



SUMMER 2020 ISSUE 23

Et Cetera

THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF HOLLAND PARK SCHOOL

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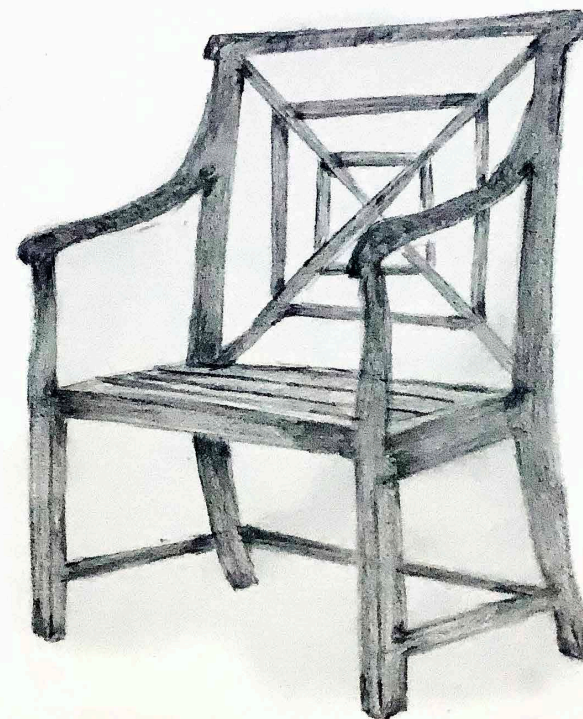
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See for yourself

Cover shot: Plato, Thorpe Lodge Garden

HEAD'S INTRODUCTION

Even Plato, one of our statues in Thorpe Lodge Gardens, is in need of attention! There can be few people who watched the news on New Year's Eve 2019 and foresaw how we would be living three months later and here we are half a year on in a world that is infinitely complex, worrying and insecure. I would not begin to contemplate sharing my own experience of recent months for everyone has their own unique perspective and mine is of no interest to anyone but me. But, our students' experience is very much of interest to me. I have just spent this lovely summer morning assisting Mr May prepare one of his 'lessons': looks simple, took an hour in the hot sun. Last night he cycled to Buckingham Palace to make a video clip for another lesson. Some exciting experiences have been created out of these challenging times. It was one of the points I made in writing an individual card to a colleague earlier this week when I was writing to every teacher. Out of difficulty many staff have found new levels of creativity. Google Classroom will be here to stay in one way or another and all of the quirky activities – long may they remain too. Even I, yes even I, have added a few technological strings to my bow and even my typing speed has increased. I have sent voice memos to the leadership team (most efficient and no interruptions – why didn't I think of it before!!). But, on balance, my pen has remained my best tool. I have written my weekly postcard to the staff and last week I thought I would write to everyone individually: this was to Ms Pugh - *Dear Alex, Thank you for yet another helpful telephone conversation on practicalities and my written thanks here for all of the support you have given over the last months - as ever putting school first. I am pleased about all of your developments and plans. I found myself in dialogue this morning in school, with two of our colleagues and not for the first time took some pleasure in telling the story of your twelve years here: your passion, resilience, developing talent, energy and robustness, not to mention dismissal of morning sickness and bravery in the face of bereavement. What a journey. We will resume soon. Meanwhile, my enduring appreciation.* I have written hundreds individually to students. The delight, of course, has come in the replies (not in my words). What a joy to have such young people, how proud their parents must be and what wonderful hope for the



future. I have been equally very proud of students' engagement in their varied diet of online learning, in their participation in all of the extra-curricular activities offered. One of my postcards to a current student drew not only an impeccable response from him but a long letter from an elder sibling and it gladdened my soul, serving as a timely reminder of the best of education and schools. It brought a lump to my throat and a tear to the eye of my colleague Mr Holloway. What a privilege to have had a hand in this wonderful young person's education: she wrote - *Interestingly, my first lesson at Cambridge turned out not to be an academic one. I quickly learned that this could be a difficult environment for a state-educated, working class student to navigate. A community in which virtually all students are proficient at instrument playing, adept at competitive sport, and well-versed in Latin and Greek, can be rather overwhelming for the individual who does not meet these criteria. I initially found myself confronted with the task*

of finding my place at an institution dominated by those who are the very antithesis of my socio-economic background. Nevertheless, it was my determination to challenge and redefine what it means to be a Cambridge student, that was to transform my experience. It was only when I began to tailor Cambridge life to my personal interests, that I began to enjoy my time at university. Nothing, however, was quite as monumental as the moment I met David Starkey, who delivered an enlightening talk titled, 'King Henry VIII's break from Rome': the first Brexit', before dining with us at Fitzwilliam College - the very place that he had studied as an under-graduate. Perhaps it was only as I stood in line for his book signing clutching a copy of his 'Elizabeth', that the reality of my being at Cambridge finally sunk in. To my delight, he proved just as witty, charismatic and vivacious in person as he had come across on the Desert Island Discs' podcast you recommended to us during our days of A level Tudor study.



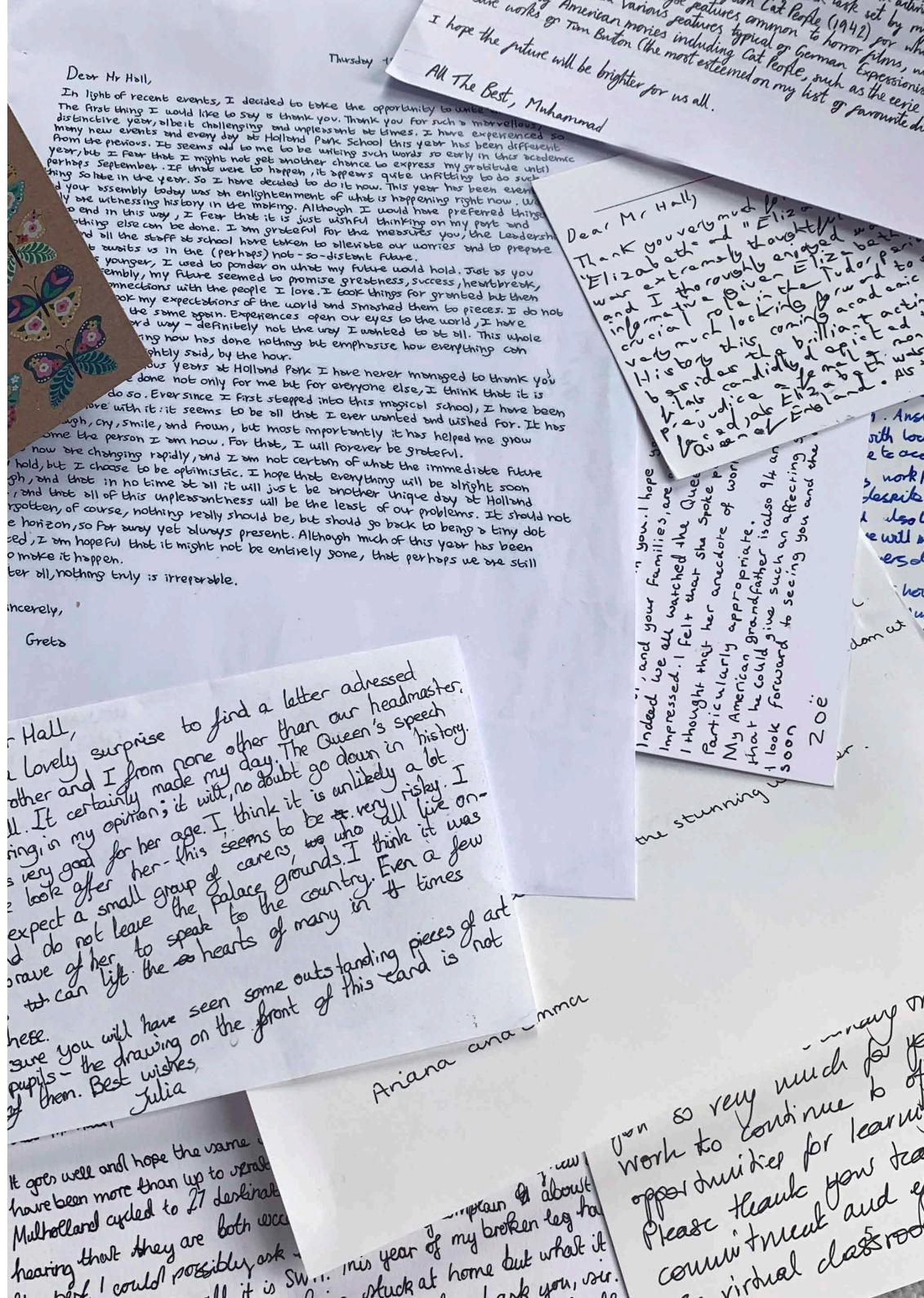
John and Jessie's vegetables.



Sally Clarke's.

I could not be more pleased and hope that this is the kind of thing Ofsted meant when they described social justice being at the heart of the school. Our students' lives (if we seek some good out of this dreadful period) have the capacity to be enriched by this deprivation. They will have learned to live differently, to manage boredom, to understand good and ill-fortune, even to have had time to understand themselves differently, to have managed frustration. They will have tales to tell future generations and have learnt – if they have been wise – that health matters more than anything. I have the privilege of a small garden in my little Victorian house and it has been wonderful to have a Sunday at home, to have, suddenly, a moment to sit and stare. I should do a bit more of that I suspect. Perhaps I will but I would rather be so hard-pressed by the autumn by what school needs of me that Sundays will once again be restricted to post 5pm. Inspired by some stunning work from students in Mr Chappell's weekly art competition, I felt compelled to take an ordinary HB pencil to draw my garden bench. At least Mr Chappell did not disqualify or reject me though having seen students' efforts. I clearly will not be winning. Coming to school each day (journey time halved), I note that some of our local shops have changed.

At the end of Peel Street in John and Jessie's Flower Shop, flowers are no more. In 'lockdown' they have turned their hand to useful fruit and vegetables. Rather than close their doors (flower shops not permitted to open) they have used their initiative and got down to work, work that keeps them in business and is useful to others. Lots of lessons there we can learn: face difficulty, adapt, reinvent, take things head on with good cheer. Well done John and Jessie's. Round the corner in Campden Street at Sally Clarke's it is a clear case of, in Alan Bennett's words, 'Keeping On Keeping On'. What do you do when your livelihood is closed down, when suddenly a restaurant – how you make your living – has to close. You think again, you think differently, you re-organise the shop, adapt. Of course in true Sally Clarke style, what has not changed is her grace, warmth and smile. It might be a brilliantly successful thirty five year old business but Covid 19 has made everything vulnerable. Doubtless Clarke's will triumph and Sally has bent her talent, will and energy to continue to produce her extraordinary quality. Finally, as I close this introduction with a future that remains uncertain our readers can be assured that whilst we may have to adapt, our passion and ambition to excel remains our constant source of inspiration.





VIRTUALLY TOTALLY BRILLIANT

A woman said to her brother: 'I am four times as old as you were when I was the same age as you are now.' The woman is 40 years old. How old is her brother now? If that doesn't leave you scratching your head, you should probably talk to Mensa. But a large number of students haven't been idling their time away making applications to the high IQ society; instead they have been investing their time in acrobatics of all sorts: cerebral somersaults, athletic endeavours and musical and theatrical feats that have shaken off the shackles of confinement and have set the standard in one of the most marvellous periods of industry amongst our student population. Now when did it all begin? On an early April afternoon, I recall the Ms Chapman's first live zoom concert: performances from living rooms around London. We got there way before Lady Gaga and Elton John. Some of the talents rivalled even that star-studded line-up. Grace Holness on the piano; Gabrielle and Camille Berlin performing a sisterly duet together – there was jazz and classical, pop and folk all rolled together in one low-key, but high-quality afternoon of music. Since that date, there have been an extraordinary number of exceptional feats. A politics quiz written and organised by the Bercows saw a select few demonstrate their faultless knowledge of Westminster wranglings in the last 50 years or so; general knowledge competitions that have probed everything from geometry to geography – and, that most important question, how many London buses can fit into the school's atrium? Poetry writing has accompanied

poetry recital, book clubs and film clubs and even feng shui. But whatever the provision, it is students who have created the greatest marvel. Isn't it extraordinary the talent that you can discover on an online platform? Anastasia Lewis' violin solo was a beautifully expressive rendition, with tuning of pin-point accuracy and, even with the social distance of the uploaded video, she revealed a performance presence that was unmistakable. And then there are the exquisite pieces of work that draw a breath and refuse to let it go. With a pen or with a keyboard, it seems there is little stopping our students. Mysha Murali's analysis of four chapters of *Great Expectations* caused Ms Miller some astonishment in its forensic dissection of character, plot and theme; Alicia Joda's work on probability beat even Ms Dietz' statistical skills, using a reasoned-model of likelihood to maximise her chances against a game of chance; Viona Drejta's sketching skills have all but won over Mr Bank; Elijah Wahl Nahmias' comic strip on Orwell's 1984 combines skillful sketchwork with scathing satire. Manar Oulad Laabi's speech on prejudice had Ms Fisher reaching for her video recorder. And each day for the last few days students have tried their hand at maths problems that promise to stretch even the most agile minds. Ariana Alexander, Victor Bonakdar, Oskar Ahman, Joshua Greenslade and Delina Abraham have shown themselves to be mathematicians of inordinate (is barely-ordinate a thing?) competence: keep a close eye on the trajectory of these tantalising talents. See page 15.

MR NICHOLAS ROBSON
ASSOCIATE HEAD



CULTURE CLUB

People. In a typical day's schooling, a student might be taught by five, learn among a melee of thirty, and mingle with over a thousand. A teacher might seek to capture and nurture 150, worry most particularly about ten or twenty, and bask in the particular academic breakthroughs or intellectual Damascene conversions of just a few. Such is the nature of each day in school: conversation, discussion, suggestion, correction, validation – all a matter of people and each a little slice of warmth, of personality, of human interaction. So how to square that particular circle in a world where teaching comes by Google Document, feedback comes by clinically typed, and the greatest sight of a teacher's personal touch comes in the revelation of a first name in a Google username? From a desire to snatch the victory of humanity from the jaws of impersonally typed defeat emerged Culture Club: an exploratory weekly podcast interviewing members of school staff to uncover the cultural touchstones that have ignited their passions, etched themselves through sheer tedium and monotony into the tablets of their minds, or provided invaluable fodder for the living of that complicated business called life. Recorded remotely (though not commonly in the verdant environs of the picture above), the podcast goes out to students and staff each Wednesday lunchtime. Students might listen one week and discover a band from the early

1990s, and close the following week's episode with a newfound determination to stick with that particularly labyrinthine George Eliot novel, but at the heart of it all lies people: each episode is redolent with the warmth and personality of the teachers who in normal times make school awash with character, charisma, and the empowering educative opportunities these create. Since the podcast's launch at the end of April, (as its hosts) we have spoken to teachers across subjects, years of service, current position and cultural predilection, each with their own unique offerings. Mr Hall painted a vivid picture of his own deeply emotive response to Rodriguez's *Concierto de Aranjuez* as rendered in the 1996 film 'Brassed Off' (in which it bears the more approachable moniker 'Concierto de Orange Juice'), while Mr Arnold may have surprised listeners with his rigorous cataloguing of the merits of 'Now That's What I Call Music 44' (a not insignificant endorsement from a scholar of more highfalutin literary works). Our hope is that Culture Club, with its mix of levity, profundity, vim and various requests from teachers that Ms Miller edit out any stumbling on words, might prove a welcome innovation, and one that endures once normalcy returns.

MS LUCY MILLER
LEADING PRACTITIONER

MR JACK MAY
ASSISTANT HEAD



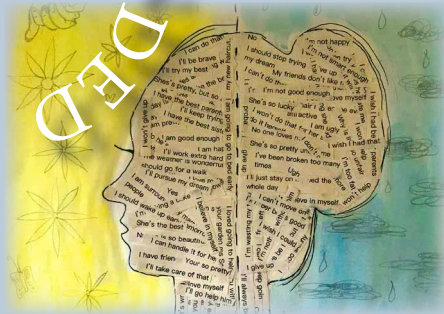
Theodore Roose



Liberty Makinson



Isabella Cockcroft (detail)



Sofia Labeyrie (detail)

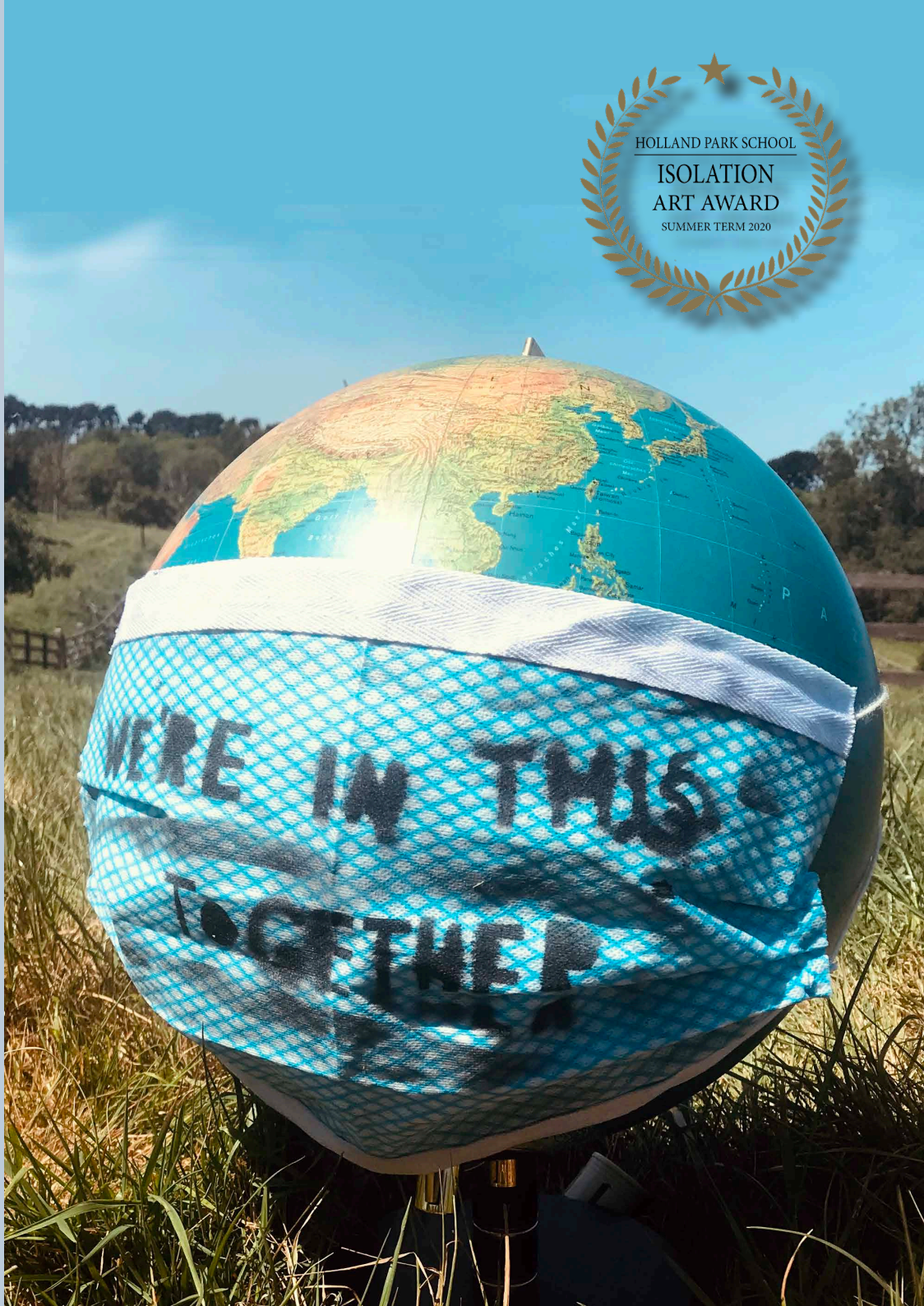


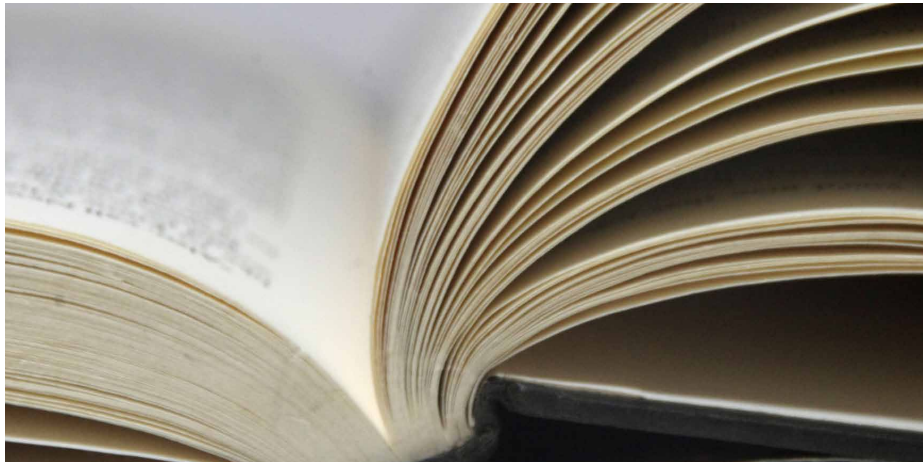
THE ART OF ISOLATION

As I sit down to write, outside it is another beautiful day. The sun is shining (again) and the sky is a perfect cerulean blue, interrupted only by the tiniest wisps of white. It feels like we are in the depths of summer but it is actually still spring and summer officially some 23 days away. Artists quickly grasped the advantages of 'lockdown', and as we would expect from (probably) the greatest living artist, Hockney got there first reminding us 'they can't cancel the spring', and followed his comment with a flurry of new iPad drawings, depicting his home and surroundings in northern France. There is pressure on us all to be 'creative' during a time when we are distanced from the distractions of our normal lives. Making art however during a time of crisis can be a privilege. Not everyone is able to. Each experience of isolation is unique and artists express their creativity during such times in their own ways. Grayson Perry launched his Channel 4 *Art Club* and sought to convince the nation that we are all able to make and enjoy creating artworks, announcing, 'I will be showing you the progress of the artworks I am making in these strange days,

but I am most excited about seeing what artistic creations people all over the country have been up to in lockdown'. So we followed in his footsteps and Ms Burley and her art team challenged our art aptitude students (including those joining year 7 in September) to create a piece of work. There were no limitations and few instructions; the objective was to create an artwork that arose from the students' own experiences but that would resonate more broadly with its viewers. Predictably we received numerous exceptional entries from this gifted group of students and all are worthy of praise and celebration. But, (un)like the Turner Prize, there has to be an overall winner. After much deliberation we unanimously agreed on the entry from George Fenner-Leitao - pictured opposite. Wherever we are, what ever our experience, grasping the magnitude of this historic moment is virtually impossible. We felt George had condensed that impossibility impeccably.

MR DAVID CHAPPELL
ACADEMY HEAD





SHORT STORIES

With 'real life' confined within the small space of four walls (and a balcony or garden if you should be so lucky), the imagination is as much a tonic for the soul as it is a tool for cognitive perambulation. As part of the provision for the Spring Break and May Half Term, students were invited to submit short stories and snippets of creative writing as part of a competition, with entries guided into three categories in keeping with the art forms of Greek writing: tragedy, that expression of profound grief and desperate downfall; lyric, an exploration of the self, the soul, and sentimentality; and comedy, which needs no introduction. Perhaps unsurprisingly given the circumstances, entries were skewed towards the first two of those categories. The following is a selection of extracts from some of the most sumptuous and skilful pieces of writing submitted as part of that competition: all written by students during lockdown.

MR JACK MAY
ASSISTANT HEAD

From: *Stay On These Roads* (Lyric)

I remember that lavender smell that clung to the house and that song that was always playing on the record player, the one about dancing and the city. It was my favourite and you knew it. I had walked up the stairs, past paintings that rivalled Da Vinci's own; past the Indian carpets that decorated the floor; along the lemon-coloured walls; past the

exquisite china vase with the cherry blossoms; past the picture of Los Angeles at night on the wall; past the white door with the diamond-shaped knob; and into the white door in front of your sister's room. Your room. You could still hear the old grandfather clock in the hall ticking away. If you were lucky enough to have total silence you could also hear the record player playing that song we used to dance to. I remember how your coral curtains used to billow like a cloak when you left the window open and the wind blew in. It gave the room an ethereal atmosphere. I loved it all the more for it.

That was the day she died. One of those rare days when the sun shone like a fire lamp and the cold had a voice that could not yet be heard. I remember the moment we received the news. You were standing by the window, silhouetted against the russet sky, for it was sunset, and your mother came in. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she murmured the words that changed my life: "*You must go home. She is dead.*" No other words were needed, we all knew who she was talking about. Like a ghost I moved away from the plain wooden chair, walking out. You did not follow. As if in a dream I came out of the door in front of your sister's room; walking past the white room with the diamond-shaped door knob; past the picture of Los Angeles at night on the wall; past the exquisite china vase with the cherry blossoms; along the lemon-coloured walls; past the Indian carpets that decorated the floor; past the paintings that rivalled Da Vinci's own, and down the stairs; walking in the hall with the old grandfather clock ticking away and the record player playing the song about the city; out of the

emerald door and stepping onto the black rug; past the garden with the crimson roses and out of the open, silver steel gate.

GRETA ZORDAN, YEAR 9

From: *Details* (Lyric)

Noah had a way with words, an enchanting aura that teased and captivated when I first met him. With those ocean eyes, I was surprised he was not given more attention. He was a mystery, his own secret safe, and perhaps for a while that enticed me. In darkened rooms when our communication existed only in quick glances and piquant remarks, each more breathless than the last, I had made up my mind that I wanted him. A poor decision? I have yet to decide. Meaningless flirtation: that was my primary intent. You see, when accustomed to the losing side of heartbreak, vulnerability is never a first choice, nor a second. In fact, it is usually the last. Yet, that stubbornness that pumps through my veins had already settled on its own path: reciprocation. The result was fire, the best and worst kind entwined in each other; what we had was a mixture of voracious kisses, winsome smiles that effortlessly had the potential to provoke jealous eye rolls from the majority of the single population, harmless shoves, passionate goodbyes, all in sympathy with over-thought feelings, midnight anger, screaming into pillows and cursing at bedroom walls. Momentary flashbacks that recount the goodness of it all are the hardest to replay I think: dancing in our own temporary wonderland in a way no other would have dared to in the public eye, meeting the entirety of his family and equally his meeting of mine, or that occasion he had responded simply, "*I'm not letting you get away.*" The irony of the last one stings. You must admire the art of a deceptively sweet disposition.

Nonetheless, a fire like that is not everlasting. Unfortunately, but not unsurprisingly, like all fires eventually do, this one burnt out. And just like clockwork, we did not break even. In actuality, the day after we cut the string, with washed eyes I left.

ISABELLA WEINSTEIN, YEAR 12

From: *White Canvas* (Tragedy)

An outstretched hand clutched a phone, her

perfectly manicured, coffin-shaped fingernails curved around it like talons.

"Take", she ordered, turning to her reflection in the mirror before us. I complied, raising the device to my ear and noting the call had already clocked a few minutes. My tentative hello was met by an eerily calm voice...

"This is St Pancras hospital. We believe we have your father here..."

A reflection stared blankly at me, the dark circles below my eyes seemed more pronounced than they had been, my face was wan, my cheeks sallow and pitted. I felt small in my suit jacket; drowning in suffocating darkness. No sound came out of my mouth as I opened and closed it like a fish gasping for breath. Morta approached me once more, ushering me towards the double doors. Beyond them; a sea of reporters, socialites and art critics. Beyond that; my work. Panicked, I shook my head and for a moment I noticed in Morta's eyes a flash of sympathy – disconcerting in a face characteristically devoid of emotion – before she took her place at my side, smoothing her meticulously coiffed, crow-black hair and readied herself for the cameras. I did my best to prepare myself too, clasping hands behind my back in an effort to stop them from shaking. A man at the door held up his fingers.

"...5..." I could hear my heart, pounding in my chest. Where was my dad?

"...4..." I looked around. Was anyone else as hot as I was?

"...3..." I loosened my collar. The room span.

"...2..." Deathly silent.

"...1..." The doors opened, a surge of voices hit me like a wave, bright lights and beaming smiles welcomed me through the doors, Morta's nails dug into my shoulder, she pushed me further into the heaving mass of people, they descended on me like vultures; introducing themselves, titles longer than names.

My knees buckled as I collapsed. The high, glaringly white walls of the room loomed over me, sparsely adorned with canvases (a composition Morta had described as "modern" and "minimalist"); my canvases. Thoughts brushed across my mind as I drifted somewhere between unconsciousness and reality. I was vaguely aware of people shouting, phones ringing, nails like claws puncturing my arm. Before my vision faded to black, I looked up once more. I looked up at all the white canvases.

CHARLOTTE PEET, YEAR 11

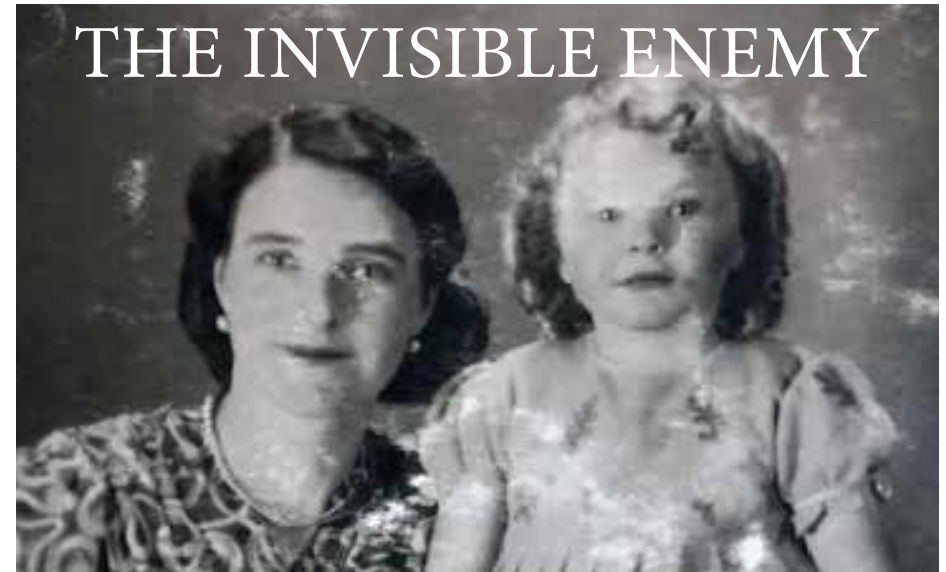


TEN THINGS THAT HAPPENED DURING LOCKDOWN

It remains to be seen what the new normal looks like but the following struck new Holland Park chords. We will all, no doubt, have developed new habits, uncovered new aspects of our character and discovered new depths to our resilience. How marvellous it is when joyful moments are hewn from challenging circumstances. 1. Mr Hall only came to school six and not seven days a week. An hour or two more on a Sunday for him to ponder has benefited (and chivvied!) us all. 2. Ms Mulholland bought a bike to cycle to school from south of the river and utilised it to deliver resources (occasionally edible) to students. Our morning coffee is now punctuated by conversation about lycra and our understanding of such useful material enhanced exponentially. 3. Google Classroom was born... what will we retain once we return to the classroom? Or will we seek to banish it to the annals of history, so excited we will be to have thirty eager faces in front of us once more? 4. Student attendance online has regularly reached 97%, demonstrating astonishing commitment during such troubled times and acting as a testament both to their resilience and the efforts of parents in creating structure and routine. 5. Mr Chappell successfully launched a new weekly art award,

with winning entries including a beautifully fragile autumnal branch, a skull reproduced with intense graphic quality and a carefully and enticingly layered rendition of an avocado. 6. Culture Club was launched – our very own version of *Desert Island Discs* but with an even catchier jingle. The competition it has created amongst teachers to be the next interviewee becomes more intense by the week. 7. Mr Chappell designed a new website, to be launched post-Summer Break. 8. People wrote real letters and cards, so bored were they with email. The Leadership Team between them wrote close to a thousand individual cards to hundreds of students and received delightful responses, as featured elsewhere in this publication. 9. Daniel Clarke regularly cycled more than one hundred miles per week as part of his daily exercise. He was spotted often by Ms Mulholland gliding through Hyde Park on the return leg from Greenwich – between them and Mr May, constituting our very own fledgling Tour de West London team. 10. I became au fait with terms such as 'four week leap', 'nevus simplex' and 'sleep training' due to the arrival of a baby daughter. A brave new world indeed...

MR JOE HOLLOWAY
DEPUTY HEAD



The present pandemic has been likened to people's experiences during World War II. I was a girl in the war and I have many childhood memories of that time. The main difference is the fact that, during the war, the country was fighting a visible enemy. We were warned when this enemy was approaching, so that we could shelter until an 'all clear' siren sounded, letting us know that it was safe to get out and get on with our lives again. Today's enemy is invisible which makes it so much more difficult to keep the population safe. But the one similarity is the sense of communities working together to help the more vulnerable. I work with students, primarily on a one-to-one basis, who have a range of difficulties which impact on their school life. When lockdown began I was a little concerned about the logistics of home schooling. I am very old (!) and, apart from email, the intricacies and possibilities of the computer baffle me. I am also very deaf, so telephone calls can be difficult. That left me with the only option: sending packs of work by the Royal Mail. How quaint! Apart from a few hiccups at the beginning, the system is working very well. Home schooling is not easy for my students and they have risen admirably to the challenge. They have become self-disciplined and their determination and commitment to complete

their work is commendable. Each pack I send contains a substantial amount of work and one student is already on her third pack! Their parents are also playing such an important role in their children's home schooling. The support they are giving to both their child and me, is phenomenal. On one occasion, when I had made a mistake with the photocopying and was feeling at my most incompetent, the parent kindly 'counselled' me which put me back on track again. Another parent sent me stamps to help with the mounting postage costs. I feel so proud of both the students and their parents. I am finding the whole experience of home schooling unexpectedly rewarding. I have now reached the stage where I am keenly watching for the postman to see if he is carrying any large, white envelopes which may be destined for my letterbox. (that is what comes from living on your own and being isolated for so long!) I am looking forward to some sort of normality and a return to school so that I can see my students again and hear their perceptions and experiences of this unprecedented time. What a joy it is to work.

MS GRETA ARMITAGE
LEADING PRACTITIONER

Greta (aged 5) pictured above with her mother



In the end of course, there is nothing much fun about being stuck at home. The novelty of being able to wear pyjamas for just a little (or actually quite a lot) longer, begins to be no more interesting than the back of that cereal packet you've always craved time to read. So we really did have to create our own fun when the holidays fell upon us - after all, we needed something to occupy us while confined inside. There was no missed opportunity for creativity, however. In our spring break, a tasting menu of activities sampled Ms Burley's digital painting skills (1) - she wowed us all with the opportunity to see the process that led to the final product. Ms Chapman ran a very impressive zoom concert from students' living rooms with performances from Grace Holness (2) and many others. Mr Matthews and Ms Davies provided us with some energetic guidance in their fitness regimes (3) and dance masterclasses (4) respectively, while Ms Miller gave us a review of the best podcasts to listen to (5) and many more cultural insights besides. The choir, missing out on their concert with Stile Antico only by a matter of days, put together a lockdown performance of *Civitas Sancti* (6) and Ms Manolopoulos gave students some ideas for how they can convert their bathrooms and kitchens into laboratories with these experiments from home (7). Mr Arnold

and Ms Mulholland showed us their culinary skills, with Mr Arnold doing a live cooking challenge, which resulted in these tasty recipes (8) and Ms Mulholland's baking challenge brought about these winners (9). And if you thought that we might run out of ideas by the time it came to the May half term, you would be wrong. In addition to our daily maths challenge (10), Mr May offered his insight into (or rather take on) feng shui (11), Mr Arnold told us what we should and shouldn't like in his history of good music (12), there were podcasts on films to watch (13), Mr Dobson's review of Dance on Film (14), a special Whitsun edition of Culture Club (15) and opportunities to remind yourself how unfit you are by viewing a man at his physical peak undertake a range of activities that just should not be possible (16). And at the end of this, one could be forgiven for thinking this list was its own form of exercise. It is difficult to quantify all that has been on offer outside the traditional teaching week, but it is true to say that when teachers return, their skills in technical wizardry should be a thousand times better: video editing, sound mixing, file sharing, touch typing - there really should be nothing teachers can't do after this period of computer-based learning!

MR NICHOLAS ROBSON
ASSOCIATE HEAD



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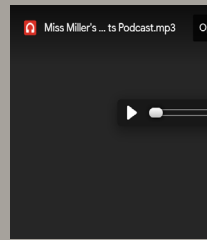
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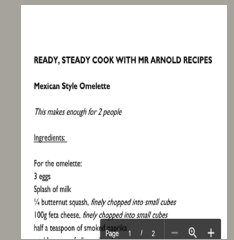
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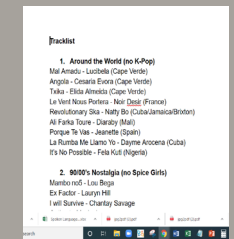
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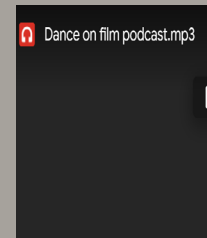
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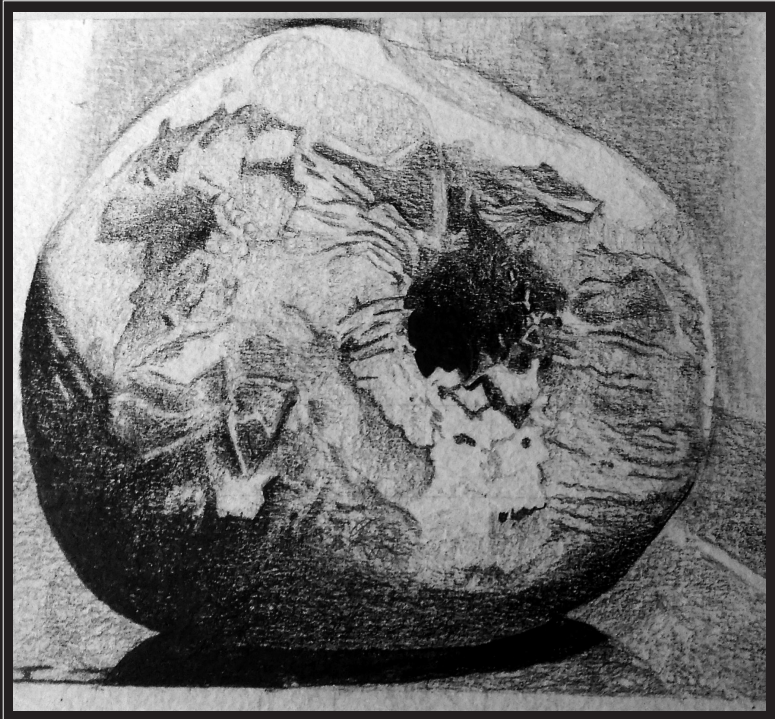


16. bit.ly/HPS00016

LINKS FROM PAGE 6 FOR YOUR FURTHER ENJOYMENT

Anastasia Lewis <i>on the violin</i> bit.ly/HPS00020	Ellie Keane De Dios <i>drawing of a peach</i> bit.ly/HPS00021	Greta Zordan <i>making a volcano</i> bit.ly/HPS00023	Greta Zordan <i>on 1984</i> bit.ly/HPS00025	Margot Kramarczyk <i>on 1984</i> bit.ly/HPS00026
Joshua Greenslade <i>performing Auden</i> bit.ly/HPS00027	Aliya Mueller-Koegler <i>Great Expectations</i> bit.ly/HPS00028	Ariana Alexander <i>Great Expectations</i> bit.ly/HPS00029	Lilah Douglas-Home <i>Great Expectations</i> bit.ly/HPS00030	

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Ellie Keane De Dios, Year 9 | Rotting Peach | pencil | 2020