

TG MONTHLY

WHAT'S NEW?

Trial Exams: 20th June – 4th July

Student Council Voting: 1st July

Art and Photography Exhibition: 1st July

Barcelona: 7th – 11th July

Alton Towers: 14th July

7-11 Sports Day + Y12 Results Day: 15th July

Destinations Day: 16th July

Y12 Life Skills: 17th July

Y12 Sports Day: 18th July



Meet the team (with the absence of a couple)! After weeks of putting this first edition together, our wonderful newspaper crew can share this first edition with members of the TG community. I am so proud and thankful for everyone who has contributed thus far, and I am beyond excited for what is to come from September onwards! – Lola Dudley

CONTENTS PAGE

PAGE 1 – FRONT COVER

PAGE 2 – CONTENTS PAGE

PAGE 3 – EXECUTIVE BOARD

PAGE 4 – CREATIVE WRITING

PAGE 5 – COMIC STRIP

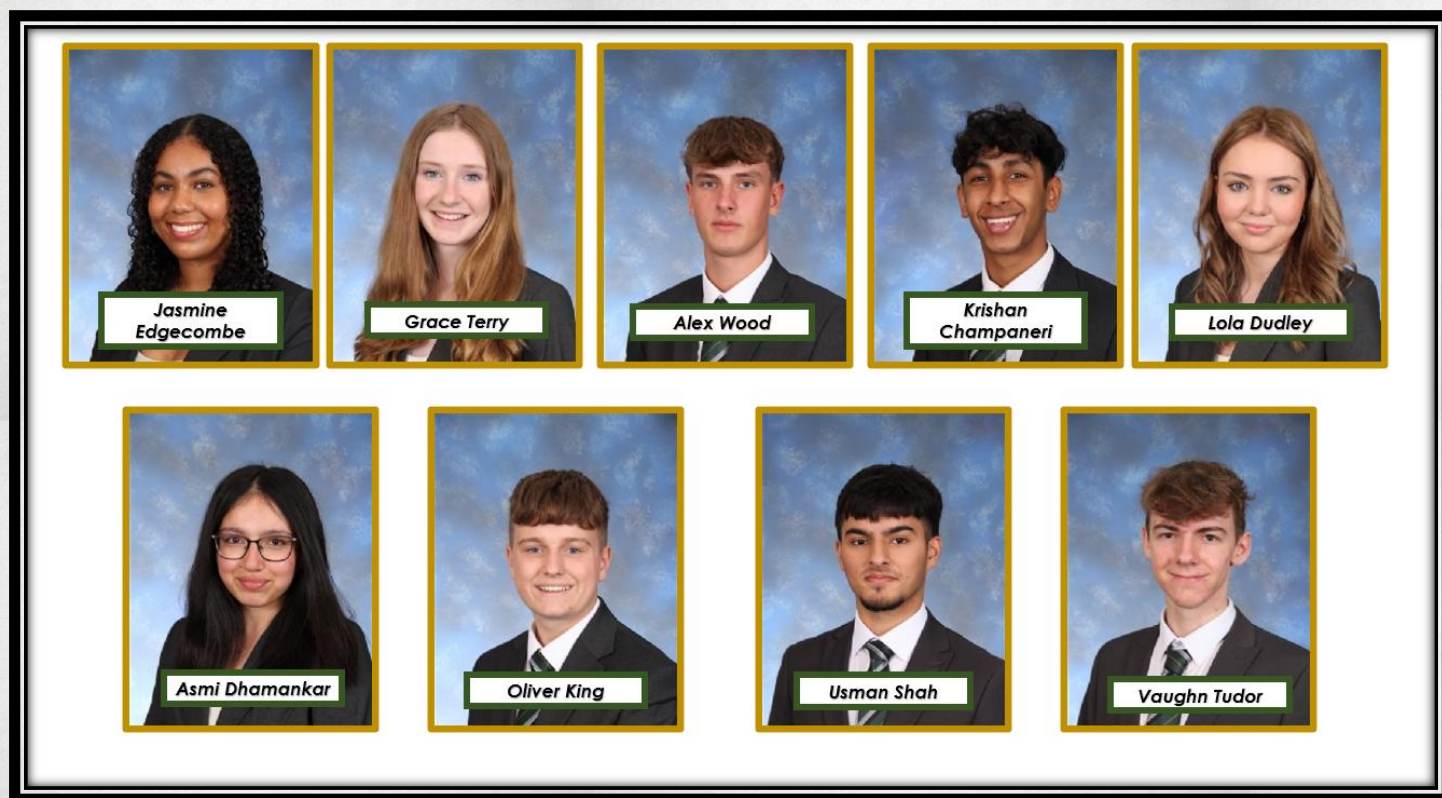
PAGE 6 – SCIENCE FACTS

PAGE 7 – OPPORTUNITIES

PAGE 8 – LOGO COMPETITION

PAGE 9 – TEACHER FEATURE

Meet Your Executive Board!



Each year, a select group of students are elected to be part of the Tudor Grange Sixth Form Executive Board, helping to represent the student voice and shape the way our sixth form runs. This year, the nine of us are honoured to take on that role. We are thrilled to be working together to support and uplift the values that make TG such a fantastic school community. **Thank you** for choosing us — we cannot wait to get started!

CREATIVE WRITING

The boy on the train was not breathing.

'Boy' is probably not the right word. Considering he was a little over 2 millennia old, 'man' would also be a significant understatement.

If you really want to get technical, 'God' would be the closest any language can get us for something like him, but then, he'd never been bothered by formalities. He suited the title 'sinner' as much as he suited 'saint'. And for that matter, neither were false.

But all the semantics in the world can't change the fact that he wasn't breathing. His chest neither rose nor fell; he was unusually still for someone who was supposed to be living, even while the train juddered and shook as if dying a particularly slow and painful death. Eyes closed as though asleep, though he could easily himself have been a corpse, skin so pale you'd have called it grey, smudges of dark under both eyes. His hair had been pressed down neatly, though not to any great effect as parts still stuck up at the back. And then there were his clothes—dressed as if attending a funeral. Whether it was his own or someone else's, I suppose depends on you.

A newspaper was open over his chest. If you did squint at the writing, you would see the date was some time in the late 19th century. But this was London, at night, and no one could care less about anybody but themselves. Well, this is uncharitable to say. They maybe noted the rain with a weary sort of familiarity.

No one questioned our friend, the God, as he opened his tired eyes when the train carriage bucked pulling into the station. The lights of the station filled the carriage as people started getting out, muttering amongst

themselves or often stood in perfect silence, staring straight ahead, willing themselves somewhere else.

No one looked his way when he sat up, tucked his paper under his arm and left the carriage, another specter in a city full of them, giving the impression to anyone who would have looked that he wasn't there at all. Because who could say if he was, really. Who cared? Another pair of feet scuffing the waxed floors of the station, same as any other, though of course in older shoes. If you think about it, he was a visitor to this world. We're the ones who live here.

Nobody gave him any trouble as he tapped his palm to the card reader at the electronic barrier, and it opened with a creak. Nobody even watched as he clicked his heels, leaving into the night and at once at home in the roaring city air, a fading halo above dusk light.

He could have been a businessman, or a prince, or Satan for all anybody cared. It almost brought a smile to the surface because above everything else he had missed that sense of facelessness. Being no one with nothing is better than a God with guilt, is how he always saw it, at least.

A car without a number plate pulled up to the curb as he exited the station. The door swung open, and he stepped into it without another word. Just left with a glance at the sightless city that would never, whether willfully or not, see things as they really were.

By SCARLETT LEWIS

AS THE NIGHT FALLS UPON
THE FOREST, A HOODED
FIGURE VENTURES INTO
MYSTERY...

TO STEAL A SCEPTRE AND
REMARY A CROWN

MAGIC!!!

THE KING IS
CROWNED
AGAIN!!!

MY... LOOK
WHAT YOU
FOUND!

BUT CAN HE
KEEP IT?

BUT
ALAS...
WE CAN'T
HAVE YOU,
TAKING
THEM.

AND HE
PRESSES THE
MECH TRIGGER

THE TUDOR KNIGHT
MECH IS RELEASED
WITH A CLICK OF A
BUTTON

UNITY

TOLERANCE

RESPECT

AND ALL THE
TUDOR
KNIGHTS ARE HERE!

DEMOCRACY

OPPORTUNITY

THIS IS A
NICE LITTLE
POWER PLAY
BUT...

I'M A BIT
BUSY TODAY.

HE'S
DISAPPEARED!!!

TO BE
CONTINUED...

SYNOPSIS: A HOODED FIGURE GOES TO THE FORBIDDEN FOREST IN SEARCH OF A SCEPTRE AND CROWN, BUT UH OH! THE TUDOR KNIGHTS ARE ALREADY ON THE CASE! UNFORTUNATELY, THIS ENRAGED SPIRIT VANISHES BEFORE THE TUDOR TECH MECH CAN CAPTURE THEM...

ILLUSTRATION AND STORY BY RUMAN SANDAL AND ISAAC PARKIN

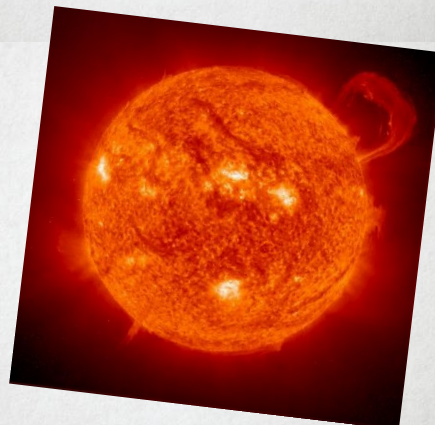
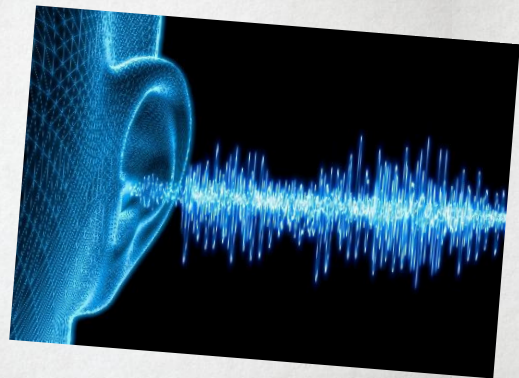
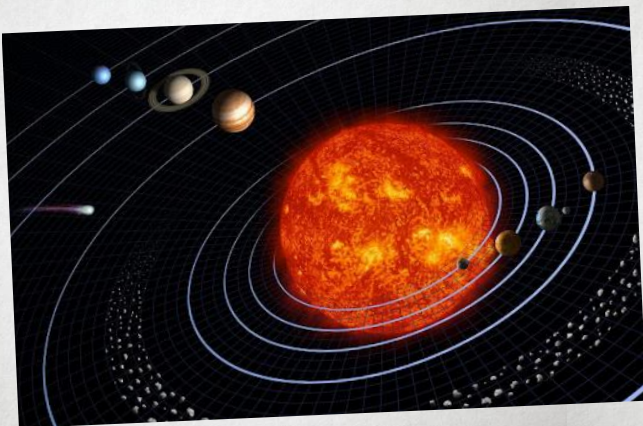
SCIENCE SAYS...

By Grace Terry

The Sun actually makes noise! Imagine 10,000 Earths covered in police sirens, all screaming – each convection cell of the Sun emits about 100-300 watts of sound energy per square meter.

Luckily, sound waves (unlike light waves) require a medium to travel through. If not for the vacuum of space, our eardrums would shatter from the Sun's ear-splitting volume. A cheerful thought. I hear you asking – if we can't hear the Sun, how do we know it's making a sound? Helioseismology is the study of hidden sound waves by analysing the vibrations on the surface of the Sun, rather like how geologists use earthquakes to investigate the Earth's core.

This phenomenal research has also helped us map out the Sun's next 11-year cycle through internal sound waves alone! For now, however, the Sun continues to silently rage with a fury that would deafen us if it could reach our planet. An angry ball of violent pressure waves generated by nuclear fusion and turbulent plasma that will go unheard for eternity. Because, to quote Alien, in space, no one can hear you scream.



GUYS AND DOLLS

What's that, a new TG school production we hear? The drama and music department are delighted to announce that the show this coming year will be Guys and Dolls the musical!

For those who just auditioned, we wish you the very best of luck for becoming a part of this wonderful production!

More information on days and tickets can be found in upcoming issues, or speak to Ms Scott, Mr Robson, or Ms Byrne!



MENTAL HEALTH AMBASSADORS



At the heart of TG's mental health ambassadors is a shared commitment to raising awareness and breaking the stigma around mental health.

Founded by former students and supported by Miss Taylor, the team work together to make sure mental health stays a priority within our community.

Whether it's through education, events, or simply starting conversations, the ambassadors aim to shine a light on a topic that is too often overlooked.

If you are interested in joining this meaningful group, speak to Miss Taylor in WG4 to find out more.

LOGO COMPETITION

Do you want to create the FACE of the biggest, bestest, most **awesomest** piece of literature the world has ever seen????

If so, you have come to the right place because we are holding a logo competition over the summer!

Put your creative cap on and design what might just be the logo of our newspaper - sent out to its tens and *tens* of readers every month. What do you have to lose?!

If you fancy a chance, send in your entry to

19dudleyl@solihull.tgacademy.org.uk right away! Well..... right away after you have finished (No rush, because you have the WHOLE SUMMER to design it!)

The deadline for this high-stakes ordeal is 05/09/2025. And though the opportunity alone should be plenty of motivation to get sketching, there MIGHT BE a prize for your strenuous, relentless labour. Take a risk for once in your life. So, brush the dust off your brushes, grab a paint pot... or an apple pencil. You might win a chocolate prize.

- Scarlett and Belle

TEACHER FEATURE



https://youtu.be/5-ST8RB-oJw?si=UocdvUoq2WV9KG_1