them for a lot of us was some snowfall. It reminds us that, if anything, the season of change is sneaking up on us. Soon the clocks will spring forward, and we will have lighter mornings and brighter evenings. We will start to see less snow and more sunshine, and more nature starting afresh. Spring, in a word, is a very refreshing season. Let it refresh and rejuvenate you. Go and find joy in the little things and enjoy the growth that January brings.

THIS YEAR I WILL ASPIRE

To just be.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIE-MAE, KS4 (1 OF 6)

The Academy of Shadows

Prologue - The Whispering Key

The wind howled through the narrow streets of Eldervale, carrying with it the faint scent of smoke and salt from the distant sea. Beneath the dim glow of the flickering lanterns, a small figure darted between alleyways, clutching something tightly to their chest.

The object was no ordinary trinket—it was a key. Ancient, blackened with time, and humming with a low, almost imperceptible pulse. Whispers seemed to curl from it, brushing against the edges of the boy's mind: "Find us... awaken us... claim your destiny..."

Torn between fear and fascination, the boy pressed onward. Tonight, the Academy of Shadows would choose a new student. And somehow, impossibly, the key had chosen him.

Chapter One - Letters in the Storm

Ethan Ward had never believed in magic. At twelve years old, he had more pressing worries: surviving the winter winds in Eldervale Orphanage, avoiding the towering, grumpy caretaker, and trying not to get caught stealing leftover bread from the market. But as the storm raged outside his window that night, a letter slid through the keyhole.

Not just any letter. It was black, edged in silver, sealed with a symbol Ethan had never seen: a serpent coiled around a crescent moon.

"You are invited to attend the Academy of Shadows. Arrival by midnight is required." The words burned themselves into Ethan's mind. His pulse raced. Magic didn't exist. Magic was just stories. But somehow... he knew this letter wasn't a story.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIE-MAE, KS4 (2 OF 6)

The Academy of Shadows

Chapter Two - The Midnight Boat

Ethan found himself at the docks, clutching the letter and the humming key. The boat was small and silent, a silhouette against the stormy harbor. The figure who stepped out of the shadows was tall, cloaked in midnight blue, eyes glinting like molten gold. "You have the key," the stranger said. "Then the Academy has chosen you. Do you accept?"

Ethan swallowed hard, the rain soaking through his coat. Something deep in his chest throbbed—a thrill, fear, and an impossible hope.

"I... I accept," he whispered.

The figure nodded. "Then hold tight. Your life is about to change forever."

And as the boat cut through the black waves, the world Ethan knew fell away.

Chapter Three - The Academy of Shadows

Perched atop the cliffs like a fortress from another age, the Academy of Shadows was carved from black stone, lit by lanterns that floated without chains. Students glided through hallways on broom-like boards, while creatures Ethan had only ever imagined prowled the shadows: shimmering cats with eyes like stars, whispering spectres, and creatures that shifted shape before his eyes.

Here, magic wasn't just spells or potions. It was a force that demanded courage, cunning, and a sharp mind. And Ethan, clutching the ancient key, was about to learn just how dangerous—and wondrous—it could be.

Chapter Four - The Choosing Hall

The doors of the Academy closed behind Ethan with a deep, echoing thrum that seemed to vibrate through his bones. The tall figure from the docks—who had yet to give his name—guided him through winding corridors until they reached a vast circular chamber.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIE-MAE, KS4 (3 OF 6)

The Academy of Shadows

The ceiling arched high above, lost in shadow, while the floor was etched with glowing runes that slowly rotated like the hands of an unseen clock. Dozens of students stood in quiet clusters, some confident, others pale with nerves. All eyes drifted toward Ethan—and the key clenched in his fist.

At the center of the hall stood a pedestal carved from obsidian.

"Step forward," the cloaked figure said gently. "The Academy must know who you are."

Ethan's legs trembled as he obeyed. The moment he placed the key upon the pedestal, the whispers grew louder—not frightening now, but focused. The runes flared, shadows lifting from the walls and twisting into shapes: doors, wings, serpents, stars.

A murmur rippled through the hall.

"A Whisper-Key," someone breathed.

"They thought those were lost," said another.

The shadows snapped back into place. The key fell silent.

A woman emerged from the darkness, her silver hair braided with thin threads of shadowlight. Her gaze was sharp, but not unkind.

"I am Headmistress Nyxara," she said. "And, Ethan Ward, the Academy has not seen a key like yours in over a century."

Ethan's throat went dry. "Is... is that bad?"

A faint smile touched her lips. "That," she replied, "depends on what you choose to unlock."

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIE-MAE, KS4 (4 OF 6)

The Academy of Shadows

Chapter Five - Dormitory Thirteen

Ethan's new home was Dormitory Thirteen—a narrow tower tucked between two larger spires, as if the Academy itself wasn't quite sure what to do with it. Inside, however, the space was warm and surprisingly cheerful.

"This is it?" Ethan asked.

"For now," said his guide, finally lowering his hood. He was younger than Ethan had expected, with dark skin, short silver hair, and a crooked grin. "Name's Kael. Third year. Shadow Navigation."

"Shadow... what?"

Kael laughed. "You'll learn. Or fall into a wall. Fifty-fifty."

Ethan was shown to a small room with a slanted window overlooking the sea.

Chapter Six - Keys & Secrets

The next morning, Ethan entered a classroom shaped like a vault. Locks of every size lined the walls—some metallic, others made of bone, light, or pure darkness.

Their teacher was a hunched man with spectacles that floated inches from his face.

"Professor Malrick," he croaked. "Welcome to Keys & Seals. You may think keys open doors."

He tapped the floor with his staff. A doorway appeared, showing a memory of a laughing child—then vanished.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIE-MAE, KS4 (5 OF 6)

The Academy of Shadows

“Keys open truths.”

Malrick’s gaze snapped to Ethan’s pocket. “And some truths,” he added slowly, “should never be freed.”

When Ethan placed his key on the desk, the room went silent.

Malrick inhaled sharply. “Class dismissed.”

“But—” someone protested.

“Now.”

As students filed out, Malrick leaned close to Ethan. His voice was barely a whisper.

“That key doesn’t belong to you,” he said. “It belongs to what’s sleeping beneath the Academy.”

Chapter Seven - The Door Beneath

That night, Ethan couldn’t sleep.

The key pulsed warmly, like a heartbeat. And for the first time, the whispers formed clear words:

Below the roots.

Below the stone.

We are waiting.

Against his better judgment, Ethan slipped from his room. The halls were empty, lanterns dimmed, shadows stretching longer than they should have.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLIE-MAE, KS4 (6 OF 6)

The Academy of Shadows

The key tugged him downward—past locked stairwells, sealed corridors, and finally to a door hidden beneath the Academy itself. It was enormous, carved with the same serpent-and-moon symbol from his letter.

Ethan raised the key, his hands shaking.

"I don't even know what you are," he whispered.

The door answered—not with words, but with a feeling: loneliness, ancient and aching.

Footsteps echoed behind him.

"Ethan," came Kael's urgent voice. "Step away from the door. Right now."

The key flared with dark light.

And somewhere deep beneath the Academy of Shadows, something stirred.

ALLANNAH, KS4

My face and lungs burned as I ran across the long, sandy stretch of the beach. The wind howled, and the large, foamy waves crashed against the cliffs, which were obscured by mist- it wasn't a very inviting atmosphere. My feet ached, and so did my heart. It took everything inside me to keep going. I was heading toward the docks, hoping I would be able to get a boat to another island. Though my plan seemed perfect- to catch a boat and sail away before the village people could find me, there was one factor I hadn't counted on. My sister.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

JACK, KS3

Have you ever been to the Chester Christmas market?

What is unique about the Chester Christmas Market unique is its beautiful historic setting, which features the city's timber-framed buildings and medieval architecture, as well as a focus on high-quality local and regional products from over a massive number of stalls.

The market is known for being a less hectic, more peaceful experience compared to larger markets, Chester's market is known for emphasizing quality, local traders, and creating a relaxed festive atmosphere.

The Chester Christmas Market is not overly expensive for entry, as it has no admission fee, and the many handmade gifts available are all reasonably priced. As well as its amazing atmosphere and stunning stalls, it is also well known for its selection of amazing food, both traditional food and other well like cuisine from many different cultures.

The market welcomes people of all ages and backgrounds with open arms; children can visit Santa in his grotto, whilst the adults can browse the many shops and drink the famous mulled wine hot chocolate.

You may be thinking "It might be over-crowded" and "it might be too packed in", well fear not! The market is spread out across the town centre, with plenty of room to leave and enter as you please. The market is also known for its peaceful atmosphere.

So I will leave you with this: no matter what background, age or culture, everyone is welcome at the Chester Christmas market, one of the only markets set within such a beautiful, historic atmosphere...

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

CHRISTOPHER, KS3

Niemi Family Farm: the host to an authentic Scandinavian Christmas market. Situated only an hours drive North of Toronto, this market is home to what the Niemi Family claims to be the Canada's best Hot chocolate.

Worried about costs? There is both a free and paid section in the market- The free section hosting many local shops and vendors, a famous Scandinavian inspired Soup kitchen and much more.

For those wanting an even more magical experience, You and your family can enter the paid area (children and Elderly enter free). This area is home to Santa's workshop- offering an amazing opportunity for the kids to make a perfect lifelong memory of baking with Mrs Clause and Mr Clause himself! Make yourselves at home within a pod where you can sit by a fire sitting hot chocolate and toasting marshmallows.

This Christmas market is a must visit for both Tourists and locals, and a guaranteed way to make a million memories.

CODIE, KS3:

Good morning and hello, this is about the Southampton market, an exhilarating market where you can drink as much as you want, and for people who drink wine there's also the finest of red wine, eat as much as you want like the most succulent German sausages but they can be expensive.

There are also stalls and lots to keep you busy where you can make your own crafts and traditional wooden chalets.

But if you have a problem with big crowds, this might not be the place for you. However, there are stalls and festivals to do aside from the busy crowds. This is all you could ever want at a market. Go to Southampton market!

Thank you Goodbye.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

JASON, KS3

Hello, today I will be giving you reasons on why you should visit Valkenburg.

Valkenburg resides in Netherlands, Holland and is Europe's largest underground Christmas market. It is set inside an ancient illuminous marlstone cave and contains exciting murals, sculptures and even underground Christmas fairy tale routes that your children might enjoy. Christmas trees also became popular in the Netherlands later than in Germany, so Valkenburg without a doubt holds beautiful original Christmas trees that enlighten the surroundings.

On December 5th of whatever year you may be spending the best Christmas ever in, your children are greeted with nice gifts for Sinterklaasavond which translates to St. Nicholas Evening. Pretty cool.

I'm not religious, nor do I celebrate Christmas and if you don't celebrate Christmas either, or feel like there's nothing fun for adults to do, then you can visit the one of many skate rinks in the middle of the market like I did or have a taste of the popular luxurious Dutch Christmas snacks that the market offers like Oliebollen which is a tasty Dutch 'doughnet' or 'Poffertjes' which are tiny fluffy pancakes with butter and icing sugar.

But if you do celebrate Christmas and wan to feel the true Christmas spirit that roams the air every year, then you can take a brisk walk through the Valkenburg cave markets and enjoy the wonders that it holds with the fairy lights scattered across the place or you can observe the beautiful carved murals that resides in the beautiful cave.

Valkenburg is not just a Christmas market, it's an adventure. It's like exploring a water tunnel that is so prestigious, that it's best at a specific time of year. So if you aren't religious or are and you want to experience the true Christmas experience, then pay a visit to Valkenburg.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

SPENCER, KS4

The frosted river gleamed like polished crystal, its surface shimmering and singing beneath the morning sun. Beneath the icy shell, the hidden current seemed to twist and tingle, sending soft murmurs through the frozen layer as if it were trying to speak. Snowflakes drifted in silky spirals, settling gently as the whole river sparkled with winter's quiet joy.

The snow-covered trees stood tall along the riverbank, their branches stretching, swaying, and shaking off tiny showers of frost. Each branch glittered with slivers of silver snow, catching the light in brilliant flashes. The forest felt awake and welcoming, every tree buzzing with soft, soothing sounds that floated warmly through the bright winter air.

As the day grew brighter, the river's icy surface smiled softly, reflecting the sun in dazzling sheets of white and blue. Shadows glided across the banks, slipping smoothly between the trunks as the world glowed around them. The entire landscape shimmered with life - a peaceful, sparkling stretch of winter wonder where everything seemed to breathe, shine, and whisper at once.

FREDDY, KS3

At the ledge of the frosty river, sat some rocks silently looking off into the distance. Trees quietly rustled and waved in the wind - creating a calming atmosphere. The bark of the tree almost acts as a wall; cutting off reality separating this peaceful sanctuary where everything is engulfed in a thick blanket of snow.

ARJELO, KS3

The river's frozen edge glimmered like shattered glass holding its breath beneath winter's spell! Snow clung to the trees like a thousand hands; the wind whispered secrets through their branches (soft yet insistent) Though silence roared louder than thunder: the cycle promised the ice would break and life would flow again.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

SCARLETT, KS4

A soft breeze bent the trees' thin branches to its own will, pine needles fell, the dark green a stark contrast against the pure white of the snow below. Sat up against the old evergreen, lichen and moss had begun to cover the base of the tree, like fingers grasping for the last trace of warmth.

There was a small drop off before the river took over, its vast waters flowing silently down-stream. The setting suns rays danced and spun on the rivers surface, like a ballerina taking her last performance. It was a spectacle for sure, the last hues of purple and pink fighting to stay strong against the pull of the moon and stars.

Across the river, a lone cabin stood, the warm glow radiating from the thicket of towering trees. It was almost as if the lights were fighting against the lull of the night and sleep that was calling it.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

Crackling fire raged with winter sorrows but kept to itself, it drowned out the crispy, ice touched air arguing about who's territory is whose. The overpowering glow slithered around the solemn room transforming the darkened room into a toasty pleasant atmosphere.

The frosty breeze outside scowled unforgivingly at the sensation of heat scaring its solemn territory. Its cold heated anger raged swishing the trees and cursing at the iced over lake and shoving the poor gentle snowflakes out of it way...

Boots stomped in the doorway; the sound of wiping shoes on a mat and out of breath huffs sounded around the room. Numb fingers quickly thawed out. Relieved breaths and grateful smiles spread around as the sound of a roaring fire was crackling.

LUKE, KS4

On one glorious Christmas where the roads were almost empty, and houses were filled with nothing but jolly children with their families.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

Matt writes a note holding a big secret, 7 pages long.

Once he's finished writing, he hides it under the floorboard on the right. He thinks, "yes this is going to be an amazing hiding spot none is going to find it." He lived alone with a dog called Maple, so no one was going to find it. As years pasted he forgot about the note and put his house up for sale. After the house had sold, the new owners discovered a lot of things wrong with the house. They noticed there's a floor board about a centerameter to high and bounced back, "look theres a floor board high above the ground," the mum said. Little did they know there was a note that had been there for years. The note thought, " why havent i seen light in decades. One moment I am being folded into a small, cramped space, and now I have been here for years, like I have been forgotten about. Does anyone know I am here? Am I going to be here forever"? All these questions begin to go through the note's mind.

POPPY, KS4

Matty blinked the blurriness out of his eyes and jolted awake when he realised what day it was. He shot out of bed and scampered down the stairs, nearly tripping at every step. He finally reached the tree where all the presents from Santa were just begging to be opened. His parents were already awake, both cradling a cup of coffee. They smiled, and his mother jutted her chin towards the presents. "Go on! I'm excited to see what Santa got you!" she exclaimed. As soon as she gave the go-ahead, he started to examine every present he got, shaking them and trying to guess what they were. He opened all his presents and exchanged comments with his parents about every gift. Just as he was about to clean up all the wrapping paper, he spotted something gleaming from between the branches of the tree. He quickly grabbed it and turned to his parents, "Wait! Santa left one more!" Before they could say anything ,he turned away to rip open the present and just missed the inquisitive look they gave eachother sorry i didnt finish or proofread, but it was going to be a creepy toy that was lowkey haunted

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LAYLA, KS4

Madeline gawked at the old photograph noticing how there was an unusual amount of fog. Skeleton like trees stood strong almost like they could trap you within there branches. A dark and mysterious type of doom slowly crept up little madelines back. The clock was ticking. Tick...Tock...Tick...Tock.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

When Christmas is fast approaching, snow is starting to fall, the weather is starting to get colder, and Jess still hasn't gotten any Christmas presents for family and friends. She woke up and looked over at her window as the curtains were slightly open, and she realised snow was covering her garden. She shot up as she ran over to her window, shivering. She opened the curtains and screamed YES! When she saw the amount of snow before Christmas, she still hadn't gotten any.

ALLANNAH, KS4

My arms ticked as the lesson went by. At the back of the class, two girls were talking. 'It's Anna's birthday on Wednesday, do you think we should throw her a surprise party?' asked one. 'Yeah, definitely!' replied the other, 'Let's go to the shops after school so we can buy supplies.' Eventually, everyone rushed to leave the once crowded classroom, and I was left alone. Hours passed- tick, tick, tick. After a night of ticking, another class entered the room. 'I feel like Alice and Emma are ignoring me.' One girl exclaimed to her friend. 'I asked if they wanted to come to my house after school, but they said they were both busy- and they've been avoiding me all week!' She sighed. Tick, tick, tick- another day went past. Amongst the children in the crowded classroom were the three girls. 'Anna, do you want to come to Emma's house after school today?', said one. Anna looked up, 'Sure.' She replied. And they all went back to their work. On Thursday morning, the three girls came back into the classroom, chatting and laughing. I don't know exactly what happened- clocks can't move. But I can only imagine Anna's surprise party went well.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

The forest illuminated with life making the surface become prey for the towering bushy trees that intimidated the frosty grounds. The morning frost shimmered in sunlight, being pushed by the gust of air stopping the lungs to catch a breath.

The snow fell like a delicate feather drifting into the soft cold breeze (the snow is more beautiful than just mush of dirty wet snow, in my opinion). Feeling the fresh cold overpower the being of your body, your face framed in the full pool of water rippling under the morning freezing temperature.

You never realised the snowy weather could be so beautiful.

ELLENA, KS4

The soft glow of the fairy lights illuminated the snow-covered path into the park, the quiet crunching of snow underfoot adding to the festive feeling. My eyes wandered to the small animals next to me, their coats glistening with small snowflakes. Nico's ears prick up, his face turning in unison with Otis'. A dimly lit figure stood by a slowly forming ice rink, their hunched appearance standing out against the lights. Suddenly, Nico and Otis sprint forward, all the snow and ice that had settled on their fur launching into the air. I stood there frozen, bemused by their sudden, strange actions. To my horror, a sudden darkness fell over the park like a thick, unforgiving fog. My view of my beloved pets is blocked, causing my heart to beat faster, my palms to become sweaty. A sudden crash echoes through the park, followed by a splash and the sound of small paws returning to me safe and sound. Crouching down, my lips twitch into a smile as I pick cuddle my pets, letting go of a breath i didnt know I was holding. With a slight flicker, the lights finally return to illuminate the space once again. I looked up to the ice rink, but to my surprise, the figure was gone.

Lacing the tiny skates onto my cat's paw, I glance at the unusual discolouration of the ice, my dog already eager to go check it out. Once I had finished tying up both of their laces, we clumsy stagger onto the ice, my hands gripping onto the siderails as if my life depended on it. We slowly make our way over to the spot where the strange figure was standing. Otis paws at the ice. I look down. My eyes fill with something that's not quite horror, but not quite joy.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

TABITHA, KS3

Dear Diary,

Somehow I've been convinced to go to this school, I don't know how, but here I am. When I'd first arrived, they'd given me new clothes. Sure, they were a bit big, but it was way better than what I had been wearing before. They were comfy and warm, as well.

The school was quite big, loads of kids. It was almost sad to think about, so many kids without a home or places to go, no money or anything. But that was common here. It felt nice to actually eat warm meals, they didn't taste the best, but it was better than mouthfuls of coal and dust.

The actual schooling was hard, loads of things I'd never even heard of. Multiplication? Fractions? It was all so weird. And that was just the maths. All the other lessons were just as confusing. Like Geography? I knew there were other places apart from London, but I didn't know that there was so many! One day I'd love to visit this place called "Italy" But for now I'm stuck here, and here isn't a bad place at all.

I saw Clara again, she looked better. A lot healthier. I'm just glad she's alive, I really thought I wasn't going to ever see her again. Tosher was there too, though his eyes didn't have as much of a welcoming look to them, unlike Claras. He's still mad, I get it, I would be too.

Anyways, that's all that really happened. Cya tomorrow.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

His face twisted with fury. His eyes burned with barely contained anger. A storm of rage darkened his expression.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

There was a family of 4 who one day decided they wanted to go to an abandoned house, but the closest one they found was one that was 4 hours away. They weren't too sure whether to go or not, but they realised they had nothing to do for 2 days, so the mum said, "Do you want to go to an abandoned house"? The two kids shouted "yes yes, yes lets go!" They all got ready and went into the car. But it didn't take long for them to realise it wasn't an abandoned house and that it was in fact a school, but it wasn't abandoned it was a school that was still up and running they were about 500 students in the building at the time. as they starting to realise they started to pull up to the school and went over to talk to reception.

LAYLA, KS4

A seaweed-type colour poison overtook the ancient-looking stones. This caused an uneasy flip in the stomach. looking at the wall beside me i noticed that the stone walls were glossy and slick. The stairs were damp and had chipped away cement pieces missing; you could almost slip if you weren't careful. A dark wooden door that was surprisingly not worn out, but had claw marks embedded through. It was almost a hypnotic sense of feeling that made you want to continue and go through that door. The Obsidian that was made part of the door was morphed into a art like creation. A gold piece of metal reflected the sunlight that escaped from behind the door. It was a thin golden key that had very precise detailing. But the strange thing it almost felt as if you were meant to find it. You felt a strange wave of emotion, a type of belonging. Could this be what you've been endlessly and devotedly searching for your entire life? Before turning the key to possibly find another connecting escapism you took a deep breath, trying to gather your thoughts. Hands trembling, you reach out to the key and are met with its warm embrace. Cautiously, you turned the key, a subtle click being heard. The door steadily opened up, and what you saw being set upon your eyes left a jaw hanging reaction. What could you have possibly seen?

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLE-MAY, KS4

I walked upto a door. a door with moss and trees surrounding the outside, with birds shouting and flying around. I walked closer as I was intrigued that there were steps. With moss covering the step, there was a dim light above. I walked closer to the uneven steps as the light reflected against the door. The door was a wooden door with iron plates spread across it, with trees and moss around it. I walked closer and closer. There was a lock with rust that smelled of metal, not just metal, but like it was there for 100 years. It had moss and rust all over it, it was cold, frozen shut so that none could get in

I was walking into a forest I then stumbled into a door. I tried to open the door to get to the other side. The door was stiff and rusted over, so I couldn't open it. I walked around it as there was a path that led to the other side. As I turned round the corner, I noticed there was a door with moss and trees and birds surrounding the outside. The birds were chirping, and the wind was blowing the trees around.

I noticed there was a lock on the door. I then thought, "No wonder I couldn't open it," the lock had been rusted over as if it had been there for years. I thought it might have been at least 20years as there was rust and moss, and ants covering it. I thought, " I wonder what the story is behind this door." There was no one around, no plate to give the history, it was just a door in the middle of a forest.

IZZY, KS4

Sonder. Each passerby conversing with one another. The thunderous voices overlapping to create a cacophony. Cars of all colours honked and exclaimed in hurry, bellowing arrogantly like a high horse. The rancid smell of car exhausts filled the air, the bitter sensation burning the back of my throat. Above lie an array of colourful hues, traditional greens and reds symbolizing festive joy for each person to observe. Sonder.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HANNAH, KS4

One More Sleep

As the family was wrapping gifts, they wrapped me. I was petrified seeing darkness but I eventually saw again.

They placed me under the tree, and I was about to sit down to eat, and all of a sudden, the doorbell rings.

One of the kids got up to look through the window and see who it was. It was a man standing with a black hat on and a very odd facial expression. I could see the panic on the little girl's face!

She panicked, and her dad went to the door and asked what he was there for. He spoke, but they couldn't understand him. Then, all of a sudden, the light went out

LOUIE, KS4

Silent Ice

The Christmas tree stood glittering in the town square, its lights sparkling happily, but something dark lurked beneath the tinsel. Late on Christmas Eve, when the carols had faded, a scream echoed through the cold air. The next morning, a body was discovered hidden behind the tree, footprints leading away across the snow. They ended suddenly near the ice rink, where the ice was cracked and stained, as if someone had slipped in a terrible struggle. No one knew who the killer was, but as skaters glided innocently over the frozen surface, the mystery of the Christmas tree murder waited to be solved.

GINA, KS4

Silent Ice

The towering tree pulsed with a thousand red lights, casting a crimson glow over a man's body slumped against the trunk. A single strand of tinsel was wound tight around his neck, still sparking where it had been shoved in the power socket.

Detective Miller, followed a trail of wet rhythmic crystalline gashes carved into the fresh snow leading away from the crime scene, He chased the shadow toward the edge of town, where the silent woods opened up to reveal the frozen expanse of the community pond, There under the pale moonlight, a lone figure circled the center of the ice rink, the sharp hiss of the skates being the only sound heard.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

JOHANNA, KS4

He's Behind You!

The Nutcracker is always a hit at this time of year. The lights, the costumes, the ballerinas, it's always a classic for both young and old. As dusk is approaching, many people from the town are starting to get ready to see the show, as of course, its tradition. Kids wearing their little tutus, hoping they can be sugarplum when they grow up, and adults taking pictures pre-show to gaze at their little stars. It's the perfect, cozy evening setup. For now...

6.15 pm is when the show is scheduled to start. The dancers are preparing their costumes, makeup, and hair. The smell of hairspray lingered in the corridors. "Curtains up in 15 minutes, pronto!" The director called. People were starting to rally in, counters opening and closing constantly, the smell of popcorn and cotton candy that everyone was queuing up for preshow.

Two ballerinas, Sarah and Margie, were preparing pre-stage. "You're going to look amazing doing the pas de deux with the cavalier up on that stage," Margie said to her. "And you're going to be amazing as snow queen, you were born for the part." They hugged and carried on chatting.

Across the hall, the mice and the Mice King were preparing. "Shame that James couldn't make it, he would have made a great mouse buddy for us." They chuckled. "Yeah, now there's an empty costume just waiting to be used..." As curtains were about to raise you could hear zippers frantically zipping up, Laces being tied, and the clanging of wooden pointe shoes against the floor as people were about to take their places. Everyone took their seats, gazing at the crimson velvet curtain in awe. "Mummy, is it time to start yet?" A little girl asked. "Yep. Any minute now, dear."

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

YUNA, KS4

Silent Ice

She ignored the uncomfortable fall of her stomach as she climbed from her bed, grinning passively as she walked through her open door with silent feet. Small hands, chubby with remnants of baby fat that had yet to leave, gripped the banister as she toddled downstairs. It was Christmas morning and, like any child her age, she was far too excited to entertain the notion of changing into presentable clothing, still sporting the off-white nightgown and twin plaits her mother had so gently woven into her blond hair.

The house was quiet and dark as she made her way to the living room, morning sun glaring through the windows just enough to drown the house in dim light. She moved forward, childlike and innocent, and stretched upwards to push open the door

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

The day started snowy and cold, but Eva didn't care as she played happily in the snow with her friends, excited about Christmas tomorrow, when all of a sudden the snow disappeared from under her feet, and she fell down a small cliff but landed safely in her backyard, and gave her mum a scare and hopped happily back to her friends.

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

As the sunlight pierced through the curtains, casting a glow onto the wooden floor, Jess lifted herself off her sofa and realised the sun was about to set

When Jess got up off the sofa, she started to walk over to the window and realised the sky started to go dark, the temperature got colder, and snow began to fall

As Christmas was fast approaching, the snow got thicker and began to cover roofs, grass, and everything around. Jess still had not gotten any gifts

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

LILY, KS4

Hes Behind You!

I'm celebrating Christmas with my uncle this year, because my family has gone away to America to spend Christmas. I had a choice to go, but I decided i didnt want to go. I'm sitting on the sofa beside the Christmas tree, waiting for my uncle. My uncle comes in from the kitchen with an early present. He tells me to open it, and I do.

Inside is an elf on the shelf.

But it looks very odd. It's bigger than usual. And scarier then usal. It had big eyes and a petrifying smile. 'Here you go, take it,' my uncle says as I go to grab it. My uncle leaves the living room to continue cooking dinner. I'm left alone with this weird doll.

As I turn it around, I see something written on the box: 'Keep away'. I thought it must have been a joke my uncle did, so I took it upstairs with me. My uncle calls me down 10 minutes later to have my food. I leave the doll on my bed. After my food i go back up to my room. The doll isnt on my bed. I panic. Rushing down the stairs to my uncle. 'The doll, it's gone. I left it on my bed. My uncle just laughs and says 'im going out for a while, I'll be back soon dont worry'. As he leaves through the door i have a feeling something's behind me. As I go to turn it's the doll, standing there with a pair of pliers.

CHLOE, KS3

I sit on top the emerald-green Christmas tree, as it drops yet another needle. I can hear the stomping and excited shrieks of the children as they get up for a day full of presents, joy, a roast dinner and chocolate, a lot of chocolate. I'm a star sparkling and shimmering on the top of the elaborately decorated tree. There are presents galore under the tree and stockings filled to the brim waiting for the children to excitedly open them.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

BEA, KS3

The frosty wind whips at my face as we keep ploughing through the almost knee-deep snow. The hair tucked into my hood makes my neck itch and the muffled howl of the breeze threatens to let the golden brown locks free. Crystalline beads of snow spray off the edge of the nearing cliffside; where we'll set up our camp for the night. I trudge up the last step of incline and immediately remove my backpack, sticky with dried, crimson red blood. It's been around a miles walk since Cath ate a poison berry, desperate for food, and ended up sprawled on the floor, coughing up blood. I bite back the tears of the memories that consistently taunt me and start setting up the flimsy tent.

ELLIE, KS3

Seeing all the presents under the magical tree, excitement rushed through me. Our parents stared at us, waiting for our reactions as we ripped open the perfect wrapping. The first weird thing that morning was somthing i saw out of the corner of my eye. There was a Santa bauble with a creepy smile that appeared. Bella, my younger sister, rushed to open her last present because it was different.

ETHAN, KS4

It was Christmas Eve. The sky was gloomy, and the trees were shivering whilst covered in frost. Snow and ice were scattered across the floor and the benches. I was still cold, chilly, and shivering even though I wrapped myself in layers more than I can count. It was strangely quiet, especially for this time of the year. No one was around me; it was just me. I could only hear my boots crunching down on the ice as I walked across the park. The wildlife was hiding, birds hid in their nests, and camouflaged within the trees. As I walked across the noiseless, soundless park towards my home, abused with the heat, I heard a scream. It was far away, so my ears barely interpreted it. Should I go see what it was, or should I just mind my own business and carry on with my life? I thought to myself.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ELLA, KS4

It was Christmas Eve, and I heard something downstairs, was it Santa or someone else... I crept downstairs and peered over the banister. It's him, it's Santa! I watched him as he put loads of presents under the tree. I heard something creep up behind me... It's an elf! The elf sprinted to Santa and said, "Look what I found..." Santa approached me, he reached for his pocket and gave me a nicely wrapped present... I ripped it open out of excitement. It was a stuffed teddy Santa! As he was walking away, I quietly whispered, "Thanks, Santa!" I ran outside to watch Santa take off, it was freezing but i saw Santa in his sleigh with his reindeer taking off as he waved at me and I waved back whilst shouting "best Christmas ever! "

ALISSA, KS4

As I wander through the streets, trying to ignore that feeling, I look up to see the Christmas lights glistening in the night sky, mimicking the same glow that stars used to provide. Staring at them helps to calm my nerves for a while, but the moment I take my eyes off them and back onto the path ahead, worry creeps in, taking control of me until I can't breathe and I'm forced to look at those silly Christmas lights again. It gives a strange feeling to be out here at this time; these paths are usually so busy and full of life in the day, but now stand empty and ominous in the night. I quicken my pace, knowing i dont have long left, but deep inside I already know it's too late. i shouldn't of come here. "My own stupidity is going to be the death of me" is what my mother used to say.

CERYS, KS4

My favourite Christmas memory is ice skating in town with my family. The town is lit up with fairy lights weaving through the trees and Christmas stalls selling opulent homemade ornaments and hot chocolates. There was archs with crimson bows flowing down either side, with a huge Ferris wheel slowly going round and round. Some stalls had iridescent tinsel decorating the outside, too.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

ALFIE, KS4

The frost on the windowpane didn't form patterns of snowflakes that night; it formed jagged, wretched claws.

13-year-old Tom sat frozen in his bed, the eerie silence of the house broken only by the sound of hooves creaking along the hallway. It wasn't the heavy thuds of Saint Nick's boots he was expecting. This sound was heavy, uneven, and accompanied by the smell of wet fur and charred claws.

The door creaked open, and a shadow stretched along his bedroom floor, towering and twisted with two long curving horns. Tom closed his eyes tightly, praying it was a dream, but it was too late, his guts were already spilt all over his bed sheets.

SCARLETT, KS4

The snow fell outside, soft and delicate, so I could hear my own breath. While everyone else was inside their warm homes, celebrating Christmas, and opening presents with their loved ones, I walked along the empty, ice-filled streets, wondering when my next kill would be. I didn't feel excited or festive like normal people do at this time of year, I felt a calmness, an itch for something more. The carol singing throughout the street began to interrupt my never-ending thoughts as I gave a cold, empty expression to one of them. Suddenly, a church bell rang, reminding me that while everyone celebrated, I carried an unnoticed darkness that never took a break.

ISAAC, KS4

It was a frosty and foggy Christmas Eve. The twinkling Christmas lights strung up on the neighbouring houses glowed eerily in the misty evening sky. The sounds of bustle and laughter drifted down the street, coming from our village's annual Christmas Eve market. My nose and whiskers twitched, imagining the smells of festive food wafting in the air. I wanted to join in the fun and was eyeing an opportunity to escape through the front door. At last, the opportunity arose, a family member opened the door to greet a well-wisher, and I made my break for freedom....

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

It was a cold winter's evening, and Jacob wasn't happy. sat on a cold bench at the end of the garden, music and laughter ringing through the background.

it was his birthday. the one he had been dreading. The whole family was invited, even George, his cousin. They had never gotten along. George was a bully, but it had been 2 years since they crossed paths, and Jacob was ready to confront him, to tell him how he felt.

Jacob slowly walked back to the house, m the music getting louder and louder, the laughter and joy even louder. And there he was, George sat by the fireplace, sarcastic smirk on his face, just as irritating as Jacob remembered. Jacob approached him, slowly moving closer, ready to tell him exactly what he thought of him.

'George,' he shouted, 'I think we need to talk.' With that, George stood up, towering over Jacob, and laughed in his face.

'Talk? What about you, idiot, idiot? Go back to where you came from.' With that, Jacob lost his temper and swung his fist towards George. The Family stepped in, and Mum began shrieking. The party was ruined, and the family all believed Jacob started this; they believed George was innocent.

Jacob was fed up; he wanted to be alone, so he left out the back door and into the garden. The music got quieter and quieter in the distance, the disgraced family still in shock, gossiping about the evening's events as one by one they left.

Eventually there was silence, no one left around, just Jacob, on the cold bench, on a freezing winter's night, left with his thoughts.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS3

In the magical land of Woodania, one special wooden figure gets a privilege none of the other figures do - life. But he soon realises that he is being hunted by the Stone Overlord, the ruler of Woodania.

On another normal woody day, one special wooden figure saw the world for the very first time. He got up and started to walk around the whimsical land of Woodania, amazed by its surroundings. Trees with wooden leaves, wooded flowers and wooden streams frozen in time - it was amazing. How could such an amazing world be so dangerous for the figure once he gained his consciousness? All of a sudden, the figure heard a thudding sound, and he used his wooden head and metal rod inside him to crane his neck around and see a huge stone chariot behind him. Inside was the Stone Overlord, the ruler of Woodania! The chariot was being pulled by 2 gigantic Woodhounds with sawdust dripping from their mouths. Why was the Overlord angry with him? The wooden figure started to run ahead into the wooden forest, and then he saw

Thousands of other wooden figures lined up! It was then he realised he was not meant to have this life. He darted into a wooden bush and hoped the Stone Overlord would go straight past in his chariot. He did not go past. His Woodhounds sensed the figure immediately, and the figure had to make a run again. He ran and clanked through the wooded forest until he came across a large gate. He doesn't know what to do, so he hops through one of the holes in the gate, knowing the Stone Overlord can't fit. He turns round to see the chariot hit the gate with a thud and spiral into the woods. Relieved, he continues into the new land and can't believe what he sees...

ERIN, KS3

The water cascaded down the rocks, froth spraying in every direction. Schools of smooth, scaly fish swam in tight formations, their scales sparkling in the light.

Student Spotlight

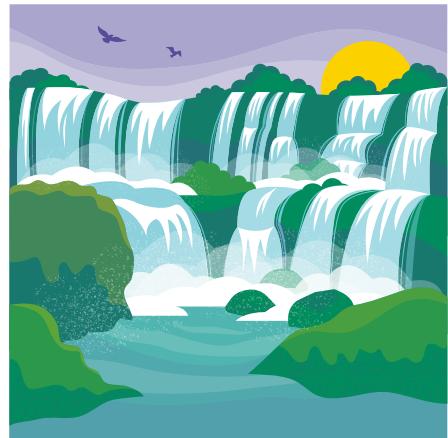
What have you been doing?

LILY, KS3

The one lonely deer stood alone behind it all. Silently watching the river which is full of life slowly flowing around the countryside.

JOSH, KS3

The jungle trees swayed calmly with the breeze.



HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

As I walked past a girl on the train i realised tears were running down her face, looking out into the distance at all the cows, sheep and pigs. I suddenly remembered that before she got onto the train, she had a dog. a dog with big fluffy ears it was a golden colour i thought "mabye she had lost her dog" so i went over to her and said "hello were you the girl with the big fluffy dog" her eyes widened "did you see him anywhere" she stuttered " no i havent have you lost him" i replyed as more tears ran down her face i shouted " is that him over there" " yes yes thats him" she said as her smile spread across her face " thank you thank you" she said.

As I was taking a walk down a strange road i saw 4 boats in the lake. As I started to walk closer, one of the boats flipped over everyones head turned andthey gasped. Screams echoed. Life guards jumped in. There were about 5 people on the boat, and 6, including the driver, none knew what had happened. It wasn't windy. Life guards carried them all back to land "Thank you," one of the girls said "I thought I was going to drown", one of the girls said, shaking.

As they all got carried out, they dropped to their knees, grabbing the gravel. the rough rocks piled into their hands " From the moment I felt my face splash into the water i thought I was going to die," one of them exclaimed.

Student Spotlight

What have you been doing?

HIDDEN VOICE, KS4

Suddenly, the girl realized she was no longer with her family. And might never see them again. With the sadness in her eyes, she wondered where she was going and what might happen to her and her family now that she had left home. Being in such a panic, she forgot to pack some of her things, so then her brain started questioning her on how she would go about getting the things she left at home, as nobody would be living there any longer, and she wasn't allowed contact with any of her family from now on.

The water in the girl's eyes shows that she was highly worried and nervous to the point she felt sick to her stomach, about what had just happened in her family before getting dropped off at the train station. The panic in her face shows her being scared about what is going to happen when she steps foot on that train.

The girl was sitting glazing out of the window when she realized that her mum had reassured her that everything would be okay and she had nothing to worry about, even tho it was very hard not to worry because she had just been told to get on the train and wait for the people who would be waiting for her on the other side. The girl then realized that the train journey was nearly at an end, so she was feeling really hot, sweaty, and feeling sick because of the deep thoughts running around her head about who's going to be there, and she was really confused about what was happening at this moment in time. She then thought to herself that she had to pull herself together to get off the train so that she wouldn't feel embarrassed and intimidated by it all. Will this young girl be happy with whos waiting for her on the other side or not?

The girl had gotten off the train to see that a social worker and a foster family were waiting to greet her and explain to her what had happened and what was going to happen moving forward. She has been told that her mum and dad weren't in the right mindset to look after eight different children, and they were going away for a few months to get the help they needed. This young girl got settled and was really happy in her new home so she didn't want to go back to her mum and dad's house, so she decided to stay where she is and see her biological family every 3 weeks.



Awareness Check

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



WHAT DID WE SHARE?

It is the best time of year to check in on our mental well-being. During this time, it is dark and cold and gloomy, so it is important we reflect on ourselves and start the year off considering what we want to aim for - or if we would like to spend the year feeling freer and seeing where the mood takes us. Here are some of the New Year's Resolutions set by the English Department.

Walk more, be out in nature and enjoy the fresh air.

Visit new places and find new places in nature to walk in!

Run Sheffield half marathon and enjoy it!

Journal weekly and complete a journal!

Improve my art - especially my landscape watercolour.

To read 50 books! (Last year I read 40!)

Cut out processed sugar!

1. Start a more regular weekly exercise routine.
2. No refined sugar for the month of February.
3. Enter a short story competition.
4. Sign up for a course on proofreading/editing.
5. Start resolutions from Feb!

Return my shopping items rather than letting them fester in cupboards.

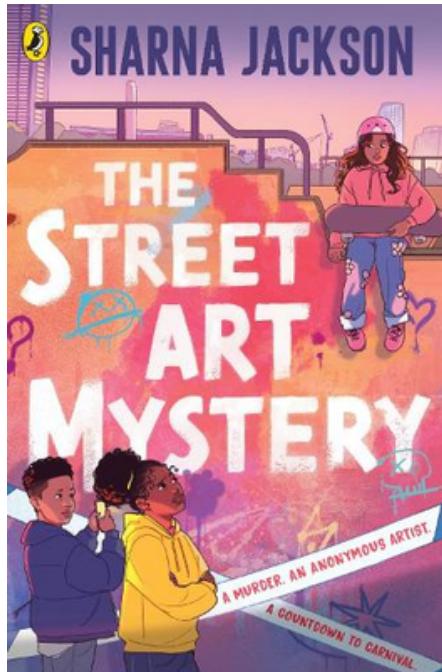
Put my phone away more and be distracted less.

Live a more minimalistic life and save money towards a house deposit.

Reading Your Heart Out!



CHECK OUT OUR RECOMMENDATIONS!



Margot, Wesley and Josephine have got an awesome weekend mapped out for the end of the holidays before they start high school – and they don't want anything to stand in the way of their BIG plans in London. But when they are staying with Margot's mum and her new boyfriend Teddy in Notting Hill, something happens that they just can't ignore...

Join the kids as they follow the case across wild West London, following the trail of a super creative murderer as well as some epic street art. From skate parks, tower blocks and canal towpaths, they end up on a float at the colourful Notting Hill carnival – the biggest party of the year! How will they piece together the evidence to solve the mystery at the heart of London's coolest sights?

9+

Princess. Priestess. Rebel. Thief.

The kingdom of Khetara awaits an uncertain future . . .

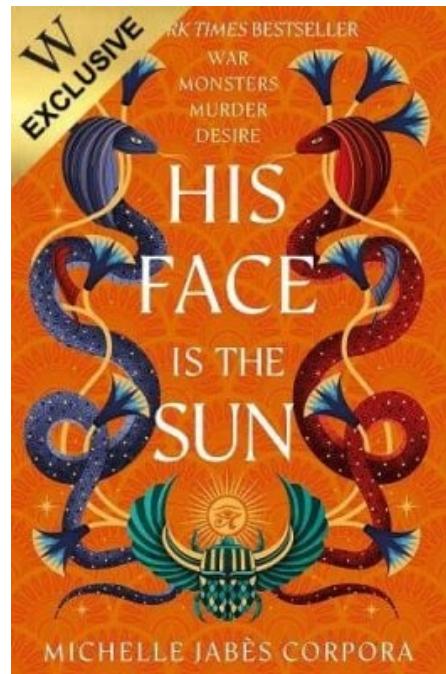
As the gilded royal court revels in decadence, turning a blind eye to the civil unrest threatening to overspill the rural southern lands, an inescapable storm of change is brewing. For the pharaoh is dying, and fate will come for them all.

In the golden capital, the royal princess, SITA, is caught in a web of sensuality, deceit, and murder as her older brother lusts for power and excess. Meanwhile, her younger brother rejects his royal heritage to find refuge in the sacred temple and the ancient knowledge it holds.

Unbeknownst to the royal heirs, Neff, a young girl haunted by prophetic blood-drenched dreams, holds the key to their destinies.

To the south, the flames of rebellion ignite as Rae, a farmer's daughter, resists the pharaoh's oppressive rule and inspires an army. And in the depths of the desert, tomb-raider Karim stumbles upon a long-buried secret and awakens the monster within . . .

Who will sit on the throne when the bloodshed is done?



13+



Coming Soon

On your Tute radar



JANUARY - FEBRUARY

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

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

Our focus over those two months will be to see what it means to be unique and why you should celebrate all the things that make you different. If we were all the same, it would be boring! Whether you rise to the challenge or prefer to write something in a different style, make sure you submit it to your teacher by Friday 13th February.

We asked 100 people to name things that are **UNIQUE**



Shelf Care English Society



Creative Writing, Creative Thinking



You are loved



NEXT EDITION: FEBRUARY - MARCH

**BE THE
BEST
VERSION OF
YOU.**

And always make good choices.

WHAT DO YOU DREAM OF?

As we move into the next edition of Shelf Care, consider what you long for. Ask yourself: what do you dream of? I'm not talking about those weird dreams you might have that you can't quite remember the next day, but those dreams that give you motivation and hope to reach your goals and successes. The world is yours; don't limit yourself! If you can think it, want it, dream it, then it is real. You are what you feel, and you can do much more than you know when your heart and soul go into it.

WHO IS YOUR INSPIRATION?

Have you ever looked up to someone and thought: Wow! That is what I want to do, be, or try? In our lives, we should look to be inspired from any angle. Is there someone close to us in our lives that have made us want to do well, try something new, or change the world? Maybe someone famous, a celebrity, or an influencer has helped change our mindset. It could be a musician whose music has really resonated with you and given you a sense of hope or understanding. Or it could be a writer who, with their words, has made you realise something you never knew about yourself. Keep working hard and being you, because you never know - you could be someone's inspiration and just not know it yet.

**NEW YEAR,
SAME,
OLD ME.
WITH NEW
IDEAS!**

Keep persevering!!