



Southfields Academy Weekly Newsletter

Week Commencing Monday 9th December 2024



Ethos statement: We believe that through individual commitment, self-discipline, integrity and respect for others, we inspire everyone to learn.

Year 10 News – Ms Hussain

As we approach the last few weeks of the term, we would like to share some highlights. Year 10 students worked hard on their assessments, providing a valuable opportunity to gauge their progress. Additionally, our IEAP Day was a success, where students learned a variety of revision techniques to help them prepare for their upcoming exams.

We also had a successful Year 10 Parents' Evening, which was a great opportunity for teachers to meet with parents and discuss each student's development. We appreciate the support and engagement from our parent community during this event.

With only three weeks left until the Christmas holiday, it's hard to believe how quickly this year has flown by! We encourage students to finish strong and continue to stay focused on their studies in these final weeks.

Academy Christmas Tree



PINES AND NEEDLES

Southfields Academy has kindly been donated a Christmas tree by Pines and Needles and they would love to offer parents and carers a discount on Christmas trees in their pop up stores! Our local pop up store is located in **Wimbledon Park** at: Wimbledon Park, Wimbledon Park Road Entrance, London SW19 6PE

DISCOUNT CODE: SCHOOL10

Keep an eye out on Pines and Needles social channels @pinesandneedles for fun activities at our local stores.

Please visit www.pinesandneedles.com for more details and other locations as they are all around London!



Dates for Your Diary

Friday 13th December 2024 – UCAS Application Deadline

Tuesday 17th December 2024 – Winter Showcase

Wednesday 18th December 2024 – End of Term for Years 10,11,12,13 & IG

Thursday 19th December 2024 – End of Term for Years 7, 8, 9

Monday 6th January 2025 – New Term Starts for All Students

Thursday 23rd January 2025 – International Group Parents' Evening

Thursday 30th January 2025 – IEAP Day

Thursday 13th February 2025 – Year 7 Parents' Evening



Thought for the Week

“Communication is the lifeline of any relationship.” —Elizabeth Bourgeret



Creative Writing – English Department

Continuing the theme from last week - creative writing set in Victorian England - please read the vivid, engaging and gruesome entry of Izel Mellor (10BZI), from the perspective of a Victorian factory worker.

I had just come home from work when I truly realized the true nature of society. The poor must adapt to society to survive, while the rich manifest it to their own liking, for their own profit. An endless cycle of pain and hardships for paupers, and nothing but laziness for the upper classes. I walked over to my wife and hugged her momentarily before sitting down, reflecting on the past day.

The fog hazed my view as I walked to work. It was cold: my breath was visible and palpable. I walked over a bridge, looking out at the River Thames. The musty green water ran as it always did; the stench of cholera and hopelessness filled my lungs. I watched as people walked by me, and I walked by people - each and every one of them leading their own miserable lives in this miserable city. When I finally got to the factory, I checked my watch - the watch my father gave me before leaving to the workhouse he would inevitably die in - and it read “5:02”. I was late by 2 minutes today. I sighed and walked into the building.

I looked around at the workplace. The grey walls cut deep into my eyes - they were so dull that my eyes began to tear up. Smoke filled my lungs, along with the odour of sweat and more tears. I could almost taste the tears of the people around me: their misery surrounding and engulfing me, a misery that I resonated with. Mechanical whirring too surrounded me. It would be the only sound I would have to hear until the end of my shift, other than the common whine from my co-workers and myself. As is the nature of work nowadays. Hopefully, not for long.

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The time was 7:49 when my boss walked into the room. My fingers were covered in scabs and dust, begging for a break. Just then, he walked up behind me and spoke out in a grouchy, stern tone.

“William, meet me in my office at eight on the dot, and don’t you dare be late, or I’ll halve your paycheck for the rest of the month!”

“Yes, sir,” I said, fearful for what would happen later, but thankful that my fingers would get a break. He walked up to me and watched over my shoulder, looking at my fingers.

“And I better not catch you slacking either. When I see you next, you’re right on time, and your fingers are bleeding like the rest of your fellow co-workers. You hear me?” he finished.

“Yes, sir,” I repeated.

I continued to work hard for another 7 minutes when the worker behind me - a child about the age of 6 - began to scream in pain. His cries were so loud and guttural that my ears began to ring. When I looked over, I saw a splash of red (the first colour I had seen in ages) on the floor and all over the machinery and on his now severed fingers. He collapsed to his knees and began to cry. My eyes widened as I felt a pang of disbelief and remorse flow through me, despite not being involved.

Then, I thought about my wife. We were always thinking about having a child, if it weren't for our money situation. The thought of our own child having to work in such an environment dawned on me, as the same feeling dawned upon everyone else in my position. I was not alone, yet we would not be able to make any change in society, even with our numbers, even if we tried.

Suddenly, I snapped back to reality. The child was calling out for many names; some I recognised; others I didn't; sometimes he'd call out for his parents. Then, he stared at me and called out my name. I didn't move. I couldn't move. If I did, I'd be slaughtered by the boss. I could only watch on as he cried in pain until the boss came out and sent him off to another place in which I hoped - and still hope, thinking back on this - was safe. Safer than here.

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Victorian factory worker continued....

8:00 rolled by, and my fingers were bleeding as I opened the door to my boss' office. He began the lecture me before I had even sat down. I was too tired to listen, but I made out a mix of shouting and threats. Nothing was new to me, until I heard the one thing I dreaded.

"If you're late one more time, you will be fired. I'll make sure you end up in a workhouse like your father. Now! Get out of my sight and get back to work!"

"Yes, sir," I said once more. I left the room, hatred visible in my eyes. The topic of my father was uncalled for, but also not new either. I went back to work as commanded, beside the pool of the child's blood from earlier, mixed with a little bit of my own. I felt the roughness of the open scabs on my finger as I went back to making the little money they say I "earned" - as if I didn't work my fingers open.

My mind comes back to the present, and I stare outwards.

Such is a usual day in London.

The Southfields Academy

WINTER SHOWCASE

Join us for a
celebration of creativity

TUESDAY 17TH DECEMBER

4:30-6:30

ASSEMBLY HALL

TICKETS ARE FREE

REFRESHMENTS WILL BE
AVAILABLE TO BUY AT THE VENUE

Winter Showcase – Ms Jaffer

Please join us on Tuesday 17th December for our celebration of Art, Design, Drama and Music. Tickets are free and can be obtained from the ADT department from Tuesday 3rd December, please ask your child to see Ms Jaffer in B037 to get them.

There will be refreshments to buy at the event and lots to see and enjoy, we look forward to seeing you there!

Park Plaza Visit – Ms Hodgson

This week, our Year 10 Travel and Tourism students had the exciting opportunity to visit the Park Plaza County Hall Hotel. They were given an exclusive tour of the hotel, followed by an engaging Q&A session with the general manager. The experience was topped off with a delicious lunch.

Our students asked insightful questions throughout the visit and demonstrated exemplary behaviour, making the school proud!

