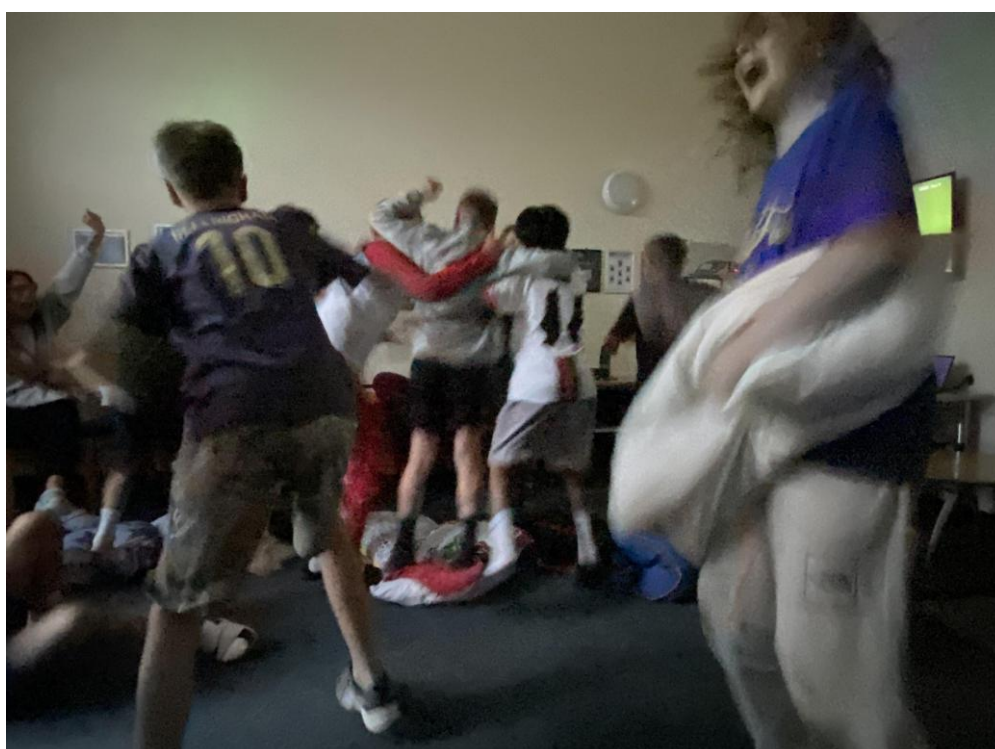


7:00am Thursday 18th June 2026

A PGL miracle: everyone slept soundly all night and had to be woken for breakfast. This has never happened before in the history of PGL. Thank you Harry Kane, thank you England. Rewind to last night and the children were so enthusiastic in their support for the home side that Mrs Starrs is booking an appointment with an Audiologist to check for possible hearing damage. At half time, our pint-sized pundits attempted to explain to Mrs Mannick the offside rule, the shortcomings of VAR and the corruption of FIFA officials. Indeed, the blank expression on her face evoked memories of the facial expressions of some children during early SPaG lessons. Let's hope some information will be retained for use in later matches.



Rewinding to before the game, we began the process of wearing down the children with balloon splash on the field. Each team had a water-filled balloon to protect with various packaging material that they could 'buy' from the team leaders. We learnt that some children are very meticulous about wrapping whilst others are more slap-dash in their approach, with the inevitable consequence that their balloons did not survive their first encounter with the PGL postal delivery service...



This morning, after refuelling with industrial-sized quantities of baked beans, bacon, sausages, toast, fruit, cereal, etc, the children dashed back to get ready for today's activities. For the morning activities, every group went canoeing, followed by Survivor for some, the Sensory trail for others, and the trapeze for one group.





Our very own Tom Cruise look-alike joined Miss Balaam's survivalists, helping the team to build shelters, make fire, and evade capture from enemy forces (bald heads have been added to mullets and man-buns as indicating highly suspicious people). Meanwhile children in Mrs English's group impressed her and Grace by the wonderful bird sculptures they created from scavenged branches in the woods.



The lake was alive with the sounds of the honking geese, quacking ducks, croaking frogs, and shrieking children as we took to the water, learning new paddling techniques to avoid hitting the lakeside or each

other. The instructors led us in chasing games and we had to use all our strategies to avoid capture by the zombie canoe. One of the children sighed that they weren't very good at following so many instructions as they crashed into the bank yet again. Whilst canoeing was 'exciting', jumping in the water at the end was 'thrilling' but also 'surprisingly cold'. One girl was paired in a canoe with Mrs Davies and declared it 'competitive' but 'not really a privilege to be with a teacher', while the boy with Mrs Starrs kept shouting at her to 'paddle harder, full throttle!'





Two groups combined forces to tackle the sensory trail. Some children were mystified by the foliage that seemed to have come alive, attacking them as they fought their way through the obstacles. Other children suspected Mrs Thomson and Mrs Mannick of foul play. How cynical and distrustful of them. One girl thought it was a good idea to eat her way through the obstacles, gnashing her teeth ferociously. Some other girls became convinced that the woods were haunted by the ghosts of past naughty PGL children...



The final group to tackle the trapeze were Mrs Davies and Mrs Starrs' team. We were proud that everyone had a go, and some children had lots of goes, since they were so fast up the pole, impressing our instructor by their climbing and jumping skills. 'That was exhilarating and vigorous' said one, 'treacherous and mortifying' said another.



Next up is lunch, although one boy thought it might be the end of the day already, as we'd done so much today. Lots more to come, boys!