Thursday 25th September 2025

I have news… great news… we managed to get to 6:55am before the children woke up! Yes, 6:55am! Let's hope for 7am tomorrow! Slamming doors, however, are not the most fun to wake up to. I am sure that this morning was a collaborative effort to make a door slamming orchestra.

This morning's breakfast was served promptly at 8:20am by the lovely Nikki and despite her pouring the fresh milk into the jugs, we soon lost count of the number of children who used the gone off adult milk that was waiting to be poured down the sink. The food was once again demolished before the wetsuits were wheeled back out ready for the next onslaught of attempting to put them on. I am disappointed not to be able to report another staff broken nail. I am sorry! Although I needed to get back to school, there was a weird sense of needing to stay and witness the potential carnage that was about to ensue. I was pleasantly surprised to see that the majority of the children managed to get themselves dressed fairly independently. I was asked however to help zip up some of the wetsuits, which I expertly dodged just so that I could maintain I have avoided them this year. After explaining to the children that I was needing to ensure I didn't touch a wetsuit this year (what a mistake that was) I was then charged by a hoard of neoprene clad mini humans trying to rub their wetsuits all over me. Not to be deterred from my quest, I held my hands on my head and announced that I would not intentionally be touching wetsuits with my hand… which led to what can only be described as either mountain climbing or base jumping to try and reach my hands. The favourite quotes of the morning were from both Artemis, who announced, 'I feel like I'm being strangled by Hercules' and Miss Hughes who described herself as a stuffed sausage! The children were led away and peace returned when I made my way back to school.

The expert team on hand today meant that we needed a slight name change for the teams, with Team Cheeseman becoming 'Team Cheeseford', 'Team Furinators' and 'Team Good' who were adopted by Mrs Furey and Miss Hughes but never actually came up with a name! Shocking!

Stand Up Paddleboarding… the excitement of this activity seemed affect our hearing and block our thought processes somewhat, so the instructors definitely earnt their wage just trying to start the activity off. To get on the board you needed to enter the water before being hauled onto the paddle board. Mrs Furey, wearing a buoyancy aid that was far bigger than anticipated, expertly went into the water with confidence due to last years debatable success and whilst being hauled up she disappeared into her life jacket with Mr Furey describing it as 'rescuing a giant orange toboggan from the water.' Initially, once the children had mastered getting onto a giant board with ten of them, they had to paddle to the now infamous orange buoy using only their hands initially. One point to 'Team Furinators.' Next it was on using the paddles… now you would have thought that by day 4 of using paddles, the children would have developed some kind of skills in this area… you would be wrong. The splash from ten paddles hitting the water at multiple different times looked more like a piranha attack than a fun experience on the water. I am pleased to report that the evidence points to Team Cheeseford winning this round. The children then went into the middle of the reservoir where Mrs Furey and Miss Hughes' team needed rescuing by Katie and the support boat crew. There seems to be a recurring theme from last year where Mrs Furey is repeatedly needing rescuing! Once we finally managed to complete the challenging task of meeting each other in the middle of the reservoir, Connor wowed us with his backflip off the giant SUP, and our children took this as their cue to wrestle each other and once again catapult themselves into the water. Mr Furey thought that he would get away with

being dry, but Bannister class had other ideas. Due to the ever-increasing peer pressure of 30 mini humans demanding he jump off the paddle board, he duly did so, instantly regretting and forgetting the aforementioned cause-and-effect of cold water when walking back to the accommodation.

Lunch was jacket potatoes and after another busy morning on the water, the children were quick to tuck in so that they could warm up from the cold. The cheesecake pudding randomly became a conversation all about marmite… which makes me quite glad I wasn't here as the potential thought of 'marmite cheesecake' doesn't really fill me with joy… in the words of Mrs Arnold, you either love it or hate it!

This afternoon's activities involved finishing off the rotation that was started yesterday. Mrs Bedford found it rather amusing when the words 'just sit like you are on the loo' were used to instruct the children in bringing themselves back down the climbing wall. This resulted in groups of children screaming 'just get on the toilet!' every few minutes for the entirety of the activity. The wall climbing was amazing, and all the children really encouraged each other and did themselves proud whilst once again pushing themselves out of their comfort zone, though Mrs Bedford reports that Anavadhya spent most of her time with her legs straight out just hanging in the air until her last attempt when she turned into a 'ninja climber'.

Miss Hughes was very proud of herself for achieving a bullseye whilst axe throwing and Mrs Furey reports that she spent a lot of time giggling and really enjoyed herself. The children were fantastic and enjoyed playing 'Peggy's game'. Peggy, by the way, is a stick person made out of a stick, a tennis ball and two sports cones made to look like a hat and skirt. The aim of the game is to move Peggy along a wooden pole by landing your axe in the target. Each team could move her one space towards their end of the pole when they won a point. Yesterday, according to Mr Furey, she travelled the world including going to France (another theme that seems to have occurred this year!), Spain and even Ibiza. Today's team worked valiantly to keep her in the middle of the pole, but I don't think she travelled quite so far! Now, I know what you are all thinking… did Team Cheeseman prevail after yesterday's nail-biting scoring contest with the axe throwing. The answer is… we don't know. All we do know is that Mr Furey's team came last, but we cannot remember the score that Mrs Cheeseman's team achieved. Miss Hughes and Mrs Furey's team scored a fantastic 115 points so might have pipped Team Cheeseman to the post but we will never know so I feel that means I should take the win. Miss Hughes has thought, as we speak, text to say that the other teams got 97 and 106. **Disclaimer… I do not believe her. It's a fix!**

To finish the day the groups combined to complete the 'Code Breaker Challenge' which sounds far grander than it actually is. What sounds like a fancy 'MI5 mission' as described by Mrs Arnold, is actually orienteering around the woods. This year's children did far better than last year's, where half of them went to a park and the other half went and sat in the woods so that was a bonus! Barnaby, whilst speaking to Olivia, chimed up 'I miss the good old days when we used to just play on this bit of grass.' When Mrs Bedford interrupted and said 'what, the good old days as in on Monday?' Barnaby nodded and replied 'yes, that was the good old days.' At this point, may we just point out that the reason they have not been experiencing the 'good old days' each day is because they all decide to change straight into their pjs before 5pm each day.

Our evening ended with a lovely time listening to laughter and having an incredibly loud conversation with a group of boys, including Mark who was identifying as a tree followed by a bush, at the time. Chaos then ensued with Mrs Cheeseman announcing we had lost Mr Furey

and 30 children charged to his door, trying to break it down to find him. The children decided this was the time to tickle Mrs Cheeseman, not a good idea, but being the professional that she is she decided to take matters very seriously… and lock herself in the kitchen… whilst the children were pawing at the door. One of the more surreal Bewl experiences.

Now we are sat comfortably, enjoying our last night and counting down to handing your lovely children back to you… whilst Mr Furey once again paces up and down to achieve his daily step count!

See you all tomorrow! Sleep well.

Team TWFS @ Bewl.