

Wednesday 17th June 2026

9:00am. The sun shone brightly on Blizzard's Yard and six excited adults arrived for a well-deserved spa break, where relaxing massages, long lunches and sparkling conversation beckoned. Mrs Mannick woke with a start and realised it was time for PGL, the 2026 edition.

As usual, the children had carefully packed a capsule wardrobe for the trip, easily fitting all their belongings in a small, lightweight suitcase that posed no problem for them to carry. Mrs Mannick realised she had inadvertently fallen back asleep.

Back in the real world, with boarding complete, we set off for Liddington full of excitement and anticipation.



On the coach, discussion focused on the anticipated highlight of the trip: watching England play Croatia. When staff reminded them that PGL is all about wonderful experiences and challenging ourselves, one of the boys nodded sagely, and said "yes, that'll be very fun too".

Our lively PGL leader, Lex, gave us a warm welcome and settled us down for our packed lunches before our afternoon activities. This was our first encounter with other schools on site: "I don't trust children with man-buns" muttered one CSG boy. "I'm not a fan of Mullets, either" said another. This triggered an in-depth discussion of the merits of different hairstyles, concluding that the 80s were the worst.



After lunch we temporarily lost Mrs English in the melee of children - where was she? It's like a PGL edition of "Where's Wally?" said one child. She's in there somewhere if you look very closely.



Two groups were climbing first, two were tackling the trapeze and one group was undertaking the sensory trail.

The climbing wall proved no problem for several children but when it came to racing to the top they hadn't reckoned on Mrs English's secret weapon: her daughter Grace, who is a climbing instructor and very fast indeed.







The sensory trail challenged our communication skills as we negotiated an obstacle course blindfolded. Typical level of communication: “Argh, a tree”, “what do you mean, archery?”



The second activities were as brilliant as the first: the climbers and the trapeze artists swapped round, whilst the sensory trail group headed to the giant swing.

The trapeze (or Leap of Faith) required lots of confidence to climb the wobbly post and jump across to the trapeze. There were some who initially refused, but in the end, everyone had a go and we were very proud of their perseverance.









The giant swingers adopted the philosophy of the Stoics: "If we die, we die", "if we splat, we splat" said one child with a shrug. The most traumatising aspect for some of the children was the snug fit of the harness on the nether regions. ("My you-know-whats have been cut off").









The action then moved to the dining hall and our first experience of PGL catering. One of the boys wondered if a Buck's Fizz would be served at breakfast, while another two asked if room service was available. They clearly have misunderstood the nature of the PGL food offering. Nevertheless, the lasagne proved delicious and everyone was delighted by the donuts on offer.

After dinner, we have balloon splash to look forward to, and then apparently there's some sort of football game at 9pm... Mrs Mannick and Miss Balaam struggled with the PC and projector for several minutes until one technically competent boy arrived and said "some numpty plugged this in upside down" ... we all stayed silent. The PC is now showing ITV and we wait to see what the evening will bring. Until tomorrow,

Love, Year Six

