



Fyling Hall Matters

Friday 19th May 2017 (Issue 25)

An Honest Opinion on School Uniforms

OK. Let's all be honest here. It would be easier, more convenient and less time consuming if we could come to school in our casual clothes. Picture it: You've slept through your first 4 alarms, you've just woken up and you've got (optimistically speaking) twenty minutes to shower, brush your teeth, eat your breakfast, make your bed and finally change into your formal school uniform. I mean your situation is going to differ greatly based on personal circumstances; some people are just better at waking up early, some people don't shower in the mornings, some people don't make their beds till they get home, some people have mastered the art of eating toast whilst sprinting after a bus.

Some people just change faster than others, but no matter how fast you are you too can agree that it'd be quicker to change into jeans and a t-shirt than a suit and tie. It's more convenient, that's a fact.

However, uniform policies are not without their valid

reasons. They serve to create a sense of school identity; everyone dresses the same and can be identified as a member of that school. The obvious counterpoint to that is that uniform policies create conformity and quash individuality.

Then there is the argument that they ensure people dress "appropriately" and don't try to outdo each other, no one gets bullied for their clothes if everyone's wearing the same clothes. We can argue about the definition of "appropriate" clothing all day long and to be perfectly honest people still very much try to outdo each other, especially once they get to sixth form and strict uniform policies turn to "business wear".

At the end of the day, my honest opinion on uniform policies is that they have their purpose, but they are a relic of the past that should be phased out. But that's just me.

Damilare Williams-Shires



Year 10 students construct an outdoor Venn Diagram

Words of the Week

| | This week | Next week |
|------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| Tricky: | Volatile | Fervent |
| Trickier: | Capricious | Devout |
| Trickiest: | Temperamental | Vehement |

French Connection

This week in 1643, King Louis XIV of France ascended to the throne following the death of his father, Louis XIII. Being crowned king at the incredibly young age of four, he has historically been labelled one of the greatest monarchs of his age. His early years of power were marked by a sequence of rebellions against his own mother and Mazarin, the then Chief Minister of France. Following Mazarin's death in 1661, Louis decided to rule without a chief minister, regarding himself as an absolute monarch claiming his power was appointed by God. Once becoming an absolute monarch, he decided to choose the sun as his emblem, historically naming him 'Louis the Great Sun King'.

Also this week, in 1804, another head strong leader became the ruler of France. On May 18th 1804, the French Senate passed a law which decreed Napoleon Bonaparte the emperor of France. This law stated that his family were made hereditary heirs and, if he did not have a child, he may adopt an heir to follow in his footsteps.

Seemingly in history, this week appears to be dominated by larger than life French leaders. Following the French elections earlier this month, we are left wondering if France's new president, Emmanuel Macron, can size up to his predecessors.

Callum Wallis

Hattie Freer's Visit

On the morning of Friday 12th May, Hattie Freer, the daughter of Mrs Freer from the Junior School, visited us. Hattie is a makeup artist for plays and performances, and she demonstrated her techniques to the year 7s and 8s, who are both studying stage makeup. The look she was creating on her model was Queen of the Fairies from 'A Midsummer's Night Dream'.

Hattie told us what it was like to do the makeup for actors and actresses and she said that it is very stressful, because sometimes you only have a maximum of 10 minutes to create an entire character on somebody's face. Some tips she gave us were to exaggerate the features on the face, because strong lights wash them out. She also said to remember not to worry too much about accuracy, because with the lights and the distance between the audience and the performers, nobody would notice. The most important thing is just to get the makeup on the actor or actress's face in time.

To finish off the demonstration, Hattie let us all poke around in her enormous bag of makeup. Everyone had a great time, and we all learned something to!

Sophie Ferrer

Form 3 River Trip

Today Form 3 went to a river. Miss Gilmour, Rosie and Mrs Locker went with us. Thankfully it was sunny because we were standing in a river for an hour and a half. We were in groups. In my group there was me, James, Calli and Elizabeth. We measured the river; we tested the speed of how fast a ping pong ball moved in the water and measured the depth of the river after every metre. I quite enjoyed being outside the classroom and it was a nice break from SATS.

Luca Park



Update! - The French Election

As you may know the French election took place on the 23rd April and 7th May. Marine le Pen was hoping to win the vote of the French people against Emmanuel Macron. But unfortunately for Marine, she did not become popular enough with the French people which meant Emmanuel Macron became the youngest French president ever.

Tomas & Toby Richardson, James Brine

F3 Enjoying their geography river study.

Reader's Comment for Phoebe Russell!

Well done to Phoebe Russell. I enjoyed reading the ghost story and I couldn't wait to read the ending. I was so engrossed I even let the main office phone carry on ringing till I'd finished the story. Ha! Ha!

Mrs Blackie (Comment on Ghost Story)

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!

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The Week Ahead

| | | | |
|------|------------------|--------|--|
| Sat | 20 th | 6:00pm | Trip to Laser Tag @ Mini Monsterz |
| Tues | 23 rd | 4:00pm | Partnership Field Athletics @ Eskdale |
| Thur | 25 th | 4:00pm | Partnership Track Athletics @ Malton (including triple jump) |
| Fri | 26 th | 1:00pm | Half Term Begins |
| | | 1:30pm | Parents afternoon |

The Death of the Moors Murderer

You may be aware that on the 16th May 2017, Moors murderer Ian Brady died. The name 'moors murderer' may be uncommon in today's society, but in the 60s and 70s it was his crimes that sent shockwaves through the nation. Ian Brady and his wife Myra Hindley tortured and killed four children aged between 10 and 17.

There has been much conversation as to the reason why these serial killers are in fact more well-known and publicised than the victims. These victims were children.

The youngest, Lesley Ann Downey, just 10 years of age, was sexually assaulted and, in her final moments alive, recorded on an audio tape by Brady and Hindley. However, should Brady's death be as publicised as it is? He is a man whose actions have dominated so many people's lives and I believe his death should mark the

end of an horrific era in which the lives of these children were cut far too short.

Brady has made headlines throughout his life in prison, being moved to a psychiatric unit in 1985. However, it was Ian Brady's final wish that truly showed the cruelty to his character. Ian Brady wished to have his ashes scattered across Saddleworth Moor, where he buried his victims.

Should this final wish be granted? It has been concluded by Ian Brady's lawyer that this will not be the case due to the crimes, and I agree. If we were to scatter his ashes across the moors, it would truly show the victim's families and the nation a lack of respect and would be an horrific end to mark the end of this serial killer's life.

Isabella Clements

"She Jumps - She falls - She lives" A Gothic Horror Story by Milly McMorrow

I take a step back. I look down. The world beneath me is swirling like a tornado; I feel the wind racing below me trying to keep me back, away from the edge. I ignore it and push off. Falling to my death but I can't die. Not yet...

Wind and rain, lightning and thunder, a storm throws itself against the House of Usher, rattling every window, including mine. Thunder pounds the earth and the house groans.

Carefully, I carry out my bedtime rituals. Without them I would never sleep.

I pad across my room to the heavy wooden door. Through the floor, I can feel the house breathing. I position the thick book to keep the door from swinging more than half open. My candle flickers. I must have the door positioned correctly before it goes out. Taking a few steps back, I survey the room. The half open door still feels... wrong. I adjust it, nudging the book with my foot. It creaks louder than a door should when moved so slightly. I rest my hand against the wood-too long, because feelings seep into me that are not my own.

The house wants me to open the door. To put the book back on the bureau, to straighten the rug. The house hates closed doors.

But completely open doors are just as terrifying as being closed in with ... whatever might find its way into my room. There are things, living and dead, creeping through these halls, and I'd rather they ignore me while I sleep, as they do during the day. The house will protect me, but I feel safer with the book holding the door in place.

Lightning flashes as I turn, illuminating the empty corridor, and my path to my four-poster bed. I blow out the candle and pull the quilt up to my chin.

And now, I listen. The clock in the hallway ticks away the minutes. It will chime at midnight, or upon the hour of its choosing. A sound patters in the hallway. *Pat pat pitter pat*, coming closer, ever closer, stopping before my doorway, and the *pat pat pat* over the threshold and into my room.

I don't dare breath. I lie as still as possible, straining my eyes against the darkness. A slight shape approaches, slinking in the gloom. A flash of lightning reveals my brother's solemn face standing at my door.

"The storm?" I whisper.

"Yes," he whispers back.

Roderick is afraid of everything.

"Hey, it's only a storm," I whisper.

His eyes accuse me of lying. Nothing here is just anything. This is not just a house. We have never simply been children. We are Ushers.

I try to console Roderick but my attempts fail me. A large crash of thunder and lightning startles him. Next thing I know Roderick throws his head back, and he screams until I fear his throat will be torn apart. I desperately try to calm him down I even push my blanket to his mouth frantically trying to stop him before it's too late...

Our mother glides into the room. She shines in the lightning as Roderick did, and is more graceful than even a ghost. I can't take my eyes off her.

When she reaches my bed, she slaps me so hard that my head hits the headboard.

My eyes burn but I don't say anything as she scoops up my brother into her arms and carries him away. The house whispers to me, louder in my ears than the storm outside.

I lie in the centre of my bed, listening to the crash of the thunder which now comforts me. The house is to blame.

The next day

Placing one hand in front of the other, Roderick and I crawl forward through the accumulated dust of the library. Roderick points to a table in front of us and I head towards it. Next thing I know the floor creaks outside: Roderick and I exchange a look and scurry as fast as we can to sit under the nearby table. The next second my mother strides into the room shortly followed by father. They are obviously in a heated argument.

"She has to go. It's just not safe anymore. She is even starting to infect Roderick as well as you and me," exclaims my mother in a state of distress.

"We can't just kick her out of the house. It won't let you and even if it did where would we take her," argues my father. He always tries to protect me from her.

"I don't know and I don't care she just needs to be out of this house. Or even just separated from Roderick, I can't have my darling boy turning out like her," my mother retorts.

"What do you mean turning out like her? It isn't her fault she is going to die,"

Silence. My brother and I are in a state of shock. What do they mean I'm going to die? How long have they known this? How could they not tell me? When is, this going to happen.

My mother calms down and softens her voice, "I know it isn't her fault but I have to make the decision for all of us. I have to protect this family."

More silence. Roderick starts tugging my arm. I know he is right, we need to get out of here. Mum will sense us soon but I can't move. Finally, he manages to drag me away but not before I hear father mention the raven's tongue.

That night I lie in my bed tossing and turning. Eventually I make the decision to go to the library and see what I can find out about this tongue. As I descend the stairs I feel the house wanting me to turn around. I proceed down the marble staircase back to the library.

I'm searching for what feels like hours when I finally stumble upon an old dusty book at the back of the library. I read and read and read when I finally find out what this raven's tongue does. The book says that the tongue is in the house somewhere and it can grant one wish. It also says that there can be dire consequences but I'm not too bothered about that. I just want to be with Roderick. I must find it. And I must find it soon.

By the time, I retire to my room again its dawn so I start my search. I keep searching all day and have no luck. It's about 10 o'clock when my mother calls me. I cautiously meander down the stairs to the salon where I find my mother and father sitting on their chairs. My father avoids eye contact and mother; she just glares at me as I stand in the doorway.

"Madeline, I know you overheard our conversation this morning and I'm sure that is why you have been avoiding us all day. You need to know the truth." My mother starts in a way she thinks is comforting.

My father still avoids my gaze. I can tell he doesn't agree with this and mother is forcing him (like she always does).

"Sweetheart, I don't know how to say this but yes what we said earlier is true; you are going to die, on your 18th birthday. Which is only in a few days so your father and I," she kicks him under the table. He just glances at her

then looks back to his hands resting on the table. She sighs, "your father and I have had to come to a very difficult decision and you may not be happy with it but it is what has to be done." She beckons me. Intrigued but cautious I fill the space between us. She lowers her voice, "We are going to get you out of the house."

All of a sudden there is a crash outside that makes me jump out of my skin.

"The house heard you," I mumble. Still in shock from the bang and not coming to terms with this the news being bestowed upon me.

"Go to your room and lock the door," my father startles me by finally speaking but still avoids eye contact. What has she done to him? He would never agree to this.

I'm dazed. My mind is whirling with all of this new information. *Crash!* Another bang snaps me back to the real world. I turn on my heel and absentmindedly dawdle out of the room. I don't go to my room though. I start the next part of my search. I search quietly upstairs until my parents retire to their room. Then I sneak down the stairs to look some more. That's when I hear it speak; the house. It has never actually talked to me before. It's in my head.

"The attic," it whispers to me.

Without even thinking I turn around and walk towards the attic. What am I doing? Do I really believe that the house is going to help me stay? I reach the attic and I am pulled towards the back of the room. I look in a box and find the raven's tongue. How? It's right here? I hear movement downstairs. I hear my mother ascending the ladder. I knew she was going to hear me. I glance at the now weighted object in my hand. There is a sudden ping of guilt from somewhere deep inside me.

"Madeline?" my mother is close. I can feel it.

Then it just happens.

"I wish that I can live past my deadline and break the curse," I did it. Did it work? What did I just do?

I brace myself for the hit that I am expecting; my mother appearing behind me furious. I wait, and wait, and wait but nothing. I ready myself to turn around and I turn. No one. Where is she? I run down the ladder with the raven's tongue in my hand. I go straight to Roderick's room excited to tell him that I don't have to leave. I quietly tap on the door. No answer maybe he is still asleep. I peer inside and am gobsmacked as to what is on the other side of the door. His room; it's empty...

Terrified I run to my parent's room not caring if I wake anything in this house. I run straight in without knocking to find the same thing... it's empty. As if they have been erased. I run downstairs to see if they are downstairs. Nothing. I peer out the window. Nothing. I frantically search all around the house but there is no one here. There is no one anywhere. I'm all alone with the house. I'm just all alone.

I take a step back. I look down. The world beneath me is swirling like a tornado; I feel the wind racing below me trying to keep me back, away from the edge. I ignore it and push off. Falling to my death but I can't die. Not yet... I just lay there on the floor; in a heap. I miss Roderick it has been 154 years since I have seen him. I remember the last time I was with him under the table in the library. I miss father protecting me. Dare I say it I even miss mother. I lay there a single tear trickling down my cheek.

Milly McMorrow