



# Sixth Form Mercury

Wilson's School's newest student-run publication Volume 2, Issue 15, May 2013

## The Number Thirteen: Lucky for Some

### An appreciation of the UVI's seven years at Wilson's

That's it, seven years are up. It's been a good seven years, crammed full of drama and friendship and, of course, great publications. While we are saying goodbye to the building, the great discipline during exams and our tasteful distaste for perfectly acceptable grades which we have cultivated, shall remain with us forever.

Let's remember that Harry Potter, in his seventh year, defeated Lord Voldemort in battle and yet we have an even greater foe to conquer: exams and, beyond that, the barren wasteland of socialising. There is no denying that Wilson's has set us up for the wider world of interactions in a way no school in the area ever could - leaving us entirely inept, as a good grammar school should.

And so, as you sit there in your pile of Wilson's memorabilia, here are some fond memories, some highlights and hopefully a small ray of light to keep the fire of Wilson's burning in all our lonely hearts for years to come.

#### **INTERVIEW : DAN SEARLE**

1) *What's been your sporting highlight of the past 7 years?*

There's absolutely no competition for that. Finally winning the Surrey Cup in an emphatic and heartfelt display against Riddlesdown, after three consecutive years of heartbreak, has to be the sporting highlight of our Wilson's career.

2) *If you could summarise sport at Wilson's in one sentence, what would it be?*



An emotional, unforgettable and passionate experience that we'll look back on and smile about for years to come.

3) *Do you think the current L6 have any chance to match our amazing legacy?*

Some of the sportsman in the L6 are unbelievably talented. Defenders like Ally Osborne and Aedan will just keep getting better, and the reliability of Josh John in the middle will give their team solidity. However a lot of what they achieve will be determined by their prolific goal scorer Ollie Sitch who unfortunately had the latter parts of this season tainted by injury. But I wish them all the best whatever happens.

#### **INTERVIEW: MR COLE**

1) *How do you feel about seeing our Year Group progress and evolve over the past 7 years?*

I joined the school at the same time as this year group, and so I feel that my career is very much linked to the Upper Sixth. Of course it saddens me to see you all go - but part of me also feels that you're all ready to go. The period after Sixth Form was very exciting for me, and I don't want you all to miss out on that.

2) *What has been the highlight of your time in the Sixth Form Team?*

It sounds strange, but I found Wilson's Got Talent a particularly striking experience. Seeing nearly the whole Sixth Form sitting in the hall supporting their peers reminded me

of the good humour, kindness and bizarreness that you're all capable of!

I think what I have enjoyed most are the little moments - delivering assemblies to all of you, bumping into various Sixth Formers in the corridor, and exchanging banter in the Study Centre.

#### **SURVEY RESULTS**

A survey was recently conducted on the Wilson's Leavers Page on Facebook to ascertain what will be the most missed aspect of the School. And now, the results are in...

#### **THE STUDY CENTRE- 75%**

#### **THE INTELLIGENT AND PHILOSOPHICAL DISCUSSIONS THAT TAKE PLACE DURING BREAK- 20%**

#### **CRITICAL THINKING-5%**

#### **THE CANTEEN QUEUE- 0%**

#### **THE LIBRARY- 0%**

These results clearly highlight how much love and affection we hold for the Study Centre, which has become *the* central institution of our existence. Appropriately, the witty and intellectual discourse that we share in the Centre is the second most popular option - though this would suggest that the décor of the Study Centre is more popular than anything that actually happens within its walls.

Critical Thinking, that year-long, incredibly helpful and relevant insight into the world of electronic cigarettes and housing laws came third, racking up only 5% of the vote.

Sadly, it seems that there is no sentimental attachment to the placid and well regulated canteen queue that provides such excellent entertainment during Friday-lunchtime. Similarly, the library, complete with its immense compendium of books, has been ignored. *Continued on page 2.*



**Goodbye!**

It's a fundamental fact of life that all good things must come to an end: Game of Thrones season three, My Chemical Romance and, er, Maggie Thatcher are all examples of this.

So it is with our dominion, the Mercury. And while we can assure you that relentlessly chasing up slackers for articles and compiling issues at midnight is entirely worth it, it is nonetheless with a sense of some relief that we pass on the mantle to the very capable Jack Tapperell and Nicky Page. May they be as successful in their mission to indoctrinate the Sixth Form as we were! Interpret that how you will.

Nikhil Vyas and Kane Walpole

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# The Number Thirteen: Lucky for Some

By Nikhil Vyas and Kane Walpole

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However, when asked more seriously about their opinion, the unanimous consensus of the year group was that the incomparably brilliant Mrs Kitchin, who is by all measure a national treasure, is the aspect of Wilson's that will be most fondly remembered.

**AN ODE TO MRS KITCHIN**

Undoubtedly the most popular member of staff to grace Wilson's School in a long time, Mrs Kitchin has revolutionised the role of secretary and become much, much more than that. The entire year appreciates her, not just on a professional level, but as a friend who has supported us. As we explain with a red face why we are 30 seconds late to sign in or why we only told her we had a dentist appointment 17 minutes before we leave, she is there to reassure us that it really doesn't matter.

Voted as the most missed figure of Wilson's School, it is clear that she has made a lasting impression on a year group who value her input with huge respect. We only hope the younger years get to experience her influence.

**AN ODE TO RIESY**

Is he a man? Is he a God?

These are the questions on the lips of Wilson's School students as they depart to university, at the forefront of a new cult religion. His Holiness William Ries, widely considered to be in the running for the next Papal election, is amongst the greatest and most impeccable examples of human decency, strong leadership and Latin-spitting rap performance.

In all seriousness, we as a group probably couldn't respect Will more. It's scarcely believable that one man can have as many man-crushes and avid followers as he does, and yet he bears it with an effortless modesty and grace that means his future is most definitely a bright one.

As for his divinity, that's for each of us to decide.

Good bye, Riesy. We will all miss you!

So there we have it: a compilation of memories, of laughs and of some slightly sarcastic anarchist tendencies that have characterised our year.

If our career at the *Sixth Form Mercury* has any impact on our future lives and on the memories of our peers we hope it is this: that when you feel that sharp pang of loss for times gone by, this article can provide some relief. Because every member of our year will share that pain, that solemn appreciation of times gone by and an understanding that this school has provided us with seven years of fantastic (if academically exhausting) memories.

This is the legacy that *Mercury* shall leave, but more importantly, it is the legacy that each and every member of our year has contributed to. This school won't see such variety of character for years to come.

To quote the film trilogy that has characterised our childhood and saw us, aged 16 and 17, crying at a PG film: "To infinity... And beyond!"



## Othello review

On Monday 29 April, a group of sixth formers once again converged upon a London Theatre to watch a play, courtesy of Mrs Guy. This time round the play was Othello, and it was held at the National Theatre.

It was a beautiful day, and the group of L6 I was with travelled down straight after school to the Southbank. We met the U6 (who were particularly excited, as they had studied the play) and our group of would-be thespians was complete. It was with great excitement that we took our seats.

One of the most notable aspects of this rendition of the play was the actors involved. Adrian Lester played the titular character – and he did so with remarkable aplomb. Exuding power, Lester's performance was a powerful reminder of how even the best can fall – and we sympathise heavily with Othello.

Iago warns Othello to guard himself against his own jealousy with the immortal words 'Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock The meat it feeds on', and Lester plays the slide into a jealous maniac excellently, his performance rife with emotion – perfectly embodying Othello's tragic hamartia.

Whilst Lester's performance was fantastic, the show was stolen by another – Rory Kinnear, playing Iago. Rather than playing Iago as a secretly raging individual, Kinnear's Iago instead burns with a slow, cold contempt for his lord. His manipulation of Roderigo and others is carried out in a malicious manner, and



*Rory Kinnear as Iago and Adrian Lester as Othello*

whilst Iago only lets his poker face slip occasionally, his glee is portrayed perfectly.

The disparity between his complete lack of emotion when addressing Othello, and this aforementioned glee made for a gripping performance, and Rory Kinnear lived up to his vaunted reviews and reputation.

None of the supporting roles particularly stood out to me other than that of Emelia, played by Lyndesy Marshall. Her devotion to Desdemona was palpable, as was her naivety when it came to Iago's actions.

Tom Robertson's role as the constantly cowed Roderigo is worth a mention, but that is as far as it comes. Desdemona's love was unconvincing for me; and I thought her foolish rather than brave; and Cassio was no more than a passing memory.

The interpretation of the play was quite unique. We are

never explicitly told the time setting but the pistols used by the characters in their army fatigues, coupled with the sounds of swooping aircraft overhead, make it obvious that we are looking at a modern setting. This influenced the set, which I thought was magnificent. What at first seemed a rotating set also incorporated an ingenious system of rooms – with shipping containers and the like making for a minimalist interior.

Despite the large environs which the set depicts, the lighting and area occupied by characters give the play a claustrophobic feeling, helping to build tension and force us to focus upon the actors.

Having never studied Othello, I was not as excited as some of the other boys were. Even so, it was clear to understand and I found the play engaging, with brilliant performances supplemented by a believable set.

I would like to thank Mrs Guy for organising the trip, and to urge all sixth formers: get yourself down to the next performance!



# The logic of Lorenzo

By Lorenzo Wong

## Reflections on Sport at Wilson's



I can still remember my first taste of Wilson's football. Having been drafted into the U12Bs, I began walking out onto the field, ready and buzzing for my first training session. What ensued was to be my first of many humiliating moments at the school, as I unknowingly walked into the dizzy heights of the U12As, involuntarily depicting myself as a pompous and deluded member of the year group.

In fact, one of the old U12As who probably burst out in laughter as I eventually walked away in shame was Niall McManus, who, seven years on, is set to sign a professional contract at Millwall FC. And though Niall did almost make me burst out in tears by screaming at me when I misplaced a pass on a woeful A-team debut later that year, I've just about gotten over it and so can admire his feat.

No one can deny that Wilson's falls victim to the notorious 'Chicken & Chips' schools around the area due to our academic superiority. However, it would be nice if said institutions occasionally gave us a hard time due to our achievements in sport instead.

It's quite something that there could be future Olympians and sporting extraordinaires within our ranks. For a start, the likes of Jacob Paul, Lolu Oluwole-Ojo, and Will and Tom Johnson, have already competed in athletics and judo respectively at continental capacity. Even more astonishing is the Johnson twins' uncanny resemblance to London Mayor and namesake

Boris, who seemed intent on endorsing a new generation of recreation enthusiasts ... before giving the Olympic Stadium to West Ham.

The accomplishments over the years in a wide variety of sports have been more than commendable. On the football pitch, the 1st XI crowned a fantastic season with a Surrey League and Cup double, with the latter being sealed following a tense penalty shootout against rivals Riddlesdown, made all the better given that they had previously been an irritable hindrance in our quest for silverware.

Additionally, the opening of the new cricket nets have made a shorter season, due to exams, much more enjoyable. And, as always, members of the year continue to excel and participate in badminton and table tennis.

However, my personal sporting highlight this year has been following the astounding progress and success of the 1st XV rugby team. Admittedly, it's not a sport which I've considered participating in, mainly due to the fact I'd be snapped in two, but those who do have exceeded expectations, given that rugby was never near the top of the agenda a few years back.

The 1st XV sealed victory in the Emerging Schools League and a runners up place in the Emerging Schools Sevens Tournament.

But the most enjoyable moment for me, and I'm sure for a lot of the players, was beating local rivals Sutton Grammar at Fortress Wilson's itself to seal the League Winners Trophy - with the passionate pitch invasion that followed showing that sport remains an integral part of the school experience.

No matter one's ability or reluctance towards it, there can be no denying that everyone has contributed in some way to sport at Wilson's. From being smacked in the face by a stray football on the astros because you weren't concentrating, to scoring the winning penalty in a Surrey Cup final, and from successfully throwing a Coke can into a nearby bin, to scoring the winning try against that borderline comprehensive 'Grammar School', you have all instilled some pride in yourself through an act of sporting brilliance or humiliation. Certainly, I must confess that hitting someone in the head with a Beckham-like curler from 30 yards was a moment of unbridled joy.

Though it is a cliché, it goes without saying that the winning in such matters is only satisfying if it comes with a sense of unity, elation, and most importantly, simplicity - which is what the sporting experience here certainly offers. As the great Muhammad Ali once said of his boxing career: "It's just a job. Grass grows, birds fly, waves pound the sand. I beat people up".