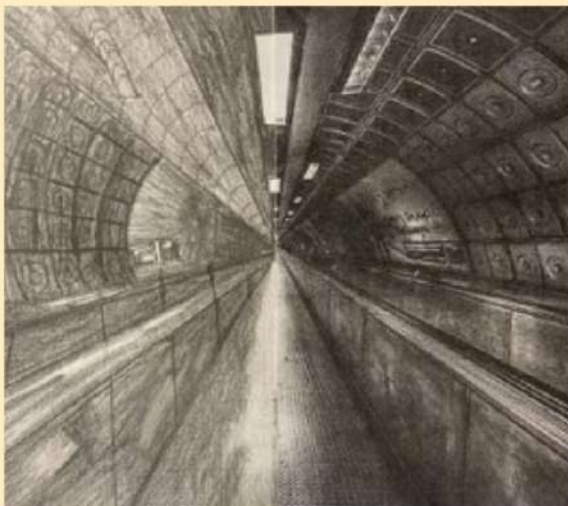


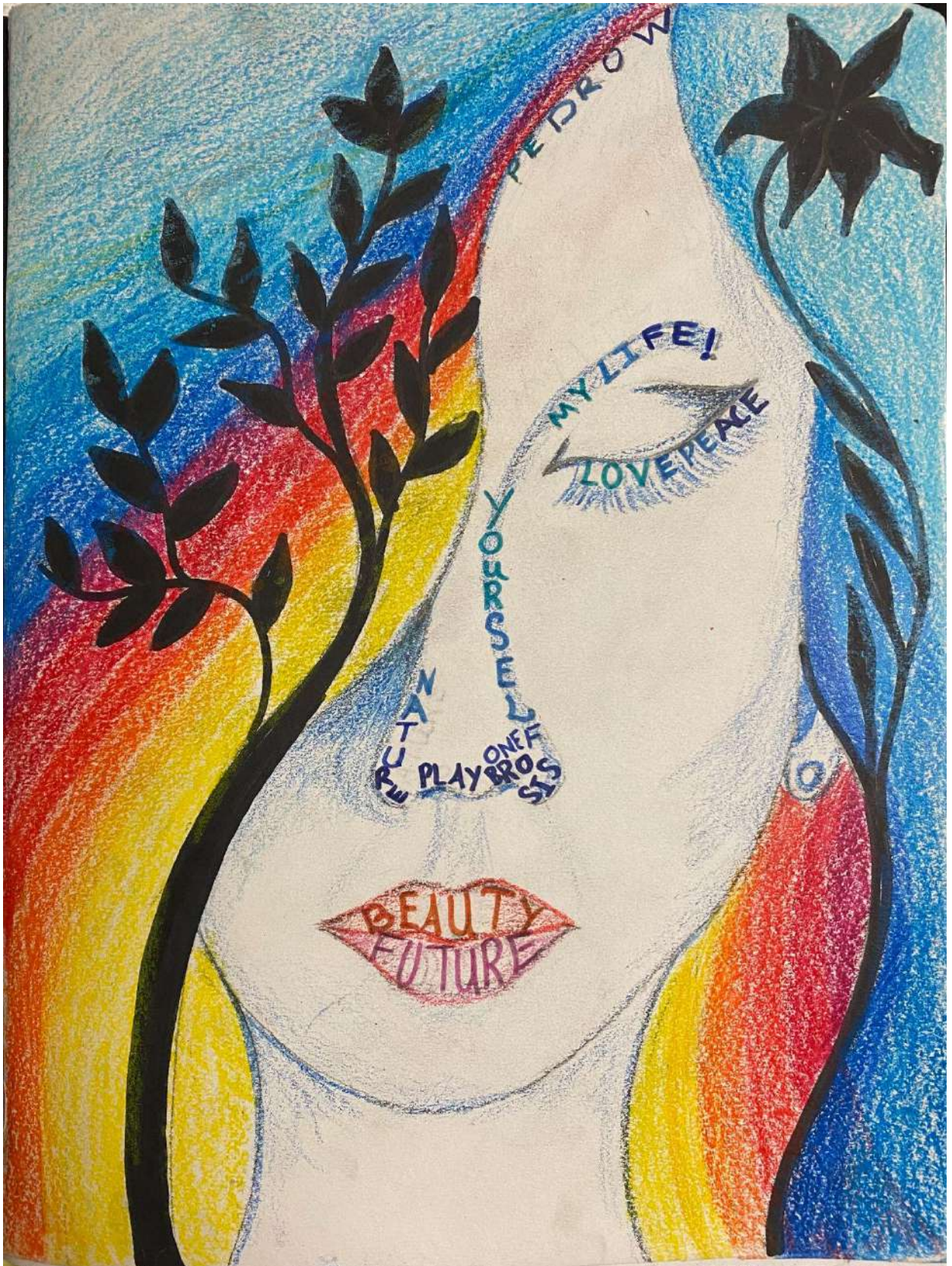
Preston Manor Magazine

In this edition we aim to shine a light on diversity and awareness. We hope you enjoy this volume and that you take away something useful.

2022-23 vol. 1

- Black History Month
- Unsung Heroes
- Share Your Story
- Green News
- and many more!





Pedro Whyte Perez 9S

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Inclusivity and Diversity



"Power of the Word"



Interview with Mr Ngochi

Tell us about your role as a BAME coordinator...

The BAME coordinator role has been designed by the “think tank” of the school. The purpose of the role is to support cultural diversity, raise awareness of the need for diversity in the curriculum, and to enhance representation within our community.

So Mr Ngochi has taken up this amazing role, which is all about...

encouraging cultural diversity and making sure that it is championed in the Preston Manor Community. It is important to give support to ethnic minority groups, and to ensure we challenge negative stereotypes from the past and present. Having a programme that celebrates and acknowledges differences cultivates confidence amongst our students. The main purpose of the role is to help our community to respect each others’ values, but also to champion excellence within our community after so many challenges.

Why are we celebrating Black history month in February?

In the UK, we recognise Black History Month in October. We look at a wide range of events and role models, exploring where we were and where we are now. There is a view that Black History Month should not just be celebrated in a month but instead celebrated throughout the year. The month is about recognising the achievements that Black People have contributed, and the hardships of so

many centuries. Black History should be celebrated throughout the year.

The rest of the world tends to actually celebrate Black History Month in February, so why shouldn't we? As a school, it really works perfectly in terms of allowing us a lot of time to plan things, instead of having less than a month to organise such marvellous celebrations. There is a lot happening at the start of the year, and that does not give enough time for everyone to explore what is available to them. By celebrating in February, we can make sure that Black History Month has the impact that it most certainly deserves.

Mr Ngochi reports that last year in February, Preston Manor’s Black History Month was really successful, as there was a lot of planning and time to do so many things and to engage with the activities that were in place. So we asked ourselves *Why not do it again in February?* At this moment in time, a lot of people have put time and effort into planning so many activities for the Preston Manor Community.

What are you planning for Black History Month?

This year, there are a few events planned for the month. There will be an engaging Black History Month inspired assembly. The main theme for 2023 is the “Power of The Word”, focusing on how people in this generation, especially black people, have been on the big stage using their

voice to challenge discrimination while motivating others. It is all about encouraging people in our community to use their voices to speak and challenge bias in our world.

A spoken word competition will also take place where people write a short piece of poetry, which will be recorded and showcased during registration. This can be about something that they are passionate about or celebrating a hero they look up to.

Also, there is a focus on changing the menu in the canteen to adopt traditional dishes as a way to showcase the pride of our diverse community. There is a showcase being held by the Performing Arts and Drama Department which will take place after school during this month. It is something that you do not want to miss!

In addition, there is also a potential activity organised by the Food Department, where many guest teachers will be producing a dish that's inspired from their culture.

Finally, there will be an exhibition of the work produced by students during Black History Month. This will be in the hall, and open to the parents of the Preston Manor Community.

How important is cultural diversity? How does it affect you?

Living in a borough that was quite diverse in itself, but studying at a secondary school which was not the most diverse, made me realise that sometimes diversity really helps to break down barriers. When you're in a diverse community, you are able to actually learn a lot of other people's cultures and really understand the reason behind doing something a certain way, rather than listening to assumptions and listening to the media. When people think of education, they imagine what happens in the classroom, however it is way beyond that; it is about what you can learn from others and this can be achieved through diversity.

Tell us about Cultural Day. In future years, will Year 11s be able to enjoy this day?

The plan is to find the most suitable month where it is least disruptive to the examination years. This year, we are still considering the best way to include the Year 11s, however they do experience prom and other years do not. Cultural Day 2022 was a great event for the advocacy of cultural diversity, so we hope to include as many year groups as possible in 2023.

We hope everyone enjoys Preston Manor's Black History Month!

The History of Black History Month

The start of Black History Month was in 1915, half a century after slavery was abolished in the United States. Historian Carter G. Woodson and Jesse E. Moorland founded an organisation called the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, which would promote achievements by Black Americans and black people as a whole. Later, the association took a name change, being renamed to the Association for the Study of African American Life and History.

In 1962, the association chose the second week of February to sponsor a Negro History Week, coinciding with the birthdays of President Lincoln (who issued the 1861 Emancipation Declaration) and abolitionist Frederick Douglass. This would see schools organising events to celebrate the achievements of Black people.

By the late 1960s, Black History Week had become Black History Month in schools and colleges across the United States. In 1976, Gerald Ford recognised Black History Month for the first time. Some influential activists include Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X.

Since 1976, every American president that has been in power has recognised Black History Month in February. There is a new theme every year for the US Black History Month, with the theme for 2023 being "Black Resistance".

"African Americans have resisted historic and ongoing oppression, in all forms, especially the racial terrorism of lynching, racial pogroms, and police killings since our arrival upon these shores," the ASALH says of the theme.

Aspects of Black History Month continue to be controversial in some areas. For example, Florida recently rejected a new Advanced Placement course covering African American studies. In Alabama, the board of education has voted to limit how much race is talked about in classes.

In the United Kingdom, Black History Month was first celebrated officially in 1987, which was the year of the 150th anniversary of Caribbean emancipation of slavery and the 25th anniversary of the Organisation of African Unity.

Ghanaian activist Akyaaba Addai-Sebo played a big part in organising the first UK Black History Month. He came to the UK in 1984 to escape political persecution. The month October was chosen rather than February because "children were fresh after the long summer vacation and had less to worry about exams and tests."

Today, Black History Month is celebrated in many parts of the world. There are also growing efforts to regularly celebrate diversity and culture across the curriculum.

Culture Day 2022



In the Summer of 2022, we had our first annual Culture Day at Preston Manor. It was an amazing experience, and a great opportunity for the school community to come together and appreciate and learn about other people's culture.

comfortable and safe with these differences later in life. This allows them to interact in a wider range of social groups and feel more confident in themselves as well as in their interactions with others.

Why is Culture Day important?

We, as a school, were able to celebrate different cultures, foster respect and were able to be more open-minded about other cultures. Celebrating our differences, as well as our common interests, helps unite and educate us. To understand others perspectives, to broaden our own, and to fully experience and educate ourselves. We have learned about diversity and cultural awareness, which has increased my confidence, and others' as well.



Students feel more confident and safe!

Students who learn about different cultures during their education feel more



Year 9 Student

Rosalind Franklin: An Unsung Hero Of Science

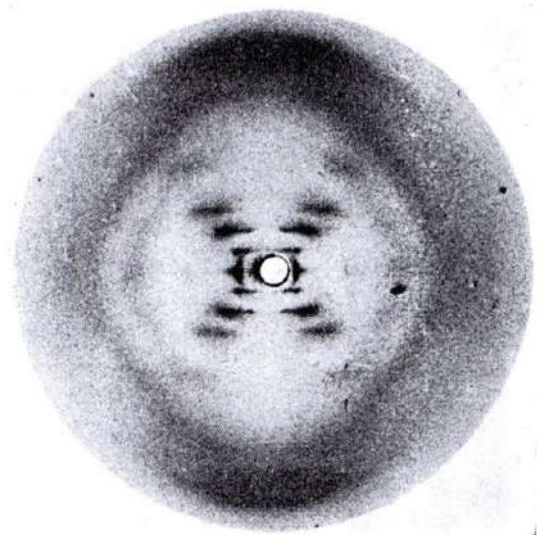
Have you heard of Rosalind Franklin? Not many people have. There are many unsung heroes in our history, who fade into the shadows while others get the spotlight. Rosalind Franklin is one of these heroes, who contributed greatly to the study of DNA, but received very little credit for her work.



Rosalind Elsie Franklin (1920-1958) was a British scientist born in London. She contributed to the discovery of the molecular structure of DNA, which helped encode genetic information. She attended St. Paul's Girls School before studying physical chemistry at Newnham College, Cambridge. After graduating, she continued her scientific research at Cambridge University. During the outbreak of

WWII, Franklin became an air warden. From 1947-1950, she worked with Jaques Mering at the State Chemical Laboratory in Paris, studying X-ray diffraction technology.

In 1951, Franklin joined the Biophysical Laboratory at King's College. Here she used her knowledge of X-ray diffraction to study DNA. Then, not much was known about genetic makeup and structure. Soon enough, she discovered the density of DNA and established that the molecule existed in a helical conformation. She laid the foundation for the revolution of DNA studies.

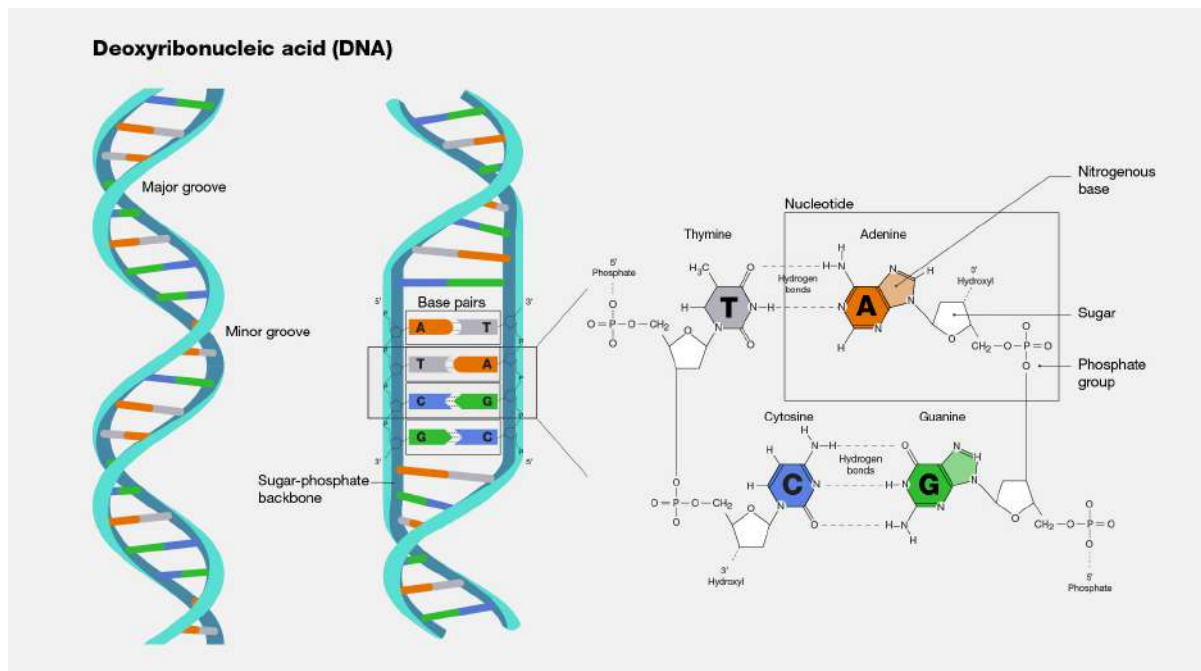


Instead James Watson and Francis Crick took all the credit and won a Nobel Prize for "their" discovery. Rosalind Franklin took the very first photo of DNA in 1952 and when Watson and Crick saw her amazing work they told the population it was them who had taken the photo of DNA. A few years later people were

only then aware about the real person who had taken the photo, Rosalind Franklin. Rosalind Franklin's photo was a huge discovery as it helped scientists understand and learn even more about the three dimensional structure (a spiral consisting of two DNA strands wound together) . DNA helped scientists understand DNAs role in passing down genetic characteristics from generation to generation.

Rosalind Franklin's work may once have been forgotten then, but today, more and more people discover Franklin's achievements and admire them.

She kept on believing in herself and that is what makes her an inspiring person.



Unsung Heroes: Foodbank Volunteers

Currently, everyone in the UK is experiencing a cost of living crisis at varying levels. Low income families particularly are struggling to afford basic things such as food because of rising energy costs leaving families hungry, cold in their homes and isolated. (Household energy bills increased by 54% during April 2022 and were due to increase by 80% in October but this was capped by the government to 27%). At times like this, many families depend on help from their local food banks.

provide emergency food to those in need, they also help users improve their wellbeing, get out of debt and learn new skills.” (Your Brent Magazine, August 2022). This shows how food bank volunteers support families and individuals, not just with food parcels but also give them advice, signpost them to services and reassure them that they have someone to talk to.

In early November, The ITV London News featured the Evelyn Community



(Between April and September 2022, the Trussell Trust’s foodbank network provided 1.3 million emergency food parcels to people in crisis).

Why are food banks becoming increasingly important in our communities? According to Brent Councillor Eleanor Southwood, Cabinet Member for Jobs, Economy and Citizen Experience, “Food Banks don’t just

Store in Lewisham and how their volunteers are keeping “the community afloat”. They deliver food parcels to people’s homes, help with their bills and even accompany local residents to their medical appointments, taking on the role of carers. They represent a few of many thousands of volunteers nationally who are doing great things in their communities, and yet they receive little recognition for it.

George The Poet: How We Can Share Our Story



At the beginning of the year, a lot of our KS3 and KS4 students had the chance to listen to and speak to George the Poet and Martin Dougan about how they can share their story. We gained an insight into George's life

and found the similarities between some of our childhoods and his. We encourage you to aspire to grow and learn just as George the Poet has, despite his humble beginnings.

Andreea Prodan 12R

Anxiety

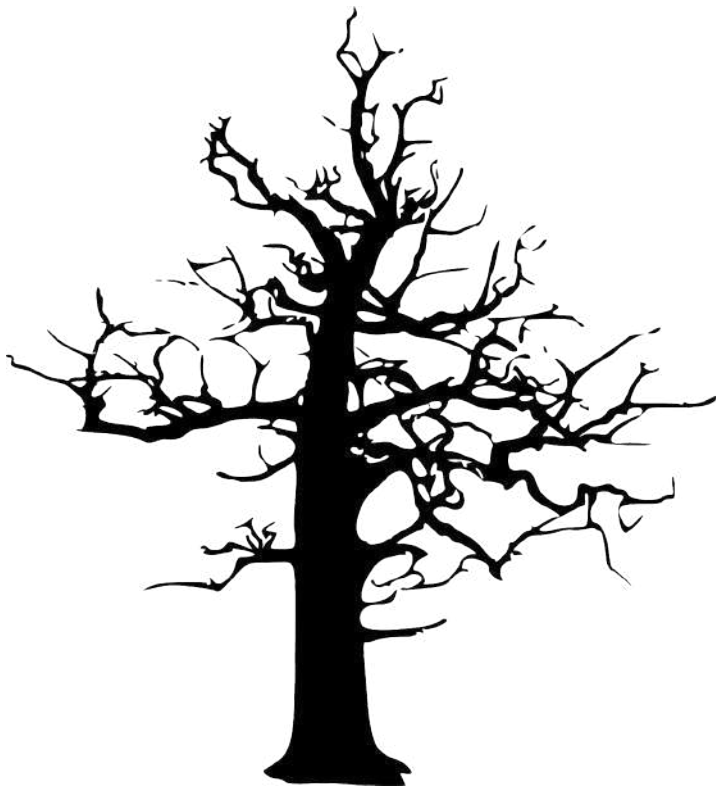
I can paralyse you
Make you worried and scared
I can fill you to the tips of your tongues
And be your enemy in everything you do
I'll make you see
That I can be
Your own personal boss
Be afraid
and scurry away when you see me



Alice Pingat 7A

Share Your Story

Cautious of the perils and threats that await in the depths of this unsettled forest, I look into the surroundings, observing every aspect. Choked by its own branches, the forest resembled a sprawling fortress, barricading the earth from the warmth of the sun and the blue of the sky. The daunting branches of the pines reached towards the sky; they stood strong, with the roots in the ground, as if it were to warn off any trespassers that block its path. Along with the howl of an upcoming storm, a gale of wind blew through the trees, a putrid smell of rot and dirt filling my nose.



With reluctant ease, I carried on walking. I see a figure in the distance, a man. As I get closer to this man, I start to mark out his deformed features. I kept my head low, attempting to avoid unwanted eye-contact. As I got closer, a numbing buzz was ringing through my ears. "What's up with this man?" I quietly mumbled to myself. I was now within arm's length of him. I could see his face. He was very handsome and had a scruffy vibe. Across his left eye was a violent red slash of torn flesh. I winced at the sight of it and immediately came to my senses to run. As I turned around I felt a strong, muscular and bone-cracking grip on my shoulder.

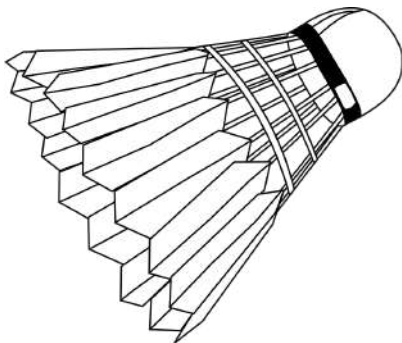
Like a jolt of electricity, the pain of his force shot through my nerves, reminding me for the first time I could still feel - and could still heal. It was excruciating and tortuous. Fighting back tears, I attempted to escape his right grip upon my body...Though I was unsuccessful, a bright light started to fill and block my vision. I fell heavily to my knees and a dreadful haze filled my eyes as I slowly drifted out of consciousness.

I was awoken by the sound of my alarm clock, vibrating my entire body with my ear drum. My body felt sore. As if my bones were bruised. I sat in the loud silence- if that even makes sense, but is anything making sense right now? I stare at the white ceiling, which had faded to a yellowish colour. I dragged my eyes to the empty spot beside me on my bed and decided it was time to get up. I stand slightly too quickly, causing me to lose my balance and blur my vision for a few moments, causing me to hold on to my bed frame for support. I continued walking to my window to see an empty street with gloomy clouds hanging above the town like a blanket of grey fog. Abandoned buildings and abandoned shops and abandoned dead animal

decay was all there was. My heart sank again. Not a bird in the sky or a human walking by, nor a car passing or just someone to justify what was going on. Nothing at all. Three days ago, I awoke to everyone gone. Just like that. At first I ran and yelled and cried. So much it drained everything from me. Just me alone. Waiting till the time I'll disappear too. Did they plan this? Did they want to run away from me? A whole town? Did a meteor hit? Why did it hit everything but me? But of course. There is no one to answer my questions. No one to talk to. No one to laugh with. No one to smile to. No one at all. I've lived alone for five years now but no loneliness can explain what I feel now.

Sarah Al-Baghdadi 9A

I have many hobbies such as drawing. Though badminton makes me feel free and excited. It's like my heart is going to explode. The adrenaline when you run around the court to not lose the game!



It's really tiring though. I sweat ten gallons every match (not good). I am pretty average at it though; if I had to say what I need to improve on, it would be putting in more effort! If I had to be honest, I don't watch people play badminton but from what I have heard, Malaysia and China are the best at badminton, which makes me more confident. The good thing is I'm always improving! And when I win, I feel relieved and my confidence increases.

Year 8 Student

Step in my shoes!

If you were to step into my shoes,
You'd see my opinions and views,
The first thing you would see is a beautiful person,
But then you will see my other versions.

Life for me is complicated to explain,
There are numerous things that go around me,
I have several things ahead of me.
Come on, let's hop to my shoe

I have had some difficult times over the years,
I try to defeat it.
I love who I am and I love what I do
I like Olivia Rodrigo's music
Her lyric influence me which gives me an inspiration
I love to kick the ball right to the sky to make a shining star
I love football it makes me happy

The smell of Mum's delicious fried rice is mouth watering,

You will ask for more, trust me
If you ask the recipe, it's secret

Like people say a magician never reveals their secret
I have always imagined what will I be in the future
What will I do in the future? Who knows? In
My dreams

I have so many options of what I'll be in the future
Maybe a doctor, a flight attendant, police
I have so many goals
I wish I could add more but I have to finish here
I love my life; thanks for listening



Inaya Puthiyakath Iqbal 7S

The average boy and the mysterious amulet

It was a dark and quiet night as the clock struck one, and birds tweeted into the long and restless hours. Tarzad looked at his food; he had always been lonely and nobody would eat with him. His parents and he could never have one dinner with happiness and joy. His mother would cook him

whatever he wanted but it wasn't enough to cheer him up; his smile ran away long ago. He had the heart of a quiet champion, the chosen young boy...A mysterious legacy had been passed onto a boy who was confused in his life...

Elham Ahmad 7A

Seas and Seagulls

I remember the scorching hot sun burning my face and blinding my eyes. I remember the perfect, blue, clear sky with a cool, refreshing breeze coming from a distance. I remember the pebbles beneath my feet small and large, plain and colourful, as me and my family struggled to climb up a hill of them. Once I reached the top, it was like I was witnessing heaven on



earth. The vast, aquamarine sea with its aromatic smell overwhelmed me. Luckily it was high tide. Ecstatically, I took off ahead, removing my trainers and soft socks and ran over, ignoring the pain of the blazing, dense, solid rocks against the skin of each of my toes. I jumped knee deep into the water without a second thought, unknowingly freezing the entire bottom half of my body in the ice cold ocean water, becoming even worse each time the waves hit. My father called out to me with a stern but worried face, warning me that the ocean would take me away. Eventually I got out, this time agonising over every hot rock like as if I was stepping on a trail of legos with spikes. This was a true core memory I can never forget and could relive everyday, in Folkestone's Mermaid Beach...

Mohammed Raufi 100

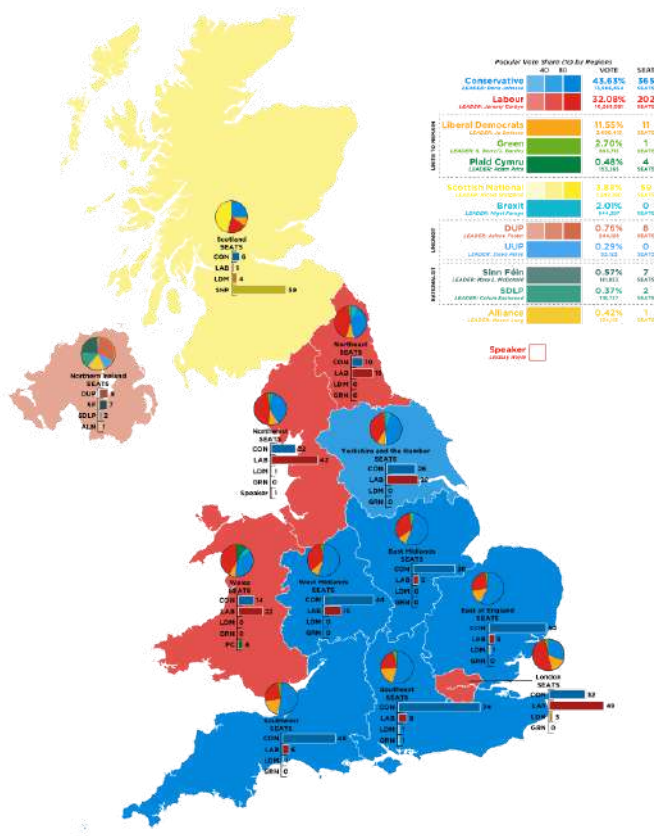
Politics and Opinion

Political awareness and importance of voting

What is politics and why should we care? Any activity regarding the governance of an area or state can be considered politics. So in essence: Politics is how a place is run. This idea has existed, whether loosely or very rigidly, since humans have claimed land. Nowadays politics has become a much more elaborate web which can be difficult to traverse even for the most 'well-rounded' individuals. Today we want you to think about why your vote matters and how you can influence politics.

How does our government function?

In the UK, our parliamentary system is a representative democracy (you vote for people to represent you when making decisions and policies) but it's not that straightforward. There are numerous parties. Each party - it's own little pandora's box - filled with manifestos, scandals and questionable pasts. As we are the future electorate, it's good to start learning now how we can educate ourselves on how to make the best decisions.



Every general election, each party delivers their manifesto, a set of proposed laws which they would enforce if they were the leading party. The electorate is expected to read these manifestos and vote for the party whose policies they support but can we trust that they will go through with their manifestos? Currently, the Conservative government hasn't completed all the policies they set out to achieve in the 2019 general election, so they are arguably inefficient. By having an informed electorate we can avoid situations like this and have a government which better represents us.

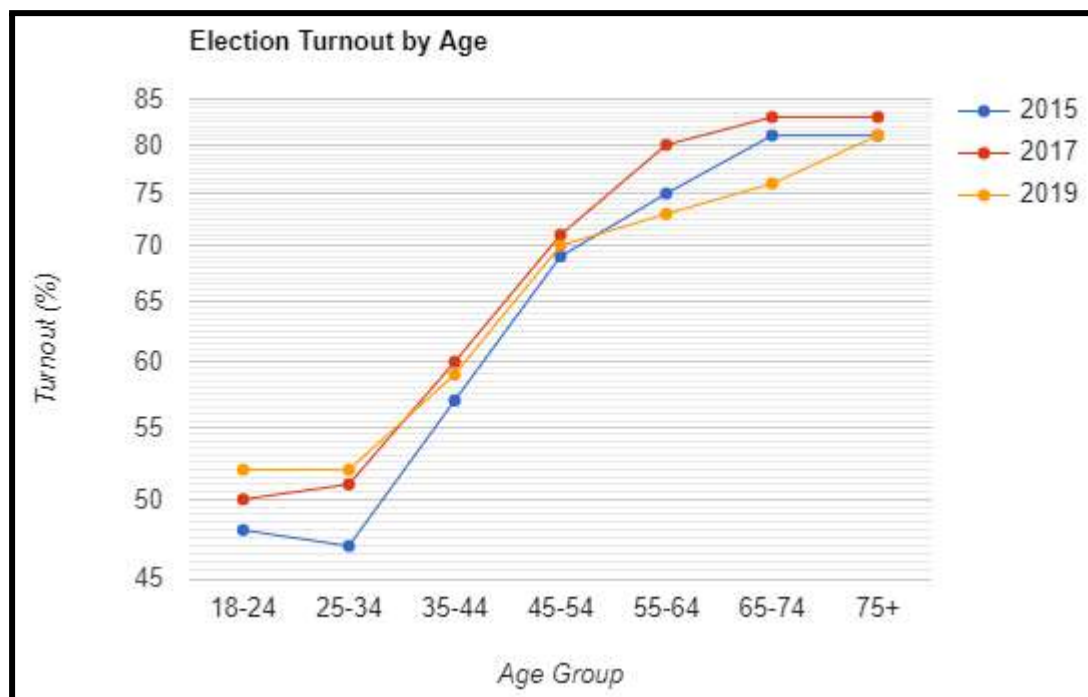
How can we get involved and learn?

Learning something new can seem intimidating, but when it comes to politics that is a hurdle you must get through.

We can become more informed by following the news, reading manifestos and

holding our MPs accountable when they fall short on their promises. Reading newspaper articles and magazine articles can be a fun way to gain an insight into politics and become more involved. Local news can greatly help you learn about your borough and get involved. In our area, Brent, we have multiple MPs such as Barry Gardiner and Dawn Butler. How many of you knew their names? An even bigger question is how many of you knew you could contact your MPs?

We need to get involved in politics by learning about it and voting when our time comes. Together, by educating ourselves and increasing our political awareness we can make more informed votes in the future and make our government more representative of our demands and needs. Don't you want to be represented?



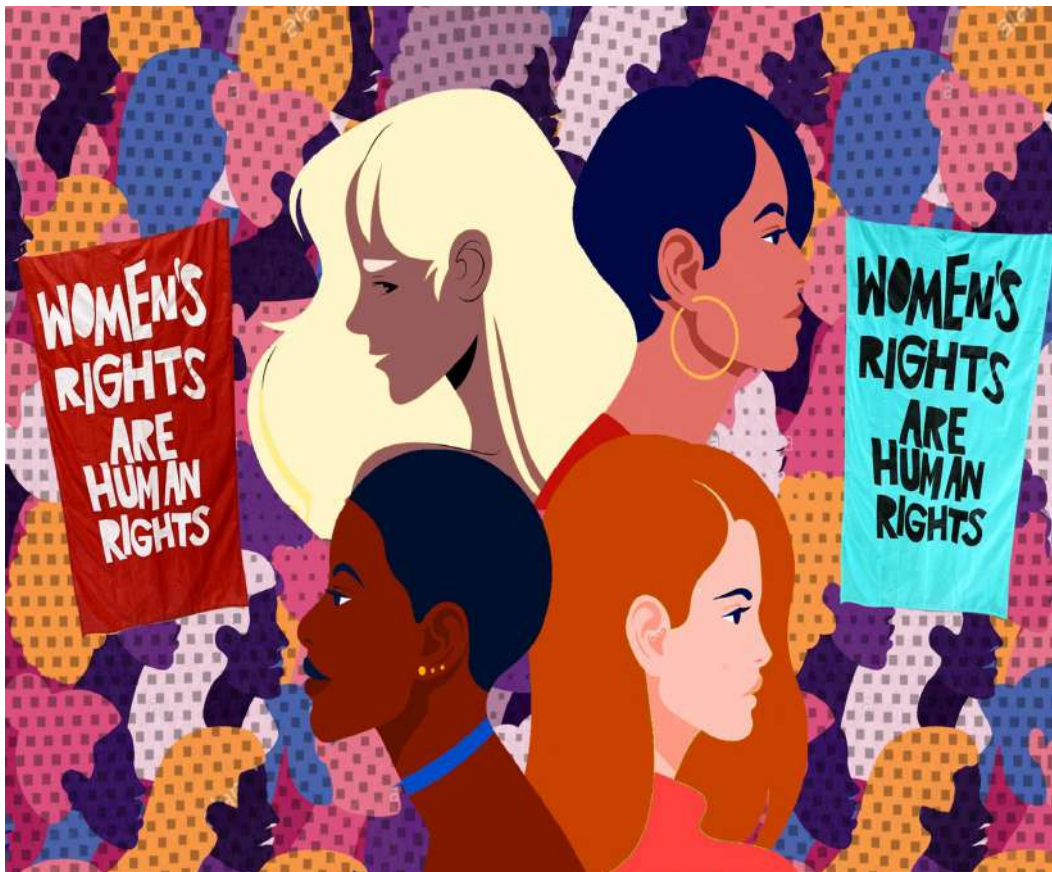
Women's rights - Why are they important?

People have been fighting for women's rights for many years now and are still doing so. For years, many women have been fighting to achieve equality, but women today still face discrimination.

During the 19th and 20th centuries, numerous people fought for the right for women to vote. In the past, many

30 to vote. It wasn't until 1928, a decade later, the law was adapted so that women over 21 could vote, giving them equal voting rights to men.

Sadly, even today, women are still facing discrimination because of their gender. In many countries, women are not allowed to do certain things that men are allowed to do. This is unfair



people thought women should just stay home, do the housework and take care of the kids; men thought that women's brains were inferior to men's and therefore that women were incapable of voting.

In 1918, the House of Lords gave permission to women over the age of

and sexist! An example is Afghanistan, a country in which women are still abused, and are discriminated against. We need to put a stop to this! At present, girls in Afghanistan have been banned from attending school. It seems some people still think that women are less intelligent or don't deserve an education, simply because

of their gender. This is wrong and must change!

There are many amazing women who have spoken about this issue and here is what they have said about this issue:

"Fighting for women's rights has too often become synonymous with man-hating... This has to stop."

For the record, feminist by definition is: "The belief that men and women should have equal rights and opportunities."

Emma Watson

"There is no limit to what we, as woman can accomplish."

Michelle Obama

"Humans rights are women's rights and women's rights are humans rights."

Hillary Clinton

"Women don't need to find a voice, they need to have a voice, and they need to feel empowered to use it, and people need to be encouraged to listen."

Meghan Markle

In my opinion, women's rights is a huge topic and has improved, but there are still many people who don't give women the respect they deserve. I think it's time to stop this, time to respect women and time to stop judging them just because of their gender. So together, let's put a stop to women being discriminated against and have equal rights for all.

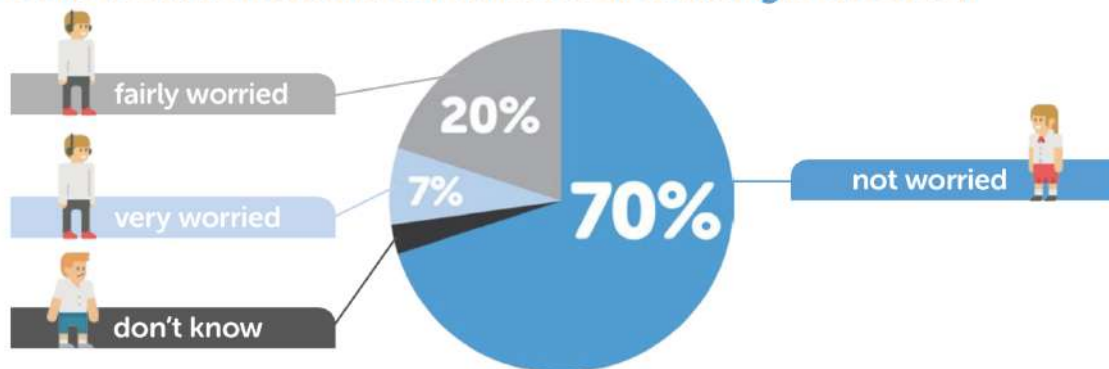


What is the impact of school uniforms on students?

A debate about whether uniforms are essential may not be new, but the current cost of living crisis adds to the pressure for nationwide change








From a very young age, we are introduced to the idea of wearing school uniforms to school. There are multiple arguments for and against school uniforms that students have. Whilst some students argue that uniforms provide protection and safety, some argue that uniforms take their liberties and freedoms away from expressing themselves. Despite these arguments, most schools across the country still stick to school uniforms so that students can be identified easily.

How would children feel about not wearing a uniform?



However, the impact of school uniforms on students is not the only element to consider. The impact of purchasing school uniforms on parents, especially if they have multiple children, can be difficult. Currently, the UK is going through a cost of living crisis, which is making products more expensive to purchase. Statistics show that nearly one-fifth of parents and carers have suffered financial hardship as a result of purchasing their child's school uniform.

Therefore, it can be argued that purchasing school uniforms can be detrimental to both students and parents, because students feel that they have a lack of freedom, and parents are struggling with paying bills. Last year, the Department for Education introduced guidance to all schools to make uniforms more affordable. This included making second hand uniforms more widely available. This is definitely a move in the right direction for families who are less fortunate and are struggling to pay costs such as rent. Preston Manor has been very mindful of the costs of uniform, with only three essential items (blazer, tie and PE top) branded with the school logo. All other items are optional (e.g. the jumper) or can be bought at various affordable outlets (such as Primark and Asda). The school also has a uniform cupboard which loans good quality items when needed. Finally, the school will purchase uniforms for students when made aware of financial hardship.

Shopping Cart Updated				✕
	BOYS BLAZER---PRESTON MANOR HIGH SCHOOL - Size:AGE 12 (34")	- 1 +	£32.50	remove
	BOYS SCHOOL SHIRT (2 PACK)- White-long sleeve - Size:Age 11-12 (14")	- 1 +	£12.99	remove
	Boys Trouser-BLACK-elastic back - Size: AGE 12	- 1 +	£13.99	remove
	SPORTS POLO SHIRT (unisex) PRESTON MANOR HIGH SCHOOL - Size:AGE 12-13	- 1 +	£9.99	remove
	SPORTS- SWEATSHIRT (unisex)-Preston Manor High School - Size:Age 12-13	- 1 +	£13.99	remove
	SWEATER_- PRESTON MANOR HIGH SCHOOL-unisex - Size:AGE 12 (34")	- 1 +	£13.99	remove
	SPORTS PE -JOGGING BOTTOM-NAVY-(unisex) - Size:AGE 12-13- (34")	- 1 +	£10.99	remove
			Subtotal:	£108.44
Continue Shopping			Go To Checkout	

This all helps, although prices can still feel high. The online shopping basket to the left shows that for one child, parents could spend over £100 (in 2022, the same shopping basket was under £100); this high cost can really affect families in a negative way financially, especially if they have multiple children. Families are likely to save some money if they shop around for unbranded items.

Many students have a strong opinion that school uniforms do not lead to better performance in school or even exams, whereas teachers in particular perceive that uniforms can lead to better exam results. Additionally, some educational research indicates

links between uniform, positive behaviour and educational progress.

Some students feel trapped, because they feel as if uniform restricts them from being themselves. School uniforms can also make students feel frustrated, especially if they have friends going to other schools who have a relaxed school uniform policy, whereas their uniform policy is strict. So what is the best way forward?

Ultimately, the current research is not conclusive; it cannot be proved that wearing a school uniform guarantees a higher chance of success, because so many other factors need to be taken into consideration such as: school funding, and the quality of teacher training.

Overall, there is limited evidence to suggest school uniforms increase progress and help students get better grades in their exams. For this reason, school uniforms need a major overhaul in the future, so that students feel able to express themselves freely through their clothes. If uniforms must stay, then they should be made more widely available at cheaper, more affordable business outlets. The current cost of living crisis makes this major overhaul more essential than ever.

Amaan Ganchi 12P

Animals and the Environment

Your Green News

Over many years, the concept of climate change has grown into something bigger and dangerous. Due to the normal activities of the human race, climate change has shifted into global warming and this can and will affect our daily lives. If you don't know what global warming is, the simple way of seeing this is the rapid increase of surface temperatures over the past century and this quite literally affects the normal functions of our planet.

So what is happening around the world that is helping this issue?

The Bee Bus Stops:

Did you know the UK has introduced something called the "Bee Bus Stops" which are designed to improve and increase the biodiversity in areas, and decrease air pollution. Many countries around Europe are also taking this idea on board, such as the Netherlands, Denmark, and Sweden.



The Bee Bus Stop project, created through the partnership between the Wildlife Trust and Clear Channel, aims to increase awareness around the

decline of the bee population and many other pollinators. It is crucial to know that this wildlife is beneficial towards our day to day life.

We consume the many foods that these pollinators contribute. They allow plants to produce fruit, set seed, and breed. So in reality bees are actually harmless and in some way friendly as we depend on them for our survival.

So if you encounter one of these wonderful bus stops ensure that you are not disturbing the wildlife or destroying this environmentally friendly space.

Ban The Oil:

After so many years of over consumption of the natural resources provided to us such as fossil fuels, France has been the very first country in Europe to ban oil advertisements around the country.

Any advertisement focused on energy products associated with fossil fuels will be prohibited from showing to the public audience of France. We can only hope this step forward will reduce demand for polluting fuels.

Even though fossil fuels are a major factor towards human survival, it has detrimental effects on the planet, and knowing that a country that is involved

in the Paris Agreement is now taking action to improve the quality of life in their country and overall around the world, is inspiring and motivational.

Protecting the Rainforest

The Amazon Rainforest is the biggest carbon sink present in the world, a substantial provider of oxygen, and the house of a wide range of biodiversity.



However, this ancestral area is under attack by illegal logging and so many activities that may benefit the now but will never benefit the future.

So, indigenous people from Ecuador are working with the local government to protect the provider of life, devoting time to create a project that will make life on Earth environmentally safe.

This project is called the Amazonian Platform which provides plans that will help combat climate change, protect critical and endangered ecosystems, and improve the lives of those who inhabit this Amazon Forest.

Sanctuary

There are many countries that have been a part of changing the normal

life of the citizen, however what has the UK done to be a part of this movement?

Well out on the Cornish coastline, there is a sanctuary dedicated to saving baby and adult seals.

The Cornish Seal Sanctuary helps rescue, rehabilitate, and release grey seals around the coastline. Every season these wonderful volunteers save more than 70 pups at their seal hospital, many of which were abandoned by their mothers. These are malnourished or have been injured by fish nets but with the help of the seal hospital they get better.



More than 98% of the seal pups that are rescued by the sanctuary survive and are released back into their natural habitats. Temporary homes are provided for adult seals who can no longer survive alone in the wild.

A little bit of kindness has saved a population of marine animals from possible extinction due to selfish acts of human nature.

The Environment and Why It's Important



Earth is a precious place and planet
A big part of our world is US!
Reduce, Reuse, and Recycle
Teamwork is the answer
Have a heart of gold and CARE!

MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE FOR EVERYONE!



Uplift yourself with these fascinating facts about animals



Read on to find out just a few of the advantages of having a pet!

Animals are wonderful and mysterious creatures that we find more about every day. For example, did you know that cats spend 70 percent of their life sleeping? Who knew?!

Many people have a pet, and research indicates that pet owners are happier than people who don't have a pet. Who wouldn't be happy with a little friend? Having a pet can reduce anxiety, depression, stress, loneliness, encourage exercise and can even improve cardiovascular health! There are also many stories of superhero pets who saved their owners from danger. In 2017, for example, a hero dog called Peanut found a little girl who fell into a ditch. Peanut successfully raised the alert, and enabled the girl to be found and taken to hospital, where she made a speedy recovery!

There are also many fascinating facts about animals, here are some particularly fascinating ones:

- Rats and mice are ticklish.
- Goats have accents, just like people do!
- Crows are pranksters, and love pulling pranks on each other.
- Cows have best friends, and hang out every day.
- Honey bees communicate by dancing!

And to top it all off, here are some cute animal pictures:



This is my cat, Tails! He's so cute!



This is Rosita, a beautiful kitty!!



This is Miss El-Bakouri's cat. Aww!



This bird belongs to Rasa, one of the magazine editors

Did that make you feel more positively about animals? I hope so. Animals are cute, weird and fascinating but definitely never boring. If you would like to know more about them, the internet is a wonderful source of information.

Karima Abdi 7A

It's time to put a full stop to animal abuse

Animal abuse might be hidden away in the shadows of our daily life, but we have a responsibility to protect animals and stop animal abuse. Without animals we couldn't really be alive; animals are an important part of the ecosystem. If you put yourselves in their shoes, you would see the injustice of their treatment.

What is animal abuse?

Animal abuse (or animal cruelty) is the crime of causing pain, suffering or even killing animals. It could be that the animal has suffered, died or been put in danger of death. As a result, many animals are in danger, including: elephants, who get hunted for ivory and snow leopards, who are poached.

Snow leopards are at increasing risk every year due to issues such as climate change and loss of prey and habitat. It's estimated that up to 450 snow leopards are killed each year.

How to help

Every year around 10 million animals die from animal abuse. There are also 100 million animals that are used for lab experiments. These animals die every year because some humans treat them abominably. Animals can't tell humans to stop, but by donating to a charity who saves animals, you can help put an end to animal abuse.

Would you help support the animals around you to live their lives happily and safely without anyone hurting them? If you would like to help, then please donate to a charity that helps animals who are experiencing abuse.

Y9 Dystopian Writing

There were no stars in the night sky. The soft, soothing sound of rain could be heard and the air was stone cold. Brian walked along the sidewalk and he could practically taste the moisture in the air. The moon was his only company, silently resting in the sky and drenching the world with its light. Brian was quite used to this; the world was permanently shrouded in darkness. He thought about how life was before the apocalypse. Before the world was forced to endure eternal night.

About eight years prior, a mysterious entity of unknown origin known as the 'Void Cradle' embedded itself into Earth's core. That foul, foul thing. Only a devil would think anything positive of it. It sought to consume the world, and it succeeded. People all over the world were infected by the cradle and turned into Voidlings: Servants of the Cradle. Those unholy, demonic beings - so dark and evil that they could be considered hellspawn - might as well have been the children of Satan himself. They ravaged the world with their abnormal abilities, leaving only the strongest that had enough resolve to survive. Brian was one of these survivors, but life wasn't easy.

Seven times stronger than humans. Thirteen times faster at healing wounds. Immense durability. Voidlings were superior to humans in every single way, though there was a way to fend them off. One thousand miles away, on the edge of the 'Dark Side' is a river. A river that stretches on farther than even the distant horizon. Beyond the river, one will find Heaven. A celestial utopia, perfect in all aspects. Perfect, yet only for the lucky.

The elites.

Brian entered his apartment, collapsing on his bed after a long, long night of trying to survive. From the corner of his eye, however, he saw something staring at him from outside his window. It glared at him with unblinking, crimson eyes. The very sight of them made him sick, as he jumped up from his bed and ran. Brian heard the now distant sound of glass breaking as he raced down the many flights of stairs. He wanted to scream for help, but there was no use. He tried calling out to someone, anyone, desperate to escape. The frantic footsteps grew louder behind him, as Brian was left hopeless. Nobody came.

Just him and the Voidling, playing a dangerous game of tag.

Kai Fletcher 9E



Silence had filled what was an overcrowded street. Cameras turning ever so slightly, following as the crowd moved forward. Propaganda placed everywhere you look. It tried to look friendly, but each one had a deeper meaning. The manipulative propaganda dehumanised everyone. No one was allowed to talk. No one was allowed to revel. No one was allowed to make their own decisions.

Every building started expanding vertically, but all were poorly made, as fragile as a piece of glass. A man entered a building which was made out to be an apartment complex. He entered his house, holding a present. Two outlines ran towards him. "Daddy! Daddy! You're home."

"What did you bring us?" The child questioned.

"Wrell, Tommy, I brought you a big surprise, but you and Timmy go inside your room whilst I set it up; no peeking!"

The tiny twins entered the room. A cold breeze entered from the large hole, caused by the inadequate building structure. Tommy and Timmy were twins, but very different.

"I'm so excited!"

"So am I." The dad could hear this, setting up what was a new console.

"I'm going to peek through the wall and see what it is. Wait here, Timmy"

"No, Tommy, Dad said not to look and we must follow what he says."

"You're so innocent, try being fun!" The two tried running out but like tangled wires couldn't get through the door. Excitement had just filled that room. Or had it?



Five years later, the fun trio had decreased in size.

"That was the last I remember of him,"

Another voice then replied:

"Is there anything else you would like to ask or that would help us?"

"I was wondering why it took five years for a missing persons case?"

"Well the governm- I - I mean the police are very busy." The man left the house and two older, but similar looking children remained. Darkness had filled the house, just like the twins' hearts.

"It took them so long."

"He's probably dead by now. He would never leave us alone. Dad always took care of us."

They fell to the floor, a puddle of tears under the two broken twins.

Jathurshan Kanthasamy 9M

Thirty-seven seconds until the alarm clock beeped 6 O'clock. Demar gazed at the ceiling. Thirty-seven seconds, yet he didn't shut his eyes for more than give. He could hear the Army Kids already tussling over the new moves they'll learn today. He could feel the jealousy coursing through him. Twenty seconds. Jealousy was now turning into rage. Fifteen seconds. The headache started as he could feel the surging slowly starting to grow. Seven seconds. Demar stood up, his eyes not leaving the door. Three seconds. He couldn't breathe. He could feel the urge coming. BEEP! BEEP! The alarm went off. He opened the storage unit and took his daily dose, then sat at his computer. The light awoke, almost used to its schedule. The mirror glistened into Demar's eyes. As purple as lavender with a soft mix of red. The posters above emerged as the final light switched on, almost making a fashionably late entrance. He picked up his name badge, and left his room to start his Expee day at school.

Demar knew his history. What he was. How he became. He was reminded every day. But he knew he was special. He was the first. Seventeen years of age, Demar was born into the Corolyeps World. A fungus had evolved. The fungus released spores that had weakened at the touch of cotton and paint, which his mother breathed in a lot. So much that it affected her pregnancy and herself. When he was just two months, his mother passed. His uncle was left to take care of him, but instead he dropped him off at a research facility, made by the Army. They went on a search to help all families found, in case more like Demar were found. Thirty-seven families were taken in. Five were like Demar. They were seen as research and nothing more. Experiments. XPs. Expees.

Demar knew they were worth more than that.

Every day for a year, he trained like the army kids. He knew he could escape and again find a loving community that stuck together. That's what he could get out of this: his dream world. 37.5 seconds. A new personal best. He was either getting faster, sneakier, or both. Whichever it was, the training had worked. Tomorrow would be the day he left. He had no idea how to kill a Roamer, but he would figure that out on the way. Being immune was like being omniscient in this world. It would only get you so far. Unless you know how to use it. Did Demar know how to use it?



Shantewa Kidd, 9E

I used to remember the days where the sun stretched its golden arms, climbed above the monstrous mountains, and smiled down at the happy people. The beautiful burnished water dashed along the seaside and carried shells. The breathtaking trees stretched up towards the sky as if they were skyscrapers covering the alluring sky. I gazed at the dancing dolphins from the sea shore, as they moved in unison. Adorable puppies were on the trot along the yellow sand. The shimmering waves crashed along the shore as the sun rose in the sky, birds flying past it and chirping in the air. Looking over my shoulder, suddenly I was pulled by amazement; the hills were full of luscious greenery and the clouds were beautiful shades of pink and blue.

The city which previously housed thousands and was the most prosperous effective nation ever, was currently a tainted, contaminated no man's land. The land looked dry, obliterated and desolate. The morning breeze wanted to cry distresses, and the dim underhanded sky scowled down at me. In the most profound corner of despondency, lies an oppressed world where trust dies. Only apparent by the faint light of the moon was the extraordinary wall. Past the wall? Nobody knew. Extending away from the wall was a humongous scaffold that transcended the wall. Sanding tall on the extension was a pinnacle, which had two circles that nearly seemed to be eyes. Those baffling, frightening and harsh looking eyes gazed down at the city, offering an unpleasant look.

Cameras were the only source of technology that were still used. Is that not strange? My heart began pumping faster than ever. Everything around me was just shattered into small and miniature pieces. Doors, but no-one behind, windows, but not a single dust mote flew by. I didn't know what was going on. Who was behind all of this? Dripping rain was like tears running down my face. There was no way of escaping. All of a sudden, loud screams could be heard from miles away. The sun was gone, lost in the 'fake' atmosphere. The only thing I had ever cared about was my dad. He was the only person that was there for me. Not my mum - she left us. She was here for one day, and the next, like the sun was gone. But why?

Band! Bang! Bang! I began to shiver from head to toe. "Zeal and Sypher!" I heard my name, but it wasn't my dad.

D-A-D!

My dad was tied up to the chair with a gun to his head. It was a shocking moment. Someone else was there. Someone I didn't expect to see for the rest of my life. It was...was...my MUM. She had a new husband; it was the Prime Minister.

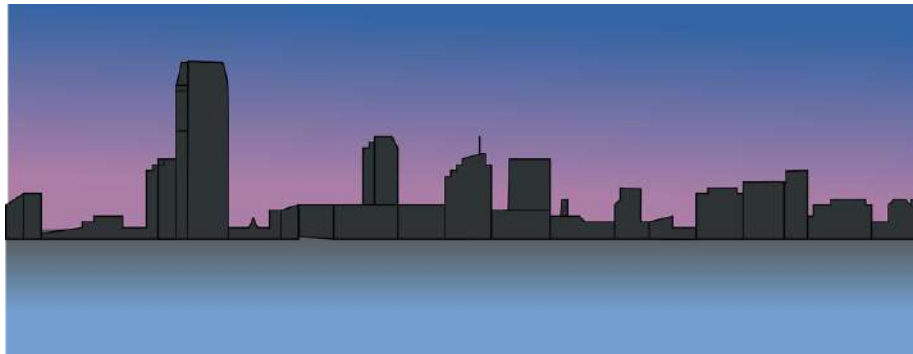
"Why would you do this to me, to my Dad and to the whole city?"

All of this happened first because of what happened to me, dad and my mum. What are they going to do now with my dad? All of a sudden, my heart was split from my dad.

"Where am I going?" I screamed.

"HOME!" exclaimed my mum.

Year 9 Student



A city which formerly housed thousands and was the most prosperous city ever, was now a contaminated, polluted wasteland. The landscape appeared to be devastating, desolate and destroyed. Slowly, the gloomy, treacherous sky towered over the mysterious metropolis. The morning breeze seemed to be weeping sorrows, as the grey deceitful sky scowled down at me. Dystopia, where hope is lost, is located in the darkest recess of despair...

Ominous, dark colours rolled in, and began to drift in the unilluminated sky. Lightning pierced through like knives. Debris fell from the few remaining buildings. Wind swirled around, and the world went black. It was from the cracks in the cloud that the bright patches of the sweltering sun came from, but even that was slowly fading away.

Exceptionally dense, boulder-like smoke clouds began to sweep in, ready to crush anything that might come in their way. Darkness was engulfing and seemed to fully consume any speck of light. Thick smog suffocated the sinister city. Without warning, water came gushing down; it threw itself onto the jagged knife-like rocks. Despite this, the boulders of clouds remained to loom over the coast like an overprotective mother watching its misbehaving child.

No end was in sight; not a hint of the immensely powerful end giving up any time soon. Perhaps it never would.

Year 9 Student



Liquid gold trickles down alongside last night's rain as sunlight glistens upon the frosty window. The sun pierced through the windows like a golden dagger slicing up the school hall. There was no hope to be seen in this school. Hope has been drained from every student. Teachers were like devils, walking around giving detentions, as if they were a treat.

The school building was an antique. All the windows were scattered. There were windows everywhere, starting and zooming in on every edge of the school. The harsh lens pierced through the depths of our minds, creating a panic, as if this was our ending day. It was time for assembly, the school bell's roar reminding every student to come to the hall.

Sweat trickled down my cheek as I entered the hall nervously. A malodorous smell hung in the air, like corrosive salt, bitter and combined with the five hundred children in the assembly hall. Teachers were like police guards controlling students through fear; vulnerable and terrified, the hushed whispering creates a nervous energy in the room. Hope drains from students' faces and gives way to the stony look of resignation.

My legs were shaking as I sat on the creaky chair. The headteacher banged the table while looking at me; I noticed her smiling at me weirdly. I tried to smile back, but my lips didn't give me a way. Her teeth were really yellow and her breath smelt of flesh.

What will happen to me next, will be enough to frighten you to death.

We were trapped.

The wind roars like a lion. A big, grey blanket of clouds smothered the pale sky. The rain drizzles down, not too slow and not too fast, but steady. Sleet pelts my face; I pull up the collar of my overcoat to shield myself from the piercing weather.



Tokyo is nothing like it was before; the city that had homed millions is now a contaminated wasteland. The morning breeze feels like crying sorrows. It's as silent as a stone. Tokyo is enclosed with a high chain-link fence, topped with barbed-wire loops. What is beyond the fence? Freedom. A world people dream about. But life in Tokyo is miserable. If you even thought about escaping, you would be taken away by a guard. No one ever dares to try and escape.

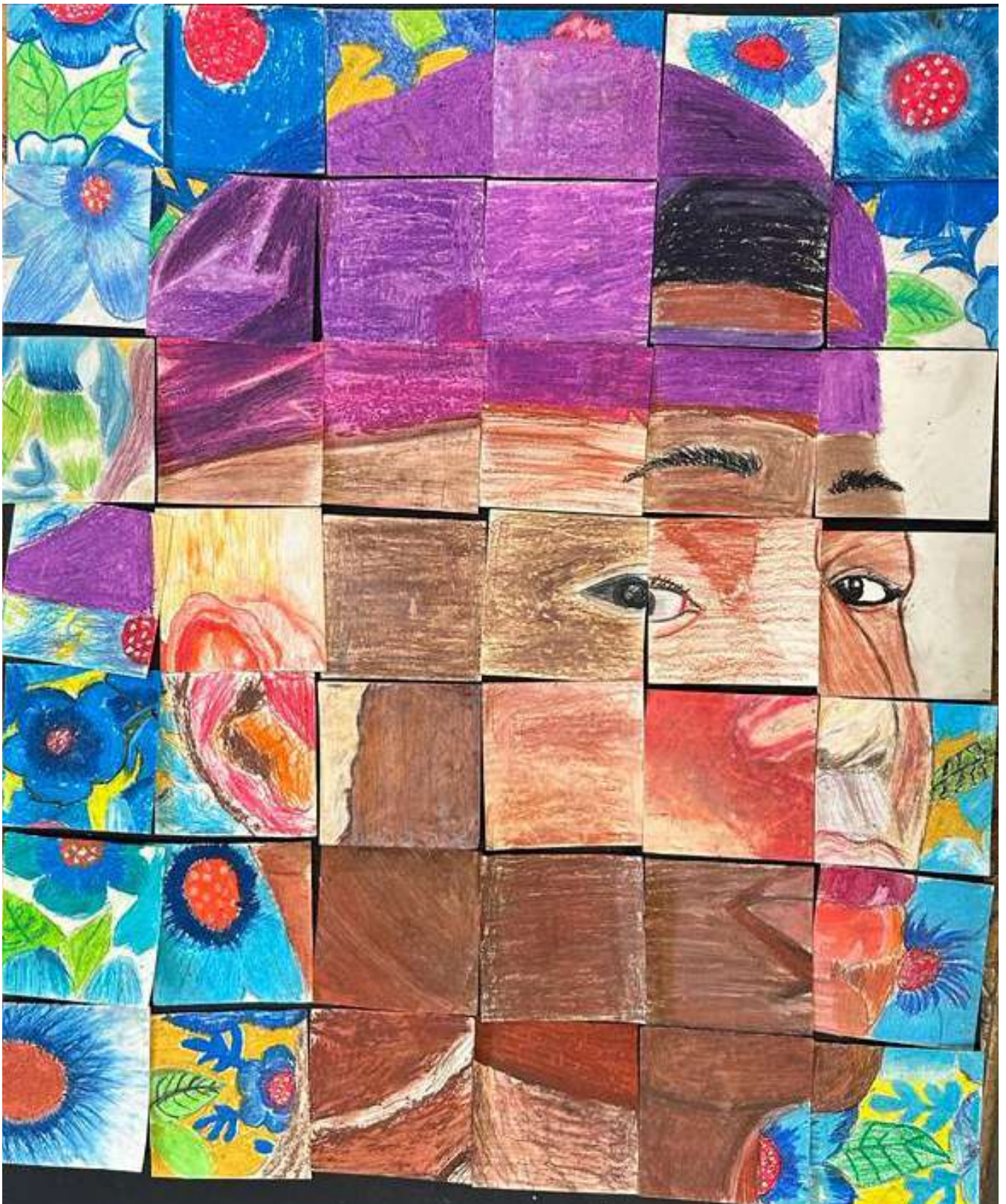
There it stood. In the centre of Tokyo, there is a depressing, lifeless hospital. On its rusty, grey walls, lies a sign that states "GIVING OUT A FREE PILL THAT CURES ALL DISEASES." But of course, it is all just a lie. What scares me the most about the hospital is its isolation. The walls are covered in graffiti. "DO NOT GO IN. NO ONE COMES OUT" is written in red. As red as blood.

Who knew what actually happened in there? Are they actually giving out a pill that cures all diseases? Or are they torturing people?

Every gloomy day, I watch from the shattered, ancient window of my apartment. Many people go into the hospital, but very few come out. I always wonder about what happens in there.

Who knows? Maybe one day, I will go in.

Art Selection



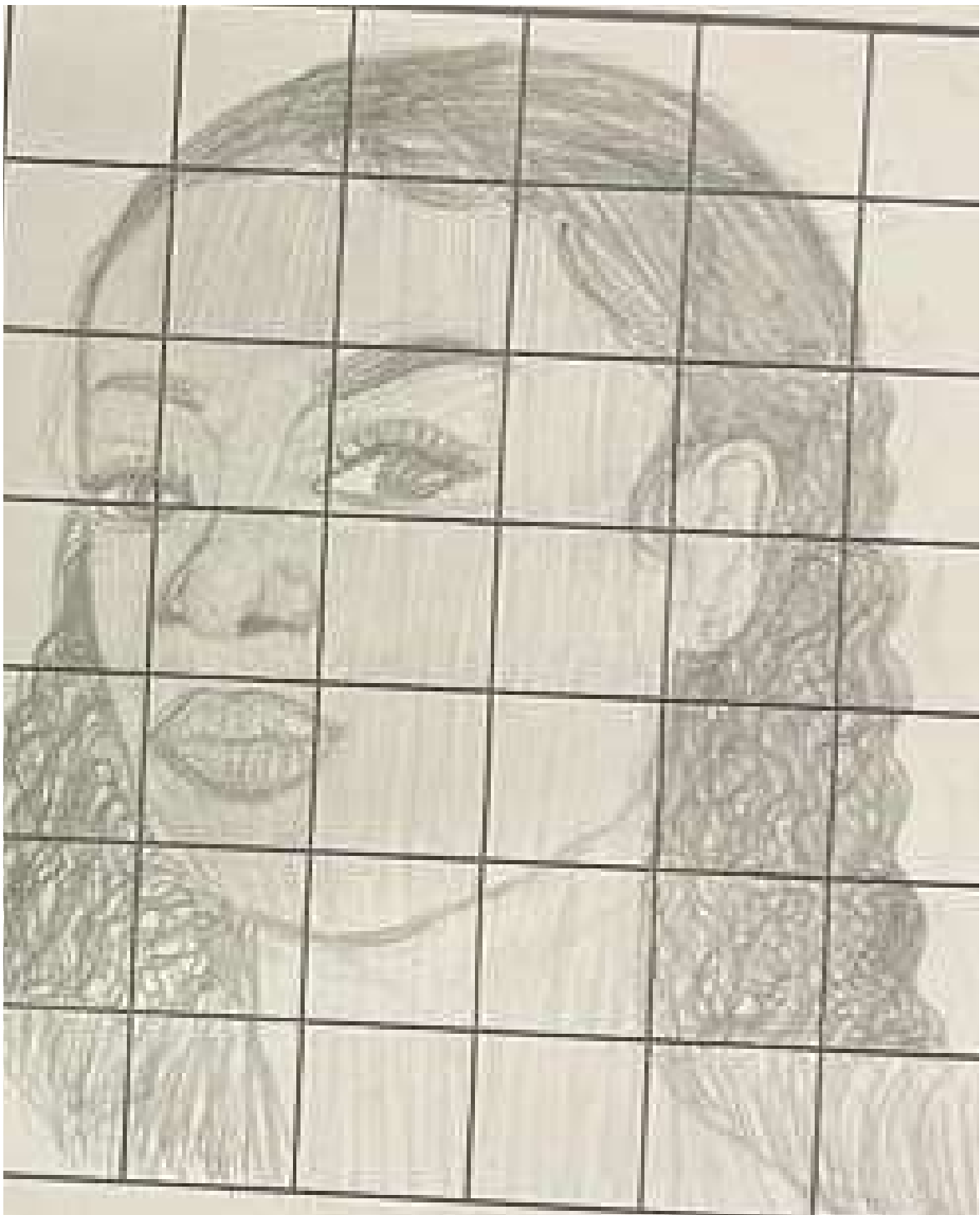
Berra Chasan Dai 9N





Zein Abdallah 100

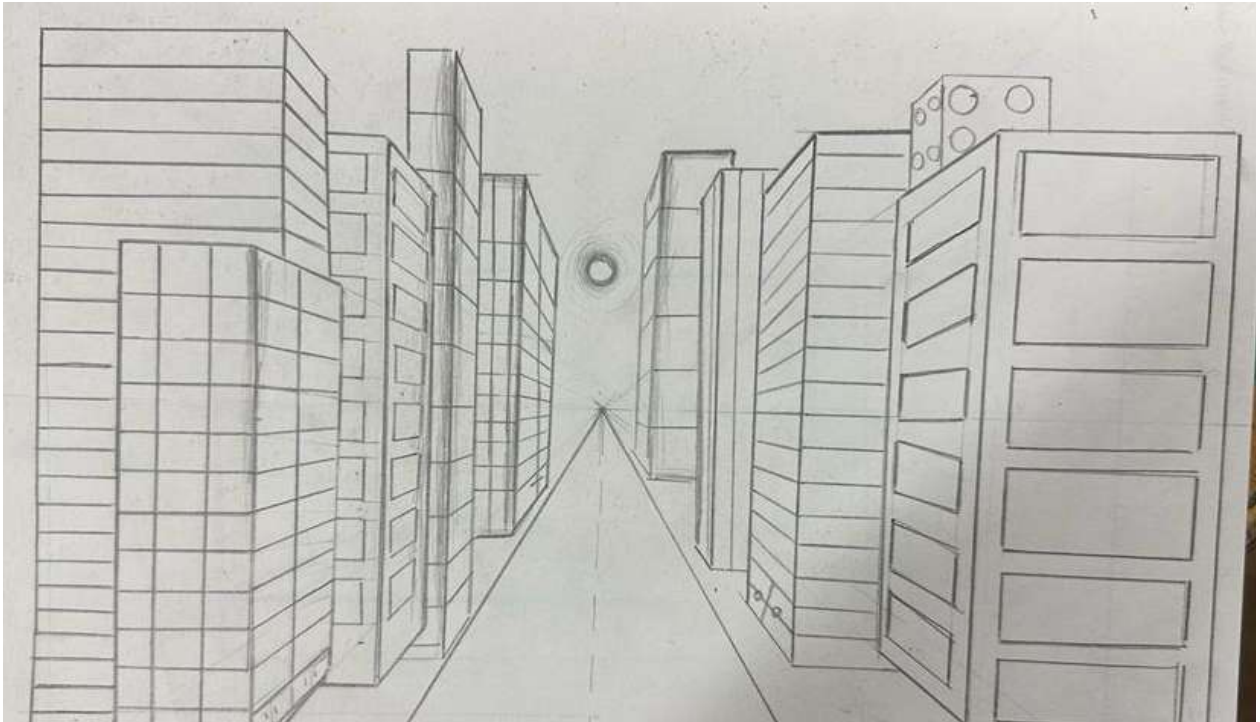




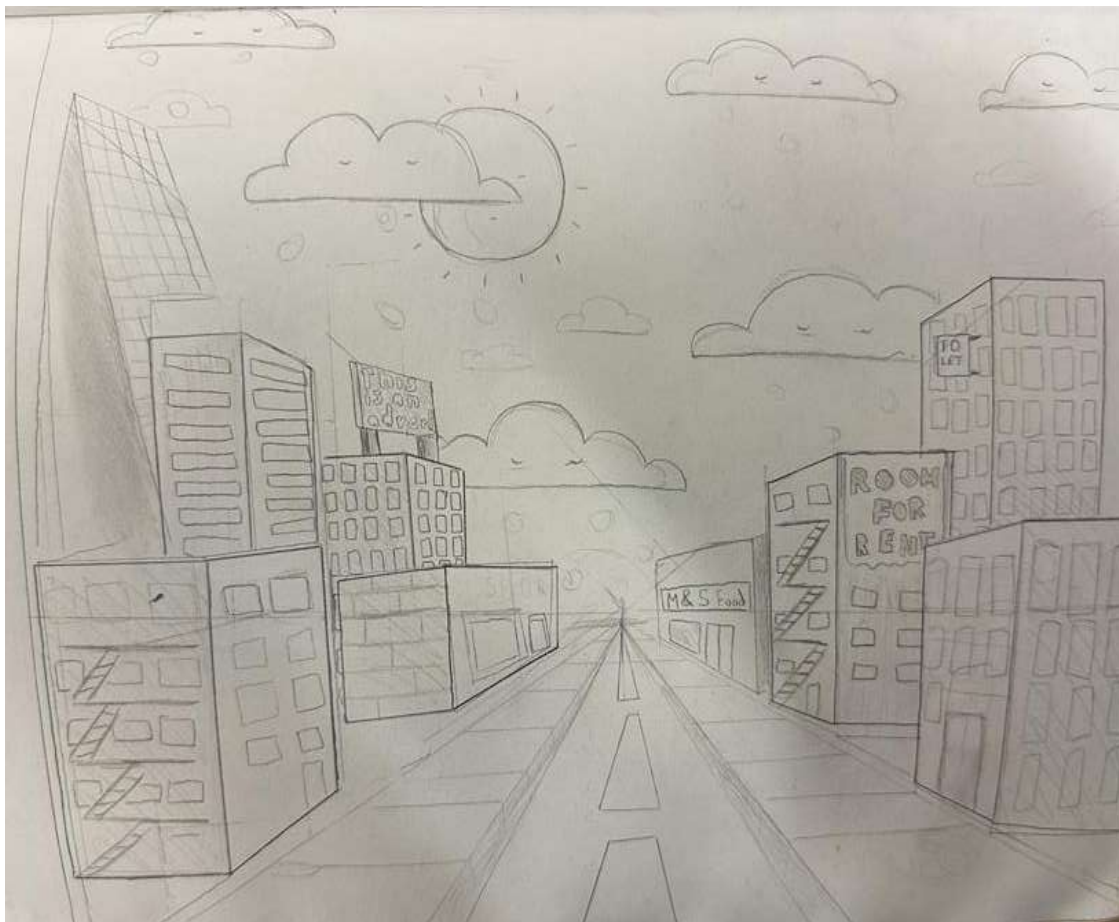


Rozella Pagala 12E





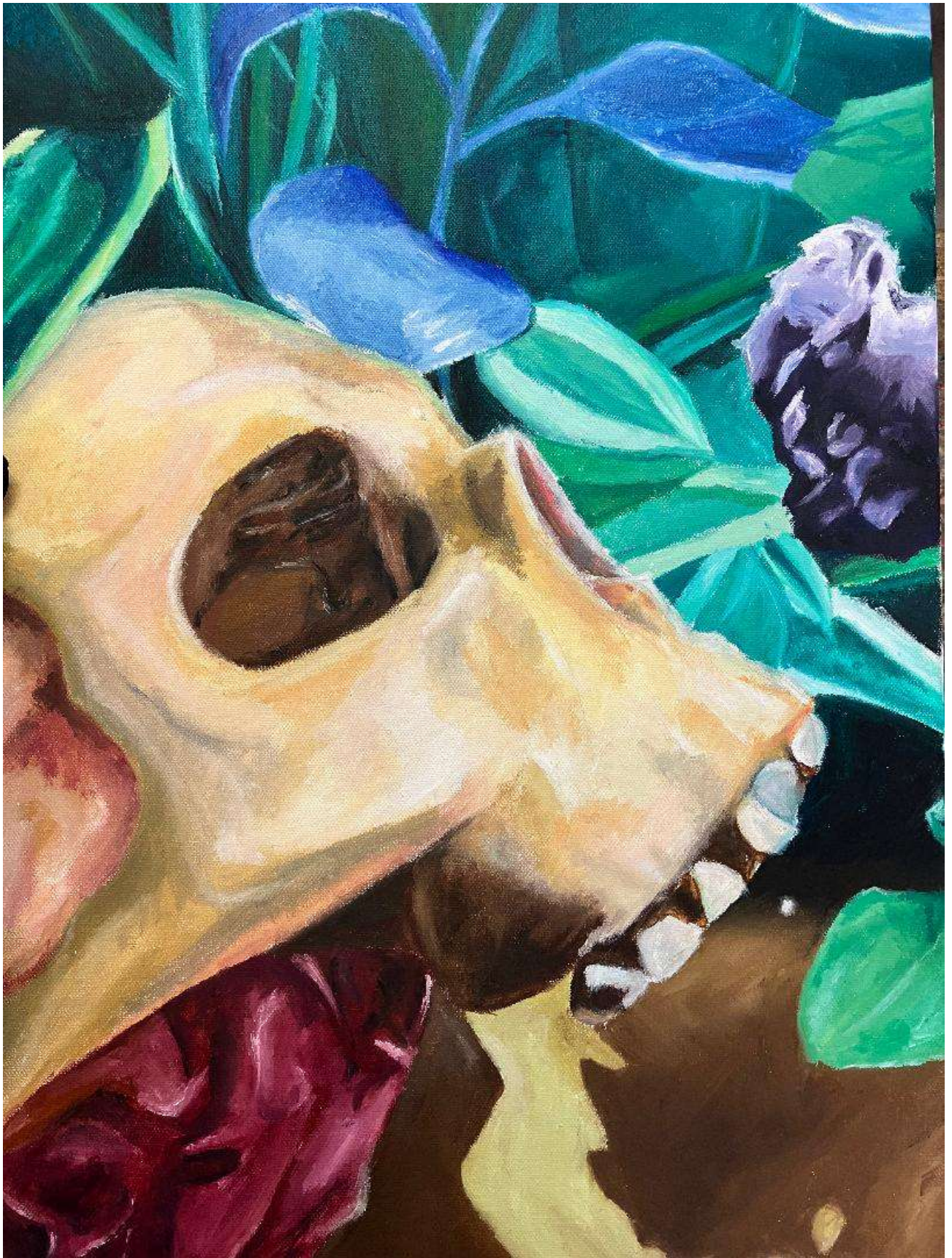
Maryam Yaqoobi 8E



Miya Duarte-Singh 8N

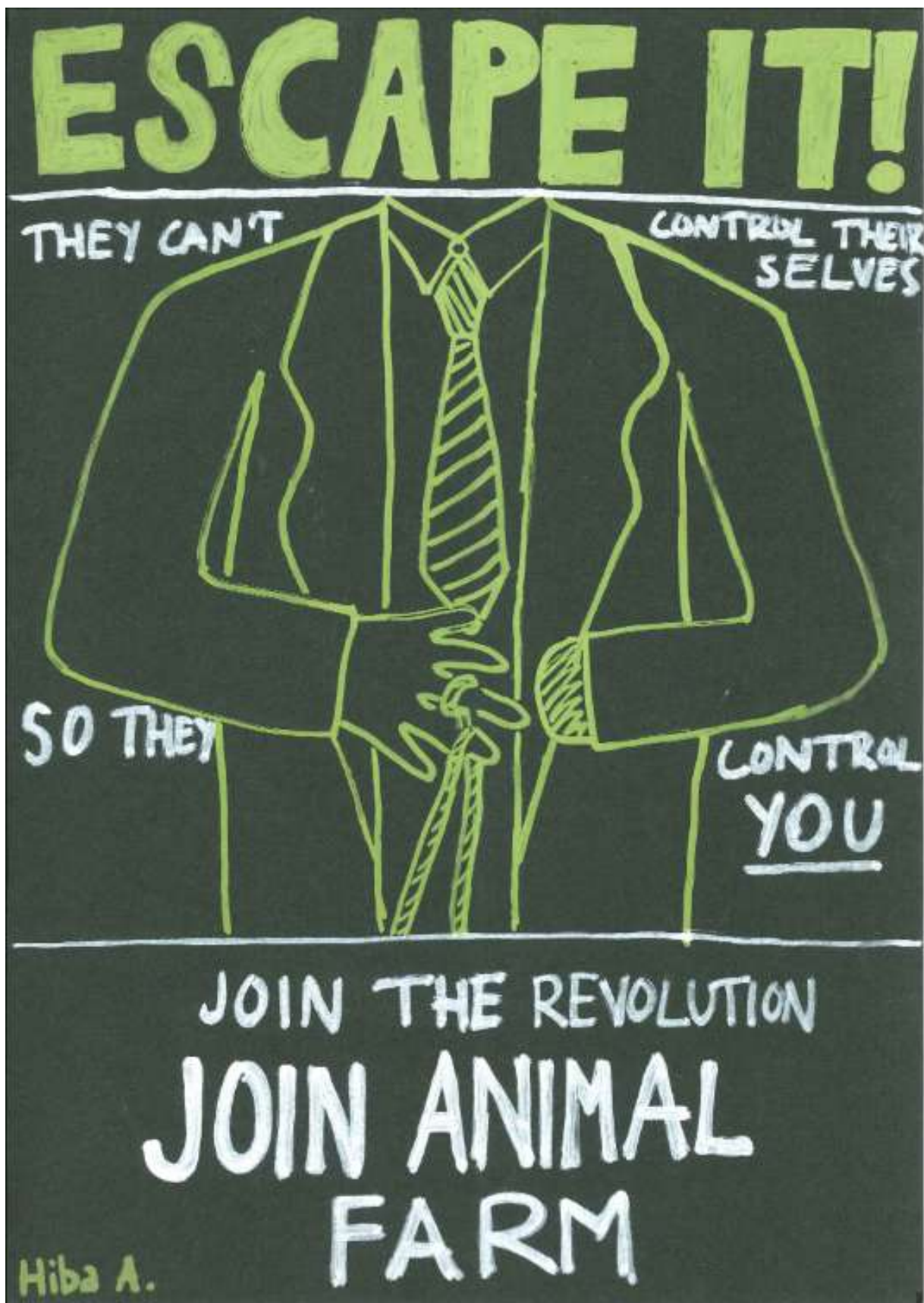


Tyana Rose 12P



Eduard Halip 13R

Inspired by 'Animal Farm'



Hiba Ahmed 9A

Inspired by 'Animal Farm'



Horia Ali 9A

Preston Manor Magazine

By Students, For Students

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New Submissions Desired: Summer Term Special Issue

Art, Fiction, Opinion, Politics, Reviews & More

Contact the Magazine Team or Ms N Taylor if you'd like to contribute.