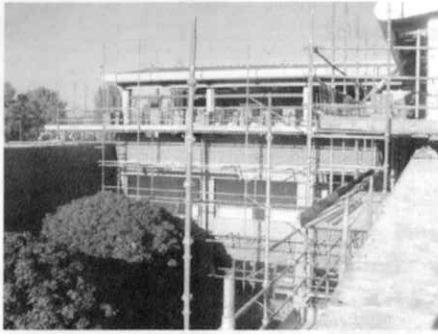
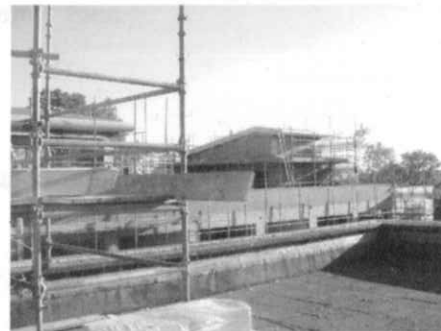


# Contents

## Raynes Park High School



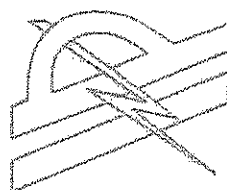
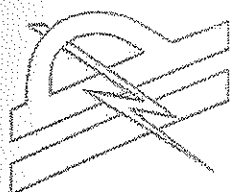
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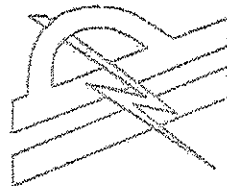
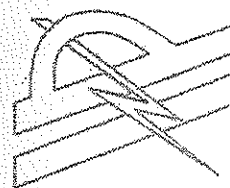
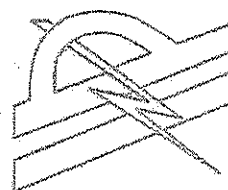
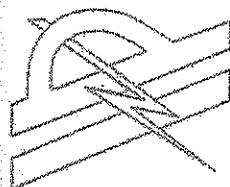
March 2005

Acknowledgements and thanks to Gary Dabrell for the Buildings Pictures on the Cover

# Contents



Page	
1	School Song
2	Editorial
3,4,5	From the Headteacher
6	Peter Scott Poems
7	GCSE Results
8	Merton College Oxford
9	House Music African Drums Midnight Madness
10	Midnight Madness & Prom Pictures
11,12,13,14	Michael Smith's Reminiscences
14	Yankee at Raynes Park
15	Access Centre
15,16,17,18	Fear - a story
18	RP Recipe
19,20	Top Names
21	Art Gallery I
22	Likes and Dislikes History of Pop Poem
23	Prizes and Awards
24	Blue Peter Did you know?
25	Did you know? Riddles
26	Riddles Specialist College
27	Specialist College
28	A History of RPHS Artists Win! Poem
29,30	Letters to the Editor
31,32	The Room I - a story
33	Remembrance
34	The Room II - a story
35	Intelligence Test Les Miserables Health Week
36	The Room III - a story
37	Summer Fair Pictures
38,39,40,41	An Appreciation of the Spur Magazine of long ago
41	Answer to Intelligence Test
41,42,43	World Ice Hockey Championships
43	Borough Year 6 Sports Festival Superteams
44	Art Gallery II
45,46	Jolyon Gardner at RPHS
46,47	Flight - a story
48	Textiles
49	Sports Day Results
50	Sports Day Records
51	House Championship Junior Shield
52	Girls' Football
53	Sports Roundup
54	Egg & Spoon World Record Healthy Food for RP
55	RPHS Entrepreneurs Borough Market RP Recipe
56	Summer Literacy School Science Clubs
57,58	House Plays
59	Summer School Poem
60	Technology College
61,62	Merton School Sport Partnership
62	Study Café Kung Fu
63	Youth Parliament Website Poem
64	Acrobats My Tutor Group
65	French in the Radowicz Style



*Editorial Team:* Louisa Hendry Joanne Edwards Fei Wang Gemma Wellbelove Kerry Cordes  
 Louisa Francis Kirsty Laird Danny Leman Anthony O'Shea Robert Weatherhead Laura Semeria

*Acknowledgements and thanks to Gary Dockrell for the Buildings Pictures on the Cover*

# Raynes Park High School Song

*The Original version:*

Time will make its utter changes,  
Circumstance will scatter us;  
But the memories of our school days  
Are a living part of us.

*Chorus -*

So remember then, when you are men  
With important things to do,  
That once you were young, and this  
song have sung  
For you were at school here, too.

Daily we sit down in form-rooms,  
Inky hand to puzzled head:  
Reason's light, and Knowledge power;  
Man must study till he's dead.

Man has mind but body also;  
So we learn to tackle low,  
Bowl the off-breaks, hit the sixes,  
Bend the diver's brilliant bow.

Man must live among his neighbours,  
For he cannot live alone;  
Friendships, failures and successes  
Here we learn to make our own.

Tractors grunt where oceans wandered,  
Factories stand where green grass grew:  
Voices break and features alter,  
We shall soon be different, too.

Boys and cities, schools and natures,  
Though they change like you and me,  
Do not simply grow and happen,  
They are what they choose to be.

*W.H.Auden*

*The slightly amended version, so that  
the girls neither laugh too much nor  
object too strongly:*

Time will make its utter changes,  
Circumstance will scatter us;  
But the memories of our school days  
Are a living part of us.

*Chorus -*

So remember then, when you are  
grown  
With important things to do,  
That once you were young, and this  
song have sung  
For you were at school here, too.

We must live among our neighbours,  
For we cannot live alone;  
Friendships, failures and successes  
Here we learn to make our own.

Children, cities, schools and natures,  
Though they change like you and  
me,  
Do not simply grow and happen,  
They are what they choose to be.

# Editorial

To me not to be kind  
Is evil of the mind.  
No need to pray or preach,  
Let us our children teach  
With every fond caress  
Pity and gentleness:  
So in the end may we  
God's Kingdom bring to be.

Robert William Service (1874—1958)

*What do you know of the Butterfly Theory and the Ripple Effect?*

In many countries far more children die at birth than do in the United Kingdom. In several of the African countries the figure is twenty times greater than in the UK. How would you feel if you were unlikely to live beyond your thirties? That would be the case in Angola and Zimbabwe amongst others.

Each year fifteen million children in the world die of hunger. That is as though all the children under seventeen in our country died this year. In 2005 More than eight million poor little babies will die before their first birthday.

We have all seen pictures of little children scratching around in dry and dusty fields to find a few seeds to eat. What some of us throw away in a week would be a feast for a family in many parts of Africa.

A quarter of the World's children are not in school. They, and their parents, long for the opportunity of education. Often they have to pay to go to school, but cannot afford it. More than half of them are working, from a very early age, not for little extra luxuries, but to enable them and their families to survive. They work, often in very dangerous conditions, for long hours. Shamefully this is often for our benefit, so that we can buy cheap trainers and the like. Far too many of those children die or are badly injured while working.

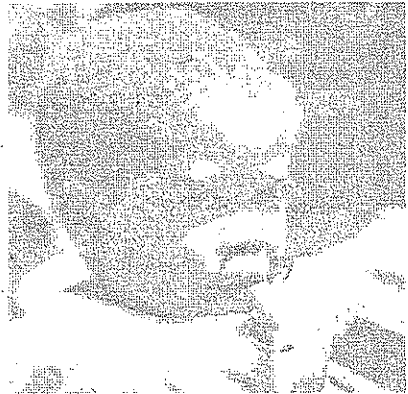
A quarter of what the world spends on guns, missiles and other armaments each year would provide clean water and sanitation for everybody throughout the World. This would save the lives of two million children alone. Where do you think our priorities should lie?

What has my opening sentence to do with all of this? There is a theory that the flapping of a butterfly's wing on a summer's day in England can cause tiny changes in the atmosphere that can spread across the World. Have you ever cast a stone into a pond and watched as the ripples spread across its surface? Maybe if each one of us shows compassion, kindness and concern for each other in our everyday lives and at the same time remembers that we live in the World and not just our little island then our actions could be far-reaching and help to make that World a better place for those far less fortunate than ourselves.

At times we are somewhat thoughtless and a little less kind than we could be. Might this not also have far wider impact than we would ever have imagined?

Can our actions possibly have effects far away about which we never thought? Think of the butterfly and the stone.

Mike Glead  
Spur Editor





# *From the Headteacher*

## *Reorganisation*

I seem to have been reporting on the 'reorganisation' project of the London Borough of Merton for too many years now. The council has recently described it as the single biggest project ever undertaken in the borough. Certainly the agitation for educational change had started almost as soon as the previous reorganisation had been completed in 1989. The advent of the national curriculum in the eighties meant that Merton's revised 'middle school system' did not match the new national curriculum key stages and neither did it bring the age of transfer from primary to secondary into line with that of neighbouring boroughs (Kingston, Sutton and Wandsworth). The various features of this developing 'educational market' for SW London, when put alongside other new initiatives such as league tables, put great pressure on local secondary schools and, it has to be said, on local families.

Change had to come but at secondary level was complicated by the government's insistence on funding the project through a private finance initiative (PFI). This latter 'device' has brought significant additional capital investment for the borough's six high schools and we are now enjoying the benefits of that investment. We survived over two years of builders being on site and they have now departed!

## *New facilities*

The approximately £6.8 million investment has brought some wonderful new facilities for the school. *The Design Building* kept its external appearance but was completely refurbished on the inside to update all the technology specialisms which we offer - graphics, resistant materials, textiles and food technology. *Modern Languages, History and Geography* were given new departmental areas in the former Bushey primary school building (also incorporating a new IT room). *A facility for 20 autistic children* has been created which will allow them to follow mainstream classes for at least 50% of their time while receiving specialist support when required. *A new sports hall* has been in use

since November 2003 and, following the demolition of the old 'Cobb Centre' in 2002, the former housemaster will lend his name to this wonderful additional facility (subject to confirmation by governors) *Finally the 'main building'* has seen a very significant extension which now houses maths, art, business studies, vocational education, a new library (learning resource centre), the staff room and the main computer facilities. In the 'old'school area, English, Science, Music, Drama, Careers and the Learning Development Department now have greatly improved facilities. Unfortunately, even for nearly £7 million, you do not get all your problems solved and there remains much to be done in terms of ongoing repair, maintenance and refurbishment. The PFI company took over full responsibility for the facilities management of the school from September and we look forward to a constructive partnership to ensure that high standards are maintained in all areas of the school site.

Thus the school now comprises four separate buildings on an integrated site providing for its 1100 students, 70 teachers and 40 support staff.

Parents will be pleased to note that the Air Training Corps' new (permanent) home is being constructed in the north eastern corner of the site adjacent to the West Barnes Lane Gate and the Malden Court flats. Squadron 551 should be moving back by the end of September.

## *Exam results*

For the third year running our GCSE results exceeded LEA targets and students celebrated their success on August 26<sup>th</sup> after the usual tense wait. Overall our results were as follows:

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than ever before and next year we are forecasting our best ever results. The target is 53% to get 5 A\*-C. The national improvement in school results often seems to be criticised in the media as if there was a conspiracy to make exams easier. The truth is that students work harder and are taught more effectively by teachers who are better prepared and have better resources. This brilliant national success should be celebrated and the contribution of comprehensive schools in decisively raising standards deserves to be more widely understood and acknowledged.

Our aim as a comprehensive school is to help everyone achieve to the best of their potential and to grow and develop as fully rounded individuals ready to make informed choices about post-16 progression - and eventually to become the active citizens we talk about in our aim statement and our motto.

*To each his need from each his power*

### Staff News

A very notable retirement this year is that of RPFPS member John Carter after 42 years of varied, distinctive and dedicated service to the school. Different generations of former pupils will fondly recall him as a classics teacher, head of sixth form, examinations officer, teacher of German and in recent years as school librarian. I would like to highlight his inspirational leadership of the debating club for many years. He made sure that this house competition continued and was enjoyed by new generations.

Another very significant retirement is that of Sue Leigh, science teacher and leader of our in-house teacher training and support, who has been with us for the final 15 years of her distinguished career in South London comprehensive schools. Steve Cope moved to us from Gorrington Park Middle School during the early stages of reorganisation in 2001 and immediately slotted in as the perfect deputy to Peter Scott. In a short time he made a great impact and led the maths department through some difficult months from January with calm authority and great sensitivity. We congratulate him on over 30 years of outstanding service to Merton schools.

We wish all these colleagues a very happy and enjoyable retirement.

Ana Peliza, in her second year as an Art teacher, was judged Merton's SECONDARY SCHOOL TEACHER OF THE YEAR. A well deserved honour for an outstanding teacher. This award happily coincided with the department's move to exciting new facilities on the top floor of the extension to the new building and success in a national competition which saw five Art students reach the final stages and two went on to win prizes of family holidays in Scotland!

### *Progress of our Specialist School Project*

#### *RPHS as a Technology College*

This designation has now run two years of its initial four year period and we are pleased with how we are progressing the development plan. Of course our main objectives concern teaching and learning and continuing to raise standards across all subject areas not just the 'specialist' departments of maths, science, design and ICT. A distinctive feature of the initiative is the requirement that one third of the extra funds should be dedicated to the wider educational community. This has provided important opportunities to work with our feeder schools and the local community. Peter Codling, director of the project, will provide a detailed report in the SPUR.



*The Adam and Eve Tavern 1750  
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No use asking them the way to the tube station*

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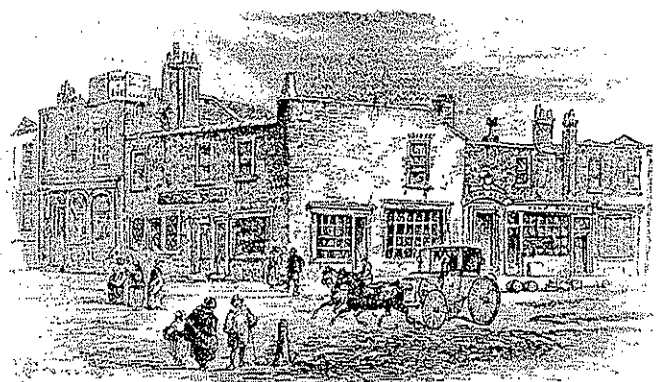
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*The Adam and Eve Tavern 1750  
Tottenham Court Road  
No use asking them the way to the tube station*

## *Sports*

It has been another very busy year for the PE department with many teams entering competitions/leagues for tennis, hockey, cricket, athletics, netball and football. Volleyball re-established itself as a popular extra curricular activity and it is hoped to play competitive matches next year. The semi-finals of the national volleyball cup competition were held in the new Sports Hall in March.

Individual congratulations go to Declan Finn (England ice-hockey u/13s), Holly Blenman (SE region u/15 rugby), Luke Jones (Surrey cross country-junior and winner of the borough competition) and Hannah Cleavelly (GB Karate team u/15s). A record number of school records were broken at the school sports day, held for the second year running at the Kingsmeadow stadium in Kingston. Halliwells were overall winners of the athletics trophy. At the borough meeting RPHS won the mixed school trophy for the third year running.

Netball had an outstanding season winning borough competitions for years 8(u/13), 10 (u/15) and 11(u/16). Tennis continues to increase in popularity and the year 10 team deserves special mention having remained unbeaten in the Surrey Schools league until the final series of matches against Kings College School. Along the way they secured famous victories against a number of public schools.

Year 9 and year 11 boys' football teams lost in extra time in county cup semi-finals for the second year running. We remain optimistic that our luck will change next year!

## *Egg and Spoon Race*

*We cracked it!*

"The world record for the biggest egg and spoon race ever was beaten on Friday 24<sup>th</sup> October 2003: a thousand children at Raynes Park High School picked up their eggs and scrambled 100m in the world record attempt. 859 pupils passed the finishing line with their eggs in one piece and still on the spoon!" quote from BBC Newsround website. The event was featured on the BBC1 programme of that day. Some egg-cellent fun at the end of the first half term, sponsored by

the British Egg Information Council and beating the previous record of 694 pupils set by a Wolverhampton school. A healthy food initiative of course!

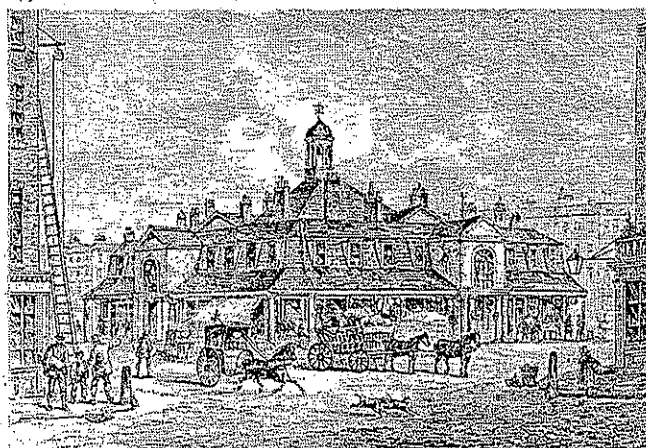
## *70<sup>th</sup> anniversary*

We will be celebrating this anniversary in academic year 2005-06 and hope to work closely with the RPFPS committee to plan a series of events for current and former pupils of all generations. We welcome all contributions to the school archive (which will shortly have its own dedicated space) and will try to keep everyone informed via the society newsletters and the school website. However, if you are in the area and want to pay us a visit, just ring the school office. We will be delighted to see you and to arrange a tour for you.

I have mentioned just some of the many achievements of our students and staff this last year and would urge you to buy a copy of the SPUR to find out more. For example, our percussion group took pride of place on Merton's float in the Mayor's New Year's Day parade through central London and again played a highly appreciated role in the Mitcham Carnival in June.

Finally I offer my congratulations to Miltons - overall winners of the House Challenge Cup. Halliwells won the Junior Shield.

*Ian Newman*  
*Headteacher*



*Oxford Street Market in the 18th Century  
Long before Next and Topshop*

# Peter Scott

It was with great sadness that I wrote to parents in January to inform them of the death of Peter Scott, our Head of Maths since 1993. He had been battling with serious illness for a number of years but he somehow never lost his enthusiasm or sense of humour. He always maintained his professional focus on his students and his department. He led the department with distinction and was described by Ofsted inspectors as an 'outstanding teacher' and an 'exceptional Head of Department'. As well as this he contributed to many other aspects of school life - as a member of the senior management team, supporting the Raynes Park High School Association (RPHSA), appearing at karaoke fund-raising events, master of ceremonies/DJ for the school fair and much more. His energy, enthusiasm and wonderful sense of humour were legendary.

All of this and more is reflected in the book of memories which was placed in the library and which bears eloquent testimony to how much we all loved him. We will treasure his memory, seek to maintain and nurture his high standards and continue his ambitious plans for the future of mathematics at Raynes Park High School.

A very moving memorial service in March recalled his many contributions to the life of the school.

We are considering various projects to honour and remember him. These will include the "Maths Garden" that he inspired as part of our specialist school development plan. Peter - you will always be with us

*Ian Newman*

## The Argument

It started in the playground,  
The bell had just been rung,  
All the kids were piling out,  
Breaktime had begun.  
The nursery kids were skipping,  
The girls were having a chat,  
The boys were playing football,  
Anna called Tim fat!  
Tim said he wasn't,  
Anna called him dumb,  
Tim said, "I'm telling Miss!"  
Anna cussed his mum.  
The teacher in the playground,  
From over the other side,  
Heard Anna call Tim names,  
Tim, naturally cried.  
"Give me back my lunchbox!"  
"Actually, I don't want to,"  
"Fine, I'll tell the teacher,"  
"That, I doubt you'll do!"  
The teacher came running over,  
Anna let go of Tim,  
"Go to the Headteacher,  
You were bullying him!"  
The teacher spoke to Tim,  
His problem had been mended,  
The bell rang loudly,  
Breaktime had ended.

*Julia Evans 9MX*

## Global Warning

Machines of man and Mother Earth  
Clash so many times  
They strip, pollute and savage her  
Man commits so many crimes

We tear her of her bounty  
Without a single care  
Why do we do this to our world  
It really isn't fair

We should love and care for her  
Not cause her any harm  
For generations yet to come  
We must not cause alarm

*Ben Nolan 7MZ*



## 2003 GCSE Results

On August 21<sup>st</sup> 2003 students gathered nervously outside waiting to open envelopes which contained their results. Afterwards there were many smiles as we celebrated record results. Students deserve congratulations for this success – just reward for all their hard work. Below we highlight some of the achievements of our GCSE students I am delighted to report that 2003's GCSE achievements were our best ever.

### *Gaining at least:*

5 A\*-C 48% 5 A\*-G 86% 1 A\*-G 93%

### OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS

#### *GCSE: 10 or more A\*-C Grades:*

Tanser Ozdemir, Daniel Lyle, Lauren Pearson, Roberta Spence, Privashti Singh, Abubakar Harun, Nadeen Ahmed, Max Breese, Scott Brock, Katherine Evans, Michael Sexton, Michael Warwick, Bilal Aslam, Hayley Bannister, Michael Cashmore, Lisa Davis, David Francis, Luke Morgan, Kay Pickett, Jonathan Pinn.

#### *GCSE: 8 or 9 A\*-C Grades:*

Sean Cooper-Liles, Laura Dolby, Amy Edgeworth, Kelly Fancourt, Jacqueline Ford, Richard Harris, Mark Jolley, Michael Poland, Lucy Stroud, Laurie Underwood. Side Underwood. Thomas Babington, Sam Bordbar, Lisa Clynsaw, Danielle Drewett, Simon Frost, Oscar Gustafsson-Wood, Mark Leung, Sabina Lockwood, Rochelle Mather, Patrick Richmond, Jemima Thompson, James Wittams-Smith, Paola Coltra, Carol Cull, Lucy Featherstone, Rebecca Howard, Ugochukwu Ikechi, Thomas Jones, Jamie Leaver, Eke Mba, Clare Allan, Philip Armstrong, Camilla Di Palma, Hannah Gilbert, Jonathan Greenfield, Mark Johnson, Ashley Lacey, Victoria Patching, Komal Patel, Jessica Powell, Daniel Scandrett, Hayley Sponder, Marcus Welfare

## 2004 GCSE Results

For the third year running our GCSE results exceeded LEA targets. Overall our results were as follows:

### *Gaining at least:*

5 A\*- C 45% 5 A\*- G 90% 1 A\*- G 94%

There were many outstanding successes for students of all abilities. Below we record some of these in order to reflect the breadth of our curriculum offer and the dedication and ability of our students (and staff!). 205 students took exams in over 20 different subjects with a significant number of more able students choosing to do more than the standard 8 or 9 subjects. There were more higher grades than ever before and next year we are forecasting our best ever results. The target is 53% to get 5 A\*-C.

### OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS

#### *Pupils who achieved 12 or more GCSE's with A\* to C grades:*

Jenani Jegatheesawaran, James Vineer, Daniel Herridge, Lucio Gianocoli, Robert Lever, Hayley Coyne, Nicholas Symonds, Henry Newman, David Scott

#### *Pupils who achieved 10 or more GCSE's with A\* to C grades:*

Marissa Golding, Sibugudi Mabeleng, Richard Vanderpuije, Richard Kottke, Lauren Egan, Vijaykumar Patel, Kate Willoughby, Edward Carey, Thomas Christie, Susan Danpure, Kylie Douglas, David Francis, Lillian Low, Lewis May, Zishaan Mirza, Lucy Powell, Nicholas Rudd, Laura Saker, Alice Trimmer, Sharon Vincent, David Weatherhead, Harry Worth

#### *Pupils who achieved 8 or more GCSE's with A\* to C grades:*

Burhan Abdi, Philip Hansford, Paul Kim, Melvyn Narraidoo, Neil Fraser, Yusuf Khaleeq, Sarah Streek, Christopher Warren, Emma Drewett, Ashly Keane, Victoria Kupczak, Terence Medwin, Nabeel Qureshi, Lauren Armstrong, Wai Kin Ma, Jason Fernandes, Kayleigh Abbott, Guy Sumner, Kerry Owen, Laurence Mart, Morgan Harriott, Emma Hobson, Salma Ahmad, Jennifer Heapes, Joanna Rose

## *Oxford's Dreaming Spires*



In mid March 2004 a shivering group of RPHS students stood huddled in the freezing arctic wind, outside the Civic Centre, waiting to begin an expedition to Oxford. Oh, and Mr Gardner was there too.

We had been invited to visit Merton College (no, not that one, this one's in Oxford) along with a group of students from other schools in Merton. The Oxford College was founded over seven hundred years ago by the Abbot from our local abbey.

When we arrived in Oxford we were all astounded by the difference in architecture. Morgan was particularly impressed by the Mock Tudor McDonalds! On our way to Merton College we saw many other colleges and we were all surprised at how old the buildings were. Our coach then had great trouble getting into the courtyard of the college, and we realised why everybody goes around on bikes in Oxford.

When we finally managed to park, we met up with our guide and hurriedly went inside, as Oxford was just as cold as Morden. After a welcoming speech we were given a short quiz to increase our knowledge of Oxford and Further Education as a whole. Some of it was easy, but many of the questions revealed interesting answers, and afterwards we felt we understood Oxford a lot better and some

of the myths we had thought true were dispelled.

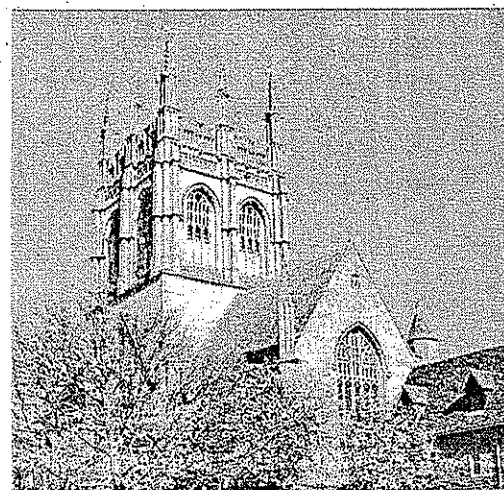
After this we had the chance to meet an Oxford undergraduate. He told us a bit about student life and the courses, and left many of us looking forward to university for the great parties....I mean interesting courses and educational content. We then went on a tour of the college grounds and heard some interesting stories about its history, and who was buried under the chapel (sorry guys, you'll just have to go there to find out!!!). Our guide then offered to show us her room to give us an idea of the size of the students' rooms. As we were all lined up on the staircase she said something along the lines of "I'd better go and clear up".

After this we went to lunch with the undergraduates. We ate in a huge, ancient dining hall covered with portraits of the founders and benefactors of the college. The food was very healthy and surprisingly good! Bear this in mind when you're choosing a university - Oxford has good food.

After lunch we visited the Oxford Natural History Museum. We learned about evolutionary theory and a fascinating fact about barnacles.

All in all our trip to Oxford was well worthwhile. We had gained an insight into one of the great universities of the world.

*Lucio Gianicoli*





## House music

The house music competition was a great event; it was very entertaining and a real treat for your ears! There were loads of brilliant contestants for Miltons, Newsoms, Halliwells and Gibbs. Nineteen individual/group contestants demonstrated their talents in different ways - singing or playing a musical instrument. Even though all the houses were good in their own way there had to be winners. They were: Emily Trimmer (Gibbs) - girls' voice (competition with many entrants and a high standard); Robert Lever (Gibbs) - boys' instrumental; Gibbs/Miltons - joint winners "group instrumental"; Jody Brock (Newsoms) - boys' voice (Paul Hutton a very close second); Miltons girls - group vocals. Thank you to Mr. Kedge and Mr. Stapleton for acting as our adjudicators and to Miss Knight and Mr. Maju for making it all possible.

*David Lundy 7MZ*

## African Drums

"World Drumming" focuses on Latin, African, Afro-Cuban rhythms. Our objective is to create percussion performance pieces and have fun! We build on natural ideas and abilities. Our purpose is to improve pupils' knowledge of world and cultural rhythms and skills to work as a group and create our own pieces of music.

*K. Stapleton*

We enjoy African Drumming very much. Our teacher Mr. Stapleton is very good at it. We do new things every lesson, and get to meet new people.

*Enoch, Tony and Frank 8HX*

## Midnight Madness

As many of you already know, Thursday and Friday the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> of March saw the performances of our school play, "Midnight Madness", written by Miss Jones, and directed by Miss Jager, both members of the Drama department. On both performances, I felt that the play went down very well. Of course, I did not simply watch the play - I was playing Gustav Brummlevick, a reporter from Munich news, along with Lara Fitzgerald (Hayley Coyne), Gary Llass (Daniel Heridge) and Grega Gariou (Vicky Ling). My performance went well, and I felt that there were some really exceptional performances from other members of the cast. Of particular note was Royal (Paul Hutton) a Jamaican genie, and husband of Hortense. There were, of course, dozens and dozens of good actors and actresses but, sadly, I do not have enough room to mention them all here, so I will just mention one other - Tamara Verjuzzi (Budi Mabeleng) whose performance was extremely funny and memorable; never, for as long as I live, will I forget the sight of him in a bright orange woman's wig and long fur coat, and I am sure that nobody in the audience will be able to either. I really enjoyed performing in the school play. There were some great moments during rehearsals, and the actual acting on the night was fun as well. Unfortunately this was my last school play as I am leaving the school in a few weeks time, and I now deeply regret not auditioning for the three previous school plays. So I urge anyone who thinks that they might be interested - find out when auditions are (either from a teacher or the Drama notice board located near the hall, by the downwards Science stairs) and go for it - you are almost certain to get a part. Once you have your part, then check the notice board every break time and lunchtime for news of rehearsals. Attend as many as possible, even if they are after school. Then, on the big night, speak confidently, clearly and, above all, do your best. This advice applies to all forthcoming school plays and House plays. Break a leg!

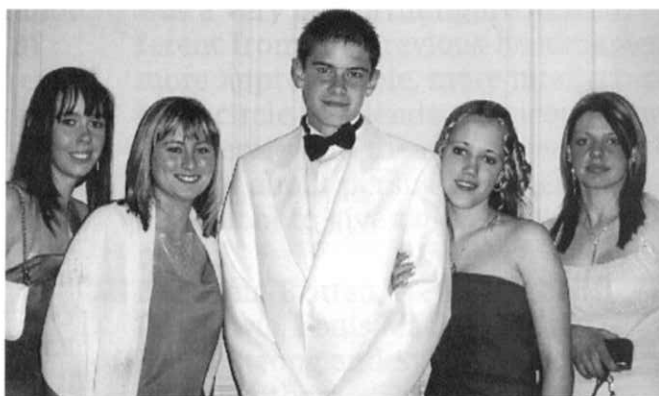
*David Langdon 11HZ*

## Scenes from Midnight Madness



## Year 11 Prom

*No need to ask whether it was  
a happy evening!*



# Reminiscences

*Michael Smith writes about his father, Peter, and of his own memories of Raynes Park*

In the summer of 1941 Peter had been taken on as a Science master at Raynes Park County School, something that was partly luck, partly ability, for a transfer from Elementary School to County Secondary School was very uncommon, even then.

Peter had been born on 18<sup>th</sup> November 1902, which put him into that select minority of men who missed being called up in both World Wars, being just too young for the Great War, and, though the call-up age for his occupation was constantly being raised throughout WW2, he always just missed call-up in the Second. He was certainly not Forces material, and disliked the idea of wearing a uniform, and, although he could have very easily got a Commission, with rank and uniform, whilst instructing the Air Training Corps, he always avoided it, though he worked endless hours teaching astro-navigation to the Cadets.

Our family were due to join Peter up in London as soon as he could get accommodation for us, but I had blotted my copy book in Lewes County School, so, ahead of the rest of the family, I went up and joined him in digs on Wimbledon Hill.

The contrast between the two schools was stark. Both were about the same size, about 300 boys; Lewes had been built in 1930, surrounded by acres of flat meadow, while Raynes Park in 1935, was built on a far smaller site, with a simpler plan, with two storeys instead of one. The boys were the same age range, and broadly speaking had the same backgrounds as those at Lewes, though Raynes Park drew from a much more compact catchment area, which made it far easier to make friends out of school hours. The masters sometimes wore gowns, we addressed them as Sir in the accustomed manner. Although Peter never taught me, I really enjoyed calling him Sir, because it caused him so much embarrassment!

The science labs were bigger, and more business-like, and, even though the school was actually a little smaller, and we had to go out to the neighbouring Elementary school to do

our Biology in their only lab, taught by a charming middle aged woman, Dolly Whiteman, who was an almost exact copy of the actress, Margaret Rutherford. The real difference between the two schools was the ethos. Lewes had very little out of hours activities - this was partly inevitable, given the huge catchment area it served, and the length of time many boys spent in travelling to get to it. In Raynes Park we nearly all had bikes, or came short distances by trolley-bus.

It was obvious that we were expected to be involved with school and staff in a way that was new to me. As in Lewes we were divided into Houses, but these played a relatively smaller part in our school lives. Raynes Park had them as well, named after the original members of the school staff: Gibb, Halliwell, Newsom, Cobb and Milton.

It was an ad hoc arrangement, and it was awkward arranging competitions between five Houses. At that time all these masters were still teaching at the school, and even after they left the name of the House was retained. I was put into Miltons House, and Alan Milton is still with us, aged over 90.

The Headmaster, John Garrett, (1902-1966), was a very colourful figure indeed, very different from my previous headmaster, far more approachable, more intellectual, with a huge circle of friends and acquaintances in the literary and theatrical world. He had no qualms about persuading them to appear at his school to give talks and watch school plays.

Benjamin Britten, Nevill Coghill, T.S. Eliot, C. Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, L.A.G. Strong and Sybil Thomdike were amongst them.

The school song had been written by W.H. Auden, and, with minor corrections to accommodate the extension of gender, is still used now. Our cap badge was a modernist representation of the electric railway line and two main roads running in front of and behind the school. The school motto was derived from a sound Socialist quotation:

*From each his power, to each his need.*

John Garrett lodged up by Wimbledon Common, in the large house of Parker, a rich stockbroker, whose two sons were pupils at Raynes Park. Beside his literary and theatrical friends, he knew a great number of politicians, heads of Oxford and Cambridge Col-

leges, and obviously his L.E.A. members. Amongst his other social contacts he was a personal friend of the Queen Mother (George V's widow, Mary of Teck), though I don't think that even he tried to use that avenue to promote the future careers of his pupils. He was certainly absolutely determined to make his school a success, and used his very widespread contacts to help all of us.

He was only at Raynes Park during my first year in the VI form, leaving to become H.M. at Bristol Grammar School in 1942, taking the charismatic Frank Beecroft, French master, with him. Incidentally Bristol Grammar had been Peter's old school. He was succeeded by Charles Wrinch as Headmaster.

Once I had got used to the strangeness of my new school, I liked it. Admittedly, being in the Science VI, I was already set on an academic racetrack that I could not have avoided, even if I had wished to do so. At this time, before the Atomic Bomb arrived, Science was virtually the new religion: Arts subjects were very much second rate. My problem with Science was that I had been relatively badly taught in Lewes, and had a huge amount of catching up to do. My ambition at the time was to do Chemistry, though in my final year I was persuaded to do Medicine, by my mother, 'to keep me out of the Army' though the subject had no initial attraction at all. As I can now see, it was a far better choice, since any basic science needed far better mathematics than I could ever have attained: I used Calculus for two years, entirely by rote, without ever understanding what I was doing.

It was possible to leave one of the basic sciences until I got to University, at least you could do this if you were reading Medicine, and, rather wisely, I put Physics off to be done in my first six months at Cambridge. I did much better in Botany, Zoology and Chemistry, particularly Organic Chemistry, which I found easy.

Raynes Park was a very friendly, stimulating place to be in. The School Plays were streets ahead of what I had had at Lewes, and later on these became Peter's province. We did have inter-house competitions. I was useless at contact sports, but was a good swimmer, so got my points that way. In fact the swimming baths were, next to the cinema, our sta-

ple relaxation, and since we all had bicycles we could get to half a dozen sessions easily. A group of us also took to rowing skiffs on the Thames. For live theatre we had Wimbledon Theatre nearby.

There were at least twice as many cinemas locally as there are now, and they were always packed, some holding a thousand or more. It was warm, dark, and cheap, and, if a bomb hit it (and this was surprisingly uncommon) at least you went in cheerful company. The air raid alerts were retailed to the audiences, but hardly anyone ever left because of them. The only rush to leave came at the end, when we did our best to avoid standing for the National Anthem.

Other local entertainment was the Speakers Corner up by the War Memorial on Wimbledon Common. It was only a pale imitation of the real thing in Hyde Park, but could be counted on to give opportunities to barrack Bible Bugs, outright lunatics and highly confused would-be political speakers. I had no desire to offend the local Communist Party speaker, claiming to be one myself at the time, but, of course there was often a lot of controversy from the audience surrounding them, even though Russia was officially our ally by now. The Communist Party, in England, was unlike any other in the world. It was minute, and almost entirely recruited from Middle Class professionals. It was now at its peak, with a membership roughly equalling that of, say, Denmark. It had an inflated influence, far, far beyond its actual political powers, and never had, and never got, a significant following amongst the genuine proletarians.

One of the Raynes Park staff, the novelist Rex Warner, who taught Latin and Greek, was in the Home Guard, serving on the Anti-Aircraft Battery (of 4.9" calibre guns) in St George's Fields down near the by-pass road which regularly shook our house in Grand Drive to its foundations. The gunfire was mainly psychological any way: the shrapnel broke roof tiles all over Raynes Park, but the noise was reassuring. Even the authorities didn't seriously imagine that the Ack Ack did much more than that.

In 1941 we were still having conventional air-raids, with 2 kgm incendiary bombs starting fires after they had punched a hole through the roof. Because of this all facto-

ries, businesses, and schools were required to provide Fire Watchers. Pupils over 16 could be used as Fire Watchers in their schools, and we got paid for a night's duty, I think it was 1/6d. There were usually two of us, bedding down on the floor of the Masters' Common Room.

We soon found a way of getting cigarettes out of the machine up on the wall, by recycling the same shilling [5 p] over and over again. Nominally we were supposed to make a tour of the school every so often, but hardly ever did so. After a bit we discovered that the cigarette machine was being left empty, by the way, so that perk died out.

The Flying Bombs, "V-1's, arrived quite suddenly in the summer of 1943. They were very different from conventional air-raids, which would go on for hours: these arrived intermittently around the clock, so the warning sirens were not used. They carried their own warning - the stuttering drone of the ram-jet engine driving a small aeroplane, constructed from sheet steel, that raced across the sky, carrying a ton and a half of Amatol. As long as the engine kept going, you were quite safe. Once it stopped there was less than a minute before it hit the ground and exploded, leaving a brownish column of smoke to drift away across the roofs. They added a spice of danger to our lives, but I can't say that we were greatly scared by them. The nearest I got to one was when I was leaving Waterloo Station, and one came down, almost on top of a double-decker bus in the York Road. What was left of the bus had almost fallen into the huge crater that the V-1 had left.

They were still arriving a year later, and, while I was doing a dissection with a West African student in the Middlesex Hospital, up on the top floor. We had clubbed together and bought an old age pensioner's thorax, which we were industriously taking to bits. Suddenly I looked up through the windows, and actually saw a V-1 silently gliding by. In a flash it was gone, and then the whole building shook beneath our feet. Calling it a day we raced down the stairs, and later discovered that it had dropped on a foreign students' hostel in Grafton Way, killing about thirty of them.

With the V-1 you did get audible warning. Not so with the V-2, which was a rocket, and dropped out of the sky, travelling faster than the sound of its passage, so you got no warning at all. There weren't so many of these, but they were much more destructive, and produced enormous craters. Incidentally none of these incidents, V-1 or V-2 was ever reported in the papers, for security reasons. We heard about them by word of mouth - there was a V-2 that fell on a shopping centre in Sunbury and killed over a hundred people was one story I can remember whilst I was in Cambridge. It might or might not have been true.

Because of these attacks a lot of schools were evacuated - Raynes Park went to West Woodhay, in Wiltshire, staying in an enormous country house. Peter was one of the organisers, and lessons were kept going, in the mornings at least. I was there for a few weeks with maybe a hundred of the Raynes Park boys.

I have often been asked about what the war was like, and obviously I can only answer for an adolescent in a country that was not occupied by the Germans, or my memories would have been very different. Whilst middle-class adults felt it was dull, and that they had been deprived, working class standards soared - unemployment disappeared, wages rose to unimagined levels - regular payments of £3, even £4 per week were quite usual - and they actually ate more, and better, under rationing than most of them had ever done in the past. Their social status changed as well, with universal rationing and Identity Cards, they acquired the suffix 'Mr'. 'Mrs' and, of course, 'Miss', where before 1939 it was usual simply to address them by their surname, except for domestic servants, and a few very long-standing employees, who were always addressed by their Christian names. At school (and in the University) we hardly ever addressed each other except by our surname, though it wasn't quite as unusual in Raynes Park as it had been in Lewes. To use Christian names was still not general.

As regards the War, we adolescents had nothing to compare it with. At our age life was going to be good anyway. The prospect of being killed in an air-raid did not really worry us, in fact the prospect of being killed

was unreal, though most of my companions were destined for the Forces, mainly the Army, by 1943, and a dozen or so of them were killed. Mortality just didn't register with us. Our parents, particularly our mothers did suffer, as I know from my own family: it was just a fear that I couldn't share with her.

Clothes rationing hardly affected us, the word teenager had yet to be coined, and the idea of wearing special clothes because of our age lay in the future. Food rationing led to monotony, but we filled up on bread and potatoes. You did learn never to leave meat uneaten. At school they dished out bottles of milk, holding a third of a pint, and this was free. Many of the boys didn't like milk, and were quite happy to let the rest of us help them out - I regularly drank three or four of those little bottles.

Another war-time innovation was the British Restaurant. It did not concern us too much, because we mainly ate at home, but it was possible to get a cup of tea and a two course meal for one old penny - you even had some choice about what you ate. These establishments were loathed by the local restaurants, and were closed down as quickly as possible after about 1949.

*Michael Smith*

### *The Flower*

The flower stands alone  
as proud as it is tall  
but stays within its pot beside the classroom  
wall

it has been long forgotten  
not even spared a glance  
as life moves on without it  
the flower gets not chance  
but it still keeps on growing  
and makes the room look light  
but nobody takes notice  
as if they has no sight  
and now it's close to dieing  
yet still remains unseen  
the stem begins to weaken  
at he leaves look much less green  
the room stands dull and lonely  
the flower's dead and gone  
but although no one saw it  
its work has still been done

*David Lewis 10HZ*

## *A Yankee at RP*

For a start I was already feeling self-conscious about how strange my own accent sounded, and the differences in language and vocabulary were far more numerous than I'd expected. I felt like an outsider. I cringed ads I heard stuents mocking my accent and felt like every time I spoke, I was setting the class up for another big laugh. Even trying to get through the register of names was difficult, as I seemed to have my own way of saying the most common of names. It wasn't long before I had students begging me to

"mispronounce" common words such as tomato, aluminum, butter, fourteen, and the letter "Z" just for their pleasure. "It's pretty neat to have an American teacher," one student told me, "but you sure do talk funny." Of course, I was having my own laugh at a few expressions myself.

For example, during my first lesson with Year 7s, I was taken back at the number of students asking permission to "use the toilet." Obviously we have toilets in America, but we prefer to refer to them in euphemistic terms like "restroom" or "bathroom." What you do in that room is not something you typically share with others, so to specifically ask to use the toilet seemed unnecessarily graphic and a bit crude to my ears. I've also gotten akick out of how antiquated some of the vocabulary is. The only person I know in America that uses the words trousers, rubbish, trainers, and bum is my 89-year-old grandmother.

I have also enjoying being constantly called "Sir." At first, it made me feel a bit old, but then I thought of "To Sir With Love" and enjoyed the Sidney Poitier-like feeling. Besides, it fitted with my naive notions of what teaching in London would be like. I had romantic ideas that I'd be teaching in castle-like fortress with kids wearing dapper uniforms and speaking in posh British accents. We'd have breaks for tea before the students went running off to their afternoon cricket lessons. OK, so I was dreaming. Teaching here has been remarkably different from both my expectations and my experience in America, but I can say that its been an entertaining and educational experience. I'm still astounded by how foreign I feel and sound, but more and more I feel like I've made a home here and that this is where my new life is.

*Regan Koch*

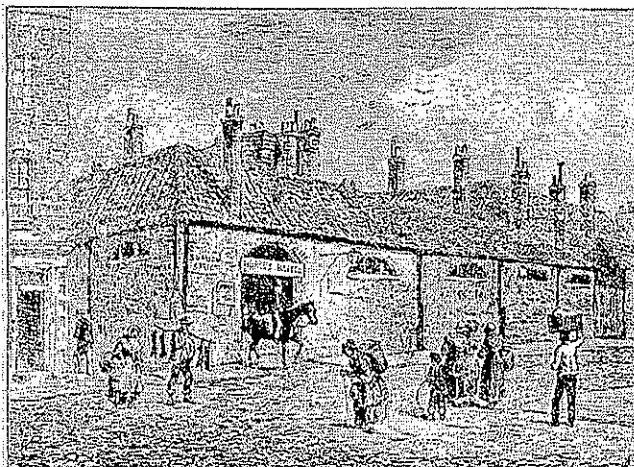


## Access Centre

On September 18<sup>th</sup> 2003 we finally moved into the new, purpose built Access Centre. It was just as well, as with the rising number of pupils the temporary accommodation was just getting too small. Any change to routine is always difficult for pupils on the Autistic Spectrum (AS) to handle and moving to the new building was no exception. They all found it very difficult to adjust to more space, more rules and just all the general newness! However, staff are working very hard to help pupils settle in to an excellent resource. We now have a dedicated speech and language room as well as specific curriculum areas to replicate a school setting and enhanced ICT provision. Many students with AS have a particular interest in computers and are often very talented in this area.

Although the Access Centre is primarily for the use and support of pupils with AS, many other pupils have been welcomed over the threshold during the course of the first year. This has ranged from friends being invited to play table tennis at break and lunch times to other students who needed particular curricular support during the school day. Shortly we will open our doors to others in the same way as before.

*L. Kaufman*



*Old Stables in Swallow Street 1820  
Now swallowed up by Regent Street*

## Fear - a story

She was only 17 years old yet she had thrown away her childhood to become a single mother. Worthless teen mother Renee dumped her daughter Shanetta for a lifestyle of money and drugs. Renee felt burdens, as a mother that teenagers shouldn't have to. Being only 17, no one seemed to want to help. Renee's parents hadn't set her a good example of parenthood as she had a dope fiend for a mother and an absentee father. So Renee dealt with her issues the only way she'd learnt how. Drop everything and leave. Just like they'd done to her.

Renee felt little emotion as she packed her three-week-old baby's things into a bin bag. From the last week of pregnancy she planned everything out for herself. Renee had even struggled three weeks with no help from the baby's father, so everything would be in order.

Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> July at 9.03pm would be the time her memories came flooding back and she got a feeling of neglect. Renee wasn't sure where her baby was going, but anywhere would be better than with her.

Renee boarded the 8.26 tube train to central Brooklyn from Lakeside. The train was dark and dingy. The faster the train moved the more the seats shook, the louder the noise became. Shanetta began to cry. Other passengers gazed in askance at Renee. Her eyes pierced through them sharply, as though they were spears. When she arrived at her station she hastily alighted from the train to avoid queues. Renee walked drearily down a few streets, she came to a house inside a block of flats, which stood out; it was in complete solitude. It had an archway covered in ivy, which was unique in a flat. For the first time she kissed her baby, she took this opportunity to study the beauty she had created. Soft pure ebony skin, curly dark brown kinky hair and wide brown delicate eyes, she had model-like attributes.

Renee fought her decision, as it no longer seemed right, but one side came out stronger it was all too late, the life of drugs seemed more enticing. Renee paced the corridor surrounding that house, speeding up as tears glistened like stars; in her eyes. She placed the wicker basket carefully on the doorstep with solemnity so as not to wake her baby, and then gradually lowered the partially filled bin bag beside the basket. Renee rang the bell and walked away quickly through the corridor to a lift where she was out of view. The door hadn't yet been answered; she slowly began to walk towards the house, contemplating whether to retrieve her baby.

Suddenly, in swung the door and an elderly woman stepped through the doorway. Renee quickly hid so she could see, but couldn't be seen. The woman looked around she saw nothing, but as she turned to go back inside, Netta began to cry. Startled, the old woman nearly jumped out of her skin, she looked down. There right before her, was Shanetta Tamar Johnson, a Nubian princess. The woman found her name on the label on the bag. She quickly took her inside to warm her, while she thought who to contact. Renee's emotions overcame her as the door closed briskly behind the lady and baby. For many hours after, she traipsed the streets of Brooklyn.

The woman she had picked was an elderly woman who was infertile. She had fostered most of her life, but now she was ready for adoption, she was discriminated against because of her age. The woman had become distressed from a young age as all she dreamt about was having nine children with a big wedding.

The lady's name was Miss Mae. She called the social services to report the baby's situation, soon after they came to investigate. They researched her background after a process of checks they consented for her to be the baby's guardian.

Miss Mae knew a time would come when Netta would want to know about

her biological family. Miss Mae knew nothing factual about Shanetta's mum although she'd seen similar cases. But she promised when the time came she'd help her research her relatives.

Miss Mae assisted and befriended all the young mothers in her building. She babysat for next to nothing. Baby-sitting was therapeutic for Miss Mae in her old age, as it kept her energetic and sane. Miss Mae nicknamed Shanetta Netta because it seemed less formal. Miss Mae grew extremely close with Netta. In her formative years Netta mistook her for her mother and regularly called her "Momma".

Miss Mae taught her everything she needed to know, from how to spell her name to her alphabet and numbers. So when she began kindergarten, she knew the basics and was ahead of the other children. As Netta grew, her relationship with Miss Mae strengthened. Miss Mae groomed Netta as she matured and headed towards puberty.

Somewhere deep in the ghetto, drugs were getting the better of Renee. Over the years they stripped her of all her hopes, dreams, morals and principals. As the habit grew, cheaper, drugs became her Achilles heel. Renee was living in a slum, with other drug abusers, still receiving her welfare cheque, but blowing it on drugs was the routine.

One night was different although it started the same. The hustlers came in and sold to the fiends, but this night one of the "hustlers" was an undercover B.P.D officer. All the fiends including Renee were caught in a swoop involving 250 police concluding an investigation of months. They were sentenced two weeks later.

Miss Mae had always told Netta that she had a gift, but Netter had never understood what it was. For the first time Netta consciously used her gift. She was in her third period at school and a cold feeling through her body told her that something wasn't right. She felt an icy hand immersing her back. Then she



started hearing voices crying for help. Then and there she asked to leave school because she wasn't feeling well. Imperiously they told her she'd be fine. Netta wasn't looking for a discussion on the matter so left of her own accord. On her way home a sudden eerie feeling of calmness overcame her. It felt as if the icy hand had gone, and there was no more screaming in her head. Her pace became casual until she noticed flashing red and blue lights ahead from an ambulance and several police cars, which jarred her brain.

Netta weaved between what seemed like seas of on-lookers. She strained to see the body on the gurney as the paramedics wheeled it by but she finally got a good look when one of the strings loosened and the sheet slightly lifted. A slipper fell from the gurney; it was Miss Mae's. An E.M.S worker who was previously assisting paramedics, began questioning the heard of bystanders. Netta burst into tears, when the E.M.S worker persisted to question her. When asked if she knew the victim, Netta simply thought I'm closer than related, who gives them the audacity to say she was just a guardian. Miss May was her guardian angel, how dare someone deprive her of that privilege.

Black was another person extracted from the real world and relocated in a drug-filled one. He'd grown up in a Mur-nar homes housing project, for less fortunate families. Black needed money quickly, but was unaware the valued resident of that building he had raped and tormented had died from her injuries.

14-year-old Netta attended the funeral service. Netta was crushed, she promised herself that would be the last time she would ever cry about anyone of anything every again and she meant it. When Miss Mae died, a part of Netta died too.

The social services came in contact with Netta; they placed her with a foster family. The foster family began to abuse her. The mother let loose a stream of

curses at her as soon as she came through the door because she was jealous. The father beat her until she bled; the son raped her countless times.

Nearing the end of her ninth grade Netta, unlike everyone else had just become settled. Everyone envied her uncanny way of focussing on her books. Netta became close with a girl named Meeka in her Philosophy class. Meeka admired Netta as she was unobtrusive. Netta admired Meeka's natural beauty. She was beautiful inside and out, with a perfect size 8 frame, she had the traces of French and Indian mixed with her African heritage. Exotic eyes, glowing Hawaiian skin and fine jet black hair. They were placed together for an assignment, and when their personalities clicked.

Netta hit her last year of compulsory education she decided she wanted it to be a year to remember. For the first time she was exposed to what seemed like a parallel world of drug dealers and friends alike. She met Meeka's family; her twin brothers David and Malachi. Her father was the notorious hustler known as Dollar and her mother Tina. Netta grew close with Meeka's friends, Flo, Naaman and Eve.

The girls had a pact to be friends forever. They moved into a flat together. They fell into the wrong crowd and they began to steal. At fist it was for necessities such as food and living essentials. Netta began to take a leading role over her friends. She named them the Rocawear, which meant they fought for the clothes they wear. Netta slowly became a kleptomaniac.

Netta had promised Miss Mae she wouldn't abuse her body because she'd been taught her body was a temple. Which meant not to dabble in drugs or alcohol. For her sixteenth birthday they went to their first over-eighteen club., over-dressing and making themselves up. They'd never been in an environment like that before. Netta the leader of all, planned on enjoying herself. She was the first one to leave the bar and take centre

stage, showing every move she knew. Boys began homing in on her like bees to a honey jar. Netta loved being loved, it boosted her self-confidence. Being in a clique they had their own motto; 'You can play a boy, but don't be beaten at your game!' They learnt how to use their body and beauty to get what they desired in life, cars jewellery and the almighty dollar. Love was a distant word to them, which had never crossed their minds. Netta had lost all sense of love since the death of Miss Mae.

A boy would entrust something of value to either of the girls and the girl suddenly disappeared without a trace. When they met a boy they always rendezvoused at his house. Money was of no object. But greed slowly began to eat away them.

They had now reached 19 and still friends but not as close as they could be. Jealousy was beginning to get the best of them. They were separated more when Flo was killed in a crash. The clique was now hanging together on threads. Naamah and Eve moved out to a flat a few blocks down. Now the clique was left with two, Meeka and Netta. Meeka fell into the trap of love and conceived a baby boy she'd disgraced the family name. Her father, Dollar, and the twins David and Malachi disowned her. The baby's father did the best he could, even though Meeka wasn't proud of the way he'd earned his money, she took it anyway to care for her son. The only people Meeka had left were her mother Tina, who was disappointed but not surprised, at the outcome of Meeka's life. Netta also swore she'd stick with Meeka until the very end.

Netta was saddened by the outcome of her clique. She'd blamed it all on love. Although she'd begun to have strong feelings for a hustler named Black. He'd owned the first club she'd ever been to. She flirted with him and they exchanged numbers. But since then they'd fallen madly in love. Netta had heard how Black had murdered in his teens, but that just

showed he was powerful. Netta and Black had found common ground, which was not knowing their parents. They became stronger against rumours. Soon Netta and Black were inseparable. It was the beginning of an intense whirlwind romance. To everyone's surprise they decided to get married. Although they abstained from physical action, the love was bright like a burning flam.

Black was anxious, it was getting late and Netta wasn't back. Something was wrong. Netta had gone out in Black's newest car, a white Mercedes S500. She said she was going out for the final wedding preparations. Black was going out of his mind. He'd been played; he'd discovered Netta was only after his money. Black burnt with rage as he plotted how to seek the ultimate revenge on her life.

Black had Netta living in fear. Every corner she turned Netta feared for her life. Black had connections so every step she took the cold, icy figure of Black lurked in her mind. Netta was going to see Miss Mae.

*Rebecca Mba 9GX*

## *RP Recipe to Try*

### *Chocolate Crunchies*

#### *Ingredients:*

75g rice crispie's  
200g cooking chocolate  
100g sweets (maltesers, dolly mixtures, smarties, skittles)  
15 cup cases

#### *Method*

Melt chocolate in a bowl over a saucepan of hot water.

Stir in rice crispies.

Divide into cake cases.

Sprinkle with sweets on top.

Leave in a cool place to set.

# Top Names

The most popular names given to children  
in the past three years

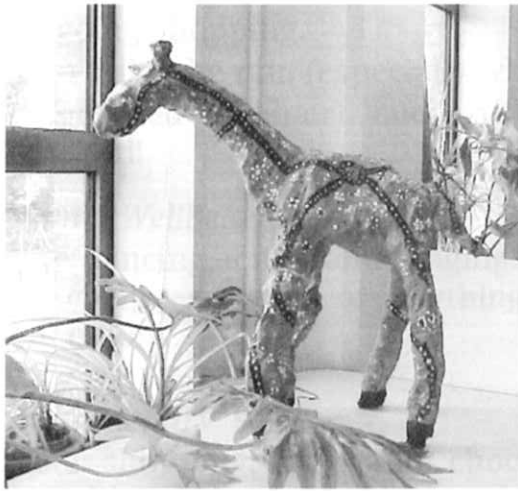
From Government National Statistics

Is your name there?

	2002	2003	2004	2002	2003	2004
1	CHLOE	EMILY	EMILY	JACK	JACK	JACK
2	EMILY	ELLIE	ELLIE	JOSHUA	JOSHUA	JOSHUA
3	JESSICA	CHLOE	JESSICA	THOMAS	THOMAS	THOMAS
4	ELLIE	JESSICA	SOPHIE	JAMES	JAMES	JAMES
5	SOPHIE	SOPHIE	CHLOE	DANIEL	DANIEL	DANIEL
6	MEGAN	MEGAN	LUCY	BENJAMIN	OLIVER	SAMUEL
7	CHARLOTTE	LUCY	OLIVIA	WILLIAM	BENJAMIN	OLIVER
8	LUCY	OLIVIA	CHARLOTTE	SAMUEL	SAMUEL	WILLIAM
9	HANNAH	CHARLOTTE	KATIE	JOSEPH	WILLIAM	BENJAMIN
10	OLIVIA	HANNAH	MEGAN	OLIVER	JOSEPH	JOSEPH
11	LAUREN	KATIE	GRACE	HARRY	HARRY	HARRY
12	KATIE	ELLA	HANNAH	MATTHEW	MATTHEW	MATTHEW
13	AMY	GRACE	AMY	LUKE	LEWIS	LEWIS
14	MOLLY	MIA	ELLA	LEWIS	LUKE	ETHAN
15	HOLLY	AMY =*	MIA	GEORGE	ETHAN	LUKE
16	ELLA	HOLLY =*	LILY	CALLUM	GEORGE	CHARLIE
17	BETHANY	LAUREN	ABIGAIL	ADAM	ADAM	GEORGE
18	REBECCA	EMMA	EMMA	ETHAN	ALFIE	CALLUM
19	GRACE	MOLLY	AMELIA	ALEXANDER	CALLUM	ALEXANDER
20	MIA	ABIGAIL	MOLLY	RYAN	ALEXANDER	MOHAMMED
21	GEORGIA	CAITLIN	LAUREN	BEN	RYAN	RYAN
22	ABIGAIL	AMELIA	MILLIE	MOHAMMED	MOHAMMED	DYLAN
23	CAITLIN	BETHANY	HOLLY	LIAM	CAMERON	JACOB
24	LEAH	LILY	LEAH	JAKE	CONNOR	ADAM
25	AMELIA	REBECCA	CAITLIN	NATHAN	CHARLIE	BEN
26	ELEANOR	GEORGIA	REBECCA	CONNOR	BEN	JAKE
27	EMMA	LEAH	GEORGIA	CAMERON	JACOB	ALFIE
28	JASMINE	MILLIE	BETHANY	DYLAN	DYLAN	CONNOR
29	LILY	ELEANOR	ELEANOR	CHARLIE	LIAM	CAMERON
30	ELIZABETH	JASMINE	ISABELLE	JACOB	NATHAN	LIAM
31	SHANNON	DAISY	RUBY	OWEN	JAKE	NATHAN
32	JADE	ELIZABETH	DAISY	JAMIE	JAMIE =*	HARVEY
33	ALICE	ALICE	FREYA	MAX	OWEN =*	JAMIE
34	COURTNEY	COURTNEY	ISABELLA	MICHAEL	MAX	OWEN
35	MILLIE	SHANNON	ELIZABETH	KIERAN	TYLER	TYLER
36	ANNA	ERIN	JASMINE	AARON	HARVEY	MAX
37	AMBER	ISABELLA	ERIN	BRANDON	KIERAN	LOUIS
38	ERIN	ABBIE	ALICE	BRADLEY	MICHAEL	KYLE
39	SARAH	ANNA	EVIE	KYLE	KYLE	MICHAEL
40	PHOEBE	AMBER =*	AMBER	TYLER	BRANDON	KIERAN
41	ABBIE	FREYA =*	PAIGE =*	LOUIS	ALEX	AARON
42	DAISY	ISABELLE	ABBIE =*	ALEX	LOUIS	BRADLEY
43	ZOE	POPPY	MADISON	JORDAN	AARON	EDWARD
44	RACHEL	PAIGE	PHOEBE	REECE	BRADLEY	BRANDON
45	LAURA	PHOEBE	POPPY	EDWARD	EDWARD =*	ALEX
46	NICOLE	SARAH	AIMEE =*	HARVEY	REECE =*	ARCHIE
47	ISABELLE	ISABEL	COURTNEY =*	CHARLES	HARRISON	HARRISON
48	MAISIE	RACHEL	NIAMH	DAVID	CHARLES	HENRY

49	PAIGE	AIMEE	ANNA	ALFIE	DAVID	CHARLES
50	ISABELLA	RUBY	ISABEL	ROBERT	ARCHIE	TOBY
51	FREYA	ISOBEL	KEIRA	HENRY	TOBY	REECE
52	NATASHA	ZOE	LIBBY	HARRISON	RHYS	SAM
53	ISOBEL	TIA =*	ISOBEL	JOE	JORDAN	RHYS
54	NIAMH	ROSIE =*	SHANNON	RHYS	HENRY	MUHAMMAD
55	ROSIE	NIAMH	TIA	ARCHIE	JOE	JOE
56	ALEXANDRA	MAISIE	SARAH	CHRISTOPHER	KAI	DAVID
57	IMOGEN	NATASHA	ZOE	SAM	KIAN	LEO
58	EVE	LIBBY	MAISIE	TOBY	MORGAN	OSCAR
59	ISABEL	NICOLE	ROSIE	KAI	MUHAMMAD	ISAAC
60	LOUISE	IMOGEN	ALICIA	MORGAN	ROBERT	ROBERT
61	ALICIA	EVIE	ALISHA	MUHAMMAD	CHRISTOPHER	KAI
62	ALISHA	MORGAN	EVE	JAY	OSCAR	FINLAY
63	POPPY	ALICIA	RACHEL	ANDREW	SAM	KIAN
64	MORGAN	ALISHA	SOPHIA	ISAAC	ISAAC	JOHN
65	AIMEE	EVE	NICOLE	JOHN	JAY	MORGAN
66	RUBY	LAURA	IMOGEN	AIDAN	JOHN	JAY
67	TIA	ALEXANDRA	NATASHA	JOEL	FINLAY =*	BAILEY
68	JODIE	LYDIA	MADELEINE	TAYLOR	SEAN =*	CHRISTOPHER
69	MOLLIE	MADELEINE	SUMMER =*	KIAN	AIDAN	AIDAN
70	HOLLIE	LOUISE	LYDIA =*	MOHAMMAD	JOEL =*	FINLEY
71	LIBBY	HOLLIE	ALEXANDRA	OSCAR	DOMINIC =*	BILLY
72	MADELEINE	KATE =*	SCARLETT	LUCAS	LUCAS	MOHAMMAD
73	JENNIFER	MADISON =*	MORGAN	LEON	MOHAMMAD	JOEL =*
74	GEORGINA	SOPHIA	BROOKE	DOMINIC	ANDREW	NOAH =*
75	HARRIET	CHELSEA	MADDISON	ELLIOT	TAYLOR	LEON
76	LYDIA	GEORGINA	LOUISE	SEAN	LEON	LUCAS
77	VICTORIA	JADE	HARRIET	JONATHAN	ELLIOT	MASON
78	SAMANTHA	JENNIFER	LAURA	SCOTT	BAILEY	TAYLOR
79	DANIELLE	JODIE	FRANCESCA	FINLAY	LEO	JONATHAN
80	CHELSEA	HARRIET	HOLLIE	BAILEY	PATRICK	ANDREW
81	KATE	FRANCESCA	MOLLIE	PATRICK	JONATHAN	ELLIS
82	MADISON	ELOISE	MAYA	BILLY	SCOTT	LOGAN
83	EVIE	MELISSA	CHELSEA	EWAN	FINLEY	SEAN
84	MELISSA	SUMMER =*	FAITH	ELLIS	BILLY	DOMINIC
85	KATHERINE	MOLLIE =*	MELISSA	MASON	ELLIS	ELLIOT
86	KAYLEIGH	KAYLEIGH	ELOISE	JOSH	MASON	JORDAN
87	SOPHIA	KATHERINE	JODIE	NICHOLAS	SEBASTIAN	SCOTT
88	FRANCESCA	LARA	JENNIFER	LEO	LOGAN	PATRICK
89	GABRIELLE	VICTORIA	KAYLEIGH	DECLAN	SPENCER	SEBASTIAN =*
90	YASMIN	CHARLIE	JADE	TOM	TOM	RILEY =*
91	CHARLIE	SAMANTHA	KATE	JASON	NOAH	LOUIE
92	AALIYAH	BROOKE	KIERA	MARCUS	DECLAN	DECLAN
93	STEPHANIE	YASMIN	CHARLIE	FINLEY	NICHOLAS	JUDE
94	ELLE	NAOMI	CERYS	ANTHONY	JOSH	LUCA
95	ELOISE	CERYS =*	GEORGINA	SEBASTIAN	EWAN	JAYDEN
96	LARA	ABBY =*	LARA	ASHLEY	COREY	FREDDIE
97	ELLEN	AALIYAH	ZARA	ZACHARY	LUCA	TOM
98	ELISE	TEGAN	ELISE	KIERON	ANTHONY	EVAN
99	GEMMA	ZARA	VICTORIA	PETER	PETER	JOSH
100	ABBY	DANIELLE	KATHERINE	MARK	JUDE	GABRIEL

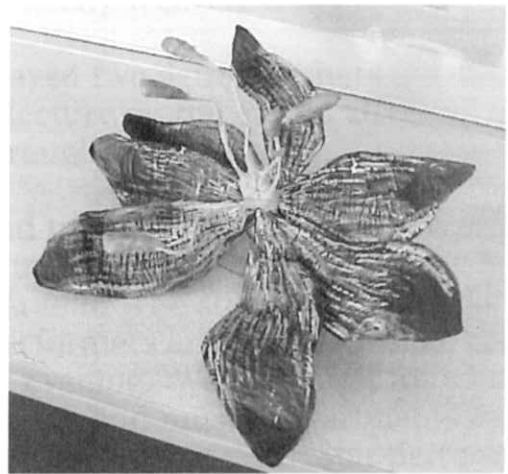
# Art Gallery



Hayley Coyne



Ashley Keane



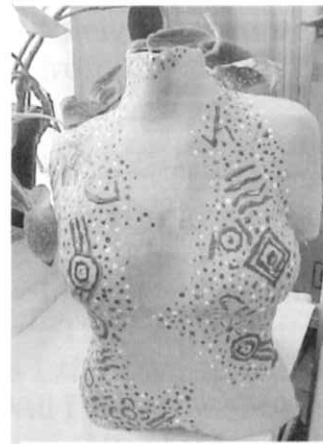
Jenani Jegatheeswaran



Rebecca Jewson



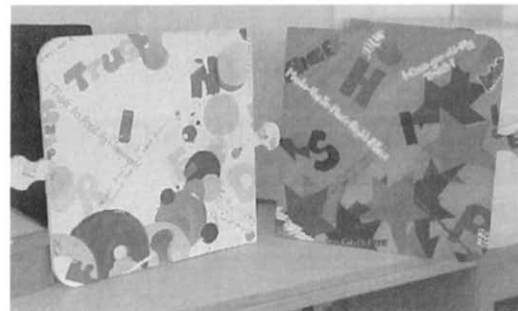
Ashlea Riches



Aboriginal Art Kate Willoughby



Lilian Low



Lauren Egan

## *Yr 9 Likes and Dislikes*

*Joanne Edwards 9GX*

I like dancing, playing on my computer and going shopping.

I don't like the rain (especially when I've straightened my hair), and I don't like bugs. Err!!

*Gemma Wellbelove 9GX*

I like dancing, acting and singing. I don't like creepy crawlies or anything to do with onions.

*Louisa Hendry 9GX*

I like shopping, cats and chocolate. I don't like drama, woodlice and peanut butter.

*Fei Wang 9GX*

I like going to the cinema and bowling.  
I don't like spiders or snakes.

*Danny Leman 9GX*

I like reading, drawing and football. I don't really like liquorice.

*Louisa Francis 9MX*

I like going out with friends,  
I don't like brussel sprouts.

*Laura Semeria 9NX*

I like shopping, and going out with my mates.  
I don't like spiders.

*Kirsty Laird 9GZ*

I like chocolate, and dancing.  
I don't like homework

*Kerry Cordes 9NX*

I like shopping!  
I hate snakes!!

## *History of Pop*

Last July we saw the culmination of weeks of planning and rehearsals. "The History of Pop" was an evening of music ranging from the sixties to the present day. It involved performances from Year 7 through to Year 11 with a few members of staff taking part as famous pop stars (Thank you very much Elvis aka Mr. Stapleton).

This was the second time for me to take a leading role and a first for my sidekick Lily Weaver.

We played two aging teachers (hags) giving a lecture on the events affecting music through recent history.

We had to put up with one or two amateurs in the lighting gallery (thanks Miss Valmarana). The show was a success and the performers and audience alike had a lovely evening. We can't wait for what the drama and music departments have in store for us this year! Star performances came from new additions to the school Jodi Brock and Charles Matovu while Ashleigh Birkett headed a great line up from the school choir.

*Amy Burden Yr10*

### **The Game**

Walking though the door  
I hear the noise  
I smell the oil on the floor  
The excitement mounts  
As I sit down to change my shoes  
Will I play the shot that counts?  
My partner will start  
The approach the shot  
Will the triangle of wooden pins part?  
My turn at last?  
I slide, I aim  
The ball takes off, its spin is fast  
Voices call out on the mike  
I'm watching, waiting,  
Could it be.....yes, a STRIKE!!!

*Sam Fogg 8NX*



## YEAR 11 -PRIZES AND AWARDS SUMMER 2004

Prize	Recipient(s)
Sportsperson	Amanda Brightwell/ David Francis
Eric Parker	Laura Saker/Neil Fraser
RP Former Pupils	Robert Lever*/Kate Willoughby*
David Giles (Overall Arts)	Lucio Gianocoli
Drama	Joanna Rose, David Langdon
Debating	Jenani Jegatheeswaran, David Langdon
Music (Senior)	Leah Butland, Jennifer Heapes, Kayleigh Abbott
John Massey (Music KS3)	Luke Baillie
Mike Nancarrow	Jade Ludlow
Junior Sportsperson (KS3)	Richard Boadu
Headteacher Awards	Harsha Chavda, Ashly Keane, David Weatherhead, Vijay Patel, Harry Worth, Lucy Powell, Natalie Shailer, Zishaan Mirza, Kylie Douglas
Mike Gleed Cross-Country Cups	Richard Vanderpuije (KS4)     Luke Jones (KS3)
Peter Gill Community Service	Kate Willoughby

English	Kylie Douglas Henry Newman Lauren Egan Jennifer Heapes	IT	Faye Ludlow
Art	Lauren Egan, Gary Clark	Business Studies	Richard Vanderpuije
MFL	Daniel Herridge	RE	To be awarded in 2005
Geography	David Langdon Henry Newman	Progress Award	Gareth Jones Faye Ludlow
		EAL	Jenani Jegatheeswaran
		GNVQ	Burhan Abdi Martin Townsend
History	Lucio Gianocoli	Mathematics	Daniel Herridge Jenani Jegatheeswaran
Science	Dale Gould		
Technology	Food: Chris Warren, Jennifer Heapes Graphics: Nicholas Rudd Resistant Materials: Mark Turton Textiles: Wendy Acheampong		
Drama	Wendy Acheampong, Vijay Patel, David Francis, Charlie Leman, Lucio Gianocoli, Daniel Herridge, Robert Lever, Hayley Coyne, Lewis May, Vicky Kupczak, Emma Drewett, Kate Willoughby, Roxanne Nichols		
Debates	Lucio Gianocoli, Chris Warren, Henry Newman, Marissa Golding, Ian Rawbone, Daniel Herridge, Hayley Coyne, Lillian Low, Morgan Harriott, Robert Lever, Laurance Mart		

# Blue Peter

I have always wanted to work with children and aim to do so when I leave school. Whilst watching Blue Peter on television recently I saw that they had an appeal running to raise money to help arrange more after school clubs for children with disabilities and staff to run them.

The thought that I could do something to help that appeal made me start thinking of things I could do. With the help of some volunteers we set about arranging a Bring and Buy sale one lunchtime. The sale raised only £17.00, which was quite disappointing and we had quite a lot of items left.

We decided with the Christmas Concert in the offing that we would arrange a cake sale and raffle on the night and also try to sell some of the left over items.

We finally raised a respectable £111.35 for the appeal.

Blue Peter wrote back thanking us for the donation.

Jessica Martin 9NZ

## Did you know?

Did you know that books can breathe? People visiting the British Museum complained of getting headaches. This was because books seem to absorb or "breathe" in air and "breathe" out smells of their own. There were so many old books in the Museum that there was no fresh air left which meant people got headaches from breathing in bad air!!

*In the olden days when books were made by hand, a scribe would have to copy out the writings onto parchment. He was not allowed to make any mistakes! All day long he would just sit and copy down words using pen and ink.*

Did you know pearls are found in oysters? The largest pearl ever found was 620 carats (124g)

*The only two animals that can see behind themselves without turning their heads are rabbits and the parrots.*

"Almost" is the longest word in the English language with all the letters in alphabetical order.

*If you were to remove your skin, it would weigh as much as 5 pounds?*

The only 15 letter word that can be spelled without repeating a letter is uncopyrightable

*It is impossible to lick your elbow.*

Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia is the fear of long words.

*Twenty-four carat Gold is not pure gold; there is a small amount of copper in it. Absolutely pure gold is so soft that it can be molded with the hands*

No word in the English language rhymes with "month".

*The average person laughs about 15 times a day.*

The average person walks the equivalent of twice around the world in a lifetime.

*A whip makes a cracking sound because its tip moves faster than the speed of sound.*

Snails produce a colorless, sticky discharge that forms a protective carpet under them as they travel along. The discharge is so effective that they can crawl along the edge of a razor without cutting themselves.

The word "listen" contains the same letters as the word "silent".

A hippopotamus can run faster than a man.



*Electricity doesn't move through a wire but through a field around the wire.*

*Hummingbirds are the only animals that can fly backwards.*

*The opposite sides of a dice cube always add up to seven!*

*The original name for the butterfly was 'flutterby'!*

*A chimpanzee can learn to recognize itself in a mirror, but monkeys can't.*

*A rat can last longer without water than a camel can.*

*About 10% of the world's population is left-handed.*

*A typical bed usually houses over 6 billion dust mites.*

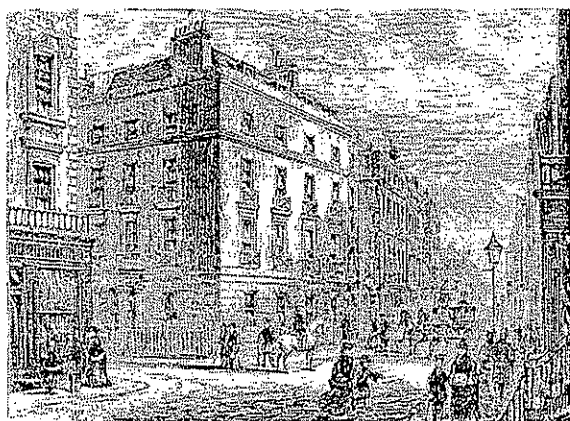
*A woodpecker can peck twenty times a second*

*Dolphins sleep with one eye open!*

*The grizzly bear can run as fast as the average horse!!*

*At birth, a panda is smaller than a mouse and weighs about four ounces.*

*Dogs and cats, like humans, are either right or left handed... or is that paws?!*



*Bond Street in the early 19th Century  
No horses there today*

## *Riddles*

Why couldn't Dracula's wife get to sleep?  
A. Because of his coffin.

*Knock! Knock!*

*Who's there?*

*Carrie.*

*Carrie who?*

*Carrie on with what you're doing, I'm at the wrong door.*

How did the sand get wet?  
The sea weed!

Q: *What do you find at the end of everything?*

A: *The letter "g".*

Q: *What's red and goes up and down*

A: *A tomato in an elevator.*

Q: *What did one tube of glue say to the other tube of glue?*

A: *We have to stick together.*

Q: *What do you say when you meet a two-headed monster?*

A: *Hello, hello.*

Q: *What do you call a sleeping bull?*

A: *A bulldozer.*

Q: *What did the can say to the can opener?*

A: *You make me flip my lid.*

Q: *What is a volcano?*

A: *A mountain with the hiccups.*

Q: *Why do two skunks argue?*

A: *Because they like to kick up a stink.*

Q: *What did the adding machine say to the cashier?*

A: *You can count on me.*

Q: *Why did the cat sleep with a fan on?*

A: *He wanted to be a cool cat.*

*Louisa Hendry 9GX*

# Specialist College

What has no beginning, no end, and nothing in the middle?

A doughnut

*What can a whole orange do that half an orange can never do?*

Look round

Until I am measured I am not known  
yet how you miss me when I have flown?

Time

*You heard me before, yet you hear me again  
then I die, till you call me again?*

Echo

You can see nothing else, when you look  
in my face  
I will look you in the eye, and I will never  
lie?

Your reflection

*What gets wetter and wetter the more it  
dries?*

A towel

What can you catch but not throw?

A cold

*What goes around the world but stays in  
a corner?*

A stamp

I'm light as a feather, yet the strongest  
man can't hold me  
for much more than a minute?

Breath

*Gemma Wellbelove & Louisa Hendry*

It seems very little time ago that I was feverishly writing the bid to become a specialist school, now two years on we are starting to think about our re-submission to extend our specialist status for a further four years.

The celebration of our first two years coincided with the completion of the main building extension that houses Maths and ICT as well as the Learning Resource Centre, so it seemed appropriate to celebrate both events.

The day started with a fleet of mini-buses collecting Y5 and Y6 pupils from two of our partner primary schools, Hillcross and Aragon. Pupils from West Wimbledon then joined the gathering which was approaching 200 excited pupils looking forward to a day of fun technological activities. A good number of Yr9 and Yr10 pupils from Raynes Park were involved in related activities or were supporting the primary pupils

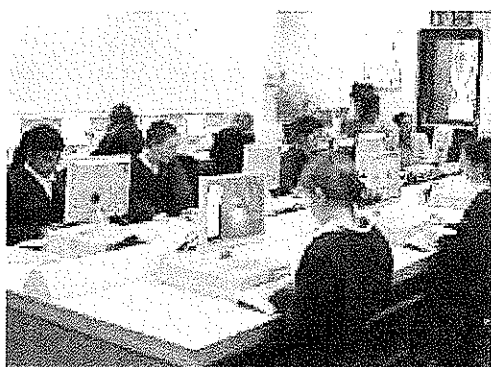
During the day pupils were involved in two of the following activities:

- Design and build a rocket
- Hot air balloons
- Chemical rockets
- Researching the history of flight using ICT
- Water rockets
- Parachutes



*Water rocket being prepared for take-off*

While other pupils 'surfed the net' to find out about the history of flight and produced a huge timeline of the earliest flight to the present day



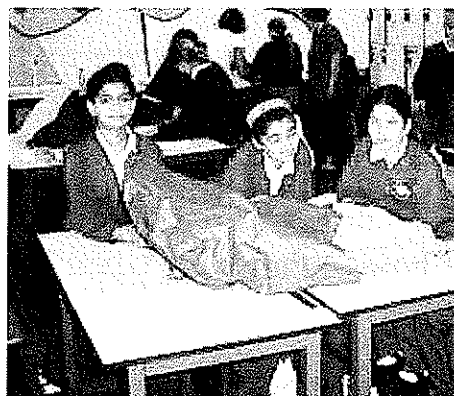
Meanwhile some pupils were extremely busy in the design and technology rooms designing and building rockets from a range of materials and then launching them in the playground



*Ready Steady .....*



The principles of hot air ballooning was being explored by pupils in the science department



*Assembled and ready to fly*

After the day's events we held an open evening for sponsors of the technology college, friends of the school, parents and staff. This involved the principle departments; Mathematics, Design and Technology, Science and ICT putting on displays of new approaches and developments in their particular areas which was followed by some formal presentations in the new Learning Resource Centre by Ian Newman, the Headteacher, Peter Codling, the Director of Technology College and the keynote speaker Paul Kahn who is the Chief Executive Officer at Thales Avionics, who are our main sponsor.

## *A History of RPHS*

The School opened in 1935 as a Boys' Grammar School in the County of Surrey.

The four Houses are named after four of the original House Masters: Gibb, Halliwell, Milton, Newsom. The name of the fifth House Master, Cobb, was, until December 2002, used as a name for one of the, now demolished, buildings on the school site.

In 1969, the School was reorganised as a boys' comprehensive school for 13-18 year old pupils in the London Borough of Merton.

There have been seven Headteachers:

John Garrett, Charles Wrinch, T. Henry Porter, G. David N. Giles, Brian Butler, John D. Massey and Ian Newman.

In September 1990, the school became a mixed comprehensive school for 12-16 year old pupils.

As part of Merton's Schools Re-organisation Project, in which Merton switched from a three-tier system of First, Middle and High schools to a two-tier system of Primary and Secondary schools, Raynes Park High School began taking students at Year 7 (11 years of age). Our first intake of Year 7 students was in September 2002. As a result of the re-organisation, our site expanded-dramatically to incorporate the former Bushey First school building and was subject to a substantial building and refurbishment programme which included a new Sports Hall, Autism Centre and teaching block.

The School badge was designed by Professor Halliwell, who wrote, "The badge is a symbolism of the immediate neighbourhood of the school and consists of a representation of the bridge carrying the Kingston By-Pass over the railway, the two main roads at the front and rear of the school and the railway with its rather spectacular express train.

I am not sure whether the electrification was being talked about but the traditional streak of lightning in the badge symbolised the very fast trains that could be seen from the upstairs window in the front of the school."

*Louisa Hendry 9GX*

## *Artists win!*

### *Wildlife Visit Scotland Art Competition*

250 entries from 25 schools. Of 10 selected finalists Ms. Peliza had five of her pupils selected. Of the three winners two were from Raynes Park High School. The finalists were: Oran Wellard 7NZ, Yvonne Duncan 7MX, Toby Barrass 7NZ, Jessica Martin 9NZ, Stephanie Traore 9NZ. Our two winners were Toby and Stephanie. They won a trip on the night sleeper to Edinburgh, two nights in a 4\* hotel plus day trips to wildlife sanctuaries for themselves and their families.

### *The Field*

This field was once trodden,  
By soldiers gone but not forgotten.  
Has many stories to tell,  
of soldiers who fell.  
The battle long over,  
Yet the scars of conflict remain.  
In every blade of grass,  
The stench of blood still present  
though many years have passed.

Each gravestone old and grey,  
But the message upon, still fresh  
In peoples' hearts.  
The deafening noise of bombs still  
Echoes across the land,  
Bringing fear to every creature and man.  
Conflict for all it's death and destruction,  
For all the pain and suffering, let us celebrate their courage.  
The poppies dance in the wind,  
Keeping the souls of the dead still living.

*Leanne Shelton-Price 7HX*

# Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor

I liked doing the world-record egg and spoon race, even though I dropped my egg! It was a great idea and everyone had fun.

Cara Vallance 9GZ

Hi there Cara!

Why did you drop your egg? Did Katie knock it out of your spoon?

Editor

Dear Editor

I thought the account of the aid trip to South Africa was really nice. It was so helpful to those children. The charity events were a good way to raise money.

Cara Vallance 9GZ

Hi there again Cara!

In this country we take for granted that we have so much. A small fraction of what we have would change the lives of the disadvantaged peoples of the World. For so many young people a school such as ours would be beyond belief.

Editor

Dear Editor

The egg and spoon race was fun. I didn't drop my egg like Cara! The world record was a magnificent achievement for our school.

Katie Sullivan 9GZ

Hi there Katie!

How clumsy of Cara! Without you we might not have made it to the world record.

Editor

Dear Editor

I think the magazine should have less writing in it. It should have more things like games and fun things to do.

Katie Sullivan 9GZ

Hi there again Katie!

As the Spur should have come out in September 2004 I reckon the contributors were thinking along the same lines as you about the written content. I will put you in charge of games and fun things for the next edition.

Editor

Dear Editor

I have looked through the magazine and think it is good. However the pictures are all blurry and it is hard to understand parts of the magazine. The pictures should all be in colour. Could we have a profile of each of the original masters, after whom the houses are named?

Kazim 9NZ

Hi there Kazim!

I like you first sentence. Sorry the pictures are lousy. We are too poor to go in for many colour pictures. Thank you for offering to produce profiles of the original masters. Do let me have them as soon as possible.

Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you today to tell you about the very good success of the new Year 7 netball team. Everyone has done very well and a few weeks ago we had our first netball match. Last week we went to Ricards Lodge and we won all the matches. In all the years there are netball teams and they are going very well. All of the players have their unique characteristics.

Jayden McGuigan, 7HX

Hi there Jayden!

Since you wrote this letter I hope that you have had many more victories and have enjoyed taking part.

Editor

Dear Editor

I think that the magazine should have less writing and more pictures. The text should be concise and to the point. There should be pictures of all the sports teams, instead of just picking a few. You should pay more attention to what the pupils are saying about improving the magazine, after all they are the ones buying it. You should cut down the price of the Spur and advertise it around the school. I wasn't even aware of it until recently and I have been here for more than a year. Finally, I think that the magazine is dull and should have more colour.

Leila Butten

Hi there Leila!

*We could have just pictures and then I wouldn't have to spend hours trying to extract contributions from all and sundry. Cutting the price of the Spur might well send the school broke. As for advertising, I will walk around with a sandwich board.*

Editor

Dear Editor

We think that the Spur needs to be about the future not the past. You could make the magazine shorter, with half the pages. You could produce one every month.

Sophie and Lamia 9NZ

Hi there Sophie and Lamia!

*I will try to develop my psychic powers and look into the future. The time it has taken for people to send in contributions makes me think that a one-page magazine might be big enough. If it came out once a month it would probably consist of one blank page*

Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing to express my opinion concerning testing on animals. I understand that occasionally we need to test medicines on animals because this could save hundreds of people's lives. But what I strongly disagree about is testing on animals for make-up products. Why should animals die and be in pain just so we can look beautiful? I think animal testing should stop completely unless it is absolutely necessary because it is extremely cruel and humans should not have the right to kill animals for the sake of good looks.

Eleanor Roach, 7HX

Hi there Eleanor!

*Having seen rabbits blinded in such tests on cosmetic products I absolutely agree with you. Other animals do not have the benefits of cosmetics and, indeed, may not necessarily react to such substances in the same way as do humans. A good deal of testing can probably be carried out on tissue cultures. Often tests are unnecessarily repeated when information is already available.*

Editor

Dear Editor

I am writing to give you a few more ideas you could use to improve your magazine. I hope that you will include these ideas in your next issue.  
Include more information.  
Get more ideas from other students  
Include more colour pictures  
Feature "Around the School Gossip"  
Thank you for reading my letter.

Lee

Hi there Lee!

*You have made some helpful suggestions and I would certainly like to put some of them into practice. I hope to include more colour pictures in this edition. How about organising "Around the School Gossip". When I am next in school perhaps you could have a chat with me about this?*

Editor

Dear Editor

I am writing to tell you that the Spur magazine needs more detail. Instead of spreading out the articles in different areas of the magazine you should put them in order, such as the most important issues first, for example:  
How well the School has done in the exams.  
Sports results of each house event.

Hakim

Hi there Hakim!

*I cannot read your surname and so who are you to find fault with detail? I suppose that what is important to one person matters less to another. Trying to get any sports results out of my good friend Mr Derrington is like trying to get blood out of the proverbial stone. Please have sympathy with me.*

Editor

## *The Room I- a story*

I was waiting for weeks to go to the new bookstore down the street, but when the day finally came, and the store opened, I had an unsettled feeling. It was only a block away so my mum and I walked down. We were their first customers.

The store had a musty smell to it, and it was very dark. The walls were covered with books. In the front left hand corner there was a man behind his desk. In the other corner there were some tables and chairs. In the back there was a spiral staircase that led to another floor again filled with books. The walls were cracked and started to chip. On the ceiling hung a single light bulb that swayed and flickered.

"Good morning," said the man behind his desk. "Can I help you with anything?"

"No thanks," my mum answered. "Sarah," she said, "While you're looking around, I'm going to go to the next store and look at the fabric."

"I'll come over when I'm finished," I said, practically ignoring her. I was fascinated by all the different sections they had. They were very varied; one was about medieval times and another was on dinosaurs. I started to make my way to the back of the store.

"I have never seen so many different sections," I thought to myself.

I started to stroll through the medieval section. In school I was very interested in the dark ages, so I planned to check out a book. I was awakened from my daydream about castles, when someone tapped me on my shoulder. I turned around in a daze of confusion. I wasn't in the bookstore around the block.

"Excuse Me," the young lady said. "Are you one of our cooks?" If you are, we have to get a better attire for you to wear."

"Where am I?" I managed to get out.

"Why don't you know? You're in the courtyard of King Arthur's Castle," The

lady answered.

I was so baffled and frightened that I started to run blindly. The young lady stated to yell, "Where are you going? Come back!"

I never knew I could run that fast. I tried to put it all together but I was still confused. As I was thinking, I didn't realise I was still running, but I wasn't running the courtyard of King Arthur's Castle, I was running in the middle of the jungle. It felt and smelled humid. Then I stopped dead in my tracks. It all came to me in a moment of clarity. The sections in the bookstore! I was just in the medieval section and now...

I started to run again. Even though I was exhausted from running before, the thought of me being in the dinosaur section, gave me the burst of energy. I tried to think of what section came next, was it safe to go on or do I dare go back to the medieval times?

I started to slow down, but not for long. A massive stegosaurus was eyeing me the whole time I was running and now he was mad. He started to charge at me.

"Please," I thought, "let the next section be fairy tales!"

It wasn't. As I was running, I saw something ahead of me. It looked like the end of an aisle. I turned the corner and everything around me changed.

I was in some sort of old castle. I was dark and breezy. I could only make out a table and some chairs. Then it happened. Light flooded the room when a tall, skinny man walked quickly in. He wore a long, white overcoat that stopped at his knees. His hair was black and curly. He had small round glasses that rested on his pointed nose.

"Where am I?" I said instantly.

"You're about to have surgery," the man said, organising his tools. Before I could say anything more, he declared, "And the surgery is starting now!" His voice cracked. He turned around, and the features of his face were deforming. Now he resembled a witch. It was then I knew



that I was in the horror section. I tried to scream but nothing came out. I flew out of the door while the witch was laughing hysterically. I ran up the spiral staircase. My feet barely touched the floor.

Right when I reached the top, a large man with a black mask roared, "Where are you going?"

Without thinking, I turned and stumbled back down the stairs. I made myself go back into the room. I thought if there was a way in, there had to be a way out. When I ran in the room, the witch wasn't there. A little girl in the corner took her place. She was crying softly. She had long blonde hair that lightened the room. "What's wrong?" I whispered.

She turned around and said, "I'm lost." Her porcelain white face accentuated her soft pink lips and her cornflower blue eyes. Then she resumed her original position and started to cry again, almost a scream.

"I'll help you," I said feeling sorry for her. Then she just looked at me. Her eyes were widened and her smile was distorted. I turned around and stated to bang on the wall.

"Where's the entrance?" I yelled.

She slowly got to her feet, and stated to walk toward me, screaming. I turned around and slid down to the floor with my back against the wall. I hugged my knees, closed my eyes and stated to whimper. I felt something against my back.

I quickly scrambled to my feet. I scanned the area. No animals were seen, except for a couple of birds. I was relieved and frightened; obviously I was back in the dinosaur section.

"What if that stegosaurus returns hungry?" I thought. Sweat was forming beads on my forehead. Mechanically, I slowly began my journey. I started to observe my surroundings. On the ground lay a thick blanket of mist. Everything was shades of green, exactly how I had always pictured it to be.

Then I heard thunder. Softly at first, then it grew louder. Terrified, I ran. Tears were pouring out of my yes.

"I just want to go home!" I cried. Then I saw it. The familiar entrance to the section. My legs were stiff and they ached. Even so, the thundering footsteps behind me grew louder, and I kept running. When I reached the corner, I turned around to see what was chasing me. As I thought, it was a Tyrannosaurus. Its teeth were glistening in the sun as though they were just polished. Its head alone was bigger than me. I screamed as his gruesome face came closer and closer. I turned my head to see that I was in the courtyard of King Arthur's Castle. I was so confused and tired. I didn't care about anything.

I didn't care where I was, and I didn't care about the dinosaurs. I just fell into a deep sleep, hoping I'd wake up in my bed. I was awakened by a loud cry.

"There she is!" the young lady shouted. "She's the one who ran away!" Huge men with shields on horses were ready to attack. Again I started to run, but not fast. It didn't seem real. I started to run when I felt a poke on my back. I knew the men were right behind me. I flew around the corner of the castle without the men following me. They kept riding straight ahead.

"I lost them," I whispered. At this point I started to wheeze. It became harder and harder to breathe. Then I heard the men coming in to opposite direction.

One yelled, "Sir Lancelot, we found a peculiar opening on the other side of the pond. Should we approach it?"

"The entrance!" I thought. After the men were out of sight. I slowly made my way to the pond. The entrance to the medieval section was there when I reached it. I turned the corner, and my surroundings changed. The tables and chairs, the man behind his desk and the walls covered with books were all there. I cried out a sigh of relief. The man behind the desk lifted up his glasses from the end of his nose and said, "Did you find what you were looking for?"

*Matthew Hamilton 9GX*



# Remembrance

This year has seen huge publicity for the 60th anniversary of the 'D' Day invasions of Europe. Many veterans of the conflict travelled to Normandy to commemorate the occasion. British, American, French and even some German veterans gathered together to remember what had happened on that June day 60 years ago. When you look at them as they are now they do not look like anything special, they look like old people, a group, of whom the young are quite dismissive. We saw them gathered together - the 'generation of heroes'. But how long will we be able to see them? To listen to their stories? To look at the film footage of death, destruction and link the old people to their acts from the past. In a matter of years the survivors of WWII will have disappeared. Will that mean we no longer need to remind ourselves of their achievements? Here at Raynes Park School we have our own memorial. It lists the names of former pupils who were killed in the Second World War. It is one name short. We have another name to add to our board - one man was overlooked. Adding his name will be an important act of remembrance for us as a school. As the actual survivors start to disappear as a generation, the way in which we remember those who died in conflict becomes important. In school we have our memorial. The history department also organises a trip to see the battlefields of the First World War. There are hardly any survivors from the 1914-1918 conflict. We travel to the graveyards and memorials, the trenches and battlefields, and try to find out what it must have been like for those millions of ordinary men who found themselves in an extraordinary situation. As the two great wars of the 20th century recede further and further into the past it becomes even more important that we understand the idea of remembrance. As time passes, but wars continue to happen, we must think what remembrance

means to us. We are not celebrating victories or the achievement of countries defeating other countries. Remembrance is not a political act. We are however honouring those who died in battle - their bravery and the fact that they were there. So if you have a chance, come on the history trip, visit the battlefields. If you don't - look at the memorial in the school hall, count the names and recognise that when the final name gets added it is an important moment for all of us.

*D. Bracken*

## *Remembering Eric Hutchin*

I think the assemblies that took place in school on November 11<sup>th</sup> to commemorate those who died in the wars of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries really had an impact. Even more so because we remembered the nineteen members of school who died in the Second World War. We read out their names and said how they died and where they were buried.

This year we found out that one name is missing from the plaque in the hall - that of Eric Hutchin. His name will soon join that of his companions and with the help of a family friend we will publish a detailed report on his life in the next edition of the SPUR. The silence in our assembly was intense and the emotion was widely acknowledged by pupils and staff. When I spoke I actually felt the audience was taking in all of what I was saying. I described the chilling moments of our visit some months earlier to the very different but equally moving atmospheres of the British and German war cemeteries in Belgium.

By integrating modern media into a traditional service, those present were made to realise even more forcefully that remembrance is universal.

*Neil Sarkhel*

## *The Room II- a story*

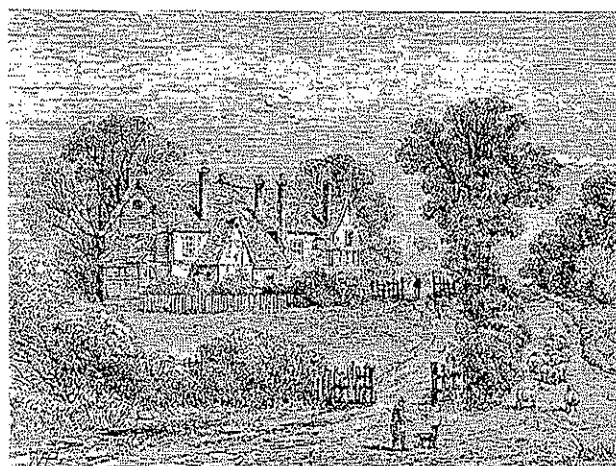
The 'For Sale' sign near the old house on Redfield Street was never removed from its place because no one wanted to buy it. No one really wanted to go near it until one day when the 'For Sale' sign near the house was removed and a car and a lorry parked in front of the house. A family of three then got out of the car while two men got out of the lorry and opened the boot. The family then walked towards the house and the father unlocked the door. The door opened with a loud screech and revealed a dark cobwebbed hall with no wallpaper on at all. The family then went back to the car and brought the bags into the house. The two lorry men then took all the stuff out of the boot and brought it into the house. The lorry men then got into their lorry and drove off. The father wearing a red shirt, blue jeans and glasses went off to look around the house. The mother wearing a green dress went off to find a suitable room to put all the kitchen stuff in. The daughter named Lucy who was wearing a white T-shirt and blue jeans went off to find a suitable bedroom. She went up the stairs and looked in each of the rooms.

She found an empty room with a mirror in the corner. There was no carpet or wallpaper. Lucy walked towards the mirror and looked at it. She saw a reflection of herself in the mirror but then saw a black hairy wolf creeping up behind her. Lucy did not move. The wolf then prepared to strike. Lucy jumped out of the way just as the wolf leapt at her. She landed on the floor and turned around to see nothing there. Lucy then heard screams echoing around the room. She then raced out of the room and bumped straight into her dad. "Why were you running?" asked Lucy's dad. He then looked into the room Lucy had just run out of while Lucy explained. Dad then laughed when Lucy finished. "This can be your bedroom," said Dad. Lucy felt a chill running down her spine as Dad walked out.

Dad was able to put Lucy to bed in the hallucinated room during that afternoon. That night Lucy had trouble sleeping because of the strange and mysterious noises that she kept hearing. She then heard the howl of a wolf. Just then something was standing on Lucy's leg. It felt like a paw. She did not move until she heard a growl. Lucy then got up to see the same wolf that she saw in the mirror. She then jumped out of the bed just as the wolf leapt and she raced through the corridor. Lucy's parents got out of the room they were sleeping in to see what was going on. Mum then screamed as she saw the wolf. Mum, Dad and Lucy raced up the wooden stairs to the attic as fast as they could. When they reached the dark attic, which was crawling with cobwebs Dad quickly shut the trap door behind him. He then grabbed an old wooden chair nearby and placed it on top of the trap door. The wolf then charged straight through the trap door. The others screamed as loud as they could.

Lucy then opened her eyes to find herself inside the family car which was crammed with bags. She looked out of the window and saw the beach. She then remembered that her parents wanted to move somewhere near the beach. "It must have all been a dream," thought Lucy and she gave a sigh of relief.

*Ben Childs 7HX*



*The Lord Mayor's Banqueting House  
Oxford Street 1750  
Have you seen any sheep there recently?*

## Intelligence Test

This has got to be one of the most interesting intelligence tests. It's very short so try it, you may be amazed. A quick test of intelligence. Don't cheat! If you do, the test will be no fun.

I promise, there are no tricks to the test.

Read this sentence:

FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

Now count ALOUD the Fs in that sentence.

Count them ONLY ONCE: do not go back and count them again.

Answer on Page 41

Louisa Hendry 9GX

## Les Miserables

On Thursday 12<sup>th</sup> February 2004, 40 Raynes Park High School pupils went on an outing to London to see Les Miserables. First we went to the Theatre Museum and had a tour in two groups. We saw a make-up artist, theatre costumes and watched a short film on the making of "Wind in the Willows". After that we went to the Palace Theatre to go backstage of Les Miserables. We went onto the stage, saw the orchestra and the sound controls. On stage we saw the revolving part and the trap doors which were built 18 years ago. At the Theatre Museum there were costumes to try on and Mr. Blythen was forced to put a Dame costume on which had farm animals on. He looked great? We then went to Les Miserables performance which was the perfect end to a perfect day.

Gemma Wellbelove, Louisa Hendry, Fei Wang

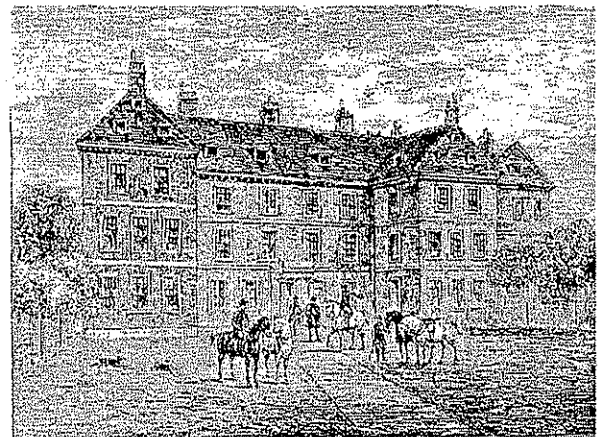
## Health Week

Many students were involved with the activities on offer during health week in February. Each evening around twenty students participated in aerobics, boxercise, and street dancing. The aim of the week was to encourage healthy life choices and for students to look after their emotional well-being also. Each year group focused on a particular aspect of health during PSE and Years 10 and 11 debated various current controversial issues. The outside speakers who visited assemblies are keen to follow up any ongoing issues that students may have. The youth awareness project and smoking counsellor also made a number of student contacts. Please speak to Miss Luckhoo if you would like to talk to anyone in confidence about any of the issues raised.

L.Luckhoo

### Thoughts on Health Week by a Yr 11 student

To me the relevant aspects of the week were the "Alcoholics Anonymous" assembly and the YAP stand. I have had to struggle to deal with both drinking and drug issues since starting at Raynes Park High School. Nothing has ever come up before about these issues. Therefore I thought there was no hope for me. Students are now aware of these issues and can hopefully get help.



Clarges House Piccadilly 18th Century  
A peaceful area in those days

## *The Room III - a story*

As I reached the top of the attic stairs I reached for the doorknob and something brushed against my face. You had to be a really brave person to go up into our attic, not because of the creaky stairs, not because the cobwebs and spiders, not the way the strong wind rattles the window panes-but because of the feeling of being watched and the strange things that happen while you are up there. Back to the story, I looked to my left and screamed, "Aaaargh," It was a really big spider hanging from the ceiling. I walked up the stairs around the big cobwebs and up to the door and reached for the doorknob and I twisted it until the door came open creakily.

Knowing that no one had been in the attic for years I knew that there would be plenty more cobwebs and dust everywhere around the room. Then I had a sudden thought: why am I here? I seemed to be drawn to the room as by a magnet, I was helpless to resist the urge to wander on further into the room. I stepped in and felt my way around the wall until I came to an old fashioned light switch, which I switched on. It took a little while for my eyes to adjust to the light. There was so much old stuff around, I went over to a stack of cardboard boxes covered in dust and dirt which were crammed with neatly folded, very old-fashioned clothes. I went to another box and opened it up and there were lots of old collectible dolls with eyes that stared up blankly at me from the bottom of the box. There were a few armchairs and some other various pieces of furniture covered in mouldy, moth-eaten white sheets. The windows were all boarded up with rotten soggy wood and rusty bent nails. The boarded up windows made me glad to have the light bulb. Suddenly the door slammed shut behind me.

When the door slammed it stirred up a lot of dust, I have an allergy to dust so I covered my mouth and nose up with my Star-Trek T-shirt.

As I turned from the door I noticed a figure standing at the far end of the room, and noticed another figure standing closer to me, I could just make out that it was a pale frail little girl who had her back to me.

She slowly turned her head clockwise towards me to reveal massively deformed features. She had in her arm a little teddy, and she held her hand out to me.

"Help me, take my hand, come with me," she said. I heard a scraping noise and looked just in time to see a dusty chair fly up and smash, the splinters against the dry ceiling. I shielded my eyes from the splintered wood, I felt a sharp pain just above my left eye, I touched where it hurt and I knew instantly that I was bleeding. I backed up from the hideous girl and I bumped into the wall behind me, a long skinny bony hand reached through the wall and was placed on my shoulder.

A voice from somewhere in the room said, "Tis time!" A hooded figure that I had noticed standing in a corner took gliding strides towards me. I was paralysed with fear, I wanted to run. His powers were too strong. He put his hand to my chest and everything turned grey. My vision was tilting, I felt cold all over suddenly the door broke down and my Mum and Dad came rushing over to me as I crumpled to the floor.

The next time I awoke I was in my bed.

"What happened, son?" Dad Asked.  
"I-I don't know."

*Steven Muir 9MX*



## *A Day at the Summer Fair 2004*



# Spurred into Action

An appreciation of *The Spur* magazine  
by Roger White,  
a pupil from September 1956 to July 1961

Let me take you back to July 1961, if I may, and to the last day I walked out of Raynes Park County Grammar School as a pupil. Because it was the end of term, the school day had finished early and I made my way by bus to a café in Tolworth, near my home, for a working man's lunch. The meal was my first concession to the ranks of the great employed. I had to get a job.

I left the company of classmates and a mixed bag of teachers at the end of the fifth year. Much of my time at the Grammar had been enjoyable and fruitful, a source of security and, quite often, inspiration.

My Dad had died in July 1960, from a diseased heart, and my life as an only child was turned upside down. I became introspective, insecure and, at times, surly. Hormonal turmoil of a 15-year-old added to my mood swings. Mum's words to me in 1960 were, 'You'll have to leave school after your O-Levels and get a job.' I left school with just three passes: English Language, French and Geography.

When I had joined the first form in 1956 the average household spent £1 8s (£1.40) a week on food. In the summer in which I left, the Berlin Wall went up, newly-licensed betting shops came into being, there were riots at Lord Montagu's jazz festival at Beaulieu, new universities were opened in Coventry, Colchester and Canterbury. However, it was to be another year before The Beatles signed their first recording contract with Parlophone.

It is often easy with hindsight to put things into perspective. Though it took me three years to accept my father's death, I soon realised that I had been unhappy at home since 1958 and, generally, happy at school. My father's health had deteriorated quickly for two years and it

was about that time that he had threatened to sell our house to meet the debts he had with a local bookmaker. My Mum was made of stern stuff and resisted his demands.

So, you see, life at home affected my schooling for about three years. One source of happiness was *The Spur*, a medium that was always a great outlet for self-expression with words (no pictures in those days). It was good to hear from Ian Newman that the magazine had been relaunched four years ago as an annual compilation, having ceased publication in the early 1970s. *The Spur* began life in 1945—and it should never be allowed again to lie dormant.

In my time at the school, the magazine came out three times a year, soon after the start of each term. One of my earliest ambitions was founded in the autumn of 1956, when I received my first copy of *The Spur*. From then on I was determined to write for it at some stage in my school career. As the school motto said in those pre co-educational days: 'To each his need, from each his power.'

I had wanted to write stories ever since the age of nine or ten, when I used to put together illustrated short stories in booklets about the size of a postcard. I also made the actual booklets, from paper, cardboard (for covers) and rubber bands (for binding). From then, all through school, I can honestly say that I set out to be a journalist one day. If that sounds pompous or pretentious, I'm sorry.

My first job, which I took up in September 1961, was an editorial assistant at Charles Buchan's Publications, a magazine publisher; at 161-166 Fleet Street. Since then I have earned a modest living from magazines and, for two and a half years, newspapers. Currently, I am deputy editor of *Park Home & Holiday Caravan*, a monthly magazine, and editor of three annual caravan sites guides.

*The Spur* was definitely an early spur to me. I still have 14 of the issues I received while at the school. It took me



until the spring of 1960 to write something worthy of inclusion in the magazine. By then, the contents had been extended to include a wider range of topics than in 1956.

The swinging sixties were about to implode on Britain, and three English masters, Norman Stephenson, Ian Bell and Bill Herdman, were, at various times, keen to embrace the freeing-up of language and subject matter. I had, and have, tremendous respect for these three teachers. In their turn, messrs Stephenson and Bell edited *The Spur*, always assisted by three or four six-formers. Mr Herdman, also a fine cricket and hockey coach, taught me clause analysis as well as the value and beauty of words. Clause analysis, if nothing else, is essential to learn to avoid unintentional ambiguity and to prevent the reader being misled. To understand clause analysis is to understand the syntax of language. Education authorities, please note.

Any way, a piece entitled River Hogsmill marked my debut in *The Spur* in the spring 1960. It was a somewhat romantic impression of the river, not much wider than a stream, which flows between Ewell Spring and the Thames at Kingston. Three other articles followed - about professional wrestling, a funfair which used to visit Tolworth and, would you believe?, an account of my first year at work. Ian Bell kindly accepted my offer to pen the last-named article. Though I have retained the copies of the magazine nearly in full, the relevant pages have been lost. I tore out the pages to lend to my own children to help with their school essay writing. The pages simply went missing.

Many Raynes Park pupils wanted, quite naturally, to see their names in print in *The Spur*. I was no exception. I was thought good enough to play for the school at cricket, hockey and rugby. My name appeared a few times in the House Notes and the sports' section. Never, however, in any academic context.

I was fortunate to play alongside Pe-

ter Nicholls in hockey and cricket teams, and, I think, in just one rugby XV. Peter was best known for his rugby exploits and was a legend in his own school lifetime. He played several times for England schoolboys, captaining them on more than one occasion. As a regular 1st XV player, Jeff Brown, put it in autumn 1960, 'P. E. Nicholls. Must be the best captain a Park XV has ever had.'

Among my newspaper cuttings are several Surrey Comet reports of school sports matches— my first attempts at reporting for newspapers. Three of my closest contemporaries are mentioned in the reports, Mike Woodhall, Eddie Jones and Mike Jennings, Whatever happened to Eddie?

Back to *The Spur* - - of spring 1957. Then it was edited by Mr P. A. Townsend and had a stereotyped image. As well as the Headmaster's Notes, House Notes, School Play critique and sports' section, it contained accounts of the Da Vinci Society, Cactus Society, Gramophone Club, Sixth Form Jazz Listening Group, Spur Model Railway Club, Chess Club, 19th Wimbledon Scout Group and Air Training Corps Notes. There was, alas, no Dead Poets' Society. There were criticisms of concerts and plays attended by school parties, plus five poems written by pupils. So diverse were the school's activities that I wondered how time was found for lessons and homework.

Henry Porter's Headmaster Notes included some details about how the school's buildings were to be extended. There was to be a new roadway within the school grounds which would cut across a 'corner of Big Side'. What was Big Side? It sounded like something out of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

Head boy, G. D. Crocker, wrote a good account of the prize-giving evening at the old Wimbledon Town Hall, where guest of honour was Dr Barnes Wallis, inventor of the Dam Buster bomb used in the Second World War. I got the doctor's autograph. Mr Crocker revealed a proficient reporting technique, especially

when it came to Barnes Wallis's speech.

According to Stop Press, the 'post-prandial calm of the Raynes Park staff room was rudely broken on Monday, 25<sup>th</sup> November 1956 by a load explosion, as a bullet from a nearby rifle range shattered a window pane and thudded into the Headmaster's notice board.

'""Down on your faces, lads,' cried Cecil Riley (Art).

'""What the - - - !', exclaimed Bert Ayton (Science).

'""It's a raid,' declared Harry Rudgley (History).

'""The gods watch over us,' offered Gareth Morgan (Latin/Greek).

'As we go to press, Mr Riley is still on the floor.'

Here, surely, is proof that humour, especially in adversity, pervaded school life then. I like to think that humour is still not very far below the surface; some of the contributions in last year's magazine seem to suggest this.

In the Head's notes of summer 1958 it was revealed that the production of three *Spurs* and the 'termly diaries (whatever they were) made a dent of of £148 13s 5d (£148.67) in the general school fund. Tuck shop reserves, in fact, contributed £52 towards the cost of the annual prize-giving and prizes, all of which totalled £75 13s 8d (£75.68).

The autumn 1958 issue of *The Spur* was the first to have articles bylined by the writers' Christian names (or initials) and surnames. Previously, initials only had been used. An occasional feature, Top People say, was also introduced. It was to provide such classic one-liners as 'Oh, James, I see, but not the first' (Mr Rudgeley again); 'In those days, people grew moustaches all over the place' (Mr L. R. 'Larky' King—modern languages); and 'I've got influence, 'ere' (Mr Austin—caretaker).

Brevity and wit were often to be found in House Notes and the sports' section. I give you:

'The hockey season, if it may be termed a season, when a hockey game

became little more than an occasional extra, was handicapped by bad weather and an influenza epidemic.' — Cobbs house captain, V. E. Bown (spring 1959). Cobbs, now sadly defunct, was my house and I remember the epidemic well. I was one of only about eight boys in a third year class of 33 who turned up one Monday morning.

My third-year classmate, Alan Gorman, wrote a funny, provocative piece about a Latin lesson with Dr Gareth Morgan, who always reminded me of a rampant Goth rather than a sensitive classical scholar.

Then in summer 1959, there was this pen portrait in the cricket 2nd XI notes: 'Slater — his figures speak for themselves, but I must mention his unique three-bounce delivery, which has taken at least ten wickets.' Words by skipper Peter Redshaw.

Work on extensions to the school's buildings was well under way by spring 1960. Boys were invited to record their impressions of the builders and their activities for *The Spur*. 'I find that it is very distracting to have painters peeping in through the windows, and the builders coming to apologise for putting their drill through our blackboard,' wrote first-former I. Culpin.

Of a new type of house assembly, Roger Cumes, Newsoms' captain, observed: 'Much of the credit must go to Jones, K. D. G., who has most gallantly accompanied us during the hymn, although on occasions his clarinet has seemed to be in need of oiling.'

How about this for another quote by 'Larky' King, who also coached swimming: 'No one is to enter the water until they have swum a length.'

By summer 1961 we were still reading about the Da Vinci Society, Classical Society and Air Training Corps, but many of the earlier clubs and societies had either ceased to function or had failed to find someone to write about their activities. There was a new club publicising itself—the Prinners' Guild. It

was this group which introduced an alternative school magazine, the *Compositor*, edited by Brian Butcher, who was responsible for handing me my first paid commission. He wanted an article about the closure of Tolworth Odeon cinema for which he was willing to pay, I think 2s 6d (12.5p). Priced at 3d (not much more than 1p), the *Compositor* was something of a political vehicle and contained features by staff and pupils.

If, like me, you believe that human life is made up of circles — what goes around, comes around etc—you will understand why I felt compelled eventually to join the Raynes Park Former Pupils' Society last year and to attend the 52nd —my first—reunion dinner in October. I was pleased to meet up with one of my classroom peers, Alex Knapp, and with three members with whom I played cricket and hockey for the school—Peter Nicholls, Derek Shaw and Roger Hall.

There is that over-worked expression, 'You can take the child out of the school, but you can't take the school out of the child'. How true. I felt comfortable, despite my nervousness, when I returned to the fold that October evening after a gap of 42 years.

After the meal and speeches, Ian Newman sold me a copy of the *The Spur* 2003. In it, there was his tribute to Peter Nicholls, who had retired from teaching that August. And there was a picture of Peter. The circle was complete. PEN was always in the spotlight.

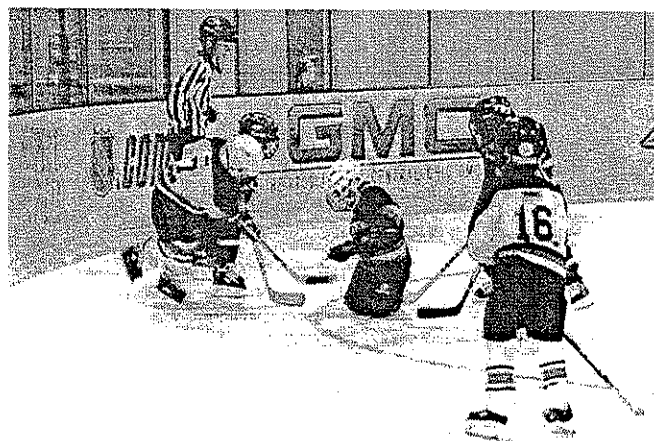
Hopefully, as my memory still serves me well, I will be allowed to write an article about school life from 1956 to 1961 in next year's *Spur* to help to celebrate the school's 70th anniversary.

#### *Answer to Intelligence test*

There are six Fs in the sentence. One of average intelligence finds three of them. If you spotted four, you're above average. If you got five, you can turn your nose at most anybody. If you caught six, you are a genius.

There is no catch. Many people forget the "OF"s. The human brain tends to see them as Vs and not Fs. Pretty weird? It fools almost everybody.

## *u13 World Ice Hockey*



#### *Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup> February:*

Today was the day that I was to travel with the England U13's to the world ice hockey pee-wee championships. The whole team was there all ready to get out to Quebec, Canada. We were all very tired by the time we arrived because they are five hours behind British time. When we had got to the hotel where all the parents were staying we met up with our families that would look after us for the 2 weeks we were out there for (they were called our billets). My housemate was Tom Squires from Sheffield.

#### *Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup>:*

Today we had our 1st exhibition game against a "AAA" school team St-Francois that had much older players. We weren't too bad for our first game together but the final score was 4 - 3 to St-François. After that we went out to a place to eat, we all had pizza. Then off to the massive hockey warehouse where they had everything ice hockey (some of the boys nicknamed it HEAVEN.)

#### *Thursday 12<sup>th</sup>:*

We had our second exhibition game today in a shopping mall with an indoor rollercoaster right above the ice rink. This game was probably one of our toughest matches out there it was against a "AA" Suisse team, Zurich, we gave them a very tough match but came out empty handed the final score was 4 - 2 to them. After the match we were allowed to go on the rides for half an hour. Then were taken back home to our bil-

lets, when we got back Tom and I went out with our skates and played pond hockey with some of the local kids.

*Friday 13<sup>th</sup>:*

This day was special as we had our first tournament game in the International B division at the Pepsi Colisee rink with 15,500 seats in it. The game was against Campus CRSA from Quebec. We were ready for this after our first two really hard games. It was real scary stepping out onto the ice with the size of that rink and the number of people in the crowd, but we soon got into the game and came out winners with a score of 6 - 4 to us. COME ON England!!

*Saturday 14<sup>th</sup>:*

Today we had a day off. Our hosts promised to let Tom and I go on their ski-doo. So Tom went on first and I decided to go to the park with our hosts' son to do some snowboarding it was about an hour till they got back but it felt like they were gone for ten minutes because I was having fun on the snowboard. We went back and Tom was already there but my hosts said to go after we had had lunch. Lunch was over and I got ready to go on the ski-doo it took about 15 minutes to get ready and then we were off. Our route was straight through some woods; I saw some spectacular views of mountains and caves with icicles dangling from the roof of the cave. On the way back I got to drive the ski-doo back to the house, it was excellent.

*Sunday 15<sup>th</sup>:*

Another day off so we decided to go to the Quebec carnival with our hsts to see what it was like. When we got there I went straight on the husky ride, which was really amazing. Then we had to go into a firehouse, it was a room with a big furnace in the middle of it so people can warm up. After that we went fishing through little holes in the ice. Then on to the rubber ring ice slide that had a steep ramp at the end to stop you from going flying into people.

*Monday 16<sup>th</sup>:*

Today we have two exhibition games.

The first against Cape Breton Screaming Eagles from Nova Scotia, again a "AAA" team but they were in the other half of the International B division. After some good goal-keeping from both our goalies and the boys up front playing well we had a 5-2 win. The second exhibition game today was against the Philadelphia Flyers "AAA" the juniors of an NHL team. They were very quick and controlled the puck well, but after a battling performance we only lost 4-2.

*Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup>:*

Another exhibition game today against another NHL junior's team called the Columbus Blue Jackets but in the International C division (they went on to lose in the "C" division final). A good performance from all the team saw us get a 2-1 win.

At night we went to see a Junior Major game at the Pepsi Colisee between the Quebec Ramparts & Rimouski l'Oceanic. These 16 to 19 year olds were all trying to be drafted into the NHL and the new Wayne Gretzky was playing so it was a full house. What a night, what an atmosphere.

*Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup>:*

Another big day, today we have our second tournament game against the Canadian team Monckton Wildcats. There was a crowd of about 4000 people in to watch and we could hear our England supporters cheering us on. After a bad start & going 3 goals down in twelve minutes we knuckled down and got it back to 4-3 with about four minutes to go. We had shots hit the post and one hit the underside of the bar, bounced down behind the line and then out into play again, as a goal it wasn't allowed. We pulled our goalie off and put on an extra attacker but just couldn't get the goal we needed. With about 15 seconds to go they scored in our empty net. For us the tournament was finished, I would have done anything to get the first period back as that was the only period we lost, but we still had some good exhibition games to look forward to.

*Thursday 19<sup>th</sup>:*

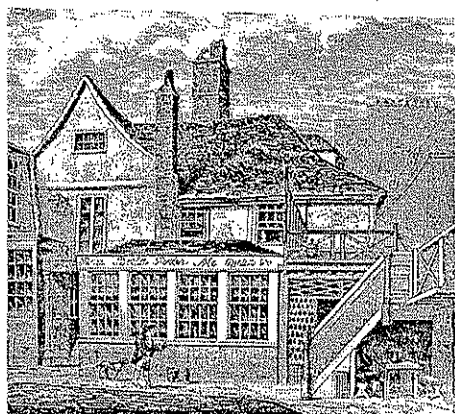
Back to the shopping mall with the rollercoaster above the ice rink to play the NHL's junior team of the Washington Capitals. For the first period and a half we kept it very even at 1 goal a piece. Then we changed over goalies for them to have equal playing time. Unfortunately as much as we helped the goalie out he just had a nightmare and we lost 6-3.

*Friday 20<sup>th</sup>:*

Today is our last day of playing ice hockey on this tour and we have two exhibition games to play. First was Atlanta, another team already knocked out of the International B division. This was a very physical game and Georgina the first girl to play in an England u13's team got hurt twice by one of their players. We made sure we paid him back and went on to win the game 4-1.

The second exhibition game against Las Vegas is an important game for us, because tomorrow they play Monckton Wildcats (the team that knocked us out). This again was a very fast & physical game with both teams having something to prove. With a minute to go we had a narrow 1-goal lead and we were one man short on a penalty. They pulled their goalie and put on another attacked so they had a two-man advantage. The pressure was intense, but one of our lads got free with puck and put into the empty net. It was a good result to finish on, a 5-3 win.

*Declan Finn*



*The manor  
House of Toten  
Hall 1813*

*Now Tottenham  
Court Road*

*No electronics  
shops!*

## *Yr 6 Sports Festival*

On 5<sup>th</sup> December 2003 at Raynes Park High School the first Year 6 sports festival was held. This was organized by Merton School Sports Partnership and supported by the PE department.

Three schools in Merton attended the day, these were - Aragon Primary, Sacred Heart Primary and St. Matthews Primary. They were all split into five groups, two teams from Sacred Heart, two from St. Matthews and one from Aragon. Each team contained twelve pupils.

Ten of the Raynes Park High School J.S.L.A students, including myself, supported the event. Our jobs were to be team leaders in charge of an activity. There were six activities including sprints, shooting hoops, over and under, and many more.

In this activity day our Junior Sports Leadership Award students had to put into practice leadership, organisation, and motivation skills. We achieved this successfully and the focus of the day was for everyone to participate and to have fun. This was definitely achieved. The winners of the festival were Sacred Heart Primary School. But every school, on the day, were winners as they all gave 100%.

*Myles Howell 10NX*

## *Superteams*

Our annual Superteams competition, held on 9<sup>th</sup> February was a great success. Gibbs house won the Football, the Netball, the Hockey and the Technology Challenge while Newsoms house won the Tug-of-War. Gibbs with Miltons won the overall competition in second followed by Newsoms and finally Halliwells. This seemed quite fitting as Gibbs had the most participants.

The Superteams trophy was presented by Zesh Reeman the up and coming Fulham footballer, who then stayed on to sign autographs and have his photo taken with several groups and individuals.

# Art Gallery



*Emma Kenyon*



*Marissa Golding*



*Stained Glass Parrot by an unnamed Artist*



*Alex Franklin*



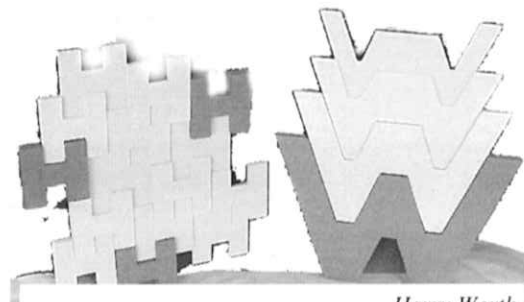
*Robert Lever*



*Stewart Hemmingway*



*View of Venice by an unnamed Artist*



*Harry Worth*



## *Jolyon Gardner at RPHS*

When the trio of ace Spur reporters first issued my homework assignment, I thought that it would be something I could scribble quickly on the train in the morning whilst balancing a beaker of scalding black coffee on my knee and nibbling at an apple Danish. I had been asked to write about 'My Time at Raynes Park High School'. I soon realized that the last two and bit years would not be so easily summed up. So...

I had often travelled through Raynes Park station on journeys to other places with no idea that I would one day come to know it so well. The first time I got off the train at the station (September 2001), I was feeling an unsteady mixture of excitement and blind panic. A year or two earlier, I had been earning a living as a freelance journalist writing stories and articles for newspapers and magazines. Now I was arriving for my first day of 'on the job training' as a trainee English teacher - I was actually going to meet some of the terrifying children I was expected to teach!

The truth is, you kids were pretty terrifying the first few times I sat at the back in classrooms, alongside some gum chewing Hercules rocking back on his chair. I was introduced by Miss Jones as a drama expert from Washington DC who really spoke like an American but was just brilliant at putting on an English accent. That was impossible to live up to as, alas, and unlike Miss Jones and Miss Valmarana, I cannot do accents. My first few weeks at school involved a lot of hard work and a lot of apprehension. I had to meet and get to know hundreds of people - pupils and staff. It was necessary to learn all of the rules, which govern the school, find my way about and be prepared for lessons. In fact, it was exactly the same as I felt when I first went to my High School as a pupil aged 12 in 1980. I felt a great deal of affinity with the Year 8s who had just started their first term

at the school too. In the mornings, unlike you kids who can lose yourselves in the playground if you want to, I had to go to a staffroom, full to the brim with very important and distinguished-looking people, like Mr Dodd who were all chatting away to one another, cracking jokes, or discussing *very important business* in groups. I would creep into the room, trying to stay out of sight until someone took pity on me and said "Good Morning", or Miss Jones arrived, always carrying trays full of stuff which she would plonk down on top of the massive pile she already had on her desk. I quickly realized however, that all of the teachers in the room, despite being extremely busy people, were prepared to look out for newcomers. They were always ready to offer a word of encouragement and advice, even Mr Demington (who scared me silly at first). That had a big influence on my decision to apply for the job when I had finished my training and I hoped that I would get it because I knew that I had some friends at the school already. I was lucky enough to be accepted and so I found myself immersed in a new culture (that of the school), which pretty much took over my life for the next two years. It really has been a rich and rewarding time and so many things have happened but, most importantly, I have come to know so many fantastic people, pupils and staff. My tutor group, 9GX, particularly, have meant so much to me, though I know that they are less than pleased with me as I write this as I have spent the last couple of months trying to whip them into shape for their next tutor (not that they really need much whipping into shape because they are ALL lovely). In Year 8 we were all new together (though I don't know whether they knew that) and they helped me as I struggled to come to terms with all of my new duties. Registering and diaries and induction and on and on and on. Endless bits of paper attached to the register, pupils pulling sick notes out of hats, letters to distribute, gum to confiscate, trainers disguised as

shoes, elusive ties and on and on. They were supportive, despite also having to learn how everything worked at the school. I had lots of help from teachers too. Often they didn't even know that they were helping me because they were just getting on with their job, but I tried to keep my eyes open and pick up hints about how I could do my job better. I remember seeing Miss Jager dealing with the aftermath of a bit of a punch up between two girls who had been 'Your mumming' each other until they'd both snapped and decided that pulling clumps of hair out of each others heads was an even better approach. Many other little events and everyday incidents which I have witnessed during the past two years have influenced me in significant ways and I am really grateful to so many people that I couldn't begin to list them all here. I feel privileged to have worked alongside so many vastly experienced teachers. Just last week we had an event celebrating the long careers of several members of staff who have helped me enormously. But the support of three young teachers who began their careers here at the same time as me was particularly essential, especially in my first year. Miss Guillet, Miss Bessaha and Miss Valmarana. Many pupils have also influenced me, particularly the quiet maturity and determination of so many of our exemplary students who go lesson after lesson working away sensibly whilst the teacher's time is often monopolised by someone less able or willing to participate in the lesson. Some of you hard-working pupils are inspirational! I could go on indefinitely relating stories and anecdotes but what I will miss most of all is the school itself. The whole thing. I don't just mean the fantastic new buildings and facilities but what the school represents, what it is and does, the people who use it and work here and what they are trying to do, the Houses, the community of the school - all of the things which made me so afraid when I first arrived because I didn't understand

how things worked, all of the things which now, ironically, make me feel so much a part of what it is to be a member of Raynes Park High School. I know that the school will go from strength to strength and wish you all the very best, especially you lot in my tutor group

VivaGibbs!!!!

J. Gardner

### *Flight - a story*

Ribd, a thirteen-year-old boy, placed his fountain pen on a replica 'nest' that perched on a nook in the wall. Everything in Ribd's room reflected his attitude to life: a mere bird-lover. Even his name represented him, Ribd; a name his beloved mother had given him was an anagram for 'bird'. He had been brought up, living in a bird sanctuary. Ribd was a specialist in this area. The days that seemed like only yesterday, when his mother had said her last farewell only to die in a horrific accident involving an old Chinese merchant. He was now alone with his father-a man that seemed a castaway from reality.

Ribd sighed inwardly and began to read out loud what he had just written.

"Bird of love, night and day,  
My dear bird has been cast away,  
Bird of passion, truth and light,  
The bird to end what is right."

Those fair lines seemed distantly familiar to him. Yet, he did not know what they meant, but wrote it whenever he thought about his mother.

A strange chirping blasted into the room. Instantaneously, Ribd pulled away from his chair and staggered to the window. The reason behind this, of course, was because he had found his foot entangled in string. The curtain was heftily pushed aside to reveal the horizon and several cliffs. The chirping sounded again, close to the cliff this time. "Bird!" Ribd called into the air. There was no reply. Ribd ran at a fast pace to where the noise was coming from. Gales of heavy wind blew against his, now-covered-in-

perspiration face. His heart thudded against his chest, eager to witness all the commotion. It was a strange feeling that crept through his veins; desire. A desire to save his mother and to fly. The wind that swept through his hair felt homely and natural, as if he was accustomed to flying. As he ran an abnormal tickle scratched at the back of his throat. What was happening to his body? Was he going to fly? Or was it just ordinary? A human born to the birds did not seem ordinary at all. A human born to the birds was one to fly. That was what his mother ad last said to him before she left. It pained his eyes to remember such sorrow and woe.

The altitude levers seemed fairly high when Ribd had finally reached the summit of the cliff. At first, he couldn't see where all the noise had come from, but on the far right he could just see a faint outline of an orange sphere, emitting photon by photon of luminous light. With his palm shivering Ribd lifted the sphere, peering into its centre.

It felt warm in his grasp. Strange, Ribd thought if feels just like my mother. It was true the intensity and warmth comforted him just like his mother did. On either side, a black and white streak with a slight curve in the centre, lay emblazoned into the glass sphere. The streaks looked vaguely like a child's drawing of a bird. Was this the answer? The answer to the verse that had been troubling him ever since his mother's death? But what did it mean? That one bird is bad and the other good? But that didn't make any sense at all. Ribd questioned what he had heard earlier. What had happened to the chirping noises?

In frustration, Ribd threw the sphere onto the grass. Tiny shards of glass ricocheted off the floor, flying into several directions. The light faded and an wisp of orange smoke levitated in the air. Ribd gulped in awe. Was this a spirit? A

pale, orange, wisp of smoke was a spirit? Was this what his Religious Education teacher admitted seeing? A real spirit?

"Wow," Ribd breathed. His breathing became an irregular one, taking in deep gulps. Without hesitating, Ribd lunged his hand into the spirit. Unlike smoke, his hand didn't simply sway through; it stopped halfway, as if eating him through, then let go. The sensation was overwhelming. The spirit seemed to disintegrate, then sink into Ribd's flesh.

Was this his destiny? To be eaten away by a spirit? Or to fly? Fly the gales with his birds, marvelling at the sights?

Within his very heart; Ribd could feel a strange whoosh. The spirit had entered his heart. It had unlocked his destiny passion and belief and was now revealing his future. His future to fly.

Ribd's legs twitched, feeling as if hey were going to inflate with air. It took several seconds for Ribd to absorb what was happening to him. Was this a dream? Was his desire to fly, actually in reality? It was true and Ribd only new one who could've made this true. His mother. His mother had sacrificed her spirit to him. To let him fly. The verse seemed evident to him now.

'Bird', meant sprit. His mother had meant that he was the one who had been castaway form the power to fly and that the spirit that had ended what was right was the Chinese merchant that had stolen away her life. Ribd smiled. One of the first smiles that he had made since his mother's death. He felt proud, proud to hear the name 'Ribd', Bird- or in his mother's case, spirit.

Ribd could feel his mother in his heart as he walked home to tell his father. His castaway look may well vanish, Ribd thought. He now had the power to fly and most importantly his mother in his very heart.

*Shirwa Sheik-Ali 8NX*

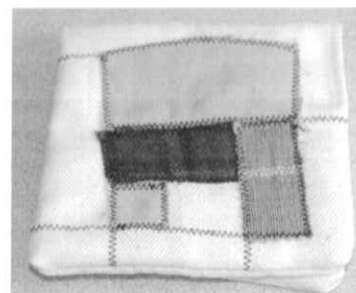
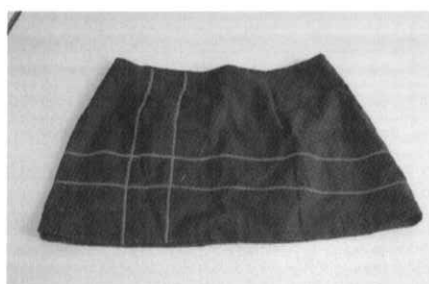
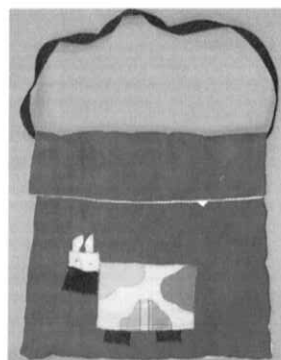
# Textiles

I started in the Design Technology department in January 2004 as Textiles Teacher. I want to say how much I am really enjoying my time here at Raynes Park. I'm also so pleased with the results of the recent year 11s, they produced a huge variety of work from super glam silver evening dresses to denim toddlers' outfits and weird and wonderful playmats. Well done!!

The buzz of creativity is back in Textiles.

Current Year 10 are busy gathering research for their shirt projects and Year 11 are ready to begin work on their stage costumes and high fashion for their coursework. We have some seriously talented people in this school.....I feel a fashion show coming on – Watch this space.

*K Lambert*



SPORTSDAY RESULTS										Summer 2004			
EVENT	Year 7		Year 8		Year 9		Year 10						
	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys		Girls	Boys		
100m	M.Jakunaite H 16.38	I.Ikechi G 15.08	A.Igbavboa M 15.11	J.Malin N 12.21	R.Mba G 14.06	R.Boadu H 17.38	S.Dayle G 15.20	J.Williams G 12.62					
200m	C.Hockaday G 34.36	G.Witter N 30.21	J.Shallow N 32.12	J.Malin N 25.32	R.Mba G 29.72	R.Boadu H 26.01	S.Shallow G 32.21	J.Earley H 25.56					
400m	M.Banton H 1.18	J.Johnson G 1.12	C.Hall G 1.14	J.Fagan M 1.02	K.Jones M 1.15	L.Jones N 1.02	H.Blenman H 1.15	L.Creates N 1.01					
800m	A.Hockaday H 3.09	N.Stylianou H 3.01	C.Hall G 2.51	C.Carrington H 2.41	K.Jones M 2.52	M.Hamilton G 2.33	S.Derrington N 3.01	D.Lesson G 2.32					
1500m		O.Wellard N 5.40.9		C.Carrington H 5.17		L.Jones N 4.50		D.Lesson G 5.18					
Shot	L.Williams M 6.04	C.Lewis G 9.59	M.Salih N 7.13	W.Burrows H 10.50	S.Bryan H 7.98	L.Chau M 10.06	E.Bevan-Jones N 6.13	J.Connolly M 13.29					
Disc	K.Walsh N 9.95	J.Trimmer N 13.91	L.Abbott N 15.90	H.Harman M 20.45	B.Nichols H 17.30	L.Chau M 24.90	J.Harwood N 13.95	J.Connolly M 30.95					
Jav	C.Willis G 10.67	L.Lazar H 19.47	C.Masango N 24.07	D.Finn H 20.34	G.Negus H 20.60	B.Clayton G 33.60	S.Osman N 18.50	D.Neale H 27.30					
Long	L.Dunn H 2.89	S.Rabinthiran N 3.66	A.Igbavboa M 3.85	R.Hemingway G 4.10	S.Bryan H 4.05	R.Boadu H 4.93	S.Derrington N 3.85	J.Earley H 5.07					
High	A.Weston H	A.Douglas-B. H 1.25	C.Hall G 1.25	J.Malin N 1.45	A.Mattis H 1.40	F.Marshalleck H 1.40	L.Coker G	K.Swaleh N					
Relay	M 1.04	N 57.91	M 1.00	H 54.35	N	H 53.03	G 1.01	G 51.34					
	G 183	H 202	G 161	H 182	G 173	H 224	G 205	H 199					
	M 154	N 193	M 195	N 214	M 192	N 151	M 94	N 224					
	GIBBS 722		HALLIWELLS 807		MILTONS 635		NEWSOMS 782						

*SPORTS DAY RECORDS*

Event	Holder	Old Record	New Holder	New Record
Yr 7 Girls Shot	Megan Salih	5.35m 2003	Lisa Williams	6.04m
Yr 7 Boys 1500m	Richard Hemmingway	5m 54s 2003	Oran Wellard	5m 40s
Yr 7 Boys Shot	Wesley Burrows	8.67m 2003	Calvin Lewis	9.59m
Yr 7 Boys Long Jump	Junior Mattis	3.57m 2003	Shriram Rabingthiram	3.66m
Yr 8 Girls Javelin	Georgette Negus	18.25m 2003	Carol Marsango	24.07m
Girls 4x100m	Miltons	=60.3sec 2003	Miltons	60.3sec
Yr 8 Boys 100m	Nathan Cleghorn	12.56s 1996	Jack Malin	12.21sec
Yr 8 Boys 200m	Jerome Osborne	25.82 1997	Jack Malin	25.32sec
Yr 8 Boys 400m	Ashley McCabe	63.73s 2001	Jonathan Fagan	62.0sec
Yr8 Boys Shot	Lee Chau	10.21m 2003	Wesley Burrows	10.50m
Yr 8 Boys High Jump	Jonathan Weeks	1.42m 1992	Jack Malin	1.45m
Yr 8 Boys 4x100m	Halliwells	55.04s 2003	Halliwells	54.35sec
Yr 9 Girls 800m	Natalie Andrews	2m56sec 1993	Katherine Jones	2m52sec
Yr 9 Girls Long Jump	Katherine Locke	3.91m 1991	Sidone Bryan	4.05m
Yr 9 Girls High Jump	Isha Hawkins	1.30m 1993	Antoinette Mattis	1.40m
Yr 10 girls 800m	Iona Webb	=3m01sec 1992	Sasha Derrington	3m01sec
Year 10 Boys Shot	Chris Buller	12.30m 2003	Jamie Connolly	13.29m



### HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP 2003 - 04

ACTIVITY	1 <sup>st</sup>	2 <sup>nd</sup>	3 <sup>rd</sup>	4 <sup>th</sup>	G	H	M	N
SWIMMING	Gibbs	Miltons	Halliwell's	Newsoms	4	2	3	1
ATHLETICS	Halliwell's	Newsoms	Gibbs	Miltons	2	4	1	3
DRAMA	Miltons gold	Newsoms silver	Gibbs silver	Halliwell's silver	3	3	4	3
FOOTBALL	Halliwell's	Miltons	Newsoms	Gibbs	1	4	3	2
HOCKEY	Miltons Halliwell's		Gibbs Newsoms		1.5	3.5	3.5	1.5
DEBATES	Miltons	Newsoms Gibbs		Halliwell's	2.5	1	4	2.5
TUG-of-WAR	Newsoms	Gibbs	Miltons	Halliwell's	3	1	2	4
VOLLEYBALL	Miltons	Newsoms	Halliwell's	Gibbs	1	2	4	3
MUSIC	Newsoms	Miltons	Gibbs	Halliwell's	2	1	3	4
BASKETBALL	Gibbs	Halliwell's	Miltons Newsoms		4	3	1.5	1.5
NETBALL	Miltons	Newsoms	Halliwell's	Gibbs	1	2	4	3
Girls Football	Newsoms	Halliwell's	Gibbs	Miltons	2	3	1	4

1<sup>st</sup> Miltons 34    2<sup>nd</sup> Newsoms 32.5    3<sup>rd</sup> Halliwell's 29.5    4<sup>th</sup> Gibbs 27

### JUNIOR SHIELD 2003 - 04

Event	Gibbs (pts)	Halliwell's (pts)	Miltons (pts)	Newsoms (pts)
Boys Football	1	4	3	2
Girls Football	2	3	1	4
T-o-W	2	3	1	4
Volleyball	1	3.5	3.5	2
Swimming	4	1.5	3	1.5
Netball	1	2	4	3
Hockey	3.5	3.5	1	2
Superteams	3	4	1	2
Athletics	1	4	2	3
Total	18.5	28.5	18.5	23.5

1<sup>st</sup> Halliwell's 28.5pts    2<sup>nd</sup> Newsoms 23.5pts    3<sup>rd</sup> = Gibbs & Miltons 18.5pts

# *Year 10 & 11 Girls' Soccer*

*Ursuline Girls 0 Raynes Park 3*

Several of our girls, those who play football regularly, were not as confident as they might have been on the way to the fixture. Sound-bytes from the journey included: "She's really good she plays for Fulham" and "She was the best player in that really good team"

As with premiership football, the quality of a team is often judged by the ability of those players who are on the bench. Often in girls football you have more than eleven keen players but sometimes no more than a handful of footballers. It was a major headache as to who to leave on the bench, such is the quality of the squad. When a pupil informed me at lunchtime she was injured it just meant one less headache rather than a weakening of the team.

After a slow start to the game, it soon became apparent to us, that even though the opposition might have a very good player or two, we were the better team. On balance the majority of our players were better than theirs and this was quite obvious because our keeper rarely touched the ball (not such a bad thing) whereas their keeper was quite busy.

Throughout the first half we were constantly in the ascendancy but found it difficult to convert possession and field advantage into goals. After several clear chances we finally scored, Abi Igbavboa doing what good strikers do, dribbled from 10m inside her own half and smashed it past the keeper.

After that the result was never seriously in doubt. In the second half Jade Shallowman marked their best player constantly when the Ursuline were in possession and nullified her benefit to the team. Two more goals from Abi made sure.

All substitutes played and we look forward to the final.

The Year 10 and 11 team has also made the county cup final against Overton Grange. To get to the final they beat Glenthorne School in the Quarter-finals and Woking High by six clear goals in the semi-final.

Teams, which play in the county cup final, go forward to a 64-team National Knock-out competition.

We played the top school in Kent, Leigh CTC at the last 32 stage of the competition. We were 3-0 up with ten minutes to go and unfortunately let them back in it. They scored three times in the last 10 minutes to force the game into extra time.

Although we started extra-time with only ten players, we did in fact manage to start to pull together and not concede a goal too early on. We completed the first period without letting in a goal and started to get stronger and to look more like a team. We scored early in the second period of extra-time and looked the better team throughout. We got a late penalty, from which we scored and ran out 5-3 winners.

Goals came from Jodie Fernandez (2) Holly Blernman, Gemma Staden and Sherrell Sang.

We played in the last-sixteen round, against Holy Trinity School from Sussex for a place in the quarter finals on 22<sup>nd</sup> February at Kingsmeadow Stadium, Kingston.

## *STOP PRESS*

### *U/16 girls' win County Cup!!!*

*In a wonderfully exciting match with the outcome uncertain until the final whistle, the u16 girls finally won the trophy they have been destined to win since they came together as team four years ago. Overton Grange School (Sutton) were defeated 3-2.*

*Each team had periods of domination with RP ahead 1-0 but having to come from behind in the last ten minutes to clinch the game with a brilliant winning goal from Sherelle Sang (her second goal). Jodie Fernandes scored the equalising goal and overall it was a well deserved victory with great performances all over the pitch - dramatic revenge for heartbreaking defeat in the final of two years ago against the same team. Well done to everyone! The U/16s are progressing in the National Cup too, having reached the quarter finals at the time of going to press.*

*Pictures and more reports in the next edition!*

*J. Derrington (Team Manager)*

## Cross Country

A record number of RPHS students (87!) took part in the Borough Cross Country Championships held in Morden Park in January 2004. I was lucky enough to win my race and was chosen to represent Merton in the Inter-Borough where I came eighth. This meant I was eligible to represent Surrey in the London County race and I finished 22<sup>nd</sup> out of a field of about 100. The Surrey race was 4500 metres long and very muddy! It was very tiring but looking back I really enjoyed it. There seems to be a lot of enthusiasm for cross country at the school - maybe we could enter more races.

Luke Jones 9NX

### Neil Saker

We are delighted to report that former student Neil Saker, age 19, is making a big impression as a pace bowler in Australian cricket this winter. Neil, who made his debut for Surrey last summer in first class competition, is playing for a Sydney based club (Randwick Petersham) to gain invaluable overseas experience. He took 4 for 44 in his first match and earned a special bonus award. Neil is the first graduate of the Pemberton Greenish Surrey Academy to be taken on the staff at the Brit Insurance Oval. Well done, Neil! We will be watching your progress in the county championship next season with special interest

## New Sports Hall

The Sports Hall was finished well ahead of schedule, as the builders worked so hard. Ours is the biggest and best in the area. We have every type of equipment. There are sensors in the lights which come on whenever you walk into a room. There is a dance studio upstairs with windows overlooking the main gym. Even the floors are heated and sprung to protect against strains and other injuries.

Everybody is very happy with our facilities and we want to use them every day.

Jack Bayliss

## PE Department

It has been another very busy year for the PE department with many teams entering competitions/leagues for tennis, hockey, cricket, athletics, netball and football. We have also established volleyball as a popular extra curricular activity and we hope to play some competitive matches next year.

Individual congratulations go to Declan Finn (England ice hockey under 13's), Holly Blenman (SE Region under 15 rugby), Luke Jones (County cross country) and Hannah Cleevely (GB karate team) and to all the students who set new school records on sports day at the Kingsmeadow Stadium (listed in the records table).

As far as teams are concerned netball was outstanding - again winning the Borough competitions in years 8, 10 and 11. Tennis has been increasing in popularity in recent years and much hard work has been put in by Mrs. Readings to extend coaching opportunities and the fixture list. The Year 10 team deserves pride of place this summer having remained unbeaten until the final match against Kings College school, securing famous victories along the way against a number of public schools.

Year 9 and Year 11 boys' football teams lost in extra time in county cup semi-finals for the second year running. We remain optimistic that our luck will change next year!

### Forthcoming attractions

AFC Wimbledon will be holding their Girls' Academy of football at Raynes Park on the Astro on Wednesday evenings after half term. The academy will start at 3.30pm and run through till about 5.00pm. Girl footballers of all abilities are welcome.

As part of Health Week a number of fitness instructors did after school workouts for our pupils. After Half term Mimi, professional dancer and former pupil will be doing a Street Dance class every Wednesday in the dance studio.

# *RP breaks World Record Healthy Food for RP*

"The world record for the biggest egg and spoon race ever was beaten on Friday 24<sup>th</sup> October 2003: A thousand children at Raynes Park High School picked up their eggs and scrambled 100m in the world record attempt. They cracked it when 859 pupils passed the finishing line with their eggs in one piece and most importantly, still on the spoon! If you dropped your egg you were immediately out. Egg-cellent fun. The previous record was set eighteen months ago by a group of schools in Wolverhampton, when 694 pupils successfully completed the course. Joanna Rose, 15, thought the race was an egg-cellent idea. She told Newsround: "I was excited and nervous because I didn't want to drop my egg!" Every pupil who took part will now be registered with the Guinness Book of Records and they'll all get certificate to prove it".

*From BBC Newsround website*

## *The Pupil Perspective -*

### *Two World Record Holders Speak out*

We first got our t-shirts from our tutor, then we all went out on to the Astroturf. We queued up and waited to collect our egg and spoon and enjoyed being filmed by the various TV companies there. Then there was a bang and off we went. There were loads of people to get through so we were all going quite fast. Luckily lots and lots of people completed the race and very few people dropped their eggs. We think it was a great experience and it certainly feels great to be record breakers.

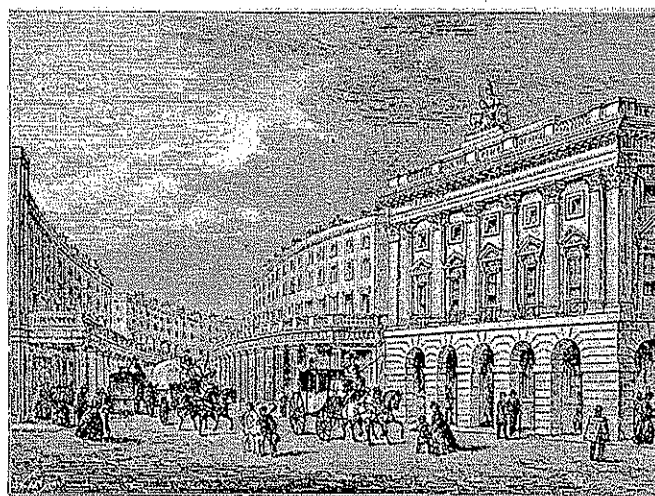
Roger Casale MP acted as adjudicator for the Guinness Book of Records, along with the Deputy Mayor.

*Ashleigh Birkett & Corrine Hall Yr 8*

### *RPHS Healthy Schools Committee*

At the start of our healthy food week (which culminated with the egg and spoon race on the last day before half term), a researcher for the National Children's Bureau interviewed ten members of our Healthy Schools Committee. The LEA was also represented. Here are some of the questions we were asked. What does food really taste like? What is healthy food? And if it is not healthy can we do something about changing the food? We also talked about what we ate the day before, whether it was healthy or not, and where it came from. We seemed to think that we ate a lot of unhealthy food because it tasted good. Advertising has a lot to answer for and so it kind of drags you in to eating all kinds of unhealthy food. Why are burgers so cheap? We assessed our own diet - we gave ourselves around a six out of ten for that. We all felt that the canteen had to provide healthier food - but we have to want to buy it. We had to confess how many bags of crisps we ate during a week - that was embarrassing. We are part of a national survey and we look forward to doing something ourselves as well as finding out what other teenagers think.

*Robert Weatherhead, Yr 9*



*Regent Street, in the early 19th Century  
Then, as now, there were many fashionable shops*

## *RPHS Entrepreneurs*

I was very happy to be able to join the Business Studies GCSE Students as they started revision for their June exam.

I run a "Business Incubator" - Cobweb Incubator at Merton Abbey Mills. A business incubator is a bit like an incubator for babies or chickens but it helps new businesses. My company offers all types of support including accommodation, finance, and money - in fact everything that is needed to set a business idea up and running.

I may be biased but I believe GCSE Business Studies is the most exciting subject of all - and it should be of interest to all students whether they are academic high flyers or like myself a "must try harder". It also is valuable for both boys and girls - in fact at Cobweb we have found that ladies make the best entrepreneurs.

As a part of the course students have to create an idea for their own business and produce a business plan. The RPHS group was bursting with ideas from new sports shops to gymnasiums to carpentry contractors and a dog walking service. The last one has actually started up. Keep an eye out for the new dog walking service!

If any Students from RPHS, or their parents and friends, would like to start a new business I would be pleased to try to help. Thank you to the Students and Mrs Williams for the welcome you gave me.

Richard Branson - watch out!

*Christopher Fogg*  
christopherfogg@kingstoninnovation.org

## *Food Technology*

On Friday 21<sup>st</sup> November 2003, 35 Yr 10 students who are currently taking GCSE Food Technology visited the popular Borough Market in Southwark. Our visit began with a talk and tasting session at Neal's Yard Dairy. The very knowledgeable manager brought out three British cheeses for us to try and the comments

about the cheeses were very interesting! "Have you got any proper cheese?" His response was informative and entertaining and all the students were keen to try the 'real' cheeses. The students then had to complete a questionnaire about the history of the market and the wide variety of produce on sale there. They were also given the task of planning a three-course meal for four people costing just £15 with all the ingredients being bought from the market! Some interesting menus were created! Ms Lawner, Ms Stocks and Ms Hasler accompanied the trip and received many positive comments about the impeccable behaviour of our students. We can certainly recommend Neal's Yard Dairy.

## *A Tasty Raynes Park Recipe*

### *Iced Fairy Cakes*

Prep and cook time; 30 mins to 1 hour

Serves; 6

### *Ingredients*

120g (4oz) softened butter

120g (4oz) caster sugar

1/2 tsp vanilla essence

2 eggs, beaten

120g (4oz) self-raising flour

1/2 tsp baking powder

For the icing

120 (4oz) icing sugar

1-2 tbsp hot water

food colouring

### *Method*

Preheat the oven to 170°C/325°F/gas mark 3

Cream the butter, sugar and vanilla essence until creamy. Add the egg a little at a time and beat well. Sieve the flour and baking powder into the bowl and stir together using a metal spoon.

Line a 12 hole bun tin with paper cases. Divide the mixture between the paper cases and bake for

approximately 15 minutes or until risen and golden brown. Remove from the oven and cool on a wire rack.

Beat the icing sugar, add a small amount of water, a splash at a time, until the icing is fairly thick. Add a couple of drops of the colouring, until you have the colour you want. Spoon over the cooled fairy cakes and leave to set for a few minutes before serving.

## *Summer Literacy School 2003*

We ran our fifth Summer Literacy School this year. Pupils enjoyed studying and writing on Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" creating some very interesting and original pilgrims of their own. Miss Jones ran a brilliant drama workshop on "The Pardoner's Tale" around which pupils then developed presentations on PowerPoint. In addition Summer Literacy School pupils researched knights and wrote their own "Knight's Tale". They also learnt a lot and were very enthusiastic about "Success Maker" - a special software programme to help improve literacy. It is brilliant for improving spelling. In the afternoons they were able to link up with the Greenhouse Summer Sports Project to release pent up energy after all the hard work in the mornings.

Obviously the course aimed to work on enhancing literacy skills but equally important was the social aspect. A number of new pupils were feeling extremely anxious about coming to high school but attending built up their confidence and sense of security and gave them the opportunity to familiarise themselves with the school and some staff. All the pupils worked hard and, it is fair to say, the Summer Literacy School was successful and beneficial experience for both staff and pupils.

The SLS Team: Miss Parker, Mr Eustace, Mr Kilby and Mrs Yeats.

*C.Parker*

## *Science Clubs*

Starting this term the Science department will be running two Science Clubs.

This will be an after school activity. The aim of the clubs will be to extend and enrich students knowledge, experience and, most importantly, enjoyment in Science.

The Year 7 Science Club will focus on FUN experiments in Science. Experiments that time restrictions do not allow us to run during a lesson.

The Year 8 Science Club will focus on investigative work. The pupils will work on a topic of their choice and carry out a series of practical, investigative tasks which, when written up, will lead towards a nationally recognised award. This award, called CREST, is available at Bronze, Silver and Gold levels and is verified and assessed under the umbrella of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Year 8 Science Club will be run for a second year. Last year the students worked on three different investigations:

1. The effect of soaps, disinfectants and antibiotics on microbes
2. The effect of Acid Rain on everyday life
3. The effectiveness of different indigestion treatments.

Their work was outstanding and has been sent for assessment towards the CREST award.



*"Farthing Pie House" Oxford Street 1820  
Rather more peaceful than today*



## House Plays November 2003

*Newsoms "Gangs of Newsoms"*

*Best Actress: Charlie Powell*

They did very well to overcome a false start. This modern retelling of Romeo and Juliet was performed with enthusiasm by a largely female company – an interesting and inventive take on the story. However it seemed to have been conceived through the lens of a camera and suffered a certain disjointedness because of that. It showed scenes in different locations, straining our ability to follow the action easily. When you have a minimum set and resources you need to look at others who have written for a similar situation e.g. Shakespeare! Read the first scene of "Hamlet", remembering that it was performed on an open, empty stage in bright sunlight. The characters tell you that it is cold, night, so dark that they cannot see one another – and we believe them! All the performers played their parts with commitment – Paul Hutton and the actor who sang at the funeral had great opportunities which they seized. The "click"/"clap" fight scene was handled particularly well.



*Halliwells "Murder Board"*

This was a piece of mature writing where character and plot were well developed. The small parts were integrated smoothly into the story e.g. the staff tea-break conversation which led into well-crafted "entertainment". Colonel Mustard and the detectives were terrific. Performances were of a very high standard especially Mrs. White, Professor Plum and the Maid, Marianne Edwards, who proved that you can stand out strongly with a very few lines to speak. Towards the end of the piece, the scenes became shorter and the locations varied which slightly weakened the play – something to work on.



*Miltons* "Starlight"

*Best Actor: Charlie Leman*

This was raucous fun with a touch of bad taste – very reminiscent of a good variety show. Well done. The atmosphere was created brilliantly by the company, but the sharp dialogue slightly overshadowed the plot. In other words, the writers created a terrific set of characters (all realised beautifully) especially the great dance routine) but the frame in which they stood lacked the satisfying purpose of a really good play.



*Gibbs* \*Changes"

*Best Actress: Jo Rose*

This ambitious piece created an environment into which we were pulled immediately. There were several moments of superb theatre – the "rap" contest, the slap, the slow motion frieze, the musical number at the funeral – which were very well executed by the cast, many of whom were from the younger end of the school. I particularly enjoyed the girls' ensemble. Perhaps next year Gibbs might think about putting their talents to create a community with an historical setting or even create a fantasy world.

*Gillian McCutcheon (Adjudicator)*



# Summer School

It was a pleasure to welcome over twenty pupils from our new intake to this year's Summer School in July 2004. A challenging and varied programme ensured that all had both an enjoyable and a profitable time.

The theme of this year's programme was 'Machines' and their impact on the quality of our lives. The course began with reflection on our society and its reliance on technology. The question as to whether technology has improved the quality of our lives provided the central theme of all the activities on that first day which included a discussion of

H.G. Wells' short story 'The Time Machine'. The day concluded with drama work in one of the studios.

Most of the second day was spent in groups with the task of designing a white-knuckle ride for an amusement park. The notion of 'intellectual property' was investigated, as was the whole process of the design and subsequent marketing of inventions. The importance of Information Technology' skills in the process was emphasised and time was spent in one of the IT suites.

Our visit to the London Eye certainly did not disappoint. To see such an impressive structure and experience the dramatic views from inside the pods proved one of the highlights of the course. Equally enjoyable was our visit to the Science Museum in South Kensington where the practical activities emphasised the contribution machines have made to our physical well-being in sport and to the advancement of human knowledge through the space programme.

The final day was spent back in school where in one of the science laboratories pupils were given the task of first designing and then actually making a rocket. Firing them later that day proved interesting and amusing.

We were very pleased to welcome parents, other relatives and friends to our celebration of achievement on the final afternoon. With such a talented group of pupils there was much to reward including prizes for the best story, best kept diary, best rocket, best invention and many more.

Special mention must be made of the Year 9 pupils who helped staff on the course. They proved themselves to be a most reliable and mature group of young people and we are most grateful to them.

There is certainly no doubt that all pupils on the course will make a significant contribution to the school in future years and we look forward to being able to welcome them in September.

*D. Di-Toro*

## *The Goal*

I went to school a day too soon,  
And couldn't understand,  
Why silence hung in the yard like sheets,  
Nothing to flap, or spin, nor creaks,  
Or shouts of voices, only air,  
Like a dancing flame, about to flare.

A smile lit up on my face,  
And I could just make out,  
A football hanging in the air like mist,  
Nothing to move, or roll, or flip,  
Just my foot itching right,  
That smacked the ball, in mid-flight.

My eyes seemed to be playing tricks,  
At what they were showing me,  
For I had just scored, like no other,  
Just a girl, like any mother,  
Male or female, or any sex,  
Just to be proud of who you are.

*Shirwa Sheik-Ali 8NX*

## *Technology College*

We are now in our second year as a Technology College and an amazing number of developments have taken place within the school over that period of time, which have improved the quality of both teaching and learning for our own pupils. However, another important part of our responsibility as a Technology College is to work with and support our partner primary schools in science, maths, design and technology and ICT.

Primary pupils have benefited in the following ways:

- Yr 6 pupils from West Wimbledon have used our D&T facilities to make cast pewter key fobs
- We have worked with West Wimbledon and Hillcross on data-logging activities during their environment weeks
- Hillcross had its entire computer network upgraded by our ICT technicians during the summer and is provided with ongoing technical support
- The Maths Roadshow has been to five primary schools to teach, motivate and inspire
- Yr 6 pupils from Aragon have used our food technology facilities for cake-making
- Yr 6 pupils at Aragon have been taught D&T by a teacher from our design department throughout the year
- Yr 6 pupils at Hillcross were involved in a design and technology problem-solving day organised and run by our D&T department
- Yr 5 pupils from Hillcross have used our food technology facilities to make biscuits

Many more activities are planned for the rest of the year!

We are also committed to opening up the use of the school's facilities to members

of the wider community and have so far run two Family cooking courses and an ICT evening course for parents, which is being repeated next term.

*P.Codling*

## *Specialist School Celebration*

As another hectic year draws to a close we said farewell the builders who have done a remarkable job in the two and a half years they have been here. We are already enjoying the use of the extension to the main building. The various departmental "moves" in June went smoothly - we still await full access to the new music facilities and the Learning Development Department areas - this will happen shortly.

Year 11 students calmly and successfully completed their GCSE exams. We wish them a well-deserved break prior to college or career starts

The completion of the new building enabled us to celebrate finally our designation as a specialist school on 15th July. During the day over 100 primary school students enjoyed challenging activities in Design, Science, Mathematics and ICT and in the evening Raynes Park High School students from all years led demonstrations and workshops for visitors and guests. In addition Paul Rowland, a Thales engineer and former Raynes Park High School student, demonstrated his company's latest satellite tracking equipment. Paul Kahn, chief executive of Thales Avionics (our main sponsor) gave a keynote address highlighting the extent of his company's operations worldwide and the importance they put on links with education.

We look forward to consolidating our identity and extending our role as a specialist school in the coming years.

## *Sport Partnership*

The Merton School Sport Partnership has now successfully completed their first year with many opportunities being made available for the young people in Merton.

Raynes Park High School benefits in many ways from the Partnership this year. Pupils from Year 10 involved in the Junior Sports Leadership Course (JSLA) have reaped the rewards of our positive links with Primary Schools in the area. Many JSLA's have gone into Primary Schools to develop their leadership skills. The main development took place at St Matthews Primary School where JSLA's coached and refereed football matches on numerous occasions. JSLA's also assisted with the Year 5 Multi-Skills Event which was held in November on the tennis courts. The results were very pleasing, with teachers from primary schools commenting on their professional attitudes and the level of their coaching and organisations skills.

Our new-found links with Primary and Special Schools within the area have meant that the opportunity to use Raynes Park High Schools outstanding sports facilities has been increase considerably. The schools which fall into Raynes Park High Cluster are Sacred Heart Primary, West Wimbledon Primary, Aragon Primary, Hatfeild Primary, St Matthews Primary and St Ann's Special School. All schools have work hard in various ways to improve the quality of Physical Education for the pupils in their particular schools.

Throughout the year many sporting events were organise to raise awareness of the facilities we have at Raynes Park. Year 1's enjoyed the use of the Dance Studio in October working to various themes developing there own dance skills and giving primary school teachers the opportunity to gain further knowl-

edge in delivering quality dance lessons in Physical Education. A Tag Rugby Tutorial for teachers was organised in the Sports Hall to raise awareness of the game and improve teachers' confidence of delivering Tag Rugby. Other various activities took place throughout the academic year and one which brought huge benefits to Merton was the Boccia Tournament, an inclusive sport held in the Dance Studio as a warm up for the London Mini Youth Games. The outcome was a gold medal for Merton and team manager Kim Bulman from St Ann's in the Mini games which brought great awareness of the inclusive work which happens among the partnership and particularly within Raynes Park High School cluster.

Other benefits which Raynes Park High have received through the Partnership are £500 worth of Nike equipment which came as a result of money raised at the Nike 10k Run. Also the school were awarded the FA's Best Football Developing School for Surrey in July with our name being put forward for the South East of England award.

The future looks bright for the Partnership and Raynes Park High's involvement in a very successful programme. It is hoped that through the New Opportunities Funding (NOF) Raynes Park High Key Stage 4 girls will benefit from specific training and members of the autistic base will have the opportunity to have use of a new trampoline and participate in rebound therapy. Raynes Park High will also benefit from TOPS 'Sportability' resources at the beginning of the new academic year.

Raynes Park High School will continue to develop links with schools within the area via partnership and maintain the sharing of facilities within Merton. A new programme will be implemented to run alongside the JSLA programme in Year 10 called the Junior Footballers Organi-

sation Award (JFO). This will allow pupils to develop their understanding of leadership and improve their knowledge of football in all areas of playing, officiating and coaching. Adding this award to our learning at Raynes Park High means we have met all the criteria to become an FA Charter Development Secondary School which we hope will be our status early next academic year.

Much more has been planned for next year and it is hoped the Partnership will continue its successes and its target to improve Physical Education across Merton. If anyone has any questions about the partnership and their progress and successes throughout the year please speak to Mr Shoubridge.

*D. Shoubridge*

- 7 JSLA pupils assist St Matthews Primary School in refereeing football league matches for Year 5 & 6 throughout the spring term.
- 8 JSLA pupils assisted the Primary Schools Sport Association football tournament for Years 3, 4, 5, & 6 in March.
- 12 JSLA pupils assisted in the Year 6 sports festival held at Raynes Park High School at the end of the winter term.
- Plans for JSLA pupils to experience coaching children with special educational needs.
- Plans for JSLA pupils to support the primary sports athletic event held in the summer term at Wimbledon Park athletics track.
- Plans for JSLA pupils to organise a sporting event of their choice for primary school pupils.

The school sports partnership offers the opportunity for JSLA pupils to work with

younger people in order to improve their leadership and coaching skills.

Through the new-found links Raynes Park has with Primary and Special schools around the area from the partnership; JSLA pupils can gain some valuable experiences to work and increase confidence with younger people who have diverse learning needs.

The JSLA pupils to date have been superb ambassadors for Raynes Park High School with many positive comments from other teachers in school they have worked with. There is no doubt that their confidence in coaching and leadership have come on leaps and bounds.

## *New Opportunities*

### *NOF (New Opportunities Fund) - The Study Café and Kung Fu Club*

Both "*The Study Café*" and the "*Kung Fu Club*" are initiatives supported by the New Opportunities Fund (NOF). The Study Café provides pupils with the opportunity to work and study in the library after school on Tuesdays, Wednesday and Thursdays from 3.40pm to 4.45pm. Pupils from all years may seek help and guidance from our learning support assistants or work independently, if they wish. The *Study Café* has proved to be very popular and has certainly relieved a lot of stress for those pupils who sometimes need help completing homework by providing a pleasant atmosphere in which to work - with all the help they want right there.

The *Kung Fu Club* takes place after school with Mr. Romero on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Kung Fu is a form of discipline and self-defence originally created over 1500 years ago and helps develop health, strength and focus. Pupils have found the classes to be enjoyable and beneficial and have aimed to transfer the skills of discipline and concentration to the classroom



## Youth Parliament

From 19<sup>th</sup> to 22<sup>nd</sup> July I attended, with my fellow MYP Lucy, the United Kingdom Youth Parliament's 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Sitting held in Lancaster University. The main objective of the sitting was to write the new manifesto of 2004. The manifesto will be sent to the members of the cabinet at the end of this month. Another purpose of the sitting was to establish action plans for this year.

Everyone came in good spirit, and the sitting started off well. In order to complete the manifesto in three days we were split up into eight topic groups. I went to the Environment and Rural Affairs Group.

In the group I met other representatives from the other parts of England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland. We discussed what should be put in our topic. We came with nine subjects. We split up into small groups and worked on at least two subjects. I was working with two MYPs from Kent. We worked on the worrying problem of Global Warming and Youth Participation in Local Councils.

While listening to other subjects I realized how cheap London transport is and how we have such a good linkage system compared to the transport in rural areas. A child ticket for ten miles in Kent costs £2.50 and the bus won't be direct.

At the end of the sitting our region, London, met up to discuss the success of the sitting and how well we performed as a region showing others that London does take the UKYP seriously. This is because in previous years London was known as the jokers of the UKYP.

The main tackling point of the UKYP, voted by all MYP's on the last day, was waste-management and London's tackling point was to improve the stop and search Islamophobia problem. Overall the sitting was a success and it was also fun!

*Dominik Leeson 11GZ  
MYP for Merton*

## RPHS Website

The school website is a growing resource for those interested in finding out more about our school, including prospective and current parents and former pupils. The site aims to provide a wealth of information about the school, its facilities, the subjects we offer and the people within it. Of course, the website is continually developing and has recently seen a complete re-design which enables our visitors to find what they are looking for quickly and easily. Departments are now being encouraged to publish examples of students' work on site to give a visual example of some of the topics we cover as well as the activities and events that take place. Take a look for yourself at [www.raynespark.merton.sch.uk](http://www.raynespark.merton.sch.uk)

### Argument

He did, she did,  
They did, we did.  
Argue, Argue all the time.  
Starts to sound just like a rhyme.

He did, she did,  
They did, we did  
Playing nice, then suddenly no!  
"where's my toy?" "I don't know."  
He has, she has,  
They have, we have.  
"Where's my toy?" "I don't know."

He did, she did,  
They did, we did.  
Argue, Argue all the time.  
Starts to sound just like a rhyme.

He did, she did,  
They did, we did  
Argue, Argue all the time.  
Starts to sound just like a rhyme.

He did, she did,  
They did, we did  
Clock strikes seven,  
Now I'm fine.  
Off go the kids, its bedtime.

*Damon Gould 9MX*

## Acrobats in Action

Congratulations to the students who performed outstandingly in Cannizaro Park as part of an education project attached to the summer festival currently taking



place there. They were warmly applauded by a large audience prior to the Saturday evening show on 17<sup>th</sup> July 2004. RPHS students involved were Richard Boadu - doubles trapeze, cord lisse and acrobatics; Luke Douglas - doubles trapeze and acrobatics; Louisa Francis - synchronised acrobatics; Corrine Hall - solo trapeze duet and acrobatics; Ashly Keane - corde lisse.

## My Tutor Group

I can't believe four years have passed  
And I've got rid of you..... at last!  
Oh! I didn't mean that ..... really  
I love you all so dearly - really!  
As I sit down to write this poem  
Old memories come flooding home  
Of bright young faces, worried looks  
New uniform - smart! New bags and books  
Fighting for lockers High ones ..... low ones!  
"Who is the tallest?" "Which one's the smallest?"  
Some keen to help and give assistance -  
Others hide ..... or run off into the distance  
I've got to know you one by one  
By the many things you've said and done  
Some are naughty ..... some are fun  
Some challenging and clever, while some are daring!  
"Taylor"! What on earth is that you're wearing?  
Jewellery, Walkmans, mobiles and gum  
Challenging school rules is all part of your fun!  
But as you get older, your efforts are bolder  
Terry tries the trapeze, with the greatest of ease ....

And a spot of juggling for one called Tom

There's Richard the runner - but he's still not on time

And Amanda a "ball girl" one of the best  
And Vicky's our cheerleader with so much zest!

Then there's Katy, Dale and Jessica -  
I'm never short of a faithful messenger  
Nick and James have done their bit,  
Along with James H, James M and Bryesh  
Adam and Hannah stand the tallest  
I dare not mention who is the smallest  
Mark Turton is certain to make his mark  
He's always plotting and scheming some lark!

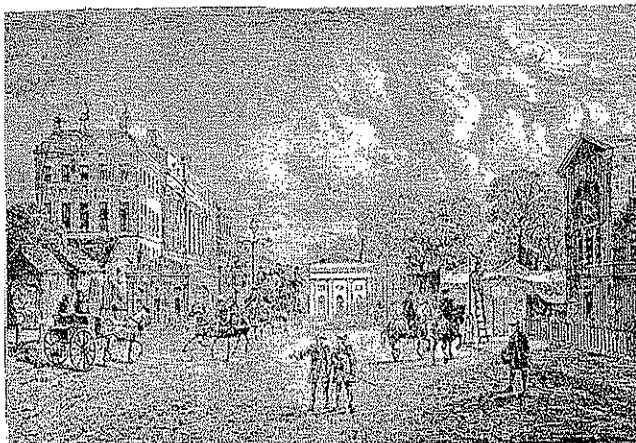
And last but not least, among our leavers  
Jennifer and Kayleigh our two famous divas

They're all bound to be great achievers  
What more can I say on this special day  
To my TG who are going their way?  
If ever you're passing by  
Please pop in and say "Hi!"

Keep in touch cos you're a nice bunch  
Step forward with pride, hope and ambition

Always be watchful and willing to listen  
As you go forth along life's way  
One more thing I'd like to say  
To the special few who now are left  
11HX ..... You're just the best

*Alison Boore*



*Hyde Park Corner 1820  
Not a good idea to stand and chat in the middle of the road now*

# French in the Radowicz Style

As the summer *Letter-writing* holidays seem so far away, we will be remembering those good times as we continue writing to our pen friends in the Collège de la Villeneuve, near Troyes in France. Last year 7NZ (now 8NZ) wrote many letters and received lots of replies. We hope to continue the letter-writing this year, especially as the group will be taught as a Tutor Group. This is the first time we have the opportunity to continue into a second year.

*Sunday, 26th September was the European Day of Languages.*

Our Year 8 pupils have just been learning nationalities and languages in the Actif course book used by the Modern Languages Department. Pupils tried to remember and list as many languages as they could in French. Stickers were given out from CILT (Centre for Information on

Language Teaching). The sheets of 39 stickers reminded us about how there are so many different languages, many which we do not know at all. The stickers all said "Talk to me" in the different languages, and quite a few of them in different scripts too.

## French Football.

8HX Tutor Group football monitors are making sure that the ranking grid is up to date every week. The scores and ranking are acquired off the Internet, and the chart in BF2 classroom is adjusted. The First Division, now called the Orange League 1, have already played 8 matches, with AS Monaco in the lead! Mrs. Radowicz's team happens to be rock bottom last (20th) at the moment!!! But it is early days still - so she says.

## Automne

Il pleut  
Des feuilles jaunes  
Il pleut  
Des feuilles rouges.  
L'été  
Va s'endormir  
Et l'hiver  
Va venir  
Sur la pointe  
De ses souliers  
Gelés.

## Pluie

Pluie me mouille  
Feuille rouille,  
Vent me fouette,  
Vent tempête,

Feuilles folles  
Je m'envole!



## L'automne

L'automne au coin du bois,  
Joue de l'harmonica.  
Quelle joie chez les feuilles!  
Elles valsent au bras  
Du vent qui les emporte.  
On dit qu'elles sont mortes,  
Mais personne n'y croit.  
L'automne au coin du bois,  
Joue de l'harmonica.

## La Pluie

Tip tip tip  
C'est la pluie

Sur le toit.

Zip zip zip  
C'est l'éclair  
Qui rougeoie.

Boum boum boum  
Le tonnerre  
Cache-toi!

