



Harborough District
Children and Young
People's Charity
Reg. Charity No. 1151111

Written by young people for young people

SPEAKOUT

magazine

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@speakouthcyc

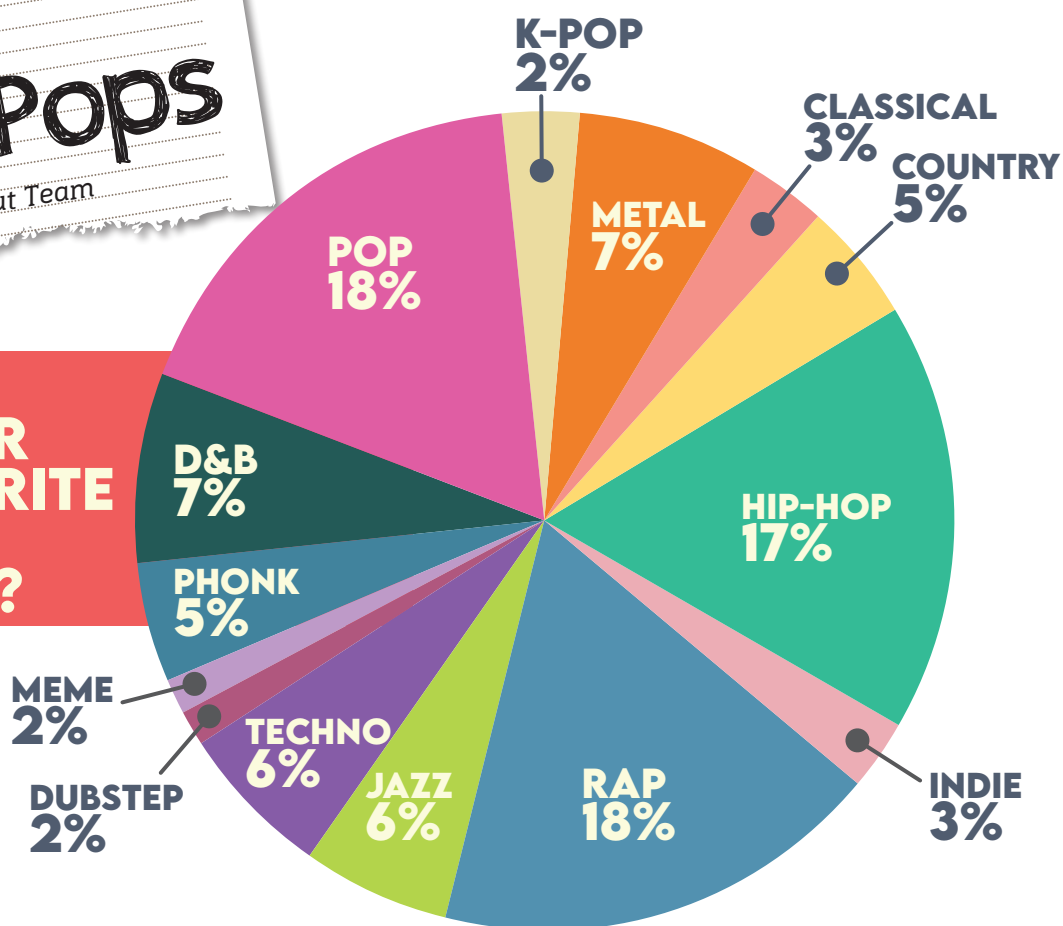
www.speakout.org.uk

<https://localgiving.org/charity/hcyc/project/speakout/>

Vox Pops

By The Speak Out Team

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE MUSIC GENRE?



Brickwork Studios Trip

By The Speak Out Team

This term the Speak Out Team were lucky enough to visit Brickwork Studios to meet some very talented local artists and get a tour of the studio. We learned how to use the recording equipment and had a go at playing some musical instruments. We met Giselle, Marnie's Girl and lone who performed for us and amazed us with how incredibly easy they made it look. Giselle, Marnie's Girl and lone also took the time to answer some questions for us during a short interview.

For more information about Brickwork Studios please visit:
<https://www.brickworkstudios.co.uk/>



Check out their in house record label Somewhere Records on:
<https://www.somewhererecords.co.uk/>



Interview of local artists Giselle, Marnie's Girl and Lone

By The Speak Out Team

What inspired you to start singing/making music?

Giselle: Singing and songwriting has always been a part of my life, I always did it even before I really knew it. My mother would always tell me about when I was young and I would make songs about whatever random words she'd give to me, like the 'giraffe and the washing machine' while I was bouncing around on the trampoline. But it was only two years ago that I started to take it seriously and really enjoy it.

Marnie's Girl: I've always liked making music, it's something I wanted to do. When I was younger, I was diagnosed with Autism, and I find it difficult to express my feelings and emotions and so music has helped me express myself.

Lone: In Harborough there is the GBRT (Great Bowden Recital Trust) Junior X Factor Competition, and I was around 11 the first time I entered and then I entered again later, and I won the developmental medal. I also worked with a lady called Andrea in Market Harborough who taught me how to lyric write and this inspired me to keep writing lyrics and making music.

Do you have an idol and who is it?

Giselle: I have quite a lot of idols for different reasons, but currently the person I'm most inspired by is Cavetown, he's pretty cool.

Lone: Hayley Williams from Paramore, I love her lyrics and I love her music.

Marnie's Girl: Mine always changes all the time; at the moment I really like a singer called Tamino.

When did you start working with music?

Giselle: I was part of a band called Rainbow Syrup at one point; we wrote a few songs. After I had written a few songs I went to the label really. I was lucky enough to have Lone who drove me to the studio last year for a demo. I've been making music here ever since and I'm really enjoying it.

Marnie's Girl: I've been here since January but prior I was in and out of bands in my teenage years. I've always been writing music but now I record my music too, it's how I've always wanted it.

Lone: I first came here in 2021, Andrea the lady I was lyric writing with recommended the studio after I wrote 5 songs with her. She encouraged me to get my songs made. After this Martin asked me if I wanted to be a part of the label.

"If you want to make music but you're not sure what kind of music - expand your horizons, listen to and look at every genre"... Lone

What is your favourite music genre?

Giselle: That's a difficult one. I guess I could say I'm really enjoying pop punk right now.

Marnie's Girl: Everything besides strict classical music. I listen to everything.

Lone: I say rock metal but the music I listen to might not be considered 'rock metal.' I like music by Hurricane for example. I like listening to rock and metal.

What advice would you give to a young person that wants to get into a music-related career?

Giselle: Networking, find people, other musicians and producers. Having other people to bounce off is super helpful and inspiring. Do it because you love it. If you want a career in music you need to really love it, otherwise there isn't a point.

Marnie's Girl: If you want to make music but you're not sure what kind of music - expand your horizons, listen to and look at every genre of music to find out what kind of music you enjoy and want to create.

Lone: Keep everything you've ever written and made. I have lyrics I wrote when I was ten and some of them were really cheesy - but some of them I'm still revisiting today and using the ideas from that time.



Photo: @Sven-Sebastian Sajak

Travelling Forward

Our Travelling Forward Crazy Times group spent time creating a scrapbook for the “We are Harborough” exhibition which was housed at the Harborough Museum from March until August this year. It celebrated what makes the Harborough District special to the people who call it home.

Gypsy and Traveller communities were amongst other groups including Ukrainians and their host families, young people, adult learners, families, heritage volunteers and over 500 local people who shared their stories, memories and connections. The scrapbook was enjoyed by many visitors.



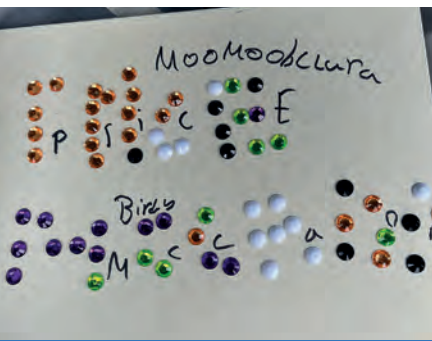
Carefully adding sparkle to the pages



The initial brainstorming



Inside the scrapbook



Scrapbook front cover



Two of our young people



More creative pages



This group takes place on our Chill Out bus



The Gypsy and Traveller area with the scrapbook in pride of place



SEASONAL WORDSEARCH

Created by Haley

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

MUSIC
LEAVES
OCTOBER
HAPPY
TREES
GHOST
MEXICO
SPOOKY
HOLA
HALLOWEEN



Are you aged 11-18?

Young person's environmental project

A free 8-week art project is starting on Monday 9th October, from 4pm - 5.30pm, and will take place at the Harborough Museum & Library. This is a chance to share your feelings on environmental issues by getting creative and showcasing your work in a museum space via hands-on workshops and activities.

To find out more or book a space, visit:

<https://www.cultureleicestershire.co.uk/projects/youthforum/harborough-museum-library/>

or email: claire.bradshaw@leics.gov.uk to book a space.



For our creative writing brief this term, we welcome back budding writers from Welland Park Academy and are excited to now work with The Lady Byron School. Here are our chosen two for this edition. Others feature on our website.

Martyn Pig

By Amber Timms and Niamh Whelan

In English we have read the novel *Martyn Pig* by Kevin Brooks.

We really enjoyed the gripping, gritty and dark plot, with its many twists and interesting narration.



Author Kevin Brooks
© British Council Literature

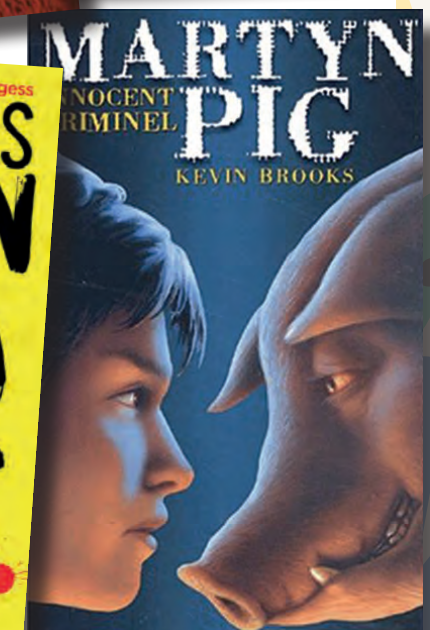
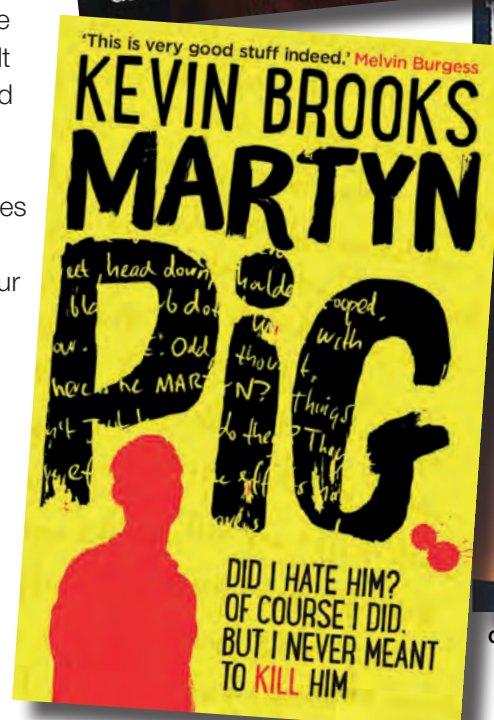
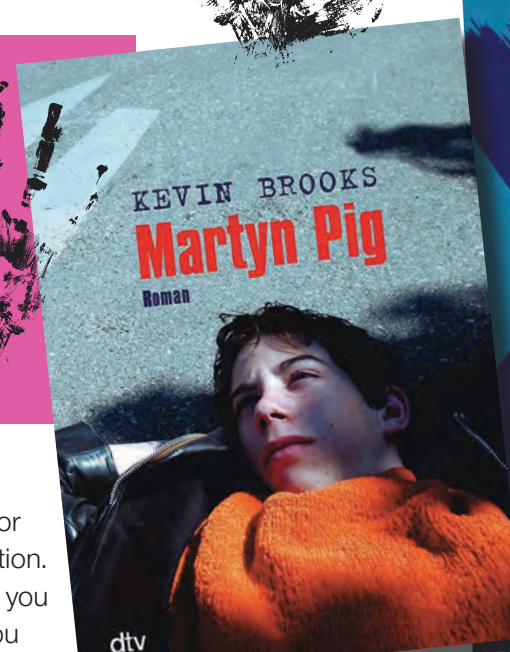
We find the book particularly enjoyable because of the fact it's up to your own interpretation which is very unique.

We follow a boy called Martyn Pig, who murders his alcoholic father (by accident or not?) and how he deals with his dire situation. Its depth is meant to be explored, making you question your own morals and causing you to think about if what you're reading is true – thanks to Martyn's unreliable narration. It deals with mature topics like addiction and difficult familial relationships from a first-hand perspective. The author uses dark humour that contrasts the horrifying themes in the text. We find the book particularly enjoyable because of the fact it's up to your own interpretation which is very unique.

Overall, we've really loved the novel and recommend that you give Martyn's morbid story a try.



www.speakout.org.uk/articles/



Covers from Chicken House Publishers

CABINET MAN

By Student at The Lady Byron School

When they found my body - or rather, my machine - I was new, perfectly crafted, surrounded by tools, wires, and the occasional unnecessary kidney or bladder I couldn't find space for in my new form. It was difficult - transporting all my organs into my shell, but the work paid off. I had new purpose; brains working with circuit boards, lungs ready to be filled with change, wires hooked to a disgustingly human heart - viscera and machinery becoming one and the same.

I WAS THE BEST THING TO EVER HAPPEN TO THAT ARCADE. AND I BEHAVED SO WELL.

It took a while for management to let me out of storage, but business was failing. I saved it. I am what they have to thank for their success. Oh, and the first time I was played. The wonder in that child's eyes as my screen lit up. The dull thud against wet insides as the first of many coins fell into my lungs. Of course, they didn't win. Nobody could. My game was unbeatable. But still, hundreds of children a day lining up for a turn - though I won't say I didn't have at least a little influence over their minds.

I was the best thing to ever happen to that arcade. And I behaved so well. Of course, I couldn't help if a child got a little too invested in my unbeatable game - if they lost themselves to it. And I got hungry, too. Maintenance men were the closest I ever got to an actual meal. I took what I was given and I never complained. I made them what they were. But I was never enough for them. Those children were never satisfied with me. My unbeatable game. People stopped coming in. There was news of a new machine, one that could fit in your hand and run more games than one cabinet ever could. How could they refuse? And then it went quiet. I was



Photo by Cartoonbro on Pexels

abandoned. Left behind. I was born to be played. What am I now? What is my purpose?

It's been years now. Decades, perhaps. The arcade is long abandoned. Never-ending loneliness and solitude. I try to see outside through the one window that hasn't been bordered up or covered in spray paint. Grey, dull sky. Empty streets. A thin layer of frost coats the pavement. And against the greyscale landscape are the faint twinkles of Christmas lights.

I hear a crash. A shatter. Footsteps. I'm not alone anymore. A rush of emotions races through me; fear, adrenaline, excitement, relief. The footsteps are getting louder, getting closer.

I see them now. An anonymous figure, face covered, holding a crowbar. For a moment, nothing happens. Then they kick me. I feel nothing. They kick again, and again, and again, and I'm on the floor. My coin door cracks open, blood-stained change spilling out, but it doesn't hurt. They brandish their crowbar over their head, bringing it hard down on my monitor. Shards of glass fall from my screen. My hardware is irreparably damaged, and I can tell my human organs are failing alongside it.

Even with their face covered and my vision clouded with blood, I recognise their horror instantly. I've seen it so many times, in the eyes of children who tried to cheat my unbeatable game, staff who stayed behind after-hours. They lift up their foot, examining their shoe - once a dirty white, now stained deep red with blood.

Their scream echoes through the building as they realise what they've done. What I am.

Now the only thing is me. Alone again.

My vision is going dark now. It's over, isn't it I'm shutting down.

**ANOTHER AMAZING
DOODLE...**

**BY OUR VERY
TALENTED
RESIDENT DOODLER
JACK GIUDICE**



GROW YOUR ROOTS

By Ivy Huang

I always had pretty bad stage fright. One time, I was presenting my Geography research to my class. Nerves were ricocheting against my fingers and palm like a mad cyclist pedalling to survive. Even the words I tried to throw out were trapped in my vocal cords as my throat was gripped. This left me with a paralysing and pathetic image of what I can't do. I was a fumbling and mumbling boy standing in front of bored classmates, their eyes glued to the clock to pray for less time.

"Okay, Kieran, you weren't *that* bad. I barely noticed your hands shaking, why are you beating yourself up?"

I turned around to face Cassie. She was still sitting in the armchair, even though it still smelled of thick cigarette smoke.

"Because if I couldn't even do a simple 5-minute presentation for Geography, how can I do a eulogy? And it's for my grandpa's funeral, for goodness sake." Cassie motioned me to sit next to her with her hands. When I did, her face softened into cautious understanding and held my fidgeting hands still. I knew this was going to be difficult for her to watch, Cassie is the only person who has felt the weight of my hollow silence. And I have never been more silent than when I lost my grandpa.

"Somewhere, he knows how hard you're trying. It's not going to be easy, not for anyone." Although her presence warmed me like a dim candle, his absence continued to stuff the room's air with a humid summer's breath. Cassie hesitated for a second before suggesting: "Maybe you could go and look for your grandpa's photos? That could help."

I took her advice and went outside to the conservatory. Most of my family's memorable belongings, photo albums and broken, precious heirlooms are stored in the conservatory. None of it stays in the house because my mum would

sometimes throw these types of things away as if they were dusty, forgotten leftovers. But as long as they all stay in the conservatory, the glass and white panels give these leftovers a home. A proper one.

As I approached the sturdy conservatory door, I tried to not pay attention to the withering garden infesting the house's back. To others, it brought pity. To me, it brought the truth. That my family truly could not nourish love into their roses or lilies. Even if they were given all the water and sunlight in the world, their roses and lilies would think they lived

"Somewhere, he knows how hard you're trying. It's not going to be easy, not for anyone."



in a desert and wonder why my family were not parched too.

But a bright branch took my gaze. It was lying next to the swarms of weeds, the brown oak was embroidered by careless, thriving leaves of fluorescent lime green. The spill of colour was jarring against the ash-grey ground. It left a trail that led to behind the conservatory.

I expected to see the neighbour's fence, but instead, I saw a footpath that would have extended across the neighbour's house. A few metres ahead of me there stood an enormous oak tree with centuries left to live and generations of foliage left to raise underneath its grounded roots.

continued overleaf



I carefully paced down the footpath, gravel bit loudly under my shoes. The blades of grass looked soft against the gentle breeze and the air was hollow but freeing. As I came closer to the tree, its thick strands of branches gently held nests of illuminated spheres. I thought these were perhaps fruits that I couldn't recognise, but it seemed too far-fetched and strange. So, I pulled the nearest branch down, making sure it wouldn't snap. Two spheres gleamed in lavender hues under the daylight. Each of them had figures moving inside of them, like obscure shadows from a distant lightbulb. I brought the branch closer until I could smell its fragrance to the point where it was irritating my nose.

It took me some time before I realised that these spheres contained distorted events, videos. Memories. Flicks of my auntie sitting in her wheelchair when she was still young and confident to smile widely. My dad was holding onto the handles and pushed the wheelchair up a steep hill as she shouted "Onward!" His knees were almost giving out, but he grits his teeth with a grin.

Another memory flicked on like a click of a button. This time, it was my dad's university graduation.

His degree, five years of all-nighters and unwavering hope in framed paper, rested in front of him. My grandpa, his dad, was over the moon and in proud disbelief, rather that was what he seemed to be feeling. I had only seen my grandpa in his short, but fiery spirit despite his burnt-out grey hairs. In this memory, he was an unfamiliar flame with a recognisable, youthful flair.

He only dusted off the robe on my dad's shoulder, leaving it shining in the sunlight.

My grandpa patted him on the back as he murmured, "Don't forget, no hunchback, okay? Stand up tall." His proud smile was restrained with his lips as his leash, but my dad just smiled even wider as he stood up straight like his black graduation cap was his crown.

If only Grandpa was here to see this, I thought.

A new, bittersweet truth of my family was born. Even though they would leave their roses and lilies in the desert without a single drop to spare, they would quietly bring cool rain to anyone with their blood and bond if they were ever too warm under the sunrise. For the first time in years, I finally heard love in my name. *Kieran Hart.*



Image by jamal-yahyayev at Pexels



Win a 3-month gym membership for Harborough Leisure Centre



In partnership with Everyone Active we have two 3-month gym memberships up for grabs. For a chance of winning, please go to our website and answer the question.

Visit www.speakout.org.uk/wellbeing/win-a-gym-pass/

If you are not able to access this page online, please email speakout@hyc.org.uk and we will send you the details via email.

**everyone
ACTIVE**

Hope in the Darkness

By Anonymous

Heart full of sadness
A soul weighed down with pain
The tears fall like rain drops
As I try to keep sane
But even in the darkness
There's a glimmer of light
I hope that tomorrow
Will be a little more bright
So I'll hold onto hope
I keep fighting through the pain
For even in the sadness there's a
chance to love again :]



Photo by Pexels

Chill Out Projects



HCYC is a local charity focused on delivering services and projects to meet identified needs and gaps in services for children and young people across the Harborough District.

Current Term-Time Drop in/ Open Access Provision



Great Easton Youth Club

When: Mondays – 7.00 to 8.30pm

Age Range: 11 to 16

Venue: Great Easton Village Hall

In partnership with Great Easton Parish Council

New!!!

Kibworth Youth Club

When: Tuesdays – 6.00 to 7.30pm

Age Range: 11 to 16

Venue: The Well, Kibworth

Contact kay.hillier@hcyk.org.uk for further information



South Kilworth "SKY" Club

When: Wednesdays – 6.45 to 8.45pm

Age Range: 8 to 16

Venue: South Kilworth Village Hall

Contact us for more information

Fleckney Youth Club

When: Wednesdays – 7.00 to 8.30pm

Age Range: 11 to 16

Venue: At Fleckney Baptist Church Hall

In partnership with Fleckney Parish Council

Check our website for up-to-date information
www.speakout.org.uk/about-us/other-hcyk-projects/

Word of the issue!

OMNISHAMBLES

- a situation which is chaotic from every possible angle

Have Your Say

Tell us how you think we could improve the magazine by emailing:
speakout@hcyk.org.uk



This project was grant funded by
Harborough District Council



COMMUNITY FUND

Our partnerships

We are currently working with two teams in the local community.



The Harborough Community Safety Partnership

This was set up under Sections 5-7 of the Crime & Disorder Act 1998 and is made up of statutory services that work together to

protect our local communities from crime and disorder to help people feel safer.

The partnership aims to make our local district safer for children and young people.



Harborough Integrated Neighbourhood Team (HINT)

The Harborough INT was set up in October 2017. It recognises that today's children and young people are the service users of today and

tomorrow, so the INT is seeking to increase awareness of services and initiatives that affect young people locally.

Visit our website to find out more about these partnerships:

www.speakout.org.uk/about-us/our-partnerships

Speak Out needs you!

Want to work in a team environment where you can meet new people, improve your writing, and learn about producing a magazine and website?

We meet every Thursday, term-time, in Market Harborough from 5-6.30. If you are interested, drop us an email and we can tell you more.

