

Third Dimension

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Third Dimension

Acknowledgements

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Answers to Words

Editorial

Hi readers,

Well, it's a new year and we have a new group of talented writers for Third Dimension. We have a new front cover which was designed by Jack Close.

The first edition of the year is jam-packed with articles so you can have the best read possible. We have supplied you with some funny facts, another great short story appears, a new series of articles on those who have won the Victoria Cross kicks off, there are two poems and much much more.

We have shed new light on the Battle of Hastings in an original first-person view, we also have a wordsearch and other puzzles to befuddle you. We will introduce you to Manage Chavalala who is the boy we sponsor in Zimbabwe.

The Screen series returns with reviews of FIFA 07 and PRO EVO 6 to help you decide which of these great games to buy!

ENJOY!!!

The Third Dimension Committee

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

*Heart pumping, bouncing out of my chest,
Warriors lay on the ground for their eternal rest.*

*No-one wants to be here, in this situation,
Yet they stand and fight for their nation.*

*Smell of hot lead in the air,
Go into No Man's Land if you dare.*

*High pitched scream soars through the sky,
Taste of solemn tears as they cry.*

*Brave soldiers lie, stone cold,
Here they fought, valiant and bold.*

*Soldier, soldier, hear them cry,
Soldier, soldier, the end is nigh.*

Will Bordell

Try to find the 10 words listed below:

**I wonder why she gave birth to Dad,
I wonder why she never says anything bad.
I wonder why she worked in a factory,
I wonder why she loved Sean Connery.
I wonder why she drives like a maniac,
I wonder why she never gives us a smack.**

**I wish I knew why she has so many friends,
I wish I knew why her dedication never ends.
I wish I knew why she is always on the phone,
I wish I knew how she is never alone.**

**But one thing that I'll know forever,
She is and always will be the BEST grandma ever.**

This is dedicated to my tireless grandma who turned 70 this week.

Rahul Mehta

Wordsearch

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Wordsearch

John Papadopoulos

Games Review

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What's the better game?



AS most of you know, last year I reviewed the football game FIFA 06 but this year I have decided to rate both the Pro Evolution game and FIFA game so you can decide which one is better.

FIFA 2007

FIFA games have always been well behind pro evolution soccer in terms of game play and realism. However, EA sports have gone a long way and, in my opinion, have totally closed the gap on pro evolution soccer. I have every pro evolution game ever released and quite a few of the FIFAs, and this one is the best FIFA games by a long way.

Positives - the long list!

- * Superb club, player and kit authenticity
- * great player likenesses - movements and appearances- another feature is new trick for certain players, e.g. Christiano Ronaldo's stopovers cut back.
- * Heading is unbelievably real -jostle for position and watch player's dominance in air, I have particularly found this with Terry and Hyypia.
- *shooting is far more real than pro evolution soccer - the new finesse shot is a welcome addition and players such as Gerrard are more likely to smash 30 yarders.
- *Goalkeepers-don't dive the same way every time, mastered ball physics mean the ball could go off anywhere, as in real life, meaning thrilling goal mouth scrambles galore!
- *Penalties - both the player and keepers can use mind games to dominate penalties, make the keeper wave his arm or crouch and much more -or make the taker look one way -then smash the ball the other, the chipped penalty is also a cheeky, yet superbly realistic feature
- *Manager mode - almost plays like a management sim -great transfer and media inclusion for the first time, real money is finally involved and young bright talents can be spotted out and raised into world superstars.
- *The vast range of clubs and leagues -even Accrington Stanley are included!
- * Great new tricks are involved and outpacing defenders is now made more realistic
- *Commentary-90% of it is very realistic and adds a lot to the game play -walks all over pro evo in this department
- *crowd effects -superb noise and chants adds to the realism and atmosphere when playing

Negatives-the very small list

- *slightly too easy for FIFA veterans
- *not enough visible difference in team quality
- *regular 5-3 goal fests!
- *keepers are very slow to come out to the ball

This is well worth every penny you pay and I very much recommend this to everyone who enjoys football! Well done EA sports - a masterful creation!

Words

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Answers on Page 16

The Battle of Hsstings

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Taking you back: The Battle of Hastings

After the Battle of Stamford Bridge and the defeat of the Viking invaders, none of us thought Harold would turn us back. I'm one of the full-time

warriors in Harold's army. So, when the news of William of Normandy's invasion came, we were shattered. To be turned around and to have to march a journey of 250 miles back down to Sussex to fight off the Norman invasion was devastating. Wearily, I began the long road south in full armour.

After an exhausting week long march, we finally reached the top of Senlac Hill in Battle, 6 miles inland from Hastings. About 20 minutes later, the massive Norman army charged up the hill and halted. We bellowed down at them, beating our shields with our swords. One Norman galloped up the hill and cut down two Saxons. Enraged, I thrust my sword forward and fatally pierced his lung. A hail of arrows embedded themselves in our shields as we locked them together. Then, the army ran towards us. We picked up anything that came to hand. Axes, spears, javelins, rocks, anything that would do some damage. As we clashed together, some Normans on our right ran away. Filthy cowards. For many of us, the temptation was too much. The less disciplined of us hurried down the hill. Harold must have looked on in despair as large Saxon numbers were killed. William repeated this tactic. He must have done, for the next few hours consisted of fake retreats. It was a terrible carnage.



The light was beginning to fade. If we could just hold the shield wall until nightfall, there was a chance the reinforcements could arrive to give us victory. Another barrage of arrows rained down. A stray arrow struck Harold in the eye. He collapsed. I lost all idea of holding the shield wall together. As I knelt down by Harold, Normans blasted through the shields and sought out Harold. Not whilst I had breath in my body or an axe in my hand. I tried - and failed. In a flash of silver, I was thrown to the ground, blood everywhere. Once I saw that banner go down, I lost heart and I lost my King.

I don't know what I'll do. I've got no king to fight for, no army at my side. I have no place here. Suddenly, a huge Norman - probably William - plunged his sword into my heart. Everything becomes dark. The ground falls from beneath me. The rest is silence.....

Alexander Horrox-White

Games Review

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Pro Evolution Soccer

(PES) has always been about the game play, its brilliance at recreating 'the beautiful game' is unsurpassed. There are shallow-minded people that refuse to give PES a

chance simply because it does not "have all the proper kits". Do these people not enjoy or participate in a kick about down their local park, if everyone is not wearing replica shirts?

Ok, so what do we get with the 360 version of the game? The graphics are slightly better, especially the stadiums (although compared to most 360 games, they are average at best). The players all look like they need a good slap-up meal, they are so thin. Game play wise it is a big improvement on PES 5, the game flows much better, with the referees not interfering as much. It is now easier to dribble and the passing feels much crisper, making for some nice one-touch moves. Shooting is more difficult-you have to tap the button for a micro-second, otherwise the ball balloons over the bar.

Off the pitch little has changed. The 2 new features of note are the World Cup qualifying campaigns and the subsequent tournament. You also have a random-match mode, where the computer picks random players from each domestic league. The Master league is starting to feel a little stale now as there are few changes from last year's version. It needs a multi-player version whereby players can choose their favourite teams and compete against one another. The bidding wars would be fantastic. Maybe Konami could link-up with the makers of the Football Manager series.

Fewer teams/stadiums, you cannot save your replays, you cannot edit your player's appearance and they have taken the shop away. Most importantly, the PS2 version still plays better; the turning circles on the 360 version are very slow. The player models also look better on PS2; compare Thierry Henry on both machines to see what I mean. I sincerely hope that Konami doesn't start selling the missing features on the 360 market place, features that SHOULD have been in the game in the first place.

Pro Evo 360 is still great game (especially multi-player), BUT 360 OWNERS BOTH EXPECT AND DESERVE BETTER. Hopefully, next year's version will be the complete, next-gen version that we were all expecting this year.

Oliver Warren



3D Sponsorship

Sponsorship Update

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Manage Chavalala is the boy from Zimbabwe (a country in Africa) who we sponsor, pictured above with his sister Tendai. He is now 16 and his family are poor peasant farmers so the proceeds from the sales of Third Dimension and the Middle School magazine Eclipse are sent through Plan International UK to help them. Altogether we send £144 each year.

Zimbabwe is a country in political turmoil but one of its greatest problems has been caused by the HIV AIDS epidemic. The United Nations Programme on AIDS organisation (UNAIDS) estimates that there are 780,000 children of 14 and under whose parents have died of the disease and 38% of the population suffer from it. Life expectancy has fallen from 61 to 38 in the last decade.

This has led to the amazing fact that thousands of young children are left to run households by themselves; 11 and 12 year old orphans are forced to care for younger brothers and sisters. This means cooking meals, cleaning homes and mending clothes, as well as ensuring there is some money coming into the household. Many of the country's people suffer from malnutrition because of food shortages and drought makes things even worse. Many children have to resort to begging from neighbours but they have little with which to feed themselves. Sometimes children collect plastic bottles to sell to businesses for recycling. They have no time to go to school and so face the prospect of a future without qualifications.

We understand that Manage's parents and brothers and sisters are healthy so they are comparatively lucky.

Eventually, "Hecla" and "Arrogant" found what they had come for, three merchant ships. Of these, two had run aground but "Hecla" towed the remaining ship to port amongst much jubilation.

Thanks to this successful, yet minor, escapade, the captain of "Hecla", William Hall, decided on a foolhardy plan to assault the fortress of Bomarsund, a town on the made isle on the Islands of Aland. Between three ships, HMS Hecla, HMS Odin and HMS Valourous, he planned to overwhelm the 100 plus gun fortress. Both "Odin" and "Valourous" had 16 guns and with "Hecla's" 8 guns they had a combined force of 40 guns, way under half of the fortress's guns.

As 19th February dawned Lucas took his position as the trio of ships sailed off to fight. Little did he know what would take place in the subsequent battle would make him a hero beyond all belief. While "Odin", "Valourous" and "Hecla" pounded away at the walls of the fortress, a live shell landed on "Hecla's" deck. Somebody then shouted to fling all hands on deck but Lucas, now 20, disobeyed and picked up the shell and then flung it overboard, saving the boat and many men. Captain Hall thought that the selfless act of bravery warranted immediate promotion to Acting Lieutenant. Admiralty also echoed the praise for Lieutenant Lucas and backed up his promotion.

Although Sir Charles Napier was satisfied with Lucas, he did not feel the same about Hall. He lectured Hall on putting the ships in unnecessary danger but the British public thought the attack was a success and thought it great that the British were going on the offensive.

Lucas then steadily climbed the promotion ladder, eventually to Rear-Admiral. Heavily adorned with medals, as well as his VC, he was awarded the Baltic Medal, the Humane Society Medal and the IGS bar 'Pegu'.

He died on 7 August 1914 and was buried amid much mourning at St Lawrence's Churchyard at the nearby village of Mereworth.



Jack Close



Charles Lucas
The First Man to Win the Victoria Cross

The Victoria Cross (VC) is the highest award in the British and Commonwealth armed forces. Queen Victoria started this award in 1856 because she felt that there was not enough recognition for soldiers who performed extremely gallant acts. The only credit soldiers got was a “mention in dispatches” so in 1857 the first VC was presented. It was for an act in the Crimean War, which took place 1854. On the medal is inscribed “for valour” on the bronze cross. Only 1,351 men have won the VC and 3 people have had it presented to them twice. During the next issues of Third Dimension, I am going to introduce some of these heroes, including an OMT.

The first person to win the VC was an Irishman, Charles Lucas, who was born in Drumargole, County Armagh on 19th February 1834 to a landowning family who were by no means poor. He stayed with his family until he was fourteen and he left to join the navy in 1848.

His first ship was HMS Vanguard but he did not see any action until 1852, when he was 18, in the Second Burmese War. He was serving on the 40-gun ship, HMS Fox but it was on his next ship that he won his VC.

In 1854 Britain backed up France’s claim to become the leading Christian protector of the Holy Land by declaring war on Russia, with Sardinia and the Ottoman Empire by Britain’s side, thus starting the Crimean War. France’s first claim to let Catholics become the protectors of the Holy Land was made by Napoleon III in 1851 taking the role of the “sovereign authority” in the Holy Land from the Eastern European religion of the Greek Orthodox Church who had strong links with Russia.

The British parliament decided to act with hindsight and sent forward some surveying ships to appraise the Baltic Sea where the Russian navy was stationed so on 19 February 1854 HMS Hecla, a sloop, set off to Russia with 20 year old Lucas serving as a mate. They did not see any action but fulfilled their task to map the coast for the Franco-British navy. But Lucas would be back.

HMS Hecla then docked at Dover while Sir Charles Napier and his captains held a discussion to decide the best course of action. They came to a conclusion: to go to the Baltic Sea to seek the Russian fleet to attack. However, it seemed that the Russian fleet was not prepared to scout the Baltic and stayed in the heavily fortified port, Kronstadt, so the British flotilla searched for fishing boats, merchant ships and small vessels to assault.

The Screen

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The Screen



Right at your Door

It starts as any normal working day would. The wife Lexi gets up for work, goes through the daily routine, kisses husband Brad goodbye and heads off for another day at the grindstone. Brad puts the radio on and, soon after, the music is broken by a special announcement:: downtown Los Angeles has been hit by four simultaneous explosions. Brad continually tries to phone his wife but gets no answer. Never before has the sound of an unanswered phone sounded so sinister. Brad then leaps into his car and tries to get downtown to find his wife. He eventually gives up, realising that the authorities have already blocked off his way through. But that's not the worst of it all, the unfolding horror reveals that the explosions were chemical devices and the spreading cloud contains toxic fumes. It is a race against time to get the house sealed. Angst and desperation overwhelm Brad as he waits desperately for news both on his wife and on the city.

I would be lying if I told you that this was a feel-good film; I would be lying if I said that it is anything but an emotionally intense film that doesn't let up for a single minute. However, it is easily one of the best films of the year. Not for the weak of heart.

The X – Factor

This year’s competition started with the same, usual format. The auditions went all around the country as the most popular part of the competition got underway. A lot of atrocious and hilarious singers entered and made everyone laugh. Some, however, shone through and were definite stars in the making. The second round of the competition, boot camp, then commenced. It was a nerve-wracking experience for some of the acts who forgot their words. Finally, 8 performers got through and went to a special venue of their judge’s choosing. Here the numbers were whittled down to 4 contestants in each category for the live shows. By this time all of the contenders were extremely good and deserved to be there. The live shows started with some fantastic performances from various artists.

Ollie Warren
Short Story

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The Bus of Doom



Everyday it was the same: the fear of the dreaded gauntlet I had to endure which was coming ever closer every second that passed. I hated the bus. The cramped pile of filthy scrap metal was a waste of time; or so I thought. It squashed everyone in, making it hard even to breathe. It was overflowing with junk like cans and sweet wrappers just dumped anywhere. The air was just as bad. It was full of germs from sweating boys and something probably toxic that smelt vaguely like a cross between smoke and body odour.

This morning was no exception. My dad came striding into my room in the morning and switched on my light to wake me up. Although my vision was limited, I could still make out his unmistakably kind face and tall majestic figure. However, this never woke me up fully in the mornings. My eyes closed shut almost instantly with the sheer weight and density of the sleeping dust which was crammed into my eyes. The rest of my body could have done with another six hours of sleep as well. Every time I even attempted to climb out of bed I was just not physically capable of doing so. After a while my dad dragged me out of bed to prevent me from sleeping for the rest of the day. I was still desperate for sleep but there was no point arguing. Every morning, including this one, I tried to nag my dad into driving me into school. I thought that if I persisted enough, he would give up and spare me from the 'nightmare bus', as I called it. I tried to tell my parents about how miserable it was but they would not listen.

As my dad and I stepped outside to walk to the bus stop, the cold penetrated the deepest of my bones. The sniping wind whipped my cheeks and the leaden, gloomy, grey sky made my bad thoughts even worse. When I finally arrived at the bus stop it started raining. The droplets of water drenched my clothes and hair and my sandy-brown hair was now a dark, gloomy shade of black. I was soon dripping with murky, dirty water. Every second became slower as I thought about the safe sanctuary of my school. I glanced at my watch which was glued to my skin by the rain. Every minute standing on the pavement had seemed like an eternity. Finally the bus turned round the corner. Something at the back of my mind told me the bus seemed different somehow, but this ridiculous thought flickered and died out very quickly. The cheap, squeaky frame of the bus jolted as the piece of nasty metal ground to a halt beside me. The doors were flung open hesitantly and I took one reluctant step inside.

The first thing I noticed was the driver. The crazed, old man with wispy white hair had disappeared and was replaced with someone else. He didn't glance at me at all as I stepped up the grimy steps. As I looked forward, the amount of space and unfamiliar faces could only mean one thing! My heart skipped a beat as my mind processed the information. I was on the wrong bus! But my mind spotted a flaw in this theory. This was the only bus that used this route in the morning. I sprinted to the front but the driver shut the doors. I asked him if I could get off but he just kept

looking forward, as if he hadn't seen me. I asked again. No reply. I asked again and again but his pale, distorted face didn't flinch. There wasn't even the slightest of flickers in his eye. I then reached for my mobile phone. I switched it on and dialled my dad's number. Suddenly the phone bleeped. I looked at the screen and it said, 'no network found'. I tried again. The same thing happened. I then started to panic. My heart felt like it was going to burst out of my chest. Finally, I couldn't bottle it all up any more. I shouted as loudly as I could, trying to catch the driver's attention. But he still wouldn't listen to me. Nobody else towards the back of the bus would either. My blood suddenly chilled and a cold sensation ran down my back. I hadn't felt this afraid ever. Suddenly, without any warning whatsoever, the driver sped off.. I was now feeling extremely sick and faint. Questions which I wanted answered out of pure rage stormed in my head. Where was this psycho taking me? Why wouldn't he listen to me? I crawled to one of the damp seats to sit down. I looked around. There was nobody next to me, thankfully. As I looked closer at their faces, the more they frightened me. They sat there, looking forward, just like the driver. Their school uniform was strange as well. I didn't recognise it and the design and material looked oddly old-fashioned. I was now too frightened to even attempt to talk to them. I just sat there, the time going by so slowly.

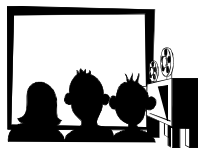
It was then that the real trouble started. I heard a faint whistling noise coming from somewhere. I didn't take any notice of it until a huge bang and the sound of crushing metal blew the living daylights out of me. I was going to die. I knew it. The glass shattered and sprayed flecks of death at me. The razor-sharp glass cut my flesh and blood oozed from the wound. The seats and various bag racks were crumpling under the pressure of the strange object on top of the bus and closing in on me. My ribs were breaking under the mass of torn metal. I scrunched up my face, preparing for my death.

I never thought I'd wake from that. When I did, I was sitting in the headmaster's office. He explained to me in a very worried tone that I had been run over whilst crossing a road on my way to the bus. My dad sat beside me, holding my hand. I couldn't understand it. I remember being on that bus, the picture as clear in my head as what I was seeing now.

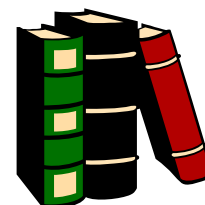
I had found no clues as to who the people were in that bus or where it was going. But one day I was trudging round an antique store and I spotted a newspaper dated 1940. I read the bold headline. It said 'School bus in London suburbs demolished by German bomb!'



3D Comment Column



Sponsorship Update



Third Dimension



WARD

DIMENSION

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