

THE RAPTOR



HARROW WAY'S NEWSPAPER FOR THE STUDENTS BY THE STUDENTS

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HARROW WAY GOES THROUGH THE WARDROBE

Ever get that Christmas blues? That feeling when Christmas is over and there's nothing else to look forward to? Well, thanks to our Harrow Way Dancers and Miss Walker, that feeling will not be arriving this Christmas. Ladies and Gentlemen, get your coins ready and your tickets bought for Harrow Way's dance production of "Narnia's The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe".

Every year our school pulls out all the stops to create an action-packed, one-of-a-kind dance production and this year is going to be as big as ever, as they travel through the doors and venture into the magical land of Narnia. Year 9, 10 and 11 will all be gifted a wonderful part in this show, as Year 11 star in their GCSE production; it's a collaboration for definite viewing. The characters have been assigned to our dazzling dancers and everyone is buzzing, as the two classes begin to learn the moves and grooves of this year's production extravaganza. Senior Prefect, and also Mr Beaver in the world of dance, Erin Adam, is a great representative for our main cast and the excitement they are feeling. "I am really lucky to be a huge part of this year's production!" Erin said. "Each year the shows are amazing and I have no doubt this year's will be one of the good ones, all thanks to Miss Walker for choreographing and crafting our dances!" Our roving *Raptor* reporter even spoke to Miss Walker herself as she said, "The show will tell the story of Narnia purely through dance. All the dancers will put in their hard work and talent to the test—this will be awesome!"

The showcase is expected in late January so you don't have long to wait before feasting your eyes on this mesmerising moment. Tickets will go on sale closer to the time so get your popcorn ready and your imagination hats on. Are you ready to go through the wardrobe?

By *Abbi Loader*



OPEN EVENING 2017

On the 26 of September 2017, Harrow Way opened the school to the community to visit from 18.30 to 20.30. This event was for Year 6 parents to choose our school for their child to go in Year 7. Open Evening was a great opportunity to represent our school. Lots of students came and helped out. There were fun events such as in geography you could make a flag cookie with icing, in the language department there were lots of cakes that students had made for a bake off, in the art department you could make a badge out of materials, and lots more fun in different subjects. During the time there was a head teacher's short presentation at 18.30, and repeated at 19.15 and 20.00. The head teacher's presentation allowed all of the parents to be shown how our school is a good school for a child to be educated at; the speech included the percentage of good GCSE results, that Ofsted inspection team rated our school 'good' and many more interesting things about the school. Also the school choir performed an amazing song in the auditorium.

By Amelia Partyka

READING 100 BOOKS

You may think that reading 100 books it a Lot. It is.

Not all people may be compelled to read but I find comfort within the words. Not only does reading allow me to extend my vocabulary, it also provides an escape from everything happening in reality. Now you're probably reading this thinking 'Oh no, she's trying to convince me to read loads' but the truth is, I'm not—I'm just expressing my opinion. While some people don't enjoy reading, many do; I'm not the only person to of read 100 books last year. One of my friends Taya Hethershaw also read 100 books last year. We chose to read these books for the pure enjoyment of it, whilst competing to beat the other to 100 first. Throughout this article I may have convinced some of you to take up more reading, so I have some recommendations to get you started; however to those of you I haven't convinced— everyone is a reader; you just haven't found the right books yet. Below are my recommendations for older and younger readers:

Young Readers:

Contemporary: Anna and the French Kiss - Stephanie Perkins

Romance: Everything Everything - Nicola Yoon

Fantasy: Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief - Rick Riordan

Older Readers:

Contemporary: Soulmates - Holly Bourne

Romance: 100 Proposals - Holly Martin

Fantasy: Fallen - Lauren Kate

Thriller/Crime: Lying about Last Summer - Sue Wallman

By Emma Mewes (Former Yr 11)

SAYING GOODBYE TO 2017 *By Abbi Loader*

Whether down in the dumps or buzzing with joy that 2017 is ending, we can all say it's been a rollercoaster. Worldwide tragedies, such as the Ariana Grande concert attack and Las Vegas Shooting event, have brought us together while our hearts filled with sorrow. While we celebrated amazing situations such as the Royal engagement, Gay Marriage being legalised in Australia and the fact that President Trump has so far failed to destroy the whole world. Our music scenes have been bursting with vibrant songs as new and old artists have dominated the charts with comebacks from both Sam Smith and Ed Sheeran. Then our movies have been taken out of this world with the new Star Wars controlling the cinemas; but earlier in the year La La Land, Dunkirk and Beauty and the Beast left audiences starstruck by the brilliance of the film universe. So not matter what your thoughts on the year that we are waving goodbye to, we welcome 2018 with open arms. A Happy New Year and Merry Christmas to all our readers, from the *Raptor* Team!



Editor-in-Chief—Abbi Loader | Contributors—Owen Underwood, Amelia Partyka, Kiera Byrne, Caitlin Coombs, George Chivers, Cameron Meighan, Alanis Fell

CREATIVE WRITING SHOWSTOPPER

This term we are celebrating the work of Year 11 writer Alanis Fell, it's even something Paul and Prue would be proud of! Want to be in with the chance to get your writing as the showstopper? Email Mr Marsh or Abbi Loader with your work today!

A Promise

I had always enjoyed my own company. All through my life I spent my days distant from the others around me, hoping not to be acknowledged by the sociable sort. Only a few people during my time had I really ever connected with and as years passed, mortality had won over their life, fading them out of existence and classing them relevant to the world no more. Just memories of life embodiments who previously walked the Earth, whose life retreat had left loss and pain- emotions that had seeped into my mind and stained its tissue walls. Maybe this is why I prefer to commence every one of my days alone, because I'm afraid to leave that same pain with people I love.

Maintaining my quiet life hadn't ever resulted in much success, so surviving on small wages I had hardly produced much of a pension to fall back on. This is why despite the hunched positioning of my back and quivering legs that granted me more of a stumble than walk, I remained in work as a carpenter, at a workshop located only a 20-minute train journey away.

As the sun once again rose from a distant land, marking the start of a new day, I shuffled to the train carriage, that had momentarily rolled up to the platform, proceeding to board and waiting for it to be hauled to the street where the workshop is located. I gazed out the framed windows, watching the bustle of people, concealed within their own lives, flooding available space on the platforms. I dragged my bag from under the seat onto the seat next to me as if to suggest I was reserving it for somebody, but in all honesty, I just preferred to sit alone and needed to prevent it from being targeted as available. I then proceeded to retrieve a crumpled copy of today's paper from my coat pocket and scanned the text for an article that seemed plausible for a good read. It was then I noticed a dog drooling over the sight of a freshly baked baguette, clasped in the hands of the oblivious man sat parallel to me, on the opposite side of the train. Its wiry fur appeared patchy, revealing scars in between clumps of dirt that created partings along its back. Then a yell sounded from the back of the carriage and the dog swung its head to face where the noise had originated from. A man strode towards the dog, frantically waving his arms, voicing angry threats as he approached and chased the dog off the train. I watched as the dog trundled disappointedly onto the platform as the train started to pull away and the man muttered about his hate for stray animals.

I thought of that dog for the rest of my day and its sad eyes longing for some care and attention. Somehow this random stray creature had evoked sympathy, previously inaccessible, from my introverted heart and I felt inclined to give my assistance. That evening after I returned on the train home, I searched for the stray on the platform, but after a while of searching, my tired limbs resulted in me discontinuing my search and taking a seat on a bench to finish my lunch from earlier. As I slid the half-eaten sandwich from the paper bag into my hands, a shape emerged from the shadows. I froze as it trundled towards me. Though as it moved closer, into contact with the beams of the street lights that cast a bright glow, the shape became identifiable as the dog from earlier. I smiled and presented my sandwich in front of its face. At first the dog seemed hesitant to accept but soon enough he leaned forward and began to devour my leftover lunch.

After it had finished, the dog gazed up at me with a look of gratitude in its eyes before resting its head on my knee. I ran my hands through its ruffled fur for a while before I left for my walk home. I glanced back to see the dog sitting upon the train platform, tilting its head and listening to me walk sorrowfully away. Then out of nowhere a sickening feeling rushed through me and my vision blurred. I stumbled as my legs formed the solidity of paper and I fell to the ground. Everything went black.

When I awoke, I found myself in a hospital bed, squinting at the brightness of the room and surveying the furniture of a white colour scheme that consisted around me. After a while a woman entered and explained what had happened. She informed me that as a result of high blood pressure I had collapsed and if it weren't for a dog that had alerted staff at the nearby train station, I could have remained unconscious in the cold and might not have made it. The news left me shocked and I suddenly realised the situation I was in. Then with a glow of realisation I knew what I had to do. Unaware at first, it was clear a commitment had been made in partnership between myself and this dog.

Continued overleaf.



A promise, to care for one another. I had to be reunited with my hero.

A few days later, after checking out at the hospital, I returned to the station to find the dog. For a while I searched but had no luck, so decided to return in the evening when the trains were less busy. That evening I prepared another cheese sandwich before leaving for the station. I sat on the bench patiently and rested the sandwich on my lap waiting for the dog to come and receive it. The sky dimmed and air grew cold and still no sign. I began to worry, the silence prizing my remaining faith from my mind. Eventually my hope was extinguished, I felt my heart sink, much like the way it had when I had lost the only people I ever cared about in my life. The staid loss and pain in my mind seemed so prominent now... or maybe it was the cold? I couldn't tell. I felt tears dwelling on the surface of my eyes as I slid the cheese sandwich back into the bag and started to head home, glancing back at the empty platform as I left.

As I closed my front door I threw the sandwich in the bin and sat down in the dimly lit kitchen, head in hands. That was when the phone rang. Hesitant at first as I questioned its importance, I was reluctant to answer and ignored it. However, after the third time ringing within the past 10 minutes I reached for the device and answered the call. A frustrated woman answered claiming to be from the hospital.

"Sorry to bother you but is this by any chance your dog sat here in the bed you were earlier today occupying?" She questioned impatiently, sighing as she continued to explain that it wouldn't budge, like it was waiting for someone. I almost yelled down the phone due to being overcome with happiness. "Yes!" I exclaimed, "I'll be right over to come collect him."

I hobbled the fastest I had in years back to the hospital to the room I had earlier occupied. The moment I entered the dog ran up to me and jumped up to lick my face. "It's okay" I told him, "I promise to take care of you from now on."

A few months later I named the dog Bruno and we had become inseparable. Bruno was devoted to monitoring my health, keeping me company and maintaining my happiness and I was devoted to taking care of him and giving him the attention he had desired for so long. As well as making a cheese sandwich for him every so often!

And that is the way it would stay. It was a promise.

Want to Write? At the Raptor we are always looking for new talent. Got a story to share? Got a film or book you want to tell us about? We would love to hear from you and hear your contributions. Email Abbi Loader or Mr Marsh to become a new member!

THE CHRISTMAS FAIR

The Christmas fair happened on Friday 8th of December. It was a fun get-together to play some games like "Shoot the Santa" and other cool games.

There was darts, a Wii game (Mario Kart), football and lots of others. It was so fun going there, and there was lots of food. The fair raised a lot of money, particularly our stall. From the whole school it was just under £1000.

It went great and it was so fun doing all the activities we made and the things that we have done.

I have lots of good reviews from people that went to the Christmas fair. The people singing on the stage were beautiful.

By Kiera Byrne

SERIOUSLY, PEOPLE... By Owen Underwood

