

# SQUIRREL



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL

**05/06**





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# LIVERPOOL BLUE COAT SCHOOL

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# SQUIRREL

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL

**05/06**

Editor: Mrs. B. D. G. Ludlow

Editorial Team: Chris Dillon, Duncan Hughes,  
Ross Leader, Liam O'Brien and James Taylor.

The Magazine Committee acknowledges the contributions of all students and staff involved in providing the items within these pages, especially the Art Department, Mr K. Caulkin for Photography and Peter Davey and Michael Hart

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# “Am I Bothered?”

There are times when things get on top of us and we become ‘bothered’, even though we may desperately attempt to hide behind a façade of calm. The reason that Catherine Tate’s impersonation of school girl Lauren is amusing is because it is convincing. Ironically, she clearly is precisely what she denies: bothered. You may become slightly stressed when one of the following happens:

- A student holds up a lesson because s/he has forgotten a book;
- You get your timetable weeks mixed up and have the wrong books;
- You are last in the queue for dinner and there’s only cauliflower cheese left;
- Miss Holland’s skimmed milk has been lapped up from the staff room fridge (the PE staff always look suspicious: they are, after all, the fastest sprinters);
- Your shoes have ‘mysteriously’ disappeared at the end of a PE lesson;
- Crazy Frog makes a vocal appearance during a quiet moment of concentrated study.

It’s not always possible to remove the stress immediately, but taking time out to reflect on what is important to us is imperative. We are all so incredibly busy that we often forget to take time out to review where we’re at and where we’re going. We all relax in different ways: fell-walking, football, listening to Bach / White Stripes, watching a film, shopping, Xbox games and rediscovering a book we first enjoyed ages ago, to list but a few. There are times, though, when more serious decisions need to be made, and this is especially true of students in years 9, 11 and 13. Occasionally, we may make the wrong decisions, but it’s not impossible to change. You may intend to become a tree surgeon, but then turn over a new leaf and branch out into engineering.

For some, the time for reflection comes at retirement. Two teachers

retired from The Blue Coat School last year, more information about whom you will discover in the ‘Valet’. One I’d like to mention here, however, was relishing fulfilling two personal desires in ‘sailing off into the sunset and writing a book’. Mr. Gleave was Editor of the Squirrel Magazine for many years: just one of his many roles during his 30 year reign at the Blue Coat. His passion for debate and his eloquent, sometimes esoteric, manner of expression are legendary. Even some members of staff would reach for a dictionary when faced with an articulation in ‘Gleavish’. A student was once flabbergasted when his snotty nose was described as a ‘spectacular mucous display’ (Ludlow Trip, 2003). We miss his wonderful way with words and hope he has found retirement to be a time for refreshment and renewal.

For those of us still at School, we don’t need to stop the academic rigour, but need to take time to reflect. It’s time to take a long, hard look at yourself in the mirror.

Whilst you are there, place your hands on your hips and repeat after me: “Am I bothered, though?”

I defy you not to smile.

**Mrs. B D G Ludlow**

### Acknowledgements

I am very grateful to the Editorial Team, whose unstinting efforts to type, email, interview and pester have made this magazine possible. Mr. L. Lander of Crown Printing has provided helpful advice for which we are very grateful. Thanks go to The Blue Coat Old Boys’ Association for the generous donation of the prize for the Guess the Teacher Competition. Many thanks also to all students who are mentioned within these pages, and the numerous staff who have assisted them: it is your success that we celebrate.

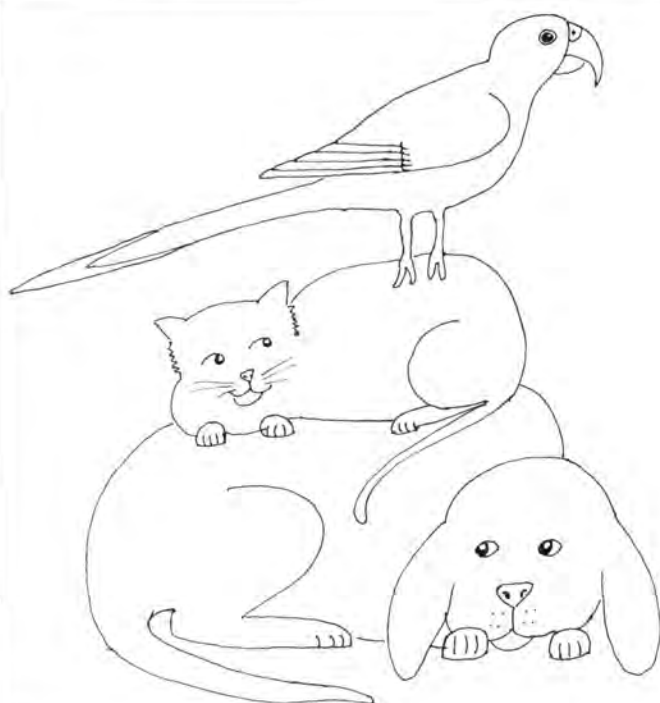
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# Prizegiving 12th December 2005

**Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, distinguished guests, Governors, colleagues, parents, friends, students and former students, welcome to Prizegiving. And a particularly warm welcome to our prizewinners whose success we are celebrating this evening.**

As I begin to write this report it is the middle of November. In the FA Cup local team Burscough have surprised everyone by beating Gillingham in the first round. This game is featured on "Match of the Day" on Saturday night and former Blue Coat boy David Eaton is seen starring for Burscough. The next day the televised match is little known Chasetown versus Oldham Athletic. Former Blue Coat student Francis Tierney is playing at left back for Oldham who survive the game by drawing one all. The next day, Monday, Sky Television feature Bolton Wanderers versus Tottenham Hotspur in the Premiership and Blue Coat boy Kevin Nolan hits the winning goal for Bolton. The next day is Tuesday and I feel a sense of disappointment that there is no televised match. These are, indeed, great days for Blue Coat Sport and I am reminded how well Blue Coat boys are doing in the World of Football. And should Swindon Town or Plymouth Argyle ever appear on TV we shall be able to recognise Andrew Nicholas and Paul Connolly.

Furthermore, we shall follow the progress of Sarah Vandewalle with great interest as she aims to represent Great Britain in the Olympic Games of 2008. She is already on the World Class Potential Programme for Modern Pentathlon which is a multi-discipline sport comprising Swimming, Running, Shooting, Fencing and Horse riding. Sarah has represented the Great Britain Youth Squad in several international competitions and we wish her well in this high intensity sport.

Our footballers, of course, played for the Blue Coat School throughout their school careers and they were looked after and managed by Blue Coat teachers. Most weeks on a Saturday they would have a match to look forward to. I am very pleased to report that Blue Coat teachers continue to provide a wide and busy programme of sporting fixtures and this extra curricular work, together with that in Music and Drama and other social activities, maintains and enriches the school's special ethos and traditions. Accordingly, I am delighted to announce that the School's Governing Body has agreed to reward those colleagues who work tirelessly for the school and from next September these incentives will be in place. This will, at last, put the extra curricular activities of the school on a proper footing and those who work hard and frequently outside of normal hours, and especially at the weekend, will be recognised. I shall return to these matters later in my report.

One of the joys of working at the Blue Coat School is, of course, the celebration of success, whether in Football, the Modern Pentathlon or elsewhere, and I am delighted to report that in the public examinations of 2005 Blue Coat students performed very well indeed, thus confirming the view of Her Majesty's Inspectors in 2004 that the school had the capacity and potential to improve even more. At all Key Stages our students are doing better than ever before.

In Key Stage 3, let's just compare the difference between 2002 and 2005. Three years ago 47 students obtained the highest level in English. Today the figure is 71. Three years ago 56 students obtained the highest level in Maths. Today we have 79. And three years ago 63

students achieved the highest level in Science. Today the figure is 108. The school's work in Key Stage 3 is truly remarkable and our value added score at the end of Year 9 has placed the Blue Coat School at the top of the Government's league table for all schools in Greater Merseyside and this has been achieved two years in a row. Yet again, I offer my congratulations to all colleagues in English, Maths and Science for pulling off this excellent result.

In Key Stage 4 our GCSE results were a school record with 54% of all grades at A\* or A. In real terms this means 650 grade A's out of a total of 1190. According to the Sunday Times newspaper the Blue Coat School is the 84th most successful school in the country at GCSE level out of more than three thousand schools. Some departments and subjects performed really well at GCSE level and I am pleased to offer special praise to Art, Business Studies, English Literature, ICT, Mathematics, Latin and Religious Studies. And special congratulations to students Hamza Ashur, Peter Fielding, Paul Galgey, Liam O'Brien and James Taylor who all secured one of the top five marks in Business Studies, Biology, English Literature, Latin, Single Science and Spanish out of many thousands of AQA examination entries.

At Advanced Level the results were again very strong following a record year in 2004. 60% of all grades were at A or B and, especially pleasing, was the continued reduction in the number of D and E grades obtained at this level. My annual report from Dr. Kevin Conway, who produces value added data for all sixth forms in the Greater Merseyside Area, tells me that in 2005 22% of all our A level teaching was outstanding or very good and a further 74% of teaching was between good and satisfactory. The top subjects at Advanced Level in 2005 were Art, French, Geography, Music, Computing, ICT and Physics. Other subjects which showed up well were Chemistry, Economics, English Literature and General Studies.

I am, of course, pleased to report so much academic success and so much participation in Higher Education and Oxbridge. This evening belongs to our prizewinners and others who have achieved their goals. I congratulate them all, it's good to celebrate with them and it is especially encouraging to see so many of our former students in the Cathedral today.

Those who attend our Annual Prizegivings regularly will know that I like to invite a distinguished Blue Coat student to give the Address to the school. You may remember that we have previously enjoyed Dr. Evan Harris MP, Dr. Rodney Stables, Davide de Maestri and Lord Rennard, and this year I am delighted to welcome Dr. David Halpin as our special guest. David was a Blue Coat boy in the halcyon days of the nineteen seventies when Peter Arnold-Craft was rebuilding the school and attracting some of the cleverest boys in the neighbourhood. David was intellectually outstanding, but also very modest, and already displaying the kind of calm professionalism and maturity required to become a first class doctor. Indeed, David is a doctor twice over as he has a Research Degree as well as a Degree in Medicine. David, it's no surprise to us that you have personally done so well and I extend to you the warmest of welcomes.

I shall now turn to School Trips, Residentials and other special events which have occurred during the past year. These experiences are so important to the personal development of our students and it is really encouraging for me to see an expansion of these educational journeys, most of which take place in holiday time.

In October six sixth form students visited Krakow in Poland for a cultural and historical tour of the city. A few weeks later six more students took part in a United Nations conference in Warsaw. In January, thirty-five senior History students embarked on a four day visit to the splendid palace of Versailles in order to explore the magnificence of the French monarchy, pre-Revolution, whilst in February a party of sixty-five students enjoyed their skiing in the Italian Alps. During the Easter holiday twelve Blue Coat golfers made the journey to Alabama USA to compete with the students of Wallkill Valley High School and for five days they played over the first class golf courses of the Robert Jones Golf Trail. In May thirty six students spent a week in a medieval French farmhouse in Brittany where they enjoyed watersports and spoke French as much as possible and, not to be outdone, the Spanish department visited Barcelona in July with a party of thirty-eight students. Here they stayed in Salou and also visited Montserrat and I am delighted to report that the Blue Coat School has now set up a Spanish exchange with a school in San Sebastian. Also in the summer our U14 girls' Netball team visited Malta and played four matches whilst the School Choir once again toured Europe in some style when sixty-three students set off in July for Vienna and Prague. Here they sang firstly in Vienna at St. Stephen's Cathedral and the famous Votivkirke before they travelled on to Prague to give concerts at the church of St. Judah and St. Simon and also at the famous Hussite Church of St. Nicholas in the Old Town Square.

These journeys across the world are incredibly worthwhile and beneficial and I do thank and congratulate the group leaders as follows:- Ms Holland, Mr. Ainsworth, Mrs Athis, Mr. Rees, Mr. Adamson, Miss Cornwall, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Cook and Mr. Crighton.

Additionally, the Blue Coat Shakespeare Company was out in force in July when it staged a brilliant performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Theatre Royal in St. Helens. This was part of a national BBC "One Night of Shakespeare" Festival which saw 10,000 young people acting in 400 plays across the country simultaneously. Thirty-five students also took part in the traditional Oxford Dinner at Trinity Hall and as usual the Blue Coat School was ably represented at the annual Model United Nations at Liverpool Town Hall. Our Year 7 students once again enjoyed their weekend activities at Kingswood in North Wales and, finally, our School Excursions Day, re-established in July, was a great success with almost all our students journeying to either the Lakeland Fells, the Welsh Castles, Museum of London, Chester Zoo, Alton Towers or the Science Museum in Kensington. Many thanks to all my colleagues for adding to the richness of life at the Blue Coat School.

The School's culture is also enriched by many other activities which are based at school. I do thank all those involved in the Annual Careers Fair, Work Experience Placements, the Squirrel Magazine, Sir Alan Tod Scholarships, the Holy Trinity Church, Excellence in Cities events, the Art Club, Craft Club, Chess Club, Computer Club, Bridge Club, Christian Union, the School Website, the Creative Writing Club, Maths Games Club, Midbank, Social Services Committee and the Duke of Edinburgh Awards. Last year almost £8,000 was raised for 27 separate charities, a really splendid achievement, and I am also very grateful for all the help and support which the school receives from the Parents' Association. I do very much appreciate the work of the

comparatively small PA Committee and, in particular, I thank the outgoing Chair Mr. Ged Jolliffe for his tireless efforts as well as the incoming Chair Mrs Linda Crawley. The student Councils are excellent forums for debate and I am pleased to see these structures properly in place and embedded into the culture of the school. Our relationships with our twin schools in South Africa happily continue and I am confident that a Blue Coat party will soon be able to fly out to Durban to cement these special friendships.

Returning to the extra curricular life of the school I refer now to the work of the School's Dramatic Society and the production of the musical "Grease" last April. The Shirley Hall was transformed by Miss Vipond into a 1950's American High School and the show played to full houses on three nights as well as offering a free community performance to our local residents. The choreography of student James Lacey was outstanding and I am enormously grateful to the actors and actresses, and to Mr. Kershaw and his willing backstage team, for the production and direction of this stunning show. Equally, and in the same category, the Annual Celebratory Evening of Poetry, Winged Words, was much appreciated by everyone and there were contributions from both staff and students which the audience could enjoy in quiet contemplation whilst their imaginations were transported to other worlds and experiences. Many thanks to Mrs Athis and Mr. Gleave for their leadership and management of this event.

I come now to the performance of our students in the British Physics Olympiad and the Chemistry Olympiad and I congratulate all students who enter these prestigious competitions, but especially we congratulate the medal winners:- David Marsh, David Fiske, James Pope, Shaun Hurst and Abraham Jacob. Many thanks to Mr. Cowan and Mr. Caulkin for setting up these opportunities.

Last year the school's Musical Society enjoyed a string of outstanding successes. The Annual Carol Service took place in Holy Trinity Church and the Winter Concert in Shirley Hall. The new Grand Piano arrived in time for the Spring Concert, a magnificent instrument which allowed Michael Ambler to play his Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", no mean feat for him and no mean feat for the orchestra as well. The School Band, Orchestra and Choir all participated in the Liverpool Music Festival, with success for all three groups, and the Choir and Orchestra were both winners in their categories, and meanwhile, of course, our musicians were providing the music for "Grease". At Founders' Day the congregation was treated to the Orchestra's "Crown Imperial" by Walton, incredibly well played, and so we moved on to the Summer Concert which acted as a kind of rehearsal for the Tour to Vienna and Prague. This evening the school's Music is once again on display and I am confident that you will appreciate the quality of what you see and hear. The standard of music at the Blue Coat School is first class and I do thank the Director of Music, and his colleagues, for leading our talented musicians so very well.

In School Sport I am delighted to report that we still participate in a full programme of fixtures in Association Football, Basketball, Cricket, Hockey and Netball. Last year's most notable team success occurred in Basketball when our U15 team were runners up in the National Competition, a fine achievement. Our U14 team also did well in reaching the final stages of their England competition and they

eventually filled seventh place. Congratulations to Ryan Beeley who played for the England U16 Team and Danny Idama who represented the North of England U14 Team. In Football, our school 1st XI once again reached the final of the prestigious Merseyside County Shield and three of our players, as your programme shows, were chosen to play for the Merseyside County Team. In Netball our U14 girls were champions of their Liverpool League and Tournament as were all our boys' teams in the Liverpool Basketball Championships. Many thanks to all my colleagues who managed Blue Coat teams or assisted in any way in the development of Blue Coat sport.

During the past year we have experienced the loss of two long serving colleagues through retirement, Mr. Carling and Mr. Gleave, who each served the school for thirty years. Their contributions over the years have been outstanding and their collective experience and wisdom are extremely difficult to replace. Additionally, Miss Fairclough and Mr. Verma, both ICT, have secured promoted posts in neighbouring schools and we wish them well in their new challenges. Of course, this gives the school the opportunity to welcome fresh colleagues, some of them additional appointments due to expansion, and we are very pleased to have appointed Miss Fleming, Mrs Hornby, Mr. Howell, Mr. Kenny, Miss Millar, Mr O'Hanlon, Mr Sands and Miss Strain.

As I come towards the end of this report I am mindful that student attendance at the Blue Coat School is very good and stands at 97%. No school in Liverpool has a higher figure than this. So why do our students enjoy coming to school? I believe there are several factors but, without a doubt, the quality of teaching is key. What goes on in the classrooms and laboratories throughout each and every day is absolutely vital, and if this strong and dynamic teaching is delivered to thirsty, keen and ambitious students, and if everybody is in school every day, then we have the simple recipe for success. I am, of course, enormously grateful for all the leadership and loyalty of my colleagues. Grateful, too, for the support of the parent body, and my thanks go also to the school's Governors for their exceptional commitment and care which they demonstrate for this school. After forty years of work at the Blue Coat School I remain as passionate as ever about the reputation and performance of this school. Forgive me for saying so, but I believe I have the best job in the world. I know, too, that our students are proud of their school and it is the students who make the Blue Coat School what it is: grand, exciting and successful. I congratulate all our students for doing so very well.

*Ladies and Gentlemen. I conclude my report.*

## Street Racer

MX-5's and Clios are commonly found  
Though Peugeots and Puntos are much more abound,  
A Nissan Skyline would look extremely good,  
But it's often Vauxhall Nova's in da hood.

Start tuning up with ECU and turbo,  
Upgrade further using suspension and nitro,  
Then customise using subs, rims and spinners,  
And then after that add skirts, bumpers and  
spoilers.

Go out from the shop to cruise around the street,  
Now get ready to use your head, hands and feet,  
Because you've been accepted into a race,  
But you're up against the big race ace.

Drive across blacktop as fast as you can go,  
Listen to your engine and go with the flow,  
Drift around corners and see the finish line,  
Look in your mirrors and think: "I've won, it's mine!"

You sit past the finish, waiting for the rest,  
You watch them come in 'cause you've beaten the  
best,  
The race is done and you have cash in your hand,  
Who knows exactly what else might have been  
planned?

Respect earned and a place in a big race crew,  
You beat the best, just one of a special few,  
Just where does it go from here, this way or that?  
Back onto the streets, 'cause that's where it's at.

Chris Counce U6S2

# The Blue Coat School



1708 - 2008

## *Tricentenary Special Appeal*

The Blue Coat School will be 300 years old in 2008. Accordingly, the school has set up a **SPECIAL APPEAL FUND** so that the school will benefit from a significant birthday present in 2008. The Parents' Association has already donated £2,008 and has promised to match this sum every term up to 2008.

***WE HOPE YOU CAN SUPPORT THIS SPECIAL APPEAL***

Please send your donation to either the Headmaster or the Bursar at the School. Cheques should be made payable to:

***"The Blue Coat School 2008 Special Appeal"***

and sent to:-

The Headmaster or The Bursar  
The Blue Coat School  
Church Road  
Wavertree  
Liverpool L15 9EE

***WE ARE HOPING TO RAISE AT LEAST A MILLION POUNDS***

## Miss D Fleming



Ms Fleming, the latest all-star in the English department, was born in Warrington. After studying at Huyton College she went on to study English Literature and Language at Liverpool University. After her BA Hons she studied for an MA in English Literature. She worked for Royal Liver, but upon realizing a burning hatred for offices and a

desire to commit atrocities in the name of Shakespeare, she decided to teach and qualified at Hope University. Her first school was in Crosby, during which time she took a gap year to tour the world. Her impressions of the Blue Coat are that the staff are friendly and professional. Outside of school, she enjoys piano playing, live concerts and the odd round of golf.

*Ian Thompson*

## Mrs Hornby



Mrs Hornby is an elusive butterfly who has evaded an interview with the editorial team. The Blue Coat School is her first teaching post and she is a welcome addition to the PE Department.

## Mr Howell



Mr Howell, L6S5's lovable rogue, is a Chemistry teacher. His appointment at the Blue Coat School is his first teaching job. The stoic co-leader of L6S5 is surely one of Blue Coat School's rising stars. At the tender age of 24, Mr Howell was not so long ago a car salesman. He is the very essence of a "people person." As a keen golfer, his

interests feature sports heavily. He has performed numerous charity runs and is a devoted Liverpool supporter.

*Michael Kazich*

## Mr Kenny



Our new Head of Biology, replacement for departed Mr Carling, may not look like much of an action man – despite his full head of hair – but rest assured, he is.

Born right here in Liverpool in the 1960s (refusing to tell me which year), he studied Biology at Portsmouth and Liverpool Universities, earning a BSc, a Masters in Biology and management qualifications.

As a teacher in comprehensives around Liverpool since leaving university, he jumped at the chance of coming to the Blue Coat School, due to "the reputation of the school" and the "ability of the students".

When asked why he chose to teach biology, his face lit up – "I've always enjoyed teaching others, and there's nothing more interesting than how the body works."

The adventurous side of Mr Kenny only really came out when I asked for some stories from his past. When he was a younger man, his brother and some friends took him on a skiing holiday. As a first time skier, he stuck to the easy slopes until a freak whiteout storm caused him and some of his companions to be stuck on the mountain. They eventually found a way down, putting his newly learned skiing skills to the test on a red slope.

Even before that, in his most reckless days, he and his friends habitually visited the Caymans for scuba diving and Greek islands to go cliff diving. He said that this was very dangerous and frightening, but he recommended the experience to all adrenaline junkies.

These days, he prefers more relaxed sports, such as golf, which he finds very frustrating: "You work up your handicap and improve your game, take a short break, and all your hard work is undone."

The mellowing in his attitude, he says, is mostly due to his wife and six month old child. He says he finds fatherhood "tiring but enjoyable".

When asked about his nicknames, he refused to tell me, saying he'd prefer not to have them repeated. Guess it's up to us to think of a new one; I'm sure we'll think of something...

*Daniel Mannion L6A2*

## Miss Millar



Miss Millar is another one of our new and apparently very shy I.T. teachers. Since I don't have Miss Millar for my own I.T. lessons, I asked Sam Knott, one of our very hard working technicians to see if he could get any information out of her in the informal setting of the I.T. office. Despite his best efforts, Miss. Miller was reluctant to talk about her interests or previous jobs.

Hmmm, what could she be up to? Just kidding. We're sure she's an outstanding individual who just values her privacy. However, I did manage to discover that she studied at Queen's University, Belfast and later at Hope University here in Liverpool. Let's hope she enjoys her new job here at Blue Coat and comes to trust harmless little reporters like myself.

*James Taylor*



### Mr O'Hanlon

Mr O'Hanlon grew up in the village of Hale, but didn't remain there for long, moving on to Leicester to do his English degree before doing a Masters in Publishing at Napier University. Upon discovering after a year of work that he hated the publishing industry, he decided to try his luck at teaching, doing his qualification at Edinburgh University. He also happens to speak very good Spanish after spending a year in the city of Granada, taking in the rich culture of this meeting point for Africa and Europe. He has previously worked at Islington Arts and Media School.

More importantly/embarrassingly he freely admits to a devotion to folk music, claiming that any student of poetry has to study Dylan. He records and plays with various bands himself, his current project being the Bottletop Millionaires. His tastes also stretch as far as comic books, stating that Alan Moore is his favourite author, and that he would seriously recommend him to any student of literature.

However, much more embarrassing topics include the fact that he wore a Superman costume until he was six; still more embarrassing is that he didn't end this relationship of his own free will, but was forced to by his mother who conveniently forgot about the Superman costume he wore everywhere when leaving Manchester airport (the most probable reason being that she realised he would never stop wearing it). One of his greatest regrets in life also extends to the tragic loss of this costume, which he occasionally loses sleep over (if anyone could help in the recovery of said costume please see Mr O'Hanlon ASAP). He also commented at the end on the very friendly staff and how he is very impressed by the students and their "desire to learn," or something to that effect.



### Mr Sands

It's all change here at the Blue Coat I.T. department, with three new members of staff eager to make their impressions on the school. Well, perhaps not that eager. At the first mention of an interview for the school magazine the new teachers "kicked up their heels and fled" at the idea. I finally managed to corner Mr. Sands in an I.T. lesson where he was unable to escape from my merciless journalist's grip. After growing up in Newry in Northern Ireland, Mr. Sands moved to Scotland to study at Edinburgh University. Before coming to work at Blue Coat, he worked part-time at Sainsbury's giving him plenty of time to practise his guitar. According to other members of my I.T. class (who were treated to a performance before Christmas) he's a very talented musician, but he insists he needs to improve. So, after only four months of persistent journalism I finally have the scoop on Mr. Sands.



### Miss Strain

Yet another new member of the I.T. department, Miss Strain hails from Omagh-Co-Tyrone, Northern Ireland (I'm so glad I don't have to pronounce that!). She studied for her degree at the University of Ulster, Wagee, L'Derry (another few names I'm lucky I can just write down) also in Northern Ireland. My spy in the I.T. department tells me that Miss Strain also enjoys horse-riding and the occasional netball game in her spare time. I'm not sure why she wouldn't talk about where she worked before getting a job here at Blue Coat; maybe she worked for the CIA? That would be cool. Actually, thinking about it, that's pretty unlikely. Oh well. So, there's the low down on our lovely fence-jumping, hoop-shooting I.T. teacher.



### Mr D Newton – Librarian

Our affable new Librarian grew up in Bootle. He studied Politics and Modern History at Manchester University. He then worked at Sotherby's in London for a year, as a Galleries Porter of Antiques. When he subsequently returned to Liverpool he juggled so many jobs it sounds physically impossible: an usher at the Everyman and Playhouse Theatres, payroll and VAT returns for an accounts firm, a wood-machinist in a laminating factory, and a librarian. Somehow he managed to narrow down his expertise and decided to study for two years at JMU for a Post Graduate Certificate in Librarianship. His first post after qualifying was at Liverpool Central Library, and we are now lucky enough to have him on board at the Blue Coat, where his welcoming smile and helpful demeanour encourage everyone to book reading. Outside School, his main interest is playing guitar in a blues band. He also dabbles with other strings: banjo, mandolin and slide guitar. He is married with one son and a step-son. Of the Blue Coat, he says he is most appreciative of the voluntary student Library assistants, and enjoys students joining him occasionally for jamming sessions.

*Mrs B D G Ludlow*

*Photography: Mr. K. Caulkin*



## Celine

Je m'appelle Celine, j'ai 24 ans.

Je viens du nord de la France, d' Amiens, une ville de plus de 135 000 habitants, bien connue pour sa magnifique cathédrale et son marché de Noël. Amiens se situe à 111 Km de Paris, soit à environ une heure et quart de train.

Je suis étudiante à la Sorbonne Nouvelle, à Paris où je prépare le concours de recrutement des professeurs, pour enseigner l' anglais en France. Ce qui n'est pas très facile dans mon pays!

J'aime beaucoup mon travail d'assistante à Blue Coat, car je trouve le contact avec les élèves très enrichissant aussi bien au niveau relationnel que culturel. De plus, cela me permet d'avoir une expérience supplémentaire dans l'enseignement, en attendant de pouvoir, un jour, réellement être enseignante. . . j'adorerais ça !

Liverpool est une ville agréable. L'accent scouse est plutôt marrant bien que difficile à comprendre parfois. . . J'aime beaucoup me promener sur les Docks et visiter les musées. J'apprécie aussi beaucoup la musique pop rock anglaise et je compte bien profiter de mon séjour pour aller à quelques concerts! Vivre et travailler ici est vraiment une opportunité, je pense que c'est une expérience très bénéfique, alors j'en profite à maximum !



## Pedro

Mi nombre es Pedro Antonio Chala Bejarano, tengo 27 años y soy de Colombia. En mi país soy docente de inglés y me gusta mucho mi trabajo. Vine a Inglaterra a trabajar como Asistente de Español en Blue Coat School a través del Consejo Británico y es una experiencia que no se puede igualar a otras que he tenido en mi vida.

He estado en esta ciudad muy bonita por casi dos meses y me he sentido muy bien porque he encontrado personas muy amables y muy agradables. Los estudiantes del colegio son muy inteligentes y deben estudiar mucho, creo que es por esa razón que éste es uno de los mejores colegios de Inglaterra.

Liverpool es una ciudad muy bonita; he visitado diferentes lugares y me parece que está llena de sorpresas por descubrir, con una gran herencia histórica y cultural. Espero durante mi estadia en Gran Bretaña conocer otras lugares de igual valor y riqueza, especialmente de sus gentes.

Igualmente, cuando ustedes vayan a Latinoamérica, uno de los mejores destinos es Colombia. Mi país tiene muchas cosas buenas que ofrecer y seguramente les haremos sentir a gusto, como en casa. Nuestras puertas siempre van a estar abiertas para quienes nos visiten y quieran disfrutar de unas buenas vacaciones.

## Mockery

The signpost read 'pueblo'. The jeep thundered onwards, the noise of the engine making a harsh contrast to the tranquillity of the surrounding wood. An adventurous tree root bold enough to challenge the path of the road was crushed under a tyre. The jeep lurched and vomited out yet more fumes, and Leon attempted to blow his exceptionally long blonde fringe out of his eyes.

His vision no longer impaired, Leon allowed his eyes to be swept along the road by the car like so many freshly fallen leaves. The crinkled, charactered crisps of plant matter were as one with the speed of the car. Where once there stood a great, caring forest of proud soldiers, their green uniforms worn with pride, there now stood the naked, ridiculed forms of nature's representatives for all to see.

The jeep careered ever onwards, the exhaust blowing raspberry insults to the lifeless entities. It added injury to insult.

Another rusted signpost. Pueblo.

Light was shafted as the chaos of the twigs and branches spread gloom over the road. The forest was now disquieting - the trees had begun to wither rapidly. Crippled beggars now reached out with skeletal arms and fingers, unable to move from their places. The forest was dying.

Alex Leece 10 Sh

## Mr J B Carling

It was September 1975 when, as a fresh faced young Biology teacher, the newly appointed Mr. Barry Carling strode purposefully into a class of unruly first year students to calm the storm. Unfortunately, on this occasion, his remonstrations were to no avail - he was dismissed as "only a sixth-former" and "not even a prefect" (no yellow braid, of course).

Barry, however, recovered quickly and settled into life at the Blue Coat School finding himself in the position of Head of Department at the tender age of 28. He proceeded to build a large and successful department in his usual understated and efficient way, gaining respect from his colleagues for his hard work and his approachability.

Away from the classroom, but still giving time to the school and its pupils, Barry was involved for many years with the Rambling Club spending weekends at the school cottage in Betws-y-Coed and walking in the Lake District.

For the past seventeen years, Barry has helped with school ski trips and will be missed this year both on the slopes and off. His interesting quiz nights will be a particular loss, where he educated both staff and children with, amongst other subjects, the fascinating details of butchery.

As a youth, Barry was a fine rugby player representing his county as a schoolboy and playing for New Brighton at first team level. At the Blue Coat School he continued to provide high quality sporting performances. He was a committed member of the staff cricket team being a hard-hitting batsman and a bowler of searing pace and accuracy. On other occasions he could be found winning money from his colleagues on the golf course.

So, we have seen that Barry Carling started work too soon, made Head of Department too soon and now he has retired too soon. He is not, however, idle. He has moved back to his beloved, native Cumbria where he and Neris are soon to open a high-class Bed and Breakfast establishment. Some of us have already given it a trial run and I am sure that it will soon be filled at weekends with ex- colleagues from the Blue Coat School wondering how he managed to get away. Of course, in his spare time Barry will continue to act as a body double for Bill Clinton.....

*Mrs J Beggs*

## Miss Fairclough

Anna joined the Blue Coat in September 2001 having previously taught at Manor High School in Crosby. Anna was brought up in Woolton and attended Gateacre School before obtaining an Honours Degree in ICT and Art from Liverpool Hope University College.

Anna was recruited with a view to providing a new dimension to the previously male dominated ICT Department and soon proved popular with students and staff.

Anna was always a well organised teacher who got on with the job with the minimum of fuss, this despite some of the minor inconveniences the ICT Department had to put up with during the

building work such as no heating one winter or having to dodge bits of falling masonry from the ceiling.

Despite the new found luxury in which the ICT Department now resides it was not enough to persuade Anna that her immediate future did not lie at the Blue Coat; instead promotion to St Peter and St Paul's School in Widnes proved too good an opportunity to turn down.

We all wish Anna well for her future career aspirations.

*Mr Keating*

## Mr A R Gleave

Being an old hand, I am rarely unnerved by any task, but when I was asked to write something about A R Gleave, I thought – hang on a minute – are you serious? Where does one start – and where does one end? How about the beginning?

Years before I knew Alan, he was a highly successful scholar in English Literature and French at Durham University. On graduating, he was drawn towards teaching – when teaching was an honourable estate! He found himself a place at Liverpool University School of Education, and there he met a youthful Keith Caulkin – likewise embarking on a career in schools, and soon to join the Blue Coat. Alan was sent on teaching practice to the then august Blue Coat School and, as a young man, discovered a Dickensian world of old pedagogues. He was a breath of fresh air – intellectual, handsome, slim, urbane – totally civilised. These were the early days of Headmaster Peter Arnold-Craft – a man who recognised true worth. He appointed Keith Caulkin to the Physics Department and made Alan an offer he couldn't refuse. Little did he know that his sojourn would last 30 years!

When I arrived in 1980, my first impressions were somewhat unfavourable. I sensed (wrongly) a slight disdain for me, but my sensibilities have been keenly honed since then! While his early days were spent as a boarding master, attending to the intellectual, social and spiritual needs of boarders – and a few romantic encounters with continental young ladies (I'm led to believe), by 1980 he was married. To my surprise I was invited to dinner, which I courteously accepted. Within moments of arriving in Cheshire, I saw a different Alan Gleave – warm, friendly, sociable and intellectually inspiring. That friendship has lasted 30 years to date.

His achievements during his 30 year career are astonishing and too great even to attempt to list. First he is an outstanding teacher – with a particular, but not an over-balancing penchant for the sixth form. He is an intellectual giant who might have swallowed the whole Oxford English Dictionary, as his knowledge of words and etymology is nonpareil. As a public speaker, he is pithy and pointed, at the same time as encapsulating humour and inference. He coached teams at school for many years and one such group of boys walked away from the Café Royal in London with every trophy in the national English Speaking Union Competition silver chest.

He was also an ardent thespian, trotting on the hallowed boards and declaiming the Shakespearian lines as the Bard intended – and loving every minute of it.

When the then present Head of English retired, Alan was the natural and perfect choice. Great dark changes in the educational

world were gathering in the skies overhead, but Alan was there to guide with a steady head and hand. It was under his leadership that the English examination results started to soar to new heights. For Alan always had a plan – maybe written on a screwed up piece of paper in his back pocket – but more usually in his head. His plan was simple but effective: preparation.

Alan also spent many years as a Teacher-Governor. There he was able only too quickly and easily to spot inadequacies of many kinds. It was a tedious job, but Alan thought it worthwhile and absolutely necessary. He was able to stir the governors up and pull them down like children's play bricks. He was the voice of common sense and reason. While not universally appreciated, nevertheless he was fearless in the lion's den.

The turn of the millennium was a difficult time for the Blue Coat School – it had lost direction and a sense of itself. Alan was a natural choice to be promoted to Assistant Headmaster. There he tackled with his usual rigour and yet humanity, the task of training and developing a demoralised staff. He managed against the odds to retain for the school the coveted Investor in People Award. He also continued with his famous "Winged Words" and Verse Speaking. The beauty was that he could continue with his first love – teaching, and the development of the youthful foetus-intellect.

Alan would be the first to know that "There is a tide in the affairs of Man" so when he was fortunate enough to be able to change career and become a full-time writer, he seized the opportunity. Now he welcomes his Muse over the silvery waters of the Dee, with the worrying prospect for me that one's character might appear in a three volume novel of what is otherwise fiction.

Alan is such a fine gentleman that his loss to the Blue Coat School is universally mourned. My personal sense of loss can never be repaired although I am happy for him that he has rediscovered his own inner sense. The lines written about my hero Sir (Saint ) Thomas More, can only be applied to one other person – and that is "ARG".

**He is a man of an angel's wit and singular learning. I know not his fellow. For where is the man of that gentleness, lowliness and affability? And, as time requireth, a man of marvellous mirth and pastimes, and sometime of as sad gravity. A man for all seasons.**  
(Richard Whittinton)

*Mr E J Crighton*

## Mr Verma

Sanjeev joined the Blue Coat in September 2000 as a newly qualified teacher after having graduated from Manchester Metropolitan University with an Honours degree in ICT and Business Studies. A former student of Liverpool College, Sanjeev was brought up near to the Blue Coat, he even had an interview for the Blue Coat with Mr Arnold Craft but fate decided that he would not attend the school until a few years later.

In addition to his theoretical knowledge of ICT, Sanjeev did have specialist knowledge of an important application of ICT namely that of computer games. He enjoyed sharing his expertise with Blue Coat students on occasions at lunchtimes when he organised competitions using his X-Box.

Sanjeev joined the ICT Department during a period of rapid curriculum change and helped to develop the ICT curriculum. He developed excellent relationships with Blue Coat students and staff alike who will remember him with affection.

However, all good things come to an end and promotion to a post in Great Sankey School in Warrington proved too good an opportunity to turn down.

We all wish Sanjeev well for his future career aspirations.

*Mr Keating*

## The Beach

The golden sand slips between my toes  
The bright, bright sun beautifully glows.  
I lie on the blanket of endless sand  
Hoping to get attractively tanned.

I must have been there for more than an hour  
Feeling drained of all my power.  
I slowly rose up onto my feet  
Imagining I was in the land of Crete.

I strolled on down to the glistening sea  
The blueness swamped around me.  
It is such a thrill to feel the cold,  
A memory I will treasure as though it were gold.

The day is now drawing to a close.  
No more fabulous glows.  
I rise to watch the sea flow  
Before I decide to turn and go.

I am meandering away through the dim night.  
The sky is projecting a pretty pink light.  
I reflect on things that have happened today:  
Such a perfect holiday.

Hannah Marnell, 8 Blundell

**Former Headmaster Peter Arnold-Craft died in July 2004. He was seventy-eight years old. His funeral was held at All Saints Church in Thornton-le-Dale in North Yorkshire on Friday 16th July 2004 and it was attended by many former students, friends and Blue Coat colleagues.**

**The current Headmaster of the school spoke the following words during the service:-**

## **Peter Arnold-Craft 1926 - 2004**

Peter Arnold-Craft arrived at the Blue Coat School in 1968. He was already a seasoned Headmaster having served some years leading Gravesend Grammar School for Boys in Kent. It is easy to overlook Peter's early years ..... after all he achieved so much success later on .... but it was in 1968 and 1969 that Peter began to lay the foundations for what lay ahead. In terms of personnel, those who would not conform or contribute had to go, and his arrival brought a marked change in the school's culture. Who can ever forget those early staff meetings, before term began in September, when Peter would trawl in detail through the school's examination results, and we would be there sitting apprehensively? He made it absolutely clear that attainment and achievement had to rise, that standards had to go up, and Peter, a man of outstanding drive and determination, kept on striving and hauling the school upwards.

His interests were wide: he not only wished to gain the maximum number of Oxford and Cambridge admissions, he also gave equal weight to winning sporting trophies, having the best public speakers and producing marvellous dramatic and musical events as well as supporting a whole range of charitable organisations.

He formed the Parents' Association, found a farmhouse in North Wales for adventure activities, built two squash courts and a sixth form centre and quadrupled the size of the sixth form as well as introducing interviews for all admissions ..... but his greatest triumph occurred in 1984 when he was the hero of the hour. Under threat of closure from a 'cease to maintain' order the school's campaign was led by Peter and, in total, an irresistible 45,000 signatures were gathered and presented to the Education Department in London. Three months later, the Education Secretary Sir Keith Joseph, pronounced that the Blue Coat School was a school of proven worth .... It could remain open ..... and so the campaign was won.

Peter's leadership throughout had been simply magnificent.

Peter, of course, like all great leaders, made some telling appointments. Ken Champion, for example comes to mind, but he also formed the strongest leadership team the school has

ever known. Peter Arnold-Craft, Dai Davies and John Holt were a truly powerful trio and between them they held a stronghold on every aspect of the school. And we didn't need the Ofsted inspectors to tell us that leadership was good. We knew it and we felt it. And, of course, there was also another fantastic partnership emerging .... I refer of course to Peter and Nancy ..... and we just knew that would work out brilliantly. Peter and Nancy were much loved and admired by everyone in the school.

So what of Peter, the man and Headmaster? Well, he was bright..... very bright indeed ... and he was shrewd and well informed. He was interested in everything, articulate and civilised, and all this for him was effortless. He inspired people, made them feel significant, he had the right word for every moment ... and he could recognise when people were "not biddable".

There was a time in the eighties when the Education Secretary, Kenneth Baker, made quite an important announcement to the nation. One day, over tea, Peter said to me "Sandy, you see what Ken Baker has done .... He's stolen the Blue Coat curriculum and called it the National Curriculum". And you know, it just seemed to be so true. Peter was also a great lover of sport and he made it his duty to support the school's teams at every opportunity.

After Peter retired in 1989 we realised more than ever how great, how truly formidable had been his contribution to the school. He was the twenty first Headmaster of the Blue Coat School and he served it for twenty one years. For me and very many others he was a great Headmaster and a wonderful friend.

One final accolade is that it was he who took the very words, Liverpool Blue Coat School, and gave them their modern meaning: Excellent in academic achievement; committed to the pursuit of extra curricular and sporting activities; active in the local community; devoted to the development of the whole Blue Coat student. As goals they simply cannot be improved upon.

Peter was indeed one of the greatest ever Blue Coat men.

### Written in response to Simon Armitage's poem "Mother, Any Distance..."

I am only a house. I can't pretend to know much about humans, or what they feel. But there were two of them in me before, and I could almost feel the emotions they were radiating. One, the mother, was especially emotional. She obviously didn't know what to think and neither did I. She was here to help the other one - her son - move into me.

She helped him measure the windows, the walls - everything really - and she held onto that tape between them as if she'd never let it go, as if it was a symbol of the years stretching out between them, of the distance between them growing. But it did not break, and I think that that is a good thing. I have never felt so much loving care since Jack built me.

As for the other one, the son, he was at the other end. While his mother stayed at the zero-end, steady and unmoving, he was stretching out the line between them, going ever further away from the old woman at the beginning.

It sounds so sad, but it was happy too, in a way, like when the crooked man moved out and I was so sad until I remembered: "Well, I'm still crooked", so I could get on with life. Well, existence anyway. It's like that with these two humans: even if they're not together, they're still mother and son, and they still love each other.

The more I watch them, the more I notice odd little habits that all symbolise something. For example, the way the mother calls out measurements in inches - largely a thing of the past around here - as if she is in fact reluctant to let go of the past. The son though, he uses centimetres, as if he is moving on and trying new things, and is encouraging his mother to do so too. I look, and see both sets of numbers on the tape measure, the year-measure, and realise that they are little more than two different perspectives on the same thing. One is the ending of a relationship, which of course it isn't, and the other is a totally new start and it isn't entirely that either.

I hear the son talking about how vast my walls and floors are. I had never really considered myself to be a large house, but now I think I see what he means. For someone who has spent his life in a house full of furniture, of people, of little odds and ends, an empty barren house must seem very large indeed, especially if he has never been in such a large house before. He is young and inexperienced, but he will learn, and that is what the mother is there for.

She is acting as the anchor to his kite, making sure he doesn't fly away out of control, never to be seen again. But he also plays a part in this strange partnership, for without something to hold down, an anchor is just an object without a purpose. So would the mother be, if not for her son.

They climb up my stairs, slowly, as if they want to make each second last as long as it possibly can. The mother momentarily forgets something and runs back for it, while the son walks round my empty bedrooms as if in a dream. He stands at the window and looks out, obviously pleased with what he sees. I am becoming more and more certain that he will buy me, and live happily ever after for a little while. And yet... when he hears the familiar voice of his mother cursing under its breath as she looks for the tape measure, he sighs, as if this is still a matter he is undecided on.

She appears at last, and hands him his end of the tape. He walks up the next flight of stairs into my loft, and his mother still pinches the end of the tape tightly. The year-measure stretches out to the very end, he reaches up to the skylight, and I think now the connection between the two human people must break. Or else, they must return to each other and not buy me after all, and leave to let me watch all this again; the same scene with different actors. But what do I know about all this? I am only a house.

I watch them walk away down the road, and wonder slowly what the road thinks about it. Two human people, one satisfied, the other upset, but hiding it as best she can. He turns and tries to comfort her, but there is nothing he can do, nothing he can say to reassure her that he will stay with her any longer. His mind is made up, he is undecided no more. I am his house now. How do I know this? It's easy. The tape measure lies abandoned on my stairs.

Ashley Gavin, 11 Blundell

# Entry into Higher Education

Flanagan, Christopher John	University of Oxford	Modern History
Gaston, Benjamin David	University of Cambridge	Modern and Medieval Languages
Gibson, Matthew Alexander	University of Oxford	Modern History
Pope, James Edward	University of Oxford	Mathematics
Yu, Andrew	University of Oxford	Civil Engineering
Adamson, Stuart	Liverpool John Moores University	Accounting and Finance
Ayo, David	Liverpool John Moores University	Building Design Technology & Management
Ambler, Michael Frederick	University of Manchester	Italian/Spanish
Appiah-Anane, Samul Kofi Okyere	University of Cardiff	Pharmacy
Atherton, Mark David	University of Manchester	Computer Science
Bailey, Arran Mark	Liverpool John Moores University	English
Baiyee, Zarah	University of London, King's College	Physics
Baker, Paul John	University of Liverpool	Accounting
Beesley, John	University of Manchester	Management
Bernard, Matthew David	University of Liverpool	Business Economics
Betts, Tom	University of Manchester	Chemical Engineering with Chemistry
Blackmore, Andrew	Hull York Medical School	Medicine
Boon, Daniel	Liverpool John Moores University	Construction Management
Bowman, Ben Alexander	Liverpool John Moores University	English
Brown, David James	University of Liverpool	E-Business
Brown, Robert	Liverpool John Moores University	Accounting and Finance
Buckard, Holly	University of Liverpool	Environmental Biology
Callaghan, Kathy	University of Durham	History
Cass, Alex Jonathan	University of Liverpool	English Language and Literature
Chan, Daniel	University of Manchester	Study of Religion & Theology
Chan, Hoi Wing	University of Manchester	Medicinal Chemistry
Charing, Naomi	University of Liverpool	Medicine
Chow, Steven	University of Manchester	Mathematics
Conroy, Helen	University of Liverpool	Orthoptics
Cooper, Louis	University of Liverpool	History
Copp, Elinor Rachel	University of Leeds	French, Spanish
Crew, Hannah	The Manchester Metropolitan University	Fashion Buying for Retail
Davies, Mark Thomas	University of Sheffield	Geography
Dickinson, Adam George	University of Liverpool	Anatomy and Human Biology
Dinsmore, Adam Peter	University College Chester	Psychology
Doran, Helen	University of Leeds	Accounting-Information Systems
Eardley, Rachel	University of Leeds	French
Eborall, William Scott	University of York	Biochemistry
Ellis, Edward Anthony	University of Liverpool	Civil and Maritime Engineering
Emecheta, Fidelia Chisom	University of London, King's College	Medicine
Evans, David E.	Manchester Metropolitan University	Engineering
Evans, Robert John	University of Leeds	Linguistics and Phonetics
Faraday, Gary Steven	The Manchester Metropolitan University	Geography with Study in North America
Fiske, David Harry	University of Manchester	Medicine
Fitzsimmons, Sean Stephens Peter	University of Wolverhampton	Interpreting
Fong, James	University of Birmingham	Medicine
Gallears, Mark Williams	University of Leeds	Chemical Engineering
Gambhir, Gina	Liverpool John Moores University	Pharmacy
Gibson, Scott Wesley	University of Liverpool	Computer Information Systems
Green, Stephanie Rebecca	University of Liverpool	Accounting
Griffith, Lucy Ann	University of Leeds	Geological Sciences
Harper, Alexandra Jayne	University of Manchester	Science
Hatcher, James Alexander Philip	The Manchester Metropolitan University	Geography with study in North America
Hedges, Nicola	University of Liverpool	Biological and Medical Sciences
Hefferon, Paul Joseph	Roehampton University	Film Studies
Higgins, Kathryn Laura	Sheffield Hallam University	Psychology
Hinds, Sandra	Liverpool John Moores University	Business and French
Hopkins, James Colin	University of Lancaster	Law
Humphreys, Paul Michael	University of Liverpool	History
Irvine, Andrew	University of Hull	Drama
James, David Benjamin	University of Liverpool	Politics
Jolliffe, Michael Anthony	University of Liverpool	History and French
Jones, David James	University of Leicester	English
Jones, Philip Stephen	Liverpool John Moores University	Pharmacy

# Pupil Achievements

Kane, Lee	University of Sheffield	Accounting & Financial Management
Khaleel, Omar Ameen	University of Liverpool	Biochemistry
Khan, Muhammad Abuakar	University of Liverpool	Medicine
Koytzoomis, Valanti	University of Nottingham	Medicine
Kuypers, Craig Terence	University College Chester	Forensic Biology with Mathematics
Lofus, David	University of Liverpool	English Language and Literature
Loh Baxter, Lukas	University of Leeds	Music
Lovatt, Jobeth Nicola	University of Liverpool	Criminology and Sociology
Lovelady, Paul Anthony	Liverpool John Moores University	Sports Science
MacDonald, Iain Mcleod	University College Chester	Psychology
Maddock, Paul Anthony	University of Liverpool	Law
Mahoney, Charles Edward	University of Liverpool	English and French Laws with French
Marsh, David James Edward	University of Edinburgh	Physics
Marsom, Nathan William David	University of Liverpool	Politics
McAuley, Adam	University of Liverpool	History
McCreadie, Gary	University of Durham	Modern Languages
McKenna, James Patrick	University of Liverpool	Design & Technology with Multimedia
McKenzie, Karl Francis	University of Leeds	Accounting and Management
McKittrick, Jamie	University of Liverpool	Irish Studies & English Language & Literature
McNulty, Michael	Liverpool John Moores University	Music Technology
Melia, James Martin	University of Liverpool	Civil Engineering
Melia, Michael James	University of Sheffield	Law
Middleton, Michael Peter	Liverpool John Moores University	Business and Information
Miller, Chevaun Tracy	The Manchester Metropolitan University	Speech Pathology and Therapy
Milroy, Alexander	University of Leeds	Electronic and Electrical Engineering
Morris, David	Liverpool John Moores University	Crime & Justice and Law
Nkansah, Stephen	Liverpool John Moores University	Pharmacy
Ogden, Jessica Barbara Alice	University of Liverpool	Psychology
Oloughlin, Matthew	University of Liverpool	Genetics
Osborne, Adam James Henry	University of Liverpool	Biological Sciences
O'Sullivan, Kieran Bryan	University of Liverpool	English and Communication Studies
Park, Gun Hee	University College London	French and Spanish
Parker, Laura Elizabeth	Liverpool John Moores University	Psychology and Biology
Quale, Antony	University of Sheffield	Economics
Rae, Kyle David	University of Liverpool	Computer Science
Roberts, Ian Peter	The University of Wales, Aberystwyth	Mathematics
Roberts, Peter Andrew	University of Liverpool	Mathematics with Education
Rogers, Joanne	Liverpool John Moores University	Pharmacy
Rong, Yi Wei	Liverpool John Moores University	Pharmacy
Rowlands, Gemma	University of Leeds	Psychology
Ryder, Joseph Kevin	University of Liverpool	Architecture
Satchwell, Matthew David	University of Newcastle	Information Systems
Seiboth, Matthew Augustus	University of Newcastle	Mathematics
Sewell, Elizabeth Louise	University of Leeds	English-French
Shahidipour, Haleh	University of Liverpool	Biological Sciences
Sheridan-Roberts, Natalie	University of Liverpool	Accounting
Simpson, Phillip Andrew	University of Liverpool	Medicine
Singh, Sarbjit	Liverpool John Moores University	Law
Szeto, Danny Wing Hing	Liverpool John Moores University	Engineering and Technology
Theodosi, Andrew Stelios	University of Sheffield	Medicine
Thompson, James Robertemil	University of Leeds	Automotive Engineering
Threlfall, Hannah Elizabeth	University of Bristol	Environmental Geoscience
Traynor, Darren John	University of Northumbria	Pharmaceutical Chemistry
Tsang, Dat Luen	University of Manchester	Biochemistry, Medical with Industrial Exp
Vandewalle, Sarah Joanne	University of Liverpool	Veterinary Science
Wah, Andrew	University of Liverpool	Mathematics and Computer Science
Whelan, Calum James	University of Liverpool	History
Whittingham, William Stephen	Liverpool John Moores University	Business and Finance
Wilkinson, Mark	Liverpool John Moores University	Sports Science
Wilkinson, Natalie Elizabeth	University of Salford	Physiotherapy
Wilson, Michael John	University of Liverpool	History
Withington, Matthew	University of Liverpool	Civil Engineering
Wolstenholme, Thomas	University of Durham	General Engineering
Wong, David Ying Ming	University of Durham	Mathematics
Woodward, Adam James	University of Liverpool	International Politics and Policy
Wright, Daniel	University of Liverpool	Computer Science
Xiao, Ye	Imperial College London	Physics

# Form Prizes

**Year 7**

Silviu Paraoan, Megan Moriarty  
Chris McLoughlin, Helena Sweeney  
Samantha Dolan, Olivia Thompson  
Rachel Smith, Megan Jones

**Year 8**

Tim Lui, Garry Wilson  
Lauren Atherton, Sophie Batterton  
Qasim Masood, Laurette Lau  
David Jeffery, Daniel Inwood

**Year 9**

Vlad Paraoan Beth Chan  
Jing Ougang, Kaya Melia  
Richard Gray, Ian Crawford  
Dale Rae, Rebecca Leddy

**Year 10**

James Gundry, Michael Cheung  
Francis Banwell, Lewis Hou  
Adam Gosling, Tim Reeves  
Steven Haworth, Daniel Pickersgill

# Academic Prizes

**Year 11\***

James Taylor  
Shaun Hurst  
Peter Fielding  
Michael Orlans  
Liam O'Brien  
Qi Qi  
Christopher Watters  
Daniel Mannion  
Michael Walby

**Year 11\***

Craig Gundersen  
Hamza Ashur  
Ross Leader  
David Hughes  
Paul Galgey  
Joseph Fiske  
Kamal Allen  
Johnny Wong  
Stephen Banks

**Year 11\***

Ian Polanowski  
James Lacey  
James Boughey  
Robert Lothian  
Abraham Jacob  
Ian Thompson  
Luke O'Connor  
David Norris

\*The Margaret Bryce Smith School Scholarships

**Year 12**

Christopher How  
Paul Cannon  
Gerard Cole  
Robert Gillespie  
Maria Gillon  
Alan Jones  
Sara Ali

**Year 12**

Robert Kerr  
Peter Lally  
Kate McMonnies  
Leon Palm  
Jonathan Wilkes  
Ivan Yip

**Year 12**

Peter Davey  
Carl Gaffney  
James Garvey  
Joe Grossart  
Duncan Hughes  
Peter Shone

**Year 13**

David Marsh  
James Pope  
Ye Xiao  
James Fong  
Thomas Wolstenholme  
Tom Betts  
Christopher Flanagan  
Benjamin Gaston  
Matthew Gibson

**Year 13**

Omar Khaleel  
Andrew Blackmore  
Naomi Charing  
Elinor Copp  
Fidelia Emecheta  
David Fiske  
Charles Mahoney  
Matthew Seiboth  
Kathy Callaghan

**Year 13**

William Eborall  
Nicola Hedges  
Valanti Koytzoomis  
Gary McCready  
Michael Melia  
Kieran O'Sullivan  
Elizabeth Sewell  
Sarah Vandewalle  
David Wong

## Special Prizes

The Robin S.G. Makin Prize: ( Chess )

Hilda Watson Prize: ( Physics )

Old Blues' Association Modern Language Prize:

D. Urquart Prize: ( Library )

R. I. Powell Memorial Prize: ( English )

A.Q.A. Prize:

W. Gregory Prize: ( Stage Management )

L.H. Leith Memorial Prize: ( Sport )

F.J. Worthington Memorial Prize: ( Maths )

Fletcher Memorial Prize: ( Junior Maths )

J.H. Worthington Memorial Prize: ( Lesson Reading )

R.C. Burns Memorial Prize: ( Service to the School )

Brakell Prize: ( Dramatics )

Luke Hoyle Prize: ( Technology )

Blue Coat Arts Centre Prize: ( Art & Music )

The Burch Baton; ( Orchestra )

The Music Chalice ( Academic )

The Smallman Prize: ( Contribution to Musical Life of the School )

Cowkeepers' Association: ( Magazine )

The Law Prize

Sutherland Prize: ( Economics )

H.P. Arnold-Craft Prize: ( History )

Gwyn Watcyn Prize: ( Politics )

Overseas Containers Ltd Prize: ( Geography )

F.A. Unwin Prize: ( Chemistry )

J. L. Davies Prize ( Physical Education )

Senior Biology Prize:

Psychology Prize

Computing Prize:

ICT Prize:

Peter Arnold-Craft Prize for Creative Writing:

Friends of the Blue Coat School Prize: ( Attendance )

Verse Speaking:

Lady President's Prize: ( Head Girl )

Chairman's Prize: ( Head of School )

Andrew Wong

David Marsh

Ben Gaston

Tom Betts

Kathy Callaghan

Gerard Cole ( 2004 ), Peter Fielding, Liam O'Brien, James Taylor, Hamza Ashur, Paul Galgey

Sam Knott

Michael Forrest, Michael Stone, Detrix Tomlinson

James Pope

Jing Ouyang

David Fiske

Michael Joliffe

James Lacey

James McKenna

David Loftus, Alex Cass, Fidelia Emecheta, Sam Appiah-Anane, Paul Humphries, Michael Ambler

Kin Yau Liu

James Boughey

Paul Athans

Matthew Gibson, David Fiske, James Pope, Ben Bowman, James McKenna

James Hopkins, Paul Maddox

Elizabeth Sewell

Matthew Gibson, Christopher Flanagan

Charles Mahoney

Jessica Ogden

Tom Betts

Hannah Threlfall

William Eborall

Holly Buckard

Mark Atherton

Helen Doran

Kate Coenen-Rowe, Daniel Mannion, Francesca Martin

Tom Betts

Trina Banerjee, Jade Slocombe, Alex Leece

Nicola Hedges

Gary McCreadie

# Success in Music Examinations

<b>Grade 1</b>	Alex Mallon Frances Muscatelli Olivia Thompson Conal Traverse Ellie Darby	Drum Kit Clarinet Piano Saxophone Drum Kit	<b>Grade 4</b>	John Close Peter Duffield Lewis Coenen-Rowe Eddie Suen Lizzie Whitehouse Andrew Benfield Andrew Wong Andrew Wong Emma Hawkens Rebecca Smith Kate Coenen-Rowe Siobhan Wilson Paul Athans	Clarinet Clarinet Piano Piano Flute Saxophone Violin Piano Piano Piano Piano Violin (Merit) Piano
<b>Grade 2</b>	Lewis Coenen-Rowe Francesca Fradley Francesca Fradley Jennie Stoddart Fiona Miller Vincent Wong Tom Smith Lloyd Denvir-Parry Adam Green Michael Tancred Leslie Tang Michael Tapp Sarah Hodgkiss Sarah Hodgkiss	Cornet Piano Voice Violin Piano Piano Saxophone Saxophone Piano (Theory) Guitar Violin Violin Flute Piano	<b>Grade 5</b>	Nick Power Luke Dawkin Matthew Benton Rae Taig Craig Yip Christopher Sweeney Stratios Koytzoomis Thomas Bowman Tim Lui	Flute Clarinet (Merit) Trumpet Theory Flute Euphorium Guitar Guitar Piano
<b>Grade 3</b>	Daniel Pickersgill Alex Cook Francesca Wai Kate Bond Timothy Han Nathalie Connell Stratios Koytzoomis Johanna Bailey Harry Cathawell-Hargreaves Christina Farandos Lewis Maddox Shaun Rigby Darren Eves Sam Fiske Ellie Darby Ellie Beggs Ellie Beggs Zoe Bond Kate Coenen-Rowe Alice McRoe	Drum Kit Double Bass Flute Flute Guitar Piano Theory Violin Piano Piano Flute Drum Kit Clarinet Piano Piano Piano Saxophone Clarinet Clarinet Clarinet	<b>Grade 6</b>	Luke Dawkin Mengxia Sun Kin Yau Liu James Michael Boughey David Hughes Laurette Lau	Piano Piano Piano Piano Piano Piano
			<b>Grade 7</b>	Ben Gaston Kin Yau Liu	Violin (Distinction) Violin
			<b>Grade 8</b>	Ben Gaston Steven Haworth Chris How	Violin ( Merit) Flute Saxophone (distinction)

### Members of the Liverpool Youth Orchestra

Ben Gaston ( Leader ), Nathan Ko, Paul Athans, Alex Cook, Rae Taig, Shaun Rigby

### Members of the Liverpool Anglican Cathedral Choir

Luke Dawkin, Johanna Bailey, Fiona Miller

### Liverpool Youth Brass Ensemble

Nathan Ko, Yichen Wu, Paul Athans

### City of Liverpool Boys Choir

Jack Kenny, Andrew Benfield

### Merseyside Youth Orchestra

Paul Athans

## GCSE Results – Summer 2005

	A*	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	U	Candidates
Art	4	8	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	17
Biology	11	33	39	18	2	0	0	0	0	103
Business Studies	13	19	8	4	5	2	0	0	0	51
Chemistry	11	37	37	16	2	0	0	0	0	104
Chinese	2	2	0	0	0		0	0	0	4
Design & Technology	1	12	11	7	3	1	0	0	0	35
English Language	17	42	55	6	0	0	0	0	0	120
English Literature	31	46	30	12	1	0	0	0	0	120
French	15	23	19	16	10	1	0	0	0	84
Geography	9	9	11	1	2	0	1	0	0	33
German	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
History	10	29	25	5	1	0	0	0	0	70
Information Technology	5	70	42	3	0	0	0	0	0	120
Latin	7	9	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	20
Mathematics	25	54	38	3	0	0	0	0	0	120
Music	2	3	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	9
Physics	18	41	31	11	3	0	0	0	0	104
Religious Studies	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4
Science (Combined Single)	2	1	3	5	3	0	0	0	0	14
Science (Dual Award)	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	14
Spanish	9	17	13	10	7	1	0	0	0	57
<b>Totals</b>	<b>196</b>	<b>456</b>	<b>373</b>	<b>122</b>	<b>39</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>1192</b>

## GCE Results – Summer 2005

	A	B	C	D	E	U	Candidates
Art & Design	5	0	0	0	0	0	5
Biology	14	6	15	7	7	2	51
Chemistry	18	14	5	6	3	2	48
Computing	1	2	5	1	1	0	10
Design & Technology	0	2	1	0	1	0	4
Economics	4	10	3	2	1	0	20
English	11	12	9	1	0	0	33
French	4	8	0	1	0	0	13
Geography	5	6	2	0	0	0	13
General Studies	18	21	41	24	13	5	122
History	6	11	7	2	0	0	26
Information Technology	1	6	9	3	2	0	21
Latin	3	1	0	0	0	0	4
Mathematics	18	20	14	12	2	2	68
Further Mathematics	5	1	0	0	0	0	6
Music	0	3	0	0	0	0	3
Physical Education	1	3	2	3	2	0	11
Physics	7	7	4	3	1	0	22
Politics	2	3	3	1	1	0	10
Psychology	10	6	2	5	0	0	23
Spanish	4	3	4	2	0	0	13
<b>Totals</b>	<b>137</b>	<b>145</b>	<b>126</b>	<b>73</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>526</b>

## 5 Star Students

5 students achieved exceptional results in their GCSE examinations last Summer.

Liam O'Brien (not pictured), Paul Galgey, James Taylor, Hamza Ashur and Peter Fielding were the top five students out of over 365,000 candidates in English Literature.

Congratulations to them all!



Liam O'Brien (not pictured), Paul Galgey, James Taylor, Hamza Ashur, and Peter Fielding

## BBC Hardspell 2005

Having witnessed the drama, tension, joy and despair of the BBC's first series of the national spelling competition, "Hardspell", Mrs. Ludlow couldn't resist the opportunity to put some of our very own pupils to the test.

Following an extensive headhunting programme to pick out the finest spellers the school has to offer, Max Thomas-McGenity and Olivia Thompson, both of 8 Graham, were selected to fly the Blue Coat flag in Hardspell 2005. Having come through Mrs. Ludlow's selection process unscathed, our young spellers' next hurdle was the North West regional heat, which took place on 18th September 2005. Both were given a list of 2000 words to learn for the regional heat. How on earth did they learn all those words I wondered?! "My Mum tested me regularly and she and my Nan would randomly ask me to spell a word," says Max. Olivia was on holiday in Cyprus for two weeks during the build-up to the regional heat, and was tested by "some man" – how nice of him. "I went through each letter individually and learnt each word that began with that letter," she says of her training regime.

Prior to travelling to Manchester for the North West heat, Max and Olivia dropped in on some of Mrs. Ludlow's English classes to get a taste of what it would be like to be put on the spot in front of millions of people. Although we didn't have the studio audience to match, or Eamon Holmes for that matter, Olivia said, "It was more nerve racking standing in front of a bunch of Year 10s and Sixth formers than it was being tested in Manchester".

At the regional heat, Olivia misheard a word that she was asked to spell and, unluckily, did not qualify for the National Final in London. On her unfortunate exit from the competition, she remains adamant that it was "that woman's fault for not saying the word clearly. I thought that she asked me to spell yourid, but it turns out that the word was lurid". Max did progress, and was selected to be First Reserve for the grand final. As an extra prize, he was handed the unenviable task of having to memorise a further 3000 words for the grand final!

Unfortunately none of the other contestants fell ill, meaning Max did not take part in the live show. However, some of you may have seen him strutting his stuff during the highlights of the regional heats, which were shown before the spelling got underway. He and his Mum enjoyed a pleasant weekend in London at the expense of the BBC.

Knowing how competitive spelling bees are in America, I wondered what the attitude to spelling was like in England. "The other contestants were too nice," said Max. Darn those polite little boys and girls trying to be nice. Olivia describes them as "friendly and not too competitive" – it's good to see that all hell didn't break loose following an argument over the correct spelling of discombobulate.

Although Max thoroughly enjoyed the spelling aspect of this shindig, he says that the highlight was bumping in to Bruce Forsyth at the BBC Television Centre. How about this for a Brucey Bonus – the man himself blessed the spelling masterminds with his unique wit, asking them, "Is this the queue for the job centre?" Sheesh, he's still got it after all these years – now that's talent. Max said that it was nice to meet him, to meet him, nice (sorry, not much more to read). He ended by saying that "Although it was a nervous experience, it was fun and I'm glad that I did it", Olivia said, "It was all a bit eek (kids have a way with words don't they), but it wasn't too nerve-racking to the point where I broke down!" She also commented on how painful it was, "watching the other contestants squirm and wilt under the pressure".

In true Oscars style, Max and Olivia also had some people to thank for their success. "We'd like to thank Mrs. Ludlow for all her help and for preparing us so well, and to our families for testing us and putting up with all those words!" My my, what a spellbinding experience.

Christopher Dillon, U6S2

# Poetry of Place Award Ceremony

3rd October 2005

**Matthew Caine of year 9 was invited to attend this ceremony as his poem was in the top 25 entries out of 700 contestants.**

The Poetry of Place competition took place in the Summer Term 2005. Matthew was a runner up and received numerous prizes: he read his poem on BBC Radio Merseyside; received a gift token for WH Smith; a copy of Frank Cottrell Boyce's Millions; a book on Liverpool Heritage; a poetry anthology entitled More Than I Am and an anthology of children's writing Write Here, Write Now. His poem, My Street, can be found in the Creative Writing section of the magazine.

The awards ceremony took place in the splendid Royal Liver Building, with its marble floor and fountain in the foyer. Many students attended, and Matthew was accompanied by his parents, sister, his friend Craig Milligan and Mrs Ludlow. It was a wonderful opportunity to recognise the talent of many students from Liverpool. Mr Steve Burnett, Chief Executive of Royal Liver Assurance, spoke at the Awards Ceremony of the wonderful talent displayed by the students. He said that the poems of the top 25 students were published on the Internet for the world to read. Margaret Gill, Assistant Director of Education for Liverpool, said that poetry is very personal, and that the quality of the work was amazing. She declared: 'We have a lot of talent in our midst.' She wished the students continued success in their writing.

Congratulations to Matthew and all other students from The Blue Coat who entered, all of whom were issued with a certificate from Liverpool Education Authority and Royal Liver Assurance. The competition will be running again in 2006, and all students in years 7 and 8 will be invited to enter.

*Mrs B D G Ludlow*



## My Street

As I woke up in the morning and listened to my street,  
I heard the annoying noise of the little birds' feet.  
The smell of fish and chips dumped on the curbs,  
Lined with curry and horrible herbs.

The milkman's van, the engine whirring,  
Loaded with milk, fresh from the churning.

The leaves blowing in the wind and rain.  
The loud noise of a passing train.

The light from a lamppost streaming into my room.  
The postman delivering his letters of doom.

Matthew Caine, 9BL, runner-up in the Poetry of Place competition.

# Kuk Sool UK Grand Championship

**Kuk Sool is a Korean martial art that we have been practising and learning for 5 years.**

This June, we were due to turn into Black belts after our last 4 hour exam, and so we thought it was time to enter a National tournament. The tournament consisted of 5 separate divisions in which a winner was announced in each of them. These divisions included a display of forms, techniques, weapon demonstrations, self-defence and, of course, full contact sparring (fighting)!

The tournament was held in Birmingham and clubs from all over the country turned up to compete; in total there were about 650 competitors in! We competed in the under 16 section and we entered in every single division. The tournament was a gruelling 5 hour competition and every competitor was extremely gifted. At the end, Silviu had won a medal in each division: 2 bronze and 3 copper medals. However, Vlad's sheer drive and determination enabled him to bring home 4 Gold medals and 1 Silver medal. Later, at the final

ceremony, it was declared that his medals had accumulated him enough points to win the highest honour any young martial artist could ever dream to have: Vlad was declared the UK Junior Grand Champion! Not only that, but it was revealed that our class, based in Liverpool, had the total greatest number of points and so we were the best class in the whole of the UK! Our master brought home the cherished association flag (which he offered to Vlad as a bedspread!). We will never forget that weekend.



*By Vlad Paraoan (10 Bingham) and Silviu Paraoan (8 Bingham)*

# The Tricentenary Committee

Interview with the Headmaster

## What is the school planning for its 300th Birthday?

The school is planning two new developments for the school to celebrate its tricentenary. The first is a new all-weather sports pitch; the current field is good for football, but little else and seriously needs an upgrade. We hope to have a brand new AstroTurf, which could be used for not only football, but also hockey, cricket and tennis. Hopefully, it will also be fully floodlit, and will be available for community use as well. The second development will be a new HQ for the Upper Sixth, constructed between the current admin block and the Clock Tower. This will be strictly for Year 13 and will be fully furnished with hopefully a computer for every student. This won't be a 'common room' however, for messing about in, it will be used for serious work and study.

## How much do we hope to raise, and how close are we to reaching that goal?

We think that both projects will cost the school £1,000,000, about half a million each. We have made a very good start to this, and the Trustees have made a very generous gift of £100,000 to start us off, which is very welcome.

## What events are planned for to raise money for the Tricentenary?

As we speak, a pack of documents is being put together that will be distributed to the entire Blue Coat Community, this includes current pupils and their families, Old Blues, Governors, Trustees, Staff and friends of the school. This pack will outline the 2008 celebrations as well as give information on how to contribute towards the fund. There will also be many events planned both this year and in the run up to the celebrations. This year will see the Parents Association donating

£2008 a term from their various fund-raising events such as the Summer Fair and various quiz and race nights, and one brave member of the PA will be running in the London Marathon to raise money. Another big event will be a fundraising dinner in which items of memorabilia will be sold off in an auction, including a football shirt from Kevin Nolan. All of this is planned for the coming year, and there's still plenty more to come...

## Can we expect some major celebrations for the Tricentenary?

We hope to have events running throughout the 2007/2008 school year, and hopefully there will be a gift for every pupil, along the lines of a commemorative medal. I'd like to have a large fireworks display as well, to start off the new year, as well as celebrations at the Town Hall, Philharmonic Hall and St George's Hall. There will also be an Old Blue reunion weekend for three days in June 08, where hopefully Old Blues from across the world will come together for dinner, dancing and a tour of the school.

## How important do you think the Tricentenary is for the Blue Coat School?

In 2008, the school will be 300 years old, making it the oldest school in this part of the world. The Bluecoat Chambers itself is the oldest building in the centre of Liverpool, and so the School's celebration is as much for the city as for the school itself. Also, the school has kept the same name for these 300 years, and is proud of the foundation and history that this name has garnered over the past three centuries. I think that is worthy of celebration.

*Duncan Hughes*

## Dear Serimé

Dear Serimé, I know you're locked away,  
But I'll be there when you're released, today,  
I hope you still look upon me sweetly,  
With just a hint of love so madly.  
My hand is shaking; I don't know what to do,  
Do I stand tall, or run away from you?  
The heart is cold, I know hope is too much,  
Is it wrong that it gives me such?

Dear Serimé, I'm writing to say,  
I don't know if I love you today,  
I'm waiting in line just to get a chance  
To hold your hand in teenage romance.

My Serimé, what have you done?  
Your letter was stained, where have you gone?

I hate you I love you, blindingly so,  
I think I'm out of tune, you know?  
The notes I play, the words I sing,  
Will only make my tears sting,  
As I write, I play; I toil for the love,  
Who looks with hatred, up above.

Dear Serimé, I'm writing to say,  
I don't know if I love you today,  
I'm waiting in line just to get a chance  
To hold your hand in teenage romance.

The heart is cold, I know hope is too much,  
Is it wrong that it still gives me such?

Simon Gibbons 11 Gr

# Winged Words

**Night was falling on Mr Gleave's illustrious Blue Coat career, and the time had come for his poetic creation 'Winged Words' to bid him farewell.**

The commencement of the evening with Frost's "After Apple Picking," brought an atypical sadness to the occasion, but also a reminder that all good things come to an end "At least in this life." The last goodbye was looming, but not before one last stroll through Wordsworth's "Daffodils" and the asking of that eternal question "And did those feet in ancient times?"

Francesca Martin was the first student to perform with her recital of "Spellbound" that lived up to its name. Francesca's mesmerising voice was quickly (and loudly) followed by the quintet of Jack Kenny, Trina Banerjee, Samantha Dolan, Eleonora Bianchi and Jennie Stoddart announcing that butter truly is better than marmalade, as characters from A.A. Milne's "The King's Breakfast". Other notable debutants formed the backbone of the evening with a performance of Byron's "From Childe Harold," by Michael Joliffe, Hayley Shields' innovative take on what is traditionally a man's poem, Brooke's "The Soldier," and Mr Joliffe's performance of Larkin's "Churchgoing."

As well as poetry, Winged Words also includes an assortment of dialogues, almost invariably from Shakespeare. This time round we bore witness to the last words between Caesar and Calpurnia, played by Cat Mahoney and Guy Jones, as well as a dialogue from Antony and Cleopatra performed by Mr Kershaw, capably assisted by Mr Gleave.

On with the poems and veterans Kieran O'Sullivan and the multi-talented Ben Gaston performed Shakespeare's "Sonnet XVIII" and "Home Thoughts from Abroad" respectively, before Genevieve Athis stole the audience's hearts by telling them her age in Milne's poem "Now I am Six," Gary McCreadie then gave a morbid tone to the evening with a recital of "A Young Man's Death" by Roger McGough (pronounced McGuff) but this mood was quickly dispelled by Peter Davey's performance of his own poem "Sonnet to the Unknown Bird."

The heroes of the evening were the teachers. Ms Holland somehow managed to sustain her exuberance and her fantastic accent through her entire performance of Marriott Edgar's humorous poem "Magna Charter," (Yes it is meant to be spelt like that). Perhaps even more laudable was the fact that despite reams of year 11 coursework to mark, Dr Wilde managed to memorise the entire nightmare song with no mistakes, it was just a pity he didn't sing it. Mrs Athis also showcased her talent for finding good poetry, and performed to exception Attila the Stockbroker's "Contributory Negligence."

In a stirring performance, Jobeth Lovatt had implored the night to come to her and so it was that after a farewell soliloquy from "The Tempest", night was coming to Mr Gleave's time in Winged Words. All that remained was "Jerusalem", and as Blue Coat legends Matthew Walker and Michael Leyden joined Head of School Gary McCreadie in his final performance, a few tears began to appear. As Shakespeare almost had it "Mr Gleave shall go forth," and we wish him all joy in whatever life after BCS may hold.

*Peter Davey*

# Lego Robotics Competition 2005

**Continuing the tradition of participation in the annual Lego Robotics National Championships, we found ourselves dawned upon to create another, even more sophisticated robot than last year.**

This was no mean feat! The theme of this year's task was the exploration of the deep sea. We had to build a robot that could perform a variety of difficult tasks in a simulated environment. Tasks such as deploying a submarine from a research vessel, collecting and delivering the wreckage of a sunken ship and not forgetting searching for buried treasure

After a few months of building, programming and rehearsals of presentations, we set off to the Jaguar Technology Centre with Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Sands to compete against 20 other teams, only 2 of which could go to the final! Our team consisted of myself as the captain, Silviu Paraoan as my trusty vice-captain and Matthew Elliott and Matthew Lo as the other two key members of the team. The day



went by and we did our best in all categories. Unfortunately, this was not enough to seal victory. But nevertheless, we still had loads of fun!

*By Vlad Paraoan (10 Bingham)*

# Year 7 Social

It was a dark October night when the Blue Coat School's most notorious criminals and the forces of law and order united for one evening.

And despite some initial confusion about the night's theme of Cops and Robbers, (Jedi were not allowed), the Shirley Hall was the scene of the Year Seven Social. The Cops featured Constables Graham and Mahoney, Sergeant Cerowski, Officer Lally and Detective Hughes, all led by Chief Constable Daley. The Robbers were a rag-tag bunch, from notorious escaped criminal Kate McMonnies, infamous bank robber Eleanor Brown and Sicilian Godfather Michelangelo Hart (although his accent was a little suspicious). They were also joined by Stephen Menzie, who wore a pair of tights on his head. (Apparently they weren't his – they were his nan's). Keeping the peace between these two groups was Mr Caulkin, who organised the night's events

The evening proceeded with various games for the new Year 7's, although certain members of the Sixth Form were upset they couldn't



join in. In the end everybody enjoyed some success (no doubt from some unscrupulous team captains who were none too subtle about giving clues in the anagram round), and apart from one Year 7's reluctance to let their favourite Cop kiss them, it was enjoyed by all (although no-one actually asked the Year 7's, but the Prefects seemed to be having fun).

*Duncan Hughes*

# City of Dreaming Spires

## Oxbridge Dinner 8th - 9th April 2006

What is Oxbridge? Dreaming spires and sumptuous dinners in panelled halls or a community of intellectuals which lives, interacts and socialises together? Well, our guest speaker this year, Mr Tom Greggs, told us it was neither one nor the other – but both. Now that sounds like a bit of a religious mystery. Tom, known to many of us as a former Head of School, winner of a Starred Double-First at Oxford, published author and currently tutor in Divinity at Jesus College Cambridge was his usual modest, thoughtful but spirited self. He gave us an entertaining, and sometime racy account, firstly about his own progress though schooldays, but then about Oxbridge and its essential nature. The Headmaster replied on our behalf with a witty yet provocative challenge to our Oxbridge hopefuls.

The annual weekend away was by all accounts the best ever – with a large number of current year 12 students joined by staff, friends, well-

wishers and current Oxbridge students. Hertford College, Oxford, was our home for the weekend – conveniently central, ancient, and yet modern in outlook. The Formal black tie dinner, preceded by a Reception, was delicious and plentiful in the candle-lit panelled Hall. Forget the intellectualism, that in itself was enough to inspire many of our students. There was also a guided tour of some of the Colleges on the Saturday and a stroll around Christ Church Meadow on the Sunday morning. The weather also conspired in our favour – crisp and sunny, with blue and white dramatic skies.

*As someone noted, how enjoyable to spend time with nice people!*

Many thanks to everyone for making it such an enjoyable and memorable occasion.

*E J Crighton*



## British Physics Olympiad

When 11 Upper VIth students passed the first one-hour Physics paper at the start of the autumn term, the worrying prospect of a further three-hour exam still loomed in the not too distant future.

So, after a few weeks' preparation, we all ended up in Shirley Hall dreading a morning struggling to remember equations, trying to answer dozens of weird and wonderful questions about all aspects of Physics. Still, everyone seemed to emerge out of the other side with good results, so something must have gone right!

The results for the Paper 2 exam were:

Student	Award
Leon Palm	Bronze I
Carl Gaffney	Bronze II
Christopher How	Bronze II
Robert Kerr	Bronze II
Jonathan King	Bronze II
Peter Lally	Bronze II
Gerard Cole	Commendation
Nicholas Edwards	Commendation
Neil Grisedale	Commendation
Graeme Norman	Commendation
Peter Shone	Commendation

Hats off to Leon who got the highest result in the school (suspicions were raised, however, as one of his blazer pockets seemed to be telling him about gravitational fields until long after the exam). And, of course, thank you very much to the ever-patient Mr. Caulkin who supplied us with a seemingly endless stream of past papers and organised the whole event for us.

*Peter Lally*

## Christmas Card Competition

Although it may seem a long way off, the School's Tricentenary will soon be upon us, and so it's no surprise to see fund-raising for the celebrations well under way.

Perhaps one of the most creative methods of raising money was the "Design a Christmas Card" competition, organised by the Art department and the Craft Club. Out of dozens of entrants, six cards were selected, with three being chosen by the Headmaster, Chairman of Governors and the Old Blues Brotherly Society. These six cards were then professionally printed and sold in the run up to the festive period in school. The total raised by the sales of these Christmas cards was substantial. And therefore congratulations are in order for all of the winning artists: Emma Durham (9Gr), Paul Hughes (11Bi), Megan Jones (8Sh), Matthew Ko (11Gr), Sharon Koshy (9Bl) and Ciara Lenehan (9Bl).

*Duncan Hughes*

## Spanish Night

Ross Leader	Sally Beth Madine	Portia Harris
Ashley McComb	Stephanie Martin	Bethany Leader
Fiona Boardman	Helen Thompson	Stephen Duran
April Cockburn	Lisa Tighe	James Boughey
Nathalie Connell	Ashley Williams	Matthew Caine
Stephanie Denny	Jenny Williams	James Lacey
Jack Kenny	Mrs C. Jackson	Ms. L. Holland
Pedro (Colombian Assistant)		

We gathered together on two nights in celebration of Spanish tradition, customs and culture, something of which a number of our students had been introduced to earlier this academic year. As a result of the hard work of the Spanish department (with special thanks to Mr O'Brien), The Blue Coat School secured beneficial links throughout the Spanish-speaking world, ranging from our much-loved Spanish assistant Pedro - himself from Colombia - who assists with oral practise, to an exciting link-up with a school in San Sebastian in Spain. It is this link with our Spanish counterparts that brought the show into being.

Earlier this year, Blue Coat students studying A-level Spanish had the fantastic opportunity of taking part in a foreign-exchange programme, which saw a selection of Spanish students travelling to England to be hosted by Blue Coat families. The Spaniards thoroughly enjoyed their time here, sightseeing throughout the city while developing their knowledge of the English language. As part of this programme, it is planned that those students who hosted the Spanish will visit Spain to be hosted, in return, by their Spanish friends, who live in the city of San Sebastian. San Sebastian is a typically traditional Spanish harbour, its picturesque setting full of vibrant culture and Spanish tradition. It is also the hometown of Everton midfield maestro Mikael Arteta, for those with connections to the blue half of the city!

However, such projects inevitably cost quite a lot of money. The evening of Spanish entertainment was an event designed as a means of raising some vital funds to make the trip affordable and accessible to all of those students fortunate enough to be involved in the project. The idea came from sixth form student Ross Leader, who produced the show, with the help of James Lacey in the role of director; both worked tirelessly to prepare the entertainment and planning of the event.

The show itself took place on Wednesday 8th and Thursday 9th February in the notorious Shirley Hall and certainly was a fiesta! A wide range of entertainment from Latino dancing to simply fantastic vocal performances from: Bethany Leader, Jack Kenny, Stephanie Denny, Nathalie Connell, Stephen Duran, James Lacey and Ms Holland raising the roof on both nights. We certainly mustn't forget the presenters Ross Leader and Ashley McComb (who looked absolutely stunning on both nights) who kept the audience thoroughly entertained during both showings. A great deal of admiration must be shown to Ross Leader who had the bottle to get on stage and strut his "Hip Hop" moves in front of an audience of about 250 people, much to their delight, along with his rather impressive Spanish accent and light hearted humour throughout both performances.

The total raised for the Spanish Exchange trip was £430.67 which will go towards enabling as many Blue Coat students as possible to take part in what will be a truly memorable and worthy exchange.

*Peter Fielding and David Sheehan*

# National Poetry Day

On National Poetry Day, 6th October 2005, a group of students and teachers congregated outside WO1 to recite poems: either ones they had written themselves, or those of published poets.

There was Michael Higham who did *'The Jabberwocky'* by Lewis Carroll, except for the first and last verses, which were recited by Mrs Ludlow (who really got into the part!) Mrs Derringer read Hardy's Christmas piece, *'The Oxen'*, Mr Kershaw delivered *'Crossing the Bar'* by Tennyson and Mr Caulkin recited Emily Bronte's *'No Coward's love is Mine'*, all three being wonderful poems written by literary figureheads, the latter being a favourite of Miss Holland's.

Mrs Jackson performed *'Dejeuner du Matin'* by Jacques Prévert. She then told us that it was about the mundane morning after a break-up. Although we (or certainly I) didn't understand it, it still sounded excellent! Craig Milligan's *'Poem for Dad'*, Francesca Martin's *'My*

*Place in the Sun'* and Helena Sweeney's *'Holidays'* were all written by themselves and were so fantastic and professional that I was vaguely unsure whether they spoke the truth!

We had a special reading from Matthew Caine with his award-winning *'My Street'*, and it was evident that his prize was definitely deserved. I then delivered my poem – a comical narrative called *'Animal Chatter'* by Giles Brandreth. I hope everybody enjoyed hearing it as much as I enjoyed reading it!

Miss Holland and Miss Roberts then read *'12 Things I Don't Want to Hear'* by Connie Bensley; they read six alternative ones each and were very amusing. Finally, Mrs Ludlow recited her own poem *'Inside I'm Dancing'*. This was a lovely end to a lovely reading. Thank you to all who took part.

Max Thomas-McGenity 8Gr

## Visit of Writer

On the 9th June 2005, English sets in year nine were visited for two days by the published writer Dave Ward, who taught us how to write an intriguing story.

During the morning period we spent with Dave, we were advised on how to create and develop our character's personality in more detail. We then spent some time practising the new skills we were taught, by writing in detail about our surroundings in a park. After reading our accounts of the park out to the rest of the group, we wrote a plan of how our story would develop, setting out what problems our

characters would face and how they would overcome them.

During our second session with Dave, we started to write our stories, with Dave reading over them and then showing us how to improve our work, which we would carry on as GCSE coursework. We are sure we speak for all members of year nine when we say we found the sessions enjoyable and very useful, and would like to thank Mrs. Ludlow and Dave Ward for giving us all this opportunity.

Stephanie Lloyd and Emma Longworth

## The Weakest Link

Five years earlier Mr Bowen had been booted out of Shirley Hall and a terrible conspiracy of corrupt maths teachers had seen the downfall of the language department – and now Dr Wilde, Mr Cowan Mr Gettel, Mrs Derringer, Mr Lamb, Mr Jamieson, Mrs Beggs, Mr Boardman and Mr Kilhams awaited a similar fate.

It was the staff version of The Weakest Link in aid of orphans in Angola, and in front of the Lower School the nine teachers stood helpless before Mrs Roberts and a wig.

After unnecessarily banking money, Dr Wilde was the first to leave, followed by Mrs Derringer who voted for herself. With a hearing problem and a lack of knowledge of Big Brother and Coca Cola Mr Cowan then followed with Mr Kilhams and Mr Jamieson.

The last time around the top three contestants were all male due to,

again, conspiracy. This time was no different with Mrs Beggs leaving undeservedly after the strongest link, Mr Lamb, decided that she was too much of a threat. Mr Gettel then experienced déjà vu as he was voted out and denied a place in the final. In the head to head stage Mr Boardman struggled and left Mr Lamb needing a single correct answer to win. The topic of his question was geography and after a long pause it was all over – Mr Lamb the deserved winner after having answered only three questions incorrectly.

The event raised £250 for the charity and the organiser would like to say a big thank you to all the staff and prefects who made it happen, especially to Mrs Roberts (Robinson), all the students who donated money and Wiggins, the shop on Penny Lane that supplied the high quality wig free of charge.

Peter Davey

# English Language and Literature Visit

On the most romantic day of the year, 14th February 2006, the A2 English Language and Literature class were introduced to Will, a Liverpool University lecturer with the intention of inspiring our lifeless minds at the end of a long day.

He had come to talk to us about the weird and wonderful world of Hamlet, and the French theories that can be applied to Hamlet's feelings. The art of abjection is confusing to university lecturers, so imagine how we felt! But no need to panic, all it means is someone is very, very miserable as a result of a loss in their life. Quite simple really! And then to add fuel to the fire, the theory of New Historicism: who would have believed history could be new?

If I am totally honest, normally it is fair to say that Hamlet is rather dull and complicated. A play that often fails to inspire. Yet, who in their wildest dreams would have guessed that Shakespeare wrote a play based around desire and lust, hatred and betrayal: a play that has a very unusual plot. Hamlet's father died and quickly his mother and uncle got married; Hamlet soon made a connection between this and noticed that all was not as it should be. He was a very disturbed man; he was confused as he had a desire to take the place of his father and uncle as king and partner to his mother, which made him even more confused that he had such weird thoughts. Soon he began to hate his own mother as he could not seem to move away and leave her, so instead he kept imagining he was dead. It's amazing what writers enjoyed scripting years ago, in my eyes it could not be any more alien. If you ask me Shakespeare had some serious issues! I can now understand that Hamlet is not a play for the faint hearted.

Then Will started to explain the theory of new Historicism: a modern idea stating that history only ever came about because of discourse, power and money. All that really means is people set standards, such as you had to be clever and have been to university before you could become friends with a certain group of people, then once these standards had been put in to action they mapped how people behaved. He claimed this was the easier theory to understand and started to encourage us to explain a poem, I'm afraid he was mistaken. How could anyone ever understand an Italian poem about a deer? But at the end of the lesson we all agreed that our interpretations of the poem were amusing.

But all in all, I would like to say that Will was entertaining and dazzling. He livened up our lesson and I would like to say a big thank you and he is welcome back any time, and the afternoon was certainly out of the ordinary. He came; he encouraged but would not leave until we had completed his questionnaire. It was an enjoyable afternoon with plenty of laughs, as if the 14th February wasn't a big enough day already.

*Annie Bevan U6A3*

# Aim Higher Visit

Friday afternoon is a cause for celebration itself – it's a time for everyone to relax and wind down, looking forward to the fast-approaching weekend – but for year 10 on Friday 27th January, a drama group advocating the acronym HE4All went to the effort to produce a drama advertising the advantages of going to university. It meant an afternoon free from work, instead watching a rather enjoyable performance by three very enthusiastic dramatists.

The ensemble wasted no time in diving straight into their first sketch set in a supermarket, with the items available for sale relating to university open days and such like. The benefits of going to university were made clear almost immediately against other alternatives such as signing on. The trio evidently had a number of sketches in their repertoire which they performed with unabated enthusiasm and a liberal helping of humour including, but not limited to, impersonations of various characters from: Little Britain, the Catherine Tate Show, Family Fortunes and the X-Factor. In between acting like Vicky Pollard and scaring students with up-close-and-personal performances by an Ozzy Osbourne lookalike, they did manage to raise quite a few laughs from the students.

As well as the comedic scenes, there were a few more serious acts, of which the most prominent was the staging of a trip to a university open day. Predictably, (yet nonetheless aptly), the vehemently anti-university youth was soon persuaded that he could go to university, and following directly after it was proclaimed that almost anyone could go if they wanted, including us as Year 10s. It was made clear that anyone from any walk of life or in almost any financial situation would have the chance to go to university if they wanted, and to acquire a degree (which, they were careful to add, increased your chances of getting a highly paid job).

Evidently, the whole purpose of the play was to show us the positive side of going to university, although it was presented in such an enjoyable way that the performers' high spirits and eagerness could not fail to rub off onto us, removing all connotations of boredom that such a subject might carry, and the comedic sketches had almost everyone giggling by the end.

All in all, not a bad way to spend a Friday afternoon.

*Amy Hawkens 10 Sh*

# Social Services Committee 2004-5

Despite facing a difficult time the Social Services Committee, had a very successful year and in total the school raised a record of nearly £8000 for charity – the final total being £7922.62

As a result of the closure of the chapel and Shirley Hall often not being available due to examinations many weekly charity slots were lost. Regardless of this, though, over twenty charities were supported in the usual way via a speaker and subsequent collections. Among the charities represented were the NSPCC, Help the Aged and Cystic Fibrosis.

The major events of the year were a special collection following the Tsunami disaster, which raised £771.92, and Christian Aid, where £508.88 was collected. This year the annual Inter-house Cross-country run was, as accustomed, used as a sponsorship event, this time for Comic Relief. The event raised £619.49. Unfortunately, there was no non-uniform day due to issues of security.

The Social Services Committee continues to meet twice a term to select the charities. A full list of Charity totals follows.

Date	Charity	Amount
08.09.04	NSPCC	221.78
15.09.04	Weston Spirit	197.29
23.09.04	Pain Relief Foundation	222.33
29.09.04	Help the Aged	150.27
06.10.04	MENCAP	197.38
12.10.04	Claire House	192.77
20.10.04	UNICEF	227.24
03.11.04	Action Aid	240.38
17.11.04	Ronald McDonald House	204.64
23.11.04	Asylum Link	184.42
11.04	Poppy Appeal	261.54
01.12.04	RSPCA	175.41
08.12.04	Cancer Research	190.61
16.12.04	Save the Children	159.97
01.05	Tsunami Appeal	771.92
03.02.05	Newborn Appeal	201.41
10.02.05	Marie Curie	219.62
25.02.05	Guide Dogs for the Blind	216.36
10.03.05	Zoë's Place	172.69
11.03.05	Comic Relief	619.49
03.05	X Country Multiple Sclerosis	1312.34
16.04.05	Christian Aid	508.88
20.04.05	Woodlands Hospice	188.88
27.04.05	Cystic Fibrosis	249.88
10.05.05	Roy Castle Foundation	173.30
01.07.05	Cancer Research	90.58
20.07.05	UNICEF (inc. Weakest Link)	371.24
	<b>Total</b>	<b>7922.62</b>

# Bridge Club

Last year saw a remarkable upturn in the popularity of card-playing in the School.

Whilst not all of this was positive – the advent of TV Poker has led to an increase in gambling- nevertheless The Bridge Club has suddenly become 'cool'. Despite Mr Cowan's attempts to fill N10 with noxious smoke just before 12.35pm, it is now sometimes hard to find a quiet corner. Indeed, The Bridge Club is arguably at its healthiest for many years, although Mr Cowan's own health is beginning to suffer as he persists in retrieving Adam's sandwiches from the dustbin ('I bet I'll still be alive tomorrow!')

For the first time there has been an influx of female Bridge players, even if rumours abound that at least one year 9 girl has eyes for a boy whose form room is N10! Under the eagle eye of our prefect, Chris Caunce, most people have forsaken Poker, Hearts and other less intellectual games in favour of Whist (initially) and then Bridge.

The twice-yearly Simultaneous Pairs events organised for schools by the English Bridge Union saw numbers of competitors double between March, when Jonathan Liu and Michael Orlans finished in an outstanding 4th position nationally out of over 100 pairs, and October when the new and highly promising pair of Josh Chisnall and Daniel Evans won the event at school level, finishing in the top 20 nationally. Daniel Broda and Peter Stoddart also played very well to be placed in the top 30, alongside Jon and Michael.

Our top pair over the last year has undoubtedly been Jonathan King (good name for a Bridge player!) and Daniel Caton. Winners of the North West Schools Trophy in 2004/5, they led Merseyside to victory over Manchester at county under 19 level. Tim Han and Mark Page also contributed strongly to this excellent result – it's always good to beat the 'Mancs' (isn't it, Mr Phelan?)

In November the North West schools Pairs Trophy 2005/6 was won by Jon Liu and Michael Orlans, and again Manchester were pushed into second place overall. However, a joint Blue Coat/ Manchester team of four was assembled to take part in the National Schools Teams Championship in Loughborough last March, and Jon King and Dan Caton played superbly to anchor the team to victory in The Harry Scully Cup. Both were subsequently invited to play in trials for the England under 19 squad, with Jon selected to play (partnering a Scottish youth international) in an inter-regional event in Sheffield later that year. Many of these boys regularly play 'Online Bridge' at home – encountering a variety of bewildering bidding systems as they cross swords with adult opposition.

What for the future? Will Stephen Banks turn out to be an 'unreal' prefect to follow in Chris Caunce's footsteps? Will Mr Rees finally admit that Bridge is a sport (of the mind)? Will Luke Dawkin ever win anything? Will Mr Cowan finally perish from eating a Gosling sandwich? Watch this space.

*Mr Cowan*

# Craft Club

The Craft Club meets in the Design and Technology department every Tuesday lunchtime at 1pm and is run by our Textiles teacher, Miss Tabern.

We make lots of different craft items and get to learn a variety of crafting skills. For example, we make jewellery, gift cards, small wooden games, finger puppets, fridge magnets, and Easter and Christmas decorations – the choice is very broad.

The items produced during our Craft Club meetings are later sold at the school's Summer and Christmas fairs; we are producing a 100% profit from our craft stall sales at the moment. A total of £99.50 was raised for school funds at this year's Summer fair. The CC members are also allowed to take home a sample of the products they manufacture and are encouraged to put forward new ideas and methods for future product lines.



We really enjoy making the bracelets because there are so many different patterns you can design. If you purchase a bracelet that we have manufactured, no-one will own one quite the same.

We really found the making of gift cards using the paper folding and pin pricking techniques interesting, yet easy to do. The resulting effects looked quite professional. They give the impression of fine lace when they are finished.

The finger puppets are the best. Miss Tabern brought in a farm animal Fun Book with mini-books inside it and we adapted the idea to make finger puppets from them. We sewed the main body and glued on the rest of the animal features using fabric glue. Everyone's puppet turned out really well and they sold quickly at the fair.

Craft Club is enjoyable; it feels good to make several crafted products successfully. It is a pleasant feeling to have fun, gain more skills and raise funds for the school all at the same time.

*Priyasha Jeyanayagam and Daisy Zhixuan, 7 Graham*

# Computer Club

Computer club runs every Monday and Tuesday lunchtime, with one of the ICT rooms for years 7 to 10 and another for years 11 to 13. There has been a noticeable drop in computer club attendance this year due in no small part to Mr Newton and his team of librarians.

## Robotics: First Lego League.

In September a team of five pupils under the guidance of Mr Ainsworth and Mr Sands entered the First Lego League. The First Lego League is an International programme for young people and involves the use of robots (made from Lego) to solve real world problems. The team was made up of Vlad Paraoan, Silviu Paraoan, Kristian Blackhall, Matthew Lo and Matthew Elliot, all who were members of the successful team who had reached the national final in the previous year.

This year the challenge was called Ocean Odyssey, which required the team to design and build a robot capable of carrying out 10 challenges in a simulated underwater environment. The final was held at the partnership for Learning at Jaguar in November involving 30 teams from Merseyside. The team gave a good account of themselves but ultimately lost out to robots with simpler designs. However, had there been a competition for best looking robot we would have wiped the floor with the other teams.

The team are looking forward to next year's competition already and are sure to build on the lessons learned from the Ocean Odyssey competition.

*Mr Sands*

# Scripture Union

The Scripture Union has drawn students from every year. The students propose subjects which are covered usually by a visiting speaker and an opportunity for any questions is given at the end. Some of the topics included have been: 'The DaVinci Code'; 'Harry Potter's magic – good or evil?'; 'evolution or creation' and many more. All students who are interested in finding out what the Bible teaches on different issues, irrespective of their beliefs, are welcome to join us any Wednesday at 1.05pm in So4

*Mr Singer*

# Christian Union

**If you are certain that you are neither an amphibian nor a chimpanzee and are looking for a break from all the faith required in science lessons, Christian Union is a place where truth is actively sought by academics and Cambridge graduates alike.**

Be it for discussing current affairs, for studying the infallible word of God, or for singing, we meet in W10, the Psychology room (we need our heads examining) every week day except Wednesdays when Mr Singer invites a guest speaker to address a challenging topic in S04. We are a diverse group led by Mr Cowan and will welcome students of all years, and of all denominational and religious backgrounds into a warm, friendly atmosphere. Whether you just want to listen and learn or are looking to discuss some of our beliefs (such as Six-Day Creationism), you and any questions you have are always welcome.

This last year has seen the Christian Union branch out from its cramped room to stage two large events in the Shirley Hall. We were honoured to have a team from America perform a series of dramatic presentations in front of a large audience of students, mainly from the

lower years of school. In contrast, large numbers of Sixth Formers as well as some younger students turned out to hear Dr John Mackay, a creation scientist from Australia, speak about evolution. Sadly there was not quite enough time for this event to reach its potential, but some important issues including flaws in the theory of evolution in relation to mutation of DNA were addressed, and we hope that Dr Mackay will get a chance to return at another time.

We are not simply another society to fill up people's lunchtimes, we are one body of people, of one Church, of one faith and one baptism who are determined to know The Truth, whose name we believe is Jesus Christ.

C.S. Lewis once said "If there is a supreme being, He is of supreme importance." We know that there is, and in the company of relaxed, friendly people, we want to learn more about Him and are always welcoming to whoever wants to learn more as well.

*Peter Davey, U6S1*

# Creative Writing Club

**The Creative Writing Club was originally run for year seven students only. A small group of students at a time would meet once per week for six weeks and learn about different types of writing.**

Last year, the Club opened its doors to the whole school and it now has a regular clientele, many of whom have entered competitions and a number who have successfully won them and even had their work published. Trina Banerjee, Craig Milligan and Samantha Dolan all entered a competition to have their poems for Father's Day published in an anthology entitled *Poems for Dad*. They were all successful, and Craig's poem was judged as being in the top ten entries in the nation. He won a special prize of an official football shirt for his Dad. Matthew Caine was a runner up in the annual poetry competition run by Liverpool Education Authority, called '*Poetry of Place*'. He was one of 700 students who entered the competition and was presented with a prize at a special awards ceremony and read his poem on the radio. There is a separate report on this awards ceremony. Ten other students each received certificates for entering the competition: Alex Leece, Olivia Thompson, Max Thomas McGenity, Jennifer Buchanan, Fiona Miller, Jenny Stoddart, Hannah Marnell, Helena Sweeney, Jack Kenny and Craig Milligan.

I have introduced an annual in-school competition, which is entitled The Peter Arnold Craft Prize for Creative Writing. The competition ran for the first time last year, and there is one prize for each key stage. Congratulations to the following students who won for their writing about holidays: KS3: Kate Coenen-Rowe; KS4: Daniel Mannion; KS5: Francesca Martin. You can read their work in the creative writing section of the magazine. A new competition will run in the Summer Term 2006 and all students are encouraged to enter. All winners are presented with a prize at the School's annual Prize-giving Ceremony at the Anglican Cathedral, Liverpool.

As we go to press, there is more exciting news that the following students are to have their short ghost stories published in an anthology: Harley Jones, Kathryn Smith, Max Thomas-McGenity, Helena Sweeney, Samantha Dolan, Matthew Caine and Peter Gleeson.

The Creative Writing Club meets on Wednesdays at 1pm in Wo4 and everyone is welcome to attend. Come along and release those creative energies!

*Mrs B D G Ludlow*

# Debating Society

After a single term since its re-launch, the debating society had been a great success. Probably because the only thing that can be said about the current year 13s is that they love a good mass debate, but that's a different review altogether.

Each week, we gather in a secret location to argue the truly meaningful aspects of life, the UK government's political agenda, and of course, the plot lines of the Channel 4 hit series "Lost" (a topic that Neil Grisedale has been pushing for since the start (I would also like to make it clear that it wasn't me who suggested discussing the existence of aliens – a topic that is currently on the upcoming list!)). But whoever is responsible for the topics, they are (usually) topics that provide a controversial and rowdy debate. To date, we have argued the following topics, and more – each with a keen attitude: 24hr pub licensing; the adoption of children by homosexual couples; the current UK immigration stance; the proposed smoking ban; the "shoot-to-kill" policy against potential terrorists; and, perhaps the most popular debate so far, whether parents are justified in lying to their children about the existence of Father Christmas (fair enough, I am responsible for that last one!). Save for the "shoot-to-kill" policy, all of those topics were successful.

Whatever the topic is, you cannot have a debate without a group of people – each with their own viewpoints, and a willingness to share them. Our individual debaters have been brilliant – professional, balanced, well prepared, and good listeners. Well, I suppose there's one exception. Neil Grisedale is certainly well prepared (I believe he had over 30 pages of notes for the topic regarding animal testing – and still gained no votes whatsoever!), and he is certainly a good debater (having put up with a lot of opposition in the past – and there's no double sarcasm about that!). But his Tory attitude shows through perhaps a little too much! At least for a group as culturally diverse as ours!

As we have reached the end of the spring half term, we have decided to expand the debating society to the whole of the sixth form. Whether the new comers will be ready for our strong viewpoints, our controversial topics, or even for our mix of characters, only time will tell. Here's to the future of student debating!

*Michael Anthony Hart – President of the Year 13 Debating Society*

## Debating Competition

Every year two students from Blue Coat are invited to debate at the Chester Debating Society against a team from West Kirby Girls Grammar School.

It is quite a raucous affair seeing extravagant debates with an abundance of extrapolations and digressions beyond the bounds of reason. This year the Blue Coat team of Chris How and Peter Davey, coached by Mr Crighton, had to propose that the Education Maintenance allowance be scrapped, a tough case to argue in front of a society of socialist radicals who would later be voting on the motion.

Dinner was taken at the "Pied Bull" in Chester city centre, where tactics for the downfall of the opposing team were discussed, and a repertoire of anecdotes and speeches was established. Despite this armoury of wit, Chris and Peter were staring at defeat come the halfway point in the debate. The socialists were rallying, accusing the Government of a conspiracy against education and refusing to go to the hairdressers because they were in on the conspiracy. It really began to look drastic when people declared their votes against the motion before the final speeches, accusing Margaret Thatcher of forcing people to have children with diabetes, and then taking all the money from education so that those poor children who had been forced into existence couldn't get an education.

Thankfully the common sense from Chris' speech began to shine through and there was a glimmer of hope going to Peter's closing speech. He, however, failed to capitalise on this opportunity and come the vote there were more hands against the Blue Coat team than for them. Stop! One woman had accidentally voted the wrong way, and half the voters against the Blue Coat contingent were from the opposing school and had realised how unfair the situation was and had, as a result, abstained. This meant a final count showed that the motion had actually been supported and the Blue Coat team had won for the fifth year running.

*Peter Davey*

## Fireworks

My heart skipped a beat  
as the 'Bang' of the rocket  
rippled through me.  
A wretched whine of a Catherine wheel hung in  
the air.

Frantic fires dancing  
dead soul burning amongst them.

Horror spreads as limbs drop to the ground  
ashes left in their place.

Screeches surrender,  
flashing lights dim  
spectators scurry and clear the air,  
the only thing left, a crisp wrapper in the breeze.

By Hannah Marnell  
8 Blundell

# Grease is the Word!

*Grab your leather jackets, hold on to your pink ladies, 'coz it's Grease Lightning!*

**When the play was announced, queues soon began to line the corridors for auditions and the chance to take part in one of the most thrilling and lively productions the school has ever put on.**

After the rigorous ordeal of selecting a cast for the show, rehearsals quickly commenced. James Lacey took the lead of Danny Zuko, the rebellious teen with distaste for authority, with Sarah Simpson as the ever so sweet Sandra Dee. And not forgetting Andrew Theodosi as the ever wise-cracking Kenickie, supported by the talents of Guy Jones, Matthew Caine and Matthew Waddelow as the T-Birds. Oh, and how could I forget the ever so luscious Pink Ladies played by Cat Mahoney, Portia Harris, Liz Lewis and Sally-Beth Madine. Yet, without the superb acting abilities of Stephanie Denny, Natalie Connel, Louis Hou and many more, the show could not have been possible at all.

In a mere three months, we had to make the show ready, or at least as close as we could to ready, before the opening night. Sets had to be built, lines had to be learnt, not to mention the ever vital songs, some with...“Necessary”...alterations. Could we do it? Well...we could always hope I guess!

Mr. Kershaw oversaw the proceedings as Director and kept us on a strict rehearsal schedule, or as strict as it could be by law. With his guidance and Lacey's twinkling dance steps, we thought we were in safe hands. Speaking of dance steps, some of them really caused serious pain. I mean honestly, a lad isn't really meant to be able to do the splits now is he, James? And it wasn't just that, I've never seen a bigger bunch of left-footed people in my life, myself included. It really is a miracle that the oh-so strenuous Grease Lightning routine went off without a hitch, or that's what we like to think anyway!

It was getting closer and closer to curtain up and costumes still

needed to be found, but thanks has to go to Ms. Holland for doing a superb job and putting up with all of our tantrums. Also, the set wasn't finished yet, even with the superhuman efforts of the 'techies'; I don't think anyone will ever truly know the secret how they got everything done just in the nick of time! But anyway, they did, and not only that, the fantastic artwork created by the School's Art Department was ready to be displayed in all its glory. I've never seen a tub of Brylcreem that big in my life! More importantly however, songs, dances and yes, LINES, still had to be learnt. This is two days before we perform, by the way!

Ten minutes till show time! There's a mad dash for props, costumes, hair gel and yes, every lad's dream, make-up, all of which should have been done about an hour before, but these things never run smoothly, right? So back to the stage and everyone's in position, the lights are down, several faces are looking paler than normal and it's show time! Thankfully it all went to plan, mostly, but I can honestly say that it was the best opening night I have ever witnessed. The other nights rolled by without a hitch, apart from Sarah losing her voice, but we managed to get round that, with a mixture of Charlie singing and excellent miming by Sarah! That sure was a challenge for the band to get around, but they managed with style and confidence, as they always seem to do.

The show was a great success, playing to a full house three out of the four nights! I thought I'd leave you with a taste of the magic that is GREASE LIGHTNING!

*Why this car is automatic,  
It's systematic,  
It's hydromatic,  
Why it's Grease Lightning!*

*by Matthew Waddelow*



# Music Report 2004-05

**Things began to look up after last year's music festival at St. George's Hall, as the music society prepared for the annual spring concert. An endless amount of rehearsing was endured for what turned out to be a fantastic night of entertainment.**

The night opened with the school choir, and a performance of Franck's '*Panis Angelicus*.' Our large and appreciative audience was then pleased to hear the beautiful '*Bogorodytse Dyevo*,' the Russian interpretation of Ave Maria. Fauré's '*Cantique de Jean Racine*' and '*Sanctus*' followed, before singing the first and final English song – '*I'm Goin' up a Yonder*.' A piano solo followed performed by Matthew Caine (or for the purpose of this concert, Michael Caine!). Then we heard an interesting rendition of Mozart's '*Sonata in B flat*,' a piano duet performed by music teacher Mr. Cook and AS student Oliver Williams. I can assure you that much (needed) preparation went into this piece! Ellie and Liz – both of the Lewis family (though not necessarily the same Lewis family) – were up next, singing a '*Prayer*' by Englebert Humperdinck, from Hansel and Gretel – a great performance! "*The Tenor, the Bass and the Baritone*" were next. Or as they preferred, "*The Three Stooges*." The trio's baritone, Michael Jolliffe, remained on stage, performing a solo immediately afterwards. The first half ended with the premiere of the school's jazz band, led by the brilliant conductor and saxophonist, Sam Appiah Anane.

The second half opened with a light-hearted performance from the concert band, including highlights from the musical Grease, The Monkeys' '*I'm a Believer*,' and John Williams' '*Blockbusters*.' James Boughey gave us a splendid piano solo from Chopin, followed by Jack Kenny singing Webber's '*The Phantom of the Opera*.' Paul Athans was next with the first movement of Rimsky-Korsakov's '*Trombone Concerto*.' Next up was James Lacey singing '*This is the Moment*' from Jekyll and Hyde, who was followed by a final piano solo, performed by Tim Lui. The penultimate act was another song by Webber, sung by last year's Head Boy and Head Girl, Gary McCreadie and Nicola Hedges. "Gary was exceptionally good, astounding us all with his range and sheer vocal excellence," he says. The night ended with the school orchestra. Their first piece was '*Finlandia*' by Sibelius. Plenty of practice had been put into this piece (including the music festival prior to this concert). But the evening came to a magnificent close, as Michael Ambler took to the piano to perform Gershwin's fantastic '*Rhapsody in Blue*,' accompanied by the school orchestra (with Eleanor Browne playing the opening clarinet solo). This concert was definitely one to remember. Not only for the brilliant performances, and the hours of hard work put into it, but – lest we forget – also because this was the first public showcase of the school's new grand piano. And the music department truly wowed the audience with it!

The summer term of 2005 meant a lot of hard work, and many performances for the music department. Firstly, teamed with the school's dramatic society, there was the production of the musical '*Grease*.' I should tread carefully with this event, as it is too easy for me to drift off-topic. Let's just say that this was a very eventful production!

But with regards to the music society's involvement, I should point out the large amounts of effort that were literally poured into making this event run smoothly. The 'Grease band' consisted of Oliver

Williams on piano, Jon Cerowski on sax, Sam Graham on guitar, Danny Williams on bass, and Peter Shone on drum kit. It is often easy for a band to perform with little or no recognition, but at least in this circumstance, the artists were allowed to keep their glittery jazz waistcoats!

The band aside, we should also remember the amount of rehearsals that were called for the cast – individual songs had to be rehearsed and learned, and these efforts certainly showed through on the night. Well, on each of the four nights that the show was performed (just about)!

At the end of the summer term, the next big event was the summer recital. This again was a great success all around. We heard several performances from the choir, dispersed throughout the recital. Several vocal solos and duets were performed, including those by Nicola Hedges and Ms Holland, James Lacey, Michael Jolliffe (that unforgettable baritone!), Gary McCreadie, Nicola Hedges and Matthew Daley. James Boughey also impressed with another of Chopin's piano solos, whilst Ben Gaston gave an emotional violin solo by Massenet. Despite the dominance of vocal music (and the choir certainly was the highlight at this concert), we also heard Walton's '*Crown Imperial*' performed by the school orchestra, and a medley from the film '*Brother Bear*' by the concert band. Oh, and not forgetting the somewhat strange disappearing act by both the orchestra and the concert band half way through the evening. But as I said, the choir was undoubtedly the highlight of this event!

The summer also had one more venture in store for the choir – a tour of the historic towns of Prague and Vienna. The summer recital had acted as a final rehearsal for the choir before this trip. So for the many who did not witness these overseas performances, let's just say that last rehearsal certainly paid off!

September soon swung around, and so did a new year for the music department. With the loss of several senior musicians came many new faces. The treble and soprano section of the choir saw the largest instalment of new singers, whilst the tenor section suffered the most (aside from Andrew Donoghue's swift move from treble to tenor during one rehearsal in the first half term!).

As well as the choral additions, both the orchestra and concert band have gained new members. Also, the talented Jon Cerowski and the artistic pianist and conductor Miss Horton now lead the Jazz band – with Paul Athans, of course. Furthermore, Eleanor Browne has given up many lunchtimes and after school hours to put together the school's first string group, who made their debut performance at Christmas! (And after all of this, we are still left in angst, awaiting Duncan Cowan to perform his promised treble solo!).

The autumn term was spent, as normal, preparing for the annual carol service and Christmas concert. The choir gave a fantastic performance in the carol service, which was held in Holy Trinity Church, to whom we are very thankful for their continued support. Afterwards, staff, pupils and visitors reassembled in the school's Shirley Hall for drinks, nibbles and an evening of light-hearted, Christmas entertainment.

The concert band opened the night with a medley from '*The Phantom of the Opera*,' and '*Frosty the Snowman*.' Paul Athans then gave us a very impressive performance of '*The Acrobat*,' a trombone solo accompanied by Mr. Cook on piano. Matthew Caine and Miss



*Blue Coat Choir performing in St Jude and St Simon's Church, Prague*

Horton were next, playing a piano duet of *'The Twelve Days of Christmas,'* followed by the jazz band playing *'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen,' 'Jingle Bell Rock,'* and *'Give me Some Lovin'.* Next we heard the marvellously flamboyant Jack Kenny singing *'Somewhere'* by Leonardo Bernstein. Next, we saw the premiere of the string group, playing a medley of classic Christmas tunes – *'The First Nowell,' 'Christmas Tree'* and *'We Wish You a Merry Christmas.'* The next act was a group that comprised of both Sixth Formers and, as Mr. Cook described them, "clingons!" Despite being ex-members of the school, they were here and performing – Sam Knott, Gary McCreadie, Nicola Hedges, Michael Jolliffe and Paul Humphries. Singing a couple of their favourite Christmas songs, they certainly gave us a very merry performance indeed – especially Sam, with his festive solo! The school orchestra ended the night with performances of Tchaikovsky and Verdi, the *'Dambusters March,' 'Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas'* and the ever confusing, yet wonderful, *'Santa at the Symphony.'* After the show, music teachers Mr. Cook and Mr. Miller were surprised to receive their early Christmas presents – a bottle of extra fruity port for Mr. Miller, and a bottle of Châteauneuf Du Pape for Mr. Cook (no puns with the latter!).

But the festive fun didn't end with the Christmas Concert! The last day of term saw two special assemblies put together for all students of the school. The assemblies gave us a nice end to the term, with a selection of festive poems and carols, musical items and songs. Many thanks go to all who performed in these special assemblies – the jazz band, the staff/student choir, the carollers and the readers. A special thanks also goes to Mr. Cook for his fantastic solo of *'White Christmas,'* and to Mrs. Silcock for helping to organise the event, and

allowing it to take place.

Since last December marked the 25th anniversary of the death of John Lennon, the staff/student choir gave a harmonious rendition of his *'Merry Xmas (War Is Over).'* Along with the many other performances, including *'The Night Before Christmas,' 'Jingle Bell Rock,' 'Winter Wonderland'* and the interactive *'Hark! The Herald Angles Sing,'* the show was a success!

During the performances, students were given a chance to see video clips of our South African twin school, Makhanda High, as the video that the school made and sent to us was projected at the back of the stage. On leaving the Shirley Hall, students and staff were asked to donate any spare change they had to help Makhanda. I am pleased to say that the contributions were very generous, and greatly appreciated – thanks to all who donated!

And so that brings us back to the spring term! Not much has happened this first half term, though I'm sure there is plenty planned for the upcoming months. And I'm sure the musical society will continue to impress with its abundance of talent!

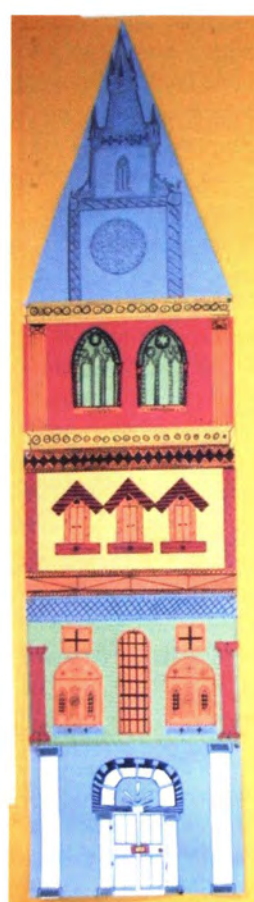
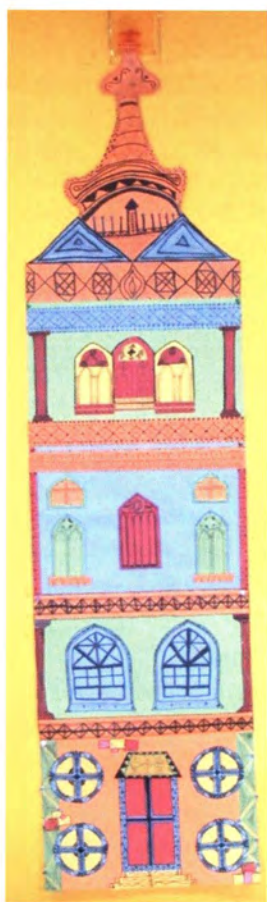
*By Michael Anthony Hart*



Michael Orlans Year 12



Michael Orlans Year 12



Fantastic Towers by Year 8



Richard Gray Year 10



Janette Liu Year 10



Mary Williams Year 10



Michael Kazich L6 Year 12



*Abigail Sunderland Year 10*



*Andrew Corcoran Year 11*

# Visit to Krakow

**In the October half term a group of seven 6th form students went on a trip to Krakow in Poland.**

We met in the early hours of the morning in Manchester airport. After a disappointing start, consisting of a questionable aeroplane and an even more questionable in flight cheese sandwich, we arrived in Krakow. Krakow had a very traditional, Polish feel to it. There were huge buildings, covered in amazing designs. As soon as we arrived we checked into our hotel and went for a quick tour of the city. Just a short walk from our hotel was a large market square, filled with old-fashioned stalls selling handcrafted jewellery and souvenirs.

On our first night in Poland we went to a traditional Ukrainian restaurant, we all ordered our food, and listened to an old man on an



accordion whilst we ate. There was a lively atmosphere that night, and we stayed in the restaurant long after our meal, just talking and enjoying the music.

The following morning we prepared for a visit to a local salt mine, and underground cathedral. We were sceptical at first, how could a

decent cathedral be built underground? Out of salt? However we were all surprised, after going down about fifty flights of stairs we were faced with the sight of winding tunnels leading on to huge chambers filled with beautifully crafted statues. Our guide taught us much about the mines, cathedral, industry in Poland, and local legends.

On returning to our hotel, we had a brief rest, before embarking on a themed tour of the city. Krakow is famous for being home to the famous Schindler factory, and the set used by Steven Spielberg in "Schindler's List". We were shown around locations used in the film and given much interesting information about the history and background to the film. We even had lunch in one of the buildings shown in the film, the "Ariel" café. That night we went back to the "Ariel" café for a traditional Jewish meal accompanied well by traditional Klezmer music and dancing.

On our final day in Poland we were scheduled for a full day excursion to the Nazi concentration camp, Auschwitz. We arrived quite early that morning and were quickly ushered into a small cinema, where we watched a short film outlining the horrors of life in a Nazi concentration camp. We then made our way through a door and were faced with the infamous gateway into Auschwitz, with the slogan "arbeit macht frei", meaning "work makes you free". As we made our way around the camp we entered each bunker, now housing exhibitions to teach more about life in the camp. Some of these exhibitions were overwhelming, empty xyclone B (gas crystal) canisters were piled up, nearly touching the roof, and seeing thousands of suitcases with children's names, addresses, and dates of birth scribbled on them emphasised the significance of the concentration camp upon so many lives, and the extent the Nazis went to, to convince their victims they would be returning home one day. Afterwards, we made the short journey down the road to Auschwitz II, Birkenau. Compared to this Auschwitz seemed sterile and like a museum. Birkenau looked like I expected it to look during the time it was in use. It was a huge field of dormitories and to the back, gas chambers and crematoriums. As we walked through the camp there was a noticeable eerie silence, it was as if all the birds and animals knew what had happened there, and out of fear or respect, stayed well away. Throughout the whole trip I noticed only one bird, a large black crow sitting near the gate towards some of the bunkers.

At the back of the camp lay the remains of two gas chambers. These had been blown up by the Nazis towards the end of the war in an attempt to disguise the truth. Just next to these was, probably, the most disturbing aspect of the trip. There were two ditches, filled with a murky, grey, sludge. Our guide told us how workers in the crematoriums would sometimes dump the ashes of victims into the ditch. Even the ground surrounding the ditch was filled with tiny pieces of human bone.

The next day our visit was over, we were all ready to be going home but were glad we agreed to go on the trip. Finally, we would like to thank Mr Cook and Ms Holland for making our trip possible.

*John Mussell, L6Sc4*

# Year 7 in France 2006

After months of preparation and anticipation 36 year 7 students and 4 members of staff finally set off for France very early on Sunday 29th May.

Best of all, we were travelling in the Burnley FC team bus! After a long journey we finally arrived at Portsmouth to catch our ferry to Le Havre. It was a long, tiring journey which took us over 5 hours and it was dark and wet when we finally docked in Normandy. But there was still more travelling to come! After 1am, we eventually arrived at our home for the next week, a medieval French farmhouse. We were met by Julie who would be with us for the rest of the week and pretty soon we were despatched to our bedrooms for our first night in France.



We were awoken bright and early on the Monday morning to glorious weather. Then we met Kevin and began our first activity... orienteering in the local woods. We split into our teams and set off, unfortunately we were not the best at reading maps! After lunch we headed to the coast for our coastal walk at Cap Frehel. After a strenuous walk we finally headed to the place that we had all wanted to visit... the beach for some sunbathing.

For our second day we visited Dinan, a medieval town. We had a guided tour and then had some free time to do the girls' favourite activity...shopping! The boys all headed off for some chips! For the afternoon, we headed off to the reservoir for some canoeing. Mr Adamson and Mr Gettel both decided to take part and they were very keen on showing off!! Mr Gettel even ended up in the lake, served him right! On Tuesday night, we all headed to the local bar for a disco, we could even choose all of our music. The girls danced whilst the boys were very keen to take on the French at table football.

On Wednesday we began at the hypermarket and spent lots of money on sweets, drinks and once again for the girls...clothes! We then headed towards Guingamp to go to the water park. The teachers went off to play a very competitive round of mini golf which a very pleased Mr Adamson won! The pool was great, we had loads of goes on the slides and even in the Jacuzzi. But for Wednesday, the best was



yet to come! When we got back to our farmhouse we found a goat which went on to corner Mr Adamson against a wall...we had to wait for Mr Gettel to rescue him and he then chased the poor goat half way across a field!

On Thursday we set off early again for Mont St Michel, an abbey in the bay between Brittany and Normandy. Mr Gettel organised a competition to see who could buy the biggest piece of "tat" for less than 5 euros...there were many entrants! After our packed lunches, we headed towards St Malo and again we had a tour of the town from Kevin. In the evening we had a great surprise... a medieval meal with dancing, poetry, juggling and our teachers dressed up. We all had to salute and bow to the teachers who were the Lords and Ladies before we were allowed to eat...just like in the Middle Ages, with our fingers! We had an early night before our early start to Disneyland Paris!

Mr Adamson got us up at 6.30am! Eventually we were off to Disney, we stopped at Le Mans for breakfast before we arrived. The weather wasn't very good for our journey, it was warm but wet. Finally we got to Disney and headed off around the park before we went to the Disney Village. What a day! Everybody went on Space Mountain, Thunder Mountain and Indiana Jones. We then headed off to our hotel, Mr Adamson checked us in and we headed off to our rooms for our last night in France.

Another early start as we headed off towards Calais and home! This time our ferry journey was shorter and we were soon back in England and heading to Liverpool.

Thank you to all of our teachers, Mr Adamson, Mr Gettel, Miss Henderson and Miss McPartland for giving up their holiday to take us away. They made sure that we all had a good laugh...even if they didn't always mean to!!!

*Francesca Fradley and Bethany Leader*

# Spanish Trip to Salou

**Last year, year 7, 8 and 9 pupils went on a trip to Salou in Spain. The trip lasted a total of 6 days and 5 nights. The hotel we stayed in was very nice as it had a swimming pool, which delighted everyone!**

The teachers who accompanied us were: Mr O'Brien, Mr Adamson, Mr Ainsworth, Miss Cornwall and Miss Henderson.

We enjoyed many fun and interesting excursions throughout the trip. We visited some wine caves and cellars. They took us down below to show us where the wine was kept and how they made it. Some of us bought wine for home and for gifts. We were allowed to try some delicious grape juice, but unfortunately no wine!

We also took a trip to Barcelona and did some sightseeing. We visited a monastery nearby, a gigantic cathedral and the Olympic stadium. However, the main attraction we saw in Barcelona was the magnificent Nou Camp, Barcelona's home football ground.

We ventured inside and were taken on a tour through the dressing rooms and onto the pitch. We saw the many trophies that they have won and some of us even got to hold some of them ourselves! We bought loads of goods and merchandise from the official shop.

We also went to Port Aventura, the largest theme park in Europe. Everybody loved it as there were rides and attractions for everyone. Some of us even dared to ride the Dragon Khan and even the Huracan Condor that towered over the whole park! Even some teachers went on them, even if they were petrified (Mr Adamson).

Next to the park was a water park and we even went in there for a day. There were loads of pools and rides and we all got very wet!

On the last night we travelled back to the theme park and waited there 'till 12 o'clock to see the spectacular firework display. It was a phenomenal show and enjoyed by all.

Although we had heaps of fun on the holiday it also benefited us greatly as we spoke a lot of Spanish and observed their way of living and lifestyle.

Overall, I would say it was a great and fun trip, yet also educational. I would definitely recommend the trip as many others and I thought it was a great success.

*Jack Bedford 9BL*

# Malham Tarn Field Centre

**When asked how they would like to spend three days in early October, few would reply 'Trudging around North Yorkshire counting plants,' but that is exactly what over fifty Upper Sixth Biology students found themselves doing near the beginning of the school year.**

Despite looking like a sixth century farmhouse, (and despite being a sixth century farmhouse), the Malham Tarn Field Centre was a surprisingly comfortable place to stay, despite the ever-present damp in some buildings, and the mysterious asbestos doors. The food was surprisingly good, with cooked breakfast and the evening meal served at the centre - the banana mousse was particularly popular with one pupil.

It was more than a little holiday though, as work started quickly and no sooner were we off the mini-buses and everyone was into their wellies and raincoats, and we were off into the field, visiting such exotic locales as a nearby stream and the local marshes, with one pupil becoming more familiar with the intricacies of marshland than the others. The guides at the centre were friendly and helpful (when you could work out if they were looking at you or not) and not only took us out into the field but also led the lessons once we were back inside the classrooms, with one of them showing an enthusiasm that even had Mr. Kenny pretending he was a Caddis Fly Larvae. And although the

workload seemed a little severe (start at ten each day and lessons didn't finish until about eight in the evening), most people found plenty of time for relaxation, whether it be watching the stars down by the Tarn, enjoying a hot drink while watching TV in the common room, or even indulging in a bit of nocturnal ochlocracy, there was something for everyone. Including the teachers apparently, who were impossible to find in the evenings, no doubt holed up inside their own common room, with only Mr. Kilhams venturing out for some intelligent conversation and Connect Four.

It wasn't until the last day that we were actually let loose into the woods to carry out our coursework investigation, and although the work was long and tedious, by the early afternoon everybody had finished their work and was relaxing in the classrooms, glad that they would never have to look at another Dog's Mercury plant, or devote so much of their time to pots of soil and dodgy pH meters again. And as soon as the trip had started, it was finishing, with everybody piling back into the minibuses and heading back to the nearby village, where we were treated to the rustic charms of its car park and local chav population. After a long wait for the coach, it was just a couple of hours before we were back in Liverpool, grateful for the short break from school, just wishing that there wasn't as much Biology involved.

*Duncan Hughes U6Sc1*

# Casablanca at the Phil

**On the day before Valentine's Day our English set went to see Casablanca at the Philharmonic Hall.**

It was a unique experience as just before the show we were able to watch the screen rise from the stage. The film was in black and white as it was first released in 1942 so the whole experience felt quite old fashioned.

Casablanca was a masterful story of political espionage with a Czech resistance fighter on the run from the Nazis. This made the film action packed and intense with murder and shootings during many scenes. As well as this it was filled with memorable humour throughout, "Here's looking at you kid" and "The problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world" are a few of the most memorable lines. Ironically, however, the best-known

bit of dialogue from Casablanca, "Play it again, Sam," isn't even in the movie. The closest the movie gets is either "Play it" or "Play 'As Time Goes By.'"

As well as this there was a bit of romance. Casablanca is cited as being the most romantic film ever made and the best ever to come out of a Hollywood studio. The romance begins as straight forward yet it escalates into excitement and greatness with Ilsa torn between the love of her life, Rick, and her husband Laszlo. The film includes lost love, honour, duty and self sacrifice which enables it to be one of the most romantic relationships to ever be made on film.

The film was a lot better than I expected and I hope to go and see the modern version, which is out soon.

*Stephanie Tittershill U6Sc3*

# Paintball for Year 11

**On the 11th of February this year, year 11 went on a school paintball trip as a reward for getting good mock GCSE results throughout the year.**

This one was organised by Mr.Gettel as other previous teachers never got the job done. On the day of the trip we had to arrive at school for 8:00am. There were the usual unreliable people who ended up being late, even Mr. Jameson was late and left behind, Mr.Gettel was ruthless. The journey there was lively as some people had never been before and were very excited. The highlight of the journey was that Matthew Whelan kept starting chants about Dempsey's mates and Mr.Adamson in particular.

We eventually reached our destination after an hour and twenty minutes, the coach parked up and we had to walk five minutes down a bumpy country path, which some people struggled to manage (Jake

Wedgewood). After finally signing insurance forms people started to get worried, I think they realised it wouldn't be such a walk in the park. We were promptly split up into two groups, tango and delta.

The first game began, shots were fired, screams were heard. Then in the first five minutes of the game Fieldy shot a fatal blow which hit Mr.Adamson square in the head. Then after twenty minutes of trying to capture the enemy flag the whistle went, the game was over. Back in the safe area I specifically remember Mr.Ainsworth's words "Ow! This hurts much more than pillow fights".

Mr O'Hanlon later got covered in paint and Michael Sweeney was in a lot of pain, to say the least!

*David Lee and Joe Nkansah*

# Trip to Alton Towers

**Last July the whole of year ten were rewarded after a year's hard work with a trip to Alton Towers.**

Everyone was looking forward to it as, previously, rewards meant getting a merit. The trip's excitement was also boosted by the fact that Archbishop Blanch were going on the same day. On the morning of the trip we had to get to school for about 7.00am. People, as usual, were late like for school, and so the coach had to leave little late. The coach journey there was quite boring really except for the film 'War of the Worlds' being played on the television. People would have enjoyed it had the screen been bigger than 10 inches. So people had to amuse themselves by pulling pranks on the people emerging from the toilets.

Finally we arrived at the Alton Towers car park and we spent about 10 minutes waiting for tickets to arrive. We finally got our tickets and everyone split up into groups. Some of the smart groups planned what rides they were going to go on first, to make sure they could get the most out of the day. But other groups went to whatever was closest, and so ended up with their best ride of the day being the 'teacups'. During the day I was surprised by how many people were scared of

heights. They even tried to hide the fact with excuses such as "the queue is too long" or "I've heard this ride isn't good, let's go on another one".

The best rides there had to be 'The Nemesis', 'Air' or 'Rita'. The funniest ride was definitively the Rita. It was meant to be the fastest ride in Europe and when I saw it in action I could see why. A group were happily sitting at the front thinking that the ride would just be like any other one. But their faces as it began told a different story. As soon as the ride started they were screaming to get off the ride. You would think it couldn't get worse but the camera was also positioned near the start. I don't think it would be a picture for the photo album.

At about 3.00pm we all had to meet up back by the coaches. Everyone who went enjoyed the day, and even though we spent a least an hour queuing up for each ride, it was worth it. And hopefully if the current year eleven behave better, no names mentioned, we can go again next year.

*Joe Nkansah*

# Sir Alan Tod Scholarship – Iceland Visit

As part of the Alan Tod Travel Scholarships, our application to visit Iceland on an 'educational' trip was met with much scepticism by friends and family. With our generous award of £350 each we felt anything was possible.

As our total and utter ignorance of Iceland and anything Icelandic was by far the most significant reason in choosing to visit Iceland, disappointment was inevitable. With the only thing we remotely associated with Iceland being the supermarket, 'The Football Player'



*Hallgrim's Church, Reykjavik*

and that 'Singer' we set our primary mission objective as the relatively straightforward task of 'observing the Northern Lights'. However, at the interview our ignorance was exposed somewhat sadistically by Mr. T when I foolishly 'guesstimated' the population of Iceland to be 'about 10 million'.

As we arrived in the capital Reykjavik (population 114,000), over the desolate, lunar landscape, we wondered how anyone could possibly live in such a cold, barren land. Having touched down in sub-zero temperatures, we headed out into the desolate wasteland which lay between us and a hot shower in Reykjavik. After what seemed like an eternity after trekking over 40 inches of snow in a ferocious blizzard, a solitary shed was the town's sole building which supposedly served as the town's pub/post office/shop/hotel.

OK, so I just made that last bit up! But it could have happened, considering how little we knew about Iceland. In fact, although the town had a slightly provincial feel about it, its town centre was unexpectedly cosmopolitan. Top fashion shops, music shops, pubs and restaurants looked completely out of place juxtaposed with the town's imposing white waterfront. The lack of any activity on the streets of central Reykjavik was understandable once we arrived shivering outside our hotel in the centre of Reykjavik due to the extreme temperatures (-8°C).

After exploring Reykjavik's bustling streets we returned to our hotel

and ordered a pizza at the nearby Domino's. Feeling adventurous, we ordered the Reykjavik 101. As we inevitably found out, Iceland's geothermal heated showers resulted in an intoxicating rotten egg, sulphur smell. One unintended advantage was to make air fresheners redundant each morning!

Awakening the next day warm and raring to go, we had our breakfast in the hotel. Given the unappetising choice for breakfast, we were extremely grateful for access to the waffle-making machine at the hotel. For the remainder of the week, our overindulgence in waffles got us through the whole day. One particularly gloomy day, I (Chris) greedily overfilled the machine with the whole bowl of batter, 'blatantly' ignoring the huge sign. My apparent misuse of the machine resulted in its disappearance the following day. How we ever got through the rest of the week without our staple food, we'll never know!

The following day after our 'waffle-less' breakfast, we decided to take the famous 'Golden Circle' excursion by coach, which included stops at the famous Gullfoss waterfall, the renowned geysers, and a trek through a remote valley in a blizzard (not a nice experience). We also had time to visit a HUGE crater and have a wander around the largest greenhouse in Europe. After almost succumbing to hypothermia from the agonising trek, the highlight of our visit was when we stopped for lunch at a remote hilltop restaurant. It turned out that there was only Icelandic lamb soup on the menu which tasted suspiciously like the soup my mum (Chris' mum) makes at home.

We also visited the geothermal heated Blue Lagoon for a relaxing swim. With the steam from the lagoon at night clinging to the water like a mist, the modern Blue Lagoon complex wouldn't have been out of place as a lunar outpost. With some spots in the lagoon supposedly at boiling point, we had to master the art of swimming feet first. Later, after stumbling across an ice rink on the outskirts of the city, we had fun 'trying' to learn to skate with the help of a newly made Icelandic friend. We soon found out that ice-skating was a skill Icelanders are born with, as much to our embarrassment the toddlers fared far better than us.



*Andrew Clarke and Chris How in Iceland*

As our visit was indeed 'educational', a visit to the National Museum of Iceland was deemed necessary. Among our discoveries, we learnt that to make the outpost in Iceland viable, the Scandinavian men pillaged villages in Britain and took British women with them to Iceland as their wives. Written sources say that the first settler, Ingólfur Arnarson, claimed land at a site in what is now the Reykjavik city centre. Reykjavik was an agricultural holding through the years as both a church estate and a manor farm. Around the middle of the 18th century, a village grew from the wool factory founded by the sheriff Skúli Magnússon. During the 19th century, Reykjavik became the trading and administrative centre for the whole country, and its population of craftsmen, fishermen and labourers grew. During the 20th century, dramatic improvements in employment and living conditions brought the town into the modern world. Today, living conditions in Iceland are among the highest in the world even after accounting for its exorbitant prices.

On the final day, as the light faded and the sky darkened, we knew time was running out. We hadn't come all this way to this remote outpost near the Arctic Circle, only to fail to even catch a glimpse of the legendary Northern Lights. With the bright lights of Reykjavik spoiling

our view of the Lights, we hatched an ingenious plan to take the city bus in any random direction as far away from the centre of the city as possible. As we boarded a bus to take us to our as yet unknown destination, everything was going according to plan. However, in the distance, the bright lights of McDonalds, Burger King and KFC were too much to overcome and we ended up abandoning our quest to have dinner at KFC. During our meal, we were treated to an insight into the peculiarities of the unique Icelandic culture. Evidently, after paying extortionate prices (i.e £10 for a meal) Icelanders can't help but use cutlery to eat their overpriced chicken burger.

As our action-packed trip was drawing to a close, we reminisced at what could have been had we not missed the Northern Lights and the Phallogical Museum, after Clarkey's excitement got the better of him. Finally, we must give our appreciation to the Todd Travel Scholarship Scheme for its help. And as for Iceland's reputation as a students' paradise, it is staggeringly expensive, bitterly cold, stuck in the middle of the arctic, and up until recently has enforced prohibition. Yeah, right! Otherwise, Iceland is the perfect place to splurge your student loan.

*By Chris How U6A4 and Andrew Clarke U6S4*

# Sir Alan Tod Scholarship – Pilgrimage to Lourdes

**We set out early on the Saturday morning; we left St Helens at 9.30am after our Leaving Mass, and began the 26 hour coach journey ahead of us.**

Though long, it was an opportunity to make new friends, find out their reasons for going to Lourdes, and talk to people who had been there before. This was the start of our Pilgrimage to Lourdes together, an experience we would have with us for the rest of our lives.

People have been travelling to Lourdes for over one hundred years, to visit the Grotto of Our Lady, and bathe in the baths there. The phenomenon that is Lourdes began with a poor shepherdess, Bernadette Soubirous, who was out collecting firewood with her sister on the 11th of February, 1858. As her sister crossed the river, Bernadette stopped, and noticed a lady standing in the nearby grotto. The lady had 'a white dress girdled with blue sash, and a yellow rose on each foot.' The lady said nothing to her on that occasion, but Bernadette returned, and the lady appeared to her a further seventeen times. When she asked the lady her name, her only reply was 'I am the Immaculate Conception.' On the ninth apparition, the lady told Bernadette to 'Go and drink at the spring and wash in it.' Bernadette dug with her bare hands in the mud at the base of the grotto, and a stream began to trickle out. Soon it began to flow, and the first bath was built around it. Louis Bouriette, who had lost his sight years before, heard Bernadette's story, and went to the grotto. There he bathed his eyes in the water, and was cured. This was the first miracle of Lourdes.

News soon travelled throughout France and Europe of Our Lady's apparition, and thousands of people descended on the Grotto. Throughout the past 130 years a total of 64 cures have been certified 'miraculous'; that is to say, the person was instantly cured upon

entering the water, without any scientific explanation - hundreds more people have been physically healed. One million people now travel to Lourdes each year to do as Our Lady asked them and process to the Grotto and bathe in the baths. The Archdiocese of Liverpool has been running a Pilgrimage to Lourdes for over 25 years, and is the largest in the UK, with two thousand people travelling on the Pilgrimage, three hundred of those being the youth workers there to help the elderly, sick and disabled.

We arrived at our hotel at midday on Sunday. Exhausted from our journey we washed, ate, and rested. In the afternoon we made our way to the San Frae hospital, to pick up our pilgrims and push them in their wheelchairs the short, but very steep distance to St Bernadette's Church, for the Welcome Mass. This was the first of many times in the week we would meet the Pilgrims, and was a chance to get to know them. After the mass we made our way back to the hotel for dinner, and that evening explored Lourdes itself.

Lourdes is a small town of 17,000 inhabitants that has grown around the pilgrims that pass through it each year. The shops in Lourdes sell all variety of brash statuettes of Our Lady and Bernadette, and it is these that have given Lourdes a reputation for being tacky. However once you enter The Domain (a large area encircling the grotto) these shops are not permitted. Inside The Domain is the Rosary Basilica, the foundations of which lie directly above the grotto where Our Lady appeared. It was around the Domain that we processed on the Monday night.

The Torchlight procession happens every night in Lourdes, and is only called off due to extreme weather conditions. In the event of pouring rain, as it was on the Monday, helpers and pilgrims alike don waterproofs, and the procession goes on. We processed up and down

The Domain, holding candles, and singing 'Ave, Ave, Ave Maria'; each verse in a different language, due to the diversity of pilgrims who visit. The view of the Procession from the top of the Rosary Basilica is an amazing sight; thousands of people, young and old, healthy and ill, moving in unison, as one.

The next day was spent taking the pilgrims to the Baths, at which so many before had received healing in some form or another. Thousands of ill and disabled people come to Lourdes each year, hoping, praying, for some sort of physical healing. Much more common is a spiritual healing from their trip to Lourdes, helping the ill to bear their physical and mental burdens better. Whilst at the baths we talked to the pilgrims as we waited with them, and there I saw one of the true miracles of Lourdes. These elderly, frail people, many of which lead lives confined to their homes, came alive when they met us. Their faces lit up through talking to them, and all of them were willing to offer a story about their life and share their experiences with us. The visit to the baths also made me realise how lucky we are. There I saw many people my age who were physically and mentally disabled, and were still able to make the long journey there. It humbled me, and I felt immense thanks for the life and opportunities I have been given, and will continue to have before me.

Wednesday morning came, and we took the pilgrims to the International Mass. This was in the underground basilica – a giant concrete substructure that can hold some 20,000 people, underground – cool and out of the sun. There all of the Liverpool Pilgrimage gathered, along with many others from all over the world: Spain, France, Germany, Italy, USA... The mass was said in 8 languages, and

again it was a vision of a world united – people of all nations, colours and types of health together, for a common purpose. That afternoon was spent fulfilling another one of the key things as a Lourdes Pilgrim, the Stations of the Cross. In Lourdes, these larger-than-life-size models depicting Christ's last day are placed on a steep hill side with only a rough road to walk along, to remind us of the physical trial Christ went through for each one of us. At each Station the giant bronze statues show us Christ's trials, and at these we shared as a group our own past trials – a very moving experience for all of us, and one that brought us all closer together.

On our last full day, Thursday, we took the Pilgrims to the Blessing of the Sick. For this we lined up all the wheelchairs and carriages in front of the Rosary Basilica, where they prayed and were blessed by the Archbishop. That evening we returned to the Grotto at 11.30pm, to experience it without the masses of people there. The silence was awe inspiring – around the Grotto, everyone was silent, deep in prayer. Here I said prayers for my personal intentions, and lit candles for my family and friends. After half an hour we left the Grotto, deeply moved by the time we and spent there, and were still in a state of awe when we got back to the hotel.

The next day, Friday, we had the Leaving Mass early in the morning, and after a quick run round to fill up our water bottles with Lourdes water for family and friends, we left as tired as we had arrived. The week had been physically exhausting, but spiritually one of the most rewarding we had ever experienced, and all of us who went unreservedly decided we would return.

*Matthew Daley*

## Year 7 Chester Zoo Trip

**It was a sunny day in July and there was an excitable atmosphere as the Year Sevens filled the cafeteria, ready for a day out.**

Soon after, the teachers arrived to carry out a head count, ensuring that we were all there. Once this was done, we all hurried to the coach, with everyone trying to grab the back seats. Once everyone was settled, the 50 minute journey began.

On arriving at our destination, we all rushed to the front of the coach, pushing each other aside. Everyone piled out of the coach, getting back into their groups, ready for another headcount.

Each group was then given a demonstration by a member of staff at the zoo. This included the passing round of preserved animals. We were also shown a live baby bird and its history was explained to us. After further instructions were given on when and where to meet up, we were left to explore the zoo on our own.

However, few of us could wait for the set time given for dinner and

many stopped in little cafés to have a munch of their lunch.

After that we glanced around the zoo, visiting the aquarium, the monkey house, the bat house (though many of us were too scared to go in!), the penguin area and the flamingos. Then at 12:30 we all met up in the central eating facility, gobbled up our food and then left to continue our exploration. There were loads of ice cream stalls dotted around, and almost all of us bought one, due to the fact that it was such a hot day!

After a long search for the monorail entrance, we found it. We sat down in the cart and started our short tour of the zoo from high above. In the middle of our "ride", a strange looking creature about the size of a dragonfly attacked us, causing a number of injuries as quite a few of us kept banging our heads against the roof of the cart.

Before we knew it our time at Chester Zoo was over and many of us went into the shop to buy a small souvenir of our time at the zoo.

*Hannah Marnell, 8 BL*

# Geography Trip to Blencathra

**On 6th April 2005, Mr. Frost and Mr. Lamb took the Year 12 Geography class to the Blencathra Field Study Centre in the Lake District, for three days of fun, frolics, and fieldwork.**

As we boarded the coach at the unearthly hour of 8:15 in the morning, the weather was dull, overcast and wet - a sign of things to come for periods of our time up in the mountainous mountains of Blencathra. We were still waiting for one person, Mr. Frost, who claims that Mr. Lamb told him to arrive at 8:30, who told us to arrive fifteen minutes earlier. Anyway, we eventually set off. There was no turning back now.

After a couple of hours on the bus, we arrived at Blencathra where we were greeted by our supervisor, Ben. We were shown to our study room, where Ben told us what the next couple of days would entail. In preparation for our first investigation, the river study, Ben told us how we were to go about collecting data from the river. We then quickly got changed into our paddling gear, before having a quick snack to boost our energy. We collected our equipment and set off for (imaginary dramatic musical interlude)... the River Glenderaterra. After trekking round the side of the mountain, which was literally on our doorstep, we came to (queue music)... the river. We finally reached our destination, having almost been swept down into the valley by the gale force winds that battered the hills.

We put our wellies on and prepared to start our analysis. Our aim was to investigate changes in stream channel variables at different stream orders. After a brief briefing, it was time to get down to business. The weather couldn't have been any worse - the rain was driving down, the wind was blowing, and it was freezing cold. Sheets of paper were getting blown all over the place. We got into our groups, which had been determined back in the study centre, and were stationed at different locations along the river. We were to measure the total width of the channel, the wet width, the wetted perimeter and the gradient of the slope. The first three tasks involved getting into the river, and using a tape measure to find the various distances required. My wellies didn't reach high enough up my leg to keep the water out, and so the absolutely, incredibly, ridiculously, freezing cold water streamed into my wellies. Mr. Frost and Mr. Lamb were revelling in our plight, prancing up and down the river channel taking photos of us.

When we had collected all of the data, we then moved on further down stream to Site 2, where we again took various measurements - and smiled for the cameras of course. We eventually completed our second investigation, with one more site to visit. Then the unthinkable happened - Ben informed us that we were NOT going to collect data from the third site, due to the worsening conditions. The groans of disappointment were muffled by the roar of the wind. We were, however, going to visit the site, before making our way back to the study centre.

When we got back, we were shown to our rooms and were given a chance to warm ourselves up and get changed. We then went to the 'classroom' and began to evaluate our results, with an hour or so for our evening meal in between sessions. When we had finished, we made use of the games room and the lounge (complete with TV and comfy sofas) before going to bed at around 10:30 pm - we'd need a good night's sleep ahead of the hike which awaited us the next day.

After breakfast, we reported to our 'class room' where Ben told us about the brisk walk around Easedale Valley that we would be going on. Our aim for today was to investigate the evidence of glacial, glacio-fluvial and preglacial processes in the valley - you can never have too many geographical terms in one sentence can you (nudge nudge wink wink). We put on our hiking boots, collected our rucksacks, and were taken, by minibus, to Grasmere. We set off, stopping every now and again at various

landforms, where we took out our pads and sketched the landscape.

At our first stop, we saw, in the distance, a waterfall. Little did we know that we would be walking, no, climbing, up the rocky path that lay beside it. The weather was as unpredictable as ever. One minute it was pouring down, the next it was hot and sunny, later there were hail stones - it was just as tiring taking our coats off and then putting our water proofs on, as the actual walk itself. We eventually reached the top of the waterfall, where we had a well-earned break for lunch. The view was incredible: proof as to why the Lake District is so widely regarded as one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the country.

We resumed our walk and soon discovered whom we thought was Big George (the most famous erratic in the whole world). Unfortunately, it turned out not to be Big George, but a long-lost relative instead - send any suggestions for names to the Geography department. Ben seemed confused as to why we all found the erratic so much more interesting than the big ol' corrie right beside it - what was to him the 'main attraction'. We dragged ourselves away from the erratic and walked over to the corrie, which we quickly sketched. We then used a compass to measure the orientation of different rocks beside the water, before walking half way round the lake to continue our investigation at a different location.

We then took the long and winding road back to the minibus and began the journey home, stopping off at Derwent Water on the way for another sketch - again, an incredible view awaited us. In fact, this was a familiar place for some of us, as this was where we had canoed during the Year 8 trip to Keswick, all those years ago. The evening followed the same routine as the day before - two working periods with a break in between for dinner.

Our final day arrived with one last hurdle to overcome - the soil study. In the morning, Ben, had us squeezing bags of mud as we discussed what soil actually is - it's not all as it seems... We returned to the same mountainside that we had encountered on our first day, and were accompanied by the same battering, icy cold winds - perfect conditions when your investigation is in a wind tunnel. The aim for today was to investigate changes in soil characteristics down a slope and its influence on vegetation. After a break to catch our breaths, we split into groups to carry out our investigations. We had to measure and assess soil types and depth, measure the soil profile and count the plants at each site and relate them to soil type, repeating this at 30 metre intervals. While we were working, Ben dug a small pit into the side of the slope, and beckoned us to come and have a look at the different layers of soil. I've never seen somebody get so excited over soil. He was digging with his trowel, getting large clumps in his hands and really working his fingers through it - he was a man possessed! It's a mystery as to how he actually managed to have any feeling left in his fingers to be able to dig and to actually feel the soil.

After a brief break for our lunch on the path that lay in between the top half of the hill and the bottom half, we continued our investigation as we got further and further down the steep slope. Ben again rudely interrupted us when he called us to come and have a look at his second 'trench'. The mud here was a lot more moist and slimy, as we approached the swampy marshland down by the river channel.

When we had completed our investigation, we returned to the study centre, where we analysed our results. Then it was time to thank Ben for all of his help, dedication and sheer enthusiasm, pack our bags, and begin the journey home. On behalf of the whole of the Year 12 Geography class, I'd like to thank Mr. Frost and Mr. Lamb for organising the trip and for helping us to get our head around all of those numbers and results that we collected, in preparation for the question that awaited us in the exam.

*Chris Dillon*

# U6 Psychology Trip to the Zoo

**"I want to see the elephants!"**

**"I want to see the giraffes"**

**"No, I want to see the chimps"**

These were the cries of the over excited children when we stepped off the bus, the only unusual thing is that they are aged eighteen. As we pulled up to Chester Zoo everyone began to regress into their former seven year old selves, including the staff.

The main aim of the trip was to study animal behaviour in reference to Psychology and in my opinion it was a great success as the information given to us helped us a little more with our A Level work. After an informative presentation on the behaviour of the higher primates by one of the Chester Zoo staff, we were taken to see it up close in the Chimpanzee Breeding Centre and then again with the

Orang-utans, although we didn't stay long as the smell of the Flamingos were too much for some, (cough, George).

Once we had been filled with Psychology we were let loose on the rest of the animals, and as I previously mentioned we were all seven again, picking our favourite animals to visit in turn. Some even ventured through the Marmot maze and tried out the monkey bars in reminiscence of our past years, (David). Most of the animals we saw were greatly welcomed, however there was a bit of an incident in the bat cave, but I am assured Jane and Mona will recover.

As we met to leave, everyone filled up with cuddly lions and penguins to occupy themselves for the trip home. We waved goodbye to the animals and set for home all limbs intact. It was a great day at the Zoo: I confidently say this on behalf of everyone.

*Charlotte Critchley*

# The Deva Roman Experience

**On 6th December 2005 our form went to Chester for the Deva Roman Experience and visited Chester Cathedral and the amphitheatre.**



It was great fun and we learnt a lot, too. First of all, there was the bus ride there. It was really long and very boring because we weren't allowed to eat or drink which was a shame because I think a lot of us brought sweets and drinks. When we were in the cathedral, there was a lot of culture and history. There was a lot of modern culture as well as the artwork and structure being from the medieval era. There was a medieval statue of an elephant. It looked really stupid because it had horse hooves.

The teachers were fun and enjoyable which, to be honest, was a whole new side to them. They sometimes even made jokes, which made the experience all the more enjoyable.

It was a lot better on the way home than it was when we came, because we were able to look at the stuff that we got at the gift shop, and think about the day that we had just had. All in all, it was a really good day that everyone could enjoy.

*Fern Stocks 7Gr*



## The Forest

The towering trees like vast, green giants watched silently as I passed silently through the forest, searching desperately for an escape from the silent kingdom I was ensnared in. As I delved deeper into the forest, the interweaving branches, like a web of writhing snakes, surrounding me with darkness and shadow. Soon, I could see no longer, the panic rising inside of me, and the only sound came from the creaking of branches, violently raging in the autumn wind. I was lost, and the night was coming quickly to devour me...

Christopher McLoughlin 8 BL

# Versailles, January 2006

**Friday 13th – unlucky for some, but the beginning of a promising weekend in France for 25 lower sixth History and French students. Despite having to arrive at school at the ghastly time of 6:45am, everyone turned up meaning we were able to start our 12-hour coach journey at 7:00am.**

At 2:00pm, after several coach stops and an enormous amount of over-priced chocolate, we were boarding the Eurostar, leaving grey, drizzly England behind us for the weekend. The half-hour crossing was fairly uneventful, and it wasn't until we started driving through France that the boredom really set in.

However, one group member was equal to the challenge of boredom-buster. Adrian Wan amazed us all with his bravery when he was frighteningly locked in the coach toilet, a place that, let's be honest, none of us would want to be. Fortunately, Ms Holland came to the rescue, and Adrian was freed in a few minutes, safe but undoubtedly scarred for life.

Our tired but excited group reached the "luxurious" Hotel Campanile at 8:30pm. After dumping our bags in our rooms we returned downstairs for our gourmet meal of steak and chips, although many people swore that their steak was still breathing.

Finally, we retired to our tiny but relatively comfy rooms, drifting off to sleep at around 3:00am. On Saturday morning we once again were forced to get up ridiculously early to make our way to the splendid Palace of Versailles. After hearing about the famous palace of Louis XIV, we were all eager to see if the real thing matched up to our expectations.

What we found was better than anything we'd imagined. Despite the fact that many of the garden statues were covered, and the fountains were switched off, the vast gardens of Versailles were still spectacular. The golden fountain of Apollo the Sun God driving his chariot, a direct reference to Louis, was a particular highlight. The building itself was nothing short of gorgeous.

Luckily for us, the famed Hall of Mirrors was half open, and every member of the group entered the hall open-mouthed with awe. Every room was lavishly decorated with paintings covering the ceiling and floors, most of which were used by Louis as propaganda. The image of Louis as Le Roi Soleil, or the Sun King was a major theme in the palace, showing Louis as the centre of the universe and the source of light and life to his people.

After a fabulous day, none of us thought that the night could be as good. We were wrong. At 7:00pm, we left the hotel and made the journey to the romantic city of Paris, passing sights such as the stunning L'Arc De Triumph and of course, Gucci.

Eventually we reached our destination: the Eiffel Tower, glittering with lights. As someone who can now speak from experience, I can safely say it's worth the hype. Our faces fell for a moment when we saw the huge queue, but full praise must go to Mrs. Athis who had sensibly booked tickets in advance. Within 10 minutes of our arrival we were boarding the lift, and being whisked up to the second floor (the top level, unfortunately, was closed). The view is indescribable.

Seeing Paris from the Eiffel Tower is something I now believe every person should do. I know that for many people, this was the highlight of the trip. I would also like to give a special mention to Mathew Fitzgerald, Jamie Wong, Daniel Benton and Matthew Caveney who braved the cold and walked back down to the bottom. Well done.

After another "early night", we travelled back into Paris on Sunday to visit the Louvre. For any Dan Brown fans, this is a must. The glass pyramids looked stunning set against the old palace which is just as beautiful. Sadly, we History students were swept off on an, how can I put this, interesting tour to look at propaganda in paintings with a strange French woman who escapes description. Thankfully, Mrs. Athis took the more enthusiastic students on a very quick visit to the Mona Lisa before we had to leave. It may be small but it's definitely worth seeing. Alas other masterpieces like the Venus de Milo and Virgin on the Rocks had to be left for another time.

Sunday afternoon saw us heading for Les Invalides, a hospital set up by Louis XIV, which also houses the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. Every member of the group was dismayed when, upon reaching the building, the teachers presented us with a "fun" worksheet, which meant we had to trail round the building looking for the answers.

However, I, like many of my fellow students, visited Napoleon's tomb then returned to the café to guess the rest of the answers. But, the visit was far from dull. Just as everyone met at the café, we were ushered out of the building by security guards because of a bomb scare. Sadly, not all of us made it out whole. Commiserations to Sarah Loveridge who tragically had to leave her sister's gloves in the café.

Our final night was spent on a boat trip down the River Seine. The weather was brutally cold, but we all enjoyed seeing sights like Notre Dame Cathedral. It was also the perfect opportunity for group photos including History groups with Ms. Holland, Mrs. Athis and Mr. Caulfield; and French group pictures with Mrs. Jackson.

I don't think there was one cheerful face on Monday morning; no one wanted our amazing weekend to be over. By 9:00am, we were back on the coach for our journey home. The only highlight was being ordered off the coach and rushed through Passport Control so that we could make the next Eurostar. Once back in England, the teachers presented us all with individual awards, such as Most Precise Vomiting awarded to my good friend Caroline O'Brien. Other categories included Loudest Snorer (James Taylor), Most French-Looking (Pippa Roberts) and Best Wearing of a Hat at a Jaunty Angle (Oritsema Ejouneatse). The coach arrived outside school at 8:30pm, bringing an end to our trip. I can safely say that everyone enjoyed themselves, so well done and thank you so much to Mrs. Athis, Ms. Holland, Mr. Caulfield and Mrs. Jackson.

*James Taylor*

# GETSET trip for Year 9

**Why would a group of eleven Year 9 girls, some being Evertonians, go to Anfield, the home of Liverpool F.C.?**

The answer is that we were at a GETSET day (Girls Entering Tomorrow's Science and Technology). We hadn't been told much about it, so as we pulled up to the renowned football club one November morning we didn't know quite what to expect.

Once we had arrived we were ushered into a meeting room, where we were split into two big groups, consisting of either Gerrard or Carragher along with many girls from different schools around Merseyside. Each large group then went into a room, where they were divided again into smaller sets of about six or seven; by now we had none of our classmates in our group, so we made friends with girls from other schools quite quickly. Each little section had an adult group leader, who was an experienced engineer or technician to help and guide us.

Our tutor for the day gave us a file full of all the projects we had to complete within our group during the morning session and we had to decide what we were going to do, as well as how many people needed to help in each task. All of the missions were related in some way to the "Beautiful Game". Constructing a robot, a secret satellite that looked like an umbrella, making a hat for a footballer's wife and finding a way of measuring 11 metres (that is the distance between the goal and the penalty spot) were just a few of the morning's tasks, designed to test all of our knowledge and understanding. Once we had completed a task, we

had to show the judges (a.k.a. the teachers) what we had done and they would then mark it.

Considering it was a football club Jamie Oliver should seriously investigate the food (burger and chips) that we were given in the canteen. We hope the footballers get more nourishing food. As soon as we finished our lunch, we went into the room the other group had been in before lunch. Our groups now had to do another set of tasks; this time they were a lot more challenging and consisted more of making, in which we used lots of unfamiliar equipment to build bridges, go-karts, and many more exciting things. After our second session we were directed back to the original room and there was a presentation for the set which managed to get the highest marks. The winners were all awarded a personal radio and we would like to give Siobhan Wilson a big congratulations as she was part of the winning party.

Once we had finished we boarded the minibus and after a short break to refuel at McDonalds, we were back at school. We thoroughly enjoyed the day and learnt a lot of new techniques that we are not only able to use in our technology lessons, but can also use in science, maths and every day life as well. We would like to say a really big thank you to Mr Ainsworth for organising such a fabulous day out, and to both him and Miss Henderson for taking us and giving us a great opportunity.

*Zoë Bond, 9Bi*

## Helmshore Mill Textile Museum Trip Bringing the Spinning Industry to Life for Year 7 Pupils

In the Autumn term of 2005, Year 7 students went to visit Helmshore Higher Mill in Rossendale. This working mill dates from the Industrial Revolution and is packed with national textiles treasures. Graham and Shirley went on the 27th September, with Blundell and Bingham on the 28th. Armed with the usual supplies of warm coats and packed lunches, pupils set off to explore our past heritage and gain a valuable insight into the origins of the textiles industry.

The Higher Mill was built in 1789 by six family member of the Turner family. It was one of the first woollen fulling mills in Rossendale, fulling being the process by which a controlled shrinkage and thickening of woven, woollen cloth is produced. Most of the cloth created at Helmshore Mill was used to produce the distinctive, red army coats worn by British soldiers during the First World War.

The guides took the pupils on a tour of the mill, showing them exhibits and video footage to develop a picture of the mill's past in their imaginations. They were shown the great waterwheel as it was set in motion by the water from the nearby river to power the fulling mill machinery. The operators of the spinning mules set the huge, multi-gear machinery into motion and the pupils watched as two miles of yarn was spun by the mules in one minute.

Lunchtime arrived and shortly after appetites were satisfied, as pupils decided to raid the sweet shop. They were then led off to try their hand at "carding" and hand spinning wool. They willingly tried their skills, although there were a few utterances of the expression "Eeeeeee" from

some individuals when they were told that the fibre had come straight from the sheep and thus was unwashed. In spite of their squeamish sensibilities, most pupils managed a brave and successful outcome, spinning at least 30cm of yarn each. They left the session proud and with the realisation that children their age didn't used to attend school in that period. Instead they had to card and spin wool all day in their own homes, to ensure that the family could eventually put a meagre meal on the table each day. They realised that children led a much harder life in those days.

The pupils had spent an enjoyable and interesting day at the mill and it was now time for the most hectic and exciting part: the visit to the souvenir shop! All manner of weird and wonderful items were examined, and purchased for both themselves and relatives. The sweet shop was revisited by the majority, before they finally returned to the coaches for the journey back to school, which was full of lively conversations, especially about the various purchases.

We left Helmshore Mill until the next invasion by Blue Coat pupils in 2006 where it nestles, as if in a time bubble, in the undiscovered beauty of the Rossendale Valley, in the midst of Lancashire's most dramatic scenery. The preservation of this working slice of our heritage is extremely important, and as we hope the museum curators can keep its magic safe for years to come.

*A reincarnated Helmshore Mill Worker.*

# Kingswood

**In October 2005, Year 7 went for an adventure weekend to Kingswood.**

Everyone enjoyed it very much. The teachers seemed to enjoy it as well, but that was probably because they had Sky in the teachers' lounge (or so one of the teachers claimed!)

There were lots of activities to enjoy during the weekend away that included: Go-Kart Driving; Night Line; Zip Wire; Rock Climbing; Abseiling, not to mention a cool disco on the Saturday night!

The best part of the trip was the zip line. It was loads of fun! It was really scary because they had to put all these clips and wires on you and it made you really awkward and scared. But then when you jumped off, it was really funny!

Another very fun part of the trip was the Night Line. We had to crawl through mud and the teachers (Mr Gettel and Miss Cornwall) threw cold water over us!

I would like to thank everyone who works at Kingwood and all the teachers (especially Mr Gettel who had to put up with me in his group) for a fantastic weekend away where we could take part in some great activities and get our hands dirty (not to mention faces, trousers, t-shirts etc)!

*Fern Stocks 7Gr*

# Year 8 Iron Bridge Gorge Trip 2005

The day started bright and cold for Year 8, as we stood in groups outside school, talking and laughing, waiting for the coaches which came at about 9:00am. We all climbed onboard, bring sorted into our groups as we went. We settled into large seats and belted up, preparing for the journey ahead of us.

The coaches wound their way out of Liverpool, and started on the two hour journey to Shropshire, where the Iron Bridge (the first iron bridge in the world) stretched across a deep green gorge. We reached our destination in next to no time, but caught only a passing glimpse of the village as we wound our way up the tight pathways of Coalbrookdale, through a small village, and eventually to the front of a large museum.

We gathered into our groups and did a quick register, before setting off into the museum of iron, a converted building with three floors of information. We picked up questionnaires at the entrance and proceeded to explore the first floor of the building, which told the story of the Darby family and the history of iron making and how Iron Bridge Gorge contributed to the Industrial Revolution. We filled in about a page of questions on the first floor, and then moved up to the second, puzzling over how pig iron was produced for the next question. The second floor was dominated by a large map of Coalbrookdale, showing the location of the Iron Bridge, museums and the Darby houses, as well as further explaining the significance of the Iron Bridge and Coalbrookdale in advance of the Industrial Revolution. After almost finishing the questionnaire we moved up to the third and final floor, examining the end of the Industrial Revolution and the downfall of iron, as it was replaced by steel. We exited the museum after a (very) brief trip into the shop, handed in our questionnaires for marking and began to walk up the steep path to the Darby houses.

The two Darby houses stood on a steep hill, which we had to climb twice (yes, it hurt). We reached the houses in time for the next tour, which took us around the typically Georgian house inhabited by Abraham Darby III, and into the very rooms where the ironmaster had drawn up and completed his designs for the world's first Iron Bridge.

After the tour of the Darby houses we made our way to the small graveyard at the aide of the houses. We rested there for a short while, and as we gathered on top of the hill, we found loads of acorns, which we threw down at the large tree in the centre of the hill.

We moved on from the graveyard back down to the coaches, which we boarded again and drove to Blists Hill Victorian town. We waited for a few minutes before entering the small town, and receiving a few pennies in Victorian currency. We were led down to the "green", a large open space next to the Victorian fairground, where we had a bite to eat and then wandered off to explore. The first stop for our group was the sweetshop, followed by the bakery, where we randomly bought four loaves of bread, and then we went back to the green. We ate some bread (???), and went to explore the rest of the site. We walked to the pig pen, where a member of our group got very friendly with the piglets and then the adult pigs (evidently a pig whisperer). We sat back on the green and our group split up. One of the girls walked away with another group, so we took our bags up into the trees, where the pigs tried to eat them. There we split up again, with three boys going up to the top of the wooded hill, while I and the rest of the group loitered about in the trees for a while. Eventually we found each other again, with the few boys wandering about the back alleys of the town. As the day got hotter we moved into the shade of the café, where we bought ice-cream and drinks. We checked on the time and began to make our way back to the rendezvous point at the entrance building. Our group got there about ten minutes early, time which we spent talking about the day and watching as the other groups trickled into the area. Soon enough the teachers were back and the time had come to board the coaches once again.

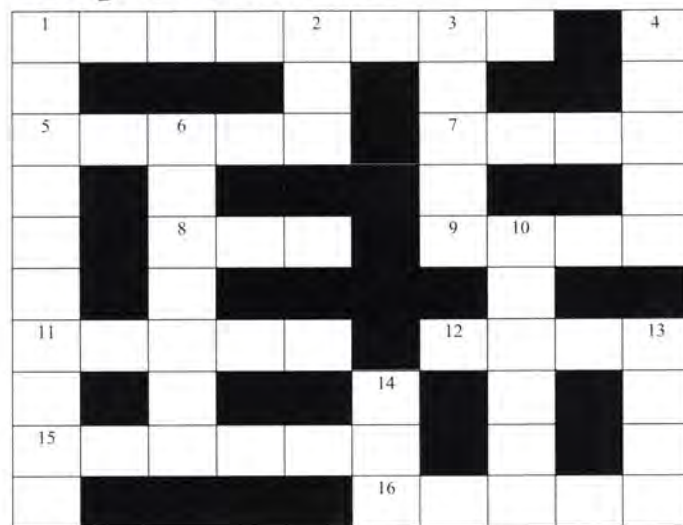
All in all it was a really good day which everyone enjoyed, considering no-one wanted to go at first, passing it off as boring. It was a great day and everyone had a good laugh, as well as learning a lot about the Industrial Revolution. Everyone, including myself, heartily recommends the trip to Iron Bridge Gorge.

*Matt Costello, 9 Shirley*

### Quiz

- Which book opens with the line 'Call me Ishmael'?
- In what television show does Hugh Laurie play an anti-social New Jersey doctor?
- Ian Hislop is editor of which satirical publication?
- Which Britpop band had hits with 'The Universal' and 'Song 2'?
- Who succeeded Elizabeth I as monarch of England?
- Terry O'Quinn plays which character in desert island series Lost?
- David Cameron is the current head of the Conservative Party, but what was his position before being elected leader?
- What is the capital city of Peru?
- Who is the current Secretary General of the United Nations?
- Where would you find the Islets of Langerhans?
- Andrew Flintoff plays for which county cricket team?
- In which soap would you find Harold Bishop?
- A Mackem is a person born in which town?
- Which football team's nickname is 'The Saints'?
- Alex Kapranos is the lead singer of which band?
- Which international organization's motto is 'Unity in Diversity'?
- Who was the author of the books 'The End of the Affair' and 'Brighton Rock'?
- Which Shakespeare Tragedy contains the characters 'Goneril', 'Regan' and 'Cordelia'?
- How many players are there in a Rugby League team?
- Which two actors have played Roald Dahl character Willy Wonka in film versions of the book 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory'?

### Easy Crossword



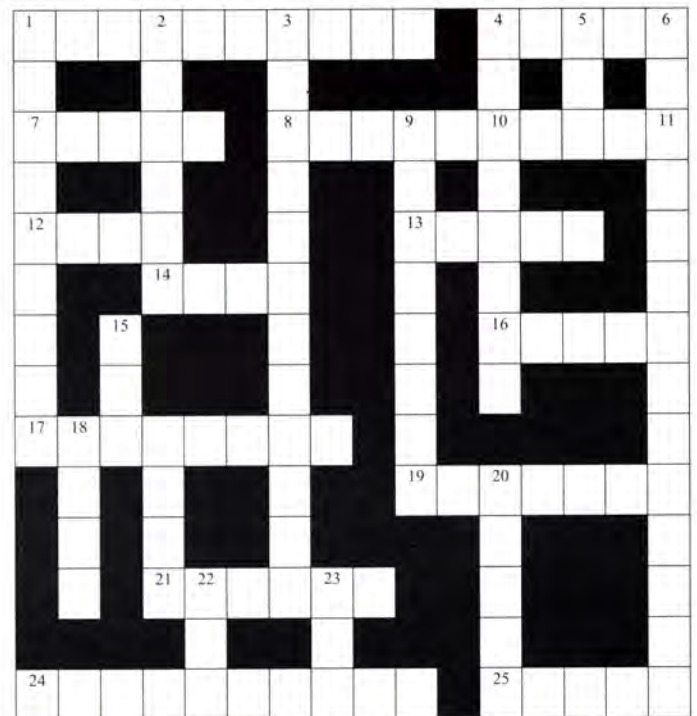
**Across**

- 2D Band (8)
- Celestial Belt (5)
- NaCl (4)
- The Day Before (3)
- No Money (4)
- Dark Colour (5)
- Pleasant City (4)
- Australian Harbour (6)
- Before Scheduled (5)

**Down**

- US Head of State (6,4)
- Ex-Footballer --- Wright (3)
- Fable Writer (5)
- On the edge (5)
- Emerald Isle (7)
- Dickens' Famous Orphan (6)
- New Orleans - The Big \_\_\_ (4)
- Optical Sensor (3)

### Crossword



**Across**

- Canadian Province (4,6)
- Old God (5)
- Path (5)
- Nightingale's Conflict (7,3)
- Sad Cry (4)
- Radio detection and ranging (5)
- Call for attention (4)
- Smell (5)
- Picasso's City (8)
- Pasta Dish (7)
- Kafkaesque Hero (5,1)
- Experimental Art (5,5)
- Photos (5)

**Down**

- Nazi Trial City (9)
- Cleopatra's Lover (6)
- Electronic Test Equipment (12)
- Hole in the ground (8)
- Drag along (3)
- Aurora (8,6)
- Photos (5)
- Unclear (5)
- Foot Appendage (3)
- American State (4)
- Body Channels (5)
- Linesman's Call (3)
- Not Close (3)

Solutions on page 72

## The Dark

In Eastern skies something moves,  
Into the west the birds are fleeing,  
Gulls cry and starlings scream,  
Evil has its woeful being.

None can stand before its march,  
The black claims all in all of sky,  
All colour hides and pales to grey,  
Some blue remains: but it will die.

Unfurling and unfolding,  
It grows at will into the blue,  
Anger consumes the breaths of air  
Where once sweet swallows gaily flew.

Along horizons light is seen,  
It blazes then is seen no more,  
What cometh hence with light and sound?  
What makes this hellish roar?

The cat reclines in utter fear,  
This power terrifies all beasts,  
At sea Poseidon revels now,  
Aeolus' toys have been released.

The sky is rent with light's dark dance  
Of deadly daggers in the dark,  
Anger echoes in every nook,  
Yet still the sweet song of the lark.

No bolt flung from this awesome storm  
Can last forever, for light is near,  
It is not known to evilness,  
Only in light can light be clear.

The darkness comprehends it not,  
Only fear while shadows last,  
But out beyond the dark and storm,  
There is a hope set sure and fast.

Peter Davey U6Sc1

## Sleeping Without You

These are not the only words I could say to you,  
These are the words that I would say, that I  
could never do,  
But I know, these things I'll never have to say,  
Because I know you've finally gone away.

These are not the only words that I've left to  
bleed,  
From all those things my friends could say, that I  
would never heed,  
But now my throat is dry I think, but I will never  
fall to sleep,  
Knowing that you're here beside me.

Now I know, I'm free from you,  
Now I know that I can do the things I always do,  
Now, now these ties are broken, and I know,  
I can finally sleep here, without you.

My mind is full of things that I could never  
understand,  
My mind is playing tricks on me; it's showing me a  
hand,  
One that I could grab, I think, but then I know  
I'll fall asleep,  
Because I see you're right beside me.

These books I read can only show the places  
others went,  
They tell me I need some help, 'cos I jumped  
another fence,  
I ran too fast, too far I think, until I know I'll  
fall asleep,  
I'll know that you're here sleeping next to me.

Now I know, I'm free from you,  
Now I know that I can do the things I always do,  
Now, now these ties are broken, and I know,  
I can finally sleep here, without you.

These words can express what's in my head,  
This love was not time spent,  
But now my throat is dry I think, but I will never  
fall to sleep,  
Knowing that you're here beside me.

Simon Gibbons 11 Gr

## Teacher News

- There has been a baby boom amongst the staff in the last eighteen months, some becoming parents for the first time. The following teachers have had baby boys: Mr York (Thomas); Mrs Coltart (Sam); Mr Kenny (Alexander); These have had girls: Mr Kerhsaw (Elizabeth); Mrs Irvine (Freya); Mrs Bennett (Sophie); Mr McGreevy (Lauren); Mr Frost (Freya). Congratulations to all of the proud parents.
- Mr Ainsworth is still trying to become a millionaire with his corporate National Lottery tickets. Would he give up teaching if he won?
- Mr Caulkin and Dr Wilde still whizz on by in their magnificent motor machines; perhaps they're doing experiments with velocity?

- Mrs Ludlow had a busy year: getting married at Lake Louise, Canada, finishing an MA and becoming responsible for the Squirrel Magazine.
- Mrs Tabern had the experience of a lifetime last Easter when she visited China, including trips to Shanghai, Beijing and Hong Kong. She went to the Tai Chi village where Chen Men Ching originated Yang style Tai Chi. She has 700 photos, including ones of the Terracotta Warriors, Yangtse River and the Forbidden City.
- Congratulations to Mr Crighton who achieved NPQH, which qualifies him as a headteacher.
- Mrs Coltart, a former 6th form student at Blue Coat, has returned to her home town of Liverpool, having lived in Chester for some years.

## Classic Teacher Comments

"Please don't play with my jugs; they're full of dangerous fluids".

"Oi, David, leave the monkey alone"

"You need your house insurance, in case it gets stolen, or catches fire, or gets hit with a car."

"You never know, in seven years you might have turned into a bacon burger."

"If you get run over, be warned."

"Con gran libertad viene gran responsabilidad"

"You're like...y'know...God."

"I'm not here, but I'm still watching you."

"Manual entry registration...I'm not sure I'm happy ticking that."

"If Mr Row walks in, we'll say we're making a pop video."

Language teacher explaining prepositions "So, x did it on the bed, in the bed, over the bed, under the bed, beside the bed."

### Mr Gibson, Manager of Estates Staff, and the Coast to Coast Charity Bike Ride

Mr Gibson manages the group of Estate Staff who are the unsung heroes of the Blue Coat School. The School would not run so efficiently without their daily endeavours. Last September, Mr Gibson excelled himself in a venture that was new to him: the annual Coast to Coast Charity Bike Ride - Southport to Skegness, in aid of Children in Need. Not for the faint-hearted, this ride takes three days: Day 1, Southport to Buxton (60 miles); Day 2, on to Lincoln (70 miles); Day 3, to Skegness (45 miles). The two best cyclists, who were semi-professional, started one day later than the other ten, and not only caught the others up but even overtook them.

The first stage was an uphill climb over the Cat and Fiddle Pass. The summit was engulfed in thick cloud. To further complicate matters, they had to wait for one member of the team who had chosen a slight detour to McDonalds! The first night was spent at a B&B, but the subsequent nights' accommodation was in a Police Training Centre (cue the jokes about being detained At Her Majesty's Pleasure!).

Pasta and a few pints of beer were the essential nourishment each evening, he assures me. On the last day, Mr Gibson's so-called friends made him cycle back to Skegness 'just for the fun of it'. He survived unscathed and intends to submit himself to this punishing bike ride again this year. He wants to say a big 'Thank You' to all who supported him. Through sponsorship he managed to raise nearly £300, with the grand total from the team being £3,000. Well done, Mr Gibson, but 'scuse us if we don't join in!

Mrs B D G Ludlow

## The School Library

The School library is open all periods for all pupils to work and study. The library is open until 4.30pm on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays and there is a homework club until 5pm on Tuesdays. All pupils are welcome. There are a large number of books available on all topics. All aspects of popular fiction are covered including J.K. Rowling, Lemony Snicket and Phillip Pullman. Pupils can put in requests for books to be purchased with the librarian. There are a large number of PCs with Internet access and printing. Anyone who is an aspiring musician is welcome to come to the library for a jam after school. Tuition is available for those who wish to learn how to play blues music. The librarian is available to help anyone with homework or projects they are working on after school. Most pupils are good-natured and well behaved and the library is a good place to come if you have work to be done.

## Guess the Teacher Competition

This is your opportunity to 'Guess the Teacher', a frightening journey into ages past. To win the £25 prize, generously donated by the Old Blues Association, simply be the first to hand a written copy of the correct answers to Mrs Ludlow.



*Number 1*



*Number 2*



*Number 3*



*Number 4*



*Number 5*



*Number 6*



*Number 7*



*Number 8*



*Number 9*



*Number 10*



*Number 11*



*Number 12*

# School Sports Day

Another year and yet another Sports Day, once again allowing the Blue Coat students to prove that they don't just excel in the classroom.

Students competed in order to attain points for themselves and also for their form groups. The results were as follows:

Year 7 Boys	1st	2nd	3rd
100m	J. Stanton	Y. Xie	L. Williams
200m	J. Stanton	L. Williams	S. Rigby
400m	J. Stanton	M. Benton	W. Qi
800m	B. Kelly	J. McGowan	W. Qi
1500m	B. Kelly	J. Coughlin	J. McGowan
Hurdles	R. Qi	R. Wan	T. Morrey
High jump	P. Kelly	Coughlin/Platt/Parr	
Long jump	J. Shortland	D. Roberts	P. Kelly
Triple jump	J. Shortland	D. Roberts	P. Kelly
Shot	L. Williams	L. Marshall	M. Tso
Discus	M. Tso	L. Marshall	B. Crook
Javelin	J. Platt	R. Wan	P. Duffield
Relay	Shirley	Blundell	Graham

Year 8 Girls	1st	2nd	3rd
100m	C. Dinkinson	A. McRoe	G. Thompson
200m	E. Beggs	R. Hodgkinson	V. Jones
800m	R. Hodgkinson	A. McRoe	S. Koshi
1500m	R. Warriner	K. Lenhechan	F. Montgomery
Hurdles	S. Batterton	K. Jayawardene	M. Mak
High jump	S. Batterton	E. Beggs/Thompson	
Long jump	S. Batterton/M. Mak		C. Milroy
Shot	E. Whitehouse	C. Dickinson	R. McWaters
Discus	C. Dickinson	S. Hodgkiss	R. McWaters
Javelin	M. Mak	E. Beggs	E. Whitehouse
Relay	Graham	Bingham	Shirley

Year 7 Girls	1st	2nd	3rd
100m	H. Thompson	L. Thompson	L. Caveney
200m	L. Caveney	F. Wai	Z. Pulford
800m	P. O'Connor	M. Moriarty	F. Boardman
1500m	J. Head	C. Farands	S. Dolan
Hurdles	G. Al Machoor	C. Farands	D. Crawford
High jump	H. Thompson	D. McDonald/Wai	
Long jump	H. Thompson	E. Darby	J. Buchanan
Shot	S. Banford	L. Perez	J. Stoddart
Discus	M. Ariss	H. Fee	S. Dolan
Javelin	D. McDonald	M. Ariss	S. Banford
Relay	Blundell	Shirley	Graham

Year 9 Boys	1st	2nd	3rd
100m	D. Idama	J. Buchanan	V. Hale
200m	D. Idama	H. Edwards	J. Batterton
400m	H. Edwards	V. Hale	J. Ward
800m	N. Ford	D. Bruce	M. Berks
1500m	S. McCauley	J. Hopley	N. Ford
Hurdles	S. McCauley	J. Batterton	M. Saxton
High jump	Ward	Ali	Reid
Long jump	H. Edwards	E. O'Connor	M. Rannala
Triple jump	D. Idama	V. Paroan	Fox
Shot	M. Rannala	M. Lo	A. Cook
Discus	A. Cook	McCauley	M. Rannala
Javelin	A. Cook	J. O'Brien	J. Fox
Relay	Shirley	Blundell	Graham

Year 8 Boys	1st	2nd	3rd
100m	V. Truong	D. Rahman	E. Kwong
200m	V. Truong	L. Roberts	D. Rahman
400m	L. Roberts	C. Traverse	S. Fiske
800m	K. Koshi	C. Traverse	L. Brown
1500m	D. Bartling	M. Tancred	C. Traverse
Hurdles	D. Bartling	O. Kennedy	L. Rimmer
High jump	D. Rahman	Higham Roberts	
Long jump	M. Higham	A. Taylor	A. Waterfield
Triple jump	D. Bartling	A. Taylor	A. Yoh
Shot	P. Branigan	T. Bowman	L. Brown
Discus	V. Truong	J. Bedford	M. Wilson
Javelin	Kenedy	S. Chandler	G. Chan
Relay	Blundell	Graham	Shirley

Year 9 Girls	1st	2nd	3rd
100m	W. Garr	N. Connell	C. Benbow
200m	K. Melia	L. Watters	H. Cheung
800m	H. Railes	N. Connell	Z. Glacken
1500m	H. Railes	C. McDonald	Z. Glacken
Hurdles	H.L. Leung	K. Dean	R. Langford
High jump	W. Garr	N. Connell	K. Wayland Larty
Long jump	W. Garr	K. Melia	K. Dean
Shot	A. Sunderland	H. Boyes	B. Chan
Discus	A. Sunderland	J. Ratcliffe	R. Carney
Javelin	K. Melia	H. Boyes	M. Foo
Relay	Shirley	Blundell	Bingham



Michael Higham yr 9



Winnie Garr yr 10

## Cross Country Running

The Blue Coat School has a number of athletes who successfully compete at a local and national level in the sport of cross-country running. Every year, a number of students compete in a Merseyside league and perform very well, often finishing in the top 5 places or higher. In particular, Harry Harper and Craig Gundersen are always there or thereabouts when it comes to the end of these races and commonly get a place in the top 3 or even win. Paul Galgey and Laurie Luscombe also compete well giving numerous top 6 finishes. In Laurie's case, he has comeback from almost a year out with a serious injury yet continues to perform well.

For the first five or six years some of these athletes have represented Merseyside Schools at the national stage by running in the prestigious English Schools Championship. Since 2001, Craig Gundersen and Harry Harper have given the school a number of top 100 finishes at this event and have also won the Merseyside Schools

Championships 6 times between them. This year, the school is likely to have up to 4 representatives at the English Schools Championships with Harry Harper and Craig Gundersen definitely attending and Laurie Luscombe and Paul Galgey with a good chance of being selected.

At a lower level, the school runs Friday lunchtime training sessions for anybody who wishes to attend, and if they wish to challenge themselves further they can compete for the school in Liverpool Midweek Schools League races or Merseyside Schools League races of a weekend. Our athletes continue to give their best and end up with good placings.

*By Craig Gundersen*

## U14 Hockey

Ellie Beggs (c)  
Sharon Koshy (c)  
Charlie Dickinson  
Corrina Milroy  
Hollie Hughes  
Becca Warriner  
Gabi Thompson  
Sophie Batterton

Siobhan Wilson  
Sarah Hodgkiss  
Lizzie Whitehouse  
Stephanie Denny  
Lisa Tighe  
Becca McWaters  
Alice McRoe  
Jenny (year 10)

This year the year 9 team has made a lot of progress and has achieved victories against year 9 and year 10 teams. The same team played in the U15 county qualifiers and came in the top 5 teams, which isn't half bad for a year 9 team. Our captains have guided us well! We also came third in the U14 league.

We would like to say thank you to the members of staff who have taken the time to put up with our team!!

# Football

## Year 8 Football

This year the team won their first match 8-2 against Ruffwood. Continuing with this run of form we also beat St. Margarets 2-1 with Joe Verdin scoring 5 goals in these games and again receiving the title of 'season's top scorer'. The team has improved greatly this year and with continuing hard work from the lads we will hopefully continue to improve later into the year.

*Jay Platt*

## Year 9 Football

Our year 9 football team has a lot of talent and some very good players. The team showed this in the first game for the season, we were at home to St. Margarets. We found ourselves in command through the whole of the game, but couldn't put the ball in the back of the net, until a lovely ball from Alex Yoh set up Gary Chan through on goal to lob the keeper. All in all it was a good performance from the whole team, especially Alex Yoh who got man of the match.

Next game we found ourselves up against a tough Alsop side in the English Cup. Twice we were ahead and twice they came back level; we gave away two penalties and our lack of height gave away a couple of free headers from their corners: final score 4-2 to Alsop. Man of the match had to be the keeper Jack England, who made countless saves to keep the game as close as possible.

Another defeat followed to Cardinal Heenan, the captain, Michael Tancred wasn't there along with a couple of other first team regulars, 6-0 to Cardinal Heenan was the final score, that being surprisingly respectable considering we only had ten fit players.

A win followed against Calderstones, 3-2, a clinical finish from Gary Chan, a 25 yard strike from Elliot Kwong and a last minute penalty from Daniel Corns gave us that all important victory. Our next game was a Liverpool Cup match against Parklands. We took the lead through a fluky Luke Rimmer goal, but they equalised soon after through a Jagdip Bains own goal. In the second half the team stepped up a gear and put another five past Parklands: Kwongy grabbed 2, Yoh 1, Luke 1 and a brilliant solo effort from Michael Blackmore. This was another great performance by the team with Alex Yoh clinching man of the match with yet another great performance.

This team can go along way, and will hopefully go far in the cup. The best is still to come from this team!!

*By Michael Tancred 9 Bingham*

## Year 11 Football

Joseph "Mustafa" Wooley, Carl "liver and onions" Bramwell

Tom "I got an eagle" Highton, Jay "whopper" Ransome

Liam "the latin snake" Brown, Alex "sick-note" Hooley

Mark "the powerhouse" Dockray, Alex "crazy eye" Roberts

Zach "ey girl wots your name" Washington-Young (C)

John "ello lar" Monaghan, Sam "muel" Gifford

Ryan "the webcam fiend" Beeley,

Steven "spread my butter" Butterworth,

Sean "stinker" Quinn

After a very promising year 10 season our year 11 team started our

cup run with utmost confidence against national champions Cardinal Heenan—only to crash out in the first round in a dramatic penalty shootout in which no team deserved to lose. We later took on a poor Shorefields side in the Liverpool Cup in which, yet again, we were defeated in a gruelling round of penalties. Although we were clear favourites to win this tie, an extremely poor performance declared otherwise. We have a very strong squad with extreme potential for the future, yet luck was not on our side in penalties this year!

*By Zach Washington-Young*

## Year 12 5-a-side football tournament

Year 12 held a five-a-side football tournament over the October half-term 2005. Six teams from Blue Coat took part, and rival school St. Margarets, were represented by two teams.

After an exhilarating group stage, the knockout phase was sure to be just as exciting. An excellent performance from the St. Margarets lads saw off their teams easily through to the semi-finals, after a 7-1 thrashing against Jazz FC captained by Daryl Ng, whose team failed to win any of their games. Another team that found it tough to win were Real Hamza, who lost out in the quarter finals 3-1 against Chris Watters's team (favourites for the tournament).

The semi-finals were ahead, all four teams knowing that defeat now would be disastrous. The St. Margarets team was to play against David "Moose" Hughes's team, the aptly named CSKA Moosecow! And what a game that was. A last second goal for the St. Margarets lads, after a controversial refereeing decision sent them through into the final, winning the game 4-3. The other semi-final was to be probably the best game of the tournament. The two favourites, and arch rivals, Team Spice and Cheese-on-Toast, were prepared to take battle. After taking a lead of 4-1, Cheese-on-Toast thought they had booked themselves a place in the final, but step up super striker Ross "ladies man" Leader. Two shots from his own half flying in, thanks to silly goalkeeping errors from Chris Watters and an excellent pair of feet. David Norris then found himself in an attacking position to equalise before Ross scored a controversial goal, (which Joe "R.E.M" Armstrong still moans about now) to put Team Spice 5-4 up. However a late equaliser from Peter "P" Fielding sent the game into penalties. Unfortunately for Peter, Jonathan Jackson was on form, and saved every penalty. Ross Leader scored his pen, before Matthew "The BFG" Caveney kept his cool and sealed the game with a neat finish.

And so the stage was set for a Blue Coat Vs. St. Margarets final. The Blue Coat Boys took an early lead after Ross Leader turned superbly, and smashed home the opener, but they were unable to hang on to their lead and the game finished 1-1. The game went to penalties, and although Jonathan Jackson was on form, Team Spice were beaten 4-3 on penalties.

Jonathan "Dramo" Drammond had a good tournament scoring 13 goals in 6 games, helping him to collect the golden boot award, thanks to his partner in crime Matthew "Chunk" Hall's through balls.

The tournament raised £80, and the proceeds were split between the Marie Curie foundation, and the Pakistan Earthquake Fund.

*Matthew Caveney L6*

## 1st XI Football

Last season ended with defeat in the Merseyside Shield final against Sacred Heart. Although disappointed, we were encouraged by our performances and with the addition of new players, the season started with great optimism and the aim to further the success of the last season. The season started as usual with a game against the Old Boys. The Old Boys were a quality, very physical side and the game was won by them 3-2. Although defeated, we put in a very positive performance and this gave us great confidence going into the first block fixture against our old rivals, SFX. SFX missed an early penalty, which swayed the game in Blue Coat's favour and we took full advantage, winning the game 2-0 with goals from Cannon and Tomlinson. This was followed by three further friendly victories, against Deyes winning 3-0, Calderstones 3-1 and finally Archbishop Beck 5 - 1, which was capped by a quality team goal finished perfectly by Jay Gardiner.

After the Archbishop Beck game we left for a team trip to Amsterdam. During the week we played two games winning 5-3 and 10-2. An excellent week was had by all, with a few of us returning minus an eyebrow and restyled haircuts. Our thanks go to Mr Rees and Mr Crighton for organising such an excellent trip for us. On our return we played our first game in the National Competition versus Rainhill High School. A hard fought game saw Blue Coat come out 3 - 2 winners with 2 goals from Cannon and 1 from Stone. The next round of the National Cup was played against Sacred Heart, who had beaten us last season in the Merseyside Shield Final. This gave us a chance for revenge, which we took and came out flying being 4 - 1 up after an

hour with a goal from Deakin and a hat trick from Stone. Sacred Heart gained two quick goals but we battled away and won the game 4-3, which slightly compensated for last season and put us into the next round, the last 64 teams, against Alsop. An excellent team performance saw Blue Coat through to the next round 5-1 with goals from Cannon, Stone, Torrible and 2 from Tomlinson.

We were now down to the last 32 teams and were drawn against Tadcaster High School near York. Before this we played two friendlies to help us get back into our stride after the Christmas break. Our first slight upset occurred when we drew against St Margarets 3-3. This was followed by a Blue Coat team who were back into their stride, with a comfortable 7-0 victory over Liverpool College with 2 goals from Cannon and 5 goals from Stone.

On February 2nd we set off for Tadcaster full of confidence and optimism. The Blue Coat side played some excellent football and were obviously on top of the game, but luck was not on our side and at full time the score was 0-0. After extra time and penalties the teams were still even. Tadcaster took the lead after sudden death penalties and a devastated Blue Coat side were knocked out of the National Cup. It was a magnificent team effort and the Blue Coat players took their defeat with true sportsmanship. We play our next game on February 8th and we are determined to secure the Merseyside Cup this season - it is what the team and our manager, Mr Rees deserve. Aside from our performances, the team have built up excellent relationships and have the utmost respect for our manager, Mr Rees, who has encouraged and supported us throughout - Thanks, Sir!

*Michael Forrest, Captain 1st XI*

## Netball

After a victorious netball season last year the team began the New Year confident in regaining their title. After a few disputes over certain team members continuously failing to turn up to practice the team morale was not at its best, however the beef has now been grilled and the City Champions title will soon be within our grasp. Every league game so far has resulted in victory but you never know what might happen - life's full of surprises. Hopefully the worst is behind us having beaten our old rivals, Liverpool College, before Christmas, by quite an embarrassing amount. So why stop at City Champions? This year we have raised our mark for County Champions, and you never know what may lead on from there.

*Chloe McDonald 10 Sh*

## Malta Netball Trip Report 2005

In May of 2005 the Blue Coat School netball squad toured Malta. Thirteen girls in year eight and nine took part in the trip. During the holiday we visited the attractions of the island and competed against various Maltese teams. The trip was enjoyed fully by all the girls and also by Miss Cornwall and a helping teacher Miss Day.

On our arrival we were driven to the hotel, which was situated on the coast. The hotel had two swimming pools - one on the roof, perfect for sunbathing! There was also an internet café in the lobby and a bar. We had breakfast at the hotel but we were able to have lunch at Subway or a local pizza parlour.

Altogether we played against four Maltese teams around the island. The scores were as follows:

Blue Coat School v Sacred Heart	11-2
Blue Coat School v Junior Lyceen League	7-2
Blue Coat School v Forrest	13-6
Blue Coat School v Malta Club	5-14

Everyone played with great enthusiasm, skill and commitment and performed impressively, particularly considering such sweltering playing conditions!

When we were not playing we were split into two teams that competed against each other in set activities. We spent one afternoon shopping for our 'Tacky Souvenir' competition and we also performed a tour song in front of the barman! Our evening activities involved an evening bowling, a visit to the shopping mall, as well as a meal out at the Hard Rock Café on our final night. We also attended a rugby party where we were introduced to the National Maltese team and enjoyed the after-party. During the holiday we additionally spent a day at a local water park where we enjoyed ourselves on many different rides.

We all behaved well and the holiday was a huge success, enjoyed by all. The trip received many positive comments and is sure to run again in the future. We would like to thank our group leaders Miss Cornwall and Miss Day.

*Sophie Batterton and Sharon Koshy*

# Basketball

## Year 10 Basketball

Magnus Rannala (C), Greg Stuart, Tim Haggis, Anthony Scully, Sam McCauley, Daniel Idama, Daniel Bruce, Michael Roberts, Philip Murphy, Matthew Saxton, Harri Edwards, Vlad Paroan, Jack Bedford (year 9)

This season was one of great preparation. After our 7th place finish in 2005, the team was disappointed with this placing, even though to come 7th in England is a great achievement indeed. I was injured for a great part of this season and so did not feature in any of the matches before the National finals themselves. Regardless of this, the team did brilliantly to qualify for the top 8 in England and a weekend away in London. As I was awaiting an operation I was permitted to play in this competition.

The first match against Angmering was a closely fought battle, their England guard causing problems, but some quick thinking on the bench and great play by Sam, Harri, Danny Idama, Matthew and Jack meant that we walked away with the win. Taking our good form into our next match against Reddish Vale, we were one half of an amazing show of skill and discipline. We were 2 points down with 30 seconds on the clock when some extremely poor refereeing meant we lost by 4 after Sam's winning basket was disallowed. (better luck next time mate). This meant after all our hard work we were still one win away from a place in the semi-finals. We won the match against St. Bonaventure's to face the favourites (and eventual winners) Great Baddow in the semis. However, a mixture of fatigue and niggling injuries meant that a close match ran away from us in the last quarter. The third place play-offs were used as a chance for some players to gain experience; I was rested but every one else shared the time equally, many players such as Anthony Scully, Greg

Stuart and Tim Haggis putting the pressure on for a starting five spot. So a 4th place finish for us!

Special recognition must go to the Coach Mr. Barends and the six players who played most of the first four games: Sam, Matthew, Jack, Harri and Daniel Idama it was a pleasure to be on court with you! And well done to the whole team for a great year of training and an excellent 4th National place. Well done lads and good luck for next year!

*Magnus Rannala*

## U16 Basketball

Ryan Beeley (C), Drew Marsh, Alex Hooley, Sam Gifford, Sam Hardy, Andrew Corcoran, Michael Sweeney, James Ransome, Daniel Idama, Magnus Rannala, (Luke McGee)

It has been another promising season for the team this year. Currently unbeaten, having progressed into the last sixteen of the nationals, we know all too well what is required, and what could happen if we mess up. The team has finished second in the nationals two years in a row, but this year, with our rivals and winners last year being much weaker than ourselves, we surely must be favourites. Ellesmere Port's best player has been troubled by injury, and with our team taking out anything in its path, it seems it will take something special to stop us. However, we have been saddened by the news that Luke McGee has brought his basketball career to a premature end. Luke was a tremendous asset to the team, giving everyone a lift when he was on the court. He will be greatly missed. His departure though, will simply spur the team on, and we will play for his honour. This year is our year!

*Ryan Beeley 11 BL*

# School Colour Awards

### Re-awards

Association Football: D. Fiske, J. Hopkins, M. Stone  
 Basketball: R. Beeley, D. Fiske, M. Forrest, M. Gillies, A. Hooley, J. Hopkins, K. Mekki, D. Marsh, J. Robinson  
 Cricket: A. Dickenson, W. Head, J. Hopkins, P. Lovelady, I. Roberts, M. Whelan  
 Golf: I. Chadwick, P. Hollywood, B. Stuart

### Awards

Association Football: A. Dickenson, P. Fielding, M. Forrest, J. King, R. Rimmer, B. Stuart, D. Tomlinson  
 Basketball: R. Agbebi, J. Gaynor, M. Rannala  
 Cricket: M. Green, P. Hollywood, P. McAuley, D. Tomlinson  
 Hockey: H. Woodward

### Distinctions

Association Football: M. Forrest, R. Rimmer and M. Stone represented Merseyside U19  
 Athletics: C. Gunderson, H. Harper and M. Rannala represented Merseyside  
 M. Rannala – National Indoor Shot Champion  
 W. Garr – City Champion

Cross Country: C. Gunderson, H. Harper, represented Liverpool and Merseyside

Basketball: U14 Team National Finals (7th place)  
 U15 Team National Runners Up  
 U12 Team Liverpool Champions  
 U13 Team Liverpool Champions  
 U14 Team Liverpool Champions  
 U15 Team Liverpool Champions  
 U16 Team Liverpool Champions  
 U19 Liverpool Champions  
 D. Idama, North of England U14  
 R. Beeley England U16

Cricket: M. Whelan represented Liverpool U15  
 T. Bowman, J. Crawley, T. Crawley represented Liverpool U13

Netball: U14 Team Liverpool League and Tournament Champions

W. Garr represented County U14 Team

Hockey: H. Woodward Represented Merseyside U18

W. Garr represented Merseyside U15

E. Beggs and S. Koshy represented Merseyside U14

## A Country Lane in Autumn

He staggered over the old, eroded wooden bridge. Unexpectedly, one of the ancient rotten planks snapped under his weight, causing him to lose his balance and nearly fall into the raging white river far below. Soon after being flung backwards Lee regained control of his actions and looked over the newly formed gap between him and the soil. He jumped. He landed face down on the ground, breathless. He gradually stood up and looked around.

The sky was dull, the trees were dead and there was an eerie silence that haunted him. As he continued along the old, worn-down path he spotted an old, decaying woodhouse. Its windows were boarded up and it looked abandoned, yet smoke still rose from the decomposing roof from the ruins of an old chimney.

Suddenly, in the distance, Lee could hear the echo of a wolf howling in pain.

Andrew O'Connor 10 BL

## In Memory of Mr J L Davies

Your benevolence was the only fact  
We fully learned, despite ourselves. Adrift  
In your chapel-bare lab, we could at least react  
(No, not to maths, that dull, gritty shift  
Towards dead matter inhumanly Just So;  
Nor Newton's Laws, which like rosary beads,  
To our unbelief mumbled of Long Ago)  
But to your gruff countenancing of needs

Your gravity that grounded us in truth!  
Strange as a saint, part scientist, part hwy, l,  
You, implacable, roared peace into our youth;  
And now grown weak, and worse, and out of school  
We recall your calm farewell: "Good-bye, God  
bless"  
Last unction of your proud raw singleness!

Mr A.R.Gleave

## Haikus

### My Garden

Bird sanctuary  
The summer entertainer  
A wild life haven

Perfectly peaceful  
Scented with misty perfume  
Of honeysuckle

Bordered with flowers  
Sprinkled with bees and insects  
Natural perfect world.

Jennifer Buchanan, 8 Shirley

## The Lost Cottage

The sun rises on a verdant field and creeps carefully up forgotten trees. Blossom falls steadily in a gentle breeze and early morning birdsong completes the dawn symphony. Seagulls cannot be heard; they are too distant to be heard, though the soft lapping of waves on the shore echoes steadily in the air. Everything is calm and my feet on the dew-covered grass make no sound.

Along a faint path of smooth cobbles the blossoming trees make way for hosts of flowers. Daffodils dance in the morning sun and patches of lavender scent the air. The sun overhead is warm and friendly, and bluebells and daisies greet it, waving cheerfully at a brand new day.

Further along the path an old cottage rises up into view. Here, the sound of the sea is stronger and salt can be smelt in faint bursts with the breaths of air that climb up from the coast. The cottage is white where walls are visible, but vines have crawled over it, closing it off from the world, yet there is a sense of tranquillity. As I walk closer, the garden comes into view and there are crowds of roses guarding the building resiliently. It is clear that, though the years and seasons change, this small corner of the world fights to resist these changes. One corner, neglected and empty, still echoes with peace.

Jade Slocombe 10 Sh

## WILLOW WOMAN

By David Greygoose

In the tall tower  
     a woman is weaving -  
 In the tall tower  
     without window or door.  
     What does she weave with,  
         this willowing woman?-  
     She weaves with silk threads  
         wound into a ball.  
 What does she weave with,  
     this willowing woman -  
 In the tall tower  
     without window or door?  
     What does she weave with,  
         this willowing woman,  
     When she has no silk thread  
         to weave any more?  
 When the silk thread is gone,  
     this willowing woman  
 Weaves on with feathers,  
     with cobwebs, with straw.  
     When the straw turns to dust  
         in her hurrying fingers,  
     How will she weave  
         in the tower with no door?

She weaves with her own hair,  
     this willowing woman.  
 She weaves with her own hair  
     which flows down to the floor.  
     When her hair is all twined.  
         this willowing woman -  
     What does she weave with  
         when her hair has all gone?  
     She weaves with her dreams,  
         with her wishes, her secrets -  
     She weaves with the birdsong  
         which streams through the walls.  
     She weaves night and day,  
         this willowing woman -  
     For she cannot leave  
         the tall tower at all.  
     What has she woven,  
         this willowing woman -  
     What has she woven  
         in the tower with no door?  
     She has woven the face  
         of her wandering daughter,  
     Who left in the spring time  
         and will come back no more.  
 In the tall tower  
     a woman is weaving -  
 In the tall tower  
     without window or door.

## Ode to A.R. Gleave

Much have I travelled in the realms of Gleave  
 And many goodly conversations had  
 Of poetry and drama and esoteric fare  
 (Some of which I well-nigh understood)  
  
 My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains  
 When I think that soon there'll be no remains  
 Of Alan Gleave within these hallowed Blue Coat  
     grounds  
 Save for his epic worth and fine repute which know  
     no bounds  
  
 Cher Alain, polyglot, polysyllabic politician  
 Du bist ein mann einzig  
 Un homme unique et  
 Secondo quanto dice- when one cries out  
 "No one knows every word in the dictionary"  
 With one accord we all reply  
 "Mr Gleave does!"

The 'Times Brigade' to their crosswords will be left  
 The verse speakers verseless, though not bereft  
 And nevermore shall Shakespeare have that  
     Gleavian touch  
 As if to the very Bard himself were he cleft

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea  
 As Alan plods his not so weary way  
 To fiction writing and the sea

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime  
 And departing leave behind them  
 Footsteps on the sands of time

Happy retirement Alan!  
 Mrs M Roberts 2005

## The Wasted Generation

When those young boys went out to fight  
In the trenches for the war,  
On the Flanders's Fields and out of sight,  
What exactly is it for?  
Regardless of the loss of men,  
In the First World War,  
They sent them back out on the muddy fen,  
I can't understand it anymore.

The machine guns fire at the helpless boys,  
Diving in the trenches for cover,  
But then the Germans unveil their new toys,  
And our boys are killed by another.  
And why should this conflict be?  
And why should this generation die?  
Why should this memory question me?  
I always wonder why.

Then the gas drifts across the field,  
Killing like a wild beast,  
But the weapons that our boys yield  
Do not help in the least.

Why do they use something so inhumane?  
Why in this way should they die?  
Is there any tactical gain?  
It makes me wonder why.

"This war is necessary", the men of combat say,  
Like it is a battle already won,  
But soon will become a mournful day,  
When all is lost and done.  
Why do they have such little regard for the boys?  
Why should this generation die?  
How can they not miss their cheerful joys?  
It makes me wonder why.

When those young boys went out to fight  
In the trenches for the war,  
On the Flander's Fields and out of sight,  
What exactly is it for?  
Regardless of the loss of men  
In the First World War,  
They sent them back out on the muddy fen,  
I can't understand it anymore.

Michael Higham, 9 Gr

## Jonathan, Are You Listening To Me?

"Jonathan? Are you listening to me?"  
No, he was away.  
The prowling cat had pounced and mauled at his  
attention.  
His mind was lost  
In thoughts of concrete jungles  
Of creeping cars with grinning grills  
And staring street lamps tall.

The trees were his giraffes,  
The cats his elegant tigers.  
All sense of self was lost  
In thoughts of the savages dressed in Burberry,  
Talking on the street corner.

Leaves and litter rustled through the tarmac  
under-storey  
With the sounds of exotic birds in the air above,  
All joined with the melancholy call  
Of a Jaguar's alarm.

Alex Leece 10 Sh

## Proud Scouser

"A bubble gum lolly please",  
The little girl asked me.  
She must have been about three or four,  
Her mother was watching from the door.

As I drive down the street,  
With jingle blaring and wheels trundling,  
This street fascinates me,  
So warm and friendly, a real neighbourhood.

A father coming home from work,  
Stopping to talk to the close watch chief.  
His children run to greet him,  
Excited to tell of their day.

There are still some Capital of Culture stickers,  
And Champions League winners' posters.  
I'm proud to be a Scouser,  
When I drive down this street.

Helena Sweeney, 8 Blundell

## Cyprus as a child

I remember once I travelled to Cyprus as a child; I think I must have been almost nine, and it was the first time I had ever left Britain and its comforting familiarity behind. That is not to say I did not like Cyprus - in fact, I adored it, but I admit that being a foreigner in a place other people called home felt a little strange.

One place that I miss even now, almost seven years later, was a rather secluded town named Polis. It was sweetly deceiving - what appeared to be a sleepy coastal town was in actuality a lively trade-fuelled port brimming with joie de vivre. Upon arriving, I had thought that the cobblestone courtyards and black wrought-iron gates (all surrounded by aged stone archways and old brick buildings), were rather cold and austere; however, within minutes their coldness melted and their formerly imposing nature revealed a softer side.

After my first visit, I longed to visit Polis as often as I could. I loved how beautiful it was, and I think the curious juxtaposition of seemingly ancient buildings and the bubbling vitality of its inhabitants intrigued me - I always was a strange child.

To describe Polis is not an easy task. I did not think it quite belonged in Cyprus, yet at the same time it was unmistakably Cypriot. It reminded me of something you might find in France, or possibly America. It only had a few roads, and instead of streets there were wide courtyards laid with worn cobblestones and sun-dried walls. I say walls, but they were more like long chains of connected buildings with archways permitting access through them. Being in such enclosures did not make me feel claustrophobic - instead, I found it enchanting. Sometimes, when the sun was setting, I felt like I was in a place that Time forgot.

I often wonder if Polis is as warm and unique as I remember it to be or if it has been transformed by the need to attract tourists - or, perhaps, if that even matters. But there will always be a part of me that longs to be nine again, caught somewhere between a daydream and reality in that secluded, enticing town.

Amy Hawkens 10 Sh

## The Beach

The golden sand slips between my toes  
The bright, bright sun beautifully glows.  
I lie on the blanket of endless sand  
Hoping to get attractively tanned.

I must have been there for more than an hour  
Feeling drained of all my power.  
I slowly rose up onto my feet  
Imagining I was in the land of Crete.

I strolled on down to the glistening sea  
The blueness swamped around me.  
It is such a thrill to feel the cold,  
A memory I will treasure as though it were gold.

The day is now drawing to a close.  
No more fabulous glows.  
I rise to watch the sea flow  
Before I decide to turn and go.

I am meandering away through the dim night.  
The sky is projecting a pretty pink light.  
I reflect on things that have happened today:  
Such a perfect holiday.

Hannah Marnell, 8 Blundell

## Fireworks

Flaring, glaring, blazing, soaring,  
Whirling wheels and fizzling fires.  
Patterns swirling through the sky.  
Flaming birds-to live, they try.

Soaring candles, screeching, screaming,  
Frightened - shrill noises - explosion - no more.

A little man - nonchalant - sitting on the fire.  
Burning, melting, Guy - he's named,  
Dying, dying,  
Wrongly famed.

Soaring candles, screeching, screaming,  
Frightened - shrill noises - explosion - nothing.

Cycle, whizzing, spectators aghast,  
Silently shocked as the rocket does blast.  
A swoosh and a whine,  
To pass the time,  
And a fright for me and you (and all),  
A fright for me and you.

Soaring candles, screeching, screaming,  
Frightened - shrill noises - explosion - no end.

By Max Thomas-McGenity, 8 Graham

## Beginnings

Was it really me who set off that September morning, half a century and a thousand years ago, for the first day of grammar school?! suppose it must have been. Photographs of the time show faint similarities with now - and a full head of hair too!

I remember my mother waving me off as I went to get the bus for a journey probably the equivalent of the Blue Coat to the centre of Birkenhead. Public transport for us all, of course. We didn't have a car, and neither did most families.

The ticket to Newcastle (bought from the conductor-the nightmare of "efficient" one man buses hadn't yet arrived) cost four old pence. Funny I should remember that after all these years. And on the top deck, thick with tobacco smoke and bronchial coughing I met another new boy 'Williams-Price'. I have no idea what his first name was. Boys were universally addressed by their surnames in those days, except by their families. And off we went through Gateshead.

These days, my home town, astonishingly, has 'arrived' culturally, but there was no sign of that in those days; just another northern working class town, inhabited by people who had given so much to build the nation, and received so little in return, in the 1930's, the writer J. B. Priestley had described it as "a dirty back lane leading to Newcastle". Twenty years later you couldn't have disagreed with him.

So, to the river, and the High Level Bridge, which carried then, as it probably still does, a small plaque saying that it had been built by Robert Stephenson & Co., George Stephenson's son.

Into Newcastle; past the beautiful river front, which later would remind me of Hanseatic ports like Lubeck and Bremen; past the grand department stores; past St. James' Park, home to the Newcastle United of Jackie Milburn and Bobby Mitchell, Alf McMichael and Frank Brennan, whose glory days in the F. A. Cup had ended the previous year, never to return (ask Mr Boardman about it). Finally to the "mucky angel" war memorial, where a few years later, we would meet our first girl friends, before taking them to the pictures over the road (to the back row, with a bit of luck!).

But the journey was not yet finished. It ended on a form of transport now completely defunct-a big stately, slow moving yellow trolley bus, which finally dropped us outside the school gates.

The hall where we had to assemble seemed enormous, though when I visited it recently it seemed rather small. There we went, through the usual procedures of personal details and timetables. But also, we were issued with our "History of the School" (I still have mine); our hymn books; and (yes, don't laugh) our school caps - and woe betide you if you didn't wear them coming and going from school!

All this took place in the shadow of the school organ, on which was printed the phrase of Horace, so bitterly mocked by Wilfred Owen "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori". Now, we would probably be with Owen, but it wasn't so straightforward then, particularly to those members of staff who had served in the Great War: Col. Robertson. P. E. teacher, commissioned in the field at Passchendaele; Eddie Ashton, who had not only served on the Western Front, but had lived in the U. S. A., and written for the "Wall St. Journal", and, of course, our kindly, avuncular History teacher, Sam Middleton, 2nd Lt, Durham Light Infantry, over the top with his pals, 1st of July 1916, the Somme.

All this took about half a morning, I think, and then it was into normal timetable, and the day blurs in with 1000 others over the next 7 years. And now? Well, old Gateshead is disappearing fast- no great regrets there. And the trolley buses have been gone these 40 years. But Stephenson's bridge is still here, and so is the school. Actually, it looks quite like the Blue Coat. That must have been how they built them 100 years ago. As for Williams-Price, well his father was a Presbyterian minister, and a few months later the family moved to Scotland. I wonder where he is now?!

Mr. D. Rainbird

## Birdlife at the Blue Coat

Everyone now knows (or should know) that their back gardens form part of what has been described as 'the largest nature reserve in Britain'. They also appreciate that with a bit of management, our city parks can become a haven for wildlife. However, very few people ever think about schools as being wildlife refuges - the noise, constant activity for 5 days a week and open expanse of concrete yard would, you would think, detract from its value for birds and animals. Take a closer look though and you may be surprised at what you can find.

The Blue Coat School has something of a varied list when it comes to bird life. Throughout the year, the species present changes, giving each season its characteristic set of birds to look at and, if you can find the time, to enjoy.

Winter can be a good time to start wildlife watching around the school. The cold weather often brings in larger numbers of birds, heading for the warmth and relative shelter of the school courtyards. Flocks of gulls begin to take up residence on The Mystery and school playing fields and roving flocks of small songbirds make their way methodically through the trees and shrubs planted around the school grounds in search of insects.

A quick look around the area by School House and the cricket nets on a frosty morning can score well with good numbers of tits (every young schoolboys dream) - including Blue, Great, Long-tailed and occasionally Coal Tits. Occasionally a tiny Goldcrest may join the flock. Add to this the resident Robins, Dunnocks and Blackbirds and you can see how easy it is to quickly notch up a long and varied list. With this concentration of birds, it is no surprise that predators often try their luck at obtaining a quick snack, and it is not unusual to see a Sparrowhawk drive into and through the by then scattering flock in an attempt to snatch something tasty.

After break times, the mess left on the yard constitutes something akin to a silver service meal for the birds that have been patiently waiting on the school roof. First down are the noisy squabbling gulls - Mainly of the Black-headed and Common varieties, but sometimes joined by the larger Herring or Lesser Black-backed. Next down are Starlings who strut around until they come across a tasty half-eaten sandwich or some dropped crisps. Finally, the delicate Wagtails descend from the roves. They are mainly Pied, with their striking plumage and pumping tails making them easy to spot. Occasionally, especially after a cold snap, their slightly scarcer cousin, the Grey Wagtail, may join them. Similar in behaviour, it is a slightly shyer bird.

As winter progresses and the weather warms up, so many of these shelter-seeking species move out of the school to the surrounding area. When spring arrives, a whole new set of birds arrives to take their place. Migrants from Africa use the school grounds as a staging post on their long trip north. The delicate Chiffchaff is one of the first migrants back and often sets up a territory in the more mature trees around school house or lining Prince Alfred Road, but this never usually lasts long and they soon move on. Another migrant warbler, the Blackcap, can also be heard around the school, but their skulking nature makes them slightly harder to observe. Swallows often appear suddenly from nowhere over the park fields of main yards and, usually following a slight rain shower, are sometimes joined by white-rumped House Martins.

The resident birds are now well on their way to selecting a suitable nest site. The thick shrubs on the quad are ideal, and indeed last year both a pair of Dunnocks and a pair of Blackbirds successfully raised their broods in the vicinity of the year 7 playground. Something which when the children found out about, they found fascinating and showed a keen interest in watching the parent birds feeding the chicks.

The last of the summer's birds to arrive are the Swifts which scream noisily as they twist and turn high in the sky and around the clock tower.

Once the school bell has rung for the last time that academic year, the yards and playing fields are left empty for the wildlife to enjoy. The nesting birds will try their luck at raising a second brood while the local Sparrowhawk may venture into the school grounds in search of an unsuspecting pigeon to feed its own family on. By the time the pupils return to school in September, the wildlife has changed again. All the young birds have fledged, the summer visitors will have all but left and the wagtails are back on the yard. Starling and gull flocks begin to increase in size and the tits again begin to bunch together in feeding groups. Hard weather may force higher numbers of Thrushes onto the school field - the fairly common Mistle Thrushes may be joined by Scandinavian Redwings and Fieldfares, as well as immigrant continental Blackbirds. Soon the annual cycle begins all over again.

So next time you are sat bored in lessons, staring out of the window, don't just stare blankly at the sky. Why not have a look in the trees for groups of brightly coloured finches and tits, or across the yard at the charismatic Pied Wagtails? You never know, you may find it slightly more interesting than the lesson you're in!

Stephen Menzie, U6S1

## In Memory of H.P. Arnold-Craft

As you entered each Assembly we would note  
Your lustrous gown, your light step (you were scaling  
Unseen ladders, showing us our failing  
To visualise what ancient Masters wrote...)  
Sometimes we stood, stupid with guilt, by rote  
Just remembering to breathe. Exhaling  
Smoke-drifts, red musket-flash of words, impaling  
Us, you uttered your last curt pity: "Now get out."  
We survive, forget .... Grow old, make money....  
Death-reminded, humbled, we seek whom then we saw:  
Dales' baby; youth, Spitfires' roar; gold Oxford seam:  
Renaissance man! As on a shaded fresco, sunny,  
You stand, prince among your people, teaching awe;  
Your hard bright smile deep in Salvation's scheme!

Mr A.R.Gleave

## WHEN THE DREAMWALKERS WAKE

By David Greygoose

Late at night when the dreamwalkers wake,  
Nobody hears the sweet songs they make,  
Nobody follows them down to the lake  
Where they bathe in the shimmering moonbeams.

Nobody sees their silken scarves  
Snagged on brambles along the paths;  
Nobody shares their gentle sighs  
As they climb from the water before sunrise:

Nobody hears them run through the mist  
Gathering dewdrops smooth as a kiss,  
Trawling the meadows with gossamer nets  
To fill silver cups with the new dreams.

## Last Seen on Ebay: Blue Coat Items

A paint-splashed shirt from Mr. Boal,  
Netting from a netball goal.  
From Mr. Phelan: a smelly shoe,  
D.T. contributed a large blob of glue.

Mr. Ainsworth made a wooden cane,  
Some splinters, he claims, were from his brain.  
A clod of earth from the playing field,  
Mrs. Athis drew a Roman shield.

A musical tie from Mr. Caulkin,  
A black bin liner from the staff room bin.  
A reflexive verb, conjugated in French,  
A scalpel found on a Biology bench.

A dried up pea from the dining room floor,  
The secret code for the staff room door.  
The verse of a song from a hymn book,  
A violin string from Mr. Cook.

From Mr. Lamb's desk we scraped some ink,  
Miss Vipond produced a pastel in pink.  
A pair of boys' trousers found in P.E.,  
From Dr. Hill: a bag of Earl Grey tea.

A spark from Chemistry, saved in a jar,  
From the new car park: a clump of tar.  
A fossil returned from a Geography trip,  
David Sheehan's bag, found in a skip.

A drawing pin used by Miss Fleming,  
From the First Aid Kit: for an arm, a sling.  
A white slip filled in by Mr. Row,  
From Miss Henderson: a seed to grow.

The peel of an orange eaten by Mr. York,  
From Mr. Cowan: a test tube and cork.  
In good working order: an exam clock,  
Removed from a locker: a pupil's padlock.

A sliding rule scale from Mr. Wellings,  
From Mrs. Boulton: a list of kings.  
A crossword completed by Mr. Watson,  
Miss Roberts submitted a religious icon.

From Mrs. Beggs: two signed hockey sticks,  
A chisel once used by Mr. Hicks.  
A clerihew written by Mr. Kershaw,  
A sign purloined from the library door.

A map of The Lakes used by Mr. Frost,  
A badge from a prefect, at no extra cost.  
The wand of a wizard, used in a play,  
The smile of a student on results day.

Mrs B D G Ludlow

**War Poem**

We wear a poppy now and then,  
Remembering those fearless men,  
Who fought and died in World War One,  
Until at last the war was won.  
These men, they gave their very all,  
When asked to serve their country's call,  
They gave their lives so we are free  
To live in peaceful harmony.

Those men of bravery hid their fears,  
Men still in their teenage years,  
So young, so brave, so proud to fight,  
For king and country, with all their might.  
The death, the blood, the hell they saw  
Went on for years, more and more.  
We do not know the fear, the pain,  
All done for us, freedom to gain.

So wear a poppy, small and red,  
Remembering those who are now dead,  
And think of men so willing to give  
Their lives so that us all may live.

Christopher Baldwin, 9 Sh

**One of the winners of the  
Citizenship Prize for poems  
about Bullying**

I know the feeling, the pain inside  
Being alone in the empty darkness,  
Emotions overwhelming,  
Hatred crept out,  
It was like I was almost dead.

They threatened to hurt me,  
They abused me as well,  
Countless 'accidents' I could not tell  
I had no-one to help me,  
I soon found out, I was all alone.

Slowly, slowly, they peeled the layers of courage,  
Until I was left with nothing but core,  
A vacuum inside my heart,  
One ripped out piece of flesh,  
But my soul couldn't stand the test.

I wish I'd realised sooner,  
They are scared as much as us,  
They bully us everyday,  
For their entertainment and fun.  
Think about people out there now,  
Getting bullied, and they can't tell anyone.

Trina Banerjee 8Sh

**WINNERS OF THE PETER ARNOLD-CRAFT  
ANNUAL CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2005****Key Stage 3****Caribbean Shores**

I wander along Caribbean shores,  
My feet blister and the ocean roars,  
The turquoise water calls to me,  
"Come, come paddle in the tranquil sea".

I try to fight it but it draws me near,  
Into the water cool and clear,  
"Deeper, deeper", the ocean seems to say,  
The noise from the beach seems far away.

And so I dive beneath the waves,  
Viewing the fish that hide in the coves,  
The few turtles and dolphins that I see,  
Turn and swim away from me!

And so I try to follow them,  
But they double their speed again and again,  
I decide to give in and go back to the beach,  
But the sun and the sand are far out of reach,  
I realise now that I've swum too deep!

The waves giggle and laugh at me,  
Stranded alone in the cold, blue sea,  
It seems to me the sea has won,  
All sight of life is gone.

But I strike back towards land,  
I long to see the white hot sand,  
And there it is, bang ahead,  
When I get home, I'm going straight to bed.

Kate Coenen-Rowe, 9 Bingham

## WINNERS OF THE PETER ARNOLD-CRAFT ANNUAL CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2005

### Key Stage 4 - Holiday

Had I really allowed myself to be dragged here? Had I followed my parents and naïve sisters, knowing all along how many childhood memories of this place would be shattered? Had I wanted this?

I had shaken myself from these thoughts to find a cake in my hand. I looked around. Children danced excitedly on the dance floor, sticky from so many spilt drinks - both of them.

Yes, my sisters were there; they looked harmless enough, but there were other kids, no bigger than 10, 11; they had that look - "mischievousness" - pure evil. They danced in time with the man in the seagull costume ("it's a real seagull", my ten year old sister had forcefully reminded me) and seemed innocent enough, but I had seen the one who kicked the "camp helper" in the groin, the other who had pushed Cid "the seagull" into the swimming pool, the crowd who had gathered to mock the fallen bird. "Kids eh? What can you do?"

"Anyone in the audience who would like to join?" The smile seemed glued to his face, his mouth pinned back in some way. He even smiled when he had been kicked in the groin. I prayed for the courage to disrupt the "thirteen year old" thirty year old's game. God never helped.

His eyes circled the room (smile still pinned on) like some demented clown. I felt myself prime target - the ultimate prey - a cheerless sixteen year old nursing a drink in the corner. They fixed, fell on me. I saw this. I prayed again. God never helped.

I poured goo over a giant seagull as the children screamed their mandatory "Eugh!" The words "gloomy guss" had been used, the audience had been encouraged to cheer me on, my mother had looked at me - a look threatening death or surrender. I surrendered.

I wondered as I stood there, the downy white fleece of the "seagull" turning green, had it changed this much; was it that much better when I was a dancing ten year old?

Or, had it always been this bad, so sickly-sweet with a façade of innocence; were my memories merely sugar-coated with time?

Daniel Mannion, L6A2

## WINNERS OF THE PETER ARNOLD-CRAFT ANNUAL CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2005

### Key Stage 5

#### My Place in the Sun

The rain beats against the windowpane,  
Cold, hard drop[s of emptiness.  
My mind wonders to a warmer place,  
A memory of happier days, carefree in the sun.

Soft sand heats the soles of your feet,  
Rolling waves crash against the rocks  
And the sweet scent of sea air, saturated with salt.

Eyes blinded by the bright beams,  
Flooding the skyline, sweeping across the bay,

An ice-cream cone, melted to milk.  
A fortress made from powder, washed away by the tide.

Energetic days, exploration and discovery,  
Balmy nights of exhaustion, yet contentment.

I dream of this, of an atmosphere filled with cheer,  
Innocent laughter, light, happy hearts  
And a smile spreads over my face.  
A timeless place, a wonderful place, my place, in the sun.

Francesca Martin U6Sc1

## Journey to St.Kilda

My boat pulled ashore in a village bay after a particularly stressful journey across the North Sea. I walked ashore on my own and looked about for someone to talk to, to ask directions from, to get a feel for the island. I could see no-one, but spied a small village (the only one as it happened) about a mile and a half away from where I stood. I began to approach it across the coarse, knee-high grass and dense weeds, sidestepping several gaseous bogs as I stumbled through the stones. Eventually I reached the threshold of the village, a primitive wooden gate between two posts. I entered the village to find it deserted, save for the presence of a bird on the roof of a large house (which I later learned was a sign of death). I emerged from the other side of the village to find myself faced by a steep hill, rising up to the pinnacle of the island.

I could see distant figures on the top of the island and began the treacherous journey to the summit. Soon enough I heard shouts from the top and looked up to see children pointing down at me, catching the attention of the adults who were staring transfixed down the face of a sheer cliff. I reached the top amid a frenzy of activity. The children were jumping about excitedly, the women running around with boxes and what looked like dead birds, and the men frantically pulling, fetching and primitively be-laying over the edge of the cliff. All except the men turned to watch me as I made my way slowly to the edge of the cliff, wondering what I would find. First of all I got a blast of icy wind in my face that cut into my clothes and made me shiver in every fibre of my body. Secondly, I found a breathtaking view of the wide ocean and the green archipelago of St. Kilda.

I found myself following the ropes with my eyes, at which point I met a rather inspiring sight. Eight men on eight different ropes were skilfully scaling the harsh rock face, attempting to catch the same birds that the women were carrying. I saw one man catch a large white bird (a fulmar) and raise his catch triumphantly. He reached for its neck and attempted to break it, but the fulmar grabbed his legs with sharp talons and vomited all over him. The man's hands slid from around the bird, which began to attack his rope. It frayed, then snapped, and the man desperately grappled with the rock face. With the oily fulmar vomit on his hands he lost his purchase on the stone and plunged down into the dark surf below. A faint crack was audible as his body hit the stone of the beach, but was whipped away by the furious wind. His body was quickly washed away.

Soon after, the hunt ended, and the gloomy St. Kildans trooped back to their village. Now comes my chance to properly describe the people of St. Kilda. They are all relatively short, mostly with red and black hair; they speak Gaelic, and wear primitive dresses and tunics. I followed them back to their village and saw them gather around the large house where the bird had previously perched. This was where the feller had lived. The chief of the village came up to me and spoke at length in Gaelic (in which I am reasonably fluent), and told me that I would be staying with Magnus and Morag, an old couple who lived at the end of the village. They took me to their house and cooked me a dinner of fulmar, which tasted of mud so I excused myself.

Over the following days I was asked to do all sorts of insane things, all of which I refused point blank. I think I rejected a marriage proposal as well. When the time came to leave I ran down to the shore and screamed in delight at the sight of my boat. I was finally away from the primitive hell.

Mathew Costello 9 Sh

## Written in response to Poetry from Other Cultures

### Dreams

Dreams. Sometimes in life you have a special person  
Someone you long to be with.  
Though the heart loves  
the mouth does not follow  
You want to ask, but your gut stops you  
Excuses flood the mind  
All you can do is dream.

The day comes when another asks her,  
She accepts  
Your heart is ripped out  
a deep pain emerges  
You imagine the man who took her away  
dying, beat up  
but all you can do is dream.

By Antony Au  
11 Bingham

Maybe one day, our time will come  
When black, when white will meet as one.  
There will be no racism or fighting  
Or even wars going on

Why can't it be simple, all get along  
Why bully people; call them mongers.  
There is no need for abuse, violent behaviour  
Those who are kind, those who are saviours.

There is little difference really, in any culture  
All races unite, stand strong like a vulture.  
Together we shall engulf all bad in this world  
Don't stay hidden curled from stones hurled  
Show respect for the tan-man, both skins  
unveiled.

Written in response to John Agard's "Half-Caste"

Anonymous  
11 Bingham

### Different Cultures

The cultures from person to person differ  
On one hand it is a laid out path  
On the other you make your own.

Choose the first path and you know  
where you're going, with no surprises, no  
crossroad  
You're pushed in the left direction  
There's a light at the end of the tunnel

Choose the second and you're  
lost from the start, the way head  
is black, a mouse in a maze, but  
you can find your own way to the end.

By Sam Garlick  
11 Blundell

### Mi Day

wake up in the mornin',  
while am still yawnin',  
I jump into the shower,  
it don't 'alf lack in power.

then I have somethin' to eat,  
while puttin' shoes on me feet,  
then am off to school,  
while listenin' to Ja Rule.

now I'm here in registration,  
ready for the first allegation.

By David Lee  
11 Graham

Written in response to Poetry from Other Cultures

**Split**

Split between two.  
 Not quite belonging to either.  
 Two languages rather than one.  
 And both so different to each other.

Split down the middle  
 Nowhere to go.  
 Nowhere to turn.  
 Neither will accept me  
 and neither will reject me.

Split in half,  
 a phantom, a spectre.  
 Always lingering between the two.  
 Unsure. Indecisive.  
 Doomed to always be a shadow of both.

By Kristian Blackhall  
 11 Bingham

My name  
 On the scoreboard  
 TRY at 19 minutes  
 Elated Amazed Sensual Yearning

My name  
 On the scoreboard  
 CONVERSION at 20 minutes  
 Swish Intense Mystical Purposeful Ludicrous  
 Explosive

My name  
 On the scoreboard  
 SENT OFF at 53 minutes  
 Disgusted Eye sore Poor Ashamed Regress  
 Trepidation

All good things come to an end.

Josh Chisnall  
 11 Graham

**Same Old Mornin'**

Every day it's the same routine  
 Wake up at 6:30 ain't as it seem  
 Have to get my papers, ride down to the shop  
 Deliverin' door to door before it 7 O'clock

I get back home where I eat my favourite  
 cereal  
 Then to the bathroom where I bathe in  
 Leather Imperial  
 Then get changed and put on my school  
 material  
 Try to watch TV but I can't even find the  
 aerial

It's 8:15 gotta rattle off this poem  
 gotta do it quick or Mrs Ludlow will be moanin'  
 It's 8:20, where's my books, where's my  
 rucksack?  
 Can't be late again or Lamb's gonna be on my  
 back

Stressin' out because it looks like my bus aint  
 comin'  
 Wonderin' whether it would be quicker to just  
 start runnin'

By Joseph Nkansah  
 11 Graham

Sitting on the edge of a seaside cliff  
 I peer into the dark and turbulent sea  
 And my will flees swift and my limbs turn stiff.  
 For across the pounding waves I see me,  
 Lounging on a calm and tranquil shore  
 And while the vision does so entice,  
 It does so frighten mice,  
 And I don't exactly have the courage of a boar;  
 Only its talent for swimming  
 But I summon what little I have  
 And take flight from this barren shore.  
 Immediately the storm clears,  
 And with it my fears.  
 A plug is pulled from the sea bed,  
 And I find myself swimming instead.

Anonymous

# Aftershock

**(Warning – May Cause Drowsiness and Irritability)**

That's one more edition of the Squirrel released and with the school still standing it looks as if it's been another successful year for the Blue Coat School (now acting as both a place of education and modeller of fine scaffolds). And although I'm writing this in February I'll try to be as nostalgic and misty eyed as I possibly can in this final send-off/backslap/ego-stroke...

It's been a lot of fun working on the magazine, and although I'll miss it, I'm sure that many people will be glad that I no longer have an excuse to act pompous and demand work off them. And so it's probably appropriate to thank every one who has helped make this 2005/6 edition of the squirrel possible.

The entire team would like to thank Mrs Ludlow. And now is the time to present to you this year's Squirrel Team in their entirety, who have worked tirelessly all year (and haven't even been awarded a self-indulgent column of their own...):

Duncan Hughes.

- Chris Dillon
- Ross Leader
- Liam O'Brien
- James Taylor
- Duncan Hughes

## Quiz Answers

1. Moby Dick
2. House
3. Private Eye
4. Blur
5. James I
6. John Locke
7. Shadow Education Secretary
8. Lima
9. Kofi Annan
10. The Pancreas
11. Lancashire
12. Neighbours
13. Sunderland
14. Southampton
15. Franz Ferdinand
16. European Union
17. Graham Greene
18. King Lear
19. 13
20. Johnny Depp and Gene Wilder

## Solution

1 N	O	V	2 A	S	C	3 O	T	I	A		4 T	I	5 T	A	6 N
U			N			S					R		O		O
7 R	O	U	T	E		8 C	R	I	9 M	E	10 A	N	W	A	11 R
E			O			I			U		P				T
12 M	O	A	N			L			13 R	A	D	A	R		H
B			14 Y	E	L	L			K		O				E
U		15 T				O			Y		16 O	D	O	U	R
R		O				S					R				N
17 G	18 U	E	R	N	I	C	A								L
	T					O			19 R	A	20 V	I	O	L	I
	A					P				E					G
	H		21 J	22 O	S	E	23 F	K			I				H
				U			A				N				T
24 A	V	A	N	T	G	A	R	D	E		25 S	N	A	P	S

## Rash

## Easy Crossword Solution

1 G	O	R	R	2 I	L	3 A	Z		4 O
E				A		E			U
5 O	R	6 I	O	N		7 S	A	L	T
R		R				O			E
G		8 E	V	E		9 P	10 O	O	R
E		L					L		
11 B	L	A	C	K		12 N	I	C	13 E
U		N			14 E		V		A
15 S	Y	D	N	E	Y		E		S
H					16 E	A	R	L	Y



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