



Newlands Girls' School Library Newsletter
Issue 7 (December 2021)

My First Day

By Martha (Yr 7)

A daunting noise from miles away,
Hundreds of girls on their first day.
All crowded around gates,
Eager and excited, not wanting to be late.
The doors opened, and everyone flooded in,
Into their first day at Newlands.

I followed everyone into the school,
Immediately found out new things, like a pool!
A field, a Library and a cat.
Who knew school could be as amazing as that!
I nervously walked through the crowd,
The noise felt like I was in a cloud.

I had anticipated this for weeks before,
Eventually, I found myself stumbling into an open door,
I was in my form room, 7E!
I walked in and my teacher smiled at me.
Taking a seat, I could already tell,
This year would be the best one ever!



Maya (Yr 7)

Creative Writing and Journalism Club

By Flo and Sania (Yr 7)

Creative Writing and Journalism club is a fun club held in the Library QSA. It is held on Tuesday lunchtimes for Year Sevens and for other years it is held on their Library bubble day. You can choose to either do creative writing or journalism.

In the journalism side of the club, you can write pieces for the Library newsletter and write articles about topics of your choice. You can write book reviews, film reviews, and many other things. In the creative writing side, you write fun stories about different topics, enter competitions and learn how to write a fantastic story.

Feel free to come along on your year group's day. You can come along with your friends at 12:30 -13:00 for some writing fun!

We welcome all Library newsletter contributions! If you have a short story, poem, article, artwork or anything else, please don't hesitate to send it to the Librarian.

Christmas Word Search

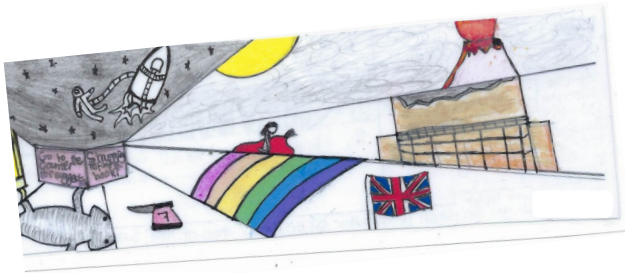
By Jess (Yr 9)

Y	H	N	C	E	L	E	B	R	A	T	I	O	N
E	T	B	E	L	L	S	E	S	W	B	T	S	T
E	F	I	F	H	N	S	L	O	O	S	S	Y	R
A	N	S	R	I	H	O	O	S	I	L	L	O	O
P	H	T	O	A	R	Y	W	R	E	A	T	H	F
P	R	U	S	A	H	E	H	F	O	H	B	L	M
R	L	N	C	A	Y	C	P	O	C	I	O	O	O
E	P	T	R	O	O	R	I	L	Y	T	O	E	C
S	I	S	C	C	G	T	O	N	A	E	K	N	A
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T	E	C	S	C	R	O	O	G	E	C	B	C	E
S	B	C	A	N	D	L	E	L	I	G	H	T	L
W	O	N	S	L	F	A	M	I	L	Y	B	L	T

- PINE
- FIREPLACE
- COMFORT
- SCROOGE
- PRESENTS
- WREATH
- CHARITY
- FAMILY
- CANDLELIGHT
- BELLS
- CHRIST
- BOOKS
- NUTCRACKER
- CHIMNEY
- CELEBRATION
- SNOW
- CHESTNUTS
- CAROLS
- ANGEL



Lily (Yr 7)



Elsie (Yr 7)

Annabel (Yr 8)



The best of all gifts around any Christmas tree: the presence of a happy family all wrapped up in each other.— Burton Hillis

Newlands ELibrary

The Library has a small selection of ebooks which are available to everyone in Years 7 and 8. If you are going away on holiday, or just want something extra to read at home, please have a look! If you need reminding of your username and password, please ask the Librarian.

<https://www.vlebooks.com/vleweb/Account/Logon/NEWLANDSGS>

Y	H	N	C	E	L	E	B	R	A	T	I	O	N
E	T	B	E	L	L	S	E	S	W	B	T	S	T
E	F	I	F	H	N	S	L	O	O	S	S	Y	R
A	N	S	R	I	H	O	O	S	I	L	L	O	O
P	H	T	O	A	R	Y	W	R	E	A	T	H	F
P	R	U	S	A	H	E	H	F	O	H	B	L	M
R	L	N	C	A	Y	C	P	O	C	I	O	O	O
E	P	T	R	O	O	R	I	L	Y	T	O	E	C
S	I	S	C	C	G	T	O	N	A	E	K	N	A
E	N	E	B	Y	E	N	M	I	H	C	S	O	N
N	E	H	N	U	T	C	R	A	C	K	E	R	G
T	E	C	S	C	R	O	O	G	E	C	B	C	E
S	B	C	A	N	D	L	E	L	I	G	H	T	L
W	O	N	S	L	F	A	M	I	L	Y	B	L	T

Answers

A Doll's Duty By Charlotte (Yr 11)

For many years I have sat here amidst the gallimaufry – the dusty detritus of times long forgotten. The chamber is dimly illuminated by the meagre light that tentatively peers through the small, round window, besmeared with grime that has accumulated over the decades and coated with impenetrable curtains of cobwebs. The air here is thick with dust and heavy with the sickening stench of mould and mildew; the room is so grim and gloomy that the capacious trunks and array of objects broken beyond use are barely discernible where they cower like the multitude of mice in the ubiquitous umbrae.

Thus I have lain; in this isolation, staring at these same wooden walls, I find sweet relief in letting my glass eyes slide softly to a close and allowing myself to replay and relive my finest memories...

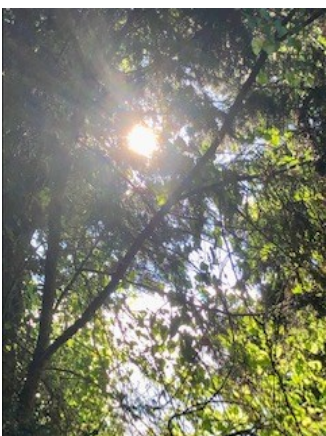
I was her companion, her playmate – her friend and confidant – for the power of imagination is to banish dejection and replace it with joy. Back when ladies' skirts scraped the floor and carriages paraded the streets was when I was created to belong.

Years passed, and the world around us evolved into one dominated by telephones and teddy bears, but her infinite love for me remained constant. We would talk, her and I. As those around her lost that ability – as their dolls became silent – we could still communicate. With my assortment of lavish dresses and shining head of chestnut curls, I was deemed fit to accompany her through her childhood. I was her guardian angel; I guided her every time she clutched my china body. It was I who comforted her as she fretted over her beau's sudden proposal, I who watched her as, adorned in lace, she left the house for the final time...

Then, in another world, it seems, I was fished from the depths of the musty drawer I had lain in since she abandoned me, and I was loved once more. We flourished in the luxury of the countryside, befriending the multitude of new people who materialised from the city – a city which, as we tumbled together down verdant hillsides, was being obliterated beyond recognition. I can still recall those times when, in the dead of night, we would be jolted awake; I still hear those penetrating sirens wailing whilst we scurried for shelter in a cramped shed underground.

When all was over, I was perched high on a shelf, that I might watch my beloved girl grow up and smile at me each day. By the time that her grandchildren had dolls of their own, though, my days as a heroine were at an end; cheaper and sturdier than I, the newer plastic dolls usurped me. Demoralised I felt when my position in the children's bedroom was given to the gaudy playthings of the new times, and I was settled in the attic, far away from the cruel world below.

As time trickled by, like water through the soft fingers of those who had once regarded me with high esteem, loneliness felt more as solitude, for one finds ways to cope, yet to have real company from one who truly loves me – that would be wonderful indeed. It is a doll's duty to protect their child, to watch them bloom and grow like flowers thriving under the sun, but nothing lasts forever...



Annabel (Yr 8)

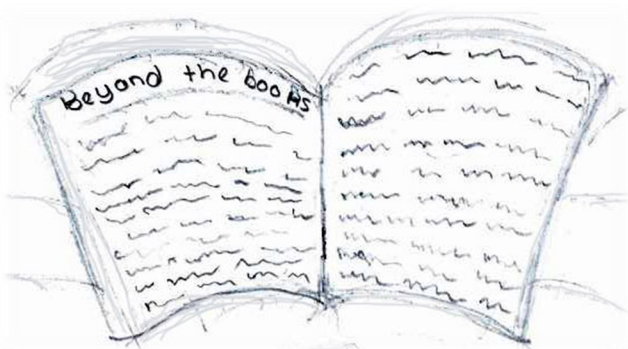
I jump, startled, as the attic door creaks open and, in the lurid light that floods the room, I descry his silhouette: the first child I have perceived in four decades. He creeps along the rough floor, barefoot, his navy trousers cropped above his filthy knees. Glimpsing me, dazed, as though in a dream, he hurries closer, in awe of my splendour. Now he is so close that I can gaze into his azure eyes – portals into a new world which I yearn to become a part of.

With delicate, careful hands, he lifts me up, caresses my dusty face and silky curls. He straightens the yellowed lace that adorns my creased dress and tenderly holds me to his heart. I feel alive as he murmurs soothingly into my ear:

“Don't worry - I'm going to look after you.”



Hafsah (Yr 7)



Logo by Safa (Yr 8)

Who's Who at Newlands?

By Zara (Yr 11)

Ms Baker

Ms Baker graduated with a Media Studies Degree from the University of Birmingham and a Creative Writing Masters Degree from Brunel University. She worked as a journalist for her local newspaper in Wales (where she grew up) as well as music magazine *Brum Beat* in Birmingham. After several years working as a copywriter, she made a career change and started working in the education sector in 2014. She joined Newlands Girls School in 2019. Currently, Ms Baker teaches English from Year 7 to Year 11 as well as Media Studies with the Sixth Form.

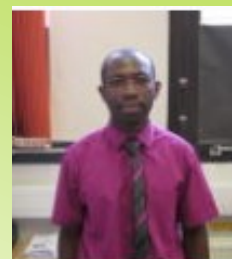


Outside of school, Ms Baker likes to read a lot, and her favourite book is a novel called *The Accidental Tourist* by Anne Tyler (which is about a travelling salesman who's writing a travelogue about all the different places he's stayed at and has also been made into a film). Aside from reading, she likes writing, running, pilates, and walking her dog.

Mr Karley

Mr Karley joined Newlands Girls' School in September 2014 as an RE teacher for KS3, KS4 and KS5, and is now Head of the Religious Education department.

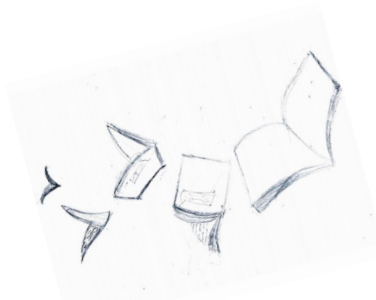
In terms of topics, he mainly enjoys teaching Ethics (taught to GCSE and A-Level students) because there is more of a chance to go into greater detail in this topic. He believes that all students are currently progressing and doing really well at the moment and should achieve excellent grades at GCSE and A-Level.



When asked about what the hardest thing about teaching in lockdown was, he admits that he hasn't really struggled because "the students had been engaged in learning during lockdown and contributed to discussions". However, he does admit that there were downsides to learning online with his students including that he "couldn't physically see what they were doing behind the screen" and there would be the occasional moment of the internet going down!

His hobbies include playing volleyball, football and table tennis, as well as reading, cooking (which he took up in lockdown) and watching movies.

Read about some of the teachers at Newlands!



Mr Wall

Mr Wall qualified in 1979 from a college called St Marys in Twickenham and came to Maidenhead for his first teaching job, before leaving teaching to work in the film industry as an Assistant Director for many films and commercials. In 2004, he returned to teaching and joined Newlands as a supply teacher, teaching a variety of subjects such as RE, English, Maths and Art.



His favourite memory of working at Newlands is his first day when, according to him, he, "went into Room 9 and all the girls stood up, which I didn't expect and I thought to myself, 'What a wonderful school' and fortunately it still is." When I asked him what makes Newlands stand out as a school in his eyes, he said, "Personally, I think it's because of how the students balance their studies and leisure time and seem very happy doing it. I believe I am very lucky to have the opportunity to work here and without it I would have something missing in my life." Apart from running the Lumiere Film Club, he's been a supporter of Chelsea Football Club since he was very young, and is also interested in human rights.

David Walliams Quiz

By Seren and Annabel (Yr 8)

1. How old is David Walliams?

- 49
- 36
- 54

2. What is David Walliams known for?

- Being an Author
- Being an Olympian
- Being a judge on Britain's Got Talent

3. What was Walliams first ever book?

- Mr. Stink
- The Boy in the Dress
- The Midnight Gang

4. When is David Walliams' birthday?

- 20/8/1971
- 13/11/1967
- 31/10/1989

5. What is his most recent book?

- Billionaire Boy
- Fing
- Gangster Granny

6. Where was he born?

- Yorkshire
- London
- Liverpool

7. How many siblings does he have?

- 6
- 2
- 1

8. How tall is David Walliams?

- 6 foot and 2 inches
- 5 foot and 3 inches
- 6 foot and 6 inches

9. What is his zodiac sign?

- Gemini
- Leo
- Cancer

10. What is his child called?

- Bear
- Alfred
- Joe



Vanessa (Yr 7)



- Answers
- 1-49
 - 2-Being an author and being a judge!
 - 3-The Boy in the Dress
 - 4-20/8/1971
 - 5-Fing
 - 6-London
 - 7-2
 - 8-6 foot and 2 inches
 - 9-Leo



Christmas Card Competition



To enter the competition, please ask for a blank card in the Library and draw a picture on the front. You can also choose to write a small poem inside the card.



There are 5 categories:

1. Best picture
2. Most funny
3. Best poem
4. Most creative
5. Most original



Some Christmas cards will be printed out and made available for sale!

Prizes for all winners!

All entries MUST be in before Friday 3rd December.

Please remember to put your name and form on the back of the card. Completed entries should be given in to the Library.



Many thanks for all of our fantastic entries! The deadline has been extended to Monday 6th December am. Winners will be announced soon!



Charlie (Yr 8)



Poppy (Yr 9)



Rosie (Yr 7)

Library Film Clubs

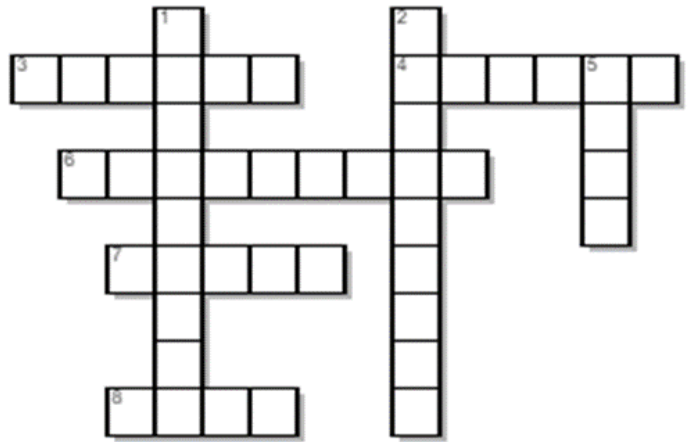
Everyone is welcome to our Library Film Clubs which run at lunchtime in the Library QSA

Monday—Year 8 Film Club
 Wednesday—Year 10 Film Club
 Thursday—Year 7 Film Club



Christmas Songs Crossword

By Jess (Yr 9)



Sophie (Yr 7)

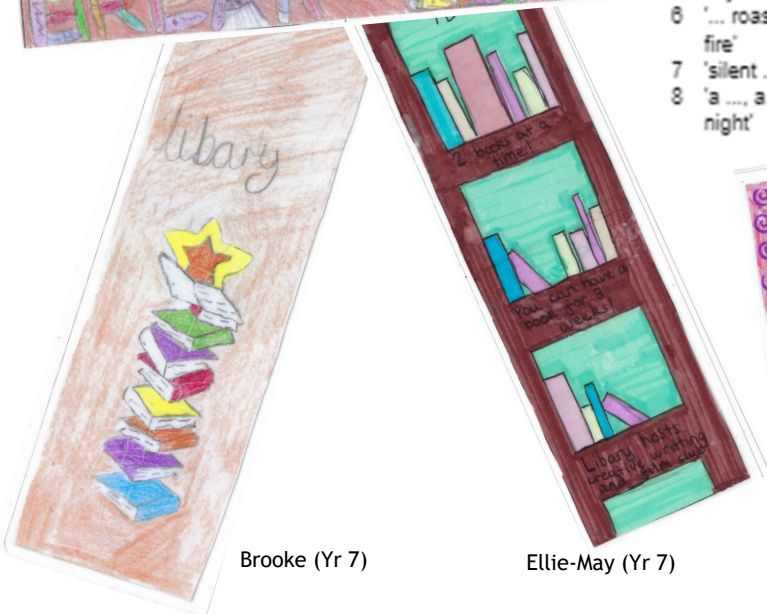


ACROSS

- 3 'are met in thee tonight. For ... is born of Mary.'
- 4 'the first Noel, the ... did say'
- 6 '... roasting on an open fire'
- 7 'silent ..., holy ...'
- 8 'a ..., a ..., dancing in the night'

DOWN

- 1 'Candlelight, angel light, ..., and star glow'
- 2 'a ... in a pear tree'
- 5 'said the night wind to the little ...'



Brooke (Yr 7)

Ellie-May (Yr 7)



Sarah (Yr 7)

8—Star	Across
7—Night	Down
6—Chestnuts	Answers
4—Angels	
2—Partridge	
1—Firelight	
3—Christ	
5—Lamb	



Hafsah (Yr 7)



Meggy (7D)

My First Day By Eva (Yr 7)

It's a new start,
Sweaty palms,
The nerves are coming up.
Nervous and excited,
Welcomed and delighted,
It's a fresh start today.

It was loud!
So many girls around,
I spotted my friend in the big crowd.
We quickly got to class,
Phew! We weren't last!

Learning new things,
Daunting and challenging.
Learning all the teachers' names,
In PE, playing games!

The Beginning of a New Chapter By Catriona (Yr 7)

I started Newlands today,
I was filled with fear.
I didn't think I would be okay,
Then I began to realise, I loved everything here.

I began to chat with you,
I quickly made a close friend.
Although it is still weird to not see a single boy,
I'll get used to it in the end!

First Day By Valentina (Yr 7)

Walking into school,
I get so very anxious,
But then I just chill.

The school was crowded,
More stairs than my nightmares,
I was kind of scared.

I saw a cute cat,
On the way to languages,
I was with my friends.

I kept getting lost,

First Day Poems by Year 7



Zanri (Yr 7)

Chloe (Yr 7)

My First Day By Sophie (Yr 7)

Daunting from the minute I walked in,
Teachers looked welcoming.
Uncertainty rushed through me,
As my friends were split up.
Hundreds of children everywhere,
It was all a great big scare.

I got my form number,
I was in 7E.
I walked up to the classroom nervously,
And opened the door.
I walked in and instantly saw my bestie,
Relief flooded through me.

I found my seat smiling,
I knew things would be great.
I was next to a girl called Hazel,
I guess she seemed nice.
I sat in silence,
Waiting...

The teacher did the register,
And introduced herself.

During the tour I stayed quiet,
Stumbling through the corridor with
anticipation.

Later that day as I left the gates I felt
proud.
I had done it!
My first day was done.

My First Day By Erin (Yr 7)

Walking to the gates was a nervous wait,
Then I saw the first familiar face.
Everyone charging into their classrooms at
a pace.

The my surprise, it was silent,
Except the ticking of the clock.

Miss Leisos welcomed us to Newlands,
It was like a fantasy island.

The day had finished,
How so quickly?

My First Day By Romilly (Yr 7)

It was the morning of my first day,
Stressful, but I knew I could be ok,
I made plans with my friends,
To meet up at the gate,
And forced myself to be brave.

It was my first day,
The teachers are great,
The other girls too,
But, not to my surprise, the school was huge.
I felt like a shrimp in the empty ocean,
Reminded myself I wasn't alone in this
situation.

My first day went better than expected,
Making two new friends on the way,
Lessons in a fun style,
Hopefully tomorrow ends up like today!



Mia (Yr 7)

Anika (Yr 7)

Imogen (Yr 7)

Cruella – Film Review

By Flo (Yr 7)

Cruella is a thrilling film about Cruella de Vil and her life before she became the villain that we all know her as. Cruella de Vil is mostly known as the main villain in the book and film *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*.

The film, *Cruella*, shows you what happened in Cruella's childhood all the way until she is an adult. Cruella is an orphan, alone in 1970s London when she befriends two pickpockets, Horace and Jasper. However, she has bigger dreams than just being a thief. Cruella dreams of being a fashion designer and she will do anything to become famous.

This film is packed with excitement, plot twists and action. You learn that there is much more to the well-known villain than a ruthless killer. This film will change your view on Cruella forever. I would definitely recommend this film.



Jessica (Yr 7)



Habeeba (Yr 7)



Scarlett (Yr 7)



Anna (Yr 7)

Valentina (Yr 7)

A House Without Walls (Elizabeth Laird) – Book Review

By Sania (Yr 7)

My book review is all about a book called *A House Without Walls*. This book is based in Syria where a war has taken place. Safiya and her brother Tariq have to quickly escape Damascus. When Safiya was 3 weeks old she got separated by her twin sister. Luckily, her Dad who is a lawyer and her older brother had taken care of her ever since.

You might be wondering why isn't the mother doing anything? Well, that's because sadly their mother died. They have no choice but to move house. The two siblings don't know whether they might get separated or put together in the camp just 20 minutes away.

Read this book to find out what happens!

The Fight for The Cure

By Aekas (Yr 7)

“Test number 33 batch 52, looking for a cure. It’s 2055, 6:32 am on the 1st of June. Here we go...”

He put on his protective goggles, fastened the buttons on his lab coat, pulled on some gloves and walked over to the experimenting table. The lab was littered with shelves laden with bottles containing multicoloured bubbling liquids and containers. The scientist scanned the room. “Ah! Here we are.” He found a glass beaker and on it, an old crumpled label; it read:

DEADLY SUBSTANCE. MAX 4 DROPS PER BEAKER.

The liquid inside was fizzing and purple. He placed it on the table next to a complicated tangle of plastic pipes, levers and taps which all led to one vial. “Now, just a few drops...”

“Ello John!” A man jumped onto the scientist’s shoulders, sending the deadly liquid back at the man.

“What was tha- AAHHH IT STINGS GET IT OFF!!”

He screamed, holding his head in his hands, stumbled backwards and knocked his head on the back of a very sharp, glass table.

“Jack!” Dr John worriedly ran over to Jack and crouched down next to him. “You old fool! I was messing with deadly stuff over there!”

When he got no reply, the scientist grew more and more anxious. “Jack, this isn’t funny anymore... Come on, get up!”

John then realised something, Jack’s head was facing the floor, but his chest was facing him. “JACK?! WHAT IS GOING ON? THIS BETTER NOT BE SOME SICK JOKE, BECAUSE ITS NOT FUNNY!”

Suddenly, the scientist heard a sick *crack* that made him belch; Jack’s head was slowly turning around. “OH MY GO..” A jump, a scream, a crack, then silence, dead silence...

She stood on the roof, her brown hair blowing with the wind behind her. She looked at the ruined city around her. The buildings were crumbling, windows smashed, things on fire, debris everywhere. When the virus broke out, chaos erupted in all major cities. Where did it come from? No one knows. What caused it? Who can tell? Unanswered questions lingered in the air, as did death and destruction. Amelie slid down the dusty grey tiles and landed on the road littered with rubbish. She was one of the 1000 left. She had stolen weapons from military bases and stolen food from Michelin star restaurants; whether she liked it or not, she was a thief now, a rebel, fighting for her life in the dying world she lived in.

Amelie walked down the road, her gun in hand, kicking the debris as she went, then she saw it. The monster that brought the fate of the world to an end. The disgusting abomination of a creature that now walked the Earth in search for more lives to steal. It had the skin and face of a human, its eyeballs gouging out, its teeth crooked and brown. Blood covered it and its shirt and pants were torn and ruined. It was limping and dragging one of its legs behind it, its left arm was broken, the bone was sticking out, and the other arm was reaching forward, longing to snap a neck or stab a heart. These things were ruthless, wicked, they didn’t care about your age or your status, all they cared about was getting your blood, making you one of them.



Frankie (Yr 7)

Amelie raised her gun and held it in front of her chest. She would not let this one touch her, just like all the others. And just like all the others, Amelie pointed her gun, aimed, shot and scored a bullseye. The beast fell to the floor, its eyes rolled to the back of its head and it fell still. This was a normal routine for her now, as she adapted to the rough world around her.

“Another easy kill,” she hooted as she strolled down the streets, gun in her quiver slung over her shoulder. Amelie turned as something rustled in a bush. She lifted her gun for the 10th time that day and crept over to the bush. She clicked the safety catch, jumped and yelled, hoping to scare something off. And as she did, a little girl screamed and hugged her knees close to her chest.

“DON’T EAT ME ZOMBIE!” she sobbed. She had dirty blonde hair that was tied with muddy pink bows in two pigtails. She was wearing a pink and white polka-dot dress and her shoes were torn and coated in dirt.

“Hey don’t worry, I’m not gonna eat you,” Amelie softly spoke.

“A zombie that doesn’t eat people? What kinda zombie are you?”

“The non person-eating kind,” she said with a smile. “Now come on, there are plenty of zombies here that *do* eat people.” Amelie took the girl by her hand.

“My name’s Abbie,” Abbie said.

“My name begins with an ‘A’ too! My name is Amelie but you can call me Millie.” She paused and realised how rough Abbie’s small hands were. “Abbie, how old are you?”

“I’m five.” The words hit Amelie like a bullet to her chest. *Five?! She thought. She’s so young, too young..*

“I used to have a doggie. Her name was Biscuit. I don’t know where she’s gone now. She disappeared with mummy and daddy.” Tears welled up in her eyes and Amelie felt a pang of guilt.

“We’ll find them, don’t worry. And when we do, we’ll have a big party with balloons and a bouncy castle and cake..” She remembered all the pleasures of life, when you didn’t have to worry about when your next meal would be, or if some killing machine crept up on you, you didn’t have to watch your back all the time and-

“Where are we going?” Abbie yawned. “I’m tired.”

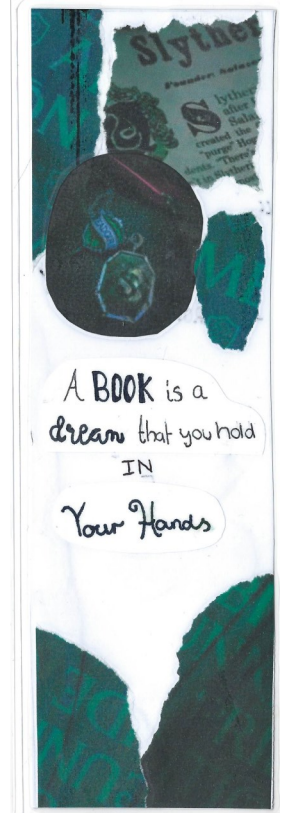
“We’ll stop off at my hide-out and have a little rest and then, we’ll go and try save the world.”

“How?!” Abbie asked.

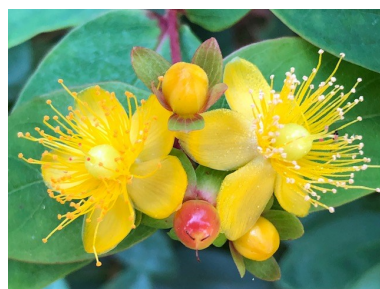
“We’re gonna find the cure for this virus, then we’ll get our world back.”

“No more zombies?!”

“No more zombies.”



Sienna (Yr 7)



Annabel (Yr 8)