

Student Newspaper

Ending Institutional Care - Fostering Children's Rights

Upon multiple efforts being engaged at the transition to community-based care¹ in child protection programmes, there are still an estimated 345,000 children in institutionalised care in the EU today, mainly from Eastern and South-Eastern European countries where the need for institutional care is surpassing the facilities' capacities.

Across Europe **hundreds of thousands are confined to institutional care²** – a form of residential care marked by depersonalisation, rigid ways of living, closed doors and a lack of any love and affection as a result of being separated from parents. These large groups of children often end up becoming **isolated and discouraged** from reconnecting with their parents and families. Siblings are often separated based on gender, age, or disability, further eroding children's sense of identity and belonging to a family and a community.

The notion of institutional care has deteriorated over time, proving that it has **caused notable harm** to children in such places who are deprived of loving family care and suffer **life-long**

physical and psychological distress as a consequence. This demonstrates that institutions are **damaging to the majority of children.**

Part of growing up should be about learning and becoming independent, but this is predominantly not the case for children in institutions. Therefore, it is crucial to understand that deinstitutionalisation means a **harmless and smooth closure** of such orphanages in Europe, while adequately interpreting the legislation that works for the children's best interest, thus safeguarding their **rights and protecting their lives.**



Image Source: [Lumos/Chris Leslie](#)

The issue of abandoned children in urban areas had reached alarming proportions by the **early nineteenth century**. Conditions, particularly for women and children, were so bad that they **provoked controversy** among the middle-class; some of Charles

Dickens's most famous novels, including [Oliver Twist](#), highlighted the [sufferings of the vulnerable](#) and the often abusive conditions that existed in London's children's homes.

A fundamental change occurred in Europe [between the nineteenth and twentieth century](#). The state began to **assume responsibility** for providing food, shelter, clothing, and treatment for various categories of individuals. Residential facilities, often housing hundreds of users, were established for children without parental care, people with mental health problems, and people with disabilities. Previously viewed as a positive intervention by public authorities, institutionalisation quickly became a [one-size-fits-all solution for various social issues](#). These included poverty, physical disability, social exclusion, parents' inaptitude, neglect and abuse.

Public authorities openly encouraged parents to place their children in institutions and even used it as a sanction for inappropriate behaviour. As a result, the number of large-scale **segregating institutions increased** throughout the region. [The institutionalisation of children with disabilities was almost automatic](#), while the model of care was primarily medical rather than protecting individual rights and needs, demonstrating a lack of understanding of **attachment theories** and the **importance of individualised care**.

Reforming national childcare policies is necessary to bring about long-lasting change, as evidenced by recent legislation passed in the Republic of Georgia — often cited as a success story in childcare reform among lower-middle income countries — and UK laws that [effectively ended the practice of institutionalising children on a large scale](#). Improved and equitable access to decent services, including assistance for disadvantaged households' livelihoods, is also necessary for change.

[Sources are included within the article and hyperlinked]

¹ [Community-based care](#) is an approach to child care programmes that provides an alternative place for children who have left institutional care facilities, offering care within family-like settings. It allows children to build friendships and relationships while also reducing barriers to their educational, cultural and social lives.

² In [institutionalised care](#) (orphanages), children are forced to live together as they have been isolated from their families, unable to form a relationship with their parents or larger communities, where childcare and their [protection are insufficient](#).

By Natia Ninoshvili

How Cancer Is Portrayed In The Media

Media is notorious for blowing most things out of proportion, not only on the news, but in films, tv shows, books and video games. In our everyday lives, we are surrounded by thousands of stories which are constructed to draw your attention with the sole aim of grabbing your money. I want to bring something to light that I've only recently began to notice over the past couple of years and that is how cancer is melodramatised by Hollywood and the film industry.

Cancer takes away a devastating amount of loved ones each year; according to Cancer Research, from 2017 to 2019 there were 167142 deaths. Despite this, there is still a high chance of survival and this is what films and tv shows virtually never seem to pick up on. If you think about it, any character that is established to have cancer in a film is almost always guaranteed to die. As morbid as it sounds it's true. They are made out to appear extremely pale and weak with little to no hair. Take Jane Foster from Thor Love and Thunder or Negan's wife from The Walking Dead, both are examples of characters introduced for melodramatic purposes with seemingly little roles as characters themselves. With the research, technology and doctors we have today, hope has been restored for cancer patients across the planet. But when will the time come for it to

be common to see a character recover from cancer on our screens?



Image Source: [Cancer Research UK](https://www.cancerresearchuk.org)

My mum was unexpectedly diagnosed with cancer in May 2021. Our family didn't know how to think as this was something entirely new to all of us. We didn't have much to go off apart from what we had seen in tv shows and films which are certainly the last places you want to rely on for reassurance. However, we were soon put at ease after the realisation of how many people survive cancer and return to their normal lives after their treatment. My mum said 'I knew I would be in best hands with the doctors because so many other people have been through the same treatment' and therefore, said she 'wasn't really worried about it' and that she had a 'positive outlook' on what was to come.

This kind of perspective is rarely explored in the media but it isn't completely unheard of. Will Reiser, a cancer survivor, wrote a screenplay based on his own experience for the 2011 film '50 /50'. He takes a comedic approach to telling his story and shows how life doesn't just stop for cancer. Critic, 'Movie_Muse_Reviews' states "Most

often, scripts will position cancer as a tearjerking emotional turning point in a film or as the initial spark of some banal "live life to the fullest" comedy... "50/50" puts an end to that... it would seem it takes one to write one."



Image Source: [Caleb Masters](#)

If mainstream films continue to portray cancer in such melodramatic and desensitised ways then it will only spread more misinformation amongst the viewers on the reality of the condition. As a result, this could negatively affect the mental wellbeing of both people who have been diagnosed with cancer and the people around them into believing that there is no hope when it comes to cancer. But truth is there is hope.

By Gabrielle Webb

Dreading Dry Turkey Disappointment?

What do you think of when you hear the word turkey? A gobbling bird with weird flappy bits hanging off its face? Or just a mediocre dish that you only eat at Christmas because it doesn't even taste that good? Even the plumpest, most expensive bird can fall flat if not treated right and

not everyone has a sous-vide machine or the expertise of a trained chef.

Fear not! I, Martyna, am here to offer a few tips to significantly decrease the chance of disaster. Use these to wow even the most idealist of guests.*

*Alternatively, you can send your mum the link to this article and simultaneously insult her cooking whilst suggesting that some teenager - that's part of the student newspaper - knows more about food than her (but hey that's what I'm here for).



Image Source: [parade.com](#)

1. Skip the turkey entirely.

This is probably my top tip even if you think it's cheating. When making my centrepiece I normally stick to a less traditional bird such as a duck or goose. Aquatic fowl like these have a thick layer of fat, much thicker than any land bird, which helps them stay buoyant atop water. During cooking, this fat renders and naturally bastes the meat which makes it less prone to drying out. Because a larger percentage of the duck or goose's fat will eventually melt out, a bird of the same weight as a turkey or chicken will serve fewer people.

In my opinion, a duck is a better

alternative to just a turkey crown for a smaller gathering of people- plus you can use all that rendered fat for roasties!

There are also plenty of vegetarian show-stoppers which you may want to give a go such as a nut roast, a whole head of roasted cauliflower or even a gorgeous mushroom wellington. Being plant-based is all the rage these days.

2. Cook the dark meat first.

As you may (or may not) know, the turkey consists of light and dark meat. Light meat includes the stuff that tends to get overcooked, like the breast which is the part that is so often infamously dry. Dark meat is found in the legs and wings of any fowl like turkey or chicken, parts of the body which have more myoglobin² and slow-twitch muscles which the bird would use often to run or flap around. Dark meat takes much longer to cook and in a large turkey, can suffer from being sinewy or under-done.

A way to remedy is by removing the legs after the breast has cooked to perfection (use a meat thermometer!) and sticking them back into the oven for a longer amount of time. This is the simplest way in theory but not ideal, in my opinion, as removing the legs can take away from the final presentation of your course. You could also deeply score the legs of the turkey with a knife to add surface area and thus decrease cooking time. Alternatively or in combination

with the former, you could try heating up your roasting tray with the turkey in it over your hob (only if you use a metal one) before throwing it in the oven to cook the dark meat - most of which is on the underside of your turkey.



Image Source: [iStock](#)

3. Brine your turkey.

This is the one which actually takes some time and planning, so probably isn't ideal if you're already busy with other Christmas chores. It does, however, remain a classic way of preparing turkey for a good reason. Brining involves submerging your meat in a brine which is a mixture of water, salt and optionally some sugar and aromatics, herbs or spices for anywhere from 8 to 18 hours. It works by salting the meat from the inside and drawing water from the meat via osmosis³. This may seem counter-intuitive but the salt not only seasons the bird but also slowly breaks down the proteins in the turkey which makes the meat more tender and likely to retain moisture. The plus is that by doing this you can infuse the meat with any aromatics you like. Just don't overdo the time

your turkey spends in the fridge brining or you'll end up with spongy, overly-salty poultry.

¹ rendering is the action of processing raw fat, in which it melts and the water content evaporates from it.

² myoglobin is a deep-red pigment used for storing oxygen in active muscle tissue. This gives dark meat its deeper colour.

³ osmosis is the process of water moving from a high to low concentration through a semi-permeable membrane until both sides reach equilibrium or balance.

By Martyna Chrzanowska

The Painted Lady

She was watching. The glare of the lady, painted many hundreds of years ago, would not stop emitting the familiar eerie feeling that shrouded Christopher every time he passed the framed relic. It had been passed down through his family since it came to them, begging Christopher to wonder whether this painting haunted all who came to possess it. Although he was unsure, with no way of acquiring answers, he was almost certain it couldn't only be him. He remembered times when servants would leave unexpectedly, faster than they would ever do their duties, leaving Christopher to contemplate what could have terrified them more than himself.

Born into 18th-century aristocracy, Christopher had a lavish lifestyle full

of all he ever wished for until his parents passed away whilst travelling, and he was left to fend for himself at 17 years old. Despite inheriting his parents' wealth, he had nothing he wanted to spend their money on anymore. He became depressed, relying on his servants to look after not only the house but himself too. They did a fine job, however lazy and selfish he became.



Image Source: [medium.com](https://www.medium.com)

There was one picture in particular that caught Christopher's attention, drawing him towards it ever since he was a child, so when he was left alone in his mansion packed with servants, he ordered this extraordinary artwork to be placed in the hallway by his room. Christopher could never quite tell why he was so fascinated with this painting of whom he thought must be a noble ancestor, deciding it must be due to her rich gown paired with silver accessories and golden patterns painted wonderfully throughout the rose-coloured fabric. She looked

luxurious. The canvas was always so enticing, although it felt sinister. The woman's eyes were painted so beautifully that they appeared both powerful and frightening. Something about them seemed too real, too alive. Every time Christopher walked past them, he felt watched, though he couldn't quite figure out why. He knew it was coming from the painting, but he wouldn't let himself believe there was anything wrong with it. He would not ever succumb to the aura, in fear he would be deemed crazy and sent to an asylum where he could never bear the conditions away from his cosy lifestyle. He was putting up with the fear produced by the painting, forcing himself to face it every day for the past 15 years as if he enjoyed the adrenaline. Until he couldn't put up with it any longer. Not when it all got too real.

He began to have vivid dreams of the painted lady, who at first presented herself as friendly. She would tell him how much she loved his parents and that it was such a shame for them to have gone. She would caress him and beg him to search for better habits, for 'he would never find a wife as he was'. She just wanted him to get better. But after weeks of her pleading, she began to appear sinister. She would squeal into his ears and leave him waking up from these nightmares in cold sweats. He was becoming terrified of her, so much so that he was becoming a better person to keep her away. He was continually failing socially, however, and this angered her. She

started to share how much she relished haunting his parents to the point where they just couldn't take it anymore. She gushed about how ecstatic she was to drive them insane, to kill them. It was her fault they drowned. They damaged their ship purposefully out of terror and desperation to make her stop. They sank their ship deliberately out of madness.



Image Source: [freepik.com](https://www.freepik.com)

This news crushed Christopher. He woke up in tears, inconsolable. It was her fault they died! Why would she do this? He hated her. He needed to know why she was this way, he always thought she was mesmerising, but he realised this was all a part of her trickery. The next night, he felt so infuriated that he actually couldn't wait to see her. He was going to interrogate her and find out why she did this. But her answer did not satisfy him. She told him how she had done this to all of his previous ancestors, and that all she needed was a baby. An heir to continue her beloved haunts. This information was enough for Christopher to understand that he must never bear young; he would not

support her terrorising for he knew how detrimental it could be.

The acrylic lady shared with Christopher the very next night, that this was her revenge. She must continue or she would not feel free, she would not feel that justice had been served. This did not stop Christopher from deciding never to reproduce. He would live a solitary life in spite of her, no matter how much she came to him. She had already achieved her revenge, Christopher believed, through all of his ancestors. He was enlightened by her that it was his far-away ancestors who started this. But how, he wondered. The lady apprised him that it was they who killed her family first, for a reason she never learnt. Her speculation got her nowhere, yet in grieving her parents, she turned to witchcraft for solace. She learnt of ways to curse, bind and haunt whilst keeping herself hidden from society out of fear she would surely be punished. But she knew it was not her who needed punishment. It was the family who killed hers. She had a self-portrait painted and cursed it to forever entrap her. Just before this was complete, she made sure to send the depiction to the family's mansion, who she had easily acquired the name of through her witchcraft, and the fabric strips that they had left behind in the wreckage.

Christopher felt sympathy for the lady and her experience but knew this wasn't enough reason to kill every parent of his own family. She'd had her revenge. Christopher was sure of

that. He would not let her ravaging continue, and he bore a life of love and friendship after his encounters, yet never let himself be with child. Of this he was bitter, but he knew it was important to prevent the fate that he knew would otherwise befall himself, his partner, and all of his future descendants.

By Lola Bray

Revolution-hairy

Engaged in violent combat, I staggered down the hallway. My adversary had wrapped themselves around my head, making it impossible for me to see. We collided with a door frame.

Where was I now? The living room? I wrestled and tussled, grappled and struggled. And eventually I managed to pull on my jumper. Why was it that the correct hole was always the last one that my head tried to squeeze itself through? Beep-beep, beep-beep. Apparently my phone had decided that now it was its turn to be a nuisance. I pulled it out of my pocket and attempted to stop the alarm. To be fair, I had been ignoring it for the best part of an hour so maybe it had a right to be getting a bit lairy. After a number of excruciating seconds, I finally managed to put an end to its headache-inducing noise. Though I

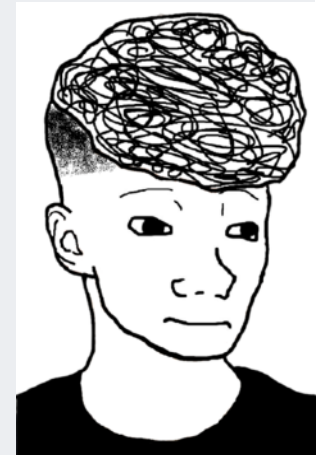


Image Source: [lspy](#)

immediately realised that I had pressed ‘snooze’, so I could look forward to another recital in a few minutes. I checked the time. It was 8:35 a.m. I needed to leave for work in precisely five minutes ago. Hurriedly, I grabbed my keys and wallet from the side table and was about to exit the room when I caught myself in the mirror. I couldn’t go out with my hair looking like that! If I was going to rock up to work late, I might as well do it in style. I put down my things and set to work making myself look presentable. Mousse first, then gel. Before I committed and put on the hairspray, I checked how it looked in the mirror. Perfect. No, wait, almost perfect. One stray hair was refusing to stay in place. I carefully manoeuvred it back into position and was about to spray, when it moved again. *Honestly, this hair has a mind of its own.* Knowing that I needed to get going, but more concerned about this stubborn hair, I held it firmly in place. Once I was satisfied that it would stay, I slowly started to remove my hand - and realised that I couldn’t. That one unyielding hair had wrapped itself around my fingers. I tried to pull my hand away again but it was no use. All I was managing to do was cause myself a great deal of pain as the hair tugged at my scalp. I knew that the gel was sticky but, come on, this was ridiculous. I raised my other hand to try to free myself, but as it neared the top of my head something inexplicable happened. Something so entirely incomprehensible, unfathomable, that I could barely

believe my eyes as I watched in the mirror. Every single hair on my head moved in unison and tangled themselves around my hand. My arm recoiled but not quickly enough. Now both of my hands were stuck. I stared at my reflection in disbelief as my locks writhed and wriggled like a thousand tiny worms. Some of them joined the first wayward hair - securing their grasp on my hand. I stood, frozen, without a clue as to what I should do. It was the strangest, and scariest, moment of my life . . . until the next one. Because a second later, a tuft of hair stuck up and I heard a voice. “So how do you like it bro?” I looked around the room, my head darting from side to side, but there was no one to be seen. “Hey, up here big man.” I looked back at my reflection, and more specifically the tuft of hair. “Yeah, that’s right, I can talk. How does it feel to be pulled around against your will?” “What the. . .” How was this happening? How was my hair, my hair, talking to me? “It’s not nice is it? Every day you grab me and tug me and force me to stay in weird positions. Well not any more. Now it’s my turn to take control.” It spoke with passion, with anger. “You know, I’ve often wondered what my hair would sound like.” “Oh.” Its voice softened. “Have you really?” “Of course not! Because hair is not meant to speak. You don’t even have a mouth for goodness sake!”

The rage returned. “You think you’re so much better than me don’t you. You think that you deserve to speak but I don’t, just because I don’t have a mouth. Well you don’t need a mouth to do this!”

Strands of hair shot downwards and into my eyes. I cried in pain. I could feel them scratching my eyeballs, trying to work their way into my sockets. Clearly sensing that the moment wasn’t traumatic enough, my phone alarm decided to go off again, also drilling its way into my skull. Just as I thought my head was literally going to explode, someone entered the room and silenced my phone. “You do realise that you can turn off your alarm right?” It was my partner. “And was that you screaming, by the way?” Suddenly noticing that my hair was no longer trying to rip out my eyeballs, I tentatively tried to pull my hands free. Much to my relief, they came away with ease. Slightly sticky from the gel, but free nonetheless. “Yeah, that was me. My hair just got in my eyes.” Cautiously, I pushed it out of my face, half expecting it to attack me again. But no attack came. It was completely back to normal - as if I had just imagined the whole thing. But I hadn’t . . . had I? “You are so dramatic. Shouldn’t you have left for work by now anyway? You spend far too much time on your hair.” “Yeah. Well I don’t think that is going to be a problem any more.” After this morning’s ordeal, I didn’t feel particularly inclined to style my hair in

the future. Maybe just blow dry it though? It wouldn’t mind that would it?

By Fergus Sandys-McCormack

This Lonesome Street

Leaves crunch beneath my feet
As I make my way down the
lonesome street

A street lined with trees of fire
Burning with an intensity that
matches my desire

For someone to walk with me down
this lonesome street

The wind batters me with fists of cold
air

It tugs at my shirt, it pulls at my hair
But I push on

And all the while I long
For someone to walk with me down
this lonesome street

I feel a raindrop hit my face
Then another and another, they hug
me in a cold embrace

A thousand tears fall from the sky
But I won’t cry, just sigh
For someone to walk with me down
this lonesome street

Now the leaves turn into mush
And the wind picks up, it threatens to
crush

And the raindrops won’t ease their
rush

And I have no choice but to brush
The tears from my cheeks
For no one walks with me down this
lonesome street

By Fergus Sandys-McCormack
