



Fyling Hall Matters

Friday 12th May 2017 (Issue 24)

Internet Freedom : (Part 1)

The internet is a network of interconnected devices which allows people to communicate and share information with one another. The internet is a great invention that allows us to access content uploaded around the world almost instantaneously. It is used for commerce, communication and entertainment, among many other things. Unfortunately, the internet is not always used for good.

Here in Britain our access to the internet is mostly unrestricted, and while this is a good thing for most, it allows the internet to be easily abused for people's personal gain. The internet is by no means a safe place. Cyberbullying, viruses and hackers, among other disturbing content are almost embedded into the fabric of the World Wide Web. This issue has re-emerged with the recent streaming of murders on Facebook. Many people assume that large social media sites would have better protection against obscene and horrible content which people upload, however this is not the case. Sites like Facebook are not safe.

Social media sites are rife with cyber bullying. It is not just a thing that happens to a few unfortunate individuals; some sources suggest that nearly 43% of kids have been bullied online. Parents may never even know that this is happening; only about 1 in 10 victims will inform a parent or trusted adult of their abuse. Being cyber bullied can increase the chances of people committing suicide. And the number of people being cyber bullied is on the increase. And that's not the only electronic skeleton in social media's closet. Being on social media means that you don't see or know who you are talking to. This makes children incredibly susceptible to grooming. Like cyber bullying parents of the children and often the children being targeted themselves do not know who they are speaking to. According to the NSPCC 1 in 20 children in the UK have been sexually abused, and parents may never learn about what happened. An increase of over 40% in the number of cases were reported from 2014 to 2015 so in this age of increasing technology, minors are

increasingly susceptible to being abused or bullied online.

And it is easy to be harmed or spread harm from friends. Acts like "sexting" is illegal under the age of 18 (and sharing these images can be classified as distribution of child pornography; a very serious crime) , and even images sent by adults above this age can have serious repercussions and are illegal to send if the receiver does not consent.

And social media can contain obscene or horrific content, for example the recent streaming of murders, which can be accessed by anyone. Even groups like ISIS are actively recruiting people via social media. These are just a few of the many negatives of even the "safest" sites on the internet. Can we truly trust businesses to have our best interests at heart completely? Even if we can trust companies to be concerned about us more than their reputation will allow, is there simply too much content to monitor?

While Facebook may not have had a legal obligation to remove the content uploaded, many people feel that they had a moral obligation to have removed this content much sooner than they did. Multiple videos have been uploaded or streamed on Facebook in which people have killed either themselves or others and Facebook have been seen as taking too long to respond to the videos , with one video being up for more than a day, and having 370,000 views.

This raises the question "what can we do about this?" At the moment we are relying on the owners of websites, but should we be? Is it now up to us to stay safe and look after others? I think it is and it is more necessary than ever to keep well informed and be careful when on the internet and use parental controls for young children.

If you have been affected by any of these issues or want to learn more about the dangers of the internet, there are many good websites that will keep you well informed, especially websites like ChildLine, the NSPCC or CEOP.

To be continued ...

Jack Dudley

Words of the Week

	This week	Next week
Tricky:	volatile	fervent
Trickier:	capricious	devout
Trickiest:	temperamental	vehement



Year 7 and 8 receiving letters from pen pals

ESL Trip to Whitby

Today, we went to Whitby to learn some facts about the town. We took the bus and when we arrived, there was a lot of wind and it was very freezing. At first we saw a statue of Captain Cook near the Whalebone arch. Captain Cook is famous because he discovered Australia. Whitby was a whaling industry.

Next, we saw the roof of the Magpie café which was semi-burnt because last week, there was a fire. Then we saw the house of Henry Freeman. He carried a boat from Whitby to Robin Hoods' Bay with the help of fishermen. It took 200 men and 80 horses to pull the boat.

When we came back, we read a text about the Lifeboat and wrote post-cards to our parents. This was a much better day than doing exams.

Theodore Roussard



Internal Exams Week

First Moon Village Planned

As scientists have been making more and more new tech, it is becoming less of a dream and more of a reality that we will soon be living on the moon. Can you picture yourself staring into the sky from your Lunar Base and seeing the Earth fly by?

The Chinese space agency and the ESA (European Space Agency) are discussing teaming up to create a Lunar Base. The Lunar Base could be used for a number of things, including: space tourism, studying moon rock samples and a stop-off base for going to the red planet Mars.

It has been suggested that the base could be built from 3D printed blocks made from Lunar soil, this would reduce the cost. If the plan goes ahead, it will be the first time both space agencies have worked together. As one spokesperson from the ESA said "We recognise that to explore space for peaceful purposes, we do [need] international cooperation."

Toby Richardson and James Brine

Spencer Perceval

Who was Spencer Perceval? Good question! No one seems to know, even though he has appeared more than once, in the celebrated "On this day!" Actually he is the only British Prime Minister to date to be assassinated. You would think that would be reason enough to make him better known. However, did you also know that he is the only Solicitor General or Attorney General to also have been Prime Minister? He became PM in 1809, and his premiership was far from

easy or colourless. During his term of office, he faced the Luddite riots, economic depression, the problems consequent of the madness of King George III, while successfully pursuing the on-going war against Napoleon in the Peninsula. Unfortunately the causes of his assassination were far from exciting! His assassin John Bellingham, who calmly strode into the House of Commons, shot him and then sat down, blamed Perceval for his personal economic problems!

International Agents Visit

On the 10th of May our school was visited by a group of international agents, whose visit was organised by the York Boarding Schools Association. The school's representatives have met them in Robin Hood's Bay in the morning and later invited them to have a tour around the school.

This year, agents from various countries and backgrounds, such as Pakistan, Turkey, Russia (Language for Life LTD), Ukraine (British Boarding Schools Connected LTD), Nigeria, Thailand, Hon Kong (H&H) and the UK (Study Links) came to evaluate Fyling Hall's facilities, boarding houses and overall atmosphere. Luckily, the weather was marvellous, the landscapes were truly magnificent.

Some of their responses, such as an overall improvement in food and satisfaction in boarding

conditions were pleasant to hear. One of the most emphasized aspects of life in Fyling Hall was its family atmosphere, seashore and the beauty of the surrounding national park.

The agents were invited for tea and coffee in the library, followed by a good lunch, they were also provided with all of the information about the school needed for advertisements.

In general, we have received great responses; everyone was impressed with the school's unique location and beauty of the Bay. However they also admitted that it is still quite difficult to attract students to schools in the countryside and compete with larger colleges in cities, but this does not mean that the views won't attract some future students.

Aleksandr Akulov

Whistle Down The Wind

"So Whistle down the wind, for I have always been right here..." were the very last words sung at the end of an exciting, jaw dropping performance last Saturday evening down at the Whitby Pavilion as the curtains closed for the final showing of Andrew Webber's classic: 'Whistle down the Wind'. With the cast leaving feeling exhausted but sad parting ways with their characters we can all say that the musical was very much enjoyed by all.

For those who may not be familiar with the storyline of Whistle Down the Wind, here is a brief explanation. The audience first meets a quiet happy town somewhere in around 1950s America and focuses mainly on a family struggling with the burden of having very little money. The atmosphere of what was a warming, holy town is stirred up when news breaks of a prisoner escaping from a local prison. The prisoner then ends up taking refuge in the family's barn where the father (played by our former headmaster, Ken James!) is completely un-

aware, along with the rest of the town. His three children, Swallow (Fyling Hall's own Helena Graham), Brat and Poor Baby on the other hand, along with the rest of the town's children, decide to care for the prisoner who they believe is the second coming of Jesus! Tensions then build after the parents/adults seek slaughter upon the prisoner in the name of defence for their children... You'll have to watch the film or read the book to unveil the ending!

Even as someone who came to take part in operating the projections for the show, without any prior knowledge or understanding of the storyline, the cast and crew must have performed the show brilliantly as I became more and more engrossed in the show each night, and definitely want to be involved in the next show '9 to 5' coming to the Whitby Pavilion at the back end of 2017!

Connor Asprey

Exam season is upon us:

***Don't stress, do your best,
forget the rest.***

We invite you to comment on the articles expressed in our newsletters. Please email news.team@fylinghall.org giving a reference to the article/journalist by name. We are open to new ideas, your suggestions and even a bit of criticism!

The Week Ahead

Sun	14 th	1:30pm	Trip to Dalby Forest
Mon	15 th		Public examinations begin
Tues	16 th	4:00pm	U15 Cricket v Eskdale (Home)
Thur	18 th	2:00pm	U15 Cricket v Scarborough College (Away)
		4:00pm	U13 Partnership Rounders tournament @ Eskdale
Sat	20 th	6:00pm	Trip to Laser Tag @ Mini Monsterz

News Team

Editors	Callum Wallis Jack Dudley
Reporters	Aleksandr Akulov Theodore Roussard Toby Richardson James Brine Connor Asprey

Gothic Short Story

Death's Game by Lily May Newman (Year 9)

Darkness. All around, there was darkness. Even the cold, powerful glow of the moon couldn't be seen through the thick blanket of cloud which lay so perfectly over the sky. Even the sharp blades of lightning struggled to slice their way down to the core of the Earth. It was nights like this that made the sound echo around the dusky halls; in the frivolous, old, misshaped house that the man called his home. The single sound of a young maiden. Not of her giggling. Not of her singing. Not even of her crying.

"BOUNCE... BOUNCE...BOUNCE..."

Just the sound of her bouncy ball, bouncing of the walls in her bibulous father's best parlour was the only thing that reflected around the depressing walls of the desolated house.

"BOUNCE... BOUNCE...BOUNCE..."

"I never wanted to hurt anyone: not Dorothy, not her mother, not anyone. The people in the village one hour away would call me things like vicious, heartless, diabolical, dangerous; I even heard of some calling me blood thirsty. But they didn't know me. They didn't know what I was really like. And that's okay and possibly quite convenient. Because if they had of known; they would have called me worse. Much, much more...

My wife, Dorothy's mother, was the only thing I ever truly loved. She made even the darkest of days in this beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way, withered building light and worthwhile. Sometimes I can still see the beautiful memories, through the broken light that we created in the walls of this dismal chamber; but the majority were clouded and shrivelled because of her.

Dorothy was three when my wife 'passed on', and, at first, we coped. In fact, I thought we coped very well; until Dorothy started to ask questions. Questions about myself and her mother. Questions about her mother. Questions about her mother's death. Questions that should not have been asked. And well, I couldn't take it anymore. Not even the most expensive of bribes would silence her. The only time I would get some peace was when she would play with that wrenched bouncy ball her Aunt Penelope bought her one Christmas; and still, that carried a horrific BOUNCE with it, as she launched it at the walls in my best parlour. I used to get so frustrated with her, the little brat. The maligned vocabulary which would depart my mouth when addressing her after she had pushed it too far, which, of course she always did, was just barbaric.

And, still to this day, I don't regret the 'little' accident that took place between me and Dorothy; or me and Dorothy's mother for that matter. And, still to this day, I don't really think or miss Dorothy or her mother; it's just when I hear the sound of that bloody bouncy ball. Which, even though they are well and truly gone, I still hear! I can always hear it! And you would! Yeah, if you were me you would know and you would hear it!"

"BOUNCE... BOUNCE... BOUNCE..."

"Guilt! Some say it was guilt. Others started saying that I was mentally ill! I wasn't of course but they took me. They took me away; they took me for a mad man. But, you go. You go and listen. Listen to what lives in them meaning less walls. You go see what lies beneath the phantom like shadows, which will follow you around every corner. And, you go to the parlour straight forward from the kitchen, on your left, and you will hear the only thing that keeps haunting me of her, of them... "

Darkness. All around, there was darkness. Even the cold powerful glow of the moon couldn't be seen through the thick blanket of cloud, which lay so perfectly over the sky. Even the sharp blades of lightning struggled to slice their way down to the core of the Earth. It was nights like this that made the sound echo around the dusky halls; in the frivolous, old, misshaped house the man called his home. The single sound of a young maiden. Not of her giggling. Not of her singing. Not even of her crying.

"BOUNCE... BOUNCE...BOUNCE..."

In the village, we would call him 'ill in the mind', a mad man, a foul. But, if you go to that old, beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way, withered building you will hear it. If you should go to the house, an hour down the road from the little fishing village, you will hear it. Hear the sound of a young maiden. Not of her giggling. Not of her singing. Not even of her crying.

"BOUNCE...BOUNCE...BOUNCE..."

The End