



Wallington High School *For Girls*

MONDAY 8TH
MARCH 2021

HEIRS OF THE PAST, MAKERS OF THE FUTURE

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD TEACHER

Dear Parents and Carers,

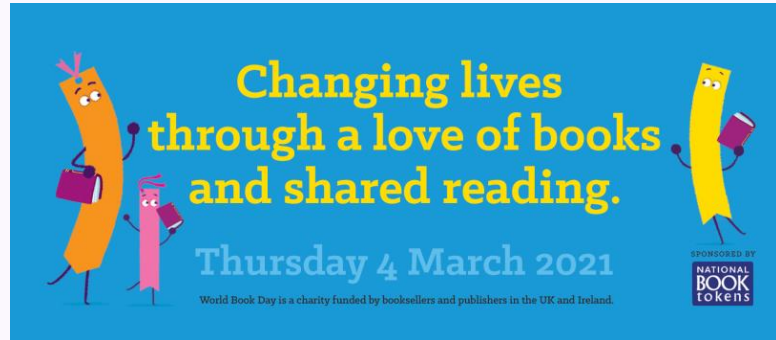
I write this as we begin the return to 'face to face' teaching this week following eight weeks of remote learning as part of the national lockdown. We are very much looking forward to having our students back in the classrooms although we understand that there will be anxieties around this return. Thank you to everyone that completed the survey sent out to the pastoral team.

Our key focus over the next few weeks will be to ensure our students feel welcomed, feel safe and are fully supported to make that transition back into school life and routines again. You should all have received an updated copy of our re-opening procedures which outlines the school routines that are taking place to ensure staff and students can return to school safely. I hope that this information will help both students and parents to understand what they can expect on a day-to-day basis, as well as providing the necessary reassurance to all members of our school community of the steps we are taking to ensure that the school is Covid-19 secure. Please do make sure that you have read through it carefully. Copies of this document, as well as guidance on the lateral flow tests, can be found on the school website [here](#)

We do not know when we might be able to start to get the school back to running as normal. Infection rates have fallen however Covid-19 has not disappeared in any way and we need to follow the systems of control as rigorously as we have done before. However, if things go well, vaccinations continue, the virus is suppressed and the sun shines, the second half of the summer term might just feel a little bit like normal.

Enjoy this edition of the Wallington Week

Mr R. V. Booth



INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY



THE WALLINGTON WEEK



THE READING IS POWER MANIFESTO



GROWTH

When we find good books, we find ourselves

CHOICE

Curiosity has no age limit and neither do books

POWER

We read today, for a powerful tomorrow

KNOWLEDGE

Books give us the knowledge to own our futures



Changing lives through a love of books and shared reading.

Thursday 4 March 2021

World Book Day is a charity funded by booksellers and publishers in the UK and Ireland.

SPONSORED BY NATIONAL BOOK Tokens

Click the link below to find some great World Book Day resources that we have uploaded on our school website:

<https://www.wallingtongirls.sutton.sch.uk/page/?title=Student+Resources&pid=44&action=saved>

Beth Reekles

<https://www.worldbookdaysocial.com/podcasts/beth-reekles/>

Sally Nicholls

<https://www.worldbookdaysocial.com/podcasts/sally-nicholls/>

Muhammad Khan

<https://www.worldbookdaysocial.com/podcasts/muhammad-khan/>

Steven Camden

<https://www.worldbookdaysocial.com/podcasts/steven-camden/>

Podcasts

Most cherished childhood book? Favourite book to share? Bookmark or dog-eared page? Enjoy our series of podcasts as we chat away to well-known and up-and-coming authors on a whole host of bookish topics including what **reading is power** means to them.



THE WALLINGTON WEEK

THE POWER YA READING LIST

WBD CHALLENGE 2021

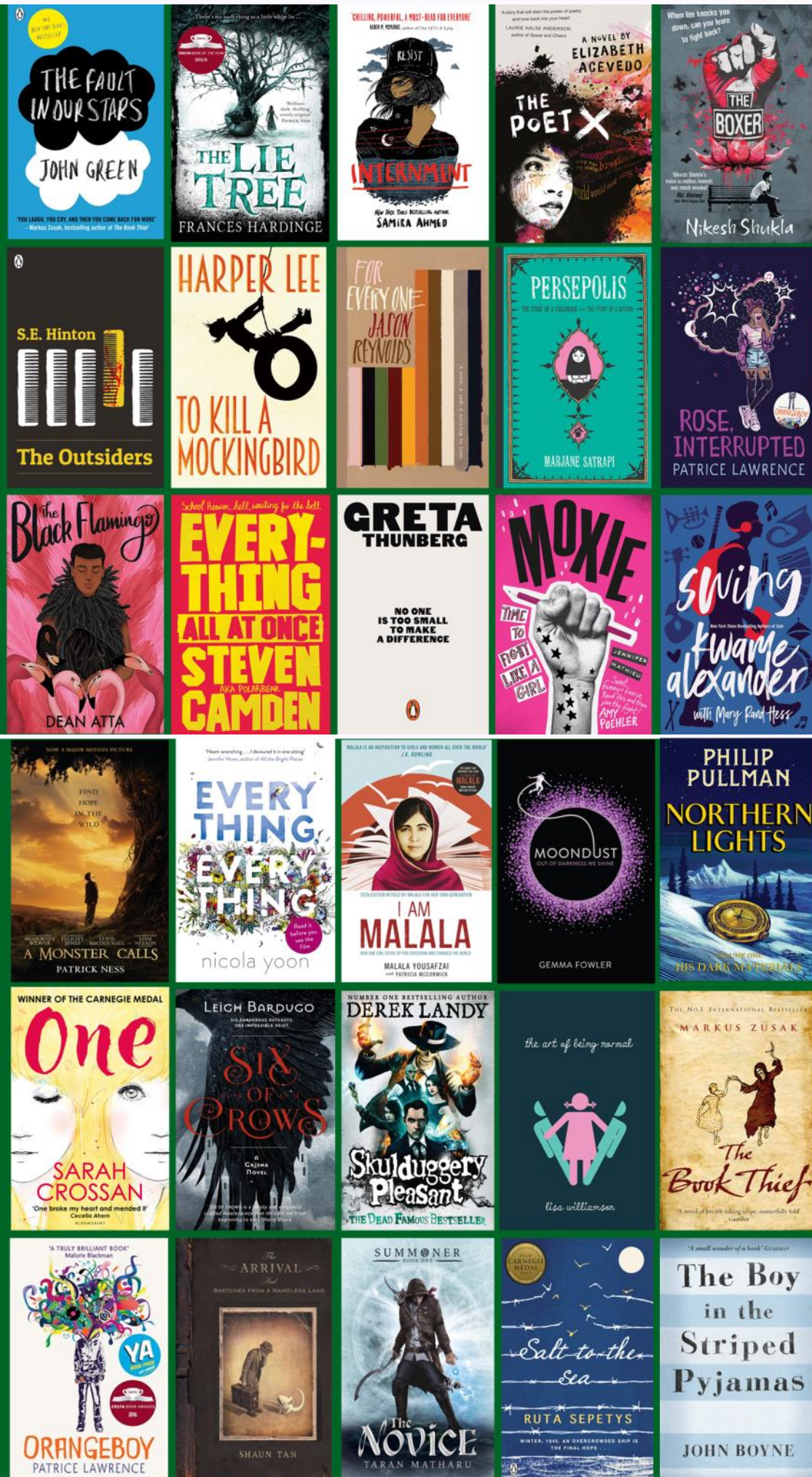
I would also like to challenge the students to be creative and decorate a potato as a book character. Email your potato book character entry to smurphy@wallingtongirls.org.uk with The top three will win a book themed mystery box.



Students in year 7-9 they can sign up for some writing workshops all next week using the password clubsandfairs here:

<https://shop.scholastic.co.uk/scholastic-live-world-book-day>

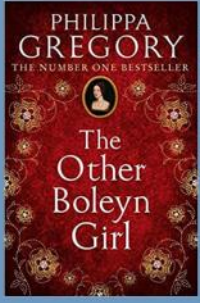
Mrs Murphy - Librarian



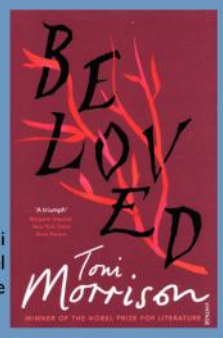
THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Reading is power Staff recommendations

Mrs Murphy asked the staff at WHSG: Do you have a book that you read growing up which was impactful for you? Have you read a book recently that changed your world view or left you thinking? Or is there just a book you think every young person should read.



"I loved the Philippa Gregory books growing up. I had and still have such a fascination in the Tudor period. In particular I loved 'the other Boleyn girl' and the 'Boleyn inheritance'. To see the dark side of Tudor royalty and just how cut throat it was living in fear of death even as a queen." – Mrs Collins



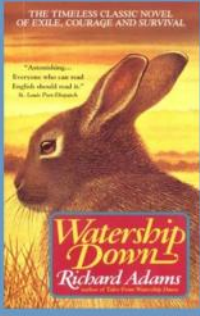
"My recommendation is Toni Morrison's 'Beloved' - a Nobel Prize-winning novel about the horror of slavery." – Miss Muir



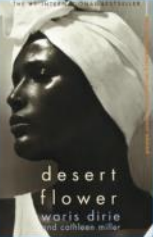
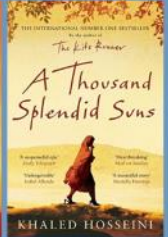
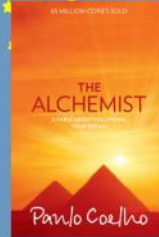
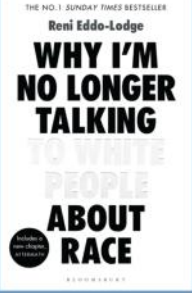
"I read the Elena Ferrante Neapolitan novels a few years ago and absolutely loved them. They are a powerful account of how the dynamics of female friendship ebb and flow over the years and how relationships, marriage and children affect them. I found the novels incredibly moving and they made me reflect on my own identity as a woman, a friend, a wife and a mother. I would recommend them to older students, with the caveat that you need to set aside a good couple of hours to really get into book one; there are a lot of characters to get your head around at first." Ms Horton



"I recommend Watership Down by Richard Adams"- Mrs Gunn



"A book that I'm sure many people read last year which changed my view on the world was 'Why I'm no longer talking to white people about race' (Reni Eddo-Lodge) - it was a real eye opener in terms of systematic racism and white privilege. Not a comfortable read but a very valuable one!"- Mrs Lowe



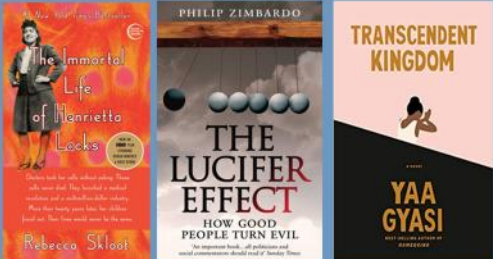
"My book recommendations: 'The Alchemist' by Paulo Coelho, 'A Thousand Splendid Suns' and 'The Kite Runner' by Khaled Hosseini, 'Desert Flower' by Waris Dirie." – Mrs Issac



Reading is power Staff recommendations



"Book(s) when growing up: Firstly, 'Jack & the Beanstalk' (illustrated). As a little boy, I was transfixed by the magic beans, Jack being sent to bed early - with no dinner!, & his adventures with the terrifying ogre - 'fee fi fo fum ...'. When a teenager, I studied Brian Friel's brilliant play, 'Translations', set in Ireland when the English move in. It's about the importance of learning, language, culture, communication & identity, & I loved the use of Classics in the play to explore these ideas. Recent book that changed my view: Definitely, Hilary Mantel's 'Wolf Hall', about Thomas Cromwell in Henry VIII's volatile England. Written in a highly original way, where we, the reader, are almost seeing events unfold through Cromwell's eye; incredibly perceptive observations. It actually made me think about politics, rulers & people differently. A book every young person should read: Easy. Either Homer's 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey'. Both explore humanity in the most profound ways. We think we're reading myths from the past, but we're actually reading about us now." – Mr Boyton



"I think "Why I'm No Longer Talking to White People About Race – Reni Eddo Lodge" will be recommended a lot but from a Sociological point of view, I think it is a must read for everyone. I also think "We Should All Be Feminists – Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie" is a must read. Very accessible for all students I would say. I remember reading "The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks – Rebecca Skloot" whilst I was doing my A-Levels and was really astounded that such an important woman who contributed so much to our scientific understanding wasn't valued/credited in the way she should have been. 'The Lucifer Effect: Understanding How Good People Turn Evil – Phillip Zimbardo' cemented me going to university to study Psychology so it's probably one of the most influential books of my life. On a fiction level, I read "Transcendent Kingdom – Yaa Gyasi" in January and it made me stop and think about the nature-nurture debate in Psychology and the wider impact of mental health in a modern society."- Miss Clayton



"Here are a few books that are incredibly interesting and had had some impact on my understanding of the history of the world and my place in it: 1984: India's Guilty Secret by Pav Singh, The life and times of the Thunderbolt kid - Bill Bryson, Inglorious Empire - Shashi Tharoor, Natives: Race and Class in the Ruins of Empire – Akala." – Mr Ghundale



"A book that changed me was 'The Adventures of Mr Pinkwhistle' it was my favourite book growing up. It showed the importance kindness, compassion and helping others. It also taught me that we are all capable of standing up for what is right and that if you put positivity out into the world you will get it back." – Mrs Etherington

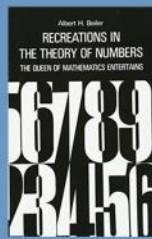


THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Reading is power Staff recommendations



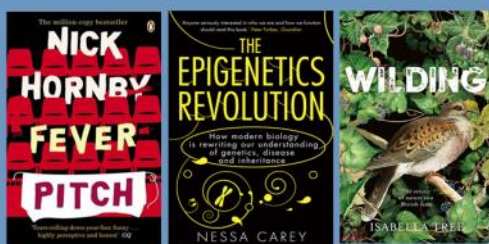
"My recommendations are Little Women, Wuthering Heights, The Life of Pi, Captain Correlli's Mandolin & The God of Small Things." - **Ms Whitehall**



"Your invitation to nominate books that have 'inspired me' made me think just how much I have loved reading all my life. If inspiration is a measure of a book's impact on one's life then I would have to go for Alexander Beiler's 'Recreations in the Theory of Numbers' which was published in 1964 and is still in print 57 years later. I have owned my copy for 50 years and I dip into it every year for fresh ideas about numbers and their patterns. I write lots of questions for maths competitions and many of the ideas for these have come from exploring sections of this book. The United States has just elected its first woman vice-president, Kamala Harris. I bought her 2019 book 'The Truths We Hold' (2019) to find out more about her and what she believes in. I like biographies written about historical figures for the main points are usually based on an objective analysis of published sources. Kamala Harris is writing about herself and so she can be selective in what she presents. However, I still found the book an excellent insight into an impressive woman who has a good chance of becoming the American President in due course. Her main Democratic beliefs emerge from her upbringing; her experiences as a lawyer and senator fighting for a fairness for all people in America give me hope that America has an impressive woman supporting President Biden and turning ideas into change accomplished." - **Mr Ironside**



This years book tokens are virtual and students can download them here: booktoken_SecondaryUK.pdf (worldbookday.com)



"Growing up it was 'Fever Pitch' by Nick Hornby. In adulthood 'The Epigenetic Revolution' made me think a lot as did 'Wilding' which I recently read." - **Mr Parkinson**

CAREERS INFORMATION



[Jaguar Land Rover Virtual Work Experience | Springpod](#)



[GSK STEM Education Student Zone | GSK STEM Education](#)



Are you passionate about accounting, business, and technology?

Our Virtual Insight Week applications are now open. This programme is for students in Year 12 in England and Wales (Year 13 in Northern Ireland, or S5 in Scotland) and gives students the chance to gain new experiences, skills and confidence, as they take their first steps towards their career. Applications close on Sunday 14 March.

Are you in your final year of school and still deciding what to do this autumn?

Our School and College Leaver opportunities give students the chance to earn while they learn, and start their career straight from school. Encourage them to apply now to avoid missing out.

For students looking for application process guidance

We're excited to bring you the latest instalment of our Virtual Classroom - a programme open to students between Years 10 and 13*. This month we'll be focusing on our opportunities at PwC and our application process. **We'll also be running a session specifically for parents, carers and teachers - sign up [here](#).**

THE WALLINGTON WEEK



Stephen Fry talks about turning on the subtitles - YouTube

Turning on the subtitles while children are watching television can double the chances of them becoming good at reading. Yes really. Wonderfully simple isn't...

www.youtube.com



Children's Mental Health Week
1 – 7 February 2021

- In PSHCE we have been celebrating Children's Mental Health Week.
- This year the theme was Express Yourself.
- Here is a selection of some of the amazing and inspiring ways our students have enjoyed interpreting this theme.

When the world seems to fade, just believe in yourself again.



"Even the SMALLEST person can CHANGE the course of History"



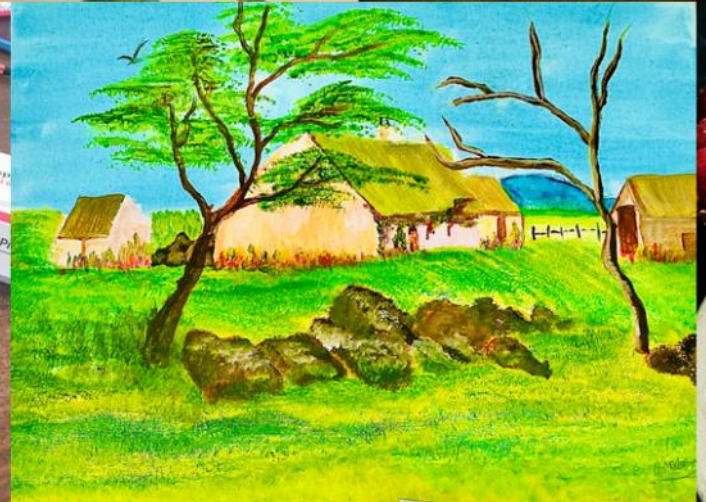
THE BEST VIEW
-COMES AFTER-
THE HARDEST CLIMB



If you are SCARED OF trying, YOU ARE SCARED OF blying



THE WALLINGTON WEEK



EXPRESS YOURSELF

Children's Mental Health Week
1 – 7 February 2021

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

31 Remarkable Women Who Changed The World
Here are some of the influential people who changed our world for the better.

<https://www.buzzfeed.com/gabrielsanchez/the-women-who-changed-the-world>

Downloadable STEM Role Models Posters Celebrate Women Innovators As Illustrated By Women Artists:

<https://womensyoushouldknow.net/downloadable-stem-role-models-posters/>

Click the link below to find out more information on the history of International Women's Day:

<https://www.internationalwomensday.com/Activity/15586/The-history-of-IWD>

10 talks by women that everyone should watch:

https://www.ted.com/playlists/192/10_talks_by_women_that_everyon

PROJECT: 100 DAYS 100 WOMEN

Rori is a designer, cartoonist and illustrator from St. Louis. She created 100 illustrations in 100 days, focussing on more obscure women, women whose accomplishments have been forgotten, erased, or have simply fallen out of popularity. How many of these women do you know of? Click the links below to view the whole collection.

<https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?vanity=ILikeRori&set=a.848107098684958>
<https://www.giantkittenhead.com/100-days-100-gallery>

Click the link below to find more activities and free resources for International Women's Day 2021 on our school website:

<https://www.wallingtongirls.sutton.sch.uk/page/?title=Student+Resources&pid=44&action=saved>

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY 8TH MARCH 2021

A woman in any form shall be celebrated and honored, be it, a sister or a wife or a mother or any other form.

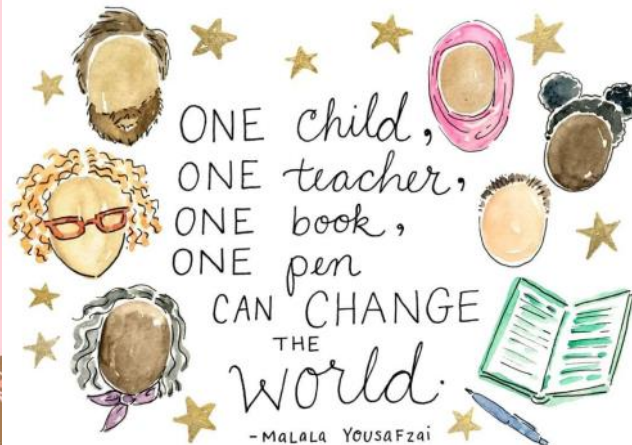


WE ARE STRONGER TOGETHER



INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

GIRLS CAN BE ANYTHING THEY WANT. THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TO EXPLORE WILDLY, BE AMBITIOUS, AND BE HEROIC.



THE WALLINGTON WEEK

ENRICHMENT

East Asian Studies Creative Writing Competition by Sheffield University

- The School of East Asian Studies is delighted to announce the launch of its first **East Asian Studies Essay Prize**
- **What to write** - an essay of around 1,000 words in ENGLISH on: *How has East Asia influenced life in the UK?*

Students are encouraged to consider links between East Asia and their personal lives or local communities with lots of personal reflection.

- **Aimed at** - students in Y10, Y11 and Y12
- **By** - Sunday, April 4th 2021
- **Prizes** – Amazon certificates for :First Prize: £100, Second Prize: £50, Third Prize: £25
- **Further details** – please email Mrs K Hopgood, Director of Languages



Orchestra challenge!

<https://youtu.be/ggevi0yKbJk> CALLING ORCHESTRAL Wind, Brass, Percussion INSTRUMENTS

We challenge you to submit a video of yourself playing along to Mrs Gunn's home-made video of 'Under the Sea'. Listen to the track (above) on headphones as you learn to play your part, submit a video of yourself playing along (headphones – so we hear only your part, not the backing track). Upload your video to:

https://wallingtongirls-my.sharepoint.com/:f:/g/personal/kgunn_wallingtongirls_org_uk/ErRIVKzB9eRGv_0q16PbR5cB96l8GxBIJlvi7LQN3wNFjQ?e=Cjwkyc

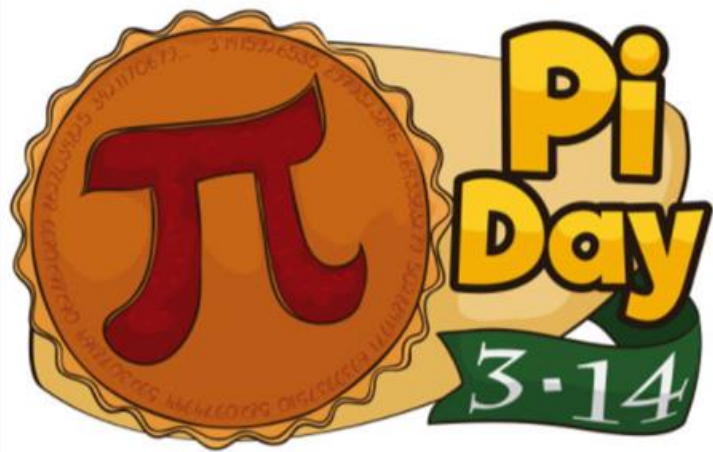
Prizes for best tracks, most colourful etc (sensible clothing). We aim to create our own virtual orchestra. Find your instrument's music on Frog – Orchestra and Extra-curricular Music and here:

https://wallingtongirls-my.sharepoint.com/:b:/g/personal/kgunn_wallingtongirls_org_uk/Eb_jmb62O5pChqkmoDLax0YBbwaBxhZH_9WKBnAVIOx67A?e=MgompD

Also, first rehearsal: Microsoft Teams Monday 22nd February 3.15pm – contact Mrs Gunn. Coming very soon: String instruments: Palladio (start practising – your music is in the same place Frog and here

https://wallingtongirls-my.sharepoint.com/:b:/g/personal/kgunn_wallingtongirls_org_uk/EX4kOfMcCVxPkyqrWt37IDgBhX5ISwDdJmT4KNBIWTD8Rg?e=aPXtcg

THE WALLINGTON WEEK



Pi Day is an annual celebration of the mathematical constant π . It is on the 14th of March as in the American date system that would be written as 3/14 – the first three digits of Pi. UNESCO has designated Pi Day to be the International Day of Mathematics.

This year the 14th of March falls on a Sunday – so there is still time to get ready to celebrate at home!

Starting on Monday 8th March, the United Kingdom Mathematics Trust (the organisation that runs the Mathematical Challenges) are running lots of activities in which you can take part.

Below is a message from the UKMT listing some of the activities – of particular interest is an experiment where you can help to estimate the value of π . It is well-explained, with a video to help, and if you complete the task you would be part of a worldwide project!

One of the things we would love you to try is an experiment to calculate the value of pi by dropping cocktail sticks or similar objects on to a grid of parallel lines and recording how many times the sticks land crossing a line (Buffon's Needle Experiment). This activity will be suitable for students from primary age upwards and we would love you to share your results with us via this form by Wednesday 17th March. A

short video, made by one of our volunteers, to explain the experiment, is available here.

We hope students and schools across the whole world will give this a go, as the more experiment results we have the closer we will get to pi!

We will also be sharing new daily problems involving calculation with pi on our social media, as well as historical UKMT questions to try, links to other interesting Pi experiments and resources and a fantastic short video on the History of Pi, made by one of our volunteers. We hope you enjoy them.

Pi is the most studied number in mathematics, and for



Buffon's Needle Experiment - take part and share your results with us!

good reason. The number pi is integral to our understanding of geometry. Pi has uses in physics, astronomy, and mathematics. Pi is also used in architecture and construction and has been a vital part of everything from arches and bridges to the Pyramids of Giza.

Here are some fascinating facts about pi:

1. The symbol for Pi has been in use for over 250 years. The symbol was introduced by William Jones, a Welsh mathematician, in 1706. The symbol was made popular by the mathematician Leonhard Euler.
2. Since the exact value of pi can never be calculated, we can never find the accurate area or circumference of a circle.
3. Chinese people were far ahead of the West in finding the digits of pi. Why? Chinese mathematicians were ahead in the pi game because of two reasons: they had decimal notations and they had a symbol for the number zero. It wasn't until the late middle ages that European mathematicians started using the number zero. At that time, European mathematicians partnered with Arab and Indian minds to bring the symbol of zero into their system.

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

4. The record for reciting the most number of decimal places of Pi was achieved by Rajveer Meena at VIT University, Vellore, India on 21 March 2015. He was able to recite 70,000 decimal places. To maintain the sanctity of the record, Rajveer wore a blindfold throughout the duration of his recall, which took an astonishing 10 hours!

5. Pi is actually a part of Egyptian mythology. People in Egypt believed that the pyramids of Giza were built on the principles of pi. The vertical height of the pyramids have the same relationship with the perimeter of their base as the relationship between a circle's radius and its circumference. The pyramids are phenomenal structures and are one of the seven wonders of the world.

6. Interestingly, some of the most famous scientists in the world have a connection to pi day. Albert Einstein was born on March 14th, 1879.

7. There is an entire language made from the number Pi. But how is that possible? Well, some people loved pi enough to invent a dialect based on it. In "Pi-lish" the number of letters in each word match the corresponding digit of pi. This first word has three letters, the second has one letter, the third has four letters, and so on

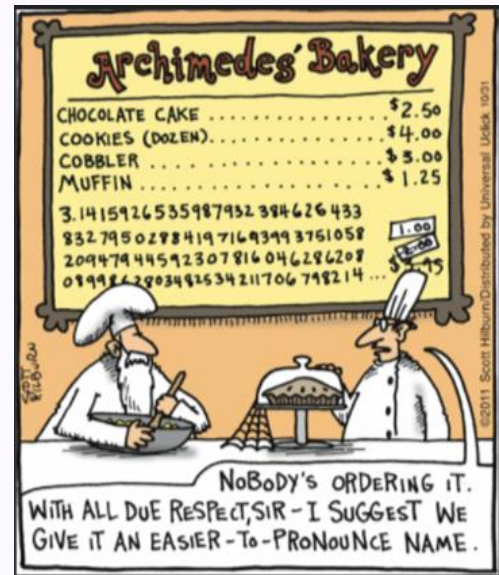
8. The number pi is not just an important part of conversations among mathematicians or students. In the famous O.J. Simpson trial, the defence attorney and FBI agent's argument revolved around the value of pi. The FBI agent's findings in the case weren't accurate because he used pi inaccurately

9. We will never be able to find all the digits of pi because of its very definition as an irrational number. Babylonian civilization used the fraction $3 \frac{1}{8}$, the Chinese used the integer 3. By 1665, Isaac Newton calculated pi to 16 decimal places. Computers hadn't been invented yet, so this was a pretty big deal. In the early 1700s Thomas Lagney calculated 127 decimal places of pi, reaching a new record. In the second half of the twentieth century, the number of digits of pi increased from about 2000 to 500,000 on the CDC 6600, one of the first computers ever made. This record was broken again in 2017 when a Swiss scientist computed more than 22 trillion digits of pi. The calculation took over a hundred days.

10. The usefulness of pi has been a matter of debate, although it is loved by a lot of math enthusiasts. Some believe that tau (which amounts to 2π) is better suited to circle calculations. For instance, you can

multiply tau with the radius of a to calculate its circumference more intuitively. Tau/4 also represents the angle of a quarter of a circle.

Here is a fun video of two people debating this point [Tau vs Pi Smackdown - Numberphile - YouTube](#)



COMPETITION!

In order to celebrate Pi Day / International Day of Mathematics I would like students to produce either

A piece of Art with a mathematical theme or constructed by mathematical principles (eg symmetry, using compasses). This could include fractal art, tessellation art, etc. It might be a two-dimensional poster or a 3-D model – be as creative as you like!

Creative writing – could be a poem, song, joke, story which has a mathematical theme or uses a mathematical principle in construction.

Something edible that relates to Pi or another area of mathematics.

Please send your entries (photo if appropriate) to Miss Tucker tucker@wallingtongirls.org.uk by Tuesday 16th March.



THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Enrichment Update

Thank you all for joining in with our enrichment activities whilst you have been learning remotely. We hope that they have provided you with some fun and different things to undertake! Thank you to everyone that has joined in and provided us with feedback - it has been lovely hear that some of you have really enjoyed the challenges.

Katie E in Year 10 made the traditional French dish Ratatouille as part of the modern languages Challenge in February and Thiviya R year 7 made some pancakes and some lovely models.



Don't forget the ongoing challenges and activities. It is the last week for the February Month long Modern Foreign Languages challenge that was in honour of International Mother Language Day on the 21st Feb.

As we are now in the new term, we also wanted to announce that in honour of World Book day on the 4th March you will find a whole selection of books that we think you may be interested in.

St David's Day

The 1st March each year is also St David's Day, which is the national day for the patron saint of Wales honouring the day he is believed to have died in 589 AD. Saint David was recognised as a national patron saint in the 12th century at a peak time of Welsh resistance to the Normans due to his fame as a teacher and his part in founding 12 monasteries in Wales. To celebrate the day, the Welsh will often wear either a daffodil or a leek; their national emblems. Some the bigger cities also now run Parades to celebrate (although not this year for obvious reasons!) and traditionally children in Wales took part in school concerts or eisteddfodau, with recitation and singing being the main activities. Schoolchildren were given a half-day holiday and used to dress us in traditional clothes however the day is still not a national holiday in Wales.

Some Welsh Phrases you may wish to try saying

Bore da (*Boh-reh dah*) - Good morning

Diolch (*Dee-olch*) - Thank you

Dydd Gŵyl Dewi Hapus (*dee-the goil De-wi ha-peece*) - Happy St David's Day

World Wildlife Day

This coming week also celebrates world Wildlife day on the 3rd March 2021. This years theme is "**Forests and Livelihoods: Sustaining People and Planet**"

To join in this year's celebrations, why not get to know the woodland ecosystems and wildlife species nearest to you and the threats they face. Or find out more about the a different countries indigenous communities who live in or near forests, their livelihoods and how their knowledge and experiences can enlighten conservation efforts for forests and forest species around the world. You can look at the work of Indigenous and locally-led civil society groups like [Alianza Ceibo](#), in Ecuador, or [Vie Sauvage](#), in D.R. Congo, and learn about the novel paths to a sustainable relationship with nature towards which they are working. Share this knowledge with your family and friends.

There is some really interesting information from the [Islamabad Wildlife Management Board](#) if you wanted to learn more about Margallah Hills National Park and how the community works together.

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Historical Essay writing competition

Thanks to all those that took part in this competition. We are currently judging the entries and deciding on the 5 entries we will put forward to the national competition. However we did wish to share a few of the entries we received to show how proud of our students work we are!

Taking Lives Minali 10Bronte

Present day:

You'd think after many years I would have become accustomed to it. The screaming, the kicking, the crying, the gunshots, the sirens, the choking, I had never been able to normalise those sounds, no matter how hard I tried. But still, by some sickening way, I have grown to live with them. The one thing however, that the effects of time haven't been able to reduce the impact of, was what followed the crushing noises of death- the silence.

There was something about silence, something about the abrupt end to life that stirs a great uneasiness within me. Something about the wispieness of a final breath that shatters my soul into tiny pieces. Something about the hope emanating from a dying child's eyes as a single tear rolled down rosy cheeks that makes wet my own eyes.

I can recall every life I'd taken, from the wriggling babies with curious minds to the emaciated elderly whose skin draped to frail bones. Most of us can, it was both a gift and curse to remember every final moment, and only when I am alone do I dare myself to re-live those memories. The most painful ones I had locked up and away in the corner of my mind, never to be opened, never to be thought of again- until now.

1st December 1781: The Zong Massacre

I had been here before, only two days ago. Same ship, different waters. I looked down at the people on deck, the densely packed rows of women and children pressed up against each other heads seemingly permanently bent downwards at the deck floor. But before I could focus in on anything in particular, the scent hit me.

It was foul and putrid, the smell of vomit and sweat clung to the air as though it too were being held captive on the ship. Azrael turned to me and started speaking, I didn't hear him, not that I needed to, I knew how this worked, I'd unfortunately done it before.

"They say the captain's ordered more to be thrown over." He whispered, "Same as last time Raphael, not enough supplies and the captain says they need the insurance."

I found myself glaring at Azrael as he spoke, not for the manner of how he delivered the words, he was always soft-spoken and gentle, we all tried to be as calm as possible, as though somehow that would compensate for the chaos in which we were immersed in regularly. It was his use of the word 'need' that stung.

Looking down again at the ship, I felt a rising hatred boil inside of me as the fair-coloured men strode down the length of the Zong. Watching as women cowered and curled up as they approached, and children wept to be returned home. I was close enough to see the white men's faces, the smirk of power, the look of pure disgust as they surveyed the quivering people on-board.

Those men needed nothing. They deserved nothing. "Raphael?" Azrael murmured. "These humans and their money." I spat.

He said nothing. "Jones, head 'em up." A white man barked.

Azrael and I drew closer to the ship, floating just above the water, waiting. This part had been hard at first, just staying there, knowing that in mere seconds lives would collapse around you.

There were frantic shrieks from aboard the ship and the crack of a whip tearing into skin, followed by a stifled whimper, I screwed up my face in horror for I recognised those sounds, and recognised it well enough to know it were the shriek and whimper of a child.

"They've taken 42 men from below deck." Azrael said.

A man starting speaking hoarsely, he was stuttering and even though I could see English was not his

first language, his message was clear- please don't do this. The white men did not care for his pleas and roared a cruel laugh accompanied by the clank of chains and more screaming.

Hearing a man scream wasn't a sound one could ever prepare for, the raw pain of every second, the cry of pure terror and loss of control and humanity in that one sound was overwhelming. Never in my existence had I ever felt so powerless than I had in that moment, as I watched 42 men crash into foamy waves, the sound of their cries and howls of suffering ricocheted in my head for what may well have been an eternity.

"It's time." Azrael said disappearing into the water.

I followed him, for us the water was no different to the air or any part of the human world. In some way, the water was easier, there were a few seconds, sometimes even minutes of violent flailing of limbs and a swarm of bubbles erupting from peoples' mouths, but then it stopped and they slowly dropped further down and down into the ocean.

Lowering my arm, I cupped the man's face with both my hands, palms pressed against the dark flesh of his cheeks. I had seen many a horror, but none so disturbing as this, none so disturbing as seeing a species tear their own apart for reasons that didn't go beyond the colour of skin.

24th February 1945: The 3rd Guards Tank Army: The Eastern Front of World War II

It was the worst times of our lives. We'd seen a war before, back in 1914 all through to 1917, we all thought it was over. We'd thought the worst was behind us, that after the last war, everyone would have learnt their lesson. But they hadn't. They never did.

Azrael and I were assigned to the 3rd Guards Tank Army today, they were a cruel group of soldiers established by the Red Army, a Soviet Union military service, commanded by the notorious Joseph Stalin. All the Angels of Death travelled in pairs now, following different armies around and cleaning up their messes, like the mother of a demonic, psychotic child.

"Where are they heading?" I asked Azrael gesturing to a group of 60 or so soldiers and officers.

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Taking Lives - continued **Minali 10Bronte**

The sun had begun its descent, casting swirls of red and orange into the sky, like a twisted mix of blood amongst the clouds. The group I had pointed to, seemed to be on some sort of course, yet I couldn't help but notice the sway to their step, a sign of intoxication.

"Bunzlau, it's a Polish town." Azrael replied, I had, I must admit, already figured that it were a Polish town, for it were Poland that we were in.

I wouldn't have though much for it if weren't for the men's drunken stupors, and the rifles slung casually across their uniforms. Moving closer to get a better look, I could see their battalion commander amongst them, he too was all too overcome by the effects of alcohol.

The others had told me all the stories of drunk soldiers and civilians, of the crying of young girls as they begged for death, of the mothers desperately trying to protect their daughters. And I knew of the Red Army's crimes.

A severe lack of education amongst their ranks resulted in uncivilised and sadistic behaviour. Though they were kept in line by their commanders, when the fighting on the battlefield was over, they started a new war, one they seemed to keep winning. Though, I suppose it hardly qualified as a war, for their opponents were defenceless- nuns, mothers, grandmothers, children, women who were carrying the unborn, all of them, defenceless.

The soldiers stopped walking as they came to a building, one of the officers stepped up to the door. He had a face reddened from the drink and was sporting a thick moustache of bushy white, his stature was one of a larger type, the kind designed to instil fear. "Otkryt!" He bellowed in Russian (meaning open up!) hitting the butt of his rifle against the door.

There was instant commotion inside and a tired looking lady came to the door. She must have been in her early thirties but it was hard to tell for her face was overcome with an intense look of absolute fear.

The soldiers barrelled past her and instantly, shrieks erupted throughout the facility. I had witnessed

the crimes committed by a man against a woman, but never before had I seen anything so brutal, so savage, so cruel.

I waited for hours, for once I longed to take the lives of these women, to let them suffer no longer. But I couldn't. They screamed and begged for release from this world, for the warmth of a smoking barrel pushed against their foreheads and the click of a trigger, for the deafening silence that would follow. Their only reply:

"Rossiyskiye soldaty ne strelyayut v zhenshchin." - Russian soldiers do not shoot women.

Yet somehow, what they did was much worse.

Nevertheless, during my time in the war, with the Red Army, I'd pressed my palms to the flushed cheeks of many a woman, and taken her soul gently. I'd watched many a girl drive a blade across her wrists to end it all.

And even as the war ends and I look at the broken mess of humanity, I cannot be naïve enough to believe that this is the last I'll see of their cruelty. September 11th 2001: New York City

I had always loved watching the planes soaring in the sky, truly one of mankind's greatest creations- aircrafts. There was something elegant about them, the smooth white wings slicing through the air, the nose of the plane as it streamlined under the clouds and the gentle rumble of the engine.

Not that they were easily spotted, as I stood in the middle of a street in New York, looking up and around, the planes were mere toy figures swimming through the bright blueness of the sky.

The streets were bustling with cars and people going about their daily business, no sense of urgency besides the mild morning rush. There were two structures ahead of me, colossal buildings, that towered over the city, one of the more extravagant creations of man, representative of power and control, or so I thought.

Shadows danced on the pavement, like the people, they seemed to be in everlasting movement, at no point daring to stay still for even a second. I had always been fascinated by shadows, perhaps it was because I myself had never had one being who I was, perhaps it was what they represented. The absence of light, a

part of the world that even the brightness of the Sun could not touch. A part of the world that was dark.

And on that day, as the creeping shadow of a plane flew over the road, a darkness engulfed those nearby, a darkness I knew would last forever.

Before anything else, I heard the scream, of a young lady on the pavements, she was looking at one of the towers. Her phone, with which she had been using earlier to talk to a friend from high-school, lay on the ground, screen cracked, cover chipped. Her eyes were fixated to the building as one pearly-white hand covered her mouth and the other was half-extended to the tower in a sort of gesture.

But then I saw it. The nose of the plane that had glided so effortlessly through the skies before now plunged through the side of the structure, the wings of white that once sliced the crisp air above, now pierced through the steel frames of the tower. A small cloud of smoke poured from the sides and for a split second, there was silence.

Then huge storms of red and orange bellowed from between the 93rd and 99th floor followed immediately by swirls of black and grey smoke. I took a step backwards at the sight, trying to drown out the screaming and crying off those around me.

A small girl of around ten shivered in petrification, collapsing to the floor as, knees to her chest, eyes shut tight, fingers rammed into her ears to block out the situation. I was at the building within seconds, floors were already littered with the broken bodies of those whose hearts had stopped beating on impact.

I froze. I had never frozen on the job before, but I did. My throat was dry and tongue thick and heavy in my mouth, I drew a long shuddering breath as though it would calm me, but I couldn't feel anything. I was rooted to the spot, hands trembling, limbs suddenly slack with the shock of the sight.

My eyes made their way weakly to the window, to the people on the streets, some looking up with a morbid twisted kind of curiosity, some calling the authorities, some standing motionless like I was.

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Taking Lives - continued **Minali 10Bronte**

Some of the other angels had already started taking the lives of the people around me. Azrael glanced to me, as though waiting for my beginning to act, but I couldn't. I couldn't do it.

Present Day:

You kill for money, you kill for sex, you kill for the suffering of others. You kill in the name of race, you kill in the name of gender, you kill in the name of a delusional freedom. Each day I watch as you blame me for your suffering, you blame death for your troubles. But you are blind. You are blind to the malignance of your own kind.

My eyes are burning; it is an unfamiliar feeling. As it all comes back to me: The ship, the water, the begging, the soldiers; the rifles, the women, the screaming; the smoke, the crash, the running.

I feel a single tear crawl out from my eye, it edges its way to the corner of my eyelid, staying at the tip for a second. Hesitantly it freezes, as though debating whether or not to roll down my face, as though it too is overwhelmed with thought.

And before I can stop it, the tear falls from my eye, dripping down and down, like the blood that bloomed at the tip of the finger of the princess who slept for a hundred years. After a few seconds of more salty tears streaming down my face, the true nature of the situation crushes down upon me as I realise that I am crying.

I look out at your globe of blue and green, tilting and spinning on its orbit and I cannot help but wonder to myself.

How cruel your world must be to make an angel of death cry.

The show must go on **Hindara 8 Pankhurst**

An orchestra of noises fill my ears. The sounds are just about decipherable as rattles of carts and screams of children and women bargaining at the market. I looked at Anne, who was beaming at the sight of all the bustle which was so rare in Stratford-Upon-Avon. I gripped Anne's hand and pushed through the crowds, heading towards a small house in which we had booked a room. The landlord seemed decent enough and led us through to a well-made room. It was a decent size, made of timber with nothing but a bed at one end and a desk at the other end. Anne had made her way to a door in the far corner and exclaimed, "Will, look! It is a toilet! No more emptying the bucket into the window!"

I followed her to see an extremely small room. There was a wooden bench with a large hole in it. I peered into the hole and saw grass quite down below. It was rather impressive, although the garden was going to have quite a smell once the toilet had been used. The landlord was leaning against the desk, looking quite amused with our reactions.

"Why, you seem as if you used to live on the streets, for how much you gaped at this humble room. Anything you need, anything at all, tell old Walters. You seem like you need quite a lot of help, seeing as you are both from the country. I am Walters, and I hope we get along, young man. Alas, if we do not then you may leave at any time." chuckled the man as he extended his hand to me. I shook his hand briefly and decided that Walter had a heart of gold, if a bit pompous.

Anne is perched on the bed, whilst I'm sitting at the desk, tracing my fingers on the patterns of the wooden desk. I have placed a stack of parchment, a feather from the garden and my small bottle of ink on the desk, to make the room feel a bit more like home. Anne had already started embroidering the stiff white material of the pillow cover and had made a wonderful job of it. I turn around and see her meticulously finishing off a rose. We had only been here a few hours and yet she had managed to embroider her pillow with all sorts of plants and was yet to start on mine. She

planned to embroider the bedsheet as well but would do it in several sessions as to not strain her eyes and fingers. With my writing supplies on the desk and the embroidery on the bed, the room looked more homely, and the sense of homesickness which I had not acknowledged before was completely gone.

The next morning, me and Anne were woken up with Walter standing at the door, dressed in his ruff and cloak. "Good Morning! I hope you slept well. If I were you, young man, I'd get up and start trying to earn a living before I ask for the money!" Walter chortled. He seemed to laugh whenever he spoke. He disappeared behind the door and I got up slowly, not wanting to wake Anne, who had fallen asleep again. I got dressed into my finest Sunday clothes and ruff and took the pile of stories I had written from the desk. Before I left, I prayed that one of the publishers would appeal to my stories. I had reached for the door handle when I heard Anne's voice.

"Good luck. They would have to be stupid to refuse to publish any of your lovely stories. "

I smiled at her and went once more to the door handle when I felt a tug at my left ear lobe. I saw Anne beaming as she pierced my skin with the point of her earring. I felt the weight of her earring dangling from my left ear lobe and saw that she was now missing an earring. It was quite an exquisite piece of jewellery. At a glance it was a simple gold hoop, but it was very intricately carved with small pearls carved into the intertwining threads of gold forming a small, hooped earring.

The weight of the earring gave me comfort and confidence. I hugged Anne and left the house.

For all the rumours which were spread in Stratford-Upon-Avon, London wasn't half the place I thought it would be. There were few large houses and wealthy families, but it was made up with the abundance of drunk writers, filthy beggars and plenty others hardly worth mentioning. After about half an hour of walking through London, I spotted a small building with a hand painted sign, bearing the words SMITH AND SON PUBLISHERS. Despite my sore feet, I ran to the publishers and stumbled into the building to be greeted by a mere boy of perhaps 14.

The show must go on - continued Hindara 8 Pankhurst

He scowled at me and snatched my work out of my hand thumbing them through with his gnarled fingers. My ears were then given the unfortunate experience of listening to his harsh screeching voice.

Insult after insult.

His voice droned on as my fury rose. I had not endured a four-day journey to have to listen to a senseless boys' verbal abuse.

I gather my stories from the counter and left the building, anger bubbling within me. I walk back home, trying to ignore the jeers and shouts targeted at me, most about Anne's earrings. Part of me wanted to take it off, but I knew to thine own self be true, and I held my head high as I marched the rest of the way home. Walters had not yet come home from work, but Anne was there to greet me.

"You're home early. Why so? I was going to make some fried salmon later for when you came home but I hadn't anticipated you coming home so early. I haven't gone to the market yet." She said, all in one breath.

"No matter, we will go to the market now. As for my early arrival, I took quite a while on a wild goose chase for a publisher, and when I finally found one, the lad inside was very quarrelsome, and it discouraged me to look for another publisher, I will try again tomorrow." I reassured her, as we went downstairs to go to the market.

Only in a few minutes' walk, we had arrived at the market, and I waited with bated breath to see Anne's reaction. She gasped at the liveliness of the market.

"It's a brave new world." I said and she nodded.

Back in Warwickshire, markets were very calm and peaceful, with few stalls and products. I followed Anne to a stall which held all varieties of seafood. There was also a lingering aura of rotting fish, which did not put Anne off enthusiastically asking the fisherwoman the prices and names of the fishes, and eventually settling for a single salmon for 3d. We visited all the stalls and left

an hour later with Anne and I clutching a rather odd assortment of things. In my hand there was a brown paper bag which contained a set of sewing needles (half a crown), two wooden bowls (2 pence), 3 apples (a farthing) and more strange things that Anne had insisted on buying.

"Will, oh look over there! You have your plays with you now, don't you? Come on, it won't hurt to try." Anne squealed, pointing over to a tall half-timbered building with the word PUBLISHER sloppily painted on to the door frame. I watched her, noticing her bated breath and hopeful expression, for a few seconds until I complained about how late it was getting and how we needed to get home soon if we wanted to have dinner, let alone lunch. I rubbed my forehead.

"You're killing me."

"Killing you with kindness." She replied with a smile as pure as driven snow. I handed the paper bag to Anne and made my way inside, not before I warned Anne to lie low until came back.

The door opened with a slight push and I was soon walking up the thin, hollow stairs, feeling quite light-headed. I focused on counting my steps to keep myself focused. I was on step 16 when I felt the presence of another. I spun around to see a wisp of white trailing away. I continued my ascent. 17, 18, 19. My suspicions that I was being watched only became stronger. I come to a stop at step 22. There are only a few steps to go until the landing of the publishers' office. I slowly bring my arms out and start flailing them around. My fingers grasp a thick woollen material. I clutch the fabric tight as I look over my shoulder to see the owner.

My eyes meet a crippled lady, young but clearly not in good health. She turned her head at the other two others behind her, whom I had noticed before. One of them were as tall as me, wearing clothes that one wears when they are mourning. The third person was a man but was poorly disguised as a woman. His broad shoulders and stubble, visible from under his thin veil, made it easy for even a child to guess that he was not a woman. They would have laughed at the strange assortment of people, but the evil aura I was

receiving from them corked my chuckles.

"You will become the King of Scotland." Scowled the crippled lady, with an annoyed expression on her face. The other two nodded, whilst glaring at the crippled lady. It does seem rather churlish to be calling her 'the crippled lady', but it is not intentional. The man stopped her, with a raised hand, from speaking any more. "Our sources have given us this information. There is no need to worry. Destiny will lead, and you, Walters Sasbard, will become King of Scotland next week. We bring no harm." and with that they left.

They must have thought I was a fool. I have never been to Scotland, and I am William Shakespr. Many people were arguing that they weren't witches to remain alive, and here are these 'witches', spewing fake information to prove they are in fact 'witches'. Whatever is England coming to.

I chuckled as I made the last few steps and nodded at the bald man behind the counter. As I was giving him my story, I had an idea. I apologise as I hastily rush over to the end of the counter, hunching over as I scribble out and amend my story. It is no longer The King of Scotland. It is now, Macbeth. I continued writing for an hour or so until the story is just how I want it. Coincidentally, The King of Scotland extremely similar to Macbeth, with the exception of three witches who can see the future.

I gave the even larger stack of parchment to the bald man, feeling very accomplished. As I bounced down the stairs. Anne was smiling, unflustered by how long I took and inquired about my new story until we came home. I explained the odd encounter with the two ladies and man to Walters and Anne.

It's the end of my fourth week in London, and Anne is embroidering, and I am writing. Looks like we have come in a loop. Walters entered with an envelope in his hand. He threw them to the edge of the bed. Walters had unexpectedly became unfriendly, not rude but just treating us without care or warmth, as he had done so in the beginning of our stay.

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

The show must go on - continued Hindara 8 Pankhurst

It was the first time someone had sent us something in an envelope. More often, a boy would run back and forth to deliver our messages. Mail was very rare, unless you had a high status or wealth. Although we had more money than average, we certainly weren't known for it. Anne and I both had simple tastes, and as I worked in a school, and Anne selling her custom embroidery, we were quite well in the way of money.

The envelope contained 7 pounds. Anne grinned at me as she shook out the coins and went to put them into the money tin, which was on my desk. I picked up the envelope and unfolded the letter that was inside. The letter informed me of my play being successfully published. The play would be performed next week.

The week went by quickly and Walters and I. Much to my astonishment, Walters was playing Macbeth. I was assigned the part of Malcolm.

All the other actors were friendly enough, with the exception of Walters, who stayed in a small room and polished all his props. I do not enter the stage until later. Walters was doing splendidly.

The murder scenes went by quickly, not too gruesome but still surprisingly realistic. It was my turn to go onto the stage, but the actors playing Duncan, Banquo and Macduff's family were still on stage, their bodies cold and stiff, limbs sprawled at every angle. Walters had an odd smile. His hands had lines of blood. No not blood. It could not be blood.

The audience was waiting with bated breath for some action.

I had to go on stage.

The show must go on.

New Virtual Work Experience Opportunities Recruiting Now:

SG- Global Construction Specialist VWEX

Dates: 6 – 9 April 2021

Eligibility: 15 – 19 year olds living in or studying in London.

Application Deadline: 19th March 2021

STEM Insight Day with Johnson Matthey

Dates: 6 - 8 April 2021

Eligibility: 14 – 19 year olds keen to find out more about a career in sustainable technology.

Application Deadline: 12 March 2021

Build Yourself with Wates - Insight Day

Dates: 6 April 2021

Eligibility: 14 – 19 year olds interested in the construction industry.

Application Deadline: 6 March 2021

The Future of Green Careers - SThree

Dates: 14 April 2021

Eligibility: 16 – 19 year olds keen to find out how do you turn passion for the environment into a future career?

Application Deadline: 19 March 2021

'App in a Day' Insight Day – Anglian Water

Dates: 6 April 2021

Eligibility: 16 – 19 year olds interested in a career in information technology.

Application Deadline: 10 March 2021

Design and Construction VWEX with Balfour Beatty

Dates: 6 April 2021 (10am – 12pm)

Eligibility: 14 – 19 year olds keen to learn more exciting changes being made in the industry to GO GREEN.

Application Deadline: 14 March 2021

Explore Science Communication at the Crick

Dates: 12 - 15 April 2021

Eligibility: 16 – 19 year olds living or studying in Camden Borough.

Application Deadline: 12 March 2021

Construction Careers Insight Day - Bowmer and Kirkland

Dates: 29 April 2021 (10am – 3pm)

Eligibility: 15 – 19 year olds interested in the many different pathways into a construction career.

Application Deadline: 4 April 2021

She Is Sustainable - Insight Day

Dates: 22 April 2021 (10:00am – 2:30pm)

Eligibility: 15 – 19 year olds interested in learning about sustainability.

Application Deadline: 25 March 2021

Empowering young women for sustainable futures

Dates: 7 April 2021(10am -12am)

Eligibility: 15 – 19 year old female students interested in the UN Sustainable Development Goals.

Application Deadline: 24th March 2021

For a full list of placements -
[sign in here to search and apply.](#)

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Enrichment Update

We hope you had a good day on Friday and enjoyed taking part in the first ever virtual enrichment day! The submissions of the work we received from those in Year 7-10 have been absolutely amazing and inspiring. We are now working with the Heads of Department on the judging and awarding the prizes, which we hope will be announced in next weeks updates along with a selection of some of your efforts. Please do feel free to let us have any feedback on this event.

The Royal Mint

Following the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget announcement on Wednesday this last week, you might be interested to know a little more about our Royal Mint, where all our coins and money are made. Even though the museum is currently closed, you can still take a virtual tour to see all the exhibits and read all the interesting write-ups. It is really interesting to learn about and see all the historical coins.

Royal Mint virtual tour

You can click on pictures of cameras and the exclamation marks to see more detailed information and pictures of the individual exhibits and work your way through the whole museum – without being tempted “borrow” any of the coins! Check out the rest of their website for other interesting articles and some fun and games!

This coming week also commemorates the following three events

Commonwealth day – 8th March 2021

Her Majesty The Queen will deliver her annual message in 'A Celebration for Commonwealth Day', which will be broadcast on Sunday 7 March on BBC ONE in the UK. This year's theme – 'Delivering a Common Future' – highlights how the 54 member countries in the Commonwealth family are 'innovating, connecting and transforming' to help achieve some of its biggest goals, like fighting climate change, promoting good governance and boosting trade. Follow #SheLeadsTheWay to see more inspirational posts about Women breaking barriers and stereotypes.

QUICK QUIZ

Can you name all the 54 countries of the commonwealth? Answers can be found [here](#) – but no cheating, don't look until you have tried your best to list them all!

International Women's Day

– 8th March also commemorates IWD
During this week's enrichment activities we provided several opportunities to join in with the IWD theme of Choose to Challenge. However we also wanted to provide a [link](#) to the host of activities they will be running in the run up to and over the day to commemorate this years event. Some of the lectures look really interesting to join.

British Science Week

There a lots of resources on their website of interest but particularly the section on smashing stereotypes; looking at individuals that have taken on a career that is traditionally thought to be male!

Smashing Stereotypes in science

The deadline for the poster competition is the 7th March so we will shortly be looking through those entries and confirming winners.

Did you know?

Budget box

The chancellor traditionally carries his Budget speech to the House of Commons in a particular [red despatch Box](#). The chancellor traditionally displays the briefcase, containing the Budget speech, to the press in the morning before delivering the speech.

The original Budget briefcase was first used by William Ewart Gladstone in 1853 and continued in use until 1965 when James Callaghan was the first chancellor to break with tradition when he used a newer box. In July 1997, Gordon Brown became the second chancellor to use a new box for the Budget. Made by industrial trainees at Babcock Rosyth Defence Ltd ship and submarine dockyard in Fife. The original briefcase has now been retired due to it's fragile condition and the fact that the key had been lost so could no longer hold any documents!

The practice is said to have begun in the late 16th century, when Queen Elizabeth I's representative Francis Throckmorton presented the Spanish Ambassador, Bernardino de Mendoza, with a specially constructed red briefcase filled with black puddings

Budget tipple

By tradition, the chancellor has been allowed to drink whatever he or she wishes while making the annual Budget Speech to parliament. This includes alcohol, which is otherwise banned under parliamentary rules.

THE WALLINGTON WEEK

Did you know?

Have you ever heard of Mary Leakey? she was a Pioneering British Paleoanthropologist, born Mary Nicol in Feb 21913. She alongside her husband made numerous important Anthropological discoveries which helped significantly advance our understanding of human evolution. In 1948 Leakey discovered the first proconsul Skull, an extinct ape believed to be ancestral to Humans and , in 1979, famously discovered the Laetoli Footprints, the first line of hominid fossil footprints. During her career she discovered 15 new animal species and one new genus.

Check out more on Mary Leakey

[Mary Leakey - Husband, Discoveries & Definition - Biography](#)

[Animated video about her life an discoveries](#)



The theme for 2021 is **Innovating for the future**

How to enter:

Create a poster for this years theme and five will be sent forward from the school to enter the national competition.

Poster must be on A3 or A4 paper only and can be made from anything paint, pencil, crayons, material, foil and anything else you can find at home.

Scan or take a photo of your entry and sent it to Enrichment@wallingtongirls.org.uk.

Ideas:

- Create your own innovation and use the poster to advertise it and what it can do and how it would help to make the world a better place
- Think of an innovation you use every day and think about what life would be like without it.

Deadline : 7th March 2021

Prizes: Every entrant will get 3 house points and a winner from each year will get 10 house points plus a £10 WHSmith Voucher

They will be judged on

- 1) Creativity of approach innovative angle on the content or creative interpretation or the theme
- 2) Content – Clear, accurate and informative about the STEM topic
- 3) Effective communication – Present and communicated in an engaging way