

CHENEY  
STUDENT  
NEWSLETTER  
10<sup>TH</sup> FEB

# WELCOME

Hello everyone, here's your quick fortnightly update from SSLT! As we're heading towards the half-term break, we hope you've all had a great start to the year, despite the lockdown. Our Student Council has finally come into being in the last few weeks; thank you to all the students who have attended the meetings, your thoughts and passions have been so great to hear! Other students; please make sure to pass on any issues or ideas to your new year representatives, the more input the better. It may have been a difficult start to the new year, but it hasn't been short of exciting projects; the Enrichment and Environment are working on the exciting Sixth Form Conference, the House competition has provided students with a creative outlet and SSLT are hoping to relaunch that old classic Cheney News in the very near future. Finally, we hope that everyone is coping with lockdown and virtual learning; the Wellbeing Committee would like to remind everyone that support from school and the school nurse is still available for anyone who needs it. Particularly for those in exam years; try not to worry! We will know soon what the government's plans are and just remember that your teachers have your best interests at heart. As usual, if you have any queries or concerns please email us at [sslt@cheney.oxon.sch.uk](mailto:sslt@cheney.oxon.sch.uk) or one of the specific email addresses, we'd love to hear whatever is on your mind!

Isaac Y13, Y10 Link for SSLT



By Zanna, Y8

# DEAR KATHERINE.

*Short story by Masha, Y7*

She still remembered her brother. She always did. His kind smile, his talent for literature and music. His interest in art, his lovely voice and curly blond hair paired with emerald-like green eyes. The spark of joy you could see in him when he saw a piano. His eagerness to play it at every occasion he got.

Michael. That was his name. She never dared to open the piano room since his death, his long and painful death. He was only seventeen, two years younger than her. Why was it him that got the most deadly disease of the time? But still, he was dead. Like he had been for the past ten years. She still had nightmares. Nightmares of waking up with a million tiny blisters on her body and a foreign figure approaching her whispering words only demons could say, asking her to join him and they would at last be together like siblings should be. She would wake up with cold sweat.

But she thought to herself that she should move on. She had to. It was ten years after all, why would a grown twenty nine year old woman be so grieving of her brother's death, especially after a decade?

It was the first time since her twenty third birthday that she finally visited her childhood home, her parents, the maids that raised her. It was so nice there, so nice that even the scent of the rats gave back fond memories of how she would chase them around when she was five with a stick trying to catch them stealing cheese once again. She smiled as she approached her childhood bedroom. Her smile quickly dropped loose as she remembered her brother, his bedroom. The bedroom in which he begged for the sweet release of death. But she knew that the whole reason she was there was to finally let go, to finally accept his demise.

The next day, after waking up in her soft loft bed surrounded by small dolls in her huge room, she dressed in her undergarments and corset, put on her new flowy white dress and finally decided to head to the piano room.

She slowly stepped towards the white door with the polished golden handle, the door that she knew nobody touched in a decade. Moving forward, she turned the handle and opened the door to the room she once loved.

Memories flashed upon her as she entered the place, the carpet still soft, the books still in their places, the windows still covered by curtains and the piano still where she remembered it. She moved open the curtains, as though trying to

avoid the thing she has been ignoring for the last decade. But she couldn't ignore it for long.

Blowing the dust from the top, she opened the instrument up and played a melody - the last melody Michael ever played.

But that short moment of peace didn't last for long, as watery eyes turned into tears, and tears turned into sobs. She broke down in front of the very thing she hated, her tears polishing the keys. She couldn't bear it, she couldn't bear the memory of her brother screaming in pain as he fought for his life whilst it slowly drained out of him. With her face in her hands, there she sat, eager to leave. As suddenly as she expected it, she felt a warm embrace from small, soft arms, hugging her from behind. Yet when she turned around, there was merely a painting of her great great aunt. She turned back towards the piano, and her tears rolled down her cheeks once again.

But once again, she felt a hand on her left shoulder, and this time she roughly stood up from the seat and looked around. Still no-one. But yet did she blink, and she saw a young teenage boy smiling at her, bickering his fingers.

"Michael..?" she whispered, with the presence of a slight sadness and curiosity in her voice.

The boy smiled, nodded and said to her in his lovely, kind and soft voice, "don't cry dear sister, I am here and always was. How about I play some songs on the piano?"

The girl sat down by the cushioned and wide windowsill, and closed her eyes as her brother's favourite melody played.

It was two, or five or maybe even eight hours, but however long, when she woke up, the piano was closed, the seat was tucked in and a small note was beside her.

"Dear Katherine,

I am dead. I know you miss me, and so do I miss you. But please, just know that I love you. You were my older sister and will be forevermore.

Love, from Michael"

And seconds later after reading it, the note vanished, the piano was open and the seat was how she left it. She got up, and still in shock and with a slight feeling of sadness in her soul, she walked towards the piano and closed it. After tucking in the seat she walked to the door, about to leave. But she hesitated, and for a moment, she looked back to the room that she now loved, the room of so many fond memories and the room which she had ignored for ten years.

And at that moment, for the first time in ten years, she moved on.









Pinwheels  
By Jasmin, Y10



By Marianna, Y8