



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

### "Baby, its Cold Outside." – Mr Whitfield

"Baby, its Cold Outside" was a promenade devised piece of theatre performed on Tuesday, December 17th at 3:45 PM. To prepare for these roles, our Year 13 Performing Arts students spent an afternoon in Wimbledon Park for a Method acting day.

The resulting performances were heartfelt, emotive, and poignant.

"I cried and cried – what powerful performances!" – Jenny Lincoln, Audience Member

"Last night I had the privilege of watching our Year 13 performing arts students' performance of "It's Cold Out There", where they got into the characters of homeless people. It was method-acting at its finest. Their performances were compelling, believable and, at times, utterly devastating." – Mr Browne





# Thought for the Week – Leadership

“Leadership is the capacity to translate vision into reality.” – Warren Bennis



## Creative Writing – English Department

**We're starting the new year with a "time loop" story by Louis Antilli (10NYR), who has come up with a clever and creative narrative structure for his WWII story.**

It's a relatively quiet night in occupied Paris. Officer Barb Dwyer of the British S.O.E peers around a corner into a shabby, poorly-lit sidestreet. To his dismay, he is staring at the back of Hans Fitzgerald, an unteroffizier in the German Infantry assigned to his arrondissement.

Not thinking twice, Barb pulls out his commando knife. The cold steel glinted in the moonlight like the tooth of a hungry predator. The British man drives the blade into his adversary, who doubles over and collapses.

It is all over very quickly, and Barb creeps away stealthily, trying not to be noticed. However, Hans has life left in him, and reaches for his standard issue Luger.

Two shots crack out, piercing the serenity of the evening.

Barb falls to the floor. Everything goes black.

Suddenly, Barb's eyes open. To his dismay, he is staring at the back of Hans Fitzgerald, an unteroffizier in the German Infantry assigned to his arrondissement.

Thinking twice, Barb pauses. He just died? Why is he back here? Was this his hell, assigned to a constant loop of death? Maybe he'll just turn the other way.

Unfortunately for Barb, his thinking has taken quite some time. Hans turns around, spots the sheathed dagger, raises his rifle and fires from point blank range.

Barb's torso, arms and legs fall to the floor. If he still had a head and eyes to go with it, everything would go black. Hans chuckles to himself and walks off, polished boots rapping against the cobblestones. And against a discarded banana.

Hans is slain one thousand feet into the air, flipping and tumbling. Gravity slowly overcomes the high-potassium trebuchet, and he plummets back down to earth.

Back down to the Eiffel tower.

Hans is now a cocktail sausage, speared atop of the behemoth structure. Everything goes black once more.

Suddenly, Barb's eyes open. To his dismay, he is staring at the back of Hans Fitzgerald, an unteroffizier in the German Infantry assigned to his arrondissement.

Three times? Dying hurts and he doesn't want to do it again. He has to see if the other man is aware of this loop. "Does this seem familiar?" whispers Barb into the soldier's ear.

"Ich spreche nur Deutsch" is the startled reply. Hans spins round, spots the sheathed dagger, and raises his handcuffs, preparing to take the S.O.E agent in for questioning. However, this is not all over. In the back of their mouths, S.O.E agents keep a cyanide pill wedged between their teeth. They're prepared to die before giving up their secrets.

But not Barb. No more loops.

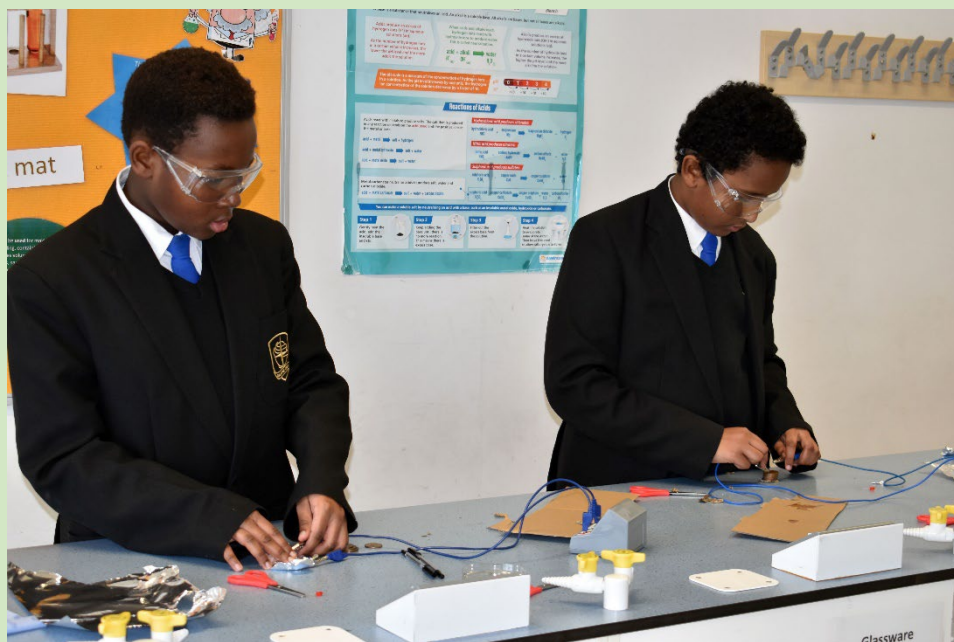
The end

## Science Club – Mr Abdirahman

This week, we sparked some excitement by creating homemade batteries with cardboard, pennies, and tin foil! Who knew your change jar could power up some science? It was electrifying!

Next week, we'll turn up the heat with colourful flame tests! Get ready to light up the lab as we discover which metals burn with the brightest hues.

Don't miss the chance to see chemistry shine—literally!



## Dates for Your Diary

Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> January 2025 – Year 12 L2 Parents' Evening  
Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> January 2025 – Year 13 Parents' Evening  
Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup> January 2025 – International Group Parents' Evening  
Thursday 30<sup>th</sup> January 2025 – IEAP Day  
Thursday 13<sup>th</sup> February 2025 – Year 7 Parents' Evening