

QE GIRL



Of the pupils by the pupils and for the pupils

INSIDE THIS EDITION:

Step back in time for a history of QEGS

Find out who has the cutest pet at QEGS!

Check out the amazing art work from GCSE and A Level students

Read some real GCSE English short stories

See if you're in the Summer Fair pics

Discover the identity of the Secret Teacher on page 16



This magazine is written by QE Girls for QE Girls. In it you'll find every type of item - from photo-journalism, news and serious opinion pieces to funny quizzes & satirical cartoons.

Our aim is to tell you something new, show you what a brilliant school we go to, and make you laugh. We hope you enjoy reading it.

Journalism Club is open to everyone - so do come along to Room 214 on Tuesdays after school.



This Term in Pictures



LAMDA Success



Syida's community service.



Après-Piste in Canada



Pre-Piste in Canada



Year 10 Geographers in Epping Forest investigating flood risks



KS4 Drama students performed at the National Theatre Connections.




Year 12 Biology Field Trip.




 Love Not Landfill Campaign



 Football Team Champions



 Year 8 3rd place at Barnet Swimming Gala



 Barnet Athletics Championships



 Year 12 Fashion students visit the 'New Designer' Exhibition



 A very special visit from an 'old girl' and teacher




 QEGS at Barnet Teenage Market



 Race for Life @ Trent Park



 Year 9 runners up award for Community Action

A History of Q.E. Girls



The past coming back to life... **By Sienna Siu 10MNA**

Set those remotes to 1888 when Q.E Girls officially opened. It's been 130 years since that day. That's roughly 1,560 months or 47,482 days to this year.

Q.E has had many headmistresses and thousands of girls going through those blue gates, buildings knocked down and remade...but no matter what, Q.E Girls has always remained an all-girls school and strived to promote girls' education. Although I couldn't have been there or have a time machine at hand, here is a summary of Q.E Girls' to this day.

1888-1900s

The Foundling Years

The year is 1888, 20th September and 40 girls (aged 5 to 18) have enrolled at "The Girls' Grammar School", lead by **Miss Rose Harland** (1888 - 1895), Q.E's first headmistress who gave girls access to education. You would have to pay £6 for a year for girls under 10 and £8 for girls who are older than 10; this division continued with the different uniforms. There were only seven classrooms, a staffroom, a music room, a cloakroom and a coal cellar. That's like the whole of the language and music department to make up the school! At that time, it would have been considered weird for girls to go to school as it was the norm for women to stay at home and cook for the men of the household. How wrong they were! Q.E gave girls a chance to learn something other than sewing and showed everyone that girls can have the same access to education as boys. **Go feminism!** Considering at that time there were only 13 Girls' Secondary Schools in the whole country. Q.E Girls stood out.

In January 1895, meetings were held by the governors to close the school at the end of 1895 due to financial problems. The school's bank account



Miss Winifred Abbott

was overdrawn by £80 and it couldn't pay back loans so they had to lose lots of teachers. The school was saved by two assistant teachers: **Miss Winifred Abbott** (1895 - 1920), who



taught English and needlework, and **Miss B.A King**, who taught geography. After asking for the school to be run as a private undertaking, the governors agreed. However the name "Queen Elizabeth's" was removed from the gates. Miss Abbott became the new headmistress and soon numbers rose from 60 girls in 1895 to 115 in 1898; actually higher than Q.E Boys. So much had changed: the school went back to a public school and built new science labs, a playing field and the gym (which is still used today).





The War Years

One of Q.E Girls' greatest challenges was adapting to World War One but in fact, Q.E Girls' did their bit to help soldiers like making garments for the British Red Cross Society and entertaining wounded soldiers. At this time, 25% of students were admitted to Q.E Girls' for free, more subjects were being taught and Q.E developed a local reputation as a high standard school with many girls leaving for university, which was unusual for girls in education. Miss Abbott retired as headmistress in July 1920 after leaving behind an important legacy as a hero of the school.

The new headmistress was Miss Gertrude Clement (1921 – 1929), who wanted to make a



bigger impact on P.E and outdoor exercise. This meant introducing new P.E kits, full time P.E teachers and tennis and netball courts, financed by fundraising events like plays and concerts. The school had to be rebuilt to deal with the number of students admitted in to Q.E Girls' in 1929. This included a library, a domestic science room and best of all new classrooms.

Miss Dorothy Griffiths (1929 – 1939) continued the legacy by becoming the headmistress of Q.E.

However perhaps the most significant impact she made was the school uniform. There were ideas of jumpers, stockings, v-neck shirts, hats, berets and disagreements on skirt lengths.



However the ideal uniform was confirmed by the governors, as well as persuasive suggestions from the student council in 2010, for blazers and v-neck jumpers. I can't imagine the school blazers without the pockets.

In the 1930s Q.E Girls' had some weird traditions but in my opinion, I think the strangest was **the official school song**. Written by Miss Shillito and Herbert Templement, the song title was translated from Greek to "Forever in the presence of God." One of the verses is printed to the right.

Unless you like singing with people looking at you weirdly, maybe we should leave this song in the history books for the rest of eternity. This song was used regularly used for the next twenty years and luckily then faded away.

*Sing we the song of days that are,
When in this school those dreams
come true;
When science in her power reveals
This old world ever new;
When tongues of other lands we learn,
And know all men our brothers be;
Whilst thro' the past we learn to trace
Some purpose of eternity.
ΩΣ ΑΕΙ ΕΝΩΠΙΩΝ ΘΕΟΥ (Forever
in the Presence of God)*



The Queen's Visit in 1957



Probably the most significant event in the school's timeline was Her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth II coming to the school in 1957.

Nerves were coming in waves as the queen was served tea and presented with lots of gifts, including some for the young Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Did you know that in her speech to the school, the Queen actually said the girls should have two extra holidays!

Maybe we should listen to the queen's advice after all!



Next in line to the Q.E throne of headmistresses was **Freda Balaam** (1939 – 1960) who had the difficult task of looking after the school during World War 2. This meant the school had to be



prepared with **sandbags on the doors** and windows to protect against air raids and preparation of a blackout.

Almost like the current lock-in system. Even though the war raged on, the school closed only for

two weeks at the beginning of the autumn term. Honestly that tradition of not closing the school has definitely carried on throughout the years, especially in the snow in March. There were many war efforts going overseas such as raising mobile X-ray unit for Russia and one noticeable thing was the head girl broadcasting a radio message to Russian children. I wonder if we had to study Russian instead of French or Spanish. There were also the older girls training to be nurses and in extreme circumstances, one girl (in 1941 at the age of 17) joined the Special Operations Executives and was invited to join MI6. This is true! Let's hope that the future generations of Q.E can be inspired to help overseas!

1960 - 1990 Decades of Change

After Miss Balaam's sudden death in 1960, **Miss Marjorie Payne** (1961 - 1978) became the new headmistress. Her influence was still in place today as she ditched the school dresses and replaced them with the two shade blue kilt. However this introduced the blue hat bands which was based on the Edwardian style. Not everything was smooth with the uniforms as **in 1968, the sixth form rebelled and abandoned their uniform** to get permission to wear their own clothes which is why now sixth form students can wear casual/professional clothing.

When **Miss Libby Goldby** joined (1978 - 1985), the school introduced a broader range of subjects like technology and computer studies but the event which stood out was the joint sixth form with Q.E Boys which created an outstanding reputation as an excellent Grammar School. Although there were amazing results, **the boys' protest** meant that the sixth forms had to be separated. With the birth of OFSTED, **Miss Muriel Brewer-Blakely** (1985 – 1990) became headmistress.



1990 - 2000

Forward Thinking



Ms Libby Coleman

(1990 - 1994) renovated the school logo from the black background and red rose to a more sophisticated rose. Also the motto changed from “Ever in the sight of God” to “Forward Thinking” as we have to look towards a changing future. A more popular activity for the Year 9s was introduced as Mini Enterprise Week as it gave them a chance to run their own business in school when they were off timetable. They had to consider a wide range of ideas and ways to earn money and were very successful.

Ms Anne Shinwell (1995 – 2000) had a lot of struggles leading Q.E. The hall was set on fire in the night by an ex-pupil in 1991. The girl had also set fire to her former primary school.



“The hall was set on fire in the night by an ex-pupil in 1991”

As classrooms were in an unusable state, Year 7 classes were mashed together and taught in the changing rooms for a whole week. Even though this was such a disruptive event to the school, this gave Q.E the opportunity to remodel the classrooms such as new music rooms and a better library. Also the art subjects like music and drama were promoted more as sports day began to be held at the Copthall Stadium to try and get girls more motivated.



School trips gave students a chance to get out of the blue gates. Q.E was ambitious with its trips to New York for drama students while Business Students got to go to Germany. Year 9s visited Belgium (personally I got a chance to go as well) which became an annual trip just like Boulogne for Year 8. One of the trips, which was introduced in the early 2000s, was the year 7 trip to London Zoo. Unfortunately, my year was the last year to enjoy seeing the animals; it’s such a shame this couldn’t continue further for future Year 7s.



2000 - 2015

The Millennial Years

Mrs Kate Webster (2000 - 2015) was the headmistress when I was in Year 7 and she was a woman on a mission. She had fundraising events like the "Webster Walk" to try and get the school specialised in media arts. As it was a great success, raising £50,000, the whole school went to the Phoenix Cinema to watch short films created by the A Level media students. Another one of her projects was "Student Voice", ran by Miss Piper, which gave pupils who weren't a part of student council to talk about any problems about the school. I already mentioned the changing of blazers in 2010 but this



Headmistress Kate Webster

showed that we, as students, have a voice and the power to change.

So this takes us up to 2015 and many of you reading will know that Mrs Violet Walker has taken the helm and, as an 'old girl' herself, has resurrected many of the old traditions that I have been discussing.

Here's to the next chapter of the QEGS story!



A poem by Adora Molokwu who joined us in year 12 and has just completed her A Levels.

*In the hectic hunt for a sixth form,
Unsure which school was right for me,
I took a chance, I made a gamble,
And found myself at the gates of QE.*

*I was welcomed by stern rules with dress codes,
Trying to find my way round was the worst,
Amongst new faces, new names,
I'll be honest, I didn't like it at first.*

*Immediately we hit the ground running,
Work and a social life were a tricky scale to balance,
I was drowning in books and exams,
Managing my time was an almighty challenge.*

*The waves of pressure threw me,
Like a boat I swayed and rocked,
Yet as an anchor, God held me down,
My potential—he unlocked.*

*But as I waded through the ups and downs,
The teachers supported my every grade,
By motivation they pushed me,
And a support system of friends were made.*

*Not once did QE stop promoting me,
Never did they let me slip or slack,
Eventually, it hit me.
How could I not give back?*

*So I planned each goal I had,
Tentatively ticking them off one by one,
From starting clubs to improving canteen food,
No stopping until each was done.*

*My dreams often seemed impossible,
But with the right amount of precision,
I knew that becoming head of debate club,
Was not an impossible mission.*

*I have leant that God will always make a way,
For each of us to thrive and succeed,
God will cause preparation and opportunity,
To meet in our time of need.*

*Each day I am surrounded by Queens;
Women of virtue and intelligence in every strife,
Who constantly adjust each others' crowns,
Leaving me blessed with friends for life.*

*So as I stand here today as a prefect,
As a girl who took part in the Christmas review*

I can truly say that I'm going to miss it here:

For QE has taught me all that I never knew,

*Like the fact that dress codes keep you focused on work,
And that new faces and names do not mean that you're doomed,
For they taught me the way around the building,
And many lessons outside the classroom.*

*Now we must leave and go forwards
Into high places we must ascend.
Yes, it is sad, yet exciting,
For I know it's not the end,*

*Because I know we will see again in the papers,
As artists, lawyers, teachers and influencers of our world,
And for that we must all be grateful,
So...*

Thank you QE Girls!

We Read 4 Barnet 2018



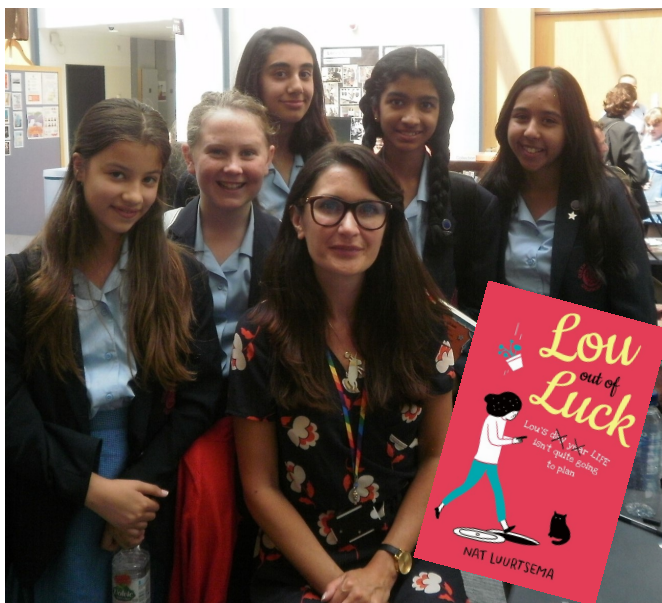
by Charlotte Hubbucks 10PMA



On Thursday 28th June, members of our book club took a trip to The Wren Academy, where four authors whose books were on the list of We read books, waited for us with stories to tell and advice to give.

Among them was Non Pratt, author of *Unboxed*, *Truth or Dare* and *Remix*, the latter which was on the We read list last year, Nat Luurtsema, author of *Lou out of Luck* and *Girl out of Water*, Anthony McGowan, author of *Rook*, *Pike and Brock* and Ruth Eastham, author of *Warrior in the Mist* and *Arrowhead*.

When we arrived, we assembled in the hall to have an introduction from Wren's librarian (who used to be a student at QE girls), and we were introduced to the Library Ambassadors, who would guide us to each room and tell us where we needed to go. The We split into two groups to visit Non Pratt and Anthony McGowan.



Nat Luurtsema

The first author I saw was Anthony McGowan, who treated us with reminiscence of his childhood in a rough Leeds school, and how it impacted the books that he writes. Then, after a short break, we went to another room and met comedian Nat Luurtsema, who was hilarious! She told us all about her life and how she got into being a stand-up comedian and then an author, and even read out extracts of her latest book, *Lou Out of Luck*, which is on the We Read list, with a lot of enthusiasm and joy.

Then, after another break, we got a chance to meet the authors, have books signed and take selfies, before going back into the main hall where the winner of We Read was announced. The winner was Nat Luurtsema, who, with her hilarious presentation and even funnier book, deserved to be crowned the winner of this year's We read for Barnet.

Overall, everybody had a brilliant day, and as usual, We Read opened up my mind to try and read new and different books by other authors.

"At Read4Barnet we listened to authors tell stories about their experiences. I found it interesting and learned a lot more about books and the whole publishing process. We got a chance to vote for our favourite author, which was a good ending to the day as well as a good talking point." -Madina 7JPR





The Cute Pet



Competition Results

This term we ran a competition to find out who has the cutest pet.

You sent in so many very cute, cuddly and gorgeous pets, it was difficult to choose.

We are delighted to announce that the winner of the competition is Harley, a beautiful one year old Tibetan Terrier belonging to Ella Wise in 9AMT.



Ella has won a voucher entitling her to a week's fast track to the canteen. No queueing for her in September!



The Tibetan Terrier is an intelligent and mischievous dog that is dedicated to its family. In fact, its sensitivity to the moods of its owners makes this dog an excellent companion.



And the runners up are...

In second place is Teddy, a 19 week old Cavapoochon (Cavalier King Charles Spaniel, Toy Poodle and Bichon Frise) belonging to Simren Bal in 7GCR.

In joint third place are the gorgeous trio of guinea-pigs called (from the left) Mr Snuffles, Crystal and Diamond belonging to Amye de Naeyer in 9ANZ.



2nd Place



3rd Place



...and Agnes, a cute 5 year old Pushon belonging to Martha Browning in 8VBE.

Close Cute
Contenders were...



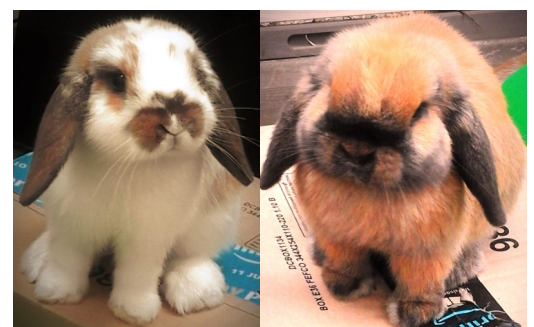
Elmo the Doberman, Kitty Hanrahan, 9ANZ



Ronnie, the Labradoodle, Ava Bhatena Bassett, 7SKT



Oliver the Dalmatian, Trixie Smith, 9ERI



Bonnie and Lulu, Erin Deasy, 7GCR

THE TEENAGE MARKET

In May, students from Year 9 and 10 participated in the Barnet Teenage Market. They raised a fantastic **£550** which is especially good since this is the first year that QE has participated in this event.



Defenders of the LAW



by Priya Lad 8EMO

The Magistrate mock trial took place on the 24th March, where a handful of our girls went to Highbury and Islington Magistrate's Court to compete against the other schools. I was lucky enough to join them.

On arrival we realised that the defence team was going first; the tension was high. The other team came with really good questions, however the witnesses and lawyers kept their cool and carried on. As the Magistrates left the room, Miss Walker and Miss Myatt came to congratulate us. Fifteen minutes later the Magistrates returned with their decision: as the court fell silent, the verdict was announced, the defence team had won the trial (that was us!). Next up was the prosecution who competed really well and won. Overall, although we did not win the competition, we learnt a lot about the justice system and had a lot of fun (although it was nerve racking).



One of the roles included was a court reporter who had to write a report of what had happened in the court room. We were lucky enough to get an article by Connie Reynolds which explains what had happened in the court.

Fenton Acquitted of Knife Crime

On the 4th February 2018, Sam Fenton was arrested and charged with the offence of possession of a bladed article in a public place, contrary to section 139 of the Criminal Justice Act in 1988. Sensationally, Fenton was found Not Guilty on the 24th March 2018 at Highbury Court just a month after she pleaded 'Not Guilty' before Westside Magistrates' Court on 23rd February 2018.

There was excitement and tension in the air as Sam Fenton's trial began at Highbury Court. The court heard that an argument broke out between Fenton and her sister and the argument began to get heated as a guest, Alex Garcia, intervened.

However, when questioned Alex Garcia claimed that, "Sam started to threaten me" and felt that, "it was my place to take matters into my own hands." Garcia

also clarified to the court, "I saw Sam Fenton leave with the knife."

Another prosecution witness was Ty Burgess, a neighbour of the Fenton family, who called the police after claiming of seeing a black handled knife in Fenton's belt. However, Burgess could not remember the colour of the knife when asked in the courtroom.

Lastly, the defendant told the court, "I saw Alex look at the knife and I was afraid she was going to use it on me."

To conclude, knife crime is a very serious crime and at least 35 people have been fatally stabbed in London since the beginning of the year.

By Connie Reynolds, 9ANZ

QEGS Summer Fair



Trips n Bits



The four week long Ecuador and Galápagos Islands Summer expedition where students will be snorkelling on the Galápagos Islands.



Mathematics Masterclass at the Royal Institution



Year 12 Biology Trip



Canada Ski Tour 2018





by Ama Nkansah 10RPE

Interview with Mr Duffy

Q: What was it like growing up in Northern Island?

A: Northern Ireland had a high unemployment rate and it was quite strict. Unlike now, there were only three channels on the TV. No phones, bad music, bad everything really - however I loved school. The city I grew up in was right on the border so religion was split. I never personally felt endangered

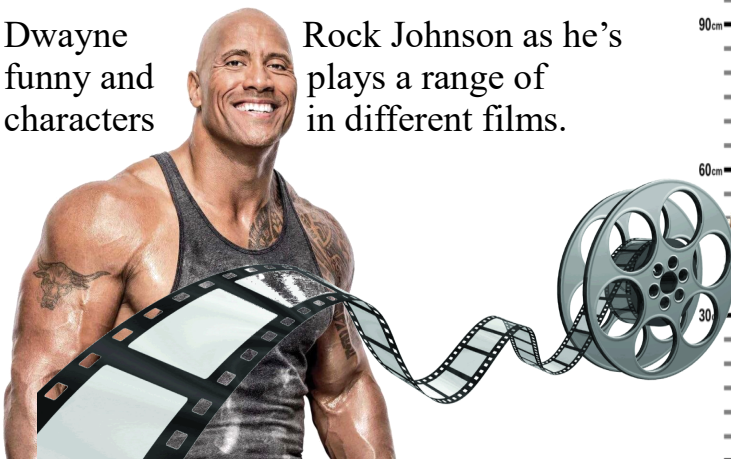


Q: What subject do you teach?

I was trained as an ICT teacher and transferred to a computing teacher. There's a difference between the two, computing is at a higher level. I usually teach Year 7.

Q: If you could get any actor to play you in a movie who would it be?

Dwayne Rock Johnson as he's funny and plays a range of characters in different films



Name: Mr Martin Duffy

Occupation: Deputy Headteacher

Subject: ICT and Computing



What is the GCSE story about?

I didn't work as hard as I should've when it came to GCSE's so for A-levels I made sure that I worked extra hard to get the top grades.

“You won't get anything for free unless you work hard”

What made you want to work at QE?

I worked in a girls' school in Ealing and I worked with Mrs. Walker as deputy so when Mrs. Walker became head at QE, I joined her.



An element of the GCSE English Language Paper 1 exam is creative and descriptive writing. Here are two examples of year 10 students' writing from their mock exams:

GCSE Short Story by Yasmin Jedidi 10MBE



Bang! Samira awoke from the same dream. Sweat left her skin cold and the hairs on her neck stood on edge as she sat alert and breathing heavily; the gunshot itself a repeated rhythm in her mind. Bang. Bang. Bang. Looking around her, she saw that her carer Diana had come in at some point to open her curtain, the blinds letting ribbons of summer sunlight into the crevices in between each blind. The sky was blue like the sea back home and she could hear the sweet twitter of birds drift in to the room signifying another early start, but despite this, she could not remove the anguish and fear that built within her; the anxiety and panic.

It happened on Saturday, June 27th 2016. She remembered it as clear as crystal, as if it had played out yesterday. She had been home, the place she always dreamed of. Home. On her roof top terrace she found peace and tranquillity in the repetitive ushering sound of the waves down below, as they danced on the golden sand. The palm trees moving in time to the wind's melancholy song. Although, she mostly found peace in the sunset that was always displayed across the sky. She would lay there for hours on end just to get lost in the fiery hues of a midsummer's evening: lusty pinks; vibrant oranges; light purples and blood reds. It was easy to watch a large golden ball of fire and let it bleed into the sky like the thoughts that bled into your mind. She would watch it, talk to it, as if the sun was her counsellor, her sun, her only hope. Well, at least, that was what she had always envisioned it to be.

But this day, it was different, this day, the sun seemed motionless, it didn't bleed as if it was alive, it didn't beat down and radiate love. The sun was cold. Bang! Bang! Fireworks brightened her mood as she imagined the glitter of a plethora of colours exploding ecstatically into a large canvas of black ink. Bang! Bang! Scream. Scream? She listened more intently, her ears suddenly sensitive as her senses became more alert. Her hands had taken on a subtle quivering. Not again. Not now she had thought. Scream... scream... louder and louder, the sounds advanced, closer and closer, the sounds erupted. As if a swarm of bees had gathered together, found their target, and were advancing in to attack. Arabic words of extreme panic flooded into the streets, doors crashed, car horns beeped, swearing and cries of agony. Up from where Samira was, she was at peace, the silent cries seemed to her as if a lifetime away. Scream... Mum? That was when reality had hit. Suddenly, she felt as if encased in a glass container, trapped and unable to breathe, everything seemed to play out in slow motion. Just for a moment. But that was short lived.

As if life was running on fast forward, she raced down the stairs, adrenaline carrying her feet with every step she took. She cursed her love for extremely long winded spiral stairs. Reaching the bottom she swung open the door, and stopped. Her heart that had seemed to be flying and about to rip out of her chest seemed to stop for a few moments.

"Zoozoo?" This was the name she had developed for her brother at a young age, the name she had used always. When they had played ping pong on the beach; sung at gigs; when he had played the guitar; when they had gotten annoyed at each other; helped each other with homework; when he lay motionless on the floor. When her mother looked up at her face, tears streaking her olive skin, heartbreak within her broken features, her heart had shattered into a million smithereens.

"Zoozoo?" Her mum shook her head and gently pushed the body of her little brother towards her. She saw the ruby red colour of a blooming rose on a snowy day, rapidly growing across his chest. Eyes half open to show his white blood shot sockets and mouth, half open as if he had wanted to speak. She thought, where had she been when her brother had needed her most?

"No Zoozoo?" She had asked again

"No Zoozoo." Her mother had replied and that moment had played out forever.

Now she sat on her bed back in England, her carer, Diana sat by her bed, worry etched across her face. Despite being of English background, she seemed to know what to do; she always did. For every girl and boy of every different culture and nationality in the home that Samira was staying in.

"Bad dream?" She asked in that very British accent of hers. The only thing Samira remembered after that was Diana moving towards her and enclosing her arms around her as she took advantage of the rare embrace and cried... and cried... and cried...

Mrs Bradford - A GCSE Short Story by Charlotte Hubbuck, 10PMA



I'm floating, blindly, weightlessly. Or maybe not such much floating, but walking; steps so light, it feels as if I am walking on air. I'm tired, stressed, pulled forward by an unknown force made of no energy of my own.

When I see the house, I automatically know what is inside. Margret, the maid, is left alone with 1, 2 and 3. They're naughty and rude. 2 has peed on the carpet and 1 is making a den out of Mrs Bradford's best linen sheets. Ah, Mrs Bradford. Although I knew exactly what was going on in Little Manor at that moment, I hadn't a clue where Mrs B had gone. She'd disappeared, walked out of the house and not come back. No one had known where she'd gone. She'd fled, leaving Margaret with Mrs Bradford's three raucous children.

As I approached the house, I noticed that the side gate, the one with the engraving of a robin as the handle, was open. Mrs B normally kept it shut, so that Him and Her couldn't come in and steal her children. I cautiously walked or floated or leaped, I don't know which, towards the gate. The black paint was peeling, the padlock rusty. I was not Him or Her. I could go in. This was not the first time I had gone into the Garden of Little Manor without asking. I had gone last year but that was when Margaret had been outside and she had shooed me away within a few steps of my prescribed journey into the Garden.

I tenderly pushed open the gate. Its loud, squeaky drone made me cringe. The Garden was quiet. 1 step: The trellis shook in the wind. 2 step: The roses were vivid, the colour of blood. 3 step: The honeysuckle crawled up the old, decaying fence. It could make anything look beautiful. 4 step: A cold chill ran through the air, making me shiver. 5 step: The tall oak tree looked like a giant, overbearing, overshadowing, with a lean, mean trunk made of sturdy wood. 6 step: In front of me, a child. Knelt down, in front of a bench, hands together, seated for prayer. Here was 3. The youngest Bradford child. She had lined up three of her china dolls in front of her on the bench: Martha, Lillian and Pennie. I don't know how I knew their names. I just did.

The girl turned around. Big brown racoon's eyes, eyes that would normally have been blinked several times in order to get what she wanted, widened, coupled with a beaming grin, head tilted to one side, so that her taupe brown curls could cascade over her shoulders.

Today, she looked dead. Tired. Like she hadn't slept in days.

"Hello," she said, turning to face me, "Do you like my garden?"

As I opened my mouth in reply, a searing pain coursed through my body, starting at my head and ending in my legs, causing me to double over and clutch my stomach.

The pain blinded me. I felt myself fall onto the soft, warm grass, slightly wet with dew, as a series of blood-curdling screams tore through the air, frantic, panicked. It was only after a second that I realised they were mine.

I opened my eyes. Sunlight shone onto my face. I was still screaming.

"Don't worry, Mrs Bradford, calm down, it was only a dream."

A maid stood before me, resting her hand on my shoulder thrusting mug of tea into my hands.

"Drink this. It should help to calm your nerves."

I drank it. Sugary, sweet and warm, it coursed down my throat, soothing it from the rough and sore consequences of my earlier screaming episode. A silence spread out between us.

"Mrs Bradford, I'm sorry,"

I looked up. The look on the maids face was of sorrow regret and pity.

"Whatever for?" I choked out.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs B," She continued, "You know your youngest daughter, Pennie, had measles. She has suffered a long time now."

I nodded. Somehow, I did know.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs Bradford, but she passed away, no less than two hours ago. I'm so sorry, Mrs B, so, so sorry--"

The rest of her sentence was cut away as the nurse began to cry. Hard, ragged sobs.

On shaky legs, I stood up and heaved myself out of bed. Maybe to comfort her, I don't know, despite the fact that it was my child who was dead, not hers. But instead, I didn't, I kept walking, across the room, towards the door.

"Where are you going, Mrs Bradford?" The maid asked.

I didn't answer. I just kept walking. 1 step, 2 step, 1, 2, 3.



QEGSA

The Queen Elizabeth's Girls' School Association (QEGSA) is the parent teacher association of the Queen Elizabeth's Girls' School. Throughout its 30 year history, QEGSA has been fostering stronger links between the staff, parents and the community through fundraising and community events.

QEGSA organises a number of events throughout the year including fairs, quiz nights, raffles, new parent welcoming events and others. Parents, carers and staff are welcome to volunteer when approached occasionally to help with an event or activity



Part of the QEGS Summer Fair, organised by QEGSA

QEGSA also runs the Project Fund which allows for regular donations to support projects within the school. In recent years, QEGSA has contributed money for:

- New furniture for the Dining Room
- Computing equipment for the media and music departments
- The renovation of the Learning Resource Centre
- Rock Challenge uniforms
- New digital lighting and sound equipment for the Hall
- New suite of computers
- Sewing machines
- Graphics tablets
- Walking track

Register your interest

Whether you want to contribute some time to help or simply want to come along to events and be a part of the school community, register to be sure you don't miss out.

If you would like further information about QEGSA or the Project Fund, please feel free to contact QEGSA at contact@qegsa.org.uk or by telephone: 020 3778 0403. Also, be sure to check the school calendar for future QEGSA events.