









Hi everyone! I'm Nshira, and I am excited to be part of the PHSG Head Student Team for 2023! As well as being Deputy Head Student, I am also looking forward to taking on the role of the leader of the Diversity and Inclusively group. Although I only joined the school in September, the PHSG community has been so welcoming and kind, and I hope to exhibit that same behaviour as a deputy head student! By the end of my term, I would have liked to create lasting and impactful change which will benefit the school long after my time as a student.

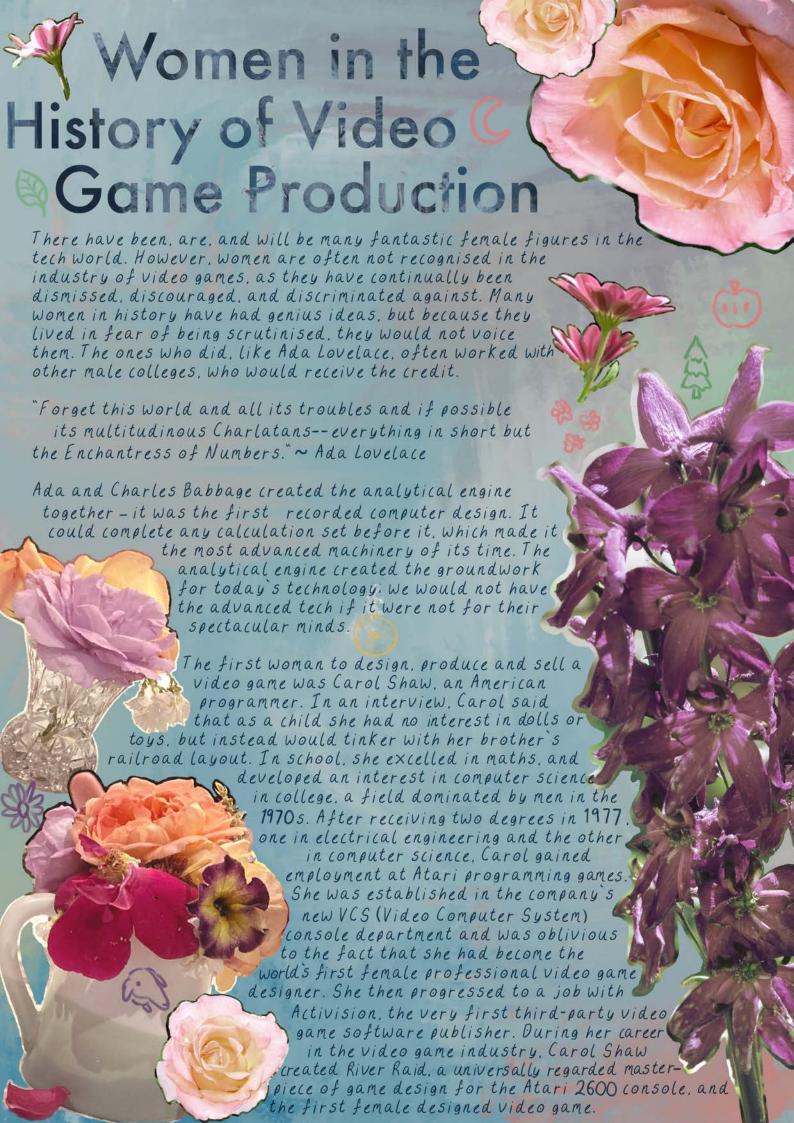
Hi I'm Zara, and I'm so excited to be the editor of the school magazine Hear Me Out for 2023. I really hope I can continue the work that's been done by my predecessors and build on it. Although I aspired to becoming some sort of student leader when I first joined the school, actually becoming the editor of a magazine which I'm passionate about is quite surreal. I really hope I can encourage creativity and curiosity in students of Plymouth high and be an approachable source of intelligence and advise.



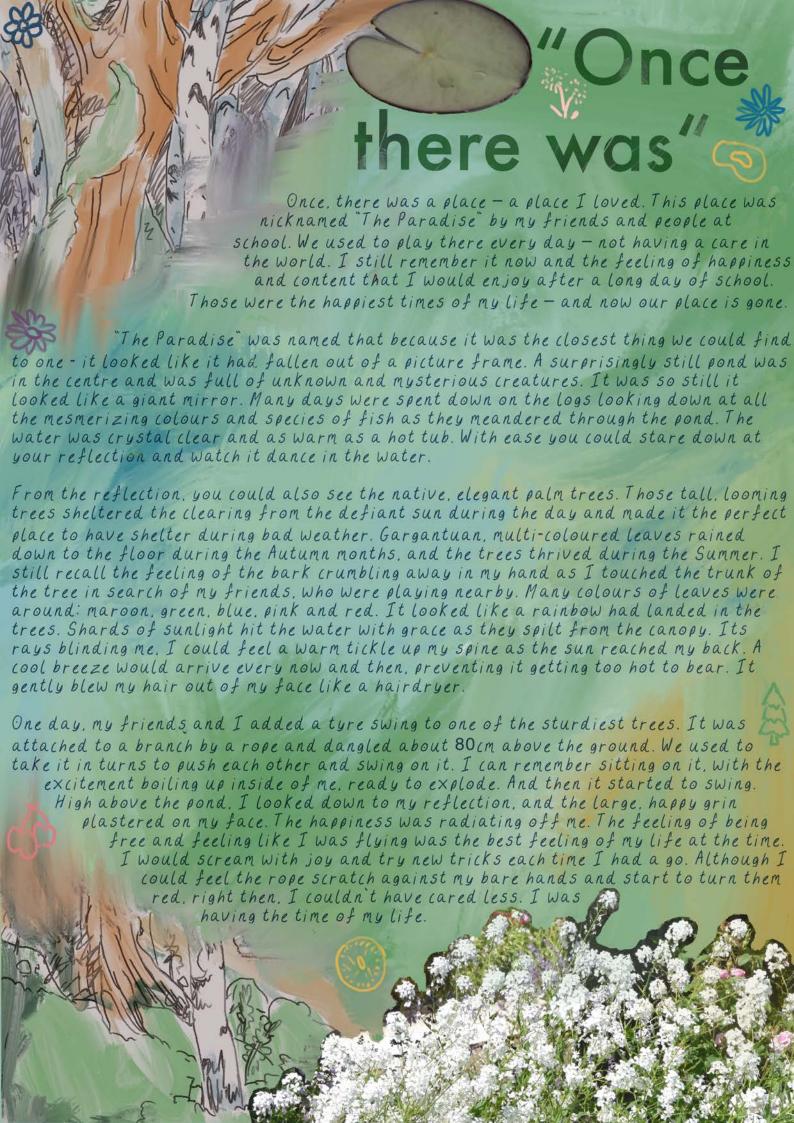
Notes from the editor:

Thank you to all the artists, unless and poets for contributing your marvellous work to this edition.

I am incredibly buchy to expose the world to your work:















I sent her a letter.

My memory failed me: I could not recall the words I'd so hopelessly scrawled. In my poor attempt to rekindle the flame, I remember I'd asked her to meet me here, on that green outcrop of the headland where, ten years ago, we'd parted ways. Ten years ago, when we knew not how to discriminate but rather celebrate the differences between us. Though brutal in its volatility, love seemed sweeter then than it does now.

Much to my surprise, she sent one back.

All the years we've been silent, drifting close enough to reach out but made sure never to touch. Her handwriting had not changed. It's the same, poet's scrawl as it was when she'd just begun to flower. When she was full of dreams, hanging in the balance of frantic and thoughtful. Her letter remained clutched in my grip like it were an anchor, keeping me from wandering off the edge of the world.

Off the edge of this headland.

Day began gradually oozing into night as I stood, hooked in that liminal space between my consciousness and my imagination. Snowy Gannets soured in the evening light: suspended in a sporadic murmuration, dancing a Balette I never knew how to appreciate as much as she did. Birdsong silenced by the orchestra of the sea.

"They mate for life." She mentioned once.

long, slow fingers of orange from the delirious sun reached out across the sky of honey, clutching onto the last few hours of day. That dizzy, drunk feeling haunted me on evenings like this. That same, happy overstimulation we had when we shared our

first. World entwined in bodies.

-bending, time-collapsing kiss. Back in the halcyon days, each other's arms like the veins that course through our

We met in the teenage years when Summers were revitalising, and worries were fleeting. She was the fresh-faced daughter of the Shoe company owner my family worked for. Overworked and underpaid but never complained. We'd share furtive glances when we saw one another until she plucked up the courage to finally share a word. Often in secret for her father would reprimand her for mixing with such meagre folk. Her family was disgustingly affluent, yet she seemed blind to my financial flaws and broken smile. We grew close enough to talk about our dreams. She wanted to be a writer and I, content. We picked each other apart until we were our truest forms, talking and feeling of freely without judgement or prejudice.

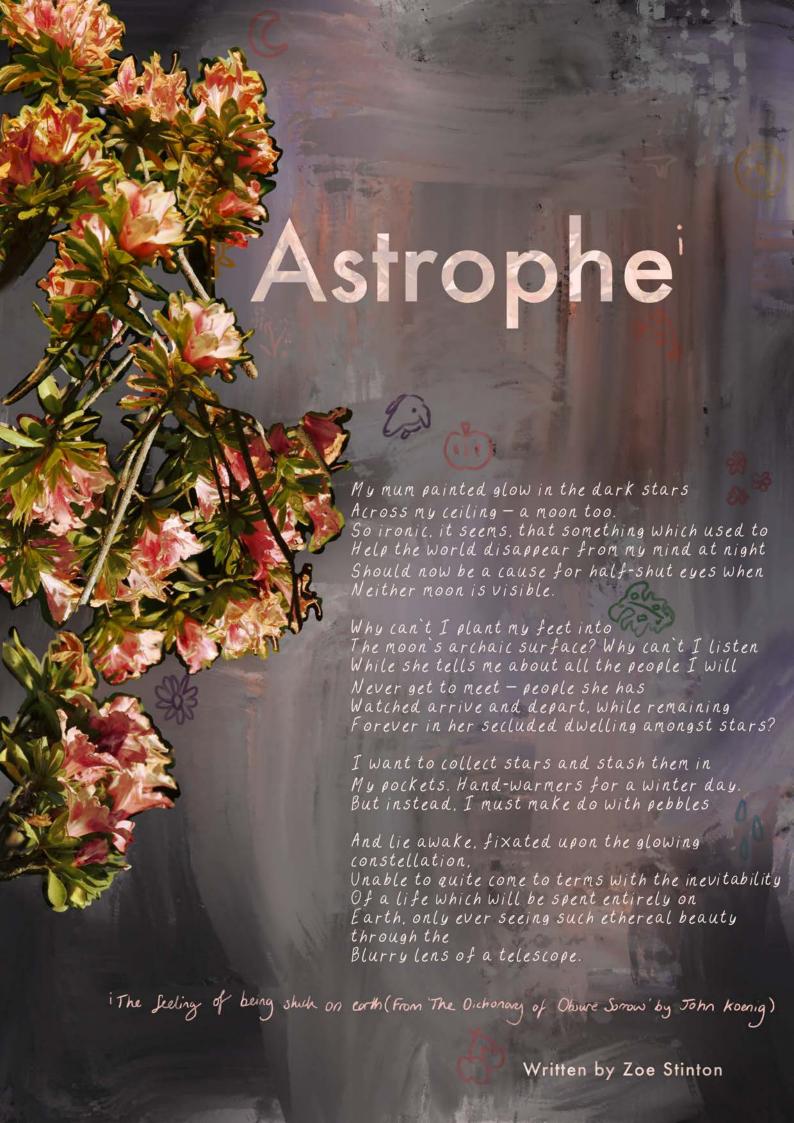
Often, we'd escape the parameters of

beadland where we could be human. Where we could

ndependence. Flowers tumbled from her mouth when she talked, and flowers grew behind her as she walked

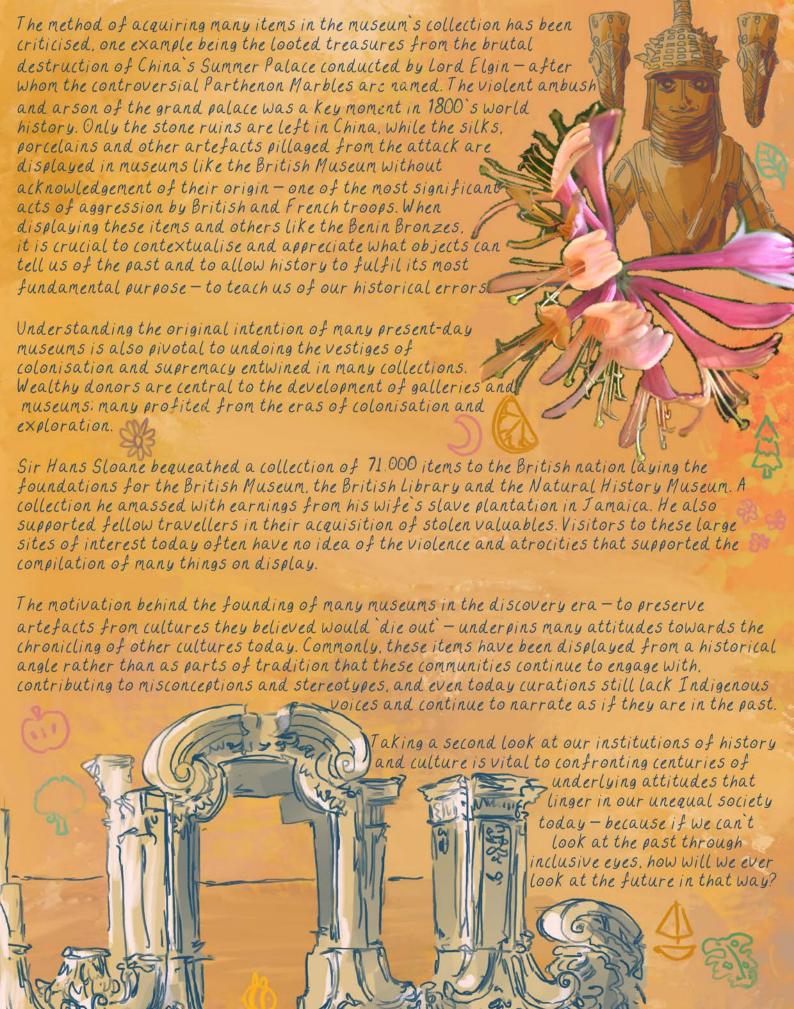
descape the hate. With her, she carried her own atmosphere. An air of benevolence and honest

No one loved her like I did. As we grew older, we'd begin to grow into our destinies like children did with hand-me-downs. Suddenly, it made sense that she wanted to be a writer: she turned her words into artsomething I couldn't quite fathom. Erudite and articulate. Flowing, ebbing ideas drove her to move to the big city, desperate to share her flowers with the world. She asked me to move with her, start a new life together but she forgot: there was no room for people like me in that concrete jungle. Plus, my parents had grown old beyond their years. They needed me more than she did. I see her disappointed acceptance before me now. Her face sculpted into the clouds and It was a fire licking the lining of my stomach, scorching me just beneath my skin. You could rewrite your story. Rewrite it so I'm in it." How can I." I asked, the memory as vivid as the melting sun before me now. "How can I when I was never taught how to write?" She was my most colourful memory and maybe that's why she makes me feel so translucent. My colour left with her. Even thinking of her painted the wind with the most delicate and ethereal colours. Hues of iridescent pinks and blues all embroidering the sky with the memories of her. She lay in the fabrics of everything I'd built my life around, something I hadn't realised up until that letter. If love truly knows no bounds, Why am I hurting so much now? The sun dripped further down past the horizon and the Gannets had returned to their nests on the cliff edges, back to their roosts where their lifelong partners waited patiently. I was truly alone. How horrible it is to mourn someone whom is still alive. To know that being with them is completely, possible yet remains completely impossible in every sense of the word. Shadows stretched languidly across me as I turned to stone with the growing coldness of the dying sun. Mueyelids grew heavy and my body stiff. Going home wasn't an option: she was my home, my heart taking root on this headland where the images of her were strongest. The tussle of grass. The flicker of shadows. "You learnt to write." It was her. There she stood, wrapped in dusk. Age had only just begun to fiddle with her features. Despite the low light, my heart knew it was her. Radiant and glowing. The letter slipped from my grasp and whirled out over the edge, taking my rationality with it. I crumbled, an ancient stone castle after a storm. The air vibrated between us as she held her arms out to me. Every second we drew closer, becoming increasingly magnetised, the colour and light pouring back into my life. A spark flew and the splint burst into flame once again, burning this time, white hot. "I did." I whispered, our eyes meeting like bird-Wings brushing together in flight." I learnt just so I could find you again." And finally, after ten years of waiting, here we blur into one, getting lost in the architecture of each others hearts one again. Illustrated by Nyx Walker



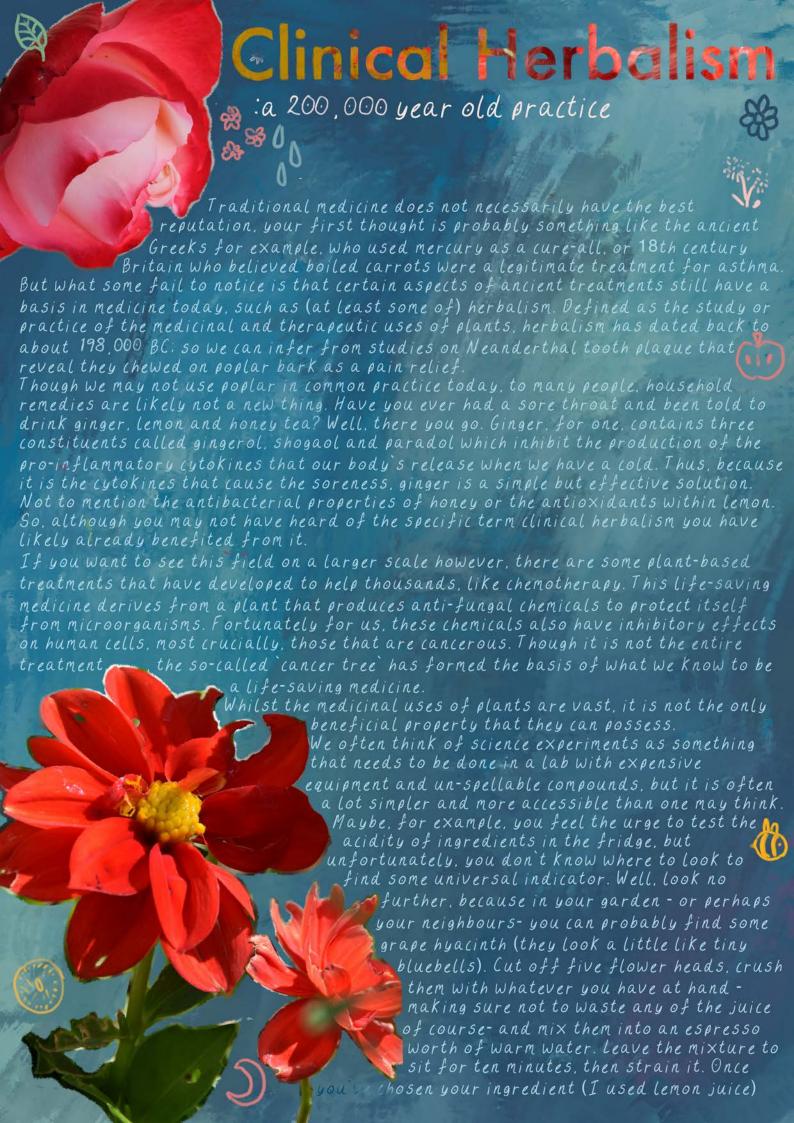






Written by Sarah

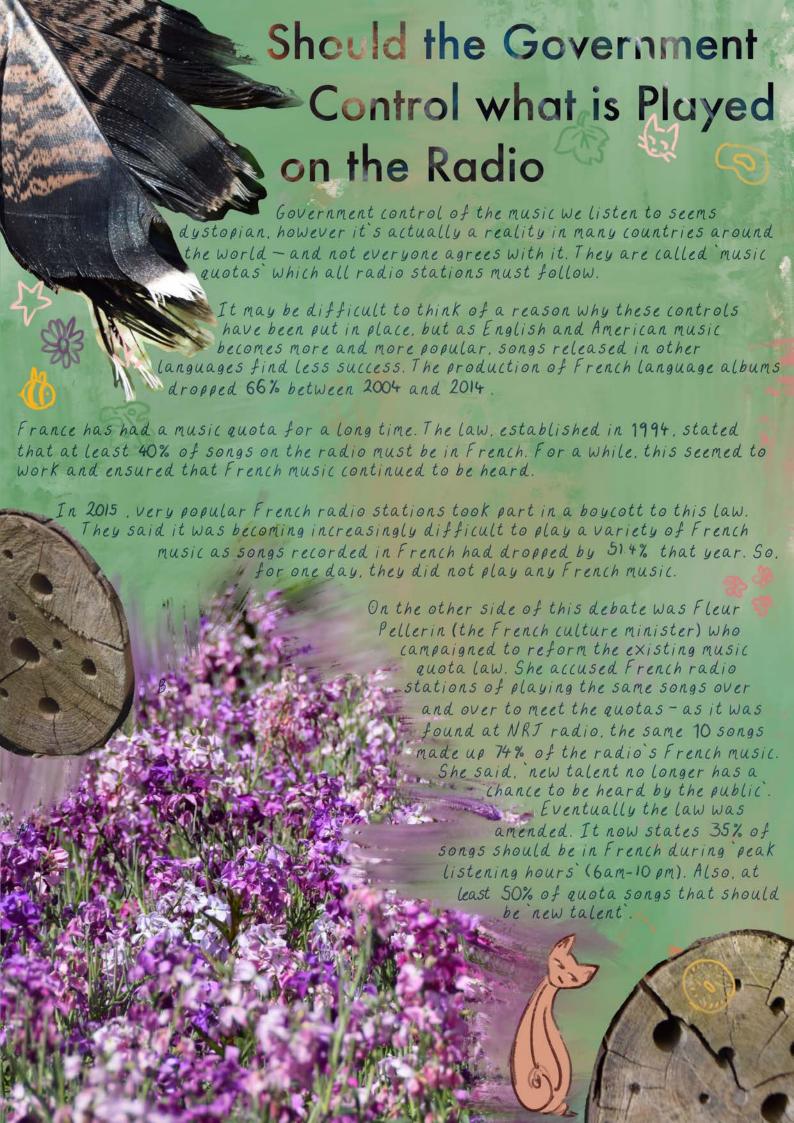
Darwich











So, did it work? Yes! In 2018 20% of the top 200 albums were French debut albums, which tells us there is more new talent being heard. Also, French Artists occupied 80% of the top 200 songs of 2018.

However, if we look at Germany – there is no music quota for German music even though there has been support for it since the 1990's. In 2004, new German music only covered 6% of German radio airtime. So why hasn't one been imposed? Well, unlike other countries such as France and Spain, Germany does not have many international popstars. Most German singers will mainly have an audience of their own country. So, German ministers fear that an introduction of a quota will mean the German music scene will rely too much on the law and therefore will be unable to break out into international markets in the future.







EVENTS AT HOLCOMBE



Ow, not many of you know, but Holcombe Grammar School is a part of the same TSAT trust that all of you attend. So, we thought it would be fitting to introduce ourselves. Holcombe is an all-boy's school and mixed sixth form with a huge variety and diversity here while also being academically focused, but in reality, it's a community. A lot of what our school is built on is the shared experiences that take place at the school. That's why I personally feel that the best way to show the school is by showing you the interesting things that have been taken place recently and hopefully gives insight into who we really are.

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New Musical: Shrek Jr

Holcombe's Musical Shrek Jr is premiering on the Wednesday 29th and Thursday 30th March to crowds of parents and supporters for one of Holcombe's most recent performances being a grand event for all that are involved. The story revolves around how Shrek, leads a cast of fairy tale misfits on an adventure to rescue a princess and find true acceptance. Part romance and part twisted fairy tale; Shrek JR. is a fun show with a powerful message for the whole family. The entire school is excited to see what comes of this and can be the future steps for aspiring actors.



Debate Society

Everyone has a point to make but sometimes you can never find the right words, or it doesn't sound right so here at Holcombe, we have a club where we are able to discuss certain topics and hear from different perspectives to challenge us to think harder about problems we face. For example, a recent debate was done on "Whether universal healthcare should be fully funded by the government". Due to the club being open to all years, a large variety of people can come along and hear arguments made and take away their own opinion. Clubs like this are so beneficial to help the students become better communicators.

Chemistry Olympiad Ĉ

e also want to congratulate our students for their outstanding achievement in the Chemistry Olympiad. 20 students who completed the Olympiad, all received a bronze award or higher, which is a remarkable accomplishment. Their hard work and dedication to the subject is truly commendable. It's important to remember that the Chemistry Olympiad is a highly competitive exam that is momentous to even gain a reward. We believe that this recognition should serve as an inspiration to students who are thinking about pursuing a career in STEM as it contributes to a list of qualifications. By dedicating some time to revise, students can show that they can achieve their full potential. We encourage all students to pursue their passions and strive for excellence in anything they enjoy, no matter the challenge.

Thinking School Competition

The thinking school competition was a contest made for students to submit their ideas on the theme of "peace". This allowed students to submit their ideas in any format, whether it be a written essay, a video, an art project. All submissions made had the opportunity to spark conversations and inspire solutions that can make a difference in the world. The competition also provides a platform for students and community members to showcase their creativity with the winners having won amazon gift cards. This feels relevant to being a part of the trust because of the emphasis of thinking tools to better express thoughts.

Young Reporters

Through a series of workshops and assignments, Students had the opportunity to hone their writing skills and receive feedback from experienced writers to be able to create news articles with their work being published on the Newshopper. One of those students said that "It felt realistic and was treated like a journalist but not only that, they helped us get out of our



comfort zone" – Kelly Oppong. The course started on the 31st of January and ends in April. In this short course, they were given free reign on topics around the community that felt passionate about.

Upcoming Thorpe Park Trip

The Year 12 students at our school are gearing up for an exciting school trip to Thorpe Park happening this week! The trip promises to be an excellent opportunity for the students to unwind, relax and socialise with friends outside of the classroom with the change of (high speed) scenery. The 65 were chosen on their attendance and rewards accrued. This trip also comes as good point to all to reflect on what we have done since September and to make sure students don't feel burnt out or isolate. If roller coasters aren't your thing, always remember to take time for your hobbies as everyone has interests outside of their academic studies.

