



Emily and Chloe are picture perfect

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLDS Emily Smith and Chloe Peirce from The Ridgeway School spent a week at the Swindon Advertiser on work experience. Here are some of the photographs they took during that week. For more, visit swindonadvertiser.co.uk/sa



Oh yes, it's really good!

I KNOW this might be a strange time to be writing about pantomime.

But to be honest I have only just got round to writing it! I am writing this as a teenage boy having been persuaded to go along with the family to see Aladdin in December.

Some children at the words "We are going to see a show" would throw a big paddy shouting that they do not want to go.

But they do not know what they are going to miss. That's right I am saying these shows are amazing.

All right it is embarrassing when the actor tries to interact with you; then again you will have a story that not many people would have to tell.

Actors like to get the whole crowd young or old to shout "boo" and doing some wacky moves.

In this instance, I went to a show at the Wyvern Theatre on a Sunday just before Christmas. It was about the classic story of Aladdin claiming it was Swindon's biggest ever pantomime with the star being Eastenders and Extras Shaun Williamson.

My view of the show is that it was amazingly funny but at the same time if you didn't know the whole story line like I didn't, you're left with a lasting overall good feeling, whilst thinking about the moral story underneath.

In this show the morals covered included not to judge people by their appearance and not to be too greedy because you might end up with nothing.

Using 21st century technology like 3D, it also uses the normal props to make you believe that you are in the scene no matter where they are in the world.

I think people should go to a show near Christmas because it's a great night out for the whole family to interact with the actors on the stage and if you are lucky you yourself might be invited for a once a life time experience.

• By Jordan McKenzie, 13, Isambard School... for the rest of this review, visit swindonadvertiser.co.uk/sa

GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS

GOING into a press conference for the very first time is an interesting experience.

There is a unique breed of tension in the air, which is only split when the interviewee enters the room.

Then, for the following few moments all is silent, apart from a reporter asking questions, and the odd shuffle of a man easing his weight from one foot to the other. The interviewee, a Swindon Town football player, is clearly used to giving interviews; answering each question in a clear, calm and casual way.

I stand there interested, witnessing a press conference for the very first time.

Of course, I had seen them on the TV before, but only there. When one stands there they see the waiting, the build-up and the anticipation, it forms into a totally new experience.

Between the interviews, there is light banter between the reporters. Until the manager walks in. Then, for the briefest of moments all is silent; but it is almost instantly broken when greetings are made.

The manager sits down, and the microphones move with well practised agility as close to his mouth as possible; then there is the distinct air of eager anticipation, before one reporter breaks the ice and asks the first question.

The manager listens intently before giving his reply.

His use of language is casual, but one can tell that every word is pre-meditated and carefully selected.

The subject of the conversation wanders for a while, before resting on something which each of the reporters are mutually interested in: a new mystery player.

The manager gives nothing away; he teases the

reporters in a playful manner, pretending to give something away before saying something that completely contradicts what he has previously said and as a result, leaving the reporters with no more information to the identity of the player. It remains concealed for now.

Then, after some minor questions, the interview is over.

The manager leaves the room composed. The reporters wait a few seconds, and then, one by one file out of the room.

The reporters walk together to their cars, exchanging opinions on the outcome of upcoming matches.

There is the odd laugh and a murmur of agreement, before the reporter I am with reaches his car. I follow him into the vehicle and return to the office.

• By Oliver Hillier, 15, The Ridgeway School

Do the maths

"RYAN, sit up straight!" spat Mr Myoshihi, my Math's teacher. I hated him. He always had something to moan at me for.

"Ryan, stop chewing! Ryan, stop talking! Ryan, look at me when I'm speaking! Ryan, don't write in pencil!" it just wasn't fair. There were people in class who would actually not do any work at all, but he just picked on me. I would actually do my work, unlike most people in the class. My grades were all positive and high: straight sevens. No-one doubted how well I worked, except Mr Myoshihi. It was almost as if he had a grudge on me. One I didn't know about. I looked at the clock. Only ten more minutes to go.

On my way home from school, one of my "decent" friends approached me. Matt Watling was the sort of person you could trust. He too did his work, and had a full sweep of sevens.

"Had another Myoshihi nightmare today?"

"You guessed it. He seriously needs sorting out, you've seen the other people in the class, yet he picks on you."

"Nothing we can do about it though, is there?"

I got to my room and collapsed on my bed.

• By Calvin Sharpe, Year 9, Nova Hreod... for the rest of this story, visit swindonadvertiser.co.uk/sa

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