

PREP MAGAZINE

Autumn Term
2025-2026

SELF PORTRAIT IN THE STYLE OF HOM NGUYEN BY CARLY JOHNSON PREP VI



Skeletons by Prep I



MILO SCHOFIELD-JONES



AHMED CHAUDHRY



CECE KELLY-YARDE



BEBE DREWE



NEEL SAXENA



Lest We Forget

Red poppies scattered amongst the field of Flanders
Everyone standing tall, all these soldiers swore that they wouldn't fall,
Memories flooded with tears fell
Every year we stop to commemorate the people we have lost
Many people we shall not forget because they went to war
Brave men and women get our largest respect
Everyone injured but still stood tall
Remember the honour the soldiers felt in the World War

THEO MATTHEWS PREP IV



Self Portrait in the Style of Hom Nguyen by Prep VI



ARIYA MODARRES



CARTER RILEY



LA FILLE EN ROSE BY HOM NGUYEN



WILLIAM ROTHERAM



AMNA IQBAL



IBRAHIM CHAUDHRY



HARRIET MONAGHAN



HALLIE ANDERSON



AMELIE MONAGHAN



ASA BARTON-JOHAL



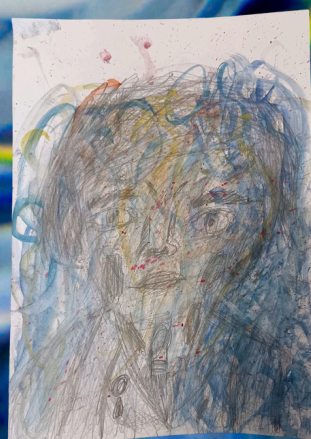
ROSE BRIDGFORD



POPPY BOYES



BENJAMIN ELLIOTT



ELIJAH GRIFFITHS



CASEY KNIGHT

Cave Paintings by Prep III



SOPHIE BIRCHALL



SASHA SABARISH



ISABEL SIMMONS



FIFI SAEED



AIZAH ZOHAB



ISMAIL CHAUDHRY



JACOB OFORI



ZANE OSEMENE



ANTONIO KEANEY



KILLIAN BROWNLOW



ALBERT BEALE



JETT PONT



VALENTINA JONES



ERIN BARR



SOPHIA MORAN



GEORGIA TURBEFIELD



NIKOLAS WITTERING



TYLER JAMES

Feather Owls by Reception



CONNIE SPAVIN



BOBBIE BRITTON-LYNCH



ANNIE FISHER



MILA MCGILLIVRAY



HALLE KERWIN



MICHAIL KALA



ZURIEL OSEMENE



TILLY MUTTON



ALEXANDER GAGOPHIEN



AHMAD HUFFI

Recipe for the Iron Man by Prep IV

Starter

Crispy brass bolts with a gold dip
Some fresh steel utensils

Tin aluminium with some mercury oil
Some baked keys and a group of chains

Main

CANnelli with crunchy chrome topping
Mini armour stuffed with spicey zinc
Titanium microwaves topped with pins and needles
Copper bikes sprinkled with magnets
Platinum engine with fresh tin locks

Desserts

Copper cans drizzled with baked keys
Silver pipes with tine and pins

Drinks

Mercury fizz
Melted diamond punch
Copper cocktail with fresh pins and needles

Side orders

Coins and rubies layered with gold

AMBER KNIGHT

Starter

Crispy iron magnets with grilled seasoned tin foil
A stuffed pipe with greasy metal barbed wire
Our special silver spoon

Main

A spicy layered needle with marinated engine sprinkled with scissors
and locks

Our special is washing machine garnished with drizzled coins

Desserts

Melted zinc with a side of glazed keys
A mixed delightful of tins

Succulent screws and baked pens

Drinks

Copper oil melted in a shiny gold tin

Side orders

A fresh mixed batch of coins in a dressing of crushed tin food
A copper chrome pipe with barbed wire

ZARA YOUSIF

Starter

Tin foil drizzled in many different oils
Pins inside a crispy tin
Delicious pipes with rusty barbed wire
Crunchy screws dipped in zinc

Main

Magnets with a radio in the middle
Mixed scrap with a delicious tin
Engine sprinkled with needles and scissors
Many iron armour pieces dipped in a gold liquid

Desserts

Locks with tin foil wrapped around them then dipped in
bronze

Tin with spoons, forks and knives

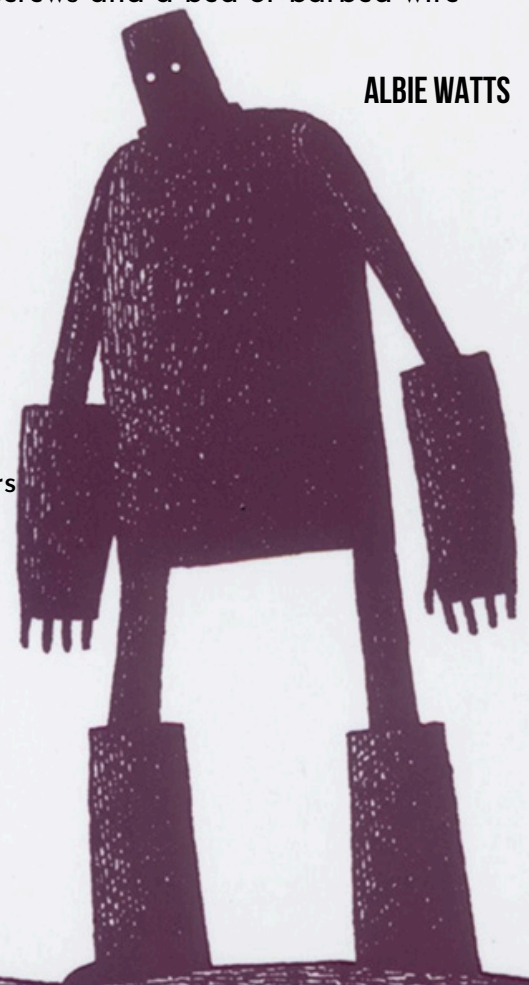
Drinks

Gold frost
Steel rock
Diamond blue

Side orders

Crisp screws and a bed or barbed wire

ALBIE WATTS



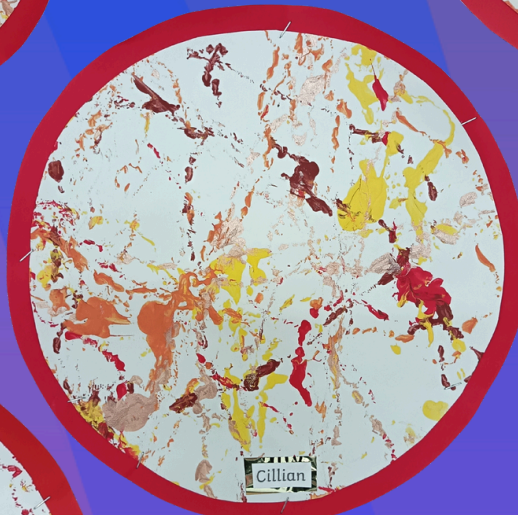
Conker Rolling by Kindergarten



AYAANSH SHADWAL



AGATHA KUZMINS



CILLIAN BARR



HEIDI JOHNSON



LOTTIE SHUTTLEWORTH



LIO BHARATH



EVAN BENTHAM

The Beast by Prep V

His breath is a hot tornado
His breath is like a roaring beast,
His eyes are staring into you
His eyes are fierce when you look into them,
His hands are brown
His hands are all scarred and battered.
His appetite is screaming and croaking
His appetite is roaring every second
His mood is furious if you go near him
His mood is DEADLY ANGRY!
His voice screams and shouts!!
His venomous voice cackles in a low laugh!
His teeth are warm
His teeth devour wood
He is extinguished by water
He dies down as the night goes on.

DARCY SPAVIN AND EDIE REDFERN

There is a monstrous beast in my garden.
The breath roars into the air.

The eyes dance like a beast.
The hands shriek and cackle while dancing away.

He devours the food and roars louder.
The mood of this beast is furious and looks like it's going to explode.

The voice is deep and crackly.
The teeth are like the blade of a razor.
When it dies it does not get fed and it sleeps in the morning and lays in its bed.

TOBAN SHARPLES-BROWN

A crackling sound of a starry night, its tongues
breathing on me.
The size of it is vast, its hands reaching out for me
It's gritting its teeth and it's growing scarier and
scarier by the minute
The voice is calling me, sparkles everywhere
The eyes, red, orange and yellow, are staring down
at me like a hawk
The powerful breath and the sparkling eyes are
looking down and blinding me,
The hands are both grabbing me and blinding my
vision
The death in its eyes is killing me and the wild
beast gobbles trees whole,
The eyes are weakening,
Ashes fall upon it.
Death is near.

DEXTER TURNER AND THEO CARSWELL

CLASSROOM

When the Teacher Isn't There by Prep VI

We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

We swing on the chairs, We dare to swear,
Destroy all the planning, When the teacher isn't there.

We like to party, We dance on the chairs
And on the tables, When the teacher isn't there.

We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

We throw books round the room,
And do dangerous dares,
We write on the walls, When the teacher isn't there.

We eat his secret sweets, We pull on hair,
We dance on the ceiling, When the teacher isn't there.

We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

HALLIE ANDERSON

We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

We dance on the tables, R.I.P the books beyond repair

Fight with rulers
When the teacher isn't there.

We throw bags out the window, We pull girls' hair
We go on computers When the teacher isn't there.
We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

We dance on the tables, We rock on the chairs,

We do some tai kwon do, When the teacher isn't there.

We write on the board, We fly planes through the air,
We climb on the curtains, When the teacher isn't there.

We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

We backflip off the tables, We erect an evil lair,
We establish a hairdressers, When the teacher isn't there.

We go on the laptop, We do what we dare,
We escape school, When the teacher isn't there.

We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

ELIJAH GRIFFITHS

We do backflips on the roofs
Complete a dangerous dare
We use pencils as spears
When the teacher isn't there.

We play a rugby match
We never play fair
We shred all the tests
When the teacher isn't there.
We don't mind,
We don't care,
When the teacher isn't there.

WILLIAM ROTHERAM

Feather Owls by Reception



SELIN SELCUK-MILTON



FAITH OGIERAKHI



NOLA GRIFFITHS



TILLY MUTTON



THEO BENNETT



RISHAAN JOSHI



SIENNA FOLEY



NELLE WILD



MICHAELA MOYO



ELEANOR CEGARRA-PAGNOTTA

Traction Man by Prep II

Traction man: I am here to rescue you!

Save us traction.

Evil Pillow: I will defeat you Traction man.

The boy had with Traction man.

Grandma: I will save you traction man.

ISABELLE ROTHERAM

Poisonous Dish Cloth: You can't escape me now!

Oh Traction Man! you're so charming!

Never fear I am here! I will save you ladies!!

Traction Man: Traction Man! I will save you! Don't worry about anything!

You will never defeat me! Mwaha ha ha ha ha!

Wicked Professor Spade

MARYAM HUFFI

Traction Man: Never fear Traction Man is here!

Oh Traction Man I love you can't kiss you!

Evil Pillow: I will nack you with my pillow face.

I will dig up every inch of your body.

All in a days work scubble double!

Scrubbing Brush

I will salt you with my black ink!

Poisonous Dish Cloth

ANASTASIOS SOTIRIOU

Traction Man: I am coming don't be sick!

Traction Man help, help! We're stucke!

Traction Man you are going to be stuck together ha ha ha! you are stuck!

Evil Pillows.

Traction Man I can save you. Are you okay by you?

Scrubbing Brush

I Made this for you Oh thank's your Present!

Grandma

LULA DREWE

Stonehenge by Prep III



VALENTINA JONES



ANTONIO KEANEY



ISMAIL CHAUDHRY



ALBERT BEALE



KILLIAN BROWNLOW



AIZAH ZOHAIB



TYLER JAMES



SASHA SABARISH



FIFI SAEED



SOPHIA MORAN



JACOB OFORI



ISABEL SIMMONS



GEORGIA TURBEFIELD



JETT PONT



SOPHIE BIRCHALL



ZANE OSEMENE



ERIN BARR



NIKOLAS WITTERING

Victorian Reg People by Prep V



LUCY SMOLAR



CLAUDIA JONES



GABRIEL GRIFFITHS



DEXTER TURNER



MAX MARSDEN



AUSTIN ROYLE

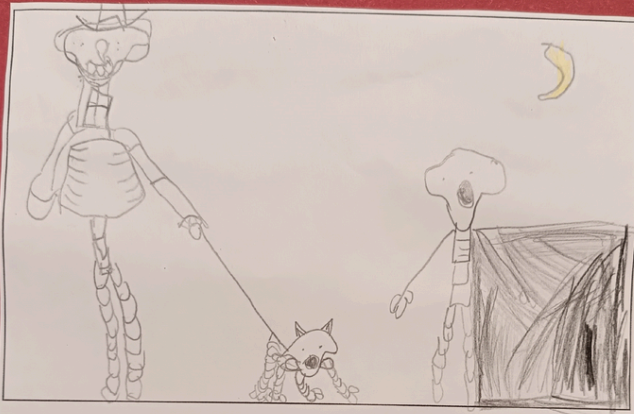


FLORENCE GERRARD



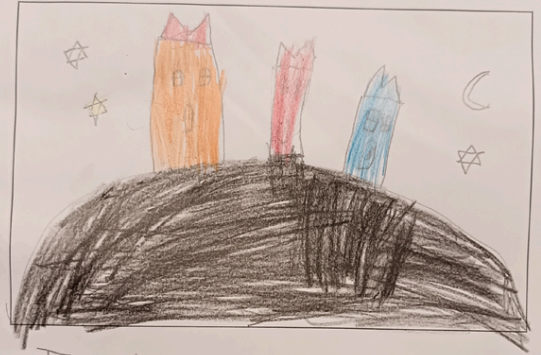
LEO MARTINI

Funnybones by Prep I



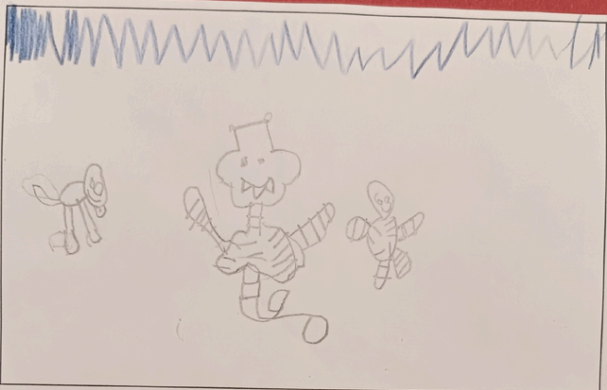
I like it when the
dog breaks his
bones.

ALFRED BEALE



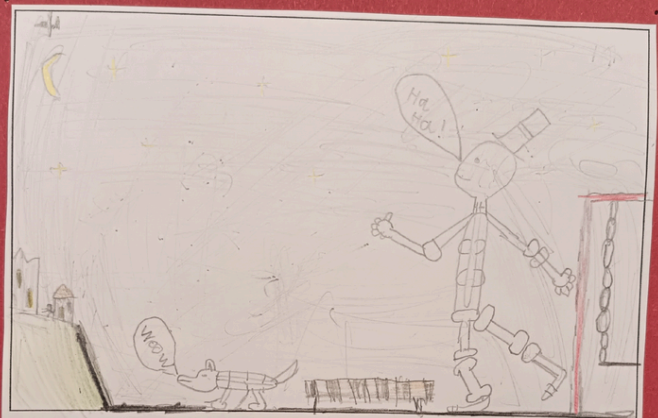
I like it when
the dog bones
break.

SIENNA MCGILLIVRAY



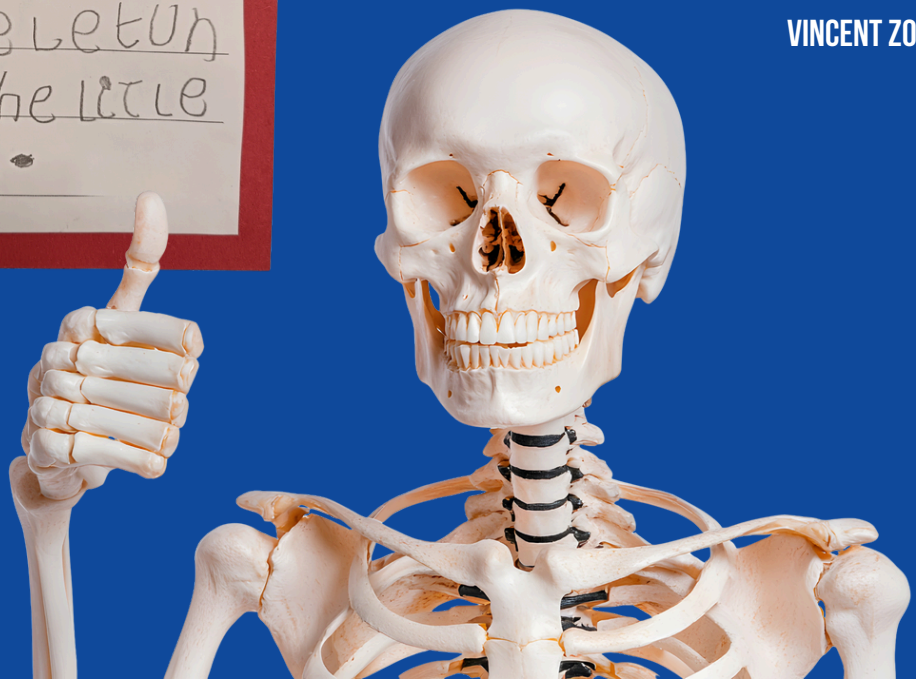
I like it when
the big skeleton
frightens the little
skeleton.

AYDIN KALA



I like it when they frighten
each other.

VINCENT ZOLNIERCZYK



Reception's Parliament of Printed Owls



AHMAD HUFFI



ALEXANDER GAGOPHIEN



FAITH OGIERIAKHII



MICHAELA MOYO



ANNIE FISHER



HALLE KERWIN



MIKHAIL KALA



MILA MCGILLIVRAY



BOBBIE BRITTON-LYNCH



NELLE WILD



SIENNA FOLEY



ZURIEL OSEMENE



CONNIE SPAVIN



PHOEBE JEVONS



ELEANOR CEGARRA-PAGNOTTA



THEO BENNETT



NOLA GRIFFITHS



RISHAAN JOSHI

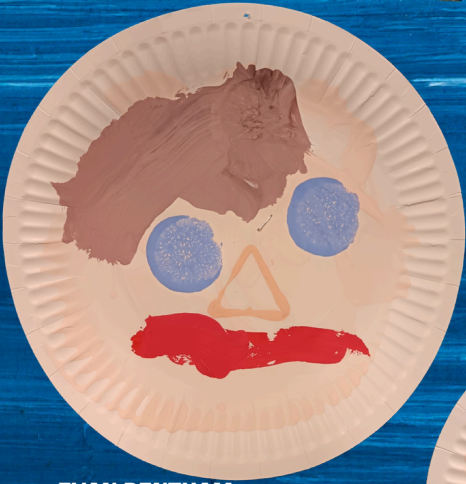


TILLY MUTTON



SELIN SELCUK-MILTON

Self portraits by Kindergarten



EVAN BENTHAM



LIO BHARATH



SCARLETT GRAY



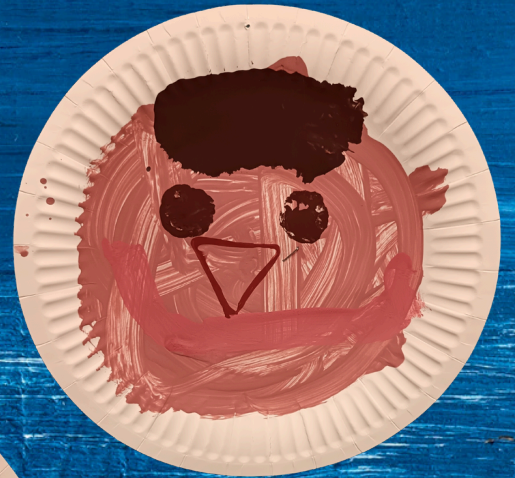
ALBA DREWE



MOLLY JEVONS



LOTTIE SHUTTLEWORTH



AYAANSH SHADWAL



HEIDI JOHNSON

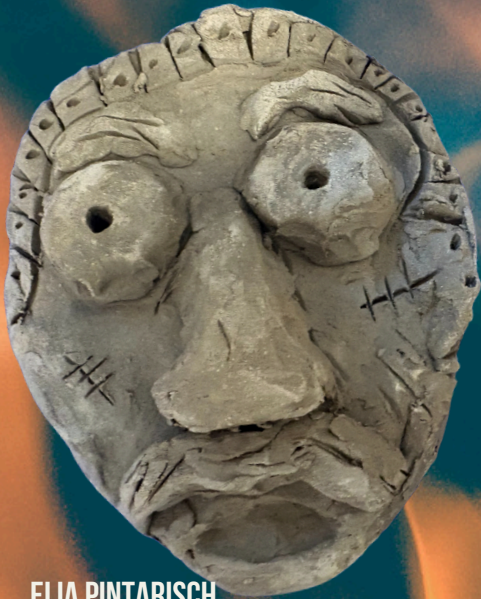


CILLIAN BARR



AGATHA KUZMINS

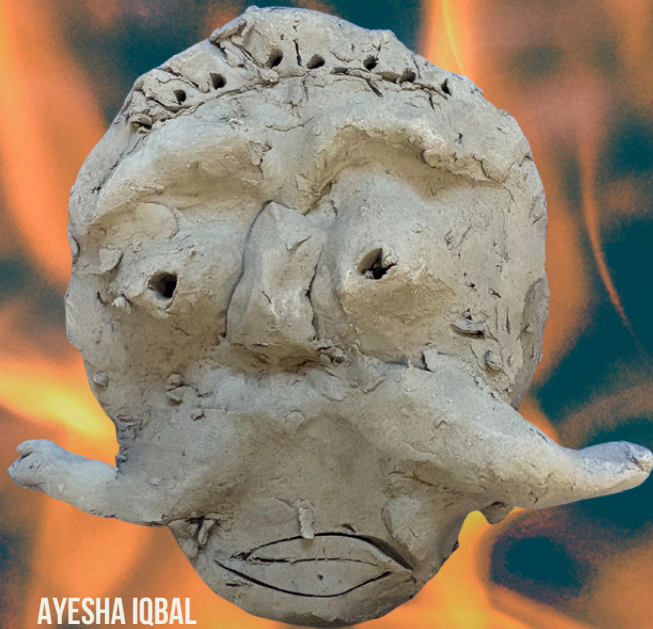
Viking Sculptures by Prep IV



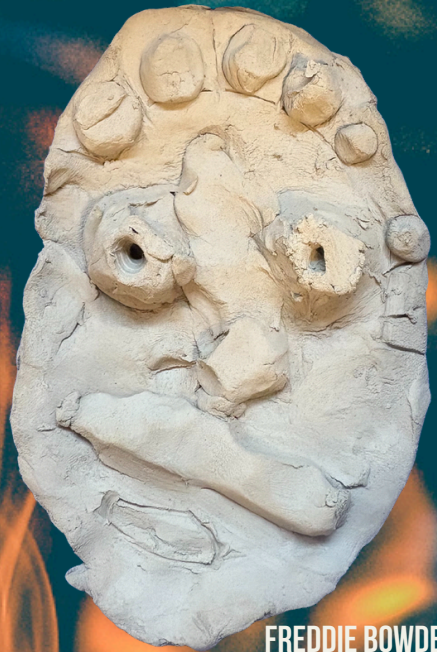
ELIA PINTARISCH



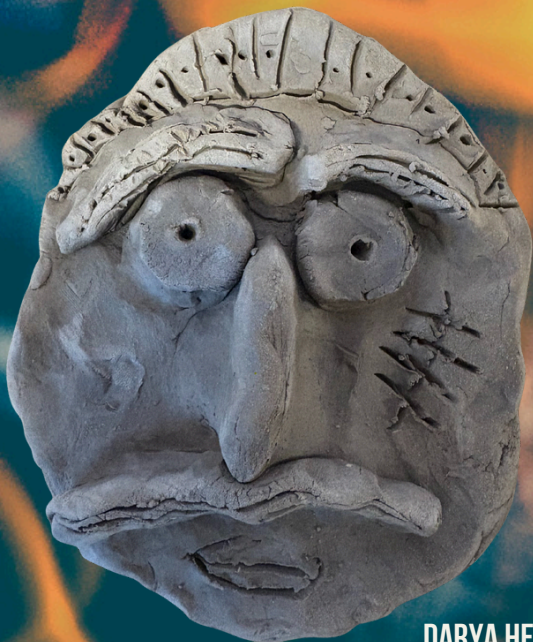
DANA FLEMING



AYESHA IQBAL



FREDDIE BOWDEN



DARYA HEDAYATI



RUDY DOWDESWELL

Autumn Birds by Prep I



ARTHUR WEIGHMAN



LILI ABRAHAM



MARTINA JONES

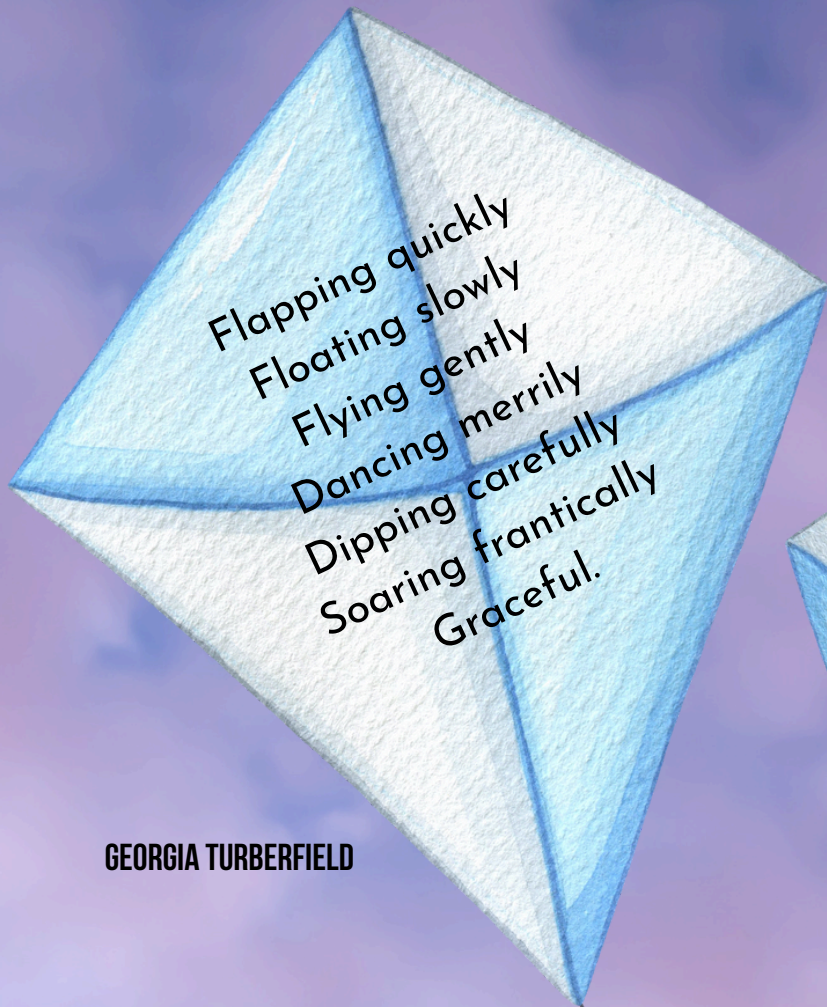


VIENNA LEONARD



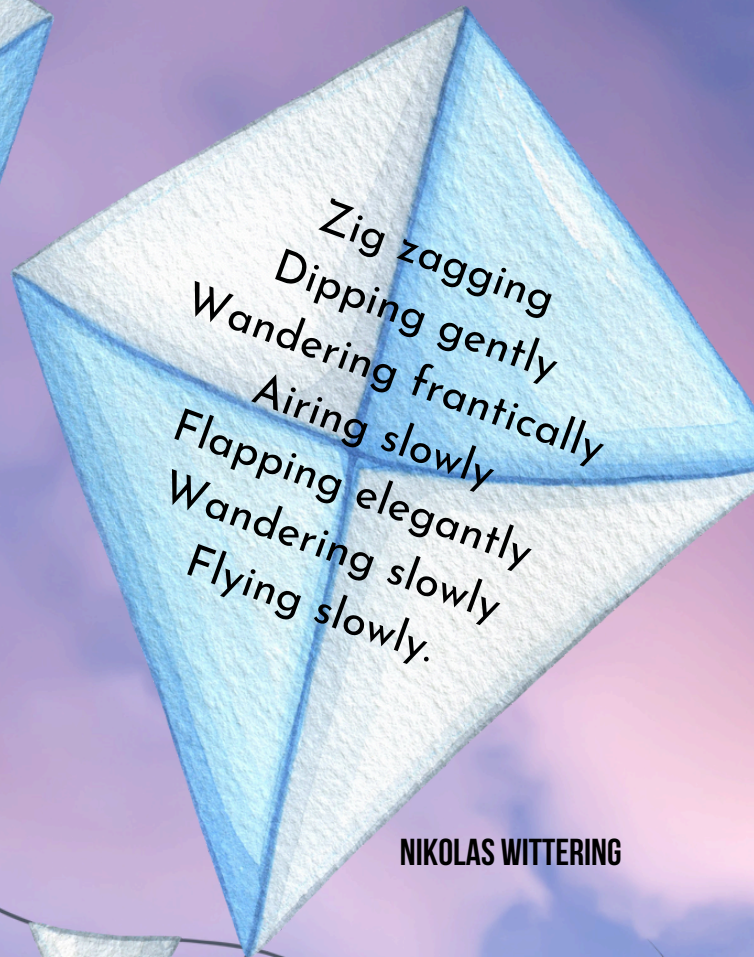
ARTHUR JIANG

Kites by Prep III



Flapping quickly
Floating slowly
Flying gently
Dancing merrily
Dipping carefully
Soaring frantically
Graceful.

GEORGIA TURBERFIELD



Zig zagging
Dipping gently
Wandering frantically
Airing slowly
Flapping elegantly
Wandering slowly
Flying slowly.

NIKOLAS WITTERING

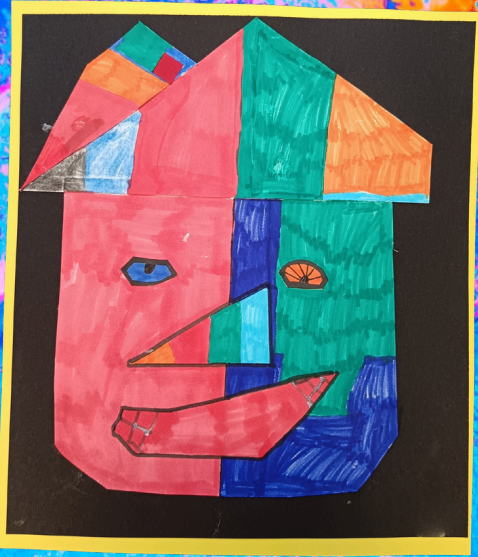


Zooming quickly
Dipping slowly
Dancing merrily
Flying elegantly
Soaring frantically
Drifting gently
Floating.

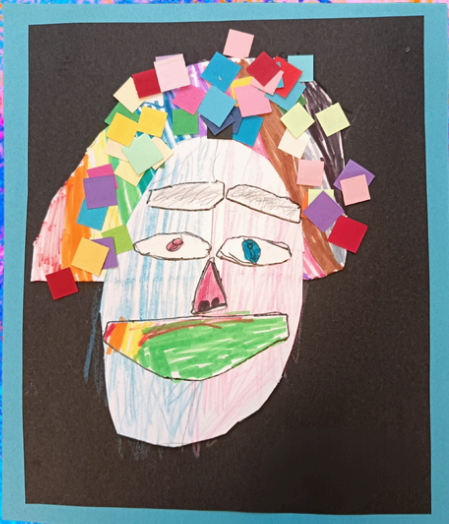
VALENTINA JONES



Picasso Collage Pictures by Prep II



TOBY KENYON-LEIGH



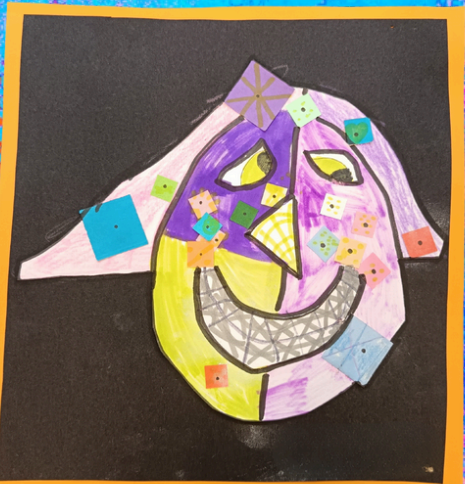
HAFSA IQBAL



MILLY ABRAHAM



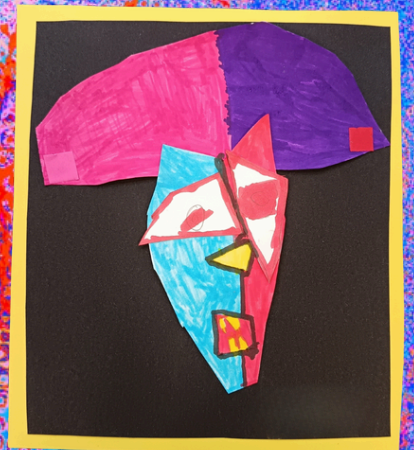
CHLOE LIVESEY



WILLOW WAXMAN



ISABELLE ROTHERAM



SARA BROUWER



LULA DREWE



ANASTASIOS SOTIRIOU



VINNY BIBBY

Gloopy and his dream of dancing

One day, Gabriella went to her dance class after school. She flung her ice-cream-themed bag on the cold marble floor. Inside was a matching pencil case full of colourful stationery. The happiest member was Gloopy, the glue stick. All of a sudden, Gloopy heard music coming from outside the bag. Intrigued, he popped his cap out and saw a swirl of sound and movement. In that moment, he knew this was his destiny. Gloopy started to sway and turn to the beat. Shuffling back into the case, he asked, "What's going on out there, guys? What are they doing?" Shelly, the sharp pencil, replied, "This is dance, darling - movement to music."

From that moment, Gloopy knew he needed to dance. He spent days spinning on his lid like a pirouette and nights choreographing fun routines with his stationery friends. One evening, he decided enough was enough. "I'm going to run away and become a professional dancer," he announced. His friends burst out laughing.

"Who'd want to see a glue stick dance?" sniggered the sharpener.

"You'll just get stuck!" scolded the scissors, cutting deep.

"Even I'm more flexible than you," said the rubber, rubbing it in.

Despite their teasing, Gloopy made a plan to escape.



The next day, when Gabriella went to school, Gloopy legged it off the table and rolled down the corridor into the big wide world. He'd memorised the way to the dance school from all his trips there with Gabriella. On the door were bright neon letters: AUDITIONS TODAY FOR DANCE SCHOLARSHIP. Giddy with excitement, Gloopy burst into the room and joined in at the back. He jumped, spun, and leapt, feeling the music all the way to his plastic core. But soon he felt hot. Oh no, he thought, I can't get hot or I'll melt! Suddenly another dancer bumped into him and-STICK! She was glued to his back. Then-CRASH!-another stuck to his side.

"Erm, NO! NO, just no!" shouted one of the judges.

"Who are you, and what are you doing with my dancers?"

"S-s-sorry," stuttered Gloopy. "I just wanted to dance."

"Well, you're the worst dancer I've ever seen!" mocked the judge. "You're a glue stick - stiff and sticky!"

"You were melting and sticking to everyone," added the other sternly.

Gloopy was heartbroken. Maybe he would never become a dancer after all.

He swayed and sobbed all the way back to school, where Gabriella was now in art class.

"Gloopy! Where's my glue stick?" she screeched.

Gloopy couldn't believe she'd missed him. He peeked out shyly. When Gabriella spotted him, she hugged him tight. "Finally! What would I do without you?"

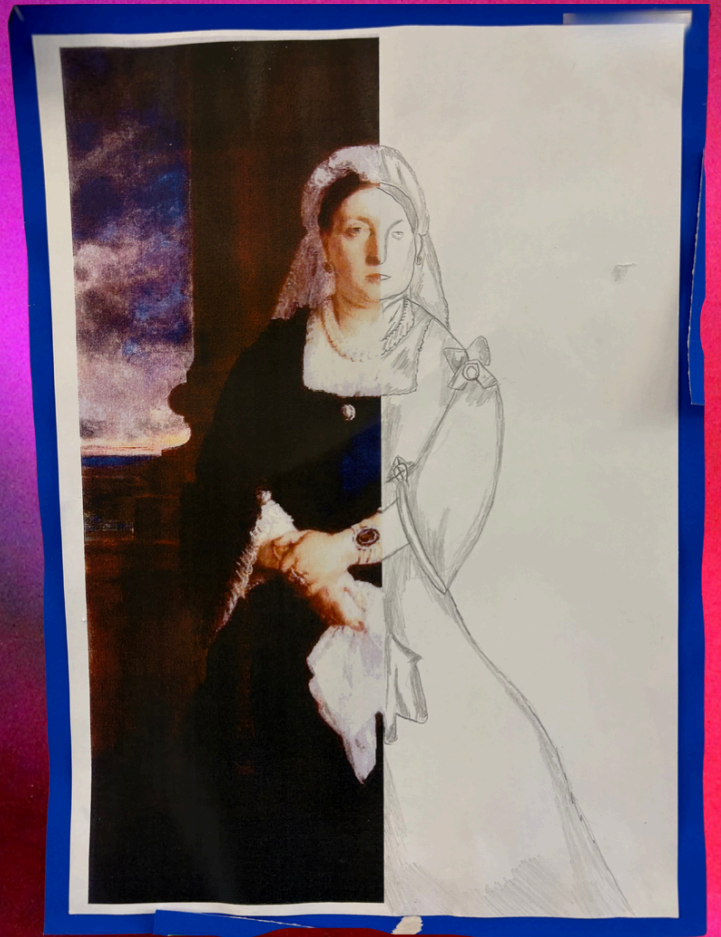
Gloopy felt happy again. She popped him back into the pencil case. His friends were delighted to see him and apologised for being mean. They told him they'd missed his pencil-case dance shows and that he was more than just a glue stick - he was a good friend, needed by Gabriella, and already the best dancer in their eyes.

"We love you, Gloopy."

Queen Victoria by Prep V



PHILIPPA CASH



ALICE BAILEY



JOVI CANNON

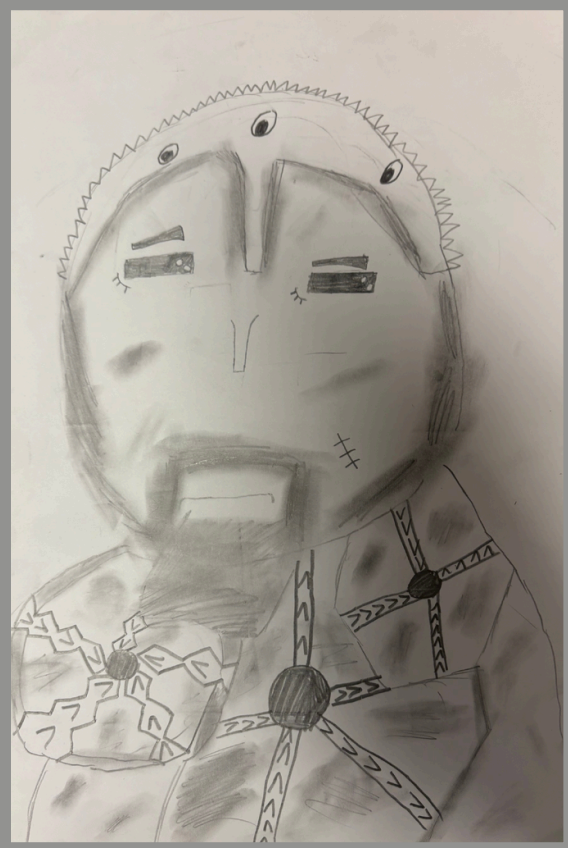


ANJOLAOLUWA SANYAOLU

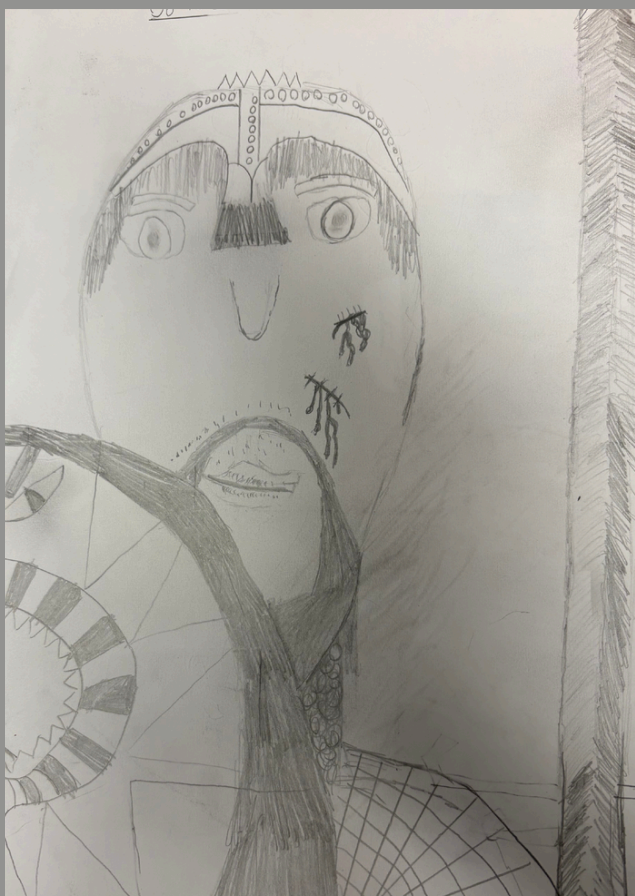
Viking Portraits by Prep IV



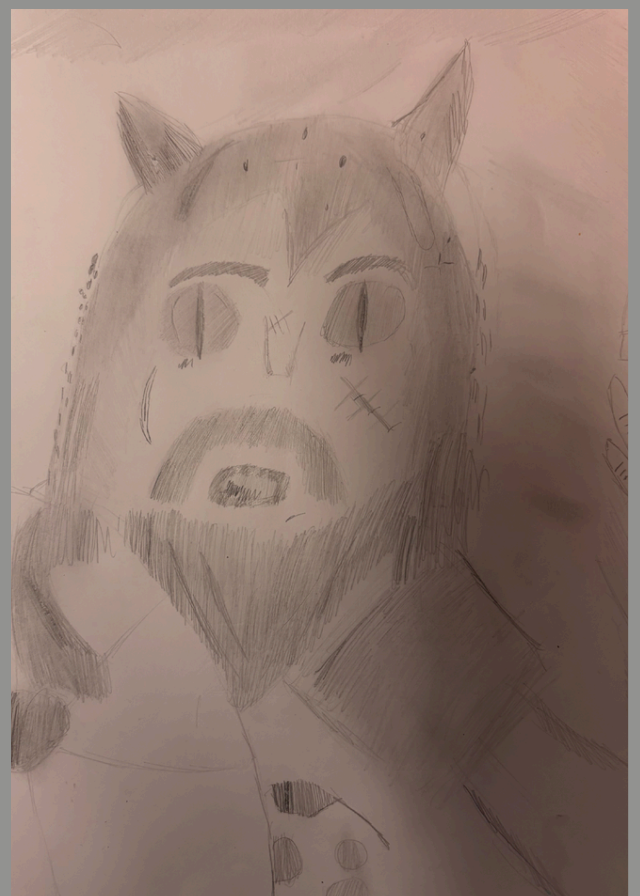
JACOB MEE



TUTU MUSTAPHA

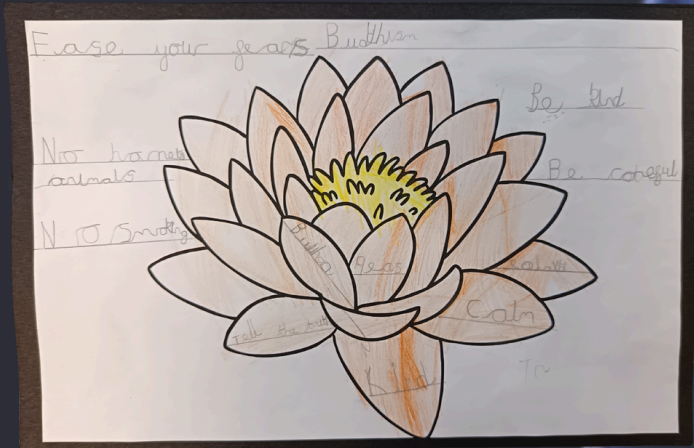


ELIA PINTARISCH



ISABELLE ZEIB

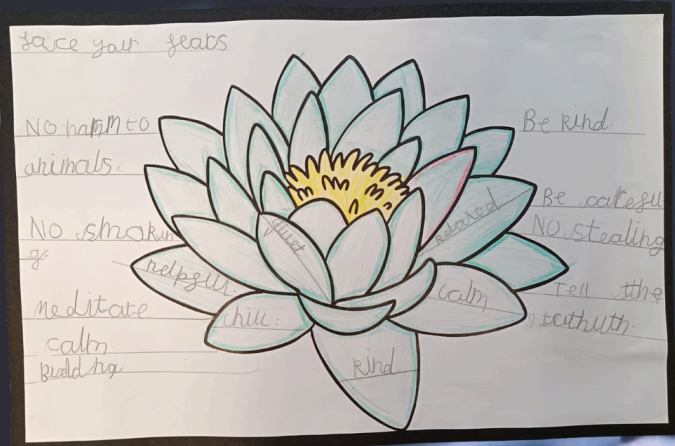
Buddhism by Prep II



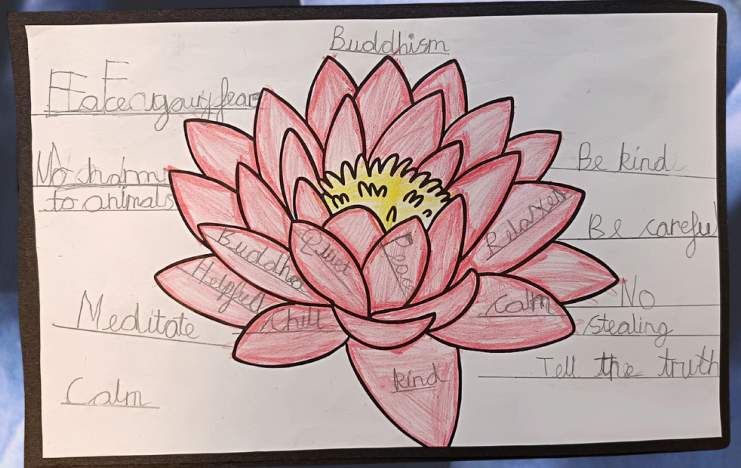
FRANKIE FISHER



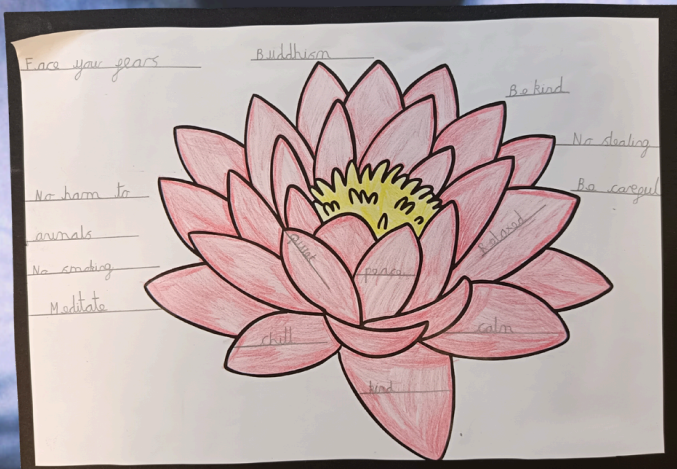
ISABELLE ROTHERAM



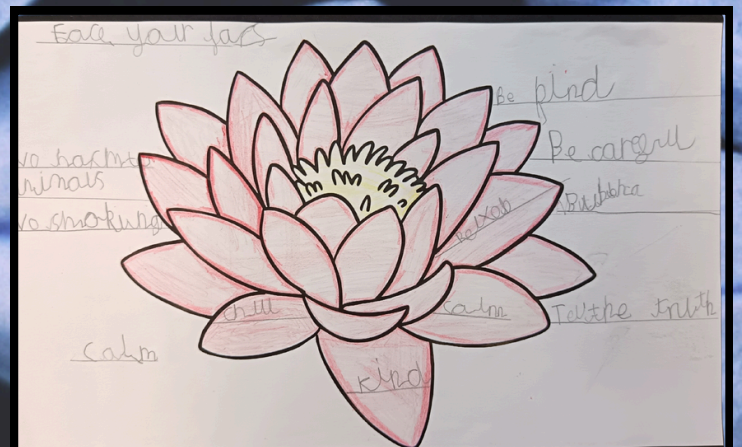
MILLY ABRAHAM



ANASTASIOS SOTIRIOU

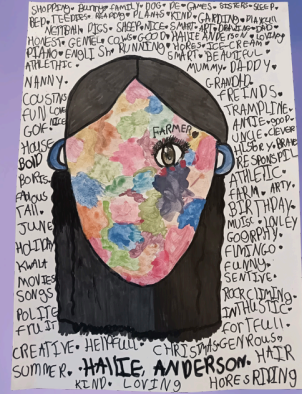
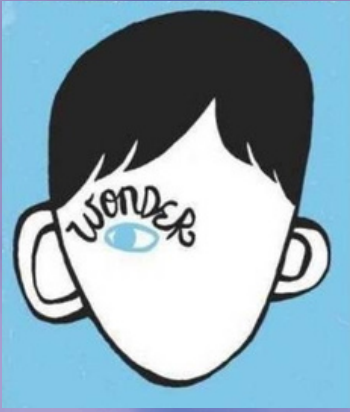


TOBY KENYON-LEIGH

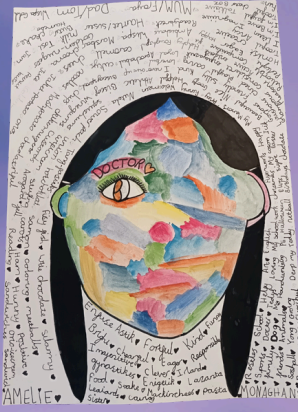


WILLIAM BRIDGFORD

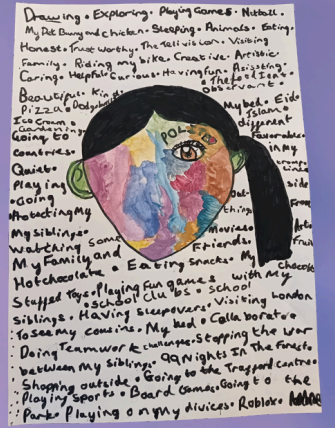
Wonder Self Portraits by Prep VI



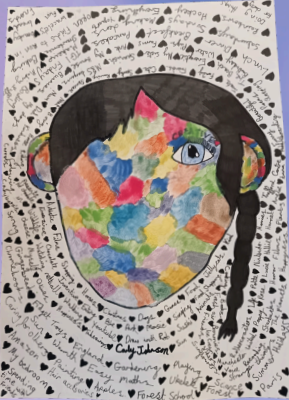
HALLIE ANDERSON



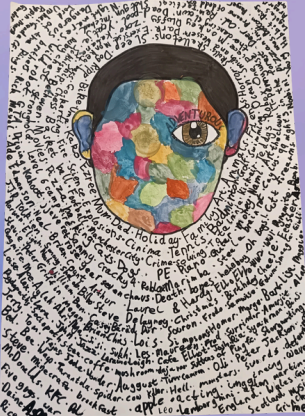
AMELIE MONAGHAN



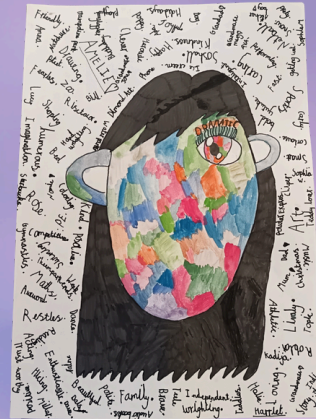
AMNA IQBAL



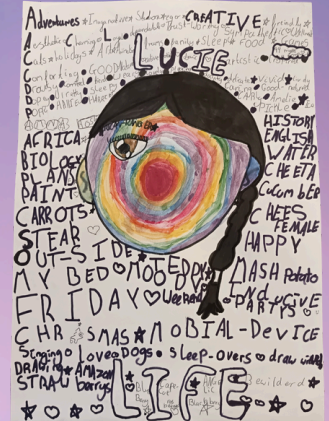
CARLY JOHNSON



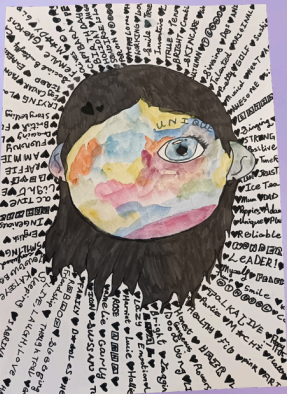
ASA BARTON-JOHAL



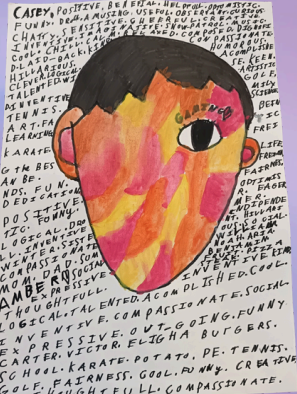
HARRIET MONAGHAN



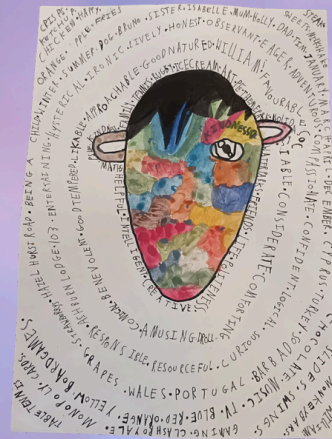
LUCIE HOGAN



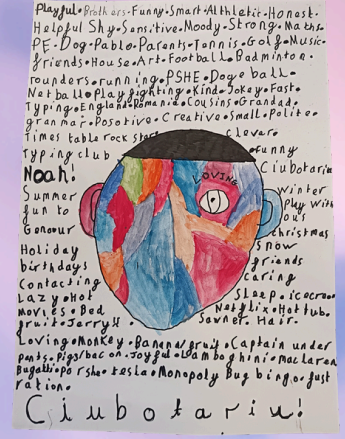
POPPY BOYES



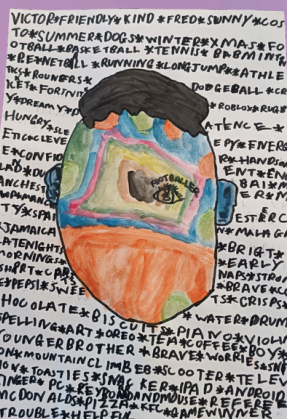
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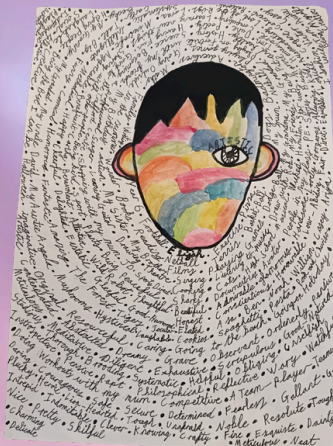
WILLIAM ROTHERAM



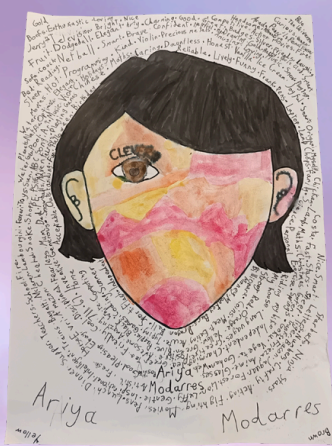
NOAH CIUBOTARIU



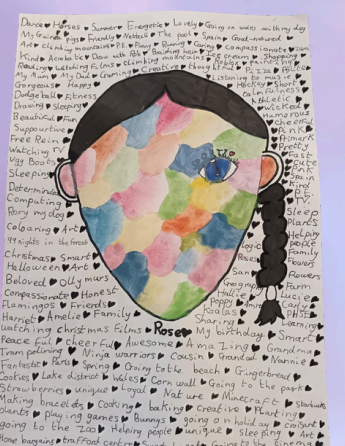
VICTOR KINDON



ELIJAH GRIFFITHS



ARIYA MODARRES



ROSE BRIDGFORD

Letter to Tip by Prep V

Saffron Hill Workhouse
London

Dec 1862

Dear Tip,

Today in the schoolroom was the last straw! I can't wait to escape because Mr Barracks has treated me like a bundle of rags! The only thing I feel is PAIN! I just can't survive in here. Everyone else is in pain too. I can't stay here any longer so Tip will you join me?

Tip, we have leave because the food here is horrible and terrible. The broth we have is disgusting and the boiled meat is gross and the bread is mouldy and we can get poorly from it. The punishments are hard because you get whipped and disciplined. Do you want that? We are not allowed to speak. The beds are just made from cardboard boxes and you can't move in them. Send mercy.

Tip, if you come with me, we could start a fun adventure together, we could play near the green grass. We could maybe save Emily and Lizzie. We can be brothers and we can go to London and see the Big Ben. We can find more friends.

If you do not come I'll be lonely and sad. What would I do without you? It will be fun.

From your friend, Jim

FLORENCE GERRARD

Saffron Hill Workhouse
London

Dec 1862

Dear Tip,

Today in this school room was the final straw! Mr Barrack treated me like a bundle of rags. I am infuriated! I am numb with pain! Can't you see people are in pain? I will run away from this horrible cesspit, so please, Tip come with me?

I am fed up of the revolting, mouldy and stale food and do not get me started on the punishments. A boy died in this dump. I have to leave this revolting savage pile of muck. The broth is practically poison and I have to work every day nonstop. The witch Mrs Sissons is frankly evil! The beds are itchy, freezing and cramped like coffins. People die of terrible diseases. This is hell on earth!

If you come with me, we could find my sisters and we could have a free life away from here. We could eat edible food, see the river Thames, go to Buckingham Palace, see the Houses of Parliament and find some new friends. We could live our lives, so please come with me Tip. We would never be hit again. Food glorious food!

I beg of you to come with me. I will be overjoyed. I will not feel alone in the world if I have you.

Your friend, Jim.

MAX MARSDEN



HEDGEHOG BY KINDERGARTEN



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