



WEEKLY PARENT BULLETIN NO 16 – WEEK B

Week Commencing 8th January 2024

Monday 8 th January	Term 3 starts for all students Mid-year assessments in class all week
Tuesday 9 th January	
Wednesday 10 th January	
Thursday 11 th January	
Friday 12 th January	Year 7 - 9 Data Reports Home Year 11 Fine Art Mock Exam all day

As we close in on the end of this term and we think back and reflect on all we have achieved, it's impressive to see how far we have come since September.

It has been brilliant to watch our extra-curricular programme grow and go from strength to strength alongside our flourishing house system. These parts of school life are what, I think, makes The Dean Academy such a special place to be. Whether it be through Clay Club, Dungeons and Dragons, Zoology Club, House Chess or one of many aspirations trips and speakers we hope there has been something which has captured you child's interests. We know that school life is about far more than academics and seeing our young people engage brilliantly both inside and outside of the classroom this term has been wonderful. I certainly know that students have enjoyed seeing a return to more normal elements of school life – such as clubs, trips, visits and house competitions. All of this going on is testament to the hard work and determination of students and staff.

A real highlight for me was this term's Christmas Concert where we saw our very best musicians and performers put on a truly brilliant show for all of our guests! Well done to everyone involved!

You'll be aware that attendance has been a school wide priority since September and we are also pleased to see that attendance seems to be climbing again. For me, this is a good indicator that students get a good deal, and are proud of their school, and want to be here!

As Christmas approaches, I know everyone is feeling ready for a break. I would like to extend my warmest wishes to you for the festive season and I hope you all have a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year. On behalf of all of us at The Dean Academy I would like to thank you for your continuing support.

Richard Brand
Headteacher

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DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Thursday 25 th January 2024	Year 8 Progress Evening
Friday 26 th January 2024	Inset Day (no students in school)

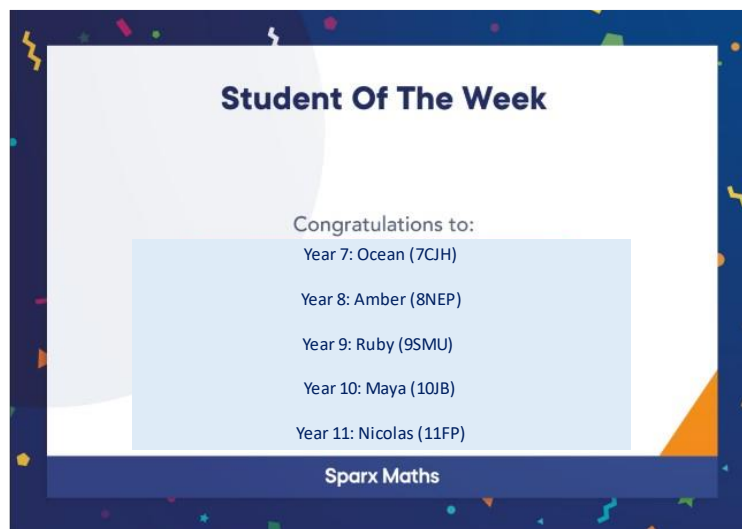
ENJOYMENT

ACHIEVEMENT

COMMUNITY

Congratulations to the following weekly winners of our attendance raffle week ending 15th December 2023

KS3 – Jayden J – Year 8
KS4 – Megan K – Year 10



BRIGHT SPOTS

WRITER OF THE WEEK

This week's writer of the week is Lexie in Year 8.

'Death and Dreams'

I walked out of the barn, I hear crying. I see a girl," what's wrong?" I asked her, "what's your name?"

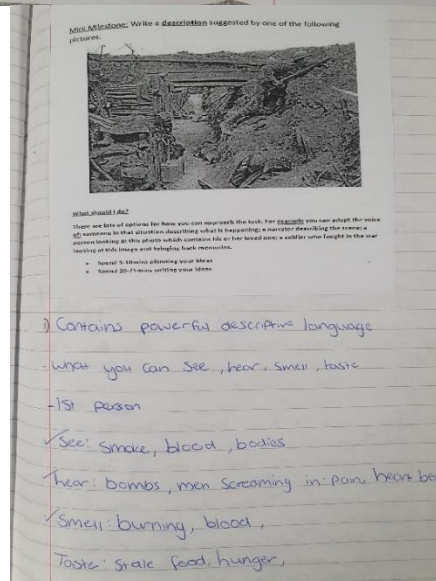
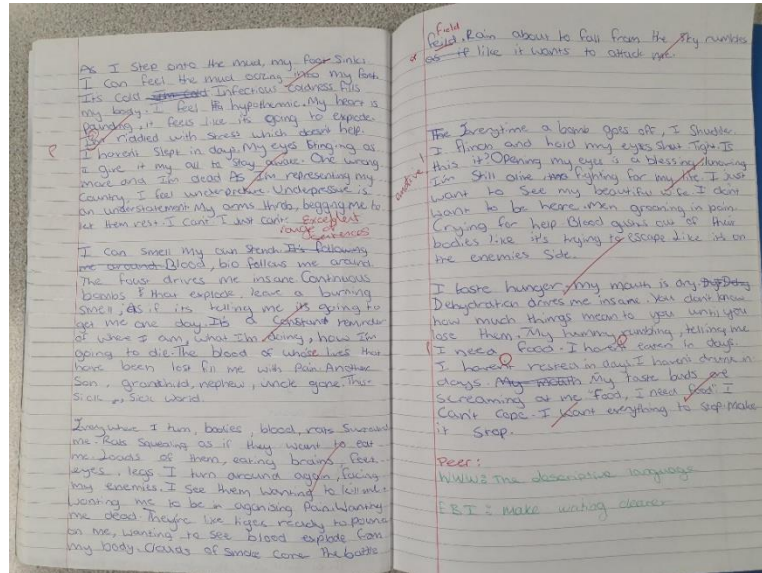
" Evie... I can't find my mother..." I knew her mother probably died during the purge, days ago. That must be hard.



"I'm sorry. But she's up above now." Evie cried more, I hugged her. "Hey why don't you come with me?" She nodded as she stood. We arrived at my apartment.
"Can I call you dad?" She asked.
"P... Dad? Sure." She smiled. For once my heart felt joy. A tear fell. I have to protect her. An innocent, traumatised soul.

ENGLISH

Ava-Lily in Year 9 produced an emotive response in her mini-milestone for English. We are currently studying war poetry into descriptive writing and Ava-Lily was able to exhibit a brilliant range of sentence structures for effect.



Well done to Rosa FH, Arnav M and Ava P on their gothic narratives, excellent work.



Rosa

The mountain house's property line stretched about three quarters of the down the hill. Its old, gothic design was unwelcoming to say the least. Its garden was so overgrown with briars and brambles that it had become a mess of unearthly weeds.

I was the first out of the car, snuffling and sniffing all that there was to smell. The place reeked of an evil, ancient darkness. So old that even Easwa's greatest grannies would not be able to unwind its vines.

The land smelt... wrong. It stank of an evil as old as time itself. It wasn't right here. I could already feel its sinister tentacles feeling blindly towards me and my loved ones.

Ash was next out of the car, closely followed by Daniel. It felt as if he had changed since his last rage only the previous night. I almost liked him now. I think Ash didn't mind him so much either. He had changed. For the better, I was almost sure.

"Wow!" Ash breathed, craning her neck to take in the sheer size of the impossible building.

"Wow seems like an understatement if I'm being honest," Daniel said still just as shocked as Ash.

No, no, no. They couldn't feel the darkness the way that my eyes and paws could. They didn't know that the darkness had already caught one of them (though at this point, I shan't reveal who). They were unaware of the effect this mountain mansion had already had on them.

"Hey Ash, what on earth is that?" Daniel called out in surprise as he gestured at a rusty, dirt covered blade that looked as if it was one with the ground.

"It looks like... like a knife." Ashley answered just as puzzled.

Daniel then reached down into the undergrowth. Thorns ripping and tearing his hand and sleeve. Yet he seemed unaware of his bleeding body. Then his blood covered hand finally rested on the knife as he finally seized the blade.

I felt it.

I felt the darkness explode in Daniel's hand. There was no going back now. We had all become part of the house. Going back was not an option anymore. It had all been decided in the blink of an eye by an old, deadly knife.

We could not go.

The rooms of the house crawled with the darkness. The walls were cracked and crooked, tangled with weeds which had somehow slithered through the flooring. It was dark and dank in every corner and everywhere we went the danger was making itself known.

We didn't have much stuff so it didn't *← Try to finish.*

Exposition

All the tired little schoolkids sat around the campfire. They were all extremely exhausted after just one day of them exploring the magical forest that surrounded them on this warm summer's night (the forest wouldn't look out of place in a fairytale). It was all quiet at first, the only sounds to be heard was the calling of the mockingbirds, the search of the squirrels, the leaping of the deer. This was all until the children started pleading to the camp warden.

"Please!" they all begged in unison, "Please tell us the story!"

Jacob looked at the children in regret; he hated having to say no, but he had to.

"I can't! It's too late! As much as I would love to, I can't. Your parents wouldn't be pleased with me if I brought you home with bags under your eyes. Oh, my goodness, look at the time! It's practically 10 o'clock! Get to bed, lot of you." The children sighed and did as they were told. Well, almost, until: "What if, the smallest one, Margaret began, "you tell us the story tonight, and we promise to go to bed extra early tomorrow?" she smiled to herself, admiring her own smarts, she knew he couldn't really say no to this.

"Excuse me!" the oldest one, Jane piped up, "I did not agree to this in any shape or form! Why doesn't he just tell us the story anyway, but we go to bed at a reasonable time?" she squealed in anger.

"Well, you can just go to bed when I tell the others the story?" Jacob pointed out, "Ooh, I might brew up some steaming hot chocolate too! It's one or the other, Jane."

"Fine, I'll listen to this lame story, but only for the hot chocolate!" she exclaimed.

Ava P

The Maths students were sat at their boring seats, leaning back Maths with the most boring teacher in the world, Mr Osborne, slanting a glower of them. Whilst all his classmates wrote down the equations from the whiteboard, Jacob was listening to the scripping sounds coming from the headteacher's office. He knew almost immediately something must have been wrong.

"Um, excuse me, Jacob?" Mr Osborne enquired in a booming voice, "Surely you treat the thinking of something other interesting to not be focused on the most interesting lesson on algebra, so tell the class what you were discussing about now, will you?"

Jacob was rather hesitant to answer. Should he tell the truth and risk getting a detention or lie but get a detention anyway because everyone knew how much of a terrible liar he was.

Before he could even open his mouth to answer, the curtains swung shut, the windows closed themselves and a monstrous figure stood in the doorway. It roared a vicious growl and slammed the door shut so hard the door fell off its hinges.

Climax

"ARGHH!" the schoolchildren all shouted together in unison, the same fear lured in all their little voices. They all knew there wasn't anything they could do to save themselves. Suddenly, the figure lunged forward and zoomed for the huddle the children all made, with Mr Osborne 'heretically' standing behind all of them. He screamed in terror after the monster scratched at his whiteboard (I guess it hated Maths as much as the children). The villain stared galloping their way and as the students lunged to the left, it ran past them. Their gazes followed every movement the monster made - regretting it soon-. The beast slit the teachers throat, and with a final scream of terror, Mr Osborne was dead.

Rosa

Final Draft - Gothic Story

It was a word on the story you Jacob had to hear. This tale of abandon, terror and pain will be tough and traumatic to retell. Most of you will be as lost as to what I am blathering (I am a dog after all but the coves that have led me to where I am today must be known to those who will listen. So let me take you through my life, my past. Through everything that has happened throughout my history. My story begins as a puppy. So innocent and unknowing. My gaze far too big for my head. My eyes large enough for a swim. But my sweet, delicate features, nothing of the horror that was to come.

First came Ashley. My master. Who fed me and watered me. Being torn from your mother at birth is never easy for a pup but Ashley made it easier. She helped with the separation from my mother. She was kind and caring. She was all I knew for a long time. Then, Daniel came.

I knew nothing of who he was nor what he was doing to mine and Ashley's home; he had to go though. For he had no respect for Ashley's belongings and valuables. And in anger, nothing and no one could prevent nor cease his fowl rage.

It was as if he flicked a switch in his cruel mind and became a charging bull with no mercy nor care for his surroundings.

He had to go.

There was a house. An ancient fossil of a home that perched precariously upon the closest hill. It was a house that had belonged to Ashley's bloodline for as long as any of the valley's elders could remember.

Ashley's plan was to send Daniel to that awful haunting place. But Daniel being Daniel, had other ideas.

He proposed that Ash and I should live in that evil, sinister relic. There was no surprise that that was his suggestion. He'd never liked me. He'd decided that from the moment he clapped eyes on me. He was always granting orders at me saying things like, "Angus, go get me some of that shine that Ash keeps in her cabinet." Or "What you doing staring at that door, she's coming back you whiny little shit!" He had no grasp of what a dog could physically do or wanted to do. He was an awful man, yet he still had the audacity, the nerve to tell Ash and I to move out of our own property. He must have known what her answer would be the second he said it.

However, at Ashley's first rejection to his plan, he fell into the deceitful hole that consumed him when in anger. He destroyed everything in his wake leaving no heirloom undamaged, no table unturned, nothing in Ash and I's beloved home was left to salvage.

We had to go.

It was late, very late when the ratty old jeep pulled up on the road that ran over each hill and valley that Easwa county had to offer. The lantern that Ashley's cold, icy hands were in the darkness was flickering uncertainly in the unforgiving gale.

Daniel had succeeded in forcing get of our home. But just like most of his plans, something had gone wrong, horribly wrong. Daniel was going to have to move in with us once more.



Arriv

Hooded figures formed a circle around the family, their faces shrouded in darkness. They contained chaotic, rebound reverberating off the walls and filling the room. The family could feel the weight of the ritual, the dark energy suffocating them. They knew that they were in the presence of something ancient and malevolent.

As the chanting grew louder, the air became thick with the smell of incense and burning wax. The family was paralysed with fear, unable to move or speak. They were at the mercy of the hooded figures, who were drawing power from the ritual.

The family didn't know what was going to happen next, but they knew that they were in grave danger. They could feel the malevolent energy building, and they braced themselves for the worst.

The family went through a terrifying night that changed their lives forever. Although they were lucky to survive, the cost of their survival was high. They could never forget the loved one that had been left behind in the darkness of the cathedral, sacrificed to the ancient gods of the underworld. The family knew that their kin's sacrifice was not in vain, as it was an essential part of the ritual to awaken Tartarus and Nyx, the primordial deities of the abyss. The mere thought of such a sinister plan being hatched in their midst left them deeply traumatized. They later discovered that the gods had made their monks immortal because of their devotion to the gods, and this knowledge in their grief made them take an even longer time to come to terms with the incident and recover from its aftermath.

It had been years since that fateful night, yet the family could still hear the haunting echoes of the chanting that had filled the air, sending shivers down their spines. The memory of their trip to Greece was now forever an uncomfortable experience the remaining family soon grew distant. And vanished of the face of the earth, forgotten and unknown.

An impressive short story that demonstrated her progress with your work a superb effort!

Act P

'Alright, sounds like a good deal to me! I'll call your teacher, Mr Bates and let him know to bring some hot chocolate and cookies!'

'Yay!' the children squealed in delight. After the goodies were posted in special delivery bags, the scene was set, and the story was told...

Rising action

Another flashback. Another memory. Another salty tear running down Ms Woll's cheek. Why wouldn't this pain go away?! It all came rushing back to her just by looking at the little picture of her husband on her desk. The pain, the fear, the image of the beast. Ever since he died, she kept that little reminder of him; just to remember. Remember his face, his cologne that consumed her every time she walked into his office. She awaited the day. The day she died. The day she would be reunited with her husband. The day she would be relieved from the pain.

Suddenly, with a flood of black mist, Ms Woll was gone, and she was replaced by the beast she held within. Its eyes were glowing a very dark shade of red that left a neon trail of red light as they moved. The luscious hair that once sat on her head fell off in angry clumps, leaving bulging, dark purple splotches on her head. Her flowing midsummer dress fell to the floor in shreds; the beautiful, clean body she once knew was replaced with something far more dangerous than any reader could even dare to think of.

Ms Woll was gone, and the titan was released, ready to destroy anything that got in its way.

Chapter 1

Falling action

'Come on, Jacob! You can do this! Do it for Mathew. Do it for your family and friends.' Jacob was giving himself a pep talk as he worked. The plan was working; everything was set up perfectly. As Jacob's classmates trundled back in (the surviving ones anyway), he got them to make as much noise as they could to draw attention to themselves.

They heard the beast sprinting back to the building. The plan had started. The titan tripped on the string and Jacob sprayed the contents of the fire extinguisher into its eyes and the children stabbed and beat the monster with all their might.

Could you return to the campfire?

A highly engaging and well-controlled narrative - I thoroughly enjoyed reading

The return of the old-world order

As the sun set over the ancient Greece, they found themselves in the middle of a bustling town. The air was thick with the smell of spices and the sound of voices. The family was reunited, and they were all gathered around a campfire, talking and laughing. The family knew that their kin's sacrifice was not in vain, as it was an essential part of the ritual to awaken Tartarus and Nyx, the primordial deities of the abyss. The mere thought of such a sinister plan being hatched in their midst left them deeply traumatized. They later discovered that the gods had made their monks immortal because of their devotion to the gods, and this knowledge in their grief made them take an even longer time to come to terms with the incident and recover from its aftermath.

As they sat down to eat, the family felt a sense of safety and security within the cathedral's walls. They knew that they were safe here, but in that moment, they felt like they belonged. The grand cathedral had become a sanctuary from the harsh realities of the world outside.

As the sun started to rise behind the horizon, the family's mood shifted from the calm and serene to an unsettling feeling. The shadows grew longer, and the stirring of the bird finally faded away. The family felt as if they were being watched, as if something was not right just then, out of nowhere, a group of hooded figures appeared before them. The family was completely caught off guard by the sudden appearance of these mysterious figures, and their hearts began to race with fear and uncertainty. The hooded figures had an eerie presence, and their faces were concealed in darkness, which made it impossible for the family to identify them. The family stood there, unsure about what to do, as the hooded figures surrounded them. Their air was thick with tension and fear, and the family felt trapped in this surreal moment.

Despite their frantic attempts to break free, the family found themselves powerless against the hooded figures that had ambushed them. The figures were strong and well-coordinated, and they quickly overpowered the family. The family was dragged deep into the cathedral's maze of dark corridors, their eyes darting back and forth to make sense of their surroundings.

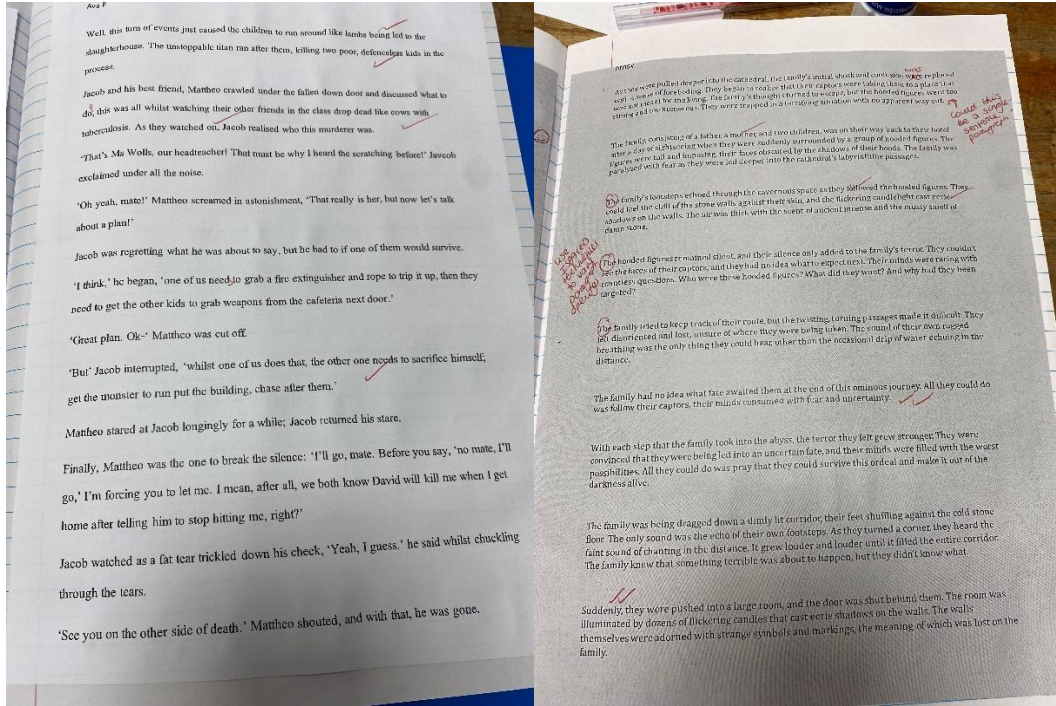
The corridors were narrow and winding, with little light except for the occasional flicker of a candle flame. The air was damp and musty, and the family's breathing became saturated as they struggled to keep up with their captors. Fear gripped them tightly, and their hearts pounded in their chests with a mix of panic and adrenaline.



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Richard Brand, Headteacher



Year 7 students have been studying a unit called 'Words That Burn', about poetry that presents viewpoints and perspectives. These perspectives are on contentious issues, rights, equality, diversity, inclusion and mental health amongst other things. Students were asked to write their own poems on a range of topics and then they presented them to the class in the style of a 'poetry slam'.



Faridat O



Freya C



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Harry V



Isla-Rae P



Liam FC



Monika N



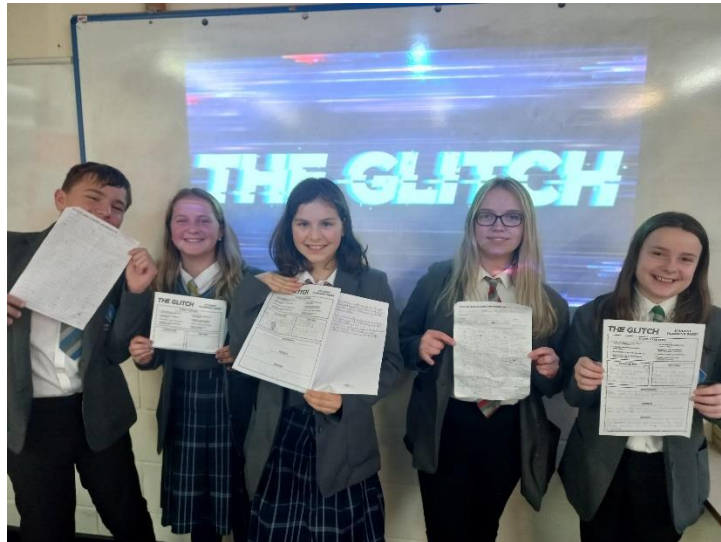
Ocean E

Tilly E



WRITING COMPETITION

The following students have submitted stories for a writing competition. It's for the Young Writers Group and the title for the competition is Glitch. They had to write a 110 word story based on a technological advancement that ends the world.



Rory P, Ellie P, Sofia B, Lexie L & Lydia JB

DEAN SCRIBBLERS WRITING COMPETITION

Last Tuesday Lucibella S in Year 7 attended the awards ceremony for the Dean Scribblers Writing Competition and we are very pleased to say that she won second prize in her age category. Lucibella won book tokens to the value of £50. Lucibella's story was called "The Spiral Stone." Well done Lucibellar!

MFL

Our Year 9 students have today had the amazing opportunity to apply and develop their Spanish language skills with Steve Eadon from the organisation Mingalaba. Amongst a plethora of other amazing experiences, Steve has worked with a range of football clubs, including Arsenal, and has shared how languages open doors to incredible global opportunities and make individuals stand out! Students took part in an assembly and Spanish football practical sessions as they explored why languages are so incredibly important! We have been amazed at their fantastic football and language skills!



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James P, Jayden T & Bradley L



George T, Regan M, Luke G & Daniel H



Evie M & Josh V



MFL CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLIES

We have had the absolute privilege this week to listen to Dina and Wesley present absolutely phenomenal assemblies about how Christmas is celebrated in their home countries Ukraine and Zimbabwe. We have all been absolutely stunned by their wonderful presentation skills and the fascinating content. We would like to say a massive thank you to Dina and Wesley - we feel so grateful to have been able to learn from you both!



MFL: WEIHNACHTSMARKT (Christmas Market) 2023!

We have had a really exciting week as our wonderful MFL Ambassadors ran The Dean Academy Weihnachtsmarkt (Christmas Market) 2023! We were absolutely blown away by the incredible products that students made and sold, all whilst using their fabulous language skills. Amongst many other incredible products, students created spectacular German Gingerbread Masterpieces, wonderful cakes, beautiful jewellery and fantastic Christmas cards. We are so proud of all our students for running this Christmas market and we would like to say an enormous 'danke schön' (thank you very much) to everybody who has supported it in so many ways- it wouldn't have been possible without your generosity.



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From all of us, we wish you all Frohe Weihnachten, Feliz Navidad et Joyeux Noël et Bonne Année 2024! We hope that you all have a healthy and happy holidays.



Rhys T, Leyland P, Alfie N, Odin T

Ava L



By Ava L

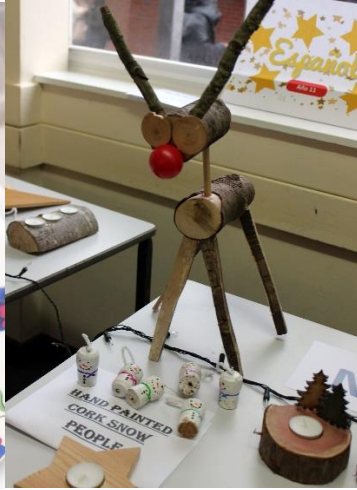




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By Alfie B

Eliza K

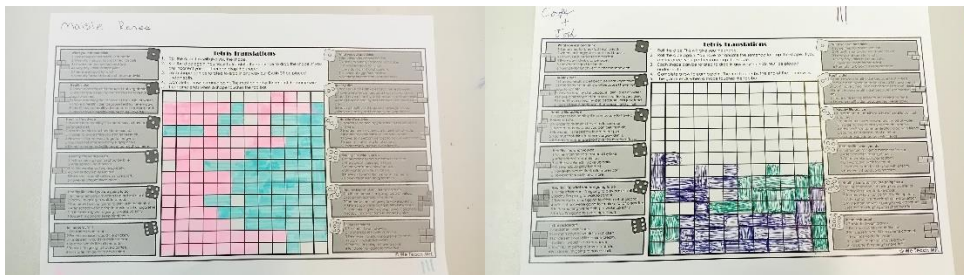


Isla S & Mia S



Mariia K, Mobo O, Charles J

Year 9 Spanish students have enjoyed consolidating this term's learning through Tetris Translations.

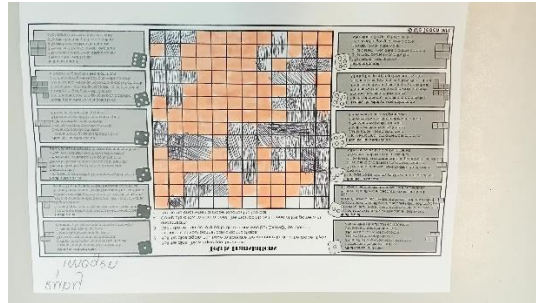




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CANNOP HOUSE WINNER REWARDS

Students enjoyed a hot chocolate with marshmallows served up by Mr Brand and Mrs Rowlands at break time on Thursday before going into an extra lesson of 'Winter Warriors' in the sports hall! Well done, Cannop!



Jack P

Joseph C



CHRISTMAS CINNAMON WREATH

Here is Year 10 student Jayden with his cinnamon wreath, made in his Hospitality and Catering lesson. It looks delicious! Merry Christmas to all of the students, staff, parents and carers in our Dean Academy community, from the EPIC team.



Here is Finley delivering some of our cards and gifts to staff across the school. We are always so grateful to them and all they do to support us also our Secret Santa gifts ready to be opened by our students tomorrow!



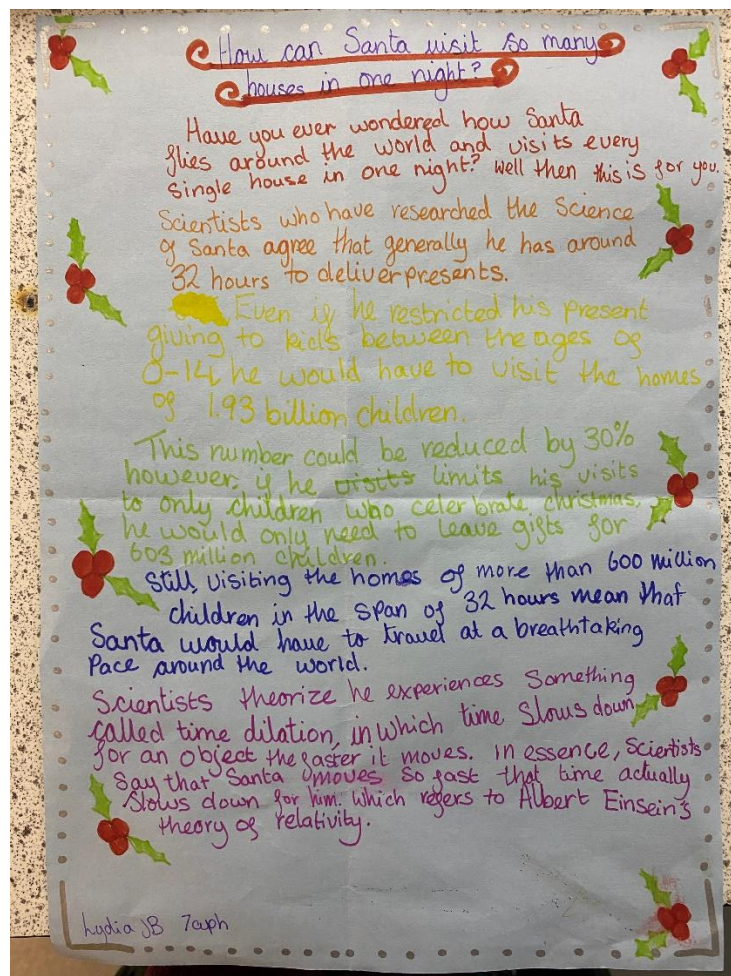


SCIENCE COMPETITION

Thank you to those students who put in the time and effort to enter a poster into the Christmas Science Poster Competition. Miss Wheatstone was very impressed with the level of research that went into explaining Christmas phenomena.

Well done to Harvey V in Year 8 for achieving 1st place with their dedicated research poster on 'How Can the Grinch's Heart Scientifically Grow 3 Sizes?' and Lydia B in Year 7 for achieving 2nd place with their creative poster asking, 'How Can Santa Visit So Many Houses in One Night?'

Enjoy your prizes and have a wonderful Christmas both.





At the end, having learned that stealing the presents does not destroy the Whos' fellowship and joy, he begins to see the deeper meaning of the holiday. He has a change of heart, and when he returns their gifts, his heart grows three sizes.

But how did it grow 3 sizes that quick ????

That's what we are going to look at today in this research... how can the grinch's heart grow that quickly...

Can your heart grow three sizes, like the grinch's heart did ?

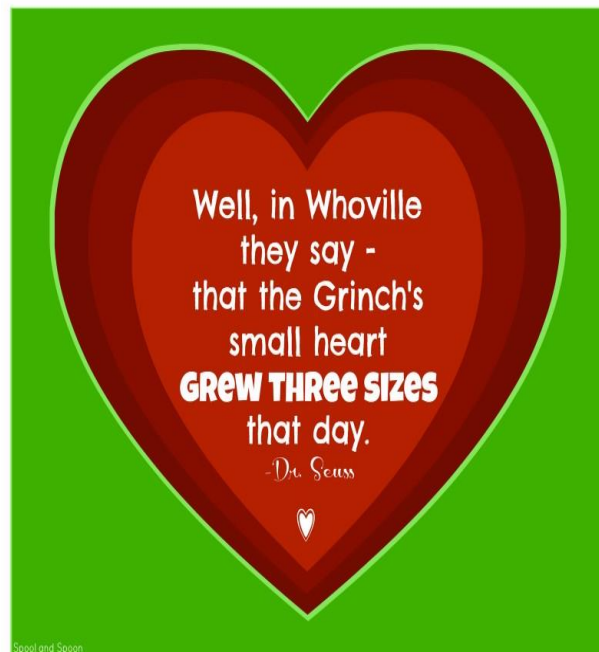
At the beginning of Dr. Seuss' "How the Grinch Stole Christmas," the green, pot-bellied, feline-faced Grinch is a bitter, foul-tempered misanthrope whose heart is "two sizes too small." In the middle of the story, he plots to steal all the Christmas gifts in Whoville and toss them from a cliff. At the end, having learned that stealing the presents does not destroy the Whos' fellowship and joy, he begins to see the deeper meaning of the holiday. He has a change of heart, and when he returns their gifts, his heart grows three sizes

The Grinch's heart figures prominently in the lyrics, which include the lines, "Your heart's an empty hole," "Your heart's a dead tomato splotted with moldy purple spots," and "Your heart is full of unwashed socks." The book offers some clues as to how the Grinch's heart came to be in such sorry shape. Perhaps drawing on Charles Dickens' portrait of Ebenezer Scrooge in "A Christmas Carol," Seuss paints a creature who has been living in near-complete isolation for many years – in the Grinch's case, 53 years atop a lonely cliff overlooking the town. Every year, he observes the people of Whoville celebrating the holiday, and the sounds of bells ringing and the singing of Christmas carols has become positively unbearable to him.



So, is this phenomenon possible? Well, a professor called **Richard Gunderman** Quoted.

"As a physician, I know that heart size matters. Having always assumed that bigger muscles are better muscles, in medical school I was surprised to learn that **cardiomegaly**, the medical term for a large heart, is in fact a sign of disease – most commonly an indicator of heart failure, a condition that afflicts nearly **6 million U.S. adults**. The heart gets bigger because, as its ability to pump blood begins to decline, it allows its muscle fibers to be stretched more, like a spring, in order to recoil with greater force."





It's all about how you think what the heart does. To the Who the heart is kindness and helpfulness etc. so when they say it grew three sizes this could mean how he changed afterward. We see physical growth, though. yeah, but the heart shown growing in his chest in the grinch movie isn't anatomically correct

So scientifically as shown by our evidence the grinch's heart should not be able to grow 3 sizes bigger without having a heart disease.

The Grinch: Hate, hate, hate. Hate, hate, hate. Double hate. LOATHE ENTIRELY!

Yet again he did say he hated people repeatedly say he loathed them entirely so maybe just maybe his heart grew three sizes bigger so he can be kinder to people...



SCIENCE CLUB TERM 2 APPRECIATION

Miss Wheatstone would like to say a massive thank you and a very Merry Christmas to all the Science Stars that make the effort and are dedicated to attending Science Club every week including Becca B, Phoebe A, Wesley A, Alex P, Kerri-Anne H, Frankie T, April D, Cohen P, Jasmine S, Isa A-H, Oscar H, Jake D, Erin W and Freya W.

I have thoroughly enjoyed all the fun experiments and crafts we have undertaken, ranging from making fat balls for the birds to making lavender bath bombs. **Miss Wheatstone**



C Potter



B Baxter



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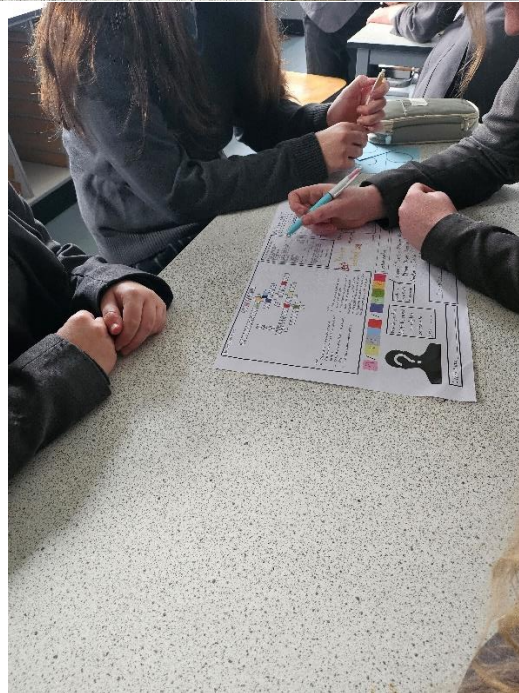
J Skuse

Jake D





Students have been completing a Science based escape room in Miss Musto's class. Students needed to complete Science based puzzles to determine who had locked them in and the code needed to get the key and escape.





ART

Miss Hinchey's Year 7 Textiles class have made a 1 x 1 metre rainforest scene based from Max H's design using batik..



PRIMARY TRANSITION: PE SESSION AT THE DEAN ACADEMY

This week we were delighted to host a special Indoor Athletics Festival for local primary schools. Pupils from Ellwood, Pillowell and Woolaston primaries attended the event and took part in a variety of athletic challenges including javelin, standing long jump, hurdles and many more. Leading the children around the circuit were our fantastic Year 10 GCSE PE students who were a real credit to the school! Well done.



Alfie D & Ollie T



Ellice C & Lacie E



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YEAR 11 – EMBRACE THE GEEK

Our Embrace the Geek initiative continues to go from strength to strength and is a great way to encourage and motivate our Year 11s. Hard working students, who have been nominated by a teacher for outstanding work, are entered into a prize draw with some great prizes up for grabs. This week one of the prizes for one lucky winner, Arron, was tea and biscuits with the Head, Mr Brand!



CAREERS

<https://thedeacademy.org/wp-content/uploads/2023/12/ACT-Newsletter-14.12.23.pdf>