



OMNIBUS

The termly newspaper of Wilson's School

Terrifyingly fabulous: Wilson's Got Talent 2013

Nathan Lobo reports on this year's Wilson's Got Talent

'Fabulous. Genuinely, bizarrely, terrifyingly fabulous.' Mr. Cole was certainly not the only person in the school hall on Thursday 9th May 2013 who was asking himself 'What have I just watched?' It could only be the return of Wilson's Got Talent. We were back. And like never before...

Everyone was looking forward to this year's WGT, wondering what talent Wilson's could unearth. We certainly did unearth some talented people and some...er...not so talented people. Nobody could have predicted what they were about to witness: a mixture of the normal, such as Ramon Nartallo and Sashank Srikanth, who both sang while playing instruments, to the frankly quite disturbing exhibited by the passionate start to the show from Pete, the lead singer of The Pokemon Trainers. As the penultimate competitor, I

felt relatively nervous watching all the previous acts go before me, especially with such quality as Trishan Sharma on the Bhangra drums and Kunal Patel's astonishing (in more ways than one) version of Billie Jean - I mean Jean. Mr Molyneux, our newest judge and big fan of MJ himself, gave it the highest compliment by saying 'That was either a great tribute or someone just trampling on the grave and legacy of one of the greatest performers known to man'. But the highlight of the show has to go to the Lonesome Lads - three very respectable students who dressed up in leotards and danced, I must say pretty impressively (Well, it left an image in my memory) to Beyonce's 'All The Single Ladies'. Everyone was in such uproar with laughter and applause by the end of their awe-inspiring performance that the vast majority of people were stunned when they only came third.



The winners were Professor Lobo and Da Latin Crew. I can safely say they were magnificent, even if they did only have one microphone when promised four... Everyone enjoyed the return to WGT of our esteemed Head Boy emeritus, William Ries, who won the show when he uttered the words, 'Will you please stand?' as part of a rap, in that deep, authoritative yet sultry voice that has made the entire Sixth Form idolise him.

First Interview: James Kyne, Current Head Boy and WGT Judge

As part of that winning group, I have been asked to interview some contestants about their experiences:



talent and nerve of the contestants. For some of the other acts it was hard to say what quite came into my mind – bewilderment, confusion, and shock would probably have to be up there.

NL: Will you follow in the footsteps of last year's Head Boy and perform next year?

JK: There are some ideas being put out there. We will have to see but it would be great if I could get up on stage myself.

NL: All I can say is watch this space.

First Interview: James Kyne, Current Head Boy and WGT Judge

NL: Being Head Boy, what expectations did you have of the acts this year and did they live up to them?

JK: You can never really know what to expect from the acts at Wilson's Got Talent and that was certainly shown this year. It's great to get the variety that we do. All of the acts were terrific but several were certainly well beyond what anyone would have expected.

NL: A great privilege of holding the position of Head Boy means you get to be a judge that year for WGT. What differences are there being in the audience and on the judging panel?

JK: Honestly not too much. You still have a lot of fun and enjoy all of the acts. You do have to be careful with your comments though unlike sitting next to your mates. One major difference is having to make a decision on the winners and I can tell you that was certainly tough.

NL: You say making a decision on the winners was tough, so what swayed it in the end for you and your fellow judges?

JK: In the end we just had to go with what we thought had been the most entertaining for the crowd. There were many talented acts but for entertainment value the top 3 certainly succeeded.

NL: As you were watching the acts, what was going through your mind?

JK: With many of the acts you have to appreciate the



Second Interview: Will Ries, ex-Head Boy and member of the winning act, Professor Lobo and Da Latin Crew

NL: Last year, as Head Boy, you were sat as a judge. How did it feel to be on the other side of the desk this year?

WR: Last year was a tremendous show, and I certainly enjoyed helping adjudicate. This year, it was a completely different experience. As a judge you maintain your dignity, whereas doing a Latin rap inevitably means you have to abandon it.

NL: It must have been a nervous time for you leading up to your act. How were your emotions at this time?

WR: I've done a lot of public speaking as part of my School Captain duties so am fairly accustomed to large crowds. Latin rapping, however, is a whole different ball game. I definitely was feeling nervous before going on stage, especially after seeing the preceding acts, which, unlike ours, actually had talent. I have to admit many a Latin lesson was spent trying out different

'bars' and figuring out which Latin words rhyme whilst also being in the correct case, which is no easy feat, so we certainly were well rehearsed. Plus, knowing that Professor Lobo would be his totally crazy self whilst on stage also abated my worries.

NL: As you were part of Professor Lobo's returning act, what expectations do you think there were placed upon you and how well do you think you coped with them?

WR: Professor Lobo certainly set the bar high in 2012. Very few people however knew that he was planning on making a comeback in 2013. It was only about a week before that news spread that he had in fact enlisted the help of the rest of his Latin class as well as some Yr 8s. My friends and younger boys all said that they were looking forward to it (solely because it involved people completely embarrassing themselves). The reaction has been extremely positive after the event and as a result we think we have found a gap in the market, and will endeavour to deliver our first album - titled 'Indeclinable' - at some point in the



Third Interview: Tom and Will Johnson, a dance act returning as the Lonesome Lads with George Driscoll, having competed in WGT when they were in Year 7.

NL: What was it like returning to the stage after six years?

TJ: It was a strange feeling. Obviously the nerves of being dressed as women in front of a large audience weren't quite as bad second time around! Also, we definitely enjoyed the Beyonce performance a lot more as the whole year really got behind us.

NL: What words of advice would you give to the Year 7 who'd want to go for it next year as you yourselves did in Year 7?

TJ: My advice would be to think of some ideas and pick the weirdest and most shocking. Out of the 3 top performers this year, one group were Latin rappers and the other were Beyonce enthusiasts. Normal will not win Wilson's Got Talent! In addition, I'd recommend doing it as a group because it makes rehearsals a lot more entertaining and can be a source of banter for years.

Carnegie shadowing 2013

Vou-Fri Sett on this year's Carnegie Shadowing experience

Out of 150 boys in Year 7, about 15-20 of them will be chosen to gather once a week to discuss the books shortlisted for the big Carnegie Medal Children's book Award (see below for a list of the shortlisted books). This award is presented to only the best children's novel in the UK. This year, there is a variety of subject matters explored in the shortlisted books: from a book about the earthquake in Haiti, to a book about a ritual sacrifice happening in many different eras. Each Thursday lunchtime, we take part in a range of activities such as: in depth discussions about the books, creating advertisements, designing alternative front covers, and writing haiku poetry. The sessions are enjoyable with the occasional heated argument between two members: one thinking that a book was 'FANTASTIC!!!'; the other believing the book to be 'ABSOLUTELY RUBBISH!' - and those are just the boring times! It is a brilliant opportunity to get involved and to have fun. See Miss Tyler, Mr Hudson or me - Vou-Fri Sett for more details.

2013 Shortlisted books:

Sarah Crossan, *The Weight of Water*
Roddy Doyle, *A Greyhound of a Girl*
Sally Gardner, *Maggot Moon*
Nick Lake, *In Darkness*
R. J. Palacio, *Wonder*
Marcus Sedgwick, *Midwinterblood*
Dave Shelton, *A boy and a Bear in a Boat*
Elizabeth Wein, *Code Name Verity*



As the Good Book says...

Oscar Taperell tells us about Fiddler on the Roof rehearsals

Set in the quiet Russian village of Anatevka, Fiddler on the Roof is a tale of hope, love and acceptance, where an impecunious milkman, Tevye, faces the oppression of Tsarist Russia. It sure is ambitious of Wilson's; the classic play has been selling out at the box office since 1964 – only twelve years younger than the longest-running production in the West End, The Mousetrap. It might seem that the music and drama department has bitten off more than it can chew, yet with the joint expertise of Mr Kavanagh and Mr Rogers it will be a smashing success.

Yet as the rehearsals become more frequent, people's excited anticipation rises – the opening number, 'Tradition', is a spectacle to behold; mysterious silhouettes are set against a dazzling ochre sunrise. Such well-known favourites as 'If I Were A Rich Man' and 'To Life' are also not missed in Wilson's rendition of the play, with many talented young actresses from Wallington Girls also joining in.

Jeremy Boch's iconic music will also be given justice by the Torah'ffic Wilson's band, which will be playing live on the night. Mr Clayden has been preparing the amazing orchestra for months now and has been emptying his heart and soul into the production - the entire cast is (syn)agag to listen to their fabulous performances.

Hani Elsayed settled perfectly into the role of the affluent village baker, whilst Tejan Pereira suits the role of the diffident tailor, Motel, perfectly. As the lead character, the auspicious Will Straw plays the good-meaning milkman, Tevye, confidently and with such ease, you'd think he actually was a Russian. You could call him an equal to Topol himself; however, three nights isn't quite the same as playing the character for fifty years...

A trip to the theatre

Karim Abu-Seer on John Logan's new play, 'Peter and Alice'

Last Thursday, a group of Wilson's Boys ventured to London to watch John Logan's new play, 'Peter and Alice'. The play tells the story of Alice Lidell (Judi Dench) and Peter Llwylen Davies (Ben Wishaw), the two individuals that 'Peter Pan' and 'Alice in Wonderland' were based on. The writer John Logan is an accomplished scribe, whose recent achievements include writing Skyfall, and his last play, Red (which won six Tony awards). Staged at the Noel Coward theatre, it was an event many of us had been looking forward to; a final chance to get away from the gruelling onslaught of exams. Tickets were very limited, and I was lucky to get the last one that Mrs Guy had. With some early flusters frightening us all – notably, latecomers whose whereabouts were unknown (we're looking at you, Pete) we eventually grouped together and ventured in.

Something that was plainly obvious when we looked at our program was that the production of this play was star studded and as such, we had high expectations. It did not disappoint. Ben Wishaw was marvellous as Peter, with his initial normal exterior quickly falling away to reveal a man broken by war. With a soft voice, Wishaw's regaled tales of glories gone, and the general downward emotional spiral one experiences after childhood. Where Wishaw's character was brutally honest, if softly spoken, Dench was the opposite. She indulged in memories of childhood, and the initial claustrophobic nature of the fantastic stage was stripped back as she revelled in her reimagined youth. Despite both characters having their personality shaped (and in some cases overshadowed) by fictional characters, they led very different lives, resulting in completely different views on the world – and the actors conveyed this excellently. Another actor who I thought was particularly good was Olly Alexander, with him and Ruby Bentall (who played the young Peter Pan and Alice and Wonderland)

providing comic relief to the emotionally loaded plot of the play.

The themes of the play were all rather sad - lamenting the nature of humanity as time goes by and they age. There are several lines in the script that surmised this view perfectly, and I am sure they stayed with many of those who experienced it. The play's course felt very natural, and as it drew to a close we were all forced to reflect – both on how we live our lives now, and how we will live our lives in the future. It was with a heavy heart we left the theatre, subdued by the play's tragic nature. I felt slightly better immediately when stepping outside after seeing a gorgeous Jaguar XKR-S whizz by, and all of our moods were lifted when Ben Wishaw stepped out after ten or so minutes and began signing autographs and chatting to people. Harry Gower immediately pounced on him, and emerged victorious with a handful of our signed tickets. We also had the pleasure of meeting Dame Judi Dench later in the evening, as she made her way to her car. We told her what school we came from, and how excellent her performance had been. She humbly gave us her thanks, before posing for a photograph with us all.

All in all it was an excellent (if somewhat bleak) play. We'd like to thank Mrs Guy for organising this trip as well as trips to Othello in the past fortnight. We encourage everyone to take advantage of these fantastic opportunities!



Fabulae omnibus (fables for all)

A modernised fable by **Kevin Gu** and **Parth Gundi**

It was a normal day in Wilson's school- there were lessons, lessons, and lessons! But what happened at form time that day was far from normal...

A witty boy called Marcus came up with a way to make himself laugh. His plan was to trick his form tutor into thinking that someone had stolen his phone. Immediately after registration, he stuck his hand up into the air. His form tutor, being a kind person, went to him at once.

"What is it, Marcus?"

"I've lost my phone, sir." Of course, he really had his phone in his pocket, and really just wanted some attention.

The form tutor, after hearing this, swiftly launched an investigation into the missing phone, with Marcus almost crying with laughter.

After about 10 minutes of this, Marcus finally couldn't bear it any more:

"Sir, I just realised that my phone was in my pocket all along!". He promptly burst into laughter, and the whole class muttered angrily, their efforts wasted.

The next day, Marcus couldn't wait to try the whole thing again. Since the form tutor was patient and thoughtful, he didn't question Marcus, even though he got fooled yesterday. But his kind actions were wasted, as Marcus pulled the same trick again!

Marcus (being a troublemaker) wanted to do this again, but when he tried again, the form tutor just ignored him.

People who are known to lie may not be believed, even when they are telling the truth.

Modernised from 'the boy who cried wolf'

A funny way to revise for English

Kavana Crossley on a Year 9 trip to the Globe Theatre

It's not always that we have English trips.

But when we do, they aren't usually inside the foreboding exam week, inside the time-capsule of the globe theatre and on a remarkable sunny day on the riverbank of the Thames.

On the 25th of June, a platoon of Wilson's students graced the full-company Globe performance of Macbeth; arguably one of Shakespeare's most famous plays. We were all excited to get a break from the laborious exams, yet I found it ironic that we had a 2 hour and 15 minute English exam the next morning.

Despite the exams, everyone was on the upside as we trekked through central London after a train journey. Not many of us had been in London with our classmates before, and so it wasn't an ordinary trek. You could say pretending to be tourists and taking many pictures whilst conferring in exaggerated French was a fairly good way to spend time. The weather was perfect too; not too hot, but sunny.

We were meant to be a larger group, but some people gave in to the devious spirit of revision. Personally I thought it was English revision, seeing as Macbeth would be a play the year 9's studied later, but some people didn't agree.

I had never been to a Shakespeare play at the Globe before. So I was a bit awestruck when we got in and people were renting cushions. After being delivered three concise instructions and a short briefing of the play by our English teachers, we took our space as groundlings around the stage. We then took bets about who would moan the most about standing up, and who would eat the most food at the interval. We had some time to kill before the actors even came on stage.

From the very start, the play was honestly outstanding. Literally, actors walked through the audience banging drums as such. It was completely different to usual theatre plays; you don't get actors intruding your personal space dressed as

witches or ancient Scottish warriors. It added that extra atmosphere that really brings out the best in Shakespeare's plays.

The play was very long; I thought they skipped the interval and continued, but after an hour and a half of standing we were given the command to sit down. We wondered what it was like to have five acts for the people back in Shakespeare's times, and how the sound of the canon firing actually sounded like.

It became clear after the start of the second half that the only way to see a Shakespeare play is to see it at the Globe. There really is no other comparison to having the simple stage set, the effect of being on your feet for three hours and enjoying elaborate actors doing what they do best. No other comparison to the blaring bagpipes and GIANT drums banging away every time someone dies; quite a lot of dying in Macbeth.

Finally, the play came to an end after a raucous of dancing and bowing. The crowd applauded and cheered. The sun set on the prestigious Macbeth and we found ourselves leaving the theatre. After a picture with a man who was dressed as Henry the 8th, it was time to meet our parents on the riverbank of the Thames, or at East Croydon station.



Creative corner

A selection of Year 10 poetry inspired by the 'Moon on the Tides' anthology

Give

Write a poem about homelessness,
That's big of you.

Buy a Big Issue,
That's big of you.

Give a fiver to the dogs,
That's big of you.

Volunteer for collections,
That's big of you.

Say "Oh No-Oh Dear",
That's big of you.

Don't give a care?
Don't want to play the game?
Don't worry, I pass on no blame.

Jake Casey

Horse Whisperer

I was their friend.
When their bodies were fatigued from the laborious
plough,
And they could go on no further.
I coerced the tender giants to my ideals.

I was their guardian.
When their minds were enthralled by the spirits of
fear,
And they were trapped by smoke and flame.
I led the helpless children to safety.

I was their demon.
When their pitchforks drove me away from the
homestead,
And they scorned me from my legacy.
I hexed the stallions untrustworthy.

I am their outcast.
When I joined the stampede riding from machine,
And my kind departed the land, and yet

I miss most of all, the pride, my pride.

Nathan Patel

No Ordinary Doorstep (Inspired by the poem 'Give')

I feel at home on your doorstep,
only yours.
All the others kick me out after a day,
but I know you won't send me away.

You still have feelings for me,
I know it.
It's clear by the way you look at me,
before handing me some tea.

And that tea of yours is just the way I like it,
two sugars.
It reminds me of you now and again;
so good it drives me insane.

You may as well take me back,
why not, babe?
Things could be how they were before,
only this time I'll care for you more.

Ben Burton

Medusa

Darkness, suspicion, uncertainty
spoke out to me,
my head tainted with each thought.

I'm cold now, foul,
stone cold tears in my eyes.
Have I answered these calls?

You were everything,
my Achilles with no heel, mine to bear.
Yet I'm the one who will feel Paris's arrow,
when you will turn, stray from home.

You come at me,
shield raised, sword in arm.
Won't you even look at me?
Put down your shield my Perseus.

Ikhlas Morrison