

18 May 2020- Issue 19



THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Message from the Head Teacher

Dear Parents and Carers

I hope you are all keeping safe and staying healthy.

I realise how difficult the lockdown is for many families and that, particularly for some of you, the strain on homelife will have been especially challenging. We thank you for your continued support and effort at home with the students. I am also very grateful to our staff who have worked so hard to make our remote provision so successful during this period of lockdown.

As you are no doubt you are aware, last week the government announced its intentions regarding schools and students returning. Whilst the plans are still conditional on the reduced spread of the Covid virus, to date secondary schools and sixth forms have been asked to "offer some face-to-face support to supplement the remote education of Year 10 and Year 12 students who are due to take key exams, alongside the full-time provision they are offering to priority groups." It seems highly unlikely that pupils in Year 7, 8 and 9 will return before September.

Clearly there is much work to be done in terms of preparations and whilst there has been some guidance issued by the Department for Education, we are still awaiting detailed guidance for Secondary Schools. This is due to be published early this week. As we begin to make our provisional plans in light of this guidance, our overriding aim is to ensure the safety and wellbeing of all our students and staff whilst creating opportunities to restore our connections as school communities.

As always, we will keep parents updated when we have more details whilst ensuring that we listen to your views, concerns and anxieties as we move forward.

Take care and stay safe and I will leave you to enjoy this edition of the Wallington Week.

Richard Booth
Headteacher

Telephone Numbers / Email Addresses

I have sent out a number of emails to you via Schoolcomms regarding emails and telephone numbers. If you have received one of these, kindly email me, Mrs Davies, Communications Officer, on

sdavies@wallingtongirls.org.uk

with updated information. In these times particularly, it is vital that our emails reach you and you are kept fully informed.

Thank you

Making Masks for the NHS / Care Homes—UPDATE

We are delighted to report that Mr Slight, our Head of Technology, is still very busy continuing to make masks at WHSG. See his report below.

“I have now stocked 11 primary schools in the Bromley, Beckenham, Penge area, including Balgowan Primary School.

I am also providing face shields for local businesses including our local Post Office. A number of other small businesses have asked for them, even the local pizza take out shop and I have given them out.

I am currently providing visors for Coughlans bakery. They are a local business and have shops all over the local area including Beckenham, Croydon, Thornton Heath and a shop in Wallington. Their staff are desperate for them so I will deliver 90 to them today and a further 50 next Wednesday when I can get into school again.”



HAY FESTIVAL



HAY FESTIVAL PROGRAMME FOR SCHOOLS

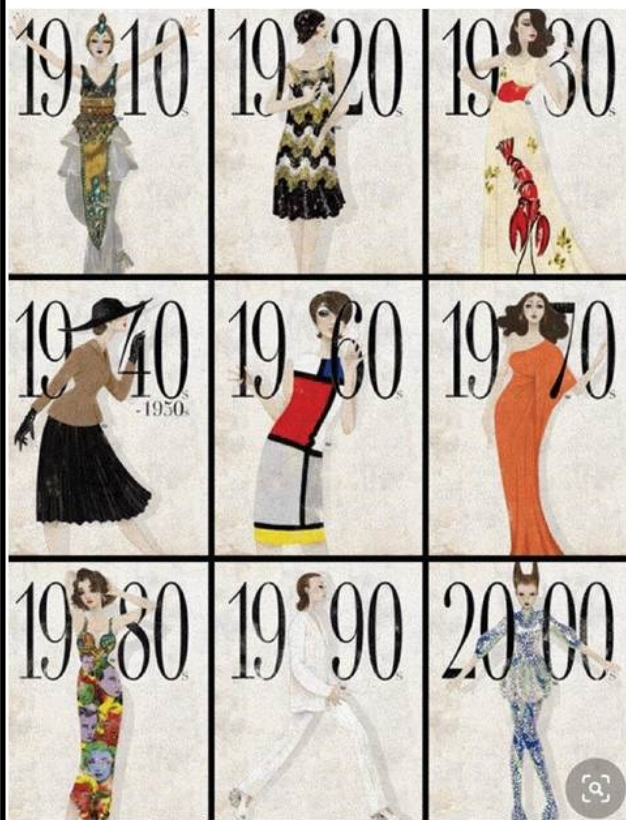
Please share the [2020 Digital Programme for Schools](#) with families learning at home.

We'll be bringing authors, including Cressida Cowell, Christopher Edge, Konnie Huq, Muhammad Khan, Liz Pichon, Onjali Q Rauf and Lucy Worsley straight from their house to you digitally from Monday 18 - Friday 22 May.

This digital programme for schools has been kindly funded by Welsh Government.

The Drill Hall, 25 Lion Street, Hay on Wye, HR3 5AD

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YFD UK
 YOUNG FASHION DESIGNER UK

2010 - 2020

We are celebrating ten year's at YFDUK this year and to celebrate we are opening our online competition!

Celebrate your 'Decade of Design'

Choose a decade and create a moodboard full of inspiration.

Research a key designer of the time

Design a capsule collection inspired by your research that could feature in an online magazine

Open to anyone aged 11-18

Email entries by 5th June

Our judges will select prize winners!

More information at:
<http://youngfashiondesigneruk.com/>
 Or email Miss Stooke

LEGO Competition

As previously advertised on the STEAM page on FROG you could take part in one of the mini competitions on the LEGO Ideas website.

This one is especially interesting, particularly because we will probably not go on THAT holiday this summer.

Deadline is mid June.

Get building!

<https://ideas.lego.com/blogs/a4ae09b6-0d4c-4307-9da8-3ee9f3d368d6/post/42f7d05b-90c4-44a2-abd0-73b6363f1304>



DT lockdown challenge 4

Build a cardboard boat

Rules:

Ask for adult permission before using sharp equipment or water
If you are using flower or sugar as a weight please wrap the package in plastic bags first



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H_scnWnN1Fg&feature=youtu.be

Evidence:

Take a photo and email it to your DT teacher who will post the best examples on our Instagram account.

We will award prizes for the most brilliant ones for each year group.



#dtlockdownchallenge

CARDBOARD BOAT

ENGINEERING CHALLENGE 07

Designed by Ben,
Design engineer at Dyson

The brief

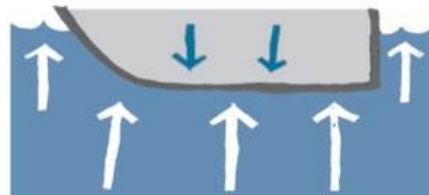
Construct a boat to support up to 250g without sinking.

The method

1. Draw out the basic shape of your boat on the cardboard, and cut it out.
2. Create walls for your boat from more cardboard.
3. Stick the bottom of the boat and the walls together with tape or glue.
4. Back everything with wax paper or foil – be careful not to leave any gaps where the water can get in.
5. Place the 250g weight in the boat.
6. Set your boat afloat.

Top tip

Think about stability. Some shapes are more stable than others when a load is applied.



How does it work?

When a boat is placed in water, it displaces an amount of water equal to the boat's weight – as long as the object is less dense than the water, it will float.

Materials

Cardboard
Wax paper
Tape or glue
Rubber bands
Foil
Scissors
(with adult supervision)
Craft knives
(with adult supervision)
A 250g weight

Design icons



The SS Great Britain was the first iron steamer to cross the Atlantic. Designed by Isambard Kingdom Brunel in 1845, it was the first ship to combine an iron body with a screw propeller.



And the result is—Success

From

Mathura

9 Sharman

How to best insulate either a hot liquid or frozen vegetables?

Year 10 were posed this question for their Physics lesson last week. Here is a great example and explanation from Ashvina (10x8)

Equipment:

- 2 identical glasses
- 125ml of frozen carrots, peas and sweetcorn

Temperature of room:

- 17.5°C

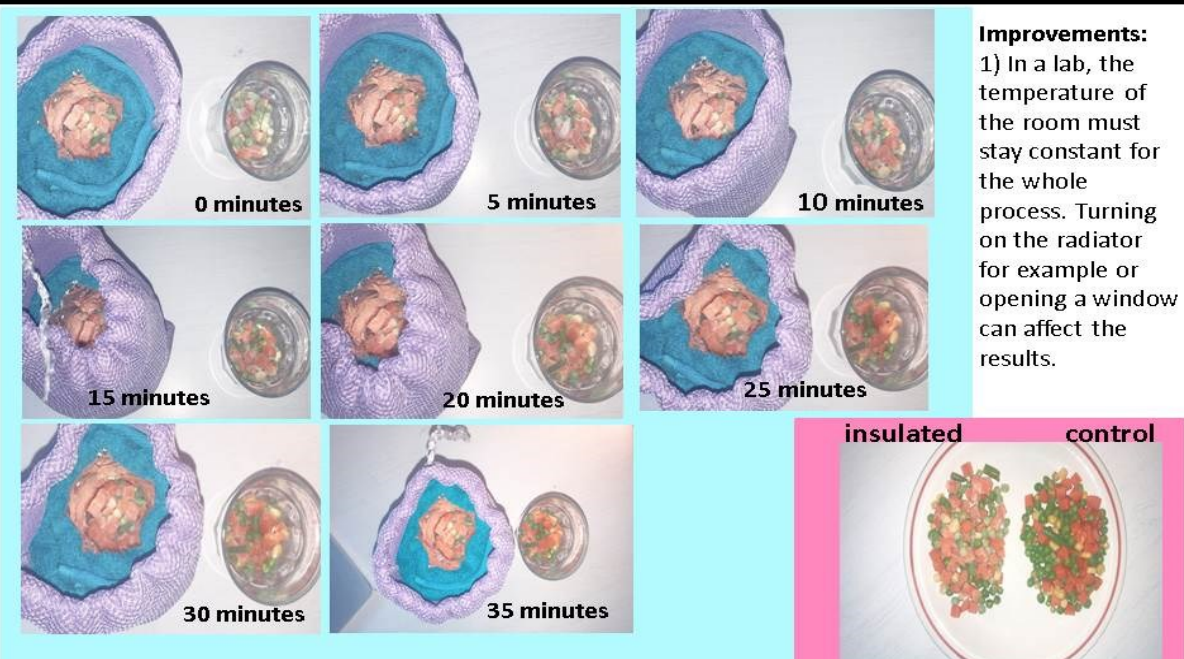
What did you do to keep the container insulated?

I lined the inside with *aluminum foil*. Reflective surfaces preserve temperatures at a consistent degree, so the frozen vegetable would melt at a slower rate.

I wrapped the glass in a *towel* and placed it in a *fabric bag*. I added another layer of insulation between the frozen vegetables and any external heat by wrapping the glass with a towel. Trapping air between the layers reduces the amount of heat energy that is lost.

Observations:

The frozen items in the more insulated container were melting less quickly than in the glass that was not covered. If you look closely, the ice on the vegetables begins to melt and become clearer in the 'control' glass and the ice in the covered glass, was still very visible on the vegetables.



2) Keep the containers in the same room and as close together as possible. If one of them is on the windowsill, the sunlight coming through the window can melt the the frozen items quicker than if one of them was stored further away in a cooler environment. The environment should be controlled.

After 1 hour and 30 minutes

Archita – Long Listed for Poetry Prize

We are delighted to let you know that Archita in I2FWS applied for a poetry competition – The Erbacce Poetry Prize - recently and has been long listed!

Over nine thousand poets around the world participated and amongst them, she has been selected as one of the 140 candidates on the long- list. This is the link to their website <http://erbacce-press.webeden.co.uk/erbacceprize2019longlist/4594296345>

Please enjoy reading Archita's beautiful poems below and on the next page. Well done Archita – what a fantastic achievement!

Hiraeth

There was once a time
Which has now faded.
Blurred lines
And lost memories.

Familiar faces
With unfamiliar smiles.
My memories
But not my eyes.

My mind replaying photos
Of some simple past where
The Sailor went to
Sea
Sea
Sea
And the Apple on the stick
Made me sick.

Stones which skipped
On the surface of dark water.
But I never possessed the expertise
While my cousins celebrated around me.

The sky was green
And the grass was blue
V- shaped birds
And coloured out lines.

Sitting on car bonnets,
Our legs dangled above the ground
As we talked about-
I can't remember.
Blurred lines
And lost memories.

Useless fights
"She took my-"
"He said-"
"She-"
Life moved on.
I moved on.

A goodbye I can't remember
Unknown tears
Just a feeling left behind.
A familiar longing.
A longing for those times.

Which times?
I can't remember.
Blurred lines.
Lost memories

Pluviophilia

The hairs on the back of my neck stand,
Making me aware of the familiar electricity in the air.
Grey envelops the town,
White light weakly intruding from behind dark clouds,
Creating a strange, dull glow.

As I stand under the sign,
The wind fabricates a whirlwind of my skirt,
Pushing me back into the red bench.
I rub my face as I try to create some sort of circulation,
Brushing away the small specks of water
That start clinging to my eyebrows.

The wind whines in my ear,
Louder,
Denting the balls of my eyes
As I squint reflexively.

The rain is insistent now,
Making itself known as it
Splatters on to car doors.
Polka dots decorate the concrete pavements,
Droplets cling to branches like icicles.
A metallic scent fills the air.

The bus rolls forward,
A squelching sound left in its wake.
I get on and sit down.
Muddy footprints paint the dark floor
As grit rolls under my shoes.
A strange wetness clings to me with frail fingers.
Ruffling my hair, I zip down my coat.

Rain rolls down the window-
Like water on a shower door.
Everything is a blur outside- a haze,
As the wind manipulates the heavy drizzle.

I faintly discern the shape of a child,
Squealing while holding a hand,
Tongue out, trying to catch the cold drops.
They melt on the hot surface,
Tenderly kissing her cheeks.

The harsh sound is almost a comfort,
A lullaby in the warm bus.
The systematic ringing metal,
Clattering like keys in the back pocket.

Car lights on at 4pm,
Making the roads glisten,
The lamp posts creating a deformed reflection.
The darkness generating an apocalyptic atmosphere.

The doors slide open and I get off,
Umbrella open, head down.
The scent of petrichor invades my nose,
An inexplicable, nostalgic sensation.
Falling crystals surround me,
Sliding down the sides of my umbrella.
Wet clothes and wet socks.

Rushing into my house,
I quickly pull off
Wet coats and wet boots.
The clock's ticking mingling with
The sound of trees shaking and
Rain hammering, now distant
As I climb into bed,
A cathartic feeling overwhelming me.