

THE HIVE

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UPCOMING EVENTS AT ST BEES

We're back from a refreshing half-term break and ready to get stuck in to hosting some amazing events - both in school and for the local community.

This evening, we will be hosting our fantastic Bonfire Night celebrations at the school, with many of the local community coming to join us.

The event will be firework-free, meaning that we won't be holding a firework display, as we are very aware that there are many animals in the fields surrounding the school and we want to make sure that they remain as calm and safe as possible. We can't guarantee that there won't be other fireworks in the village, but we will not be setting any off during our celebrations.

The event kicks off at 4.30pm, lasting until 6.30pm with a giant bonfire being lit on Wood Lane, just past our Boarding House and Science building. We do advise that, if you are local, walking to the school would be beneficial, as parking will be limited.

Mr Silk is excited to have the community together, celebrating as one: "We are excited to build more links with our local community and celebrate events together as one local family."

Our fantastic chef, Julie, has also prepared some delicious food that will be available to buy, so make sure you bring some cash with you as we don't have a card reader on hand and we wouldn't want you to miss out on her incredible soup, hotdogs and other bonfire treats!

Our Sixth Form Taster Day is also coming up on the Friday 19th of November, from 1.30pm - 3.45pm. This is a great opportunity for GCSE students to come

and see how we can help them fly above and beyond their potential, and set them on the road to success. This could be University, an Apprenticeship or walking straight into the world of work - the world really is their oyster.

They'll get to meet our supportive teaching staff and chat with our current Sixth Formers to hear what St Bees is really like from those who know it best. To register your interest, please email Ceara, our Head of Marketing and Admissions, at ceara.fisher@stbeesschool.co.uk and book your space.

Our Murder Mystery Night has proved incredibly popular and we sadly don't have any tickets left for this event. **However, we will be holding more events like this in the very near future, so keep an eye on our Hive newsletters and social media pages to be the first to receive the announcements!**

With Christmas just around the corner, we will also be holding our **Carol Concert on Thursday 9th December, in our own chapel.** Further details will be confirmed in due course. We are very excited to welcome Rev. Becky Gibbs from St Bees Priory back into school to lead the celebrations as our term comes to a close and we get ready to enjoy our Christmas break with our families.

We invite you to join us for an enjoyable Carol Concert for the local community, and come and see our incredible students and staff put their singing lessons into practice - we think that you will be pleasantly surprised!

Our Year 9 students are also busy planning a Christmas Market - keep your eyes peeled for a date and stall information very soon! We hope that you will be able to support us as we begin to host more and more events in the coming months.



Sixth Form Taster Day
Friday 19th
November, 1pm - 3.45pm



Carol Concert
Thursday 9th
December
St Bees School Chapel



St Bees Local Christmas Market
Details coming soon....



Competition Time!

We will be holding a newsletter competition each term for one lucky member of our mailing list to win a £20 Amazon gift voucher!

All you have to do to be in with a chance of winning is be signed up (or actively sign up) to our newsletter mailing list and we will be picking a winner on Friday 10th December!

Good Luck!

**"WE ARE EXCITED TO BUILD MORE LINKS WITH OUR LOCAL COMMUNITY"
- MR SILK**

POETRY HOUSE COMPETITION WINNERS

Below are the winners of last half term's Poetry House Competition from each year group.

A word from Mrs Bettinson:

Our House Poetry Competition has been incredibly successful; 71 poems were submitted and some students even created and submitted up to four poems each. A huge thank you to all students who took part - it was really difficult to narrow it down to one poem per year group, and I am very impressed with the quality and creativity of the poems I received.

On to the results...

Winners:

Y7 - Ellie
Y8 - Eve
Y9 - Lacey
Y10 - James
Y11 - Alyssa
Pre-A - Rares
Y12 - Iarina
Y13 - Whitney

Houses:

First - **Bega** with 36 points.
Second - **Foundation** with 24 points.
Third - **Grindal** with 22 points.
Fourth - **Elizabeth** with 15 points.

Lower school winner: **Lacey**
Upper school winner: **Alyssa**

Whole school winner: Alyssa

Please see the winning poems below.

Shadows Crawling - Ellie, Year 7

The shadows crawled across the walls,
Made their way through the halls,
I stood there by the candlelight,
Silently watching, in the night,
A creak echoed down the stairs,
Like the house resolutely declares,
you are not alone.

Poor Girl - Lacey, Year 9

Today I saw a girl
I saw the way people stared in disgust and judged her imperfections
but i cannot blame them.

Her jaw was too big
Her nose too jagged
Her curves were in all the wrong places
Her face was loaded with spots
Her butt too small
and her smile was too crooked.

She was ugly
I don't think she could ever change that.

Deep down I felt sorry for the poor thing.

Not wanting to see her screwed up face anymore
I wipe the tears that were now engraved into my eyes and cheeks

and walked away from the mirror...

Daydreams in Wonderland - Eve, Year 8

Hopping over the stile
Leaves crunching under my feet
Even though it's cold, it's all worth the while.

My lonely heartbeat
It's one of the few things I hear
A cormorant laughing somewhere above
The morning forest air, nothing but clear.

Beside me a foxglove
In front of me a note
It reads 'Follow me'
What more can I do, but do as is wrote?

Following the path, as carefully as I can be
Leaving a trail of breadcrumbs
I hear Ents whispering almost inaudibly
Every step I take, the darker my surrounding becomes.

Cautiously, Cautiously
I creep deeper into the trees,
For any golden sunlight shining through the canopy,
Is now hidden, all I'm left with is a cool light breeze

Snap!

Falling, falling, pulled by gravity
I fall down the rabbit hole
Tumbling and turning, all I see is a blur
This probably isn't the best place to go for a stroll

A cloud of midges, fly past with a whirr-
Wait, what?
Oh I see
Now my grey eyes are no longer shut
I make out that I'm sat high up in a tree

Damp moss under my fingertips,
A leave tangled in my hair,
How weird that was... What's next an apocalypse?
I probably shouldn't wander any deeper, I might find a dragon's lair

I do wonder when I stopped falling though,
And more importantly how?
Looking down I see my book on the floor below
Was that all a daydream just now?

The pages of the book fluttered violently
But I felt no wind, the breeze had now died down

Thud!

The cover of the book shut
The colourful cover read 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'
A note laying on top
'We're all mad here'

And it was gone.
No more book.
No more trees.
Just me and..
Just me

Hopping back over the stile
Leaves crunching under my feet,
Even though it was cold, it was all worth the while.

The Second Place - James, Year 10

Whose bottle is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite sad though.
It really is a tale of woe,
I watch him frown. I cry hello.

He gives his bottle a shake,
And sobs until the tears make.
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.

The bottle is scary, scary and deep,
But he has promises to keep,
Until then he shall not sleep.
He lies in bed with ducts that weep.

He rises from his bitter bed,
With thoughts of sadness in his head,
He idolises being dead.
Facing the day with never-ending dread.

The Flea - Alyssa, Year 11

A flea? Is that your view of me?
A simple insect, small and inconsequential,
A nuisance to society
And lacking in potential.

Have you perhaps considered
that the argument is not a matter of honour but of dignity?
Those words that you have littered;
Flea, marriage, blood - a trinity.

These words do not bind us.
By using them you merely push me away
And your implications are not something I will discuss,
For I would rather lie in my coffin and decay.

Despite your interesting attempt,
I must say that I am flattered by your lust
But of all the women in this room, from your attraction I am exempt
Instead, my interest lies in disgust.

My Country - Rares, Pre-A

I have one country, I call it home,
Its name is taken from that of Rome.
I miss it every day,
'I want to go home' is all I can say.

Poor but we were together,
Even in the bad weather.
I miss the Romanian land,
I wish I could hold my mother's hand.

Our language is a treasure,
Hearing it is always a pleasure.
Our language is like a song,
When I hear it I become strong.

Volatile - Iarina, Year 12

Erstwhile content with the
occasional dalliance
and fleeting distraction, now he
has altered my demeanour

And in doing so has left me
to tirelessly contemplate
the joy and ecstasy
he imprints on my features

And revel in it shamelessly

Autumn is Here - Whitney, Year 13

Yellow, red and orange covers the ground
The trace of pumpkin spice that fills the air,
laced with the misty fog that creeps around
One by one each leaf that falls
until the trees you see become so bare—
A new season calls,
but before it comes the leaves which swirl
with the wind as a smokey flare
Acts as the perfect warmth as the winter
appears
Though until then,
Autumn is here.

