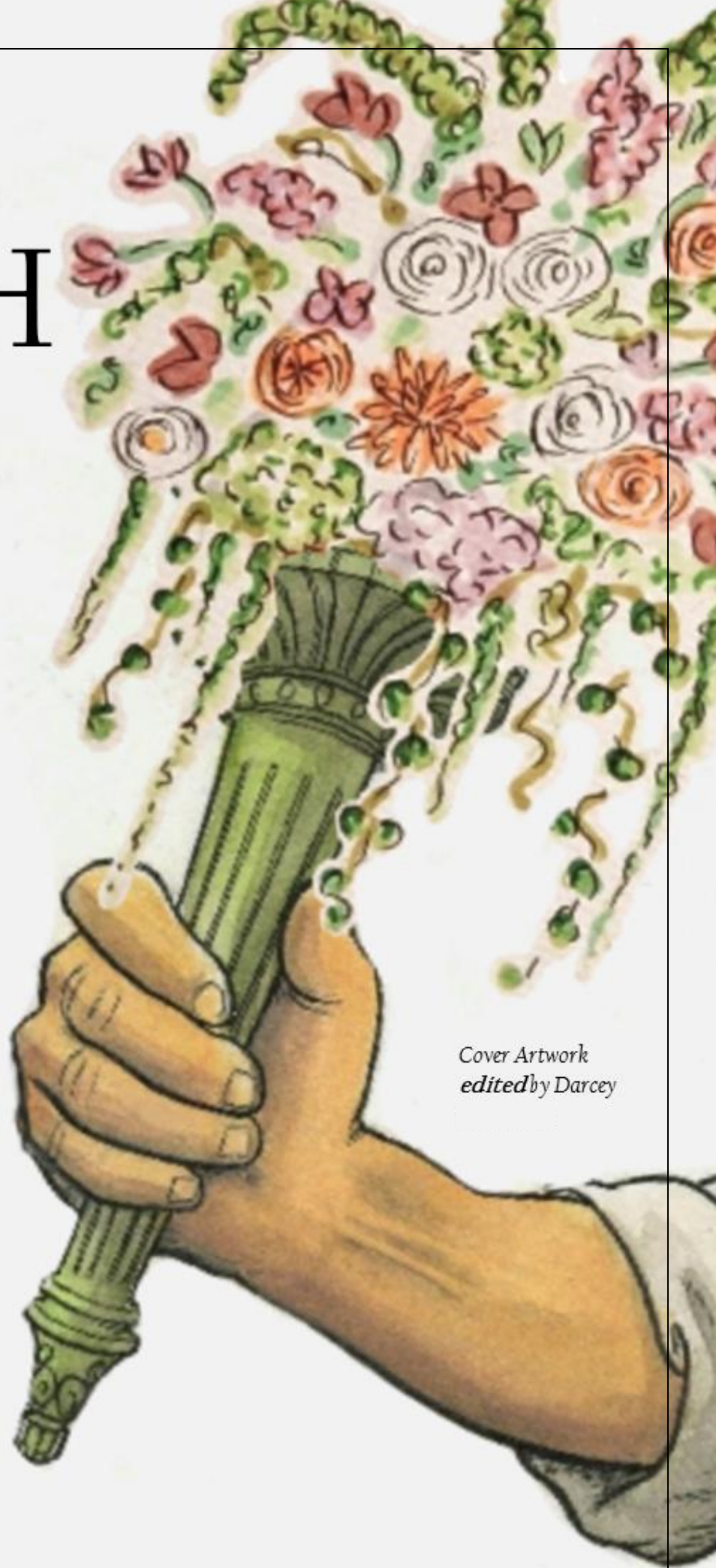


# THE TORCH

2026 ISSUE ONE:  
THE TORCH IN  
BLOOM



Cover Artwork  
*edited* by Darcey

Editors: Holly , Rosie , Charlotte , Gioia , Varnika ,  
Beatrice , Ovyia , Ofri , Hera

## About Us

We are the editors of the CCHS School Magazine, a girls' school publication that brings student voices to life. Our goal is to create a space where creativity, opinions, and talent can be shared freely. Through stories, artwork, and features, we hope to reflect the energy, confidence, and diversity of the girls of CCHS.

This year's theme, "In Bloom," is inspired by spring - a season of renewal, growth, and fresh beginnings. Spring represents change and possibility, as new ideas emerge and the world comes alive again. In the same way, the students of CCHS are constantly growing, discovering new passions, and developing their voices.

"In Bloom" celebrates creativity, resilience, and self-expression. It reflects the journey of learning and transformation, from small beginnings to moments of confidence and achievement. Through writing, art, and shared experiences, this magazine captures the spirit of spring within our school - a community that continues to grow, evolve, and flourish together.

## The Team

### **Holly**

*I work on formatting and organising content for the magazine, collating the works and putting together the issue overall. Being new to the school, I wanted a way to get involved and contribute! Since I love English and books (my favourite series is probably Magnolia Parks) and I am super organised (Todo list was my most used app last year lol) this organising role felt like the perfect mix of something I enjoy and a chance to be part of the school community.*

### **Rosie**

*Hi everyone! I am one of the editors for this issue, helping contribute to ideas and writing as well as helping come up with the theme for this issue. I did this because I like reading and writing, which is evident in my study of English literature as well as History. I enjoy being creative and working with others and collaborating with members of younger year groups to produce something interesting for the school community!*

## **Gioia**

*Hello everyone! My name is Gioia and I am one of the editors for the Torch. I really enjoyed collaborating with my fellow editors to create this edition and come up with the theme of The Torch in Bloom! I feel that it is very fitting for the beauty of spring that we soon shall embrace. I hope that everyone enjoys this edition of The Torch and stay tuned for more editions in the future!*

## **Bea**

*I work on receiving and editing the submission from the younger students, and it has been amazing to see everyone's creativity and imagination bloom! I became an editor as it's always been a dream of mine to work on a magazine or newspaper, and I have loved my experience. In my free time between homework and revision, I love Netflix and of course reading! My favourite book is Glass Sword by Victoria Aveyard.*



## **Hera**

*Hello everyone! I am one of the editors for The Torch this year. I decided to help out with this as I enjoy studying English literature and wanted to help gain interest from younger students and help them also enjoy reading and writing about English Literature. One of the few things I enjoy is reading in which my favourite series is 'Fallen'. I also enjoy binge watching new dramas. Being part of The Torch has given me a chance to be part of the school community and help create opportunities for other students to share their work and gain confidence in writing.*

## **Charlotte**

*For this edition, I took the Sixth Form submissions and wrote the flower quiz. I love to read books from all genres and also adore spring, so this magazine is very close to my heart. I hope you all enjoy it!*

## In These Halls

Girls begin to walk these halls,  
With long kilts and buttoned blazers,  
Scared of new people and places.

Girls continue to walk these halls,  
Arms linked and bags hauled,  
Heads thrown back in laughter.

Girls continue to walk these halls,  
Testing each other with textbooks out,  
Brows furrowed in concentration.

Girls continue to walk these halls,  
Old friendships and warm smiles,  
Waving at classmates in passing.

Girls continue to walk these halls,  
Just as they have for decades,  
To recall these halls for even longer.

Women will leave these halls,  
Still afraid of what's new to come,  
Still laughing all the same.

**Anonymous, Year 12**



## Édouard Glissant's "Wild Reading"

"Wild Reading" by Édouard Glissant is a poem that presents rich, overlapping imagery, exploring the interaction between people, nature, and experience. Édouard Glissant (1928–2011) was a Martinican poet, novelist, and thinker whose work explores the entanglement of culture, history, and identity in the Caribbean. He is known for his concept of Relation, which emphasises that identities are interconnected and shaped by interaction rather than existing in isolation. Glissant often adapted European literary techniques to reflect Caribbean experience, colonial history, and Black identity, combining experimental form with political and cultural critique.

In "Wild Reading", long-term relational and cultural entanglements are conveyed through Glissant's layered imagery. Images often pile on top of one another rather than appearing in neat, ordered sequences, creating a crowded and disorientating landscape: the hill, the factories' mill, poverty, and "powers of the earth" all collide in rapid succession. The chaotic syntax, with enjambed and overlapping clauses, mirrors the entanglement of landscapes, histories, and identities in the poem. By forcing the reader to navigate these layered images, Glissant evokes a relational, non-linear world where identity is shaped by overlapping histories and collective experience. In the second stanza, Glissant shifts from "I" to "our", moving from a singular, personal perspective to a collective one. The repeated pronoun "our" symbolises how individual identities are inseparable from shared cultural and historical contexts, while also creating rhythmic cohesion amid otherwise chaotic imagery, grounding the poem's energy in communal experience. Contextually, the poem reflects Caribbean

### *Wild Reading*

From the hill direction a whole expanse suddenly shoves its  
cart into dizzying splendor  
In the factories' mill my poverty smiles over powers of the  
earth  
In the cane scars in shins forever black  
The water so often called for reddens to my caressing voice  
Rebel now from irascible depths of embrace my leap into the  
standstill.

Like the houngans leafed out in patience  
ah the sole evidence I desire is the last voyage of my lassitude  
among the dry leaves of a monsoon  
the flowering of islands the frothy geography of islands on  
eviscerated seas  
our hymns our brows barred from sources our feet crammed  
with storms

Cut cut with your long stroke of dawn where birds try in vain  
to nest  
Between the tom-tom's links in spite of me the earth capsizes

From the wind direction like a gash shoulders thrusting into  
the sparks  
Nights of impressment all night.

intellectual life during the 1940s, when journals like *Tropiques* encouraged writers to adapt European experimental forms to articulate Black identity and resist colonial narratives. The entangled, “wild” landscape mirrors this political and cultural context, presenting the Caribbean as both a physical and symbolic space of relation. Alternatively, the chaotic syntax and overlapping imagery could be read as reflecting individual struggle rather than collective identity, suggesting that the poem’s relational world is personally overwhelming, and that the speaker wishes to negotiate their identity without the complexity of memory, history, and environment.

Glissant also uses enjambment to create a sense of accumulation, forcing the reader to move from one line to the next without pause. This emphasises the overlapping forces of nature, human experience, and industry in the poem, highlighting the power and vitality of the natural world. The enjambment produces a “wild reading” experience that mimics the title of the poem, as the reader must navigate multiple voices and images simultaneously, reinforcing Glissant’s view that culture and identity are dynamic, overlapping, and entangled like nature itself - never fully separable or linear. This approach, sometimes called "opacitic reading," treats the act of reading as a geographical and, at times, ecological, method where readers navigate the “depths” of the world. It is about allowing oneself to be swept away by the language without needing to control it, similar to how the Caribbean is described as “the flowering of islands the frothy geography of islands on eviscerated seas”.



Overall, “Wild Reading” presents a layered vision of the Caribbean, where landscapes, identity, and history intertwine. Through enjambment, dense imagery, and shifting pronouns, Glissant enacts Relation, showing that meaning emerges from interconnected, overlapping forces rather than linear order.

**Holly, Year 12**



Darcey, Year 12

## What Really is Easter?

In the UK, 10% of our entire annual chocolate spending is splurged during the Easter season, meaning between 80 and 90 million chocolate eggs are consumed annually, but where did this tradition begin?

Long before chocolate eggs and Church services, Easter had very different roots. The name itself is often linked to the Anglo-Saxon goddess of dawn, Eostre, who was celebrated during the pagan holiday of the Spring Equinox, signalling the return of warmth and life after Winter. These celebrations predate Christianity, indicating that Easter was originally the name for the changing of seasons and Spring Equinox celebrations rather than the resurrection of Jesus Christ, which the holiday is usually attributed to.

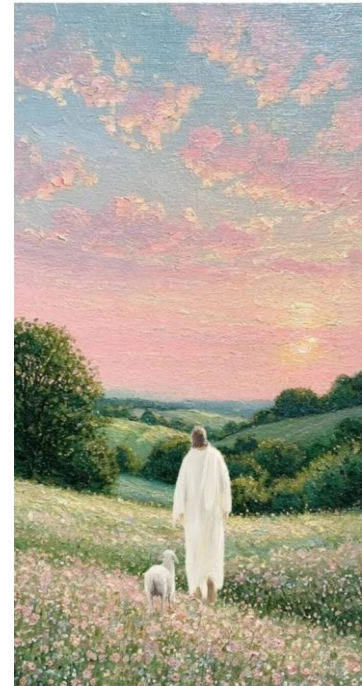


This being said, it would be impossible to discuss Easter without recognising the profound influence of Christianity, which has shaped the holiday into one of the most important dates on the Christian calendar. The season begins with Palm Sunday which marks Jesus' entry into Jerusalem, this is followed by Maundy Thursday which commemorates the humble act of Jesus washing his disciples' feet during the Last Supper, Good Friday, remembering the crucifixion, and finally Easter Sunday, when

Christians celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ and the promise of new life. This Holy week is a symbol of life, revival, and new beginnings and has shaped Easter celebrations across many cultures for years.

So why do we eat eggs? Traditionally, the hard shell of an egg symbolises the sealed tomb of Jesus while the cracking of the egg represents his resurrection from the dead, however eggs are also just a symbol of fertility and birth, making them a natural symbol for spring. Additionally, during Lent, Christians were historically forbidden from eating eggs, so when Easter arrived they were eaten in celebration and over time, this tradition evolved into the giving and decorating of eggs, eventually leading to the chocolate Easter eggs we know today.

Over time, however, this tradition has been increasingly commercialised. What began as a religious and seasonal celebration has been transformed into a major profit-making opportunity for large companies and retailers. Supermarkets and chocolate manufacturers capitalise on Easter by marketing themed products months in advance, from chocolate eggs to decorations and novelty gifts. Advertising often shifts the focus away from the religious meaning of Easter and instead promotes over-consumption, turning the holiday into a commercial event centred on spending rather than reflection. As a result, Easter now functions not only as a religious festival, but also as a key date in the retail calendar, benefiting money-driven corporations far more than the original traditions ever intended.

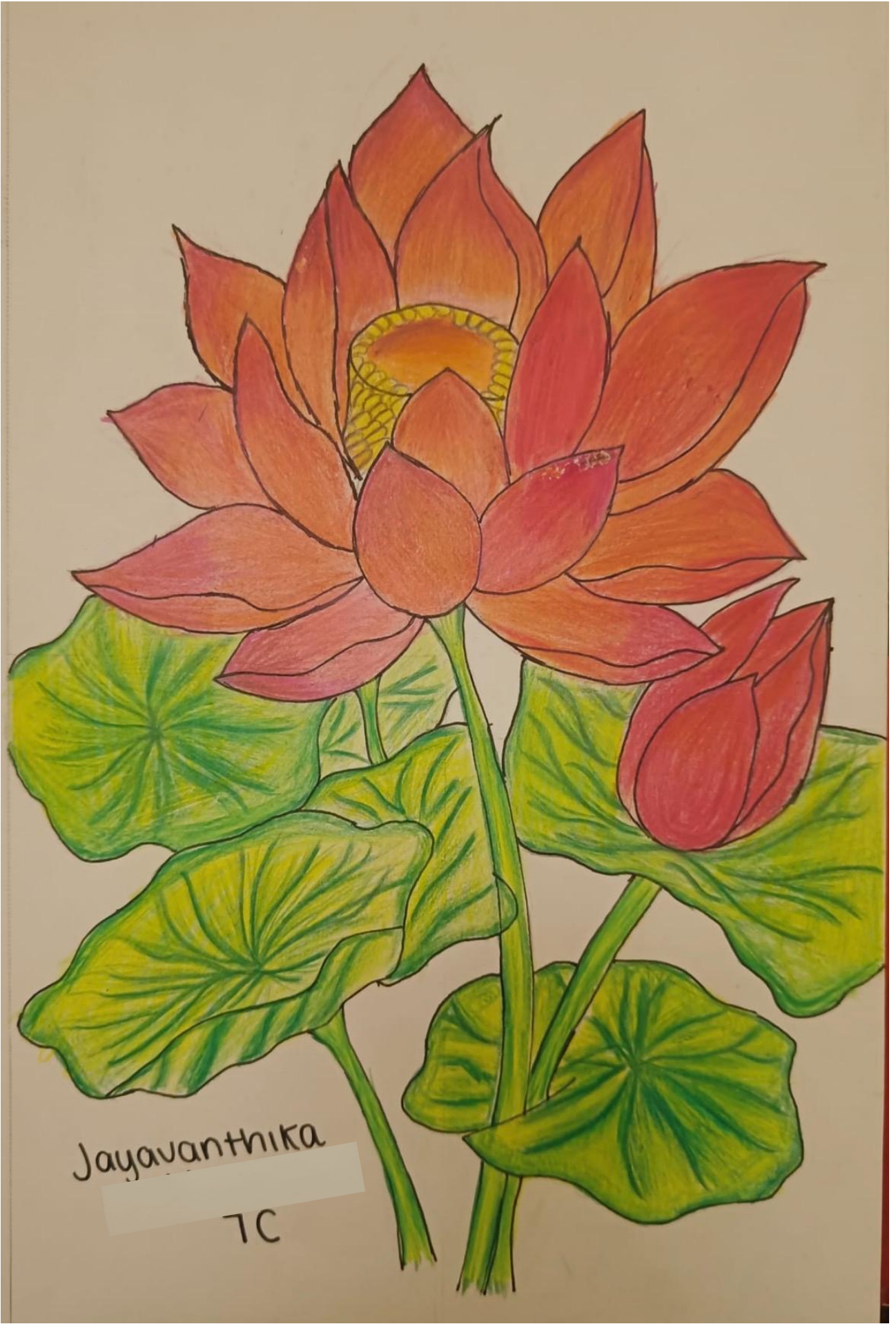


Despite this intense commercialisation, Easter is still celebrated through meaningful and wholesome traditions around the world. In the town of Haux, France, thousands of eggs are cooked into a giant communal omelette, symbolising unity and sharing. In Bermuda, families gather to fly handmade kites on Good Friday, a tradition said to represent Christ's ascension into heaven. Meanwhile, in countries such as Brazil, Easter is marked by large religious processions and community events that blend faith, culture, and celebration. These traditions highlight that Easter remains a time centred on community, renewal, and togetherness across many cultures worldwide.

## **Hannah, Year 12**

### **References:**

- **BBC – What is easter?**
- **Britannica – Easter**
- **English heritage – Why do we eat eggs at easter?**
- **Newsround – Easter traditions around the world**
- **Wikipedia – Eostre**



Jayavanthika

TC

## In Bloom

As the harsh winters fade, we look to something better

Not to the fiery days of summer but the magic of Spring, a season superior

With each step it takes, everything bows down to its gaze

Everything blooms into a disoriented beautiful mess, leaving us dazed

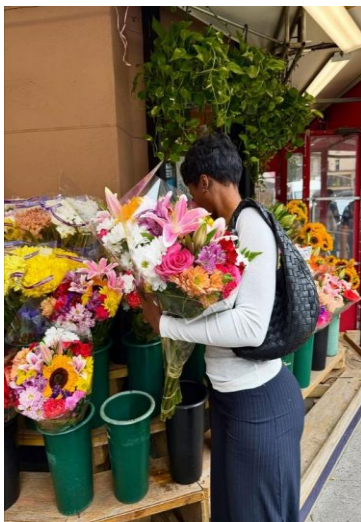
Because spring is a season that is here to amaze

A touch of magic, a gentle graze, a wonderful sight that comes in your grace

So, as we bid farewell to Winter and look towards Summer enjoy the presence of Spring

Take a leap of faith and feel the Blooms of Spring

**Farnaz, Year 7**



## A Seat in the Middle

At the beginning of the year, she chose the seat nearest to the wall.

The paint there was slightly rough, slightly cracked like a map of places no one had travelled to. If she laid back just enough, her shoulder blades could rest against it- solid, dependable, uncurious.

From that angle, the classroom came at her in a straight line. Desks formed in rows. Pens scratching. Laughter rising in the air – bright, careless, ricocheting off windows and lockers before dissolving into the ceiling.

She preferred the quieter current underneath it all.

Her thoughts were bright, restless – but she kept them folded neatly behind her teeth. Words, once voiced out, had weight. They drew attention. They invited reply. Outside, the rays of the sun began to linger in the stairwells. Dust turned visible in the afternoon sun, drifting like slow confetti. Windows were pushed open and in came in the air that smelled faintly of grass and something new.

The room grew louder.

Laughter stretched itself wider now, spilling over desks, catching people mid-sentence. It felt warmer somehow- less like noise, more like possibility.



One afternoon, a joke landed near her- not targeted or aimed, just nearby- and without thinking, she let herself answer it. The sound that left her was sharper than expected. Clear. Unhidden.

A few heads turned, eyes wandered, but only briefly. The moment didn't fracture. It simply widened to include her.

After that, it happened again. A comment here. A laugh there. Non constant, not forced- just present. Her silence did not disappear; it softened. It became something she stepped out of and back into, rather than something she lived inside.

The seat by the wall began to feel like like a shelter and more like scenery.

One day, she chose a desk nearer the middle- where light reached easily and laughter echoed without effort.

No announcement marked the change.

But if you had been watching carefully, you might have noticed- the way her voice began to weave itself into the room, her smile mingling in with the rays of light, the way her quiet no longer kept her apart.

Some growth doesn't roar.

It begins as a single sound, bright and unexpected, and realises it belongs.

## Hera, Year 12





## BLOOM

Beneath the soil, where gentle shadows lie,  
A hopeful promise awaits to see the sky.  
A fragile seed, so small yet full of grace,  
Holds quiet strength within its hidden space.

Through delicate rain and soft sunlight's rays,  
It learns that changing days bring growth in patient ways.  
The seed's roots soon grow after quiet waiting,  
But its strength, resilience and trust never fading.

At last, a beautiful bloom greets the morning's golden light,  
Its colourful petals shining, a wonder to the sight.  
The world finally sees its grace and gentle glow,  
Learning the strength that only time can show.

And in this bloom, a quiet truth is shown,  
That life is like a little seed, rising slowly on its own.  
We start alike, yet rise at our own speed,  
Through trials and time, success is born from seed.

~BY EEKSHWA

TF



## A New Beginning for *Wuthering Heights* – or a Dead End?

**(*Wuthering Heights* is rated 15 by the BBFC)**

Having been the subject of extensive controversy and debate over issues such as casting choices and ‘faithfulness’, even many months prior to its official release, it is fair to say that Emerald Fennell’s “*Wuthering Heights*” - a modern adaptation of the classic Gothic tale of the same name, written by Emily Brontë and originally published in 1847 - has been one of the most anticipated films of the year.

The task of adapting a beloved classic, such as *Wuthering Heights*, is certainly not an easy task and will almost always end up divisive in some sense. Some of the most famous examples of this include Baz Luhrmann’s *Romeo + Juliet* (1996), and more recently Guillermo del Toro’s *Frankenstein* (2025). These adaptations are often so controversially received due to the ongoing tension - and often incompatibility –between the desires of the viewer, and those of the director: the audience’s sentimental, and even possessive, attachment to the original story, and the filmmaker’s artistic interpretation and inclination to put their own stamp, if you will, on the piece of work – not to mention the crucial consideration of who the target audience is, a fact which defines whether a film is designed for a niche, fanatical audience or mainstream viewing.



When viewed objectively, however, most would agree that a director’s personal interpretation, along with modern filmmaking techniques, and ‘star power’, can be an incredible way to revive a classic, and allow a new generation to engage with the source material. But how far can ‘artistic license’ carry directors, before an interpretation becomes a blatant disregard for the integrity and name of the original work?

Fennell’s take on Brontë’s classic certainly provides a fresh, unique perspective. As mentioned above, the original novel falls into the Gothic genre, and is defined by a dark, morbid tone, a sublime natural setting of the Yorkshire moors, and themes of rage, psychological abuse, the supernatural, and doomed love. The film, however, strays very far from many of these key ideas: thematically it feels like a raunchy period drama, primarily focused on physical desire, and the scandalous, sexual undercurrent of 18<sup>th</sup> century society. The adaptation focuses heavily on the passionate and forbidden physical affair that unravels between



Cathy and Heathcliff – something which does not actually occur in the books. This detail, in addition to a hyper-sexualised, fetishised tone applied to the entire story, has transformed *Wuthering Heights* into the ideal film for a 2026 audience – an audience known for 8.25-second attention spans, desensitization to sexual content, and an epidemic of social media addiction. The film’s racy nature, along with numerous easily distinguishable – and quotable - shocking sequences, provide a watered-down, simple plot, as well as plenty of ‘clippable’ scenes to generate the internet buzz required for mainstream success in today’s film industry.

Additionally, as a result of this focus on Cathy and Heathcliff’s ‘romance’, the story’s genre seems to lean towards romantic drama – when considered in conjunction to the presence of two of Hollywood’s most beloved, this subliminally causes the audience to root for, and wholeheartedly support the union between these two characters. In contrast to the novel, this is quite unusual; at the heart of their relationship was originally an intrinsic social incompatibility, toxic attitudes towards love, and an eventually all-consuming desire for revenge – not the typical attributes of everybody’s cherished couple. Fennell also seems to omit many elements of the story which work to keep the pair apart – such as Heathcliff’s race (more on this later), and the character of Hindley (Cathy’s brother) – in order to further this narrative.

The concept of virality is further contributed to by the set design, costume design, and cinematography of the film. Visually, the film is stunning and features a number of beautifully curated ‘mise-en-scene’, utilising extensive colour symbolism – occasionally at the expense of subtlety - and extravagant costumes and settings (whose anachronisms only cause further deviation from the source material). These images, however, can be easily circulated and discussed online in order to attract attention from those with no attachment to the narrative, but an interest in visually appealing media.



Finally, the importance of ‘star power’. Whilst not a novel concept, questioning the motivations behind the casting decisions remains a valid and divisive argument – did Fennell truly believe that Elordi as Heathcliff, and Robbie as

Cathy, would be remotely faithful to their descriptions and characters from Brontë's novel? Or was she aware that a film starring the 'Internet's boyfriend', and Barbie herself, would attract a huge audience purely due to their presence? One of the primary debates surrounding the film's casting has been that of Heathcliff's race – the novel depicts him as ethnically ambiguous, yet almost undeniably dark-skinned; a fact that shapes much of the narrative, and Heathcliff's character, due to the intrinsic racism and prejudice of 18th century Britain. Portrayed by the Caucasian Elordi, Heathcliff's character development is substantially reduced and simplified, removing an entire element of his being. Many critics have also pointed out the fact that both actors –aged 28 and 35 respectively – are significantly older than the characters they are intended to play, with Cathy and Heathcliff supposedly aged between 15 and 18 for a portion of the film.

Although it is generally understood that 'faithfulness' to every detail of the original is not a sufficient measure of an adaptation's success, this particular take on *Wuthering Heights* is such a far cry from the original that I find it debatable whether it can be referred to by the same title. Is it really *Wuthering Heights* without the racial prejudice attached to Heathcliff's character? Did Brontë intend for Cathy and Heathcliff to engage in a saucy, physical affair? And can the integrity of the story be maintained when the typically Gothic, tragic tone is replaced by that of a smutty, comedic-at-times romantic drama?

There are two sides to every story, so I will leave you to decide whether this reconstruction of Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* was the perfect way to make it accessible and appealing to the new generation, or if it merely reinforces the modern notion that classics are 'boring' and 'hard to read', and therefore need to be watered-down, and filled with For You Page-friendly moments, to be appreciated in this day and age. Has Fennell sparked a new generation of *Wuthering Heights* fanatics – or has she sent the story, with all the integrity and nuance of the original, into obsolescence?

**Tabitha, Year 12**



## The Girl and the Storm

The storm arrived without warning, rolling over the hills like a dark thought the sky could no longer hold. Everyone else ran for shelter, but the girl stayed. She stood barefoot in the field, her dress snapping like a white flag that refused to surrender.

When the first thunder cracked, she lifted her face. Rain struck her skin, cold and sharp, yet she did not flinch. The storm roared as if it meant to frighten her away, but she listened instead, hearing grief in the wind and anger in the thunder.

"Go on," she whispered. "I'm here."

Lightning split the sky, and for a breathless moment the world was all light. In that flash, the storm seemed to see her—not as something to crush, but as something that endured. The rain softened. The wind loosened its grip.

When the clouds finally broke apart and drifted on, the girl was still standing. The field shimmered, washed clean, and the air smelled new. She walked home then, carrying the quiet certainty that some storms do not need to be fought - only met, and survived.

The End.

**Utsa, Year 7**



## A New World

1984. *Hunger Games*. *Maze Runner*. Stories that have become popularised and diversified across almost all public forums and yet persevere to fascinate and control opinions across the world. So why do we become intertwined in what we describe to be unrealistic and fantasised worlds? What is it that creates these fandoms of obsession and wraps people up in enthused conversations? In theme of blossoming and creating new worlds this short but semi-detailed article hopes to answer some of these questions as well as opening the debate up for how they can breathe new light into modern living.



The bleak dystopian worlds that many of us invest in can obviously be seen by many as not just scary and otherworldly but also heartbreakingly realistic. Take *The Hunger Games* as a prime example where Suzanne Collins puts up a new world for us to consider where world hunger is solved by the people who have eaten the most in a year battling it out to the last

survivor for all the public to watch much in the same way we watch West Ham versus Man United every Sunday. This creation was taken to heart by everyone as the young readers across the world became captivated by the story, it expanding into one of the most popular film franchises globally. Between all the cosplay and fandom culture this brought, many like myself begin to wonder why it became as large and as impactful as it did. Many critics claim this sort of literature becomes so largely prevalent because of their allegorical message. *The Hunger Games* highlights not only a split between poor and rich but also in a sense the power of camaraderie and standing up to the oppressors together as one. This much like *Maze Runner* or *Divergent* could be authors themselves aiming a much larger political message to their young adult audience instructing them on their power to combat the evils that they see in the world. Moreover, the hope and

togetherness that dystopian literature creates cannot be ignored as one of the main reasons everyone loves it so much. Seeing Katniss Everdeen bring everyone together with her 3-finger salute rung home to so many people, highlighting how differences and biases within a community become utterly meaningless when you come together for change.

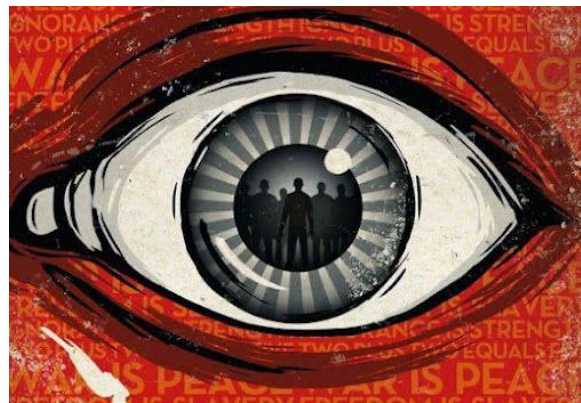


From a psychological perspective, the drama and ‘gossip-factor’ that dystopian books bring can also be seen as a main reason they are so very popular. Authors such as Jennifer Lynn Barnes – author of *The Inheritance Games* – name books such as *The Hunger Games* and even *Gone* as key examples of the power of getting people to talk. Plot twists, for example, create the talk and gossip around how and why all of these actions take place, and ultimately bring together large groups of people to ask all the typical questions of whether they saw these twists coming or even whether they believe it was the right twist to make. On this note of group talking, we also have to mention the escapism factor for many readers. Having a world where anything can happen and all social rules seem to go out the window creates the brainwave moment of ‘what if’. What if character x was actually friends with character y? What if this happened to me? What



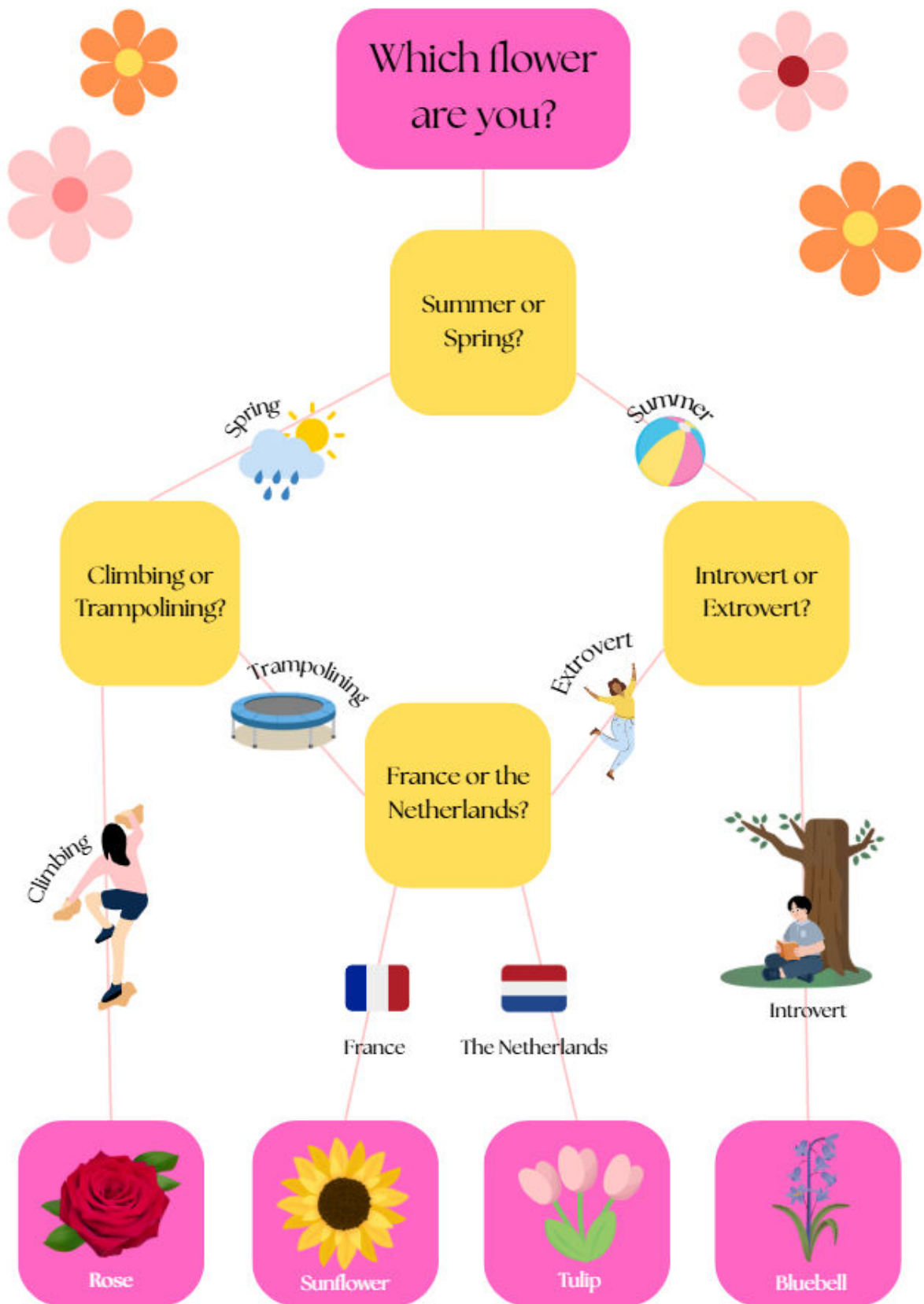
if this leader of group x got killed? All these rabbit-hole thoughts are made or break for a book's success and dystopian literature provides one of the first main key gateways into 'keeping the reader thinking'.

So, what if we start to apply these to the modern day? To many this creates the haunting narrative of what the political and social world looks like today. Whether it is the newfound ideas of authoritarian leaders around the globe or even something more commonly seen to us like a growing difference between societies across the world. These books tell us a lot of how the 'new and improved' world of tomorrow isn't a whole lot different to the frightening sights in George Orwell's *1984*. And in a much more realistic sense, we can see how the angle of teaching the younger generations can create for many a much-needed boost of how the blossoming new generation can fight for the new world to be a better place, hopefully without the need for any dramatic sacrifice or threat to eat any poisoned berries.



**Violet, Year 12**

# Quiz



Charlotte, Year 12

## LIGHTFALL. An extract from Book 1 of a trilogy

### Chapter One — The Boy Who Learned to Be Small

John learned early that intelligence was not protection.

In his first years at school, being clever had felt like a gift. Teachers smiled at him with genuine warmth. Other children asked for help, tugging at his sleeves and whispering questions during lessons. He liked the feeling of being useful. Of being seen.

That feeling did not last.

Somewhere along the way, clever stopped being impressive and started being irritating. Smiles grew tight. Compliments turned sharp. Classmates stopped asking for help and started laughing when he spoke. By the time John reached secondary school, he understood the rule well enough not to question it:

Being different was dangerous.

So John learned to hide. He finished his work slowly even when he knew the answers instantly. He counted to five before raising his hand—sometimes to ten. He trained his voice to stay soft, apologetic, easy to ignore. None of it truly stopped the whispers, but it dulled them. Sometimes, that was enough to get through a day.

Except for Sarah.

Sarah did not fit easily into the world's rules either, but she refused to shrink for them. She arrived beside John one ordinary morning and never really left, dropping into the empty chair next to his desk like it had always belonged to her. She borrowed his pen without asking, leaned over to comment on the teacher's tie, and rolled her eyes whenever someone tried too hard to be cruel.

When others laughed, Sarah stared back.

When teachers praised John too loudly, Sarah changed the subject before he could sink into his chair.

She never asked why he was quiet. She never told him he should stand up for himself.

She simply stayed.

John grew used to her presence in small, quiet ways. The sound of her footsteps matching his. The way she nudged his shoulder when he overthought something. The way she smiled at him like he was normal.

What John never noticed was how often Sarah chose him. How she skipped other plans to walk home with him. How she bit her tongue when she wanted to say more. How her loyalty was never casual.

**Yashika, Year 7**

# 2026 ISSUE ONE

## THE TORCH IN BLOOM

### CONTENTS:

- In These Halls (poem)
- Édouard Glissant’s “Wild Reading” (article)
  - Year 12 artwork
- What Really is Easter? (article)
  - Year 7 artwork
- In Bloom (poem)
- A Seat in the Middle (story)
  - Bloom (poem)
- A New Beginning for Wuthering Heights – or a Dead End? (article)
  - The Girl and the Storm (story)
  - A New World (article)
  - Flower Quiz
- The Boy Who Learned to Be Small (story)

