WEMBLEY HIGH TECHNOLOGY COLLEGE

Newsletter

Spring 2 - 2026

FOCUS: READING AND WRITING

CEO's Message



Dear Parents and Carers,

This term has seen a strong whole-school commitment to the National Year of Reading, with a clear focus on promoting reading for pleasure and emphasising its importance for academic success, wellbeing, and future opportunities.

Students across all year groups have engaged enthusiastically in a wide range of reading-related activities, including World Book Day celebrations and creative writing opportunities, reflecting a genuine excitement around literacy. Creativity has been a particular highlight, with students producing outstanding work in the House Creative Writing and Haiku competitions.

The quality of these entries has even attracted external praise, showcasing the depth of talent within the school. Innovative learning experiences, such as the Languages Olympiad and the introduction of classroom lending libraries, have further encouraged curiosity, teamwork, and independent reading habits. Beyond the classroom, a rich programme of enrichment and inclusive activities has taken place, including Culture Day, basketball tournaments, and a wide variety of clubs. These opportunities have supported both personal development and a strong sense of belonging. Students have also demonstrated admirable character and values through initiatives such as Comic Relief fundraising and activities marking International Women's Day, promoting equality, social responsibility, and global awareness.

Congratulations to all of our students as the term has been marked by a positive and vibrant school culture, characterised by creativity, community spirit, and enthusiasm from both students and staff!

Beth Ragheb
CEO



Headteacher's Message

Dear Parents and Carers,

As we come to the end of what has been a short but exceptionally impactful Spring Term, I would like to take a moment to reflect on and celebrate the many successes across our school community.

I would like to begin by commending our Year 11 students for their outstanding performance in Assessment Week 4. We are delighted to see that, on average, students are already making over a grade more progress since Year 7 than the national benchmark. This is a testament to their hard work, resilience and commitment, as well as the unwavering support from our staff and families.

I would also like to recognise our Year 13 students, the vast majority of whom are now working towards securing the grades required to study at some of the very best universities in the world. Their ambition, maturity and focus are exemplary, and we are incredibly proud of their achievements.

This term has also brought exciting whole-school developments. After two years of rigorous preparation, we are proud to announce that we are now officially an International Baccalaureate World School. From September, we will be offering the prestigious Diploma Programme alongside our A Level provision in Key Stage 5, providing students with a truly world-class, internationally recognised pathway. You can find out more about this unique opportunity here: https://www.whtc.co.uk/sixth-form/the-international-baccalaureate-programme/

In addition, we are delighted to have been awarded the IQM Centre of Excellence status. This national recognition celebrates schools that demonstrate outstanding inclusive practice. It reflects our deep commitment to ensuring that every student feels valued, supported and able to succeed, regardless of their starting point. Being part of the IQM Centre of Excellence network will enable us to collaborate with like-minded schools, continue to refine our practice, and further strengthen the support we provide to all members of our community.

Finally, as we break for Easter, I would like to thank you for your continued support. I wish all of our students and families a happy, restful and enjoyable Easter break.

Tom Best
Headteacher

Wembley Multi-Academy Trust
ACHIEVEMENT FOR ALL

National Literacy Trust

Change your story

NATIONAL YEAR OF READING

In 2026, a nationwide celebration of reading is taking place as part of the National Year of Reading, led by the National Literacy Trust. This important initiative brings together schools, families, and communities with one shared goal: to inspire a lifelong love of reading in children and young people.

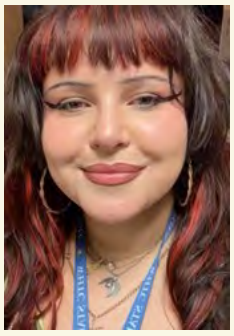
Here at Wembley High Technology College, we believe that reading is one of the most powerful tools a child can develop. It supports learning across every subject, strengthens communication skills and opens the door to imagination, creativity and new perspectives.

The National Year of Reading is a reminder that reading is not just a classroom activity - it's a life skill that begins at home, and is something that connects us all.

Under the banner ***"Go All In – if you're into it, read into it",*** the campaign encourages individuals to explore how reading can enhance the things they already love.

This half term, we have thought about all about reading, celebrating World Book Day on 5th March all around school; we also wrote haikus in our House Haiku Competition, and we were overwhelmed by the amazing stories students from all year groups wrote for our House Creative Writing event – we are publishing the short list stories in this newsletter, as well as our top haikus. Our teachers shared their favourite books on their doors in the English department. In Tutor time, students learnt surprising facts about reading that we share with you now in this newsletter. Our wonderful Sixth Formers delivered assemblies to our KS3 students about the impact a book has had on their lives. Our Creative Writing Club has been working on creating tension… It also feels apt that we introduce to you in this newsletter our librarian, Ms Faria, who also happens to be our judge for our House writing competitions!

WELCOME TO OUR LIBRARIAN



I am Ms Faria, the new Librarian at WHTC since December. I am an avid reader and work alongside each department to ensure we have the best supporting materials for students.

I am incredibly passionate about engaging children with reading and showing them the endless variety of books and genres that exist to encourage students to read more.

Being a Librarian is amazing as I get to listen to students talk about their preferences and how I can tailor our collection to provide materials to support not only their education, but their passions, hobbies and further knowledge.



I have already created the free book initiative where students are free to take any of our withdrawn books home with them to ensure they have access to reading materials. I hope to create wonderful reading spaces for each key stage, tailoring literature to their preferences and age in order to promote a culture of reading here at WHTC.

We encourage students to sign up to be a librarian, as this helps them to develop leadership skills and have a say in which books we choose for our students. We also offer volunteering opportunities to students, especially those who are working towards their Duke of Edinburgh award.

LIBRARY



Our library, or KS3 LRC, is open every day from 8am, at break time, lunch time and after school – please encourage your child to pop by, peruse our collection, grab a bookmark or even catch up on their homework using our computers.



Here are some reading stats:



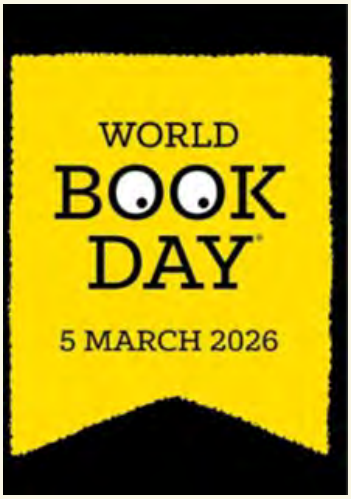
- Children who read books often at age 10 and more than once a week at age 16 gain higher results in maths, vocabulary and spelling tests at age 16 than those who read less regularly.
- 16-year-olds who choose to read books for pleasure outside of school are more likely to secure managerial or professional jobs in later life.
- In 2024, it was found that children and young people who enjoyed reading had higher average standardised reading scores than children and young people who didn't enjoy reading.
- Reading for enjoyment has been reported as more important for children's educational success than their family's socio-economic status.
- Children who are read to for 20 minutes per day are exposed to 1.8 million words per year.
- Reading for just six minutes can reduce stress levels by 68%.
- Children who are read to at home have better language development and literacy skills than those who are not read to
- People who read fiction have better social cognition, or the ability to understand and empathise with others' emotions and perspectives.



World Book Day – A Celebration

Well done to everyone for your incredible participation this World Book Day.

We had such a great time celebrating, from the lovely staff who went above and beyond to dress up, to our amazingly ambitious students that participated in the House Quiz. We couldn't have done it without your support!



Students were stunned by the ingenuity and creativity of staff and their costumes. From Animal Farm, to An Inspector Calls, and even Wuthering Heights!

Our English staff really went above and beyond to make the day magical for students.

A massive thank you to our KS5 Student Council representatives who took time out of their incredibly busy schedule to create and deliver a wonderful presentation on the magic of literature and how it can change lives.



BOOK REVIEWS BY OUR KS3 LIBRARIANS

Black Brother, Black Brother by Jewell Parker

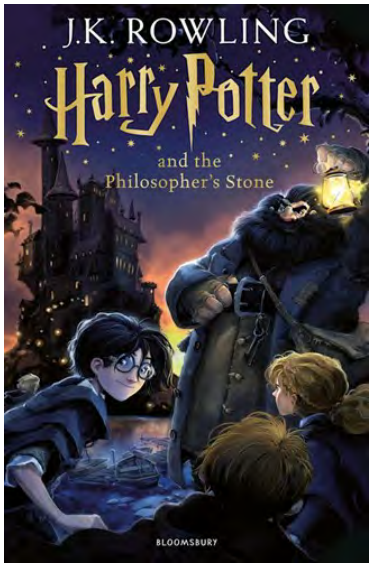


I love this book a lot not only because it introduces you to the impacts that prejudice can do to people based on their gender, or race but because it also evolves your point of view. This is shown in moments such as when the main character is seen as less than his brother because his skin colour is darker or when the main characters friend is put down only because she is a girl.

On the other hand, I also find this book intriguing because it also shows elements of fencing which provides you with a wider range of extracurricular knowledge you may enjoy.
As a whole, I absolutely loved this book because it shows you a viewpoint of people who you may relate to, such as being seen less than your siblings. I love this book because I enjoy reading books with elements of real-life problems such as racism and sexism. To end this review, I would say that this is an amazing book to read all day and definitely recommend!

Written by Zamiyah H R. (8.3)

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone by J.K. Rowling

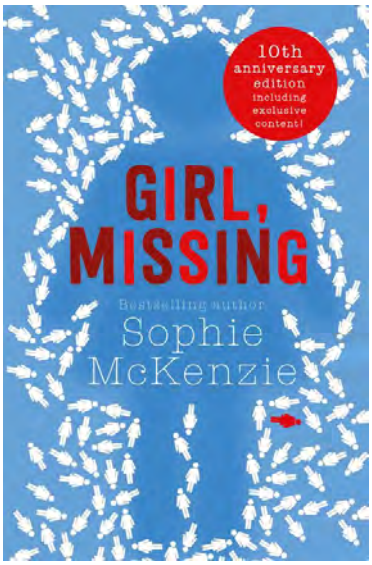


A fascinating introduction to the wizarding world can be found in *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*. In addition to evoking awe, Rowling's narrative conveys a profound lesson about friendship, bravery, and loyalty.

The book has become one of the most popular works of contemporary literature because it is easy to read, thrilling, and imaginative. I would definitely recommend this to everyone!

Written by Om P. (8.5)

Girl Missing by Sophie McKenzie



Girl Missing is an amazing book which shows how quickly her life unravels after spotting a missing girl poster online, except the girl in the photo looked exactly as her! This book follows the truth about what truly happened to Lauren before she was adopted by the only people she thought of as her parents. This book mysterious and gripping, encouraging me to keep reading on.

I enjoyed the book as Lauren's past slowly began to made sense, and thing started to fall into place. If you love thriller or mystery, I highly encourage you to read *Girl Missing*.

Written by Keshavane S. (8.1)
(who was also one of the winners of our House Creative Writing competition!)

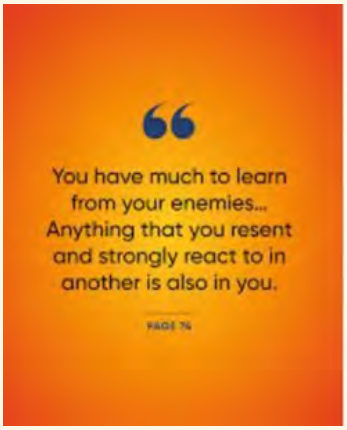
A BOOK THAT HAD AN IMPACT ON ME – BY OUR SIXTH FORMERS

The below are extracts from the assembly our Sixth Formers gave to our KS3 students about the importance of reading:



A Good Girl's Guide to Murder- Holly Jackson

What stood out to me about this thriller is that the protagonist is not a professional detective, but a 17-year-old student investigating a case for a school project. As a sixth former myself, I found her relatable because she isn't presented as flawless or powerful, but realistic and determined. Her bravery feels more admirable because it develops gradually. The novel also explores how easily people can be judged or labelled based on reputation or background, which deepened my interest in law and justice.



A New Earth- Eckhart Tolle

A New Earth by Eckhart Tolle inspires me because it encourages deep self-awareness and personal growth. The book challenges me to reflect on my ego, my reactions, and the way I see the world, helping me become more present and intentional in my daily life. It reminds me that real change starts from within, and that understanding myself better allows me to grow into a calmer, more conscious version of who I want to be.

And finally, our Sixth Formers tested our younger students…! How will you fare in this World Book Day quiz?

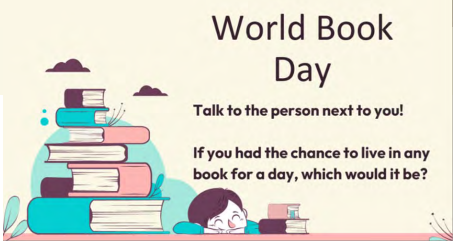
1. A thin boy with messy dark hair and round glasses, raised without much kindness, who discovers he has a place in a hidden world far bigger than he imagined.
2. A bright, book-loving child overlooked by her family, whose quiet determination reveals an unusual strength beneath her small frame.
3. A mischievous woodland sprite who enjoys playing tricks on others, using magic and quick thinking to stir up confusion for his own amusement.
4. An aging businessman who values profit above people, living a lonely life shaped by bitterness and long-buried regret.
5. A peculiar chocolate-maker with an unpredictable manner, inviting a select few into the strange and wondrous world he has carefully created.



Khaled Hosseini

Khaled Hosseini inspires me because his writing reconnects me to my culture with honesty and empathy. Through intimate family stories shaped by migration, loss, and resilience, he captures traditions, values, and emotions that feel deeply familiar. Reading his work helps me understand my heritage more clearly and reminds me that cultural identity can be preserved and shared through storytelling, even across distance and generations.





MS SCOTT'S LENDING LIBRARY

To help build a stronger culture of reading for pleasure among my KS4 students, I set up a small lending library in the classroom using a single bookshelf filled entirely with fiction. The idea is simple and low-pressure: students can take a book that catches their interest and are welcome to bring one in to add to the collection if they wish.

What has made the biggest difference is how this has changed the atmosphere around reading, as it feels less tied only to lessons or assessment but becomes something more personal and enjoyable. Students have started to recommend books to each other, pick up stories they might not usually choose, and talk about literature in a natural, unforced way.

Because the shelf is shaped by them, it reflects a wide range of interests, which helps every student feel there is something there for them. It is a small change, but one that has made reading feel more accessible and has allowed for interesting conversations to take place between myself and the students regarding plot, genre and character (without spoilers of course!).



THE MYSTERY COMES TO LIFE: HOUSE CREATIVE WRITING EVENT



On Monday 2nd March, the large conference room was transformed into a hub of imagination and creativity as over 70 students gathered for our House Creative Writing event. Giving up part of their lunchtime, students from all year groups came together with one shared challenge: to craft a mystery story titled *"The Mystery of the Vanishing Footprints"*.



From the moment the session began, the room buzzed with ideas. Pens moved quickly across pages, as students developed intriguing plots, mysterious characters, and unexpected twists. The variety of interpretations of the title was remarkable - some stories were eerie and suspenseful, others clever and humorous, but all were full of originality.

What made the event especially inspiring was the mix of year groups working side by side. Younger students brought bold, imaginative ideas, while older students showcased impressive structure and style. Together, they created an atmosphere that was both supportive and energising.

The event was judged by our wonderful librarian, Ms Faria, who had the difficult task of selecting standout entries from such a strong field. She was full of praise for the quality of writing, noting how impressed she was by the creativity, effort, and storytelling skills on display. A publisher with whom the stories were shared commented on one Year 7's writing, *'I would employ him in a second – what an amazing writer.'*

We were truly astonished by the talent shown across all year groups. Events like this highlight just how powerful creative writing can be - not only as a skill, but as a way for students to express themselves and connect through storytelling.

A huge well done to everyone who took part, and thank you to Ms Faria for her time and encouragement. Thank you also to Mr Towle and Ms Robinson for organising this event. We look forward to many more creative events like this in the future!

And the winners were:





A few stories have been published at the end of this newsletter - click **here** to read them.

HOUSE DRAMA



Our recent House Drama event was nothing short of extraordinary - an evening charged with emotion, courage, and powerful storytelling.



Students from across the Houses and all Year groups came together to create and perform original pieces exploring the theme of social injustice, and the results were truly unforgettable. Parents, staff and peers filled out Exam Hall with anticipation for this first ever event.

From the rallying cry of *"They said, we rise!"* to the reflective depth of *"Life in Balance"* and *"My Granddad fought in the war,"* each performance carried a message that resonated deeply with the audience. *"Being a girl"* challenged perspectives with honesty and strength, while *"Hy-peace-ia"* cleverly wove meaning into a striking play on identity and belonging.



The atmosphere throughout the evening was electric.
The performances captivated parents and teachers alike, not only through powerful oracy and stage presence, but through the bravery students showed in tackling complex, real-world issues. Their words demanded attention - and reflection.

A special congratulations goes to Al-Khwarizmi, whose winning thought-provoking play explored the contrasting lives of two students. It was a performance that left the audience in deep contemplation, urging us all to reflect on the experiences of young people and consider what more can be done to support and nurture them.

This was more than a showcase of talent - it was a platform for student voice, a celebration of empathy, and a reminder of the power of storytelling to inspire change.

A huge thank you to our Heads of House, our House Captains, House Drama Captains and of course our amazing Drama teachers and judges for the evening, Ms Noble and Ms Moffett.



HOUSE LANGUAGES OLYMPIAD: *HOW MANY LANGUAGES CANYOU SPEAK?*



What is a Languages Olympiad?

Put simply, it's a competition where students use logic and teamwork to solve puzzles based on languages they may never have seen before. It's not about fluency - it's about spotting patterns, thinking carefully, and working things out together.

At our House Languages Olympiad, students worked in mixed year group teams, combining their different strengths and ideas. The atmosphere was focused but lively, with groups deep in discussion as they tackled each new challenge.

The puzzles introduced students to a wide range of languages, including Bambara, Hieroglyphics, the International Phonetic Alphabet, Catalan, Basque, Estonian, Tok Pisin and Abma. From decoding symbols to identifying sound patterns, each task required patience, reasoning and collaboration.

It was great to see how naturally students worked together. Older students helped guide discussions, while younger students often solved the puzzles quickly. The result was a real sense of teamwork across all groups.

Overall, the event was a fantastic opportunity to explore how languages work in a completely different way. Well done to everyone who took part - it was a brilliant effort all round. We have some very talented linguists among us here at WHTC!



A huge thanks to Mr Lowthian and the Heads of House for organising this event.

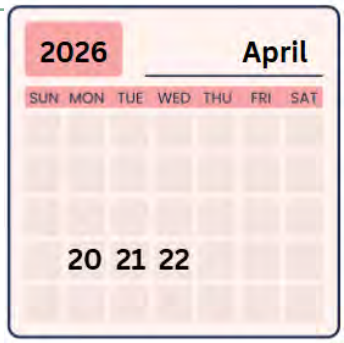
…and the winners were:

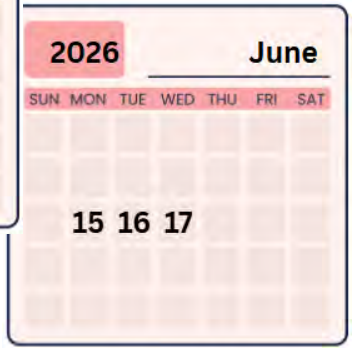


UPCOMING HOUSE EVENTS

Next term we are running the following House events:

- House Bake Off for KS3 - Monday 20th to Wednesday 22nd April
- House Sustainability Challenge for KS3 - Monday 15th to Wednesday 17th June
- House Cricket - dates to be confirmed





HOUSE HAIKU: CELEBRATING OUR INSPIRING LEADERS THROUGH POETRY

Creativity took a thoughtful and reflective turn in our recent House Haiku event, which took place on Tuesday 17th March. Students were challenged to write their own haikus inspired by their House leaders. Working independently, students explored the lives and legacies of figures such as Al-Khwarizmi, Angelou, Boudicca, and Hypatia, transforming their ideas into powerful poetry.

The haiku, a traditional form of poetry with just three lines and a 5–7–5 syllable structure, encouraged students to express big ideas in a small space. Despite its simplicity, this format pushed students to think carefully about every word, resulting in poems that were both concise and meaningful.

Each House leader sparked a different kind of inspiration. Some students focused on the bravery and strength of Boudicca, others captured the wisdom and curiosity of Hypatia. Many reflected on the creativity and voice of Angelou, while others highlighted the innovation and intellect of Al-Khwarizmi.

The variety of interpretations showed just how deeply students engaged with their chosen figures. Working independently gave students the chance to develop their own ideas and writing style. The quiet focus in the room was matched by the depth of thought going into each poem. From vivid imagery to thoughtful reflections, the quality of writing was impressive across all year groups.

House Haiku was a wonderful reminder that poetry can be both accessible and powerful. With just a few carefully chosen words, students were able to honour influential leaders and express their own creativity.

Well done to Dr Clayton and Mr Rajshankar and the Heads of House for organising this event.

Here are some examples and the task that was shared with students:



Here are the long list of Haikus:

Bhavni S. (7.2)

Staying together
We're the House of Confucius
We will always be

Pavitra V. (7.5)

Who's Maya Angelou?
She was the voice of people.
She rose like fire

Zamiyah R. (8.3)

Named Al-Khwarizmi
A shooting star from above
He is my logic

Ali (7.2)

Inspirational
And she's also courageous
Poems, books and songs

Bhavni S. (7.2)

Together we stand
Inspired by Confucius
Knowing who we are

Muhammad S. (10.9)

She reasoned for the innocent
She wrote for those who couldn't
She rose up for all

Bhavya S. (9.4)

The fire burn of orange
Helps the will of the ideas
Scraps into pure creations

Pagalavan P. (11.1)

Sea void of ripples
The moon glows iridescent
Forever live pure

Zara M. (11.1)

He looked to the stars
And then the Earth became clear
Cleared with purple light

Zara M. (11.1)

Beyond this floating rock
Distant stars glowing strongly
They tell him answers

Ali A. (7.2)

A golden eagle
Wow! It looks so beautiful
And that's Angelou

Om P. (9.1)

Boudicca we are
Strong and brave leaders we have
The best House we are

...and the winners were:

1 Boudicca

Dhruv S. (9.1)

The red sand crunching
Burning the soles of my feet
But courage prevails

2 Al-Khwarizmi

Lianne B. (9.3)

A beautiful plum
Emblazoned with gold lining
Dive deep, never leave

3 Angelou

Vrinda P. (7.2)

The fiery bird
That flies through cloudless skies
Symbolises us

HOUSE BASKETBALL

As Dr Clayton asked his House, Hypatia: '*Hypatians, do you know ball?*' – and our students definitely know ball!

The week beginning 9th March, over the course of 4 days, our students competed against each other in Year group teams to win our House Basketball tournament playing every day after school. This event had one of highest number of sign-ups, and was very well organised by Mr Rajshankar.

However, we were so proud of our Year 12 House Captains and House Sports Captains who were amazing, keeping score, making games fair as well as shouting words of encouragement – they were true leaders for every day of the competition.

Sadly, rain prevented our Sixth Formers from playing their games on the Friday, but we have promised them that this will be rescheduled so they can win points for their Houses too!









Winners:

Year 7 Boys:



Angelou Confucius Al-Khwarizmi

Year 7 Girls:



Boudicca Aryabhata Angelou

Year 8/9 Boys:



Confucius Hypatia Angelou

Year 8/9 Girls:



Angelou Hypatia Leonardo

Year 10/11 Boys:



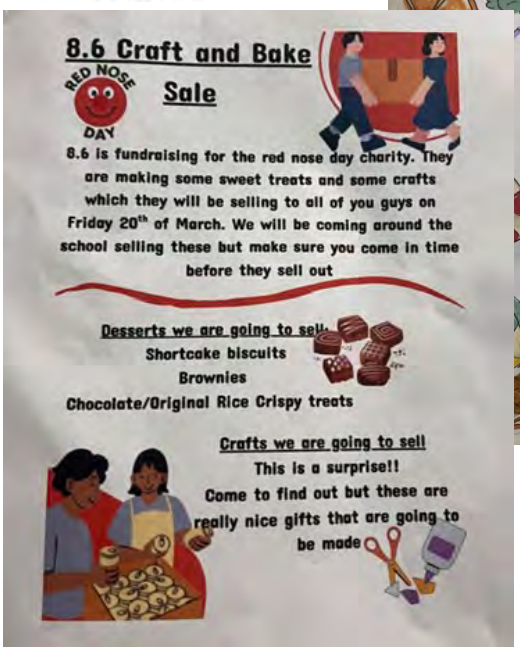
Confucius Al-Khwarizmi Aryabhata

Year 10/11 Girls:



Leonardo/ Angelou Al-Khwarizmi Boudicca

FORM-TIME FUNDRAISERS FOR COMIC RELIEF





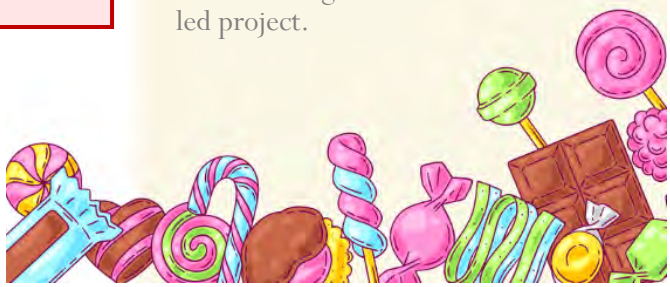
This half term, our Student Council reps have been hard at work planning and delivering a Form-Time Charity Fundraiser to raise money for Comic Relief.

From selling chocolate, Candy Grams, Movie Nights, Craft Sales, Sponsored Penalty Shoot-outs, quizzes… our students have worked so hard to raise money for this important cause, supporting one of our key values, 'Helping Others'.

We are so proud of their efforts, and a special thanks must go to our wonderful Tutors for their support and encouragement of this student-led project.

A shout-out to 8.6 who raised a total of £86.70 with their candygram fundraiser and their bake sale.





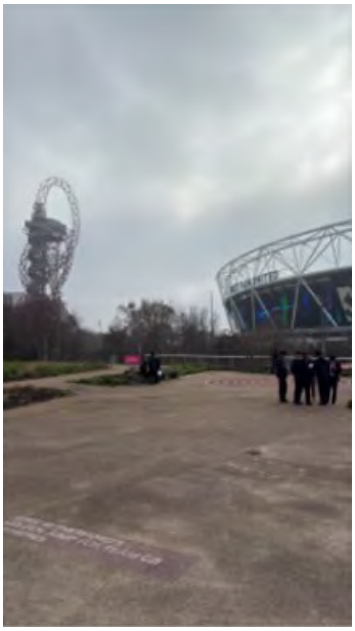
We would also like to acknowledge the efforts of Ms Degirmen's form who, from their penalty shoot-out, raised £57.40 - an amazing effort!





GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIPS

GCSE Geography: Investigating Regeneration in Stratford



Our Geography students recently visited Stratford to explore the impacts of urban regeneration which have been ongoing since the London Olympics in 2012.

During the trip, students completed Environmental Quality Surveys (EQS), land use surveys and field sketches to investigate how investment, from companies such as Westfield, has transformed the area near to the Olympic Park.

They also had an opportunity to complete public questionnaires, enhancing their communication skills and confidence speaking to members of the public.



The visit gave students a valuable opportunity to apply their classroom learning in a real-life setting, while developing key fieldwork skills such as data collection and analysis.

They engaged thoughtfully with the enquiry and collected high quality data which will benefit them in their upcoming Paper 3 GCSE. Good Luck!

CSE Geography: Investigating River Characteristics in Epping Forest

Our early entry Geography students recently visited Debden Brook to carry out rivers fieldwork and investigate how river characteristics change downstream.

During the trip, students collected a range of primary data, including measurements of width, depth and velocity, and observed features of the river channel and surrounding environment.

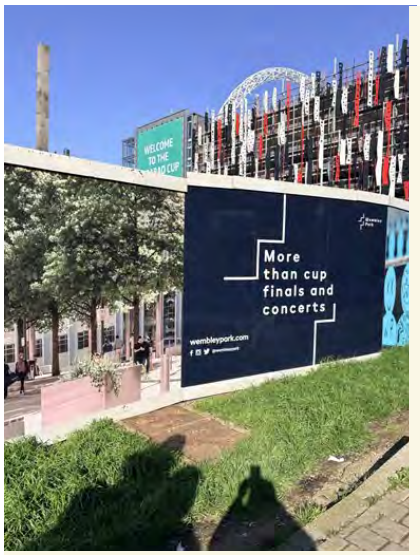
The trip gave students an excellent opportunity to apply their theory to local rivers while developing key fieldwork skills.



The FSC tutors commented on how diligently our students completed their data collection and their enthusiasm throughout the day.

Well Done Year 10!

AS Level Geography: Investigating our local area 'Wembley'



Our AS Geography students recently carried out fieldwork in Wembley to investigate how their local place has changed through regeneration, linking directly to the Changing Places topic.

During the visit, students explored the differences between Wembley Park and Wembley Central, considering how investment from Quintain has shaped the area's identity, environment and sense of place.

Students conducted urban fieldwork methods, in preparation for their upcoming AS Level, and got the opportunity to see 'place making' in action through the billboards around Wembley Park.

The afternoon ended with students seeing the impact of gentrification with stores such as 'Bread Ahead', where a few post fieldwork donut treats were enjoyed.

Good Luck to our AS Geographers as they sit their public examinations.

Ms Adamis, Assistant Headteacher

DUKE OF EDINBURGH – BRONZE AWARD EXPEDITION

Our recent Bronze Duke of Edinburgh practice expedition to Buckinghamshire was an unforgettable experience for everyone involved. A total of 66 students took part, demonstrating enthusiasm, determination and a strong sense of teamwork throughout the journey.

Over the course of the expedition, students navigated their own routes across the countryside using maps and compasses, building confidence in their navigation skills and decision-making. Working in small groups, they learned how to manage time, support one another and adapt to challenges along the way.
Camping overnight was a highlight for many. Students were responsible for setting up their tents, cooking their own meals, and organising their equipment - valuable life skills that encouraged independence and cooperation. Despite the typical unpredictability of outdoor conditions, everyone showed great resilience and a positive attitude.

This practice expedition not only prepared students for their qualifying journey but also helped them develop important personal qualities such as perseverance, responsibility, and teamwork. It was fantastic to see so many students stepping out of their comfort zones and rising to the challenge. A huge thank you to Mr O'Sullivan, our DofE lead, Mr Moreland, Ms Da Silva and Ms Blum for their support and organisation for both days, and thank you to parents of our 66 students for all their help making sure students were prepared - we are so proud of each one of them.

WEMBLEY HIGH AWARDED THE IQM CENTRE OF EXCELLENCE STATUS

The Centre of Excellence Award honours schools that have already earned the Inclusive School Award and consistently demonstrate outstanding inclusive practice. These schools extend their impact beyond their own environment by inspiring and supporting others - sharing effective inclusive teaching approaches, mentoring peers, and actively participating in national networks.

Congratulations on Wembley High's achievement of the Inclusion Quality Mark's Centre of Excellence status!



Below are some highlights from the recent IQM inspection that we are particularly proud to share with you:

- *"This school is a great example of how inclusion is supposed to be."*
- *"Pupils' wellbeing and academic progress are at the heart of all their work."*
- *"Pupils all know that nobody is going to give up on them and that they are all held in unconditional positive regard."*
- *"This leads to a very happy school."*
- *"All pupils told me that they feel very safe and supported at school."*
- *"There is a very calm and purposeful atmosphere throughout the school."*
- *"Pupils were fully engaged in each lesson."*
- *"The outstanding curriculum and teaching delivery means that all pupils are making lots of progress and enjoying their learning experiences."*
- *"Pupils feel very well equipped for university."*
- *"The school provides a phenomenal amount of extra-curricular opportunities to support personal and academic development."*

These reflections capture what we strive to achieve every day: a school where every child is known, supported and inspired to succeed.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY





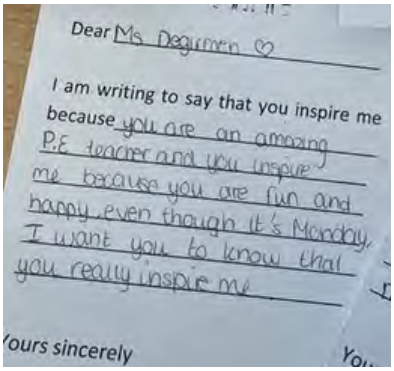














International Women's Day, celebrated on 8th March each year, recognises the achievements of women across all areas of life, including education, work, science, and the arts. It is also a time to raise awareness about gender equality and the challenges that women and girls continue to face around the world.

The day has its roots in the early 20th century, linked to movements for women's rights, including the right to vote and better working conditions. Today, it is marked globally through events, campaigns, and discussions that both celebrate progress and highlight the work still to be done.

International Women's Day encourages everyone to reflect, take action and support a more equal and inclusive future, and our school promotes this in everything we do. To celebrate International Women's Day this year, we had assemblies on this year's theme, *"Give to Gain"* - highlighting that supporting women through time, resources and opportunities benefits everyone. In tutor time, our students wrote cards to a woman who has inspired them; many of these cards were very moving, and were for both staff and family.

CULTURE DAY



Culture Day, held on Thursday 26th March, was a fantastic celebration of the diverse cultures within our community. Pupils proudly showcased their heritage through a vibrant display of cultural clothing, creating a colourful and inspiring atmosphere throughout the day. Our younger students presented slides to their Tutor Groups about their culture, with everyone learning about each other.



A huge thank you goes to our Sixth Form volunteers, who worked hard to prepare a delicious variety of food for everyone to enjoy.
Their efforts added a special touch to the celebration and were greatly appreciated by all.

The Celebration of Culture performances in the Sixth Form were truly outstanding. It was wonderful to see such a wide range of talent on display, including singing, instrumental performances, and dance.

The event was a joyful reminder of the richness and diversity that make our community so special.



SPANISH CULTURAL CLUB

Our Spanish Cultural Club members have been hard at working learning animals via clay…!





DEBATE MATE CLUB

Over the past term, the students in our Debate Mate club have demonstrated exceptional growth, commitment, and confidence, making this one of our most successful periods to date. From their very first sessions to their most recent debates, the progress each participant has shown is both impressive and inspiring.

At the beginning, many students were understandably nervous about speaking in front of others; however, through consistent practice, teamwork, and encouragement, they have developed the ability to articulate their ideas clearly and persuasively. Students are now not only willing to contribute but eager to take the lead in discussions, presenting arguments with clarity, structure, and confidence. One of the most notable achievements has been their ability to engage critically with complex topics, demonstrating maturity in their reasoning and a willingness to consider multiple perspectives. Equally important has been the supportive environment they have created for one another, actively listening, offering constructive feedback, and celebrating each other's successes.

The dedication shown by the group is commendable, with many going beyond session requirements to prepare arguments in advance and refine their techniques, leading to clear improvements in both individual and team performances.

Overall, the students should be incredibly proud of what they have achieved, as their progress reflects not only their effort and resilience but also their enthusiasm and potential for continued success. (And thank you Ms Ender for her expertise!)





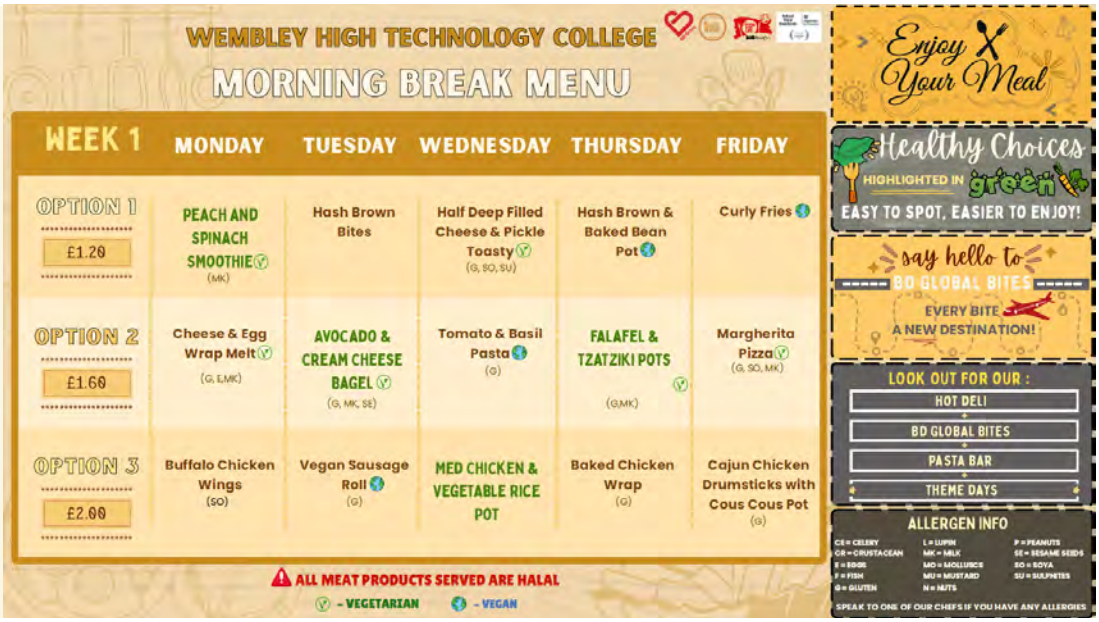
SCHOOL MENUS

Our Student Council has been working on a number of key areas this half term, including collecting perspectives and ideas for the food offer in our Dining Hall.

Our fantastic caterers have responded to this, and the updated menus for our school for the end of this term moving into the next term are included in this newsletter.

We think you'll agree that each week offers a delicious variety of meals! Thank you to our Chef Manager Janica Pelaez for her efforts, and to all the Dining Hall and 6th Form Café staff who are always so friendly and helpful.









WEMBLEY HIGH TECHNOLOGY COLLEGE

MORNING BREAK MENU

WEEK 2	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
OPTION 1 £1.20	BLUEBERRY & CARROT SMOOTHIE (V) (MK)	Half Deep Filled Chicken Melt Panini (G, MK)	Sweet and Salty Popcorn (VE)	Garlic & Herb New Potatoes (VE)	OVERNIGHT APPLE OATS (V) (G, MK)
OPTION 2 £1.60	Egg, Baked Bean & Cheese Breakfast Pot (V) (E, MK)	Chickpea & Pepper Rice Pot with Yogurt Dressing (V) (MK)	Mac & Cheese (V) (G, MK)	TUNA & TOMATO CHEESE TOASTIE (G, SO, F, MK)	Margherita Pizza (V) (G, MK)
OPTION 3 £2.00	BBQ Chicken Wings (SO)	Vegetable Stir Fry Pot (VE) (G, SO, SU)	CHICKEN & SMASHED AVOCADO BURGER (G)	BBQ Crispy Chicken Wrap (G)	Fish Finger Wrap with Tartare Dip (G,F)

ALL MEAT PRODUCTS SERVED ARE HALAL

(V) - VEGETARIAN (VE) - VEGAN

Enjoy Your Meal

Healthy Choices HIGHLIGHTED IN green EASY TO SPOT, EASIER TO ENJOY!

say hello to BD GLOBAL BITES EVERY BITE A NEW DESTINATION!

LOOK OUT FOR OUR :
- HOT DELI
- BD GLOBAL BITES
- PASTA BAR
- THEME DAYS

ALLERGEN INFO

CE = CELERY, CR = CRUSTACEAN, E = EGGS, F = FISH, G = GLUTEN, L = LUPIN, MK = MILK, MO = MOLLUSCS, MU = MUSTARD, N = NUTS, P = PEANUTS, SE = SESAME SEEDS, SO = SOYA, SU = SULPHITES

SPEAK TO ONE OF OUR CHEFS IF YOU HAVE ANY ALLERGIES





WEMBLEY HIGH TECHNICAL COLLEGE MENU

WEEK 2	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
MAINS	Roast Vegetable & Five Bean Enchilada (VE) (G,MK)	Jerk Baked Mac & Cheese (V) (G,MK)	Sweet Chilli Vegetable Stir Fry Noodle (VE) (G,SO)	Butternut Squash, Leek And Onion Wellington (V) (G)	Cheese, Pea & Leek Frittata (V) (E,MK)
	Spiced Lamb Enchilada (G,MK)	Chicken Pomodoro (G)	Spanish Bean & Vegetable Paella (VE)	Traditional Roasted Turkey	Classic Battered Fish (G,F)
SIDES	Cajun Spiced Tortilla Chips	Carrot Rice	Spring Rolls (G)	Roast Potatoes	Oven Baked Chips
	Tomato and Red Onion Salad	Coleslaw	Pickled Red Cabbage (SU)	Yorkshire Pudding (G, MK,E)	Peas
				Cauliflower	Curry Sauce
				Gravy	

HOT DELI

MONDAY Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK) Mozzarella & Pesto Panini (G,MK)

TUESDAY Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK) BBQ Chicken Panini (G,MK)

WEDNESDAY Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK) Mozzarella & Pesto Panini (G,MK)

THURSDAY Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK) Tuna Melt Panini (G,MK,F)

FRIDAY Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK) Chicken Tikka Panini (G,MK)

BD GLOBAL BITES

MONDAY Mac & Cheese Pops With Tortilla Nachos And Spicy Tomato Sauce (G,MK)

TUESDAY Harissa Chicken Flatbread With Hummus and Pickled Onions (G,SU,SE)

WEDNESDAY Refried Garlic Beans Diced Aubergine and Spiced Guacamole Soft Taco (VE) (G)

THURSDAY Sweet And Sour Slow cooked Chicken On Sow Ginger Scented Sticky Rice (SU)

FRIDAY Paprika BBQ Chicken Loaded Fries

DESSERT

MONDAY Smoothie Ice Cream (V) (MK)

TUESDAY Peach Cake With Custard (V) (G,E,MK)

WEDNESDAY Apple & Cinnamon Crumble With Custard (V) (G,MK)

THURSDAY Carrot Cake (V) (G,E)

FRIDAY Fruit of The Day (VE)

MEAL DEAL

(V) VEGETARIAN (VE) VEGAN

ALL MEAT PRODUCTS SERVED ARE HALAL

PASTA BAR

Pasta & Tomato Sauce Available Daily:

Freshly Cooked Pasta + Tomato Sauce

available daily:

JACKET POTATOES

with all toppings

Dont forget to check out whats AVAILABLE DAILY

- Sandwiches Selection
- Freshly Baked Bread
- Seasonal Fresh Fruit
- Low fat Yoghurts
- Locally sourced salad bar

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WEMBLEY HIGH TECHNOLOGY COLLEGE

MORNING BREAK MENU

WEEK 3	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
OPTION 1 £1.20	CURRIED CAULIFLOWER POPCORN (VE)	Half Cheese & Onion Bagel (V) (G,MK)	Honey Granola Pot (V) (G,MK)	Garlic Bread (V) (G)	HALF ROAST MED. VEGETABLE & FALAFEL WRAP (V) (G,SE)
OPTION 2 £1.60	Margherita Pizza (G, MK, SU)	EGG & SPINACH FRIED RICE (V) (E)	Vegetable Samosa's With Mango Chutney (VE) (G,SU)	EGG & AVOCADO TOASTED MUFFIN (V) (G,E)	Vegan Sausage and Bean Melt Wrap (G,MK,SU)
OPTION 3 £2.00	Cheese and Onion Pasty (G)	Southern Fried Chicken Burger (G,SO,SE)	CHICKEN & BEETROOT SLAW WRAP (G)	BBQ Chicken Loaded Wedges	Thai Sweet Chilli Bean Burger (VE) (G)

ALL MEAT PRODUCTS SERVED ARE HALAL

(V) - VEGETARIAN (VE) - VEGAN

Enjoy Your Meal

Healthy Choices HIGHLIGHTED IN green EASY TO SPOT, EASIER TO ENJOY!

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SPEAK TO ONE OF OUR CHEFS IF YOU HAVE ANY ALLERGIES





WEMBLEY HIGH TECHNICAL COLLEGE MENU

WEEK 3

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
MAINS	Vegetable Jambalaya Chinese Lemon Chicken	Mediterranean Vegetable Lasagna (G,MK) Slow Cooked Lamb Lasagna (G,MK)	Margherita Pizza (G,MK) Vegetable Cottage Pie (MK)	Butternut Squash, Feta & Spinach Pasty (G,MK) Traditional Roast Chicken	Mexican Three Bean Tacos (G) Classic Battered Fish (G,F)
SIDES	Steamed Green Cabbage (SU) Steamed Rice	Coleslaw House Salad	Corn on the Cob	Roast Potatoes Yorkshire Pudding (G, MK,E) Cauliflower Gravy	Oven Baked Chips Peas Curry Sauce

HOT DELI

MONDAY
Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK)
Mozzarella & Pesto Panini (G,MK)

TUESDAY
Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK)
BBQ Chicken Panini (G,MK)

WEDNESDAY
Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK)
Mozzarella & Pesto Panini (G,MK)

THURSDAY
Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK)
Tuna Melt Panini (G,MK,F)

FRIDAY
Cheese & Tomato Panini (G,MK)
Chicken Tikka Panini (G,MK)

BD GLOBAL BITES

MONDAY
Moroccan Chicken and Chickpea Pitta Pockets (G)

TUESDAY
Caribbean Jerk Chicken & Rice n Peas Pots

WEDNESDAY
Middle Eastern Falafel With Hummus & Mint Tzatziki Flatbread (G,SE,MK)

THURSDAY
Katsu Chicken With Sweet 'n' Sour Pepper Burrito (G,SU)

FRIDAY
Loaded Sweet Potato BBQ Chicken And Cheddar Cheese (MK)

DESSERT

MONDAY
Smoothie Ice Cream (MK)

TUESDAY
Apricot Shortbread (G)

WEDNESDAY
Pineapple Upside Down Cake (G, E)

THURSDAY
Rhubarb & Apple Crumble With Custard (G, MK)

FRIDAY
Fruit of The Day

MEAL DEAL
V: VEGETARIAN
VE: VEGAN
ALL MEAT PRODUCTS SERVED ARE HALAL

PASTA BAR
Pasta & Tomato Sauce Available Daily:
Freshly Cooked Pasta + Tomato Sauce

available daily:
JACKET POTATOES
with all toppings

Dont forget to check out whats
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Sandwiches Selection
Freshly Baked Bread
Seasonal Fresh Fruit
Low fat Yoghurts
Locally sourced salad bar

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SPEAK TO ONE OF OUR CHEFS IF YOU HAVE ANY ALLERGIES

CREATIVE WRITING CLUB

Our Creative Writing Club meets once a week to hone their writing skills, working on descriptive writing, how to build tension, characterisation and more.
Here is one of the tales from one of our storytellers… enjoy the twist!

Creative Writing



2) His bag swung around his back. Papers fell out as he waved. Its incinite stains were covered by all the nasty pictures he had drawn on them. The bag had been used for many things but the most popular was to swing them round and round until it hit one of the younger kids and they would start to cry. The boy smirked and stood up, he ~~was getting ready to~~ slowly but innocently stuck out his foot, the 3rd person that he had tripped today. No-one knew why Leo was so wicked but everyone knew he dreaded the end of the day. He would ~~sneak behind the~~ always claim that he had a detention (usually he did) then sprint back into the school. ~~Then~~ Every teacher ~~too~~ had 2 things in common: they hated Leo and they looked forward to the evening. Every teacher but one. She ~~had the same~~ was nicer than most teachers but didn't hate or even dislike Leo, she just ignored him, and she hated the end of the school day.
Sara was a small quiet girl and was the only one who ended up finding out about Leo's secret. She had wanted to go for extra homework but when she entered Ms Bailey's classroom, she spotted Leo screaming at ~~to~~ the poor teacher but she heard him address Ms Bailey as mum...

Zarah H 7.2



By Sijan G. (10.S)

Mystery of the vanishing footprints

It was a nice Summers afternoon, ~~as~~ Birds Chirping, dogs barking, Detective!!! Shouted ~~my~~ one of my colleagues. I Sigh "~~you~~ you don't have to tell me, I already its that vanishing murderer again isn't it?" I open a drawer on my desk and grab a drive. Inserting it onto my ~~laptop~~ laptop revealed a whole article and file about this person. When was it? I asked "~~If~~ I- It was near the park" he stuttered ~~I~~ I get up from my Seat, a mix of fear for what I'm about to uncover and excitement about another clue to finally track this ~~murderer~~ So called 'vanishing murderer' down fills me with a sensation not even god himself can describe and when I get there, ~~the~~ the park is filled with yellow tapes, flashing blue and red lights as well as an earthly Smell, tainted with that oh so familiar scent of blood. As I hobble towards the Corpse, I ~~Step~~ Stop into the puddle of mud which I realised was also mixed in with blood. The police chief guides me towards a Set of ominous footprints, leading from in the forest, to the body and then into the forest where they Suddenly dissapate, like this person just has a helicopter at their disposal. Like before I am intrigued and incredibly puzzled, how? I keep thinking and thinking, but nothing makes Sense. I look back onto a past memory where my assistant ~~wondered~~ wondered if the only way to catch

CONTINUE

This waste of human life is by loading him into a sort of trap or bait. The only problem is that all we know is that he's dangerous, and certainly intelligent, so it'll be hard. Right then I get a distress call, from my wife saying there's Someone in our house, I instinctively sprawl off my lion feet and dash towards my house. I don't even bother using my car, I just use my own primal rage and adrenaline, aswell as the thought of my wife being murdered to puppeteer my legs and allow me to run fast speeds even I wasn't capable of, I barge in the front door, It's all dark... I grab a flashlight and run into the abyss ahead of me and then I hear a Scream upstairs, I jolt myself to go and I See my wife in a pedal of blood on the ground while a looming shadow boasts over her... Looking for me, detective?"



By Keshavane S (8.1)

The Mystery of the Vanishing Footsteps

My eyes darted around the room, anxiously ~~awaited~~ awaiting the person I had so desperately wanted to find. Yet, the feeling of terror still clung to the back of my throat, tight and suffocating. The room was dimly lit as if we were about to be attacked at any second. I turned to my right. Emily stood with me, her face painted with the same petrified face as me yet her eyes were glued to the floor as if she was hypnotised. At last after waiting for several minutes, the door creaked open ~~revealing~~ ...

2 weeks earlier:

The clock struck 10am, threatening me with the dilemma ~~of opportunity~~ of being late yet again. Emma wouldn't give me ~~this~~ time another chance this time. She was already at her breaking point and I did not want to push her further for my own safety. The latest case had baffled the both of us out of our wits ~~yet~~ but Emma still wouldn't give up on it.

Unfortunately, I arrived 10 minutes late and rushed into the office, bracing myself for war. Instead, I was greeting with Emma, with her blonde hair ruffled and her mascara smudged. My eyes widened at this sight.

"Emma, are you okay?" I ~~asked~~ gently asked as I watched her emotionless face. Yet, a reply

CONTINUE

did not follow. Instead, her green eyes turned to me in panic. She handed me a note. I assumed it was related to our case 'The Missing Footsteps'. It was about a murder scene, in which the murderer ~~was~~ had left only his footsteps as a trace of his identity. However, the fact that had us baffled was the missing trace of footsteps halways. I turned to the note and my face fell as my palms became clammy.

It said,

"You're next."



By Jujhar S (7.1)

"The Mystery of the Vanishing Footprints"

Chiara stopped across the heavy snow past the familiar spooky house on her street. School had just finished and she was humming gently. Her foggy green eyes glazed her snowy surroundings. Dark, long hair swept to her back, occasionally glaring back in the breeze.

Chiara wrapped her coat around her tightly as a heavy gust of wind hit her. She heaved her head and she caught sight of something on the ground. Footprints were scattered across the snow stopping suddenly in front of the spooky house. Chiara peered into the house's garden as the sky began to cry. Pellets of mixed rain and hail hit her hair.

She had seen the footprints yesterday and the day before that and even then they were still there was a surprising thing. Sweeping the footprints out of her head, she ploughed on through the snow to her house. The next morning on the way to school, she stopped before the house. Miraculously, they were still there. Chiara's heart rate increased. Whose footprints were these? She carried on to school. However, she glanced frequently over her shoulder as though she was being watched.

Every sound alerted her like a gunshot: the whispering of the wind, the trees dancing, even her own footfalls on the blanket of white that swept over the roads. The school day seemed to drag by. Chiara paged no attention; she was

CONTINUE

waiting constantly until for the end of school. As the bell rang, she ignored her friends calls and ran as fast as her slanted, tall legs could. Nothing was important.

She sprinted past the cars. Past the trees. Past the greetings of other school-friends. Chiara had reached her street...

Time seemed to stop. Her heart was beating so fast it was in danger of leaping out her mouth. She was rooted to the spot. With great effort, Chiara leapt across the street towards the familiar house, to check if there were still footprints.

Her heart stopped.

Where were they? Chiara looked around desperately to find some clue on how they had vanished. She had never been more focused on one thing in her whole life. Curiosity burned through her body, coursing through her veins like grasshoppers. How had the footprints vanished so mysteriously when they were that very morning. Of course, rain could've swept it away. However, instinct - sheer instinct - told her that something more dark, more sinister had caused them to vanish like a drift of fog.

BANG!



By Elisha A-C (12.4)

"The Mystery of the Vanishing Footprints"

The life of a detective is never as simple as it seems; countless files of paper sit on my desk waiting to be sorted, it's a never ending cycle. One set of files go, another appears out of thin air. I can't escape One day, I decided to finally sort out my files, I had been holding it off for about a week, and I stumbled across a very peculiar case. A serial killer, slaying people without mercy, leaving no evidence behind. The only evidence left behind were footprints which would mysteriously vanish after an hour. At least 10 lives had been lost so far, and many more if nobody could figure out who the suspect was. My partner and I set out to solve this case. I always liked the idea of a challenge, it may my job more thrilling in a way. My partner Amnah, was the more serious type. Her mindset was just get the work done, and protect the people. She was not the talkative type, which made my job hard as I loved to talk. It was mid night when I got the call. A woman had been killed , no trace except

CONTINUE

for those same footprints. My partner Amman was nowhere to be found, so I set out to the crime scene. When I got there, I saw the footprints, the call came in 30 minutes ago, so I had 30 minutes to follow the prints. I started along the trail. It was in the woods, one of the places I hate the most. Suspects can easily hide behind trees or in bushes, and it being night time didn't help me either. In the distance I saw a figure, standing facing away from me. The footprints were fading, but it seemed to be coming from the figure.

My heart was pounding in my chest, so hard I thought just maybe it would pop out.

"Put your hands up!" I shouted. I was sure this was the killer. It had to be, the footprints led me here after all. But the figure stood still. A cold flow of air brushed over my face, making this whole situation feel like it was straight out of a horror movie.

"Hands up and turn around I said!" I screamed. The figure slowly turned around.

"Amman?"



By Amnah A (12.5)

The world was a blank canvas. The ~~sky~~ world hung sullenly ~~in the sky~~, lazily drifting ~~by~~ in the sky. The buildings were stained in a ~~brown~~ blanket of thick grime that ~~rest~~ nestled between crevices gloomily. Rain poured ~~onto the~~ ~~street~~ defiantly onto the the weak structures, adding to the overall gloom of the world. Wilson, a schoolboy who had lived in the World of Grey his whole life, believed colour was a forgotten, made up concept. In every turn of his life ~~in the grey world~~ was a like lack of joy, colour, vitality ~~etc~~; an inescapable doom that ~~entrap~~ trapped the citizens. It wasn't until one summer afternoon when Wilson ~~saw~~ spotted a flash of gold. A spasm that lasted a millisecond, leaving him in shock. He had never seen such ~~vib~~ vibrant hues before, and unexpectantly took off in its direction. He found himself ~~just~~ diving enthusiastically ~~into the forest~~, into the thick depths of the forest, where ~~the~~ trunks were inches apart and the canopy layers shunned any sunlight.

Wearily now, he moved a thick branch from his view, and a burst of colour shone in front of him. His pupils dilated to the size of ~~many~~ ~~small~~ marbles. each

~~The~~ There ~~were~~ ~~is~~ where ~~trees~~ pomegranate trees, ~~fruit~~ ~~fruit~~ swollen with ~~exotic~~ sweet juices, ~~golden~~ leaves in rows like ~~thickly~~ where thickly knotted wedding cakes. ~~Garden~~ ~~for~~ Vast gardens with moonered, emerald grass ~~and~~ that glistened in the sun and ~~perfect~~ exotic, peculiar looking flowers ~~like~~ The smell of ~~the~~ ~~fragrance~~; a breathe caught in Wilson's throat. Never had he ~~believed~~ believed such beautiful, vivid colour

CONTINUE

excited. Oh, how everyone at home would love this!
He ran around the gardens in a frenzy, looking for signs of inhabitants. It was then a stubby white hand clamped his mouth and shielded his eyes, and all went black. He was carelessly thrust into a well furnished room, with a nice ~~crimson~~ crimson carpet and polished redwood furniture. Wilson was bewildered. A man stood before him, in a pristine white flannel suit, decorated in shiny gold buttons and a flashy wristwatch, a welcoming smile on his face. He explained to Wilson that the Oasis, as he called it, was a secret. A secret held for generations, consisting of a small society of higher ups that had biologically engineered clones to only exist in their world. It must not be shared, for fear of diluting its bedding. By Wilson could not believe his ears. How was he supposed to keep this to himself? He swore back at the man, spewing him of his piggish greed.
The man's smile twitched, his mood shifted.
"Alright then," he told Wilson, "have it your way."
Before Wilson could comprehend it a shiny blade was brandished from his blazer pocket.
A slice, a spasm of red, then darkness.

A yellowing, crumpled nursing poster flutters in the wind outside the forest, ~~the mind mention~~ the mind in a menial pursuit of unpinning it from the tree trunk. Flowers littered the bottom street, but were faceless, colourless. Just ~~little else the rest~~ citizens known, ~~the~~ beyond the poster was small, school boy-sized footprints stomped into the muddy entrance of the forest.



By Keeyan V. (8.1)

I sighed through my nose as I took a step back. This is it. My old house since I was born, just to be forgotten?

"Hey, how is the packing up going?" My ~~mum~~ mum said with a hand on my shoulder.

I shrugged and picked up a box probably heavier than me. It was labelled, "Kai 2012", the year I was born. I tossed it into the pile of boxes near my door with a cloud of dust thrown at my face. "Excited?" She paused "For the new house I mean.". "I smiled. "Just a little hard to let go" I stared at my old clothes, my favourite toys all in one box. ~~Frotzed~~ My eyes stumbled across a pair of muddy footprints on the dark floorboards. ~~My~~ I took a step closer, my ~~mum~~ focusing on something else. These were giant footprints, not at all possible to be part of my family. I squatted down as my heart felt heavier on my ribs. Who could have made this footprint. I tried to calm myself, shouting for my mum to come and see this. I tapped around to see, not my mum, but a random man.

"Hi, I'll be ~~[illegible]~~ helping you unpack" he said cheerily.

I stared at him, trying to read him, the same muddy boots as the one in my room. Was he here before?

I decided to drown out my worries by sleeping it off. One last night in the my old house.

CONTINUE

I tried to sleep but my tap kept dripping. A ~~[illegible]~~ tortuous sound.
My eyelids eventually became heavy and I ~~[illegible]~~ nodded off to sleep.
When I woke up, I heard the sound of tapping on the glass. I looked to my left to see a gun pointed through the glass, aimed at my heart. Before I could react I saw black and the boom of a gun. I woke, breathing heavily, my mum telling me to start packing. The nightmare again... with the footprint...





By Gracy P. (8.4)

The mystery of the vanishing footprints.

November 21st 1964.

I work abroad in an unsettling workplace. No smiles, no waves, it feels like im trapped. I ~~stroll~~ take an evening stroll in my quiet neighbourhood. The suburbs. Theres paints peeling from the walls and a decaying smell. no ~~corner~~ corner of the neighbourhood can be called 'safe'. I stop in my tracks and I've just encountered something. Something I shouldn't and wasn't ment to see. Im Alicca White, I don't usually come up in important meetings or discussions in my work place. Im just a normal person going on about my day, but this encounter, has changed me and my ~~Per~~ Perspective of life, and how others see me. What lay infront of me were ~~foo~~ foot prints, covered in a messy Brown. ~~It~~ It was raining that days thats why I call it the vanishing foot prints. As the person I was, I curiously followed the trail of unremarked foot prints, that led me to a forest, ~~a~~ ~~forest~~ I remember that forest. The quiet, peaceful and suburban forest

CONTINUE

it's how I remembered it.

But now, the trees were dying, branches and twigs missing their other half. I reminisced about all the good times I had with this forest, but it felt impossible when it looked like this. Lost and abandoned, like it knew it was going to die out. ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~it~~ I left after that, my stamina higher than ever. Until, I ~~got~~ stopped. There were footprints going in two different paths. Was there a right or wrong?. or were they both wrong?. I felt uneasy. Should I go back?, I should've never came here. The more I discovered the more I relised it was getting dark. The ~~sky~~ sky was dapped in stars that somehow didn't shimmer. The present orb hanging in the sky was my only hope. There was a shed. a boxy shaped one. I ended up picking the 2nd route but now that I think of it, the 1st one would've been more present. I didn't really think, I just went for it. I opened the door and the door immediately closed shut. I heard it lock. And thats when I relised. I wasn't discovering. ~~I~~ I fell for a trap.



By Zara M. (11.1)

"The Mystery of the Vanishing Footprints".

Most of my memories tend to be foggy - some unknown cloud, embracing every detail. For a detective, such memory tends to work in your downfall, but there's always one memory that won't leave. It lingers, like adhesive, gradually diluting every space of consciousness: those vanishing footprints.

I was called to the scene at 11:30. Cold December skies teased unknowingly at goosebumps. There was a stillness in the air, meticulous and driven, although it remained stationary.

"A woman in her late 40s - we were called to the scene at 11pm. Stab wounds suggest an altercation, and the glass is shattered around the bedside -" Detective Ross Detective Ross was a tall man with a tall ego although he never let it undermine his fabulous work. He always got to the point, never had time for any greetings. He spoke like a needle - sharp and concise and certain to leave pores in of impression.

"Have we gathered any suspects? people in the room, near the house, a husband, wife and kid. Any neighbourhood reports?" I responded.

"They have all been checked. Waters has compacted a file".

"~~Any footprints~~ what about those footprints?", and suddenly the quiet had exploded with ferocity. I should've have said that. Why did I say that? I ~~knew~~ knew what was coming.

CONTINUE

Detective Ross, that tall man with his ~~tall~~ tall ego, seemed to have gotten taller.

"A woman in her late 40's is dead - we don't have time for this".

He kept getting ~~in~~ taller, but I knew he was just getting closer.

"Everytime you bring up these footprints! Are you deranged? Is there something going on with you - Speak now then! There are no ~~footprints~~ missing footprints, no scary, supernatural essence wiping evidence! This head world of yours that you're lost in, snap out of it".

His glare hurt like needles. Like staring into the sun, but there was nothing warm and mellow about this.

"Detective Ross - ~~there~~ there are vanishing footprints. It may have killed that woman, and the very victims that died previously?".

"Silence! Rachel & go home."

Detective Ross, that tall man with his tall ego, shrunk to the floor. Succumbed to the ground. Surrendered to the world.

I ~~see~~ ~~then~~ saw those footprints vanish then, they traced Ross' fallen body. And I see them now! That quiet, murderous pattern.

Those footprints are vanishing but dangerous.



By Lianne B. (9.3)

I put my head down, hands shaking slightly, and start to fill in questions. This test was is thick and that means it was important. All around me, I hear rustling of important papers, tapping pencils, clicking pens, the sounds all whirling in my head. ~~My hand~~ The trembling of my hands worsen and my stomach twists and coils into itself as a trickle of sweat slowly creeps down the side of my face. My hands cramp, my vision blurs, important papers, tapping pencils, clicking pens -

Nothing.

No noise at all. I lift my head, my mind ~~suddenly~~ feels like buzzing static on a TV during a storm. I shake my head. This is wrong. ~~Desks gone~~. Desks - empty. Chairs - empty. Classroom - empty.

People - gone.

My eyes scan the bare seemingly barren room. Had the world somehow glitched? One second, everything ~~or~~ everyone is there. The next, gone.

Nothing is left but footprints.

Footprints with no owner. One by one, they lead out of the classroom. They're glowing piercing white as if left by a ghost. I ~~felt~~ & feel the urge to follow. I slowly leave my chair and cautiously step in the footprints' wake. The size is much bigger than

my own, I realise. At least double. I exit the empty room to find a corridor void of life. The footprints continue, slowing, imprinting on the floor.

Light ~~the~~ beams in through the window at the end of the corridor illuminating an area - the only area - with something inside.

A wrinkled old newspaper lies on the floor. It says "~~Man~~ MAN KILLED ON BROOKER STREET". It's dated 1963

Just like that, I'm back.
No footprints.
Just a newspaper on my desk.
A very important paper.





By Ayesha A (12.10)

"The Mystery of the Vanishing Footprints"

Creeping into the desolate wardrobe you were never allowed to be in, you could feel an indescribable feeling in your chest - fear? Excitment? A thrill or damnation? It was hard to point out.

A tapping was heard earlier alongside a groaning only capable of being produced by an elderly man or a door had not been tended to for a while. Surely, nothing could be up here. But just like the solar system, theories of were life could and could not exist simply remained as theories.

"Hello?" your voice, low and measured, peeped out, your fingers gripping the edge of the door. Your feet wish to run, your mind riddled with decision, and your heart still beating with that indescribable feeling.

Pat.

The floorboard sounded soft, cared for. This room was always off limits, an invisible band of yellow caution tape marked an 'X' on the door.

Pat

The sound again. This is not a cacophony, you were aware of that. No sounds muffled your mind but the sterile and cold room made your thoughts swarm. Did I hear a mouse? You thought, quickly looking for any entry points they may have taken. Filled and sealed, the mouse's reality went from so conceptually real where you could hear it moaning from hunger, to an idea. And once again, you became aware of the sensation in your body //

CONTINUE

An image in the carpet, it had to be from a shoe.
Pat.
You lift your foot up, examining the marks and the details to match it to your own. Surely that was meant to be comforting - it was your own foot! The patterns looked somewhat similar, and hey, the shoe size almost matched your own. Of course, it was possible it belonged to you all
Pat.
You lift your head up for the first time and take a breath in the damp air that surrounded. It hurt. Not in a comforting way where you breathe the first cold, winter's air, but in a blunt way. Your chest expanded with life and you become more acutely aware of what was to be.
Pat.
The comfort left as the sound ~~fade~~ muffled in again. You listened for familiarity. The sound of your mother's footsteps had a slight difference to your father's that you learnt to pick up. "Hello?" you say again, a mirage of ~~doubt~~ helplessness surrounds you. You look around, right hand clutching your chest as the pounding spreads to be all everywhere. Like a rock lodged into you, your breathing becomes panicked. You have to get out. You have to! I'm telling you, you have to!
As you rush out, the pain begins to subside. You lack the adrenaline and perhaps that's a good thing. You rush to find a comfort, ~~your~~ heavy feet imprinting themselves on carpets, rugs, blankets tossed on the floor. And when you look back, your body has warm, you realise you are both the victim and the ~~perpetrator~~ criminal. For it was the obsession with darkness that ~~made~~ defined your drive. Susurrating shadows became twigs against the window and the little mouse you were certain was there, was me squeaking out "enter if you dare."



By Jayan C. (11.1)

I wake up and look outside. Snow. Finally. I run downstairs shouting at my brother to run outside. I throw on a jacket and gloves before running outside, slamming the door on my excitement.

I look at the thick blanket covering everything. The world looks peaceful, like snow untouched. And then something just at the corner of my eye grabs my attention.

A footprint. It's nothing strange, except for the simple fact since anything I've seen or recognise. I call my brother, Tom over.

He inspects the only symbol of activity he can. Suppose his glasses, so you know he is serious. Eventually, all he manages is an unexpected sigh.

'Can we followed it?', It's more of a statement because I already walking before I can get a response. Reluctantly, Tom begins trudging behind, struggling to stay behind my eager pace.

The ~~footprints~~ creeps the ~~pathways~~. They seem to get smaller ~~&~~ more beast like. It is as if the creature was running but why? The ~~words~~ marks on the snow are also gradually decreasing, like it's heavy effect on the snow.

'Stop!' Tom calls out and I do. Before me is a big oak tree, only the roots branches giving their ~~way~~. Otherwise I would have possibly bumped into it. I stare, and look around our sight. For ~~the~~. But nothing

CONTINUE

I know this forest. Me and Sam would come here to play conkers or football when we were younger. Sadly this forest marks the bridge between mankind and nature, where both can live and harmoniously live.

There a bird grabs my attention. It's purple wings, sleek beak shape and sharp talons are unlike any bird I've previously encountered. Besides how is a bird in this university environment? I panic it will be Sam who comes me to learn back and fix names.

I pause- I want to understand, to discover.

The bird then taps the nose and I feel myself being pulled closer. The bird is perched on a branch, possibly within my reach. But I feel becoming paralysed, like I'm pinned to time.

Slowly the bird evolves. No longer a bird but a living mask of feathers, talons outstretched and a hood hides silhouette around them.

'Let's play a little game, shall we?' it asks,

'Guess what I am in 3 tries, you can leave - if not...'

He begins whispering secrets he couldn't the sentence. A shudder as words shivers down my spine and something is crawling across the forest.



By Ayla S. (7.2)

The sky was a beautiful blend of ~~scarlet~~ vermillion and gold brushed with wisps of dove grey clouds. ~~As~~ A young girl, dressed in a patched brown dress and a flour dusted apron, slowly pedalled down the path, her rusted bike creaking with every movement. A large rock hiding uncannily ~~behind~~ beneath layers of thick dust and sand, ~~stopped~~ ~~her~~ knocked her down with an almighty crash.

A wagon passing by stopped by her and a kindly old man climbed down from the drivers seat and crouched beside her.

"You alright there miss?" he questioned.

"Yes, I, I'm fine" she blushed, climbing to her feet, brushing dust off her sleeves. Head down, she walked over to her bike and struggled to heave it upright.

"Here let me help" he picked it up with ease. "Now you be careful now." Thanking him she clambered back on and rode back, creaking all the way home. She reached her house, a rundown stone cottage with whitewashed walls and a slate tile roof, the ~~dark~~ grey paint giving

CONTINUE

it an old weather beaten look.

"Mother?" she called, voice echoing through the baire rooms where are you?".
She was nowhere to be found. Then she she saw it. Then she saw it. Footsteps leading out into the small patch of grass behind the house they called their garden. They went on through fields, past the village shops until finally they reached a river. Glistening blue and speckled with silver foam. "Mother?" She called again, her voice thudding with anticipation. The footprints had stopped, where was she?

