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A Verulam School Publication

Issue 13 December 2013





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Winter Fair

Year 7 stalls

Cracker eating competition

At this year's School Fair 7Y had decided to make a competition in which you eat 3 dry crackers as fast as you can. This was without the aid of a drink until after the sequence of crackers has been eaten. This was an idea that one of the students thought of after the same event had been tried at his primary school fair the year before. However, we believe it was a huge success as many people attended. Matt Stevens was the all out winner of the competition with the quickest time over all!

Connor Blight

Our stall, in 7Y was 'how many crackers you can eat in 2 minutes'. If you could eat more than 3 you get a sweet. If we had more time we would have advertised it better by making more colourful posters. We could also have got people to go our and bring friends and family over to our stall. Next time hopefully we could raise even more money!

Jacob Timmis



Winter Fair Young Enterprise

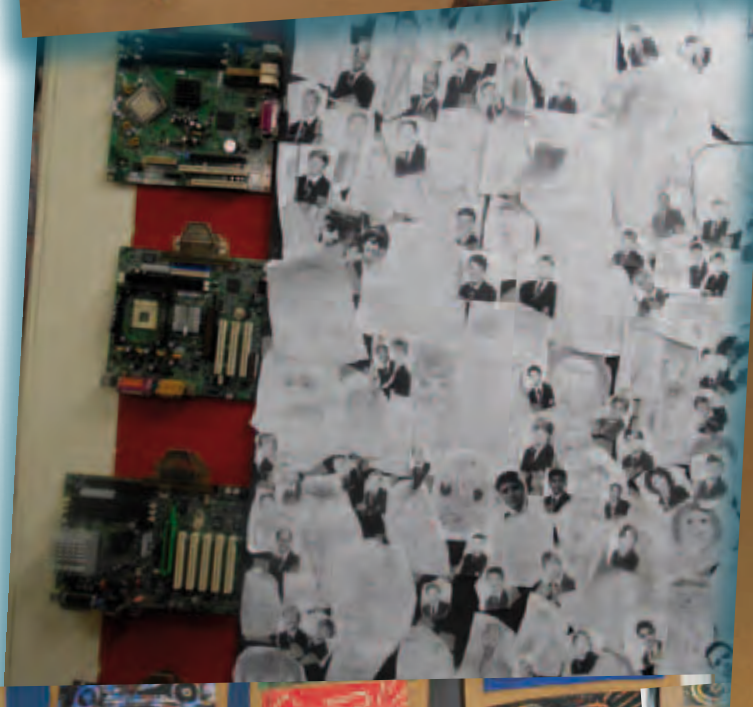
Young Enterprise is a national competition for young students to create their own business idea in order to make that all important profit. Verulam take part in this competition annually, and this Year the participation and involvement has been overwhelming - with 11 Lower 6th students coming together to form their own team. These students include Josh Duggan, Ben Holmes, Randal Anteson, Charlotte Males, Chloe Carson, Emily Colbourne, Tara Goldsmith, Sophie Spencer, Jennifer Miller, Lianna Carini, Elise Parker and Alexander Byfield. We have created a company named 'Blitz' where gorgeous, natural and fragranced hand-made bath bombs and salts are sold to meet the increasing demand for this market. Students assigned themselves with specific roles within the business to match their ability and step up to the challenge. These involve being a managing director, financial leader, operations manager and part of the marketing team. During Young Enterprise we have been faced with a number of challenges and difficulties due to there being a great number of us, which means there are a diverse range of opinions and views to consider, so sometimes disagreements can occur. As well as this, being a Sixth Form student means we all have a large workload, so often organisation and planning can prove to be a problem to fit around all our schedules. But the enjoyment we have received has definitely made the difficulties worthwhile. Young Enterprise has brought us together and helped establish close friendships within the group which were not so prominent beforehand. We all get along so well and have a lot of fun facing the

challenge together. Seeing the success of our company is another enjoyment, such as at Verulam's Winter Fair where we made a great profit which made all our hard work mean much more. In light of this our company hopes to attend several more fairs, especially during this Christmas period and hopefully expand our business.

Chloe Carson



Art Exhibition KS3



Oh What a Lovely War!

“Oh What a Lovely War!”, so far, is proving to be even more of a success than last year’s amazing ‘Animal Farm’. Rehearsals after school on Wednesdays are focused on getting everyone to learn their lines. Everyone is committed, turning up every week and learning their cues. All leading characters are on the ball at learning what they’re doing, when they are doing it and how they are doing it.

(Trying not to give too much away) “Oh What a Lovely War!” is a story about war and a mixture of how people thought it was amazing, thrilling and exciting that they can be in the army and how others were scared, worried and unhappy and didn’t want to die.

Freddie Merriden



French Assembly



On Friday 2nd of December, the Verulam French Club went to Killigrew primary school to give the children there a festive assembly. We sang a song and told them a little bit about Christmas in France. First of all, we sang a song called ‘Vive le Vents’ which means long live the winds in French. I went there along with Madame Michel, Mrs Phillips and various members of the Verulam French Club. We couldn’t have gone to the school without the French teachers so on behalf of all the French Club members we would all like to say thank you to Madame Michel and Madame Phillips. As you can see in the photo, right at the back there are two sixth-form members, who helped as well acting as prompts. Then, after that, we came back to Verulam, and we had two lessons! So overall, it was a very good experience.

Freddie Merriden

Poetry by Heart competition

This month has seen 25 students from yrs 8-12 take part in the Verulam School round of the National Poetry by Heart competition. The students have learnt a poem by heart and performed their chosen poem. It was a hard fought competition with a high standard of recitation and performance from the students. The student chosen to go forward to the regional inter-school competition to represent Verulam School is Kieran Zielinski. Kieran will learn and perform 3 poems at an event at the Maltings Arts Theatre in St. Albans in January. Joe Male, Year 9, also deserves special mention for a brilliant recital of 'Ode to a Nightingale' by John Keats.




Ode to a Nightingale (1820)

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-winged
Dryad of the trees, In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.
Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,





But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild—
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves; And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful
Death, Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.
Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! The fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music...Do I wake or sleep?



John Keats



Creative writing - the beginning of a gothic story

All my life I knew that there was something I didn't know, something my mum and dad hadn't told me. Last year I found out what it was. If only I had not been so curious and idiotic, none of this would have happened; I could be at home with my mum and dad right now. But they're not here anymore - he took them from me. He took everything from me and left me with nothing. I should have known from the start that he was different, that he was twisted. It all started on February 22nd 2012, the day I met my brother, the brother who took my parents away.

It was early morning, around 7am. It was February, otherwise known as the month of depression, the Christmas excitement is gone, another five months until summer. School were making us knuckle down as we had recently started our GCSE work. So school was getting difficult. Anyway, it was 7am when I woke up and came down stairs after having a rough sleep and a bit of a nightmare. I went to get the milk out of the fridge and accidentally dropped it. I must have still been a bit sleepy. The next thing I knew, dad came in and started having a go at me. Dad gets annoyed by the little things that happen in life. But I wasn't in the mood for arguing that day so I just ate my breakfast and headed to school. I always wondered why I was an only child and what they had done the years before. As I closed the door there was a package in our mail box addressed to Jack Needles, my dad. Me being me, I ripped it open to see what was inside. A bunch of photos and letters came pouring out. All the pictures of the same thing - a baby - the same baby in every picture. The letters all addressed to either my mum or dad. I didn't have time to read them so I just sealed the package up and put it in my bag. As I walked to school I became more intrigued, so I started to read the letters - this was the big mistake that led to it all.

John McCartney



ECCO Knight Club

Knight Club, an ECCO club, is a club that takes place after school on a Thursday (3:30pm-5:00pm). All years get together to play tabletop games – Dungeons and Dragons style games. My name is Sam and I have been doing this for over a year now having started in Year 7. I LOVE Knight Club because there is always something cool and awesome to do like start a tavern fight, or fight off a hoard of zombies and other undead creatures of the night and other cool stunts and fights in different settings. The reason I keep coming to this club is that it's fun, imaginative, a great way to socialise with other kids (years 9, 10 and 6th Form). Even though the teacher who started it left (Mr Crossley science teacher) and now it is run by the 6th Form, we all have a great time. So Knight Club is not just about table top games with dice you can also do LARP (Live Action Role Play) events which is where you dress up as your character and run around in the woods trying to solve a plot. Instead of rolling a dice you actually do things yourself. Say you want to dig a hole then you dig an actual hole in real life etc. In summary, Knight Club is an awesome club and you should come along!

Sam Costantini



Year 9 Football

At the dawn of a new season, the bitter taste of our first ever defeat was still fresh in our minds. Despite ending on a high by winning the District Cup for the second time running, the loss to our greatest rivals, Beaumont, seemed to over shadow our victory. However, we took the loss as a positive, we had now learnt how to lose and seemed to no longer be scared of defeat. A massive weight had been taken off our shoulders. Nevertheless, the success of our current campaign seemed crucial. We were hungrier than ever for another taste of County Cup success!

Our first game of the season was anticipated to be a difficult game; we were facing a well-managed Stanborough side. Early on we managed to score a goal and ease the pressure a little; however, the opposition seemed determined and were constantly pressing against us. After a well worked play, which started at the middle of the pitch, we managed to work the ball up to the penalty area and had made an almost assuring, goal scoring opportunity. However, in an act of pure desperation the opposing team vigorously clashed into our 'man of the moment' and conceded a penalty. Harry calmly stepped up to the penalty spot and with class, conveyed the spot kick perfectly into the bottom left corner. In the second half we managed to take control of the game and as a result, managed to score yet another goal, which started from a promising build of play. We finished the game winning 3-0.

On our way to the second game of the season we were filled with confidence and were not intimidated by the opposition even though they seemed to be a tall and athletic group. Conversely, their 'Tiki Taka' skills were not up to par and it showed as we scored early on. Only a few minutes later, they once again showed a lack of awareness as Chris managed to score a wonder goal from a corner. He kicked the ball and as it floated in the air the whole of their team were ball watching, including the goal keeper. Everyone's jaw dropped when it fixed perfectly into the top right corner. From that moment on we controlled the play and managed to convert yet another goal from a well taken set piece, which I managed to get my head to. In the second half, our opponents had a final and desperate attempt at putting themselves back in the game. It was all too late as we had already gained control over them. Our triumph proved to be all the merrier with a late tap in goal from our Skipper, Sam Hannon.

For the first time since our defeat last year, we felt uncontrollable; we felt like we once did, we felt unstoppable!

Evgeni Georgiev