



# Shelf Care English Society

Reading Recommendations - Creative Writing - Passion



**NEW YEAR, NEW BOOKS!**

**YOU'RE  
SIMPLY THE  
BEST!**

Student Submissions!

**SHARE. SHARE. SHARE!**



Pancakes aren't the only things that are hot out of the pan this month but, just like pancakes, your writing is better shared and piping hot! A review? Piece of creative writing? A response to our monthly theme? Whatever your heart desires, you can deliver it. Send it to your teacher now!

**LOVE IS IN THE AIR**

Welcome to February, where love has been in the air since Christmas decorations left the shelves. We've stopped to reflect on the books, the authors, the pieces of literature we can't help but love. We're asking you to share in the same! What books do you love? Ones you always go back to? Maybe ones that you fall in love with time and time again? Do share them with us, that could be our Valentine read!

**BOOKS ARE MY  
VALENTINE!**

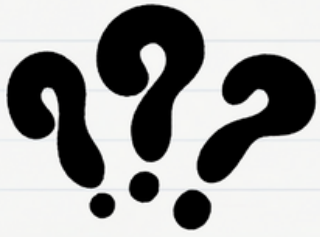
Celebrate your love for literature!

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# Shelf Care

English Society

February



OUR THEME OF THE MONTH IS:

## WHAT IF?

THE DEPARTMENT CHALLENGES YOU TO SUBMIT A REVIEW OF A BOOK/FILM THAT HAD THE BEST CLIFFHANGER

-OR-

WRITE A STORY BASED ON THE PROMPT/TITLE: WHAT IF?

FRIDAY 15TH  
MARCH!

**SUBMIT**

WHAT IF DINOSAURS WERE FREE TO ROAM THE PLANET AND LIVED ALONGSIDE HUMANS?

WHAT IF YOU WOKE UP TOMORROW AS SOMEONE FAMOUS OR THE KING/QUEEN? WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO CREATE A UTOPIA?

### WHAT QUESTIONS ARE PROMPTED BY WHAT IF?

WHAT IF YOU COULD BROADCAST A MESSAGE TO THE WORLD? WHAT WOULD IT BE?

WHAT IF THE ABILITY TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME EXISTED? WHERE WOULD YOU GO AND WHAT WOULD YOU CHANGE?

WHAT IF NOBODY HAD NAMES?

## ISOBEL, YEAR 9:

**SHELF CARE'S FIRST SERIALISED PIECE! CHECK FOR A NEW CHAPTER EACH MONTH!**

Chapter 1:

Jack ran, his head thumping, thoughts echoing through his mind. Must. Keep. Going. He glanced behind him, heart beating fast. It was dark and Jack could barely make out what was in front of him. A throbbing pain ran through his ankle as it collided with a tree root. Jack hit the ground hard. He turned over, scrabbling backward. His back hit a tree trunk. His eyes darted around, wide, and frightened. Footsteps. A shadowy figure slunk out of the trees. Jack screamed.

Chapter 2:

The body was found the next morning. A crowd of people stood behind police tape muttering amongst themselves, discussing what had happened. Some were silent, staring, their eyes clouded over at the young boy on the ground. Others shook their heads sadly whilst few tried to reassure others that it was simply an accident, although they knew it wasn't.

The boy had a large gash through his left eyebrow. The blood had almost dried in some areas, but it was still glistening slightly, proving the body was fresh. There was no sign of a struggle as if he had just accepted his fate. A sharp stone lay nearby, deep red with blood. The crisp leaves surrounding the boy were also stained in a few drops, as were his hands. But there was something strange about this whole thing. No one, when questioned, knew the boy, or had even seen him before. No one recognised him.

## JAMIE, YEAR 9:

As the man walked through the terrifying damp woods, suddenly he heard footsteps behind him...The man turned around and collapsed in horror...The last thing he saw was the shadowy cloudy sky along with a pair of bright red glowing eyes...The terrifying painful yelps of pain could be heard from miles away but little did the man know, his "family" had made a deal with the devil in return they get to have the man's soul.

## DAISY, YEAR 9:

The fog was too thick to see through, the silence of the night scared me slightly. This can't be right. They surely can't mean for me to go down this road. I walked on, the gravel shifting under my feet as I slowly made my way down the road. There was no wind, no bird sounds, no nothing, just me and the trees seemingly for miles on. If I was truly alone, why do I get the feeling I'm being watched?

## ELLIE, YEAR 7:

I went to Butlins, and I love when I went because I liked the entertainment at night time. I was dancing and having fun. I went with my mum and stepdad, and it was fun going there. And they surprised me going to Butlins. There was a fair in Butlins, and it was fun going on there I really loved Butlins very much!

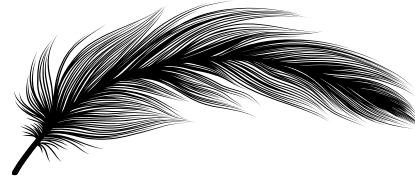


**WANNA  
BE AN  
EXPERT?**

Send your class teacher any reviews, recommendations or creative writing (Fiction or Non Fiction) you have done and it can appear here in the newsletter!

## HIDDEN VOICE, YEAR 11

Nostalgia



Nostalgia. What is it? It's that feeling of unlocking a happy memory that fills you with joy and love. It's that trip down memory lane, childhood memories adventures, and pleasure. Not all nostalgia is pleasing. For some, it can become a feeling of sadness and upset. It causes night terrors, fear, and a feeling of unwanted anxiety, PTSD (post-traumatic stress disorder).

For me, that's my form of nostalgia but mine includes happiness with sadness. What happened? My dad, that's what happened. He was a great happy and never angry man who loved his family, but he made a mistake that he would have to pay for. He was working for a company that sold hacked firesticks. It was a hard time for all of us me, my brother, my mum and lastly, it also overwhelmed my dad having to see his family upset and distraught which just broke him.

The time of court is when I got my first feeling of nostalgia, remembering all the adventure holidays and football matches that we watched together and all round just enjoying life with him and as a family. I remember spending time with him at Disneyland Paris on the Hollywood Hotel of Terrors when we had both passed out and created the memory of doing something together that we could joke about for life. Or when we went jet skiing in Egypt and we got lost from where we were supposed to be and I kept demanding him to slow down but he kept mimicking me telling me, "Oh, faster? All right!" He would speed up faster and faster until eventually, I had flown off the jet ski! I had to swim back to him trying to ascend this jet ski. When I had finally managed to stagger up the jet ski, we couldn't help but laugh our guts up. This created another memory that we will get to keep and share for life.

Getting this type of nostalgia is what makes me happy, and I will forever be grateful I have these memories with him but there's also the memories of having to become a young carer and looking after my mum who missed her husband and didn't want him to leave. I had to help explain to my brother and help him understand what was happening and what had happened. But that's the only sadness I have of him going into prison, except for the feeling that he isn't always there when I need him. Or if I'm ever going through a tough time, I can't just text or call him. That's who my dad was, he was that person who I could go to, who I could trust, and who I loved.

I hate to be a doom and gloom person but that's the side of nostalgia that's not talked about and that needs to be touched on a lot more. It is this that causes people to struggle by themselves and feel lost. It causes mental health issues and means that people need professional help.



**Got a story to tell but want to remain a hidden voice? No problem!  
You may request to submit anonymously!**

## MORWENNA, YEAR 11

We don't often appreciate something until it's gone. Something you believe to be constant can often be changed or robbed from you. Sometimes things simply fade away; never forgotten but resting somewhere. Though that is the main principle of life- nothing is forever concrete. There is something comforting about the course of existence being unstable.

Due to its ever-changing nature, there is no need to be as anxious as you feel. Often, one might look retrospectively and ponder over trivial past mistakes. Alternatively, one might reflect on why they were so stressed at all. However, being free of worry is easier said than done.

This type of fear and constant apprehension begins when our childhoods end- we allow ourselves to forget certain childish inclinations- the things that defined us as people when we were so little. Society commands us to let them go. That is the sad reality. As a teenager, I sometimes notice that adults forget to smile. We are trapped within the heavy cogs of civilization, pushing them round until we fracture, a result of surrendering ourselves to a life that lacks relief or joyful recollection.

Occasionally, it is healthy to relinquish control. Nevertheless, as people, we have a strength to remember. If you're ever lost or alone a simple memory can create a unique calmness- they allow you to travel somewhere else; maybe for a split second. Everyone has separate childhood experiences and different memories to look back on.

Some people's childhoods are dark and painful, and that should always be acknowledged, but I love to believe that every person has at least one nostalgic memory that they can hold on to. I have many distinct memories after growing up in the 2000s. I was influenced by so many new developments in the world. 2010 discovered a new age of party -pop music, social media accelerated, and some of my favourite future shows, movies, and books had just been released. I can still hear the relentless sound of woodpigeons cooing gently in the early afternoons and the sun smiling as we shared its warmth. The feeling of sitting round a firepit in the crisp evening breeze. The gratifying taste of a Twister whilst the lime flavour melted over my wrist. I thought I had nothing to fear because tomorrow would be just the same, just as amusing, forever. The mind of a small child is exciting and naïve, but that's what allows their day to be as exhilarating as the next...

## CHRISTIAN, YEAR 7:

It was a marvellous fresh start to summer, going to Italy was already a breeze of enjoyment. But no, no, no it was the nostalgia that carried this epic voyage of joy that circled my heart. It had started on a day I would never imagine would take place, for I was extremely annoyed at my family for taking me to this place to collect fresh spring water. But as an ignorant child, I would have never thought it would be such a wonderland. As we arrived at our destination the gloomy mood that I had cast on myself had vanished and renewed into a period of happiness. I then sought out a pair of "wet shoes" in the boot of the old Mercedes, that I forcibly mounted. Then on my feet, I sprinted to the harsh river current casually and cautiously slightly speeding. As my eyes saw the river infested with water snakes and fish soon my feet met a cold, a frigid and numbing cold, suddenly an adventurous feeling bestowed upon me that I had to keep going in the middle of the river current.

To be continued (it's past my bedtime).



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Coming Soon  
MARCH

## WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

**BUT YOU'VE  
NEVER READ  
ANYTHING LIKE  
THIS!**

Send work to your teacher to be featured here!

## NEXT MONTH: MARCH

They say the March comes in like a lion, but what does that even mean? Well if the weather at the start is roaring, the month will end on a nicer, gentler note, like a lamb. With that being said, document the month especially and pen something that starts big and ends gently - to match the melancholy British weather!



## APRIL: SHOWERS, FOOL, EASTER!

We hope you've enjoyed your half-term break! Let's look ahead to our next term and see what the months hold for us. April brings more opportunities for some crazy writing - feeling foolish? Write us a joke book and share some laughs! Have an extraordinary Easter tale to tell? Wow us with it! Do you love running in the rain as April showers bring flowers? Capture the beauty in every moment with a poem. Let inspiration take you!

**THEY HAVE  
TO CHOOSE  
YOU!**

What might our next feature be?