

NEWS@CAM

CAMBOURNE VC AND SF MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

FEBRUARY 2025

LIFE AT CAMVC AND CAMSF IS DEFINITELY ...



Not Just Black and White

MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I hope everyone enjoyed a great half term break last week, especially our pupils who went on the MFL trip to Granada in Spain and enjoyed the opportunity to learn more about the Spanish culture and of course, practice their Spanish!

We hosted the regional final of the Futurechef competition in the middle of February, with two of our pupils taking part, Beyza and Abby (both in Year 10). Unfortunately, they did not win on the day, but it was still a wonderful achievement, and we are all very proud of them.

During February we also held our first Year 12 parent consultation and the students were given the opportunity to visit Peterhouse College in Cambridge, which provided a wonderful insight into university life and of course applying to Oxbridge. We also had our Year 10 Parent Consultation yesterday, which I hope as ever, proved a valuable insight into the progress of your child. In March we have the Year 8 parent consultation, and the Year 7 parent consultation will be in May. For both the Years 7 and 8 consultations, these will be half day closures, with all pupils leaving at 1:30pm. Dates for these are on the school calendar.

Some of our KS3 pupils were also lucky enough to visit the Stephen Perse Foundation and have a meet and greet with the author AF Steadman – you can see some of the pictures from that visit on page 9. We also hosted a very successful Not Just Black and White Art Gallery event, where our students were amazing. We also hosted an Enterprise Day for our Year 9s this week. Thank you to all who volunteered. The feedback about the behaviour of our pupils has been fantastic, so well done Year 9!

In March, as well as starting to look forward to slightly warmer weather, we are very excited for our whole school production of *We Will Rock You*, for which tickets can be purchased here: <https://wegottickets.com/event/649362>. We are also hosting our Easter Concert on Thursday 27th March – tickets are available here: <https://wegottickets.com/event/652004>

We hope to see as many of you as possible enjoying the shows and supporting our pupils who have worked so hard.

Lynn Mayes

Principal

KEY DATES FOR THIS HALF TERM

4th – 11th March

Spanish Exchange: Zaragoza students to Cambourne

Wednesday 5th March

PE Colour Run at Comberton VC (1pm onwards)

Thursday 6th March

World Book Day

Monday 10th March

We Will Rock You Dress Rehearsal

Wednesday 12th March

Year 8 HPV Vaccinations

12th - 15th March

Whole School Production: *We Will Rock You*.

14th – 17th March

Year 10 Art Trip to Berlin

17th – 21st March

Year 11 core mocks (in lesson time)

Thursday 20th March

Year 8 Parent Consultation – school finishes at 1:30pm for all pupils.

24th March – 4th April

Year 10 Mocks

Thursday 27th March

Easter Concert

27th March – 3rd April

German Exchange: Bad Hersfeld students to Cambourne

Subscribe to our calendar for more key dates



ENRICHMENT SPRING 2



Our weekly registration, lunchtime and after school club timetable:

MONDAY		
LUNCH	Japanese	O12
	Language Leaders (Yr9)	IT03 (WkA)
	Prefects	O11 (WkB)
	Student Council	O11 (WkA)
AFTER SCHOOL	Art (GCSE)	ART01
	CamBookWorms	Library Mezz
	Dodgeball	SH+Gym (LM/KR)
	DT Studio Club (KS4)	DT
	Football (Yr7/8)	Astro (LY/EH)
	Guitar and Ukulele Group	MU02
	Hong Kong Community Club	Activities Hall
	Maths Paper Society	Y10/11 Dining
	Netball	Courts (HT/GT)
	Orchestra	MU1
	Political Literacy (Select Yr10)	EN03

TUESDAY		
LUNCH	Eco-Ambassadors Workshop	O16
	History Reading Club	B13
	We Are Molecules	O15
AFTER SCHOOL	Academic Guidance Club*	B13
	American Flag Football	Field (LM)
	Basketball	Sports Hall (KR)
	Dance	D Studio (JR)
	Eco Textiles Club	DT06
	Football (Yr9-11)	Astro (GT)
	French Revision (Yr11)	O16
	German Revision Fndn (Yr11)	O16
	Jazz Band	MU03
	Junior Choir	MU01
	Kitchen Garden Club	Food01
	Latin Club	Drama 1
	Making History	ART01
	Mental Health Am/ Wellbeing Pre.	P16
Science Revision (Yr11)	Sc19/ Sc20	

WEDNESDAY		
REG	Barbershop	MU01
LUNCH	History Revision (GCSE)	B14
	Language Leaders (Yr9)	IT03 (WkB)
	Russian Speaking Club	O15
AFTER SCHOOL	Art Club (KS3)	ART01 / 02
	Creative Writing Club	EN17
	Eco Council	O16
	ESOL	P15
	FIXTURES	
	Healthy Relationship Ambass.	P16
	KS4 Fitness (Sign up PE board)	Fitness Suite
	Maths Clinic (Sixth Form)	SF15
	Maths Revision (GCSE F)	Link
	Music Revision (GCSE)	MU01
	Sixth Form Netball	Hardcourts
	Table Tennis	Dining H (LY/EH)
	Taking Up Space	Library Mezz
	Translation Bee Club	O13
Vcert Catch-up	IT04	
Volleyball	Sports Hall (HT)	

THURSDAY		
LUNCH	A level History Society	SF1
	German Revision	O16
	Programming Club	COMP02
	Sparx Club	IT03
AFTER SCHOOL	Sixth Form Football	Astro
	Arabic (Now all years)	P15
	GCSE Art	ART01
	Healthy Relationship Ambass.	P16
	School Production	Main Hall
	Sports Leaders Opps./meetings	Check SL Board
	Young Carers	Link

FRIDAY		
LUNCH	Aspirational Fridays	EN02
	International Council	O15
	Minecraft Club	COMP01-04
	Spanish Spelling Bee	O11
AFTER SCHOOL	Board Games, Dungeons and Dragons, Warhammer	P16
	Chess Club (WkA)	P17
	Engineering Club (KS4)	DT05/ 06
	Photography (GCSE)	Photo Studio
	Senior Choir	MU01/ 03

*Academic Guidance Club: Tues (AS-B13), Wed (AS-G03), Fri (L-O13)– Speak to Dr Pagomenos for more details.

FOR PE CLUBS:

Boys – meet at back doors to **orange** changing rooms

Girls – meet at back doors to **green** changing rooms

FOR PE CLUBS: Remember to scan the QR code in the changing rooms to register your attendance for the club.

FOR ALL OTHER CLUBS: Please register with a member of staff

+Please contact Dr Bell about string group

2025 v1



HOME IS WHERE THE ART IS!



For this year's Not Just Black and White art exhibition and cultural celebration, we chose the theme of Home. Prompted by a question in a Sixth Form Geography lesson – 'Where is 'home' to you?' – we realised that this was an interesting topic that would generate a huge range of responses across our school.

Artwork came from all year groups and took us on a journey across cultures, ranging from depictions of food and people to houses and nature, alongside questions posed about what makes a home.

As ever, the Taking Up Space team did an incredible job of transforming the Coates Theatre into a vibrant, celebratory space, with stunning decorations. Huge thanks also to our lighting and sound technicians – it's not a party without great lights and music!

We were treated to an amazing set of performances as an expression of our homes and cultures, including spoken word poetry, singing, dancing and music. What

an incredibly talented set of students we have!

It was really special to have so many people there, and felt really uplifting as a statement about how diverse and supportive our community is. We really want to thank everyone who helped the Taking Up Space student group put the event on – the Site Team and those who helped get the space ready, the catering team who created the delicious, flavoursome food, the staff who supervised, the technical team, and all those who came along (especially those who lent a hand to the tidying up!).

And remember, we meet every Wednesday in the Sixth Form canteen at 3.10pm – everyone is invited!



ENRICHMENT - MUSIC



Guitar group:

Guitar band is the newest music club, only starting at the start of this term and has been very helpful for my playing since I can play music specifically written for guitar with other guitarists. I really enjoy it, there's a very nice group of people. – Hannah Z

Orchestra:

Being in Orchestra is such a fun experience, you meet new people and get to play your instrument as a group. It has been such a good experience for me, it is really fun to play with your friends, and helps you practice that instrument. – Daisy C

I thoroughly love being a member of orchestra, for it is always enjoyable with new pieces every term! I am particularly thankful for the inclusion of my part - you wouldn't commonly find a bass guitar among the violins, flutes, percussion, trumpets, saxophones, clarinets, bassoon and more! - Elsie C

I like that in band you can make friends with people from other years, while playing music. Also, you can get help from people who are more experienced, and it's a fun activity to do after school. – Holly W

Jazz band (all years):

Jazz Band is a great way to play fun pieces, become more confident in performing and to try new things - like improvising. It's a relaxed, friendly environment and I really enjoy it! - Beth H

Junior choir (Years 7-8):

I think that choir is amazing, you meet so many new people and you learn so much like singing harmonies. Because of choir I enjoy singing so much more. All the staff are amazing at helping. - Molly VG

I recently joined Junior Choir and found the group very welcoming! We sing all kinds of different songs and there is a part for everyone. We even have biscuits at the end as a treat! - Eleanor F

Senior Choir:

Perhaps the best end to the school week is at the Music Block, with Senior Choir! We learn a variety of repertoire in four-part harmony - among biscuits and laughs. This term, 'Viva La Vida' and 'A Million Dreams' have been our songs, by popular request! Anyone and everyone are welcome to join us for a fun Friday afterschool.

EASTER CONCERT

To see all these fantastic groups - and more - come and join us at our Spring concert on the 27th March, 7pm. Our wonderful extra-curricular groups will be joined by a range of soloists from KS4 and 5 in a celebration of Spring!



CamVC Easter Concert

THE COATES THEATRE
CAMBOURNE VILLAGE COLLEGE



27th of March
19:00pm
Doors open
18:40pm

[BUY TICKETS HERE](#)



WELL-BEING PREFECTS

As well-being prefects we try to make sure everyone's mental health is being taken care of through mentoring, doing assemblies, and making videos for new students. We do this to ensure that students feel safe and happy in school and out. We meet every week to plan, produce resources and come up with new ideas. Our purple shirts are visible to all students so they can approach us at any time and we wear bee badges too, which is our school logo for mental health and wellbeing.



HEALTHY RELATIONSHIP AMBASSADORS

We are a team of students who set ourselves up a year ago, we strive to educate the school about healthy and unhealthy relationships in a wide variety of situations, as domestic abuse and coercive relationships are a severely underreported topic that effects so many people.

We are trained by a charity called Tender ([Acting for healthy relationships - Tender](#)) and we update our training regularly. We do assemblies for the whole school and produce videos and PowerPoints that are used in Well-Being Wednesday tutor times for the whole school. We wear dove pin badges so other students can identify us.



WARHAMMER CLUB

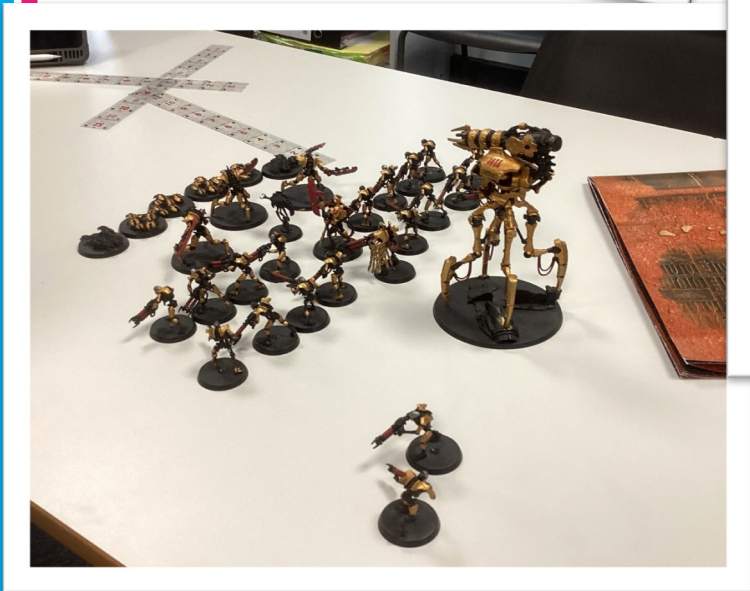


We are a group of students who meet every Friday to share our love of all things Warhammer. We make models, share strategies and play games.

Warhammer is a tabletop battle game that puts players in command of armies not just humans but also all sorts of mythical and magical creatures. Players collect forces of miniature plastic models, all with different stats and abilities, and use them to fight wars on the tabletop battlefield.

Unlike traditional boardgames where players are restricted to defined areas, Warhammer commanders freely manoeuvre their units set distances using rulers and resolve shooting and hand-to-hand combat by rolling dice.

We meet in P16 after school on Fridays, along with Board Games Club and Dungeons and Dragons Club. All years are welcome!



AUTHOR TRIP



A group of students from Year 7 were invited to the Stephen Perse Senior School on Thursday 13th February to meet the author of the *Skandar* books, A.F. Steadman.

Students travelled on the public bus to the event where they joined students from other schools in the local area to hear what inspired A.F Steadman to write, where the ideas for the Skandar series came from and even took part in a quiz to help create a character and unicorn for the final book!

The students had a fantastic time and were all thrilled to hear a real-life author talking about themselves and their work. They were then able to meet her briefly to have their photo taken and even had a moment to get their own books signed as well as asking one or two questions! They were each given a signed copy of *Skandar and the unicorn thief* as a gift from Stephen Perse Cambridge.



It was a thrilling afternoon with lots to talk about on the bus ride back to school. Students who haven't yet read the series were tucking into their copy of the book on the bus and talked about it with great enthusiasm together and in library lessons the following day.

Annabel (A.F. Steadman) has published 4 of the 5 Skandar books in three years. The final novel in the series is due in August 2025!

Thank you to the Stephen Perse Senior School, their Head of English, Helen Kedie, and their Head Librarian, layat Riaz for this wonderful opportunity.

I was extremely, excited for this trip as I wanted to meet the author of 'Skandar' A F Steadman. This trip didn't disappoint me, we walked into Stephen Perse Secondary School.

The author spoke about her book, followed but a couple of activities, one of which was we had to work as a whole group and we created a unicorn, she said she is going to feature this character, in in her new book, this will be published in August. At the end we were very privileged, because we were given a signed of one of her books, to treasure. -

Jacob D



ECO-COUNCIL



2025 has promised a busy term for the Eco-Council! Among crowning our first litter-picking winners this year, we have had a focus on fast fashion. The popularity of our Eco-Fest Clothes Swaps has demonstrated the demand for sustainable consumer fashion. So, in collaboration with Swish Clothing, we hope to offer more regular dates for swapping clothes! Come along to our Clothes Swap event **Saturday the 8th of March**.

In the background, our members have also been working to improve bins around school. Over the course of a few months, we have been in contact with waste management companies – and specific to our school, the Site Team. These discoveries have taught us how we can better utilise our bins, so we hope to move them to more convenient, more accessible and more effective locations: all for a cleaner school environment.



Our Eco-Council – proudly displaying some of our posters around school!

CLOTHES SWAP

Saturday 8 March 2025 from 2-4pm

Cambourne Village College, CB23 6FR

A new wardrobe without costing you or the planet!

BRING CLOTHES ON THE DAY TO EXCHANGE (OR THE DAY BEFORE)

CLOTHES MUST BE CLEAN AND IN GOOD CONDITION



thecollege@cambournevc.org www.cambourne.org 01954284000

ECO-AMBASSADOR CLUB



Our student initiated **Eco-Ambassador Club** is a group of around sixteen Year 7 students who feel passionate about the environment. This club was initiated by and is run on a weekly basis by Joseph and Lena, two of our Eco-Council members from Year 10:

“After a successful inaugural topic of poster design, our Eco-Ambassadors have started their next endeavour: public speaking! We hope to stretch our students and build confidence in a world that favours the articulate. So far, we have explored different techniques with a holistic approach - even practicing improvisation! Look out for our Year 7s in upcoming assemblies as they develop their speaking prowess.” Joseph



DUOLINGO EVENT WINNERS



Last term, the MFL department hosted a school-wide Duolingo competition in the run-up to the winter break! A huge congratulations to the winners, Amelie (7O), Henry (8E), Abigail (9B), Emily (10E) and Louie (11C), for their dedicated efforts to learning a language over the competition period. All of them gained the most XP (experience points) out of their year group during the event, and their hard work has been duly rewarded in push form. Stay tuned for the winner of the parent competition and another competition this summer!

Mr Fernández



WE WILL ROCK YOU



SCHOOL EDITION

CamVC Productions
The Coates Theatre

MAR

12th-15th

7pm

Book tickets here

Tickets - £10 / £8



Music by **QUEEN**

Songs and Story by Ben Elton

Materials supplied by Theatrical Rights Worldwide

LIBRARY LATEST

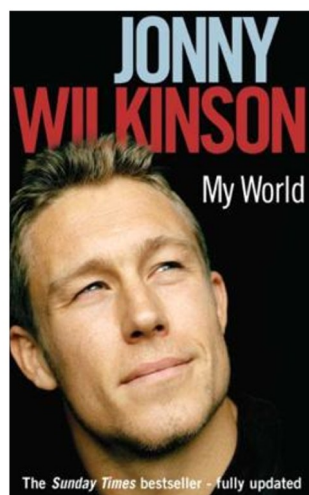
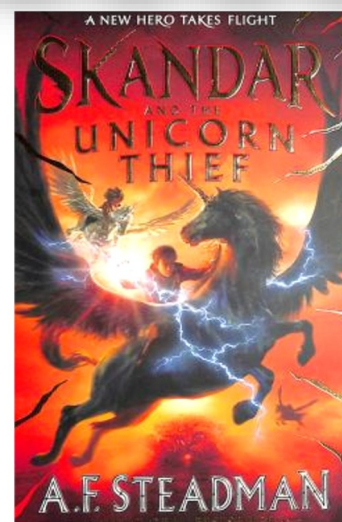


Following the trip this month to see the author, we recommend:

Skandar and the unicorn thief - A.F. Steadman

Soar into a breathtaking world of heroes and unicorns as you've never seen them before! Skandar Smith has always yearned to leave the Mainland and escape to the secretive Island, where wild unicorns roam free. He's spent years studying for his Hatchery exam, the annual test that selects a handful of Mainlander thirteen-year-olds to train to become unicorn riders. But on the day of Skandar's exam, things go horribly wrong, and his hopes are shattered...until a mysterious figure knocks on his door at midnight, bearing a message: the Island is in peril and Skandar must answer its call. Skandar is thrust into a world of epic sky battles, dangerous clashes with wild unicorns, and rumors of a shadowy villain amassing a unicorn army. And the closer Skandar grows to his newfound friends and community of riders, the harder it becomes to keep his secrets—especially when he discovers their lives may all be in graver danger than he ever imagined.

(Available from the school library and on SORA)



My world - Johnny Wilkinson

In this fully updated paperback edition of the Sunday Times bestseller, Jonny Wilkinson opens up to reveal what it is like to be the world's most famous rugby player and an international sporting superstar. MY WORLD is a fascinating insight into his motivations, thoughts, hopes and fears as he discusses topics as far ranging as playing for England, his all-time heroes, becoming a celebrity, what it is like to be on the pitch with the hopes of a nation resting on your shoulders and in your feet and the positives that could be taken from the 2005 Lions Tour. For the first time, Jonny Wilkinson talks openly about the England World Cup campaign and the pressure he was under in those dramatic final moments when he won the cup for his country. Two years on he also reveals the battles he has had to face to bring himself back to full fitness as England build their team round him in preparation for the 2007 World Cup.

(Available from the school library)

REVISION CAFÉ

Revision Café runs in the library every Tuesday from 4-5pm. exclusively for Year 11 students to give them additional space and time to work on their revision. They are welcomed with drinks and refreshments, when the rest of the students leave and offered the whole library to use as they need for revising. There is no need to book in.

Some say they appreciate having the peace and quiet when all the other students have gone home. Some like the access to computers and printing for resources to support them. Others say they can focus and concentrate better when they are at school – once they get home they procrastinate or get distracted by other things.

“Of course, the refreshments help as well!” a student commented.

Library staff are happy to welcome students in and offer a calm, supportive environment for all - especially Year 11s as they work towards their final exams in the summer term. Help is available if needed as staff are on hand.

If you haven't yet tried revising in the library, maybe now is the time to give it a try! The library is open daily from 8-4 and on Tuesdays 8-5 (Yr11 only 4-5pm)





JUNIOR BAKE OFF



JOIN THE CLASS OF 2025!

JUNIOR BAKE OFF

**... IS LOOKING FOR BRILLIANT BAKERS, AGES
9-15 FOR THE NEXT NEW AND EXCITING
SERIES!**

**APPLICATIONS CLOSE
SUNDAY 23RD MARCH**

APPLYFORJUNIORBAKEOFF.CO.UK



CREATIVE WRITING



If you've been following us on Facebook you'll have seen some extracts from stories written by students in Creative Writing Club. We promised we would publish the complete collection in this edition of News@Cam, and here it is! We hope you enjoy reading them as much as we have.

Salt + Sugar, Grace (8M)

I came out of a long meeting with a client of mine at 11:00, only to see a man I have never met before. He wore a navy version of my brown pin – stripped suit. His emerald eyes glittered in the sunlight, coming from the window. He turned his head, his eyes locked with mine and he smiled a gorgeous smile; his white, perfectly straightened teeth sparkled. Walking towards me and offered me his hand. I looked at him and grudgingly shook it. Glancing at me and asked me out for coffee, I replied with a curt 'yes let me grab my coat.'

Turning away, I stalked up the corridor to the coat rack, carelessly threw on my coat and stopped to think. **Who is this man? Why is he here? Where did he come from? Who manages him? Is he he manager? Why me?**

So many unanswered questions. Hopefully, this coffee talk will shed light on this very suspicious man. We walked down the street in utter silence. The hustle and bustle of people in their own little worlds and the constant sound of the traffic calmed my nerves- a little. We went into Costa and found a secluded table in the back corner. We began to talk.

We talked for hours: about life and work and wanting to have no cares I the world, the responsibility being lifted from our shoulders and to be free of life and trouble. I knew of courses this could never happen. Then we moved onto the topic of friends. I spoke about not having friends, being left alone in the dark; everything in between. He said a very curious thing: "making friends is like choosing in between sugar and salt. They look the same but are remarkably different and you always need to choose very wisely." He stood and asked me to join him at his office tomorrow, handing me a worn-out card with his address on and left.

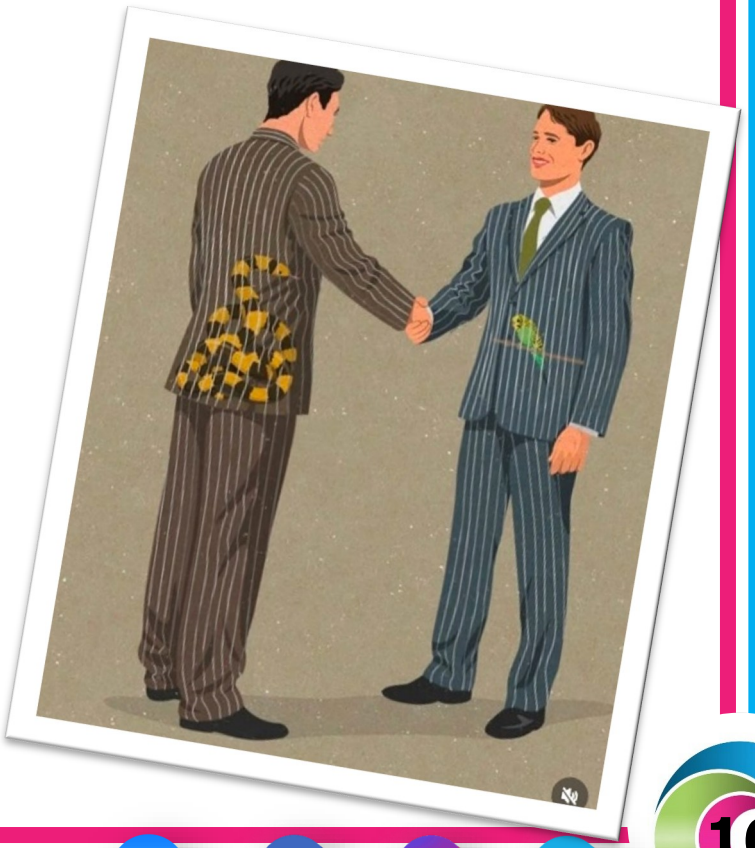
I stayed sat in that chair for forever, mulling over the whole conversation in my head. It was strange I knew his hopes, dreams, ambitions, yet I do not know his name.

The next day as soon as I walked into his office I new something was different. The lights were off leaving the office in pitchy darkness. The only light was coming from a black glass room, that I could not see through. I was sure that was where I needed to go. I turned my head very which-way expecting to see alone figure coming out of the darkness.

As soon as I walked into his office, I knew something had changed. He stood his back towards me. The door clicked shut and the key turned in the lock, I almost thought I was saw someone or thing melting into the darkness that hammered at the walls. He turned. He did not smile his beautiful smile. He glared at me a sinister look that would scare a braver person than I. He spoke not in his calm, reassuring tone but in a deeper darker voice and spoke "The difference between sugar and salt choose wisely."

Who I thought I had met was a busy man with a busy life, who wished to be free. A little, innocent bird trapped in a suffocating cage. I, a snake twisting around listening to its chirps and still doing nothing. Now realisation flooded my body, a wave of understanding washed over me.

He LIED! He FAKED! He was not a little innocent bird at all, he was a hawk watching me from above, playing a bigger game. I felt naked to this predator, all my life history laid bare for him to pick at – a snake stripped of his venom. He was circling above me ready swoop, teasing me. He was a hawk and I a snake but one, one obviously more superior.



An Interesting Day with a Teaspoon of Weirdness, anonymous Year 7

It started on a very windy morning. When Lucy woke up, she saw the time was half past eight, she was going to be late to school. She noticed the blinds were not drawn up, so the sunshine couldn't wake her up, she quickly got dressed, then she thought for a moment 'why do her friends get phones and she doesn't, it was so unfair, her mother said until she graduated high school, could she get a phone' - speaking of her mother, Lily's mother always woke her up, what was different about today, Lily thought. She dressed up as fast as she could, she went downstairs and called to her mother, but she heard no answer back. When she got downstairs, she expected to see a delicious warm breakfast, but apparently that was all a dream, there was no breakfast made for her - her mother knows she always wants a warm breakfast to start her day. She thought her mother woke up late and was in the kitchen getting ready to make breakfast, but she saw was not expected, her mother in the kitchen on her phone, that was not a usual thing for her mother to do. She tried every possible way to get her mother's attention, banging plates, screaming at the top of her voice, she even thought to break a plate or two but she didn't because if her mother looked at her phone she will be in big trouble even though it seems it will not be happening anytime soon, she could not believe she was fighting over a phone for attention, but still her mother continuously went on the phone, it was like her mother was fixed in a trance that could not be broken. She went to look for her dad to tell him what happened to her mother, but when she got there she saw her father was in the same trance as her mother, she decided to try to get his attention even though there was not a chance to

break the trance, she went up to her brother's room only to find out he was in the same trance as her mother and father, he was never meant to go on his phone anyway, she had never felt this alone, tears started to flow but she had to be independent and find a way to help her parents, but first she had to find out if this trance was connected to the phones and if it was happening in her neighbourhood. She ran to the front entrance and opened the door hoping to find that everything's was still normal, but it was the same as what was happening to her family members, she wanted to call her sister on the phone but she couldn't because the weird things that were happening were linked to the phones, so there was no way she was going on a phone anytime soon. She then realised that if people were in the trance there won't be people who are able to take care of family especially the children and the cute babies, she had to find out if the families in her neighbourhood are safe. After checking every family, she started to think if this wasn't just happening in her neighbourhood, but could this be happening for the whole world, Lily did not want to think about that. Then after a short while the people who were in a trance started moving north- it was weird, until something clicked, there was a dangerous cliff on the north- she definitely knew about that because she almost fell down that cliff until a kind construction worker helped her up. She had to stop them before they got seriously injured or fall off the cliff. She raced after them, until she saw a familiar person in the crowd of tranced people it was her sister from New York, what was she doing here, thought Lily, then she saw her classmates, but then she started seeing her friends from Canada, Italy and other far or close countries, they were each falling off the cliff one by one, if their phones fell out of their hands they would try to save it and not save themselves- which to Lily was utterly ridiculous. People held on tightly to their phones like it was their life and neglected everything- even falling down the cliffs. This is what is happening in the real-world people from far or close countries are always on their phone and neglect everything around them. This is what is happening to the world but in a fictional way of saying, take for example Lily, she always wanted a phone, but I am sure after what she has seen she may lay off the idea of having a phone for a while.

THE END



Perfect Project, Sophie (7E)

My body was rigid, my feet rooted to the spot: I felt as if I was drowning in quicksand. I took a juddering step and looked up sharply to see some of my classmates falling, snapping out of their trance, and screaming incoherent shrieks. That was before my head was pushed down by an invisible force and my eyes focused on an Instagram reel. I couldn't move at all; it was like I had been frozen in time, and something else influenced me to scroll, my fingers mechanically moving to swipe up. The grass was growing longer, lapping at my ankles like sea foam. I used to live near the sea, before the water turned black and the people there coughed up blood. My phone lit up, blinding me, but I couldn't pull my eyes away from it. A ruthless woman's voice rang in my ears. Teal capital letters filled the screen. 'Congratulations.' The woman sounded almost bored, her sarcastic drawl sounding like she had done this too many times today, and she cleared her throat delicately. 'Congratulations,' she amended, her voice sounded too forced this time, 'Ryst 13. You have been chosen by our Humanoid Society to participate in the Perfect Project. Recently, we have removed imperfections, but *you* are an exception. See you soon.'

My feet juddered to a halt like a malfunctioning robot. Perfect Project, I thought, and I couldn't possibly think of anything else.

'This is the rebirth of our world. Humans before us have ruined the planet and our intention is starting over. We need the purest hearts and finest minds the human race can offer us. There are officially a hundred of you. The country will be split into fifty sectors, where you will rule with another individual. We are currently loading matches based on your life story and interests.' A robotic female voice toned, and she paused to whirl loudly. 'You

have three matches, one person has shown a preference to you. Would you like to learn more?'

'Yes,' I decided.

'Her name is Esa and she is eleven years old. Her passion is robotics and she was born in Geri but moved at the age of eight to Espa. If you accept you will rule the capital, Adri, where you will be the face of this country. Does that sound good to you?'

'Yes. Yes, it really does.' I replied, and a platform opened, revealing a young girl, dressed in a long t-shirt that stretched to a pleated skirt that cut short above the knee, revealing some fishnet tights that looked like spiderwebs (if spiders were still alive), her Afro hair tied into a bun at the front but let loose at the back. She would be one hell of a queen.

'So, we're going to rule an empire.' She sounded nonchalant, but she was smiling, and I nodded. Her face lit up, but just a fraction, showing some innocence on her face. The world could be good again, right?'



Silence, Karolina (8B)

The human mind truly is the most terrifying thing.

That's what the psychologists said.

Before they were silenced.

The human mind is capable of independent thinking and discovery.

That's what the scientist said.

Before they were silenced.

Each mind is the same and individuality is against the laws of human nature.

That is what the commander said: once he silenced them all.

The world is a dark place. The only thing being the light of the screen in front of you, illuminating the 'world' that silently walks around us, pulling on its hood whenever we look down at the expectations and filters thrown down our throats.

The young no longer talk or have the desire for knowledge as they used to. The old no longer have stories to tell, or have an audience to tell them too.

If humans still used Morse code, they would notice the rain telling them to run.

They would notice the clouds invisible screams of help and the cliffs telling them to stop.

Yet... They never notice and they never learned because with heads down, red eyes and millions of views their needs are unseen and uncared. And as they followed mindlessly after the human wants, dressed up by the government to look like the needs of survival, they fell down an endless cliff of darkness reaching out for the screen dressed like hope.

Like life.

The human mind truly is the most terrifying thing.

That's what the people thought.

Before they were silenced.

The Messy Decision, anonymous Year 7

Money, power, fame. That is all I ever was to you father. A pawn in your twisted games. You knew this was my everything, but you had no hesitation taking it away. I knew you had the right intent, but you did it in the wrong way, resulting in another 'loved' one gone.

Year 2050

The earth was still hanging on by a thread. Everywhere you looked you saw protests, riots, and marches -lead by me. Why sit back while our world was dying? My father, the only family I knew in this world, joined me in these protests before his greed took over. Life was good just a single dad, his daughter and being borderline middle class, everything was perfect, or so I thought. Rumours of a new oil factory had spread catching the attention of my protesters. This oil building did well which was sickening I wanted to protest that junk to the ground but, there was one issue the founder of this junk was no where to where to be seen. No social media, no live appearances, nothing. At this time, my dad had started to take me out more that seemed suspicious since he made low income and worked long hours.

This growing suspicion never weathered I knew something was odd, but I could not pin it down. One night after the other we went out more to more fancier places as I still tracked down the oil factories founder, I got nowhere. Lying down in my bedroom it all clicked the sudden money and time was different how could my

father afford this. How could he, no he could not there's no way. Could my father own that junk? I marched down the stairs ready to pick a fight but there was no one there. I called him my rage shifting to worry in an instant. As the months went on, I accepted the fate my father was gone. It was all my fault I was too busy with protest that I didn't take the time for the things that mattered.



The Boy in The Station, Chloe (7E)

A water dispenser, except the plastic can was replaced with a spherical shape, the water with the world in a liquid manner and, instead of a refreshing cup, out came money. Unlimited money. It could be found in every nook and cranny: on the sidewalk, in train stations, outside convenience stores, behind dark alleys. It was always there. Unchanging, never showing any sign of breaking, forever the same image. No one questioned where it came from. It had been there since who-knows-when. Every time someone took some money, the 'water' would go down. And every time someone did a good deed, it would go up. The emptier it was, the worse the world would get; natural disasters and crimes and such. No one knew what happened after it was empty. Yet none pried for an answer. No one questioned how it worked. All but one.

Emily walked along the corridors with her head down. She was a straight A+ student with a flawless appearance: honey-colored, smooth soft skin, round, sharp hazel eyes, slender limbs, wavy hair that could've been mistaken as woven silk threads – things that were concealed by baggy clothing. One would have thought she would be popular in school, yet all she received was constant stares and snickers behind her back. Maybe it

wasn't a bad thing. After all, she was a liar. An ability perfected over time that had come into convenience countless times. Emily stood in the dim-lit station, listening for the wheeze of the train's horns. A cold draft came in and she swore she had felt a ghost hand touch her shoulder. She shivered and turned around, but no one was there. Instead, a money globe (as the world-to-money-dispenser was dubbed as) stood like a sore thumb in the rusted, old platform.

"Must be the wind," she muttered. Yet she couldn't shake off the feeling of someone or something being there. Emily tugged on her jacket and tried to think of something else.

The train arrived in the nick of time, and she stepped on. Without thinking, she looked back at the money globe. And (she couldn't confirm whether it was her vision acting up or not) a see-through boy with an old teddy seemed to be standing next to it. Looking away from it, he looked at Emily and gave her a small nod. He said something and, although there was a piece of glass between them, Emily could hear him loud and clear.

"Find the truth."

Till Death Do Us Part, anonymous Year 7

Sat on a bench across from him, Layla peered over at his tall figure, quickly turning away, her cheeks burning. Her dark hair swept across her emerald eyes at the sudden movement; there was no way he hadn't noticed, this time. Although he could feel his eyes on her, she hoped her intuition was wrong. If it were right, her life would be over. With thoughts still racing through her mind, she slowly began to lift her head, meeting the gaze of his piercing blue eyes.

She had been caught. There was no way to deny as he asked, "What are you looking at?"

"Ummm... Uhhh..."

She couldn't speak. Her mouth was dry. What was she going to say?

"Ohh, I see," he said. He crouched down beside her and whispered, in a mocking tone, "it looks like someone likes me."

"I...No," she began but he interrupted.

"It's alright. You can tell me how you really feel."

Her face flashed bright red and she knew that, by the end of the day, everyone would know. She would be the centre of attention like she had always wanted to be but not in this way. She had never really been popular with her peers. She was shy and awkward, not at all like any of the popular girls. She didn't really have many friends if she had any at all. Why did he have to find out? Why now? Why ever?

"No, I don't like you," Layla denied.

"Are you completely sure?" he added, "Because if you do, I would keep it a secret."

As much as she knew he didn't keep 'secrets', she hoped he wouldn't tell anyone. She also knew that, if she told him, it would just feed his egotistical nature. No, she wouldn't tell him. Her decision was made.

"I'm sure," she finally answered, not as nervous as before.

"Really," he smirked. "Because that isn't what your burning red cheeks say."

She had been found out. Definitely, this time. She gave into his stubbornness and finally confessed. His reaction said everything that was to be said. He beamed from ear to ear as he began to speak, his voice full of joy. He clearly liked her. How had she not seen this before? Why had she been so scared? She had tried to be obvious, but she clearly wasn't obvious enough for him. Boys are oblivious. Why did she think he would catch on?

She had tuned out of the conversation long ago and wondered whether she had missed something because, when she left her mind, he was gone. He had probably become bored and walked away.

Great, now she could stop acting like she actually cared about him. This was all a ruse so she could get closer to him: he was her subject after all. She couldn't have any emotion towards him, especially love. Love was the reason why so many of her colleagues had gone soft. They had actually fallen for their own lies, but Layla wasn't like them. She had done this so many times that she felt no empathy towards anyone anymore. She thought back to her old self; she had been sensitive, kind but she hadn't been like that for a long time. She was ruthless now. Sometimes she still wished she could go back to being innocent, but again this was revenge for the people who had opened her scars over and over.



Beneath the Surface, anonymous Year 9

Burnt orange colours reflected on the water and the waves rippled lightly towards the surface as the sun was setting over the lake. Like an eye of a creature, the great fiery ball sank below the water, as if it were watching the two people who were stood on the rusting, crumbling bridge of mossy planks. A dark silhouette of a man down on his knees, holding out a small box, shaded the golden sunlight, yet the woman was not squealing and jumping with joy as you would expect – instead, she looked unsure and hesitant.

Sitting uncomfortably in its box, the golden ring snickered impatiently as it shone a bright light between the two people, beckoning the lady to take the ring and secure a place in his heart. Forever. The sunlight had turned into moonlight and it admired its own reflection on the surface of the ring. She thought about it for a while, but before reaching out to pick up the twinkling loop of gold she felt a sudden rush, and an unsettling feeling began to pass through her body. It was as if it was a film playing right in her eyes, rolling on its tape as it displayed scenes of people shouting, women washing and cooking, squealing children, and there may have been some violence involved. A slap here, a kick there. But it was all a bit blurry, and it wasn't clear who exactly the people in these peculiar pictures were. It was like looking through an old, shattered telescope.

Snapping back into her own body, she looked at the man before her. Eyes; green and deceitful, she thought. She had never seen that before, only emerald globes she could stare into for hours without getting bored at all, but now she had seen it she couldn't unsee it – his

eye twitched with malice and manipulation. It couldn't be, though, he had always been such a sweet, loving, caring soul, or so she thought. Her eyes flickered to his smile, her favourite in the whole world, but now to her it seemed sinister and almost as if he was going to hurt her – maybe like she saw in the strange videos, or maybe he was going to drain her from all her emotion, happiness and ability and she would be left a broken, used up object that would be taken advantage of and only used when it was relevant. As if it was an epiphany, she suddenly had a revelation that the woman in the films were her. Without a second thought, she looked into those greedy, green eyes one final time, and as hot tears began to form in her eyes, she felt empty and lonely. After all these years, how could he do that to her? She put all her trust in him, knew him inside out, felt as if she *could* spend the rest of her life with him, and yet, he was just a stranger to her now.

"Well? Are you going to say something, or stand there looking like an idiot? Just say something, please. I don't know how much longer I can wait," he said, the usual sweet sound of his voice now sounded like an ancient, broken radio that was dug up from an abandoned wreck.

Which is what he was. A messed up, sick, psycho man. But, if she were to run away in this current moment, she couldn't even imagine what he would do to her. But she was certain that there was no way she was going to spend the rest of her life as a stereotypical house wife from the 50s, rotting away all on her own.



SIXTH FORM

Sixth Form Boys' football team received sponsorship for kit

CamSF Boys' Football Team are delighted to have received their brand-new kit ahead of their first competitive fixture against Comberton Sixth Form. Whippet Bus Company generously offered sponsorship to enable the purchase of the kit, which was designed by the sixth formers alongside Mr Clarke, Trust Director for Sixth Form, to reflect the CamSF logo and colours. Ed Cameron, Interim General Manager at Whippet, said "We were delighted to be able to offer sponsorship to the CamSF Boys' Team, when the school got in touch, we jumped at the chance". Ms Rose, Head of Sixth Form said "I'm thrilled with the generous donation from Whippet that enabled the purchase of our new kit. We're very proud of the boys, who are hard in training for their first big win!". The boys will be put to the test in their new kit this spring.

Pictured: Neale, Tom, Alfie, Harrison and Josh.



Sixth Form Wellbeing space opens for students

'The Cove', a wellbeing space designed, funded and decorated by students, has opened at CamSF. Following fundraising efforts including a film night arranged by the Sixth Form Council, the space was painted in our signature CamSF deep blue by Harry and Neale. Summer and Ioanna then collaborated on the design for lighting, signage and furnishings, with some final touches provided by Mrs Lye, Sixth Form Support Coordinator. The space is intended as a relaxing space where anyone who needs a quiet moment for reflection can take some time. The Sixth Form council is delighted to have provided the space for the benefit of current and future students.