

# The Langtonian.

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## Season's Greetings from the Langtonian!

One early gift for you to unwind with over the winter holidays: a volume of the Langtonian fit for the season! It feels like aeons since the last instalment of this particularly sporadic periodical, but what time affords is volume and quality. Once again, we see the fruits of literary love and labour buried at the heart of our school, and a rare diversity of expression and thought. From politics to poetry (and photos), it has been pleasurable to participate in the perusing of these plush papers. We hope the ghastly weather will prove its benefits by providing an opportunity to delve into these articles and essays as we have done, and come up edified; this publication may be the most significant occurrence of 2021 after the Capitol riots.

As much as this year has felt stupefied after the cataclysmic anarchy of its antecedent, the nondescript nature of 2021 has been a chance to reflect, develop, recover. In this spirit, with two half-hourly meditation sessions daily, and a consultation session with the Dalai Lama, we at the Langtonian have discovered the true meaning of life. It is twofold:

- seek out knowledge and revelation through the reading (cover-to-cover) of this termly newspaper
- submit your own acquired truths to the emails highlighted at the end - and only after having read the entirety! We hope to continue this paper until the sun freezes, and to sustain our vampirish desires, we demand satisfaction in words and rhymes!

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we hope to see you again at Easter!

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# Why should we even care about climate change anymore?

By Theo Parker-Banks

Cop26: Amid lacklustre promises from prominent politicians, why should we even care about climate change anymore?

Reports from Cop26 painted a sorry picture of the conference. Pictures of Biden and Boris emerged in which they were seen sleeping during various speeches as if to show a slapstick level of comical disinterest in the subject matter, firmly cementing the duo as the Laurel and Hardy of international relations. Johnson's case was made additionally comical by his lack of mask (illegal in Scotland, where the event was held) and then immediately upsetting as he was seated next to 95-year-old national treasure David Attenborough, one of few people in attendance at the summit whose loss might be mourned by any significant number of people. As dispiriting as it is to see our world leaders' total disinterest in taking any measure more radical than "we promise we'll make climate change slow down a bit, maybe", in truth it would be more shocking if they tried earnestly to fix the problem. The fact of the matter is that, for any measures agreed upon at Cop26 to have prevented climate disaster, they would have to have been taken decades prior.

The consensus among our trust fund child corporate overlords seems to be that we should abandon the Earth entirely, judging by the bizarre trend of billionaires shooting themselves into space. When I say 'we' I do of course mean 'they' as, while I have no doubt that Bezos, Branson, Musk and all the other neo-aristocrats of their kind will be sipping champagne from the comfort of their Epstein-island-inspired luxury space stations, us commoners will more than likely be left on Earth to toil until we've all either drowned to death or boiled alive. By the time that Elon Musk's grandson (whose name will no doubt be something incredibly stupid) becomes high patriarch of the Milky Way, the last generation to be born on Earth will have all sold their houses to the merfolk born of nuclear waste dumped into the ocean in favour of a chic one-by-one metre condo on the Branson Mars colonies, where being late on rent gets you evicted into the void of space. At this point, the looming threat of nuclear annihilation, though so terrifying in the latter half of the 20th century, will surely become a popular topic of escapist fiction, and the utopian space-faring society envisioned in Star Trek will be mocked in the same way that we all looked back and giggled in 2015 at Back to the Future Part 2 for thinking that there might have been nineteen Jaws movies by then.

Humanity needn't go the way of Blade Runner though. An ideal and unambiguously possible solution does exist and has been proposed by Mark Jacobson, professor of civil and environmental engineering at Stanford University, for a number of years. This solution involves transitioning 145 countries to 100% renewable energy by 2035, fifteen years earlier than the date agreed upon for net-zero carbon emissions at Cop26. Many have criticised Jacobson's ideas as unrealistic and they are, as he himself concedes. Though far from due to any technological or economic implausibility, the roadblocks to enacting this plan are largely social and political. While it is wholly possible for America to halt the extraction of fossil fuels entirely in less than fourteen years, the energy companies which lobby their politicians and dominate their economy would be far from keen on that happening, judging by their whining at any minor concession in profits they *are* currently making to new emissions goals. Combine this with the tendency

of climate activists to generally annoy people with their suspiciously widely publicised blocking of motorways and climbing-on of public transport, and the enacting of any measure radical enough to fix anything seems increasingly unlikely.

Despite this, and at risk of sounding *too* optimistic, there is some hope for our planet. Not of saving it entirely, but certainly of making the problem somewhat less terrible. If there is anything positive to take away from Cop26 then it is that it happened, and that it probably wouldn't have if not for the continued efforts of those who really do care. So, if like myself and many others, you see the state of affairs that surround climate change and wonder why you even care anymore, keep caring and keep showing that you care. The fact that you do may just make a difference.

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## **'Liberation Square' Chapter 2**

By Will Gulliford

I stood at my post as I always did, at the same time as always, in the same place as always. My face was set, harsh and emotionless, as solid and unyielding as the monument upon which I stood silent sentinel. My job was to guard and to protect, all for the benefit of the people, the masses who swarmed before me like ants upon a carcass; some spoke amongst themselves, some hurried back and forth, some shouted, some simply stood and stared, but no matter what they chose to do, I stood guard and watched on without a word, one of many figures of stone who were my comrades upon the wall.

I found that when on duty it was best not even to think about anything else. To carry out my service to the motherland required my utmost devotion, and as such no other matter could be allowed to enter and clutter my mind. I also found it best not to look upon the masses of civilians below as people, but as a single vast organism; a writhing amoeba that needed both protection, and a firm hand to keep it in check. If all of the people in our society did not maintain a similar mentality to this, I knew that the motherland would surely descend into chaos. The individual creatures that I watched over from my post were truly insignificant in the grand scheme of things; their very life spans paled in comparison to that of the glorious regime, and so although they needed protecting, any of those threatening the health of the whole would need to be located and cut out like a tumor before the cancer of dissent could be spread. This is what I told myself as I stood watch, the only thought allowed into my mind as I guarded my home against the Western Fascists. If I did not maintain such a simple train of thought and remain as impassive and obedient as possible then surely my face would betray my own thoughts, and I knew for certain that would be the beginning of the end for me.

That day, my usual focus was suddenly broken, as a schoolboy no older than twelve, clutching at a copy of the red paperback filled with the wisdom of the party, broke away from his group. He dashed away, seemingly with great intention, off in the direction of one of the guards who stood motionless below at the entrance of the checkpoint. He never made it to his goal, however, as he was swiftly intercepted by his schoolmaster and jerked back to his fellows. To me, this incident meant nothing. I let it pass me by without any kind of reaction; he was just a boy after all, and our job was to protect members of the public such as him. I carried on watching as always when a sudden glare of light flickered somewhere to my

right, going as quickly and suddenly as it came. My eyes flitted towards the source of the light, and as I realised what I was seeing upon the top of the watchtower I felt a sensation in my chest, a faintly familiar and highly unwelcome sensation that could only bring danger, a sensation that needed to be controlled and suppressed.

It felt as though a crack had formed within me; how could this have happened, how could a person sworn to protect fall from grace in such a way? I kept telling myself that surely the party would not approve of this, surely this soldier would be reprimanded, surely this was the actions of but one man? The rifle trained upon the boy bobbed gently, whilst the man behind it waited to see if this child was some attempt by the Western Fascists to raid the wall. My disbelief only grew, and I felt the crack within me widen to a chasm as I stared around me at identical lights, glinting like stars atop towers all along the wall.

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## **Singapore: The Country Run Like a Business**

By George Groves

Singapore is a tiny island city-state of 728.6 km<sup>2</sup> and 5.6 million people. Located next to Thailand, Malaysia and Indonesia, this country is an outlier in many ways. With no plentiful natural resources, it may come as a surprise to many that it is a hub of capitalist success. In this article, I'll be explaining the country's unlikely success and the peculiar way it's run to achieve this.

To start off, Singapore toes the line between democracy and dictatorship, with the main party, the People's Action Party (PAP), staying in power since the founding of the state. This is made sure by the manipulation of the election such as the President being able to call an election at any time, the changing of voting districts and only giving the opposition 11 days to campaign. Since protests have to be approved by the government before they can occur, this makes elections more like a measure of popularity and subtle protest than an actual chance to overturn the government. The Singaporean people know this as well so, to make sure the ruling party doesn't get too comfortable in their unchallenged power, routinely dip the vote to get their message across.

At this point, you might be wondering how this system holds itself together. The answer is that as long as the government provides a good service, the citizens are more than happy to live in a largely undemocratic system. Unlike many other dictatorships, the quality of living for its citizens is outstanding. Singapore has the world's 4th highest GDP per capita with \$56,746 (2017), 21st in education rating (2021) and is rated as the 4th healthiest country by the Bloomberg Global Health Index. This is one of the ways Singapore runs like a business - as long as its workers (citizens) receive a good wage, they won't complain.

Another way Singapore seems like a business is that it remains completely neutral and never takes sides. This is because neutrality is good for business. Singapore was the location of the first talks between a US President and North Korean leader ever on June 12th, 2018. The Singapore Summit led to an agreement between the two countries with a plan to denuclearize the Korean Peninsula, recovery of soldiers' remains and security guarantees for the future of North Korea. The tight government control, security

and lack of protests is another reason why Singapore is favoured by many politicians. However, Singapore may not be able to stay neutral forever, as the two superpowers are fighting over its allegiance. Due to its strategic position in Asia and harbour, it would be a perfect military base for the US to keep China in check and assert control over the region. This is the last thing China wants so it has also offered its allegiance but so far Singapore has rejected both. This may come back to bite them though as they may be forced into a worse deal further down the line.

All of these factors also lead to a great tourist destination as Singapore also has a great deal of tourist attractions like the Marina Bay Sands and Gardens by the Bay. Its neutrality also benefits it here as it attracts tourists from all nationalities and even many VIPs who come to use its excellent healthcare facilities. This is how Singapore became one of the most unlikely success stories.

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## **Hitchhiker's Guide Entry - Humans and Earth**

By Thomas Marsh

*In the small and insignificant galaxy known only as "The Milky Way", there is a small and insignificant planet called Earth. This planet is inhabited by mostly harmless carbon-based lifeforms and isn't really all that interesting for a Hitchhiker to visit. It is dominated by strange primate-descended\* creatures that are smaller, weaker and less-equipped than almost all of the predators on the unusual planet; they are seemingly smarter than most of these creatures but on an intergalactic scale are still very dim.*

The 'humans' are thin and pink with no claws or fur or scales or anything of use save a few tufts of fur on the head and in the nooks and crevasses of their weak bodies. Though admirable in their attempts at intergalactic travel, their minds as a collective species are still too limited, and having not even made it to the nearest planet in their tiny solar system, they may need a few million more years of evolution before they come close to true intergalactic space travel.

Earth consists mostly of water (though not quite as much as Vinzenulon VII) and less than 30% of it is land. The land that there is is divided between the humans but (likely due to their stubborn nature) is not shared equally.

There is no one leader of the Earth, but there are instead many little leaders of little portions of the Earth - apparently it is more manageable that way. The non-humans on the planet are divided into categories based on how they deliver young, whether they can swim, whether they can fly and whether they can breathe fire. The latter category disappointingly has no eligible creatures save a small type of frog (amphibious creatures that use strong back legs to hop around and a long tongue to grab things) but this has not been discovered by them yet. These creatures have all adapted better to their habitats than the humans but aren't particularly dangerous and shouldn't cause Hitchhikers alarm if they attack. Some of these creatures have been domesticated by the humans (meaning that humans have bred some species to

be less adapted to their environments so as to feel important, perhaps showing hints of regret towards their unnecessary evolution) with the main two being 'dogs', which are smallish fur-covered predatory creatures that have been domesticated into weaker and even smaller animals, and 'cats' which are even smaller animals with long tails, a thin layer of fur and a much less obedient attitude than their larger counterparts.

Studies have shown that cats are actually descended from larger, more predatory versions of themselves (like dogs) and used to be vicious but still fairly harmless 'tigers' which are distant relations to the better-known and far more dangerous Algotian Suntiger. Humans entertain themselves with strange and pointless activities which seemingly only distract them and are probably what have held them back all these years (along with their afore-mentioned stubbornness) and are definitely not worth worrying about for a Hitchhiker.

*\*'Primates' is an Earth-term used to describe a type of species with fur and sometimes tails (not always; that would be boring) that swing through trees (tall plants made of organic cellulose fibres and collections of tissue filled with the chemical "chlorophyll" which makes them green) and give birth to live young. These creatures were clearly far more suited to their environment and quite frankly more interesting, which begs the question, why evolve?*

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## **The Tale of the London Gentleman**

by Year 10 Students

### Paragraph 1: Jayden Killacky

'I wander through each chartered street, near where the chartered Thames does flow', Sir Theodore Smith recited. He was stationed on a quiet and quaint little wooden boat, observing the purposeful upright march of the wealthy industrialists, not choking on the smoke of the factories, but instead choking in a sea of top hats. This was nothing like the London that Blake had described. This was a place of privilege and picturesque mansions and green spaces. This was a place of power and might. This was the palace, and the people inside would not let the blood that ran down the walls disturb or detract from the glories of industry. The cries of the chimney sweeps were a price worth paying, 'These will never be my cries', Sir Theodore sneered. He wouldn't hear the clink of any manacles forged from his own mind, but he would feel the smooth and sleek silk that had been served to him. An unthinkable sound disturbed his contemplations, 'what a snake!' - his servant muttered. Sir Theodore chose to ignore the insult, instead opting to bathe in the rich rays of the golden sun, which illuminated the symmetrical, spacious streets, as well as the grand golden churches. These churches had not blackened in Sir Theodore's eyes, they were like a cherry on top of a cake in the London skyline. They had pierced through the blanket of cloud and smog to the east, the blanket that he was about to be sailing under.

## Paragraph 2: Luc Wallace

The boat sheared through the water at an ample rate, leaving a glistening trail of sunlight behind like a slug's trail. A thickening mist surrounded the towering heights of Westminster, keeping watch over the bustling city. The streets were never silent, never asleep. The air was strewn with invasive particles, clogging up airways and darkening the heavens. Sir Theodore stood there, pondering. Much like the very alleys he grew up on, his mind was constantly evolving, constantly shifting. He understood and began to agree with Blake's vision of a different London. One that did not enforce the regulation of trivial contraband, one where people were free from their mind-forged manacles and could embrace humanity for what it was, and what it had achieved. Much like Blake, Theodore's entire life had been a struggle, a constant conflict that tore him apart. Sir Theodore had suffered from a conflict between greed and empathy. Every day, he fragmented further, getting closer to his final form. In the distance, he saw the pearlescent structure of St. Paul's.

“How the Chimney-sweepers cry,  
Every blackning Church appalls  
And the hapless Soldiers sigh  
Runs in blood down palace walls.”

On continued his vessel, maneuvering steadily down its shimmering path on that Friday afternoon.

## Paragraph 3: William Zhang

Drawing near the dilapidated docks of the east, his half-submerged ship steered through the sickening stench that permeated the district. Such a somber sight. Desperate mothers were forcing whisky, beer, rum - anything that did not belong within an infant - down their children's throats. God truly feigned any affection for the sorrowing souls stuck in the working class. Splattered across the cityscape like marks on an impressionist painting were charred visages in charred attire, much unlike Sir Theodore's tailored apparel. As the boat slowed beside the platform, he composed his posture and straightened his lopsided tailcoat as the impoverished came to scrutinize his appearance. A gaunt child with gawking eyes approached him, leaning over the crumbling ledge of the dock. Pleading, the child held a handful of begrimed items over the murky waterway, hoping to earn some sort of profit. With a callous snicker, Sir Theodore taunted the child's patched clothes and insulted his visible upbringing, a topic which someone of such youth could clearly not comprehend. Without delay, his vessel hastened and all he could do was ensconce in his cabin as the child and the waterfront were enveloped in an impenetrable blanket of silvery miasma.

## Paragraph 4: Zac Smith

Flowing, flowing, flowing. Past all these troubles his boat kept going. No matter how bleak and mild this world may be, as long as he stays in Kensington, it's poverty he will not see. And as down the Thames his boat pushes further, he spots a young boy, dressed as a worker. In tattered rags and half-cracked sandals, soot covered face and with a group of vandals. Laughing, smirking, grinning. The man thinks back to his

journey's beginning. Where streets were whitened marble, horse-drawn carts carried goods to and fro, and poverty only partial. Oh, how London was so different down here, with blackened faces, blackened streets, and poverty so severe. "The people here have no kindness or sophistication, there is no hope for the future generation." Sinking, falling, going. The river had stopped flowing. Down into the murky depths the water pulled him, lower, lower, lower. Left with nothing but blackness, the man cried out in desperation. He realised there was no helping his situation, his life was gone without hesitation... Yet out of the shimmering light came a person, disfigured, ragged, broken yet held his burden. It pulled apart the water's curtain, reaching, grasping, pulling. Now the man was rising, towards the light he went. Warmer, lighter, happier. He broke through the surface a new man, and there the boy was, walking upon the water...

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## Stand and Stare

by Dr Taylor

*'I teach you the Superman. Man is something that should be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?'*

- **Nietzsche – *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, 1883**

*'Not till we are lost [...] not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves'*

- **Thoreau, *Walden*, Ch. 8 'The Village', 1854**

What do the Buddha, Nietzsche's Zarathustra, Jesus, and Henry David Thoreau have in common?

They all went 'back to nature', rediscovered the wilderness, and abandoned civilisation in favour of a rustic simplicity that would afford time for contemplation: the search for enlightenment for the Buddha; the creation of a new moral code for Zarathustra; temptation by Satan for Jesus, and, for Thoreau, the simple experience of being, as he puts it, 'lost in the woods.'

American Transcendentalist and neo-Luddite extraordinaire Henry David Thoreau 'lived alone, a mile from any neighbour, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts' for 'two years and two months', during which time he lived in almost total seclusion (although he did receive visits from his poet friend Ellery Channing and others, and visit Concord from time to time), sowing and reaping his own food, darning his own clothes, fishing the pond, building fires, plastering his own walls and generally 'getting back to nature' – in a remarkably modern way, even though his time at Walden covers the years 1845-7, in an historical moment which might otherwise seem quite remote from us, and out of reach.

Thoreau's *Walden*, published in 1854, is both an account of his years in the New England woods, and also a philosophical treatise – actually a series of quiet meditations – which tackles a problem previously taken on by such thinkers as Rousseau: namely, what can be done to tackle the pernicious effects of civilisation, and to combat the evils of communal living in towns, cities and sprawling metropolises?



Thoreau (in my view quite correctly) argues that 'the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation': toiling at ledgers grey, worrying about the future – scared of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. *How will I pay the mortgage?*

The horror, the horror.

Thoreau, for his part, looks at life from a different perspective – asks us to think about what is *really* valuable, as opposed to what we have *been told* is valuable. Like Jesus, who tells us to 'take no care for the morrow', Walden argues in favour of self-sufficiency, trust in nature, and a life shorn of unnecessary encumbrances such as fine clothes, luxury items, grand houses and status. In short, Thoreau, and again like Jesus (and Luther, Savonarola, and the Puritans), asks us to turn our back on the world.

The world is too much with us.

'Most of the luxuries, and many of the so called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind' Thoreau writes, adding that 'the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor'. Diogenes would agree.

Reading *Walden* is a little like escaping the travails and pressures of the modern world and inhabiting, for fifteen minutes or so at a time, the Walden woods with this latter-day hermit, this New England Zarathustra. Whatever we might feel about actually *taking* Thoreau's advice, it cannot be denied that he himself not only preached a particular worldview, but practised it too. Imagine, if you will, voluntarily leaving behind all the amenities of modern living, and opting instead to live in a hut in a wood by a pond, growing one's own food and getting on as best one can through the heat of summer and the bone-snapping cold of winter. By the way, Thoreau devotes two whole chapters to his experience of shivering through his winter in the woods, but seems to have found that experience as uplifting and positive as sitting fishing in the fine fall weather, or dozing in an afternoon summer sun.

In terms of the 'philosophical' or even ethical content of *Walden*, there is much to ponder – much to savour. Praising a life of simplistic, almost monastic poverty, Thoreau asserts that 'it is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark'. Of modern houses and their various expensive and complex features, he notes only that 'we are often imprisoned rather than housed in them'. In terms that Rousseau would find admirable, Thoreau claims that 'savage races' are more often than not 'degraded by contact with the civilized man', and, in summation, and echoing thinkers as diverse as Marx, Carlyle, Emerson and Shakespeare, declares that he 'would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion'. Anti-capitalist? Anti-colonialist? Anarchist? Thoreau is some of these, or parts of these, or at least could be read and enjoyed by any of you who *are* these things.

I cannot hope to capture fully the fascinating range of topics discussed by Thoreau in this, his most celebrated work, but, in closing, I would like to pick up on comments he makes in the book's Conclusion which I think bear repetition – more so as they can be lights to guide us in this, our darkest hour.

Faced with a world seemingly determined to control, manipulate, scare and limit us, Thoreau, like Milton, Hamlet and Blake before him, calls upon us to shun the world and explore *our own minds*: to be explorers of the inner world of our imagination, and to stop worrying about the external world of fripperies, falsity and fearmongering. Like Jesus and other charismatics, he urges us to shun the fear of the 'now' and live in the eternal – to care less, and live more.

'Be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought' he says, and, like the inscription at the temple of Apollo at Delphi, pronounces: 'explore thyself'.

I do not wish to moralise, but how many of us right now are worried about the future? Jobs and careers? What *might* happen? What might happen *to us*? Where do we go from here? What if we lose our job, our income, our status, our security? We do need food to eat, clothes to wear and a bed to lie in (unless you're Diogenes), but these things are not the only things we need. 'Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul' Thoreau points out – 'rather than love, than money, than fame, *give me truth*'.

We could all take a leaf from *Walden*, and use it to plant a great forest of future hope.

'Let not your heart be troubled', Jesus said.

It is darkest just before the dawn.

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## Photos

by Kiara Reinhardt



I have been studying Anton Giulio Bragaglia's photographic work. Bragaglia was a pioneer of photography during the 1920s, and part of the Italian Futurist movement - a group of artists who celebrated speed, machinery and violence (advocating the modernization of Italy) . He experimented with figures in motion, creating interesting images, almost making them blurry and distorted, yet still very vivid.



Left

and Below: Photos by Kiara Reinhardt, Above Right: 'Change of Position' by Anton Giulio

Bragaglia,



I recreated some of his work in my own photography, changing my Nikon D3300 camera settings until I achieved the blurred effect I was after- I extended the shutter speed to  $\frac{1}{15}$  of a second, in comparison to an iPhone, which can be  $\frac{1}{8000}$ . I also experimented further, printing my photographs onto acetate and layering the images to create glitched effects.

Photo by Kiara Reinhardt

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## Can we blame Tony Blair for the illegal entry into Iraq in 2003?

by Bailey Yates

The 2003 invasion of Iraq is a heavily disputed topic and people still debate over the legality of the invasion. The Chilcot Inquiry deemed the actions of Britain illegal and it should not have gone ahead. Personally, I believe that the Prime Minister of the time, Tony Blair, should not have entered the war and greatly underestimated the effects of the invasion. However there are several factors which contributed to his decision and could potentially make arguments for the invasion.

### **The US**

The main issue in this complex situation is the US. At the time President Bush was looking for war with the Middle East due to the events of 11th September. Due to this need for revenge Bush was extremely ruthless, either join the US or be opposed to the US. This created a huge dilemma for Blair as the UK have been long-time allies of the US and gained a lot from being so. Therefore, this factor could pile pressure on Blair to join the war. As well as this, Blair tried to push the problem through the UN. However, due to the issue taking a long time in the UN, Bush became impatient and invaded Iraq. Once again in this situation Blair seemed to be forced to follow Bush. However could Blair not just oppose Bush in the UN?

In my opinion it is possible however it could have several negative effects on the UK: being an ally with the US provides great defense and trading benefits.

### **Saddam Hussain and Weapons of Mass Destruction**

In the years leading up to the invasion, Iraq had failed to comply with the UN, and Saddam's regime was continuously violating human rights to the point it was becoming hard to tolerate. This could justify the entry into Iraq. However, was it the US and UK's responsibility to invade? Due to the US having the most powerful military and economy in the world I believe they may carry the responsibility to do so. However the UK government and Blair claimed that Saddam had weapons of mass destruction and could not be trusted with these weapons due to their violations of human rights and also lack of conformity in the UN. This justification seems legitimate to any member of the public. But after several UN inspections no weapons of mass destruction were found, and because of this it can be assumed Blair lied to the public and Parliament in order to get justification for the invasion. Despite no weapons being found, Blair maintains his story, stating in 2016 he only wanted to free the Iraqi people from 'evil'.

### **The effects of the invasion**

After the invasion of Iraq, civilians had been killed by the US by the bombing of the country. However at the time the Iraqis weren't upset at the intervention of the Western powers. However, without a government to replace the Hussain regime the country descended into chaos and civil war broke out. This was due to the poor planning of the Western powers and also how much they underestimated the number of troops needed. Due to the poor planning Blair and Bush indirectly had blood on their hands, with around 460,000 deaths coming as a result of the civil war that followed the invasion. These numbers show the huge effect of the poorly planned and rash decision to invade the country, with no plans on what to do after the invasion.

Taking aboard all the factors, including external pressure from the US, and the poor human rights records of Iraq, you could argue Blair had the right to invade Iraq. However his main justification for the war was proven to be false, his planning of the aftermath was poor and as a result 460,000 people died. Therefore most responsibility has to fall on his own shoulders. Despite this, I pity the situation Blair was put in, especially by the US, a situation described by Blair as the 'hardest, most momentous, most antagonising decision' of his life.

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## **Skylarks Project**

by Becky-Ellice Creighton

Every other Tuesday afternoon, something magical takes place in the Tong Centre.

No, it isn't a science lecture or a staff meeting, but a choir. At this time, the Langton welcomes the 'Skylarks Sing to Beat Parkinson's' group into the school. You might even have heard the music drifting down the corridor!

We all love music, whether that be rap or classical, and we all know how it can lift our spirits when we're feeling down. But for people with Parkinson's, music can mean even more than that: it can actually alleviate their symptoms. Sadly, one of the consequences of Parkinson's disease is a lowering of dopamine levels, which means there is less of the chemical which plays an important role in movement and coordination.

However, the incredible fact is that just the singing of a simple melody has been proven to miraculously raise these dopamine levels. So, in a way, it is magic...

Professor Grenville Hancox founded the Skylarks group back in 2010. Since then, the Langton music department have been involved in his wellbeing projects, and it was decided in 2019 that the fortnightly sessions would move to be held in our school, so that we students could begin to witness the amazing effect singing can have on Parkinson's. It is thought that this whole project - with members of the local community visiting us on a regular basis for musical activities during the school day - is one of, if not the only, example of this in the entire world!

At the moment, the lively choir sessions are run by Mrs Renshaw-Kidd, the Head of Music at the Langton. But the plan is for her to gradually hand the baton over to the students, meaning that we have the exciting opportunity to take leadership of the sessions and think of our own songs and vocal exercises to share with the group. As previously mentioned, movement is also something really crucial to maintain for people with Parkinson's, so any dancers that are willing to share their talent and choreograph basic movements for some of the songs will make a really positive impact. And, of course, laughter is the best medicine so if you have a talent for comedy, do join us! However, even if you don't fancy leading at the front, dancing, or cracking jokes, we still warmly invite you to join everyone for the singing.

Usually, the Skylarks group would be open to all students, but unfortunately due to the risk of Covid, the Tuesday afternoon sessions are only at present focused towards the Sixth Form. However, the hope is that the Skylarks Sing to Beat Parkinson's project will eventually be introduced to the whole school, so everyone can contribute to this fantastic and rewarding project.

The overarching and long-term goal is to co-write and publish a methodology to display the benefits of singing for people with Parkinson's, so not only our local community but everyone has the knowledge of music's magical powers in regards to this disease.



## Haikus from Year 6 Open Evening

Swallows fly in the air  
Heading south away from north  
Escaping it all

How long does it take  
to get petrol at the moment  
It takes a while

Building a wall cos  
We don't like those on the other side.  
Don't ask me why.

Trees blow in the wind,  
Green grass covered with bright dew,  
Colourful flowers

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## Is the voting demographic for parties changing, and if so why?

by Jacob Sebastian

For years the parties in the UK political system have been very set in stone: Labour is for the working class and Conservatives are for the middle and upper classes, but in recent years there has been somewhat of a political shift. Although it may seem hard to believe, statistics now show that in the UK working classes are more likely to vote for the Conservatives whereas the people of the middle class are tending more and more to vote Labour.

So what has really changed in the political landscape for the increasing talk of party switching to come about? Well for starters since the 2017 election, strongholds for both the Conservative and Labour parties were lost to each other in surprising seat changes. Among them include Hartlepool. What some would call the immovable brick of the Red Wall was stripped of that tag by the Conservatives in 2021 as they won a crucial battle there in a by-election following the resignation of the Labour MP who had won in the general election back in 2019. The Conservatives too, although not as much, have lost important seats in the south in places like Canterbury and even lost the seat of Kensington in 2017 which would be thought to be the antithesis of a Labour seat, famed for its affluent reputation.

Now if the traditional thinking of classes voting for a certain party is not being upheld then what dictates who votes for which party? To put it in the words of infamous former Labour PM Tony Blair: "Education, Education, Education" seems to be the most prevalent answer to this class inversion. The distinction lies between those that are in white or blue collar jobs in which the former is a job that is more related to the service industry. The latter is usually associated with hard manual labour like construction. Ironic that Labour's growing support is from the white collar jobs, right? Education seems

key as those who have attained a degree or higher vote 43% Labour compared to that of the Tories' 29%. Conversely with those who are educated up to the level GCSE or lower the Conservatives came out more popular which seems paradoxical in a sense. Does this mean that those who are better educated vote Labour, which means a large portion of the UK is not well-educated enough meaning they vote Conservative?

Well not quite. Other large factors such as age and gender come into the equation which perhaps has a larger effect on the voting. Naturally the younger you are the more likely you are to vote for Labour and the same goes for the opposite. In addition Labour presumably appeals more to women than men, and to ethnic minorities more than white people.

But although it does seem impossible to imagine, the signs indicate there may be a party inversion closely linked to class and education. The more educated you are the more likely you are to vote for Labour? Is Labour the party for the educated and intelligent? Or is the Conservative party just having a good period in general elections due to defects in the Labour party and success in campaigning? Or maybe after all this, was it Tony Blair's emphasis on 'Education, Education, Education' that was part of his master plan to increase the number of Labour voters in the long term? The biggest indicator will be the next general election.

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## **'Ærra Geola: December' from 'Of Canterbury, Who Fell in: A Shepherd's Calendar'**

by Mr Moffat

*"I have spoken to you today, dear children of God, of the martyrs of the past, asking you to remember especially our martyr of Canterbury, the blessed Archbishop Elphege; because it is fitting, on Christ's birthday, to remember what is that peace which he brought; and because, dear children, I do not think I shall ever preach to you again; and because it is possible that in a short time you may have yet another martyr, and that one perhaps not the last. I would have you keep in your hearts these words that I say, and think of them at another time. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."*

*T.S.Eliot: Murder in the Cathedral*

So what is to be done  
In the winter, in the night time?

Walking through Brockhill  
To the castle at Saltwood.  
Smokefall, the lights are on  
And the endless, fenced  
Garden secure.

We can only think of that day  
With rancour.  
And yet, it survives.  
Advent.  
It is coming, coming.  
Fasting and prayer,  
Advent images and vessel cups,  
Pay the box carrier half a penny.

*Mōdraniht*

We watch the whole night through.

Look to the East.  
He comes with clouds descending.  
Come Emmanuel.

Snowmen and robins in the calendars,  
Burn the Advent candle.  
Hallow Tallow.

And the first is Ishmael and all the prophets.  
The second, the Holy Book,  
The third is the mother.  
The fourth, the harbinger.  
The last is the Light of the World.

And there is a sermon.  
“Dear children of God  
Today I shall be short”.  
He fears his imminent death.  
He does not think he will come again.  
There is time to outlaw the de Brocs.  
Always there is work to be done  
Whatever may be coming.  
The angelic voices were mistook.

Exiled in Sandgate for Christmas.  
All day the Border Force rib  
Hugs the pebble grey shore.  
All night the helicopter hums  
Scouring the coast  
For those differently exiled.  
We huddle closer in our bed.



I, too, a migrant  
Now handfast with this city.

*Ave Mater Angliae!*  
Hail, Mother of England!  
Hail the unending epic  
Of this burgh.  
Lay the rose  
Where Sudbury goes  
Headless.

Here, here they all came,  
The Henrys, the Edwards,  
The Richards, The Charles.

Here has been Pope and Circumstance,  
King and Kingmaker;  
Conqueror, Confessor,  
Erasmus, Gandhi,  
Cromwell, John.  
Godwinson, Mozart, Pole.

Fall in Karl Marx,  
Here is poetry amongst the poverty.  
"Mark you that and noat you wel."

Fall in John Keats,  
Endlessly frigging your mind  
For your piss-a-bed poetry.  
This town of beauty  
Is a joy forever.  
Aeolian splendour.

Fall in Defoe and Austen,  
Lionheart and Longshanks,  
Go widdershins about  
And learn to pace this city  
Not in space  
But in time.

Fall in Old Boz  
With your manic, meandering walks.

Waiting for Beckett to just fall in.

Fall in Korzeniowski;  
The tale's about to be told.  
"It was a dark and stormy night,  
We sat by the calcined wall.  
It was said to the tale-teller  
Tell us a tale, and the tale ran thus:  
It was a dark and stormy night."  
Davy Jones, fall in.

*The riot of puddings:  
Clubs, cudgels and halberts  
Amongst the cakes and ale.  
Royalist and Roundhead,  
"For God, King Charles and Kent!"  
Burgate barricaded with old timber  
And the mob is on the town.  
First the shutting of the shops  
And then the breaking of the heads,  
Fire and Fairfax and Ireton,  
Our gates torn at their hinges  
And cindered in the streets.*

I order a goose from Susannah,  
Buy stilton, Madeira;  
Walnuts and port  
From The Shed.  
Some sage for the stuffing.

Ready the hooden horse,  
Mummers plays and hoodening,  
Hand bells and carolling.  
And Christmas is upon us.  
Alpha and Omega. A and O.  
Blow the Burghemote long and low  
One more time.

While faith holds wide the door  
For the oblation of nations;  
Hark the herald angels beg  
For pennies.

*The cruellest killing in Christendom.  
Christ Church dark,  
The monks at vespers;  
Trespassers advance in silence,  
First footing  
In the Transept.*

*No traitor to the King  
But a priest.*

*Four blows,  
The lily and the rose.  
This fellow will not rise again  
Any more.*

So why does he nightly come to my door  
Brain-dripping and holy  
From his dark Martyrdom?  
Through the brutal and cheap streets  
In tears, sodden and uncomprehending,  
To the gate of my turbulent house  
In the jump and dead of night.  
This Cheapside brat, murdered in haste;  
Fitzurse, de Morvill, de Tracy, le Breton  
Their names cursed  
For severing that crown  
Which the unction of sacred chrism  
Dedicated to his God.  
Rest easy.

*"I do not think I shall preach to you again."*

There will be time for epiphany  
Hereafter.  
There will be time for wonder  
After twelve fat nights,  
When the miracles begin  
And the cult is born.  
There will be time for ale  
And wassail  
And ginger shall be hot in the mouth

And you  
Shall be Queen of the Bean.

*And was America founded here?  
Robert Cushman,  
Freeman of the city,  
With a shop on The Parade,  
Hard by St Andrew's church -  
Impossibly beached in the street, no less -  
Departed for Leiden,  
Widowed and returned,  
Finds room in an inn on Palace Street,  
Financing, hiring, Mayflower, Speedwell,  
Brownists and Merchant Adventurers.  
New life, new birth.  
The ships to find a nation  
And they signed the contracts here.*

They are coppicing the alder grove  
While the sap is low.  
A lone woodman whistles  
Between the orange stools.  
An ancient song.  
Talking about re-generation.

*"Out goes the candl  
Out goes the lite  
Out goes my story  
And so Good Nite"*

Of Canterbury, who fell in.  
Why is that airman holding his arm?  
He hasn't fallen,  
He is quick, there  
Upon the memorial;  
Part broken.  
The boy needs nursing.  
Airmen here were special;  
Youths of grit and mettle,  
The sons of Mannoek,  
Spitfire boys we still imagine  
In the skies over Farthing Common,  
Hellfire Corner. Scrambling out  
Of The Cat and Custard Pot.  
Angels one five.

Drive the twisty road  
Into the sunken village.  
Follow the fingerpost  
To the church in the wood,  
Our Chapel Perilous,  
Hard by the old manor.  
And mind the injunction,  
Beware lest you tramp  
Upon sacred ashes,  
Beneath those rugged elms,  
That yew tree's shade,  
And come you back to the city.  
Dry bones can no-one harm.

Of Canterbury, who fell in.

*"Now preye I to hem alle that herkne this litel tretis or rede, that if ther be any thing in it that lyketh hem, that ther-of they thanken oure lord Iesu Crist, of whom procedeth al wit and al goodnesse. / And if ther be any thing that displese hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unconninge, and nat to my wil, that wolde ful fayne have seyde bettre if I hadde had conninge."*

Where is England? Where is Kent?  
Where is Canterbury?  
*What make I loytering here?*

*"Rome it selfe not so old"*

Should auld acquaintance?

*"O what we ben!  
And what we come to!"*

Blessed Thomas, pray for us.

*"Eusas ben and showd  
Eusa on the road"*

I do not think I shall preach...

*"I nam nat precius"*

I do not think

*“The flour is goon, ther is namoore to telle”*

A buzzing insect enters  
My car, my colour, my self:  
What did he do yet other  
Riding the axile tree?

For all the Gods

Anathemata.

Me.

Mine.

---

## **A More Unified and Diverse England**

by Erris Barrett

Ask anyone and they will most likely inform you that the language of the British Isles is English. It's not. That's too high a title to give to English. Obviously, there's no denying that it is *a* language of the Isles, and whilst it is the most spoken, that doesn't make it *the* language of the Isles.

The British Isles (which is in and of itself a controversial and politicized term, as any decent Irishman will tell you) comprises Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Hebrides. They are home to nine indigenous languages. Not just English, which is generally touted as the “only” one, or at least, the only one worth mentioning.

And for years, it was. Efforts to teach other languages within the British Isles were limited, or prohibited, meaning the use of the other eight native languages declined significantly.

And today, their use is still limited. Arguments for them are wrought with pushback from false claims that anything other than English has no place in modern Britain.

So how can other languages become more useful in modern Britain?

With a larger and more widespread population of speakers.

Some effort has been made in regions of the UK to revitalize their historic languages, especially in Wales and Ireland. However, as only a quarter of Welsh people actually speak Welsh and two fifths of Irish people can speak Irish, these pushes to increase the languages' status could stand to go further, and be spread to bigger areas. For, when it comes to promoting use and growth of these languages, the

responsibility has fallen to people in these areas. Maybe that makes sense but still, *England* is rarely focused on.

So, why should it be? Surely English people already speak the historic language of their region? Nonetheless, the key to spreading a particular language is already having a large amount of speakers. The more common, extensive and normalized a language is, the more it grows.

The real question here is, how do we get a large number of speakers to begin with? England should be the focus. In English schools, across the board, the languages taught are Spanish, French, German, Mandarin, Latin, etc. But no Celtic languages to be seen. In addition, learning a second language in England comes too late in development. It needs to be a part of the curriculum from as early as possible if it wants to have a real impact.

The process of introducing a widely spoken second language to a population is a lengthy one. You need children introduced to it even younger, meaning you need their parents to speak it at home. Creating a country with a dual language speaking culture is an arduous process, one that takes generations.

With that in mind, why should English people want this? Is it not just much effort and money for seemingly little payoff?

Well, no. The benefits of bilingualism are vast. It would create an overall more intelligent population with improved cognitive and critical thinking skills, for example. Furthermore, a large bilingual population would likely create a culture of being more welcoming to immigrants than we are now, increasing diversity within the UK. Those are the more obvious benefits.

But, as when discussing any language, history is important. Before the Romans, there was little distinction between modern day England and Wales. The spoken language throughout England at the time eventually evolved into Welsh and Cornish. Why should English people learn these languages? Because, simply put, they are our heritage. These languages are a part of English heritage and tradition. It may have been rather lost due to colonization by the Romans and later, other groups, but that doesn't mean it can't still be embraced.

There should be real effort to embrace every part of English culture. What makes us unique. Not just the easy to focus on aspects. Explore every part of what it means to be English.

Further education in Welsh and Cornish would also lead to better common ground between the English and the Welsh, helping promote a union that is key to the UK, and certainly one that won't dissolve any time soon.

# Encompassed

by Thomas Marsh

I live on a ship, a beautiful ship,  
Do you know how I can tell?  
At the ship's stern is Heaven  
And at the bow lurk the evils of Hell

I live on a ship, a magical ship,  
Do you know how?  
To the port side is forever,  
And to the starboard side is now

I live on a ship, a magical ship,  
Do you know how and where?  
Well up in the sky is a paradise,  
And below is your worst nightmare

I live on a ship, an enormous ship,  
It's colossal and it is mine,  
At the top of the mast is the end of space  
And in the hull - the beginning of time.

I live on a ship, a voyaging ship,  
It travels from joy to sorrow,  
Behind the ship is yesterday,  
And on the horizon is tomorrow.

The sky behind us is bleak and grey,  
And we sit in the midst of a storm,  
But ahead there is the light of hope,  
And the light of a brand new dawn.



# How Has Brexit Changed UK Migration?

by Megan Stow

## Migration Before Brexit

Before Brexit, EU members could freely live and work in the UK under the freedom of movement act. This meant that when lawfully in the UK, they should not be treated differently from UK citizens. Since 2004, there has been a sharp increase in migration to the UK. For the last few years, EU migrants have made up nearly 50% of net migration.

Currently, Polish born people are the biggest single migrant population in the UK, with a population of over 800,000 in 2015. In 2015 over 3 million people born in other countries were living in the UK.

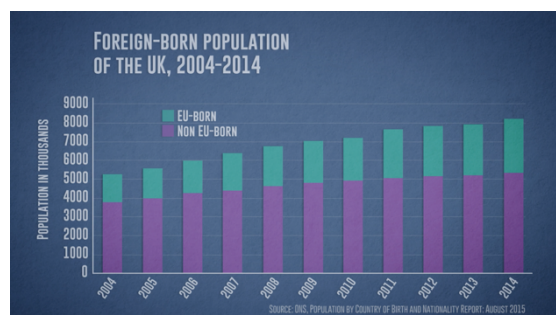
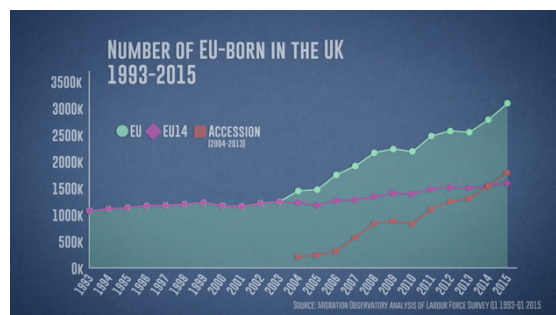
This increase in immigrants could be due to multiple factors including the recent expansion of the EU to include more Eastern European countries, as well as Southern European countries still struggling to recover from the economic crisis in 2008. The UK has a strong economic pull factor due to record levels of employment and high wages in comparison to most Eastern European countries such as Poland and Romania. 68% of EU migrants reported coming for work. Many people claim that EU migrants are just coming to the UK to claim welfare benefits, however this is not true as EU migrants have extremely high employment rates, therefore very few are actually claiming benefits. Many British industries employ many EU migrant workers and say they need these employees to remain successful.

Many people migrating from the EU to the UK are also not actually EU born and come from places such as Pakistan and India.

## How Has Brexit Affected Migration?

One huge impact Brexit has had on migration is the process EU migrants must go through to receive certain statuses in the UK. Under free movement, EU citizens expected to be able to live and work in the UK. However, under the new system, migrants will need to apply and qualify for permanent settlement rights. For example, on family visas this takes five years. A growing number of non-EU citizens are now on ten-year routes to settlement because they do not meet all the standard criteria. This does not only deter many from migrating to the UK but also means the process for migrants to settle has been, in my view, unnecessarily prolonged. This will also increase the number of migrants in the UK with no legal status.

We have already seen Conservative attitudes towards migration drastically change since Brexit. In early September, Priti Patel, Home Secretary, made preparations to send back small boats carrying migrants across the channel. The French authorities said that this could endanger lives, but Patel still went on to train Border Force staff to employ 'turn-around' tactics. This policy would allow UK officers to force small boats back into French waters as the Conservatives believe this would mean the migrants are no longer our problem. The French government has stated their strong disagreement with this and warned that the tactics would 'risk having a negative impact on our cooperation'. Conservative MPs called the home secretary to break international law and carry out the policy despite this. This is just one example of how Brexit has allowed MPs to tighten rules on immigration and I was disgusted when I heard the news of what Patel was doing; considering her own parents are immigrants, I would have thought she would show some sympathy towards those seeking refuge in the UK. She did not for one second consider the



safety of those people or the fact we have a responsibility to help them – if she wants to send them elsewhere, she could at least attempt to do so safely.

Another, perhaps less seen, impact of Brexit has been increased emigration. Many people who strongly disagreed with Brexit and voted to remain have left the UK. When it was announced that Brexit would be taking place, many UK citizens emigrated to European countries such as France or Germany before we left the EU.

The combination of decreased immigrants and increased emigrants could be what has led to many employment issues currently affecting the UK. A recent example of this would be the shortage of lorry drivers. This has led to shortage of food and other products in many shops as produce is struggling to be distributed around the UK.

### **How Will Migration be Affected in the Future?**

It is difficult to predict but I think that issues such as these will become more common in the future due to lack of workers in the secondary job sector.

I believe that because of Brexit, immigration will decrease. This could be because people are deterred by the now prolonged process of gaining status, or simply the fact that legal immigration is becoming harder with new legislation and policies turning many migrants away. I think the government are blindly turning these people away without considering the real, long-term implications. They are only listening to the arguments such as ‘migrants will steal all our jobs’ or ‘immigrants are taking all our money from claiming benefits and ruining the economy’. They are not considering the fact that these immigrants actually make up a huge part of the key work force in the secondary job sector. We need people who are willing to take on these roles if we are to keep the economy running efficiently. I understand the perspective that post COVID-19, the UK economy is struggling, but so are many others across the world. While we recover, I understand that we may have to take on less migrants, but the number the government is proposing is still below what it should be and shows the selfish attitude of our leaders who are unwilling to help others in humane ways.

An example of this inhumane treatment was the use of the Napier barracks in Folkestone to ‘accommodate refugees.’ The conditions inside these barracks were so bad that the government lost the right to use them in a court case where the barracks failed to meet a minimum standard. Before the case, many refugees claimed that they were threatened to be ‘blacklisted’ if they spoke out about the conditions. This meant they would then have issues making their asylum claim. This shows that even if the government claim to be taking on asylum seekers, they are not necessarily treating them in a humane way.

The government need to consider the needs of those seeking asylum and take on as many as they can, not the bare minimum, which is what they are currently doing. They also need to treat these people like humans, with respect, dignity, and most of all, basic human rights.

# Explosion

by Tyler Hawkridge

I sit in my chair, eye to the scope  
pull back lock and load  
I spotted my target, doing their dance, aiming down a scope of their own.

Adrenaline coursing through my veins, the veins that made me grow.  
Inhale, exhale,  
inhale, exhale.  
The grimace warped my face as I gently caressed my trigger.

Explode. In one shot millions were killed and the shame came once again.  
My trigger finger grew limp and my face grew sad.  
And my victims remained doing their dance.

---

# Into Scheria

by Niccy Busuttil

“The boy was shot outside the house  
the day we painted the third floor black”:  
So he said, with one hand on the canvas,  
the other’s tips breaking on water’s edge,  
surface so familiar but distant from his tale  
of how he met Parzival in Brabant, and how  
time was as green and flat as she said it was.  
Sailing now for another, making smiles for  
His journey, his brother’s, with black spine  
still stuck in toe from fading wars and darker ships,  
in a bar between, clasped and speaking less,  
leafed crown wrinkled at the side of gray,  
scattering salt and nuts on the wooden slate,  
hitting the carpet, jumping from the floor;  
wailing countertenor on the circle path.  
But he gargled on the shadow’s shed at the garden’s ende,  
where the rugs didn’t cover the corners, and all the  
fluff dust flies hairs nails spots that crumbed on soles  
were brought in by travellers and staled out for holes.  
They worshiped Alcatous there: - fingers cusped inwards,

cheek turned, he returned to the black sea on those words,  
wrapping his starspark-addled flock of misty beard  
over a withered neck, adjusting an empty vessel.  
On the journey home he passed between two fields,  
One carrying his naked descendants, one-eyed and all,  
plucking pieces of an immortal soul for time on a lyre.  
The other baring a red skinned unborn devil, massive  
bulging fingers gurgling for air and his waters.  
For all he shrugged - the monstrous babe begged more life  
swallowing the churned dirt and littered seeds of His  
brother's bother in gluttony, knowing the pushback of strangling vines,  
and soon it had seized into an ashen stump, cracked sideways  
by bark. This was not home, as Nobody was not welcome,  
for his near-pointed trick that broke the back of the Sea,  
the puppet prince, drunk on the salt and his own longbow  
after choosing a cut of the larger slice in the sky;  
an old man for the eldest and daughter, forsooth:  
To make a sturdy rope of a snake drawn in the sand  
Is the worse of a warrior unwrapped and handled clean,  
more dead within, the only skin-shrivelling coming on my command,  
Only riding His supposed hills on my machines. And let him dare,  
And I will crumble his palace with three tremours still.  
Break again within the waves, for the intaglio computer to brake 'Lo',  
For the storm to cut the sheets to black, for the phoenix to cut the wire,  
and remind us in its hawking that your beauty is only as constant as  
Time. 'Til the carnation replies:  
"Remember, I am immortal also."  
And the rock where I damned you all.

END OF ISSUE

If you want to submit your own articles for the next issue, please email either of the below:

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