



THE DEANERY

CHURCH OF ENGLAND HIGH SCHOOL AND SIXTH FORM COLLEGE



The Quill



The Deanery Church of England High
School & Sixth Form
Magazine

BY STUDENTS AND STAFF

The Quill

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COMPETITION TIME

Lines written a Few Miles above Marsh Green

We are the town that is kept aglow,
 With mintballs made by Uncle Joe,
 We are Ben Watson's FA Cup final goal,
 We are Casino all-nighters and Northern Soul,
 We are Orwell's The Road to Wigan Pier,
 We are Coccium when the Romans lived here,
 We are notserbad, belting, bob on, oreet,
 We are babby's yed, gravy and mushy peas,
 We are Thomas Woodcock's Victoria Cross,
 We are Davey Boy Smith and Hacker T Dog,
 We are Sissay's poems and Isherwood's art,
 We are Sir Ian McKellen's acting parts,
 We are a Bittersweet Symphony that's life,
 We are Challenge Cups and Offiah's tries,
 We are the Little Theatre and the Deanery,
 We are the Diggers and Gerard Winstanley,
 We are The Lathums fighting on,
 We are Emily Borthwick when the medal is won,
 We are the Battle of Wigan Lane,
 We are Mokaev as he steps in the cage,
 We are Haigh Hall and the Plantation Gates,
 We are the Market, Galleries and Grand Arcade,
 We are Mesnes Park and feeding the ducks,
 We are rubbing the statue's shoe for luck,
 We are the River Douglas flowing through gaily,
 We are George Formby and his ukulele,
 We are Galloway's pies and De Roma ice cream,
 We are the town that always believes.

We are our history:

Our pubs, our mills, our mines,
 Our accent, our sport, our happy times,

We are Wigan

By The Deanery Bard

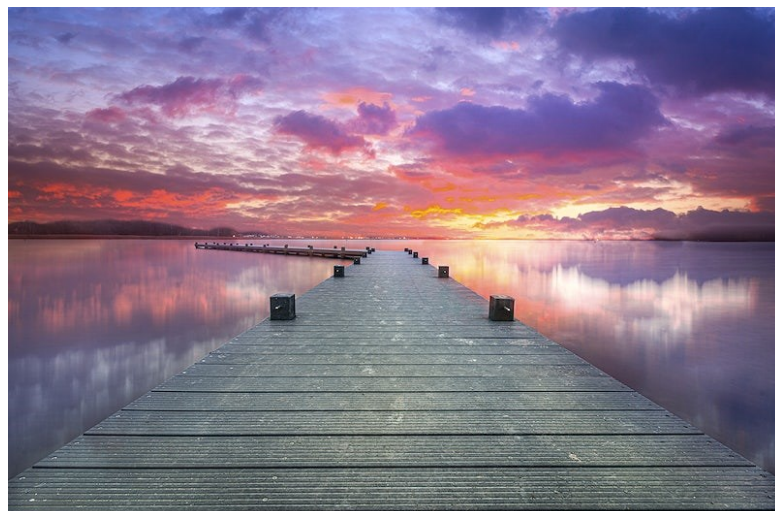


Remember Me When I'm Gone

(This is for all of the people who needed something calming to read after someone they cared about found peace giving their life away but is now resting in Heaven.)

I've always had passion in my heart
And fire in my soul
Whenever I'm far apart
Remember me by my role
The blood that shed
The smoke that spread
All of the memories in my head
The dreams that lie ahead
With the scars that show my journey
Look back at my life with glee
To my teammates who suffered before me
I don't need to miss what I can see
As it gets to sunrise
All I am asking you to do is
Remember me when I'm gone

By R.Kapinga



Envy Me

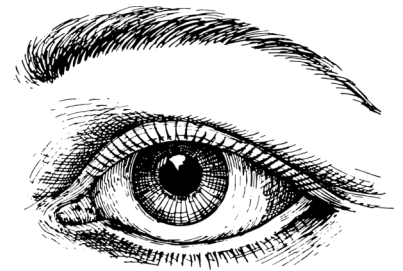


Envy me day by day
Hate me night by night
In my bed is where I lay



Thinking of how I'll win
The fight
Maybe how I may lead
You astray

In your eyes I see spite
All of the characters you
Portray



If I get rid of you, I will
Finally be free
But deep down inside me we
Both know, you envy me



By R.Kapinga

I Will Put in My Box

POETRY

I will put in my box the birds tweeting,
The lambs jumping
And the cows eating.



I will put in my box the silent night sky,
The twinkling stars,
The independent moon.



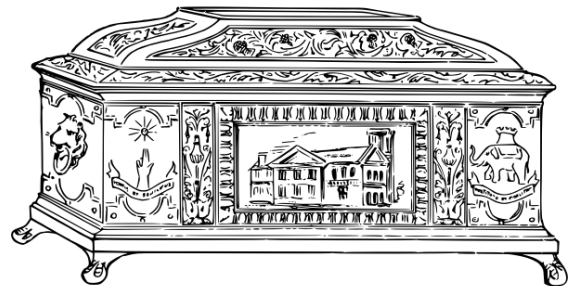
I will put into my box the warm fire,
The burning candles,
The rainy days.



My box is fashioned from the shell of a pearl,
The scent of the sea,
The edges as sharp as a shell.



My box is protected by a dog,
Not too big,
Not too small,
Not too fluffy,
Not too bold,
Not too aggressive,
Not too soft



Just perfect.

By Olivia 7a

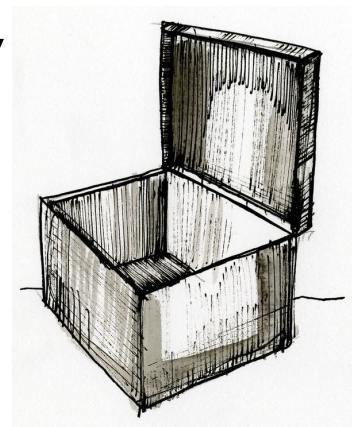
The Magic Box

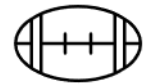
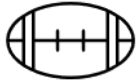
I will put in my box,
The sparkly swish of gold on a calming night,
Dreams of happiness at the top of a diamond mountain,
The end of dreams slipping away.

I will plant something special in my box,
A galaxy full of spaceships that travel far and wide,
A sniff of a blue rose that slowly breaks away,
Petal by petal, until it perishes someday.

I shall settle some special things into the mystical box,
A piece of ice that fell from the moon,
As the balloons flew and flew,
Pop, pop, pop. It shall never stop until it makes my day.

By A.Halfpenny





First Game - Billy Boston.

A huge crowd came to see him play

A young man here from Wales

It was a gloomy winter's day

Billy would just prevail.

Boston's team had high hopes for him

To beat the rest of them

The crowd would chant and sing a hymn

To smash their thick heads in.

He went on to make history

He never will be beat

His feet were sore and blistering

To see him was a treat.

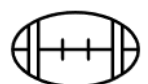
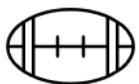
He scored the most tries of all time

Running along the wing

Billy Boston in his prime

In Wigan he is King.

By R.Gore



Hope in the Darkest of Days

Upon my warm and toasty bed,
In a dreamy slumber,
Big Ben ding dongs above my head,
Amidst the bombs that thunder,

We scampered to the train station,
To the chaos that lay within,
Every night, same situation,
When the bombs would begin,

Within two weeks my mother said,
You must evacuate,
This scary phrase filled me with dread,
Where would I relocate?

I packed my red bag for Devon,
One toy, two shoes, a dress
On the train terrified aged seven,
To a farm nonetheless,

I enjoyed pleasant country life,
But I missed my mother,
Homesickness was ever so rife,
But freedom like no other,

I milked the cows at 6 o'clock,
I fed the chickens at 8,
The smell of manure was a shock,
This was my only hate,

I spent my time running through grass,
In the woods climbing trees,
Learning about flowers in class,
Collecting honey from bees,

After a year, my mother came,
Worked in the corner shop,
Next to the sand dunes by the sea,
I played with friends non-stop

Living in peace from then on,
Contented happiness.

By N.Haeger



The Cycle of War

CREATIVE WRITING

Harwin awoke in the belly of the battlefield, the pitter patter of the rain drops thunked against the rusted steel of his dented armour. Harwin slowly scrambled to regain his stance, scanning the field of death despite his eyesight still blurred from the strike to his helmet. Carcasses littered the field among the sludge and slop of Moren village. Banners lodged in the ground bore the colours yellow and blue all across the landscape.

“Damned blues” proclaimed Harwin to himself and whoever else was left alive to hear him

Thunder rumbled the earth, the rain burgeoned, doing nothing to dampen the unbearable stench of charred flesh. Harwin removed his cracked helmet and threw it to the ground, turning his face up to the heavens, as the rain made a futile attempt to remove the grime of battle. He moved forward, tentatively, taking caution not to be wrong-footed by the slurry of dirt and blood that slid beneath his feet.

Harwin stumbled atop the hill overlooking the nearest village, decimated by the ongoing war between the blues and yellows. He took a minute to register the chaos before him. Toe-curdling screams haunted the blood laden cobbles, smoke curling from the remains of the homes of innocent farmers causing the sky to turn from its natural blue to a harsh orange colour. Harwin never considered before, that those who take part in war aren't the real victims but the civilians left behind to deal with the aftermath. The rain began to settle, weakly spraying rain giving him a chance to dry and become warm once again. It was clear to him that he was in a position to offer some aid to those left behind. Sliding down the groggy slope created by the dire conditions.

Harwin entered the village and instantly heard the distant murmurs of the southern blue invaders. He dropped down to the ground behind a small barrel of carp fished by the village sailor. The men drew closer to the village square. Who were these men? It was too dangerous to just pop out and ask so Harwin remained hidden, for now. Harwin peered over the barrel at the soldiers, but saw no blue on belts or capes on their armour. The men instead wore muddied black cloaks with a red insignia of a kraken in the middle. These were not a part of the blue army but an elite unit of sell swords. One had a long curly moustache, another a halberd and a large scar vertical to his right eye and the last man had a limp, likely caused from the previous battle.

“Filthy vermin” sneered the scarred man

The mercenary with a moustache slid his longsword into the lifeless bodies of the yellow soldiers.

“This is a task too large for merely three men, why don't we find some supplies instead and tell Captain Caldwell we did the job?”

“We got to check they're all dead, the master said so! One of these men could go on to live and fight us in the next battle, we wouldn't want that, would we my friend?” Replied the limping soldier.

“Too right” whispered Harwin to himself readying himself for another battle.

He could take the cowards way out and wait for them to pass, but these sell-swords were honourless and would not stop killing surviving innocents. What would prevent them from killing his little sister, Amelie, if the blue army were to make it that far into yellow territory? Nothing if he didn't stop them right now. Harwin jumped from behind the barrel, short sword in hand with a wooden shield bearing the colours blue he had scavenged from a fallen knight.

Without saying a word Harwin charged with a viscous fury at the mercenaries, with only the thought of Amelie's life on his mind. The moustached man scrambled to redraw his weapon but was too slow as Harwin had bashed his head with the shield and knocked him down for the foreseeable future. The scarred man thrust his halberd toward Harwin but only nicked his arm drawing blood and causing a deep cut. Harwin jumped to the side to avoid the next strike and plunged his sword into the belly of his victim. The limping man fell to the ground, begging to be spared. The desperation of the man led Harwin out of his rage. Killing the helpless soldier would only add to the cycle of despair.

“Flee this village and do not come back, this war is a pointless one”

“Thank you sir! I'll never forget such a kindness”

“I'd prefer if you did” replied Harwin. Amelie.

By J. Corsten

Dramatic Monologue:

CREATIVE WRITING

Ruby sits alone at the bar, her blonde locks in a tangle, her eyes blue and blood-shot, about to reveal her not very well-kept secret to the innocent barmaid.

Ruby: She loves him. He loves her. But I love... (she swills the remaining drink whilst signalling for more to the young bar maid)

We grew up together; we went to school together, got detention together, matured together, went to university together, got drunk together. Every together, we shared. She is my best friend. She was my best friend. When he came into the picture everything changed. They had every together, together. She told me about him, every laugh, every cry. She repeated every laugh, every cry with him. He was her world. She loved him. But he... He...was everything I wanted. He was hers. He had perfect hair, blonde and glossy like the male version of Goldilocks. I have blonde locks well, locks is an exag...eg.. Exaggeration. (Ruby slams her hand on the bar, trembling in pain afterwards, she huffs and knocks back her drink) the state I'm in, look at me, I never usually look like this you know of course you don't know I look like Goldilocks but nothing is perfect not anymore. I want a fairy-tale ending like she does. I'm never going to get that now. CHEERS TO THAT! (The bar maid gives a stunned look at Ruby's loud tone) What was I saying... oh him...

His eyes were blue - NO ordinary blue, preppy blue. She was preppy, no classy is a better word. She was THAT student. Everyone wanted to be her friend in school, I was her friend in school. She was mine. Boys got in the way and then we fought but we would always make up. Maybe not this time, this time is different.... He stole her from me, like a like a thief yes, a thief. (the bar maid gave Ruby a puzzled look) She was the one who I got through life with, what about the rest of life? Who now? why now? They took that away from me, her and him, her and him no.. (Ruby's expresses anger) him and her – THEM! THEM!.. (Ruby takes a minute and wines) Am I being ridiculous? Realistic? Am I just jealous? Jealous of him? Jealous of her? I want love that consumes me like them. They go out together, go to the cinema and watching a film that is ridiculously boring ju-just to please the other, go for a walk, to a fancy restaurant, to a bar. (Ruby looks around the half-empty bar and sees a couple in a booth and stares and points) Look, look at them (Ruby bellows too loudly), whispering sweet nothings to each other and endlessly talking, creating special memories, sharing a desert, being just the two in the world right now – like her and him, him and her – them! (she picks up her drink and imitates cheersing her glass) I wanted that, I wanted love that consumes me and to experience every together, together with someone. I wanted... (She looks herself up and down)

Imagine if them saw me like this, she saw me like this; sat alone and whining away to you, you who just keeps topping my drink up to please me. Them please each other, them enjoy each other's company. What if she was here now, she would feel sorry for me drowning myself in in... loneliness or alcoholiness – whichever comes first (Ruby chuckles, amusing herself) Well, she would have been... not after what I did. She feels nothing for me now, nothing she can't after what I did to her. I just wanted...

I thought if he wasn't in the picture no more, I thought I would get her back, we would go out again like the old days, I missed them. Just me and her, no him. We would laugh endlessly, talk until our mouths passed out, go to the cinema together, share a desert. Be together, like THEM!

(She disjointedly stumbles) I'll let you in on a little secret, our secret. (Ruby begins to whisper) He's gone.

(Ruby quietly babbles on in an uncontrollable manner...) I did what I had to do... for love.

It's quite ironic actually, you know. They say you (pointing to herself) end up finding your best friend in your soulmate. But I found my soulmate in my best friend. I love her.

But he was her soulmate, he is gone forever, and now I've lost her forever.

(The bar maid looks at Ruby in an inquisitive way and opens her mouth in beginning to talk but Ruby cuts her off) YES, I killed him because I love her.... (Ruby covers her mouth abruptly)

CREATIVE WRITING

The Montague Household,
Verona,
Italy,
JU1 8RO

Tybalt Capulet,
Capulet Household,
Verona,
Italy,
JU3 7PA

Wednesday 8th February, 1582

Dear My Nemesis, Romeo,

As you may know, I have hated you for quite a long time, mostly because our families are enemies, but I have sworn my life to destroying the people who stand in my way, and I have been training for as long as I can remember to succeed in vicious duels. This is why I am not asking you, but I am commanding you to a duel with myself. But, before we do this, I would expect you to get some training, because I really don't think that your battling skills will be up to standard with mine since you may have had a lack of experience.

If you denied this duel, I would find you, and we would do it where you stand, because I have had enough of you strutting around as if you own the world. Also, how DARE you show up at the Capulet party, by sneaking in, trying not to be noticed and eating our food, but I was the one got in trouble for trying to act on the situation, because Lord Capulet, my uncle wanted a peaceful time. I have trusted my conscience and kept my patience with you, and now I want to show everyone how worthless and pathetic you are by adding to your fame with the embarrassment of your loss to me. When you do lose, I would wish for your family members to be ashamed and disappointed in you, because then everyone would know who the weakest links are in this great city of Verona.

Accept this, or I will challenge you when you least expect it.

Yours insincerely,
Tybalt Capulet.

by I. Webster

Received Pronunciation Essay

It seems that wherever you go for a job interview, there will always be at least one smartly dressed individual who sounds like he just binged every episode of *The Crown*. From McDonald's to Harrods, there is always one. But why is this? No I'm sure you hear this question asked every single day. (okay, not every day... okay maybe not at all.) But regardless, I'm here to tell you that your accent does in fact matter when it comes to doing well in life.

I'm sure your parents told you that when you grow up, you can be anything you want, well that is true, as long as you're not from the North that is! Who— according to nationwide statistics (no, not from the bank though I'm sure that most who work there speak all fancy— like) Some of the stand out northern accents: Brummie, Scouse, and probably even whatever the Wigan one is— were voted the least disagreeable accents to have. Whilst Received Pronunciation (RP), (or the Queen's English, fancy I know) is the most agreeable. It basically means speakers of this speak the “correct” Standard English. Imagine someone who only memorises the longest word in the dictionary! This accent prejudice can be seen through television. You watched any *Octonauts* lately? Yeah... I didn't think so, but it seems not even under water is safe from accent prejudice as some central villains of the show were given scouse accents— probably explains why your parents were laughing so much at that episode when you were a kid! A linguist called Giles (not gills, move away from that fish stuff and *Octonauts* now please!) claims that as humans, sometimes naturally even, we tend to change our voice depending on who we're talking to, weird right? I'm sure you've been doing it without even noticing! The official fancy mumbo— jumbo term for doing this is

converging and divergence of language. To converge up is to make yourself sound more posh, to use a more Standard English, whilst to converge down is (you guessed it!) make yourself sound less posh, with less Standard English. (up, down, sounds like a missing verse of *Hokey Cokey*.) I said you've probably done this before right? Well, now I'm about to tell you when— don't worry— I'm a victim of it too! Talking to teachers for example— making yourself sound smarter always helps you get better grades, it's basically a school cheat— you're welcome!

Now, divergence, is a little more tricky. So, if you're still with me, pay attention and I'll explain. To diverge, you would change your accent and way of speaking in order to stand out and exclude outsiders— sounds like something out of *Lord of the Rings* (which, sadly, doesn't feature any scouse characters.) This bloke, Labov, did a study of Martha's Vineyard in America (you ever been? Weather's lovely!) He discovered that young fishermen diverged their language to make tourists feel excluded (okay maybe don't visit, they don't seem to like visitors there!)

Over half way through this now, stay with me! There are certain classes you can take to speak fluent RP. (personally, I just stick an episode of *Downton Abbey* on— which funnily enough does have scouse antagonists— they're everywhere!) The classes are called elocution lessons— like the ones in that film— *My Fair Lady*— as Eggy from the *Kingsman* franchise would say, “I recently read some articles by Paul Wordie and a teacher of accents that claimed although accent and dialect undoubtedly affect your life— whether that's in getting hired for a job or getting into a good pre-school” (take notes if you plan on having kids later in life)

However, RP isn't as important as it was back in the 1920's when the BBC first came onto our screens in England. This can be seen through the rise in popularity of MLE in the South. Robert Drummond looked into this style of English, determining that “multi-cultural London English” was influenced by the recent rise in popularity of rap and anime (you know like Stormzy or anyone topping the rap charts.) MLE users often spout out words like “innit”- sometimes I too have used this, maybe I should try rap music for a change— which doesn't sound like the Queen's English. This shows just how much accent and dialects have changed— which helps to show a variance in identity. There are so many variations of the English accent in England alone, take a drive down the road and I'm sure people will be saying words that you didn't even know existed. So whilst articles like the one by Waldee suggest elocution lessons and RP are still important, identity is definitely all us. Shocker, I know, but I for one am sure that accents and dialects will help to create identities as they change into the future.

by G.Kyle

ELIZABETHAN WOMEN

WHAT RIGHTS DID THEY HAVE?

1. Sadly, Elizabethan girls and women did not have equal rights to men. Girls and women would belong to their fathers (or brothers if their father passed away), and they had a brother (with) married off to a man whom they would then belong to.
2. Women of this time could also not buy or own their own property.
3. Women were expected to be mothers and housewives.
4. On average, a woman got married early and had babies roughly every 2 years. - Childbearing to religious women was often seen as a blessing from God.
5. Women were highly seen as the 'weaker sex' physically and emotionally.

JOBS?

1. Elizabethan women weren't allowed to enter the professions i.e. law, medicine, politics but the only jobs they could work in were domestic services such as cooks, maids, etc.

RIGHTS (equality)

1. As we know, women weren't allowed to act on stage so female characters were played by men dressed up as women.
2. Women were not allowed to vote.
3. No men couldn't inherit their fathers titles either.
4. Most Elizabethan women were tutored at home. A few were not allowed to attend university.
5. There were no Elizabethan women in the army or navy.

Elizabethan women (1558 - 1603)



- * 'Strikes' in the time of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I (Tudor period)
- * Historians refer to this ~~stage~~ era as the 'golden age' in English history
- * Elizabethan women were expected to marry, in which was desirable for lower class women.
- * Women who were single were associated with witches.
- * Most people got suspicious about free-roaming single women.

* Elizabethan women were supposed to be dependent of their male relative (for example, husband) throughout their entire life.

* The women of the 'Elizabethan era' were superior to men (as believed).

* Elizabethan women were also linked with the punishments of flogging, beating, etc. It was viewed as a sin to disobey a male relative e.g. father, uncle, grandfather or husband.

* Classes:

- lower class, middle class -

- no education (not formal)

- learnt to govern a household

- only taught the knowings of manage

Upper class:

- allowed to be educated

- taught to speak Latin, Italian, Greek and French

- not allowed to go to university

- dance + music skills were essential

- most were also tutored at home.



Single women were associated with witches. Women were totally dominated by men. They were considered criminals if they disobeyed their husbands. They couldn't inherit any titles. Women were expected to bring a dowry to marriage. Expected to be housewives. Couldn't vote or join politics. Treated as second-class citizens. They were not allowed to go to university. Women were not allowed to act in theatres.



By Harriet

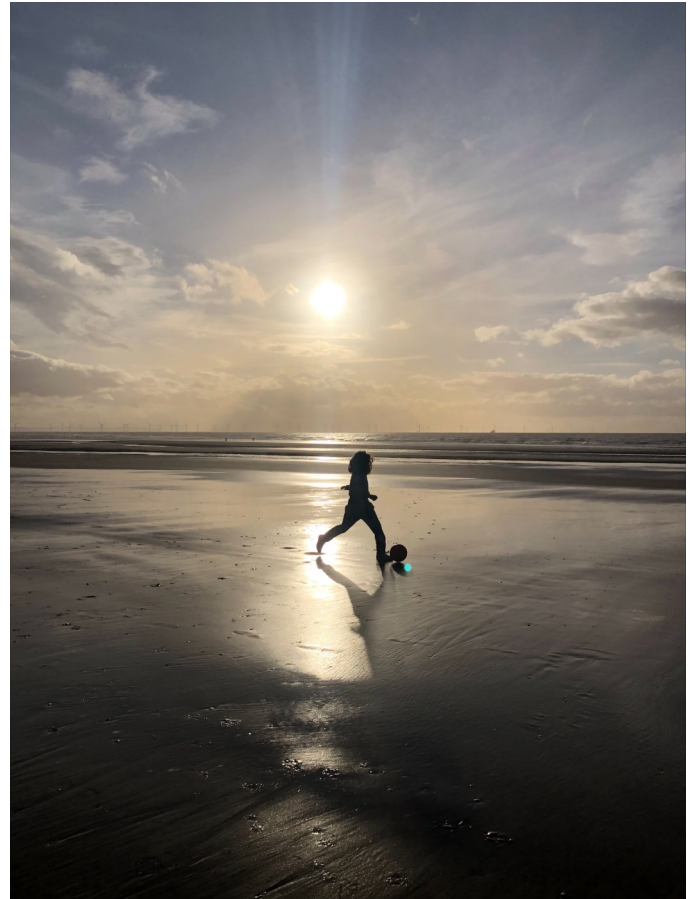
K.Hock



H.Lewis



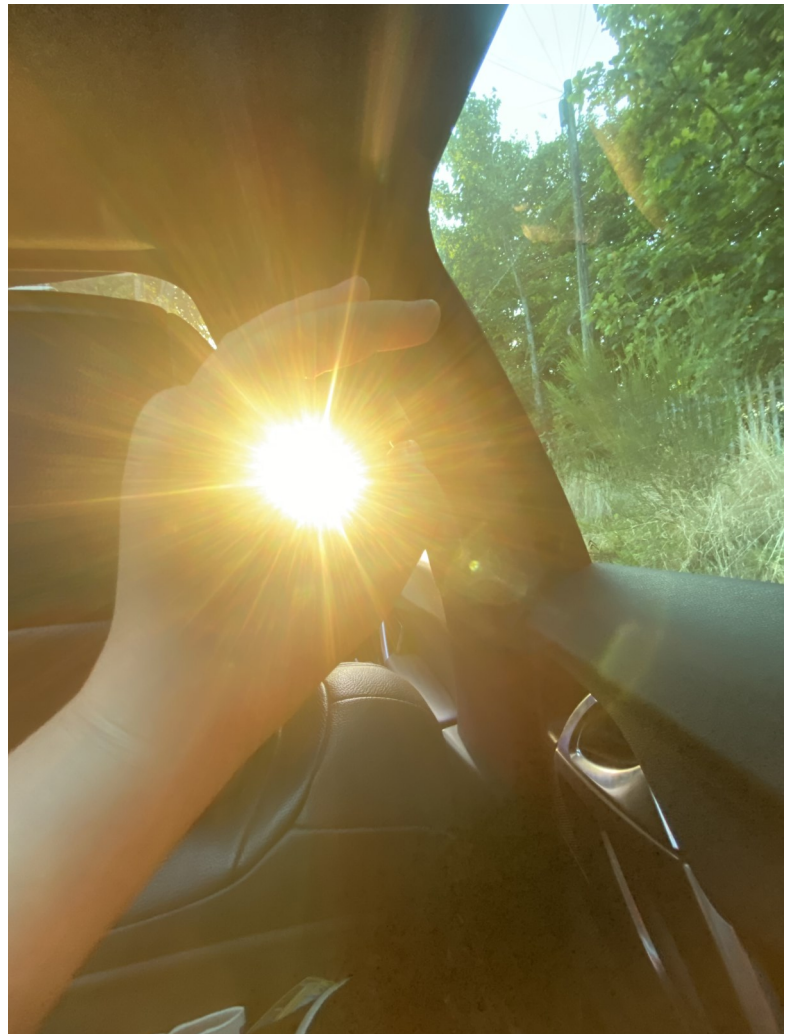
D.Gibbons





G.Harniess

E.Hatton



ART and PHOTOGRAPHY

J. Brown



E. Brennan



World War I Propaganda Posters:



N.Moss

“Don’t do it for yourself, do it for them...”

L.Sammut



World War I Propaganda Posters:



L.Smith

R.Bill



Big Book Quiz 2022:

EVENTS



The Big Book Quiz took place during term one of this year and quizzes students on 3 previously read books. They take part in an interactive quiz with schools from around the country. This year's event was hosted by Miss Brown.

L.Winstanley

J.Hardaker

H.Ashton

E.Johnson



World Book Day 2023:

EVENTS

On March 2nd, 2023, The Deanery students were treated to a variety of book-related events.

DOOR DECORATIONS:

GOOSEBUMPS BY R.L.STINE



MARY POPPINS BY PAMELA LYDON TRAVERS



YEAR SEVEN EVENTS:

READING WITH MR WOOD



LIVE-STREAM WITH MICHAEL MORPURGO





THE DEANERY

CHURCH OF ENGLAND HIGH SCHOOL AND SIXTH FORM COLLEGE



Do you enjoy being creative?

Satisfy your imagination by
submitting your work for
publication.

For example:

- Design a logo for the magazine
- A poem
- A story
- A comic strip



submit entries to:

thequill@deanery.wigan.sch.uk