



Sandhurst Weekly News

Friday 24th June 2022

Weekly Review

Year 11 Celebration of Success 2022

Thursday this week was the last day that Year 11 were together as a year group at school. It's always with a mix of emotions we say goodbye to our young people who we have come to know so well over the last five years. We are proud of all they have achieved, both academically and emotionally. They have each become a member of the Sandhurst family and we very much hope they take a piece of us with them as they step out into the world.

As well as signing shirts and leaver's books, and handing out tissues to wipe away tears, the celebration also recognised the milestones individuals have achieved, both academically and pastorally. Despite the recent disruption over the past two years, and it could be argued that this cohort of Year 11 had been impacted the most, the year group has bounced back in a brilliant way. Many feared about how our young people would recover, and not forgetting that for some it has been extraordinarily tough, it is clear that students have reliance and determination in abundance. The care they show towards each other and the aspirations they continue to have clearly demonstrate that their generation is more than capable of great things.

Below is a list of the recipients of the awards. We wish every single student, award or not, every success and happiness as they move forward in their next steps, some we will see again in September when they return to join us in our new 6th form building.

With best wishes to Year 11.

Mr J Southwood
Deputy Headteacher





Celebration of Success

Art	Freya Sutton
Business	Dilan Patel
Child Development	Eleanor Thomson
Computer Science	Alfie Bradley
Creative i-Media	Zara Ingram
Citizenship	Georgina Marshall
Design and Technology	Kayley-Shay Visser
Drama	Bethan Lees
English Literature	Paige Carr
English Language	Erik Mazin
French	Shannon Tierney-Martin
Geography	Jasmine Whitehead
German	Jasmine Hatch
Hospitality and Catering	Ethan Huggins
Hair and Beauty	Jake Horsgood
Health and Social care	Jamsine Whitehead
History	Niamh Pyne
Maths	Alfie Cooper
Music	Emily Bugg
Photography	Kacey Hughes
RE	Abigail Elsom
Science	Max Keyzer-Dean
Spanish	Xiao-Qign Tung
The Beverly Jones Award for Achievement in English	Abigail Elsom
The Jenny Smith Memorial award for Achievement in Maths	Michelle Dankyi
Sports Personality of the Year	Erik Mazin
Les Osmond Sports Award	Alfie Bradley
Gemini	Charlie Downey
Romer	Holly Mortimer
Young	Peter Kerr
Governors' Award	Niamh Pyne
The Walsh Memorial Award	Lilly Patton
McKernon Shield	Toby Porterfield
Bill Dally Award	Daniel Fautley

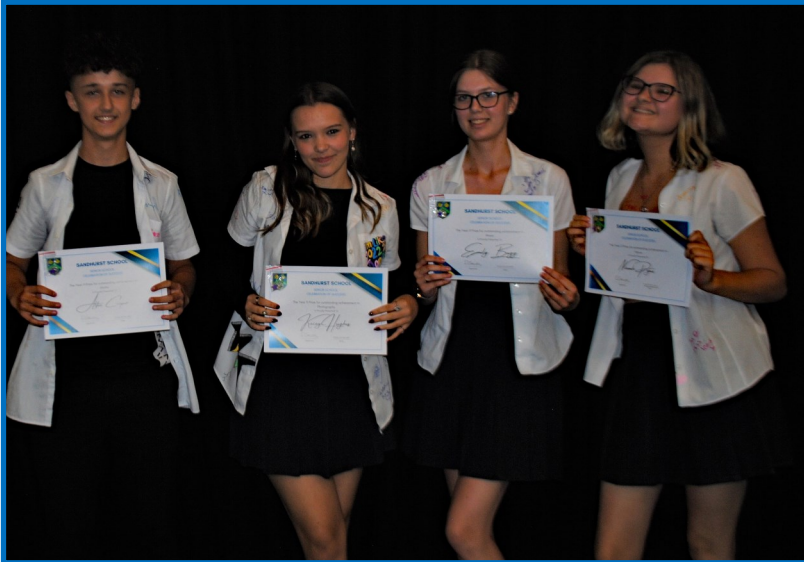


Celebration of Success





Celebration of Success





Celebration of Success





Celebration of Success





Celebration of Success





Headteacher's Award

Friday 24th June 2022

Lucie Adamson 7B1	Noah Falcus 7R1	Cameron Mietle 8B2
Pearl Amoh-Mensah 7Y2	Jamie Fenner 7B2	Verity Morley 7G2
Nicola Bagalacsa 7G1	Isabella Flanagan 10G2	Evita Nomeikaite 7B1
Evelyn Baird 9Y1	Alexander Fox 7B1	Louisa Parrant 7G2
Tiyamike Banda 9R2	Harry Fox 8G1	Dylan Pass 7R2
Imani Bhatti 7B2	Daniel Furzer 7R1	Isaac Plant 7G2
Aron Biro 7G1	Lucas Gammell 7G2	Nevaeh Pomroy 7G1
Ivy Brace 7R2	Eloise Gates 7G1	Byron Potter 7B2
Caitlin Bray 7G1	Ryan Goodrich 10R2	Evie Pottinger 7Y2
Megan Bromage 8B2	Harris Green 8B1	Isabelle Rundle 8B1
Elsbeth Brooker 7B1	Jacob Grinter 9B2	Edward Rutter 7G1
Ethan Brooker 8B1	Oliwia Gudyka 8R1	Karnika Saksena 7R1
Isabel Brooks 7R2	Hansel Gurung 7R2	Vladimir Shkuropat 7Y2
Evie Brown 7B1	Sudharsan Gurung 7G1	Carmen Simpson 9Y1
Jude Burnham 7R1	Ryan Hailey 7R1	Eva Simpson 7R1
Lucy Burns 7R2	Lily-Marie Harrington-Brown 7R2	Kelton Smith 9R1
Jessica Butler 8G1	Skye Hartley 7B2	Harriet Somerville 7R2
Haniya Butt 7Y1	Jessica Heginbotham 8G2	Zoe Stewart 9G1
Mathew Caiger-Oake 8B1	Aimee Hellewell 7G1	Samuel Tallamy 7B2
Yasmin Chhokar 7Y1	Ella Hill 9R1	Prakrit Taunk 10R1
Macie Clayton 7B2	Megan Holberry 7B1	Zak Temperley 8G2
Alicia Cockle 8R2	Keira Hope 7Y1	Richard Thompson 8Y1
Lucy Corless 7R1	Preston Horsgood 8G2	Hannah Tomlin 8G2
Caitlin Culpeper 7B2	Jay Hughes 10B2	Daisy Turner 8G1
Harrison Davies 7B1	Grace Jordan 7Y1	Thomas Williams 9Y2
Lexi Davies 8G1	Natasha Krishnamurthy 10R1	Oliver Wingate 8B2
Caden Dineen 7R1	Amelia Laughher 7B2	Isabella York 7Y2
Lily Dunn 7G2	Ella Layton-Matthews 8B1	Laura Zegocinska 7Y2
Luke Edwards 9R2	James MacLennan 7R1	Milosz Ziolkowski 7Y1
Henry Evans 7B2	Gail McRobbie 9R1	

The winner of this week's Headteacher's Award is:

Prakrit Taunk

DIARY



Tuesday 28th June	Year 8 visit to Marwell Zoo
Thursday 30th June	Year 10 Geography visit to Calshot Spit
Friday 1st July	INSET Day
2nd and 3rd July	Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Assessed Expedition
2nd, 3rd and 4th July	Duke of Edinburgh Silver Assessed Expedition
4th, 8th and 11th July	Year 7 visit to Harry Potter World (Date student going is dependant on their tech class)
Thursday 14th July	Summer Showcase
Friday 15th July	Sports Day (School finishes at 1pm)
Friday 22nd July	End of Term (School finishes at 1pm)



Alex Hatherley and Matt Newton play for Slough Jets at Slough Ice Arena. They train twice a year, all year round. Last weekend their team won a major tournament in Sheffield and this was a fitting way to end their time in the under 14s as next season they move to Under 16s.

Incidentally both students completed their Duke of Edinburgh Practice Expedition a fortnight ago and both won Year 9 Masterchef last week!

Well done to both of you!



The Rwandan visit for our staff and Sixth Form students is approaching fast. For some of the Music and PE lessons we are in need of the following items;

Empty Cheese Triangle Boxes
Empty Camembert
Boxes
Large Jute sacks
Large parachute
Bean Bags

If you have any of the above and could kindly donate them to
Miss Jones in the RE office.
Many Thanks.



Last week we were delighted to welcome a number of our prospective Year 7 students to school as part of our extended transition activities. These students took part in a special day planned by three of our PGCE trainee teachers and their activities included some teambuilding, scavenger hunts and even planting a tomato plant to take home over the summer!

The plant was symbolic of their 'growth' and moving on from primary to secondary and represents this key moment in their lives. It was lovely to get to know some of the current Year 6s and we owe a special thanks to the Current year 7 Transition Mentors who were also on hand to support the days.

A big thank you to Miss Matthews, Miss Holloway and Mr Simpson for all of the time and effort they put in to planning these fantastic days.

Mr Lovejoy





Last week we held our first two Cultural Celebration days. Students had the opportunity to experience a wide range of fun and educational experiences from a number of different cultures.

Many students chose to wear their own cultural dress and they participated in a range of workshops focussing on Bangra dancing, Caribbean and French cooking, traditional Japanese hair and make-up, Hawaiian ukulele, Chinese calligraphy and beginners Mandarin, African drumming, Nepali culture, rap, the evolution of black hair, Aborigine art and American football, dream catcher and world flag making among others.

In addition students reflected upon their own unique identity and culture, creating a visual depiction which will contribute to a display in the school.

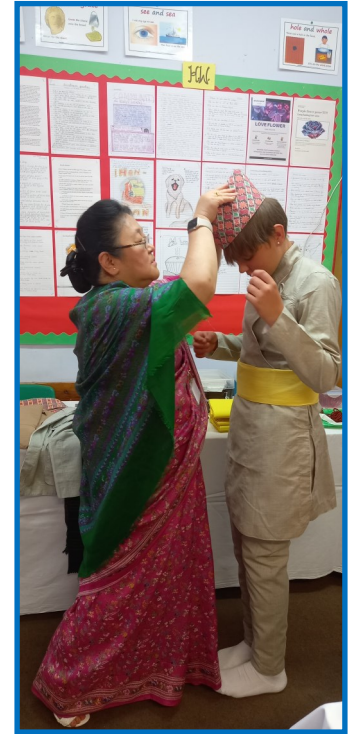
A wonderful two days were enjoyed by all!

Ms S Hunt





CULTURAL Celebration





Flags around the World

Students spent this session learning about why countries have flags and what are the meaning of colours and symbols in a flag. Then they choose a country's flag to make, which represents their family heritage or a culture they had been inspired by, and cut out felt and sewed it together to form a bunting display which will be put up around the school.

Miss H Barclay







Aboriginal Art

Students worked in the style of Aborigine artists and created their own interpretations. They learned all about the symbolism within Aboriginal paintings and the different painting techniques used.

Mrs L Laws and Mrs J Sutton





The PE Department embraced cultural day with an idea to teach the students about American Football. This was a fantastic opportunity for our students to try a very different sport that we have not taught them in PE lessons before. The students learned about some of the positions on an American football team and also some of the offensive and defensive skills for playing a game. We played a tag version of the full game called 'flag football'. Initially the students found the rules difficult to understand and were a little unsure of where to go on the pitch. After a few plays and a bit of coaching the games really came to life. The students took turns to be either a quarterback, running back or a wide receiver and made some terrific plays. We saw some long passes, weaving runs and many touch downs! The students really got on board with the game and picked up the tactics quickly considering this was their first experience of the game. At the end of the lesson we spoke of the cultural differences and spent a moment thinking what it would be like to grow up in America and have such different sports being prevalent in the media and high school culture. The PE Department really enjoyed the challenge of teaching this brilliant sport and hope that our cultural experience will have a positive impact on our students.

Mr T King





Over two days 160 students have had the opportunity to learn and play ukulele as part of the cultural days.

They learned a little about the history of ukuleles and their connection to Hawaii.

Many thanks to Yoli for all your help in these sessions.

The ukulele is an instrument tuned to bring joy, and as you can see, playing the ukuleles brought joy to all these students!

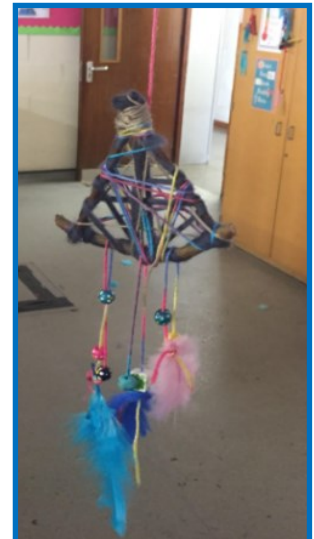
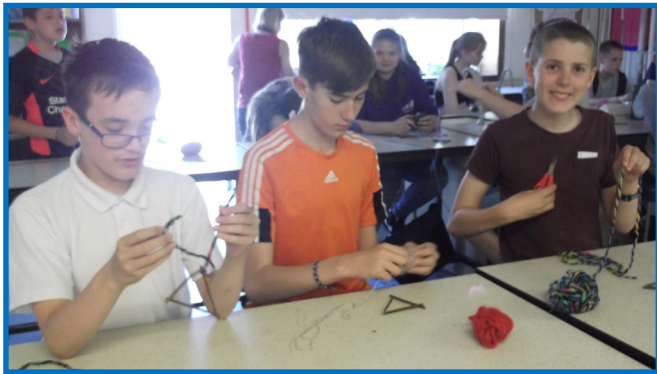
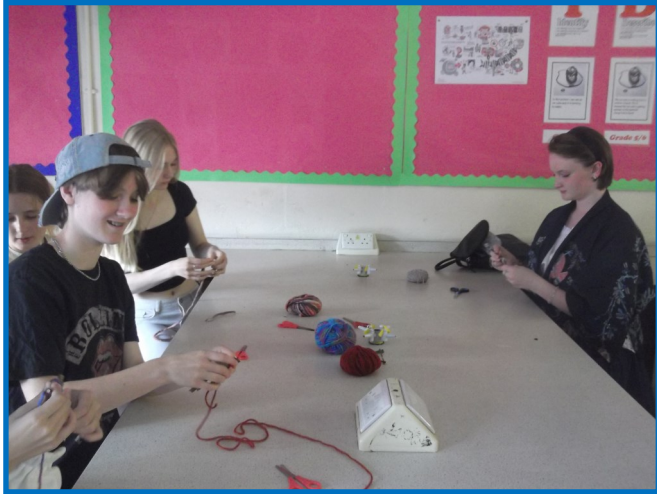
Mrs Tudor





CULTURAL
Celebration

DREAM
catchers





Caribbean food is a product of many different cultures and tastes put together. The Caribbean has seen many visitors from different continents for centuries, most of whom have settled and formed grand lineages. With one of the greatest cultural impacts of this migration has been on the food.

The Arawak, Carib, and Taino “Indians” were the first dwellers in the Caribbean Islands. However, Caribbean islands have been fought over and owned by various European powers in the past, mainly the British, French, and Spanish who brought slaves from Africa to work on plantations. All of these cultures, as well as their respective culinary traditions, have contributed to Caribbean cuisine and turned it into something entirely different and unique from anything else in the world.

Read the articles below to find out more about Caribbean cuisine and recipes.

<https://kenwoodtravel.co.uk/blog/holidays-and-culinary-culture-of-the-caribbean-islands/>

<https://www.seriousseats.com/learning-the-secrets-of-authentic-jerk-chicken-jamaica>

<https://www.tasteefulrecipes.com/a-brief-history-of-caribbean-food/>

What do you know about the Caribbean? - Quiz answers

Please check your answers on the sheet.

Did you get 8-10 questions correct? Bring your sheet to T10 to claim your prize.

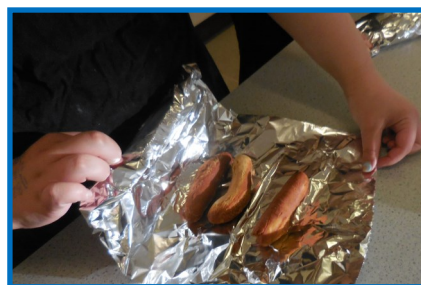
1. Cuba
2. Aruba, Bonaire and Curacao
3. Kingston
4. Barbados
5. Jamaica
6. False
7. True
8. True
9. True
10. False



Mrs Jackson-Jones



In celebration of Caribbean culture, students cooked a Jamaican dish—**Jerk Chicken with Festival Dumplings** while enjoying some reggae music.





Amongst the many exciting activities on offer for the cultural days the students have been given the opportunity to learn more about French cooking, and in particular about a traditional dish from Brittany, les crêpes. They listened carefully to the instructions and made crêpes which tasted as delicious as they looked.

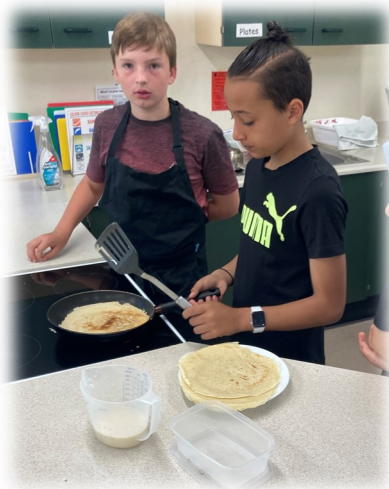
Many thanks to Mr Doree and Miss McGeever for their help.

Miss S Dris





CULTURAL Celebration





CULTURAL Celebration







CULTURAL
Celebration

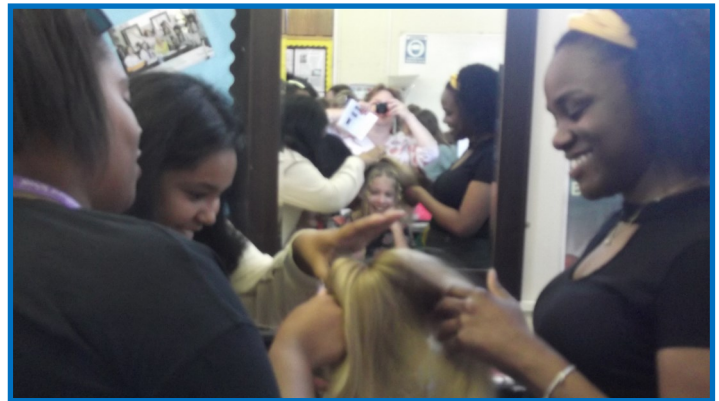
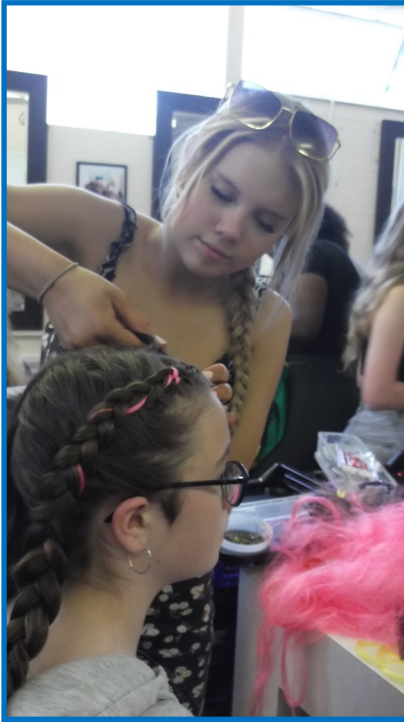


**AFRICAN
DRUMMING**





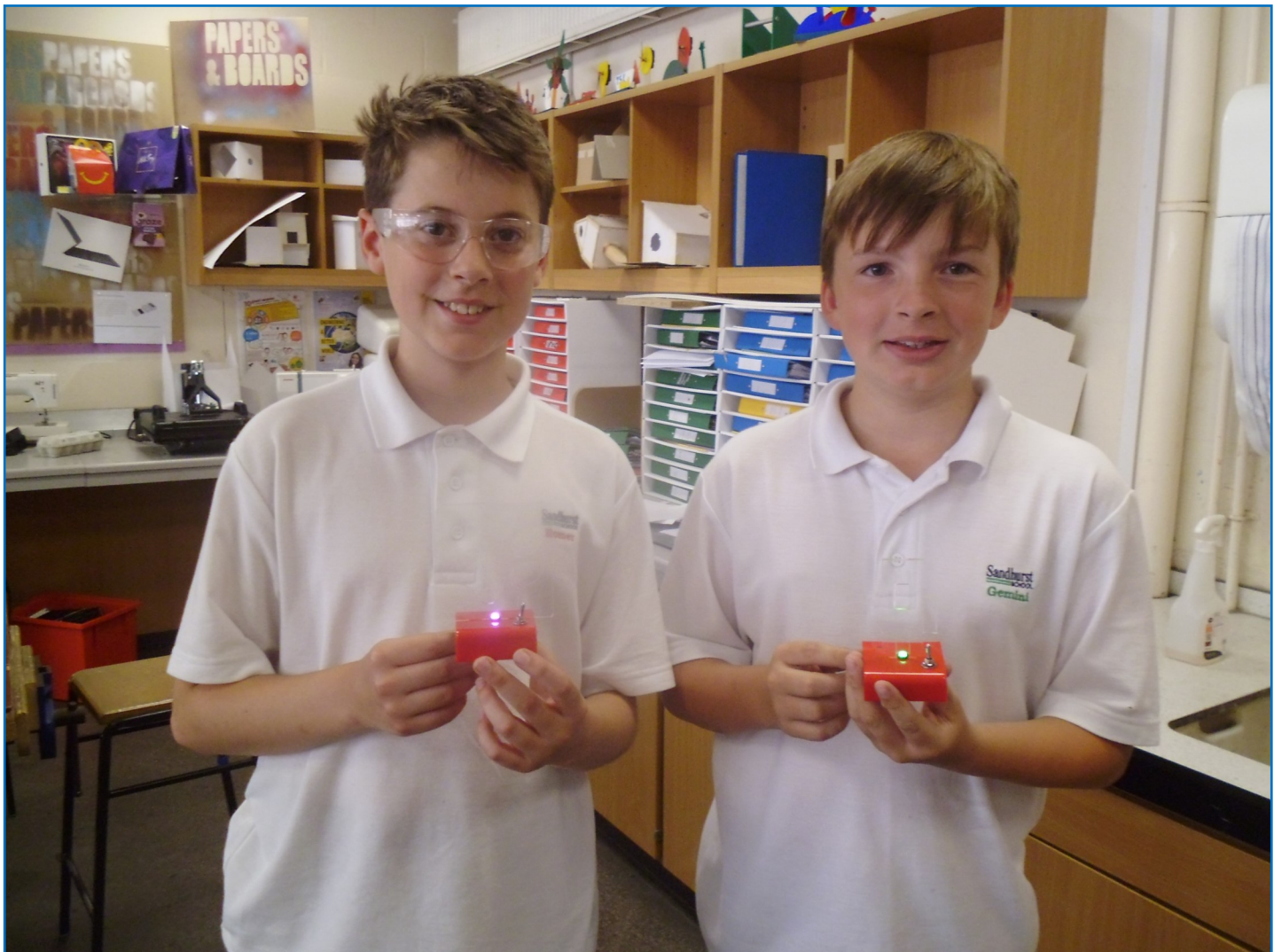
EVOLUTION OF BLACK HAIR





This week Tech Club have been making moodlights which involved designing using CAD, cutting the designs out using the laser cutter and assembling a simple electrical circuit with a colour changing LED. Adam and Isaac are pleased with theirs.

Mrs Rook





Year 8 Citizenship Day

On Tuesday 14th June, we welcomed members of the Army who held various workshops for our Year 8 students to help develop both independent and team building skills as well as first aid training.

Miss J Montgomery





This term, Year 7 have been studying the Greek myths. My students have been given many opportunities to be as creative as they can this term; often getting to write their own original ending to the classic myths. In this task, my students were asked to write an original ending to the story of Hercules defeating the mighty Hydra. Below are some fantastic examples of sustained creative writing.

When they came to the edge of the swamp, they saw a six headed scaly lizard as immense as the swamp it lived in. Its scales moved in waves and its monstrous heads turned towards them, fangs dripping with poison like acid, so terrible that one drop could kill you from the inside out, fry your organs, melt your lungs and give you the worst punishment ever. For weeks you could be coughing up blood and in agony until the poison has the mercy to kill you. The salty water glanced off the monstrous steel like scales dyed barn red from the blood of its last victims a singular body being teared apart by its many heads. Steel bronze eyes glinting menacingly at them as if beckoning them to come over, taunting them, saying that they would end up just like the last fallen warrior. But Hercules wasn't a normal warrior. He, Hercules, was a seed of the god Zeus, a demigod unable to be killed by this puny being the only thing menacing about it was its heads and its giant 16 metre tall body scales stretched around out like leather on a drum.

Heart pulsating in his heaving chest, Hercules walked cautiously over to the hydra a African Serval cat stalking and Injured bird, quiet and deadly he pounced chopping the hydra's head clean of its blood curdling screams echoing out into the empty forest ground. Cornflour blood oozing out of its scales washing the little white of the scales blue, rolling and stampeding everywhere a dreadful, man breaking miracle occurred the hydra's head began to re-grow split into two it was covered in a thin white lining like a slimy cobweb. As it grew the hydra ripped off the white film and began to roar in anger furious it had been crept up on. Its tail slashed and launched Hercules 10 20 30 feet into the sky all the while Hercules plummeting like a rock in a pool of icy water. As he smashed into the ground a large heaven splitting crack launched from his arm. Crying out in pain and feeling dazed, Hercules pushed himself up his lion head fangs cracking and splintering from the impact. Throwing his medal of honour he let out a terrible war cry and charged headlong at the hydra like someone had killed his daughters and sons in front of his eyes.

The battle raged on for hours, Hercules being as stubborn as a blunt axe trying and trying to kill the hydra and continuously being thrown up in the air limping back until he finally collapsed on the river bank broken and lost. Iolaus, terrified to see his ulcer in that much pain prayed to Asclepius, The god of medicine and healing, hearing his prayers, instantly granted them Hercules praying and sacrificing things regularly. 10 minutes later the fallen warrior who had worshipped Asclepius drifted back to consciousness, head thumping and arms throbbing like a man lifting weights for the first time ever. Zeus whispered into Hercules's ear "The way to defeat the hydra is with knives and heat." bleary eyed and like a helpless child he was helped up by Iolaus Hercules got up and began walking to the hydra a new spring in his step fire dancing in the torch Iolaus was so willingly holding.

Lucie Adamson, Year 7



A massive monster! It was as tall as a skyscraper and as fierce as a dragon. Its three heads waved in the wind as it lay on the marshy ground. Iolaus rode away as Heracles stalked his prey. He noticed a lot of skeletons on the ground from horses to foxes, to birds to humans! Heracles knew this was a dangerous task but he knew he had to because if he didn't it would never be defeated and one day rule the world.

Heracles heard a myth that if you cut one of the heads two more grow back so he needed an idea to avoid that as much as possible. He sat down to get a drink. After he finished, he dropped his bottle but when he went to get it, he slit his finger with his knife. He cried in agony. But in the distance the Hydras ears were twitching. It could smell blood a mile away. It struggled to pull its ginormous body up but managed. It was going straight towards Heracles! Heracles got up and wielded his sword. The fight was on!

There was a brief death stare between the two but the Hydra went for the first hit. Its cerulean necks launched at him with fangs raised. Heracles just about dodged it as it hit the ground. It left a massive crater in the ground. Heracles had a chance he cut off a neck like it was butter. The neck slumped to the floor making a pool of blood, but more was to come. Like he had been told, two more heads appeared out of nowhere. Heracles jumped in shock. He had an idea though. He got his bow and arrow and shot it right in the eye. The beast was startled and injured; this was his time to shine! He jumped on a rock and jumped on its belly. He looked at it dead in the eyes then stabbed it continually in the heart. It fell back into the marshy ground and into the water. It got devoured by the acid water in seconds. Heracles was exhausted but he had done the deed!

Henry Evans, Year 7

An extravagant beast with blood red eyes and fangs like daggers waiting to pounce on him. It's droolings jaws gaping wide, strings of venomous saliva dangling off of it's scaly chin. It's hundreds of heads all turned to face the two of them. The creature yelled an ear splitting screech, as it pounded it's clawed feet on the damp floor of the cave.

"Lolaus, run away now and do not return unless I say." Heracles commanded, pointing at the chariot in urgency.

"Yes uncle, right as you wish!" said the panicked nephew.

Running faster than ever, Lolous stumbled over the rocky earth, jumped into his chariot and scurried away like a feeble mouse.

The beast roared another deafening shriek and charged at Heracles like a hungry lion. With quick thinking, Heracles dodged it's swinging attack and jumped, his sword swooping through it's bony neck, slicing it cleanly through. A small trickle of blood fell nervously from the severed stump. Abruptly, it's neck split in half as two slimy, angry heads emerged from the wound.

Fire bounced off the swampy walls of the cave as the Hydra screamed and swayed its heads in all directions. Fire danced over the rocks and the dust as the Hydra moved closer and closer to Heracles. Like a spider, he climbed up the jagged walls of it's cold habitat and grabbed onto a thick vine as support. The Hydra had somehow lost sight of Heracles in the shadows.

Using his superhuman strength, he tore the creeping vines off the cave wall, leaving a dark shadow where the walls beside it had been softly bleached by the occasional glimpse of sunlight. All of the Hydra's heads twisted around to the ripping sound of the vines being pried off of the walls. Like a jigsaw, Heracles fit together a plan in that very second. Heroically, he swung from the vines curving his body to shift the weight of them. All the Hydra could do was stare, watching Heracles wrap the vines around it's tangled necks, intertwining them every so often. After he lost the momentum to swing them any further, he dropped to the floor, still holding the knotted vines, he kept his footing and pulled on the vines. The beast struggled and tugged back but Heracles was too strong. In the fight for survival, Heracles strangled the beast to death. It gave one last wheezing screech before crashing to the floor, it's many heads drumming through the dirt as it fell.

Heracles bent his head down, "You were a good fighter, rest well." he said softly before walking away into the distance.

Amelia Laugher, Year 7



The swamp mists drew in around a large pool of bubbling churning mucky water of the vast swamp, a rocky cave at the end of the simmering swamp gave off a forbidding sense the mists half obscured the entrance. Hercules could only make out swamp water draining out of it like a sewer grate overflowing, other than that, its contents were concealed from view. The croaking of frogs was all he could hear as he took a few steps forward towards the marshy lagoon. Suddenly a drop of water fell onto his head, he wiped it off, it looked green and was rather sticky. He whipped around and looked at the chariot, Iolaus took a step back as another drop fell on him. Hercules followed his nephew's gaze towards a tree above him as another drop fell. This time onto his forehead.

Hercules darted sideways across the boggy ground colliding with foliage and puddles of rancid water as he got to his feet, muddy and soaked. A long slimy snake-like head wound down from the tree curling and flicking side to side erratically as it descended. Rows of aquatic fins ran down its neck and its scales, like tiny shards of shrapnel clinked together. The hydra lowered its horny, spined brow to face Hercules, its unblinking milky white pupils gazing at him with an unknown intention. Iolaus ran screaming away into the mists as the monster's slimy body flopped onto the chariot, groans and snaps of splintering wood and bending metal could be visibly heard as it lowered its form, crushing the chariot slowly, Hercules winced at every snap and crash, his nephew would never forgive him. It lowered its one snake like neck and let out a low, reverberating trill, the sound bounced around inside his head giving him an awful headache.

Soon the low sound grew and grew until it became a deafening cacophonous shriek. Hercules drew out his sword and with one sweep separated the foul beast's head from its vile body. As soon as he did, the hydra's body gave out shakes and erratic shudders now and then. Hercules gazed in horror as two more newly formed heads wound out of the severed head, all injuries sealing up and becoming noticeable, it lunged for him its claws churning up muck and debris as it led a lethal charge at him, shrieking, roaring and making sounds so terrible Hercules had to cover his ears. Trees fell in its wake, and boulders shattered like glass. It scampered up a tree and dropped down in front of Hercules and let out a roar. Saliva and spittle flew out in a torrential shower. Hercules sliced off a head and sliced off some more until he was too tired to continue, all the while, the monster looked amused at his feeble attempts to slay it. It looked at him with hundreds of heads and reared up and breathed a cloud of gas Hercules covering his mouth and nose, but the poisonous gas made him feel so sleepy. He saw one head open its fanged mouth to bite him. But Iolaus ran at the beast with a stick on fire and threw it at its central head, it whined and shrieked.

Hercules awoke from his trance and charged, cutting off its heads, its scythe-like claws bouncing off the impenetrable hide of the lion that he wore around him as armour. But the hydra was learning, now with a considerable number of heads lost, its central head lunged and tore the lion skin from Hercules and threw it onto a tree.

It focused all its attempts at slaying Hercules, ignoring Iolaus who was climbing the tree to get the lion skin back. The hydra bit Hercules with its central head, the venom made him even weaker, but it had bitten his sword arm, with the last of his strength he cut off the hydra's head from the inside and set fire to it then as another was regrowing he plunged his sword into it and as the hydra's other heads looked at the central head for orders, but no orders came as it lay limp on the floor in front of Hercules who staggered forwards and with all his strength threw a barrel of oil from the decimated chariot it splashed onto the hydra, it screeched and fell into the lake, Hercules threw a burning torch at it and it set alight roaring as it fell into the marsh. The light from its burning body, getting dimmer.

Hercules staggered to a tree and collapsed, Iolaus saw this and ran to him with the antivenom. He administered it and hurriedly put the lion skin on Hercules and dragged him back to the kingdom.

Edward Rutter, Year 7



Year 8

Year 8 have been studying a unit on homelessness which includes reading the novel Stone Cold by Robert Swindells. My class read a chapter of the novel narrated by the protagonist link who describes the reality of living on the streets. They then were tasked with putting the experience of being homeless into their own words based on Swindell's presentation.

I absolutely hate living on the street! I am constantly cold and fearful of any distractions such as footsteps, fights and police. I feel irrelevant. I feel it is an ongoing dull slow story. I need to be alert at all times because you never know if you might meet those psychopathic delusional people caring around illegal weapons threatening people. That's why I have no idea who to rely on. I have bruises all around my body just by lying on the cold musty concrete. I have never imagined homelessness would be this terrifying.

Alicia Cockle, Year 8

Living on the streets is the worst thing I could ever imagine. You have so many sleepless nights. You freeze in the winter. Starve every day. You get touched by strangers in the middle of the night when you are sleeping. You have nowhere to go the whole day you just sit around begging for money like dogs whilst getting bruises.

Another thing about being homeless are the fleas. FLEAS! Like animals they eat your head and make your head really itchy. People don't care about you at all. You might get the one or two people that give you money but apart from that no one cares.

Preston Horsgood, Year 8

Being homeless is a nightmare. You may not think it's that bad but IT IS. Imagine trying to sleep on hard cold concrete with dirty ragged clothes on, you probably couldn't do that for 30 minutes let alone 6 hours! And that's even if you could get to sleep, You probably can't get to sleep with cold feet in your bed imagine having wet trainers and socks on all day, you could imagine how that feels, When your body is freezing you get colds and when your homeless you can't afford medicine meaning if you caught something like the flu you would be practically DEAD. Remember nobody gives a toss about you on the street people see you as a waste of space GARBAGE so forget about getting help from anyone.

Another bad thing about being homeless are these disgusting old men who think you would do anything for a quick buck... revolting. Once you're homeless you start to lose emotions for people like your family you feel... betrayed and start to become depressed you lose who you once were and turn into those beggars you see on London road that you thought you'd never turn into, not even at your worst times.

Richard Thompson, Year 8



Year 9

Year 9 have been introduced to English Language Paper 1 ahead of their GCSE studies next year. As part of English Language, students must complete a descriptive writing piece based on a given image. Students have been studying extracts by Edgar Allen Poe and therefore the image was a haunted manor; appropriate to fit Poe's horror filled stories. Below are some fantastic examples.

The wind howls, the trees groan. The moaning of the breeze runs thick throughout, an eerie mist accompanying it. A dome of opaque fog encompasses the entire forest, nothing can seem to break it. Nothing can go through it. There is only ever darkness. Even light struggles to peek through. The only luminescence is from the subtle radiance of fireflies. There is no daylight, only a dim glow from the otherside of the clag. That is not to say, however, that the night is pitch-black. On the contrary. At night, there is the vibrance of the nocturnal creatures.

The somewhat haunted forest comes alive at night, with foxes and owls roaming the grounds. Nothing but life. Nothing but the pure natural joy of animals frolicking in the shrubs and dry grass. They don't seem to mind the bedraggled state, or the lack of life around them. The only thing that matters to them is their joy. Rather contrasting with the atmosphere. Rather out of place. It seems rather conflicting with the life around them. But that is not something that seems to bother them. Creatures of the night.

In this forest stands a mansion unlike any other. It creaks with every breeze, and mutters to every living creature around it, warning them of its contents. A thick, yet worn down carpet runs throughout the halls, once red and lively, but now faded and melancholy. There are approximately 12 rooms, but none of which are furnished, aside from an ancient grandfather clock which stands in what once was a living room. After an unnerving amount of time, it still marks every hour, and still ticks, the pendulum swaying indefinitely, over the years having slowed significantly, instead keeping in time with the whispers of the trees.

Each room is different, yet none more different than the last. Each window has a crack or hole running through it, the cause of which remains unknown. The last hint of life seems to be draining from the house, except from the heartbeat of the clock.

As I step towards the clock, I begin to slow, each step in time with the gradual swaying of the pendulum. I begin to slow my breathing, too, each breath drawn out and tranquil. As I do so, my consciousness drifts away, no longer present as me. I stand there, unmoving, watching the pendulum swing; to, and fro. To, and fro. To, and fro. To... and fro...to...and...fro. To...- . My eyes follow the slow movements, until they gradually halt, and come to rest. At that moment, I begin to feel my responsiveness slow. The last I hear is the collective squeal and exclamation of the creatures of the night evacuating the forest. I then see the mist part, the moonlight flooding in, a blinding disparity from what I knew before. I realise my heartbeat had also been slowing in time to the grandfather clock, and feel my life draining from me.

Silence rings through the forest. Deafening silence.

Evelyn Baird, Year 9



The thunder boomed, showing no mercy. The lightning crackled and sparkled illuminating the sky. Rain hammered down from the sky like millions of little pins. Mist and fog slithered around my ankles like silky snakes. The wispy clouds floated around in the blackness above. The trees swayed violently, trying to grab and reach out to me. It was a very unsettling and eerie night. Something about the atmosphere was wrong. However, the sense that he was here meant everything.

The wind whistled and wailed like a banshee as it climbed through the branches of the tree. The glimmer of the moonlight was the only thing keeping the night sky bright when the lightning wasn't present. It was like an oversized light bulb. Every step I took, I could feel a squelch from the dewy grass and mud. It was like stepping on glue-filled pillows. The house in front of me was an old one, very old. Very vast also. It was once mine however it was left to rot and decay after he left. The once happy and joyful place was sorrowful and ravaged. The smell of decomposing moss filled my nose as I looked at the roof which had tiles falling out. The image of a dishevelled piano engulfed my mind. The glass on the window was shattered like a child's heart when someone crushed their dreams.

Hesitantly I stood at the doorway. It had been so long that it was almost unfamiliar. However I saw something glistening from the moonlight under a thick patch of dust. I rubbed it away to discover the door number. 213. Number 213. Number 213 was the number of this house. The house that was once mine; the number of the house that once belonged to me. I then realised this was the only way I could get over it. Over him!

As I pushed the damp, rain sodden door open I saw him at the top of the grand staircase. His fiery red eyes. The eyes that always burned with passion. Now they are piercing mine as we make eye contact. His perfect jet black hair. The hair that was always styled perfectly. Now slightly out of place. The now wrinkled paper white skin. The skin that was once soft and feathery. His slender-like figure still kept an excellent posture despite the amount of years it had been.

Tiya Banda, Year 9

The piercing moonlight shone through the ancient spire atop the antique building where a gargoyle sat, looking at the country around it. Smoke billowed out of the chimneys, filling the sky with a thick cloud of smoke and steam. The atmosphere around was chilling to bone, the cold breeze in the air would make anyone shiver. Candle light flickered dimly through the tall stained glass windows, illuminating the area around and bringing out the dark features on the old stone walls. Bricks cumbled and left a thick trail of dust in the pristinely kept grass around the mansion. The broken road leading up to the mysterious building ahead lay cracked and dishevelled, winding through the countryside.

A grand, old willow tree overlooked the marvellous manor, the only sign of life in the whole field. Its leaves had long since fallen and made it look like the bones of a skeleton of its former self. A patch of withering roses sit, watching the lane, waiting for anything to pass them and give them some attention. The disorganised gardens around the derelict house lay overgrown; vines climb up the side of the building and twist through the cracks in the wall.

Bats swarmed around the spire, swirling and congregating together. They got closer and closer until they all scattered off onto the estate, leaving a cloud of smoke around them. A dark silhouette formed from the fog, hovering slightly above the ground. An inky black cloak swoops across the opening as the figure emerges. Blood drips off of its sharp fangs, running down its neck. A high collar covers its face from the world around him. A raven lands on his shoulder. Piercing red eyes glare through the night sky, looking onto the new visitor...

A scarred, muscular, white haired man emerged from the surrounding countryside, wielding a long katana, ready to kill his next monster. His orange eyes glow like the sun, a scar runs across his face.

Luke Edwards, Year 9



Crumbling and frail, the old Edwardian house looms over the gloomy midnight sky. The lights flickered as the moon hung over the eerie air as if it was a puppet. The tree cracked and swayed in the sudden gusts. Bricks flew off the house as if it was a game of jenga. Vines swirled up the battered edges of the house. The sharp blades of grass danced with the wind, dew encased the grass like a prison cell. The spire stood ominously proud well above the rolling hills. The slate roof panels slid off the decaying roof as if it were butter. Ravens screeched as the night loomed on.

Frail like the decaying house, the old man slowly crept towards the porch. His hair was grey like the battered bricks; His eyes were black like the night sky; his clothes were falling apart, torn and frayed, as if he was the embodiment of the house itself. He ascended the crooked steps with his almost primaevial cane. The doors blew open as if to invite the old man to stay, The wind had blown his flat cap off his head and had sent it right into the charred fireplace.

The room was filled with unreadable texts from the ancient world, floorboards were even snapped and twisted under the pressure. The large central fireplace was putrescent and rancid. Smoke and effluvium poured out the unmaintained chimney. To his left a spiral staircase winded up to the next floor. The stairs vanished into darkness the longer he stared. He clambered up the staircase filled with curiosity and desire, expecting to see something, anything even; but as he took the final step all he could see was that of a liminal space, empty and devoid of life yet somehow he felt anemoia as if he understood what had happened all that time ago without ever being there.

The room was moist and creepily warm, the lights, not visible from outside overwhelmed him, the walls were yellow and decrepit. Strange noises filled the room. He wanted to escape but the staircase was gone, he swiftly glanced behind him, though even he had no hope. All he could see in every direction was damp yellow walls with bright buzzing lights in the ceiling. He wandered with pain clearly visible in his eyes. He knew he would never be able to leave this labyrinth and in some part that provided him with a little relief. He walked for miles in whatever direction the labyrinth took him. He had already lost his concept of time, had he been in here for a minute or a thousand years. The more he walked the less he could envision his past life. His face withered under the light, his legs stumbled slowly. His body couldn't take the strain, his body hit the floor with a hefty thud ; he was no more

The damp floor swallowed him whole as if disposing of his body. The room looked pristine but somewhat off. There was no trace of the old man, the only smell was damp wallpaper, the only sight was a sea of yellow walls and the only sound was that of the buzzing white lights.

Kelton Smith, Year 9



Bon travail! Gut gemacht! Buen trabajo !

The Language Department would like to nominate the following students this week ...

Ms Mc Geever would like to nominate Jamie from her Year 7 French class. Jamie is a fantastic student and has made real progress since September. He has really come out of his shell and his confidence has grown. He tries extremely hard and this is evident in his work and certainly in his most recent assessments. Congratulations Jamie & keep up the hard work!



Mr Woodruff would like to nominate Ella from his Year 8 French class for her consistent hard work and high standards. Completes tasks speedily and always pushes herself with extension work.

Ms Dris would like to nominate Isabella. Although I do not teach Isabella, I have decided to nominate her as my star of the week because she is simply fantastic! Isabella is preparing for the Spanish GCSE as an external candidate and my job is only to guide her. However, she has happily completed some extra work for me and has even requested more, by asking to sit the same mock my Year 10 class is taking. Her attitude is exemplary and on top of that, she is one of the most pleasant and polite students I have ever had the chance to deal with. For all those reasons, Isabella truly is a languages star!



Student Profiles

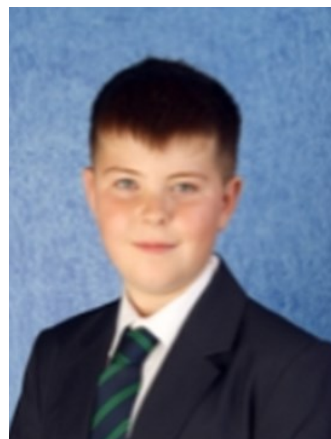


We ask our Stars of the Week what their favourite thing about learning a language is and why they are important to learn!

Jamie

My favourite thing about languages is that there is always something new to learn and it is so different & unique compared to English.

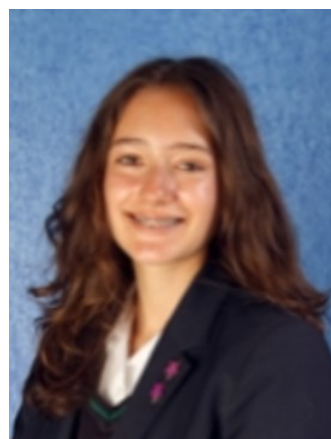
I think languages are important because they open you up to a new view of life and opportunities and it makes you happy!



Isabella

My favourite thing about languages is the ability to communicate to others who I wouldn't be able to by speaking English only. It also allows me to learn about new cultures.

I believe learning a language is important because it allows a connection with new people and allows people to understand and be able to work with all types of people.



Cooking and Nutrition



Year 7 making fruit crumble.



Cooking and Nutrition

Year 9 students making shortcrust pastry which was later used to make quiche.

A lovely dish to add to picnic baskets this summer.





CAREERS

FREE WEBINAR

APPRENTICESHIPS OPPORTUNITIES AVAILABLE THIS SUMMER

A national apprenticeship training provider will be delivering a 45-minute webinar to all **Year 11s, 12s and 13s** across the country to fully explain the apprenticeship route and available opportunities that they have starting from August onwards.

Anyone from year 11, 12 and 13 who are interested in apprenticeships are invited to attend the webinar at

4:00pm on Wednesday 29th June 2022.

The webinar will include:

1. About LMP Education and how they can support you in starting your career.
2. Apprenticeships- Key facts & Considerations.
3. Traineeships - What they are & how they get you into an Apprenticeship.
4. Traineeship and Apprenticeship Opportunities for NOW and September.
5. Eligibility and how to apply.
6. English and Maths.
7. Next steps and Q&A.

You can register to attend the webinar [HERE.](#)





CAREERS

Are you interested in learning more about a career as a lawyer specialising in privacy, reputation management and data protection?

Would you like to participate in interactive workshops on the work of a lawyer working in media law? If yes, then this is the perfect opportunity for you!

For the second year running, media law firm Schillings is partnering with BVL to provide an insight programme for Year 12 and Year 13 students. The programme aims to provide young people with an insight into the work of Schillings' lawyers and will include workshops on:

- an introduction to Schillings;
- the work of the legal team;
- plus a careers workshop on CV writing, interview skills and personal branding!

The programme will run between **5:30pm** and **7:30pm**, on:

- **Tuesday 26th July:** In person, at Schillings' offices in London
- **Wednesday 27th July:** Online, via Teams
- **Thursday 28th July:** Online, via Teams
- **Tuesday 2nd August:** Online, via Teams
- **Thursday 4th August:** In person, at Schillings' offices in London

The only eligibility requirements they have are that you will be 16 years or over at the time of the project.

To apply, please complete a brief application form by clicking [here](#). The deadline for applications is **7:00pm on Friday 1st July 2022**.



CAREERS



Are interested in learning more about the way law works in the UK?

The Model Law Commission is opening applications to their three-month long project that provides A-Level students with the chance to simulate the work of the Law Commission.

Students are split into four groups, each tasked with the reform of one of the following areas of law:

- Family, Trusts or Land Law
- Criminal Law
- Commercial and Common Law
- Public Law

From October to December, you will undertake a five-stage process:

- Research
- formulating recommendations
- consulting with your peers
- reporting on their proposals
- devising their legislation

The Model Law Commission begins with a two-day conference. It is over the course of these two days that students are introduced to their respective topics by experts in the field who come from all over the country to speak to them. The students are also visited by individuals from the Law Commission itself visit our students and advise on the difficulties in reforming the law and how to write a law reform report. The students then take that information and over the following weeks discuss reform ideas with each other, their Group Leaders and their peers.

The project then concludes with a final report launch event in December, hosted by MPs and visitors from the Law Commission. In advance of the event, each student will receive a printed and published copy of their group's reform report.

If you are interested in learning more about the way law works in the UK, the way it is made and changed and in fair access to justice for everyone, then you are strongly encouraged to apply.


The project will take place between October and December 2022 on the following dates via Zoom:

- Weekend conference: 10am to 4pm on Saturday 8th and Sunday 9th October
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 13th October
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 20th October
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 27th October
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 3rd November
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 10th November
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 17th November
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 24th November
- 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 8th December
- Final event: 6pm to 8pm on Thursday 15th December

This programme will be run remotely via Zoom and is open to students across England and Wales. To apply, please complete a brief application form by clicking [here](#). The deadline for applications is **1pm on Friday 16th September**.



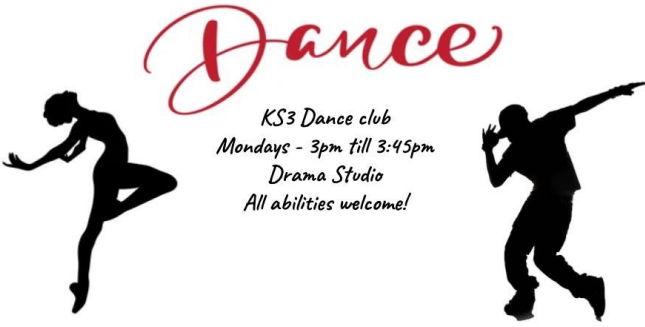
CLUBS



Vocalise Choir

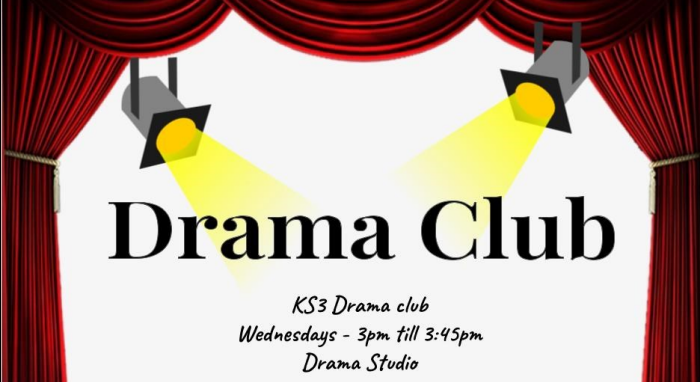
If you are in KS3 and you like to sing
Come along to Vocalise in M1
Tuesdays - after school till 3:50pm

EVERYONE
Welcome




Dance

KS3 Dance club
Mondays - 3pm till 3:45pm
Drama Studio
All abilities welcome!




Drama Club

KS3 Drama club
Wednesdays - 3pm till 3:45pm
Drama Studio



Design & Technology Club

Year 7 Design & Technology Club
Tuesday 3:00pm—4:00pm
See Design & Technology teacher
for a letter as limited spaces.

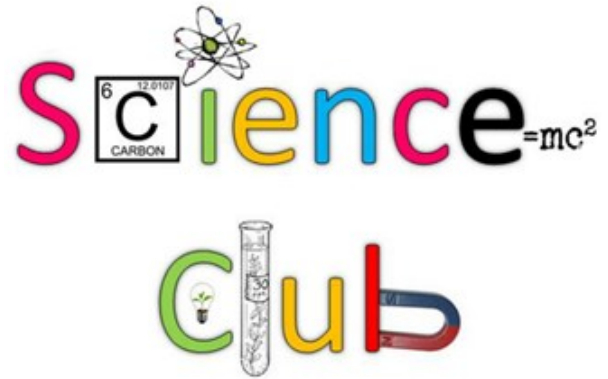


COOKING CLUB

Year 7 Cooking Club
Wednesdays until 4:00pm
See Mrs Tudor for a letter as
limited spaces



Public Speaking
Friday lunchtime
(1:00pm—1:40pm)
With Miss Maree in A8



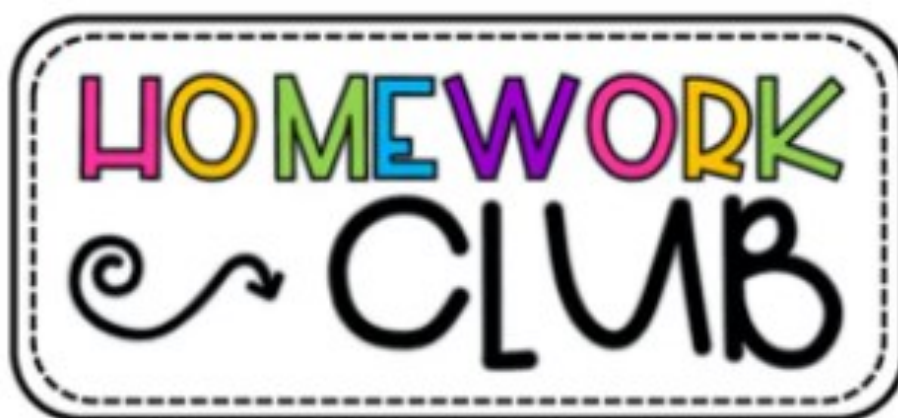
Year 7 & 8 Science Club
Monday afterschool
3:00pm—4:00pm
With Mr Whyte
and Dr Holloway in B16

**KEEP
CALM
AND
COME TO
CATCH UP CLUB**

Year 7 Maths Catch Up Club

If you would like a bit of extra help in maths, please come to
Mrs. Thompson's room (A14) after school.

The session is from 2:50pm to 3:30pm on Mondays.



Every Day

2:50 - 3:50pm in PC4

All are Welcome

PE Clubs Summer 2022

Clubs run from 3:10pm to 4:00pm.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
After School	Rounders– Year 9,10,11 Mrs Evans	Rounders– Year 7 and 8 Mrs Van den Brink Miss Montgomery	Athletics- all years Mr King Mr Martin Miss Montgomery Mrs Van Den Brink Mrs Davis	Staff meetings / Fixtures	
	Tennis- all years Mr King	Cricket- all years Mr Martin			
	Fitness – year 10 Mrs Van den Brink	Fitness – year 11 Mrs Evans	Fitness- year 10 Mr King	Fitness- year 11 Mrs Davis	



As well as after school snacks, Cucina are now serving breakfast for students from 7.30am - 8.30am.

There's a good selection of items from bacon/sausage baps, toast with lots of different spreads, pastries, fruit pots, yoghurts and cereals.

Chef



If your child has to use a Pink IOU Lunch Card, due to insufficient funds on their Scopay account, you will be notified that they've used one and asked to top up the account.

Once the account is in credit then the charges from the pink cards will be applied to the account, these will appear on the account even though no purchase has been made.

Chef



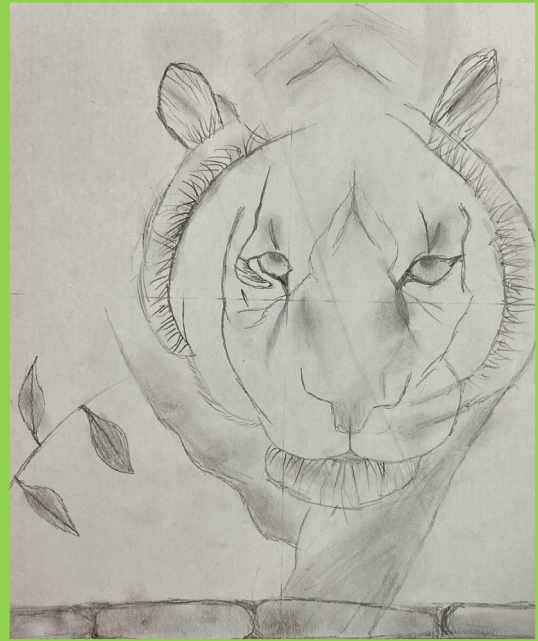
Art work of the week - 24th June



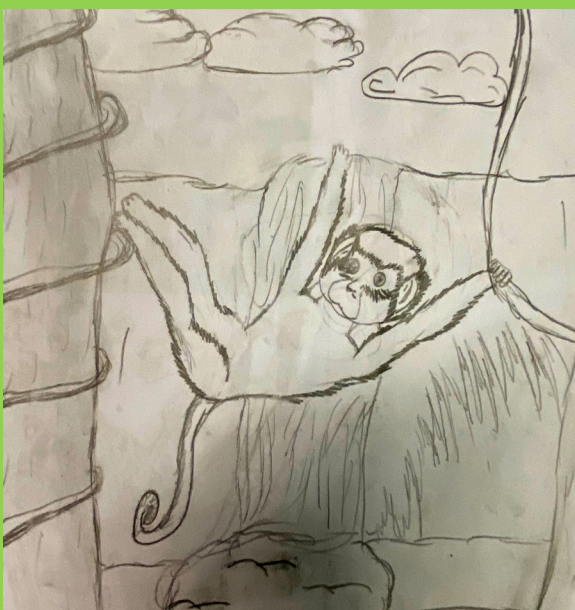
Congratulations to the following students who have produced work of an exceptional level. All students will be nominated for the Headteacher's Award.



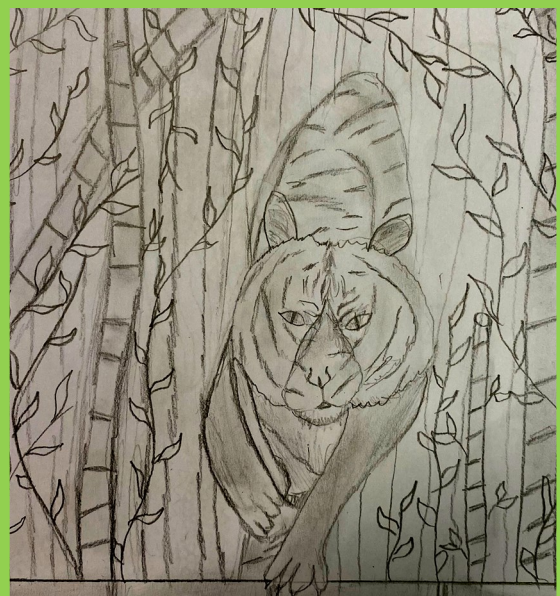
Year 7 - Yasmin Chhokar



Year 7 - Ivy Brace



Year 7 - Evita Nomeikaite



Year 7 - Elsbeth Brooker



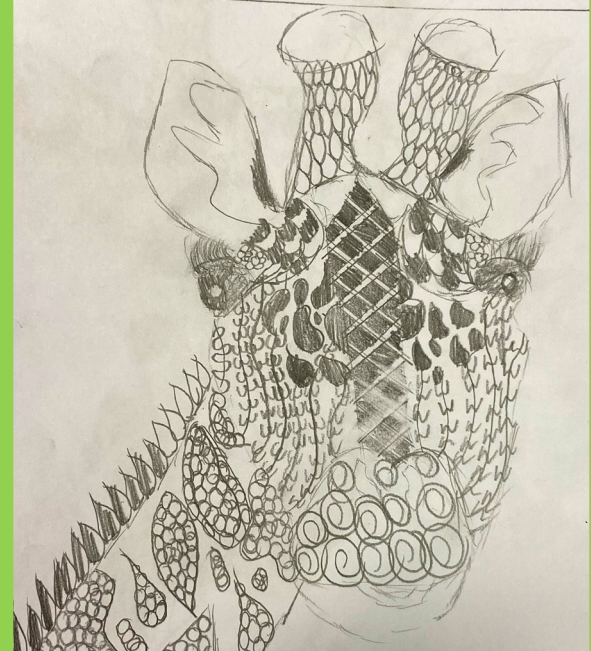
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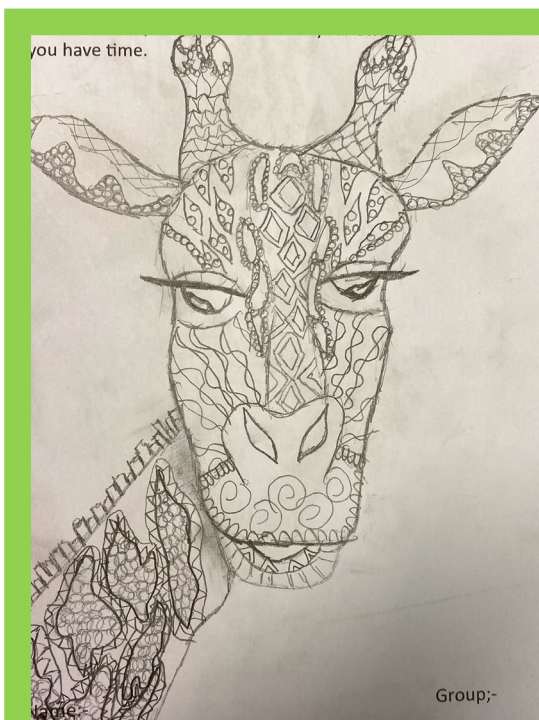
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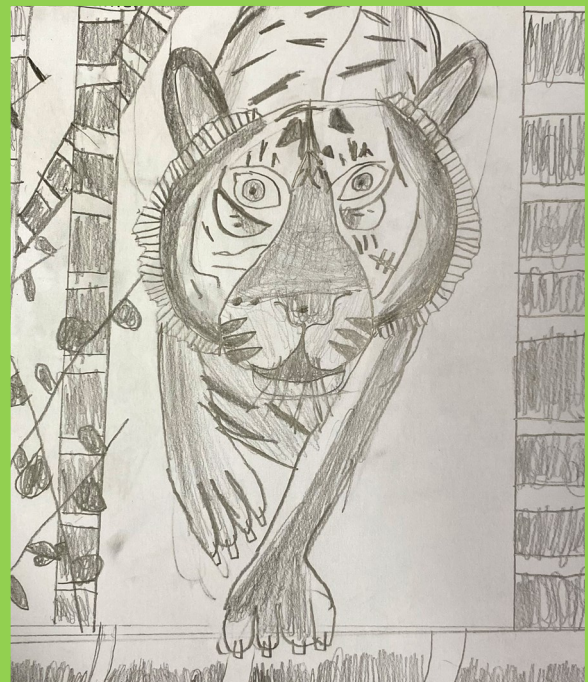
Year 7 - Louisa Parrant



Year 7 - Eloise Gates



Year 7 - Caitlin Culpeper



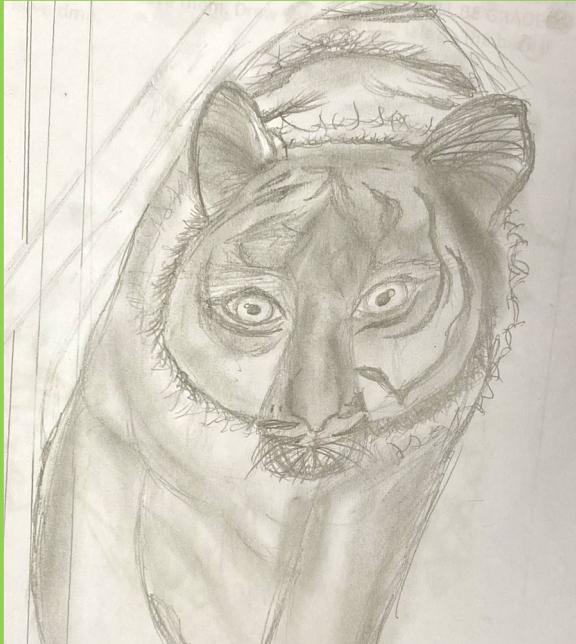
Year 7 - Samuel Tallamy



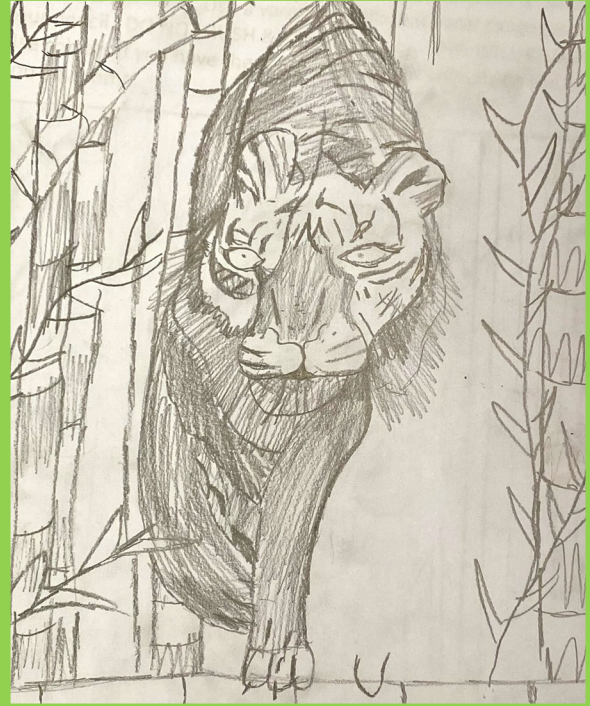
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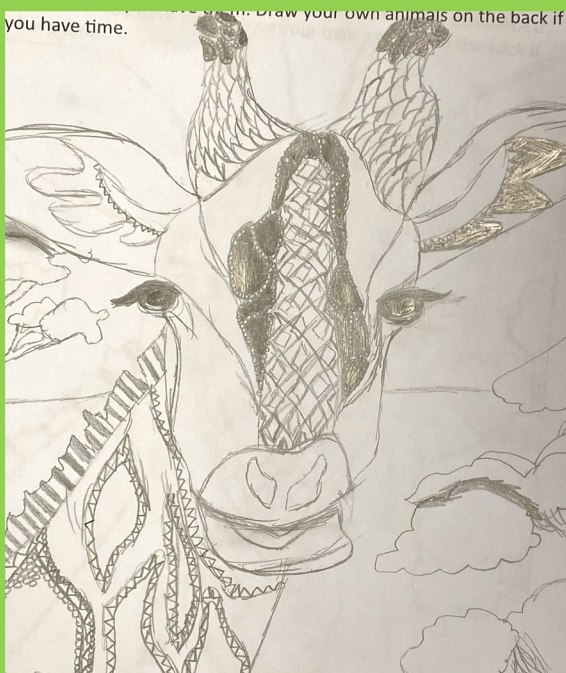
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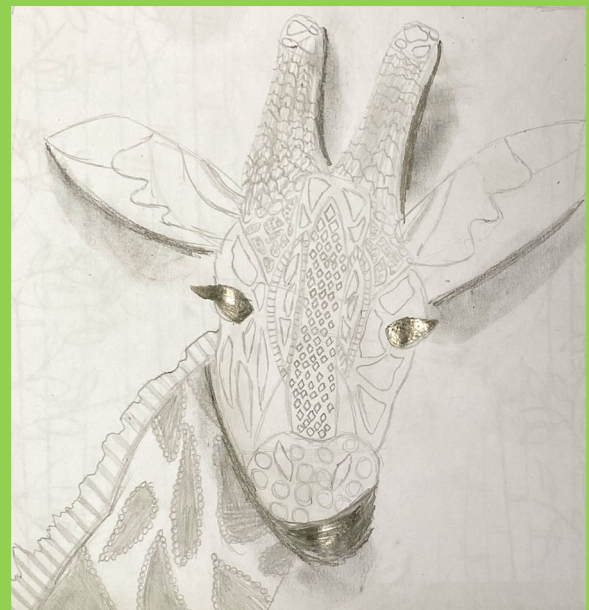
Year 7 - Verity Morley



Year 7 - Evie Brown



Year 7 - Harriet Somerville



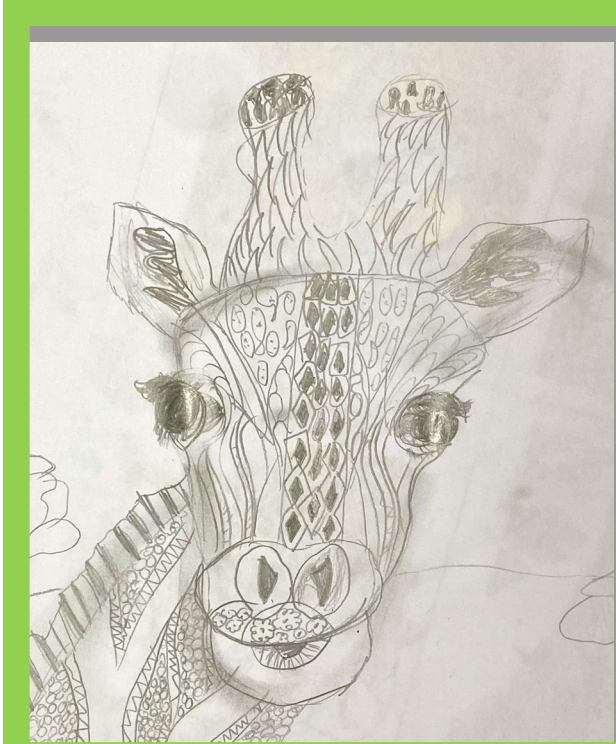
Year 7 - Isabella York



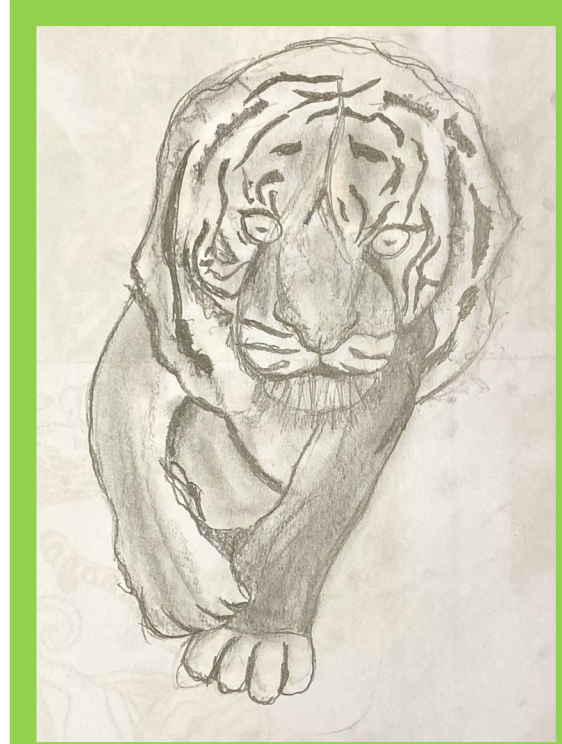
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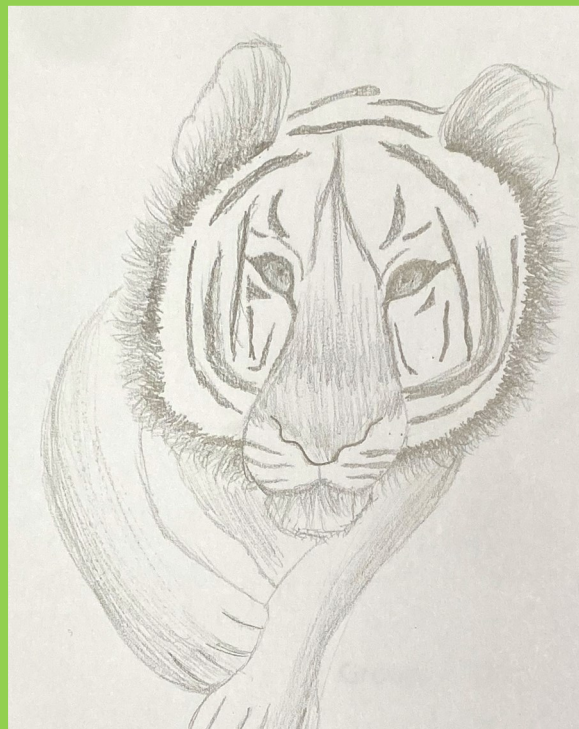
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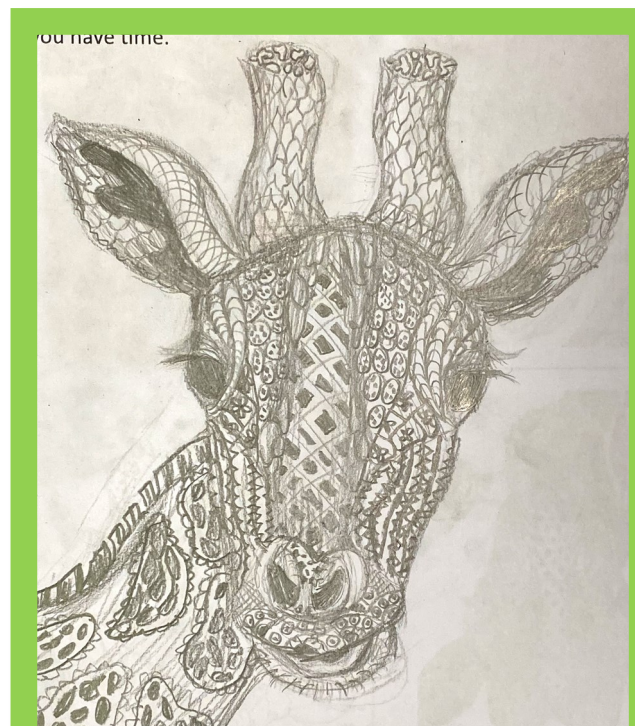
Year 7 - Alexander Fox



Year 7 - Sudharson Gurung



Year 7 - Megan Holberry



Year 7 - Amelia Laugher



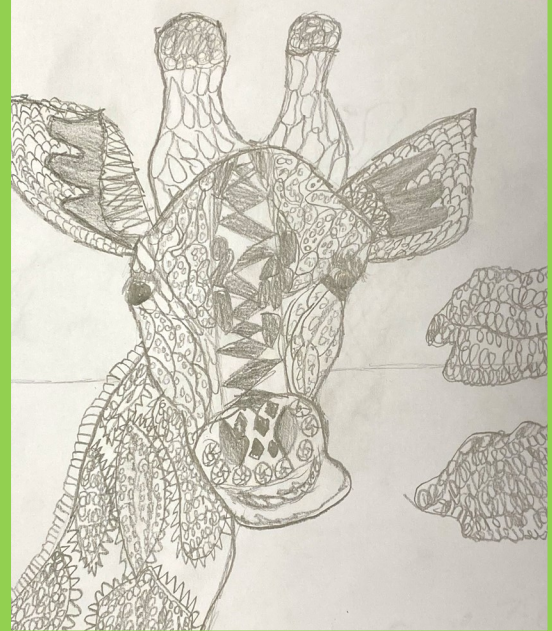
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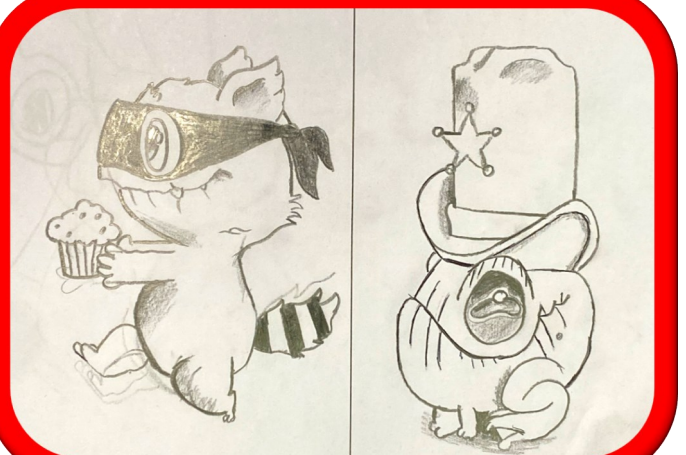
Year 7 - Lucy Corless



Year 7 - Caitlin Bray



Year 9 - Gail McRobbie



Year 9 - Thomas Williams



Art work of the week - 24th June



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Year 9 - Carmen Simpson



Year 9 - Jacob Grinter



Year 9 - Ella Hill



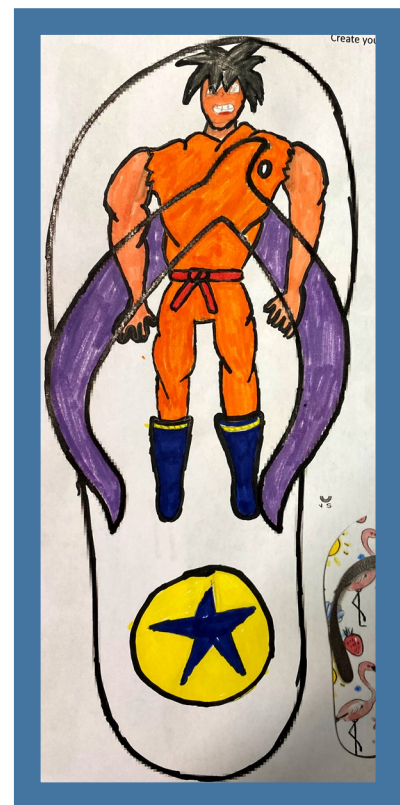
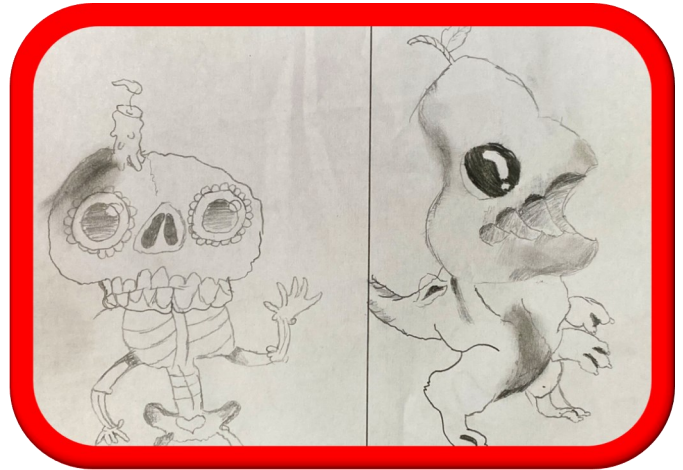
Year 9 - Zoe Stewart



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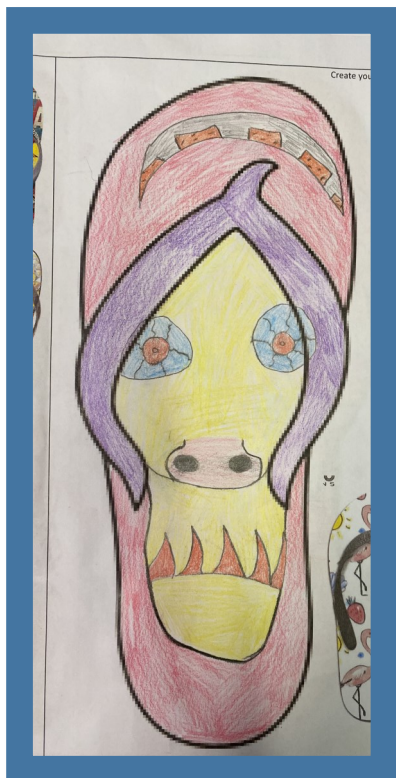




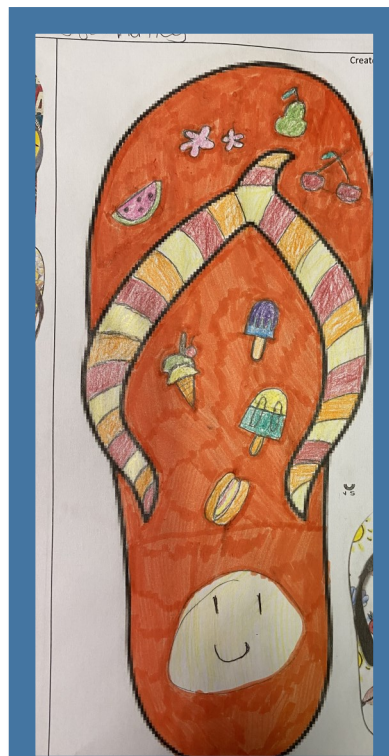
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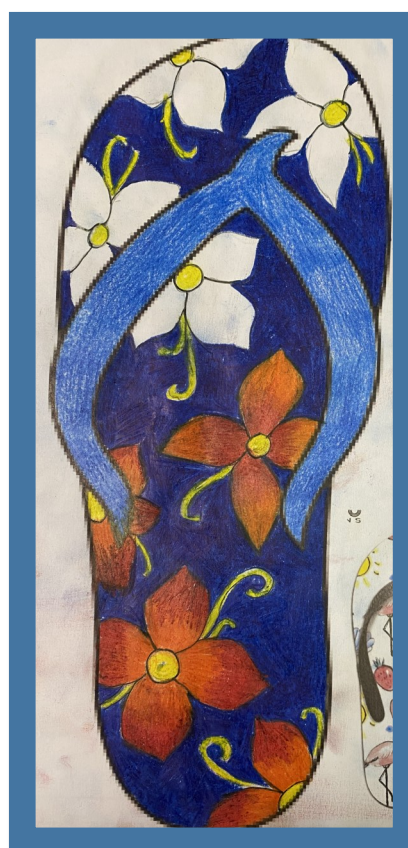
Year 7 - Lily-Marie Harrington-Brown



Year 7 - Skye Hartley



Year 7 - Keira Hope



Year 7- Aimee Hellewell



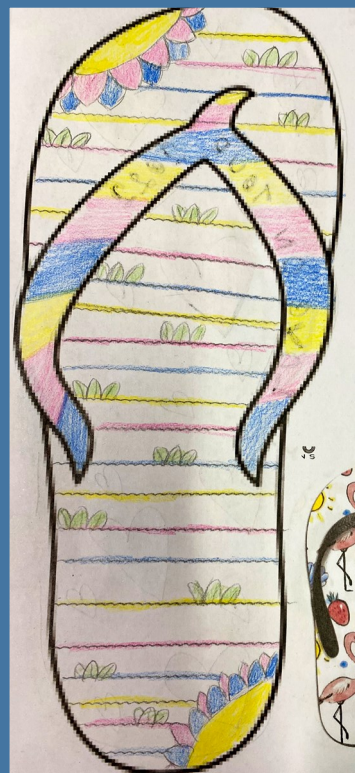
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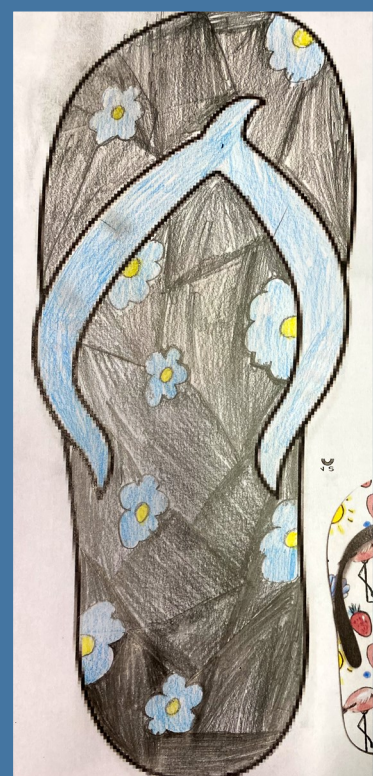
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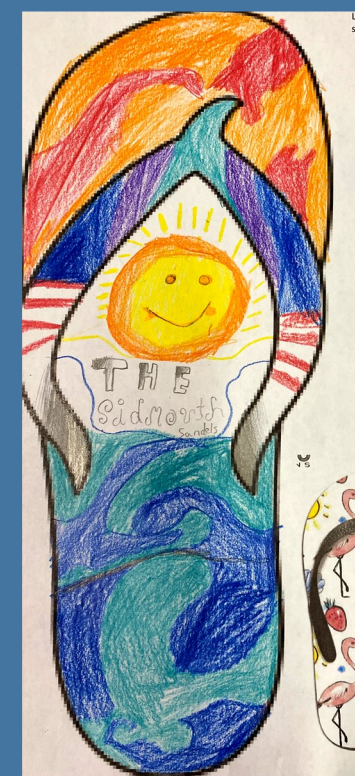
Year 8 - Laura Zegocinska



Year 8 - Eva Simpson



Year 7 - Ryan Hailey



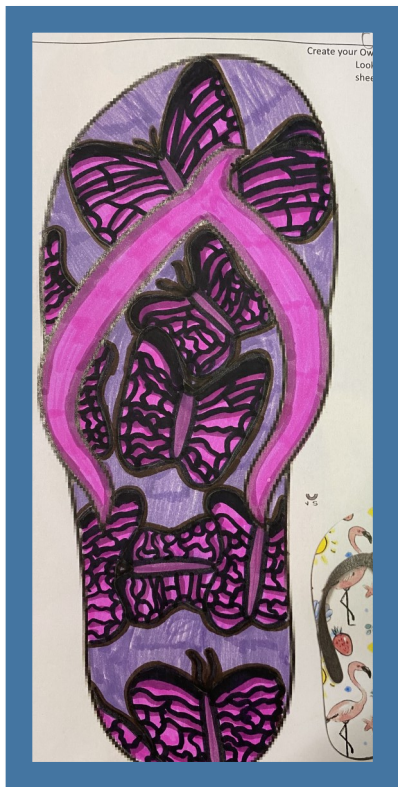
Year 7 - Dylan Pass



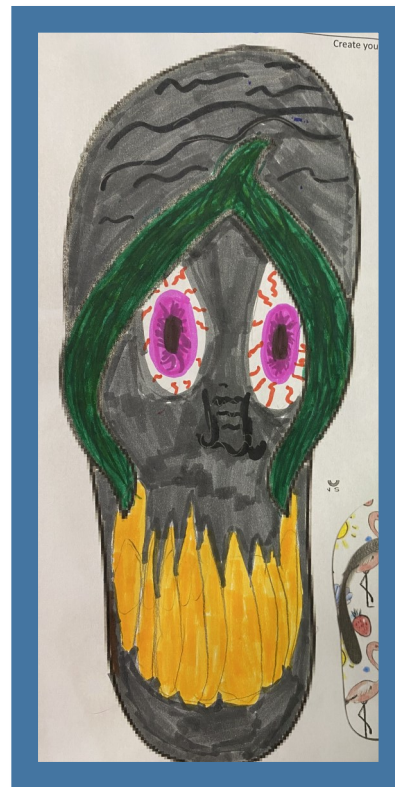
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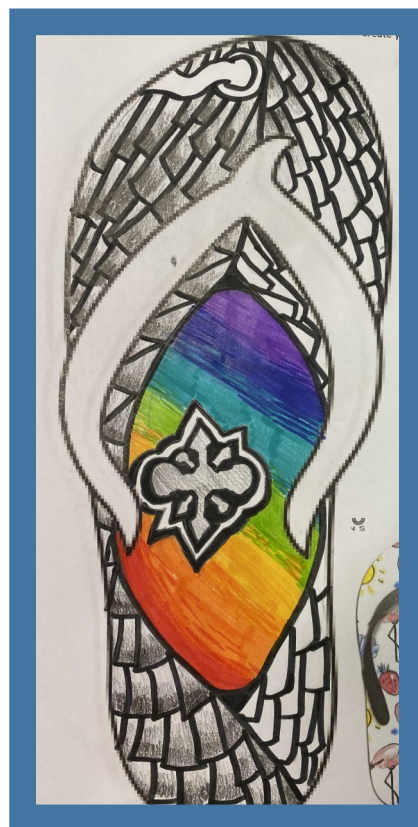
Year 8 - Olivia Gudyka



Year 8 - Ella Layton Matthews



Year 8 - Lexi Davies



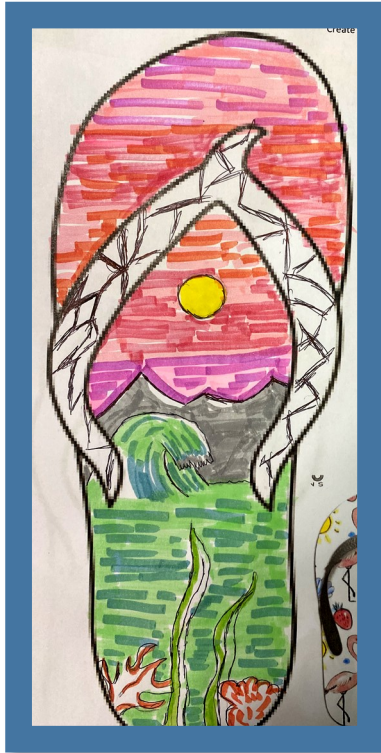
Year 8 - Megan Bromage



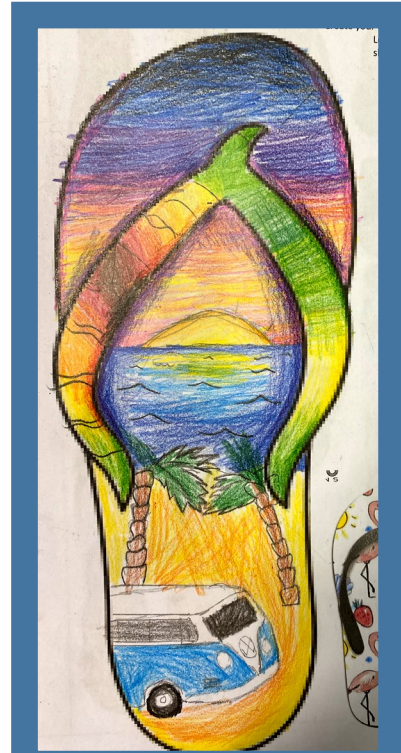
Art work of the week - 24th June



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Year 8 - Zak Temperley



Year 8 - Oliver Wingate



Foss

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SANDHURST
SCHOOL



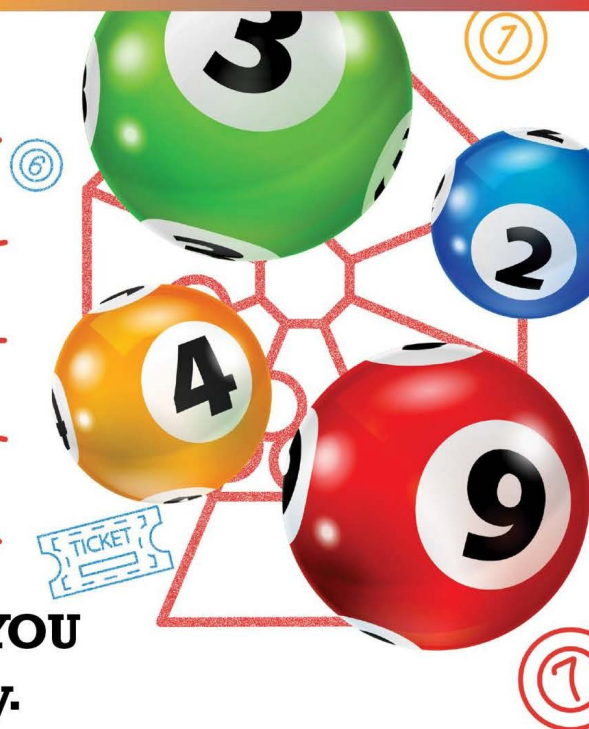
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Sandhurst School
the opportunity to succeed

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**It's the easiest way for YOU
to HELP US raise money.**



- Join our weekly lottery from just £1 a week
- It's an easy way to support our school and help raise funds
- 40% of ticket sales come back to us
- There's a guaranteed winner every week as well as the chance to win £25,000
- It's easy to sign up online so start supporting our school today!

Foss

FRIENDS OF
SANDHURST
SCHOOL

Support
your
school
today!

Just £1 per week

40% to your school

£25,000 jackpot!

Cash prizes every week

your
school
lottery

How it works

It's simple - choose 6 numbers between 0-9 and if they match the weekly lottery draw, you win great prizes with a **jackpot prize of up to £25,000!** One of our supporters will win a cash prize every week. Tickets cost just £1 per ticket per week and 40% of all ticket sales are donated to your school.

Draws are conducted every Saturday at 8pm and results are posted online. Winners will be notified via email and the winnings will be paid straight into an account of their choosing.

The easiest and quickest way to join our lottery is online where you can set up your payment either by direct debit or one off payment card. Alternatively, set up can be done over the phone using the contact details below.

It's so easy to join and you could make a real difference to your school.

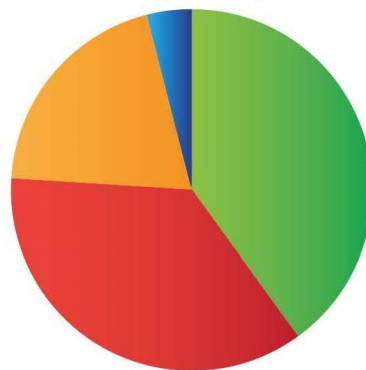


The maths...

100 tickets sold means
= **£30** a week cash prize
= **£2,080** a year for your school

Where does your money go?

Tickets cost just £1 per week



- 40p** goes directly to your school
- 36p** goes towards lottery winner's cash prizes
- 20p** goes towards lottery administrative costs
- 4p** for VAT

BUY TICKETS ONLINE TODAY

www.YourSchoolLottery.co.uk/play

✉ support@yourschoollottery.co.uk

☎ 01865 582 828



PROSPECT.CO.UK

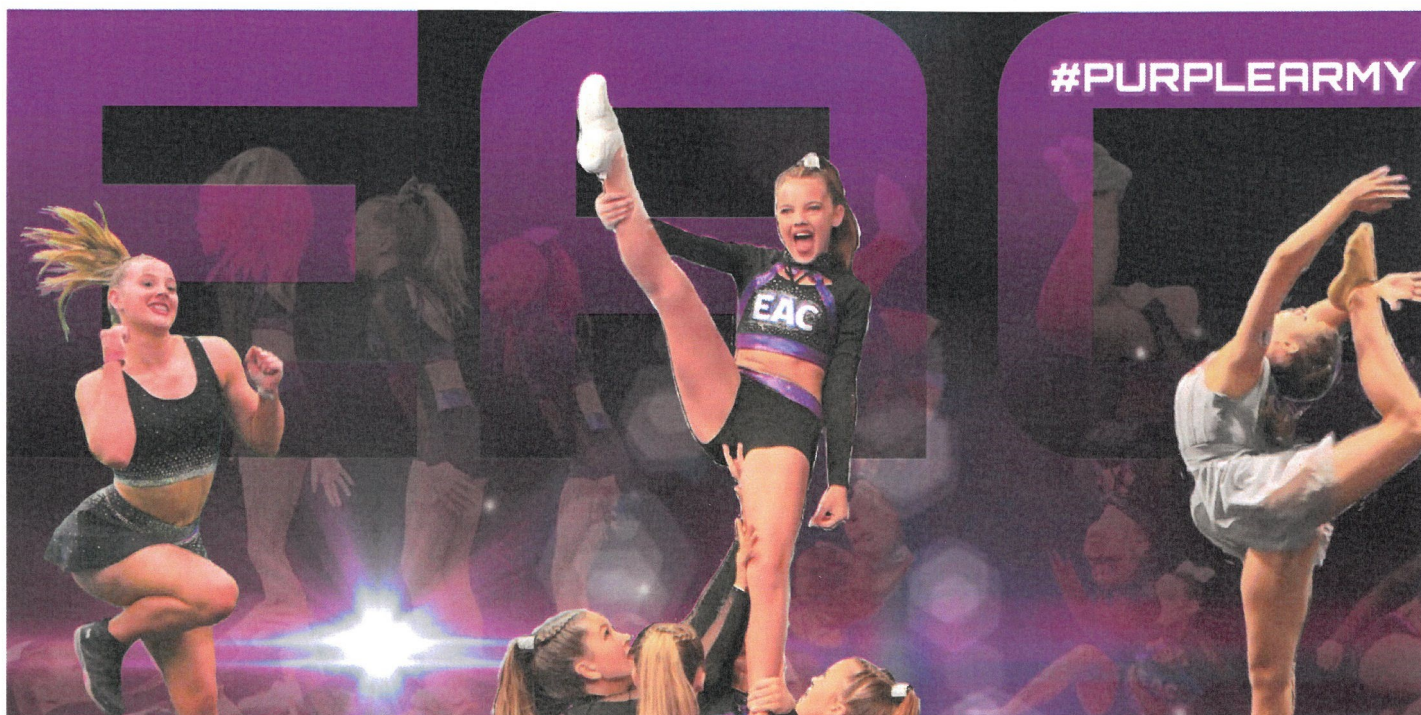


PROSPECT IN THE COMMUNITY

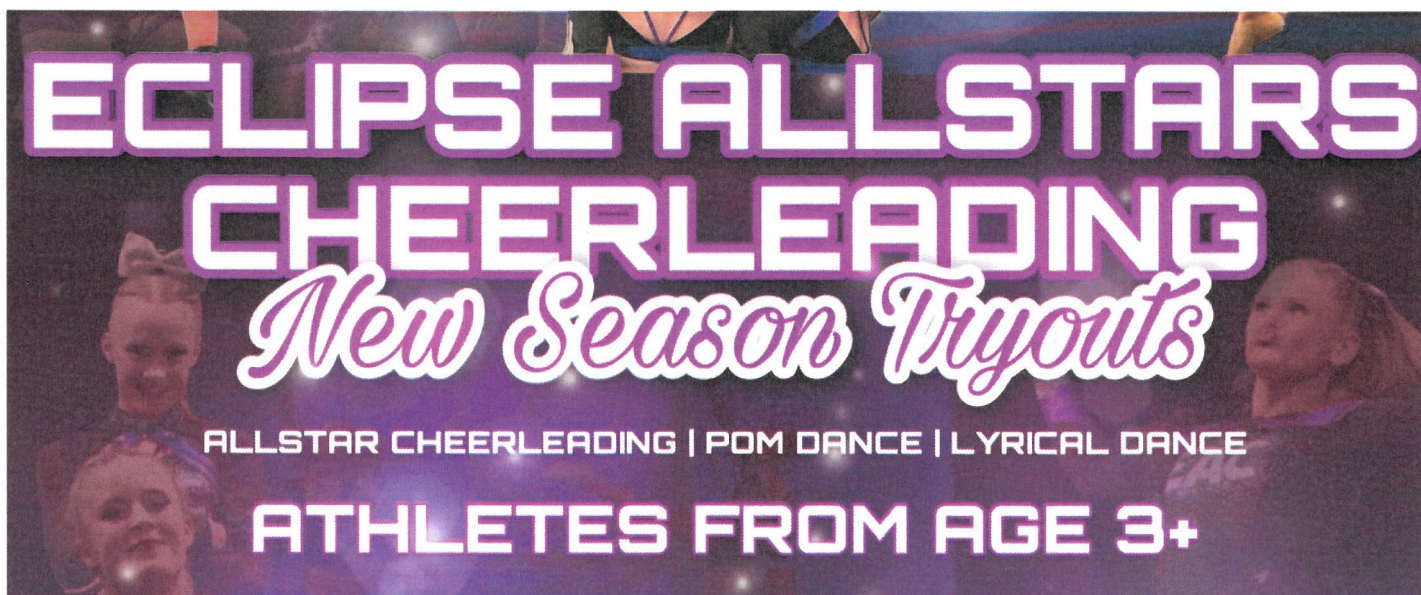
Here at Prospect, we don't just sell and let homes in the local area; we are local people ourselves and love being a part of the local community. That is why we set up the Prospect Foundation to give back to the amazing community that has given us so much over the years.

In the spirit of giving back to our community, we are also reintroducing our school donations this year. When you sell with Prospect, we will donate £250 of your selling fee to a local school of your choice.





COME AND JOIN US FOR OUR BIGGEST SEASON YET!



ALLSTAR CHEERLEADING | POM DANCE | LYRICAL DANCE

ATHLETES FROM AGE 3+

FOR MORE INFORMATION, EMAIL:
ECLIPSE_ALLSTARS@YAHOO.COM



Instagram icon @ECLIPSEALLSTARS

Facebook icon ECLIPSE ALLSTARS CHEERLEADING

Rapunzel

1st-2nd May

Showings 12-1pm and 2-3pm



Crowthorne
Amateur
Theatrical
Society

**PROUDLY
PRESENTS**

POP UP PANTO IN THE PARK

Back by popular demand

Free Family Show

**Pack a picnic and enjoy some light panto fun at the
Morgan Rec this summer.**

Book your free tickets in advance online at: ticketsource.co.uk/crowthornecats



WIZARD OF OZ

9th-10th July

Showings 12-1pm and 2-3pm



**PUMPKIN
PANTOS**

Scripts Written by

Playhouse
Dry Cleaning
& Laundry

facebook.com/CrowthorneCATS

Sandhurst Music Festival

**FREE
EVENT**

SAT 2nd JULY 2022 - SANDHURST MEMORIAL PARK

FROM 5 PM UNTIL 11 PM – FREE ENTRY

ENDING IN A SPECTACULAR FIREWORK DISPLAY

Absolute Abba

Hudson's Choice

Liam as Robbie

Sandhurst School

Simply Sheeran

Little Chix

**Food
vendors
and Bar
available**

**Come and
party in
the park**



**#PARTYINTHEPARK - PARKING IS AVAILABLE FOR £5 PER CAR
PLEASE SUPPORT THIS EVENT BY WALKING TO THE VENUE**

SANDHURST MEMORIAL PARK, YORKTOWN ROAD, SANDHURST, GU47 9BJ



Youth Club

First night is free !!

BRACKNELL

www.thewayzyouth.co.uk

Take part in various activities and meet new people!

**Volunteering Go-Karting Paintballing Cooking
Chill Out Arts /Crafts Make New Friends Get Information
Laptops Xbox, PS3 & Wii Table Tennis Sports Pool**

Juniors

Times: Tuesdays 5:30 – 7:00pm

Ages: 8yrs old – end of year 6

Inters

Times: Tuesdays 7:30-9:00pm

Ages: Years 7, 8 and 9

Seniors

Times: Wednesdays 7:30 – 9:30pm

Age: 14 – 17 yrs

Chillout

Times: Fridays 5:00- 6:30pm

Ages: 12 – 16 yrs

(Living with moderate learning difficulties)

Hangout

Times: Friday 7.15 – 9.00pm

Ages: 16 – 25 yrs

(living with moderate learning difficulties)

Youth & Community Cafe

Saturday 10am-12.30pm

Open to the Community

(Under 11's must be supervised by an adult, up to 40 people at any time)

Address: The Wayz Youth Centre, Calfridus Way, Bracknell, Berkshire, RG12 9ET

Tel No: 01344 483596 / 07928 816 186

Email: Gareth.Mepham@berkshireyouth.co.uk