

**We say goodbye today to our year 11 and 13 students who are starting their study leave. We wish them all the best of luck with the rest of their exams.**

**I would like to wish all students and staff a very happy half term.**

*Kate Pereira*

## **Mad Hatters Tea Party Mad Hatter's Parade and Picnic Saturday 26th May**

All welcome to this free event on Saturday! Bring your friends & family along.

**We will meet outside the Apex at 2.15pm**, ready to parade through the market at 2.30pm. We will head to the Abbey Gardens for 3pm for picnic and live music which finishes at 5.30pm.

**Please bring your market themed hat, a blanket and a picnic!**

**There are prizes for the winning hats!**

In the morning on the market, there will be a FREE hat-making workshop (10.00am-1.30pm) for any member of the public who wishes to make a hat and get into the spirit!

Also, please visit *Our Market* pop-up museum near Moyses Hall which are students are involved in! There will be some revolting smells to take you back to medieval England!

We hope to see lots of you there!

*Mrs G :*

## **Sporting Highlights**

U12 Rounders League at TGS

We beat OSA 14 rounders -1/2 a rounder and beat TGS 11 rounders - 3 rounders. But unfortunately lost to Stour Valley by 1 rounder! 6 1/2 to 51/2. Players player awarded to Charlotte Berry and Catherine Welman. Well done!



## **Congratulations**

Congratulations from the Music Department to the following pupils who have recently passed their Suffolk County Music Exams: Joseph Bidewell (Grade 1 Cello), Jacquelyn Hernandez (Grade 1 Flute with merit), Henry Southin (Grade 1 guitar with merit), Neve Conway (Grade 3 Guitar with merit), Ariana Lopez - Clift (Grade 3 Cello) and Matthew Lopez - Clift (Grade 3 Guitar). Well done everyone!

*Mrs Davis*

## **A Journal of Original Poetry**

Writings by students from St. Benedict's School, inspired by the Bury St Edmunds Market.

Contributions by:

Kane Cooper ,Bethinn Feely. Elinor Hurry  
Nancy King. Bridget Martyn. Isaac Parsons  
Beatrice Widmer, Léah Wood

### **The Bustle of a Saturday Morning Market Elinor Hurry**

You slowly wonder around the market,  
Taking in all the smells, sights and sounds.  
You hear snippets of conversations,  
The sellers shouting their fairs,  
Their cries are carried, hurried,  
"Three for a pound."  
Over by the fruit stall  
You hear a man haggling for the best price  
The rustle of paper bags being handed over the  
counter,  
This is the bustle of a Saturday morning market.

The sweet-smell fragrance of roses  
As you pass by the flower stall.  
The spicy smell of sausages  
With burst grilled skins and blackened sweet spots.  
Sugar thickens the air, heaving sprinkles on  
doughnuts,  
Stomachs rumble on.  
That makes up the fair of foods and goods.  
This is the bustle of a Saturday morning market.

You see the bright blues, reds and greens of the  
stalls.  
The neatly stacked and ordered wares.  
You scan your eyes for the best apple,  
Or favourite seller.  
The colours of the flowers bounce at you,  
Everyone in different colours, blending sellers and  
their supplies,  
The array of different things being sold.  
This is the bustle of a Saturday morning market.

### **The Portable little Village—Nancy King**

There's a place in town,  
That pops up out of the blue.  
Striped tents appear,  
Changing our views.  
The aroma changes and blends,  
Smells of spices and fruits flood my nose.  
The village contains many tents,  
Some sell flowers, others sell clothes.  
There are lots of different colours,  
From sunny yellow or pale pink,  
To vibrant violet and scarlet red.  
There's even blue as dark as ink.  
It's amazing to think these appear in hours,  
All the stalls with all the flowers.  
The vans arrive  
And the portable village sings and clips and claps alive.  
The sounds are loud,  
So loud the sounds, the burble noises reach the clouds.  
The sellers shouting, selling stock,  
Comfort timed from the great big chimes of Moyses's Hall's  
clock.  
But now the souls are quietened, pointing to silence by five  
o'clock.  
When the portable little village  
Finally  
Stops.

### **Impermanent caverns – Bethinn Feely**

Stall, stalled cars parked;  
Pack, unpacked new lark;  
Calling, convincing, perceiving, dealing;  
Baked fresh new tarts  
Sweet, clinging, winding, aching;  
Clank, gold rustle, chiming, plastic pings;  
Pushing, striped created caverns;  
Rows upon rows, fighting to win.

### **Untitled – Léah Wood**

I have many wonders, from great to small  
For instance  
'What makes boats float?' And  
'What keeps planes up in the sky?'  
But here is one that stays on my mind,  
'How is the market always up in time?' Not to mention  
getting it down by five.

Maybe market day is a game,  
Programmed to come up on command,  
Or possibly a competition with prizes to be won.  
Making modest gains, taking gentle losses.

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### **A Market Place: A Circus Day – Elinor Hurry**

The travelling village of foods and goods  
Is slowly being pulled up into life.  
Like a circus top's début at each new place,  
The workers prepare their wares,  
Like the performers perfecting their routines.  
The lion tamer cracks his whip  
Like the butcher sharpens his knives.  
The trapeze artist flies from here to there  
Like the florist holding armfuls of flowers.  
The jugglers throw their balls high into the air  
Like the baker flips his fresh sprung dough.  
The shouts for help around the poles,  
The instruction cries on what to do.  
Getting everything ready for the opening,  
For the audience is here at last.  
The plumping of seat cushions  
The dusting of the surfaces.  
Everything must look its best  
For the performance can finally start.  
The audience smiles with enchantment,  
The booming voice of the ringmaster, grabbing our attention  
Like the cries of the seller's fares and their can't-be-bettered  
best prices.  
"Roll up, roll up, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls.  
The show is about to begin, the greatest show around."

"Any two pots for a pound!"  
"Sorry not for me today..."  
"Come and enjoy the show!"  
"Get your best bargain here!"  
"Weren't they just fantastic?"  
"Enjoy the rest of your day..."

The claps and cheers die down.  
The last shoppers drift away.  
Evening sets in and the tired sun slows down.  
The tent poles packed up,  
The bright colours fade back to grey.  
Nothing left but stubs and scraps.  
A little child marvels at where everything went.  
The circus moves on; won't be back till next year.  
The market packed away,  
Waiting for next Saturday  
To unfurl its colourful wings once again.

### **Untitled – Isaac Parsons**

Calling off begins...  
'Hey up!' 'Hey up!'  
'Come buy your groceries!'  
'Apples, pears, bananas galore!'  
'Are you sure you don't want some more, love?'  
Tourists' and locals' pockets being spent,  
What treasures will you find? What needs will be mined?  
In those endless, curving, winding lines...  
Don't forget to buy some string  
As you go walking, threading as Ariadne did,  
Or else you might get lost, and  
Not just your wallet will face the cost.

## **Market Day – Kane Cooper**

In the centre of the busy town,  
Surrounded by a hustling, bustling crowd  
Is the market.  
You can find many a thing,  
Including food inhabiting tins.  
Everyone gathers from far and near,  
Prices shouted out, you'll be sure to hear.  
People everywhere always chattering  
On the cobbled streets, shoes are clattering.  
Broken items, rotten food, all the stuff that isn't good  
Forms piles on the ground, slowly swept into growing  
mounds.  
Money spent here and there, hours passing by,  
Watching, thinking, 'What did we buy?'  
Now the dim light fades and so does the mood.  
Stall keepers packing up boxes of fruit,  
Possibly saved by this ravenous bunch  
Of people guarding them ready for Sunday lunch.  
Everyone gradually retreating away,  
Ready for the next time its market day,  
Where once again the crowds return,  
For in their hearts they truly yearn  
To be at this truly wonderful place,  
Just look at the smile on the child's bright face.

## **Many thanks to all those who participate in the Creative Writing Club at St. Benedict's.**

### **Untitled - *Bridget Martyn***

Down the narrow lanes  
The stalls pop out  
The colourful hues  
A joy for the eyes  
A dull wind wafts the  
Smells around  
Sizzles and fizzles  
Echoes in the busy air  
Crisp vegetables shine and stun  
Fruit placed with care  
Protected by small  
boxes. They lounge like celebrities,  
glamorously,  
in their wooden, make sift thrones.