



PREP. MAGAZINE

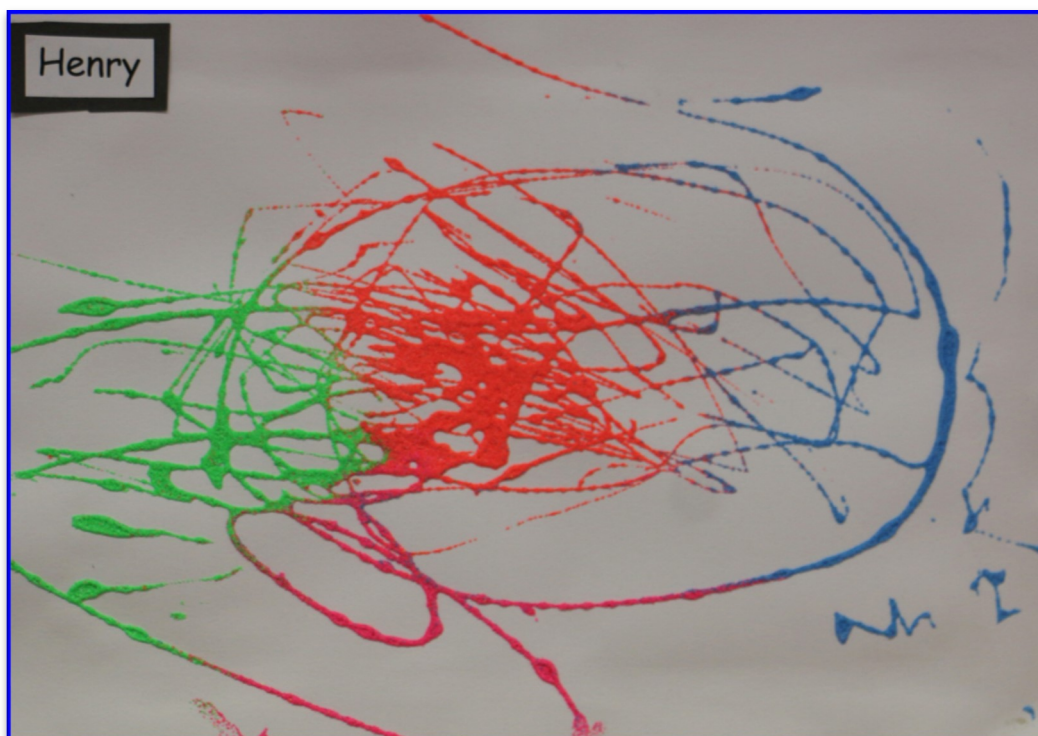
SUMMER 2016-2017

Kindergarten Art Gallery



Nnamdi Ikefemuna *Kindergarten*

Henry Bailey *Kindergarten*



Front Cover: Flower by Elsie Mae Knight *Kindergarten*

Kindergarten Art Gallery



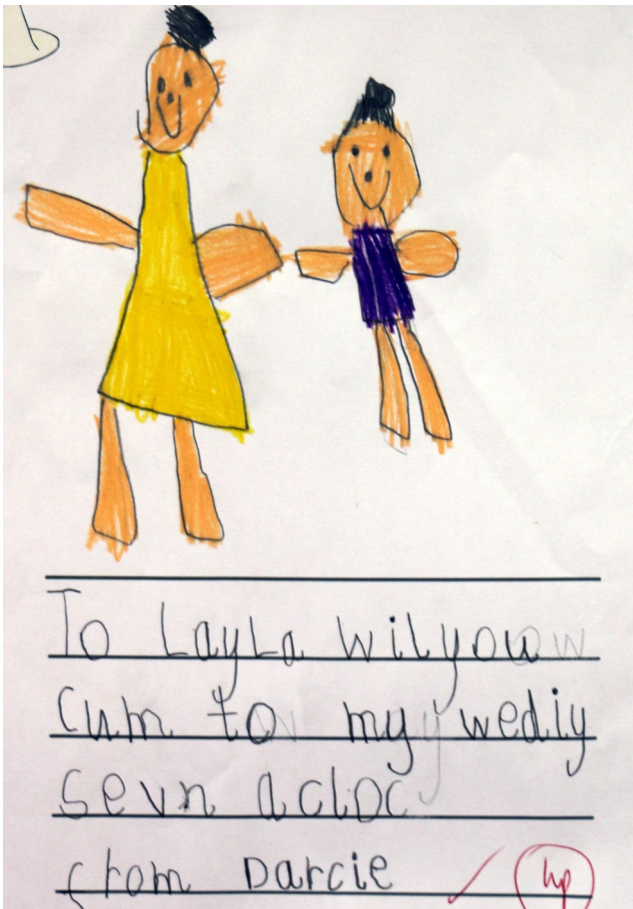
Aria Wilson Kindergarten

Xin En Liang Kindergarten

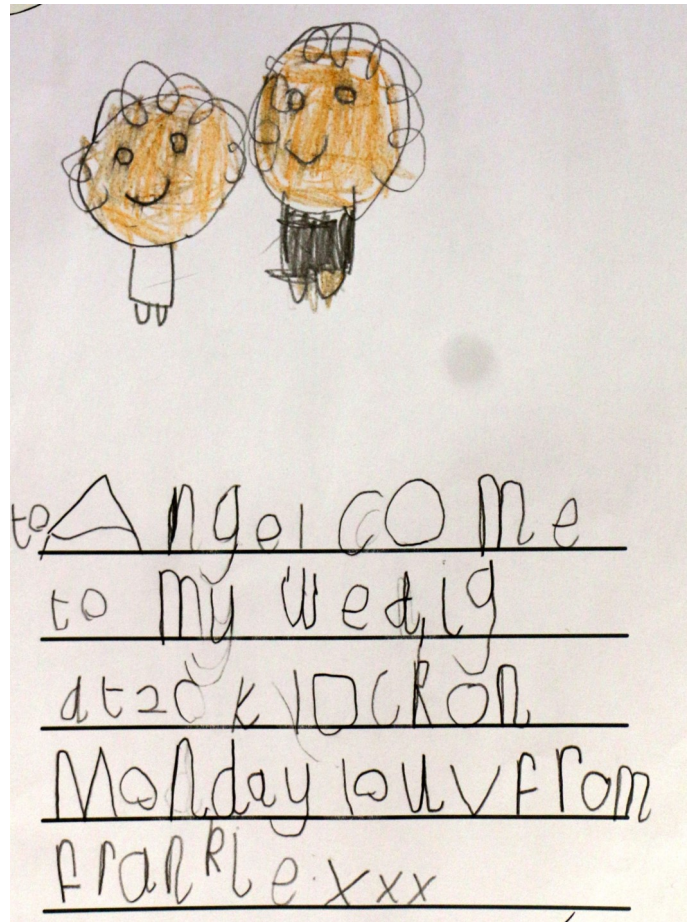
Oliver Ciubotariu Kindergarten



Wedding Invitations



Darcie Nazeri-Howarth Reception



Frankie Kelly-Shanahan Reception

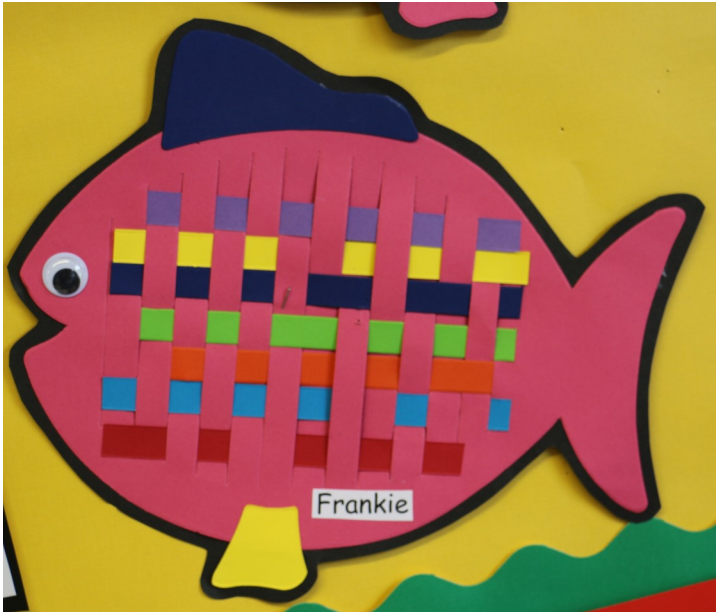


Amelia Bvuma Reception

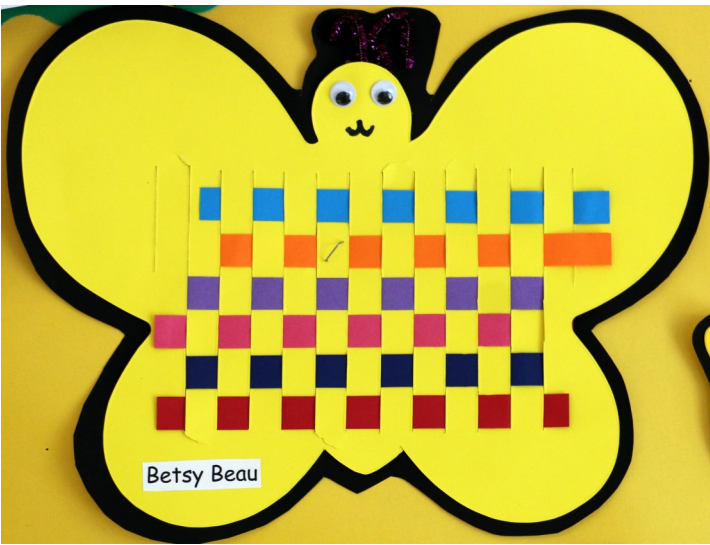
Dean Shariff Reception



Weaving



Frankie Kelly-Shanahan Reception



Betsy Beau Malloch Reception



Kayan Pindoria Reception



Andrew Ataide Reception

Alexander Mucharwa Reception



The Prep. Magazine Reading Challenge

The Prep. Magazine team have come up with these book recommendations for you to read - can you find a book that matches these criteria?

A book based on a true story

A book with stories about sisters

A book based on a diary

A book containing sporting feats

A book about travel adventures

A book by a your favourite author

A book about a famous person

A book of poems

A book with a sad ending

A book set during a war

A book with magic up a tree

A book by a number one bestselling author

A book with witches and wizards

A book with a female main character

A book by a female author

A book about best friends

A book about cats

A book by your favourite author

A book by an author that is dead

A book with a colour in the title

A book set in the summer

A book that is more than 10 years old

#Books

Sad
Funny
Romantic
All a book can be
Exciting adventures
As far as the eye can see
Scary
Thrilling
No more boring stories for me
Love
Hate
Fear
They are all in here
Books

Freya Melia *Prep VI*

Word Cloud

Reading is like floating on a word cloud.
Words wrap around you like a giant hug.
It can be hard with words that confuse you.
Or, it can soft with words that you comprehend easily.
Reading is like floating on a word cloud.

Juretha Nyirenda-Scott *Prep V*

Books

I immerse myself totally,
Headfirst.
Devouring it all.
I am the detective,
Chasing villains in places I'd usually dare not go.
Dragons fly overhead as I line up with the bowmen.
I quiver as the pirate ship pulls up alongside,
Pirates' faces fierce and set for pleasurable battle.
The damsel in distress is eternally grateful for my courage,
The robots zap me with their laser beams,
The hero dog growls, protecting me from predators.
Fairies, docters, ring bearers, adventurers, explorers,
I have been with them all.
Until the end.
What next?

A collective effort by the Prep. Magazine team

Blossoms

Blossoms fall,
Slowly,
Silently,
Laced with dew,
Loved by all,
Eternal beauty.

Freya Melia *Prep VI*

Emily Holden *Prep IV*



Max and the Giant Sunflower

Once upon a time there was a boy and his mum. The boy was called Anton and his mum was called Jemma and they lived in a cottage in Heaton Mount. They had a cow. And Anton had some tins and the next morning Anton saw a massive beanstalk. He went to his neighbour but he didn't have any golden money. So he stomped up the beanstalk and there he saw some golden money. He was running towards it and got filled up. On the way back he found a magic chicken which laid a golden egg. The egg cracked and there was loads of money. He just turned up home, but when he got home his mum went mental. So she got the golden money and pretended that she threw it out of the window. Just then Anton thought that she had thrown it out of the window Oh dear!

Tommy-Jack Burns *Prep 1*

Poppy and the Magic Poppy Seed

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Poppy. She lives on her own with her dad. "Poppy, it is time to sell our dog," said Dad.

"No!" said Poppy.

"We won't have any food," said Dad.

"Okay," said Poppy.

"Hurry," said Dad with a smile.

On the way, Poppy met a little girl. "Can I have your dog and I will give you these poppy seeds?"

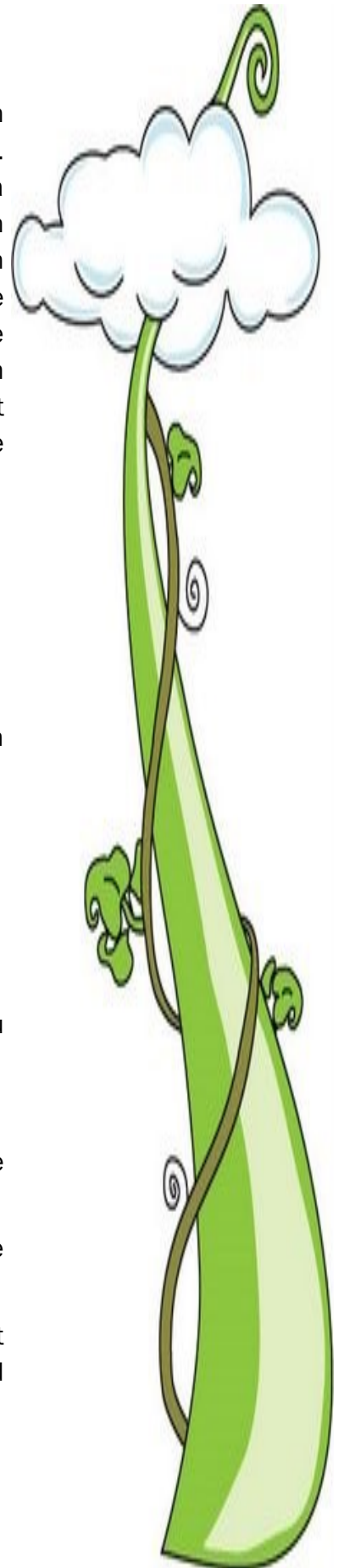
"Okay," said Poppy and she went home.

Dad said, "Poppy, I have lots of poppy seeds, I am throwing them out of the window."

Poppy went to bed, and in the morning she saw a stalk. "But where is the bud? I should climb it. I had better take a packed lunch." And off she went.

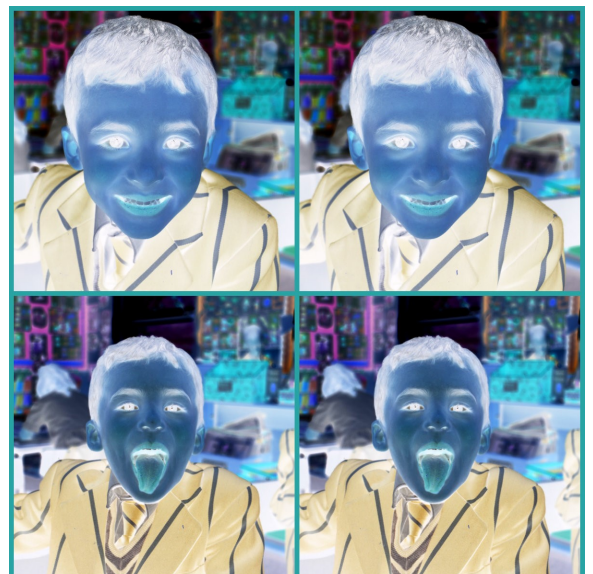
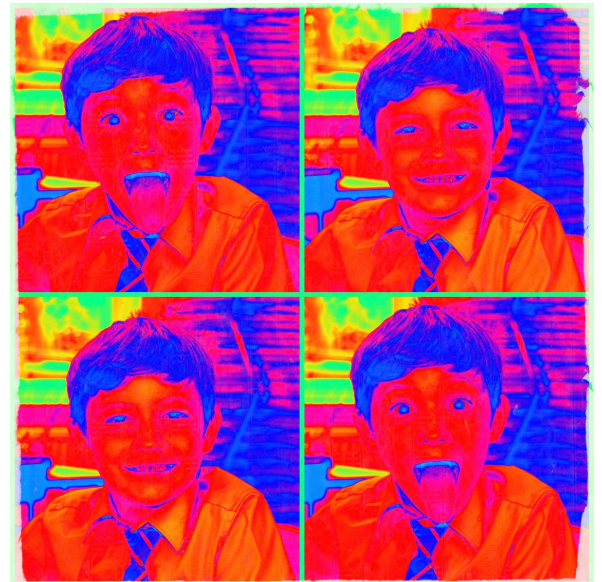
There was a castle. There was gold. Poppy took it, but there was a giant chasing her. She went back down the stalk and cut it and the giant died and they all lived happily ever after.

Adam Boyes *Prep 1*



Andy Warhol Portraits

Prep I have manipulated a digital image of themselves to create an Andy Warhol, Pop Art style image. There are no names on these - can you tell who the children are?



The Big Bone

Once upon a time there was a cute black dog and he was at the park. He quickly ran to a bridge, ran up the path and stopped. He saw a dog in the river with a bigger bone. He felt very jealous! He wanted a bigger bone so he jumped in to get it. He realised it was his reflection. He felt very guilty and went home with no bone. The moral of this story is that it is foolish to be greedy.

Sebastian Barooah *Prep II*

Candy Land

Once there was a boy called Bertie. He lived with his mum and dad. It was late afternoon and it was snack time but Bertie did not eat crisps. He ate candy and he always wanted to go to Candy Land. So he invented a time travel machine in October. So on Saturday he set off from Egypt to Candy Land. It was Bertie's dream and on his way he bought some candy.

It was a year later that he got out. He was so happy! He loved it. On his way he met a tiger made of candyfloss. Bertie said hello. He really wanted to eat him so much but took his eye off it. Then he saw a sand pit and went in it. But it was getting late and he had nowhere to sleep. So he got lots and lots of candy to sleep in. When he got up it was raining candy. He wanted to go home so he went to the time machine but he could not find it but on his way he met a gingerbread man and he made him a home.

Jasmine Carroll *Prep II*

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

Once upon a time there lived a village of people and there was a cheeky boy. He was a farmer. He was bored because he was lonely. He decided to trick all of the villagers, saying, "Wolf! Wolf! There's a wolf!" They came sprinting down the hill but nothing was there so they went back to work. "There was nothing there!" shouted one of the villagers.

"Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!" shouted the farmer. The villagers didn't go but there actually was a wolf. They didn't listen because they thought he was telling lies.

A liar cannot be believed even if they are telling the truth.

Alfie Turley *Prep II*



Andy Warhol Pop Art



Andiswa Ncube *Prep II*

Luca Cervellione *Prep II*



Aryan Devarakonda *Prep II*

Anger

Anger stormed in like a purple thunder cloud and smacked the door so hard that it flew to the other side of the room. Its eyes turned flaming red and it nearly blew up. Its expression was mad flaming red like ketchup. When it spoke, its voice was deep and dark like a God. And I tried to control myself but it took over me it was inside me. Anger left me finally

Jaydon O'Toole *Prep III*

How to build a nest (based on The Magic Finger)

What you need:

A tall tree
Sticks
Leaves
Feathers

What to do:

- 1 Firstly, find a tall tree.
- 2 Find some little, big and thin sticks.
- 3 Carefully link the sticks into a bowl shape.
- 4 Search for smooth green leaves and place the leaves in the nest.
- 5 After that, try and find some soft feathers and attach the feathers to the nest.
- 6 Now go in! Enjoy your new home!

Matteo Cervellione *Prep III*



Grendel



Isabella Alldred and Alia Zaki

Prep III

Jaydon O'Toole and Thomas O'Neill

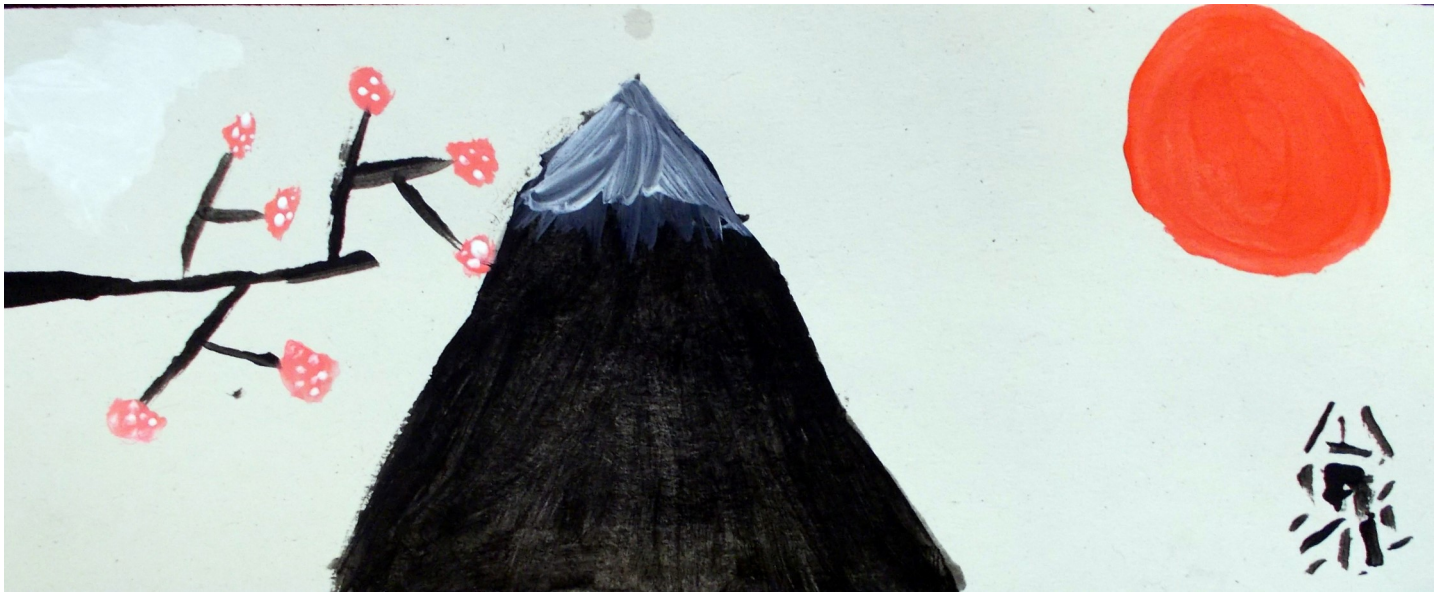
Prep III



George Ciubotariu and Dravid Patel

Prep III

Cherry Blossom



Leah Burns *Prep IV*



Dean Rabbani *Prep IV*



Gabrielle Mucharwa *Prep IV*

My Island

Look! On the island the can see the deep, dark green forest, the crystal clear, deep blue sea and the bright golden shimmering sun..

Listen! On the island the only sounds are the wild, loud gibbons and the ginger, hairy orang-utangs.

As I move through the island, I can smell the slaty sandy sea and the bad smells of the animals' poo.

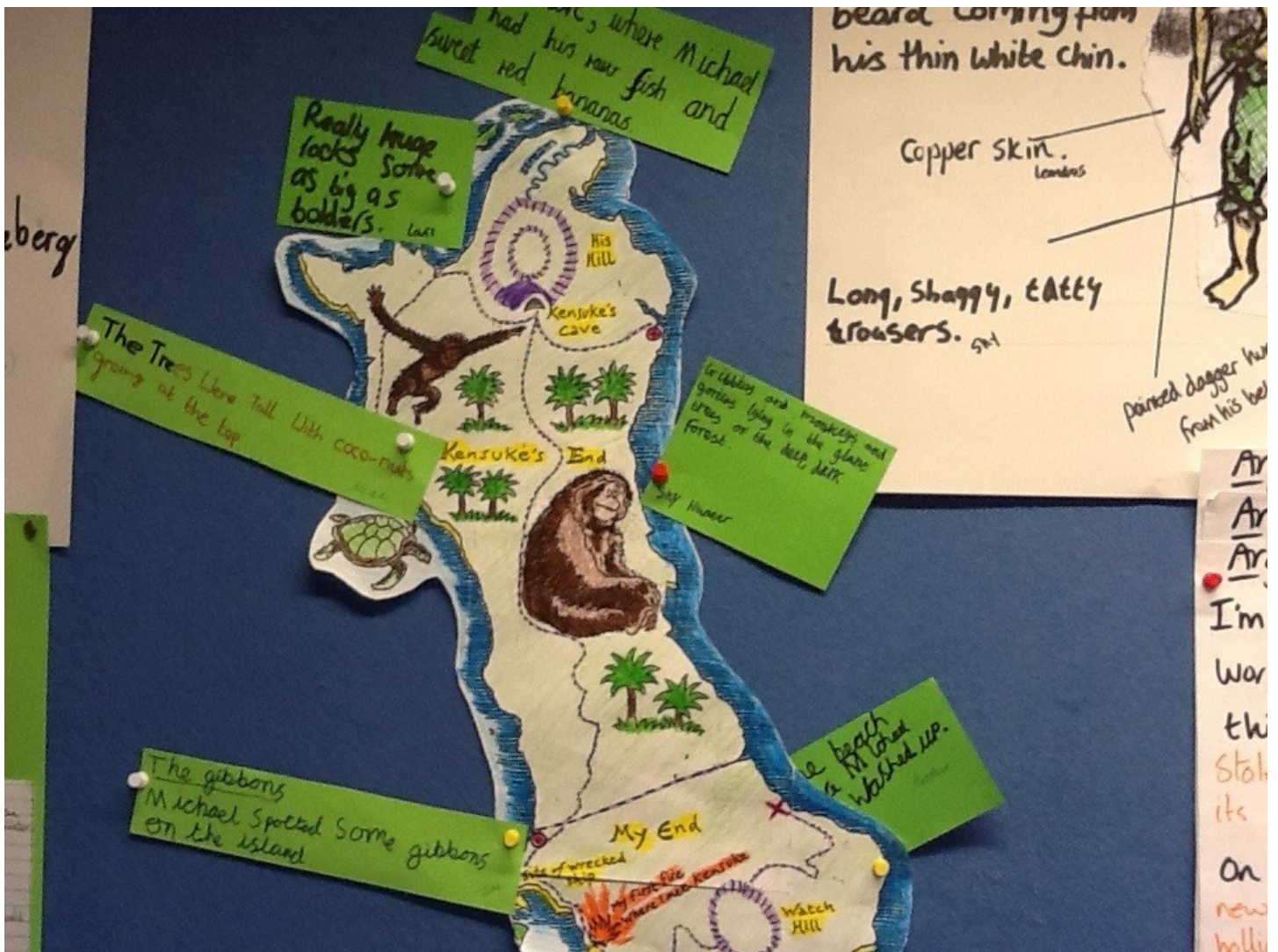
In the heart of the island I feel lonely, confused about where I should go and frightened of what is around me.

Around the island I can see the shimmering blue sea, the soft white sand and puffy white clouds.

Above me, I can see the yellow and golden sun, with clouds like cotton wool.

The thing I remember the most is Kensuke speaking English for the first time.

Owen Thorpe Prep IV



Colour Poems

Emerald Green

Emerald is exciting, adventurous and magical
Emerald is the taste of a juicy apple
Grassy fields and tress smell like emerald
An excited nerve makes me feel emerald
Emerald sounds of children laughing and playing
Nature is emerald
Emerald is having a good time
Caring people are emerald

Wajihah Yousaf *Prep V*

Purple

Purple is a midnight sky with layers of light and dark purple
Purple tastes like a sweet ripe plum
Tropical flowers smell of purple
When I am creative I feel purple
Purple sounds like an ear-splitting spell
Purple is space and a zooming sports car
Reading Harry Potter is purple
Listening to music is purple
Purple is knowing that you are part of a family.

Dalia Yousif *Prep V*



If Only

If only I could see the answers and finish a test
without fail

If only I could be rich and famous and build a safer
school

If only I could hide all plastic and save the
environment

If only I could build more homes and stop
homelessness forever

If only I could catch a star and light up my room

If only I could grow more fruit and stop world hunger
forever more.

Juretha Nyirenda-Scott *Prep V*

If Only

If only I could catch a shooting star and use it
as a rocket

If only I could tame a leopard so it could be my
pet

If only I could turn invisible so I wouldn't have
to pay to go anywhere or do anything

If only I could pull the sun towards the earth so
it would be hot wherever I wanted it to be

If only I could grab illness and put it in a box
forever

If only I could put a barrier where the rain
comes through so it won't ever rain

Lily Cooper-Sweeney *Prep V*

Tree by Amania Raza *Prep V*

Mayan Face Masks



Archie O'Neill Prep V



Lyll Rowland and Daniel Lord
Prep V



Seven years ago, Radio 2's Chris Evans had a dream: to get children excited about reading and writing. All children, no matter what their ability. 500 Words is now one of the most successful story-writing competitions for kids in the world. It's very simple. Entrants write an original story on any subject or theme in 500 Words or fewer and submit it online. If they win, their story will be read live on the radio

by a superstar celebrity... In 2017 131,798 children entered the competition. While Freya did not make the final, her story was shortlisted for the final 5000 entrants. We hope you enjoy it.

The Hunter's Prey!

Circling overhead, I saw my victim.

It was a rabbit hopping cautiously along the white and purple clovers.

I swooped in, screeching. As quick as lightning the creature sped off, frantically trying to outrun me. I was soaring, twisting and swerving. Trees could be friend or foe in these situations, but nothing, not even the tallest tree or longest wall could stop me now. Still, the rabbit ran. Now I was above my prey ready to kill.

Frustrated, dinner found its burrow and scrambled into it. Not giving up, not giving in, I thought. My long sharp talons pierced through the bush and dirt in failure. But I had a plan. Craftily, I pretended to fly away and settle on a tree branch nearby. Just as expected, the rabbit emerged more cautiously than before but still soon to be mine.

Now ten feet away from the hole, it started nibbling on a blade of grass. My plan leapt into action. "Rabbits aren't usually this fast," I thought to myself as the high-speed hunt re-started. This time my victim appeared tired and not as much of a challenge. Nearer... Nearer... Nearer... nearly mine! I let out a long hard screech as a tree tangled me in its branches. "Your branches won't stop me," I cried in defiance.

For the last time I raced after my quarry. Once again soaring, swerving and diving, my heart pounding in time with that of my prey, my mistake could not and would not happen again! I was a bullet zipping through the air, a storm tearing up houses, a thunderbolt racing to find earth. In that perfect second I swooped down and triumphantly landed on the rabbit; my target was no more and victory was mine.

I am the mighty hawk - hear my cry!

Freya Melia *Prep VI*



The Battle of Britain

Sir Hugh Dowding was the head of Fighter Command and told the RAF to stop bombing Dunkirk and no more planes were to go to France anymore because France would not be able to get up again.



Observer Corps: People stood on the top of roofs to look out for the German bombers and planes. They had binoculars a telephone and wore a tin hat. When there was a plane they rang the operation room.



Operation Room: There is a huge map on a table and they mark the positions at enemies then they send messages to the pilots and lighter squadrons. They are mostly women.



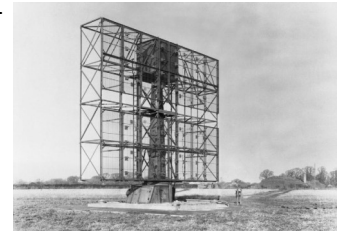
Fighter Pilots: Once the pilots got the message someone shouts 'Scramble' and all the pilots have to be in the air by two minutes or less. They also land, re-fuel and re-arm quickly whereas the Germans could not.



Hermann Goering: Hermann was the head of the Luftwaffe and told the Germans to stop bombing the radar and bomb the airfields where the planes could not take off or land. He also told the Germans to start bombing London again.



Radar: The radar tells us how far the enemy planes are away and where they are. Because Hermann Goering stopped bombing the radar sites it helped us win the battle of Britain.



Stuka Dive bombers: The Stuka was one of the best planes for aiming. The plane's wheels stuck out when they were flying. The sirens screamed when they dived. On August 15th 1940 they were all destroyed.



Hawker Hurricanes: The Hawker Hurricane was another common plane. The plane would not go down when it was shot, because it was made out of wood and canvas.



Spitfire: The Spitfire was one of the common planes. It was the Spitfire plane because of its elliptical wings.



Air Raid!

(The following is a fictional account based on a visit to Stockport Air Raid Shelters)

The sound of the air raid siren went off. The enemy planes were approaching. We ran to the public air raid shelter. We got to the sandbagged entrance. Once we were inside we pushed through the crowded tunnels to find ourselves a vacant bunk bed because we were going to be there all night. We had to make ourselves comfortable. After the mad dash to get cover, we all felt thirsty so we went to the canteen for a hot cup of tea and warm milk for the young 'uns. As we were walking back to our dorms we saw a poster warning us to always carry our gas masks in case of gas attacks. One of the A.R.P wardens decided we should practice our gas mask drill. It also helped pass the time. After a few hours I decided to go to the toilet to pass a bit of time because a bomb had landed near the shelter and woken me up. After all, the toilet was better than the one at home. On the way back from the toilets I decided to pay a visit to the first aid station to hear the news on the wireless because that's the only place you could get a signal. We heard the all clear, hoping our house was still in one piece. On the way there we saw three children huddled together where there used to be a house.

Daisy Coffey Prep VI



The Blitz

Shortly after the sirens wailed I could hear the Germans grinding overhead. In my room, with its black curtains drawn across the windows, you could feel the shake from the guns.

St. Paul's was surrounded by fire, but it came through. It stood there in its enormous proportions - growing slowly clearer and clearer, the way objects take shape at dawn.



Immediately above the fires the sky was red and angry, and overhead, making a ceiling in the vast heavens, there was a cloud of smoke all in pink. Up in that pink shrouding there were tiny, brilliant specks of flashing light - anti-aircraft shells bursting. After the flash you could hear the sound.

Solomon Brenchley Prep VI

These things all went together to make the most hateful, most beautiful single scene I have ever known.

*Ernie Pyle
War Correspondent*

The Last Supper



Stanley Middlemiss Prep VI



Macey Carroll Prep VI



Alex Cook Prep VI

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. 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. Well done to this term's team: Alex Cook, Finley Woodward, Freya Melia, Holly Fowler, Jessica Kneale, Alice O'Neill, Isabella Turley and Juretha Nyirenda-Scott.

As most of our Prep. Magazine team are current members of Prep VI, we will be looking for a new team to produce the first edition of next year. Watch for further information in September!

