

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

2010

CHRONICLE 2010

THE ANNUAL MAGAZINE OF
KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL BIRMINGHAM

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CHRONICLE 2010

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The photographs in the magazine come from a variety of sources, but a wholly disproportionate number were taken by Chris Boardman, to whom, as usual, very many thanks.

A blue-toned photograph of a hand holding a small object, possibly a piece of fruit or a small animal, with the word "HELLOS" overlaid in white. The image has a soft, painterly quality with visible brushstrokes and a monochromatic color scheme of various shades of blue.

HELLOS

DAVID CORNS CLASSICS

Chronicle: Could you tell us a little about your life?

Mr Corns: I grew up in the Midlands and studied Classics at Oxford, which I enjoyed greatly. I took my first teaching job at Wolverhampton Grammar School, which was a lovely place to start. I think that initially I went into teaching mostly because I loved my subject; but after almost literally five minutes I realised I loved being a teacher even more! Between WGS and coming here I had the opportunity (that is, some funding) to do some research back at Oxford for my MPhil; but, perhaps unsurprisingly, I much preferred the many hours each week I spent teaching undergraduates to time spent on writing my own research papers. I think they knew it too, so it's no surprise that I've returned to where I'm happiest.

What were your first impressions of KES?

They were almost entirely correct! It's almost a cliché to say how very busy and intense a school this is: as I've quipped to pupils who've asked the same question, KES is "everything I thought it would be" – for better and for worse! I'm busy here, but it's so very rewarding to be immersed in your subject and in helping pupils you're fond of. Indeed, it's my pupils that make teaching here such a joy.

How do you like to spend your time outside work?

Relaxing, mainly. I love cooking, reading and watching films, but I don't seem able to put down studying either. For the last three years I've been doing Life Science courses with the Open University, and just can't say how much I enjoy it! I really enjoy the natural world and like to get out on walks when I can – several fossils I found at Lyme Regis a few years ago grace my Natural History activity on Friday afternoons, as the Removes will tell you. I hope to get my science degree one day, but at this rate that might be a few years away yet!

What attracted you to Classics and then to teaching?

Language and literature, both of which I've always enjoyed. A lot of people get into Classics for the ancient history, but I'm afraid that has never been me. I love how Latin and Greek stand at the base of European language, and how they explain so much of the language we speak today; and the literature, to me, is just so profound, beautiful and enjoyable. How could I not want to pass it on?

Why is Classics still an important subject to study?

It's important because it's so useful. Sounds absurd, doesn't it? But whether we're talking linguistic roots, historical precedents or pioneering literary genres, students and scholars in so many other fields look to Greek and Latin and their cultures because they inform so much of what we all study. It's 'knowledge worth having', and gives you quite a perspective on the world.

Do you have any plans for your future?

I'd like to keep people studying Classics, both here and elsewhere. I'd like to do some kind of outreach work, perhaps getting outside students into a school like this to have the opportunity of doing so. Otherwise, I look forward to travelling more and learning an instrument.

FAVOURITES

Film: Is *Dead Poets' Society* too much of a cliché? Oops.
Television programme: Anything Attenborough
Food/drink: Mediterranean, with a glass (or two) of red.
Composers: Verdi, Smetana, Vaughn Williams
Aspect of antiquity: Greek drama



JOHN FERN HISTORY/DIRECTOR OF STUDIES

Chronicle: Tell us about your life to date, please.

Mr Fern: I was a pupil at Loughborough Grammar School, before going on to Oxford University to read History. I then went to Oakham School, where I was Head of History. After a few years of the boarding experience, I went to Fettes College, in Scotland, where I was in charge of the International Baccalaureate, before I ended up here, in Birmingham.

What do you do outside school?

Which bits can you print? Singing (especially when I was in Edinburgh). I also enjoy all things gastronomic, so I like cooking, and drinking fine wine.

Is KES suited to the IB, and will it be successful?

That's a loaded question. I truly believe that KES is well suited to the IB, not least because, when you arrive here aged 11, we expect you to study a wide range of subjects ranging from Music to Maths to Games, to French and the Humanities. Then at GCSE we expect you to do Maths and Science and English and lots more; but then suddenly, at the age of 16, we expect you to drop most of those subjects and only choose to study four of them. So all of you are prepared for the breadth that the IB offers; and, judging by the exam results that most boys at KES come up with, you are certainly bright enough to cope with it. Of course it will be a success.... not least because I'm here.

What are your future plans?

Clearly I've got quite a lot to do here: I'm introducing the IB and I'm the Director of Studies. Since the retirement of Mr Andronov, I have begun to take on some of his responsibilities, so my role has changed quite dramatically within a few months of my arriving. There's an awful lot to do, so my next few years are here. In terms of the school, its main aim is to establish the IB and get it running properly, and actually get King Edward's back to where it was, nationally. It's a good school, but it's not that long ago that it was the best school in the country: ultimately our aim is to be back up there.



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What are your first impressions of the School?

Scruffy. Having spent twelve years in a boarding school where people were uptight about uniform, I can spot a long hair-do with a shirt un-tucked and a top button undone from thirty thousand paces. It's a bit of a culture shift, being at a school where appearance isn't the main thing. That said, and to be more serious, it's a very friendly place. What I have been aware of is the lack of moaning from both staff and pupils. There are a lot of things that people can get uptight about that are really silly things. That doesn't happen here; people at KES get on with the job.

FAVOURITES

Food: French Cuisine

Film: *The Untouchables*

TV: Q.I.

Band: *The Jam*

Historical Person: Thomas Cromwell

DAVID WONG
CHEMISTRY

Chronicle: Tell us a little about what you've done before coming to KES

Dr Wong: My most recent job, before coming into teaching, was with GlaxoSmithKline. I was working in a technical department overseeing the company's global supply of products and facilitating trial activities of new drugs, both in development and manufacturing. Prior to that, I was a postdoctoral researcher at Birmingham University for five years. I did my PhD research at the same university. I had worked in the oil and gas industry in Malaysia for a number of years prior to academia.

What about Chemistry in particular interested you?

Chemistry is indispensable in our daily lives from the moment we wake up until we rest our heads at night. It is at the heart of all the things we hear, see, smell, taste, feel and enjoy; that is really why I was drawn to the subject.

What made you change your career path from industry to teaching?

While at University, I had the opportunity to supervise both undergraduate and postgraduate students, which gave me a taste of what it was like to be a teacher. However, it didn't cross my mind to take it up as a career, as I always thought that working in a big company would give me better rewards and job satisfaction. But more recently, the prospect of working with young people and seeing them succeed in life in their own ways attracted me to teaching; hence why I'm here.

Have you been impressed by the school so far?

Absolutely. From the very first day I set foot in KES, I was awed. A good mix of tradition and modernity can be seen everywhere within the premises. There is such a buzz in the school life at KES!

What improvements would you suggest?

I would like to see more independent learning and the boys taking more risks in their pursuit of knowledge. With the introduction of IB, I hope the boys will be equipped with the skills to do just that, in preparation for their further study at university and beyond.

What are you involved in outside lessons?

At the start of the year, I was responsible for running the Junior Badminton Club during Monday lunch times. I also initially spent a few Friday afternoons with the Removes before proceeding to join the CCF, which I have thoroughly enjoyed so far. I am looking forward to becoming a commissioned officer over the next year.



What do you like to do in your spare time?

I spend quite a lot of my time with my family. I have two boys, Junias and Gabriel, who are 7 and 10 respectively. They keep me very busy when I'm not teaching. I also enjoy cooking for both friends and family.

Where do you see yourself in ten years?

I think I will stay with teaching for a while, and teach in a similar sort of school.

FAVOURITES

Film: *Avatar*

Sport: Swimming, badminton and table-tennis

Music: Classical

Book: *A Short History of Nearly Everything* by Bill Bryson

Food: Seafood

TV show: *CSI Miami* / *Master Chef*

ELEANOR JORDAN CLASSICS

Chronicle: Could you tell us a little about your life before you came to KES?

Miss Jordan: I grew up and went to school in nearby Wolverhampton and then went on to study for three years at Durham University. Durham is a lovely place and I loved every minute; it should be top of any Sixth Former's UCAS application. It would have been nice to have continued studying there, but after graduating I desperately needed to earn some money and so I took on a few part time jobs, one of which involved working in a school in Wolverhampton, teaching Latin. This inspired me to want to train to be a teacher; I applied to study at Cambridge for my PGCE and spent a year there before coming to teach at KES.

What exactly was it that "inspired" you to go into teaching? What else, if anything, would you most like to do in your working life?

I've been involved with working with children and teenagers in various different situations over the last few years so it seemed like quite a natural progression. I worked as a lifeguard for four years and had to organise activity days for lots of children. Although some of the children could be quite difficult, I always enjoyed it. I don't really have a clue what else I would like to do in my working life; I'd quite like to keep an open mind at the moment and just see what happens. I don't like planning too far ahead because things never usually go the way that I expect them to anyway!

So far, what do you think of teaching and of KES itself?

Teaching is extremely tiring. I was warned of this but still not prepared for it. However, I don't think this has put me off because when things go well it is very rewarding and enjoyable and I love the variety that it offers. I feel that I am very lucky to be working at KES because both the staff and pupils are friendly and have given me a very warm welcome. Everyone seems enthusiastic about what they do here and I hope that I can gradually become involved in more of the activities and events that the school offers.

Unusually for a member of the Classics department, you've opted to join the CCF staff. What prompted this choice?

When I was at school I was a member of the Air Training Corps and the experiences I had as a cadet prompted me to join the Officer Training Corps when I started university. I joined the Sidi Rezegh artillery section and had a brilliant time training on the guns, travelling around the country, taking part in artillery competitions (one of which cost an unfortunate local sheep its life!), SCUBA diving and getting involved in a

huge range of other challenging activities. I wanted to continue to pursue these interests and help to provide similar fun and exciting experiences for other people. I'm joining the Royal Naval section, partly because I haven't had any experience of the Navy before, but also because I thought that I might as well make my mark in as many different areas of cadet and training corps as possible!

Where do you see yourself in a decade's time?

Who knows...? But watch out for me on television. I imagine that at some point I will be asked to make a television game show in Latin; it's inevitable. As long as I'm happy and enjoying whatever I'm doing I don't really mind.

What do you like to do in your spare time?

Spare time becomes somewhat limited for new teachers. If I had more of it, however, I would like to take up kickboxing again. I should also really take more exercise; in the past I was relatively proficient at swimming (obviously, as a lifeguard), and I dabbled in yoga and various other offshoots of quasi-Buddhism. I spend a lot of my free time visiting friends around the country, and going down to London to shop and to exploit the nightlife opportunities. Playing the piano and the guitar when I get the chance is something that I relish, and TV comedy programmes are my less taxing guilty pleasure! At the moment, though, if I get the opportunity I just try to relax and do very little.

And, finally, the big one: which do you prefer, Latin, or Greek?

I obviously like both languages, but I have probably enjoyed studying Greek more.





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KATHRYN LEIVERS GEOGRAPHY

Chronicle: Can you tell us a little about your time before KES?

Miss Leivers: I was born in Southwell and went to The Minster School. After that I went to study Geography in Cambridge, at St Catherine's College, for 3 years, before I went on to train as a teacher in Oxford, at St Anne's College. I taught for a year in Nottinghamshire, then worked for four years at an International School.

What attracted you to teaching Geography?

I really enjoyed studying Geography, so I wanted to share my passion for the subject. I once taught English abroad, in Sri Lanka, for 3 months: I really enjoyed the experience, and that's when I realised that teaching was what I wanted to do, because of the connection you can form with the students.

So far in your teaching career, what has been the most interesting thing that has happened inside a classroom?

Once, when I was teaching in Switzerland, this basset hound which had escaped from someone's house ran into my classroom and caused chaos. That was quite... um... eventful.

What are your first impressions of KES?

I found it very friendly, very busy, and very hardworking.

How do you like to spend time outside school; any special hobbies or interests?

I like hiking and running. I also like spending time with friends and family. In my holidays, I like to travel.

As a Geography teacher, do you have any favourite locations?

Sri Lanka is special to me because it's where I taught English for three months and also where I did my dissertation research. Also, Corcovado National Park in Costa Rica, where I visited the rain forests, and Guatemala, where I climbed the Pacaya volcano and toasted marshmallows at the top. I guess as a Geography teacher you want to visit some of the places you teach about; and I teach about rainforest and volcanoes.

Do you have any plans for the future?

Just to keep enjoying what I'm doing; nothing more specific in mind at the moment.

FAVOURITES

Song: Kings of Leon – *Use Somebody*

Genre of music: Pop, Latin music

Film: *Last King of Scotland*, *City of God*

TV show: *Tribe*

Books: *Earth from the Air* by Yann Arthus Bethrand, *The God of Small Things* by Arundhati Roy

Sport: Rowing, running

Food: Thai green curry

Geographical subject: Climate change, population studies.

HENRY COVERDALE ECONOMICS

Chronicle: Tell us about your life before KES.

Mr Coverdale: For five years I was at King Edward's School Southampton, teaching Economics and Business Studies while doing an MA at the same time. I had come straight from my teacher training after my degree at Cardiff.

Why did you become an Economics teacher?

I love my subject and I wanted to impart that passion to other people.

What attracted you to KES?

It's about three miles away from my parents' house, which means I get free babysitting.

Who is your favourite economist, and why?

Keynes, because his theories weren't relevant when he created them, and are thought to be relevant now but actually aren't. And a shout out to Fama, whose "efficient financial market" hypothesis is also wrong, and led us to the problem of the credit crunch in the first place.

What do you do in your spare time?

Generally I read Economics books (textbooks from cover to cover sometimes) and Business books as well. Occasionally I might read a history book. Currently I'm reading the Oxford Book of Essays, a biography of Keir Hardy, which is poor at best, and P. G. Wodehouse.

Where do you see yourself in ten years?

If you mean exactly ten years, I'll be having lunch. Career-wise? I'd like to see myself as a Head of Department somewhere, shaping the world of Economics, bringing joy to the masses...

Would you like to replace Mr Mason?

Oh, definitely.

FAVOURITES

Book: If you'd read the Library notice board, you would have seen that my favourite book is *Germinal* by Emil Zola, with a full explanation.

TV series: Andrew Marr's *History of Modern Britain*; outstanding, especially the episode on Thatcher.

Sport: Tennis, rugby

Food: I make so many wonderful dishes that I couldn't possibly pick a favourite. Possibly my tuna steak with a warm coriander and caper sauce.

Music: I don't really listen to music, I find it distracting. I guess it would have to be the economics rap on www.econstories.tv, Keynes vs. Hayek. Keynes wants to steer markets, Hayek wants them set free!





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SALLY WILLEY ART

Chronicle: Tell us a bit about what you've done before coming to KES

Mrs Willey: I grew up on a farm in Lancashire, but came to Birmingham to study Fine Art in Margaret Street, where I specialized in Painting. Before taking up this post, I had spent nearly nine years teaching at Myton School in Warwick. I was sad to leave, but this job was too tempting; and with my husband working over the road at the University and our daughters being in West House nursery, it has all fallen into place.

Have you been impressed by the school so far? What improvements would you suggest?

The school, its grounds and especially the Art Department are all fantastic. But it's the students (or most of them) that have really impressed me. There are very few improvements (and those very minor) that I can think of...I'm still trying to get used to free hot lunches, and toast with my morning coffee!

What about Art in particular interests you?

As a nipper, I remember being dragged to see Monet's Water-lily series (the Nymphaeas) at the Musée de l'Orangerie, in Paris. I remember being amazed that, being very girly, I felt weepy at how beautiful they were! I am now more interested in the sheer breadth of Art as a subject. The stream of new artists and the rediscovery of old ones keeps the subject alive for me. The artists I consider to be my 'faves' are probably Kandinsky, Euan Uglow and Tai-Shan Shierenberg, who are all incredible painters in very different ways.

Are there any styles of Art which you are especially keen on?

I spent a lot of my degree focusing on figurative art, especially portraiture and narrative pieces. I still am drawn to the more painterly figurative and portrait artists when in galleries, but I'm currently becoming more and more interested in printmakers.

What are you involved in outside lessons?

I'm trying to spend any free time I have helping out the Living History Group with their hoardings and shields. Jonathan Davies has grand plans to adorn a church with large canvases which mirror 13th century historical artwork, so he's keeping me busy.

What do you like to do in your spare time?

As I'm part-time, my time away from school is spent with our one- and two-year-old daughters. I run a toddler group, play the piano and generally try to catch up with life, baking, decorating or gardening. Any true 'spare time' is spent reading or filling sketchbooks.

Where do you see yourself in ten years?

Hopefully in a house not festooned with builders and brick dust. Perhaps as a better ceramicist and, one day, with an MA in printmaking...

FAVOURITES

Film: *Amélie*

Piece of Art: Ahh, this changes all the time.

Currently, I love *The Supper at Emmaus* by Caravaggio

Music: Belle and Sebastian

Book: *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier

Food: Fillet steak with a peppercorn sauce

TV show: *Spooks*

LYNN SEAMARK

ART

Chronicle: Could you tell us a little bit about your life before coming to KES?

Miss Seamark: Before spending a few years at the Girls' School, I actually worked here for a year. But before all that I worked at Small Heath School. Having gone to college in London, I happened to do my PGCE training course in Birmingham because it was cheaper than the capital; oddly, I decided to stay in Birmingham.

Having taught at KEHS, how is life different here?

Much more of my time is now taken up with schoolwork as I was part time at the girls. Working with boys can be very different in some ways. Characters are generally far more active than passive - I guess that's the nature of the male species - whilst talent and ability show a similar and exciting range. It was a very difficult choice to move schools but it was the right one. I am very glad to be back here!

Why did you choose to study Art at university?

Of all the subjects I enjoyed doing Art gave me the most pleasure and satisfaction. Though other subject areas appealed greatly, art has allowed me to bring together and explore those subjects and create a personal response that still continues to be informed and influenced by those interests.

Do you agree that a lot of modern art is rubbish?

Modern art incorporates so many different and diverse responses that there is definitely something there for everyone. I don't think you can realistically group it under a single name. I think many people find 'modern art' is just less accessible than traditional representational art. It does not give up its meaning to you on a plate. You have to open your mind to try and understand what the piece might be communicating. There also has to be an initial connection to a piece of 'modern art'. If that does not happen then you pass on. If it does, that connection initialises a dialogue between you and the work. This then leads you to want to know more about the artist and his/her ideas. It can be a powerful experience to be confronted by something that 'speaks' to you on a subliminal level. 'Modern art' can do that possibly more than a technically brilliant piece of representation.

I presume that studying Art has you frequently travelling around the globe; what is the favourite place that you have visited and why?

I haven't been there yet!

When you're not spending time marking our sketchbooks, how do you like to while away the hours?

I would have to say there is never enough time to do all I want to. In the longer holidays, after recovering from the term, I do my own artwork occasionally, but not enough. I try to catch up on a stack of novels that await me in a 'to read pile'. I also like to watch a lot of films, go on walking holidays, play computer games, read up on how much more of the planet humans are destroying and what brave pockets of enlightened people are trying to do about it, etc.....

Finally, what do you see yourself doing in the future?

I am still under the illusion that I can get my act together and be bothered to try and sell some of my work but that is the side of being artistic that I hate. With a huge lottery win I would buy up a big enough area of land in England and reintroduce wolves into the ecology.

FAVOURITES

Book: Very difficult to answer but up there are *The Gap Series* by Stephen Donaldson, *The Stand* by Stephen King, *The Mote in God's Eye* and *Ringworld* by Larry Niven.

Film: Many favorites but Ridley Scott's '*Alien*', Otomo Katsuhiro's '*Akira*' and the original John Carpenter '*Assault on Precinct 13*' are what I would call pretty perfect films.

TV Programme: Would probably have to say David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* had me absolutely riveted right to the to the end but then so did Lars von Trier's *The Kingdom*. Both very weird.

Food: Mushrooms, Artichokes

Sport: Rugby (watching not playing).

Band: I guess its between Pink Floyd, Peter Gabriel and Queen.



FIONA ATAY
ENGLISH

Chronicle: Welcome back, Mrs Atay! Please could you tell us a little about your life before KES?

Mrs Atay: I first taught at KES about three years ago, as the maternity cover for Mrs Walster. Since then I've been teaching at Camp Hill Boys. Before that I was tutoring while I took a long break from my career to bring up my family; because I was quite poorly after my son was born, I didn't go back to work for a long time.

What do you believe sets KES apart from other schools?

I think there's an atmosphere here, an ethos that just isn't in other schools. There's a standard of academic excellence and an appreciation of the value of knowledge, as well as a very pleasant atmosphere, a family atmosphere almost. I love the fact that while pupils are encouraged to excel in all aspects of their talents, they are always appreciated for their own particular passions – which are so many and varied.

If you weren't an English teacher, what would you be?

If I had been clever enough at the sciences then possibly I would have become a palaeontologist. I've always felt that aspects of ancient history and prehistory excite the imagination because the facts can never be proven beyond all doubt. I've always thought that I'd like to work in a library: that would have been interesting. I have also considered going into research for an institution like the BBC.

What do you consider your greatest achievement in life?

Without a doubt, my children.

What do you enjoy getting up to outside school?

I enjoy reading, naturally, and though I haven't been on the rink for a couple of years, ice skating was a great passion of mine. I now take my daughter as she's taken it up. I love my dog. I also have a wide network of friends from my time at school, from university and from earlier stages of my career. Some of them are spread all around the world, so a lot of time goes into keeping in touch and meeting up.

Finally, where do you see yourself in ten years' time?

Hopefully, I'll still be teaching English here as I am doing what I really love.

FAVOURITES

Book: Dorothy Dunnett – *The Game of Kings*.

Song: Simon & Garfunkel – *The Sound of Silence*, The Police – *Synchronicity* (the list goes on...).

Food: My husband's 'Special Seafood Pasta'.

Radio programme: *Just a Minute*.

Film: Impossible to answer! Western: *The Searchers*; Sci-fi: *Blade Runner*; Nostalgic: *Now Voyager*; Epic: *Spartacus*; Animated: *The Incredibles*...





GOODBYES

KATY BUXTON
HISTORY

Katy only stayed with us for two years, but although she has gone, she will not be forgotten. She had a lasting impact on the History department and on the school in general and, if I am allowed to make use of a second cliché in as many sentences, she will be a tough act to follow.

Katy cheerfully took on the editorship of *News and Views*, which subsequently grew to become a serious rival to the *Chronicle*, and building on this she also helped lead King Edward's wider PR campaign. She joined in wholeheartedly with the extra curricular life of the school, snow-shoeing in the Pyrenees, a cultural tour of Istanbul and Rems week being the highlights, though the mighty machine that is the 5th XI hockey team might be her lasting legacy. From little acorns...

She proved herself to be a very caring and helpful form tutor in the Fourth year, and her energy on the pastoral front was matched by her work for the History department. Not only was Katy a model of organisation and careful preparation, she was also prepared to give up much of her spare time to offer additional support to boys in her examination classes who may have struggled otherwise. She also organised the visit to school of the indomitable Auschwitz survivor Kitty Hart Moxon, who gave a powerful and moving account of her experiences to a packed Big School.

Katy made a tough decision to leave teaching (at least for a while) in order to take on a new challenge, but she is determined to keep in touch with her many friends on the staff and amongst the boys.

PWG



JONATHAN PITT
GEOGRAPHY

Jon joined the Geography department in September 2004, having completed a degree at Durham and a PGCE at Birmingham University. As a former pupil, he joined an illustrious group of teachers who had themselves been shaped by the school, who knew something of the subtle and idiosyncratic elements of KES that make it special, and cared deeply about it.

His pupil career at King Edward's had been exceptional. He had achieved distinction in rugby, swimming, athletics and water polo, had won the school History prize, had been placed in the top five candidates nationally in Business Studies and, fortunately for us, had developed a deep interest in and passion for Geography. Colleagues who had taught Jon and were delighted by his appointment were not disappointed when he arrived, for in a sense he carried on from where he had left off. He threw himself into the amazingly varied, wonderfully exhilarating and at times exhausting work that makes up the life of a new teacher. He found a focus for his passion, energy and enthusiasm in the academic, sporting and pastoral life of the school.

It was a pleasure to accompany Jon in his NQT year. He showed curiosity, empathy and insight into how pupils learned, and also brought innovative ideas for the use of ICT. He was able to learn from the wisdom of the past, and to blend new and old in a style of teaching which was to engage his pupils and enable them to achieve excellent results. His classroom was memorable for its imaginative wall displays, the table football game and a slightly chaotic accumulation of exhibits which led you to expect the unexpected. His



GCSE fieldwork in Bangor enabled students to discover a real sense of achievement, and the Iceland trip, which he led together with his colleagues, introduced boys to a sense of wonder which he himself enjoyed on so many different school trips, and which he recalled in his final contribution to the Magic Lantern Show.

This is only part of the story, for he was involved in U14C rugby and athletics alongside his leadership of school swimming and water polo, which was to prove so inspirational for so many students. The list of honours he and Hayley achieved made the school a force to be reckoned with at a national level: the U19 water polo team became national champions. His achievements and skills were recognised beyond the school, and he was invited to help with the coaching of the English Schools team.

Another legacy was his work with Cary Gilson, lifting the ambitions and aspirations of many in house competitions. In all sorts of circumstances and situations, boys were encouraged and inspired to discover that their best was better than they had imagined it might be.

What a pleasure it was to have Jon in the department. I learned a lot from him, was encouraged to discover new books and films, and was grateful for his readiness to help in all kinds of ways. It was inevitable that he would leave to run his own department, and given that he enjoyed travel, Peru seemed just the right kind of new challenge. We shall miss him a lot, and wish him, Claire and their baby daughter every blessing in their new life.

JAC

NEIL BURCH CHEMISTRY

It is hard to believe that Neil has only been with us for four terms. There really is not enough space to tell all of the Burch stories and anecdotes, from his bow ties to his wearing shorts to coach in on the coldest afternoons out on the hockey pitches, from his "one liners" to his sponsored events (including cycling from Land's End to John O'Groats and running half-marathons). Neil has done an incredible amount in a short space of time, and always with a great sense of humour. Most people have to wait years before they go on school trips, but not Neil. One term in he was on the slopes in Italy with the ski trip; later that year he was in Gibraltar with the hockey boys. He has coached hockey teams and cricket teams with great success, although the reason his team came back unbeaten from his first hockey fixture, at Olton Hockey club, turned out to be that Neil had spent two hours driving round and round south east Birmingham trying to find the pitch before giving up and returning to KES having not played the game!



But ultimately Neil joined KES to teach Chemistry: this he did with great professionalism and pride. He has been tremendous fun to work with in the Chemistry department and there has not been a day when the staff or the boys have not all laughed with Neil. He is a superb teacher who will be hugely missed by those whom he has taught and those whom he hasn't: in the corridors they couldn't speak any more highly of "Burchie". From the 6th form to the Removes, Neil has inspired the boys and simply made one of the less glamorous subjects fun!

Sadly we could not hold on to Neil for any longer and he now heads to Bradfield to become Head of Chemistry. We wish him all the very best for the new job – he is sure to be a huge success. He will be a huge loss to the KES Science department and a massive gain for Bradfield.

JXP

MARTIN STEAD PE, GAMES AND HISTORY

Let's begin with some history: in 1972 the Chief Master was in the Classical Division, along with my younger brother; Bloody Sunday occurred; Burnley won the old 2nd Division, beating Aston Villa 7 -1 on aggregate; Warwickshire were County Cricket Champions, and Geoffrey Boycott was the Championship's leading batsman (and there is much similarity between him and Martin, not least that they can both be dour Yorkshiremen). At the Munich Olympics Sonia Lannaman reached round 2 of the women's 100m (she reached the final in 1980) and Brendan Foster (fellow Carnegie College student of mine and Martin's) placed 5th in the men's 1500m final. But most importantly of all, KES advertised a vacancy in their PE Department. I applied, along with many others, but Martin was the successful candidate: so began his considerable and impressive teaching career at KES.

Martin's commitment to the school has been huge, especially in terms of traditional extra curricular involvement, and I wonder just how many boys have him to thank for their introduction to properly organised sport? Literally hundreds. The simple statistics speak for themselves: 38 years of taking a cricket team, including 21 as master i/c and 1st XI coach; 12 years of taking basketball teams, from U19 to

U13, including a run of 5 consecutive Kings Norton U13 Championships when KES won every match; one year as volleyball coach; perhaps most impressive of all, 38 years of rugby, one with the U12 'A' XV of 1972-3 and 37 with the U13 'A' XV. During his mammoth stint with U13 rugby his 'A' team had too many unbeaten seasons to recall, and only once lost more games than they won in a season; and that was, of course, because Martin was away from school recovering from an operation. Martin liked to talk to his teams prior to their matches. At one recent Saturday block fixture I had been refereeing the U16 XV for about 15 minutes when I was aware of a boy on the touch line trying to attract my attention. It transpired that I had locked Martin and his entire team in the changing rooms – he was so busy talking to his team that he had not realised I was locking the door, and I am just deaf. So, not many free Saturdays then, or weekday lunchtimes or afternoons!

On top of this, Martin taught a full timetable of PE and Games and History, was a Shell and Rems Form Tutor, was joint Heath House Master with Catherine, and for over 20 years was in the CCF, initially in the Army Section - i/c Vyse - then i/c the RN Section. And all this time Martin was successfully helping his long suffering wife Anne to bring up a young family: son Tim, now in law, and daughter Catherine, now a physiotherapist. On top of which he and Anne dutifully cared for ageing parents.

Never knowingly hurried or rushed, Martin has carried out his many and varied duties with care, diligence, and a shrewdness of thought that his sometime lugubrious manner belied. I often thought that he was in the wrong profession – law would have suited him well. As regular as clockwork at the start of each rugby season, having watched them play, Martin would ask eager potential U13 'A' boys in which position they had previously played as U12s. "On the wing, Sir." "Ok, you're starting at prop." "I'm a back row forward, Sir." "No you're not, you begin at centre." And so it went on, but Martin usually made the correct decision.

Martin is a very amiable and patient person, and many people, both young and old, have benefited from his considerable kindness. The end of an era? Yes. We will not see his like again? Probably not. Martin, it has been a rewarding experience working with you all these years, and we all wish you and Anne the very best in your well earned retirement.

SB



TREVOR COLLINS
HEAD PORTER AND OFFICER
COMMANDING CCF

Rory Stewart had been talking to the older boys about his extraordinary career in Iraq and Afghanistan. As Trevor and I walked back to school afterwards, I remarked that Stewart's story made my own life as a teacher feel rather dowdy by comparison; Trevor fixed me with an appraising look and said, "You've served your country in your own way." This from a veteran of the Falklands War, mentioned in despatches for "gallant and distinguished service": I've felt better ever since. Typical of the man, of course: his generosity of spirit, his capacity to see the good in people, his civility, his readiness to encourage.

For these and other qualities, boys will probably remember Trevor most for his work with the CCF, which is not yet over despite his retirement as Head Porter. In fact, he had nothing to do with the Corps when he first came to KES in 1987: but by the following year Martin Rogers had concluded that the CCF needed "sorting out", and that the new Head Porter was the man for the job. Trevor himself cites working with the boys as one of the great pleasures of his career with us: he takes a justifiable pride and a strong interest in Old Edwardians who have joined the services, and names the CCF Centenary Dinner as a high point of his time at the school. On the Friday before his retirement he was at Sandhurst attending Michael Gardiner's passing out parade: "it was an honour to be invited", he said.

But he was also a fine Head Porter. Martin Rogers would introduce him to visitors as the man who "actually runs the school", while Hugh Wright insisted on calling him the "Chief Porter": both a little tongue-in-cheek, perhaps, but both recognising how central he has been to the smooth running of this school for over twenty years. Trevor likes to recall that, when he attended his interview in the summer of 1987, it was discovered that he had not been sent the job description in advance. So he was given the 7-page document to assess on the fly during the interview: it ran to 29 specific clauses, plus "such administrative duties as will be allotted" from time to time. One example of the latter: the Foundation Office had a flag and flagpole, which they never used. At the death of Princess Diana, the staff wished to join in the national display of mourning, but could not work out how to raise the flag. Trevor went down to show them how. The flag stayed up for a long time: until, in fact, Trevor went back again to show them how to take it down.



All of us who have worked here during his time have a great deal to thank him for: he has been legendarily efficient and conscientious, but also unfailingly kind, affable and reassuring. He had, he has said, "to find out what made you all tick" when he joined us; the Army and KES are very different worlds, after all. I think most of us will feel that he came to understand us very well. The job changed a lot during the reorganization of 2008 and 2009, and Trevor is the last Head Porter of King Edward's School. Perhaps that's not a bad thing: he'd be a hard act to follow.

So, apart from his appearances to support the Corps and outdoor activities generally, we have to bid Trevor farewell. We are losing the school's keenest baseball fan, a secret devotee of the New York Yankees; the school's ablest breeder of budgerigars and cockatiels (one of the old cricket score boxes off South Field has ended its days as an aviary for his birds); and one of the school's more distinguished London Marathon competitors (best time 3hrs 20 mins, which Richard Bridges assures me is a good time). We are also losing a friend, and we wish him the very best of luck in his retirement.

TFPH



18

JOHN EVANS (THE DOC) PHYSICS

John joined King Edward's after a long career in state and independent schools, where he had held positions including Head of Science and teacher in charge of the Science High Achiever Project. In Doc Evans the school found an experienced and knowledgeable science teacher (he has a degree in physics and a PhD in chemistry), a qualified Association Football referee, a cricket Umpire and a Rugby Union Football referee. But there was another thing that uniquely characterised John: his ability to use computers to enhance the quality of teaching and to support individual learning.

He enjoyed the challenge of developing new approaches to individual learning and teaching, and he has done pioneer work in using ICT to implement such approaches. Doc Evans' students consistently achieved high grades in public exams and one of the reasons behind this success was John's ability to use computers to create a framework that allowed boys of all academic abilities to use their revision time effectively and prepare well for their exams.

He has been a helpful and supportive member of the Physics department, and all of us in the department have been grateful to him for allowing us free access to his large collection of VB Simulations, PowerPoint

presentations and HotPot tests. There isn't a boy at KES who has not benefited one way or another from the use of such teaching material.

Outside the laboratory John contributed to the school in numerous ways. He has refereed virtually every school rugby team from the under 12C's up to the 2nd XV with his usual brand of commonsense and knowledge of the laws. He has been totally reliable, not missing a single Saturday throughout the season and often refereeing two games in a one day. A massive commitment and effort.

He was always approachable and very accommodating. When Bob Turner would sent round a note asking colleagues for help in judging athletics matches, John would sent him back a blank piece of paper with the verbal message "Tell me when you want me, Bobbie". This generosity with his time was indeed the norm for John: over a number of years he has also been involved with the Engineering Education Scheme, where he has given generously of his Christmas holidays to look after KES boys attending workshops as part of their Engineering Projects. Because of his help and support the boys achieved some outstanding results in this scheme.

Now that he has retired from KES he will have plenty of time to do what he had always enjoyed doing: hunting for antique bargains in auctions and investing heavily in gold bullion. Within a year or two he will be well on his way to making his first million.

John, on behalf of the Physics Department and the Common Room, I wish you the best of luck in all your endeavours.

MD

JOHN CUMBERLAND HEAD OF GEOGRAPHY

John Cumberland has not retired; he has merely moved on to another job. When you first consider it, the transition from Head of Geography to Church of England Minister may not seem the most natural one, but when John appeared in school in his dog collar the day after having been ordained Deacon those who know him well simply smiled at how fitting it looked: JAC has always had something of the country parson about him. In paying tribute to John it therefore seemed appropriate to acknowledge a trinity of attributes that have made him an outstanding schoolmaster and Head of Department and will also, I am sure, make him an outstanding priest. They are three in one and one in three, a mysterious whole greater than the sum of the parts.

Firstly, there is John the father figure, the shepherd to the sometimes unruly Geographical flock. This is a role

that he carried out so naturally that once, on a Field Trip, SLJ accidentally referred to him as Dad! John has a father's seasoned wisdom of age yet has seemingly always been this way. This was John the guardian of staff development, of the quiet pastoral word, the concern for your welfare. But John the father figure was best revealed at Tuesday morning break each week in Geography Room A, presiding at the communion of KES Geography Staff. Often, we would seem to get nothing materially done, yet somehow, John would find the right tone, the right combination of furrowed brow, listening ear, funk-breaking humour and positive word to send us back out, revved-up once more to teach Geography as best we could. Generations of KES boys owe John a huge debt of gratitude for his role in fostering their interest in Geography. The Godfather of Geography has always encouraged his charges to aim heavenwards, and in a golden era under his leadership in the 1980s, KES Geography spawned a string of notable University researchers including Dan Brockington, Pete Neinow and Stuart Lane, now a Professor at Durham. There have also been trying times when John has required the strength of a father to carry on regardless - the tragic death of Nick Holliday brought the blackest of days - yet somehow John has always emerged steadfast, serene, weathered but never eroded.

Next, there is John the son, the man of youthful enthusiasm, the adventurer, the boyish wit. Connoisseurs of John's ways will have particularly noticed this creature in evidence on days when we are leaving on Field Trips: a faintly manic glint in the eye, a noticeable extra bounce in the step. This is John the lover of the outdoors, who liked nothing more than to drag groups of boys to weird and wonderful places: Cumbie, the Founder of the KES Fellwalking Society, the leader of sailing trips. And with those who know him best, both staff and students, laughter is never far away with John because he is the most deadpan of leg pullers, a willing and knowing stooge and a lover of the whimsical, the ridiculous, the flight of fancy. Part of this whimsy were the catch phrases: "And the alert Geographer will have noticed that....."; there were the ingenious devices for grabbing boys' attention: "Only students aiming for an A* need listen to this next bit so if you're a lower tier geographer just get on with something else quietly."; and the Victorian parlour games that somehow attracted cultish devotion and generated riot: Name That Town, The Whitby Challenge, Guess the Pudding, The Magic Lantern Show.

Finally, we come to John the spirit, the man of clear educational principles who lives and breathes that perspective. It is an outlook rooted in John's natural habitat, the North: the best kind of steely cussedness, and a suspicion of the follies of institutions and those who manage them. For many years, John performed that most useful of roles as a Head of Department, as a wise provider of checks and balances in the system. He has been our Green Cross Code Man, urging us to stop, look, listen and think: cautious but optimistic, generously willing to embrace the new, yet wary of

fad and fashion. But there has always been a deeper, spiritual set of values underpinning John's educational philosophy as well. It is a spirit that says that life led at 100 miles an hour can, if we are not careful, diminish us all, lead to carelessness in our relationships, lead to us prioritising that which seems urgent over that which is truly important. It is a spirit, at a time when we all (colleagues and boys) find ourselves seemingly ever more time-poor and stretched, that calls us to find time to think, to reflect. To meditate or pray. To find escape. It is the still small voice of calm, insistent that we see more from the slow-moving boat.

As John Cloughton has said publicly, for 28 years John Cumberland ran not just one of the great departments of KES, but one of the great school Geography Departments of this country. That is some record but his great works are not finished yet, and it is with grateful thanks and many happy memories that we all wish John the very best for the clerical life ahead.

JPS



STAN OWEN
CLASSICS

Deep in the Classical Corridor, and especially in G3, the past is all around you. Old pictures, fine prints, sketches and photographs on the walls; old books, rare editions, stacked high on the shelves and bookcases, classics in every sense. No longer present is the cheery, red-cheeked grin with extravagant gesticulations of hand; or the voice resonating down the corridor, or the old leather brief case. The surroundings - books and pictures - represent part of the tangible legacy of Stanley Owen and some of his real interests: but there was much more than this to the man who served as Head of Classics for almost 30 years at King Edward's School and who left an indelible mark on the school, the department and all the boys privileged to be taught by him.

Stan was Coventry born and bred, an old boy of King Henry VIII School and graduate of St John's College, Oxford. His East Midlands roots perhaps made it inevitable that he would always keep his feet firmly on the ground: for Stan, a scholar and academic, never lost the common touch. Arriving at KES in 1981 he soon gained a reputation as a "whizz kid" (George Andronov's words) with energy and new ideas. When

IT arrived in the 1990s, Stan was ahead of the game, using computers regularly to enhance lessons at a time when most of us were learning how to plug them in. He presided over a department that was both relatively stable in terms of personnel and extremely successful. During his reign, many pupils gained entrance to Oxbridge colleges, some going the whole distance. Those who didn't achieve these accolades still enjoyed (and certainly remembered) being taught by Stan. Stan, however, was no narrow elitist when it came to education: indeed, he believed that a classical education, with its focus on word-meanings in particular and communication in general, gave essential empowerment to pupils from less privileged backgrounds. To this end, he was a regular contributor at Latin Summer Schools held in the more insular parts of the Black Country, and inspired many pupils to take the language further. He was rightly angered at the demise of Classics in local schools, not least in schools of this Foundation - and he risked his own career to say so.

So what was it like to be taught by SFO? Ask any of his pupils and they will agree that it was not an experience you were likely to forget. Most lessons were characterised by the 'SFO Digression'. This was truly Herodotean in magnitude and could take off in any direction- hotels, the stock market, motor bikes, marriage (he never married), old films, old books: Stan found images and analogies everywhere to illustrate a topic and one thing led to another. He even turned the study of a routine passage from the Cambridge Latin Course into a betting game for the Removes. I was always amazed: how did he get through the syllabus? And how did his pupils achieve such consistently good results when two thirds of a lesson was given over to other things? I suppose he was efficient: he got his audience's attention and everything they needed to know went in after that. But few could make it look so easy.

In truth, Stan was one of the most natural teachers I have ever seen: the voice, the easy command of both subject and audience, he looked totally at home doing what he did. Yes, his pupils were entertained in lessons, but never at the expense of receiving detailed, thoroughly prepared notes and clear, robust teaching. Nor could they get away with sloppy learning or presentation: Stan, a professional who knew his stuff, expected high standards from them in return. The Fellows, Doctors and other classicists from KES, some of whom are still at the top of their field, did not achieve their greatness without a massive slice of help from SFO. It wasn't an easy ride for all boys. The ones who dared to eat, or drop litter, in the G corridor were quickly reformed. "You! What's your name? See me in G3 at 1.30!" Stan would not tolerate slovenliness - but the pupils knew where they stood. Likewise, his earthy humour in class occasionally (or often) pushed the boundaries of political correctness -but the majority loved it. Stan was the master of the wind-up, regularly leaving the more gullible pupils in a state of utter



perplexity (the easiest victim being any Shell boy awaiting his medical). Over the years, Stan played up increasingly to his own reputation- and so the stories and myths about him became self-perpetuating. However, beneath it all Stan really cared about his pupils as he did about his subject. His 6th Form tutees in particular received as much attention in the form of advice, practice interviews and feedback on work as they could have wished for - and more, in fact, because Stan was in G3 every lunchtime and often at break too. As a Head of Department, just as with his pupils, Stan showed a real concern for those in his care. His touch was light; he allowed people to do things in their own way, trusting their professional ability, but he was always supportive. Not a 'trips' man himself ("nearly lost a boy once...") he was, nonetheless, very appreciative of the excursions to Pompeii and Greece led by Phil Lambie and George Worthington. Sadly, all our attempts to drag Stan himself beyond these shores ended in failure. Stan stayed with his roots.

Outside lessons, Stan pursued a multitude of interests. A trainer of lifeguards and first-aiders, his natural teaching and organisational skills benefited countless boys and girls. A true bibliophile, he collected books and wrote his own too. As a leading expert on the North East and Hadrian's Wall he spent a great deal of time there, setting up and running a Heritage Centre. Old pictures, prints, picture-framing, photography - the list is endless.

Always quietly working behind the scenes, always the same, Stan came to represent a rock of stability in a tide of change. His love of the ridiculous, his irreverent but compelling sense of humour, his healthy scepticism (some might say cynicism), made Stan someone you could turn to for advice, for a chat - or just a good belly laugh: in short, a true and loyal friend to all who knew him. It is strange to peer into G3, his spiritual home, and not see him there, sitting at the computer, fine-tuning his latest notes on Cicero, or going over a UCAS application with one of his Form, or simply talking to them about life, surrounded by the books which are in many ways like the man himself: rare editions, collectors' items, now out of print. He has earned his retirement and we wish him well - in Coventry, at the St Kilda Hotel in Llandudno, or wherever his travels take him. But Stan, beware - we shall be visiting you!

It is perhaps fitting to finish with the words inscribed on a tankard presented to him by the Classical Divisions on his last day of teaching:

"Hic vir, hic est. This, this is the man. Stan Owen- THE legend."

LWE



GEORGE ANDRONOV DEPUTY CHIEF MASTER

From the very beginning George Andronov's was a life less ordinary. He was born in January 1945, the child of two Russians who had been liberated from the Germans. He was born to his parents whilst their destiny was at stake, and his birth changed that destiny. Without George, they would have been shipped back to Russia under the Yalta Agreement and faced almost certain death. With George, a British citizen, as a son, they were allowed to stay.

It's fair to say that George was probably a bright little boy. At the age of 11, the limitations of his English excluded him from a short-sighted Dulwich College, but he was bright enough to get into Selhurst Grammar School Croydon, bright enough to get A grades at "A" Level and grade 1s at "S" Level - those were the days - in Physics and Chemistry, bright enough to get a First class degree in Physics at Imperial, and bright enough to do research at the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. So, when George arrived as Head of Physics from Manchester Grammar School, King Edward's gained a jewel without price, albeit rough-hewn in places and with some sharp edges. Woe betide the Chief Master who took George on about his appearance, or about his non-attendance at assembly (or even Speech Day), or about the Common Room television set.

George's career of 34 years and 1 term at King Edward's brought him the great offices of state: Head of Physics

from the start and Head of Science from 1979, in a school where science has been the big beast, the Science Common Room has been the big zoo and the Head of Science has been head of the herd. He was also an occasionally militant Chairman of the Common Room for over a decade. And in September 1997 he succeeded David Buttress as Deputy Chief Master, an unexpected, if visionary, selection.

However, George wasn't really about offices of state. George's character, George's values, George's intellect, George's laughter permeated this school. His qualities showed themselves in manifold different ways. He was a brilliant teacher not only of brilliant boys – of whom he has seen quite a few – but also of less able boys – of whom he has seen about as many. He was always meticulous in his teaching, his marking and his care for the individual: there was no finer sight than George in his office, working away on the whiteboard just above his giant's sliderule with a boy in need of guidance. It was that care for the individual pupil which generated, in his final two years, the wondrous invention of the Train for the slow-traveller, but it was George's humour and personal relations with the boys that kept it on track.

George's love for the boys and passion for their success and welfare was visible every second of his long day. His achievement as an administrator was less obvious: he was so quick and clever that he did it all easily. George's art was in concealing his art, or science. Whatever number you wanted, however you wanted it done, whenever you wanted it, there it was and there it was clear and right. It seemed more magic than science. And George cared passionately about getting things right for the boys: ponder his anxiety over Speech Day.

George was a school master who would do anything for anyone: after all, he was in charge of golf here for some time. He was a Major in the CCF for ten years, despite the limitations of his early marching; he ran rugby and athletics teams; he toured with the rugby team; he would drive a minibus for anyone. He was always there.

However, for all his legendary gifts to the boys, George did just as much for us grown-ups, all of us who worked here. Uncle George, in his office and in the Bell and in the Selly Park Tavern and on the touchline and in the Chief Master's study and in Lesley's office, could provide everything that a grown-up could ask for: an ear to listen, the richness of his own experience, a joke or a story, an intellect of great breadth and curiosity, a place to vent fury, a place for a good argument. And, if I am allowed to break this narrative frame, no Chief Master - or Chief Master's family - arriving in this school, or any other school, could ever have had a more intelligent, questioning, loyal, supportive, funny - and occasionally bloody-minded - Deputy. None of the changes in recent times - the IB Diploma, the changes to admissions, the Performing Arts Centre - could have been contemplated or implemented without the inimitable dialectic that George provided.

George loved this school with a fiery passion, and the school, its staff, its pupils, its parents, loved him back. The only thing that George loved more than this school was his family: his mother who, having seen so much, died in the summer of 2010; Maeve, his wife of almost infinite patience and infinite generosity; and his children and his grandchildren. The school is now having to struggle on without him. And his family is now having to struggle on with him. We wish them luck.

JC





FEATURES



LEADERSHIP: THE SENIORS

Year after year the Leadership option steps out from the nerve-centre that is Geography Room B, and tries to go a little further than before: this year's innovation was the option's inaugural EDGE Festival, which took place on Friday 26 March. I want to begin this report by thanking the members of staff involved with Leadership: Mr Roll, Mr Smith, Mr Spencer, and Miss Macmillan have been a huge part of keeping the option going throughout the years, and thanks should also go to Miss Khan and Mr Loveday, who both supported the UM teaching team this year.

Sixth Form Instructors are the heart of Leadership: they determine the direction of the option and pour (or maybe, for some, dribble) their creativity into designing each week afternoons which either wow the crowds and keep them coming back for more or... err... don't. Highlights of our year at the helm must include Sam Peat's 'Emergency Services' afternoon, Samir Ahmad's 'Saboteur' afternoon, Alex McPherson's 'Monopoly Extravaganza' and Naman Gupta's Gordon-Ramsey-style 'F Word' afternoon. It's been a long year, and afternoons have fluctuated between rock-bottom (Pav's spin off of the Marines Afternoon?) and excellent. At the risk of imitating an Oscars acceptance speech, I would like to thank some of the Sixth for special efforts throughout the year: it really is a long slog, as Mr Roll said at the back end of the Divisions, and it was definitely harder than I expected. Anyway, thank you to Gareth Davies, Samir Ahmad, Sam Hobbs, Lawrence Pardoe, Rory Singh, and Sam Newton. Thank you to Rohin Maini, our Head of Resources: you've done the barrels, planks, pens, and paper proud, and you've been key to the progress of the year. And last of all, thank you to Aakash Patel and Sam Peat, which leads me nicely onto the EDGE Festival...

Wow. £2,000 from the City Council, 860 Krispy Kremes, one huge success. I can't exaggerate the effort that Aakash, Sam, and I put into the EDGE Festival. If it hadn't been for the spark and determination of Aakash and the persistence and tenacity of Sam, the KES Leadership Class of 2010 wouldn't have had half the impact on King Edward's that it has. It took a lot of time, and we lost our social lives for a few months, but at the end of the day we achieved what during cold November break times sceptics told us we wouldn't. We've started something which will, we hope continue for years to come: our own miniature legacy within the walls of King Edward's.

The departing Sixth Form have come a long way throughout the four years of Leadership, and I can honestly say, looking back on it, that I wouldn't change the people I spent my year in charge with. I may have moaned about plans or, more likely, about my failure to get the notice board looking good, but it's rewarding to look back and see how the year unfolded. The Sixth Form leave the option looking extremely healthy, and in the highly talented hands of Joe Hobbs and his team.

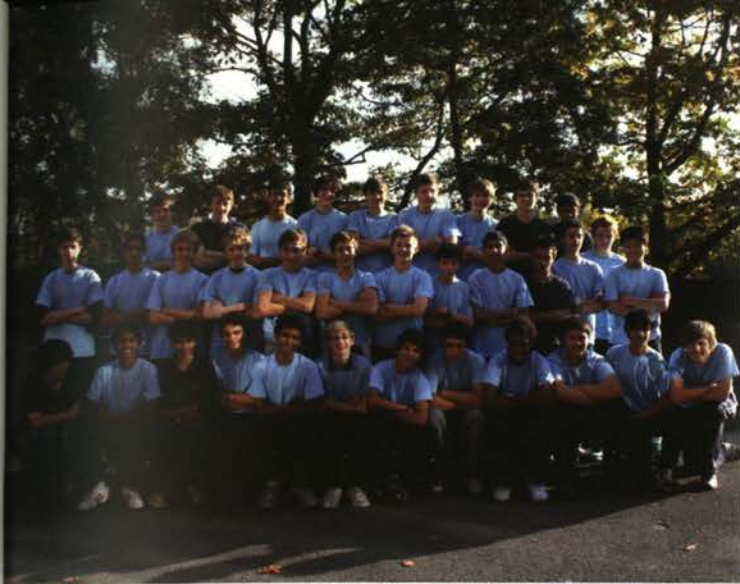
Alex McPherson

LEADERSHIP: THE FIFTHS

We started the year with our residential in the darkest depths of Herefordshire. This was without a doubt the hardest challenge that Leadership had ever thrown at us, up to that point. We were greeted by a gigantic high ropes and assault course that could only be successfully completed through teamwork, co-operation and leadership. When nightfall came, we were taught basic survival skills before each group had to make shelters and fires with only the most basic materials in a very short period of time. Boys being boys, this eventually resulted in everyone putting their fires together to make something of a bonfire.

The next day we went out to the Brecon Beacons to enjoy a day of hill walking, cycling and raft building which required us all to use the skills we had been developing in the classroom since the 4ths. The weekend was a great success and one of the highlights of the year: it gave us the opportunity to practice what we had been learning and, as a consequence, everyone grew in both confidence and ability.





This new found confidence resulted in much more productive and high quality Friday afternoons at school, meaning that everyone began to get more enjoyment from the option. By the time the Edge festival came around at the very end of the year, it was no longer a case of sitting back and being told what to do; everyone was taking 'a hands on' approach and trying to get involved.

Over the year our public speaking and planning of afternoons improved. Thanks are due to the Sixth form - who managed to handle the unfortunate job of teaching us! The next step on our journey to becoming leaders awaits us next year; let's hope it will be as good as this one.

Ed Jackson

LEADERSHIP: THE FOURTHS

Leadership has helped many Fourths to stay sane during the stresses of the year, and released their tension productively. Every Friday afternoon, themed tasks have been set by our capable Sixth Formers to challenge our 'Delegation, Communication and Time Management' skills. We all began the year expecting no more than a fun way to spend our Fridays, but as weeks went by and activities got harder, we began to appreciate the work that was put into every afternoon. The fact that we kept applying the 'Delegation, Communication and Time Management' Rule meant that it actually sank into all of us, whether it was subconsciously or knowingly! The fun and activities weren't all in classrooms; a Paintballing trip allowed us the thrill of getting shot at by extremely powerful guns, and we learnt to lead under intense pressure.

A highlight of the Fourths year was the EDGE Festival, a new and, hopefully, annual festival held by Leadership to represent our school to the rest of "EDGE"baston. We set up stalls to entertain primary school children and our own Lower School: it may sound simple, but it was not. Our organization skills were really pushed to the extreme here. Everyone involved in the Leadership option was made to work beyond the normal Friday Afternoon to support this event. Hours after school were necessary if we were to provide an entertaining afternoon for other kids. It was a huge step for the Fourths, as we had only experienced being taught and led: the fact that we were made to swap roles with the teachers put our true Leadership skills to the test. It was only group preparation that made the project such a success: my own team held a 'Teacher-Sponging' activity and, it has to be said, attracted the most attention. Seeing teachers suffer a sponge in the face could not be more satisfying. The image of Ms Leivers squirming because of her flooded waterproof will stay with me forever... it was priceless... Overall, the EDGE Festival was only a success due to the determination of all years, perhaps especially the Fourths as we contributed a lot and so had a lot to learn from this. We all participated willingly, and were definitely not enticed by winning Krispy Kremes for 'Best Presentation'.

It has sometimes been thought that Leadership is an easy option, but the Fourths Leadership course could not have made more evident that this belief was wrong. Competitive work is necessary to succeed, but so is a sense of fun. Even through weekly enjoyment we all learn something valuable, that we can apply later in life too. The Leadership option I experienced as a Fourth really was memorable and really did highlight that people who are willing to work in a group and generally try their best do well in the long run.

Salman Razi



DIVISIONS' LEADERSHIP RESIDENTIAL

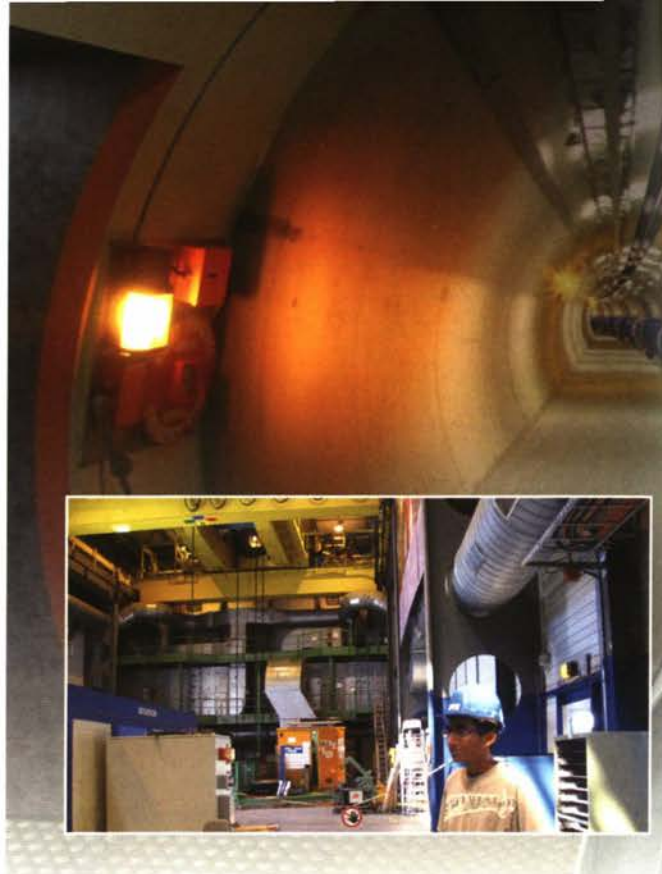
By the time it came to March and our final residential weekend as members of KES Leadership, an extremely fruitful year under the tuition of Rory and Sam was nearing a fitting climax.

Upon our arrival in the middle of Herefordshire, we were immediately split into teams of four and given instructions for our first activity; a test of our ability to decipher some fairly cryptic questions, handed to us by Mr Roll, by sprinting from point to point. The evening ended with a game of football played in some pretty awful light but with some far from awful performances from the members of Divs' Leadership.

The first half of the demanding second day involved games that tested our logical thinking, our physical endurance and our ability to paddle a canoe. The second half of the day was quite possibly the hardest part of the weekend: it involved being dropped off in the middle of nowhere, alone, and completing a scavenger hunt that involved having to cover 5 – 10 km in just a couple of hours. The final day saw everyone split into two groups, and a massive relay race, involving running and long stretches of canoeing, ensued. The emphasis was on preparation before executing a group plan; it was a great test of our teamwork.

Everybody had been challenged by the tasks set and I can personally say I learned a lot from this trip. I think everyone came out of it with their heads held high, knowing they had risen to the challenge. Great thanks must go to Mr Roll, Mr Smith and Mrs Burnett who came to supervise the boys and girls on the trip. Also, thanks must go to Alex, Rory and Sam who gave up their oh-so-precious weekends to be with us. All of your sacrifices were greatly appreciated.

Joe Hobbs



VISIT TO THE LARGE HADRON COLLIDER

Black holes at the LHC—they're going to destroy the world! Or so some claimed during the startup of the world's largest particle accelerator at CERN on the Franco-Swiss border. I had the amazing opportunity to work at the LHC facility in Geneva, under Prof. Bowcock, an Old Edwardian. Needless to say, I learnt a great deal about the workings of the universe and was even given a project: to see whether it would actually be possible to form and then detect tiny black holes.

On the sightseeing side, I had the opportunity to visit the sites of the ATLAS and LHCb sites. Roughly speaking, ATLAS is looking for new particles whilst LHCb investigates why there is more matter than anti-matter in the universe – and why, therefore, contrary to what physicists might expect, we actually exist.

My exploration of the surface site yielded a view of the 'Red Button' panel, with buttons labeled, somewhat menacingly, 'Emergency Cavern Evacuation' and 'Emergency General Experiment Stop', which of course I posed next to whilst pretending to press. The LHCb surface also offered a view of the radiation-hazard area that the beam is in (it is impossible to visit the 'pit' when the beam is on, as the radiation would kill you in two minutes flat): doors armed with retinal scanners and ID-badge chips and signs professing doom to any who trespass.

On the theoretical side, I was able to conclude that it is indeed possible to create small black holes in the LHC, provided that the universe exists in 10 dimensions. This is not as ridiculous as it sounds. If the universe did exist in 10D, I was able to deduce, with the help of the team, what the signature of such a black hole would be, and



only past the first round, but all the way to the Bank of England itself for the final round of the competition - a first in KES history.

By the final round our mentalities had changed. We really wanted to win because we had actually begun to love the challenge itself. Having to present and justify our recommendations to world famous economists really made us feel that what we had to say was important and it helped to strengthen our knowledge of economics by bringing what we had learned in the classroom into the real world.

The final itself was spread over two days. During the first day, among other things, we were given a tour of the Bank of England and its museum, where we were allowed to see special rooms which the general public don't have access to, and which even most of the staff don't have permission to enter. We even got to hold bricks of gold worth up to £500,000 each.

The second day was the real crunch day: we would finally give our presentation. However, despite the daunting task ahead of us, we remained reasonably calm during the night before, trying to reflect upon all that we had done and seen during the day.

Unfortunately we didn't do quite enough to win. Even so, we were very satisfied with our performance and how the competition had turned out. As a team we developed a new sense of confidence and gained presentational skills which will undoubtedly prove invaluable in later life; but it has to be said that the icing on the cake was the runner-up prize of £250 each and a notebook computer for each team member and their teacher.

We would like to thank Mr Mason for all the help he gave us during the competition, and wish the next Target 2.0 team every success.

Faiz Haq

I was offered the tantalising possibility of returning to CERN next summer to actually get some detector-time and look for a black hole.

So, certainly an enthralling and exciting visit, complete with the cheap physics jokes (have you heard the one about the quantum physicist?)... If you'd like a copy of my 'paper', which summarises how these black holes would be created and theoretically detected, please email me at fernandob@pupils.kes.org. But don't worry. We should be safe from those black holes. Unless my calculations are wrong. What did I get in my maths GCSE? Uh-huh. Well. Oh dear. Good luck....

Ben Fernando

TARGET TWO POINT ZERO

In September 2009, four boys (Amrit Chahal, Gaurav Kumar, Rohin Maini and Faiz Haq) were given the chance to participate in the national interest rate challenge, 'Target Two Point Zero' run by the Bank of England and The Times. This involves having to create a presentation which analyses the state of the UK and international economy, make predictions as to how we believe things will change, and then advise a panel of judges from the Bank of England on monetary policy.

To be perfectly honest, we first thought of this as more of a chore than an opportunity. The added workload it represented was overwhelming alongside regular school work and the pressures of Oxbridge preparations. In the beginning we even joked about purposely doing badly so that we would not get through the first round and would not have to do any more work for it; but of course, we were only joking; our pride wouldn't let that happen. With the guidance of Mr Mason and help from Mr Coverdale, we managed to make our way not



THE LIVING HISTORY GROUP

We started re-enactment at King Edward's with three boys and one girl some ten years ago, and had to borrow shoes and most of the clothes. Now we have over forty boys and girls in full medieval kit, together with a medieval tented encampment, a trebuchet, a kitchen and merchants' stalls displaying furs, spices and silks. Over the past decade we have spent approximately six months in the Middle Ages. We have presented the past to a man and his dog at Stafford Castle on a freezing Spring morning and to a crowd of three thousand in summer sunshine at Sheffield. Since we began well over two hundred pupils have taken part, and every year we increase our range of activities and are invited to more events.

This year has been our busiest yet. English Heritage invited us to help celebrate St George's Day at Wrest Park, and we will be at the Festival of History at Kelmarsh, their annual flagship event. We took the side of the Sheriff of Nottingham at the Robin Hood Festival in Rufford and then went on to besiege the Tower of London. After having fun there in 2008, we returned to the Danish Middle Ages Centre with a dozen boys and girls for ten days at the end of the summer holidays. This year we will have completed about ten public events involving all the members of the group in about forty days of re-enactment, almost all of which will be at weekends or in the holidays.

What surprises our 'employers' is how well the boys and girls interact with the public, demonstrating and explaining an extraordinary range of skills and activities. There are no equivalent adult groups



that attempt such a range. We have scribes and herbalists, siege engineers, archers, swordsmen, minters, spinsters and cooks, all able to fulfil several roles. A member of the group can be demonstrating the use of the long sword one moment and explaining the workings of the medieval fur trade the next. The only thing we don't do is dance: I fear that that may be a step too far.

Now that we have got our kitchen up and running, capable of providing us with hot food all day, our next big project is to build our own bread oven and a siege crossbow. This year we have had a dozen sessions with an experienced swordsman, laying down the foundations for a new range of skills. None of this would have been possible without the continuing support of the parents and the school. As Ron Gardiner, the Design Department technician, retires, I would like to thank him for all the help and advice that he has given us. His support made many of our major projects, such as the trebuchet and the crossbow, possible; and he has helped us in innumerable ways to keep going. His unstinting support, craftsmanship and good humour have been essential to our success and we wish him great happiness in his well-earned retirement.

JPD





LIVING HISTORY TAKES ON THE TOWER

On Friday 28th May the Living History Group travelled to The Tower of London, one of the world's most prestigious historical sites, for three days of activities. Setting up our equipment on Friday evening proved challenging, although we had some "cheeky" spectators' comments to keep us going. Everyone worked really hard as a team and we arrived back at our accommodation, the Chalets of Lea Valley, around midnight, tired and hungry. The girls' chalet doubled as the general feeding station, and very busy it was too! The next morning London traffic meant our journey to the Tower took about an hour (with the aid of a make-shift sat-nav) but that was much preferable to travelling by train and tube in our medieval attire! London is full of the weird and wonderful, so we probably would have gone unnoticed or passed as a religious sect, but Mr Davies spared our blushes. (Thank you!)

The weather on Saturday was cool, damp and wet for most of the day but the number of spectators wasn't compromised. Visitors from all over the world come to the Tower no matter what the weather. They come to see the Tower itself, the Beefeaters, us, and maybe the noisy Sealed Knot's Civil War displays too!

Our trebuchet firing was very impressive, our archery quite accurate (considering the strong winds coming off the Thames) and our cooking very tasty. The spinning went well, as did the silks and furs and spice displays. The board games proved entertaining for a surprisingly large number of visitors and we showed off our drill and skill at arms like true professionals. Throughout the day we had hundreds of people peering down into the moat to watch us!

Damp, tired and hungry, we trundled back to the chalets to recover: there was a lot to discuss, along with the high point of the evening; the Eurovision Song



Contest. As you can guess, this led to another late night (although there was another very early start!)

The weather was a lot kinder the next couple of days, so things were busier and more hectic than ever. It was nice to see some past members and families arrive to support us and enjoy a weekend in London. Talking to tourists, some of us were able to practise our language skills around the camp and even direct visitors around London! Somehow we found time to go behind the scenes at the Tower: we visited the original bedchamber of Edward I (not on display to the public) and we minted coins on the original site of the Royal Mint to take home as souvenirs.

We had a great time, good company (even making friends with a couple of Beefeaters) and a lot of fun. Thanks to Mr Davies and Miss Asher for making this fantastic trip possible!

NO COALITION, NO COMPROMISE: THE KES PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION 2010

A week is a long time in politics. In the case of this election a week and a bit of campaigning were all there was, but as a candidate I can confirm that that period lasted forever, spiralling into the adrenalin-rush of election day before being abruptly ended at the count. Prior to the commencement of campaigning, there was a quiet optimism amongst the candidates for the three "mainstream" parties, with some going so far as to speculate whether national trends would influence the KES electorate, and wondering which weighty issue would sway the sensible voters. Alas, we had not reckoned on the dawning of a new era of politics; Ikash Chata's Punjab Party showed itself to have a particular appeal to the more credulous voter.

A couple of days of poster skirmishing between Labour and the Tories went apparently unnoticed by the rest of the school, whose interest, instead, lay in the Punjab Party's sweeping propaganda offensive; with posters proclaiming that, contrary to rumour, it sought to appeal to all demographics. At the same time, a bizarre and sometimes shocking series of posters began to swamp the noticeboards, encouraging pupils to "Vote Anarchy", whereby voters would show their desire for chaos and complete self-expression by uniformly writing the anarchist "A" on the ballot. Despite the the fury of the IT department on discovering just how many of these posters had been printed, their supply was undiminished until the election itself (and accompanied by huge banners strung up entirely surreptitiously...)

Despite the best efforts of the unnamed Anarchist, the hustings, held in Big School on the Monday before the election, confirmed that KES would soon experience a landslide victory. The crowd had cheered on the Punjab Party's sweeping vision of change for our society, including free food and drugs for all. Although the Labour and Conservative candidates debated more politically minded matters, the audience came to the sensible conclusion that Ikash was more likely to deliver on free Subway meals than Labour or the Conservatives were to deliver us from Britain's debt. As the Conservative candidate, I can honestly say that I have never spoken before a more terrifying and astute audience: if only it had been present for the televised leaders' debates!

At any rate, polling day threw up few surprises. The Punjab Party won by a storm, with more than half of the ballots. Next came a valiant effort by James Mackay (Lib Dem) with 121, which doubtless reflected his personal charisma and the long-term popularity of his party at KES. I limped in with 97, in third place. Unfortunately the tireless work ethic of Alex Wakelam for Labour went in vain, as, despite last-minute cake hand-outs, he only secured 44 votes, even fewer than the Anarchists. All the candidates accepted the results

with good grace, and Ikash gave a stirring speech, thanking his 'First Lady' Rohan, before resigning as MP for KES just after accepting the honour in Big School. All of the candidates would like to thank Mr Mason and Mr Smith for organising the election and giving us a chance to see what politics is really like: full of huge egos and large lies, though interspersed with the occasional, hilarious anomaly.

Gregory Stacey, Conservative Candidate.

THE GENERAL ELECTION 2010: KES PRE-ELECTION DEBATE

When this year's televised election debates began, many of you may have felt a sense of occasion and sat down hoping to witness a momentous event in British political history. After ninety minutes of cliché, repetition and waffle (if you'd managed to last that long) you probably felt rather disappointed (unless you're Nick Clegg's mother). But King Edward's sought to end the apathy (among its non-voters) by holding its traditional pre-election debate, less than twenty-four hours before the polls opened, albeit not televised to the nation. Our very own Jonathan Dimbleby Mr Stacey chaired a panel of six, including our three mock election candidates, Greg Stacey (Conservative), Alex Wakelam (Labour) and James Mackay (Lib Dem), alongside Mr Mason (Head of Economics), 'I'm left of Stalin' Chemistry teacher Mr Symonds and wild card Frank Lawton. The panel fielded questions on a wide variety of topics from the lively sixty-plus audience, on topics ranging from immigration and Europe to the British economy. As expected, we were a full thirty seconds into the debate before Mr Symonds blamed Margaret Thatcher for the country's recent woes.

There were particularly feisty exchanges over the issue of Trident's abolition. Greg surprised the audience by emerging as a staunchly maverick abolitionist on moral grounds, while Frank argued that although the use, and hence the retention, of atomic weapons was morally questionable, in the real world they were sadly necessary as an important card on the negotiating table. Alex and James proposed complete abolition on the grounds that Britain was hardly a world player anyway, and should try to set an example. Unlike in the television debates, we couldn't "agree with Nick" as he had failed to show up, so everyone went away still arguing, not knowing which side had won. King Edward's once again leads the way in political forecasting.

Frank Lawton

COT FUND

The Autumn Term saw the first of the popular Non-Uniform days, and the boys of Shell B raised over £500 with a sponsored swim. In December a fit of madness led to two Fifth formers raising £100 by going into Birmingham city centre dressed only in their swimming trunks. Fortunately we have no photographic evidence of this. The climax of the term's fundraising was the Christmas Fair, which saw Big School crammed with a veritable cornucopia of games and stalls (many of them food-related). Even Father Christmas and his elves put in an appearance. This orgy of conspicuous consumption raised a record £1,700. The charities supported in the Autumn Term were the Acorns Children's Hospice, the Alzheimer's Society and Water Aid.

In the Spring Term the earthquake in Haiti provoked an instant response, over £2,000 being raised to help victims. More than £600 of this was raised by Morgan Hirsch's shaving his head, and one pupil donated £200 he had been saving in small change for several years. February saw the first ever KES Readathon, organised by Ms Allen. Shells and Rems battled it out to read the most, and to raise the most for Cot Fund. The truly amazing total of £3,700 was raised, and an awful lot of books were read. A Non-Uniform Day with a difference raised £800: the difference was that the Sixth form turned up in fancy dress! The Leadership Edge Festival was great fun, featuring events such as sumo wrestling and Soak the Teacher, and it raised £200. Charities supported in the Spring Term were Edward's Trust, NSPCC and UNICEF.

In a Summer Term dominated by exams, the first ever Cot Fund Summer Fair was held. On a smaller scale than the Christmas Fair, boys flocked to South Field to try their luck at stalls including umbrella golf, the popular



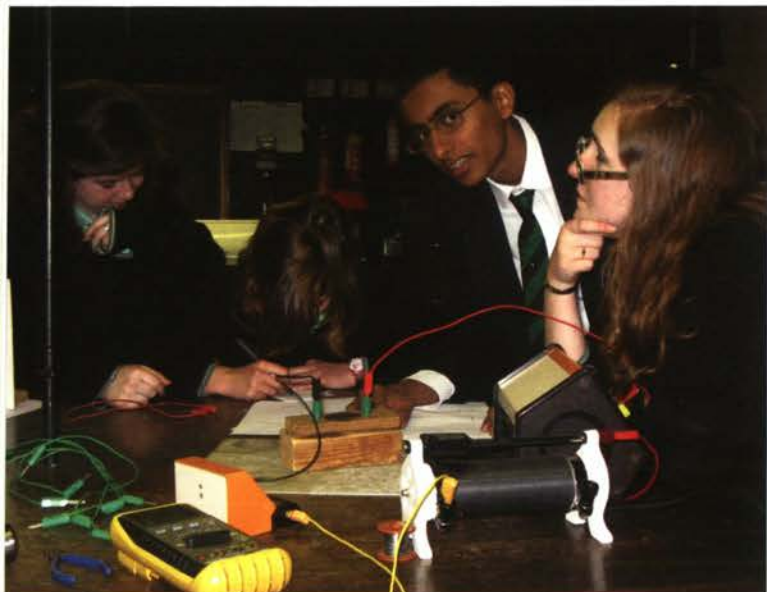
Whack-a-Rem and a tropical fruit shy. Mr Davies and his merry men introduced boys to the delights of archery, and the science technicians offered us umbrella golf, lucky straws and a "Who's the Baby?" competition, in which photos were displayed of members of staff in all their infant glory. For the more energetic there was a penalty shoot-out competition and a table tennis tournament, where Mr Wong showed off his prowess. Fuelling all this frantic activity were non-alcoholic cocktails, ice creams, fizzy drinks and many, many cakes. The Fair raised over £450. Charities supported in the Summer Term were the Laurie Engel Fund, Macmillan Cancer Care and Sightsavers.

This year KES pupils have raised over £15,000 for Cot Fund – a record amount.

They have also had a huge amount of fun doing it, and have become more aware of the importance of helping others in life.

JLA





PINK, BLUE, BOYS AND GIRLS

-On an investigation into the gender-specific extents of the visible parts of the electromagnetic spectrum-

Very few scientific investigations seem to have been inspired by an episode of QI. This is one, a true credit to Stephen Fry's wit and intellect.

Ask anyone why girls are pink-preferers and boys are blue-babies and the answers vary, from sociological to evolutionary. I wondered, however, whether it might be because girls can actually see the red light part of the spectrum better- that is, further into the long wavelengths of the red - and boys further into the short wavelengths of the blue.

Needless to say, this was a somewhat difficult hypothesis to prove, involving many afternoons spent in the KES darkroom basement with an arrays of prisms, spectrometers, holographic diffraction gratings and guinea pigs of both genders.

At best, I could say that my results were somewhat inconclusive, though with more expensive equipment (hint, Mr Claughton!) more would be testable, and there is the tantalizing possibility of a further insight into the confusing world of the sexes.

On a whim, I submitted my experiment to the BBC Amateur Science competition, where it reached the final 10 of the thousand-plus entries submitted. Unfortunately, ideas too much like proper 'research proposals' were dismissed (the key's in the word "amateur", I guess!), and the BBC opted for more amateur proposals, such as a worthwhile investigation into whether bees give more honey if you sing to them.

Nonetheless, the idea got a discussion on the BBC Radio 4 program Material World and was even alluded to on the front page of the BBC Focus magazine (albeit with my text replaced!).

Thanks must go to Dr Daniel for helping me organise equipment, to the KES boys Peter Hodgkinson and Ben Dawes, my most reliable guinea pigs, and to KEHS's Naomi Harryman in particular, and Fran Rees also. Thanks, though, to all the boys and girls who participated: I assure you you will be mentioned in my Nobel Prize acceptance speech...

Ben Fernando

DEBATING

Were Eeyore to have commented on our recent debating form, he would doubtless have remarked, "Some seasons of debating are successful, and others are not - I'm not complaining, but there it is." This has been something of an annus horribilis for King Edward's debating, in which, despite the best efforts of Greg Stacey and Max Afnan in the first team, and parties of other debaters including Ed Siddons, Henry Tonks, Vishal Patil, and the commendably ever-present Matthew Bowker, KES failed to qualify for either the Oxford or the Cambridge finals days for the first time in fourteen years.

However, at its very termination, the season brought bright hope for future debating success, with Andrew Macarthur and Frank Lawton topping the novice tab and winning the competitive novice final at Durham, besting the school's first pair in the process.

Thanks go to Mr Stacey for persevering with the teams throughout a bleak period, and it is to be hoped that the gleam of fresh silverware from Durham (currently stuck in Dublin) will be a portent of future victories for a fresh generation of debaters.

Gregory Stacey





PERFORMANCE

SENIOR PRODUCTION 2010: HAIRSPRAY

Following the lofty tragic heights of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Great Expectations*, the musical extraordinaire that is *Hairspray* was bound to be different, if nothing else. Being an all-singing, all-dancing extravaganza with a cast large enough to overwhelm a small army, it presented considerable challenges in terms of choreography, let alone in those of overall production. In the weeks building up to final performances there were fears that the cast would not be ready, that the set might not be finished and that Mr Bartlett and Miss Proops might have breakdowns, having not left school at all for around three weeks.

However, such worries are an annual occurrence in the Drama department and, as ever, an astonishing performance was delivered. From Rosalind Urquhart's understated but deeply charming opening to the play's extravagant close, *Hairspray* entertained us. All principal actors impressed, whether with their vocal talents, a flair for dance, acting ability or, often, all three. Major highlights included Tom Anderson's incredible vocals as Link Larkin, Rosheen Iyer's stunning performance as Motormouth Maybelle and the side-splitting on-stage chemistry between Christopher Bland and Finn Milton's Edna and Wilbur Turnblad.



The memorable performances didn't stop there. Sarah Baghdadi's portrayal of the wonderfully neurotic Penny Pingleton, counterbalanced by Sam Newton's effortlessly cool Seaweed, made for some of the funniest and most uplifting moments of the show. Charlie Reilly as overbearing mother Velma von Tussle and Susie Quirke as her daughter Amber von Tussle were a pair of perfect comic villainesses. The charming Little Inez, played by Christie Phedon, alongside hilarious performances by Hannah Moreton as Prudy Pingleton, James Travers as Mr Spritzer and Ted Smith as Mr Pinky further added to the comedy. Last but not least was George Himms' exceptional performance as larger-than-life talent show host Corny Collins, a part seemingly made for him.



But *Hairspray* was not a play of principals alone: the company was far more than living breathing scenery. Providing perfectly tuned vocals and dynamic and impeccably timed dance routines, the company's performance alone stood testament to the colossal amount of hard work put into the show.

All involved should be proud of their contribution, including the talented orchestra and the stage crew who worked the backstage machine. In line with KES tradition, this gifted bunch put on a show that will be remembered for years to come. Finally, thanks and applause are deserved by Mr Monks as the Musical Director, and by Miss Proops and Mr Bartlett, the play's directors. Their time and effort clearly paid off in one of the most memorable and entertaining KES drama productions in recent years - no mean feat, I should add.

Edward Siddons



**JUNIOR PRODUCTION 2010:
HONK!**

Based on Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale *The Ugly Duckling*, *Honk!* is the story of Ugly, a duckling shunned by the other animals in the farmyard and his family for being different. Kidnapped by a hungry cat, Ugly escapes and attempts to return home, meeting many fascinating characters along the way including a pair of domesticated cats and a cheeky cockney bullfrog, before returning to the farm, where it is revealed that he has in fact been a swan all along.

Honk! was definitely a company show, but still allowed the principles to shine. Ugly was played by the rising star Nick Porter, who portrayed the naivety and innocence of the little duckling perfectly. Simon Kent, another future star, virtually stole the show with his performance of 'Warts and All'. Another great addition to the cast was Shell Joshua Kimblin, who took up the role of RAF Squadron Leader Greylag, with his outlandish and over the top goose proving an instant hit. Junior production stalwart Clement Chan provided light comedy as the Turkey. There were equally memorable performances from Saajan Jemahl, as the long suffering Drake, with his family of naughty ducklings, including Dev Soni and Srikar Karri. Anya Ryan's portrayal of Ida duck, the mother of Ugly, was moving, feisty and funny in turn, whilst Lily Davies brought an air of royalty to her Grace, the most distinguished Duck on the lake. Harriet Harkcom's tap dancing cat was dazzling, and her Tango with Lara De Vos as a besotted tabby who leaves her distraught partner Grace Mupanemunda was one of the show's highlights.





Overall, *Honk!* was a great success, showing just what KES Drama is capable of and also showing that there are many strong performers in the lower years. I look forward to seeing many of these talented performers on the KES stage in the years to come. As always, the band performed brilliantly under Mr Evans' guidance as Musical Director, while Miss Proops' simple but beautiful set, reminiscent of a children's book, harked back to the roots of the play. Finally thanks must be extended towards Mrs Herbert and Mr Evans, without whom the show could have never come to fruition. This year's production has been extraordinary and has shown the skill of the Drama department, which no doubt will go from strength to strength in future years.

Finn Milton



SHAKESPEARE SCHOOLS' FESTIVAL, OCTOBER 2009

October 2008 saw KES and KEHS participating in the Shakespeare Schools' Festival (SSF) for the first time under the direction of Mr Bartlett. One year later and performing *As You Like It*, pupils in the Fourths and Fifts from both schools (too old for Junior Production and mostly too young for Senior Production parts) took to the stage again in a fashion at least as successful as before.

The SSF aims to get people involved and interested in Shakespeare's works through half-hour abridgements of his plays: schools take part all across the country. The process began in the Summer Term with auditions and casting. The idea was that all lines be learnt over the summer and rehearsals begin immediately at the start of the Autumn Term. As the date of the performance drew nearer, the National Youth Theatre, which takes a keen interest in the SSF, ran workshops for all the performers. The lessons learnt here, especially about learning to question and understand the motives and emotions of our characters at every moment, were clearly important in the final performance at the Artrix theatre in Bromsgrove. That day in October was spent at the theatre doing technical and dress rehearsals and seeing the other two productions that would also be performed that night.

In the short space of thirty minutes, one of the biggest challenges facing all the performers was to develop our characters into more than an impression or caricature. That the organisers of the event heaped praise upon the subtlety of the cast's performance is a testament to what was achieved. With most of the cast on stage most of the time, a high level of focus was required at all times. The relationship between Orlando (Ed Ratcliff) and Rosalind (Alice Halstead) was wonderful to watch, funny and highly believable. Indeed, the strength of these individual performances, supported by the rest of an enthusiastic cast, drove the performance towards a cheerful wedding scene for all four of the play's pairs of lovers, a scene full of music and high spirits.

The audience at the Artrix was especially receptive: the evening, and the day of rehearsals before it, were tremendous fun. Thanks must go to Mr Bartlett for directing and bringing about another triumph.

Andrew Macarthur

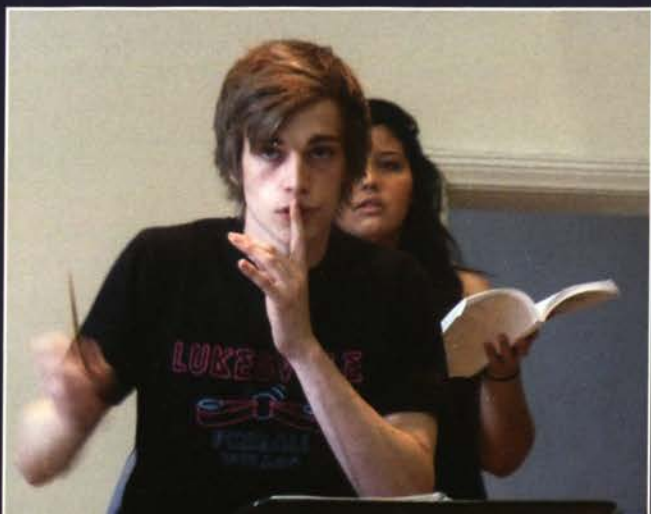


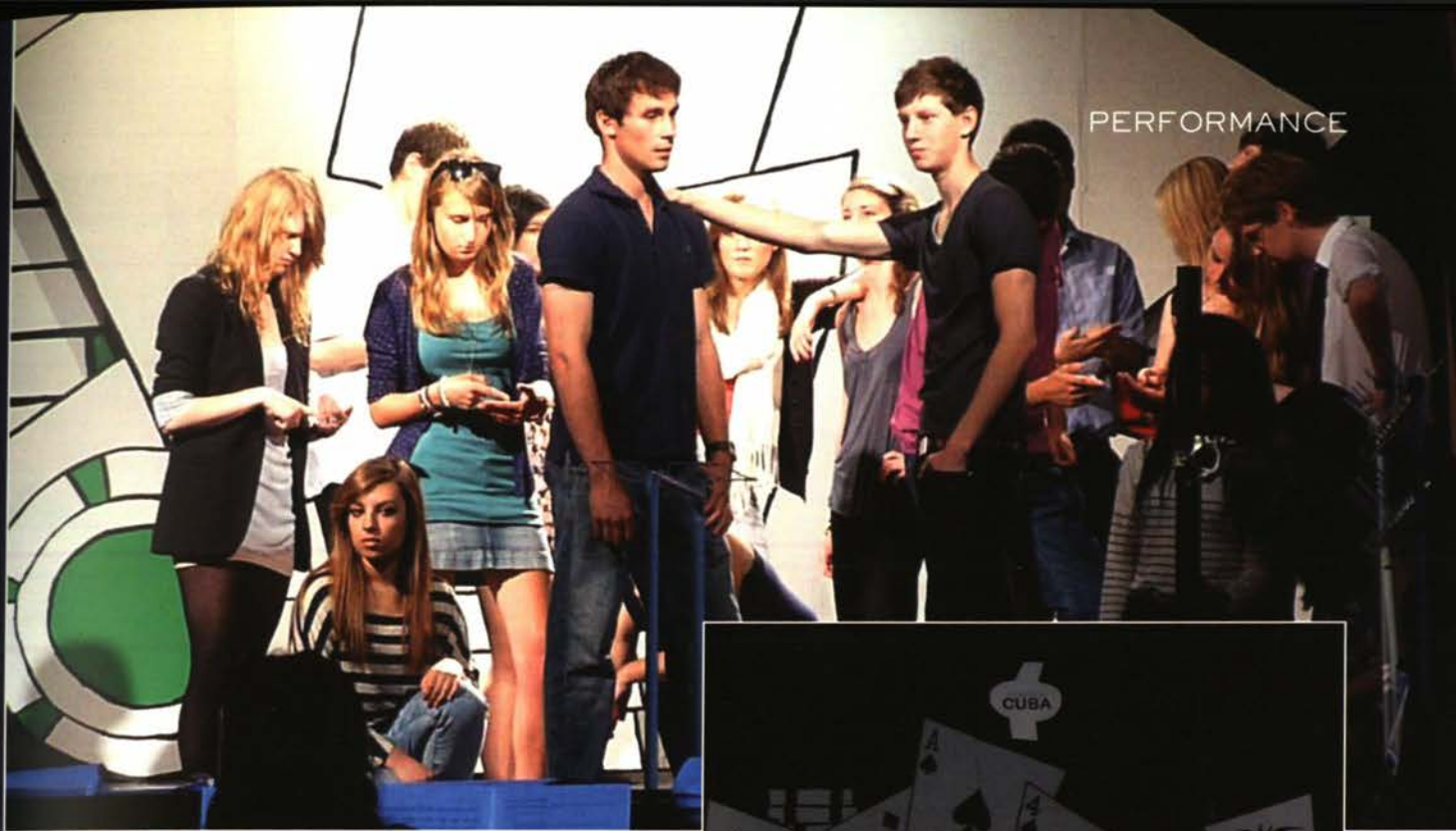
THE SYNDICATE PLAY: GUYS AND DOLLS

The gap between the end of A2s and the end of term is an odd interval: to keep themselves out of trouble, each year a group of Sixth formers from both schools team up to produce the syndicate play. This year, after much debate amongst the committee, the Broadway classic *Guys and Dolls* was chosen. Due to the incredibly short time available, preparations began before the end of regular schooling, with auditions and some rehearsals taking up lunchtimes in the final few weeks before Study Leave. After that it was simply a case of getting our exams out of the way and we were ready to begin.

The experience is unlike anything else. For everyone involved, whether they had been involved in drama at school before or not, the biggest shock and challenge was time. With the exam season finishing later every year, we were forced to begin rehearsal before some of the cast had even finished. To build the set, rehearse cast and band, costume everyone and, most importantly, sell the tickets was a 24/7 job for everyone involved.

It was fascinating to watch the group we began with become a team. Like everything else to do with the production, relationships were on fast forward, and friendships developed incredibly quickly. As we came together, so did the show, and inch by inch we made our way towards the performance. The Wednesday of the last week at school was spent running round making sure everything was ready. The performance was a hit on the single night it was performed: so much so that there were complaints that the show was only on for one night! Aside from one forgotten line all went according to plan, and the entire cast thoroughly enjoyed themselves.





Guyz AND DOLLS

TIME TO GET LUCKY!



The Syndicate Play is stressful, tiring and occasionally irritating. There were arguments, dramas, and the entire cast spent one afternoon singing 'crab cakes' rather than 'crap game'. Having said that, it must be said that the Syndicate Play was one of the most enjoyable, interesting and rewarding experiences of my entire time at KES. The feeling of accomplishment that comes with putting on a great show is like nothing else. I would recommend the Syndicate Play to anyone, whether or not they have done drama before, as the perfect way to end your school career, and a great opportunity to spend two weeks with your year before you go your separate ways.

James Travers

THE SUMMER CONCERT, 2010

Those of us who arrived early for this year's Summer Concert were in for a treat even before a soul had taken the stage at Symphony Hall: The James Shirley Jazz Quintet entertained us as we sat, chatted with friends, or prepared for the performances ahead.

First on the bill for the evening was a collaboration of Choral Society with elements from the Orchestra (who would later return in full force), taking the best of both schools to present Lambert's *Rio Grande*. The mix of Jinah Shim's marvellous piano playing (still fresh from the Jazz Quintet she had been part of) with a myriad of percussion, strings, brass, woodwind and of course vocals (with solos by Rosh Iyer and Thomas Edwards) made for a dramatic and thrilling opening. It was a huge undertaking, an early Twentieth Century Modernist piece not typical of either the Orchestra's or Choral Society's repertoire, but all involved excelled. Special congratulations must go to Mr Monks, who once again outdid himself, conducting a complex and varied performance.

After a short scene change the Junior Swing Band unveiled arrangements of *My Funny Valentine* and *Night in Tunisia*. Mr Monks' musicians look ready to fill the places of the Senior Swing Band, many of whom we will be losing this year. Junior Choir once again



filled the difficult slot between the Swing Bands: their performance of *For the Beauty of the Earth* by Rutter and a wonderful *My Favourite Things* from *The Sound of Music* meant that they were no sideshow. Senior Swing Band lived up to their well deserved reputation with *Gonna Fly Now*, *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square* and the timeless *American Patrol*.

As the swung rhythms of *American Patrol* faded out, the Wind Band launched into a lovely performance of the Beatles classic *Yesterday*, followed by *Marching to the Savoy*. Young they may be, but their performance under Mr Argust's care showed the audience that the night was not done yet. Next were the perpetually talented KEHS Chamber Choir, who treated us to *The Olive Tree*, *The Water of Tyne* and then, a refreshing shift of pace and genre, the thrilling *There's No Business like Show Business*. Finally the Concert Band took us away from our own green shores with *Barn Dance* and *Cowboy Hymn* and then *Variations on a Korean Folk Song* developing even further the variety of style and tradition which this evening had so far presented to us. With the dying notes of *Concert Band*, a thoroughly enjoyable first part was brought to a close.

Twenty minutes later we returned to a Hall now dominated by the Symphony Orchestra. Before they played, the KES Choir brought us Rutter's arrangement of *When the Saints Go Marching In*, infused with a Southern feeling and barbershop harmonies. The

Choir sang with their usual brilliance. The Symphony Orchestra, who had amazed earlier this year in the Spring Concert, reached back past all the recent or contemporary music that had so far monopolised the repertoire. First came a fantastic performance of Rachmaninov's *Vocalise* which once again demonstrated the sheer class of Mr Bridle's outstanding Orchestra. Then, augmented by the Concert orchestra, they brought us Rossini's *William Tell Overture* as a turbo-charged climax to the evening.

The Music department can continue to walk around with their heads held high. Special thanks must of course go to Mrs Hariness and Messrs Argust, Bridle, Evans and Monks, who make all this possible. A hearty congratulations to all those who performed this year, providing a stunning evening for the audience and their peers in other sections. We must also thank all those who work behind the scenes (staff, parents, pupils and others) and don't get the recognition they deserve; without them this event would not be possible. The variety of musical styles and genres on display showed not only the ability of the schools' musicians, but also the Music department's commitment to variety and to enjoyable music. Next year's event will, of course, see different faces among the performers; we can only wish them luck in maintaining the tradition of excellence evident in this evening's performances.

Alex Wakelam



THE SYNDICATE CONCERT, 2010

The Syndicate Concert is the last chance for the leaving Sixth form to perform music at KES. Organised by the pupils, it is for many the culmination of seven years of music at the school. However, this particular Syndicate Concert was of far greater significance: owing to the imminent arrival of the new Performing Arts Centre, this was to be the last concert in the Eric Vincent Concert Hall. This wasn't just a goodbye for the Sixth Formers, but also for the Music School itself.

The proceedings started with a serene choral rendition of Stanford's *Bluebird*, directed by Bethany Allen, which set the tone for a very enjoyable evening. This was followed by various solo performances, including dazzling work from the virtuoso Jinah Shim on the piano, and a beautifully chilled duet from Lawrence Pardoe (guitar) and Nikita Bassi (voice). One of the highlights in the first half was the showman we have all come to love, George Himms, performing *This is the Moment* from *Jekyll and Hyde*; he held the audience spellbound, creating a tension only finally broken by a well-placed wink.

Once the Interval strawberries and cream had been consumed, the audience returned to two pianos and a small chamber orchestra for Saint-Saen's famous *Carnival of the Animals*. The entertaining narration from James Travers, George Himms, Christopher Bland and Sam Newton balanced the more "serious" matter of the music well. Special praise must go to James Shirley and Jinah Shim for their piano playing, and Sophie Cheng for a very moving cello solo in *The Swan*.

More solo items followed, with David Browning amazing all with his ragtime on the Xylophone, and James Griffith managing more notes than many believed humanly possible in his Flute concerto. The audience were then treated to a heart warming performance by Victoria Bion on piano and her twin brother Alex playing the trombone. This gave way to confusion as eight performers donned ridiculous items of clothing, including a single red glove and a fluorescent tool belt, in order to perform a very entertaining a capella Lady Gaga medley, arranged by Old Edwardian Tom Johnson. Finally, the choir performed *Thank you for the Music*, a fitting end to a concert all about saying thank you and goodbye to the Music School.

After this, Mr Monks led the audience outside, so that the "demolition" could begin. This turned out to be the knocking out of a strategically loosened brick with much ceremony. The honours fell to Peter Bridle and

Gordon Sill, two KES music legends, who have spent around thirty years working together in the building. While there was sadness amongst those who had spent so much of the last seven years rehearsing in the building, there was a consensus that the Music School we wanted to say "thank you and goodbye" to was not made of bricks and mortar, but rather of Messrs Bridle, Sill, Monks and Evans.

Grant McWalter

CHRISTMAS CONCERTS, 2009

Once again, in mid-December, the bustling hordes of the King Edward's music scene descended upon the Adrian Boulton Hall for a festive cavalcade of music and, of course, Santa Hats. The annual pair of Christmas Concerts had come to town, complete with outstanding musical prowess, a range of pupils of all ages from both KES and KEHS, and the usual yuletide goodwill. Peter Bridle opened proceedings as he has done since time immemorial, conducting the Concert Orchestra in a splendid *White Christmas* followed by two upbeat numbers: Isaac's *Now and Forever March* and Waldteufel's *Espana*. Next on the agenda was Nigel Argust's talented group of vocalists, the KEHS Chamber Choir, giving a spine-tingling rendition of *Hymn to the Virgin* and a lively *Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day*. Martin Monks' Wind Band interspersed these two choral numbers with a couple of classics: *Sleigh Ride* arranged by Derek Bourgeois, and Gershwin's *I Got Rhythm*. We were then treated to a big band extravaganza courtesy of Senior Swing Band and bandmaster Phil Evans, starting with more Gershwin in *Strike Up the Band*, a romping *Blues Brothers Revue* and *A Big Band Christmas*. Following these funky tunes was one of Mr Evans' own compositions, dedicated to the great departing George Andronov and wittily entitled *Andronov's Great Escape*, which quoted a number of familiar tunes, including a jazz-up of the *School Song*, the *Great Escape*, and not surprisingly, *From Russia with Love*. Symphony Orchestra set us off again after the interval with Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, featuring highly impressive solos from flautists James Griffith and Isobel Richardson in the *Chinese Dance* and *Dance of the Reed Pipes* and from cellist extraordinaire Matt Lewis in the magical *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*. And finally, KES Choir pulled off three stunning Christmas carols, *A Maiden Most Gentle*, *Night of Silence*, featuring lyrical beauty from guitarist Oscar Denihan, and *Star Carol*, before festive chaos reigned.

Concert Band kicked off the bill in style on the second night, with Sparke's *Concert Prelude* and an inventive *Eine Kleine Christmas*. Two beautifully sung numbers from KEHS Junior Choir contrasted with Junior Swing Band's toe-tapping *Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree* and *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, before Symphony Orchestra repeated their *Nutcracker Suite* with all the freshness of the first night. After the interval, Vivaldi's *Gloria* was delivered to us with fantastic gusto by the Choral Society, featuring vocal soloists Alice Halstead, Jenni Sharp, Rosalind Urquhart and Rosh Iyer, whose exquisite voices filled the hall with rapturous sound. And on both nights, the concert finished in a blaze of mayhem, with the audience participating brilliantly in Mr. Evans' jaunty



rearrangement-cum-popular-tunes-medley of *While Shepherds watched their flocks*, which seemed to encompass the whole musical spectrum from cheeky references to *The Simpsons* to a stunning *Little Donkey* from oboist Adam Philips. After the standard *Sleigh Ride* and *We Wish You A Merry Christmas*, a ridiculous rampage through Shostakovich's *Galop from Moscow* Cheremuski tore the curtains down in a frenzy of calamity. Many thanks to all the music staff, who made the whole event possible both in terms of organisation and musical leadership!

Dan Mort

EASTER CONCERT, 2010

The Easter Concert normally features impressive performances from both the Symphony Orchestra and the Choral Society. Choral Society's 'big piece', however, was to be unveiled at the Summer Concert this year, leaving the KES Choir to plug the gap. And plug the gap it did, with *Fauré's Requiem in D minor*. The Orchestra performed Rachmaninov's *Symphony No.2 in E minor* and Bruch's *Violin Concerto No.1 in G minor*.

Under Mr Bridle's baton, Susie Quirke wowed the crowd in the Bruch *Violin Concerto*, both by the quality of her playing and the extravagance of her dress. Bruch's *Violin Concerto in G minor* is his most famous, and I doubt anyone in the audience was wondering why after hearing it. As the piece drew to an end with dramatic flair and accelerando, the Adrian Boult Hall was filled with excitement as crescendo led into further crescendo and ended on two glorious chords. The hall roared with rapturous and enthusiastic applause.

Rachmaninov's *2nd Symphony*, with a playing time of over forty minutes, was a mammoth undertaking for the Symphony Orchestra, but one that Mr Bridle must have felt we were capable of achieving (since he proclaimed it, understandably, to be his favourite symphony). With its mysterious and brooding opening the piece immediately had the audience hooked, and the third movement, featuring Michael East on clarinet, kept them enthralled as the piece led into its final, hectic last movement, a fitting end to Symphony Orchestra's performances for the night.

PERFORMANCE



Next up was *Fauré's Requiem* conducted by Mr Evans. With Oliver Beardmore as solo treble and the outside help of Fran Ambrose as solo baritone, the piece certainly wasn't lacking capable performers. From the soothing *Pie Jesu* to the heavenly *In Paradisum* the parents and friends present in the Adrian Boult Hall were once again left in awe of the musical talent KES has fostered. However, I feel that it is only right to say that this musical excellence could not have been achieved without the dedication of the Music Staff, who put in many hours of hard graft to make sure that events such as this can continue on such an impressive scale. On behalf of the rest of the musicians at KES, to them I say a heartfelt "thank you".

James Thomas Lloyd





THE CAROL SERVICE

In the bleak midwinter of 2009, for one night, Birmingham Cathedral was illuminated with the fresh faces and sumptuous song of the merry gentlemen of KES Choir. This highlight of the Music Calendar provides a relaxing contrast to the usual mania of the school's other musical events; the beauty and silence of the cathedral provided the perfect backdrop for an evening of song and peaceful rumination. Organ music from Matt Lewis and Dan Mort set the mood as people gradually filtered in through the doors and joined the growing amiable throng inside. We began with the traditional rendition of *Once In Royal David's City*: the beautiful treble solo from Edgar Elliot rose from nowhere up into the heavens, and rang through the congregation.



The Carol Service interweaves significant readings from the Bible, proclaiming the Christmas message, with much-loved congregation carols and songs from the choir, this year including the *Star Carol* and *Sussex Carol* with a twinkling orchestral accompaniment, and a stunning contemporary carol *Night of Silence*, by Kantor, featuring a rippling lyrical accompaniment from guitarist Oscar Denihan. The rousing conclusion of *O come all ye faithful*, with choir, congregation, orchestra and mighty organ all in glorious harmony and counterpoint, was followed by the mandatory feast of mince pies and mulled wine, served so wonderfully by the maidens most gentle who have continued to take up this task year in year out. A big thanks must go to them, and of course, to Mr Monks and Mr Bridle for conducting and organising the orchestra. Special thanks must also go to Nigel Stark our organist, and to Mr Evans for his inspired orchestral arrangements and his mastery of the choir.





CCF

CONTINGENT COMMANDER'S OVERVIEW

Somewhere in the following pages is one of the best and most pleasing Chronicle articles I have ever received. Not only is it unusually well written, succinct, and informative, but it sums up what the CCF is all about: opportunity. It is the one on Royal Navy "Summer Camps and Courses", and is written by one young man who took up what was offered to him. In the space of one summer at the end of his fourth year, he gained his first experience of piloting a glider, gained his Ocean Diver Scuba qualification, and qualified as an independent Powerboat driver.

This is all with expert instruction and at far less cost than would be possible outside the CCF. To me, and to the CCF staff, that is what it is all about: giving the boys opportunities to grow, develop and gain experience far beyond the scope of most young people at school.

That young man's tally of summer achievements is impressive indeed, yet others have grasped equally valuable chances to extend themselves. Navy cadets have not only followed their progressive sailing and kayaking programmes, but have broadened the repertoire to include windsurfing. The RAF Section has once again branched out from its flying and gliding programme, itself impressive, to offer the embellishments of indoor skydiving and real outdoor parachuting. Yes, jumping out of aircraft into thin air – how many kids get to do that? And in case you think they only do things in the air, they have been known to come closer to the ground with high ropes and climbing courses, and right down to earth with training in the field. The Army section builds up military and survival skills to the point where they can offer a cadet version of the self-sufficient campaigning and patrolling exercise which builds up team spirit, co-operation and esprit de corps. Not that that is all they do, either: Army cadets may now be expert with their new and safer L-98 A2 cadet rifles, but they are pretty good with adventurous training too, from climbing to kayaking.

The point is made. Why do we do it? We do it because we believe the range of opportunities offered by the three CCF Sections is second to none, and offers boys many ways to develop enterprise, resilience, and self-reliance, alongside teamwork and consideration for others. And when you read an article like the one about Navy courses, or see a boy's smile when he gets out from his first flight, or scores his first decent grouping on the rifle range, or discovers Army composites actually taste rather good, you remember what it is all about.

It couldn't happen, of course, without the staff, and this is the place to record my grateful appreciation to my colleagues who share my conviction that despite all the paperwork, hassle and military bureaucracy, this is all worth doing. I am particularly pleased to welcome the influx of new staff: Sub-Lieutenants Chris

Johnson and Eleanor Jordan are now commissioned into the Royal Naval Section, and Flight Lieutenant Tim McMullan has made a welcome return to the RAF Section. Dr David Wong is in the process of RAF commissioning, and Mr Jamie Taylor has put his combats on again to get a taste of life with the Army Section. I welcome them to the team, and hope they get as much satisfaction as I do from seeing what the CCF does for cadets who grasp their opportunities wholeheartedly.

DHR



NAVAL SECTION EXPEDITIONS WEEKEND, SEPTEMBER 2009

This year, the section had the Chivenor Royal Marines base as their action-packed destination. Upon arrival we put up our tents, which, despite being virtually impossible to pitch, proved surprisingly large and spacious. Then, as darkness approached, we began to get ready for our first thrilling exercise: essentially "Capture the glow-stick and run like hell with it back to your base". It started with several successful raids; after each, the triumphant "thief" would be met with many pats on the back and roars of approval from his team. Soon, everyone got stuck in until the air was filled with cries of delight and curses after every successful theft. Afterwards, we made our way back to the tents exchanging funny stories about defending our territory from a particularly fearsome NCO.



Next day began with a hearty English breakfast, after which we were split into two groups: the 4ths had a morning of water sports ahead of them, whilst the 5ths and above were going to play an absolutely awesome game of 'kabadi'. If you don't know what kabadi is, I suggest you learn it as it is such great fun. After the game, we were told to follow the officers for our surprise. As we neared the final building on the camp, it became clearer to us what we were going to experience next... a helicopter ride! I strapped myself in along with everyone else and we were off. The clouds, seemingly within touching distance, floated in front of me: a very surreal experience.

Meanwhile, the majority of the Fourths were canoeing and water-skiing. They paddled upstream to learn about the local animals and edible plants. Next came a challenge: they were asked to go straight across the river, despite the current forcing them downstream. In order to accomplish this, they had to aim at an angle upstream and try to stay in a more or less straight line. We paddled back to the other side where we swapped activities with some very exasperated water-skiers.

The activities that followed were less high-adrenaline; but learning how to make a fire was great fun. Thanks to Miss Leaver, Reverend Raynor and Mr Johnson, our last night was very special: they organised a bonfire over which we cooked marshmallows and sausages. We laid back as the bonfire started to die down, making for a fitting end to a memorable Expeditions Weekend for the Navy Section.



SPRING TERM ROYAL NAVAL EXPEDITIONS WEEKEND

For our Spring Expedition, the Navy Section once again visited HMS Bristol. We were given the opportunity to experience life on the decks of a commissioned ship.

On Friday night, the cadets were given a series of leadership and military knowledge exercises in the Operations Room of HMS Bristol. This was, in general, a success despite some of the cadets' lack of knowledge on naval history: one cadet even suggested that Darwin travelled across the globe on the HMS Bagel!

On Saturday, the year groups split up with the Fourths learning about navigation, while the older boys took on the challenges of "Airsoft": an opportunity to take out our aggression by firing pellets at each other! It was a fun day out and enhanced our camouflage and stealth skills, and was made even better by the rare chance to shoot one of our teachers with pellets!

In the meantime, the Fourths set out to battle the elements. Equipped with their navigation skills, they attempted to sail from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight. The journeys were remarkably successful except for one minor mishap where a cadet, while at the helm, almost crashed into another boat! After lunch, we were ready for the main event: a chance to drive a RIB (rigid inflatable boat). This meant going full throttle over choppy waves and performing impressive manoeuvres such as creating a whirlpool. I think the grins on the faces of every cadet, NCO, and even Mr Johnson, confirmed that this was a fantastic choice of activity and well worth doing.



Sunday was devoted to visiting the Royal Navy's Submarine Museum in Gosport. Here we were given a tour of a submarine from the Cold War era. This is a part of the Royal Navy's history often not highlighted to cadets, and hence, it made for a fascinating experience. Overall the weekend was a great success and I look forward to our next adventure in September.

Michael Price



NAVY SUMMER CAMPS AND COURSES

So there I was. 2000 feet up in a plastic box with no engine, no instruments and no idea what on earth I was doing. All I had were three hours of theoretical knowledge and an ex-Royal Navy Harrier pilot in the back seat: just one more day on the minor miracle that is Navy Camps and Courses. Three courses, one lasting two days, the others a week each, turned an otherwise unremarkable summer into something I will never forget.

My first course was a short introduction to Gliding. I have never felt more alive than when I sped towards the ground at 80 mph with no brakes or motor to help. It is impossible to describe the thrill of hearing the wind rush past you as warning lights all over the dashboard tell you that you are flying terribly (which is what I was doing – I'm no good at physics!).

Next, I had scuba diving, which was taught by a former Royal Marine Commando on an active military base in Plymouth. After a few practice dives in the pool, we dived into a seemingly abandoned quarry. To our surprise, there lay a sunken RAF helicopter and a 10 metre lorry! After a brief examination, I was given my diving qualification.



Finally, I returned to Plymouth a week later to take part in a Powerboating course. We learnt how to drive a variety of boats including Champs, Ferry Boats, RIBs, and Halmatics. Most memorable was the high speed training in the RIBs; as we were using Royal Navy boats, there was no speed limit! We even saw a Dutch Navy Warship manoeuvring illegally with its anchor lights on. Thanks to this course, I can now drive an RIB unsupervised.

On the last day of last Summer Term, I was not optimistic about my chances of an exciting holiday. However, I've come back this year having made many new friends, had some incredible experiences, and gained qualifications and skills which will help me for the rest of my life.

Ryan Masad



TRAINING WITH THE ROYAL NAVY

One of the best things about the Navy Section of the CCF is the great range of camps and courses on offer to cadets. The first course I went on was a three day Gliding Course in Portsmouth aboard HMS Bristol. The first day consisted mainly of travelling, but we still had time for an extremely interesting introductory lesson on how a glider is launched into the air.

The second day was the most memorable as good weather gave us our first chance to try some gliding! If you haven't tried flying a Glider at 3000 feet in the air, I strongly urge you to: it will be one of the most exhilarating experiences you will ever have.

At the same time I took part in a Sports Course, which was a lot better than it sounds. The course involved yachting, squash, running (which I have to say wasn't the best of things that we could have been doing), swimming, boxing, club swinging and vaulting. I enjoyed it all, but the highlight of the course was undoubtedly the tour of the flagship HMS Ark Royal. We even ended up driving a tractor on the deck of the huge aircraft carrier, which wasn't bad either!

Keerthi Kshatrya



THE KES CCF SCUBA DIVING PROGRAMME

The blue water trips undertaken by the CCF do not come from nowhere, and the purpose of this article is to give some insight into the structure and progression of the diving programme at KES.

For Army and Navy Section cadets, the first experience of the world of SCUBA is towards the end of their first term in the CCF, when they are given a free opportunity to experience a 'try-dive'. Under expert supervision from dive instructors, they get their first chance to put on SCUBA gear and experience the uncanny sensation of breathing underwater in the familiar surroundings of the KES swimming pool. Most love it, and several of this year's sessions ended up with a vigorous game of underwater Frisbee!

Usually around 40 cadets do try-dives in November each year, and of these about a quarter go on to complete the full PADI Open water course. This takes place in the Spring, spread over several Wednesday evenings, when theory instruction in Dancey's Diner is followed by a pool session. This series of evenings builds up the cadets' skills and theoretical knowledge to the point where they

are ready for their four Open Water qualifying dives, which take place over a weekend in the glamorous surroundings of Dosthill Quarry near Kingsbury. This weekend is usually in May, when the water is (just!) getting warmer and the weather is as reliable as it ever gets. Dosthill on a warm sunny day can be quite a nice place to be. Really...

Once the course is passed, the diver is now qualified to dive with a buddy to a depth of 18 metres, and KES staff organise a series of opportunities to build experience by visiting Dosthill during the summer and autumn months, to keep skills alive. Cadets are also welcome, once qualified, to sign up for the summer blue water trips, and we also welcome cadets onto these who have qualified elsewhere, either with family or on the Royal Navy cadet diving courses.

The words explain how it all works – the pictures should convey the atmosphere. Suffice to say there is a whole underwater world out there, and it is open to KES cadets...

Squadron Leader Rayno



NAVY MILITARY TRAINING

Military Training allowed RN cadets to explore different aspects of combat, both on dry land and on a ship. I found it a very enjoyable and interesting course, not least because we were taught by two members of the Royal Marines.

The course was held at HMS Raleigh, a training institute for Navy recruits. Our first lesson was held in a large field, where we discussed camouflage and concealment in preparation for a practical exercise. The task involved us spying on an opposing team, using camouflage to remain hidden at all times. Putting this into the context of a warship, we were taught how to locate intruders or spies on board successfully.

On the final day of Military Training, we were taught how to use our ration packs effectively. We were given a ration pack between two and this ultimately became our lunch!

H.M.S. RALEIGH

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Before departing, we visited the Fire and Damage Control Centre and were given some hands-on experience of tackling a shipboard fire. Later, we were faced with a mock-up of a cabin in a ship whose hull had ruptured. Our task, of course, was to stop the water pouring in through those holes! The water was extremely cold and there was even someone drenching us with a freezing hose to create a more realistic effect. Overall, this course was a great opportunity which we all found extremely engaging.

Navy 4th





THE AIR CADET LEADERSHIP COURSE

After hearing rumours about the stress and strain involved in the Air Cadet Leadership Course, I was quite apprehensive about signing up. This was perhaps justified at first, since our week-long course started with angry sergeants shouting at us as if we were already doing things wrong. The cadets, especially myself, were shaking so much I'm surprised there wasn't a small earthquake recorded!

When all of the kit had been handed out, we were sent to the barrack block to settle in and get to know our course mates. We were introduced to our flight Commanding Officers and given a short brief on activities lined up for us. At this point we were also introduced to the course mascot - a teddy bear!

We were told that the bear was to be treated the same as any other cadet on the course, which involved making little uniforms and equipment for him. His main purpose on the course was to take punishment for our mistakes, such as poor performance at drill or arriving late for an activity. The sergeants would take great delight in maiming and injuring the bear: running over him with a car, using him as a rope for a tug of war contest, and pinning him to the ground with a very large tent peg! Quite naturally, we all felt very sorry for this poor bear, and one of my best memories of the course is of sitting in the woods, during a brief lull, sewing the arms back on to the helpless bear.

The most demanding part of the course was undoubtedly the "field deployment" phase: we were instructed to carry out command tasks in a field at the end of a rigorous day of activity. The point was to assess our ability to cope with difficult tasks under stress and fatigue, but this proved too demanding for some cadets, who actually fainted on parade later on. Nonetheless, I really enjoyed the week, helped in part by the staff. Although they were indeed strict, they were what made the week such an enjoyable experience.

A great way to finish the course was graduating on the RAF's No. 1 parade square, in the presence of the Commandant of the Air Cadets, Air Commodore Cooper. I took away a lot from the course and I am very happy to have passed with distinction. I hope that future NCOs will take up this great challenge and opportunity too.

Jacek Stefanowski



JUMPING OUT OF AN AEROPLANE

I didn't feel adventurous, daring or brave. If anything, I just felt foolish: I was planning to jump out of a plane at 7,000 feet altitude.

Parachuting proved to be remarkably effective in shattering those "tough guy" exteriors and pretences that we like to put on. Although we all tried to act as if jumping out of a plane was no big deal, I know that most of us had never been more scared in our lives! Immediately upon arrival at the camp, we began our training. This included six hours of exit and landing drills, learning how to control the parachute, and emergency procedures. However, owing to poor weather conditions, there was no prospect of jumping that day and we headed home to a sleepless Saturday night.

The next day we were briefed again on safety procedures. As it turned out, I was to be the first "victim". The aeroplane took ten minutes to reach the staggering altitude of 7,000 feet. When my instructor gave the command "In the door!" I knew it was time. After all my anticipation and apprehension, it was finally time to jump.

"Jump!," shouted the instructor from over my head. I had one last moment for some choice expletives before I pushed away from the aircraft into the nothingness below.

But once I got over the initial shock of having jumped out of a plane, there was nothing to do but enjoy the lovely Oxfordshire countryside; a truly amazing feeling. Parachuting is just one of the many opportunities I have taken advantage of during my time in the RAF at KES. In fact, I had such a good time that I may need to contradict myself: this "once in a lifetime experience" may become a regular occurrence, and I look forward to the next outing planned this year.

Sam Taylor





GLIDING SCHOLARSHIP

On the 29th of May, during a week when I should surely have been revising for the exams which began on the day after I got back, I found myself standing on the old RAF base of Little Rissington, no. 637 VGS, with seven people I had never met before. Typically it was pouring with rain, but thankfully there were no plans to fly this day anyway, which gave us ample opportunity to get to know each other while we were subjected to a Health and Safety briefing, explaining in detail why none of us were to smoke by the fuel bowser, and told how to clean the planes (sorry, "powered gliders").

After this rather depressing start to the course the second day began with glorious sunshine, which set the tone for the rest of the week. Every day afterwards we got in at least two flights per day, rapidly progressing from the absolute basics of what each of the controls does, to landings and circuit practice by the fourth day.

The only day when flying was rained off was the Wednesday, which gave us an opportunity to visit the Devonair hangar on the airfield. Devonair is a business which rents 2 hangars from the MoD for storing civilian aircraft: the hangars are filled with interesting semi-deconstructed aircraft, from versions of German World War 2 fighters to a plane used by a British competitor in the Red Bull Air Race competitions.

By the second-to-last day of the week we could all comfortably fly the circuit that we would have to fly solo if we were to attain our silver wings, but most of us



were still bouncing when we landed! This is a common problem on tail-dragging aircraft: if you land with the attitude wrong you land on only the front two wheels, causing the glider to bounce, which isn't good for the aircraft. We had also managed to break the record for the most complaints about noise ever received by the squadron, as we conducted PLATO (Power Loss After Take Off) drills at low altitudes (down to 100 feet) over the village at the end of the runway.

Thankfully the squadron staff happily ignored these complaints and the week ended as well as it had begun with six of the eight of us completing the solo circuit necessary to attain silver wings. Personally, I thought this to be the best CCF course I have ever been on, and would recommend it to anybody with the slightest interest in flying. After all, who could say no to £2,500 worth of free flying paid for by the MoD?

Nicholas Radcliff



A NEW RECRUIT IN THE RAF

At the start of the Autumn Term the new RAF cadets got straight into action by preparing for our first Expeditions Weekend. We were fitted out in baggy DPM's and trained in the basic essentials: ranks, drill, cooking and constructing our 'basher' tents.

At the start of the expedition it was extremely daunting marching through an actual military base, but trepidation was soon replaced by excitement. The whole trip was carefully designed by the Officers and NCOs to follow a "Terminator" theme; and under the command of cadets in the Divisions' year our squad set about their various tasks, competing for the pride of victory. The tasks allowed everyone to get involved, building teamwork and leadership skills through vehicle check point drill, night time orienteering and even the dreaded early morning P.T! Most enjoyable was 'Battlestorm', where we were geared up with an assortment of laser assault rifles, pistols and sniper

rifles. The atmosphere was gripping. I remember most vividly crawling through undergrowth, stealthily approaching a glow-stick-lit hangar, as smoke filled the air. Adrenaline rushed through my body: nothing can beat the thrill of a night expedition.

More recently we have benefited from adventure sports such as paintball, a high ropes course and water sports which have given us a chance to work as a team, strengthen friendships and just enjoy our time in the RAF. There are many chances to go flying and shooting, great skills which give a sense of accomplishment once you have mastered them. Whether it's floating on the air doing aerobatics in a Grob Tutor plane, or slowing down your breathing as you line up the target in the sights of an L-98 Rifle, all the trips have been exhilarating. Now we have grown into our DPM's and gained awareness and skills nothing else could provide. The first year has been amazing and I can't wait for next year's trips and expeditions. Thanks must be given to Flt Lt Evans, Flg Off Howard and all the other staff and Officers who go out of their way to organise and arrange the activities for us.

Aaron Hundle



GO-KARTING WITH THE RAF SECTION

On the last day of the Spring Term, a group of RAF Cadre and NCOs left our routine activities and took to a Go-Karting track called Teamworks in Birmingham. It may not have been Monte Carlo, but the atmosphere was just as intense, due to the inclusion of the Section Officers taking part.

It was to be a competitive battle as 30 drivers took part in 5 heats, the top 10 progressing into a Grand Final. The remaining RAF cadets watched in excitement as the deciding race edged ever closer. Amongst these racers were two old rivals: Fg Off. Howard and Flt Lt Evans. A severe blow fell at the beginning of the race on James Griffith's chances, as he was deemed to have made an unfair maneuver on Evans and was consequently black flagged and removed from the race. This incident enabled Fg Off. Howard to gain a large lead, so that Flt Lt Evans had to make up plenty of ground in the 10 lap race. As the race finished, Fg Off. Howard won, followed by Lewis Syms-Wood, who just managed to beat Flight Lieutenant Evans. The Go-Karting event ended an extremely exciting year for the RAF Section Cadre and we look forward to next year.

Cpl Matt Richardson

WATERSKIING WITH THE RAF

One grey afternoon in June, the Fifths in the RAF section got the unique opportunity to have a go at the most important method of transport in the RAF: Water-skiing. None of us had done it before, so there was nervous tension mixed with anticipation as we arrived in the trusty RAF minibus. And after struggling into wetsuits which were a little too small for us (or ridiculously small in Ryan's case) we went out to learn how to water-ski.

After our briefing, the instructors asked the dreaded question: 'Who wants to go first?' Always ready to give it a shot, George and Lewis volunteered to go first. Unfortunately for the rest of us, they both flew around the lake with apparent ease, even giving a casual wave to those watching on the banks. As a result, the pressure was on the rest of us to not look bad by falling in. In the event, everyone managed to ride successfully along behind the boat, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Ali Malhotra



WINTER EXPEDITION 2009

This year, our September Expeditions Weekend took us back to Nescliffe Army base, a familiar location for most in the Army section. However, those of us in the Cadre (Divs) section knew that this would be more challenging than previous occasions, for instead of having officers to guide us, as in previous years, this time we were to assume leadership, not just of ourselves, but of less experienced cadets.

On the first day of the weekend, the whole Army section undertook many activities. My favourite by far was the firing range, where we loaded our L-98 A1 rifles and aimed to hit cardboard targets 25 metres away. This part of the weekend is always competitive, and the aim is to fire our rounds in as small a grouping as possible. There are, of course, marksman badges to be won in the process.

The night expedition is always a highlight: as the Cadre section, we were the "enemy" and performed a series of ambushes and patrols designed to catch out the Connolly and Vyse Sections. Night expeditions are always fast paced and exciting: we were given blank ammunition to fire, which added to the atmosphere of surprise and danger.

After a "generous" four hours' sleep it was time for the grand finale of the weekend: the Dawn Raid. Once again, Cadre were an enemy force and it was the task of Connolly and Vyse, under their NCO's, to overwhelm our base. Tactics consisted of mass pepper-potting toward the enemy location, followed by a final assault through foliage to drive Cadre back to a river, leaving them no way to escape the attack.

The entire Expedition Weekend experience not only allowed us to escape the monotony of school work, but let us put into practice the skills and abilities we are taught on Friday afternoons by our NCO's.

James Cull



SWYNNERTON EXPEDITIONS
WEEKEND

The Spring Term saw us return once again to Swynnerton in Staffordshire for Expeditions Weekend. We particularly enjoy the Training Area, as it offers a wide variety of activities: a range, an assault course, a combat trail and a DCCT laser shooting range. By Spring Term, we expect our new cadets to have learnt the basics of Army activities, so we can concentrate more intently on the tactics we use on exercise.

This expedition was particularly memorable for me, because we were issued the L-98 “A2” rifles: the first time the section has been given new weapons for over a decade! Their advantage is that the A2’s are semi-automatic with the added benefit of a blank firing attachment (BFA).The BFAs make the rifles far safer, but they also make the military exercise far more exciting and realistic since the safety distance has been dramatically reduced.

To add interest to an Expedition, there is usually a theme. In this particular scenario devised by Major Collins, the Cadre Section (Year 12) was once again the ‘bad guys’ trying to smuggle ‘uranium’ out the country. It was of course the job of Connolly (Year 10) and Vyse (Year 11), with their respective NCOs, to stop them.

It was another great weekend on the CCF calendar and of course it could not have happened without the hard work of Major Collins, Captain Storey, Miss Sigston and the rest of the teaching staff.

Tim Barnes



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THE MILITARY PROFICIENCY AWARD

At the beginning of our Vyse (Fifths) year in the Army Section, we finally had the chance to fill our somewhat empty brassards with some badges. The Red Cross or "Military Proficiency Award" demands the assessment of all the practical and theoretical aspects of our military training thus far. Having the opportunity to display the military knowledge we had gained and to apply it in a competitive environment made this an especially rewarding experience.

The award consists of three components: map work; drill; military knowledge and weapons handling. Our skills were assessed over a period of three weeks. One of the most crucial parts of the Award is a weapons handling test, compulsory for all cadets. This test involved basic weapon handling such as safety drills and loading/unloading a magazine. The final drill involved simulating a fire fight and responding to stoppages in the rifle. As a result of previous Expedition Weekends and having actually experienced these situations, we all aced the test, bringing us closer to the coveted award! The next test was drill. We were all assessed on basic marching as well as more complicated manoeuvres such as saluting on the march. Having performed at AGI the previous summer our drill was on form, so this section of the award was completed with ease.

The map skills section consisted of a written exam and required us to demonstrate our knowledge of bearings and use geographical features to find specific points on a map. Since many of the cadets had completed Duke of Edinburgh awards, only a brief revision session was required to ensure success.

The last section proved to be the most demanding, as it involved us learning a good deal of military knowledge, such as types of weapon, size and graduation of attack forces, and order of rank. After hours of study we finally got to grips with the knowledge and all bar a few passed the test on the first attempt.

We were all filled with pride when Major Collins distributed our "Military Proficiency Badges" badges as a mark of our success.

Cpl Ranjodh Sanghera

MILITARY SKILLS COMPETITION

In October 2009, a crack team of 11 cadets under the leadership of Sgt Henry O' Brien took part in the Military Skills Competition. This year it was held at Swynnerton Training Camp. The competition, over a weekend, tested an enormous range of military skills, including marksmanship, military knowledge, map reading, correct drills during a simulated fire fight, first aid, observation and leadership, as well as confronting competitors with a patrol harbour set up, an assault course and physical fitness exercises!

On the first evening, as on our compulsory weekend expeditions, we had to set up camp for the night. However, even this aspect was being tested: we were expected to work efficiently and extremely quietly, as if we were setting up camp behind enemy lines. We did well, considering we were not used to this strict approach.

The next morning, we prepared for one of the highlights of the weekend: the fire fight. The task was to advance upon and ultimately commandeer an enemy position impersonated by our inspectors. To do this we were each given 30 rounds of blank ammunition for our L-98 rifles. To advance upon the position, we would have to "pepper-pot" across a large field in two teams: the first would move while the other provided covering fire, and vice-versa. Our team had all fired the L-98 before in the CCF, but this time we had to be extremely alert as we were marked on our speed, leadership and safety throughout the operation.

Despite some excellent individual performances, we did not win. Nonetheless, having evaluated the competition this year, we are confident that we will return better equipped and more experienced to do ourselves more justice in the competition next year.

James Matthews

SCUBA DIVING OFF GOZO, 2010

Swimming alongside barracuda, deep diving down to thirty meters and seeing octopi during a naturalist dive were just a few of the many great experiences during the summer SCUBA trip to Gozo. For many of the group this was their first diving experience since qualification. Without question, the warm shimmering waters of the Mediterranean were a fantastic contrast to our training experiences in the cold dark waters of Dosthill Quarry in Tamworth!

After flying to Malta we ferried to nearby Gozo, for our five day underwater course in the waters around the island. Getting to the dive site itself involved going by speedboat through a narrow tunnel into the open sea beyond. Each day we would do two dives with our dive instructors, who were not only great fun but also made sure that we were safe and confident in all that we did. We followed the syllabus to gain the PADI Advanced Open Water award, which would qualify us to go down to thirty metres: the deepest we had ever gone. Almost all of the boys now have this qualification, with the rest well on their way to gaining it. We spent our evening relaxing, eating some tasty pizzas at "Smileys" restaurant.

Our trip to Gozo was a great holiday: we gained a qualification which allows us to SCUBA globally, whilst having a fantastic time. Thanks must be given to Mr and Mrs Raynor for organising all the training and then running such a great trip.



Callum Robertson





WORDS

FROM "PORPHYRIA'S LOVER"

I don't see much point in describing it to you. You've already made up your mind; I can tell. You know how it ends, so you can't understand it now. You really want to know? Fine then, I'll tell you. But promise you'll be fair.

I remember, when I was a child, my father used to tell me to grab life and never to let go of it, because you only get one shot. I left the miserable old git years ago, but that one thing always stayed with me...

I'll start from her then. We met a while ago, at some Starbucks in the city centre. People said she had a big head, but that wasn't a problem to me; in fact it accentuated her neck. I loved her neck, the way that it was shaped. I loved the way it gleamed like marble against her dark hair, the dip in her neck that moved like liquid porcelain, the flawless skin. But most of all I loved the way her throat seemed to move no matter what she did; people's necks are so still, but hers seemed to be in perpetual motion...

I went over, and sat down to talk to her. She was really lively, really vivacious. We chatted about something, I don't remember what. All I remember is that I spent the whole thing staring at her neck, which bubbled with laughter at the smallest provocation like milk. I adored how, as she spoke, her skin seemed to flow over her bones, with a vitality that I haven't seen very often. She seemed to be so alive, so full of life that you couldn't help but be drawn towards her.

As we walked out of the coffee shop, I noticed a change in her. She began to touch my shoulder and my arm, and eventually she linked her arm in mine. At first I squirmed in her grasp as she drew closer and closer, scared of what she was doing. I wasn't sure I could cope with what she wanted of me. But she pulled me in closer, all the while smiling and bubbling, and we kept on walking, going somewhere I'd never been before. She tried to get me to run, I remember, when she saw that rain clouds were gathering, but I said no. I was in no rush to reach the place we walked towards.

My mother, you ask? No she's not with us anymore. She was one of those people that couldn't sit still, ever; she always had to be doing something. She was always smiling, grinning away at the world in absolute glee. Well, that was true for most of her life. But not after he began to hit her.

The first time, I think, was when I was five. I heard an awful smack; no other noise, no yelling, just silence. He'd finished; our home was broken.

After that, Mum barely ever came home. She stayed out late into the night, and when she came back he would yell at her again and hit her again, and she stopped shouting back and stopping him, and he just shouted and shouted and shouted till I cried so loudly they realised I'd heard them and they both came to calm me down. Then one day Mum left the house in the evening, but I never heard the door click as she came back; I couldn't sleep till then. She wasn't there next morning

at breakfast either, or lunch. Then the policeman came around. He asked me questions, but I wasn't sure; I didn't know what had happened to her. Eventually, they found her.

I remember seeing her lying there in those woods. They'd tried to hide her from me, but I saw her anyway. She was teeming with insects and spiders and ants, all over. Her skin was starting to turn grey, it had been so long since she'd disappeared, and the flesh on her bones had started to break apart. From her neck up, she seemed alright, except for dark, sunken eyelids: empty, hollow, lifeless. I could never look at a woman's body again without remembering her; without watching their flesh melt into maggots, and their eyes disappear behind death. So I began to watch their necks, the only part of my mother I could see alive. I was so scared when I saw her; I was so scared of death.

We got to her flat in the end, and I sat down on the sofa. The flat was quite cold when we got there, and the whole place was pitch black, but for some reason she decided not to turn the lights on in the living room. I sat down as she started to get a fire going in her fireplace. It was a small house, not much, but when she walked she made the whole place seem bigger, more welcoming. She smiled at me and tilted her head; behind her the fire glowed and gave her an aura of warmth. She pulled her hair back and her neck shone, coloured by the flame.

My heart felt something it had never felt before, my body did something it had never done before. I wandered somewhere I had never been before.

I walked to the kitchen and saw her sitting there at the table, putting sugar in the cups. I walked up to her chair and stood behind her, though I don't think she noticed at first. I leant down towards her and pulled her long hair back to feel her neck, and began to kiss her neck. She laughed seductively, and made as if to turn around, but I wanted her to stay exactly where she was. I grabbed her neck with my hand to stop her from turning. She started to struggle a bit, but I held her neck harder, kissing it all the while. I was engrossed and didn't really feel her try to pull away. I just loved her neck, I loved her skin, and I loved how her throat seemed to be pushing against my hand. It wasn't for a long time that I realised what I had done, and I was horrified. I wasn't after her death; I was after her life. But as I chased after one, I got the other.

There it is. You've heard it all now. Hopefully you're not just going to judge me like everyone else. The important thing is that I didn't mean for her to die. It was an accident, then, wasn't it?

Madhav Bakshi, Divisions

JOHNSON'S TREE

Some bright spark attached a block
of wood to that twisted,
sinewy length of rope hanging
down from old Johnson's tree;
a contraption that was destined
to pull children towards a
time that they can not see.

A knotted loop holds the children
fast, a silent guardian as in the past,
while free souls swing unaware,
the winds' delicate fingers gently
combing back their untethered hair
as the minutes squeeze the light into
its darker corset.

Johnson stared up into the tree's
skeleton silhouette, framed by the moon's
disillusion and his loss. Then he

jumped, grasping nothing from nothing
as the branch bent and the stool fell,
the wind calmly spinning him one way
then the other as taut fibres creaked
under the strain of old age
and the hollow promise of youth.

Round and round back and forth
Joyous laughs and a breathless silence
Over the same scuffed earth, naked
Without the tender fruit of the ground,
Green and supple heads suppressed
By the boots drawn to the rope's freedom.

It still creaks today, bemoaning
its human load. Groaning while
children swing for hours
off old Johnson's tree, the branches
bending and the minutes slowly
fading.

Frank Lawton, Fifths

A FLOOD OF TEARS

The image fell out of a book of poetry.
Hidden in between humanity's joy
and love's obsessed desire,
an image's lament slipped quietly into my vision.

A corroding yellow school bus smashed
into a battered wall of iron.
A naked tree limped cold and grey
with just a torn shopping bag to hold
from a season that dines on dignity.
Spindly branches pointed sharply
at a once white bench,
crippled by wasted winds of savage water.

A table forced onto its broken knees,
its face a mix of coffee stains and blood,
beaten and beaten by the ghosts of graveyard angels.
Broken bottles cut into broken promises
and the broken bus windows release the broken shouts,
of broken children
whose screams will never sound;
desolation has no voice but silence.

A baby girl must have loved that dress.
Could you love it now?
Swinging from the sickly boughs,
an empty vestige of innocence hung
while whispering a prayer for mother.

A single Divine droplet from a smiling sky
caused this flood of human tears.
But can Divinity have a clean conscience,
Or is it sullied by the same rosy tinged mud
that hides
in between humanity's joy
and love's obsessed desire?

Frank Lawton, Fifths



FROM "VIRUS"

I punched the desk, hard. It wouldn't work, it just wouldn't work. Lifting my hand away from the wooden surface I stared at my knuckles, red with frustration, stinging painfully, reminding me of my failure. 'No!' I shouted. I would make it work. I just needed time, a few months maybe. A few months of perseverance and perspiration. Pushing my hands down on to the desk I stood up, tired. I needed some rest. Perhaps when refreshed I would be able to crack this problem. Walking up the long winding staircase I recalled the last few years: my devastation after the death of my uncle.

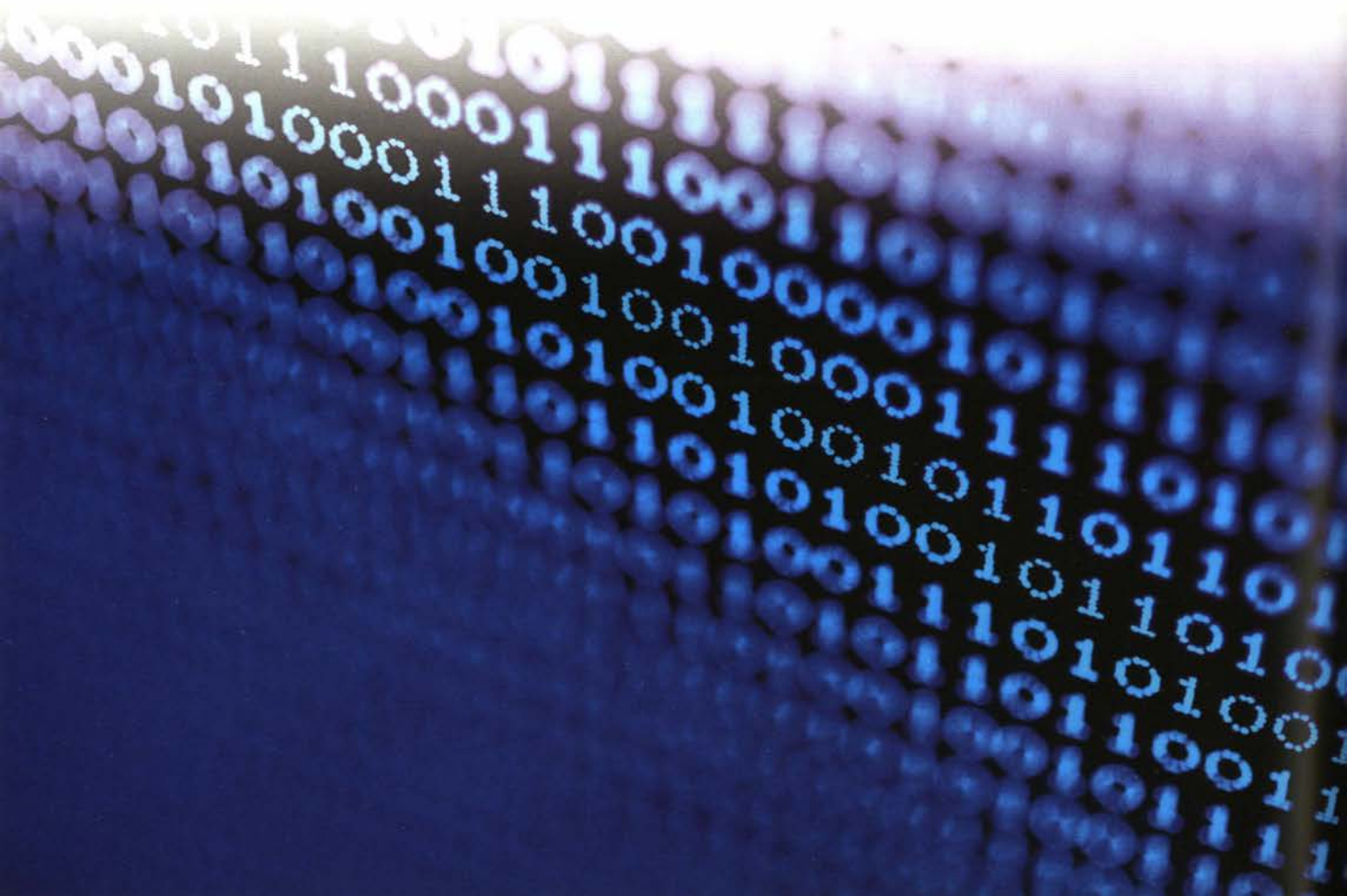
I walked forlornly into the lounge. Slumping into an armchair, my uncle's armchair, his favourite one. What would I do without him? The next few hours passed in a blur. A lawyer that I had never met arrived; explaining how, as his only remaining member of family, I had inherited everything: his house; his money; his cars. His legacy. I despised that lawyer. How could he be so objective? Did he not understand my loss? Did he not realise my pain? I didn't want money. I didn't want a house. I didn't want a car. I just wanted my uncle. Days passed, I lay quiescent in my bed, as good as dead. The pain had shocked me and I was engulfed with self pity. Even a month later I still walked around in a daze, unable to comprehend what had happened.

I shook the memory away; it wasn't good to live in the past. Especially such a painful one. The last stair creaked as I stepped of it, onto the thick plush carpet which covered the whole of the first floor. I padded to my bedroom, pondering the day's work. There was no doubt; it had been a complete failure. Nothing, absolutely nothing, had been accomplished. How many more days would pass like that I wondered? How many more times would I fail before tasting success? I slumped onto my bed falling into a troubled sleep, filled with memories of my uncle.

The house was empty; a black void of pain and suffering. And me. It was just space: empty, useless space. Dead. When my uncle had been alive the house had seemed so colourful, so animated, so alive. But now. Nothing. Just a void. A black void. And me.

My eyes blinked open. Streams of light had flooded my room: the curtain was partly open. I grunted in irritation. Stretching I sat up, was today going to be another failure? I walked down the stairs, lost in thought. I didn't feel like continuing today but I knew I had to. For my uncle. As I strolled to my study I noticed a letter, just before my front door. I frowned: I never got mail, so what was this letter? I hurried to it and picked it up, my face showing none of my trepidation. I turned the envelope over in my hand to check the sender.

Salman Asar, Divisions



FRENCH EXCHANGE 2010: 'LA VILLE DE GRASSE'

Nous avons été assez surpris après notre arrivée à Grasse. En effet, malgré le fait que ce soit plus petit que Birmingham, où nous habitons, les bâtiments et la ville en général étaient très pittoresques et culturels. Nous avons trouvé l'architecture impressionnante, plus particulièrement celle des édifices de la vieille ville. La visite de la parfumerie dont les odeurs étaient enivrantes, était intéressante. J'ai eu l'occasion de voir les techniques de création d'un parfum, et le matériel utilisé. De plus, nous avons vu pour la première fois à quoi ressemblait un pied de momie. Evidemment, ce n'est qu'un pied, mais cela nous a permis de nous imaginer à quoi pouvait ressembler une momie complète. Cependant, nous avons trouvé que Grasse avait des rues trop étroites. Mais cela donne un certain charme à cette petite ville. On a beaucoup aimé cette capitale mondiale de la parfumerie car nous avons été fortement dépaysés, et cela nous a changé de Birmingham, qui paraît immense à côté. Au départ, nous avons été étonnés, car les façades d'immeubles ne se ressemblaient pas, mais en y prêtant plus attention, nous avons trouvé ça original et beau.

Le mercredi, nous sommes allés à Monaco, et nous avons beaucoup aimé ; c'était bien car il a fait beau. Premièrement, nous avons fait la visite d'un musée, et il y avait le plus grand aquarium du sud de la France. C'était excellent car il y avait des poissons que je n'avais jamais vus. A mon avis, c'est le meilleur musée océanographique au monde. Après, nous avons vu la relève de la garde à Monaco. C'était similaire à celle de Londres, mais les gardes étaient plus détendus. C'était peut-être la meilleure expérience de mon séjour, parce-que nous étions très près du spectacle. Après nous avons eu trois heures de temps libre. Pendant ce temps, je me suis baladé au bord de la mer, et je suis resté dans un café avec mes amis pendant une heure. C'était une pause très agréable. Pour moi, Monaco était intéressant car j'ai découvert que c'était un pays indépendant. A mon avis, Monaco était le meilleur jour car c'était celui le moins épuisant.



Parade outside the Royal Palace, Monaco.



The boys enjoy the Grasse beach.

Aujourd'hui, jeudi 25 mars, nous sommes allés à Nice avec le groupe des Espagnols, des Américains et des Allemands. Au début de la journée, nous avons visité le musée de Matisse. Durant la visite, nous avons pu admirer les toiles de cet artiste de renom ainsi que des œuvres liées à son existence. Après la visite du musée, nous nous sommes arrêtés au bord de la mer pour déjeuner. Durant notre temps-libre nous sommes allés dans le vieux Nice boire un café avec nos correspondants français. Ensuite, nous sommes allés visiter la confiserie Florian que j'ai beaucoup appréciée. J'ai pu déguster une grande partie des spécialités sucrées françaises. C'était un vrai régal. Pour moi, il était important que je puisse goûter à ces spécialités car j'en avais beaucoup entendu parler. En fin de journée nous avons pris le bus et sommes retournés à Grasse. A mon avis, Nice est une très belle ville, où il fait bon vivre car le climat est très agréable, et la nourriture est incroyablement bonne ; pour preuve, j'ai pu goûter une délicieuse socca, préparée devant mes yeux.

En conclusion, j'ai vraiment apprécié mon séjour et cela m'a fait adorer ce beau pays : la France.

Tim Barnes, Richard Berry, Hugo Clay, Harry Goldenfeld,
Morgan Hirsch, Joe Hobbs, Jack Hobbs,
Charles Isherwood, Alan Kent, Monish Kulkarni,
Ed Siddons, Joe Tankaria

„WIR MÖCHTEN WIEDERKOMMEN“

PAUSTAUSCH Eindrücke von englischen Schülern in Lampertheim

Während wir diesen Artikel schreiben, können wir nicht vergessen, dass wir am Sonntag nach England zurückfahren müssen. Diese letzte Woche hat viel Spaß gemacht, und wir wissen, dass wir viel gelernt haben – zum Beispiel, wann man „Ja“ sagen muss und wann man „Nein“ sagen muss sogar wenn man keine Ahnung hat, was die Frage war. Harry und ich sind in Lampertheim mit fünf anderen Schülern aus Birmingham: James Jewkes, Monish Kulkarni, Sam Polding, Vickram Ravirajan und Ted Smith sind auch hier. Am Donnerstag haben wir uns im „Fährhaus“ getroffen. Wir zwei LZ-Praktikanten haben die Zeit genutzt, um unsere Mitschüler zu fragen, wie sie den Austausch erlebt haben.

Natürlich war Deutsch zu lernen, der erste Grund, warum die King-Edwards-Schüler nach Deutschland gekommen sind. Vickram scherzte, dass er keine Lust darauf habe, aber seine Lehrerin sagte, dass er müsse. Er fand sein Praktikum in einer Werkstatt schwer. Obwohl er neue Technikvokabeln gelernt hat, gefiel es ihm nicht, dass er vor der Mittagspause nicht sitzen durfte. Für ihn war es immer gut, nach Hause zu kommen, um sich zu entspannen. Er sagte auch, dass die Familie sehr nett sei und dass er jetzt keine Angst mehr vor Fehlern habe.

Nur Monish hat vor vier Jahren begonnen, Deutsch zu lernen. Alle andere lernen seit drei Jahren. Er erzählte, dass er wenige Probleme mit der Sprache habe. Letztes Jahr hat er einen Austausch mit französischen Schülern gemacht, und es hat so viel Spaß gemacht, dass er beschloss, nach Deutschland zu kommen. Er lernt zusätzlich Französisch und weiterhin Deutsch und muss die wichtigsten Prüfungen im Sommer 2011 schreiben. Er hat diese Woche in einer Anwaltskanzlei verbracht. James ist sich sicher, dass er Tierarzt werden möchte. Er hat bei einer Tierarztpraxis gearbeitet und gesagt, dass sein Arbeitspraktikum sehr interessant war. Weil Lampertheim eine kleine Stadt mit wenigen kranken Haustieren ist, dauerte seine Arbeit nur zwei Stunden pro Tag. Er denkt, dass das sehr gut war, weil er um 12 Uhr nach Hause gehen durfte. Seine Gastfamilie war immer nett, und jeden Abend unternahmen sie viel: Zum Beispiel besichtigten sie Mannheim und Heidelberg, wo sie das Fußballspiel zwischen Deutschland und Spanien gesehen haben. James denkt, dass Lampertheim eine sehr schöne Stadt ist, und er liebt es, mit dem Rad überall hinzufahren. In England arbeitete Sam in einem Krankenhaus zusammen mit einem Herzchirurgen. Er konnte nicht viel machen, weil er zu jung war. Er hat diese Woche in einer Praxis gearbeitet und konnte mehr machen, weil die Regeln in Deutschland nicht so streng sind. Er hat sein Arbeitspraktikum genossen, und wenn er älter ist, möchte er Arzt werden.

Der Letzte ist Ted, der es wahrscheinlich nie sagen würde, aber der Deutschland stark vermissen wird. Als wir ihn fragten, wie seine Gastfamilie sei, lachte er: „Womit soll ich beginnen? Sie ist wirklich fantastisch. Wenn ich Probleme habe, Deutsch zu verstehen, hilft die Familie, es in Englisch zu übersetzen. Insgesamt sind die Familie und das Essen sehr angenehm.“ Er dankt seiner Gastfamilie und dem Architekten, bei dem er gearbeitet hat.

Am Sonntag fliegen wir nach England – und das tut uns leid. Natürlich denken wir (Harry und Andrew), dass wir bei den besten Familien gewohnt haben. Unser Austausch mit Praktikum, Sehenswürdigkeiten und Grillpartys war erfolgreich. Die Stadt ist sehr schön, und wir möchten wieder hier herkommen. Unser Praktikum bei der Lampertheimer Zeitung war ausgezeichnet, und wir denken, dass nichts nützlicher sein könnte. Dankeschön und auf Wiedersehen.

Andrew Macarthur, Fifth
on Work experience in a German newspaper



PICTURES



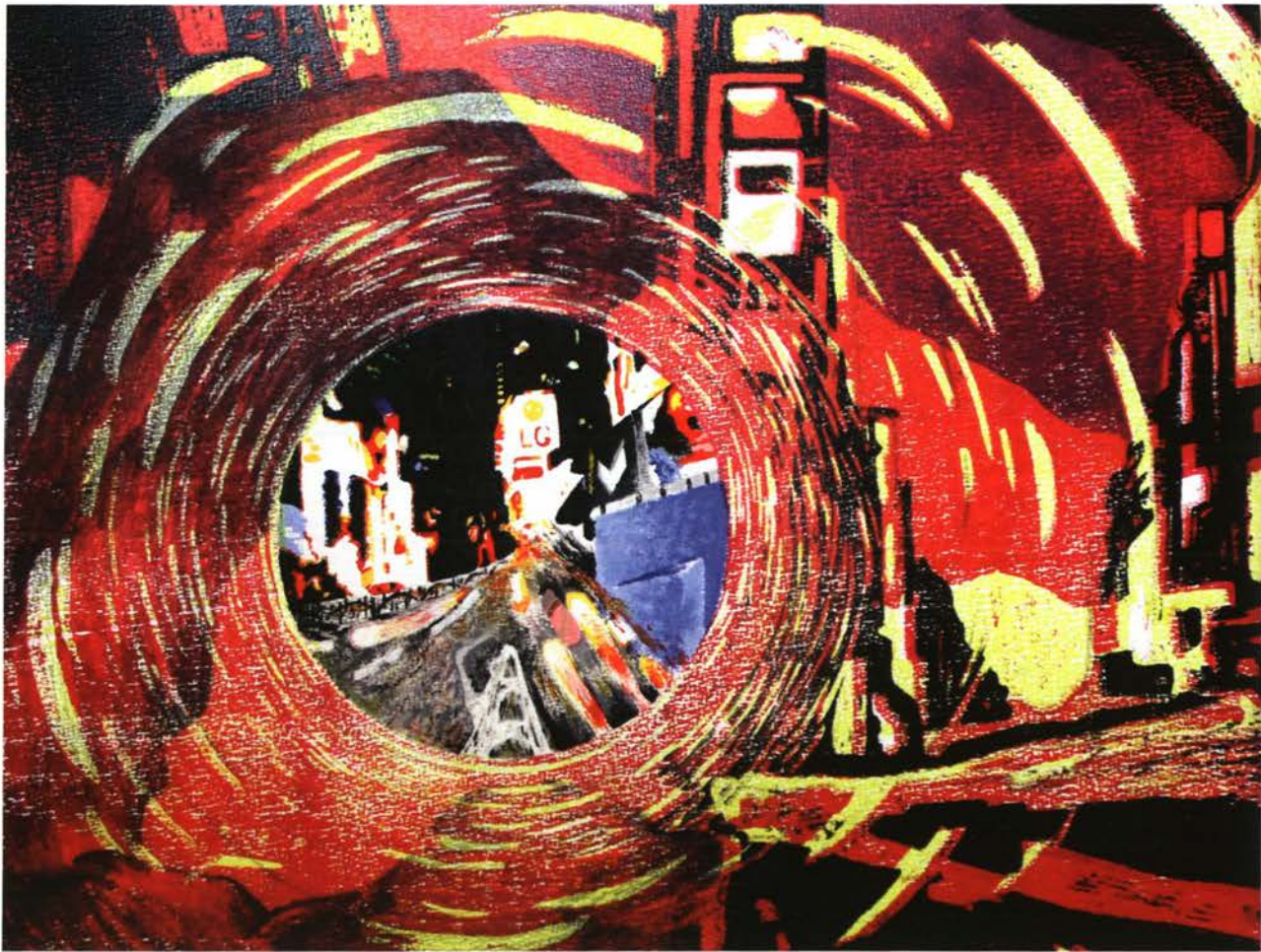
Shell Class Project "Endangered Species" Ceramic



Zaheen Ahmed (Shell) "*Endangered Species*" Ceramic



Will Watkinson (Divisions) "*Organic Form*" Ceramic



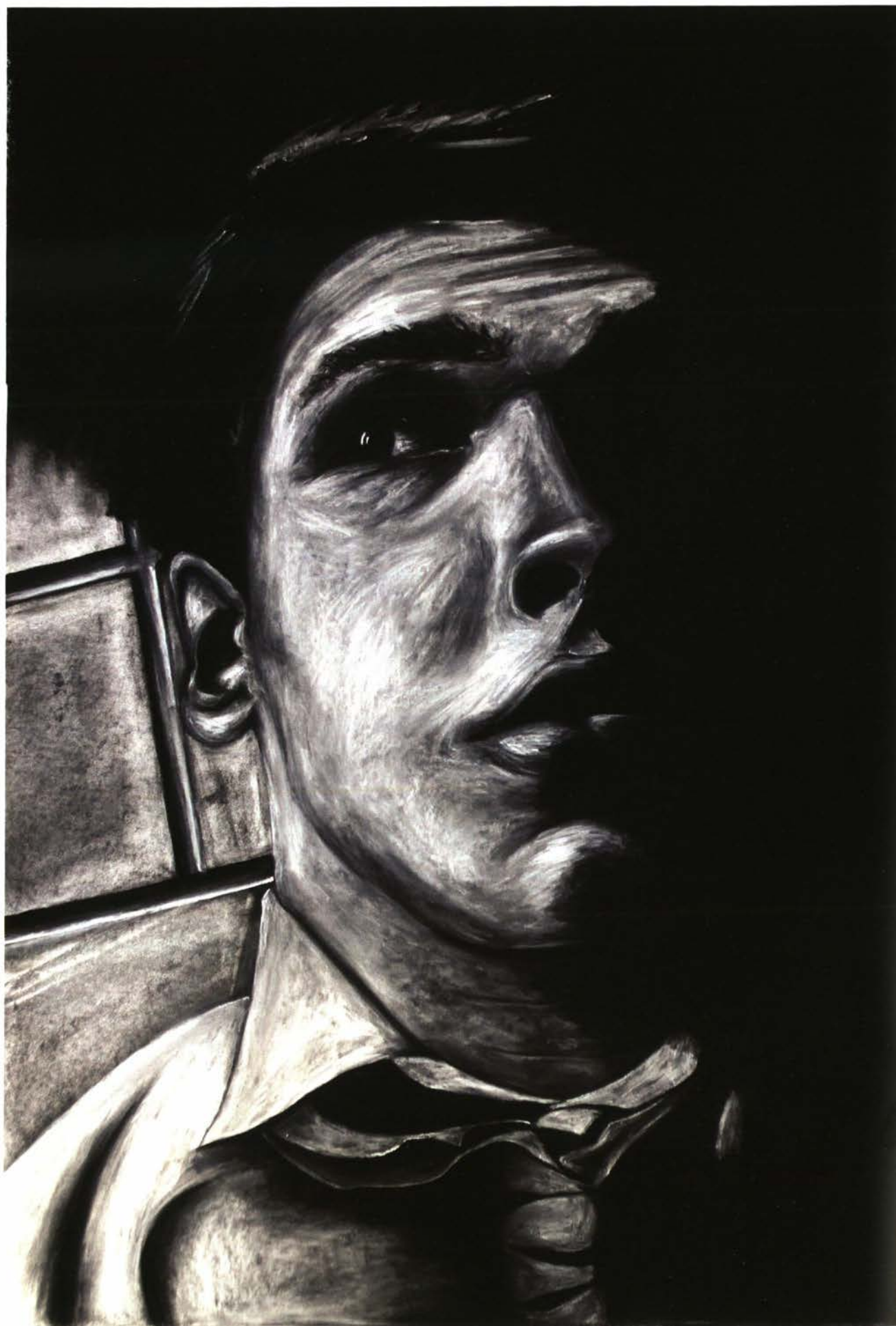
Ryan Millar (5th) *"City"* Mixed Media



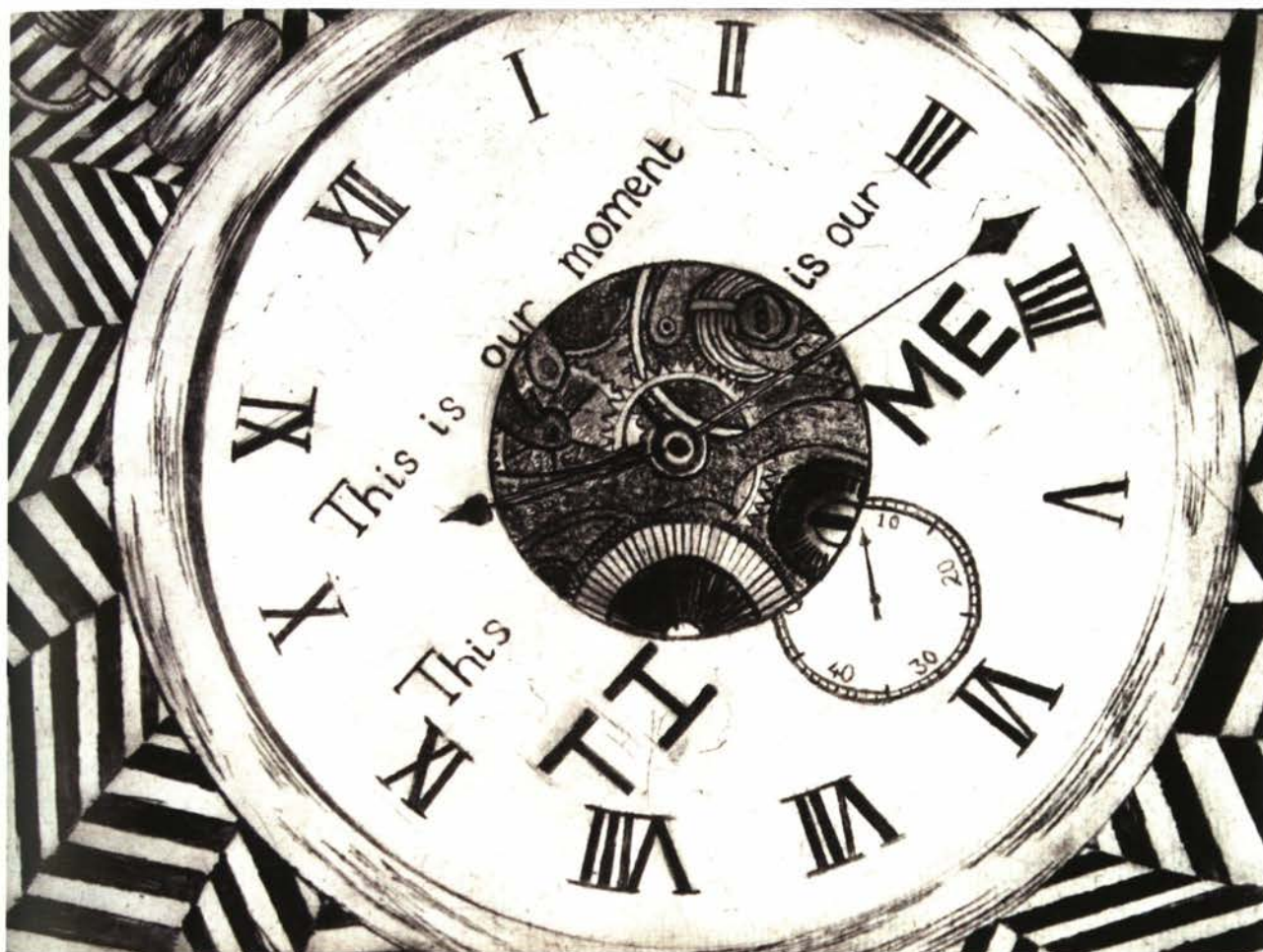
Jack Hobbs (Divisions) *"Layers"* Oil Bar and Silk Screen



Jon Durbin (5th) *"Work, Rest, Play"* Ceramic



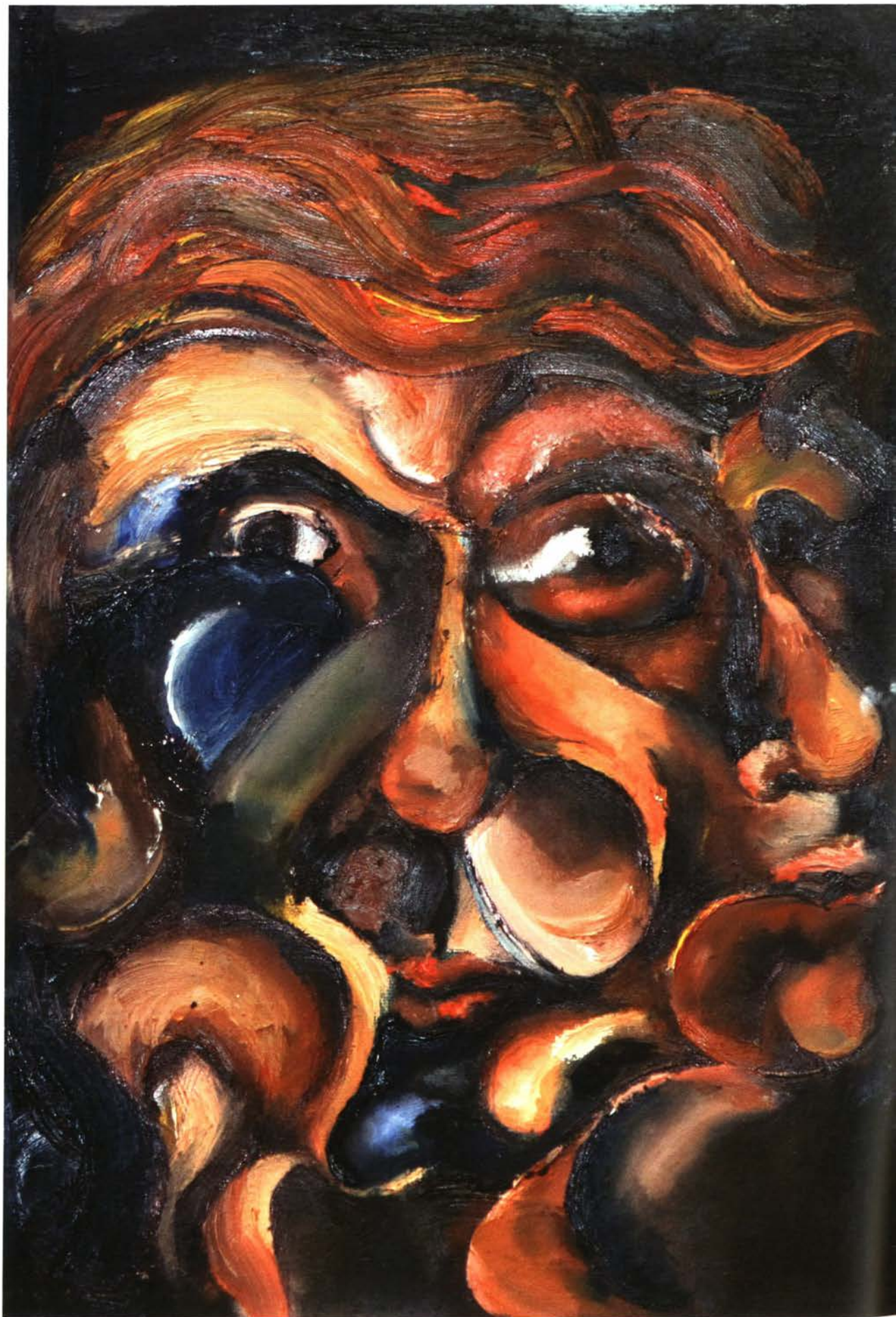
Will Parker (Divisions) "Self" Conte



Stephen Thatcher (5th) "Work, Rest, Play" Engraving



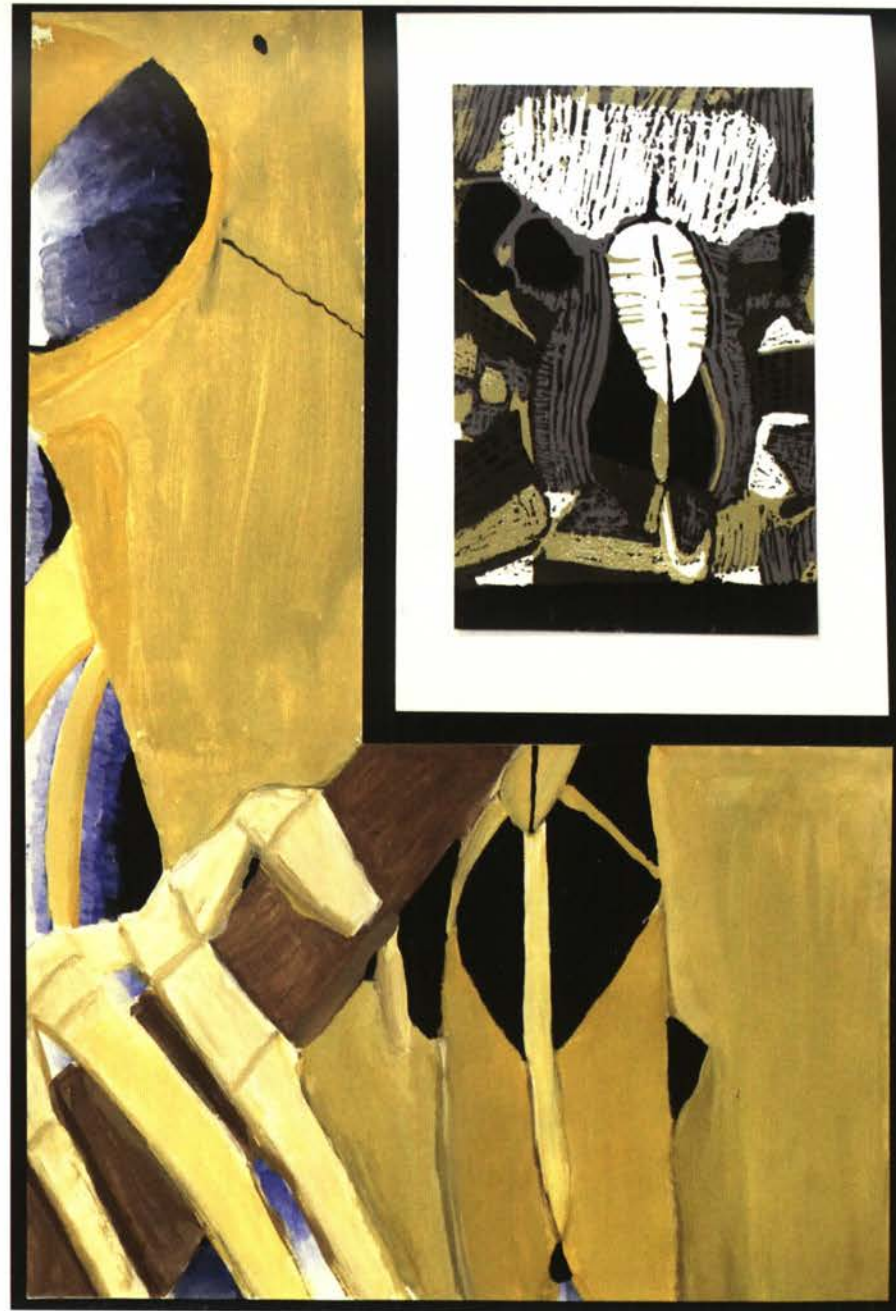
Olly Ridgley (Upper Middle) "Journey To School" Lino Print



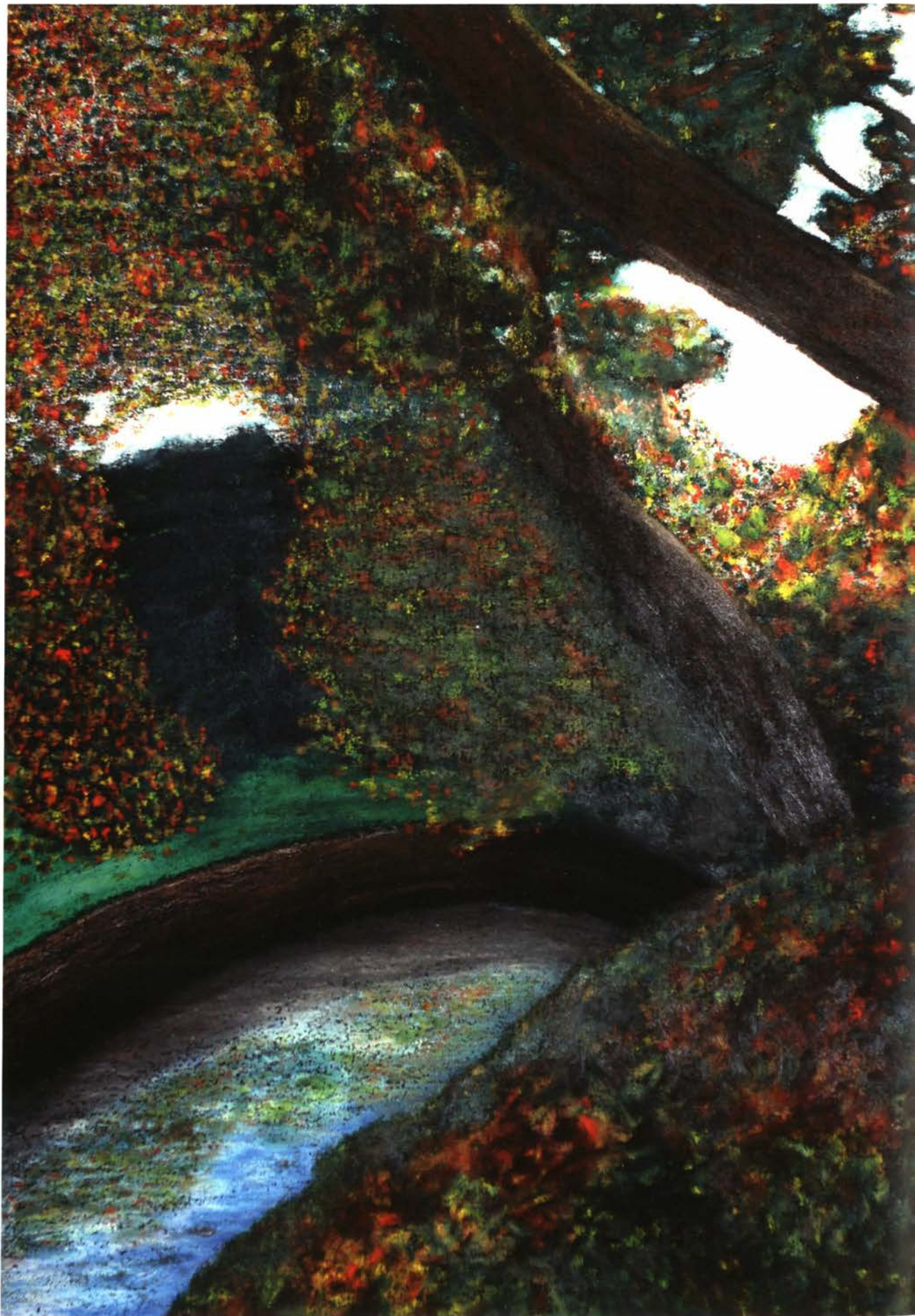
David Kiff (Divisions) *"Rhythms & Cycles"* Oil Paint



Alex Roberts (5th) *"Still Life"* Lino Print



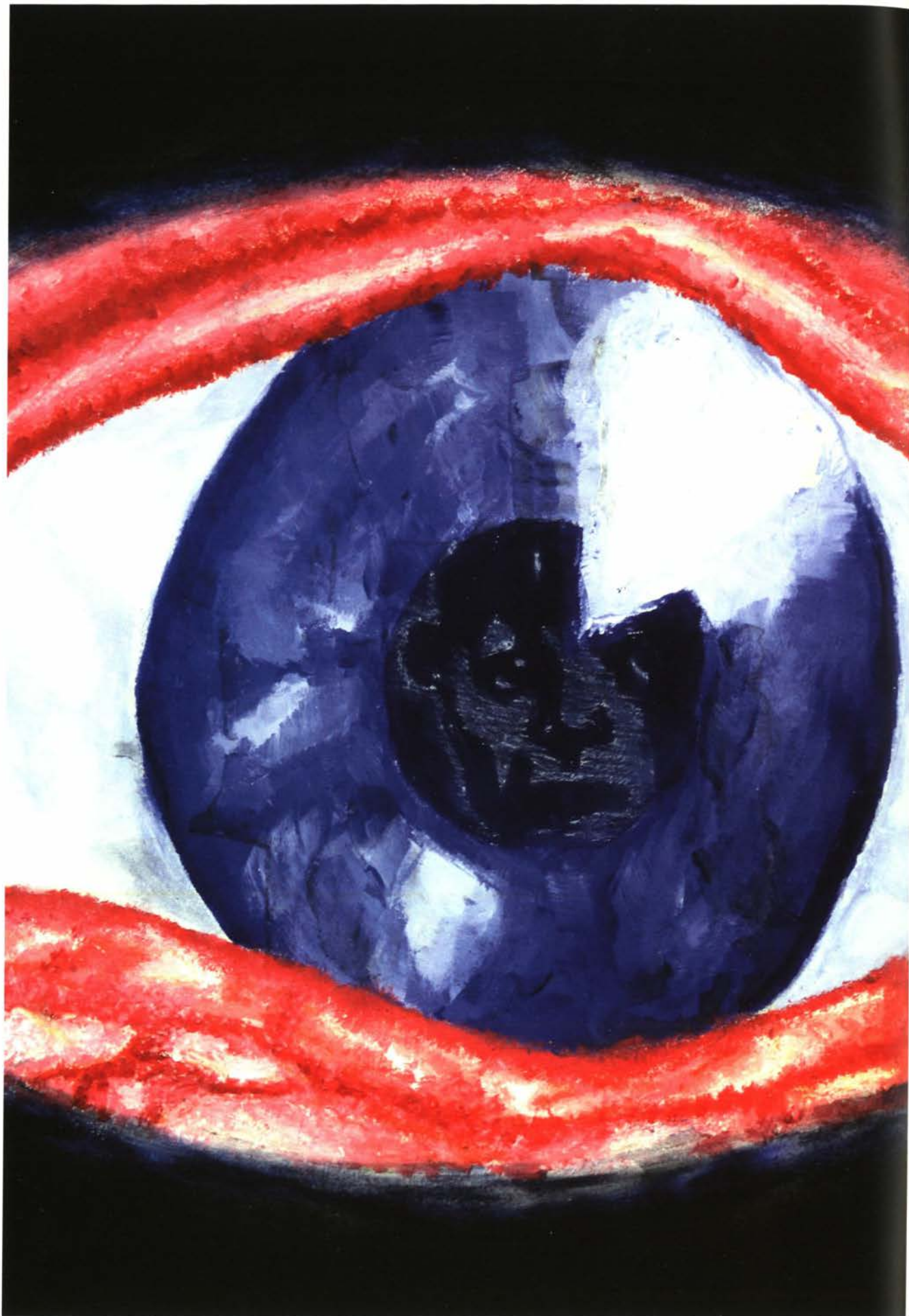
Robert Woolley (Upper Middle) *"Still Life"* Tempra and Lino Print



Hugh Cullen (5th) "Landscape" Oil Bar



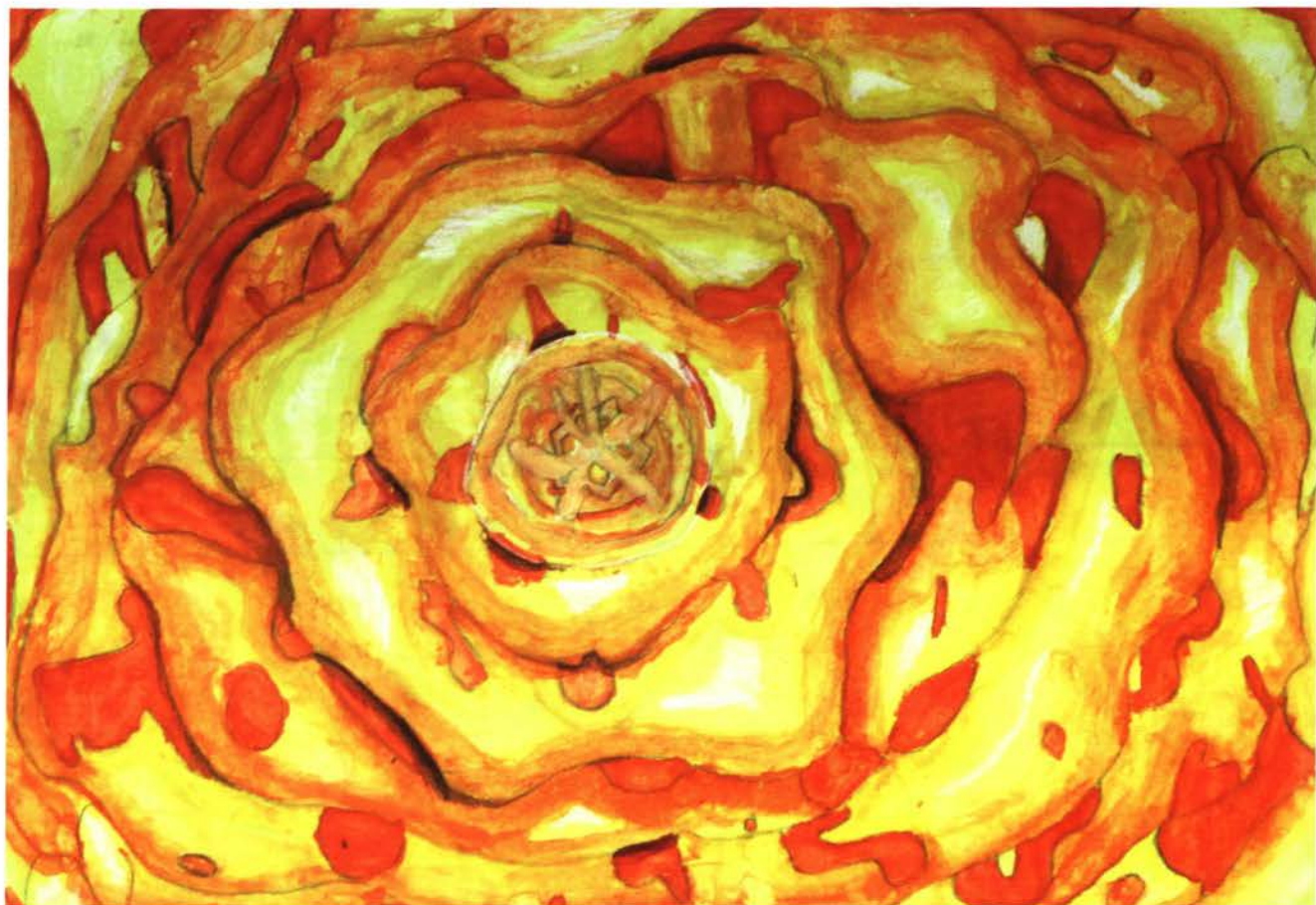
Xiaofan Zhang (Remove) "Mealtime" Lino Print



Adrian Wong (5th) "Work, Rest, Play" Oil Bar



Kassim Mughal (6th) "Organic Form" Mixed Media



Jibran Rajput (Shell) “*Natural Form*” Tempra Paint



Jon Durbin (5th) “*City*” Lino Print and Collage

An aerial, high-angle photograph of a large, multi-story residential complex, possibly a university campus or a large apartment building. The complex consists of several interconnected rectangular buildings with many windows. The surrounding area includes trees, parking lots with cars, and some smaller structures. The entire image is tinted with a deep blue color.

HOUSES

CARY GILSON

2009-2010 was a year of change for Cary Gilson. Mr Pitt's reign was slowly but surely changing the image of the House, from outside as well as within, giving Gilsonites a belief in ourselves and making us serious opponents to the other Houses. With an excellent set of lower year groups, we were ready to haul ourselves up the Cock House Table. Then, came winter; Mr Pitt was to leave for Peru to seek pastures new and we were to have a new Head of House. A man of great stature, Mr Turner was given an equally great task: to finish the work Mr Pitt had started, and nurture the House up the table. But first he had to steady the House under new management.

This was to be an intermediate year between two leaderships, and Mr Turner was content to let the House carry on as before during the second half of the year. With the help of the Tutors, especially Mr C Johnson, who used his vast and powerful motivational skills to make sure the boys were committed and turned up to their respective events, we finished a respectable fifth. Not only were we on the cusp of a top half finish, but we won several competitions, including Senior Cross Country, Junior Athletic Standards and UMs Rugby. Cary Gilson is a growing power and progress will continue, with winning the Cock House Competition a realistic goal in the next few years. Bring on summer 2011!

EVANS

Confident, positive, determined, single-minded: just a few words describing our feelings at the start of the year. The jolly green army, led by new General Rory Singh, were back with a vengeance, ready for battle. Unfortunately, all did not go as planned. "Disastrous" does well for summing up the first term in one word. By Christmas we found ourselves entrenched in 7th position. The only gleam of consolation was a fine and comfortable win in Senior badminton. Mark Wright led the team to glory, helped along the way with fine performances by Tom Hubscher and Abhay Raji Soorya.

Although we were lower down the competition than we had originally hoped for, coming into the Spring term, we stayed ambitious. This term is traditionally our strongest, and all lethargy and apathy were left behind as Evans arose from its self-induced slumber. We regularly found ourselves finishing 2nd in competitions. Rob Dudley captained both the squash and hockey teams; Harry Goldenfeld performed admirably in squash and in hockey; Adam Forrest also performed impressively, despite a Ronnie Rosenthal-esque miss. Credit should go to Mark Wright for guarding his goal with particular skill. Luckily, we have a fine replacement next year with Jamie "I'll just kick the ball to Ed Burns so that I can make a wonder save and put myself out of the game for 2 months with damaged knee ligaments" Fennell. 3rd position in Fourths rugby was credible,

especially without the invaluable Connor McGuirk, who did, however, make up for his absence with a win in the Fourths cross country. Well done to Jonathan Duckett for stepping into the breach with apparent ease and for firing up the troops! Senior rugby was also a fine effort. Alex Winyard, Richard Lenton and Rory Singh, amongst others, starred. Matt Eyre captained the Senior cross country to a fine second position. Tremendous potential was shown by Myles Jones in Shells basketball, where the team managed a superb win.

But where was the big win that we were all desperately craving? The answer: House Music. Roberto Ruisi shocked all of KES (not!) by storming to victory in the classical section. Chris Lawrence's considered opinion that *Fly Me to the Moon* was "too big a risk" for House Shout was ignored. Fronted by Sam "Sinatra" Newton, a number of talented Evans musicians including Ed Ratcliffe, Mark Wright, Dan Turner, Adam D'Aubney, Roberto Ruisi, Richard Lenton, Amar Sodha and Chris himself swept away the opposition to complete a magnificent music double. Evans moved up into a threatening 2nd position on the shoulder of Prince Lee

The Summer term in contrast was more of a damp squib. That said, there were highlights, including Sam Arrand and Akshay John winning Fourths tennis. Senior tennis was not up to its usual standards, notably due to the team competing without Nick Watson. Many boys performed superbly in athletics: Winyard, Hubscher, Eyre, Millar, Duckett, McGuirk, Bowler and Eccleston to name a few, leading to a deserved 2nd place. In swimming, well, at least no-one drowned. Cricket was mediocre, although Will Bowen tantalized us with top class performances in the Senior competition before declaring that he was leaving KES. Hobbs and Maini completed seven years of stalwart service to House cricket.

At the final House meeting it was announced that Adam Forrest would become House Captain. The Evans Senior Shield went to Mark Wright and the Junior Shield went to Jonathan Duckett. Finally Tinnors told us that we had come third overall, which has to be regarded as a slight disappointment when the sixth form had performed with such distinction.

SJT/Adam Forrest

GIFFORD

Gifford: a great figure in the school's history, a purple house of greatness and a word that conjures images of success and achievement. Led by a team of teachers and pupils consisting of the likes of Mr McMullan and Rohith. We had all the ingredients to obtain an emphatic victory in the Cock House Competition, as we have done in the past. Rumours and gossip were spreading like wildfire around seven Houses: rumours about a purple machine which could so easily reach out and take the Cock House Trophy as its own. It was now up to us as a House to fulfil our destiny and take our rightful place at the top of the table.

As the year started, early nerves showed us up: eighth-place disasters dented our confidence. The Gifford machine, capable of anything, seemed to take some time to warm up. Eighth place was followed by second, as the results became unpredictable and more difficult to accept.

For a House to achieve it must first motivate itself: motivation leads to first place which, in turn, motivates again, continuing the self-perpetuating spiral of ascension. Sometimes motivation comes from the most unlikely of places: while we struggled in many events, respectable second places were obtained in UM table tennis and chess. Success rolled like a snowball and grew and grew, with the House now speaking of more than glory.

The motivation snowball was converted into points near Christmas with our first win of the year. Senior house rugby, captained by Oliver Moreton, a triple-weighted scoring sport, was won by the might of Gifford. The cogs were now in motion for the comeback of a century as the underdogs of Gifford prepared to bring in some points. Rugby across the age groups produced two first places and a further two top 3 rankings. The mood was changing.

The events straight after the Christmas holidays led to mostly top four results and Gifford continued to build up points. The indoor competitions proved vital, squash being a significant area of triumph: three Gifford age groups were placed first.

But it seemed that, unfortunately, the Gifford machine ran out of power as its momentum was slowed by heavy defeats in tennis and swimming. The burned out machine seemed to resign itself to its fate with its last result (eighth in Athletics Standards). A sad end to a promising year.

Despite a year of numerous disappointments, the push through the Christmas season showed a glimpse of what Gifford is capable of. Fourth place was our final result, an average result but one which left many Giffordians wanting more.

HEATH

And so the year 2009-2010 came and went for Heath, not exactly in a blaze of glory: more of a damp squib of anti-climax.. The Heathens lost their zing, almost as if they had resigned themselves to mediocrity and disappointment.

There were some average performances, some moments of excitement; second in water polo for the Seniors and the 4ths; 1st in Upper Middle Athletics and 2nd in Senior Athletics. Standards generated extreme emotions; immense disappointment at the laziness and apathy of many of the older boys in the House, but extreme pride in the huge effort made by many of the younger boys.

A massive "Well done" to the Shell year who managed to gain nearly as many Standards points as all of the Seniors. Similarly, our 4th place in swimming standards was thanks to 4ths and below.

I am always wary of naming individuals, but here are some special mentions: Michael Durante (all round star), Joe Carter (all round enthusiasm), James Kuo (Mr Versatile – fantastic at everything), Stan Cousins (for THAT House Shout performance- we were robbed!), Kiyam Lin (musical hero), Jake McCollum (for his unflinching commitment), Angus Crombie (massive enthusiasm), Finn Milton (for Challenge and his loyalty), Conrad and Magnus Yap (for throwing themselves into everything), Idrees Mughal (for his drive and commitment), Tim Wheeler (for his quiet but huge efforts), Jonathan Earle (unsung hero), Nick Olliff (always reliable) so it goes on.

And that is why, in the end, our middle position in the Cock House table doesn't matter so much. The fact that some had lost their drive doesn't matter so much either, because when you look really hard at it all, what does matter is that we still have a huge number of great boys who never cease to amaze me in the way they so enthusiastically turn out to represent and support their House. They are a pleasure to work with and deserve the results we got.

I have to say a big "thanks" to George Bellshaw and Michael Hawrylak, who were hard-working and reliable House Captains. I have to say a bigger "thanks" to Mr Stacey for his years as a Heath House Tutor; he did a grand job and will be missed. And I have to say a huge "thank you and goodbye" to Mr Stead as he retires from school and from his role as Head of House; he has worked tirelessly for Heath, given hours of his time to the boys, and always shown real passion for his House. It won't be the same without him.

So what does the next year hold? Well, Heath will be in safe hands under the strong leadership of Stan Cousins, assisted by Dan Mort and Jamie Wheeler, whilst Mr Smith will be stepping in to share the role of Head of House. How can we possibly fail? I can feel the buzz already and I sense that Heath will once more rise, phoenix-like from the ashes, to greater glory.

CMLD





JEUNE:

In recent times this House has become closely associated with a number: the number eight. For it has been in eighth position that our great House has had the misfortune to come for three years in a row. At the start of 2009-2010 there was a renewed sense of optimism that a better future awaited us: surely under the new leaders Alex McPherson, "big, strong and proud", and Dan Sutton, "swift and wise", the House could move on. The year started brightly with successes in chess and debating, but despite our best efforts this was followed by a string of disappointing seventh places. By Easter we were down at seventh and looked set to fall further. However, James Travers' inspirational delivery of his poem managed to pull us back from the brink.

*"So step out this term,
With the sun on your face
And get the most runs,
Come first in your race.*

*Score goals in the pool,
Win games on the court;
Pull up your socks
And play some great sport.*

*Get points for your Standards
In water, on track...
If we pull together
We can win some pride back."*

The ruby soldiers of Jeune responded valiantly with a monumental victory in the triple-weighted Athletics Standards. Other strong performances in swimming and cricket meant that we managed to haul ourselves up the Cock House table into a respectable 6th position; an important stepping stone on the road to greater success.

Stewart Horder

LEVETT

Every house needs to be built upon sure foundations, as the Bible taught us; likewise a house needs to be built out of bricks, as the big bad wolf and the three little pigs taught us. Levett certainly has strong foundations in Mr Roll and his crew of House Tutors, who run a far tighter ship in terms of keeping us motivated and determined than any Captain Jack Sparrow might be able to achieve. So, if the problem isn't with the foundations, then perhaps it's in the bricks. And by bricks, I mean pupils.

One person at least who cannot be at fault for Levett's under performing is Andrew Philpot, who has brought a new lease of life into our House Meetings this year with his 'Levett badges' and with the continuation of what is now a firm House 'tradition'; I'm sure all Levettians know what I'm alluding to. So why is it that we always come last? Here I could make up some excuses and say that it has to do with the outstanding quality of the other Houses, and that if we were at any other school then we would be constantly winning everything; but that would be a lie, as everyone knows that all the other Houses are rubbish, and that Levett is by far the best House (even if the results don't always show that).

However, perhaps I'm being a bit pessimistic here. Levett certainly does perform well in a multitude (okay, perhaps 'multitude' is a bit of an exaggeration) of competitions on a regular basis: this year we came first in the Senior and Minor cricket competitions, and second in the Junior competition. And Standards are a regular Levett strong point: we came first in the Standards competition this year once again. What this shows is that whatever Levett may be lacking in quality sportsmen, it certainly isn't lacking in motivation and determination. It is this sort of attitude which is to be commended and encouraged, and it is this sort of attitude that we will need to maintain if we are ever to regain the glorious title of 'Cock House Champions'. Two people whom the House may look to as examples of this spirit are Nikhil Handa and Hari Chauhan, who in the House Shout this year gave a sterling performance under the guidance of Loz Pardoe of our version of The Coral's *Dreaming of You*, in a competition in which we deserved a higher place than we were actually given; the same can be said of House Music proper. But I would say that, wouldn't I?



Now for a bit of nostalgic reminiscing. Back in the good ol' days of 2004/5, when Credits were more important than the differences between Homer and Hesiod (i.e. the Shells), something very strange happened (and I doubt the following words have been seen in this combination for a very long time): Levett won the Cock House Cup. It's difficult to believe nowadays. Now that Philpot and his year are leaving, the people who can remember that glory are few: a minority of the House Tutors and the Sixth form. And yes, I have considered the fact that the year Levett stopped winning was also the year I joined.

So I think I'll leave it there. We have the determination, we have the motivation; no one likes to be continually last; it does rather stink. And with Hugo Clay moving into the shoes of Philpot, those very same shoes once occupied by the now almost forgotten Euan Sterling, we certainly have the quality to lead us on to fame; so, fellow Levettians, make sure you keep your head and play the game!

James Thomas Lloyd

PRINCE LEE

This year was a successful one for Prince Lee, following on from our huge success just two years before. It started off well with the House challenge team winning their second title in succession, down in no small part to the skill of Captain Oliver Clarke. Then a rearguard action by the chess team, featuring excellent play by the now departed Afnan brothers, secured a top table finish. But, integral to a successful campaign for any House is the quality of its new Shells. They performed well: even though they came a slightly disappointing 5th in the first round of House rugby, by the second round they had got their act together and managed an impressive 3rd. They also performed well in the indoor House competitions, notching up 2nd places in fives and badminton. This left us, at the end of our traditionally strongest term, narrowly in the lead.

Spring is traditionally our weakest term, but as the Senior indoor House competitions were moved to the Spring Term this year, our Seniors could capitalize and put in their traditionally strong showing, picking up a 1st, a 2nd and a 3rd out of the four events. Our Senior hockey team hugely belied their pre-tournament billing as probable whipping boys and turning in a hugely credible 3rd place. Our most successful year-groups turned in a typically strong performance, coming 2nd in both UM and Fourth rugby and 2nd and 1st in Cross country; they really shored up what could have become a disappointing term for Prince Lee. On top of these successes they also turned in a very credible set of results in the indoor House competitions with multiple podium finishes and a victory in Fourths badminton. So we finished the Spring Term firmly in first place.



In the Summer Term the key to eventual Cock House success is usually the House's performance in Standards; everybody counts, so participation is vital. But this year, for the first time, Swimming Standards were available in all three terms: we took huge advantage and won the Minor, Junior and Senior Swimming Standards by a huge margin. Our dominance in the pool was not confined to Standards, either: our Minors won both water polo and swimming, our UMs again won water polo and swimming, with Peter Shipway breaking the school Individual Medley record en route to his success, and our Seniors came 3rd in their swimming competition. This led to our being crowned 'Kings of the Pool', a major step towards Cock House glory. We also won the Junior cricket competition and came 2nd in both UM and Senior tennis. Hence our eventual Cock House success. I hope that we can continue building on the legacy that comes from wearing pink, and that next year we can make it two titles in two years.

Angus McDonnell





VARDY

The third change of leadership in four years had Vardy beginning to resemble the banana republic among King Edward's Houses, and our new generalissimo (or generalissima?) Mrs Stokes had only a dismal sixth place finish in 2008–9 from which to embark on the Cock House race of 2009–10. In short, things were looking grim for the Boys in Blue over the summer holiday, and so mired in memories of our own near misses in the competition were we that few of us noticed the steady tide of emails pouring into our inboxes throughout July and August.

These missives, despatched by the tireless Mrs Stokes, indefatigably spelt out a strategy for winning the Cock House Trophy for the first time in four decades: Total Vardy Domination, a sort of levée en masse calling for a 'House in arms'. Every boy in every year group, Queen Hosanna declared, was to take part in sports, competitions, tutor groups, flag-making, with the aim of bringing about a Blue Revolution.

The sheer undisguised jingoism of this plan ('TVD') raised not a few sceptical eyebrows amongst the older Vardians, and the new regime's pathological obsession with the accoutrements of Cock House success (a website, a blog, and how many Latin-inscribed banners did Alan 'Chairman' Li make?) seemed faintly absurd to us as well. After all, had the bare-knuckles style of Sir Robert Milne and Major Melville not brought us aching close to the victory for which we longed?

Why, we wondered, were we not just wedging our noses to the grindstone, as was the time-honoured Vardy way?

Initially, it seemed, these doubts were justified: the Autumn Term is traditionally the Vardy stronghold; when the dust settles on the battlefields of the pseudo-sports (Debating, Challenge, Chess), it is the Blue Legion left standing. Yet September 2009 came with the news that Debating would not take place, and that we were seeded against Jeune in the Challenge Second Round. In retrospect, the stunning comeback staged by the Vardy quizmasters (routing the Jeune team of 'Challenge jock' Travers to take third place) was a portent of what was to come. We were elated to find, come Christmastime, that we held the second spot (trailing, as per usual, the Pinkos).

What could account for this joyous result, when the Senior years were becalmed in the waters of Cock House mediocrity? Put simply, Mrs Stokes's 'House in arms' and her beautification of Vardy had pulled off the feat of galvanising the younger years. The Upper Middles, in particular, emerged as stars: having stalled low in the table under Mr Melville, they became the Vardy Army's most energetic NCOs. The new crop of Shells, as well, had proven themselves able soldiers, and by Easter 2010 the Blue House was even spoiling for a fistic first-place fight with Prince Lee.

In the end, unfortunately, we were pipped to the win by Prince Lee, much to Pugilist Porter's delight. Yet the brassy performance of all of the Blue cadets did us proud; and, as well, it was a glorious personal vindication of the unconventional leadership style of Mrs S. Having thought outside the box, the new House Mistress came breath-takingly close to stealing the trophy from under Prince Lee's noses. What will the new year hold as she takes her maternity leave, bequeathing the Boys in Blue to the stewardship of the beloved Mr Dewar?

Henry Tonk

The background is a deep blue with various organic, dark blue shapes floating around. A film strip with sprocket holes runs diagonally from the middle right towards the bottom right. The word "SOCIETIES" is centered in white, uppercase letters.

SOCIETIES

CHRISTIAN UNION

KES Christian Union had a good year, meeting on Wednesdays to discuss issues such as the Bible's trustworthiness and the identity of Jesus Christ. Speakers from outside the school, including Charlie Butler, John Taylor and John Rochfort, helped provide insight with interesting talks followed by questions. Students also contributed: James Griffith gave his testimony and Sam Hobbs talked about the historicity of Genesis. The talks tended to spark discussion and debate amongst those present, with Christians and non-Christians alike free to air their views. On the several occasions where we overran, it seemed rather odd to interrupt questions about eternity in order to be at Registration on time: perhaps it says something about our priorities!

Running alongside the Wednesday meeting was a cell group that met on Tuesdays, run by Dan Mort. This gave younger boys the chance to meet without the overbearing shadows of older pupils there to frighten them off. Possibly the greatest success of the year was a joint event with Islamic Society, a debate over the importance of Jesus, which (surprisingly?) did not erupt into any sort of antagonism: both speakers spoke knowledgeably and eloquently, and even kept to the time we had. Hopefully it will pave the way for more joint ventures in the future.

Thanks must be extended to Mrs Stokes, who worked tirelessly to keep things going, and to all of the speakers who contributed, helping to give great insight throughout the year.

Sam Hobbs

AGORA

This year in Agora has concentrated on the varied and fascinating interests of pupils within the school: but one outside speaker featured, and what a speaker she was! The passionate Dr Deryn Guest gave a talk on 'Pink Theology', discussing the controversial issues of gender and sexuality in religion. A talk more personal and heartfelt than expected, it was certainly one to be remembered.

Another talk with a lasting impact, although perhaps for different reasons, came from our very own Dr Daniels, whose presentations always bring as much excitement as any guest speaker. This year's Agora/Scientific Society get together was entitled, 'Scientific theories are inherently incomplete – the question of God's existence is empirically undecidable' (one can see why one meeting was simply not enough!). Dr Daniel attracted a large and diverse audience who brought insightful questions whilst striving fully to understand what was being said!

Agora teamed up with Scientific Society once again later in the year for a new venture, a pair of debates on animal experimentation and the teaching of creationism in schools. With lead speakers from both KES and KEHS, it was a riveting hour with strong opinions on both sides of the two debates. It was great to also have a few teachers present and contributing in what was a very well spent lunchtime.

Excellent talks from professionals in their fields have always been the selling point of Agora, but it must be said that the depth of knowledge held by pupils within the school on a multitude of different topics is continuously impressive. This year was no exception. Haris Ismail tackled the challenging ideas of the philosopher David Hume in a very comprehensive manner whereas Alex Mason took on Rousseau and the ideas of Romanticism with equal quality. Greg Stacey talked about the theologian St Anselm, exhibiting an extraordinary knowledge of the man and his work and getting to grips with the tricky Ontological argument (managing to make it seem more plausible to me, some feat!). Matt Bowker extended his topic of animal experimentation, conveying the controversial views of Peter Singer with as much passion as the man himself. Controversy was certainly on my cards as I also channelled Peter Singer in my own talk, entitled 'Should the Seriously Disabled Infant Live?' Although the barrage of questions afterwards was quite a daunting experience, it was an amazing feeling to have worked hard in creating the presentation and then successfully giving it. I would highly recommend it to other pupils, both young and old.

Enormous praise must be given once again to the wonderful Mrs Ostrowicz, the true backbone of a society which I'm sure will continue fruitfully for years to come!

Zachary Royce

Gareth Jones on Interfaith Dialogue



AGORA society invites you all to come to a relaxed question and answer session with Reverend Gareth Jones on inter-faith dialogue. Gareth moved into full-time inter-faith work in 2007. This began with a one-year post as Inter-Faith Development Worker for Coventry and Warwickshire.

The meeting will be held at 1.00 on Tuesday 5th October in room 181. Cake will be provided.



CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society had another successful year under Guy Brindley, Jake Ninan and Greg Stacey: a wide variety of talks ranged from the epics to Roman history. The creation of a Junior Classical Society added many new members in the younger years, largely thanks to Yanbo Yin's enthusiasm.

Highlights of the Seniors' year included the Classical Society Dinner, at which we feasted in the high Roman style, and a talk by the Chief Master which took us on a virtual tour of the ancient world, through objects ranging from the mask of Agamemnon to the Birmingham Town Hall. Mr Corns provided the society with a talk on the Aeneid, aided by some of his 5th form pupils. As always, KE students provided some talks, with Guy Brindley and Greg Stacey discussing love poetry and revisiting the Aeneid, and Alex Mason speaking about the end of the Roman republic. Richard Berry covered the Punic Wars and the Gracchii, describing the epic contest between Hannibal and Scipio, and Alex Wakelam spoke on Roman Britain, concentrating on the Caledonian Wars against the Picts. Richard Berry also did a talk on the ancient artifacts in the British Museum, ranging across four millennia, and the plaster cast of Trajan's column in the V&A.

In the Junior Classical Society, there were ancient history quizzes and talks from Yanbo Yin. As we wave our fond farewells to Mr Owen, we also look forward to the future under our new leader, Mr Corns: we hope to see the expansion of the Junior society, a new influx of Divisions into the Senior section, and perhaps even some talks by outside speakers.

Richard Berry

LIFEGUARDING SOCIETY

To those in the know, those who have spent Wednesday afternoons with Rev. Raynor and Mr Owen, training to be a Pool Lifeguard has been a huge, meaningful part of their King Edward's career. Not only is Lifeguarding a great way to avoid exercise while gaining a NPLQ, but it makes you in some ways part of a School elite. Thank you very much, Mr Owen! SFO made the Lifeguarding experience simply incomparable: he is irreplaceable, though Rev. Raynor will soldier bravely on. We wish Mr Owen only the best in his retirement, and hope that he will find the time to stay in touch with those who cherished his company: the KES Lifeguards.

Alistair Eggo

MENTORING SOCIETY

Too often neglected by the very boys who would benefit from it most, is the Mentoring Society. There are boys at KES who find the academic going rather tough at times, and feel a little intimidated by the knowledge and ability of their peers: operating on Monday, Tuesday and to a lesser extent Wednesday lunchtimes, the society provides Sixth and Divisions mentors who are willing to help these boys with their studies. This merry bunch of twenty or so individuals, under the leadership of Mentoring co-ordinator Samir Ahmed, has volunteered time and expertise to help any fellow student who has been advised, or simply wishes, to turn up in room 72.

Attendance by both mentors and mentees can become intermittent: the crowded nature of the KES calendar means that other meetings and commitments sometimes take priority. Nevertheless, the society is always there and, given good communication between student and mentor and regular attendance at sessions, much can be achieved. It has been an eye opener at times to see Shell boys "mentoring" the Sixths in the basics of algebra!

We hope that the Mentoring Society will play a great part in the CAS element of the International Baccalaureate programme, since every Sixth Former will now be required to document hours spent helping others in society in some way or other. Under the guidance of Sixth Form co-ordinator Wrik Ghosh, I see the society blossoming in the future; already, many Fifths have signed up to help in the 2010-2011 campaign.

RNL

Classic Film Society



CFS will be presenting *Anchorman*, one of the funniest films ever created.

For a lunchtime of laughs come to Room 60 on the following dates:

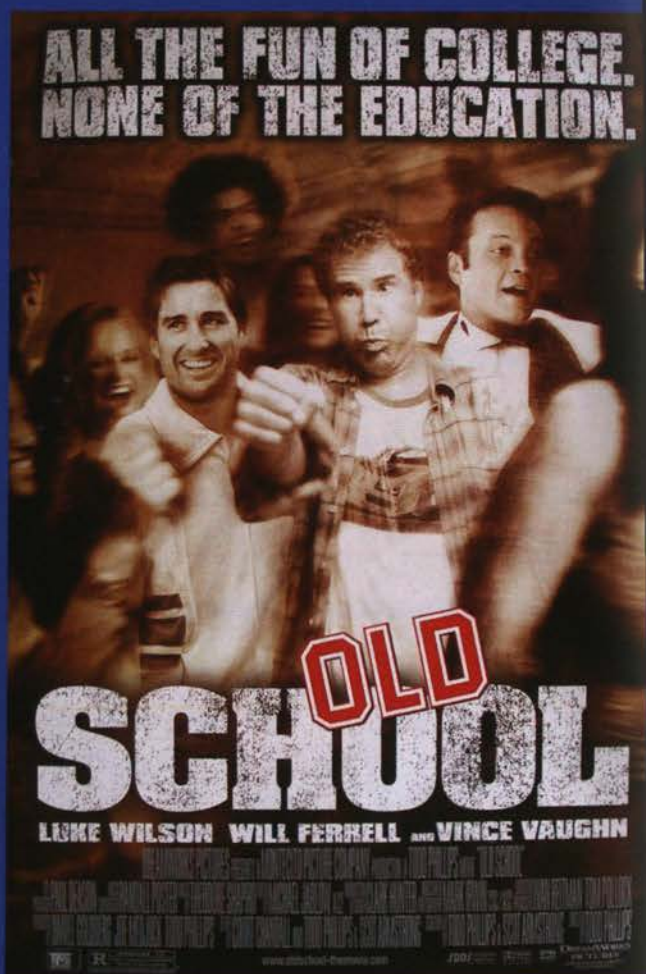
Tuesday 5th October
Thursday 7th October

At the start of lunch.

Cake will be provided
(but feel free to bring your own!)

Finally came the highlight of the CFS calendar: the Film Festival. All prizes went to George Hims for his documentary on Birmingham's canals. It was the only entry, and even that was involuntary. Thanks go to our group of loyal society members, more often than not simply those left in room 60 when the film started! Apologies go to: Michael Price (for consistent bullying), Metal Society (for continually covering up their posters with our own or removing them altogether) and everyone else whose notice-board was plastered with CFS posters. And it would have been nice to have had larger turnouts: perhaps next year?

Alistair Egge



CLASSIC FILM SOCIETY

Earlier today, I read Jamie Scott's inaugural *Chronicle* article on CFS. My God, he really cared about films, and he wasn't even doing it for the tie. I can't help but feel that Mr Pardoe and I, the joint heads of CFS, may have let him down this year. Perhaps we weren't dedicated enough. But the reams of posters we made, the number of times we were called into KDP's office, and the hours we spent hoping for a more impressive turnout on a Tuesday/Thursday lunchtime surely made up for that? Perhaps it's just that Young Edwardians don't care about Film as much as they did 'back in the day'.

We had fun: there was cake a-plenty, a new notice-board (graciously donated by the Maths Society) and some classic films. Our biggest turnout was for *Old School*, the first film of the season. That was probably just because of the naked sorority girl wrestling scene. Other modern classics such as *Good Morning Vietnam*, both the *Blues Brothers* films and *Donnie Brasco* followed, with decreasing success. So we advertised our Gangster Season, much to the chagrin of Mr Phillips, who, ever the unsentimental realist, pointed out that there was absolutely no way he would allow under 18s to watch "18" certificate movies.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

On select Thursdays, the Scientific Society offers the chance for those who have a genuine interest in science to listen and talk to people who have actually pursued their passion for science, forging their career around it. To start the year, we welcomed Dr Kevin Chalut (University of Cambridge) and his talk: "Do Biological Cells Care About Physics?" His research into the physical, rather than biological, properties of cells has uncovered a whole host of fascinating results, including a new potential way to remove tumour cells based simply on their softness rather than any biological property!

We next invited Dr Ceri Haddon, a clinical photographer at the John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford. He presented his own job and detailed the work done in studios and on location in the wards and operating theatres, as well as public relations work for the greater hospital community. We were even privy to a shot of a lung removal!

Another memorable talk was that of Dr Conway, from the Department of Chemistry at Oxford University, who gave an outline of his research into designing compounds which could be activated in the body by lasers, thus making them more targeted and efficient. Applications of this technology were far reaching, from tumour cells to Alzheimer's.

Then came the talk that the whole school fights to get into: Dr Daniel's talk this year was on "The Incompleteness Of Scientific Theory", warning us scientists to recognise the bounds of our own capabilities and that we will never achieve that 'ultimate truth'! Scientists and philosophers alike were shocked and fascinated by Dr Daniel's exploration of the flaws inherent in logic, science and mathematics. In some cases preconceptions were completely overturned: the notion of 'faith being needed for mathematics' frightened the more stubborn members of the Mathematics Department!

To end the year, the heads of Scientific Society, Agora and Christian Union joined forces to host two debates: on "Should creationism be taught in schools?" and "Should animal testing be legal?" Members of KES and KEHS met to (respectfully) argue their corners, and arguments ranged from Bible quotations to Darwin to Dawkins.

This year's Scientific Society aimed to be more accessible, to create general enthusiasm for science in the school, and especially to show its applications in the wider world: we think that these goals were achieved. If you consider yourself a scientist, you will not need convincing to come; even if you aren't a scientist you might enjoy a fresh perspective, so we look forward to seeing you all at Scientific Society next year!

Rajiv Gogna

Scientific Society presents:

Genetic Modification

Dr Jerry Pritchard from the University of Birmingham will give a talk on genetic modification, using plants as an example, including modifying their transport and defence systems. Highly recommended for biologists and medics, but all interested are welcome

Thursday 11th February, 1pm MPL



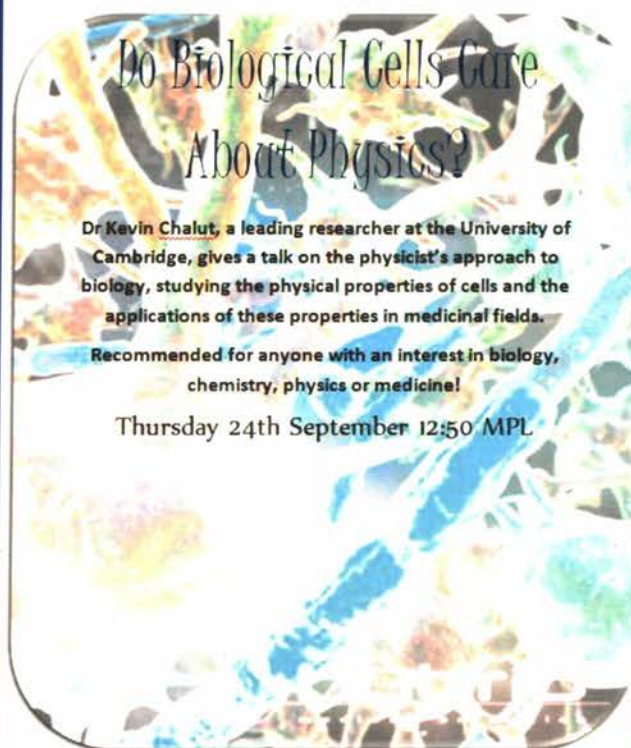
Scientific Society is back!

Do Biological Cells Care About Physics?

Dr Kevin Chalut, a leading researcher at the University of Cambridge, gives a talk on the physicist's approach to biology, studying the physical properties of cells and the applications of these properties in medicinal fields.

Recommended for anyone with an interest in biology, chemistry, physics or medicine!

Thursday 24th September 12:50 MPL





THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

The KES Mathematical Society had another interesting and successful year, with several outings far and wide to attend some excellent talks, lectures and conferences. Sadly, almost all the activity seemed to take place in the Autumn Term – several other possible ventures foundered by dint of clashing with other School events, such as inconsiderately chosen dates for Parents' Evenings, Founder's Day and the ever-annoying public examinations!

The fun began in September, as a group of enthusiastic chaps sallied forth across the road to Birmingham University's annual hosting of the London Mathematical Society's "Popular" lecture series; this year's talks majored on random matrices and the Riemann zeroes, in which we were treated to some pictures of the complex world, and on the scales of the world around us, in which we found out that every living creature gets around one billion heartbeats and then it's "curtains".

Apart from a series of joint meetings with Agora and the Scientific Society, in which Doc Daniel discussed the age-old "religion vs. science" debate, most of the rest of the MathSoc's outings took place in November. We sent a team of 11 to Bletchley Park for a specially-commissioned conference on security matters: Tony Sale (re-built Colossus, the world's first programmable computer), Simon Singh (science-writer and TV producer) and Phil Zimmermann (got into trouble with the NSA when he wrote encryption software ensuring email security that stopped them reading everybody's messages) gave excellent talks on their fields of interest and expertise. A trip to Nottingham Trent University followed, for Tom Korner's fascinating talk entitled "Why are we not all called Smith?", in which he concluded that, in fact, we are ... only genetically rather than by name.

Finally, there was the annual outing to the Adrian Boult Hall in town for the Maths Inspiration Conference; around 40 KES boys got to hear about why counting is so difficult, about rollercoasters and about all the in-house maths gags that the producers of *The Simpsons* throw into their episodes (they're all graduate maths, science and computing nerds and think it's funny!).

The only trip of the Spring Term was to Leicester to hear Professor David Hand, a former President of the Royal Statistical Society, give a talk on "Size Matters", and how our interpretation of the world around us is often governed by the way we decide to measure things. (There's a smutty gag in there somewhere, but I just refuse to make it!)

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

After a few years lying dormant, the KES Geography society experienced a resurgence this year under the leadership of Ravi Dosanjh and Samuel Peat. The society tried throughout the year to enrich the Sixths' and Divisions' understanding of Geography by providing events which explored syllabus topics in much greater detail.

The society conducted a number of trips, one of the most successful being a visit to the Royal Geographical Society in London to hear a talk on "The challenges facing an ageing population in the UK", which provided an interesting contrast to our case study of Japan. The society has been lucky enough to have persuaded a number of outside speakers to grace the Geography classrooms. Many of the students particularly enjoyed a talk on the ways in which water shortages have contributed significantly to violence and conflict in Africa. This fitted in very effectively with the new A-level module on the Geography of Conflict, as did an excellent talk by our very own Mr Pitt on the geographical basis for the recurring wars in Afghanistan (or as he termed it 'Againistan').

The society also continued the tradition of the Magic Lantern Show, the Geography department's light hearted Christmas jamboree, at which boys in the VIth form and Divisions put on short presentations on Geographical topics in between consuming large quantities of mince pies and other light refreshments. Of particular note was George Hims' presentation of a fascinating snapshot of his documentary on the canals of Birmingham.

It was clearly a great comeback for the Geography society this year which will with luck continue: special thanks must go to Mr Cumberland, in his final year at the school, and to all the other staff in the department who go beyond the call of duty to help these many events take place!

Samuel Peat

JOINT DEBATING SOCIETY

The Joint Debating Society has always had the reputation of being a more relaxed stage on which keen debaters can discuss all manner of issues without the necessity for the intense training which propels KES debating teams into national final days. But the society did not fail to provide many a week of impassioned debate, some participants allegedly even going so far as bribing their audience with substantial amounts of cake.

The year provided some fascinating debates, including a memorable clash between Sarah Dagha and Matt Bowker over whether Armistice Day should be celebrated. Other topical debates of note included 'This

house would ban the burqha' and 'This house would ban protests by extremist political parties'. The society also included some more light hearted debates in its schedule; of particular note was a titanic argument over the subject of banning mobile phones.

As usual every year, it was not solely the debates themselves which mattered but also the running total of victories against the Girls' School. Sadly, there is little way we can debate this; the girls have beaten us fair and square this year, by a margin I would rather not reveal. In our defence we can only suggest that the audience was rather heavily weighted in their favour; perhaps also their cake making skills were just that bit more perfected.

There seems little more to say as the year comes to an end but to wish good luck to those taking up the reins next year; most importantly, my thanks go to KEHS for facilitating the society this year.

Samuel Peat

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Every few years, the leadership of the Junior Debating Society changes hands and a new era is ushered in: this was one of those years.

Amid much pomp and circumstance, JDS got underway with a bang in September 2009, kicking-off with the always popular motion about school football. This year's innovation of prizes for the best junior debaters initially pulled in crowds of a size unprecedented in JDS history; several of the best speeches (and floor speeches) came from unexpected quarters. Inevitably, however, after the initial excitement the popularity of JDS faded slightly. Despite this, we have been able to recruit a number of new and enthusiastic young debaters.

On the other hand, the debating stalwarts of the Lower and Middle Schools, among them Ashkaan Golestani, Dominic Bealby-Wright and Harkaran Kalkat, lived up to expectations to make fine contributions, speaking on more complex philosophical and ethical issues, including the Haitian earthquake, Barack Obama's controversial Nobel Peace Prize and, most solemnly of all, the idea of making November poppy-wearing mandatory. The talent on show very much suggests that KES Debating is in excellent shape. Let the good times roll.

Vishal Patil



WARHAMMER SOCIETY

The club is, despite dwindling numbers, still going, even if only for madly and hopelessly addicted gamers. Yet I hope that the numbers will fill out again. The Autumn Term is always our busiest, as new and excited Shells enter bringing noise and chaos in their wake.

The society plays predominantly two systems: 40K, the futurist version of the game, and *Fantasy*, the historical version. The next few weeks promise to be very exciting, especially for *Fantasy* players, thanks to the introduction of the 8th edition of the Warhammer rules. You can guarantee that, come September, room 160 will be full of people plotting the downfall of each other's brand new armies, manoeuvring massive infantry blocks and throwing horrendously powerful spells at each other. As well as 40K and *Fantasy*, we do occasionally play *Space Hulk*. A different slant on the 40K universe, *Space Hulk* adds some spice and variety our gaming.

This has been a great year and we look forward to new and exciting things to come.

THE GRAPHIC UNIVERSE

This year the Graphic Universe is 20 years old - not bad for a society that began as an 'underground comic club'. Since its humble beginnings the society has come on in leaps and bounds: it discovered Cult TV in the late 1990s and became the society that we know and love with the revival of *Doctor Who* in 2005.

In its 20th year the society has continued to grow and discover new and exciting things. *Fringe*, although far too gruesome for Thursday lunchtimes, has been a favourite in the Friday sessions this year, which I am pleased to report have grown with an influx of loyal Fourths. We have also been enjoying *ALIAS* season 4 and, of course, Mr Milton's extensive comic collection, returning to our roots. The traditional superhero comics are still read regularly but I am still rather concerned about Mr Milton's interest in *Danger Girl*.

In the Thursday sessions *Doctor Who* is still popular, and we regularly return to timeless classics like *Buffy*, *Angel* and *Torchwood*, but *Warehouse 13* has proved a hit, as has Joss Whedon's terrific *Dollhouse*. We have kept up the tradition of films in Big School, showing the ultimate time travel classic *Back to the Future* and the first *Spiderman* film over the last year.

The magazine is going strong: with the advent of the IB, the magazine will be important in keeping the society as a Friday option, filling out the important CAS part of the course. Graphic Universe trips to the cinema have begun again, with a trip to see *Wolverine* last year. The tradition of the Christmas party is still going strong: many a happy hour has been spent eating unhealthy food, spilling drinks and watching the previous year's *Doctor Who* Christmas special.

It saddens me that this is my last *Chronicle* report and that the time has come to take my bow. I would like to thank Mr Milton and everyone who comes to the society. After all, without you there would be no society. Finally, as a wise man once said: 'I don't want to go!' But go I must, knowing that the society is in the capable hands of Mr Milton and Alex Wakelam. I'm sure that the future is going to be fantastic!

Finn Milton

A full-page photograph of a skier in a racing suit, wearing a helmet and goggles, with a bib number 982. The skier is in a dynamic pose, leaning forward, holding ski poles, and is on skis. The entire image is monochromatic with a blue tint.

TRIPS



FROM DIGBETH TO DELHI: THE NICK HOLLIDAY TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP

Our journey began on the 21st April 2010 at Digbeth coach station, and after eight hours of delusional sleep between a lamp-lit London and an early morning Eurostar, I'd crossed my first border; in no time at all we were leaving the Parisian boulevards on a twelve-hour train to Berlin.

Berlin was our first taste of communism. We spent two nights there and visited the Reichstag, Alexander Platz, the remnants of the Berlin wall and the East Side gallery. Practical grey blocks teeming with life ran parallel with exquisite Germanic grandeur. Berlin is the symbol of the rivalry between East and West for the past century; two independent cities merging into one over the past twenty years.



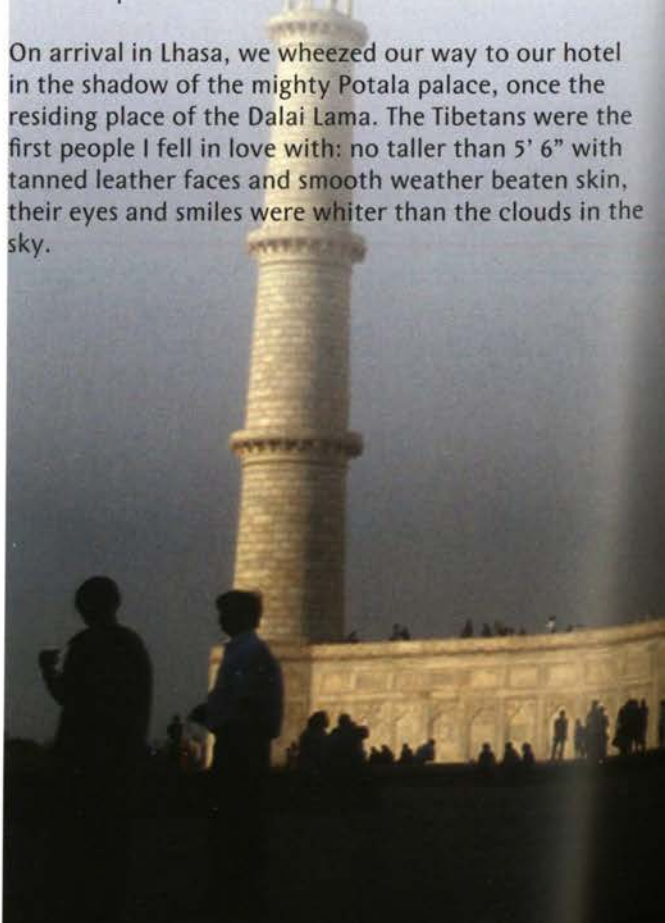
The scale of Moscow stunned us both. The centre brimmed with domes and red brick; further out we found a higher population density and more concrete blocks. St Basil's cathedral, beside the Kremlin, typified my expectations of "Old" Russian architecture. Moscow's intense air of mystery made all its sights, the Kremlin, St Basils, the Ex-KGB Offices, the Bolshoi and the Gum, enchanting.

Our next stop was Irkutsk, four days away on the trans-Siberian railway through seas of wheat punctuated with the occasional wooden shack and smog coated cities. Lake Baikal near Irkutsk is the biggest mass of freshwater on the planet, a sea in the heart of Siberia: vastly different to Moscow, it was colder and far more desolate. An interesting place to visit, but an inhospitable place to live.

Two days later I found myself in the heart of Mongolia, on horseback, surrounded by ash-grey trees and crisp golden ground. Mongolia is a beautiful place but virtually empty save for its capital Ulaanbaatar, which is incredibly polluted and plagued with constant dust storms. Outside the city we stayed in traditional Ger huts and dined on the finest Mongolian delicacies you could create from a yak.

Our seventh train on the journey took us to Beijing. A city with an incredibly capitalist agenda yet the heart of communist China, Beijing was a confusing combination of ancestral history and cutting edge technology. Two hours away from Beijing by coach the Great Wall crested the mountains on the border with Mongolia. Beijing was a dazzling experience of lights and lanterns, but I cannot deny the discomfort I felt surrounded by censorship and restriction.

On arrival in Lhasa, we wheezed our way to our hotel in the shadow of the mighty Potala palace, once the residing place of the Dalai Lama. The Tibetans were the first people I fell in love with: no taller than 5' 6" with tanned leather faces and smooth weather beaten skin, their eyes and smiles were whiter than the clouds in the sky.





We spent ten days in Tibet visiting various monasteries and Buddhist holy sites. The Tibetan plateau and the Himalayas were a spectacle to behold. At four in the morning we hiked up to Everest base camp from the highest monastery in the world. Sunrise came and went far too quickly, a sight I will never forget.

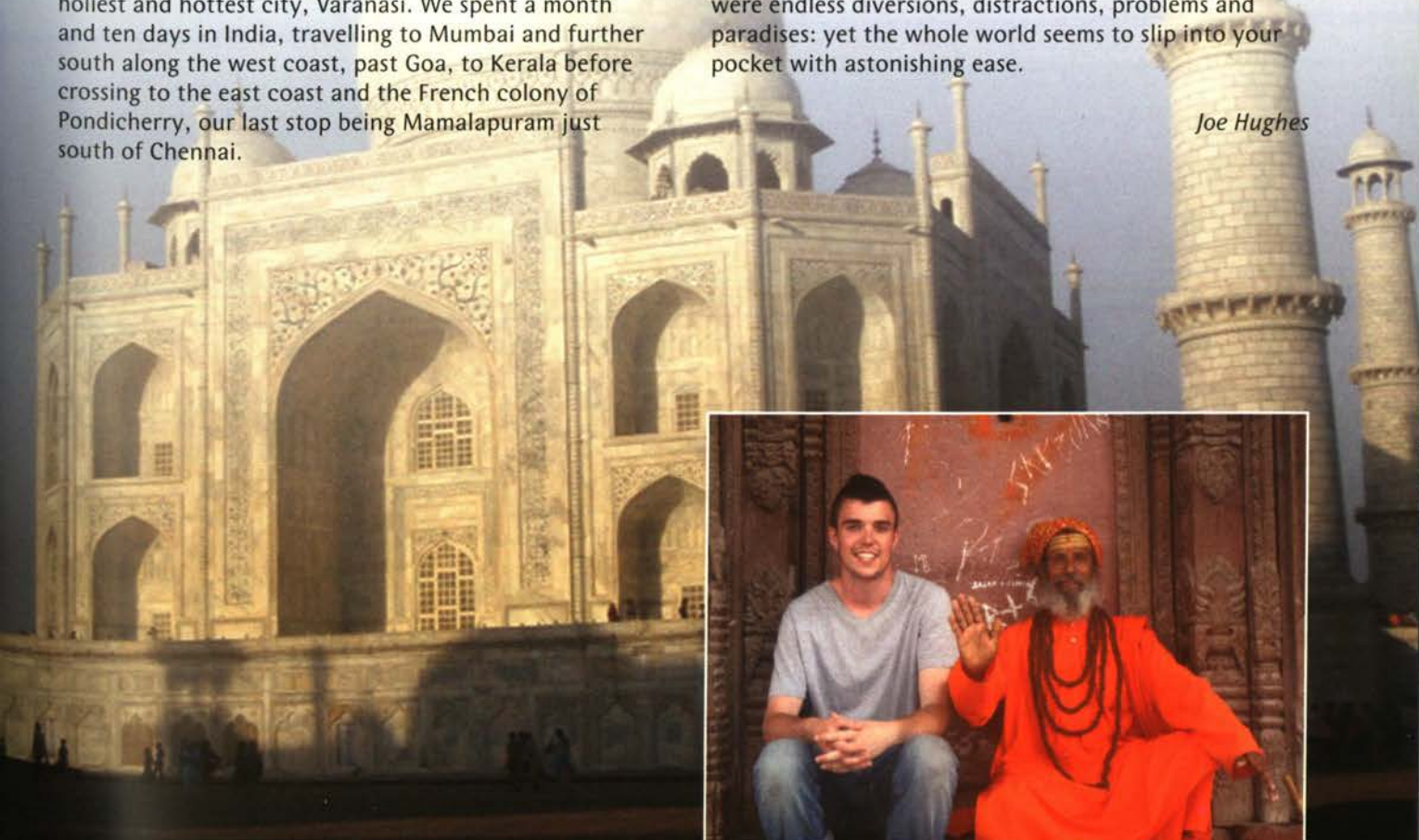
Kathmandu sprawls out into the valley for miles in every direction, a jigsaw of bricks and wood with the monkey temple standing at a high point at its centre. We spent the majority of our time in Thamel, the backpacker area of Kathmandu, venturing out to Durbar square and various other temples in the area. Despite rising tensions in the government and continual Maoist protests before our arrival, the city remained jovial. We left the mountains for the plains of India and its holiest and hottest city, Varanasi. We spent a month and ten days in India, travelling to Mumbai and further south along the west coast, past Goa, to Kerala before crossing to the east coast and the French colony of Pondicherry, our last stop being Mamalapuram just south of Chennai.

The streets of Delhi hummed to the sound of rickshaw engines. It was the most chaotic city I had ever visited. Open Indian building sites stood beside remnants of the British Raj. Despite a pickpocket making my life a little harder than anticipated I enjoyed Delhi thoroughly and drew a great deal of satisfaction from the constant haggling.

My favourite Indian city, Mumbai, was different again. After leaving the searing heat of the plains, we were in the grip of the monsoon. India's financial capital and the wettest city in the world displayed far more of the Raj architecture than we'd experienced in Delhi, but foiled with skyscrapers. From there we took a train to Goa and then eventually further south to Kerala. We found the giant fishing nets of Cochin an extraordinary feat of design and the tranquillity of the Keralan backwaters to be paradise. Glorious sunshine, incredibly friendly people and delectable food: Kerala won my heart.

After a stay in Pondicherry, our final stop, Mamalapuram, was a quaint fishing village further up the coast, where we spent the last two nights reflecting upon the scale of our trip. There are many places and so many things I have been unable to convey to you to in this article, because it simply has to be experienced. Taking a gap year was the perfect answer for me. Travelling allowed me to mature in the world and appreciate the simple and most important things in life. I would strongly recommend taking a year out to do something you've never tried before. Don't be afraid to cut your own path. Doing the trip overland meant there were endless diversions, distractions, problems and paradises: yet the whole world seems to slip into your pocket with astonishing ease.

Joe Hughes



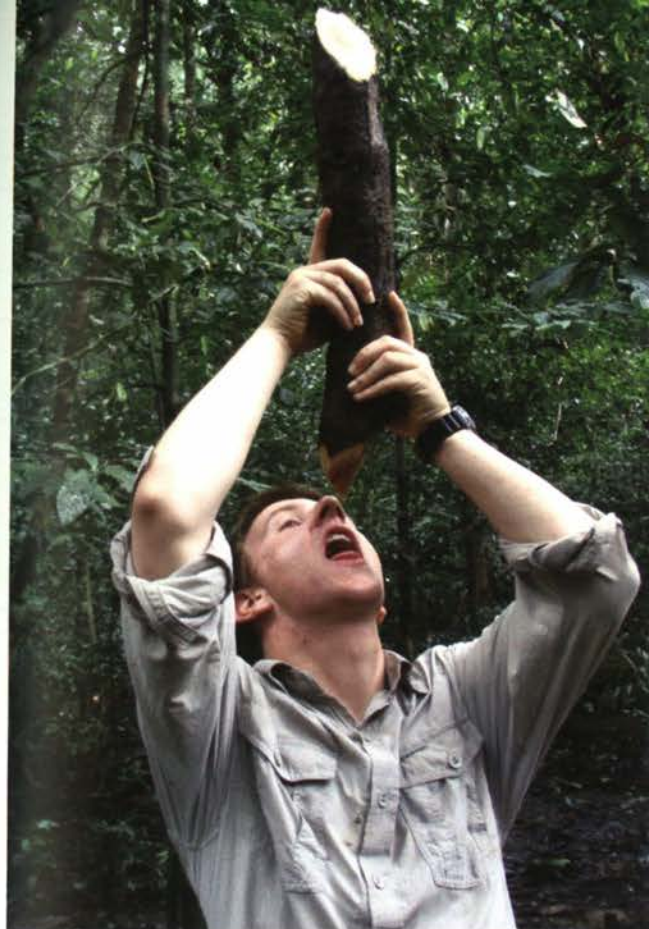
SULAWESI 2010: THE OPERATION WALLACEA EXPEDITION

Expeditions such as our four week adventure in Sulawesi are multidimensional, often life-changing, experiences. It begins with the journey itself. It took Alfred Russell Wallace - the famous Victorian biologist after whom our host organisation Operation Wallacea is named - many months to reach Indonesia by boat. By contrast, we were transported to one of the remotest destinations on the planet by three successive flights, a boat trip, a van and a truck, in just less than three days. Yet with each 'hop and skip' the sense of true adventure mounted; we felt more like time travellers as the mode of transport became slower and the environs more basic. Jetting from Birmingham via the surreal futuristic Dubai International Airport, within 24 hours we were immersed in the noisy bustle of the backstreets of Jakarta, inching our way along a pot-holed road in a van against a tide of people surging homeward on foot, oxcart, bicycle, or moped. Our final flight, eastwards across the Java Sea below Borneo to Sulawesi, touched down briefly on the West coast, before crossing the high volcanic central massif to Kendari, the provincial capital of Southeast Sulawesi. Our destination was the outlying island of Buton, specifically the run down port of Baubau. The name means 'really bad smell': it's suitable for a fishing port in the tropics! On Buton alone

three different native languages are spoken, as well as the Indonesian national tongue; certainly no locals spoke English, and the arrival of groups of western scientists was treated as quite a spectacle. We were soon on our way in the back of a truck along the only road - more of a dirt track - on a numbing four hour slog to the small Muslim village of Labundo Bundo, to arrive at our home stay on the third evening of travel.

Being able to handle the unexpected is another key ingredient of expeditions. This year Sulawesi, one of the larger 'spice islands' of Indonesia, suffered the worst unseasonal weather for 20 years, with La Niña-style torrential rains transforming tracks in the rainforest into waterways and campsites into leech infested mudbaths. Apart from getting chronic 'trench foot' - unavoidable in the circumstances - we remained in good health and high spirits; such was our sense of adventure and determination to play our part in Operation Wallacea's biodiversity research. Completing this work would not only be a fine scientific achievement but would also make a major contribution to the local economy, so providing local people with a strong incentive to protect the natural heritage of their forests. The first week was spent acclimatising, living for the first few days with local villagers in their somewhat Spartan but perfectly adequate homes, while attending seminars on rainforest ecology and undertaking vital





jungle training before heading out on foot to spend the second week in the 'field'. With full packs we trekked across paddy fields, fording rivers in full spate in the foothills, before finally climbing halfway to the summit of the highest mountain on the island to reach Anoa node camp in the most remote part of the Lambasungu Forest Reserve.

Here, the major challenge was to stay dry for five nights, sleeping in precarious hammocks in a small forest clearing, assaulted by armies of ants, leeches and what turned out thankfully to be a harmless rat-snake, though it was at first identified as a lethal King Cobra! Our aim was to assist with several research projects, conducted most often in the hours around dawn and dusk and involving long treks through the forest. Each of us took turns to spend a day with a different group of scientists: one day tracking 'megafauna' including the ox-like Anoa, bearded pigs, troops of endemic Sulawesi Macaque and Hornbills; the next monitoring nest sites of Spectral Tarsiers, or conducting an extensive bird census, or trapping and identifying frogs, snakes and other reptiles, or assessing populations of Rattan Palms. Unforgettable first hand experiences of bioscience in action for the lads, whilst their contributions, though short in duration, were much valued by the research team leaders.

The final week, luxurious by comparison with the first two, provided the final ingredient of good expeditions: the opportunity to experience intense sensory contrasts. We were housed on a remote and tiny coral island, in beach huts constructed of bamboo and palm

fronds. Here we qualified as PADI open water divers and undertook training in coral reef ecology - diving over pristine reef systems teeming with marine exotica. This was not a holiday: it was physically tough and not without potential hazards, including lethal if thankfully non-aggressive sea kraits (relatives of the black mamba), stonefish, scorpion fish and lion-fish. There were box-jellyfish to keep watch for in the water and deadly cone-shells to avoid on the beaches. We avoided harm, while playing a small role in one of the most successful and productive marine research stations in the world.

The overall feeling at the end of this expedition was that it had been a positive experience for everyone. Our students gained invaluable experiences of science, culture and adventure; scientists conducted excellent research projects; locals benefitted financially, rather than being displaced or exploited; the village children were taught new language skills and developed a better understanding of the value of their environment. Most significantly, the rainforest has been assured a greater chance of protection: a sustainable future with its inhabitants being better understood for the services they provide.

My thanks go to my travel companions: the 'two Mikes' Kent and Hoffman, who performed in exemplary fashion, earning everyone's respect and acting as outstanding ambassadors on behalf of KES. Thanks too to all the staff, research scientists and local people who combined to make Operation Wallacea a unique and vital experience.

SEL



SLALOM AT SERFAUS - THE KES WINTER OLYMPICS

Over the February Half Term, 40 boys headed off on a 24 hour coach trip through France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany to the snowy peaks of Austria for an exciting week of skiing.

A week of non-stop skiing with instructors who spend every day on the slopes is always an incredibly rewarding experience, from the newest skiers still learning to stay upright to the most advanced making tracks off-piste. It was not long before lessons began and boys of all ages were whizzing at breakneck speeds through a winter wonderland. Everyone seemed to get into the swing of things very quickly, and soon even the beginners were tackling some of the toughest slopes on the mountain. The conditions were great on the whole, apart from some crippling cold winds on the top of the 3004m mountain. Some real highlights of the skiing came from some of the mountain's added features, such as a ski jump onto a huge air bed and a slalom course that everyone had a go at. Being on the piste with a small group for a week results in new friends, improved skills and some really good times.

Evenings were filled with entertaining activities such as swimming, alpine bowling and even a Night Show held up in the mountains, featuring stunt skiing, piste bashers, skidoo tricks and insane ski jumpers who seemed more interested in flipping as many times as possible than in landing safely. The competitive spirit



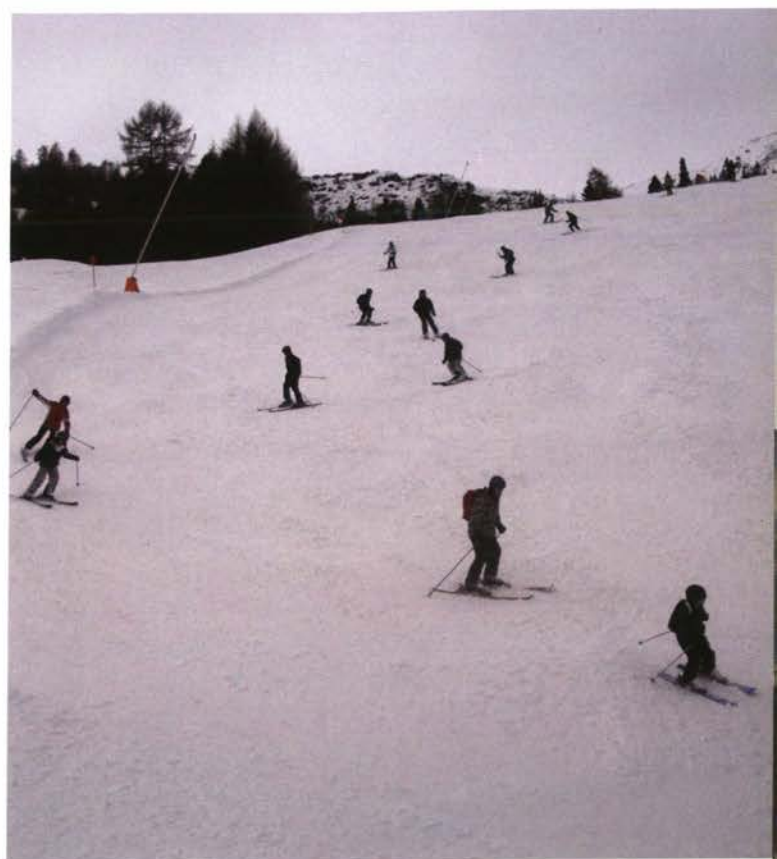
was fired up by the annual PAB quiz. For those of you not in the know, the PAB quiz is Mr Balkham's magnum opus, and quite possibly his *raison d'être*; it consists of several fiendishly difficult rounds, on everything from popular music to the height of the mountain. This year's quiz ended with a tiebreaker, in the form of 'guess the combined ages of all the staff'. Kit Fowler's moment of glory was securing his team's victory by guessing the (surprisingly low) figure to within one year. Other highlights included ice-skating, which many of us found to be far more difficult, and subsequently painful, than people make it look.

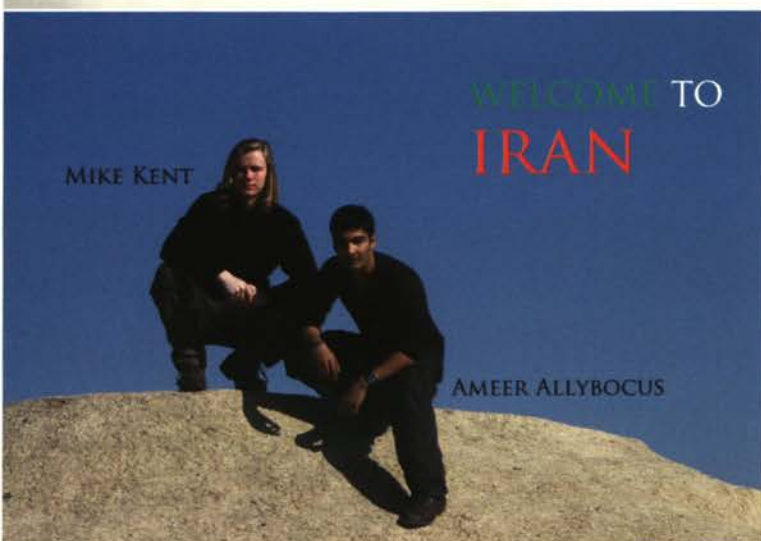




At the end of the week, following an intense slalom race, gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded to the best performers of each group. As ever, a huge thank you must go to Miss McMillan and Ms While, who worked tirelessly to enable the trip to happen, and to the rest of the staff for helping it run so smoothly. Here's to next time!

Kit Fowler & Nick Wood





WELCOME TO IRAN: A PARENTS' ASSOCIATION TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP

Cyrus the Great once remarked that whilst some of his subjects were being suffocated by the heat others shivered in the cold. Indeed, so vast was the Persian Empire, the location of our travels, that while snow settled in the mountains of the North, the sun beat down on the deserts of the South.

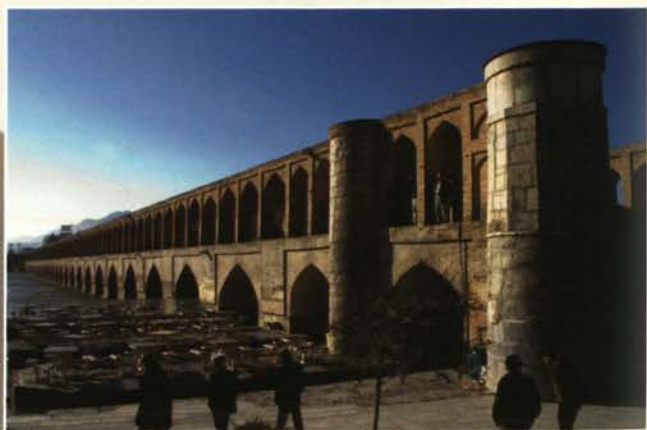
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We arrived at Tehran airport on a humid evening, and were met by our driver and translator, Mr Iran Shah. As he drove us to our hotel, Mr Shah detailed to us the guidelines we should follow during our stay in Iran, which consisted mainly of photographic restrictions (which we ignored, of course).

Tehran is home to the grand Golestan Palace, and the National Museum of Iran. Sitting in the valley below the Alborz Mountains, the city is blanketed by a layer of smog. The streets are lined with ugly concrete buildings, and the roads are jam packed with beaten up cars, trucks and mopeds, spitting out various black gases from their exhaust pipes. Scooters zoom past, and traffic lanes appear to have been designed merely for cosmetic purposes. On the walls of tunnels and

alongside the roads, paintings of young Iranian soldiers who were killed in the Iran-Iraq war serve as a painful reminder of Iran's violent history.

Our next port of call was the smaller city of Kashan, where archeological digs in the Sialk Hillocks have revealed the area to have been a primary centre of civilization in prehistoric ages. It is thought that Kashan was home to the Three Wise Men. Kashan served as a morale booster for Mike and I: the city is calm and unassuming, the buildings reminiscent of a bygone era, and soaked in a carefree atmosphere. A highlight of our stay in Kashan was a visit to the Fin Gardens, where Amir Kabir, the chancellor of Nasser-al-Din Shah Qajar (a 19th century Persian monarch) was assassinated in the baths.





The Abbasi Hotel, in Isfahan, was our next stop. Isfahan itself is truly a city of artistic luxury: not a single building appears dull, or out of place. Its architecture flows, as if all designed by the same person, yet each building is individual nonetheless.

Yazd, referred to by some as "The Pearl of the Desert", is one of the largest and most ancient desert cities in the world, and was the next city to host us. The city lies right in the middle of the Silk Road and is renowned for its breathtaking architecture and artwork. The entire city is built out of clay and seems to have risen from the sands of its desert origin. From the beautiful architecture, it is clear that the locals of Yazd have adapted to desert life over the years.

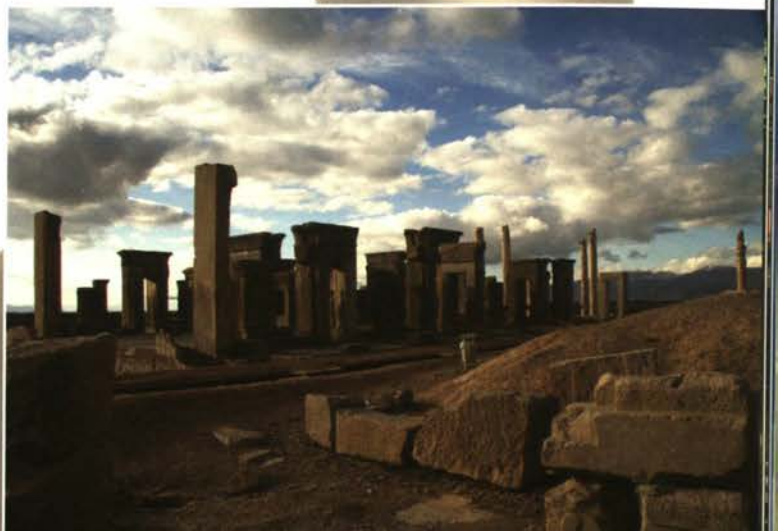
Our final destination was Shiraz, 40 miles from Persepolis, the grand capital of the Persian Empire. In an era renowned for its violence and barbarity, Persepolis was a beacon of civilization and cultural enrichment. Leaders from all over the world would gather in this city of knowledge to meet and discuss. To enter the city, the leaders of nations would be intellectually tested, and only when the Shah was satisfied, would they gain entrance. Alas, Persepolis was the final chapter of our journey through Iran.

Over the past two weeks both Mike and I had drastically altered our perceptions of Iran. Be it the gardens of Kashan, the palaces of Isfahan, the poets of Shiraz or the ruins of Persepolis, Iran had proven to us that it

still possesses a cultural treasure more vast than either of us could have imagined. Despite being taken over, invaded, and integrated, Persian culture has remained intact, growing and moving forward, assimilating aspects of other cultures and broadening its own.

All that is left for us to do is to thank Mr Connor, Mr Porter, Mr Ostrowicz, Mr Cloughton and the Parent's Association for putting their trust in us, and providing us with this travel scholarship. It was certainly the trip of a lifetime, and I can only hope that I have been able to give people a taste of a misunderstood nation waiting to be rediscovered.

Ameer Allybocus



THE LAMPERTHEIM EXCHANGE: FIFTHS AND DIVISIONS

On the morning of Saturday 26th June we seven brave English students waited at Birmingham Airport, fresh after the end of our exams, to welcome our German Exchange counterparts. Most of us had a slight feeling of uncertainty and apprehension, partly about having a complete stranger living in our houses for a week but mostly about the fact that in a week we would be attempting to speak and understand a different language. In classes we'd learnt how to ask for a train ticket or find out how many pets someone has, but the idea of having to communicate in everyday situations in German was terrifying.

This fear wasn't helped when our exchange partners arrived, seemingly able to speak practically fluent English and making us feel even less confident about our German skills. But they were very cheerful and friendly, and certainly weren't difficult to speak to (for the British week at least). The trip also seemed to have been planned so that on the day after the Germans' arrival the England-Germany World Cup match took place: our hopes hadn't been high, but we hadn't expected to be quite so ashamed of our team. The rest of the week was still enjoyable, though, as we showed our exchange students what there was to see and do in Birmingham (i.e. going to the cinema and hanging out with friends). But they seemed to really enjoy the novelties of the big city, especially the preachers in the city centre (for some reason).

For us the next week was a lot more exciting, if a bit scary. When we arrived at Frankfurt Airport we immediately had to switch to German, which was a bit of a shock to the system. We travelled to a small town near Frankfurt called Lampertheim and met our host families. For the first day or so we panicked a bit as we found we couldn't understand anything they said; but our German improved surprisingly quickly and soon most of us could have a simple conversation with someone. Luckily in Germany most people seem to have amazing English so if our GCSE vocab failed us we could always ask for a word in English.

Our work experience, in placements such as hospitals, vet clinics and newspapers, kept most of us busy for a lot of the week. But we still got the chance to visit famous cities such as Mannheim and Heidelberg (which none of us had ever heard of), which have astonishing architecture and beautiful scenery. Some of us even went swimming in the local lake and enjoyed the scorching summer weather. It was interesting to experience another culture first hand, which for teenagers in Germany at least did not seem very different to our own, and some of us tried Schnitzel, of course. After a week most of us had made some new friends and were sad to leave. We were much more confident in our German skills and had had an incredible time as well.

James Jewkes

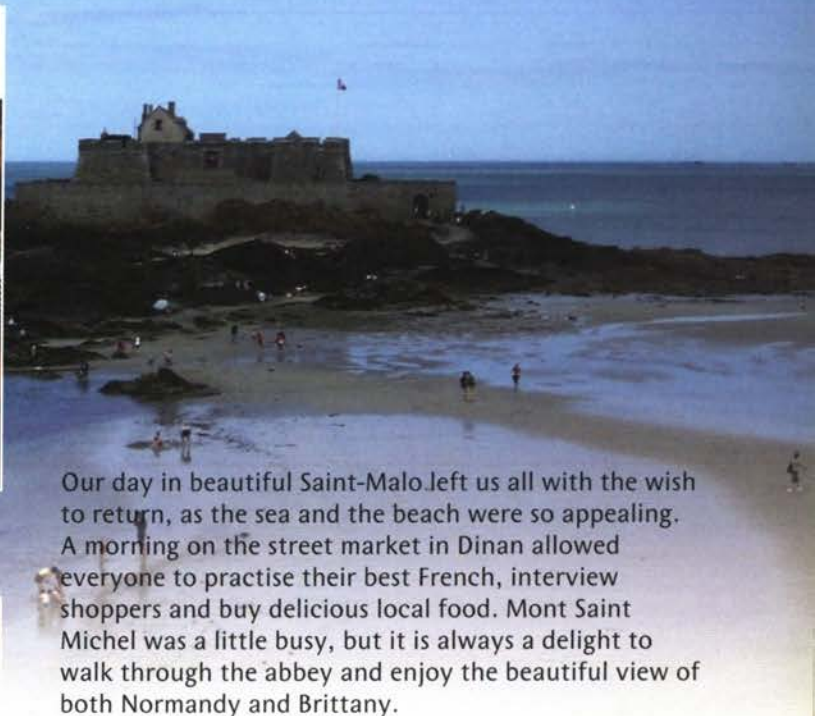




LE CHÂTEAU DE LA BAUDONNIÈRE, NORMANDY

Our group of thirty-eight Fourth formers and four members of staff left for Normandy on a bright Sunday morning for a week of activities and French language immersion in the idyllic surroundings of Château de la Baudonnière. Isolated in the middle of the countryside, the chateau boasts its own lake, woodland, orchard, stables and mini farm. The peacefulness of the place is a perfect setting for seven days of absolute enjoyment. Going for a walk means meeting roaming peacocks and wild rabbits: all very bucolic!

Sharing a room with several other boys may not at first seem ideal; but our group of linguists got on very well and, as organised activities were practically non-stop, there was little time or inclination to think about the missing television or Playstation. So we learnt archery, practised fencing, tried canoeing, got muddy on the assault course, sang while making bread, dressed up as dubious-looking French characters, drank delicious cider and choked on snails, to list but a few. We had fun at the chateau but did escape for a few excursions.



Our day in beautiful Saint-Malo left us all with the wish to return, as the sea and the beach were so appealing. A morning on the street market in Dinan allowed everyone to practise their best French, interview shoppers and buy delicious local food. Mont Saint Michel was a little busy, but it is always a delight to walk through the abbey and enjoy the beautiful view of both Normandy and Brittany.

Life at the chateau means being exposed to the French language from the moment one gets up until bed time. Everyone agreed that their listening skills improved a lot whilst there. Staying there also involved interacting with the brilliant animateurs and animatrices whose enthusiasm and joie de vivre were catching. Taking part in the life of the chateau is a must: feeding the animals and clearing and wiping the tables were all requirements. Some residents did this reluctantly; others kindly volunteered, day after day.

KES boys stood out from others through their consistent good spirits and good manners, their cooperation, their willingness to take part in all that was on offer and, of course, their musical and singing talent. Three of our boys impressed the judges at the talent show and carried off the top prizes!

It was a great week and I look forward to repeating the experience next year with the present Fourths. Préparez-vous!

PJE





MORECAMBE: FOURTH FORM GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

The great thing about this trip was that, although we received as much support as we wanted, we were nevertheless allowed a fantastic amount of independence. On our first day in Morecambe, we explored the promenade and rested in our comfortable hotel, but the next two days were very busy and involved us conducting questionnaires and land use surveys and employing many other data collection methods taught to us by Miss Leivers. Taking the knowledge we had learnt in the classroom and applying it to the real world was immensely satisfying, and resulted in genuine smiles all around. We also had the opportunity to visit a salt marsh, accompanied by Mr Cumberland, a real expert on the topic. On our final day, the weather being perfect, we were given time to ourselves on the beach. An epic football match took place, with resounding cheers of glee whenever someone scored; the rest of the group attempted some quite extraordinary handstands, with amusing results.

All in all, this was an awesome way to end our trip: although making Geography coursework fun may sound impossible, Miss Leivers, Mr Cumberland and Mr Lambie pulled it off with style. On behalf of my entire group, I wish to express our gratitude to these teachers, who not only gave up their own free time, but kept us safe and sound whilst balancing work and play effectively.

Jamie Lam

TWO RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SHELLS' CAMPS 2010

New Experiences

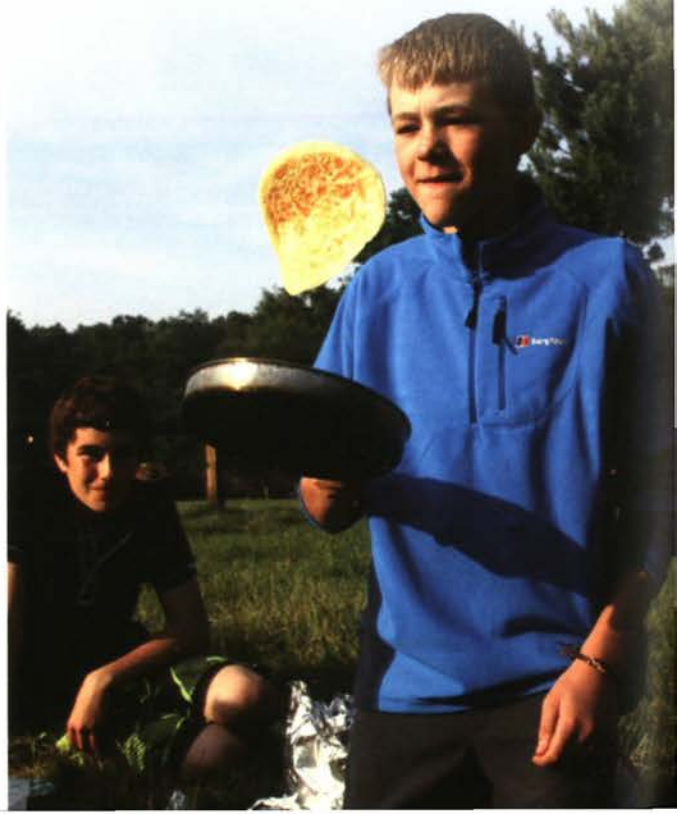
Shells' Camp was the highlight of the year for me. There were things I did which I thought I could never do and activities I shall never forget. Each day we had several activities, from orienteering to abseiling in groups that we chose ourselves. My favourite activity was called Jacob's Ladder - it was an enormous ladder that had a bigger space in between each pair of steps, it started at about waist height and ended at head height. We could climb some of the steps, but most of them had to be completed with teamwork. Several of the activities involved heights, but doing these helped me overcome my fear.

Cooking my own food was another thing I shall never forget. I had never done any cooking before in my life and expected it to be really hard, but in the end I found it much easier than I expected. We were cooking in groups and had had to practise cooking first at school, which made things a lot easier. When we had free time, there was a variety of things to do: most people played football, rugby, or cricket, but there were plenty more things to do too. During the second lunch break, we had a water fight, which most boys joined in with.

Sleeping in a tent wasn't new to many of us, but the tents were small and got cramped with three people inside. Taking down the tents seemed difficult at first, but with the help of the group we accomplished the task.

Overall it was a very enjoyable experience, and I would like to thank the teachers who accompanied us for making it such a rewarding few days.

Ben Lumley





Abseiling

The scene was set. I was waiting distressfully near the quarry edge. So far down...

Soon it was my turn. I had already challenged the drop once - I could not do it. The thought of throwing myself off a cliff edge was just too spine chilling. He called me up - Mr Storey was a tall man, with kind eyes in this dreadful situation. He strapped me up.

"I don't want to do this..." I cried desperately.

"But you're fine" Mr Storey reassured me. I reconsidered. I could do this. As I lowered myself over the cliff, I panicked. Fear struck my face like a whip. I steadied myself.

"You're already halfway there," Mr Storey encouraged. I could hear shouts of the same from back at the top of the quarry. I stepped back...

To start off with, it was not such a steep descent. I stumbled down the cliff, slowly growing in confidence. Soon I was flying down the slope, hysterical in my complete change of morale. It was soon over, but

I am glad that I did it. After I had detached myself from the safety wires, I walked, slightly dazed, back to my supportive companions up on the ridge. They congratulated me on my victory over my fear, and I remembered to thank Mr Storey for his help too. Almost too soon it was time for me to try the harder course, but I decided that once was enough for me that day. Abseiling was fun, but I was glad to get back to my tent.

Thomas Iszatt





A hard day followed: whilst the first steps on the Crinkle Craggs were easy enough, the gradient got steeper, and several of the crew fell behind. At this point, the weather was raging against us: after a tiring interval the rain cleared, to be replaced by mist so deep that none of us was able to see more than a couple of yards. As the trek wore on, tiredness sank in, but reaching the peak, 860 metres above sea level, gave us a great sense of achievement and accomplishment.

REMS' WEEK 2010

We arrived at the White Scar Caves after what seemed like an eternity on the coach. The tour of the caves covered a mile, with the low ceilings providing the taller members of the group problems galore. We then set off for the youth hostel, in Elterwater, where the first night was spent taking a long walk around the area.

We arrived at Coniston water the following morning, thrilled by the prospect of canoeing: despite turbulent weather, the canoeing was great. Those daring ones amongst us were allowed to jump off from a rock, a couple of metres from the water. In the evening, a range of activities was available to us, and we took some time out to relax after an enjoyable day.





The next day involved rock climbing, with difficulty ranging from easy to the most difficult, a place known as 'The Chimney'. This path was the most narrow place to climb. Ghyll scrambling followed, which froze our bodies, though after a while we got used to it. During the ghyll scrambling, climbing up a waterfall was necessary. This is similar to rock climbing, but wet. At the end, all of us stepped off into a deep area of the water from a tree about two metres up. Our final evening was spent calmly relaxing, after a hard and enjoyable week.

Packing everything up and stripping our beds, we said farewell to the hostel. 'Cars of the Stars' was our final stop, where famous vehicles such as The Batmobile and *Back to the Future's* DeLorean were spotted. We would like to thank all the teachers involved for making this such an enjoyable week for everyone involved.

Jihoon Khan



THE GERMAN EXCHANGE: FOURTHS

The day immediately following England's diabolical 4-1 annihilation in the World Cup was, perhaps, not the ideal time to travel abroad. As the plane landed at Düsseldorf, I began to visualise the worst: a chorus of German football fanatics, all too eager to recall with their bitter taunts the dramatic events of '66. I was certain of it now - booking the flight for that Saturday had not been a risk worth taking. Thankfully, the scorn of our exchange partners proved far more reserved than anticipated in our apocalyptic visions, confined to teasing smiles as we disembarked from the train.

My first afternoon was spent at a barbecue with traditional German meat, far too tough for me to chew, accompanied with potato salad. This was shortly followed by a PS3 marathon which lasted most of the evening. The following morning we spent at St. Ursula's School where we sat through a number of lessons entirely in German. Although at first it was hard to understand much, I found that my ear gradually began picking up more of what was being said.

Our excursions ranged from a very strenuous yet enjoyable cycle ride in the Düsseldorf area to visiting the huge cathedral in Köln (Cologne). Given the enormous influence of Turkish culture and food in Germany, it seemed only fair to eat at a Turkish restaurant, whose delicious food made the lengthy cycle ride worthwhile. It was, however, reduced to mediocrity by the ice cream served at a European café, to whose quality even McDonalds Mcflurrys cannot compare.

The highlight of the trip for me was meeting some boys from the neighbourhood where I was staying for a week. This provided the best opportunity for me to practise and improve my own German, which was the key purpose of the exchange. The conversations we had were both humorous and insightful, giving me a greater understanding of German culture as well as teaching me the odd bit of slang.

In truth, whatever we did on the exchange, we were constantly refining our language skills, which was for me the most rewarding aspect of the trip. At the same time, our immersion in German culture supplemented our learning of the language. I would strongly promote such an exchange to anyone who is serious about learning the language and culture of another country. This one certainly added a whole new dimension to the German I learnt in the classroom. Many thanks are due to Frau Helm and Mr Wilson, without whom it would not have been possible.

Ashkaan Golestani

JORDAN 2010

Over the Easter break, eighteen intrepid pupils and two foolhardy teachers from King Edward's entered the forgotten city of Petra, explored the stunning Wadi Rum desert, and enjoyed the diverse landscapes of the sand-swept kingdom of Jordan.

Our journey brought us first to the historic town of Madaba, nestled in olive groves below Moses' tomb at Mount Nebo. After looking out over the promised land of Israel and inspecting some well-preserved Byzantine mosaics, we made our way down to the lowest point on land, the Dead Sea. Here, we all floated on the salt-rich water, which has been claimed to have healing properties, and some of us covered ourselves with Dead Sea mud. Hoping that the Dead Sea would keep us healthy, we went from low to high, from salt to sand on the King's Highway (the ancient trade route from Damascus to the Red Sea), to a desert of mountains in Southern Jordan, where Lawrence of Arabia was filmed.

We camped with the local Bedouin, overlooking vast expanses of sand and dramatic sandstone rocks. Our first night in the desert, living in tents made of goat

hair and drinking Jordanian tea, was made forever memorable by a sunset that turned the desert a wonderful red. The next day, we bravely clambered onto the jeeps, not knowing how bumpy the ride to Jordan's highest mountain, Jabal Umm ad Dami, would be. With our sun-hats on and our water bottles full, we began our trek upwards. The higher we climbed, the more spectacular our views of the Wadi Rum became, until we reached the summit, with panoramic views of the desert stretching off into Saudi Arabia. On our return, we stopped off to run down a sand dune. We then defied gravity in a scramble on a naturally formed sandstone bridge, one of the amazing rock formations of the Wadi Rum. During the next two days, our imaginations went echoing through the canyons of the Wadi Rum, feasting on its vastness and whirling with the crimson sands, as we completed two more treks, guided by the Bedouins. We gathered the biggest





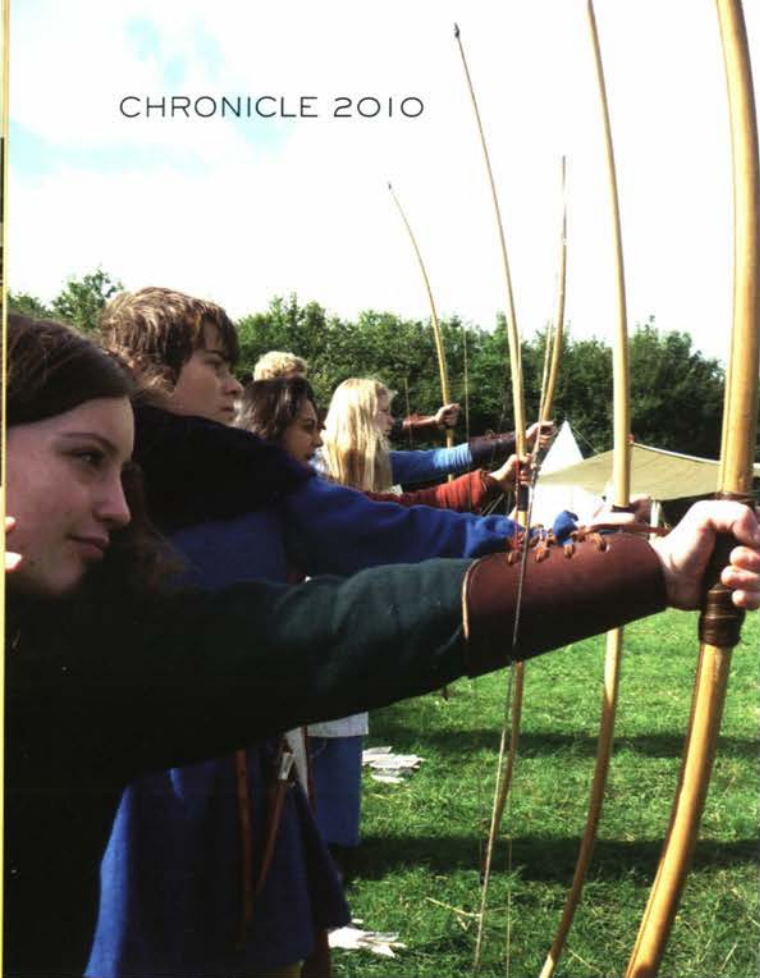
fossils, ran down the steepest slopes of sand and slept under the brightest stars. But eventually our time in the crimson desert was up; our boots were filled with sand, and our final adventure in the Wadi Rum was on camelback. Upon the humps of these creatures we arrived at the ruined Nabatean temple.

Our next stop was Aqaba, on the shores of the Red Sea, where we embarked in two glass-bottomed boats to explore the coral reefs and spent the rest of the morning at the public beach enjoying the Jordanian sun. Fully relaxed, we got on the coach to Wadi Musa, the entrance to the city of Petra.

We came upon Petra, a city once lost for over half a millennium, when, walking down the steep ravine, we caught our first magical glimpse of the Treasury in the sunlight. We continued into the ruins, climbing up to the Monastery, where we could see clearly the colourful sands of Petra in the great columns, and up the hill, to look out over the whole of Petra, the last of many great views of Jordan.

The Jordan Trip was unforgettable. It combined the beautiful, varied scenery and geography of the Wadi Rum, the Dead Sea and the Red Sea with the ancient history and culture of Petra and Madaba. This adventure would not have been possible without the efforts of Mr Witcombe and Mr Ash, who deserve our warmest thanks.

Dominic Bealby-Wright



out of best friends. We also had a couple of wonderful feasts, held in one of the medieval houses or outside, that required twice the number of stomachs to consume all the marvels produced by our talented chefs. We greatly enjoyed a group trip into Copenhagen, a beautiful city with many marvellous sights, including Rosenborg Castle, which holds the Danish crown jewels, and the National Museum, which contains what seemed to be a comprehensive archaeological history of Denmark.

The real enjoyment of the trip came, for me, from the uniqueness of the experience, and the cosmopolitan feel of the whole thing; we were working alongside talented people from all over Europe, and we learnt a huge amount in a very short space of time.

Thanks must go to Mrs Burnett from the Girls' School, and to Miss Asher, who put up with us for ten days and generally looked after us. The man who made all of this possible, however, gets the biggest round of applause: this trip would never have even been thought of without the tireless energy and hard work of Mr Davies, to whom we are all very grateful.

Kit Fowler

LIVING HISTORY TRIP TO DENMARK

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What makes one travel to Denmark to camp in a medieval tent in the Danish mud and prance about in archaic clothes for ten days? The answer comes in the form of the Living History Group, which, for the second time, travelled at the end of August to the Danish Middles Ages Centre in Nykobing, home, amongst other things, to a working smithy, a bow range, a couple of authentic boats, a jousting range, and, of course, four fully functioning trebuchets, the largest of which takes four people fifteen minutes to load by running in oversized 'hamster wheels'!

After unpacking and settling in, we quickly got into the routine at the centre, and were re-enacting with the pros in no time. Everyone had jobs throughout the day, which included bread and candle making, cooking, chopping wood, giving displays in archery and skill-at-arms, and helping out with the centre's activities. This meant getting the trebuchets up and firing, squiring for the knights who were jousting in the tournament that day, and running the 'have-a-go' archery sessions. Members of the public looked on in amazement as after a week's practice we began to hit apples on little boys' heads at 30 yards, and could make bread that actually looked and tasted something like bread.

The evenings brought relaxation time. After a meal of high quality, cooked in a modern kitchen, we would all settle down to reading, chatting, or, in the case of the older boys, some hardcore matches of Diplomacy, possibly the board game most likely to make enemies





The second day was spent out on Slapton Sands, where we set about identifying plants in an attempt to collect some data on succession from the shingle beach to the shrubs and bushes. The road cutting right across our path proved a mild inconvenience. We split into groups, each of which had to make a short film demonstrating how to measure specific abiotic factors such as temperature or wind speed. Though highly educational, most films had less of a documentary and more of a comedic feel about them. Callum Robertson's digging demonstration was particularly enjoyable, thanks to his obvious flexing and self-admiration for the camera.

We spent the final full day standing in a stream amid ancient woodland, catching, counting and identifying organisms ranging from freshwater shrimps to mayflies to larvae to caddis fly nymphs. The weather treated us kindly so shorts and t-shirts sufficed. The next morning, after our final good night's sleep at the centre, led us to an entertaining visit to an organic farm to learn how agriculture and conservation can work hand in hand. Once again Mr Porter seemed particularly to be enjoying himself and showed no reluctance whatsoever about interrupting our host with exclamations of joy at the native birdlife. I also think we may have set the record for KES boys sneezing on a trip: hay fever ran riot.

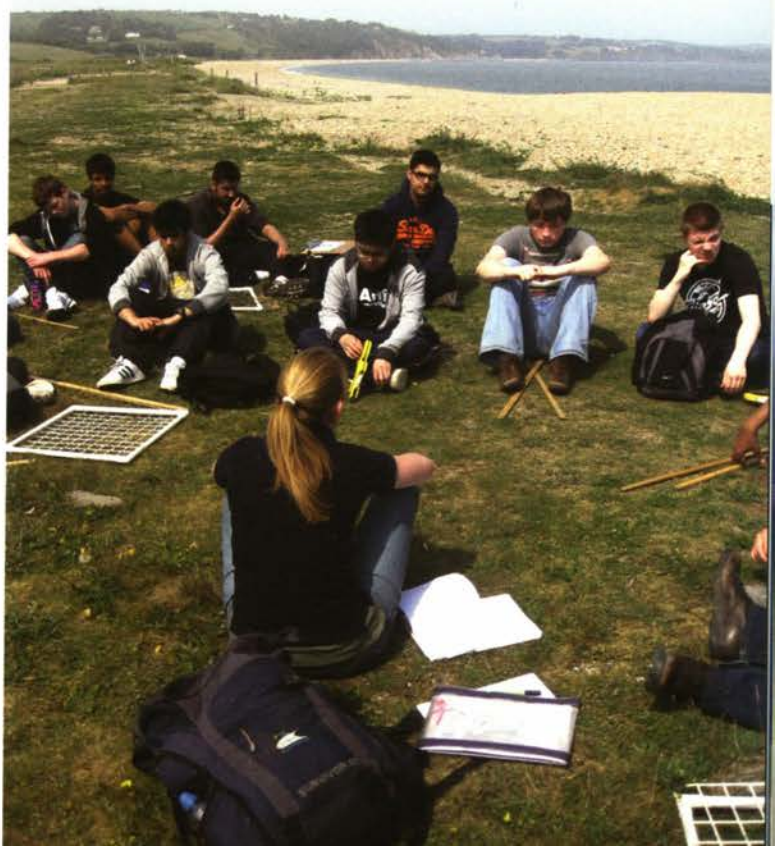
We would like to thank all the teachers for giving up their precious time to embark upon this adventure with us, and also to the staff at the study centre for top class education along with the food and accommodation.

Adam Forrest

THE DIVISIONS' BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP

The stress of exams off our shoulders, we looked forward to a shingle beach, swimming in the sea, walks through meadows and forests, the summer sun casually glimpsed through the trees, and a nightly game of football. No, not a summer holiday to the South of France but something much better... a Biology field trip to Slapton Ley Field Studies Centre. On June 18th a coach load of eager Divisions set off to the south coast of Devon, in pursuit of happiness (through ecological investigation and research, naturally).

Our stay lasted for three nights and four days, during which we learned about topics such as succession, habitats and niches, farming and conservation. Fortunately, we weren't restricted to indoor teaching all the time; on the contrary, most of our time was spent outdoors. The first night involved the "mark-release" part of the "mark-release-recapture" technique: we collected as many snails as was humanly possible, before dotting them with Tippex and releasing them back to the wild. A few days later we would recapture the snails, and be able to estimate their population by seeing how many of the ones we found had previously been caught.



AN ALPINE ADVENTURE

At some ungodly hour of a cold, wet, dark Saturday morning, an intrepid KES Alpine Club team set out to explore uncharted territories. Accompanied by Messrs Connor and Ostrowicz, our destination was Switzerland.

The Alpine club walked a high-altitude route across several mountain valleys, culminating with a final night in front of the Matterhorn in Zermatt. We started in Geneva, catching a train to Sion and a bus to the start of the walk. The first evening was spent in a small hotel, the "Gite Alpin" in La Sage, overlooking some spectacular glaciers. This was a welcoming place for everyone to relax and soak up the atmosphere. From there, the group climbed the valley side and descended into the neighbouring valley on a routine basis, starting in La Sage, moving on to Cabane de Moiry, Zinal and St Luc before crossing into German Switzerland, staying in Gruben, Gasenried, the Europahutte and Zermatt, on one day climbing a monumental 1200 metres and then descending another 800.

This was a trip not for the faint hearted: one moment which sticks with painful clarity in my mind occurred

on the fifth day when, after a good half day's walking, the ever-daring Mr O introduced the group to the concept of Alpine lake swimming. Those of us bold (and foolish) enough embraced the concept and stripped down for a "pleasant swim in the lake". Nobody stayed in for more than 10 seconds, apart from Mr O. In the freezing water it seemed impossible to breathe or even function as a human being.

Looking back, it was a trip of great variety: traversing the longest suspension bridge of its type in Europe whilst rock falls provided a deafening underscore one day; staying in a mountain hut, the exotically named Cabane de Moiry, on the side of a mighty glacier at 2825 metres another. On what other trip could you get that diversity? All in all, a great week with fantastic weather, great company, beautiful scenery and a real taste of Alpine life. In the words of Mr Ostrowicz: "It is amazing how manly one feels sitting on the side of an Alp slicing cheese with a penknife". Even with the regularly intrusive twang of James Claughton's ukulele. Maybe future Alpine trekkers will come up with a more inventive way of annoying the local populace.

Jack Moreton





ART TRIP TO MADRID

Having left school at 7:30 am, this year's A Level Art trip arrived at our hotel in the late afternoon after two coach journeys and one very cramped flight. Our first gallery trip began at six o'clock that evening: we spent three hours in the Reina Sofia. Being typical British schoolkids accustomed to tea at 6pm, we struggled with the relaxed Spanish attitude to eating times, so the nearby Burger King made a killing that evening!

The following day we visited what was, in my opinion, the best exhibition of the trip: the "Monet y la abstracción" exhibition at the Thyssen-Bornemisza. The exhibition juxtaposed numerous pictures by Claude Monet with work by his successors in the field of abstraction. Seeing these pieces up close was a very special occasion as we were able to see Monet's every stroke with the paintbrush. We were also able to come to terms with the full scale and grandeur of his works; it was definitely an experience that I will never forget. There is no doubt in my mind that much of the work seen there will provide inspiration for future work by this group of A-level students.

The next day took us to the Prado, arguably the most famous gallery in Spain. The likes of Velázquez, El Greco and Goya lined the long corridors and it was hard to find anything but a masterclass in the discipline of art. This was our last main gallery visit of the trip and was definitely the hardest. Despite the unquestionable amount of great art hanging on the vast walls around us, it was the site of an empty bench that brought the most joy to the faces of my tired colleagues and I. Our last night was spent roaming around the busy centre of Madrid. Enjoying the theatrics of the street performers was a great way to end a fantastic and memorable trip. Many thanks must go to Mr Spencer, Ms Seamark and Mr Turner as, without them, this vastly enjoyable trip would not have been possible.

Joe Hobbs



LON LAS CYMRU

This year's Senior Cycle Tour was the Lon Las Cymru route, which starts at Chepstow, at the very South-East tip of Wales, and ends at Bangor, on the North-West coast next to Anglesey, a total of around 240 miles.

The first mile out of the car park at Chepstow set the tone for the rest of the tour. We turned straight onto Moun-ton Road (definitely not a misnomer) and ground down into our lowest gear immediately. A few miles and several huge climbs further on, the terrain became more sensible as we rolled along quiet country lanes and through Wentwood Forest into Usk, where Paul Glossop inadvisably chose a pork pie and treacle tart combination for lunch. After Abergavenny, we started the first major hill of the tour: the twelve mile climb into the Black Mountains and up to Gospel Pass. The weather was turning and drizzle followed us all the way up the pass. Halfway up, we stopped at Llantony Priory (a ruined 12th century priory) for an ice cream and a look around. After Gospel Pass (where Adam's broken chain compelled him to walk – others had no excuse), the route to the hotel looked easy as we swooped down the 1 in 4 to Glasbury. However, because this part of the route was new even to KDP, who had done this tour three times before, there was no way of knowing that a surprise hill lurked near sleepy Brecon. The map shows only a single chevron, but the gradient defeated much of the group. We eventually reached the Wellington Hotel, where the mixed grill defeated as many as the hill.

After a hearty breakfast, we enjoyed a relatively easy start in perfect cycling weather to Day 2, following the Wye valley. A sensible lunch was eaten in Builth Wells, and thereafter came the short sharp climbs of the ride. This terrain continued to Llanwrthl, where some of the group chose to circle the Elan Valley Reservoir, climbing up to 481m, but the more sensible majority went straight to the reservoir, a quarter of the distance and free of any huge climbs. The sensible group had an ice cream and a sun bathe looking over the dam and reservoir (the source of Birmingham's water) while waiting for the others, and then we made our way to the very comfortable Elan Valley Hotel, dining on the local lamb and mutton while imbibing the local ales

Wednesday was the hardest day according to the route notes, and for once they were accurate. The road started hilly out of Rhayader, and continued through the Hafren forest, where we found a lovely picnic spot to refuel. After lunch we went through Dylife (rhymes with Gulliver) and then hit the first large climb of the day, which took us past many disused mines, and was followed by a fabulous 8 mile descent into Machynlleth, Alan doing a passable impression of a motorbike as he zoomed to the front of the group. Hereafter, we prepared for the hardest climb on the tour: indeed, the hardest hill even the Lejog veterans had ever done on a KES cycle tour. This climb rose up through an old slate mine, looking over a river valley covered in lumber, before an impossibly steep stretch of slippery tarmac through a sheep field to the summit. Having spent about an hour ascending the mountain, we swooped down the other side in minutes and into Dolgellau. The remainder of the route was simple, riding alongside the Mawddach Estuary, until the youth hostel hove into view at the top of a 1 in 5 hill: just what we needed. Once again we ate well, this time on excellent home-made pizza and steamed pudding.

The last day was promised to be even easier than the second (all things are relative), and indeed the early miles continuing along the estuary were flat, but fairly damp. Having crossed the estuary beside the railway track, we came across the seaside town of Barmouth, where only a select few bought the obligatory sea-front ice cream, as it was cold, had started to rain and the sea spray was crashing over the promenade cycle path. The section to Porthmadog (where we were to buy lunch) was where the promise of an easy day let us down: the terrain turned out to be rather tough, especially as the roads were wet. Steep climb was followed by steep descent through narrow deserted lanes behind Harlech. After Porthmadog, a couple more hills were enough for Henry's knee to run up the white flag, but then at last we had an easy stretch to the finish along a disused railway line through Caernarfon (around the castle) and almost to Bangor, our final destination.

A tough tour, certainly, but a very scenic one in good weather (for Wales). No-one struggled with the terrain, or rather we all suffered equally; and 60 miles a day was a manageable day's riding for all. No doubt KDP has something even more fiendish planned for next year.

Ben Phillips





POMPEII

After the retirement of Mr Lambie and Mr Worthington, who have both contributed a tremendous effort for this trip over the years, everyone was determined to make Pompeii 2010 the most memorable yet. The level of excitement could be seen on the faces of all those going, as they made their way onto the coach. The parents, however, looked a lot less enthusiastic, probably because it was two in the morning.

In extremely good time, we made our way through Naples airport where, unlike the last time the trip took place, not a single child lost his passport. Despite our early start, the teachers led us straight to the ruins of a Roman villa, which was followed by a trip to the Antiquarium Nazionale di Boscoreale. We looked around with suppressed excitement despite being tired and burdened by the extremity of the heat. By this time, of course, we had been issued with Mr Lambie's guidebooks, which, to all those who have had the pleasure of reading them, are incredibly detailed and useful. Book in hand, we explored the two sites, where we saw the first casts of bodies found at the ruins.

During the week, we explored the remains of Pompeii, studying the tombs, the amphitheatre, the brothel, the Villa of the Mysteries and too many other houses and buildings to name. We were able to glimpse the way of life of those who lived thousands of years before us. As well as Pompeii, we also went to see the ruins of Herculaneum, another town caught up in the volcano.

Despite a somewhat unexpected riot outside the Naples museum, the KES staff got us safely inside where, unfortunately, we were unable to see the Alexander mosaic. We did, however, see a large range of classical statues and artifacts. We later visited the ancient Greek settlement of Paestum, and in a nearby museum saw the famous "Tomb of the Diver". Leaving aside the high

quality of the sites that we saw, there were plenty of other exciting and money wasting opportunities in Italy. In hindsight, probably too much money was spent by all on ice creams and granitas.

The view at the top of Vesuvius into the crater of the volcano will remain embedded in the memories and camera memory cards of most for a very long time to come. Another highlight was being afforded the opportunity to swim in the geo-thermal pool. On the last day of the trip, we visited La Solfatara, a volcanic crater. With our clothes exuding the strong smell of sulphur, we headed back to England after an amazing and eye opening trip. Thanks are owed by all of the participating students to Mr Corns, Mr Evans, Dr Galloway, Mrs Ostrowicz and Mr Andronov, not only for the effort that went into organising the trip, but also for helping every single student to fully appreciate the magnificence of Pompeii and the Roman way of life.

Richard Berry



PARENTS' ASSOCIATION TRAVEL
SCHOLARSHIP 2010

Every year the King Edward's Parents' Association contributes to the costs of at least one group of boys who have planned to travel abroad: in 2010 Ed Siddons, Joe Tankaria, Jamie Wheeler and I were fortunate enough to secure funding.. Given that the prerequisites for any successful application to the Travel Scholarship board include a fully thought-out plan for an educative trip, we were understandably upset by the insinuations of many that our scheme was little more than a PA-funded booze cruise around the pleasure centres of Europe. Admittedly, given that our destinations were Amsterdam (where we were to be joined by Andrew Bird), Berlin, Prague, Vienna, and Budapest, we should probably have seen this coming. Perhaps to atone for these allegedly 'questionable' cities on our itinerary, we pulled out all the stops in the run-up to the application deadline, producing a twenty-one page cultural thesis, a lavishly detailed chronicle of the histories and characters of our five cities, each boy researching and writing about one. This was to be a "time travel through history", with each city representing a significant epoch of Europe's cultural past: Prague for the Middle Ages, Budapest the Early Modern Hapsburg era, and so on. In the teeth of noble opposition from John Earle, who proposed to travel to Hyderabad to care for impoverished Indian children in an orphanage, we scraped through to win the grant, and felt guilty for weeks! This despite Mr Wheeler's legendary comment that he was looking forward to visiting Prague (the city he had researched) because it would allow him to meet Americans. (It must be admitted that we did in fact meet an American in Prague, the restless San Diegan wanderer "Jack". The other close encounter of a Yankee kind was with two, obviously Swiss, youths in Vienna who claimed to be Stetson models from Austin, Texas.)

Once in Amsterdam, however, we toured the magnificent Rijksmuseum, roamed the misty canalside streets in the early morning, and witnessed love at first sight. This all in but one and a half days, after which we bade farewell to Andrew Bird, and entrained to Berlin. The second city was in many ways the cultural high of the journey; nearly everything that we were able to pack in to four days was fascinating, from the splendid Brandenburg Gate and the Reichstag Building (which put the Houses of Parliament to shame), to Checkpoint Charlie and 24/7 bratwursts. The best hostel was also found in Berlin: while two of us idled away culture-soaking hours in a café, Jamie and Joe found something of a musical soul mate in the hostel's manager, Marco. To Marco belongs the epithet of the journey: "You can save your ass, or save your soul." Truly profound. In Prague, sightseeing is in many



ways simply a stroll around Old Town, the locus of the medieval Bohemian kingdom's capital. Additionally, of course, we did not fail to pay a visit to Prague Castle (now the presidential palace), which encloses the Gothic St Vitus's Cathedral and a museum of Czech history. It was appropriate, however, that Prague should be less a museum than an atmosphere city: this provided a good contrast to our first two days in Vienna, which were dominated by the Hofburg (the imperial palace complex), the Kunsthistorisches Museum (possibly the greatest art museum in Europe excepting the Prado), and the Belvedere Palace. To be in Vienna is to be in the presence of the giants of Early Modern Europe: the Hapsburg dynasty of course, but also the court's pantheon of great painters (Titian and Dürer to name but two) and its military titans such as Eugene of Savoy and Marshal Radetzky. This was the very domicile of history. It might seem surprising that Budapest was the crown jewel of our travels. This was not because we had grown murderously tired of each other's company and could hardly wait to return home to comfortable beds, hospitable sleeping hours and Amazon deliveries, nor because of our picturesque hydrofoil journey up the Danube from Vienna to Budapest, but rather because of our unexpected accommodation. We had originally booked hostels for all five cities: this, however, changed shortly before our departure, when it transpired that due to a Wheeler family connection we were to stay in the Intercontinental in Budapest at staff rates. As one of my fellows jokingly remarked, "Most of the sightseeing could be done from the room." This was hyperbole, although little could match following a visit to Buda Castle and the Hungarian Parliament with an afternoon of reading, room service and MTV. To be honest, we all felt as though two-and-a-half weeks' travel, starved of Laundromats among other things, was deservedly ended in the lap of luxury. We returned to Birmingham feeling that what lay behind us was a fortnight of intellectual and cultural curiosity satiated.



SPORT

KING EDWARD’S SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB 2009-2010 SEASON

	Played	Won	Lost	Draw	For	Against
1st XV	22	14	7	1	574	374
2nd XV	15	12	3	0	394	138
3rd XV	9	5	4	0	149	149
U16 A XV	14	9	5	0	267	127
U16 B XV	5	2	3	0	49	125
U15 A XV	16	14	2	0	445	116
U15 B XV	11	9	2	0	215	130
U14 A XV	15	3	11	1	118	399
U14 B XV	11	2	8	1	76	332
U13 A XV	16	13	1	2	531	114
U13 B XV	15	11	4	0	380	121
U13 C XV	7	4	3	0	195	110
U12 A XV	14	4	10	0	188	317
U12 B XV	14	6	7	1	280	217
U12 C XV	11	10	1	0	436	51
U12 D XV	7	7	0	0	260	5
Total	202	125	72	6	4485	2825

TEAM HONOURS

- 1st XV - Round 4 of Daily Mail Cup
- U16 XV - North Midlands Semi-Finalists
- U15A XV - Round 4 of Daily Mail Cup
- Winners of the Greater Birmingham Cup
- U14A XV - 3rd Greater Birmingham Cup
- U13A XV - Winners Greater Birmingham Cup
- U12A XV - Runners up Greater Birmingham Cup

INDIVIDUAL REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS

Under 16

Midlands - R Millar

North Midlands - R Millar

Greater Birmingham Selection - E Matthews, E Jackson, R. Millar

Under 15

Greater Birmingham Selection - H Cowley, C McGuirk, J Duckett, L Kalari (Staffordshire)

Under 14

Greater Birmingham Selection - W. Goldup, N. Eccleston (Staffordshire)

KES RUGBY CLUB

INDIVIDUAL PLAYER AWARDS

Clubman of the Year - Aidan Wilkinson

1st XV Player of the Year - David Browning

1st XV Most Improved Player - Rory Singh

2nd XV Player of the Year - Ed Hobbs

2nd XV Most Improved Player - Oliver Dixon

3rd XV Player of the Year - Jamie Wheeler, Lawrence Pardoe

3rd XV Most Improved Player - Sean McIntock

1st XV Players Ties awarded to:

A Wilkinson, O Moreton, D Browning, M Hawrylak

Colours Awarded to:

M Hawrylak, O Moreton, W Watkinson, D Browning, A Wilkinson, M Chatwin, A McPherson, M Hirsch, A Winyard

Half Colours Awarded to:

E Hobbs, A Cattaneo, S Cousins, W Chesner (already received), J Khanna, C Bland, W Divall, A Bion, E Davis, R Singh, A Mason, H Ismail, A Philpot, J Wilkey, A Ojukwu, H O'Brien, J Tyzzer, A Hutt, Z Ismail, H Robertson, S Hobbs, R Stone, A Mehey, J Travers, L Pardoe



THE FIRST XV

Since many of the 1st XV squad had taken part in the successful tour of Japan and Dubai during the Easter break before the season began, there were many reasons to believe the team was in for a successful year. Several players had experienced playing 1st XV rugby and the debutants to the squad did not look out of place. Our first victory of the season came in the first match, against RGS Worcester. The team had clearly benefited from the 3 weeks in Japan and Dubai, with Julian Khanna, the debutant at Hooker, giving an outstanding performance – something we would come to see more of in the coming months.

With matches against King's Worcester, Princethorpe College and Loughborough approaching, the team hoped to maintain an unbeaten record up to the October Half Term. After the comprehensive victory at RGS, the team played well against King's, providing an impressive defensive display to hold them to a draw. However, we were brought down to earth with a bump by the drawn match against Loughborough, in which only a late conversion saved us after we had been let down by some soft tackling and poor finishing. However, against an aggressive Princethorpe we rekindled our earlier form. The game saw Morgan Hirsch produce a standout performance at Number 8 with aggressive defence and an eye for the try line, capping off a fine performance with a try which helped us clinch a close game. The lead up to Christmas saw the 1st XV facing mixed levels of competition: KES v Bromsgrove was a "David and Goliath" affair, while games against the likes of King Henry's Coventry were somewhat easier. Our defeats by Bromsgrove, Solihull, Trent and Old Swinford Hospital were deserved, as we hit our lowest point of the season. In these games, tackling was once again the reason for our downfall. However, every cloud has a silver lining and this came in the form of Michael Hawrylak and David Browning. Michael ended up as the team's leading try scorer with some notable

performances including a four try salvo against King Henry's. His lightning pace helped finish off many a fine move by the backs, and without him our try count would, without doubt, have been less impressive.

David Browning also set an example to the whole team during this period with some outstanding defensive displays. In particular, his kicking abilities at scrum half helped swing momentum in our favour: he set up victories against physical sides such as Adams Grammar and inspired victories against Foundation rivals Camp Hill and Five Ways. The Spring term was without doubt the 1st XV's most successful run of form. The Christmas break had rejuvenated the members of the squad, as was evident in wins against Shrewsbury, Aston, Bablake, Newcastle and Bishop Vesey. Haris Ismail, Oli Moreton and Will Divall all shone in this period, helping assert our dominance over the opposition and leaving us with a more than satisfactory end to our time playing school rugby. Thanks must go to Mr James, Mr Johnson and Mr Taylor for their continual support and work for the team and indeed the whole squad. Our morale and camaraderie were the reasons why we did so well this season, and I hope that both can continue into next year, where I wish the new team all the best.

Aiden Wilkinson



2ND XV

It had not been an easy seven years for the perennial “nearly men” of KES rugby. After the struggles of the “development squad” in the Shells and playing in “D”, “C” and “B” teams throughout our rugby careers, surely it was finally our time to shine?

We had laid foundations during a hard-fought campaign in 08-09, resulting in Mr Turner’s squad brimming with what he would call “seasoned veterans” in pack and back-line. Add to this some naive whippersnappers from the Divisions – like star fly-half Jack Cornick and tireless Joe Hobbs – and suddenly we had what seemed like a team that could go all the way. From this strong mix of characters was forged a new identity for the men of Fortress Bank Pitch – we were now to be known simply as “The Segundos”.

We were everything the 1st XV didn’t stand for and we loved it: we didn’t prance around in brash jackets flaunting our status; we didn’t train until we threw up and lost the will to live; we didn’t need column inches in News and Views to make us feel good; we never gave up when the going got tough; and we certainly didn’t sacrifice our Friday nights in the name of athletic pretence. No, “The Segundos” were going to make clear exactly what it meant to be a member of KES Rugby. We were going to win but we were going to have fun doing so.

Under the guidance of the ever present Mr Turner, we were confident of a winning season: after two impressive dismissals of strong Worcester based opponents, we even believed that we could go down as immortals in KES history by remaining undefeated all season. Alas, it was not to be: the faithful boys in blue fell in the next game against Loughborough (a team we had lost to heavily the year before) by just a single point. It was a heartbreaking loss made much worse by the nature of the defeat: after 70 minutes were up, the score was KES 27 – Loughborough’s Coach 28.

As a team, we rallied to get our season back on track against our arch nemesis: Bromsgrove. Having been told by Mr Turner in every single training session that we needed to “hunt like a pack” the forwards, led from the front by Richard Lenton and from the back by Alex Cattaneo, were ready to roll. Likewise, the prettier, daintier members of our team, the backs – identifiable by the distinct lack of mud on their jerseys at the end of the game – had finely tuned their unique blend of set moves and improvisatory genius. Yet in a game where we had 80% of possession and played almost exclusively in the Bromsgrove half that win proved elusive for “Big Bobby T’s Blue Army”. Despite an incredible performance, we lost by just one unconverted try to nil.

This detour from the path to greatness did not last long. Soon we were back to our old selves, putting 30 points between us and the toughest of opponents. We were



making teams like Old Swinford, Shrewsbury and Trent look like, well, Camp Hill. And we were making teams like Camp Hill and Aston beg for mercy in hope of a premature end to the game. A particular highlight was the victory against Nottingham High School – a team apparently destined to beat us from cradle to grave. Only a suspected case of Swine Flu hitting captain, vice-captain and star No8 could derail the unstoppable Segundo bandwagon.

Thanks must of course go to our favourite ref Mr Birch, who suffered abuse and harsh winter weather simply to allow us to play the game we loved. However, Mr Turner was the key to why we enjoyed this season so much. He seemed to turn a blind eye to our initiation ritual of making any new players sing “Twinkle Twinkle Little Star” in the huddle right before kick-off, though the “Hokey-Cokey” before the Aston game went perhaps a bit too far for the traditionalist, old-school rugby nut we know and love. But, most importantly, he stayed tolerant of our sometimes erratic, mercurial style of play, which at times (judging by the shade of red he used to turn) looked as if it would lead him to an early grave. He gave us a great amount of freedom this year to play the rugby we wanted to, to train as hard as we wanted to – so that it really felt like our own team and something we could be really proud of. It worked as well – the statistics speak for themselves.

No stars emerged from the year. We were a band of brothers each lending his own unique attributes to the cause. Ojukwu gave us tries; Cornick gave us sublime runs; Dixon gave us consistent passing; Tyzzer and Wilkey gave us a centre partnership for the ages; Lenton gave us the strangest team-talk ever heard; Sanghera gave us plenty of fights and Hobbs gave anyone who dared to line-out lift him a hernia. While this rag-tag set of individuals may have been little as individuals, in the cheesiest of cheesy sports clichés, as a team we were something special. The season ended with the mighty Seconds notching up 12 wins and scoring 394 points. It was a pleasure captaining such an incredible set of men. I wish the 2nd XV all the best for the future and hope only that the legacy of the one and only “Segundos” will live long in the memory.

Andrew Philpot



3RD XV

The 2009-2010 season for the 3rd XV was not a vintage one. Nor were the crop of players, the hard work of the players, the grit of the players, the commitment of the players...

The 3rd XV is made up of three sorts of players. Ben Harkcom falls into one category: has the potential but can't be bothered. Another category is the one that Messrs Travers, Stone and I fall into: a sad story of not having enough talent (or indeed desire) to make it into the higher ranks of KES rugby. The third is that of Barnes and Wheeler (and Cull whilst we had him). These are the players with talent and dedication, the players that will be with the thirds for one glorious season, only to be relegated to the 2nd and 1st teams in due course.

The essence of this team is not to toil in training sessions, or even to turn up to them. The team's finest moment was against Trent College, away. It was my first visit to the school, and before arriving I assured the team it would be an easy game: 'It's a college! Of course we'll win'. I was silenced as we arrived past the boarding houses and the 19th Century school buildings. No team talk was heard in the dressing room: Anish Mehay managed a bout of "[expletive deleted] YEAH!" followed by a motivational punch on the shoulder. This was the most excited we saw Anish all season, and his motivation was definitely required, as with minutes to spare we were a score down: at which point Ben Harkcom piled through most of the Trent XV to deliver a crucial try. The changing room was louder after the game than before it – a surprise to the teams in the neighbouring rooms. Although the year may not have reached vintage standards, the Thirds had a record to be proud of. But more than this, we had a spirit to be proud of.

Lawrence Pardoe



U16 A XV

After a disappointing U15 season we started our U16 campaign with a flourish, beating RGS Worcester 57-0. Our next fixture, against King's Worcester at Eastern Road, was littered with poor discipline that could have lost us the game; but superior fitness and fighting spirit took us from behind to win by 14-3. Ryan Millar scored two tries within minutes of the death. We had begun to find some form, as seen in a 10-8 away victory over a tough Loughborough side, but sometimes lost it again, as witness a 12-7 loss to King Henry's Coventry. Our final game before Half Term was a cup match in the deepest, darkest depths of Herefordshire against John Kyrle High School from Ross-on-Wye. The forwards rose to the occasion, outmuscling the large opposition pack and dominating at the breakdown, scrum and lineout. Scrum-half Jamie Ward's four tries contributed to the comfortable winning margin of 46-8.

After Half Term we moved in to the business end of the season, losing disappointingly to both Nottingham High School and local rivals Solihull, but securing a victory at Trent College, where our superior lineout and rolling maul scored us two tries. Thanks for this must go to jumper Ed Matthews and the great support from his lifters Andrew Eckert and Ozman Shahzad. Our game against Adams Grammar 3rd XV was a well deserved 20-0 win and the ideal build-up to our crunch fixture against Bromsgrove: the forwards dominated once again and the backs, Jamie Ward in particular, looked threatening on the attack and strong in defence.

Finally the Bromsgrove game was upon us. We travelled down the A38 knowing that this was probably our last opportunity to beat Bromsgrove before they started to recruit specialist rugby players. We got off to a terrible start made worse by some unhelpful decisions, or rather lack of decisions, but came back fighting to keep the second half scoreless. We lost by 27-0: perhaps if we had been more clinical at times in both defence and attack the scoreline might have been different.

After the Christmas holidays came two weeks of Mock GCSEs, a lot of snow, and then the cup quarter final against Droitwich, a game that we managed to win 10-0. Our next fixture, at Shrewsbury, was our last Saturday fixture of the season and probably one of our best performances of the year: the forwards dominated all around the pitch, we tackled hard and the backs attacked very well, contributing to a 31-0 annihilation. As the season drew to a climax, our most important fixture of the year, and in many respects of our KES rugby careers so far, loomed: a cup semi final match against none other than Bromsgrove. We were eager to redeem our loss earlier in the season and there was a real belief in the side that we could actually pull off a famous victory.

The match started tentatively with two penalties on each side; however Bromsgrove took first blood, scoring twice in minutes to build up a 12 point lead at half time. We started the second half with real intent and scored our first try against Bromsgrove in two years thanks to Jared Bentsi-Enchill. Unfortunately Bromsgrove scored again and although they went down to 14 men, a penalty try wasn't enough to bring us back into the game: the final result was 18-33. On a positive note, everyone put in an excellent performance against a side that was fielding five Midlands players. The loss against Bromsgrove meant that our last fixture of the season, also the last fixture for our year group ever playing together as one, would be against Bishop Vesey the following week. We played dismally until Vesey took a 5-3 lead but after that showed a characteristic that has been with us all season: our fighting resolve. We scored twice in quick succession to put the game to bed and wrap up a fairly successful season. I'd like to thank Mr Phillips for all his efforts: for coaching the team, for giving up his Saturdays, and also for his animated displays on the touchline.

Ed Jackson

U14 A XV

This year Harry Bowler, Jamaal Choudhry and Hasan Khan all became regular starters, and became three of our best players. Our season started promisingly with a narrow loss against RGS Worcester which made clear that we had a very committed and determined squad. Good wins against King Henry VIII and KE Aston and a draw against King's Worcester provided further optimism for the future. Our aggression in these games derived from Hasan Kahn and Desharn Sandhu, who were almost unstoppable when they got up to pace, scoring many tries. Given the inevitable settling-in required once team changes have been made, we did suffer some heavy losses at the hands of more experienced teams: but that seemed to strengthen our mettle and make us even more determined. Some good second half performances pulled matches which it would have been very easy to give up on. Gritty performances came from Dave Newton and Tom Claughton, both fearless when faced with tough opposition running at full pace, who often delivered big tackles when it mattered most.

One of our high points of the year was the Greater Birmingham cup. Despite four injuries to key players and the loss of our best tackler, Harry Bowler, with broken fingers in the opening match, we finished a respectable third owing to big performances from our props Simon Kent and Tom Porter and some very clever tactical kicking from Will Goldup. This was particularly satisfying given that we had drawn Five Ways in

our group, easily the eventual winners. Our best performance came in our own 'final', the 3rd/4th place play-off against Bishop Vesey, a team that had beaten us previously by a comfortable margin. This game showed just how far the team had developed, with tries being scored from all departments. Our wingers, Steve Yang, Jack Schofield and Jamaal Choudhry, had pace; our centres, such as Ed Moore and Amun Shergill, were strong; and Michael Durante, Conor Murray and Nick Eccleston were just determined to get over the tryline. Nearly all the tries were converted by Will Goldup and owing to try-saving tackles from our stand-in full back Matt Shah we kept a clean sheet, ending up victorious by more than 50 points.

Due to the multiple injuries that occurred throughout our season, we were supported in depth by Aslan Lewis, Matt Shah, Conor Murray and Sam Bennett who all 'stepped up' and contributed solid performances when called upon. Losing players to hockey, meant further disruption and introduced Hamish Scott into the front row while moving Jake Roberts from Fly Half to his new position at Scrum Half: both did extremely well. Jake proved to be cool under pressure and Hamish was determined to get to every ruck and maul and win balls from nothing to give us possession.

Next year we need to develop more confidence, given our determined and committed performances from this year. As we get stronger - both mentally and physically - we will get better results against some of the teams that we were narrowly beaten by this year.

Josh Gain



U14 B XV

This was a tough season for the Under 14 B team. The players were physically small but what they lacked in size they made up for in will and determination. Unfortunately against most opposition teams this was not enough, and victories were a rare occurrence. However, they did occur; the wins against local rivals Camp Hill and Bromsgrove stood out. The latter was a fantastic performance.

Among the backs, scrum half Sam Bennett captained the team well and gave good service to Harry Dalton and Josh Price, who often switched between playing at fly half and inside centre. At full back, Aslan Lewis was the best tackler of the team, and gained promotion to the A team. Matt Shah made some brilliant runs and was equally comfortable playing in any position in the backs. Jack Southall and Jamie Mitchell also played very well in the centres.

Among the forwards, Regan Wong was powerful at prop and was well supported in the front row by Will Pardoe and Alister Coles. The Jain twins did a fine job at second row and flanker. In many ways the back row had to do the most work during the season and they did a fine job. Alex Rees, Brendan Black, Biyasser and Khalid all took their turns to try and tackle the opposition before they scored another try. Many other players also represented the team when injuries and absences took hold: my apologies for not mentioning you all. The team has a lot to learn over the ensuing seasons, but if they maintain their determined approach they will certainly improve.

RDD



U13 A XV

The season got off to a great start with wins against RGS Worcester (60-0), King's Worcester and King Henry's, courtesy of fine performances from Messrs Odogwu, Raca, Harman and Hardy. Paolo Odogwu's No. 8 pick ups, a trademark of the whole season, resulted in a large number of tries scored by many different people. The tries were backed up by the outstanding place kicking of second row James Harman.

We beat arch-rivals Bromsgrove by a comfortable margin, 45-0, and Warwick perished 35-5 at our hands. What made the victory over Warwick even more special was that we had lost to Warwick the previous year. The icing on our cake was victory in the Greater Birmingham tournament, in which we beat a weak Vesey side and a physical Aston side en route to the final. We played Five Ways in the final, which was tougher than we had expected, given that we had beaten them by over 50 points the week before. The final was a hard fought battle, with KES reigning victorious by 21-10.

Everyone who played in the A team this year should be incredibly proud of himself. A special thanks must go to Mr Stead, who retires after more than 30 years coaching the under 13 team. His sound advice and hard work led us to have a brilliant season. Well done, lads.

Max Dixon

U12 A XV

At the end of the season the U12 A's came close to winning the Greater Birmingham competition in a very closely fought final ending in a sudden death playoff which we almost won. This was a fantastic achievement for a team several of whose members had never played rugby before September. Inexperience was evident in our first few games, especially against the more established teams like Solihull and Bromsgrove.

Despite these disheartening performances, the team gradually began to pull together and gain shape. The forwards began to work as a unit, the backs looked far more fluid and after Christmas we started to win games, some quite convincingly. It was great to see everyone improve not just as individual players but as a team. Running lines were better and we had some great defensive tacklers, but overall there was a desire to help and encourage team mates. The spirit in the Greater Birmingham was tremendous and sets a great foundation for next season. We can only get better!

Finlay Koral





A GREAT SEASON FOR KES HOCKEY

At the start of the Summer Term, both the U18 and U13 teams played in the Midland Hockey Finals. The U18 team was drawn in a difficult pool and faced a tough task against some exceptional opponents: they worked incredibly hard but lost 3-0 to Trent College, 2-0 to Bromsgrove School and 2-0 to Repton College, the eventual National Champions.

The U13 team played extremely well throughout the tournament, finishing at the top of their pool after wins against Thomas Telford (7-0), Wellingborough (4-0), Grosvenor School (3-0), Oakham School (4-0) and Queen Mary's Walsall (3-0). Unfortunately, the good form did not continue into the semi-finals, where the team lost to a strong Bilton Grange side, 3-0.

Both sides should be extremely proud of their efforts this season. No previous King Edward's School hockey team has ever reached the National competition stages and the progress both teams have made this season has been terrific.

MEJ

U18

Many of the boys who played hockey in this year's team would agree that this season was the best yet. Not only did the 1st XI go on the first ever KES hockey tour, but we also became the most successful hockey team in the school's history by progressing through to the Regional round of the Schoolboy Cup. After a long season (35 games over 23 weeks) and 22 wins, we were all incredibly proud of our achievements. I would like to thank all of the lads, who have made being captain such an honour.

The most enjoyable part of the season was the tour of Gibraltar during October Half Term. On the tour we played three games: one against the Gibraltar U16 national team, whom we comfortably beat 3-0; one against Bayside School (who regrettably put out a very weak side, which we beat with ease); and lastly one against the Gibraltar U18 side. The last-named featured some very mature-looking 18 year olds! Despite our desperately wanting to go home undefeated, a third goal was slipped past us late in the game, in the rapidly fading light, making the final score 3-2 to Gibraltar. All was forgotten, however, as the last night involved celebrating two birthdays in the squad, with the assistance of a crowd of touring Uppingham girls.

Home from the tour already having played more hockey than we would usually have done at this point in the season, we began preparing for the Warwickshire Cup. This involved playing local schools such as Bishop Vesey, to whom we went on to lose 2-1 in the final. Nevertheless second was good enough for qualification, which meant we continued through to the Midlands finals, where we were to face some much stiffer competition. Against renowned hockey schools such as Denstone College, who import many of their players from abroad, we performed incredibly well to once again snatch second place. This ensured we travelled to Cannock Hockey Club, for what would be our final round, the Regional finals. I think it would be fair to say that for many of the team, this was some of the highest level hockey we had experienced, as we ended up playing three top-flight schools: Bromsgrove, Repton and Trent College. Sadly, we lost to all three teams on the day, although I believe we performed a lot better than these schools expected; our heaviest defeat was just 3-0. Repton went on to win the National finals. Considering we were playing some of the best schoolboy players in the country, I think it was a great effort from the entire team and it gave an insight to next year's team into the level we will need to be at!

Lastly, I must mention two people, both of whom everybody would agree excelled this season. Adam Forrest moved, this season, from centre back to central midfield, probably the most difficult position on the pitch. Whenever we played, he could always be relied upon: no matter how good the player, Forrest would have him covered. He was outstanding all season and I wish him the best of luck as captain next year. Secondly, Joe Harrison: not only was he "Man of the tour" in October, but he was solid all season long and it seemed that the bigger the game, the better he got.



He was a major presence both on and off the field and I must personally thank him for putting me in my place when I sometimes got too serious!

To finish I must first thank Mr Birch, who left at Christmas, for looking after us on tour and for all his coaching. Special thanks, however, go to Mr Johnson and Mr Gleghorn, who have trained us all season long and put in incredible amounts of time and effort. Whilst I know Mr Johnson felt like pulling his hair out on occasion, I hope it was as enjoyable for him as it was for us!

Finally I must again thank the team. They were phenomenal all season: to the nine leavers, I wish you the very best of luck in the coming years. Hopefully next year will be even better than this one for KES hockey, and Forrest will lift that trophy that still eludes us!



WATER POLO: U18

Water polo has been arguably KES's most successful sport again this year; but at first, with a new coach after the loss of Mr Pitt, who knew what the season had in store for us? As always, the National Championships were at the forefront of our thinking. We had to play our qualifying matches lacking a few key players, owing to exams and University interviews, but despite this we managed to battle through to the finals of the English Schools competition, played between the best six schools in the country. It took us the first couple of games to warm up, but we did fulfil our potential, winning relatively easily through to a final against our traditional rivals, Manchester Grammar School.

MGS had in fact beaten us in the earlier rounds, but we played out of our skin; thanks to Andrew Macarthur scoring three goals, by full time it was 3-3, which meant a decision on penalties. Whilst Manchester had the U17 Great Britain Goalkeeper, we had to rely on the multi-talented James Shirley to stop the ball. In typical KES spirit, James saved more goals than their keeper, allowing us to become National Champions for 2010! Winning the Warwickshire Cup for the 3rd year on the trot made it, once again, a very successful season for the KES U18 side.

I'm sure the U18 team will go on to win many more competitions next year, but they will have to do so without the help of several strong 6th Formers. As well as the previously mentioned James Shirley, Alex Bion, Joe Harrison and Scott Langley will be leaving at the end of the year. The immense strength and resilience they added to the team will be sorely missed, though probably not by the opposition. Finally Will Divall, who was captain this year, has been a titan of KES water polo for many years now, and it was fitting that his KES career finish with another National Championship. I would like to say a special thank you to Hayley Bettinson; without her enthusiasm and behind-the-scenes organisation, the water polo teams could never have reached the lofty heights that they have.

Thanks must also go to Phil Powell, who may not replace Mr Pitt, but has definitely helped us to success this year.

Will Divall

Honours

City of Birmingham - Alex Bion, James Cull, Will Divall (captain), Morgan Hirsch, Ryan Hughes and Matt Richardson

Great Britain U17s - Morgan Hirsch (Captain)

U16

Writing four hundred words about our most recent season has proved more challenging than it has in previous years. In light of the shapeless performances that saw the team prematurely eliminated from the English Schools' Swimming Association competition, writing four hundred *flattering* words is next to impossible. The competition, which KES won in this age group last time around, is usually the main focus of our year, with most other matches and training sessions undertaken with at least one eye on Finals' Day at Walsall Gala Baths during the Summer Term. This year we failed to qualify.

Why this was is still a difficult question to answer. With several old-timers from the previous year's successful side and strong Fifth formers in Ed Burns and Harry Cowley (who has been selected for his age group's Great Britain training squad), there is little doubt that we had players of a calibre high enough to progress into the later stages of the competition and maybe even have a shot at retaining the title. Perhaps it was this weight of expectation coupled with blundering over-confidence that proved to be the team's undoing. When we looked so unconvincing in the opening round at Stoke School, alarm-bells should have begun ringing, telling us that we needed to swim faster, pass more accurately and look to dominate in all areas of the pool. Against the weak opposition of the first round, our failure to do these things did not cost us anything but reputation; in Manchester, we paid the price for our fumbling. One silly loss against a younger, less experienced team would not have been decisive, had it not been for our success in compounding the errors and playing possibly even worse later on. In the end, losing on penalties to local rivals Warwick School was the bitter conclusion to a poor day's water polo.

I did warn that this report would not make for feel-good reading. Perhaps the one comfort which can be found is that a number of the players from this squad, which failed to work as an U16 team, played some part in the success of the U18s. It is to be hoped that those who remain U16s in 2010-2011 can use their experience in the senior contest to help them reclaim the U16 crown next year, and that those who are now moving up will continue to enjoy success in the senior team.

Andrew Macarthur





U14

Our efforts this year were firmly focussed on the English Schools Swimming Association national competition. In recent seasons KES have done well in this competition in all age groups, and we were eager not to disappoint.

Our first round was at home against teams who seemed physically much bigger and stronger than us. However, with plenty of poolside support, we quickly overcame our fears. The quick thinking of Aslan Lewis on the left wing, combined with Hamish Scott's ability to read the game and place himself in great positions, gave us easy shots at goal. With goals under our belts, victory was not hard. We conceded only one goal in the whole round, thanks to our fearless goalie, Matt Horsley. This success continued through the second round, where excellent defence by Peter Shipway and the five goals scored against Torquay by Harry Divall once again meant that we went through having conceded only one goal.

The finals at Walsall Gala Baths were soon upon us, and our first game was, to the dismay of our coach, a dismal performance against Manchester Grammar School. Manchester did have two GB players, but we were all incredibly slow and disorganised and seemed unable to snatch a goal; we even gave away a penalty which they put away comfortably, resulting in a 3-0 defeat. After a slow start we began to wake up and play proper water polo, with solid defence from Harry Divall and

Peter Shipway holding the middle so that we scraped a 2-2 draw against Haberdashers Aske's School. This result was due in no small part to Hamish Scott, who made no mistake when required to step up and take a penalty. In a hard fought second round battle, we narrowly lost by one goal to a well-organized City of London team (5-6). This meant that we missed out on a place in the final. It was now up to us to restore our pride in the 3rd/4th playoff game, against Bolton. We finally started playing as a team, making the simple accurate passes which we are capable of. Much helped by the talents of newcomers George Sadler and Patrick Charles, and with Josh Gain solid in pit attack, we came away with a 6 to 4 win.

We couldn't have come out with such a good result without Hayley Bettinson, who, as ever, has offered constant support and encouragement. And the arrival of the experienced Tom Carpenter as coach means, we hope, that we can now look forward to many more years of success.

Harry Divall



1ST XI 2010: PLAYED 20; WON 6; LOST 13; DREW 1

Date	Opposition	Score	KES Score	Result
21-Apr	Oldswinford	137-6	129-5	Lost
24-Apr	Shrewsbury	190-9 (Khanna 3-19)	79 ao	Lost
28-Apr	Bishop Vesey	127-4	126 ao	Lost
01-May	RGS Worcs	223-6	165 ao	Lost
05-May	Bablake	86 ao (White 3-16, Khanna 3-9)	157-5	Won
08-May	Solihull		14-0	Drawn
11-May	Malvern	160-5	159-5	Lost
15-May	Warwick	274-6 (Wigley 4-47)	266 ao (Ismail 157)	Lost
22-May	Kings Worcs	89 ao (Dixon 3-16)	223-6 (Maini 59)	Won
12-Jun	Bromsgrove	100-5 (Hobbs 5-36)	99 ao	Lost
16-Jun	XL Club	165 ao (Chesner 5-45)	166-1 (Roberts 73*)	Won
19-Jun	Trent College	301-7 (Khanna 4-69)	251-8 (Cornick 75)	Lost
22-Jun	St Peters (Aus)	290-4	178-8	Lost
23-Jun	Repton	216-2	213-8 (Roberts 117)	Lost
26-Jun	Wolv'ton GS	193-6	194-3 (Ismail 51)	Won
28-Jun	Old Ed's CC	89 ao (Murali 4-32, Hobbs 3-1)	88 ao	Lost
30-Jun	Notts HS	220 ao (Chesner 5-23, Khanna 3-41)	106 ao	Lost
02-Jul	Scotch College	158-7 (Ismail 4-25)	154 ao	Lost
03-Jul	OEA	130 ao (Khanna 3-16)	132-2 (Cornick 53)	Won
06-Jul	MCC	230-5	233-9 (Cornick 140)	Won

CRICKET FIRST XI

Before the season began, everyone involved had very high hopes for this team. Thanks to an abundance of natural talent and a productive winter training programme in the nets, it seemed that success lay just around the corner. Despite being a young side – at least six Fifth formers playing at any one time – we had come together and built a positive team atmosphere, with none of the bickering or in-fighting that had been so apparent in seasons-gone-by. In fact, such was my confidence in our ability that I even proclaimed we should win near enough every game we played. A bold statement indeed, given the class of some of our opponents, but one which I genuinely believed.

But then the season began. In an opening fixture against Old Swinford, a side we really should have beaten, a four wicket defeat left us disappointed and frustrated, especially as our next match was against a strong Shrewsbury XI. Far too strong for us, it transpired, as we were bowled out for just 79 chasing upwards of 200. Then came yet another extremely disappointing defeat, by a much inferior (on paper) Bishop Vesey side. The following Saturday saw the arrival of RGS Worcester to the ever-impeccable Eastern Road, and saw them leave victorious, after we failed to chase down 223.

Before the season began, I often lay awake at night envisioning my name going down in history as the greatest captain to ever lead a KES team, with a perfect unbeaten season and the unwavering loyalty and admiration of all my players. After four defeats in our first four games, all my dreams had been shattered. I had to keep a low profile around school for fear of abuse, and rumours were circulating about a change in leadership. If ever there was a time to play against Bablake, it was now. Thankfully, we got that all-important first win of the season, bowling them out for just 86 (Julian Khanna 3-9).

Solihull were to be our next opponents, but unfortunately this annual grudge match was rained off with only four overs bowled: seeing as we were 14-0 I think we would have gone on to win. A last ball defeat at Malvern the following Saturday prepared us for a fixture against Warwick: they batted first and set an imposing target of 274 – over a hundred runs higher than any of our previous innings totals – despite Rob Wigley's four wickets. Without doubt we produced our best batting display in reply, but still fell an agonising eight runs short, Haris Ismail finishing on 157. We did, however, manage to take some of this batting form into our next match, against King's Worcester, setting them 224 to win (Rohin Maini with a cool 59). For the first time in the season we managed to put both sides of the game together, as an impressive fielding performance saw them bowled out for 89 (Oliver Dixon 3-16).

Sadly this new-found batting form deserted us in our next match, where we were humbled by Bromsgrove, bowled out for just 99 on a spinner-friendly wicket. The team, or should I say Sam Hobbs, did show considerable fight as we went out to field knowing that our opponents had a very strong batting line up. Bromsgrove eventually won but were five wickets down when they did so, Sam taking all five of those for just 36 runs. An emphatic 9-wicket victory over the XL Club a few days later proved that whilst form may be temporary, class is permanent: Will Chesner took 5 wickets and Nathan Roberts contributed with 73*. The next match against Trent, however, proved that class can also desert a team, as Trent compiled a daunting total of 301 (Julian Khanna 4-69). In reply we put together 251 behind Jack Cornick's 75, but that total says more about the number of slips they had than the actual threat we posed.

Before we played our next match, against Australian touring side St Peter's, we made very sure to clarify that a draw was an option – i.e. the team that bats first has to bowl the other team out to win. This change to the normal rules proved handy for us as we found ourselves struggling to chase down their target of 290. It was left to our tail-enders to survive a nervy last few overs, but they did, finishing on 178-8 and giving us a cheeky draw. Defeat followed in our next match, against Repton, despite Nathan Roberts' classy 117, which gave our score of 213 some credibility. We then won (for just the fourth time all season) at Wolverhampton before losing the next three games on the trot. We somehow failed to chase down the Old Eds' meagre target of 89 (Girish Murali 4-32), were bowled out cheaply again while chasing Nottingham's 220 (Will Chesner 5-23) and came out on the wrong end of a narrow defeat by Australian side Scotch College (for some reason we didn't manage to trick them into the option of a draw). Thankfully though, the last two games of the season, against the Old Boys and the MCC respectively, saw two victories for KES. The first was an eight-wicket thumping and the latter a narrow one-wicket victory which saw Jack Cornick really find some form with an excellent 140.

I would like to thank Mr Roll and Dave Collins for sticking with us for the whole season and I wish the team next year more success.

Haris Ismail

2ND XI

The 2nd XI has had another very successful year, winning twice the number of games we lost. Early in the season, while most of us were dusting off the cobwebs, it was clear that Will Chesner was already on form when he scored a gutsy, almost match-winning 50 against Shrewsbury, earning himself the reputation as the team's big hitter.

Against Bishop Vesey, the two young openers Will Bowen and Tom Lilburn showcased their talents and the team's spin twins Girish Murali and Wrik 'Wrikshaw' Ghosh got in amongst the wickets to help us to a comfortable 72 run victory. The match against RGS Worcester was somewhat of a demolition by KES, as Lilburn (60) and Bowen (72) helped to give us a strong total which was easily defended by the ferocious Safran Mahmood and the deadly accurate James Cloughton. Girish Murali took to his new role as opening bowler and consistently put early pressure on the batsmen.

The Bablake game saw runs from Rohan Prakash (65 not out) and an uncharacteristically aggressive Wrik Gosh with the bat. The ever-squawking Safran Mahmood picked up another 3 wickets, with Watkinson and Mason holding onto tough catches to help us to an 84 run victory. The top order were unselfish and left the lower order some responsibility against Warwick (Girish Murali hitting 44 not out) and Malvern (Safran Mahmood hitting a no nonsense 28 not out). King's Worcester was added to the list of casualties this season in a 97 run victory in which Rohan Prakash (49) and Moreton (52) set a solid platform and Will Bowen discovered his Yorker, which earned him 3 wickets.

As players move in and out of the second team, the vibrant and relatively light-hearted atmosphere remains constant and brings out the best in team banter and team performance. Behind the unusual wicket celebrations and nicknames is a hardworking fighting unit who can take pride in playing good cricket to win matches. A big thank you must go to Mr Phillips for coaching the side, to Farooq for his inspirational words, and to Mr Cross for his faultless umpiring. I wish every success to next year's captain!

Rohan Prakash

U15 A XI

Overall, the 2010 season has been a good one for the U15 A team, who lost only their first game (against a very strong Shrewsbury School side) and the final game of the season, against Trent College. Augmented by four Australian boys courtesy of the Cricket Exchange, we beat Solihull, RGS Worcester, Warwick, King's Worcester, and finally Bishop Vesey's School twice, both very intense matches. After the Australians departed, we progressed to the Cup Final against Warwick, whom we had narrowly beaten earlier in the season. After a run of ten wins in all the competitions, we were defeated in the final; very disappointing for us, since we had previously won the Cup.



Throughout the year, Ed Burns opened the bowling consistently well, making many early breakthroughs. Jaspal Jheeta batted well throughout the season with his new opening partner Ben Galyas, who, along with Akhilesh Mulay, helped contain the other sides with their leg spin. Jamie Fennell and Harry Cowley both batted well in the middle order, and Aditya Kale and Suhail Choudhury bowled well all year.

To end the season we travelled down to Oxford for a T20 competition, which was a great experience for everyone, as we came up against some very strong and professional sides. In summary, the U15's have had one of their best seasons; the success was made possible by the discipline instigated by the new coach, Mr Johnson, who ensured a good commitment from all the players.

Max Galla



U15 B XI

In the summer of 2010 the Under 15 B team played seven matches, winning five and losing two. The side was strengthened at one stage of the season when four Australian boys joined the A team as part of the cricket exchange with Scotch College, so that the B team were able to field 4 A team exiles.

The season started with defeat by a skilled Shrewsbury side: one of the opposition batsmen hit a grand total of 159 not out. Idrees Mughal had a memorable game against RGS Worcester, scoring his first half century, and, with a sudden burst of magic from that dark horse Andrew Dillon, who spectacularly caught out a sneaky shot at mid wicket, we rounded off a good victory. Against Solihull, Tim Wheeler hit 64 runs ending in a triumph for KES. We then played our bogey side, Warwick, and largely owing to Ravi Deu's magnificent bowling (he took 5 wickets), managed to hold them down to a low score of 85, which proved not as easy to beat as it looks. The King's Worcester match was won largely thanks to Naveen's taking 4 wickets, but improved batting gave us a score of 162 against Bromsgrove, where Shivam Sharma top scored with 44 runs. In addition, we bowled well to back up our victory. Unfortunately, we had a bad end to the season, against Trent College: even though Sam Georgevic managed to take 5 wickets in 4 overs and William Filho gave a batting master class, Trent managed to accumulate a colossal total of 219, which we could not match.

This was a good season: we hoped to win over 50 % of our matches but eventually won over 70%. The season was our last as a year group team: our thanks go to Mr Taylor and also to all the supporters who regularly turned up on Saturdays to cheer the team on.

Sam Georgevic





U14 A XI

Our season started with a match away to one of the best cricketing schools in the country: KES put up a great fight, but 41 n.o. off 27 balls from the Shrewsbury number 10 gave them victory in the last over. There were many good contributions over the season, but the stand out batsman was Tom Claughton, with over 400 runs. Nick Porter wasn't far behind, and also had a strike rate of over 90.

In the postponed U13 Warwickshire County Cup final, played this year, we demolished our fellow finalists by a margin of over 100 runs. The team was inspired in the field by a wonderful six wickets taken by captain Nick Porter and a run out by Will Goldup. Unfortunately the team was knocked out of the cup this year in the semi-final. Michael Durante and Nick Porter made mincemeat of all the teams put in front of us, with 21 and 19 wickets respectively. All in all, it was a very successful season and one to be proud of. Well done, boys!

U14 B XI

The pre-season rustiness showed when we lost our first game to Shrewsbury. After this the side decided to show its true quality and won all four of the remaining fixtures that were played.

Rahul Karavadra, Nis Gragrani and Matt Shah all made scores over 50, with several other notable contributions all round. The bowlers shared the spoils with many consistent contributions from Umar Galia, Rahul Karavadra and Ketan Singh. Joe Attwood also deserves a mention for becoming a leading spin bowler alongside Jamie Mitchell.

The most notable match was against King's Worcester, when we scored 297 in our 35 overs before bowling them out for just 52. Probably the biggest win on record. Predictably, in the next game we reached the dizzy heights of 23 for 5 before Matt Shah and Nis Gragrani came to the rescue. We ultimately won this by over 100 runs.

The side was capably led by Harish Khan-Cheema who coped well with the many requests by members of his team to bowl more or bat higher. He also made good contributions with both bat and ball.

The whole squad was always enthusiastic and it was pleasing to see the effort put into their game lead to many big improvements and good performances.

U13 A XI

The U13As enjoyed success as a team and they enjoyed each other's individual successes. Above all they enjoyed their cricket and played in a good spirit. They were well led by Alex Georgevic on Saturdays and Hugh Lilburn on Thursdays. There was scarcely a weak link; there were several good batsmen who made high scores but most of the team were capable of scoring runs. The bowling had variety, with several quick bowlers, including one bowling left-arm over, and a couple of spinners. The fielding was always good and, at times, outstanding. They lost just two matches; tiredness from "Rems week" could explain one of those losses, and perhaps the coach underestimated the strength of the opposition on the other occasion.

The season started with a good win over a club team from Nottingham, Radcliff. Good bowling from Alex Hardy, Saahir Mubarik and Hugh Lilburn saw the opposition dismissed for 72, which we knocked off easily for the loss of 3 wickets. We batted first against RGS and were 40-6 after 20 overs. However, excellent batting from Max Dixon (33) and Karan Gaddu (54) saw us to a score of 156 in 35 overs. Good bowling, especially from Mubarik and Lilburn, ensured a win as RGS were all out for 68.

Instead of playing in the County Cup competition this year, we played three Thursday afternoon 20/20 matches. These provided better cricket than most rounds of the county competition, which is not well organized. The first of these matches was against Bishop Vesey's who were beaten by 16 runs in a good all round performance notable for the first wickets for Scott Geelan.

Our next tight match was against Warwick, against whom we had lost last year. In an unfortunate start the opening bowler delivered an unplayable first ball to our opening batsman, but Jay Reddy and Saahir Mubarik built a useful partnership, with Hugh Lilburn and Karan Gaddu making runs and a quick-fire 19 not out from Alex Hardy helping us to a decent score. A good bowling performance, with three wickets each for Jay Reddy and Scott Geelan, saw us win by 54 runs. In the last match before half-term, King's Worcester were thrashed by 9 wickets.

After a 10 wicket win last year against Bromsgrove, we were confident of winning again. We batted first and unluckily Jay Reddy got out for a low score. Alex Georgevic and Hugh Lilburn made a century partnership, Alex Georgevic making his first ever 50 for KES. When fielding, a brilliant catch from Harel Thompson gave us spirit, but a stubborn batsman batted though and enabled Bromsgrove to reach the target with 4 balls to spare.

After that loss spirits were down and we lost the next 20/20 match by 10 runs to King Edward VI Grammar School, Stratford, even though Jay Reddy put up a fight, scoring 38. Our next match was against Trent College, which we wanted to win after two consecutive losses. Jay Reddy and Hugh Lilburn both reached 60 in contrasting innings: Jay made a rapid 64 in which time Hugh Lilburn added 7 runs to his total. Hugh carried his bat, making a slow but steady 60. Max Dixon added a quick 20 and we passed 200 for the first time. Jay Reddy, a certain man of the match, took 4 wickets, Scott Geelan took 3 wickets and, with some excellent fielding, we won by 29 runs.

After another win against Warwick (by 9 runs) in a 20/20 match, we came to the last fixture of the season, against Wolverhampton. Alex Georgevic and Jay Reddy both scored their second fifties of the season but the biggest praise goes to Scott Geelan, whose 121 not out, his first ever century, showed us all the shots from the book executed to perfection. This included the very elegant cover drive which brought up his century. The match was won by 210 runs!

It is worth mentioning the fielding. There were three outstanding fielders, Angus Crombie, Max Dixon and Jay Reddy. They all saved many runs and took some excellent catches. In addition, the rest of the side fielded well and helped the bowlers by putting pressure on the opposition batsmen. Chris Pritchard Cairns kept wicket in most matches and showed a determination to improve. It is fair to say that Chris is not a natural 'keeper but he did a good job and scored some useful runs when he got the chance.

In addition to those mentioned, George Sadler played throughout the season and showed potential with the bat. Gautham Meda played after half-term because Saahir Mubarik was injured, and bowled tidily, as did Sachin Singal in the two matches in which he played. Overall an excellent season, with congratulations to Karan Gaddu, Alex Georgevic, Hugh Lilburn and Jay Reddy on their 50's and a special congratulations to Scott Geelan for his century.

TM, Alex Georgevic & Hugh Lilburn





U12 A XI

Despite an indifferent start to the season, the U12XI developed rapidly: we saw some superb performances from the likes of Guy Marston, with 54 not out against Warwick School, and Sarban Hoonjan, who took 4 wickets against Stratford High School. As the results showed, the U12 A XI is gifted with talent; with a bit more work we could definitely go on to greater achievements.

After a very successful Winter Nets season, the team began with high hopes. Unfortunately, we got off to a shaky start, losing our first couple of games, but soon regained our confidence and went on to win a decisive victory against Stratford High School. Here we put on an outstanding performance, amassing a total of 161 before coming on to bowl them out for 31 runs!

When we reached the quarter finals after beating Stratford, we achieved a decent score of 96. We bowled and fielded very well but unfortunately our total was not good enough to give us a chance of beating them.

I would like to congratulate Daya Mandla's excellent performance of 3 wickets for 19 runs. I would also like to say thanks for all the team's effort during the matches and the Tuesday and Wednesday training sessions.

Guy Withers

U12 B XI

The season proved to be a hard one for the Under 12 B XI, who managed to win only one game. Too often, a failure to play straight and defend the good ball solidly was the undoing of our batsmen, leading to some disappointing totals that were too tough to defend or well short of the required target. Sam Shah, though, deserves congratulation for his destructive knock in the win against Arnold Lodge. In the field, butter fingers did not help our cause but the season saw signs of some promising bowling, especially from the ever dependable Nick Wyatt and emerging spin wizard Sarban Hoonjan.

JPS

WEST INDIES CRICKET TOUR 2010

Our first foray onto a cricket ground in the West Indies was a one-and-a-half hour net session which served to underline the very different conditions of Barbados and England. The sweltering heat and heavy, humid air were clearly conditions that we would quickly have to get used to if we were to be successful in the West Indies.

Then our first game, along with all cricket that day on the island of Barbados, was rained off. There was talk of our next game being called off too; but after glimpses of some more characteristic West Indian weather, we eventually assembled to play Welshies Cricket Club. It was obvious that the rain had taken its toll, leaving a soft, sticky and grossly unprepared wicket. Nonetheless, our sheer desire to play in Barbados meant that we were all eager to get out and do what we had come for.

With each ball, a chunk was taken out of the turf, resulting in the ball popping up unexpectedly at the batsman, which made it incredibly hard work to score runs: we eventually bowled the club team out for 85, Sam White taking 3-25. On most occasions this would seem a miserly total, but the thought of having to score 86 runs on that ruinous pitch had most of us dreaming of Eastern Road. The loss of early wickets left us reeling at 35-6 and if not for a combative 22 by Hugo Clay, we would not have got anywhere near our target. At length we managed to muster 74 runs, 11 runs short: a disappointing end to a lively match, but there was much promise shown in this game.

At the Government Sports Ground we played Dash Valley Cricket Club in our second and last game in Barbados. Jack Cornick – our tour captain – elected to bat, in hot, humid conditions but on a pitch looking in a decent state. Again early wickets left us in an awkward position, but a hard working innings of 36* from Aniket Sonsale pushed us to 124 from our 35 overs. With Dash Valley Cricket Club bowled out for 107, we had won by 17 runs and had won one game out of two in Barbados.

Our first game on Saint Lucia was on a small ground reminiscent of an Under 11s match. Jack Cornick won the toss and decided to bat, obviously eager to get out to the middle himself and take advantage of the small boundaries. And so he did, as after surviving the early stages, Jack played a composed knock before eventually falling 8 runs short of his century. However, his 92 runs played a big part in our total of 188 off 30 overs. In reply, Gros Islet Cricket Club came at us hard with their left handed opener smashing several sixes. But we replied strongly with Girish Murali bowling a tight spell which included 5 maidens from his 6 overs; the Saint Lucians managed several sixes, so that they needed 14 off the last over; Rob Wigley held his nerve as he bowled the last over, and we emerged victorious by 4 runs in a thrilling encounter.

Perhaps feeling lethargic after a gruelling two-hour bus journey along narrow, winding roads with precipices

on either side, we bowled poorly at PAIYE School, allowing Choiseul District to score 162 runs off their 30 overs. Interestingly though, Harman Khangure, after taking 3 catches as our wicketkeeper in the first half of the innings, did manage to gain the peculiar honour of taking a wicket in one of the two overs which he bowled towards the end of the innings, despite being a wicketkeeper. After lunch the rain clouds had gathered and it seemed that there would be no more play after a heavy shower. The groundsmen made it possible at last to finish the game, but our concentration had waned and from 46-0, we slumped to 56-3 and were bowled out for 114.

The highlight of the trip was a match against Gros Islet Cricket Club at the Beausejour Stadium in Saint Lucia, a stadium of international pedigree; in fact, Michael Hussey famously scored 18 runs off the final over to take Australia to victory in the World Twenty20 semi-final at this very stadium. Walking together onto the field of a Test Match stadium was an experience that we won't forget. And we rose to the occasion, as after 20 overs, we had only conceded 49 runs. Oliver Dixon bowled with pace and accuracy to take 3-25; with 135 runs to chase, Jack Cornick played a captain's innings, a classy performance ending up with 74*. When Wrik Ghosh dived in for the final run, we had won two out of three games in Saint Lucia, and three out of five games in the West Indies overall.

The tour was a great success: we all experienced a new culture and a new way to play cricket. This not only provided us all with great memories but should also leave us better cricketers. On our last night, several awards were handed out; Jack Cornick rightly won 'Cricketer of the Tour' with his 216 runs from 5 innings but mentions should also be made of Sam White and Oliver Dixon, who took 11 and 8 wickets respectively. Girish Murali won 'Consistent Cricketer of the Tour' due to his miserly bowling in the five games, which leaked only 53 runs in 25 overs. Winner of 'Best Tourist' was Will Chesner: he and the nominees Rohin Maini and Harman Khangure did a lot to ensure an enjoyable and successful tour. Finally, thanks must go to Mr Roll, Mr Stead and Mr Collins, without whom we would never have been able to have had such a rewarding two weeks in the West Indies.

Girish Murali





SENIOR TENNIS

1st Team (P6 W3 L3)

The first team played good tennis; all three pairs contributed fully. Andrew Philpot, James Wilkey, Zach Roye and Nick Watson have all been regular first team players for at least two years and will be sorely missed. George Bellshaw forced his way into the team and performed impressively with his partner Nick Watson. Their technique of winning games with some crazy tactics, trying to baffle and astonish the opposition rather than relying on tennis strokes, was more effective than I expected and often produced good results. Mikey East was the team's best player and it came as no surprise that he won the school's tennis trophy competition, the Simon Booth Cup, in which he beat Kshitij Kamat 9-0 in the final.

2nd Team (P3 W2 L1)

The second team played some excellent tennis. The most consistent pair was Kshitij Kamat and Daryl Rodrigo. Rohith Sunkareneni, Matt Poole, Ruan Shah, Tom Edwards and Samir Ahmad in particular also made valuable contributions.

A big "thank you" must go to Mr Tinley for giving up his time and for his consistent enthusiasm for school tennis. Lower down the school there are some potentially fantastic players who will no doubt take KES tennis to a new level in years to come. However, of the dozen players in the 1st and 2nd teams this year, nine are leaving KES, which leaves gaps that are going to be very hard to fill in the short term. Nevertheless, the future is bright!

SJT and Mikey East

JUNIOR TENNIS

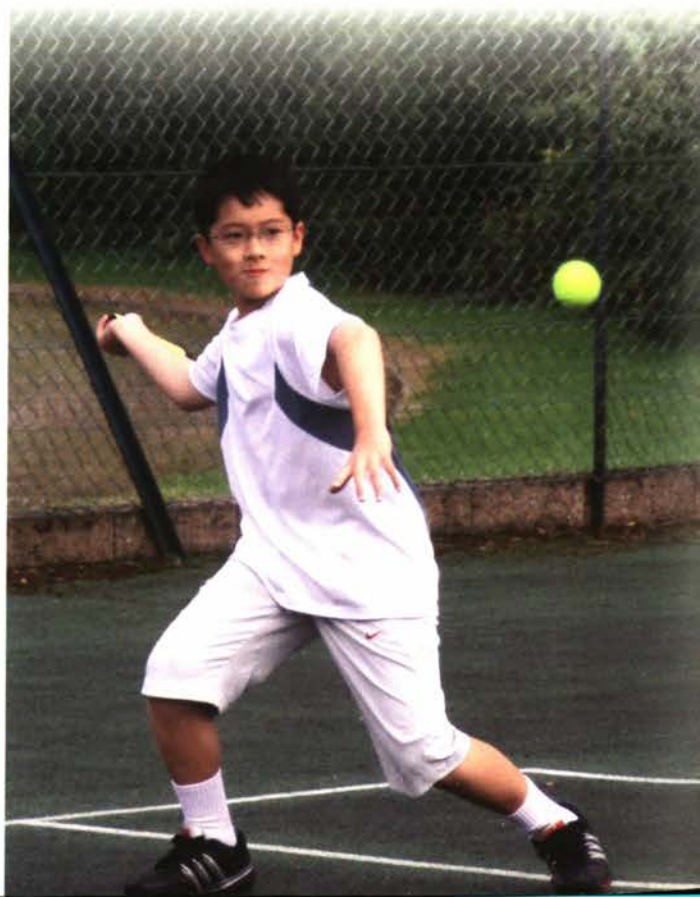
The U15 team performed well (P7 W5 L2), and eventually came second in the Aegon Birmingham Area League after losing 4-2 to KE Camp Hill. Jack Southall, in particular, impressed: he performed superbly to come third against strong opposition at the Magdalen College tennis festival. Josh Price, Joe Carter, James Kuo, Sam Arrand, Matt Gill, Harry Jopanputra and Meemo Ismail all made valuable contributions.

The U13 team can be justifiably proud of an excellent season (P7 W6 L1). They comfortably won the Aegon Birmingham Area League, which qualifies them for the later stages of the competition next term.

Guy Marsden and Giordano Magnante won the Malvern Preparatory Schools tennis championships, beating the Downs school 6-1 in the final.

Olly Cull is the most improved player but Hugh Hadley, George Sadler, Cameron McPheely, Joe Hanley and Siddharth Singh have all impressed.

SJT





U19 BASKETBALL

This year's U19 Basketball Team has enjoyed a very successful season. We were drawn in an incredibly tough national group against numerous basketball academies with a much better pedigree than ours, so we tended to concentrate more on the regional competitions. We did tremendously well to reach the semi-finals in the Birmingham League and the West Midlands Cup, beating a strong Matthew Bolton side along the way and thrashing our old enemy Bromsgrove 78-52 thanks to Haris Ismail's and Will Chesner's offensive prowess and Rory Singh's fantastic leadership skills, which helped us hold plenty of leads and come from behind on a few occasions.

Rory and the other leavers will be sorely missed: these servants of KES basketball have given so much over the years, and the shoes of Julian Khana, Matt Chatwin, Anthony Ojukwu and Yaseen Malik will be very tough to fill. However, we have great hopes for our newest recruit, James Mackay. A team is not all about the players, and we would not have had such success if not for the help of the coaching staff. Our coach of 5 years, Asad Kayani, will be leaving us after a long stretch of hard work and commitment which we all greatly appreciate. Thanks also to coach Danny Williams for his hardcore coaching methods and great contribution. Let's hope that next season can be as good at this one.

Will Chesner and William Watkinson



CHESS

The Shell team had a tremendous year, unbeaten throughout, and were worthy winners of the Birmingham League. They have been ably led by Aman Chawla, who set a fine example not just with his ability but also his sportsmanship. The Remove team had a limited season, as so few schools put out teams at this level, but they also won all their matches. The coaching skills of Mr Malcolm Hunt (OE) have certainly paid dividends in the Lower School.

One of the most heartening aspects of the season was the number of boys who wanted to play for the Division 4 team: it was necessary to rotate players to give everyone a chance. The captain, Raman Madadi, also stimulated some tremendous discussions on a wide variety of topics in the minibus on the way home from matches. The Division 3 side also had a variety of players, such was the competition for places, and finished second in the league.

The First Team, made up of players from the Sixth to the Removes, met with mixed fortunes. They were beaten by old adversaries Camp Hill in the league, but produced notable performances in the Quickplay and Rapidplay tournaments. In the English Schools National Championships they made it through to the last stages, playing well above their ratings against several top sides. Thanks must go to Mr Richard Simpson who, despite having retired some time ago, agreed to drive the teams to various distant locations so that they could compete.

DCD

FENCING

Fencing has been going strong at KES for over 25 years, ever since Prof. P. Northam started coaching here. A Wednesday lunchtime club for the Lower School offers them the chance to 'give fencing a go' and earn their 'Grade 1 foil', and then progress from there. Given that the Wednesday games option is attended by a devoted dozen or so boys, I can safely report that fencing continues to thrive.

Since we now have a cohort of eager foilists, epeeists and sabrues, we all look forward to the next Public Schools' Fencing Championship, when we hope to field the largest team for some years. Furthermore, in the Sixth form, three boys (Alex Wakelam, Oli Clarke and James Lloyd) have started their Level 1 Coaching Award; fencing at KES caters for all levels of skill and competence, even to the now traditional 'end of term feats'. Our worries earlier this year as to whether there would still be space for us to fence, given the demolition of the gyms, proved groundless: we now use the KES Sports Hall at lunchtimes and the KEHS hall for games.

James Lloyd

CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING

An unusually successful, and busy, year began in November with the Butler Cup competition. Here, the KES team ran in 2nd behind Old Swinford, with five of our six boys hitting more than 40 clays apiece. Then, on a nippy Spring day in Oxfordshire, competing against schools from across the country, we managed a highly creditable 8th place in the Schools Challenge.

The culmination of the year's work came over the May Bank Holiday weekend, however. Our very own 'A' team took to the roads on the Saturday to compete in the Nationals near London, where we came 10th overall. Wes Payne, our team captain, was again placed very highly, 9th, in the individual rankings – so clearly he needs to get his act together and practice more, as he was 8th a couple of years back! On the Sunday, we managed – for the very first time – to field two teams in a competition: at the Bredon Shoot our 'A' team ran in 3rd place and our 'B' team 7th. Oli Clarke even managed to get himself on TV at this event.

The other boys who represented KES were Abid Ali, Alex Easterby, Kit Fowler, Matt Horsley, Jin Lee, Irfan Mohamed, Ben Phillips, Michael Price and Matt Rayner.

TFC



Caption for photo: The KES "A" Team at the Nationals: (standing L – R) Abid Ali, Ben Phillips, Wes Payne (Capt.), Michael Price; (kneeling L – R) Jin Lee, Irfan Mohammed



ETON FIVES AT KES

Although still a minor sport at KES, fives is growing in popularity year by year, as many younger boys start to play. The improved standard of fives being played at KES is due, in part, to the quality of coaches that we have the opportunity to learn from. Sadly, however, we still have a long way to go in order to compete on a regular basis with the likes of Shrewsbury and Eton, mainly owing to time pressures from other school commitments, and to our being a day school. But with James Claughton and Girish Murali reaching the last 16 in the country at U16 level, the future of Senior fives is looking strong. Rohith Sunkaraneni and Anuj Wali also reached the last 16 in the country at U18 level, although sadly this was their last year at KES.

As we are one of very few fives-playing schools around Birmingham, it is difficult to play local matches, which generally means a three-hour coach journey down to Windsor to play Eton College. For this reason a few school players play for the Old Edwardians, where we entered into ladder tournaments, gaining invaluable experience. Anuj and Rohith also played league matches for Edgbaston Fives Club.

The fives season was rounded off with a Staff vs Boys match. Although a bit intimidated by the fact that Mr Johnson promised to make fives into a contact sport just for his match, Rohith and Anuj managed to win, and James Claughton and Girish Murali beat Rezwan and the Chief Master. Mr Tinley and Mr Taylor drew a tight match against Tom Claughton and Nisarg Gagrani.

Nathan Molnar

ETON FIVES: THE SEASON

We all felt optimistic at the start of the new fives season: Imran Zaidi, Rahul Karavadra, Saad Lakhani, George Galla, Sam Bennet, Nisarg Gagrani and I were eager to build on last year's good performances, despite the huge gap left by Mr Worthington's departure. After a few training sessions we beat a weak Wolverhampton side in straight sets in our first match. This was a promising start, but we didn't feel we had been properly tested yet. We soon would be: we came up against very good Shrewsbury 5th and 6th pairs from the year above, who beat our first pair 2 sets to 1 and our second pair by the same margin. Despite this set back we entered the Eton individual tournament with high hopes. Our optimism was met with good results; George and Nisarg reached the semi finals and Sam and Rahul Karavadra got to the last sixteen, whilst I managed a win in the final.

We entered our next set of matches in good form and were successful against Shrewsbury, Stow and once again Wolverhampton. In the Midlands pairs tournament we managed excellent returns. The third pair got through the group stages but just lost out on the plate. The first and second pairs looked ominous throughout, and in the end George and I came up against our own second pair, Rahul and Nisarg, in the semi finals. It was rather a close thing for George and me: it looked as though we would be beaten, but thanks to some great back court play by George we clawed back to secure a win. Rather annoyingly for Nis and Rahul, the pair we went on to beat in the final wasn't as good as them. George and I took the second King Edward's trophy of the year.

When we began again after a long break from fives, we believed we had a chance at the final tournament of the year; the Eton nationals. We were put into very difficult groups; this and our lack of recent experience hampered us. A very disappointing first pair loss to Shrewsbury 5th pair (they have pairs ad infinitum) meant we entered the plate, as did the second and third pairs. The tournament was played at Highgate so we enjoyed an excellent lunch, but were all disappointed in the plate, losing out in the second round late in the afternoon.

Fives this year has been a real success and great fun, and we all anticipate next year with optimism and excitement. We would all like to thank George Campbell and Rezwan Malik for driving us all over the country, and for the MacDonalds along the way.

Tom Claughton

