



ROOM 101

WHAT WILL YOU BANISH?

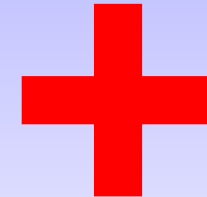
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BEST

FOR STUDENTS BY STUDENTS



Year 8 take a trip
down memory lane



WORLD BOOK DAY
WHERE'S WILES?
TEENAGE TEACHER

Year 10, Harry
entertains us



MONKEYING AROUND?

It's bananas behind the scenes at panto!

PANTO PANDEMONIUM

Marie, year 10, reveals what really happens backstage.

You've seen the pantos, you've sung along with the songs, you've shouted 'he's behind you' but I bet you've never seen what goes on backstage. In fact, I don't even think the actors know what goes on backstage sometimes!

It's crazy! It's manic! It's chaos!

People are running everywhere trying to find the right costumes, trying to make sure their zippers aren't broken, buttons haven't been lost and wigs haven't gone bald over-

night. That's if the costumes are to be found in the first place. This seems to be a particular problem with policemen's helmets. They always go missing. They are either not put back properly, chucked everywhere behind scenery and other junk backstage or, someone has made off with them. It seems a thing that students, not even having anything to do with the panto, are obsessed with taking props - someone even made off with the camel leash - not sure what they were going to do with that.

If costumes are not going missing, the actors are throw-

ing drama queen fits about wearing them. The police officers were quite reluctant to wear the high vis jackets and were very outspoken about it. In fact, Harry is still banging on about it as I write this article. To be fair, they wanted to blend into the background and these really didn't allow them to.

The props are laid out on the prop table so everyone knows where to find the prop they need. BUT!!!!!! If the actors don't put their props

'You'd be amazed where we find things.'

back on that table, which they don't, the tech team will come and hunt them down and make sure the props come back. We have to move everything aside, check every single room, scour the corridors and even check outside the school sometimes. You'd be amazed where we find things.

One time, the monkey had gone missing - not the whole of the monkey - we had the

head. What we didn't have was the bottom half, the bit with the tale. We turned everything upside down. Mrs H-W had to search the drama store shed yet it was nowhere to be found. We were getting pretty desperate because the monkey is one of main characters in Aladdin - there could be no panto without the monkey.

'The curtains are what makes the panto magic happen.'

Out of desperation, we were considering using a dog instead - not quite the eastern feel that we wanted. Monkey was AWOL for nearly three months before he was accidentally discovered. We were unpacking the camel costume and guess what? He was cosily wrapped up inside. The show could go on!

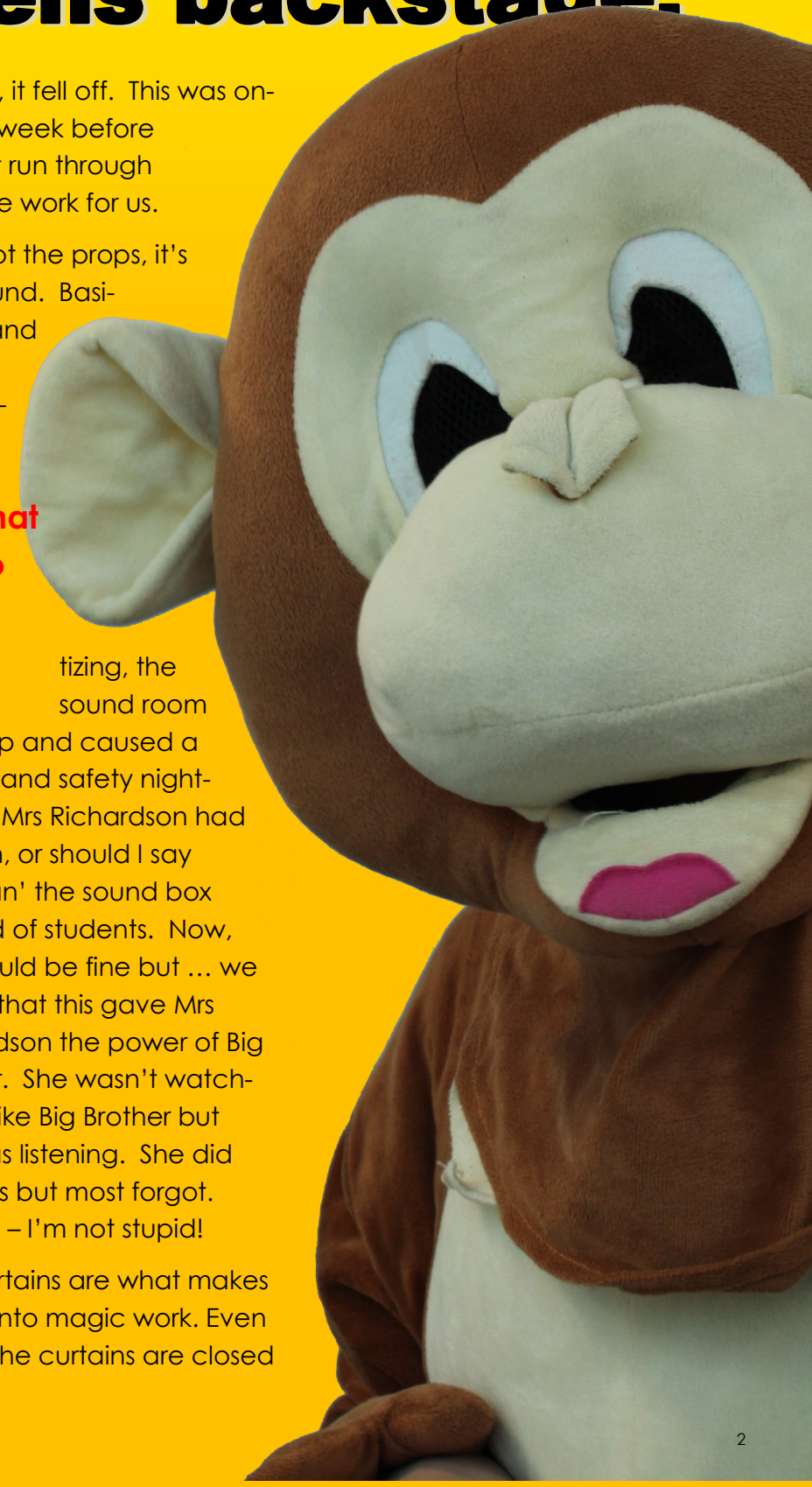
The actors never take care of the props either! We are always fixing them. Harry, Officer Tick, pressed the magic button too hard - correction, Harry slapped it! Of

course, it fell off. This was only one week before the first run through so more work for us.

If it's not the props, it's the sound. Basically, and I am drama-

tizing, the sound room blew up and caused a health and safety nightmare. Mrs Richardson had to man, or should I say 'woman' the sound box instead of students. Now, this would be fine but ... we forgot that this gave Mrs Richardson the power of Big Brother. She wasn't watching us like Big Brother but she was listening. She did warn us but most forgot. I didn't - I'm not stupid!

The curtains are what makes the panto magic work. Even when the curtains are closed





The dream team behind the scenes

behind them, the tech team become the Flash and the Hulk combined and move all the scenery about. However, the curtains themselves are heavy, huge and seem to have a mind of their own. A couple of the lads have got it down to a tee and do a great job with them, making sure that they are properly closed and opened on cue. But on the year 10 after school parent show, one of our skilled curtaineers was late – only by about ten minutes –

but late all the same. One of the tech girls had to stand in and battle with the curtains. She lost! She missed the cue and took forever to open and close them.

Luckily the curtaineers finally came and took over.

So why, with all this chaos going on, do I still love backstage at panto? Well — it is better than being on stage, having to speak in front of so many people! It is really stressful but that is probably because I take it very seriously and want to do a good job. The real rush comes from the audience having a ball and knowing that I have been part of that for them. It does make the stress and chaos worth it!

GUESS THE *teenage* TEACHER



TO REVISIT FOR REBELS



Image: Bella, year 11
Model: Jessica, year 11

By Bella, year 11

Picture this: you're sitting at your desk, surrounded by textbooks and revision guides, but your mind keeps wandering to the mesmerising world of movies. I've been there, my mind constantly wanders to the Captain America trilogy and how they are- ANYWAYS, OFF I WANDER AGAIN! So why do we watch movies instead of revising?

Movies are like portals to different dimensions. They whisk us away from our everyday lives and immerse us in captivating stories, vibrant and relatable characters, and breath-taking visuals. Whether it's the mischievous ways of Fantastic Mr Fox, the comfort of the March sisters or the confusing ways of Interstellar, they get you intrigued. Who wants to learn

Who wants to learn about simultaneous equations while Marty McFly is travelling back to the future?

about simultaneous equations while Marty McFly is travelling back to the future?

YouTuber, Drew Gooden says 'I like watching TV and movies because they are a celebration of human creativity'. Well, it's a mix of escapism, entertainment, and the joy of being transported to another world. Movies allow us to temporarily forget our worries and immerse ourselves in the lives of fascinating characters. They make us laugh, cry, and feel a whole spectrum of emotions.

And the power of relatability plays into this too! When we see characters going through similar experiences or facing similar challenges, it can provide a sense of comfort and validation. It

reminds us that we're not alone. Not that we will be swinging around New York City any time soon ...

And hey, movies can even be educational! Who needs to sit in a lesson about mitosis when there's no Edward Cullen in your biology class and you can just watch the journey of emotions in 'Inside Out'? Movies simplify complex concepts making them accessible and entertaining. So, in a way, you can argue that watching movies is a form of revising - just a lot more enjoyable.

But remember, moderation is key. Too much movie-watching can easily derail your goals. To strike the perfect balance, try using movies as a reward system. Finish a challenging topic or complete some practice questions, and then treat yourself to the worlds of your favourite movies.

Too much movie-watching can easily derail your goals.

DON'T GET ME STARTED!

Vincent, year 9, sees red over reading.

Occasionally, the human brain forgets to do things. It can forget to water the plants, for example, or walk the dog. However, an inexcusable thing is to 'forget' is to read.

Reading has a wondrous variety of effects, including improving your literacy skills. Of course, you and I realise that 'the more you read, the more things you will know, The more that you learn, the more places you'll go' (Dr Seuss), and yet there seems to be a staggering number of young people that stare with a blank expression when I ask them about the latest Philip Pullman novel.

Nowadays the prominence of reading materials is substantially overshadowed by the sheer amount of other sources of entertainment. Devices such as phones, iPads and television have all skyrocketed in sales. As a result, the importance of reading a good book has declined, as the public has been led to believe that joy, laughter and

tears can all be experienced from a screen.

Furthermore, many of Generation Alpha have been born to lazy parents or parents who just don't realise the value of reading. These parents, instead of reading with their child, choose to place a screen in front of their child's eager eyes whilst they spend their time making that trendy new coffee they saw on social media the other day. To those parents, the brilliant author, Dr Seuss—again I know, he really was a master with his words—

once said: 'You're never too old, too wacky, too wild, to pick up a book and read to a child'.

Sadly, of late, the majority of the population would rather spend time on their phones, scrolling mindlessly through cats videos than pick up a good book.

And for those who claim that they just don't like reading, I leave you with the words of J.K. Rowling: 'If you don't like to read, you haven't found the right book'.



'The books transported her into new worlds' wrote Roald Dahl about Matilda. Now another Matilda explores the magic of reading.

"'What a good idea," said Zog,' my dad blurted out in the funniest voice he could muster. Six year old me thought that was the best things I had ever heard in my entire life.

Nowadays, I only laugh at doing childish things when you're not supposed to

and at stupid adult jokes, but, back then, that was all it took. The front cover of that book is still shiny, like it had been bought yesterday, and as I flip through the pages, memories come floating back to me—that little girl giggle and my dad's face as he made different voices for all the characters.

Flicking through the pages doesn't last long though; they come to a halt quickly and a strange smell wafts over me—a smell that carries memories. It is interesting how a smell can transport you to another

place, back to your old room, nestled on your creaky bunkbed, watching the old pink lamp flicker on and off.

And then suddenly, the lamps stops flickering and, before you know it, you're being tucked up in bed and the only thought in your mind is whether giants are real.



MAGIC MEMORIES

By Matilda, year 9



ADHD + ME

By a year 9 student

When I was a small child, my great nan would always say that I was like a caged animal as I was very excitable and always tearing about. If I couldn't tear about, I was not happy but I didn't really know why.

When I was about two, my nursery teacher obviously spotted something different about me as she told my mum to get my ears checked. Of course, my mum got my ears checked – at least three times. But it wasn't my ears. Clearly, I wasn't listening or I was in my own little world where I had blocked out anything outside my head. Funnily enough, if you mentioned the word 'cookie' I seemed to snap straight out of it!

It was then I developed a stim. Stimming is when someone makes repetitive body movements or noises like rocking, flapping hands or

flicking fingers. You might have noticed some students who do this at Goodwin. I could do it for hours without getting fed up. I was quite happy stimming in my own world.

At the same time, I would talk about the TV in my head. Mum took me straight back to the doctors. People ask what do I mean by the TV in my head. Well, I have a big imagination. I suppose it's like dreaming but I am

'ADHD isn't a disability; it's an ability.'

awake. I have my own world where I can be the richest boy in the world, or the protagonist of different genres

like buddy films, horror, action and even cartoons. Once I even time travelled with Rick and Morty.

At primary school, I was punished a lot for calling out or distracting others. Teachers would sit me by myself in class, take away my breaks and even sit me in the corridor when we were watching a movie at lunch. I was pret-

ty much classed as a naughty child.

My mum was the only one that firmly believed that there was something behind my behaviour and had to push and push to get something sorted.

I finally got tested when I was 11, after 7 years of waiting. They said I didn't have ADHD. I think the doctor thought that I was too calm and controlled to have ADHD. But, my mum said, 'You should see him the other twenty-three hours of the day when he's on the go!'

After that, I got diagnosed with Autism and Aspergers. A lot of people don't know what these conditions are but I like to describe them as thinking differently or thinking outside the box. *Asperger's syndrome* and Autism are different but one of the similarities is that people with these conditions see, hear and feel the world differently to others.

At secondary school, I started getting into more trouble

– a lot of trouble – and, usually for things I didn't mean to do. I got louder. I got more disruptive. I got more unmanageable. Meetings with my parents were coming in from left and right. It was at this point that my mum pushed for another opinion on my ADHD.

'I was pretty much classed as a naughty child.'

By the time I was in year 8, I got an LSA to support me. She helped me focus, helped me get ready to learn and gave me intervention period 4 to regulate myself. By the end of the year, I was far more focused and able to cope.

Okay, this part is quick, like super quick. Mum was very happy about how quickly we got a new appointment, and, on the day, we were so excited. We talked about the appointment the whole car journey and when we got there our hearts were racing. We were hoping the appointment would go our way.

The Doctor called us in and we had a massive talk and at the end of the appointment, we got the diagnosis and found out I had Hyperkinetic

Disorder: I didn't even know what that was! Anyway, people with Hyperkinetic Disorder tend to be hyperactive, inattentive and impulsive.

Obviously, this impacts on school because it is a real struggle to control yourself in lessons and you can get bored easily.

When I started my ADHD medication, the prescription was 10ml at first. When I first started taking it, it took a lot of time for my system to get used to it and it didn't seem to help that much. However,

after a while my body got used to it and the doctors got the dosage right so it really helps to make me less hyperactive.

Even now, I am still learning to cope and I don't think people realise how much I control myself at school. Sometimes others can be unkind because they don't really understand. But when I'm feeling blue, I make sure that I speak to someone about it and remind myself that ADHD isn't a disability; it's an ability.



WHERE'S WILES?



HARRY'S WORLD OF DAD JOKES

With thanks to Evan, Tegan and Marie for their contributions.



How do you make a sausage roll?

Push it down a hill!

What breed of dog does a magician own?

A labra-cadabrador!

So—there were two goldfish in a tank and one says to the other ...

'How do you drive this thing?'

A man walks into a bar ...

Ouch!

Sitting in a café one day, I was surprised to watch a bit of black tarmac walk in and order a coffee. I was even more surprised to watch the barista serve him without question.

The next day, a pink bit of tarmac walks in and orders a coffee.

To my surprise, the barista shouted, "I don't want no trouble in here. No way—you're barred!"

"Why wouldn't you serve him?" I asked curiously.

To which the barista replied, "Well—he's a bit of a cyclepath that one!"

What do you call a cow with no legs?

Ground beef!

What do you do if your house is cold?

Stand in the corner—it's about 90 degrees there!

The other day I bought a thesaurus, but when I got home and opened it, all the pages were blank.

I had no words to describe how angry I was!

and that's all folks!

Nostalgia Trip

With their obsession for glittery glam and wobble socks, Kiaa, Layla and Phoebe, year 8, prove that you're never too young to reminisce.

When we were younger, we loved plastic princess

heels. They were so slippery that we risked breaking our neck if we came across a smooth surface or an unexpected step. They were also very, very uncomfortable but the pain was so worth the glittery glam! Even when they cracked in the middle, which they often did, we would persevere. Even when the skin on the bottom of our feet got trapped, we would persevere. Nonetheless, if we could wear them now, we would – to school, to shops, even to the park. When we outgrew the princess heels, we discovered jelly shoes. They came in a rainbow of different colours, including glittery glam (we're not obsessed!); they were waterproof so you

could splash in puddles and wear them by the pool; and, at least at the time, they were sooooo cheap - £4 a pair – what a bargain! They did have their drawbacks though: when the jellies got too big for you, your toes would hang over the edge. We swear, it was like the shoes were wearing them and your toes were practically walking themselves, not

your feet. And the blisters! They also melted in the sun so it would be like wearing slime and, if you got them wet, it would be like wearing a wobbly sock.

Trying to buckle your wobble socks was even more frustrating. You were always worried about breaking the fragile plastic buckle and spent ages trying to stab the

pointy thing through the impossibly small holes on the straps.

Kiaa still has one jelly shoe, not one pair, just one. It's a colour changing one and she can't bear to part with it. If they weren't so expensive now, Kiaa would

definitely buy another pair or at least one to match. But even children's jellies are about £30 now – that's outrageous!

On reflection, we would rather save up £60 for a pair of Converse. They don't hurt, they're better quality and you don't have to get your grippers out.

Would you like to share your nostalgia trip? **BEST** would love to hear from you. You can send your memories to Mrs Mehlin and, you never know, you may be published.

'It would be like wearing slime'

'The pain was so worth the glittery glam.'



ROOM 101

WHAT'S YOUR HORROR?

Introduced by Vincent and Grace, year 9

Originally, Room 101 was a key part of George Orwell's classic novel 1984, published in 1949. This room's significance lies in the terror that it causes to the individual in the dystopian society that is the setting for the novel.

Used as a form of torture by Big Brother, inside this room, you are thrown into complete darkness and you are slowly

drive insane as your worse fears are brought to life. For the victim, 'the thing that is in Room 101 is the worst thing in the world.'

Orwell himself named it after a meeting room in Broadcasting House, the home of the BBC, where he would have to sit through long and tedious meetings.

In 1994, this nightmare was transformed into a British comedy show, hosted by

Nick Hancock and, more recently, Frank Skinner.

Celebrities are invited to discuss their pet hates and persuade the host to consign those hates to oblivion in Room 101.

In the spirit of Orwell, we decided to ask our peers what they would put in Room 101 and why.

Here are a few of our favourites!



1 Mayonnaise
Mayonnaise is just vile with its disgusting appearance and repulsive, sickly, jelly texture. What's worse is that my step-dad smothers everything with it—from spaghetti bolognese to his roast dinner – ugh!

2 People who scream and shout for no apparent reason

What is it with people screaming and shouting when I'm trying to watch a movie in class or, in the streets, outside by my window when I'm trying to sleep? And why do people need to shout when they're sitting right next to each other? Just turn the volume down a notch!



3 People who spoil the end of films

When I am planning to see the latest blockbuster, I stay off social media for days in an attempt to avoid any spoilers. However, I can always rely on someone to ruin my fun. As soon as the words, "I'm going to see ...," come out of my mouth, it is guaranteed that the person I am telling will reveal the twist or the ending. Even worse, is when I beg them, "Please, don't tell me!" and no matter how much I plead, they cannot resist!



4 Skinny Jeans

Skinny jeans are just awful! No one looks good in them, not even a size zero. It is either a case of unsightly bulges escaping over the waistband or you look like a stickman. Those in between look like chickens, or if they have big feet, golf clubs. They are a magnet for wardrobe malfunctions, sliding down to reveal your bum at every opportunity; they're impossible to remove without needing a crowbar to lever them over your feet and, if that is not persuasive enough, they are medically proven to be bad for your joints.



5 My grandfather's fridge

It isn't so much my grandfather's fridge that should go in room 101, it is more the terrifying contents of said fridge, the memory of which has haunted me forever. Firstly, there was the unholy stench that greeted those who dared open the door—two strong smells that were puke-inducing once baked together. And then inside—the horror—blue cheese and crabsticks, neatly stacked in a row, staring at me. Honestly, as a small child, they haunted my dreams. I was convinced that they were going to come alive, scuttle up the long corridor to my bedroom, slither in between my bed covers and attack me!

THE LITTLE OLD BOOKSHOP

By Iris, year 11

It had once stood proud in the cobbled streets, with its white painted walls and its freshly painted sign. But, as the years passed, the white paint began to peel and the sign began to droop, eventually falling off. Now, it stands, desolate and abandoned, and no one gives it a second look.

But, if you were to take the time to stop, look beyond its grubby windows and the darkness inside that seems to swallow the whole shop, and, instead of shrugging and walking on, twist the rusting handle of its shabby door, open it and step inside, you would be greeted by the shadows of what it once was.

Hundreds of dusty novels that have long since yellowed or dampened, line dusty shelves. In a dusty corner, an armchair sits forlornly, no longer inviting customers to perch on its soft cushions and invest themselves in adventures that spring from the pages.

Rather, it tells the opposite tale, warning those who might dare against sitting on its broken body with its collapsing back.

Piles of moth-eaten pages lay scattered across the dusty floor, almost as if someone had ripped them from the books and thrown them in frustration. The old till's drawer sticks out like a tongue, as if to mockingly say, "Better luck elsewhere – I don't have any money!" and the old counter on which it sits has surrendered its battle and collapsed almost to the floor.

Each step on the staircase, if you dare to climb it, creaks with age and a few have fallen inward, leaving nothing but more holes to peek through into the stale office that lays beyond.

Upstairs, three small mice scuttle across the floorboards in search of food more appetising than forgotten copies of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Wuthering Heights*. More bookshelves

crowd the upper floor, more and more unsteady as their carcasses dampen, dry, expand and splinter over the seasons. The smell of more musty, mildewed books hangs heavy in the air, gripping onto anything that is fresh and suffocating it.

How could it be that this once vibrant little bookshop, a portal to a world of pirates' treasure, secret gardens, exotic islands and magic spells, could be allowed to dwindle and die? Is it possible that it could be resurrected, brought to life once more? Maybe not – maybe it is simply too late for this little place.

Yet, there is still hope for the other little bookshops of this nation.

Next time you pass a little old bookshop and see the shadows encroaching on its little magical world, stop, step inside, pluck a novel from its shelves and read.



I was born in Latvia, in a town called Bauska but I lived in a small village just next to it, Brunava, and still, yearly, go to visit my family - my cousins, both of my nans, grandad and my great grandmother. Now I live in England, eight hundred and twelve miles away from home.

I moved to
England
at the
very

young age of five which was a huge change for me as it would be for anyone. At the time, I was confused. I had never even moved house at that age so a move to a completely new country was completely beyond my comprehension. At first, I had seen it as vacation, a holiday my parents were taking me on for however long. Of course, I wouldn't even have known how long a holiday was supposed to be - I was so young.

**".. It felt as if I
was in complete
silence."**

I was excited! Going to a different country at the age of five - what an adventure! I couldn't wait!

When I, eventually, got to England, it was fine at first - everything seemed new and I liked it. It was very different from Latvia. It was interesting; I had plenty to see and it kept me occupied. But, at some point, the months began to feel like years and I missed Latvia more and more.

On my first day of school, the uniform seemed so smart, and, to me, looked so posh. My mum walked me to school, with my older sister and brother by my side. My

brother was starting secondary school and it was also my sister's first day of primary school.

I can't really remember what I felt during the walk to school that day but I do remember the feeling and my reaction to walking into a full English class room for the first time. It was such a weird feeling, having no understanding of what anyone was saying around me. It was so loud and strange that, and it sounds odd, but it felt as if I was in complete silence. I didn't want my mum to leave.

I had teachers trying to communicate with me and the English kids trying to talk to me but I was completely blank; I didn't understand a word they were saying.

**"I'll always be a
stranger here"**

Looking back on it, it wasn't until my second year of primary, when my English had seen a massive improvement, and language wasn't the barrier it had been in my first year, that I began to understand and remember more.

Because of the young age at which I moved from country to country, it was much easier to get used to the surroundings. I also didn't really register that I was living in England for the long run. However, as I've grown older and more mature, I realise the big differences between England and Latvia and, on those yearly visits to Latvia, I have begun to realise how much it bothers me not living in Latvia anymore and how much I want to be back there.

With only a yearly visit to the country I was born in, it is a

hard thing to deal with when I realise how good it feels in those moments in time when I am back there, to be able speak fluently in my own language, eat the food I'm used to eating, and see the people I want to see the most. Those moments are to be enjoyed and treasured.

When you don't hear your own language, eat your own food, and you don't have the sights and cultures of your homeland, you start to realise that you still feel that you are trying to fit into a different, strange and unknown culture. Five years in Latvia were enough for me to understand that these small things make one big whole for me, which is how I know, that no matter how well I do and comfortable I get in England, I'll always be a stranger here and, no matter from what side or corner of the world someone has come, they will forever have that yearning to return.

BAL

812 MILES FROM HOME

By Rihards, year 11

A WORLD OF PURE IMAGINATION



Ms Moon didn't even buy me a birthday present!

Yes—I've heard she's shellfish!

Goodwin Academy celebrated World Book Day in style this year with students and staff alike getting involved. Staff and students dressed up as characters from famous books; some brave staff members recorded excerpts from their favourite novels; there was even a cartoon competition. Students' cartoon artwork was judged by Mr Alton who judged Lilly (Year 7) as the winner for her narrative and detailed artwork. Lilly's work was then expertly reproduced by Mr Alton ready for publication. Not only that, Lilly was placed third in the overall Thinking Schools Trust for her excellent artwork. Go to the back of **BEST** to enjoy Lilly's cartoon.