

Summer 2024

Issue 6

Spoken



The Oakham School Literary Magazine

Foreword

Welcome to a summery sixth issue of SpOken, Oakham School's student-led literary magazine, edited by students and editor-in-chief Dr Reddy. We have selected creative pieces as well as non-fiction articles for your enjoyment, mostly written during the course of the Summer Term. Given that it is exam season, much of the writing featured here comes from the Lower School.

In this issue, you will discover passionate articles written for The Day's Global Young Journalist Award. Many congratulations to all who entered, but especially to Jessica Warke, the runner-up in the Science category, and Ted Lewin and Maanav Singla who had their work shortlisted.

The SpOken Team wishes everyone a happy and restful summer break filled with reading and relaxation! We would like to thank all the artists and the writers who have submitted work this academic year, without whom there would be no magazine. If you wish to submit your own work to the magazine, be it writing or artwork, please do contact Dr Reddy via email eer@oakham.rutland.sch.uk

Happy Holidays!

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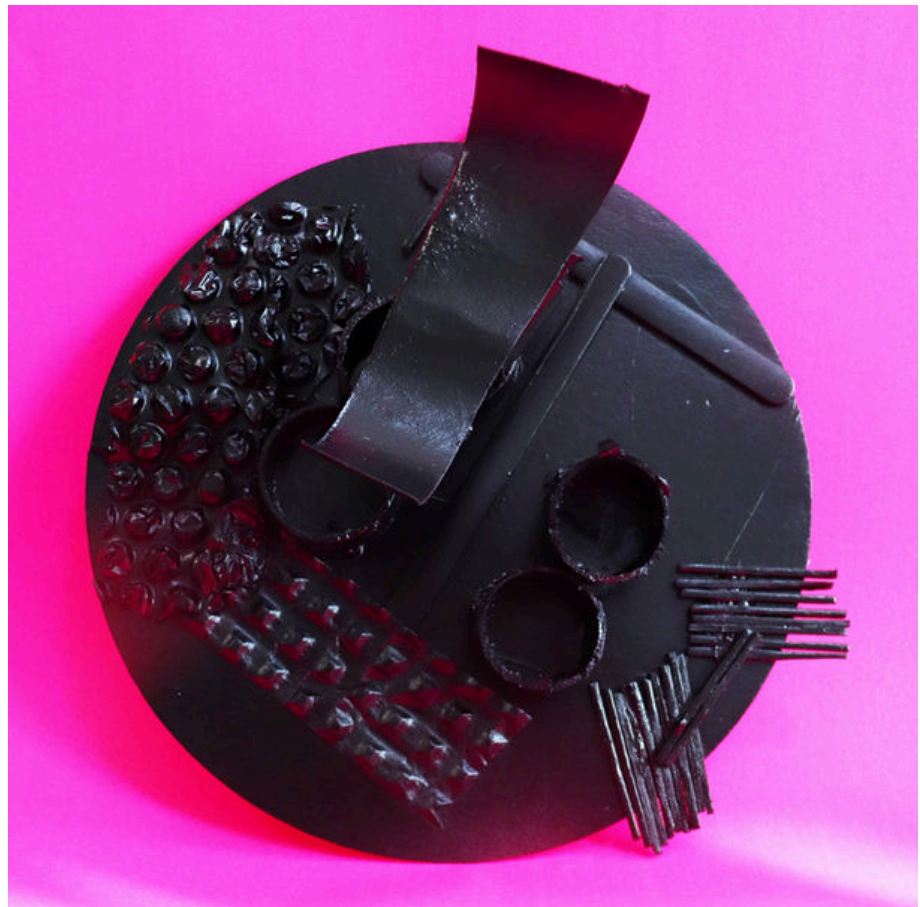
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Lower School



Artwork by Oliver Reynolds,
Form 2

Artwork by William Lowe,
Form 2



The Future

Luke Miller

Earth's gone. Destroyed by us. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye, a small red spacecraft came speeding towards our massive flagship. Inside, it felt like a maze, but even though I've lived on it for ten years, I still sometimes get lost. Some other people must have seen the spacecraft because I heard some other people shout to alert the rest of the crewmates. Luckily, we had a very experienced person controlling the lasers. They pierced straight through the spacecraft like a hot knife through butter. The spacecraft, before it was destroyed, was like a bullet in shape and sounded like a whirring generator. Phew! That was close, I thought.

When we were back on Earth, everything was going fine. Humans had just created the first robot army to protect us from Space. The army worked as intended for a while, but then it backfired and thought Earth was a giant asteroid. Later they created a sense of consciousness and started a war with us.

A few minutes later, I was just taking a break from my shift at the bridge, when straight out of nothing, I heard a massive Boom, then the alarm started screaming like a duck.

Rapidly, I sprinted through the Star-wars-like corridors and to the emergency pods. The emergency pod looked like a house with one room inside. It had some beds, a communication station, a small kitchen and steering module, in military style with a silvery titanium finish.

Some other people must have had the same reaction because ahead of me, people were crowding the red emergency hatch. These small spacecraft were only meant to hold seven people, not thirteen...

The Tale of the Lost Boy

Georgia Howett

They stared into my eyes, their fake, small pools of darkness. Nothing like the deep, wise eyes of the few of us left. Even though those eyes were going blank, their bulky mechanical wheels trailed off as the robots left me alone. It was cold and crisp, even with my jacket on. There had been an unnerving silence draped over us.

I am a loner; I don't like being around people. But what I hate most of all is robots. Those cruel-minded, sickening mechanic pieces of technology. Nothing else.

I live with my Grandma and my brother, though I haven't seen my brother in months. She still tells me he will be back soon from whatever mishap he has found himself in – my Grandma tells me stories, about lives well lived, of moments gone by, times that fly, loved ones and lost ones like they were ancient scrolls, full of wisdom and truth. When she fills my ears with these mind-bending tales, it sounds so much fuller than the futuristic, yet empty world I live in now.

Grandma tells me that things have changed so much. She says that there were no self-driving cars or robots everywhere you went.

"Annie, come downstairs. Breakfast is ready and there's a surprise!" shouts my Grandma. Her voice sounds happier than usual. I know this isn't going to make me happy. I haven't been truly happy since my mother died in a car crash.

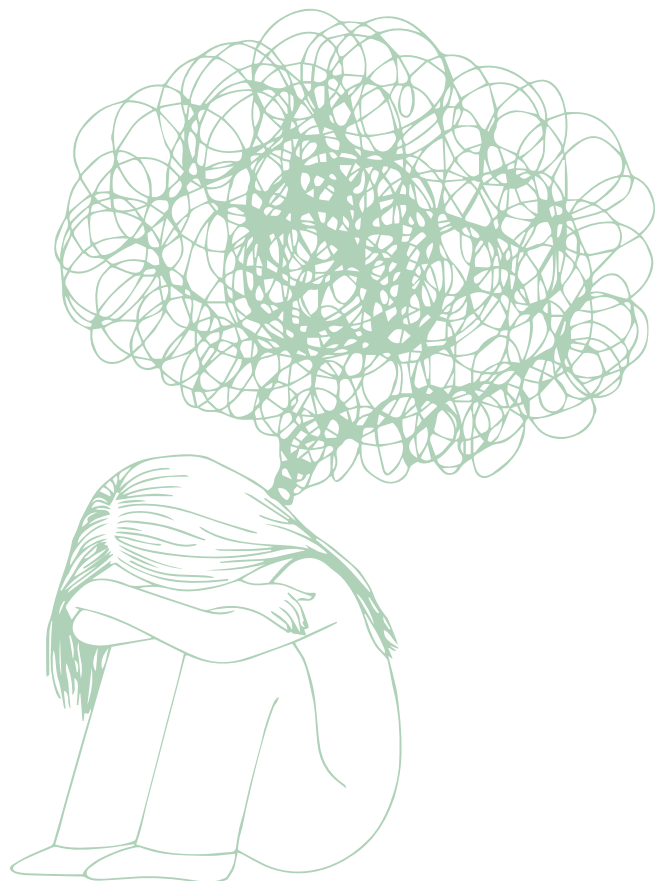
It's him. I remember him. I remember his floppy hair and his emerald eyes. I remember his stupid smile and his low, mumbled voice. My eyes are watering, my smile is bigger than it has ever been. For the first time, I can see the end of this ever-lasting storm.

"It's you!" I whisper to him.

"Yes it is, you haven't grown at all, I see," he says with a smirk on his face. I grab him harder than I have ever before. My tears grow more loving. I feel safe and happy which feels long overdue. Now that my brother is home, I never want to let him go.

We cook his favourite meal. We watch his favourite movie and it feels like he has been here for those few dismal years without him. I am the most elated I have been in a very long time, yet there is something itching my brain. I can't help but notice he isn't the same as he was before he left. I still don't know where he went.

My brain stops. My heart doesn't move. A storm in my head has been crashing and thrashing with unwanted thoughts. He was my best friend, he was my brother. But they have taken him - those cruel-minded, sickening mechanic pieces of technology have taken him, just like they have taken everyone else.



Devastation, Carnage, What Happened?

Ethan Webb

Two Weeks Earlier:

“Hi, there, Ash. Have you seen the weather today? It's looking like a storm of sunshine and no kaffuffle of clouds to be seen. What a wonderful day.”

I hear the clapperboard clap shut, the microphone echoing through my ears saying, “Cut!” Turning off my camera, I walk out of the studio into the shining sun as the blistering light streams into my bulging eyes.

I walk to the studio car park where I see an Alset car, a fully electric car with self-driving ability. The thing about Alset cars is that they always go wrong. It feels like every day I hear about a car crash with Alset cars in them, but one factor is that there hasn't been a driver in fifty percent of the crashes. Why would you buy one now?

Strangely, the car's engine rumbles to a start. “So much for an electric car.” The car starts edging closer to me like it's about to charge.

Everything goes into slow motion. I see the car charging at me. It will never stop in time.

As I go to move, I realise that my feet are stuck to the ground. I'm struggling to find a way to get out of this sticky situation.

Is this the end?

How will Donald Trump's trial affect the US election?

Ted Lewin

Donald Trump, the former president, and current Republican party presidential nominee has been accused of falsifying financial reports. He currently stands trial in New York. It has been alleged that following a number of extramarital affairs, he and his lawyer made payments of up to \$150,000 to buy his accusers' silence.

Using his connections at the National Enquirer magazine, Donald Trump sought to quash potential bad news stories that could threaten his reputation during the 2016 General Election. The magazine would purchase the rights to the story and then never publish the details. This tactic is known as 'catch and kill'.

To gain access to the funds needed to pay off his accusers, Donald Trump illegally diverted capital intended for his election campaign. The criminal trial focuses on whether Donald Trump and his cronies "mislabelled" the payments in his official financial statements and in doing so committed electoral fraud. If the jury of his peers, made up of ordinary citizens of New York, find him to be guilty. He could serve up to 4 years for each of the 34 charges he is facing. If Trump is convicted, he can still run. In 1920 the socialist party candidate Eugene Debs ran and came third with 3.4 percent of the vote. Debs was arrested for speaking out against America's involvement in WW1 and the "War Hawks" in congress.

Even though he can run while incarcerated, Trump will not be able to campaign in person and there will be questions on how he will effectively run America.

Donald Trump tried to use the courts to take back power after his defeat in the 2020 election and now he is claiming their infallibility. This factor will be important to note as this trial is soon to begin. By the time of the writing of this article a jury has been chosen and the trial is set to begin.

This criminal trial will decide the fate of the coming election and change the face of US politics.

How are Pesticides Breaking Biodiversity Apart (Europe)?

Harry Fairweather

Introduction.

We live in a time where the problems and trials of humanity are ever growing and perhaps more serious than ever. Many of us look to science for salvation, but what if one of the gravest issues of the century is a product of science itself: pesticides?

What are we Losing?

A report from 1997 describes pesticides as being a noticeable factor in the decline of British farmland bird species over the previous 30 years. In 2010, a typical arable field bird in the Netherlands -e.g., a skylark- was threatened with extinction due to a scarcity in wild plants and heavy pesticide use. Around the same time, 130 plants in Germany had either disappeared or had become endangered.

How are Pesticides doing this?

There are several answers. Many pesticides accumulate in food chains, where rodenticides in the prey of raptors and other predators, such as foxes, affect these larger species. When there is a dearth in weeds and other plants, the rodents and insects which feed on them starve, starving the predators as well; the same thing happens for bird/ rodent species and the loss of insects, worms etc. Ecosystems simply cannot cope without these key species and it's not like we haven't seen the repercussions yet.

Why is Biodiversity so Important?

"Ecosystem stability (resilience to disruption) seems to arise from groups of connected species being able to interact in more varied positive and complementary ways -Tilman 2002." The survival of the jigsaw of nature essentially relies on all of the pieces fitting together, because when there are too many of the same pieces, little is accomplished. Diversity in species is also proven to be more productive than monocultures.

What can we do?

Despite European endeavours directed to put an end to pesticides, the negative effects of them on wild plant and animal species still persist. Only a wide movement towards farming with a minimal usage of pesticides over large areas could begin to undo the damage dealt.

So, what can we do? Whilst personal attempts to staunch the flow of monoculture into nature, won't do the environment great favours, we can still try to help in our own ways. Beekeeping (especially in schools {because schools could make this activity more available for the general public and install ideas about nature preservation in young, impressionable minds}), bug hotels, avoidance of harmful chemicals when gardening and other simple, small attempts can help build back insect culture on a local scale at least. Whilst individually we may only be able to do small actions, these small actions do stack up, so that one day biodiversity restoration could be a real prospect in Europe.

Sources.

For all the factual/ statistical information used in this piece:

SOURCE: Online Leaflet.

AUTHOR: PAN Europe.

DATE PUBLISHED: 2010.

TITLE/ NAME OF WEB PAGE: Biodiversity and Pesticides.

URL: https://www.pan-europe.info/old/Resources/Briefings/Biodiversity_and_pesticides_leaflet.pdf

EQUALITY – DISABILITY

Eliza Singhal

17.5% of the UK population has a disability, that's 10 million people (about half the population of New York). 80% of them have a hidden disability and I'm one of them.

I have Ataxia and muscle weakness. Normal, everyday tasks that other people find easy are a struggle for me, like writing and sport. Ataxia is an invisible disability meaning that you can't see it just by looking at me. Knowing I'm different is something I've learnt to grow up with and the effect it has on my life has just shown me how to be more determined and resilient. My life would probably be boring without having these struggles, without knowing that I always have a challenge or adventure ahead of me. Equality is something I want everyone to experience but I feel that when people talk about equality, they don't always mean disability. I feel that people who disrespect people who are different don't realise that our differences are part of our personality and it's the thing that separates us from the rest.

New things are hard for me like when I started secondary school. It was difficult to get used to a new school, different teachers, the amount of walking and carrying my food at lunch. Explaining to my new friends about my disability was something I was really scared to do, but after the first term I really got used to everyone and my school became my second home. Even now, people still ask me if I really have a disability or if I am faking and I do not think it's fair or kind that people should be asked questions like that. It is still fun teaching my friends about my disability and it is good to have people around me who accept me fully for who I am.

I love showing people my real, crazy self and my one goal in life is to show everyone around me how to be truly happy. I know I can't do everything, but the one thing I do know is that; life is hard with challenges in the way, but you can always get through them with a smile on your face.



The magic of music: its capabilities might surprise you

Molly Plummer

As well as providing a mental massage for your ears, music has shaped the way we live, the things we wear and even the way our brain works. In fact, it is known by some that it is capable of change and can bring people together. But did you know that it can also reduce blood pressure and pain, increase mental alertness, memory and much more?

Music is a very normal thing to have access to nowadays, whether it's on vinyl, cassette, CD, streaming and more, but it wasn't always that way. Back in the day almost every kind of popular music was considered scandalous and unwholesome. The public's view hadn't changed just yet, even though research has shown that it has many benefits to your brain and overall health including improved sleep quality and mood as well as reducing anxiety.

It is amazing to think that all the big names in music have not only shaped the world we live in but also our minds. Different music genres can affect your brain in different ways, so what kind of music would you benefit the most from? For starters, classical music can improve memory due to its repetition and as it requires active listening, it can also improve concentration and can help you to be more focused. Another brain-beneficial genre is jazz which can impact processing languages and attention. Rock and Pop music can interest listeners and have an impact on emotional responses and brain wave patterns. There are many other genres which benefit the brain such as electronic and folk music.

If music has the power to change the way we think, then it has the power to change the world. Music could be used for change, and it has the potential to make the world a better place. If we protest using music, then our voices can be heard even louder than before.

Unveiling Fungi's Hidden Potential in the Earth's Preservation

Jessica Warke

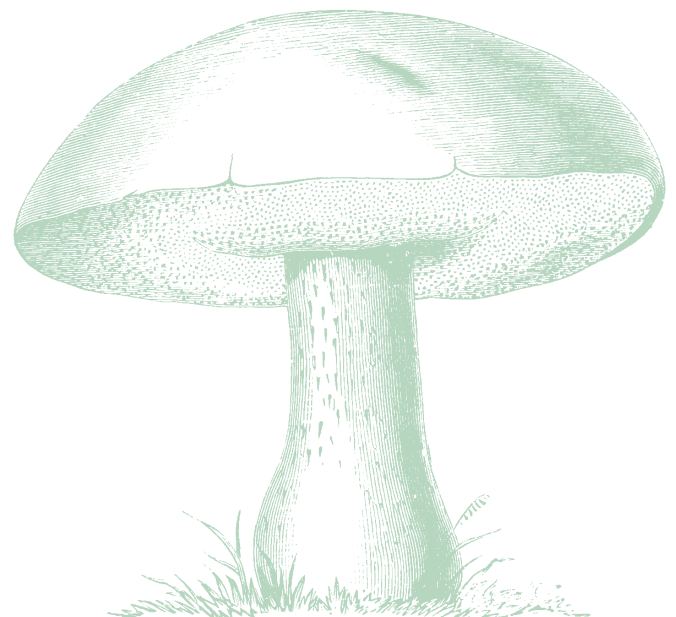
The world we reside in today wouldn't exist without fungi. University of Leeds scientists utilised computer models to simulate ancient Earth's atmosphere and their results suggest that fungi extracted minerals from rocks and then transferred them to plants. This process, therefore, created an oxygen-rich atmosphere and the world we know today. So, if fungi helped make our world, could it help save it?

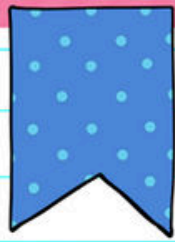
As many know, plastic pollution is one of our Earth's most dangerous environmental issues. Plastics can take up to 1,000 years to decompose and with over 250 million tons per year ending up in landfills and wildlife we need to significantly shorten this process. And this is where nature's waste disposals can help. In the Sydney lab scientists have discovered that multiple kinds of fungi can produce unique enzymes that can degrade the bonds between atoms in polypropylene, which is often found in most plastics. These enzymes operate in a comparable way to the human digestive system.

So, what can we do with this phenomenal information? Unlike many organisms, most fungi are capable of anaerobic respiration making them capable to thrive in the harsh atmospheres of landfills. This means, that in theory, landfills could cease to exist.

But why are we not using mushrooms in landfills already? This information is not new; Yale University students found the first fungus with an appetite for plastics in the rainforests of Ecuador in 2011. We have known these mushrooms' potential for over a decade and yet pushed it aside letting plastic pollution take hold of our environment. The reason is simple: Money. Plastic has saved thousands of people thousands of pounds and, arguably, delayed the cost of living crisis. With the massive success of plastics in the last decades reluctance to fund solutions and alternative has increased.

So, perhaps fungi could save our world.





Gender Equality in Sport

01

Facts

Courtney Dauwatler won a 238 mile race in Utah in just under 58 hours. The top male finished 10 hours behind- this shows that women can also do better than men. This goes against the stereotypical saying that women are worse than men at sport.

Did You Know?

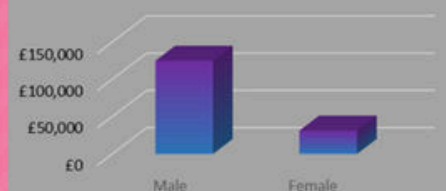
At Wimbledon, female tennis players only have to play 3 sets whilst male tennis players have to play 5 sets. This is surprising because even though that they play 2 sets less. This implies that female tennis players can't play the 5 sets, that a male tennis player plays.

02

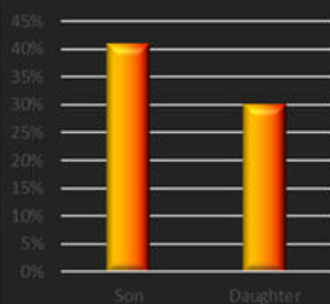
Statistics

In team sports, 7% more men than women play, and there is a shocking 22% gap between girls and boys. This is because in girls sports, they get paid less and it is considered less exciting. This is shown because on average a male footballer gets paid around £3 million per year, whilst a female footballer gets paid a shocking £47 thousand per year. The gap is starting to close but we have a long way to go to make the payment equal.

How much a Cricket Player can make up to...



% of Parents who think playing Sport is Important for their...



03

Conclusion

In conclusion, female athletes get paid so much less than a male athlete even though a female athlete can do the same, or even better, than a male athlete.

What we could do is make the pay checks fair and, like the tennis, make the sporting sets the same.

Equestrian sports, such as horse riding, has already started to make genders equal. They have made it so there is no "women's horse riding" or "men's horse riding", just equestrian excellence.

Middle School



Photograph by Mr Deane, Teacher of Computer Science

Micro Stories for National Story Telling Week

Isla Debenham, Minnie Henson, Malaika Atkins

I miss the light. Since I woke up here the beep.....beep....beep of the machines has been driving me insane. Who am I? Where am I? My head is a webbing whirlpool of questions. Suddenly a sharp voice shatters the delicate silence.

“Are you awake?”

I try to speak but my mouth feels glued shut. An abrupt knock alarms me.

“Miss Stephenson you’re under arrest. You have the right to remain silent.... anything you say will be used against you in the court of law.”

“A...a...a...arrested, me?” What for? Why?



Ella Jones, Chloe Shaw, and Serafina Griffin

The sirens almost blinded me. My body felt numb. Why did this happen to me? Why now? I tried to pull myself out of the windscreen not realising how much agony I was in. I fell back onto the ground, accepting defeat. My throat started to fill with sick. I felt my blood dripping down my leg, at least I thought it was mine.

My memories of the front

Florence, Oakenfull-Cox

14th August 1914

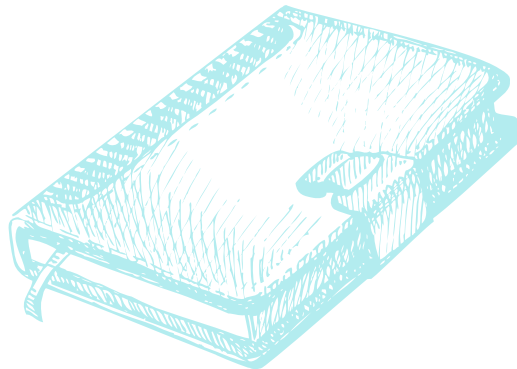
Dear Diary

Today marked the beginning of my journey into the heart of war. As I gradually stepped onto the battlefield, the air cracked with tension. The sky was a canvas of grey, heavy with the weight of impending doom. I found myself surrounded by a sea of soldiers while I could hear the distant sound of artillery echoing through the vast expanse, sending shivers down my spine. The horizon was a tapestry of chaos, columns of smoke billowed into the sky, obscuring the once serene beauty of the French field. As I took my first step on the battlefield, a whirlwind of emotions engulfed me. Fear gripped my heart like a vice, threatening to consume me whole. Amidst the fear, determination burned within me. I knew I had a duty to fulfil, a responsibility to protect and defend. Craters pockmarked the earth: a testament to the violence that would unfold. Tangled barbed-wire stretched across the land, like a web of despair, a stark reminder of the treacherous path that lay ahead.

14th February 1915

Dear Diary

It's been six long and gruelling months since I joined the war effort. My days are blurring together. Each morning I am quietly welcomed by the piercing cold seeping through my uniform, a constant reminder of the harsh reality I am facing. I can't help but imagine my family back home. I long for the warmth of my wife's embrace, the resounding contentment of my children's laughter, and the radiant smile of my parents. Their faces are etched in my mind, their voices echoing in my heart. But I must stay focussed and honour their love by giving my all to this battle. The trenches have become a labyrinth of despair. I find the nights the hardest. The darkness envelopes me, broken only by the far glow of distant explosions. Sleep comes in fragments, interrupted by nightmares that blend with the horrors of the day. Besides the chaos, there are fleeting moments of respite - the laughter that echoes through the trenches, when we find that brief moment of levity. This reminds me I am not alone in this fight. In the shared cigarettes and whispered conversations we share a sense of brotherhood and unity. As I cautiously approach the trench, I am aware this is about to become my second home. Quietly, I sit here, full of hysteria and unease, but I feel prepared to give my all and make my fellow soldiers, as well as my family, proud.



War Diary

Taylor Foster

I had just arrived. I stepped off the train and saw injured men, some with missing limbs, some with cuts and some dead. I could hear the injured soldiers shouting in pain. My group started to march towards the trenches and the Front Line. We got half-way, but in the forest we heard shooting, and smelt the smoke – it was mildly thick.

When we arrived, the General came up to us, his big cigar in his mouth full of smoke. As he told us to go to the trenches a fog of smoke came out of his mouth and nose. An officer guided us to the trenches. I froze and took a long glare at my surroundings – a shiver ran down my spine.

HOW TO GET THROUGH...

Philippa Day, Izzy Ganney, Sofia Watkinson Calvo, Annabel Hiles

As the breeze brushed through my hair I listened to the sound of the stream below me. It ran fast like my mind. The sounds took me back to when we first came here.

Her voice was filled with joy as we ran alongside the river without a care in the world. I miss when we were young, when she was here. All of a sudden she stopped and knelt down to the pile of rocks on the ground. As she got back up I saw something in her hand.

“What’s that?” I asked.

She opened up her palm to show me a rock. It was smooth, flat and as grey as the sky today. Her palm then closed.

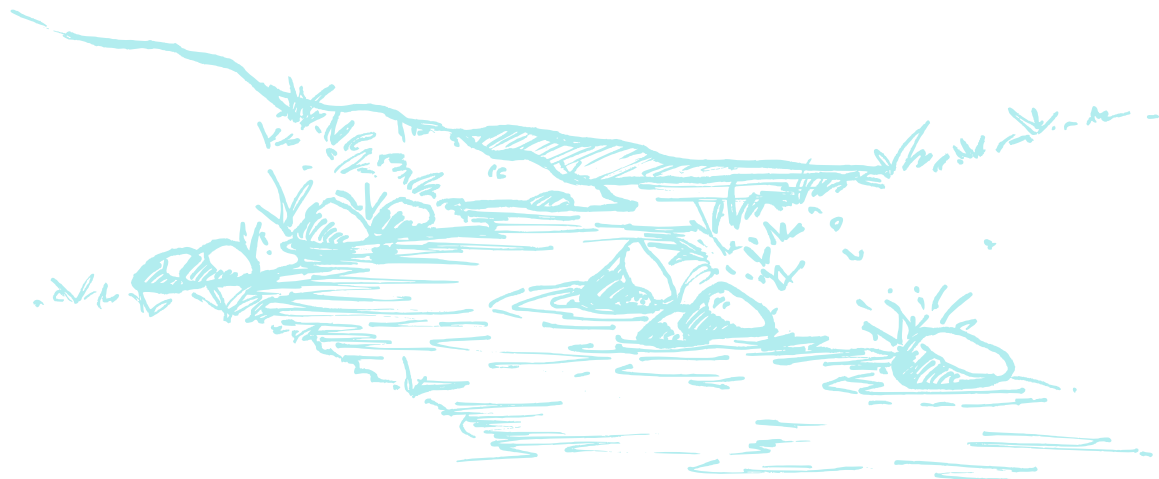
“Watch this!” she explained.

She turned herself around towards the river and threw the rock. It was wonderful: it skimmed along the surface of the water – it was like it was on an invisible path.

“You see that it is like it is on an invisible path. It’s like life, sometimes at times when you are at your lowest ebb there is always something there to show you how to get through it.”

That’s it. All I need. This isn’t the end for me. I still have hope.

I stepped down. My mind was quiet. I went home.



The Sun

Florence, Oakenfull-Cox

Ending
a sunset.
with a
evening
the
happiness to
brings
it
mountains below.
beneath
glow
on
fields
and
warm
a
casting
onto the world
glow
reflect
start
the
morn,
vivid
colors
The
luminous rays
sunrise
and sunsets.
The suns
gifts
us
with
both
tomorrow.
until
sky
below.
The
sun
fading out of
the
navy
The bright
colours
of everyone

Upper School



Artwork by Alexandra Romanova, OO

Can healthcare professionals refuse to undertake procedures based on conscience?

Francesca Shapero

I think that before we explore this subject, I need to put the responsibilities of a healthcare professional, nay doctor, into context: as part of the graduating ceremony of many medical schools, one is required to swear the Hippocratic Oath. This involves prescribing only beneficial treatments, essentially beneficence, as well as refraining from causing harm, non-maleficence.


Now, in order to understand why there are issues with conscience, we first need to understand what our conscience actually is.

Conscience is a person's moral sense of right or wrong, a 'moral compass' if you will, and is regarded in numerous different ways. These include Intuitionism, the view that conscience is an innate intuitive faculty, that determines the perception of right and wrong; Superego, which is Freud's postulation that conscience is a major element of personality formed by a child's incorporation of moral values through parental approval or punishment; and finally, Empiricism, which is the notion that conscience is cumulative, and subjective inference from past experience gives direction to future conduct or decisions.

To properly consider whether healthcare professionals refuse to undertake procedures based on conscience, I want to use Empiricism's notion of conscience.

Now, healthcare professionals currently have the right to conscientiously object to any procedure that they deem to be morally illicit or harmful to a patient, which is their professional autonomy.

Indeed, this might be entirely necessary in situations when the "doctor knows best", such as when a patient is requesting antibiotics, but the healthcare professional, a GP in this case, is certain the infection is viral.



However, the issues arise when we realise that a healthcare professional's right to conscientiously object to procedures extends to exercising religious liberties within their profession. This holds especially true because many religions view procedures such as abortions as morally wrong. For example, the Church of England holds the view that abortion is 'gravely contrary to the moral law'. So, could a healthcare professional refuse to carry out an abortion if it conflicted with their religious beliefs?


However, if we look at the other side of this coin, we have patient autonomy. It is important to know that part of patient autonomy is having the freedom to request procedures such as abortion and euthanasia (which we'll come back to later), and consequently, when a healthcare professional denies a patient access to such procedures, could we say that this is the oppression of patient autonomy?

But, I would like to say that one's conscience may not always stem from religious belief, because, if it is truly cumulative, (as stated by Empiricism) then surely other factors will play into a healthcare professional's decision to refuse to do a procedure? And surely they would make an informed decision that would not remove patient autonomy?

Yet, inevitably, there will always be cases where a patient is not competent enough to have autonomy and make those decisions, so this is also something to keep in mind.

However, in my opinion, I think underlying this, there is an inherent contradiction: if a healthcare professional can refuse to carry out a procedure on the basis of conscience, why does oppressing patient autonomy not equally prick their conscience?

This leads me onto another contradiction I noticed, referring back to the Hippocratic Oath, a physician will swear that they 'will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked' and 'abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous.' (This essentially means harmful.)



I say this is contradictory because if healthcare professionals have a responsibility to do no harm, how can we possibly expect them, in sound mind, carry out the euthanasia of a patient? Especially because in doing this, they would be giving deadly medicine, with the intent to harm their patient. And hence could we say that healthcare professionals, especially doctors, are breaking their Hippocratic Oath in giving patients autonomy?

Although procedures such as euthanasia are less of an issue in the UK because they are illegal, there has been a recent push from figures such as Dame Esther Rantzen to push their legalisation.

But despite all this controversy, I think that for many healthcare professionals they cannot even consider it as a possibility to refuse to treat a patient: they simply see it as part of their responsibility.

To sum this up, I definitely think that healthcare professionals can refuse to carry out procedures, especially if due to their past experience as opposed to religious beliefs, it goes against their conscience. However, I am a firm believer that what matters most is the care of the patient, and their needs should be placed about all else, as this is a healthcare professional's duty.

Hence, I think there is probably some middle ground that can be reached, as with all things.

This could be a compromise where a healthcare professional can refuse but only when certain conditions are met, for example, there is someone else available who can carry out the procedure.

In this way, we can retain the autonomy of both the patient and professional.

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Text in Translation

Lilly Seeberger

Es ist die Liebe

Es ist die Liebe, die uns durch das Leben trägt, sie uns
Mitmenschen mit wärmenden Gefühlen pflegt.

Es ist die Liebe, die aus uns was Besonderes macht, wo auch für
traurige Menschen die Sonne lacht.

Es ist die Liebe, die uns ein Leben lang begleitet, unsere Liebe zu
unseren Liebsten verbreitet.

Es ist die Liebe, die uns kämpfen lässt, wodurch schon viele
Menschen wurden verletzt.

Doch es ist die Liebe, die über alles siegt, denn hast du sie im
Herzen, sie alles Gold der Welt besiegt.

It is the love

It is the love that is guiding us, true love is nourishing us and our
peers with warm feelings.

It is love that makes us become something special and even for
the sorrowful, it makes the sun laugh.

It is love that is with us our whole life, it brings love to us and our
loved ones.

It is love that we fight for, but because of love many suffer.

But it is the love that wins over everything; if you have it in your
heart then you will be richer than all the gold the earth has to offer.

Summer in Oakham

Find the following words in the box. Have fun!!!

G	H	Z	F	Y	B	O	M	O	F	H	Z	M	J	V	F	I	J	T	Q	A	L	X	C	P
F	E	D	U	I	R	V	P	D	N	R	J	D	B	M	X	D	V	W	X	M	F	M	L	C
N	A	Q	P	L	H	A	W	M	L	C	Q	B	S	U	N	R	C	L	L	I	D	P	K	L
H	L	N	C	I	F	C	O	J	H	N	F	Y	L	S	O	E	A	V	S	S	D	H	P	L
T	U	X	C	D	K	A	H	A	P	P	I	N	E	S	S	H	M	A	E	R	C	E	C	I
P	I	G	D	E	B	T	M	D	Y	D	J	S	O	N	A	W	L	L	K	D	X	A	S	B
O	L	M	H	S	J	I	A	I	N	T	E	R	N	A	T	I	O	N	A	L	A	X	U	I
S	L	B	D	N	F	O	E	F	L	T	K	Q	B	L	P	O	E	M	K	V	A	E	R	U
T	F	T	S	L	L	N	R	N	R	G	B	F	N	V	K	T	L	N	S	E	I	F	F	W
P	S	S	U	H	E	E	P	R	O	G	C	H	E	K	O	O	B	P	S	V	O	U	I	F
B	N	U	N	H	N	T	O	Q	W	V	W	P	C	M	O	V	G	M	T	C	E	E	N	Q
U	Y	C	G	Q	P	S	V	R	D	B	X	I	F	R	I	E	N	D	S	G	T	C	G	D
F	T	T	L	Q	G	C	S	K	Q	K	V	M	T	R	L	Q	X	K	B	F	O	N	G	R
M	W	I	A	B	Q	R	O	I	F	B	X	E	Y	Z	R	K	Q	B	Y	G	M	E	K	I
W	K	X	S	S	U	M	M	E	R	S	E	E	O	X	P	L	Z	V	Q	J	K	I	L	N
S	N	E	S	R	J	G	F	K	M	G	N	I	N	N	A	T	T	T	Y	R	P	R	I	K
U	F	W	E	Z	N	X	D	C	S	G	G	P	I	J	I	D	S	G	Q	M	H	E	V	H
P	C	G	S	W	T	E	H	T	C	K	G	R	O	D	M	E	S	O	G	K	Z	P	H	Q
N	K	X	W	U	L	W	L	R	B	P	X	P	O	K	A	X	Y	D	N	U	C	X	H	N
E	L	O	O	P	K	U	X	V	T	R	S	Y	D	D	H	S	I	S	I	U	F	E	H	Y
K	D	X	T	P	I	K	I	Y	R	J	K	O	K	P	K	N	V	Q	M	R	N	U	F	K
O	E	U	A	W	B	L	H	O	L	I	D	A	Y	U	A	C	F	W	M	J	F	N	W	O
P	U	V	C	P	A	L	J	M	P	S	H	R	C	A	O	Q	W	B	I	D	C	P	W	Q
S	I	O	S	L	V	L	B	B	I	X	J	Q	S	D	E	O	X	S	W	Q	C	M	M	I
L	G	Y	B	S	J	J	C	W	N	T	K	D	D	K	N	Q	G	P	S	T	Z	G	U	F

Following words are hidden:

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|--------------|
| 1 summer | 2 oakham | 3 sun |
| 4 drink | 5 poem | 6 surfing |
| 7 experience | 8 international | 9 spoken |
| 10 sunglasses | 11 friends | 12 happiness |
| 13 tanning | 14 holiday | 15 icecream |
| 16 fun | 17 vacation | 18 pool |
| 19 swimming | 20 book | |



We invite all pupils to submit their creative writing.

Whether you write poetry, short stories, descriptive pieces, it matters not!
We want to hear from you.

You can submit your work all year round as there will be plenty of future opportunities to be published.

We are also looking for artwork for the magazine. If you would like to see your art in print, please do not hesitate to get in touch.

**To submit your work, please email it to Dr Reddy
eer@oakham.rutland.sch.uk**

