



The Insight

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- The Insight published in the local news
- Stowupland High School Open Evening
- Careers Fayre
- Various short stories across the newspaper
- Remembrance Day Special
- Halloween and Christmas Edition!

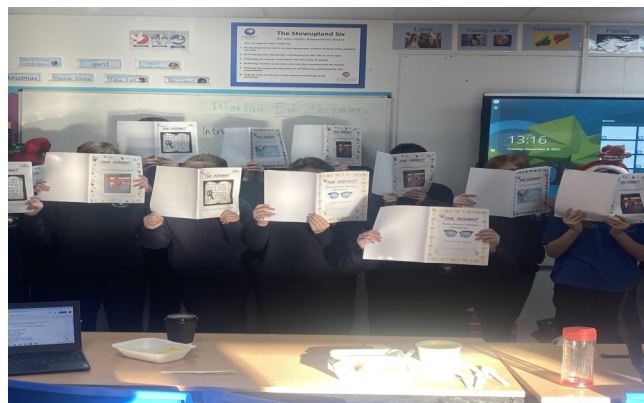
INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

SCHOOL NEWS	2
HARROWING HALLOWEEN	4
REMEMBER, REMEMBER	11
CHRISTMAS IS COMING	18
OTHER DETAILS	20
PUZZLE CORNER	34

Stowupland High School's Fifth Newspaper

NEW YEAR, MANY NEW CHANGES

Welcome to the Fifth Edition of Stowupland High School's School Newspaper! After a new school year, with new journalists and editors, we have taken the decision to change the format and shy away from a magazine format. We hope you like it as much as we do!



Our fantastic team this year!

In this years' edition of The Insight, we have decided to add some extra flavour! We have all sorts of fantastical bits and bobs for you to enjoy. Of course, none of this would have been possible without our wonderful friends here who helped in the production of this news-

paper! A huge thank you must be delivered to our journalists: Aimee Chapman, Paige Cobbold, Chloe Flack, Lily Zoe-Ann Hawkins, Faye Lovitt, Jack Mullet, Thomas Watson, Ethan Smullen, Elliott Stanley, Fern Thomas-Hay, Jakob Wasag, Jessica Keen, Petal Brimson, Ben Jolly and Maisy Meadows!

Then there were our editors who went through the paper to double check its contents—Joshua Bridges and myself, Lotti Horvath! Finally, our club's orchestrator, Miss Leadon! We have really enjoyed putting together this paper and hope that you will love it too!

A ROYAL TRIBUTE



This issue of The Insight is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth II 1926-2022. Here at The Insight, we acknowledge our beloved Queen's recent death and we would like to say from everyone here, and Stowupland High School, we send our thanks to her for reigning for 70 years (the longest time ever recorded).

But it's not all about sadness as we welcome our new King, King Charles II and his Queen Consort Camilla.

And to cheer you up ... Here's 5 fun facts about the royal family:

1. The Queen owned 30

corgis.

2. There are around 34 members of the royal family.

3. The King or Queen will have two birthdays.

4. The Queen invented a breed of dogs – Dorgis!

5. The King or Queen doesn't need a passport to travel abroad.

Written by Lily Hawkins



STOWUPLAND HIGH SCHOOL CAREERS FAYRE BY LILY HAWKINS

On Thursday 3rd November, Stowupland High School hosted a Careers Fayre. It was an exciting opportunity for students in Year 9, 10 and 11 to attend a variety of stalls which were manned by many suppliers from across Suffolk. The main intention of this event was to help the students understand the different pathways available to them post 16. However, it also helped Year 9 students choose options for their future, and aid communication skills for all of the students involved - especially when talking to adults!

We were extremely lucky to have a variety of different suppliers at the event - I myself lost count of how many suppliers there were! Just a few of them included: West

Suffolk College, Attwells Solicitors, Timberwolf, Ipswich Town Football Club, amazing apprenticeship opportunities, as well as the Army. Every supplier I visited spoke avidly to students, whilst giving them detailed advice on where to go next based on their hobbies and interests.

As a student at Stowupland, I would like to thank Mr Brewster, Mr Sim and the rest of Stowupland High School staff for organising the event. However, the biggest thanks must go to all of the fantastic suppliers that came to the event. Many students have discussed how they have benefitted from it and taken away important key information. It is a true pleasure to be able to observe

how much this event has impacted various students; I can see that it has helped advise many on what to do after Secondary School.



WHOLE SCHOOL MOCK ELECTION BY BEN JOLLY

On Friday 2nd December, Stowupland High School had a mock election. For this election, the Year 12 Politic students had to choose a party and campaign as politicians for that party as students from across the school would be able to vote for their favourite party to win the election. They had to write speeches, create posters, and campaign in assemblies; we saw representation from the Conservative, Labour, Green and Liberal Democrat parties. On the week leading up to the election, each party had to campaign in assemblies of each year encouraging people to vote for their chosen representative. We had to also put up posters around school, and campaign to the various students during that time. This was also amusing when each party was slandering the other politicians during this time: trying to recreate local elections!

This general election in our school showed us, and the school, how a real general election would work. It was really useful as some of the Year 12 students would like to run in politics - this was a great trial run for any future careers. We also saw some

attempts at coalitions, as well as tactical voting, which linked to our political course. It was also beneficial for the school, as it allowed the lower school to partake in politics and have their say. This showed them how they can vote and participate in elections in the future. On election day, we had a polling station open before school, at break and at lunch. Hundreds of students flocked to participate and we ensured that they were able to vote democratically in booths with no observers. It was tense when counting the votes to decide the winner. After a week of hard-fought campaigning, the representative of the Green Party won. Our thanks must go to everyone who helped this happen - we really enjoyed it and can't wait for next year!

STOWUPLAND HIGH SCHOOL OPEN EVENING BY JOSHUA BRIDGES

Stowupland High School recently opened its doors for the first open evening since COVID, and what an Open Evening it was! It was an exciting opportunity for prospective students to gain an insight into what it is like to be a pupil at Stowupland High School. The pupils were given the opportunity to meet the school staff, as well as being able to visit the school facilities.

The evening commenced with a typical school assembly from Mr Brewster informing parents and prospective pupils about the school and the activities hosted by each department. Visitors were then free to choose which departments they would like to visit afterwards and there were a range of facilities to visit.

The science department was split into three classrooms each equipped with different experiments which really impressed the visitors. In the Biology classroom, the public could see the dissected parts of a pig, an experiment with algae and "maggot art." Maggot art is where maggots are dipped in coloured dye, and the maggots race across a sheet of paper, with the aim to study how they move. Hundreds of young children took part in the experiment throughout the evening – they were rather brave watching! There was also a table with microscopes, looking at the cells of an onion, for those who may have felt a little squeamish.

In the Chemistry classroom, Elephant's Toothpaste was made by the Chemistry teacher. Elephant's Toothpaste is an experiment where Hydrogen Peroxide, Potassium

Iodide and soap are mixed to produce a chemical reaction that looks like a big squirt of toothpaste made famous on YouTube. People could attempt Secret writing where you would write on a piece of paper in a special ink and use a hairdryer to make it invisible. You could also make slime. Whereas, in the Physics classroom, students could attach balloons to CDs, have a hair-raising experience with a Van de Graff generator and participate in an explosive experiment with cans of fizzy drinks. Those cans were heated to high temperatures and then crushed by being added to cold water. I think the Science department was my favourite to visit; it was so cool!

Across the school in the Food Technology rooms, selected students of Stowupland High made some delicious biscuits, short-breads and cakes which visitors were allowed to sample. On the topic of food, the canteen of Stowupland High served some warm goodies throughout the evening. There was a variety of hot food that could be enjoyed; I think that most visitors were tucking into the delectable treats being handed out in the evening!

Near the canteen was the Art department, equipped with paints and art work produced by existing students including some A-Level pieces of art. Art is one of the most enjoyable subjects at Stowupland High School for students. Many love to unleash their creativity. Nearby, with a very different focus, was the Maths and Computing departments. There, prospective students had to rearrange shapes in different patterns. Some people were also completing Times Table Rockstars on the Chromebooks,



Stowupland High School

which are also available for students at school. In the Computing classroom, students were playing games, coding, making games and having fun, using the school software available.

In the English Department, a large set of Scrabble was laid out on the table for parents and children to add words to the game. In addition to that, there was also a desk for children to practise their spellings and add their favourite adjectives based on the senses. The Harry Potter fans amongst us were able to head to the library, where there was Butterbeer, Quidditch and so much more. Posters were decorated and the room was dimly-lit. It gave off a feeling like it was actually Hogwarts and really excited the prospective students!

All in all, the evening was a great success and we look forward to welcoming the new students that decide to join Stowupland High School next September. It really was an evening to remember and any families that missed it are able to book Tea and Tours with Mr Brewster, the Headmaster, to experience Stowupland High School too.



HALLOWEEN COOKIES BY ELLIOT STANLEY

Ingredients:

250g unsalted butter softened
 250 grams of golden caster sugar
 2 free range eggs lightly beaten
 Half of a teaspoon of vanilla extract
 500g of plain flour
 Red and black food colouring (optional)
 1 tsp of baking powder
 Halloween cookie cutters
 Red white and black writing icing
 200g of ready to roll fondant icing
 1 tbsp of apricot warmed with 1 tsp of warm water

**METHOD:****S T E P 1**

Heat the oven to 180C/160C fan/gas 4, and line two baking sheets with baking parchment. Beat the butter and sugars together with an electric whisk until light and fluffy. Add the vanilla and egg and beat again to combine. Stir in the flour and baking powder with a wooden spoon until you have a stiff dough, then fold in the chocolate chips.

S T E P 2

Divide the dough into 20 pieces and roll into balls. Arrange on the prepared baking sheets; be sure to ensure that they are well-spaced out so there's space for spreading (you may need to bake them in batches).

Press the tops of the cookies down very slightly using the palm of your hand or the bottom of a glass. Bake the cookies for 10-12 minutes until golden around the edges, then leave to cool on the baking sheets for 10 minutes. Transfer to wire racks and leave to cool

**S T E P 3**

To make the spider cookies, lay 10 of the cooled cookies out in front of you. Spoon the melted chocolate into a piping bag and the royal icing into another, then snip off the ends using scissors. Pipe a dot of royal icing onto the back of two Maltesers, and arrange these onto one of the cookies to create the head and body of the spider. Repeat with the remaining nine cookies and the rest of the Maltesers. Pipe eight spider legs around the bodies of the spiders using the chocolate. Pipe two small dots of royal icing onto the heads to create



eyes, then pipe very small dots of chocolate over the eyes to create pupils. If you like, decorate the bodies with the royal icing.

OPTIONAL STEP 4:

To make the bat cookies, lay the remaining 10 cookies out in front of you. Separate the cream-filled chocolate sandwich cookies, and carefully scrape the cream filling off the chocolate cookie pieces. Cut the chocolate cookie pieces into semi circles using a small serrated knife. Stick a caramel-filled chocolate onto the middle of each cooled cookie using the royal icing, then use a little more to stick a chocolate cookie semicircle on either side of the chocolates to make the bat wings. Pipe eyes onto the chocolates using the royal icing and melted chocolate.



TASTY TOFFEE APPLES BY FAYE LOVITT



Ingredients

8 Granny Smith apples
400g golden caster sugar
1 tsp vinegar
4 tbsp golden syrup

METHOD:

STEP 1:

Place the apples in a large bowl, then cover with boiling water (you may have to do this in 2 batches). This will remove the waxy coating and help the caramel to stick. Dry thoroughly and twist off any stalks. Push a wooden skewer or lolly stick into the stalk end of each apple.

STEP 2:

Lay out a sheet of baking parchment and place the apples on this, close to your stovetop. Tip the sugar into a pan along with 100ml water and set over a medium heat. Cook for 5 minutes until the sugar dissolves, then stir in the vinegar and syrup. Set a sugar thermometer in the pan and boil to 150C or 'hard crack' stage. If you don't have a thermometer you can test the toffee by pouring a little into a bowl of cold water. It should harden instantly and, when removed, be brittle and easy to break. If you can still squish the toffee, continue to boil it.

STEP 3:

Working quickly and carefully, dip and twist each apple in the hot toffee until covered, let any excess drip away, then place on the baking parchment to harden. You may have to heat the toffee a little if the temperature drops and it starts to feel thick and viscous. Leave the toffee to cool before eating. Can be made up to 2 days in advance, stored in a dry place.



PUMPKIN DESIGNS BY JACK MULLETT

So, yes, it's not cooking. However, pumpkin designs are a fundamental part of Halloween. Enjoy the following top pumpkins of 2022—as chosen by The Insight!



The first is the picture on the bottom left hand side.

I've never thought of this myself, nor seen it when trick-or-treating, but I don't know how I haven't! Just look at it—it's a really good idea to use the bit you cut out at the top and use it as a tongue. Cool!

This is cool: pumpkin cannibalism. I really like this design as it combines two different pumpkins in a unique way. I've seen the smaller white pumpkins in the shop but always gone for a classic

orange one. I think it's a very good idea. Try it next year! See it here on the right.

I really like this last design because the pumpkin is wearing a mask, which is being taken off by the skeleton to reveal the pumpkin's true nature... which involves crazy eyes. Why don't you try one of these and let us know?



SCARY STORIES

INTO THE ABYSS BY LOTTI HORVARTH

Day

1

Monday 18th Sept. 2022

We set out on our journey. The weather wasn't perfect, yet we did not expect it to be. It was just me, a 25-year-old thrill-seeker, and my two best mates! Joel and Bill have been my friends for as long as I can remember; we always went on adventures together. You can see that we were obviously the loners of the class... so, when Joel came up with a way to test our friendship, well, we thought it was a great idea! The plan was simple: drive from Dallas, Texas to Nevada and arrive at a cave near the Nevada-Utah border and traverse its depths! At our current location, we were in Dallas and to go all the way to Nevada, it would take such a long time! Nevertheless, we persevered and started gathering our equipment necessary for navigating any cavern. Now, you may be wondering: "what exactly is the challenge here?" The test is quite simple, really, the cave that we intend to explore is infamous for driving groups of people to the extremes; the test is to see if our bond is strong enough to resist being driven over the edge! We couldn't wait.



Day

2

Tuesday 19th Sept. 2022

We rode in that shabby old car for I don't know how long! The point is that we made it. Our spines were quivering like they were made of jelly but we laughed it off as a bit of stress from the long car ride. There was an ominous wind warning us of the consequences of our actions, however we ignored our nagging fears and continued; soon enough we found ourselves at the mouth of the cave. Well, I say mouth... it was really more of a hole, nothing more. We calmly descended into the darkness of the cavern as hostile darkness enveloped us. Bill even commented on this, his voice raspy and shaky. He voiced his concerns, saying that we are not fit to embark on such a quest. Joel rolled his eyes, although I could see that he too seemed weary and even paranoid of what was to come. Once we finally made it to the bottom of that winding tunnel, my group noticed how precarious this whole situation was. With only one exit (which could be prone to collapse at any moment) this was an incredibly risky challenge to undertake. As we progressed deeper into the darkness of the chasm, the more... supernatural things became; the shadows seemed alive, watching our every move with seemingly endless amounts of spite. It was getting to the point where we saw fit that the challenge was to end. We had defeated the cave right? The one so infamous for unprovoked violence in once adoring peers? What a stupid thing to be afraid of!

Day

3

Wednesday 20th Sept. 2022

Something went wrong. Last time I wrote in this journal, I was fine, even a little excited to boast about my accomplishment, so was the whole group! Yet I just don't know what happened. We surely must have re-traced our steps thrice by now? We turned back, after finishing the challenge, and reached the the opening to the surface. Yet, it... it was gone? I don't know how to describe this feeling! Impending doom would be the closest thing I can think of. Joel tried to find an exit or any signs of civilization to call for help. He still hasn't returned. We were supposed to be home by now! Send help... Bill has become increasingly paranoid of me, keeping me just far enough to pose a threat. There is something here! Something sinister, very sinister! Maybe it's just the isolation? We are running low on rations. Hopefully I live to tell this tale...



BEYOND THE TREES BY ETHAN SMULLEN

At thirteen and a half years old, I sat waiting for someone to celebrate my birthday. Nobody celebrated it this year. No-one in this house anyway. There was no cake sitting on the front room table. No presents were collected into a big bundle near the fireplace. The only feeling surrounding me was the feeling of loneliness and evil. Around me, too, was hatred. My family have hated me all my life. I'm an only child. Father always complained, saying I was a nuisance and unwanted. But here I am!

Today was practically the same as any old day. Mother and Father made obnoxious sounds, complaining. Probably about me. Children squealed and yelled outside. I listened to them, jealous. I wish I could feel the warmth of the sun. I had never been let out of the house and my room always felt freezing and uncomfortable. Mother had only given me a thin grey blanket so on winter nights I would get so dreadfully cold! Tears pricked my eyes remembering that Father was going to do something horrible later on – clear my room of my three friends.

These are the three daddy long legs in the corner of my room. I named the fattest one Homer, the skinniest one Jaden, and the smallest one Mighty. Sometimes I would talk to them but generally they would just crawl away hopelessly, looking for food. Food. My stomach grumbled. I usually only ate the leftovers from dinner, but Mother and Father are such pigs they eat the whole of their meals. How I ached for some dinner! One of these days – I was desperate to escape.

Later on that evening, father tried to kill Homer, Jaden, and Mighty. Yet they were clever. Homer was smart enough to crawl into my open chest of drawers unnoticed. Jaden scurried across the roof and behind my bed. But Mighty got crushed. I gasped in despair.

"Shut it you pig! Do you not respect that me and your Mother like to make this house look nice?" Father hissed between his teeth. They looked like two yellow pieces of thick gum. Mother smiled and pulled him away. I knew they didn't want me. It was so unfair.

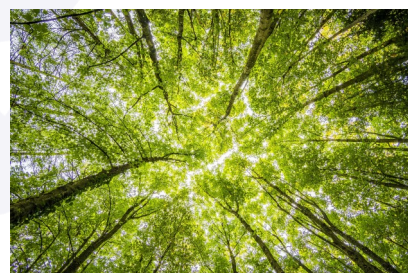
I wanted to leave. Play football with the other kids. See sunlight (not from my grimy old window). Explore. There are a bunch of old oak trees forming an army near the sunset line. Their leaves stuck up in the sun making shadows everywhere. I stared out of the window, watching the horizon dreamily. Beyond the trees. That would be my perfect life. My perfect home. I suddenly knew what I needed to do – sneak away. It would be hard to, in full daylight, with Mother and Father sitting downstairs. So night time was my best bet.

My window was on the middle floor of our three story house. It was time to sneak out. I shuddered as I tied my blanket into a ribbon to pin my hair back into a messy ponytail. It was dirty blonde and must've been beautiful when I was eight but now it was uncut and so fluffy like a sheep. I obviously seemed unkempt and unloved. I tried not to think of it. I focused on the task and glanced out of the window. The cold milky moon watched over me as if it was keeping an eye on me. It was comforting.

"Oh moon, so bright!" I murmured happily as I climbed down the ivy that

wound to my window. The brightness made me squint but this was the first time seeing it in the real world. I saw the gate of trees and realised there was a comforting red glow emanating from them. "The sun must be waiting!" I whispered under my breath. I hadn't sprinted in ages. Once I reached the floor, I started to creep around the house and suddenly gained more and more speed. I dashed and dashed until my heart began to throb and my throat felt like sandpaper. But I was there. Outside. I had escaped.

The glow flickered evenly. "Oh sun!" I cried pouncing into the trees. However, as I felt the heat on me, I realised this couldn't have been the sun. It was burning. Hotter and hotter. Dancing around, happy to see me, the flames climbed. Overwhelmed, I watched as the fire towered over me. I never saw what was beyond the trees.



THE SUMMER CURSE *CONTINUED*

FROM OUR LAST EDITION BY ETHAN SMULLEN

Chloe woke up ages afterwards. Her head hurt like someone had just bashed her with drumsticks. After her vision settled down, she realised she was trapped.

"Huh.." her vision started to fog again and she had to sit down. Listening intently, she heard James snoring next to her. "James?" she asked weakly. Her throat felt dried up and her chest ached. James woke up, rubbed his eyes, and doubled over in pain.

Later on, after what felt like multiple hours in their cage, a man dressed in a long black cloak walked up wielding a big rusty key. By then Chloe had regained her energy and memory.

"Hello? Please help us!" she cried to this mysterious man. He revealed his scarred and withered face from behind the hood and cackled, refusing to use the key.

James groaned angrily and begged the man to release them from the cage.

"Look, just let us go. Our friend Joey needs us at the hospital." he spluttered, leaning on the cage bars for support. Chloe assumed he wasn't fully healed yet. The man laughed again. "You mean this friend?" He asked as he clicked his fingers. A man wearing a scary clown mask dragged in Joey, who seemed to come to his senses and pull against his restraints.

"Chloe," Joey murmured as the two men disappeared after locking him into the cage too.

"I feel so ill. He pretended to be a doctor and kidnapped me I think. I was knocked out the whole time." His voice was gaining more power. Then his eyes grew wide. "The burger!" he started.

He broke free of Chloe's hug. Ignoring the ache all over his body, he stood up and slunk in the corner of the room. "Greg! He did this. He fed me the burger!" Joey insisted.

Chloe gave the boy a glare and he flushed. "Sorry." He said sheepishly. Suddenly a gasp and a shriek was heard behind them at the back of the cage. They all turned to stare.

Greg was there. He was holding a girl with short hair in his horrible grasp. He was smiling from ear to ear.

"I see you three were so stupid to actually think I was serving safe things hm? It's a shame really. Poor Riana here fell for the same trap." His voice was cold. Clear.

"Leave her alone." Chloe said sternly. The evil man just smiled and threw Riana into Chloe's arms.

"Enjoy her. She's most likely dead anyway. I doubled the poison." His voice was quiet, and like venom. He looked like he was about to fall around laughing.

"Poison? You fed us poison?" James asked frantically. Joey screamed as his vision clouded with a grey fog and his heart burnt.

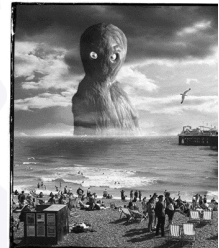
"Your friend needs help," Greg murmured, and he disappeared.

THE UMIBOZU BY LOTTI HORVARTH

This terrifying monster originates from Japanese folklore. It is a humongous beast, with oily, black skin and glowing white eyes. Over the years, there have been many catastrophes regarding this monstrous being. It lurks in the depths of the Pacific Ocean, waiting for the perfect opportunity to catch unsuspecting prey. By that, we mean you... the Umibozu rises from the waves, easily towering over fishing boats in its path. When this happens, there is little hope left. You are at the mercy of this creature, a creature who is rarely magnanimous enough to spare ships that went astray. The stereotypical encounter with the Umibozu mostly goes like this...

You have been navigating the choppy ocean for how long? A day? A month? You can't even remember now... nonetheless, you persevere. Hope is scarce on the deck, you are in treacherous

water after all. You wish to see your loved ones; they must have given up hope by now. Nervous whispers circulate amongst the crew, rumours of a primordial being inhabiting these regions. "Old folk tale." That's what you think when you hear it. A weary crew is bound to pick up these sorts of superstitions. Suddenly, you hear a moan, it's deafening, they hear it too; motion on the deck freezes, time stops. Worried glances dart around the deck. A few seconds pass, then a minute... then two. It was just a scare. It was just a false alarm, there is nothing to be afraid of, nothing at all. You're wrong. You all are. Thunder roars. The ocean gives way. Something rises from the depths, something huge. You can't tell what it is, you don't want to. The umibozu is looming ominously over you, eyes casting a sinister, unbroken stare;



stare; it eyes you for a moment before asking for a bucket... it has a raspy voice, one filled with agony but enriched with power and spite. You provide the bucket, hoping to get a merciful response. Mercy? A silly concept to the umibozu. This creature has but no idea of mercy, it is over now. It fills the bucket with the murky water and raises it proudly. Before you know it, your ship is destroyed, your crew is dead. You feel alive, you feel saved. You are not saved. The umibozu has merely prolonged your suffering. Something pulls you under, you catch a quick glimpse of the creature peering at you eagerly from below the surface of the water. What becomes of your body? Who will ever know! But, we can infer your fate...

ELIZABETH BATHORY BY LOTTI HORVARTH



Elizabeth Bathory was a noblewoman in the 16th century. She was born into a position of immense wealth and was given ownership of vast property. She was raised in Hungary, most predominantly in Transylvania. Bathory was one of the most powerful women in the whole country; seeing this, her family decided it would be necessary to find a suitable bachelor for the young countess. At only ten, she was engaged to Ference Nadasdy and was married to him at around fifteen.

The wedding was a ceremony of the utmost importance to most, it is even recorded that up to forty-five thousand people attended the event. Holding more power in her title than even her husband,

Elizabeth (who seemed very infatuated with her new husband) refused to change her last name, carrying the proud title of 'Bathory' all her life. Unfortunately for the young Countess, her husband was often away participating in the Hungarian-Ottoman wars; this development left Elizabeth ever so lonely in her castle- now modern day Slovakia. This is the time when people reported her starting to "slip". Elizabeth was now in her older years, around thirty to forty and was obsessed with trying to preserve her beauty. This led to her discovering the rejuvenating properties of fresh blood... reports came hurtling in from locals that she became infatuated with tormenting her victims. Gruesome stories popped up around the kingdom of her forcing her servants to sever their limbs, cook them and eat them. She often tortured her victims before killing them. Oftentimes she herself would simply sever the limbs of her servants. Soon enough the locals knew well enough of her reputation, forcing her to find new victims from longer distances away. She would cun-

ningly trick peasant girls and lure them away from their parents, promising those girls a life of luxury under her protection; obviously, this was just a ruse, her real motives were to make their life a living hell.

After a few years of this cycle on repeat, the people of her community, fearing for their lives, contacted the authorities and the army. Being fed up of hearing these sorts of reports, the army apprehended Elizabeth, freeing the locals of the carnage in their lives. She was sentenced to be put on trial but the charges never went anywhere. Instead, she was simply sealed off from reality and left to die in that tower of her castle; although Elizabeth was not tried and convicted, many of her loyal servants (who helped with these killings) were. It is predicted that the reason she felt the urge to so brutally murder people is because of her frequent, violent seizures she had the misfortune to go through.

MY WENDIGO ENCOUNTER BY LOTTI HORVARTH

I have always heard stories about ancient creatures lurking in the forest after dark. Mysterious tales about strange disappearances in the deepest depths of the woods... of course, as I grew older I disregarded these stories as merely a system of deterrence, designed to keep adventurous children home after dark. That was until many sightings of shadowy figures roaming around the forest surfaced; my eager self was determined to prove these sightings wrong! So, I packed my bags and set out on an overnight trip into the nearby red-wood forest.

At sunrise I would prepare my camp and set traps just in case. After all, I was a thrill-seeker but not a complete idiot! The whole day was spent full of anticipation! I had done careful research on this so called 'wendigo' and it was said to roam the exact regions of the state where I had set up camp... jackpot! This must be one crazy coincidence! I had brought supplies: a camera (to take pictures with if I find evidence) a week's worth of food if I get lost and a few bottles of water. I also brought a map and a compass – these are useful assets on any trip into an undocumented area which may or may not be a habitat of the

wendigo! As night fell, I felt a chill run down my spine, I was not one to believe in paranormal activity but the tranquillity of the region was... unexpected to say the least. It was quiet. Too quiet. I spent hours staring into the pitch black darkness enveloping my camp. Not a single peep... I was nearly asleep until, I heard rustling from a nearby bush... I prepared myself for every possibility! Got my camera ready and was drowning in anticipation! It was almost here! Three... two... one...

A deer burst through the thick foliage and galloped away. It was scared. Very scared. This deer was clearly running away from something! That's when I heard it. A low, deafening groan. Whatever made that sound was not human, nor animal. Could it be? My heart raced at the thought! There it was again! Only... louder and most likely, closer. Mysterious disappearances... no... NO! I am not going to fall victim to a wendigo, or, whatever that thing was! I leapt out of my tent, this was very uncharacteristic of me but, as I said before, I may be a thrill seeker but I am not an idiot. Did something move in that bush? Wait, where am I? Where am I going? Every step I took felt like a disruption to the silence, every step was alerting some primordial crea-

ture of my location! Shadows danced around me as I ran into a clearing. There was a moan from every direction. I thought I saw a shadowy figure peer at me from behind the trees but... there was nothing there! Wait, is that the end of the forest? It is! It was now or never! I raced towards the light of the moon in the rolling hills!

As I ran, I saw it in the corner of my eye... running identical to me! That thing was a massive, lumbering creature of decomposing fur, it was tall, easily towering over me! Its eyes were glowing a radiant shade of yellow, a single pupil was focussed on me, a single, unblinking pupil. This sight only inspired me to run faster. With much strife, I made it into the light of the moon. However, it followed me. The wendigo stepped into the light and began lurching towards me. Now, in the light of the moon, I could see its true form. A robust build, hanging bits of fur and muck covered much of its body. The creature had a contorted figure, bones were sticking out of its pelt. Bending in every direction possible... then, something happened! The wendigo stopped, it seemed to be threatened by the light. Defeated, it returned back into the woods. Never have I set foot in that forest since then...

RESISTANCE: THE FORGOTTEN HEROES OF WWII by JAKOB WASAG

As many as 25 million soldiers died fighting for either side in the Second World War. Of those, 880,000 were British. It was these courageous men who stormed the beaches of Normandy, braved the harsh climates of North Africa and Southeast Asia, and helped to liberate countless nations from the oppression of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan. But we must also remember those who made such momentous events as Operations Neptune and Torch possible: the resistance movements.

What were the resistance movements?

At the start of the Second World War, Germany and Japan, with the help of their allies, quickly occupied large parts of Europe and Asia. The governments of these territories reacted in a variety of ways. Some surrendered, and others colluded with occupying forces. Others still fled and formed governments in exile or fought until the bitter end, being forcefully disbanded. In the wake of such sudden change, thousands of ordinary people took up arms to fight for their rights to freedom and self determination.

What did they do?

Every resistance movement contributed to the eventual defeat of the Axis, but one of the most notable cases was the involvement of the French Resistance, the Maquis, in the D-Day landings. Maquis forces disrupted Nazi movements, cut telephone wires, derailed trains, and performed a variety of other actions to assist the Allies.

Other large resistance movements were the Dutch Resistance, who largely helped to hide and shelter Jews such as Anne Frank and helped the Allies liberate the country, the Polish Resistance, who assisted the sizeable Jewish population there and disrupted Nazi operations, and the Yugoslav resistance, who protested their government's collaboration with the Nazis and resisted the subsequent occupation.

Who led these movements?

Some of the most important figures in the resistance movements were:

- Jean Pierre Moulin (France)
- Walraven van Hall (Netherlands)
- Witold Pilecki (Poland)
- Draza Mihailovic (Yugoslavia - Chetniks)



- Josip Broz Tito (Yugoslavia - Communist Partisans)*

*Note: there were two resistance movements in Yugoslavia, who were not allied and were often outright hostile to each other. The Chetniks were supporters of the Royal Family, while the Communist Partisans wanted to establish a socialist regime once the occupation ended.



BONFIRE NIGHT *BY* LILY HAWKINS

On 5th November, we celebrate Bonfire Night, a tradition that started with Guy Fawkes. Guy Fawkes, along with 12 other people, had a plot to blow up Parliament and kill King James I.

Fortunately, the plot failed as a warning was written through a letter to Lord Salisbury. It warned him not to come to Parliament that day. Lord Salisbury, suspicious by this, called for a search of the building - Guy Fawkes was then found with barrels of gunpowder!

Later on, Guy Fawkes was charged with treason and after being tor-

tured for a small period of time, he was hung drawn and quartered.

To commemorate and remember, you can use this rhyme to commemorate the day:

***Remember, re-
member, the 5th
of November,***

***Gunpowder, trea-
son and plot.***

I see no reason

***Why gunpowder
treason***

***Should ever be
forgot.***

Guy Fawkes, Guy

***Fawkes, 'twas his
intent***

***To blow up the
King and the Par-
liament***

***Three score bar-
rels of powder
below***

***Poor old England
to overthrow***

***By God's provi-
dence he was
catch'd***

***With a dark lan-
tern and burning
match***

***Holler boys, hol-
ler boys, let the
bells ring***

***Holler boys, hol-
ler boys***

***God save the
King!***



DAY OF THE DEAD BY JAKOB WASAG

Known in its country of origin, Mexico, as 'Día de los Muertos', the Day of the Dead celebration is a tradition that is widely observed throughout South America. It is often considered to be the most popular holiday in Mexico, and its roots can be traced back to the Aztecs, a society in which the inevitability of death was not feared but accepted and embraced. When the Spanish arrived and colonised the area in the 15th Century, those ancient traditions began to merge with the traditions of the Spanish Catholics, eventually culminating in the Day of the Dead we know today.

Today the festivities

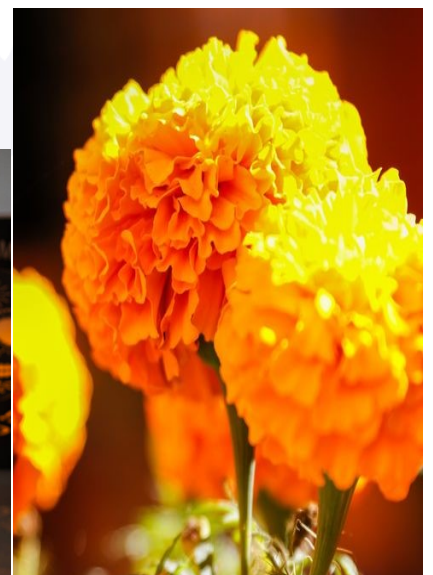
largely revolve around **remembrance** and honouring those who have passed. Altars are set up, covered with candles and memoirs to dead loved ones, such as photos, favourite things and foods. These are known as 'ofrendas'. Additionally, Pan de Muertos, translating to 'bread of the dead', is one of the traditional foods eaten on the Day of the Dead.

Día de los Muertos usually takes place on one of the first two days of November, though it can sometimes take place on other days around the same time.

There is a lot of symbolism involved in the holi-

day. For example, skulls are a common image that are used in costumes, decorations and foods. Additionally, marigolds and their colour, orange, are considered to be representative of death, and supposedly help guide the souls of lost loved ones to their ofrendas.

So now you know a little more about one of the world's most popular remembrance celebrations. Feliz día de los Muertos, and happy Halloween!



REMEMBER, REMEMBER

REMEMBRANCE DAY BY LOTTI HORVARTH

The 11th of November is universally celebrated as a day of remembrance to pay respect for all of the casualties of war. The main symbol of this day is the poppy, but, why is this? Let's take a deep dive into the history behind Remembrance Day!

Why is the poppy the symbol for Remembrance Day?

The main reason for the poppy being chosen as the symbol for Remembrance Day is because it grew on the battlefields after the war. The poppy was able to grow in such an environment because the earth was churned up by the barbed wire, trenches and soldiers that once moved through there. An example of this is at Ypres, where you

can witness poppies spring up from the land. The colour of the poppy also symbolises success, good fortune and love. Soldiers on the western front often picked these flowers and sent them home in letters. Famous poems were written about the odd phenomenon as troops noticed the curious sight.

Now, these stories and poems of poppies growing in inhospitable soil have taken a welcome spot in our hearts as a symbol of remembrance.

How did this tradition of wearing poppies expand?

After the war ended, people started wearing white poppies as a symbol of peace. These people were against the idea of conflict and they adopted the pop-

py to visualise that.

After all, the poppies were the perfect thing to pick. They represented the idea of life after destruction, growing in soil that had endured countless battles and atrocities. Combining the poppy with the colour white (white represents purity and peace) would be the perfect decoration for anti-war agenda. Gradually, the tradition of wearing poppies picked up a large following who wanted to honour fallen soldiers from past wars. The poppy returned to its natural colour from the fields of Flanders; now, the poppy has grown to a world-wide representation of respect for those who have tragically passed in combat.



JADE BY ETHAN SMULLEN

One there was a small German shepherd. She was left in a box filled with her five siblings in the rain. In the heat. In the cold. Her siblings either passed away, ran away, or got plucked up by random passers. Soon the small German shepherd felt like she was supposed to give up. Nobody wanted her. But one day when the sky was clouded over with grey smears, a man came to grab her. His rough hands picked her up from the dripping and ripping box she was only set in a couple months ago. She felt scared. Posters had been put around telling everyone about war and battles. Every loud noise scared her. But this man gave her confidence and she felt happy to be in his arms.

Over time she grew up. She had been given the name 'Jade' after the man's (known as Mr Hender) daughter who died at a young age. Jade was living a happy life with Mr Hender and loved every second between when she woke up to when she fell asleep. But one day she woke up to Mr Hender dressed in a green outfit. Small pistols (Jade didn't know if they were loaded or not) were hoisted across a leather belt holding his trousers up. His eyes were puffy and red and his hands were shaking. But when he saw Jade he sighed and bent down to hug her tan and black fur.

"I'm being forced to fight Jade. My wife will take care of you when she comes." He told Jade. That's when Jade felt like her world exploded.

Jade watched with sore eyes as Mr Hender left marching down the wooden stairs making loud steps like thunder. Jade whimpered seeing her only love and joy leave. As Mr Hender shut the door Jade barked. She flew down the stairs and opened the door with her long nose to see an army green jeep parked on the driveway. Mr Hender got inside not realising Jade was there right now. As the jeep made its way back to wherever it

came from, Jade barked again and peddled towards it, her long black tail swaying in the wind. She ran until her paws felt sore. She ran until her throat felt like dry sandpaper. Her fleshy tongue hung from her jaws. She gave up. Mr Hender was gone...

Just as she sat down on the rocky road, a loud siren blared behind her. Then a loud bang like someone had popped a million of party balloons with a huge pin. But Jade knew this wasn't a balloon pop. As she looked behind her, her tail tucked between her legs she felt her ruby eyes grow wide. A sea of dust was coming after her. She took off running again trying to not let the stray pebbles coming from the dust to kick at her feet. She managed to hide inside a green thing and when the dust settled she saw what it was. It was the jeep Mr Hender had rode in! There were musty footprints leading down a mud path so she quickly sped after it as more bangs heard from behind her.

As she ran she realised Mr Hender had called his wife. She hadn't heard of his wife so maybe it was a random person but Mr Hender said it was his wife to calm her down? Jade shook her head as some yelling pricked up. Jade looked around and ducked behind a large stone conveniently placed near her. She tried to duck low enough but the tips of her ears poked out from the top of the silver stone. Suddenly she realised who was yelling. It was a sturdy man with a white beard and one eye. She whimpered quietly hoping Mr Hender would appear out of nowhere and scratch her tummy telling her everything was going to be ok.

Mr Hender was standing next to the man staying quiet even though Jade knew it was polite to respond to someone when they were talking to you. As they walked the man spat at him with words Jade would never use to describe Mr Hender. "Honestly Hender you need to act tougher! Almost sending off a grenade was an idiotic move." The man sighed finally as he patted him on the

shoulder and turned around. Jade was tempted to reveal her hiding spot but Mr Hender would send her home and she wanted to stay with him. So as he walked the opposite way as the man she quietly followed in pursuit. It was a dangerous thing to do! Any random twig snap or grass crunch would give her away. So she tiptoed on the soft mud.

After what felt like ages of walking, Mr Hender stopped at a calm lake. No fish dived up and down in the crystal water though. It was still and sweet. Mr Hender sighed as he crouched down at the side of the lake. Jade felt a little irritated. Not just because of the trek up here (mud was now stuck all over her matt black claws) but because she wanted him to notice her. So she did the impossible. She yelped extremely loudly making sure Mr Hender could hear her. But when he looked around she hid behind a patch of bramble bushes. Then she ran into his arms.

"Jade." Mr Hender said in a shaky yet excited voice. Jade was careful not to bark or complain at his lack of love. Suddenly a group of men yelled at the pair. "HIDE!" Mr Hender yelled to his dog. Jade didn't want to leave his side but when she saw the guns they were holding she felt a bit selfish.

"Go." Mr Hender said softly. Jade was only Mr Henders dog. And she would only listen to him. So she fled hearing the screams and gunshots ring out behind her.

A few months later Jade walked up to that same place. The lake was now filled with orange, red and white fish who seemed happy. Jade was looking for something. As she got desperate she ran to the far end where Mr Hender and her had last met. There was a patch of red poppies clutching small bits of grass with their stalks. Jade knew Mr Hender loved victory... yet he wasn't here to see the victory of his own country.

REMEMBER, REMEMBER

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE BY LOTTI HORVARTH

Christmas Eve, 1914.

The war was supposed to be over by now. This was the time when men rose from the trenches and saw each other as just that; men, fellow humans. Hundreds, if not thousands, of men laid down arms in this Christmas miracle. This event didn't simply take place due to holiday cheer and the sake of jolly spirits, it was a composition of factors that led to this: reluctance to keep fighting when the war was supposed to be over, the weather being arguably the most hostile in the sectors and soldiers longing to see their loved ones.

One afternoon, the gunfire dwindled, and in some sectors even ceased. The weather had been particularly pristine that day (in contrast to the previous rainfall and freezing conditions) so it seemed like a waste to spoil it with more slaughter. The German divisions over no-man's land took advantage of the occasion and decided to decorate their trench using lit tananbaum (small decorative trees) and even started singing Christmas songs! Over on the British side, a field marshal mistook the lights for artillery fire, before they could

prepare for an assault, the soldiers heard the original German version of 'Silent Night' and ceased their preparations. Their British division was soon ordered to drown out the German carolling by singing their own songs. Soon enough, the two sides drifted into one melody, acting as one unit. The men started yelling Christmas greetings across no-man's land, a few brave souls even stepped out of the trenches to venture over yonder! They didn't know of it at the time but the same thing was happening all the way down the trenches; the two sides agreed to cease hostilities for the time being.

In other sectors, the ranks took the lead, with sides shouting that if the enemy does not shoot, then they will not shoot. Just like this, the two sides remained at relative peace. Although this same wholesome miracle was happening in most trenches, in some sectors the British divisions reacted to German carolling by opening machine gun fire. And in other sectors, the French and Belgian divisions, who were less than happy about the German occupation of their country, were not so inclined to join the festivities.

Christmas day dawned and to everyone's surprise, German

troops were wondering around no-man's land. This sent a message of trust across the lines, eventually luring out the Brits as well! It felt like heaven to stretch and walk upright, but at day time, it was almost impossible to not notice the corpses in the field; the two sides buried their dead side-by-side in one communal grave. This shared experience broke the war, soldiers from opposing sides milled about together. After all, there were many similarities between the two sides: they lived in the same field, they were exposed to the same conditions and they were both sick of war... in the middle of all this, Lieutenant Holse found himself talking to Lieutenant Thomas of the 15th West Falliants. Holse had grown close with the man and offered Thomas his scarf. Being touched by this, Thomas presented Holse with his silk scarf. Sadly, all things must come to an end, and after New Year's Day, a gun was fired, signalling the end of the armistice.

Never had such a sight ever been recorded, and unfortunately, there was nothing like it for the rest of the war...

THE UNSUNG HEROES OF THE CRIMEAN WAR

BY LOTTI HORVARTH



In 1821, Mary Seacole first set foot upon the fair land of the British Isles. She would one day be immortalised for her contribution in the Crimean war, and, although history would forget her good name for over a hundred years, she would never be forgotten by the soldiers she nursed back to health. In the customs of English rule, Seacole was a sensation! An example of something new, she was looked down upon by society yet so revered at the same time; she was both a clever business woman and a generous care-taker!

At the same time, she faced down disease after disease and still helped her patients recover stronger than ever! Mary grew up watching her mother run a small hotel (really more of a nursing home) and dreamt of running her own business one day. However, she also had an immense lust to travel the world; this was a page out of her sea-faring father's book! Mary would trace and re-trace the same route over and over again on her old, vintage map. When Mary reached adulthood, she was recently invited by some relatives to visit London. Seacole, who had always hoped for the opportunity to tour the country, was ecstatic and eagerly accepted the offer. She was captivated by the awe-inspiring city and was infatu-

ated with its history and culture! After four years, she returned to Kingston with massive profit trailing behind her; she picked up her mother's job at the hotel. Then, disaster struck when a fire swept through Kingston, burning the hotel to the ground... before Seacole even had the chance to pick herself up from the disarray, her mother died, shortly followed by her husband. She did not give up easily though, after all, Mary was a resolute and determined woman! She built a new nursing home and began building up a steady revenue. Soon enough, she caught wind of a new war involving Britain (alongside the crumbling Ottoman Empire, Sardinia and France) fighting against Russia. This movement was in desperate need of nurses! In true "Seacole fashion" she packed up her things and shipped herself to London!

The Crimean war was a messy affair... it was fought over the feeble remains of the Ottoman Empire and who would get what; to prevent Russia from extending her reach into Europe, these four countries (Britain, Sardinia, the Ottoman Empire and France) pledged an alliance and declared war. However, in the trenches and in the besieged cities, it was disease that killed the most...

None of this deterred Seacole, she was not scared of war and had faced down disease many times.

When she arrived in London, she went straight to the F.N organised expedition of nurses. The interview with the organisers was... stiff and unwelcoming. It was clear that they did not want her there. After all, it was unusual for a woman of colour to be recruited and so confident in their society.

That's when she made the decision (once again in classic "Seacole fashion") that if the expedition of nurses would not send her, she would send herself! Partnering up with an old friend, she sailed all the way to Crimea, picking up all the expensive luxuries for her new hotel. As soon as she arrived on the battlefield, Mary immediately started to treat injured soldiers and providing aid wherever it was needed. For the duration of the war, she would be an icon amongst both sides and be remembered for her brave actions. It's sad how often people like Mary Seacole are not remembered and overlooked by so many. Nevertheless, just like her personality, the memory of Seacole persisted in our minds, never being truly gone.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

BEIGLI CAKE BY LOTTI HORVARTH

Ingredients:

For the dough:

1 teaspoon of vanilla extract.

500g of all-purpose flour

1 teaspoon of lemon zest

100g of unsalted butter

1 pinch of salt

100g of pork lard

1 teaspoon of sugar

1/2 cup of powdered sugar (50g)

2 eggs

15g of fresh yeast

1/2 of whole milk

For the walnut filling:

2 cups of walnuts finely ground (200g)

1 handful of walnuts coarsely chopped

1/2 cup whole milk

100g of powdered sugar

1 pinch of ground cinnamon

2 tablespoons of raisins (optional)

2 tablespoons of apricot jam

1 coffee spoon of lemon zest

1 coffee spoon of orange zest

For the poppy seed filling:

250g of ground poppy seeds

1/2 cup of whole milk

1 cup of powdered sugar

1 tablespoon of raisins (optional)

1 coffee spoon of lemon zest

Others- 1 egg for egg wash

Instructions:

1: Dissolve one tablespoon of sugar in the lukewarm milk, then add yeast. Wait a few minutes before (it) blooms.

2. Mix the flour with butter and lard by hand. The mixture should be moderately crumbly if you do this correctly.

3: Add two whole eggs, the powdered sugar, pinch of salt, vanilla sugar, lemon



zest and yeast/milk mixture. Knead thoroughly, add more flour if necessary.

4: Divide the dough into four balls, cover and let rest for 30 minutes.

5: Meanwhile, you have time to make the walnut and poppy seed filling.



6: Walnut filling time- in a pan, heat the milk with the sugar, bring it to boil. After this, take the pan off the heat, add the ground and coarsely chopped walnuts, the raisins, the lemon and orange zest, the cinnamon and the apricot jam. Mix well and let it cool completely.

7: Poppy seed filling- in a pan, heat the milk with the sugar, bring it to boil. Take the pan off the heat and add ground poppy seeds, the raisins and



the lemon zest. Mix well and let it cool completely.

8: Heat the oven to 180 degrees Celsius. Line a pan with parchment paper.

9: On a floured surface, roll out each piece of dough into a rectangle measuring about 30x35cm.

10: Spread out the walnut or poppy seed filling on the dough while leaving approximately 1/2 inch empty edges on all sides, roll up lengthwise. Make sure it is not too tight or too loose when you roll up the bake. Carefully place the rolls onto the parchment in the pan.

11: Egg wash- separate the egg, set the egg whites aside. Gently whisk the egg yolk and brush the top of the four rolls. Let them sit whilst the yolk dries (this will take around half an hour or so) after the egg yolk has dried, brush on the egg white. Let it dry in a cool place, but, if possible then not the fridge. Leave them overnight and you can continue in the morning.

12: Prick on the top with a skewer, making sure that it goes all the way through. It allows vapour to escape that could cause the pastry to split. Bake the rolls for 30-35 minutes. Cut them equivalently before serving them.

Enjoy!

BAUBLES AND BONGOS

BY ETHAN SMULLEN

Johnny was a young drum player. He had a big drum with silver linings and large drum screens to bash and bonk. He made miniature drums that only made small sounds by using small sticks carved out of a thick piece of wood from his Dad's garage. His dad was a woodworker and made amazing pieces of art just by sitting down at a workbench for at least six hours. His mum went around the neighbourhood checking if things were up to the recommendations - to make sure there were no wild animals in the short cut grass. Even to make sure the house was neat and proper. Johnny hated that she was like this because even if a dirty shirt drifted onto the mangy carpet, she would give him a full lecture.

Johnny loved Christmas. The sweet smell of the chicken roasting and the fire crackling made his heart leap! Each year Christmas wasn't widely celebrated. His old friend Poppi lived in a separate place and Christmas near her town was always like a rave party! Johnny had tried his best last year to create the perfect Christmas attitude. He found some coloured sheets of paper from his dad's art drawer and created a paper chain. He found bouncy balls and hung them to the small tree in the living room with flimsy bits of string. Sadly the paper chains fell over his mum's perfectly stuck in place blonde hair and the weight of the decorations were too much for the small tree and it toppled over and soil spilled everywhere. But this year he was determined.

At school Christmas was celebrated heavily too. His mates Graham and Bruno hated the sight of a funny

Santa picture stuck to a board so they eventually ripped it all down. Johnny was friends with the janitor Mr Higgs (people called him Higgy) so he knew those spare Christmas things weren't all thrown out. At lunch he deserted Bruno and Graham and took a trip to see Mr Higgs. He was in the Janitors Closet looking through a flimsy cardboard box filled with things that kept clinking together. Bells. "Mr Higgs!" Johnny exclaimed. Mr Higgs jumped and dropped what he was holding. It stopped at Johnny's feet and when he picked it up he saw what it was. A mini Christmas bell.

"I would've told you sooner if I knew you wanted them Johnny honest." Mr Higgs explained as Johnny dug through the box. He had placed the mini bell in his pocket so he wouldn't lose it. The special carving of stars on the golden paint looked magical! He eventually left with two plastic bags filled with brightly coloured tinsel millions of baubles and mini wax figures (Santa Rudolf and a cheery looking elf) with wicks to light candles on. Mr Higgs hadn't even charged him his lunch fare! He was buzzing with excitement and didn't even care that people were staring in class. He was going to bring Christmas back to his house!

He waited until Christmas Eve (two days after he grabbed his supplies) and got ready at the crack of dawn. School was out. His dad was in the workshop a mile or so away. Mom was looking at houses a few hours away. He had enough time! He grabbed some sticky tape and grabbed the tinsel. He grabbed the red one and stuck it up. Then the blue. Then the green. Then the silver. Then the gold. His family had gotten a large oak tree (his dad would carve

from this - his mom didn't like the wood chips on the rugs though) so he hung the baubles around so they were visible from each angle. Then he stuck the figures on the windowsills and lit them with a match from the fire. All he had to do now was wait for his parents to get back.

His dad and mum got back at the same time. His dad gasped and his mum screamed. "Johnny! This looks.." His mum started but his dad cut in. "Amazing! How did you hang the tinsel way up above the doorway? You really do want Christmas back." He remarked looking around the warmly lit room. The candles were sending off a sweet smell like icing off a Bakewell Tart. His mum's face softened as she smelt it. "Johnny." Was all she said as she hugged him. He hugged her back feeling his face flush with relief. They didn't rip down the stuff straight away. They celebrated Christmas. And Johnny got two things he wanted. A set of bongos and a lovely life.



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LANGUAGE BY LOTTI HORVARTH

Language; a method of communication from one person to another. It often goes hand-in-hand with history and culture. But... why? Why is language so important to us? Our culture? Come with us as we pursue the importance of a language and how it is interpreted and used.

To understand the rest of this, we must first understand exactly what language is. As mentioned previously, it is a method of communication between people who share an understanding of said language. There are often distinct languages in countries/regions; these languages can be grouped into broader family trees such as Indo-European or Turkic. Occasionally, you have the odd few that step out of this pattern such as the Uralic or Finno-Ugric languages in Europe. Throughout the years, languages have been adapted and borrowed by countries, called "loan words", and often get

adapted into a language due to a prolonged presence of a country with that language in the area. If languages are very similar like Turkish and Azerbaijani, then you may classify both as Turkic. Languages that are not similar may also find themselves lumped into the same category because of ancient ancestral ties.

WHY DOES HISTORY IMPACT A LANGUAGE?

History is a factor for change when talking about a language. It often influences the way that the language may develop and function. This can be seen in a prolonged presence of a dominating language making the language that was spoken by the conquered adapt to the new terms. Whilst this may not fully change a language, it can lead to words being derived from it and altering the base word. An example of this happening is with the Roman Empire and the majority of the educated citizens speaking

Latin. Since this empire was so vast, it comes of no surprise that many countries started with Latin and gradually morphed it into their own languages. Some languages flourish because of this, however, some are not so lucky and are on the decline; Andalusian Arabic is an example. It used to be spoken by the Moors in southern Spain until the Spanish conquest of the land. During this period, the Moors were driven out or murdered, leading to its decline. The factor that this version of Arabic was unintelligible to the rest of the Arabic world did not help it. Younger patrons of the language saw more opportunities with learning modern Arabic. It is now almost extinct and goes on and on but most of the time, this process repeats. There will always be groupings of languages, influencing others and the gradual decline of them. Hopefully, you now know a bit more about languages and their importance!

INTERNATIONAL NEWS BY LOTTI HORVARTH

It is a well-known fact that some countries do not get along. Whether that be because of historical misfortunes, cultural differences or just a general dislike for each other. There are many of these famous rival groups, but today we will look at some lesser-known but still very controversial rivalries embedded in the hearts of history.

ARMENIA AND AZERBAIJAN

Armenia and Azerbaijan are infamous for not getting along since they settled in the area; they always had squabbles over territory and minor conflicts scattered here and there. When the empire of Armenia was the ruling power in the region, many Azerbaijanis' proclaimed an independent state for their culture. These claims (whilst gathering traction) never really went anywhere. This was until the Ottomans took over the region and unified the two ethnic groups under one reign. Much of the population of both countries were killed during the battle for their homeland but in the end, their efforts were useless against the colossal force of the ottomans... another factor that contributes to the toxic relationship between Armenia and Azerbaijan is

Azerbaijan's great relationship with Turkey in modern times. This sours relations with Armenia due to the Armenian genocide (1915-1916) where many ethnic Armenians were treated horribly to say the least. The last thing that is important to mention here is that of the Nakhichevan Autonomous Republic, which is an exclave of Azerbaijan, separated from mainland Azerbaijan by the borders of Armenia. To this day it is claimed by both countries as theirs. There are rising tensions between these two countries but nothing major has happened yet.

SERBIA AND KOSOVO

This is one of the most controversial situations in the world. After Kosovo declared independence from Serbia in 2008, tensions have become high between the two. The area was already pretty unstable because of the recent Balkan war but this event caused the integrity of the Balkans to be at threat once more. To this day Serbia does not recognise Kosovo as independent and still includes it as part of Serbia on maps! Both countries have begun to increase their military budget and even started to line up a few troops along

the border. There are even a few reports of shots being fired by both sides but nothing major has been confirmed just yet. Both countries have powerful allies backing them, some even inching them towards war. Luckily, both nations know that war would not benefit them in the slightest so they tend to steer away from this option. Serbia claims Kosovo as theirs due to the amount of Serbs living in the region; on the other hand, Kosovo claims independence and supports this by saying that they are a separate nationality from the Serbs. The last major factor I would like to include is the relationship between Serbia, Kosovo and Albania. In modern times, Kosovo has a relatively good relationship with Albania, this upsets Serbia as tensions between them are high. Historically, Serbia and Albania have not had the best relationship. This can be linked with the fact that Albania did not want to join Yugoslavia and a variety of other factors. Another is that there is also a large population of ethnic Albanians in the area, leading to some proclaiming that Kosovo should belong to them.

THE PHONE CALL BY JOSHUA BRIDGES

RING! The telephone begins to ring. The figure answers the phone.

"Hello." The shallow voice speaks.

"Hello, Mr Parker." The figure responds.

"Who is this? Hello?" The line goes dead. The man exits the booth.

1
Jessica awoke. Her room was pitch black, blacker than the night sky. She opened the blinds and realised the window was open. Someone was there. Jess shut the window and heard a clatter from downstairs.

As soon as she heard the noise, she quickly rushed to the stairs. The wooden floorboards creaked as she gingerly walked along them. Jess cautiously stepped down the stairs, trying not to alarm whatever was downstairs. As the girl went further down the stairs, she saw the front door left wide open. Now, she was next to the closed kitchen door. She heard voices, many voices. Jessica crawled onto her knees and peered through the keyhole. After less than a second, she stopped. A shadow had been next to her this whole time. She stared into its eyes and...

Jessica awoke from the nightmare. Her pyjamas were drenched in pools of sweat, her bed too. She went to the bathroom and stared into the mirror. Black rings were round her

eyes. Was it just a nightmare? To her, it felt so real. To her, it was not a nightmare but some twisted reality. And if she did not escape this twisted reality, the nightmare would begin...

SCHOOL:

Jessica packed her bag and left for school. Usually, her mother would do that but as usual, she was out drinking and had forgotten about her daughter. Her father had left for work at 4 o'clock in a large warehouse three hours away. She was alone as always. Alone, like the last survivor in their own race in the comic book she was reading. She was all alone.

The girl stepped into the building, with a hood covering her head. If anyone saw her, they would ask her questions. They would ask her questions that she would not want to answer. They would ask and ask.

"Don't get seen," she told herself.

If only she had listened to herself...

She had made it through one class without questions but now, it was worse. Now, it was breaktime. As soon as she stepped foot in the playground, everyone stared at her. Some even ran away from her.

"FREAK!" The other kids shouted.

She ran to the bathroom and sobbed. The monster in the mirror stared back at her. She

could see her mother.

"Even after I drink alcohol, I still remember what a nasty piece of work you are!"

"AHHHH!"

The mirror shattered. The girl's fists were bloody.

"I am not a mistake!" She said, as the blood dripped from her palms...

She cried out in pain. Maths was the next lesson on her timetable. Mr Relk would notice. Everyone would notice. The voices whispered in Jessica's head, spinning round like a ferris wheel.

"Stop!" She told them, "Leave me alone!"

They would not stop. Jessica left the school. Miss Avebury would notice she was gone, then her mother would know. She left anyway.

HOME:

At thirty-past two, Jessica arrived at home. She was an hour earlier. Her mother was there. Jessica took off her shoes and went into the kitchen. Her mother was sitting at the table.

"Mum?"

"Please sit down, Jessica. Miss Avebury called me today. She told me someone saw you leaving school." Her breath reeked of alcohol as she spoke. "Is this true?"

"Yes."

"I am so disappointed in..." Be-

The ambulance had finally come after an hour of waiting. Jessica accompanied the paramedics in the ambulance, watching over her mother. They arrived at the hospital. The doctors took her to the emergency ward and Jessica hoped. She hoped her mother would not die. She hoped she would be okay. She hoped.

Jessica finally saw her mother at two o'clock, awake and looking at her. Jessica smiled. Her mother was okay. "You saved me," her mother said, in awe. "Yes." Jessica sobbed, embracing her mother.

They stayed at the hospital overnight, put in the same room. A cold breeze blew from the window. Jessica was still awake, unable to sleep. Her mother would have died if she hadn't called an ambulance. She was a hero but then again, if she stayed at school, her mother wouldn't have fainted in the first place. Guilt struck her. What would her mother have done to her if she hadn't fainted? A bitter taste formed in her mouth, she wished she wouldn't have saved her. The teenager opened the window and climbed down. She couldn't stay here any longer. Otherwise, her mother would remember it. Otherwise, her mother would remember everything that happened. Otherwise, her mother would do unspeakable things. She had to escape, for good.

ESCAPE:

It wasn't the climb that was the hard part, it was the guilt. The guilt that she was escaping from her own mother, the guilt that her mother had almost died because of her. She had caused it; nobody else but her. Yet, she blamed the

nightmare, the nightmare that had started this in the first place. The nightmare that she was beginning to think was real. *No, it couldn't be. That was what she had said right after it, right after it had happened. Just like her mother's alcohol treatments, it had never seemed to work. That was another thing. It was her that had kept her mother from drinking so much and it was her who had caused her to drink. If she hadn't been born, her father and mother would have still been together and he wouldn't have left her and her mother would not have not started it. Her mother would not have been thrown down the descent of darkness, the descent that led to alcohol. The descent she had caused.*

The girl snuck into the ambulance and got in. This was it. Her escape. She put her hands on the black steering wheel. "Oh my goodness," She told herself, "This is what people drive?"

She put her feet down on the pedals. They could barely reach them. 3.2.1. She pushed the key into the ignition slot. The engine revved. Jessica had done it. She drove the car, struggling to see above the steering wheel. As she was driving along, sirens could be heard. The blue light reflected on her windscreen. The police were after her. The girl swerved the car past the corner. After driving for ten minutes, the fuel diminished. She would have to stop soon. The police were still chasing her. If she stopped, they would know. They would know what she did. *No, I can't stop now, she thought. The speed increased as she put her foot on the accelerator. 60.65.70.75.80. The blue car drove up a steep hill. The engine stopped. The police officer's car crashed into her's. Jessica got thrown at the windscreen. The*

glass shattered, pieces of it piercing into her forehead. A police officer opened her car door and carried her out onto the rubble. Gashes were on her head. Her car burst into flames.

LOSS

Jessica's body was attached to wires and cables. She laid in the hospital bed, unconscious. Her heart rate dropped every second. 70 beats. 50 beats. 45 beats. The line on the machine was flat. Death. Jessica's mother was the first to receive the bad news.

"NO!"

The funeral happened the following week. Jessica's mother was the only one there, dressed in black attire. She cried as she saw her daughter's body being buried. Jessica's mother left the graveyard and went to a phone booth. As she entered it, a voice said:

"Hello."

"Hello, do I know you?"

"No," The thick voice responded, "But your daughter did. I saw her. I am the reason she died."

Jessica's mother hung up the phone. Who was that? What did they mean by that? Yet... Jessica was not dead. She awoke from her slumber, buried in the dirt.



THE SECRET RIDDLE BY LILY HAWKINS

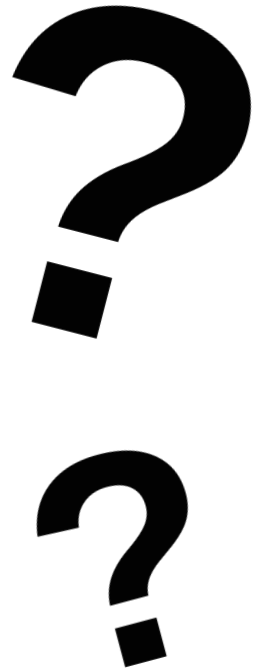
If I could tell you
The secrets beyond
the door
All the tales you never
knew,
you'd ask me to find
out more!

All the secrets truly
hidden
Through the thick
wooden gate,
Even though they
were forbidden,
You wouldn't want to

wait...

When I told you the
tales
From so long ago,
It would make your
thoughts hail
And tie your ideas in
a bow.

If I told you the fa-
bles
Right here in this
room
As we sat round the
table



Admiring the se-
cret broom!

READING MENTOR SCHEME BY LILY HAWKINS

On Friday 11th November 2022, Stowupland High Reading School started its famous reading mentor program once again. No-ference skills.. vember 2022, Stowupland High Reading School started its fa-mous reading men-tor program once again. nication, independence, as well as boosting their independence. I would like to thank Miss Leadon and Mrs Burns for boost the Year 10s organising this program confidence in help- and I hope that the Year

Every Friday tutor ing other students. 7s and Year 10s involved time, selected year It helps both stu- enjoy this program (I 10s are paired with a dents as it can im- know I will!).

Year 7 mentee. They prove the Year 10s then read togeth- leadership, organi- er with the aim of sation, resilience, improving literacy in initiative, commu- both reading, and in-

POKEMON OF THE ISSUE BY ETHAN SMULLEN



I am back with another Pokemon Of The Issue! Last issue was a close cut between Luxray Porygon and Scorbunny! I advise you to get your own copy of the last newspaper to check it out! Anyway this issue I had to choose three Pokemon. Here you are!

First up is the terrifyingly cute corgi Yamper! With his yellow puffy neck to his pastel green eyes you are sure to want a corgi just to name it Yamper. I chose him because he is quite adorable and I actually have a card of him! It was an easy choice to

begin with. This is the first contestant!

Next for the second consistent is the original man Squirtle! This little blue tortoise deserved a place because it is (even if people don't like it) the best starter in my opinion. His brown eyes and tan shell go together with his blue body instantly. He is known worldwide! Now is the time for the final Pokemon.

Finally, I've added Shuckle. Not many people know about this strange Pokemon. Some people think he's an abomina-

tion because of all those holes in his red shell. I only put it in this issue because we need to respect Shuckle!

Now time to choose the Bronze Pokemon. Out of the three I chose Shuckle. It is cute but Squirtle and Yamper beat his Cute Metre by a long distance! Unfortunately all I could do was stick him in Bronze. Now for the Silver Pokemon. It was a really close fight but I chose Yamper! As Squirtle is an original, Squirtle takes the Golden Pokemon!

COME ALONG TO THE PARTY BY LOTTI HORVARTH

Come along to the party,

The Christmas party!

Everyone's so jolly,

They kiss under the holly,

The nice girl gets a dolly,

The nice boy gets a lolly,

So come along to the party,

The Christmas.. party!

Come to the party,

The Christmas party!

Help with festive wrapping,

Bake mince-pies for the grabbing,

Bring cosy blankets for napping,

Have fun with the unwrapping,

So come along to the party,

The Christmas...party!

Come to the party,

The Christmas... party!

We've got everything you'd want,

We'll go out to the restaurant,

So come along to the party!



THE MAN BY ELLIOT STANLEY

A shudder passed through me as I read the letter. I shivered in fear and I went to Sherlock Holmes to ask for help. When I knocked on the door, I was pleasantly greeted by him and he let me in. I explained the problem. I said that my door and my windows were closed but I got a very cold and unsettling shiver in my body.

"Can you investigate around my house please?" I asked. He agreed.

After waiting for what seemed like an age, he arrived in his carriage, with Watson too. I was freezing and shivering. "Wait-I think I saw the curtain move. Can you check in every curtain around the house please?"

Sherlock checked all around the house but he came back and told me he could not find anything.

"So can you check the garden please?"

"Sure, but follow me in case anything happens inside."

Sherlock stared and replied shortly. "Just follow me ok. Don't look back or he will kidnap you. He has big sharp teeth. Walks while stomping and very tall. Tomorrow we will meet in my house and spy on him. See you tomorrow."

The next day we sat on the roof, trying to find and shoot him. If we did not eliminate him, the prospect was that he would take over humanity.

"I see him, are you ready to shoot him?" Sherlock yelled sud-

denly.

"Yes! I am!" I responded, drew my revolver, and shot at him. With a huge click, it hit. I watched, as if in slow motion, him fall to the floor with a gaping hole through the side of his head.

This man was a notorious cannibal and murderer – it was imperative that we find and kill him. We did it. Slowly, Sherlock and I turned to each other and smiled.



THE DAY I FINALLY FOUND THE TRUTH BY MAISY MEADOWS

Today was just an average day for me... or at least I thought it was!

I am Orla, I'm a 14 year old female and I live by myself. Alone. No one else but me. Today I got up and I smelled the burning of the bonfire last night. I couldn't put my finger on it... but there was just something off today.

I went to my front door to get the post. I got the usual post but I got a different note today, a note I have never got before. It read:

Dear Orla, I know you have just moved into this house and it was mine not long ago. I just wanted to let you know that I am and will always be watching you.

P.s I am outside always watching you...

The Watcher

My face was filled with horror. I ran frantically to the window and looked outside. But the only

thing out there was an iron statue in the middle of the street, staring up at me. It had a devious look in its eyes - piercing me right though.

That night I could hardly sleep. Just thinking about that piece of paper gave me shivers. The more I thought about it, the more I got worked up about it. Over and over in my head, I wondered who could have sent this letter and who could be WATCHING me.

The next morning, my friend Rachel came over and I told her all about the letter and she even got the shivers. We both looked outside and all we saw was that same statue; I had a feeling that the statue had moved forward toward the house. Surely not. I think it was just my mind playing tricks on me.

That evening I settled down on my couch and ate my noodles. There were some disturbing sounds coming from

outside the front of my house like screaming and crying... but they were very faint so I did not notice.

After half an hour I heard a rather loud knock on my front door so I got up and cautiously went to the door. I was half asleep at the time so wasn't really thinking or noticing what was strange. I stared out the door. Right near my front window, this time, I knew it had definitely moved.

-TO BE CONTINUED-



CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS BY PETAL BRIMSON

One amazing destination for a Christmas family holiday is New York, situated in America.

Within the Christmas season, New York state is filled with Christmas spirit all through the city. I recommend visiting Skaneateles, the one Christmas town in New York that's simply a must visit this season (winter). Every year during the holidays you may start planning how to make the most of the Christmas season, and how best to enjoy the many attractions and holiday experiences their state has to offer.

Another amazing place to go on your Christmas holiday adventure is Lapland. Lapland's most visited spot is Rovaniemi which has its own home for Santa Claus. It's a hotspot tourist attraction for Christmas and Lapland. Rovaniemi is great for

families to explore and experience.

Another great place to adventure within your own country (England/Britain) is Birmingham. Birmingham has many activities to offer for you and your families, and has hotels to provide for you to stay in for the holidays as well. The best place to explore Birmingham is Centenary Street, with all the best activities related to Christmas. That includes, Ice skating, greeting the reindeer of the north pole, going to an unforgettable Christmas shop and lots more to include. Keep an eye out for our next Newspaper edition where you will see various Spring destinations to visit!



JOBS BY PETAL BRIMSON

Jobs are an important thing in your life as it will become a great part of your life. Therefore, you need to work hard in life to achieve your dream career. Lucky for us nowadays, we have many opportunities for jobs.

-Interior Designer: Creates beautiful home designs.
-Make-up artist: creates beautiful styles of make-up on celebs or people.
-Tattoo artist: Puts tattoos on people.

We are lucky we get visitors in our school (Stowupland High School) to show us career choices any style possible that for when we are the appropriate age to start working. If you are into creativity and enjoy crafting, creat-

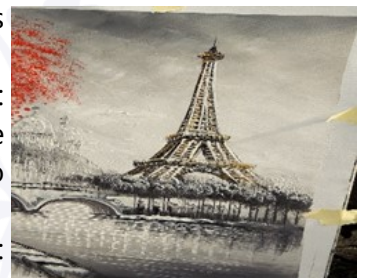
Jobs for people who like

to travel:

-Pilot: Flies planes around the world.

-Flight attendant: Provides for the people flying to their destinations.

-Photographer: Takes portrait photos for weddings, parties etc.; anything special in reality.



Any job is possible

If you set your mind to it.

Just believe and your job

Will work itself to you.

MUSIC FACT FILE BY FERN THOMAS-HAY

In this article, you will be reading about music. This article is for everyone as it has pop, rock, alternate, chill, moody and even more genres of music! Every month, there will be a vote for which band will be researched and put into this article; choose wisely! Enjoy!

TOP HITS:

I'm Good (Blue)- David Guetta.
Unholy- Sam Smith ft. Kim Petras.
CUFF IT (clean) Beyonce.
I ain't Worried- Onerepublic.

This month's band choice: Gorillaz.

They dropped five studio albums, collaborated with legends, won a Grammy and even earned a spot in The Guinness World Record book! They are an English virtual band

formed in 1998 by Damon Albarn (Blur) and Jamie Hewlett from London, England.

Songs to listen to:

New Gold (clean), Rhinestone Eyes, Cracker Island feat. Thundercat, Dare, Clint Eastwood.

What to listen to:

Soft Boy- Wilbur Soot.
Pompeii- Bastille.
Wonderwall- Oasis.
Better When I'm Dancing- Meghan Trainor.
Mr Blue Sky- E.L.O.
Chasing Cars- Snow Patrol.
Just- Radiohead.
Stupid Girl- Garbage.
Summer of '69- Bryan Adams.
Power- SPINALL.

Musical facts:

A harmonica is the world's best- selling instrument.
To win a gold disc, artists need to sell 100,000 albums to British people and 500,000 albums to Americans.
The oldest music is Seikilos Epitaph, a first- century AD tune.



RECOMMENDED MUSIC ARTISTS BY THE INSIGHT TEAM

Music artists

Ariana Grande

Billie Eilish

Chris Martin

David Bowie

Elton John

Fergie

Gwen Stephani

Harry Styles

Iggy Azalea

Justin Bieber

Kelly Clarkson

Lil Nas X

Marshmallow

Nicki Minaj

Olly Murs

Prince

Queen

Radiohead

Selena Gomez

T- Ride

Ultravox

Van Halen

W.A.S.P

X Blade

Youth Group

Zombie



Have a listen to these singers/bands!

SEASONAL ACTIVITIES BY PETAL BRIMSON

Are you bored in every season?

Well look no further, because this paper has everything that you need to find out to have fun and no need to go abroad!



SUMMER:

- Go on a hike with friends or family/Bike ride.
- Go camping.
- Swimming/ go to the beach.
- Family road trip.



SPRING:

- Spring related baking, like Easter cakes!
- Visit the emerging animals.
- An immense spring clean is always satisfying.
- Watch the flowers bloom. Even get up early to see the sunrise!

Ever Wonder What's So Good About Autumn?

Well have I got a thing for you! Autumn does have at least a list on google, safari and right here on this page!



AUTUMN:

- Pick a pumpkin and create a pumpkin head.
- Photoshoot—take pictures outside in the beautiful, autumnal, red and gold haze!
- Visit a corn maze.
- Go on a bike ride through a forest with friends.

Last, but by no means least, it's our present season.

WINTER:

- Go sledding.
- Ice skate at the local centre.
- Drink hot chocolate in a field
- Have a snowball fight.
- Have a film night all tucked up under a duvet!
- See your family.



SKATE BOARDING FOR BEGINNERS BY PETAL BRIMSON

This article is to give you, our lovely readers, easy tips and tricks for beginners.

Skateboarding can be easy for anyone if you put your mind to it, and practise most days if you have time after any house-holed jobs, or chores. If there're no skate parks in your area, there are car parks available when there's no cars around early in the evening, which is most likely on Sundays.

Things you need for skateboarding:

- Skateboard.
- Protection hat.
- Protection pads.
-

What to wear when skateboarding:

- Baggy jeans/joggers.
- Baggy t-shirt\shirt.
- Vans\trainers.
- Jumper \hoodie\jacket\anything.

3 Easy Tricks:

Easy, simple tricks for beginners or starters are known as...

Ollie: Ollie is a simple trick. Also known as flying—or almost anyway!

Manual: Manual is easy for beginners like yourself. This is balancing on your front or back wheels.

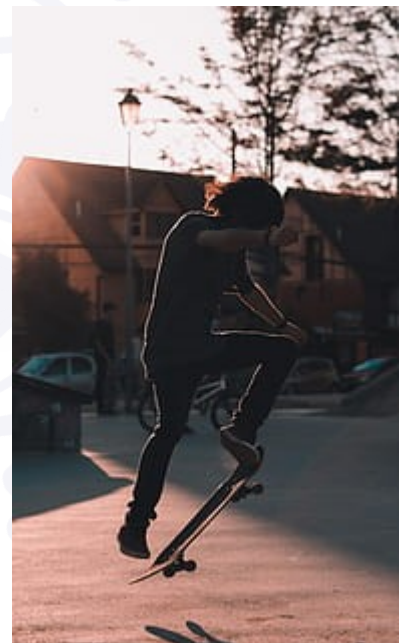
Rock to-fakie: Rock to-fakie is rocking on a ramp forwards, from backwards.

Skateboarding is a sport you can do in your own space or with your group of friends by your side.

It's always fun with a group of friends. Some people say skateboarding isn't a sport but in reality this four wheeled ride can be a dangerous sport by risking your life to immense ramps. It is also extremely exciting if you rise up to a challenge too.

I hope this article has helped you understand a little more about skateboarding—please ask Miss Leadon if you are

interested in any more articles on the topic!



LIFE AS A YEAR 7 BY FERN TAYLOR

As a Year 6 student thinking about joining Secondary School, it seemed daunting for me to join the school. When I first joined Stowupland, I was very worried I would be bullied and would not make any friends. However, now I've settled in, it's really nice here and I love every lesson I have.

In primary school, I felt very settled and was happy every day; now I think back it was pretty boring sitting in the same class-

room all day! The years flew by and, in Year Six, I had to say goodbye to lots of my closest friends.

On my first proper day, I was really excited to see so many more people. The lessons were even more fun and there are way more things to do at lunch and after school; there really is something for everyone. It has helped me to develop my learning and my hobbies.

One of my friends has said they like high school too- it can be quite exhausting but when you get into the flow of it, it becomes a lot easier. Someone else has said it is better than primary school as you are free. Also, you have different teachers for each lesson and equipment is better. It's so great to be here, and I really enjoy it!

GAME REVIEW: PORTAL TWO BY THOMAS WATSON

Portal two is a sequel to the best selling game *Portal*.

The premise is simple: you wake up as a mute girl called Chell in an abandoned testing facility with an evil robot called GLaDOS who has one purpose—testing. Your objective is to escape the facility using Portals, lasers, light bridges, different types of slime, your brain... and your friend Wheatly. Will you be able to es-

cape? Only you can find out.

It's age rating is aged around 10

I personally found this game as a superb, fun experience and I'm sure you'd agree. It's got a hilarious comedy, great amount of play-time and a gripping storyline. Enjoy!

It's available on Xbox 360, Xbox X, Xbox 1, Playstation 3, Playstation 4, Windows, Mac OS, Linux and Nintendo Switch.



SCOOTERING FACT FILE BY ELLIOT STANLEY

Who invented the scooter?

The first motorised scooter for adults, the Autoped, was developed in 1913 and patented in 1916 by inventor Arthur Hugo Cecil Gibson

Insight think this is wrong! Here are some of the famous riders:

- Brandon James
- Dylan Morrison
- Max Peters
- Jeremy Malott
- Jamie Hull
- Ben Thomas

To do one, the following is the best advice.

Jump up and forward a little bit right before copying Travis Everson's famous move! Remember to lift your front wheel just a little before. Remember to jump out!

Who are famous scooter riders?

Some of the greatest scooter riders of all time have not been heard of before—we here are The

How do you perform a Flyout on a scooter?

This is one of the most famous moves on a scooter - never fear, it is possible!



HOGWARTS BY LILY HAWKINS



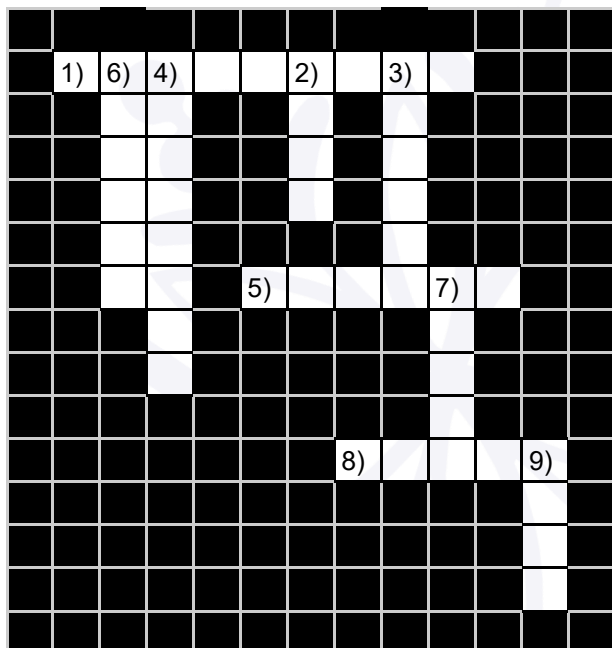
Hogwarts is a magical place
It makes your heart want to race
spells, potions charms and more
Lessons are truly never a bore

Normal schools are the opposite however
The lessons just go on forever

Sports in Hogwarts is

also cool
Quidditch played with four balls
Quaffles bludgers and a snitch
Its makes you want to twitch

But don't forget the forbidden third floor
Blocked by the impenetrable wooden door
And the three headed dog
And the troll destroying the bog
Hogwarts is never a bore.



- 1) ----- hollidays
- 2) Decorate the christmas -----
- 3) put them on the tree
- 4) We help to guide the sleigh
- 5) Shining strings
- 6) Santas favourite entrance
- 7) Santas little helpers
- 8) All to celebrate the birth of -----
- 9) We all wish for -----

Presents
Christmas
Celebration
Games
Jesus
Merry
Sleigh
Family
Reindeer
Santa
Baubles

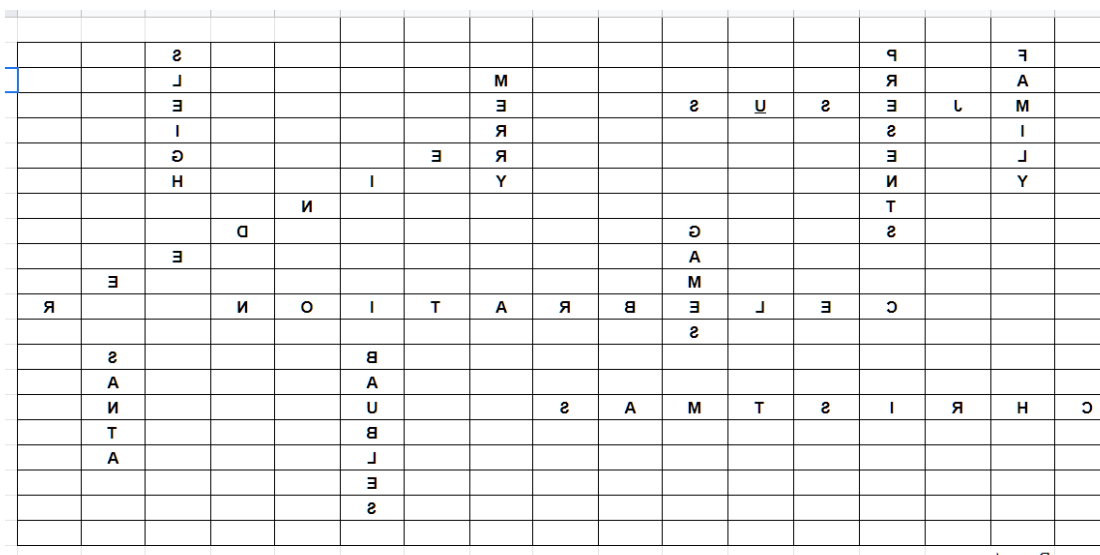
Have a go at our wordsearch by finding these words!

A	F	T	P	I	F	X	D	W	K	I	S	O	U	S	K	L
H	A	U	R	Q	X	X	Y	P	M	A	O	L	K	L	N	C
T	M	J	E	S	U	S	S	N	E	H	R	B	R	E	Z	I
E	I	J	S	V	K	Z	E	N	R	O	Q	U	A	I	J	R
J	L	S	E	N	O	D	A	L	R	E	Z	P	I	G	T	H
K	Y	D	N	Y	T	R	W	M	Y	M	L	D	Q	H	V	P
E	G	D	T	C	R	L	X	C	J	R	A	N	J	S	K	G
R	F	N	S	J	X	G	X	V	M	G	A	P	D	H	Q	Y
A	L	F	U	B	K	A	I	B	S	B	I	D	W	E	O	G
J	H	U	R	V	B	M	Q	L	Y	C	Q	P	W	A	E	F
K	V	Q	C	E	L	E	B	R	A	T	I	O	N	D	N	R
A	H	D	I	E	W	S	C	R	T	G	Z	X	F	H	W	E
V	M	O	S	Q	M	R	L	M	P	M	B	B	R	D	S	L
L	O	H	D	G	Z	W	E	G	V	U	A	Q	M	D	A	X
C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S	D	K	U	L	E	X	N	P
H	F	C	G	V	B	A	Y	N	K	P	B	C	E	R	T	I
U	S	U	G	C	A	F	V	A	F	C	L	Y	W	M	A	N
W	P	L	M	E	G	B	S	N	H	A	E	S	B	O	B	H
I	Q	T	T	O	K	T	D	J	F	P	S	C	X	I	B	R
U	P	G	H	I	F	Q	E	T	T	B	Z	J	S	A	J	E

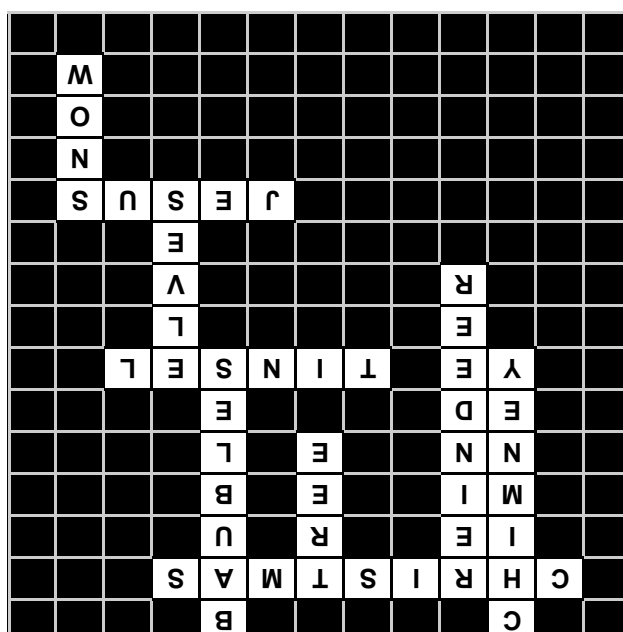
wants: less marking!
(She can dream.)
Jack wants: a new
Xbox game
Faye wants: a new dog

We hope everyone,
and our readers, get
what they wish!

Lily wants: Harry Potter Lego



Turn round for
the answers!





Stowupland High School's Fifth Newspaper



... A NOTE FROM OUR CHIEF EDITOR

*Well, what a change we have seen for our fifth edition of our newspaper! It has been fantastic to see *The Insight* flourish. It has gone from strength to strength and this is all down to the hard work from the fantastic journalists who have worked tirelessly on this paper.*

A huge thank you must go to all of our hard workers—particularly to our fantastic new editors. They have taken the reins and made it into an entirely new paper!

We have also seen our students published in the local newspaper this year. This is an extremely fantastic opportunity for them. Congratulations to Joshua

Bridges and Lily Hawkins for being published—we can't wait to see who is next! We would also like to thank the local newspaper, the Telstar, for giving our students this opportunity.

*Everyone at *The Insight* would like to wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We look forward to seeing you in 2023!*

Lastly, thank you for reading. We hope you have enjoyed it.

Miss Leadon

