

# THE INSIGHT



This edition contains

- Interviews with teachers
- Instructions on how to plant sunflowers
- Information about Liechtenstein, The Seminal Tragedy, Operation Cottage, The Life and Disappearance of Alexander Petofi and Leonardo Da Vinci
- A look at the swaying political tide of Europe and our own student mock election
- Two short stories
- A wordsearch
- A debate about homework
- Scrumptious recipes



# A WELCOME FROM OUR EDITORS

## A note from our experienced editors - Lotti and Joshua

Hello and welcome to the Summer addition of The Insight. We are thankful for your continued interest in our newspaper and greatly appreciate the help of our newest members in the club. Everyone has worked really hard on the paper this term and we hope you enjoy reading our articles! Lotti Horvath

Usually, Autumn is a season of change, however, we believe this entire year has been a year of change. Many things have changed around the school: leadership, the science block being shut due to the RAC(eventually being replaced by the new classrooms), year 11s have left to pursue other things and new rules have been introduced. The Insight has also been affected by these changes but we have persevered to bring you the best edition yet! We here at the Insight hope you have the greatest summer ever! Joshua Bridges

## A note from our new editors - Elodie, Hannah and Texas

I have loved working on this project and I hope that everyone reading will enjoy solving puzzles and reading the many interesting articles we have created. Elodie Green

We have worked very hard to make this wonderful newspaper. There are many sections to this paper so there is sure to be something that will appeal to your eyes. Enjoy! Texas Wilson

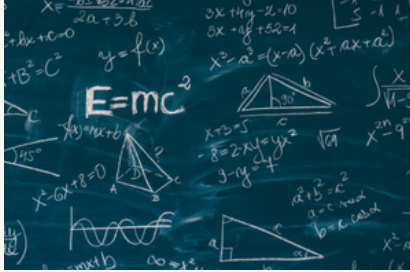
What a fun year! Everything about Newspaper Club is fantastic! All of the members of the club are really friendly, generous and supportive. I love the creativity of the project and there are no limits to what you can create. I have loved every session we have had to complete the newspaper because we can be independent with our ideas and pieces. I'm sure that anyone else would love to join it! Hannah Chapman

After the departure of Miss Leadon to pastures new, The Insight took a short hiatus. Now, we're back with a bumper edition and a new editing team comprising both new and old members.

It has been an absolute pleasure to watch the students dive into creative writing, and I would like to extend a big thank you to all the students for showing up each week and working so hard.

This is a fantastic edition, and I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed making it. Miss Curtis

# TEACHER INTERVIEWS



We have decided to interview teachers from each department for this segment of the newspaper. These questions will let you get to know your teachers and what they enjoy about their subjects and what are their favourite parts about it or even if they would like to teach another subject. The teachers are not chosen based on popularity but on the fact they teach our form. So we apologise to all the teachers who we didn't interview but we hope to interview more at a later date. Thank you to all the teachers who used their lunchtime or break to answer our questions.

Enjoy!

Elodie and Texas

## MATHS-MISS STREATFEILD

**Q:** What's your favourite part of working at this school?

**A:** I really like how nice and polite all the students are, my form especially!

**Q:** What year is your favourite to teach?

**A:** Year 10 because they haven't got the stress of exams yet!

**Q:** Are there any other subjects you would like to teach?

**A:** History because I like it and have taught it before.

**Q:** What's your favourite part of teaching maths?

**A:** I like when I'm teaching something complicated and everyone starts to get it.

# English - Mrs Sayer

Q: Do you enjoy working at this school?

A: Yes, I really like how all the students and teachers are very friendly.

Q: What is your favourite year to teach?

A: Year 10 because it has some of my favourite texts and all the students are very eager to learn.

Q: Are there any other subjects you would like to teach?

A: I would like to teach history because it is very interesting learning about the past.

Q: What is your favourite part of teaching English?

A: I like the discussions between students and hearing different opinions about texts.

# Art - Ms Pentney

Q: Do you enjoy working at this school?

A: Yes, I like how there are lots of fun resources that we can use, including a kiln which we use when we make things with clay.

Q: What year is your favourite to teach?

A: I love to teach Year 10 because everyone there has a passion for art.

Q: Are there any other subjects you would like to teach?

A: English or geography because I find them interesting.

Q: What is your favourite part of teaching art?

A: I love encouraging people to be creative and watching them realize that they are good at art when they've said that they are bad at it.

# Music Mrs Knights

Q: Do you enjoy working at this school?

A: Yeah, I do. Especially since the changes, it's become friendlier. There are some really lovely students.

Q: What is your favourite year to teach?

A: Year 7 because they are all enthusiastic and there is a lot of talent. Really fun lessons.

Q: Are there any subjects you would like to teach?

A: I have taught art and history. They were my favourite subjects in school. I like when history and music come together. I am a music-history nerd.

Q: What is your favourite part of teaching music?

A: It never gets boring - always interesting. It's lovely to see kids being musical and having a talent.

# Drama Miss Stevens

Q: Do you enjoy working at this school?

A: Yes, I do. I was a student here myself and I have always enjoyed teaching students of all ages about drama.

Q: What year is your favourite to teach?

A: Year 7 because it's more fun and games than in the older years and there is no pressure of exams

Q: Are there any other subjects you would like to teach?

A: I'd love to teach dance because I have always loved doing dance growing up and really enjoy helping students learn how to dance.

Q: What is your favourite part of teaching drama?

A: I enjoy watching children's confidence grow when they perform and find things that they are passionate about.

# PE - Mrs Brand

Q: Do you enjoy working at this school?

A: Of course I do. I've been here for 9 years.

Q: What year is your favourite to teach?

A: I prefer Year 7. They are my absolute favourite.

Q: Are there any other subjects you would like to teach?

A: I can teach other subjects. I have taught drama and English and lots of other subjects, but my favourites are dance and P.E.

Q: What is your favourite part of teaching P.E. or being Head of Year?

A: My favourite part is doing all the extracurricular clubs and seeing students show me how good they can be.

If there are other questions or teachers you would like us to interview for the next edition please let us know



# Homework: Should It Be Banned?

This is a popular topic for debate, but should homework be banned, or is that a completely false statement? Let us ask ourselves this question: should homework be banned?

Homework should be banned because many students can't be bothered to actually complete their homework. The teachers are wasting their effort trying to set any extra work to extend their pupils' learning. If the students want to do extra work, that is their own choice and responsibility, and if they get awful grades in their exams, that is their fault, not the teacher's. However, the teachers shouldn't be forced to set any homework if the students are being forced to complete it against their will, or not completing it at all!

Homework shouldn't be banned because it does help students to learn more and consolidate the work they have been doing in lessons. Teachers work really hard to ensure that the students are learning everything they can in lessons to help them through not only exams, but everyday life. The students might not often realize quite how much work has gone into planning, producing, and delivering the lessons. However, anything that is missed in class can be discovered in more detail at home when there is more time to spare. Homework is just a way of making that extra time used in a suitable way to aid the students' school life.

Homework should be banned because not all of the students have access to appropriate resources at home. Some pupils have limited resources at home to use, which can be greatly overlooked by teachers whilst setting homework. These students will be forced to pay the consequences of not having completed their homework, even if they don't have the materials or devices to do the homework that has been assigned to them - and in some cases, they might not even know that any has been set.

Homework shouldn't be banned because it gives the pupils some organization and structure to their home learning and studies and certainly aids their learning. Doing any school work the students can in their free time can mean that more time is spent looking into certain topics or aspects of what they had learnt in the lesson. It is a very valuable ability to be able to structure home learning and this can lead to more knowledge in class that stays in your memory to aid you in later life. Some students may like to draw up a homework timetable, some students may want to go online to search up facts - some students may even want to do extra revision on certain topics ready for a test. It doesn't matter how they do it, but all of the learning going on at home and in their free time is aiding their learning at school and in general.

What is your opinion? Do you think homework should be banned, or do you think it should stay as a part of the curriculum?



# The Life and Disappearance of Alexander Petofi



Alexander Petofi (born Alexander Petrovics and later changed to Sandor Petofi) was born on the first of January 1823 and he seems to have died -if we were to follow one of the many storylines- on the 31st July 1849. He is perhaps most known for his poem 'Nemzeti Dal' which translates to 'National Song' or Anthem that he wrote to compel the masses to rise up against the Austrian Empire.

As the title suggests, he simply vanished. After the battle of Segesvar he was never seen alive and recorded as being such by any of the people who claim to have seen him. But the fact that makes his disappearance and subsequent death so interesting is that we have found a grave in Siberia of all places, in which the remains match the description of Alexander to a tee. The question is: how did he get all the way to Siberia?

## Early life

Alexander was born in Kiskoros to Istvan Petofi/Petrovics and Maria Hruz on the first of January 1823. Sandor Petofi is the Hungarian translation using the Latin alphabet of his original name, Alexander Petrovics. Petofi and Petrovics both mean 'son of Peto/Petrov' as implied by the 'Ics' and 'Fi' suffixes. The Serbian last name comes from his father, who was a second generation Serb. For the time being, I will refer to Alexander as Petrovics seeing as he only adopted the Hungarian name during his political career.

His mother was of Slovak origin and spoke Hungarian with somewhat of an accent. This was pretty common in Kiskoros seeing as many Slovaks were relocated to the town after having to flee from the Ottomans a few hundred years prior. His parents moved to Kiskoros one year before the birth of our poet and were married at the town of Aszod. This means that Petrovics' ethnicity is more so Slavic than Hungarian but in his later life he seems to have migrated towards Hungarian traditions and was adopted as such by the populace.

Their family lived in Szabadszállás but moved to Kiskunfelegyhaza just two years later. Even at a young age, Petrovics still realised that he favoured city life over more rural settlements and this would be represented later on when he moved to Pest, both for his love of city life and because of his new political status. Despite his father struggling to find him the education that he so desperately needed, it cannot be said that Petrovics' family was poor as it is so often represented in Hungarian media. He was enrolled in a school but was soon forced to leave his goals of education behind after the flooding of the Danube caused his family to go through a financial crisis.

After this event, he moved around the country; holding some theatrical jobs in Pest, being a teacher in Azzunfalva and even being a soldier in Sopron. Perhaps being a soldier is what caused him to have confidence in serving the Hungarians during their revolution despite the government's protests. In order to not skip too far into the story, all you need to know is that the Russian and Austrian army had several targets (many of which being generals and politicians) and Petrovics -by then Petofi- just so happened to be one of these. If Petrovics was captured, it would have been a massive blow to morale and there was also the danger of military secrets being revealed.

After a lot of travelling and errors, Petrovics managed to get enrolled in a college in Papa where he met Mor Jokai -who would later become a leader of the Hungarian revolution through similar means as Petrovics. A year later, his poem by the name of 'A borozo' or 'The wine drinker' was published under the name 'Sandor Petrovics.' His first name was already translated into Hungarian seeing as that was part of the enrollment process but on the 3rd of November he published yet another poem, this time under the name of 'Sandor Petofi.' It seems that as he embraced Hungarian culture, he changed his name (or rather those around him) to be more 'Hungarian' in nature. However, it was not until later on that the whole country knew him by this name, as his works had spread revolutionary ideals and the Government made him a pillar of radicalism in the country and abroad.

Petrovics, now known as Petofi, decided to try and make a living by selling his poems but this was not a successful venture in Papa. Sick and poor, he made his way to Debrecen where his friends helped him get back on his feet. In 1844, he tried his luck with selling poems in Pest and finally got the success he deserved. His poems were becoming increasingly popular as they featured elements of love, freedom and folklore which many related with. Among these earlier works was the poem 'Janos Vitez' which was later adapted into a movie which found similar success in modern Hungary more than two centuries later!

## Marriage and family

In 1846, he met and married Julia Szendrey in Transylvania, despite the protests of her family. Their only son (Zoltan Petofi) was born the next year. During this time, he even found a political career because of his poems; he became interested in global politics and in the idea of a revolution against the Austrian monarchy and to establish an independent Hungarian state with their own king but also a more secular government without the need for Austrian approval.

He moved his family to Pest, where he was in the presence of more like-minded individuals whom he met with in the Pilvax Kavehaz/Pilvax cafe. This is where he wrote the 'Nemzeti Dal' or 'National Song' of Hungary. Translated from Hungarian is the first :

'On your feet Hungarian, your homeland is calling!  
'The time is nye, now stop your stalling!  
'Shall we be slaves or shall we be free?'  
'This is the question, answer me!  
'We swear to God'  
'We swear,'  
'We swear that we shall no longer be slaves.'

After this was written out and after the government created the 12 point agreement which was subsequently rejected by the new Austrian emperor, Franz Joseph -yes he really lived that long! Seeing as the demands of the revolutionaries had been accepted and had become law until now, many took up arms to fight against the three main groups attacking Hungary -that being the Croats, Romanian separatists and Austrians. The Hungarians assembled an army by handing out copies of the 'Nemzeti Dal' and the 12 points.

Petofi was not too involved in the inner workings of the war other than signing up to become a soldier against the advice of the government because of previously mentioned reasons.

## Disappearance and probable death

Petofi was present in the battle of Segesvar which was fought against the Russians; now you may be wondering why the Russians were even involved in this conflict and that has a very simple explanation! The Hungarians were doing surprisingly well against the Austrians so in an attempt to suppress the revolution, Franz Joseph called in the Russian army to help.

The battle of Segesvar was a Russian victory and the story goes as such: the Hungarian army was told to retreat and were making their way across a bridge. The last person to apparently see Petofi (in this story) was a hussar who offered to help Petofi, seeing as he was injured in the leg, by letting him ride on his horse. To which Petofi replied: "Leave me behind, I am still able to walk!" This was the last time he was seen. It is believed that he either died from his injury or was captured by the Russians and killed. However this is only one of the many stories that feature the interesting tale of Petofi and I think that the Russians would have some record of this.

Another story is that he accepted a different offer to ride on a horse and was able to make it outside of the city but decided to dismount and roll into a nearby ditch where he died. Rumours are that the Russians found his corpse and buried him deep underground. The commanders then ordered their men to dig identical graves, refill them and trample over the ground so that no one would be able to find him. All of the soldiers who took part were then asked if anyone remembered where Petofi was buried; two soldiers said they remembered and were subsequently killed so that Petofi's resting place would always be a mystery.

The third story is that he was captured and sent to Siberia where he lived out the rest of his life peacefully and started a new family. This is the one that I find the most likely but also the most saddening; a grave site in Siberia was recently unearthed and remains exactly like Petofi's were found. When I say exactly like him, I mean exactly like him. The height was the same, the protruding bottom teeth were evident and the bones were dated to 1823. This and many more factors led people to believe that this was Petofi. More than that, the name on the grave was Alexander Petrovics which would have been the name used to refer to him in a Slavic country such as Russia. Some poems were also found and were confirmed to have belonged to this man in the coffin but they were written in Russian; however, they were also found in Hungarian and had themes similar to that of Petofi.

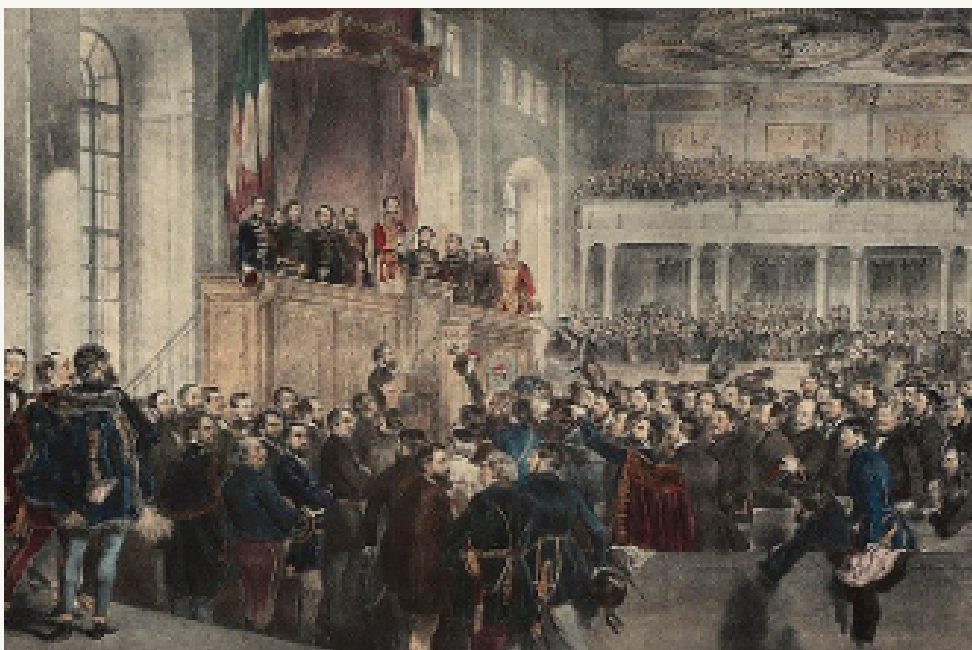
You may ask why he started a family in Siberia and the answer is depressing at best. He was most likely told that Hungary was defeated so badly that there was nothing to return to. This also happened during the second world war. The countries of the Warsaw Pact had soldiers taken from them by the Soviet Union who were told that there was no hope for their country and it was best not to return. Obviously, these were all lies but not knowing the truth, many soldiers simply set up a new family in the USSR; when they died, letters would be sent to their wives and children saying that they lived a happy life with a family in the CCCP. This would leave their family feeling cheated and confused and it is likely that the same thing happened with Petofi.

More than that, the Russians would simply not have let him leave. Petofi was an instigator of a revolution; this meant that the Russians feared that he would spread revolutionary ideals in Russia like how he did in the Austrian Empire. It is likely that after a while Petofi simply accepted that he was never going home and settled down. He remarried, had children and died peacefully. However, many of the poems he wrote portrayed his need for his homeland and his wife. Unfortunately, we couldn't test the bones because his mother's remains also seemingly vanished and there hasn't been any word of his relatives.

Unfortunately, it is true that like most people who played a more heroic role in history, Petofi was glorified in many ways. Some of his early life was dramatised to make him more likeable for the lower classes. In reality, his family was actually quite rich but were struck by a chain of financial misfortunes like when the Danube flooded. There are also rumours that his love life was full of affairs or completely devoid of any love at all! Some sources say that he was notoriously unfaithful but others say that he had little luck with the ladies because of his appearance.

Nevertheless, Petofi was and is a hugely influential figure in Hungary and abroad and despite the rumours and complexity of his character, he is still a heroic figure in culture and literature. I hope his last moments were peaceful and that one day we can get a definitive answer for this mystery.

Lotti Horvath



# Wordsearch: Flowers

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

Petunia  
Tulip  
Rose  
Snowdrop  
Lily  
Daisy  
Poppy  
Marigold  
Rhododendron  
Lavender  
Peony  
Iris  
Dahlia  
Daffodil  
Bluebell

Answers at the back  
Try not to cheat!

# On the subject of flowers...

How to plant sunflower seeds as it is apparently summer

by Izzy stacey

## Sowing

You can sow the seed directly into the ground in late April or early May, but we'd recommend sowing them in pots in late March or April.

Fill a little pot with compost. Put one seed per pot into the compost. Cover with about some more compost, and then water .

Place in a warm place. cut the top off a plastic bottle to cover the sunflower seed.

Keep them on a sunny windowsill or in a greenhouse to keep them safe from slugs and snails until they are outside.

Plant them out when they're around 30cm tall

Plant out in a sheltered position once the risk of frost has passed. Sunflowers like to grow in a rich soil.

Protect them as best you can from slug and snail damage by using copper bands, broken eggshells, or any other organic slug control methods. You might need to do an evening slug patrol to keep them from eating your new shoots.

## Stake and water

As your Sunflowers grow, you'll need to tie them to canes or to the fence or balcony railings to stop them blowing over. Keep them moist through the summer as your little seedlings turn into giants.

## Save the seeds

When the Sunflower head starts to turn brown, cut it off and hang it somewhere dry and airy. When the seeds are dry, rub them together to loosen them. Birds can eat your seeds if you leave them in the garden. You could even put them in a bird feeder.



# UNDER THE SURFACE

Things aren't always as they seem. Sometimes, you have to delve deeper to see what's under the surface.

Oliver Parker was supposed to be at school three hours ago. Instead of sitting in a classroom, Oliver was riding his skateboard through his town. Townspeople gave him stares. They all questioned why he was not at school, yet none of them had the nerve to say anything.

Eventually, someone called the police and when he turned a corner, he saw two police officers waiting for him. They knew him by name due to all the tricks he had pulled over the last few years and put him straight in the police car. The boy expected them to take him back to school. Unfortunately, that was not the case. The police officers drove him to his house and paid his mother a visit. She did not expect to see the police there.

"Miss Parker, we found your son riding on his skateboard in the town. Someone reported him for skateboarding in the road and almost causing a car crash. Our first instinct was to send him back to school but we wanted to talk to you instead. Your son's behaviour is completely unacceptable and you must punish him for it. He is fortunate we did not arrest him then and there. This is his final warning. If we catch him causing mayhem again then I am afraid we will have no choice but to enforce the law. Punish him because I am sure you do not want to visit your son behind bars." The two police officers left the house and left Oliver alone with his mum. She fell to the floor and started sobbing.

"I thought you said you would be good," Maria Parker wiped away her tears and continued, "What if they had arrested you today? Your school called me today. They expelled you. You promised me that it wouldn't happen anymore. I thought you would keep it. That's another school, Oliver, and I'm afraid I don't know what I'm going to do with you." "I'm sorry, Mum, it won't happen again." Oliver lied.

"And how do I know that you won't break that promise as well? This is the final straw, Oliver. I have no choice but to send you somewhere. I never considered it, but there is nothing else I can do. I am sending you away to a summercamp tomorrow when it is the last day of school." Maria put the tissue she had wiped her tears with into the bin, and a stern expression cast itself on her face. Oliver felt a pang of guilt when he realised how much he had upset his mother. He knew better than to argue with her because when his mother was like this it was very difficult for him to change his mind.

"I understand." Oliver spoke glumly. He left his skateboard by the door and trudged up the stairs. The boy went to his room, realising he would have to leave it behind tomorrow when he would be taken to a summer camp nobody would want to go to. For once, the consequences of his actions sunk in. As much as he did not want to admit it, it was his fault

that it was happening in the first place. Oliver pulled the covers over his head and shut his eyes. Where had it all gone wrong? Oliver wasn't always a troublemaker. In fact, it was only recently that his transformation had occurred. It all started when high school started. The student seemed to think that he had to change himself to not feel left out after he had been bullied for most of his primary school years.

Tomorrow came quicker than it usually did. Oliver Parker had a sullen expression on his face despite the fact that he had spent most of his day yesterday lying in his bed. After all, where could he go? He had been expelled from almost all of the schools he entered. His mother was beyond disappointed with him which sent a feeling of remorse surging through his body. She was struggling enough as it was and he had only added to her problems. He had to make it up to her somehow, even if that meant going to the dreaded summer camp he hated with a passion. He cleaned his room so that it would be nice and tidy for when he got back at the end of summer and decided to Hoover the stairs to redeem himself after his actions. Then, his mum came home from work and immediately got him and his suitcases into the car. They drove past the sign that had the town name on it and Oliver's heart wrenched. Oliver arrived at the summer camp at seven o'clock in the evening. He opened the car door and stepped out. For a moment or two, his eyes scoured the camp. Then, his mum handed him his suitcases and uttered no other words to him before she got into the car and drove off.

"Hey there, I'm Clifton McDaniel," Oliver felt goosebumps form on his neck as he tried to identify where the voice was coming from. When he found out the person was behind him, the man continued, "Welcome to Wilderness Warriors! I'll get someone to show you where to put your stuff down and then I'll see you when we all gather round the campfire."

Oliver refused to say anything to the man and refused to shake his hand when he offered it. Clifton noticed but didn't think it was anything bad. He walked over to another person who was at the camp. As Clifton said, a girl approached him and showed him to the room he would be sharing with some other people.

"Clifton, gave you the old talk, eh?" The girl asked. "Don't worry, nobody on this camp wants to be here either. We all are waiting for this to end already. If you know what you're doing, it won't be a very painful 3 months. Just be careful who you trust because everyone at this place is keeping hold of some sort of secret, even old Clifton. That being said, let me show you to your chambers. My name's Estella by the way. Don't worry, you don't have to shake my hand." Estella smiled at him and he smiled back. The boy didn't think there would be anyone like him at this place but fortunately, he had been proven wrong. He wondered what Estella's secret was and how she vaguely knew about his one.

"Why do you think everyone has a secret? Not everyone does, you know. Maybe you're wrong!" Oliver shouted defensively. Part of him was still annoyed about what had happened with his mother.

“It’s obvious that everyone has a secret. They try to conceal it as much as they want but that just makes it more obvious. And anyone, life here wouldn’t be any fun if people didn’t have them.” Her smile reassured him and made him realise that maybe he was the one who was wrong, not her. Estella did not speak for the rest of the tour around the camp and as soon as she showed him where to put his belongings she left. He could not help but feel angry at

himself for hurting another person’s feelings: first it was his mum and now it was Estella. He tried to kick the bed and failed miserably. Instead, Oliver kicked one of the floor tiles and to his surprise, it broke to reveal a hidden passage. There was a hole where the tile should have been and in its place was a ladder. Estella’s words had become a reality for there really were secrets everywhere across the camp. He decided to fetch Estella instead of venturing down the tunnel by himself.

“Estella!” Oliver shouted “Estella! I know you might still be angry at me but you have to see this! You were right about the secret thing all along! I take back what I said. I found something!” The other members of the camp all stared at him. They all gave him dirty looks. Estella ran towards him and refused to speak. She followed him down to his room. Both of them stood above the hole and looked across each other.

“Ladies first.” Oliver pointed at the hole. Estella rolled her eyes and climbed down the ladder. The boy went down afterwards. When both of them had climbed down the ladder, they discovered the hidden tunnels together. The cave was pitch black.

“This is a bad idea,” The girl finally spoke and broke the awkward silence, “We should get a flashlight or something. What if something bad happens to us? If these tunnels were hidden from us in the first place then maybe there’s a reason behind it. Something could be lurking down here. We should go back and prepare ourselves to go down these tunnels again. ”

Estella was wise considering she had been sent here of all places, Oliver wondered how she had managed to end up here. It seemed everyone he met at this place had a story. The pair of them ventured back up the ladder and returned back to Oliver’s room. They did not expect to see who they saw standing at the head of the door. It was none other than the camp owner: Clifton McDaniel. “Do you know what time it is? You were sent here to rehabilitate yourself and already, you

have broken the rules of this camp. A search party was sent out for you after you were found to not be in your room or where you were supposed to be gathering around the campfire with us. First impressions can be a powerful thing. As for you, Estella, I trusted you. Now, where exactly were you?” Clifton stood tall and continued approaching them until they could smell his breath because he was so close.

“We were playing hide and seek underneath the beds.” Estella lied.

“Really? Then how come there is a hole into the ground with a ladder? If you are going to lie, children, at least make sure there isn’t anything that disproves your lies. Now, here is your punishment. You are going to take me down there.”

“You-You knew!” Oliver felt goosebumps rack his body when he realised the fantasy he thought of had become a reality. “You know about the tunnel.”

Of course I do! I created the tunnel! Why do you think I covered it up? I created the tunnel and hid it as soon as I discovered what was down there?" Clifton revealed the truth to them.

"What...What was down there?" Estella trembled.

"Silly children. You've been down there long enough so why don't you tell me? Or did you get afraid?" He taunted them. "You really don't know? There is an ancient civilization down there that has been living in the tunnels ever since I kept them there. You see, I found them

there twenty-five years ago and if I introduced them to our world they would tell the truth. My grandfather imprisoned them there seventy-five years ago."

"No, that... that is impossible! You must be lying! Nobody could survive down there for 75 years. Nobody could survive under the surface for that long." Oliver stuttered.

"He imprisoned them there and I shut the passage off once I realised they would escape. If they escaped, my family's name would be tarnished forever. Nobody would come to this

camp and my entire career would end as quickly as it began. That is why you will not tell anybody about what happened down there because then you would never be able to be sent here to rehabilitate. Instead, your parents would send you to a prison. So you see, both of us will keep this secret with us to our graves."

"Is that a threat?" Estella was ready to bring Clifton down no matter what it would mean. She would endure prison if it meant Clifton wouldn't get away with his crimes. Whatever it took she would do it.

"We will tell everyone your secret and then you will be put behind bars. Someone else can run this camp and we won't have to go to prison. Perhaps you should have thought out your plan better, Clifton." Oliver Parker responded to Clifton's threat with one of his own.

"You can try to keep us back here but you can't keep us here forever. More questions will be raised if you don't let us go from here. People will find out your secret anyway. We have won, Clifton." Clifton's smile faded as soon as Estella finished speaking. That was when he realised she was speaking the truth.

Clifton stepped off to the side and sank to his knees. Estella and Oliver immediately went to spread the word to the rest of the camp. Then, using the phone she had packed, Estella called the police.

The next day, the police arrived at the camp. Estella had told them everything over the phone and they had rushed over when they heard about the ancient civilization beneath the ground. So did multiple news agencies and journalists. In the space of one day, Wilderness Warriors had transformed from an innocent summer camp into a conspiracy. Estella led them to the tunnels and as soon as they went down the leader, they realised it was a revelation after all. Around thirteen police officers investigated the tunnels, and eventually, the ancient civilization had been discovered. The journalists flocked to them to ask them questions about who had put them there and how they had survived for so long. They surprisingly answered everything including who had put them there.

“The man who put them there his name was McDaniel, Evan McDaniel. Then, another McDaniel stopped us from escaping. His name was.... His name was Clifton McDaniel.” One of the members of the ancient civilization revealed.

They broadcasted the interview on national television and with the help of Estella and Oliver, Clifton was sent behind bars. The ancient civilization was freed soon after their discovery and as for Wilderness Warriors, the leader of the ancient civilization decided to carry on the legacy. Finally, Oliver Parker and Estella were awarded medals for their bravery and both were sent back to their homes. Oliver sat up in his bed and then, his mother burst it. Usually, it was to shout at him but this time, it was to tell him his old school would welcome him back in September. The boy thought about what Estella had said to him about people keeping secrets. She had been right all along. Things aren't always what they seem. Sometimes, you have to delve deeper to see what's under the surface.

Joshua Bridges

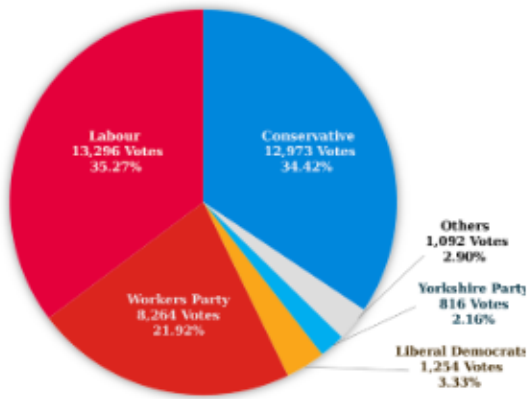
## Are you a budding writer?

Would you like to write a short story for inclusion in our newspaper? If so, see one of the editors or Miss Curtis



# The swaying political tide of Europe

2021 Batley and Spen by-election



Over the past few years, the political alignment of various European countries has been changing. Whilst many countries stuck to their old orientation, a few decided to make a drastic change! Europe has always been majority liberal and that is clearly represented by the parties in the EU parliament as well as in separate countries and provinces. However, three countries in particular decided to make a complete U-turn in terms of ideology and made a switch to conservatism. This is unexpected in my opinion as these three countries (Italy and the Netherlands in particular) have always had a more left-leaning government. Well, other than Poland that is! So what are these countries and what have these political parties achieved?

## Dutch elections



In 2023, Geert Wilder's 'Party for Freedom' won. This party is right wing/conservative and has sometimes been described as 'anti-Islam' and 'nationalistic'. Unlike some of the other countries we will use as examples, they managed to acquire the majority of seats in parliament which gives them (unless a veto from the Prime minister is passed) complete power. Again, this is not a guarantee, as if all other seats in parliament vote unanimously against them, they will be forced to rethink their laws or scrap them completely. As you can guess by the various nicknames stuck onto them, they are a very controversial party within the Netherlands and they will most likely face scrutiny from many left-leaning people in the Netherlands as well as the minorities they are said to target.

## The Polish general election

In this election, the 'United Right' party managed to win by 43.6%, becoming the most popular of all the groups. Despite this newfound popularity, they do not have total power, seeing as they do not have a majority in Parliament. They are led by Mateusz Morawiecki but as long as they do not have an overwhelming percentage of the seats in parliament, many propositions of theirs could be shot down with only a few vetoes.

This change doesn't surprise me much as Poland had previously been right-leaning in terms of political nature; however, there was a sudden rise in libertarian views during the starting days of the war in Ukraine and that took sway in parliament. Much of Poland's population is made up of





## Italian general and presidential elections

Ever since 2022, the 'Brothers of Italy' political party have been present in the rulership of the country. This party is right-leaning and is led by Giorgia Meloni. Much like almost every other politician, Meloni is extremely controversial; she has been compared to the likes of Mussolini due to her standing on illegal immigration and other such matters.

Italy is one of the most crucial countries in the EU which is why it surprised me that they all so suddenly switched to conservatism instead of the more common libertarianism. The fact is that the party won by a landslide and have the most utter power over their countries than these other countries. Not only do they have a majority in the parliament but their leader is also the prime minister; they seem to have an unmatched solidarity in the government which makes me believe that they'll be mostly united in future decisions.

Lotti Horvath

Stowupland High School decided to hold their own mock election on election day

**Stowupland High School**  
mock election 2024: THE RESULTS

Election of the Member of Parliament for the Constituency of Stowupland High School

Place an X in the box of the candidate you wish to vote for. Then fold the paper in half and place it in the ballot box. |

Conservative Party		12
Green Party		84
Labour Party		58
Liberal Democrat Party		41
Reform Party		156

Stowupland High School mock election 2024

The winner is...

A big thank you to everyone who got involved and voted  
We had a turn out of 58%



Da Vinci was perhaps the most notable and influential of all Renaissance artists and inventors. He is recognised all over the world for his paintings such as the Mona Lisa and the Last Supper but is also credited for the early concepts of modern military equipment like armoured vehicles and an 'aerial screw' which we now associate with helicopters.

Not only did Leonardo invent various pieces of modern machinery and valued paintings, he also worked on the biological side of humans; dabbling in anatomy along the way. Under the apprenticeship of Verrocchio, he was given permission to use corpses for his anatomical drawings. Said drawings mainly featured muscles and tendons but he also made several depictions of the human brain and how it worked.

## Early life and time in Florence

Leonardo's parents were not married at the time of his birth, making him a child of wedlock which deemed him illegitimate in the eyes of the older republics and kingdoms. His mother soon married an artisan, which led to Da Vinci growing up in his father's estate where (contradictory to most other children born out of wedlock) he was treated well and as a legitimate son. He received the standard education of the time: reading, writing and arithmetic though, contrary to others who received the same education, he did not study Latin seriously despite it being the core of language learning at the time. He only prepared to learn Latin once older. Similarly, he did not apply himself to a higher degree of mathematics until he was in his 30's, much due to him picking up an interest in engineering.

As mentioned earlier, Da Vinci was soon placed under the apprenticeship of Verrocchio, most likely due to his evident skills in art. Under Verrocchio, he was taught in the arts of painting, sculpting and technical-mechanical arts. He also worked in the workshops of another gifted tutor by the name of Antonio Pollaiuolo; all of this training seemed to have an immense effect on the young Leonardo seeing as in 1472 he accepted the Painter's Guild of Florence. He stayed in his teacher's workshop for 5 more years before going to work independently in Florence. Many great sketches were made during this period, though they mainly focused on machinery and ideas for military equipment.

## Time in Milan

Later on, Leonardo was employed in Milan by Ludovico Sforza as a military and naval engineer as well as an artisan and sculptor. He soon put himself to use by inventing many pieces of machinery that we now use improved versions of; he also made many notable paintings, historical and present day. Perhaps the most famous is that of Sforza's wife, Cecilia Gallerani. He moved to the city in 1482, and in his 17 years of being there, he created perhaps the second most influential of his paintings next to the Mona Lisa, that being the Last Supper. During his stay in Milan, he also pioneered the usage of the new medium of red chalk drawings on treated paper. One of these surviving examples is a self-portrait which depicts him in his older years with a long beard and going bald.

However, his time in Milan was cut short due to Sforza being overthrown by French forces. This led to Leonardo fleeing to Venice with his partner, Salai.

## Second Florentine period

In Venice, he was employed as a military and naval architect and served to protect the city from naval invasion, which was crucial for the republic as its survival heavily depended on trade and commerce which came in and out through the channels connected to the sea.

He soon returned to his childhood home, which was currently being used by a handful of monks who provided Leonardo with a workshop. In said workshop he created a cartoon of sorts titled as: The virgin and child with Saint Anne and Saint John the baptist. It is reported that many people flocked to see this new installation of Da Vinci's fine works and it attracted many people from all corners of Europe. However, he did not stay in his home town for long, as he soon set out on the road to visit all corners of the Italian peninsula under the patronage of Cesare Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI. Once again, he served his patron as a military consultant and engineer, as he so often found himself doing while on the road. He created a map of Borgia's stronghold, and won over the favour of the town of Imola by making a map to record the workings of said town. This also served in his favour, as it caused Borgia to promote him to chief military engineer; later that same year, he once again helped his patron by creating a map of Chiana valley, Tuscany, so that he could get a better grasp on the formation of the land and give him a strategic advantage, as well as that, he was also working on the plans for the construction of a dam which could provide the canals with water at all times, creating another advantage for his patron.

In early 1503, Leonardo left Borgia's service and returned to Florence. He began working on his painting of Lisa del Giocondo, which would be the model for the Mona Lisa later on.

## Second Milanese period

Da Vinci was summoned back to Milan by the acting governor of the city after the previous rulers were overthrown by the French. It was here that he reunited with many of his past pupils and even adopted another, who was seen as his favourite; many times the council of Florence wished for his return but for the time he stayed in Milan. However he would need to act on these wishes in order to sort out a dispute amongst his brothers regarding how to divide the land inherited by their late father.

For the time being, he was allowed to pursue his scientific interests in full but he also returned to his age-old hobby of sculpting and painting. He may have been commissioned to make an equestrian figure of d'Amboise and while we don't have the finished project, we do have a wax model of the sculpture. This project was halted by the invasion of the conjoined forces of Switzerland, Venice and Spain. This drove the French from Milan, but unlike the last time Milan was invaded, Leonardo did not flee and stayed in the city for another few months.

## Death

Leonardo died in his estate at age 67 in 1519 due to a presumed stroke. Even on his deathbed, Da Vinci lamented that he had offended god by not practising his artistic talents as he should have done. In his will, Leonardo stated that Melzi, a close friend and artisan, shall inherit his works, but not before Leonardo could send for a priest to make a confession to and receive the holy sacrament. Leonardo's student, Salai, and his servant Baptista would both inherit half of his vineyards whilst his brothers received his lands back in Florence.

All in all, Leonardo was potentially the most influential of all Renaissance artisans and inventors and his name and works are still affecting our modern lives, whether that be with inspiring new advancements in the machinery of war or the speculative smile of the Mona Lisa; Leonardo Da Vinci was and is a man with a ginormous legacy and he shall remain with such! Lotti Horvath

Sources used: Wikipedia, Britannica and the World History Encyclopedia.



## Operation Cottage - the hilarious failure



There have been many blunders in military history, some big and some small, but I have never heard of one quite as foolish as the allied landings on Kiska island. You would think that it would be rather easy to tell if an island is uninhabited or abandoned (thus making it not worth your time to defend if you were to find yourself as a high ranking official in the army) especially if said island is far enough away from any significantly populated areas that nobody would care to even spare a glance in its direction. However, this was not the case for American and Canadian forces who suffered 92 casualties before realising that the enemy they were supposed to be fighting had left before they even arrived; now how could that happen? Let's find out!

### Background

The whole reason that this hilarious operation ever occurred was that the government of the USA believed that their Japanese counterparts had landed on this island and wanted to use it as a base of operations for a potential invasion of the Western allies. Of course, when they landed on the island, the Japanese were nowhere to be found; however, they were not wrong in their assumption that the Japanese had called the island home as a year before, the Japanese had in fact landed on the island under the command of Takeji Ono.

The Japanese had landed on the island in 1942 with around 500 troops of special landing forces and had stormed an American weather station where they killed two officers and held the remaining eight hostage - who were unfortunately sent to a prison camp. A further 2000 men arrived under Rear Admiral Monzo Akiyama who took over control of the operation after setting foot on the island. December soon arrived and with it came additional anti-aircraft units, engineers and infantry as well as the command of Kiichiro Higuchi. It was under his command that the tide of the landing would change, perhaps for the best as it was about to get tougher on the island!

A year after the Japanese landed, they just as suddenly left; despite heavily fortifying the island, the generals decided that this would be too costly for the government seeing as the island was too far away to defend and was simply too small for any significant force to be stationed on it. Before the expedition onto Kiska, the Japanese had suffered a rather large loss of life during their time on the island of Attu and their planners were expecting this trip to go sideways as well, meaning another costly invasion plan going down the drain; so, they decided to simply leave the island. Photographs of the island taken by allied pilots showed a significant withdrawal of Japanese forces from the island. More than that, bomb damage remained unrepaired and movement in the harbour was noticed. Yet, despite all of the signs of Japanese retreat, the Western allies decided to make a bold move!

## Allied invasion of Kiska

Despite all of the signs that the Japanese were now far away from the island (the constant radio silence, the movement in the harbour, the documented withdrawal of troops and the unrepaired machinery) it was still decided that the Americans and Canadians had to bravely recapture the island. I find this so utterly baffling as it was seen as an invasion, not a mine-clearing operation or some other cleanup expedition, meaning that it was supposed to involve battles and death. The Japanese were already long gone so I'm not exactly sure what they expected would happen but I do suppose that it is better to be safe than sorry!

Returning to the landings, 39,300 men had landed on the island by now! Americans landed on the West side of the island and the Canadians landed on the North West tip of the rocky shores just one day apart from the other. Once they arrived, the first task force to be deployed was the special service force consisting of American and Canadian commandos.

Not a lot happened during the invasion of Kiska other than the more tragic part of this story. This was when both allied forces mistook each other for the Japanese; a Canadian soldier fired a shot at American lines and a chaotic moment of friendly fire ensued, which left 28 Americans and 4 Canadians dead. If you remember correctly, there were a total of 92 casualties; this left the other unfortunate souls to the mercy of the land mines and booby traps that the Japanese left on the island. Despite the overall funny and lighthearted nature of this tale, the deaths of those who were deployed here should still be respected. I imagine it was excruciatingly painful to hear that your loved one died in an invasion that was not needed at all.

After the invasion was declared to be over, a total of 103 men had died and a further 368 men were injured. Despite all of this the invasion was declared to be an allied victory, though a rather shameful one at best! At least this story makes a great tale to tell at your convenience!

Lotti Horvath



Are you interested in a particular topic?  
Would you like to write an informative  
article about it? If so see one of the  
editors or Miss Curtis

Writing

Tips:

How to  
Write an  
Article



# Brown sugar & summer berry cake

Using dark brown sugar gives this sponge a light caramel flavour, which adds to the flavour of seasonal summer berries.

Serves: 8

Prepare: 25 mins

Cook: 20 mins

Total time: 45 mins

Plus cooling + standing

## Ingredients

175g Unsalted butter, softened,  
plus extra for greasing

175g dark brown soft sugar

3 British Blacktail Medium

Free Range Eggs

2 tbsp Whole Milk

175g self-raising flour, sieved



## Filling

150ml Double Cream

150g Greek Style Yogurt

3 tbsp dark brown soft sugar

250g mixed berries, larger berries roughly chopped

And for a sweet finish...

Icing sugar, for dusting

## Method

Preheat the oven to 180°C, gas mark 4. Lightly grease 2 round cake tins and line the bases and sides with baking parchment.

Put the butter and sugar in a mixing bowl and whisk for 3-4 minutes until soft and light. Add the eggs, one at a time, whisking each until completely combined before adding the next.

Whisk in the milk until combined, then finally stir in the flour and a pinch of salt until just combined with a spatular.

Divide the mixture evenly between the cake tins, smoothing the tops, then bake for 20 minutes until risen, golden and an inserted skewer comes out clean. Cool completely in the tins.

Once the cakes are cool, whisk the cream and yogurt in a mixing bowl until just reaching soft-peak stage. Scatter over the brown sugar and leave for 5 minutes to dissolve.

Use a spatula to spread the cream over one of the cakes, marbling through the brown sugar as you go. Tumble over the berries, then top with the other cake. Dust the top with icing sugar before serving... and then you have a delicious summery sponge perfect for a picnic!

Enjoy! Hannah Chapman

## When the sky fell and when hellfire came upon us

As the early morning dew settled over the foliage of the tulips and daffodils embedded in the pots in front of our house and as the sun began to peek through the ornate curtains, I slowly opened my eyes. The air around me was calm, almost eerily so. It has not been this warm and relaxing in a long time, it seemed today was going to be rather special.

Swinging my legs over the edge of my mattress and carefully tip-toeing over the tatami floors, I neared the calendar hung on my wall, and used the red fountain pen attached to it to mark the date. August 6th, 1945. I placed the pen back into its holder, frowning at the date and realising how long this useless war had gone on for. However, the chart also gave me hope. Hope that my father would return from Okinawa and that I could leap into his arms again; he might even take me fishing like he used to! A smile broke out on my face as I thought of this, but it quickly dissipated as I heard a loud clattering from the kitchen.

Hurtling the sliding bamboo doors open, I rushed to the room across from mine, where I found an unsurprising sight before me. My younger sister. Sitting on the floor. Behind an impenetrable wall of pots and pans she had knocked over. This was a common occurrence! Ever since we had moved to Hiroshima, the cupboards and drawers were installed to be taller, thus making it quite hard for children to play around with appliances found in said spaces. Unfortunately for my sister, this also meant that she couldn't snatch food quite so easily.

Trying to hold back a cackle -yet failing miserably- I helped her up and she returned my deed with a bratty pout and scoff. I simply shook my head and went about preparing some rice balls with our limited supplies. Food was short seeing as most of it went to the army; though I assume this won't be the case for much longer seeing as Japan had been pushed back all the way to the mainland.

I handed my sister the onigiri on wooden plates I had stashed away out of her reach, knowing she would try to use them for some sort of project she was assigned by her teachers. Despite being a clutz, my sister was bright and clever, though she was proud. She inherited a sense of national pride from my father and loved the Imperial Japanese Empire to no end - her innocence was a blessing and a curse for me at times. I loved Japan. But not this Japan. The Japan of old where honour was respected and not enforced by fear, yet that met a crashing, smouldering end.

At around this time, I would have been getting ready for school, but today it was cancelled! Knowing this, I had intended to deliver my sister to her friends as they had requested and march into the market to buy whatever fresh produce I could afford. My mother was already at work, so it fell upon me -the eldest son of the family- to go about the chores.

As soon as my sister finished eating breakfast (rather fast) she went skipping off to her room in order to get changed. Not long after, she came frolicking back in with a yellow dress and a small sash stuffed to the brim with bits and bobs; I never did know what she did with those, they simply vanished. Perhaps she was practising magic, I thought to myself!

After I had finished cleaning the dishes and stacking them back into the very top cupboard, much to the dismay of my younger sibling, I also went to get dressed. Reappearing in knee-length shorts and a blouse before promptly exiting the house with my sister in tow as well as a basket loosely hanging from my shoulder. Not long after, I noticed a group of girls hurtling towards us - the next thing I knew, my sister was out of my sight, abducted by her small group of friends. They all equally scared me if I were to be honest! How could they manage to perform such actions in a mere second, black magic for sure!

Letting out a sigh I didn't know I was holding in, I made my way towards the market, enjoying the view of children running around and playing games. There was one particular girl that I recognised, she was in my class after all! A warm smile decorated her face as she continued to play with her jump rope tied between two pipes and against a wall.

I made my way past her, exchanging a pleasant smile before marching down to the main square of Hiroshima where the market would have been erected. Gradually, I noticed the colourful banners swaying in the summer wind that marked the location of the stalls.

Before I managed to make my way over to one, there was a low rumbling sound coming from the sky. We had grown accustomed to planes flying overhead, seeing as the Americans had sent various bombers to take what I assumed to be photographs of us; however, I never knew why they simply did not initiate an air-raid. Japan was already short on supplies. A direct hit to one of the most populated cities would surely damage the economy and morale. Well, I was about to find out whether this would simply be another reconnaissance mission or an attack.

A moment of silence fell upon us, but it was quickly interrupted by a high-pitched sound coming from up above. The bomber had unleashed its' hellish cargo and now it was hurtling towards the ground with frightening speed. Whilst we had not been trained adequately for such a situation, I still knew that running was the best option there was. I seemed like many others also had similar ideas as I was knocked to the ground by a monumental wave of civilians crashing towards the back streets and the stairways to the underground metro.

Picking myself up, I hurriedly darted towards the now overflowing alleys, hoping that there would be some sort of vendor or apartment building to seek sanctuary in. However, it seemed that there was no time for precautionary measures, as I was swept off my feet by a seemingly invisible force. My face made contact with the brick walls of the street and a deafening roar came from the beast now released in our home. It was so loud that it was almost silent, the chime of the drone had blocked out all other noise leaving us with a haunting feeling of isolation and anxiety.

Sisyphus stopped rolling his stone.

Hunnor and Magor ceased their hunt for the deer.

Enkidu and Gilgamesh looked up from their plans to slay Humbaba.

The Umibozu restrained itself from attacking the ships nearby.

The sky fell.

Hellfire came upon us.

The last thing I remembered was being in a lush field with a slight breeze. There was a bridge before me, beckoning me to cross. I looked down, there was a white gown upon me and a headband across my forehead. As I crossed the bridge, I saw my family. Where was I? I looked behind me, only to see the city and... my corpse. Burns splayed across my skin, eyes oozing from their sockets and smaller appendages turning to ash before me; in a split second, it was swept away by the azure waters of the river underneath my feet. I felt nothing but calm, how strange. The water receded and indeed, only a patch of grass was left in its wake. A force pulled me away and the world slowly drifted to black.

Black like the shadow of the girl playing jump rope in the streets. Black like this day of Japanese history and black like the conscience of those who performed this act.



# Strawberry lemonade

Prep:5 mins

Makes 1.5 litres

Make the most of summer strawberries at your next garden party or barbecue with this fresh take on easy homemade lemonade.

Dairy-free

Gluten-free

Vegan

Vegetarian



## Ingredients

175g sugar

400g strawberries, hulled and quartered, plus extra whole strawberries to serve (optional)

200ml freshly squeezed lemon juice (the juice of about 4-5 lemons)  
ice, to serve

## Method

### STEP 1

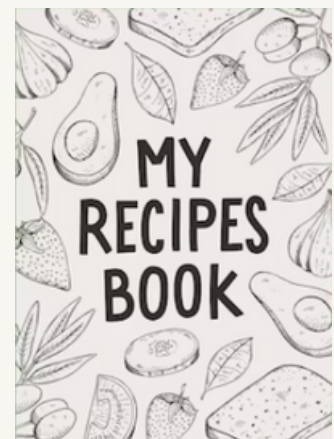
Tip the sugar and 1 litre water into a saucepan over a medium heat and heat, stirring, until the sugar has dissolved. Remove from the heat and leave to cool completely.

### STEP 2

Put the strawberries into a blender and blitz to a purée. You can strain this through a fine mesh sieve to remove any seeds. Tip the strawberry purée into a large jug with the sugar water and lemon juice, and stir to combine. Pour into glasses filled with ice and serve garnished with whole strawberries (optional). It will keep chilled for a day.

Hannah Chapman

Have you got any must try recipes you would like to share with everyone else? If so please see one of our editors or Miss Curtis



# The Seminal Tragedy

Everyone knows about the horrors of the first world war, the catalyst for the destruction and death that would eventually follow. However, most people tend to focus on the major battles of the conflict like that of Verdun or the Somme and tend to overlook the origin point of the conflict and what actually led to said battles in the first place! When people do talk about the start of the war, they obviously think of the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand but this section is mainly skimmed over in the history books; so, we will focus on exactly this part of the story and we will try to explain why and how this occurred.

## The backstory

Before we start to explain the story, we must first understand why things happened the way they did. As with a lot of other historical events, the reasons for the occurrence date back to longer ago, taking root in past political and social events; this also applies to the Seminal Tragedy - which is simply the official term for the months before the outbreak of the first world war.

There are a combination of factors for why the first world war broke out but the most notable one is the oppression the Balkans and Central Europeans (at least some of them) faced while under the heel of other powers. This here is a map of Europe from 1914 and it is very clear that it is starkly different from our modern world. Much of the Balkans and some other Central European countries were controlled by Austria-Hungary and Imperial Germany. Countries like Czechia, Slovakia and Poland were either partitioned or appropriated to new cultures and were not represented in parliamentary sessions which led to rising tensions between the people and the government. While these countries were united, the demographics were quite variable and that brought forth immense resentment between the ethnicities; some like Germans were better represented in parliament while others like Serbs and Croats had little to no representation.

At the same time, there were movements of nationalism that swept across such communities and influenced the way they would act regarding said issues of representation. Many terrorist organisations were created and operated in the ways of assassination and terror - this was exactly the incident which directly kickstarted the Russian revolution and led to the detrimentally shameful defeat for Russia which was the Russo-Japanese war. Unfortunately for us, one of these terrorist groups would directly cause the First World war.



## The history

The Seminal Tragedy officially started on June 28th. An interesting idea is that World War one could have been avoided if the royal couple chose to go to the modern Bosnian capital of Sarajevo on another day seeing as June 28th was a Serbian national holiday; Serbia, after years of oppression under the Austro-Hungarians and Ottomans, quite frankly hated being under the thumb of imperial powers and has quite a few terrorist organisations.

On this fateful day, Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife planned a trip to Sarajevo where the Black Hand terrorist group had organised an assassination plot. Most of the assassins failed, either fleeing the scene or missing the mark. One of the assassins hurled a bomb into the parade but missed the royal couple and ended up injuring many civilians before fleeing the scene and attempting to commit suicide; the royal couple, trying to make up for what just unfurled, asked their driver (who had no knowledge of the streets of Sarajevo) to visit the injured civilians in hospital.

Unfortunately for the couple and the world as a whole, the driver took a wrong turn and ended up directly in front of one of the failed assassins - Gavrilo Princip. This man promptly drew his gun and fired two bullets. These two bullets would change the course of history. For the better or for the worse? That is for you to decide. This event dictated our modern history and influenced the culture of many countries around the world as well as current politics and social issues. Lotti Horvath

## Liechtenstein - a nation that puzzles us with its existence

Liechtenstein, officially the Principality of Liechtenstein, is a Germanic microstate located between the nations of Austria and Switzerland. Liechtenstein is renowned for a few things, including: being the sixth smallest country in the world, having a fun flag mixup with Haiti (which we will get into later) and attracting the nickname of 'billionaire tax haven.' However, the principality is also known for causing people to question its existence! While there are plenty of places you can apply this question to, Liechtenstein is perhaps the most infamous of these. That is why we are here today; in order to clear the confusion, I will answer this question!

### Early history

The territory that is now Liechtenstein was first cultivated in the middle palaeolithic era; we have evidence for this via accounts of neolithic farming settlements popping up in the area in around 5300 BC! In the late iron age two of these settlements flourished (that being of the La tere and Hallstatt cultures) possibly under Greek and Etruscan influence.

Like a sizable chunk of Europe, Liechtenstein was incorporated into the Roman Empire. Life under the empire provided an era of prosperity for the territory that would become this country. Several roads were built through the country, increasing revenue as caravans travelling through the area would be charged some amount of money. Infrastructure was also improved and the population steadily increased! There were also several fortresses and outposts built near Brigantium however these were destroyed during the downfall of the Roman Empire due to invading Germanic tribes. These tribes then settled in the area, a pivotal moment for the future of the nation -this explains the connection between Liechtenstein and the Germanic peoples that surround them, heavily influenced by the Ostrogoths and Burgundians!

Then, in the early middle ages, the region came under the control of Frankish Empire after Clovis I's victory over the Germanic peoples in the area. Liechtenstein would enter a kind of 'stagnate era' where nothing really happened other than a few infrastructural developments. This was until the death of Charlemagne in 814 and the signing of the treaty of Verdun; after this treaty, the territory was transferred to the domain of East Francia and then later Middle Francia under the influence of the Holy Roman Empire around the turn of the 11th century!

## Beginning of the nation

By the year 1200 Liechtenstein was under the jurisdiction of Rudolph I (a Holy Roman Emperor) and stayed as such until it was sold to the Liechtenstein Dynasty and became somewhat autonomous -we will cover this in more detail later! In 1396, Vaduz (the southern part of Liechtenstein) gained 'imperial independence' which in simpler terms means that it was subject to the Holy Roman Emperor alone! It didn't have to pay taxes to lords living outside of the region and only had to obey the wishes of the Emperor and nobody else!

This is where the Liechtenstein Dynasty comes into play! Essentially, they were a family of well-liked, high-ranking nobles within Austria and partly the Holy Roman Empire! Yes, the country's name does come from them (more specifically Liechtenstein castle -the family's residence in lower Austria.) The Dynasty had acquired plots of land before, mostly within the realm of the Austrian Empire, however these lands were held in 'feudal tenure' from various branches of the Habsburg family. Feudal tenure is a system in which a king or lord grants land to tenants in exchange for favours or services! This put them in a good position with the Austrian royalty but they did not meet a primary requirement to be granted a seat in parliament which is rather surprising when considering how much land they owned within the empire and that they were close friends to the monarchy! For this reason, the family sought to buy lands of imperial independence from the Holy Roman Emperor so that they would not be subject to lords and other nobles when acquiring land! They would get this opportunity when Karl I of Liechtenstein was named prince by the Holy Roman Emperor after siding with him in a political debate; they received the counties of Schellenberg and Vaduz -both with imperial independence!

### The emerging principality

These two counties were then united shortly after being given away and the semi-independent state was named Liechtenstein, after the family that rarely even set foot in this piece of land they fought so hard to acquire! Not long after, the territory was elevated in importance to the Holy Roman Empire and was granted the title of 'Principality of Liechtenstein.' Coincidentally, this was also the date that Liechtenstein became a sovereign state and an integral part of the Holy Roman Empire. All in all, it seemed to be a good year for little Liechtenstein!

However, all was not well in Europe as the continent had just entered an incredibly messy era; I say this not just because the borders of the Holy Roman Empire looked like it was drawn by a three-year-old but also because of the recent Napoleonic wars. The latest of these caused Holy Roman Emperor Francis II to abdicate and dissolve the Holy Roman Empire.

### Trouble brewing on the horizon

Liechtenstein managed to stay mostly out of the first world war but because of its never-dying loyalty to Austria, the nation was sanctioned to oblivion! This was detrimental to the economy as Liechtenstein was dependent on Austria for financial support; since Austria's economy was in absolute shambles, Liechtenstein suffered greatly. You could imagine the principality's frustration over something they took almost no part in and yet still got punished over, so for a few years after the war, Liechtenstein distanced itself from Austria and signed several pacts with Switzerland in the economic aspect of governing their country! Don't worry, diplomatic ties between Liechtenstein and Austria were soon restored and they remain close allies to this day! Unfortunately, the principality was not spared the horrors of the second war (though its effects were not as detrimental!) Within the country, there was a growing sympathy for the Nazi ideology and a growing population considered the Jewish minority of the realm a 'problem.' By now, Prince Franz I was in charge of Liechtenstein and not long after the German annexation of Austria in 1939, appointed his grand nephew to be 'heir presumptive' or in simpler terms, regent! This same grand nephew then moved to Liechtenstein shortly after, perhaps hoping to avoid military service! During the war, Liechtenstein opted to remain neutral, choosing to preserve dynastic relics from places like Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia and Styria by bringing them to Liechtenstein for safe keeping. However, this led to German-occupied Czechoslovakia and Poland to expropriate Liechtensteiner property from those areas! This was a poor choice as it led to disputes in the future to sort out this mess -luckily most of these have been resolved!

### Moving into the modern era

Most of these disputes with Poland had been amended during the second world war and the beginning of the cold war! However, relations with Czechia and Slovakia (then Czechoslovakia) could not be amended due to a little something called the Benes decrees!

After the end of the cold war, the self-liberation of the Warsaw pact and the breakup of Czechoslovakia, this eager little microstate finally got that long awaited reconciliation with Czechia and Slovakia they always wanted!

Finally, Liechtenstein was admitted into the UN as the 160th member of the alliance! Though because of their size, the principality does not make much of an impact on the union. To this day, Liechtenstein sits still between their hills and rolling valleys in peace and prosperity! Their future is bright and we hope it stays that way!

### The Haiti flag dispute

Before we leave, I would like to give special mention to a story I will hold close to my heart simply because of how ridiculous it is! During a relatively recent summer olympics, Haiti and Liechtenstein realised that they had the same flag! To avoid confusion, Haiti added their coat of arms and Liechtenstein added the crown to represent the Liechtenstein dynasty! Lotti Horvath



## Answers

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