

Monday 5th October 2026

PGL – Day 1

9am the hall filled with excitable young faces, and that was just the parents! Each year we think we can't get any more excitable parents about their children leaving for a week, but you once again surpassed our expectations. Comment of the day so far... please don't kill my child! We didn't even realise that was option? Our ideal is to take 30 children away and bring 30 back. It turns out that Miss Laurence cannot do a headcount unless the children are in pairs! She got very confused when a child was not with a partner!

Once we got the children, their entire bedrooms and several kitchen sinks into the coach, we were off... after many requests to get the children to wave – it's usually the other way round! 10 minutes in the first cries of 'are we nearly there' and 'how long until we get there' burnt into our eardrums and somehow didn't stop until our driver, Chris, told the children he had accidentally driven half an hour the wrong way, so we had to go all the way back again. The relief was palpable when we pulled into the driveway!

Now, when we used to go to Bewl, we had the immediate joy of the children becoming ghosts and trying hard to make their beds. Not at PGL – instead we weren't allowed into our bedrooms at all. After arriving at 11:45am, we had no room access until 5pm. The only alternative was to pack our entire lives into a tiny garden shed and dive headfirst (literally) into the gravel. We have never known so many children to be so obsessed with stones?? After convincing them to empty their pockets and not return home with the equivalent of a beach, Alex our group leader arrived. We jumped straight into a great game of 'Where's my water bottle?' Imagine this if you will, a wall of TWFS children, completely unable to form a straight line, playing grandma's footsteps in order to capture a water bottle and get it safely back to the children's bags. Wow... the first few rounds stealth did not come naturally but the looks of guilt did. 2 rounds to Alex. Next Lorenzo tried throwing the bottle around the side of the building. That almost worked, but no, round 3 to Alex. We did not learn too quickly about this strategy not working, rounds 4,5 and 6 to Alex. Finally, we realised if we create a tight chain, we could get it back to the line. A big shout out to Sidarth for his dedication to the cause by diving into the gravel knees first! The next game – splat... well that was fun. We have, as a class, some interesting reaction times but by far and away the best part was Miss Laurence and Livia having a 'moo off'. What is a moo off I hear you cry... yes, it is exactly what it sounds like. Picture this... Miss Laurence and Livia on their hands and knees facing each other. Each took a turn to moo in the others face until one of them laughed. Miss Laurence took this far too seriously, and we have never heard such extravagant mooing before. Poor Livia didn't stand a chance.

Groups 1 and 2 then took part on Jacob's ladder, climbing ever increasingly far apart logs (yes, it has been a long day – it is currently 22:23pm!) The children were awesome and worked so hard together. Gary the rope played an important part in helping children achieve their goals with Srinitha reaching the very top! The memories of this event have left the staff in hysterics. Group 3 set off to take part in Laser Tag with Connor. Miss Lewis reports that it is safe to say, none of the children will be entering a battle soon... they wouldn't last five minutes. The idea of hiding was one that was not natural to them, as they stood in the middle of the field shooting towards each other. We then swapped and completed the opposite activity. Mrs Cheeseman may have hidden the headset up her t-shirt so she couldn't be shot whereas when Miss Laurence realised

she was invincible she joined the previous groups idea of just stand in the middle and shoot. David was amazing, stealth mode activated with the local tree as his best friend. Meanwhile, group 3 gave a valiant effort on Jacobs ladder, though chose to use some unique methods to push each other up. We will leave that there.

At this point, we finally got to the accommodation, where the children gleefully unpacked whilst exclaiming 'woah it's like a hotel'. Livia then told us she had never been camping before and we had to explain to her, as she lay on her bunk bed, that this was not camping. Poor Freya has had to be rescued from her sleeping bag on several occasions due to overactive zip who just can't let go. Dinner was an event... lots to choose from, unlimited salad, which Ryan took full advantage of and what looked like a bun fight to get flavoured water!

Onto our evening activity – passport to the world. We had to get into groups of 6 and 'create a plane' to fly off and find a country, answer questions about said country and fly back to the airport to get their passports stamped. Best plane wins... picture this 6 children trying to act as one aeroplane, running down the runway to take off in the dark with torches shining in everyone's eyes. Literally a disaster in the making. Unfortunately, Ruthwik had to come back to the airport and in his own words admit that 'missed his flight' as he lost his fellow travellers. I am pleased to report that he made it back from Nepal safely and joined another flight in order to find King Napoleon. You will be pleased to know that he is still safe and sound at PGL.

Bedtime... generally uneventful with children just grateful to be going to bed as they are so exhausted – good news! As we are writing this, in the teachers' lounge, wearing matching pyjamas (none of the children have noticed?!), we have just been informed by a child – who will remain nameless – that their fellow comrades have kicked them out the room for an unexpected gas attack. After Miss Lewis has deposited them back into the room and announced 'it doesn't even smell', we are going to turn in for the night.

We look forward to tomorrow for another episode of 'probably getting lost' (the teachers that is – just like Mrs Arnold did today) – whilst parents enjoy 'peace, quiet and luxury.'

Goodnight!