

TARPORLEY SIXTH FORM FREE INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE

TERM

TOP TWEETS

January 2015

Issue 1

YEAR 11 VERSUS
SIXTH FORM
FOOTBALL

REMEMBERING
AUSCHWITZ

WHY
I HATE
PUBLIC
TRANSPORT

WHAT
WE
CAN
LEARN
FROM
HAIRSPRAY

MR COX
BEHIND THE STAFF





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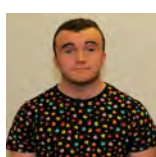
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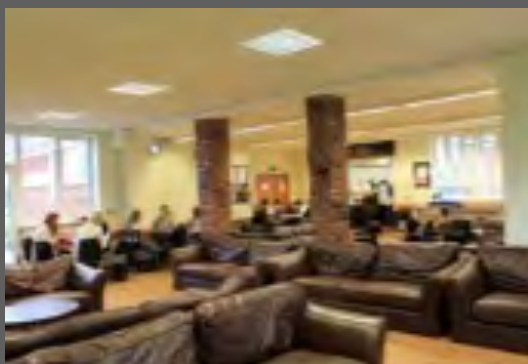
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Hella & Welcome

...To the very first edition of Term, the new sixth form magazine written, designed and put together by students. On this page you'll see a list of fabulous people working hard to bring you something thoroughly more interesting than a newsletter, along with some snazzy photos taken by our very own photographer, Matty Davies.

This Term we have our feature interview with none other than Mr Cox, What Hairspray Can Teach Us All (written by Tracy Turnblad herself), and 8 problems we can all relate to coming back to school and starting sixth form. It's been a busy few weeks trying to put it together, but here is the culmination of all our efforts.

Enjoy.





By Maddie Berry

So, as we all now know, at the end of last term Miss Watterson left us all, in what I personally see as a hideous betrayal. But although this betrayal was painful for all involved, I would like to take this time to congratulate her and wish her good luck as she begins her new career as head teacher at Queen's Park High. Here are just a few memories of one of the greatest teachers Tarporley will ever see.

Girls' Y7 PE lesson is interrupted as a boy jumps from a hedge into a group of emotional girls, causing more hysteria than Salem's Witch Trials. Miss Watterson dives in to save the day, offering one-to-one counselling sessions for those traumatised by the event and the rumours that followed it.

No matter whose duty it is, at the end of any break or lunch you can always find Miss Watterson holding open the doors to D-Block, yelling at people's uniform and making sure lost KS3's know where to go. She is often being clung to by a sobbing Year Seven desperately seeking attention from Tarporley's own personal Super Woman.

Although Mlle Watterson ditched us before we'd really been able to get some juicy stuff from her in our lessons, we still had an amazing time. Learning about prepositions has never been so stressful, or hilarious, in my entire life.

After a hectic two days of meeting new people, "team building" activities and a few near-death-experiences in the Menai Strait, Miss Watterson concludes Conway 2009 with a rousing performance of "Swing Lo Sweet Chariot", accompanied with mildly dangerous actions that I can still remember today. She was also introduced to us as the leader of the Primary/Secondary school transition period, a role that probably impacted on all of us throughout high school, not just that first year.

Those who took French for GCSE will understand how Mlle Watterson is not only an emotional superhero but a teaching superhero as well. Before starting GCSE many of us didn't have a clue how to speak, listen to, read or write French, and yet after two years of gently forcing us to use three tenses, high-level language and "if clauses" in controlled assessments, and conducting surprise vocab tests with their very own highly complex and competitive league tables, we all managed to pass. And yes, we probably ended up having more cover lessons than actual lessons with her, but that just proves how much extra Miss Watterson does for our school..

You see, the thing is, Miss Watterson isn't just an amazing teacher.

**"Tarporley's
own
Super
Woman"**



I can bet all my (meagre) savings that at some point during all of your school lives she has helped you with something, whether it was school or home related. She has been at our school since September 2003-that's just over 11 years' worth of helping us out. As a deputy head she has had the power and opportunity to really improve all our lives. And she has.

Whether she helped you find your bus, your new classroom or your lost bag, whether she taught you or not, ask anyone in this school about Miss Watterson and they will always tell you something positive. She has managed to personally affect pretty much all of us, and that, I think, shows great talent and dedication. We will all miss her so, so much, and I cried buckets when I said goodbye, but behind all that we should all wish her the absolute best of luck in her new school. (Miss-please visit us sometimes).



MR COX

THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND

BY OLIVIA GREGORY

Free periods are supposedly a time for catching up on work, or doing “independent study”. Some, however, choose to sit around and listen to Ariana Grande’s “Problem” for the 200th time. Me? Well, for the purpose of this article I couldn’t think of anyone else to chill with other than the man, the myth, the legend...Mr Cox!

Whilst waiting in the Humanities Department, listening to the lively year 8 lesson going on below, I had the opportunity to ask one of the most prominent teachers in our school a few questions. It turns out that Coxy has been teaching for fourteen years! I wonder if his Arsenal mug has been with him through it all?

I asked who his favourite class was, but he carefully evaded the question, saying he didn’t have favourites. Was I offended? I’m not gonna lie, yeah. Yes I was.

How can a teacher not have favourites?

Halfway through our little interview, Miss Smith makes a bold entrance and sticks the kettle on. It wasn’t as if we were having a conversation or anything when she interjected, “Tea or coffee?”

None the less, in my professional mindset, I continued unfazed. I thought it might be interesting to see how his family and friends would describe him. According to Wezza, he’s mellowed out a bit compared to fourteen years ago. Imagine him then!

Now as we all know, Mr Cox is the leading figure for religious studies in the school, so I thought I would ask him about The Meaning of Life (insert Ron Burgundy’s “Well that escalated quickly” meme here). Coxy sees life as “A gift from God”, saying, “It’s a gift we must use and make the most of.”

Well, let’s just say that struck me like lightning after I had been wondering about why there wasn’t any Wi-Fi in this part of the school.

So, everyone, appreciate your life, because it is a gift. I know, I know, a £500 iTunes voucher or winning the Euro million or even seeing someone getting smacked in the face by Karma herself would also be considered as one of the greatest gifts you could ever receive, but I’m getting carried away.

We need to leave all that to one side for a moment, and listen to what a teacher has actually said to us back in real life. Appreciate your self-worth and the joys of life!

Thank you, Mr Cox, for enlightening us, and being the first teacher personally interviewed by Term magazine! Until next time!

Hello Sir!

Hellooo Olivia!

4

So, how long have you been teaching?

I've been teaching for fourteen years.

Had you always wanted to be a teacher?

No, I never wanted to be a teacher when I was younger, not at all.

What did you want to be?

Probably a footballer. Or some sort of sports thing. I started coaching football and I enjoyed teaching the students, so I thought I'd take a change in direction.

What's your favourite year group to teach?

I don't really have favourites.

Oh come on! Seriously?

Seriously! I have to enjoy everything! So yeah, I never really like to have favourites.

Any top tips for students?

**Not to worry, do their best each day,
focus on the moment.**

So, sir. You touched on football.

Arsenal - why?

Family, really. I eventually followed suit.

**Would you give us three words your family
and friends would describe you with?**

Are these going to be polite words?!

You choose!

Painful! Annoying? (Here Miss Smith says sentimental, and Miss Wesley mentions how he's mellowed out over time.)

**Sir, as you are the teacher of philosophy, I have to ask. What is
life?**

Life is a gift from God. I don't know, that's how I would put it. It's a gift that we must use and make the most of.



5 Term Recipe: Spaghetti Bolognese

I know what you must be thinking; healthy eating costs a fortune. Well, we've come up with a way to eat healthily *and* keep to that food budget of yours at Uni, which always dwindles low after a night out and a kebab. Here's a recipe to get you started, and before you know it, you'll be your apartment's very own Jamie Oliver.

Spaghetti Bolognese: Serves 4 batch cooking

Ingredients

1 Red onion, finely chopped
1 Garlic clove, finely chopped
500g Lean beef mince
2 Cans of chopped tomatoes
1 Carrot, grated
2 tbsp. Tomato puree
Dash of Worcester sauce
1 tbsp. Italian seasoning
100g Spaghetti

Only 78p per serving when buying the ingredients from Aldi!

Method

1. Fry the onion in oil for 5 minutes, or until soft. Add the garlic and the mince.
2. Cook for 10 minutes until the mince is browned, then add the rest of the ingredients (besides the spaghetti!), and cook on a low heat for 30-60 minutes.
3. Cook the spaghetti as and when you need it, according to packet instructions.
4. Once the spaghetti is cooked, drain it and serve. Pour the Bolognese sauce onto the top and, if you have a spare bit of parmesan lying around that shared kitchen of yours, sprinkle a pinch on the top of your homemade Spaghetti Bolognese.

By Molly Harding



By Annabelle Moss



8 Problems we face starting Sixth Form

From early mornings to General Studies lessons, life in Sixth Form is a rollercoaster ride with many twists and turns. As we have just finished our first term at Tarporley, let's look back at some of the problems we've faced in the last few weeks...

Getting up early. After that ten-week holiday, resetting the alarms probably didn't seem threatening at all. We were rested, perhaps even ready to go back to school to start Sixth Form. But that illusion was shattered when we fell asleep whilst brushing our teeth. And from the minute we woke up, we knew we would struggle to make it past the second lesson without having to take a quick ten-minute nap in the Common Room.

Finding something to wear. The first few weeks were fine—we had plenty of clothes to choose from. But once the fourth or fifth week rolled around, that's when we started to panic. Our bedroom floors struggled to see daylight as they drowned beneath piles of clothing. Just trying to find a pair of jeans that matched that one t-shirt or a pair of tights without ladders was proving to be a challenge in itself.

Catching public transport. For some, it was the first time ever that we had to catch a public bus (more colloquially known as The 84) to get to Sixth Form. It seemed like a good idea at the time; cheap, easy and reliable. Not anymore. It's late, untrustworthy and packed. Especially on a Wednesday afternoon when the entirety of the lower school decide to use their extra hour to take a trip into Chester.

Hitting the ground running. Even after the many, many times we were told in Year 11 that Sixth Form was going to be a huge change from High School; I don't think that any of us had fully prepared for the workload that would smack us in the face, even on the first day of term. And don't even get me started on "independent study". How are we supposed to find the time to do extra work when we don't even have time to do our normal homework in the first place?

General Studies. How many of you have skipped a General Studies lesson? Or complained that the subject is useless and that universities don't value it whatsoever? I'm sure most of us will agree that it is extremely tedious. I suppose it's just one of those subjects we have to accept and get on with. Even if it is an hour a week, which I'm sure you'd rather have as a free, who doesn't want to debate about defining arts and the NHS?

"It'll look great on your UCAS application!" If someone says this to me one more time, I may scream. We understand that things like DoFE, enrichment activities and even joining this magazine will look good on our UCAS, but it almost seems like that's the only reason why we have to do these things. Sometimes we forget that we do them for other reasons, like for fun? Or enjoyment? Not just some admissions tutor at a university to gorm at.

Taking the wrong subjects. Collectively, about 30% of you reading this are now studying different subjects to those that you started out with in September. Taking the wrong subjects is a problem, but it's nice to know that we aren't trapped by our choices until mid-October (but then you really are stuffed). It definitely is good of Mr Lowe and Mrs Everton to allow us time to make new choices, so that we feel as comfortable as possible with our workloads. It's just a shame that we have to catch up on all that work.

Having a day without any frees, and wondering how the hell you managed to cope in Year 11. We all dread those full-timetable days...that one day in the planner where we have five lessons. Even if one of them is General Studies, it's still time we could be spending lounging on a sofa in the Common Room (or doing homework-obviously?!) By the end of the day all we want to do is curl up in a ball and fall asleep. But then we remember all the work we were set during the day, and realise that sleep is at the very bottom of our to-do lists.

In all honesty, Sixth Form life has been relatively easy to get used to. The pastoral care is outstanding, and the teachers are finally treating us like adults. Even though we are ultimately just prepping ourselves for more exams, these problems are nothing compared to those we may face if we go to university or start work. So let's enjoy these next two years—even if they do involve drowning in homework.

Sixth Form 0-0

Year 11

(1-0 to Sixth Form after penalties)

Charlie Schofield watched The Sixth Form squad take on The Year 11s in a head-to-head encounter for a 'friendly' charity clash.

The school Astroturf was the setting, for what some spectators, pre-match, labelled 'The Clash of the Titans,' with the school's most senior students going head to head. The Sixth Form Students and The Year 11 Students, (Bitter. Arch. Rivals.) battled it out in a supposedly 'friendly' charity football match. With personal pride and the bragging rights at stake, it was a match fought with raw passion. The 15 minute per half game was evenly split, with both sides having spells of dominance. This short game saw little chance created for both sides, however it wasn't your stereotypical, dull, boring 0-0 game. In fact, it was quite the opposite. With a volatile atmosphere both on and off the pitch, it resulted in a mouth-watering exhibition being displayed for the spectators.

The first half saw no real clear cut chances created, as both outfits tried to settle into the game— trying not to be the one to make the mistake in front of the bumper crowd. From the off, it lived up to the expectation of being a fiery encounter, with many fouls being committed under the nose of referee Mr Walters, who took no nonsense from the warriors. There was one chance, where the Year 11 striker Berman was clean through on goal, but he narrowly missed the target after being played through by Evans, with a perfectly weighted ball to unlock the Sixth Form defence. It was a battle of the midfield, where in fact, both cancelled each other out.

The second half was where the game really sprung into life; it got less compact, resulting in a more open and fluid second half. The Year 11s started the brighter of the sides and dominated possession in the final third; the aggression of the players was through the roof, and Wilkinson went straight through the back of Ball, giving a free kick away just inside the Sixth Former's half. The pressure almost paid off; with a goal line scramble, resulting in a half volley being struck furiously by Price, destined for the top right corner. However, after heroic defending from Thompson, who put his body on the line,

blocking the shot and averting danger for Sixth Form.

This was followed by a change in personnel, with Moseley coming on for the isolated Gilliland. Sixth Form Manager Robert Laycock changed the system around, putting Gillett up top, with Wilkinson and Moseley in support. This made an instant impact. The tides changed. It was shown with the fresh legs of Moseley, pressing with France, putting Year 11 centre half Greenwood under pressure high up the pitch, resulting in a golden opportunity for Wilkinson, who saw his shot trickle just past the post. Just minutes later, a spectacular piece of skill from Wilkinson saw the Sixth Former place the ball through the legs of Evans, leaving him stuck in his tracks, which was followed by a tremendous solo run from Moseley, who waltzed past several players before being dispossessed after it seemed he was fouled. However, the referee waved play on. He came under increasing criticism and scrutiny throughout the second half from the side-line, who were arguing that he was giving all 50/50s to the Year 11s, before he blew his whistle to indicate the end of the match, with the teams cancelling each other out. There was only one solution to break the deadlock between the evenly matched teams...a sudden death penalty shoot-out!

The stage was set. The fans looked on nervously, gathered behind the goal. The first player to step up to the plate was Gillett, who hit a rocket into the top corner, leaving Goalkeeper Bull with no chance. It was as simple as this: the Year 11s had to score this penultimate penalty to stay in with a chance of winning the game. The man who was to take the weight of expectation was striker Berman. The crowd were jeering, doing all they could within the rules to put the penalty taker off. Berman stepped up, hit a penalty, but goalkeeping heroics saw Tyler tip it onto the post. The Sixth Formers and their fans thought they'd won it, until the referee made yet another controversial decision, saying he hadn't blown his whistle. So, round two. Tyler versus Berman... again.

The same scenario as before: the striker stepped up and yet again, Tyler came out on top, with a truly spectacular save and this time there were no excuses or com-

-plaints. The Sixth Formers were victorious. There were incredible scenes with the Sixth Form players celebrating in and amongst their made up fans; the party had only just begun after I exclusively witnessed the delight of the players, post-match in the Sixth Form dressing room. You could clearly see how much this victory meant to them. Meanwhile, there were shell-shocked faces dotted around the Astroturf, Year 11s in disbelief at what they had witnessed. They had lost the cruel way, the way that no footballer or fan wants to lose: on penalties. A complete juxtaposition between the two sides' emotions at the end. To sum up: a quality exhibition of football.



Scenes of Jubilation



Action.....



And Despair....





Hallam jokes with manager Robert Laycock before kick off.

“The Sixth Formers were victorious. There were incredible scenes with the players celebrating in and amongst their made up fans.”

The line ups:

Sixth Form:

Oliver Tyler (GK) 9.5, Joe Thompson 8, Tom Goodier 8, Theo France 8, Jonathan Hallam 6.5, Alex Wilkinson 8, Morgan Gillett 6.5, Sam Gilliland 6.5, Jacob Moseley 8 (used substitute)

Managerial Staff: Robert Laycock and his Assistant Joe Smith

Year 11:

Henry Bull (GK)6, Aaron Hewitt 8, Aaron Greenwood 8, Jimmy Studly 7, Tom Evans 7, Ash Ball 6, Jack Berman 7, Kieran Price 8

Referee: Mr Walters

Attendance: 327

Date: 24/10/2014

8



Studly takes a throw in.



Our boys in the huddle getting briefed ready for the second half.



The team celebrate as the final penalty is taken.

Remembering Auschwitz

By Owen Tyrie



9

“Hell on Earth” they call it. It is something we are all taught about, but many have never experienced it.

Upon arriving, one would think it was like any other museum. Buses, minibuses and cars littered everywhere. People crowding round the entrance, all desperate to get in. The mood was not right, considering where we were.

As I walked inside the main entrance to collect my ticket, I was met with even more surprises. Vending machines, cafes, people selling newspapers. It was all very surreal. But this commotion soon changed dramatically as I slowly walked outside of the main entrance towards the very iconic-and ironic-sign. “Arbeit Macht Frei” it said. This is German for “Work Makes You Free”. It was at this point when I, and everyone around me, realised where we were: Auschwitz.

I was at a place of mass murder, where an estimated one million Jewish people had been killed. And I was walking amongst their ghosts.

Sickened, I entered beneath

20ft high barbed wire fences - it was official. - I was inside Camp One: Auschwitz and once again, I was surprised. It was not what I was expecting: giant buildings, all symmetrically placed, each three floors high, all made out of brick. It felt like a housing estate in Cheshire, except it held very dark secrets.



“These were the belongings of a two year old child”

The inside of the buildings was what I was expecting. I saw dirty rooms full of decrepit bunk beds, each with carvings of people’s names on them. This hurt me: the desperation of these people, trapped inside this death camp with no way out. It was becoming too much to bear.

After we saw the dormitories, we saw the next horror: the hair shaved from the heads of the Jewish women. A whole room full of hair. This was very surreal, and extremely traumatic. I can’t imagine the pain they must have been in during this. I don’t think many people can imagine it. It was not over yet, though.

The next room contained suitcases, all of which had names and dates of birth. The sheer scale of this was unreal. One suitcase caught my eye in particular. It was not the name that caught my attention, but the birth date. “1942”. They were the belongings of a two-year-old child. This was not right. It was not human. It was unbelievable. I can only hope that they survived.

After we had witnessed this monstrosity, I visited the execution wall, a large concrete wall covered in flowers, candles and pictures of family members. The youngest person to be killed was eleven. Who would shoot an eleven year old? How could you live with yourself, and go home to your family, after doing such an evil deed? These questions remain unanswered.

Finally, I came to the worst part of Auschwitz; the first gas chamber. As I hesitantly stepped inside, I saw the true horror of this place.

I saw a dark, damp, dirty room which was very small. The only light from in the room was from the shaft where the Nazis put gas through.

As I looked up through the small hatch, I felt a cold shiver down my spine. I was standing where many before me had died a horrific death. I felt extremely uncomfortable being in this place of suffering. And this was only Camp One.

After slowly composing myself after Auschwitz, I got back into the minibus and was driven towards Camp 2: Birkenau.

This was worse than expected.

Upon arrival, we could see the iconic entrance to this graveyard and made the long silent walk towards the entrance.

When I walked through the archway, I saw the remains of Birkenau: brick chimneys everywhere, old wooden sheds for the prisoners to stay in and the railway line which went into the centre of the camp.

I followed the railway to the selection platform. This was

where the prisoners were herded off the trains and lined up for selection. It was a very quick process and the prisoners had no choice.

They were either sent left to work for the rest of their days, or ordered straight to the gas chambers.

I walked right, further down the tracks, towards the trees which concealed two ruined



“Hell on earth they call it”

gas chambers; massive brick buildings, which had been bombed just days before liberation. The scale of these chambers shocked me. Just one of them could hold 2000 people, and those thousands of human beings could be slaughtered within thirty minutes.

It was too much for me to bear.

I had to move on. I next went to where the captives stayed-old wooden structures, with cold concrete floors and poorly made “beds”. It was no place for an animal to stay, let alone any human.

I was told a story about the building we were in. Here, a pregnant woman slept in the “bed” right next to where I was standing.

She managed to keep her pregnancy concealed from the Nazis until her baby was born. The baby’s cries were heard in the night, and attracted the attention of several Nazi officers. They burst in, saw the mother with her 2 day old baby and shot them both immediately. I found this so heart breaking; I wanted to cry. I don’t understand how anyone could do such a monstrous act. I don’t think I will ever understand.

It was a day of sorrow, and it is one I will always remember. If you ever get the chance to visit Auschwitz; please do. You won’t forget it.

What Hairspray Can Teach Us All

By Molly
Harding

11



Our history, no matter how uncomfortable or brutal, can teach us so much if we actually learn the lessons.

A little bit about history...

The mid 20th century was one of the hardest times for black people; they were bullied, abused and misunderstood. There was such a push for equality in the 60s that even now we look up to some of the most influential and inspirational people born in that time, such as Malcolm X, Martin Luther King and Rosa Parks. It wasn't until after the Second World War that white people began to accept black people into their communities as equals.

A little bit about Hairspray...

Hairspray is a musical that was set in the 60s when schools, parks and even dance shows were segregated! For those of you who haven't seen or heard of Hairspray, here's how it goes...Tracy Turnblad is a "pleasantly plump" teenager, who auditions for a place on the best dance show in Baltimore, a city in Maryland, USA. After she succeeds in winning a place on the show, she wants to teach the people of Baltimore a thing or two about their unacceptable ideas about society.

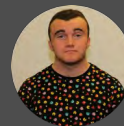
Well, what can we learn?

Whilst performing in Hairspray, I have learned many things that I never knew before, such as how phrases like "we need to steer them in the white direction" were considered acceptable back in the 60s, or how if a young teenager were to think for herself and go against the rest of society, she was scrutinised for it. From my experience of playing Tracy, I feel as though I have connected with the concept of Hairspray in so many different ways. Through the ups and downs of her life, Tracy stuck with what she thought was right 'til the end. When watching the news today, I know many people that would stick their noses up at rioters and protestors (I must admit that at one point I did, too), but after looking at Hairspray from an insider's point of view, I now know that modern day society will never be perfect. We all have our flaws, but anything can change. And I know that if you put your mind to something-anything-it can be done. So don't be shy, spread your beliefs, and maybe someday you will be confident enough to voice your own opinion on today's society, too.



TOP TWEETS

BY BEN GITTINS



Now, I know this may seem a little out of place in a magazine, but hopefully this segment will be a beacon for those who enjoy a little banter on the lighter side of Twitter. This article is titled Top Tweets, and so it is my aim to hit the high standard of Tweets rather than just the typical "I've just eaten a banana" and "It's not fair".

One highlight over the last few weeks has been the emergence of Andy Tate, a simple *Home Bargains* worker in the Manchester area. He stepped into the limelight when the media interviewed him on his thoughts about his team's performances and decisions. I can almost guarantee that you will have heard someone attempt to replicate his language prowess, by simply saying "Don't Care" in an abrupt manner. Not only has Twitter picked up this living legend, but many others have taken to Vine to pay tribute to Andy by editing his wise words into songs. Personally, I lose it every time and break into hysterics, but maybe that's just me.

Another inescapable Twitter sensation is once again Kim Kardashian, but not for having yet ANOTHER marriage within the Kardashian family, but instead a rather raunchy set of pictures of the World's Best Mother. The picture shows Kim 'just chilling' in what appears to be a standard black bin liner-the hallmark of success-with her rump out (although this is nothing new for the "star"). But I've not chosen this for the original magazine cover, but instead for various hilarious edits and responses. I would try to describe these masterpieces but I wouldn't do them justice. Hopefully my editor will allow an edit in here... wink wink.

However, Twitter can be the home of some basic humour and this next string of Tweets are an example of just that. How these got popular is simple; to express their disgust of people's decisions and affiliations, but it is beyond me. I am talking about "Starter Packs"-and I do not mean the kind that ten-year-old boys rush out for to get their *Match Attax* collections started. Basically, this wonderful set of Tweets comprise of titles such as "Year 7 Starter Pack" alongside a few photos. In this example there are three, a HUMONGOUSLY oversized rucksack, a full (Yes a FULL) pencil case and a clunky pair of black school shoes. Most, however, are too taboo to be mentioned. A personal favourite of mine is the "Straight As" Starter Pack. Feel free to do your own research.

Well, that's all folks for this instalment, be sure to read the next article to see what has hit Twitter harder than a twelve gauge shotgun. I hope you have as much fun finding new things as I do, and if you spot a particularly hilarious or actual meaningful Tweet, let me know, and there's a chance it could end up here.



Titillating,
Tantalising
Tweets



Got a problem? Stressed out? Not coping with Sixth Form life?

Then write to **Zelda**—our in-house, fully qualified and expert life coach— a problem shared is a problem halved.

Dear Zelda,

I have been through two jobs in a year. The first I quit because I didn't get the hours they'd promised me. The other I was fired from for not have the customer service skills they wanted.

My problem is that I don't know whether I should get a new job as we are getting closer to exams. I'm not sure that having a job during my A-Levels will put me under too much pressure and force me to not do as well as I hope.

Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous,

Sorry to hear that you've lost your job. It's unfortunate that your employer didn't train you to their standards. It's important that you do whatever you feel most comfortable with.

If your parents are willing to support you money-wise until after your exams, I suggest you take a break from working and focus on your revision. If you feel that you want to continue working because you can't afford not to, then you could take on a part-time job for the extra cash. That way, you would still have time to revise but you'd also have a bit of money to treat yourself with, even if it's only an extra £20 a week. If you find that you miss working but don't want to commit to anything, you could consider voluntary work. Many places in and around Tarporley need volunteers to help out, and it would look great on your personal statement!

If you decide to get a part-time job, but you're struggling to find one, you could try www.jobseekersdirect.gov.uk and www.jobcentreonline.com. In combination with your local JobCentre, they can give you info and advice as well as point you towards job opportunities.

Zelda

Dear Zelda,

I really struggle to find something to wear in the morning. My mum is terrible at washing my clothes and I wouldn't know where to start when it comes to washing machines!

I wondered how many times I could get away with wearing the same jeans in a week at Sixth Form? I worry that people may notice and judge me for it. Please help!

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

I can definitely relate to your struggle with finding something to wear in the morning, and I think the rest of Sixth Form can relate too! As for your mum being terrible at washing clothes for you, maybe you should think about taking on some more responsibilities now that you're a Sixth Former.

Suggest that your mum teaches you how to use the washing machine. It would be a great skill to have if you're planning on going to uni in the future! I think that wearing the same jeans more than once in a week is completely fine! As long as they aren't stained or smell too bad, I don't think anyone will notice.

Zelda

Dear Zelda,

My cake Friday is this week and I have absolutely no idea what to make! My tutor is insisting that I make a home-made cake but I'm a terrible baker! I don't want to give everyone food poisoning, but whenever someone brings in shop-bought cakes everyone is disappointed in them. What can I do?

Anonymous

"Dear Term,

I wrote to Zelda in a state of despair and trauma. She helped me to see the light at the end of a long dark tunnel. Thank you Zelda.

Anonymous"

Dear Anonymous,

Cake Friday is a love-hate relationship. Everyone loves eating the cake when someone else is making it, but when it's their turn they hate it! If you really are a terrible baker, there are a few compromises that could be made:

1. You could ask a member of your family to make a cake for you. Mums and grandmas always seem to have good recipes hidden away, so if they have time it would be a great opportunity to impress your tutor group!
2. Buy a cake from the shops and, after eating it, I'm sure your tutor group will forgive you for not making it yourself. At the end of the day, all they are interested in is the cake they're getting. Some is better than none.
3. Risk it! Get some ingredients and a trusty Mary Berry recipe and bake! I'm sure if you follow the recipe right and cook the cake through it'll be fine.

Just remember that whatever you do, you take in some form of cake on Friday. If you go in empty-handed your tutor group will really hate you and they won't ever forget it.

Zelda

Dear Zelda...





I could have walked quicker...

Okay so I wasn't even planning on writing this article; you lot were going to be graced with "Everything wrong with the education system". However, I've just got home. I am cold, I am wet, I am hungry, yet my hate for public transport has overruled all of these basic human necessities and I am now fixed to my keyboard until the vein on my forehead fades... Let's start with this morning. It's Saturday and I need to head into town to go and meet a lady about work experience. To begin with, the electricity decided to go out, therefore so did my alarm. This meant that I woke up late-not just a little bit late, but an hour late. So there I am; running over a dewy field, hair not gelled (I know: disaster) looking like I'm "special".

Why? Because the buses into town run on a 30 minute schedule. It's a known fact that if you get there early they will be late, and if you get there late, they will have been early. On this occasion, I was late, so now not only had I woken up late, I had missed the bus (The second after the one I was meant to get), and my trainers were covered in dew. My hair was still not gelled (I know: disaster), and I could feel my stomach beginning to resemble the acid pool from James Bond, as I'd not had any breakfast. Now, feeling flustered, tired, and about as social as a sloth, an old woman starts talking to me at the bus stop about the weather. I'm all for small talk, love, BUT NOT TODAY.

So, the bus arrives and I'm met by a character that looks as if he'd rather be at his own funeral than driving the bus. I step on and muscle memory kicks in, before my brain even registers I'm on the bus my mouth has opened and I've exclaimed, "Hi can I have a child day please?". This is always said in an upbeat tone, and I was surprised when I realised I'd been cheery because I felt like I'd just come out of a coma. Then I was met with something I'm always prepared for, the old "You're not 15" conversation.

WHY 15 I HATE

Well Mr bus driver, no I'm not 15. I'm 16 but I look 12, so if you wouldn't mind just pressing the child button that won't in anyway alter your day (but will save me from spending an extra £1.80), that would be bloody marvellous.

This brings me onto the next problem; tickets. Who the hell decided that once you're 16, you're an adult? I'm sorry, but have you seen some of the sixteen year olds today? Some still need teaching how to breathe with their mouths shut! It really grinds my gears to be charged an adult ticket but not be allowed to do adult things. If you want me to pay for an adult ticket then I should be allowed to drink gin and tonic, buy an estate car, go to dinner parties, refer to last year as "back in my day" and reply to any question of my authority with "because I say so".

Luckily as I'd rehearsed my fake birthday so well the driver gave me a child ticket, equilibrium had been restored, until I realised I only had £10 and no change. The bus driver also had no change, as always, and this meant I had to hand over all my money in the hope that by the time I get off the bus he'd have some. So I wander down the aisle of the bus, feeling robbed, and this is when I'm reminded of why people learn to drive. The passengers on the bus are just a large mix of all the characters that aren't allowed behind the wheel of a car. At first, sat in the easy access seats, there is a blind man and his dog. I've seen this man a lot, and he's always very friendly and his dog is well behaved.

I proceed along the aisle. This is where a man sat on one of the front rows catches my eye. Dressed in a coat designed for the Arctic, making him cover two seats, this guy is unshaven, cross-eyed and smells of cheese. I'm pleased when I receive nothing more than a grunt from him. As I continue down the bus trying not to fall from the sudden acceleration caused by Mr Grumpy Pants Driver, I see somebody I vaguely recognise but not well enough to recall her name. After making eye contact for over 3 seconds things have now got awkward: "Oh no, do I say something?"

16 PUBLIC TRANSPORT

What if my brain is just playing tricks on me? Act cool, get out your phone! That's it, text away, you're texting, you're fine, texting is cool, you're cool". This is the point where my day went from bad to worse. As I was so busy looking down, I hadn't realised I was walking right into what could only be described as a Jeremy Kyle reunion.

I should have noticed the lines of prams laden with Sports Direct bags and Smirnoff promotional stickers, however I hadn't, and it was too late to turn around. Now I had to sit at the back of the bus, with the Chav mums,. Looking at the amount of children they had between them I'm pretty sure they could start a football team. One little shit in particular kept giving me the finger, and then one of his mums would laugh and grace us all with her immaculately maintained rotten teeth. The rest of the trip was a blur. Although by the end of it, ASDA value FruitShoots littered the floor, and there was a stench of untreated nappy.

The day itself went fine, thanks for asking! Only arriving an hour and a half late I still managed to make a good impression, and before I knew it was time to head home. I wandered out of the building, feeling rather good about how my day had been. That's when it decided to rain. Now, being a boy, and a teenager, I'd not thought about the weather when rushing out this morning, and had forgotten a coat or an umbrella. Therefore I got wet. And not just wet-soaked!

By the time I reached the bus station I resembled a drowned rat. I stood at the bus stop for 20 minutes, sheltering from the rain, when the bus arrived, I got on, showed my ticket and HA NO, ACCESS DENIED. Looks like I wasn't getting that bus... After having a muted argument with this new driver about the fact I already had a ticket and I don't need to buy another just because it's past 8pm, I find I don't have enough money for an adult ticket on me and

I already had a ticket and I don't need to buy another just because it's past 8pm, I find I don't have enough money for an adult ticket on me and I'm forced to get off. So now, as it's past 8 the buses run once an hour, which means I'm in the centre of town, at night, on a Saturday... I stand there, will to live in tatters, and try to think of a solution. That's when I see it; the beacon of hope, the McDonalds sign.

Although there are now bouncers on the door trying to fight away the drunken revellers that have been drinking anything they can get their hands on at the races since 10 this morning, I lift up my chin, go and get a coffee, and sit and wait until the next bus.

That hour felt like four, but eventually the bus arrived and I was allowed on. It happened to be Mr Grumpy pants driver and he looked as if he was now actually on his way to his own funeral. White as a sheet and quiet, I didn't ask him any questions... I don't like the bus at night, not only does the stench of wet passenger fill the air and wrap to your skin, the windows are all completely fogged up (meaning looking out of the windows is a hard job). There's only one other person on the bus, a man I recognised. Although I don't know his name I probably know more about him than he does because he seems the type to forget things. Let's call him Frank. He's tall, has tatty hair and wears a long coat (I reckon he has lines of fake Rolexes hidden in there ready for a quick flog at any opportunity. Every time I'm on the bus he'll ask me, "Is that one of those fancy smart phones" or "could you check the footy scores for me?".

Being nice I explain how my phone has no internet, but that I think Liverpool won. That was my mistake... I spent the next hour umming and yeahing while Frank told me about his favourite football team, the MA I'm extremely shocked he has, and his mum's new cat. I learnt about his trip to Belarus in the 80's and why he thinks Cornwall is better than Devon, he told me about his military career and how he had been "a bad lad" in his youth. "Not like you" he would keep saying, implying I already had a fully successful life? So the bus pulls up to my stop and I get off. Now just the walk home over the field no longer with dew on... but it's still pouring with rain. Legs now weary, headache pounding, I slowly make my way home, wandering slowly as if I've just given up all together... And that, everybody, is why I despise public transport.



By Matty Davies

Top 10 most overused personal statement opening sentences

(According to UCAS)

1. I am currently studying a BTEC National Diploma in ... (used 464 times)
2. From a young age I have always been interested in ... (309 times)
3. From an early age I have always been interested in ... (292 times)
4. Nursing is a very challenging and demanding career ... (275 times)
5. For as long as I can remember I have been fascinated with ... (196 times)
6. "Fashion is not something that exists in dresses only" ... (189 times)
7. Nursing is a profession I have always looked upon with ... (178 times)
8. For as long as I can remember I have been interested in ... (166 times)
9. I am an International Academy student and have been studying since ... (141 times)
10. Academically, I have always been a very determined and ... (138 times)

As far as Tarporley students are concerned, the most clichéd and overused statements...

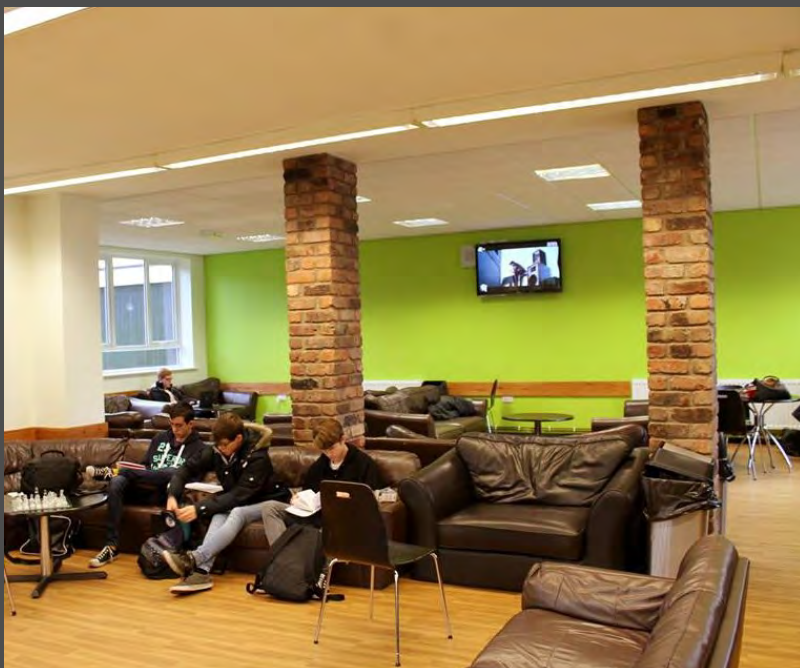
I have always been passionate about

From a very early age I have been....

Throughout my school life I have

As a young child I was always fascinated by ...

For as long as I can remember, I have always



FINAL THOUGHTS...

We hope you enjoyed the first issue of 'Term.' We'd appreciate any feedback so we can make Edition 2 even better.

We are always on the look-out for ideas, images, articles and general sixth form gossip! Contact any member of the editorial team for details.

Now stop lounging in Munch and get on with that essay you have been putting off