

THE ACADEMY

Student Newspaper, Volume 3 (July 2024)



Dear all,

Welcome to Volume 3 of the student newspaper, *The Academy*. This edition includes yet more creative work from the English subject champions, some of which builds upon previous editions. This time much of the new work is drawn from a successful 'reading picnic' from earlier in the year, an event where students ate lots of cakes and read aloud their wonderful work.

As this is the final edition of newspaper for this year, I just wanted to say a huge thank you to those that have contributed to both this and previous editions. Without them, it could not have been possible! Also, as always, if you see any of the authors contained herein on your travels, please do congratulate them on their hard work and dedication in making *The Academy* a success! Yours, as ever, Dr Kissane.



Choreography

By Bethany, Year 8

Don't you love the dancing trees?

How they move, the sound, the breeze?

The creatures dance and jive and move

Because to dance is what they do.

The greatest whales will sing their songs,

The penguins hug and make their bonds.

The stag and deer run wild and free,

And silent sloths hang happily.

Out in the wild so bright, believe

It's nature's choreography.

EURO 24 – An Update!

By Ava, Year 8

As we edge ever closer to the summer holidays, it probably won't have escaped your attention that there is a major sporting event taking place in Europe. Yes! It's the Euros!

Coming Together

Euro 2024 sees twenty-four teams in Europe coming together to try and win a major competition. In this tournament, we have the group stages, in which every team in that group plays each other. When that has finished, the top two teams (plus the three best third place teams) go into the knockout stage. Then, it is down to the last eight teams to battle it out to try and win the competition. It is being held across ten stadiums in Germany this year (the host nation), with England being one of the favourites to win it.

So far, it has been pretty electric because the first game was between Scotland and Germany (as Germany are the host nation they play first) and Scotland unfortunately took a 1-5 battering. However, England's start could have been better. It was a disappointing, lacklustre performance: a narrow 1-0 victory, with only Jude Bellingham putting the ball into the back of the net.

One of the reasons why we all love the Euros is because it is an exciting event which brings the whole country together! However, for others, it's a bit of a nuisance because when your team isn't performing well, it can be very frustrating (especially when you get knocked out after the group stages!)

Stunning!

At the time of writing, England are through to the last 8 after a shaky 2-1 victory over Slovakia. Most people would say they haven't been playing well, with Gareth Southgate leaving Harry Maguire and Jack Grealish out of the squad! However, in added time on the 30th June, Jude Bellingham managed to sneak England through with

a beautiful backwards overhead kick. It was a stunner! This moment of magic, along with Harry's header, booted England straight into the next round!

England's performances so far have divided the crowd. In the qualifying stages we were hopeless but, at last, it looks as if we have found a bit of form.

Not everybody is interested in football, of course, and for many of you, it will be quite a relief when it's over. However, I think it has been a fascinating tournament so far because it has been so unpredictable, which is a bit like the English weather! Let's hope the sun comes out again soon, so that we can finally get those long-awaited summer holidays ... and we can all cheer when England have won the cup!

Editor – Sadly England were defeated last night by Spain 2-1 in the final held in Berlin. Still, as Ava says, for those that enjoy football, it was quite the ride and England did the nation proud! Well done to the Three Lions!



The Cogsworths

By Ivy, Year 8

Chapter 1

The world is not ready for the Cogsworth children: three uniquely designed siblings with uncanny abilities. There's Orion, the cerebral one, with eyes that can see for miles. Then there's Scorpius, the wild card, whose crossed wires make him feel the wrong emotions at the wrong times. And finally, there's Lyra, the youngest, on whom Doctor Cogsworth was said to have perfected her experiment. But nobody knows exactly what that means. All three were born not of flesh, but the pure unbridled imagination of their mother, Doctor Eliza Cogsworth. Built and raised in Cogsworth's fantastical workshop, *The Observatory*, they were bound by love and an unspoken pact. The Cogsworths lived in harmony, until the day their mother mysteriously vanished. And now the trio must leave the secluded haven they've known all their lives, into a world that is far less welcoming.

It all began on a dreary Monday morning when Doctor Cogsworth, a dry and dusty lady of some forty years, began to create some sort of new machine. Orion was in his room, polishing his cogs, when he felt something was terribly wrong. He ignored the feeling and continued to look out the window; Orion was the only one of the three siblings who had seen the outside world. Their mother had blocked up all the doors and windows with wooden planks to, 'Keep the world away from her beautiful creations.' However, there was one window she had forgotten: the window in Orion's room. He had seen the world that his

mother had warned him about, but it was not what she had said it was like. The world was beautiful and full of amazing people who dressed in fantastic fashions. Orion had taken a liking to fashion and had learnt how to sew and stitch with materials he took from his mother's woodwork room. He snapped out of the trance the outside world put him in and felt the feeling of worry again. This time he could not ignore it; it was consuming him.

In another room of the house, Lyra was braiding her wired hair. Lyra always wanted to see the outside world, but her mother forbade it. She accepted the fact she would never leave and continued with her life as a new machine. That is until today, when she, as well as Orion, had a feeling of deep worry. Except, this time, she did not ignore the feeling like Orion, she went straight to Scorpius.

Scorpius was in the dining room, setting the table for dinner, as per usual he was talking to himself. "Yes, Lyra?" he said in a smooth tone. Luckily for Lyra, he was in a good mood.

Lyra replied in a less calm voice, "Something's wrong..." Lyra's face was distorted with worried thoughts. Lyra told Scorpius what she felt, so Scorpius called Orion and he explained that he felt the same way too. They concluded that they were going to tell mother.

They hurried to their mother's workshop, but when they got there the windows were smashed, the room was trashed, and mother's seat was empty...

Chapter 2

Weeks passed since their mother had disappeared and yet there was no sight of her, or clues of her whereabouts. The children worried and could not sleep.

"What if she never returns?" Lyra said in a panic, "what will we do?" Neither Orion nor Scorpius had an answer for Lyra's questions, as there were no answers for her questions.

"Don't worry yourself, we will be fine either way," answered Orion after a few moments of silence from the brothers.

For the next hour, no one said a word on the subject. The only noise was the occasional snuffle or cough. Then, out of the silence, there was a creak of a door or a window perhaps. This would have had a simple answer, such as the wind blowing a crooked hinge, but, as I have previously mentioned, all the doors and windows had been bolted shut. Except for one. Orion, knowing there was one window left, bolted up to his room. As he swung the door open, the window was left ajar; a strange figure stood beside it.

Soon, Lyra appeared with Scorpius behind her as they had tried to keep up with Orion as he ran in a hurried sprint. Lyra's face became distorted as she saw the dark figure in front of Orion. Orion's mouth seemed to move, but no words entered Lyra's ears. She was in a phase of shock as

Orion asked the strange figure multiple questions, wanting to know who and what the thing was. Even as Orion's voice become a shout, she could still hear nothing. Her ears had shut out the sound as her face slowly deteriorated at the thought of what this strange creature could be. Question after question, but there was no reply; the dark figure simply stood in the room next to the window that led out into the world hidden from the siblings.

Lyra awoke. She could not seem to comprehend that she had had a dream, and she was still in a phase of panic. She left her room to find one of her brothers fixing his cogs. He turned to see Lyra's disoriented face and was immediately worried. "What is it Lyra?" asked Orion as he put down his oil-stained cloth. After a long conversation about Lyra's nightmare, they concluded that enough was enough and that they would leave to find mother.

That day they oiled their joints and polished their cogs, preparing themselves to enter into a world they had shunned their whole lives. Orion opened the door by pulling off the moulding wood and breaking the lock. He took the first step onto the wet, dead grass outside the observatory.

Chapter 3

The feeling of grass against her newly polished metal feet was something Lyra had always wanted to feel. Even with her dream coming true, behind her large happy smile was a terrified lip quiver. Was she not cut out for the real world? Or was she so used to the feeling of four walls trapping her in a world spun of lies? Her thoughts were now bombarded with questions about the new life they were going to start while searching for their mother.

Lyra quickly returned to reality at the sound of an unfamiliar voice. She turned to see the same dark figure from her dream the previous night. The questions from her head had disappeared and left her mind with space to imagine the terrible circumstance they were in. She wanted to scream, to run, but her legs were frozen in place. All she could do was stand and stare, wondering whether if what was in front of her was just a figment of her imagination, or something more sinister.

"Everything okay there?" came a deep voice from the thing in front of Lyra. Her body relaxed and her legs loosened from their frozen state. She looked up, her eyes meeting those of a man, who looked down at her. Although she could now move and was able to think for herself again, she could not spit out a single word.

After a minute of silence, Lyra's brother, Orion, stepped forward, seeing the blank stare on Lyra's face. He grabbed Lyra's arm, pulling her away from the figure. He whispered something into her ear, and she nodded, stepping back next to Scorpius. Orion was about to speak when a woman, younger than the man in front, had stepped forward. Orion, seeing the woman's beauty and

grace, felt a small warmth in his body that slowly enclosed about him. It was a warmth like a small fire...



Hell hath no fury!

By Oscar, Year 8

My name is Gareth Johnson. I live in Los Angeles. It is 3081, before the burning of planet Earth. I am 16 years old. I come from a long line of army Generals and live in a mansion in the countryside. This is my story.

*

One day I woke up like every other day at 07:30am. I made my way to school and things began as usual – all very boring. But then, when it got to third period, things began to get weird. I entered the lesson and Miss Carter, my erstwhile English teacher, looked worried, which is unusual: Miss Carter is usually strict and stern, a bit like a cat. But I had never seen her like this, she looked like she'd seen a ghost.

We all sat down, me placing myself next to my best friend Fred Simpson, who whispered to me, "Is miss alright?"

"I don't know," I said.

"She looks like she's having a heart attack."

"O...O...Ok class, let's start with the lesson...the...let's start with THE lesson, sorry," she said. Then, suddenly, an alarm went off, but it wasn't like any ordinary bell, it was loud, ear-splintering. Some people in the class started screaming, others covered their ears, some stood up and looked very confused. And Miss, well she curled up in a ball and started screaming too. "Miss, are you ok?" I said, but she screamed louder, "Miss," I said. Then she started violently banging her head against the wall.

"She's going to kill herself!" Fred shouted. Miss Carter collapsed to the floor.

"What the hell? She's dead," I said. Then, through the old megaphone, there was an announcement...

"Everyone, listen," said the croaky voice of the headmaster, "You must all evacuate. Go to the great hall IMMEDIATELY!" Everyone jumped up and moved out of the classroom confused.

I was about to leave the classroom when I noticed Fred trying to haul Miss across the room. "Fred we've got to go," I cried out, but suddenly there was a massive explosion somewhere outside. "FRED!" I yelled.

"JUST HELP ME CARRY MISS!"

“Oh fine,” I said. But just as we were about to lift Miss, I smelled the most putrid and disgusting smell I had ever had the displeasure of smelling.

“What’s that?” I said.

“Y...y...y...” Fred’s face turned white.

“What is...” I said, being cut off by him pointing at the window. I turned. I saw a black, rotting beast standing on all fours with blood-stained razor teeth. “What the hell is that thing?” I muttered desperately.

“I don’t know,” Fred whispered.

As suddenly as it appeared, the great beast turned its beady and blood-shot eyes in our direction. We bolted to the door and hid behind it. We watched the creature smash through the classroom window, and loom over Miss’s body. Fred tried to crawl back, but I dragged him back, the fool. “She’s alive,” Fred whispered. I looked on and saw Miss’s chest rise and fall.

“Oh god,” I muttered. But then, the creature bit and swallowed Miss whole. Blood sprayed across the room. “Run!” I yelled and sprinted across the hallway towards the Great Hall, dodging disfigured corpses of fellow students. What had happened?

We arrived at the main hall somehow, where we were given rifles by the headmaster. “What’s going on?” I asked. It was like a nightmare.

“I can’t tell you exactly what’s going on, but I can tell you one thing, HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE THESE CREATURES!” We stood firm as a horde of hideous creatures crashed through the walls and started for us...

Everything here is boring. Except for the dinosaurs, of course. But, as I walked into the exhibition, something felt off. I couldn’t put my finger on it, but something was definitely off. Was it the massive time machine in the centre?

No... wait, what? A MASSIVE TIME MACHINE?

I moved towards it just as a security guard followed me close behind. “Wait,” he cried.

I opened the heavy door and clambered in, closing it behind me. All around I saw a vast number of buttons, with each doing a different, extravagant things. Obviously, my twelve-year-old brain couldn’t take it all in, so I just pressed all of them in excitement. But that was the wrong choice, sparks flung around the box as the year went lower and lower until it reached 75 million years before the modern age. Oh no, what have I done? Before I could get out the door, I was gone.

I saw everything. All of the world’s history was at my fingertips, but I was too silly to understand how this machine worked!

I stepped out of the time machine to look at my surroundings. It was a perfect, untouched paradise filled with trees and hills everywhere! The sun shone and the surrounding animals stood under the majestic light. I was so focused on the view that I didn’t realise there was a small dinosaur chomping on my leg.

I screamed when I noticed and shook my leg, but more of them jumped on me and tore at my clothes and skin. I stumbled back and tripped, squashing some of them. It was only because of this I was able to escape. I ran and ran until my lungs couldn’t take it anymore. My heart was racing, but I kept silent as I hid in the closest bush.

Don’t move, don’t breathe or it will spot me, has it already? I would be dead by now if it had. A growl to the left... No, the right! Keep quiet, it isn’t safe to move. Has it gone? Just run, RUN!

I sprinted out of the bush as a different dinosaur pursued me. It was a velociraptor, I just knew it, but this looked different to those in the movies. It was small with feathers covering its body and sharp teeth and claws to kill me and eat my remains with. I thought that I could run away from it with ease—how wrong I was.

But what happened next was even more unexpected. A Parasaurolophus herd came running past me with a trio of T-Rexes chasing after.

I knew that if I was spotted by the Tyrannosaurus I would die, but if I turned back, I would also die. So, I turned around as the Velociraptor jumped on me and clawed at my face. I screamed in pain and passed out...



The Time Machine

By Zac, Year 8

Don’t move, don’t breathe or it will spot me. Has it already? I would be dead by now if it had. A growl to the left... No, the right! Keep quiet, it isn’t safe to move. Has it gone? Just run, RUN!

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It all started on a school trip to a local science museum and, being a dinosaur lover myself, I was intrigued. But this would be a horrible choice that everyone would regret...

I walked down the long corridor of each exhibition in the museum: ice age, pre-historic humans, blah blah blah.

Turtles: An Acrostic Poem

by Heather, Year 7

My acrostic poem

Terrific turtles

Under the water

Resting gracefully

Trying not to get trapped by recycling

Little bundles of joy and happiness

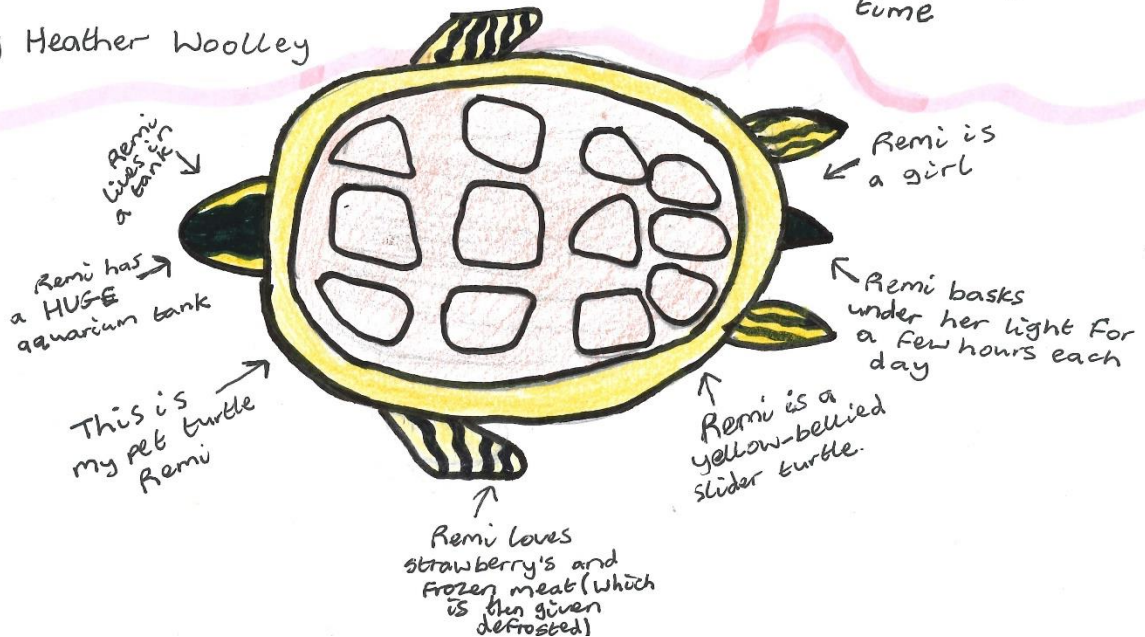
Endangered species

Save them. Reuse. Reduce. Recycle.

by Heather Woolley

Fun Facts!

- Turtles are reptiles
- Turtles love to travel
- Turtles don't have teeth
- Turtles have three-chambered hearts
- Turtles have the ability to cry
- Turtles are all different shapes and sizes
- Turtles can live for a very long time



Killer

By Max, Year 8

Raining White Fire

The doors to the White House open at 8am sharp every day.

That's how all this started on the 21st of May 2024, when a man, like every other man, entered the building. He was dressed smartly, nice thick tie, great suit, smart pointy shoes and sunglasses. Expensive ones. Anyone who saw him would've thought he was secret services, but he wasn't, in fact he was the exact opposite.

Nobody quite knows how he got past the security checkpoint that day, but everyone knows he did.

The man walked down the large central corridor before taking a sharp unexpected left into the lavatories. He spent less than 30 seconds in that cubical, but that was all the time he needed. When he left, he started counting. Within a minute, he was stood outside the presidential office.

Within two, BANG. An explosion. Hundreds of guards swarmed towards the lavatories, but little did they know that they were heading in the completely wrong direction. That was when the man struck.

He walked through reception. The president's aide tried to ask him something, but the words didn't come out because she lost her head. It was at this point you would think he was going to try and sneak round the side and attack but no, he went straight through the front door.

"Who are you?" shouts the president's guard. BANG! One shot to the head, he never missed. And another BANG, the room went dark.

It was at this point where he pulled out a knife: slice, and one by one, slice, the men started falling, slice, and they left, slice, the president, slice, and the vice president, slice, alone, slice, with a, slice, killer!

So, at this point it's just the VP, the President, and this man. But not for long because the VP's brains get blown out across the national flag. So, it's just the president and the man. He points at his head and signals him to stand up.

As the presidential office doors open, everyone falls silent with shock when they see the president with a gun to his head. No one dares move, except for when they are dropping their guns. As they walked down the corridor, everyone moved aside. When he got out onto the front lawn, news helicopters were everywhere, but none could see his face. He led the president to a manhole cover. Bang! More explosions rose up from inside the White

House, from within in the oval office. And whilst everyone watched, BANG! The president was given a live execution before the man disappeared into the sewer.

The man has no name, no passport, no birth country, no parents, no family, no identity. Except one thing, a codename, The Killer!



Harry Potter

COMPETITION

Would you like to HELP SRPA win a class trip to Warner Bros. Studio Tour London – The Making of Harry Potter?

To celebrate Harry Potter Book Day on 17th October 2024, Warner Brothers are giving away a magical prize including:

- Studio Tour tickets for a group of up to 35 students and seven adults
- An exclusive lesson before your tour, with the chance to meet a Harry Potter filmmaker
- One set of Harry Potter books provided by Bloomsbury Publishing
- Complimentary return travel

What do you need to do?

You need to get creative and imagine your own magical creature. If you'd like some help, contact Miss Hurk at ihurk@srpa.co.uk or akissane@srpa.co.uk.

Submissions can be in any format, whether that's a piece of writing, a drawing, or a physical object! Simply email to either Miss Hurk or Dr Kissane and they will take it from there! Submissions are welcome from students aged up to 19 years old and the winning entry will be selected based on creativity and imagination.

