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Christmas Tree Competition

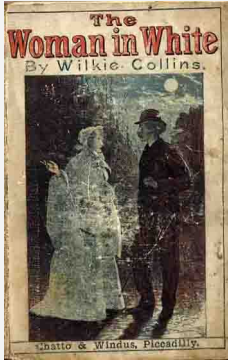
This year we have been eco-friendly for Christmas. For example, we entered a Christmas tree competition. We used home-made eco-friendly Christmas tree decorations.

Serena made some reindeers on wood. Johnny and Henry made angels from old music. Frances made Christmas trees out of old lollipop sticks. Freddie made biscuits and I made a star for the top of the tree, out of old wool.

By Evie Duncan

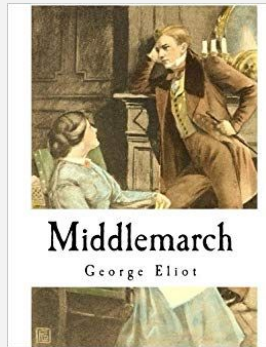


What is a serial novel?



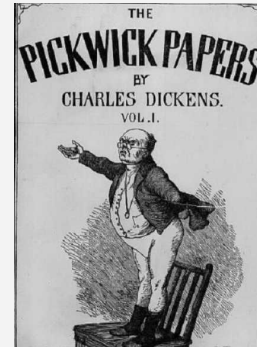
*A serial
that is*

Some



*novel is a work
published in
installments.*

famous serial



of fiction

novelists:

And introducing:

~ Massacre on the Moon ~ a serial novel ~ written by Charlie ~

Chapter 1 ~ Vastland

The valleys curved
streams and rivers
The moors of
wide and filled with
surprises around every
Cortina slithered down
road, on the brink of a rather large hill, blanketed with heather. Inside, it was
flooded with noisy cries.



through vast lands,
trickling alongside them.
Northumberland were
wildlife and great
bend. A maroon Ford
a dusty, mud-covered

The Blason family were going to renovate a farmhouse in the beautiful moors, hoping it would be the perfect holiday home. Nancy covered her ears against the ringing sounds that enclosed her: her mother shouting directions to her father; her elder siblings squabbling and her younger brother wailing...

"So you need to turn left, wait, no right, no left, yes left," stuttered Mrs Blason.

"Are you sure?" asked her husband sarcastically, as he slowed at the turning.

"Yes," she replied as she gritted her teeth, "I'm sure."

The car roughly rotated left. After another five minutes of driving, the clouds darkened and heavy droplets of rain splattered onto the roof of their car. Nancy hunched into her corner, as her older brother constantly kicked her. A drenched sheep marched unexpectedly towards the middle of the road; the car halted abruptly.

"Come on, get out of the way!" yelled Mr Blason, but the sheep wouldn't move, wouldn't take his glaring eyes of theirs...

"Wait, what's that?" Maria (the eldest sibling) asked, as the back of her spine rippled like the winds howling around her.

"What's what?" teased her younger brother Tom, "Nothing, absolutely nothing."

"No, on its side, behind its ear. Do you see it? It looks red..." she said. "It...it looks like... blood." There was fear in her voice.

"It obviously isn't blood, it's markings, you stupid monkey," he replied, as he slapped his sister on her cheek.

"Stoooooopp!" yelled Maria.

"That's it," replied their annoyed father, as he opened the car door and stepped out. The two eldest siblings stared at each other in silence, dumbfounded. The clumps of rain

splattered on Mr Blason's hat as he approached the bizarre sheep; its thick coat seemed to reflect, like the remarkable Aurora, through the rain showering around them. The sheep's head appeared to be facing the bewildered man, as it stormed towards him, not removing its eyes from his.

It was soon standing only a few inches from him, still staring. The sun began to hide in the safety of the clouds as the rain grew thicker. Like the flash of an energetic lightning bolt, the sheep reared up, scraped its hooves across his chest, and scuttled away. Mr Blason gazed at his chest, that surprisingly screamed with agony, but appeared to shed no blood. As he stepped into the car a cloud of pain spread through his body, as his head began to spin...

~ Chapter 2 ~

The car began to move, swiftly. Mr Blason sat, soundless. The squabbling resumed and the crying with it. Mr Blason's head spun like a whirlpool of emotions; he was fearful and his words were jumbled in a box. The car wove in a scribble-like shape as a drop of sweat ran down his face.

"Are you okay?" asked his wife. "Do you want me to drive?"

"No, if you could just be quiet, that would be great!" he yelled through his wonky teeth, as he trembled through his thoughts of fear and anger. The car fell silent and it stayed that way, until it grumbled in dismay, stumbled on the road and slowly halted. Anger poured through the doors and windows as Mr Blason thundered. Maria stepped out of the car and lifted the bonnet.

"Oooo, Maria wants to be a mechanic," teased Tom.

"Shut it!" boomed his father as he stepped out of the car and accompanied his daughter.

"Move," he spat, bitterly. Maria immediately stepped away.

"Great, it's broken. Wonderful. EVERYBODY OUT!" The family obeyed his orders, as if he was threatening them with a knife in his hand. They stood in an orderly fashion, as the rain thundered around them, and listened to his orders. "We shall push our car to the farmhouse. CHOP, CHOP then!" he yelled. Everyone put all of their energy into heaving the car along the road. The farmhouse was in sight, but, mouths widened, anger rose, but most of all, fear.

For what they all saw was an ancient, bruised and battered, creepy ruin. The family stopped and stood helplessly. Without warning, the ground shook and an echo of sound rose from the deep valleys. A bright, luminous flash electrified the puddle in front of them, as thunder boomed through the land. Without communication, Maria and her mother scooped up the youngest children hurriedly and shot down the road with the others. It was as if the lightning was syncing with them as it chased them down their death road.

Soon enough, they were out of breath and their chests throbbed, as the magnetic lightning sped up, chasing them. Maria stumbled, with immense distress, through the hanging door into the safety of the cobwebbed entrance hall. The family followed, laying breathlessly on the dusty, worn-away floor.

Mr Blason, however, was overpowered with an unfamiliar self-satisfaction and dread. He feared how he felt, in the most unsettling way.

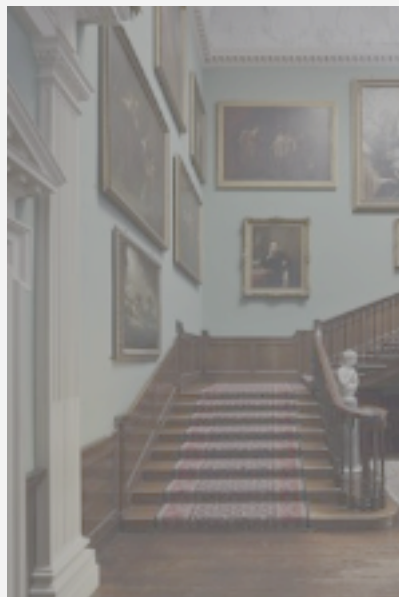
Clyde the Bear

Clyde the bear lived in a clearing in the trees.
Clyde the bear took honey from some bees.
One day when Clyde was filling his honey pot,
Clyde the bear got shot.

Clyde was skinned and put on a stand.
Clyde was sold for half a grand.
A rich man bought him and put him in his hall,
and Clyde's only company was the pictures on the wall.

THE END

Harry S-H



Two poems, by Poppy and Connie

The Little Barn



The little barn sits at the end of our garden.

Lonely and derelict, no one goes in and no one comes out.

Dark and dusty, forgotten and abandoned, crooked and spooky.

Calm and still, I love my little barn.

The little barn sits at the end of our garden.

The Old Fella

His beard is big, with a twist of grey.

The curly curls that weave their way.

His bald head that sticks out still; the lips with a great red thrill.

But the funny thing is, the man sits on the hill; waiting, waiting.



The Adventure of Ella

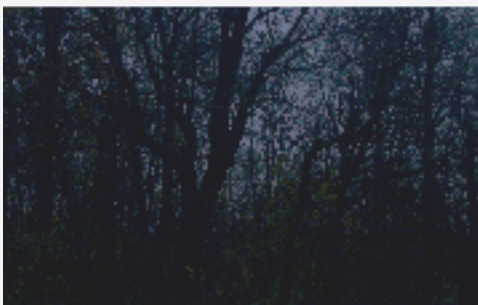
written by Annie ~ inspired by Kitty

Ella lived in a small cottage called Willow Cottage. The reason why it was called Willow Cottage was because there was a beautiful willow tree in the garden, by the water.



One night, Ella was doing her normal nightly routine, polishing her shell, when she heard her owner, Tilly, talking about a birthday.

She listened closer, and heard that it was, in fact, Tilly's birthday. Ella stopped for a moment to think. Finally, a thought came into her head that she should go on an adventure, to buy Tilly a present. So, off she crept, down the creaky stairs, through the front door, into the open land.



Outside it was all dark; the wind was like a roaring fire, howling in pain. Ella sang, comfortingly, to herself down the driveway, until there was a BASH! A branch of a willow tree had fallen in her pathway. Ella had a deep thought for a moment, why don't I climb over the branch? As she was climbing over the branch, the wind started picking up again; the branch she was on started blowing away, onto a truck. Ella realised that it wasn't blowing away; it was being pulled up, by a crane.

Ella woke up the next morning, still in the truck. She climbed up, over the barky branches and saw dark, grey clouds and tall black buildings. She knew where she was: she was in the BIG BAD city.

Ella jumped off the truck, and landed on the pavement. Right in front of her was a pigeon. The pigeon said, “What you doin’ you, tortoise?”

“I’m lost.”

The pigeon said, sassily, “I can’t help, so bye.” There, the dumb pigeon flew off in the click of a finger.



Ella looked up and saw a sign saying, ‘The Rainbow Flowing River Flowers’. Ella sidled into the shop. A spiky, creepy animal popped out at the side of her eye; it was a cactus!

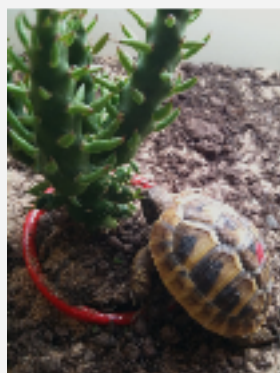
She grabbed the cactus and said, “You are the one for Tilly!”

The owner of the flower shop picked Ella and the cactus up. Ella asked, “Please can I have this cactus?”

“Of course you can.” Ella looked at the woman’s badge, it said Daisy. Ella recognized that name. She watched Daisy on the phone, wondering what she was doing.

Daisy carried her to her car, with the cactus. Ella woke up and saw a sign that said, Willow Cottage. By now she knew where she was: HOME!

Ella was so glad to see Tilly, she handed over Tilly’s birthday present. She opened her present and saw the cactus. Tilly thought, then named the cactus Bella, because it rhymes with Ella. So happily ever after, Bella and Ella were always best friends.



The

End

Year 7 Play Review: Cinderella

by Charlie



The pantomime Cinderella was the first play of the year at Mowden Hall school, setting high expectations, but it certainly did not disappoint.

Entering the theatre and taking my seat, I could already tell what a treat we were in for; the orchestra were warming up, the chitter-chatter of students filled the air and the stage lay empty in front of me.

Suddenly, the lights dimmed and the teachers hushed, as cheerful music played and the play began.

The costumes were perfectly fitted for every character and their personality: sprites in colourful dresses; Gwendoline and Gertrude having funky socks, heels, dresses and crazy makeup; Snow white in a yellow, red and blue dress.

Each individual performance exceptional. Overall, I think that the best performances included Gertrude and Gwendoline, whose characterisation was absolutely hilarious in many ways, they truly did entertain their audience. Snow White and the seven dwarfs had a very good performance with some very funny lines. Finally, of course, Cinderella. Grace played her role very well and stayed in character for the duration of the play: an exceptional performance.

Overall, this play was funny, entertaining and enjoyable, a highlight of this term.



From the director: Mrs Thew ~ by Tilly



'Cinderella' is your first Mowden play, how have you found directing this play? Stressful 😜. I wrote the play in readiness for the start of the Autumn Term as I wanted to ensure the children had sufficient time to learn their lines. Once they had done so, we focused on the delivery of their lines and their use of gesture and movement. The most difficult aspect was casting the script; being new to Mowden, I had no prior knowledge of the children's capabilities. That said, I quickly worked out their personalities.



When you wrote the play, what themes did you want to explore? Ultimately, I wanted the children to enjoy being part of a production, so I went for the comedy genre.



What is your favourite pantomime? 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarves' - and they make a guest appearance in my pantomime!



From one ugly sister, played by Philip:

Do you think this is the best play you have done at Mowden? One of the best, yes. But, please, don't judge me by my costume!

