
HENSON HERALD

EDITED BY LUCI BALL

June is the month of the longest day and energy levels at a peak. We have many contributors to the magazine over the Summer as well as our Summer School which will be taking place in July and August.

There are at least ten attendees from Ukraine which will add a good cultural influence for the group. If you are interested in taking part please let us know.

There are some aspiring authors including Maria Conlon and Luigi Oliverio who write fictional stories to whet the appetite and I am hoping both will be at our Summer Book Fair at Keele. Next week Daniel Goodyear the editor of Sky Stoke and I will be attending an event at Westminster.

The Platinum Jubilee of the Queen has taken pride of place over the Bank Holiday and what a truly memorable event it was. Cheers to Queen Elizabeth and all who sail in her!!

Malcolm Henson (M.D).



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POEMS FOR JUNE

‘Why Was June Made?’ – Annette Wynne

Why was June made?—Can you guess?
 June was made for happiness!
 Even the trees
 Know this, and the breeze
 That loves to play
 Outside all day,
 And never is too bold or rough,
 Like March's wind, but just a tiny
 blow's enough;
 And all the fields know
 This is so—
 June was not made for wind and stress,
 June was made for happiness;
 Little happy daisy faces
 Show it in the meadow places,
 And they call out when I pass,
 "Stay and play here in the grass."
 June was made for happy things,
 Boats and flowers, stars and wings,
 Not for wind and stress,
 June was made for happiness!

‘June’ – Rebecca Hey

This is the year's sweet prime! Methinks,
 like Youth,
 'Tis poetry embodied! Nay, I deem,
 Delightful June! that Fancy's brightest
 dream
 Outvies not thy fair beauty; nay in sooth,
 For once she need but borrow hues from
 Truth
 To picture thee. Now yield we every sense
 To the sweet season's genial influence,
 And banish from our bosoms care and
 ruth.
 Ask we for fragrance? lo! each little flower
 Yields to our scarce-breathed wish its
 incense sweet;
 For music? hie we to the glade and bower,
 There the blithe birds shall give us
 welcome meet;
 For beauty? deck'd in all its living power,
 Earth lays her brightest trophies at our
 feet.

LOST

Every day the wind is more punishing and the rain
feels more relentless.

Adopted by the night forced to become nocturnal.

If I sleep I become exposed to the streets, I become
fragile. If I am sleepless, I won't be able to fight
through it.

Paranoia is my instinct, strong and trustworthy or
am I wrong to be the host of my self-made fear?

What's the worst that could happen to a nobody?

How will I be prepared for it?

I trust my capability of survival blindly with hope,
sometimes it's all we have.

The presence of dead people is starting to feel
more real than the existence of the ones alive.

I notice the spirit in everyone fading to nothing, the
emptiness of their souls, the lack of will inside them
created by the draining routine and toxic hypocrisy
brain washing them to its level.

Feeling every miserable detail of the sick streets
you walk upon cursed in the darkest nights, the
ones where you stop hoping that the sun will shine
tomorrow, when the bitter pain you swallowed
leaves its aftertaste of emptiness.

What do we know, is there a correct way to live?

Do I fix myself first or my life? The order is

confusing, am I a reflection of my fear or my
ambition? Is that a choice or uncontrollable?

People see different, people hear different, people
feel and live different but everyone bleeds the
same.

All the masks of hypocrisy everyone wears as a
disguise to look civilised are as see through as
glass. I never had it in me to see a reflection in
them, I've been alienated to anarchy in this
Dystopian circus they call a society.

Hibernating in my paranoia, the unlovable
loneliness, a feeling that has never expired.

I've been held captive by ghosts for too long, I feel
like I have become one, haunting myself, tormented
by the trauma I allow to roam as I question my
conscience. A soul split into multiple ones at war
with each other, a battlefield of a mind in this so
small spec in existence.

What even is life?

I was never fitting for the world I was put in,
something that confused me my whole life, but I
realise now if I was not sent here to love this world
maybe I was sent to change it.

Hope can impact a great amount through the
butterfly effect and maybe if I do my best who
knows, maybe the sun will shine tomorrow.

Andy Grigoropoulos.

SCREEN INTERNATIONAL EXCLUSIVE 'GENUINE FAKES'

A book that we had the honour of publishing *Genuine Fakes* (Rosemary Myatt) has officially been picked up for the go-ahead by UK sales agent Parkland Pictures. Shooting is set to take place later this year in Staffordshire.

Read the full story here: <https://www.screendaily.com/news/parkland-pictures-boards-art-scandal-feature-genuine-fakes-exclusive/5170927.article?referrer=RSS>

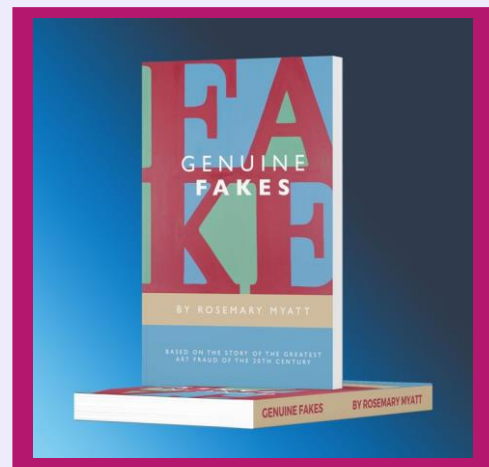
Book Synopsis: A story, based on true events, about one man's greed and how, with a cunning devious mind, he takes advantage of another man's desperate struggle for survival.

The art fraud depicted in this book actually happened. For a decade from the mid 1980's to the mid 1990's two men fooled the art world with a combination of paintings in the style of modern masters backed up by cleverly forged provenance.

Over 200 paintings with a face value of many millions of pounds were sold through established auction houses or directly to collectors, dealers and museums around the world. 80 were recovered, 120 are still in circulation.

Book available to buy via this link:

<https://greeneyproductionsacademy.com/product/genuine-fakes-by-rosemary-myatt/>



REMEMBERING AVERBAKH

Yuri Averbakh had a wry explanation for why he was made chairman of the USSR Chess Federation in 1972. There was a feeling that Boris Spassky, the Soviet world champion, would lose his title to Bobby Fischer in Reykjavik that year. Nobody else wanted to deal with the fallout, so Averbakh had been deputy chairman for tens already, and throughout his life showed a tireless appetite for almost every role that chess has to offer. He left his mark on the game as a player, politician, writer analyst, editor, researcher, historian, and arbiter.

Yuri Lvovich Averbakh died in Moscow on 7th May, just a few months after celebrating his 100th birthday. He was born in Kaluga, a small city 100 miles from Moscow. As a youth he was tall and athletic, and drawn to several sports including volleyball and boxing. Even in his late eighties, he was a regular swimmer until his doctors told him to ease off. He evidently believed that chess could also contribute in maintaining health into old age. But he advocated that old players should spend their time solving chess problems, rather than endure the stress of playing in tournaments.

Averbakh was a prolific composer of problems, which tied in with his work as a theoretician of the endgame. His series of endgame volumes, which were translated into English as comprehensive Chess Endgames in the 1980s, was a mammoth undertaking, particularly before the advent of computer analysis. For many years, they were the definitive endgame textbooks, and many of Averbakh's compositions were simplified positions, designed to illustrate key endgame ideas with optimal clarity.

He liked to categorise chess players by their defining traits. Botvinnik and Fischer, for examples, he saw as killers, who sought to crush their opponents. Others were fighters (like lasker), sportsmen (Capablanca), games players (Karpov) or artists (Tal). Averbakh saw himself as a researcher, fascinated by chess analysis as an end in itself, while nothing that such players rarely become world champions. He was, nonetheless, a player of the highest calibre – a candidate for the world championship at the famous tournament in Zurich in 1953, and USSR champion in 1954. His best games are inspiringly wholesome. The game below ends with a flourish, but the methodical play leading up to the diagram position is powerful in its own way.

The Game:

Wolfgang Uhlmann-Yuri Averbakh

Dresden, 1956

1 d4 Nf6 2 c4 e6 3 Nc3 Bb4 4 e3 O-O 5 Ne2 d5 6 a3 Be7 7 cxd5 exd5 8 Ng3 c5 9 dxc5 Bxc5 10 Bd3 Nc6 11 O-O Be6 12 Nce2 Bd6 13 Nd4 Nxd4 14 exd4 Re8 15 Nf5 Bxf5 16 Bxf5 Qb6 17 b3 g6 18 Bh3 Ne4 19 Qd3 Be7 A strong regrouping, seeking a more promising diagonal. **20 g3 Bf6 21 Be3 Re7 22 Rac1 Rae8 23 Rfd1 Qd6 24 Bg2 h5 25 Qb5 a6 26 Qa5 h4 27 g4 Bg5 28 Bxg5 Nxg5 29 h3 Re2 30 Rf1 30...R8e3** A wonderful way to breach the kingside defences. **31 fxe3 31 Rc3** was more stubborn, but after **31...Rxc3 32 Qxc3 Ne6**, preparing **Ne6-f4**, White remains in terrible trouble. **Rxg2+ 32 Kxg2 Qg3+ 33 Kh1 Qxh3+ 34 Kg1 Qxe3+ 35 Kh1 Qh3+ 36 Kg1 Qg3+ 37 Kh1 Nf3** Moving in, and **38 Rc2** doesn't help on account of **Qh3+ 38 Qd8+ Kg7 39 Rxf3 Qxf3+ 40 Kh2 Qf4+ 41 Kg2 Qxg4+** White resigns Black will win the **Rc1** with another queen check, emerging several pawns up.

Luke McShane.

THE PENNY

A single snowflake swirled from the heavens, a mere dot in the world. Tenderly, it moved past the branches lightly sugared with snow, and down towards the small house standing in the street below, before spiralling down onto the windowsill. A face appeared in the glass; that of a small boy. Fumbling anxiously at the catch on the window, the small boy brought the window down with a clatter before leaning forward to peer at his surroundings. A smile brightened his features as he reached out one skinny arm to catch the falling flakes. A ghostly crystal landed on his dark lashes. He blinked: so white. All so white. The gentle wind slowly carried the snowflakes to the floor, where they lay, frosting the world in white, each with their own journey, each with their own story to tell. Each as uncertain as the boy's own, where every evening his family would count their pennies, feverishly hoping they would have enough to carry them through the next day. Indeed, the snowflakes' fates were just as uncertain. On landing, they slowly melt into the earth, forming a soft blanket of snow. That part is inevitable enough. But even snow melts eventually. And what then?

The boy recoiled, a look of panic spreading across his face. Hastily, his hands groped in the darkness for a match. At last he found one and awoke the candle beside him, which blinked curiously upon the scene, as if enquiring about the source of his frenzy. Pulling on the only shirt and trousers he owned, he stumbled down the stairs with only the feeble flame to guide him. Poor as his family was, they found themselves without possession of a clock or a watch, and on this particular morning that was especially problematic: it was the day of his class trip, which his family had been saving up for all year long. Proudly, the boy felt the smooth surface of the penny between his fingers before slipping out into the cruel morning.

The sky was a luminous blue and this, along with the snow, created a scene so bright it threatened to temporarily blind the boy. Blinking down at his oversized boots, he listened to the soft crunch of the snow beneath them. Then he looked up and squinted into the brilliant interplay of sky and sun above. Wintry trees stood as though they were ballet dancers poised to show the world their elegance. The flowers slept beneath the bed of white and the animals had vanished into places of warmth. Nothing seemed to move. It was all so still.

The boy shivered violently, yet still he smiled. A sort of elfish smile, it was, with his brilliant green eyes shining like the first sign of spring. Onward he stumbled, the air frozen on his lips, escaping in tiny clouds of mist, running as fast as his little legs would allow him.

Overwhelmed by his haste not to miss this trip, this long-anticipated trip, his feet tripped over one another and the next thing he felt was the merciless snow biting the skin of his cheek. However, it was not this which alarmed him. Reaching out desperately, he searched the snow for his penny, which during the fall had escaped his feeble grip, seeming almost unwilling to be spent. In despair, the boy cried out, and somehow all hope seemed to escape with the sound. All his joy had hung from a single fraying piece of string, a string which was now broken.

That penny had meant everything.

Suddenly, the sound of boots in snow entered the heavy silence of that morning. The boy turned, his shoulder's hunched in a way which implied fright, but immediately a look of incredulous glee appeared on his face. Above him stood a girl, her round cheeks kissed pink by winter's lips, her bright blue eyes almost as brilliant as the sky overhead. A smile was playing on her lips, but shyness forbade it to spread any further. The boy's hopeful eyes settled on the penny held between her fingers, which were extended towards him. Slowly, he stretched his own arm towards her in a faltering manner, as though afraid she would withdraw if he moved too fast. At last, his fingers enclosed around the penny, now cold with winter's touch. The girl's grip slackened, allowing the penny to slide into the boy's outstretched hand.

He half expected her to leave now, but she showed no sign of parting. Still she watched him with that shy and curious expression, her dark eyes warm like a steaming mug of hot chocolate in December. One may say there is no colour in dark eyes, but there was more in those eyes than in any other pair of eyes he had ever looked into. Within those deep pools of dark-cinnamon, he found peace. They held no darkness; they held light and hope, gentleness and altruism. Suddenly, he became aware that her hand was still stretched towards him, and, after a shy pause, he grasped it in his own and stumbled to his feet.

"Thank you," he mumbled quietly, yet his voice was thick with gratitude.

The girl smiled, and this time it spread to her eyes and the boy found it so infectious that he too began to grin. After a moment, embarrassment consumed him with a cruel vengeance, and he became all too aware of his primitive clothing and oversized boots. In an attempt to hide them, he stuck his feet firmly beneath the snow and began to feel the heat radiate off his face like a hot pan. The girl continued to watch him in the same curious way, like a child seeing the world for the first time, yet he did not find her gaze scrutinising. In fact, he rather felt at peace with it.

"What do you want to spend it on?" she spoke at last, pointing at the penny.

Proudly, the boy replied, “A school trip today.” Like an alarm in his brain, he suddenly became aware that he was running late, though could not bring himself to move away from this girl.

“Oughtn’t you be going then,” she laughed. Such a sweet sound it was, like syrup and honey all mixed up together. Again, the boy could not bring himself to move. Perhaps it was due to his boots still remaining buried in the deep snow, or perhaps it was something about this girl which warmed him despite the cruel weather.

“What are you doing today?” he enquired inquisitively.

The girl smiled. “I was going to take my sledge out to that hill over there. See.” And she pointed to what almost resembled a sugar lump in the distance.

The boy watched her for a moment. Then, giving an untimely cough, he pushed his hair back from his forehead, realised it was already there, and swiped at thin air. His hand fell clumsily to his side, and he blushed. “Can I join you?”

The girl began to grin. Then, taking his hand, she hurried off towards the hill, with excited words tumbling off her tongue like honey.

Ever since that day, the boy grew to care less about money, and realised that the most important things in life cannot be bought. It cannot build relationships, or build meaning into a life that has none. The boy had to look past his poverty to see what really mattered, and instead of spending his penny on the school trip, he made a new friend who would stand by him for life.

And you may find it interesting to know that this boy is no longer poor. In fact, he considers himself to be rich, for he has found things that money could never hope to buy; joy, laughter, and love.

Maria Conlon.



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