



Issue 1a

YEAR 7 STUDENT'S WRITING IMPRESSES JUDGES



Akshaiya's story will be published in an Anthology and she has a VIP invitation to the prize giving ceremony in July.

Turn to page 9 to read *Stuck in Time*

yoto CARNEGIE GREENHAWK AWARDS

Yoto Carnegie Medal
Shortlist 2022

#CKG22

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The Mirror

Emily Y10

It was one warm Autumn's evening and the big oak tree by our house had shed its leaves, covering the courtyard in an array of shapes and colours. But, I was getting quite bored. I suppose living with your parents can get boring. Not that I live there anymore.



Mother and father had gone to the city to take care of some business proposal, therefore the only person left to keep me company was the family butler, and he wasn't exactly the most entertaining soul. I was extremely hot, bothered, and most of all, bored. They do say boredom is the most dangerous thing in the world. I didn't believe it at the time, but now I see just how true it is.

I don't know what exactly possessed me to, but little old me thought it would be a splendid idea to investigate the artefacts stored in the attic, so, I pulled out the ladder from the storage cupboard and climbed up.

As soon as I got in, the first thing I noticed was the extreme build up dirt. There was a thin blanket of dust covering the floor, as well as layers upon layers of cobwebs and the occasional growth of mould. Disgusted, I considered leaving. "Is this really a good way to spend my time?" I thought to myself. I was about to leave, too, until a white cloth covering something rectangular caught my eye. It was mounted in the corner of the room, with a string of cobwebs that seemed to be sealing it to the wall. Despite my hatred for dirt, I felt compelled to remove the cloth. That was my first error. {Human curiosity, it's a fragile, dangerous thing you see.} Upon removing the cloth, I was instantly taken aback by the sheer beauty of the object before me. It was a mirror, about 6 foot tall and three feet wide, held in a shining golden frame with the most intricate patterning you ever have seen. It was encrusted with gleaming gems around the edge, without a doubt the most beautiful mirror I had seen in my life. I gazed at the mirror into my reflection, which was beaming back at me with the most eerie smile...

My head began to spin and my vision went blurry. My foot slipped and I stumbled forwards. To my surprise, I fell right through the mirror, as if the glass simply wasn't there. The world before me went hazy, as if a brown film had been placed over it. When I turned my head, there was a never ending darkness, so thick I felt it would swallow me whole. Through the haze I could make out my sinister reflection, it's eyes glowing red and it's face gleaming with malice. With a shriek, I realised that we had traded places. I no longer lived in the human realm.

There's a reason I don't live with my parents anymore. It's been 170 years. I'm trapped in the mirror.

Snowdrops

Elise, 8C

I wandered lonely as a robin,

I see a pile of snowdrops.

Water drops

like a string

of

beads.

Its white head glowing

like a star in the night sky,

nodding up and down

swaying in the wind

like dancing in a swan's lake performance.



Sonnet

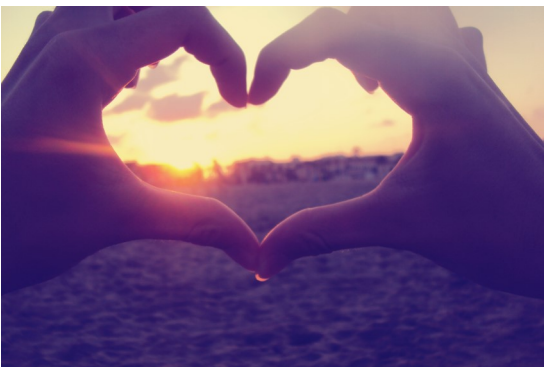
Akshaiya Y7

You are prettier than the crimson rose,
Your eyes are like a burning sapphire,
I need a dose to keep up with your pose,
Your kindness and gentleness I admire.

Your voice softens the screechings of parrots,
Your lips are as cerise as a poppy,
Your skin is as smooth as a peeled carrot,
And stories of your past can seem soppy.

Your hair is dyed in canary yellow,
You are filled with unrevealed mysteries,
Your talk fills my ear with pleasant mellow,
And you are buried in awkward histories.

And all of my dreams you richly fulfil,
So, shower me with your love if you will.



Florence's Wordsearch!

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

ART COMPUTING ENGLISH FRENCH GEOGRAPHY GERMAN
HISTORY MATHS MUSIC PE RE SCIENCE SPANISH TECHNOLOGY

Challenge

this month's challenge is to.....

make a rubber band ball out of rubber bands that you find on the street.

This is helping save animals especially hedgehogs as they think they are worms.



Tiger, Tiger Burning Bright

True story by Holly



On Friday the 7th of January, 2022, a Bengal tiger decided that he has had enough of captivity, protesting by biting off a keeper's hand and seriously injuring two others.

The two-meter long tiger, who lives in Nasu safari park, Tochigi, has bitten off a female zoo keepers' hand while she was getting ready for the day. She was rushed to the hospital, where she was treated and she is on her way to recovery. The tiger also injured another female, who had come for a peaceful visit, suffered many bites all over her body.

The 150kg tiger also injured another male visitor, causing him a serious head injury. According to the rules, after the expedition has ended, all the animals must be locked into their enclosures, however, the tiger somehow escaped. The tiger is being isolated, the people injured have been hospitalized and an investigation has been launched as to how and why the animal was not in his enclosure.

Cool Chameleons

Chameleons are one of the coolest reptiles as they can quickly change colour depending on their mood, temperature and environment!



Breeds of chameleon

- Veiled Chameleon.
- Panther Chameleon.
- Pygmy Chameleon.
- Jackson's Chameleon.
- Fischer's Chameleon.
- Carpet Chameleon.



Top five facts

- Chameleons diet consist of a variety of bugs
- Chameleons have extremely powerful tongues
- Chameleons prefer to live in a hot climate
- Chameleons eyes can move independently of each other
- Chameleons don't have ears



Misty the cat



Olivia

Owl jokes

What is a barn owl's favorite subject at school?

Owlgebra

What does an owl with attitude have?

A scowl

Knock knock

Who's there?

Who

Who who?

Are you an owl?



What do you call an owl that does boxing?

Muhammed OWLEE!

Why did the owl invite his friends over?

He didn't want to be owl by himself

Creative Writing—top tips from our club members*

*Special thanks to Scarlett

Stuck for inspiration on how to start a story? Think about ‘what if’... and carry on from there!

WHAT IF...

- * Dogs could talk
- * Time didn't exist
- * We didn't sleep
- * Our life was a simulation
- * We lived under the sea
- * There weren't any laws
- * Time went backwards
- * Students taught the teachers
- * Paintings were live people stuck in a frame
- * Food could eat humans
- * Magic existed
- * We all had our own personal theme songs



Once you've picked your 'what if' inspiration, follow it up with '*and then what?*'

Send your completed story (any length) to Ms Baker -
sandrabaker@newlandsgirls.co.uk—Prizes for the best!

Where in the school is this?

By Florence 7B



Dear diary,

My journey on the rocketship to Saturn was full of tension but at the same time exciting. I trained for five days at the NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) station with professionally trained astronauts. Each day we did breathing practice and other techniques. When I entered the training capsule for the first time in was so frightened because of all the buttons.



After these five days of training the day finally arrived, I walked on a red plank to get to the rocketship. Looking down I realized how high I was. The adrenaline and the happiness were indescribable. I was walking to a real rocketship. I had been waiting for this moment my whole life and now it was finally time.

..4...3...2....1.....0....

It took about twenty seconds to get out of the atmosphere and being able to see the moon, and we were in space. The gravity pulling you to the bottom and all the things levitating it were amazing. The Capitan announced that we could take our seatbelts off and that we could take some pictures before we landed. The Earth looked so small and the Moon was so beautiful. I could also see all the stars shimmering in the black space.

Five minutes before landing on Saturn, we had to get back to our seats and get ready. While on earth I studied all about Saturn; its characteristics make it such a beautiful place, for example the medium temperature is about -140°C so it's cold up there and did you know that Saturn has 34 moons? It is amazing and that is why I chose to visit this planet.

As it was too cold, we could not get down the rocketship but there was still a lovely view so I took ten minutes to take photos. They gave us special cameras because our phones would not work up there so we left them on earth. We got to take pictures and then we had to go back, which took us about an hour because we did not have the same power as before.

Once we landed, we got to act like real astronauts that get carried away and taken to the NASA station. As soon as we got there, we printed the pictures taken from space and got changed to our normal clothes.

When I got home no one would believe that I saw Saturn but I did not really mind because it was still the best experience ever possible.

Maya

Stuck In Time

*(Akshaiya's highly
commended story)*



I walked across a lot of debris to get to the middle where a sublime machine lay. I entered it and pressed this one button that lured me. I felt a sudden force hauling me up. A second later I realized I was in a place that I was not acquainted with.

Amongst all those eccentric people, who were dressed in weird clothes, there is this one man who I recognized instantly. In fact, he is not just any old man, he is a famous scientist. He got banned for swapping the genetics of a human and a phoenix so a phoenix would do all the things a human would do and a human would do all the things a phoenix would do. So, a human would catch on fire and be born from the ashes while a phoenix is chilling on the beach with some lemonade. How crazy?

He looked hurried. I went up to him and said, "excuse me sir. Sorry to disturb you but I know you. You are the scientist that got banned."

"W-h-a-t? WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?"

"No, it is nothing like that. I am a student from the 21st century. I time travelled here. I know you from my history class. You are famous. Besides, I hate my life in the 21st century. Everything is so boring but this place is amazing," I replied.

"You time travelled here. WOW! I knew that was real but no one would believe me and I am famous. This is unbelievable. Everyone avoids me here because they think I am a bad influence but in your world I am famous. I will love to swap lives with you."

"Really. Here have my spare phone. I will call you when I want to come back. I will see you later."

Sofia went to his lab which was on the sea bed. I was astonished. I went inside and started doing all the things he tried to do. Things simply went fine when one day my skin turned red, next I had wings and a beak. I was confused and worried. I realized that I must have swapped my genetics with the phoenix. Just when things could not have gotten any worse, I was on fire. I grabbed my phone, and called the scientist.

"Hello, I need you to come back. I accidentally swapped my genetics with the phoenix and I am on fire now. I do not know what to do. Please help me," I spoke rapidly.

"Oh, hello there. I hope you are not getting too hot there, better turn on the AC *ha ha*. Sorry I cannot come back, I am having way too much fun here, so bye," he spoke in a relaxed manner.

"Oh no. What am I going to do? I am not a proper phoenix so if I get on fire I am going to die. Half of my body is on fire. Ahhhhhhhh..."



The Boy Who Tried to Save The World

Sophie and Grace

It is 3001, and climate change has heated the planet so much that if you go outside for more than two minutes, you start to melt. So, teleporting machines have been made, but sirens still sound almost every second of the day. This is the story of two children that tried to save their world...



Sirens pierced the silence, waking Rocco from his sleep. He sighed. This was the fourth time this week that that dreadful noise had awoken him from his slumber, and it was only Tuesday! Suddenly, the door burst open.

“Hurry up lazy bones,” Aspen -Rocco’s best friend- scolded.

“Urghhh... 1 more minute...” he moaned.

“Come on, we have to be quick before your Great Uncle Max wakes up,” she said.

He slipped on his slippers, and they crept downstairs to the basement. He fumbled around for the light switch, and the room illuminated with a dull glow. And there it was, the beautiful machine made for a great and marvellous thing. Well, it was more a sight for sore eyes, basically a big hunk of metal. But what it looked like mattered none, it was what it did that will make your eyes pop out of your head.

“So, Aspen, did you find any more spare parts?” Rocco asked, helping himself to a screwdriver.

“Of course I did, I never fail a task,” she boasted. She handed Rocco what looked like a bunch of useless things to the average human, but to an inventor like Rocco, this was like a new iPhone 13.

“Wow!” exclaimed Rocco, his eyes dazzling in amazement, “Well, let’s get to work.”

They worked tirelessly for a few hours, fastening all of the new parts on. By the time they were finished, it looked a lot more like a machine. They looked down on it from the inventing platform with the utmost pride.

“It’s finally finished!” Rocco exclaimed breathlessly. “Same time tomorrow?”

“Fine,” Aspen said.

The next day-

Aspen slowly creaked open the door. Rocco was still fast asleep.

“Ahhh!” screamed Rocco as his robot dog, Rex jumped on his bed.

“Relax, it is only Rex,” said Aspen. They tip-toed downstairs and unveiled the machine.

“Shall we go?” asked Rocco.

“No time like the present,” said Aspen.

They clambered into the life-changing machine, terrified for what was to come...



--Somewhere far away--

A flash of blinding light and the machine appeared out of thin air. They stepped out, looking around them. They had landed in a gloomy street. It was practically deserted, except for one man sitting at the end.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" Rocco remarked.

"No," the man replied.

"Anyway, you wouldn't happen to know what year it is?"

"It's 2050 mate," he said.

"Yeah... ok," Rocco uttered, and walked away.

"It worked!" Aspen whispered excitedly. They walked around, admiring every tiny little detail. They rounded a corner, and in front of them was a crowd of thousands. "What's this for?" Aspen asked.

He gasped, "Aspen...you remember in history class we learnt about that vote between the Earth party and the Modern party?" questioned Rocco.

The vote had been a big moment in history, as it determined whether to ignore climate change or do something about it. The Earth party led by Rose Rotnevní was all about change, but the Modern party led by Vinneal Fickleberry thought the world was fine as it was.

Vinneal was cunning and selfish, so he spread horrible rumours about Rose, and he told people she was really a dark person with evil thoughts for how the country would change if she won the vote. The vote was extremely close, but unfortunately for everyone in the future, Vinneal won, by 1 vote. When he won, he laughed cruelly at how foolish people were for believing him. There is no one else to blame except him for the outrageous place Rocco and Aspen live in.

"Of course I do," she said.

"The vote was only won by one, wasn't it? So, if we both voted for Earth, we could save the future!" Rocco exclaimed.

"Oh my goodness, you're right!" Aspen said. So, when the votes were being collected, they sneaked their slips of paper in the boxes.

"I think we got away with it," Aspen whispered.

"HEY! You there! STOP!" shouted Vinneal.

"I don't think we got away with it!" said Aspen nervously.

"You are not over 18; you can't vote yet. Come with me!"

As Vinneal reached out to grab Aspen's shoulder, there was only one thing Rocco could think of. "Run!" he screamed.

They bolted. Vinneal chased them down the road.

"This way!" Rocco shouted, and they swerved down an alley way.

But alas, Vinneal was waiting for them at the end. "Oh no... other way!" Aspen bellowed. They twisted and turned, trying to confuse Vinneal. "Look, it's the man!" Aspen said, and they ran down the street.

"There it is!" shouted Aspen. The time machine was sat right there waiting for them, on the dusty backs of the street.

"Hurry!" screamed Rocco as they clambered in.

"Close the door!" ordered Aspen. Rocco did as he was told, and before they knew it, they were heading back home...

The machine arrived back in 3001 and the door opened.

"Where are we?" Aspen said. They weren't in the basement, and they certainly weren't back in 2050, but they were... outside.

“Oh no, Aspen we have to get inside before we’re burned to a crisp!”

“Wait! I think maybe... just maybe, we’ve fixed it. Feel, the floor, it’s not boiling anymore!”

“Oh wow! It worked!” cried Rocco.

“Let’s go see your Great Uncle Max!” When they found him, he was still fast asleep. They woke him and recounted their amazing adventure.

“You kids really are incredible. Go downstairs, have some breakfast, I’m sure you’re hungry!” said Max. And, unbeknownst to the children, he sneaked outside, opened the door of the machine, and powered it up...



Personification personified!

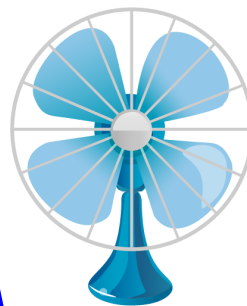
Writing from the point of view of an object

Pick an object—any object—and write a monologue/short story from its point of view.

Here’s a starter from our Creative Writing Club:

I am a printer, I see everything. I know everything. Paper passes through me about 20 times an hour. I can destroy things I don’t like; chew up important documents. I have so much power.

Have a go— here are some objects for inspiration. Prizes for the best writing!



This issue of ***Beyond the Books*** was brought to you by **The Creative Writing and Journalism**

Club. Special thanks to: Scarlett, Maya, Florence, Zara, Holly, Sarina and Eloise.

The club meets every Tuesday lunchtime in the library—all years are welcome!