



# The Nascot News

SPRING TERM

ISSUE: 9

DECEMBER 2025



Hello everyone and welcome to Issue 9 of the Nascot news.

We would like to introduce ourselves, we are Tiaana and Zachary and are pupils in Year 6. We are both very excited about being given the responsibility of joint Editors of our student led school newspaper The Nascot News for this academic year. We can't wait to work together this year to bring you three wonderful editions of this newspaper at the end of each term.

The school newspaper is now in its 4th year and we are looking forward to you reading Issue 9. For those children and parents who are new to the school, the newspaper is a place where children can share their creative skills in many different ways. It's a newspaper for the children, created by the children. We would really recommend you look back at previous editions on the school website.

This year we have an incredible team of four other children from Year 6 with us on the Nascot News Team, Ayush, Hafsa, Harrison and Thea. They have helped write articles and we as a whole team have helped the children in younger years with their writing as well. Thank you for all your hard work this term to help get this edition together.

We spoke to the school at various assemblies and have been overwhelmed by how many contributions we have had for this edition. From poems to trip reviews to recipes and jokes and much more. Not forgetting the amazing artwork. All of the work has been amazing and all of the children should be really proud. Thank you to everyone who has contributed.

We would also like to say a big thank you to Mrs Singh, Mr Watts, Mrs Thompson and our Year 6 teachers for helping us with this first edition.

We hope you enjoy reading the 9th edition of the Nascot News and we would love to include more children's work in the next edition.

We would like to take this opportunity to wish all the children and families a lovely Christmas holiday and a Happy New Year!

Tiaana and Zachary



Facts about the Solar System



Jokes



Holiday Reviews



Art Competition

## **Nascot Wood Junior School Junior Leadership Team 2025 - 2026**

We would like to introduce you to the Junior Leadership team (JLT) for this year. All the children who wanted to apply for a role in the JLT, Nascot News or a Prefect role had to write an application letter and be part of an interview process at the end of Year 5 and the following have been chosen for the JLT:

### **Isaaq - Head Boy**

My name is Isaaq and I am proud to say that I am Head Boy of Nascot Wood Junior School. When I grow up I want to be an investment banker. My favorite subjects are Maths, Science and PE. My hobbies include reading, wrestling and cycling. I have attended this school since Nursery.

I am kind, friendly and reliable, so don't be shy to come to me if you're in need. I will do my best to be a helpful Head Boy for everybody.

### **Vedhaa - Head Girl**

Hello everyone, my name is Vedhaa and I am truly honoured to be your Head Girl at Nascot Wood Junior School. Some of my favourite things to do are art, reading books, trampolining, dancing, and public speaking. At school, I enjoy being part of the Creative Thinking Club, and I am proud and happy to work alongside the Junior Leadership Team. As Head Girl, I want to be someone you can always count on not just to listen and help, but also to cheer you on and celebrate your achievements. If you ever feel worried, need a helping hand, or just want someone to share a smile with, you can always come to me. I am very grateful to my teachers and friends, and I hope to make a positive difference this year by sharing ideas, encouraging kindness, and helping our school continue to shine even brighter. Together, let's make this year the best one yet!

### **Arthur M - Deputy Head Boy**

Hello! My name is Arthur. I am very proud to be the school's Deputy Head Boy! I will try my best to be the best I can for this school. My favourite hobbies are gardening, hockey, writing, running, basketball and video games! When I am older I want to be a pilot. I always dreamed of flying planes! I hope that I can be a good Deputy Head Boy.

### **Hamzah - Deputy Head Boy**

Hi, my name is Hamzah and I am the Deputy Head Boy of Nascot Wood Junior School. My favourite animals are cats, lions, and elephants, and my favourite subjects are Computing, Maths, and P.E. I am currently an orange belt in karate, but I hope to progress through the year. I'm also good at singing and drawing. I am kind, funny, and smart. If you are worried and need someone to talk to, feel free to come to me at Poplar Class. I will always be a good listener. I will make sure to be a great role model for my peers.

### **Megha - Deputy Head Girl**

Hi, my name is Megha and I am from Poplar class. I am truly honoured to be one of the Deputy Head Girls for this academic school year: 2025-2026. I am excited to be your Deputy Head Girl and I am proud to be working alongside the Junior Leadership Team. People often know me as kind, thoughtful and helpful. My interests are stitching, music

and poetry. I enjoy playing the clarinet and piano and my favourite lesson is D.T. I personally believe I will help this school to thrive and flourish more so that this community will always feel welcomed and supported in every way. Together, we will make this school a place that will be known by everyone in an amazing way!

### **Aya - Deputy Head Girl**

Hello, my name is Aya. I am delighted to be part of the JLT this year as Deputy Head Girl. I love exploring new ideas, connecting with people and, of course, chocolate. I am here to support you and to celebrate what makes our school special. What I am most looking forward to is meeting many of you and hearing about what matters to you. I hope to be someone you feel comfortable approaching—whether to share an idea or simply to have a friendly conversation.

### **Tiaana - Nascot News Editor**

Hello, my name is Tiaana and I am very excited to be one of the co-editor for the Nascot Wood Junior School newspaper The Nascot News. My favourite subjects at school are English, PE and Art. I enjoy playing Netball after school. My interests include reading, playing tennis, swimming and learning the piano. I also enjoy going to LAMDA and it has helped me with my Public speaking skills. My favourite meal would have to be a Lamb Ragu whilst watching football!

I am funny, kind and a good listener and enjoy working as part of a team. In my role as Nascot New Editor I am happy to help and encourage other children to contribute to the newspaper so we can all be proud of what we achieve together as a school.

### **Zachary - Nascot News Editor**

Hi, I'm Zachary. As Nascot News Editor, it will be my pleasure to help put together the school's newsletter. I would say I'm a kind and bubbly person who loves getting involved.

My favorite animals (in this order) are: dogs (the cutest fluff balls of all time), wolves (because I like to show my mysterious side) and phoenixes (best school house as well as mythical marvel).

I am very musical and play both the piano and clarinet. At school, I particularly enjoy Maths, Reading, Computing, P.E. and Science. Some of the authors who've turned me into a Level 20 reader are Roald Dahl, Enid Blyton, J.K. Rowling, C.S. Lewis and, more recently, Anthony Horowitz. I am one of those people who will both read a wacky comic on a warm afternoon or curl up with a heart-gripping murder mystery on a cold, dark, winter's day.

Food-wise, nothing beats a steak burger with pickles and fries on the side. And if you're ever having a rough day and need someone to chat to, you'll always find me in Rowan class.

## **The Nascot News Team 2025 - 2026**

We would like to introduce to you the Nascot News Team for 2025-2026

### **Ayush**

Hello! My name is Ayush and I am part of the Nascot News team. I like many things like field hockey and pizza. When I grow up, I am aiming to become a quantum physicist and I have a brother at university. Also, my favorite subjects are P.E and D.T.

### **Hafsa**

Hi! I'm Hafsa and I love cats and wolves. My favorite subjects are art, DT, PE and English. My big dream is to be a biologist or a vet, and I love helping people and animals. My favorite foods are chicken burgers from Honest burger, and my favorite songs are Gabriella and Debut by Katseye. I also love reading (The Heroes of Olympus books are the best) and athletics, mostly running. I look forward to being part of the Nascot news team this year.

### **Harrison**

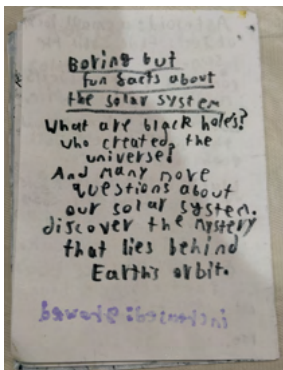
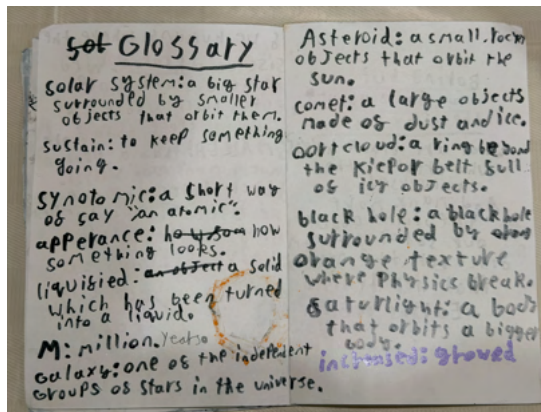
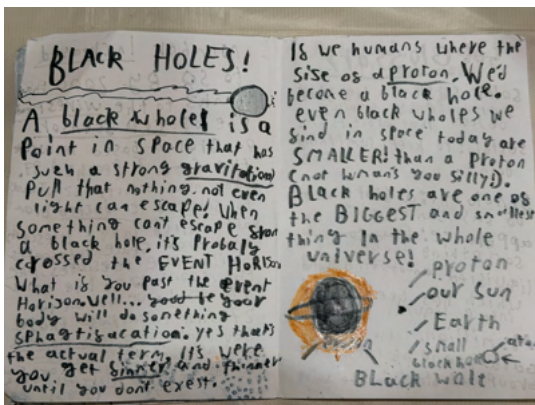
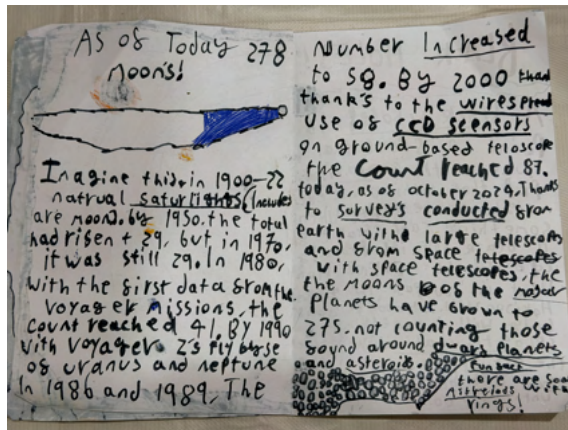
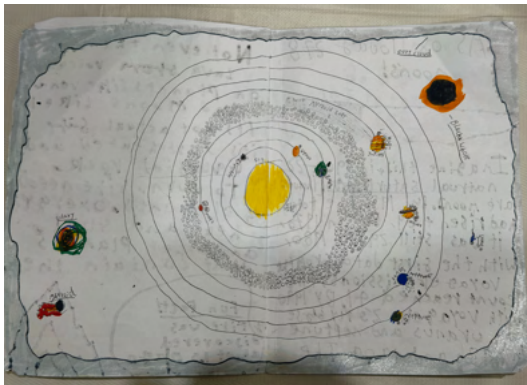
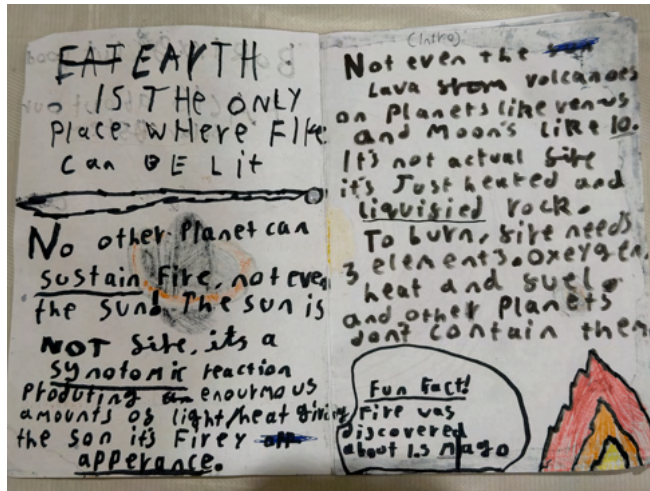
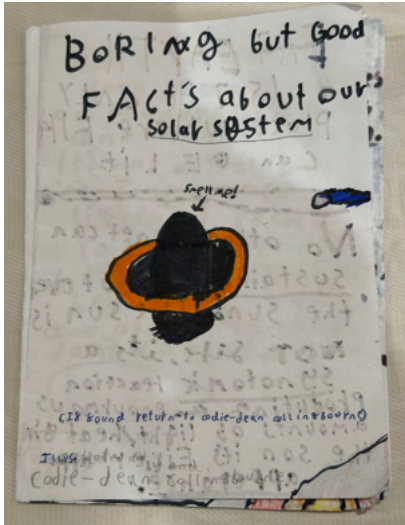
Hi I am Harrison and I am in year 6 Poplar class. I am part of the Nascot News team which creates the termly newspapers. My favourite subjects are Maths and Science. Outside of school I do a wide variety of clubs including hockey, tennis, scouts, orchestra and swimming. I love engineering and when I grow up I want to be an architect. As a member of the news team I want to encourage people to get involved and to promote creative ideas!

### **Thea**

Hi, I'm Thea. I am in the Nascot News. I love cats, dancing and sports. My favourite singers are Kateseye and I am excited to show you the Nascot news. I have 2 cats called Bubbles and Batman.

# FACTS ABOUT OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

By Codie Year 4 Juniper Class



## **HISTORY OF BMW**

By Kiyaan Year 5 Beech Class

BMW became an automobile manufacturer in 1928 when it purchased Fahrzeugfabrik Eisenach, which, at the time, built the Austin 7 under licence from Automobilwerk Eisenach, badged as the Dixi. The first car sold as a BMW was a rebadged Dixi called the BMW 3/15, following BMW's acquisition of the car manufacturer Automobilwerk Eisenach. Throughout the 1930s, BMW expanded its range into sports cars and larger luxury cars.

Aircraft engines, motorcycles, and automobiles would be BMW's main products until World War II. During the war, BMW concentrated on building the BMW 801 aircraft engine using as many as 40,000 slave laborers. These consisted primarily of prisoners from Nazi concentration camps, most prominently Dachau. Motorcycles remained as a side-line and automobile manufacture ceased altogether.

## **SHOULD SOCIAL MEDIA HAVE AN AGE LIMIT?**

By Hashim Year 5 Beech Class

Social media is fun and popular, but it should have an age limit to keep children safe. Apps like TikTok and Instagram can be risky because not everyone online is kind or honest, and younger kids might not know what to do if something scary happens. Social media can also make children feel bad about themselves because people only show the best parts of their lives, and it can be very distracting, taking time away from homework, sleep, and playing outside. It can even feel like it "rots your brain" because endless doom-scrolling makes you stare at videos for too long, and it can make you bad-tempered or grumpy towards your parents. Even though social media can be fun and help you learn new things, it's better for kids to wait until they are older, like 13, before using it. Parents can help by checking what their children watch and teaching them how to be safe online. Our school helps children learn how to be kind and careful on the internet. Because of these reasons, social media should have an age limit so children can grow, learn, and be safe.

## STAY SMART ONLINE! Top Tips for Social Media Safety

By Tayson Year 5 Beech Class

Let's face it—these days, most of us love spending time online. From sharing funny cat videos to chatting with friends, social media can be brilliant fun! But did you know that being safe online is just as important as being safe on the playground?

I've put together the top tips every student should remember to keep their social media experience safe and happy!

### 1. Keep Your Personal Info Secret!

Never share your full name, address, phone number, or school online. Think of personal information as your secret superhero identity—protect it!

### 2. Check Your Privacy Settings

Make sure your profiles are private. This way, only your friends (not strangers!) can see what you post.

### 3. Think Before You Post

Would you want your teacher, your grandma, or your future self to see that post? If not, don't share it! Remember, once something is online, it can be hard to remove.

### 4. Be Kind Online

Treat others with respect, just like you would in real life. Never join in with mean comments or messages—if you see cyberbullying, tell a trusted adult right away.

### 5. Stranger Danger Still Counts!

Never accept friend requests or messages from people you don't know, even if they seem friendly. If someone online makes you feel uncomfortable, block them and talk to an adult.

### 6. Ask Before You Share

Always ask your friends before you share a photo or video of them. It's polite and keeps everyone safe.

### 7. Speak Up!

If you ever feel worried or confused about something online, don't keep it to yourself—talk to your parents, a teacher, or another trusted adult.

### Remember:

Social media is a great way to connect and have fun, but staying safe is always the most important part. Follow these tips, and you'll be a social media superstar—safe, smart, and kind!

## ALL ABOUT DIWALI

By Nyra Year 3 Oak Class

All about Diwali - Festival of Lights 06.11.25

Who celebrates Diwali?


Lots of different religions celebrate Diwali such as Hinduism, Jainism, Sikhism and Buddhism.

Why do Hindus celebrate Diwali?

It's because when Ram and Sita were married, Ram's step-mother had sent Sita, Ram in the forest for fourteen years and the day he comes is Diwali, the whole town lighted lamps to welcome them back. Ram fought with Ravana to bring Sita back. The win of good over evil.

How I celebrated Diwali?

First before Diwali you have to clean your house and give things to charity. On Diwali we wear new clothes that are colourful and bright. We make beautiful patterns called rangolis and lights. We chanted mantras and shlokas together,



I did sparklers with my mum and dad. My parents ordered some yummy food for Diwali. Lots of my friends came over and I went to theirs.

My favourite part of Diwali

My favourite part of Diwali was when I did a lot of sparklers.



## REVIEW OF FLIPOUT

By Jason Year 5 Beech Class

Flipout is an adventure park with lots of trampolines in Watford. It's part of a chain and I also visited Flipout Brent Cross.

It is fun because there is skating, trampolining and obstacle courses and gocarting as well as x-boxes and minecraft and much more.

It is good for birthday parties and to hang out with your friends.

It's not too expensive and worth trying.

The food is pizza, burger and chips. But my favourite is slushy and pizza!

The age to go to Flipout is 4 and over. Adults are welcome.

I hope you find this review helps you to know more about Flipout.



**BOOK REVIEW OF GREGOR THE OVERLANDER**

By Aayan Year 5 Beech Class

Gregor The Overlander is an amazing book! The collection has 5 books and each one tells a different story.

In book number one, there is a boy called Gregor and he has a sister named Boots (her actual name is Margaret but they call her Boots because in the winter, she takes everyone's boots). Gregor and Boots fall through a crack in the wall and go into the underland where there are giant bats and giant rats. They meet these people and they become friends and go on a mission to find Gregor's dad.

My favourite part so far is when they meet the giant rats and they try to take Boots.

I would recommend this book to anyone who likes adventure stories.

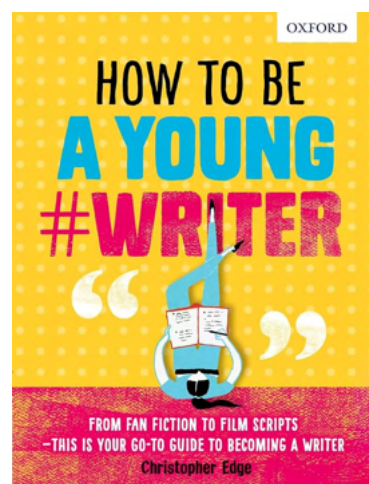
**BOOK REVIEW OF HOW TO BE A YOUNG WRITER BY CHRISTOPHER EDGE**

By Devansh Year 5 Beech Class

Are you trying to write a book? Well, read HOW TO BE A YOUNG WRITER.

The book 'How to be a Young Writer' gives you a step-by-step of how to create a book. From now on if you are struggling to write a book or not getting ideas of storing ideas, that is the right book.

I have it (and I've read it) and it gave me ideas and put me on the right track. It told me how to plan and draft my book (till the final copy).



## THE TERRIFIC HOLIDAY

By Annabel Year 5 Beech Class

Coming towards the entrance of the airport, I feel petrified seeing as I have not got a ticket to Dubai, my heart pounding, my head spinning. As I reach the check in area of my flight I get to the ticket area and start to feel a bit faint. One person left in front of me. What should I do? Finally the lady asked me for my ticket, and as soon as the time came, they called an alarm. My head is full of relief and my heart calms down, for a moment. The airport said it was a false alarm, then I started to panic again. The lady is about to ask me for my ticket again when suddenly the alarm goes off again and this time it is not a false alarm.

I felt another sudden relief and this time it was for real. The only downside to this is that I might not get on my flight. I started to panic AGAIN. What would happen? Would I still get to go on my trip? They told everyone travelling that they can go on and will give their tickets when they get to Dubai. I got on my plane still feeling anxious about everything. I was still thinking about my ticket. I didn't want to be arrested in Dubai. Finally, they told us to put our seats in the upright position and fasten our seatbelts. I got worried because I knew that I would have to give a ticket that I didn't even have. Once everyone had got off the plane, I started to really panic. It was only a few minutes till I would get arrested on holiday. I started to queue up in the line even though (once again) I didn't have a ticket. Once again there was only one person in front of me in line before I got to the check in area, and as expected it was my turn in the line, how lovely. The man asks for my ticket and then I start to freeze. My head starts to spin and my heart pounds again. What am I supposed to do? I have nothing. Security came in dragging a lady that didn't have her ticket and I started to worry because that could be me soon. I started searching through my bag pretending that I had my ticket. He told me that he had said to get the tickets ready, but I said I couldn't hear him at the back. Then I told him that I had dropped it on the floor and I would be right back, and speed away quickly. Instead of going to pretend to pick it up when he wasn't looking I decided to go and buy a ticket. Then when I came back I pretended to pick it up when he was looking. I joined the line and I waited, then I gave in my ticket and had a lovely holiday.

## MY TRIP TO GREECE

By Harrison Year 6 Poplar Class

### Introduction

This thrilling report is about my venture to Greece last half term. It has information about my stay in Greece and my recommendations.

### Day 1

We arrived at Athens airport and took the Greek underground to Piraeus (Greece's main port). When we arrived we went to a Greek gyros restaurant which is basically meat on sticks. Then finally we had ice cream.

### Day 2

We woke up and got on a ferry to an island called Agistri and arrived at the "oasis" hotel. We then swam in the sea for a bit. Did you know that there are over 6000 Greek islands but only 127 are inhabited

### Day 3

Today we camped at our local beach and snorkelled around the entrancing coral reef and saw octopi, fish and crabs. I went in October but the water was still warm and I recommend that you go in the autumn because it is cheap and otherwise it will be too hot.



### Day 4

The next day we hiked to another part of the island and on the way we saw a praying mantis, crickets and lizards. We also stopped for a snorkel at an idyllic remote snorkelling spot where we swam in the clear blue water and watched the fish below.



### Day 5 & 6

On day 5 we travelled back to the mainland to explore Athens and see cool historical sites like the Agora, the Acropolis and the Parthenon. The Agora is a ruin where a once flourishing and blooming market once stood, this 2,600 year old monument also has a pristine greek sewage system. Did you know that the Acropolis is not actually a temple but a fort. The real name for the temple that was stowed away in this mind blowing fort is the Parthenon. The Parthenon was built for Athena the goddess of wisdom. It has 46 outer columns: 8 on the front and back, and 17 on each of the long sides. And did you know that all sides of the parthenon are curved so it gives the optical illusion to the observer that there are no curves this technique is called entasis.



## **REVIEW ON MY TRIP TO MOROCCO**

By Inaaya Year 5 Beech Class

In August my family and I went to Morocco. It was an unforgettable experience and there was so much to do.

On the first day we went for a walk in our local area. We found a family owned restaurant serving local cuisine. We decided to order a chicken tajine which was extremely delicious. After dinner we took a walk back to our hotel and relaxed in the lobby until we decided to go back to our room as we were tired from all the walking.

On the second day we made our way downstairs to relax by the pool and swim. The weather was extremely hot. The hotel was extremely beautiful and the staff were very friendly.

On the third day we went quad biking which was so much fun and we also went camel riding. In the evening we visited the famous square which comes alive at night with singers and snake charmers.

I had an amazing time in Marrakech, Morocco. I highly recommend Marrakesh.

## WONDER

### ECHOES IN GLASS AND MOSS

By Tayson Year 5 Beech class

The air in the abandoned greenhouse hung thick and still, a warm, cloying blanket that smelled of damp earth, rotting leaves, and the faint, sweet decay of forgotten blossoms. Sunlight, fractured by the grimy, warped panes of glass overhead, fell in dusty, slanting shafts, illuminating swirling galaxies of motes that danced in the heavy silence. Below, the cracked terracotta tiles were a mosaic of green and black, moss and mildew creeping up the edges like living lace, swallowing the once-pristine lines. A single, skeletal rosebush, its thorns long since brittle and broken, stood sentinel in the centre, its bare branches clawing at the low, stained ceiling, each twig a dark, accusing finger against the weak light. The silence wasn't empty; it was a held breath, punctuated only by the occasional, hollow *plink* of condensation dripping from a fractured gutter onto a pile of shattered clay pots, a sound that echoed with the finality of a tomb.

Stepping onto the creaking wooden floorboards, the sound was a sharp, protesting cry that seemed to shatter the stillness, making the dust motes jump. The wood was spongy underfoot, warm from the sun trapped within the glass, and carried the faint, gritty residue of centuries of neglect. My fingers brushed against the cold, rough surface of a leaning trellis, its iron rods rusted a deep, flaking brown, like dried blood. A single, stubborn vine, its leaves a sickly yellow-green, clung desperately to the metal, its tendrils thin and brittle, feeling like old, dried rope



beneath my touch. The air tasted faintly metallic, like licking a battery, mixed with the sharp tang of the damp moss. I could almost hear the ghostly rustle of unseen insects scuttling through the thick, decaying leaf litter that carpeted the floor, a sound so faint it might have been the memory of sound itself.

Near the far wall, a large, ornate wooden cabinet stood, its once-glossy finish now dull and scarred, the glass doors cracked in a spiderweb pattern. Inside, a single, dusty glass jar held a single, withered orchid, its petals curled inwards like a dying hand, the vibrant purple faded to a ghostly, papery grey. The label, written in faded, looping script, was illegible, a secret lost to time. The cabinet's drawers were half-open, revealing a chaotic tangle of dried herbs, their colours leached away, and brittle, yellowed seed packets, their contents long since scattered. A single, tarnished brass key lay on the floor beside it, its teeth worn smooth, a forgotten piece of a puzzle no one would ever solve. The entire space felt suspended, caught between the vibrant life it once held and the slow, inevitable embrace of the earth, a place where time had not just passed, but pooled and stagnated, thick as the air itself.

## AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE WATCHING THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

By Niya Year 5 Beech Class

We were given the fantastic opportunity to watch the Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe at the waterside theatre, as our Year five school trip. I would highly recommend children view the show, although children below the age of seven, would probably find it a little frightening .



What I thoroughly enjoyed about the show were the ways in which the different scenes were done; such as the backgrounds, the props and the lighting, to make it look realistic. For example, when Lucy goes through the portal and realises that she was in a different world, this was represented really well, as it looked real. The main thing that caught my eye was for the majority of the time there was someone playing the piano . The pianist was wearing costumes to match the scene. For example, when Lucy, Susan, Edmond and Peter were near the beavers talking to the other animals, the pianist was in a fox costume .



The most memorable part was when the witch got outraged when she heard Aslam was coming back, so her dress connected to something near the ground and she had some strong string that was hard to see. The witch was pulled out of the air and her skirt was so long that it was still touching the floor and she was almost flying.

My favourite character was Aslam and he was represented really well. He was a big clay moving puppet and since it could not talk there was someone voicing it next to it . One thing that scared me was when Muagrim (an actor dressed up with crutches that was customised), his voice would change many times. The last bit that I enjoyed was when they came back at the end they had been gone for years at narnia but when they came back they asked the professor how long they had been away for and he said 26 minutes. These are the reasons that I recommend watching the lion, the witch and the wardrobe at Waterside theatre .



THE YEAR 5 TRIP REVIEW OF  
-THE CHRONICLES OF-  
**NARNIA**

**The lion, the witch, and the wardrobe**

By Tayson Year 5 Beech Class

It was truly an astonishing show with the lights bathed in a soft, glowing light that emanated from the dimly lit area on the side of the wall, casting a warm, inviting glow across the full auditorium. The people had a giant amount of jovialness washing over their faces like the serene waves as the show started.

About the story

"The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe" by C.S. Lewis weaves a magical tale of adventure and transformation. When siblings Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy pass through an old wardrobe, they enter the enchanting land of Narnia—a world gripped by the White Witch's endless winter. With the wise and powerful lion Aslan as their guide, the children are swept into a courageous struggle to break the Witch's spell. Along the way, they encounter fantastical creatures, face betrayal and redemption, and discover the true meaning of bravery and unity. Ultimately, their journey restores hope and warmth to Narnia, making this story a timeless celebration of friendship, sacrifice, and the triumph of good over evil.

Lewis's writing is captivating, filled with vivid descriptions and memorable characters. The themes of bravery, sacrifice, and redemption are woven seamlessly into the narrative, making it both entertaining and thought-provoking. The novel's allegorical elements add depth for older readers, while its enchanting plot and imaginative setting continue to delight younger audiences.

Overall, "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe" remains a must-read for all ages, offering a powerful message about hope and the triumph of good over evil.

How it looked ON STAGE

Stage adaptations of "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe" bring the magical world of Narnia to life in captivating ways. The theatre production typically features enchanting sets that transform the stage into snow-covered forests, the grand castle of the White Witch, and the mystical realm of Aslan. Creative lighting is used to evoke the changing seasons and the eerie beauty of Narnia's endless winter, while costumes vividly distinguish the story's fantastical creatures, from the regal lion Aslan to the menacing White Witch, fauns, beavers, and talking animals.

Puppetry and special effects often play an important role, making Aslan's presence majestic and believable, and turning the magical wardrobe itself into a portal of wonder for the audience. Music and sound effects enhance the atmosphere—building suspense during battles, and awe during moments of transformation. Overall, the theatrical version of “The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe” is a visual and emotional spectacle, immersing viewers in the timeless adventure and wonder of C.S. Lewis's beloved tale.

There were props, and my favourite one is the lion (Aslan), it was so detailed with a golden-like colour and a booming, mighty roar.

How did I feel there?

- Adrenaline gushed through my veins
- I'm feeling absolutely thrilled and over the moon about this wonderful news.
- I'm so ecstatic that I can't stop smiling.
- I'm basking in happiness and feeling completely content with life right now.
- I'm floating on cloud nine, feeling euphoric and completely elated

## HALLOWEEN POEM

By Zayn and Aardarsh Year 5 Elm Class



## FICTIONAL STORY

By Aardarsh Year 5 Elm Class

Before I begin this story, please politely let me remind you that we are currently 190 years into the future. Renowned innovator, Dr Quibble, was just eleven years old when he started showing zeal for concocting. He had been inventing things for at least 75 years now, which was also probably one of the reasons for his prominence for such a long period of time. Upon this unpretentious, self-effacing contriver's face, a smile was always perched without fail. But, Dr Quibble and his brother were evidently choc and cheese.

Mr Tinkertron was a brash, supercilious accountant who was hungry for coins and thirsty for banknotes. His money was being blown away every day after spending on absolutely redundant items. Over the years, he had bought: a waterproof drone which could fly to different countries and come back, a portable fridge which was stuffed with packets of crisps and popcorn for long car drives. Mr Tinkertron never shared with anyone. He probably did not know the definition of sharing. If you asked anyone the definition of selfishness, they would respond, "MR TINKERTRON!"

October 19<sup>th</sup> 2215 (190 years into the future)...

Our story starts when Dr Quibble went for a walk when he saw people in the office paying Dr Tinkertron for the banana-flavoured telephone used for a delectable nibble while on a phone call. Mr Tinkertron had slyly pinched Dr Quibble's idea and sold it for a cheaper price, as if he wanted to sweep every trace of Quibble's genius off the map. Dr Quibble was fuming! He peered into the factory to see all of his ideas and inventions being copied by pork-pie-sized robots. There were probably about one thousand in there. But just then, he saw an invention called the "Fudge Furniture 3000™."

Dr Quibble realised the machine coated furniture with a layer of fudge. The second thing was that the fudge came in loads of different flavours, such as strawberry, blueberry, peppermint, liquorice, and even out-of-date lemon! Then he had an idea!

What if he made the "Chocolate Furniture 3000™"? Wouldn't he be the king of inventions again? He would burst with laughter like a bubbling kettle when he saw the scowl on Mr Tinkertron's face.

October passed like a leaf in the wind, November became as cold as a freezer, and finally, on the 1st of January, his creation was ready. A grin appeared on Dr Quibble's face as he screwed the final rubber into the legs of the chair.

February passed by, and Mr Tinkertron was urgent. He could only watch Dr Quibble's robots create thousands of chocolate-coated chairs, tables, and cupboards. Eventually, Mr Tinkertron decided to close his factory for the next decade.

Thanks to the Chocolate Furniture 3000™, Dr Quibble would be able to live the best inventor's life until 2164 — as happy as a cat with a bowl of cream. Orders poured in faster than raindrops in a thunderstorm. People across the world wanted chocolate sofas, fudge footstools, and peppermint desks. Even Queen Elizabeth IV sent him a letter sealed with gold, requesting a throne sprinkled with caramel flakes.

Dr Quibble's fame spread like jam on hot toast. Reporters flocked to his door, flashing cameras that twinkled like tiny stars—but one misty morning, as pale as porridge, Dr Quibble noticed something strange. His robots

were slowing down — their gears whirred sluggishly, like snails in syrup. The fudge from Mr Tinkertron’s old factory had somehow leaked into his chocolate supply! Dr Quibble scratched his head. “Oh dear,” he muttered, “it seems my success is melting faster than ice cream in the sun!”

He rushed to his workbench, tinkering with wires, bolts, and cocoa pumps until sparks flew like fireflies in the dark. Hours passed. The workshop was filled with the aroma of roasted cocoa and the sizzle of metal. Finally, he pulled a lever with trembling hands, and—BANG!

Out came a new invention: the “Everlasting Furniture 4000™” — furniture that could repair itself and never melt, no matter how warm the day or how greedy the guest!

The End



## SHORT STORY

By Zachary Year 6 Rowan Class

### Pirates of the schola isles.

Down the ship went the unsuspecting Jim, hoping not to get caught for the crime he was committing. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a flicker of a person. Was it her? The wretched pirate queen Mrs Blakbeard (she didn't have a beard though)!!!

What was he supposed to do now? He certainly didn't want to walk the plank. He had to get away fast. She was known for a sharp eye and an even sharper attack. If he was found, she would either give him detentio or take him to the princeps, and worse, tell Jim's crew...

He needed Philip the cabin boy, or should I say cabin *man*. Philip would always have his back, mostly because Jim once diligently took Philip's head out of his mop.

After a loooooong while, Jim realised that if he stood still, he would be spotted quickly (not like a cheetah). People were circling around the main deck. It was time for the princeps' talk.

The princeps talk was known for boring talks where those who survived were lucky. He had a special way of boring kids so that they unleash their worst selves.

One second later, Mrs Blakbeard was over him, like a knife on his neck, and Jim thought she was about to attack him but...

-----

“Mr Wallhog, where is your hall pass? Don't have it I suppose?” she growled with utter disgust.

-----

Oh, no. She would kill him. Would she?

### Glossary

- schola=school in latin
- detentio=detention in latin
- princeps=principal in latin
- Jim's crew=his family
- princeps' talk=assembly

**Isabel . . .**

Short Story by Arabella Year 6 Rowan Class

**Part 1****Part One: London, Posters, and a Party**

Once upon a time in a land called London— no, wait! That’s the wrong opening line for a mystery, let me start again.

In London there are shiny shops. In London there are theatres. In London there are tourists who stop in the middle of the pavement and make everyone behind them bump into each other. But in one part of Central London, there is something else.

Disappearances.

Not the sort where someone vanishes forever. Not the sort you see on the news with sad music. The sort where a child is in their bedroom at night... and in the morning, their bed is empty and the window is open a crack, as if someone has been very careful not to make a sound.

Sometimes there is a note. Sometimes there isn’t.

Either way, parents were worried sick.

Most parents.

But not all.

The von Finck Family.

Märkus von Finck was famous. Very famous. The sort of famous where people pretend not to stare and then stare anyway.

People said he was so rich he could buy a whole train. People also said he donated mountains of money to charities in Germany, where he was from—though no one could ever remember the name of the charity. Märkus smiled politely whenever anyone asked, and that usually made them stop asking.

He lived in a massive house—massive enough that you could lose a sock and never see it again.

Usually, only three people lived there:

Märkus von Finck, who wore suits that looked like they had never met a crease.

Juliana von Finck, sixteen, confident, dramatic, and sure the world was a stage and she was the star.

Isabel von Finck, fourteen, kind, clever, and the sort of girl who noticed tiny details that everyone else missed.

They also had a dog.

A brown-and-white border collie called Conker, who believed his true job in life was to patrol the kitchen and ensure nobody ate without sharing.

Isabel looked like Märkus—light skin, blue eyes, straight blonde hair—while Juliana looked nothing like either of them: brown eyes and wavy black hair. At school, Juliana was famous for being admired by everyone... except the one person she admired most.

His name was Florian.

Isabel liked reminding Juliana about that.

A Boarding School Holiday

The girls went to Birchwood Academy, a boarding school, and they were home for the Christmas holidays.

Isabel's best friend, Savannah Ahmadou, was staying at the von Finck house—along with Savannah's younger brother, Axel, because Savannah's parents had gone away.

Savannah was smart, funny, and could complain for Britain. (Possibly for the whole world.) Axel was younger and had a special talent: moaning. She also had an older sister, Kamala, who was also Julianna's best friend.

"I'm hungry."

"You're always hungry," Savannah told him. "That's what being at someone else's house does."

"It does not!" Axel said loudly.

"It does."

Isabel was used to chaos. She just didn't like mysteries.

And lately, everything around Märkus felt like a mystery.

Märkus claimed he was a lawyer, but Isabel never saw him doing lawyer things. He did a lot of... office things. Quiet phone calls. Documents he hid when anyone walked in. And once, Isabel had heard him saying, in a voice like ice:

"No more mistakes."

She tried not to think about it.

Then came the party.

## **Part Two: Invitations, Arguments, and Pizza**

On the eve of the party, Isabel and Savannah were sprawled on Isabel's bed, planning invites while Conker tried to wedge himself between them like a furry cushion.

"I think Emilia can come," Savannah said, tapping her phone. "But not Teresa. Her parents won't let her, and also she's so annoying."

"Fair," Isabel said. "Violet and Charlotte should come. They're our friends. Florence too. What about Emily?"

"Yeah, sure." Savannah's eyes went dreamy for half a second. "Oh, how I wish Ethan could come."

Isabel rolled her eyes. "I still don't see what you see in him. But who actually is cute? Lucas."

Conker chose that moment to bounce onto the bed.

“Hi, Conker!” Isabel said in baby-talk. “You’re so cute, yes you are!”

Savannah snorted. “Are you going to ask your dog to prom?”

Isabel poked her. “Stop. Lucas is my boyfriend, not Conker.”

Savannah sighed theatrically. “You’re lucky. Everyone wants Lucas. He’s smart, funny, and he doesn’t act like his brain fell out.”

“That’s a very high standard,” Isabel said.

Just then, Juliana and Kamala strode into the room as if they owned it.

Isabel’s smile disappeared.

“Oh come on,” Isabel said. “What are you doing here?”

“Trying to have a peaceful conversation, little sister,” Juliana replied.

“Don’t call me that. And with whom?” Isabel added sweetly. “Your imaginary friend who will never like you—Florian?”

Juliana froze. “How did you know—”

“You say his name in your sleep,” Isabel said. “Quite loudly actually.”

Juliana lunged.

There was wrestling. There was squealing. There was Conker barking like he was refereeing.

Then Märkus appeared in the doorway.

“WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?” he boomed.

Juliana scrambled up. “Sorry, Dad.”

“Apologise to your sister.”

Juliana cleared her throat. “Isabel, I’m very sorry that you are so annoying and that nobody likes you.”

“Juliana!” Märkus snapped.

Isabel, still half squashed into a cushion, smiled innocently. “It’s fine, Father. I have something to say too.”

Juliana glared.

“I’m sorry you’re such a weirdo,” Isabel continued, still smiling, “and that Florian will never like you and that he—”

“ISABEL.” Märkus’ voice was calm, but there was a sharp edge to it.

“What?” Isabel said. “She started it.”

Axel burst in at exactly the wrong moment.

“I’m hungry! Where do you keep the food? Why isn’t it in the kitchen?”

Savannah groaned. “Axel. Please. Not now.”

“I want food and I want it now!”

Märkus’ face softened instantly. “Come,” he said in a gentle voice. “I shall show you.”

Isabel watched him.

He could be kind.

Or he could be very good at pretending.

### The Pick-Up Problem

Later, invitations were sent. The party was happening.

Then Isabel remembered something.

“Charlotte and Emily can’t get here easily,” she said. “Their parents don’t drive.”

Savannah nodded. “We could ask your dad to pick them up.”

Isabel blinked. “My dad?”

Savannah did her best pleading face. “Your dad.”

So they called down the stairs.

“DAD!” Isabel shouted.

Märkus appeared a minute later, smoothing his sleeve like he’d been waiting to be summoned.

“You need to pick up Emily and Charlotte,” Isabel announced.

“Nope,” Märkus said pleasantly.

Isabel and Savannah exchanged a glance.

“Father,” Isabel said, dragging the word into a long ribbon, “could you pleeeeeeease pick up Emily and Charlotte at around six o’clock, pleeeeeeease?”

Savannah joined in with extra pleases.

Märkus paused, as if calculating something nobody else could see.

“Very well,” he said. “What are their addresses?”

Isabel gave directions with so much confidence you’d think she’d been born holding a map.

By 5:45, Märkus had left.

Isabel told herself it was normal.

But it still felt strange.

A man like Märkus did not do favours.

Unless he wanted something.

### Pizza and a Plan

At seven, the doorbell rang.

“Who ordered pizza?” called the delivery person.

“I did!” shouted Isabel.

“I did!” shouted Juliana.

The delivery person didn’t even look surprised. “Eight pizzas. That’ll be sixteen pounds fifty.”

Isabel and Juliana paid at the same time, like they’d suddenly remembered they were sisters.

“Have a good party!” the delivery person said.

“Woof!” Conker agreed.

When the guests arrived, Isabel decided to do something she called The Register, which made everything feel official, like a secret club.

“Charlotte?”

“Yes.”

“Emilia?”

“Yes.”

“Emily?”

“Yes.”

“Florence?”

“Yes.”

“Savannah?”

“Yes.”

“Violet?”

A door opened and closed.

“Violet?” Isabel repeated.

“Yeah,” Violet said, appearing with a grin. “Sorry I’m late.”

“Excellent,” Isabel declared. “Now. Pyjamas?”

“Yes.” “Yep.” “Yeah.” “Of course.”

Violet folded her arms. “No.”

Everyone stared.

“Only joking,” Violet added quickly.

Isabel clapped once. “Right. Plan time. We join the older ones downstairs for a bit, then we quietly disappear into the kitchen for snacks. After that, we split into rooms and have our own party. Nobody panics, nobody squeals, and nobody—”

Axel’s voice echoed from somewhere else in the house.

“WHERE’S THE CHOCOLATE?”

Isabel sighed. “—moans.”

Savannah laughed. “Good luck.”

### **Part Three: The Basement Door**

The party downstairs was loud. Juliana had the kind of music that made the floor vibrate.

Isabel and her friends did their best I am definitely enjoying being here faces.

Then, one by one, they slipped away.

Kitchen raided? Yes.

Snacks secured? Yes.

Cake for Isabel’s upcoming birthday hidden safely? Yes.

Conker tried to follow, but Isabel pointed at him sternly.

“Stay,” she whispered.

Conker sat, looking personally betrayed.

Upstairs, they all squeezed into Juliana’s room, which was ridiculously tidy.

“Wow,” Violet whispered. “Juliana’s room looks like it’s been ironed.”

“Shh!” Isabel hissed, laughing.

Florence, who was brave and sensible (and therefore often ignored), frowned.

“Does anyone else feel like this house is... odd?” she asked quietly.

Savannah shrugged. “It’s just rich-person odd.”

“No,” Florence said. “Not that. More like... secret odd.”

Isabel felt a twist in her stomach.

Because she knew what Florence meant.

Märkus’ office was always locked.

The basement door was always locked.

And every now and then, late at night, Isabel would hear footsteps on the stairs when everyone else was asleep.

Footsteps that did not sound like Conker.

Violet suddenly stood up. “I need the bathroom,” she announced. “Also, I’m going to find more crisps because I’m basically doing charity work for all of you.”

“That’s not what charity means,” Isabel said.

Violet winked and slipped out.

Minutes passed.

Then more minutes.

“Violet?” Isabel called softly.

No answer.

“Maybe she got caught by Juliana,” Savannah whispered.

“Or Axel,” Emilia muttered. “He’d steal crisps from a baby.”

Isabel stood. “I’m going to check.”

Florence grabbed her sleeve. “Don’t go alone.”

So Florence went too.

They crept through the hallway, listening.

Downstairs was still loud.

Upstairs was quiet.

Too quiet.

They reached the top of the basement stairs.

The basement door—normally closed—was slightly open.

Isabel stopped breathing.

“Violet?” she whispered.

A faint sound came from below.

Not a scream.

Not crying.

More like... a muffled tap tap tap, as if someone was knocking on wood.

Florence’s eyes widened.

Isabel stepped forward, pushing the door gently.

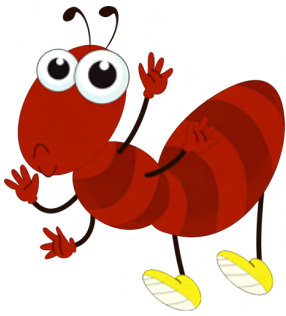
It opened with a long creak.  
The basement lights were off.  
The air smelled damp, like old cardboard and washing powder.  
Isabel reached for the switch.  
Before she could flick it—  
CLICK.  
The basement door slammed shut behind them.  
Isabel spun around and tried the handle.  
Locked.  
Florence pressed her ear to the door. “Someone’s out there.”  
Isabel’s heart hammered.  
From the darkness below, the tapping sound came again.  
Tap. Tap. Tap.  
As if someone was sending a message.  
And then, very softly, a voice whispered from the shadows:  
“Isabel? Is that you?”  
Isabel swallowed.  
It sounded like Violet.  
But it also sounded... different.  
Like Violet was trying not to let anyone hear her.  
Isabel forced her voice to stay steady.  
“Yes,” she said. “It’s me.”  
There was a pause.  
Then the voice said:  
“Don’t trust the note.”  
Isabel’s stomach flipped.  
“What note?” she whispered.  
Something slid across the floor and bumped into Isabel’s shoe.  
She crouched and felt around.  
Paper.  
A folded piece of paper.  
Isabel held it tightly and looked up into the dark.  
Above them, footsteps moved away.  
And in the distance, from somewhere upstairs, Isabel heard Conker bark—once, twice, then three times—like an alarm.

**To Be Continued...**

*Stay tuned for Part Two in the next edition of the Nascot News!*

## INSECTS POEM

By Sakina Year 4 Juniper Class



Ants are all together  
Gathering food for almost forever

Butterflies are fluttering around

Without making a sound

Bees are collecting nectar

The queen wanting them to go sector by sector

Millipedes are fast indeed

But they don't eat any seeds

Flies are going through open windows

Whilst the soft evening breeze gently flows

Spiders are weaving webs

And no one interrupts their threads

Beetles live in a dark place

So they have their own personal space

Mosquitoes like sucking blood

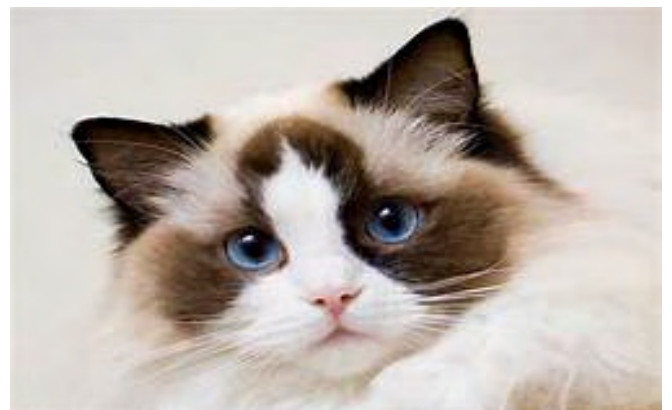
After the rain, they come out in a flood.



## ALL ABOUT NATURE

By Waniya, Aditi and Jazzebah Year 5 Elm Class

Nature is a creation  
Along with celebration,  
This party never gets old  
Because nature is bright and bold,  
Birds get born in the trees  
Chirping on the branches they swayed in the breeze,  
Holding ice cubes and freeze,  
Turtles getting stuck in nets and we try to rescue them,  
Roots of the trees grows long but nothing ever gets old,  
Helping nature everywhere there's no time to spare.



## A LONG ASSEMBLY

By Zachary Year 6 Rowan Class

This poem takes place in the hall of a, lifeless, brick school where assemblies are torture (unlike ours).  
*Disclaimer: this poem is not meant to cause harm and/or offence to teachers/students as it is not based on our school.*

*In the cold musty room,  
Feeling bored in the gloom,  
Lie children in the projector light,  
Bored, to the point of fright.*

*The large glass windows are fully shut down,  
And upon the grey teachers they angrily frown.  
Sad children from years three to six,  
Feel like running away, stopped by a wall of bricks.*

*As the assembly goes on and on,  
Kids hope they can be gone.  
They make excuses to get out  
They even try their best to pout.*

*But it is to no avail,  
As all the teachers never fail.  
They can always spot a faker,  
And suitably punish the risk-taker.*

*After the assembly the children survive,  
Somehow all of them are alive!  
Even though they should have fainted,  
But still their faces are green-ly tainted!*

## **NATURE'S PARADISE**

By Megha Year 6 Poplar Class

The grass is green

The flowers are blue

The wind is blowing gently past you

The leaves are lush

The trees are strong

What can I hear?

Oh, it's a birdsong

Nature's paradise is splendid I see

But nothing is as beautiful as that big blossom tree

So now I say that nature is divine

Go out and enjoy this amazing sunshine



## THE ELEPHANT

Written & illustrated by Vedhaa Year 6 Poplar Class

Amidst the woods,  
Where the tall trees rise,  
An animal - brave and good  
Walks, stride by stride.

An ancient friend,  
As old as time,  
With memory sharp  
As flint in prime.

This gentle giant,  
With trunk so strong,  
Sways to a rhythm,  
A silent song.

Coarse grey skin  
Woven of old tales  
And ears that billow  
Like splendid sails.

With eyes that shine  
Brimming with stars



And age-old wisdom  
Seen near and far.

They tower above all  
The jungle's own lords  
With ivory tusks  
Glistening like swords.

And trunks that trumpet  
Like a parade fanfare  
Triumphant and bold  
As they fill the air.

That travel together  
A procession of grey  
Standing out – majestic  
Against the fray.

Graceful and proud,  
It roams the land  
The true rulers of earth  
Both gentle and grand.

## WHY NOISE

By Zachary Year 6 Rowan Class

*This nonsense poem is about a place where kids make noise over (you guessed it) NONSENSE!*

Why is there so much noise you ask?  
Well the answer to that is simple.  
The children downstairs are making a racket  
Because Jimbob, there, has a great pimple!

Why is there so much noise you wonder?  
Well that is an easy question.  
Girl 1 and 2 and 3 and 4,  
Have a really horrible digestion!

on.What is that racket you have to query?  
Well I have a simple solution  
Old Martha got dirty with mud and cried.  
I don't think she has gone through evolution!

Oh my, that is quite the noise.  
Well I know where it came from.  
The small brain of a nasty child,  
Was exploded like a broken drum!

The weird children are the most amount of hassle,  
Yet the fools can count to ten.  
So why do they all waste their time  
Attacking all the big, fat hens?!

What a great noise you say,  
Well I tell you I agree.  
But the explanation is  
Someone popped a stinky!

Dear me that is quite the smell  
It is most obnoxiously tainted.  
I truly hope that no one's gone  
And fallen down and fainted!

## RIDDLES

By Satvika Year 5 Elm Class

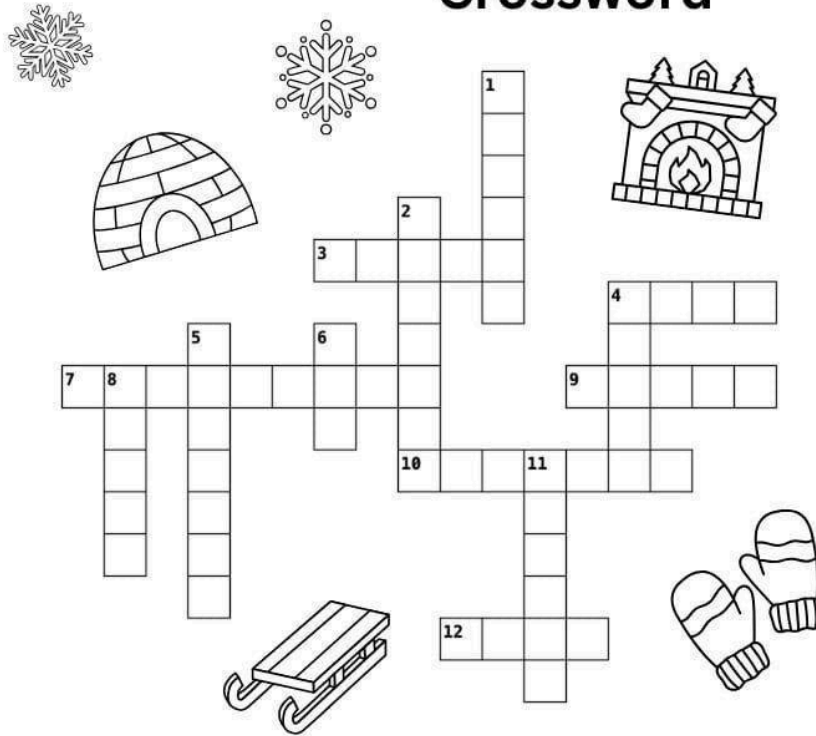
1. A blind girl lost her keys, her cat and her car, what did she lose first?
2. I am something that no man ever did see, I never was but am always to be, what am I?
3. The more I appear the less you see, what am I?
4. You see me once in June, twice in November but not at all in May, what am I?
5. I am a bird, a fruit and a person, what am I?
6. What goes in the water black but comes out red?
7. What has teeth but no mouth?
8. What can be opened but not closed?
9. What do you break the moment you name it?
10. What has words, yet never speaks?
11. What did the ocean say to the sand?
12. What is the quickest way to double your money?

Put it in front of a mirror	12
Nothing, just waved	11
A book	10
Silence	9
Ann egg	8
A saw	7
A lobster	6
Kiwi	5
The letter 'E'	4
The darkness	3
Tomorrow	2
Her eyesight	1

CROSSWORD

Contributed by Aliabbas Year 4 Willow Class

WINTER  
Crossword



Across

- 3. The color of snow
- 4. Opposite of hot
- 7. You might sit next to this to warm up or to roast marshmallows
- 9. A piece of fabric you wrap around your neck to stay warm
- 10. A round person made of snow
- 12. Something you sit on while riding down a hill in the snow

Down

- 1. Shoes you wear on ice with a sharp blade on the bottom, Ice \_\_\_\_\_
- 2. Things you wear on your hands in the winter
- 4. A popular hot chocolatey drink in winter
- 5. A bird that can't fly, but loves the ice
- 6. Something to keep your head warm
- 8. A house made of blocks of ice
- 11. The coldest season

Answers on the next page

# WINTER

## Crossword

The crossword puzzle grid is filled with the following words:

- 1 Down: S K A T E
- 2 Down: M I T T E N
- 3 Across: W H I T E
- 4 Across: H O T C H O C O L A T E
- 5 Down: P O P
- 6 Down: H A T
- 7 Across: I G L O O
- 8 Across: I C E P L A C E
- 9 Across: S C A R F
- 10 Down: S N O W M A N
- 11 Down: I N
- 12 Across: S L E D

**Across**

- The color of snow
- Opposite of hot
- You might sit next to this to warm up or to roast marshmallows
- A piece of fabric you wrap around your neck to stay warm
- A round person made of snow
- Something you sit on while riding down a hill in the snow

**Down**

- Shoes you wear on ice with a sharp blade on the bottom, Ice \_\_\_\_\_
- Things you wear on your hands in the winter
- A popular hot chocolatey drink in winter
- A bird that can't fly, but loves the ice
- Something to keep your head warm
- A house made of blocks of ice
- The coldest season



# CHRISTMAS WORDSEARCH

By Hafsa Year 6 Poplar Class



## Rules:

The goal is to find all the words from the word bank in the grid below. Good luck!

S	L	E	I	G	H	X	Z	F	G	S
x	H	M	K	G	S	C	H	R	I	N
B	A	U	B	L	E	R	B	M	W	O
X	E	L	F	J	B	E	U	X	T	W
T	I	N	S	E	L	I	S	T	S	F
K	P	D	D	U	C	N	J	U	A	L
R	D	R	F	K	S	D	K	R	A	A
O	S	B	E	H	I	E	H	K	S	K
D	G	E	C	S	T	E	E	E	A	E
S	M	T	C	B	E	R	F	Y	N	O
S	T	O	C	K	I	N	G	X	T	N
B	S	C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S
H	K	S	N	O	W	M	A	N	K	W

### Word bank:

Santa  
Bauble  
Tinsel

Christmas  
Turkey  
Elf

Present  
Snowflake  
Snowman

Stockings  
Sleigh  
Reindeer



# CHRISTMAS WORDSEARCH

By Thea Year 6 Rowan class

Have a go at finding these words:

CHRISTMAS  
XMAS  
HOT CHOCO  
EGGNOG

SANTA  
ANGEL  
GRINCH

X	M	A	S	J	Y	D	R	S	B	X	Y
C	Q	I	G	Y	H	T	W	S	L	R	Y
R	H	H	L	H	O	T	C	H	O	C	O
F	S	R	J	Y	U	H	R	E	Q	H	G
D	N	U	I	P	F	J	Q	W	H	L	Z
M	L	P	D	S	T	C	J	Q	E	S	Z
C	A	K	W	R	T	X	J	L	A	A	P
N	N	X	M	A	Z	M	O	H	M	N	L
R	G	L	E	G	G	N	A	H	O	T	K
U	E	U	H	R	E	Q	L	S	O	A	J
I	L	H	L	Z	I	N	C	S	J	Y	D
L	E	G	G	N	O	G	U	H	R	E	Q
W	S	L	R	Y	S	R	J	Y	U	F	J
X	A	R	W	L	G	R	I	N	C	H	L

## HOMEMADE BUNNY RABBIT

By Oluwatomi Year 3 Oak Class



### HOW TO MAKE A TOY BUNNY RABBIT OUT OF EVERYDAY ITEMS



1. Wrap paper around the bottle for



Cut two triangles from the paper



Stick the ears on the bunny



Colour the triangles for the bunny's ears



Draw a face and paws



Tie fabric or ribbon round its neck



Decorate the pot with felt-tip pens



Put the bunny in the pot



Give your bunny a name - I call mine

How to Make a Toy Bunny Rabbit out of Everyday Items. You will need

1. Plain paper
2. A small bottle
3. A pair of scissors
4. Various colours of felt tip pens
5. Fabric/Ribbon of any colour you want
6. A small plastic pot

Step 1 – Wrap the paper around the small bottle to make the body of the bunny rabbit

Step 2 – Cut out two small triangles on another piece of paper

Step 3 – Colour in a bit of the triangles to make the inside of the bunny's ears

Step 4 – Stick the ears on the body of the bunny rabbit

Step 5 – Draw a face and some paws on the bunny rabbit

Step 6 – Wrap the fabric/ribbon around the bunny rabbit's neck

Step 7 – Use the felt tip pens to decorate the pot

Step 8 – Put the bunny rabbit inside the pot and find a place to keep it

Step 9 – Finally give the bunny rabbit a name ...I call mine **Kiki**

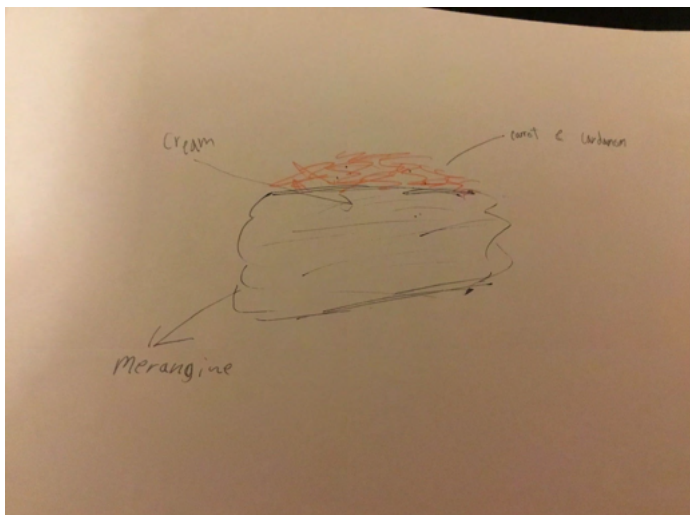
We would love to see your home made bunny rabbits, send us a photo and we can include it in the next edition

## CASSIE'S AUTUMN PAVLOVA - GLUTEN FREE

By Cassie - Year 6 Rowan Class

This bake is the perfect twist on the original pavlova, with carrot and cardamom, it gives you that warm feeling, It's what inspires me to bake!

<p>6 Large egg whites 1 pinch of salt 325g caster Sugar 1tsp vanilla paste or extract 3tsp Cornflour 400ml double cream 1tbsp icing sugar 100g carrots - grated 4 cardamom pods (green)</p> <p>The Bake in Theory</p>	<p>Preheat the oven to 170 degrees. Get a plate and draw around it on a piece of baking paper this is your template</p> <p>Mix the egg whites with the salt until stiff peaks in a stand mixer-if you do not have one don't do this recipe. Then add the caster sugar 2tbsp at a time, then add the vanilla and cornflour and whisk for 1 minute</p> <p>Spoon the mix onto the template and with a spoon make it torpedo-y</p> <p>Reduce the temperature to 100 and bake for 1h 30m DO NOT OPEN THE OVEN, LEAVE FOR AT LEAST ONE HOUR</p> <p>Whip the double cream, icing sugar and two cardamom pods till creamy</p> <p>Put the meringue down onto the serving plate along with the cream &amp; carrots, then sprinkle the last two cardamom pods.</p> <p>DONE!</p>
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Drawing of what it should look like at the end.

*If you try this at home then send us a photo and we can include it in the next edition*

# JOKES

*Thank you to everyone who has sent in some jokes, we have included some here for you in this edition!*

## *Ready for a laugh?*

Q. Why can't pirates say the alphabet?

A. *Because they always get lost at C!*

Q. Why did the cow cross the road?

A. *To get to the udder side!*

By Connor Year 4 Juniper Class

1. How do you make holy water? *You boil the hell out of it.*
2. Why did the tomato blush? *Because it saw the salad dressing.*
3. What do you call a boomerang that won't come back? *A stick.*
4. Why did the skeleton not go to the dance? *Because he had no body to go with.*
5. How does a scientist freshen her breath? *With experi-mints.*
6. What kind of athlete is most like a spider? *A baseball player, they both catch flies!*

By Aidan Year 5 Elm Class

## What do you call a body without a nose? *nobody knows*

By Enis Year 6 Rowan Class

Why did the mushroom go to the party?

*Because he was a fun guy.*

Have you heard the butter joke?

*Don't spread it.*

Why did the raisin go out with the prune?

*Because she couldn't find a date.*

What do you get when 2 strawberries meet?

*A strawberry shake.*

Why did the banana go to the doctor?

*It wasn't peeling very well.*

Why did the priest like swiss cheese?

*It was hole-y.*

Why are sausages rude?

*Because they spit when you fry them.*

Why do the French eat snails?

*Because they don't like fast food.*

What happens when you sit on a grape?

*It gives a little whine.*

How do you make a strawberry shake?

*Take it to watch a scary movie.*

Why did the baby raspberry cry?

*His parents were in a jam.*

What's brown, hairy and wears sunglasses?

*A coconut on holiday in Morocco.*

What did the mayonnaise say to the fridge?

*Shut the door, I'm dressing!*

What did the mayonnaise say to the fridge?

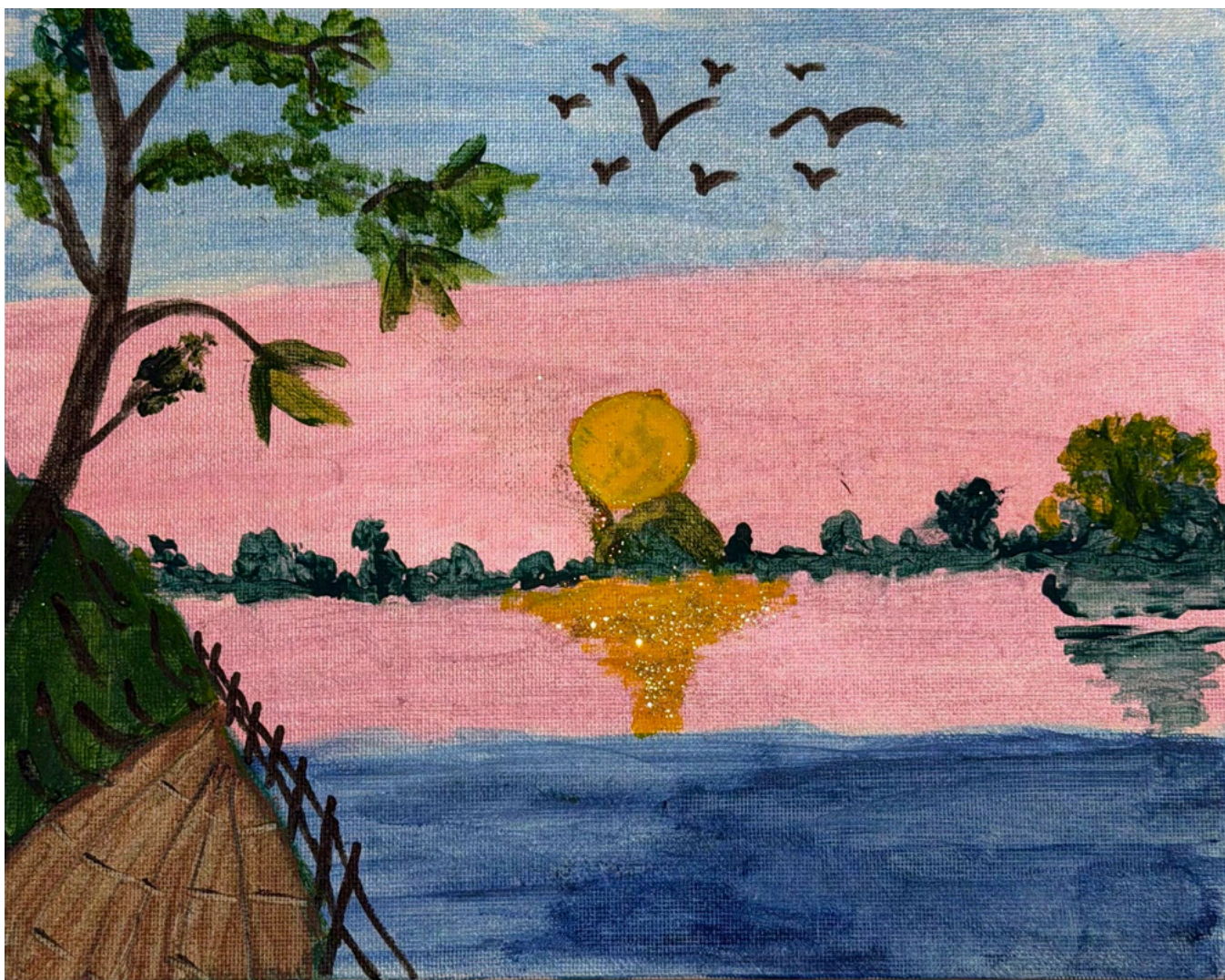
*Shut the door, I'm dressing!*

By Arabella Year 6 Rowan Class

# ART COMPETITION

Thank you to all the children who have submitted an entry for the art competition. We are pleased to share the entries as well as the winners.

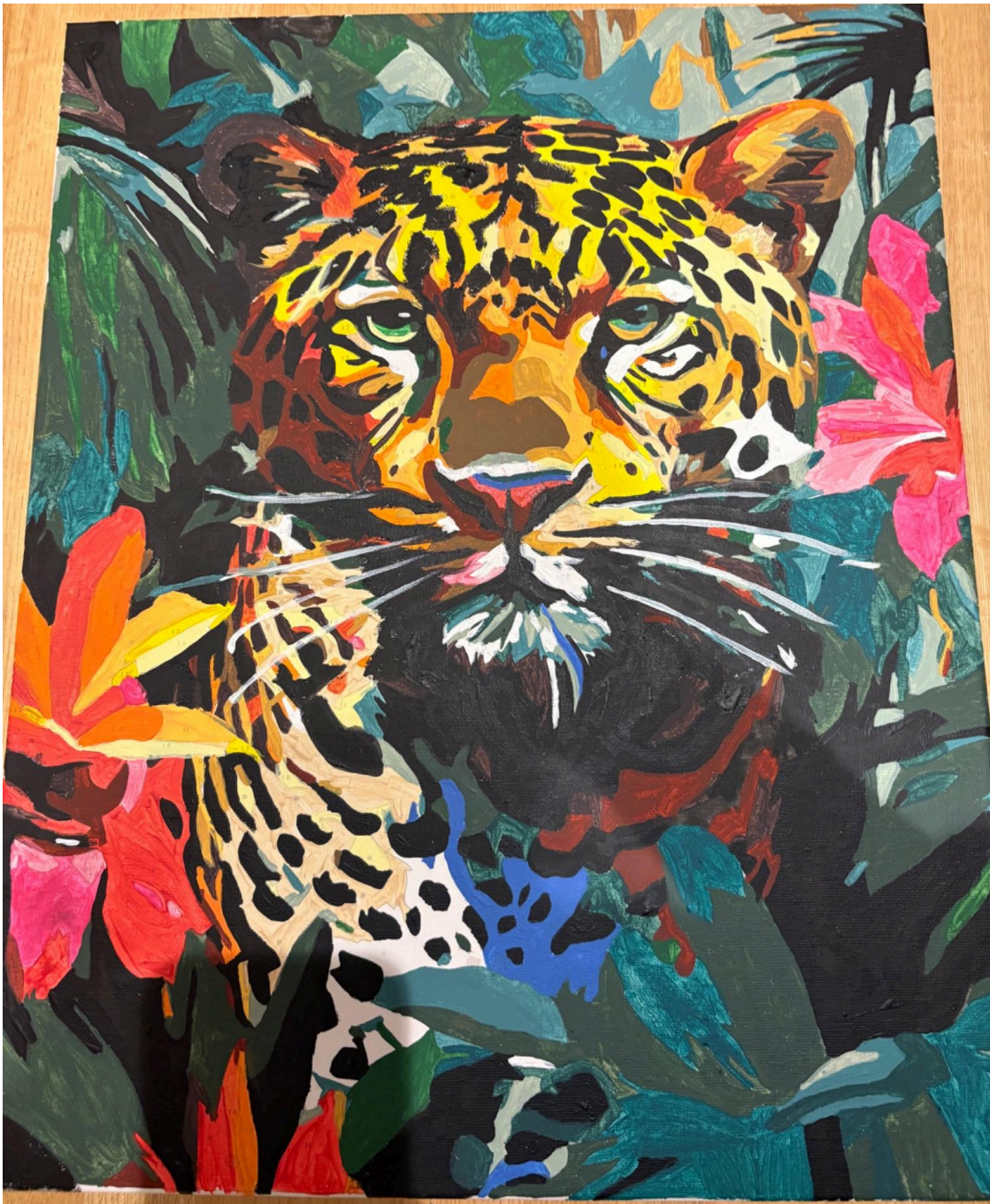
**1st place** - By Harini Year 3 Oak Class - 30 house points awarded



**2nd place** - By Annabel Year 5 Beech Class - 20 house points awarded



**3rd place** - By Sonny Year 4 Willow Class - 10 house points awarded



Well done to the other children who entered - all will receive 3 house for their entry



yazaan W



By Maria Year 3 Holly Class

By Yazaan Year 3 Holly Class



By Aliabbas Year 4 Willow Class



By Zoraiz Year 5 Elm Class

We hope you have enjoyed this edition of the Nascot News, we can't wait to get started on the next one in the new year!

All that's left for us to say is.....

*Wishing all the staff, children  
and the families of Nascot  
Wood Junior School a very  
Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year*

*From The Nascot News Team*