

Yon Tan Tethera

TRAVELS!

SPRING 2024



POSTAGE

TICKET



Kirkbie Kendal School

care • hard work • resilience • curiosity

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EDITORIAL

What does travel mean to you? Whether an adventure to a new place, time travel or even a metaphorical journey, all ideas have been explored within our new issue of YanTanTethera!

Taking inspiration from influences and cultures across the globe, the creativity and imagination of our students has continued to thrive with our latest 'Travels' issue, which explores a vast range of journeys- from hiking up mountains to the progression of life itself! The broad nature of this topic has led to an incredible variety of submissions from students and teachers alike, and certainly makes for both a personal and engaging collection of work. We really appreciate everyone who has participated in this issue, and hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed creating it!

The Editorial Team

(Pictured Left to Right, Top to Bottom: Faith Metcalfe, Elodie Malcolm, Amelie Shepard, Chloe Procter, Constance Donato, Isabelle Siddall, Alex Slawick, Lily Cottam, Miss Glancy)



NEW BEGINNINGS

New sunrise over
New place, new people, new life
New eyes see the sights

-By Avril Donato, Yr 9

CULTURAL AWARENESS

By Lily Frazer, Yr 10

The most important part about travelling to me is cultural awareness. Many people go on holiday and don't look into the stunning cultures of those places they are visiting. Personally, I love learning about different cultures and how different people live; it has always fascinated me. Connection with my culture is valuable to me because although I am mostly English, I am also partly Portuguese and that makes me feel grateful for who I am. I often feel disconnected from my culture as I don't speak Portuguese with my mum or grandma. I would like to talk about Portuguese culture and give you some information. For background context; my grandma was born and raised in Portugal before moving to South Africa and having my mum. I have been to Portugal and I can say it is a beautiful country.



This photo was taken in a city called Porto in a place called Jardim do Morro. I visited Porto about four years ago which was longer ago than it feels. I would love to see the capital, Lisbon, seeing as I didn't really get involved with my culture all that much.

Three things I love about Portuguese culture are the food, the fashion, and the architecture. Portugal's national dish is Bacalhau. Bacalhau is the Portuguese word for "cod". It can be made in all sorts of ways but it will still never be my favorite dish. Personally, Bacalhau isn't my favorite because the taste isn't to my liking but everyone has their own taste pallets, right? Probably one of the most famous desserts that Portugal has is Pastéis de Nata. Most people know what they are because they are in pretty much every supermarket's bakery in Kendal, especially Lidl. This photo was taken inside a bakery in Porto called Pastéis de Belém and at the time I didn't like Pastel de Nada, oh how wrong I was. If you aren't aware of them they are a pastry made with egg yolk and custard and they are AMAZING. If you haven't had one, go to Lidl and get yourself some.



The cultural clothing of Portugal is beautiful. The traditional dress is called a traje tradicional. They are bouffant skirts made from saia, which is a chequered or striped fabric, paired with a kerchief, a bodice with embroidery on and backless slippers. It's also paired with gold jewellery like multiple, layered necklaces and earrings. I love the vibrant red colour used in the majority of the dress and the beautiful embroidery on the shirt. We see a lot of that blue and white design throughout many parts of Portuguese culture, which brings me onto the next area, architecture. While I was in Porto, the buildings were intricate and very extravagant. It was one of the best parts of being there because on every street you walked down there would be a beautiful building and it wouldn't even be a very important building. For example, Porto is quite famous for being home to 'the most beautiful McDonald's in the world' and I can say it was a magnificent building (as shown by the pictures of the outside and interior).



Moving past the McDonald's as we see plenty of them already in the UK, I mentioned the blue and white design on the embroidered shirt being a very common pattern in Portuguese architecture and the images I am about to show really demonstrate that.

Only while inserting these photos I did realise I only had one photo of the blue and white pattern but I remember going into a train station and the walls being decorated with that blue and white ceramic pattern all around, unfortunately I don't have a photo of this train station.

However, that is besides the point, look at the nice buildings. What you can see from the first photo (that has a wonderful cameo of my grandmother) and the last photo (on the right), which were taken in a simple alleyway near the road, just proves that although almost every city has its bad sides it definitely also has its beautiful sides.



To conclude, I just wanted to say that whenever you next go on holiday, no matter where it is, take a deeper look into the culture of that place and how the people of that place celebrate, dine, dance, build, sing and, most importantly, live. At the end of the day we are all human and we perform life in all different, beautiful ways. I definitely think we should learn more about other people's cultures and appreciate them as much as we can.

Mrs Herbert - Geography Teacher
Iceland

What was your best activity?
Glacier trekking.

Was there any strange food?
Carrot yoghurt.

And something interesting?
The town where we had pizza is now evacuated due to high risk of an eruption.

Mr Riley - Maths Tutor
India

What was your best activity?
Night-time camel riding in the Thar Desert.

Was there any strange food?
Shark curry - with a dried banana leaf as a plate!

And something interesting?
The sand on the beach was always black every morning, because of the minerals washing in from the sea. As the tide went out again, it became its normal yellowy gold colour by the evening!

Mr Taylor - PTL
Honduras (as a student with with KKS!)

What was your best activity?
Sleeping in a hammock in the jungle.

Was there any strange food?
Cuppa soup mixed with tuna.

And something interesting?
We hunted for snakes that only live on one particular island off Honduras, and watched a mass Hermit crab migration that looked like the ground was moving!



Mrs Gorst - English Tutor
Australia

What was your best activity?
Snorkelling on the Great Barrier Reef.

Was there any strange food?
Crocodile burgers!

And something interesting?
Every afternoon, at exactly the same time, a goanna lizard (about 1m in length) would walk slowly across the back lawn.

Mrs Bateson - Exams Officer
Australia

What was your best activity?
Outback safari from Alice Springs.

Was there any strange food?
Kanga Bangers.

And something interesting?
Saw quokkas on a cycling trip to Rottnest Island off the coast of Perth - they look like a cross between a kangaroo and a cat!

BEYOND THE STAFFROOM!



Ms Armstrong - Librarian
Maldives

What was your best activity?
Snorkelling.

Was there any strange food?
Nothing strange - however I had the best Sri Lankan curry, yum.

And something interesting?
After a long flight and boat transfer I was desperate to get into the sea. My accommodation was a water bungalow so I dropped off my bags and got straight into the beautiful clear waters. Within a minute I was surrounded by a large group of beautiful, elegant rays. They soon glided off... I tried and failed to keep up. It was a brief and surreal moment that I will never forget.

Mrs Graham - Progress Mentor
Morocco

What was your best activity?
Camel trekking across the Sahara to a Bedouin camp.

Was there any strange food?
Nothing but a LOT of tagines.

And something interesting?
Wandering the amazing souks and bazaars of Medina and Fez - the smell from the leather tannery is still burned into my nostrils years later!

Mrs Herd - Technology
Kenya

What was your best activity?
Climbing Mt Kenya.

Was there any strange food?
I tried Jackfruit for the first time.

And something interesting?
Watching the shooting stars while walking to the peak from base camp in the dark and then the sun rising over Kilimanjaro in the distance!

Mrs Wrigley - Head of Year Seven and Science Teacher
NYC

What was your best activity?
First time visiting the Empire State Building.

Was there any strange food?
Nothing but lots of American hotdogs and burgers.

And something interesting?
We had breakfast in the restaurant at the top of the World Trade Centre (Twin Towers) as a special treat. It was wonderful and the staff were amazing. We were there in June 2001 and, tragically, the towers were targeted that September in the 9/11 terror attacks. I often think about the lovely people there and felt very emotional when I returned to visit Ground Zero in 2019.

Mr Nobes - Cover Supervisor
Siberia, Russia

What was your best activity?
Four nights on the Trans-Siberian Express.

Was there any strange food?
Nothing too unusual but I recall the traditional food offered to travellers when we went to a Children's Summer Camp - warm bread and a good pinch of salt.

And something interesting?
I swam in Lake Baikal, the world's largest fresh-water lake. 648km long, 80km wide, 1.6km deep. Unlike a normal shoreline the sides just went straight down and within minutes all that was below my feet was the inky blackness of very deep water.

BEYOND THE STAFFROOM!

MEMORIES

Off the beaten track
My diary old, bound and worn
Held tight in the palm of my hand
Tracing my fingers over the intricate design
Losing myself in the memories
Of footsteps and travel
Rush and calm
Tears and smiles
So many faces lost in the sea of movement

-By Lua Swami, Yr 8



I used to stride around, everywhere,
Until I saw the tide,
Sea and cloud sway in front of your eyes,
Adventure in a mythical place, breathe, tree, travel,
Far away a tall city, smoky waves pass,
Calmness now surrounds me, a wave of shining diamonds.

Once upon a time that was Me.

-By India Charrier, Yr 7

THE WAITING GAME

By Amelie Shepard, Yr 12

My sweaty palm clinging onto my mother's hand. Her soft, smooth skin comforting my raspy breaths. My heart burning for freedom; my heart, legs and arms desperate to stop. As I look up at my mother and see a tear well in her eye, my slippery hand squeezes hers tight, urging us on. We see the gate, the holy gate which all in all concludes our fate. My hands shivering, my knees quivering. We won't make it through the holy gate. Travelling around it is our only option. The boat. We have to find where the boat is. If the boat makes it, we all make it. I picture everyone, their faces tormented with the will to escape. Mother pulls me to the side of the crowd, our hands separate for a millisecond but easily slip back, intertwined. Falling, running down the sandy slope... we get to the water's edge, emptiness, silence, darkness. Now it's the waiting game. It's always been a waiting game but right now there is nothing to keep me busy. No walking, running or even breathing heavily. We have to stay still and silent. After hours or days, I'm not sure how long it's been,. All I know is we have been in the dark. The boat arrives, it's not what I was expecting. A small yellow rubber thing packed full of people, all of us with the same motivation. I wanted Mother to go first, to make sure if anyone was left behind, it was me. She held my hand and we clambered on the unstable boat together. Everyone's face told their story, their fight.



Ms Bennett - Geography Teacher
Albania

What was your best activity?
Visiting the fortress at Gjirokaster.

Was there any strange food?
Nothing unusual, but being in a restaurant where the owner let us choose from the menu and then went out of the back door to go and buy the ingredients at the market.

And something interesting?
Getting stopped by the police and wondering if I would see my passport again...

Mrs Hall - Reprographics Tech
New Zealand

What was your best activity?
Trekking on Franz Joseph Glacier with a one year old!

Was there any strange food?
Paua - abalone shellfish.

And something interesting?
Kiwis loved to hear where we'd been at the weekend until our Maori pronunciation improved! Also, being mobbed by Japanese tourists who wanted to touch our baby daughter's red hair!

Miss Mellor - Learning Manager
Dominican Republic

What was your best activity?
Swimming with dolphins.

Was there any strange food?
La Bandera is considered the national dish of the Dominican people. It consists of white rice, chicken and red beans, accompanied by green salad.

And something interesting?
Dancing to merengue and bachata - a music genre loved by the Dominican Republic.



Mrs Oddie - Technology Teacher
Kinlochbervie, Scotland

What was your best activity?
Walking to the most spectacular beach, 'Oldshoremore', that can only be entered via a seven mile walk - no access to cars or anyone who has not walked there too.

Was there any strange food?
A buttery (it's like a cross between a scone and a bread roll). Not so strange but not found in many parts of Scotland.

And something interesting?
The most beautiful place with undisturbed beauty and beaches that would not be out of place in The Bahamas.

Mr Rogers - English Teacher
Verona, Italy

What was your best activity?
Going to the opera for the first time in the open air Roman Arena.

Was there any strange food?
Not really strange but let's just say you haven't had pizza or Ice Cream (Gelato) until you have been to Italy!

And something interesting?
I had a whistle stop tour of Verona by a friend who lives there and he showed me round in a few hours. I got to see Juliet's balcony which is absolutely covered in chewing gum! Apparently people think it's lucky to leave it there!



Mrs Chetwood - History Teacher
Japan

What was your best activity?

We travelled all around, visiting Tokyo, Kyoto, Hiroshima and Osaka. We climbed Mount Fuji and reached the top to watch the sunrise. We also saw the sunset in Hiroshima overlooking the Itsukushima shrine which was really special.

Was there any strange food?

So much amazing (and expensive) food. One dish was lots of different types of raw fish - not so delicious.

And something interesting?

The Japanese people were very friendly and are so polite. Their trains really are amazing! When locals realised we'd climbed Mount Fuji they came up and smiled at us.

Mrs Traill - Learning Support
Kenya

What was your best activity?

Spending time with Maasai women.

Was there any strange food?

Tumbo choma - cow's intestine.

And something interesting?

Learning about how the different tribes had developed over time and all their customs, and how poverty effected their thought processes.

Mrs Timms - Head of Sixth Form
Australia

What was your best activity?

Loop the loop in Tigrmoth.

Was there any strange food?

The best seafood platter ever.

And something interesting?

Drove the coast road and then flew back over in a Cessna or helicopter flight round the Olgas & Uluru.

Ms Kirk - English Teacher
Belize, Central America

What was your best activity?

Walking along a beach in a silent thunder and lightening storm.

Was there any strange food?

Eating really cheap and delicious lobster.

And something interesting?

Amazing evening at a wooden shack bar on the beach with swings for seats.

Mr Walker - Head of Year Ten and Pastoral
Cuba

What was your best activity?

Horse riding on the beach through the sea.

Was there any strange food?

The best seafood I've ever tasted.

And something interesting?

Unexpectedly swimming with a group of baby hammerhead sharks one day, then getting shouted at to "get out of the water"!



**BOOKMARK
COMPETITION!**

WORLD
**BOOK
DAY**

WORLD BOOK DAY

Thursday 7th
March 2024

**SHORT
STORY
RELAY!**

**GUESS THE
BOOKSHELF!**

**DOOR
DECORATING!**



Creative Writing

KS3 LUNCH, ROOM 17

YR9-13 AFTER SCHOOL ROOM 17
THURSDAYS ROOM 17 (MAGAZINE)

ALL WELCOME
LUNCH PASSES
AVAILABLE

Politics Club



Come along or the puppy gets it

**Discussion about what the heck is going on
Wednesdays at 3.20pm in Room 28**

LOCAL HISTORY CLUB



Wednesday 3.15-4.15pm, Room 18
Mr. East



T

ravel through skies, land
and sea,



R

ight to where you long to be.



A

s far up high, or down below,



V

eer to where exploration may grow.



E

ach night or day, travel away,

L

leading to the destination you wish
to stay.



T ravel, explore the mysterious world around you

R elax, exhale and leave all your worries behind

A dventures awaiting, memories to be made

V enturing into a world of unknown

E scape from the cage you were once in

L iberty, at last you are free

Mr Hill - Physics Teacher
U.S.A.

What was your best activity?
Cycling 3000 miles from Los Angeles to Vancouver, then Montreal to New York City.

Was there any strange food?
Ate out only once on this trip and had tacos.

And something interesting?
1988-89: worked on a farm for 2 years and sold the veg at Union Sq. Farmers Market in Manhattan.

Mrs Coppin - Progress Mentor
Iceland

What was your best activity?
Swimming in the Blue Lagoon with snow falling!

Was there any strange food?
Amazing seafood!

And something interesting?
Iceland gets its hot water through geothermal energy which results in the hot water smelling incredibly strongly of sulphur (rotten eggs).

Miss Woolford - Mathematics Teacher
New Zealand

What was your best activity?
Floating through the Waitomo Glowworm caves on an inflatable ring.

Was there any strange food?
A chocolate fish, which is a soft strawberry marshmallow shaped like a fish, covered in chocolate. Not very strange but a popular NZ treat.

And something interesting?
Being in NZ at the time of the earthquake (2011) and learning about the longer term impact on the residents of Christchurch. Also, sharing a campsite with sealions.

Ms Walker - Head of English
Czechoslovakia (now the Czech Republic and Slovakia)

What was your best activity?
Visiting the castle in Český Krumlov.

Was there any strange food?
I was vegetarian at the time and no-one understood what that was, it was such a foreign concept to Czech people, and the German family I was travelling with, as both cultures ate so much meat. Everywhere we went, the only thing that wasn't meat-based was sauerkraut! I was fed it everywhere!

And something interesting?
I visited in 1992 and was shocked and amazed to discover damage to buildings and rubble in the streets from WWII that had simply never been cleared up or repaired.

Mrs McGurk - Science Technician
Isle of Islay, Scotland

What was your best activity?
Cycling around the island.

Was there any strange food?
Limited choice of food, but if you are old enough to drink whisky...

And something interesting?
Can get there by train and ferry. See whales, dolphins, eagles, otters, rare birds and amazing wildflower grasslands (machair).

Mrs McDonald - Languages Teacher
Tanzania

What was your best activity?
Sitting on the edge of Lake Malawi watching the sun rise.

Was there any strange food?
We stayed in Tanzania for a month, working on community projects and in local schools and we were generously provided with a LOT of white rice.

And something interesting?
My first trip in Tanzania was a 24 hour train journey from Dar es Salaam into the countryside - the wildlife we saw was incredible.



Mr Harris - Headteacher
Greenland

What was your best activity?

Climbing on some amazing cliffs overlooking the fjords.

Was there any strange food?

Fermented seal fat oil that was stored in a seal stomach outside most of the houses in the villages we saw. It stank!

And something interesting?

Watching the whales in the bay, the family of arctic foxes that got used to us over the three weeks we were camping, the grave of a previous visitor which we discovered when we lifted up a large flat stone hoping to use it for a table.

Ms Pluckrose - Languages Teacher
Rome, Florence, Venice (Italy)

What was your best activity?

We travelled by train all the way to and around Italy and saw these three fabulous cities. Rome blew me away. The Roman ruins are everywhere and really spectacular. I loved it. The Vatican City with the Sistine Chapel was amazing.

Was there any strange food?

Not particularly, though the national dish is 'Ragu alla Bolognese' - spaghetti Bolognese!

And something interesting?

Italy is the fifth most visited country in the world - well worth it!

Mrs Seddon - Sociology Teacher
New Zealand

What was your best activity?

Seeing a whale surface for air from a small plane, with my six month old.

Was there any strange food?

Not really strange or unusual food, but we were told they made the best Flat Whites, which was true!

And something interesting?

We went on a boat trip to Kāpiti Island, on which they were rewilding Kiwis. Also went to the Living Maori Village Whakarewarewa where they use the geothermal springs in their daily life. There is also an Art Deco town called Napier, where we had a bathe in hot springs.

Miss Butler - English Teacher
Thailand

What was your best activity?

We travelled all over Thailand - from Bangkok, to Phuket and then some of the smaller islands. The best activity has to be trekking with elephants, bathing and feeding them on the Phi Phi Islands where there are no vehicles allowed.

Was there any strange food?

Fried scorpion - it was actually lovely!

And something else interesting?

A very frightening experience in the back of a tuk-tuk going through the countryside in Chiang Mai (northern Thailand) that skidded through some mud. The back wheels teetered over the edge of a very steep drop. The gentleman driving used some cymbals to call young boys from the nearest village who helped push the tuk-tuk back up onto the 'road' (dirt track).



Mrs Price - Head's P.A.
Outer Mongolia

What was your best activity?

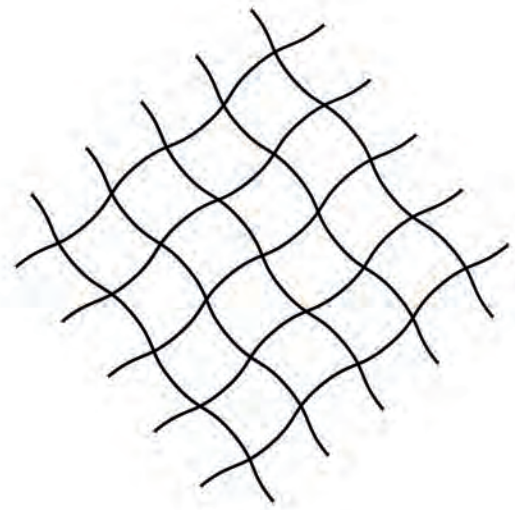
Pony trekking on the plains of Mongolia, meeting some locals, learning about their way of life and getting dressed up in some local dress in a yurt by our local guide - lots of laughs.

Was there any strange food?

Very fatty soup and yak's milk

And something else interesting?

Mongolia struggles to get fresh fruit and vegetables (hence their fatty diet - they keep slim through all their exercise). A lot of fruit and vegetables get smuggled to Mongolia from Russia on the Trans-Siberian Railway. When we were travelling on the Trans-Siberian Railway from Moscow to China via Mongolia (which takes 5 days), we saw people trying to smuggle full-size watermelons into Mongolia (not easy!). We also shared a cabin with a woman who was an assistant to someone in an embassy, presenting a gift on her boss's behalf. She showed us the gift (a large piece of raw, red meat which was stashed for safekeeping under her bed on the railway!). Sometimes at some of the stops, at night we would look out and see locals on horseback racing up and down the platforms collecting goods. P.S. Even Mongolia has a McDonald's (in the capital, Ulan Bator)!

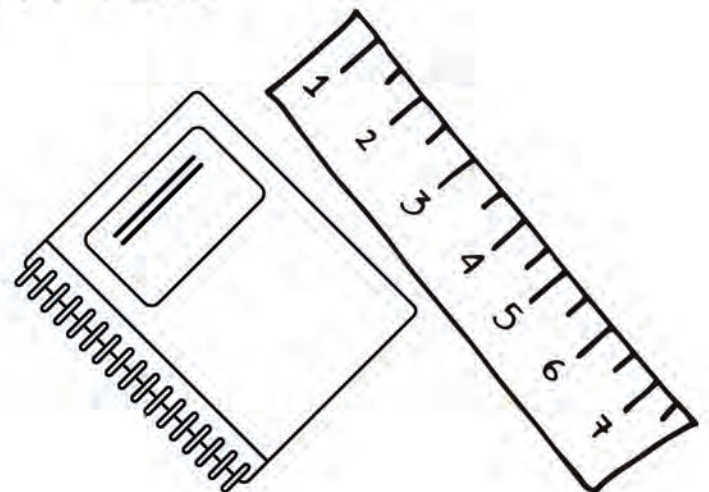
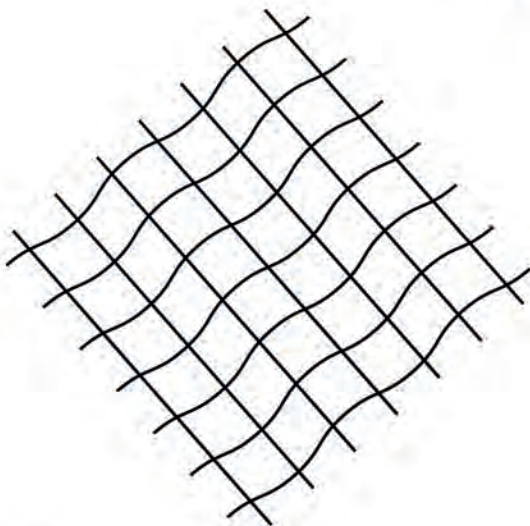


SUBMIT TO YAN TAN TETHERA



submissions@kirkbiekendal.co.uk

FROM SHORT STORIES
AND POEMS TO BOOK OR
FILM REVIEWS, WE WANT
TO HEAR FROM YOU!



SUBMIT TO OUR SUMMER ISSUE...

YanTanTethera

HISTORY

SUMMER
2024

Kirkbie Kendal School

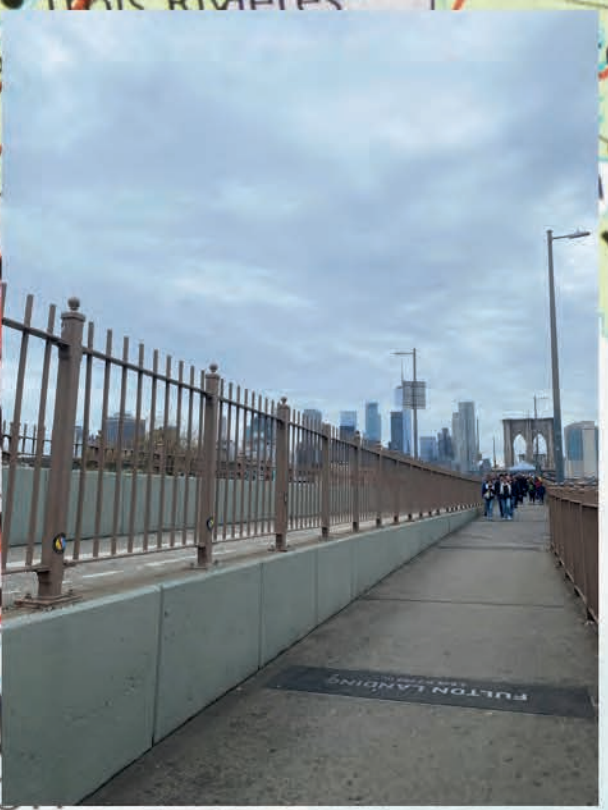
What does history mean to you? Do you love historical fiction, or watching classic movies? Do you enjoy hearing other people's stories about the past? Whether it's personal history, local history, your favourite part of history, or something more exotic, whatever you think of when we say history, we'd love to hear from you...

Poems, Short Stories, Flash Fiction, Artwork
inspired by the theme of HISTORY

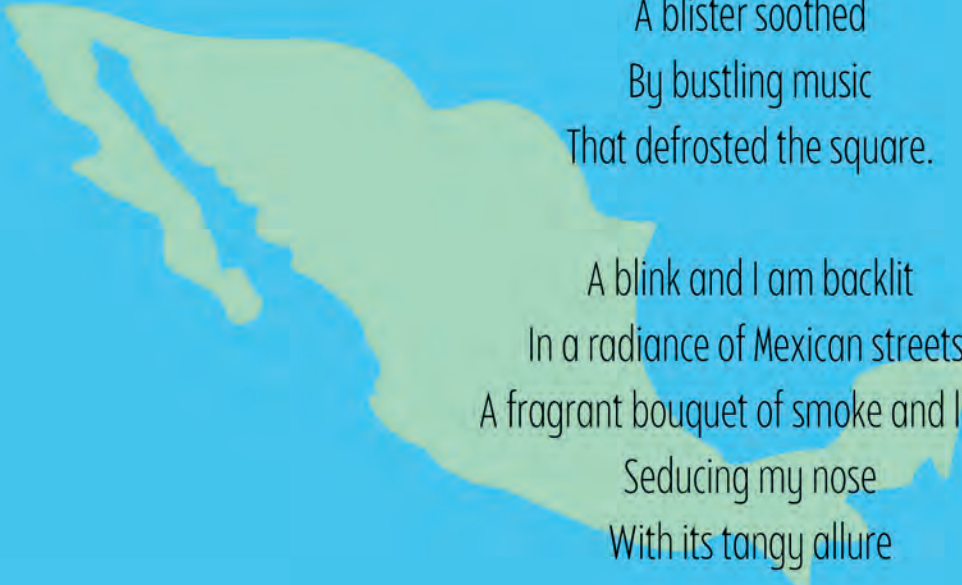
Please send submissions to
submissions@kirkbiekendal.co.uk

NEW YORK IN PICTURES

By Isabelle Siddall, Yr 9



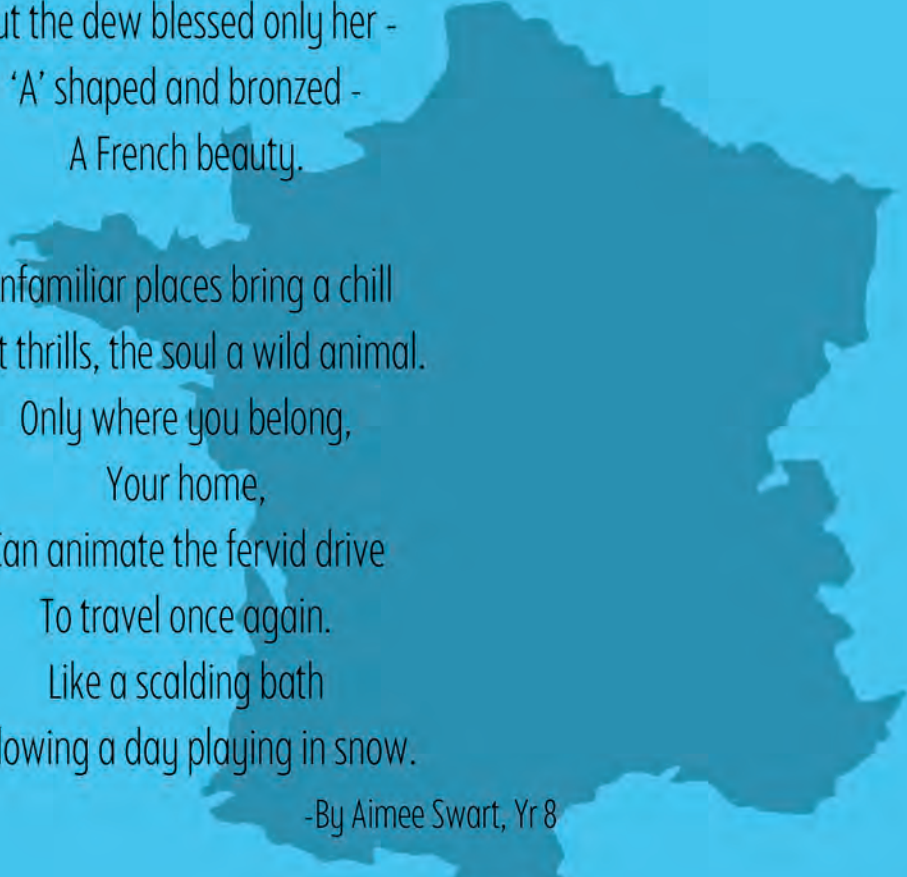
GLOBETROTTER



Flakes of frost stung,
A blister soothed
By bustling music
That defrosted the square.

A blink and I am backlit
In a radiance of Mexican streets.
A fragrant bouquet of smoke and lime,
Seducing my nose
With its tangy allure

Drops whispered a sign
Of rain, tinting pavements.
But the dew blessed only her -
'A' shaped and bronzed -
A French beauty.



Unfamiliar places bring a chill
That thrills, the soul a wild animal.
Only where you belong,
Your home,
Can animate the fervid drive
To travel once again.
Like a scalding bath
Following a day playing in snow.

-By Aimee Swart, Yr 8



TREKKING NEPAL: MISS GLANCY'S

TOP THREE TIPS



Plan but know that it will change.

A very long time ago I made a vision board with three main goals: complete my degree, do more yoga and trek to Annapurna base camp. I propped it on a windowsill and forgot all about it until one day I found myself on a flight to Kathmandu instead of my original plan of Columbia. At that point, I hadn't planned to trek ABC (Annapurna Base Camp). It was just by incredible coincidence, and maybe a little vision board magic, but I ended up completing my goal!



Pack lightly... but always pack a large bin bag!

Ask anyone who has backpacked a bit or more spontaneously travelled- the temptation is to pack everything you may ever need, but be brave and pack light. Some of my best adventures have been lacking in fancy gear, and I have even used a bin bag as an overall raincoat (a technique I then gifted to the numerous groups I took yoga trekking). So, my advice is... make do with what is only really necessary. You'll have the best fun trying to source random things you've forgotten, and always, always pack a brightly coloured bin bag.





Try everything...within reason.

From buffalo brains to carrying a bag on your head to local paint-throwing festivals (Holi), get stuck in and have a go at whatever comes your way during your travels. Not only will you cultivate the best stories, but you will also open your eyes to many different aspects of cultures and societies you may have otherwise missed.



Lastly, not so much a tip but a reminder for when you explore the world... there is so much out there to discover and enjoy globally, nationally and locally; it is something to be thankful for every day. Enjoy the little moments as well as the big travel endeavours. Always take the time to notice what's around you, get stuck, and live life to the fullest everyday.



LET'S GO

ADVENTURE



Friday night open mic

SUMMER TERM

DATE TBC



comedy



FICTION



tales

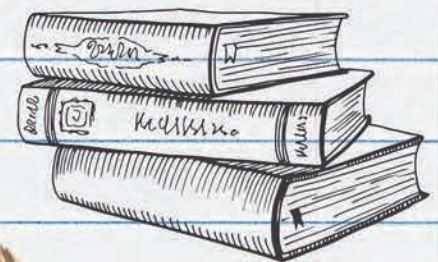
DRAMA

poetry



In the summer term, we will be holding our second open mic night!

A night to come and perform as a small group, to read your poems, be creative, and just have fun... get your thinking caps on for something you might like to bring to perform!



A LINGUISTIC ODYSSEY!

By Ms Pluckrose

I started my travel adventures as a school student in Year 10. I had studied German for precisely one year with only one lesson a week. French was compulsory from Year 7 to GCSE, but German was like a lightbulb moment - I just got it... and more importantly remembered it! The Germans came to stay with us in September. I could remember seeing them in previous years at school in their shorts and T-shirts and our headmaster speaking to them in German in assembly to welcome them. It was exciting to have someone coming to stay. It turned out that her English was particularly poor and my German was only a year old! So, we pointed at things a lot and repeated words to each other and laughed when she thought curtains sounded like Kurt Cobain (lead singer 'Nirvana')! We ended up watching lots of Mr. Bean and laughing when she sat in my room spinning her sock above her head shouting 'Mr Bean!' Then she lost her wallet on a school trip and we went to the train station to look for it, but it wasn't there. We cried together. At the weekend we took the train to Carlisle with other friends and exchange participants and went to the lost and found office. Luckily, it was there and because it had her 'Lichtbildausweis' (photo ID) inside it, she got it back again.

The return leg of the exchange took place in February and we nearly didn't go because it snowed so hard that roads were closed. I travelled with my friends in their four by four to Penrith station. We took the train to Euston, crossed London on the underground crammed into carriages with our big suitcases, and got a flight with DeutscheBA from Gatwick to Bremen. Back in those days you were given an in-flight meal. Everything came wrapped in little packages. The flight attendants came round offering tea or coffee and they brought you boiled sweets to suck for take off and landing. Oh yes! - And they gave you a warm lemony face cloth near the end of the flight to refresh yourself. Flying was an experience in itself! Our German partners had travelled to the airport to meet us and be with us on the school bus back to Nordenham. They were happy that Take That had just split up! It was biiiig news - girls (mainly girls) around the world were shown on the news crying!!!



Once we got 'home' I was introduced in German to mum, dad, brothers (and naughty tortoise 'Marius' who regularly seemed to escape) and shown my room. All I remember about the family is that they were friendly and kind and when Daniela was busy doing homework, her dad would sit with me showing me photos or looking at books, which is how I learnt words like 'Igel' (hedgehog) and 'Fuchs' (fox). It was very cold there that winter. We arrived at -15°C and frozen pavements. The key phrase was 'es ist glatt!' (it's slippery)! But it meant that we had a trip to the coast to see the frozen North Sea. Yes, that's right, the sea was frozen! And I got to ice-skate on a lake. Pretty awesome stuff! The school was really different: no uniform, no bells, teachers in jeans. A big indoor meeting and seating area, complete with a fake tree and fairy lights. In the staffroom there were large papier-mâché dinosaurs (no idea why) and the headmaster was called Herr Battenberg. On a later return visit, we made him a battenburg cake. It had to be done! We had day trips during our stay and, of course, visited the statue of the Musicians of Bremen. It was rather smaller than we had anticipated and we were a little underwhelmed. We also went bowling German-style. And we seemed to spend a lot of time meeting up in a shop called Woolworth!!! Only the older staff will see any significance in this. During our stay, one of the German girls had her birthday and threw a party (there may have been a Pflaumenschaps to toast her) and I became an item with an English boy from the year above - it was love! I cycled with my partner from her village to his village at the weekend to see him. Of course, we sat together on the way home and held hands in London when we went to the Tate to fill in time between our flight and the next train home.



And now I had the bug for experiences beyond Britain's shores... three more German exchanges, two French exchanges and a year abroad, living and working in Pamplona, (northern) Spain. All life-enriching experiences that have given me friends for life in three different countries.

TRAVEL INTERVIEW WITH MR HARRIS!

BY CONSTANCE DONATO AND ELODIE MALCOLM

What was your first memory of travelling?

"On family holidays we always used to go camping in Pembrokeshire. My first memory there was running through empty fields and gorse bushes to a cliff path, and I remember it always being sunny there, even though it probably chucked it down most of the time."

Were you ever scared to travel to a certain place?

"When you go anywhere, 99.9% of people are just wonderful, and in my experience whenever something goes wrong, people will always help. The vast majority of the world is incredibly hospitable."

Is there anywhere that you would still like to travel to?

"I'd love to spend some more time in Morocco, or visit the Sahara Desert as I want to see the sand dunes there. I'd also like to have another season skiing in the Alps, as well as complete a very famous walking route in Corsica."

What is your favourite memory from travelling?

"Picking a favourite is really hard, but I'd probably say walking through tiny villages in Pakistan, with the bright green terraces of crops in a really arid mountainous landscape; the people there were incredibly friendly and even made food for us. Snorkelling in Indonesia was also amazing, as well as sailing past huge icebergs in Greenland."

What is the most exotic or unusual place you have been to?

"An island off Scotland called Pabay. There was no habitation on this island, and each time you went down to rocks on the shore you saw spectacular wildlife: seals, basking sharks and beautiful flowers."

If you could time travel to any point in history, where would you go?

"It would be incredible to visit New York when it was a new place. Imagine being the first person to sail up the Hudson river!"

What would you say to your younger self about travelling/exploring?

"Keep having these experiences, and take any opportunity to have any adventure: don't say no, always say yes."

Is there anything that you want to tell people who are thinking of travelling?

"Do it, do it, do it! Also, don't have too much contact with people at home, or else you won't properly immerse yourself in your travels. And read about the places you are in while you are there, it will make them even more amazing!"



ENGLISH HOMEWORK SURGERY

MONDAYS 3.15-4.15

ROOM 12

ALL STUDENTS WELCOME

KKS SCHOOL MUSICAL 2024:

CHICAGO



2nd-5th Of July

Greek Myth Club

Join us in room 10 on Mondays,

3:15 - 4:00

Have you ever been curious about Greek mythology? Eager to learn more? Come along and join us to delve into the past's myths and uncover what weird and wacky things the Greeks believed in!



ART CLUB



come along for anything artsy!

OPEN FOR YEARS 7/8/9
THURSDAY LUNCH - RM E2
Bring a packed lunch



26

FOREIGN FAIRYTALE



Culture from
afar,
all our senses
gathered as one,
a dream come
to life as good
as imagined,
another world
discovered and
created in endless
new forms,
places of joy
and diversity,
a journey for
discovery and
for enjoyment.



THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

By Estela Hristova, Yr 7



THE FUTURE LIBRARY PROJECT

By Mr. Rogers

The Future Library project is a public artwork that aims to collect an original work by a popular writer every year from 2014 to 2114. The works will remain unread and unpublished until 2114. One thousand trees were specially planted for the project in the Nordmarka forest at its inception; the 100 manuscripts will be printed in limited-edition anthologies using paper made from the trees. The Guardian has referred to it as 'the world's most secretive library'.

The project was conceived by Katie Paterson during the summer of 2014. It is managed by the Future Library Trust and supported by the city of Oslo, Norway. It was produced for the Slow Space public art program.

The manuscripts will be held in a specially designed room at the new Deichman Library (Oslo Public Library). The 'Silent Room', where the manuscripts are to be kept, is built using wood from the original trees felled to make way for the trees planted for the project.

One thousand certificates entitling the holder to the full 100-work anthology when published in 2114 are being sold by the artist's galleries: Ingleby Gallery (Edinburgh), James Cohan Gallery (New York) and Parafin (London). Initially sold for £625, the price increased to £800 in 2017. The certificates, double-sided and printed on hand-made paper (also made from the original trees felled for the project), depict a cross section of a tree with 100 tree-rings symbolising the time period for the project.

At Kirkbie Kendal School we would like to do our own version which we are calling 'The Secret Library'. If you would like to get involved, we are asking for submissions of stories or poetry. Your submission will then be stored for a year and published in a future edition of the magazine. Details of how to submit are as follows:

Email your submission to submissions@kirkbiekendal.co.uk with the subject:

The Secret Library - (Title Of Submission),

or hand in to Room 17 clearly labelled (e.g. in a labelled folder) with:

The Secret Library - (Title Of Submission),

by Thursday 18th July 2024.

STUDENTS
WEDNESDAYS
3.20 PM
ROOM 17

STAFF
FRIDAYS
3.45 PM
ROOM 17



YOGA

All welcome- just come along!
See Miss Glancy for details



DRAMA

Wednesday
KS3 Lunchtime
Dance Hall

All welcome- just come along!
See Miss Glancy For Details

BEYOND THE SUNSET

By Constance Donato, Yr 12

Darkness fell over the rooves and minarets of the ochre city that was Marrakesh; the golden sun painting its last beautiful brushes of colour across the sky. The air was warm even though it was only March, but then in places like that the air seems almost always to be warm. Thirteen people, from adults to a tiny child, had walked from their hotel down to the restaurant, and now they went in. Firm friends in a bittersweet atmosphere. They might have only been here a week, but they had done so much together that at least some of them had become extremely close... and now it was time to say goodbye. The mood brought on by the restaurant, however, was joyful; the music was loud, and the laughter, louder. They had come here to eat of course, but really the aim of the night was to spend as much of the last dregs of time they had together, in each other's company. Tomorrow two of the families would be catching flights back to the UK, one to the far north, the other to London. But the alluring vibe of the place was too much to ignore. The smell of the rich tagines and Moroccan dishes lingered in the air, tantalisingly clear. And the food was just as delicious as it had smelt, a thing to really savour.

The light was not harsh, rather a soft glow from dim lamps against the growing blackness. The room was filled with people, clustered between grey curtains, beneath ornate mirrors and bright artwork. As the night progressed, the company began to relax; joking, laughing and playing around more and more. Two girls were sat beside each other. One had shoulder-length black hair, and was wearing a grey hoodie. The other had long, dark brown hair in a plait and was wearing a steel blue long-sleeved t-shirt. The light played over their faces as they reclined, chatting animatedly to the children on either side of them. The darker-haired one put her arms around her new friend, and the friend felt she might like to freeze this perfect, joyful atmosphere while it lasted...



SUNSTROKE

By Chloe Procter, Yr 12

There are no such things as weekdays and weekends anymore, only day and night. The sun and moon rotate like clockwork and time no longer has significance. Daytime means burning in the sun's merciless beam and nighttime means being enclosed in the cool void of lonely darkness- the trick is to keep moving. Dwelling on the circumstances will get me nowhere, I can only motivate myself through the hope that there is a nearby town but after what must be weeks of hoping with no results it's exhausting to keep positive. The scale of logic is gradually tipping towards curling up by a rock, closing my eyes and sleeping until the grim reaper comes to shake my hand. I've been contemplating this since the crash and as time passes the thought only gets stronger and stronger.

Each sand dune I overcome looks just like the last, as if they have been copy and pasted one after the other. But this one dune feels steeper than the others. I begin to think I've nearly reached the top only to look up and squint at the hill's peak and BANG! It looks the same as it did 100 steps ago. A nauseating treadmill of sand, on the highest incline imaginable, slyly snickered at my suffering, taunting me and waiting until I give in to its power. The wind sighs, causing sand to gush onto my face, ambush my eyes and stick to my sweat-coated skin; I was sick of the stuff. I hope to never see a single grain of sand ever again but the thought that I may never make it out of here consumes me. I know that wish is almost certainly impossible. Scrambling up the sand frantically, I am smacked with a pang of dizziness. My head becomes a solar panel, absorbing the sun's scorching glaze and my eyesight smothered with black flies- like swarms of shapes. I loose balance...

Stroke of wet sponge. Close breathing. A comforting presence. Fluttering my swollen eyes open, my world explodes with golden ribbons and swirling blue (a blue so pale it was practically white). Could it be? It must be...

"Heaven," I whisper with strain and rasp.

"I've been sent to you," a low voice echoes.

Brush-like whiskers tickle my chin and nose, a peculiar thing to greet me in heaven. As my vision begins to focus, a brown blob ripples in front of me. I blink. I open my eyes to see two glossy black olive eyes.

My last memory pieces itself together, sand coated to my skin and a temperature so high you could roast a turkey. Except I now have a four legged beast with a face like a sack of squashed potatoes towering over me as it drools onto my body. A camel.

"Are you just gonna lay there? No thank you for rescuing me, you're too kind, what would I do without you?" the camel interrogates me.

"What? How? What?" I mumble, maybe the heat exhaustion had finally possessed me to the point of hallucination and now I am imagining a camel, talking in front of me. It seems the only plausible explanation. Maybe if I just reach out to feel it, I would know if it was real... I put my hand underneath its chin and sure enough it was there, but that could still be part of the hallucination- maybe all my senses were being tricked. I would never know... "AHH OW AH! You bit me!"

"Hey, you treat me with some respect and I'll respect you back." The camel proved it was really there, it had to be a sign, it was sent to save me.

MODE FRANÇAISE – (FRENCH FASHION)

By Lily Cottam, Yr 10

France is famous for being creatively rather than consumer driven, which tells the story of high class fashion throughout the centuries. With each piece of clothing designed by Parisians such as Chanel, Dior, Hermes, Yves Saint Laurent and Celine, not only do you see time, emotion and patience in each piece but also architecture.

To me fashion is a dimension into the mind of the designer and the brand. Many believe it is the most powerful art.

The Clothes That Represent France

With French style, simplicity is key in a 'less is more' attitude.

Their fall fashion staples such as blazers, trench coats, heeled boots and classic sweaters all have something in common: they have very little in terms of pattern and come in mostly solids of black, grey, cream and camel.

How To Get The Look:

- Ballet flats
- White trainers
- Trench coats
- Jeans
- Simple colours and textures
- Red lipstick

How Did France Become The Fashion Capital Of The World?

The association of France with fashion and style (à la mode) is widely credited as beginning during the reign of Louis XVI with Marie Antoinette, when the luxury goods industries in France came increasingly under royal control and the French royal court became, arguably, the arbiter of taste and style in Europe.

Popular French Fashion Magazines

- Vogue France
- Elle
- L'official
- Glamour
- Marie Claire



'Fashion changes but style endures' - Coco Chanel

'Individuality will always be one of the conditions of real elegance' - Christian Dior

'Every day is a fashion show and the world is the runway' - Coco Chanel



FROM OCEAN TO PLATE

By Elodie Malcolm, Year 13

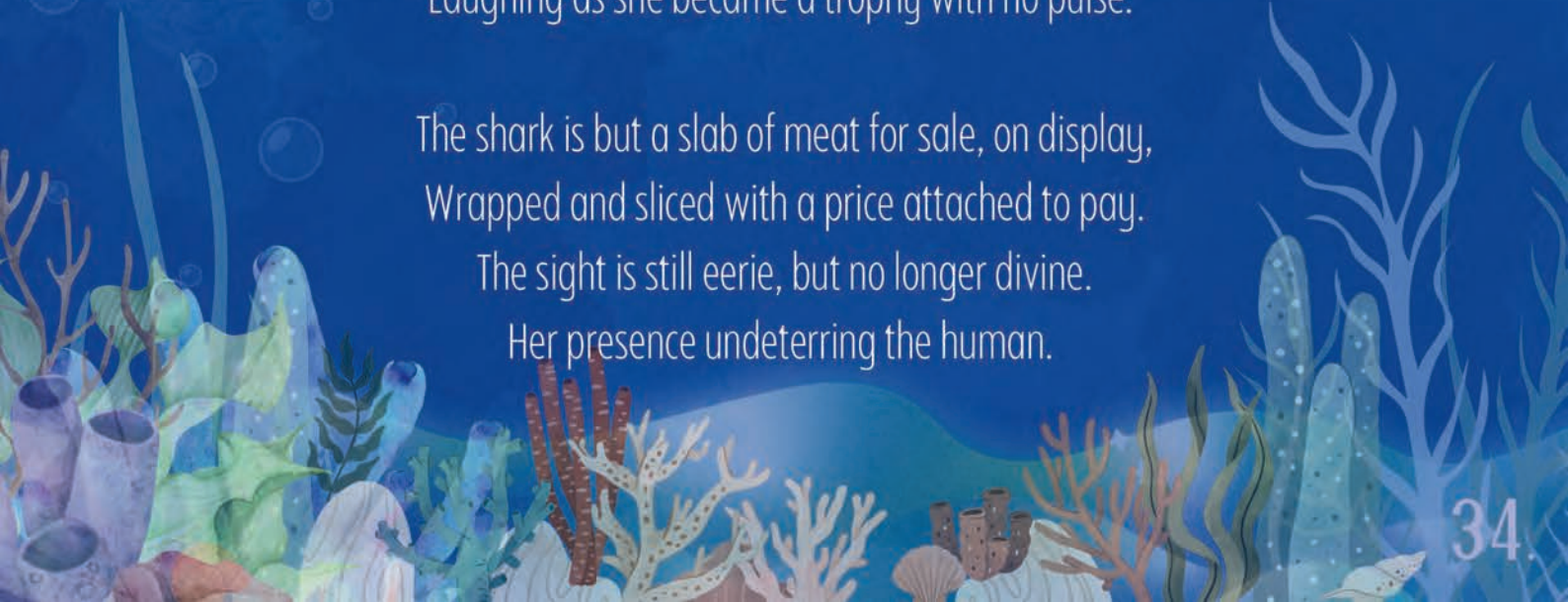
The shark is but a shadow from the surface,
How is her mystery incessantly ceaseless?
Her influence is eerie yet almost divine,
Her presence undeterred by a meagre coastline.

Briny pillars form the palace that she cruises through,
An authority so authentic, instinctive and true,
Yet the self-proclaimed monarchs of our land presume,
That like them, her virtue is a salesroom costume.

We scrutinise her face through a facade of waves,
Shove our hands down her throat but expect her to behave.
When crimson flares at last it's all we choose to see,
This monster surely proves our superiority.

Now a fin in the water incites guttural fear,
Run back to plastic sunbeds, or forwards with a spear.
'What fiend would be so hateful?' we cry, repulsed
Grinning as she flailed, as she screamed and convulsed.
Laughing as she became a trophy with no pulse.

The shark is but a slab of meat for sale, on display,
Wrapped and sliced with a price attached to pay.
The sight is still eerie, but no longer divine.
Her presence undetering the human.



AOTEAROA, THE LAND OF THE LONG WHITE CLOUD

By Constance Donato, Yr 12

“Not all those who wander are lost.” -J.R.R. Tolkein, The Fellowship Of The Ring



Okay, so I admit when I started looking at doing this I had no idea where to start. How could you condense two of the most amazing months of your life into a few hundred words? Especially if those months were nine years ago, when you were only seven years old. But this trip changed my life, so I knew I had to try...

Exactly four months before, we began to prepare for the biggest adventure any of us children had ever been on and, to this day, have ever been on. We flew out as August drew to a close and, after over twenty-four hours of flying and a malfunction on a plane we were supposed to be boarding, we touched down on New Zealand soil.

After that, we travelled north to rainforests, heritage sites and a beautiful island sanctuary, then south through hot water springs, mountain ranges, movie locations, a friend's house. Past geysers and waterfalls and the capital city, then across the Cook Strait to South Island. We followed the East Coast past one of the oldest ships in the world and the wildlife-rich sea of Kaikōura to Christchurch. The southernmost point on our journey was the Moeraki Boulders, and from there we began to journey back to Christchurch up the West Coast and through mountain passes, seeing glaciers and penguins, a two-day-old kiwi, and even panning for gold in a heritage park. A rainforest canopy walk, a geological phenomenon, cave systems... It was an incredible adventure, and here are just a few of my most memorable moments...

We left the campground (not quite early) in the morning to reattempt last minute our visit to the two biggest kauri trees in the world – having almost been caught in a rainforest downpour the first time we tried. We first went to Te Matua Ngahere – the Father of the Forest. We had been looking for Te Mahuta but couldn't find him. We piled out of the hire car into the silent, emerald forest and got as far as the sign indicating where we were going before the rain began. We took shelter but it was much too heavy. Back to the car we went, to refuge beneath the car boot hatch and change out of our soaking gear. Once the rain had abated slightly, we set out again. This time the rain only began once we had reached the tree, but it was still annoying because we had to pull on cagoules which we didn't like wearing. As we came down the boardwalk (you have to walk on the boardwalks to avoid the risk of transmitting disease from tree to tree), however, and turned the corner... it was amazing. Te Matua Ngahere is sixteen point four one METRES wide and twenty-nine point nine metres tall. It towers... a great hulking mass. Being small children, we were thrilled by it. I remember clearly how we stood, grinning before it to have our photo taken. It was incredible.

From there we went on to see Tāne Mahuta - the tallest of the kauri trees. Towering at an incredible fifty one point two metres tall (!), you couldn't even see the top from where we were standing. We took a photo of a couple and they took a photo of us. There were two places you could view it from, one up close and one further away so you could see more of it. It's funny to think a tree could be so impactful, but it certainly was.

The island sanctuary of Tiritiri Matangi was another big stop. We took a ferry out and stayed in the bunkhouse! It certainly was an island sanctuary. We had been there hardly any time at all before we had seen three of only two hundred and seventy remaining Takahe in the entire world. There were also all sorts of other amazing wildlife: pukekos; little blue penguins; little spotted kiwis; and even kōkakos, or blue wattled crows (which we nicknamed blue wattled not-a-crows due to their clearly not being actual crows). The bunkhouse was in the lighthouse and it was awesome!

A few days later, and we decided to go and experience the natural phenomenon that is The Coromandel's Hot Water Beach. The water bubbles up from thermal springs so you can dig your own hot tubs in the sand. In some places, the water was so deep it was hard for our little legs to wade through it, but once we found the right place, it was fun to splash about and build up the walls - in a permanent battle against the tide and the raucous boys in the pool next door. It was an amazing day out, even when the tide turned and we had to retreat.

We stayed for a while with the family of an old friend of my parents', and they were so lovely. He had a wife and two sons, and the elder son loved the same movie I did. For four fun-packed days we went out together swimming in a pool heated by thermal springs, kayaking out on the local lake and exploring the beautiful – and empty of other people – nearby beach, not to mention enjoying the magic tricks the younger son was very proud to show us. No-one wanted to say goodbye after that.

For anyone who likes The Hobbit, this next place is a must-do. We visited Hobbiton, the site where they filmed many of the scenes at the start and end of The Hobbit and, later, filmed part of the Lord Of The Rings. You have to go round in a tourgroup, but that does mean you can learn all about it. The different houses were built to different scales depending on who and what they were being used for, as Hobbits are obviously much smaller than the actors were. We arrived at The Shire's Rest and got on a coach. There was a short journey through the beautiful rolling country before we got off and began the tour. There was a Hobbit Hole you could get photographed outside, and of course Bag End (at the end of Bagshot Row) with the iconic 'no admittance except on party business' sign. We had watched the start of the The Unexpected Journey film before coming so it was really cool to see it brought to life here. Finally, we descended the hill to The Green Dragon Inn, where there was a complimentary drink with the tour. Then it was back on the bus to the gift shop, where one of the staff called us children Hobbits! We got some fridge magnets in the shop which I still have now...

A little while later, we visited another place that featured in the iconic film trilogies. We took a four hour walk into the mountains, between two towering volcanoes (one of which was showing unusual activity), and walked up towards the Taranaki falls past a stream where Gollum was filmed, and past Mount Doom. We tried several times to get a photo in front of it, and managed later in the day, but every time we were ready a cloud came in front of it - atmospheric but very frustrating. Then we reached the waterfall. It was truly breathtaking. We arrived from the top - a little hair-raising - but went and had lunch at the bottom near the crystal-clear plunge pool and rocky beach.

Crossing the Straight was wonderful and windy, and then we were onto South Island and the adventure continued.

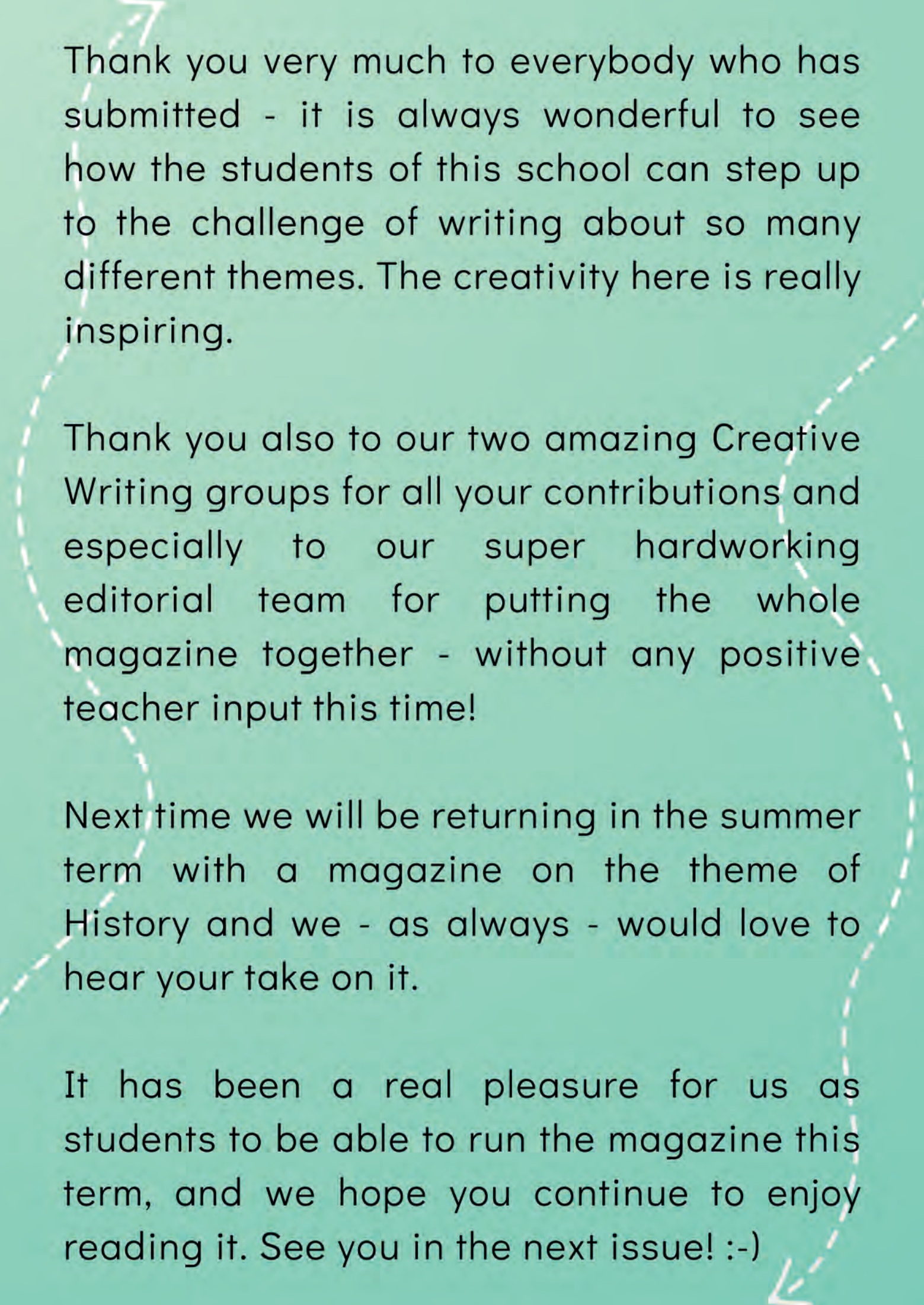
One of our first stops was Kaikōura, where the kind willingness of the New Zealand people to bend the rules was really evident. Even though they weren't supposed to take children younger than three, they let us go. We were on a boat by ourselves as no-one else had booked on. We cast off from the shore - it wasn't that cold and the sun was shining bright. We had been searching for Wandering Albatrosses and we certainly found them. There were so many! Eventually, we had to come in because the winds got too high, but it had been an amazing trip and one of us had been the youngest ever to go on their Albatross Encounter! We were so good that we were allowed the next day to go on the dolphin watch - which wasn't supposed to have anyone under the age of five on it! We spent almost the entirety of the journey pressed against the front barrier of the boat, feeling the roll and swell of the (we felt) massive waves. There were so many dolphins and it was an incredible two hours. We watched as some of the other people on the boat with us dived down in their wetsuits and swam among the graceful creatures. I think it's safe to say that, when the time came, no-one wanted to get off that boat.

We went down towards Christchurch which was still recovering from the 2011 earthquake. Though I had never actually seen the cathedral before, its lost majesty was clear. Then we carried on down the coast, to the southmost point of our journey, and came back up. As we moved into the second half of October, we got to visit one of the most famous landforms in New Zealand... The glaciers. Due to the heavy rainfall, the entire path had been closed the previous day, but we managed to get within six hundred metres of it, so we did pretty well. The rains had brought down chunks of it though, so technically we got to touch a piece of it. There was a crystal clear and beautiful pool of fresh glacial water, away from the murky run-off and the valley where the glacier itself was retreating was colossal. But it was amazing and terrifying at the same time. The glaciers are retreating at an alarming rate due to the heating up of the Earth's atmosphere. Even then, we knew that if we were ever to go back, there might be nothing left to see there.

The next day we went to a second glacier, Franz Josef, and got to climb over a part of the glacier that had become detached from the main body. It was riddled with caves (and danger signs). This time around we got to the end of the safe path, only two hundred and fifty metres from where the stream rushed out from beneath the glacier!

We left the West coast a while later, and it was as we were coming back through one of the mountain passes that we saw the kea. We had stopped beside the road to take a look at the landscape when it arrived. The kea is a species of alpine parrot famous for vandalising cars by ripping off aerials, windscreen wipers and door seals; and we were honoured to see it at work first-hand. I'm not sure the car's owners were too thrilled though!

Maybe one day I'll get around to writing the book about this trip I have wanted to ever since I went. Maybe this snippet will be the start of something bigger: but until then, allow me just to say that it was a truly incredible trip. There are some things you just can't unlive and I am so grateful I that I got to have the experiences I had on that life-changing trip to Aotearoa, The Land Of The Long White Cloud. I learnt so much that I would never know otherwise (like that hokey pokey is the best type of ice cream in the universe, among other more serious things). Things that could never be learnt from books, or exams, or school. Real, physical life lessons. I learnt things about the world, and I learnt things about myself. And so if you take nothing else away from this tale (other than the best ice cream flavour ever) take this: live life to the full every day, and never let yourself regret not taking a chance. If you ever have the opportunity to travel, to up and do something crazy, take it and don't look back.



Thank you very much to everybody who has submitted - it is always wonderful to see how the students of this school can step up to the challenge of writing about so many different themes. The creativity here is really inspiring.

Thank you also to our two amazing Creative Writing groups for all your contributions and especially to our super hardworking editorial team for putting the whole magazine together - without any positive teacher input this time!

Next time we will be returning in the summer term with a magazine on the theme of History and we - as always - would love to hear your take on it.

It has been a real pleasure for us as students to be able to run the magazine this term, and we hope you continue to enjoy reading it. See you in the next issue! :-)