



The Rambling **ROSE**

Clifton High School Pupil Newspaper



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Foreword

The rain seems to have held off for several days now, just long enough for us to have a hint of the long summer break just around the corner. In fact, by the time this Issue is published, it will be with us, so what better reading companion could you wish for than Clifton High School's Rambling Rose?

Amongst others, 'Rambling' in this issue: Luka in Year 9, who talks us through some Grand-Master level chess; Ted in Year 12, whose incredibly sophisticated album review will open new avenues of music appreciation for you; and Matthew in Year 10 again plays the Agatha Christie card and continues to polish off members of teaching staff at [fictional] Clifton High School!

I continue to be bowled over by the interests and passions that emerge from our pupils at the School, and I am delighted and inspired by the hard work that Aneline and Miss Gottesman put into creating the platform for these passions to flourish. Thanks also to additional staff who have turned this edition around in lightning-quick time! At the heart of every remarkable endeavour lies the flame of passion, fuelling the pursuit of dreams and propelling us towards brilliance. It is here, in our Rambling Rose, that we witness the blossoming of passions into literary achievement, investigative journalism, and insightful commentary. We celebrate the diverse interests and talents of our student body, for it is through their words that we are reminded of the power we hold to shape our world. And in just that spirit of empowerment, diversity and inclusivity, I would encourage you to pay particular attention to Nadia's extraordinary writing in her article "The Colour Black" and the crucial message she conveys.

Have a very happy, restful summer; we wish every success to all Clifton High pupils receiving examination results.

Mrs Pippa Lyons-White, Head of English

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The Colour Black

The colour black has dozens of definitions dependent on location, context, time period and usage. It means something different for everyone, be it skin, professionalism, unprofessionalism, culture, identity, strength, weakness, death or burden. Exploring the way that blackness can be seen is important when thinking about the impact that it has on others. Though blackness can represent strength (such as wearing a black power-suit when strutting out of an interview), it can also represent fragility. Though blackness in regard to women is usually packaged with a sticker labelled “a strong black woman”, it is important to recognise moments of vulnerability. This is not an opposition to blackness as far as strength is concerned: instead, it is a biographical ‘deep dive’ into some experiences that, unfortunately, many other members of the black youth may have faced. It does highlight elements of black culture but also hardship and the effects that this has on people growing up.

The colour black means a lot to me, allowing me to reminisce about my childhood which was filled with days in the sun and applying after sun after refusing to use SPF because of the ivory cast it left behind. A memory that I will never forget will have to be my mother explaining to me the beauty of my skin: the memory of being taught that the blackness I had grown to despise on myself was a mark of generations of people loving the mahogany that blanketed my body too. Growing up seeing stars advertising skin-bleaching, whitening, ‘beautifying’ creams and marking lightness as the standard of acceptability and beauty changed the way I viewed myself. In primary school, my friends compared their arms to mine and explained that the reason that they know they are beautiful is because their skin was clean and without impurities. The colour black felt like a burden to not only myself but to others. The blackness that covered my body felt unhygienic as it was often compared to dirt and imperfection. It felt like an impossible task to defeat, immune to what magical creams claimed to cover the blackness in an effort to not feel excluded during

primary school sleepovers. I could not use the fancy porcelain makeup that they had.

I read gaudy, pop art inspired, tabloid coated tween magazines that advised young girls to cover up their faces with makeup to get their dream lover.

It also felt like an impossible task to shop for the makeup that these magazines romanticised and idealised as being the end-all, be-all cure to lack-of-attraction. Standing in a foundation aisle in Superdrug during my youth felt like fifty-shades-of-beige was staring back at me. I couldn’t be like them. To me it wasn’t about getting the ideal boyfriend, it was about feeling accepted and not feeling like the blackness was an additional weight on my shoulders or an inconvenience to anyone else.

The colour black will be significant to all of us at one point in our lives. According to psychologists, the colour black when worn is meant to emulate confidence and professionalism. Some of us may be told to use the blackness to our advantage and wear the black suit and black pumps combination so the employer conducting the interview takes us seriously. The uniformity is meant to represent equality and professionalism so people ‘focus on the work’ and ‘tackle the important issues together’ without having to worry about their looks. However, some of us may be told that our blackness will set us back. This is reminiscent of my childhood hearing my parents tell my siblings the infamous, “you need to work twice as hard to have half as much as they have” when it comes to their blackness. Specifically, I remember understanding this from a very young age: before I reached the level of confidence and literacy to articulate a response to hearing something so daunting.

I remember being told by teachers that I needed to remove my box braids because they were “messy” and “didn’t send the right message”. This did not come as a surprise to me as I remember hearing the news stories of other little black girls being forced to take out their braids because their blackness

GHTS

“spoiled the professional environment”. Natural hair has always been so close to me but also so unknown. Sitting on my mother’s lap as she dragged the afro-comb through my kinky locs while playing Erykah Badu felt very homely. Although I found this to be very painful and uncomfortable (especially when I was younger), now I am able to look back at it and laugh at how fascinating, yet beautiful, the styling of my hair was. This was until I went into school with my natural hair and began receiving questions from my peers, teachers and even strangers.

“Why is your hair so messy?”

“I am so grateful my hair isn’t as tangled as yours.”

“Why don’t you look after it properly?”

“It looks like a bird's nest.”

“Don’t worry, we all get bed-head sometimes!”

Expressing my blackness by simply existing in my natural state felt so dirty, isolating, and wrong. Eventually, the critiques trickled upwards, from students, to teachers, to parents. I remember my peer coming up to me and saying, “My mummy said your hair looks unkempt.” Feeling their mother’s eyes pierce me, subconsciously reminded me that everybody can see what’s wrong and that everyone can see what I need to change. My blackness felt like a substance that was plaguing my self-acceptance and social acceptance. I felt like a bad child; a bad friend; a bad person; and generally a tainted human being. The mother who critiqued a quintessential element of my blackness kindly advised my mother to try chemically straightening my hair to help me look more presentable. Later that week, we ended up in the afro-haven of the ethnic beauty supply store, the aisles stacked to the ceilings filled with boxes of unknown chemicals which smelt like paper, alcohol and coconut oil. I have vivid memories of my mother rubbing the paste onto my scalp, towel over my shoulders, remarking, “Let me know when it starts to burn!” I remember waking up the next morning with dishevelled, coil-less, stringy, lifeless

hair. This wasn’t what I was aiming for but at least the blackness that I first possessed seemed less... undesirable. Though I was always able to see the connection between my hair and my blackness, I never saw a reason why I should celebrate either of those aspects of my identity - I saw my blackness to be plaguing me and (unfortunately for me at the time) unerasable.

I think that the majority of us can see how blackness can correlate to death. Throughout the western world, the colour black has generally been accepted to be the colour of mourning. It has almost been seen as a universally accepted way of a mark of respect to the loss of a life. To other people, the correlation between blackness and death can also be driven by police brutality. It makes me think about the constant headlines of another black teenager being killed by police officers or other members of the public in seemingly similar ways. It does make the idea of leaving my house feel daunting and a lot more dangerous than it needs to be. Though I think we are all aware we do not necessarily live in a euphoria where the grass is always real and green, the sun is always shining and peace transcends from the system to the people, I think most rational people can see the fault in blackness being a cause of death.

To conclude my declaration, I wanted to write about the way I feel, seeing the cycle continue. I remember seeing another young black girl wear their crown to school for the first time with pride and I almost saw a part of myself within her. Over the course of a few months, I began to see her confidence fade and I began to see her conform - just like I once did. I do not blame her for feeling the way that she did, but it did halt my thought of the idea that society has changed: in reality, people are simply less polemical in their views of blackness.

But the connotations of the colour black still imbue our communities.

MUSIC

Preacher's Daughter Album Review

Born and raised in the American Bible Belt, Hayden Silas Anhedönia — stage name Ethel Cain — grew up in a rural Southern-Baptist community before leaving the church at the age of 16 and coming out as a trans woman at the age of 20. Anhedönia still holds onto her faith despite the damage that it has caused. 'It's not really something you can walk away from', she says, choosing to focus on the love that religion offers.

Following on from her debut EP, *Inbred*, which adopted a much more upbeat indie rock sound, Anhedönia released her first full-length album, entitled *Preacher's Daughter*; indeed, 'full-length' doesn't even begin to describe it as the album stands at a whopping 75 minutes, with 13 tracks, many of them seven-minute epics. With this, the punchiness of her previous EP is abandoned for a slow burn effect.

Set against the backdrop of deeply religious Alabama, the concept album reads like a screenplay as it tells the story of Ethel Cain as she runs away from home and into the arms of the wrong guy, who ends up

murdering her before she sings a few tracks from beyond the grave, or more accurately, from beyond the chest freezer in the basement. The fact that the Ethel Cain of the album is dead and the artist is very clearly still alive should serve to remind you that the life and death of Ethel Cain is a fictional depiction of the world that Anhedönia grew up in.

Opening strongly with the hearty American Teenager, Hayden demonstrates the mass-appealing alt-rock anthems of which she is capable. The song pans across rural America with a sense of adolescent chaos that ascends into cheerful oblivion.

What follows is a collection of drawn-out songs that slowly begin to portray a shift in focus from cheerful oblivion to just straight up oblivion.

Perhaps the most anguished track, *Hard Times* is an exploration of the abuse that Cain experienced. A lot of the song's length is attributed to the drawling outro, in which variations of a single line are droned, echoing painfully over and over again to mirror the undying trauma that she carries inside. This is a



perfect example of how a song's length can really allow the message to hit home, although this method becomes slightly less impactful as you inch through the rest of the songs, each one just as long as the last.

Another outstanding song is the third track, titled *A House in Nebraska*, in which Ethel yearns for the return of her past lover, Willoughby. She describes an abandoned house in the middle of Nebraskan nowhere in which she had clandestine meetings with him at her "home". The true tragedy of the song comes not in the seething vocals, the deep, painful piano chords and the lyrics, but in the hindsight that this 'house in Nebraska' was fictional all along, leaving us wondering how much of the song's story was real to begin with and how much was simply a longing to escape her hometown and the uncomfortable past that it holds.

In the same way, the rest of the album works better the more it is revisited, as you're able to appreciate the foreshadowing and irony and pain that comes with the retrospect of the story's end. Take for example *Thoroughfare*, the ballad that marks the end of the first part of the album — with the hindsight of the next song, *Gibson Girl*, which explores the hideously dark twist of this relationship between Ethel and her new lover Isaiah, the seemingly innocent love song becomes a commentary on the dangerous potential of a relationship.

This clever structure of the album is paired with an ambient soundscape to create a strong atmosphere which elevates it from a little screenplay to a blockbuster. This is demonstrated perfectly as the chaos swells in the build-up to Ethel's death in *Ptolomaea* where the hum of Isaiah's distorted and threatening voice can be heard, immersing you in Ethel's semi-conscious situation tied up in his attic the same way that it would in the cinema.

Although the visceral scenes of her death may cause us to lose a clear view of the deeper message, the event itself does subsequently allow Anhedonia to

really reflect upon her life. In *Sun Bleached Flies*, for example, Ethel sees the irony of her strict religious upbringing from heaven, smiling and chuckling the line "God loves you but not enough to save you": here Anhedonia comforts those who live in fear of God by almost poking fun at the influence that religion has had over Ethel's life.

Overall, *Preacher's Daughter* is a gorgeous culmination of witty lyrics, atmospheric sounds and structural genius that combine to create an unstoppable force of storytelling. Anhedonia manages to retain all the flirtatious drama of gothic country music without losing sight of nuanced meaning and emotion. Yes, the album is a slow burn; but by the end, it is a raging and gorgeous house fire in the middle of the rural deep South.



TRAVEL

Clifton High School Spanish Trip

The 4 night stay on the shores of the Mediterranean at the end of March was a welcome break from average British weather for the Year 10-13s, who spent the beginning of their Easter holidays in Andalusia in the south of Spain. With a packed itinerary, it certainly wasn't a relaxed trip of sunbathing and swimming, instead visiting five towns and cities in three full days. After a 6:30am flight from Bristol airport, we landed in Malaga, sleep-deprived, but in high spirits and took a coach to nearby Fuengirola where we would be staying for the duration of the trip at the Las Palmas Hotel. In desperate need of food, we were then sent out onto the beachfront to find lunch, spoilt for choice. We ended up at the first tapas restaurant we could find; it only took two kilometres of walking past Irish sports bars to find one. My fellow Year 12 pupils broke the English stereotype by actually ordering native food such as Patatas Bravas and Croquetas, it was a hamburger for me. Finally, an evening of bowling and relaxing in our hotel rooms concluded our first day.

An 8:00am meet downstairs for breakfast the next day was not the lie in we were hoping for but it was necessary as this was our busiest day of the trip, visiting three towns. A two hour coach ride inland to our first location, Ronda, was the first of many hours in the coach that day. Originally a fortress of the Moor Empire, who ruled much of the Iberian peninsula between 711 and 1492 AD, we began our tour of Ronda at the bottom in Los Baños Arabes, or the arabic baths, similar to that of the Roman baths in Bath, but slightly less preserved. Taking in as much information as possible to use in our Spanish speaking exam, we then swiftly moved up the fortress, where many of the photos of us in dire need of sunglasses were taken for the school Instagram. The view from the top where the main town is located was well worth the climb, as we were at the top of a 100m cliff rivalling the view from the Clifton Suspension Bridge. It was by chance that a bike and running race was finishing at the same time, giving us the opportunity to witness the announcer of the event display a slightly concerning level of energy given the

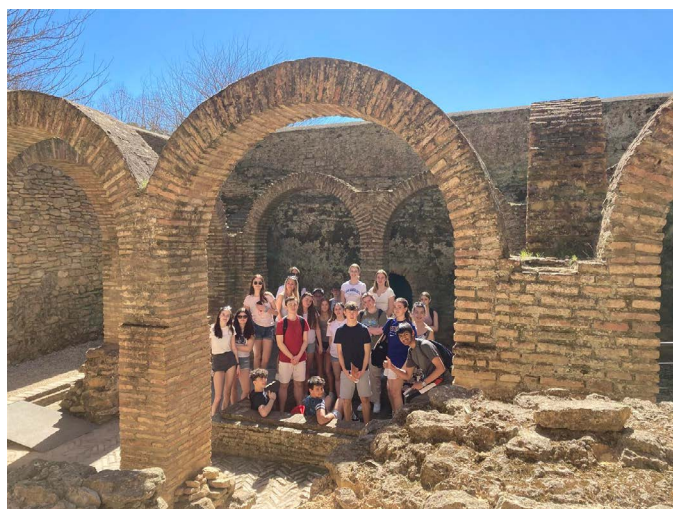
near 30 degree heat. With no time to waste, it was then back to the coach to our second destination of the day, Puerto Banús, a more common destination on the itinerary of the British. A harbour of yachts, supercars and designer stores, we struggled to find an affordable lunch that wasn't McDonald's, however we eventually found some very nice wraps in a hidden cafe. After successfully dodging the many fake designer sellers who roamed the streets, it was off to probably the most recognisable location on the trip, Marbella. Unfortunately, due to the nature of our trip, we weren't able to experience the same sort of Marbella that I would if I was to return on a lads' holiday in a couple of years time, but an hour sunbathing on the beach was more than welcome. This was the final action for the second day and it was back to the hotel for dinner.

The second day, my personal favourite, began in similar fashion to the first with an early start and this time a three hour journey to Seville. Seville has bucket loads of history with palaces and cathedrals at the heart of the city, yet is well equipped for modern society with open streets allowing people and trams to travel easily. It would've been a perfect city if it wasn't for the horse and carriage being a popular mode of transport, which made for a fragrant tour of the city at times. We began by exploring the gardens of the Royal Alcázar of Seville (a palace built for Christian King Peter of Castille) and were surprised to find the resident peacock population there, unfortunately not in the mood to spread their feathers. The greenness of the gardens was truly impressive given the heat and lack of rain southern Spain is known for and no doubt was where most of our entry fee went. After completing the tour and a quick lunch of empanadas (spanish pasties), we scaled all 35 floors of the Giralda, the bell tower of the Seville Cathedral, eventually reaching a viewing point which looked out across the entire city of Seville. Although our stay in Seville was short-lived, I will definitely be returning there in the near future and encourage anyone visiting Andalusia to spend at least a day there. I would recommend staying

slightly nearer than we did though to avoid the six-hour round trip.

Our final full day before we headed back to Bristol took us to the city of Granada, this was by far the most scenic and enjoyable of our coach journeys due to the spectacular scenery. Southern Spain has a far more diverse landscape than I initially thought, no more so than in Granada which sits at the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountain range and Mulhacén, the tallest mountain in mainland Spain with an elevation of 3,842 metres. Combining this with the vast, flat landscape surrounding the rest of the city, we were in awe at the view as we headed up a steep hill overlooking the city to our main destination of the day. La Alhambra, translating to 'the red' in Arabic, is one of the most famous and well-preserved pieces of Arabic architecture and was the last fortress of the Moor Empire before they were expelled from Spain in the Christian Reconquista. Fitting its name well, the red-brick walls of the Alhambra encircle the old city of Granada, also protecting the main palace and its gardens. After our tour of the fortress was complete, we headed down into the town for our final lunch of the trip consisting of more empanadas which again did not disappoint. We then headed back to Fuengirola for our final night with awards on the beach and uno on the balcony to round off a jam packed trip as we flew back to Bristol in the morning.

Despite being an A-Level Spanish student, this was my first time going to mainland Spain and, although I am not a fan of how slow Spanish roads are, I thoroughly enjoyed the Spanish culture and scenery. If you ever have the opportunity to go to the south of Spain, I would thoroughly recommend it.



TRAVEL

Brazil

I had the great pleasure to visit Brazil, Recife to be exact (in the northeast of the country) and here I will describe the climate, food and culture.

Climate

What can I say: the climate is a vast wall of heat, although in other places it even could snow! Where I went to - Recife - it's very hot with the hottest temperature recorded standing at 35.7°! Even in the autumn or winter it's still humid and very rainy. When I went (Easter time) it was rainy but strangely in the day time the rain didn't last long – maybe only about a 10 minute downpour - and then went back to being sunny. But the climate in Brazil varies between humidity, sun, cold and VERY occasional snow (in the south). In the south the climate is very much like Europe.

Food

Brazil overall is so big and different foods come from different cities within the country. They have their most loved food there: *feijoada* which is black beans in a sauce which you can have with rice. Brazilians also have *brigadeiro* which is dark chocolate mixed with condensed milk and then shaped into a little ball, but it could be coconut or white chocolate replacing the dark chocolate. They also have (my favourite) *coxinha* which is deep fried dough with creamy chicken in the middle! That's just the start – there is so much more delicious food! Brazil also of course has restaurants that we get here like McDonald's, KFC and Burger King. BUT... the McDonald's ice cream is on another level: in shopping malls specific little stations for MaccyD's ice cream are EVERYWHERE, and I mean it! They have vanilla, chocolate and mixed they have amazing sundaes and everything sweet!



Culture

Brazil is considered by many to be a third world country, which means they don't get all the delights we have here in the UK and they suffer with a lot more poverty than we do; but that doesn't stop Brazilians being happy. Everyone I met there was so lovely and helpful. One thing I would like to address is the number of homeless people and that really had an impact on me. Due to inflation, everything there is expensive, and I didn't realise how much it harder it is for them - but their homelessness is different than what I have seen in Bristol: it's not one person - it's a whole family. And that made me realise how fortunate we all are at Clifton High School. Despite this, there were amazing sights to see like the beaches. In Recife there are many beaches, but in their everyday life, Brazilians don't actually go to the beach unless it's hot, and in the winter or autumn they don't usually go at all. The culture is always filled with music from Samba to Brazilian pop/rap. Brazilians are very festive and love to dress to go to parties! Most people live in apartments with pools at the top, while their jobs vary from beach work to hairdressers.

Overall, my most amazing experience was when I went to the mangroves where millions of crabs were living. To be honest I almost passed out! There was a huge river as well but the crabs were everywhere scuttling around and I nearly had one chucked in my face! In the beginning, I didn't even let my bare feet touch the ground because there were so many. Then, to escape the crabs, I body-boarded on the water and it was all going fine until my mum decided to step on the board which caused us to both fall in. All-in-all, visiting Brazil was an incredible experience and it is a beautiful country with amazing culture. Everyone should visit!



TRAVEL

Visiting Italy

Italy, known for its picturesque landscapes, historical sites, and mouthwatering cuisine, remains a favourite among the places I've been. If you're seeking a taste of Mediterranean charm- this captivating country, steeped in a rich heritage that spans millennia, continues to enthrall visitors with its unique blend of ancient wonders and modern allure.

Nestled in the heart of Europe, Italy is a living testament to the remnants of one of the world's greatest empires, the Roman Empire. Verona's beauty and opera provision is a must! Although it was boiling and didn't finish until 1.00am the Opera was an experience one wouldn't forget.

From the iconic Colosseum in Rome to the perfectly preserved ruins of Pompeii, to the rolling perfectly tarmacked Roman roads (sometimes!), Italy offers a mesmerizing journey through time. You can wander the streets of ancient Rome, and explore the archaeological wonders buried beneath the volcanic ashes of Mount Vesuvius. Although I haven't been to Rome, yet, it certainly sounds amazing!

Beyond its historical treasures, Italy is renowned for its culture. Florence, the home of classical, breathtaking artistry and Michelangelo's David. Enchanting canals of Venice, where gondolas glide through narrow waterways; the country is a living museum of artistic and architectural marvels. Going through pictures from last summer it's hard to include an image that captures the beauty, elegance and awe Venice holds for me.

As well as all this, the Vatican City, a sovereign state within Rome, showcases the awe-inspiring beauty of St. Peter's Basilica and Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel, attracting millions of art enthusiasts each year.

By visiting Venice now (before it's too late), you contribute to the preservation of its cultural heritage. Visiting supports local businesses, artisans, and craftsmen who work tirelessly to maintain the city's unique traditions. Moreover, the rising sea levels threatening coastal cities worldwide can be recognised first hand.

In my opinion, Italy's natural landscapes are equally captivating, with regions like Tuscany boasting rolling hills, vineyards, and charming medieval towns. Every night would provide a new restaurant to dine at, boasting Italy's food! This is where I wish emojis could be used to describe the taste pallet experienced. Italy is a culinary paradise that explores taste buds with its world-famous pizza, pasta, gelato, and espresso. Each region showcases its own distinct flavours and culinary traditions, from the hearty ragù of Bologna to the fresh seafood delights of the Amalfi Coast. You can embark on adventures, exploring local markets, vineyards, and trattorias that serve authentic Italian delicacies.

Just when you think this country can't provide any more, Italy's allure is not limited to its renowned cities. The country's diverse landscape offers skiing in the majestic Dolomites and hiking in the rugged beauty of the Cinque Terre, which can be done just an hour's drive from Milan or Verona. Italy really provides for everyone.

Italy's enduring appeal lies in its ability to seamlessly blend history, art, culture, and natural beauty into a tapestry that captures the imagination! Whether it's a romantic gondola ride in Venice, a leisurely stroll through the vineyards of Tuscany, or exploring the ancient ruins of Rome, the list could go on. Italy promises a captivating journey that leaves a lasting impression on all who visit. So to the travellers among us, head to Italy this year or next and enjoy just as much as I did!



CHARITY

Tour de France Challenge

As a young cyclist, the Tour de France represented the pinnacle of athletic endeavour, outlandish adventure and a 3-week immersion into some of the most glorious landscapes on Earth. Looking at the race through older eyes, it's hard to ignore the vulgar promotional vehicles throwing plastic tat to the crowds gathered at the roadside, masseuses ready to mitigate the effects of the race on riders' legs, personal chefs catering to calculated culinary requirements, the fleet of monstrous team buses shunting around the countryside, and the 216,388 tons of carbon dioxide equivalents that the race produces each year.

In an attempt to rediscover the simplicity and audacity of the Tour, where riders used to ransack road side shops for food and commandeered blacksmiths' workshops to reweld broken bikes, three friends from school will board a ferry to Bilbao on 9th July before setting off to ride the entirety of the 2023 Tour de France route including the sections that the race will cover using motorised transport, fully self-supported and sleeping in tents. We'll be aiming to arrive at the Arc de Triomphe in no more than 23 days: the same amount of time the race itself will take to cover the route. The official route this year is 3,404km long and includes 55,086 metres of vertical

elevation. Our route will be 4,529km and 62,321 metres elevation at an average of over 200km and nearly 3,000 vertical metres of climbing a day.

We'll be riding in support of PROPS, a Bristol based charity. PROPS believes that everyone within our community should have the opportunity to lead fulfilling and participative lives on both a social and professional level, regardless of any cognitive or physical impairments. Their mission is to support adults with learning disabilities to achieve their full potential in our community. PROPS aims to achieve this by providing access to practical learning, skills development and worthwhile, accessible work-based experiences.

If you would like to find out more about PROPS, have a look at their website www.propsbristol.org

To donate to the charity, scan the QR code below.

If you'd like to find out more about the ride or follow along with the preparation and attempt, you can find us on Instagram @les_lanternes_rouges

Bon route!



FICTION



a CLIFTON HIGH PRIVATE EYE mystery

What Ms. Stirkeland thought was going to be a relaxing, work-less, after-school Monday evening took a turn for the worse within the time span of 2 minutes. Her first realisation that the evening would not be as carefree as she thought came at 6:11 pm when she spotted a shadowy figure in the school fiddling with a hefty device. As for her second realisation that the night was not going to go to plan, it occurred at approximately 6:13 pm, having been strangled half to death, and had her throat slashed, then left to bleed out on the school drive. She would be discovered 3 minutes later, on the brink of death. Ms. Stirkeland's last words would be a desperate attempt at revealing the name of her murderer. Unfortunately, her words were misheard, thus beginning a crisis of mistrust among all those that became caught up in the murder investigation.

"That's the second death that has happened on these school grounds," Mr. Barrett proclaimed, his back slumped far into his seat and his head craned towards the ceiling. "As if murder on the Astro wasn't enough, now we've got another murder mystery on our hands." Sat opposite him was police Detective Sergeant Rosa Ryan, who had been sent to investigate the crime.

"Mr. Head Teacher, forgive me, but I haven't visited this school for quite some time now," she said. "What's an Astro?"

"Oh, that's the artificial grass turf we installed a few years back," Mr. Barrett explained. "So, Detective Ryan, it is my understanding you're a school alumnus? Or 'Rosarians' as we call them?"

DS Ryan nodded. "That's right. That's the

whole reason I'm here - I was assigned to this case because I was short-listed as someone who was familiar with the school." She opened her case file. "Speaking of lists, we've compiled one of the potential suspects in this murder. These four were all present in the school when Ms. Stirkeland was killed."

Once more, Mr. Barrett found himself in the Room to Question, being questioned. He listened as the names of four of his colleagues were read out. Mr. Sparros, Classics and English teacher; Mr. La Cothi, Chemistry teacher; Ms. Fischer, Computing teacher; and Mr. Aires, Art teacher.

"Unfortunately, other than being at the school during the murder, there are no other reasons to distrust these four suspects," DS Ryan said. "This means it's going to be very difficult for us to pinpoint who the murderer is."

All of a sudden, a deafening rattle could be heard from the double doors of the Room to Question. Standing at the door were the four suspects, flanked by police officers and fiddling with the Room to Question lock.

"Because of this," DS Ryan continued, "we've got some serious interrogation work to do."

Mr. Barrett walked to the door to greet the new arrivals. "Sorry for the lock, we recently changed the code. Please, sit."

The four suspects sat.

"So," Detective Sergeant Ryan said, "Ms. Fischer, let's begin with you. You were the one who discovered Ms. Stirkeland's body. We've asked you this already last night, but would you mind repeating

to the group what you saw last night?"

Ms. Fischer nodded. "I had to stay in school because I was working on the school computers, working with Adobe After Effects, to be specific. I can't use After Effects at home because I don't have a subscription, but the school computers do. Anyways, I wrapped up at about 12 past 6, and then when I exited the Maths Department building, there she was."

"Did she say anything before she died?" Mr. Barrett asked.

Another nod. "Yeah, she started croaking a lot, and I could barely hear what she was saying, but I remember it went something like this," Ms. Fischer paused, lowered her voice, and croaked: "'The killer is here! We have to stop him! He threw upon... he threw upon...'" and then she died!"

Immediately after saying that, the faces of everyone else in the room morphed into frowns.

"Maybe it's just me," Mr. Sparros said cautiously, "but with that croaking voice, what you just said sounded a lot like 'The killer is here! We have to stop him! He threw a bomb... he threw a bomb...'"

"No, I heard it too." Mr. Aires remarked.

"Oh god, you might be right!" Ms. Fischer exclaimed. "Ms. Stirkeland was literally bleeding from her throat, and her voice box must have been absolutely mangled, so there's a real possibility I did mishear her."

"And the police didn't pick up on that when they were questioning you last night?" asked Mr. La Cothi.

"I wasn't mimicking Ms. Stirkeland's croaky voice last night when I was repeating her last words to the police," Ms. Fischer said. "So the police must not have been able to realise that it was possible I had misheard what she said!"

Mr. Barrett shot out of his chair and stood. "So there's a bomb threat now? We have to evacuate the school!"

"Now just hold on a second," Detective Sergeant Ryan said. "I've dealt with a similar case before, evacuating this place now could provoke the killer. Let's just sit back down first and think this through."

Steadily, Mr. Barrett sank back into the chair.

"Not to accuse anyone," said Mr. La Cothi, "but Mr. Sparros, you have had military experience in the past haven't you?"

"What is that supposed to mean?" Mr. Sparros glared at Mr. La Cothi. "That doesn't make me a murderer."

Mr. La Cothi raised an open palm as if to apologise. "I know," he said. "But it does mean you probably know your way around explosives more than anyone else in this room."

"Bold words coming from a teacher whose area of expertise is chemistry," Mr. Sparros retorted. "If anything that makes you even more suspicious. You even have all the right chemicals to make the bomb already in the school for you!"

"Ah, so you do know what it takes to make a bomb!" Mr. La Cothi countered. "And speaking of equipment, what about Mr. Aires? He's the one with the flammable paint cans and kiln stuff lying around."

Mr. Aires recoiled, surprised. "Woah, don't accuse me! I teach Art! I'm the one who knows the least about bomb-making!"

"Well, how about Ms. Fischer?" Mr. Sparros pointed at the Computing teacher.

"She teaches Computing," Mr. Aires remarked. "She'll probably know how to program a bomb timer or something."

"Woah woah woah!" Ms. Fischer said in response. "I teach about phishing and probably know as much about bombs as you do! Where would I even get the materials to make one? For all we know there might not even be a bomb at all!"

"Hey!" Mr. Barrett interrupted. "Stop flinging

accusations around!”

He turned around to the police detective. “Detective Ryan, shall we step outside to have a word?”

DS Ryan nodded.

“Guys,” she said to the suspects, “in light of this newly discovered information, I’m afraid we’re going to have to take this to the police station. No one will be leaving for home until at least 10 pm. Understood?”

With that, the two exited the Room to Question.

“So,” DS Ryan said, standing in the Bear Pit, “one’s a Chemistry teacher with the ingredients needed for bomb construction, another’s a war veteran with the practical know-how, another’s an Art teacher with flammable materials at hand, and another’s a Computing teacher who would understand how to program an explosive.”

Mr. Barrett sighed melodramatically. “Great. They all have what it takes to make a bomb. How are we supposed to narrow the suspect list down?”

“I don’t know,” said DS Ryan, shaking her head. “I guess keep doing more interrogations, individually this time. I thought that perhaps if we did a questioning session with all the suspects together, one of them might crack under the extra pressure.”

All of a sudden, Mr. Barrett’s phone buzzed. An email had come through. He fished his phone out of his suit pocket, read the notification and almost dropped it in shock.

“What is it?” DS Ryan asked.

Mr. Barrett whipped his head around to the Detective. “I just got an email titled ‘My Demands.’” He clicked on the notification, opening up Outlook. “Oh god, it was sent to everyone in the school - staff, students, everyone. It says here that the sender of the email is from someone outside the school, but I’m betting that this is the work of the murderer.”

“Looks like there’s a video attached.” DS Ryan pointed out.

Mr. Barrett tapped into the video, and the video started to play. Gradually, the image of tranquil lake scenery materialised. A disembodied, pitch-adjusted voice began to speak.

“This school isn’t what it used to be,” it began dramatically. “This school used to be empathetic, loving. Aren’t those supposed to be the school values?”

The gravelly voice continued speaking. “I have worked at this school for years, with unyielding dedication towards nurturing the next generation of this nation. And what do I get in return? Barely enough to stay afloat in this oppressive economy. As most of you should know, we are at the moment in the midst of a cost of living crisis.”

An animated line graph of the UK inflation rate took shape on the screen, the red line rising and falling across the years like waves of water.

“Before, the school was still kind enough to us. Do not think I don’t acknowledge that. Us teachers survived well, were able to afford to pursue our hobbies, and were able to live a life of comfort. But now,”

The line on the graph reached the year 2022 and shot up. The screen was washed with a dramatically intense crimson.

“Now, I see the true face of this school. Apathetic to the plight of its faithful servants, slow to rectify the shortcomings of the system.”

In the video, a stylish transition began. The line graph “crumbled”, then the pieces magically rearranged themselves to form an image of the Clifton High School grounds.

“This video is really well done.” Detective Sergeant Ryan remarked.

The monologue kept on going. “Because of such aforementioned callousness, I am left with no choice but to demand this: Mr. Barrett, raise our wages, and present all of the staff in this school with a generous pay cheque. Do not disrespect this ultimatum, for if you do, there will be consequences for this school. Grievous, devilish consequences that will shake this school to its core.”

Immediately, the image of the school in the video burst into flames, prompting an audible yelp from a shocked Mr. Barrett.

“A bomb has been positioned somewhere on this campus. You have until a certain time, which I will not disclose, before this school is engulfed in a deadly inferno. Do not attempt to evacuate the pupils, do not attempt to locate this explosive, and do not attempt to disarm it either. If you do so, it will be detonated, and the blood of these children will be on your hands. Do the math, and you’ll discover the only way out of this predicament is to accept my offer.

These are desperate times, and I wish that it

did not have to come to this. Nonetheless, the clock is ticking, Mr. Barrett. Fish some money out of those deep pockets of yours, or this school will burn. You have been warned.”

With that, the video faded to black.

After a long pause, Mr. Barrett spoke.

“So there is a bomb.”

Detective Sergeant Ryan nodded.

“Seems like it.”

All at once the four suspect teachers emerged from the Room to Question.

“Mr. Barrett.” Mr. Sparros strode towards the Head Teacher. “The four of us have all just watched the video on our phones. We need to act now. Before something bad happens.”

“Everyone, please remain calm,” Mr. Barrett said. “We’ll find a solution to this, and the only way to do that is to calm down.”

Mr. Sparros had walked up to Mr. Barrett’s ear now.

“Sir,” he whispered. “I noticed that just now, the moment you left the room, the other three suspects immediately took their phones out. I assumed they did so to contact their families about not being

able to come home before 10 pm because of this interrogation business. But I now realise, it is very likely that at least one of them was actually using their phone to send the demands email, in response to the bomb threat being discovered.”

“Is that the case?” Mr. Barrett asked.

Mr. Sparros nodded. “This means that the murderer is desperate. They’re afraid that their bomb will be discovered before they have the chance to reveal their demands. Maybe, that means the bomb wasn’t hidden well.”

“Which is why Ms. Stirkeland said ‘he threw a bomb!’” Mr. Barrett exclaimed, an epiphany upon him. “Maybe, our killer threw this bomb haphazardly, onto a bad hiding spot.”

Mr. Sparros nodded once more. “Maybe, just maybe, we can find this bomb. I also don’t think the video is a bluff. The killer has already proven themselves capable of murder. What more is arson going to do to their conscience?”

“I’m sorry for pointing fingers again,” Ms. Fischer interrupted, “but Mr. Sparros, if you don’t mind me saying - that speech in the video. Quite well written. Lots of big words. You’re an English teacher aren’t you?”



“Why does everyone keep accusing me?” Mr. Sparros threw his arms up in annoyance. “I assure you, that video was not my work. I can only dream of being so artistic. And besides, I feel like there’s something... off about the speech.”

“What do you mean?” Mr. Aires asked.

“I feel like,” Mr. Sparros stroked his bearded chin, “the speech was the work of an AI program. The big words seem excessively posh. There seems to be a recurring phrase in the speech: ‘do not’. The speech also features some American English words, like ‘campus’ and ‘math’, and American English is the default writing style for ChatGPT.”

He shook his head. “I don’t know, maybe I’m wrong. Or maybe, the murderer is someone who needs ChatGPT because they haven’t read a book in a while.”

All heads turned to Mr. La Cothi.

“What?” Mr. La Cothi said. “Just because I go fishing in my free time rather than reading? Also, do I look like someone who is artsy enough to make this video?”

All heads turned to Mr. Aires this time.

“Hey!” Mr. Aires exclaimed. “I deal with painting, printmaking, and cyanotype photography, but rarely videos. The video doesn’t even look that aesthetic. Why don’t you guys look at Ms. Fischer instead? Wasn’t she the one working with Adobe After Effects?”

“Honestly,” Ms. Fischer said exhaustedly, “you want my professional opinion? I think this video was made by an amateur, using PowerPoint or something. It wouldn’t be easy, and you would need a considerable amount of experience with PowerPoint presentations, but it probably wouldn’t be as hard as using more professional software.”

“That still doesn’t clear you of suspicion,” Mr. La Cothi said. “It also doesn’t help that you’re a Computing teacher who would probably know your way around ChatGPT.”

“Anyone can use ChatGPT!” Ms. Fischer yelled in response.

As the bickering continued, Mr. Barrett blankly stared up at the school E block. Even while standing on the Astro turf, he could hear the sound of chaos in the classrooms, probably due to the pupils discovering the demands video in their emails.

There has got to be something else in Ms. Stirkeland’s last words that give away a clue, Mr. Barrett thought.

Why would she not mention the killer’s name too? Maybe she couldn’t see their face because the killer was wearing a ski mask or something?

Mr. Barrett shook his head at himself.

Sure-fire way to arouse suspicion, wearing a ski mask in school, he mused. But if Ms. Stirkeland did see the murderer’s face, why wouldn’t she reveal their name before she died? What if she actually did, but it was misheard too?

Mr. Barrett was still absorbed in deep thought when Detective Sergeant Ryan walked up to him.

“Here we go with the accusations again,” she said, sighing.

“What?” Mr. Barrett asked.

“I said,” DS Ryan repeated, “here we go with the accusations again. The suspects are arguing again like last time. Should we break them up?”

She turned her head to Mr. Barrett, and was surprised to see him intensely staring at her, eyes wide open and mouth ajar as if in shock.

“What’s wrong?” she asked him. “Something I said?”

“Yes,” Mr. Barrett responded, unexpectedly quickly.

DS Ryan raised an eyebrow. “Now, what did I say to offend you?”

Mr. Barrett shook his head, and his dazed expression vanished.

“Offend? No, no, no. Nothing like that.” Mr. Barrett responded.

“Then what is it?” DS Ryan asked.

“It’s just that,” Mr. Barrett said, “I think I know who the murderer is.”

Scan the QR code below to first vote on who you think the murderer is thus far, then continue reading on!



Rose Gold is a work of fiction. All names and incidents are used fictitiously and are in no way a reflection of actual events or persons.

HISTORY

History of Italy

I am Italian and am very proud of my country. I wanted to share some of the history of Italy in this article, which I have researched to the best of my ability.

Part 1

The Beginning (1823-1859)

Italy was a unified country from the birth of the Roman Empire, until the beginning of the 8th Century, when many nobles and soldiers wanted to rule their own land; meaning that every modern day Italian city was practically a kingdom. In the late 1780s, many of these small kingdoms united to form 12 different kingdoms. It all started in 1823, when a liberal Unification party was founded to stop the suppression of the Austrian forces. 10 years later Giuseppe Mazzini, a politician, created the 'Giovine Italia' (young Italy) party, which primarily focuses on the unification of Italy. He was swiftly joined by Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was a key leader in the unification wars of 1860-1861. In 1848, the Austrian-Hungarian kingdom invaded Venice. A nobleman and future prime minister of Italy, Camillo Benso, conte Di Cavour, met with Napoleon III and decided to invade the Austrian Hungarian Kingdom. Meanwhile Napoleon and Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary agreed to give Lombardy to the Sardinian kingdom ruled by Victor Emmanuel II (first king of Italy), in exchange to stop the war. In 1859, many of the 12 Italian Kingdoms (excluding Sardinia) joined the 'United Provinces of Italy' and sought annexation by Sardinia.

The Unification of Italy (1860-1871)

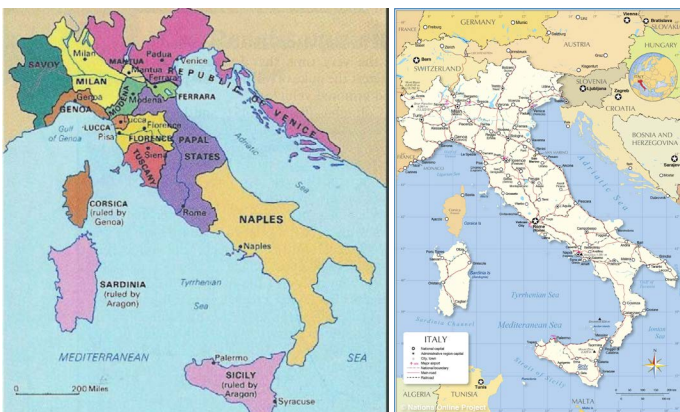
In 1860, Garibaldi organised his group of 'mille' (thousands) and first sent them to invade Naples, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies; resulting in the loss of Naples. On 18 February 1860, with most of the Italian states having joined to form the kingdom of Italy, Victor Emmanuel II (he was not referred to as Victor Emmanuel I, as that was what his uncle was called) became king of Italy. In May 1860, Garibaldi launched some key battles on Sicily. He and his army of a thousand (picking up more recruits in Sicily) fought two major battles here, which subsequently meant the end of the Kingdom of the two Sicilies. The battles are described below.



The King, Victor Emmanuel II

The Battle of Calatafimi: which resulted in the Battle of Palermo (15th May - 27th May 1860)

After landing in Marsala a day prior to the battle, Garibaldi took his 1,200 men to Calatafimi against the 2,000 soldiers of the Kingdom of Two Sicilies. It started at 1:30pm and only lasted for three hours as the kingdom of Two Sicilies ran out of ammunition! During the fight Garibaldi shouted "Qui si fa l'Italia o si muore" (here we make Italy or we die). This battle was a very key win for the forces of Garibaldi, as they managed to advance to Palermo. This battle was also one of the first Unification war battles to have doctors.



Italy before the unification

Italy today



The Battle of Palermo (27th May 1860)

The Battle of Palermo took place between 27th - 30th May 1860. Only 750 soldiers on Garibaldi's side could fight, the rest had to be taken care of by doctors after the battle of Calatafimi. Garibaldi and his 750 soldiers fought against the kingdom's general's army, led by Ferdinando Lanza who had 18,000 - 22,000 men fighting. During the battle Garibaldi was facing disastrous results, and nearly lost all ammunition. Garibaldi called the British army and they helped him. Within days the city of Palermo was surrounded by soldiers of Garibaldi, and Lanza was forced to retreat. At the end of this battle, Sicily joined the kingdom of Italy. Sicilians today thank the people who fought in the Battle of Palermo and Calatafimi (as they were the reason they managed to get to Palermo).

Aftermath of the Battles (1860)

Many communes in Sicily who had people fighting from the commune in either Calatafimi and/or Palermo were given high honours in the city. One of the highest honours given was to a man named Onofrio Giovenco, from Alcamo, who was a doctor in the battle of Calatafimi. The town was extremely proud of his achievements and how he gallantly represented his town in the battle; two streets were dedicated to him and his statue was built upon his death in 1911.



Onofrio Giovenco
(1837-1911)

The Italian Unification War (1860-1871) continued.

After the large success of Garibaldi in Sicily, all the southern Italian modern day regions now have formed the country of Italy. Victor Emmanuel II led his men through the north, and by January 1861; all of Italy except Venice and the Papal States, was under one rule. On 17th March 1861, Italy was officially declared a country, with King Victor Emmanuel II and Prime Minister, Camillo Benso, conte di Cavour. The capital was Turin until 1865. In 1864, Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel II met and Napoleon III agreed to remove his troops from the Papal States within two years. In 1865, the capital city was officially moved from Turin to Florence. In July 1866, Garibaldi and his men were successful in battle against Austria and Prussia, and entered their territory of Venice. This ended in August when they signed an Armistice. Two months later, Prussia and Austria gave Venice to Napoleon III, who gave it to Italy, who now only needed to conquer the Papal States to create a unified Italy. In September

1870 the kingdom of Italy annexed Rome and the Papal States, and prepared for an invasion. The Pope, Pius IX, stated that anyone who invaded the Papal States would spend their eternity in Hell. Victor Emmanuel II, Garibaldi and most of their men were Catholic, and believed in Heaven and Hell, so they created a Jewish army (as Jews don't believe in a Heaven or Hell) to invade the Papal States. At the end of this invasion, in 1871, modern day Italy was formed (The Vatican became a country in 1929) and Rome is officially the Capital of Italy.



Giuseppe Garibaldi

Umberto I rule in Italy (1878-1900)

After Italy was officially unified in 1871, the economic state and sanitary state of Italy was not very good. To make matters worse, only seven years after the official unification, the King Victor Emmanuel II died, and his successor, Umberto I, took charge of the country. Umberto a few years prior married a beloved noble woman (and his first cousin) Margherita Di Savoia. She was beloved by the people and was one of the most influential Queen of Italy. According to legend; in the 1880s, Margherita and her husband went to visit Naples, and went to a pizzeria restaurant. The owner made them a special pizza with the flag colours (tomato for the red, mozzarella for the white, and basil for the green). The Queen enjoyed the pizza so much that it became known as 'pizza Margherita.' Italy flourished under Umberto's rule. They managed to create an empire and conquer Eritrea, which then followed in the early 1900s with Italy colonising the Horn of Africa. Italy had a great economic increase during this period as well. Umberto is regarded as one of the great kings of Italy. Also during his rule, Italy started to rise in the world of music, with the great composers of Italy Giuseppe Verdi and Giacomo Puccini rising to fame. Verdi was so popular that when he was ill and near death, the Milanese council ordered that hay was to be put in the streets in case of any horses passing, they wouldn't make noise to disturb him. Verdi also opened the first hospice home for musicians.



Umberto I and his wife, Margherita Di Savoia

Umberto's death (1900)

Umberto was assassinated on 29th July 1900. The night before his death, Umberto and his wife stopped at a restaurant in Monza. The restaurant owner approached them to greet them, that is when

umberto saw something most astonishing. The owner and Umberto were identical! They shared a birthday and birth year and married both women called Margherita on the same day and both had one son called Vittorio who had each received two military medals! Umberto, shocked by this man, offered to go with him to an athletics event the day after. The next day, this man was shot dead in mysterious circumstances... Umberto was also shot dead that same day. There are many theories on who this man was. One of the most accepted ones was that Umberto had a secret twin and his parents kept one and gave the other to another family. Then King Umberto's killer was present that night at the restaurant and saw this happening, which led him to shoot this man and Umberto as well. Upon Umberto's death, his son Vittorio Emanuele III (Victor Emmanuel III) became king.



The Assassination of King Umberto

Part 2

Italy under King Victor Emmanuel (1900-1946)

When Victor Emmanuel III went into power, Italy was progressing at a good speed and had flourished well and almost rose from the ashes. It was during his rule that famous educator and creator of the 'Montessori' method, Maria Montessori, started her first school. Also under his rule, women were granted permission to do many things men did. Women could go to university and get driving licences. Suddenly many women running business or health clinics arrived in Italy. Many women in Sicily still didn't go to university, and even in the 1930s the women who did were bullied by the male students. Many women in the 1930s also became doctors in Sicily, with one town in Sicily (called Lercara Friddi) only got the first female doctor, called Concetta Rolandi, in 1938! Also under his rule, Italy had shown itself as a country for the rich to travel to. Many rich people would travel to Lombardy and spend their holidays in the small town of Varese, which is only 40 minutes from Milan. In Varese they had built many stunning and lavish hotels. The most famous of them all is the now abandoned 'Grand Hotel Campo Dei Fiori' situated 1100 metres above sea level! The hotel was known throughout Italy, and it received many important guests such as members of the royal family in Italy and Italian prime ministers and politicians, including Benito Mussolini.



Grand Hotel Campo Dei Fiori



Victor Emmanuel III

Mussolini's Italy (1919-1943)

Mussolini rose to fame (and power) in 1919 after creating the first fascist movement in Italy (and in the world- Mussolini is credited to be the father of fascism) which had 200 members. He and his colleagues called 'the blackshirts' rose to power in 1922, after they marched in Rome, demanding that the prime minister, Luigi Facta resign. Two days later, Facta left office and the King (Victor Emmanuel III) gave Mussolini the power of prime minister. Upon becoming the prime minister, Mussolini created and followed many fascist policies, and invoked them in the parliament. Children from the age of four and above wore fascist uniforms and towns in Italy had to build fascist monuments hounding the regime. Mussolini used his power to kill the people and politicians that went against him would end up dead. The most famous of his murders was when he killed Giacomo Matteoti, just because he went against a vote because of its 'irregularities' in 1924. In 1925 Mussolini and other members of the parliament signed an act, which stated that no one can remove him from office except the King. By the end of the 1930s, Mussolini had lost most of his support with civilians but still had large supporters in the Italian senate and the Italian millionaires. In the mid 1930s, with the increasing chance of war, Mussolini reassured the people that there was 'no chance of war.' He also issued a statement that said 'if a war starts, we will not side with France, as they have a low birth rate, and we shall not side with England, as their average age is too high.' People weren't shocked by this statement as they knew Mussolini was obsessed with demographic trends.



Benito Mussolini

Italy during WWII in the axis (1940-1943)

Italy joined the war in June 1940. Mussolini wasn't prepared for a long war, so gave limited resources to the army. Italy started to fight in October 1940, when

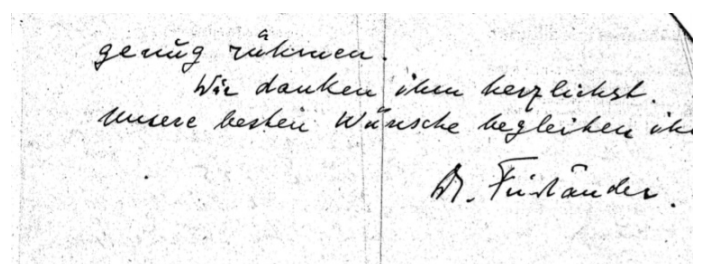
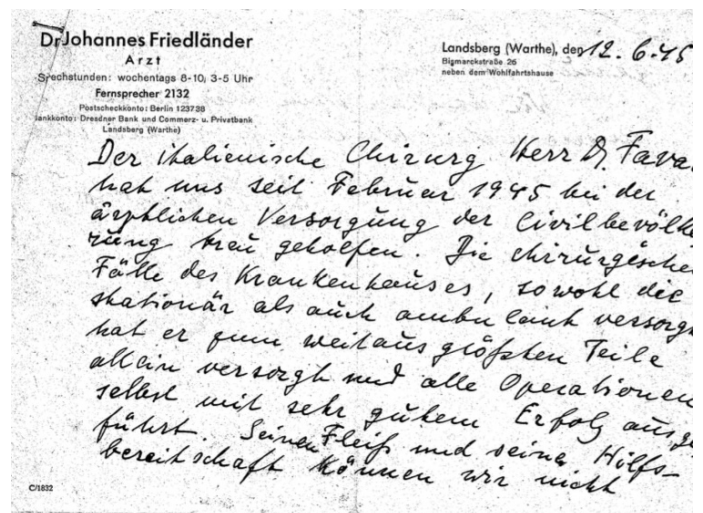
they invaded Greece and Albania. The war in Greece ended with large casualties and was thus a failure. The Italian army and the Nazi forces launched a large invasion of North Africa, but again this suffered large losses for Italy, and a limit of equipment. By the end of 1941, Italy was relying heavily on the Nazi Party. In a conference in 1943, the allies all agreed to invade Sicily by July 1943. On July 10th 1943 the allies invaded Sicily. This battle lasted two months and was the key turning point which turned Italy into an ally not part of the axis. On 7th September 1943, the king of Italy removed Mussolini from power and replaced him with an anti fascist politician of the name Pietro Badoglio.



The Italian empire during World War II. The colonies are in red and in pink are the protectorates that they had in WWII

Italy during WWII in the allied side (1943-1945)

On 7th September, Italy was officially declared part of the allies, with the Nazi army taking the first Italian soldiers to concentration camps the same day. On 13th October, 1943 Italy officially declared war on Germany. Germany and Italy held key battles near the border with Switzerland and Austria. The Germans took 8,000 soldiers to concentration camps, of which only 850 lived. Mussolini also left the public eye, being last seen in December 1944, only four months prior to his death. Italy officially announced the end of the war on VE Day, 8th May. At the end of the war, the Germans freed all of the Italian soldiers from concentration camps. Some of the Italian soldiers who were at the concentration camps worked as doctors for the other inmates captured by Nazis and placed in the concentration camps. One doctor, a Dr Calcedonio Favaro received a thank you letter by the Germans after the war, offering his help to his fellow inmates in the concentration camp. Once the concentration camp was freed, he spent a few months in the village near the concentration camp, and provided healthcare to the citizens, and was rewarded with a thank you letter for his service.



Mussolini's fall from power (1943-1945)

Mussolini lost his power in 1943, after a vote. Between 1943 and his death, he retreated from the public, and interviews and appearances of him were rare. On the 27th of April 1945, Mussolini and his mistress, Claretta Petacci, fled Milan to go to Switzerland, but were captured near the border by partisans (Italian anti fascist group) the partisans took Mussolini and his mistress to the village of Dongo, and executed them. Then the bodies were taken to Milan, and hung upside down in Piazzale Loreto. Many people came to see the bodies and threw rotten tomatoes at them. The bodies were buried in an unmarked grave, before being dug up by fascist supporters; the remains were found eleven years later, in 1957 and buried in the family crypt. There are many conspiracy theories on his death. One of them suggests that future Italian president, Sandro Pertini and future Italian head of the communist party in Italy, Luigi Longo were thought to be the killers. Another theory suggests that the British government ordered his shooting.

Italy's transition to a republic (1945-1946)

After Italy left the fascist dictatorship/government, the monarchy was highly unpopular and many people were against it. The monarchy was still regarded as fascist supporters, while the prime minister was not. Prime minister Parri was very anti-fascist and tortured fascist and their supporters, after this he resigned from office. The position was given to a

key person in the transition to a republic. Alcide De Gasperi was a republic supporter and part of the famous 'Christian democracy' party (1946-1994). In 1946, King Victor Emmanuel III, polluted by the idea of a great fascist government, wanted to save the monarchy by resigning as King and his son, Umberto II became King, a reign which lasted 34 days. Victor Emmanuel III, hated his son and wanted the Duke of Aosta to replace him as king, since Umberto I was just ten years old. Victor Emmanuel III said a cold hearted goodbye to his son, and never saw him again. Umberto II became King to a country which thought the monarchy was fascist and the major political parties had a 73% favour of a republic. On 2nd June 1946, a vote was held by all Italians, which resulted in 54% of the population wanting a republic. Officially the first president, elected on January 1st January 1948, Enrico de Nicola, and when the first 'official' election was held in May, De Nicola didn't run again.



Enrico Di Nicola

Italy under the second president (1948-1955)

The second president of Italy was elected in May 1948. Luigi Einaudi established the basic constitutional rules in Italy. These rules include that every person with Italian citizenship can run for president (even if you weren't born in Italy!) and the president is elected by the senate in a secret ballot, not by the people. He also made Italy a member of the UN and NATO. He also collaborated with Alcide de Gasperi and they were nicknamed the fathers of Europe. He was also the grandfather of famous Italian composer, Ludovico Einaudi. He left office in 1955.



Luigi Einaudi

Italy and the third president (1955-1962)

Giovanni Gronchi became Italy's third president. He tried to bring the political left of Italy into the spotlight but failed. He was also betrayed by his own prime minister. He was elected after a long and strenuous vote by the senate. His supporters all included pro monarchists, communists and Neo Fascists. Since many of the Italian people were against everyone who supported the president, he was regarded as one of the worst. During his presidency, Italy left NATO and was not aligned. In 1959, with the public hating him,

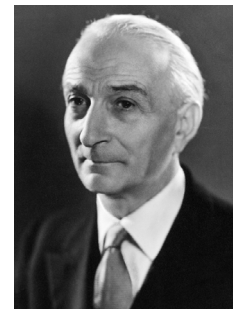
he appointed liberal politician Fernando Tamborini as the prime minister. In 1960, Gronchi opened the first Summer Olympic Games in Italy, he is still the first and only Italian president to have opened the Summer Olympic Games. He was not that popular also, and riots took place in Italy, which resulted in 5 dead. Tamborini didn't help defend the president during these times, and this damaged his reputation. In 1962, he left office.



Giovanni Gronchi

The fourth and fifth presidents of Italy (1962-1971)

The fourth president of Italy was Antonio Sengi. Elected in 1962 after nine ballots taking place, he left office in 1964 due to an illness. Sengi was elected in a time of turmoil in the politics of Italy. He also made it very clear that he was not a supporter of basically any politician or even certain cardinals in the Vatican. He opposed many of the cardinals running for pope after the death of John XXIII. He also was opposed and opposed many Italian politicians who wanted to have social reform. He also wanted to change many articles of the constitution, but as of today the articles haven't been changed. In 1964 during a meeting with prime minister Aldo Moro, he was struck with cerebral thrombosis. He survived and later resigned from the presidency, effective at noon the next day. The fifth president of Italy, and Sengi's main opponent in 1962 was Giuseppe Saragat. He was elected on 28th December 1964, on the 21st ballot after nearly a year of voting! During Saragat's presidency, he unified the two communist parties. He was always making sure that the senate chamber always had something to do and gave them the task to get a new representative every time one left. Because of this Junio Valerio Borghese, an Italian nobleman, organised a failed coup, which would have involved the president being kidnapped. Saragat wanted to run again in 1971, and was getting the majority votes, but not enough to be elected president. After the 15th ballot, Giovanni Leone was elected, not Saragat.



Antonio Sengi and Giuseppe Saragat

FACT: Saragat was the only Italian president to have been an atheist, who then converted to Catholicism.

Part three

The presidency of Giovanni Leone (1971-1978)

Giovanni Leone was the first president of Italy to have been born in the 20th century, having been born in 1908. He was also the first president of Italy to die in the 21st century, dying in 2001. Elected in 1971 after the longest election in Italian history, lasting a year, he won with six votes more than Saragat. In Italy at the time, divorce was banned. The public had enough of not being able to vote, so they protested. One of the most intriguing messages for the unbanning of divorce was the song Italy sent to the 1974 Eurovision Song Contest in England. Sung by Gigliola Cinquetti, a popular Italian singer, this song was entitled 'si' (yes). Cinquetti hid the message of unbanning divorce in the lyrics, and made it unclear. It was only revealed a couple of years ago after an interview. She hid it in the lyrics because if either the Italian Government or Eurovision Committee discovered this, she would have been forced to not participate and Italy had to leave the contest. That year in 1974, she managed to take second place, after ABBA. Leone was still saying no to the unbanning of divorce, but in 1974 he lifted the ban of divorce. At the end of his presidency in 1978, Italy was under threat by the mafia in the south, and the Brigata Rossa (red brigade) in the north. These two terrorist groups started bombing and killing many Italian civilians. The Brigata Rossa kidnapped former Prime Minister of Italy, and famous politician, Aldo Moro. With this Leone was faced with the most difficult task that he faced during his presidency. After this, Leone resigned, fearing his own safety.



Giovanni Leone

The Kidnapping and Murder of Aldo Moro (16 March 1978-9 May 1978)

On the morning of 16th March 1978. Aldo Moro and five bodyguards were going to the opening of the senate. The bodyguards went to pick him up at his home. When they started driving, they were cornered by two cars, inside the cars were some Red Brigade terrorists. The terrorists killed all five bodyguards and took Moro hostage. The terrorist started this assault by first kidnapping Moro, and placing him in a fiat 132. They then fired 91 bullets at the bodyguards, killing all of them. Upon Moro's capture (and until his death) he wrote 86 letters to the senate, his family

and Pope Paul XI. Some letters were sent, others were left and discovered later. The Red Brigades wanted to exchange Moro for some imprisoned terrorists. After this was declined they asked for one single terrorist to leave prison. The senate was split, half wanted to follow what the Red Brigade wanted, the other half didn't, including some suggesting the terrorists should have the death penalty. After months of waiting, the terrorists issued a statement saying that they would execute Moro. On 9th May they murdered him and placed him in the trunk of a red Renault 4. They drove to the exact halfway line between the headquarters of the Christian Democratic Party and the socialist party, as Moro wanted to unite the two together. They called Moro's assistant and told him the location of the body. To this day, the exact location of the kidnapping and the murder, and even many of the details are not known.



Aldo Moro

The Presidency of Sandro Pertini (1978-1985)

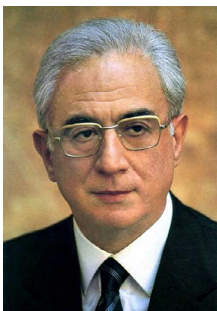
Sandro Pertini was the last Italian president to be born in the 1800s, having been born in 1896. He was elected in 1978 after fifteen consecutive votes, of which twelve had a blank majority. He got elected with the highest number of votes, 832 out of 935 (82.3%). Pertini supported the EU and wanted to strengthen the ties between Italy and countries in the iron curtain. He was an atheist, but was good friends with Pope John Paul II. After an attempted assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II, Pertini visited him everyday, and on one occasion, spent the night in hospital. He also would either eat breakfast or dinner with the Pope every day. Pertini was also a fan of football, and in 1982, attended the World Cup of football, in Madrid. He attended the final which was Italy vs West Germany (Germany). Italy won the World Cup, and overjoyed by this, Pertini took all the Italian players home in the presidential jet. He was very popular with all the Italians, as he was elected in a time when Italy was still stirred by the death of Moro, and helped Italy guide through this. He was also a founding father of the republic and an anti-fascist. Every world leader who was greeted, or greeted Pertini on a state visit, say they were moved by his kindness and bravery.



Sandro Pertini

The Leadership of Francesco Cossiga (1985-1992)

Elected in 1985, after only one ballot, Cossiga was very popular in the senate, having been prime minister and the president of the senate. At almost age 57, Cossiga was the youngest (and still is) elected president of the republic. Cossiga was president when the Berlin Wall fell. He stated that the Cold War had ended and we can maintain peace with the eastern bloc. Italy, at the time, had two political parties; the Christian Democrat and the Socialists. These parties revolved around events in foreign countries, such as the Soviet Union, so it was unclear if they would survive. Cossiga reassured the senate and the people that the two parties would continue. As in charge of the government and the Christian Democrat party, he had large quantities of power. He started by abandoning traditions followed by the party since its creation. He also tried to stop many great Italian politicians, such as Giulio Andreotti, from becoming Prime minister, due to being 'pro Arab.' By the end of his presidency, he was hated by all the politicians. Some called him 'illiterate' others called him a devil with a moustache.' Every 31st December, the president of Italy addresses the nation. In his last address in 1991, he said, "To speak by not saying, indeed keeping silent what should not be kept silent, would not conform to my dignity as a free man, to my habit of frankness, to my duties towards the nation. And this right now at the end of my mandate which is due to expire on 3rd July 1992. This behaviour would make me violate the commandment that I have given myself, for example from a great saint and statesman, and which I have tried to abide by. Humbly faithful: always favouring one's right conscience, being a good servant of the law, and therefore also of tradition, but above all of God, that is, of the truth. And then it seems to me better to keep quiet". During his last year in office, the mafia was very active and killed two prominent Italian, anti-mafia judges. After leaving office in 1992, a request for impeachment was asked, but rejected. He died in 2010.



Francesco Cossiga

The Death of Giovanni Falcone (1992)

On the 23rd May, 1992, a prominent Italian politician was murdered by the mafia. Giovanni Falcone was a very popular and important politician in Italy and was an anti-mafia. The first attempt to kill him was in

1983, but it failed. In the days prior to the attack, the mafia rang up the police station in Capaci, Sicily and said they would blow up Falcone. The police deemed it a hoax. On the 23rd May 1993, two bodyguards went to pick him and his wife up from the airport, and take them to the town. While in the motorway, an escort of cars approached, they waited for the bodyguard to give the ok, which he did and started driving. Suddenly the escort slowed, causing the car with Falcone in to stop. As the first escort car went, the car with Falcone shortly followed. Suddenly, an explosion occurred and blew up the first car. Swiftly, the driver driving the car with Falcone and his wife, turned but crashed by accident, which resulted in that car exploding.



Giovanni Falcone

The death of Paolo Borsellino (1992)

After a day at work, Borsellino went to see his mother and sister in their home at Palermo. He was walking to the house, when suddenly a large explosion, conducted by the mafia occurred. It killed many of the agents, and only left one survivor, a bodyguard who noted, "there was no noise, nothing hinted that something was off". After the explosion, many shops and buildings were burning. Nearly all the cars present at the scene were on fire as well. Hundreds of people from emergency services arrived, including a few ex-judges. They all hoped that Borsellino lived but he didn't. His sister and mother, who were in the apartment, survived. These two attacks were one of, if not the last mafia attacks in Italy to this day. The two judges were honoured for their bravery.



Giovanni Falcone

The Governance of Oscar Luigi Scalfaro. (1992-1999)

Elected on the 25th May 1992, Oscar Luigi Scalfaro was given command of an Italy on the brink of an economic crisis, and two of the most prominent politicians had just been killed by the mafia. At that point it was ordered by the president that they may not issue any statement against the mafia, if they want to protect their safety, as it was worried that if the president did issue an anti-mafia statement, he would be killed. In 1994, Italy elected Silvio Berlusconi, who promised he would 'bring back the economy.' The president agreed on this plan and promoted his campaign. However, Berlusconi, by

the end of his term, had made the economy worse and many houses were abandoned, and shops sold. The population even decreased due to this disastrous approach. During a President's presidency, they get to decide which Italian people can become senator for life, as Scalfaro chose no one, particularly because Italy at the time was having a constitutional change. He left office on the 15th May 1999 and died in 2012.



Oscar Luigi Scalfaro

Italy under the tenth president, Carlo Azeglio Ciampi (1999-2006)

Ciampi (born in 1920) was the last Italian president to be elected in the 20th century. He was previously the governor of the bank of Italy, minister of the treasury and president of the council



Carlo Azeglio Ciampi and Elizabeth II

of ministers. He was the second president of Italy to be elected on the first ballot, being elected with 707 out of 1010 votes, one of the highest majorities. He, and Sandro Pertini, had the highest approval ratings at time of election, with him having 70% approval in the country (he had the second highest approval rating, until Mattarella assumed office in 2015, with 75%) and was very well known. He was President during a large economic change, with Italy officially using the euro in 2003 instead of the Italian lire. He had his most turbulent phase of the presidency between 2001 and 2006, when Berlusconi, the prime minister who failed Italy's economy ten years prior, came back. Ciampi knew what he did and refused to support him. Nevertheless it was the presidential duty to help the prime minister. During his presidency he promoted many things, such as a peaceful and united Europe, for which he won an award in 2005. After he left office in 2006, he was still very popular. He died in 2016.

France Pilla, Ciampi's wife and the 'first' First Lady of Italy (1999-2006)

The 'first' First Lady of Italy was not the first president's wife (he was unmarried), it was actually the second president's wife, Ida Pellegrini. The reason why Franca Pilla is dubbed 'first' First Lady, is because she actually started doing the duties of

what the First Lady, for example, of America does. Born in 1920, she rose to fame because she, unlike her predecessor, was present at every single one of her husbands meetings, accompanied him when he needed to go abroad and participated in events which included meeting the people. She used her time as First Lady to promote that Italians should also continue to read, instead of watching television. She enjoyed meeting the people, and thus gained much respect and popularity from the Italians. She set up the stage for the future First Ladies of Italy to walk on. Currently she is Italy's oldest First Lady, and will turn 103 year old this December!



Franca Pilla and Ciampi

Giorgio Napolitano's presidency (2006-2015)

Elected in 2006, Giorgio Napolitano was the first president to be elected in the 21st century. He was also the first president to get re-elected in the 21st century, only resigning in 2015, due to his health and age (he was 90 years old when he left office). He was elected in a calm period for Italy. He attended the 2006 World Cup final, being the second president to do so, and saw Italy win. He started the 150th anniversary of the unification of Italy in 2010. He received many honorary degrees, from Oxford and Naples Universities. For the 150th anniversary of Italy, he visited all twenty regions. On his visit to Emilia Romagna, he saw the first prototype of the Italy flag, made in 1797. He had to face another economic crisis, but luckily, Italy had managed to avoid the full impact of the crisis. He was re-elected, and only served two years of his term before resigning office. He is currently the oldest living president of Italy, and is 98 years old.



Giorgio Napolitano

Sergio Mattarella, the current president (2015-)

Elected in 2015, and re-elected in 2022 after the amazing success of his first presidency, Sergio Mattarella is a household name throughout the country. He is a beloved politician and president.



Sergio Mattarella

He was born in 1941 and is most likely the last Italian president to be born in the kingdom of Italy (no Italian president to date has been born in the republic of Italy). Mattarella was born into a family that already had a lot of experience in politics. His father was a politician and his brother was President of Sicily, and was killed by the mafia in the 1980, only two years after being elected. Mattarella married Marisa Chiazzese, who died in 2012. His brother married Irma Chiazzese, sister to Marisa, Mattarella's wife. Mattarella is a very progressional politician. He appointed the first holocaust survivor as a senator, and made them senator for life. During his first term, he had to deal with three consecutive governmental crises, which he swiftly and greatly solved. He predicted he would not get re-elected, thus because of his age (80). He also mentioned that he wouldn't return for the second term. He bought a house in Palermo, and was ready to move in straight after the election result. To his surprise, he was re-elected and officially became president again in January 2022. He has bravely led Italy through times of hardship, and is one of the most beloved leaders, having a 75% approval rating. He will lead Italy gallantly through the 2020s and into the modern, progressive and prosperous future.



Sergio Mattarella, current President of Italy



HISTORY: FEMIN

The Edinburgh Seven

Edinburgh Seven; Sophia Jex-Blake, Isabel Thorne, Edith Pechey, Matilda Chaplin, Helen Evans, Mary Anderson, and Emily Bovell were the first women to be enrolled at a British university. Thanks to Jex-Blake's tireless efforts fighting for a women's right to education, the University of Edinburgh allowed the women entrance in 1869. However, during their time studying at Edinburgh, the women faced many hardships including higher tuition fees, misogyny and unequal opportunities despite performing at higher standards than their male counterparts.

The Edinburgh Seven's story began with Jex-Blake's letter addressed to Professor JJ Balfour, Dean of the Medical Faculty at the University of Edinburgh, in which she petitioned to attend summer medical lectures. Her request was passed to a vote, and despite the Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Robert Christison's, claim that the women's poor intellectual ability and stamina would lower professional standards, the vote was passed in her favour. Unfortunately, shortly after, the vote was

overturned due to the protests of Claud Muirhead, Senior Assistant Physician at the Royal Infirmary and his petition signed by 200 students. He argued that as the men and women would be taught anatomy and surgery separately, it would be a financial drain.

Fortunately, Jex-Blake's allies - David Masson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, and David Russel, editor of the Scotsman - thought the University Court would change their decision if there were more women to teach. Therefore, Russel published Jex-Blake's story in the Scotsman which encouraged more women to apply, and thus, the Edinburgh Seven was formed. Upon their admittance in 1869, it became increasingly clear that the women would face more than just resentment and jealousy. They were firstly charged higher tuition fees, and soon, a loophole was discovered in which lecturers were permitted but not required to teach women, which led to the Seven having to organise their own lectures. Furthermore, despite the fact that the men and women were taught identically, their classes



ISM

were graded separately. As a consequence of this, when Pechey's high marks entitled her to the Hope Scholarship, it was given to a lower-achieving man.

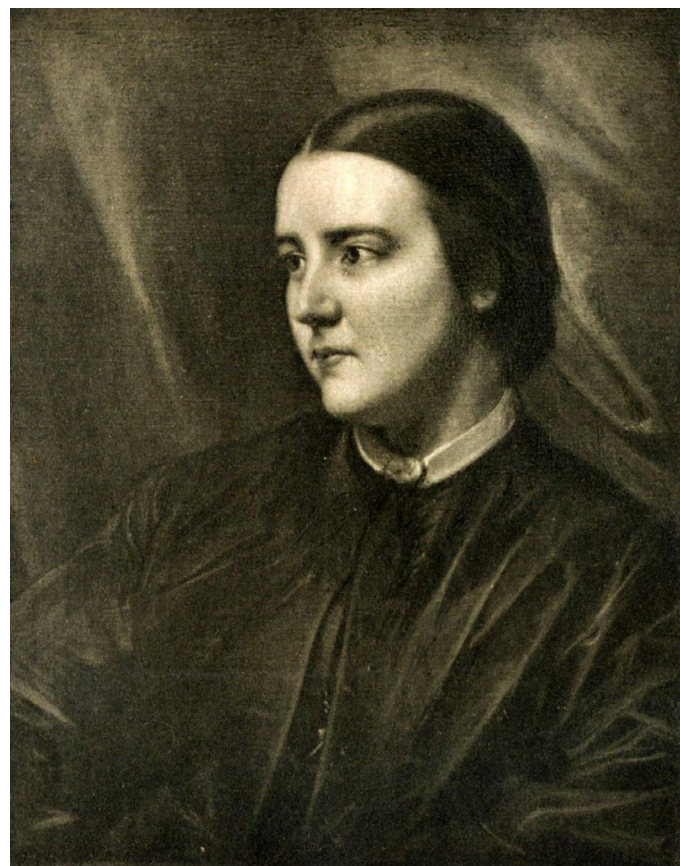
By 1870, the women had learned to tolerate the slammed doors, howls and aggressive behaviour demonstrated by the male students. Unfortunately, these aggressions ramped up with the Surgeon's Hall Riot on Friday 18th November, where several hundred male protestors hurled mud at the Seven when they arrived to take their anatomy exam. It is even rumoured that the protestors released a sheep into the exam hall. This horrific riot gained national recognition due to the press releasing several articles condemning the actions of the protestors and sympathising with the Seven. As a result of this, the General Committee for Securing a Complete Medical Education for Women was formed. However, for the Seven, their university careers were over after four years when the University ruled to kick them out.

The Seven went on to leave their legacies in the medical field. Five out of the Seven gained their MDs and sat their exams to become registered doctors. Jex-Blake established the Schools of Medicine for Women in London and Edinburgh, as well as the Edinburgh Hospital and Dispensary for Women. Thorne worked in the London School of Medicine for Women as the honorary secretary, whilst Evans became a member of the executive committee for the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women. Both

Bovell and Anderson worked in the New Hospital for Women. Meanwhile, Chaplin moved to Tokyo where she founded the School of Midwifery, before moving back to London where she set up her own private practice. Finally, Pechey worked in the Cama Hospital for Women and Children in Bombay, before being appointed senate at the University of Bombay.

*In 1876, the Enabling Bill was passed which gave medical examining bodies the right to admit women.

*The University of Edinburgh allowed women to graduate in 1894. The first female doctors graduated in 1896. They still had to organise their own tuition.



HISTORY

Clifton High Head Teachers

Clifton High School was founded in 1877 and it would never have got to the point it is now without the headteachers! Here is the history of the Heads of Clifton High School.



Miss Mary Woods 1877 - 1891

The history of our School starts in 1877. The original location of the school was 65 Pembroke Road. Clifton High School was originally established as a school

for girls between the ages of seven and seventeen. In 1878 the School officially opened its doors and had 67 pupils and only 4 staff members! Ms Woods was chosen to be the first headteacher, after the School Council interviewed 40 people. The first registered pupil was Bessie Percival, the daughter of John Percival, the Head of Clifton College at the time, who himself was instrumental in the set-up of the school.

Miss Woods introduced the rose as the School emblem, wrote the 'Rose Song' and established Rose Day as our annual prize giving and commemorative event.

Although the School was originally established as a school for girls, just ten years later (by 1887) a preparatory class was set-up where boys were soon admitted.

FACT: Did you know that the School fees in 1878 were 16 Guineas, or roughly £16.80 a term. In today's money, that is £1061.16 a term.



Ms Catherine Burns 1891 – 1908

In Autumn 1891 the School welcomed Ms Catherine Burns. Born in Scotland, she brought many qualities to Clifton High School. One year

after she took up the headship, she started the Old Girls' Society which ran from 1892-2009. The school has always valued the support of its alumni; we now have the Clifton Rosarians, some of whom have just recently been back to speak to sixth form students about university life.

In 1893 Ms Burns asked Mr Farmer (who was in charge of music) to start a school orchestra which was open to staff, pupils and former pupils. The orchestra would practise every Saturday and play at the Saturday school prayers.



In 1896 Ms Burns was given permission to open a boarding house at No.2 Cecil Road, Clifton, which gave the School 74 new pupils within one year!

Ms Burns also made many alterations to the School site: the main hall was panelled with oak in 1893; a large kitchen garden was bought and turned into tennis courts (the MUGA); the Chemistry laboratories (not a usual thing to be found in a girls' school) were opened in 1905 by Sir William Ramsay, a friend of Ms Burns.

Miss Eleanor Addison Phillips 1908 - 1933

Miss Eleanor Addison Phillips took the Headship at Clifton High in 1908, only six years prior to the Great War. She arrived at Clifton High School after teaching at St Hugh's College, Oxford, as a History teacher. At the time she joined, the School had only 160 pupils.

By 1913 the numbers of pupils had risen to 200!

To celebrate the achievement, Ms Marshall (Head of Drama) held a play and all students were given the next day off!

In 1913, electricity was a welcome addition and the school site was extended with the purchase of 4 Worcester Avenue (now School Green) which was used as a kindergarten.

The 1920s brought many new changes to the School: the numbers doubled from 200 to 400 and the pupils continued to strive academically, like they do today. In 1926 a school fete was organised to raise money for the new wing, which had to be built on a small plot of land to the left of School House. The wing was designed by Sir George Oatley, the same architect who designed the Wills Memorial Building (University Tower) in 1912. In 1927 the wing was opened and in 1929, after five years of renovation, the hall was finished. The first addition to the new hall was the stained-glass windows, added in 1924.

In the last three years of Ms Philips' Headship the numbers of pupils on role reached 490, the glass conservatory (which had been the Main Building's entrance) was removed, and in 1932 the current steps were added. The School gates were also moved to the end of Worcester Avenue (now School Green) in 1932.

Miss D Nonita Glenday 1933 – 1963

Dorothea Nonita Glenday joined Clifton High School in 1933, a keen hockey player and former Headmistress of Rugby High School. The year she entered office she purchased the riding school on Clifton Park Road and built the School Gymnasium which was opened 1934. It was the same year that they opened the tunnel under the road, connecting the Gymnasium and the Main Building.



The following year Ms Glenday and the council had plans to demolish the houses in the School Green and replace them with a newly designed building, but the plans were too costly. In 1934 she bought another building which became the junior boarding house (now Woods House).

When war was declared in 1939, many teachers had difficulty coming back to school. That year, the council were faced with three options:

- The School and boarding house remain open
- The School and boarding house close during the hostilities
- The School and boarding house close temporarily and open when safe to do so

When the war started, many people from London, fearing for their safety, went to Bristol and enrolled their daughters at Clifton High School. By 1939, 70 new pupils had joined. During the bombing, all boarders would sleep in the basement in case of bombs. After two years of bombing, the School decided to move all pupils in the boarding house to Tyntesfield Manor. During the war, the School won the 1st Hockey XI match against Royal School in Bath, which gave pupils and teachers some positivity during those dark times.



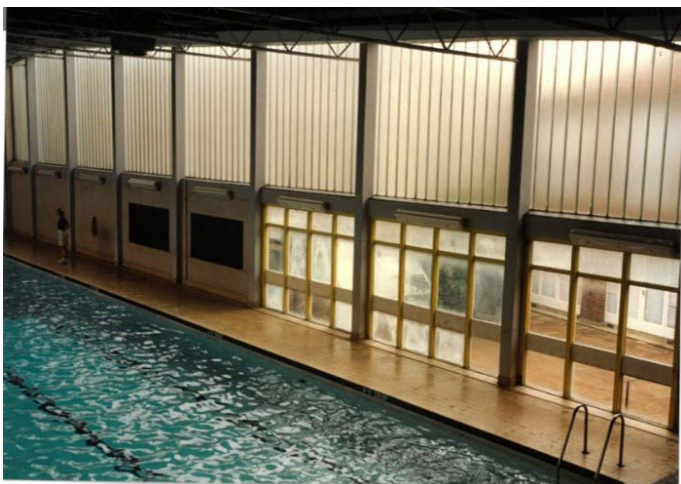
Following the war, an endowment fund (to which the council contributed £1000) was established to raise money to provide more opportunities for pupils. When the 1950s came, the School had 680 pupils and new school laboratories were built in 1955. By the time Ms Glenday left, after 29 years at Clifton High School, the pupil numbers had gone from 490 to 726!

Miss Sybil McKillop 1962 – 1964

In 1962, Miss McKillop became Head, but only stayed for two years.

Miss Pamela Stringer 1965 - 1985

Miss Stringer arrived, in 1967 and opened the Swimming Pool. The School was meant to have a swimming pool by the 1940s, but costs and the war had made it too expensive to build so we can imagine how welcome this addition must have felt to pupils at the time.



In 1972 Miss Stringer moved Rose Day from the middle of July to the end of June. Miss Stringer also moved the library and in 1971 she made a staff room for staff. Miss Stringer was Head in the centenary year of the school (1977) and organised many celebrations and festivities for the centenary. The celebrations included a visit by Princess Margaret, as pictured below.



Mrs Joyce Walters 1985 - 1995

In 1985 Miss Stringer left after 20 years and the position was given to Mrs Joyce Walters. Mrs Walters joined the School at a time when the use of technology was increasing and introduced computers to the School. She also allowed boys to join the Junior School in 1994 and empowered pupils to pursue their own individual passions, to strive and achieve whatever their ambitions were.



Mrs Yvonne Graham (1996 – 1997)

In 1995, Ms Walters left and appointed Mrs Yvonne Graham.

Mrs Collette Culligan (1998 – 2008)

After Mrs Graham, the School appointed Mrs Colette Culligan. Mrs Culligan added new traditions to Rose Day which included the Sixth Form taking a photo on the 'Rose Day Steps'. This has now been a tradition since 2001.





Dr Alison Neill (2008 – 2020)

In 2008 the School appointed Dr Alison Neill as the new Head Teacher, previously Head of Biology and Head of Sixth Form. Following the work of previous Heads, Dr Neill organised more events for all areas of the school community, such as Marquee Week, and she enabled the School to participate in more events with other schools such as Clifton College and Bristol Grammar School.

Crucially, in 2008, Dr Neill oversaw the introduction of the Diamond Edge Model of which we are all so proud. At the time (2008), many local schools faced significant challenges (Redland High School and Colston's Girls' School to name just two); for Clifton High, embracing the Diamond Edge Model in 2008 is a key factor which accounts for our thriving today.

Dr Neill also organised large balls, such as the Winter Ball, where contributions kindly donated by friends and sponsors of the School were auctioned off to help raise money that could be reinvested into the school.

Just as she was nearing retirement, Dr Neill also began the steep learning curve of our eco-friendly, 21st century online provision as she was still the Head when we began the first lockdown of the Covid pandemic in the spring term of 2020. At the end of the summer term in 2020, Dr Neill retired.

Mr Matthew Bennett 2020 – Present Day

In 2020, the School appointed Mr Matthew Bennett, our current Head. Mr Bennett introduced many changes to the school site, including the renovation of 2 Clifton Park (secured by Dr Neill and Mr Cowper) in order to make the Sixth Form Centre. Mr Bennett also made changes to the Lawn, by replacing the grass with astroturf and adding new playground equipment, as well as updating the MUGA's floor. Mr Bennett refurbished the Dining Hall, which pupils are enjoying today.

The first year Mr Bennett started, in September 2020, the School had 620 pupils. By 2023 the School has reached 726 pupils with some year groups now having four forms and Year 12 having 5. This is to ensure that each form has a small number of pupils in it.

Under Mr Bennett's Headship, we continue to thrive, as we always have, with the new build of the Sixth Form Common Room just opening. As Michelle Obama says: "There is so much history yet to be made".



HISTORY

Clifton High School Buildings

The opening of Clifton High School commenced on the chilly morning of 24th January 1878, with the grand total of 67 pupils, the first of which was Bessie Percival. The original building of Clifton High was 69 Pembroke Road, however it was soon seen that this tall, stone property was not quite big enough to hold its growing number of pupils and staff. Following this exciting yet unexpected turn of events, before the first year of school was complete, Clifton High was on the search for another property. By the Autumn of 1878, the second building was purchased, and, on 23rd January 1879, the School had moved into the beautiful, large house at the end of Worcester Avenue – now to be known as School Green. The large estate was originally built for a lady by the name of Mrs Norris, yet due to reasons we can only theorise: the house was too big for her to manage or her cats did not like the house, Mrs Norris sold the property to Clifton High School.

In the following months, a private house, 77 Pembroke Road, was rented by Clifton High in order to accommodate the ever-increasing number of boarders. Over the next few years, the School was yet again expanded, and in doing so the Main Hall was built. The purpose of this expansion, however, was to house a multitude of horses, the space being used by private personnel initially.

During 1892, the Old Girls' Society was established and the Bedminster Club was launched. This club was founded by past students of the School and symbolised the value and obligation of service to the community. 1914 was the year in which the drive on Worcester Avenue was extended to Clifton Park Road, and additionally the year in which the dark, oak gates were put up – separating the School from the private residences which were also located on the road. Just four years after this modification, the School purchased a large field in Spring Field, to provide a larger area to pursue sporting activities. On this plot of land, a pavilion was also built. In the following year, Clifton High made the ambitious decision to purchase the originally private

properties numbered 1 – 4 on Worcester Avenue, giving the opportunity for the school to flourish with further expansion. Just under a decade later, Sir George Oatley – Bristol's leading architect at the time – designed an exciting new wing for the school; and as a part of the Jubilee celebrations, it was formally opened by the Duchess of Atholl. During the year of 1929, following the removal of the stables, the expansion of the Main Hall was complete. The first ever play to be performed in the new hall was Shakespeare's Henry VIII, catalysing the ever-present tradition of performances in this magnificent space. By 1934, the Council having made the decision to buy the original Riding School site, the Gymnasium was constructed in its wake, including the tunnel which travels under Clifton Park Road. In 1936, Clifton High made the choice to sell their Spring Field land for larger sporting grounds, in order to accommodate the growing number of pupils. This led to the purchase of The Grove, where three hockey pitches and seven tennis courts were built, becoming a much-loved space of the School. During the late summer of 1939 as World War II commenced, the dining hall and basements of the School were swiftly converted into Air Raid Shelters. The war created great uncertainty for both students and staff alike.



GAMES

Chess: The Intercontinental ballistic missile opening (Tennison Gamit)

Do YOU want to DESTROY your opponent at chess? Or just want to have a little fun annoying your opponent? Well, this is for YOU!

This opening basically sacrifices your knight and bishop in order to win the opponents queen. This usually leads to aggressive games where your opponent will try and get their revenge on your queen and, in doing so, they might make blunders or decide to sacrifice pieces in order to promote their pawns as fast as possible. Even if you don't like aggressive games, this could be for you as your opponent won't be as aggressive as usual because their queen is missing.

The game starts off with e4,d5 Scandinavian defence. Instead of protecting your pawn you'll move f6 and, being greedy, black will eat the pawn dxe4. This time, however, you will protect the knight and move it to g5.

If you're lucky enough, black will move knight f6 in an attempt to develop its pieces. If black moves knight to f6, they've basically lost the game as white can respond with pawn to d3 and black, being greedy again, will take the pawn: exd3. You respond with bishop to d3, finally capturing the pawn and black will most likely answer back with a threat to the knight: h6. However, you ignore the threat and sacrifice your knight to f7, making a threat to the rook and queen, so the king must take the knight to f7. Then black thinks the threat is over, however, white can move bishop to g6+ check! The only way to get rid of the check is by taking the bishop, which black does. But as soon as black moves they realise they have lost their queen: white queen to d8, capturing the black queen.

White may have lost a knight and a bishop but has captured a queen and two pawns making white three points ahead. Not only that, but white has a threatening queen in black's territory.

There are a few good moves black can do but the best one is to resign. After this game, your opponent will realise that the only mistake they made was challenging you!

1. e4 d5 2. ♘f3 dxe4 3. ♘g5 ♖f6
4. d3 exd3 5. ♗xd3 h6 6. ♘xf7
♔xf7 7. ♗g6+ ♕xg6 8. ♕xd8





*Front cover runner up
Giovanni Bruno, Year 9*