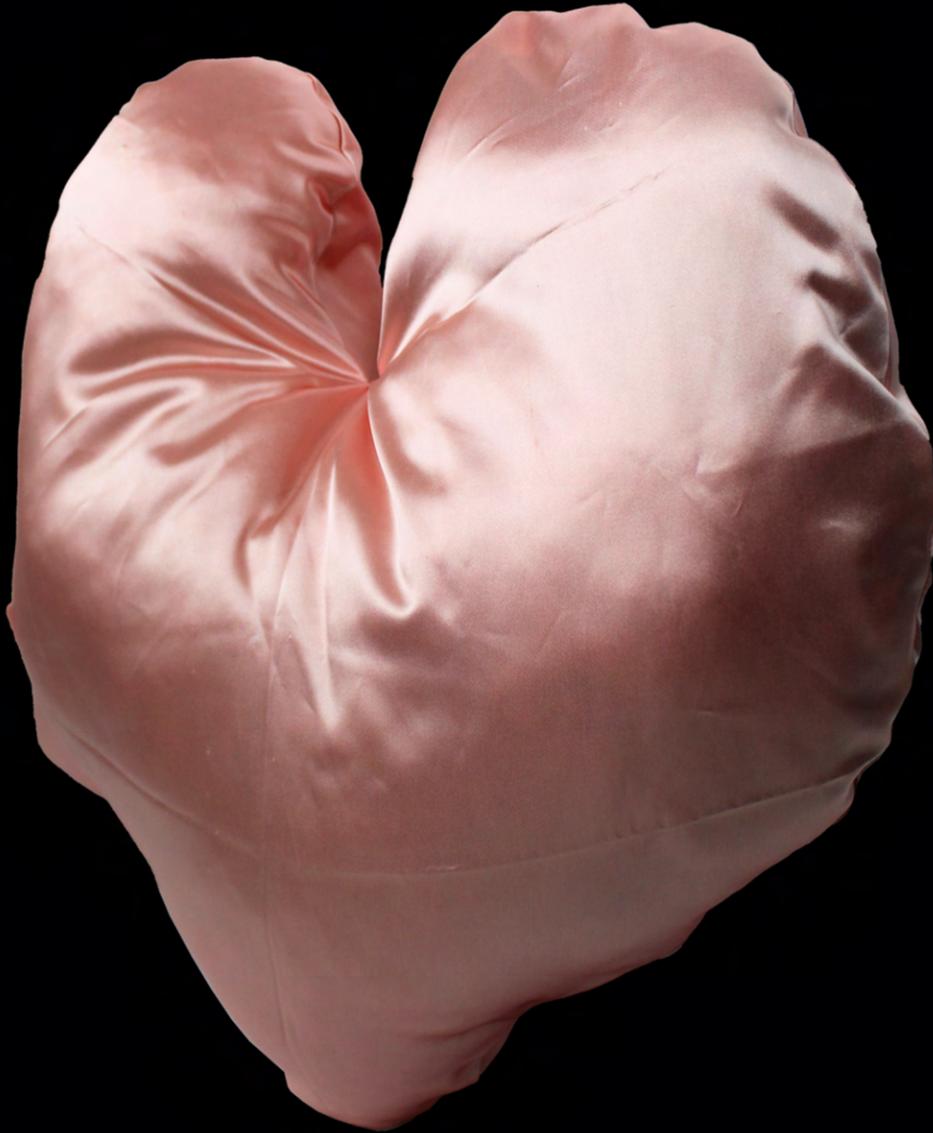


# Harlington Zine 2024



Written by students.  
Designed by students.  
Read by all.



# PURE ROSE

Open your eyes saint, keep your purity alive. (vivid). "Eli....." "Eli.." "You're mine, freedom isn't an option for you nor your father. How useless and naive can you be? How utterly stupid can you be to not save your own mother drenched in blood." "This is your fault." "No!" "It's your fault." "No!" "Mom!" "Oh my heart's in my mouth." Tears pour down her left cheek, trauma that really scars her heart, that scene keeps replaying in her head, was it her fault? That question keeps pondering in her mind. With struggle she managed to stumble downstairs to find her father with a stone face, you could tell this wasn't the time to be joking.

"Um Dad? What's going on? Why are you holding a box?" "This is a necklace from your mother. She would have wanted you to have it." "Dad I-." "There, looks good on you! Day by day you start to resemble more of your mother, okay now get to school!" "Remember vampires-" "Dad are you kidding me, whatever, I'm heading bye!"

"The only people I seem to relate to is Miaki and Zala. Both my friends since we were kids. Miaki, he is a stubborn, kind guy who cares a lot for others. Zala, she's sweet, and honestly the funniest girl I've met."

"But Ezara, he seems to hate me-" "Hey" (He rolls her sleeve) staring intently then without warning drops her arm and dashes, with a gush of wind beam towards her face. "Rude, but he does have a point, where has this tattoo thingy come from?" Eli brushes off assuming she drew it the other day. But she's wondering why Ezara was staring tensely, shaking left to right. She ignores Ezara and goes to Miaki and Zala and quickly explains everything to them, but anger is visible in Miaki's face, Zala's eyes go from an off-white to red. "How does he know so much about it?" "I didn't know he knew a lot about it, only that he seems to be interested about my mark." Ezara creeps behind, quietly uttering, "It's because someone is injecting you with vampire venom." Silence... Miaki gets violent.

'Isn't it suspicious that you know so much about this vampire venom, how do we know you're not poisoning her?' Ezara gives a cold glare which gives everyone chills. "Why would I benefit from this, I don't hate her."

‘He left as soon as the bell rang. They walked carefully home. ‘Zala, one second here take the notes before going home ‘Thanks.’ Eli froze (shatter) She gasps for air, her low lip trembling. ‘DAD!’ Her home looking like a pig’s barn, ‘Why was it trashed and where’s Dad?’ She rushes upstairs to see if her Dad’s upstairs. A file looks out of place, curiosity had hit her, if it helped find Dad, it was worth it. ‘Pure, pure human? What is this.’ ‘Pure human gives eternal life once drinking the blood of one, Sara, Lia, was a pure human, death caused by a vampire killing her. One teardrop then more followed. ‘Mom.’ Footsteps could be heard downstairs to find Ezara and Dad side by side. ‘Ezara, Dad?’ Ezara drags her arm and injects himself and puts it in her.

‘There, now you’re not weakened by the venom.’ I lean over to grab her hand, but she slaps it away. ‘V-vampire.’ Ezara sighs of relief and sadness at the same time. ‘Look I’m not going to be in your life any longer I only came to cure you and fight the men after your Dad.’ ‘Why were they after him-.’ He left without a trace, like he always does.

As her head hit her pillow, awaiting another dream to be somewhat familiar. ‘Run!’ ‘Run!’ ‘Keep your purity alive.’ She wakes up angered, ‘What purity?’ She gets up and heads to school. She gazes over at Ezara’s seat, He isn’t there, Zala and Miaki come and comfort her. ‘Cheer up Eri it’s prom today, let’s go in together.’ Hours pass and it was finally time, she put on her dress as pure as white and a rose headpiece. She was ready! As soon as she stepped foot, the ballroom focussed on her, tonight she was the star. Miaki with love in his eyes walks up to her, ‘Care for a dance?’ They go out dancing, but stop for some reason. A grin grew on his face. He leans over and whispers ‘Naiive idiot, I don’t want you, your blood is mine.’ He leans over but Ezara tries to stop him but it was too late , Miaki her own friend was using her. Will she become a vampire too? Ezara in tears screaming ‘I should have protected you , this is my fault!’ Eri’s necklace burned the colour scarlet, was she a vampire, her eyes lit red. But strangely, her eyes lit yellow her necklace grew even brighter. All the memories about what the dreams were trying to say, ‘Keep your purity alive.’ She was pure human. Her eyes stayed yellow. Ezara rushed to Eli with a smile on her face, ‘Eri, don’t ever scare me like that!’ He pulls her into a hug and holds her in his hands. ‘Ezara I’m sorry, I should have let you go.’ ‘It’s alright, I’m sorry for not telling you I was a vampire.’ ‘Where’s Miaki, Ezara?’ ‘He’s been locked away.’ Looking up staring above the sky wondering what life will throw at her. As she slowly watched the sunset go to sleep.



*An essay by*  
**SALWA MOUSSA**



# Liar

I am a liar. One time I was told one of my friends her boyfriend cheated on her just so I could get with him. Well, I wasn't technically lying, was I? Or that one time I lied to my mum that I went out with my friends just to go to my boyfriend's house. I mean, I was still hanging out with my (boy) FRIEND.. not technically a lie.

"Earth to Vivienne," my best friend Aisha called.

"Shut up! I was actually having a really nice daydream!" I argue.

The thousands of screams around us amplified. Walking through the corridors, I make eye contact with many unknown faces, most of which I'll forget in a few minutes. We must stop next to my locker.

"A daydream about Rowan, I bet," Rowan, my crush.

"I don't like him!" a lie, and she knows it.

"Sure, sure. I'll leave you to your 'really nice' daydream," she smirked, quickly walking away.

"Look behind you," a too familiar voice whispered in my ear.

As I turn around, I am greeted with a gleaming smile and a pair of dazzling eyes, nobody knowing how many secrets they're keeping.

"Rowan, you scared me!" I giggled. Another lie.

"How are you?" he asked, initiating a conversation.

We start walking towards the door, neither of us knowing where we'll go next.

"Since when do you engage in such small talk?" I tease.

Silence was my only answer. We keep walking until we're out of the school, heading to the car park. What is he thinking about? Why is he not saying anything? Usually, we can't stop talking but today, nothing. The silence isn't awkward however, it just exists there like a whisper in the wind, a never-ending mystery waiting to be discovered, but not noticeable enough to be distracting.

"I-uh-wanted to talk to you about something," Rowan stuttered, making the hesitancy in his eyes too obvious to be ignored.

There is so many ways this could go wrong... Or it could go really well, the optimist in me uttered silently.

I gasp. Stopping my thoughts is the most beautiful bouquet of roses I have ever seen.

"We've been talking for a while now-" Rowan interrupts me "and things have been going pretty well so..." he stops talking, probably deciding what to say next. "Is it okay for me to call you my girlfriend?"

“Yes! Of course,” I go to hug him. His face lights up in the most adorable smile I have ever seen.

Two weeks have passed and I’m sitting in my bed reading a random book I got from the library yesterday. My phone starts ringing. What? I thought. I don’t know the number calling but I answer anyway.

“Vivienne?” A muffled female voice trembled, clearly crying.

“Hello? Who are you? Did something happen?” I ask, not knowing what to think.

“Its-its Rowan” the voice desperate for air. “He was m-murdered last n-night”.

A tear rolls down my left cheek. No, it can’t be. Not now. Not him. Not-

“Vivienne?”

“I’m here. Sorry. C-can I do anything to help?” I ask desperately.

“T-there’s nothing anyone c-can do. T-the funeral is in t-three days” they answered.

‘T-thank you for telling me’ I close the call, not being able to resist one second more.

Rowan. My Rowan. Was murdered. Didn’t even live past 18. We could’ve lived a happy life. Together. Forever. And someone took it from me.

I sit there in my bed, my tears coating my face, my clothes, my whole body until I’m sitting in a pool of tears.

*Did you actually believe that?*

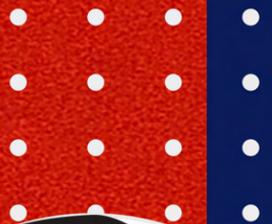
*You actually thought that’s what happened? Oh, how gullible people are these days! Of course I’m the one who killed him. I mean, what kind of pretty, innocent girl do you think I am? I told you I’m a liar from the very start. But why you might ask? Let me tell you a little story. Naomi, 15, was a young girl living her school life like any normal girl her age, when one day, she died very suddenly. After some tests, it was found that she killed herself. Her sister was devastated – she cried for days. How could her little sister do that to herself? Desperate for answers, her sister checked through her diary. There, she found hundreds of accounts of bullying and the same repeated name: Rowan. Now, if you haven’t figured it out yet, I am Naomi’s sister and I was set out for revenge. So, I tricked him into falling in love with me just to stab him in the back, literally. Truly, I am so sorry I had to do this to someone.*

*Oops, I guess I lied again.*

**Written by Maya Farnos**



# YEAR 7 FOOTBALL

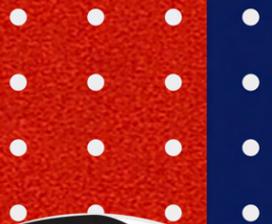




**PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALISHBA QAMAR**

**INTERVIEWS BY**

**LEYLA IYOW  
NABEEHA MOHAMED  
JAMILA MOHAMED  
AVNIE RODRIGUES  
YASMINE ISMAIL**



# KAILUM



Who's your favourite player and why?

*Neymar, because he's tekky.*

What's your favourite team and why?

*Arsenal because I've supported them from a young age.*

Why are you so passionate about football?

*Because it's my life.*

What are the 3 most important things about playing sport?

*Being humble, working hard and never giving up.*



# UAUKUA



**Who's your favourite player and why?**

*Neymar, because he inspired me when I lived in Brazil, he believed in himself.*

**Why are you so passionate about football?**

*It is the sport of love.*

**What are the 3 most important things about playing sport?**

*Believing in yourself, trusting the people that are beside you and being strong.*

**What was the best moment playing sport in your life?**

*When I started playing football.*

**How do you handle stress during important matches?**

*I pray to God.*

**What do you do outside football?**

*Play video games.*



# ARSHDEEP

What's your favorite team and why?

*Real Madrid because they've won the most champions league titles.*

What strengths do you think you have that make you a great athlete?

*Staying devoted to the game and staying focussed.*



Why are you so passionate about playing football?

*It's really good and helps you lose weight.*

Describe the best moment playing football in your life.

*When we won the Year 6 football cup.*

# REGGIE

**Who's your favorite player and why?**

*Mbappe, because he doesnt give up, he's strong and technical.*

**What's your favorite team and why?**

*Liverpool, as I have supported them from a young age.*



**What strengths do you think you have that make you a great athlete?**

*Im fast, technical, strong and I dont give up.*

**What are the three most important things about playing sport?**

*Having fun, being passionate and not giving up.*



# Art and Culture

Emily-Rose Martin

ASSORTED PRESS  
STATE MANUFACTURED

## THE NEWS

VOL: 13

15 CENTS PER WEEK! THURSDAY MORNING! NOV 31

# WALL STREET CRASH BLACK THURSDAY

### WHAT IS THE CAUSE??

**Overreaction and underconsumption of goods**, Industries were producing goods at faster rates than people could consume, leading to excess supply and a decline in prices. This resulted in layoffs wage cuts and a decrease in consumer spending.

**Banking Crisis**, banks declined due to risky investments and an inability to cover all withdrawals. Lead to a loss of savings, further reducing consumer spending and any investment.

**Draught and Agricultural Crisis**, Severe draught and dust storms in the midwest during the late 20s and early 30s reduced agricultural production. Farmers suffered from crop failures, contributing to poverty and migration. Many travelled in order to find jobs just as Nick Carraway did in *The Great Gatsby*.

### MORE ON THE EMPLOYMENT AND POLITICS - NEW DEAL PROGRAMS.

In the United States, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal introduced a series of economic reforms and relief programs aimed at providing jobs, stimulating economic activity, and providing social welfare.

**FISCAL STIMULUS**, governments engaged in deficit spending to finance public works projects, infrastructure development, and social welfare programs. This injection of government spending helped boost demand and create jobs.



1931 WASHINGTON 21

### EFFECTS UPON THE ECONOMY/BANKING AND UNEMPLOYMENT

**ECONOMIC IMPACT**- the wall street crash marked the start of the Depression as stock prices plummeted, wiping out billions of dollars in wealth. This collapse in asset values led to a sharp drop of consumer spending and investment, plunging the economy into a deep recession.

**BANKING**, the wall street crash triggered a banking crisis as panicked investors hurried to withdraw their bank savings. Many banks, unable to meet those said withdrawals demands due to risky investments and insufficient resources.

**UNEMPLOYMENT**, the economic collapse resulted in mass unemployment as businesses cut costs and reduced production. With decreased consumer demand and declining industrial output, companies laid off workers in large numbers. As it skyrocketed, reaching levels as high as 25% in the USA by the early 1930s, it led to widespread poverty, homelessness and social unrest in all of society and the community.

*it's hard for a girl to make the best of what she's got if ... She hasn't anything!*

### THE DUST BOWL AND MIGRANTS ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS

The dust bowl which primarily affected the Great Plains region, devastated agricultural productivity. Prolonged drought, coupled with poor farming practices, led to massive dust storms that destroyed crops. This displaced hundreds of thousands of people who could no longer sustain through farming.

**FAMILY AND SOCIAL NETWORKS**, migrants often followed family members or social networks to urban areas where they had connections or heard of job prospects. This facilitated the movement of entire communities or extended families seeking to escape the economic hardships of rural life.

**DISCRIMINATION AND CHALLENGES**, while cities promised economic opportunities, migrants faced discrimination and challenges. African Americans faced segregation and racism in housing, employment, and social services.

**EFFECTS ON EMPLOYMENT**, particularly in the Southern cities they migrated to, the unemployment rates soared to unpredictable levels, reaching as high as 25% in the USA. Millions of people lost their jobs, leading to widespread poverty.

**HOMELESSNESS**, many families lost their homes and were forced to live in shantytowns known as 'Hoovervilles'. Poverty and homelessness became widespread as people struggled to make ends meet.

**DECLINE IN PRODUCTION**, industrial production plummeted as demand for goods fell sharply. This led to factory closures, layoffs, and a sharp decline in manufacturing output.

**POLITICAL UNREST**, the economic hardship and social upheaval caused by the Great Depression fueled social unrest and political extremism. Both left and right extremist views gained traction in many countries.

ner Bergbau 1935

150. - b 151. - bG

Eik. S

# POP ART



*“Art has been my passion for as long as I can remember. Learning from my family and practicing every day, I’ve created my own pieces from scratch.”*



# Forgotten memories

Beep! Beep! Beep! The sound echoed through the empty parking lot. I look around trying to recollect myself and remember why I'm here. I rummage around my pockets to find a camera from which the loud and annoying beeping had come from. The camera was chipped and had stains of dirt encasing it like it was left in mud and forgotten, left behind. On top was a brightly illuminated timer counting down from 10 minutes. Underneath a piece of paper cello-taped on reading "Take a photo, when you hear the beeps." In my confusion, I placed the camera back in my pocket, when I noticed a tattoo inked on my hand saying "Check your bag." I looked around to find a bag on my back that I hadn't realised I was wearing before.

In the bag, I saw piles and piles of polaroid photographs. I dug through the photos and saw one of a beautiful woman that seemed like a goddess and familiar in some unusual way. Underneath the photo written in black pen said 'Your murdered wife.' In an instant an ocean of memories flooded my mind recalling the day my innocent wife was brutally murdered with no mercy.

Out of nowhere a brutish man came beside me, accidentally knocking the bag out of my cold grasp onto the wet, musty and decayed floor. The man wore a smart tuxedo with a black bowtie. The man apologised in a posh and reluctant tone extending his arms to pick up the bag. The man seemed off but I couldn't quite grasp why I had my suspicions. On the lower corner of his shirt were blotches of red paint dripping onto the floor. The man then got up and left with an entitled swag in his walk.

I looked upon the bag noticing a photo that must have fallen out. On the photo was the man from earlier and beneath in crimson red paint read 'Your wife's killer'.

written by Kishvan Kuganesan

# THE HELLMAKERS

My legs were aching from all the running. I needed a break to catch my breath but if I do... they will get me. The fiery red sky peered angrily down at me whilst the burning trees pleaded for help, but none arrived. People are screaming, dying and sprinting in fear. The hellmakers caused this and are the only ones who can stop this. My Mother and Father have given their life for me and I had to make it worth it. I would do anything but for now, I need to stay safe. My shirt clung to me as I ran through the forest looking for a safe place to hide.

After a while, I reached a cave. I breathed a sigh of relief as I had found temporary safety. It was dark, rough and dangerous but it will have to do...for now. I sneaked into the cave and I ambled around searching for something that will cover me from the peering eyes of the Hellmakers. "Umm, hi", a quiet, squeaky voice mumbled from behind me. I nearly fell, out of surprise. A boy around my age was hiding behind a large rock nearby. "H-hello, I am Laura. What is your name?" I said. He really looked like he needed a friend with that sad look on his face. I decided right there and then to become his loyal companion. "I am John, John Wood" He looked seriously relieved.

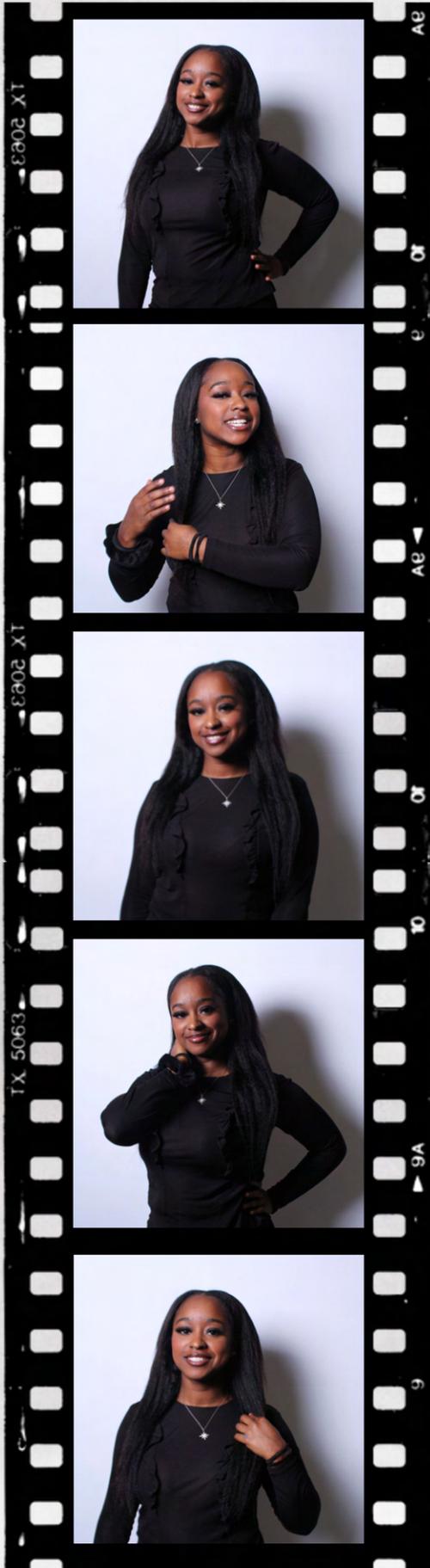
"There is someone here!", a low voice bellowed from the entrance of the cave. The Hellmakers had found us! Their blood red eyes scanned the room for our hiding spot whilst they showed their teeth instantly telling that they are thirsty for blood. I instantly held my breath because I knew I was doomed. We should run...but if we run we will definitely be found. I glanced at John but to my surprise, he did not look alarmed at all. In fact, he is smiling. I was creeped out. "Follow me" he mouthed suddenly. John pointed at a narrow gap next to us that only children small as us could fit through. Genius! "Here! I found them!!" Oh no! One after the other, we rapidly crawled through the hole like spiders running from the vacuum.

"It's...beautiful" I stared at the mysterious room in awe. Crystals were embedded into every wall of all colours. It was the most beautiful thing that I have seen since, well, before the Hellmakers came. Even John was speechless. Oh I am so glad I met him or I would have been Hellmaker's lunch, plus some company brightened my mood to know that I would not be alone. Alas, no matter how much we wanted to stay for the day, we needed to move because, knowing the Hellmakers, they will come soon enough...

"WAKE UP! WAKE UP!" shouted John, looking panicked. When did I fall asleep? No time for that for when I looked around, all I saw was blackness. "Where are we?" I asked sleepily yet scared. "Everything was fine before but whilst we were in the crystal room, the Hellmakers swapped souls with a miniature boy and managed to get in. Though instead of killing us, they trapped us in this place and made us go to sleep. I don't know what this room is called but they referred to it as the hall of ghouls." he replied in an incredibly fast and alarmed manner. "woah, slow down and how do you know all this since you were put to sleep too?" He held up a letter written in the messy writing of the Hellmakers. They always wrote letters before killing the person it was for. As I scanned the letter, I spotted the part where they referred to this place as the 'hall of ghouls'. I shuddered. I looked around once more but this time, I noticed white spirits with red eyes circling us. They must have been the spirits of dead Hellmakers!!!

Written by Sanjot Puaar

# Dance Energy



Dance Energy is a dance platform connecting the community with leading dance industry professionals. An integrated dance programme, providing children and young people 7- 19 years old, from primary, and secondary schools, and community groups with the opportunity to work on a dance piece in a style of their choice.

Young people showcase their talent and perform/compete in a full-stage production in front of an audience, including family and friends. Supported by guest appearances and judges from the illustrious dance industry, all young people have a chance to win exclusive prizes, scholarships, masterclasses and tickets to see dance shows.

The programme welcomes young people from a variety of dance backgrounds with the ability to either build on previous dance foundations or explore new opportunities for creative expression.

## HARLINGTON SCHOOL DANCE TROOP 'LA VIDA'

*"I'm so proud of the girls for their hard work and dedication, taking home the **first place prize**. They have shown resilience, teamwork, dedication, sauce and energy. I couldn't be prouder to be their teacher.*

*I would also like to give a huge shout out to Malak Al-Hakim for naming the group 'La Vida', which means 'the life', which is exactly what the girls brought, life."*

*Miss. Wilson*

The students have won a day at **Pineapple Studios** in Covent Garden, learning any dance style of their choice and the opportunity to record a music video.

A special mention to Tracey Noray-McCalmon for her individual award and scholarship.



# Art Food Court



Enjoy these delicious ceramics



**Doughnut  
to Go**

**Come  
Dine  
with  
us**



**Year 13  
Art**



**Design by  
Alishba  
Qamar**



“I thought of creating this design because I really wanted my own pillow and it turned out great! I picked this material because the colour amazed me.”

Made by Leeda Aminyaar

Design by Alishba Qamar

LEARN ABOUT

# SOMALIA

WRITTEN BY YASMINE ISMAIL



Somalia, located in the Horn of Africa, is a country with a diverse culture and we will go into the history later on. The capital city is Mogadishu which is the most populated city in Somalia, with over 2 million citizens currently living there. Mogadishu is known for history, the vibrant culture, and the beautiful coastal location.

The country has a mix of ethnic groups, such as Issaq, Darod and Hawiye. These are all tribes that are situated in Somalia. With Somali being the official language, the language Arabic, is what most people tend to speak in Somalia.



## WHAT DO YOU LOVE MOST ABOUT SOMALIA?

“What i love the most are the culture dances, such as the Dhaanto and Buranbuur.”

LEYLA

“The way the country brings all of us together.”

HAWA

“What i love the most is that we are the most hilarious people you will find.”

SALMA

# History of Somalia



Somalia's history contain ancient civilisations, trade routes, and colonial influences.

Starting off with Adal (a historical region in the Horn of Africa) and Ajuran (a medieval Muslim Empire in the Horn of Africa), these were civilian rulers in the history of Somalia.

The Ajurans were also the most historical sultanate in Somalia who had power over the politics and culture of Somalia. This went on from the 13th century to the 17th century.

The Adal and Ajuran kingdoms were one of the foundations of Somalia's history, and they directly benefited the country.

In the late 19th century, Somalia was colonised by European powers, mainly Italy and Britain, leading to a period of colonial rule and eventual independence in 1960, which we will be going into more in the Somaliland section.

Learn about



# SOMALILAND



Somaliland is an independent country. For many who are not aware, Somaliland decided to split from Somalia after a conflict, resulting in there being Somalia and Somaliland. The capital of Somaliland is Hargeisa, with a population of 1.2 million in 2019. Somaliland is known as the "Republic of Somaliland" and its borders are the districts of Awdal, Marodi Jeex, Togdheer, Sanaag, and Sool, which are also some of their tribes. The country of Somaliland is home to many Somalis, and there are different cultures and traditions. Somaliland is known as such because it has different regional governments within the country of Somalia.

## WHAT DO PEOPLE LOVE MOST ABOUT SOMALILAND?

"I love the beaches in Berber."

Halimo

"The culture is nostalgic."

Sumaya

"As a country, we are not afraid to stick up for ourselves in battles."

Najma

# History of Somaliland

Somaliland was born from the civil war in Somalia that took place from 1988 to 1991. This war has resulted in new problems and heavy losses.

After the war ended, Somaliland decided to leave Somalia and return to their own independent country.

The reason for this is that they have different cultures and traditions, so they decided to leave Somalia to find an agreement between the government of Somalia.

Fast forward to today, Somaliland is doing better than ever, than it was in the aftermath of the war. The country is as safe as it can be, with many tourists coming in to see the history of Somaliland and how they run the country.



Muse Bihi Abdi, the current President of Somaliland, ran for president in 2017 and won

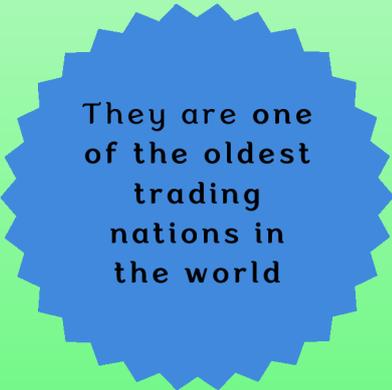


Longest coastline in Africa

## Facts about Somaliland and Somalia



In 1960, the British Somaliland and Italian Somaliland finally became independent



They are one of the oldest trading nations in the world

# YEAR 7 FOOTBALL



At Harlington School, we have many students who are passionate and absolutely love the world of sport. Whether it's simply playing for fun, or wanting to become a famous athlete, sports are important to the majority of people and hold a lot of passion. As well as that, people often find it easier to get along with others who play sports and are able to gain friendships for a lifetime. If you're into sports, make the most out of it, you never know where it could lead you to.

## Afiya NJOROGE

Who's your favourite player, and why?

I'd say Messi, because he takes his time.

Who's your favourite team, and why?

Chelsea, because I've supported them since I was really young.

Which strengths do you think you have that make you a great athlete?

I'd say my strength, and the way I see things in my head.

Why are you so passionate about playing sports?

It's not just a sport, it's something you can always rely on if you're angry or upset. It's a way to distract your mind.

What are the 3 most important things about playing sport?

Having a team beside you, making new friends and not giving up.

Describe the best moment playing sport in your life.

When I won the league and got a trophy.

How do you handle stress during important matches or events?

I think about someone I really love.

What do you need to improve as a player?

I'd say my communication with other players.

What would you say to motivate someone who wants to be successful playing sport?

Don't give up, just look ahead to your dreams.



# Frankie Allick

Who is your favourite player, and why?

Bellingham, because he's a great player.

Who's your favourite team, and why?

Liverpool, because my Mum and brother support them.

Which strengths do you think you have that make you a great athlete?

Body strength and good pace.

Why are you so passionate about playing sports?

My siblings used to play so I've always been around it.

What are the 3 most important things about playing sport?

You have to be kind, respectful to other people and not get angry.

Describe the best moment playing sport in your life.

I scored 2 goals against Westway.

What do you like to do outside of sport?

I enjoy hip-hop dance.

What would you say to motivate someone who wants to be successful playing sport?

Don't give up.

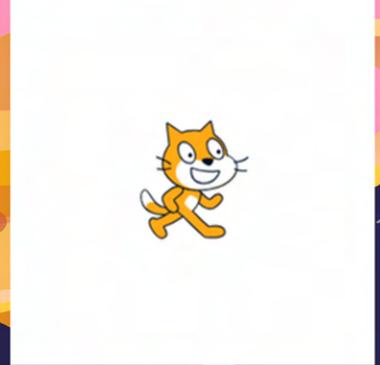


# MINECRAFT

## VIRTUAL REALITY

Software used to enhance creativity skills:

- Kodu 3D Games Programming
- Scratch Block Programming and sounds
- Pixel Art
- Hour of Code



# Art and Culture

*Artwork by Leah Lane*

*Design by Yusra Haji*



Éire

Ireland!

GRÁ GO DEO

*This is an old Irish love saying that has been used between paring friends and lovers. In modern english it translates to 'Love Forever'*

# Kindness

In year 9, Mrs. Clarke, you were there,  
With kindness and help, beyond compare.  
You guided us through words and prose,  
A teacher who truly knows.

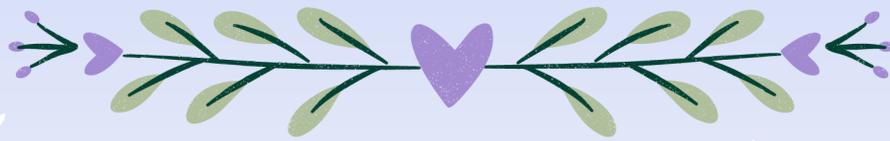
Your support and care, like a guiding light,  
Made learning English feel so bright.  
With patience and grace, you showed the way,  
Inspiring us each and every day.

Ms. Borota, our science guide,  
Through years of learning side by side.  
From year 8 to 11, you've been there,  
With knowledge and support to share.

You want us all to reach our best,  
To pass the tests and meet the quest.  
Your dedication shines so bright,  
Helping us soar to new heights.

Ms. Borota, for your care,  
For showing us that we can dare.  
With your guidance, we'll surely find,  
A love for science that's one of a kind.

Mr. Boateng, the coolest teacher around,  
RE classes with him were never a letdown.  
He brought the party vibes, full of fun,  
Making RE lessons second to none.



In every year, his popularity grew,  
Students loved his energy, that's true.  
Mr. Boateng, the life of the school,  
Making RE lessons cool, breaking the rules.

Ms. Yearwood, the teacher so kind,  
Hospitality lessons, a joy to find.  
With laughter and fun, she'd always strive,  
To make learning an adventure, and keep us alive.

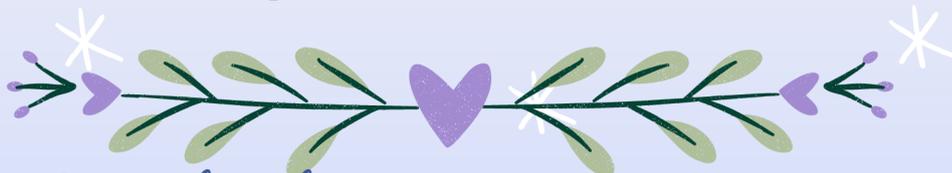
"Beth, you got grey hair," she exclaimed,  
In front of the class, a moment untamed.  
We all shared a laugh, so pure and bright,  
Creating memories that shine day and night.

Ms. Yearwood, a teacher like no other,  
Her spirit and humor, we'll always remember.  
In the world of hospitality, she's the star,  
Guiding us with love, no matter how far.

With every experiment, she sparks our curiosity,  
Ms. Jayaraj's passion for science, a true rarity.  
Patiently explaining, she helps us understand,  
The wonders of the universe, held in her hands.

Her classroom, a haven, where knowledge takes flight,  
Mrs. Jayaraj's caring presence, a guiding light.  
Through her dedication, we're inspired to explore,

The endless possibilities that science has in store.



Written by Beth Nicholls - Design by Loveleen Pia Kaur

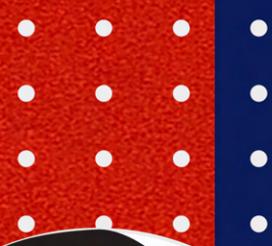


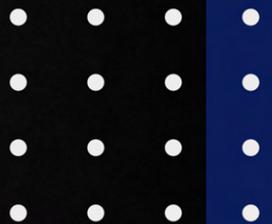
# YEAR 8 FOOTBALL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALISHBA QAMAR

INTERVIEWS BY

LEYLA IYOW  
NABEEHA MOHAMED  
JAMILA MOHAMED  
AVNIE RODRIGUES  
YASMINE ISMAIL





**FRANKIE DELL**

# LINAS

Who's your favourite player  
and why?

*Cristiano Ronaldo,  
because he's motivational  
and strong in the mind.*

How do you handle stress?

*Just breathe and carry  
on playing.*

What do you need to improve  
as a player?

*Stay focused and keep  
playing.*



What would you say to  
motivate someone who wants  
to be successful in the sport?

*To focus on your dreams and  
keep going.*

**GOAL!**

# SAWAIN

What strengths do you think you have that make you a great player?

*I think I'm really strong and have a good mindset.*

What are the most important things about playing sport?

*Having fun, good mindset and making friendships along the way.*



Describe the best moments playing football in your life.

*When you make friends and win a final.*



# HARLINGTON'S GOT TALENT



WINNERS 2023 - NELAB, CLARA, AICHA

“I know it’s a really stereotypical  
but the saying  
‘FAKE IT TIL YOU MAKE IT’  
actually works.”



What's your name and what's the bands name?

Nelab, Clara, Aicha, we don't have a band name but we are doing music from the band, Babymetal.

What type of music do you play and what genre?  
Metal.

What instruments do you play?  
Drums, guitar and keyboard.

Was there any inspiration? Family or friends that loved music too?

Inspiration from friends, my dad's a rocker.

Who's your favourite musician and why?

David bobby, because I like the idea of androgyny and glam rock.

What are the three most important things about music?

It puts you in a good mood, everyone has their own type of music but people feel different ways, most of the time it makes you feel a good way.

What would you like to do outside of music?

Draw, play Roblox, paint and go skateboarding.



What would you say to motivate someone who wants to be successful in music?

I know it's a really stereotypical but the saying 'fake it till you make it' actually works.

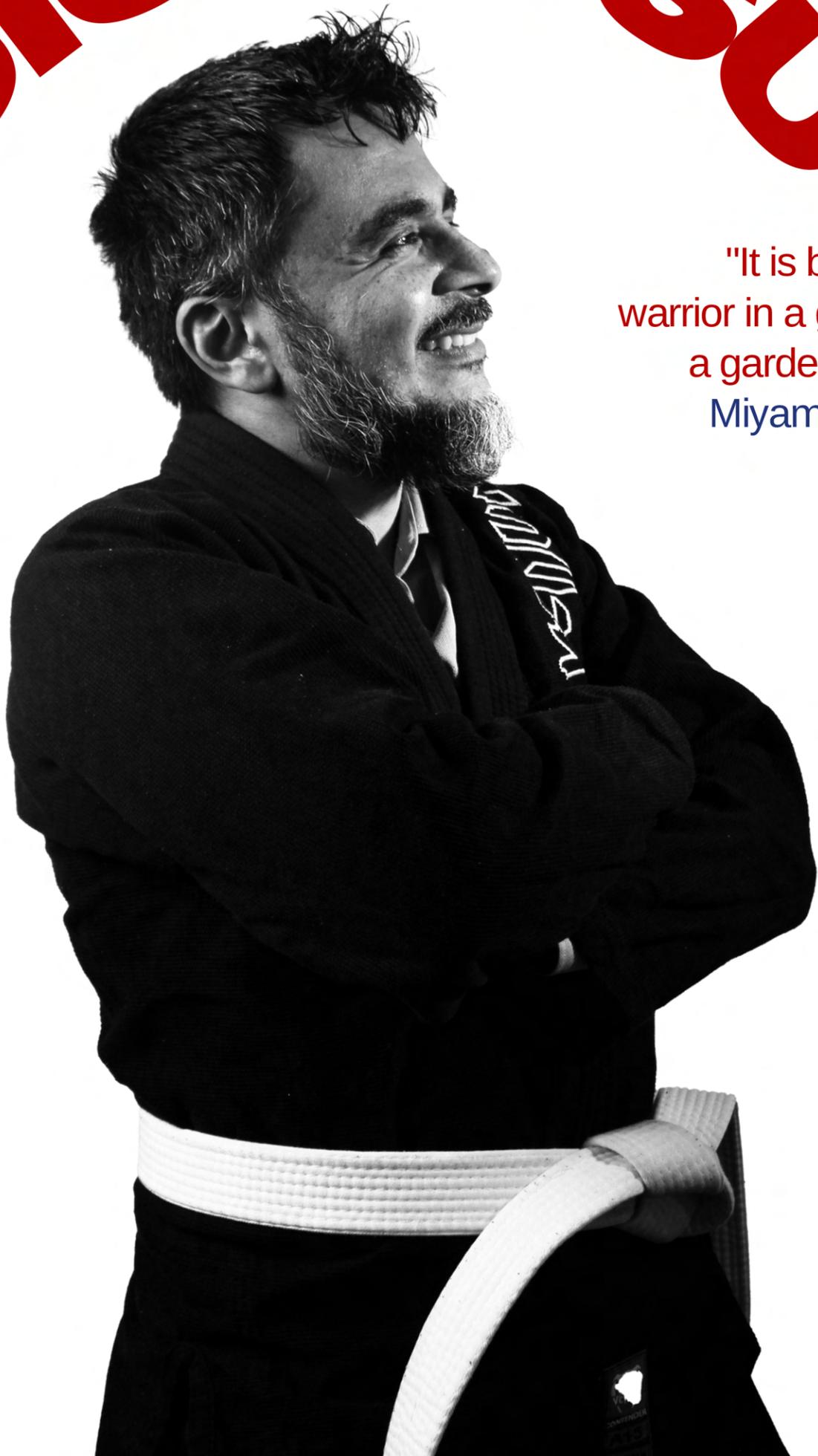
Would you like to be a full-time musician?

I see music as a hobby. It's a passion.

Interview and design by Yusra Haji



# JIU JITSU



"It is better to be a  
warrior in a garden, than  
a gardener in a war"  
Miyamoto Musashi

**Islam** teaches us that we need to be strong spiritually, however **we should also be strong physically**.

I've held this phrase close to my heart as it means that having strength can lead to improving the relationship with God. Ever since my secondary school days I've been finding opportunities to improve my physicality.

I started lifting weights at my school's gym and boxing in afterschool clubs but never progressed further than that especially when my time at that school came to an end.

There was a long period of time where I hadn't trained in any **discipline** apart from keeping fit generally such as playing football and jogging when the lockdown procedures were uplifted.

I had always wanted to get back into weight training and it didn't help that the lockdown restrictions kept us indoors.

Finally, when the restrictions were lifted, I bought a gym membership in June 2021, and I have been going regularly ever since. However, a few months after I had started gym, I was reintroduced to **martial arts in the form of Brazilian Jiu Jitsu (BJJ for short)**.

**MR. MAHFUZH**



**MR. SAMMAR**



“A strong believer is better  
and is more beloved to  
Allah than a weak believer,  
and there is good in  
everyone”

Prophet Muhammad,  
peace be upon him.



My local mosque had been running these classes and I decided to join them for a session. Ever since then I have been training (inconsistently due to injuries and illnesses).

I enjoyed the idea of BJJ as it was a form of wrestling which the Prophet used to practice.

This was like nothing I had experience before where there were no punches, no kicks, no elbows nothing of the sort; BJJ was a grappling sport all about grabbing and manipulating limb joints.

I was surprised how I was easily thrown around and submitted by people that had nowhere near as much experience in weightlifting as I did. This just shows how valuable technique is over brute strength. That's when I thought why not improve my strength AND my technique.

Written by Mr. Mahfuzh



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