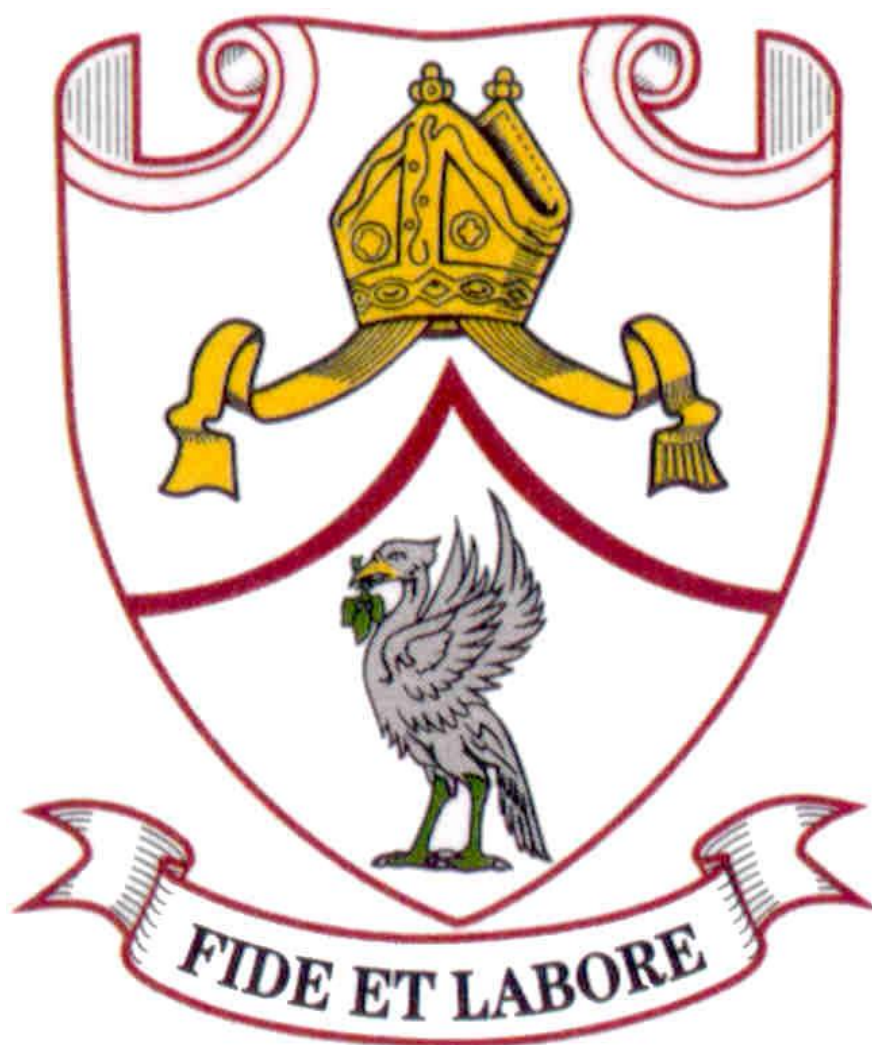
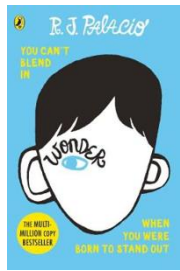
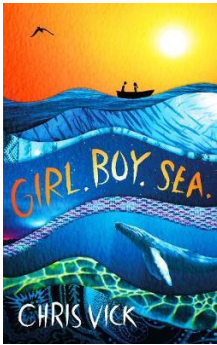
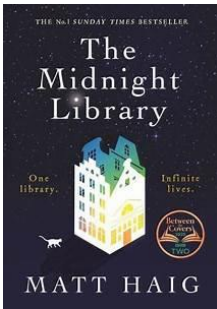
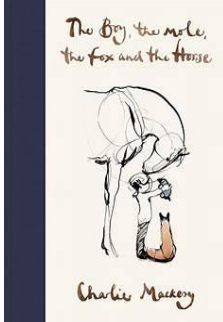


**St Margaret's
Church of England
Academy**



Well-being Day, 05.02.21
Reading-lists and Recipes

Reading-list

<p>Years 7 to 8</p>	<p><i>Wonder</i> by R J Palacio</p> <p>This book has inspired the ‘Choose Kind’ movement based on an idea presented by principle Mr Tushman in his graduation speech: “<i>If every single person in this room made it a rule that wherever you are, whenever you can, you will try to act a little kinder than is necessary, the world would be a better place.</i>”</p>	
<p>Years 9 to 10</p>	<p><i>Girl, boy, sea</i> by Chris Vick</p> <p>A British boy narrowly survives the sinking of his yacht in a huge storm off the coast of Morocco. After days alone at sea in a tiny rowing boat Bill rescues a girl who was escaping to Europe when her migrant ship was destroyed in the same storm. Through endless days and nights, they drift, weakened by fear, hunger, and burned by the unforgiving sun. When they land on a desert island, they’re surprised to be confronted by a stranger who is not what he seems... and back out on the waves once more in the dark deep, a shadow follows...</p>	
<p>Years 11 to 13</p>	<p><i>The Midnight Library</i> by Matt Haig</p> <p>This is a beautiful novel about regret, hope and forgiveness...</p> <p><i>Between life and death there is a library. When Nora Seed finds herself in the Midnight Library, she has a chance to make things right. Up until now, her life has been full of misery and regret. She feels she has let everyone down, including herself. But things are about to change.</i></p>	
<p>Any age</p>	<p><i>The Boy, The Mole, The Fox and The Horse</i> by Charlie Mackesy</p> <p>In a time of confusion, rancour and tragedy, the story of the boy, mole, fox and horse offers a simple reset to the world around us. Some of the sentiments on offer may appear simple, but they are vitally important things that we can all forget or repress in times of strife. In the end, the book orbits around the notion of love – both love for yourself and love for others. “<i>What do you think success is?</i>” asks the boy. “<i>To love,</i>” said the mole. Individually all of these characters are weak and troubled. But once they have found each other, they are stronger and can survive anything. As the horse tells the boy: “<i>Always remember you matter, you’re important, you’re loved and you bring to this world things that no one else can.</i>”</p> <p>https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/articles/X11NbKhHP8jhsrTzWmkXcy/what-can-we-learn-from-the-boy-the-mole-the-fox-and-the-horse</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">Reading is so good for our mental health.</p> <p>If you’re stuck for ideas, this website has some really helpful reading lists for each year group: https://schoolreadinglist.co.uk/category/secondary-ks3-ks4-reading-lists/</p>		

You could listen to a free audiobook of a classic text here:
https://stories.audible.com/discovery/enterprise-discovery-21122353011?ref=adbl_ent_anon_ds_ds_dccs_sbtp-0-4

There are also some good resources/suggestions for parents and carers here:
<https://www.booktrust.org.uk/books-and-reading/bookmark-disability-and-books/mental-health/>

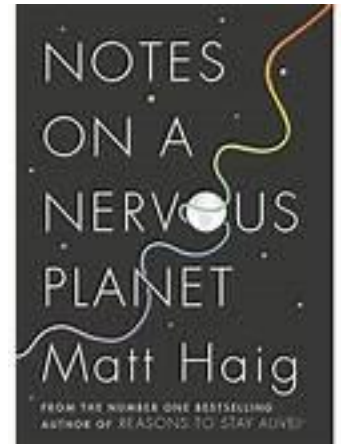
Notes on a nervous planet by Matt Haig

Matt Haig has written some really helpful books about anxiety and mental health. Here's a short extract from his book 'Notes On a Nervous Planet':

Note to self

KEEP CALM. KEEP going. Keep human. Keep pushing. Keep yearning. Keep perfecting. Keep looking out the window. Keep focus. Keep free. Keep ignoring the trolls. Keep ignoring pop-up ads and pop-up thoughts. Keep risking ridicule. Keep curious. Keep hold of the truth. Keep loving. Keep allowing yourself the human privilege of mistakes. Keep a space that is you and put a fence around it. Keep reading. Keep writing. Keep your phone at arm's length. Keep your head when all about you are losing theirs. Keep breathing. Keep inhaling life itself.

Non-fiction



For some fun poetry, go and find some poems by Brian Bilston. Here's one to get you started:

Either Or

He did not know
whether to pronounce it
“either” or “either”;
so, in the end,
he said neither.

For something a bit more inspiring, read the poem that 22 year old Amanda Gorman wrote for President Biden's inauguration.

The Hill We Climb

When day comes, we ask ourselves where can we find light in this never-ending shade?
The loss we carry, a sea we must wade.
We've braved the belly of the beast.
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace,
and the norms and notions of what “just” is isn't always justice.
And yet, the dawn is ours before we knew it.
Somehow we do it.

Somehow we've weathered and witnessed a nation that isn't broken,
but simply unfinished.

We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny Black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president, only to find herself reciting for one.

And yes, we are far from polished, far from pristine,
but that doesn't mean we are striving to form a union that is perfect.

We are striving to forge our union with purpose.

To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters, and conditions of man.

And so we lift our gazes not to what stands between us, but what stands before us.

We close the divide because we know, to put our future first, we must first put our differences aside.

We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another.

We seek harm to none and harmony for all.

Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true:

That even as we grieved, we grew.

That even as we hurt, we hoped.

That even as we tired, we tried.

That we'll forever be tied together, victorious.

Not because we will never again know defeat, but because we will never again sow division.

Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree and no one shall make them afraid.

If we're to live up to our own time, then victory won't lie in the blade, but in all the bridges we've made.

That is the promise to glade, the hill we climb, if only we dare.

It's because being American is more than a pride we inherit.

It's the past we step into and how we repair it.

We've seen a force that would shatter our nation rather than share it.

Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.

This effort very nearly succeeded.

But while democracy can be periodically delayed,
it can never be permanently defeated.

In this truth, in this faith, we trust,

for while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us.

This is the era of just redemption.

We feared it at its inception.

We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour,

but within it, we found the power to author a new chapter, to offer hope and laughter to ourselves.

So while once we asked, 'How could we possibly prevail over catastrophe?' now we assert, 'How could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?'

We will not march back to what was, but move to what shall be:

A country that is bruised but whole, benevolent but bold, fierce and free.

We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation because we know our inaction and inertia will be the inheritance of the next generation.

Our blunders become their burdens.

But one thing is certain:

If we merge mercy with might, and might with right, then love becomes our legacy and change, our children's birthright.

So let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left.

With every breath from my bronze-pounded chest, we will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.

We will rise from the golden hills of the west.

We will rise from the wind-swept north-east where our forefathers first realized revolution.

We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the midwestern states.

We will rise from the sun-baked south.

We will rebuild, reconcile, and recover.

In every known nook of our nation, in every corner called our country, our people, diverse and beautiful, will emerge, battered and beautiful.

When day comes, we step out of the shade, aflame and unafraid.

The new dawn blooms as we free it.

For there is always light,

if only we're brave enough to see it.

If only we're brave enough to be it.

Finally, here's a short story that is all about noticing the small, beautiful details in the everyday and the kindness of strangers...

Breakfast by John Steinbeck

This thing fills me with pleasure. I don't know why, I can see it in the smallest detail. I find myself recalling it again and again, each time bringing more detail out of a sunken memory, remembering brings the curious warm pleasure.

It was very early in the morning. The eastern mountains were blue-black, but behind them the light stood up faintly coloured at the mountain rims with a washed red, growing colder, greyer and darker as it went up and overhead until, at a place near the west, it was merged with pure night.

And it was cold, not painfully so, but cold enough so that I rubbed my hands and shoved them deep into my pockets, and I hunched my shoulders up and scuffled my feet in the ground. Down in the valley where I was, the earth was that lavender grey of dawn. I walked along a country road and ahead of me I saw a tent that was only a little lighter grey than the ground. Beside the tent there was a flash of orange fire seeping out of the cracks of an old rusty iron stove. Gray smoke spurted up and out of the stubby stovepipe, spurted up a long way before it spread out and dispersed.

I saw a young woman beside the stove, really a girl. She was dressed in a faded cotton skirt and waist. As I came close I saw that she carried a baby in a crooked arm and the baby was nursing, its head under her waist out of the cold. The mother moved about, poking the fire, shifting the rusty lids of the stove to make a greater draft, opening the oven door; and all the time the baby was nursing, but that didn't interfere with the mother's work, not with the gracefulness of her movements. There was something very precise and practiced about her movements. The orange fire flicked out of the cracks in the stove and threw dancing reflections on the tent.

I was close now and I could smell frying bacon and baking bread, the warmest, pleasantest odours I know. From the east the light grew swiftly. I came near the stove and stretched my hands out to it and shivered all over when the warmth struck me. Then the tent flap jerked up and a young man came out and an older man followed him. They were dressed in new blue dungarees and in new

dungaree coats with the brass buttons shining. They were sharp-faced men, and they looked much alike.

The younger had a dark stubble beard and the older had a grey stubble beard. Their heads and faces were wet, their hair dripped with water, and water stood on their stiff beards and their cheeks shone with water. Together they stood looking quietly at the lightening east; they yawned together and looked at the light on the fill rimes. They turned and saw me.

“Morning,” said the older man. His face was neither friendly nor unfriendly.

“Morning, sir,” I said.

“Morning,” said the young man.

The water was slowly drying on their faces. They came to the stove and warmed their hands at it. The girl kept to her work, her face averted and her eyes on what she was doing. Her hair was tied back out of her eyes with a string and it hung down her back and swayed as she worked. She set tin cups on a big packing box, set tin plates and knives and forks out too. Then she scooped fried bacon out of the deep grease and laid it on a big tin platter, and the bacon cricked and rustled as it grew crisp. She opened the rusty oven door and took out a square pan full of high big biscuits.

When the smell of that hot bread came out, both men inhaled deeply. The elder turned to me, “Had your breakfast?”

“No.”

“Well, sit down with us, then.”

That was the signal. We went to the packing case and squatted on the ground about it. The young man asked, “Picking cotton?”

“No.”

“We had twelve days’ work so far,” the young man said.

The girl spoke from the stove. “They even got new clothes.”

The two men looked down at their new dungarees and they both smiled a little.

The girl set out the platter of bacon, the brown high biscuits, a bowl of bacon gravy and a pot of coffee, and then she squatted down by the box too. The baby was still nursing, its head up under her waist out of the cold. I could hear the sucking noises it made.

We filled our plates, poured bacon gravy over our biscuits and sugared our coffee. The older man filled his mouth full and he chewed and chewed and swallowed. The he said, “God Almighty, it’s good;” and he filled his mouth again.

The young man said, “We been eating good for twelve days.”

We all ate quickly, frantically, and refilled our plated and are quickly again until we were full and warm. The hot bitter coffee scalded our throats. We threw the last little bit with the grounds in it on the earth and refilled our cups.

There was colour in the light now, a reddish gleam that made the air seem colder. The two men faced the east and their daces were lighted by the dawn, and I looked up for a moment and saw the image of the mountain and the light coming over it reflected in the older man’s eyes.

Then the two men threw the grounds from their cups in the earth and they stood up together. “Got to get going,” the older man said.

The younger man turned to me. “ ’Fyou want to pick cotton, we could maybe get you on.”

“No. I got to go along. Thanks for the breakfast.”

The older man waved his hand in a negative. “O.K. Glad to have you.” They walked away together. The air was blazing with light at the eastern skyline. And I walked away down the country road.

That’s all. I know, of course, some of the reasons why it was pleasant. But there was some element of great beauty there that makes the rush of warmth when I think of it.

Recipes

Banana Bread

Equipment:

Mixing Bowl



Fork | Sieve












Wooden spoon



Loaf tin | Measuring Jug




		
<p>1. Pre-heat the oven to 200°C / Gas mark 6</p>	<p>2. Sift the flour (200g), baking powder (3 tsp) and salt (pinch) into a large mixing bowl.</p>	<p>3. Rub in the margarine (50g) & add sugar (50g)</p>
		
<p>6. Pour cake mixture into loaf tin</p>	<p>5. Add the eggs (2), mashed bananas, milk (4 tblsp ^{tbsp}) to the butter and sugar mixture and mix well</p>	<p>4. Mash bananas (3-4) and beat 2 eggs in measuring jug.</p>
		<p>10/. Complete the washing up!</p>
<p>8. Bake in the oven for 20 mins until golden brown</p>	<p>9. Take out and leave to cool</p>	<p>10. Complete washing up</p>

Points to remember:

1. Use the ovens safely
2. Rub the butter in with fingertips until it looks like breadcrumbs
3. Do not overfill the loaf tin!



Chocolate Tarts

Equipment:

Large & Small mixing bowl



Sharp Knife

Fork



Palette Knife

Pie Dish x 2



Measuring Jug Tablespoon



Rolling pin x2

Flour Dredger



Sieve

Baking Tray



<p>1. Pre-heat the oven to 200°C</p>	<p>2. Weigh out flour (200g) and butter (100g). Sieve flour into large mixing bowl. Rub the butter into the flour</p>	<p>3. Mixture should look like fine breadcrumbs. Add 2 tbsps. of sugar and stir.</p>
<p>6. Line your dish with the pastry, overlapping the edges. Trim edges. Prick base with a fork.</p>	<p>5. Flour a worktop surface and roll out the pastry to a thin layer. Roll it a little bigger than your dish.</p>	<p>4. Add water a little at a time to make a dough stir with a palette knife. Add a little at a time!</p>
<p>7. Fill with greaseproof paper and baking beans and blind bake for 12-15 minutes. Take out when golden. Take out baking beans using oven gloves.</p>	<p>8. Put pastry case back in oven if needed for 2-3 mins. Melt 4 <u>tbsps</u> of Nutella in microwave in small bowl for 30 seconds. Stir in 2 <u>tbsps</u> of cream.</p>	<p>9. Add chocolate mixture into the pastry case. Add raspberry on top and leave to chill.</p>

Points to remember:

1. Use the oven safely - use oven gloves and when removing baking beans
2. Do not add too much water to make dough - will go too sticky
3. Do not overhandle/roll pastry out too much



10. Complete the washing up!

Brownies

Equipment:

Chopping Board Tin Plate



Mixing Bowl

Silver Bowl



Baking tin

Spatula



Wooden spoon

Saucepan



Electric mixer

Pot Stand



Sieve

Knife



1. Pre-heat the oven to 200°C / Gas mark 6
2. Grease or line the baking tin. Boil kettle and half fill saucepan with water.



3. Chop chocolate (150g) into small pieces and cut butter (150g) in cubes. Add half choc (75g) and all the butter to the silver bowl and melt over boiling water.



4. Beat (3) eggs and (75g) sugar in a mixing bowl with electric mixer until light and creamy - about 5 mins



7. Fold in the flour and the cocoa powder (3tbsp) using the figure of 8 method using wooden spoon



6. Sieve the flour onto plate (150g)



5. Add the melted chocolate and butter to beaten egg and sugar and mix



8. Pour the chocolate mixture into the prepared foil dish. Sprinkle with some chocolate.



9. Place in the oven and bake for 20-25 minutes.



10. The top should be firm but still soft when cooked

Points to remember:

1. Use the ovens safely
2. Always wear oven gloves when touching hot equipment



11. Complete the washing up!

Lemon Treats

Equipment:

Mixing Bowl



Bun Tin



Wooden spoon



Rolling Pin












Measuring Jug



Cutter



		
1. Pre-heat the oven to 200°C / Gas mark 6	2. Rub the butter (100g) into plain flour (200g.)	3. Mixture should look like fine breadcrumbs/
		
7. Cut out reasonable sized circles to fit the moulds.	6. Flour a worktop surface and roll out the pastry to a thin layer.	4. Add (1) egg and the (50g) sugar and stir until it becomes a dough.
		
8. Mix together the juice of (3) lemon juice and zest, (3) eggs, (100ml) cream and sugar in a jug.	9. Pour into the tart shells remember not to OVERFILL.	10. Bake for 20 minutes until set.

Points to remember:

1. Use the ovens safely
2. Always wear oven gloves when touching hot equipment



11. Complete the washing up!

Yoghurt Loaf

Equipment:

Mixing Bowl



Small bowl



Wooden spoon



Electric Mixer



Measuring Jug












Sieve



Loaf tin x2 Cooling rack



		
1. Pre-heat the oven to 190°C / Gas mark 5	2. Crack 2 eggs into a small bowl and beat with a fork	3. Measure 125ml of oil into measuring jug
		
7. Using the electric mixer, mix together for one minute	6. Sieve 250g self-raising flour into the mixing bowl	4. Add 125ml yoghurt, 100g caster sugar, 125ml oil and beaten eggs into large mixing bowl
		
8. Line two loaf tins	9. Divide mixture evenly between the tins and bake for 20-25 minutes	10. Turn loaves out onto cooling rack

Points to remember:

1. Use the ovens safely - use oven gloves!
2. Remember to check with the skewer if the loaf is done - it should come out clean with no mixture!



11. Complete the washing up!