



Prep. Magazine

Summer 19-20

The Lockdown Edition

The Witches' Spell in Macbeth

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,
Tooth of shark and heart of cat
Hump of camel and wing of bat
Sting of nettle and magpie's cry,
Flesh of frog and emu's eye
Claw of crow and unicorn's hair
Fat of a whale and a growl of a bear
Taranchala's leg and rotting rat's tail
Poisonous plants and shell of snail
A dash of boiling, bubbling blood
A putrid pond with slimy mud.



Esme Cooper-Sweeney *Prep V*

Tim's Diary

Diary based on *The Highwayman* by Alfred Noyes

It was another hectic day at the stables and after feeding all the horses, I could not wait to get my heavy boots off. The wind had been howling around all day so had made working even harder than usual. My hair was wind swept and I was in need of a relaxing bath and some delicious food. I felt a little lonely as the night drew in and wished I could spend the evening with the beautiful Bess.

Then suddenly I heard a tapping of the highwayman's horse on the clear smooth path and I knew he was coming to see Bess. He was dressed in his finest clothes but he did not fool me. He was a robber and no good for Bess.

I could hear him telling Bess that he would be back with lots of gold and she seemed impressed. This made me angry as he is not a good man and I want her to see him for what he really is. I could look after Bess and give her a good honest life that is not filled with crime. I hope he is caught by the law and punished for what he plans to do.

After a short time, the Highwayman galloped away into the night and I am sure he will be back. The thought of his return makes me sad but I have no power over how Bess feels for him. I went back to my room and rested awhile as the next day will be busy on the ranch. I must keep working hard and hope that Bess notices me.

Alfie Turley *Prep V*



Cherry Blossom



Frankie Thorpe *Prep IV*

Donya Hedayati *Prep IV*



Van Gough's Irises



Raghav Nijhawan *Prep III*



Oliver Matthews *Prep III*

Inspiring Stories of Faith: Nelson Mandela



Good evening and welcome to the show Inspiring Stories of Faith, with me, your studio host Molly Torkington. Tonight please welcome our special guest Nelson Mandela! (Loud applause from the studio audience) It's lovely to have you on the show tonight, all the way from Mvezo South Africa, and we have lots of questions for you, so let's get started straight away.

Firstly, tell us something about your background. Who are your family and where did you grow up?

Well, to start with, can I say, it's a pleasure to be here! I was born in Mvezo, a small village in South Africa and now there is a birth museum in Mvezo. I have a wife named Graca Machel and six kids but unfortunately my second child passed away at the age of nine months. I have got seventeen grandchildren and four-teen great-grandchildren.

What was your education like?

My education was great. I studied law at the University of Fort Hare and the University of Witwatersrand before working as a lawyer in Johannesburg. I loved university and was very lucky and fortunate to go.

What religion were you brought up in?

I was brought up in a devout Christian household. I attended a Methodist school and went to a Methodist church every Sunday.

And now the question which I think most of our viewers are waiting to hear: how has your religious faith influenced your life?

I believe the core values of being a good Christian are love, generosity, compassion and forgiveness. Having, and actually living these values, drove my desire for peace and reconciliation and I do not think I would have achieved the great things in my life if I hadn't been brought up as a Christian.

That's amazing! What would you say are your greatest achievements?

Firstly, my beautiful family. They have brought me endless joy throughout my life. Their undying support and belief in me has kept me strong and motivated. With regards to everything else, some of my proudest moments my speech at the Rivonia Trial and becoming the first democratically elected President of South Africa. I think also surviving imprisonment, most of it in a small cell, for over 27 years taught me a lot of patience. I have also made many mistakes in my life but I have learned a lesson for every one I have made.

Host: You must be so proud! Finally, can you share with us a quotation which will inspire us and stay in our minds after this programme?

"No one is born hating another person because of the colour, or his background, or his religion. People must learn to hate, and if they can learn to hate, they can be taught to love, for love comes more naturally to the human heart than its opposite."

Wise words indeed! Thank you for joining us tonight, I think we've all learnt a lot from listening to your inspiring words. Have a safe journey home.

Molly Torkington *Prep V*

Kindergarten's Lockdown Creativity



The Hat of Invisibility

Let me tell you a story I have never told anyone, one of my deepest, darkest secrets....

"Here Kitty Kitty!" I called. "Miss Witchihoo?" She is the headteacher, who is kind and caring. "I have lost my cat, have you seen her?" I asked.

"Sorry no. Maybe look in the old store cupboard. We all lose our cats at some point and they are always found in the old store cupboard," said Miss Witchihoo. "Ok thanks!" I replied.

I walked along the narrow corridor and burst into the store room expecting my cat to be sat there looking back at me. To be honest, it didn't look like a store room. A waft of dust flooded my nose. "Aaaatchooo!" What's this, I thought? It was a shiny mirror, an ancient treasure chest with no treasure inside, chairs and desks sheeted up with cobwebs. But peering at the back was my cat, Midnight. Sitting nicely next to an old witches' hat with a blood red ribbon wrapped around it. I grabbed Midnight carefully and cuddled her. I looked curiously at the hat. It was made out of leather, Nutella brown, looking old and crumpled. It was covered in dust. I took the hat and placed it on my head and walked towards the mirror. I could see myself melting away. "Oh that's strange! I'm invisible! I wonder if there is something wrong with the hat or the mirror?" I took the hat off and I appeared again. "There is definitely something wrong with the hat! It's an invisibility hat!" Cool! I felt my belly fizz with excitement.

The bell rang. It was time for potion class, I ran and put Midnight in my room but kept the hat with me. I hurried to the potion room, class was just getting started. I put the hat on quickly before I entered. I carefully crept up to the teacher's desk and grabbed the forbidden creature potion. I gulped it down and slowly pulled the hat off my head. Thunder and Lighting sounded outside, my body grew into the shape of a giant horse but much scarier. The children screamed, the teacher yelled and the thunder boomed. The classroom emptied and I quickly locked the door. This was the time I let my imagination run wild with all the potions I could make....

Lucy Campbell *Prep IV*

Georgia O'Keefe Flowers



Andrew Aturinda *Prep I*



Alexander Cleland *Prep I*

Claude Monet's Lily Pond



Darcie Nazerie *Prep III*

Making Anglo Saxon Broaches

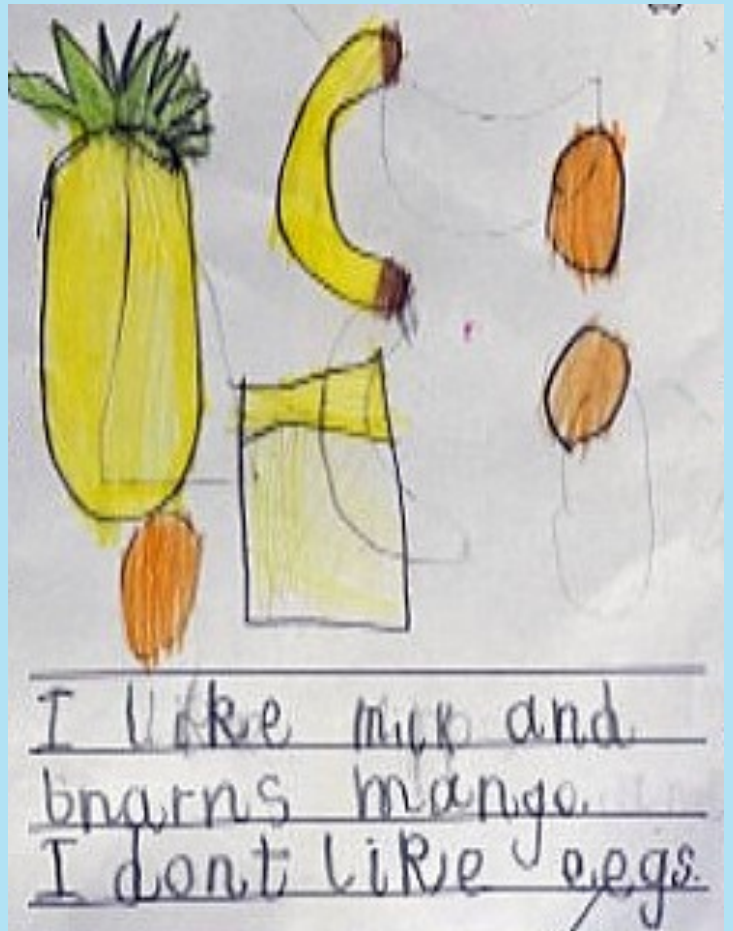


Min Jun *Prep III*



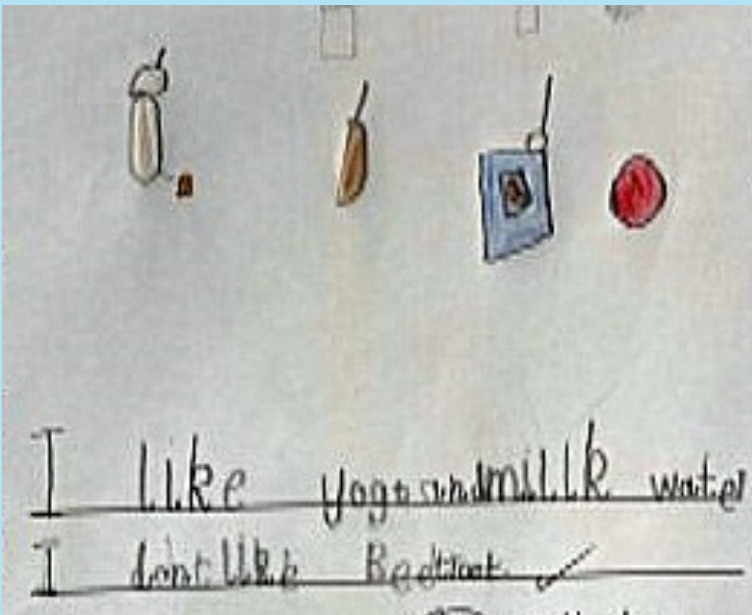
Lucas *Prep III*

My Favourite Food



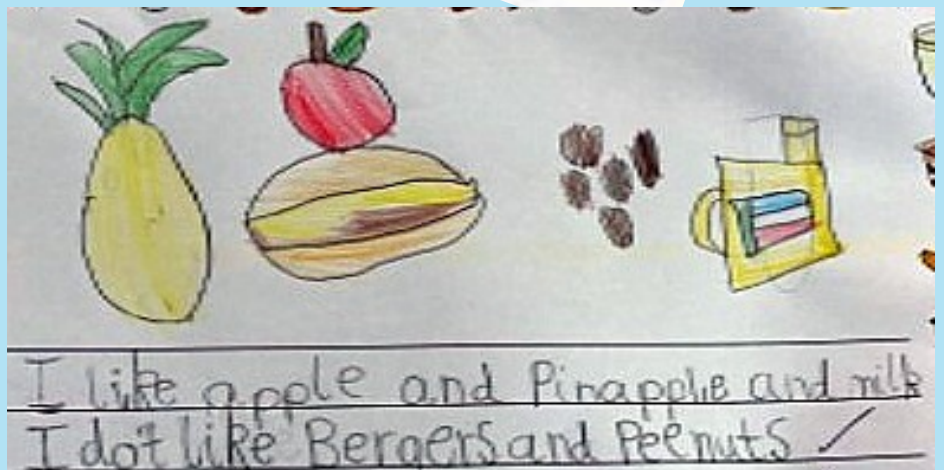
I like milk and
bananas mango.
I dont like eggs.

Ava McManus Reception



I like yoghurt milk water
I dont like Berries ✓

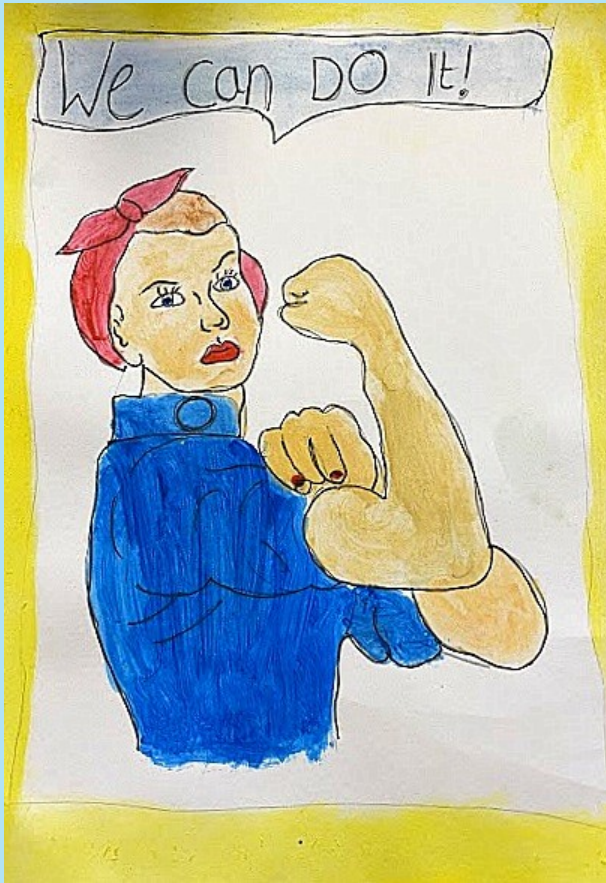
Ayla Sindhu Reception



I like apple and Pineapple and milk
I dot like Berbers and Peanuts ✓

Poppy Boyes Reception

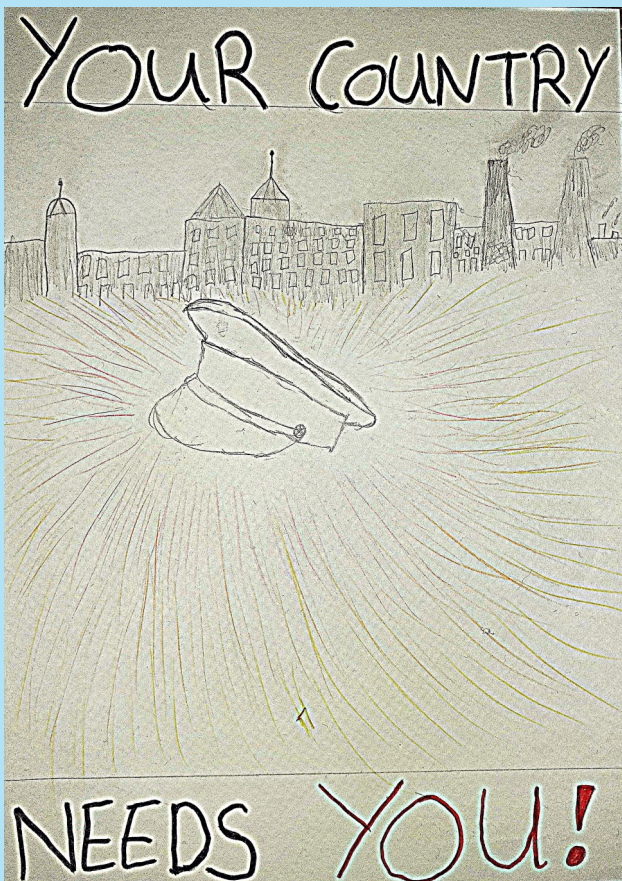
WW2 Propaganda Posters



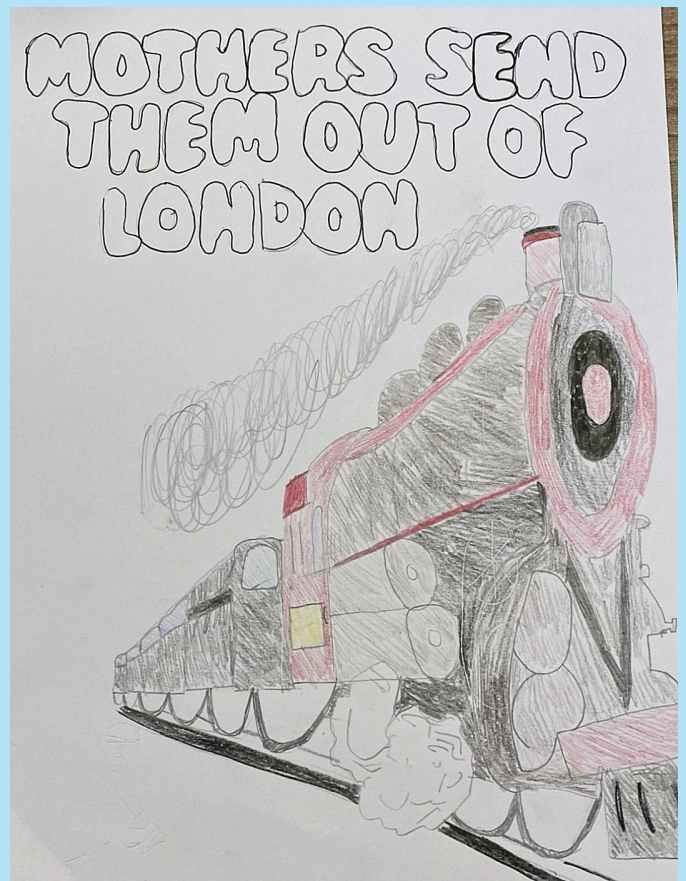
Chloe Heneghan *Prep VI Blue*



Evie Browne *Prep VI Blue*



Thea Birch *Prep VI White*



Mia Heneghan *Prep VI White*

The Flying Machine

There was an old man wearing a flying helmet and goggles on a flying boat. He was fishing in the bright white clouds, when suddenly he dropped his fishing rod and looked in amazement!

What was he seeing? Flying birds? Flying planes? No, it was gigantic, green, yellow and blue spotty flying turtles. The old man watched in amazement at the gang of flying turtles.



As a turtle glided near his boat, the old man jumped on the turtle's back and flew through the fluffy, white clouds catching up with the gang and heading off to the unknown!

Lucas Jones *Prep III*

Message in a Bottle



It was a cold, frosty morning when Daniel woke up, he went outside for a walk with his dogs. But in the middle of his adventurous walk he found a bottle, but not just any old bottle. There was a mysterious message in it. Later Daniel came home then Googled it but he couldn't find anything for hours, days, weeks, months and even years (well not years, I was just trying to make it sound dramatic!).

Then he went on a walk by himself trying to find clues because he really wanted to find out if it was real. He got lost in the middle of nowhere. He was so scared, he was in a dark cave. It was thundering outside when he heard a howl, he thought there was a wolf. Then he saw a shadow that looked like a skeleton but it was a human. He turned out so nice though he showed Jack home and he was happy. And he found out the code and the password to the bottle.

Betsy Beau Malloch *Prep III*



Mount Fuji by Blake Buckle *Prep IV*



Japanese Koi Carp by Kaiwen Chen *Prep IV*

The Air Raid

We were in the house when the air raid sirens sounded. We grabbed our things and hurried to the air raid shelter. We felt nervous and anxious. We were told what to do and, although we were scared, we had each other for support. We had our close friends and family by us and we only took our most valuable possessions such as my Grandmother's picture. We hurried into the streets, we all felt the cold and the blackness around us as there were no lights. People were scared and were hurrying into shelters as we feared the bombs would strike at any moment. The sirens were so deafeningly loud and constant, it was a surreal experience for us all. Among the sirens, we could hear planes overhead too. The planes were really loud and sounded like bees trying to sting us.

There were already people queuing to get into the shelters when we arrived. Once we were underground we looked around for somewhere to sit. It was so busy and crowded in the shelter, with hardly any room to move. With all these people too, it was so hot and smelly depending on who you were next to. Some people were coughing, maybe they were ill and couldn't go to hospital. We had hard wooden benches and some hard sunken bunk beds in our shelter. We had to get used to this and although nervous, we had each other for support. We could hear sirens above us in our tunnel, as well as the rumbling noises around us. We wondered which building had fallen and whether we could get out, it was very scary. We could also hear constant drips like a tap and we wondered if people were putting the fires out in the burning buildings above us.

Overhead we could hear the sound of the bombers; then the bombs began to drop. Every so often, we could feel the ground shaking underneath us, it felt like a fairground ride but we weren't smiling. We felt vibrations of the cold walls around us, the dust and grit from buildings collapsing outside had seeped into the shelters and we feared what outside was really like. We could smell the dust too and it would linger. We were looking after each other and the small children we need to keep entertained. We did feel scared and we tried to not let this show in front of the children even though some were crying and clearly upset.

Sometime later we heard the "all clear" sound. We finally came out of the shelter and made our way back to where our house stood. Coming out of the dark shelters, we felt our eyes hurt and covered them as we made our way outside. The air was dusty and we felt relieved to be outside again. We could smell the smoke from the burning buildings around us, it was very smokey and some of us would cough. Some buildings were still on fire. We could hear the sirens of the emergency services, they were trying to put out the large flames of the buildings. There were ambulances too to take the injured to hospital. We scuffled through the streets, avoiding the debris around us, trying not to get cut or injured and we felt better knowing that the bombing had stopped. We were scared though about whether we had a home left or whether it had been destroyed, but the most important thing we felt was being alive.

Joe Corcoran *Prep VI Blue*

The Blitz

George Ciubotariu

Prep VI Blue

who also painted the front cover image **The Giraffe**



The Highwayman: Wanted Dead or Alive

WANTED
20,000 gold coins reward.

The Highwayman has black boots that go past his knees with gold buckles on them.



Have you seen this man he wears a dark black mask so that you can't see his mouth or nose.

The criminal also has a midnight black strong shiny horse that is very tall.

He also wears a long black velvet cloak that goes down to his thigh and he has lots of gold rings on his fingers.

The Highwayman always carries a rapier and a pistol.

The last place the villain was seen was when he was leaving Stout Lane. He has a girlfriend living in the cottage she has long dark hair and beautiful eyes. If you see the Highwayman contact the local authorities and they will sort it you should not do it yourself as he is extremely dangerous.

Abigail Ankunda *Prep V*

Macbeth Silhouette Picture



Sebastian Barooah *Prep V*
(characters created from a black bin bag)

The Minpins by Roald Dahl

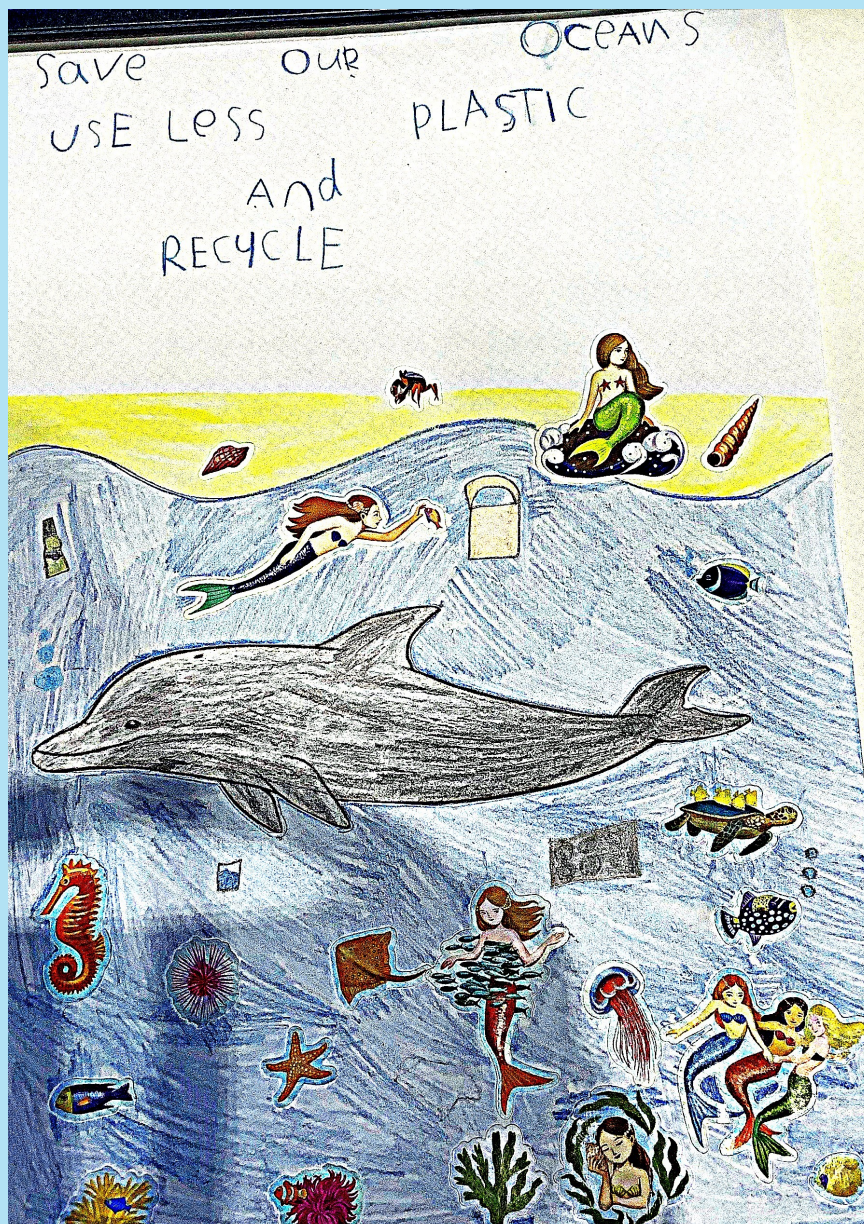
Hidden inside the tree are lots of different birds hidden within the leaves and branches. The leaves are different shades of green, some are light, some are darker and they are fresh and colourful.

There are thick and thin brown branches with birds perching on them, hidden amongst the birds are lots of different Minpins. The birds do not seem to mind sharing their space with these creatures. There are lots of beautiful colourful birds. I can see a magpie with long, sharp, claws. Sitting on the back of the magpie are two cheeky little Minpins. There are also some hidden in the trees talking to each other.



Lottie Hayes Prep III

Save Our Oceans



Iyla Byrne Prep I

Joy Cottage

Main Street

Little Weirwold

12th October 1939

Dear Mother,

I haven't heard from you in a long time, other boys have heard from their mothers and life back home. I haven't forgotten you, are you alright? I hope you are alright and I hope to hear from you soon. Tell me what is happening in London, is it still the same, a dangerous place? It would be nice to say to my friends what is happening and that I have got a letter, please write back to me and tell me you're O.K.

I have been placed with a quiet middle aged man - Mister Tom. You'll be pleased he is a church going person, we live next door to the church and he plays the organ on a Sunday. He has been very generous and kind. He has brought me new clothes and even helped to teach me to read and write. All the villagers think he's a bit grumpy but I think he's a very soft and gentle man. Basically, he doesn't like people bothering him and wants to keep himself to himself, fine with me. The best part is that he has a dog called Sammy. I didn't like him at first but now he is my best friend. He is a black, friendly dog who has helped me to learn to run better - he comes everywhere with me. The house is small but comfy and we eat all our meals around the kitchen table and then sit by the delightful warm fire. I have my own bedroom which of course has the black out curtains and is very cosy. The village is very friendly and has a lot of evacuees like me. We all join in together and have had great fun building a shelter, blackberry picking and we have plenty of space to run around. You won't believe this but they even organised a birthday party for me, I was given lots of gifts from all the villagers and then they put on a tea party. We played games and ate loads of different cakes and I blew out candles!!. Mister Tom gave me a drawing set, pens, pencils, books and paints. Couldn't wait to use them, it was raining so I went into the church and drew a picture of the eagle. My friend Zach and Mister Tom said it was really good, I enjoyed doing it. Maybe next time I'll send you a picture.

I have made a lot of friends, George who is a little older than me, twins called Carrie and Finnie who are around my age and my best friend Zach who is the same age as me. Zach is a wiry curly haired boy who I first met in the post office, his parents work in a theatre. They are into all the Shakespeare plays and send Zach the clothing and even the shoes, tap shoes I think, he showed us all how to dance, very loud but fun. Zach loves acting, reading adventure books and cycling, he is so kind and helps me out all the time. He is so much more confident than me and lives with the Doctor. Zach and I made this great shelter, he calls for me everyday and we are always together. You would love him, a great listener and very sensitive, always explaining things to me, can't stop him talking. Zach loves my drawings and wants me to illustrate his writing. I just wish I could be in his class at school with Mrs Hartridge, whose husband is a pilot. She is pregnant. I am trying so hard with my reading and writing which is keeping me behind, hopefully I will be in that class soon.

I miss you loads and I do think you would like the village Little Weirwold and Mister Tom, not sure if you would like Sammy as he is a dog, but he is lovely. I would love to show you around and especially introduce you to Zach, as I know you would like him. Please write to me soon as I would love to hear what is happening.

Love from

Willie

XXXX

Hugh Morgan Prep VI White

Friendship Flowers



Maya Abu Ragheb Prep IV

Egypt Mnemonic



Embalming the mighty dead to preserve the body on its journey to the afterlife.



Gods that the people worshipped for all aspects of their lives.



Yellow is the sand hot beneath the feet of the slaves that built the...



Pyramids, with golden peaks shining in the sun, hiding gold, traps, mummies and treasure.



Tutankhamun was a young king, buried in a three-layered sarcophagus of wood and gold.

Adam Boyes Prep IV

The Fire Of The Sky

I crouched in the shadows, waiting silently ready for the hunt to begin. Suddenly I see it. This creature I've been searching for, for so long. There it was, its wings stretched out, soaring through the sky. The phoenix was the most majestic, colourful creature I have ever seen. As vibrant as a peacock's feathers it blazed across the sky. I could tell James had seen it, his mouth was wide open in awe and jealousy. All of a sudden the phoenix turned. It sensed the danger. I swallowed a lump in my throat. We had to move fast. We started sprinting towards the majestic creature. Vigorously running I spotted that it started to rapidly increase in height.

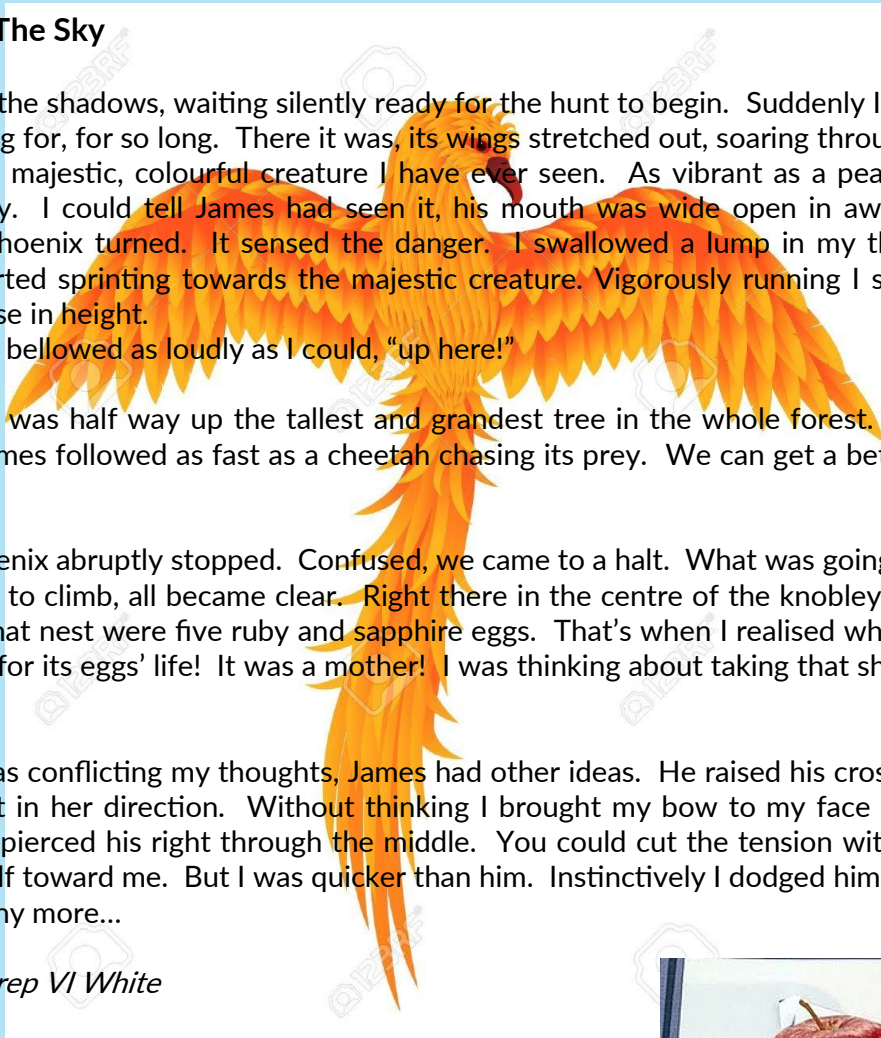
"Hey James" I bellowed as loudly as I could, "up here!"

By this time I was half way up the tallest and grandest tree in the whole forest. Quickly realising what I was doing, James followed as fast as a cheetah chasing its prey. We can get a better shot from here I was thinking.

Then the Phoenix abruptly stopped. Confused, we came to a halt. What was going on? Was it injured? As we continued to climb, all became clear. Right there in the centre of the knobby, twisted branches was a nest, and in that nest were five ruby and sapphire eggs. That's when I realised why it was in such a rush, it was petrified for its eggs' life! It was a mother! I was thinking about taking that shot, that fatal shot. No. I couldn't do it.

But while I was conflicting my thoughts, James had other ideas. He raised his crossbow and shot that fatal arrow straight in her direction. Without thinking I brought my bow to my face and before I knew it my deadly arrow pierced his right through the middle. You could cut the tension with a knife. Angrily James hurtled himself toward me. But I was quicker than him. Instinctively I dodged him. He fell, and fell until he couldn't fall any more...

Thea Birch *Prep VI White*



Giuseppe Arcimboldo Portraits



Alex Kuzmins *Prep II*




Emily McManus *Prep II*



Lucie Blake *Prep II*

The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch

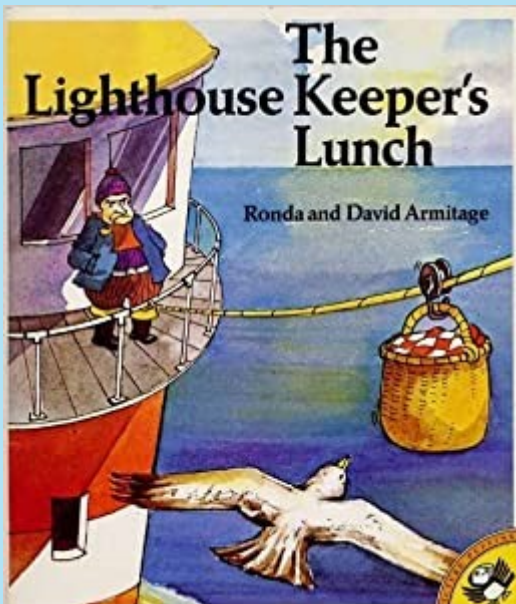
<p>What is the setting?</p> <p>Light house on the island</p>	<p>Who is the main character?</p> <p>Mr Grinling</p>
<p>What happens first?</p> <p>Mr Grinling gets his lunch on a rope the seagulls eat it</p>	<p>What happens next?</p> <p>They're a basket but the cat scared of the seagulls</p>
<p>What happens last?</p> <p>They put mustard in the sand which they hated it</p>	



Samuel Devine Prep II



Jensen Payne Prep II



Izabella Browne Prep II



Ivanna Murenzi Prep II



The Worsley Daily Record

Friday 12th February 1926 Price 2d

THE GREAT ROE GREEN RAIL CRASH

By Miss Anya Barooah *Prep VI White*

Yesterday, several carriages broke loose at Little Hulton line because one of the couplings snapped. The train was carrying brand new wellingtons and Daddy's Sauce, it was then diverted into an unused siding of Beesley Bridge in Worsley by Frank Lemineder, who works at the Antiques store, where it derailed and bulged with fire rapidly.

Runaway on a Railway!

Several carriages carrying Wellingtons and Daddy's sauce broke free from a speeding train and crashed against Beesley Bridge. The train driver said it was a fault in the couplings but it could have killed someone. Luckily, a couple of brave locals diverted into Beesley Bridge.

We spoke to one of the eye witnesses who saw the carriages break loose from the train. Angelina Thorpe said, "The coupling snapped in two and the train left the carriages speeding down the railway!" Apparently the train driver did not see the carriages break free from the train but he did hear a big crack and felt a jolt in one of the carriages.



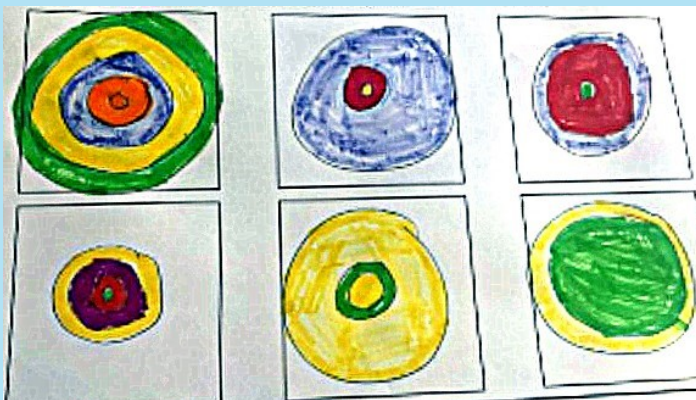
Where did the train go?

When the carriages broke free from the train, they went through Walkden and Roe Green and then was diverted through Beesley Bridge.

Wellington Fiasco and Daddy's Sauce Extravaganza

After the great crash at Beesley Bridge, everyone in Worsley seems to be wearing new wellingtons! Could this be linked with the train crash? Consequently the carriages were destroyed and trains will have regular check-ups to prevent crashes from happening again.

Kandinsky's Circles

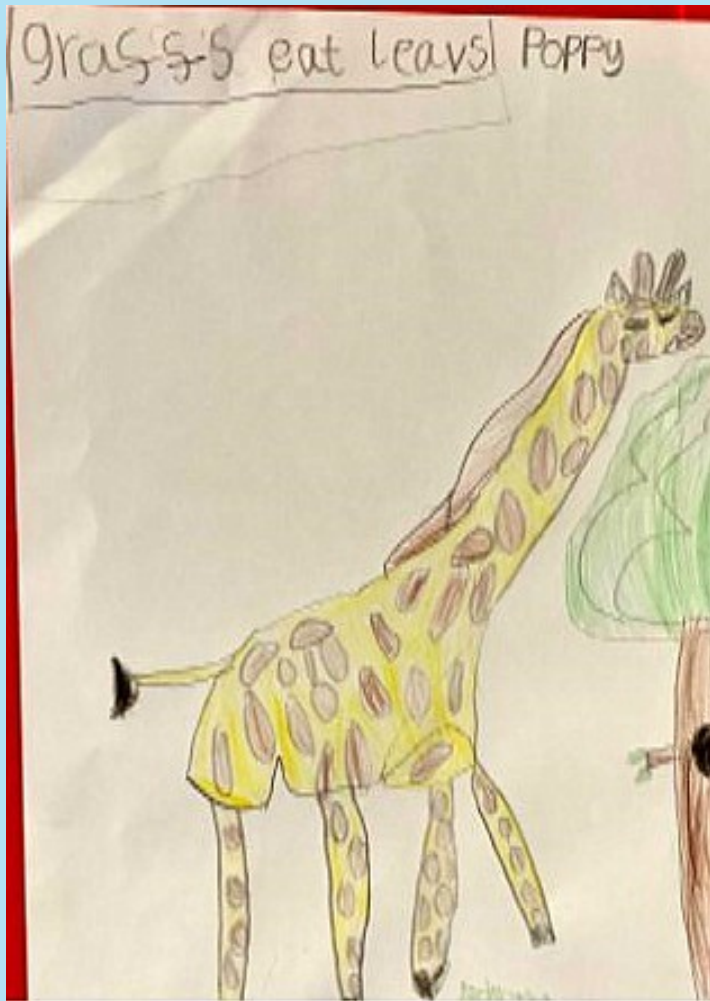


Jacob Jones *Prep II*



Jensen Payne *Prep II*

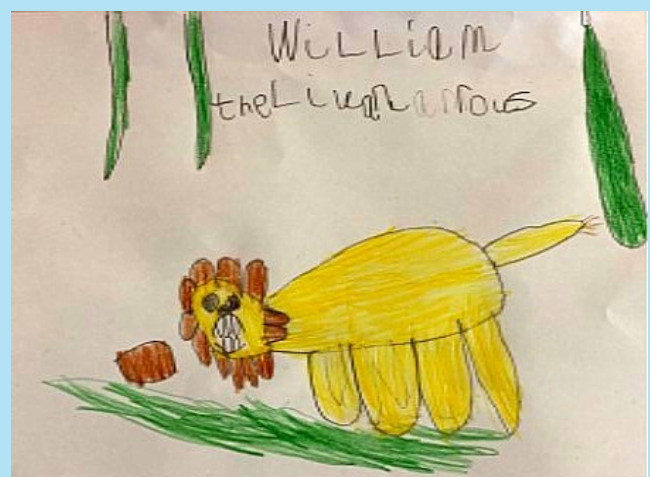
Our Favourite Animals



Poppy Boyes *Reception*

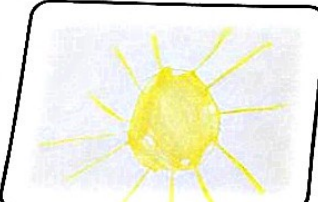
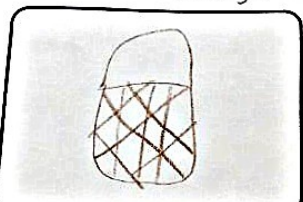
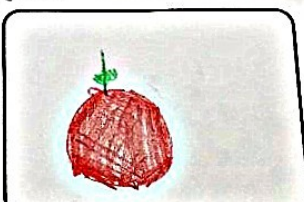
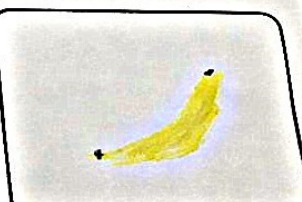
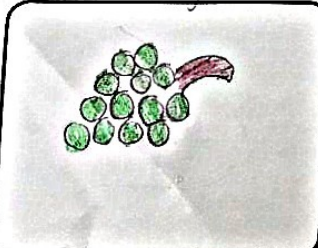

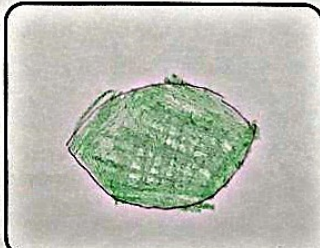
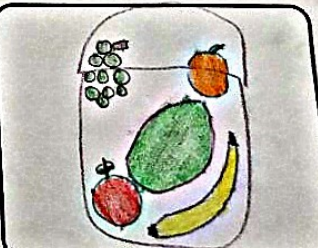


Casey Knight *Reception*



William Rotheram *Reception*

Lilly's Surprise

			
<p>It was a really hot sunny day and I decided to take some fruit to my friend Lilly.</p>	<p>I packed up the picnic basket with all the fruit she likes.</p>	<p>I put a crunchy red apple in the picnic basket.</p>	<p>I also put a big yellow banana in the picnic basket.</p>
			
<p>I got some juicy green grapes from the fridge to put in the picnic basket.</p>	<p>I added a little tangy orange with a little green leaf.</p>	<p>Finally I put in soft sweet and very juicy watermelon.</p>	<p>Then I set off to Lilly's house with the picnic basket.</p>

?? Prep I

Under the Sea



Olly Livsey Prep I
and Layla Livsey
Prep III

Kindergarten's Lockdown Creativity



Jack and the Beanstalk






If I had a magic bean it would be a wish bean. I wished for a big pink raspberry to grow in my garden. It has a door and windows and I would have a party in it with all my family and friends. They all came to my house to help me to gather everything. Then the last bean helped everyone to get up. Everything was made of little raspberries and we ate lots of different foods and everything tasted like raspberries. The foods were chocolate cakes, apple juice, jam tarts, cherry muffins, apple crumble and loads more.



Once we had finished our food we went and had a disco in my house and we played lots of games too. The bean that helped us to get the raspberry grew into the DJ. The games were pass the parcel, musical chairs musical statues and loads more. After that we were all tired. More seeds grew and then they grew into more raspberries for my family and friends to sleep in because we were having a sleepover. I slept in the raspberry that we had the tea party in and the bean slept with me ready for my next adventure.

Beatrice Kenyon Leigh *Prep I*

Animal Classification

shark	toad	penguin	elephant	crocodile
				
A shark is a Fish	A toad is a Amphibian	A penguin is a Bird	An elephant is a Mammal	A crocodile is a Reptile
I know this because it cant only live in water and it has gills	I know this because it lives in water and on land	I know this because it lages eggs and it has a beak	I know this because it has live Babies it has a back Bone and it feeds with milk	I know this because it breathes air it has scales and it lages eggs

Jacob Jones *Prep II*

The Air Raid

My family were in our house having some tea peacefully when I heard something loud. It was the air raid sirens. We rushed and got our most precious objects and rushed out of our house. My dad held me with his arm and lifted me up with ease. We all started running to the shelters. I did not know what that noise was but I knew that something horrible was about to happen. I held my dad's arm as tight as I could and I did not let go until we got to the shelter.

There were already lots of scared people queuing to get inside of the shelter. After five minutes (which felt like forever) we were in the underground shelter. My parents were grabbing me as tightly they could. And then a person (I think was a sergeant) told everybody to be quiet and calm down and that everybody would be safe. There was one woman crying in the corner of the shelter because without thinking she had left her baby inside her house. One of the military came in the shelter and asked every person in the shelter if the baby in his hands was one of their children. When the military person came to the woman, she was delighted to see her little baby and kept repeating, "Thank you!" to the man.

Overhead we could hear the sound of the bombers; then the bombs began to drop. The bombs felt like earthquakes that lasted for a few seconds. The debris falling on the shelter sounded like cars bashing against the ceiling. I thought that all of the bombs would last a few minutes but I was wrong. The bombs lasted over an hour. I was told by the sergeant that everybody and everything in this shelter would be alright. After a few hours there was no noise and then that was when I knew that everybody in the shelter was going to be fine and not hurt at all.

Sometime the after the bombs stopped coming we all heard the sergeant say, "All Clear." Everybody soon came out of the shelter and then they looked at the houses. All the houses were gone and there was lots of debris everywhere. There was glass everywhere and metal pipes sticking out of the ground. There was a small fire and lots of people tried to put it out and after minutes of stamping on the flames they finally went out. I saw one of my favourite posters in the sky on fire and I just watched it burn into a small clump of ash. I was fine because I still had my favourite object in my hand, a picture of me and my family. I did not know where I was going to sleep but I knew that I was going to be safe. Everybody went back into the shelter to sleep and then I knew for sure that I would be safe because it protected everybody from the bombs and debris.

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