

Billie Eilish
Happier Than Ever

I had a dream
I got everything I wanted

nobody cried
nobody even noticed



Byron College

THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

ISSUE 9 - KEY STAGE 3 - JUNE 2023

BYRON

VOICE





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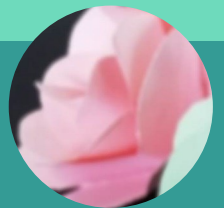


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THOUGHTS FROM THE



As the summer holidays approach and the allure of long, lazy days beckons, summer presents a perfect opportunity to embrace a more relaxed yet enriching approach to education through curiosity, exploration and discovery. This is the time when we can immerse ourselves in nature, whether through camping, hiking in the mountains, or just going to the beach! We can expand our horizons by visiting museums, art galleries, archaeological sites, and cultural festivals - and there are so many of these in Athens and in Greece, we're spoiled for choice. Summer is also an ideal time to get stuck into hands-on projects: we can pursue our passions or discover brand new ones, whether it's planting pot plants on the balcony for the first time, learning how to bake amazing cakes, building models, or drawing without worrying about it having to be perfect

all the time. There are also so many learning opportunities online - why not try to learn a new language, or coding? - but remember, balancing screen time with being in the sunshine in the real world is crucial! Above all, read, read and read: create a cosy reading nook at home, lose yourself in the world of reading every day, and you will discover the truth of the saying, "I love to travel in the summer, which is why I read."

So, don't make the mistake of thinking that our learning stops just because it's the summer holidays! Because it's summer we can have endless time to read, explore and let our curiosity guide the way. Let the summer adventures begin, then - eager to explore and embrace new challenges, and the world itself becomes our classroom.



"A perfect summer day is when the sun is shining, the breeze is blowing, the birds are singing, and the lawnmower is broken"

James Dent



"When all else fails, take a vacation"

Betty Williams

"Summertime is always the best of what might be."

Charles Bowden

MR LAIOS, YEAR 7B FORM TUTOR



MS TSELLIOU, YEAR 7A FORM TUTOR

MS PROKOPIOU, YEAR 7 FORM LINK

IT'S SUMMER



"One benefit of summer was that each day we had more light to read by"
Jeanette Walls



MS WASILEWSKA, YEAR 8 FORM LINK

"Summertime is the best time for making memories that last a lifetime."

MR RYDER, YEAR 8B FORM TUTOR



"Sun is shining
Weather is sweet
Make you wanna move
your dancing feet"
Bob Marley

MS PAPADOPOULOU, YEAR 8A FORM TUTOR



"Oh, the summer night has a smile of light and she sits on a sapphire throne."
Bryan Procter



CARPE DIEM
Seize the day.
Do not waste your life!!!

MS VERIKIOU, YEAR 9 FORM LINK

"Deep summer is when laziness finds respectability"
Sam Keen

MR KAVIERIS, YEAR 9A FORM TUTOR



MS KAFETZI, YEAR 9B FORM TUTOR

"It is always summer somewhere."
Sam Keen
Enjoy yours and I can't wait to hear all about it when you return!

MS VOULPIOTI, HEAD OF KEY STAGE 3



TIME...



HELLO...

ARNAVAZ BOYCE &

ANASTASIA STAMATELOPOULOU (YEAR 11)

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF IGCSE

Starting your IGCSEs next year? You've attended the Options Evening but you're still not fully sure what to expect? We've been there - and now we've made it through! If you stick to the following pointers, we're sure that you can do a great job with your studies - do your best, work well, and have confidence!

1

BE ORGANISED

Whether this means creating a study schedule, submitting homework on time or keeping your notes, practice papers or material organised, it is important that you stay organised as it is a practice of self-discipline and can help you stay on top of things during your IGCSEs.

2

KEEP GOOD NOTES IN CLASS

These will help you when your IGCSE exams are approaching, as having everything clearly written out can help you distinguish what topics you may need to revise and practise.

3

REVISE REGULARLY & EFFECTIVELY

Find out what revision methods work best for you - which may differ from subject to subject. Focus on active learning techniques (like flashcards) and try to revisit and practise what you've learned on a regular basis - which will make revision before the official exams much easier.

4

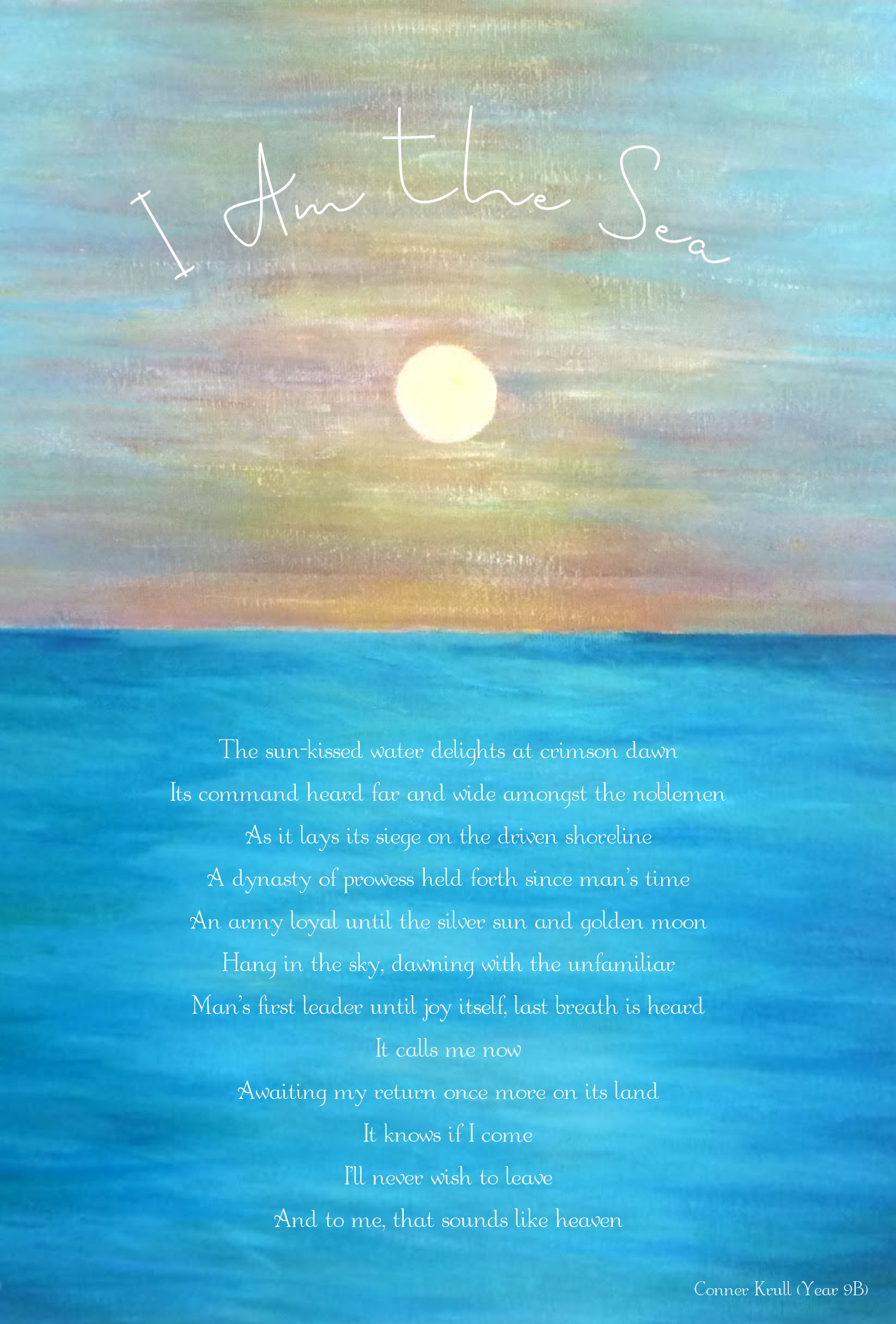
TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH

The quality of the food you consume has an impact on your performance so it is important to maintain a healthy, balanced diet. In return, it will give you enough energy and help you stay focused. Additionally, establishing and sticking to a suitable sleep schedule will help you wake up with more motivation, energy and concentration for the day ahead. Make sure you pay attention to your mental health as well, for example by taking a break when you're feeling very stressed or drained.

5

AND FINALLY - HAVE FUN!

Doing well in IGCSEs doesn't mean the absence of a life outside of schoolwork! Make sure to set aside time to do things you enjoy, such as spending time with friends and family or focusing on a hobby. While there may be certain periods of time with more frequent, intensive studying (i.e. before exams), there is much more to your IGCSE years than sitting down with your textbooks. At the end of the day, it's important to cherish and make the most of the time you have during these two years, while also achieving your academic goals.



I Am the Sea

The sun-kissed water delights at crimson dawn
Its command heard far and wide amongst the noblemen
As it lays its siege on the driven shoreline
A dynasty of prowess held forth since man's time
An army loyal until the silver sun and golden moon
Hang in the sky, dawning with the unfamiliar
Man's first leader until joy itself, last breath is heard
It calls me now
Awaiting my return once more on its land
It knows if I come
I'll never wish to leave
And to me, that sounds like heaven

Conner Krull (Year 9B)

Wardrobe Whirlwind:

Wasteful or Wise?

Maria El-Hajj (Year 9A)

The Cost of Overconsumption

In a world driven by trends and endless fashion updates, the overconsumption of clothes emerges as a relentless force, devouring resources and engendering waste. But as we indulge in this insatiable appetite for new garments, we must ask ourselves: what toll does it exact on us and our environment?

Fashion is a personal expression, an intrinsic part of our identity that goes beyond labels and brands, as Ralph Lauren eloquently stated. Yet, the overconsumption of clothes has dire consequences for our environment.

In the US alone, the average consumer throws away 37 kg of clothes per YEAR; 11.3 million tons of textile waste (equivalent to 85% of ALL textiles) ends up in landfills on a YEARLY basis. Landfills overflow with textiles that take centuries to decompose.

As we chase trends, do we realise the devastating impact of fast fashion, where garments are produced rapidly, cheaply, and unsustainably? Will our insatiable appetite for new clothes continue to perpetuate a cycle of environmental degradation and waste?

Is Fast Fashion Fuelling the Climate Crisis?

Fast fashion emerges as a significant contributor to the climate crisis, wreaking havoc on our environment. Its rapid production and consumption patterns lead to alarming statistics. According to the UN, the fashion industry generates 10% of global carbon emissions, surpassing the combined emissions of international flights and maritime shipping.

To add to that is the staggering amount of water consumed, with an estimated 93 billion cubic meters per year. As landfills overflow with discarded garments, the question arises: can anything be done to curb this ecological disaster? Is there a way to transform our relationship with fashion and embrace a more sustainable future?

"Fashion is not necessarily about labels. It's not about brands. It's about something else that comes from within you."

Ralph Lauren

Tips to Curb Clothing Overconsumption

1 THRIFT SHOPPING

Explore second-hand and vintage stores for unique fashion finds. Buying pre-loved clothes reduces waste and extends the lifespan of garments.

2 CLOTHING SWAP EVENTS

Organise or take part in clothing swap events with friends or communities. This allows you to refresh your wardrobe without contributing to excessive consumption.

3 THE "5 OUTFIT RULE"

When you see something that you **HAVE TO HAVE**, you will **ONLY** buy it **IF** and only **IF** you can think of 5 different outfits that you can wear it with, **ONLY** then will you purchase the item!

4 QUALITY OVER QUANTITY

Opt for well-made, durable clothing materials that can withstand multiple wear and washes. Invest in timeless pieces rather than chasing fleeting trends.

5 EDUCATE OTHERS

Spread awareness about the environmental impact of overconsumption. Encourage friends and family to adopt a more sustainable lifestyle.

SUSTAINABLE CHOICES, SIGNIFICANT IMPACT

Remember, small changes in our consumption habits can make a big difference in reducing the environmental impact of the fashion industry.



SUPERSTITIOUS

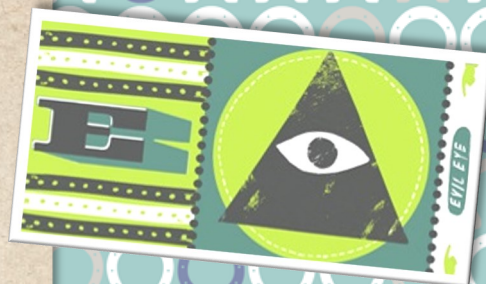


GREECE

- 1 **Spill that Greek coffee on your way!** When you carry coffee and it spills over, then Greeks will call out "Gouri! Gouri!" which means "Good luck!" The superstition goes that if your coffee spills over, you will have good fortune of some kind.
- 2 **Welcome the bird's dropping (but don't wait for it).** When you mind your own business and suddenly a bird's dropping falls on you, then you will have good fortune – even though you must clean it out.
- 3 **Close your scissors!** If you leave scissors open, or you idly open and close them without using them to cut into something, then you are inviting poisonous gossip about you. So don't do it!
- 4 **Tidy up your shoes!** Shoes lying on their side are a symbolism of a dead person, so if you leave them like that, you are inviting death.
- 5 **Keep your bread during nighttime!** If you let someone borrow bread from you at night time, it's bad luck. It means that you will soon lose all your fortune. To give bread at night, you must pinch the loaf at the edge a little, thus keeping some of it in the house, and ward off bad luck.
- 6 **Tuesday the 13th:** unlike the classic "Friday the 13th" which is considered a generally unlucky day internationally, for Greeks, the unlucky day is Tuesday the 13th. Some also believe the same for Friday the 14th.
- 7 **Say a little prayer to a black cat!** A black cat is generally considered bad luck. If a black cat crosses your path in Greece, then you'll have bad luck throughout the day. But it can be warded off easily by whispering a little prayer.

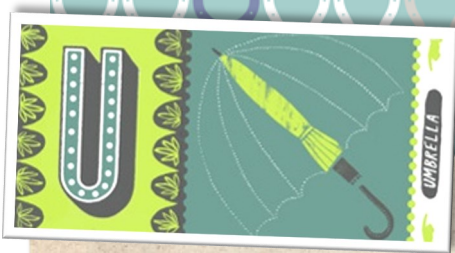


From bird's droppings to chopsticks stuck upright in your rice, try your luck with these supernatural stories from China, Greece & Russia!



Junye (Leo) Wang, Alice Wang & Violetta Agkaponova (Year 7)

MINDS



RUSSIA

- 1 **Spilling salt:** according to Russian superstition, spilling salt will lead to an argument between family members. Better stick to pepper, then.
- 2 **Sit in silence before a trip:** before embarking on any journey, superstition dictated that all members of group should sit down in silence – even if not everyone is travelling. This doesn't have to be for a long time, but will ensure that the trip is a safe one. It's also a good opportunity to make sure you have everything you need for the trip!
- 3 **Soundproof your doors!** Creaking doors in Russia is considered bad luck and will lead to financial problems.
- 4 **Don't celebrate too soon!** You should never wish a Russian 'Happy Birthday' before their actual birthday because it is considered bad luck. In the same way, you should never celebrate your birthday before the actual day.
- 5 **Having the same name:** it often seems that there only around ten names in Russian. Nearly every woman you meet is Natasha, or Masha, or Ira and every man is Alexander, or Dmitry, or Alexei. There is a superstition related to meeting people having the same name, but fortunately the superstition brings good, rather than bad, luck. If you find yourself sitting between two people who share the same name, then you should make a wish! But don't tell anyone, otherwise will not come true.

中国

- 1 **Respect the dead:** if you pass by your family's grave and do not worship, then you will get seriously ill.
- 2 **Don't aim at the gate!** If you build a road, especially a straight road, then don't aim at the gate, because it is very unlucky.
- 3 **Mind your chopsticks!** When someone is eating, do not stick chopsticks upright in the middle of the rice bowl, because this is to pay tribute to the deceased.



A SECRET HIKE —

‘Have you ever made a strange discovery?’ Well, I hadn’t until today.

My best friend and I were always really into adventures; we would explore the mountain Imittos, which is next to my house. The mountain always had a certain smell that was calming and refreshing. We would find all sorts of things on the mountain - decorated trees, animal skulls, a broken earring - but I would never have expected to find this...

Last summer, while on one of our adventures, we were hiking on the mountain, when we noticed a massive radar tower next to a building. As soon as we noticed it, we started walking closer and closer until we could see it clearly: the radar tower must have been at least ten meters tall! At that moment, we realized that the radar tower was part of a massive rundown abandoned military base! Doesn’t this sound like an Enid Blyton’s ‘Famous Five’ book setting?

Only this time we were two... My friend and I decided to explore the abandoned base to find six different buildings which we would soon find contained many mysteries. The buildings had different shapes and patterns drawn on them. Three of the buildings had one storey and were painted plain grey. These were locked. There was another building which was bigger than the rest and had two storeys, on the outside of the building it was covered in camouflage and on top different shades of blue stripes...

Through an open door we entered the massive two-storey building. We discovered a radio system in one corner and, in the center of the room, there was a huge bright red power generator! The fourth building, which stood out the most due to its navy blue and white striped pattern, was locked behind a massive heavy green metallic door. Finally, the last one was grey with a few brown circles drawn on each side of the building. It was unlocked but we didn’t

DISCOVERY

NICK THEODORAKIS (YEAR 8A)



AND A

discover anything interesting inside...

There was also a weird concrete box that lay next to one of the buildings. As we went closer, we found a big circular metal plate covering the concrete box. The diameter of the plate was around one and a half meters long. As soon as we removed the metal plate, we noticed some metallic red ladders leading into deep darkness. We dropped a small pebble down the deep hole, and it took three seconds to touch the ground! It must have been at least fifteen meters deep...

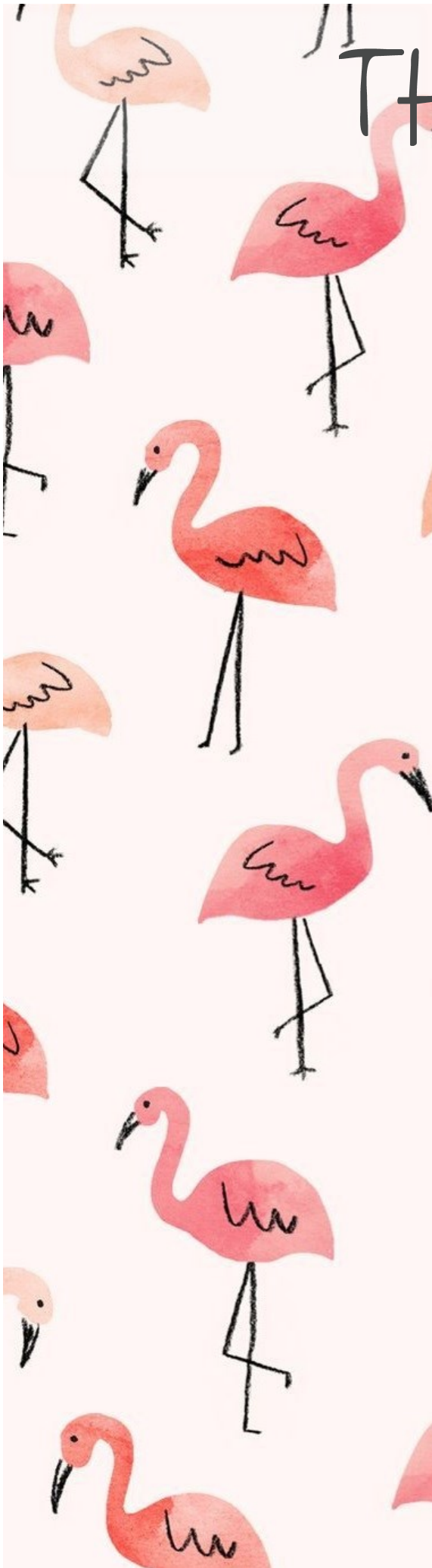
As we did more research online, we found out that the concrete box is a nuclear and bomb-proof bunker! The Military Command of the Eastern Mediterranean abandoned this location to move higher up on the mountain, to a better location.

We read that a plan to establish a Military Headquarters from scratch at

some point on Imittos had been drawn up in the 80s and 90s, but then the plans had not progressed. NATO's former Eastern Mediterranean Command Headquarters (ECM) began construction in 1955, resumed in 1972, while in 1984 a ten-year modernisation and upgrade began. To support the new operation requirements of the navy and NATO, the site was extended mainly into the bowels of the mountain and with new galleries. Maybe our discovery was part of the five main galleries that were to be immune to nuclear and biochemical threats! Where are the other four galleries?

It just goes to show - you never know when you can stumble upon adventure.





THE FLAMINGO

'HAVE YOU SEEN MY FLAMINGO ANYWHERE?' Grandma asked. It was cold and damp and the rain poured relentlessly outside whilst the fire inside roared, but somehow no matter how torrential it got out there the sun still managed to shine brightly through the clouds. It was on this strange morning, you see, that Grandma Greens (or should I say MY Grandma's?) flamingo had been kidnapped.

My Grandma being old – around eighty-two I think – had just thought it, I mean the flamingo had gone for a walk. Listen, I know you think I'm crazy saying that flamingos go for walks around the neighbourhood, but to my grandma (and all the other people in the neighbourhood), it's normal. Now, my Grandma lives in quite a weird neighbourhood with crazy people just like her and, well, if I'm being honest, I think it quite suits her. Anyway we (me and my mum) intended to keep her thinking the flamingo had gone for a walk because otherwise she would go crazy!

Oh, and I apologise for calling the flamingo it, for the flamingo's name was *Pamela Gardener Potty Pinky Coooco Green II*. You see 'the first' was a flamingo called 'Dots' (the name was also more than just 'dots') but his feathers slowly turned grey (which meant she was sick) after being outside in a big storm and then died.

Anyway, now you should be able to see what I mean by my Grandma is weird, she is the most cooco bananas person I have ever met. You know how grandmas are meant to be these sweet old ladies who knit all day drinking Earl Grey tea? Well, my Grandma is none of that 'Common Grandma' malarkey. For example, she eats ONLY ice-cream for lunch, and she has a plastic swimming pool instead of a settee! What's more crazy than that?

And yet, despite all that, my Grandma still runs a very successful company with one thousand employees selling plastic swimming pools filled with ice-cold ice-cream, but she does this all remotely from Greece because the headquarters are in France.

Anyway a few days later we (me and my mum) managed to get my Grandma out of the house (even though we had to drag her out screaming 'Nooo! Pamela Gardener Potty won't come back unless I'm there! Pleeese! You HAVE to let me stay!') We still had to get her out (even if she was screaming) because if we didn't, the police wouldn't be able to investigate without her knowing...

-NAPPER

But, little did we know, a flamingo-napper (as I will call them from now on) was hiding in my ancient, dilapidated, childhood-treehouse watching us drag my screaming grandma away and waiting for us to leave so they could sneakily leave and never come back.

When we left the house, a police dog came and searched the garden and led the police to a big green shrimp-filled mass with what looked like it could be water inside with a sign that had fading letters on it spelling out 'The Flamingo Pond'. That led to them finding a set of footprints and, well, flamingo prints leading to the woods! There the dog took them to a tree... The police looked high, and low, round, and round, but they didn't find a thing... And that's when they called ME in!

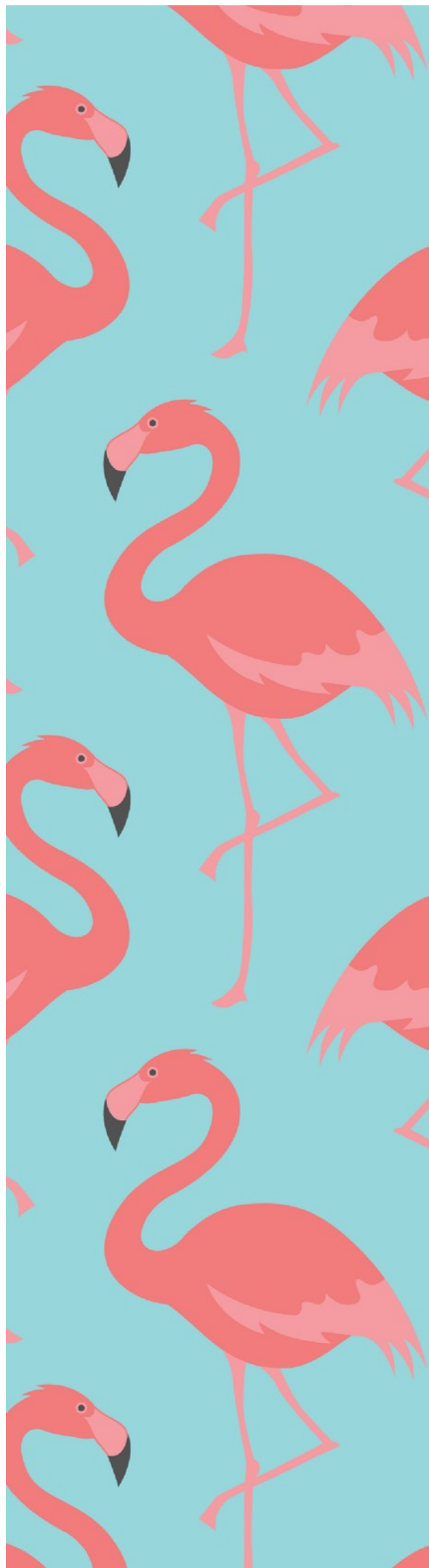
When I got there, the police took me to a tree and showed it to me. I recognised it immediately! I showed them an X marked on the base of the tree (marked by me) and told them there was a tree-house in the tree! Me and my grandpa had built it ages ago and we had camouflaged it because one of our games was that we pretended to be spies! We wanted to hide while we secretly watched grandma refreshing the flamingo pond's letters in neon pink...

After I had explained everything to the police, they climbed up the tree and caught the flamingo-napper red-handed! I was so surprised! It was grandma's ultimate rival... *Monsieur I LOVE SWIMMING* (he had changed his name when he was a kid and no one ever knew what his real name was)

Back in the day they had a big fight over the business and went their separate ways but ended up making the same business! Instead of colliding, they are constantly competing to make the other go bust. He explained that he had taken Grandma's beloved flamingo so that he could make her quit out of misery and take over her company! But that didn't convince the police so he went straight to jail.

Pamela Gardener Potty Pinky Coooco Green II was put back in the pond and Grandma was overjoyed to see her and to learn that her rival's company had gone bust! She merged with the new owner and now lives an even happier life and has an even more successful company than before!

Emma Crowhurst (Year 7B)



FREAKSHOW

LEO MAGKLARAS (YEAR 8A)

NO one had seen such a beast before. Was he a man or was he a hippo? Nobody knew, yet one thing was clear... He was a freak. At seven feet tall, he was unlike anything the people of London had ever seen before. He had the body of a hippopotamus and a human head, making him a freakish spectacle for the public to look down upon... Or up upon, considering his height.

Despite having a menacing and intimidating appearance, he was always warm and friendly at heart; of course, that didn't pass with the people of London who would constantly taunt and berate him. The Hippoman had an interesting and unique story unlike any other. His mother died during childbirth; his elusive father hadn't been seen in years. He was thrown into a world of crime and terror and had to fight through the daily struggle of making a living in the trenches of the city. He was rejected by society and was on the brink of starvation, but that didn't bother Charles Winkleton who viewed the neglected freak as a great opportunity to increase the popularity of his show.

'A talent scout', he called himself, and he certainly saw a lot of talent when he met Hippoman. At the time, the half-man, half-hippo was working as a costermonger on the streets of East London and he would have taken any opportunity to make more than his mere four pennies a week. So, when Mr Winkleton made him the offer, he just couldn't resist. It was a three-hour train journey to Dartford and Hippoman didn't know what to expect. To him, it sounded like paradise: entertaining people for money and living in a home for free. When he arrived, though, he was greeted by an awful musty smell and the screams and shouts of the audience inside one of the huge red and yellow tents. The clouds loomed over him as the gloomy, gray sky started to match his facial expression. Had this been a mistake?

Hippoman had been told to knock on the door of the caravan farthest to the right. It was a dirty old thing, although it wasn't nearly as bad as the others which were covered in mud and grime. The door was opened and he saw a man, standing six foot tall with unkempt gray hair and a stern look on his face, staring deep into his eyes.

'Ah, you must be the newbie,' he said. 'Yes sir,' he replied.

The man beckoned him in and Hippoman followed. He was met with a large wooden table with a map with a series of posters and newspapers on it.

THE CHRONICLES OF

HIPPOMAN

BENDY BEN IS BACK, SEVEN-FOOT SANDY RETURNS AND THE SHOW WELCOMES A MYSTERIOUS NEW ACT! DON'T MISS OUT ON THE INCREDIBLE SHOW WHERE THREE NEW ARRIVALS TAKE THE STAGE AND PERFORM SOME OF THE BEST QUALITY FREAKISHNESS ON OFFER IN LEICESTER SQUARE ON SUNDAY!

'These six pins mark every show we have done so far.' The showmaster explained. Hippoman examined the map: Manchester, Blackpool, Liverpool, York, Cambridge and Newcastle all had red pins stuck through them. A few minutes later, he was shown around the different caravans by a middle-aged man called Michael, or 'Midget Mike', who was only eighty centimeters tall. Everything looked identical as every caravan had a bunk bed, a table and a bowl of stale bread and leftovers from the food stand. After that, he was led to his own caravan where he would prepare for his first gig. It had been left in a worryingly gruesome state and was infested with fleas. There was a small window at the front which was too dirty to see through and barely let in any sunlight. It was like a prison, but at least there was a mattress and a table. These things would have felt like luxury to Hippoman before. Then he saw it... THE HILARIOUS HIPPOMAN! THE NEWEST FEARSOME, FREAKISH ARRIVAL...

It was Sunday morning and the Hippoman was ready to make his debut. He would be the surprise guest and amaze everyone with his intriguing features. All he had to do was sit down and watch as people flocked towards him with fruits worth only a penny each. He was butt-naked, but that didn't matter when you're treated like a wild animal by everyone you meet. Suddenly, his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of loathing boos and groans. It seemed that Bendy Ben wasn't bendy enough to please the crowd...

It was his turn and the boos hadn't yet stopped. After a deep breath, he barged through the curtains and thumped down on the stage, nearly smashing through the frail floorboards. The booing continued. GET OFF THE STAGE YOU GROTESQUE BEAST! They were supposed to be feeding him but, instead, he was being hit left and right by piercing stones and shattering insults. What could he do apart from sit there and try to shield himself from the burning hatred of the crowd?

That day had contained the worst ten minutes of his life. Hippoman's poor soul only existed to be tortured and left aside as if it didn't mean as much as the others. He watched through a rip in the curtain as the other acts were beaten for their disappointing display... Hippoman had been given one more chance to prove himself and avoid being whacked by the cane. But was it really a chance? He was neither pleased nor optimistic, and the misery of the situation hit him like the rocks thrown from the audience. Did his future really lie in this tent...?

Nicole Rackovides

(Year 7A)



The Forbidden Stray

*I*t was a bright Sunday morning when the clocks struck thirteen, and Evie walked into the local newspaper shop with a female cashier who had long nails painted bright red and a face full of make-up. Evie grabbed the newest magazine with a headline that read: 'Who should be the new president?' She put it down on the cashier's counter, 'Would you like anything else?' The cashier asked. Evie replied, 'That will be all, thank you!' She took out a five-pound note and handed it to the lady. 'Here's your change,' and she walked out of the store and made her way to the seaside.

Evie sat on a bench with a perfect view of the sea. She started to flick through the pages of the magazine when a stray dog trotted over to her with his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth and just sat down and stared at Evie. He seemed to look like a golden retriever, but it was not very clear because of all the mud and sand stuck to its fur. 'You poor thing, where is your owner? Do you even have one?' The dog tilted its head and let out a small whine. 'What am I doing talking to a dog... It's not like you can understand me anyway...' Evie sighed and picked up her belongings to leave.

She began to walk back to her house – but after a few steps, she noticed a panting sound behind her and saw that the same stray dog was following her. 'You have to stay here, I can't take you home with me, my mother will kill me!' Evie said in a worried voice. Her mother was very strict and had just recovered from being seriously sick. She had very high standards and was convinced that, no matter what, she was always right. Evie tried to ignore the dog and just put her headphones on and walked faster (almost at a jog) but the dog still followed her. She arrived to her house after fifteen minutes of walking.

Evie got her keys out and unlocked the door to her house. As soon as the door made a 'click' sound, Evie heard her mother calling from the kitchen: 'Evie! Come here and help me with the washing up!' Before

she could respond, the dog from earlier raced past her and sprinted up the stairs and walked into her mother's room. Evie started to panic and began to race after the dog. 'Evie! Is everything okay?' her mother called. Still running after the dog, Evie called back: 'Yes. everything's fine, I'll be down in a minute...' She ran quickly into her mother's room and to her horror she's saw the filthy dog sitting on her mother's silk bed sheets! She gasped as the dog jumped down and left mud everywhere. He looked at Evie with innocent eyes. 'Oh no! What am I meant to do now?' Evie felt her eyes filling with tears.

Evie decided to hide the dog in her room while she figured something out. After she shut the dog in her room she went back to her mother's room and swept the sheets off her mother's bed and shoved them into the washing machine, 'Come on, come on!' She said as she chose the correct setting for the washing machine. Once the machine started to work, she ran down to the kitchen where her mother stood looking furious, 'What was all that racket up there? I have been waiting for twenty minutes!'

Her mother was so angry and just told her to go to her room. Evie walked out of the kitchen and back into her room where the dog was sleeping in a pile of blankets on her bed. She sighed and jumped on to her bed and began to do her homework for her maths lessons that her mother had booked for three times a week. A few hours passed and Evie had just finished when she heard a small whine. It was the dog who had just woke up, 'Oh you must be hungry... I forgot to feed you, didn't I?' She remembered that down the street there was a pet store. They must sell dog food. She sprung from her bed and put her backpack on and grabbed two fivers, called to her mother saying that she was going to go for a walk, closed her bedroom door and left the house.

She arrived at the pet shop, asked for two cans of dog food, paid and quickly made her way back to her house. Waiting at the doorstep, to her misery, was her mother with the stray: 'Well, guess who I found...'

Before Evie's mother begun to scold Evie, both of their phones started beeping. They both stared at each other for a split second. Then they looked down at their phone screens, just to see something they least expected: an emergency alert!

'TO ALL CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND: A NEW, LIFE-THREATENING VIRUS HAS JUST STARTED TO SPREAD FROM DOGS. IT CAN SOON START SPREADING TO US HUMANS. YOU ARE STRONGLY ADVISED TO SEND ALL YOUR CANINES TO YOUR LOCAL SHELTER. THE AUTHORITIES HAVE ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF STRAYS.'

Once they had both finished reading the dreadful message, they looked up just to see both of them having the exact same worried, and shocked, expression.

For the first time in forever, Evie's mother did not follow the rules. She immediately rushed the stray dog and Evie in the house and began to lock the doors and windows. 'Mum... What are you doing?' Evie asked puzzled. Her mother did not reply but rushed the dog into the extra bedroom that had no windows, instead. Once she closed the door to the extra room, she turned to Evie and said: 'Did you by any chance get dog food in your supposedly 'going-for-a-walk'? Evie looked through her bag frantically and pulled out the cans. 'It's here, it's here,' she said. Both Evie and her mum run up to close any remaining windows and curtains and sat down on the floor. Her mother turned to Evie and said: 'No one, and I mean no one, must know about him. You hear me? No one. Or else the shelter will take him and you know what they will do to him...'

TOSHER



Joe slowly hustled back to his house after a busy day of work. He had found an average amount of loot in the sewers, earning maybe forty-five pounds. He was a sewer-hunter; he'd spent hours and hours looking for metals and other stuff in the sewers to sell, working in a team of three; it wasn't the best job in the world but it kept him afloat.

His house was a two-room flat in London, a toilet and one serving as bedroom, kitchen, and living room all in one. He lived with his two co-workers, Sam and Robert, who were walking back with him. Tomorrow was a big day for them... It was the Sewer-Hunting World Championship (Central London qualifying)!

If they qualified, they'd have a chance at winning 1000 pounds! That was more than enough to buy a bigger house and maybe get a better job. The rules were simple: find as much stuff in the sewers as you can for one day, and the top twenty-five most valuable stockpiles qualify for the next round.

To make it fair, every group taking part had an official with them to make sure they weren't cheating. Success relied on luck and knowledge of the main choke-points that stuff builds up; there were a couple of main choke-points that everyone knew about and went to first...

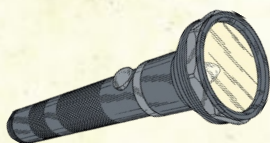
The trick to success was to get to one of the main choke-points before anyone else, and then be able to know more obscure choke-points that no one else did, to be able to continue to get stuff throughout the day!

Joe and his team had only ever come in at best 42nd — there were roughly one hundred competitors. But this year was going to be different — they had prepared in advance and had memorised loads of choke-points. There was no way they were going to lose...

Joe went to bed and got a good night's sleep; he had to be as prepared as possible for tomorrow.



It was a sunny morning when Joe woke up; he had taken a while to get to sleep as he was thinking about the competition. After a quick breakfast, a boiled egg and a slice of bread, he set off with Sam and Robert. It was a fairly short walk from his house and soon they arrived. 'Wow!' Sam remarked. They looked and saw a long queue for the competition sign-up. There were at least



one hundred and thirty people lining up! ‘Guess we have quite a bit to contend with,’ Robert said. They asked someone and apparently the East London sewers had been closed for sewer-hunters by the police because they thought a criminal had stashed stolen goods there.

Later, the organisers announced that the qualifying spots would be increased to twenty as a result of the number of new contestants. Joe was originally worried, but then realised the East London contestants would have to rely on luck as they did not know the sewers here well; the ten new places were probably going to be taken up by people from central London so it actually increased their chances of winning. He told his team and, after a quick team meeting, they decided they still would alter their chosen course for navigating the sewers. The East Londoners would probably go to the east side of their sewers (the part they knew best), so they would go to the southern area of the Central London sewers. They did not know that area that well, but it was a risk they had to take! They also knew the southern area has the fewest sewer-hunters living there, so they could take their time and not get lost...

Soon they got their official to follow them and the contest started. They quickly went into the southern area and started searching for the first choke-point they had found. It took slightly longer than they would have taken in the eastern area but they found it easily. It already had a team there but they swooped up some goods before the other team did. Next, they tried to advance to a smaller choke-point but soon they took a wrong turn and quickly got lost.

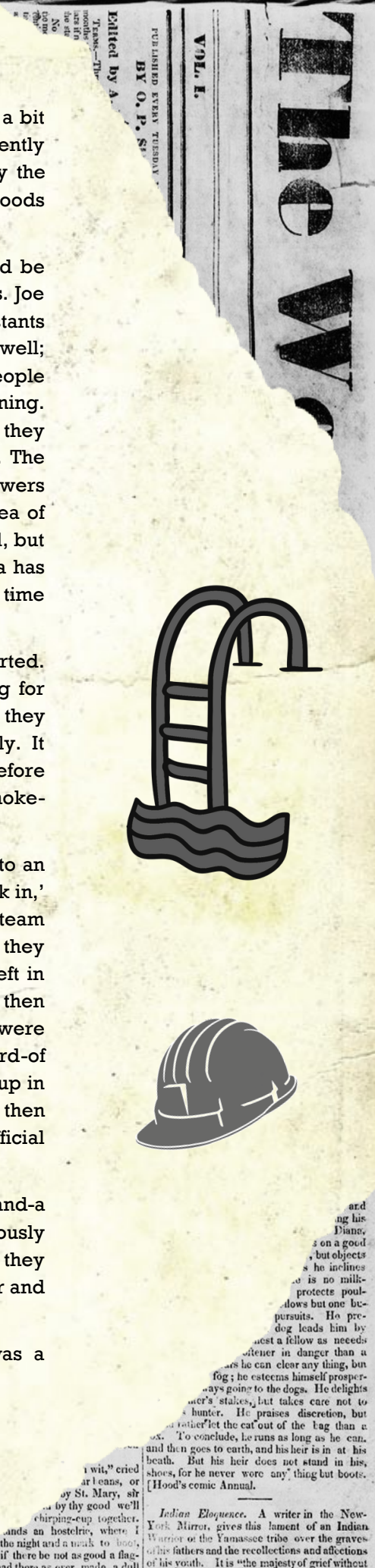
‘The risk failed,’ Robert said sadly. ‘If you want, I can lead you to an exit but then you’ll have finished the hunt and you cannot go back in,’ the official said. They were far too lost to find a way out, but the team decided to continue and use the whole time limit in case they accidentally found some good items. There were three hours left in the competition and they had spent a further hour searching, but then suddenly Joe slipped right into the sewer canal! The sewers were filled with water up to their waist, so this wasn’t an unheard-of occurrence... They started worrying when he didn’t come back up in a few seconds. Sam walked to the spot Joe had fallen into, but then suddenly he fell in as well! Filled with urgency, Robert and the official dived down.

Where there was meant to be the floor, there was around a two-and-a-half-metre drop, and then a trapdoor. Sam and Joe had obviously already gone through, so Sam and the official did as well. What they saw was life-changing; there was a man sprawled out on the floor and Joe’s hand was clenched.

On the table was a wooden box lined with gold. Behind was a newspaper clipping pinned to a board:

‘EAST LONDON THEFT: FINDER’S REWARD £500’...

James Crowhurst (Year 8A)



A Raindrop

Bahar Mohammadi (Year 7B)



People say my art is outstanding
That it needs to be in a museum!
People say my tarts are fascinating
That I need to be on Gordon Ramsay!

My dancing is like a rain of happy feeling to me,
As I'm prancing along the stage, I'll be smiling all day!
People think I'm 'treading the boards'.
Well, I wish I was.

As the sky is waving back down at me
The clouds suddenly turn grey and
PLOP! A raindrop ends up on my nose.
As I am lying there in the rain, I'll never feel pain.

I'll never be sweet or sour,
I am 'just me'
And that's who I'll ever be...
Just me.

(Just Me)

It was Spring break in Mexico City
I was sitting on the wooden, glass-topped dining table
(next to the kitchen and across from the living room)
In my grandma's one-storey house.

I was eating my delicious mango,
While sprinkling my favourite salt-like seasoning.
The mango's texture was perfect
-especially with the pairing of the flavours-
While I was tasting my mango delicacy,
My grandma was exchanging family stories with my father
-in Spanish, of course.

It was hard to overhear; the little birds were chirping
in Grandma's bird enclosure at the end of the table.

She was wearing her black-rimmed glasses
her golden seven-hooped ring and an adornment with a ram,
paired with her flower-patterned shirt and black trousers.

Her stubby, wrinkled fingers grasped the fork
That she was using for her mangoes.
It was a sweet and joyful moment.
It is my favourite spring memory.



Mangoes

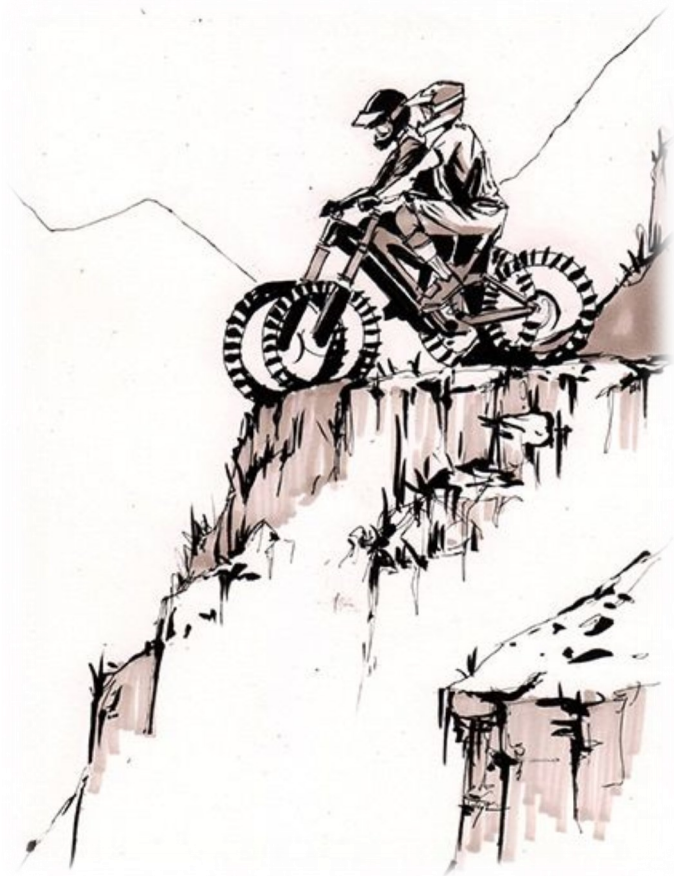
Sarah Gomez-Lane (Year 7B)

Your presence diminishes time's heavy pall
but never concludes your fall.

Fun was the escape door for us all,
and you are the key that we recall.
You grasp the rope which pulls me higher,
even if it's a measly wire.

Even when we are in a tug of war,
and we both eat dust off the floor,
You never let go!

Even when we jabble in the deepest puddle
Together as friends, in exuberance we chuckle.
I'm glad to have you on my side –
One after the other the long hours fly by,
Yet I have no clue –
For time is a stranger when I'm with you,
Just as today becomes a memory,
You never let go!



From dawn till dusk, frolicking with glee,
We both sprint with cuts on our knees.
As the stars would start to glisten
Always in friendship we listen –
As we would part ways,
We diligently waited for the next day,
You never let go!

Now that you are far away
All that fun has sailed at bay.

VIVID MEMORIES

Rishan Henkenda (Year 9A)



FLASHBACKS

Glancing around
The scene was rough,
Human bodies,
Among the scent of blood.

My vision is poor
Due to the smoke that lures.
Screams and silence,
Fill the void.

Ashes, bumpy roads, dead bodies,
Shattered walls, and a tiny spark
of flames.
The sight of an abyss filled with
misery
that resists decay.

My tongue is numb,
I can no longer taste.
My fingers slide across the floor,
Where people once laid.

The images of war, scar me for life.
This is a deathly place,
Where people embrace,
The ones they lost.

AGNES TASYA SORENSEN (YEAR-8A)

LEST WE

WAR OR PEACE?

This is war. It's
the sound of children crying,
of mothers weeping,
of fathers dying,
and of the enemy creeping.

This is peace. It's
the smell of golden fields,
the flower a lover yields,
the sails of a ship in the breeze,
the sound of breathing at ease.

This is fighting. It's
the sound of sword on sword,
the pool of blood that's formed,
the taste of smoky air,
all those unanswered prayers.

This is love. It's
the sweet smell of roses,
the shine of juicy strawberries,
the feel of a breath of fresh air,
and the taste of smooth, smooth chocolate.

We must choose between war or peace,
or the fighting will just increase.

CHARIS MACINNES (YEAR-8A)

FORGET

THE LOST BATTLE

I was one of the very few that survived
I still remember the ghostly, grey smoke that
covered the battle field.
I didn't know my fear could mount any higher
But that was until they arrived-

Tanks the size of the globe appeared out of
nowhere
Deafening explosions shattered the ground
More than half of us already fell
I knew I had to run, but it was too late.

The last thing I remembered were blurred lights
The horrible smell of blood
And yells of agony
Silence: everything was eerily silent

Faint, forced whimpers were the only sounds
Of those who were still, but barely, alive

ZORA SZOLDATITS (YEAR 8A)

WELCOME TO THE BATTLEFIELD

When will we ever be free?

I hear the cries of warriors in distance, as the
battlefield is painted red with pain-wrenching screams.
Another step forward, another tear is shed, and another
life has been brought to its brutal end.
I hear the commanders' screams "put fear aside, this is our
pride" while there are lives going down like a tide.

The sensation of blood dripping from my mouth to my chin
was all I could taste.
The bodies of my comrades were falling in front of my eyes,
as seeds of destruction were planted in battle.

The fear of death stood over me as I stomped over the cold,
violent battlegrounds.
The smell of peace quickly turned into a smell of war,
the feeling of emptiness uncomfortably settling in

I felt weak all over, but I had to endure.

Welcome to the merciless battlefield.

ALEX TERTIPIS (YEAR 8A)

A WORD OF thanks

Well done to our student contributors for this third Key Stage 3 issue - full of creative and original work!

Thank you to...

our Key Stage 3 Tutor Team, colleagues in the English Department, and the school community as a whole for your support and encouragement;

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and, last but not least, our readers!

EDITOR'S NOTE

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Three issues are published each year: the Key Stage 5 December Issue, just in time for Christmas; the Key Stage 4 April Issue; and the Key Stage 3 June Issue to welcome in the summer holidays.

It is written by our students for the Byron family and it is offered in a spirit of intellectual curiosity, creativity, generosity, and fun.

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FEATURED ARTWORK

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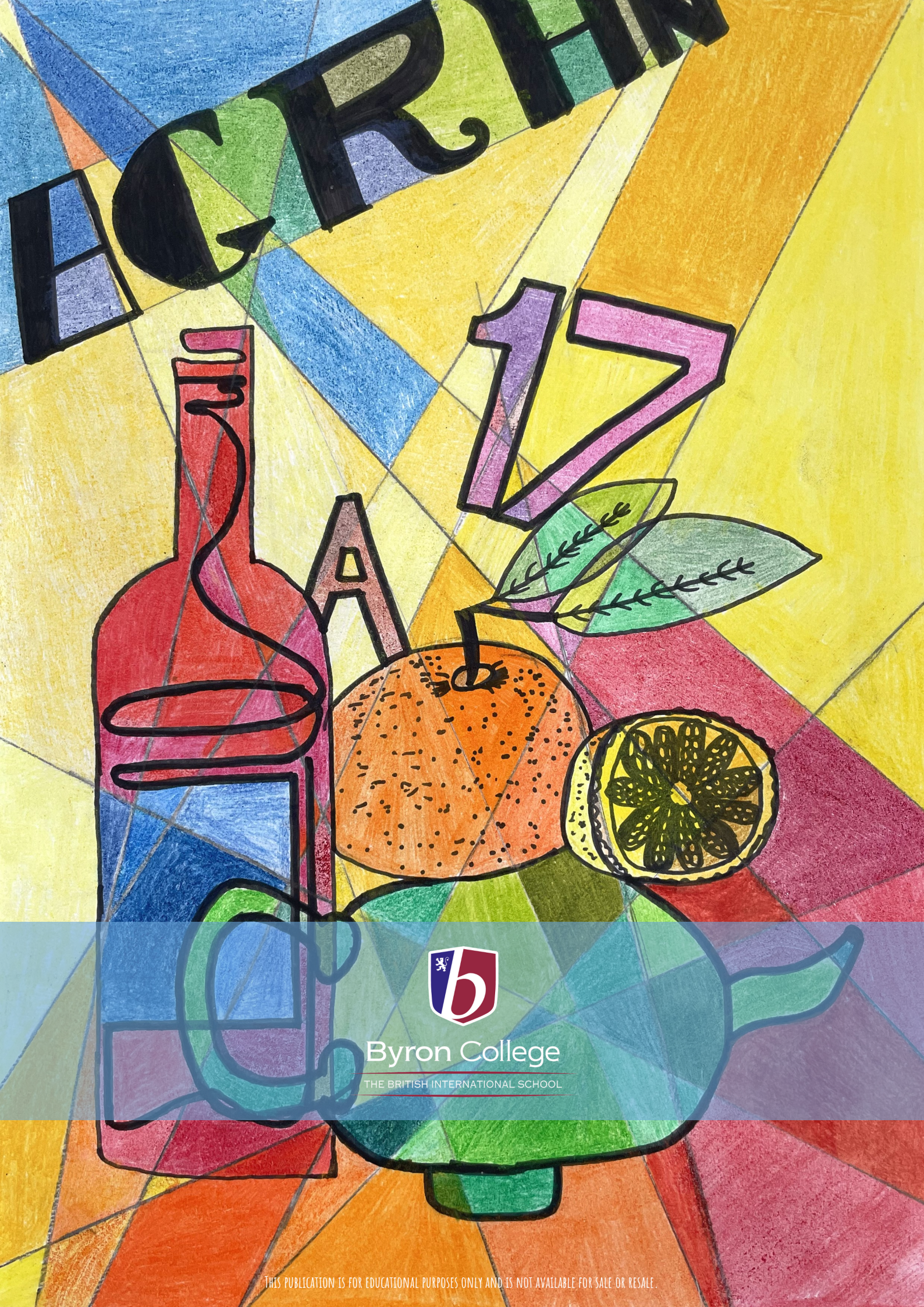
Inner front & back covers: Ioanna Rigogianni (7A)

Page 3: Sandakini Mahamadachchi & Christina Perevezenteva (7B)

Back cover: Sareb Jaffari (9B)







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