



Week Gone/Ahead – 3rd February 2023

Centre Academy London (CAL)








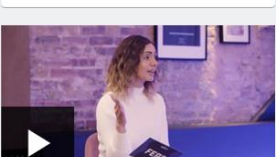
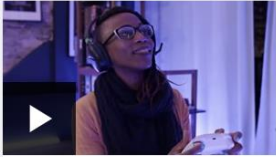



Dear Parents/Carers, Students & Staff,

Only a week to go before half-term and there is still so much to do in school. Staff have been busy planning trips and visitors have started to arrive for Mr Jeffrey's "A Day in the life of..." details below.

Internet Safety Day – Tuesday 7th February 2023

Next week, some of our PSHE lessons will be devoted to Internet Safety next week but Ms Shaker has found a useful website for parents too:

[Parents - help kids make the most of their lives online - Own It - BBC](#)

 <p>4 tips to help your child cope with cyberbullying</p>	 <p>IT STARTS WITH YOU 5 ways a better internet starts with your child</p>	 <p>Supporting children with social media apps</p>	 <p>Should I worry about children using multiple devices at once?</p>
 <p>Using devices to help kids explore nature</p>	 <p>HELP YOUR CHILD COPE WITH DISTRESSING NEWS ONLINE How can I help my child process seeing scary news?</p>	 <p>Should we be afraid of the games our kids play? Parents take on their children's favourite games</p>	 <p>Parents chat about gaming fears and facts</p>
 <p>Can gaming be a positive influence on kids?</p>	 <p>Giovanna Fletcher's five top tips to keep online gaming safe and happy for kids</p>	 <p>The transition from primary to secondary school</p>	 <p>Setting up your child's devices safely</p>

I notice there is a video to help set up your child's devices safely that may be of help to some parents. I certainly could have used it a few years ago with my two boys.

A Day in the life of...Planned visitors courtesy of Mr Jeffrey

Friday 3rd February

Galit Klein, University Lecturer "How to be an entrepreneur"

Tuesday 21st February

Jan Bookes from Wandsworth Foodbank

Friday 24th February

PC Sam and colleagues

Wednesday 8th March

CEO Lego

Friday 17th March

Manager and owner of Londis, Battersea

Friday 12th May

Arabella Stein, CEO Bright Agency, art illustration

In May we have planned a physiotherapist and soon, we will have a IT cables engineer, a dentist and a possible MP???

This Week's Rewards- 3rd February, 2023



House	Up to last week	This week						
		SotW	Head of School award	Kindness	Attendance	Tokens	Total for this week	Final
Falcon	465	60		10	80	15	165	630
Wandle	335	30		20	20	17	87	422
Effra	490	50	10	10	100	11	181	671

Well done Effra. Storming ahead at 671 – attendance has a lot to do with this and you shall have your pizza next Wednesday. Mr Winship prefers to call them “Winship Winners.”

Student of the Week		
Wandle	Falcon	Effra
Michael - Humanities Noah A - Science Spencer –Science	Marianna- Science, Humanities Kurt – Maths and English Teddy- English Mini- Humanities Zack - Science	Freddie – Maths Evan – Maths Tommy – Citizenship
Students with 100% attendance		
Oscar Michael	Farren Ollie Noah B Jack Louise Kurt Marianna Zack	Rose Evan Ethan William Thomas W Lewis Freddie Leo Alfie Mimi

The **100 percenters** have really boosted the house point this week. Well done. Fantastic to see so many students receiving certificates.

Head of School award

This week is another worthy winner. **Ethan M.** Making accelerated progress. We are so proud of you Ethan.

Kindness Awards

Oscar For being patient waiting for cabs.

George For being patient waiting for cabs.

|

Kurt For offering to help keep an eye on Freddie when he was not feeling well.

Farren He is always polite, and respectful to everyone.

Jason Always swift to help his classmates with Maths or when walking wounded requiring physical assistance carrying their belongings.

Mr Winship For feeding Ms Shaker when she was hungry and didn't have time to eat.

Mr Dacosta For feeding Ms Shaker when she was hungry and didn't have time to eat.

The Gallery



Freddie, Thomas, Kurt & Teddy



Jake, Parker & Zack

Half Day Friday 10th February 2023

Please don't forget that school will finish early next Friday at 12pm. Please let your taxi firms know so they can reschedule their drivers.

This half day is for staff INSET, which will be on **Sensory Overload – how it affects behaviour.**



Another exciting week for the Busy Bees in Craft Hub with glorious results from our tile project.

Making use of some tile offcuts we added some vibrant colours with some fantastic markers one of the group recommended. Each chose different styles of applying the colours, linear, block shapes and more abstract freestyle. We then added some hand sanitiser and watched the patterns forming and blending. To take the lovely designs further, they blew through straws to create even more super patterns.

Each one was as unique and fantastic as their creators. Well done Craft Hubbers, I'm super proud of your efforts, they shall be displayed for all to admire!



Finally...

Are you seated comfortably? Here are two stories written by two students in **Watson** class. Spencer and Michele. Be warned...they are a little gruesome, but very good.

The Halloween Festival by Spencer

Every 6 years, the May Field Halloween Festival comes to our little town. It's the type of town where anything out of the ordinary finds its way, without fail, on the front of the local paper. Our local newspaper is delivered by a fairly normal boy called William, or Will for short. He's 4'2 with black hair and blonde highlights. Will is the type of person to question everything, he is only 6 years of age, and he really wanted to report on the festival but his parents don't let him go, because he snuck into a military base and took-out a soldier with a broomstick, but like any normal 6 year old, he deactivated the Ring doorbell and cameras and snuck out with his old iPhone 4 and the clothes on his back.

As he climbed down from the window, he could just make out the festival beckoning in the distance, calling him to come and unravel the mysterious. Will thought "My newspaper is going to be the best paper in the world". As thoughts like this flooded his head, he made his way down from his bedroom window to his final destination, The May Field Halloween Festival.

When he arrived at the light filled entrance, he looked up at the gigantic clown with blood red eyes, not looking at anyone else, storming through the gates with his eyes, starting at nothing but at him. He decided to ignore it and continue walking through the crowd, but unbeknown to him, a man in white makeup and a pale brown trench coat was following him. After the ticketing, the main complex was engulfed in lights, sound, screams. Actors were chasing kids around, some of them going a bit too far and pretending to swallow live goldfish. Amidst these fun and exiting games, riveting rides and flavourful food, there was a sign reading "Cornfield". His skills as a journalist told him that there was a real story waiting to be discovered. Following his intuition, he charged like a bull towards it.

When he got there, he saw...a regular corn field, but unlike a regular field, he turned back, all he saw was more field. That couldn't be the case. Someone needed to help him. Out in the distance, he could make out a man. The man was wearing a pale brown trench coat. Will made the connection. He ran as fast as he could, and the man started to run straight at him. Hours, minutes, seconds went by and Will started to feel woozy, and finally he went down.

The man caught to his pale looking body...what happened next puzzled William. The smartly dressed clown took him back to his house that looked like that haunted house at the Fair, but this time looked real, the clown put him on the rickety old slab of wood he called a bed, and just stared at him for hours whilst he slept...

Here is Michele's story:

In busy London, among the countless rows of buildings dwelt a man. None knew his name, or remembered when he moved in his house amid the suburbs. All his neighbours had left their homes, and there were none that had seen him and heard his voice and lived to describe him. "Why," one may ask, well there was a rumour that his food was of flesh, human flesh. There was a rumour that he was a cannibal. Many endeavoured investigate that claim yet none returned, never seen by human eyes again. Soon vigilantes were involved and yet for all their brawn and arduousness yet they too did not elude this great unknown shadow of death.

Soon the police were involved, for the rumours had spread like a plague all over London. They sent a detective by the name of John Hoer and his partner Bartholomew Muller; John was a man of efficiency in perilous situations, his tall, and laborious body was difficult to overcome. Bartholomew on the other hand, had a knack for investigating and was peculiarly clever.

At midday they came to that dreaded house; all that circumvented was vacant, desolate, a ghost town, ever daunting, even if the midday sun drove all darkness asunder. They came upon the door and knocked upon it thrice, knock, knock, knock, and so the door opened. A dim light shone in the house, and standing at the door a man. Short in stature, wearing a black suit, queer for someone whom did not converse with others oft, he did not seem as perilous as the rumours foretold. "Hello, what do you want?" the man's voice bore an accent yet it was soft and well mannered, seeming amiable. John now held aloft his badge, "Police, we have come to investigate this house." "A yes, I do not usually have police folk in my humble abode, come in, come in," the short man led them towards the hall way, the policemen grudgingly followed.

The walls of the house were blood red, yea, catching the eye of the policemen, there was an odour of rotten meat rampant in the abode, dogging the policeman ever since they entered, and it was waxing every step they took, the walls seemed to be the shedding it, yet there was something else at work at the end of the hallway. As the policemen strode on, there seemed to be blood red spots, the same pigment as on the walls laden upon the back of the short man's suit, shedding the same rancid odour. It was as if they saw a ghost, John had his hand on his flintlock pistol, as if for dear life. Bartholomew was thronging all his waning will to go on. At the last the sort man opened the door at the end of the hallway, and first to welcome, was that odour, yet this time it was stronger and more rancid, both policemen now endeavour to hold their vomit.

As they entered in the room they realised that their queer contraptions lying about for a kitchen, large saws and knives, queer spices. Yet then it came to the policemen, the same blood red, was resting upon every surface in the kitchen, damascened in the marble floor engraved upon every piece of steel, even the curtains, which prevented all-natural light save the dim gloom of the sun to seep through to the kitchen, was bathed by it. And the ever-waning doubts that the policemen had of the rumours were nigh extinguished and now both were slowly and secretly loading their pistols." This is the kitchen," said the short man, as the others slowly entered the kitchen, his back facing the policemen, seeming as if he did not heed their dread, their reluctance, that they knew his true nature. As the

short man turned to them, he was greeted with stern, grave faces," Is this blood, is it?" every word John spoke, angst grew. Bartholomew stood still, cold and still, as if being wrought dumb by a hex, though he quavered in his shock.

"What do you mean?" the short man was slowly receding to the oven were a large knives and saws were placed yet his gaze was ever on the policemen." Is this blood!" the bellowing voice of John reverberated in the room, now both he and Bartholomew had their guns aloft, pointed at the head of the short man, the head of the vile serpent. Yet then they heard a click, darkness, yea that is what came after, they fired their pistols yet it was useless, and the last thing the policemen saw, were two green lights, two luminous green lights, like eyes, and after that all senses eluded the policeman, all the dread they had felt gone. There was another click yet they did not hear it, and light then lit up the room yet they did not see it.

Two authors in the making there.

Have a wonderful weekend everyone,

Kas Lee-Douglas
Head of School

Parent feedback

Please continue to email us at:

Londonschool@centreacademy.co.uk.



CA LONDON ACADEMIC YEAR 2022/2023

Whilst every attempt has been made to publish dates accurately, the school reserves the right to change these dates should it be necessary to do so

AUTUMN TERM 2022

Inset day: Thursday 1st September 2022
Friday 2nd September 2022

First day: Monday 5th September 2022
Last day: Friday 21st October **School finishes at 3pm**
Half term: Monday 24th October to Friday 28th October 2022
Last day of term: Friday 9th December 2021 **School finishes at 3pm**

SPRING TERM 2023

Inset day: Wednesday 4th January 2023

First day: Thursday 5th January 2023
Last day: Friday 10th February 2023 **School finishes at 12pm (Teachers Inset 1-3pm)**
Half term: Monday 13th February to Friday 17th February 2023
Last day of term: Friday 24th March 2023 **School finishes at 3pm**

SUMMER TERM 2023

Inset day: Friday 14th April 2023

First day: Monday 17th April 2023
EXTRA BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY 8TH MAY King's Coronation
Last day: Friday 26th May 2023 **School finishes at 12pm** (Teachers Inset 1-3pm)
Half term: Monday 29th May to Friday 2nd June 2023
Inset day: Friday 30th of June -2023 (Graduation)
Sports' Day Wednesday 5th July 2023
Last day of term: Friday 7th July 2023 **School finishes at 1pm**

Christmas Bank Holidays:

Sunday 25th December/Monday 26th December 2022. Substitute day Tuesday 27th December 2022

Sunday 1st January 2023. Substitute Day: Tuesday 3rd January 2023

Easter Bank Holidays:

Good Friday 7th April 2023

Easter Monday 10th April 2023

May Bank Holidays:

Monday 1st May 2023

Monday 29th May 2023

6 staff INSET days