



Prep. Magazine

Spring 2016-2017

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The Prep. Magazine is a lunchtime club for pupils in Prep V and VI. Meeting every Thursday, these pupils are assigned a class and liaise with the class teacher to identify artwork and writing for inclusion in the magazine. Just like a seasoned news hack, it's their job to chase teachers for 'copy', and then to type and edit it ready for publication. In addition, the pupils write their own pieces of work for inclusion - for this edition, each child has written about My Favourite Place. Meeting just once a week is not sufficient to produce a magazine, so the magazine team do a lot of work at home in their own time as well - and when there have just been four members this term, that means a lot of extra effort on their part. Well done to Freya, Jessica, Isabella and Finley for sticking with it and seeing this edition through to publication.

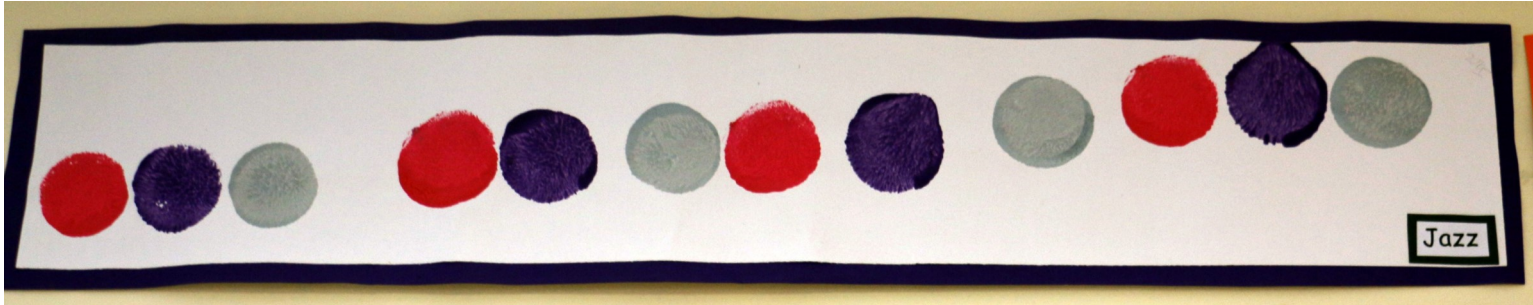


The Summer edition is already being planned. If you are a member of Prep V or VI and would like to take part in our next edition, please see Mr. Suter for further information.

Front cover: Silhouette by Umamah Shahzad



The Kindergarten Gallery



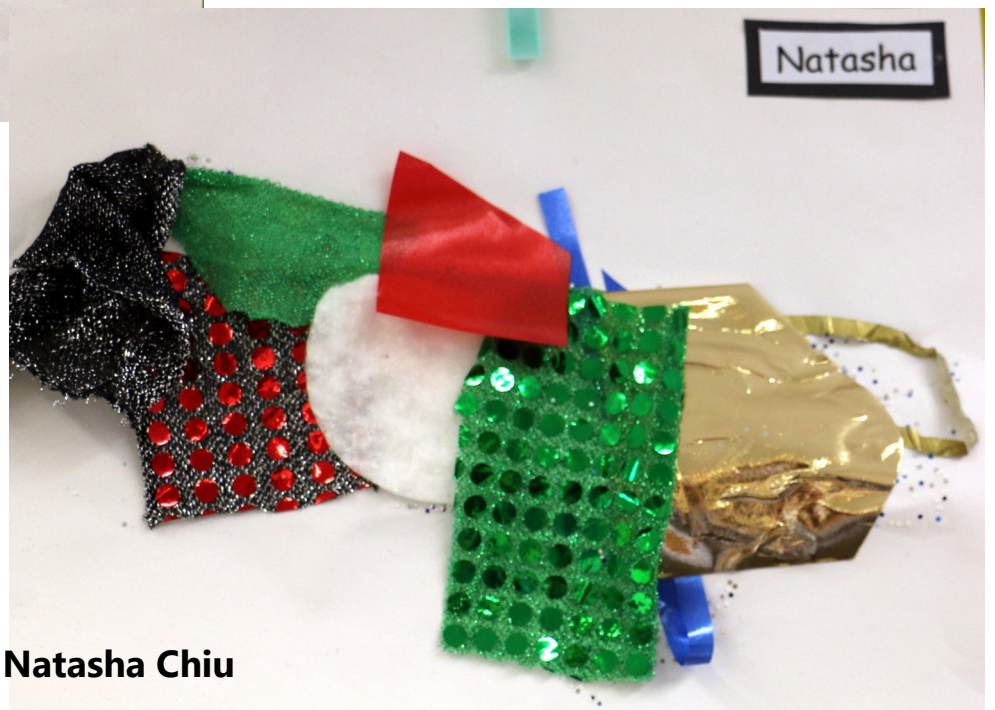
Jazz Oakes



Alexandra Kuzmins



Patrick Zhao



Natasha Chiu



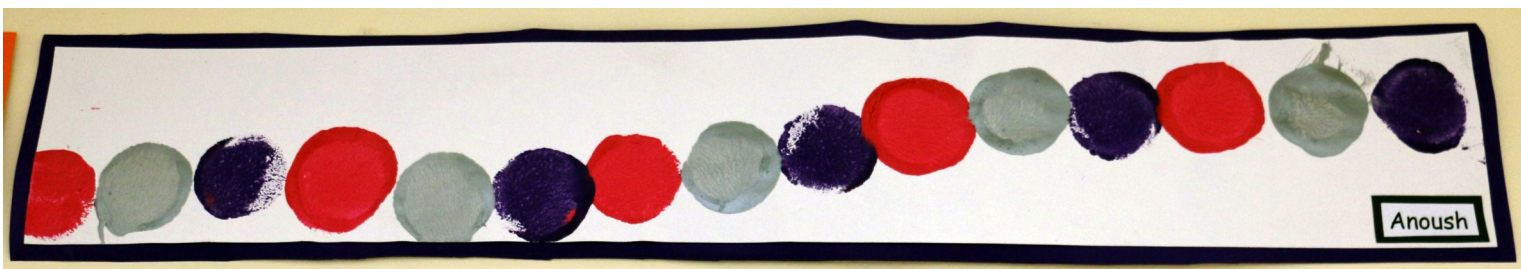
Thomas Lupton



Nnamdi Ikemefuma



Inaaya Khan



Anoush Garg

"999 Emergency Services. How Can I Help You?"

Children in Reception have been learning about People Who Help Us. They have talked about the emergency services and what they should do in an emergency. The children wrote about their scenarios.

I saw a prisur a scap
from the police car
the police men chact
them.

I saw a prisoner escape from the
police car the policemen chased them.

Betsy Beau

A fire engine came to put the fire out.
It was big and red.

A fire engine came to put the fire out.
It was big and red.

Abdullah

The prisoner was in the police car. The prisoner escaped from the jail.

The prisoner was in the police car. The prisoner escaped from the jail.

Raghav

I saw an air ambulance in the sky.

I saw an air ambulance in the sky.

Tatiana

The prisoner escaped and the police caught them.

The prisoners escaped and the police caught them.

Benjamin

Lost and Found

A little boy wakes up to find a lost penguin. After discovering that penguins live at the South Pole, he is determined to get him back home. The boy and the penguin find a little boat and push off out to sea...

Lost and found by Blake Buckle (Prep I)

And together they pushed the rowboat out to sea. They rowed and rowed and then a big wave came. The wave knocked them out of the boat and then they got into an umbrella and rowed to the lighthouse to see if there was a new boat. So they had a new boat and they rowed to the South Pole and then they got the penguin home.



Lost and Found by Hamza Ahmed (Prep I)

The boy met a big blue friendly whale. The whale told the boy where the penguin lived. The boat had a leak in it and started to sink. He used the umbrella as an oar and he got to the shore just in time before the boat sank.



**Donya
Hedayati
(Prep I)**



**Anton
Scowcroft
(Prep I)**



The life cycle of a butterfly

The butterfly lays its eggs. The caterpillar hatches out of the egg. The caterpillar creates a cocoon around himself. The caterpillar turns into a butterfly.



Ava Gerrard (Prep I)



Maya Abou Ragheb (Prep I)



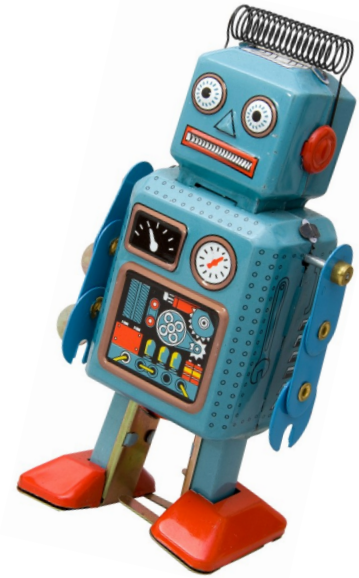
My Favourite Place by Finley Woodward (Prep VI)

My favourite place is the local park because it is a quiet area where no one goes anymore. It is surrounded by big green trees and bushes with dead brown roses, probably the reason no one goes in. There are a family of red squirrels that live in the highest tree in the park. There are four of them and there is always one inquisitive one that comes to see what I am doing. Most of all I go on the swings and just push myself from side to side and in circles. Whenever the swings are covered in drops of water I will wipe some off with my jumper sleeve, and go and wait on the climbing frame. In the summer, if the weather is good, I will go on the zip wire. If the sand is wet I will not go on it because all the sand that lies at the bottom is wet and sticky. If (and when!) I fall off it, it is not the easiest thing to brush off before I walk home.



The Crazy Robot by Alfie Turley (Prep II)

Once upon a time there lived the most craziest robot. He tidied everything. He wouldn't stop! A few seconds later he was gone. We couldn't find him but then we saw something on the road. It was the robot but he was broken. We tried to fix him but his electricity snapped. We took him into the shop to get him fixed. Hooray! They shouted, you've fixed our robot.



Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure by Umamah Shahzad (Prep II)

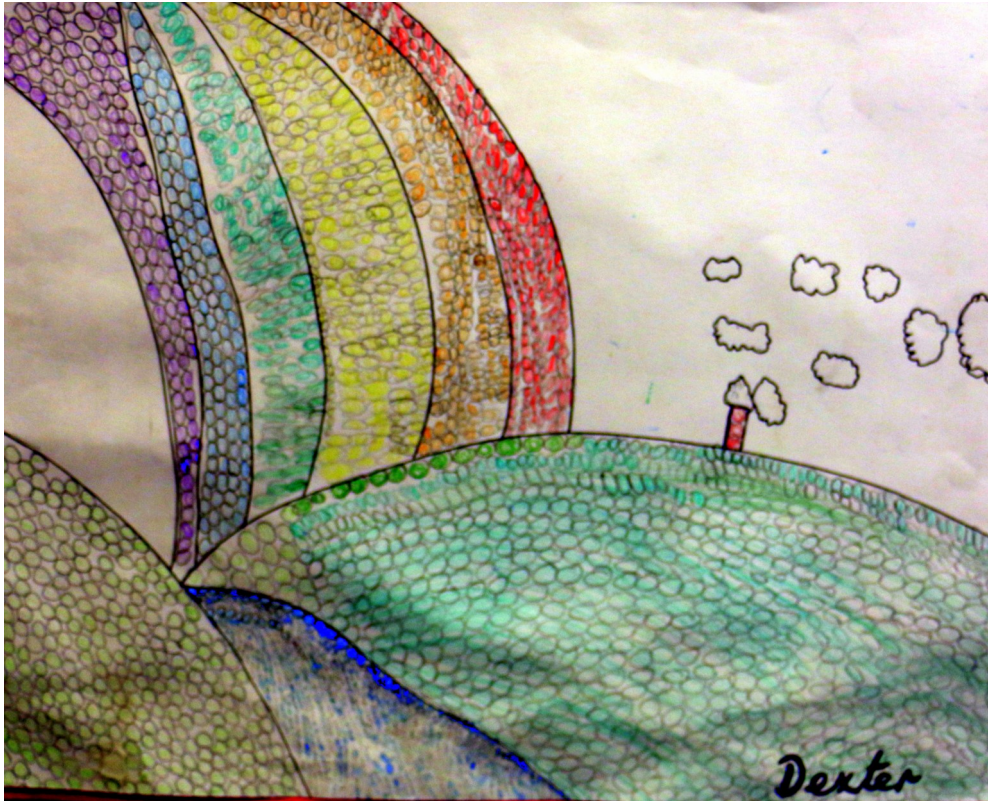
One day Bill and Ted were driving a Lamborghini and suddenly the car teleported back in time to the land of the dinosaurs. Bill and Ted pounced out of the car and scurried along the path. Then they looked around and suddenly they heard a thumping noise. It was a gargantuan T-Rex. It had vast feet and titanic arms. Its head was like two boulders stuck together. When Bill and Ted saw this they were shocked so they scurried along as fast as they could. So they scurried into a dark quiet corner.

Then they saw another dinosaur but this one was a baby dinosaur but still they ran back into the car and drove all the way home. But the baby dinosaur followed them and Bill and Ted had nowhere to go. But there was a little hole so Bill and Ted scurried into it and waited for it to go. So after an hour it was gone so they got out of the hole, went into the house, sat down and had a little snooze.

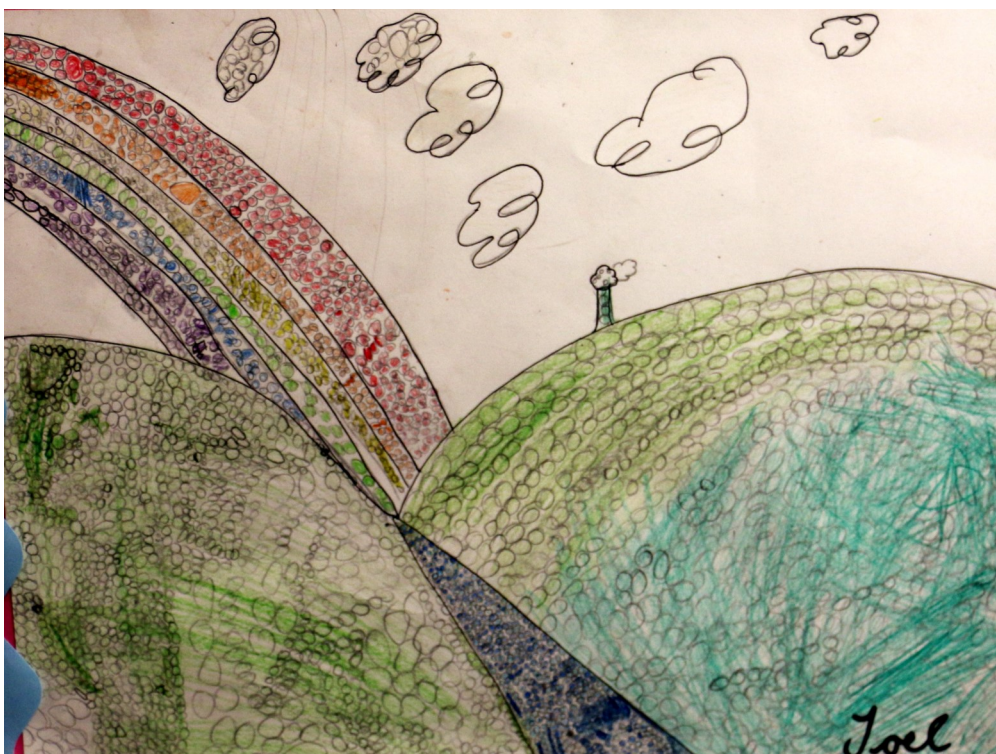


Elspeth McClean's Artwork

Elspeth McClean is an Australian artist who creates colourful artworks out of dots with acrylic paint and a paintbrush.

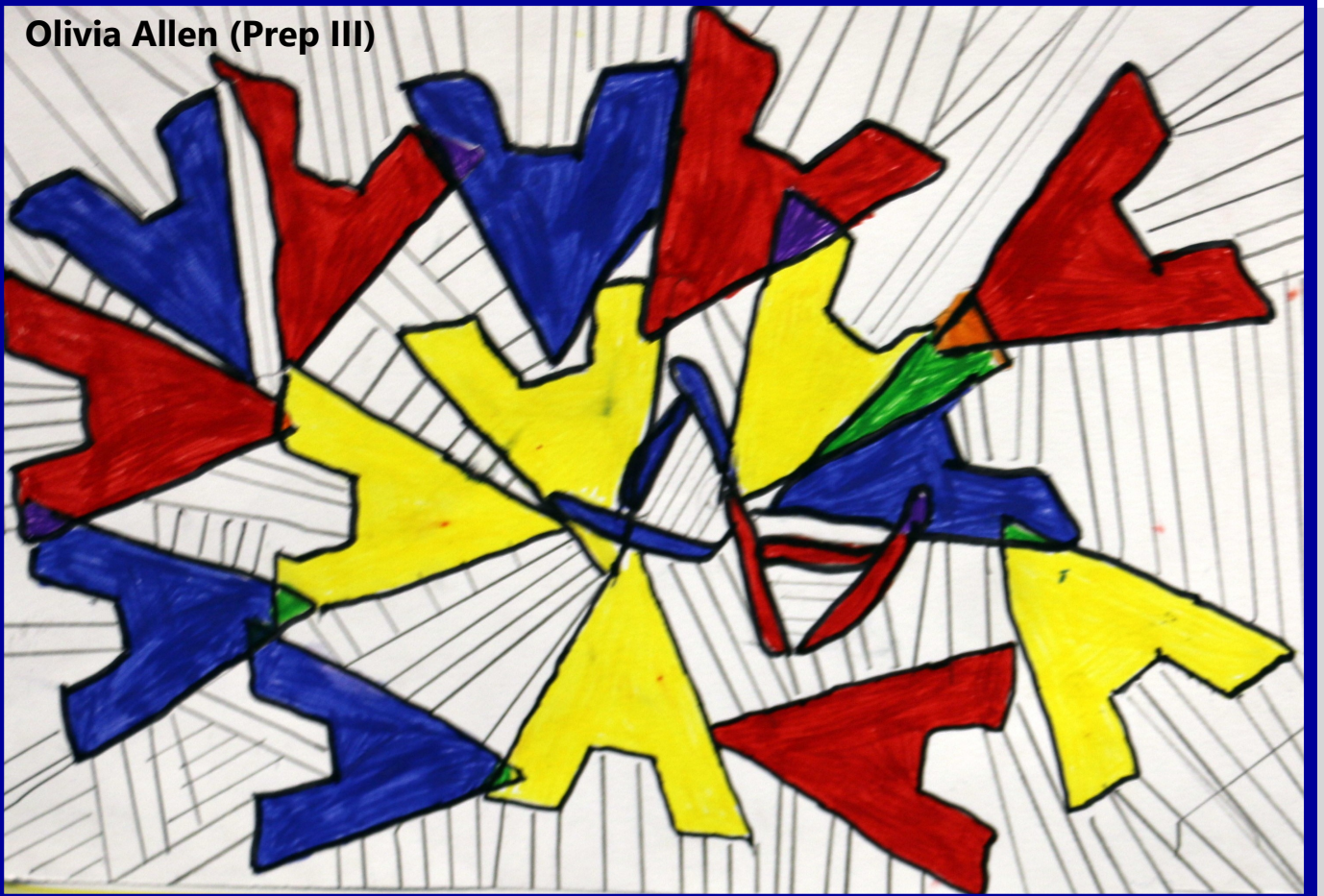


**Dexter
Kenny
(Prep II)**



**Joel Taylor
(Prep II)**

Olivia Allen (Prep III)



Investigations With Colour

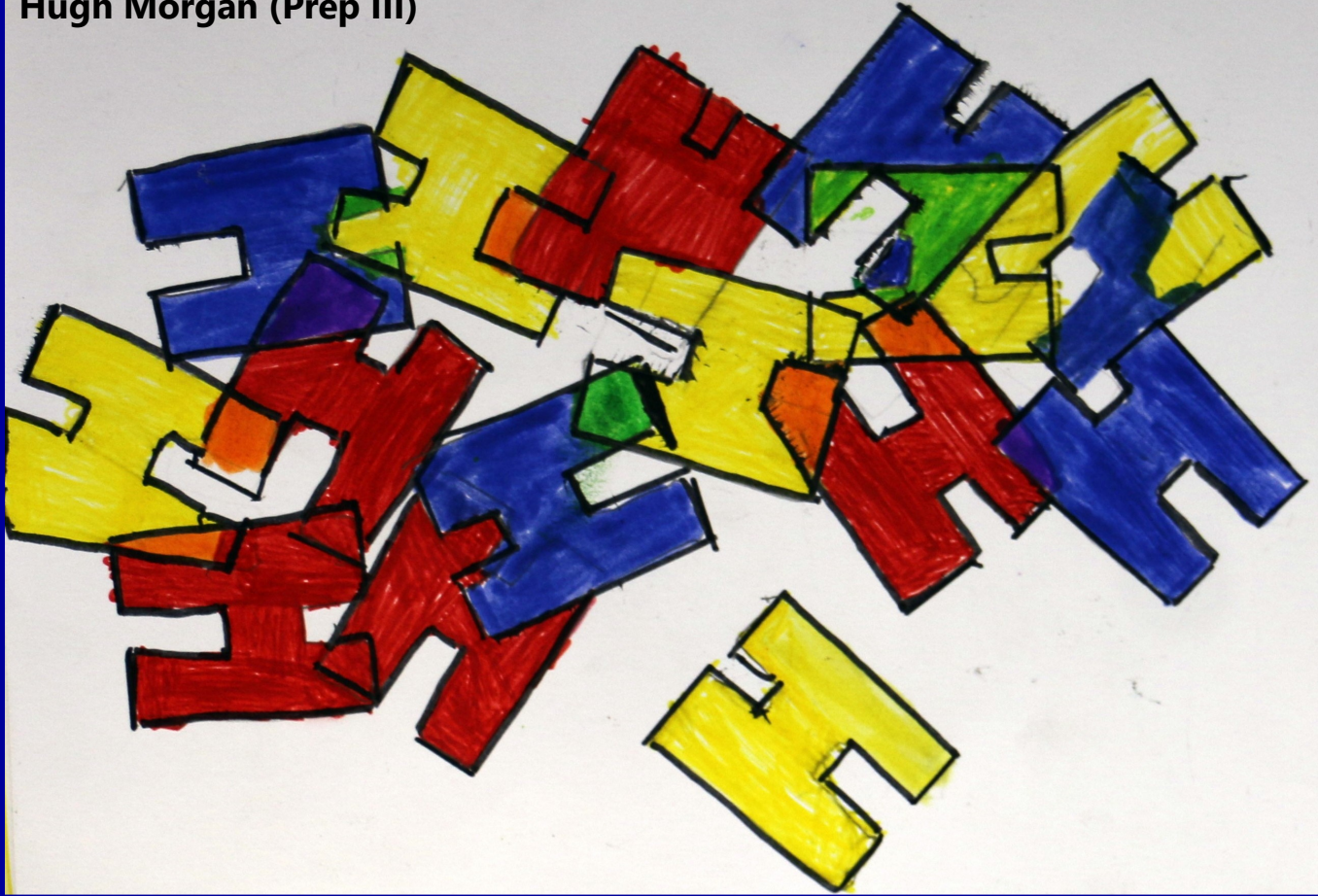
Aysha Rajpura (Prep III)



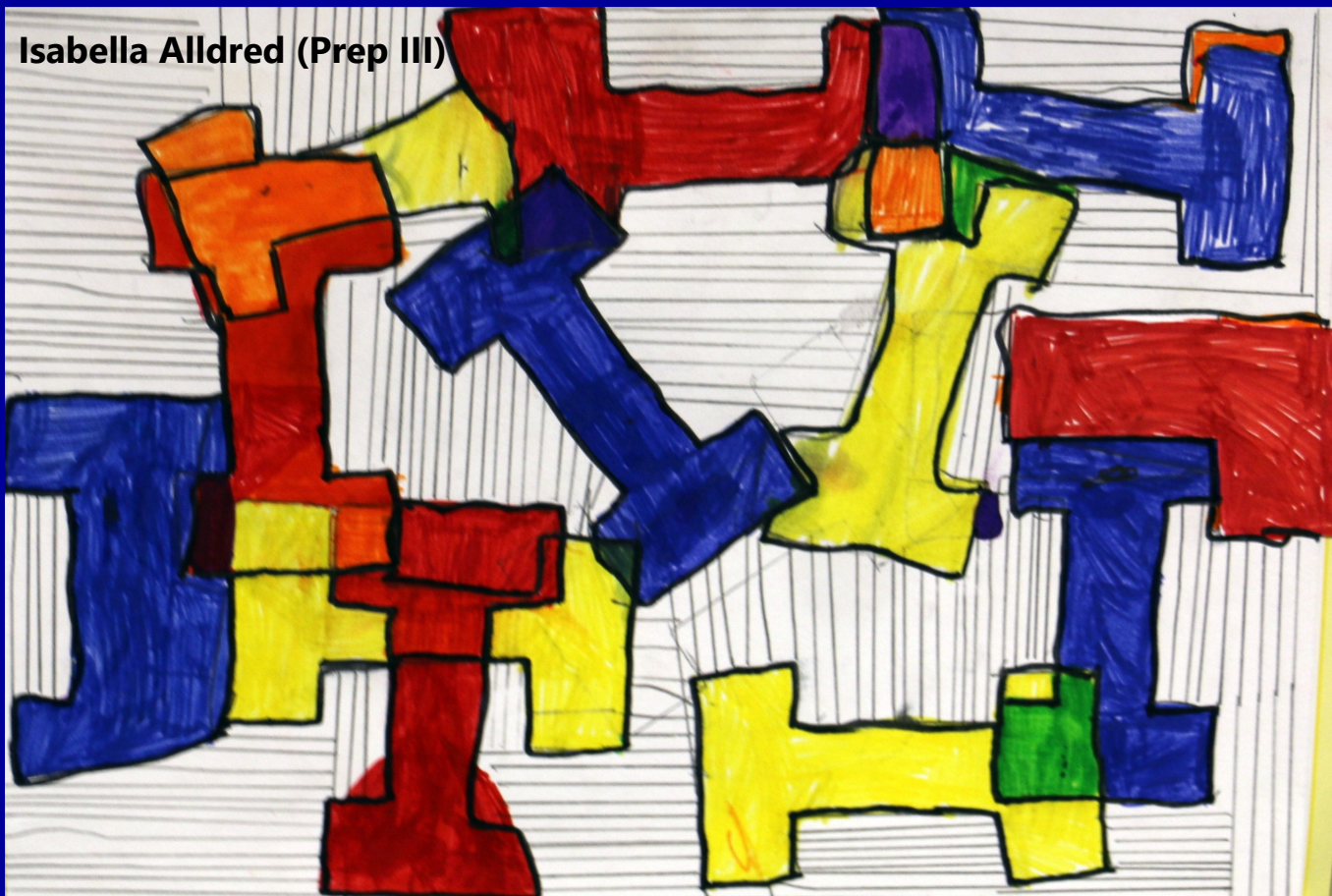
Thomas O'Neill (Prep III)

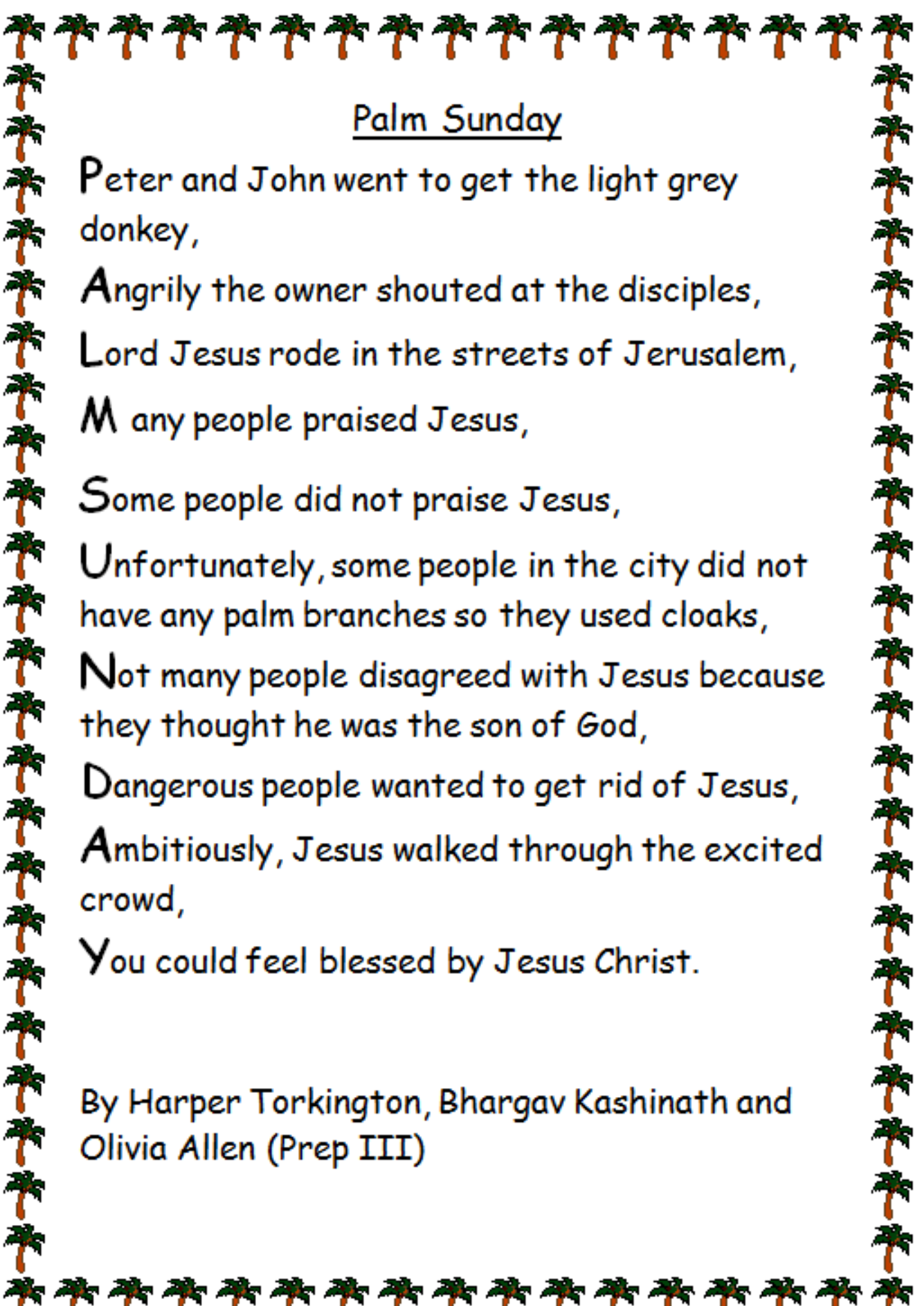


Hugh Morgan (Prep III)



Isabella Alldred (Prep III)





Palm Sunday

Peter and John went to get the light grey donkey,

Angrily the owner shouted at the disciples,

Lord Jesus rode in the streets of Jerusalem,

Many people praised Jesus,

Some people did not praise Jesus,

Unfortunately, some people in the city did not have any palm branches so they used cloaks,

Not many people disagreed with Jesus because they thought he was the son of God,

Dangerous people wanted to get rid of Jesus,

Ambitiously, Jesus walked through the excited crowd,

You could feel blessed by Jesus Christ.

By Harper Torkington, Bhargav Kashinath and Olivia Allen (Prep III)

Humpty Dumpty by Anya Barooah (Prep III)

The sun was scorching hot and the sky was royal blue. Humpty Dumpty was sitting on the wall watching his troops proudly as they stood in rows one by one. His troops were boiling hot, for they were wearing heavy uniform. Humpty Dumpty was very proud of his troops. He saw that they were sweating but he did not care. Humpty Dumpty punched the air and started to wobble...

Suddenly, Humpty began to wobble even more. His soldiers thought he was dancing. They all laughed, "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Humpty tilted to the left and then the right. Humpty Dumpty demanded, "Make me stop, please." However, the more he pleaded the louder his troops laughed. "HA! HA! HA! HA!." Suddenly Humpty tilted to the left. What a sight it was when Humpty Dumpty fell off the ten foot wall. Crack! There was yolk everywhere. Dogs came running and started licking up all the yolk. The shell was very fragile.

Surprised, the shocked troops silently watched the scene in horror. Then their shoulders began to tremble and their mouths were wide open then they burst out laughing. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" The soldiers did not care for that nasty egg, all they did was go home in joy and because he was dead they told their families all that had happened. They shouted out with glee, "Yippee! The king's dead! The king is dead. I will be able to let my sheep in the pen because when I last went to put them in, Humpty blocked the way."

Humpty learned his lesson and nothing was heard from him again.

The Roman Army Needs You! By Olivia Allen

Are you strong, courageous and confident? Do you want to see the world? This is your chance to visit Turkey, Greece, Italy and Britain.

You must be male, unmarried and 20 years old. You must be strong, you must know how to use weapons, you must be able to march 20 miles. Your job will last 25 years.

Uniform: helmet and sandals.

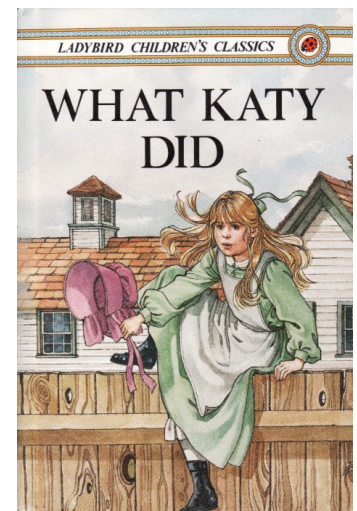
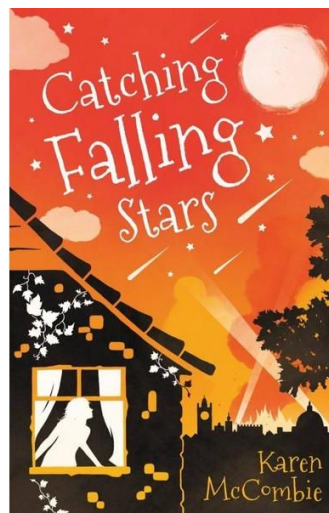
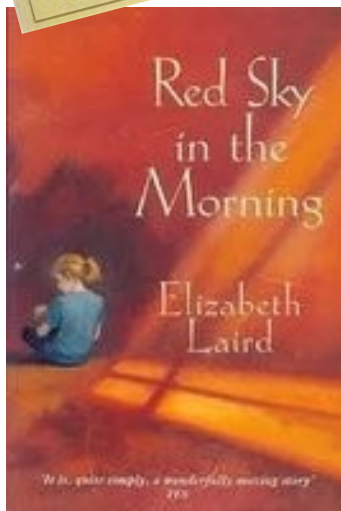
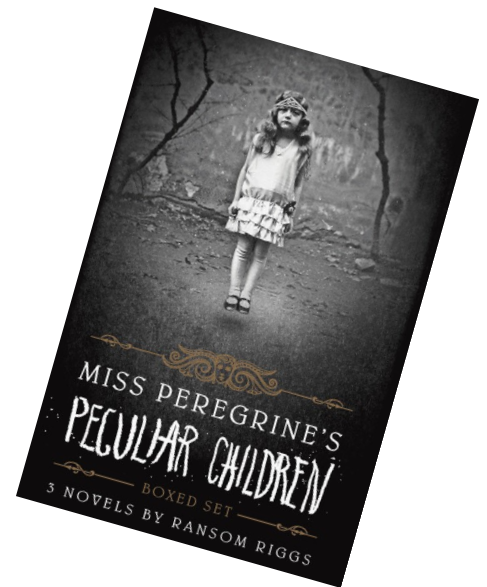
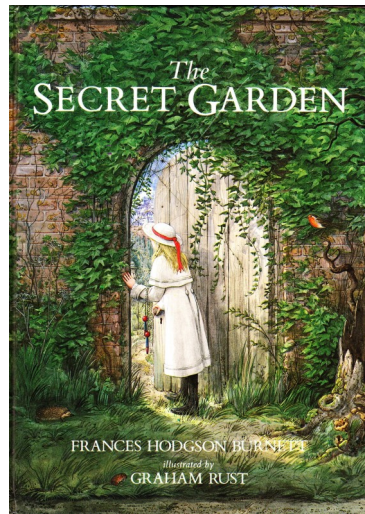
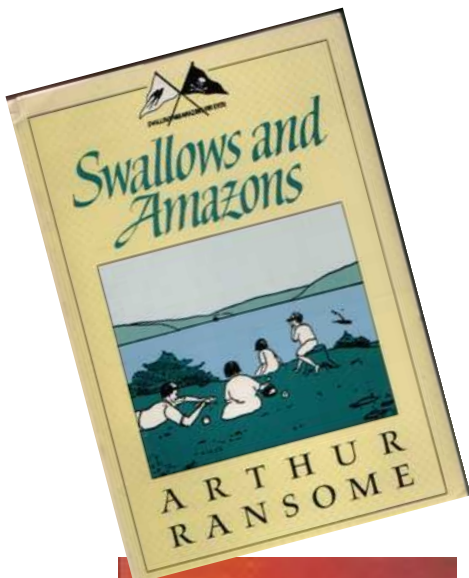
Equipment: Sword, shield, arrows and pots and pans.

Rewards: 200 sesterces a year.

Females and cowards need not apply for this job.

My Favourite Place by Jessica Kneale (Prep VI)

My favourite place is the corner in my room. It has a soft, purple, spotty bean bag which I sit on, and lots of fluffy and comfy pillows around it. Sometimes I can hear the comforting sound of my neighbours and my mum chatting downstairs. Next to my corner, there is a white, wooden book shelf packed with all my favourite books such as, *Catching Falling Stars*, *What Katy Did*, *The Secret Garden*, *Red Sky in the Morning*, *Swallows and Amazons*, *Miss Peregrine's Home For Peculiar Children* and lots more. I like reading there because it is quiet and cosy. I also do my homework there and use my phone, watching YouTube and using Facetime with my friends. It's a great place to paint my nails and do my make up. And I like nothing better than to relax there with my dogs, Meg and Ralph. Personally I think it is their favourite place as well.



Ordsall Hall 28th February 1595

My dear sister Margaret,

We had the most luxurious banquet last night. I invited Lord and Lady Trafford, Lord and Lady Worsley and Lord and Lady Strange. We also invited five Merchants (the other two are off looking for jewels and jewellery). The farmers came and I wished they hadn't (they are a bit smelly). The Lords wore waistcoats and hats with lots of feathers on. The ladies wore beautiful dresses and ruffs. I particularly liked Lady Trafford's dress with lovely patterns and swirls on. The Merchants wore brown suits with a black hat. The farmers wore woolly hats. The table looked majestic. I sat at the end of the table with the Lords and Ladies. In the middle sat the merchants and finally at the end were the farmers, the smelly beasts! They had wooden plates and the merchants had pewter plates and us Lords and Ladies had silver plates.

I went to peer in the kitchen to see how things were going in there. One servant was turning the spit with a full pig on it. Three other servants were grinding the spices. Someone was chopping a slimy eel. Another servant was gone getting the disgraceful water (I think I'll have beer instead). I'm sure I saw some gingerbread for dessert.

Finally the food arrived and the feast began. The Lords and Ladies had white bread and the merchants had brown bread and the horrible farmers had horse bread. I loved the pig, it was so tasty. For dessert we had gingerbread, well only us Lords and Ladies (but I did let my favourite merchant have a little amount). The farmers had carrots and pears mashed together for dessert (they did not even thank me!).

When everyone had finished the farmers went back to their horrible farms and the merchants were so tired they went home before the entertainment began. The jester was doing very amusing tricks, he made me laugh so much I nearly fell off my chair! We then did some dancing and I danced with Lady Trafford (who kept standing on my feet). We ended the banquet by playing jacks.

I hope all is well in London. Send my regards to the Queen.

Your darling brother,

Alexander.

Florence Brenchley (Prep IV)

Ordsall Hall
28th February 1595

My dear sister Margaret,

We had the most amazing banquet last night! I invited Lord and Lady Strangeways, the Lord and Lady from Smithills Hall, the farmers, the merchants and the Jester. The guests dressed in silky cloaks and heavy gowns. Also the ladies wore the latest fashion, bum rolls!

The table looked magnificent covered with fancy cups also plates and of course the scrumptious food. I sat at the top of the table, with my beautiful wife. In the middle were Lord and Lady Strangeways and the Lord and Lady from Smithills Hall, the Jester, the merchants and at the far end were the smelly farmers.

When I peeped in the kitchen, the servants were so busy! They were rushing around like busy bees while they were preparing all of the food! The food was amazing, I could eat it everyday! I had white bread, deer pie, gingerbread and the pigs head and the yummy salt!

Most of all, I enjoyed the food it was so nice! The best was the gingerbread with the gold deer on it. After the meal, we were entertained by the Jester wearing a hat, who made us laugh all night long!

I hope you are enjoying London and that all is well in Queen Elizabeth's court.

Your loving twin brother,
Alexander

P.S. A busy day today doing my Sheriff's job. I was brought a scoundrel who stole a pig!

The Tudors by Prep IV



Elizabeth I by Dylan Zhu



Edward VI by Owen Thorpe

Catherine Parr by Gabrielle Mucharwa



Elizabeth I by Niamh Jimmison





Elizabeth I by Leah Burns



Elizabeth I by Kiki Liang

Elizabeth I by Yasmine Beswick



Elizabeth I by Evie Williams



The Witches by Isabella Turley (Prep V)

Having been living with his Aunt, a witchophobe, following the death of his parents, our main character harbours suspicions about the two new dinner ladies in his school...

Everything was new and we had two new dinner ladies. On my first day back I did lots of writing and got to see the head teacher. I walked to the staff room but heard the new dinner ladies talking. They were talking about children but how to KILL them!

I decided to stay there only for a few minutes, I looked through the window and they were on the phone but who to? I ran back to the classroom and took a deep breath.

It was time for lunch so I sprinted and finally caught up to my class. In the corner of my eye I spotted the dinner ladies giving soup out. But there were two soups, which one was the good one? I took a yellow coloured soup and hoped for the best. It was tasty. I glanced at everyone's plate and everyone had a different colour. I didn't know what to do. They must be witches, they must be.

They walked to the toilets but they were girls and I'm a boy. They went into a cubicle so I ran in and locked myself in a different one. I peered under and saw the awful bald heads. They had taken their disguises off and their shoes and their gloves. My feet started to tremble, I heard the door open and I realised someone else had entered the toilets. They were doing their makeup and talking. I was never ever getting out.

I had been in there for forty five minutes and the witches and the girls had finally left the toilets. I ran out as fast as I could and saw the ladies making their lunch. I was going to feed them the potion they tried to feed me. But how? They wouldn't do it to themselves. I had an idea. I crept into the canteen and looked around. The thought of getting rid of them made me grin. I couldn't think of that though, I had to get back on track and find that potion. They went to get a drink and that was my chance. I snuck in and looked everywhere but not least the fridge. It had to be in there. Yes I was right, they only one which had been used the most was the teddy potion. I hope it's the right one.

Greek Black Figure Pottery by Prep V



Winnie Stenton



Matthew Corry

Harvey Ogden



Megan Blessing



Greek Black Figure Pottery by Prep V



Isabella Turley



Daniel Lord

Grace McAdoo



Dalia Yousif



How To Spot A Real Witch by Dalia Yousif (Prep V)

A real witch never does wear awkward black hats and a floppy cloak. Real witches have murderous blood thoughts. These treacherous demons have red hot sizzling hatred sweeping through their thick curdling blood. They relish every wretched child that they squish and squelch and make disappear. These sort of magic witches have magical powers which will leap and squeal.

The peculiar thing about witches is that they look like normal women. That is only a disguise, what is under will give you a surprise. Real witches have curvy hats, they have no glamorous hair but they are as bald as a boiled egg. They have blue spit, as blue as a bilberry. It is just like ink so they write with it.



Abandoned by Eoghan Suter (Prep VI)

I was in my back garden playing with my metal detector when it suddenly struck out with an almighty, high-pitched beep. Digging down through the soil, I discovered an old manhole cover. I lifted the rusted handle and clambered into its dark mouth, with my massive yellow torch and with hope for adventure.

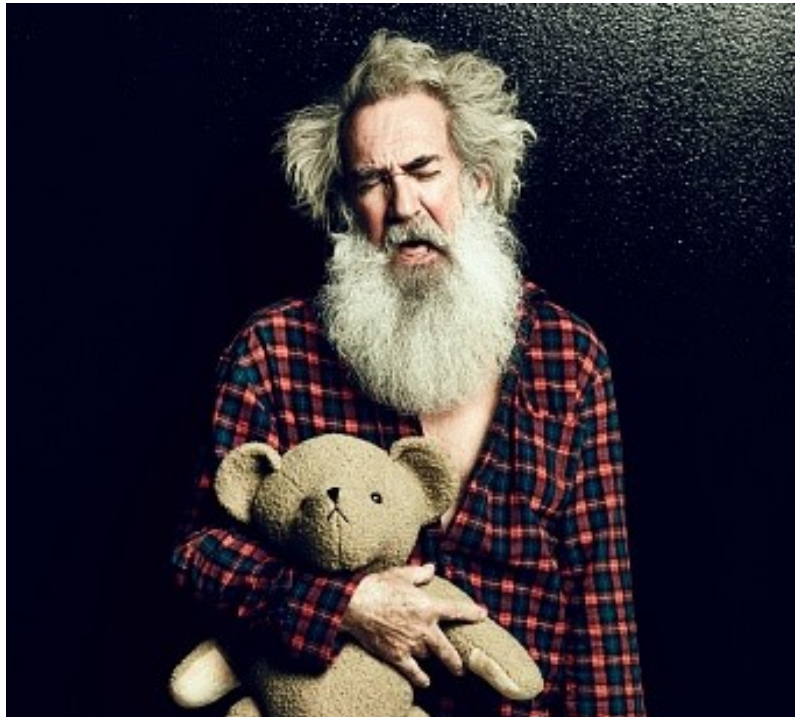
"I must be under Grumpy Bill's house," I said to myself with a smile. I could tell because he was revving his beast of a motorcycle which was making the ground above me shake, sending dust into my hair and eyes. I began to venture further into the tunnel, the soil above me still dropping onto my head. The beam of my torch revealed the limp, lifeless body of a small furry creature. Too late. I tripped over it and my torch was sent flying out of my hand and further along the tunnel. Except there was no more tunnel, it was just a rocky precipice. My curiosity aroused and I slowly crept along to the edge of the cliff for a better view but tripped again. This time my 'attacker' was a moss covered plain steel mine cart track. I stood up and dusted myself off, an all too familiar task. I peered over the cliff and saw a vast network of mine carts and mine cart tracks. Only now did I realise that this was the mine shaft that collapsed forty years ago, trapping an innocent five year old named Rupert Great. He was the only person not to escape. There was a sudden appearance of a towering shadow behind me. I turned around. Nothing. Another movement, but this time it was a creaking mine cart slowly edging along the track. It finally reached me. I cautiously peered in. Nothing. I looked up. A dark looming figure stood before me. I could make out the shape of a raggedy old teddy bear clutched tightly in the man's right arm.

After a while of staring at each other, he chewed his lip and broke the unnerving silence. "Are you here to take me back to my mum?" he said hoarsely.

"I'm not sure who your mother is," I replied shakily.

"Great. Evangeline Great," he muttered, obviously upset to have no one waiting for him. "Tell her it is her little Rupert."

Rupert Great, forty years on. My gosh...



The Phantom Tollbooth by Prep VI

Having read the book as a class reader, the children of Prep VI used the illustrations by Jules Feiffer as an inspiration for their own artwork based on the book.

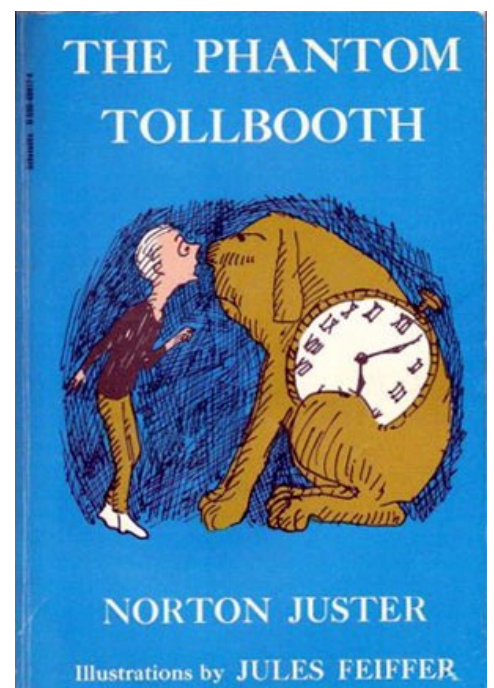
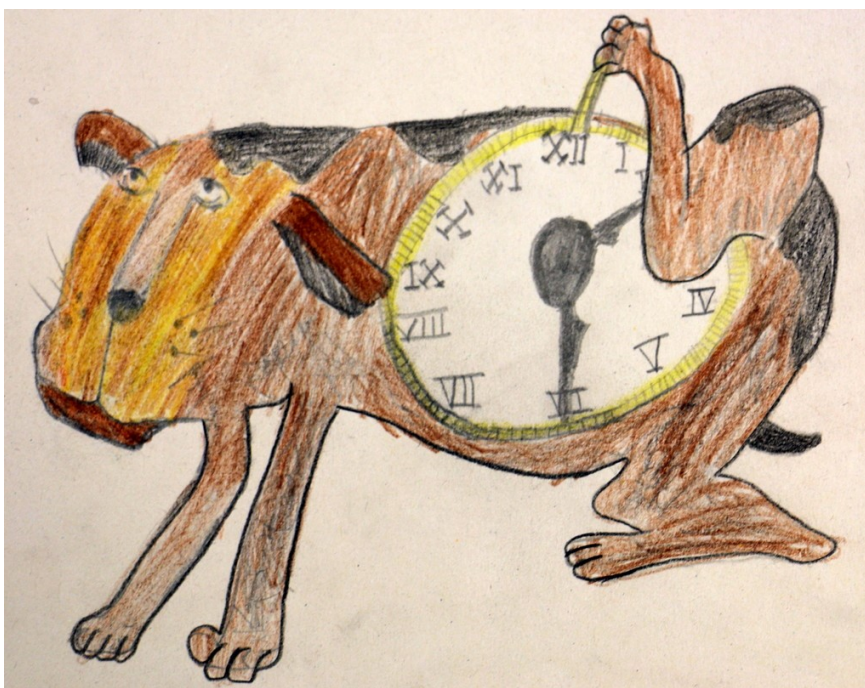


Solomon Brenchley



Kiran Adiyodi

Alex Cook





Max Bethell



Emilia Walsh



Eoghan Suter

Trapped! by Holly Fowler (Prep VI)

As the three of us walked into the garden the sun shone on our faces. Ella sat under the old, rotting tree at the end of the garden and Matt and I sat next to her. I started digging with my spade, making a hole for the flowers to go.

Suddenly there was a loud clang of metal on metal. Matt started digging with his hands and soon we had uncovered a manhole. Ella grabbed a shovel and prized the cover open. I jumped down, landing with a thud. Next came Ella, then Matt. The tunnel was dark and dingy, the smell was foul. We shuffled forward until we could no longer see the light coming from the shaft.

I struck a match to see. There on the floor were scales and skin. I screamed! The match fell to the floor and burnt out. I struck another and saw a candle stuffed into a hole in the wall where the brickwork had crumbled away. I lit it and handed it carefully to Matt.

SNAP! We turned and looked into a gaping mouth with huge, blood stained teeth. We turned around and fled into the darkness. The 'mouth' chased us. So close, I could feel its hot fetid breath on the backs of my legs. Then Matt tripped. He was face down on the floor in the stinking sludge with the candle spitting as it slowly sank out of sight. We were in pitch darkness with the 'mouth' close behind us. My hand felt a loose brick in the wall. Without thinking I grabbed it and hurled it into the blackness.

I closed my eyes waiting for the pain, but it didn't come. I opened my eyes to see a tall man in front of me with a long grey beard and a round bald head. He had saved us, but why? Matt was the first to speak.

"Excuse me Sir, but can you help me get out of here?"

"Yes of course I can," the man grumbled.

"Thank you for saving us from that thing," I said.

"You're welcome," the man mumbled. "That crocodile is very mean - don't mess with him ever."

"Get me out of here now!" Ella screamed.

"Let's get going, I know these tunnels so well, I've been down here for twenty five years," the man exclaimed.

"Oh that is a very long time," I said, shocked.

The man started walking down a long narrow tunnel. That was when I saw he was limping. We went down many tunnels and turned round too many corners to count. The man held out his hand, giving us the signal to stop. He slowly walked forwards, I stayed rooted to the spot. There in front of us stood the crocodile - he was back!

We ran until we could run no more. He was still behind us, his scaly tail whipping round, his jaws full of daggers ready to bite. I blinked, and suddenly Matt and Ella were on top of it, punching, kicking, clawing and biting. The crocodile shook them off and slithered down one of the small side tunnels.

We were under the manhole. The sun was starting to go down, and there was a chill in the air. Matt climbed up out of the hole first, I was next. The wall was steep and rocky but I just about managed to get out.

Ella started to climb up the wall. She was about to pull herself up when the man grabbed her foot. She lost her grip and fell to the bottom of the shaft, knocking the man over. But before Ella could start climbing back up the man pushed her to the floor.

He glanced over to the floor and there next to him was the crocodile, looking hungry. "Feeding time my dear," he bellowed out of the hatch before his voice was muffled by the clang of the metal colliding with the shaft.

My Favourite Place by Freya Melia (Prep VI)

My favourite place is under my bed. Under my bed is like my secret den, I fill it with pillows and blankets so that they soak up my secrets and ideas. When I enter my den, I can be whatever I want to, a mermaid exploring the great coral reef, a famous musician playing all over the world or even a dragon, setting alight a fire inside my cave. It is a place for hopes, dreams, relaxing and most importantly chilling to music.

I usually go to my den if I have had a long or hard day so that I can just have little time to myself to relax, maybe over a book. Sometimes I can be so tired that I will just fall asleep amongst the cushions and cuddly toys.

Sometimes, when I am in there, I feel that my dreams float down and lie there until I come in and collect them where they settle in my mind until I can use them and they soak into the paper forever. Anyone can make a secret den of their own with just a blanket, some cushions and a whole lot of imagination and dreams.

We hope that you have enjoyed this edition of the Prep. Magazine. We are sure you'll agree that there is some wonderful work going on in the Prep. Department!

We'd love to know what you think. Now that you've finished reading, why not post a comment on the Prep. Blog?

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