



How to avoid Homework stress

Homework can be stressful. And some teachers like to dish out a lot. It can be especially tough if you participate in clubs. Finding time for homework can add unnecessary stress to your life. But avoiding homework stress can be a lot simpler than you think.

Working During Class

It's so easy to use extra class time to chat with your friends. Though, if you know you have plans after school, you should use your time wisely. Start your homework in class. You could lighten your homework load, or maybe even eliminate it!

Start Project Early

When your teacher assigns you a project that's due in a few weeks, it's easy to shrug it off at first. Leaving it until the last minute

will put you in a stressful spot. If you begin on the day it's assigned, you could do little pieces each day until it's done. That would save you from having to rush it the night before it's due. You may just get a better mark too!

Ask For Help

Sometimes homework stress has nothing to do with a time-crunch; it might just be that you don't understand it. Use your class time to talk with your teacher and have them explain it again. Or sit down with your parents and have them work out the problem with you. And if neither of those options helps, ask a buddy!

Hope this helped....

Zaynab Bedar 7H



Players needed for Goodmayes Football Club U12



Recently Goodmayes FC players have not been turning up for football matches and making the rest of the team suffers a 9v6 game situation. So we are encouraging boys under 12 to join. We are looking for people who take football seriously, who are good at football and people who will turn up to the game.

Tejan Heywood 7F

The Hunger Games!

'The Hunter Games' is a real page turning novel written by an amazing author Suzan Collins. There is a beautiful girl named Katniss Everdeen. She hunts a lot and especially with her best friend Gale. She is sixteen years old and lives with her mother and twelve years old sister Prim. Unfortunately, her father died in the coal mines years before. There is not enough food, so Katniss and Gale (and their incredible hunting skills) try to provide for their families. It is set in a place called Panem which is controlled by the Capitol.

Each year as a punishment the Capitol chooses one innocent girl and boy from each of the 12 districts and sends them into an arena and fight to the death.



Except there is one rule 'KILL OR BE KILLED!'. During the reaping (the time when two teens are chosen) her sister is chosen! Katniss almost faints when Prim's name had been called from the raffle. Courageously she volunteers at her sister's place and another boy is chosen, Peeta. Their advisor Haymitch guides them until they are sent into the

arena. Peeta pretends to love her for the publicity and announces it during his live interview. It turns out he really does love her. Does Katniss also fall in love with Peeta? How will they kill each other if they are the last ones standing? Will they survive till the end? What will Gale think? Found out by reading this sensational book.

I give this book 10/10

Try reading the other Hunger Games Books when you finished the first one:

Hunger Games

Hunger Games: Catching Fire

Hunger Games: Mockingjay

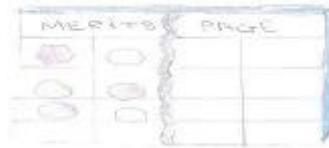
By Zulaikah Hussain 7R

Merit Takeover!!!

On Wednesday 4th October 2013, a new fever had taken over once 7S knew how to achieve merits – meritphobia! The competition had begun. All pupils strived to perfection however; some pupils did not seem to care at all though! A third of the positive sanction page had filled up in just a month and the certificates were ready to be given out.

Even me, Rechelle Kaur had already filled up my first half of the merit page.

Surprisingly, the teachers were gob smacked at the number of pupils who had achieved so many! During the time, pupils were awarded merits for completing certain jobs, for example, carrying the class books for the teacher. Homework was another way to get your hands on some merits. If you had done a piece of homework to the best of your ability, then occasionally you would receive a merit.



Even though the children had completed a third of that golden page, they aimed for something much, much higher – a CERTIFICATE. Receiving a certificate would show how well pupils behave at school. Parents are then forced to reward their child for acceptable behavior

even if they are horrid at home. Each merit will bring closer to a certificate so, beware parents!

In conclusion, I would like to say: Pupils, keep working to the best of your ability and continue to strive because you are making the Headteacher as happy as you are making yourselves and your parents.

By Rechelle Kaur Soor 7F

Loxford fundraising

On Wednesday 9th, Thursday 10th and Friday 11th after school, a brilliant fundraising for kids in countries like Africa and India. Mendhi (Henna) as well as different length (on the hand and arm) of Mendhi. There were also different prices and designs. Not one penny was left behind, every penny, pounds and notes were given to a charity that helps children and everyone less fortunate than us. However, this is a wonderful opportunity



ties to try and get us fundraising for charity and remember every penny counts!!

By Fatima Hoxha 7D

AAARRRHHHH!!!! Loxford is HUGE and I'm so small I want to go back to primary school!!!

First impressions of Loxford

Seeing the gigantic building ahead of me, my heart sank to my feet. I felt like a mouse confronted by a giant predator ready to attack its prey.

As I walked through the gates, I observed my surroundings. Everyone looked similar but yet so different. Everyone seemed to know where they were going and what they were going. I could hear children chattering and laughing around me. Everyone seemed so excited and relaxed, except me. I felt like an alien in another world, like an insect lost

in a maze.

A sudden surge of fear overwhelmed me. I felt a sudden urge to turn around and run as fast as I could. But my feet were glued to the ground. My head was swirling with anxiety and fear caused me to be weighted down to the ground. I just stood in front of the school motionless. 'AAARRRHHHH!!!! LOXFORD IS HUGE AND I'M SO SMALL I WANT TO GO BACK TO PRIMARY SCHOOL!!!!' All my emotions seemed to be building up inside me, just waiting to burst out.

I scanned the area around me. My eyes were desperately looking for a familiar face from my old school. I took a deep breath and pushed my fear aside. Breathing slowly I told myself to just get a grip and pull myself together and just adapt to the new environment around me....

Because....This was a new beginning ...Of a new book.... A new story... A new chapter in my life at Loxford School of Science and Technology....

By Ali Khalid 7D

EID uL Adha

Eid is a favourite festival for me. I tell you why? It is a time together with your family and friends. Of course the best part is the gifts and food. New designer clothes is something that I really look forward to such as chicken and Roti.

Eid ul Adha is the festival of sacrifice to make the story of Ibrahim and his son Isma'il. It is after the last part of the Hajj, where Ibrahim submits to the will of Allah.

Muslims celebrate this festival and cook some

delicious dishes. Animals have to be killed by one cut from a very sharp knife so that the animal dies immediately in order to avoid careless killing. The name of Allah must be said by the Halal butcher.

On the day of the festival people go to the mosque to pray and then meet the family and friends. I like to say Eid Mubarak and happy!!!! Eid to everyone everywhere.

By Mubarrak Adeyemo 7T



Bullying

Lots of people every day get hurt by bullying so I am writing this article so it can stop because this world needs help. Almost one in five children who use social networking sites suffered a negative experience last year, as research by children's charity the NSPCC shows. Here are two poems that are how people feel about being bullied.

We feel alone, small & weak

Scared to go out even to speak

The things they say, the things they do

Would you like it, if it were you?

These are fools we don't understand

So let's get together & fight our stand

Unite today & show we're strong

For were the innocent, we've done no wrong

(No author)

You are the hater

by Chloe Paz Thomas (June 2012)

You are the hater who says that I am fat.

You are the hater who knocks of my hat.

You are the hater who laughs at my spots.

You are the hater who pulls on my locks.

You are the hater who causes me grief.

You are the hater who smirks at my teeth.

You are the hater who screws up my work.

You are the hater who calls me a jerk.

You are the hater who will go down for this.

I am the victim who no one will miss.

This is something that must be tackled before it gets out of hand. We must ensure young people have the confidence to speak out against this abuse, so that they don't feel isolated and without anywhere to turn. I'm sure you've heard the expression 'what goes around comes around' meaning that if you bully anyone at any age you will find that it will come back to you and haunt you for the rest of your life. Here's a story with the same meaning.

The Bully

by Roger Dean Kiser

I walked into the Huddle House restaurant in Brunswick, Georgia and sat down at the counter as all of the booths were taken. I picked up a menu and began to look at the various items trying to decide if I wanted to order breakfast or just go ahead and eat lunch.

"Excuse me," said someone, as they touched me on the shoulder.

I looked up and turned to the side to see a rather nice looking woman standing before me.

"Is your name Roger by any chance?" she asked me.

"Yes." I responded, looking rather confused as I had never seen the woman before.

"My name is Barbara and my husband is Tony," she said, pointing to a distant table near the door leading into the bathrooms.

I looked in the direction that she was pointing but I did not recognize the man who was sitting, alone at the table.

"I'm sorry. I'm, ah. I'm ah, confused. I don't think that I know you guys. But my name is Roger. Roger Kiser," I told her.

"Tony Claxton. Tony from Landon High School in Jacksonville, Florida?" she asked me.

"I'm really sorry. The name doesn't ring a bell." I said.

She turned and walked back to her table and sat down. She and her husband immediately began talking and once in a while I would see her turn around in her seat and look directly at me.

I finally decided to order breakfast and a cup of decaffeinated coffee. I sat there continually racking my brain trying to remember who this Tony guy was.

"I must know him," I thought to myself. "He recognizes me for some reason." I picked up my coffee up and took a sip. All of a sudden it came to me like a flash of lighting.

"Tony. TONY THE BULL." I mumbled, as I swung myself around on my stool and faced in his direction.

"The bully of my seventh grade geography class," I thought.

How many times that sorry guy had made fun of my big ears in front of the girls in my class? How many times this sorry son-of-a-gun had laughed at me because I had no parents and had to live in an orphanage? How many times this big bully slammed me up against the lockers in the hallway just to make himself look like a big man to all the other students?

He raised his hand and waved at me. I smiled, returned the wave and turned back around and began to eat my breakfast.

"Jesus. He's so thin now. Not the big burley guy that I remember from back in 1957," I thought to myself.

All of a sudden I heard the sound of dishes breaking so I spun around to see what had happened. Tony had accidentally hit several plates knocking them off the table as he was trying to get into his wheelchair which had been parked in the bathroom hallway while they were eating. The waitress ran over and started picking up the broken dishes and I listened as Tony and his wife tried to apologize.

As Tony rolled by me, being pushed by his wife, I looked up and I smiled.

"Roger" he said, as he nodded his head forward.

"Tony" I responded, as I nodded my head, in return.

I watched as they went out of the door and slowly made their way to a large van which had a wheelchair loader located in the side door of the vehicle.

I sat and watched as his wife tried, over and over, to get the ramp to come down. But it just would not work. Finally I got up, paid for my meal, and I walked up to the van.

"What's the problem?" I asked.

"Darn thing sticks once in a while," said Tony. "Could you help me get him in the van?" asked his wife.

"I think I can do that," I said as I grabbed the wheelchair and rolled

Tony over to the passenger door.

I opened the door and locked the brakes on the wheelchair.

"OK. Arms around the neck Dude," I said as I reached down and grabbed him around the waist and carefully raised him up into the passenger seat of the van.

As Tony let go of my neck I reached over and swung his limp, lifeless legs, one at a time, into the van so that they would be stationed directly in front of him.

"You remember. Don't you?" he said, looking directly into my eyes.

remember, Tony," I said.

"I guess you're thinking 'What goes around comes around'," he said, softly.

"I would never think like that, Tony," I said, with a stern look on my face.

He reached over and grabbed both of my hands and squeezed them tightly.

"Is how I feel in this wheelchair how you felt way back then when you lived in the orphan home?" he asked me.

"Almost, Tony. You are very lucky. You have someone to push you around who loves you. I didn't have anyone." I responded.

I reached in my pocket and pulled I out one of

my cards that had my home telephone number written on it and I handed it to him.

"Give me a call sometimes. We'll do lunch," I told him. We both laughed. I stood there watching as they drove toward the interstate and finally disappeared onto the southbound ramp. I hope he calls me some-time. He will be the only friend that I have from my high school days.

It is vital to take bullying seriously and not just brush it off as something that kids have to 'tough it up.' The effects can be serious and affect kids' sense of safety. So if you're getting bullied tell an adult or if you are bullying someone even for a joke stop because this is not a joke as lots of people get bullied every day and it can cause a lot of harm.

By Elise Anderson-Kunisch 7X



Film Review – Monsters Inc University



Monster Inc University is about how they – the monsters got to work as scarier.

The 2 min characters (Mike and Sully) met each other for the first time. They were roommates in the university. Mike found it hard to be scary whereas Sully was a pro since he was part of a family of professional scarier.

In one part of the film they both nearly got expelled for breaking the Headmistress's tank of scream. However they challenged their Headteacher in a competition against other monsters to gain their place back in the university.

Mike and Sully joined with other monsters to make a team. They had competitions every day and in the end they won.

By Wasima Ahmed 7R

Malala for Girls' Education



The name Malala has become synonymous with the education of girls throughout the world. Malala stood up for the education of girls in Pakistan. She was 15 years old student in the city of Mengora in Swat Valley (Pakistan) when the Taliban shot her whilst she was coming back from school. They stopped the van she was in and asked 'who is Malala? Tell me or I will shoot all of you.' Everybody looked at Malala and the Taliban instantly knew who Malala was. They shot her in the head and wounded two of her classmate.

Malala was rushed to a local hospital and airlifted

to a military hospital in Peshawar where they removed the bullet from her head. She was then moved to Queens Hospital in Birmingham where she had specialist treatment for her injuries.

Malala has now recovered and continues to campaign for Girls' Right to Education. She has won many awards such as The Ann Politkovskaya Award, The Pride of Britain Award, The National Youth Peace Prize, Sitaara-e-Shujaat (Pakistan's third highest civilian bravery award) and many other awards. Malala has also been nominated for the Nobel Prize.

In fact, Malala has become a source of inspiration and courage for girls throughout the world.

Tasneem chattha 7X

Diwali

Diwali is the festival of lights. Sikhs celebrate this festival in the month of November and I am looking forward to it. On the day of Diwali, Sikhs go to the gurdwara. They need to wear a head scarf called bandana, take their shoe off before entering the gurdwara and eat a sweet.

I enjoy myself during this festival. The 5Ks are Kesh, Kangha, Karchera, Kara and Kirpan. You get to see it used by



people in the gurdwara. Candles are lighted around the house and some have fireworks displays. In a good corner of the house, we make a stall and hang some sweets and fruits.

A lot of dishes are cooked. Friends and family come over. They wish one and another and exchange sweets. As food celebration we have roti, chicken, salad, chicken tika and lots of Indian sweets. Sikhs are not allowed to smoke or drink alcohol. I really love celebrating Diwali the festival of lights.

Happy Diwali!!

Jagdeep singh 7T

Footy Football

The way football people become players, they train a lot in their club. And the football manager comes to see them playing and chooses a player to become a famous football player. Some football players can get around £200,000 per week or more.

The oldest age you can play football is around 40 years old. The best football player in Barcelona is Messi who has good skills and is a great scorer. Barcelona is the best team in the world. There are around 25,000 who want to

get into a football team.

There are about 250 football team in the world. Football players train about 3 hours a day. Football players are so rich that they can buy anything like a mansion. They can even do about 1 000 kicks up and around the world, around the world is you do kick up and put your leg around the ball and you are still doing kick ups.

Usmaan Mahmood 7X

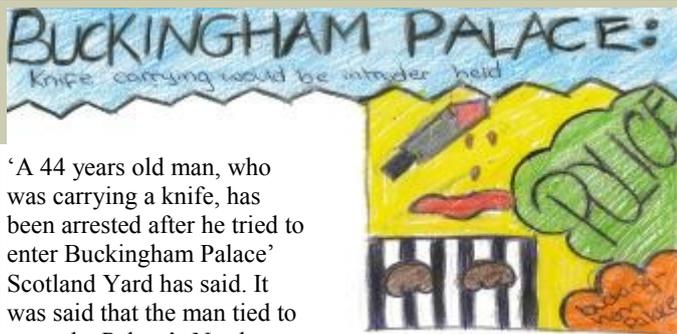
My dear Friend

She has always been a dear friend to me;
But she has never realised her passion,
Her singing is rough, more rough than a
bee;
She has no taste no taste for high fashion.
She has never been jocund, just a little
mad;
Her air is like jungle vines tied up high,
Sometimes her acts can be a little sad;
Her aims are bad, she never hit the bull's
eye.
If I ever wondered what an ugly creature was,



I could always give my friend a visit;
I'm sure of this, she would never deserve applause,
Whenever she felt she would always revisit.
However being a dear friend she's always be by my
side
But I can never lie.
Aliyah Miah 7R

Buckingham Palace: knife carrying would be intruder held



'A 44 years old man, who was carrying a knife, has been arrested after he tried to enter Buckingham Palace' Scotland Yard has said. It was said that the man tried to enter the Palace's North Centre Gate at about 11:30 am but was stopped immediately.

Buckingham Palace said that the Queen was not at home at the time. The police said in a statement that the knife

was found after the man was searched, adding that no-one was injured during the incident. The incident follows the arrest last month a man on suspicion of burglary, trespassing and criminal damage, after the police said he scaled a fence to get to Bucking-

ham Palace. A second man was arrested outside the Palace on suspicion of conspiracy to commit burglary. Both remain on police bail.

Security at the Palace has been breached on a number of occasions, most famously by Michael Fagon in 1982 when he broke into the Queen's bedroom.

Anisha Ali 7C

My first day at Loxford!

My first day at Loxford was good and I was a little nervous and also was afraid how my teacher is going to be and my class.

Loxford School of Science and Technology is a huge school and it is an outstanding school. The Headteacher of Loxford School is Mrs Anita Johnson.

I was feeling sad to leave my primary school but now I know that there is really nothing to worry about. It has been

more than 6 weeks and I am settling in my class. I like the school code, 'to be in the right place, at the right time, doing the right thing'. Also I enjoy reading and I have reading book in my bag. We have a library lesson where we visit and change our reading books.

I am really having a good time at Loxford. There are good subject teachers. My favourite lessons are History, English, Geography, R.E., P.E., Maths and

Science. I am having a good time in Loxford.

Amar Bagga 7T

Jokes by Jubail Miah 7X

A boy fell off a 100 foot ladder but he did not get hurt. Why not?

He fell off the bottom step.

A hundred feet in the air but its back is on the ground. What is it?

A centipede flipped over.

A cowboy rode to an Inn on Friday. He stayed 2 nights and left on Friday. How could that be?

His horse is called Friday.

A man comes up to ask what time is it. What do you say?

Time to get a watch.

A man fell of a 20 foot ladder and landed on the side walk, but he did not get hurt. Why not?

He fell off the bottom rung!

A man is pushing a car along the road when he comes to a hotel. He shouts 'I'm bankrupt!' Why?

He was playing Monopoly.

Inside story by Leunora Muslika 7X

Ms Mulla

Ms Mulla is a Math and form teacher. She is a form teacher for 7X, her class is in F19 and she teaches Maths. Her hobbies include reading, cooking, and dancing. She loves helping students learn and absolutely loves Maths.

Ms Meek is a Maths teacher. She usually teaches Maths in F20. Her current set in year 7 is set 2. Her hobbies include horse riding, shopping for shoes and sewing.

Word search

T	A	L	E	Z	C	I	A
M	E	M	K	P	D	R	R
R	E	A	D	I	N	G	T
B	C	T	C	H	A	J	I
O	M	H	U	H	G	D	C
V	S	S	H	O	E	S	L
S	E	W	I	N	G	R	E
W	F	X	T	N	B	Q	Y

Teacher

Maths

Reading

Sewing

Article

Shoes

Jokes

Q- What do you call a teacher without students???

A- Happy

Q- How did a Geography student drown?

A- He was below C-level

Loxford by Maya Saujani 7X

L-ovely school to learn and play

O-pportunities to grasp but take it with two hands

X-tra support and helps is what Loxford gives

F-un and wonderful, an amazing place to learn

O-pen to all people we are 1 big family

R-e, English and so much more!

D-ecision to be made, leaving is hard

Number wordsearch

Aiman Sohail 7H

5	1	4	3	5	2	3	3	5	5	6	4
0	5	1	4	4	2	5	4	9	1	3	0
2	5	5	6	9	6	6	5	5	2	1	3
0	5	1	9	9	4	3	2	1	3	4	9
3	5	1	9	4	1	3	4	2	4	2	4
6	6	4	4	9	6	5	3	5	6	7	8

0203

5564

1234

5144

6655

5678

2549

9653

3142

5194

4321

0394

6644

1342

Teachers

Teachers are the people who help me to learn,

We meet new teacher nearly every term.

I don't like to get on the bad side of teachers,

I try to behave in all of their lessons.

Unless I wanna see their horrendous features,

I try to put my hand up to answer the questions.

When I go to school I have fun all the time,

Unless I'm in drama and I'm learning how to mime.

History has always been my favourite lesson,

But when I don't know the answer to a question I always guess 'em.

So I'll tell you this once and for all,

Always do your homework or stay with a teacher after school!

Aysha Miah 7S



DAFFODILS

Today, my article is going to be about a poem called daffodils. My aim is to make you feel jolly after reading the poem!

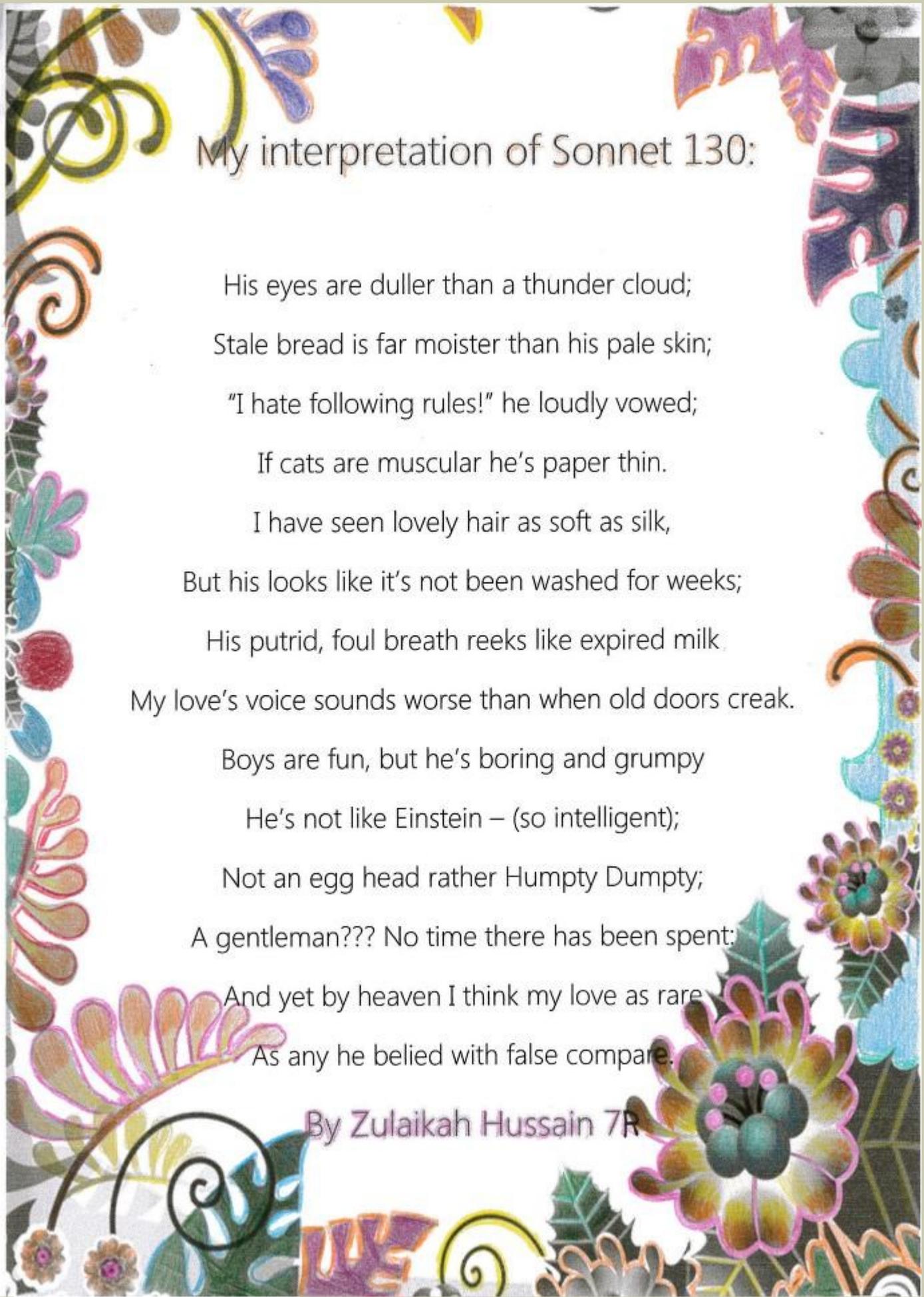
I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed--and gazed--but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.





My interpretation of Sonnet 130:

His eyes are duller than a thunder cloud;
Stale bread is far moister than his pale skin;
"I hate following rules!" he loudly vowed;
If cats are muscular he's paper thin.
I have seen lovely hair as soft as silk,
But his looks like it's not been washed for weeks;
His putrid, foul breath reeks like expired milk.
My love's voice sounds worse than when old doors creak.
Boys are fun, but he's boring and grumpy
He's not like Einstein – (so intelligent);
Not an egg head rather Humpty Dumpty;
A gentleman??? No time there has been spent.
And yet by heaven I think my love as rare
As any he belied with false compare.

By Zulaikah Hussain 7R