

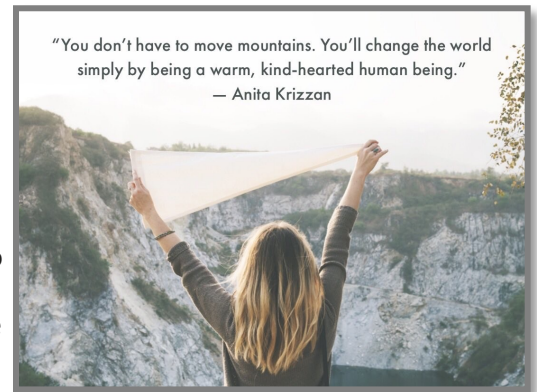


Dear Parents/Guardians

I hope you have had a good week. We have had a great week at school and were delighted to welcome back some of our Year 10 pupils. Even though lots of things are different in school, the pupils and staff have been amazing and without a doubt the pupils who have returned have greatly benefited from their sessions in English, maths and science.

As you will be aware, since lockdown we have started to use Instagram in addition to Twitter to celebrate the fantastic work our pupils have been producing. We felt it was timely to re-visit some guidance for parents and pupils around Instagram, I hope you find this information useful.

I hope everyone has chance to reflect on this week's Thought for the Week. In these current times it seems more important than ever to remind ourselves what a difference we can all make by, 'being warm, kind-hearted human beings'. I have seen so many examples of this during this week, particularly how Year 10 have supported each other in their return to school; as always I am extremely proud of our young people.



"You don't have to move mountains. You'll change the world simply by being a warm, kind-hearted human being."
— Anita Krizzan

Mrs Amanda Ryan

Instagram Safety Tips

Instagram has a minimum age of 13.

Profiles can be public or private. By default they are set to public. Click on the settings button to check. By making an account private, it means only people you have approved will be able to see what they post on your grid and stories.

Username, photo and bio are always public. Check that these are all appropriate and that you would be happy for your parents to see them.

Location tagging. If this is enabled, all images posted will include a tag showing where they were taken / posted. It is important that this is switched off so that people can't trace you from your posts.

Managing Content—Community guidelines regarding what can / can't be posted can be found on help.instagram.com. If you see anything that worries you, makes you feel uncomfortable or that you think is inappropriate, **you must discuss with a trusted** adult who may advise you to do one of the following:

Unfollowing—If you are viewing content you don't want to see then you should unfollow that person.

Blocking— When you block a user, they are not allowed to see any content you post. They do not receive a notification to say they have been blocked.

Reporting Content—If a post breaks community guidelines then it can be reported so that it can be reviewed and permanently deleted is necessary. This is completely anonymous.

Before you post anything, remember the golden rule:

"If you wouldn't show it to your parents then you shouldn't post it online"

Hello Year 10

I hope you are all keeping safe and well. It's been lovely to see some of you in school this week, albeit very different to what we are used to. It's also been lovely to speak to lots of parents and families again this week and hearing about what you have all been getting up to.

I enjoyed a little garden visit to my parents for Father's Day which was lovely. I also got to see my little 3 legged friend Millie. For any of you that I haven't told, and that won't be many as it is my favourite topic; Millie is my family pet who is now a tripaw due to having her back leg amputated following a tumour. You wouldn't believe it though as she is still as crazy and energetic as ever!

It's lovely to see lots of Year 10 work all over our school Twitter and Instagram feeds. Please keep this up, I know it can be really difficult to stay motivated but you have all done so well and have shown great resilience. Keep it up! This will really be a great skill as you enter Year 11.

As always Year 10, I'm missing seeing you all and having our little chats and pep talks. Look after yourselves and hopefully we can all be back together soon.

Take care and keep smiling!

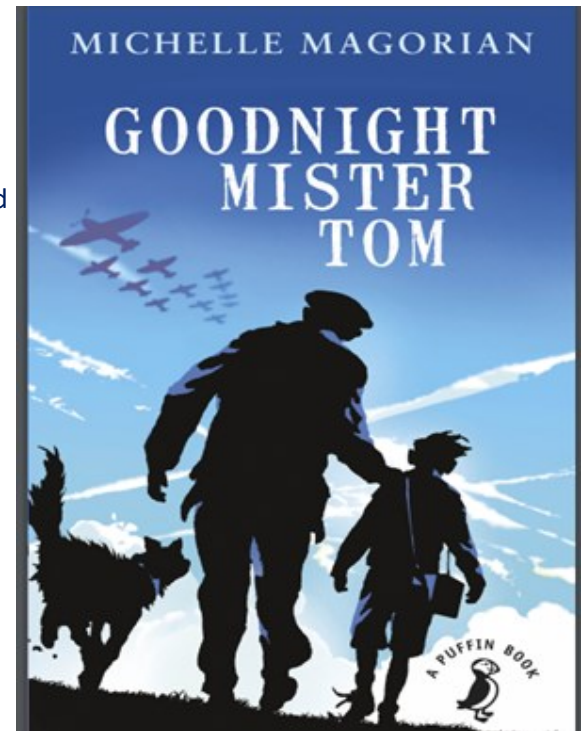

Miss Roby



Year 10

Year 10 - Don't forget to check your emails every Monday morning to read through the work set for the week ahead. Your teachers check their emails daily so keep in touch with examples of your work or even just to say hello and let us know how you are getting on!

Reading Extract - Each week we will put a short piece of writing for you to read linked to a book that a member of staff at Hillside is reading. This week is a favourite of Mrs Wardale, *Goodnight Mr Tom*, a novel by Michelle Magorian and published in 1981. It features the story of a boy who was abused in his family home and gets evacuated during World War II to the country. The boy ends up in the care of Mister Tom, a quiet recluse who is not initially pleased with the placement of the boy. The story tells a heart-warming tale of two characters who both experience a new life of love and care. Here the first two pages set the scene for the story.

I. Meeting

‘YES,’ said Tom bluntly, on opening the front door. ‘What d’you want?’

A harassed middle-aged woman in a green coat and felt hat stood on his step. He glanced at the armband on her sleeve. She gave him an awkward smile.

‘I’m the billeting officer for this area,’ she began.

‘Oh yes, and what’s that got to do wi’ me?’

She flushed slightly. ‘Well, Mr, Mr . . .’

‘Oakley. Thomas Oakley.’

‘Ah, thank you, Mr Oakley.’ She paused and took a deep breath. ‘Mr Oakley, with the declaration of war imminent . . .’

Tom waved his hand. ‘I knows all that. Git to the point. What d’you want?’ He noticed a small boy at her side.

‘It’s him I’ve come about,’ she said. ‘I’m on my way to your village hall with the others.’

‘What others?’

She stepped to one side. Behind the large iron gate which stood at the end of the graveyard were a small group of

Goodnight Mister Tom

children. Many of them were filthy and very poorly clad. Only a handful had a blazer or coat. They all looked bewildered and exhausted. One tiny dark-haired girl in the front was hanging firmly on to a new teddy-bear.

The woman touched the boy at her side and pushed him forward.

‘There’s no need to tell me,’ said Tom. ‘It’s obligatory and it’s for the war effort.’

‘You are entitled to choose your child, I know,’ began the woman apologetically.

Tom gave a snort.

‘But,’ she continued, ‘his mother wants him to be with someone who’s religious or near a church. She was quite adamant. Said she would only let him be evacuated if he was.’

‘Was what?’ asked Tom impatiently.

‘Near a church.’

Tom took a second look at the child. The boy was thin and sickly-looking, pale with limp sandy hair and dull grey eyes.

‘His name’s Willie,’ said the woman.

Willie, who had been staring at the ground, looked up. Round his neck, hanging from a piece of string, was a cardboard label. It read ‘William Beech’.

Tom was well into his sixties, a healthy, robust, stockily-built man with a head of thick white hair. Although he was of average height, in Willie’s eyes he was a towering giant with skin like coarse, wrinkled brown paper and a voice like thunder.

He glared at Willie. ‘You’d best come in,’ he said abruptly.