

Hello Year 9!

I hope all is well with you, your family and friends.

With one week to go until the end of Yr 9, I have been reflecting on our journey. No one would ever have predicted what you have all had to contend with and I am immensely proud of how much you have matured as young people. I feel very fortunate, that despite being physically separated due to lock down, that we have stuck together through the crisis as a team and managed to keep a real sense of belonging to the Yr 9 College, working to support each other. That is why I am so delighted and excited to be continuing with you on your PK journey as your College Director in Year 10. As we get used to the 'new normal' there will obviously be uncertainty, however one thing that you can be absolutely certain of is that we are going to keep working together to make Year 10 successful and the best possible start to your examination courses, together dealing with whatever may come our way with positivity, perseverance and resilience

All through the school closure I have spoken about maintaining good learning habits - this has never been more important than now! To assist with this your teachers are producing Summer work packs. These will introduce you to your examination courses and help to get in to good learning habits again. Even if you have done very little work during the school closure, these are the opportunity to get back in the learning mindset and put you in the best possible position to start Year 10 - it's not too late! These work packs will be found in the Yr 9 College area on Sharepoint (a link will be sent to you in due course), as well as being sent to you by your teachers.

Your tutors and the College Team are very much looking forward to seeing you on Thursday 16th July. You will get the opportunity to chat to your tutors and find out information about Yr 10. It will also be an opportunity to say your fond farewells! Please meet at the green gates by the Bridge, maintaining social distance, where your current tutors will collect you. Please DO NOT ENTER THE BUILDING UNACCOMPANIED. PPE may be worn but will not be provided. If using the bike sheds please leave one gap between bikes.

Keep going Yr 9 - you're doing great!

Be safe, be motivated, be kind!
Take care

Mrs Sheridan



Set yourself some career tasks over summer. Make them SMART!

S: Specific
M: Measurable
A: Achievable
R: Relevant
T: Time bound

For example...

- S** - I'm going to research the work of... by... time because...
- M** - I'm going to read a topic article on... by... time...
- A** - I can access this by...
- R** - I'll watch the video on the... subject guide because...
- T** - I will listen to... podcast by... because...



Year 9 NEWS

Weekly Wellbeing

Whether you have completed more school work than ever before, or barely picked up a book or pencil; there is no doubt that for the last 16 weeks you have been making and living through educational history. Motivating yourself to work from home is not easy, and with just 9 short days to go until the end of the school year most of us are flagging. But you've all done so well, so dig deep, and give it one last push!



It's not the end yet.

One more Step...

One last Push - R. J. Atishay

Cause for Applause



Niamh Courtney has been producing fantastic short pieces of writing! Keep up the good work!

Skye Eales has been baking some very special treats! A lot of effort has gone into them, well done Skye!

Miss Truman would like to nominate Henissa Parekh for her insightful contributions to the year 8 newsletter!

Careers- Research!

Choose Your Challenge

Physical: Running: Week 6: Couch to 5k/5-10K...Or **Circuit Training**

Creative: Make a **Household Item Colour Wheel**

Logical: Solve a **Combiku Puzzle**

Visuals for all challenges are on page 3. Good luck and let us know how you get on!

Great PK Bake-Off:



The Amazon voucher winner is **Skye Eales**. Your pancakes look delicious!!! See Skye's ingredients below!

Ingredients-

- 30g unsalted butter
- 150g plain flour
- 325ml milk
- 1 large egg

Truman's Trivia???

BRAIN TEASER- How far can a rabbit run into the woods?

WORD SCRAMBLE – nlefo – A criminal

From Mrs Bal!

TEACHER NEWS!!!

Hello to my lovely year 9 students, I miss seeing you all every day, I hope you are all keeping well and safe. I have some exciting news to share with you all, if we had been at school, I'm sure a lot of you would have either guessed or just thought "Wow Mrs Bal has been eating lots of doughnuts and put on weight"... well for those who guessed right... "Mrs Bal is pregnant". A lot of you will probably want to ask "are you having a boy or girl?" We haven't found out the gender, who would like to guess, predictions emailed to Miss Truman. Will Mrs Bal have a baby girl or boy? Answer shall be revealed in October. Take care and please remember your braver than you believe, stronger than you seem and smarter than you think.

Truman's Trivia Answers....1.'The' was said twice 2. Lunar 3.Bradley Cooper and Lady Gaga 4. Instagram 5.Venezuala

😂 **Hanney's "Hilarity"** 😂

What cheese do you use to hide a horse?
Mascarpone

Talented Teens

Niamh
Courtney

An amazing,
descriptive
piece of writing

Silence

The wind as loud as wolves breezing past all the trees causing them to shed their leaves like a snake would shed its skin, leaving the trees bare with nothing. A bolt of lightning struck there were screams and cries, the thunder sounded like drum sticks crashing onto drums, the sound got louder and closer. For a minute everything just froze in time. A cold breeze flew by as the last bolt of lightning raced down from the sky. Then it was silent. Everything felt empty and dark... almost as if all the emotion and light had gone from the world. There was no one left. It was the loneliest feeling you could imagine, just cold dark silence. The darkness was blinding and the silence was deafening. It was calm but frightening, what happened to the roaring wind and the empty trees?

Bitmoji Guess Who - Answers:

1. Mr Finlayson (Business Teacher)
2. Miss Dowsing (English Teacher)
3. Mrs Birdee (The Bridge -Learning Mentor)
4. Mrs Gallagher (Photography/Art Teacher)
5. Miss Mitchard (Head of Science)
6. Miss Wright (Head of Psychology)
7. Miss Knas (Head of Science)
8. Miss Connelly – Jones (The Bridge, TA)



- For the batter**
- 200g plain flour
 - 180g golden caster sugar
 - 2 tsp baking powder
 - ½ tsp ground cinnamon
 - 250g buttermilk
 - 2 medium eggs, lightly beaten
 - 30g butter, melted
 - 1 tsp vanilla extract
- To decorate**
- 300g pink candy melts
 - 200g green candy melts
 - 2 tbsp vegetable oil
 - 30g dark chocolate chips
- You will need**
- 12-hole doughnut tin

Method

- Heat oven to 220C/200C fan/gas 7. Put all the dry ingredients together in a bowl and mix well with a whisk to distribute the cinnamon and baking powder. Add the wet ingredients and mix until just combined. Pour the batter into a piping bag and fill the doughnut pan until each hole is approximately three quarters full. Do this in batches if needed.
- Bake for 9–10 minutes until risen, golden brown and the tops are springy to the touch. Allow to cool for a couple of mins then turn out onto a wire rack to cool completely. If the doughnuts have lost their holes during baking use a small cutter or piping nozzle to recut them.
- Put your pink candy melts in a microwaveable bowl with 1 tbsp vegetable oil. Melt at 30 second intervals at a medium heat until silky and completely melted. Spoon the pink candy melt over the top of each doughnut wiping off any drips that fall down the edge. Leave on a wire rack until set (about 5-10 mins). Do not throw away the excess pink!
- Meanwhile melt the green candy melts in the same way. Hold your doughnuts on the edge and roll them through the green candy melts only covering the outside not the pink. Leave to set.
- Cut the chocolate chips in half to create watermelon seed shapes. Dip a cocktail stick into the pink candy melt and mark out the spots to place your seeds then stick on the chocolate chips

Combiku Rules:

Place one number and one colour in each square. Two squares cannot have the same combination. Don't repeat numbers or colours in the same column or row. Good luck!

				5
	5		3	
	2	1		
				3
		5		
1	2	3	4	5

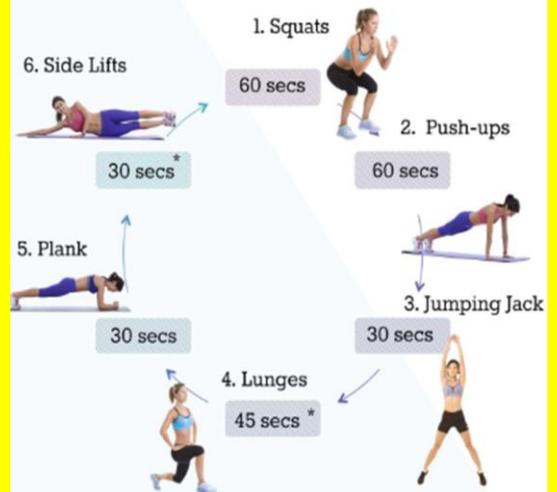
○ ● ○ ● ○ ● ○ ● ○ ●

Curious Colour Wheel

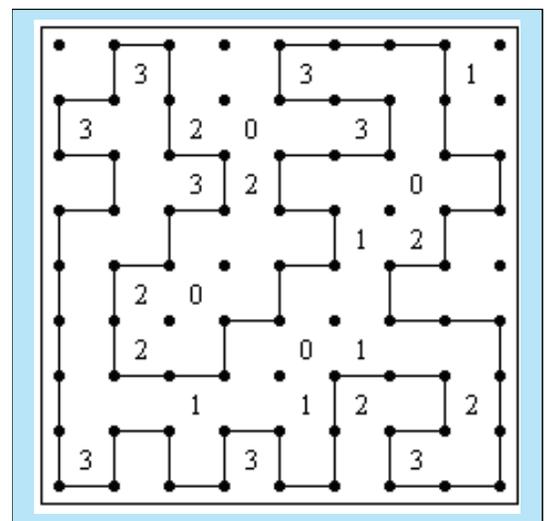


Super Circuits

Circuit training is a fast paced body conditioning workout method that combines several strength training and high-intensity aerobic exercises (4 -10 exercises) to create a circuit.



Slitherlink Answer from last week!



Week 5

Creative writing inspired by nature

Creative challenge winners!

I'm about to lose my friends. Last year we were born onto the tree of an old Oak. How we all helped to keep the people passing by on the ground shaded in the summer time. How we all longed to be with them. Laughing. Eating. Playing. Once we were young and helping the old Oak to grow and stay healthy, now we are useless. I get along with others on my branch, but now we only seem to be bothered about ourselves. About why we all look discoloured. Some say they saw the leaves before us on the ground and others say we're all going to pass. In the time of October.

I talk to the old Oak he says we are too old for him. I'm less than a year and he is 130. I guess I need to get my life in while I can. I'm cold and the old Oak is having to rely on the roots more every day. My branch is empty I'm the last one on the old Oak. During the last week I have seen people jumping on my friends and family. Their backs crunching underneath the people's huge feet. I feared what will happen when I get too weak to hold onto the old Oak. In the time of October.

As I slowly fall away from the old Oak, I feel myself bend in ways I never thought possible. The wind caught me just as I thought I would end up like the rest of my friends. It blew me this way and pushed me that way. I was high in the sky when something caught me then tried to help me get free, but its grip around my legs were too strong. Before I knew what was happening, I was thrown onto an old bench, that sat on the other side of the park from the old Oak. As I tried to look over at him, I was trapped, something was being placed on top of me. Blackness filled me. In the time of October.

'The old Oak', by Stephanie Ball

'The Trees', by Jack Coleman

I'd always liked autumn. And yet this cold night was devoid of joy. I can recall the cold wind, pushing through the canopy of the trees and cutting my skin. That night had been made my whole body numb, and yet, regarding hindsight, I'm unsure as to whether this was due to frostbite or fear. The crunch of the crimson leaves beneath my feet that would usually comfort me had seemed too loud. Deafening, in fact. My ears had been ringing that whole day, and even then, at 8 minutes to midnight, it seemed worse than ever. Almost as though something had been calling me. No, that would have been impossible. I had left my house to go on a walk, despite Ashley's advice, and since then I had wanted to rip my ears from my head. And yet it had been coincidence, surely. And even now, 23 years later, I don't believe that. It is likely because, walking through those woods, the trees seemed to grow before me. Or maybe because, after walking for what had felt like hours, for so long my legs had fell from underneath me, I had reached a clearing. What must have been 10 metres in every direction around me, huge oak towers of branches and leaves. They seemed to move, dance, call out to me. Their arms crawled towards me through the dry air, in a disgusting manner. I felt my sweat go cold as I felt Rough splinters stroke my skin, and my next thought had caused me many restless nights. They are alive too.

'A volcano's story', by Aum Parekh

Everyday my insides bubble. Thinking carelessly doing nothing. Hours pass by as there is nothing left to do. Inside me the hot flames and magma are burning me up. The time is in reverse each day the same. One day I wish that the fire inside me gets extinguished hoping for an abnormal day. The flames of my body are enraged with nothing to do. One day hoping.

Time has passed each day the same nothing to do slowly my ideas of passing time goes. Counting clouds. Counting stars. Even counting sheep and humans. All my rocks erode away just like my ideas. Counting trees. Counting leaves. And even counting bushes and flowers. My mind thinks what to do, what to do. Hoping my flames get extinguished. One day hoping.

6 months have passed by. Time is now my enemy. My body thinking, why? Now with nothing left to do it is like times is in slow motion and reverse. An infinite loop of boredom. Who knows maybe something will change? Around me trees are losing leaves; flowers are dying; and the winter is coming. My mind is blank. Nothing is working. Everything is gone. One day hoping.

1 year has passed by and my fire inside me has been extinguished. My friends and I are playing. Football and consoles. Finally, something has changed. Everything is now okay. The trees and flowers have been rejuvenated. Finally, humans and cars and buses and train and planes are back. More things to count realising my boredom. Finally change. All the time hoping everything is okay.

Week 5

Creative challenge winners!

'What sets us apart', by Caitlin Hoyle

Life.
Running from the second it hits the ground.
Not looking back.
Not even knowing what it's running from.

With only one aim.
To live.
Not to be rich, not to be famous,
Just to breathe air into those lungs,
To feel the sunlight of another day,
Just to live.

It needs nothing more.
It has no sinister desires,
Feels no evil intent
- that's what sets us apart.
It looks at us with those innocent eyes,
And our arrow spears through its beating heart.

Dead.
With one last cry for help,
But no help comes.
The mother watches,
Silently mourning from a distance.
We reload our bow, pull it back.
And soon she's dead too.

Here we are.
Wanting, taking, stealing.
More and more each day.
Living just isn't enough any more.
We've taken it all away.

More than a tree to me
The blossoms so bright,
Not a person in sight,
Could we have gone,
Or is this the night?

Walk past the tree with no delight,
No recognition,
It's just a tree,
Right?

A tree who fights through the wind and the cold
But never seems to grow old
If could see,
Oh what a life it would have had
Memories from things that just walked past

A tree is not just a tree,
It sits with branches of invisible motivation,
If no one cares for the tree,
It will go too,

Just like the person who walked past
If no one cared for them,
They would be off track.

By Grace McEnergy

'Heal me', by Ruby O'Kane

I am broken, I am dying
Oh save me, I plea
You are all killing me, my friends
Even your family, I see.

Your selfish ways ignore my cries
Ignore your future
You'll never survive.
I'm burning up, it's not just the flu.

My beauties are lost
They may never return.
Stop fighting, stop fighting
You will regret it
You monsters, they never seem to learn.

I am weak, I can't fight it anymore
I need your cure.
Stop with your murderous ways

Change.

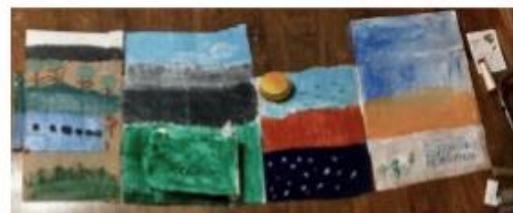


The turtle's escape! By Kiera Smith

Analysis paragraph improvements:

- Travis Petty
- Jack Moore

Nature, by Henissa Parekh



If you have a go at any of the ideas in the newsletter, or there is anything else you have done that you are proud of over lockdown, please let us know. Your tutors and all the college team would love to hear what you are trying & how you are doing – so please keep in touch. Please include Miss Truman and Mrs Hanney in any emails you would be happy to feature in the newsletter too!