



Mediaeval Banquet

“The Mediaeval Banquet was an absolute hit. From the dazzling jewellery the King and Queen wore to the dingy drags the peasant’s wore, everyone had an amazing time!”
Thomas Cadby -
monk

- * Easter
- * Horizons
- * Mental health tips
- * A Dane Court story
- * Choco egg competition

Long, long, long, long ago, back in the mediaeval times, a plan was devised by Mrs Baker, Head of Food Technology. Thus, the Dane Court Mediaeval Banquet was born and is organised by Mrs Baker together with Mr Baker, Head of History.

As Martha and King John, respectively, they ensure that the students have an unforgettable experience as either peasants, Lords, Ladies and Knights, sampling the delights of pottage, bread and ‘apple ale’. See pages 3-5 for more.

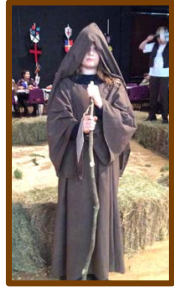
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WIN this GIANT CADBURY'S Easter Egg!!!



Words from the Editor

Hip, hip, hooray!

CHATTER IS ONE YEAR OLD!



Well, I can honestly say that it does not feel like twelve months since our very first edition of this student newspaper. I would like to thank the students who work so diligently on their research and articles to get them out in time for publishing. Their enthusiasm and commitment are sometimes a force to be reckoned with. However, the one thing I will say is that the way they can demolish a tin of biscuits in one sitting is worthy of Jenny's wildlife page!

Must be time for a party next term Chatterers!

Remember we are back to school for Term 5 on Tuesday 23 April at 08.40 am - St George's Day.

HAPPY, HEALTHY & SAFE EASTER EVERYONE!!!

The Ed.

This Chatter Team...

Daisy Ackers 7S * Lilah Ainsworth 7N
Joe Baker 7D * Chloe Cloves 7S
Cheyenne Thomas 7D * Thomas Cadby 7N
Ashlee Davis 7S * Izzy Denby 7N
George Hall 7N * Libby-Anne Kirby 7N
Ethan Ryan 7H * Eloise Walters 7S
Oscar Whitehall 7S * Jenny Allan 8D
Tim Allan 8H * Erica Cousins 8D
Tasneem Daud 8H * Eleanor Golding 8H
Summer Gibbins 8H * Faith Philpot 8T
Sophie Tyler 8T * Skye-Louise West 8T
Jamie Raven 9S * Grace Williams 9S
Jacob Cherry 11S * AONM 11D
Maeve Brewer 6S2 * Abbie Parsons 6T1
And

with a little help from

Mrs Cronin, Mrs Finlay and Mrs Hutchings

Contact the Chatter team on
Chatter@danecourt.kent.sch.uk

**Enter the competition
on the back page to
win this GIANT
Easter egg!**

WIN



Mediaeval Banquet



Year 7s back in the Middle Ages

Each year, the collaboration between the Food Technology and History departments at Dane Court, delivers an unbeatable culinary and historical experience for the lucky Year 7 students.



Mediaeval Musicians played joyous period melodies under the direction of Miss Fox, Head of Music. A bountiful events programme included **King Henry's arrival with his wife, Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, King Henry's speech, arm wrestling, apple bobbing, the stocks, calligraphy, skittles, wooden games, knife juggling, jokes and rapping** (as was the norm in those days) gave the raucous mass no end of entertainment. For the peasants pleasure, the **tale of 'Chanticleer and the Fox'** was so animatedly performed by the English department and peasant faces were agog at seeing the 'hens' behave in contrast to their usual classroom manner, or it may have been confusion. **Delightful dancing** from ye verie olde sixth formers was a highlight, particularly seeing them dressed in such a refined manner for once.



Henry and Eleanor arrive; Henry seems very happy but look out Henry as Eleanor seems to have caught someone else's eye!
The pottage and boar's head prepared for the peasants; Lords, Ladies and Knights are looking very regal; but who is That eerie Guy with the rolls?!



Mediaeval Mayhem



Year 7s - Pitiful Peasants, Pottage & Peas, Performances and Paltry manners!





Mediaeval Entertainment



Oh, what fun the Year 7s had!



Weirdy Wizard & unsuspecting damsel



Pick on someone your own size, David!



Calligraphy - fancy writing



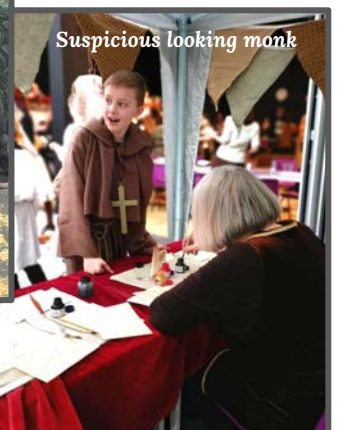
Mediaeval Marvels



Wooden games



Weirdy Wizard in disguise...



Suspicious looking monk



Mediaeval Musicians
 Lydia Weston 10T
 Thomas Collins 10D
 Abi Gibbons 10H
 Mia Clarke 10H
 Abigail Heyfron 10H
 Kirsten Hutchison 10S
 Milo Pena Courcier 10S
 Rhys Pike 10D
 Bethany Tebutt-Ford 9S
 Lola Walton 9T
 Yoshimi Faux-Bowyer 8T
 Mikey Chesters 8D



Who is this weirdy without a beardy?!

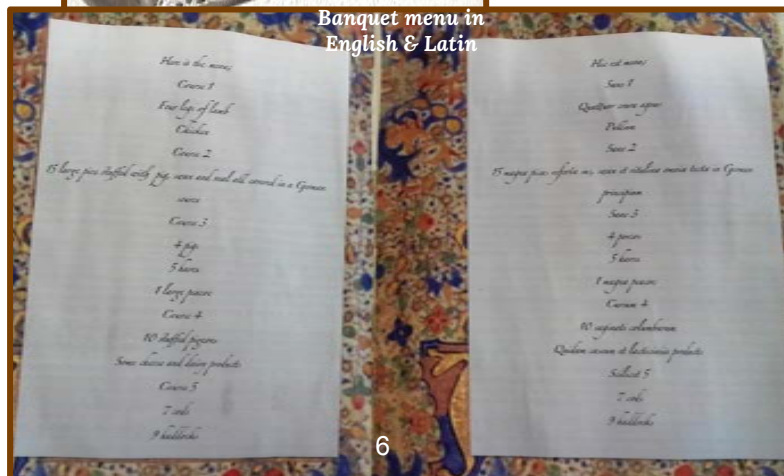
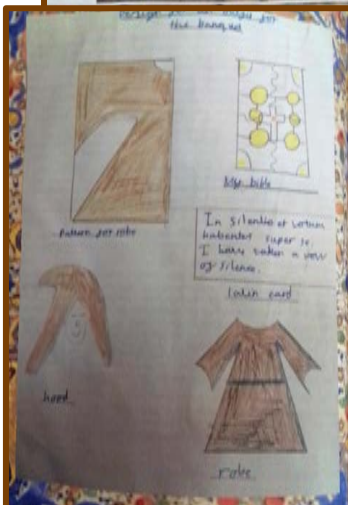
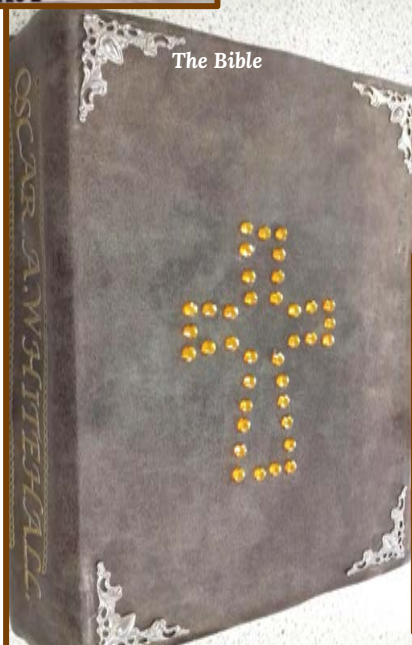
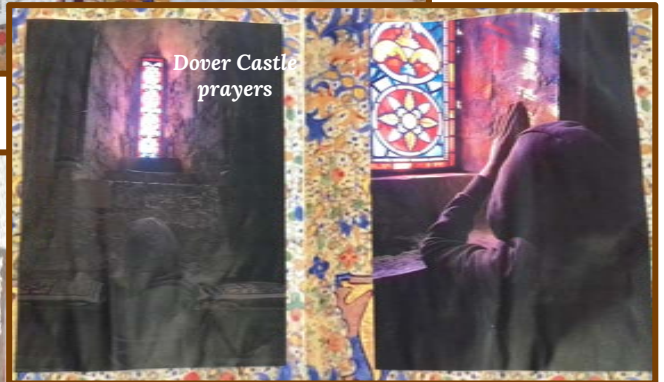


Mediaeval Research Project



A Monk's Tale by Oscar Whitehall 7S

Over seven weeks Y7s have researched into mediaeval lifestyles by investigating lifestyles of peasants, Lords and Ladies, clothing and creating a costume for the banquet, making pottage and bread rolls, and preparing more sumptuous foods. Not to mention attending the banquet and then evaluating our experiences. Here are some examples of the project work this monk completed, including a visit to the mediaeval castle at Dover.





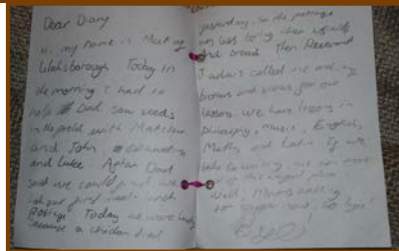
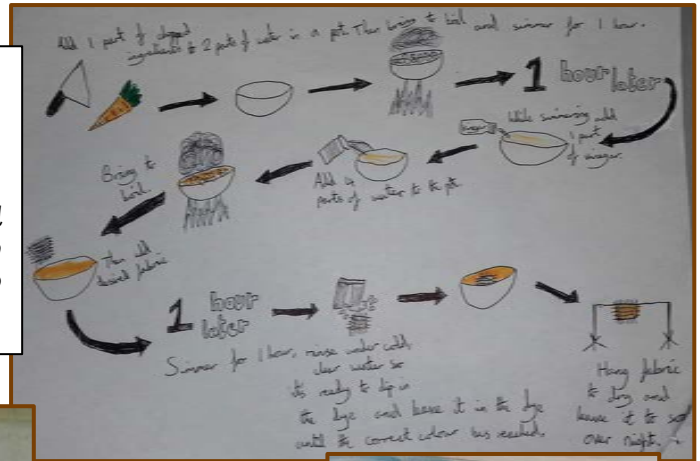
Mediaeval Research Project



Year 7s worked their fingers to the bone on their amazing projects!



Instructive pottage recipe & intricate illuminated lettering by Millie Frew 7B



A mediaeval farm & diary by Lilah Ainsworth 7N



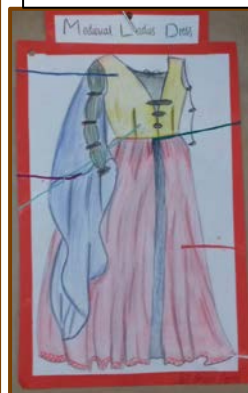
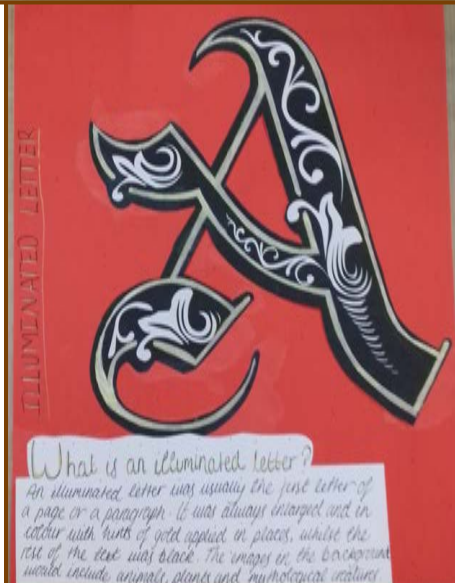
Detailed and informative illustrations of peasant clothing by Milosz Paterka 7B



Banquet costume design, illuminated lettering & a Lady's costume design by Amelia Parris 7H



"I loved the experience of the mediaeval banquet. It was very fun where everyone got wet and people got put in the stocks. I loved making the shield which was one of the biggest in the whole year!"
Joshua Stamford-Houseman 7B



Dear diary,
Hello, I am a peasant and I live in the medieval times. My name is Bertha Cranton and I'm the lowest of all the peasants which means I don't have much to support me or my starvin family. I hope you don't mind all my spelling mistakes and so on, you sea I only just learnt to rite (we had a free clas in the vilige I'm not that rich) I'm 12 years old but I still needd to cook, clean, wash and work. I know what you're thinking why doesn't your dear mama and papa do it seeing as they ar older. The reason is... the reason is... Oh I can't say it, it'll only bring back all those happy memories and make me cry again. Anyway, moving on, today I have to go bak on the LORD'S land, yes, not my little, dying strip of land, oh no no no the LORD'S!
I have to work on the Lord's land to stay alive. The tiny amount we earn allows us to still pay for our hous. By we I mean my older brother (grayon:16) and my ancient granny (Gertrude: to old to count)
We are having a crises, WE ARE RUNING OUT OF FOOD!!!! I'm growing hungrier and weaker everyday and I'm mortified at the thout of starving and dying. I try not to bring it up so everyone worries but I wish I could close my eyes and be in a better place an having love and affection shown to me. On the other hand, I can't think it will get beter because there is 99.9 percent of a chance it won't.
I do have a dream. That we will all be in a happier near the ones we love. My mother died when I was born and when I was 5 my dad was found dead in the midle of the mysterious wod!
Oh no I have to go to work or the boss will wip me!!!!
I HOPE MY DREAM WILL COME TRU!

Poor peasant Bertha Cranton's desperate diary entry with a dire dream by Natalia Austin 7B



Horizons with Year 8



Skye-Louise West 8T

HORIZONS was an amazing experience of lessons and an exhibition, at school, which allowed us to take our future into our own hands. **We explored many different career pathways from construction to the Army.** It lasted through most of the day, so we were off timetable from first to fourth lessons.

My first lesson was with the **Ambulance Service**, in which they taught us **CPR** (you can learn how to on page 9) and they showed us a video which gave us an insight into what they do and how. It was a very interesting experience and **I thoroughly enjoyed it** despite already knowing how to do CPR. I even managed to get a bag from them with the NHS logo and South East Coast Ambulance on it!

Next we had **Kent School of Mathematics**, where we did the **Tower of Hanoi** puzzle. It is based on a legend where a group of monks had to move 64 rings in size order using 3 poles, whilst only moving one at a time. **It really is actually quite puzzling** unless you know the specific algorithm for it. To work it out more easily, there is a trick but **do not tell anyone I told you...**If you double the amount of moves it takes to move the final amount of rings, and add 1, it gives you the next required amount of moves. Simple!

After break, we had the main **exhibition fair**, located in the sports hall. It consisted of **many companies** showing what they do for their jobs and trying to get us interested in doing it too.

There were **construction workers** showing us different types of woods, **surgeons** showing us different equipment. The person I was most interested in was the one **working with animals**. They have a sort of camp that allows you to get up close to animals like orangutans. Everybody there was giving lots of stuff away, such as **pens, leaflets or phone accessories**. The downside was that the **fair was very noisy and busy**, as you can imagine, and by now I had a headache and was feeling ill, although it was interesting.

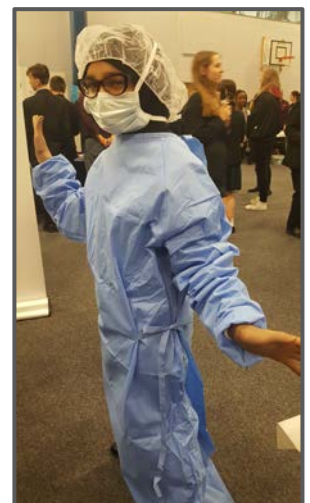
I went to my final lesson which was **KAB** - short for **Kent Association for the Blind**. We got to try and **decipher Braille** which is a system of **raised dots on paper** to help people read and write. Unfortunately I left school because I was ill but Jenny, Erica, Ruby and Ellie had a chance to **experience different visual impairments with special glasses**.

Overall, it was a really fun event with scientists, performers, food companies, hospitals and lots more which gave us all many ideas to think about for our future.



Forensic Science lesson
- tracking criminals

If you missed the Ambulance Service lesson on CPR, or just want a reminder, my First Aid page is coming up next!



Tas, ready for surgery!



First Aid CPR



St John's Ambulance Cadet, Skye-Louise West 8T

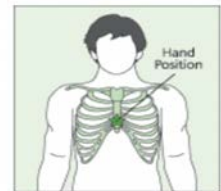
Learning First Aid is a brilliant skill, which I personally believe should be taught within the school curriculum.

It is **life-saving**, and a privilege to be able to save somebody's life when you need to. There is more First Aid similar to this on **an app called 'St John's First Aid'**. This app contains other First Aid skills including dealing with bleeding, broken bones and choking. I strongly advise you at least download this app or join a First Aid club like St John's Ambulance.

Before doing any type of first aid on a casualty, you need to check for **Danger** around them, for any **Response** from the casualty, if their **Airway** is clear, are they **Breathing**, and do they have a pulse - any blood **Circulation**. This is called **DRABC**.

THIS IS ADULT CPR - DO NOT PERFORM ON CHILDREN OR INFANTS AS IT IS DIFFERENT FOR THEM!

Before you start, be aware of the correct hand position.



STEP A - Perform chest compressions using both hands:

- 1) Kneel beside casualty.
- 2) Place the heel of one hand on the center of the chest. Don't press on the casualty's ribs, stomachs or bottom of breastbone.
- 3) Place the heel of your other hand on top. Interlock fingers and keep them off the of the casualty's ribs.
- 4) Leaning over the casualty, press straight down to 5-6 cm keeping elbows straight. Release pressure fully, but don't take hands off chest.
- 5) Give 30 chest compressions at a rate between 100-120 compressions per minute.



STEP B - Perform 2 rescue breaths:

- 1) Ensure airway is open.
- 2) Support the casualty's chin with the fingertips of one hand.
- 3) With the other hand, pinch the soft part of the casualty's nose. Use a pocket mask if possible.
- 4) Take a breath. Place your mouth over the casualty's mouth making a good seal.
- 5) Breathe steadily into the casualty's mouth for one second. Watch the chest rise.
- 6) Keeping hands in position, remove your mouth. Let chest fall.



STEP C - Continue giving 30 chest compressions followed by two rescue breaths until these things happen:

- Professional help takes over.
- The casualty starts to wake up, open their eyes AND breathes normally
- You become tired

NOTE - If you are unable, unwilling or untrained to give rescue breaths, you can do chest compressions only - this will still help the casualty!

Look out for more of Skye's First Aid tips next time in Chatter!



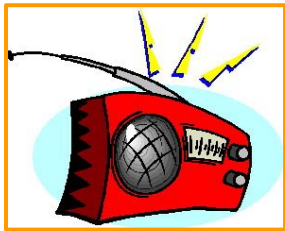
DCGS Radio



Oscar Whitehall 7S talks to William Clark-Steel 6H1

When was Dane Court Radio set up?

Dane Court Radio was founded on the 2 February 2008.



Who was the founder?

It was set up by a student, James Van Hinsberg.

Why was Dane Court Radio started?

To inform and entertain the school.

To give students the opportunity to work in a professional media environment.

To create a good atmosphere within the school.

Where or how can you listen to the radio?

You can listen to Dane Court Radio in the Heart or on a school networked computer or a Chromebook with the link dcgradio:8000

Do you have any regular shows?

Every day of the week has a regular show.

There are also weekly podcasts available at www.dcradio.org.uk

CURRENT MEMBERS OF DANE COURT RADIO

Louis Eldred 7D
 Lilah Ainsworth 7N
 Thomas Cadby 7N
 George Hall 7N
 Oscar Whitehall 7S
 Beth Stringer 7N
 Daniel Dabanovich 8N
 Ben Pope 8S
 Charlotte Page 9S
 Madel Villareal 9S
 Grace Williams 9S
 Alfie Stocker 10N
 Issy McGee 11S
 Kieron Day 11B

Fauzaan Syed 6B1
 Pasan Siriwardana 6B2
 Rhys Gardiner 6D1
 Jack Wilkinson 6D1
 Liz Allen 6D2
 Alex Greves 6D2
 William Clark-Steel 6H1
 Boni Kandathy 6H1
 Ben Garrett 6H1
 Dylan Smith 6H1
 Annie Arnold 6H2



Remember to
tune in &
they also
take
requests!





Porchlight



Grace Williams 9S

As some of you may know there is a charity called Porchlight, which offers lots of help to those in need.

I am very excited to announce that Dane Court Radio are working with them to raise awareness; the Radio team are making an awareness video, a radio drama and a podcast interview to help spread the word. This is on top of all contributions that the school as a whole are doing which includes bake sales and the pyjama day on 5 April 2019.



Some of the services Porchlight offers are housing , mental health and young person's services. Porchlight is nationwide and has helped more than 5,000 homeless and vulnerable people across Kent in 2018, this is not taking into account all of the mental health work that they do.

In 1974, motivated by his own experience of being homeless, Tom Gifford set up Porchlight (formerly the Canterbury Cyrenians) with the aim of encouraging the local community to help homeless people.

Since then, the charity he created has grown from a single hostel in Canterbury to an organisation that supports around 5,000 people a year.

- Quote from Porchlight website

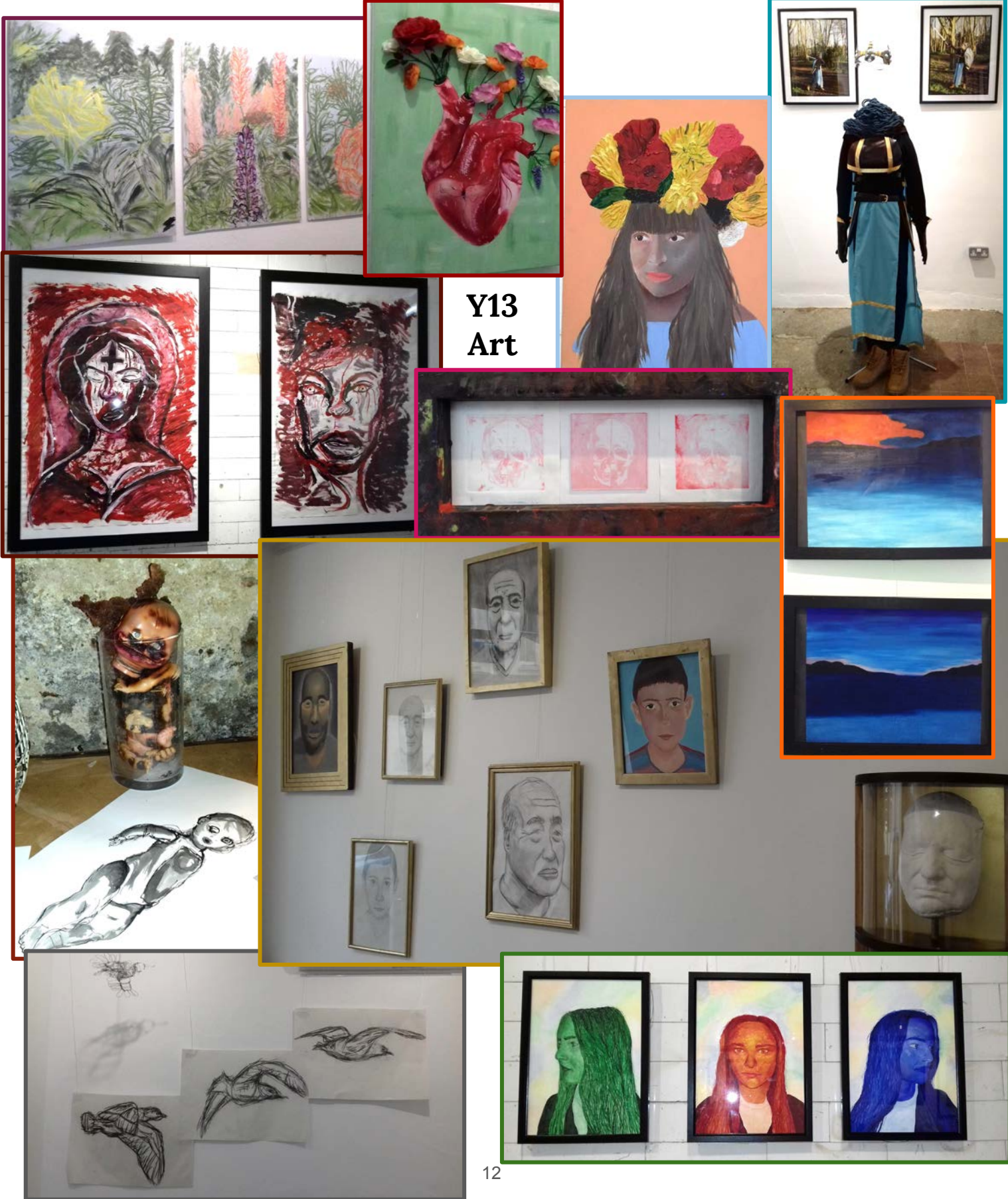
If you are interested in contacting porchlight you can call them free on 0800 567 7699, or go to their website <https://www.porchlight.org.uk>. If you would like to find out more about the work that Dane Court radio are doing then please visit their website <http://www.dcradio.org.uk/>



Pie Factory Exhibition



Celebrating our Y13 International Baccalaureate Artists



**Y13
Art**



Romeo & Juliet



By Ellie Golding 8H, our very own Juliet!

The Royal Shakespeare Company gave the students of Dane Court Drama group the privilege of performing **Romeo and Juliet** at the **Marlowe Theatre in Canterbury**.

Eleven schools in our community were asked to perform an extract from the play.

I am very happy as I played the part of Juliet in the final, and best, scene! In this part of the play, **Juliet has taken a potion** to make her appear dead. **Friar Lawrence has sent a letter to Romeo** telling him that Juliet is not dead and to come and take her away. However the letter does not arrive. Instead, Romeo's noble friend Balthasar tells him that his lady is dead. **Romeo travels to Juliet's bedside** and kisses her one last time before drinking poison. Juliet then wakes to find him dead and as a result, stabs herself.

It was great fun to play Juliet as she is a complex character. Whilst rehearsing for the play, I learned how to work together as an ensemble and also lie as still as I possibly can for a long time! It has been an honour to be with such amazing teachers and cast.

The show at the Marlowe took place on Wednesday 20th March at 7:00 pm and it went amazingly well. **I had my very own microphone and a beautiful rose crown.** Unfortunately this kept falling off! Everyone gave us a massive round of applause, and I mean massive, as there were **1000 people watching!** We have come a long way since the beginning of rehearsals and I am very sad it is over. I know that it will never really be over as there are more opportunities to perform in a Shakespeare Production! Remember, Bugsy Malone - the next school production - is only a few months away!



Coming to a stage near Dane Court - soon!





STEM Event



Our STEM expert, Tasneem Daud 8H

What is STEM?

STEM stands for Science Technology Engineering and Mathematics.

What was the competition all about?

On Monday 11 March a workshop at Dane Court was run by **Cummins Power Generation**. **Twenty-one students**, who were eager when it came to science, were chosen from Y8 and Y9. The school workshop was delivered by two students from University. They presented to us about the different types of engineering and we did some work that is similar to the work they do at Cummins which is engineering **different types of renewable energy-providing machinery**, i.e. wind turbines, hydro turbines etc. It was amazing to see how they actually work!

After that was the competition to see which group of four would enter the finals of a schools **STEM competition in Manston to compete with seven other local secondary schools!** The competition was a project to imagine a house that runs on renewable energy. **We made presentations and blueprints to analyse the house.** Although they were all amazing and very well thought through, **the group that won was my group with Isabella Barrs, Hazel Leese, Angelina Sa'ad and Aiden Holmes!**

The BIG Cummins Competition!

On Monday 18 March the winners from the week before were sent to Cummins Power Generation in Manston to compete against SEVEN other local secondary schools and were nervous wrecks!

We started off by presenting our previous and slightly edited presentations. **This was one of the biggest moments of my life!** When it was our turn to present to the important judges I was so scared and so were my teammates. We were worried that we would go wrong, however, **presentation went rather smoothly and we managed to answer a couple of hard questions.**

After that, all the nervousness disappeared and we were more calm and relaxed. Once all the other schools had finished their presentations (they were **very inspiring** and seems as though they **dedicated much of their time** into it) we had a break. This was hilarious as my friend Isabella drank **five cups of tea with three sachets of sugar in each one** in one go! She went hyper and could not stop laughing. **Poor Mr Wade who had to cope with us!**

The rest of the day was **filled with amazing activities** such as making a coil move using copper wire (the coil), two magnets, a plastic cups, paper clips and a batteries with wires. We didn't accomplish this task, however, it was fun and I learnt that if it had moved, how it moved.

Our next activity was to **create a motor car** except modify it to make it run quicker. It also had to run on solar power. **Sounds simple right? Wrong!** There are so many thing to consider: the gear, the shape and so much more. Ours was not the fastest but could have been as **our car broke down at the last minute.** We also went on a **massive tour around Cummins** working site and understanding what they are really about. **It was amazing!** Our favourite time of the day was lunch. We got (drumroll please!)..... **a SUBWAY BUFFET lunch!** Cool, huh?

What a day! We have learnt so much and would like to thank Mr Wade for taking us there and back and helping us all the way. **Thanks Mr Wade!**





Easter History



Maeve Brewer, Goddess, 6S2



A goddess of fertility, Eostre may have been one of the inspirations for the name Easter; she is said to have been accompanied by a hare that would represent the current version of the Easter Bunny, although many sources debate this connection.

Other Easter traditions believe this name is linked in with **Ishtar, the Babylonian and Assyrian goddess of love and fertility**. Nevertheless, Easter comes from old pagan traditions that honour and celebrate spring and fertility.

One **Anglo-Saxon myth** tells the tale of how the goddess **Eostre found a wounded bird** and, out of pity, turned the dying creature into a hare, in hopes it would survive. The hare however could lay eggs and, to thank Eostre for her kindness, **each Spring the hare would leave her a basket of eggs as an offering**.

However, Easter has always been celebrated with eggs, which have always been viewed as **a symbol of life** even through multiple ancient cultures such as the **Ancient Egyptians, Persians and Romans**.

The egg became an appropriate symbol for Easter because not only does it **signify fertility and the arrival of spring**, it can also have a deep Christian meaning, for some believe it is a symbol that can be

associated with the **stone that blocked the Sepulchre** in which Jesus Christ was buried and eventually resurrected.

The first Easter eggs (goose, duck or hen) were **painted red to represent the blood of Christ**, a tradition which continued and became more elaborate through the centuries. Decorating and colouring eggs for Easter was a common custom in England especially during the reign of **King Edward I** who ordered that 450

eggs were to be coloured and handed out as gifts in 1290.

Only in the **1800s did the first chocolate eggs appear**, although the nature of chocolate at that time made creating a hollow egg something of an achievement. A hundred years later, the improved chocolate making process and modern manufacturing methods gave rise to the commercially produced, relatively low cost, moulded chocolate Easter Egg. **Cadbury's made the first mass-produced eggs in England in 1873** and from that year until now, chocolate eggs are the most popular Easter gift.



HAPPY EASTER!



Easter - the true meaning



George Hall 7N & Erica Cousins 8D

As this is such a well known and celebrated time of the year for us, I wanted to find out if there was more to Easter than a two week holiday and chocolate!

What is Easter?

Easter, also called Pascha or Resurrection Sunday. For most people Easter is a time of getting chocolate eggs as a kid, and for the adults it's another day where they have to spend money. In reality, Easter is a reminder for us of all the bad things we have done and that someone is there forgiving us.

What happened at Easter?

After Jesus's crucifixion (where he died for our sins) he was buried in a cave with a huge boulder in the shape of an egg placed in front. However, on Sunday it was said that the boulder had moved and Jesus's body was gone. Instead he was found walking around alive, with the marks in his hands from where he was attached to the cross, left as a reminder to us all of what Jesus did for us.

What should you be doing at Easter?

If you are religious you may go to church where they will perform special ceremonies in remembrance of Jesus Christ and the sacrifices he made.

However, after that, or if you are not religious, it should be a time spent with family being grateful for what you have and helping those less fortunate than you.



by George Hall 7N & That Guy 11S

LENT - runs for forty days before Easter Sunday so it is part of Christianity. The idea is that time is spent reflecting on our lives and giving up luxuries. The day before Lent begins, people confess their sins in church and use up the last of their luxuries like milk and eggs on Shrove Tuesday (Pancake Day). Today people find it hard to live without luxuries, thinking of them as everyday essentials. However, these are some of the things people could give up today:

- Television
- Phones
- Other electronics
- Chocolate
- Sugar
- Sweets



Also, if people do not or are unable to give anything up, for example for health reasons or work, then you could do things that would help or benefit others such as volunteering to help charities or helping to feed homeless people.



Pancake Day



Grace Williams 9S & Erica Cousins 8D

Pancake Day - a day for eating pancakes!?! Is Pancake Day just a day for eating those wonderful burnt pancakes or is there a **deeper meaning**? As we all know, well most of us, it is the start of Lent and a day to spend with our families.

What does pancake day mean to you?

Jenny Allan 8D: Pancakes and Tuesday.

Erica Cousins 8D: Possibly the tastiest tradition.

Grace Williams 9S: I love pancake day. I mean - pancakes. What not to love?

Sophie Tyler 8T: It means free pancakes.



I'm not sure about you, dear reader, but boy do I love Pancake Day!

My primary school was a C of E school and, whilst I personally am not religious, going to the school meant I learnt a lot about the history of Pancake Day. Here is a brief summary:

Pancake Day 2020

Year	Date	Day of the week
Pancake Day 2015	February 17, 2015	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2016	February 9, 2016	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2017	February 28, 2017	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2018	February 13, 2018	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2019	March 5, 2019	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2020	February 25, 2020	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2021	February 16, 2021	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2022	March 1, 2022	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2023	February 21, 2023	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2024	February 13, 2024	Tuesday
Pancake Day 2025	March 4, 2025	Tuesday

Pancake Day (Shrove Tuesday) is the day before Lent starts. Lent is a period of fasting lasting 40 days and nights. This is because in the Bible it's said that Jesus spent that amount of time in the desert fasting.

People used to make pancakes to empty their cupboards before Lent began so that no food went to waste.

For Lent, people will often choose to fast, and will give up something for that amount of time, usually eating chocolate.



Some of my favourite memories are actually of pancake day, when I used to make pancakes with my Nan.

In conclusion:

I'm hungry, anybody up for pancakes?



'Cracking Yolks'



*Eggstremely good jokes from Jenny Allan 8D
just because it was International Day of Happiness on 20 March 2019*

***What is a rabbit's favourite type of music?**

Hip hop



***What's an eggs least favourite day?**

Fry-day

***What did the Easter bunny say to the carrot?**

It's been nice gnawing you

***What do you call an egg from outer space?**

Egg-stra-terrestrial



***Why was the Easter bunny upset?**

He was having a bad hare day

***What happened when the egg was tickled?**

The egg cracked up

***What happened to the egg that went to school?**

He got egg-spelled

***What do you call a mischievous egg?**

A yolker



***What did one egg say to another egg?**

Have you heard any good yolks?

***What happened when the Easter bunny met the rabbit of his dreams?**

They lived hop-pily ever after



Ellie Golding 8H



Nest Cakes

You will need:

- * 225g/8oz plain chocolate, broken into pieces
- * 2 tbsp golden syrup
- * 50g/2oz butter
- * 75g/3oz cornflakes
- * 36 mini chocolate eggs

Method:



1. Line a 12-hole fairy cake tin with paper cases.
2. Melt the chocolate, golden syrup and butter in a bowl set over a pan of gently simmering water, (do not let the base of the bowl touch the water). Stir the mixture until smooth.
3. Remove the bowl from the heat and gently stir in the cornflakes until all of the cereal is coated in the chocolate.
4. Divide the mixture between the paper cases and press 3 chocolate eggs into the centre of each nest. Chill in the fridge for 1 hour, or until completely set.
5. Enjoy your delicious Easter Cakes!

Remember to email 17egolding@danecourt.kent.sch.uk your finished bakes!!



10 Mental Health Tips



Mental Health Ambassador, Abbie Parsons 6T1



Get plenty of sleep- Sleep is important for mental and physical health. It allows us to recharge our bodies and regulate chemicals in our brains that transmits important information.

Eat well- Eating is very important it allows us to have the right intake of certain vitamins and minerals which helps the production of certain hormones and chemicals in our brains. We can ensure we get the right vitamins and minerals by maintaining a balanced diet.

Avoid Alcohol, Smoking and Drugs- Although taking these may temporarily halt the effects of certain emotions, in the long term these things can worsen our mental health, through physical damage within the brain.

Get plenty of sun- From the sun we receive a large amount of vitamin D. This particularly helps the brain release chemicals that helps our moods, by releasing things like serotonin and endorphins.

Manage stress- By finding out what causes our stress and finding new ways to organise these problems and how to cope with them can relieve a lot of pressure. There are many ways to do this such as writing diaries, talking to friends or counsellors, or using certain online websites and apps that are available for advice.



Activity and Exercise- Being active not only gives you a sense of achievement, but it boosts the chemicals in your brain that help put you in a good mood. Exercising can help eliminate low mood, anxiety, stress and feeling tired and lazy

Do something you enjoy- Try to make time for doing the fun things you enjoy. If you like going for a walk, painting or a specific TV show, try to set aside time to enjoy yourself. If we don't spend any time doing things we enjoy, we can become irritable and unhappy.

Connect with others- Maintaining good relationships and talking to others when you get the chance is important not only for our self-esteem but also providing support for when you're not feeling too great. Also research has found that talking to others for just ten minutes can improve memory and test scores!

Do things for others- Helping someone can help with your self-esteem and make you feel good about your place in the world. Feeling as though you're part of a community is a really important part of your mental health, and can often help hinder the feelings of loneliness.

Ask for help- Asking for help is no sign of weakness. Communicating our feelings is very important especially if we are struggling. Talking to people and asking for help can often relieve a sense of stress and can provide a new insight into our feelings and how we could possibly organise them and often with ways to improve them!



Our 'Spring Watch' page up next can help you connect with nature.



Spring Watch



Chatter Wildlife Expert, Jenny Allan 8D

SPRING officially started on the 20 March, close to Easter when, traditionally, **newborn lambs frolic** and daffodils spring from the ground. But there's *much* better wildlife around at this time of year **when animals come out of hibernation**, like **bears and hedgehogs**, and many others animals, like **toads and frogs**.

HIBERNATION

A state of deep sleep and inactivity



Frogs and toads hibernate in a very different ways to many other animal species as they lower their **heartbeats to less than 10 beats per minute**. Then, when they are in a sheltered place, they **shut down nearly all their organs and freeze**, staying in this state for months. When the weather thaws out, they unfreeze and their bodies return back to normal

function.

While animals like hedgehogs, bears, frogs and toads come out of hibernation **some animals are preparing for a great migration** very soon. **Arctic Terns and Turnstones** are some birds that do this. After spending winter in a warmer climate



Arctic Tern



Turnstones

down south, many migratory species start to prepare for a long journey back to their summer home. Some migratory species can **fly up to 44,000 miles** across the globe to return to their summer home.

A species that you may see at this time of year is a **Slime Mould**, which is **neither a mould nor an animal or bacteria**, and has its own classification as Slime Mould. It starts its life as a singular cellular organism and then as it becomes older it becomes a **solid looking giant sac full of nuclei**. This very unusual creature **feeds on bacteria** and lives in forests. What is most freaky about this creature is **its ability to almost learn and become more intelligent over time!**



Slime Mould

My favourite of all these is the Arctic Tern because they are one of the very few animals that can travel 44,000 miles twice each year.



War Horse



Grace Williams 9S reviews the play of the book by Michael Morpurgo

I had the privilege of watching a production of **War Horse** at the Marlowe Theatre in Canterbury. To put it simply, this show broke my heart and here is why.

As anybody who knows me will tell you, I **love** theatre, and I love to talk about theatre more than anything, but this show had me speechless.

The impact that this honest retelling of the **First World War** has is astounding. The **story is gut wrenching**, and watching it happen before your eyes and to not be able to do anything to prevent what is happening is **genuinely deeply distressing**.

One aspect of the show that I **found particularly harrowing** is the fact that- yes it's not *actually* happening in front of you but things similar to the events in the play did happen, and this show is a **poignant reminder** of that. This



show has some of the **best effects** that I have ever seen, from **incredible puppetry to the use of a projected screen above the performers**, which aided the pacing. But the main purpose was to help create images that *could not* be formed with puppetry and lighting. This show utilises an abundance of theatre techniques which helps convey message of the show. Following a cavalry division being **needlessly slaughtered** at the hands of 'modern' technology, we are shown that anger and hate only lead to catastrophe, and that there is always **more than one solution to a problem**. There is a film, a book and a play all portraying the events of War Horse which can only convey its relevance.



My Favourite Poem by Cheyenne Thomas 7D

The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

World Poetry Day was on 21 March 2019





Harry Potter World



Eleanor Golding 8H



During half term, **me and my friend Oolong** went to **Harry Potter World**, getting up very early to get on a coach up to London.

When we got there, we **bought some Hufflepuff merch (the best house!)** and entered a room full of moving pictures. The **history of Harry Potter** was told by **each portrait** and without further ado, we entered a cinema for a quick video about the cast.

Then, the magic began! At the end of the video it zooms into a picture of the entrance to the Main Hall. However, the **picture is actually real!** As you walk through the Main Hall, you can hear a voice talking about how the room was made. I simply cannot believe that **we stood where Harry, Ron and Hermione stood!**

You then walk through the **museum full of interesting objects** and rooms from the films. You can take part in many interactive things like **lifting a broom, casting spells and flying** using the magical effects of green screen.



You then follow a misty path down to a cave where we were scared to bits by **giant spiders!** Carrying on, you come to the **Hogwart's Express, Knight Bus and Harry Potter's house.**



The best part of the attraction is when you walk into a dimmed room where you can see a miniature version of the castle!



Why not check out my vlog? My YouTube channel is **Flowerbutton15** (Prepare to be cringed!)



Night at the Museum



Holiday exploration from Tasneem Daud 8H

During the February holiday, I went with my family to the **National History Museum in London**. It was a mind-blowing experience! From creepy crawlies to birds, even to dinosaurs, it was all there. I learnt so much but what I want to talk about in this article is a specific exhibit I attended on this occasion.

Life in the Dark

Leave the sunlight behind and come with us on an adventure.

I went to the Life in the Dark exhibit. It showed **how animals have adapted to living in the dark**, what they looked like, and the best part was this was not one of those extra strict museums where you can't touch anything - not even the glass barrier between you and the stuffed animal. **No, this museum allows you to touch the stuffed animals to feel their skin textures and everything!**

It contained so many facts, however, the layout of the exhibits was rather fascinating and mysterious so even the younger ones would enjoy exploring.



Engaging part of the exhibit!



As you enter, this is one of the first of many other extraordinary animals you will encounter, and if you can read the tiny sign it says "PLEASE TOUCH!"



In the depths of the ocean....

The exhibits were in **utter darkness** except in the places where you need to read, or where there would normally be light in if you were in that current habitat at the time. There were the **animals that lived in caves**, animals that lived in the deepest darkest part of the ocean and many more. **Half of these animals I never knew existed!**



"Hello there.." Bushbaby

As I said, a mind-blowing experience!



Lilah & Stitches



by Lilah Ainsworth 7N

Hello, and welcome to part two of **Lilah and Stitches**. Recently I have learnt to purl stitch and thought it would be a good stitch to teach you. So let's go!

How to Purl Stitch:

First of all you need to know that to get that purl effect, **essentially you knit into the front of the stitch**. So you normally knit into the back of the stitch, right? So this time you are going to stick your needle into the front, so the right needle is on top of the left. And that's it!

Now, I know that you are wondering, "**What is the point of purl stitch?**" Well, I believe that purl stitch **looks more decorative**. You could even do a whole scarf with it! But remember...if you look to purl a decoration you have to do one garter, one purl - got it?



If knitting interests you but you are just not sure where to start, we can get you going! Let me know if you would like to join a knitting club in The Conservatory on Monday lunchtimes - with plenty of chatting and biscuits, of course!

Chatter@danecourt.kent.sch.uk



Sailing in Kent



Joe Baker 7D & Izzy Denby 7N



The KSSA is the Kent Schools Sailing Association, where sailors under the age of 18 can learn and race dinghies at different events throughout the year. In this article we will cover useful knots, and we have an interview with the KSSA team captain!



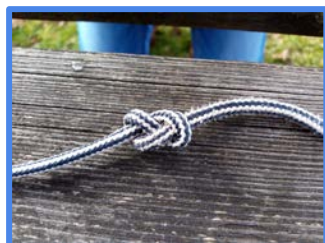
Fantastic knots and how to tie them!

In sailing, being able to tie knots is essential for many reasons, so we have compiled the **3 most useful and simplest** for you to try out!

All you need is a piece of rope - about 30cm will do.

1. The Figure of Eight

Probably **the easiest knot** in the list but definitely the most essential for anyone to learn, and here's how to tie it:



1. Take the top end of the rope and pass it under the longer end of your rope, making a loop; ensure the shorter end is under the longer end of the loop,
2. Take the shorter end and pass it over the longer end, and the up through the loop you made in step 1.

2. Reef Knot

This one can be used to tie two ropes of the same thickness together. You can just use the two ends of the same rope if you want.



1. Holding the rope with one end in each hand, loop the rope in your right hand over and then under left hand rope like tying a shoelace
2. Then loop the new rope in your right hand under and then over the rope in your left hand.

You will find that if you pull the two ends apart the knot will remain firm but if you push the ends together it will come apart.

An interview with *Pierce Seward*, KSSA team captain and former pupil of Dane Court.

Why did you start sailing?

I saw my father sailing and was influenced by him.

What is your main tip for people starting to sail?

Don't give up, even if it seems impossible - keep at it.

What is a good boat to start sailing in?

A topper because it is an easy boat to learn in and race with.

3. Bowline

By far this is **the hardest knot** in this list so don't worry if you don't get it the first time.



1. Make a loop near the bottom of your rope with the longer end going underneath the shorter end.
2. Pull the shorter end through the bottom of the loop.
3. Wrap the shorter end anticlockwise around the longer end and pull back down the loop, pull tight and you should end up with a knot resembling a reef knot but with a loop on one end.

You can adjust the knot to make the loop as large as you would like.



The World Of Rock



Rocker, Ethan Ryan 7H

I'm Ethan and I play guitar. I enjoy music like heavy metal and rock and I especially like Slipknot, Metallica, Black Sabbath, Muse, Nirvana, Green Day, AC/DC and Radiohead. Here are some interesting facts about the genres and the people behind them.

THE ORIGIN OF HEAVY METAL

Tony Iommi, the guitarist for **Black Sabbath**, had the tips of his fingers sliced off by a guillotine at the age of 17. On his last day working in a sheet metal factory, his job was to slide the sheets under a machine much like a guillotine and slice them up. On this particular day he moved his fingers too far and the **tips of two of his fingers were cut off!**

Sadly, the doctor told him that he would not be able to play guitar again as he could not bend the strings properly. Tony wouldn't give up his passion so he would melt Fairy Liquid bottles so they could fit round his fingertips and he would put leather over them. This gave his playing a grittier more aggressive tone. Black Sabbath used this and started the heavy metal genre. The name **heavy metal** came from a reporter writing about Black Sabbath, and the name stuck.



DID YOU KNOW THAT?

- * The solo in '*Bohemian Rhapsody*' was actually written by Freddie Mercury, not Brian May, who is actually the guitarist.
- * Axl Rose's name, before he changed it, is actually William Bruce Bailey.
- * Guns 'n' Roses first broadcast on MTV was so popular that MTV's plugs exploded!
- * Marilyn Manson and Johnny Depp have the same tattoo for no reason.
- * Deep Purple's inspiration for '*Smoke On The Water*' came from a burning pub in a town when they were on tour.
- * The line, '*Mama, just killed a man*', from Queen's *Bohemian Rhapsody*, was originally going to be used for a western style song!



Gossip!



Daisy Ackers, Chloe Cloves, Ashlee Davis, Eloise Walters of 7S

The Duke and Duchess of Sussex are expecting a baby in Spring!!!!

The royal couple are yet to release the due date of their new baby. The baby would be 7th in line to the throne, but won't have the Prince or Princess title due to the law created in 1917 - the baby is too far from the important royals for that title!

Rumours are flying around about there being TWINS, rather than one baby. The royal family have made no comment on this statement.

Boy or girl - tell us what you think?

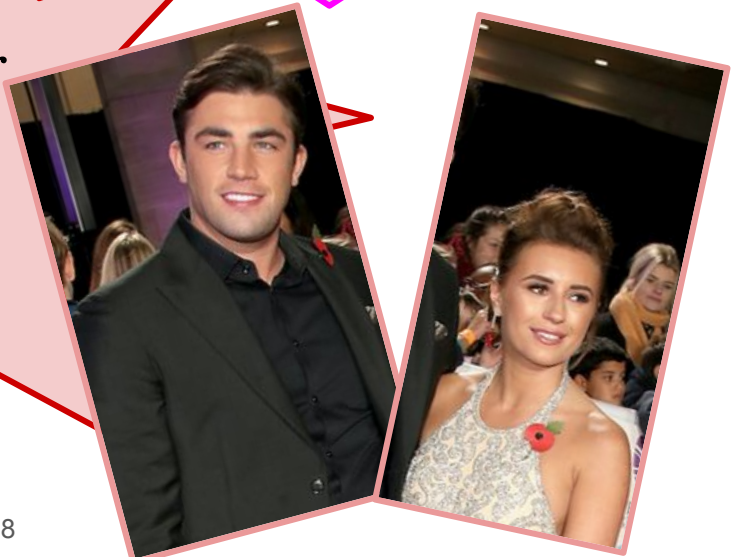


Talking about gossip, **Katy Perry** is no longer going to be a Perry because she is getting married to **Orlando Bloom**.

On Valentine's Day, Orlando proposed to Katy

during an evening of fun including a party, helicopter ride, champagne, Instagram pic and red heart balloons, not to mention a sparkler worth over \$5 million!!! Hope it lasts!

Oh dear, **Danni Dyer & Jack Fincham** have split. They can't even look at each other! Luckily they've got the chocolate holiday to get over it!





Library Update



Jamie Raven 9S, Cheyenne Thomas 7D and Mrs Finlay

Every Thursday at 1.45 we will be meeting in the library to discuss the Carnegie shortlist books. This is open to all year groups and every student will have a chance to read the eight books and give their opinions online.
If you love reading and want to join the debate come along!



BILLIONAIRE BOY by David Walliams

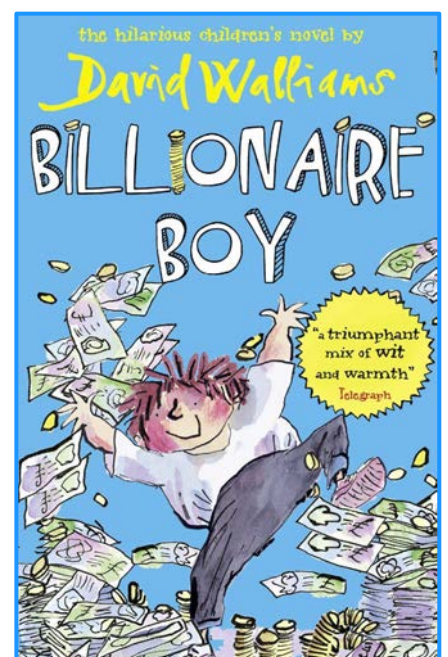
Reviewed by Cheyenne Thomas 7D

This book is about a boy who goes to a very posh school and his Dad is a billionaire! However, at his posh school he gets bullied because his **Dad is famous for making toilet rolls.**

Joe Spud, the main character, wants to go to a normal school so his Dad arranges this for him. When he gets to the new school he wants to **keep his Dad's wealth a secret.** When he gets a friend he doesn't tell him, but the secret gets out eventually!

The book made me feel excited but also sorry for Joe because he just **wanted to have a friend.** I thought the book was very funny, in particular the name of his Dad's company called, **"Bum Fresh"**!

I would recommend this book to people who like to read funny and exciting stories and **I would rate it 5 stars.**





The Ravenmeister



Jamie Raven 9S



The Witch is surprised by this development, to say the least. “I’m sorry, what?” she asks, more than a little incredulously.

“Well, I just don’t think I’m ready for that yet,” I reply.

“You said you would **give me your firstborn child!**”

“And I will, just as soon as I’ve had one,” is my response, as calm as the circumstances will afford right now.

“You know, it didn’t take so long back in the good old days,” she mumbles, ignoring my groans of protest. “They were popping out babies left right and centre for me. I must have had at least **a dozen souls sold to Satan** back then.”

“Yes, well, back then the chances were they wouldn’t survive,” is the wittiest response that springs to my mind. “Plague, starvation...More babies born, less babies left alive...”

“Excuse me, **I’ll have you know I looked after my demon babies wonderfully,**” she mutters defensively. “They were all lovely little children.”

“And exactly how many of them were eaten before they got to the **angsty teen years?**”

“They’re demon babies, their entire lives are angsty teenage years. It’s all **temper tantrums and loud rock music and lip piercings...**”

“And yet you’re still asking me for another one,” I point out, probably not very helpfully.

“Well, they’re useful to have around,” she muses. “I’m getting old. I can’t collect souls like I used to be able to...”

“Oh, no, what a shame,” comes my deadpan response. “How will we ever cope?”

“Well, if you’re not going to do anything about it, I’ll have to.”

“I am both intrigued and terrified,” is the only reply I trust myself to give.

“That doctor, across the road, whatsaname? Taylor?”

“No! **You are not hooking me up with my neighbour.** I have a perfectly good...cat.”

The Witch gives a quick, thoughtful smile. “But a doctor. Clever as they come. Make a lot of money too. You could do a whole lot worse.”

“Okay. Let’s say I did, not that I would. How exactly do you think I’m going to explain that we’re only married because a witch set us up? **Am I going to force us to have kids?** And then have those kids mysteriously disappear?”

“You’re clever enough,” she reassures me, unhelpfully. “I’m sure you could find some way of explaining it.”

“Excuse me! **I think we’d like a say in how our demon baby is raised.** Don’t want to leave it with you.”

“Do you have any idea how hard it is to get babies these days?” complains the Witch. “I can’t have you interfering with the baby.”

“And I can’t have you mistreating it.”

“Then we’re at a roadblock. Neither of us can let the other have full control of the baby. Unless...”

I would like to blame her for what happened next, I really would. But I can’t deny, it worked. **She was a very clever witch, and this was her best idea yet.**

We married in the spring and we’re expecting our son any day now.





A Dane Court Story



A story written by students was read in school throughout World Book Day - 7 March 2019

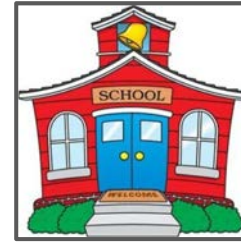
Chapter 1

The soft morning glow spreads across the courtyard, and like fingers it crawls up the sides of **the tall wired fence that surrounds us**. It's thick, so thick that we can barely make out the world beyond it, except for a few fragmented shapes. Few of us could even get close enough to see the dawn; the fence's protruding sharp edges would cut you the moment you attempted to get close.

But it's okay they say.

It's for our protection they reassure us.

The many-legged mutter of morning over Dane Court Grammar.



One by one by bleary-eyed one we enter our institution. **An assembly of history's unwilling offspring**. Only on the inside would you ever be able to see the strange deformed shadows that lurk behind each corner and the constant **unsettling feeling of being watched**, even in an empty classroom. Figures whose eyes we know not to meet watch us from above. A soundless march.

Each year has its own line, and each year has its own entrance. The first five years are all at the front, but the last two years are somewhere else. Where, we still don't know. To even see someone from the Sixth Form walking down the corridors is quite unusual; there aren't that many of them and most of them **don't even dare to look at us**.

I lower my eyes to the ground and stare down at my own **bare feet; red and swollen**. Again, this winter was just as merciless as the last. Few crops and animals could survive it. Few wanted to.

We walk in a silent march with only the **distant calls of the few surviving seagulls** to soothe our worries. I look up from my feet and catch the eye of a girl standing in the line to my left, only a year above me. Her dark auburn hair is pulled into a strict plait and her eyes are focused intently on something in front of her. As if she could sense my gaze, her head snaps my way. **I expect a glare but instead receive a toothy smile**. All her rigid features seem to melt in that one smile before she turns away.

She looks familiar I think and frown.

As my year's line shortens, I hold my breath.

It's not long before the great glass doors slide open and I have no choice but to step into the "**Scan Zone**". I tighten my fists and wait for the green laser lights to shoot out from the narrow white walls. As usual, they zap out with a buzzing sound before running across my body and vanishing back into the wall. **The huge, imposing Wallace Scanner** checks my uniform. No one can remember where the name is from - it's been called that since before the Great Hunger. The door opens and I step out, my skin still slightly tingling from the scan.

The receptionist raises an eyebrow at me and shrugs.

"You're all the same to me," she says distastefully before handing me the little white slip. I look down and let out a breath of relief. My rank of the day is 84.

We're ranked in ascending order of our ability, or so we're told. Those in the lowest 10 percent are held back after school for extra lessons. To me it's never made any sense, but I quickly learnt that at Dane Court some questions are just best not asked.

The hours drag by almost painfully, with many of us nodding absent-mindedly every so often as if to let the teacher know we really are listening. **I do my best to keep awake** but by second period my eyes are already drooping and the pencil in my hand wanders off, drawing insignificant little doodles along the borders of my desk.

It isn't until third period that I realise my friend Jem still isn't here. I quickly raise my hand.

"Sir?" I call out as his back is turned towards me, busy explaining the numbers on the board in front of him. He doesn't answer at first but merely turns around and raises an eyebrow at me.

"What is it?" asks Mr Ballard peering down at me, his round glasses slipping slightly down the sides of his nose.

"I was wondering if you know where Jem is?"



A Dane Court Story



A cloak of silence falls over the classroom and I suddenly feel uncomfortable. Sir looks at me accusingly and shakes his head, almost as if I'd asked the question with the most obvious answer. "She's ill," he says after a moment and turns towards the board again.

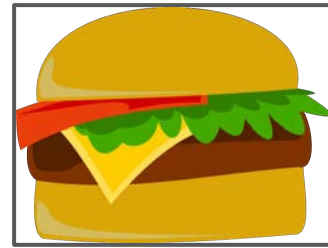
I sigh and look over at my friend's empty seat. It's been four days already. Lessons just aren't the same without her. Lunch rolls around much later than I'd like. I sit on my own on by the canteen and **pick at my soggy burger**. The monotony is broken when I see Milk-Eyed Matthew, as many like to call him, engaged in angry conversation with Mr Ballard. **His bulging bug-like eyes are wide with rage**, and he mutters something incomprehensible to the teacher before storming down the hallway. He passes my table and stops. He opens his mouth to say something to me but then quickly shuts it and scowls before continuing down the hallway.

How odd. **Matthew is the scariest out of all the caretakers.** I avoid him as much as possible. I think carefully and look up at the walls, desperately searching for some sort of window. Something to look forward to. Something to tell me I'm not stuck in a bad dream. Of course, **there are no windows, only barred doors.**

But it's okay.

It's just for our protection.

Because here, at Dane Court, we're all safe.



Chapter 2

The **strange disappearances** started with Sam. He sits opposite me in English, or at least he used to. That was more than two weeks ago, but it wasn't unusual for him to be sick, he was always seen pulling a tissue from his sleeve. I hadn't thought anything of it until I heard the murmurs of other classmates, whispers of appointments that their friends never returned from.

Jem is still missing.

In Physics on Wednesday, **Tommy asks Mr Wade what he thinks about the 'disappearances'** as many are starting to call it. Mr Wade shifts slightly, hand hovering over the whiteboard, and quickly says something about a cold going around.

"Don't you think it's a bit odd though, sir?" Yells Tommy, leaning back on his stool. "That's enough now, back to the work, please!" orders the teacher, raising his voice.

My eyes reluctantly return to the Chromebook screen, doing my best to concentrate on the equations in front of me, but Tommy's question kept rolling around in my mind. Standing up abruptly, I mumble something about needing to print off the finished sheet and bolt out the door and to the printer. Pressing my eyeball repeatedly against the scanner pad, I am only greeted by an unresponsive screen.

Broken I think to myself, turning away in search of a working machine, but something out of place makes me stop in my tracks. I turn around: still on the the printer screen is the name of the last person to use the printer.

Theo Wilson.

The name seems to echo around the room, sending a chill up my spine. Theo is in my year and was one of the first to go: he was taken out of Spanish by a teacher I'd never seen before. **He was there, then, he was gone.** Nobody could quite piece together what had happened, all we were told was that he was feeling unwell and had to go home.

The double doors swing back nearly hitting me as I pass through. I head to the main stairs, taking the steps two at a time. Theo Wilson's name still taunts my mind when suddenly, a glimpse of hair disappearing round the Year 7 lockers catches my interest. I do a double take, not sure whether to blame the sight on **my paranoia or lack of concentration.**



A Dane Court Story



A few seemingly prolonged seconds go by and **I feel someone else's eyes on me**. Slowly, as to not draw too much attention, I turn back to the lockers. Sure enough, there is a girl staring back at me. I recognise her. Her hair is dishevelled - her rebellious auburn locks, escaping her plait. She doesn't smile this time, but looks me up and down as if examining me.

"Are you lost?" I ask but she shakes her head and finally **grins revealing a set of silver braces**.

"You're the new girl, Mia, aren't you? **The Headmaster's daughter?**"

"Yeah," she says looking down at her feet. "Please don't tell him I'm out of class," she gasps suddenly, panic trembling through her voice.

"Don't worry I'm not going to say anything," I chuckle, hoping to reassure her. It had been a while since I had someone to talk to, and a part of me hopes that **maybe, just maybe I could make a new friend in this bleak and friendless place**.

"Thank you, I'm so sorry... I'm just trying to get used to all of this," she says, gesturing to everything around her with a wave of her arms. "It's so different from my last school."

"Different because of the school's layout or the disappearances?" I ask.

She pauses, as though she's trying to make a decision about what to say next, then leans in conspiratorially and whispers:

"The children aren't really leaving."

"What do you mean they're not leaving?" I frown.

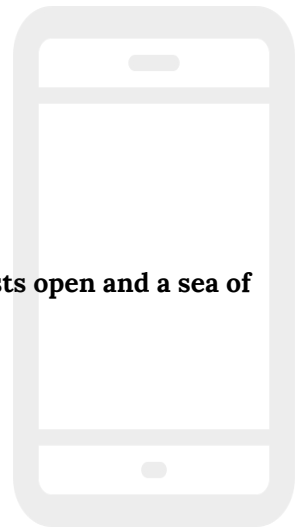
"Well, it might be nothing, but I heard some of the canteen staff talking about it. They said-"

The third bell of the day rings sharply.

"Meet me in the canteen at lunch and I'll show you," she whispers, as **the door next to us bursts open and a sea of children spill out**. I don't get the chance to answer her before she's lost in the crowd.

It's going to be okay I tell myself.

Sam, Sophie, Jem we'll find you.



Chapter 3

Predictably, **avalanches of students and teachers cascade down hallways and staircases**, leaving carnage throughout the canteen. Some friends thrust, shoulder barge and shove in an attempt to reach each other, and others manoeuvre themselves through tight spaces to cheat their way to the front of the queue. There is a murmur of untamable noise that intoxicates the air like the spread of disease, uncontrollable and thriving. **Students stay fixated on their holographic phones**, unaware of the chaos surrounding them.

After the chaos this planet's seen in the last ten years, what's a little shoving in the canteen?

I still have this one stray thought niggling away in my brain. Will Mia be here? Does she really know something? **The animatronic dinner lady beckons me over**, snapping me out of my spiralling daze.

After being served my usual beige meal, dull as ever, I sit down in my quiet spot and stare down at this syrupy mess I'm supposed to call lunch. **I sink my teeth into the burger and brace myself for the loathsome flavour**. The initial shock passes, and as I eat, a girl sits down next to me.

"I really wouldn't eat that if I were you," says Mia grimacing.

"Look I know it's not the best, but it's all we get. We're better off than most people outside." Something knocks into me.



A Dane Court Story



“Ow!” I cry. Infuriated, I swivel round to confront whoever it was that knocked into me. **My mouth opens to scold the aggressor but then quickly shuts again.** It’s the Headmaster. I grit my teeth, firmly. He doesn’t spare me a second glance, instead his eyes sweep over his daughter before vanishing into the crowd. I look back at Mia.

“What exactly do you know?” I ask looking around to make sure nobody is listening.

“The kids that are missing... Daddy said I had to pretend that they were doing a surprise rehearsal for a music concert and take them to the theatre. They were on stage - then all the lights turned off. It was too dark for me to see what happened. But I could hear them yelling. **When the lights turned on they had disappeared along with their instruments!**”

“Disappeared?” I murmur.

“Yep. Instruments and all. Gone,” she nonchalantly confides. “And that’s not all. I haven’t told you about what Matthew found.”

“Milk-Eyed Matthew, the caretaker?” I ask confused.

The girl indignantly opens her mouth to speak when Matthew charges down the steps towards my table. He ignores me and turns to the awful girl opposite.

In a rush he says, “I did what you told me to, come with me!”

In a daze, we follow him - down the stairs and to the theatre. **The eerie feeling of being watched prickles at my neck but I ignore it.** Matthew opens a trap door in the middle of the stage. Together, we peer inside at the shadows which quiver in the dark. Strange silhouettes seem to lunge forward, **we plunge down, down... down...into an unsympathetic, merciless black...**

“Where are we?” I mumble, but soon my eyes adjust to the light and can see the cylindrical room trailing into the dark. I wonder what could be at the other end of the tunnel.

“**This tunnel leads to the answer.** The answer to what has been happening to the disappearing children!” sighs Matthew, his big eyes almost bobbing. Cautiously, we venture down the corridor. Eventually, I catch sight of something to my left and call out to the others: “**A door! I’ve found a door!**”

The others rush forward to see. Mia tries desperately to get through, but it’s locked. She pulls out a hair pin and attempts to pick the lock. I’m sure that it won’t work - that’s the sort of trick that only works in stories, and **the foul smell of this place reminds me that this is all too real** - but to my surprise, we finally hear a soft click.

The door opens. Inside, a single light shines in the middle; it is a spotlight. **The scene seems like an operating room.** An eerie silence fills the air. The nasty smell grows stronger and this time we all cover our mouths. We hear a noise from the corridor, and Matthew seems to panic; he grabs Mia and me by our wrists and drags us out of the room and into the tunnel.

“Matthew!” yells Mia. “What are you doing? We need to investigate further!”

“**It’s too dangerous - we are NOT supposed to be here!**” Matthew says angrily.

Grudgingly, we allow him to drag us back, through the corridor, through the trap door and back into the corridors. I turn to Mia:

“But I still don’t understand - what are they taking the kids there for? What’s the point of it?”

Mia looks at me - the fear is still there in her face, but now there’s something else. It’s almost amusement. Eventually, she says:

“**Are you sure you were enjoying that food earlier?**”



A Dane Court Story



Chapter 4

Matthew and Mia share a glance. I bite my lip nervously. Could this really be true? **The mere thought of human flesh sliding down my throat sends bile flooding into my mouth.** I glance back at them.

“What’s our plan of action, then?” Matthew asks. I stare at him with a blank expression, unable to find a response. How was he so calm about the whole situation?

“Not sure,” I hear Mia say, “What, could we actually do?”

“What do you mean?” I snap in response, as a sudden sense of anger fills me. “Whatever’s happening, it’s your father’s fault!”

Mia’s face contorts to an abhorrent expression as she looks away. “I’ve told you before,” she states. “I don’t really know what’s happening...”

“Whatever...” I mutter bitterly as I turn away. **A scathing glare envelops my face as rage and disgust rise through me.** “I’ll see you guys later,” I say before the pips sound and the hallways are filled with noise as the remaining students make their way to lessons.

I slip silently into my seat in N5. It’s an hour, the same as all lessons. **Tick.** It’s dragging on for eternity. **Tick.** The teacher is explaining something. **Tick.** Poetry? No, there’s no poetry left now. **Tick.** It’s politics we’re talking about. **Tick. Tick.. Tick...** The dangers of democracy. **Tick. Tick.. Tick...** something nudges my side - my partner glares at me, elbow pointed my way. They move my gaze towards the clock - time to leave. I don’t remember dozing off, but it must’ve happened at some point, otherwise my side wouldn’t be aching.

With a groan, I force myself to stand. **The thought of another hour of re-education fills me with dread,** but it’s nothing compared to my recently gained knowledge that gnaws at my thoughts. I try to distract myself as I **trudge up the Sorrento stairs,** my feet dragging as I glance around. I can’t help but feel like I’m being watched, and no amount of checking reassures me.

“You’re late.” The teacher growls as I enter the room.

“Sorry...” I mutter dismissively as I collapse into my seat. I can’t get any work done this lesson. There’s a hushed chatter around me, and I turn to face the source of most of the noise. It’s a group of girls at the back, they look worried. I quickly check who all of them are. Something seems off... **“Wait, one of them is missing!”** I whisper to myself with a gasp. “I’m sure she was here this morning.”

My face turns a ghostly white, I’m sure she was here this morning. This can’t be happening. I stand without thinking, and before even I have time to control myself I’m out the door. The teacher calls after me, but I’m not aware of what they’re saying. I rush down the stairs and **into the Barcelona plaza** where, to my surprise, Mia is sitting back in a chair with her arms crossed.

“What’re you doing out of lessons so early?” She stares at me, trying to read my expression. “Are you okay...?” She asks after some time.

I shake my head, how could I possibly be okay? I look around the plaza once more, still struggling to shake the feeling of being watched. Mia seems to sense this, and looks around too.

“We need to find Matthew.” I say finally. I turn to face the hallway before looking back at Mia. She nods, and walks up beside me. **“Another girl in my class is missing.** Matthew has the key to the Theatre. We have to do something to stop this.” I say breaking into a sprint.

We head to the room where he stores his tools; that’s where you can usually find him. I knock on the door... no answer. Mia shrugs. I try again with no avail. She grimaces and puts her hand on the cool handle. I glance down at her and shake my head. **I can’t help but feel like we aren’t going to like what we see.** She looks up at me, an unreadable expression covers her face.



A Dane Court Story



The room revealed is cluttered and cramped, with tools hung up on the walls and stationery scattered around on the tiny desk. Mia steps inside cautiously, as if **she expects something to jump out at her**. I follow a few moments later, taking some time to observe our surroundings. The room doesn't seem out of the ordinary, it was just an ordinary room.

Mia's eyes wander around the room slowly, but they stop when they reach a scrunched up piece of lined paper. She creeps over and picks up the wad of paper before slowly beginning to open it up again. **The small girl's eyes widen** as she reads the sheet, and she drops it on the floor before I have a chance to see it. I walk up behind her and bend down to pick up the sheet.

It's written in red ink, wait, no. **Is that blood?** I'm sure it is. I begin to feel sick as I read the poorly written words on the mangled paper.

"You won't see him again. He's dead meat."



Chapter 5

"Ahh, hello," says a voice - **the coldest voice I have ever heard**. "I was wondering when I'd see you again."

The room suddenly rotates, and we're no longer in Matthew's room, but in an office with faded leather furniture and an imposing oak desk - a desk completely clear of anything. Posters on the walls declare the glory and honour of the various so-called attractions of the school. A selection of identical books, all perfectly stacked on a perfectly straight shelf.

This is the room where everyone gets sent just before they disappear.

It's the Headmaster's office, and we're in here with the Headmaster.

"Well, it's been fun," says Mia, and **she turns and punches me right in the mouth**. It's stronger than I expected. Strong enough to make me hunch over and want to spend a few minutes recovering. I wonder if she's hiding a professional wrestler in there.

"Dad? I brought her here like we said. Aren't you proud of me? And, you -" she says to me. "I'm sor - well, I'm not really all that sorry," Mia muses.

"Where is Matthew?" I ask. "What have you done with him?"

"I'm afraid you're going to have to be a little more specific," quips the Headmaster. "There are 358 thousand people in the world called Matthew, I can't be expected to remember them all. At least 30 thousand are paraliens, too."

"Para-what?" I ask, incredulous.

"Paraliens," he repeats. "People who live by the sea. The ignorance of young people really is astounding. The re-education and deletion programme was long overdue."

"Matthew the caretaker," I explain impatiently. "The one you took away. **Have you turned him into a burger yet**, or is it worse?"

The Headmaster looks confused. "Burgers? I'm afraid I don't -" He looks at Mia. "Well, really. **Burgers? Cannibalism?** Is that really what you thought was happening here? **How very...macabre.** I'm afraid the truth is rather more elegant. Well, I can't say I'm not pleased that you were thrown off the scent, so to speak."

"It was a lie?" I ask, stunned.

"Oh come on. Look around you. A 21st Century school in the year 3000? Children being eaten by teachers? A Head of Department with a desk the state of Mrs Walsh's? Mr Towe still able to walk up and down corridors on his hands? Mr Wheeler's top knot? Did any of this really strike you as realistic?"



A Dane Court Story



“Are you trying to say that-” I try to say, but the Headmaster is in full flow.

“**Did you really think platypuses were real?**” enquires the Headmaster. “It’s an egg-laying otter! With a beaver tail, and a duckbill! I mean, I know it’s Australian, but the poison really should have given it away.”

“You’re getting distracted again, Dad,” mutters Mia.

“Oh. Yes. Sorry, darling,” he stutters. “A simulation. **That’s all this world ever was. A simple VR simulation.** A test, if you will.”

“What sort of test?” I ask.

The Headmaster smiles. “You know already. **The GCSE, or Global Corporation for Specialised Experimentation prepares you for your IB, or International Brain-Cleansing.** Those that pass the test are permitted to enter the real world. They are permitted to leave this hellhole.

“You’re lying.” I say. “You must be lying. You’re trying to tell me that all those missing students passed the test?”

“You know, it’s beautiful out there,” he continues pompously. “Since **democracy and political dissent were outlawed,** it’s as close to Utopia as we can get. Only a select few are permitted to partake in the real world. We certainly don’t need people like you spoiling our paradise. **You have ideas and ask questions; you can corrupt us!** We can’t have that. The children who play by the rules: they can join us. They deserve to have some sort of life. **The experiment is over: we have removed everyone who is not criminally incurable.**”

I turn cold. I can’t take it all in. I know I don’t want to know the answer to the next question, but I have to ask it anyway:

“**What happens to the rest of us?**”

Before he can reply, it happens. A pinkish line, weaving back and forth, suddenly shoots across the room, ceiling to floor. And then another, right next to it, greenish and just about obscuring part of his left ear. One to the right, pale grey and right across Mia’s nose. A propaganda poster peels away from the wall, revealing dull metal and plastic white squares.

In short, it looks like they’re glitching. **The Headmaster is already fading, but fixes me with a chilling look.**

“The rest of you? Well, **storage space is at a premium you know, and this simulation has run its useful course.** Don’t worry though, I’ll be sure to pass your regards to Matthew and the others in the real world. The computer’s mainframe will issue further instructions in due course.

The Headmaster fades, and there is a pause of a minute or more, before a chilling voice is heard over the Tannoy system.

**“THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE.
FINAL DELETION IS NOW IN PROGRESS.
GOODBYE.”**

Delete

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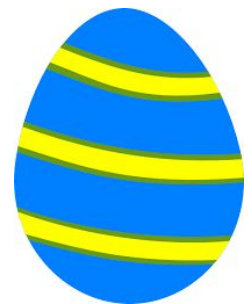
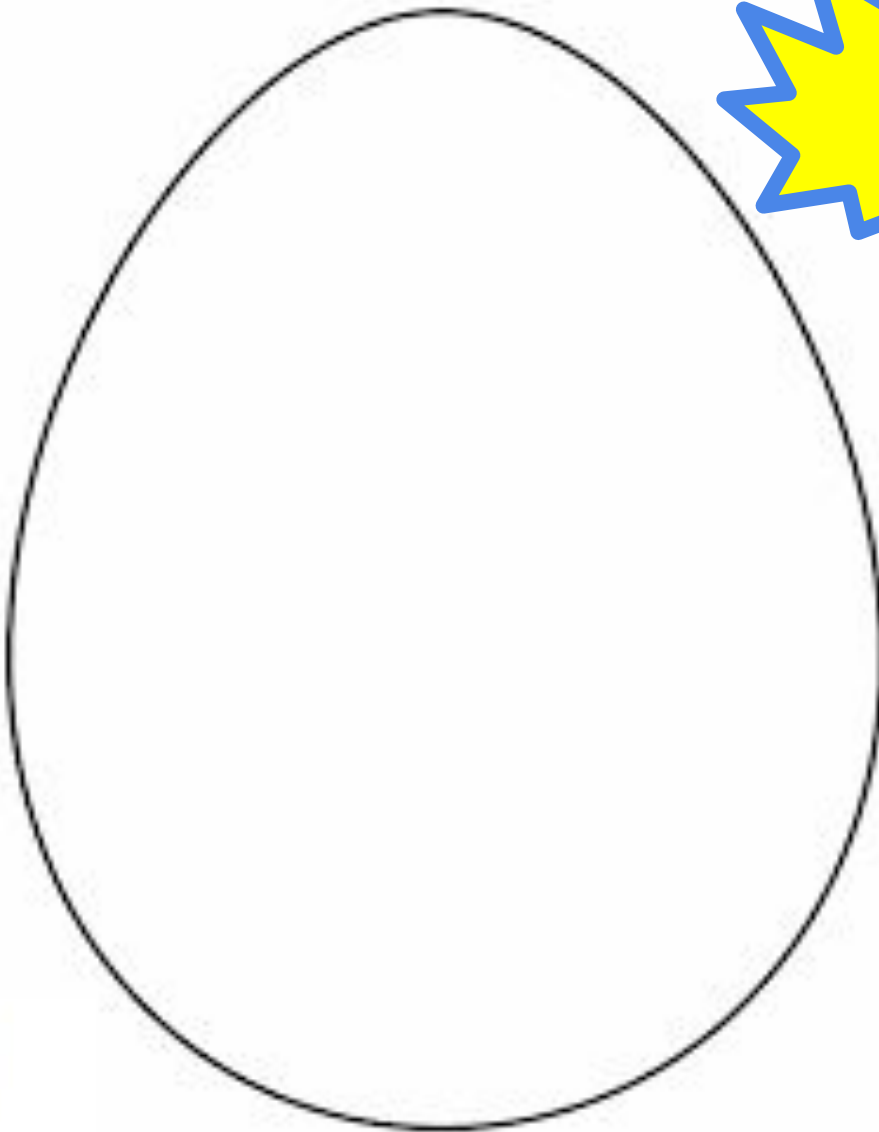


Easter Egg Competition



Good Egg, Erica Cousins 8D

In this edition the competition will consist of decorating an egg template! All you have to do is design a fabulous Easter egg, colour it in and just make sure your designs are: a) appropriate, and b) original. You can get as creative as you like, and don't forget to have fun with it! Below is a template for you to use, or you can draw or print off your own. Take a look at these ideas to inspire you.



Simply bring your coloured Easter egg design to us in The Conservatory by lunch time on Wednesday 1 May 2019. We will judge them then hand this fabulous GIANT CADBURY EASTER EGG to the winner!