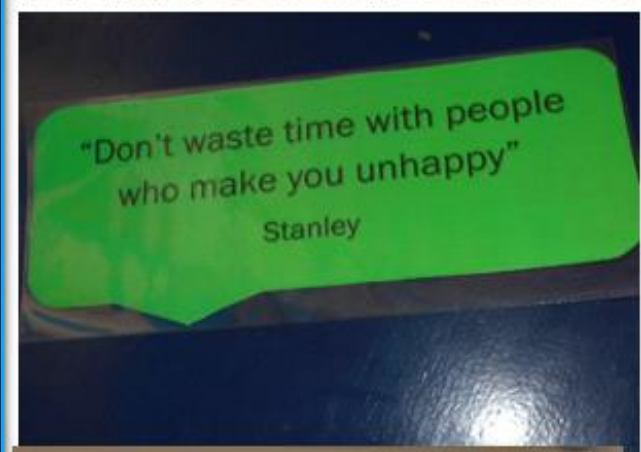


THE DRAYTONIAN



The Magazine of Drayton C of E Junior School
ISSUE ONE

Hello From The Head-Teacher

Welcome to our digital school magazine!



Being in school without the hustle and bustle of lots of children is a strange feeling and one I will have to become familiar with, sadly. This is because one of the things I enjoy the most each day is coming out onto the playground to hear all the latest about birthday parties, sporting tournaments, weekend plans or just some really exciting news you want to share with me around what has been going on in your lives. This is what makes a school a community rather than simply a place of work.

Therefore, you can imagine how pleased I was when Mr Silvester suggested setting up this magazine. Not only will it give you all a chance to write for a real purpose, as part of your home learning, but will also allow us all to keep up to date as to what we are all doing during this difficult time.

I will do my best to share some information about myself, and how I'm filling the days, as well as reading, with great interest, about all the things you are currently unable to rush up and tell me about on the playground.

Stay safe and stay in touch!

David Oldham



WHAT'S INSIDE?

ISSUE 1 - 28TH MARCH 2020

1) COVER

Photo montage by Noah G (Y6).

2) WELCOME

Headteacher's Message

4) THE DRAYTONIAN

Find out what our magazine is all about.

5) FOOTBALL CANCELLED

Codie T (Y5) tells us what to do when your favourite sport is cancelled.

6) THIS IS ME, MRS B!

Mrs Butler reveals some secrets in a factfile!

8) EASTER NESTS

Amber S (Y6) gives us her recipe for some yummy Chocolate Easter Nests, whilst Ashton (5H) and Lola (3H) show us how to make Banana muffins

11) WIMPY KID!

Mia VM (Y5) finds out about author Jeff Kinney.

12) DREAM HOME

Isla W (Y5) shows us exactly what her ideal home would look like.

13) COVID 19

Ethan H (Y6) uses poetry to help us keep safe.

14) MRS GILL WRITES.....

Mrs Gill wants to share her hidden talent!

15) MY JOURNEY TO BLACK BELT

Ben F tells us all about his karate skills!

17) PETS CORNER

Ethan, Bill and Mrs Knights introduce us to their amazing pets.

20) THE GALLERY

You share some of your amazing artwork with us.

22) AT HOME WITH THE HONES

Mrs Hone gives us an insight into life at home.

25) CATCH UP

Mrs Smith and Mrs Silvester tell us what they have been up to during the school closure.

26) WHO AM I?

Who is the mystery member of staff? Can you solve the clues to identify them?

27) MRS HOWELL'S QUIZ PAGE

Can you work out these dingbats puzzles?

28) BACK AT SCHOOL

Find out what has been happening at school

29) THE DOOR OF GOOD DEEDS

The first three chapters of this amazing children's story.



THE DRAYTONIAN

Hello and welcome to the very first issue of 'The Draytonian' – our digital school magazine.

Whilst school is closed, I thought it would be a really good idea to have something that would keep us all together – and this magazine is it!

I hope that it will continue for as long as we're not at school. PLEASE keep sending me things to include. It can be anything – be creative! Tell us what you're doing at home. Show us photos of your creations, your artwork, or just interesting things you've seen. Whatever it is, we'd love to include it. You can send as many things as you like! Email everything to me at msilvester9nrp@nsix.org.uk

If you've sent me something and you can't find it in this issue, don't worry, I have saved it for issue 2! We'd also love to hear what you think of our first issue of The Draytonian.

The name of the magazine is actually the name of the school magazine from when I went to Drayton school. Yes, I was a pupil here just like you! The school is a very special place to me, and it is great to be able to bring a magazine back! In those days they only printed the magazine once a year and it had something from every pupil (even me!). I'd like to see if we could keep that tradition going with our digital magazine. I hope you enjoy reading it.

Look after yourselves and your families. Keep smiling and keep in touch.

Mr Silvester

Football Cancelled!

Football is one of my favourite things but because of covid-19 all of my matches and training has been cancelled and no doubt if you do football too, it will have been cancelled for you.

It's quite annoying not being able to go out and train, as well as matches but you can still practice at home.

- 1: You could get a ball and just practice kicking it back and forth.
- 2: Get a ball and take it outdoors or even indoors and practice some tricks.
- 3: If you're a goalie this is especially for you. Get your ball again and throw it back and forth.



By Codie 5S

This is Me – Mrs B!

Mrs Butler tells us all about herself in an exclusive staff Fact File!



Name : Mrs Butler

Age: 21

Family: Married with four children; three girls and a boy

Where I was born : In Kent (at home!)

Where I grew up: Sutton, Surrey

Pets: Pickle the bunny

Childhood dream job:

When I was growing up I wanted to be a Fashion Designer, I was offered a place to study at 'London College Of Fashion'!

What I ended up being: At 18 years old I trained to be a

nurse and graduated when I was 21. I got a job on Gynaecology ward (your parents will know what this is).

After I had my children, I trained to be a beauty therapist and worked from my home salon until we



moved to Norwich where I went back to college again to train to be a Teaching Assistant.



Something nobody knows about me!
(Even the teachers):

In 2001, my husband and I took part in a 3 month weight loss challenge on the TV programme 'This Morning'. We met lots of famous people and had a big makeover at the end.

Favourite holiday destination: Mexico

Favourite meal: My Mum-in-law's roast dinner

Hobby: Gardening

Favourite shop: Zara

Chocolate Easter Nests

You can make this yummy Easter treat to share with your family – or eat yourself!

Makes 12

225g/8oz plain chocolate, broken
into pieces

2tbsp Golden syrup

50g/2oz butter

75g/2 ¾ oz cornflakes

Mini eggs at least one for each

Method

1. Line your cupcake tray with 12 paper cases.
2. Melt the chocolate in a bowl over a saucepan with boiling water.
3. Once your chocolate is melted, add it into a saucepan with the butter and golden syrup they will slowly start to melt.
4. Gently stir in the cornflakes until all the cereal is coated.
5. Evenly divide the mixture into the paper cases and put your mini eggs on top of each nest.
6. Chill in the fridge for 1 hour or until completely set.





Layla and I have been busy using all the over ripe bananas in the house and making them into banana muffins. We thought the rest of the school may like to have a go at making them. Here is the recipe :

BANANA MUFFINS

Makes 12 muffins

2.5 bananas
300g self raising flour
120g Margarine
150g Sugar
150ml Milk

Add the flour and margarine into a bowl and combine into a breadcrumb mix.

Add Sugar and mix

Add chopped bananas and mix, I recommend with a spoon to start with if not it ends up on the walls!

Add the milk a little at a time until it is a smooth mixture if your mixture is too thick add a little more milk!

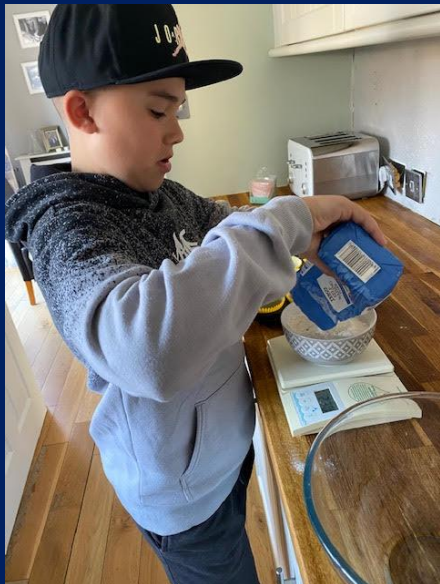
Transfer to your cake cases

Place in the oven on 160c for around 18-20 minutes

Dust with icing sugar or frosting whatever you prefer!

See you soon! Enjoy!

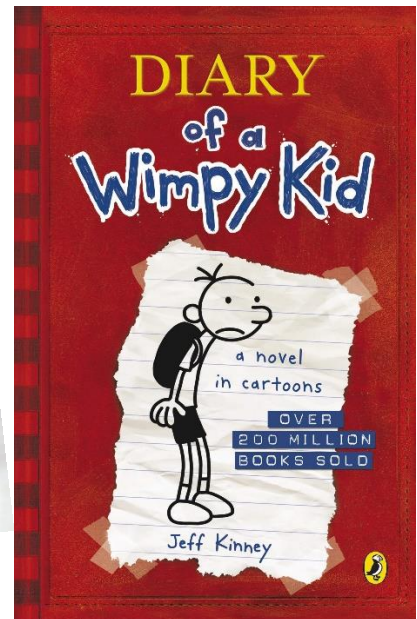
Ashton and Layla (5H & 3H)



WIMPY KID!

Mia V-M (Y5) finds out all about one of her favourite authors.

Jeff Kinney



Jeff Kinney was born on 19th February in 1971 in Maryland. When he was growing up his dream was to be a newspaper cartoonist and not an author of children literature. Jeff Kinney moved to New England in 1995. However he did as with most writers Jeff Kinney didn't hit big right away. He wasn't even studying to follow a writing career early on in life! He was actually trying to become Federal corrections officer. Jeff Kinney wanted to work in prisons. Since school sometimes seem like prisons, the education paid off anyway! Kinney loved one particular game over any other while growing up: Mario cart. Maybe it has something to do with the fact there are turtles in the game. Kinney's first every drawing that he considered to be acceptable happened at the age of three and the subject of the artwork happened to be a turtle. In 1988 Jeff Kinney started working on the Diary of a Wimpy Kid and published the first book in 2007. Also his brother Scott wrote one of the songs featured in the Diary of a Wimpy Kid film. In 2009, Kinney was named the world's most influential person. The Wimpy Kid cartoons were originally published on funbrain.com. The Diary of the Wimpy Kid books have sold 150 million copies! The Diary of a Wimpy Kid movie was made in 2010.

DREAM HOME!

Isla W (Y5) designed her own dream home. What would you include in your own ideal home? We'd love to see or hear about your dream home designs!



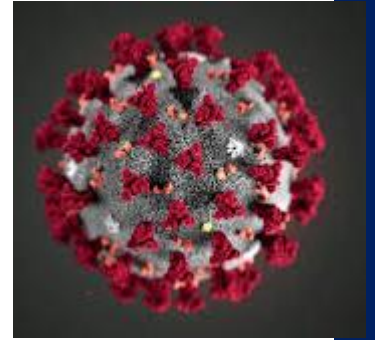
My Dream House

By Isla W (Y5)

Email your Dream Home designs and ideas to us at msilvester9nnp@nsix.org.uk so that we can include them in the next issue.

COVID-19

Covid-19 is killing many more,
Doctors and nurses are fighting a war,
Scientist are trying to find a cure,
Children at home think that home-school is a bore.

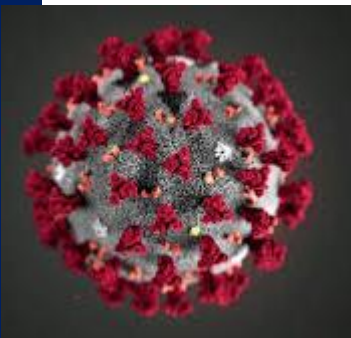


The euros are cancelled,
GSCES too,
Holidays gone,
Your dreams might not come true.

No one knows when this will blow over,
When it does you can travel all-over.



Stay safe whilst you can,
Facetime your friends,
Upon who you can always depend,
Life as it is at the moment will come to an end.



Following advice will help us all,
Stop this virus before it kills more.

So from me to you please wash your hands and before we know we can carry on with our plans.

By Ethan H (Y6)

Mrs Gill Writes.....

Mrs Gill has a hidden talent and she'd like to share it with you!

Hello to all Drayton Junior School pupils.....

During this time, I thought I'd like to share with you a couple of novels which I wrote a few years ago. For those of you that I've worked with over the years, you may think that I just have numbers floating around my brain as I teach mostly Maths in school.....but I LOVE writing too!

When my daughter, and then my son, first went to university, several years ago now, I thought what better time to start writing a book, something I'd always wanted to do. The idea for this had been rumbling around inside my head for a few years and I felt that I wanted to achieve this for myself.

The main idea for the setting for this was Oxborough Hall in Norfolk . Some of you may have visited it either with the school (year 5 when studying the Tudors) or with your families.

Many of the personalities of my characters have come from people I know (family members, teachers I had when at school myself and friends). It was fun making up the story and it snowballed so much that when I had finished, the word count amazed me! I believe it was about 70,000 words....!

Mr Silvester has kindly put together this magazine and I plan to post chapters of this book (and the follow up too) each week. I hope you enjoy reading them and I would love to know what you think.

Any feedback will be great. It's your turn to give your opinion of my work.....

Mrs Gill 😊

You can read the first two chapters of 'The Door Of Good Deeds' at the back of this issue.

MY BLACK BELT JOURNEY

My Journey To Black Belt

I started karate in 2013 and now I am a black belt in 2020.

I started karate when Master Wayne and some other people from SESMA came to a Taverham fete and demonstrated some martial arts; after that I wanted to do martial arts myself and started a couple of months later.

The Start



I started as a little dragon as a white belt, you get stamps every week to build up to 8 stamps then you get the next belt. Then I got the highest belt in little dragons; the camouflage belt. Now I could go up to the next class. The first time I walked into the dojo, that's the fancy name for karate room, I was very nervous when I was lining up outside the door before the class; I didn't know anyone there. As I bowed into the dojo, I felt nervous; while we were stretching, I still didn't know many people except from Sensei Tom, he is very friendly. I quickly worked through my belts grading 3 times a year.

The Worlds

Near the end of 2019 I went to London for the World Martial Arts Games WMAC for short. At the games I won 2 silvers and 2 bronze medals I was surprised because this was my first international competition, this gave me a massive confidence boost for my black belt.





The Grading

As we were traveling into the city centre, I had majorly big nerves.

I thought that I did really well; I did as well as I could on everything even sparring, I'm not the best at sparring. Then came the verdict I was one of the ones in the middle to get called up and that meant, I passed! I was over the moon when I got called up. I ripped off my 2nd brown belt and put on my Junior black I was so proud of myself and my 2nd brown belt is ok by the way!

That is my Journey to black belt.

By Ben F 6W

Congratulations Ben!
From everyone at DJS

PETS AT HOME

SOME DJS PUPILS TELL US ALL ABOUT THEIR PETS

BILL'S NEW DOG!



24th March 2020

Today I took my dog for her first ever walk and she was super good!

She is 3 months old and she has only been in the garden, she loved the walk a lot and went very far! She can also do loads of tricks! She can do SIT and FETCH!

BY BILL T 4B

MY PET: PEARL

By Ethan C (6G)

Pearl is a Giant Australian Prickly Stick Insect and is very adapted to her environment.

Her adaptations include:

Swaying like a leaf in the breeze (She does this often),

Looking like a leaf (camouflage) and

She curls her tail up when feels threatened so she looks like a dangerous scorpion when she is just a harmless living stick!



Me holding pearl



Pearl when I first got her.

I got her with two other giant prickly stick insects I called Victory and Evan but sadly Vic died on the 22/1/20 and Evan died on the 2/2/20. Vic was the only male out of the three.

Giant Australian Prickly Stick Insects eat a range of leaves but

I give her blackberry brambles as that is the easiest for me to get.

The way that Stick Insects grow is by moulting out of their skin and hang until they are out of their skin and they fold

them-selves back up looking a lot bigger! Pearl only has one

moult left until she is an adult and then she will not moult again.

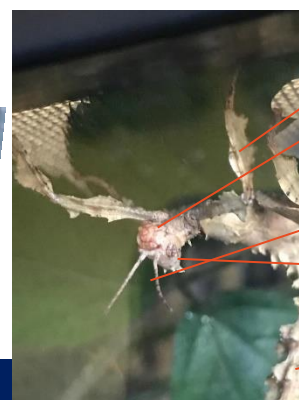
When most species of stick insects are adults, they get wings but not on all species do. This species does on both genders, but males have bigger wings and can sometimes swoop down from one branch to another where females cannot as they have much smaller ones. They only get wings when they have moulted roughly 5 (male) or 6 (female) times and are adults. The wing buds will appear before then, but the wings won't come out of the exoskeleton (skin) until they are adults. Giant Australian Prickly Stick Insects - also known as Spiny Leaf Insects - have a very weird mouth part called phasmatodea. With this, they cut through the leaf with ease. Behind the mouthpart, you can sometimes see a black tongue peeking through.

As I said before, I feed Pearl brambles but occasionally I give her eucalyptus leaves from our garden as they also eat that too. Pearl eats very well and on average eats one whole medium leaf a day, but she usually eats three one day and none the next and can even survive five whole days without any food at all! Spiny Leaf Insects have an amazing birth story. The mum, who must be an adult, drops the egg to the ground. From there, the egg, which has a knob on top called a capitulum, attracts ants and they come along and take the egg to their burrow thinking it's food. After months in the burrow, the egg is hatched and the stick insect crawls out of the under ground not being rumbled by its species as they smell the same as ants. They run up a tree and live the rest of its life in the treetops and live happily ever after. At present, there are no records of stick insects having the coronavirus so perhaps they can offer us a cure?

By Ethan C - 6G



Very young pearl



Leg
Mouthpart
Antennae
Eye
Tail

Mrs Knights tells us how Lola, her dog, spends her day!

A DAY WITH LOLA



Name: Lola Knights

Loyalty: 99

Loveability: 100

Naughtiness: 50

Fitness: 57

Age: 8 and a half

Rarity: 0

Size: 3

Guard dog skill: 1

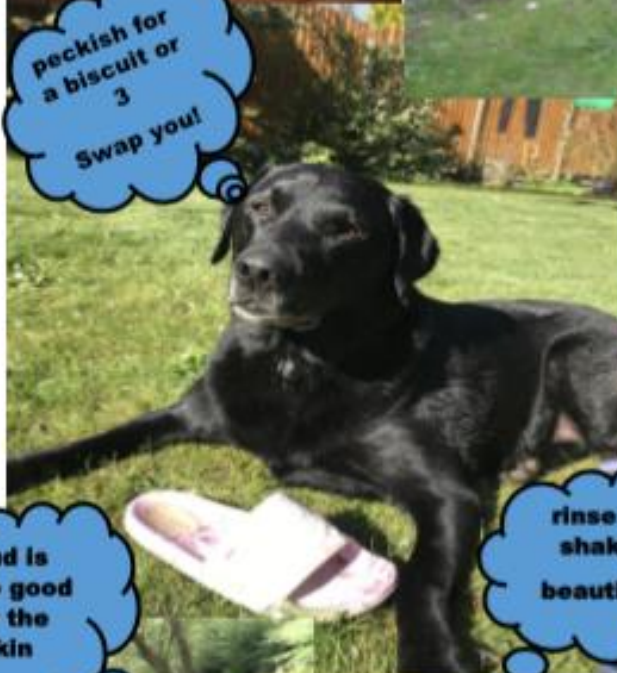
Appetite: 100



Ready
Joe Wicks



Phew!!
paws for
forty winks



peckish for
a biscuit or
3
Swap you!



walkies
in the
woods



Mud is
sooo good
for the
skin

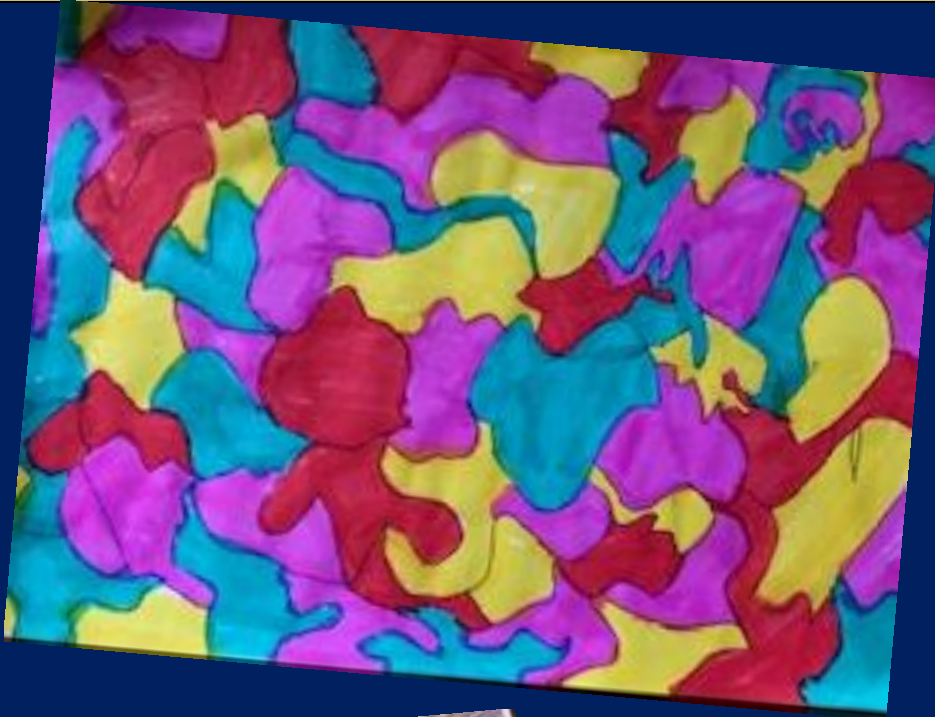
rinse &
shake
beautiful



home
chillaxin

THE GALLERY

**We'd like to share some of your amazing artwork in our gallery.
Email your pictures to us at msilvester9nrp@nsix.org.uk**



Lola R 4B

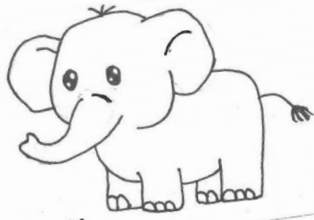


Nyah 6F



Katie A 5L

Cartoon elephant



By Amber 6G

Cartoon whale

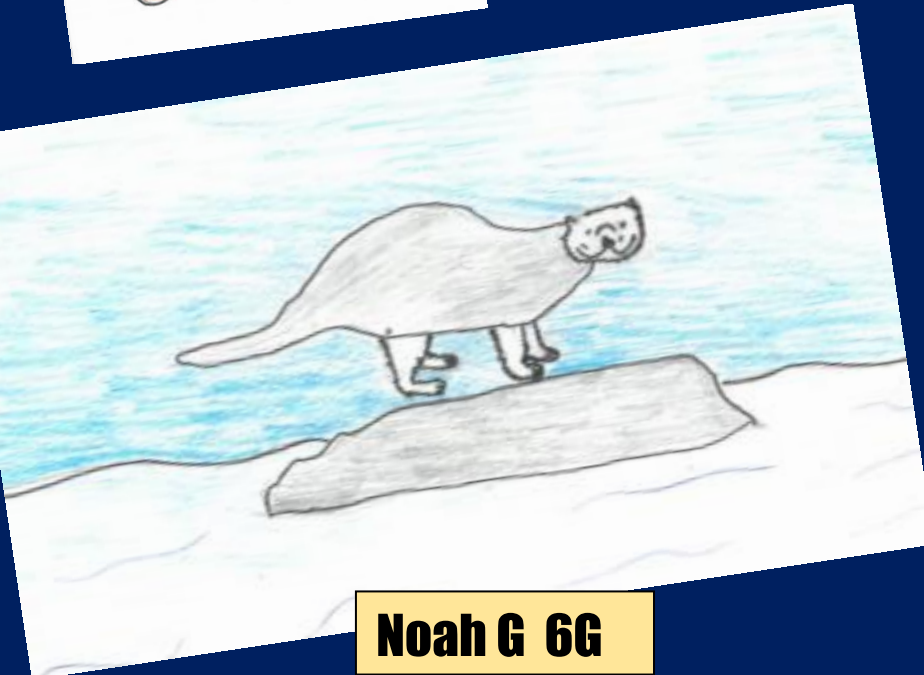


ice lolly

Amber S 6G



Owen P 5L



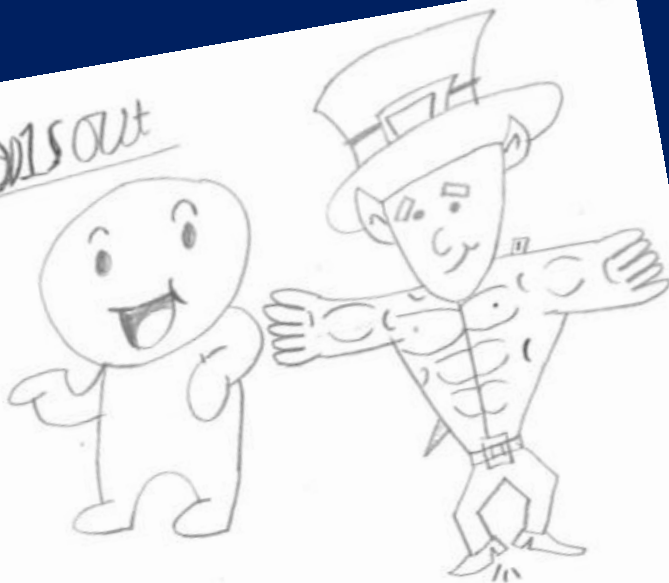
Noah G 6G



Amelia H 3H

ODDS OUT

Ruben 5L



Ruben S 5L

Elephant!



- Sophie 5L

Sophie G 5L



At Home with the Hones

Mrs Hone tells us all about life at home!

Week one of school being closed and I have found lots of things to do at home. Dr Hone has had to go in to his school every day but has come home with “gifts” each time. A school First Aid Kit in case we need a class set of bandages and sick bags during “Lock Down”, 30 eggs and fruit bags from McDonalds before they closed their doors and one of those ridiculously large and heavy toilet rolls usually found inside a dispenser in public toilets! He is so thoughtful!



Matilda has enjoyed getting stuck in to her lessons on line. I offered to help but she said she didn't want any knitted frogs jumping across her maths book. We did however go outside for PE together - we swept the leaves off the trampoline and had lots of fun bouncing around until it was time to get off (which I found somewhat tricky!) I was so exhausted that Tilly then had to hang out the washing for me.



Isaac remains a man of mystery - I know he is working as I hear the printer churning out his sheets in the study and his form tutor has even sent him some online house points.



Amelia has been baking, cooking and sun bathing! She has set up a tent in the garden to “socially distance” herself from her brother and seems quite happy while the sun is shining. She is also teaching herself to play some new songs on the piano! Aren't I lucky?

Meanwhile I have been planning some exciting new lessons, cleaning my oven, ironing the biggest pile of laundry ever and playing with Holly. She is over the moon at having us at home with her, even if she can't go for lots of walks. I am also making hundreds of pom-poms to sew together to make a rug and I have started knitting a Dobby, however my job for this weekend is to chop up this tree with a chainsaw and fix the barn roof! Wish me luck!



Mrs H xxx

POST SCRIPT - I take it all back, Dr H has just come home with a box of Brookies* from Macarons and More. (* Half cookie / half brownie - delicious!)

CATCH UP

What have some of the staff have been up to?



Hi everybody, I've been busy doing some learning at home with my two sons. In the afternoons we are making the most of the sunshine. Our patio has become a mini tennis court (using masking tape) and we're digging up some of our lawn so we can grow vegetables. My sons have been recording some videos for the Norfolk Tennis page on Facebook - ask an adult to show you. All you need is a ball, racquet and a bit of wall.

Keep safe and enjoy this glorious weather while we can!

Mrs Silvester

On Saturday, we were lucky enough to come across a butterfly habitat in a local charity shop. When we got home, we filled in the details online to receive our very own caterpillars that would arrive in the post.

On Thursday, our caterpillars arrived. They are in a special pot with food at the bottom. There are 5 of them but have no names yet. They are 5mm long. The information card says that they will grow quickly over the coming weeks so watch this space!



Mrs Smith



Who Am I?

I work at Drayton Junior School

Favourites:

Colour – black
Treat – chocolate
Meal – curry
Film – Top Gun
TV – any comedy, or Strictly
Sport – rugby
Season – summer
Place – India
Computer game – Manic Minor (!)
Animal – tiger
Music – Stone Roses

I was born in both March and April! Yes, really!

Can you figure out how that is possible? I'll reveal the answer in a future article.

When I was little, my favourite book was

'The Enormous Crocodile' by Roald Dahl.

When I was 2 years old I had a toy car. I rode it full-speed down the hill where I lived. I went off the curb and the car tipped up. I knocked my front tooth out!

I have a
lovely black
cat, named
after a type
of food!

Instead of getting a
present for my 16th
birthday, I did a tandem
sky-dive from 10,000 feet.
It was so windy that the
parachute blew away
from the landing strip and
over the airport building.

We had to do an
emergency landing in a
carpark!

When I was 8 years old, instead of being a Cub or Brownie, I joined St John's Ambulance. I went every week with my friends. As well as learning first-aid skills, I also learnt other skills with St John's. I did badges in: survival skills, kayaking, orienteering, cooking, animal care, camping, casualty make-up, fitness, water safety, radio communication and... I can't remember the rest. It was a long time ago!

When I was at school, my favourite sport was cross-country running. As I got older, I got into playing rugby. I played in the scrum for NCFC (Norwich Rugby Football Club) and played on the wing for my university. I don't play anymore – I miss it!

Friends and family are really important to me. I am still friends with lots of the people I went to school with. One of them is another teacher at Drayton Junior School!

Some of my friends I have known since I was 4 years old, others I met at high school. We all like to go out together, or to go camping with all of our families. Last year we nearly filled up the campsite with so many families! We played football and rounders. It was just like being back on the playground, except we are all much older, more wrinkly and a lot less fit!

Answer next issue

Mrs Howell's Quiz Page

I love quizzes and puzzles so I thought I would create a page for children, parents and teachers to have a go at.

First challenge - **DINGBATS** Each square contains a word or phrase with visual clues as to what it is.

Some may be a bit tricky, especially for younger year groups so challenge your parents.

Answers will appear on next edition!

Example - All around the world. 4 words (amount of letters in each word)

All
All World All
All

(3, 6, 3, 5)

LI standing NE

(8, 2, 4)

Back

(8)

Mind
Matter

(4, 4, 6)

Beat

(6)

fluff

(9)

smo UP ke

(2, 2, 5)

Britain

(6, 7)

Once
10:15 pm

(4, 4, 1, 4)

g
History

(2, 4, 2, 7)

h h
a a
i
r r
s s

(10)

person

ality

(5, 11)

BACK AT SCHOOL

Although we have to stay at home, some Key Workers still have to go to work to keep things running. If your parent is a Key Worker, school is still open for you whilst your parents are working. This week there has been a different number of children in each day. We take a look at some of the things they've been doing.

Every day we start with the Joe Wicks workout. We find it easy – the teachers do not!

We have to keep a distance between us all the time. It is hard as we are used to playing together.



Mrs Lambourne and Mrs Finch took everyone out to the school garden. They dug over the beds and then planted some seeds in pots. We hope they will grow!

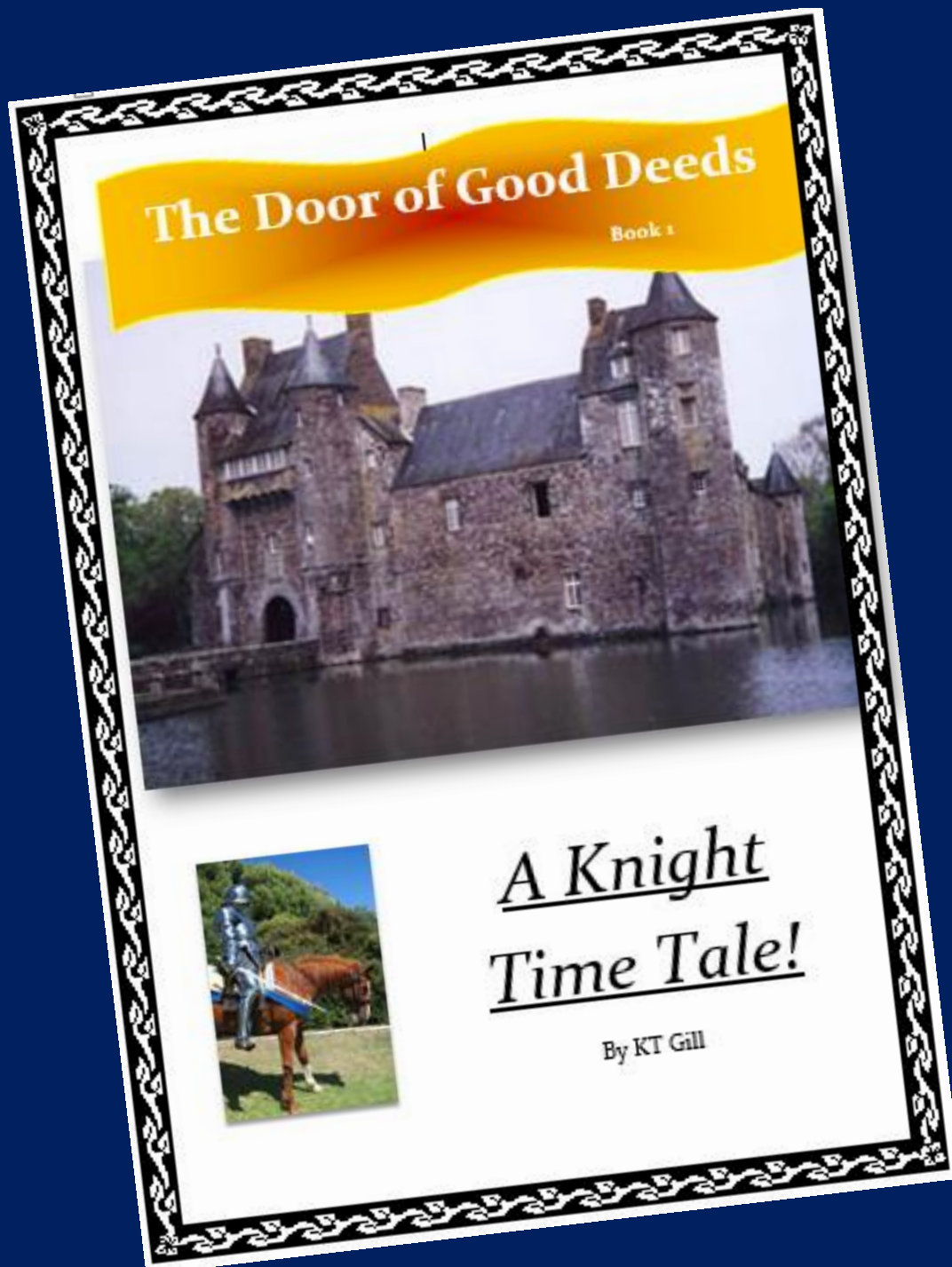
Mrs Hone and Mrs Woolsey made Sand Art bottles with their group on Thursday.



On Friday Mrs Jacobs and Mrs Brosche made Animal Fortune Tellers with their group.



It is hard being at school without everybody else. We hope we will all be back together soon.



Persephone (Penny) finds her world turned upside down when her father is posted abroad for a year and she is sent to live with her great aunt in a village in Norfolk.

Soon she makes friends with Abi at the local school but unfortunately they miss registration one day and are made to litter pick as their punishment by Mr Bertram, the eccentric head teacher.

Before long, the lives of the two girls change again, only this time they have no idea if things will ever get back to normal... or if they will ever get back to normal time again!

READ CHAPTER 1 AND 2 NOW

The Door of Good Deeds - Book 1

A Knight Time Tale

By KT Gill

Chapter 1

"But it's just not fair!" screeched Penny as she stomped off up the stairs and slammed her bedroom door shut to make her point.

Grace Kingston-Meyers, Penny's mother sighed as she sat down heavily on a chair at the kitchen table. She had to agree with her daughter; the situation really wasn't fair but what could they do? Her husband, Roderick, had been transferred with his job at the Foreign Office to Laos, a remote Asian country and it was impossible to take their 10 year old daughter with them. That certainly wasn't fair. Also the fact that Penny, or Persephone to give her her full name, was an only child. Now, that really was unfair and many tears had been shed over it. Grace and Roderick would very much have loved to have had another child but sadly Grace's pregnancy with Penny had been filled with problems, resulting in her being unable to have further children. Still, they loved Penny dearly and invested all their time and energy into her well-being, ensuring that she never felt alone or missed out by being an only child. And now, as Penny had so vocally pointed out, they were abandoning her!

It all started when Roderick came home from work earlier with the news of his posting abroad. He was nervous about speaking to Grace because he knew how she would feel. It tore at his heart too, but as it was only a year's posting, which would ensure a significant promotion upon their return, he thought it too good an opportunity to be missed and at the end of the year they would all be united again. Unfortunately he hadn't planned on Penny overhearing the conversation with his wife and reacting so hysterically before they had discussed it fully and devised a way of breaking the news to her gently.

Roderick looked tenderly at Grace and smiled. He knew what she was thinking: "Penny will be fine," his eyes said lovingly. Roderick was going to arrange for his Aunt to act as guardian to Penny for the year they would be away.

"My Aunt Ella will take good care of her and we can visit in the holidays, or she can visit us," he gently urged. Trying to be enthusiastic, he went on, "That will be a great experience for her," He desperately wanted things to work out for them all.

"Your Aunt is very kind, but do you think she'll be able to cope with Persephone? You know how strong willed she can be," Grace smiled as she said this, thinking of Penny's performance just a few moments ago.

"Oh, I think she'll manage. She kept me on the straight and narrow many a time when my parents thought I was a lost cause!" Roderick chuckled remembering his happy childhood visits to his Aunt's cottage in Granston, a quaint Norfolk village. The cottage had been like a haven to him and his brother when they were Penny's age. Although Aunt Ella was a spinster

and retired school teacher, she loved being with children, but sadly had no children of her own. She was always such fun to be with and made his holidays with her full of adventures. Her rose covered cottage became a 'castle' one summer and they enjoyed endless days re-enacting stories of King Arthur and the magic of Camelot. During another stay Roderick and his brother were engrossed in the tales of Robin Hood and so armed with home-made bows and arrows they had all spent periods hunting down the evil Sheriff of Nottingham in the nearby Granston Woods. Many of the village boys came to play with Roderick and they were always there waiting when they returned each summer; such happy days.

Later that evening, following a lengthy telephone conversation with Aunt Ella, Roderick arranged that Penny would move into her cottage at the beginning of September, ready to start the new school year at the private school in the old manor house in the village. That gave them the whole summer to get used to the idea, and to sort out their visas and vaccinations and Penny's enrolment at Granston Manor.

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All too soon September arrived, with a sullen Penny sitting in the back seat of her father's Lexus SUV gazing out of the window but not seeing the glorious, golden leaves swaying gently as they drove through the radiant Norfolk countryside on their way to Granston.

"Not long now, sweetheart." Roderick commented cheerfully, as they drove through the small town of Reephram. Grace looked across at him, then turned and smiled at Penny.

"It'll be fine, dear, honest!" She encouraged, but in reality her heart was breaking just as much as Penny's.

"I know. Mum. I'll get used to it, I'll make new friends and Aunt Ella will be like a mum to me," Penny tried to be cheerful. This was happening. It was real. She had better make the most of it. There was no turning back now.

Just then they arrived. Aunt Ella had obviously been looking out of the window of her cottage for them. No sooner had Roderick swung the car off the road and onto the gravel drive, the front door almost leapt off its hinges and the round smiling face, followed by the equally round body of Ella Kingston-Meyers appeared before them. She looked exactly like a great-aunt should; happy, always smiling, her hair like a crown of bouncing grey curls. Immediately she flung her arms wide in greeting as if she was going to hug the car with them still inside!

Penny couldn't help herself, she started to giggle. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. Aunt Ella really was the most lovable old lady, as far as old and lovable could be for a 10 year olds imagination, anyway. She scrambled out of the car and was immediately enveloped in the tightest embrace.

"Persephone! Oh my, you've grown! Just look at you, my dear. Looking more like your mother every time I see you, but you've still got your Daddy's ears!" she exclaimed, giving her left ear the usual little tweak which had been an on-going joke between the two of them for as

long as she could remember. In fact, she couldn't remember how or why it had started but she thinks it was something to do with the fact that she had good hearing and eaves dropping was a habit of hers, just as it had been for her father as a boy, although he was often in trouble for it, if Aunt Ella's stories were to be believed.

But it was true, Penny did look like her mother, they both had dark brown eyes and curly hair, although Penny's was blond and Grace's brown. They had the same smile, which lit up their faces and shared the same cheeky sense of humour. Penny was tall for her age, which she probably got from her father, who at 6'3" towered over her mother's 5'5". Penny was sure it wouldn't be too long before she would be able to call her mum 'shorty.'

"Roddy! Grace! So lovely to see you both. Now, don't you worry about Persephone, she'll be fine. I've spoken with the Head at Granston, Bertram, known him a while, as you know! In fact his mother was a Winston so there's no problem there, solid family...." She was off. Penny smiled to herself. Yes, she'd be fine. Aunt Ella was Aunt Ella and you couldn't help but love her!

While Aunt Ella continued to talk at a hundred miles an hour Penny and her father drifted to the rear of the car and began to unload, sharing a secret smile as they watched Grace trying to get a word in edgewise. She had so many things to discuss about Penny's education, health (hay fever tablets and eczema creams) but Ella was in full flow.

"And of course, it's only a few weeks until Harvest festival and Mrs Wilkins will do the church. Now Mr Wilkins, he's still at Granston and the villagers are still placing bets as to when the old boy will smile; personally I don't think it will be this side of Armageddon but there you are!"

Once inside the cottage, memories flooded back both for Roderick and Penny. Happy memories of many holidays spent here for them both. They looked at one another, gave a brief nod and smiled. No words were necessary; they knew it was the right place for Penny to be for the next year. They may not like being separated but it was only for a year and Aunt Ella was a gem, no doubt about that.

The cases were carried in and Penny was soon settled into the bedroom that she always stayed in during her visits; the same room her father had stayed in during his boyhood holidays. Grace and Roderick were sleeping across the landing that night before returning to London the following day to finalise the closing of their house and then leaving on their long flight to Laos on Wednesday morning.



## Chapter 2

"Persephone! Persephone! Time to shake a leg!" called Aunt Ella. The table was ready for breakfast, it was the first day of term and Penny was struggling to get up. "Come along young lady, you need a good breakfast in you. Some good brain food!" She continued.

Penny lay in bed for those few extra, precious moments, imagining a bowl of brains for breakfast, yuck!

Reluctantly, she threw off the covers and thudded downstairs to see what exactly 'good brain food' was. She wasn't disappointed, her favourite new crunchy cereal followed by mountains of toast and Aunt Ella's special homemade damson jam and ...

"Mango juice!!" she squealed running to hug Aunt Ella, who had said they didn't sell it at the local shop and she'd be 'blowed' if she was going all the way into Norwich for some fancy juice when orange was good enough!

"Your mother brought a few cartons with her when you came and I said I would keep it for a special day." She explained.

"Oh thanks," replied Penny feeling a lump in her throat. That was so typical of her mum, always thinking of her. She sat down and began munching her way through. "Didn't know brains tasted this good, Auntie."

"Stop that cheek miss, and don't speak with your mouth full. It's not good manners," chuckled Ella with a mouthful of toast herself and crumbs falling off her chin.

After their meal Penny climbed the stairs to get ready for her first day at Granston Manor. She had momentarily forgotten her nerves during breakfast, which is exactly what Ella had hoped for. She could read her great-niece like a book, just as she had Roddy when he was a boy.

Penny looked at the uniform hanging on her wardrobe door, it all seemed so posh, not like the polo shirts and sweatshirts she was used to. Aunt Ella had been so kind taking her shopping in Norwich to buy it from the specialist uniform shop and at the same time treating her to a lovely lunch at a fancy new restaurant opposite the Castle Museum.

Being like her mum when it came to clothes, Penny always enjoyed wearing new items for the first time but a school uniform was something different altogether. It meant work. Not that Penny didn't enjoy school or found the subjects difficult but some days she couldn't see the point of learning things you'd never, ever use again once you left.

Quickly, she dressed in the new white blouse, black skirt and pullover. Then she stood in front of her cheval mirror to put on the tie; purple and black stripes to match the purple blazer. The purple she did like, it was her favourite colour, so that was some consolation at least.

"Are you ready yet dear?" called Aunt Ella. "It's a quarter past eight and we have to speak to the Head when we get there."

"Just coming," replied Penny giving herself a last look in the bathroom mirror and wiping the smudges of toothpaste from her chin. Taking a deep breath she descended the stairs to an admiring look from Aunt Ella.

"My, you look a picture, don't you, my sweet?" she approved holding out a warm, soft welcoming hand. "That reminds me, I have to take a photograph and mail it to the computer for your mum and dad."

"Don't you mean 'email' it?" giggled Penny.

"Exactly what I said!" replied her confused aunt. "Where do you get one of those, never seen one at the post office?"

"Don't worry, you take the picture, I'll do the rest," said Penny helpfully.

"Deal! Come along, let's have your best smile," replied her aunt, encouragingly, as she held up her camera.

After taking a few photos, Penny quickly gathered her new school bag and they strolled together, hand in hand, down the leafy lane, through the centre of the small, rural village and up the tree lined drive of Granston Manor. Many cars passed them as other parents were bringing their children to school too. It looked so different to any Penny had ever seen; in fact it was a bit like going on a day trip to a National Trust stately home. The building was very old with leaded windows, turrets and it looked as if there had once been some sort of battlements on the roof. To reach the main door you had to cross a stone bridge over a moat and go under an archway, which was supported by two amazingly tall towers, and that led to an inner courtyard. Penny hoped that the inside was more modern than the outside. Ella, sensing Penny's nerves returning, gently squeezed her hand and when Penny glanced at her she gave a mischievous wink.

"I suppose the rest of him will be there too, but you never know!" she said. Penny looked puzzled. "The Head, of course silly!"

They giggled, as if they were both school girls, imagining just a head sitting in a posh, wood panelled study waiting to introduce Penny to her new school.

In fact, they were still smiling when ten minutes later Mrs Dawes, the school secretary, led them through to Mr Bertram's office which was situated on the ground floor of the left hand tower of the arch.

"How lovely to see you again Ella and this must be your great niece. Pleased to meet you Penny," he said offering his hand to her.

"Persephone, actually Michael!" Ella abruptly stated, as both Mr Bertram and Penny looked at her.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he nervously flicked the fringe of his floppy ginger locks to the left and his gaze returned to Penny, who was sure he was blushing with embarrassment

at being corrected by her Aunt like a naughty school boy. Penny glanced at Ella who had a certain look of satisfaction and gave Penny a discrete wink.

Aunt Ella and Mr Bertram then discussed certain items to do with the upcoming term, various educational visits for her year group (year 6), days for swimming and contacts should there be any emergencies. Meanwhile, Penny had a good look round the office and just as she had imagined, it was dark and wood panelled. There were some interesting old paintings which resembled the Manor House building but the surrounding grounds looked very different. Maybe it was the Manor House from years ago. She'd ask about that later.

"Right then Pen eh, Persephone, shall we go and find your form room?" he asked, focusing his attention on her.

Penny nodded in reply and they all rose and filed out of the office.

"I'll say goodbye now, my dear. I'm sure you'll be fine. Now Mr Bertram here will keep a close eye on you and he won't let you come to harm in any way, shape or form, will you?" she assured her niece, as she cast him a steely look.

"Oh, no... Uh yes... What I mean is, I'll make sure, personally, that Pen uh Persephone is well looked after and wants for nothing while she is here," he stammered, his hand reaching to flick his hair back again.

"Well, that's just what I expected you to say Michael. Lovely!" She turned to her great niece, giving her a brief hug and a peck on the cheek as she whispered, "Like taking candy from a baby!"

Penny spluttered and tried not to laugh as she returned the hug, "I'll see you later Auntie."

"Have a good day, dear. Bye for now," Ella called as she straightened up, marched towards the exit and threw a wave over her shoulder.

Penny couldn't help but notice Mr Bertram breathe a sigh of relief at her retreating figure. She said to herself that she would have to unearth the relationship between those two.

"This way then, Persephone," he indicated by holding open the door leading to a dimly lit corridor with many classrooms. More old fashioned pictures hung on the darkly painted walls and Penny tried to read the names underneath some of the portraits but Mr Bertram was striding along and she had to hurry to catch up with him; she didn't want to lose her way in this place!

Her sense of fun returned as the sunlight suddenly shone through an arched window as they turned the corner. "Mr Bertram? Can I ask that you call me Penny, please?" Penny requested.

"What? Oh yes, yes, of course, yes," he spluttered in reply, looking confused and flicking his hair again not once but twice AND a shake of the head to go with it this time, as he continued to her new classroom.



This is so much fun, Penny thought cheekily, looking at her new headteacher trying to catch his eye, almost daring him to ask her why? She really preferred to be called Penny, especially at school, but she knew Aunt Ella liked to use her full name. Persephone had been her grandmother, Aunt Ella's beloved older sister.

Opening the door, Mr Bertram stood up tall and entered. Following behind, Penny heard the pupils scrape back the chairs and greet him. He turned and introduced her to her new class mates and teacher Mr Jevens, Head of Geography.

"Very pleased to meet you, Penny" said Mr Jevens, a short man with dark curly hair, a thick moustache covering his wide smile and the twinkliest blue eyes she had ever seen. "Why don't you sit over there with Abi?" he continued as he pointed to a tall girl with long black hair in a pony tail sitting at a desk near the window.

The rest of the morning was a blur, being issued their timetable, numerous books and Penny also had a map of the school given to her. The class had all their morning lessons with Mr Jevens but that was just because it was the first day of term, normally they would have different teachers for their different subjects. At Penny's old school, St Walston's Junior in London, their form teacher taught them most subjects and she began to worry if she would remember all the different names, never mind how to get to the different classes.

She spoke to Abi about this, outside during lunch time while they strolled leisurely round the playing field.

"I felt like that too when I first came here, but really, it's so easy to get around and I'll be with you anyway so no problem there," she assured her kindly. "And as for the teacher's names I've got a 100% fail safe way of dealing with that."

"Really? What's that?" Penny eagerly asked, grateful for any tips.

"If you can't remember the right name, just call the women Miss and the men Sir!" she said seriously and then they looked at each other and burst out laughing. A new friendship had been born.

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At the end of the school day, Aunt Ella was anxiously waiting at the school gate at the bottom of the drive for Penny to come out. She was relieved when Penny appeared on the stone bridge with a friend and waved to them excitedly. "Persephone! Over here my dear!" she called.

Glancing over, Penny returned her wave and said to Abi, "Come and meet Aunt Ella before you go home, you'll love her!"

"Okay, but I'll have to be quick as the car's waiting for me," Abi replied. Abi's parents ran their own business in Norwich, selling musical instruments. They had been successful musicians, travelling all over the world before settling down in Norfolk to raise their family. Abi's older brother Daniel was already heading to the car, guitar case slung over his shoulder.

"Hi Auntie, this is my friend Abi Carter," introduced Penny and Ella held out her hand formally to Abi in greeting only to put her thumb to her nose and wiggle her fingers while blowing a raspberry.

Both girls' expressions went from shock to amusement as they realised that Aunt Ella was playing the fool as usual. "Oh Auntie!" scolded Penny teasingly.

"Oh I'm sorry my dear, I shouldn't be rude to your friend but I was just so relieved," apologised Ella. "I was almost expecting you to be upset at the end of your first day, saying you hated it here and wanted to go back to your old school in London."

"Oh Auntie!" said Penny again. "I've had a great day and Abi here has been so kind," turning to her she carried on "We're going to be BFF, aren't we?"

"Didn't Roald Dahl write that?" asked Ella, with a slightly puzzled frown.

Both Penny and Abi burst out laughing as Abi's brother called her over to their car.

"I must go 'Pens'; see you tomorrow. Lovely to meet you," she called to Aunt Ella as she skipped away.

"BFF and 'Pens'; dear me I must be getting old....." shaking her head, she reached out for Penny's hand and they set off for home with Penny chatting continuously with excitement about her first day at Granston Manor.

That evening, whilst eating Sheppard's pie for tea, Penny's favourite of Aunt Ella's traditional cooking, she decided to find the answer to something that had bothered her all day.

"Auntie?" she began in between mouthfuls of minced beef, diced carrots and mashed potato, "Why did you treat Mr Bertram like a naughty school boy this morning?"

"Oh, you noticed, did you?" she teased cheekily, raising an eyebrow.

"Mmmm, just a bit," Penny smiled at the memory of his blushes.

"Well, a while ago, when Michael, Mr Bertram to you young lady, was about your age, he was a pupil in my class. That was when I was teaching in Norwich at the school near the cathedral." explained Ella. "He was a dear boy, always tried to please, but sadly when he grew up and then qualified as a teacher; well, he got a bit 'above his station' shall we say. It got a little worse when he was made 'head' here, so I think it's only right to remind him to respect his 'elders, and betters' shall we say, from time to time."

"Oh, Auntie, you are naughty!" Penny giggled, thinking that she'd have to tell Abi about it.

Aunt Ella went to on tell her great-niece more tales from her years teaching in Norwich as they ate their meal and typically they were tales that made Penny laugh as she imagined her Aunt getting up to all sorts of tricks.

Chapter 3

A few weeks into the term, on a Monday morning, Penny and Abi met under the archway as usual when suddenly one of the younger pupils, Claire, slipped on the cobble stones and dropped her satchel, spilling her homework papers. Quickly, despite the morning bell ringing, Abi and Penny helped Claire to retrieve her work.

"There you are Claire, no harm done," soothed Abi, as she saw Claire's anguished face. "Are you okay?"

Claire's face crumpled and she began to sob as she clutched her knee. Penny looked down and saw a nasty graze which was starting to bleed.

"Oh Claire, that looks sore! Come on, let's take you to Nurse. She'll have you patched up in no time." Penny helped Claire to stand up and the two girls slowly walked with her to the nurse's room.

By the time they had explained to Nurse Roberts what had happened, the morning registration period was over and the girls hurried to their first lesson.

Later that morning Mrs Dawes came into the science lab where the class were setting up experiments to see what plants needed to grow. She spoke quietly to Mr Keating, the kind Irish science master, who then peered over the top of his glasses at Penny and Abi with a disappointed look on his face.

"Abigail Carter and Persephone Kingston-Meyers over here please," he softly called in his deep, thick brogue.

The girls looked both puzzled and worried. They were never called by their full first names, and certainly never surnames as well, by Mr Keating.

"Yes sir," they answered together and quickly crossed the room to stand facing both adults.

"Mrs Dawes has requested you immediately report to Mr Bertram; a matter of missed registration, I understand?" he said gravely, with a shake of his head.

The girls glanced briefly at each other and realised their mistake. After helping Claire they had gone straight to their first lesson, not wanting to be late and had completely forgotten to report to the office to let it be known that they were in school. Mrs Dawes had contacted both Abi's parents and Penny's aunt wanting explanations for their absence.

Abi and Penny followed Mrs Dawes as she scuttled off down the corridor to Mr Bertram's office. They tried to explain what had happened but it fell on deaf ears. As they turned the corner to the school administration offices, Mr Bertram stood at his door with a serious expression on his face, hidden by his hair on the left hand side.

"Here they are Mr Bertram, in Keating's lesson just as the timetable said they should be," she stated with an element of pride. It was her job to sort out the timetable for the year groups each term, something she did with the precision of a neurosurgeon.

"Thank you Mrs Dawes. This way girls," he solemnly led them to his office, running his fingers through his hair and shaking his head to the left, trying to get the hair to stay back from his eyes. "I hope you realise the seriousness of what you have done?" he continued as he shut the door behind them, and flicked his hair back once again.

"Sorry sir" both girls said at once and then went on to explain why they had missed registration and hurried to their first lesson.

"That is all very well, but you see, the fact remains that you were in school and our records didn't show that. Can't have that. No, absolutely not. Cross the i's and dot the t's, that how I run my... No, no, no...! Cross the t's and dot the i's. Yes, that's it. That's the only way to sink this ship. No! Run it; yes that's what we do, run a ship. Ship shape and Bristol fashion. That's right isn't it?"

Briefly, he looked down at his desk, oblivious to the disarray. "Now why are you two here?" he looked at them puzzled.

"We missed the register, sir." explained Abi, Penny was too stunned to speak.

"Of course you did, terrible business; shocking! It was only by speaking to your families that we were able to find that out. What if there had been a fire? What if you hadn't got out? Oh it doesn't bear thinking about..." he sat down quite flustered, the hair flicking was now almost constant. Penny was tempted to offer him her hair band but thought that this was probably not the time or place.

"We're truly sorry, sir," Abi stated again.

"Yes, well, that's as maybe, but you must be punished. Oh yes, there must be consequences for your actions," he went on, flick, flick, fingers scraping back the mop from his face. "Yes, now, what can you do? Hmmm." Thankfully, he momentarily moved his hand to his desk and drummed it with his fingertips before sharply clapping his hands, which caused his hair to resume its natural position over his eyes and this, therefore, caused the continuation of the hair flicking.

Penny tried not to look at Abi. She knew if she did they would both start to giggle. Aunt Ella was great at impressions and poor old Mr Bertram; well she could do him brilliantly. The more flustered he got, the more hair flicking went on and the state he was in at the moment he was likely to give himself a friction burn right across his forehead.

"Right girls, report to Mr Wilkins at break time. Yes, Wilkins at break time and be prompt," he ordered. "Litter picking duty for you both. You're lucky to be doing that today. Got some new long handled grabbers this morning, they'll make it so much easier to do it. Got to keep the school clean and tidy; yes, spick and span you know. Tidy work place, tidy mind and all that," he continued, brushing biscuit crumbs off his wrinkled tie, and then he looked around his office at the overflowing drawers and waste bin, the empty crisp packets on top of his coffee stained diary and quickly ushered them out with a final hair flick and shake of the head. "Yes, quite, quite..!"

Penny and Abi managed to get out of his office and half way back to the science lab before they could look at each other. Then they exploded in a fit of giggles so violent that they were clutching their sides as if in pain.

"Going for the Olympic record there, wasn't he?" chuckled Abi. "I've never seen such a display."

"And there was enough food on that tie to feed a starving African country for a month!" answered Penny just as the bell for break time rang. "So much for spick and span."

"Come on, let's go and find Grumpy Wilkins," said Abi.

"Who is he?" asked Penny.

"He's the caretaker Pens, been here for the last century I should think and deaf as a post," replied Abi as she led the way back towards the administration offices. "I think his room is in the other tower and this is the quickest way. We don't want to be late again!"

Quickly, they hurried across the courtyard to the tower on the right hand side of the entranceway. Opening the heavy, wooden, creaking door, they looked inside they dark, cold room.

"It doesn't seem as if he's here, Abi," Penny said meekly, feeling uncertain to be entering the gloomy room.

"I'm not so sure this is his room after all," Abi replied. "Maybe it's over there." she continued, pointing to the far side of the room.

The girls hesitantly crossed to the opposite corner to another old, wooden door. This time Penny reached out to open it but stopped and looked over at Abi.

"Are you sure his room's in here?" she tentatively asked. Abi just nodded in reply and together they pushed down the iron handle and eased open the weighty door.

Darkness met them.

Then a strange and slightly unpleasant smell gently swirled towards the girls. Intrigued, they stepped through the doorway into the unknown.

Slam!

Abi and Penny squealed. The door had shut behind them, leaving them in a dark passageway. Abi turned and tried to re-open it but it won't budge. Reaching out for each other's hands they stood frozen, panic beginning to well up inside of Penny.

"A... Abi," Penny's voice quivered, "I d...don't think th...this is the rr..right way."

"Too right, but come on let's see where it goes," Abi tried to reassure her friend, fighting to keep from sounding as frightened as she really felt.

Slowly, gently testing the floor with their feet, they eased their way forward along the passageway until they came to another door. Grasping it with their hands they felt for the

handle. The wood on this door seemed different, rougher, not like the doors in other parts of the school, worn smooth by years of constant use. Finally, Penny found what they were searching for, but again the iron handle felt strange to her.

"I think this is the door handle, Abi, but it's really rough. It just feels like a leftover lump of metal," she puzzled.

"Yes, it's seems to be only a catch rather than a proper door handle," she replied.

"What should we do, Abi? I'm scared!" Penny finally admitted.

Giving Penny's hand a gentle squeeze Abi said, "It'll be okay, what's going to happen to us? We're in school, we're safe. It's probably Grumpy Wilkins' idea of being 'eco friendly'. You know, save electricity by turning out lights and he probably made this door handle out of an old horseshoe or something to save money. I bet he's a bit of an old miser too!"

"Yes, probably," replied Penny although she didn't feel convinced.

"Come on then, what are you waiting for, Christmas?" said Abi in a forced and too cheerful voice.

Together they opened the door. Daylight met them.

Find out what happens to Abi and Penny as they head through the door, in the next issue of The Draytonian.

We hope you've enjoyed our first issue. We look forward to being able to include even more of your articles and features in the next issue. We'd also love to know what you think of Issue 1. Email all your submissions to msilvester9nrp@nsix.org.uk

