

April Issue 2018

# TERM

TARPORLEY HIGH SCHOOL & SIXTH FORM COLLEGE

The  
LEGACY  
Issue

# Editor's Note

Welcome to this Legacy Issue of Tarporley Sixth Form's *TERM* Magazine, where we focus on the celebration of life and the lasting impact that it has within our Sixth Form and society. We commemorate the life of one of our devoted science teachers and an inspirational former student, as well as exploring wider serious issues such as the recent Florida shootings and the breaking down of media prejudices. On a lighter note we hear a travel review of New Zealand and discuss how Britain handles the snow, creating a balanced feel within our magazine. As a team, we have strived to achieve the very best quality of articles, photographs, artwork and design. As Editor, I'm beyond amazed at the team's commitment and drive to make this issue one that we can all be proud of. Enjoy!

Niamh Craig



***“You never know your own impact and the impact you have on people”***

**T**he George Heath Foundation is an incredible organisation, created in honour of the late George Heath. A beloved brother. A fantastic son. And a loyal friend.

As you know, George was a former Tarporley High School and Sixth Form College student who lost his life in a traffic accident, aged 20, in 2016. His family set up the 'George Heath Foundation' in his name, as a registered charity which aims to help local causes. Our Sixth Form is a firm supporter of this Foundation - our 'Wear Pink For George' days are infamous - and the charity has recently granted us £850 to purchase cameras and photographic equipment for TERM magazine, for which we are so grateful. As this is such a generous donation, we interviewed two of the Trustees: Harry, George's brother and Robbie, George's best friend, to find out more about the amazing legacy which George has (tragically but also inspirationally) left behind.

Emily and I both knew George personally. He was friends with Emily's (many) brothers and lived across the road from me. I recall his footballs bouncing off our garden fence and his essays being pushed through my door, with 'sorry it's late Big Mc' scrawled on the envelope! (My mum taught him A Level English and Media). He also worked in our local chippy and had a nickname for me too. I secretly loved it when he would tousle my hair in the school corridors and bellow 'Hello Bobbin' whenever he saw me - in Year 7 having one of the older kids even notice me was pretty cool!

Given his huge character and the fact we were conducting the interview two years after the accident, almost to the day, we were rather nervous. Would our questions be appropriate? Would we touch a raw nerve? We needn't have worried. From the minute Harry and Robbie arrived, laughing and finishing each

other's sentences, we could sense their great friendship, pride in the Foundation and love for George, their brother and best mate.

In answer to our first question: what was the thought process behind starting the George Heath foundation? Harry replied: "Initially it just started as a football tournament. Basically what happened was, George died and the lads were going to get together because we always played football on a Wednesday night at Goals. We were just going to have a whip round for some flowers and then we had so much money, we thought we'd get a memorial bench, and then play a game of 11 a side football... which then became a 5 a side tournament. At the end of the tournament, we ended up with a crazily high number of pounds - thousands - and we were like what are we going to do with this?"

"We decided that there wasn't an appropriate cause we could just give the money to in George's name, so we decided to see what we could do with it locally and from there, the George Heath Foundation was born. We've now done two tournaments and are planning a third, with many more exciting projects in the pipeline."

Both Robbie and Harry spoke with such pride about the achievements of the charity and the massive support from the local community, or as they call it, "George's network." What struck Emily and I was their repeated use of the word "humbling." It was not how many pounds they had raised, but how they presented themselves, and how they presented George. I don't think we could have found two better people to represent the charity than them, due to their passion, their pride, and their positive energy. The charity has accomplished so much in the short amount of time that it has existed, thanks to this commitment.



They helped create and fund the 'Mud Kitchen' at Tarvin Pre-School; renovate the dayroom at Tarporley Memorial Hospital; support the Tarvin Community Centre which is about to undergo a massive renovation and finally help Charlie Horton, a local 13 year old boy who was diagnosed with a brain tumour in 2016; their allocation helped his mum with living costs while he received treatment in America.

Clearly, all these causes were close to their hearts, but I could sense the Charlie Horton donation was one of their proudest accomplishments. Robbie stated, "I think George would have been very proud of us supporting Charlie - that we could help in situations like that, and that we could help people in need." Harry eagerly agreed and added that, "the Mud Kitchen is definitely something that George would've loved at that sort of age.



Mud,  
mud,  
glorious  
mud!

"Nowadays so many kids are brought up and experience technology – which is fantastic – but they need to get their hands dirty. This was the foundation of our childhood." When talking about their proudest moments, Robbie added, "just establishing the charity is a massive event for me and remembering George's name. It is now established and cemented and it's something we and the community will have for many years to come." We sensed due to Harry's emotive language when discussing the Chester half marathon, that it was his least enjoyable charity event: "when I ran that half marathon George would have pi\*\*ed himself!!!. It was horrendous."

The colour pink and the dragonfly symbol have significance to the charity, and both feature heavily in this edition of TERM. Pink was George's favourite colour, although Harry never fully understood why. But, he was very clear about the meaning behind the dragonfly: "It is based on a story called 'Waterbugs and Dragonflies' which explains death to children. Having been in that situation with Oscar (Harry's son) I had to explain where George had gone and my mum got that book. It was also the symbol used by the undertaker who taught us about the book and its meaning. It became associated almost

by accident and it snowballed from there, everything just kept going back to the dragonfly symbol."

Both Harry and Robbie spoke here in a really heartfelt way about loss, and the legacy that George has left: "I don't want to sound like a really boring history teacher here, you should always keep an eye on the future but real lessons are learnt from the past. There are lessons to be learnt from George in a number of ways. Firstly, you never know your own impact and the impact you have on people, and the way you can make people unite. You also learn a lot about the village that you live in and the people there. I've learnt a lot about young people and how you always have each other's back. People come together in a crisis. The bulk of young people that were affected by George dying may not have experienced death or grief. It was a lot of people's first taste of it. It was great for us to come together in the way that we did, to support each other and work as a team to get through it."

Harry was keen to emphasise to us all how important it is to support each other in all aspects of our life. Because George died in a road traffic accident coming home from a night out, he had this message for all of us Sixth Formers: "I plead with anyone who has started going out who's just turned 18 and experiencing night life, to be careful. It's not just about looking after people you are with – if you see someone you don't know who is in a tricky situation by themselves, then ask if they're alright." He then added poignantly: "I'm no fun police - I love a night as much as the next man – but on a night out after a few beers you can forget that life is precious and forget about consequences. The penalty for losing your grip on the world or reality is very severe."

When asked the question, "Did creating the foundation help with the grieving process?" they both agreed: "Certainly. 100%. It has kept George's name alive. To a point George is still alive – his spirit can live on, not in the way we would have liked but to an extent."



George's A-Level English class

All Trustees agreed that TERM magazine was a cause that George would've supported and got involved with, if the magazine had been around when he was in Sixth Form.



He loved both English and Media, so much so that he went on to study Journalism at University.

"It represented what George would have done. And what we stand for. People nowadays are so quick to get all their news from social media but take for granted what news is and what effort goes behind each news article. To be investigative and report under pressure is a fantastic skill. Writers are basically storytellers. We thought it was a great initiative to back."

We wanted to end the interview on a high note and asked both Harry and Robbie about their most treasured memories of George. Both immediately laughed "none that are appropriate to share here!" Then after some thought, Robbie recalled working with George since the age of fourteen in the local fish and chip shop and said that, "me and George weren't the biggest of pals before that, in fact we weren't fans of each other at all! But after that I thought – actually you're pretty sound! He shaped who I am today."

Robbie also exclusively told us about a meaningful chat he shared with George three days before the tragic accident, "I had such a deep conversation with him and that night we talked about so much. It was humbling to me. Looking back, I'm so glad we had that conversation and spoke about those things. I haven't spoken about that much..."

Then it was Harry's turn: "the last time George was at my house, Oscar was asleep in his bedroom, he'd only just gone to sleep and had been a bit of a pain that day. George came up, desperate to see him, he loved him to bits. He was looking at him over the bed, begging for him to open his eyes and just wake up so they could play."

"I said 'don't you dare' but it was that mischievous glint in his eye and sense of fun which was just how George went about his life. That will stay in the forefront of my mind – that mischievous side but also that loving, fun, caring side of him too, a unique blend"

That seemed like an ideal moment to end the interview, perfectly encapsulating who George was, and the way that he will be remembered by all of us forever.

***"Mischievous,  
Loving,  
Fun,  
Caring.  
A unique  
blend."***

*George with his  
nephew, Oscar.*





*In loving memory of George Heath.*

# Privilege

*Two steps  
forward,  
one step  
back.*

Definition: something regarded as a special honour.

However, for many people, the whole concept of privilege is so abstract, it cannot be defined. When asking multiple people around the school (staff members and pupils alike) it is clear to see how their interpretations differ. The idea of privilege can be the main subject of debate within many modern day issues, and the topics of racial, economic, class and gender privilege are familiar to us all.

The most prominent topic for people of our own age group would be the rising issue of university prospects and whether or not people are able to go to university solely depending on their class and economic status. Many students our age are being scrutinised due to the multiple factors that can determine our "privilege," but I think more discussions should be made to promote the message that our income is not something we should be defined by, and it shouldn't facilitate special privileges over others, for cases such as university and job applications. It clearly still does: sadly, low income is still a strong predictor of low educational performance, and a study in 2016 by the Higher Education Statistics Agency, found that seven of the 24 universities in the more selective Russell Group of universities have seen the percentage of 'deprived' pupils they admit fall.

This is becoming a more widely discussed topic—during 'Privilege Walks' people physically demonstrate their privilege with others, and UK universities now offer seminars about the effects of "white privilege." Hopefully, occurrences like this will become more prominent and will end the notion of "privilege" for good.

Holly Ogg



Artwork by Lucy Phillipson



# *'Among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars'*

*Alice Willetts relives the fantastical Theatre Clwyd Great Gatsby immersive performance attended by the Sixth Form.*

The door of the Dolphin Pub opened, and we became instantly immersed in the glitz and glam of 1920s America. We had left our 2018 familiarities behind as the bar was thick with smoke, secrecy and other 'party guests'. Everyone was dressed to the height of 20's chic in shimmering cocktail dresses, faux fur and head-dresses, making the evening even more dazzling. Then, before we knew it, we were catapulted into one of Gatsby's infamously excessive and extravagant parties, complete with enchanting fairy lights, live jazz music, shrouded corridors, a plethora of equally extroverted characters and of course the mysterious host himself... Mr Jay Gatsby.

*"We became instantly immersed in the glitz and glam of 1920s America"*

Set in a time of heightened consumerism and the universal belief in the 'American Dream', The Great Gatsby epitomises the moral depravity and ambition that was inherent throughout the decade. The classic novel is centred around a mysterious and ridiculously rich Mr. Gatsby who, beneath his opulent lifestyle, holds a desperate longing for something that can't be reached and which ultimately catalyses his downfall. It highlights that, in a time of prohibition, the line between illusion and reality became ambiguous, the line between classes became more definite and unrestrained indulgence was rife. These themes were brilliantly executed when translated

onto a stage and gave each guest a more perceptive insight into the characters, especially as we were often encouraged to go into different rooms in small groups, distancing us from the wider party. This separation created a succinct sense of unease as nobody was quite sure of what was happening in the other rooms of 'Gatsby's mansion'.

The secrecy mirrored the disjointed narration of the novel, echoing how 'men and girls came and went like moths' flitting through the parties, encapsulating the intoxicating grandeur of 20s society. Not only were we separated into smaller groups, but we were all told that our beloved phones weren't to be used throughout the performance.

This really encouraged us to engage with the storyline and characters as well as gaining a sense of what prohibition must have felt like! Despite this slight compromise, we all enjoyed being led from room to room and feeling like the characters were speaking directly to us.

The show was truly enchanting and left every audience member feeling 'bewitched' 'among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars'.

*"We were catapulted into one of Gatsby's infamously excessive and extravagant parties... the line between illusion and reality became ambiguous"*

It captured the façade that Gatsby lived under and that while the illusion appears lavish and glamorous, it came at a great cost. Perhaps the novel is still as popular today because of its caution about overindulgence, which can still be applied in a modern world of 'social media influencers' and reality stars.





*The Great Gatsby*







# Study. Die. Repeat.

The year is 1999. Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold march into Columbine High School, Colorado with a raft of shotguns and pistols, privately bought from an unlicensed dealer at the 1998 Tanner Gun Show. Hours later, global media stations explode with the devastating news of 13 deaths at the hands of the shooters. Condolences and tears are shed across America at the horrific tragedy which violently smothered the lives of 13 innocent students. Shrines for the murdered blossom around the school, to gentle **whisperings of 'never again'**, a smattering of droplets amongst the prayers and the candlelit vigils. The US government vows to prevent another disaster, to quash the murderous trend of mass killings before it truly begins. Months pass. Money changes hands. The anger, the pain, the demand for action melts away and the sound of gunshots in corridors and classrooms dissipates to faded memories in the minds of the adults who promised to never forget.

The year is 2007. Cho Seung-Hui strides into Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, Virginia with two pistols legally purchased from an out of state gun dealer. Hours later, global media stations explode with the devastating news of 32 more deaths at the hands of the shooter and his gun. Condolences and tears are shed across America at the horrific tragedy which violently smothered the lives of 32 more innocent students. Shrines for the murdered flower around the campus, to anxious **whisperings of 'never again'**, a flowing trickle now amongst the prayers and the candlelit vigils. The US government vows to prevent another disaster, to quash the murderous trend of mass killings before it takes hold. Months pass. Money changes hands. The anger, the pain, the demand for action melts away and the sound of gunshots in lecture theatres and libraries dissipates to faded memories in the minds of the adults who promised to never forget.

The year is 2012. Adam Lanza strolls into Sandy Hook Elementary School, Connecticut with an AR-15 semi-automatic rifle, lawfully purchased. Hours later, global media stations explode with the devastating news of 27 more deaths at the hands of the shooter and the machine which held the key to this slaughter. Condolences and tears are shed across America at the horrific tragedy which violently smothered the lives of 27 more innocent students.

Shrines for the murdered unfurl around the county, to resolute **whisperings of 'never again'**, a steady stream now amongst the prayers and the candlelit vigils. The US government vows to prevent an other disaster, to quash the murderous trend of mass killings before more lives are lost. Months pass. Money changes hands. The anger, the pain, the demand for action melts away and the sound of gun shots in playgrounds and nurseries dissipates to faded memories in the minds of the adults who promised to never forget.

The year is 2016. Omar Mateen walks into Pulse nightclub in Orlando, Florida with a semi-automatic rifle. Hours later, global media stations explode with the devastating news of 49 more deaths at the hands of the shooter and his cold metallic accomplice. Condolences and tears are shed across America at the horrific tragedy which violently smothered the lives of 49 more innocent people. Shrines for the murdered spring up across the city, to **angry repetitions of 'never again'**, a powerful torrent now amongst the prayers and the candlelit vigils. The US government vows to prevent another disaster, to quash the murderous trend of mass killings before another massacre can occur. Months pass. Money changes hands. The anger, the pain, the demand for action melts away and the sound of gunshots through nightclub walls on disco floors dissipates to faded memories in the minds of the adults who promised to never forget.

The year is 2018. Nicholas Cruz wanders into Stoneman Douglas High School, Florida with an AR-15 semi-automatic rifle. Hours later, global media stations explode with the devastating news of 17 more deaths at the hands of the shooter and the state sanctioned weapon he used for the killings. Condolences and tears are shed across America at the horrific tragedy which violently smothered the lives of 17 more innocent people. Shrines for the murdered are once more dusted off across the country, and the **familiar cry of 'never again'** rattles around the hollow prayers of the adults who promise to never forget yet another heartbreak.

***"For 25 years, the teenage community has been cradled inside a fragile bubble of adolescent disempowerment"***

# How the voice of **Generation Z** is ending the cycle.

But moving through this school ground turned graveyard, is more than just ghosts and the memories of the people they used to be. Standard sorrow is now a tuneless and empty melody which jars on the ears of the children who trusted the people their parents elected to stop the bullets and senseless loss. For 25 years, the teenage community has been cradled inside a fragile bubble of adolescent disempowerment; raised on the assurance of their own immaturity and being repeatedly told that they **are never quite ready to face the 'real world'**. Too young to understand the magnitude of gun legislation. Too naive to enter a debate which trades their lives as currency in a bank—where no amount of blood will ever be enough to seep from beneath a carpet richly threaded with vacant commitments of corrupt politicians and apathetic adults. Too inexperienced to be of any importance, except when their names crop up under the list of confirmed fatalities of the shootings that loom in the imminent future, - increasingly frequent and increasingly deadly.

But this is a generation that grew up on gun drills, was weaned on the echoing of bullets on bone through high school PA systems, who saw the mechanised rise and fall of flat outrage at each consecutive massacre: and you really thought that they would stay silent forever or stand hushed as more lives drain down the gaping mouth of a gun barrel? No, this Valentine's Day, the world watched as the wrecked teens of the Parkland shooting rose from the ashes of their trauma, and stood once more in front of millions, broken and infinitely stubborn, to proclaim that this time, they were not lying back down again. Not being swept aside; again. Not awaiting the next episode of this particular horror series without a fight; again.

Issy Clarke

It was adult politicians who decided to send their 'thoughts and prayers' to the grieving families of the massacre, but it was 18 year old Emma Gonzalez who took to a podium barely hours after her life was torn to shreds to encourage other victims to call 'BS' on government indifference.

When media stations and gun rights groups took to Twitter to shroud the role of a deadly weapon in the massacre, it was high school student Isabel Chequer and her peers who fought their way out of their grief to just as rapidly shut down derailing headlines about bullying and mental health as the root of the bloodbath. Whilst the White House sat on the fence over weapon bans and gun restrictions, it was 17 year old Cameron Kasky who called out the hypocrisy of Florida senator Marco Rubio for accepting money from the National Rifle Association, a gun rights alliance with a long and dirty history of paying the mouths of politicians shut. As the adult world attempted to settle back into the old complacency of a pre-Parkland universe, it was 16 year old Sheryl Acquarola who appealed live to thousands for an end to the pattern of fear and loss.

It was the countless other student activists who turned the whisperings of 'never again' into a worldwide campaign to curb the spiralling trade of deadly assault weapons. It was these children who organised national High School walkouts as the rebirth of juvenile rebellion. It was these children who galvanised international companies into cutting ties with the NRA and imposing their own gun restrictions on their sales of military-grade weapons. It was these children who are turning their grief into something stronger than the force which threatened to destroy them.

It is these children who maybe, possibly, hopefully, might just change things.

***Thank God for the age old,  
unbending teenage spirit,  
and its most divine  
commandment (due to an  
abdication of adult  
responsibility):  
'f\*\*k it, I'll do it myself!'***

# The Berlin Wall of Korea: Is it still standing today?

How the legacy of the Berlin Wall lives on...

Nearly 30 years since the fall of the Berlin Wall, have the history books begun to rewrite themselves, only this time in Korean? Rather alarmingly, the situation between North and South Korea bears a striking resemblance to the circumstances that divided Germany not that long ago. Once home to a unified nation, the Korean peninsula is another battleground between communism and capitalism, just like that of East and West Germany, when the Berlin Wall became a symbol of division. Due to recent actions of North Korea to show off their nuclear weaponry to the US - yet paradoxically make moves of benevolence with South Korea at the Winter Olympics - the situation is evermore unclear.

Sit in the middle of Europe, the Germany of today was divided into two halves, the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG) and the German Democratic Republic (GDR). Berlin couldn't have been more in the middle of the GDR, a fact often confused by those who don't know the extent of the divide. Yet, West Berlin was an island in the middle of the communist country that was a haven for capitalism, all of this because the city was selfishly divided by the world superpowers after WWII. Effectively run by the Soviets, the GDR was much poorer and weaker than its western counterpart.

Within the country, the infamous Stasi tightly controlled life with

methods of restricted movement and extreme surveillance of anyone who dared to rebel against the state. Meanwhile in West Germany, life continued much as we know it today in a wealthy and liberal state. When the Berlin Wall finally fell, it signalled the end of hostilities between East and West, communism and capitalism, Soviet and US. Unfortunately the unity of the country wasn't without its problems; the West had to bear the brunt of an economic slide when merging with the weaker economy of the GDR. Nevertheless the benefits are evident today with Germany a powerful country and the most successful nation in Europe.

Although the story is similar on the other side of the world, the divide between North and South Korea is much more extreme. Once again the nation was divided due to US and Soviet relations at around the same time as Berlin but 70 years later the consequences still stand unlike in Germany. The DMZ (demilitarised zone) is the modern version of the Berlin Wall and acts as a barrier between the two Koreas.

It is illegal for anyone to cross the border. This is a saying all too familiar to Berliners who were around at the time of the Wall. However the difference today is that North and South Korea have differentiated a lot more than Germany ever did, simply because of the amount of time since the separation of the country. Well, reported by the media, North Korea has developed a range of nuclear weapons that threaten not only South Korea, but also much to Trump's dismay, US territories.

Equally, talks between North and South have been rekindled in recent months and North Korea actually sent a team to the Pyeongchang Winter Olympics earlier in the year. Nobody is sure of what game North Korea is playing.

Thomas Adkins



# Richard Gillard

## A Tribute

A few months ago, Tarporley High School was overwhelmed with grief following the passing away of Mr Gillard. A teacher who will be remembered in the highest regard by fellow staff and students, for his work not only in the Science department, but also as a tutor and a mentor to students throughout his time at Tarporley. As a community, Tarporley High School has mourned and remembered together, and now celebrates the life of a brilliant Biology teacher who inspired many.

**"He was not only a teacher, but also a friend."**

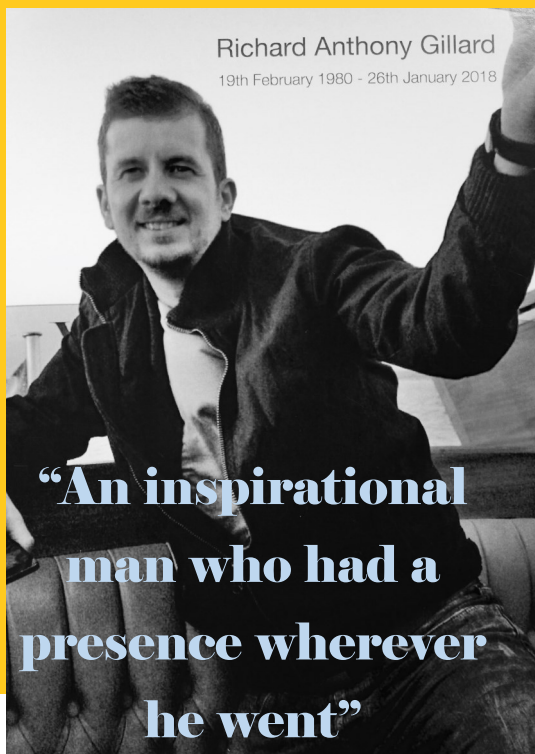
- George Hunt, current Sixth Form student.

**"I remember finding a piece of graffiti in my room which read 'I Heart Mr Gillard' which really showed how much he was loved"**

- Mrs Bryan, English Teacher.

**"Mr Gillard joined my pastoral team in 2011 and was an instant hit with his tutor group. His firm, but fair approach was immediately appreciated by the students and myself. He kept the team focused and was a huge support to me, as a colleague and a friend. He was always positive in everything he did. His parting words on the Year Book of 2014 were 'Remember you get out of life what you put in... I look forward to seeing you all soon with smiles on your faces'. This, is a message for us all!"**

- Mr Hutchinson, former Year Leader and Humanities Teacher.



**"An inspirational man who had a presence wherever he went. You would never have known that he was ill while he was at work. He loved his job and took real enjoyment from seeing students succeed. He was highly respected and looked up to by all"**

- Mrs Cogan, Science Teacher.



**"I worked with Richard from the time he started at Tarporley. I will remember him for many things, but mainly for his fantastic sense of humour. He frequently had us all in hysterics at stories of the latest chaos that his dog had created at home, or how his 2-year-old daughter had been bossing him about. We all miss him and his storytelling dearly."**

- Mrs Clarke, Chemistry Teacher.

**"He used to randomly leave lessons for like a whole ten minutes and then come back in the lesson in such a good mood and he would always say 'right listen up then'"**

- Lizzie Craven, current Sixth Form student.

**"Mr Gillard was an inspirational leader and teacher of Biology. His passion for his subject and for young people was clear every day, and he had an unflinching belief in the power of science to help solve problems. His warmth, energy and passion for life in general was truly inspiring. I will always remember numerous lunchtimes and meetings where his stories about a range of topics from his dogs to the trials and tribulations of Tranmere Rovers would have us in stitches. Mr Gillard's bravery and positivity in the face of his illness is something which will remind me daily of how fragile life is, but more importantly, what you can achieve if you make the most of every opportunity you have. Mr Gillard will be sadly missed, but his optimism, passion and warmth will be remembered by all of us who knew him."**

- Mr Toase, Head of Science.

"He was so passionate about Biology and teaching which really inspired our class' enthusiasm for the subject"

- Megan Partington, current Sixth Form student.

"Mr Gillard is incredibly and painstakingly missed every day. As a teacher he was enthusiastic, energetic and inspiring. Teachers are often passionate about their subject or passionate about the process of learning; not often are they both. Mr Gillard radiated passion for Biology. He could draw on an immeasurable number of examples from his studies, interests and more recently his own medical history which drew students in and immersed them in their studies. He cared deeply about the students he worked with and despite having a roar that would deafen the room instantly, he led his classroom in laughter. As a friend he was kind, caring and supportive. He made us laugh every day and it was hard to not eat lunch without a 'belly full of laughter' which Mr Gillard dished up whilst eating his sandwiches. We will miss him always; but his strength and determination has been instilled into his team to support the many future generations that will move through Tarporley Science Department."

- Miss Condell, Biology Teacher.



**"Remember, you get out of life what you put in"**

**- Richard Gillard**

**1980 - 2018**



Richard was a caring, thoughtful and funny man. His 'proper science' lessons were great to listen to and we miss the days where he would pop in to the prep room during lessons for a chat about what his dog had done, or what his daughter had got up to.

- Amy Holbrow, Science Technician.

"He always told a humorous tale about the dog they had recently got. Here is a snippet from one such tale: "The dog can open the door"

- Mr Stone, Physics Teacher.

As a former student of Mr Gillard, I remember his dedication and passion when helping me in year 11 as I struggled in Science, in particular Biology. He was there for me with his endless positivity and inspiring attitude which will have helped many students, including myself, achieve their goals at Tarporley High School. He will forever be remembered. Gone but never forgotten.

**"Mr Gillard will be sadly missed, but his optimism, passion and warmth will be remembered by all of us who knew him"**





Just  
take  
a moment .....







Artwork by Tarporley High School students

# PERFECTION Vs PERCEPTION

## It's time to change.

Sophie  
Helsby

*Perfection. Reality.* In what world do we now think that it is acceptable for these two things to be interlinked? In a world obsessed with technology, social media's influences are becoming ever more important to the forthcoming generations. Radiant, yet frustratingly identical models are being lined up one after another, after another on every single type of platform you could imagine. You name it, they're there. We are being ever bombarded with images of usually undressed, often re-touched-to-the-point-of-seeming-inhumane models at every turn – and for what purpose? To show what we should aspire to be like? So we can jump on the band wagon to being 'perfect'? Complete rubbish... Perfect? There is no such thing. Women and young girls are the largest category affected by the lies regarding Photoshop and it needs to stop. At what point does 'natural beauty' simply depend on the skills of an evil editing genius? This portrayal of perfection is being constantly edited and is fake. Photoshop, airbrushing...you have a lot to answer for!

***So what are the essentials to becoming 'perfect' or runway ready, I hear you ask?***

**Tanned Skin** – They MUST look as if they've been on holiday in the Caribbean for their entire lifetime. The arduous task of constant flipping on the sun bed to ensure they have that PERFECT all round glow – of course. Now, I'm sorry, I don't mean to sound envious (which I am) ... but how can it be that easy?! As idyllic as that may be, unfortunately and funnily enough, the entire population on this earth doesn't have the same skin colour. **\*\*MIND BLOWN\*\*** Especially for ghostly, transparent skinned girls like myself, who were unfortunately born without a single ounce of melanin in their body- this is simply impossible. Or the alternative being fake tan; and consequently resembling streaky bacon...

**Long Legs** – This is another MUSTTTTT on the endless checklist for a 'perfect body'! If your legs don't go up to your shoulders and they're not the same length as a baby giraffe then I'm truly sorry, but that's the end of that once potential career option. Now this category isn't my forte either, I've seen spiders with longer legs than mine, but you know what? For all the short legged boys and girls out there THAT'S OK! – No-one is perfect, whatever that is defined as...

**Luscious Long Hair** – Expectation: beautifully picturesque, bouncy curls elegantly floating round in the wind as if you've just stepped off the beach. Windswept, yet still gorgeous. Now, I don't know about you, but this is another very unrealistic concept... Reality: **\*\*WALKS OFF BEACH\*\*** hair all over the place, resembling a mini bird's nest on top of your head along with sand and God knows what else combined within. Or perhaps you've been caught in some sort of blizzard? Or maybe you've been dragged through a hedge backwards? Personally any of these theories could be very viable... (Most certainly not PERFECT!)

Pale skin, tanned skin. Long legs, short legs. Big watermelons, little watermelons. Long hair,

### ***Perfect. What is perfection?***

Almost 10 million women in the UK feel 'depressed' because of their appearance according to new research. Everyone is different. Body image should not be something we are frightened, anxious or apprehensive about. Especially when all we are comparing ourselves to is the unrealistic, fake, photo-shopped phenomenon which is taking over the front of magazines, newspapers and the internet as a whole. Many young women are subconsciously affected by the virtually flawless posters and pictures of models with unattainable bodies. So, the moral of the story? **It's not you who needs to change.**

**Abnormally**

**Large**

**Breasts** – Yep,

sure you've all seen it before... well I'd

be more surprised if you hadn't. Watch any

Victoria's Secret show, flip

open any fashion magazine and take a look at all the models

- it's very difficult to miss those two

bowling balls stuck on top of their already impossibly petite frame.

Watching them strut down the runways

or posing in photo shoots, their watermelons are simply one of the main attractions and biggest

feature... (QUITE LITERALLY). Although sometimes I do wonder how on earth they manage to keep themselves

upright and not topple over with those bad boys weighing them down. Women come in many different shapes and

sizes and whether your two friends are humongous, miniscule,

perky, droopy or anywhere in between... Guess what? IT DOESN'T

MATTER!! So, for the girls out there who are a part of the Itty Bitty Titty Committee, it's certainly not the end of the world.





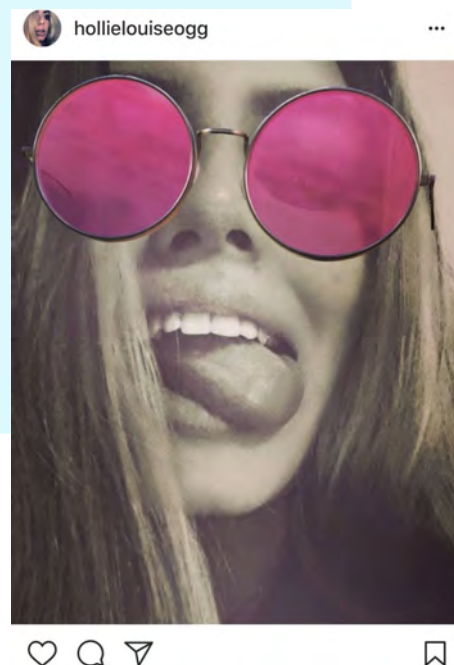


# Snapchat Sins and Twitter Transgressions

Social media. What would we do without it? As a frequent user myself, I recognise how great it can be. Don't get me wrong: Snapchatting that mate who goes to another school or double tapping your best pal's recent Insta, nothing amiss with that! BUT; it's now 2018, and things are going too far. Certain teens just need to be stopped...

## The 'Chronic Selfie-taker'

Pretty self-explanatory really, the guys and gals that post AT LEAST 5 selfies each day... but they're all the exact same; literally all with an identical pose and if you're really lucky with a different snapchat filter. You look great, but is it really absolutely imperative to spam all social media accounts with multiple pics each and every day? No...I think not :/



## The 'Digital Weather Presenter'

I'm sure a lot of you reading this will find this one #relatable: the abundance of people who post pictures of snow...SNOW. Now, I get it, it doesn't snow here in the UK very often so yes, it's exciting, but I just can't seem to fathom why so many people feel the need to upload a snap of the snow as if we have never experienced it before \*(s)no(w) shade\*. Same applies for any 'totally unique' sunset/temperature/literally-any-other-slightly-abnormal-weather-phenomenon updates, TBH.



## The 'Concert Broadcaster'

Everyone loves a good concert, of course! A single tweet, Instagram or even a video to relay your amazing experience is perfectly acceptable, however, for some people that is just not enough. Too many concert-goers have an urge to post videos of the ENTIRE concert on their social media. Right, I don't mean to cause any beef here, but this really pecks my head. Firstly, amongst the deafening screeches of fangirls in the crowd we can't actually hear the music and secondly, please enjoy the music you paid to go and listen to, rather than focussing on getting the best shot for your Snapchat story #sorrynotsorry

## The 'Constant Updater'

First up is what I like to call the constant updater; and the clue is in the name. Essentially, this refers to that person who updates their status/story/twitter EVERY SINGLE TIME they do something. Whether that be a riveting excursion to the shops or even having a bath, you can bet your bottom dollar that they'll be posting it. To make matters worse they'll even update their status to inform their apparently very interested followers when they are not going to be active on their various social medias. The classic 'No replies/ slows'. I'm sorry, I really am, but when the length of your snapchat stories make my phone crash, I hate to break it to you but I seem to have lost most (all) interest... awks.



## The 'Relationship Poster'


Awwwww young love, cute right?? I agree, but... some couples really just do NOT know the limit: celebrating another week together by posting a significant other "appreciation post" yet again. WE GET IT, you love each other but I'm afraid you do not need to plaster your partner on your social media to validate your love. Furthermore, the extensive list of emojis used is cringeworthy, not to mention the wide range of vomit-worthy address terms including 'prin' 'worldie' 'bby'. STOP. Please. I beg you.

Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls, we've reached the end of this little social media rant: can't wait to tweet about this... BRB.

Arianne Lee

# THE SELFLESSNESS OF SELF-INDULGENCE

The list of reasons why I enjoy putting myself in the vulnerable position of being onstage alone, is virtually endless. When you want to be a performer you have an incredible fear of being perceived as narcissistic, and it takes a while before you come to terms with the fact that you probably are. There is a certain level of pretentiousness within somebody for them to put themselves on stage, however, it is not an entirely self-indulgent phenomenon. Being a performer gives you an incredible platform to express whatever you like to all the people around you.



My main goal, always throughout performing, has been to entertain and make people happy, but not because I believe my ideas to be superior to the next person's. Before performing, the adrenaline and uncertainty fill your body along with energy from the good luck winks of well-wishers; from the stressed stage manager before the curtains open, to the final bow before they close, the electricity is tangible. I've been performing on stage in and out of school for 10 years, however, have decided to create my own one man show for the last year. This has been a journey and a half...

The idea that I can tell any story I wish to an audience, creates a sense of passion that cannot be compared to anything else. The concept that I can get on stage and stand by my production as a metaphor of myself is exciting.

*“Music is a tool that edits people's emotions flawlessly and effortlessly.”*

I don't have to picture the audience naked, to cope with the fact that all attention is on me. There is no desire to waste people's time or money, which makes you want to create something insane. My shows are satirical, but I always ensure I include a sincere, dark and brutally truthful undertone. I use what's called 'comedy music', which is the idea that I create 'funny songs', however, this only appeals to an incredibly niche demographic. I think this is the perfect synergy to perform exactly what I want to express; **music is a tool that edits people's emotions** flawlessly and effortlessly. This combined with comedy brings a sense of entertainment that makes you laugh as well as think, which is both of my goals. Going on stage alone isn't an egocentric move in all cases, it is the desire to be heard in our saturated society for the benefit of the people in it. Very few people care more about others than a good entertainer. Except you know, fire fighters and that...

Dillon Greenland



From 10,000 feet up, without a cloud in the sky, I could see everything: deep blue rivers flowed down mountains and through valleys like molten sapphire. I watched as miles and miles of dark green trees glided beneath the belly of the aircraft, with a small line of grey streaking through the middle of it all. This small line of grey would turn out to be the State Highway Thirty; a two-lane highway which is one of the busiest and most frequented on the North Island of New Zealand. State Highway Thirty serves as a cross-country road that cuts right through the centre of the island, taking tourists and residents through all the central and inland settlements of the island. And yet, it is just a road with two lanes. That's what makes New Zealand so enticing.

As I watched on in utter amazement through the plane window, I was awestruck in a moment of complete serenity. My mind didn't wander or slip. I was completely engulfed and encased by the overwhelming beauty of it. In less than 30 minutes I would touch down in New Zealand. I was over 11,000 miles from home. It had taken 25 hours to reach this point, by the time we reached Rotorua I'd have flown around the world in 26 hours and crossed 11 countries in 4 continents. Would it all have been worth it? I could tell already that it was. My legs felt like blocks of cement as I stood up to collect my backpack from the overhead storage. My chest was tight, and my arms hung by my side like lumps of steel. Nevertheless, spurred onwards by the thought of summer heat, some time to relax and escape from the real world (and a bed of course), I shuffled forward with the rest of the sea of people trying desperately to exit the aircraft. I had made it, and I felt like I was in a different world already. The door to paradise had just opened and I took a huge step towards it without a moment's hesitation. The fond memories of this beautiful and serene country came flooding back like a dam had burst in my memory.

This nostalgic feeling and consuming emotion  
of pure happiness was welcomed  
back like an old  
friend.




## Travel Review: New Zealand

Joe Tilston

**“I  
felt  
like I  
was in a  
different  
world  
ready...**

**The door to  
paradise had just  
opened and I took  
a huge step towards  
it without a  
moment's  
hesitation”**

**“I watched as  
miles and miles  
of dark green  
trees glided  
beneath the  
belly of the  
aircraft”**



And with that, the familiar views, sounds, and places swarmed me. I could feel the 28 degree heat warming my back and neck as I strolled outside to greet my family. As I looked around, I saw many different symbols and representations of the country's multicultural society. The presence of the Maori culture is heavy set within Rotorua, in fact, it's the heart of the Maori culture in New Zealand. The following day I ventured out into the city of Rotorua. My senses were flooded. I was greeted by the overwhelming smell of the geo-thermal Kourarau Park; my ears were finely tuned to the wonderful sounds of the Kea and the Tui; my mouth watered at the tastes of the local cuisine, and my eyes wandered from buildings to trees to cars to street art to wildlife. I was in a sprawling urban area and yet, I felt so isolated from the rest of the world. In just less than 2 weeks I would be back in Britain, sitting in a classroom learning about the different types of coastal erosion, but right now, that didn't matter. I found myself once again lost in the brilliance of the country's aesthetics and cultural joviality. I explored further into the city, finding tiny hidden corner shops and spectacular viewing points.

Shortly after this, I returned to where we were staying and watched on as the sun set. The sky turned an electric pink, the wind swayed the trees gently and the lake was a perfect sheet of glass: the perfect photo opportunity.

Now I begin the long countdown until I can once again visit this magical island.

# The Busby Babes

## Tragedy to Triumph

Pat Savage

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Legacy - something left or handed down by a predecessor. The Busby Babes epitomise the word as their influence on the world's greatest football club has stretched for over 60 years and still remains at the heart of Manchester United.

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**O**n February 3<sup>rd</sup>, I went to Old Trafford to watch Manchester United take on Huddersfield Town. The match finished 2-0, however, the result seemed somewhat insignificant to the 75000 fans inside the ground as the poignant atmosphere was felt from start to finish. This game marked the nearest home match to the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Munich Air Disaster and the annual event created a unique atmosphere that is only felt at the games dedicated to those who lost their lives in the tragic crash. I was only 6 when I attended the Manchester Derby on the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the disaster and it was the first time I truly began to understand the lasting importance Matt Busby and his team left on the club. The sight of the older generation of fans being drawn to tears during the minute silence and the reading of 'The Flowers of Manchester' before the game stuck with me and created a determination that we can't allow the players or the crash to be lost in history.

The story of Matt Busby, Jimmy Murphy and their team is one of resilience, it highlights the human instinct to come together and continue fighting when faced with a tragedy; it is this spirit that gave Busby strength as he battled from receiving his Last Rites on a hospital bed in Munich to lifting the European Cup a decade after the crash. Busby was a pioneer of the English game and had taken United into the European Cup in the 1956/57 season, against the wishes of The Football League, leading them to the Semi-Final where they fell to Spanish giants Real Madrid.

However, the club won the English First Division again in 1957 and went for their second attempt at conquering Europe. Busby and his team, which was made nearly entirely of academy graduates and had an average age of just 24, were tearing apart the continent's best opponents and another win against Red Star Belgrade had put them through to the Semi-Finals for a second consecutive year. Tragically, on the journey back from Belgrade disaster struck as the aircraft carrying the team tried to take off following a stop in Munich to refuel.



Following 2 failed attempts, the plane accelerated down the runway for a third time. It met slush and the speed needed for the plane to take off was never reached; the plane crashed through the airport fence, it then hit a house and was finally destroyed when it hit a wooden hut. 20 people on-board died immediately, including 7 first-team players, and medical staff were faced with an immense battle to save the lives of the initial survivors.

One of the most tragic tales of the crash was that of Duncan Edwards, dubbed the most talented footballer of his generation and just 21 years of age. He survived the initial crash and was taken to a Munich hospital. Despite asking Jimmy Murphy, who arrived in Munich just days **after the crash**, "What time is the kick off against Wolves, Jimmy? I mustn't miss that match", he tragically died 15 days later from damage to his kidneys inflicted by the impact.

One of the shining lights in this moment of darkness was the bravery shown by goalkeeper Harry Gregg. Despite being warned away from re-entering the plane due to the high possibility it would explode, Harry heard the cries of the baby daughter of a Yugoslavian diplomat who was travelling with the team and rescued both the infant and the pregnant mother. As well as that, two stewardesses - Rosemary Cheverton and Margaret Bellis- who survived the crash, ran around dousing fires and providing aid to anyone they could find despite the risk the fuel posed. This spirit to fight for others in their time of need, whether they be friends or strangers, epitomised the reaction of the public around the globe. The club was on its knees and, with no team or finance, the board looked to liquidise Manchester United. However, Jimmy Murphy refused to accept this and with the help of volunteers, financial

contributions - ranging from large donations to children's pocket money - and clubs around the world offering players, (including their arch rival Liverpool) he took a patched-up team to complete the season as Matt Busby recovered. Football seemed to take a backseat for a **long time after the crash but it can't be forgotten that the** team managed to make the FA Cup Final, where Busby spoke to the players for the first time since the crash, highlighting the pride the new players took when pulling on the shirt and their understanding of the importance of what they represented.

10 years after the crash, Busby led the next generation back to Europe and saw his team, which included survivors Bill Foulkes and Sir Bobby Charlton, lift the European Cup at Wembley in 1968. This success was an incredible achievement and turnaround as Busby recovered from his injuries, both physical and mental, to build another great team that did the Babes proud.

The legacy Busby left is much more than exciting football using academy graduates, he symbolises what the Babes stood for; a group of friends who were hardworking, young lads that came together to put a smile on the faces of those who supported them- and it is this that **can't be forgotten. In the modern era players get so** distracted by sponsorships and boosting their image that they forget what makes football, and all sports, truly special: the ability to bring together groups of people as **they share unique experiences and emotions that can't** be recreated outside of the stadium. Busby was the pioneer of his time and his Babes brought countless outbursts of happiness across Manchester and the world; we must never forget them and everything they did for the greatest club in the world.



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Oh, England's finest football team it's record truly great,  
Its proud successes mocked by a cruel turn of fate.  
Eight men will never play again, who met destruction there,  
The flowers of English football, the flowers of Manchester.

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# THE GOLDEN *Legacy*

Emma Howe

With the summer fast approaching, it is certain that sport will play a big part in what makes 2018 a year to remember.

From football to fencing and rugby to rowing, sporting icons will be created.

One individual who has inspired the young, captivated spectators and dominated the world of track and field is the fastest man in the world – Usain Bolt.

Considered to be the greatest sprinter of all time, Usain Bolt has cemented his place among sports' greatest, alongside others such as Muhammad Ali, Pele and Michael Jordan. Last year he retired, and as the Jamaican star bid farewell to the sport, he left a golden legacy behind. He has thrived off the sport, the spotlight and the pressure. Constantly referred to as the G.O.A.T (Greatest Of All Time), he has established his legendary status, winning an unprecedented 11 World Championships whilst holding the 4x100m, 100m and 200m world records.

In 9.58 seconds you can't eat a cheeseburger, pot every pool ball or peel a potato, yet somehow he could run 100m in that time. I hope I'm not making you feel useless, but you can't ignore facts.

***“Usain Bolt's only opponent was the clock.”***

sport forward, making him the first man in history to set three world records in a single Olympic Games. His world class times as a teenager and his distinctive natural physique have made Bolt

immune to the suspicions and doubts that have surrounded the performances of most other top sprinters in recent decades. There has been little question that his performances were down to natural talent allied to hard work. It's blatantly obvious.

It all began through humble beginnings, being brought up in a small town called Sherwood Content, the local priest said that if he beat the fastest runner around he would buy him lunch. And he did. When he's not knocking over cameramen, playing cricket or striking 'the Lightning Bolt' pose, he is paying £10,000 to adopt an abandoned cheetah cub, highlighting that he is quite the philanthropist. This summer, Bolt will hit the headlines leading the *Rest of the World* team against England in the annual Soccer Aid pro-celebrity football match to raise money for UNICEF. The match will take place on June 10<sup>th</sup> at Old Trafford, home of the team Usain professes to love.

The fascinating question now of course, is 'what next?' in a more meaningful sense. It's the question that all sports-people face eventually, and whatever Usain turns his attention to, one thing is for sure – we'll all know about it.



# North and South Korea Unite-Pyeongchang

## Winter Olympics

As the 23<sup>rd</sup> Winter Olympic Games drew to a close, Pyeongchang bid goodbye to some of the world's best winter athletes, and welcomed others for the awe-inspiring Paralympic Games. We take a look back here at some highlights over the 17 days of competition to see the legacy that has been left behind.

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**“A pivotal historical moment in the making followed, as the North and South Korean teams marched out together under a united flag.”**

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We begin at the opening ceremony held in the Pyeongchang Olympic stadium, where 35,000 people watched the three-hour event in freezing conditions, but they were surely warmed by the energetic entertainment: a huge firework display plus over 3,000 athletes from 90 nations marching out into the Olympic Stadium, Team GB being the 52<sup>nd</sup> country to do so. A pivotal historical moment in the making followed, as the North and South Korean teams marched out together under a united flag. The centerpiece of the ceremony then followed with two hours of dancing, singing and celebration of harmony, peace, and Korean culture. The ceremony will be long remembered as one of the best for its visual brilliance, but also its political significance in sparking unity between the Koreans.



Perhaps the most memorable moment of the games was once more a political one when the Koreans were unified through sport in the ice hockey matches. Despite the joint nations' efforts, they bowed out of the early stages of the competition - without victory.

Nevertheless, the coaches were proud as one stated, “It's pretty remarkable that our players were able to make it work,” when asked about the hardships of combining two teams in such a short time. Even if they didn't win on the ice, spectators saw the team as one that brought a diplomatic victory in turbulent times.

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**“The ceremony will be long remembered as one of the best for its visual brilliance, but also its political significance in sparking unity between the Koreans.”**

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The iconic story of the games is that of teenager Red Gerard, who nearly missed his event after waking up late because he was up the night before binge-watching Netflix. Rather impressively, he managed to make the cut off time and ran a winning run in the snowboard slope-style, earning Team USA their first gold of the games. The 17-year-old then went on to drop the F-bomb on live TV, truly an Olympic fairytale story.

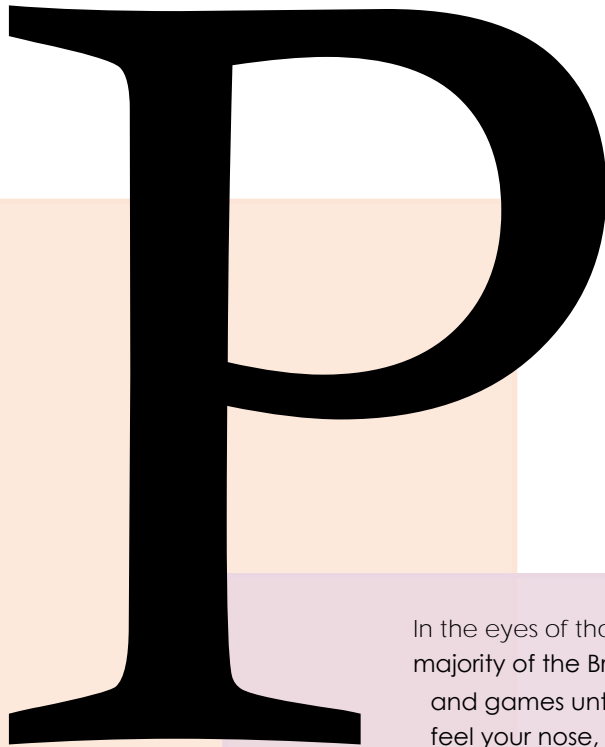
The Pyeongchang games was one with record breaking outcomes, on and off the ice and snow, from beginning to end. The spirit of the games was proudly captured by all of those involved in South Korea and it will be remembered as a success for all.



In a remarkable Olympic Games for Norway, the team broke the previous record for highest total medals by getting a haul of 39 podium finishes. This included 14 gold - a record they now share with Germany and Canada. This is Norway's eighth finish at the top of the medal table at a Winter Games, and the first since 2002, with the team leaving behind a legacy themselves for the next generation of athletes in Beijing.

# BRITAIN + SNOW = DISASTER. END OF.

Rebecca Goodier



ANDEMONIUM. Pandemonium is what happens as soon as snow hits England. There's no other word to describe it – pandemonium.

It's very, very predictable.

Picture this; it's 6:42am on a Friday morning, you peek out from under your duvet to the sight of your own breath floating before your eyes. You fly across the room as if powered by a blizzard itself, pull open the curtains to a sight that astounds you. Your life flashes before your eyes as you take in the demonic snowflakes which fall from the angry sky above. Visions of de-icing your car, frozen pipes which will need attending to with a kettle, and your bosses angry face as you show up late for work, hit you like a snowplough.

In the eyes of those who enjoy the icy weather, its glorious, yet, for the majority of the British public, it's a right pain in the back side. It's all fun and games until you get a snowball to the face and you can't feel your nose, then your hands, then your feet. It's a snowball

effect, really. Sadly, Primark, your gloves aren't quite up to scratch for our needs in the snow. In fact, we don't seem to quite know what to wear when the temperature drops below zero; we go from one extreme to the other. My Nan is fully kitted out head to toe in her ski outfit chatting to herself about "the ice age" while my younger brother's sunbathing outside in his Speedos. Moral of the story is, us Brits just aren't cut out for it. When it comes to being prepared, we are right at the bottom of that list.

## "HAVE YOU SEEN THE SNOW?"

The most commonly heard phrase in England whenever there is a slight bit of snow on the ground (as if said speaker is the only person who has windows.) It just about covers the soles of our shoes and we are moaning and groaning about how we are "playing with death" by walking on it. Never mind the constant complaints about the unbelievably cold weather, sore throats and running noses which all come along with it. We're never happy, are we? We complain about the wind and rain (not to mention the lethal spitting), complain that we never have hot weather and then when we do we mumble about that too. We say we want it to snow, and when it does snow, guess what we do, surprise; WE COMPLAIN.

Think about it, the snow is pretty much like a night out; it starts off with a parade of sparkles and a few group pics, then you hop in the flu taxi and the night goes downhill from there. Just like when you're wearing your heels, you can't feel your feet and your nose is so red that you're expecting a call from Santa asking you to lead his sleigh

this year. Even though you've experienced this inevitable downfall numerous times, the 'future you' will make this mistake time and time again.

Why is it that we go into meltdown before the first snowflake has even hit the ground? Embarrassingly our nation is known for being a wuss in the snow. Like a school bully, America points and laughs at us as we stumble on the ice like Bambi. It's not our fault snow in the UK is as rare as gun regulations in the USA. In fact, experts are saying 2018 could be the worst winter we've had. And we just can't hack it.

Public services will abandon us; buses will shut down, train lines will close, roads will become blocked, yet somehow students will still be expected to miraculously find their way into school for 8:50 on Monday morning.

Something needs to change. If snow is going to be here, then we need to adapt to it. But let's be honest, we're British, we're not prone to change. So, if the snow would like to leave now, that would be great, thanks.





Artwork by Amy Beaumont

International Women's Day is a day that celebrates female achievements throughout history, a dedication to the strong women that fought for women's rights and worked to abolish sexism.

Some key women throughout history who have fought for equality, whilst also possibly risking everything, include:

Rosa Parks - an African-American woman who, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of December in 1955, refused to give up her seat for a white passenger on a bus in Montgomery which then sparked a domino effect of bus boycotts that lasted for 381 days, when eventually the city desegregated public buses. She was then called 'The First Lady of Civil Rights', an honourable name to signify her brave act. **'I would like to be remembered as a person who wanted to be free... so other people would be also free.'**

Malala Yousafzai - a girl who was shot on her school bus three times in the head in Pakistan, on October 9<sup>th</sup> 2012, for speaking out about rights for girls' education. Time Magazine listed her as one of "The 100 Most Influential People in the World" in 2013. She is the youngest-ever Nobel Laureate and is studying philosophy, politics and economics at Oxford University. **'I don't want to be remembered as the girl who was shot. I want to be remembered as the girl who stood up.'**

Mother Teresa - who devoted her life to help aid the poor and deprived. She was an Albanian nun and an evangelist who took part in charity work. She personally cared for thousands of sick and dying people and for her selfless acts she was awarded The Nobel Prize in 1979.

Mary Wollstonecraft - the founder of feminism, a champion of social justice and 'Mother of Women's Suffrage'. Her work on the rights of women was said to be ahead of its time.

For all you wondering when International Men's Day is, let's be honest, they've had it 365 days a year since the world began. **It's our time now.** No, I am not being a 'feminazi' (a degrading term you may be familiar with, that pigs have coined), I'm being a feminist. I'm here to stay. **I'm here for equality.**

For centuries women have been expected to sit and look pretty, being the object of a man's attention. However, over the past one hundred years, it's become apparent that women will take that crap no longer. And I'm here for this, I'm here for powerful ladies throwing it back!

Over the past few years there has been a turning point regarding the very real issue of sexual harassment; victims are learning not to be afraid, they're coming forward, because if they don't, who will? The attackers certainly won't. Actor Alyssa Milano has been the most vocal in speaking out against the parasite Harvey Weinstein, after the endless allegations against him. She spoke alongside women across all industries in the world, sharing their traumatic stories. Alyssa Milano wrote, "If all the women who have been sexually harassed or assaulted, wrote 'me too' as a status, we might give people a sense of the magnitude of the problem." The #MeToo movement has resulted in millions of mostly women, but also men, speaking out about sexual harassment to educate the upcoming generations and to tell people that we will never tolerate this. It further emphasises how it isn't just horrifying monsters such as Harvey Weinstein, but even friends, family members, work colleagues, or anyone that could sexually harass or abuse you.

Emma Watson spoke out about gender inequality and how far we still have to go. "I am from Britain and think it is right that as a woman I am paid the same as my male counterparts. I think it is right that I should be able to make decisions about my own body. I think it is right that women be involved on my behalf in the policies and decision-making of my country. I think it is right that socially I am afforded the same respect as men. But sadly I can say that there is no one country in the world where all women can expect to receive these rights. No country in the world can yet say they have achieved gender equality." This is disheartening to think how women have come a LONG way to be in the position we are in right now, but it just isn't enough. We will keep fighting but when will it be enough? Another 100 years or more? In the words of Malala, let's make our voices powerful, ladies.

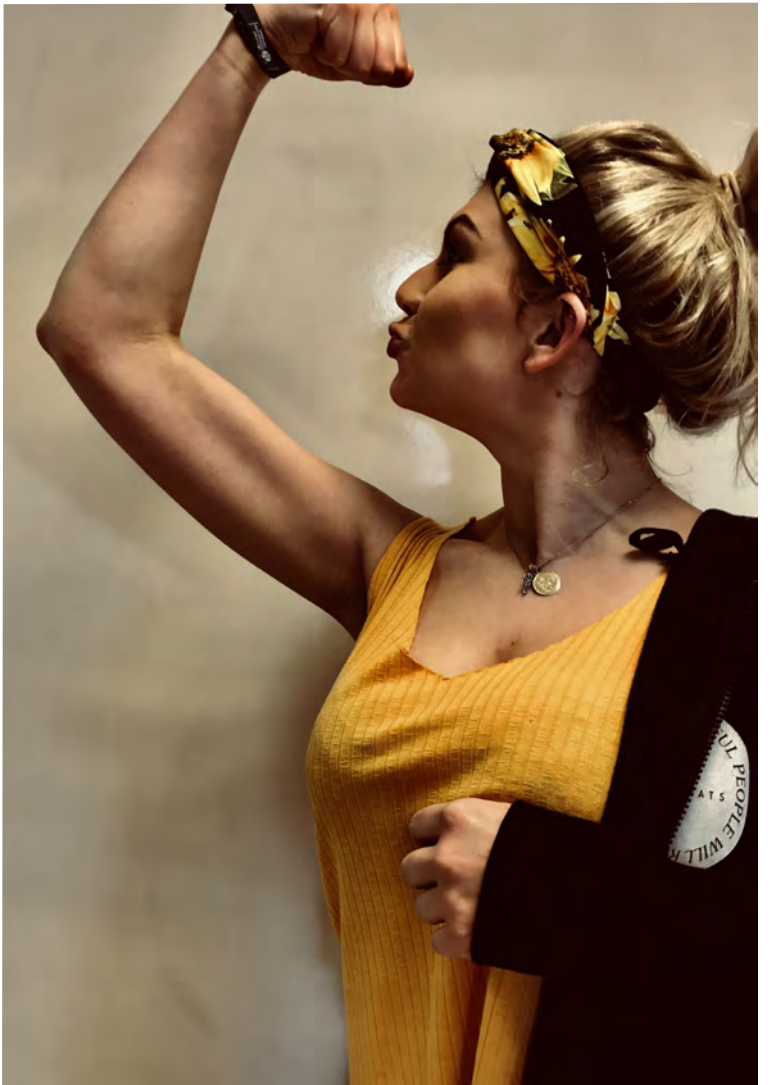
INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

*"I'm here to stay, I'm here for equality"*

Lily Evans

*"When the whole world is silent, even one voice becomes powerful"*  
- Malala Yousafzai







# FLORIDA SHOOTINGS:

## *The truth about video games*

Many of us were shocked and saddened by the devastating Florida shootings that took place on 14th February 2018 at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School, Parkland, Florida. Disastrously, there were 17 lives lost and with this atrocity came a lot of accusations and assumptions regarding gun crime and the influence of video games such as C.O.D. or GTA.

One of these charges came from Donald Trump, who accused video games of being to blame for their country's problems with gun violence - not the guns themselves or their availability of course. Donald Trump claimed that: "I'm hearing more and more people seeing the level of violence in video games, and this is really shaping young people's thoughts." Surely if this were true, violent video games would have shaped the way young people think around the world and mass shootings would be a global epidemic. This is not the case. Donald Trump was not the only politician with such thoughts, however, as the Kentucky Governor Matt Bevin said that: "Guns are not the problem. We have a cultural problem in America. You look at the 'culture of death' that is being celebrated. There are video games, that yes, are listed for mature audiences, but kids play them and everybody knows it and there's nothing to prevent the child from playing them, that celebrate the slaughtering of people."

Surely, to blame video games for gun violence is to ignore the real issue: legislation around guns. Despite numerous accusations, there has never been any scientific data recorded to show any link between video games and the levels of violence that take place around the world. Take Japan for example, a technological epicentre with a huge gaming community, civilians have access to guns and 'violent' video games yet they have the lowest rate of gun violence in the more established countries. The BBC stated that in 2014 there were just six gun deaths in Japan, compared to 33,599 in the US.

Most critically, civilians in Japan are allowed to own a gun, but they have to undergo a series of stages first. You have to take a day long class and pass a written exam, pass a shooting test with 95% accuracy or higher, pass a mental health and drug test, have a background check and yearly gun checks. In addition, civilians can only purchase a shotgun or air rifle, not handguns or semi-automatics.

Whereas in America, if you are 18 with a gun licence, you can purchase a handgun, shotgun or rifle and ammunition – with some variation across states. Of course, that doesn't stop firearms being sold on the black market - the mass shooting at a music concert in Las Vegas in 2017, resulted in 59 people being shot and 527 injured dead by a 'lone wolf' gunman; he had purchased and acquired (some illicitly) over 23 guns with an additional 19 weapons at home.

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**Shaping our  
thoughts or  
sharpening our  
instincts?**

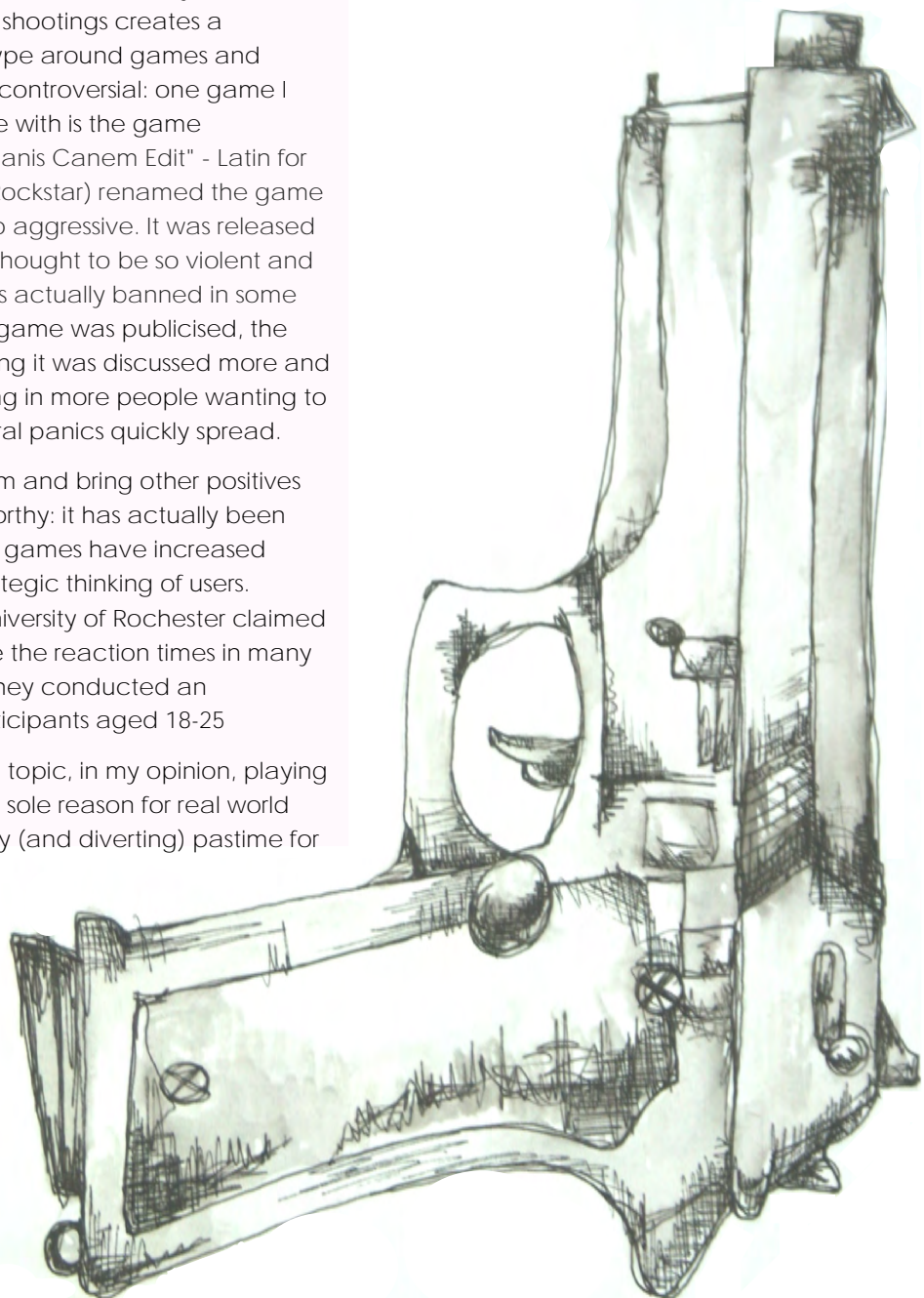
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So do video games cause violence in the real world? One researcher, Dr. Christopher J. Ferguson, stated: "speaking as a researcher who has studied violent video games for almost 15 years, I can state that there is no evidence to support these claims that violent media and real-world violence are connected." Yet, blaming video games for mass shootings goes back around 30 years, as video games were mentioned as a contributing factor for the Jon Venables and Robert Thomson case, involving the death of 2-year-old James Bulger. The boys' very problematic home backgrounds and social issues arguably had much more impact .... but perhaps they were trickier, more complex issues for the media to delve into ...

Personally, being a gamer myself, I can say that throughout all the time I have been playing video games which contain violence or "harmful content", I have never had the thought of purchasing a gun and pointing it at another human being, as I can separate the virtual from the reality. I think I speak for many gamers who think exactly the same. Blaming video games for mass shootings creates a damaging stigma and stereotype around games and gamers. Yes, some games are controversial: one game I have had first-hand experience with is the game "Bully" (now better known as "Canis Canem Edit" - Latin for "dog eat dog.") The creators (Rockstar) renamed the game as "Bully" was thought to be too aggressive. It was released on 17<sup>th</sup> October 2006 but was thought to be so violent and potentially influential that it was actually banned in some shops in the UK. The more the game was publicised, the more recognition it got, meaning it was discussed more and became more popular, resulting in more people wanting to play. Controversy sells and moral panics quickly spread.

Games can offer total escapism and bring other positives which are perhaps less newsworthy: it has actually been scientifically proven that video games have increased reaction times and logical, strategic thinking of users. Cognitive scientists from the University of Rochester claimed that video games can improve the reaction times in many types of real-life situations, as they conducted an experiment with dozens of participants aged 18-25

Although a highly controversial topic, in my opinion, playing C.O.D. or G.T.A. cannot be the sole reason for real world violence, but gaming is an easy (and diverting) pastime for politicians to blame...



# Round of applause for the NHS staff please...

Han**N**gry

Let**H**argic

**S**leepy

Iona Fairbairn

These were just three of the many feelings I had experienced by the end of my hospital marathon. Not to sound like a negative Nancy, but my time spent inside the hospital walls is not something I would choose to repeat. However, I must put it out there, that although my reason for being there was not particularly pleasant, the staff were just the opposite.

Whether you dream to be a doctor, builder or dancer; whether your passion is sports, music or art, your health, both mental and physical, is what makes these things possible. It's the key to our lives and the fundamental basis of our existence.

This is why the NHS is such an incredible idea - free health care for all UK citizens for whoever and wherever you may be. The staff who make this happen are incredibly friendly and caring, in short, they are amazing! So, the question I ask to you is why? Why do we expect such a huge organisation to run on such little funds? Why neglect such an amazing service? Why overwork and over stress the staff that make people's pain bearable?

On Tuesday 13th February, I was sent into hospital for what I thought would be a quick procedure (when is nipping to the hospital ever quick?) and after a 5 hour wait - yes 5 hours - I finally saw a surgeon at 10:15PM, who asked me to return the following day for surgery, making sure that I didn't eat or drink prior to my arrival. "Nil by mouth" was the term he used. So, when Wednesday 14th February rolled up, I arrived at the hospital at 8:00AM sharp. If only I'd known it would be a grueling 14 hour wait before I would be wheeled into theatre looking a lot like Lady Muck. If only I'd known, I would have stocked myself up on mountains of food to keep my hangry self from rearing its ugly head due to the hospital's 24hr no drinking and eating policy. Torturous.

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***I've always had bad veins... and when I say bad veins, I mean veins that don't like needles being jabbed into them left, right and centre,***

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Now I really can't blame the NHS for the state of my veins, but by 10AM, I already had four green and blue bruises filling my arm, slowly turning me into a half avatar-like creature. Nice. The first attempt at drawing blood and the first attempt at having a cannula jabbed into my hand was unsuccessful, leaving me with an entire arm unusable, and very sore. This was further amplified by the drip of hydrating fluid that I had constantly chained to me, making going to the bathroom an unusual challenge. This was the only reason that I would dare to venture out of my room, but no matter how discreet I tried to be, I would always end up tripping over the wheels dragging behind me, clattering clumsily despite my best efforts



When I was admitted to hospital on the Wednesday morning, I was greeted by the surgeon I had seen the previous night, who I later found out to be Danish. During my stay it became obvious in fact, that a lot of the staff working in the NHS were not English, all working extremely long hours and all dedicated to keeping our precious NHS up and running. I daren't imagine the impact of Brexit on the NHS going forward.

Since 7:00am, the surgeon looking after me had been working in the hospital, and due to many important emergencies, hadn't managed to perform my operation until 10:00pm. Now I have no doubts of his ability, but to be working such long hours must be so frustrating—and exhausting. URRGHHHH!

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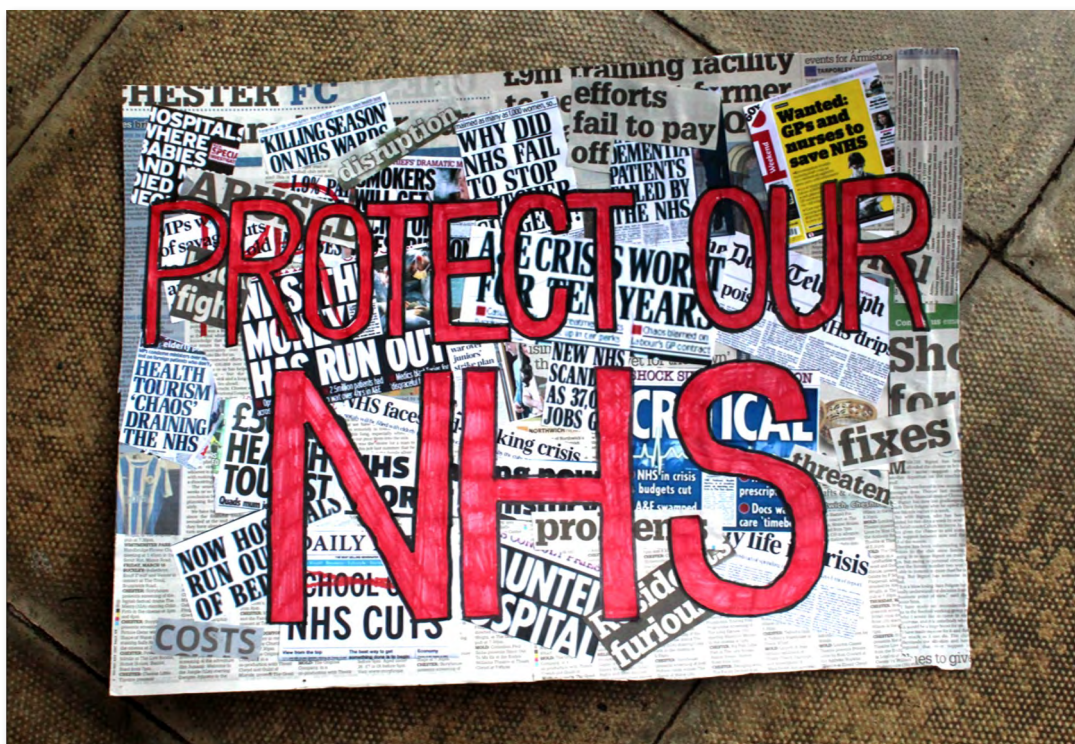
*Tell me, would you want to be working these inhumane shifts?! I know I wouldn't, that's for sure!*

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It's beyond a joke. It's just not fair on staff, patients or the rest of the 1.5 million people employed by the NHS across the UK. Now, I don't know about you, but I would be incredibly angry and exasperated if I was persistently working in these almost unworkable conditions.

Naturally, I entered the hospital thinking that as a female I'd be put straight into the women's ward... but alas, I was wrong! Due to overcrowding, I ended up surrounded by a bunch of geriatric men wobbling around in dressing gowns, with God knows what hanging out for the whole world to see! I didn't dare look... what a sight! I do have to mention here, that I did at least have my own room (phew, she gasps) and although it may have been an unpleasant surprise for me personally to be in the men's ward, the young nurses on the other hand appeared rather pleased to be treating someone who actually knew how to work a phone and had heard of Cardi B.

Well, I do apologise for blabbering on. But the point I'm trying to make is that all the amazing people working for the NHS, who help us through hard times in our lives, should be treated better, paid more, work fewer hours and have more benefits! I don't know what the answer is; perhaps that we pay more taxes, that the politicians stop their prevaricating and deception, that the pharmaceutical companies are encouraged to reinvest some of their exorbitant profits into the health care of this country. All I do know is that a perfect storm is heading in our direction. The end.



# GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT

A legacy can take many forms; from the legacy of the 2012 Olympic Games in Great Britain, to the legacy of a relative or loved one. However sometimes legacies can have severely detrimental impacts. Due to the outpouring of sexual offence cases in response to the Savile scandal, the police and justice system changed the way they investigate these cases; believing the complainants from the beginning. This, though extremely positive for those who feared coming forward previously, has inadvertently resulted in potential miscarriages of justice through the withholding of crucial evidence for the defence.

Take Liam Allan whose sexual offence case against him was only just thrown out after two years of "mental torture". This was due to undisclosed evidence being brought to light that proved the innocence of the defendant, without which Mr Allan could have been imprisoned for 12 years and put on the sex offenders register for life. The evidence was digital, in the form of text messages, which is a reason given for why the evidence was overlooked and not revealed. However, in this world where social media and the internet are key aspects of people's lives, this kind of evidence is rife, and so there should be systems in place that ensure this resource is used to the fullest.

Issues like this are shocking to hear; the number of prosecutions in England and Wales that collapsed because of a failure by police or prosecutors to disclose evidence had increased by 70% in the last two years, which forces many of us to question if this is a systematic problem. The cases of Oliver Mears, Samson Makele, and Isaac Itiary were also all dropped recently as a result of similar failures – and yet some have said that the police don't have to investigate all aspects of a defendant's life. How would these people have achieved justice without such methods?

Now I do not mean for this to be a drastic defamation of the police or justice system because they are integral within our society and work tirelessly to ensure justice and fair treatment. Events like this can clearly not just be boiled down to straightforward incompetence and certainly not intentional concealment of information. These issues could stem from a lack of resources, possibly the influence of public opinion as well as the great difficulty in judging rape cases themselves.



It may not be widely known that since 2010 the number of police officers has reduced by 15% (around 20,000) which has put a huge strain on law enforcement as officers are overwhelmed with cases. This does not excuse what has happened or minimise the impact on those wrongly accused but it is something that must be considered in order to avoid these failures in the future. The justice system requires accuracy and efficiency to effectively carry out its purpose, however, there are aspects of the process of bringing a case to trial such as the language used to address those involved (for example the use of 'complainant' in courts rather than the more emotive 'victim') that undermine the impartiality of this procedure.

The change in investigative techniques surrounding sexual assault and rape cases has many overarching benefits that should not be overlooked. By creating a safer and more supportive atmosphere, complainants are encouraged to step forward. Also, attitudes expressed through techniques like this show how the stigmatism surrounding rape is being challenged.



“Innocence,  
after all,  
is not a  
grey area.”

Undoubtedly the consequences of the sexual offence investigations into public figures have had a significant impact on the way our legal system and police force operate. Though it is true that only around 0.1% of complainants are false in this particular area, the risk of a miscarriage of justice is too great to ignore the issues surrounding obtaining evidence. Therefore, something needs to be done to ensure both the complainant and the defendant receive a fair and impartial trial. Innocence, after all, is not a grey area.

Anna Richardson



# BLACK PANTHER- the evolution of

## superheroes

*Black Panther* is an American superhero film, produced by Marvel Studios and is the eighteenth film in the Marvel Cinematic Universe. The \$921 film is based on the Marvel Comics character T'Challa, who returns home to the African nation of Wakanda to take his rightful place as King; however faced with treachery and danger, the youthful king must use the full power of the Black Panther to overthrow his enemies and prioritise the safety of his people. *Black Panther* features Chadwick Boseman, Michael B. Jordan, Lupita Nyong'o, Danai Gurira, Daniel Kaluuya and Martin Freeman.

**And about time ... we have a black super hero...**

Evidently, from the eminent figures starring in the film, the main characters are mostly people of colour, enabling the audience to become inspired. This fact also indicates how society is adapting to change—finally overcoming history and its elapsed inequalities.

The 'Black Panthers' were initially a group of black activists during the Civil Rights Movement who fought for equality and for an end to segregation. For people of this once minority race who faced such atrocious prejudice, the film shows a huge achievement and realisation of how far our society has come in a relatively short period.

In the wake of the #oscarssowhite protest, which was a reaction against the so-called whitewashing of the 2016 Oscars ceremony, *Black Panther* has an overall concept that juxtaposes anything that Hollywood has previously presented us with:

***"It's more than just a movie to us.*** Black Panther represents a positive affirmation of our strength. For far too long, mainstream media has shown us a homogeneous mass of black people. There are rarely multi-layered, complicated black characters depicted in America. Our struggles are well documented. Our triumphs over the multitude of obstacles that we have faced are rarely shown. We come in more than one shade; we have been portrayed as docile throughout American history. It is rare for whites to see the depths of our hopes and dreams portrayed in television films." –Reggie Jackson, Milwaukee Independent reporter.

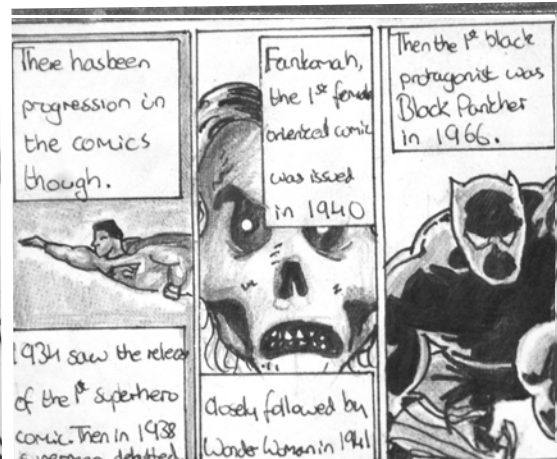
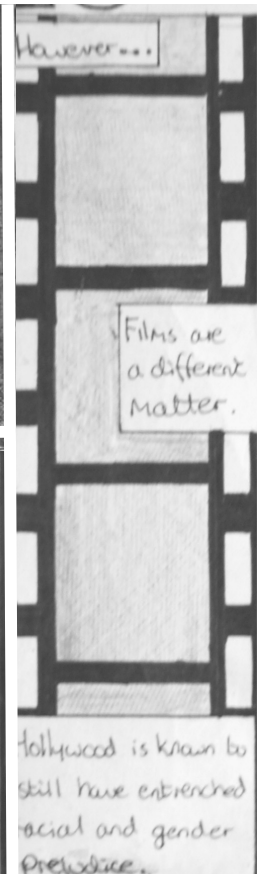
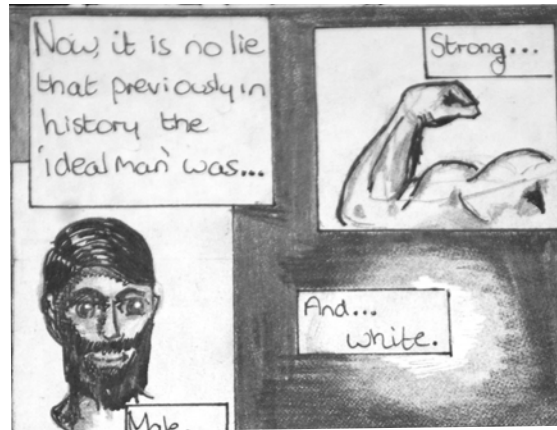
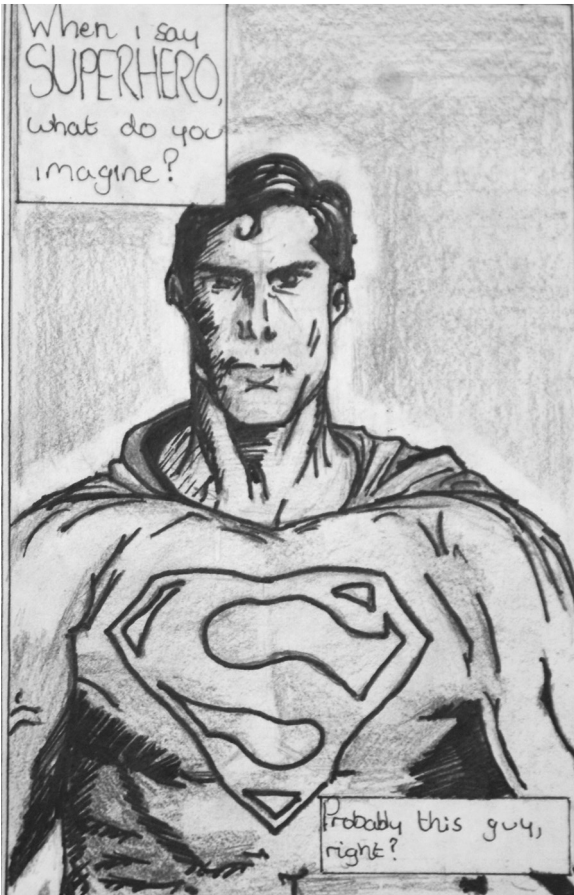
As Jackson suggests, the film comes intertwined with topics including black identity, pride and strength – themes missing from most movies in the comic book movie genre. Looking at the racial climate of the country over the past decade, America has celebrated the Nation's first black president (a hero to many) and now celebrates a movie based on a comic book character who shares a name with the iconic African American revolutionary group – an organisation designed to protect black citizens from racism. If that doesn't show progress and the positive impact of the black community on modern society, then I don't know what does.

The Black Panthers' principle in the 60s was an "undying love of the people" – maybe the film carries this message and continues their legacy .... amongst the costumes, high action sequences and CGI of course.

Caitlin Oldroyd

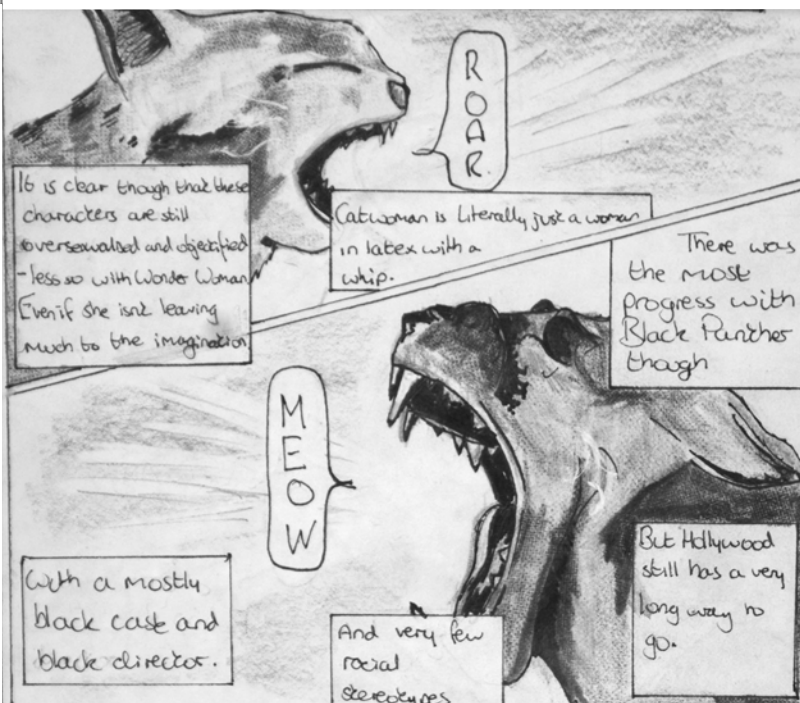
# THE EVOLUTION OF SUPERHEROES

Aaron Jones



The 1st Superman film premiered in 1978 but it would take until 2009 for the first female superhero film "Catwoman" and then 2014 for Wonder Woman to be viewed by all.

With the word "superhero" being redefined with the latest blockbuster movies,





# Sergei Skripal and the Dark Side of Chemistry

Chemistry is a fascinating field which has illimitable uses within today's technologically advanced society. From the many complex life saving drugs of the pharmaceutical world, to the plastic polymers which prolong the seemingly ephemeral shelf life of a cucumber by up to six times, the industry is simply vast. There are, however, some darker areas of field that are rarely discussed.

**“Nerve agents are arguably some of the most dangerous and devastating substances in existence”**

It's Sunday. You and your daughter decide to go out for a meal to the local Zizzi's in town. The last mouthful of the margarita has been demolished, the bill is payed, and you embark on a leisurely stroll through the relatively quiet streets. After sitting down on the nearest bench, you both lose consciousness. Strange, right? Well, this is what happened to the ex-Russian spy Sergei Skripal, who acted as a double agent for our country.

Nerve agents are arguably some of the most dangerous and devastating substances in existence. They are organic chemicals, which means that they are carbon containing compounds. They work by blocking an enzyme which

catalyses the break down of a certain type of neurotransmitter called acetylcholinesterase. This is something that helps neurological impulses traverse a gap between two neurons called the synapse.

Consequently, the nervous system is severely disrupted, and after the toxic chemical has entered the body, (which can be by ingestion, inhalation, or simply a drop on the skin) it acts immediately. There are a great range of symptoms, which vary from vomiting and convulsions to asphyxiation and cardiac arrest, with many being fatal. If the victim makes it to hospital, and there is an emphasis on 'if', then they are typically given the antidote atropine. This acts by blocking the acetylcholine receptors. However, the antidote itself is actually poisonous, which emphasises the physically gruelling and painful experience.

The lethality of nerve agents emphasises the inherently evil actions of a certain individual or group who set about to try and use them. Nerve agents were discovered accidentally in Germany in 1936 by a company called IG Farben. Once reported to the Nazi government, they continued to manufacture it for artillery.

The consequences of the agents are brutal, as even the Nazis didn't dare use them. This whole event surrounding Sergei has disturbing echoes of the past. On the 1st November 2006, Alexander Litvinenko, another Russian defect living in England, was poisoned by a radioactive substance called polonium-210, resulting in his death on the 23rd of that very month.

**“it is evident how brutally traumatic the consequences of the agents are - as even the Nazis didn't dare use them ”**

Even in 2017, I remember learning about him in year 11 Physics which highlights the legacy that he has left behind.

It makes me wonder if in 2029 the budding scientists of our future will be learning about the effect of nerve agents with Sergei and his daughter as their case study. A chilling prospect.

Sam Hunt



# The Perks of Being a Neat Freak



Imagine this: walking into your bedroom and noticing one lonely sock lying in the middle of the floor. On its own, out of place. On. The. Floor. You start to question your life, you start to panic, you start to ask yourself "How on Earth did that happen?" Snapping back to reality, you carefully pick up the lonely sock and place it gently back into the appropriately sized, colour coded and perfectly folded section of your drawer. Having a pristine bedroom has to be the most satisfying feeling in the world. Sure, having a great group of friends, secure income and a stable relationship are great, but they don't give quite the same sense of satisfaction as the smell of antibacterial wipes. Dettol, Domestos Extended Germ-Kill, or just about anything with 'that' bleachy smell is the real deal: a treat, a dream and an obsessive-compulsive cleaner's perfume. But having your clean space in a house of five people is easier said than done, especially if two of them are males.....

I don't even have enough words to describe the feeling of walking past my nineteen-year-old brother's bedroom and being smacked in the face with the smell of sweat and teenage boy in general. The over-use of expensive, yet cheap smelling aftershave and the piles of clothes crunched up, covering the whole area of the once-fresh smelling carpet are traumatic to me. Is it that hard to put clothes into the laundry basket? Apparently so. His room is worse than the aftermath of a party, with half empty cups and dirty plates slowly building to form a tower - the majority of which are stained with ketchup and various other condiments, despite the fact that the dishwasher is just a stone's throw away. Yes, I know what you're thinking, "Why don't you just tidy it up?" Oh, if only it were that simple. Simple to get through the door, discard my anxiety and face the disaster which is patiently waiting on the other side of the wall. No, sorry, I can't do it.

Orderliness is a necessity in life, so I don't understand why more people aren't like me. Allow me to explain: an order for applying makeup is a necessity; primer first and then foundation next (making sure to place the correct brushes back into their correct home after each correct step, of course.) There's an order to mornings: wake up nice and early, but ensure that you leave enough time to check your phone but make sure you

don't spend too long checking Instagram, because God forbid you get in the shower a minute later than planned. Then you get out of the shower and dress into your pre-planned outfit, which of course is colour-coordinated to avoid serious clashing. Next: get to Sixth Form while having breakfast on the go, which is made the previous night to avoid congestion in the kitchen and the risk of others using your labelled food to selfishly make their own meals. It's just common sense really, orderliness is a necessity in life. Simple.

Let's discuss the time when disorderliness once led to chaos. It started with falling asleep early (obviously unplanned) which meant not setting an alarm for the morning, all of which conspired together to create the morning from hell. Oversleeping meant that I was late checking my phone, which meant that I was late getting into the shower, which meant my stingy family had used up all of the hot water, which resulted in me having to wait for the inconsiderate boiler to start up again, adding an extra twenty minutes to the already delayed routine. Nightmare. Forgetting to plan an outfit the night before had to be the biggest burden, resulting in clothes flying left, right and centre as I searched for an outfit that wasn't too harsh on the eyes, wasn't too inappropriate for school and wasn't too out of my comfort zone. All of which created a mound in the middle of my previously visible (and pristine) floor.

Already behind schedule, leaving the mess behind was the only dreaded option. I have goose bumps and feel a bit sick at the mere thought. The lack of organisation from the night before left me without breakfast, therefore buying food from the contaminated canteen was my only chance of surviving the distressing day. By 09:30AM I was starving, freezing and late but my brain could only focus on one thing - the disorganised mess I had left in my once immaculate bedroom. Stress. Imagine experiencing such a disastrous morning more than once in your lifetime. Unthinkable. Having your own 'neat area' allows time for clean thinking; a sense of escapism and relaxation. Your thoughts are pure and flow freely to the scent of jasmine, vanilla or Dettol. All of which I strongly advise. From experiencing elements of my brother's chaotic, unplanned and slovenly lifestyle (shudder), take it from me, having a little bit of perfectionism won't hurt.

Anna Gresty

# ONE

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# LOVE

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I have always been aware of terrorism but I never imagined that it was something that I would experience personally. I used to hear on the news about attacks happening in other countries but never thought twice **about it as it wasn't happening near me. It wasn't until the London attack in March this year that I opened my eyes to terrorism, however I still lived in a bubble thinking that I would never go through an event like that. Surely if terrorists were going to attack the UK it was always going to be in London ... not Manchester ....**

The Ariana Grande concert was a joint birthday present for my sister and I from our parents; having both been fans of hers for years it meant a lot to us to finally see her perform live – **it was also my sister's first concert.**

When we arrived at the Arena there were already hundreds of people waiting, all excited to see their idol perform. We were standing on the steps for almost two hours, making friends and talking about the songs we were most excited to see Ariana perform. Once the doors were opened and we finally got to the entrance we had to go through security. **It was honestly one of the worst security I've ever seen, all they did was glance in my backpack – which was filled with random items that could have easily covered a weapon – looking for food or drink - they never emptied it or felt inside. We were not searched, nor did we walk through a metal detector like my friend had to at the MEN only two weeks before at a Shawn Mendes concert. I know some people didn't even have their bags checked, they just walked right in.** The terrible security aside, the actual concert was incredible and everything I could've imagined and more. Ariana was amazing live and it was definitely the **best concert I've ever been to. Ariana did five acts and an encore, however before she returned for her final song of:**

**'Dangerous Woman' a number of people got up and began to leave, whether it was to beat the traffic or because they were unaware of her final performance, my sister and I also got up, thinking it was over. But I told her that she still had another song left.....**

After the final song she left the stage and the lights came back on. Everyone, including us, got up to leave and as we were walking down the stairwell we heard this explosion that sounded like a gunshot only louder. I felt it vibrate through my chest. It went completely silent for about 10 seconds until screams broke out across the arena. People started running in panic to the nearest exits. Words cannot even describe what I felt during those 10 seconds. It was a feeling I had never experienced before. I initially thought someone had managed to get a gun into the arena.

As soon as the screams broke out and people began to run, I grabbed my sister and told her to get back up the stairs to the top platform. As we were running I felt people pushing me and someone actually pulled on my bag so they could try and get ahead – it was as if it was every man for themselves. Once we reached the platform I could hear people shouting that it was a bomb and that there was blood everywhere. Others were screaming that we were all going to die. My sister by this point was crying uncontrollably and kept repeating to me that she was scared and didn't want to die. I told her I wouldn't let anything bad happen to her but couldn't be sure of that promise. My throat burned because I wouldn't allow myself to cry for the sake of my sister. I had to be there for her – **it didn't help seeing grown men and women bawling their eyes out. I think that was when it really hit me that what had happened was something serious and not 'just a balloon' as some staff members were saying.**

Due to what had happened we had to leave through a different exit meaning that I had no clue where I was going. The pitch black night and 20,000 people running in the streets didn't help. **Once we got outside of the arena I couldn't see anything except a sea of people and all I could hear were the desperate cries for missing loved ones who had got separated during the mass panic. By this point I knew it was a bomb and suspected it to be a terrorist attack. My sister's phone had died during the concert and I only had 3% battery remaining. I called our mum and told her to come and get us. My parents had even heard the blast in a carpark that was at least a 10 – 15 minute walk away. When she asked me where I was, I couldn't give her a location ....we were forced to go in the direction of the crowd for fear of being trampled, but when we reached the stairs (where the explosion had happened) we were met with police officers screaming at us to run the other way and to evacuate the area immediately.**

After what felt like forever trying to escape the scene, I spotted a Travelodge in the distance and told my sister to go there. Once there, there were hundreds of people like us taking refuge. Whilst we were waiting we witnessed numerous panic attacks as well as acts of kindness – one woman who was with her daughter offered to take us back to her hotel if our parents didn't show up within an hour.

After what felt like hours of waiting we finally saw our dad racing towards us – it had taken him 30 minutes and on his way, he said he had witnessed children covered in blood. I felt truly overwhelmed with emotions as I didn't have to be the one staying strong for my sister anymore. Reunited, we made our way back to the car and within 15 minutes were leaving Manchester.



Months on from the attack I still struggle with things that I never did before and find it hard to relax in crowded areas. The question I'm asked most is 'would I go to another concert?' If you had asked me that before June 4<sup>th</sup> I would have replied with a 'no' however after returning to Manchester for the One Love Concert my opinion changed instantly and now all I can think about is going to see more of my favourite artists live. The benefit concert made me realise that for every bad person there are 50,000+ good and that as cheesy as it sounds love will always win. Thanks to this event I was able to move forward with my life and start to get back to my old self and I am incredibly fortunate to live within a society that allowed me to do that.

Unfortunately, that isn't the case for thousands of young people who experience what I did more than once and on a daily basis. These people are not receiving the help they need. I now feel more aware of world-wide terrorism and no longer let it slide over my head – just because I live in a western country doesn't mean that I am more entitled.

My hopes for the future are that all acts of terrorism are treated in the same way and are not just swept under the carpet. I hope that all children, no matter where they are from, are not overlooked and are provided with opportunities to overcome the trauma they have witnessed. The words 'One Love' have never seemed so apt.