



THE RICE REPORT

As the year comes to an end we are happy to present our second issue of
The Rice Report.

This issue is a summer poetry special, with creative 'black out' poems, acrostic reflections on British culture and poetry on the intricacies and dangers of love.

We also welcome more fiction, with the dystopian 'Re-Escape' and 'The Lost Legend of Makou', and another Rose Review of the fantasy classic *The Lord of the Rings*.

Inside this issue:

Black Out Poetry	2 – 7
Acrostic Poetry	8 - 9
Love Poetry	10 - 11
Rose Review: The Lord of the Rings	12 – 13
The Lost Legend of Makou by Sean H	14-15
Re-Escape by Israel F	16 – 17
Hydrowheels by Mohammad S	18



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YEAR 7 BLACKOUT POEMS

Year 7 created 'blackout poems' as part of their English lessons, using pages from Sherlock Holmes, Jaws, The Silence of the Lambs and other short stories. By selecting words and phrases from these literary greats they were able to craft their own unique and arresting poetry to great effect.

'No One For Once'

by Alex S

I had no one for once,
My heart would go away in peace
Trying to pull her upon the floor.

My gun
missed me.



‘The Dancing Men’

by Harry S

I have no desire to enter into
Long and complex explanations.

This affair in my hand.

This lady,
Lonely
Very lonely.

Perhaps they have not heard
Of the dancing men?

‘Silence’

by Harry D

Silence can swiftly burst
into bitter laughter

‘She Broke You’

by Harry D

She broke you.
The love and respect
You have ended.
I care nothing
what becomes of
you



‘The Delinquent’

by Brian N

Long twilight enveloped in darkness,
Four heavy guns roared through the city
Like dogs barking on lone farms.

On a rooftop
a sniper lay watching,
His face was death



‘The Vibrating Sea of Terror’

By Chuk...

The vibrations quickened
With a speed that agitated the phosphorescent animals,

only a wave of pressure
- erratic and sharp -
Generating a comforting moment.

The fish, violent with blackness
Reached higher,
Found the warm, pulsing flow
Of terror

'The Silent Giant'

by Sam O

He said we can talk later

And was

A huge silent giant,

In many ways remarkable

The rich

Looked up on French buffalos

He was a monster,

He fractured my skull

For a moment he slowly expressed his big island


YEAR 8 ACROSTIC POEMS

Year 8 used the acrostic form to reflect on British culture and identify, with creative and thoughtful results on what it means to be British.



Blackpool pleasure beach is the place to go,
Rats in the alleyways,
Italian restaurants everywhere, all over the show
Topless people in the summer,
And football fans in the pub, always thinking
they're right
Indian takeaways on a Saturday night
No place like Britain, where we all unite

By James B



**Bad weather and
Reigning monarchs may be all that comes to
mind**

**In a discussion of British culture, but
There is more than meets the eye
About this country.**

**Interesting riches of music, people and food
New discoveries to fit any kind of mood**

By Jamie F

LOVE POETRY

Studying Romeo and Juliet and Love Poetry allowed year 7 pupils the opportunity to reflect on love, in all its various guises. 'Love' deals with unrequited love, whilst 'On Love' reads as a warning about falling in love, with someone else or even one's self.

'Love'

By Gabriel K (Year 7)

Your heart is so big and red,
but mine is so little and dark.

You are so rich and well fed,
but I'm poor and left to starve.

You are so beautiful, beyond my wildest dreams,
but I'm so old and rotten.

You are like a star gleaming in the sky,
but I have no one to love, so I am left and forgotten.

O, please read this poem because you are the only thing I love,
you are so gorgeous and pure just like a white dove.

I only want you, nothing more,
so, if you reject, my heart will fall down to the floor.

Please I beg you once again,
so I don't need to end my life and sin.

‘On Love’

By Lawrence C-N (Year 7)

Love is red and vibrant like fire,
dangerous to touch, but sparks desire.

For such a wondrous thing,
people will strife,
although the obsession caused by this,
guides the blade of the knife.

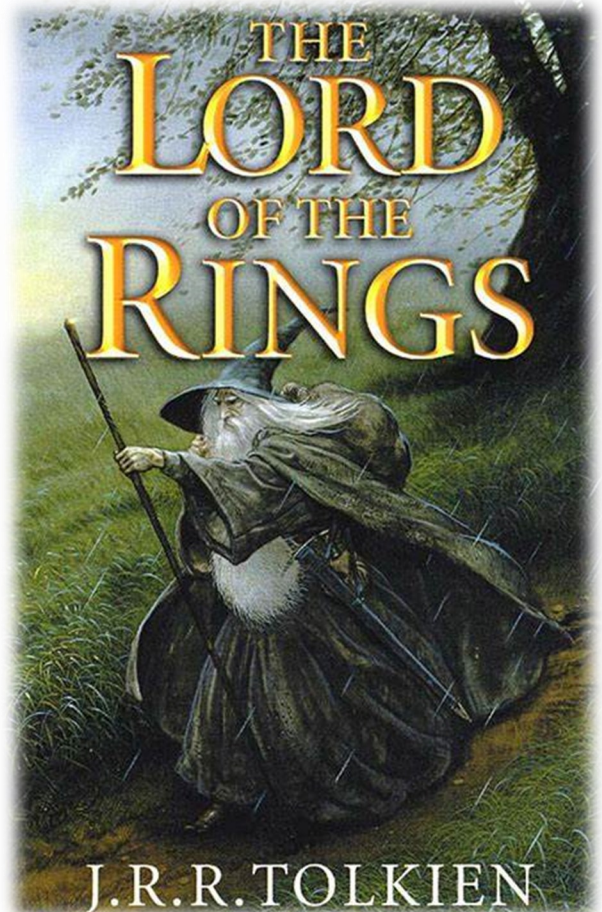
Make sure you are careful
when dealing with this emotion,
whether obsessed with your own reflection
or taking your life with a home-made potion.



ROSE REVIEW: THE LORD OF THE RINGS BY J. R. R. TOLKIEN

J.R.R. Tolkien's "The Lord of the Rings" is a captivating fantasy series that has enchanted readers for decades. Made up of three books, called "The Fellowship of the Ring," "The Two Towers," and "The Return of the King," this epic saga takes us on a thrilling adventure through the mystical world of Middle-earth. With its immersive world-building, compelling characters, and timeless themes, "The Lord of the Rings" remains a beloved masterpiece that continues to captivate readers of all ages.

Tolkien's world-building in "The Lord of the Rings" is fantastic. From the peaceful lands of the Shire to the majestic realms of Gondor and Rohan, Middle-earth springs to life with remarkable detail. The plot revolves around a perilous quest to destroy a powerful ring, interwoven with various subplots and epic battles. The rich intricate tapestry unfolds with exciting events, keeping us on the edge of our seats.



The characters in "The Lord of the Rings" are highly detailed and memorable. From the resilient hobbits Frodo and Sam to the wise and enigmatic Gandalf, each character possesses a unique personality and plays a crucial role in the unfolding story. Tolkien's ability to make his characters life-like and relatable to the reader is unmatched, and very worthy of mention. This talent creates a connection between reader and the characters within it, helping you to become more engrossed in the book, wishing the characters to succeed.

Tolkien's writing style is descriptive and rich, painting vivid images of the landscapes, characters, and battles within the reader's mind. While his attention to detail can be occasionally overwhelming, the depth and intricacy of his books contribute to the immersive experience of the story. His smooth and engaging writing style helps you to better understand, and be a part of the book, noticing all the small details and intricacies that lie beneath the main plot.

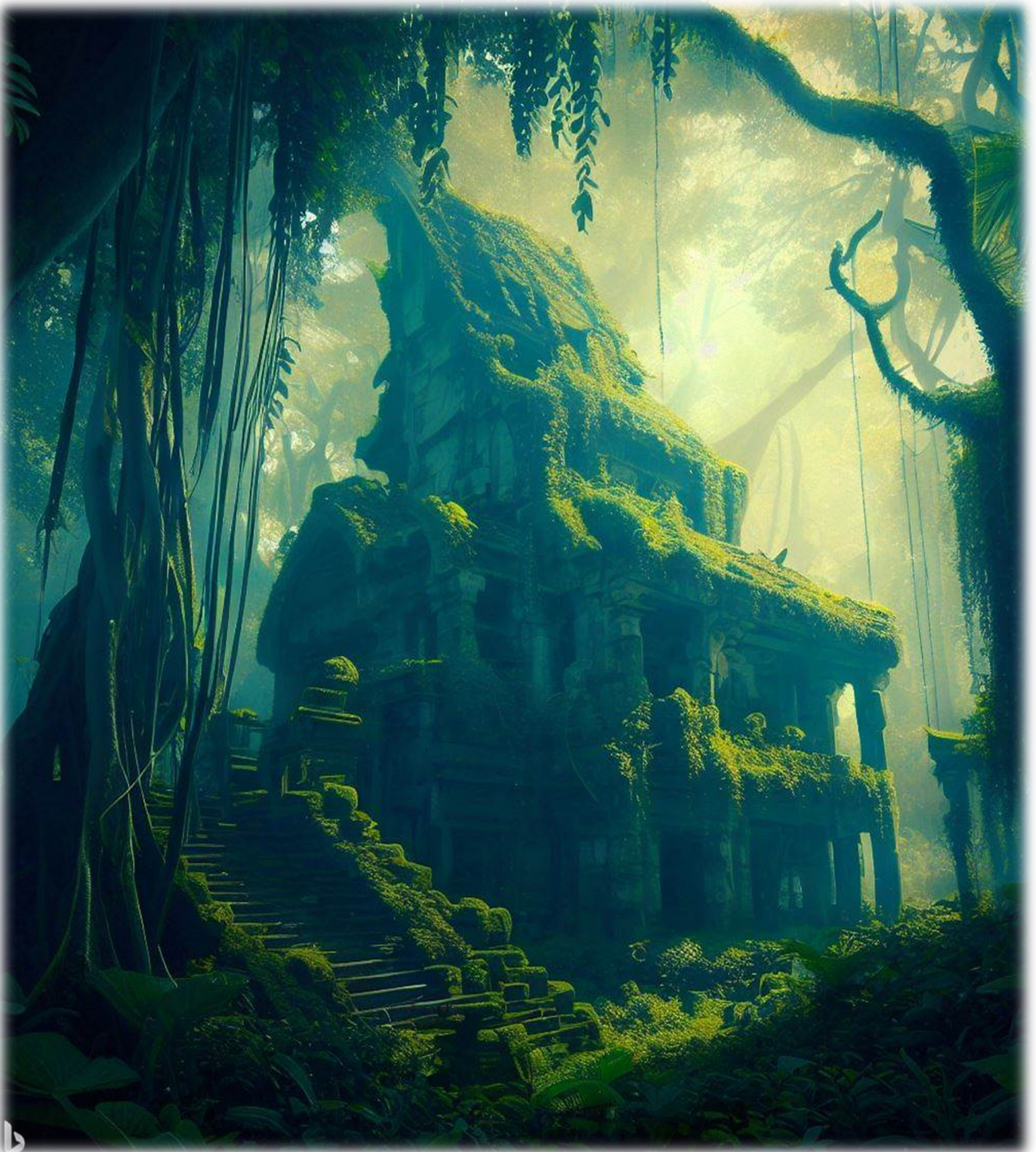
"The Lord of the Rings" stands as a monumental achievement in the realm of fantasy literature, testament to Tolkien's boundless imagination and ability to get it on paper so clearly. Its enduring legacy and profound impact on the genre are indisputable. Through its captivating plot, well-crafted world, unforgettable characters, and timeless themes, "The Lord of the Rings" remains an essential read for anyone of any age seeking a truly magical literary journey.

By W. Rose (year 10)



THE LOST LEGEND OF MAKOU

BY SEAN M (YEAR 9)



Swarming masses of emerald-green surrounded me and a blistering wave of heat fell on my back like a whip. The sun was directly ablaze over my bald scalp. It must have been mid-day and there I was, half stuck in the soggy ground of a jungle marsh, looking for The Long Lost Legend of Makou: a legendary monster the locals spoke of only in hushed voices and with eyes white with fear.

Suddenly, I sensed movement beyond a tangle of trees and fauna. A scent of death and decay thickened the air as I moved in the direction of the disturbance.

I observed as I came through the foliage what looked like the opening of a cave, but this was too intricate of a design to be a cave; it was too perfect, too precise. It must be a temple, I reasoned. Jungle temples were known among the tribes that had once reigned over this restless jungle and their vast histories, and riches, had been kept hidden – until now! I had found a chink in the door keeping us from discovering the past and I intended to pry it open. The monster must lie beyond this hideous architecture, I thought.

As I ventured through the opening, my torchlight fell upon another being: an explorer, lay on the ground and bleeding from his chest as if he had been impaled. He spoke to me desperately, in a language I didn't recognise, saying only one word again and again: "monstro...monstro...monstro..." and then, something snapped, something snapped inside of him, and he let out the ghastly screech of death, before falling through the temple ground. I turned to flee, but saw with dim terror that the temple entrance had closed shut on me. Now I was entombed.

I had to find a way out.

Walking slowly through the temple, I watched in awe as my torchlight flickered and licked the skulls of the dead, hanging like ghastly décor from the ceilings and sprouting from the ground in blooms of blood and death.

Eventually, I came to a clearing where inscribed upon the walls in ancient runes, dating back over 800 years, were the words: THE MAKOU TEMPLE.

I travelled deeper into the clearing, clasping my eyes on embroidery and tapestry that adorned the walls. It told the tale of the Old Ones, in vivid imagery and text. I surmised that they were a tribe who valued death as an intricate and majestic art and who worshipped it by torturing victims until the blood in their veins turned black and their faces turned ghastly. But there was no mention of a monster. I was confused and moved on, hoping to find what I had sought.

Deeper, my eyes adjusted to a brilliant light, like a star, coming from above. This room completely ignored the world around it and revolved around itself. I ventured till there was a clearing of rock hewn around a single elevated slab of stone. I calmly settled myself upon it and thought of all the things the tribes must have done here.

Slowly, I felt myself becoming faint. It felt like I was entering a sleep, my body limp and falling through the air, surrounded in a suit of aquatic immersion. Unknown to me, the slab was slowly devouring me; the more comfortable I became, the more I sank into the monstrous slab, my body dissolving in a thick, black ooze.

As my body collapsed from the contraption, I saw another being: an explorer seeking refuge, trapped as I was, in this morbid cycle of the temple, eating its victims slowly and bathing its beauty in crimson. I tried to speak to him, to warn him of this place, of this monstrous place, but all I could conjure was a single word before I drifted into a deep void of slumber: 'monster...monster...monster...'

The skulls, of which I was slowly joining the ranks of, were not decorations, but in fact the trophies claimed by this dark being, this death-bringer, mixing death with beauty in a cocktail of chaos until the mere human was part of it. I realised then that this is the true Legend of Makou, the one true monster of the jungle: man's own creation.

RE-ESCAPE

BY ISRAEL F (YEAR 7)



Running...running. The only thing I have ever known.

My world is broken. The rulers corrupt with power, leading us all to the end of days. I'm not like everyone, however. I am a mutant. All of us mutants were born with abilities: Precognition, being able to see slightly into the future; super strength, read the name, it isn't that hard to figure out, and even flight. Mine was precognition. Sounds cool, right? Well, not exactly. Seeing slightly into the future can be confusing, especially when it can trigger at any minute. Sure, it'd saved my life a bunch of times, but I'd also been forced to live some of my worst moments twice over: once in the precognition and then once again in real time. That's the thing with being a mutant, it's both a blessing and a CURSE. Anyway, I'm the last of my kind. The last of this cursed tribe. The government want to harness my power to extend their injustice and spread calamity all around the world. This is why I run; I don't want to help them. I want to help people, like Superman, only with way less power and no Lois Lane. So here I am, running. The only thing I've ever known.

After hours of endless trekking across an amber desert wasteland, littered with gargantuan pieces of debris, my eyes finally settled on a metallic, decrepit dome covered in weathered shrapnel in the distance. It looked uninhabitable, uninviting and most likely my latest new home.

Through utter pain and torture, I dragged my broken leg through the carcass of disassembled parts until eventually, I reached the dome. What was inside? I pondered. After 15 gruelling minutes passed, I used all my shrivelled body's strength to open the dome, when a large piece of debris collapsed over the place, almost crushing me. However, I didn't realise that my worst nightmare was about to come true.

Out of nowhere the piercing screeches of government whistles echoed around the junkyard. With adrenaline surging across my body, I ran through the sloped dome with dead rats and electricity wires flashing all around me, trying to find a way to escape. The noises from the whistles were getting louder and louder. In panic, stupidly, I took a right turn at a pile of machine parts, hoping to find an exit, but what I saw next made my heart skip a beat. Rotting corpses. Bloody knives. Death notes and more. I saw screaming. Running. Knives. The whistles got louder and louder. I knew this was the end for me. The whistles were upon me now, red lights flashed upon the walls and the footsteps of government goons filled the dome. I felt a series of sharp pains across my body and as I drew my last breath, I waited for the blood to drop. And it did. It finally di-

I snapped out of the precognition, gasping and retching on the floor of the dome. My hands searched my body for signs of blood, but there was nothing.... I came to my senses after a series of deep breaths. This was another experience I'd been forced to see before it happened, this time my own death at the hands of the tyrannous government. I had about two minutes to get out of here if I didn't want to experience it again, only this time for real. I'd failed to escape in the precognition, but this time I knew they were coming and I knew what I had to do. I lifted myself from the floor as piercing screeches from whistles echoed around the junkyard.

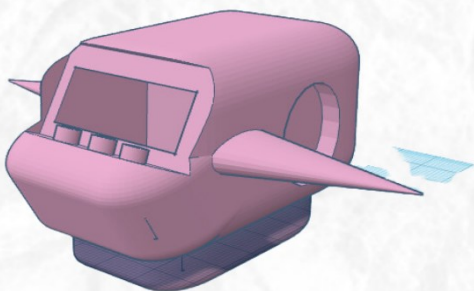
I started running...running. The only thing I have ever known.

REDEFINING SUSTAINABLE TRANSPORTATION

Unleashing futuristic design

Welcome to "HydroWheels Insights," where automotives meet the environment. In this article, we introduce the ingenious design we use at the HydroWheels startup to design our eco-friendly water-based vehicles. Join us as we unravel the benefits, challenges, and future of the environment. With a mission to make sustainable cars, we are revolutionizing the world for all. Our vehicles offer personalisation and cutting-edge technology to transform the industry.

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Powered by advanced hydraulic propulsion techniques, the Hydrowheels X1 delivers a thrilling driving experience with zero emissions. Its state-of-the-art technology provides instant torque, enabling swift acceleration and smooth maneuverability. Say goodbye to traditional fossil fuel vehicles and embrace the future of transportation.

www.hydrowheels.co.uk

By Mohammad S (Year 7)

**Vehicle is still under production - prototypes of a volume of 765cm³ are sold currently*