
HENSON HERALD

EDITED BY EMMA LOCKLEY

The Book Launch in the Business School at Keele University was a great afternoon and there were nine attendees from the Writers Club at the Dudson Centre present. Wendy Hanson gave a talk about her latest book 'Around the Bend in Eighty Days' and Lisa Small followed next recounting the tragic death of her son, which she wrote about in the second edition of her book titled 'Connect'. Will gave his voiceover to film and video characters as far back as Watership Down in the 1980s. He also exhibited his penchant for design via tattoos on his body so keeping the industry busy in Stoke!

During the latter part of the meeting Jonathan Irwin talked about his work experience with North Staffordshire Press and described how he'd successfully achieved the Small Press of the year award for the *Bookseller* magazine in the Midlands. We would like to take this opportunity to thank him for all his hard work.

During February Malcolm has regularly attended the Digital Forum at Staffordshire Chamber of Commerce as well as writing to the Government on behalf of the Publishing Association about AI and Copyright.

LinkedIn has provided a social media platform to express my views on a range of subjects from the war in Ukraine to European Football in Sky Stoke edited by Daniel Goodyear. As George Orwell said Sport is war without bullets which is preferable to the real thing.

Malcolm Henson MPhil (M.D.)

IN THIS EDITION:

Heart of the World, Where Are You?.....	2
Small Press of the Year...	3
The World Championship (2024).....	8
Leek and Pea Dumpling Curry.....	9
Sausage and Purple Sprouting Broccoli Penne.....	10
Easy Chicken and Leek Pie.....	11
Easy Turkey and Parsnip Soup.....	12
One Stop Computers....	13
Deans.....	14



Heart Of The World, Where Are You?

Selected chapters

'Let not your heart be troubled;
Believe in God, and in Me you shall believe...
I am the way, and the truth, and the life.'
Jn. 14:1, 6.

FIRUSE, OR A REQUIEM TO A GIRL FROM MARIUPOL

To thy high requiem become a sod.
John Keats, Ode to a Nightingale

DEDICATION

To the children of Mariupol killed during Russia's full-scale invasion to Ukraine in 2022. To the children of Mariupol who survived, but will live with wounds not only in their bodies, but also in their souls for the rest of their lives. Even to those children of Mariupol who were not born because their pregnant mothers died or they were born dead. Like the baby Myron in Iryna Kalynina, who was mortally wounded in the 2nd maternity hospital in Mariupol, which was bombed by Russian troops. She died half an hour after her son had been born dead.

Author.

Chapter One. 'TIME IS GOING BY, PUPA'

'I don't know where there should be a place for God, either with a capital or a small letter,' thought the girl of almost twelve, as she was revising for the next day biology test.

No, the teacher did not mention God, but Granddad often did. Especially, those days, when he was helping her mother, his daughter, to finish the renovation of her new apartment, he was constantly doing it. Because, as he said, the builders' work is in vain if it is not God who is building the house or the palace. He laughed, looking at the crystal chandelier under the ceiling.

Oh, he was a very smart granddad! He used to be the captain of a big ship! He said to his granddaughter: 'Your life, pupa, is arranged in a way that does not question you about God. So I am sorry, I have to do this while I still have time...'

Granddad was funny. He liked to look at her with a little smile and whisper in her ear: 'Time is going by, my little pupa'. What did he mean by saying that? Perhaps, he was pushing her to take a more decisive step towards this kind of development, direct or indirect. The girl smiled at her own joke.

'He doesn't think he's a manipulator, no more than anyone else. Everyone is a manipulator, everyone wants to achieve their goals but they cannot do it without people who are often treated ... how can I put it? As if they were not people, but rather like those nightstands...'

Sometimes, when the students did not understand the new topic in class, the teacher called them 'nightstands with eyes'.

One day in the classroom, a girl sketched a nightstand with eyes on the last page of her notebook. The textbooks were falling out of the nightstand. All that was left to do was to draw a teacher's foot or hand trying to push the books back into the nightstand and slam the door. The girl began to study the teacher's shoes, which had a glamorous buckle with shiny yellow stones, but she did not manage to finish the drawing because the teacher noticed the sketch and pulled out the sheet from the notebook.

After that, the teacher hardly ever used her favourite expression to call her students as nightstands with little eyes...

That day, it seemed that the girl understood everything in the chapter from the textbook, but she was not really able to memorise all those concepts, or rather, the possible options with direct and indirect development of animals on the one hand, and their complete and incomplete transformation on the other. As mother taught her to put all her knowledge into a picture or diagram, at least one option, and the rest would come to mind. Oh, she was not stupid at all, but her memory sometimes failed her, because all the information was floating like clouds in the sky, floating away somewhere beyond the horizon....

So the girl began to draw a circle of indirect development with a complete transformation, and even with coloured pencils, which she knew how to do and loved to do. Frankly speaking, drawing often helped her get the high scores she needed, because teachers, especially senior teachers, like handmade visual aids in their classrooms. Meanwhile, the girl had been practicing art at the Kuindzhi Art School.

'You, dreamcatcher, what is the Ukrainian word for a butterfly?' she asked her cat, who was sleeping on her lap. He wiggled his ear, but never replied, of course, he did not even open an eye.

Living here in Mariupol, you can either forget a word in Ukrainian or Russian, or mix both languages in one sentence to somehow complete a sentence...

On top of that, her dad insisted on her learning his native Greek, even though he could barely speak it himself, but said it was a shame for her not to know it. The girl thought that the shame was something completely different...

She checked her textbook: 'Butterfly!' (A sweeper in Ukrainian). A sweeper because it sweeps flower pollen with its wings, doesn't it? Or does it flutter in the air over flowers and grasses? 'A fussy sweeper sweeps from moment to moment...'

The picture was almost ready while she was thinking about all that, and then something came up spontaneously, as often happened to her while she was drawing, some words that

she could sometimes write down on the back of the picture. The question arose that in Russian, the word butterfly is feminine, while in Ukrainian, butterfly is masculine. It seemed strange... There were turquoise wings on the bottom and red wings on the top. It was clear that these two colours should not be combined, but they were not next to each other, they were on the opposite sides of the wings. The fact is that the girl had seen such a butterfly somewhere last summer – perhaps in Yurivka, when she was on holiday there with her mum and a friend of hers – and she really liked it, although it was not clear why.

Did his wings look like that in the sun? People prefer admirals, or peacock's eyes, or skippers, or something else that is spotted, like a handful of broken coloured glass and sea stones or shells in two palms... A butterfly lays eggs. Larvae crawl out of the eggs. The larvae wrap themselves up as pupae, through which indirect development takes place. So the butterflies emerge from the pupae.

This one with blue-green wings had just climbed up a raspberry branch and was coming to its senses, sitting on a leaf among the leaves. Its eyes were looking in all directions at the same time – what a brain it must have! 'What is this?' the butterfly asked someone, he did not know exactly who. 'It's the world,' the breeze answers, 'or don't you recognise it?' and blew mischievously. The butterfly took off in fright and flew away, stunned by his first flight. Then the red top of the wings was revealed...

What a miracle! Sometimes, through the dazzling sunshine, a spark or even a thin stripe of turquoise breaks through, like a blue-green strand of hair of a nymph running among the trees and bushes. Where are you running, nymph, and why are you running, and why are you so happy, and what is your name?

The girl fell asleep right at the table. It was about midnight when her mum and granddad took her to bed. By the way, the girl was in her pyjamas already – long ago, she had agreed with her mother to put on her pyjamas in advance in case she fell asleep in the chair.

'My little pupa,' her grandfather whispered, 'time is running out.'

Chapter Two. UNREALITY

6:52. This sound, of course, was not the sound of an alarm clock that was supposed to ring in eight minutes. It was...

As she was taking all this in, she missed her friend's first words: '...the war has started. Don't go to school today'. Clearly pronounced words, like an order. A businesslike tone. Almost businesslike and mature. She seemed to have not yet woken up, so the words were slightly tangled in a kind of speech pattern: 'War? What war? Today there was a biology test. Well, maybe the emergency evacuation to the basement is more important than the test, and I'm in charge of the class.'

'No. Stay at home.'

'How can I be at home when my mum tells me to go to school?'

'Besides, there will be video classes. We'll call each other.'

Suddenly, there was silence. It shouldn't be like that at this time. Everyone is waking up, the whole house, someone is stomping on the stairs in a hurry, without waiting for the lift, and the noise of the lift, and the next-door neighbours behind the wall, a kid who doesn't want to go to the kindergarten... Anyway, it was time to get up.

She went out of her room into the living room in her pyjamas. Mum and dad were sitting on the sofa, both dressed to go out, and in the armchair there was her older brother, who was, of course, texting his girlfriend. It immediately became clear that her friend had not played a trick on her. The thought flashed through the silence – as a smile in her black eyes – her dad was present in their flat, and her brother, who lives with their dad, was here too.

The fact was, her parents had been divorced for two years already.

All three of them were quiet, or stunned or...

The mother began to speak in a little harshly voice, as she usually did with her ex-husband, as if to anticipate his objections: 'We are not going anywhere – I have my university, she has her school...'

The girl wanted to say that she didn't have to go to school, but she had no time to say it because her brother stopped looking at his phone, getting angry: 'What university, what school?'

It turned out that it was not her dad – her ex-husband – whom she objected. Her father remained silent. Indeed, it is unlikely that he wanted to escape like that, because he was running a shop. But the father looked up, and the girl saw that he probably wanted to take her, his son, and, of course, his parents out of the city. It is amazing how you can read a lot, if not everything, in people's eyes.

Still, she was not going anywhere without her mother. He could probably read that in the eyes of his daughter as she did not look away.

'Get dressed,' the mother said, giving her daughter a quick glance, 'you'll have breakfast and we'll go to your grandfather's. You'll stay with him while I'm at the university.'

'By the way, where is Grandpa?' the girl asked, remembering that Grandpa had to stay overnight with them as he had worked late.

The brother answered, 'He went to clean up his cellar.'

The girl's eyebrows knitted together on the bridge of her nose: a cellar? Oh, she forgot that her grandfather had built a cellar under their ground floor apartment ages ago. As the entrance to it, a square hole was cut from the concrete apartment floor and hidden beneath the hallway wardrobe...

The girl had no desire to leave the house unless she had to go to school or for a walk. It was because there was a cat and she could just draw staying in her room. At the same time, she would like to see her grandfather right now. At least she should take a sketchbook and a pen. It would be interesting to see that cellar. She didn't seem to remember it at all.

Today she had to take her seventh-grade class to the school basement for an emergency drill. If she did this well, she might be elected class leader. She didn't really want to be head girl, but her mother and brother had been telling her all February that she should take the initiative in some school business: 'Go for it!' Her mother used herself as an example, as she had built a successful career.

'At least,' the father finally started to speak, 'you can't stay here,' he meant his ex-wife and daughter, 'it's almost an outskirt area' he explained, 'remember what they did in the Easten district in twenty-fifteen?'

'You mean it will be safer in the centre, don't you?' the mother asked peacefully but with concern.

'Well, I suppose there will be combat on the outskirts...'

7:30. The father took them all in his car from the 23rd residential district, or rather, from Granitna Street, to the Centre, or rather, to Solnechnyi Lane. There was a T-shirt, a charger, a notebook, and a pen in the girl's backpack. Apart from jeans, a T-shirt, and a sweatshirt, she was wearing a winter jacket and boots. It was cold. February was fiercely cold in every sense.

On the way, the girl whispered to her friend on the phone all the time. She was talking, not texting, as she had tried in the beginning. To some extent, the conversation and her friend's voice helped her to get rid of the feeling of surreality of what was happening. As well as the subjects of the conversation: it was still good to have a break from school from the Thursday until the end of the week, when, as adults said, the war would end and we would finally be able to go to the Left Bank to the skating rink. Pupa promised to book the passes for Saturday tomorrow...

It should be explained that the idea of visiting the skating rink had become almost maniacal for the friends those days. At first, they were going to the rink on 15th February, but her friend had an orthodontist appointment that day. They postponed the trip to the 22nd, but on the 22nd they started talking about the war and their mothers wouldn't let the girls go to the Left Bank. The war did not start, and the girls agreed to go there on the 24th after school, but it was on the 24th that the war broke out.

Since the adults said that the war would last for a few days, the girls agreed to go to the skating rink on the 26th of February, and Pupa wanted to buy tickets online, if not today, then tomorrow.

Of course, the conversation moved on to the internet. It turned out that since the girls had different devices, there was no app for them to communicate without the internet...

Surprisingly, it was during that short trip that priorities in her mother's life began to change: the university became somewhat secondary for her, as well as her relations with her ex-husband, and everything else, but the Pupa. However, the impression of the unreality of what was happening also seized her.

What about the son? He was old enough, and he was with his father, and he didn't seem to

have any intention of supporting either side. His education in information security might have made him such a critical thinker, but not a cynic. Not at all.

He wanted to be more independent. He deliberately went to study at a different university, not at the one where his mother worked. But he had fallen into dependence on his father...

The father whispered something to the grandfather on the doorstep of his apartment and went to his shop in Bakhchivanzhy Street. The brother, who stayed in the car and talked on the phone to his girlfriend, went with his father. For two years now, the brother had been helping his father as an employee or even a partner. Well, when he had no lectures at the university, of course. Today he had no intention of studying.

The mother hugged her daughter, told her to stay in the apartment and was about to leave to her Priazovsky Technical University, when the girl heard artillery or some other explosions, which seemed to be coming from somewhere in the East. The city was being filled with the sounds hostile for the peace. 'Do you hear that?' she asked, frightened. Her grandfather and mother did not answer. They heard, and it seemed like not for the first time. Was it a farewell to the dream of skating in white shoes, a skating rink, a cafe? The rink is right there, on the Left Bank, near the Veselka Park...

When the door was locked, the girl hugged her grandfather: 'Am I awake or am I still dreaming?'

'Well, reality and dream might be getting mixed, but does it have to be a continuous and endless nightmare for you, for us?'

Serge Plotnikov

Small Press of the Year

'This cohort of smaller publishers never fails to impress me. In 2024 they ducked, dived, hunkered down and then double-downed to come out from a tough year in magnificent shape. Here, every sale is hard-gained, no author left behind, with many of these presses putting the onus on human creativity as the foundation of their businesses. In a mixed environment for small press publishing, these finalists stepped up and made themselves big, getting noticed within and without their niches as they grew sales and pivoted towards the mainstream.' – Philip Jones, editor, *The Bookseller* and chair of the judges for The British Book Awards.

Henson Editorial and North Staffordshire Press were the Midlands finalists for Small Press of the Year and shared a shortlist with 5 other SMEs. The results will be announced next week.

The World Championship, 2024

The new World Champion is Gukesh Dommaraju of India, aged just 18, who defeated the reigning champion, Ding Liren, in a match of 14 games played in Singapore last November. Gukesh won 3 games, Ding 2, and 14 were drawn, a very hard-fought match, with one game of 72 moves, and several going well beyond the first-time control of 2 hours for each player to make 40 moves. Many different openings were used, reflecting the deep preparation which is essential for top players nowadays. Gukesh is the youngest ever World Champion by a considerable margin.

Gukesh is the second Indian World Champion, Vishy Anand being the first. *The British Chess Magazine* has praised these two players as exemplifying the qualities of true champions, carrying themselves 'in thoroughly respectful and professional manner'. The editor, Milan Dinic, stresses the importance of Gukesh and the rising wave of Indian talent:- 'They bring the promise of a more inclusive, respectful, and collaborative spirit in chess by discarding the divisive, acrimonious and rather self-obsessed environment that has beleaguered the sport for years.'

Here is Gukesh's win in the third game, his first in the match.

White:- Gukesh Dommaraju, Black:- Ding Liren.

1. d4 Nf6 2. Nf3 d5 3. c4 e6 4. cxd5 exd5 5. Nc3 c6 6. Qc2 g6 (a)
 7. h3 Bf5 8. Qb3 Qb6 9. g4 Qxb3 10. axb3 Bc2 (b) 11. Bf4 h5
 12. Rg1 hxg4 13. hxg4 Nbd7 14. Nd2 Rg8! (c) 15. g5 Nh5 16. Bh2 Rh8 17. f3 Ng7 18. Bg3 Rh5
 (d) 19. e4 (e) dxe4 20. fxe4 Ne6 21. Rc1 Nxd4 22. Bf2 Bg7? (f) 23. Ne2! (g) Nxb3 24. Rxc2
 Nxd2 25. Kxd2 Ne5 26. Nd4 Rd8 27. Ke2 Rh2 28. Bg2 a6 29. b3 Rd7 30. Rcc1 Ke7 31. Rcd1
 Ke8 32. Bg3 Rh5 33. Nf3 Nxf3 34. Kxf3 Bd4 35. Rh1 Rxg5 36. Bh3 f5 37. Bf4 (h)

(a) An unusual move in the Queen's Gambit Declined.

(b) A move which creates counter-chances, but also endangers his bishop.

(c) A good move which threatens ... g5, enabling his Bishop to retreat. But Ding had already used over half of the 2 hours allowed for the first 40 moves.

(d) Underestimating White's threats.

(e) A powerful riposte, hemming in the offside Black Bishop.

(f) This error in time-trouble decides the game.

(g) White must now win a piece for two pawns, an easy win at this level of play.

(h) Black exceeded the time limit, giving White an automatic win.

Leek and Pea Dumpling Curry

Preparation Time: 20 minutes

Cooking Time: 15-20 minutes

Serves 4 people

Ingredients

Vegetable olive

1 large leek (finely sliced)

100g frozen peas

2 red onions (sliced)

2 tbsp curry paste

450g potatoes (peeled and cut into chunks)

250g natural yogurt (plus extra to serve)

100g kale (roughly chopped)

Small bunch of coriander (finely chopped)

90g gram flour (chickpea flour)

½ tsp bicarbonate of soda

Lime wedges to serve



Photo from [Leek and pea dumpling curry recipe | delicious. magazine](#)

Method

STEP 1

Heat 1 tbsp oil in a frying pan over a medium heat. Fry the leek for 6-7 minutes until softened and gently browned. Stir in the peas and cook for another minute. Set aside to cool slightly.

STEP 2

Meanwhile, in a large sauté pan with a lid, heat 1 tbsp oil over a medium heat and cook the onions for 5 minutes to soften slightly. Add the curry paste and cook, stirring, for 1 minute. Add the potatoes, 100g of the yogurt and 600ml cold water, bring to the boil, then simmer for 15 minutes until the potatoes are tender. Stir in the kale.

STEP 3

Meanwhile, mix most of the chopped coriander into the leek and pea mixture along with the gram flour, remaining yogurt and the bicarbonate of soda. Use 2 spoons to shape the mixture into 8 dumplings and space out evenly on top of the curry in the pan, cover with the lid and cook for 15-20 minutes until the dumplings are risen and soft. Serve with the remaining chopped coriander, a dollop of yogurt and lime wedges for squeezing over.

Recipe can be found at: [Leek and pea dumpling curry recipe | delicious. magazine](#)

Sausage and Purple Sprouting Broccoli Penne

Preparation Time: 10 minutes

Cooking Time: 25 minutes

Serves 4 people

Ingredients

400g purple sprouting
broccoli

Knob of unsalted butter

2 tbsp olive oil (plus extra
for drizzling)

1 red onion (finely sliced)

2 garlic cloves (finely
sliced)

8 good quality sausages

1½ tsp chilli flakes

Grated zest of 1 lemon

400g penne

100ml double cream



Photo from [Sausage and purple sprouting broccoli penne recipe | delicious. magazine](#)

Method

STEP 1

Blanch the broccoli in a pan of boiling water for 2-3 minutes. Drain, refresh under cold running water and set aside.

STEP 2

Heat the butter and olive oil in a frying pan over a medium heat. Add the onion and gently fry for 5 minutes. Add the garlic and fry for a few more minutes. Split the skins of the sausages, roughly break up the meat and add to the pan (discard the skins). Add the chilli and lemon zest, season well and fry over a medium-high heat for 10 minutes until the sausages have lots of crispy bits.

STEP 3

Meanwhile, cook the penne in a pan of boiling salted water according to the packet instructions until al dente. Drain, reserving 2 tbsp of the water. Return the pasta to the pan, along with a little oil and the cooking water.

STEP 4

Add the cream and broccoli to the sausages and warm through for 3-4 minutes. Serve the sauce on the pasta, with grated Parmesan to sprinkle over, if you like.

Recipe can be found at: [Sausage and purple sprouting broccoli penne recipe | delicious. magazine](#)

Easy Chicken and Leek Pie

Preparation Time: less than 30 minutes

Cooking Time: 30 minutes to 1 hour

Serves 4 people

Ingredients

Dash olive oil

3 chicken breasts (roughly chopped)

1 leek (washed and sliced)

3 garlic cloves (finely chopped or crushed)

250g/9oz cream cheese or crème fraîche

1-2 heaped tsp wholegrain mustard

1 vegetable stock cube

1 sheet ready-rolled puff pastry

Milk (to brush the top)

Salt and black pepper

Method

STEP 1

Preheat the oven to 190C/170C Fan/Gas Mark 5.

STEP 2

Heat a dash of olive oil in a large frying pan and cook the chicken pieces over a high heat for 3 minutes. Add the leek, garlic, soft cheese, mustard, stock cube and 200ml/7fl oz boiling water.

STEP 3

Pour the mixture into a large ovenproof dish and lay the puff pastry sheet over the top. Brush with milk.

STEP 4

Bake for 35 minutes or until the top is golden-brown and the pie is cooked through. Serve.

Recipe Tips

For keeping the pie pastry crisp, put a shot glass in the middle of the pie dish to stop the pastry sinking into the saucy filling.

For a shinier top on your chicken and leek pie, brush with beaten egg instead of milk.

Recipe can be found at: [Easy chicken and leek pie recipe - BBC Food](#)

Easy Turkey and Parsnip Soup

Preparation/Cooking Time: 20 minutes
Serves 4 people

Ingredients

450g parsnips
25g butter
3 tbsp water
600ml carton fresh
vegetable soup
250g chopped cooked
turkey
75ml double cream
Fresh parsley (chopped to
serve)



Photo from [Easy turkey and parsnip soup](#)

Method

STEP 1

Peel and roughly chop parsnips. Melt butter in a pan, then add 3 tbsp water and the parsnips. Cover and sweat parsnips for 10 minutes until almost soft.

STEP 2

Add one carton fresh vegetable soup. Bring to the boil, reduce the heat and simmer for 5 minutes.

STEP 3

Add chopped cooked turkey and double cream, then cook for a further 5 minutes until piping hot. Serve garnished with freshly chopped parsley.

Recipe can be found at: [Easy turkey and parsnip soup](#)



Henson Editorial Services & North Staffordshire Press is proud to support the efficiency of OSC supplying goods and services to our business.

Malcolm Henson M.D.



‘One Stop Computers small but efficient team help clients improve their systems so that they work effectively and productively and allow you to be backed up by expert IT support.’

For further information on One Stop Computers please call: 01782 847208

173-175 London Road, Stoke on Trent, Staffordshire ST4 5RW

Opening Times:

- Monday – Saturday: 09:30 - 17:30
- Sunday: closed



Website for further information: <https://www.onestopcomputers.co.uk/about-us>.

One of Staffordshire’s longest established accountancy practices



deans
your partner in business

FREE INITIAL CONSULTATION
TEL: 01785 258311

All sectors covered:

- Individuals
- Partnerships and Sole Traders
- Small and Large Companies/Groups
- Trusts and Pensions
- Academies and Schools
- Agricultural and Medical



Our services include:

- Accounting and Audit
- Taxation and VAT
- Book-keeping
- New Business Start Up
- Corporate Finance
- Business Valuations



Gibson House | Hurricane Court | Hurricane Close | Stafford | ST16 1GZ
Email: richard.stonier@deansaccountants.com
www.deansaccountants.com

Henson Editorial Services & North Staffordshire Press, Smart Innovation Hub, Denise Coates Foundation Building, Keele University, Staffordshire, ST5 5NS

Email: enquiries@hensoneditorial.com

Telephone: **07985425843**

Website: www.northstaffordshirepress.weebly.com

@EditorialHenson




