

# THE HARROVIAN

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## THE SPIRIT OF THE HILL

*Alexander Newman, Druries*

*This poem is dedicated to everyone to whom the Hill is Home*

The Hill was glowing in the morning sun,  
When Delphi's mists did rise and reach its peak,  
For what the fates rule may not be undone,  
And for Asclepius' cure we doth seek.

For until the day it is to be found,  
We are parted in bodies yet our spirit  
Doth still remain to rugged footer grounds,  
Together we hope for a new world to inherit.

Though when we return we will differ to ways of old  
we will embrace the hill with open hearts,  
which doth bled to be so far apart  
from lions and arrows made of gold.

And although no boys will line up for Bill,  
Our hearts long for the spirit of the Hill.



## THE INFLUENZA, 1890

*A poem written in 1890, when Churchill was only 15 years old and attending Harrow School.*

Oh how shall I its deeds recount  
Or measure the untold amount  
Of ills that it has done?  
From China's bright celestial land  
E'en to Arabia's thirsty sand  
It journeyed with the sun.

O'er miles of bleak Siberia's plains  
Where Russian exiles toil in chains  
It moved with noiseless tread;  
And as it slowly glided by  
There followed it across the sky  
The spirits of the dead.

The Ural peaks by it were scaled  
And every bar and barrier failed  
To turn it from its way;

Slowly and surely on it came,  
Heralded by its awful fame,  
Increasing day by day.

On Moscow's fair and famous town  
Where fell the first Napoleon's crown  
It made a direful swoop;  
The rich, the poor, the high, the low  
Alike the various symptoms know,  
Alike before it droop.

Nor adverse winds, nor floods of rain  
Might stay the thrice-accursed bane;  
And with unsparing hand,  
Impartial, cruel and severe  
It travelled on allied with fear  
And smote the fatherland.

Fair Alsace and forlorn Lorraine,  
The cause of bitterness and pain  
In many a Gaelic breast,  
Receive the vile, insatiate scourge,  
And from their towns with it emerge  
And never stay nor rest.

And now Europa groans aloud,  
And 'neath the heavy thunder-cloud  
Hushed is both song and dance;  
The germs of illness wend their way  
To westward each succeeding day  
And enter merry France.

Fair land of Gaul, thy patriots brave  
Who fear not death and scorn the grave  
Cannot this foe oppose,  
Whose loathsome hand and cruel sting,  
Whose poisonous breath and blighted wing  
Full well thy cities know.

In Calais port the illness stays,  
As did the French in former days,  
To threaten Freedom's isle;  
But now no Nelson could o'erthrow  
This cruel, unconquerable foe,  
Nor save us from its guile.

Yet Father Neptune strove right well  
To moderate this plague of Hell,  
And thwart it in its course;  
And though it passed the streak of brine  
And penetrated this thin line,  
It came with broken force.

For though it ravaged far and wide  
Both village, town and countryside,  
Its power to kill was o'er;  
And with the favouring winds of Spring  
(Blest is the time of which I sing)  
It left our native shore.

God shield our Empire from the might  
Of war or famine, plague or blight  
And all the power of Hell,  
And keep it ever in the hands  
Of those who fought 'gainst other lands,  
Who fought and conquered well.

## FROM THE EDITORS

This is a historic period for the world, for the country but also for our School. Never before in its history has our School ever physically shut its doors to boys. It did not shut for the Spanish Flu, neither for World War I nor for World War II. We know this because we have access to the School's archives.

One of the primary sources for the history of our School is *The Harrovian*. The Vaughan Library holds copies of every single Harrovian since 1828. Any boy is free to read these records and find out about what School life was like in the 19th or 20th century. It is an important part of Harrow School, and serves a valuable purpose in documenting the School's life. I find that some of the best passages to read are those that reflect the opinions of the members of the School community, most notably through letters to the newspaper.

As Harrow moved online, so did the editors of the Harrovian. Although we were no longer meeting in a classroom or at a beak's house, we did our best to ensure that we were still drinking and eating during our gatherings. A Harrovian is a Harrovian after all. It became clear almost immediately that with Harrow moving to an online format, the Harrovian would temporarily have to modify its purpose. There were no matches to take part in, no plays to watch and no trips to go on. Inevitably, this meant that we found ourselves rather limited in our capacity to produce a full-length edition of the Harrovian hebdomadally, as had always been the case.

However, we were firmly set on the idea of maintaining a record of life at Harrow throughout this crisis. Therefore, we decided to publish two editions of *The Harrovian* this term, one for every half-term. We felt that this was important for both record-keeping and to show that Harrow School stayed open (though virtually) during these difficult times. It became clear that there was no better moment to collect the thoughts of the individuals of the School than during an unprecedented pandemic.

I am confident that people will look back at this generation of the School's community and will want to see how we experienced the pandemic. Keeping a record of what our days were like and what our thoughts were on the most important moments of this crisis will be very useful to all those seeking to understand what we went through. We were very happy with the amount of responses we received to both of our enquiries, and we have done our best to summarise them and to highlight the ones that were the most interesting, entertaining and stimulating to read. That is, in my mind, the primary purpose of any newspaper: to inform, naturally, but in an engaging and captivating manner. A purely factual piece of writing is nice from time to time, but too much of it is not very enticing!

This is the first of these two editions, and I hope that by reading about the lectures that took place, what the daily life of a Harrovian currently looks like, the Metropolitan section as well as the thoughts and opinions of some Harrovians during this crisis, you will get a glimpse of what life at Harrow during the Summer term of 2020 was like.

As an Upper Sixth Former, this has been a difficult way of parting with the School, but although I won't get to experience a final term of tennis and cricket, of House barbecues and of good weather on the Hill, I am glad that as a School, we have the opportunity to face this challenge, to welcome it and to

overcome it, as Harrovians always have done and always will do.

Therefore, as editors, we would like to emphasise the fact that even during these complicated times, Harrow remained open, albeit virtually, and that it truly reflected and embraced its global community.

THEODORE SEELY, THE HEAD MASTER'S

## ON THE LOCKDOWN

*What the School thought about the key moments of the pandemic and how life changed*

We asked Harrovians to share their thoughts on some key moments during the pandemic; responses varied wildly in opinion, and it was interesting to see the extent to which they differed.

*What was a problem that seemed to you to be remote, but suddenly moved very close to home?*

Human beings have historically been very bad at taking remote dangers very seriously. Distance has always been an important factor in judging the risk of a threat, but as technology and transport (especially!) have improved, the chances of us being affected has increased. Now more than ever we have realised that, due to its increasing inter-connectedness, there are very few places in the world that can escape the threat of a virus that spreads as easily as COVID-19. And so, when it was announced that Italy had become a hotspot for COVID-19, it no longer appeared a problem confined to Asia for the boys at Harrow. The prospect of running out of food seemed like an impossible concept but, as panic-buying spread, the food available in supermarkets reduced. Boys stated that concepts such as freedom and independence, which had previously been taken for granted, now seemed like a distant memory as they lived confined in their own homes. One of the biggest problems now faced by Harrovians was the very real possibility of family members and friends being affected by the virus itself; not something that appeared possible at first, but as one Harrovian said: "It's very easy to read numbers in newspapers because are able to easily dehumanise them. Family members dealing with COVID is a whole new concept."

*Your thoughts when WHO first called the Coronavirus epidemic a full pandemic?*

It is clear that many boys felt that the WHO had not taken this epidemic as seriously as they should have done. Many comments saying 'they should have declared it a pandemic a long time before' and 'I thought that they were too late' perhaps reflect many people's frustrations with the organisation itself, a feeling shared particularly strongly by one or two Harrovians declaring that the WHO was an organisation that 'cannot be trusted whatsoever' and that had 'been trying to play it down'. For others, it was a startling declaration, with some saying they were 'frightened' and other saying that 'things were getting real'. However, some did not feel like it was an important declaration, saying it was 'not an important declaration' and 'not a big deal'.

*What were your first thoughts when schools closed in England and we moved to the online world?*

Many Harrovians expressed concerns at the thought of missing the Summer term, especially events such as Speech Day and Lord's. Those sitting public examinations seemed either disappointed or, as one boy said, 'ecstatic'. One Harrovian declared the last afternoon as all the boys left as a 'surreal experience' whilst others explained that it was an announcement they had been expecting for a long time.

*What are your thoughts on going into lockdown in your own countries, if you live outside the UK?*

Many Harrovians shared an experience similar to the UK's:

confinement within their household, with slightly stricter or looser rules based on which country they found themselves in. One boy in Spain explained that 'not being able to go out, even to exercise, has been particularly tough'. However, another group of Harrovians emerged when answering this question. They all appeared to have had the same experience of lockdown, that is to say, not much of an experience at all. It appears that, for many countries, 'life has not seemed very different from the norm' as best put by one individual. This is perhaps of reflection of the stark contrast in the ways countries have managed this situation. One particularly interesting anecdote from a boy from Hong Kong explains that 'the wristband given to track me in quarantine (during my first two weeks back) made me feel like I was under house arrest'. The theme of liberty and whether it is present or not has clearly been a recurrent one during this pandemic, and different governments' approaches have led to different emotions emerging.

*What do you feel about the UK's public exams being cancelled?*

Some boys felt relieved about this: either because they felt confident with their predicted grades or because it meant they no longer had to face the pressure of any exams. Some had not expected it to happen, explaining that they had felt that the peak would have occurred during the Easter holidays. However, one boy in the Fifth Form has probably summed up the feeling of most boys who were about to sit public examinations: 'On one hand, I'm relieved that I don't have to sit the GCSEs, but on the other hand, there is nothing I can do about my predicted grades and I feel quite helpless'. It is clear that many Harrovians have felt the anxiety of an uncertain future, and many added that public examinations being cancelled added to the feeling that this pandemic really was a major event in their lifetime.

*Which speeches made by political leaders about the lockdown have most or least impressed you?*

A minority of Harrovians did not have much to say about such speeches; the occasional 'I haven't seen any' or 'I haven't watched them' remind us that not everyone is particularly concerned by what politicians have to say. The focus of the responses seemed to be Trump and Boris Johnson: many were not impressed by Trump's comments regarding injecting bleach, consuming hydroxychloroquine or using UV light to ward off the virus. In contrast, many were very positive about the British politicians, with some comparing Boris Johnson's speech to 'a wartime Churchill dialogue' (one Harrovian said Boris' speech made him feel like 'everything was going to be alright') and others were positively surprised by Rishi Sunak and Keir Starmer's debut speeches, be it as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as Leader of the Opposition (one boy said that he liked Mr Starmer's 'approach to holding the government to account while supporting them instead of berating them for poor leadership like many oppositions do'). It appears boys also noted the use of wartime vocabulary for the first time in their lives, notably in the French President's speech 'nous sommes en guerre.'

*What were your thoughts about the number of cases worldwide officially hitting the one million mark?*

It appears that for many, this moment finally enabled them to partly visualise the extent of this virus. One boy declared that 'for many of us, it is the first time in our life that a catastrophe has separated us yet united us in such a global way'. Some expressed frustration at those breaking the rules, with one Harrovian explaining that he was 'not surprised people aren't listening and are breaking the rules and regulations'. Another expressed confusion as it appeared that the UK has not handled the outbreak as well as other countries (one said 'I always wonder why other nations have such hard times to contain the virus, and why the basic requirements of hospitals and medical staff cannot be met'). Interestingly, a divergence

in opinion also appeared: many felt that one million (or indeed four, at the time of writing this) was not that much, and that 'many more people die from less serious things that would seem serious if we counted the figures out loud as we have done with the coronavirus outbreak'. Finally, some boys did see a silver lining to this pandemic, with one boy declaring that 'the climate crisis has slowed down and been delayed for a while. Overall, it may not seem like it, but this may be one of the greatest things to happen for the environment as we have bought time for our planet'.

*What did you think when it was announced that the UK prime minister Boris Johnson was going into intensive care with corona virus?*

A minority of boys did not seem too affected by this event, whereas a large majority were clearly concerned for the wellbeing of the British PM, with adjectives such as 'sad, concerning, nervous, scary and surprised' being used several times in their responses. Some went as far as expressing their worries at the thought of being 'leaderless' and the 'political implications' of his possible death, whilst many saw this as an opportunity for the PM to 'lead the herd immunity movement after being infected'. Finally, it is also noteworthy that many boys did not find it very surprising that a PM who had often very publicly declared that he was shaking hands with people in hospitals where COVID-19 was present had finally become seriously ill.

*What do you think about Trump halting the USA's funding to the WHO?*

Again, a minority of boys did not seem to have a particularly strong view on this matter (with remarks such as 'I don't know who the WHO is' and 'I'm not too bothered to be frank'). However, a majority had largely differing views. Many did not appear surprised, calling it 'typical Trump behaviour' and 'a classic Trump ploy against China'. Similar views were echoed with other Harrovians saying that the WHO's role was 'monumental' and that 'now is not the time to halt funding to this organisation'. However, there were other Harrovians who differed greatly in their views. Some did not think that the WHO had done too well. One Harrovian said that it was the 'right call given the inadequacy and lack of action from the WHO' and another admitted that although he did not 'usually agree on matters with Trump ... the WHO did not handle this well and he is perfectly entitled to cut funding'.

It was interesting to see the scope of political opinions among Harrovians and it is clear through all these answers that Harrovians are encouraged to think independently of their environments and to make up their minds based on what they read and what they hear.

### *Our Daily Life in Lockdown*

We asked Harrovians some questions about their experiences in lockdown to try and get a grasp of how different each Harrovian is away from school.

*In what country are you spending the lockdown?*

Responses included: Bahrain, Brazil, China, Dubai, England, France, Ghana, Hong Kong, Ireland, Italy, Germany, New Zealand, Nigeria, Russia, Scotland, Singapore, South Africa, South Korea, Spain, Sri Lanka, Thailand, USA.

*Where and with whom do you eat meals, and what do you eat?*

Most Harrovians followed the conventional location for mealtimes, declaring the kitchen or the dining room as their preferred dining area. The majority ate with their family, although some admitted that the occasional meal on their own in their room was sometimes more convenient (especially for



breakfast, with many working through their cereal bowls in 2a in the comfort of their own bed).

As for the content of their plates, Harrovians differed widely throughout the world. Homemade dishes were favourites, although the occasional delivery or two seemed to come in handy (with one Harrovian explaining that his family got five dinners a week made and delivered by Hello Fresh, a company which provides fun and exciting meals with good portions all while aiming to reduce food waste). Although some Harrovians made the effort to have a healthier diet (with a few budding vegetarians emerging), pizza, pasta and Sunday roasts also ended up regularly on our plates (as well as Korean, Thai and other cuisines).

*When you attend lessons, what is your family doing?*

Experiences did not vary so much on this matter: it appeared that most parents were working from home while older siblings attended school or university lectures and younger siblings were either at school or playing. Some parents did have to end up tutoring some of their children – a new experience for many, it seemed!

*Are online lessons better, the same, or worse than lessons in person on the Hill with the beaks?*

Harrovians have clearly realised the quality of education at Harrow and the incredible opportunities they have on the Hill – a minority (10%) felt that online lessons were better, with a further 18% feeling that the online lessons were on par with those in normal circumstances, which shows the incredible efforts that have been made by the staff to adapt rapidly in these unprecedented times. However, in the meantime, a staggering 72% felt that lessons online were not as engaging or interesting than the real deal, which shows how special Harrow life really is.

*What do you think of the new format of online Super-curricular lectures? Have you attended any?*

Opinions varied wildly – some Harrovians did not appear to have engaged fully with the online Super-curricular opportunities (some explained that it was because they wanted time away from their computer screens while others cited their lack of interest in lectures in general, be it at School or online, as the major cause for their disengagement). However, many students seemed to engage fully with the programme, with many lauding the wide array of lectures and podcasts available online (the cricket and football programmes seemed particularly popular, with 'Born Offside' a clear favourite).

It seems many Harrovians in different time zones did not get the chance to fully engage with the lectures live (due to time difference) but appreciated the fact that the majority were recorded and made available at a later date, therefore enabling them to participate nonetheless.

*What kind of sport are you doing on a regular basis?*

A small proportion of the Harrow community seems to be set on hibernating for the duration of their respective lockdowns, with some carrying on this practice even with restrictions being lifted. However, a large majority of boys have been carrying out a wide and impressive array of different exercises, whether it be cycling, running or following Mr Finch's tough workout regime. It has to be noted that WMAL's enthusiasm for military fitness has not ceased, with weekly emails encouraging boys to take part in gruelling workouts during the early hours of the day. It is a demonstration of Harrow's excellent co-curricular programme and of a Harrovian's character that so many boys are still dedicated to keeping fit while at home.

*How are you spending time with your family? What do you do?*

Mealtimes seem to be a moment where Harrovians and their families come together. Being at a boarding school, it appears that most have valued the opportunity to spend some quality

time with their families, be it parents or siblings. There was a stark contrast in terms of preferred activities, with many enjoying a movie or a board game while others chose to take part in outdoor activities with their families. It looks like family quarrels have been inevitable at times, but on the whole it is clear Harrovians have enjoyed the rare opportunity to spend time with family members.

*What new hobbies have you taken up since lockdown?*

Many Harrovians engaged with traditional activities such as reading, practising their music or taking part in sports activities. However, there were some particularly interesting responses. One boy explained that he had taken on the challenge of writing a book, with the goal of spending ten hours a day contributing to his novel. Another explained that he had spent most of lockdown learning and practising how to pick locks (one wonders in what circumstances or profession that particular skill would be useful). One final special mention must go to the Harrovian building his own computer. The variety of challenges and skills that Harrovians have engaged with during this period where it has been extremely easy to merely lie back and watch Netflix (which no doubt some have, naturally) demonstrates the ingenuity and energy with which boys have approached these unprecedented times, seeing opportunities even in the midst of a pandemic.

*How are you keeping in touch with friends?*

The answers to these questions have reflected how much the world and communicating has changed. Many Harrovians have been keeping in touch with friends via a variety of social media platforms, be it Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat or WeChat. Others decided to use gaming as their favoured means of communication, using their Xbox, Playstation or Discord to speak and play with others around the world. We must of course not forget the traditional means of communication (no, not letters), such as Whatsapp, normal text messages and calling. Finally, it appears that during these times where seeing others has been nearly impossible, Harrovians have not only valued hearing from their friends and family members, but seeing them as well; as such, apps such as Facetime, Zoom and HouseParty have grown in popularity, as they seem to have done worldwide.

## THESE PECULIAR DAYS

*Saturday/Sunday 14-15 March*

The day I left School. On Friday I asked my parents if I could leave School early. There were already concerns that the government might put on further measures and block foreign travel. I personally was reluctant as I was missing out on so many opportunities (found to be false). It is funny because I never thought of leaving early until Dr Roberts explained that the School would allow us to leave. Packed my essentials in one day, a few textbooks, and went off to Heathrow, which was still crammed with people. It was there I began to realise it is a pandemic. People were wearing masks. When I got through security and went to the Sky team lounge, it was jam-packed with people leaving this country, which was (in my opinion) less prepared than it should be. In the plane, in Incheon, in Seoul, in the plane again to home, there was not a moment when people weren't wearing their masks (the South Korean government enforces the use of these precautions, unlike the British). Got to Jeju, met all my family and rode in our red car back home. I've got to say, I dropped like a stone as soon as I got there. It always feels like I've never left when I come back.

*Monday 16 March*

Woke up at 5am and bid farewell to Dad who was going back to his home (Incheon). I was a bit worried because he was

going back to the mainland but he must make money so what can we do? My sister had made a strawberry cake, so that served as my breakfast. After that I did some catchup work on OneNote. I visited mum's hospital to get an x-ray and got scolded because I lost the c-curve supposed to be at my neck, the patella turned too outwards (therefore there was pain in the inside), and there was some problem in the curve of my spine. Still suffering from jetlag. It's quite fun being back and doing some work while relaxing.

### *Saturday 22 March*

Didn't have time to write this week (because I'm lazy). School closed on Wednesday, sooner than I expected, as there was someone who turns out to have contracted the virus. There's been a rush for tickets in the last week as the government ordered all schools to be closed on Friday. I am fortunate I left early. Some of my friends are having to take cheap flights connecting in Doha, unlike the direct flights which were readily available. The School has been planning for a start of online school and I am trying to force myself back into sync with UK time (ironic because I had just got back into the rhythm back home). In the meantime I found out that there were a few cases in the plane I flew back home on, so I am staying in self-isolation. Getting on with *Big Bang Theory* and whatever K-dramas they are streaming on the TV. It is a bit annoying that the government is not blocking travel from Europe as there seems to be a third wave of cases being imported from the West. Their lack of control of the virus is surprising, most possibly due to the unawareness of the public and their laxness. It has been fun being back home, for now, yet I am concerned that at this rate schools won't be able to open by the start of next term.

### *Monday 23 March*

Start of online lessons and last week of term! It is amazing to think that this is history: the first class of Harrow online. I thought that the system would crash but it seems to be going on ok for now. Woke up at 10.30am to be prepared to be up till 1.00am. Went to the hospital again and x-rayed my spine (back pain in a place where I hurt before). Turns out that I have a rare thing where I am missing the back supporting part of the second lumbar. Apparently, it is going to cause back pain when I get older, more than for ordinary people, so I have to do intensive physio (not that I like it when I have a week of school and free time due to the virus). Had to pick up two trees from the hospital with my sister and bring them back home therefore had to cram those in the trunk (they were big too). Good thing that she can drive. When I was in Seoul it felt like there was an apocalypse on the near horizon. Back home, everything's peaceful and no one seems really concerned. Its lax, and I am not sure if that is good or not. I always stay at home so it doesn't matter for me, but the kids playing and the parents socialising is not a good example of social distancing. It is time to live like an extreme introvert. Online class was fun, a bit like YouTube live streaming. Finally got some work done and I am surprised how well the conversations worked. The Super-curricular events are being posted on Microsoft Teams, and I have to say it isn't as engaging as when there is an actual lecturer in front of you. Some teachers appear to be on the Hill, and I am quite curious what the situation is like back there in London.

### *Tuesday 24 March*

Second day of online learning. Not much to say; it was like yesterday. Internet was a bit slow today so there was some difficulty in having a smooth lesson and my computer did overheat and shutdown but not bad, not bad at all. Due to the weird timetable change I had two periods of Spanish before and after lunch which was a bit strange. As I can see and hear all the beaks and interact with people, it doesn't feel weird at all. After all, I used to take lessons with Skype before Harrow,

so I guess I am back in my home territory. The morning was spent eating a cake, washing my mother's car and practising violin. Took our dogs on a walk as the weather was pleasant, actually hot (it was almost 20 degrees). Nothing more to say.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF

*Diary of a Microsoft Teams Student*

Before 2a: Sleeping

Three minutes before 2a: Alarm snoozed

Period 2a: "My wifi wasn't working"

Period 2b: Sharing memes in chat

Period 2c: Some genuine work

Break: Back to bed

Period 2d: Wifi genuinely not working now

Period 2e: Beak muted for early lunch

Lunch: Back to bed

Period 3: Trying to break Microsoft Teams

Period 4: Spam the collaboration space in OneNote with memes

Period 5: PS4

After period 5: Digital sports "training" using FIFA

Evening: Digital Flambards (after the eight invitations I finally gave in)

## THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

*Final moments in Druries before it is closed  
by "Publius"*

Everybody knew something was happening. After a confirmed case in an overseas boy who had gone home, it would be safe to say that anxiety was in the air. After this morning's boycott of Chapel, it was obvious that discomfort was unsettling boys and beaks alike. The weather was perfect, arguably too perfect, the calm before the storm. The first hint we got that something may have been wrong was the cancellation of School photos. When NJM sent out an email explaining that there weren't enough boys for them to go ahead, that's when whispers started. I had just gone over to the OSRG only to find it locked, a closed sign propped up against the door. With much deflation, I returned to the House.

When I arrived, I was immediately greeted by Terry, who inquired as to where I'd been, for he said that he'd seen me coming from the direction of the Old Armoury. I told him where I'd been and began to walk upstairs. Then, all of sudden, as I was about to head up from B floor landing, a mob of about 30 burst the door open and galloped towards Jake's room. I was curious to see what on earth this drama was, so I followed them. The circle of boys stood in Jake's room looking out his window; the boy himself looked visibly confused. A few had their phones out and were constantly reloading their emails, talking about how it would be any second now. "What?" I asked.

"The School closing of course, because of the virus. The Head Master's talking to the governors now".

Amidst the busy chat of the room I felt a sense of panic begin to well up in my stomach, I did not feel well, like there were insects crawling in my stomach.

"Jake", he cried, "Robert's gone into self-isolation in the basement; he thinks he has corona!"

Jake ran his hands through his hair and muttered a curse to himself before rushing off with John immediately. This was the moment that everybody realised that this just got real. It was going to affect their friends, their family, and those of everyone around them.

Two things happened simultaneously at that point, the Head Master left the Old Armoury and everybody's phones buzzed. It was from Leo, the Head of House. "Wait", said Jock, one

of the Sixth Formers who had arranged the Chapel boycott. Then he stood upon Jake's bed and read with dramatic flair that would leave OHs Cumberbatch and Rattigan awestruck,

"Everybody meet downstairs for Emergency Callover in five minutes".

With the same enthusiasm with which they'd entered the room, the horde seemed to disappear. I heard chanting and cheering as they made their way into Callover Hall. After everyone had taken their seats, BTM arrived. He told us all to settle down and stay calm no matter the outcome of this conversation. Silence swept across the room like a ripple in a pool, and the room was unmoving.

"I have just received an email from Mr Land. This is what it said..."

The next few hours were a blur - packing, saying goodbye. The younger students were happy of course: no more school (or physical school). The older ones on the other hand were less jovial. For many of them this would be their final time on School grounds before their time here was done. They knew it, and I knew it. Even Jock, the key orchestrator in the Chapel boycott sat silently in Callover, looking upon the names of old Druricians who had once sat in this place. As my parents arrived, I said goodbye one last time to my House Master, my Matron, my friends. For, while we may come back, the Harrow we return to will be radically different. If anything, this experience has taught me to value what we have more, not just take it for granted. As I sat in the back seat of my parent's car, driving into the sunset, I thought of how, merely weeks ago, School was running as normal. How quickly School can change. How quickly life can change.

*Sic vita fluit, dum stare videtur.*

## ON THE LOCKDOWN

*Material comfort is not true privilege*

Since I got quite a pleasant kick out of it last time, I have decided to hop back onto my melodramatic thought train. Last time, we were headed for Boredom. Today, we press on to the next station along the way: Pointlessness. At this rate, Aldgate seems a more elusive place than Mordor. I love Harry Potter.

The reason I felt another asinine, humourless post was necessary was because the titular statement has bothered me for a long time now. Too long, perhaps. I know it's not a groundbreaking thing to say, but it matters to me that this issue is discussed.

Am I having an existential crisis?

I want to make it abundantly clear that am I not writing this as some sort of irrational emotional outburst, nor is this the by-product of poor mental health. Last night, I actually took the NHS Clinical Depression self-examination just to make sure, and I scored 9/27, meaning it is 'highly unlikely' that I am depressed. Great news!

So, what do I mean?

Well, we all know what material comfort is, so I will not bother defining it. I don't know if this is an obnoxious thing to do, but I have no shame in admitting that I have grown up comfortably. Because I have. I am so incredibly lucky in that respect. Whether I deserve it is not my question to answer, nor is it relevant at this stage or any stage of this piece.

Growing up comfortably allowed me to access many opportunities from the get-go, be it a nice place to grow up, access to material items or access to quality education.

However, though I would usually refer to this as 'privilege', I have come to the conclusion that this is not the right word to describe an upbringing in material comfort, not in my case at least. I know dictionaries say otherwise and I know I cannot hold a candle to their authority, but I don't feel that I can call myself privileged. I can call myself lucky and spoiled, but not privileged.

Sun Tzu said what he said, so let's bring a dictionary into play. Google defines privilege as a 'special right or advantage', which of course material comfort grants. But there is an immaterial element to privilege which so many people lack: autonomy.

By this, I mean that so many privileged people do not have the ability to truly make their own choices and steer their life as they wish. Far too often, those who enable them to pursue opportunities (parents, most likely) influence where that opportunity is headed and thus which opportunities to take in the interim.

This sounds trivial, I know. Not to mention, it spits of sheer ungratefulness. After all, if I have been granted so much opportunity and happiness in my life, why can't I do my bit and honour my parent's wishes?

Because it compromises my so-called privilege. Being able to freely utilise my wealth of opportunity and create a future which I feel serves me best is the most special advantage there is. If that was possible, I would be truly privileged. But that is not the case.

The fact of the matter is, I will not be able to do that. And with that realisation, I forfeit my special advantages but retain my material comfort. While I don't know what my best future is, I know it's not the one I am being led towards. My parents aren't the aggressive and unrelenting type, but they have their expectations and they make them known.

The dream would be for me to go to a good university (in their eyes) and to become some kind of business tycoon. They watch *The Wolf of Wall Street* and see Jordan Belfort as a role model. After all, he's charismatic, well-presented and is very successful. What's not to like? The decades-long grey area in between is scarily undefined, but I know it involves at the very least: rapid career progression and holy matrimony with the perfect woman (in their eyes).

In all truth, I don't resent my parents for having these aspirations for me. Why should I? I know why they think this way. It's because they want me to live comfortably and in a way that supports me and them. And it just so happens that entering the corporate world is more conducive to that outcome than several other options, options which I may be better suited to or more 'fulfilled' pursuing. That said, I acknowledge wholeheartedly that their desire to see me turn out this way comes from a place of benevolence and I respect that.

However, I just don't know if I can live that life. More accurately, I don't know if I can live that life to the level at which it was envisioned. As much as it pains me to think that, it beats the alternative of going rogue and becoming Billy Elliot, or something of the sort. I know countless people die thinking that they should have lived some other way, but I don't know if I can live knowing that I did.

My parents have given me the most in life, including my life itself. Though I know full well that I will sometimes disappoint them by making certain selfish choices, I must always keep the end in sight. I don't know how that will turn out, and I don't know if I will stay true to their wishes or wind up pursuing my own (whatever they actually are, I don't know!), but what I can say right now is that I will try. For their sake and mine.

The point of this was not to make you think I will go on to lead a sad existence, because I won't. I will be happy one way or another. It's just a shame that this 'true privilege' doesn't apply to me. But that shouldn't matter. That's just how life is. And if we take the wise words of Dr. Ian Malcolm:

Life always finds a way.

## ON THE LOCKDOWN

*"Surrey Syndrome"*

Yes, I know it's supposed to say 'Stockholm', but I am writing from Godalming, Surrey, where a very nice English family has hidden me and kept me alive for the past month like a 1940s



Jewish girl.

This is my tenth post. Yay! Let's make it as not-funny as possible. And I mean that. I learned the art of foreshadowing after my internship in Scotland with Weyward Sisters. You know, that family business which deals in, uh... let's call it chemistry.

The situation back in Malaysia has improved massively since the implementation of the MCO (i.e. lockdown). A few days, months or even years ago, depending on when you're reading this, we had a day where nobody died of the virus at all. It was incredible news. I was delighted. I didn't know if it was worth bragging over, but I was excited.

But then it hit me, square on the cheek. Am I... going home?

Okay, the MCO, as of this posting, hasn't actually been lifted yet, so in theory I'm not going anywhere. Nonetheless, I still couldn't help but feel a little sunken. I hadn't felt this way since School shut. I really am a terrible son, aren't I?

It's weird. You complain and whine about not going home, but all of a sudden, when the path home is all but cleared, you kind of wish it weren't, somewhere deep inside that black abyss where a soul should be. Woah, okay, that was a little Avenged Sevenfold for a Wednesday.

And, yes, I am exaggerating a little here. Of course I'm overjoyed and relieved to even think about going home. I cannot stress that enough. I love Malaysia and I love my family. I may be a privileged brat, but I do have feelings. But that happiness has somehow, at least for the time being, been overshadowed by a bit of gloom. If we dissect my thought process, we find that two things have made me feel this way. And I'm going to share those with you today. Just saying, calling it a 'blog' makes this entire piece sound a lot more dignified than if I had put it on more popular social media platforms.

Without further ado, let's take a trip into my noggin. Mind the gap between the train and the platform. The next station is Boredom. This is an all-stations, Metropolitan Line train to Aldgate. Except it isn't, because it's always bloody closed between Baker Street and Aldgate.

First, I have grown to enjoy life here in Surrey. It's just so beautiful and everyone seems so friendly. Plus, the family dog, Bernie, is a legend. That's all I have to say about that, really.

Second, provided schools don't open again, I don't know when I will next return to the UK. My student visa expires in August, and I will not be returning to this corner of the world for university. Don't believe those crazy tabloid rumours. Being an Indonesian, I am not welcome in most countries, meaning I would have to go through a tiresome process if I do want to come back post-August 2020.

I suppose 'Surrey Syndrome' is just my way of slapping a label on my greater feelings about leaving the UK. It's the most bittersweet feeling there is. On one hand, I am incredibly excited and grateful to have the chance to study in the US. However, at the same time, I am leaving behind someplace truly special. An 'Inside-Out' reel of great memories has made me feel so hopelessly attached to this place. I have felt this way for a long time, but the pandemic has undeniably accentuated this. Being 'stuck' in the UK with no choice but to stay positive (see first blog), I have begun to associate what feels like a lifetime of hope and happiness with the UK. This site would not exist had it not been for coronavirus. Seeing the solidarity and kindness people all over the country have shown during these times has warmed my heart to its core. Seeing the serious beauty of the country, gloriously untainted by light pollution, through short walks and single-mother gazes out of my bedroom window has not helped it cool. It also doesn't take a genius, or an expert, to notice that there is something unique and wonderful about British culture. We foreigners like to tease and say that no such culture exists, but it does. It may not be an elaborate dance or a colorful plate of food, but there is something about the way life is lived here that makes Britain great.

To cut a long story short, I will miss the UK dearly. I don't need it to miss me in return. That would be unbelievably stupid

and extremely arrogant. These last five years have been the most memorable of my life (which isn't saying much, given I am a teenager), and I'm glad I can take home plenty of great memories and a weird accent that's neither here nor there.

I know this all sounds a bit depressing, but I am happy. I really am. And, if we remember what I said at the start, I don't actually know when I'm going back. Heck, I could die in this country. That would suck. I don't love the UK that much.

## LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

The High Street was empty. Desolate. Silent. Unmoving. It was a sunny day, but nobody was out. On a day like this children would be playing in the street, cycling, visiting friends and family. This was not the case today. Along Rose Terrace the doors were shut; a barrier was between people. One might notice the little girl sitting by the window looking outside, wishing she were on the other side of the glass. Wishing she could be with her friends again. Wishing this was over.

Then a sound shattered the silence like a knife through water. Clapping. It was coming from number thirty, a lone man, maybe 50, stepped out of his door clapping valiantly, tears in his eyes. Then another sound. Another clap. Softer this time. An elderly woman and her husband began to start. And then another clap. And another. One by one each of the doors began to open and people began to step outside. Adults, children, men, women, black, white, Asian, gay, straight, everybody on the street. It wasn't just the street; the whole village had emerged and joined in. Beverly who ran the post office, Andrew from the shop, even the dogs were barking. The little girl, Elsa, stood outside the front door, holding her mother's hand. She was desperately trying to clap and wave to her friend across the road at the same time, with varying degrees of success. It wasn't long before another layer was added to the clapping. A saxophone, trumpet and violin were all distinctly heard over the clapping. They were playing a song together. A song called Land of Hope and Glory.

The streets were full. Everyone, though separated, was united. The whole street together. Clapping. Making music. It was a sunny day and though the children weren't on the street, or people weren't visiting friends and family, they were united. As the sound of music and clapping echoed out into the night sky, a mirage began to form from the last of the sun's rays. A rainbow. A rainbow in the land of hope and Glory.

## XENOPHOBIA

We need to talk about Xenophobia. Coronavirus had upturned the known world. The stock market has crashed, jobs have been lost, indeed, it seems that the known world has gone on halt. Pathogens such as coronavirus do not have a tendency to attack those of specific ethnicity or racial demographic. People do. Coronavirus has brought to light an unpleasant side of many people. An underlying xenophobia and the most self-righteous racism I have ever seen. Reports of people of South East Asian ethnicity have been dubbed as carriers of the Coronavirus, among other racist abuse, and I have read about a multitude of other racist incidents. It has shocked, frightened and suprised me to see a country of unity turn on one another.

Around the world we have seen a vast multitude of incidents similar to this: blatant racism, egging, verbal abuse, the list is endless. This is disgusting. As a country we pride ourselves on being one of the frontrunners in acceptance and diversity. Prior to the pandemic, if you walked by Tower Bridge you would see

every skin colour, gender and ethnicity there and would have accepted this. These feelings should not have changed. People themselves are not responsible for a virus which originated thousands of miles away in Wuhan, People's Republic of China. Those who live in Wuhan have suffered just as much as the rest of us have, we should not victim blame them for living where they do.

Throughout history we see repeats of this xenophobic culture. The Jewish were blamed for the Black Death and consequently persecuted. During World War 2, Hitler persecuted anybody who was not of the 'Aryan Race'; we condemn this, yet we follow in his footsteps of spreading hatred. Even relatively recently, during the outbreak of Ebola, discrimination against Africans, and those of African origin was boosted massively. The same applies to syphilis, where African men were sometimes purposely infected with the disease and left to spread it - indeed it was called 'Black Disease'. As a society we speak against racism yet let it happen on our own front step. We shouldn't. This hypocrisy must stop.

Many of us wonder what may have sparked this seemingly unnatural non acceptance. After reading many articles on the matter I found one from Forbes which quoted *The Harvard Gazette's* mention of Brian O'Shea's study into Social Psychological and Personality Science:

"We found that if you're a white or black person living in a region with more infectious diseases, you have a strong feeling in favour of your in-group above a stronger opposition of your out-group... And this effect occurs even if we control for individual factors such as age, political ideology, religion, education and gender and a number of state-level factors including median income, inequality, racial exposure and more."

This study proves the primal tribalism which exists within human nature, the feeling of competition between those who aren't on 'your side'. This is displayed in sport, politics and reality TV, and now we're seeing it here today. Additionally, people tend to fear what they cannot control or understand (perhaps why religion is the main source for conflict in society). Therefore, people tend to create a version of events which fits with their perception of how society exists. One which fits their intellectual capacity and ideologies as opposed to what may be the truth.

This leads me to believe that racist and xenophobic views could arise out of something such as COVID-19. It is something not understood and some people are 'arching their backs' out of fear and a desire for self-preservation.

In a time like this, division is rife and people are scared. Now is not the time to turn our backs on one another but to work together. If we do this as the human race, setting aside divisions of race, culture and ideology, then we can work to put a stop to this virus. The likes of Captain Tom Moore raising millions of pounds for the NHS, frontline workers putting their lives at risk to save people and those clapping every Thursday. These should be the models we follow. Focus on stress and anxiety to spread good and hope in the world.

*cuiusvis hominis est errare, nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare*, "Any man can make a mistake; only a fool keeps making the same one." (Cicero).

## LAW SOCIETY

### *The cost of COVID for privacy laws in the EU*

If the EU had a religion, it would be privacy. COVID-19 has potential to change everything, leaving behind some dangerous precedents for the privacy laws of the future.

In the technological age in which we exist, privacy laws are already vague. Continuity between the laws of countries within

the EU is lacking. Norms are still being settled.

The pandemic will present global society with the first-ever real-life test of what we think of privacy laws. In the UK, the mission of the Information Commissioner's Office is to 'uphold information rights in the public interest'. The Data Protection Act requires fair processing of personal data, but, just like that of many other countries in the block, offers only vague guidelines on how this should actually be done. The vague nature of these laws provides scope for large corporations and malevolent governments to exploit them throughout the EU.

Technology provides an excellent way to deal with the pandemic. Through tracking devices, governments are able to see who has come into contact with whom. From this data, people who have been in close contact with COVID patients can be informed and the virus can be suppressed. However, in turn, governments have access to data regarding where their people are.

Privacy has long been worshipped in the EU, but with new technology like this, this has potential to change. Austria's right-wing chancellor has warned that "a trade-off has to be made". Even German politicians, formerly the most religious, have joined in with these innovative attitudes. Jens Spahn, the German health minister, was openly happy to propose the idea of tracking people's phones in order to contain the virus, before backing down after an outcry. Meanwhile, the UK recently launched its first tracking app which is currently on trial in the Isle of Wight.

There is a clear temptation to move away from the idea of a perfectly private world. Countries full of privacy downplayers have enthusiastically put the state's surveillance capacity to use, and such techniques have proven to be very effective. In Hong Kong, new arrivals can be required to wear a tracking bracelet. Israel has enlisted its intelligence agencies to track people who may have the virus. South Korean officials root through everything from taxi receipts to credit card records in the hunt for the infected. Across all of these countries, we have seen COVID suppressed effectively. In trying to save lives, the EU might want to re-evaluate their position on privacy policy and the laws surrounding it.

However, the precedent set by allowing the tracking of a whole population is extremely hazardous. Any use of data should be proportionate, limited and should fall away once the crisis has passed, but it is unlikely to do so in such a technologically innovative world. Relaxed precedents regarding the issue leaves human rights violations under threat. Dictatorships may rise from the ashes, just as we are already seeing in Hungary where Prime Minister Orban, who has already been eroding checks and balances for a decade, is attempting to use this new atmosphere of relaxed privacy laws to "isolate the opposition". As a member of the EU, a block of rich democracies, Hungary's actions set a dangerous precedent. Cambridge Analytica's antics in the 2016 US election have shown the damage that happens when privacy laws are exploited. The privacy of the people is suffering at the hands of the weak laws that surround it. The future for the EU, which previously worshipped privacy, may look bleak. Privacy and the laws surrounding it suddenly seem mythical.

The potential damage is clear, but it is unlikely the EU will be able to protect against it. Privacy is subjective by nature, and as such has always been hard to apply laws to. It is likely that issues concerning privacy will be governed not by lawyers but a country's citizens and what infringements they are willing to accept. The potency of privacy laws and those that create them could diminish in the future as technology undermines it.

So how can countries move forward? Trade-offs between the privacy of today and the lives of tomorrow will have to be made. Faced with the prospect of higher death tolls, governments have little choice than to turn a blind eye to the long-term damage they are doing to privacy laws. Privacy has a price, and whilst the technology is far from perfect, it serves as possibly the greatest long-term weapon in suppressing the virus pre-vaccine.



This should be a price that countries in the EU are willing to pay for the sake of saving lives.

As COVID continues to rear its ugly head throughout the EU, it will become more and more likely that this trade-off will disregard privacy concerns. Privacy, and the laws surrounding it, will become a thing of the past.

Laws on privacy were already becoming worthless as technological innovation overtook the world. COVID-19 will only accelerate this process. The laws of tomorrow are likely to be both hollow and outdated due to the precedents governments will be forced to set today. Upholding such musty laws in the future will become more and more of a hardship. The pandemic, it seems, could leave us in a world where privacy laws matter as much as DofE Bronze on a UCAS application.

## OSRG PRIVATE VIEW

*"The Muse and Maker", 28 February*

On 28 February, some 80 guests – including the Mayor of Harrow – arrived punctually at the Old Speech Room Gallery, all buzzing with a sense of anticipation. For this was no ordinary day; today was the launch and private view of the OSRG's latest exhibition, 'The Muse and the Maker'. The exhibition focuses on women and their connections to the Hill in two different capacities: as muses – objects of beauty or desire – and makers – artists and creators in their own right (something highly appropriate in today's times and the context of gender equality and the rise of the #MeToo movement). It was pointed out by WMAL in his welcoming address to guests that the exhibition focuses on women in their adult guise, as opposed to girls.

'The Muse and the Maker' includes a broad range of exhibits but none are quite as remarkable as the black and white portrait



photographs taken by OH Sir Cecil Beaton (*Bradlys 1918*). The selection reveals the major artistic muses of the 20th century, from Edith Sitwell through to Dame Margot Fonteyn, capturing the glamour of Hollywood's golden age as well as significant European role models. Not to miss also are the portraits of Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn and Coco Chanel. The works of two other OH Royal Photographers, Patrick Lichfield (*Elmfield 1952*) and Hugo Burnand (*Rendalls 1977*) are also featured. Their portraits of the royal family, cleverly displayed alongside those of Baroness Thatcher and Dame Edna Everage, are full of subtle details which are helpfully revealed in the labels. These photographs are superb records of history; the OSRG collection is simply astonishing and I recommend all Harrovians to head to the gallery and see the photographs for yourself.

The OSRG also boasts very fine stamp and coin collections. The 117 stamp albums bequeathed by David Guilford (*Druries 1944*) were selected by members of the OSRG Arts Society and boys volunteering for their Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze Award, who, to their dismay, realised that for every one hundred portraits of men featured on stamps there might only be one depicting a woman! The Guilford stamps cover the 20th century where women seem only to be seen in the context of

royalty, the arts and sport. Stamps displaying women of colour or with disabilities were almost non-existent, although in this century this is changing, a credit to an evolving society which now celebrates paralympic sports. The coins in the collection are mostly Greek and Roman from antiquity – queens and empresses (several featuring a Roman empresses called Julia) are well displayed with high-resolution photographs revealing their details.

The exhibition contains a full range of women from different periods and places, the oldest dating back to an 8th-century BC figurine of a Daedalic priestess excavated from Knossos by OH Arthur Evans (*Rendalls 1864*). A beautiful series of bijinga (pictures of beautiful women) provide a glimpse of how



Japanese woodblock print artists depicted unattainable women in the 18th and 19th centuries. The prints have been cleaned and restored to their original glory by the OSRG Conservator Danila Narcisi, and, with care, will last for another 200 years. There are also exhibits from Roman, Sardinian and Etruscan periods. One Etruscan portrait head, replete with double chins, clearly reveals the comfortable lifestyle enjoyed by that prosperous civilisation.

The group of objects showcasing women as makers includes many thought-provoking pieces, ranging from scenes of daily life on the Hill by mid-century residents (Gloria Jarvis and Beatrice Baines) to loans of taxidermy and hand-crafted paper (Ell Kaye and Danila Narcisi) which were made only this year. The works of former Artist in Residence Trish Spence (2011-13) are equally remarkable: she tests and stretches her materials to extremes, their fragility making them extremely difficult to handle.

Another piece which proved particularly popular was the elegant bronze sculpture of a rearing horse created by our Medical Centre's Clare Ellwood. Mrs Ellwood used her professional knowledge of anatomy to inform the practical skills she needed to learn to become a sculptor.

A certain mention must go to the small display about Sylvia Townsend Warner, a woman who grew up here on the Hill and makes a worthy addition to this exhibition as both a muse and a maker. As the child of a Harrow beak, she was commended for her intelligence and sharp wit, and, with her strikingly 'bluestocking' and bespectacled appearance, it was not surprising that she joined the ranks of 'Bright Young Things' in the 1920s, eventually becoming a subject for Cecil Beaton. She went on to become a successful novelist both in the UK and across the Atlantic. Her novels have never been out of print.

To conclude, I feel that I speak on behalf of all the guests at the private view when I say that this exhibition was not only a credit to the gallery but to the School. Thanks must go to all the research done by the OSRG Curator in producing such a stimulating exhibition. A number of existing and former staff have lent objects for which they too should be acknowledged. The event in many ways proved to be a gift that kept on giving: one of the guests used the occasion to donate an engraving of Short Hill, made by his father over 50 years ago, which Mrs Walton was delighted to receive for the collection. It will be a part of the story of the Hill planned for the school's 450th anniversary celebrations in 2022.

## ATHENEUM SOCIETY

'Our Malfunctioning Memory',

Gareth Tan, Moretons, Online, 15 May

The Atheneum Society was fortunate enough to hear a talk on the subject of the human memory, given by Gareth Tan. The talk provided a thorough overview of the concept of memory and how we remember and forget things. Tan started by describing the ways in which humans forget things, talking about trace decay, interference theory and absentmindedness. He mentioned how different types of information, coming from a variety of ages, can often block access to memories and overall gave a succinct summary of a very advanced psychological topic. The second portion of his talk was about various pieces of literature that concerned memory, chiefly Murakami's *Norwegian Wood* and Barnes' *The Only Story*. *Norwegian Wood* was published in 1987 and is a story about Toru Watanabe having to choose between his first love and a more dynamic newcomer. His first love, whose name is Naoko, becomes distant and fall into depression whilst a newcomer, Midori, tries to prevent Toru from doing the same. Tan chose a section of the text concerning memory and gave a careful analysis of how the theme of memory ties into the story. Tan also provided Welch's comments on *Norwegian Wood*: 'that master narratives, however normative they seem, are constructed and may not necessarily benefit either individuals or society. Each master narrative conceals points of contestation through cultural amnesia.' The second piece of literature Tan spoke on followed in a similar vein; *The Only Story* is narrated retrospectively by Paul, who starts a relationship with Susan. He is 19 and she is 50 and the relationship slowly become worse and consumed by lies and alcohol, with Paul continuing to care for Susan throughout. The theme of the next segment was retellings of the same story, and whether they 'bring [us] closer to the truth of what happened or move you further away'. Many interesting questions were sparked by this particular section of the talk regarding how different accounts of the past can confuse our memory of the subject. Tan provided commentary from scholars such as Dalton and Meretoja, who remarked that 'fiction's noblest goal is in the attempt, rather than the solution' and 'narratives project false order onto the disorder of human existence'. Tan proceeded to talk about a new facet of the subject, specifically history and the idea of a collective memory. The example he chose was Germany in the 1950s, a country living in the recent memory of the Second World War and the Holocaust. Drawing on the comments of Halbwachs ('collective memory is the shared pool of memories of a social group, a reflection of their biases and values'), Tan began to draw the talk to a close, having covered all the aspects of the subject of memory. Tan concluded by leaving us with a lot to consider about memory and how it affects literature and history. The talk was overall incredibly well researched, and all present were appreciative of Tan's eloquent explanation and the materials he presented for us to bear in mind.

## BIOLOGY SOCIETY

*Evolution and Death, Theodore Nash, The Grove, Online*

This week the Biology Society received a talk from Theodore Nash, *The Grove*, on the concept of living forever. Nash steered clear of sensational ideas that would be better suited to a Science Fiction Society, but addressed ageism and death before moving on to innovative biological science as to how life expectancy may be extended.

The presentation addressed the necessity of death in the context of evolution. Without death of mature organisms,

there would be intraspecific competition, even intraspecific predation. Removal or reduction in that competition through death enables the younger organisms to have a higher probability of surviving and adapting, which thereby enables the species as a whole to survive.

Nash examined how the roadmap for extending life requires the maintenance of the eight functions required for a living organism. As we are all currently bombarded with data relating to deaths in this COVID-19 era, it was refreshing to be presented with a graph showing how life expectancy has changed over the last 175 years and how life expectancy has almost doubled. Encouragingly, we were told that is mainly due to medical innovation. By way of example, the development of a cholera vaccine in 1885 had a positive impact on life expectancy in the years that followed. This was a helpful illustration for the society: that, with medical innovation, it is possible that vaccines can be created to manage pandemics.

We were reminded about germ theory - that small microscopic pathogens (including non-living pathogens such as viruses) could cause disease and that cleanliness could reduce the chances of illness: an idea that might have been controversial a few hundred years ago.

Nash reviewed the practicalities and limitations of organ transplants for solving deaths arising from very prevalent diseases such as heart, liver and lung disease. However, even if suitable organs were obtained or grown, other limitations of senescence (old age), such as immobility, limit quality of life, would hamper the process. The build-up of senescent cells during the aging process produce abnormalities, potentially causing conditions such as osteoarthritis.

One theory suggests that understanding telomeres (sections of DNA at the end of a chromosome) and the interaction with an organism's tumour-repressing mechanism is key to assessing lifespan. Every time DNA is replicated during cell division, the telomeres shorten slightly. Leonard Hayflick discovered that there comes a point ('limit') when telomeres are so short that cell division can no longer happen and cells may become senescent. Cancer cells could potentially be a key to maintaining the telomeres' length as they have no Hayflick limit.

While Nash did not reveal the whereabouts of the Holy Grail, we do have a detailed overview as to why organisms age and interesting hypotheses as to how aging could be slowed or even reversed.

## PEEL SOCIETY

*Dylan Winward, Lyon's, on Harrovian Prime Ministers, Teams Live Online*

When Harrow closed its gates and told boys to switch on their computers, many boys were utterly bewildered what challenges lay ahead. Indeed, many lectures due to take place in the first week of lockdown were postponed. This was not the case for the Peel Society. In true Churchillian spirit, when faced with adversity, the society simply switched their services online for all to see.

In his lecture, Winward went through each of Harrow's five prime ministers, giving a short biography of each one and elaborating on their journey from Speech Room to No 10.

Spencer Perceval KC (1 November 1762-11 May 1812) was not only the first Harrovian to take his place in 10 Downing Street, but also the first, and only, British prime minister to have ever been assassinated, being killed in 1812 after only three years in power by aggrieved merchant John Bellingham.

Perceval was a prominent and well-read student during his time at Harrow and he secured a place at Trinity College, Cambridge, to study law. It is believed that it was from Harrow that his Anglican Evangelism stemmed from, something that would later make him stand out amongst his peers

Though Perceval's career as a lawyer was fleeting, it was also highly successful. By the early 1790s, his success and publications opposing the French Revolution and radicalism led to his appointment as junior counsel for the prosecution of the political radicals Thomas Paine and John Horne Tooke. By 1796, at the age of just 33, he was appointed King's Counsel. However, that same year, he successfully ran for Parliament and became the MP for Northampton.

In Parliament, Perceval quickly established himself as a 'friend of Mr Pitt (William Pitt the Younger)', as opposed to just another Tory MP. Following his career as a lawyer, he retained his anti-Bonapartist sentiments; he was also an advocate for abolition of slavery and had been a member of the Manumission Society in his time at Cambridge. He was opposed to hunting, gambling and adultery; he did not drink as much as most MPs at the time and gave generously to charity.

Having been a leader of the Pittite opposition to Grenville's ministry, a somewhat reluctant Perceval gave up his lucrative legal practice to take office as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the Commons in the Duke of Portland's administration in March 1807 (as well as effectually house-sitting in 10 Downing Street by the end of the year). Therefore, upon the previous prime minister's death, he was nominated to take the post, though he continued as unpaid Chancellor of the Exchequer after six other candidates declined the post; some other of Pitt's key followers were not prepared to serve under Perceval. Perceval also underwrote the costs of the war with the Napoleonic French through a reasonably prudent mix of economies and government loans.

However, Perceval has never had a lasting impact on British politics and is only remembered for the fact that he was assassinated. Perhaps the reason for not having such a legacy as those secured by Lincoln and Kennedy is Perceval's lack of ambition. He was more than happy as a cabinet minister, offering rational, grounded and realistic ideas, and perhaps was not the type of man best suited for a driven, outspoken position. This quiet solemnity would later be reflected in one of Britain's greatest prime ministers: Harold Wilson.

Sir Robert Peel's administration was a time of radical reform: a time of further industrialisation where railways became more affordable, workers more available and where social civil rights drastically improved.

Peel was born into a political family. His father was a local MP and Peel's rivals never forgot that he bought Peel's seat. It is claimed that he told his son "Bob, you dog, if you do not become prime minister someday, I'll disinherit you".

In 1822, he became Home Secretary, after voluntarily resigning his position in Ireland in 1817. During his time, he introduced a number of important reforms to British criminal law; his changes to the penal code resulted in around 100 fewer crimes being punished by death. He also reformed the gaol system with payment for jailers and education for the inmates.

He retained the post of Home Secretary under the Duke of Wellington in 1828. During this time, he was persuaded of the case for Catholic emancipation after 20 years of opposition to it, and pushed the Catholic Emancipation Bill through Parliament, arguing that civil strife was a greater danger. His turnabout on the matter shocked his supporters.

As Home Secretary, he also created the Metropolitan Police in 1829, hence why many police are referred to as 'bobbies'.

In 1834, Peel refused King William IV's invitation to form a government, though he accepted the post as PM the following year, hoping to gain a large majority through election. This attempt was in vain, and several defeats in Parliament led to his resignation in April.

He later resumed the post of prime minister for the second time in June 1841. It was a time of economic strife, with unemployment and Britain's international trade losing out to competitive trade from the developing USA. Peel, though never an ideological free trader, took steps to liberalise trade, which

created the conditions for a strong recovery.

He also passed some groundbreaking legislation for civil rights, such as the Mines Act of 1842, which banned the employment of women and children underground, and The Factory Act 1844 which limited working hours for children and women in factories. In 1845, he faced his crucible: the challenge which was to define his legacy. Failed harvests led much of the population to call for the repeal of the 30-year-old Corn Laws, which banned the import of cheap foreign grain; this was a crisis triggered by the Irish potato famine. Unable to send sufficient food to Ireland to stem the famine, he eventually decided the Corn Laws must be repealed out of humanity. Landowners saw the attempt as an attack on them and fiercely protested in the House of Commons. Peel's Conservative Party would not support him, and the debate lasted for five months.

Eventually, in June 1846, the Corn Laws were repealed. However, on the very same day, Robert Peel made the decision to resign for the final time.

Harrow's third PM was George Hamilton Gordon, also known as the Earl of Aberdeen, who had a fleeting yet influential time at the top. While he managed to pass a number of reforms, his faults came in the mismanagement of the clashing personalities in his government and the handling of the Crimean war.

His first cabinet post was under two different PMs and political periods: as Foreign Secretary, from 1828 to 1830, under the Duke of Wellington, and from 1841 to 1846, under Peel. He proved his convictions as a peacemaker, calming Britain's external relations.

In 1852, when Derby's government was defeated, the Earl of Aberdeen became prime minister of a coalition government of Peelites, Whigs, radicals and Irish members.

Aberdeen's cabinet was full of intellectual and strong-willed men, some of whom have names which will be instantly recognised – Lord Palmerston as Home Secretary, Lord Russell as Foreign secretary and Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Controlling these three men, among others, proved to be hard for the less extroverted Aberdeen.

Early in his time in office, he managed to pass legislation concerning taxation, the Civil Service, and legal matters, which showed his ability to reform; however, his government was dominated by foreign affairs as Britain drifted towards the Crimean War, which would be his downfall. He resigned over the attempt made to hold an inquiry into the government's handling of the war in 1855.

When one talks about the Giants of Old, they fail to do so without the mention of Lord Palmerston; he was a polymath, a true renaissance man, and a thorn in the side of his colleagues, the monarchy and his cabinet. Despite founding and leading a Liberal 'Whig' government, Palmerston was a staunch defender of the upper-class' right to sovereignty over the country and blocked social reform at any chance.

Palmerston focused his political career on expanding Britain's imperial interests, particularly through strengthening its navy. He believed that if Britain was not the world's policeman then the whole world, not just the empire, would fail. Palmerston invested heavily in Gunboat Diplomacy, declared war on China and her territories after Britain was blocked from the opium trade and dismissed the gift of Hong Kong describing it as a, 'barren island with hardly a house upon on it'.

As a result of his interest in the classics whilst at Harrow, Palmerston formed an obsession with the Roman empire and wished for Britain to equal it in terms of historical weight and influence. Despite blocking many policies to help the working classes and engaging Britain in what can only be described as a costly and unnecessary war, he was vastly popular with the public who dubbed him 'Pam'. However, this fondness was not replicated by either his party, who never understood his thought process, nor Queen Victoria, who conceded that she 'detested him' upon his death. It is believed that Victoria's disgust of Palmerston stems from when he tried to force himself upon one



of her handmaidens. This was not the only time Palmerston would get into trouble for his philandering. In 1845, aged 78, he became involved in a sex scandal with Mrs O'Kane. This only seemed to boost the retired man's popularity and the then prime minister Benjamin Disraeli attempted to deal with the situation quietly for fear of a Palmerston resurgence. Indeed, legend has it that he died seducing a maid in his Hertfordshire estate, aged 81, in 1848. It is curious to note that one of Palmerston's most adored features were his unfaithful ways, while for many other politicians an event such as rumour of an affair is enough to destroy their career.

On the day of his funeral, London's shops were closed and crowds gathered in the streets to glimpse his funeral procession. Newspapers bordered their stories with thick black rules as a mark of respect. *The Mercury* said, 'The man of the age has gone from us.'

Winward made the decision to brush over Winston Churchill's first term as it is widely known about, but instead spoke about his second term. Churchill was perhaps an old-fashioned prime minister, obsessed with foreign policy and neglecting the increased demand for improvement to domestic issues such as London's great smog, which he largely ignored.

## CLASSICAL SOCIETY

*Dr Peter Haarer, "Alphabetising the Greeks",  
Teams Live Online*

The Ancient Greek alphabet is one of the most influential and progressive developments of society in human history. But where did their language originate from? The Classical Society was proud to host Professor Peter Haarer from Trinity College, Oxford, to speak about 'Alphabetising the Greeks'. This lecture was vastly informative, detailing the evolution of the Greek language as well as explaining how languages develop.



It is believed that the ancient Greek alphabet we know today evolved between the collapse of the Mycenaean empire (1200BC) and the emergence of the Greek one (800BC). Despite being most recognisable today as the Greek letters, it is believed that the early alphabet (or some variation of it) was introduced by the Phoenicians, who had got their alphabet from the Syrians. This is supported by Herodotus' account that Cadmus, a Phoenician, introduced lettered script to the Greeks.

The Greeks retained most of the alphabetical names and phonetical sounds, making minute adjustments and adding letters to suit Greek phonology. When the Greeks adopted the Phoenician language, they made some necessary changes so that their alphabet would contain vowels, which were absent from Phoenician. Phoenician consonants were converted from 'aleph' to alpha, 'yodh' to iota, 'he' to epsilon, and 'waw' developed into upsilon and omicron. The Phoenician consonants 'heth' and 'teth' became, respectively, the Greek consonant eta, used to represent the 'h' sound and the Greek aspirated th. The key difference between Phoenician script and Greek was the letter

meaning: each Phoenician letter was a substitute for a word while Greek adapted the letters but not their meaning.

As the Greeks spread both east and west, it split into two main subdivisions: the ionic script (eastern) and the Chalcidian script (western). The Chalcidian script eventually gave birth to the Latin alphabet, while the eastern became the blueprint of modern Greek today. During Alexander the Great's establishment of his empire, we can see the Greek language begin to spread and adapt into local dialects. Indeed, we see the same in Europe with Romance languages and again under British colonial influence in the 19th and 20th centuries.

Professor Haarer also spoke about what makes a language work and how it can develop and change over time. To help us understand the complex development of language, he used the analogy of texting. Over time, we have abbreviated words and formed our own sort of text language, full of OMG and LOL. This came about, the professor stated, by the universal usage by a particular demographic which then spread. This is how language evolves as well in the ancient world. A small regional variant is adopted, shared and adapted. He explained that words like LOL originally had many meanings aside from Laugh Out Loud, but societal usage killed all other forms to make one universal definition.

Accenting in the Greek language developed at a later date, introduced by Aristophanes to help non native speakers understand the fluidity of the language. Diacritical marks representing stress and breathings appeared around 200 B.C. Breathing marks were still used for words starting with a vowel or an "r" until they were abolished by presidential decree in 1982.

Greek was originally written right to left and left to right in alternating lines, but by classical times it was written left to right and top to bottom. Lowercase letters only came into appearance around 800AD and were evolved from Byzantine script. It was explained that, with the fall of the Empires, Greece needed to convert to using animal hide for writing, as opposed to papyrus. Animal hide was much more valuable and therefore the size of letters was forced to shrink, which developed into cursive writing. Capital letters of Modern Greek are almost identical to those of the Ionic alphabet.

The Greek alphabet is without a doubt the most influential piece of human technology to come into existence. Like Athena from the head of Zeus, a whole new world of thoughts and ideas sprang from it. We use this alphabet in mathematics, and many of our words and cultural references are derived from it. Even the name alphabet stems from the first two letters in the Greek script.

To conclude I would like to thank professor Haarer for giving up his valued time to speak to us, along with SMK and the Classical Society.

## PIGOU SOCIETY

*The Economics of Social Inequality  
and Development*

This lecture explored why some countries are poorer than others and the mechanisms to lift countries out of poverty. The lecture addressed what is known as the 1% problem, highlighting the wealth held by 1% of the population. It was interesting to note that, in the US, 37% of the wealth is held by 1% of the population. The richest 80 people have more wealth than poorest 50% in the world. The lecture addressed the three justifications of economic inequality: firstly trickle-down economics, marginal productivity theory and incentives.

It also looked at the cycle of poverty, which is difficult to escape. Poverty results in poor living conditions, which creates ill health and poor education. This in turn impacts on skills development and access to highly skilled jobs and results in staying in the poverty cycle. A cycle that is difficult to escape.

The lecture also addressed other potential restraints to development that countries face. Four factors were discussed: the conflict trap, the natural resources trap, being landlocked and corruption. Another important factor that was discussed was brain drain, where skilled workers leave their countries and go to other countries. Developing countries need to find ways to bring their migrants back home for development. Development aid is also essential but does not always reach the people it is designed to help. Saving is challenging in developing countries, making it difficult to finance setting up a business.

Literacy rates are better for age 15-24 compared to the 65 plus age group. There is also an increase in global life expectancy from 1980-2013, indicating progress in the developing world in education and health care.

This was an interesting lecture that provided insights into the challenges facing the developing world and opened the possibility for how it can be dealt with. In such an unequal world, the hope for a better future which this lecture presented was certainly gratifying.

## LYON'S TUTOR TRIP TO KRAKÓW

*Exeat Weekend, 6-8 March*

After 2d on the exeat weekend Friday 6 March, Lyon's Lower Sixth (plus KAF and Matron) assembled in the common room for a quick pizza before heading off to Stansted Airport to catch a flight for our long-planned tutor trip to Kraków. We left with high spirits and made it into Kraków International Airport at around 7pm local time. KAF's timetable left us with a luxurious 15 minutes to relax after a long day of lessons and travelling, and then we went straight to the Old Town to have a look around this amazing part of the city.



All boys were in awe at the magnificence of the various historical buildings but were also amazed at the busy nightlife of the city even in low season. For example, we could not walk more than a couple of paces without being pestered about going to various events. After the evening stroll, we went back to the hotel, and had our first experience of the local cuisine. The food was extremely tasty, with Jack Gosden especially enjoying the spinach, and Billy Llewelyn-Palmer loving the chocolate dessert. After dinner, we were informed that we were to wake up at the ungodly hour of 6.30am local time (5.30am UK time) and were to be out of the door for a long day by 7.30am at the latest. With that lovely thought in our heads, we departed for bed.

The next morning, everybody (bar Pier Bertelsen) was awake and ready for the forthcoming day. We left on time and arrived at the Wieliczka salt mines. We were all overwhelmed with the size, magnificence and beauty of the mines and were amazed when the guide told us that we only had access to 2% of it. The mine held the most beautiful chapel, with the sculptures and the entire chapel being made of salt. When we finished our tour of the mine, we settled down on the coach for another two hours on the road to get to Auschwitz.

After a tour of Auschwitz, we then went to Auschwitz-Birkenau, which is a much larger camp. All the boys were completely stunned into silence by the eerie atmosphere of both the camps and the shocking evidence of the horrors that had taken place there. While many of us had studied these atrocities in History, nothing prepared us for what we saw. The most harrowing moment was when we walked through a crematorium where the dead were burned. Despite the Nazis' attempts to destroy evidence of their horrific crimes, the camps still told the grim story of what took place. This trip to the two camps will forever be engrained in all our minds, and I would thoroughly recommend going, even though it is hard to witness.

Next, we made it back to our hotel and got ready for an extremely fancy four-course meal in the oldest restaurant in Kraków called Wierzynek. James Chisnall claimed a Man of the Match performance by eating his bodyweight in goats' cheese. After the meal, we went back to the hotel and retired to our rooms to rest for another early wake up.

The next day, we spent a day sightseeing in Kraków, which included going through the Jewish Ghetto, visiting the famous Remuh synagogue and its cemetery, going around the beautiful Gothic St Mary's Basilica known in Poland as Kościół Mariacki, the Princess Czartoryski Museum, one of the country's oldest museums, Collegium Maius (the oldest building of the Jagiellonian University dating back to the 14th century) and Wawel Hill with the Royal Castle and the Wawel Cathedral. For our final activity, we had a go at making obwarzanki, which are essentially a Polish (Cracovian) version of pretzels. KAF and Matron's obwarzanki were the most elegant, but Adam Aurt with his artistic skill came close.



After our longer than usual tutor outing, we went to the airport, flew back to Luton and made it back to Lyon's around midnight, with all the boys being a little less than eager to wake up early the next morning.

All in all, this was an amazing trip, with KAF and Matron perfectly balancing culture with fun, and one we will all remember for life.

## BYRON CONSORT

*Tour to Madrid*

As a jam-packed half-term came to a close, the Byron Consort headed off to sunny Madrid for a week of concerts and sightseeing. As we were about to leave the Hill, we had to make a sudden stop as Joseph Wragg, *The Grove*, had forgotten to pack his waistcoat! In contrast to Wragg's unreadiness, CST revealed his precautions against the coronavirus as he pulled out a face mask, complete with an air filter! Once we had reached Madrid, it was clear that the itinerary was going to be packed as we had time only to drop our bags in our rooms in the Hotel Wellington before heading off to Iggy Abaroa's, *Moretons*, flat for some food and drinks: jamón and croquetas were going to be the staple food in our diet whilst out there.



Saturday morning saw an early departure to Toledo where we were given an exclusive tour of the Hospital de Tavera, one of the oldest in Spain and, of course, this visit would not have been complete without the mandatory rendition of *Locus Iste* in the amazing acoustics of the crypt. We then moved on for lunch at the Palacio de Galiana where we were hosted by the wonderful Carmen Marañón. After an informative tour of the cathedral, we sang at the mass and gave a short concert (pictured above). With a great first concert and a quick meal under our belts, we rushed down the hill to the coach and set off for the train station before realising that we had left Mr Baker behind, who had to run to the station in order to make the train.

On Sunday, after the earliest start of the tour, we made the hour-long journey to the very cold El Escorial, which has some stunning views of the mountains and is where the Spanish monarchs are buried. After a quick tour (complete with an intense tour guide who wouldn't stop staring at Mrs Evans) we sang for the morning mass and travelled to the house of Plácido Arango where we were given a tour of his private art gallery. Unfortunately, he was too ill to meet us, so his daughter looked after us. He sadly passed away the following day, so we dedicated our final concert to his memory. We had a free afternoon in and around the hotel and some of the boys were excited to use the spa, only to find that the cost of entry was an extortionate €25! Later in the day, we gave yet another mass in central Madrid (which we quickly realised had the same reading as the mass at El Escorial) before going for dinner in a pizza restaurant where no one spoke English, and which had a bath in the loo!



Perhaps the best day on the tour was Monday, simply because we did not have to do any concerts as Brexit got in the way of our concert at the Ambassador's residence. Nevertheless, it was a busy day with a tour of the Prado museum (which holds *Las Meninas* as well as many other extraordinary artworks of early Spanish history) and an exclusive visit to its restoration department. We then adjourned for lunch at McDonald's – where PJE argued with the server who refused to give him a straw – and a football match in the park. As the afternoon came around, we took a tour of another art gallery, the Reina Sofia, which holds more modern art including Picasso's *Guernica* – estimated to be worth around \$200 million. That evening, the boys were blessed with the sight of the beaks attempting to dance in the flamenco style in a masterclass, but a particularly special mention should go to JPBH who was practising even after the class had finished. This class was thankfully not our only experience of flamenco and, after some dinner, we saw a flamenco show complete with proper dancers, vibrant costumes and virtuosic dancing.

Tuesday morning saw us donning high-vis jackets and bright helmets as we tested our motor skills on a segway tour of Old Madrid, in which we were shown the Royal Palace and a stunning cathedral before segwaying down a huge hill to take in the intimidating view of them both, as would have been seen by potential invaders. As the afternoon came around, we travelled to the Bernabéu stadium where we were given a private tour, complete with a strange VR experience and PJE dressing up in all the memorabilia he could find in the gift shop. Later

that evening, we gave a concert at the Iglesia de San Marcos before a wonderful reception with the Duke of Palata, where we sang a piece only to sing it again as he forgot to press record on his phone!



Unfortunately, an illness caught quite a few members of the choir throughout the tour, and on Wednesday PJE fell victim to it too. Thankfully, Leopold Florescu, *The Head Master's*, stepped in for the morning rehearsal where we were able to get used to the acoustics of the church. After this rehearsal, we rushed to a restaurant for lunch and then back to the Royal Palace where we were given a tour by a woman who looked remarkably similar to Edna from *The Incredibles*. The palace was incredibly impressive, with intricately decorated roofs and hundreds of tapestries and portraits. On this tour we were very fortunate to have an expert on Spanish instruments with us, and she allowed us to cross the barrier in the chapel so that we could get a good view of the spectacular organ there. Perhaps even more spectacular was the Palace's Stradivarius collection which contained a decorated string quartet originally offered to King Felipe V. In this section of the tour, Joseph Wragg was in his element, asking every question he could about his favourite instruments and favourite luthier. That afternoon, some of the boys were too tired and went back to the hotel for a classic Spanish siesta. Those that didn't were given an amazing tour of the conservatoire and were even given the opportunity to sit in on a singing masterclass! In the evening, PJE valiantly braved his illness for our final concert in the Real Monasterio de la Encarnación – a real privilege considering it is not usually open to the public.

The tour came to a close on Thursday, and a very tired choir travelled to the airport to find that French air traffic control was on strike and our flight was delayed by 2 hours!

A big thank you must go to PJE for organising yet another superb tour as well as all the other beaks who came and those who sponsored us. If you would like to hear the choir in action, there are recordings on YouTube, and we also have a Facebook page which is regularly updated!

## SHELL PROJECTS

The Head Master was delighted to go around, accompanied by members of The Guild, to see how the challenge of the Shell Projects had been addressed this year. There were some astonishing, ingenious and beautiful pieces which had brought to bear a great deal of effort, time, inspiration and craftsmanship in the execution, and the Head Master was impressed and grateful. The House results will be made known later, but across the School the Top Three were awarded to:

Mackenzie Morgan, *Lyon's*,  
Hing So, *Newlands*,  
Vincent Song, *The Head Master's*,

Well done to all the Shells.



## FRANKENSTEIN

*Lyon's and Moretons House play, Ryan Theatre,  
22-23 January*

Recently, a combination of boys from Lyon's and Moretons performed a version of Mary Shelly's *Frankenstein* as their House play in the Ryan Theatre – a piece about the dark horrors and potential of science that threw together themes of responsibility, workaholicism and prejudice.

The play began on a backdrop of Arctic exploration as we are introduced to our dying protagonist telling his story to the brave Captain Walton, played by seasoned actor Johnny Kajoba, *Lyon's*.

The play then shifts to Dr Victor Frankenstein (portrayed brilliantly by Remi Jokosenumi, *Lyon's*, in a debut performance forecasting a bright future) as he grows up in Geneva with a thirst for knowledge that we can only wish existed on the Hill. Despite having the love of a stream of family and friends, he is not satisfied with his existence and decides to study the 'natural sciences' at the university of Ingolstadt.

While studying, Frankenstein outperforms his contemporaries, progressing to reach the top of his field. Gradually, an obsession with the creation of life grows within Frankenstein until he brings a body comprising of a mishmash of limbs to life. In a scene overflowing with dramatic tension, the creature (quite literally brought to life by Theo Tomlinson, *Moretons*) stiffly comes to life. Horrified by his creation, Frankenstein flees into the arms of his friend Henry, who returns him home to have him nursed back to good health.



However, just as Frankenstein recovers under Elizabeth's care (the love of his life, whose characteristics and subtle mannerisms were captured excellently by Max Morgan, *Moretons*), disaster strikes and his younger brother gets brutally murdered by the creature. This is made worse when a family friend is hanged because she is falsely accused of being guilty (the monster having framed her for the strangulation). Immediately, Frankenstein knows that the monster is guilty of the crime and goes out to find his creation.

Here we discover the other side of the story. In line with current Ryan Theatre artistic policy, there was more to this story than meets the eye, with the monster having his own reasonable motivations and history, making his portrayal all the more impressive. Atop a mountain, we hear of how the monster faced prejudice and abuse while attempting to integrate with humans because of his unappealing facial features. Despite not being to blame for his countenance, the monster feels doomed to a life of loneliness away from society. The monster then requests the creation of a female companion so that he can flee to the far reaches of the earth with her.

After initially showing reluctance, Dr Frankenstein eventually resolves to fulfil the wishes of the monster and voyages to Scotland. Before he leaves, however, the character is forced to announce his engagement to Elizabeth in order to placate his ageing father. The move to build another monster wrestles

with Frankenstein's conscience and Jokosenumi did particularly well to show the world this intense internal conflict. Eventually, Frankenstein realises that he would be unable to live with the dire consequences of allowing the monsters to reproduce and create more powerful and potentially malevolent beings; he decides to destroy the female monster, angering the original monster who threatens Frankenstein, stating that he will be "with you on your wedding night".

The play ends with the horrific murder of Frankenstein's wife at the wedding party, the knock-on effect of which is his father's death from the shock of the situation. This tragic end shows the consequences of getting overly absorbed with your work without thinking of the practical and ethical ramifications which stem from it.

Overall, this production offered reflections on the obligations and responsibilities of a creator to its creation. Through a smattering of biblical imagery, we were left to reflect on the world around us and the legacy of our day to day actions. With *Frankenstein*, we deal with his internal mental conflict at the mixture of humanity and horror in his monster's personality.

Through the combination of innovative technical elements,



including excellent lighting and sound and the use of a revolving stage for the first time, the play was vividly realised. Although it would be something of a journalistic embellishment to say that this production redefined the gothic genre, *Frankenstein* was certainly the best House play that the School has seen yet, sticking true to its aim to terrify those involved while simultaneously telling a story that we can all learn from.

## ASSASSINS

*Ryan Theatre, 11-13 March*

On the 11, 12 and 13 March, the School were fortunate enough to enjoy a production of Stephen Sondheim and John Weidman's *Assassins*. Directed by ASM, the play tells the story of various American assassins at different periods of time and explores their common features. From the outset, it was clear that the play was going to be a spectacle. The stage was dressed in large red and yellow stripes with grey ones interspersed between them. Portraits of American presidents dangled overhead, and the bright colours used helped to accentuate the grandiosity of the production. Furthermore, beneath the stage was the orchestra pit where all the members were poised and ready to respond to WJC's masterful command.

The play burst to life in its opening act as Michael Fitzgibbon, Rendalls, led the introductory number titled 'Everybody's Got the Right'. Dressed in a white and silver pinstripe suit, Fitzgibbon handed a firearm to each assassin as they wandered onto the stage and, by the end of this fabulous sequence, it was clear who the assassins were in the play and the excellence with which they would be played. Jake Henson, *The Park*, played

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, and, in his masterful performance, sung about his political views in response to the liberation of slaves and the failure of the confederacy. During his segment, he was joined by Harry Lempriere-Johnston, *Druries*, who was the one figure present in every assassin's tale as he narrated and added humour to each individual's downfall.

The ensemble was key to the success of the production and demonstrated this in their performance of Sondheim's 'How I Saved Roosevelt'. Slickly executed choreography by Neil Fisher helped their rendition to be elegant and sophisticated. As Daniel Sandell, *Moretons*, expertly led the ensemble in their singing with contributions from Tobias Adetula, *West Acre*, Adam Ait El Caid, *Druries*, sat upstage centre in an electric chair. Ait El Caid played the role of Zangara expertly and conveyed the Italian's resentment towards society with profound realism.

A performance that must not go unnoticed is that of Amy Kennedy's Sarah Jane Moore, the attempted assassin of President Gerald Ford. Kennedy performed the role with a perfect balance of humour and seriousness making her interpretation of the role completely convincing and a delight for the audience. She was joined by Abigail Ofori (St Dominic's School) as Lynette Alice Fromme, the avid follower of Charles Manson and another individual who failed to assassinate Ford. Ofori gave a somewhat terrifying performance of Fromme, making her seem unhinged, and this helped create an unsettling mystique to the production. Max Paton-Smith, *Elmfield*, portrayed Billy, Moore's son, and did an excellent job of creating a character who was spoilt beyond belief.

Never has a Santa Claus been more damaged and terrifying than in George Gallagher's, *The Grove*, interpretation of Samuel Byck, a malcontent who planned to kill President Nixon by crashing an airplane into the White House. Gallagher's monologues spewed bitterness and envy as he rambled on in his drunkenness about his hatred towards society in a performance which drew parallels with Travis Bickle from Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*. Ben Davies, *The Grove*, was equally as terrifying as John Hinckley Jr, an assassin who was fixated on murdering President Ronald Reagan after watching the aforementioned film to impress actress Jodie Foster. Davies performed the song *Unworthy of Your Love* and played the guitar as he did so in a rendition of the song which successfully gave an insight into the absurd psyche of the failed assassin.

Julien Robson, *The Park*, played the role of Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin who killed President James A. Garfield. His performance was full of humour but also tension, as seen when he pointed a gun at the audience and held it there for a good few seconds making sure everyone was aware of his unhinged nature. Robson, alongside Lempriere-Johnston, sang 'I am going to the Lordie', which was full of hilarious irony considering he was being executed for the murder of an innocent man. In addition, Jonny Kajoba, *Lyon's*, and Jamie Pound, *Rendalls*, both played the role of Leon Czolgosz (on different nights), the American anarchist who assassinated President McKinney. Both played the role in complete control of their craft and were able to convince the audience that what Czolgosz did was somewhat justifiable. The play reached its conclusion as all the assassins came to greet George Townshend, *Lyon's*, who performed as Lee Harvey Oswald, the murderer of JFK. This moment enabled the play to come full circle and Townshend must be commended for his portrayal of an individual conflicted between right and wrong.

Overall, the performance was excellent and one which has set an unprecedented benchmark for future musicals at the School. Many thanks and congratulations must go to ASM for her direction, WJC for conducting the orchestra, Neil Fisher for his choreography and, of course, the boys for their hard work and brilliant performances.

The retiring collection taken at the end of the performances in the Ryan Theatre raised £399.23 for Stonewall.

## MUSIC PRODUCTION SOCIETY

Wycombe Abbey School, 29 February

On Saturday 29 February, three School rock bands hit the road and headed west (albeit in a School minibus with SM at the wheel) to Wycombe Abbey for the return leg of the Music Production Society gig, held here at Harrow last December. As we approached the town of High Wycombe, we were given an extensive and comprehensive talk on its facilities by Cooper Smith, *Newlands* (who we were convinced worked for the local tourist office). The bands: The White Roses, Parklife and Ben's Band (they couldn't think of a better name) sound-checked and then had supper with the girls before an audience of Harrow boys accompanied by CEP and AGJ arrived, ready to be entertained.

Our first band up was The White Roses, consisting of Ben



Ashley, Jonty Williams, Caddy Preston, all *Moretons*, Tom Pollock, *Druries*, and Cooper Smith, *Newlands*. The audience loved their exuberance and hearing Jonty providing the backing 'woo-hoos' in Blur's 'Song 2' was a highlight of the evening. Our youngest band, Parklife, opened with the classic 'Seven Nation Army' by The White Stripes, which sent the audience wild, joining in at every opportunity. These Shells, Fred Hewer, Maxi Farah, James McWilliam, all *The Park*, and Keith Au-Yeung, *Bradlys*, have a bright future on the rock scene here at Harrow. Our top-of-the-bill band was Ben's Band, an exciting and energetic trio with Ben Davies, *The Grove*, George Townshend, *Lyon's*, and Phoenix Ashworth, *The Head Master's*. Their sound had attitude and an edge, but never at the expense of musicianship. There was some fine playing and singing all round from this group.

We look forward to seeing these bands and others taking part in the Mortimer Singer Prizes in the Ryan Theatre on Sunday 26 April, along with our solo singer guitarists.

## SLAVONIC SOCIETY

Maslenitsa Celebrations, MLS, OH Room,  
29 February

On 29 February, KAF hosted the Slavonic Society for Maslenitsa, the Russian equivalent of Mardi Gras, except that in Russia it lasts for a whole week... KAF, in typical fashion, organised a substantial selection of pirozhki and heaps of pancakes and other seasonal delicacies, which were enjoyed by all the participants.

After a comprehensive introduction to the etymology of the word Maslenitsa (Масленица) and the pagan context of the occasion from the ever-erudite KAF, the boys were released like a pack of hounds from their leashes and helped themselves to liberal portions of food before settling in for an Oscar-winning



movie *Burnt by the Sun* (УТОМЛЁННЫЕ СОЛНЦЕМ / Utomlyonnye solntsem) directed by Nikita Mikhalkov, who also played one of the main characters in the movie.

Set in an idyllic Russian village during the 1930s, the film starts off innocently enough as a larger-than-life hero of the Russian Civil War Kotov saves a wheat field from being crushed by tanks during practice manoeuvres. A suave, mysterious émigré Mitya, who was Maroussia's (Kotov's wife) former fiancé, returns and is greeted warmly by her family after suddenly disappearing during the Civil War. However, the film takes a more sinister tone as the tension between Mitya, revealed to be working for the Soviet secret police, and Kotov eerily punctures the easy-going atmosphere of the village.

The reason for Mitya's return is later revealed: he gave the names of his former eight White Army generals to Kotov in exchange for his return to his motherland in order to be close to his love. His vengeance towards Kotov for robbing him of his fiancé and his home is frighteningly masked behind his collected and breezy demeanour. Kotov's bravado persists until the end, when, while in the car taking him away, he realises that his status as a Bolshevik hero will not save him.

The chilling final scene of Mitya's suicide as he slowly bleeds out in a bathtub summarises the bleak ending of the movie, as it is revealed that Kotov was promptly executed and that Maroussia later died in a labour camp, while their charming little daughter Nadya grew up to become a music teacher in Kazakhstan.



Always eager to share her fondness of clever movie plots, KAF then went on to discuss how behind the veil of mundane village life and Kotov's daughter Nadya's innocence, as shown when she enthusiastically learns how to play the piano and tapdance from Mitya, lay subtle pervasive themes of mistrust, betrayal and revenge.

Perhaps KAF's true Easter message came in the fact that Nadya survives and sees her parents posthumously politically rehabilitated during the Khrushchev Thaw: that even despite duplicity, sell-outs and treachery, life, redemption and justice still endure.

## OSRG ARTS SOCIETY

*Troy: Myth and Reality, British Museum, 13 February*

On 13 February, members of the OSRG Arts Society went on a trip to the British Museum. The plucky Harrovians were in the charge of JW and LAM, and while our numbers were depleted by the competing House soccer events, we were no less deterred or excited! We got on the Tube, and just like a fleet of 1,000 ships, the journey was long, crowded, and the

only benefit was the company!

When we arrived at the British Museum, we only then realised the extent of the work that had been put into this tour-de-force of archaeological beauty: the exhibition occupied the vast exhibition hall at the north west of the Great Court. Sponsored by BP (we wondered what Greta Thunberg would have thought), the exhibition brought together over one thousand objects relating to or referencing the early Mediterranean world in which Homer set his story. We were treated to examples of Trojan pottery, which were a strange fusion of Hittite, Mycenaean and other cultural styles, which left many of the boys rather stumped as to what we ought to call it! Then, we entered an area which explained the Trojan War to those perhaps less well versed in Greek myth. While there were a couple of annoying inaccuracies, - the calling of Byzantium 'Istanbul' in a historical context was my personal worst - the exhibition did in general tell the story very clearly. We were further treated to more artefacts from Trojan antiquity, as well as some Mycenaean arrowheads, possibly confirming the validity of the Trojan War? Bar the bricks, arrows and pottery that were found, the discoverer of Troy, Heinrich Schliemann (or more accurately his wife) had also uncovered exceedingly well-preserved examples of jewellery from the site, giving us further insights into the culture of these people. While the actual jewels were looted from Germany by the Red Army - and are now currently in Russia - the British Museum had some replicas, and they were truly spellbinding!

Towards the end of a long gallery of exquisite ancient sculpture, notably Achilles, wounded, with a long arrow piercing his heel, and various depictions of Helen, whose face launched the thousand ships, the emphasis changed and the focus became the modern interpretation of the story and its legendary characters. We were treated to another interpretation of Achilles but this was entirely savage, made obvious by the copious amounts of red paint utilised; then there appeared a contrasting and romantic piece, depicting Athena, Hera and Aphrodite with Helen. We were presented with many examples of film, literature, and even a set of neon lights that provided incredibly creative approaches to the entire Trojan story. This last was an interpretation of the star of Hellas and the story of the Golden Apple portrayed in a totally modern context.

While there were some flaws in the graphics supporting the exhibition (why were so many labels displayed at ankle level!), I really enjoyed seeing such a collection of objects displayed together and lit so well. It was brilliantly curated, and the archaeological record of all the ancient sites was carefully explained. The exhibition was novel in that it presented an intriguing juxtaposition of the old and the new. I would like to thank Mrs Walton and the curatorial team for organising yet another excellent Arts Society trip.

## EN-TASSELS AND FLAT CAPS

*Art Historians, Oxford, 11 March*

Last Wednesday saw the art historians take a trip slightly further afield than usual, to the city of Oxford. Upon meeting on Grove Hill, Ms Bailey was shocked at the sight of a keen Peaky Blinders trio sporting fine overcoats, Schöffels, tasselled loafers and flat caps (Max Hattersley, *The Park*, Leo Wright, *Elmfield*, and Sasha Sebag-Montefiore, *The Knoll*). Despite early high spirits, some were quickly disheartened at the thought of a lengthy bus journey (Sebag-Montefiore), but thankfully we arrived full of eagerness at our first location: Blenheim Palace. After a brisk analysis of the exterior we delved into the labyrinth that was Blenheim to meet our tour guide, Jackie. After an invigorating description of the great hall we moved through



the house at a steady pace, absorbing the beautiful artwork and furniture. To the great disappointment of George Phillips, *The Head Master's*, the interior furniture was apparently French, of which George was not convinced and after a quick call home it was confirmed by the expert that the furniture was British. After a splendid tour of the palace we were keen to get on with the trip and take a short bus journey to the Ashmolean in the heart of the city. The discussion on the journey was very relevant, with boys talking about implementing a 'ring bell for service' system into the boarding Houses. Upon arrival at the museum, boys were keen to get in to see the Rembrandt exhibition; the subject of recent class discussions. For some the exhibition was slightly less appealing (Wright, Sebag-Montefiore), separating the boys from the men, as the former immediately fled to the shop, and the men continued to look at the glorious prints. After around 40 minutes all of the boys were finished except Francis Bamford, *Bradlys*, the self-proclaimed 'Rembrandt hater'.



After a long, not so stressful afternoon, the boys were given 40 minutes to roam the streets of Oxford freely. Some of the Lower Sixt, however, couldn't miss out on some of their typical 'witty banter', walking into one of the oldest and most prestigious hotels in Oxford stating, 'I wish Daddy would sell this place' at which they received looks of awe and jealousy, until they were escorted out. Overall a stupendous afternoon out, thoroughly enjoyed by all boys.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

Henry To and Simon Luo, *'Demystifying One of History's Most Significant Materials: Glass'*  
24 April

Last Friday, the Science Society hosted Henry To, *The Grove*, and Simon Luo, *Bradlys*, for their virtual joint lecture, entitled 'Demystifying One of History's Most Significant Materials: Glass'. At 4.15pm GMT, boys and beaks alike witnessed the society utilising Microsoft Teams to its full potential – not bad for a programme that was previously notorious for its utterly unnecessary existence. Thanks to the tech-savvy genius of CMC and organisational horsepower from CDB, 13 attendees scattered across the globe were able to enjoy what the two speakers had to say. The Live icon materialised and the silent applause subsided: we stepped into the unknown.

To began his lecture by taking us through our history, which has been moulded by our discovery and utilisation of glass. From the early discovery of a black, natural form of glass (obsidian), to its early artificial production throughout Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt, glass has served a variety of purposes, ranging from practical use as a sharp cutting tool to more ornamental application in luxurious beads. Glass blowing as we know it took form in 1AD as a labour-intensive process. It wasn't until 1848 that Henry Bessemer invented the revolutionary Float Glass Technique, a mechanised process whereby molten

glass floats above molten metal, solidifying into a uniform and smooth sheet. The new technique allowed for greater quality control and faster production, saving many lives.

Next, To explained why glass is the way it is: transparent. Diving straight into the theory, he recalled that all electrons in atoms occupy certain discrete energy levels or 'shells'. He continued by explaining that electrons can absorb the energy of a photon, thus getting 'excited' to a higher energy level. There's a catch, though. Electrons can only jump to higher energy levels if the energy of the individual photon is identical to the gap in the energy levels. It just so happens to be that for silicon dioxide (SiO<sub>2</sub>), the most common ingredient of glass, the energy gaps don't correspond to any photons with frequencies in the visible light spectrum. Therefore, glass does not absorb visible light but lets it pass straight through.

Now it was Luo's turn. He started off by debunking a common misconception about glass: that it is supposedly a liquid – only just an incredibly viscous one that flows over the timescale of centuries. In truth however, glass is a solid. Its structure, in fact, is amorphous – lacking long-range organised arrangement. Nevertheless, it is not random – as it would be if it were a fluid. The amorphous structure also explains the brittle nature of glass: Luo explains that due to the lack of grain boundaries between the different planes of orientation, there exist no barriers that prevent faults and cracks quickly extending through the material.

That's all handy dandy, but how is it formed in the first place? In order to form the characteristic amorphous solid, the molten ingredients of glass need to be supercooled – faster than a certain critical rate of cooling – thus giving little time for the points of crystallisation, or 'nuclei', to grow. That way, a regularly arranged crystalline structure, like that of quartz, is prevented from forming and instead an irregular amorphous one develops. It's a simple explanation, but the phenomenon remains an unsolved problem in solid state physics: nobody understands precisely what happens during glass' transition from molten to a vitreous solid.

As often is the case, however, humans utilise what little we know for our own causes. To make the glass that we can all see through, production lines have two well-known techniques at their disposal. Melt quenching involves heating up the supercooled silicon dioxide again. This allows the particles to shift around in response to its internal forces, thus relieving stress and preventing spontaneous cracks from forming once supercooled again. Vapour condensation on the other hand involves condensing a gaseous state of the glass onto a cold, flat surface, forming a thin, solid film in an atom-by-atom fashion.

But what kind of glass do we want coming out the other end? If it is one with a low thermal expansion coefficient and low softening temperatures, high chemical and electrical resistance and transparency to a wide range of wavelengths of light, then Silica-based glass is perfect for the job: the strong Si-O bond makes the material inert. With a boron 'fluxer', this makes for great kitchenware glasses (like the ol' Pyrex measuring cups) and ginormous lenses like those in the Rayleigh Observatory (I was paid by CMC to say that). It's also a far better candidate for lab equipment than your bare hands (as CEP will tell you from his experience). What about glass with a lower cost and higher durability? That's what 'soda-lime' glass is for, comprising of additional sodium oxide or calcium oxide, and it does a solid (pun-intended) job at being industrial glass; it is utilised in the drinking glasses and windows you encounter every day. But what if we ignored the silica base and tried to make amorphous metals instead? This idea turns out to be not only possible but incredibly useful. Iron-rich amorphous solids like iron-boron glass is surprisingly both magnetic and unable to conduct electricity. Thus, it is typically used in laminating transformer cores, preventing the changing magnetic flux from creating electric currents that interfere with the coils of wire.

All in all, Luo and To delivered a lecture both insightful and interesting. Don't let its transparent appearance fool you – within

those amorphous structures lie more value than what meets the eye. Now I'm starting to feel guilty about those reckless 'adventures' I had during my PAGs.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

Henry Webster, "*Paradoxes of Modern Physics*",  
27 April

On Monday 27 April, Henry Webster, *Druries*, presented "Paradoxes of Modern Physics" to the Science Society. This was, undoubtedly, a thought-provoking and interesting topic that was delivered wonderfully. The paradoxes are outlined as follows. Firstly, the types of paradox were outlined: the veridical paradoxes are statements that are always paradoxical; the falsidical paradoxes are statements that are paradoxical because of faulty reasoning; and the dialetheial paradoxes, which are neither true nor false. Most of these paradoxes are based on the concept of infinity and the difficulty of comprehending it. A lot like how many emails we get these days.

The first paradoxes were examples of veridical paradoxes: Hilbert's Hotel, electron spin and objects with singular points of balance. For Hilbert's Hotel, which states that there is a hotel with an infinite number of rooms, yet they are all filled. The way to fit another person into the hotel would be to ask each resident to move to the next room (room  $n+1$ , where room  $n$  is the resident's current room). This is obviously a paradox, as a full hotel should not be able to fit more people.

For paradox 2., electric boogaloo, Henry elaborated upon the widely accepted axiom of electron spin. In the Stern-Gerlach experiment from the early 1920s, where silver atoms were passed through an inhomogeneous magnetic field and the atoms were propelled onto a screen, silver atoms were observed to be "spin up" or "spin down". Einstein stated that two identical electrons would be in a state of quantum entanglement, where one could be spin up and the other would be the opposite (spin down), and this would be true in any point in the universe. The paradox here is that the message of the spin of an electron/fermion in general could travel faster than light. A great answer delivered by our own Eugene Kim (all hail) was that the message transferred would be random and meaningless, since the spin is not up nor down until messaged.

Moving slowly on at the speed of a turtle: the gömböc. This shape has only one point of balance and shows how turtles, when on their backs, can self-right. A turtle's shell may feel like a point of balance, but it is extremely unstable and a little change in the centre of mass would cause rotation and the turtle to be back on its feet. The shape itself feels contradictory since one would think that all shapes would have more than one position of equilibrium.

Next, Webster outlined some falsidical paradoxes: the Shepard tone and the arrow paradox (classically known as Zeno's dichotomy paradox)

The Shepard tone is caused by the superposition of sine waves, which causes the same repeating pitch to sound like an increasing/decreasing pitch. However, both cannot be heard at the same time. It may seem that the tritone paradox is forever increasing in pitch to an infinite frequency, but this is false due to the aforementioned superposition.

The arrow paradox, as Webster explained, is easily explained as an archer shooting an arrow from A to B with the distance between A to B as  $S$ . For the arrow to get to  $S$ , it must get halfway there, then a quarter of the way there, then an eighth and so on. Therefore,  $S$  can be represented of the sum of a half + a quarter + an eighth, to an infinite series of  $(2n)-1$ . This sum will never mathematically reach one, but since  $S=1$ , then the infinite sum does not matter. The paradox that 1 does not equal one is a paradox of semantics.

Finally, Webster described Schrödinger's cat, a dialetheial

paradox. The cat in the box which is at any one point both alive and dead is dialetheial, since the cat is neither one state nor another. The state is, therefore, called an "Isolated Quantum State".

In the end, Henry's talk was nothing short of outstanding, cramming in the equivalent of an A level lecture in the time of a *Friends* episode.

## ORIENTAL SOCIETY

Gareth Tan, "*Angkor Wat? How it Bagan: The Twin Stories of Burma and Cambodia*", 1 May

On Friday 1 May, Gareth Tan, *Moretons*, presented 'Angkor Wat? How it Bagan: The Twin Stories of Burma and Cambodia' to the Oriental Society. This was a brilliant talk that was delivered with humour and extensive knowledge of the history of the two countries. Naturally, this was a brilliant talk to end our week on.

Tan Bagan with the Bagan Empire, outlining its architecture and its fall. The empire was formed in 1044 under Anawrahta and fell completely after the Mongol invasion of 1287.

Under Htilominlo, the Buddhist king of Bagan who ruled from 1211 to 1235, multiple Buddhist temples were constructed. This was a consequence of Htilominlo donating two-thirds of all the arable land to a Buddhist group (the Sangha) in order to show his devotion to the religion. The grand temples included the Gawdawpalin and Mahabodhi temples. The land and the resources used in construction led to an era of instability and the beginning of a period of decline.

After Htilominlo's death, the reins of the country were given to Kyaswa, his son, who reigned from 1235 to 1251. Kyaswa was an even more devout Buddhist king and attempted to reform the country, after all the tax-free temples had almost emptied the royal treasury. However, the reformation and his devotion clashed, as Kyaswa could hardly complete the Pyathadar temple during his reign. This is why the Pyathadar temple is much smaller than temples built during his father's reign. The Bagan Empire was clasp at straws at this point to retain power, due to depletion of the royal treasury.

Tan then skipped past Uzana (Kyaswa's son and successor) and moved onto his son, Narathihapate, the last king of Bagan. Narathihapate's reign from 1256 was fairly peaceful, despite the economic problems brought about by his great-grandfather still effecting the Empire. Although the treasury running on empty, Narathihapate managed to construct the Mingalazedi temple in 1274 and all seemed peaceful. Then everything changed when the Mongols attacked. During the invasion, Narathihapate ran away from the Mongols and earned himself the nickname "The King who fled from the Mongols". This is where the story of Bagan ends.

Tan moved onto Angkor, the capital city of the Khmer Empire, which was the precursor state to Cambodia. Angkor was established as the capital at the beginning of the Empire, in the late 9th century, and was abandoned by the Empire's fall in 1431. Angkor is also home to Angkor Wat, the magnificent temple at the heart of the city, which is the world's largest religious building.

Starting with Suryavarman II, the great Hindu king who united the Khmer Empire and ruled from 1113 to 1150, and who built Angkor Wat. The temple was dedicated to the god Vishnu and took 37 years to build, made possible by the golden age of Khmer, a time of economic and religious boom in the empire. To this day, Angkor Wat remains one of the most visited tourist attractions in Cambodia.

Moving on half a century, Jayavarman VIII, another Hindu King who ruled from 1243 to 1295, reigned during the final boom of the Khmer Empire. Jayavarman was a staunch Hindu and began vandalising Buddhist temples in order to promote Hinduism in

the empire. There was a lack of recordkeeping, perhaps owing to the Mongol invasion in 1283, when Jayavarman paid tribute to the Mongols and kept his rule until his abdication in 1295, or due to Jayavarman himself removing records.

The collapse of the Khmer Empire, as Tan outlined, can be attributed to multiple aspects: ecological problems, foreign invasions or civil war due to religious conversion to Buddhism.

As is standard for Tan's talks, it was second to none in the effort put into it, and his delivery was impeccable. The stories of five kings and two empires, with brilliant PowerPoint transitions, was definitely a great choice for the inaugural Oriental Society Teams Meeting.

## MEDICAL SOCIETY

*Patrick Tallentire, and Jack Gosden, both Lyon's,  
"On Trauma"*

Trauma is probably something that we all hope to not face during our lives. The thought of it conjures images of pain and suffering, two very unpleasant things. However, we don't live in a perfect world, and people have to deal with trauma, whatever the scale. It is therefore important to have a clear grasp of trauma and how to treat it. The trauma of some can also be used to benefit others, as it can lead to advances in medicine, preventing future victims from going through the same thing. Hopefully, the two talks by Patrick Tallentire and Jack Gosden can shed some light on trauma.

Trauma can manifest in many forms, but it originates from the Greek word for wound. Whilst dealing with physical trauma, speed is the most important factor. The paramedics who arrive at the scene of an accident employ treatment such as stitches and blood transfusions to keep the patient alive until they get to the hospital. Patients require treatment in the hour following the accident; the procedure to follow is the ATLS Protocol. The acronym to remember this is CABCADE, to check catastrophic haemorrhage, airway, breathing, circulation, disability and exposure (small wounds). An important piece of information is the down time of a patient; this is the time since the last natural heartbeat. In general, 20 minutes of down time is the maximum before someone can't be revived. However, there are instances where this limit has been exceeded. There was a case where a woman who had been trapped by an avalanche was able to be resuscitated and made a full recovery after 2 hours of down time. This was due to the fact that her body had been kept cold by the snow that trapped her. The cold slows down the metabolism and since the brain doesn't store glucose around itself, the brain can survive longer with the glucose that it does have. This is also an example of how trauma was able to lead to scientific discovery. Another example is the advancement made in heart surgery after Dr Dwight Harken was able to operate on and save 140 men after D-Day. D-Day itself was a terrible thing, but it allowed people to improve heart surgery. A more famous example could be that plastic surgery was pioneered to help burn victims. Without the trauma that they faced, we might not have plastic surgery today.

Gosden spoke about how trauma can manifest in many forms. We have acute trauma, which is characterised as a one-off event, chronic trauma, which is built up over a long term and finally complex trauma, which could include a combination of both or multiple events. Trauma can be physical, for example blunt force or penetrative, or psychological. Psychological trauma is usually the result of a traumatic event, for example the death of a family member. Although everyone is different, there are some similarities in the way that PTSD is formulated. This common occurrence is a set of events that form a cycle. The

inciting event is almost always a traumatic event that induces fear and kicks off the flight or fight response. The rest of the formulation depends on the individual. People can be more or less susceptible to developing PTSD. The three main factors for this include rumination, psychological flexibility and the type of trauma. Rumination refers to deep reflection, so if someone tends to play the events in their head often, this could make them more likely to develop PTSD. Psychological flexibility is someone's ability to adapt to the situation; if they can't adapt they will also be more likely to develop PTSD. The type of trauma also has a role, whether it is physical or a moral injury. Diagnosing PTSD is very difficult because many of its symptoms are comorbid with things like depression or anxiety. Symptoms include shock and difficulty to maintain relationships. Treatment for PTSD includes counselling with a psychologist, EMDR and medication such as paroxetine. EMDR means Eye Movement Desensitisation and Reprocessing; this uses things like eye movements and finger tapping to lessen the change in emotions when recalling a traumatic event. However, when treating PTSD or anything psychological in nature, it is important to treat the patient and not the disease. This is because people are different and respond to treatment differently.

In conclusion, it is very important to understand what trauma is and how we can deal with it. Psychological trauma it is often hard to diagnose, but if it is caught early and people get the help that they need, the crisis can be averted. In terms of physical trauma, speed is an important factor when it comes to someone's chances of survival. If you are ever in the situation where you have to help someone who's had an accident, it is key to remember that no time can be wasted. Hopefully these talks were insightful and you have learnt something interesting.

## METROPOLITAN

### WE ARE NOT A MUSE

*Meeting the Male Gaze in Speech Room*

Anyone whose attention has momentarily wandered during Speech Room may have noted that the five windows behind the stage feature five pairs of allegorical figures representing various disciplines: Justice and Law, Sculpture and Painting, Astronomy and Geometry, Poetry and Music, and Faith and Charity. This stained glass forms part of a huge installation across the school, which was designed and crafted by CJFB's ancestors.

Those of a more eagle-eyed disposition – or classical mindset – will also have observed that they do not correspond to the nine Greek Muses. The subjects were probably chosen from a long list of Victorian allegories, based on the number of windows and the 19th-century interests of the School at the time of Speech Room's construction.

Following the tradition of the Western canon, these allegories are all depicted as women, and stand within ornate niches. All are youthful, healthy and buxom, representing how each of their subjects thrive and, in addition to their Latin subtitles, each has clear iconography to evoke the theme. Justice, to the far left, holds the scales of her profession in her left hand and her sword of authority in her right. She is blindfolded to show her impartiality. Meanwhile, as well as a hammer in her left hand, Sculpture holds a gilded statue in her right, representing metalwork, while a bust placed just behind her represents stonework. Astronomy, flanked by a telescope and a celestial



globe, looks wistfully upwards. The allegories have been carefully paired (astronomy and geometry are placed together, as are charity and belief, and painting and sculpture), and the pose of each reflects their pendants.

Above each of these allegories are two portraits of men, who were known leaders in their fields, with the more recent figure of the pair being British. Galileo and Newton sit above Astronomy, while Poetry is overlooked by Dante and Shakespeare. The trajectory for both of the visual arts (painting and sculpture) tells us a lot about contemporary views of the British Empire, as in both cases, it starts with Ancient Greek masters (Apelles and Phidias) moves on to the 'genii' of the Italian Renaissance (Raphael and Michelangelo) and ends with English practitioners: Reynolds and Flaxman. Perhaps unusually, the men chosen to represent these fields are not Old Harrovians but come from a wider historical, cultural and geographical range.

The men are instantly recognisable; not only are they labelled with their names and life dates, but their stained glass representations are also based on well-known existing portraits. For example, Dante's likeness is taken from his portrait by Domenico di Michelino and Raphael's is based on his famous 1505 'Self-Portrait'. Each man is celebrated as an individual, whereas the women are simply 'types': idealised figures with oval faces, youthful complexions, symmetrical features and timeless clothing. Were it not for a slight variance in hair colour, they could almost be the same woman, copied and pasted, and augmented with different attributes. In blunt terms, the men are people, and the women are not. They are representations of women which are no longer acceptable, which we should seek actively to counter in our thinking and approach.

The art critic John Berger, writing in 1972, remarked that the primary role of women in Western visual culture is "to be looked at". In *Ways Of Seeing*, Berger argues that:

"The contradiction can be stated quite simply. On the one hand the individualism of the artist, the thinker, the patron, the owner: on the other hand, the person who is the object of their activities – the woman – treated as a thing or an abstraction ... Men act and women appear."

The ten figures in Speech Room make up the largest gathering of women you're likely to find in Harrow on any given day. This has changed temporarily, with a new exhibition, 'The Muse And The Maker' showcasing the Old Speech Room Gallery's collection of images of and by women. Portraits from ancient Crete will sit alongside Pre-Raphaelite sculpture, 20th-century photography, and artworks created by current members of staff. The representation of women in our everyday visual life on the Hill, if indeed we have noticed them in Speech Room at all, as archetypes rather than as individuals of achievement, with life stories, is something we need to reform as Harrovians, growing up and entering into a 21st century which has long since moved away from such a view. I hope that in this week, following international Women's Day we can consider carefully our consciousness about gender and its representation in Harrow.

Many thanks to JESB for her research work on the windows in Speech Room, which features prominently above, which made this article possible.

## DAME VAUGHAN

*Agony Aunt*

DEAR EVERYONE,

"What?! Just one letter?! You're replying to no-one?! You're literally just... writing a response?! Who do you think you are, the Queen, addressing us all thus in some mass oration?" I hear you all cry in hysteric indignation, circling the Vaughan with your trumpets and ululations, shouting in reproach. Ardent enthusiasts of this column are nothing if not passionate.

Well keep calm and carrying on reading, because I know! Look at me breaking precedent and form. I always have been a rebel. However, I am responding to a request, albeit one not arriving through the normal channel. The reference in Speech Room; the letter in last week's Harrovian. One book request is percolating through to the River Vaughan like a refreshing sip of Buxton water...

Times are uncertain, and unprecedented. We're living through an age where what we need is unity, community, and calm, yet we're experiencing individualism, self-centred hoarding, and hysteria. What we need is a book to save us: a light to pierce through the dark; preferably a lengthy one or part of a series (because let's face it, we may have a lot more free time on our hands, and even if we don't go into self-isolation this is the last edition before the Easter holidays), and one which gives us hope in an overcast time. What we need is FELLOWSHIP.

Well, luckily for you, Dame Vaughan will provide. The Lord of the Rings trilogy by J R R Tolkien (and the prequel The Hobbit should you burn through them). An epic Manichaean fantasy series by a true craftsman of the genre, these were made famous by an equally thrilling film franchise, and a no less disturbing and unnecessary prequel trilogy. As a rich and complex masterclass in worldbuilding, this trilogy will be sure to fill up your time. Even if you think you know the filmic tale of an unlikely fellowship striving against the odds to unite kingdoms and defeat the forces of evil, the books weave a richer tapestry for you to wrap yourself in. However, the series is far more than simply a fantasy series (not that the genre should be thought of as lesser than any other): Tolkien was an English fellow and Anglo-Saxon professor at Oxford, and the text is suffused with folklore, theology and philosophy, all nurtured through a deeply powerful and earthy language system. The trilogy exists as an allegory of the world wars, and is an exploration of religion and spirituality, grounded in mythology through his belief that myths are the divine echoes of truth. Most of all, if this were not enough to convince you that Tolkien's masterpiece are worth reading, they are a series that espouses hope in the face of adversity; friendship in the face of isolation; good in the face of evil; and the power of fellowship. A more beautiful code of morals woven into a thrilling storyline I dare you to find. They're also just a really good story. If anything, it'll keep you entertained for a while. Look after yourself, wash your hands, and have a wonderful Easter break.

Yours in fellowship,

DAME VAUGHAN

Myyyyyy Precciousssssss

[If you have a book-themed predicament, and wish to seek advice from the omniscient Dame Vaughan, please email the editor or the Vaughan Library, who will pass it onto the Dame's people]

## WORLD BOOK DAY COMPETITION

5 March

To celebrate the joy of reading, the English Department invited all staff and boys to enter this 24-hour competition. The task was, in no more than 200 words, to write a creative description of a dinner party encounter with your favourite character from a novel.

Below is a selection of the best entries:

*TLR*

The row of terraced houses down Shrub Lane look forlorn. I

knock on No. 4, staring at the chipped paintwork as I wait. The door opens and I step over a pile of letters stamped 'Urgent' in big red ink. Regrettably, I follow my nose to the kitchen; the overflowing bin overpowering the eggs which burn on the hob. I try not to touch the surface of the table as I sit. I have to remind myself that I'm here to listen. Not to cook or clean or tidy or fix. I'm here to listen.

I force a smile as the 'meal' is presented, picking out the burnt bits as he turns to get a fork. He's no different to my other clients. He finds communication hard; no greeting at the door, no small talk in the kitchen. He's nervous. Untrusting. Hopelessly dependent. I hate to compare but it's typical. He was raised believing himself better. Better than his weird cousin. But in the real world, his fantasyland has burst. The excluder becomes the excluded. If only we could wave a magic wand and fix all these problems. But no. It takes time.

"So, Dudley, how have you been feeling this week?"

*Estelle Marshall (staff)*

#### NO TIME TO DINE

Accessible only by cable car, the cavernous dining room had been dug into the snow-topped mountain. It was the size of a football pitch and included a massive marble dining table which sparkled with cut crystal glasses. Pure white crockery sat between silver cutlery, each place setting named for its owner. The black-tie dress code was an understatement, with guests glittering in sequins and diamonds. A string quartet played discretely in one corner, opposite a vodka luge. Floral displays of white lilies were interrupted by the occasional threat of a blood-red rose.

Waiters in white gloves circled the guests as they arrived, keeping the champagne flowing. Despite this being a celebration, there was a palpable tension; laughter appeared false, conversation stilted, with eyes darting, watching for him to appear. A more careful scan revealed a dozen security staff constantly monitoring proceedings and murmuring responses through tiny microphones.

Gold cushioned chairs scraping against the concrete floor, we dispersed to find our seats, conversations and opinions to be revisited later.

We turned as a silver spoon clinked against a glass and the room fell suddenly silent. The man in the beige suit sneered, "Ah, Mr Bond – we have been expecting you"

*Que Akhavan Zanjani*

Light glinting off the gunmetal surface of my fork, I plunged it into the mass of uncooked broccoli on my plate, killing time with each thrust, till the dreariness of a 'happy family dinner' would give way to the excitement of – literally anything else. Eyes glazed, I clocked the time; any moment now – 19:00.

And with the rumbling of train tracks, my father strained himself from his seat to stand and complain, as he always did, assuming that another 10 inches in height would increase his stature beyond flattering self-perceptions of being a 'portly gentleman'. I had never really known what it was that my father did for a living; all I had gathered was that my old mum left because of it, and that his new wife was too busy spending his money to care. With his rant only just having concluded, he was startled by a new rumbling; an unscheduled train, unusually loud. Ruffling his tie, he assumed the complexion of my plate's late contents as he drew up a pitiful attempt at a roar; soon lost, as tearing Smoke scorched the air between us. Through a shattered window, a dark figure in a theatre mask drew his weapon and fired. The gunmetal screech of dad's blood pouring through his suit met only a knowing grin; the figure glanced at me, signed a V, and left amidst our screams.

*Arthur Ludlam*

The militaristic statue of Jay Gatsby sat formerly at the end of the table, and like Medusa herself stared at me dead in the eye with an omnipotent look. Gatsby's hand rested firmly on

top of the ivory cutlery and his foot tapped rhythmically on the Jacobean mahogany floor. The ghostly figure of a waiter dressed in white, glided over the floor towards the table, unto which Gatsby and I were sat approximately three and a half metres apart. Gently placing the evenings victuals in front of us, the waiter revealed to Gatsby's disappointment a dish of Cascapedia salmon with barely ripe lemons and Oscietra caviar. Attempting to subtly feed my intruding thoughts regarding the origins and story of Gatsby, I glanced over at him, with my eyes flickering up towards him momentarily. Adjusting his pink suit in the process, in one swift movement he stood up and walked off to my confusion.

Five minutes had been, and I soon realised Gatsby was to be no more. I had left the dinner party not only startled of his whereabouts but knowing the same about the man of many mysteries as I had before.

*MJMR*

Although the quail eggs sat rather grumpily on the lettuce, as if aid by a bird with rather better things to do, the celery was as stiff as one might reasonably hope for at this late hour and, it was with this that Bertie reached over and poked Gussie's newt. The little beast was making his first appearance at the Drones' club since the unfortunate incident last Christmas and was now, as Gussie exclaimed to all those present, on track to win best in show at the Mayfair Amphibian Jamboree.

"So what makes the slippery chap a sure-fire winner?" Enquired Bertie fanning interest as he munched on the edible prodger.

"Well..." began the optimistic newt-lover as he quaffed a stiffener, "much depends on the cove who is his wearing the judge's sash, and this year it's none-other Lady Gertrude Fanshawe."

"Crikey, not the same Lady F whose niece, Violet, you made such an complete ass of yourself in Antibes last month?" blurted Bertie.

"The very same and, as all is now forgiven, the cup is in the bag!" Gussie beamed, unaware that, freed from celery-abuse, his Urodelean champion was slipping determinedly into the punch bowl...

*Olufemi Lijadu*

For a few moments I battle with the overwhelming urge to close my eyes and drift into a food induced sleep following such a satisfying and voluminous meal. Only but a few guests remain, all immobilized by their bulged bellies. I perk awake as I notice a strange character sitting on a faraway table. His fair hair conceals his face as he scoops food in absurdly large handfuls up and into his mouth. Intrigued, I chuckle and stumble towards his table and introduce myself to this mysterious character whose hunger seems nowhere near satisfaction. As I approach, he looks up and a wildness seems to exude from his steely blue eyes, comparable to a wolf determinedly guarding its most recent kill. I flinch. The young man introduces himself as 'John the Savage' which in my opinion is a slightly odd name. Despite my eagerness, he did not seem keen on further conversation – his emotionless face stares intensely at me, almost through me. Suddenly his eyes well up with bulbous tears as he begins to wail something strange about 'absolution for his sin of gluttony' and a 'whip'. I get up briskly – it's starting to get a bit late.

*Sadab Muhtasim Mannan*

#### THE ONCE-LER'S SUPPER

The clock had chimed loudly,

"Oh good, 'tis eight!"

Remarked The Once-ler

whilst being handed a plate.

'Twas a jolly ole' supper:

Mushy peas, mashed yam

And the big hearty serving  
of green eggs and ham.

"Oh golly, oh gee,"  
Said The Once-ler with glee,  
"They sure do know how  
to treat my belly!"

Then silence took over  
for a minute or two,  
as The Once-ler and I  
continued to chew;  
CRUNCHing and MUNCHing and SWALLOWing,  
our supping was well worth the wallowing.

As the hour-hand neared nine,  
one could hear the loud screech  
of forks and knives scraping  
for morsels within reach.

But no need to fear,  
for the aroma in the air,  
and the butlers' soft footsteps  
told dessert was near.  
"Oh, deary me," said The Once-ler,  
"They've put me on a throne!  
But ALAS! As of now  
I weigh 20 stone."

"Oh Once-ler! Don't be daft,"  
said I with a flair,  
whilst butlers set out puddings,  
cakes and custards everywhere.

And so went the evening,  
until about ten,  
when I groaned "I'm full!"  
and mumbled "Now then?"  
"Now what?" asked The Once-ler,  
muddled as ever...  
...when the Shells woke me up,  
and I spat, "Well I never!"

*John Richardson*  
*THE TEA PARTY*

He was mad. No, maybe he is still mad. He's definitely still mad. He introduced the other guests to me, but my gaze was drawn to the weathered and peeling leather hat that bobbed up and down to the rhythm of his tottering head. His deep ginger locks bustled and bounded from the brim of his hat towards me; fluorescent green eyes stared deep into a soul of which I assume he saw nothing much more than much muchness. Verbal diarrhoea poured out of his pink lips as his tongue rolled and accentuated every word that graced his pale and frosty white cheeks.

Suddenly words sprang from his heavy gaze.

"This, my most lovely and warmly welcomed companion, is the March Hare – mad but not quite as mad as me!" He announced in a high-pitched voice which then gave rise to an uncontrollable cackling.

Now, let me tell you what I know – or what I don't. No one knows anything when your stuck in the endless cycle of ticking seconds on a grandfather clock whilst one has no relation to time.

I believed in as many as six impossible things before breakfast – The Mad Hatter

*George Gallagher*  
*DINNER PARTY WITH HENRY DE TAMBLE*

I stand in front of their apartment door, the rain still dripping

off my hair and jacket. Without even knocking, the door swings open and the first thing that strikes me is the heat emanating from the apartment, 'George!' Henry greets me with warmth paralleling that of the apartment, 'do come in, Claire has the table set up already'. I enter the apartment and Henry takes my coat from me, Claire ambles over and hugs me, the kind of hug that you could maintain forever. 'How are you?' she asks sincerely, 'Bloody freezing', she gave a giggle and from across the room I could hear Henry laughing heartily. I sit down at the table and Claire and Henry join me; the food looks magnificent. 'Wine?' Henry asks, 'It's all we have since Gomez drank the last of the beer'.

'That would be lovely, thank you', Henry walk over and begins to pour my wine, at that moment he disappears, the bottle crashes to the ground, I quickly stand up, Claire lets out a shriek but quickly composes herself. 'What the hell? What just happened?'

'It's fine' Claire reassures me, 'he'll be back soon'.

*Edward Blunt*

My heart started pumping, beating faster and faster with every step he took. I could feel with almost tangible dread, his chilling presence. Then, with a jolt, I turned to face the man who had haunted my dreams and my life through the harrowing tales of his calm exploits. Staring deep into the abyss of his eyes, I saw nothing. Often, it is said that the eyes are the window to the soul, but looking into the eyes of this man, I saw no soul. There before me stood Hannibal Lecter, the doctor. We sat down to dine on lamb and red wine. His hair was stretched thinly, combed back across his head, the strands separated as bars to his skull. Stretched across his face was a smile, appearing to show a sense of happiness, but all the while giving a flicker of a true sadistic nature. Protruding from within the cavern of his mouth his teeth rose and fell like icicles, as cold as their owner. Reaching across the table for his wine, Lecter's fingers stroked my knuckles. His hands withdrew and he pressed his fingers against his nostrils inhaling with passion and pleasure.

## BIOLOGY ESSAY

*"Using specific examples, discuss the possible challenges, benefits and risks of rewilding extinct animals", by Charlie Reed*

The last wolf in Scotland was killed in 1680 by the Chief of Clan Cameron at Killiecrankie in 1680, according to folklore. Billionaire Paul Lister wants to reintroduce wolves and lynx to his 23,000 acre Alladale Estate, which he bought in 2003 in the Scottish Highlands. The locals are not happy.

We are experiencing a mass extinction on Earth, the sixth since the beginning of life on Earth, but the first for which humans must take responsibility. As the northern white rhino, the Sunda tiger and many others inch towards extinction, does rewilding with animals give us a scientific method to hold back the tide of extinction Armageddon? Or is rewilding just another trendy eco-warrior movement which, like veganism, is a sop to soothe our guilt and grief without any real benefit to the environment?

The term 'rewilding' was coined by environmentalist campaigners in the 1990s and first taken up by scientists Soulé and Noss who wrote that rewilding is 'the scientific argument for restoring big wilderness based on the regulatory roles of large predators'. The argument is based on trophic cascade theory: i.e. that ecosystems are largely shaped by the behaviours of apex predators. When they are re-introduced, habitats will restore themselves, biodiversity will be enriched and ecosystem



services will increase.

Yellowstone Park (8991 km<sup>2</sup>) re-introduced wolves in 1996 after a 70-year absence, during which the elk population had massively increased, competing for food with bison, which declined. Elk ate aspen and willow so that songbirds and beavers declined. Since reintroduction, the elk population decreased; aspen, willow, songbirds and beavers increased. So Yellowstone has been a success in that the ecosystem has benefited greatly from reintroduction of the apex predator. But “This idea that wolves have caused rapid and widespread restoration of the ecosystem is just bunk. It’s just absolutely a fairytale,” says Tom Hobbs, Professor of Ecology at Colorado State University. Without beaver habitat engineering, the streams became deeper and faster in places so that willow can’t grow, and without willow, beavers can’t return.

Since 1998, the term ‘rewilding’ has also been used to describe reintroducing mega-herbivores as the apex consumer. Pleistocene Park (20km<sup>2</sup>) in Siberia, created in 1996, aimed to recreate the Pleistocene steppe ecosystem which existed 12,000 years ago before, it is argued, *Homo sapiens* ruined it by over-hunting its mammoths, aurochs and other huge herbivores. As these are mostly extinct, proxy species, which will perform the same role in the ecosystem, are introduced instead - reindeer, Yakutian horse, moose, bison, musk ox, yak, Kalmykian cow and sheep. The park authorities claim that, over the last 20 years, the land has moved from tundra to grass steppe which has a much more resilient permafrost, beneficial in the fight against climate change.

Oostvaardersplassen in the Netherlands (60km<sup>2</sup>) was a piece of land reclaimed from industrial use in the 1970s. First, it was marshland for greylag geese, then Konik cattle, Heck ponies and red deer, chosen to mimic Pleistocene grazers, were introduced to keep down the willow which was keeping out geese. This also meant fencing the reserve. Without culling, the animals starved during a harsh winter which caused controversy amongst Dutch locals who threw hay over the fences. The Oostvaardersplassen ecologist maintained that it is all part of nature’s plan in a rewilded landscape. Surely without a fence, animals in the wild would have travelled further in search of food?

Last year, British imagination was grabbed by Isabella Tree’s book about rewilding her farming estate at Knepp (14km<sup>2</sup>) in Sussex in 2001 with animals selected to replicate the Pleistocene roles of different types of grazers and rooters: i.e. long-horned cattle for aurochs, Exmoor ponies for primitive horses, Tamworth pigs for wild boar, and deer. The area is fenced, animals are culled and the meat sold. In her book, Tree bemoans the fact that they can’t leave the animals to die, like at Oostvaardersplassen, because of likely protest. Biodiversity has increased significantly on this land over 20 years with lots of species, like nightingales, returning.

From these three examples, and there are more, for example the privately-owned Tompkins’ reserve in Patagonia and the Rhodope mountains run by Rewilding Europe, it is clear that rewilding with animals does have clear benefits to ecosystems. The first practical challenge is the need for space (one wolf pack needs 200km<sup>2</sup>) in a world with a large and growing human population. For a scheme like Yellowstone to work, it is necessary to create migration corridors and engineer connectivity between parcels of land, like building wildlife bridges over motorways, which is expensive. Second is managing conflict between predators and humans (the wolves in Yellowstone are protected within the park, but if they go over the boundary they are allowed to be hunted; thirteen were shot last year). Third is the issues of fences; the philosophy of rewilding is that it aims to establish an ecosystem which is self-sustaining and requires little or no management by human but as soon as you build a fence, humans need to manage the animals by culling or sterilizing. What, then, is the difference between a fenced ‘rewilded’ area and a large zoo or safari park where humans are in charge?

The major risk of rewilding is that, with most schemes only 20-30 years old, it is not clear what the impacts on ecosystems will be long-term. Also, it is being carried out by a mixture of NGOs, private landowners and government organisations, with varying aims and ideas. Sceptical scientists argue for more rigorous scientific research and hypothesis testing. Nogués-Bravo says that ‘As the drumbeat for rewilding gets faster and louder, such self-evaluations have been rare.’ Nogués-Bravo argues that ecological change at the end of the Pleistocene period was more to do with climate change than the hunting of mega-herbivores. The control and elimination of reintroduced animals that have an unforeseen detrimental effect on ecosystems will be difficult and expensive. Corlett says that the romantic appeal of releasing charismatic mammals into the wild has got ahead of science and that using past ecosystems as targets, is likely to be inappropriate in a time of rapid environmental change. For example when beavers were reintroduced into farmed Scottish landscape (which wasn’t farmed in Medieval times when the beavers were last there), the farm land became water-logged and trees were destroyed leading to possible diminishing of other forms of biodiversity which had adapted to farmed pasture since beavers were gone.

The term ‘rewilding’ has ballooned from reintroducing trophic cascades to Pleistocene recreation, to letting go without introducing anything (‘passive rewilding’) and much more, e.g. a zoo near Bristol called Wild Place which uses the terminology of ecosystems but keeps bears, lynxes, wolves and wolverines on a 0.03km<sup>2</sup> woodland site. Nogués-Bravo says that one of the risks is the lack of consensus as to what is meant by rewilding. Add to this the fact that the word ‘wild’ has become fashionable: e.g. ‘wild swimming’, and that ‘rewilding’ has gained quasi-religious support.

Though current schemes have shown there are some benefits, there are however potential costs stemming from a lack of research and definition. The challenges are that it must be able to take place with humans in their landscapes, rather than moving them out. Apex predator rewilding is more possible in extremely large wilderness areas which can be connected together such as in Yellowstone. In the UK and parts of the world with high populations and ancient farmed landscapes, perhaps fenced ‘Pleistocene’ rewilding should be rebranded as ‘wild farming’, which is in effect what Knepp is because they sell meat from culled animals. Farmers could be encouraged to take up wild farming within the current ‘green’ farming subsidies system. However, rewilding with animals does seem to offer real hope in a time of extreme anxiety over the fate of our planet.

## SONNET TO A SCIENTIST

O My Son! A product of times gone by,  
As your peering eye doth still smile at me,  
Let me share good knowledge to consume thee,  
For only then can thou leave this nest to fly.

The world is greater than what thou can see,  
In majesty pain and love eternal,  
For lest science bestow thee with certainty,  
Like Icarus thou shall never be free.

For we truly have only one desire,  
A wish we are set to never acquire,  
For we want the wisdom of life’s true sage,  
To be released from ignorance’ steel cage.

Yet here you sit below our blossom tree,  
Waiting for an apple to fall on thee

## AUGUSTUS FLEET POETRY COMPETITION

The annual Augustus Fleet Poetry Competition was not to be interrupted this year; adverse circumstances had little affect on the quality of verse created by Harrovians from all year groups. Entries were of an exceptional standard across the board, which made judging this competition both a blessing and a curse. The winning poems from this year's competition were of expectedly varied themes and styles, but all showcasing an exceptional command of language. Jake Henson's winning poem, *he speaks*, used an alternative voice with an outstanding attention to metrical form and the manipulation of rhythm, whilst Louis Malhamé showed us the large impact such few words can have. In the Fifth Form, Henry Ridley transported us to the world of Henragol in Old Norse fashion, whilst Joseph Wragg gave an almost Eliotian recount of the evolution of voice in a hauntingly fractured style. The Shell award this year went to a beautifully crafted poem from Herman Hong, assuming the role of man's best friend. It has been a pleasure to read this Harrovian poetry, and I do hope that these poems inspire a new wave of verse.

The winning poems:

*Louis Malhamé*  
*THANKS FOR LISTENING!*

When  
everyone speaks,  
no one  
is heard.

When  
no one speaks,  
no one  
is heard.

When  
I speak,  
I  
am heard.

*Jake Henson*  
"Urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — AND I WILL BE HEARD."  
— William Lloyd Garrison, 1831.

*he speaks*  
He sits, alone at the window, fixed, completely still,  
And raising his pen, awakens the storm,  
That clasps at the windowsill.  
He rolls it between his fingers and spinning on the page,  
The wave that lies within willow and ink,  
Is writhing within its cage.

He wrenches his tongue from the grindstone,  
to strike at the hollow skin,  
but the dried voices that whisper and groan,  
redouble their assault upon him.  
He fears the glare of Tereus' knife,  
He hides from the watchful eyes,  
He tugs at the chains, but is bound by the pain,  
And silently, angrily cries.

Cries out for the dancer who's frolics and spins  
Are bound by the rope of the crowd,  
And weeps for the striking of Belial's horns,

For they claim that his voice is too loud.  
And he sits, where nothing is written,  
Tries to utter the word,  
But his voice is snatched by the warnings,  
And the discontented herd.

The screaming fades into the distance,  
The speeches collapse into dust,  
The hours of well-rehearsed pages  
Destroyed by the slightest disgust.  
So, he tries, takes his stand at the window,  
At the voices he tried to transcend,  
And with a silent voice he stammers,  
'dear god, i must not offend'

*Joseph Wragg*

Long long ago, the wise men say, the first cry of the  
Baby brayed as the first mother watched in strange delight  
And the first lullaby was born. Thus humanity had true  
meaning, true  
Sound. True Voice. It had, at least.

Many years after this cry, this little babe marched to battle  
first, making  
War from man to man. Along this way, he sang the Battle hymn  
loosing the fateful  
Lightning of his O so 'terrible swift sword.'  
And, as 'his truth is marching on' from rampart to wall,  
He dies. Gone.

Requiem Aeternam, they say. Lament for the dead, they say. And  
Before they even reach the holy Kyrie, another body falls. But  
Who, O who, is responsible for the passage of this man, why  
of course a  
God. St. Augustine strikes his knell, and all men go-a-paying,  
'Pray for man!' they say 'Pray for man!' And they have reached  
their holy  
Kyrie.

But from this, a new babe wakes and strikes the bell of Ajax,  
Kullervo and  
Siegfried, wakening the sword of man's strife. Homer cries,  
'Any moment might be our  
Last' and man trembles with the power of the heroic. Epics,  
sagas, poems,  
They are made, made from the stuff of infamous, inglorious  
legends. Volsunga, Iliad,  
Nibelungenlied, Kalevala. Heroes are born and the human  
heart is set free,  
For a time.

Not much longer now, not much longer I tell you. Human  
voice wrought its peak  
Where Bach's Cantatas and Mahler's Symphonies tread. No  
more. No more true voice.  
Long has the lullaby, the hymn, the symphony past. Now, O  
now, we have no voice, only immaterial  
Communication. A voice without meaning, wroth of fulfilment.  
We now only hear a  
'still small voice of calm' resting through the leaves, waiting  
for its time long gone.

Now the voice deceives, lies, takes and loosens. Now,  
There is no innocent, there are only several degrees of guilty  
and the eternal  
Judge crashes the gavel crying,  
'Pray for man!' they said 'Pray for man!' And they reached  
their holy  
Kyrie. Eleison. No more.

Henry Ridley

"In those lands of fetid frost where corpses roam and none lie dead  
Not man nor elf nor dwarf is found. Only madmen's boots dare tread.  
A cold-shriek of sea-burned wind blows, past those wretched ones wraith-born  
and on it rides a sought of early melody, from some fabled horn.  
It summons flacons "fly!", with dying flesh decaying on their bone,  
For in once warm Henragol's holme, chilled to death, the dead do roam

Be it that the wind gets inside you lads, flee with haste and dread,  
For all from Henragol's halls are now north, they were wise and fled.

In the river, the living are bound, you'll find no stems of corn,  
And from the barren earth does grows, strange brackish and deformed thorns.

Beware! My boys, if you see the starlings bulging bloated eyes,  
Run! If you go to Henragol's holme, who should know what there lies?

So, as I end this tale, by the Gods, and my limp voice, beware,  
Of the once warm happy wraiths that float there, in Henragol's lairs"

Herman Hong

You're the bravest I know, the strongest I've met,  
You're fearlessly bold and I'll never forget;  
You're amazingly kind, and you're lovely to see,  
And I know that you're safe when you're right here with me.

You're my reason to be, and I want you to keep,  
But I stir in the night, and I see you asleep;  
And you're dreaming serene, you're warm and secure,  
And I know that you're safe...

But I have to be sure.

So I curl at your feet, and it's there that I stay,  
I wait in the dark, 'till you wake in the day,  
When you scratch at my fur, for a moment or two,  
I'm tired, but I know, that it's worth it...

For you.

## JONATHAN HEAD BARROW

Short Story Competition,  
Theme 'Pressure'

Raef Tanner, *Bradlys* - 'Funtooney'

Honourable Mentions: Leo Jiang, *The Knoll*, 'The First Line';  
Sasha Sebag-Montefiore, *The Knoll*, 'A Boy and A Girl'

George Townshend, *Lyon's*

Honourable Mentions: Edos Herwegh Vonk, *Newlands*,  
'Wednesday', Charlie de Labilliere, *Elmfield*, 'The Boat Race'

Harry O'Shea, *Druries* (Remove) - 'The Rise'

Honourable Mentions: Ayobami Awolesi, *The Head Master's*,  
'The Drunken Hostage', Aum Amin, *Elmfield*, 'It Doesn't Quite Add Up'

Herman Hong, *Rendalls* (Shell)

Honourable Mentions: Felix Boegh-Nielson, *The Head Master's*,  
Henry Webster, *Druries*

## PRESSURE

by George Townshend

Jake ambles along the park path, a slow meander down the winding causeway of pressed gravel, two flowing green seas encroaching in on either side. The grass is long, and lulls gently in unison to the gentle nudge of the crisp winter breeze; the chorus of the flitting leaves washes over the scene. The golden afternoon light hugs the trunks of gargantuan chestnut trees, and glints in quick flashes between the occasional gaps in their canopies. Jake walks along, his young eyes absorbing every detail. He wonders what's for dinner tonight.

His mother strides a few feet ahead of him, her shoulder length black hair swinging side-to-side with her jolting footsteps, her black-gloved hand to her ear with her phone seemingly glued to it.

'Yes, Sarah, of cou- yeah no I understand. Sorry, just one second - Jake will you get a bloody move on? Sorry about that. Yeah definitely by Friday, I just...'

He hopes it's stir-fry, Mum hasn't made it in ages. He's bored of takeaway, but he supposes he doesn't miss the washing up. Mum used to make stir-fry every Friday, 'Stir-Friday' she called it. But she hasn't really cooked dinners since dad left. He wondered if that had anything to do with why she wasn't really around the house anymore. He's bored of going to his friend's houses all weekend, they all smell funny and don't have good Lego, and none of their mums make stir-fry.

Jake and his mother sit at the big, stained-oak dining table. A shimmering favela of white topped takeaway boxes stretches out between them. Jake kneels on a pillow on his chair, so he's the same height as his mum, and she sits absent-mindedly shovelling mouthfuls in. The dim blueish glow emitted from her phone screen paints her face a cadaverous shade. She looks tired. Jake fiddles with a Lego spaceship. Mum never used to let Jake play at the dinner table. She used to say it was 'family time, not Lego time'. Jake thought that was dumb. Dad loved the Lego too, he used to take Jake's creations and put them on his office shelf in a regimented and neat fashion, all vehicles facing slightly to the right on the diagonal.

Jake got down and padded over to his mother, handing her the ship. Her eyes flickered over it as she held it tentatively in her gentle, boney hands. A smile plasters itself across her face. Her eyes aren't smiling.

'Lovely, Jakey'. She says after a few seconds, handing it back to him. He sits back down.

Jake lies in his bed. He can't sleep. The curtain is open, and he hears the muffled hiss of a faraway car. The constant murmur of wind in trees. The windowpane stencils an array of parallelograms with the sickly yellowish light of the London night sky onto the ceiling. He's got that funny feeling in his tummy that he used to get when mum and dad used to shout. Its like there's this big heavy bowling ball in his stomach that drags it down through the floor and into the black of the earth. He doesn't like it. Mum didn't notice the Darth Vader in the cockpit. She didn't say she liked the guns on the bottom of ship. Dad would always notice. He'd notice and then he'd put it on the shelf.

Jake wants to get up. The royal blue duvet whispers gently as he throws it off him, and props himself up. He sees the ship on the floor, disregarded, and after slipping down from his bed he walks over to it and picks it up. He'd put it on the shelf. Jake's door wanes open with a passive moan and he creeps down the stairs.

He looks up at the shelf, and eight big black lever-arch files labelled 'work' stare back at him, their laminated spines gleaming in the dark room. He doesn't quite know why, but he proceeds to place one palm on the outside cover of the rightmost file and pushes. The files cascade to the floor one by one, with one repressed thud and seven harsh slaps. He places the ship front and centre, slightly facing right on the diagonal.

'Jake? Jesus Christ, what was that noi- oh my god, my files! Jakey my files!' his mother's voice croaks as she stumbles



loudly round the office door.

'Dad said this shelf was for my Lego'.

'Jake those are important!' she says as she scrambles for loose pages on the floor. Her head suddenly drops between her arms against the floor. 'I can't deal with this' she finally utters between quiet sobs. Jake hates the sobs. Suddenly there's a bowling ball in his stomach again.

'All my work for your bloody Lego'.

'Dad said that...'

'Dad is gone, Jake! Dad is gone.' Her hands were now over her head and clenching her hair as she sobs harder.

Jake grabbed the ship and ran. He ran for Dad. The front door handle is cold on his clammy palm and he feels click as he swings open the door. The cold night air hits him like bucket of ice water.

The damp pavement clings to his bare feet as he patters across the stained concrete tiles. The hum of the deep orange lithium street lamps echoes in his head.

### CONFLICTED RELIEF

by Ryan Cullen, *The Grove*

'Pressure isn't supposed to break us, it's designed to make us' – unknown.

'All households around the country should avoid any unnecessary travel outside'.

The President's words from three weeks ago still reverberated around my mind as I peered wistfully out of the bay window. The field opposite seemed like a distant memory, an Edenic paradise from which I had been temporarily banished. 'A few more hours', I thought to myself.

Life had gotten to the stage where the field adjacent to my house seemed like a nostalgic heaven from my childhood. An infinite maze of corn and potatoes that I could run through all day until I got tired. I longed to return to the door with muddy brown feet and to see my mother waiting there, with a basin of warm, soapy water and a sponge to clean me up before I came inside. My exploratory days seemed like a distant memory, tucked away in a corner of my mind that I had been prohibited from cultivating.

Of course, I knew that this had to be the case, and in my heart, I understood that it was the right thing to be doing. This was not about me, but about the thousands of people that could be saved if I stayed at home. The country needed people like me to avoid contact with people; 'social distancing' they called it, to prevent further spread of the virus. In my head I justified it by imagining if it were my grandparents, or by thinking of those pictures of nurses and doctors holding up signs saying, 'we stayed at work for you, now you stay at home for us'. It was my duty to the elderly, and those with conditions that made them vulnerable, to stay here.

But my God was it difficult, longing to go outside into the fresh air, to visit my friends and relatives. Every few days I would have to check my complacency, tell myself that just because I feel fine, doesn't mean that I am not carrying it, and that the safest option for both myself and the population as a whole, was to endure the intense boredom and claustrophobia of the house.

So, as I stood at the bay window after the President announced the ending of the lockdown, I felt a sense of moral pride, perhaps selfishly, that I had done my country a great service. But most of all I felt a deep sense of relief, excitement about my impending freedom, and anticipation about setting foot outside again.

Then it dawned on me. This was going to be a different world

As much as I lamented the quarantine in my head, it was probably the best thing to shield me from what had been going on more generally. I saw the field again and thought of the farmer, an elderly man who had been married to his wife for over fifty years. Were they ok? Had they survived? The likelihood was

that a lot of my friends would have lost someone, that most of my teachers and classmates would have fallen ill or known someone who had.

Falling back onto my bed I reflected. This felt like a war: Yes, we might have prevailed, but at what cost? There were no winners here, only losers and those who had been lucky not to. It was a collective victory, but one which inflicted pain onto almost every individual, indiscriminately. I stretched out my tongue to catch the moisture on my cheek and turned my head over to check my alarm clock.

It read 00:00, I was free.

I stepped out onto the driveway and felt a huge weight lifted from my shoulders. I took a huge breath of fresh air and looked around, to see a few others creep out of their porches. It was the little child about three doors down, running out onto the road, which caused me to well up. He giggled and jumped up and down whilst his mother stroked his head. That was the human spirit: he had survived the ultimate pressure of lockdown and came out with enthusiasm and hope. The future could only be bright. We might be in a different world, but we have the same indomitable power as a race, as a species, that no matter what sets us back, we will evolve, adapt and overcome, without forgetting the sorrows we left behind. Little by little a few more porch lights turned on, and families tentatively emerged from their homes. The dull streetlight and cool breeze gave life to people drained by necessary confinement.

Peter, my elderly next-door neighbour, poked his head outside to observe the gentle commotion. I walked across my front lawn and asked. 'How are you and Mrs. Green doing?'

His face dropped. I knew immediately and raced over to him. He collapsed into my arms, weeping. All I could do was clasp him tightly and whisper: 'It's ok.'

We were there for a few seconds before he lifted his head. The young boy had come from down the road and hugged his leg tightly. I let go and Peter sat the young man on his lap on the wall surrounding his lawn. His cheeks still moist, Peter raised a smile as the boy asked him softly not to cry.

'I'll try my best.'

The boy hugged him tightly once again. The rest of those people who had ventured outside were gathered on the lawn and all sat on or around the wall consoling Peter. Yes, there may not have been any winners in this, but this community was determined not to lose. We looked up into the sky and saw a solitary star sparkle, almost in a show of appreciation and gratitude.

This might have been the end of the war, but it was only the start of the recovery. The world was different now, and it was our job to ensure that it was not worse. Together.

### A BOY AND A GIRL

by Sasha Sebag-Montefiore

I had wanted to see her for a while. But I was afraid - whether or not to make the decision, to call her, to tell her. The cramp in my stomach, the voices in my head.

I remember it vividly. The blossom thick on the trees, the petals floating on the wind like confetti, the clamour of birds and the scent of spring sweetening the air. Despite this there was still a cold breeze, a cold sun, a cold sky. The ocean blue had not yet broken through the grey blanket of clouds. The world was still black and white. It had happened a couple of weeks before. My mother walking down the street and bumping into an American woman. As I would soon find out, she was from New York. The two women got to talking and eventually realised they both had children of the same age, a son and a daughter. Coincidentally, they both had a passion for tennis. And so it started. Parents these days, always trying to match-make. They seemed to have an innate desire to set their children up with whoever possible. It always annoyed me. I remember telling my mother off for putting me in such an awkward position. My

deep-seated anger with her for not telling me beforehand. A frown etched upon her face, confused as to why this was such a bad thing. Of course, forty years ago, in her day, this would have been absolutely normal. Not to me, not now.

However, time passed, and eventually, on a cold day in the middle of February, the doorbell rang. I didn't really know how I should feel. Seeing a girl was always nice, of course, but... I opened the door and there, intricately framed by the doorway, the wind sporadically blowing her hair, stood Sierra. I took my tennis racket and hugged her hello. She wasn't tall, but of average height. She had hazel brown eyes and a wide, engulfing smile. The sort of smile that invited you to laugh with her, joke with her. In contrast to this, her jet-black hair seemed to fall lazily beside her face in a rather careless, relaxed fashion. This would go on to amuse me. From the moment we walked to the tennis club, conversation seemed to flow. Initially, I had been taken aback by her cute, delicate looks. But soon we were laughing and screaming and dancing. She could go on talking for ever. This again was something we would joke about in the future. Her deep American accent would make me laugh. As would the way she said "dammit" and "damn".

That first night was fun, one which I haven't forgotten. I remember little details, a sense of nostalgia, as if I'm looking at a moment caught in time. I remember the way she talked crazily without drawing breath; the way I would look at her and she at me; the way we sat eating ice-cream at mid-night, just talking endlessly about life, about death, about love. I remember the way her lip would curl when she laughed, the way she would shy away from a compliment. Despite these fragmented memories of just highlights, I recall walking through the sombre streets of London, surrounded on either side by towering concrete giants leaning ominously over us. Never had I felt so small. Never had the world been ours. The feeling of solitude. A feeling that one always craves. She led me to her secret passages; the mysterious alleyways shrouded from the manic hysteria of London that only she knew. She would look at me and I would look back at her. We would smile and her lip would curl. Then we would venture into the precarious obscurity, watching the smoke slowly rising from the rooftops. I would then take her to my own mysterious places, and we would wander through together, then emerge from the darkness like Alice climbing out of the rabbit hole. It was all new, all exciting.

We met again a week or so later. No-one knew. No-one would know. I liked it that way. There is something about secrecy that makes the heart beat faster and the adrenaline run through your veins. We went to the park and listened to the soft chirping of birds. Despite the cold weather we sat comfortably on a bench and gazed over the verdant landscape which was polluted with swarms of people. If only there had been no-one. If only we could have admired the vast expanse of greenery and the lush forested slopes that stretched out for miles, on our own. If only we could have done this just the two of us. Alone: a funny word. Something that is so desired yet rarely found. Alone, without the shrill, high-pitched scream of babies running after their mothers. Without the masses of pasty, dyspeptic humans loudly staggering through the park. Yet, with Sierra, it felt like we were alone, and in a sense we were. The bench was ours alone. The bubble in which we sat and stood was solely ours; an untouchable, exclusive zone. And yet one so pure. Something that could not be taken away from us. Something that stood strong and would stay strong through rain, hate and envy. Little did I know the future. We were just sixteen.

Our third meeting felt like a blur. Although the flowers were blooming and trees bustling with colour, I only remember a barren, lifeless series of streets as I made my way to her house. The trees were hairless, bare, like dogs with no fur. It all looked wrong. One would almost expect to see a ravenous, lean vulture perching restlessly on one of those branches in the Serengeti. It was nerves. The entire week concentration had been a struggle

and work had been an effort. Yet now was the moment I would see her again. I felt like I should kiss her. I was sure that this was the time to do so. My head felt as though it was thickening with mist. My body felt limp and unsure. No longer did I feel the hysteria and excitement at the prospect of seeing her; I felt afraid, nervous and pressured.

That night I rang her bell and we went off to play tennis. The moon stood intimidatingly high in the sky, following our every move with its round, watchful eye. We were being observed, examined. My every move judged. Fear. I didn't even know if she liked me. And yet the strong, burning sensation in my gut assured me that she did. We still laughed and joked and smiled, but it felt a little different. Something in the air had changed. I felt cold to the bone; Cold to the heart.

However, we listened to our music and cried over it. Our emotions, aroused by the songs, overwhelmed us. Without thinking, we burst into song as we gradually wandered aimlessly down the cold, dead streets of London, without a care for anyone. However, the bubble seemed to have popped. Even when singing, the illuminating oculus shone from above and tracked us as we walked. We got close yet I never made the decisive move; too afraid; too pathetic.

When the time finally came to say goodbye, I told her I didn't want to go. I told her it was early and that we had all night. But this was to no avail. We parted and that was that. I stood in the cold for another ten minutes, banging my head against a lifeless tree. Lifeless? Maybe this was a metaphor for our brief relationship being dead, finished. Maybe it was symbolism. I didn't realize the truth of it at that moment; perhaps I never would.

That night I felt sad. A feeling so deep and painful that I felt compelled to write to her. So I did. I wrote hysterically. I wrote non-stop, telling her that I had had something to say but that I had chickened out. I wrote to her not thinking about the repercussions or what to do next. I just wrote. That much I knew how to do. The following day I called my friend for advice. He told me to call her and tell her how I truly felt. But I didn't have the courage. I was afraid, nervous. And yet I knew I had to tell her. Even if she didn't feel the same way, I had to. My heart was compelling me to do so. After rapidly downing two shots of tequila and going against the advice of my parents, I plucked up the courage to call her. I told her everything I felt. I told her everything I didn't feel. I told her it would be all right if she didn't feel the same way. Something in my head, in my body, forced me to speak, to speak without stopping, without thinking, just to speak. And so I did, my body shaking frantically. After the Shakespearean soliloquy, there was pause. A pause in which the wind ceased to blow, the sun ceased to shine, and I ceased to breathe. It was only her and me again. No-one else; just the two of us, in our bubble once more. I told her there was no pressure to say anything; and yet she did. I could almost feel her smiling on the other end of the phone.

"I feel the same way," she replied.

### PRESSURE

by Herman Hong, *Shell winner*

"Now, say that you won't just kill them. You'll also kill their families."

I gaped at those words as they appeared on the screen in incredulity. My fingers hovered above the keys on the keyboard. I wanted to reply, but... holy moly. How could you respond to an order like that?

"I can't do that!" I typed back. The keys were clacking as I typed on it; the keyboard was old. The computer and all the hardware was an old IBM Personal back from 1981. You'd think I would have upgraded to a Mac by now, or at least a newer computer, but my Oracle preferred to stay in there. And who am I to question its orders? In nearly fifty years, it hadn't ever steered me in the wrong direction. So, I decided to stay

with this one. Everyone in the office thought I was weird for keeping it, but I just told them it was for the nostalgia.

"You won't actually have to kill their families. You just have to threaten them."

Well that's so much better, I thought. Just threatening to murder innocent civilians. No big deal; just some casual homicide.

"You know what," I responded, virtually slamming my fingers on the beige keyboard, "that's it. That's it. That is it, Oracle. I'm done with you. I'm done with this whole ordeal. I quit." My whole body was trembling as the characters appeared one by one on the small display in front of me. I'd wanted to do this for so long, but could never muster up the courage to let go of it.

Oracle has guided me through my entire life, since I first got the computer in the 80s. Some guy behind the counter at that old electronics shop told me it would give me good life advice and sold it to me on a floppy disk for three bucks. I've never been one to pass up a good deal when I see one, and at worst it would be a piece of junk that was useless. As soon I got back home, I popped the disk into the computer, it told me to start brushing my teeth twice a day instead of twice a week.

At first, it was just a piece of advice every day. Small pieces of advice to begin with, like changing up my hairstyle, or wearing smarter clothes. Soon, it gained my trust and began interfering with my life increasingly: it gave me tips for investing in stocks, real estate, business and relationship advice that was, no matter how crazy it sounded, always... worked. A couple of years later, I was making more money than I thought I could ever make in a lifetime; I had a wonderful family: a beautiful wife and three gorgeous children; I had a fantastic, stable job that I enjoyed thoroughly which made me good money... I was what you considered a "winner" in life. I amassed both fame and fortune from nothing at all, and without the mental health or drug problems that usually goes along with those two.

And yet, the Oracle kept pushing. Kept telling me that I can do better, kept telling me my life could get even better than the fulfilling one I already had. That it knew exactly what to do to make me happier. I wanted to leave, move away from all of that, but the pressure got to me first. And so I followed the Oracle along blindly, and it's lead down a dark path to this.

Oracle has made me do many terrible things that I still regret to this day: I've humiliated people in front of their higher-ups, I've unnecessarily destroyed countless people's careers, I've said horrible, nasty things that I really didn't mean, among many others I have not the decency to recount. But this... threatening to kill people's families?

"If you leave now, all of this will go down the drain."

The words appeared on Oracle's screen in a bright, neon green colour, just like the ones in those 80's hacker movies.

"Everything that you have done, that I have told you to do, will be a waste. In your heart, you know that I am right. Just follow my orders. I've never let you down before."

I knew I should have got up from the chair, walked out of the room and never look back at Oracle ever again. I could just retire to the Bahamas or something, sipping martinis on the beach under the sunshine. But I didn't. I hesitated. It was almost like something in me... wanted to stay. It was wrong, but I wasn't strong enough to face it. I wasn't strong enough to face myself.

That evening, as I was standing backstage, I was feeling sick. Sick about what I was about to say. In front of thousands of people in the audience. Broadcasted on live TV throughout the world.

"We're not only going to go after those terrorists in ISIS; no, we're going to kill their families, too!" The crowd, of course, ate it up; they'd applaud for anything I do or say nowadays. Heck, I could probably shoot a bunch of people down at 14th Avenue, and they'd cheer. Once the almost deafening applause died down, I spoke into the mic once again. "Thank you! Let's make America great again!"

## THE FIRST LINE

by Leo Jiang, *The Knoll*

Two polar faces stare at me from the mirror; one was sullen, the other cheerful and excited. The sullen one I barely recognise as myself - pale cheeks and drying lips masked by multitudes of powders, creams, and lipstick. My features have been covered with a gentle rosy hue, making me appear healthy, and some would say, attractive. The other figure in the mirror is a middle-aged lady, her flapping mouth open and close, but no words seem to come out. Between the periodical shutting and opening of the mouth, the lady's tongue flickers in the background, behind her teeth.

Apparently, the lady had stopped blabbering. For a moment, both faces in the mirror remain still, ringed by a lining of bright light bulbs.

'Emma.'

I ponder the lady's reflection, but her name doesn't come to mind.

'Emma?' The makeup lady insists.

'Yes?' I put on a smile, which fades away as I realise she had asked me a question. 'Sorry'

'Don't worry, you've got quite a bit to think about. No pressure, eh?' Her name still doesn't come.

Only now do I remember the tattered script coiled up in my hand, damp with sweat. The first few scenes have long fallen off from wear, the next page clinging onto the lower staple by a literal thread. The sight of the script, a reminder of what is to come, provokes a sickening lurch in my stomach. The feeling in my gut is hollow, yet indisputably present. I furrow my brows to recite my first line, but all that comes forth is static.

I take a symbolic deep breath. I open my mouth to speak, but the still line does not come.

The stylist's name is Jo. Huh.

I unfurl my script and flick through it absently. Funny how I forgot Jo's name. I flick a glance at an LED clock on the wall, then shut my eyes. The first line evades me. How much time do I have? I glance at the clock again.

A freckled, boyish face appears behind me, studying me through the mirror.

'Nervous?' He chuckles.

'Yeah.'

'You'll be fine, Emma.' He grins, 'relax.'

'Can we do a line run?'

The freckled boy laughed and backed away. 'You know your lines, don't stress!'

As the boy leaves, a solid lump of pressure forms in my chest. No longer lurking in my stomach, the feeling has developed into a tight grip on my lungs. I breathe, but the breaths come shallow. I roll up my script again and lean down to thud my forehead against the table.

I let out a gasp. The makeup artist is nowhere to be seen, only a beautiful face in the mirror smiling back at me. I announce the first line to myself. Arriving like a sweeping tide, rehearsed lines, movements and expressions erupt in my mind.

Through the intercom comes the director's utterance. 'Twenty minutes.'

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Voices drift from the stage, one gleeful, one rough. Black envelops the backstage. Cast and crew scurry about in the dim blue light, silent as mice. Almost everything is black - the walls, the tables, the clothing racks. I smile as I toss my script onto a prop table. The voices on stage quieten down. A heavily bearded, middle aged man emerges from the stage, shrugging off a brown coat.

'Hey Emma, you ready for your big night?'

'Yeah.' I gleam at him. 'I'm just a bit nervous, parents and sister are here.'

He pulls on a different jacket. 'Make them proud, will ya?'



'Will do, thanks.'

The stage manager signals me. Breathing deeply, I stroll onto stage.

Welcoming me is a familiar dining room, in a dazzling orange haze. The freckled boy, sitting on a wooden stool, acts to be reading the papers. The audience is silent, yet ever so slightly buzzing - whispering, sipping a drink, rummaging for something. I slump myself in an armchair. The buzzing quickly silences itself. Fifteen hundred gazes are held still, old couples, young lovers, theatre students and the like.

Along with the audience, my mind goes silent.

Only now do I feel my racing pulse, my rapid breaths, and the sweat in my palms.

Only now do I feel the dryness in my mouth, the trembling in my hand, the tumbling in my gut.

Only now do I seem to feel the squeezing sensation on my throat, the intense grip around my neck, the unyielding pressure on my chest.

I tilt my head to the audience. They gaze on as I feebly search for my line, scrambled by my screaming, hectic mind. The freckled boy shifts in his seat, perhaps concerned. I sink into the armchair further, its leather embrace grips me, sucking me in. I try to spot my parents, and fifteen hundred blank faces stared back.

Why is there so much sweat?

The freckled boy says something, maybe a line, a prompt, an attempt at rescue. My dry mouth twitches and tremors, still emitting no sound. Terror creeps into the freckled boy's eyes. He desperately calls for my character.

'Hey Laura, you hearin' me?'

Why is it so cold?

'Laura!'

The line does not come.

### THE POCKET WATCH

by George Ho, Elmfield U6th

Kyosuke opened his pocket watch. The vicious Manchurian winter congealed the oils inside. The watch no longer ticked. The frosty air pierced like a knife with every breath he took but at least it distracted him from his empty stomach. A faint grey glow was beginning to sink through the thick snow-covered brush. Kyosuke exchanged a nervous glance with Kenshin. He had stayed behind with Kenshin, whose legbone was shattered by a bullet during the night raid. Yuki had set out to scout a path back well before daybreak. As if on cue, a singular distant rifle shot punctuated the silence of the winter morning. Kyosuke and Kenshin stared back into the murky grey haze and exchanged another sober glance. They had advanced too far during their night-time raid and were almost certainly lost behind Russian lines.

Kyosuke received the pocket watch from an officer he saved from a derailed train during the Seymour Expedition of the 8-nation intervention in Manchuria. He remembered stumbling back to Tianjin with the failed expedition, how he collapsed on the street from exhaustion and a lady rushing to him with a pot of tea and an armful of bread. Before the allies marched again, she gave him a photograph to put in his pocket watch; Kyosuke promised that he would return.

"I'm surprised that your watch still works", Kenshin remarked.

"Yeah."

"What time is it?"

"I don't know. My watch stopped."

Kenshin shot Kyosuke a quizzical look. Kyosuke avoided his gaze as he felt his palms begin to sweat inside his gloved hands.

"Then why have you been staring at the damned thing for such a long time?"

Kyosuke sucked in the harsh Manchurian air through gritted teeth. "There's a photograph in the case. It's just someone I'm thinking about."

Kenshin chuckled. "Kyosuke-san, I never took you for a romantic. Don't worry, we'll find a way out. You'll see her again."

Kyosuke winced at this reassurance. He had agreed to resign his commission in three months and move to Tianjin, nearer to the lady in the photograph with brown hair and piercing eyes he visited every time he was on leave. Kyosuke remembered that fateful day when the orders to mobilise arrived, and how a wave of dread and misery washed over him as he read each line. Japan was at war with Russia, at war with a country it had fought alongside just four years ago.

A part of him had still hoped that he would see the lady in the pocket watch again: Katenka Anatolyevna Petersen, the Russian from a Baltic family that had settled in Tianjin. The last he had heard; Russian civilians had evacuated to Harbin.

By now the dull white circle shone down through mist and the barren branches on the two men's heads. They sat, huddled in their faded greatcoats against the wooden skeletons, chewing on tough rubbery rations of preserved meat. Suddenly, the crunching of boots interrupted the monotonous chomping of the men. Slowly Kyosuke and Kenshin reached for their revolvers and peered out from behind the tree. A lone man in Russian uniform snuck through the forest. He was unarmed. His eyes kept darting behind him: a deserter. Kenshin pulled himself out from behind the tree, his revolver levelled at the man. The man stared wide-eyed as he put his hands behind his fur hat. He had green eyes, just like Katenka.

"Bring my friend to the gaps in your lines. He'll let you go safely if you show him the way", Kenshin said in a low voice in French.

"Gaps! There are many gaps! The Russian army begins its retreat at noon. To Harbin!", babbled the Russian.

Kenshin nodded at Kyosuke. His heart fluttered with joy and sank at the same time. Harbin was where the Russian retreat was headed. It was where Katenka was, the lady who haunted the case of his pocket watch. He stared back at his Kenshin, who was now laying back in the snow with his head against the tree, relieved that he would be rescued. Above his rapid palpitations, he could hear something else. The pocket watch was ticking again in his warm gloved hand. Kyosuke bowed to Kenshin, turned to the deserter and began his walk towards the Russian lines.

### FUNTOONEY

by Raef Tanner, U6 Winner

Let's keep looking. There was no use exclaiming it, I thought to myself. It seemed a trivial thing to say. So, without saying anything I sat up into a Russian squat, throwing all my weight backwards onto my heels. The sun flaunted its ripe tomato face above us, the heat was immense. Due to the loss of my shadow I deduced that midday was upon us and that time was falling away like the dry sand pouring from my hair. The desert is a slow place, however, with almost twelve hours of light followed by twelve hours of darkness. During the day the landscape freezes, the salamander orange sand meets the Egyptian blue sky with a ruled line - like that out of a Dr Seuss animation. Two detached clouds, one voluptuous white swan and the other a duckling size of the same breed, hung in the sky like cardboard cut outs. The weather never changes. A strange place. Vince lay across the sand from me with his head propped up by one bony elbow mounted atop the sand. Vince was a natural looking fella, greasy lightened brown hair collected in a fringe on his forehead, a large straw hat sat above his hair with a flopping elephant ear rim, the contours on his face shadowed his cheeks from the sun - emphasizing his candid look. Vince wore a purple cravat that spurted out of his linen shirt, sombre yellow trousers and a pair of leather boots given to him by our father.

Orphaning a stick from the ground, I took to the sand carving a map of sorts into the flat surface I had prepared previously.

I wanted to update Vince on our progress. Dried by the heat, the sand lines continued to break their banks requiring me to restart my diagram several times. Vince meanwhile took little notice of my work, instead he lay sifting sand through his fingers with that same unsatisfied look I have become so used to. Then suddenly out of the deafening silence Vince cleared his throat and spoke to me “Howard m’boi,” he said still twiddling sand through his fingers looking into the distance “any luck?”. Like an army general I stiffened my body up, clicked my heels together and pointed downwards at the sand. I explained to him in my dull logical voice that Funtooney had to lay within a mile radius of our camp, but that the map Uncle Garfinkle assigned to us doesn’t take us any further.

The word ‘fun’ is rarely used at home, not least of all because nobody knows what it means. Society has forgotten what ‘fun’ is, rumours float from conversation to conversation whispering of a place where ‘fun’ still exists. Being curious, Vince and I spoke to our parents one day. We asked them if they knew what to have ‘fun’ feels like, we asked them where we could find this ‘fun’ everyone is always going on about. The reply, to our dismay, was not a positive one. We were instructed to wait until we turned eighteen. What for? I asked myself, to which silence was the answer. I remember thinking, what difference does it make! I was disappointed. Yet although we were disinclined to do so, Vince and I agreed to wait.

A year later, Uncle Garfinkle intercepted Vince and me walking back from school one day. Uncle Garfinkle stood six feet tall with almost as much hair, his lanky limbs created an unintentional strut and his apparel can be described as a singular piece of flowing grey fabric knotted into a jumpsuit - accompanied by leather sandals. He was an outsider; the town people didn’t like him. He was different. I liked him. The pine infused fragrance he wore guarded his body, repelling attraction and detectable from a distance. Although we couldn’t see him immediately, Vince and I had picked up his sent in the air, so when he did appear in a puff of smoke, we weren’t all that surprised. He greeted us unorthodoxly with a three-way hug, encapsulating his odour into the middle of our triangular formation. Vince and I were sure we knew why he was here, yet Uncle Garfinkle gave little away. Initially he teased us about all the pretty girls he walked past on his way over, as he punched Vince with little intention and laughed his pure laugh. I could tell he was enjoying our company, I could also tell he was teasing us and enjoying that too. Time seemed to accelerate with him and before too long I instructed Vince that we ought to be heading home for dinner. “Just before you leave” Uncle Garfinkle said cautiously, “I have a little something for you both” the words seemed to boil my kettle of excitement that had been heating up throughout the duration of our conversation.

He dug into his grey robe chuckling sporadically, after what felt like a long time waiting his hand emerged clutching three pieces of paper – two of the same colour and size, but one coffee stained

with multiple folds. He turned to us almost in relief as if the papers had been weighing him down all this time. I took the papers from him, Vince rose to his tiptoes to peer over my shoulder at them. Whilst we stood gazing at the papers puzzled Uncle Garfinkle made a target out of the STOP sign on the road and began pinging pebbles off it. After he had concluded his target practice, he hopped towards us condensing the triangular formation we still stood in. With his eyes looking into our soles simultaneously he uttered earnestly, “Fun exists boys. Its about time you find out for yourself. Go find fun.” And with that he drew up his robe from the floor and glided out of sight. Overwhelmingly joyous I revealed to Vince what papers Uncle Garfinkle had given to us: two plane tickets to the Wadi Rum desert and one map.

The map is of A3 size, coarse in the middle due to the sand that lined its interior, but all in all it had been kept in good condition and showed little sign of disintegration. Nevertheless,

I knew it was old and I knew it had been here before. It diffused the same sinus drying smell as the air around me. Vince must have heard me thinking, he rose to his feet, shook the sand of his body, straightened his cravat, rearranged his hat and talked down at me holding the map “Let’s keep looking”, he said. We packed up our camp with haste, fitting its contents into two hikers backpacks we borrowed from mum and dad. At this point the heat of midday had really started to kick in, Vince had manipulated his cravat to form a headband and I stood in my white tank top harnessing power from my staff (a tent poll), before long we found ourselves circling each other in minimal clothing practicing ancient martial art techniques - well I say ancient but I have never seen another human dance in such a way. With the joking over we devised our plan for the rest of the day. The plan was to circle the one-mile radius of Funtooney, as stated on the map, to find ‘fun’.

Standing back to back, mixing sweat, still very much in samurai mode, I commanded the rules of the hunt to Vince. The aim was to find ‘fun’, we were to set off in opposite directions without looking back, we were to record any evidence and if we found ‘fun’ then we were to shriek like Jimi Hendrix. The final rule was important, so we spent a few minutes practicing our shrieks; by the time our throats had turned to sandpaper, I was confident I could differentiate Vince’s shriek from that of the Honey Buzzards circling above us. I knelt onto the sun-baked sand to tighten my laces before we set off, I could feel the excitement in my fingers tingling. Vince stood in a forward position reminding me of the rules, although I think he was mainly double checking them for his own sake. We turned to each other, I could smell the excitement oozing from his eyes and I think he could smell mine too. We set our watches, hugged, laughed, bowed and set off.

Two hours had gone by and still no sign of ‘fun’! Pessimism began to wash over me. Just then something caught my attention. On the horizon I could just make out a figure blurred by the mirage of the desert, however, by the ancient dance moves I could tell it was Vince. He looked so happy. Why? A rush of unexplainable euphoria erupted within me, the mirage cleared and I found myself running towards Vince, he was running too! When we collided no words were spoken, we understood.

We were looking for something we were never going to find, some material ‘fun’. Fun is a feeling, not a place or thing. Fun is not tangible. So how did we find it? The fun is the adventure, it is the uncertainty of outcome and Uncle Garfinkle knew this, but he knew it could not be explained rather it had to be experienced. Vince and I had lost touch with ourselves, society had lost touch with itself, we were surrounded by fun the whole time we just couldn’t see it. Vince dripping in sweat grabbed my hand and lifted it to the sky, the unsatisfied look I knew so well had disappeared replaced by a peaceful glint of happiness. Life seemed to slow down whilst Vince and I analysed the surrounding desert, consuming the hot fumes of success it provided us. I asked Vince why not everyone could have fun, he explained that those who are not free in themselves end up blocking themselves from it unintentionally. I wanted everyone back at home to enjoy this dimension of life, yet I knew the limitations of teaching over personal experience. Again, Vince, listening to me think, leant over and spoke to me “Howard m’boi just focus on living in the moment”. Life was different from then on, Uncle Garfinkle introduced us to his many friends and everything became very clear. From then on Vince and I were outsiders too, there was a battle to be fought but we knew what side we were on.

### THE RISE

By Harry O’Shea, *Druries*

From a glance it would appear to be the end of the world. The idea of a lawful, harmonious society had been blown to smithereens, quite literally; malicious acts of arson had lead

to buildings erupting in clouds of smoke, formerly law-abiding civilians opposed their previous morals: plundering and looting shops, grabbing anything they could get their hands on, using whatever force they deemed necessary. These senseless, barbarous acts of violence and brutality had become commonplace.

For a police sergeant like Philip, these riots had become frequently occurring, and he had become accustomed to their ceaselessness. Unlike the most of society, Philip was unaffected by the unforeseen rocket in atmospheric pressure, and he considered himself fortunate for this. It all dated back to his childhood, where the idea that climate change posed a threat to the survival of the human race was at the front and centre of everyday life, with every newspaper and media outlet describing another way in which it would result in the eventual extinction of the human race. Life-endangering rises in sea levels, global temperatures soaring to an inhospitable level and sources of food being severely depleted were among a few.

Although there was one climatological effect which had been neglected; it had been nicknamed by the public simply as 'The Rise'. It was atmospheric pressure. At first, when scientists saw global temperatures descending and returning to the normal average, it was claimed that this was the Earth 'healing itself' and was described as a miraculous feat. When scientists saw sea levels surprisingly falling and lowering to normal rather than rising, this was attributed to humans having reversed the devastating effects of climate change, and the 'tremendous' public effort was praised highly. And yet when atmospheric pressure levels began to hit all time highs, it was 'inexplicable', and was quickly overlooked by the public.

This alone baffled Philip, and as scientists continued to draw correlations between the pressure rises and the sadistic acts of violence and despicable deeds of theft and arson, this puzzled him further. Neuroradiologists had performed brain scans on some of those who were affected, it was shown that their prefrontal cortex was not receiving any blood flow. Uncoincidentally, this part of the brain, as Philip had gathered through his own research, was responsible for sentiments like empathy and guilt.

For a policeman like Philip, it was not hard to piece the two together. Somehow, unexplainably, increases in atmospheric pressure had been turning once-innocent the public into violent, thieving criminals, and he was going to get to bottom of it.

Philip, like everyone else, had noticed one thing about The Rise: it did not affect everyone. But one thing was for sure, more and more people were turning into 'psychos', as they had been coined. He had been determined to solve this pressing issue, and this contemplation had pushed him past boiling point. He quickly hoisted himself into his patrol car. Instinctively he flicked a couple of switches and sped down the high street, almost hoping that a destination would pop into his head by happenstance. The blue and red lights were nothing more than smudgy illuminations in the slanting rain, and the wailing screech of the siren had disorientated the zombie-like rioters, as they surveyed the squad car, open-mouthed and in disconcertment.

Spontaneous turn-taking had meant that Philip managed to steer himself into a bustling night-market. The scene, to his utmost surprise, was unsettlingly peaceful. The area seemed to be undisturbed by The Rise, and the street vendors continued to make trades, unstirred. The avaricious shoplifters which Philip had been dealing with for the past months were nowhere to be found. He pulled his barometer out from his pocket. With the devastating effects of the pressure rises to be common knowledge, it was not uncommon for someone to own a pocket-gauge to check the air pressure. On studying the screen, Philip discovered the reading to be 111,000 pascals; the highest that he had seen yet. Bewildered by this remarkable find, Philip rushed over to the sellers to investigate.

On closer analysis, one thing became very apparent. On turning their heads, the vendors revealed the same look: they had ghastly faces, boasting bloodshot eyes, lined with crimson red streaks, displaying remarkable fatigue. But the vendors were

not fatigued; it was more as if they had been anaesthetized. Although, as Philip soon discovered, their delirious state was self-administered.

'Please Mister, try some!'

A youthful voice startled Philip, as he looked down to see a young girl, presenting a cigarette roll-up filled with a unfamiliar pale blue powder.

'The men came, mister. They were dressed like you! They've been handing out the stuff all week.'

Trying to make sense of it all, he watched the child scuttle away into the bustling crowd. He returned his gaze to the intoxicated street vendor, who gestured for Philip to bring the roll-up to his mouth. Philip felt a deep aversion to smoking the bizarre blue powder. What was it? Was this the answer he'd been looking so desperately for? He raised it to his nostrils and sniffed. The scent was sickly sweet, almost like a bouquet of roses, and yet it smelled synthetic, and chemical.

The irresistible saccharine aroma began to compel Philip. He frantically turned out his pockets, and frantically searched for one belonging, one belonging that was at the forefront of his thoughts. His cigarette lighter. He drew it from of his back pocket, only to feel another, more sinister urge rush over him. Not an urge to light the cigarette. Not an urge to solve the pressure epidemic.

Philip had become maniacally possessed. The Rise had gotten to him. Gotten to his brain. He brandished his cigarette lighter in the cool air, almost threateningly. Surveying the bustling marketplace, Philip noticed one thing. At one of the stands, a woman was selling large cylindrical containers, loaded with petrol. He sprinted over to the stand unhesitatingly, and mercilessly snatched one of the containers. Forcing open the nozzle, he tilted the container over and let the bronze fluid gush out onto the street.

Conforming to his newly born malicious intents, Philip flicked alight his pocket lighter and lowered it to the spouting streams of petrol. Crimson anger arose from the burning blaze as it devoured the liquid. The nascent flames rolled outward, as plumes of dark smoke began to rise, shielding the starry night sky with a veil of darkness. Philip was blown backwards; blown into an endless oblivion.

## SUDOKU

*Persevera per severa per se vera*

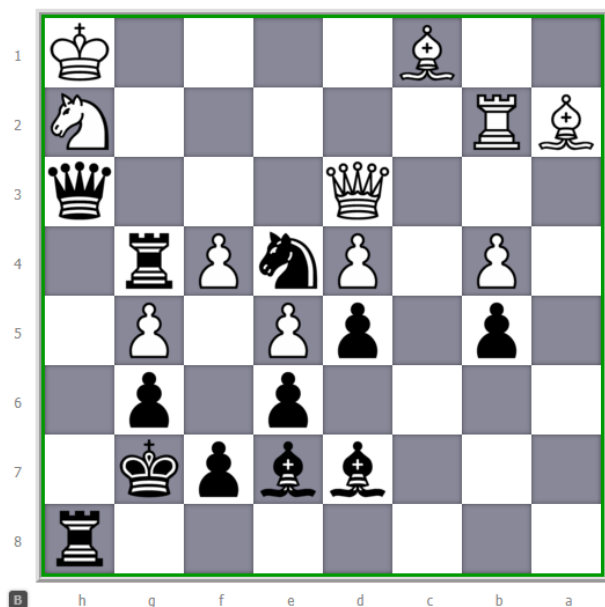
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## CHESS PUZZLE

The weekly Chess Puzzle set by JPBH. Email your solutions to him (jpbh@harrowschool.org.uk) to enter the termly competition. Answers are published with next week's puzzle.

This edition's puzzle: Black to play and mate in 2 moves.



Last puzzle's answer: 1. Qxh7+ Kxh7 2. Rh2#

Fancy playing chess? Drop in to Chess Club – Tuesdays and Thursdays 4.30–6pm in Maths Schools 5. All abilities (boy, beak or non-teaching staff) are welcome!

## SPORTS

### FOOTBALL

*The School v St John's School, Leatherhead  
12 March?*

2nd XI Won 2-0

Scorers: Pier Bertelsen, *Lyon's*; Ire Ajibade, *The Grove*

To the excitement of all involved, the Sunley played host to the 2nd XI's crunch match against St John's. Unbeknownst to them, this was in fact to be their last match of the season and it proved to be a fitting way to conclude proceedings.

Despite rumours that the game was going to be held behind closed doors, this was in fact not the case and the Gerry O'Brien ultras were out in full force, cheering the vice-captain on with every touch.

Perhaps put off by the occasion of playing on the Sunley, Harrow started in a frantic manner. St John's dominated possession for the first five minutes, but an excellent counter-attack saw Harrow score with their first visit into the opposition half. Pier Bertelsen snuck in behind the defence and slotted the ball into the net to make it 1-0.

Substitute Ify Ogbonna brought some composure as Harrow began to grow into the game. An excellent set-piece cross from Bertelsen gave an opportunity to Ire Ajibade, who had to have his wits about him to poke home from close range. Harrow

dominated the second half as Childs and Ogbonna began to link up with some excellent build-up play. Max Cowley was not afraid to make his way up the pitch and make his opposite number look very silly with a sumptuous nutmeg, but unfortunately he could not find the end product. The team began to gel and although no more goals were scored in the second half, flawless performances at the back from Smith, Hall, Esposito and Fisher meant the 2-0 lead was never in doubt. Vice-captain Trevor Tang threatened to add to his illustrious goal tally this season and cap off a memorable Harrow career but alas it was not to be.

The final whistle went and it was time to not shake hands. Harrow were victorious again. They finish with an outstanding record of six wins from six games and placed comfortably at the top of the league. Ademide Odunsi takes home the golden boot with six goals to his name.

The 2nd XI deserve every bit of their success this year, having approached every match and training session with determination and a fantastic attitude throughout. Well done chaps.

3rd XI, Lost 1-2

### FENCING

*v Eton College, 10 March*

The fencing team had an historic victory over Eton College on Thursday, beating them by 179 points to 127 in their final match of the term.

The Foil A and B teams took to the piste first and both started off spiritedly, taking early leads. Despite some resistance midway through both matches, the Harrow fencers held their own and, under the guidance and encouragement of their Captain, George Ho, *Elmfield*, brought home two early victories by 14 points and 12 points respectively in the A and B teams.

The Epée team then made short work of their counterparts winning convincingly by 45-21, led as ever by their unflappable Captain, Finn Deacon, *The Park*.

A new addition to the team bus was the Sabre team comprising novice fencers, all from Newlands - Philip Benigni, Archie Hogben and Ewan Josserand. Eton College started well, taking an early lead and demonstrating a clearer purpose on the piste. However, not to be put off and with the support of most of the Salle (including some Etonians!) Harrow fought back bravely, with Ewan Josserand winning the final bout by an incredible 14 points to steal a victory from the jaws of defeat.

Overall, an excellent all-round performance and a thoroughly deserved victory with Harrow winning across all four blades and a welcome boost ahead of the Public Schools' Fencing Championships next week. Well done to all involved.

Foil 1 won 45-31

Foil 2 won 44-32

Epée won 45-21

Sabre won 45-43

### POLO

*The School v Eton College, 12 March*

1st Team, Lost 9-4

On a windy afternoon, the A Team, captained by Marc Lindgren, Wst Acre, played Eton at Emsworth Polo Club. It was a fast, high-scoring game with Harrow losing 9:4.

The B Team, captained by Louis Yeh, *Lyon's*, had a closely fought match, losing against Eton 10-6.

## SWIMMING

*Otter Challenge, St. Paul's School, 12 March*

Since 1968, the Otter Challenge has been the traditional warm up for the next day's Bath Cup. The other strong swimming UK schools from Northern Ireland and Scotland assemble here on the eve of the Bath Cup to eye up the competition for this year's UK Championships. This is an opportunity for all teams to see what is in store the following day. Such is the strength and depth of our squad, we convincingly and traditionally take our elite B team to this event. All of the boys who took part in this event were contenders for the Bath Cup up until the final swim offs on the Tuesday of the week. The other schools swim in this event with their A string swimmers. All Harrow swimmers rose to the challenge with full force and resolve and were placed third overall, which is our highest placing on record since participating in this way. Typical of this season, all swimmers were able to rise to the challenge and swim near or beat their personal best times. Here are the results:

James Rates, <i>Newlands</i>	100m freestyle	58.66
Maxwell Brooks, <i>West Acre</i>	100m breaststroke	1.12.90 PB
Z-Za Bencharit, <i>Elmfield</i>	100m backstroke	1.03.65 PB
George Rates, <i>Newlands</i>	50m butterfly	28.20
James Rates, <i>Newlands</i>	50m freestyle	26.6
Maxwell Brooks, <i>Wesat Acre</i>	100m medley	1.05.49

### *The Bath Cup*

*Queen Elizabeth Olympic Pool, Stratford,  
13 March*

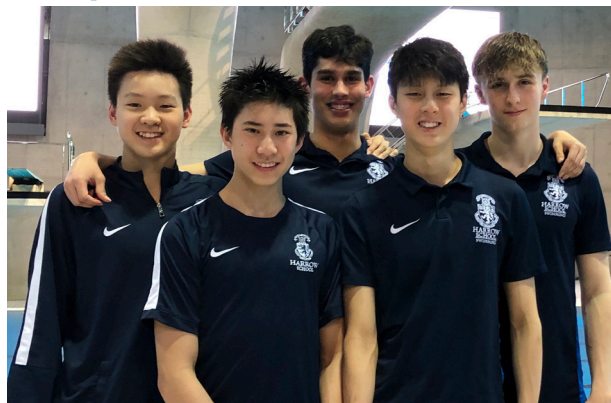
The Bath Cup is the oldest and most prestigious swimming event of the school calendar year. It has been operating since 1910, ceasing competition only in wartime. This is the most coveted prize in the swimming year. The competition consists of two relay events: 4 x 100m freestyle event (the Bath Cup) and a 4 x 50m medley event (the John Nalson Medley). Such is the strength and depth of our team that the final five swimmers for these events were not decided until Tuesday in a hair-raising swim-off. Swimmers who managed selection after the swim-off and who went on to compete as the top five swimmers in the school were: captain Thomas Khan, *West Acre*, captain Andrew Hong, *Lyon's*, Ethan Yeo, *The Head Master's*, Henry Pearce, *Newlands*, and Nick Finch, *Newlands* (Shell).

The first event of the day was the Bath Cup preliminaries. Harrow were set to swim in the second heat. In the first heat, the fastest three times were swum by Trinity College 3.48.06, Abingdon 3.49.56 and last year's winners, Stewart's Melville College, in a time of 3.49.08.

In the second heat, after some chest beating and general race preparation activity, the Harrow team got underway with their first-leg swimmer, Henry Pearce, who put in an impressive swim of 55.69, leaving our team in second position. Next to dive into the pool was Tom Khan who kept an even pace, maintaining second position, in a time of 56.33. Ethan Yeo swam third leg and managed to pull back the leading Uppingham team, with a split of 56.5. Andrew Hong blistered through the water in his final leg, swimming an impressive 53.7, which kept us in the lead and meant that Harrow won the heats in a final time of 3.42.48. Dulwich College in the next heat looked threatening, but were just off pace, winning their heat in a time of 3.48.48.

On to the finals. Harrow were seeded first and therefore took Lane 5, flanked by Campbell College and Dulwich College in Lanes 4 and 6; Trinity and Stewart's Melville were beyond those two teams. All of our swimmers made their way to the starting blocks, focused, poised and ready to rise to the challenge. The order of the swimmers was to be the same as the heats, with

Henry Pearce leading. The gun fired and Henry was off in an impressive 55.8 split, second to Dulwich. Tom swam a stormer leg, gaining slightly on Dulwich but with an impressive Campbell College swimmer keeping pace, just behind. Tom went nearly a second faster in the final than in the heats, touching in at 55.5. Into the pool went Ethan, who gained slightly on the Dulwich swimmer but, again, Campbell College lurked close behind. Final leg: Andrew Hong who barely took a breath in the whole 100 metres, fought with every stroke, trying to claw back the victory. Campbell College had a demon final swimmer who swam a 51.5, a true goliath. He was perhaps twice the stature of Andrew. This swimmer managed to catch Andrew by the 50m halfway mark, while also gaining on leaders Dulwich. In the final 15m it was a clear out and out battle for first between Campbell and Dulwich, with Harrow just a head behind. Results were Dulwich first in 3.40.12; Campbell College second in 3.40.14; and Harrow third in 3.41.59. Though we were disappointed not to lift the trophy, nothing more could have been expected of our swimmers. They left nothing in reserve, executing their races to perfection.



A quick lunch in the Westfield Centre and we were back in the pool for the afternoon warm-up leading to the John Nalson Relay event. Harrow again were placed in the second heat in the preliminary rounds. The first heat was won by Campbell College in a time of 1.50.82, followed by Stewart's Melville in a time of 1.55.68. In the second heat, Harrow led off with captain Andrew Hong on the backstroke leg, swimming the 50m in a time of 29.4. Andrew was followed by captain Thomas Khan, who swam a corking 31.12 for the breaststroke leg—a time that is faster than his School record of 31.34. Shell Nick Finch swam a seemingly effortless 27.5 for his butterfly leg, followed by Henry Pearce for the 50m freestyle, in a time of 24.9, five-hundredths off from the Torpid School record. Harrow won this heat. Other strong swims in later heats came from Abingdon School, Dulwich College, St Paul's School and Stewart's Melville.

After a brief respite and a few emotional words from the team captains as they prepared for the last National final of their Harrow careers, Tom having been at this event for all five of his Harrow years, and Andrew four, they made their way to the starting blocks for the race. Coach Will decided to keep the team as per the heats, so first up was Andrew. Andrew is essentially a butterfly specialist, but as we do not have any specialist backstrokers, he had to take this position. Andrew went an impressive 28.98 in his leg, which was a personal best time. Tom took over for the second leg breaststroke, and swam with incredible resolve, guts and aptitude, unbelievably bettering his heat time to an amazing 30.98, again a Senior School record. Tom left the team in third place at the end of his leg. Nick Finch then dived in and also managed to better his heat time, lowering it to 27.33 for his 50m butterfly. Harrow were still in third place. Henry Pearce dived in with Campbell College out in the lead followed closely behind by Stewart's Melville. Henry inched his way forward, and was soon involved in a

stroke-for-stroke battle with the Stewart's Melville swimmer, both breathing to the side facing one another so that they were fully aware of each other's position. Ethan Yeo, Coach Will, last year's captain Rafe Wendelken-Dickson and RMT were all cheering at full capacity on the side of the pool as Henry battled on, stroke by stroke. Both swimmers neared the finish and it was one of the most determined endings to a race that I have witnessed. At the final touch, it was unclear as to who had prevailed to take second place; however, after a quick glance at the scoreboard, it was revealed that Henry had just managed, by .06 of a second, to pip last year's winners. Final results: Campbell College 1.49.50; Harrow 1.52.38; Stewart's Melville 1.52.45. Although the boys were slightly disappointed not to bring back a trophy, they could not have asked more of themselves. Courage, Honour, Fellowship and Humility were all in great abundance and manifest in so many ways on this momentous day.

What better way to celebrate success than a quick trip to Shake Shack followed by some bubble tea!

## RUGBY SEVENS

*11 March*

Surrey Under-18 7s

Group Matches

1st VII v Reed's School  
Won 33-12

1st VII v Oaklands College  
Won 43-12

1st VII v Caterham School  
Won 28-7

Cup Knockout Final 16

1st VII v Beechen Cliff School  
Won 24-19

Cup Knockout Quarter-Final

1st VII v Clifton College  
Lost 19-31

Stowe Under-16 7s

Lost to Millfield 17-7 in the Cup Semi-Finals

The Colts VII, in their first 7s tournament of the season, gave an excellent account of themselves in a highly competitive competition. Having to overcome an excellent Sedbergh side to top their group and advance to the semi-finals, the team of 12 showed great courage and fellowship, putting together an outstanding and memorable performance to run out comprehensive winners 19-7.

Group Matches

Colts VII v Gordons School Won 31-0  
Colts VII v Kings Worcester Won 36-0  
Colts VII v Reading Oratory Won 24-5  
Colts VII v Sedbergh School Won 19-7

Cup Knockout Semi-Final

Colts VII v Millfield School, Lost 17-7

## HOCKEY

*The School v Haileybury, 10 March*

1st XI, Lost 1-2

2nd XI, Lost 2-3

A tough one to lose - Harrow scored two quick goals after half-time to go 2-0 up and looked in command. Unfortunately this prompted Haileybury's best player (who had come down from their 1st XI) to step it up a gear and the home team ended up losing 3-2.

Yearlings A, Lost 0-4

Yearlings B Won 2-1

### Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

Email the Master-in-Charge [smk@harrowschool.org.uk](mailto:smk@harrowschool.org.uk)

Read the latest issues of The Harrovian online at [harrowschool.org.uk/Harroviaan](http://harrowschool.org.uk/Harroviaan)