

## Split

By Lamia Arnold

Split,  
I ain't just a student and a child  
I have a life  
Got aspirations, sum are wild  
Sum are bigger than the grades  
Dat make mum and Dad proud  
Sum are smaller than my jokes  
Dat make all my friends smile  
Wow  
What a time to be alive  
But I'm okay cause imma thrive  
Yes I'm okay cause I got time  
Too many options  
Can't decide  
So I'm,  
Split  
We ain't just the youth and Gen z  
Yes I do more than the homework that you  
send me  
I may not have all the smarts for my  
classes  
But I found out my calling through  
catharsis  
Who's the fastest  
If you know the answer  
You're the smartest  
If you think there ain't one  
You're an artist  
And if you don't know  
Then I guess you're,  
Split

Drawing by Ornela Kukaj



Drawing by Ornela Kukaj

## The Magic Trick Year 11 Drama Review

By Rehan Baig



They say that acting is like a magic trick, the ability to make an audience overcome with emotion and consider new perspectives even if belief must be suspended. To that effect, you could imagine the pressure that our year 11 actors must have felt while preparing for their GCSE drama performance.



The pressure of getting your lines right and making smooth transitions between scenes, as well as the courage to balance that metronomic routine with sufficient creative flair in order to leave a lasting impact on their audience. To the relief of you, me and everyone involved I can happily say that they succeeded at all of the above – resoundingly so.



From the first minute you could feel the anticipation and tension in the room, somewhat calmed from a surprisingly enjoyable warmup with Mr Philip, and how that all seemed to melt away when the lights flashed on and the first act came to the stage. Throughout the entire performance what I found the performers excelled at was maintaining a sharp and purposeful energy level. The ability to manage explosiveness as well as the intricacy required to deliver silent, powerful scenes effectively was really impressive.

One actor told me they were inspired by Daniel Kaluuya’s enigmatic performance in Jordan film *Nope* to deliver a very challenging yet well-executed performance relying more on body language than dialogue. The final act particularly stood out to me due to its ambition to deliver a powerful message about social acceptance and the willingness to use sometimes harsh and critical lighting and sound to make that message land.

Photographer James Lane whispered to another member of the audience during the performance, “Wow, drama in this school has really come a long way since I was a kid hasn’t it?” Which is a reflection of this school’s commitment to unyielding progression in the performing arts.

I sometimes wondered why the year 11 drama students would want to wear their custom jumpers all day at school, now I know why. I can’t wait to see what the drama department has to offer next, but I can let our readers in on the inside scoop that they’re looking to incorporate live music into their upcoming performance of *Macbeth*. Coldplay fans like myself will not be disappointed.

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## It’s Showtime!

### Behind the scenes at the Oasis Winter Showcase

By AJ Cameron & Jake Stothard



As the annual Oasis Winter Showcase rapidly approaches, rehearsals are well underway in both the Music and Dance departments. We got exclusive access to

watch the rehearsals of one of the dance performances, featuring an ensemble of sensational performers. With the mentoring of the dedicated dance teachers, these incredibly hard-working students have been preparing for weeks for this performance. At these rehearsals, we got to see first-hand the sense of community among the dancers and the genuine talent that they showcase through the unique and memorable choreography. We also got the chance to ask the performers some of our burning questions.

We asked Lily in Year 11: “Do you get Stage Fright? And how do you overcome it?”. She told us that: “Sometimes, but you just have to remember that you’re on-stage to perform and that you’re going to be alright”

We also spoke to Jaycee in Year 12. We asked him: “Why is performing in front of our community important?”. He told us: “It gives the younger kids, especially, a chance to show what performance is about. Especially in the showcases, we get to showcase all of our abilities, like Singing and Dancing. It shows them the opportunities that we offer at the school, and where it can take you”.



We asked fellow Year 12 student, Rhea, “Do you have plans for performing to be a part of your life, even after you leave school?”. She told us: “Yeah I do. I’m not sure what I really want to do yet, but, I really want to perform in the future”.

Finally, we asked Leah in Year 13: “What is your advice to someone who thinks they

would like to take part but is too shy?”. She responded: “Just be yourself and come with an open mind. Everyone here is not judgemental, we’re all very non-judgemental people. So, come as you are.”.

The showcase takes place this week, and it is definitely not one to miss, so make sure to be there. Good luck to all the sensational acts!

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## Backstage



## The Audition

By Ellie Mae Allan

The news: hearing about a role, it’s the right fit for you. You want to audition. You need to audition. It has to be perfect. The weeks upon days upon hours of research and endless preparation all down to one single performance. Will you succeed? Will you fail?

The arrival: You sign in and are brought into a room, filled with fellow candidates, using the same script as you, going for the same role as you, but what sets you apart from the crowd? Some are running lines, some are listening to music, some are making small talk. You sit and wait. You stare at the clock, almost in a trance as you watch the seconds go by.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

You're snapped out of it as your name is called. You stand up. The audition: Walking down a long daunting corridor. You can feel your heart beat faster and faster as you reach the door.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

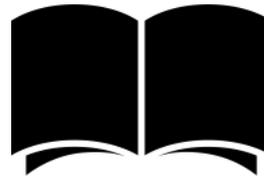
Frantically going over lines in your head as you walk closer and closer to the door. Mumbling to yourself in hushed tones. Trying to remember all the little details to set you apart from the other candidates. The spine-tingling, nail-biting rush as you turn the door handle. The first steps into the room, the realisation, this is actually happening, it's now or never.

The adrenaline kicks in as you're greeted by the stern-faced casting director. The same nerve-wracking greeting. "Hello, what's your name? Who will you be auditioning for? When you're ready."

You begin, trying your hardest to remember each little pause and change of tone. You finish. "Thank you, we will be in contact with the casting." You leave, overwhelmed with relief. You walk down the once daunting corridor, satisfied with your performance. Congratulations.

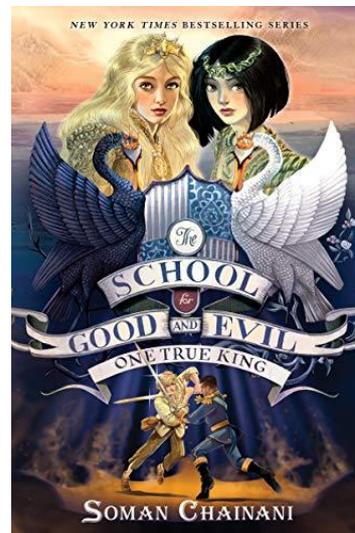


## Book Review



### The School for Good and Evil

by Soman Chainani



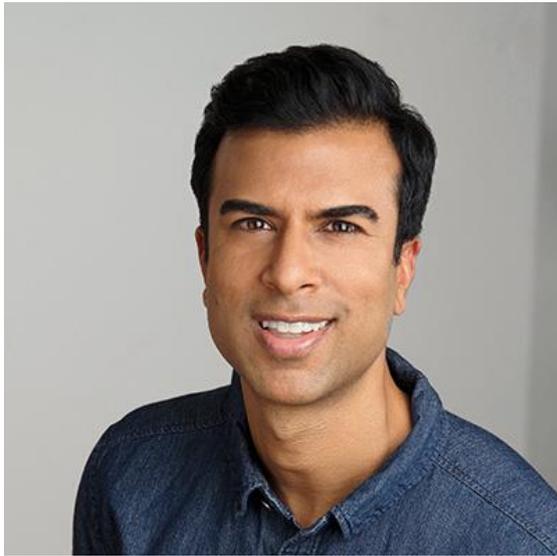
Reviewed by Talya Kuleshnyk



When I initially came across this novel I was slightly perturbed by the fact, it seemed almost childish, however, I was pleasantly surprised with the introduction of a complex storyline and characters.

This book begins with two antithetical friends, one typically good, the other evil by appearance. However, when kidnapped overnight and taken to this 'school for good and evil' Soman Chainani, the author, reveals that outward appearance is not equal to inner beauty and ultimately manages to include the confining nature of

stereotypes, and how liberating yourself from them can allow you to be yourself.



Soman Chainani\_

Some of you may be wondering, isn't the school for good and evil a movie? Personally, I feel like the book is much more immersive, especially as you see the characters develop and their relationships change through conflict. I also enjoyed the dismissal of the idea of a "male saviour" as it emphasised the message of feminism and empowerment in women. However, throughout the book, the two main characters kept fighting over a prince, somewhat trivialising this entire idea. Nonetheless, despite its flaws, this book is perfect for not only an introduction to fantasy, but also reading.

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## Movie Review

### Black Panther Wakanda Forever



Reviewed by Sanu Santosh



"He was black panther and king to everyone but to me... he was everything"

A beautifully made tribute to late great Chadwick Boseman, *Black Panther Wakanda Forever* uses its wonderful soundtrack, masterful cinematography and visuals to construct a respectful story to the legacy of the talented Chadwick Boseman. It does so in a way that's elegant and I can honestly say in my opinion makes the Black Panther trilogy (yet to be finished of course) a strong, outstanding and magnificent standalone when compared the rest of the Marvel Cinematic Universe.

The movie follows Queen Ramonda, Shuri, M'Baku, Okoye and the Dora Milaje as they fight to protect their nation from intervening world powers in the wake of King T'Challa's death. You may need to bring tissues to this tear-jerker of a film.

The soundtrack was one of the highlights of the first Black Panther instalment, and here the score is used to tie the story together perfectly. One of the standout

tracks is Rihanna's Lift Me Up. If it made you sob the first time around then you're definitely going to bawl your eyes out to this song by the end of the film.



The significance of lyrics such as "drowning in an endless sea" not only represent Wakanda's tensions with the underwater kingdom of Talokan but also Shuri's grief at losing her older brother T'challa. The vivid imagery here is used to invoke depression and rage, hinting at Shuri's destructive grief that seems so true to life (something that Disney likes to shy away from).

Furthermore, the score composed by Ludwig Göransson takes inspiration from Mexico City and Lagos (a city in Nigeria) to represent the new Talokan characters (who are inspired by Mayan culture) using Mesoamerican and Latino artists as well as artists from the African diaspora to bring to life a story of love, melancholy and self-destruction with a hopeful ending signalling to the audience that ultimately with pain comes acceptance sooner or later.

"Con la Brisa" and "Coming Back for You", create a spine tingling and electrifying eruption of goosebumps on your skin. This soundtrack combines Black and Latino powerhouses to be the icing on the cake for this MARVEL-lous film (pun intended).

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## A Personal History Diary of the Igbo Spirit

By Kyxia Ali

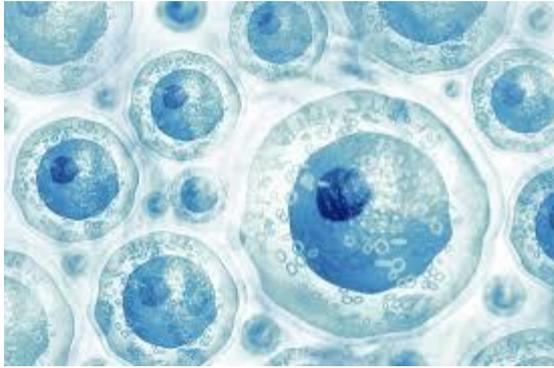
I always see things through where I am centred, and I am centred in my Igbo reality. For those who don't know, the Igbos are one of the 250 indigenous tribes native to the colonial project of what land is now called Nigeria. You may have heard about us through our music and prevalence in Afrobeats, or through our food and our superior Jollof, or from our authors like Chinua Achebe who wrote 'Things Fall Apart' or Akwaeke Emezi who wrote 'Freshwater'. Our culture is rich. And rich because of it being full of spirit. So, in navigating my life, and with you navigating this diary, centre yourself in that space, if you can, you will see me more clearly.

If there is anything that this embodiment, though my cultural reality, has taught me, it is that we cannot do things alone. We, whether human or spirit, plant, animal or fungi, cannot live alone. It's Divine Law, Nature's Law.



We all need community. We are stronger together, wiser together, vibrant together. Look at any ecosystem and look at how each organism contributes and is aided by the collective whole. Look at your body, your cells making tissues, tissues making organs, organs making organ systems and organ systems making you! But, in this

human condition, this condition of self-care, we forget.

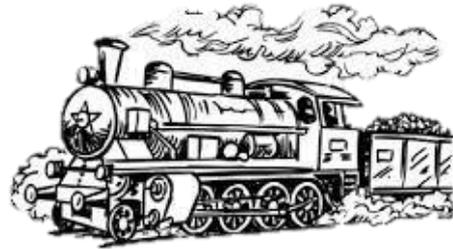


Where I'm centred in my indigenous Igbo reality; I am an *alusi*. For me, that means being a spirit in service to a community, to a people, to an ecosystem, whilst being inextricably a part of it. An ecosystem of spirit. It means a lack of individual self being replaced by a communal self, and that 'self' conserving and protecting the community, as it were, and as it is, itself. All of this to say, that community for me is a Truth. And I think, for a very long time, due to the need that I have to settle and assimilate, I have ignored myself/selves, and my community, for way too long, to the point where I forgot it was there.

Think about all the hands that went into making and distributing the clothes that you are wearing, or the plants that you moved past this morning, that gave you oxygen, so you can breathe! Think about your family, your friends, your teachers, the viewers on your social media posts, the birds in the trees, the mouse in your house, your future companions... How can you ever really be alone?



## Fiction



### Man of Fate

By William Hope Fitch

#### Chapter One

The whistle blew. Loud and sharp to the ears. The station wreathed in steam and smoke possessed a clammy atmosphere like that of a greenhouse. The hustle and bustle of people was gone now. All that remained was the passing of trains shuttling and shunting back and forth, they clanked and hissed, huffed and puffed, they moved slowly and quickly.

The signaller in his box overlooked the operation with a sense of pride. He heaved levers and flicked switches to keep this large operation going. Outside of the station building line upon line of kitted out soldiers stood, gripping their guns tightly to their chest, they listened carefully, each one caught in his own world of fears and hopes.



At the summit of the station building, above a large clock, was a bell. Every soldier's

eyes stayed steadfast upon this bell. A bell that would bring victory or death. Shortly, a large man in an officious uniform bustled out of the building. He stood at the top of the steps surveying the ranks. He took a look at his watch, grumbled to himself, and stood to attention.

Silence weighed down heavily upon the crowd of soldiers. The station was a large and bland structure, built in a time when money was scarce, it gazed down upon a large parade ground at the opposite end of which a tall flagpole stood. Surrounding the square were row upon row of shops and houses and warehouses, all reliant on the trade the station brought them. Crowds of the elderly, the young, women, and children lined the street that ran round the outside of the square. Not a mortal dared to make so much as a peep of noise. A large deep maroon red car pulled into the road that ran the circumference of the square. Clouds of steam puffed from the funnel atop the engine. It circled the square a number of times as if preying upon the soldiers and picking out the weak ones. Then it pulled up in front of the station. The high-ranking officer in front of the station marched down to the car and opened the back door. And out stepped a man whose physical appearance was rivalled only by that of a dried-out toad. A man whose disgusting nature made even his slimy high class friends retch. The General.



**To be continued...**

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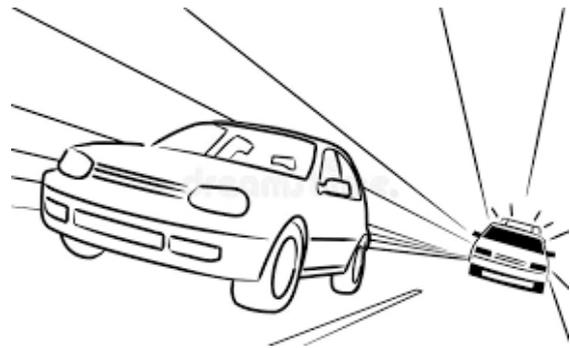
## **Fiction**

### **Jacob Levoff**

**By Moses Obiago**

#### **Chapter One**

#### **Wanted**



Twenty metres away. The pounding of his feet against the ground and the pattering of the rain was muffled by a car engine, revving ferociously. Bullets whizzed past his face, followed by the shouts of the bounty hunters, diligently pursuing him. He turned and entered a small alleyway, frustrating the hunters. He had lost them, but at what cost? He was stranded in the middle of nowhere; with no battery on his phone to call anyone, being too far from the main street to call for help,

Jacob was stuck at the pinnacle of life and death.

The boy panicked, turning in every direction, only falling deeper into this weary maze. He needed to escape by sunrise.

“No point running now, Jae. You’re doomed. No way out for you!” a strange man exclaimed, menacingly creeping up on him.

“Look man, I don’t want no problems.”

Jacob sighed, raising his fists.

“Oh, but you do!” the man cackled raising his fists also. The grizzly man lunged at him. Jacob hooked him with a mighty right hand, knocking him unconscious. Jacob took off, while the man was still down. After hot-wiring the man’s motorcycle, he rode off into the distance, as the man yelled and stomped his feet on the floor.



Jacob was getting away. One problem remained, however: he barely knew how to ride a motorcycle. Frequently and painfully hitting trash bins, boxes and stones, he was struggling. To his horror, he was about to collide into a brick wall. Jacob lunged out of the seat before the bike wheeled into the wall in a woeful embrace. Jacob limped from the slum in which he found himself, to see something that made him feel joy. He found the main road! Jacob found his car and entered the street. He was saved.

This was scary. Jacob was wanted.

To be continued....

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Meanwhile the hunter, Von Devonov, rang the doorbell.

“Where is his head!?” the ringleader shouted.

“He escaped, sir.” Vladimir shuddered. The ringleader bashed his cup on the table smashing it into a flourish of coffee and ceramic shards, startling the men. The ringleader sat back into his seat, stroking his cat.

“Tomorrow, you find the boy, bring him to me, and don’t mess up!” he hissed. The men nodded and exited the room.

When Jacob got home he turned on the news, he found out something that shook his world.

“Tonight, we have a special announcement to make: Jacob Levoff is highly wanted, with a cash prize of £5,000,000!”

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**Do you want to be a  
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or a cartoonist?**

**We are looking for  
reviewers, poets,  
storytellers, illustrators,  
and editors to join us at  
“the insight” to produce  
our next edition.**

**Look out for flyers about  
team insight meetings next  
term.**

**Have a great break and see  
you soon!**

