

Year 9 Boys Football: Sirius North Vs Boulevard Academy

On Wednesday 12th October 2016, a clash of two sides that were considered as evenly-matched teams took place at Sirius North's ground. But the match was far from showing they were evenly matched as it was mostly one-sided, in favour of the home team.

The Boulevard team consisting of James Bartlett, Charlie Storr, Marley Smith, Vadim Moksanovs, Deniss Fjodorovs, Krystian Rapacz, Jay Bilton, Bukhari Mohammed Abdi, Giousef Jamal, Frazer Begg, Jake Hunter, Ethan Porter-Welsh and Mateusz Gornacki, who debuted in this match.

Our target was to not let Ollie Templeman (former Boulevard student) score.

The match started but we were immediately under pressure in defence and we conceded a penalty when someone hand-balled it in the area. It went in, 1-0 Sirius North. A few minutes later we were 2-0 down and soon, before the first half whistle, it was 3-0.

We were being dominated. Mr Williams had to switch the formation to a 4-4-2.

The second half kicked off and we had a few great chances but we still conceded to make it 4-0.

Later on, we had suffered an own goal by Vadim, but it was going in anyway. Two more goals came in to make it 7-0 despite the efforts of our team.

We were not going to leave without a fight though, as in the final minutes because Mateusz had scored a loose volley to make it 7-1 shortly before the final whistle had blown. We had lost. Everyone tried their best even though we were missing a few key players.

"Both teams played very well, but they (Sirius North) outplayed us." Commented Ethan Porter-Welsh.

By Mateusz Gornacki



The Boulevard Academy Remembrance day service

On Friday 11th November, the Boulevard Academy will be holding its Remembrance Day service at St John the Baptist Church on St George's Road to remember those involved in war and conflict from the past and present.

Letters will be sent out shortly inviting parents and guardians to the service.



Newsletter—Autumn Term 2 2016

A new discovery?

A local scientist called Isaac Newton discovered something quit fascinating. Gravity.

It was said that Isaac was in his garden when an apple fell onto his head. Then immediately he had a theory. A theory about gravity. His story was eventually embellished.

Isaac Newton was particularly obsessed with the orbit of the moon around the Earth and eventually reasoned that the influence of gravity must extend over vast distances.

Isaac created many laws for his theory:

Newton's first law of motion states that objects continue to move in a state of constant velocity, which can be zero, unless acted upon by an external force. The tendency of an object to resist a change in motion is known as inertia.

Galileo had first suggested Isaac's law, but it was still not entirely universally acknowledged because it contradicted a Greek Philosopher Aristotle's law of physics.

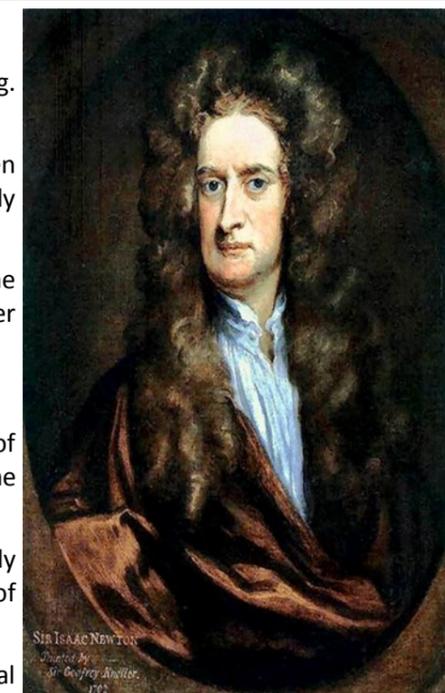
Newton's second law shows how an object will become affected if an external force does act upon it. His law stated that when the rate of changed of the momentum of a body that is proportional to a resultant force that will react to it then it will be the same in that direction.

Isaac Newton's third law states that it concerns how the object how objects push against each other and exchange momentum when they interact. Also for every force there is an equal opposite force.

The universal (gravity) force:

The force of gravity involves with the Earth and the objects of the Earth. In a way gravity is like a presence but not only between the objects and the Earth. It is also considered as a universal force because it acts upon two masses anywhere in the entire universe.

By Courtney Underwood 9SAB/DLI



Visit of the Rugby League Challenge Cup

On September 15th Students and Staff of The Boulevard Academy had the chance to have their picture taken with the rugby Challenge cup. It was one of the best things that happened for the students at The Boulevard Academy. We would like to thank Hull FC for giving us that opportunity.

By Ellis-May Griffiths.



Mrs Ben-Moussa—Editor

Year 10 have been reading Great Expectations by Charles Dickens. Here are a few of their diary extracts from when Pip first encountered the mysterious Magwitch. Chloe McCann's diary for Pip brilliantly captures the bleak atmosphere of the early chapters of Great Expectations. Dickens himself would surely be impressed with these pieces of writing.



Chloe Ford 10CTH

Pip's diary,

Yesterday evening about 5 o'clock I was in the churchyard. It was windy and the marshes were foggy. The sky was red and black, almost like it was scared. I was visiting my beloved dead parents and siblings at their grave.

The chains on the gibbet were rattling in the frosty, strong winds. Dead leaves were flying all over the place. I kept hearing crunching noises on the leaves, as if someone was walking on them. I didn't pay that much attention to it. The wind was whistling in my ear.

All of a sudden a hand with crooked, dirty nails grabbed my shoulder and turned me upside down, dangling from my feet.

When I did get back my balance there was a man with rusty chains on his legs, blood smothered all over his hands, which had been torn by briars. He limped towards me while glaring in to my eyes.

He squeezed my chubby little cheeks and pinned me up against my father's damp grave, which was wrapped in nettles. I was so terrified I just kept begging him to let me go and I wasn't listening to what he was saying.

My teeth were chattering. I couldn't speak to him; I was too scared. He told me that he would rip out and eat my heart and liver! I was terrified!

He told me that I have to bring him a file and 'wittles'. My mind was spinning. Why was that horrid man so torn up? What an earth had he been doing? My heart was thumping against my chest at that moment in time. I just ran home not looking where I was going. I almost lost my way in the swirling fog. All I wanted to do was get away from that horrible, fearful man.

Chloe McCann 10EBM

Dear diary,

It was a very cold and damp evening. I was in the church yard visiting my mum and dad. Also I visited my siblings. I could imagine what they were like. Although I was alone, I didn't feel it. It was like they were present. It was a nice loving feeling, while it lasted.

For miles and miles all I could see was thick, dark fog. It was so cold it felt like someone had bitten me all over. My rosy cheeks looked like blood was pouring from them. The marshes looked dead and deserted. The sound of the wind echoed through my ears. The cold rush gave me a shiver. The cows looked as miserable as the sky did. The sky gave me a sinister look as if it was going to attack me. That sent a terrifying pulse round my whole body. Then to add to that, the swaying trees creaked like a door that needs oiling.

Then something rather unusual appeared on the trunk of the tree. It was a deathly haunting face and its eyes stared down into mine like it was trying to push me down and belittle me. And that's when I began to cry. Now I felt like I had the weight of the full world on my shoulders. It was like almost I was going to be dragged under by the dead.

I had an image of a ghost town in mind when all of a sudden, a man came out of nowhere and grabbed me by my shoulders firmly, as if he was going to rip out a bone. I thought he was going to attack me. **Now I was petrified!**

He made himself sound like a flesh-eating human. He kept staring at my chubby cheeks. But I am rather small for my age. When the terrifying man said I had rather fat cheeks, that made me even more concerned.

He nearly scattered when he asked where my mother was. I pointed her out but it was a mis-understanding. But I should have fled before I explained my parents were late of this parish. I knew I shouldn't have gone that day.

He turned me upside down and threw me about. He must have thought I was a rag doll. Well he certainly treated me like one! Now I was sitting on a cold, thorny, prickly headstone. He tilted me back so far I nearly threw up all over him. He looked so mad and his mood surely blended in with the atmosphere.

As soon as he finished spitting in my face, shouting at me and threatening me, I scattered off back along the marshes and past the row of gibbets. But as I ran past the long row of gibbets, I gripped tightly onto my arms as I crossed them to keep myself warm from the cold, icy feeling of all the dead and lost souls. Millions there were, millions. For a second I was having thoughts that I was going to be there one day because of such a crime.

Half way home, I took the wrong turn. I blame the fog. I couldn't see anything.

As it started clearing I saw the village sign. As the wind whipped my face and tried holding me back, the arrow looked like it was trying to tell me something. The wind seemed to be saying to me, "Go to prison!" I got so scared I ran home as fast as I could.

But what will happen when I arrive at the gloomy church yard to do my duties?

Myomie Carter 10EBM

Dear Diary,

Last evening I was expecting to travel to the churchyard, although I do go daily. But I just didn't feel right this time round, and now I understand why. The marshes were, cold, damp and windy; nothing ought to surprise me. I arrived at the churchyard and visited the grave of my dead parents, Georgina my mother, and also Phillip my father. I hate the marshes when it's gloomy because it makes me upset. It's as if the sky knows my emotions, but I know that cannot be true.

I was trudging through the marshes past the high, haunting, gibbets, their chains rattled by the force of the wind. I must admit they did startle me a few times. I came to my parents' tombstones, and neatly placed some fresh flowers, which now looked like they've been ripped because of the wind.

Trees swished so dramatically and violently that I began to feel scared. Even the ground was pressuring me with the coldness. All frost! I was too scared, I couldn't bear it. I ran away from my mother's tombstone.

Suddenly I came face to face with a fearful man. He looked as if he'd escaped from prison! He was dressed in rough clothes! He spat every time he spoke! He shouted that he'd cut my throat, so I did nothing. This fearful man had a great iron on his leg. He looked as if he'd been dragged up from hell and back. They called him Magwitch.

He was a dark, sinister man, who seized me by the chin, and glared into my eyes. He demanded my name, and I told him. But the most bizarre thing happened: he swivelled me upside down to empty my pockets! He told me to bring back 'wittles' and a file, and with that, he let me go. I ran and ran back to the village, and charged to my bed and pitched the covers over, to try to sleep, waiting for morning to arrive.

At last it finally arrived. It was early in the morning when I went out of the door. It was so damp and cold, the same as yesterday. I passed hundreds of webs. They looked so beautiful, with sparkling drops of rain. It was the only beautiful thing that lifted my spirits away from feeling guilty.

It was so misty that I hoped I was going the right way. It turned out I was going too far forward, just what I needed with my aching feet. I dragged myself slowly back and this time took the right way. And there he was, sitting so calmly and peacefully, his back towards me.