

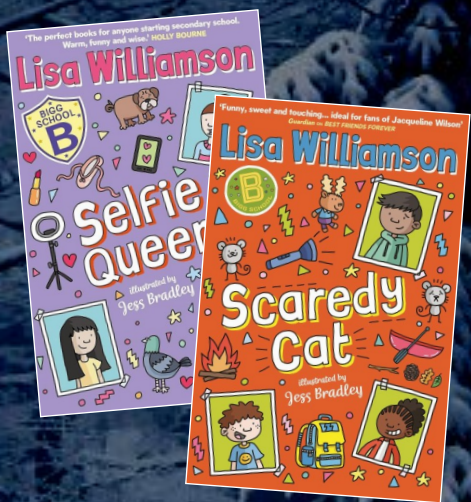
Library Information & News

ISSUE: NO.77

"I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt" *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* - Lewis Carroll

DECEMBER: LATEST THEME, SSA PRIZE WIN, LIVE POET VISIT, READATHON, QUEST, AUTHOR Q&A: SARAH WILLIAMSON, ANGIE THOMAS, LAURA ELLEN ANDERSON, SARAH ANN JUCKES & JAMIE LITTLER. THE READING AGENCY WINTER MINI READING CHALLENGE, COMPETITION WINNERS.

THIS YEAR'S WINTER AND CHRISTMAS DISPLAY OFFERS A WIDE ASSORTMENT OF FICTION, NON-FICTION & POETRY TITLES RELEVANT TO THE THEMES OF CHRISTMAS, THE ARCTIC, WINTER & HANUKKAH. HANUKKAH RUNS FROM THE 14TH UNTIL THE 22ND OF DECEMBER.



We have received two Lisa Williamson book titles, courtesy of Read for Good. We'll be running our next KS3 Readathon throughout January 2026.

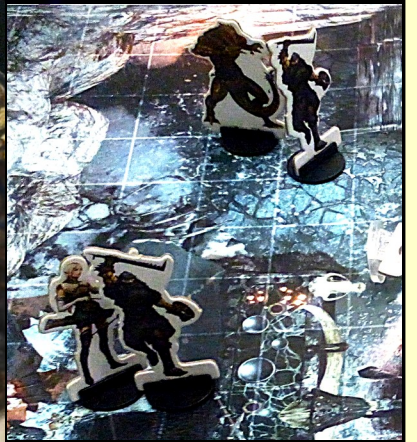


As part of Young Poets Week, the National Literacy Trust arranged for Poet 'Ruth Awolola' to visit South Shore Academy on November the 25th to deliver a fantastic live Poetry workshop. Ruth is a poet, performer, theatre-maker and workshop facilitator based in Manchester. She writes and performs for a variety of different audiences including poetry for children and young people. Her work first featured in Rising Stars: New Young Voices in Poetry and has gone on to be included in many anthologies. Ruth has performed her work and facilitated workshops throughout the country and across the wider world.

Read for Good
My new Student Librarian NLT Youth Literacy Champions and I, will be running the Read for Good Readathon throughout January 2026 until the 13th of February. Please collect your sponsorship cards, sheets and peripherals from the library if you wish to join in with the programme.



OUR TUESDAY QUEST: ATOH GROUP, DELVED DEEP INTO THE CAVERNS UNDER THE ISLAND OF KROKK. THEY INTENDED TO THWART THE ORC SHAMEN, GRAWSHAK, WHO PLANNED TO DESTROY THE LOST FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.



Mr Dilly Meets Jingle Books!
Festive Livestream with Mr Dilly & Friends



Plus Mr Dilly as Scrooge! & Christmas messages from Jenny Pearson, Jennifer Killick, Zaro Weil & Tom Palmer!

3rd December 11am

Ready,
Set,
Read!

wintermini.org.uk



INSPIRING
ACTIVE
READERS

THE
READING
AGENCY

The Winter Mini Challenge is a fun online scheme that encourages students and staff to keep up their reading across December to February. To take part, sign up at wintermini.org.uk. Gain rewards for logging and reviewing books, unlock special badges and earn a certificate of achievement once you meet your reading goal. Read and log at least three books between the 1st of December 2025 and the 20th of February 2026.



“There are two ways of spreading light: to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it.” - *Edith Wharton*

SHORT STORY/POETRY WRITING COMPETITION. WINNING ENTRIES.

For this years competition, students had to write a complete short story, poem, or submit a chapter from a longer tale that they had created. Entries could be a single paragraph, a single page, or a multi-page endeavour. The theme for this year's competition was 'Adventure,' and this could be interpreted in any way that the students wished.

OUR WINNING ENTRIES WERE SUBMITTED BY
Libby 70, Layla 70, Alanna 70, Iyadh 80,
Iman 100, Kacie 100, Kayleigh 11U.

Adventure's Call - Libby

In shadows deep, where secrets sleep,
Adventure calls, a promise to keep.
Through mystic lands, with curious hands,
Unraveling tales, in shimmering sands.

With courage bright, we face the night,
Adventure's path in pale moonlight.
Through tangled vines, and ancient signs,
Discovering wonders, in forgotten shrines.

But beware the trails, the hidden wiles,
Adventure's journey stretches for miles.
Through stormy seas, and whispering trees,
The heart's true strength aims to appease.
For every step, a choice to accept,
Adventure's lessons wisely kept.

Through bustling towns and solemn grounds,
Adventure's echoes softly resound.
In laughter shared and burdens bared,
Adventure's tapestry, carefully prepared.
Each thread of fate, intricate and great,
Adventure's spirit — we create.

With kindred souls, reaching common goals,
Adventure's banner, proudly unrolls.
Through valleys low, and mountains aglow,
Adventure's spirit continues to grow.

Yet in the quiet, the world's hushed riot,
Adventure's whisper beckons to try it.
In every glance, a hopeful dance,
Adventure's presence starts a new chance.
A symphony of dreams, by flowing streams,
Adventure's music always gleams.

So let us roam, far from our home,
Adventure's spirit forever to roam.
In every quest, out to the best,
Adventure's promise, truly never dies.
In every heart, a brand new start,
Adventure's flames sets us apart.

His empty words

She walked into school on an early Monday, ready to take on the world a high ponytail in her hair.

A broken boy walked past the girl, shattered by regret from a word that he had received.

He laughed at her, called her ugly, turned around and left
Well, she didn't say much else that day, just shrugged and nodded her head, then the day ended she went home.

She went home and lay in bed but she also cried and cried over the empty words that he said.

It didn't seem much to the boy, just a simple word with no effect, the way flew by, agonisingly slow...

And every day after in that week she cried and cried, the ink had already spat on that white page

Not even a sorry could make her forget or change how her image looked in the mirror.

The only thing that would suffice to fill the deep dark numb hole inside her heart was to empty the bottle.

Her grades dropped as much as her self esteem.

6 months later she walks out of her community, 4 month sober!

He had said sorry & the ink had dried, although it was still there, it was progress and progress was enough for her.

Layla

There was a girl named Jasmine who was on a school trip to the theme park. She managed to sneak off the school trip while the teacher was checking every student was there. On her little adventure, she saw a note, so she picked it up. It read, "If you are reading this note, go down the enchanted path."

Jasmine was confused but she still walked and walked until she got to the end of the enchanted path. "Wow, that castle is huge," Jasmine said in shock. So she went inside and saw fairy's, enchanted crowns and tiaras. But she looked around and saw nobody was home, so she snuck off into the kitchen. In there, she saw cakes, cookies and a whole turkey feast. So she decided to have a taste. "It was delicious," Jasmine said in disbelief.

All of a sudden, she goes heard footsteps so she ran as fast as she could to upstairs. She locked the door and secretly looked out the window to see a magical royal family. So as soon as she heard the door shut, Jasmine climbed out the window and ran down the path back to her school trip where she made an excuse of forgetting her bag!

The end

By: Alanna

Dungeon and Dragons

Can capture the game's blend of fantasy,
Adventures and dice rolling suspense.

A journey through shadowed halls,
Where ancient secrets coils.

A dragon's roar, a hero stands,
A map spread across the land,
With d20 in hand.

Fate is a critical success, or failure that lasts.

The DM narrates a world unseen,
Where courage is sharp and magic is keen.

For friends sit close,
A motley crew, with stories,
Old and spirit new, through every peril.

Every fight they share darkness and light.

— Iyadh

Fate's Everlasting Curl

They tell me to feel the world,
To know the land, but not the sand,
The fine shifting grains slip through their hands;
Bled ink marks the place I stand.

Sealed in dark, the weight remains,
A curse no wind or tide contains.
Mocked for truths, praised for chains,
Forged in ash, yet wide awake.

They chart the stars, tint the sky,
Command the seas though none comply.
But in the silence, I hear the why —
Desire hums where stillness lies.

Fate turns, both fast and slow,
Everlasting, yet never whole.

— Iman

EPIC MUSIC

In a land not so far away, there lived an ordinary girl in an ordinary house. She loved nothing more than slaying her sister at chess. She devoured her mid-afternoon snack. She pounces with great delight onto her bed tiredly.

She is feared among the puny army of... spiders she finds in her bedroom. Every day she bounds on a new adventure... into the messy place that is her room. Her silver medal brandishes her blazer lapel. Everyone fears the ordinary, in the extraordinary, the tedious, and the definitely not boringly unexciting.

Kacie

Adventure through Shadows:

In the quiet corners of my mind, where broken echoes intertwine,
I tread the halls of yesterdays, An emo boy lost in memories maze.

The walls whisper with bitter cries, Of bruises hidden, silent lies,
Yet amidst the gloom and endless ache, Adventure stirs (stares)
with each Step (step) I take.

I sail on Seas of fractured trust, Through (through) Storms of
anger, tears and dust, The shadows pull, they twist they cling,
but my heart beats insisting on dreaming.

A playground of Pain, a forest of fear, Faces of loss appear too
near, Yet courage glooms where darkness sleeps, Adventure is
mine, in the depths it keeps.

Through fiery nights and hollow days, I wander paths of twisted
ways, Every scar, a Star to the chart, Each memory, a compass for
the heart.

So even in Sorrow I rise, I soar. Adventure waits on this haunted
shore, And though the past has torn me apart, I travel forward
with a stubborn heart.

Kayleigh

HAVE A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR.