



The Rambling **ROSE**

Clifton High School Pupil Newspaper



SIXTH ISSUE

JULY 2024

Foreword

As we hurtle towards the end of the academic year, we do hope there will be some sunshine bowling into view soon. But if that joy is to elude us a little longer, never fear: our Rose will both thrive and Ramble come rain or shine – in printed form!

A significant Brava! to Arabella and Jess for their first solo Issue here. I hope that, like me, you will enjoy their work and congratulate all their endeavours: it is no mean feat to organise meetings, garner interest and elicit articles from such a busy community as ours, especially when we remember that they have also been juggling their Year 12 Summer Assessments and beginning their UCAS Personal Statements. Great job, ladies!

This Summer Issue sees thought-provoking examinations into the validity of Poetry in the 21st century; the ethics of gene editing; the history of organ transplants; an enlightening comparison of hockey and kits from the 1890s with 2024; and a fabulous, collaborative account of the Y8 trip to the Black Country. A real highlight, though, is the number of re-creative fictional pieces contributed by Year 9 pupils, prompted by their study of “Macbeth”. These pieces are imaginative, compelling and highly engaging – the work of pupils from whom we will no doubt see much more in coming years! As ever, huge thanks go to the staff who support our Editors with proof-reading, formatting and printing this amazing, pupil-led Newspaper which, without their help, wouldn't be quite as wonderful as it is.

I hope all our readers and Clifton High community can have a well-deserved rest over the Summer break, ready to ‘hit the ground, running’ come September!

And finally, after what will be a no-doubt nerve-wracking wait, we all wish every success to our Clifton High pupils receiving examination results in August.

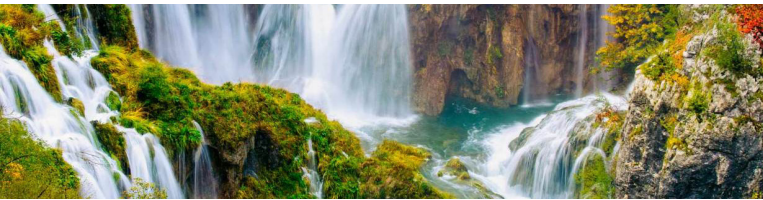
Mrs Pippa Lyons-White, Head of English

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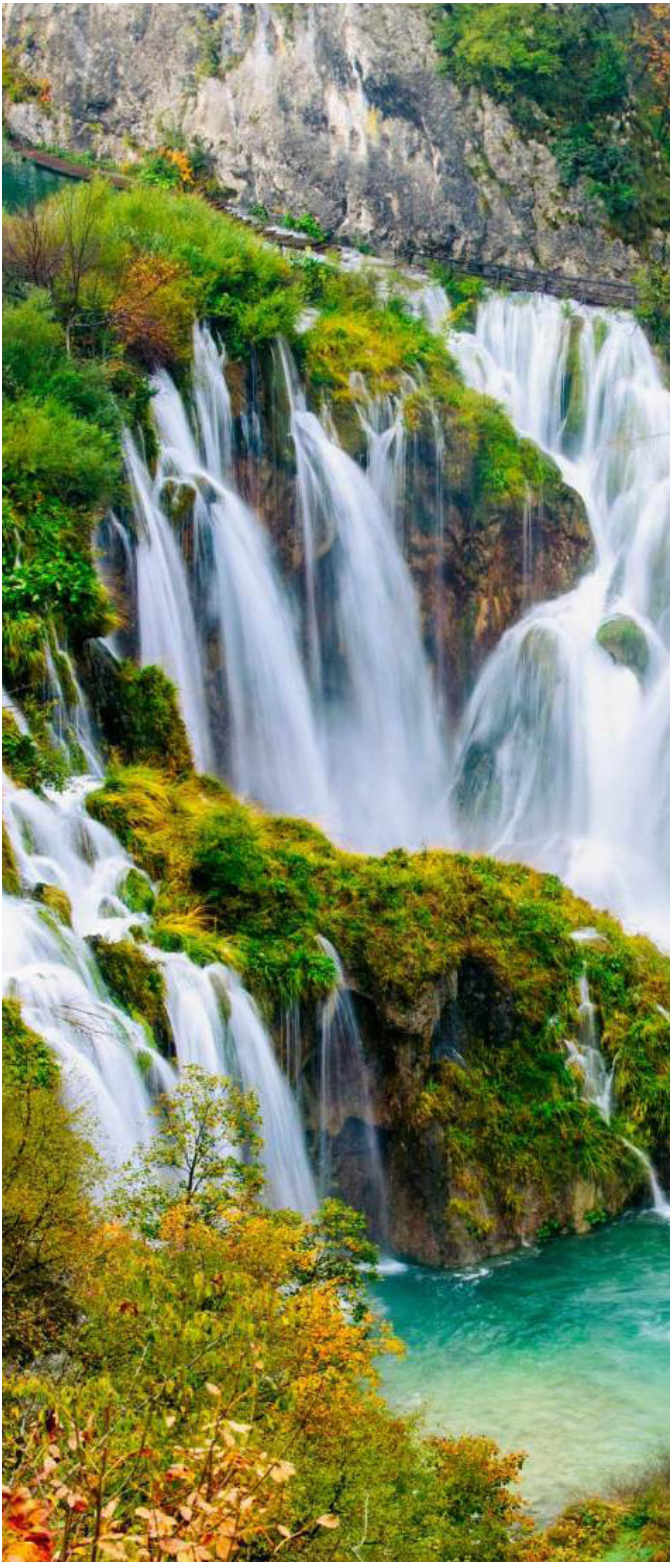
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FICTION

Into the Wilderness



It all felt so surreal. I couldn't believe my eyes. Surrounded by trees stood a perfect scene, which had fallen from heaven. Pleasantly, the area's aroma smelt like fresh flowers and sweet honey. A small waterfall in the distance softly gave crystal clear water to a pool of utter perfection. This aquatic flow had come a long way, traveling through winding channels and endless pathways. Incredibly, it had stayed immaculately transparent throughout the experience. The surface stayed so flat even with a steady stream of water flowing into it from above. It was so clear and so clean that it could easily be mistaken for a sheet of glass. I felt that if I touched the surface, the whole thing would shatter. The main body of water flowed slowly downstream, breaking off into many other rock pools and ponds.

The stone that made up these pools was a glorious orangey-grey, which contrasted delightfully with these small reservoirs. Birds from above flew over and their presence was reflected flawlessly on the top of the mirror like water. Like a beacon, many animals and wild creatures were drawn to this place. Stunning deer came to drink from the desirable lagoon and birds planted themselves on the surrounding trees, foraging for rich berries. A few large goldfish appeared from one side of the main reservoir and danced their way back and forth. Exquisitely, their shiny scales caught the sunlight and dazzlingly sent beams of brilliance to the surrounding area. Not only did this scene look and smell exceptional, but it also sounded wonderful. Firstly, the pitter-patter of the waterfall calms you down, almost like it's trying to set the stage for what's next. The chirping of birds and rustling of leaves, imprinted in your mind that you are in a forest and not dreaming. It looked too good to be reality.

Bordering the luxurious pool, was a rim of polished trees. The bark, which wrapped softly around each trunk, was a graceful snowy white. The tree's trunks were thin and short. However, they were strong and sturdy, which gave the impression of a wall. This

fence of nature shielded the lagoon like they were protecting the prestige of the glassy water behind them. Their leaves were flames, patches of red, yellow and orange covered them sporadically. Fluffy white rabbits and hares hopped around this wall of fire like children playing tag. Occasionally, a leaf would fall slowly to the ground and be collected in the flow of liquid. Carefully, this leaf would be pushed down streams surrounded by nature and flourishing vegetation. Birds poked their heads in and out of the branches, collecting twigs for their nests. Even though they were small, the trees seemed to loom over the pool and protect it from the days of harsh winter and the sun's harmful rays in the summer.

As the vibrant day fell into a starry, twilight sky, the positive scene of life changed to a scene of mystery and ambiguity. No longer being lit by the smiling sun, the moon and stars took over, engulfing the area in a sublime white spotlight. The stars looked like shiny sequins knitted and weaved into the fabric of space. Also, when they were paired with the smooth crescent moon, it looked like the sky above was a high-quality, priceless painting. After this transformation, the trees stopped swaying in the wind and the birds stopped calling from above. The whole place had fallen into a state of silence other than the dripping sound of the waterfall and the occasional hoot of an owl. All animals, which were so lively earlier in the day, had entered slumber now and the creatures of the night were released. Badgers of impressive size roamed around, their heads marked with black and white stripes. Frogs of varying colour hopped on the rocks surrounding the pool, the illumination of the stars reflecting off their damp heads and large, circular eyes. Finally, small hedgehogs appeared from their burrows and began to hunt for worms or any other insects. Although the scene had altered when night had fallen, it was not any less welcoming than it was before. I still believed that scene belonged to a different realm of tranquillity.



LITERATURE

Is Poetry a Dying Art?

Asking my generation about poetry would likely indicate that poetry is no longer living. Although poetry itself is inanimate and cannot be classified as living, the point still stands. Poetry is nowhere near as evident in our society as in the 17th century. From this period came some of the most famous poets, who we still study today. However, despite poetry still being read and taught, the degree of famous poetry has changed dramatically.

Poetry originated before many people realised. The oldest surviving speculative fiction poem is the Tale of the Shipwrecked Sailor, written in Hieratic (a form of cursive hieroglyphic writing once used by Egyptian priests) and ascribed a date around 2500 BCE. Other sources credit the earliest written poetry to the Epic of Gilgamesh written in cuneiform (a system of writing used in the ancient Middle East); however, it is most likely that The Tale of the Shipwrecked Sailor predates Gilgamesh by half a millennium. These pieces of literature marked the beginning of world rebound ways to express a range of themes.

However, it is evident that throughout history, poetry has changed drastically. From the rhyme

scheme to the poetic forms, poetry has evolved to fit the standards of society and give each poem its identity. Because of this, these differences can be used to identify when a poem was written or who it was written by. For example, despite not inventing the sonnet, Shakespeare popularised it and became known for this form of poetry. Because of this, the development of poetry has been crucial to the survival of this art style and has enabled it to be a part of literature throughout history.

Despite the popularity of poetry in the past, the current state of popularity, or lack thereof, of poems is a compelling topic of discussion. With a simple search on Google, it is apparent that one question has been on the minds of scholars for a while; is poetry a dying art?

To answer simply, no. Poetry is not dying. Traditional poetry, the works that we know and study, just isn't as popular as it used to be. Instead, poetry has incorporated itself into the world in different ways.

Because of the introduction of the internet, how literature is written and distributed has changed significantly, enabling e-books to be popularised.



This has caused the traditional way of spreading poetry, through performances and spoken poetry, to diminish. Not only this but also the general increase in demand for novels has led to poetry's lack of popularity.

Moreover, students of this generation are opposed to poetry in general due to its association with academics. Students may see poetry as another aspect of school that they are forced to learn about rather than appreciate it as a form of art. Discussing with many, I've found that this was even a reason why they were discouraged from continuing with literature studies after GCSE level. This is a huge contributing factor to the downfall of poetry's popularity. Because children are introduced to poetry through study rather than appreciation, many become disinterested before they get the opportunity to understand it fully.

So, does society class poetry as dying? The general conclusion of this argument is that poetry is not dying, it has just changed. In the same way that, during the Victorian era, poetry and literature in general weren't the exact same as the century prior. Forms of art change. And poetry is just that, an art

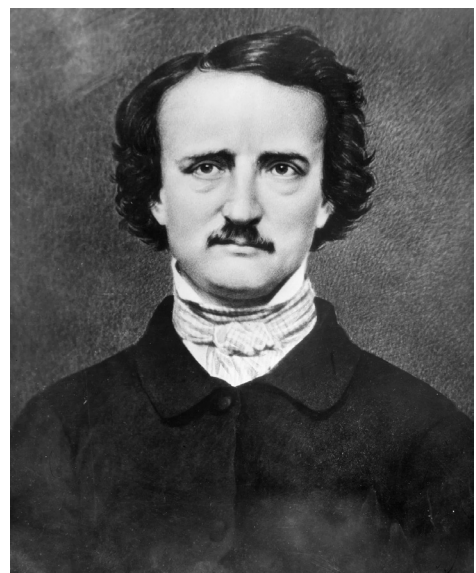
form. Many argue that poetry started dying when writers no longer wrote in strict rhyme and meter, instead using free verse. In the minds of some, this takes the delicacy out of poetry and leads to a refusal to take poetry seriously. Because of this, it is not only students of my generation that do not appreciate poetry.

It should also be considered that not all famous poetry was as popular or even known in their contemporary. Although Shakespeare, arguably one of the most renowned writers ever, was largely acknowledged during his lifetime, others, like Emily Dickinson and Edgar Allan Poe, were unappreciated during their respective times. Because of this, 100 years from now, we may fall victim to this and be considered foolish for not acknowledging literary greats of our time, instead discussing whether poetry is 'dying'.

In conclusion, poetry is not dying at all. And it never will. Although it has certainly lost its popularity, it still plays a crucial part in the academic world, and it is not like poets are completely extinct. As a society, we just recognise older literature rather than focusing on current works.



Emily Dickinson



Edgar Allan Poe

POETRY

The Woman

As part of her co-curricular club, Demmi wrote her poem “The Woman” which explores feelings of confusion and self-doubt, even when there are others nearby to reassure and help: an isolation, even when in company.

The Woman

My eyes dart,
Where has she gone? The woman I saw.
I know she was here,
In her torn dress and rich blood gushing out
her eyes.
There's someone there, I tell my mother in a
hushed voice.
My mother quiets me.

I see the woman again,
Stood still glaring at me with crooked fingers.
She's across the road from me and my
mother.
It's back. I tell her in a panicked voice.
She quiets me once again.
Yet as we walk along the street,
She's concerned about what I'm telling her.

She must finally see through my eyes.

I see the woman again,
Dead in the hospital chair.
It's back! It's back! I scream at the nurse.
However, she doesn't hush me, or quiet me.
The nurse knows the woman's name.

My head plays tricks with me.
The woman is back,
But she doesn't stand on the street.
Or lie in a hospital chair,
I now know she lives inside my head.

I try to explain her, to people who know her
name.
They try to reassure me it's okay.
But no matter how much they sympathise
Or tell me they understand,
They can never see through my eyes.

As You Turn My Page

We are delighted to announce that Eve's Timbrell's poem 'As You Turn My Page' has been selected for publication by the national writing association Young Writers. Eve's poem was selected amongst hundreds of entries as part of the national competition for 11–18-year-olds.

As part of the English co-curricular writing club, Eve had the opportunity to create a poem from an alternate perspective, so Eve chose to write her poem from the unique point of view of a book being read. In the poem, printed below, you will notice that Eve has used an interesting structure of repeating certain lines between stanzas, with the final line of the poem being a repeat of the title.

A huge congratulations to Eve and we look forward to seeing your poem printed in the anthology next month!

As You Turn My Page

You are staring at me now,
The hazel colour in your eyes going from right to left;
You glance out of the window, drawn to the snow,
Before you absent-mindedly pop a mint into your mouth.

The hazel colour in your eyes going from right to left:
You clearly don't care about my words,
Before you absent-mindedly pop a mint into your mouth,
My mind is boiling with anger.

You clearly don't care about my stories and adventures,
My fairy tale pouring out into your imagination.
My mind is boiling with anger:
Is it just me?

My fairy tale pouring out into your imagination,
You glance out of the window, drawn to the snow,
Is it just me?
You are staring at me now,
As you turn my page!



LITERATURE

Macbeth

Sometimes, contributions for the Rambling Rose can come from unexpected occasions: such is the case for a group of our Year 9s. They have been studying Shakespeare's play "Macbeth" and from this, were inspired to produce this quite remarkable piece of prose. To provide you with some context: Macbeth (a loyal, brave soldier of Scotland in the year of about 1040) becomes ambitious to make himself King and his wife Queen. But in order for that to happen, King Duncan must first be killed. Both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth feel the weight of this hateful (but necessary) deed.

We hope you enjoy reading these pieces as much as we have.

"Lady Macbeth" By Julia Schiszler

"You couldn't even do this. Who have I married?"

The shadow of Lady Macbeth's slender figure left the man she once called her husband. To her, this coward was now just a stranger, too impotent to make her happy.

The rain outside was pattering on the windows of the dimly lit castle as if knocking and asking to come in. The quiet footsteps of the soon to be Queen matched the rain's rhythm perfectly.

She walked up the twisting stairs, as if she had nothing to worry about; there was no expression of guilt covering her rigid face – only, perhaps, disillusion. Her mind was so uncaring and inhumane that she was counting down the steps left to enter the King's room – almost like it was a race.

"5, 4, 3, 2, 1."

She stood outside the panelled oak floor, waiting to see the harm her husband had done. The monster took a step to the right and was now towering over the two guards she had earlier drugged. She was like a parent, standing over her miscreant toddlers, acting like she was in the right and they were in the wrong.

Her pale hands reached towards the knob of the door, and she turned it to the left. Click! The door swung open, and Lady Macbeth entered the room which was once meant to keep the King safe.

A pale, lifeless arm was hanging off the side of the bed. To the right were the daggers which her stranger of a husband dropped out of fear and stupidity. These two pieces of pained weaponry stood between her becoming a Queen... or coming to the same inevitable end as Duncan.

She picked them up and a river of red flowed sinuously down her arms. She needed the colour.

Lady Macbeth slipped out of the room whilst blowing the final lit candle out. The room was enveloped in darkness. It liked it better this way.

She closed the door – click – and dropped the daggers into the hands of her loyal, drunken servants. They too were now covered in blood.

Lady Macbeth whispered out the phrase: "They could have done it too."

But there was a tremble and a pause, something embedded in her subconscious. Guilt.

On her walk down those very same stairs, she kept repeating the phrase over and over. It was getting faster, faster, faster, and every time more guilt-ridden, yet her face wore the same hollow, uncaring expression as always.

One last time, she uttered the words. "They could have done it too."

By Leah Daley

Giddy victory flowed through her veins, her every footstep smug and sure. The leather handles of the daggers were warm, solid in her grip – the shadow of Macbeth's clammy fear drowned in her rush of exhilaration.

The door was left ajar – she stepped through. The air was thick with the metallic odour of blood, fogging her thoughts.

Heavy, velvet curtains obscure most of the sickly dawn sunlight; the slivers of light stained the scene before her in muggy grey.

The torches were extinguished; cool wax and blackened wicks. As she watched, gaze alight with cruel satisfaction, blood dripped from the once white bedspread onto the cold stone floor. A figure was sprawled still, on the bed.

One of the daggers fell with a jarring crash, and she flinched, grabbing it hastily.

The guards were barely stirring – she congratulated herself silently, dropping the blood-stained daggers onto them.

Silence pressed against her ears, and she moved over to the bed, drawn by morbid curiosity, or perhaps a craving for validation in this surreal moment.

Duncan's face was slack, pallor-white like a ghost. A haze of hysteric victory washed over her, numbing the foolish hesitation that had crept up her spine for a breathless second.

She ran a palm over the sheets – watching gleefully as crimson stained her skin – and brought a shaking hand to the King's chilled cheek.

Turning to leave, she locked eyes with a woman, framed in a gilded mirror. Her hair was disordered, tangled and wild, wayward strands falling to frame a pointed face.

Reaching to fix her dress, she watched in numb shock as her hands left red stains on the material.

Her breathing sped up, hiccupping and tripping over itself. Something cold and unpleasant twisted around her exhilaration, dulling the giddy excitement.

She met again with the gaze of the woman in the mirror: wild-eyed and aching, vulnerably weak. The whites of her eyes were bloodshot, her stare almost terrified.

Shaking her head with a dismissive laugh, she turned away, setting her mask firmly back over her face.

The Queen strode out of the room.



LITERATURE

By Perla Smith

The fog grew thicker as Banquo and I trekked further into the woods. Disorientated, we followed the faint hum of voices through the winding undergrowth to a point where the mist had wrapped itself around us like a snake, waiting to consume us. The voices suddenly erupted into childish laughter, splitting off into all directions. Then silence. My senses were completely shut down and my eyes darted around wildly, seeking out anything beyond the oddly coloured substance in the air.

‘Hail Macbeth, Thane of Glamis,’ a raspy voice spoke, cutting through the fog. I whipped my head around to greet the wide, piercing green eyes of three ghoulish figures. They looked almost identical in nature, with jet black hair that fell like thick vines down their faces and all the way down to their ankles, where they sat in a tangled heap. Slithers of grey amongst their matted hair shone in the little moonlight that seeped through the trees above. They wore dark cloaks with burgundy embroidered patterns on their sleeves like a uniform of mystery for the three.

‘Hail Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor,’ the figure in the middle spoke. Her voice sounded like all three were speaking at once, but the sound left her mouth only. Suddenly, I noticed that the other two women’s

mouths were sewn shut to forbid them from speaking. Could it be they were still able to, but only through the one who stood between them both?

A sour taste latched itself onto my tongue, forcing me to swallow it back down as the voices chanted: ‘Hail Macbeth, King of Scotland!’

Meeting the witches’ eyes, I quickly found that I could not pull my gaze back from them, colours swirling and dancing in the most mesmerising display I had ever seen in their irises. Fear and apprehension churned in my stomach as I opened my mouth to speak.

‘Who are you, creatures of the abyss? What is it you are saying? I am Thane of Glamis but the Thane of Cawdor lives, as does the King of this land!’ I boomed, my voice quivering slightly.

‘Great power comes your way, Macbeth,’ the voices whispered. ‘Do what you must to gain it...’

In the blink of an eye, they vanished into the night, leaving nothing but shimmering green sparks swirling up into the sky. As I played over the witches’ words in my head, my thoughts swarmed around like a hive of bees, and I felt a newfound hunger like never before.

I must strive for this promised power.

By Byron Newton-Friedman

On the wide spectrum of human emotion, most fall under general categories. Like how relief, ecstasy, cheerfulness and comfort are all just smaller secondary meanings accompanying the omnipresent and underlying essence that is simply contentment. Likewise, sadness, pain, discomfort and anger fall under discontentment. But there are some that traverse this line, that push against and weave through the imposed boundaries that categorise. Thus is the nature of ambition. It’s a stark reminder of your own current inadequacy yet grants you a sense of purpose and direction that can paint your path in one fluid stroke.

But what had I done? I allowed an unbridled desire

to conquer and take my rationality hostage to the point where I could no longer break my descent. For months replaying every second of the incident that caused me to question, ponder and think what I could have done differently to alter the reality that so nearly broke me. And thus is also the nature of regret; it crawls through a brain and eats away at the structure of the mind, creating a vicious network of tunnels that so many have lost themselves in trying to navigate to satisfy a guilty conscience but inevitably fall into the cavernous pits of madness.

But the pursuit for clarity is so necessary for peace – so still I lie awake, pondering.

SCIENCE

Making Organ Transplant Surgery Possible: Marie-Anne Leroudier

Born in 1838, Marie-Anne Leroudier was one of the most influential embroidery artists of her time. While her contributions to the art of embroidery are still recognised today by the display of her works in the Paris Opera House and the street named after her in the French city of Lyon, recent research has revealed Marie-Anne Leroudier's legacy extends far beyond the world of embroidery.

At the beginning of the 20th century, two significant advances allowed for the transplantation of organs to become possible. In 1901, an Austrian physician called Karl Landsteiner discovered blood grouping, emphasising the importance of matching the blood groups of recipients and donors in transplant surgery. The second advancement is often solely accredited to Alexis Carrel, a French surgeon who is regarded as one of the most significant figures in the history of surgery. Alexis Carrel was the first surgeon to develop a technique of successfully sewing blood vessels together in a procedure called 'vascular anastomosis'. This advancement ultimately made organ transplantation conceivable to surgeons, as transferring an organ's blood supply between individual patients became possible. However, should this advancement be solely recognised as a result of Carrel's brilliance alone?

Vascular anastomosis is an incredibly challenging procedure due to the delicate nature of blood vessels. The procedure requires intense precision to correctly align the flimsy vessels and stop the needle from puncturing the vessel's thin walls. A major challenge of the time was that the surgical needles that were being used to attempt vascular anastomosis had eyes that were simply too wide. When they were used, the eye of the needle would fully puncture the walls of the vessel, causing it to rupture and form blood clots, which were ultimately fatal for patients. To solve this problem, it was evident to Carrel that a finer needle was necessary. The only people of the time who used finer needles than surgical needles were specialist embroiderers like Marie-Anne Leroudier. However, Carrel could

not simply just obtain such a needle - he needed to master the skills of using such a delicate instrument.

This is why Carrel specifically sought after Leroudier as a teacher. Evening after evening, Carrel would receive lessons from Leroudier, learning to master her precision and ways of working. The topics of the lessons ranged from what she liked to call 'thread management' (making the thread go where you wanted it to go) to the skills of working one-handedly (which surgeons need to do when performing vascular anastomosis). She also taught him how to pierce only part of the vessel's wall, minimising the damage done to the vessel during the procedure. Leroudier taught him until he was able to famously put stitches into cigarette paper, a material that mimicked the flimsiness of vessels.

It is evident that without Leroudier's teaching, Carrel would never have been able to publish his groundbreaking paper on vascular anastomosis in 1902 and present his techniques to surgeons all over the world, revolutionising the capabilities of modern surgery. Despite Leroudier's significant contributions in making vascular anastomosis possible, the countless lives she has indirectly saved through her teachings have never been acknowledged. Instead, Carrel chose to take full credit for the development of vascular anastomosis, earning a Nobel Prize for his work in 1912 and mentioning Leroudier only in a footnote in his paper.

It is likely that Leroudier herself never knew exactly how important she was to the development of surgery, specifically vascular and transplant surgery. Leroudier was not only an incredibly talented embroiderer, but she was also an incredibly talented teacher who enabled Carrel to revolutionise surgery and become "the father of vascular surgery". In many ways, the techniques that Leroudier taught Carrel, that have since been taught to surgeon after surgeon, should be recognised as not only coming from "the father of vascular surgery" but also "the mother of vascular surgery", Marie-Anne Leroudier.

SCIENCE

Ethics of Gene Editing with CRISPR-Cas9

In 2020, Jennifer Doudna and Emmanuelle Charpentier published their research on using CRISPR-Cas9 as a gene editing tool. Since then, they have permanently altered the fields of molecular biology, medicine and biochemistry, received global acclaim and even won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry. However, this gene editing technology has raised concerns over many ethical issues and dangers.

CRISPR-Cas9 is the fastest, easiest and cheapest gene editing technology, allowing specific genes to be located and edited within cells. CRISPR (short for clustered regularly interspaced short palindromic repeats) is naturally a process which provides immune defence in bacteria. However, it has been harnessed for use in other cells, such as plant and human cells, to deactivate, activate, or replace genes through the Cas-9 protein which acts as 'molecular scissors'.

The potential for CRISPR is hugely promising. Jennifer Doudna wrote that it makes DNA "as malleable as a piece of literary prose at the mercy of an editor's

red pen". In agriculture, these technologies could create pest-resistant strawberry plants, apples that take longer to brown, and watermelons with more vitamins. For the environment, CRISPR could feasibly optimise the ability of plants to absorb the greenhouse gas, carbon dioxide, from the atmosphere. In medicine, it could treat genetic diseases and reprogramme drug-resistant cancer cells. In this way, the applications of CRISPR-Cas9 may well reduce the frequency of famines and transform the quality of life for people with sickle cell disease – a huge reason to advocate for its usage and development.

However, many ethical issues surround the uses of CRISPR, one of the most controversial being modification of heritable cells. Due to the novelty of the technology, it is difficult to predict what the impact of gene editing will be over successive generations of 'edited' organisms if changes are passed on to offspring.

Additionally, there is an issue of consent because



Jennifer Doudna and Emmanuelle Charpentier

scientists have become capable of editing a baby's DNA before they are even born. Whilst they may have their best interests at heart, they cannot predict how the person will feel about this when they grow old enough to understand.

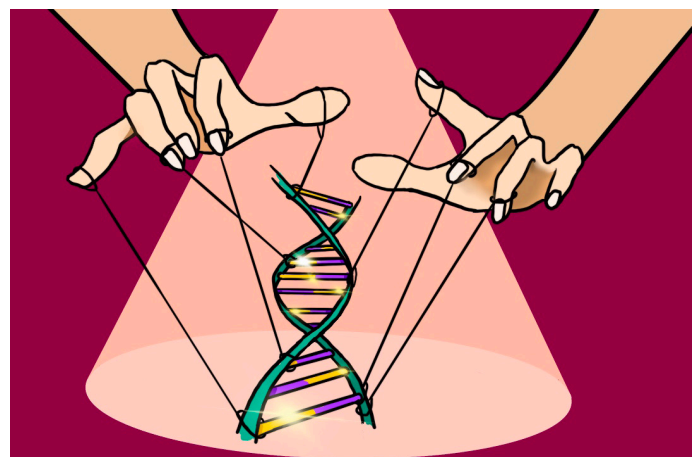
Gene editing could even extend from therapeutic uses to human enhancement, such as the creation of 'designer babies'. Not only does this create many of the same issues mentioned above, but it also could be described as 'playing God', disrupting natural processes and devaluing individuality within society, intensifying the dangerous desire to strive for the impossible concept of 'perfection'. Perhaps even more dangerously, the parents of genetically engineered babies may seek obsessive control over their child's future, adapting their DNA to make them tall to be a basketball player, and then forcing them to pursue this career, for instance.

The exacerbation of societal divide is one of the greatest threats of CRISPR. In medicine, this would be most prevalent in countries without national healthcare systems, where initially only the wealthiest individuals would be able to afford access to CRISPR. In terms of enhancement uses, it could even lead to the creation of a perceived genetically "superior" class of people, creating more discrimination. In particular, athletes without edited genes would be at an extremely unfair advantage in sports when competing against individuals with edited genes.

In November 2018, researcher Hi Jiankui sparked global controversy when he edited the germline of twins Lulu and Nana. He claims to have used CRISPR-Cas9 to disable the CCR5 gene of the girls at the embryonic stage, meaning HIV should be unable to replicate and cause AIDS later in their lives. He did this because the twins' father is HIV positive. Jiankui's announcement, in the form of a YouTube video, was contentious for several reasons. Firstly, editing the germline (tissue derived from reproductive cells) had not been thoroughly researched and approved to allow Jiankui's actions to occur. Secondly, the parents of the girls are thought not to have been

fully informed about the dangers of the procedure, such as unintended effects and mosaicism, where only some cells have the modified gene. There is also speculation that "Hi Jiankui might have done some kind of human enhancement by creating two especially intelligent human beings, with better memory and higher IQ" (Joy et al., 2016). Additionally, since HIV treatment now means that the virus doesn't affect life expectancy, it is possible that the twins, if they could make the choice, would prefer to live with HIV rather than the risk side effects of altering their DNA. In December 2019, Hi Jiankui was charged with illegal medical practices and sentenced to three years in prison. He was also fined 3 million yuan (about £325,000). In response to the scandal, many scientists called for regulatory rules surrounding the uses of CRISPR to be tightened. This event can be seen as a stark reminder that, if left unmonitored, CRISPR technologies could become uncontrolled.

Overall, CRISPR technologies have opened the doors to a positive revolution in agriculture, medicine and the environment. However, they must be used extremely carefully and monitored via ethical guidelines and strict laws. If robust regulations are not implemented globally, the consequences could be severe, threatening not only the future of humans, but of any other species whose genes we choose to edit as well.



TRAVEL

Year 8's Trip to the Black Country Museum

On Tuesday 4th July, Year 8 ventured out to the famous Black Country Museum, a site that depicts what life was like in the 1800s for coal miners and their families. The museum includes a trip to the coal mines in pitch darkness, a tour of a period house and a visit to the motorcycle shop. Even the early morning start couldn't get in the way of our excitement!

As the double-decker bus pulled up to Clifton High, the whole of Year 8 looked on in awe. Everyone quickly scrambled to get the best seats like a pack of lions hunting for a gazelle through the savannah. When everyone's seatbelts were on, we hit the open road. As the bus hurtled (within the speed limit) up the motorway towards Birmingham, food was passed around, and jokes were shared. In the blink of an eye, our mighty chariot was pulling off the motorway and into the Black Country Museum.

As we rolled into the car park, the sight of an old-fashioned village landscape unfolded before our eyes. Our first impression was that something wasn't right. These buildings didn't look like they belonged in the 21st century and there were people dressed in old-fashioned clothes everywhere. It was a blast from the past! As we walked through the welcoming double doors and made our way through the lobby, the view of an old mine shaft and the soot covered roofs of an ancient brick house met our eyes.

Plucked from history, the lunch hall was inspired by buildings from our past which were intended for feasts and for markets. We all ravenously set upon the classic Black Country dish: fish and chips! The meal was so delicious that the teachers decided to 'borrow' some extra for the bus journey home. After the main course, those who still had room inside



brought out mouth-watering biscuits and sweets which were shared around to anyone in need of further sustenance.

After lunch, we visited a record shop and an illuminated fair ground. Rides with vintage designs sprawled everywhere, although they were a little pricey! Ghost trains, air rifles, bean bag throwing, and more were on offer to anyone who could still move after lunch. In the ghost train, we were ambushed by various skeletons and monsters trying to jump scare us! The trip down the mine was eye-opening, even though it was extremely dark inside. As we descended, the mysterious guide showed us round the mine, helped by a disembodied voice coming from speakers. There were also loads of life-like mannequins digging at

the coal. We were given torches which created the same amount of light as a candle to replicate what it would have been like to work in the mine during the Industrial Revolution.

Thanks to our visit to the Black Country Museum, we now have a deeper understanding of the Industrial Revolution. For example, we now know about the struggles of working-class people at the time, such as how they had to work long hours and how dust went in their lungs. This trip has also allowed us to reflect on how old types of tools and everyday items we still use today were really made 200 years ago and how challenging this process used to be. In conclusion, we had great fun and learnt a huge amount. Thank you so much to the History department for taking us!



HISTORY

Hockey at Clifton High School

The 2020 Olympics, held in Tokyo, was the eleventh edition of the women's field hockey tournament, since its initial conclusion in Moscow 1980. Since then, the most dominant team in the competition has been the Netherlands, with respective wins in 1984, 2008, 2012 and 2020. Field hockey is followed by more than 2 billion spectators worldwide, making it the third biggest sport globally. In UK secondary schools, the percentage of female participants in hockey has increased to 27.3%, highlighting the growth of hockey and the increasing range of opportunities for female athletes.

Since joining Clifton High School in September, I have been surprised by how large a role hockey can play in the school community. Clifton High has a wide range of teams, spanning from Under 8s all the way to the 1st XI, as well as hosting house competitions. The

year 2023 also saw the Snowmen come out on top against the Santas with a 2-0 victory at Christmas. I am sure that I speak for everyone when I say that I am excited to see the start of the next season in the Autumn term. Hockey has a rich history in the Clifton High School community, dating back to 1890s.

One of the most exciting aspects of the season this academic year was the introduction of a new hockey kit (see the two images below for how smart this looks). There were mixed reviews of the geometric pattern, but I don't believe anyone would choose the kit that Clifton High School wore in 1894 over this. Pictured above, the dress code consisted of a long, blue serge skirt, lace-up boots, a stiff collared top and tie, as well as a black sailor hat (see the image below for an example of 1890s cricket kit, for which the dress code was the same for hockey).



Whilst the photo shows a girls' cricket team, the dress code was the same for hockey

Today, our 1st and 2nd XI team, as well as many other teams, hold their home fixtures off the main school site at Coombe Dingle. In the 1890s, Clifton High played their matches on-site due to the accessibility of large, open spaces. In years gone by, many new buildings have been constructed in the surrounding area of today's school site.

Another major feature of hockey that has changed since the 1890s is the equipment. The hockey sticks used by Clifton High back then were made of heavy wood, and the shape resembled more of an ice hockey stick, with a longer and flatter head. Now, hockey sticks are significantly lighter, smaller and made of a range of materials.

The rules of hockey weren't standardised in the 1890s, and so Clifton High devised their own in 1894. While it is difficult to imagine playing the sport with these early day rules (pictured below), it is extremely interesting to compare these to modern-day rules:

My favourite rule here is the ability for a player to pluck the ball from the air in order to win a free hit. This would change the way that teams play hockey drastically. For instance, there would be less lofted passes, meaning that the opposition team could have a much more intense press, effectively trapping them in their own half. This could lead to teams being able to control the game more dominantly. Would you use any of these rules in your matches today if you could?

CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL,
November, 1894.

HOCKEY RULES.

I.—The game shall be begun and renewed by a bully in the centre of the ground. Goals shall be changed at half-time only.

II.—The ball may be stopped with the hands or feet, but must not be kicked, and must be struck with the stick only. There must be no pushing.

III.—If the ball bound against the person of a player, she must allow it to fall to the ground before striking it.

IV.—No left-sided hitting shall be allowed.

V.—If the ball is caught in the air, the catcher is entitled to a free hit.

VI.—No player must raise the stick above the waist.

VII.—In all cases of a bully, every player shall be behind the ball.

VIII.—When the ball is in touch, a player of the opposite side to that which hit it out, shall roll it *slowly along the ground*, straight from the point on the boundary line where it left the ground, and the player who rolls it in shall not touch it till it has been hit by another player.

IX.—In front of each goal line shall be drawn a line parallel to the goal at a distance of 7 yards. This line shall be called the striking line, and no goal shall be counted which is hit from *outside* that line.

X.—No goal shall be counted which is hit within the striking line, unless there are three of the opposite side between the hitter and the goal.

XI.—The ordinary number of players shall be eleven a-side, and an umpire shall be chosen to regulate the game.

XII.—If there is any infringement of rules 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, a free hit shall be allowed to the opposite side.

XIII.—The goal is to be counted if the ball passes under the bar of the goal posts.



