

Featuring the work of Imberhorne School students...



Beyond

the classroom

Editor's letter

Welcome to the latest edition of Beyond magazine - the publication that features the work of Imberhorne students beyond the classroom. Whether you're at the start of your secondary school journey in Year 7 or in your final year at Imberhorne, we are all experiencing new ways of learning. Adaptation and flexibility have become essential skills in our everyday life. However this is not a cause for worry, but instead an opportunity for growth. Some of my best memories at Imberhorne have come about as a result of leaving my comfort zone, such as overcoming my fear of public speaking to join the school's debating club.

Many of you may be disappointed or worried about missing out on some of the bigger parts of life at Imberhorne, such as trips and events and important exams. Just bear in mind, though, that often it's the unexpected things that bring the best memories - something that has become clear during the pandemic when little things (whether gestures of kindness or generosity) have been shown to count the most. In this edition of Beyond, Imberhorne students of all ages show how they have spent time developing their artistic abilities and expanding their knowledge on different subjects.

This display of talent demonstrates the resilience and determination of our students to keep achieving excellence during what has been a confusing and frightening period for many. I hope that seeing this work will help you regain a sense of the passion for learning that our students continue to show against all odds. The mixture of genres in the magazine truly reflects the individuality in the school and how there is something for everyone here at Imberhorne. Enjoy!

Alice Durrant
Year 13



Contents

Cover. Artwork by KS3 students

3. Reviewing the pandemic

4 & 5. Poetry

6 & 7. A Midsummer Night's Dream and Psychology

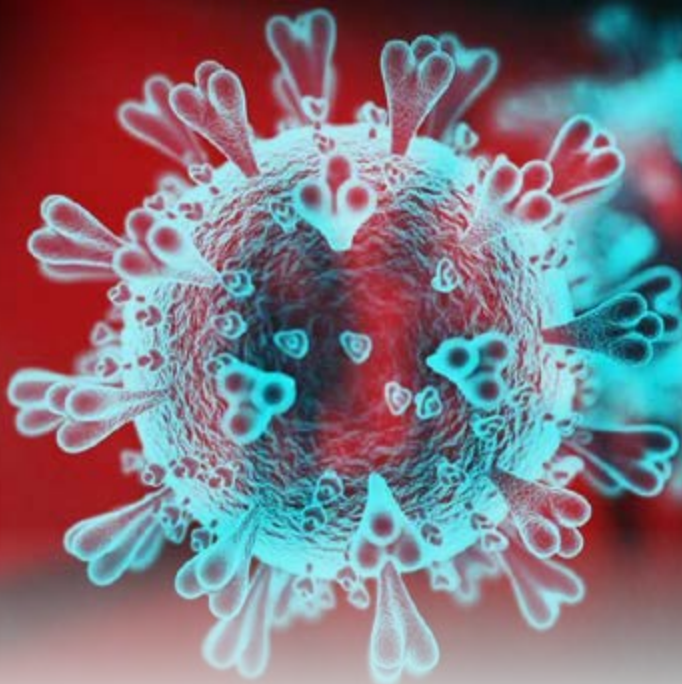
8 & 9. The Gothic

10 & 11. Poetry

Editor: Alice Durrant

Compilation Editor : Jane Hughes

Design: Stuart Webber



By Leah McDonald

Introduction

If a film producer had chosen "Pandemic" as the title for a new film and had used the images we've seen over the past year, along with some of the stories we've heard, it would have been seen as a work of fiction, similar to the movies *Contagion*, *Independence Day* or *Meteorite*. The spread of the virus worldwide, the huge numbers infected and the great loss of life would have seemed unrealistic and incomprehensible.

Yet our lives have changed dramatically in a very short space of time, and for many they have changed for ever.

How Coronavirus started

The most likely origin was in the so called 'wet markets', where wildlife is sold to be eaten as a delicacy or for supposed medicinal purposes. These wet markets are found in China and across the Far East. Wild animals are caught and sold, often live or freshly killed.

The truth is that conservationists and other campaigners have tried to stop this trade in wild animals and have these markets shut down. But these places and foods are culturally significant to the countries that have them and many governments have turned a blind eye. Wet markets often have no health and safety regulations, no testing, no sell-by dates, no refrigeration and many of the foods are mixed together on open-air stalls.

Coronavirus is not a new disease, and not the first to be traced back to 'wet markets'. Covid-19 is just the latest and has had the most disastrous effect, turning into a pandemic (a world-wide spread of a disease). It is part of a group of viruses that cause respiratory tract

illnesses, including the common cold, but can sometimes be more serious, particularly in the elderly and people with weakened immune systems.

In 2019, it seems that someone at the now world-famous Huanan seafood market in Wuhan, China, was infected with a virus from a wild animal, possibly a pangolin. The disease is thought to have originated in bats before taking up residence in humans, maybe taking a detour through an intermediary host such as the pangolin. The rest is history, with Covid-19 spreading to cause a pandemic that has killed millions.

What is coronavirus

Coronaviruses are a family of viruses that cause disease in animals and humans. Several, including the new virus, have made the jump from animals to humans, but most just cause cold-like symptoms. Covid-19 is closely related to severe acute respiratory syndrome (SARS) which swept around the world in 2002 to 2003. SARS infected around 8,000 people and killed about 800 but it soon ran itself out, largely because most of those infected were seriously ill so it was easier to control.

Covid-19 is different in that the spectrum of disease is broad, with around 80% cases leading to a mild infection. There are also many people carrying the disease and displaying no symptoms, making it harder to control. So far, around 20% of Covid-19 cases have been classed as 'severe' and the current death rate varies between 0.7% and 3.4% depending on the location and, crucially, access to good medical care. The World Health Organisation is particularly concerned with the ability of the poorest countries in the world to control the disease.

Working from home

In the midst of the pandemic, many of us have had to dealing with an unusual challenge: working from home. The following tips have worked for many:

1. Get dressed

It might seem simple, but it's crucial to maintaining a sense of normality.

2. Keep clearly defined working hours

You should be clear about when you're working and when you're not. You'll get your best work done if you stick with your regular school hours.

3. Don't get too sucked in by the news — or anything else

It's human nature to get distracted, but don't allow distractions to consume your day.

4. Don't forget to talk (even virtually)

People sometimes forget they need to be around others, but it's the 'small talk' and informal chats that help your mental health.

Conclusion

There has never been anything like this in our lives. Even my 94-year-old grandmother has never seen anything like this, and she was evacuated and lived through World War Two.

I realise how lucky we are to be living in one of the richest and safest countries in the world. I cannot imagine what it might be like to live under a dictator, in a poorer country or in a crowded shanty town. We have struggled and continue to have difficulties. But if you look at it, we are privileged and have a good life, even in these difficult times.

At the moment our lives are frustrating and we are lacking some of our usual freedoms, but hopefully this will get easier as time goes on. Here's hoping and praying.....



Home-School

By Harry Lincoln

As my alarm starts to ring
Another day begins
Waking up
Standing up
Leaving the comfort of sleep

One step, two steps
Descending the treacherous stairs
Walking now
Sitting now
I pour my cereal in

As my destination draws near
I check the coast is clear
Looking left
Turning right
I take my phone in hand

I turn the computer on
Opening Edulink one
Reading now
Writing now
As the new teacher appears

Work carries on
Until maths is finally done
Lying now
Sleeping now
As the day goes by

Waking up
Standing up
Groundhog Day is here
How long will this cycle last?
Not long, I hope

Work from Home

By Comfort Wallis

The hours tick by,
The news reporter drones on the telly.
Boris tells us what we already know,
As the death toll rises.

My sister paces the house like a caged lioness,
One piece of exercise a day can't feed her restless limbs.
The NHS heaves under the strain,
But the patients keep on coming.

Loneliness crawls into my heart,
Like a disease eating me from within.
The economy takes blow after blow,
As Boris reassures us that it will all be fine.

Boredom surges at the community,
Like a tsunami that can't be stopped.
Families tear at each other's throats,
As people lose their jobs.

But still the restrictions tighten,
Like a python round a mouse,
Our country.



Coronavirus poem

By Lottie Bagnall

People running, crashing through the aisles,
Bashing others out of the way.
Not batting an eyelid at what they have done,
Leaving destruction behind them.

But it's the coronavirus,
Anything for a packet of toilet rolls.

The poor elderly, getting shoved aside,
Being treated like second class.
People screaming at each other,
Practically starting a riot.

But it's the coronavirus,
Anything for a packet of toilet rolls.

Everyone putting themselves first,
Not even wearing gloves to Tesco's.
We need to stop stockpiling,
It is making this so much worse.

But it's the coronavirus,
Anything for a packet of toilet rolls.

As We Sit Inside

By Nathan McKee

As we sit inside,
Waiting for lockdown to end,
Slowly, the Earth heals.

As we sit inside,
Our carbon emissions
Vanish from the air.

As we sit inside,
Scientists work hard
To help find a cure.



2020

By Nina Barnert-Kalisz

People wants to be free, spend time with friends,
Not be trapped in the negative emotions this catastrophe sends.
Soar the skies, not letting loneliness mold them,
Allowing home's isolating arms to protectively hold them.

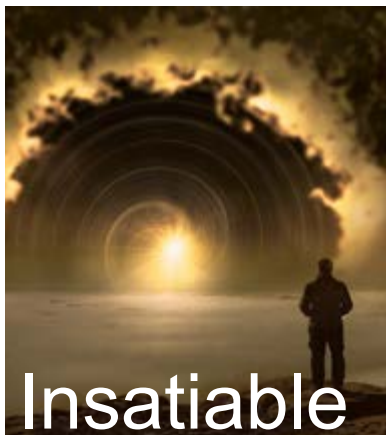
Friends, other family, all that one misses,
'And you can't see them anymore,' a persistent voice hisses.

We hear a constant reminder of what the government asks:
'Sanitise, social distance', and, 'for your safety wear masks'.

But, we know there is happiness, should know there is hope
Hiding in the darkest corner, waiting to be rediscovered under its invisible cloak.

What matters most is we will always be together,
With an impenetrable wall around us,
And no matter what happens, it shall be like that forever.





Insatiable

By Olivia Marsden

'In my dreams,
I'd like to go,
To any place,
That feels like home.'

They come at dusk,
Desperate in their plight,
To gasp at the last drips,
Of the fading afterlight.

I'll only oblige for
Who am I, to
Stop wasting life,
Deal in darkness back up to the sky?

'Don't fly too far,'
My warnings echo, through
Blind rage of thunder,
And these winds that now billow.

But they never hear,
For in their fleeting fiction
They are too blissful to swim.
So, I just watch them
drowning in addiction.

I'll show them the oceans,
Foaming at the mouth,
Or the mountains that glower down,
Horror now a scar on their brow,

Or maybe the forests,
Trees that once stood tall,
And I'll pepper the sky with a nice
arrangement of stars,
So they won't notice there's no more to
fall.

Dawn is coming,
With pinks and reds,
As they turn their heads,
To the rising sun.

Relief to the insatiable,
Can never last, the past
Fragile temporary glass,
And time doesn't hesitate to shatter.

So, I watch these figures,
Ripped from their dreams,
With no one but me,
To hear their empty screams.

And when silence returns,
In the kingdom of hell,
Memories of heaven,
Are just stories to tell.

By Kate Embleton

My friend has gone to heaven,
He is now relieved from pain,
His life was stolen far too soon,
And our tears begin to rain.

Heaven's door is open,
With the angels you may rest,
Families are heartbroken,
With great sorrow in their chests.

You fought the war so bravely,
With smiles you soldiered on,
A lonely feather floated down,
Then sadly you were gone.

A treasured life is missing,
We will keep you in our hearts,
The world is a sadder place now,
But we will never be apart.

My Friend Has Gone To Heaven



The Hollow

By Lois Tidy

Vibrations rattle, tree trunks
shiver,
Desperate to run but held in place
by their roots.

A hulking shadow lumbers away
fresh off a kill.

His tongues, like venomous
snakes, hang limply.

His torso bloody.

A snap,
a twist of the head.

Cavernous eyes become alert
searching for another soul to take.



Inspector Calls Rap

By Jack Wallace

It started with a dinner gathering,
A good time, everyone bantering,
A knock at the door, Goole walked in,
Showed a pic, Sheila was panicking.
Goole said a woman had died alone,
Nobody wanted to go prison,
But it wouldn't be their decision,
They were all to blame, like division:
Gerald had cheated,
Sheila and Mrs Birling had mistreated,
Eric admitted to being pathetic,
He was truly apologetic
About the robbery
But his father was swelled with snobbery
Goole tried to cool it all down,
Told them to sort it whilst he wasn't around.
He left, then the update from Gerald...
Nothing was really imperilled.
Goole was a phony,
He wasn't who he appeared to be,
But Sheila and Eric were still distraught,
There was still that awful thought,
Of that poor girl who took her life,
And the strife,
Within their family.

A Midsummer Night's Dream board game

By Harry Lincoln



Bottom's brainwaves

By Minnie Glennon

Today we, the mechanicals, were discussing what we would do in our play for the duke's wedding. We came across quite a few problems though. We realized that some people would be scared of the lion so I came up with an amazing idea: we could tell the ladies not to fear as it was just a man! We thought we'd have the same issue with the part where the main character Pyramus kills himself when he thinks Thisbe (the woman he loves) has been eaten by the lion. Starveling thought we should just leave that bit out, but that would have been silly! I came up with a better

idea: we would perform a prologue that would explain at the outset how nobody would actually get hurt as it is just a play.

We also talked about how we would create the wall that Pyramus and Thisbe whisper through (as they are not allowed to meet). Once again, I had a brilliant idea! This was that someone should be covered with pebbles and clay to show that they were the wall. Then they could hold their hand up and form a crack with their fingers. It was, as I say, a fantastic idea, as we certainly couldn't bring an actual wall inside!

Bottom knows best

By Beth Summers

Today, while my friends and I were in the wood practising our play (The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe) for the duke's wedding, I made some great suggestions!

Firstly, I knew that the ladies in the audience might be a little frightened by the fact that Pyramus has to take out a sword and kill himself. So, my idea was that we explain to the audience before the play starts that Pyramus is only acting. Also, that when I, Bottom, look like Pyramus I am actually still me! We then agreed that we should also make sure

everyone knows that the lion is really Snug the joiner. I suggested that Snug should announce to the audience who he really is, and also that his lion costume should be a bit see-through so the audience will be able to see a man's face!

We then had another problem: we needed moonlight for the secret meeting of Pyramus and Thisbe. We checked the calendar and luckily the moon was due to shine on the night of our play. Once again, I came up with a great idea: leave the window open when we perform and let the moon shine through!

The
Athenian
DAILY

Four lovers and an actor found in woods!

By Comfort Wallis

Five people were found sleeping in the woods yesterday morning by Theseus, Duke of Athens, who was out hunting. The five have been identified as two young noblemen, two young maids and a middle-aged actor.

The police are looking into why the actor, named Bottom, was there and why he woke up with no memory of how he got there, only a 'very strange dream' which he has chosen not to describe. According to Bottom, he had dreamt of meeting a fairy in the forest. He said: 'I didn't have time to ponder that because I had to rush home to perform a play to Lord Theseus!' Bottom went on to talk about the play in great detail, but we do not have room here to cover that.

The other people found were Lysander, Demetrius, Helena and Hermia, daughter of Egeus. The two sets of lovers claim not to know Bottom or why he was there.

Sources say that Hermia and Lysander had run away to get married, and that Demetrius pursued them because he wanted to marry Hermia. He was followed by Helena, who was attempting to win his love. Sounds like quite the drama!

However, it seems that Demetrius' feelings changed in the night because he is now set to wed Helena. After Lord Theseus found them, he also gave Hermia and Lysander his blessing, so it seems that it's happily ever after all round!

PSYCHOLOGY

The task:

Write a letter to Rutter and colleagues thanking them for their research on the institutional effects of Romanian orphanages and suggesting possible improvements.

By Eve Goff

To Mr Rutter and colleagues, I wanted to write to express my thanks for the vital research that you and your colleagues did concerning Romanian orphans. Your research into the effects of institutionalisation has really impacted how people care for children, especially those without biological parents. I have read that children's homes now ensure that each child is cared for by one or two people, ensuring that these orphans can build relationships in healthier ways. The fact that your research makes sure that these children can grow up to be fully-developed adults is a massive success.

In terms of the psychology, your research has also been incredibly useful. By studying these Romanian orphans, you could see how the effects of institutionalisation truthfully affects these children throughout their lives without the effects of bereavement, trauma etc. To me, this is an extremely clever way of investigating attachment. This makes your research one of the most important pieces in child welfare.

As well as being impressed and grateful for your research, I also wanted to highlight some weaknesses in the hope that you could rectify these issues in a future piece of research.

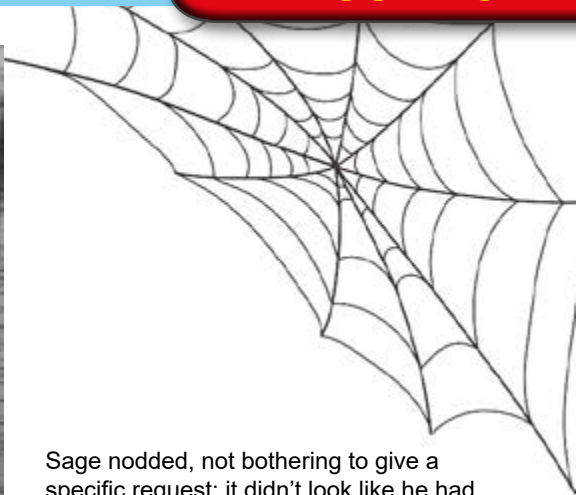
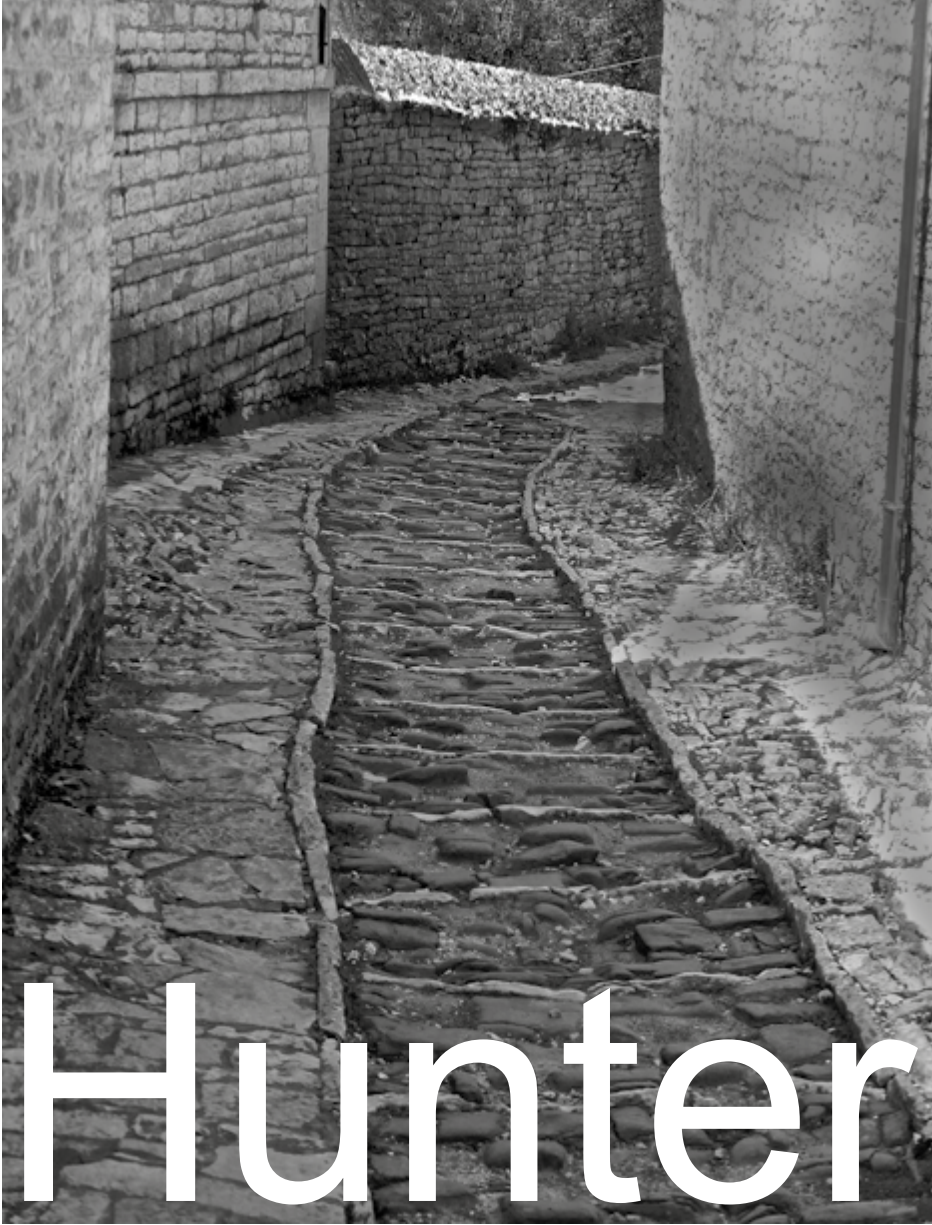
Firstly, I wondered if Romanian orphanages were a typical form of institutionalisation. The conditions were so horrific, I don't know how far we can generalise your results regarding how orphans develop. The care of the children was so poor in

Romania that I'm not sure if the results of your study are actually applicable to other orphanages/institutions.

Another point is the methodological issues of your study. I understand that you didn't use random allocation. As you hadn't interfered with the adoption process, it means that the children who were adopted earlier may have been the more sociable ones. This confounding variable is likely to have altered your results and so we can't assume that your results are accurate.

The final point is that the long-term effects of your study aren't clear yet. Although you did manage to follow the same children into their teens, we don't yet know if the conclusions you made apply throughout their lives. It could be that the lack of intellectual development may not actually be a long-term effect and that the children who spent longer in institutions will eventually 'catch up' as adults. Also, early-adopted or fostered children who seemed to be perfectly healthy during childhood, may experience emotional or mental health issues when they get older. I hope perhaps further research or conclusions can be drawn up in order to answer these criticisms. Thank you again for all the work you did regarding these orphans and attachment. You've really made a difference to children's lives and the relationships they build.

Sincerely,
Eve.



Hunter

By Safi Musa

Chapter one: A Silan's Silence

For the first time in weeks, Sage was able to walk outside without a cloak covering her head. It was the rain she had to thank for that. Cool droplets fell from the sombre grey sky, flooding everything in sight, leaving the cobbled pathways slippery, making the world gloomier than everyone pretended it to be. Sage didn't mind. She let the rain turn her hair into matted locks..So many memories had been made in the rain....

Then she heard footsteps, each one the ticking of a clock, counting down to her discovery. Fight or flight? Once she would have had the answer. Now she wasn't so sure. Too wise to act on instinct, but too foolish to act on facts.

"Looks like someone dropped the ball," Zorah grinned.

Sage restrained herself from rolling her eyes. One day she was going to kill him if this was how he greeted her every time they met. She balled her hands into fists,

then released the tension from them. Punching him would be fun, but he might see it coming. Instead, "It's good to see you," she said.

Zorah's golden eyes looked wiser. As though he'd seen things even the people of Terra couldn't handle. "Come now, it's not good to stay out in the rain." He led her through alleyways, each darker and dirtier than the last.

It was alleyways that Sage feared the most, so easy to be blocked in. She'd had to fight her way out before. Finally, they were in front of a wooden door, the green fuzz of moss along the bottom the only sign of life. Zorah fumbled for the key. Inside the house was simple, clearly not a permanent stay. A small bed in the corner with an itchy looking blanket and his belongings still in their bags.

Sage sat down at the table. The room needed a good clean, cobwebs in every imaginable place and dust on every surface.

"Drink?" Zorah questioned, his accent still heavy from back home in Terra, no matter how many years since they'd left.

Sage nodded, not bothering to give a specific request; it didn't look like he had much to offer. The slam of a wooden cup hitting the table was enough to bring her out of her thoughts. Zorah was looking at her, searching for injury or changes. She bit her cheek hoping by some miracle he wouldn't notice.

"Where did you get that scar?"

"It's a long story." It was partly the truth. No contact in three years did give her a lot to fill him in on.

The chair opposite creaked as Zorah sat down. "I think you can manage," he said with derision.

Sage's fingers ran through the tough fabric of her cloak, using it to help her build up the courage to speak. "Alright, I might have joined the hunters," She didn't, couldn't meet his eyes.

His chair fell to the ground as he stood. "Might? You might have joined the hunters? Because if you went to the royal castle, endured their training, and whatever else you have been doing then I'm pretty sure it's more than a might!"

She let him yell. Zorah deserved only the facts so she would give him them when she was ready.

"I don't understand," he said, betrayal written clear, "They... we used to talk about how selfish they were. How arrogant they were."

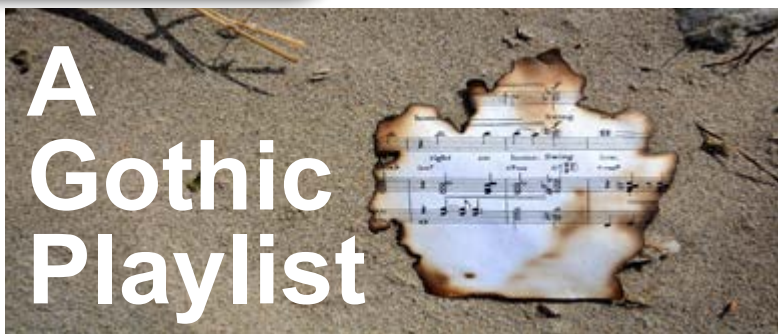
Sage spoke quietly. "They are good people; give them a chance. If I could, so can you." Sage didn't like fighting with her friends. She'd lost too many, and that was before becoming a hunter.

Zorah seemed to realise. "Fine, but only because you are with them.....you still haven't told me how you got that scar." She swallowed, " I ...raided a werewolf den."

The silence that flowed was not reassuring. "You," he said slowly as if making sure not to confuse her with anyone else in the empty house, "raided... a werewolf den."

Sage nodded slowly, the rim of her cloak wound up into a ball from nerves.

A low growl came from behind the door. Every hair on Sage's skin raised. Suddenly, the emptiness of the town made sense. It wasn't the rain that had drawn people away, it was the fact that there were no people left...



A Gothic Playlist

By Thomas Knowles

Astronaut - 13 (Rukkus remix)

This song was an obvious choice for the list, as is evident by its name: '13'. I chose the Rukkus remix over the original by Astronaut for three reasons. Firstly, because of the speed, conveying chaos. Secondly, Rukkus has added extra bass, which gives the song far more atmosphere than the original. Finally, it is better structured, having clearly defined parts and thus telling a story much better than its predecessor. On top of this, the voice near the end of the song exclaims: 'Look at my hands! I'm shaking, all my body is shaking' and 'I saw it in the mirror: two invisible eyes...'. All of this gives the song a truly chilling feel.

Greig - Hall of the Mountain King

This song perfectly fits with the formula of gothic literature: at the beginning everything seems perfectly normal, and yet there is something that is not quite right, that you cannot put your finger on. Strange things start happening, until the being finally reveals itself. This reminds me of the ending of 'The Tell Tale Heart' by Edgar Allan Poe, which also has a slow build up to something sinister, finished by a release in tension.

The Rasmus - In the Shadows

This song is written almost as if from the perspective of a gothic antagonist, as is strongly suggested by the lyrics of the chorus: 'I've been watching, I've been waiting, in the shadows, for my time.' Other gothic elements include the dark sounding chords that lead into the chorus at 0:56, and the video that accompanies the song, as it switches between the modern day at a rock concert, and what looks like the Victorian era. This changing of time period is a feature often used in gothic literature.

Solkreig - Lavender Town Haunting

This song is a remix of the Lavender Town theme from the original Pokemon games. It is executed brilliantly. At the start, you hear a music box wind up, which leads perfectly into the beginning of the song, where a music box plays a continuous four-note pattern. Then a girl's voice comes in, singing in Japanese, which although a little cliché, is still effective. Following this is an incredibly melancholy motif plays on the violin, which is repeated in different ways throughout the song. Somehow, this melody retains its sorrowful emotion throughout. At 0:39 the first bit of dubstep comes in. This adds intensity to the previous melody without taking away from its atmosphere. If you listen to any of these songs, listen to this one.

Bach - Toccata and Fugue

This piece by Bach is gothic partially due to its instrumentation of the pipe organ. 'Toccata and Fugue' has been used in various gothic productions, to the point of almost being a cliché. At a massive eight minutes and 32 seconds, there are many reasons why it is so good. The first is the chord that starts building early on, developing tension very effectively and eluding to something bad happening. The next is a melody that is present towards the end, which has a series of chords, mostly major. The ending to this phase, however, is a very dark and minor chord, suggesting that, as in the novel 'The Woman in Black', a victim of a haunting or gothic event may have thought to have cast aside what happened to them, until something triggers some sort of memory... The ending also fits the eerie theme very well. Although there are some positive sounding parts to the song, I think this is made in contrast to the darker parts. It is definite choice for any gothic playlist!

SHORT STORY



A chance encounter

By Tia Gandhi

In the last ten minutes, I've been coughed on and sneezed at, and if the woman in front doesn't keep her toddler quiet, I might just douse her with my overpriced, cold coffee. How can everyone on public transport cope with each other? I'm so exhausted that I could sleep right here on the bottom deck of this rammed bus. Thank heavens I've finished work for Christmas because I couldn't withstand one more shift being behind that terrible bar. The bus shudders to a halt. Thank God that the woman and her toddler are leaving.

There's a guy perched on a bench at the stop. He's wearing a black suit and I only notice him as he seems oblivious to the pushing and shouting around him. I can't see his face, just the top of his sleek jet-black hair, short on the sides but a long wave in the middle. I can see the navy woollen scarf hanging out of his aged leather briefcase. He's deep in a newspaper, probably the Telegraph or Financial Times.

Then he looks up and we stare straight at each other. I don't move a muscle. His eyes dart to the bus door. Please get on the bus! He crams the newspaper into his briefcase and leaps towards the door. No! No! Bus driver don't leave! It's Christmas for goodness sake!

I hear the handbrake being released and the doors closing. I want to scream. I see the defeated look in his eyes. I slouch into my seat and stare out of the window in disbelief.

One year later

It's eleven and my shift ends at one. My sister and I have to see the parents tomorrow for Christmas. I can't wait for the 'still single' talk from Mum!

I feel a cool rush as the door opens. A man in a black hoodie enters. He puts his hood down revealing jet-black hair, short on the sides but a long wave in the middle - it's him. The guy from the bus. He slumps onto a barstool and asks for water. Water! Who orders water from a bar? He looks up and his piercing blue eyes stare at me. I have goose bumps. Then he says, "My name is Oscar, Oscar Woods." His voice is low and calm and makes me feel warm and safe. "Sarah Smith," I smile.

Roald Dahl's Matilda



By Rosie Holland

Matilda was funny, Matilda was kind,
But her family was awful; they just left her behind.
Matilda loved books and read all day long,
Her mother, however, said this was just wrong.
She was unlike her family in every possible way,
And simply aspired to go to school one day.

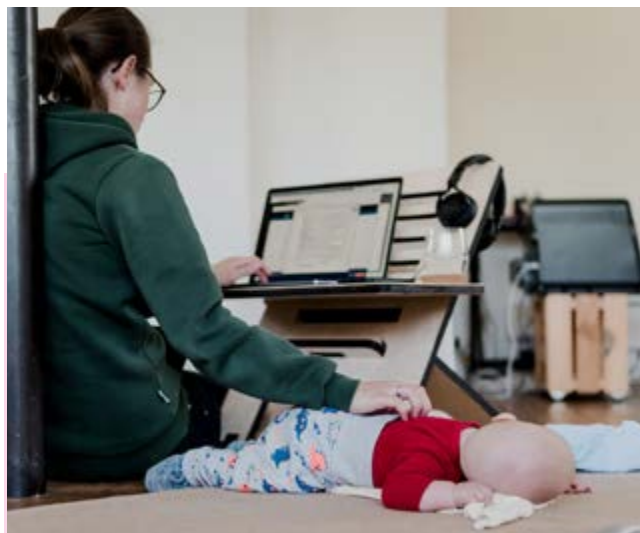
Her father sold cars,
But should have been behind bars.
The FBI were hot on his tail,
Intercepting all his mail.
Time was running out for this crooked man,
He needed a way out; he needed a plan!

Matilda's dream was soon in sight,
When the local headteacher gave an invite.
Though this school was not as it seemed,
When the first day came, Matilda's eyes gleamed.

Miss Trunchbull, the Head, was cruel and unjust,
The children decided that they must
Do something about this horrible old girl,
Or else out of the windows they would be hurled.

Matilda found she had special powers,
Which she would practice for many hours.
To the children's delight,
She expelled Trunchbull with a fright.
And then Miss Honey,
Who had little money,
Offered to adopt her,
Her parents were happy and gone in a blur.

To Matilda's delight,
Life became bright.
Full of books, fun and treats.
No day was ever too sweet!



Woman Work

(in homage to Maya Angelou's
Woman Work)
By Astrid Kolkin

Every day I work, work, work,
I work in sun,
I work in rain.

I have my own company,
My own store,
But there is still more.

I clean, I dry,
I stop the baby's cry,
But still there is more.

I shop for clothes, for food,
I help clients in any mood,
But still there is more.

I pick up and drop off,
I tend to my child's cough,
But there is still more.

I cook seasoned curries,
And pick sweet berries,
But still there is more.

I sit in meetings,
And continue greetings,
But still there is more.

When I come home,
I think my work is done,
But still there is more.

Mirror Mirror



by Erin Chater

Mirror mirror on the wall,
Who's the fairest of them all?
A girl who cleans,
A maiden with grace,
She's got such a beautiful face.

She's lost at home,
All alone,
No one knows her anymore,
She hides in her own home's shadow.

An old lady,
A poison apple,
In one bite,
An evil fight,
Now she is lying on the floor.

A glass coffin,
Hats by chests,
One true love's kiss,
No more princess to miss.



I remembered running

By Astrid Kolkín

I ran barefoot across the grass,
 My fingertips lightly brushing against the emerald strands.
 I could feel the honey glow of sunlight washing over my face,
 Dying my hair into golden locks that bounced above my shoulders as I
 sprinted through fields.
 The cool air blew my dress out behind me,
 The ivory fabrics flowing gently by my ankles.
 My footsteps echoed in my head like a tune I'd long forgotten...
 I remembered running,
 I remembered summer breeze in my tangled curls, hitting my alabaster skin,
 I remembered laughing, laughing a beautiful high laugh, full of love and
 happiness,
 And that's when I saw them,
 Standing in front of me, although I knew it couldn't be.
 I stopped, my heart racing,
 I reached out, my pale hand meeting theirs,
 Glistening tears rolled down my cheeks, staining them with loss,
 I screamed out for them,
 They faded, leaving again,
 A dream, a vision, a memory...

Twilight

By Eva-Marie Cottle

I wait watching,
 Window open,
 Moonlight pooling on the floor.
 My midnight lover watches from the shadows.

Can't sleep,
 For I miss him,
 He who has seen history repeat.
 My midnight lover watches from the shadows.

I watch waiting,
 Stars burn bright,
 Moon is high.
 My midnight lover watches from the shadows.

Silent moving,
 Shining skin like diamonds,
 Teeth sharp and white.
 My midnight lover appears from the shadows.

Footballing

By Grace Hill

I'm running down the wing,
 I call for the ball,
 The player looks up and sees me,
 They pass it over the green grass towards me,
 Bobbling and swerving over the dry mud,
 But I control it perfectly,
 I push it forwards in front of me,
 Left foot right foot,
 And then without even thinking,
 Play a pass straight through the center,
 A gap between two defenders,
 That no one else saw,
 I don't even know how I did it,
 It just came naturally,
 It goes to the striker to run on to,
 They control it,
 And shoot,
 They score.
 GGGG000000000000AAAAAALLLLL!!!



Beyond

the classroom

GCSE and A Level art

