

**PREP**

**MAGAZINE**

Spring 2021-2022



# Spring Flowerts by Kindergarten



COVER IMAGE: FIET SAEED



## The House

I entered the clearing and was met with branches like talons reaching for my neck. In front of me was a house. An abandoned house. The bricks were a mouldy white with great chips missing from the corners. Plaster, cracked over time, rested on the walls with only the moss holding it together. The wind howled and shrieked as the leaves scurried away from the house as if they knew what lay inside. Three chimneys, blackened by the smoke which once crawled out from the fires beneath, jutted from the roof, its slates unmoved and perfect.

Boarded windows prevented the smallest of light rays from entering the dark inside. The cellar windows gaped, paint peeling from their frames, burnt to a crisp by a vast, vicious fire that had shattered the glass. I stared at them. They stared back like eyes, watching my every move. I walked up to the door of which only the frame remained. The darkness inside seemed to swallow the brightest of light. I lit a match and threw it in only to see it consumed by the darkness. Shivering in the deadly cold. I entered.

I groped my way forward, my hands reaching for anything to grasp onto. I felt a wooden board, wrapped my fingers around it and pulled. THUMP, CLATTER, CLATTER, CLATTER. I fell back, my eyes burning ferociously as a blinding brightness lit up the room! I was in the heart of the house. The kitchen. Drip...drip...drip...drip... The sink's tap dripped like blood from a wound with a disgusting rhythm like a heart. All the drawers hung open with the cutlery stolen. Filthy rats rushed out as I opened the door beneath the sink. I opened the fridge and the stink of rotten meat filled my nose, even though there were only a few crumbs. Knives smeared with dried blood hung from the ceiling. The light blazed behind me. I followed.

It led to some stairs where there was a candle, freshly lit. I walked up, grasping the solid railing expecting to fall. I looked at a picture of a man wearing a black suit. I turned around to take the candle and when I looked back there was an empty picture frame. I continued to walk up. The wall paper beside me was burnt in streaks. I got closer to the painting and I saw a plaque saying "Sir Assembly". I walked up another flight of stairs, looking for a door, a window - anything. I found something. A door. It opened with a loud creak.

A light bulb hanging from a thin wire from the ceiling flickered on. I saw the splintered glass of a broken mirror reflect me and something behind me. It was an antique mannequin. A thick layer of dust covered it like a layer of cloth. There was no head resting on its shoulders. Suddenly, lights flicked on inside a dolls' house - an exact replica of this house with the kitchen, the stairs and this attic which had its own play house - which has its own playhouse!

I went over to an ancient phonograph with a record still spinning. Lifting the needle onto the record, I listened to its scratchy song. A tricycle rolled out and touched my leg. It was old; not broken but well used. The seat was fine leather, the bell free from rust. On the pedals were fresh footprints and there were fresh fingerprints on the handle bars... The wheels had fresh mud and leaves on them.

The room's singular window was boarded up but I managed to pull the boards off and sunlight filled the musty old room. I could see a birdcage with a ribcage of a small bird resting inside. I took one last look at myself in the shattered mirror then turned and left the house, knowing that I would never return.

# Antarctic Animals by Reception



ROWAN AL-HELLI

Rowan



DARYA HEDAYATI



JACOB MEE

Jacob



AMBER KNIGHT

Amber

ZARA YOUSIF



Zara



Marcel

MARCEL GANCARZ



ALBI WATTS



Tutu

TUTU MUSTAPHA

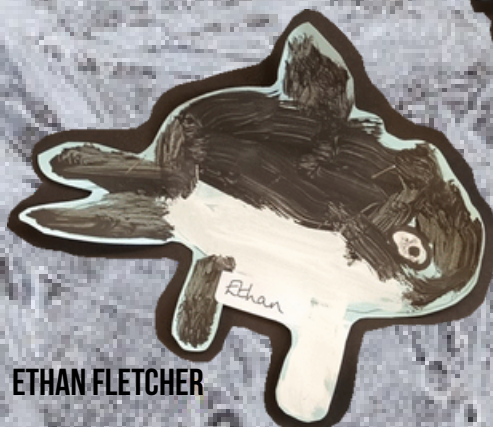


IRVIN MAMEJA



Xavier

XAVIER WONG



Ethan

ETHAN FLETCHER



Freddie

FREDDIE BOWDEN

## Spring by Prep I

**S**un in the sky.

**P**lanting seeds in the ground.

**R**abbits hopping in the forest.

**I** find eggs at Easter.

**N**ests being built.

**G**orgeous flowers in the garden.

SAMUEL OGDEN

**S**nowdrops growing in the garden.

**P**lanting seeds in the garden.

**R**ain falling from the sky.

**I**lice eating Easter eggs.

**N**o more snow.

**G**reen leaves start to grow.

JOE MANDEL

**S**nowdrops growing in the ground.

**P**eople planting flowers.

**R**unning in the forest.

**I** see caterpillars.

**N**o more snow.

**G**reen leaves grow on the trees.

JAX BUCKLE

**S**now drops growing in the sun.

**P**laying in the sunshine.

**R**abbits hopping around.

**I** see birds laying eggs.

**N**o more snowy days.

**G**reen leaves growing on trees.

ISHA JOSHI

## The Witches on the Heath by Prep V

It was towards evening, as the sky turned black and the rain dribbled softly. The deadly strikes of lightening roared like a fierce panther and the wind howled fiercely. The ground shook like the vibration of a dead drummer. Bang! Bang! Bang!

As the ground waved up and down the trees pointed up to the lonely sky. The trees whispered like secret spies. Since the heath was silent, the screams filled poor Macbeth's head with pain. As they were so ancient, the rocks crumbled with age.

Then after a while, three old women came through the gloomy fog. Their faces became clear. The men paused, then crept slowly towards them. Shivering in fear, they went on through the heath to the wretched beast of a woman...

LEO FLEMING

My beloved wife,

I have fantastic news for you. We have won the battle against the Norwegians! The thane of Cawdor betrayed us, that made me more blood thirsty and eager to win the battle. Whilst I was fighting, I only just found out the Thane of Cawdor is a deceitful person. Banquo and I were fighting like there was no tomorrow. I used so much energy I could have eaten a whole horse!

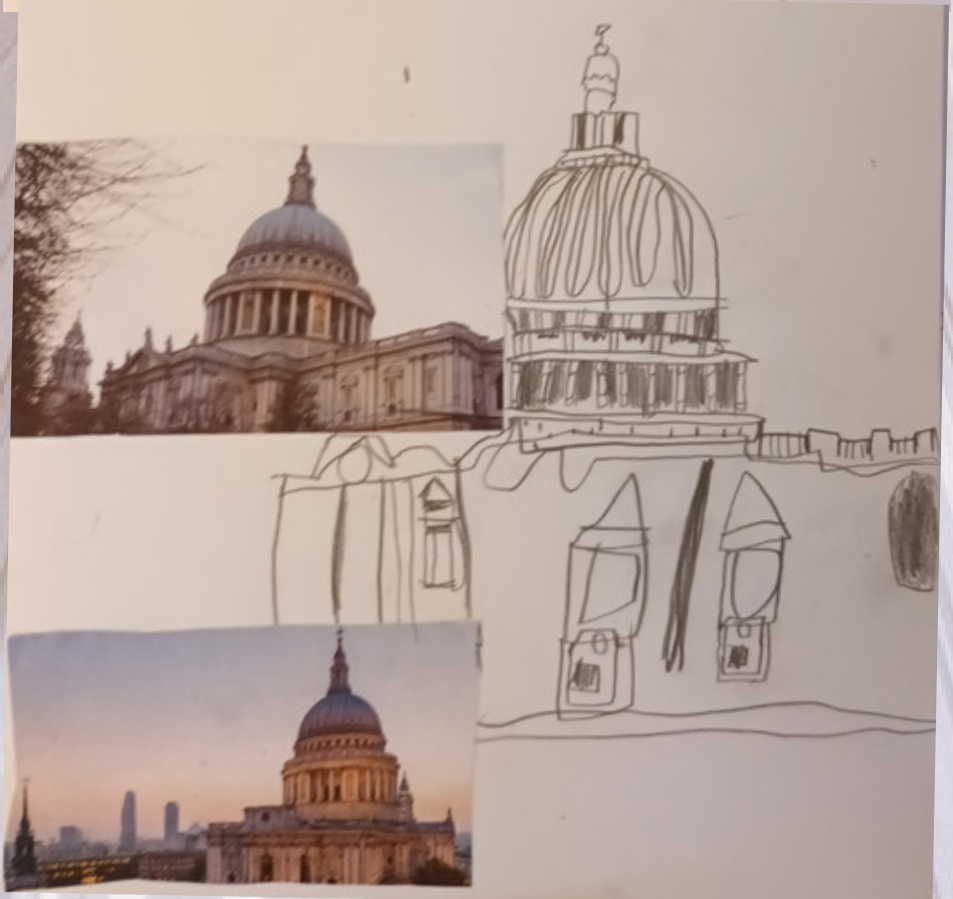
On the way back from the dark, blood-drenched battlefield, we encountered a trio of wrinkled, infested witches. One witch had such thin hair that you could see her scalp. Their teeth were so yellow that it was like you were seeing rotten gold. Their voices were like frogs croaking. One of the witch's fingers was as fat as a sausage! Even though these witches had some interesting features this one was the most interesting of all. This witch had an attitude as rotten as a rotten apple. However, what these witches told me was interesting, it shocked me to my core. They told me I would become King! But if I became King, what should I do to Malcolm and Duncan?

Guess what? Malcolm is coming to stay. Should we seize this opportunity and kill him? Or should we welcome him into our humble abode? If we do it we have to get rid of Malcolm and Donalbain. We ought to give it a go because, if we succeed, you my dear will be Queen!

Yours loving husband,  
Macbeth

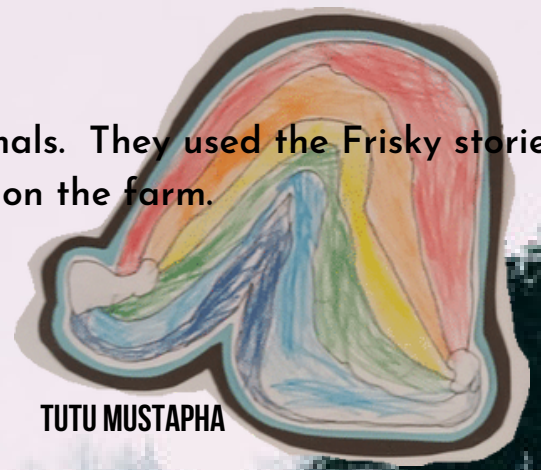
AMELIA BVUMA

# Prep II Sketchbook: St. Paul's cathedral



# Frisky on the Farm by Reception

Reception class have been learning about farm animals. They used the Frisky stories to ignite their imagination and drew Frisky's friends on the farm.



TUTU MUSTAPHA



AMBER KNIGHT



MARCEL GANCARZ



ALBIE WATTS



IRVIN MAMEJA



ISABELLE ZEIB



JACOB MEE



XAVIER WONG



ZARA YOUSIF



DARYA HEDAYATI



ETHAN FLETCHER

## The House

The autumn leaves scurried around the mossy walls of the old house. As I wandered up the filthy brick path, the trees seemed to reach out with twigs talons to ensnare me. Next to the crumbling grey path were grave stones towering over me like sinister skyscrapers. I stood at the end of the path, face to face with the complete darkness of a gaping doorway. The house almost seemed inviting as there was no door covering the pitch-black insides of the neglected hallway. The grimy windows had yellow-stained glass with filthy brown muck on the window frames. I stepped into the void.

On entering the long- abandoned kitchen, I opened one of the drawers and a gust of stale air blew into my face, carrying the vile stench of mouldy broccoli and raw, rotting meat. I could hear the slight echoing dripping water from the tap into the sink. That was when I heard the high-pitched squirming and squeaking. There were rats! Swiftly, I ran from the room as they came scurrying towards me.

The kitchen led to a staircase with dim candle-light flickering in the darkness. I could hear creaks every time my foot touched the sodden, wooden planks. Arriving finally at the top of the staircase, I realised I was in the attic.

The air there smelt of rotting wood, tickling the hairs of my nose. I noticed the wooden frames of the attic, splintered open like hedgehog's quills. Underneath the ageing wooden sill stood an ancient mirror, shattered into a million shards. And nearby, reflected in that splintered mirror, sat an antique dolls' house which, strangely, had light coming from its windows...

# Art Gallery by Kindergarten



MILLIE ABRAHAM



WILLIAM ROTHERAM



LACHLAN CAMPBELL



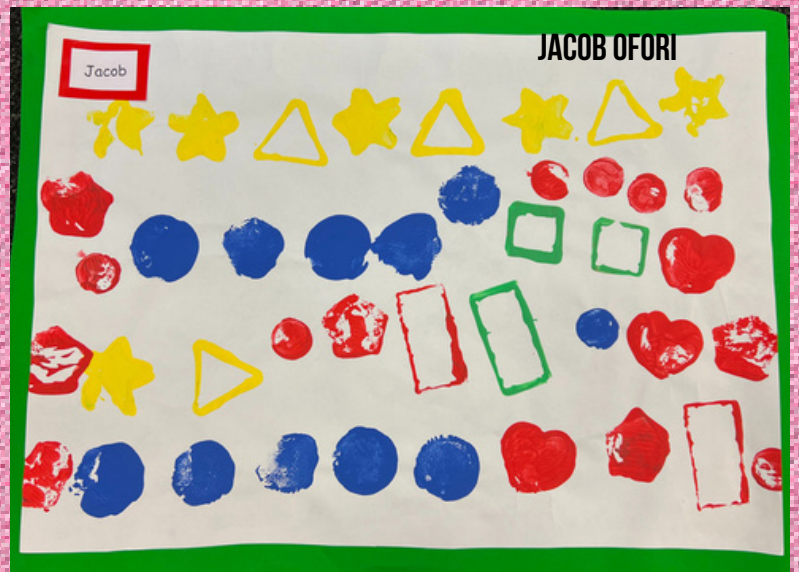
ARCHER LEIGH-SNOWDEN



ISABEL SIMMONS



KILLIAN BROWNLOW



JACOB OFORI


# Samuel Pepys' Diary by Prep I and II

Tuesday 4th September  
 I buried my clothes  
 and wine. The fire has  
 started to spread very  
 quickly. I smell smoke  
 and I saw the fire  
 going to the west of  
 London. I sent out my  
 fresh was the name  
 of London.

Max

MAX DEVINE

Monday 3rd September 1665



I can smell smoke and I  
 see off the fire. I put  
 my belongings in a cart and  
 went near the river to  
 bury them.

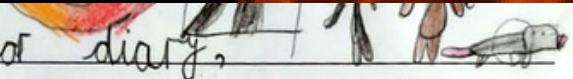
Sam

SAMUEL OGDEN

Monday 3rd 1665  
 The fire has started to  
 spread very quickly. I  
 have put my belongings in  
 a cart. I feel sad and  
 I can see people  
 running and hear  
 screams.

Penny

PENNY JOHNSON



Dear diary,  
 I feel anxious and worried  
 and I think that I might die  
 because of the plague! I can  
 see people running and screaming.  
 I can smell blazing fire.  
 The fire was rising and the  
 fire was spreading very,  
 very quickly and everyone  
 was getting in boats.  
 Only six people died eighty  
 seven churches burned down.  
 There were expositions! I  
 hope it never comes back  
 again. From Rose

ROSE BRIDGFORD

Dear diary, A S I  
 A S I jumped out of bed  
 and I looked out of the  
 window a blazing fire  
 had destroyed the town.  
 Black plague killed a lot  
 of people from Benjamin

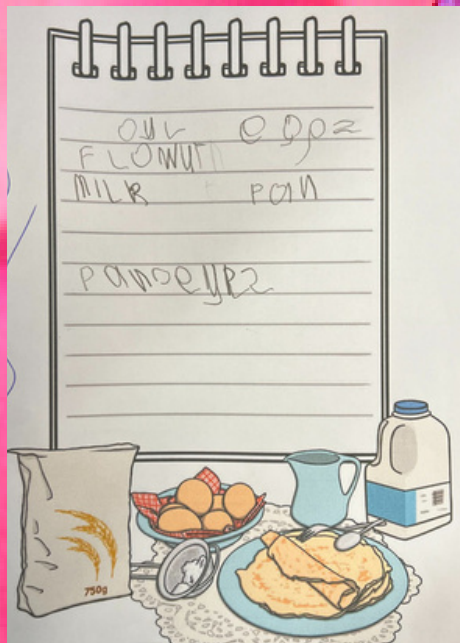
BENJAMIN ELLIOTT

VEN MARTIN

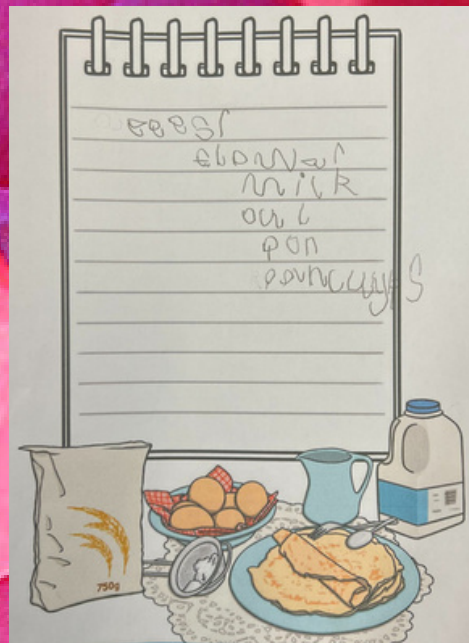
Dear diary,  
 I feel terrified because  
 of the fire but it killed  
 the plague and I feel so  
 sad for the people that died  
 with the plague. R.I.P.  
 From ven

twinkl.com

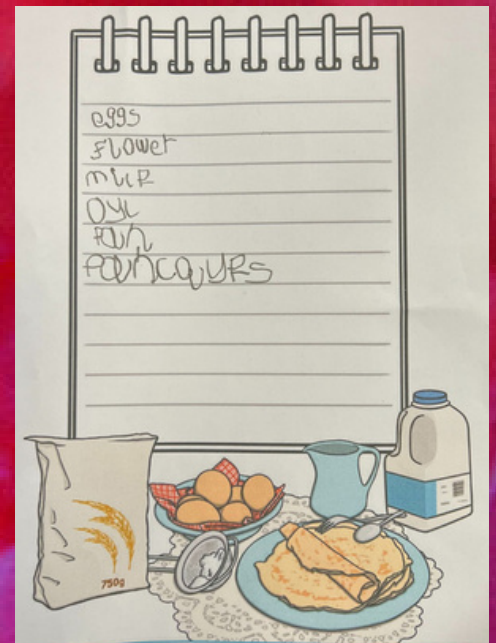
# Pancake Shopping List by Kindergarten



FIFI SAEED



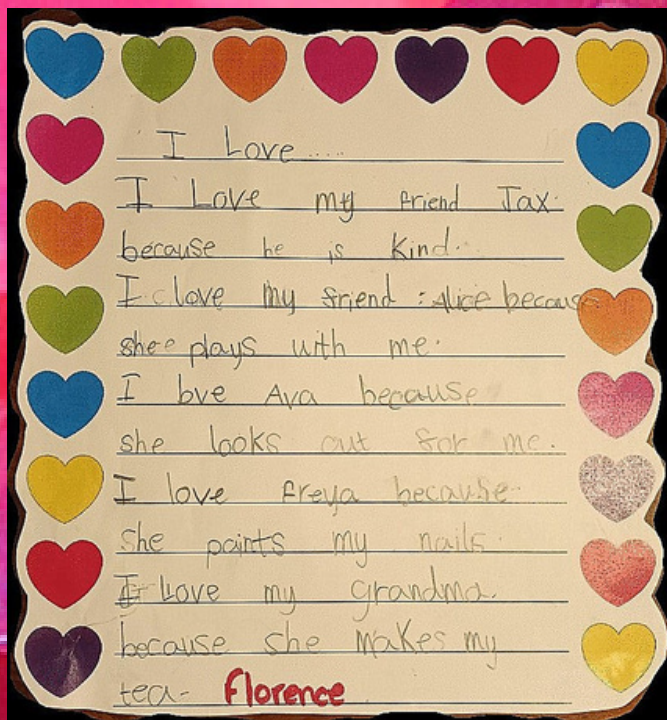
SAHARA SOUTHALL



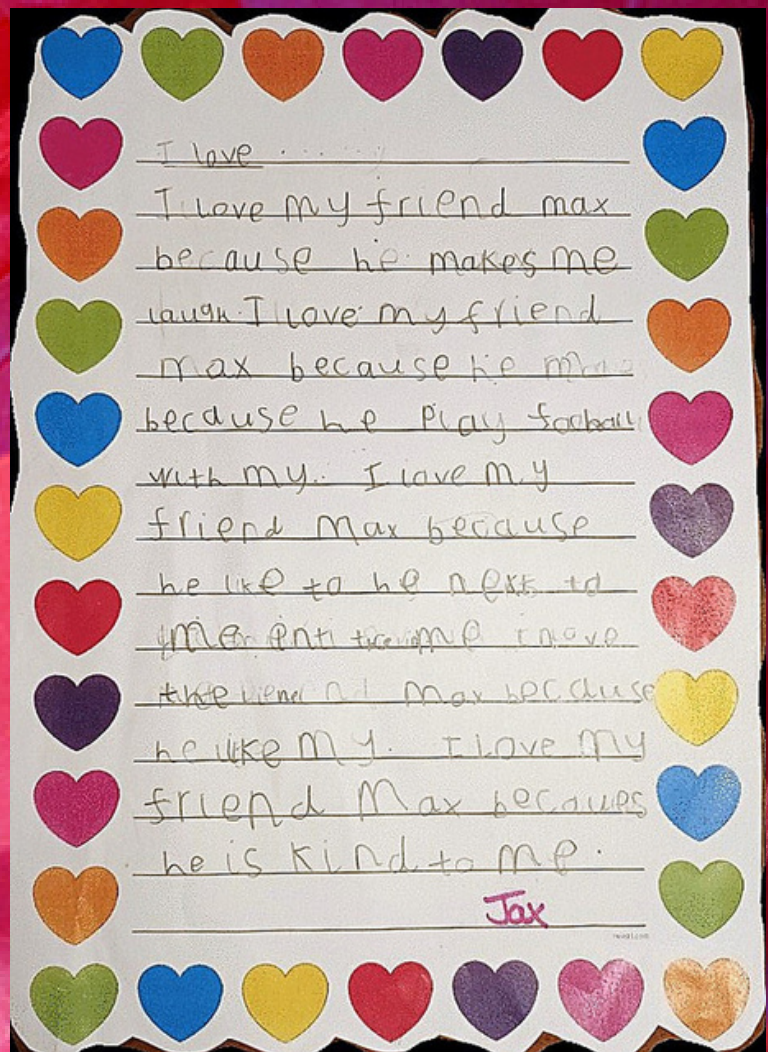
ISABEL SIMMONS

# I love... by Prep 1

JAX BUCKLE



FLORENCE GERRARD



# Lowry's Gallery by Prep VI



23

CANVA STORIES

**ELISSA MAHJOUB**



23

CANVA STORIES

**LUCY CAMPBELL**



23

CANVA STORIES

**LIBBY CHAN**



23

CANVA STORIES

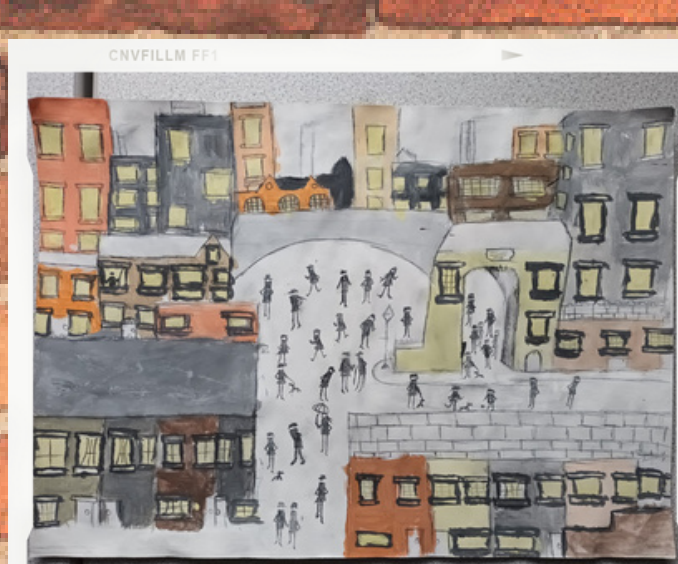
**KAIWEN CHEN**



23

CANVA STORIES

**SAMUAL MCMANUS**



23

CANVA STORIES

**ZARA ANIMASAUN**

# Emerging Independent Writing by Reception

I went to London to see the Shard and the Tower of London. I went to the toob

XAVIER WONG



I went to the zoo for a picnic



ROWAN AL-HELLI

rosted marshmelloo on the fire

AMBER KNIGHT



I went to the water park.



ALBIE WATTS

I Went to the mountains to Wuc with my familiee



ZARA YOUSIF

The ples Offiser cam too scool.



MARCEL GANCARZ



ISABELLE ZEIB

I went to a buffay. It was dilishus.

# The Great Fire of London by Prep II



POPPY BOYES



WILLIAM ROTHERHAM



CASEY KNIGHT



MYRA SAXENA



CARLY JOHNSON



BENJAMIN ELLIOTT

## Encounter of a Fishy Kind by Prep III

One sunny afternoon Nina was peacefully reading her favourite book in the city launderette when all of a sudden a blue light shone brightly in front of her. She realised that it was coming from the washing machine. She looked around to see if anyone was looking, then she crept curiously towards it. Quickly and quietly she opened the washing machine door and what a sight it was! Fish socks, jellyfish pants, all sorts. Nina wanted to explore so she took a deep breath and dived head first into the washing machine. She swam excitedly from a coral reef to different animals. "Oh my, this is awesome!" yelled Nina happily and she swam off to find more adventure.

Nina had swum extremely far into the washing machine but she didn't feel lost or alone at all. Just then a golden sock fish rushed past her. Nina followed the golden sock fish and finally caught up with it. For a few seconds she got hold of it, but then it swam away in a hurry. Now Nina did feel alone - she looked around her and saw a great, gigantic white shark. "Arrgh!" screeched Nina. She swam desperately towards the door of the washing machine and SPLASH! Nina had just managed to escape from the gigantic white shark. "Phew!" said Nina, relieved. She turned, and saw a shark, who said "I think those might be my pants."

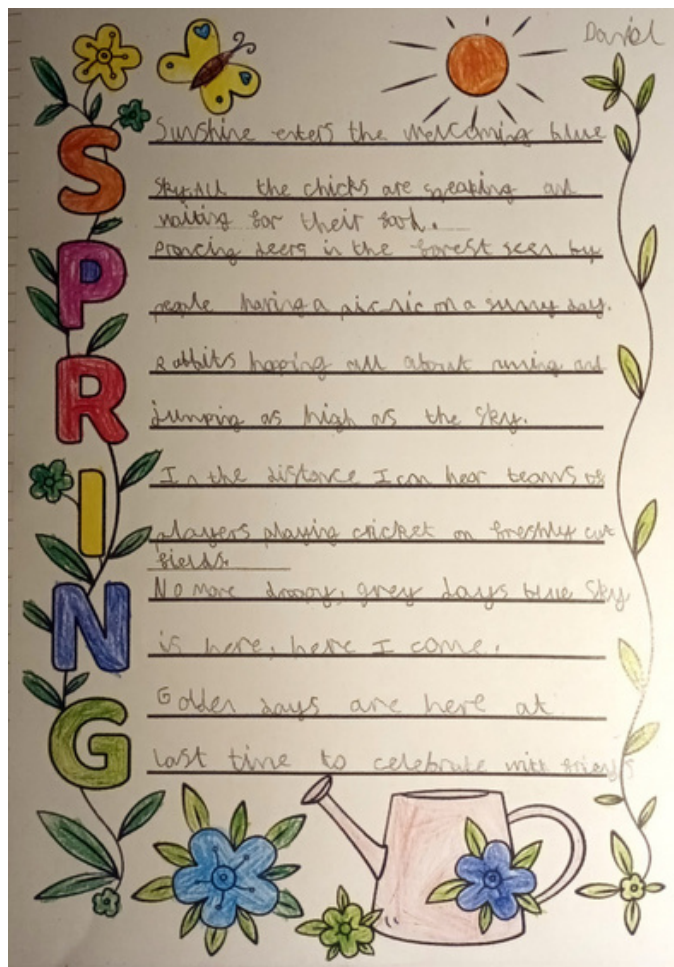
BEATRICE KENYON-LEIGH

Jill was once in a launderette waiting for her clothes to to wash when suddenly there were strange shadows in it. She looked into the washing machine and was amazed by what she saw! FISH! All of her socks had turned into fish! She was so dazed that she opened the washing machine door and climbed in. She found a coral reef. "How am I here?" she exclaimed in a daze. She saw jellyfish and then a shark! She cut through the water like a knife, but try as she might the shark kept up its pace too. Suddenly, she had an idea. She swam through a kelp forest and hid behind some kelp - but then she remembered SHE NEEDED AIR! She swam up to the window through the kelp, jellyfish, sea snakes and still the shark chased her. She could not hold her breath any more. She fell to the floor and got eaten...

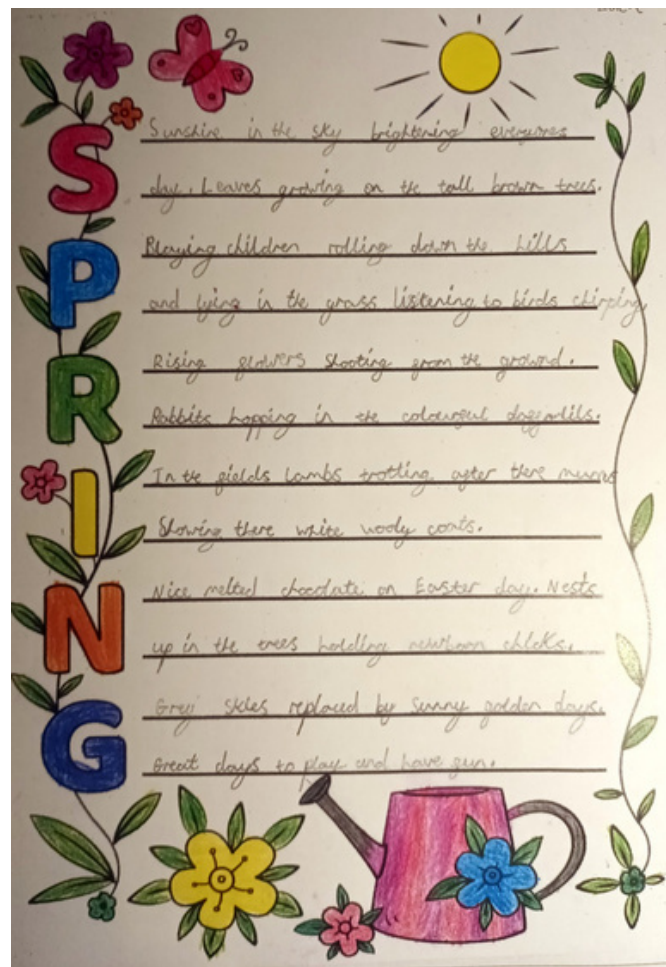
Her head shot up like a rocket. She was in her bedroom. "How did I get here?" she said - but then realised that it was just a nightmare.

OLIVER WITTERING

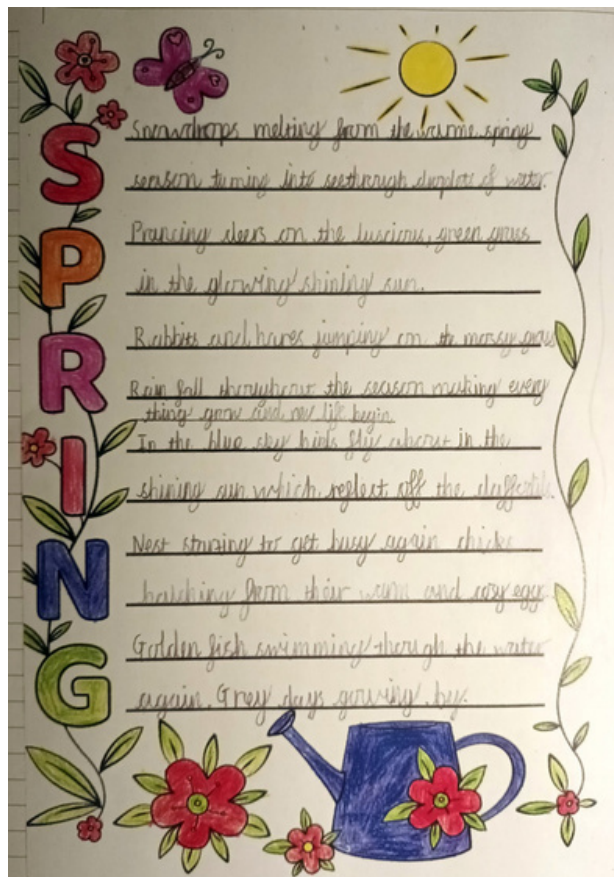
# Spring by Prep IV



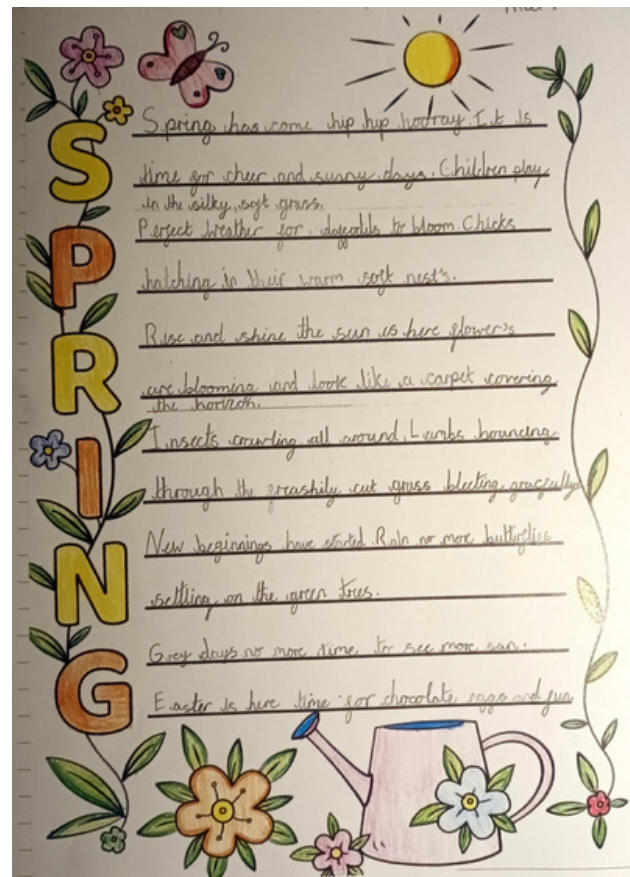
DANIEL AMORIM-HUNTER



LUCIE BLAKE



PATRICK ZHAO



MAIA BVUMA

# Hokusai's Mount Fuji by Prep V

RAGHAV NIJHAWAN AND KASPEN LAU



Zak

Lucas

ZAK GIANTZIDES AND LUCAS JONES



Raghav

Kaspen

A Japanese artist, Hokusai Katsushika, created a series of 36 woodblock prints showing the mountain in different seasons. He started work on the project in 1830 at the age of 70.

Partly due to its symmetrical cone, Fuji has become a symbol of the country. It has been featured in many drawings, paintings, books and poems.



Frankie

Angel

FRANKIE KELLY-SHANAHAN AND ANGEL OXLEY

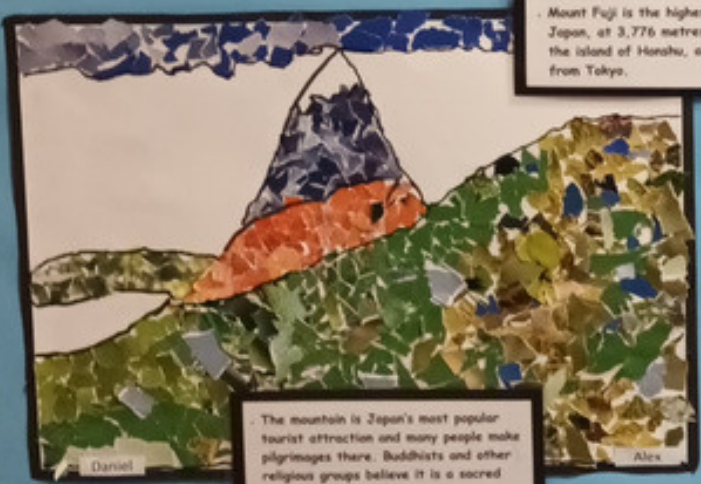


Dean

Leo

DEAN SHARIFF AND LEO FLEMING

Mount Fuji is actually a volcano. It last erupted in 1708. The crater is about 273 metres deep and measures about 530 metres across.



Daniel

Alex

DANIEL ADEBANJO AND ALEX MUCHARWA

The mountain is Japan's most popular tourist attraction and many people make pilgrimages there. Buddhists and other religious groups believe it is a sacred place.

Mount Fuji is the highest mountain in Japan, at 3,776 metres. It is located on the island of Honshu, about 100 km from Tokyo.



Abdullah

Vincent

ABDULLAH FARHAN AND VINCENT BERRY



# Bridgewater Street by Kindergarten



# A Recipe to Cure the Plague by Prep IV

## A Recipe to Cure the Plague By Jensen Payne

### Ingredients

- Bottle of wine
- Crushed Chili
- Bar of soap
- Bottle of vinegar
- Bottle of honey
- A few petals from the lavender bush

### Method

1. Firstly, pour into a large bowl a bottle of wine.
2. Secondly add the bar of soap and blend into the mixture.
3. Add a bottle of rich thick honey.
4. Pour in a bottle of vinegar
5. Next add a few petals taken from the lavender bush.
6. Bake in the oven for one hour.
7. Finally, sprinkle some crushed chilli on top

### Dosage

Take one spoonful every day after lunch.

## A Recipe to Cure the Plague By Olivia Bowden

### Ingredients

- A bunch of lavender
- A spoon of garlic
- A bowl of salt
- Handful of rabbit fur
- Juice of a lemon
- Spoonful of honey
- Sprinkling of chilli
- Jug of water

### Method

1. Firstly, pour in some chilli.
2. Secondly mix in with some cold fresh water.
3. After they have blended put in a teaspoon of salt.
4. Next, spoon in some garlic.
5. Cut up some lemons
6. Sprinkle some rabbit fur with some more salt.
7. Add some honey.
8. Finally sprinkle with lavender and let it settle for two hours.

### Dosage

Take a spoonful twice a day.

## A Recipe to Cure the Plague By Ruby Webb

### Ingredients

- Mixture of pickles
- A shark tooth
- Fermented duck egg
- A worm tail
- Sample
- Of Jam
- Some lettuce
- Mixture of tablets
- Oil

### Method

1. Firstly, using a large pot mash up the pickles till you have a smooth paste.
2. Add a worm tail into the pot.
3. Put in the sample f jam and mix with the pickles and the tail.
4. Crack open the dug egg and place into the pot.
5. Stir well some lettuce leaf till coated with the mixture.
6. Add the mixed tablets.
7. Sprinkle in a dash of oil.
8. Finally place the grated shark tooth on top of the mixture.

Dosage : Take two spoonful's a day after food.

## A Recipe to Cure the Plague By Ella Andrzejczuk

### Ingredients

- A litre of fresh lemonade.
- Two jars of honey
- Half a litre of juicy blended strawberries.
- Ten massive raspberries
- Five bright red petals
- Half a teaspoon of sugar
- A jug full of water.

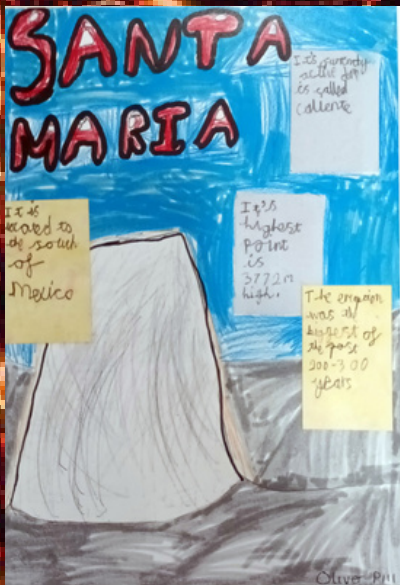
### Method

1. Firstly, make sure all the strawberries are crushed.
2. Secondly mix in some fresh lemonade.
3. After, blend in some juicy raspberries.
4. Pour in the jug full of water.
5. Next drizzle in some honey.
6. Then melt in the sugar.
7. Lastly, mix all the ingredients together and blend in the petals.

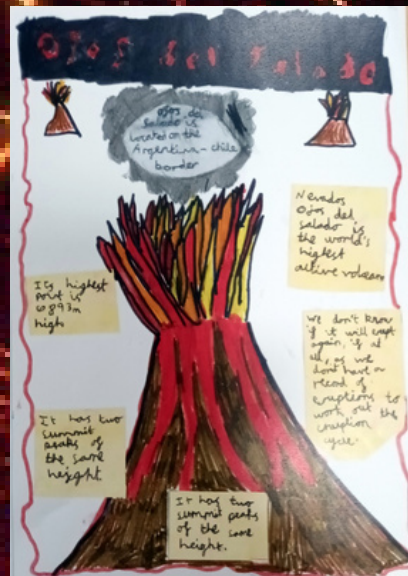
### Dosage :

Take three times a day two teaspoons.

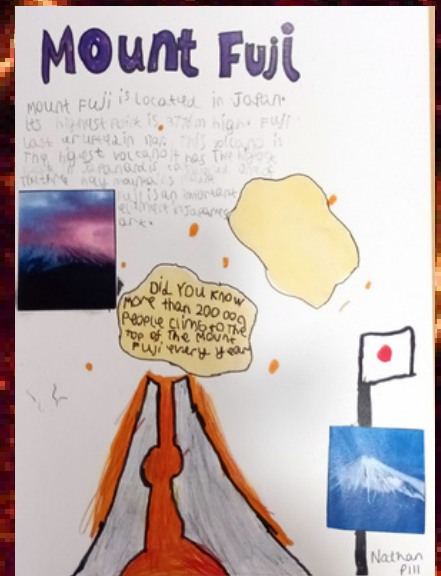
# Volcano! by Prep III



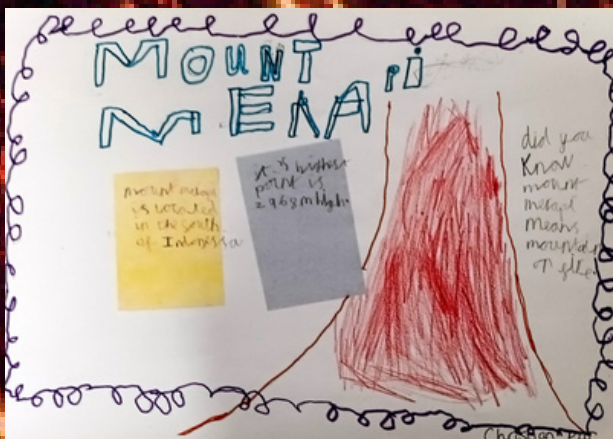
OLIVER WITTERING



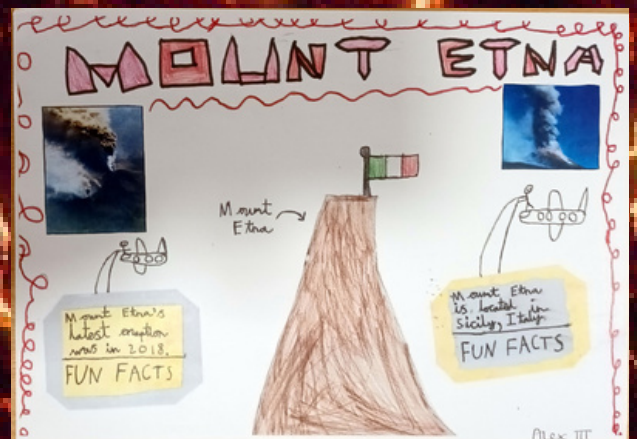
FLORENCE BARKER



NATHAN KUZNIK



CHRISTIAN HOOK

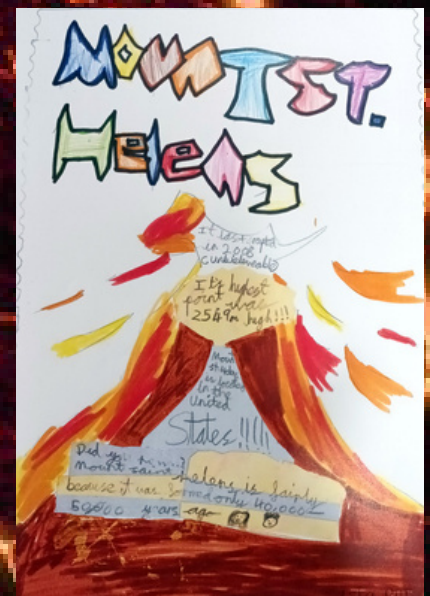
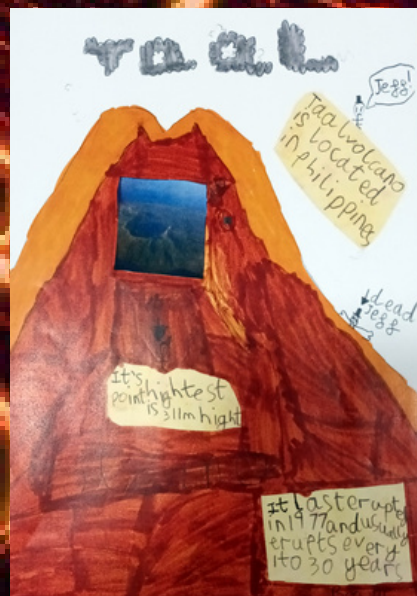
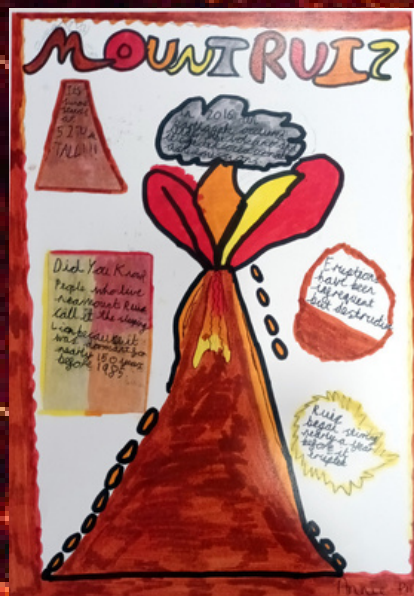


ALEX CLELAND

ANNIE JOHNSON

BENJAMIN SIMMONS

ISLA MAMEJA



# Abandoned Houses by Prep VI



**LIBBY CHAN**



**ADA AKSAKAL**



**ADAM BOYES**

**ZARA ANIMASAUN**



**AVA GERRARD**

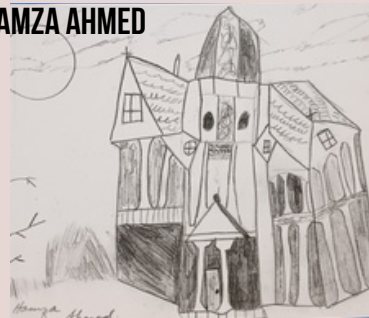


**BLAKE BUCKLE**

**ANGELINA ATKIN**



**HAMZA AHMED**



**ADAM BOYES**

**KAIWEN CHEN**



**DONYA HEDAYATI**




**LUCY CAMPBELL**

# Letter to an Athenian by Prep V

Dear Dino,

I am writing to tell you we are just life is way better than your pathetic life. We have strong babies and if the baby is not strong we do not take care of them like you do we let them die on a cold mountaintop. You get educated to play the lyre, music, drama and we get taught fighting and stealing. When we are six we were fighting and stealing while you were playing your lyre. Your girls do cleaning and cooking while our girls do gymnastics, hunting and wrestling. If you were a spartan infant, then you would be left on a cold mountaintop, where as I am as ruthless as a lion, no one would ever want to be an Athenian they are so boring! I feel sorry for you because you have at such a boring life when can you have fun? I bet you cannot even punch and hurt I bet a sparta baby is stronger than you as a weakling, also who needs democracy? You just need two powerful kings. Athens is worthless who would ever want to live in that horrid city, you watching plays and learning poetry. Be silent like us then would all be okay. You can change, but she will never change! From ruthless Kosta

Dino  
Athens  
Greece




Lavla  
LAYLA LIVSEY

Dear Dino

I am writing to tell you that sparta is the superior country. We have strong babies as strong as stone. All you have are feeble babies who are as weak as cattle. I & you think that we learn how to "play the lyre" and recite poetry then your wrong. We learn the true education of: hunting, wrestling and fighting because we are warriors from birth. Our girls hunt our lunch and can beat your strongest warriors in a fist fight. We go to war in no armour whereas your army try and make the strongest, most durable armour. Why waste time on six thousand people voting when you can just elect two kings to vote for you? What is the point of your agoras that you own when you can just steal from others and hunt your own food? When I was younger my brutal training led me to become a soldier giving my soul to the whole of sparta protecting it with my life.

Dino  
Athens  
Greece

From ruthless Kosta



Alex

ALEX MUCHARWA?

## Impossible Gifts by Prep IV

These are the gifts I would,  
If I could,  
Give to you...

The blooming daffodils which shine when  
you walk past them.

The beautiful sun beams that radiate  
down to brighten your day.

A hurricane to take my breath away  
because it is full of love for you.

I would bring the sun down just for you.  
The last bit of love I had I would give to  
you.

These are the gifts I would,  
If I could,  
Give to you.

KEANE WATTS

These are the gifts I would,  
If I could,  
Give to you...

The most flower gracefully passing your face.  
The most magical butterflies singing their  
graceful melody.

The most glittering and most shining star  
carrying my love.

The heavenly angels with their pure white  
pearls sending love.

The final gift I would give to you is a wave of  
everlasting love for you.

These are the gifts I would,  
If I could,  
Give to you.

MAIA BVUMA

These are the gifts I would,  
if I could,  
Give to you...

The everlasting magical rainbows I would give  
to you.

The blooming yellow daffodils in the  
springtime I would give to you.

The last twinkling star in the sky I would wish  
for you.

The warmth of the sunshine beating down  
wrapping you in my love I would carry to you.  
The tsunami of love I will always have for you

These are the gifts I would,  
If I could,  
Give to you.

LEONARD ODEMAYOWA

These are the gifts I would,  
If I could,  
Give to you...

A rainbow that is colourful and filled with  
love.

The gift of the most glittering star in the  
sky.

The memory of love and joy that lasts  
forever.

The beautiful butterfly that is flying  
across the sunshine.

The sun shining gives you love and  
warmth.

Angles make you feel happy and love.  
The oak tree that grows apples that I can  
pick for you.

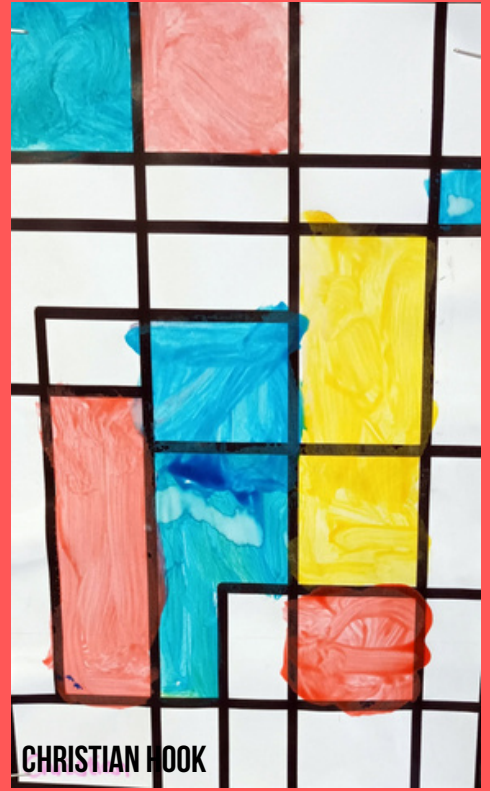
These are the gifts I would,  
If I could,  
Give to you.

YING WON KWOK

# Mondrian by Prep IIII



ANDREW ATURINDA



CHRISTIAN HOOK

TANISHA JOSHI



ISABELLE HARRISON

FLORENCE BARKER

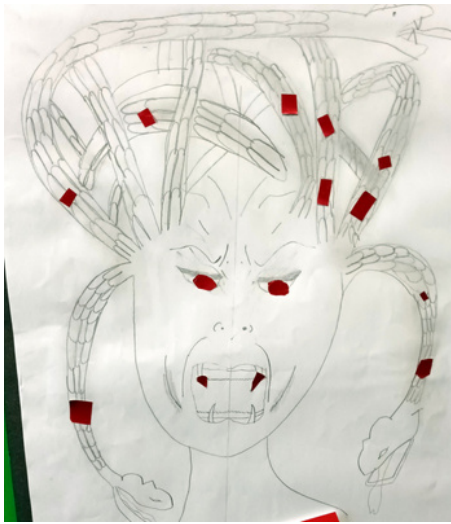


Florence

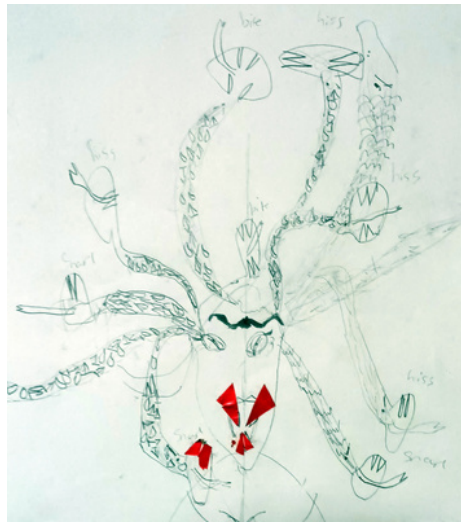
HANNAH SIBANDA



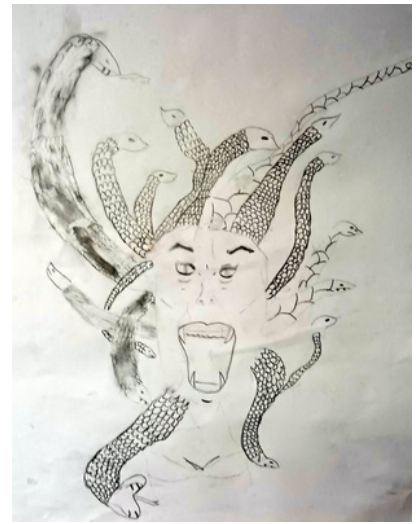
# Letter to an Athenian by Prep V



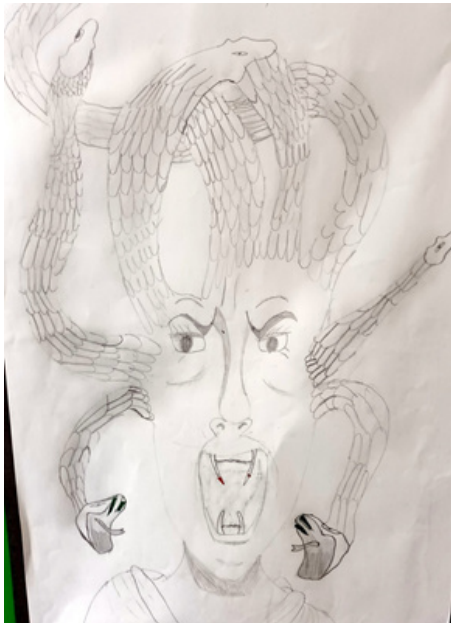
**KASPEN LAU**



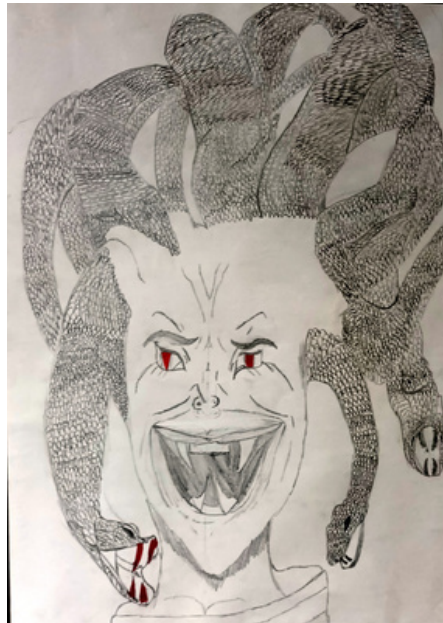
**DANIEL ADEBANJO**



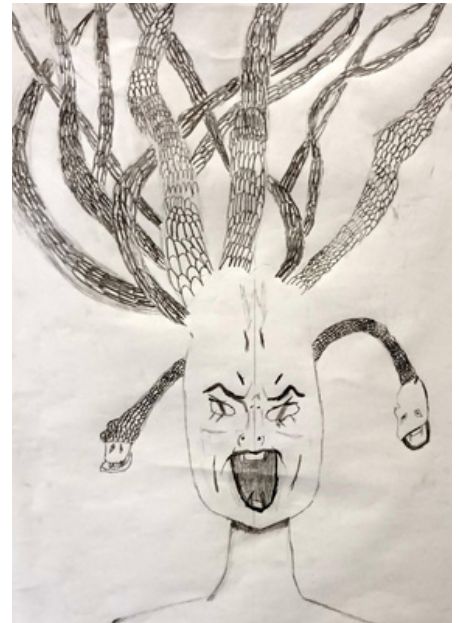
**LIBERTY PARDEN**



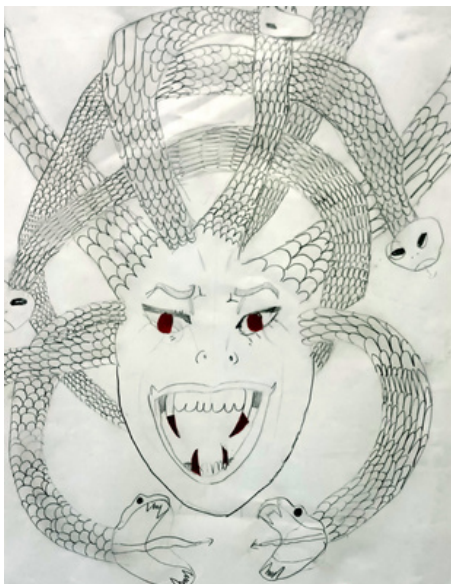
**RAGHAV NIJHAWAN**



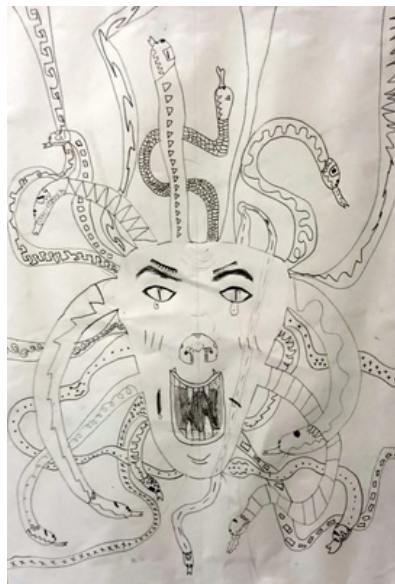
**ARTHUR BARKER**



**ZAK GIANTZIDES**



**LAYLA LIVSEY**



**DAVID ADEBANJO**



**AMELIA BVUMA**

## The House

As I walked around the house, the wind made the leaves drop on the floor from the big tree. All of the leaves were on the floor making it slippery to walk. The house was old with dirty walls and dark windows. It felt as if it had been abandoned for a hundred years. Inside, the house felt like it was filled with darkness because there were no lights. It made it look even more empty and old. But not all of the windows were not dark and they are clear, so I think someone who lived in this house before must have painted the windows black so that other people cannot see what was inside the house.

The door front of the old house was black with two windows above it. Together they looked like a person's face. The dark door looked like a big open mouth of someone who had seen something scary and had opened their mouth wide in fright, with those two windows above it looking like a pair of frightened eyes. The bell between the door and windows was like a nose. Put together, the windows, the bell and the door were amazingly like a face!

In the kitchen, the cupboards were opened and it looked like a big mess. The whole kitchen looked old. The fridge did not work because it was broken, and the food inside could no longer be eaten. The floor was made of wooden floorboards. I did not think anybody used the kitchen now but someone must have used it before because it looks old and dirty. I also think if someone tried to cook the food in this kitchen, it would not taste good because there are no bowls or pans for cooking.

As I walked up stairs, I saw a painting of a train on the wall. There was a driver and there were many people - passengers - going to work. Some people were waiting for the train to go to the next station, and other people were working. There were people sitting on seats, waiting for trains or just wanting to take a rest. The bottom of the stairs was dark but as I walked up it changed and I saw it was different at the top. There were many lights for people. Looking back down, the stairs looked old and dark. The room at the top of the stairs looked like a room that was used as a studio for someone who designed dresses. Inside the room, there was also a tiny house for dolls. I think it was made out of something like Lego. There was also a tricycle. In the middle of the room there was a dressmaker's dummy (mannequin). I think it was for the designer to put the dress on that they have done, all ready for a model to wear. Perhaps it was to help the designer make the dress the right size. There was also a mirror on the right side of the room to help the designer when they looked at their dresses.