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Challenge yourself to learn a poem by heart.

I chose this poem, by Christina Rossetti, to share because the rhyming pattern is simple and is easier to remember.

Selena

Flint

An emerald is as green as grass,
a ruby red as blood,
a topaz shines as bright as day,
a flint lies in the mud.



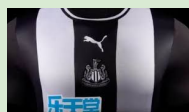
A diamond is a brilliant stone,
to catch the world's desire,
an opal holds a fiery spark,
but a flint holds fire.

The Best Team Ever - the **Toon Army** Newcastle United.

by Roan

Even though they haven't won anything major since 1956, they have had one of the best English footballers ever:

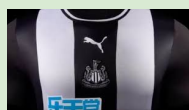
Alan Shearer is one of the most top scoring players in the Premier League.



Alan Shearer was born on 13th August 1970 in Newcastle. to Anne and Alan Shearer.



It was Alan's father who realised that his son had great potential of being a good footballer, and let his son pursue his dream.



Shearer complete his basic education from Gosforth Middle School and Gosforth High School.



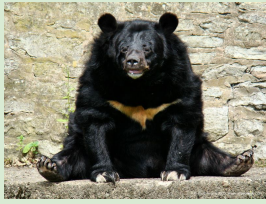
Shearer's football skills soon got the attention of Jack Hixon, Southampton's talent scout, who is said to have shaped him into the great footballer he became.



Alan Shearer now commentates Premier League matches.

There is an Alan Shearer centre in Newcastle, for children with disabilities.

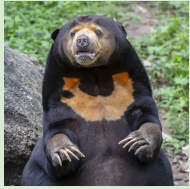




Bears by Bailey:

Now bears, *they* are fascinating creatures.

They are highly intelligent, and happy creatures, like the **Moon Bear**. It is both of those things, but there is only one way to know it a Moon Bear. It has a gold chest and, like other bears, it has big ears.



The **Sun Bear** is the same.



Now let's get on to the other bears.



Now, there is the **polar bear**.



We all know about those **pandas**. Oh, don't forget the **GIANT panda**. It always gets left out of the conversation, it's REALLY annoying.



Now I am getting distracted... and there's a **Brown Bear**, another one we know and, oh here's a bear I I don't know ... **Sloth Bear**. HA, got ya. I knew that one.



There's a few more I want to go over... **Black Bear**

and



American Black Bear,



Spectacled Bear,

a **Pizzly** [a hybrid **Bear**].



ALERT
coming up -



ALERT extinct bear
the **Cave Bear** -

Pleaseok...I guess we *can't* get a drum roll on paper, a bit obvious that you cannot get copied music on paper, you know, just do it in your head. My favourite bear is can you guess?

No of course you can't, but my favorite bear is the **GIANT Panda** and here's a picture.



Should you judge a book by it's cover (1)?

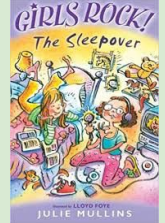
by Thomas

I challenged and interviewed the rest of the editing team and this is what they thought.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I gave Ted M, '*Girls Rock! The Sleepover*' and he initially thought:

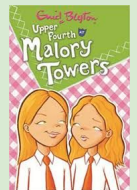
"It was an offensive book because it called boys zombies! And some girls should be called zombies." It definitely looks directed towards girls as the author writes a letter in the back, starting, 'Hey Girls!'



William B's option was '*Madame Pamplemousse and the Enchanted Sweet Shop*'.

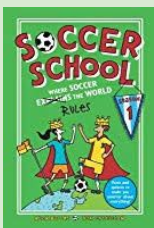
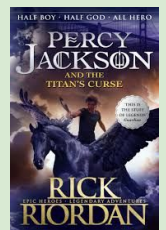
Bailey C read '*Upper fourth at Malory Towers*' and he thought the blurb was not very good, definitely directed more towards girls because all of the main characters are girls.

"For starters, there's twin trouble with Connie and Ruth. the main pain is Gwen. to finish, there's a picnic and a midnight feast in a thunderstorm."



I gave Roan S '*Dancing Shoes, Into the Spotlight*' and he was not impressed by the cover!

Selina F read '*Percy Jackson, The Titans Curse*'. She thought it looked okay, and that girls might want to try it because am lot of girls like horses and it has a pegasus on the cover.



Mrs Hadfield had to read '*Season 1: Football School*' and she thought, initiallty even though it is written by two men and there is a male character on the front cover, it looked quite neutral, particularly with its green cover and because football is popular with boys and girls.

Should you judge a book by it's cover ? (2)

FINAL IMPRESSIONS

At first, Ted did judge it by it's cover because the title is '*Girls Rock*' and there are lots of girly things in the design. Another reason was that it has a lot of 'girly' colours, like pinks and purples. The only thing that Ted liked was... that it was about a sleepover. However he thought, despite the cover, that the story was equally for boys and girls.

William thought '*Madame Pamplemousse*' was more tricky to read than you would think; it is a 6.0 so it has some challenging vocabulary in it. He said only people who like reading complicated books would like this. It isn't only for girls!!!! He didn't think it was only for girls but a 'girly' aspect was it was all about being popular. This book tackles bullying and there is definitely more to the book - and this sweet shop - than meets the eye.

Bailey thought '*Mallory Towers*' was really rude to boys and it said mean words about them. He said the names were too confusing to read. Bailey said the general story line wasn't very good, but that yes, it was only for girls. He didn't think it was a good book overall.

Roan felt he was right to judge '*Ballet Shoes*' as a book for girls. He said it only talked about ballet and girls. It only included a couple of references to boys and it talked about dinner and bedtime and going to school - too everyday for him! He did judge it by its cover.

Selina thought '*Percy Jackson*' would be alright for boys and girls from the beginning and her opinion didn't really change throughout. The girls were being rescued and the boys needed help from a monster and the girls opted to help. So it wasn't actually only for girls. She has now read the whole series.

Mrs Hadfield thought that '*Season 1: Football School*' was pretty neutral; it would appeal to boys and girls - if they are interested in football. Because she is not into football, Mrs Hadfield didn't think she would enjoy this book at all, so she did judge it by it's cover. She did end up enjoying it, because it has poetry in it and she found out many other odd and interesting facts. It would be really useful for the sports' section of a general knowledge quiz!

Should **you** judge a book by it's cover (3)?

Pick a book that **you** think is typically 'girly' if you're a girl, or 'boyish' if you're a girl. Then quiz and tell Mrs Hadfield if you enjoyed it, and whether it surprised you or not.

Possible: Typical girls' authors:

Jacqueline Wilson
Holly Smale
Clare Balding
Julie Mullins
Jacqueline Arena
Shey Kettle
Holly Smith-Dinbergs
Holly Webb

Typical boys' authors:

Anthony Horowitz
Francesca Simon
Rick Riordan
Alex Bellos
Ben Lyttleton
Liz Pichon
Stephan Pastis
Cressida Cowell

What is GOTHIC HORROR?

Gothic horror stories often include dark and picturesque scenery, startling and melodramatic narrative devices, and an overall atmosphere of exoticism, mystery, fear, and dread. Often, a Gothic novel or story will revolve around a large, ancient house that conceals a terrible secret or serves as the refuge of an especially frightening and threatening character.

Read the next installment of Charlie's serialised GOTHIC HORROR story:

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



Chapter 3

Mrs Blason pushed violently on a rusty door handle as the rest of the family searched through the derelict building. Most of the doors were like unbreakable metal. After exploring from head to toe, the family discussed their problems in what they called a 'dining room', but was really a cluster of broken tables and chairs. "We have no food, no water, no chance of-", Tom tried to say before his mother stopped him and announced,

"We need to do something about this, there must be some sort of telephone around here," and the endless altercation went on, but never did their father speak. He just sat there, dumbfounded but

with a head full of thoughts. Maria hauled herself out of the tight fitting chair and darted to the 'kitchen'. Her fingers fiddled with the dials as she put in the police service's number. Unexpectedly, the phone exploded in her hand as silence shook through her...

Mr Blason examined the, seemingly deadly, telephone. The cables were covered in a thick layer of a gooey liquid filled with ash, cords were already torn apart. He stayed quiet, like a guilty child, as he returned to his family. "We have so many problems, all of which lead to..." cried his wife as she blocked the flow of her trembling tears with a rather wet tissue. Nancy had her head in her knees, weeping loudly. Maria had a partly deaf ear and Max had no idea what was going on, as the family began to tumble like a stack of bricks. "What are we to do?" wept their mother.

"Sleep," announced their father. All emotions were paused as they gazed curiously at him. "We all need sleep, everything can be sorted out in the morning," he repeated, not accepting any reply. One by one, they reluctantly walked off to separate, dusty, cobweb filled 'bedrooms'. As they crawled under moth-eaten duvets fully clothed, they immediately slipped out of their own world and into a castle decorated in fluorescent vines, a boxing ring and a shopping mall with friends, away from all their trouble.

Mrs Blason woke up in a fairytale but soon snapped back to the fearful world she lived in. She was drowning in a pool of sadness and couldn't bare to see her family in the same state she was in. Deciding to cheer herself up, she walked to Jack's room; he had always cheered her up.

She heard no sound, so silently twisted the tough door knob and opened the door. As soon as she set eyes on her son, she crashed to the floor, enveloped in sorrow. It was as if her heart had been crushed and filtered from all love and life as she gazed at her son, with a bloody knife piercing his chest...

A pile of sodden tissues overloaded the dusty, crooked table as multiple streams of black tears poured from Mrs Blason's dark eyes. A very distressed looking Maria ran into the room, seeing her poor mother's arched back and the piles of teary tissues on the table. "Oh Mother, are you alright? I heard you crying from my room and came straight to you, whatever has happened?" she cried. Mrs Blason shook her head violently, over and over again, harder each time,

"No, no!" she screamed, her back still facing Maria.

"Mother," she whispered fearfully. Her Mother's fist slammed into the table, making her knuckles crack as she screamed so loudly the rattle could have shaken the ground beneath her. She faced her daughter helplessly and revealed her truly changed face. Her eyes were crimson red, her hair had twisted rebelliously into a mop of knots and her face was swollen.

"WHO D-D T-K-I-D!" bellowed Mrs Blason. The family quivered with fear; not only was their once adoring mother now a complete maniac, but someone had murdered their youngest sibling. His empty, pale body lay lifeless on the grimy table as the broken family wept.

How do cities get their names?

by Selena

Read my version of how Athens got its name below. Then, think of the city, town, village or street that you live in. **How did they get their name?**

Athens

Once on Mount Olympus Zeus decided to hold a contest for naming the new city. The prize was for the city to be named after that god or goddess (and a trip to Edinburgh Zoo).

Athena and Poseidon had a draw, so Zeus said whoever brought the best gift for humans (paper not included) would win. Athena brought an olive tree for olive oil, which can be used for burning (and cooking burgers). Poseidon gave the foal of his own mare.

Zeus said Athena's gift was the best, which made Poseidon VERY angry. Poseidon flooded the city and broke all the buildings (tut tut). Zeus decided that Poseidon's punishment was to build a whopping great wall for Troy.

The city was called Athens.



Ted Fell Out of the Tree

by Ted

I remember it was 9.45 a.m., my usual time to meet my mates Ted and Bill, in the usual place, at the ice-cream shop. Sometimes, if we were lucky, Hubba-Bubba, the ice-cream maker, would jump over his counter, hands full with his latest ice-cream flavours for us to try.

On this particular morning, he offered us three cones, stacked like Leaning Towers of Pisa, with his bubblegum - cherry - banana - kiwi - sugar - sausages - cheese - hubba - bubba flavour. We grabbed them and toppled the ice-cream into our hungry mouths. The perfect breakfast combination! But wait! There was still one cone, full of ice-cream, for Ted!

It was a bit strange that he was not there.

“Ah!!!”

“What was that Bill?” I jumped back in shock.

“I don’t know, but it was a bit like Ted’s voice,” Bill guessed uncertainly.

“Yes, it was.”

Ding dong.

“Come on, the bell just went. We’re going to be late.”

“But, it’s just that voice,” I worried.

“If it was Ted he would be fine. Remember when he climbed up that tree and fell onto the barbed wire?” Bill and I chuckled as we remembered.

“What about the time when we were biking and he hit a stone and spun into that tangle of brambles? It was like The Queen of Heart’s fortress! He battled his way out like a demented ninja.” I relaxed as I realised, that if it was Ted, he could get himself out of any situation! Like a Navy Seal! No, like a Royal Marine! No, like the SAS!

Grabbing me by my tie, Bill said, “Hang on! What about the best mangling adventure ever? *(You’ll see what I did there, when you hear the story!)* Remember when we

broke into the laundry and tried on all those dresses? They were so long that we tripped and knocked that pile of laundry into a barrel of water. We tried to cover our tracks because in History, Mr Avenue brought 6D from Mrs Duckball's class in to demonstrate how to use the mangle. It didn't really work, did it? Ted mangled his finger, stupidly!"

"Right, are you calm now?"

"Maybe," I joked.

"Stop it now, come on. We're going to miss the bin man!" The familiar whiff of the lorry wafted up our noses. There is no other smell like the bin lorry smell. It's worse than when Hubba-Bubba the ice-cream man's ice-cream machine broke and the gas leaked - now that was gross!

Beeep!

"Come on Bailey!"

"Guys!" called Ted.

"TED!" shouted Bill.

"What happened to you, you look terrible?" I asked.

"I fell out of a tree!" said Ted.

Bill and I looked surprised, "Huh?"

"I fell out of a tree, that's all."

"Okay..."

"Right, time to go to school."

"Bill are you mad? Ted is hurt."

"No, Bill is right, I am fine. Hey, what is school?" Ted said.

"Ted just wait there, Bill and I need to talk."

Ted got more curious about things for starters. He got a red pen and used it as lipstick while Bill and I had a talk next to a lamp post.

"Bailey, I think Ted hit his head really badly."

"Yeah, Bill, I think he did, but I have a great idea."

"What is it?"

"Well, I thought we could take him to the school doctor."

" Good idea. Hang on, it is 12:00 o'clock, we're three three hours late! Come and grab Ted. Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!!!"

Ding dong.

"Oh great, now we have missed the bin lorry... and we have missed lunch... and we have missed..."

"Bill," I interrupted, "I have just had a great plan. Grab Ted and that tomato ketchup. Okay, come over here. Put Ted here and lie him down. Okay Ted?" Ted put his thumb up and in a strange voice he said,

"Yep."

"And now you have to play dead, okay?"

"Okay," said Ted.

"Right Bill, put the ketchup on Ted. Now, I'll go and run to school." When I got to the entrance of the school, I saw a massive shadow in front of me. I looked up. It was the bully of the school, Burger Boy. Well, that is what we call him because he always eats burgers, but his real name is Hal, and he said,

"You're late! And no running! And your hair is messed up so let me clean you up!" He grabbed me and then he put my head in the toilet. It was gross, but I needed to get the teacher. There! Teacher!

"Please, I need your help! Ted has been hit by a car. That is why we are late."

Now, you are probably thinking, Ted fell out of a tree and he did *not* get hit by a car. Well, I had to make *something* up! We would have been in lots of trouble. So, when we came back to where I had left Bill and Ted, Bill had put all the ketchup all over Ted and Ted looked like he really *was* hit by a car. The teacher was in shock. She said, "Oh my gosh!"