

VERULAMVOX

*Your school, your voice,
your magazine.*

SCHOOL CAPTAIN

Find out more about our School
Captain Application Process

CREATIVE WRITING

Read stories created by
our amazing students!



VERULAM
SCHOOL

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

- 04 School Captain**
Application Process
- 05 Prefect Introduction**
Hear from Elliot and Christy about the process.
- 06 Lecture Overview**
A lecture from Dr Rosie Llewellyn-Jones MBE
- 08 Next Steps**
Year 9 Options
- 09 Work Experience**
Gilberts Accountants
- 10 The Reality of UCAS**
The application process
- 10 Youth Talk**
Fundraising for Youth Talk
- 12 Creative Writing**
Audacious Aiden and the Ring of Ortheo
- 16 Abbey Service Prayer**
A prayer by Faizan Q
- 17 All On The Board**
Sixth Form Mentor Programme



04

SCHOOL CAPTAIN

Application Process



12

CREATIVE WRITING

Audacious Aiden and the Ring of Ortheo



06

LECTURE OVERVIEW

Dr Rosie Llewellyn-Jones MBE



10

YOUTH TALK

Raising money for Youth Talk



WELCOME FROM THE HEADTEACHER

Dear Students,

Welcome to our second edition of the Verulam Vox. This half term has been a busy one, with lots of visitors, guest speakers, the Year 9 Options process starting, a number of 6th Form Open Events and the elections for the Senior Prefects.

I never cease to be amazed at the talents, skills and positive actions of students in our community and it's a pleasure to share these through the Verulam Vox.

I hope you enjoy this edition and have a wonderful half term break!

Best wishes,
Miss J Richardson

SCHOOL CAPTAIN

APPLICATION PROCESS



MEET MYLES



My name is Myles O and I am in year 12 studying: Biology, History and Economics. In addition, I am also completing an EPQ. Starting sixth form in September was a big step up from the lower school. All of a sudden, work load increased, everyone became more independent and we were all given the opportunity to gain greater responsibility within the school.

The first opportunity of responsibility came in November when the application process for the senior prefect role commenced. If we wished to apply, we had to submit an application form to

the Headteacher - Miss Richardson, outlining: why we would like the role, what we hope to gain from the experience and what specific qualities we thought we had that would make us suitable.

If successful, the applicants were then put forward into an interview with Miss Perry, Mr Base, Mrs Destickere, the current Senior Team and a student panel. For many, including myself, this was a daunting experience. However, it enabled me to develop confidence and opened my eyes to the importance of the opportunity at hand.

From this process, 18 senior prefects were elected and eight candidates were short-listed to go forward to the next stage - determining our School Captain, Head Prefects and Vice Captain roles. This included eight of us giving a speech to year 11, 12 and 13, delivering our manifesto. This gave us all the opportunity to utilise our oratorical capabilities in addressing the years that will be most affected by the next Senior Team. A vote was then cast to select the top four candidates to go forward to the final stage. This included a formal conversation with Miss Richardson,

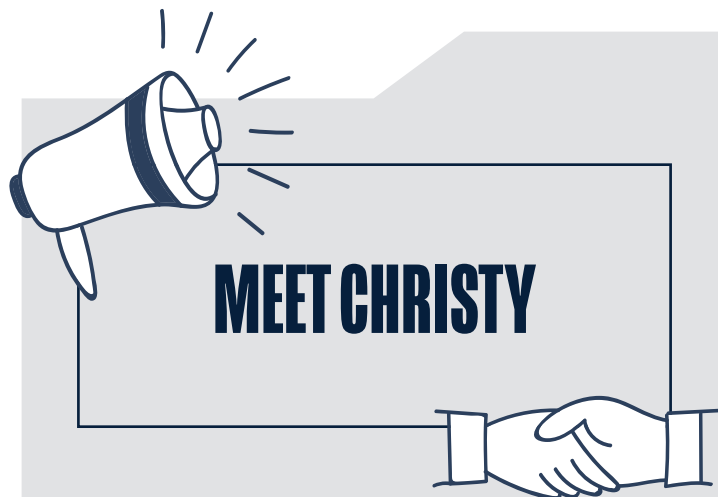
allowing us to voice our opinions of the school and put forward the proposals that we intend to implement if we were to be selected.

I applied to be School Captain, primarily, to give back to the school. After all the time and effort Verulam have given me, I feel it is now my duty to reciprocate this. If I am selected as School Captain, I look forward to: gaining the opportunity to lead others (especially younger members of the school), work closer with key members of staff and also the opportunity to develop ideas and carry out plans that, I feel, will improve school life at Verulam.

As I am writing this, I am awaiting the results from the process. I would like to take the opportunity to thank all the staff that have been involved. Irrespective of the outcome, the process will be an invaluable experience for the years ahead.

Good luck to everyone involved.





My names Christy Q, and I'm a Senior Prefect here at Verulam. I've been at Verulam since year 7, holding multiple posts ranging from School Council to Eco Ambassador, and after years of determination have made it to the Sixth Form, where I am currently studying Philosophy & Ethics, History and Business.

Throughout my time within the school, I have come across multiple challenges; however my pursuit to become School Captain has been one of the most strenuous by far. Along my journey I have been asked consistently, why do you want this? The simple answer being, Verulam's Welfare.

I aspire to participate in giving Verulam the push needed in order to become a healthier, safer and resourceful environment together with working towards the best for all, acting as an outgoing; persuasive spokesperson representing and fighting for student beliefs. It's within schools we are taught to utilize our time and learning in addition with our staff, but why not our students?

With over 1,000 young men years 7 to 11, I'm ambitious to create and deploy opportunity throughout the school entrusting, as put best by our Headteacher Miss Richardson, "the maturity that you have all shown".

Verulam holds a wide range of beliefs, cultures and values which builds a foundation for students as well as staff, successfully supporting all of the Verulam community. I hope to look back at the end of year 13 to see and acknowledge that I – amongst many – have built upon this foundation expanding the schools Character, Excellence and Respect. Ultimately, I hope to 'Faire Mon Devoir'.

VERULAMVOX

PREFECT INTRODUCTION



I'm Elliot J, one of your new Senior Prefects. Some of you may know me personally or have seen me around the school – perhaps; helping out on the tills in the canteen, being a reading mentor, in assemblies, in the national cup squad photos around the school and for the sportsmen, at the cross country meets.

After joining Verulam in year 7 I have never looked back. Verulam has given me endless opportunities with my personal development both academically and socially.

Academically, Verulam has provided me with skills which have helped me develop into the person I am today – choosing to pursue; English Literature, History, Philosophy & Ethics and Finance. Socially Verulam has encouraged us students to participate in team focused activities in which I have really gained confidence. As mentioned before, one of my hobbies is sports. At Verulam I have participated in: football, cross country, rugby and athletics. My most notable experiences in sports were; the 2019 Elite National Cup run, the year 7 mob race (which we won) and being given the opportunity to represent the County in cross country in 2016 and 2019.

My other interests include: travel, music and reading. I feel privileged to be given this role as Senior Prefect and I promise I will give my all to help to improve the school and the students experience within it. I have many hopes for the school and I will try my best along with the other Senior Prefects to implement them. While us Prefects are given a role of higher responsibility, our success also very much depends on cooperation with students and teachers so therefore, do not be afraid to raise any concerns or ideas with us.

Finally, once again I thank you for this opportunity and I look forward to getting started.

LECTURE OVERVIEW

DR ROSIE LLEWELLYN-JONES MBE



Dr Rosie Llewellyn-Jones MBE is a well-known British scholar who has devoted the majority of her life to the study of British India, specialising in Lucknow and its culture. Today, she lectures at the Victoria & Albert Museum in London on the Asian Arts course for the Indian Art Circle. Rosie was awarded an MBE in 2015 for her services to the British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia (BACSA) and British Indian studies. Although this award is extremely prestigious, she commenced her lecture to us by mentioning that, although being extremely honoured, receiving an MBE (Member of the Order of the British Empire) was incredibly ironic for her as she spent her 'whole life criticising the British'.

She visited our school to deliver an informative lecture to us on India during the Second World War.

Throughout her talk, she emphasised how crucial the Indian army was to the success of the war effort; it was the largest volunteer army in the world, contributing over 2.5 million soldiers by August 1945. This, compared to the 205,000 Indian soldiers at the beginning of the war in September 1939, demonstrates the extent to how committed the Indian people were to the war effort.

Rosie highlighted how ironic this was that, although under the oppressive rule of the British, the Indian army was determined to fight for the British regime in attempt to gain greater freedom.

Furthermore, Rosie then went on to compare the philosophies of two iconic social activists: Mahatma Gandhi and Subhas Chandra Bose. She evaluated how effective each of their policies were in gaining Indian Independence post WW2. Gandhi was an Indian lawyer, politician and peaceful revolutionist who led the 'Quit India Movement' of August 1942, leading to his arrest and Bose was

a Bengali intellectual, who was elected as head of Congress in 1937. Both activists had the same aim - swaraj (self-rule). However, Gandhi aimed to achieve this by non-violent protest, whereas Bose believed that the only way to abolish British rule was by violence. She concluded that Gandhi's approach, although mostly unsuccessful due to his arrest and how some of his protests turned violent, was the most effective method in achieving independence in August 1947.

In my opinion, I feel that it is extremely important that we remember and commemorate the Indian effort during WW2 and throughout their time under colonial rule. Not only was this lecture a credit to our course, but it was also a credit to our wider knowledge around the curriculum and opened our eyes to the reality of the British during their repressive reign in India.

By Myles O, 12DAB



NEXT STEPS...



Beginning in Year 9 choosing options for GCSE to Year 11 experiencing the world of work during work experience week and finally on to Year 13 negotiating the UCAS University application process, our students tell us a little about each stage:

“

Thinking about our choices is a big step toward our future. The choices I am going to pick are first of all: Geography as I find it really interesting, then Design Technology, Business and Computer Science.

I have chosen subjects that I am really good at so that I can get the highest grade possible. Making the decision was really hard though, I had to ask family and friends and get everyone's opinion and gather as much subject information as possible.

by Aditya P

“

For my options I have come to the conclusion that I want to take PE, Business, French and History. I have picked Business as it is a highly popular, useful subject to pick as it has an obvious link to work as I would like in the future to have something to do with the business side of things.

After an assembly with one of the Business teachers, I am now 100% sure that Business is a subject for me. I want to do PE as well because, first of all it is fun, and secondly if the business route doesn't work out for me then I would also enjoy

a job that involves sport, more specifically, coaching. I have decided to do GCSE PE rather than BTEC because I feel that GCSE PE is more for people who play sport outside school and are confident in two sports. I have also chosen History as this subject is one of my strong points in terms of exams, it will also help fulfil the EBAC requirement. Linked to this, I am also choosing French to complete the EBAC requirement and give myself the best chance of getting into a good University later on.

by Louis D

WORK

EXPERIENCE

by Isaac T



My name is Isaac Tand in year 11 I did 1 week of work experience at Gilberts Accountants in St Albans. Everyone in the year did work experience throughout that week and I chose to go to Gilberts Accountants as I was looking at accountancy as a possible career path later on in my life and I wanted to get a taste and a good insight as to what it would be like working a full 9-5 day in a place like Gilberts.

I had never worked in an office environment before so I was relatively intrigued to see how financial firms operate and how the people inside deal with the pressure of handling a lot of money. However, I was also a little nervous as I would have to meet new people and spend the week with them, so I was hoping that they were nice (which they were).

On the first day I was welcomed by the boss of Gilberts and he introduced me to who I would be working with during my week. I became part of a team and from there, I was given my first task of copying lots of numbers and names

onto an excel spread sheet. This took me the whole day and I found it very boring. On Tuesday I was presented with a similar task that also took me nearly the whole day and by Tuesday night I was not looking forward to going back for the rest of the week. However, on Wednesday they explained that everyone in the building had gone through the long, brain numbing process that I went through. As a result, I was then able to work with a member of my team and they started to show me all the websites that they use and how they are able to keep track of all their clients' money so accurately. This day was a lot more interesting than the previous 2 days as I felt as if I was actually helping my team out and that I was being useful.

Thursday came around and I was not dreading the day as I was told I would be doing similar tasks that I had been doing on Wednesday.

Thursday did not disappoint as I once again found myself being useful as I was doing various jobs, such as helping to keep track of clients' money and interpreting data. I was also shown

shortcuts that were useful for excel, making long processes a lot shorter.

On my last day, Friday, the task of organising a spread sheet for one of Gilberts longest and most respectable client was handed to me. I felt quite a bit of pressure as I knew that if I messed up then it would reflect poorly on the firm. I managed to complete the task successfully (with a bit of aid from my team) by the end of the day and I became relaxed after it was checked through and approved.

Overall, my work experience was definitely one that I will not be forgetting soon as it was my first real feel of work outside school. I can now confirm that I won't be becoming an accountant as I felt that accountancy is not the job for me due to the little moving and long sitting in the office.

However, I am glad that I went through that experience as I feel it is better to cross accountancy off my possible future job list now than when I am an adult, as by then I would have narrowed down my possible job options.

THE REALITY OF UCAS



This time of the year can be especially daunting for students. Having to lock in only FIVE out of the hundreds of universities scattered across the UK, being forced to choose one topic which may change the path of their career can seem like a lot to ask from a 17 year old who may not even know what kind of career they would like to pursue, or even interest them!

I have found, from being involved in this seemingly arduous process, that

it isn't actually as scary as it sounds. With the help of the supportive staff at Verulam, who have decades of experience, guiding us to the best university options for us. The UCAS application was much more exciting rather than nerve racking.

The jolt of motivation per offer received allowed students to become more motivated than ever, being able to discuss what we were looking forward to, rather than the obstacles we may face. Speaking out about development of social life, being able to mix with people from all different

backgrounds and finally getting to live away from home (though parents may not be in favour).

Overall, UCAS applications and the journey to finally being a university student is one that enables students to truly learn and specialise in their favourite/ most interested topics, exposing us to the reality of adulthood.

By Zakariya M

YOUTH TALK

by Myli Y

Since last term's Abbey Service we have been raising money for Youth Talk, a local charity that provides free counselling for teenagers and young adults in St. Albans and the surrounding areas.

We met with Rachel Simkin who is the Senior Corporate and Community Fundraiser of Youth Talk, and we discussed ways in which we could raise awareness and money to help fund counselling sessions. Senior Prefects delivered assemblies to each year group, raising awareness about Youth Talk and we raised money through selling Youth Talk pin badges and pens throughout the school which were very popular.

At the end of the Abbey Service donations were made to Youth Talk and in total we raised £2000! This is enough to provide 40 counselling sessions.

Youth Talk has been shortlisted for Life's Great Causes – "Life's Great Causes is a community campaign run by Ashtons. Twenty local charities have been shortlisted for a chance to win some money to support their cause.' The online poll is on the Youth Talk website, for the public to determine the top 3 charities to receive a proportion of the £10,000 raised.

Me, Owen, Huw and Ms Richardson met with Rachel to hand over the cheque and we were very proud of how much money we raised and Youth Talk were very grateful, so thank you to everyone who bought a pin badge or made a donation.



CREATIVE WRITING



AUDACIOUS AIDEN AND THE RING OF ORTHEO

CHAPTER 1 - THE BARRIER BREAKS PART 2

by Daniel I, Year 9



When his home is AMBUSHED, and his people are murdered by the malevolent DRUCILS, AIDEN HART must leave his home and go on a PERILOUS adventure to retrieve the ring of ORTHEO, while facing TREACHEROUS friends, and DANGEROUS enemies. But the most dangerous thing might be his new found ABILITIES..

Aiden found himself perplexed at not the sword- but the sword holder.

"G-g-grandma?!?"

His kind old grandma, who normally complained of having back pain, was dressed from head to toe with armour, and held a fierce looking sword. Removing the weapon from its unfortunate prey, she said:

"Disgusting creatures."

She turned to Aiden, then the sky, and blew hard on a horn. After a few more minutes of bloodshed, tears and anguish, there finally was a single light in the sky and soon, more lights came to help their duplicate.

"Finally." Said grandma.

Aiden looked lost. "Grandma? What's going on?" He asked, still dazed.

To this, she turned to him.

"Aiden, let's go. Now. Come on, move!"

She grabbed Aiden who was still flabbergasted and scared and started running towards the feeble barrier. In doing so, Granny fiercely slashed left and right at the revolting beasts.

While running, Aiden caught a glimpse of other sword holders, and was equally surprised to see

"Mr. Willis?"

"Hello my boy. Just because I'm fighting for you does not mean that we are fr-" His words were cut short when one of the drucils took him up in the air.

"Give...it..to us." It snarled.

"Ah!" He yelled.

"Mr. Willis!" Aiden cried.

"Another one bites the dust. Come on!"

Granny yelled, while her weapon disoriented one of the beasts.

"G-g-grandma?" Aiden stammered.

"W-what was that thing talking about? W-w-when it said 'give it' to us? What is 'it'?"

Granny did not answer. Despite her age, she was still running like she was 20. Aiden and his Granny ran through a mist of peril; grandma slashing left and right.

Finally, they got out of the terrible territory, and met a group of other sword holders.

"Greetings brethren. The time has come. The time we were waiting for." Grandma said darkly in a general-like state.

The others murmured in agreement. "We are the last charge- the last hope- and we must fight for our city." Grandma continued. She turned to Aiden and explained everything. "Aiden, we are the Pontel - protectors of the city. These sickening beasts who have come to invade our land and everything we fight for, are here only for one thing." With that, she pulled out a map from her sack. Aiden stared at it in admiration.

"Long ago, you already know the story of King Mortilus don't you?" She asked, unfurling the withered map. Aiden shook his head in response. "I told it to you when you were younger!" She exclaimed.

The anxious boy winced back at his relative's sudden change of tone. Normally, he would have secretly rolled his eyes in such a situation, but seeing his grandma in this foreign armour with a sword and a strict expression made him do otherwise.

The fierce warrior sighed, and started telling the story again, while the other

protectors grumbled and complained as they slashed each creature, giving the strict storyteller and her kindred cover.

“A long time ago, a virtuous wizard who felt neglected for his work went rogue, and like all megalomaniacs, he desired to take over, and rule his kingdom. You already know that one, don’t you?” Grandma asked. Aiden stood cowering with shame; Grandma continued, annoyed. “Anyway, his rulers were good people, but to most of their citizens, their efforts were plain. This wizard knew that he could not challenge the rulers on his own, and he sought some help. In secret, he convinced a lot of people to overthrow their rulers. Some were with him, and were known to themselves as the doom reapers; others were against his strategy and sought to help their beloved king and queen. They were annihilated by the sorcerer’s cold hands, or rather: wand. Soon -” She stopped for a moment to slice a creature.

“Map...” It screeched

“Followers.” She said as she extracted her illuminating weapon.

“Where was I? Oh yes. After he gained enough devotees, he planned a battle against the kingdom. Both leaders fought greatly... unfortunately their efforts were futile and they were defeated. The wizard ruled with a rod of iron, for if anyone dared to go against his orders... Well, there are far worse things than death. It happened like this for a long time until he wanted more power. Having one kingdom to rule alone was dull, and he wanted an unlimited amount of power. It happened at that time that there was a pool latent in the depths of a cave that granted such a gift.

“He wasted no time in searching for the desirable pool. He found it, but when he dipped his wand into it, something went wrong, and his whole body fell into the lake. His companion who had, against his better judgement, accompanied him, felt concerned for his master, but knew that no one could survive the pool’s burning heat. As he walked away, however, the pool started bubbling. It continued like that, until a shady figure breathed life

from the depths of the mystical pool. Terrified, the devotee fell back to the ground. He knew it couldn’t be his cruel lord. But when the creature spoke up, he convinced him that he was his odious master.

“With an intense force of power, the wizard-transformed-creature caused three times as much havoc as he did on not only his kingdom, but all nine worlds. A great war happened, but even with mighty forces, nothing was enough to end the beast. That beast was King Mortilus, or the dark lord; people said he was unstoppable until 9 people from the nine worlds came together to form a force powerful enough to vanquish the dark one, and end his despicable reign. They were called the “Serpent Soldiers.” They were all persistent, and with great teamwork, they managed to make weapons that formed together to produce an unstoppable strength. They were wise enough to make a map, so that it was possible to find all their creations. This map was authentic, and it was known as the Septims’ plan. With their ultimate weapons, they dared to face the power-hungry king, and blasted him. It worked in a way. The King caused no more peril, but it was not like he was dead. He was only sealed in a tomb, his powers unable to break out of his case. A temple full of miscellaneous traps was made, and Mortilus was stored there, so that it was impossible for any of his followers to reach him.

The heroes would’ve been congratulated, and would’ve received many gifts and accolades, but unfortunately, during their triumph, the force was so overwhelming, it destroyed them. Therefore, to honour the gallant warriors, every Elder from each world took the rings, and kept them secretly, away from the world.

“To restore the world to order-” Grandma stopped for a moment as one of the soldiers was taken up into the air by the Drucils. The warriors were humble and confident, but their energy was succumbing to weakness. Taking advantage of this, the Drucils had started to form a semi-circle around the heroes. Grandma took up her weapon.

“I won’t have time to explain.” She said frantically. “Long story short, the tale says that if the weapons lose their essence, or if King Mortilus’ followers get a hold of even one ring to awaken their master, then the dark king will rise again, and this time, he won’t be merciful. You must take the map, for I have it with me.”

The creatures snarled and spat at the sight of the antique paper.

Passing it to Aiden, and walking back slowly as well, she continued, “Use it to find the nine rings. They will be hard to acquire, for others will try to retrieve them, and use them to awaken King Mortilus.”



Aiden looked anxiously at his grandma.

"You're coming with me, right?"

Grandma didn't answer. She was swinging her sword left and right, for she was the only warrior that was packed with energy to take down the monsters. Unfortunately, she wasn't enough to take down all of them.

Once again, this time with a lump in his throat, Aiden asked, "Grandma, you're coming with me, right?"

Grandma looked at him this time with pity, then up at the sky and whistled.

A little later, a silent shadow filled the sky, then came, flying down to the crowd. It was a ginormous beast. Its eyes were aquamarine blue; its feathers were colourful, and it looked down at everyone with big mysterious and meticulous eyes.

"Good girl." Grandma said, stroking the bird's beak. She gave Aiden a sympathetic expression, and following that, passed him a book.

"Follow Fiditer," she said, "and let her be your transport. She is loyal, and won't leave your side no matter what. This is my book, filled with as much information as I know about most of the rings. Here's my sack as well." She said, passing him a small velvet thick sack, while swinging her sword.

Aiden, however, gave his grandmother a pleading look "Come with me grandma. Please. We can do this together."

Grandma sadly replied, "My boy, I know. But I am old. I won't be able to keep up forever."

"I was with you in the city. You ran speedily holding my arm."

"Aiden, that was different. I had to keep you safe, but I won't be able to do it forever."

A soldier yelled. The Pontels were losing to the monsters, and it seemed that only Grandma, Aiden and two weak warriors were left. The old protector continued, "Go. Now. We'll try and hold them off." But Aiden remained wilful.

"I'm not leaving without you."

Grandma felt sorrow for her grandson. "Then you leave me no choice." With great agility, she thrust Aiden her sword ("What?" Aiden went), told him to be strong ("Grandma what are you—" began Aiden), and threw him up onto Fiditer's back. Aiden fell with a hard landing. He expected smooth or soft feathers, but what he was on felt like wood. It was wood, and he sat up straight in the carrier.

"A boat?" Aiden asked, flummoxed.

"Grandma? Why did you give me your sword?" But Grandma was not listening anymore. She seemed to be talking to Fiditer, and trying so much to hold off the beast. "Aiden!" Grandma screamed. "Grandma?" Aiden said, close to coming down from the boat, but the bird (for some reason) didn't let him.

"Trust no one! Be safe! I LOVE YOU!" The old lady screamed. With that, she patted Fiditer, and the bird flapped her wide wings. "Use the sword!" Grandma yelled. The last words the boy heard from the only relative he knew was, "For the Kingdom!" Before being devoured by the horrid beasts. Aiden looked horrified at his grandma's oppressors.

"NO!" The boy yelled. Aiden pinched himself. Slapped himself, and smelt his boots. He wanted this to be a prank. He just wanted to jerk up from his bed, sweating heavily. He even thought a nightmare would have been good. But as he gaped at his grandma's decaying flesh, he knew this was worse than a nightmare.

Drucils started circling around the bird, snarling, "Give-it-to us. Hope- is-lost. Join-us." But Aiden knew better than to trust his grandma's murderers. He was frightened, searching for anything

to defend him. As one beast came forward to harm him, Aiden's eyes caught hold of the sword.

The boy had had no training in sword fighting, but knowing that the kingdoms depended on him, he grasped at the sword and started swinging. Even though Aiden had no training whatsoever in weaponry, he observed something quite strange. It seemed as he held the grip of the sword, mastery on how to fight flowed into his mind. Before he knew it, he had taken a swing at the beast, and sliced off its head. The creatures were surprised and furious that one of their kind had been razed by a child. They flew forward, but before they got the chance to attack, Fiditer had used her wing to flap the beasts out of sight. Aiden grasped at everything he could, and used his feet to hold onto the boat's handle...

As Aiden laid down on the boat wondering about where he would go, he started thinking about the last conversation he had with his grandma.



"What did a raccoon have to do with my parents? Why HAD grandma been afraid of those animals? Why did I treat her so horribly? Why?"

As his mind circled around those puzzling questions, he regretted more and more how he treated his kind grandmother. Aiden sat up, still thinking about where to go, when he saw the map, wiggling in the wind. The boy brought it up, and also the sack,

wondering why his grandma gave it to him. He opened it, to see if anything was inside, but was surprised to see so much space contained in the miniature bag. “Huh?” He asked.

Aiden looked at the map, and saw a small dot moving towards east. On that dot was a name in bold:

“AIDEN HART”

“Is that us?” He asked the bird.

She said nothing. “Right. I forgot. You don’t speak. I wish I knew where to find the first ring. Oh Grandma. You just left me. Why? I just wish I knew where to find it.” Aiden sighed hopelessly.

He looked at the map one more time, and saw something different. An arrow that was not there before, was moving slowly, at first in a straight line, then it moved madly, leaving in its tracks some rectangular trail, and finally, it stopped on a little picture shaped like an island, just below the dot.

“Tumble Turve.” Aiden read.

He studied the map in marvel. It appeared that not only did the map show where someone was, but it also showed the location of someone’s wish.

“Unbelievable.” Aiden said, still looking at the map with wonder. The map was TRULY one of a kind, he realised. He was filled with little hope, though he still did not understand the bag. He moved to the edge of the boat, and asked whether Fiditer could understand him. The bird gave no response, but Aiden tried anyway.

Quietly, he told the beast whether he could take him to “Tumble Turve.” Almost immediately, the bird changed position, and Aiden saw on the map the dot was heading towards the arrow.

Carefully, he rolled up the map, tied it securely, and put it somewhere where he knew that it wouldn’t fall.

“Don’t worry Grandma. Everything’s in good hands, I promise!” He exclaimed, chatting to the sky above him. With the wind pulling back at his hair, Aiden got a little hope. “I can do this.” He said quietly.

“With a sword, a mysterious bag, a book, a map, and a big bird, how could I possibly fail?”



TO BE CONTINUED...

CREA
WRIT
CREA
WRIT
CREA
WRIT

ABBHEY SERVICE

PRAYER

by Faizan Q



Having done that speech in Arabic in front of the school, pupils old and new, I have to say, it has built my confidence.

At first I thought it would be a bit daunting, but Mr. Hall prepared me on how to maximise the effectiveness of the speech, and how to present it in a way in which everyone would be entertained. I enjoyed it considerably, and hope to do something similar next year!

يا الله يا مولانا

لك الحياة والسلام بنعمتك يا راحم الراحمين

أنا السلام ومنك واليك ترجع يا رزاق

أرزقنا بالحياة والسلام وارشدنا الى صراط المستقيم

يا مجيد يا واحد والفضل

انت الرزاق الكريم

The prayer in English is as follows:

O God! O our master.

You are eternal life and everlasting peace by your essence and attributes.

The everlasting peace is from You and it returns to You.

O our sustainer!

Grant us the life of true peace and usher us into the abode of peace.

O glorious and Bounteous One!

You are blessed and sublime.

Amen

O Allah (God), O our Master,

All salutations and peace belong to You,

With Your blessing, O Most Merciful of the merciful.

You are Peace and all peace is from You.

To You we return, O Provider.

Provide us with life and peace and guide us to the straight path,

O Exalted, O One, by Your grace,

You are the Provider, the Most Generous.

by Ms Mariam Conlan

انالوم اي هللا اي
مالسل او تايحتل كل
ني محارل محراً اي كتمعنب
مالسل كنمو مالسل تنأ
قازر اي عجرن كيلاو
مالسل او تايحتل انقزرا
ميقتسمل طارصل الى ان دشرأو
كلضفب دحاو اي ديجم اي
ميركل قازرل تنأ



Service information

@VerulamSchool **Date** **Time** **Sixth Form Mentor Programme**

One thing I really love about Verulam is the fact that no student here is ever left behind or told to 'just deal' with their issues or stresses. One way we help struggling students to 'deal with it' is through the Sixth Form mentor programme. This programme has two strands: welfare mentors and reading mentors.

On one hand, welfare mentors are willing Sixth Form volunteers being introduced to a struggling student from any year group and meeting them one-to-one on a weekly basis to discuss how they're doing mentally and academically and just having a chat about what a mentee has described as 'stuff that I can't talk about with friends' such as bullying or exam stress. Mentees have described the mentors themselves as 'someone who is at school who knows what I'm going through'. One mentee said jokingly remarked that the experience as a whole was '10/10' and they 'would do again'.

On the other hand, reading mentors are Year 12 students who are selected to work with struggling year 7s and it is as simple as just reading with them: the student will read and ask any questions they have as well as doing quizzes on the books that they have been reading.

I personally could not agree more with the idea that the scheme should be expanded, and not just for sixth formers. I believe that younger students (year 9 onwards) should be mentors to students two years younger than themselves to give them an insight into what they can expect from school life and life in general in the next two years of existence. The scheme benefits both the mentors and the mentees as the former is building empathy and the skill of listening, while the latter is being given potentially invaluable advice on how to better deal with the very real issues of mental health, exam stresses and any obstacles they may encounter in life.

by Owen C

The 6th form mentor scheme has been running for a number of years and has been invaluable in offering support to students in KS3/4 who need it. It allows a different perspective and involves a check-in chat once a week between the two students. We want to expand the number of mentors moving forward as it is a great experience for the older students as well

by Mr Tansley

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