

FIGLEAF

ISSUE #3, 2021



GOODBYE, CLASS OF 2021! · HSC MAJOR WORKS ·
MUSIC · GAME REVIEWS · ARTWORK · STORIES ·

MEET THE FIGLEAF TEAM

EDITORS

Editor: Amelia Yoshida

Deputy Editors Zeynep Erdogan and Lily Sarzentic

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Features Editor: Isabelle Baker

Chief Sub-Editor: Amber Szucs

Extraordinary Writers: Aaryash Bharadwaj; Natasha Dixon-Dowd; Sean Hughes; Isabella Jones; Isabella Lawrie; Nina Schafer; Quinn Williams

ART DEPARTMENT

Art Directors: Maxwell Patrick and Emmy Woods

Amazing Artists: Paige Diamond; Ryan Kimpton; Jasper Pringle

SOCIAL MEDIA TEAM

Social Media Manager: Aidan Petersen

Social Media Specialists: Sage Brophy; Sammy Hurworth; Disco Pedersen

Cover art by Amber Szucs

Image below by Paige Diamond



EDITOR'S LETTER

The "Fingleaf" is finally back after the turbulent events of the last school term! I hope everyone is doing well despite the change in our learning environment we had to endure for a while. I always thought that being at home and being able to study at my own pace would have been a dream come true. Who knew it would become the complete opposite? Remote learning had made me realise that, frankly, my own pace was too slow and that my own home was too distracting. But during a strict state-wide lockdown, where else could I have gone? The time I spent studying at home forced me to overcome challenges I couldn't have seen coming. When school practically felt optional, I began to see how boring everyday life was without having something to apply myself to. I kept pushing school work to after school hours but soon realised that my lack of motivation after school would prevent me from achieving my work goals. This was a hurdle that I overcame by actually treating remote learning like a usual routine day at school. I finished work in my scheduled class time and I found less work piling up. This bought back a sense of normality and prepared me for when we came back from remote learning.

It surprised me how much I hated remote learning as an introvert. I was frustrated with the lack of friends and teachers around me. Every day the Covid numbers felt more and more restricting as they rose. I am grateful for the number of support services that were available to us students during our remote learning and the efforts of our school to make it as easy as possible. But the virus is very much real and it scares me to think that we might have to face another strict lockdown. I hope that we can all prevent another spike in cases from occurring so let's all stay safe, especially during these holidays.

I would also like to congratulate every student for getting through all the assignments, exams and tests of this year. It shocks me now to think that this year went by so fast. This will be my last year as the "Fingleaf"'s editor as I will be entering my senior year. I would like to thank everyone who has been involved in the "Fingleaf" for making it such a great student experience in my junior years! I would also like to welcome any newcomers who decide to join the "Fingleaf", I can promise you that it will be such a fun and creative journey that will be worth your time! Thank you for reading this issue of the "Fingleaf" and be on the lookout for more issues to come.

Amelia Yoshida, 2021 Editor

GOODBYE, YEAR 12!

Take a look at some of the highlights from Graduation Day as we say farewell to the class of 2021. Photography by **Hannah Brown and Amelia Yoshida.**





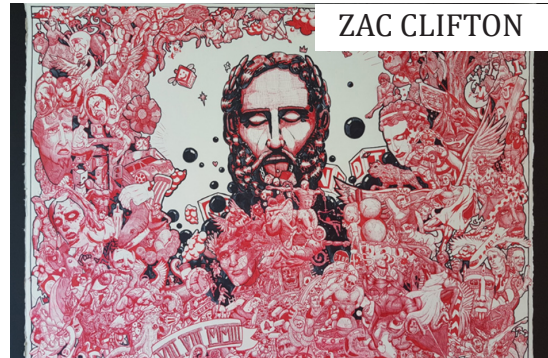
HSC MAJOR WORKS SHOWCASE

Check out some of the amazing HSC Major Works
produced by our talented class of 2021!

ART



EMILY BENNETT



ZAC CLIFTON



MILLIE COLE



JULIETTE MCCOY



BARDIA NAYERI



SARAH RAEBURN



TAMARA SHAWKY



MADELAINE ZWART



JOHNY ABARNO



LIAM BAILEY



MAXIM BAILEY



HUNTER BIRCHELL



HARRISON KWA



GABE MANNERING

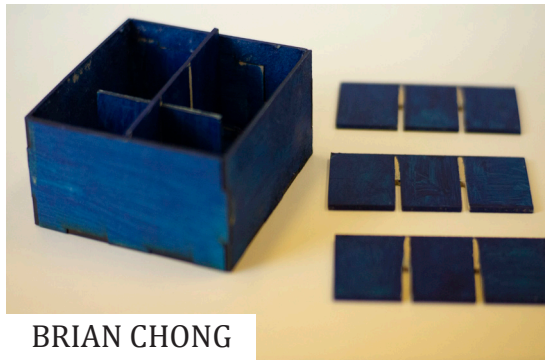


BARDIA NAYERI



TOM RUSSELL

INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY



BRIAN CHONG



IMOGEN COOTE



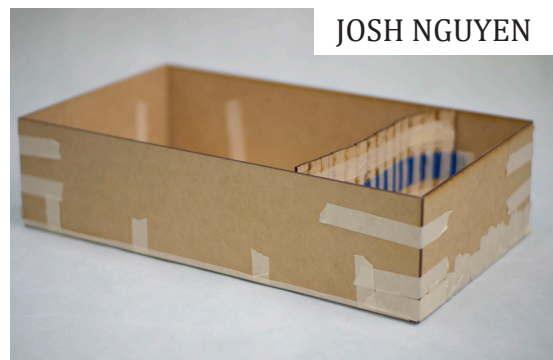
CAMERON HORNSBY



RORY KEALL



HARRISON KWA



JOSH NGUYEN



GRACE ODGERS



FRANCE OMANA

DESIGN & TECHNOLOGY

LISTEN UP!



Which of your teachers loathes dubstep? Who's a huge fan of metalcore? **Amelia Yoshida** reveals what is (and isn't) on the HHHS teaching staff's playlists!

What music do your teachers listen to? Maybe it's Pop, rap, screamo, rock or even industrial. I was eager to find out the music tastes of our teachers and with one quick google form, I had my answers! So, here is a list of our Teachers top hits!

Which genres do you listen to?

Ms Banerjee says: "EVERYTHING!!!! Pop, Rock, Classical, Kpop, Bollywood et al."

Ms Zhou says: "Anything light-hearted, but the occasional beat (i.e. The Weeknd)."

Mr Anicic says: "Hardcore, Metalcore, Metal, Punk, Screamo."

Ms Tombs says: "Jazz, Pop, RnB, Dance/House."

Mr Law says: "Anything that isn't dubstep, metal or rap."

By Amelia Yoshida

Astronaut in the Ocean - Our Last Night

Vermilion - Slipknot

Sleepwalking - Bring Me the Horizon

Ho Hey - Lumineers

Heels Over Head - Boys Like Girls

If I Ain't Got You - Alicia Keys

Uptown Funk - Bruno Mars

Master Blaster - Stevie Wonder

Freedom of Choice - Devo

Du Hast - Rammstein

Holiday in Cambodia - Dead Kennedys

Rolodex Propaganda - At The Drive In

How Soon is Now - The Smiths

Obstacle 1 - Interpol

Around The World - Daft Punk

Music Sounds Better With You - Stardust

Otherside - Red Hot Chilli Peppers

Fast Car - Tracy Chapman

Rasputin - Old and new

Shape Of You - Ed Sheeran

Photograph - Ed Sheeran

Castle on the Hill - Ed Sheeran

Love You For A Long Time - Maggie Rogers

The Best Day - Taylor Swift

Hotel California - Eagles

OLTRETUTTO - Freddie Mercury and David Bowie

Need You Tonight - INXS

All Too Well (10 Minute Version) - Taylor Swift

Don't Dream It's Over - Crowded House

Mirrors - Justin Timberlake

HHHS teachers' top hits

TOP 10: STUDY TRACKS



Amp up your study routine by adding these awesome musical genres to your playlist.

10. Rain

For some people, listening to the light pittering of raindrops is a way to relax and unwind. I wouldn't call rain a genre of music but the atmosphere it creates can sometimes be perfect for studying, especially on cold days when you can wrap yourself in blankets and drink hot milk!

9. Instrumental Rock

Instrumental rock keeps the catchy riffs and energy without a singer. When you study, you want to have minimal distractions to achieve the most out of your time. The lyrics in songs can get you especially distracted when reading lots of writing. So if you enjoy the catchy tunes of rock music but find the lyrics carrying your mind elsewhere, why not indulge in some instrumental rock!

8. Ambience and Background Music

Lockdown was such a bore to the point that it made introverts crave the social atmosphere of the outside world! Ambient, lo-fi and jazzy tunes in the background brought the coziness of libraries and cafes into all of our living rooms, and it's just as soothing now that the world has re-opened to everyone.

7. World Music

Once again, lyrics can be very distracting when studying, but sometimes instrumentals aren't it either. If you still want to hear the melodies made from the human vocal cords, foreign music might be the one for you. Whether it be Russian, Korean, Icelandic or even Hungarian, these countries have their own unique styles that meld into their music. The point is, if you can't understand what they are saying you can't really get distracted by what they are singing.

6. Instrumental Jazz

Now, this could be a serious hit or miss depending on what kind of music you enjoy. In the famous words of a very sly bee, "you like jazz?". If you answered "yes!" to that, then this is definitely for you. The hypnotising instruments blend together to create a stimulating tune that is said to reduce stress, clearing the mind making it perfect for studying.

5. Instrumental Music

If jazz or rock isn't your vibe then maybe the instrumental versions of your favourite songs can help you charge through your studies. The familiar tune of your favourite music can get you focused and humming

through some serious studying!

4. Studio Ghibli Music

Whether you're a fan of their movies or not, the music from Studio Ghibli manages to transport people to an entirely different world. The music is magical, peaceful and marvellously conveys an emotional atmosphere that gets your brain moving its cogs!

3. Lo-Fi Hip Hop

Chill and all round a great vibe, lo-fi hip hop is so good there have been reports of one girl who studies to this music 24/7! The low-fidelity beats of this type of hip hop relax and puts your brain into a state of focus making it the perfect study date.

2. Classical Music

Classical music; a true classic of the study world. This musical genre is known to help your brain absorb and interpret new information easily but also for its concentration benefits. Although some people can't stand this sophisticated style of music, the benefits of studying might just pull you in.

1. Nintendo Music

This might come as a surprise to most people but Nintendo music might just be the best study buddy out there. No lyrics, just vibey tunes! Nintendo music has the perfect mix of fast-paced and nostalgic music while also having slow-passed and dreamy music. Fun, calming, upbeat, soft and catchy Nintendo music has it all!

By Amelia Yoshida

"THE SONGS THAT INSPIRE ME"



Year 12 singer and songwriter **Kalika Bardeleben** shares the music that moves her.

Song: 1 Day 2 Nights

Artist: HRVY

My fave lyrics: "It's been 1 day and 2 Nights I don't wanna go home. Now it's too late for Goodbyes. You're The one that I want (And) In the dark, you're my highlight, even though it's been 1 day and only 2 Nights."

Why I love this song: I love this song as These lyrics have a unique touch and are quite catchy. It captures the feeling of losing someone you love when its too late after you have had a good time with that person

Song: Phases

Artist: PRETTYMUCH

My fave lyrics: "Til fate brings you home, I'll wait through your phases. You shuffle through faces like songs on your playlist. Til Fate brings you home, I'll wait through your phases."

Why I love this song: It is extraordinary as it has a different vibe. I love this song as it is filled deeper meaning, connecting the lyrics with the listener. "Phases" is a brilliant song that makes most people melt as they get used to listening to it on repeat.

Song: Working

Artists: Tate McRae Ft Khalid

My fave lyrics: "And when I am working , you're the only thing that I want, but we're not working. I told you right from the start, I'm not perfect, that's why you like me so much."

Why I love this song: I like how these lyrics are a conversation between the two singers which makes it cool as you have two different perspectives.

Song: Good 4 U

Artist: Olivia Rodrigo

My fave lyrics: "Well, good for you, look happy and healthy, not me if you ever cared to ask, good for you, you're doin' great out there without me, naby. God, I wish that I could do that, I've lost my mind, I've spent the night cryin' on the floor of my bathroom. But you're so unaffected , I really don't get it, but I guess good for you."

Why I love this song: This song, in many ways, shows us the tortured things that the artist has been through with her past relationship. I love this because it uses a lot of exaggeration, and expression and emotions .

Song: Our Song

Artists: Anne Marie and Nial Horan

My fave lyrics: "Just when I think you're gone, I hear our song on the radio just that that takes me back to the places we used to go and I've been trying but I can't stop fight it when I hear it, I just can't stop smiling. I remember you're gone, Baby, it's just a

song on the radio that we used to know."

Why I love this song: This song has an in-depth story line. which makes it unique. Not only that, it's catchy and it has phenomenal rhyming .

Song: Peaches

Artists: Justin Bieber Ft Daniel Caesar

My fave lyrics: "You ain't sure yet, but I'm for ya. All I could want, all I can wish for, nights alone that we miss more. And days we save as souvenirs. There's no time, I wanna make more time. And give you my whole life."

Why I love this song: These lyrics are wonderful as they give off a unique slow pop vibe. I also love how the artist featured a slow R'N'B artist.

Song: What We Had Was Gone

Artist: Kalika J

My fave lyrics: "All the past things we've been through. Say I was going on too many times about boys, the only thing I had left was gone. You played your cards too many times b4 you had to go slam that door."

Why I love this song: I love how these lyrics not only show humour but give an in-depth feeling of Kalika J. This definitely makes people wonder about all the things that the artist has gone through from the past and also shows their resilience.

By Kalika Bardeleben

GAME



REVIEWS

THE JACKBOX SERIES



Spending the holidays at home? Brighten up those boring days with the trivial-tastic Jackbox games!

Review by **Quinn Williams.**

Over the years, Jackbox games have been a guide for what indie developers should be doing. Starting out with their famous "You Don't Know Jack" trivia games, they found mainstream success with the "Jackbox Party Pack", a group of mini games to play with friends and family.

YDKJ

"You Don't Know Jack", which will hereby be referred to as YDKJ, is a group of trivia games for 1-3 players. They cover diverse topics from general knowledge to TV and sport. The first YDKJ was released in 1995, before most people reading this were born. Since then it has evolved into

a far more refined experience with better graphics. But, if you still want to experience the original YDKJ, you can buy it on Steam under the name "You Don't Know Jack Headrush". (This was to distinguish it from the first one released on Steam.) You can get these games relatively cheaply for just about \$5 and each round you play can be 7 or 21 questions long.

Party pack

The most popular Jackbox game series are the party packs which include 4-6 mini games people can join on their phones. There have been a lot of fun games over the years, from one offs like "Tee.K.O" to series like "Fibbage" and "Guesspionage". The good thing about getting a pack is you're bound to find at least one game you like. Most packs are around \$25 on Steam, and give you full access to play as many rounds as you want. If you don't want to buy a full pack, you can

buy single games for around \$6 but not every game is available like that. Most games also come with a family-friendly option which will censor certain words and questions for a family-friendly experience.

Pros and cons

I think that Jackbox has a lot to offer when it comes to their games, mainly because of the variety they offer. It is hard to find developers with this much reach over different genres. Whilst they like trivia games, they also have drawing or comedy based games so that everyone can find a game that's right for them. Overall, I think that the one thing that Jackbox is lacking in is replayability. Whilst you can play lots of rounds, eventually you just get the same questions or the same responses from other people. **6/10**

By Quinn Williams



THE OCTODAD SERIES

Quinn Williams dredges up the classic series "Octodad" for a review.

Whilst the "Octodad" series might not be the most famous games released in the 2010s, they are still very fun casual games. You play as Octodad (shocker, I'm sure), an octopus who has 2 human kids, a loving wife and a whole neighbourhood convinced he is a normal person. Except for one man, a crazy chef who knows the truth and wants to turn him into sushi.

Story

Both of the "Octodad" games follow the same basic storyline. Octodad needs to complete normal tasks for his family made difficult by the fact that he's an octopus and thus does not have opposable thumbs or toes to grip onto things with. In the sequel "Octodad: Dadliest Catch," he is eventually captured by the chef and his family has to save him even though they find out he is an octopus (except his daughter Stacy who always knew).

Gameplay

In the original "Octodad," there are two modes for gameplay: control your hands or control your legs. This is continued in the sequel, unless you play co-op in which one person controls the left hand and right feet

and the other controls the right hand and left feet. Thankfully, because of community modding, there are more levels to play with new gameplay mechanics including performing surgery as Octodad.

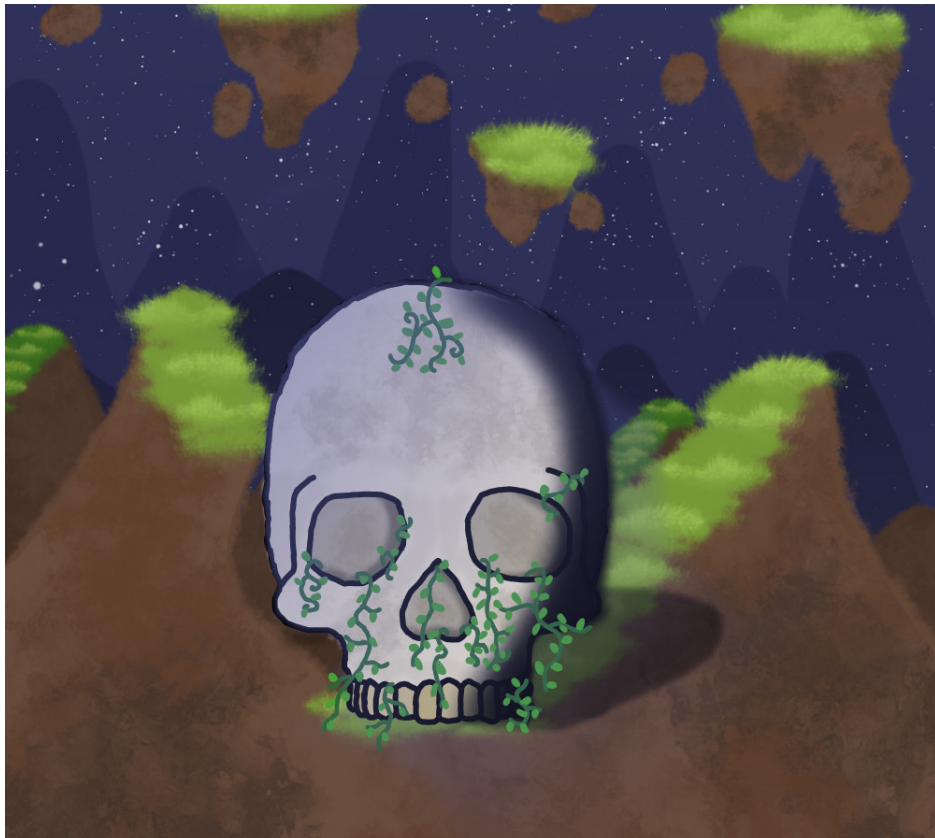
Final thoughts

I believe that "Octodad" is an underrated gem. It is fun, lighthearted; a game you can play with your family and friends and has a killer theme song. Whilst I doubt it will ever reach the heights of "Halo", "Dark Souls" and "GTA", it definitely deserves praise for doing something different and for still holding up in design and gameplay 11 years after it's initial release. So, if you are looking for a fun lighthearted game to play on a lazy Sunday afternoon, you could do quite a lot worse. **8/10**

By Quinn Williams



DEATH STRANDING



Sean Hughes reviews the good, the bad and the ridiculous of "Death Stranding".

(Warning: Spoilers ahead.)

Image created by Jasper Pringle.

Gaming has deteriorated as an artform in the past decade. Whilst indie devs still strive for new, innovative ideas, the AAA industry for the most part is content with sitting on their dragon's hoard of money (looking at you, Valve) and yet every so often a AAA dev studio comes out with something brilliant. This is typically due to it being headed by an auteur, something the medium lacks now. It used to be dominated by them, people such as John Romero developed the "rockstar game developer" idea and this created some monstrosities such as "Daikatana" and "Clive Jericho's Barker" or whatever that game was called. But sometimes it created masterpieces; games that pushed the medium into the future; games like "DOOM", and probably various others, although I can't be bothered looking at the retro section of my Steam library.

Anyways, one of these auteurs still exists, and that auteur is Hideo Kojima. He spearheaded one of the most successful franchises of all time, and despite claims that he is a bit of a tosser, demanding his devs add in stupid features, I think that is a very refreshing thing in the game industry, especially seeing as it isn't really true as everything he adds can be argued to benefit the stories he tries to tell.

Now, I just realised I haven't even said the game I'm talking about. If you know anything about games, you probably know by now, but this game is "Death Stranding".

Now, let's start with something I must establish. Calling "Death Stranding" a

walking simulator severely downplays what it is. To put it the often joked about way, it is the first "Strand-type" game, and I don't think this was a stupid move on Kojima's behalf.

"Death Stranding" is easily one of the most unique games of the last decade. I think it's easier to give this a paragraph later on, so let me dip into the game first and explain some definitions that will be brought up later, because trust me you'll be confused otherwise. BB's are bridge babies, born to mothers who are braindead. This connects the 28 week old baby to the world of the dead allowing those who connect to them to view BT's. Now I hear you asking, "the hell is a BT?!?". (I don't really know if you asked that; I am many things, but a mind reader is not one.)

Anyways, a BT or "beached-thing" is the soul, or ka, of a human that when attempting to return to the world of the living is rejected by their body, or ha, and becomes a spirit trapped in the world of the living, with a core composed of anti-matter. When a BT kills someone it causes a "voidout", an annihilation event of the human matter and BT anti-matter. A symbol ever present in the game is hands, mainly in the form of chiral crystals. Chiral refers to a sort of symmetry, like your hands. They are symmetrical in a way, but when you overlap them they don't line up. This is why chiral crystals in the game appear as hands. Hands were also messages in the past, similar to signatures in ancient times, such as with Neanderthals, a species of particular importance in "Death Stranding". Anyways,

I think that is all the important aspects referring to definitions, now to a summary of gameplay.

Gameplay in "Death Stranding" on the surface seems simple. Point at the destination and walk. Alas 'tis not all as simple as that.

The game goes through a lot to make the player feel they are playing as Norman Reedus, elegantly portrayed by Sam Bridges. When boxes are stacked high you can feel the change in Sam's centre of gravity, and this also has an effect on momentum. Speeding down a hill with a lot of boxes presents a huge risk-reward element to it.

Another element is the terrain itself, which is modelled after terrain in Norway, not the US. It is some of the most real feeling terrain I have ever seen in a game. It sometimes looked like someone actually hand designed each texture, but that obviously isn't the case.

Now, this is the good part, the moving from place to place and such, but what about the issues. Well there is one entire section of the gameplay loop that is honestly horribly shallow. Whilst planning a route and taking equipment requires thought, going through a MULE or BT area doesn't. With BT's about the hardest thing you have to do is hold Sam's breath and throw blood, or other bodily excretion based grenades at the BT's. MULEs are worse however. Literally the only challenge here is to not fall asleep during the game's boring combat. It has some depth, such as the throwing. When

Sam picks up a crate, you have to hold the button creating a tactile connection between the player and Sam, and when throwing a box you have to swing it, and at a certain point let go of the button to hold it. This knocks out nearly every enemy instantly and presents another risk-reward gameplay feature, but even this cannot save the dull repetitiveness of incompetent enemies.

One of the best gameplay features is the typical lack of a game over screen, as Sam cannot die and is brought back each time. You may wonder how this works with voidouts, but this happens to Sam too. It's why BT combat arenas are always away from important places, as you will leave a crater. Sam however leaves much smaller ones as he is a repatriate (meaning he reincarnates, or repatriates). This means your worry is always squarely on the cargo, as that is Sam's job, to be the "Great Deliverer. Later on the game delivers full gameplay setpieces, but those deserve a section of their own. Anyways, that's about it for gameplay, now to story, so spoilers ahead for those of you who think you fit into the niche this game is aimed at, like those who play "Euro Truck Simulator" or "Elite Dangerous".

"Death Stranding" is ultimately a game about making connections. That is its core message, and it has a lot of societal commentary at its core. People call it pretentious, but to be pretentious one must evoke greater meaning than is present, but this game has a lot to talk about. The game has a very innovative form of online multiplayer, being that one can build structures not just to help themselves, but

to help other players on their journeys. Now this can sometimes be a tad annoying as my first playthrough was a cakewalk due to the generosity of others, but whenever someone uses something you build, you get a like and that adds to one of the games many commentaries, that being people's want to have themselves recognised and congratulated.

When you learn that you've helped someone, or that they liked something you did, typically this causes a release of oxytocin in the brain, and in an apocalypse like the Death Stranding, you really need that oxytocin.

A lot of the game is built on this commentary on social media, and how it can help people by connecting them, but by allowing them to stay physically separated it can also cause dependence on that oxytocin boost. This is a very interesting point that few else seem to bring up, that being how impactful is separation on people. In this time, I think we're all learning that.

In the first area of the game Sam delivers some medicine to a waystation nearby, and I didn't know what it was, I was too focused on the objective, but when I got there I realised it was oxytocin, and I actually felt sad. These people needed that oxytocin to keep them going, and it shows how this intense isolation and lack of human connection can really hurt people.

According to in-game logs you can read, just before the Death Stranding occurred people stopped being intimate with one another as the world became more

automated and people lost those vital human connections. This damaged the world severely, and when people got to remake connections following the Death Stranding via the porters who would deliver items, they started to realise the hubris of humanity and how important this was. Apparently this oxytocin boost was so impactful that some became addicts to transporting goods, become the MULEs, mentally ill people addicted to the likes received upon a delivery, and willing to get work whatever the means, even threatening the lives of other porters. This is a very important social commentary on how we view connections and the world around us.

Now I know I said this would be a story section, but to be honest there isn't much to talk about there, except for the messages conveyed through gameplay. The story is often a mish mash of good and bad ideas, but sometimes it brings up important things, such as the idea of masks. Many characters wear masks throughout the story, not just literally but metaphorically.

I believe this ties into a belief that originates in Japan, the idea of the three masks. It goes like this: we wear three masks as people, one mask the world gets to see, one only friends and family are allowed to see, and the other is one you keep to yourself, and no one else shall ever view it. This is an interesting idea that is very relevant to the game. A character in the game, Die-Hardman (yes that's his name, and his real name, no joke, is John McClane) wears a mask throughout the story. Both a literal and metaphorical one. Let's focus on the metaphorical one.

Throughout the story he presents himself as some immortal man bent on serving America and it's last president, Amelie Strand (any French speakers, dissect that name a bit, you'll figure out a twist) but inside he's a broken and guilt ridden man. He killed the character of Clifford Unger, portrayed by Mads Mikkelsen. Now Cliff is very important for many reasons we'll get to later, but he was the captain of Die-Hardman and repeatedly saved him from death, yet when it came down to it America came first and he regretted that day for the rest of his life. He hides this very well and most of this guilt is shown in one of the most well-acted scenes of the game close to the very end. Well, I said I'd be focusing on the story, and whilst I'd love to do that I'd have to take this critique over 10,000 words, just for the summary. It's a very complicated plot, but to put it simply, the world is going to end. Now, onto those gameplay sections I mentioned earlier.

Three times in the game, Sam is transported to prior wars, these being World War 1, 2 and Vietnam. These, whilst not technically strong given the overall nature of the game, contain some of the finer third person shooting i've seen in a while. The guns have a satisfying kick to them, and the cherry on top is how well these places are presented. Now I must add, he isn't actually there, he's on a beach, a place in between life and the afterlife. Here he meets Cliff repeatedly, and he's searching for his child, for Sam's BB, Lou. He is always the boss of the level and must be defeated to return.

Here is where the game's world design shines, purely aesthetically that is. The

authenticity of Berlin (I assume) and the trenches of World War 1 is haunting, and the battles that wage around you, fought by long-dead soldiers, is awe-inspiring. This is also where one will get to observe the game's blood effects most, and might I say this game has some spectacular blood graphics. These sections can be returned to later, and are really the only time one can use lethal weaponry without worrying about wiping out a city or two in the process. It allows the player a bit of old fashioned shooting fun, and is one of the stronger types of section.

Now, something I have forgotten to mention until this point, the game's soundtrack. This is probably what Jesus has on his Spotify playlist. The soundtrack is mainly composed of two artists, Low Roar and Silent Poets. They play at preset story progression moments, such as when you reach Port Knot City. The songs made by the two artists assists the lonely atmosphere that permeates through the game world. Another addition is the original soundtrack created by Ludvig Forssell. These songs are usually only used in cutscenes, and really add quite a bit to those scenes. Now, I'm not going to analyse the individual songs or anything, that would be truly nutter butters, but I will say this. Even if you don't want to play "Death Stranding", I'd recommend listening to the soundtrack as it is truly an amazing set of music.

Ok, this is the final section, and it too has spoilers, so watch out. Basically the main threat throughout the game is the Death Stranding, and event that will likely lead to human extinction. Towards the end you

learn that Amelie is an EE, and Extinction Entity meaning she is the being that brought about this Stranding, and she'd like it to be the last, to sterilise all of Earth with a large surge of anti-matter wiping out life. This is arguably a showcase of how she does care for humanity. The Stranding is meant to take thousands of years to kill a species, but she doesn't want humanity to suffer. It all started when she brought Sam Unger, one of the first BB's, back to life. This is the very same Sam we play.

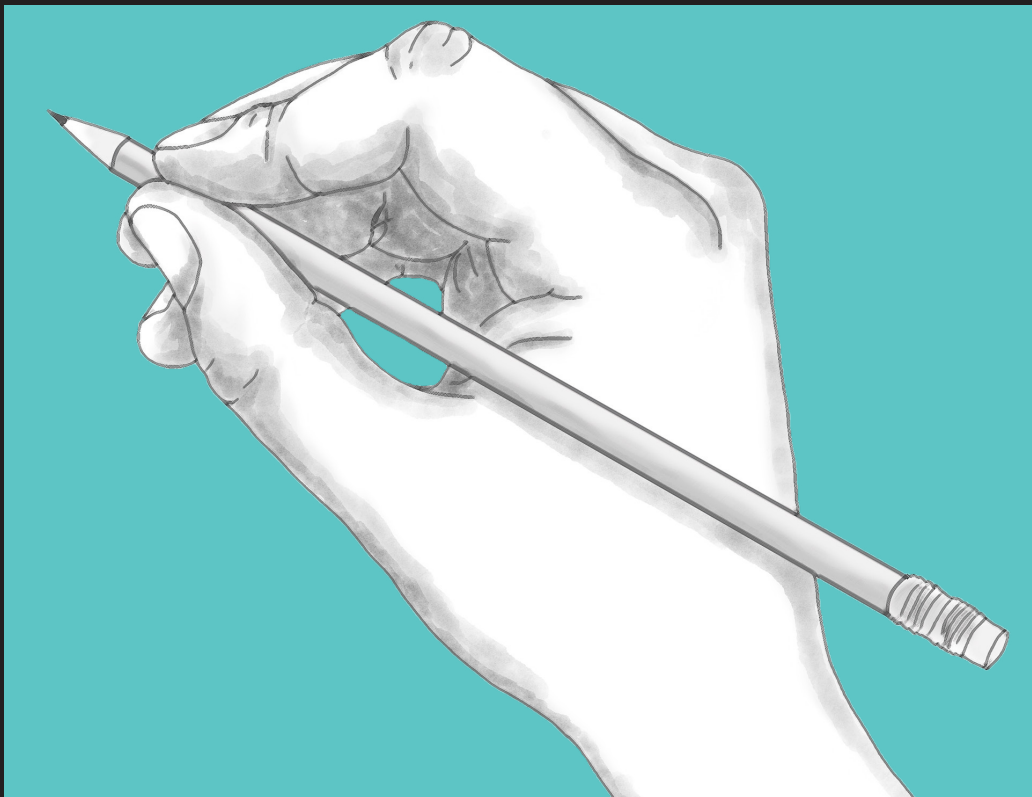


When I mentioned the French earlier, I was referring to the twist; Ame is French for soul, and then you have the English; lie. A soul that is a lie. Amelie was the former president Bridget Strand as well, the adoptive mother of Sam. When she underwent treatment for uterine cancer in her early 20s her ha and ka split, and as Bridget aged in the real world Amelie, her ka, didn't so she made a lie, that Amelie was her daughter. Ok, now we've got that background out of the way, the real point here was pointing out the flaw in the Last Stranding idea. I did the math based off of standard calculations of the standard matter antimatter annihilation, and I found that around 27,000,000 people would need to be alive for Earth to be sterilised, and I just don't think that many people are around anymore. Especially since we only really know that the US survived, the rest of the world could be dead for all we know. So, Amelie's plan is incredibly foiled, so it's pretty good that it was foiled by Sam.

I know this critique may seem nonsensical, and I do apologise for that but that is the nature of writing around a game that is itself nonsensical. Now I can ramble on about this for pages and pages, but I won't. I think I probably have a page limit, can't turn a school newspaper into a novel, but alas if you wish for a recommendation, you have one. Go and get it if you think you'll be into this niche of video games.

By Sean Hughes

CREATIVE



WRITING

There
is a little man on a boat collecting a star.
He's
sailed for long but not very far.
Night
and day he follows the waves,
Waiting
for the star to see what it contains.

He
promised his daughter, his brother, his wife,
That
when he returned, he'd change their life.
So
he waits and waits on that little boat,
Keeping
trust in the waves to keep him afloat.

When
night arrives the stars they shine,
The
little boat man throws out his line.
He
waits in the waves for a star to grab hold
Watching
the water ripple and fold.

When
the star doesn't come and the little boat man is done,
He
doesn't fret, he just stays and sleeps till the sun.
Disappointed,
he might be, but determined he is more,
He
will find the star before he returns to the shore.

A LITTLE MAN ON A BOAT COLLECTING STARS

Another
night comes and the stars have arrived,
The
little boat man has now been revived.
He
fishes and he fishes, waiting for his treasure,
But
like every night he finds himself in displeasure.

“The
stars don’t exist!” he cries out in distress,
“I
can’t take this anymore! I’ve got no success!”
The
little boat man proceeds to surrender,
But
a little star appears, ever so tender.

Just
one more time, the little boat man fishes,
Knowing
he’ll say goodbye to his hopeful wishes.
But
something pulls! He’s got something there!
The
little boat man is shocked out of his hair.

He
pulls and he pulls, until the release knocks him down.
The
little boat man gives himself a moment to frown.
As
he looks into the sky for the very first time,
He
sees that the stars were merely a crime.

SONNET

“They
weren’t in the water..?” he admits in shock,
His
grief makes him feel as heavy as a rock.
This
was all for nothing.. But what did he pull?
Why,
a little brown fish, that could feed his family full.

With
an idea in his mind and a bucket full of bait,
He
fished and he fished for 5 hours straight.
So
when the little boat man returned to his home,
He
fed his poor family full and they ate until gloam.

The
stars in the sea might have been a reflection and a lie,
But
the little boat man will look up at the sky,
He’ll
remember his time fondly out on the sea,
Where
it was him and the stars, that brought his family glee.

By Disco Pedersen



FREYA RILEY ANDERSON

YOUR NAME IS



A vampiric tale by **Zeynep Erdogan**.

Your name is Freya Riley Anderson. The year is 2019, and you have just been turned into a vampire. You think.

Needless to say, it's not a pleasant experience. The parts for which you're awake aren't, at least. You remember tidbits here and there. Sneaking into a local club, fake identification in hand, smiling innocently at the tired bouncer. Buying a glass of beer with a fancy name that you no longer remember, taking a picture to show to your friends later, because you know they won't believe you.

Choking down the beer, because it's kind of terrible.

You remember feeling underwhelmed with the whole place after the excitement of being in a club faded off. You had gotten your beer and your picture evidence anyway, so you left. Maybe if you had waited half an hour, or tried a wine like you had wanted to, just to check if it would be better, or taken the shortcut on your way back home, you wouldn't be here. And maybe it had been the alcohol, or the stars shining brighter than usual, but you had wanted to take

the scenic route, through the beach.

You had to sneak out after your parents and siblings had fallen asleep, so it had already been around one, maybe two, in the morning. You wonder what time it is now. You wonder whether you'll see your family again. You miss your mum.

You remember hearing giggling from behind you. You had known better than to look back at the source. You wish you had run. You had sped up as they had gotten closer, you think, but this is around the point where things get blurry. You just remember a pressure on your neck, followed by your vision clouding. You remember practically inhaling something liquid and sticky and red, hungry for more. You remember accidentally biting your tongue and feeling two teeth stick out, digging into it.

You know you have to open your eyes eventually. You don't think there's anything you want to do less. So yeah, your name is Freya Riley Anderson, the year is 2019, and those are probably the only two things you're sure of right now. So maybe you're a vampire, or you're just a lightweight.

Your eyes slowly open. You're in what appears to be a decaying basement with only a weak, half-broken hanging light showing you what appear to be your captors. There's no way this is good.

One of the people in the room speaks. You see she's maybe around fifty, and that she has light blonde hair in a tight bun, and sharp green eyes looking at you, almost pityingly. You recognise a

light Polish accent, and want to laugh, because you're definitely going to die here but at least you know that one of your soon-to-be-murderers is maybe Polish.

"What's your name, hon?"

"Anne Smith," you mumble out in a moment of true resourcefulness, because you are not giving these strangers your real name.

"Okay, Anne. I realise this might be a lot to process, but hello, my name is Agnes. I'm a vampire, and now you are too."

You want to laugh. You do, actually, but you're so tired and confused that it comes out more as a whimper.

A voice interjects. You turn to see who it is, and see a young boy. He looks curious, and he appears to be talking less to the others in the room and less to you. "I mean, we've had worse reactions than this. I bit my Sire back after he turned me." He turns to you, and you see remnants of Agnes's pitying expression. "Hey, I'm Percy. Sorry about this."

You note that he looks to be about nine years old right now. You wonder where his parents are. You wonder whether you're hallucinating.

A third voice speaks up. You're surprised to realise that it's your own. "Oh, so what? Vampires are real? Do you guys turn into bats and drink human blood and live forever? Super realistic." Why did you say that? You need to shut up. You seriously need to shut up.

The boy speaks up again. "You think vampires are unrealistic? Have you ever seen a giraffe? Those things make way less sense than we do. Also, not all vampires turn to bats. Powers and weaknesses are a lot more unique than just whatever Stephenie Meyer has been feeding the general public lately. Also, we don't live forever. Just a really long time. Common misconception."

You roll your eyes. Yeah, okay, this makes sense now. Your kidnappers are a bunch of delusional weirdos who think they're vampires. They've probably gaslit this kid into thinking he's one too. You edge closer to the door.

'See? I can do this, but none of the others can. It's pretty cool.' You hear the boy's voice again, but when you look at him, his lips aren't moving. He's just grinning at you, looking proud of himself. You realise the voice is coming from your head.

Are you in a coma?

The third person speaks up. He looks vaguely Latin and looks to be in his late twenties. His wavy brown hair is in a loose, low ponytail. "Is Percy doing the head voice thing again? Percy, stop doing the head voice thing, please." You edge closer to the door.

Percy glares at him. "You should know

better than to address your elders like that, Francisco."

Francisco shrugs, a slight smile making its way to his lips. "I said please."

You're at the door now, and pretty certain you could make a run for it. As Percy and Francisco begin arguing, you quietly turn the door handle, make sure nobody is paying attention, and you rush through the door. It's odd, but you're pretty sure you're running far faster than you ever have. It's probably the adrenaline.

You climb up stairs and run though a creaky floorboard. You hear Agnes and Francisco running after you. You don't stop until you're up to the door, exit.

A body blocks the path. A female one, leaning on the door frame. She smiles at you, all teeth. (Two fangs. Crap.) Her blue-eyed gaze trains on you like a predator. You feel the edging fear that you should have stayed in the basement.

"Hey, darling. I don't think you should be leaving quite just yet."

Your name is Freya Riley Anderson, the year is 2019, and you're not quite sure you're going to survive the night.

By Zeynep Erdogan



HHHS

FIGLEAF

WE'RE DAZZLING AUDIENCES WITH OUR FABULOUS
ARTWORKS AND ARTICLES



FIND US IN ROOM 306
DURING TUESDAY
SPORT TIME

FIND OUR INSTAGRAM
PAGE AT
[@HHHSFIGLEAF](#)

TUESDAYS
1:10 - 3:00

INSIDIOUS MINDS



A Gothic tale of madness and mercy. By **Liam and Maxim Bailey.**

A dark, empty icy night filled my thoughts with the endless suffering that the darkness holds within its grasp. The frosty air, so harsh and sharp, like a clear cut crystal, with the feeling like I was being impaled within my lungs.

The everlasting night creeping so near, so frightfully close, that my thoughts begin to darken as the gloomy sounds of whispers fill my head with the thoughts that I had once painstakingly forgotten.

Drowning in emotions, regret floods the gates of hell. Opening the doors of all the torment that I had once lost in the midst of time.

It was said that he who lets regret flood his mind unknowingly loses the knowledge to grasp the eternal truth that he so willingly seeks.

The smog so treacherous, so contagious as though forged from the bottomless pit in which hell itself couldn't compare. As

I continue the eternal journey that has been bestowed upon me, an awakening from within enforced an urge like none other ravished upon me.

"NO."

"THIS CAN'T BE."

The urge to eat, if dare I say, the remains of those forgotten soulless. One's heart so still, so quiet, so... empty. Alas, the deed has been done, the body that I had once belonged to, now indistinguishable to the minds of those around me.

I was overwhelmed with passion for devouring something new, fresh, much more alive than a corpse. The overwhelming sensation inside the mind that I had once extinguished had finally taken my place in my now devilish heart, the insidious urge inside me had made its escape.

It was at the moment I passed the alleyway, glancing at the abandoned child shredding tears all across his now-soaked face. The street light so dim, so near its end, suddenly darkness. That light that had once lit up with life and

joy had become nothing more than a helpless blown light bulb. Now was my chance... but it all happened so fast, so delightfully fast. Alas my needs have been fulfilled. I don't understand, it's over, my mind has been deceiving me, cold sleepless slumbers awaken me from the innocent child that has been taken, for my insidious awakening.

Knock knock. No, this can't be, my sanity has been questioned even from those small-minded souls from behind the door.

"There have been rumours about you being the last to see a child."

Oh, the child. So innocent and sweet! They know I did it, their emotionless faces know it was I who committed the terrible crime. "IT WAS I WHO KILLED THAT SWEET AND INNOCENT CHILD." May God have mercy on me. The hunger, the rage in my mind.

Why... why did I question my sanity far worse than death itself?

By Liam and Maxim Bailey

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS



A condemned man contemplates his last moments in this story inspired by Edgar Allan Poe. By **Liam Bailey**.

Gasping light piercing through the near endless darkness, brightly burning through the shards of rustic bars, beloved by all who enter it's presence.

Drowning in regret, the blood of the soulless demons in which hell itself glorifies the condemned. The eerie winds surround these stained sandstone blocks. Not even God himself dare step foot into the fortress of hell.

The abandoned... He has abandoned us, the forgotten, the lost. The ghostly wind so empty, so everlasting, only but a whistle from the wailing figures that lurk in the shadows, in the smallest of cells.

The smiling man! He craves us, smirking at us!! His skin sagging with wrinkles as if age was as cruel to him as the pit of flames, in which the hounds from hell tear the flesh from the innocent.

Escape bleeds through my thoughts,

seeping through the enduring suffering from those around. Now ... my sanity is being condemned to the depths of hell, with not even a glimpse of hope in sight.

Enslaved in pain, excruciating, burning of the flesh is nearing its peak. The taste of freedom so bitter, so expired, not unlike the taste of mouldy batter, the only food we ate.

The guards, so unaware, so.... unsure that laughter begins to creak through the hidden gaps of the door.

The smiling man with his saggy, scaly skin, smiled back at the guards. Spreading fear to the eyes on those who have passed. Showing the true sight of the little child that lurks within the guards that are present, bringing their fear out and unleashing a wrath like none other.

Condemned to death, the smiling man walks towards his smiling throne of death, walking up those smiling stairs and the smiling stool creaking with laughter as his smiling feet shall stand their place with the inheritance of the throne of death that has been shadowing the smiling man through his severed life.

The crowd cheers as he gets ready for his last words. "What be your final words?" The smiling man replies, "The smiling guards in this smiling place they shall meet their judgment upon their smiling death".

As my time is nearing its end, my taste

of freedom peaks at last and my freedom has no bounds.

The idea that a man without words can speak through his eyes is defined by the sanity in which he has been brought up.

My throat pulsates as the blood in my veins trickled to a halt. Suffocation becomes almost inevitable.

I realise my fate is much worse than the freedom I thought lay ahead, as my soon to be lifeless body clings to life, twitching and contorting, slowly approaching its end.

Hung for my sins, forgetting to say my final farewell. Everything starts becoming a blur, and hope had lost its touch. The soulless shells that lie before me awaiting their trials shall feel the touch and warmth of so-called freedom once more.

The question remains in my mind, stained as I see what hell truly is.

The loneliness and emptiness that comes from within these walls is unbearable. Don't let the gates of hell allow your vulnerability to shine through. May light prevail and surface to the top of the water, may darkness suffocate and pivot to the bottomless pit of the ocean.

My final words to you: may God have mercy on your soul.

By Liam Bailey

ART &



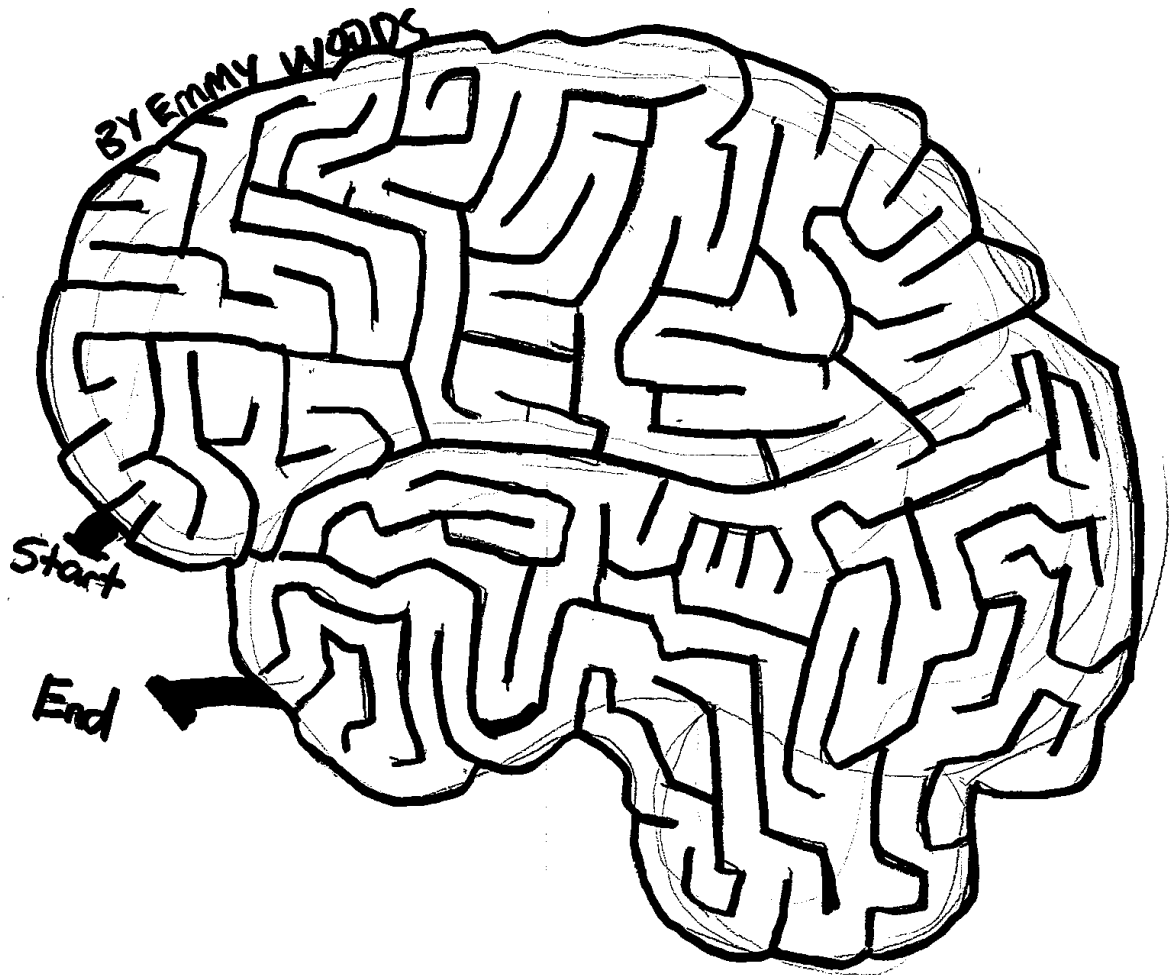
PUZZLES



Image created by Ryan Kimpton.



Image created by Paige Diamond.



BRAIN MAZE

Created by Emmy Woods.

FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM
@HHHSFIGLEAF