

MSU/LSU Issue 58, June 2023

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WELCOME

Welcome to the 58th edition of the Newsletter on the theme of *Restorative Justice*. As always, it is wonderful to read all the initiatives services have introduced, as well as reflections on experiences.

This newsletter contains articles from various services, as well as the entries for our Summer Artwork and Creative Writing competition. As every year, it was difficult to choose the winners with so many talented artists. These will be utilised for various Network documents, including guidance documents and the various service reports so keep an eye out for our new report covers!

The Quality Network peer-reviews have now come to an end. Thank you to all the teams for all the hard work organising your peer-reviews, be it online or in person. As always, it has been energising to connect with colleagues! The Network standards revision has now taken place and a new edition will be published soon. We look forward to the discussions this new edition will bring during review days.

As the cycle ends, the Quality Network team prepares for the start of a new cycle, cycle 15-9. During the course of the summer, the team will be updating the various data collection tools utilised during the course of the peer-reviews, including the workbooks and reports.

Lastly, the QNFMHS Annual Forum is set to take place at the RCPsych on 22 June 2023. It will be the first in person event for the past three years and we cannot wait to share a cup of tea with our colleagues!

Programme

- 10:00 Welcome and introduction**
Dr Jude Deacon, Chair of the QNFMHS advisory group, and Director of Forensic Mental Health, Oxford Health NHS Foundation Trust
- 10:15 See Think Act - The 3rd Edition**
Elizabeth Allen, Director of Frontfoot
- 10:45 The Empowerment of Co-production: Taking Back Our Identity**
Kray Matt, Expert by Experience, Sean Perry, Peer Mentor, Leon Bailey, Peer Trainer, Jerome Sewell, Lived Experience Practitioner, Miriam Pucyutan, Deputy Lead Occupational Therapist/Recovery College River House Campus Lead, Imogen Harris, Occupational Therapy Technician, River House, South London and Maudsley NHS Foundation Trust
- 11:15 Break**
- 11:30 "Finding their voices..." Speech and Language Therapy in LD and Forensic Services**
Hollyanna Marler, Advanced Specialist Speech and Language Therapist, Hertfordshire Partnership NHS Foundation Trust
- 12:00 An Update from the Quality Network**
Kelly Rodriguez, Programme Manager, and Emily Mohri, Deputy Programme Manager
- 12:15 The National HOPE(S) NHSE Collaborative**
Dr Jennifer Kilcoyne, Director, National HOPE(S) NHSE Collaborative & Clinical Director of the Centre for Perfect Care, Danny Angus, Associate Director, and Emma Highfield, Consultant Practitioner, National HOPE(S) NHSE Collaborative
- 12:45 Lunch break**
- 13:45 Workshop session 1: Sustainability in Mental Health, Including Access to Outdoor Spaces**
- 14:15 Workshop session 2: Working with Family and Friends**
- 14:45 Break**
- 15:00 Workshop session 3: Forensic Specialisms**
- 15:30 Final Plenary**
- 15:45 End**

Kelly Rodriguez, Programme Manager

An integrated clinical model of restorative justice in forensic settings

**By Dr. Gerard Drennan
Consultant Lead Psychologist &
Restorative Justice Project Lead
South London & Maudsley NHT Foundation Trust**

Restorative justice, in forensic mental health settings, has rarely been available until recently. There are many reasons of this, one might be the incorrect assumption that forensic mental health service users cannot take part meaningfully. This assumption may be more influential with non-mental health partner agencies and the public. For forensic mental health service providers, there may have been an assumption that restorative justice could do more harm than good, to a traumatised victim(s), and to the service user with their mental health vulnerabilities. It is important that all restorative justice is undertaken in a trauma-informed way, and with great care to not cause further harm, to anyone involved. It is with this caution in mind that the Forensic Service at South London & Maudsley have developed an adapted model of restorative justice implementation.

Our focus in providing access to restorative justice as part of our service model, has begun to focus firstly on the needs of people who have been harmed, i.e. on the needs of victims. There is an evidence base for rehabilitation benefits for offenders, but the evidence base for the reduction in trauma symptoms and satisfaction with the justice system is strongest for victims, and ultimately, it is those harmed who should be prioritised. To meet the needs of victims we have shifted our focus from the question of whether the service user will benefit, to the question of their capacity to consent. If a service user can give consent, this is what should enable a process to begin that may assist victims to recover, in the knowledge that the service user will almost certainly benefit as well. "Restorative justice is a *collaborative decision-making process* that includes victims, offenders and others who are seeking to hold offenders accountable by having them a) accept and acknowledge responsibility for their offences, b) to the best of their ability, repair the harm they caused to victims and communities, and c) work to reduce the risk of reoffence by building positive social ties to the community" (Karp, 2013, p. 4). I find this description of the benefits of restorative justice for the person who caused harm helpful because

it highlights all of the active ingredients. It is a fundamentally collaborative process, that is voluntary for all participants. At South London & Maudsley we have had service users who were anxious about participation in case accepting responsibility would mean that they could be returned to court to have their Diminished Responsibility convictions overturned. But in a mental health setting, accountability is about the future, what can the person with mental health difficulties do differently going forward, and what support will they need, or positive social ties, to increase their likelihood of success. Restorative justice interventions are therefore fundamentally compatible with promoting recovery in service users, in that it is all about supporting the development of a sense of agency, and purpose, and in this way promotes hope, control and opportunity. At the same time as promoting the recovery of people who have been harmed by an offence.

Our model of offering access to restorative justice is to integrate the intervention with the clinical team who care for the service user. When a victim is external to the service, either as a stranger victim, or as a family member or friend, the referral, risk assessment and preparation processes are almost always undertaken by restorative justice practitioners from a service provider. This may be a third sector provider who holds the local contract from the Police and Crime Commissioner, or a probation service. To ensure integration with the clinical service, we partner the restorative justice practitioner with a clinician, trained as a restorative justice conference facilitator, to co-facilitate. If the facilitators are two non-mental health practitioners, a member of the service user's clinical team acts in the role of 'supporter' for the service user. The 'supporter' role is someone who will sit in on all preparation meetings with the service user and in the final meeting with the victims(s). This enables on-going well-being assessments, direct and active communication with clinical team, up-dating clinical records, on-going risk assessment at each stage of the process, and finally, documenting any evidence of benefit or other outcomes and reflections on the process. Outcomes include resuming family visits, referral for family therapy, or better engagement in individual offence-focused or trauma therapies. We have found that this model of integrated care in the process enables safe and effective access to restorative justice for all.

A day in the life of a Restorative Justice Practitioner

By Fin Swanepoel
Restorative Justice Practitioner
River House

I thought that it would be helpful to share with you what a day could look like in the role of Restorative Justice Practitioner in a forensic mental health service, a role I do full time at South London and Maudsley NHS Trust. I am based at the in-patient service but I also engage with and support forensic community teams. Mine is a unique role, as I am the only full-time NHS employed person in such a position nationally, as far as we know. In order to achieve this, the service leadership made funding available to invest in restorative justice, and a suite of Agenda for Change job descriptions was developed and approved for recruitment. Any service in the country would be welcome to contact me to adopt or adapt the job descriptions and person specifications for these unique roles.

This is a fictional day that gives you a sense of the variety and depth of the restorative work both possible and currently taking place in the role. The work below can all happen in a day however, thankfully, it does not all happen in a day very often.

I start the day at 'safety huddle', a biweekly gathering of nursing staff, security staff and other clinicians to consider any incidents that may have happened or events that are likely to come up that day. This is a chance to reflect together on the incidents and offer any immediate restorative support or signpost for both staff and patients. It is an important space to think together of restorative options to repair harm that has been caused during incidents on the unit. I then send an email reminder to our Reflective Circle members (more on this below) about the meeting that is scheduled for later in the day sharing the MS Teams link with them to join online.

After this, I go to a scheduled restorative justice preparation meeting to meet one of the participants in a restorative process. The service user I meet with has reached out to repair harm

with his mother following a violent incident during a psychotic episode three years previously. They have not spoken to or seen each other since the incident. The meeting goes well and leads to a choice from both participants to meet up in a safe and structured process, called a conference, to talk about what happened. Not all in a day of course but worth knowing the outcome of this particular process eventually took more than four months to complete.

Returning from a well-earned lunch break, it's time to prepare for Week Three of the Kintsugi (Japanese meaning 'golden joinery') Course in the occupational therapy Recovery Hub. This is a 6-week course exploring restorative themes alongside our own stories. A mixture of learners and staff, along with a peer trainer, take part with all getting involved. Kintsugi is a recovery college course we have co-produced and co-deliver as part of the services restorative justice programme to explore our own stories, the wounds that we have received from others and wounds we may have inflicted on others. A chance to get creative, making something from clay, decorating it, then breaking it, then repairing it with 'golden joinery'. Today we will be decorating.

Following a tidy up and team debrief from Kintsugi, I will briefly check in on emails and take note of any actions and respond accordingly, before preparing to host an online space we call the Reflective Circle. I co-facilitate this monthly meeting online with two colleagues. This is a safe space for family and carers to bring their own needs and offer mutual support to each other. We do not try to fix people or solve their problems. It's a chance to be heard, to meet others in similar situations, to share experiences and go away feeling less alone in the journey of caring for a relative who is receiving forensic mental health services from South London & Maudsley.

I hope this has provided an insight into this unique and important role in the life of a forensic mental health service. Each day in the role is varied. While I enjoy my job, some days are harder than others. I must look after myself and I delight in that two days are never the same. Its important pivotal work in bringing restorative options into a space that for so long was denied the opportunity to repair harm and relationships



Kintsugi Recovery College Course Piece

A journey of restorative thinking in independent sector Mental Health

**By Zoe Johnson-Marsh
Elysium Healthcare**

As a Consultant Forensic Psychologist my experience of restorative justice first came when I worked for the Ministry of Justice within prisons. This was a group for offenders to think about certain offences and the harm that they had caused to their victims. An individual would then meet with the group of offenders as a representative of victims to share their experience, working on the principle of 'reintegrative shaming', to help encourage reflection and a reduction in risk.

I was intrigued by the possibility of bringing the harmed together with the harmer, so that the harmed were given the opportunity to have a voice, share their experience and process this, as a way to heal and empower them. Subsequently I moved from custody to independent sector mental health care and was looking for the opportunity to start conversations around restorative practice and how it may be developed within the hospital culture. There came the chance during a meeting with staff, where they provided their experiences of working with individuals with mental health difficulties, and the challenging behaviour that they may be harmed by. A PLO (Police Liaison Officer) was present at the meeting and made a suggestion of linking in with community resolution approaches, as a way to help those who have been harmed to achieve reparation. As a result, I was put in touch with a charity organisation that was able to provide restorative facilitation training and consultation. The charity organisation advised that this was a new venture for them and they had not heard of restorative approaches being delivered within mental health settings within our locality, so it would be a new adventure for us all!

Several differing professions from the hospital were invited to attend the training, to ensure a multi-disciplinary approach across the hospital, with the aim of embedding it within the culture of the hospital. That was approximately five years ago and

restorative approaches has now developed within a few hospitals across the locality. It is considered each morning within clinical handover as part of the discussion of incidents. It has been used on many occasions within a multitude of scenarios and contexts. Ranging from service user conflict to conflict between staff, community conflict within ward environments and within therapy. Positively, it has also been possible to extend restorative approaches into HR processes, and development has begun on thinking about how to progress with 'Just Culture' for the organisational region.

My experience within my organisation has been positive, as the local organisation were open to alternative approaches to support their service users and staff and enable restorative work to take place in varying ways. There are of course barriers, such as having enough staff trained to deliver restorative work as imminently as would be liked, and with rapid changes in staffing, ensuring the restorative message is kept alive is a continual one. However, the RJC (Restorative Justice Council) and Mental Health Network have provided a real sense of support and community; Offering innovative ideas and ways to further embed restorative approaches to help us on our ongoing journey.



This year's annual meeting of the Network of Restorative Practitioners in Mental Health is on 'Partnership Working in Practice.' The event will explore Ministry of Justice requirements for restricted patients to access restorative justice. There will be opportunity to hear about what third sector restorative justice providers need, to enable victims and service users to access restorative justice.

12 July 2023; 2:00pm - 5:00pm, online via MS Teams

Register here: <https://restorativejustice.org.uk/civicrm/event/info>

For further information contact Fin Swanepoel

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Dr. Gerard Drennan

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In search of restorative justice: A mother's story, a victim's experience

By Anonymous

I have been encouraged to tell my story through attempting to engage in a restorative justice process. To date this has not brought about the outcome that I hoped for, but it has opened doors along the way. It is important to say, that I was the victim of my son's index offence - a life-threatening assault. So much about how he came to be in secure care has been painful, but perhaps the most painful experience for me has been lack of information and involvement in the process.

I still believe that the psychotic episode that led to the assault could have been avoided if services had taken my concerns more seriously when he was a teenager. I can describe my son as a kind, funny, intelligent, creative soul prior to becoming unwell. My own recovery has been supported by undertaking EMDR for trauma and art therapy. Some of the pain that I needed to work through was not knowing how my son was. I have had more rights to information as the victim than I have had as his mother. But even that information has been extremely limited.

There were missed opportunities along the way. Services could have gathered a social history refresh of information from me when my son was moved from medium to low secure services two years after the index offence. Unfortunately, services interpreted GDPR in such a way that they appeared not to appreciate the difference between 'sharing' and 'gathering' information. I was never offered a carer's assessment on the basis that my son did not acknowledge me as a carer at the time and did not give permission for me to access this. I have been identified as a victim throughout, which entitles me to a basic level of information. When my son was moved from medium to low secure, his responsible clinician did not notify the Victim Liaison Service (VLS); and so, even this small right as a victim - to know when the perpetrator was being moved to a lower level of security - was overlooked. It felt to me as if there was no regard for the impact of this

development on me, as a victim, or as a mother. Until then I had known where my son was, so I was totally unprepared for how bereft I would suddenly feel to not know.

I was permitted to know that Ministry of Justice (MOJ) conditions stipulated two escorts for leave outside of the secure perimeter. I was to later learn that he had only ever had one escort. I acquired this information when he absconded from escorted leave for the second time. It was only then that I learnt of a previous absconson, that had not been notified to the VLS. On the second occasion, I was contacted no less than four times by different local Police, so concerned were they.

I only knew about the first absconson because my son called me afterwards. His responsible clinician would not communicate with me initially because of being unclear about what was permitted. I was also told that permission was needed for my son to contact me, even though this had already been granted by MOJ. While professionals discussed this mis-communication, services knew that my son and I were now speaking daily with him using a mobile phone that another patient had given him.

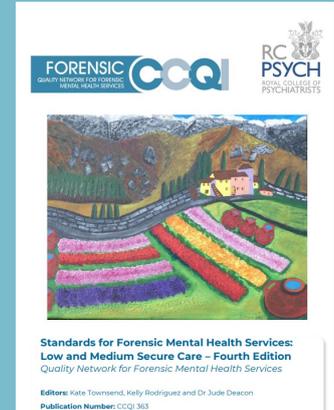
I attempted to access restorative justice services, as a way of being in communication with my son and rebuilding our relationship. This contributed to a period of time in which we were able to begin to rebuild our relationship. Unfortunately, after several months of re-bonding and getting to hug my son on his birthday, he withdrew communication suddenly and without notice. He contacted me again after the second absconson and then began to send me abusive text messages. As much as this was hard, professionals might not understand that this was better than having no communication at all. And it might mean that better communication is possible in the future.

I hope in future that legislation will allow more information regarding rehabilitation to be shared with victims, and families, but also that barriers can be lowered to accessing the type of information and healing that restorative justice can allow victims.

QNFMHS Announcements

NEW! QNFMHS Standards 5th Edition

The QNFMHS Standards have been revised this year in collaboration with our member services, advisory group and patient and carer representatives. The new edition will be mapped against sustainability principles developed by the Royal College of Psychiatrist's Sustainability Committee. The five Sustainability Principles are: Prioritise Prevention, Empower Individuals and Communities, Improve Value, Consider Carbon and Staff Sustainability. The final document is currently going through the last stages of approval and will be published soon!



QNFMHS Annual Forum 2023

Take your CPD seriously? The event will be an opportunity to convene, collaborate and learn from innovative content. The forum will involve key note speakers and a choice of workshops.

To register to attend, please fill in the [booking form](#) (please complete one booking form per person).

Date: Thursday 22 June 2023

Time: 10:00 - 16:00 (the final programme to be confirmed)

Location: Royal College of Psychiatrists, 21 Prescot St, London E1 8BB

Price: £70 for anyone working in a member service, £100 for non-member services. Patients and carers are able to attend the event for free.

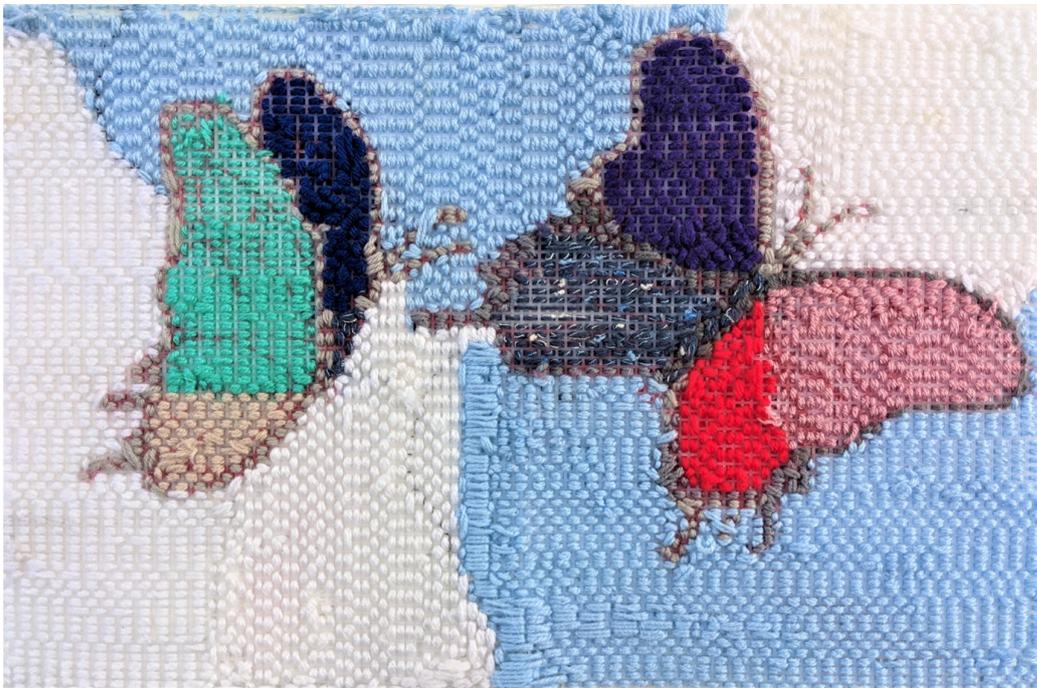


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QNFMHS Artwork Competition 2023 Winners



Cresswell Monochrome, by A. Hudson (Northgate Hospital)



Butterfly Stitches, by Anonymous (Northgate Hospital)



Mystery Tiger by Susan (Fromeside)



Hungry Fox, by Anonymous (Northgate Hospital)



A Scene from the West of Ireland, by W.O.C (Central Mental Hospital)



Mindfulness Horizon, by Anonymous (Northgate Hospital)



Flowers in Vases, by Anonymous (Northgate Hospital)



Pressed Flower Cards, by Severn Ward (Fromeside)



Pot of Sunflowers, by Jason (Fromeside)



Keep Healthy, by Anonymous (Northgate Hospital)

QNFMHS Artwork Competition

Runners Up



From left to right :

1. Untitled, Woodlands House LSU, Aylesbury
2. Doesn't look much like a monkey, Low Secure Forensic Rehab Ward
3. Spring into Summer, Evenlode Ward
4. Colourful Drawing, Wood Lea Clinic
5. Bird Cage, Kemple View
6. Kaleidoscope, Fromeside
7. Beautiful Flowers Float
8. Howling Wolf, Northgate Hospital
9. Robot Propaganda, Northgate Hospital
10. A Day in the Life of Severn Ward, Fromeside
11. Glasto, Fromeside
12. A Day in the Life of the Solar System, Fromeside
13. Van Gough Boots, Fromeside
14. Watermill and Crane Fishing, Central Mental Hospital
15. City Landscape, Fromeside
16. Untitled, Central Mental Hospital
17. Chicken, Fromeside
18. Colourful Drawing, Wood Lea Clinic.

QNFMS Creative Writing Competition Winners

Past And Present

I'm down and up and up and down,
I already know without looking around
I've seen it and heard it before,
So I don't have to word it cause I've seen it before,
I've been round the block a bit and slept on it too,
So I already know what is true.
Life is a game and we all know it's hard
But at the moment I'm spending time on the ward
I've made a recovery and now nothing worries me.
It's made me stronger and probably my life a little longer
The end is in sight where the DJ sends me the mic

D.S., Kemple View

A Day in the Life of a Hero

A revolution ago, in a place where the sun rained and the see-through sky would blind whoever looked at it, a vicious battle, the last battle for a long time, was culminating in the 'Priceless Valley' which is why it's now a desert.

We couldn't possibly prepare for what we would come up against, the sheer brutality, strength and malice demonstrated by the Metal Knights, but we knew we had to fight. This outcome would determine everything...

Obviously we were frightened, my army's loyalty and faith, the only thing that kept them following me. Charging into battle, we had no idea what would happen.

I'm Hue. A Multi-Coloured, Stained-Glass Dragon, said leader of our victory and only survivor of said army. This is my story and the most important day of my life.

What a decade is to a human, a hundred years is to a Dragon. I remember waking up one beautiful morning, to the familiar sights of my cave. Gorgeous and luxurious... the best! Crystals glowing from the absorbed sunlight, stretching my wings and sighing through my nose, blowing out sand with tiny shards, fragments of glass, opening my eyes to see a downpour of acid rain, sharpening the landscape.

Rising to my claws, I let out another sigh but through my mouth. The feeling of being soaked by the acidity and toxicity in the liquid was rejuvenating! It may have been dangerous to the metal knights, Metal Humans, of their faraway fortress, corroding their skin, but to us it was welcome. And besides they were all gone.

It had been a long one hundred years, not much had filled the void between being a hero and the unfulfilling nothing. It was depressing but at least I hadn't aged much. Going on one of my usual wanderings, left alone with my thoughts, trying to think of something new... The idea of reaching out to other people, civilisations, either undiscovered in our world or elsewhere! Oh, but the sky. It blighted our chances of ever progressing. Was there really nothing that could be done?

Standing on top of the mostly sandy surface of our planet, Vista, still clearly visible how it moved in a stationary orbit. Always the same side, same position facing the sun, shining the whole way through with the one moon casting day and night as itself revolved around the planet in its own stationary orbit.

The light refracted and piercing through the core to the other side, caused a blinding immobilisation field that nothing could get past, due to magnetic pole interference. Vista may have been completely made of transparent stained-glass, a seemingly simple home of just beauty and colour, really it was of an unimaginable design, impossible to leave.

I reflected on the reflections and found it slightly amusing that we were radiant like each other. A rainbow blazing and burning into the ethereal like the death of a star. A many-hued Dragon wasn't common, which at the very least, partly helped to increase my fame and being the reason I was called Hue.

New determination rekindling my fire, I set off to do something about it. Jumping high, beating my wings, I flew far into the distance, over the sapphire sea of Water Dragons who were diving deep across their nourishing gems, the Sun Dragons, wheeling in the sky above me like a flock of phoenixes' that dwelt in the woods of the mysterious Shady Dragons. Each of these groups had their own distinctive colours. Red, Orange and Yellow to represent the Sun, Green, Blue and Purple Pink for the sea. The Shady Dragons were Black, White sometimes a mixture. Colour blindness was common amongst them.

Reaching the end of the woods, the trees strangely and curiously, never being transparent, landing at an arena, a small dome with no roof, this was where the Elders or Leaders lived. Calling out "Are you there? I request an audience". From different tunnels, directions, three figures emerged, a Fiery coloured Dragon with heat in her eyes called Byrny on the left as opposed to Rainie with a turquoise colour and much softer and calmer demeanour on the right. The third, in the middle, Monochrome being his name and having two pairs of wings, was indeed a mixture of black and white.

"What do you request an audience for?" Monochrome in an unnaturally even voice, betraying no emotion whatsoever. "I think we should find a way to break past the immobilisation field", replying. The three elders looked at each other "How?" continued Monochrome "Any Dragon who tries to fly past, immediately loses control of their body until they crash down, back to the ground". I persevered "But maybe there's something we're missing. And like past attempts, there wouldn't be any danger if there were others ready to catch them".

Judging by the other's looks, it was clear how I felt. Consternation, frustration. "What exactly is it that we're missing?". I couldn't answer. "Well?" the question asked by them all at almost the same time, their expressions demanding a follow-up. Quietly and unsure of myself "I don't know". Byrny "Well, maybe when you know, you might not waste our time". Rainie had already begun leaving. I looked again at Monochrome "Do you agree with me?" He looked thoughtful "Maybe you should try to find out yourself, make your own experiments". He left. It was good advice. Monochrome was an interesting Dragon, never talked much about anything, least of all his background, peculiar him even being a leader as he was, but I had to think 'What Experiments?'

Flying away again, I enjoyed an extra long glide, with the excitement and anticipation of a new mission, goal in life. I remember thinking 'What could even reach as high as a Dragon, let alone the cosmos beyond?' Other creatures could fly, again like phoenixes', but only very limited. Got nothing on my wings. Maybe the Sun Dragons would have ideas. I glanced upward and marvelled at their height, almost touching, but not quite, the sky barrier.

Gasping at the altitude, it was freezing! With the pressure and air, oxygen, also there was difficulty in keeping up. "Hey!" hoping they could hear "How do you find it so easy to fly like this?" Most ignored me, few glanced, but one paused and hovered over, yellow, almost gold "You're not a Sun Dragon, so you wouldn't understand" "I was born to Sun Dragon parents, Ray and Diance, I just had a different destiny". They looked at me more closely. "Ray and Diance" they repeated "What do you want?" "How do you fly so high? Do you have any ideas to get past the Sky Barrier? You're almost touching it".

"We fly like this to be as close to Sunlight as possible and for the view of the land. As for the Sky Barrier, the immobilisation field" Acknowledging the question "Why would you want to go past? Our world has been peaceful for a long time".

Ironic how a Sun Dragon wouldn't want to touch the stars "Because there's more to this life than being grounded to one place. You could get closer to the sun" Golden-Yellow bristled at this "We would never tempt fate. What we have is enough" the parting sentence, left, and gave me no more attention.

Admittedly in great relief, I let myself descend and feel the pleasurable warmth and breath flow into me, a normal temperature. I was tempted to look back at the sky, forcing myself not to. Even above with the others, none looked upwards for fear of minimal temporary blindness. If I could realise my ambition, perhaps the heavens could be gazed at.

The magnetic poles were the problem, if there was a way to disrupt the interference, then maybe there could be a way to travel beyond. Thinking and thinking of an answer "What's even at the poles? Nothing... too far away". An idea. Maybe there was something at the poles after all. Re-entering flight, by the time I reached my destination, the Sun had started to set, but there it was, now in abandon and disrepair, I had found the Metal Knights' Faraway Fortress, right on top of the north pole.

Prowling around the outside, plans forming, I broke in, tail swishing and roared, spraying glass. No reply, as I expected. Stalking the halls of this tumbledown castle, I was fascinated to have an insight into the society and lives of our enemies. Completely Human, made of metal, holding the belief me and my kind were evil and to be stopped. The Knights', a select few of the best fighters, trained as our assassins.

Old records painted across the walls and armaments rotting, rusting in corners of the rooms, nothing special. Creepy and almost unnerving to consider the acts of debauchery and villainy going on in the place, I left the rooms behind and stood in the courtyard looking around me.

I could see a parapet, balcony above, gliding onto the edge, loaded cannons and explosives littered about... Perfect! Worth a try, ignited by my claw, the sound it made when the fortress blew up, erupting debris all over! I later learned every other Dragon heard the explosion and came to the same conclusion, it had something to do with me.

Coming closer again, a mild ringing leaving my ears, I made the mistake of looking up!... It didn't hurt... the sky was clearing! Elation turned to horror... at every point surrounding Vista, were spaceships. I could just guess by seeing they were enemy and not just enemy, but Metal Knights.

They hadn't died or disappeared, they were watching us, holding us back all along, all the time. Having fallen into one of their traps, it revealed they were simulating Day and Night, with them through artificial control, confining us. We'd just never noticed. I had tempted fate and this had happened.

A surge of light erupted from one of the many spaceships, crashing into the ground and making the surface beneath me shudder violently. I collapsed backwards, thrusting my head back to see half starting to descend, the other half remaining above.

That would give the Sun Dragons something to see!

I can still feel the shellshock, freshly panic stricken, racing with thoughts. Repeated blasts aimed at me, dodging explosions and impacts that tore the landscapes apart. Estimating the time and point of firing and detonation, I made the mistake of slowing, stumbled, and was hurled by an unexpected force to the side, once again sent sprawling, by a missed bomb ahead.

Incredibly dizzy and weak, one foot after the other, swaying, collapsed. I was at the opposite end of the woods, so close to warning the others yet so far.

Feeling much later, becoming conscious, spluttering, wheezing, vision blurry, it must have taken at least half a day to regain even close to seeing and feeling normal. Trepidation set in, I wasn't where I last was. The style of the current room was clearly not Dragon and objects scattered around looked like torture instruments.

I made to stand... my body wasn't responding, all I could move was my head. I glanced around then down at myself... I wasn't restrained in any way that I could see, just hoping it wasn't permanent. Laying my head back down with a sigh, I heard a swooshing and footsteps. The gloominess of a corridor evaporating around the emergence of a humanoid outline walking toward me "It would be you, wouldn't it Hue?" I was at a loss "You know me? Who are you?" "Bad news" replying with a grim smile, the sharpness of razor teeth, glinting metallicly, filed to deadliness.

An uncaring triumph in those steel grey eyes, raising hands with needle-point nails "A legacy set to bring you down after all these years". Inhuman malice. "Why? I accept that I fought you, even successfully, but one hundred years?! Why did you even fight us in the first place?" "Because it's our world. And there's nothing like conquering an opposing abomination, a race of glass breathing monsters! Your society is as insubstantial as your looks". "So just blind discrimination then?". Asking rhetorically. "Why come down now? Just because I blew up an old building?" "We knew at some point one of you" adding with disgust "Would want to reach out and come to the same conclusion. To disrupt the North Pole, our ex-base and instead of freeing yourselves, would only make life worse".

"Our mother ship only had the ability to keep the immobilisation field going once. When our base blew up, so did the system projecting the magnetic light. They were connected by an amplifying flag pole" I was grim, I had invoked, provoked, another fight, playing right into their would be hands "And as far as we're concerned, your actions mean war!" There was a joyous mood at that!

Coming closer, features becoming more focused, I winced at the fluid touch of surface on surface, waiting to be stabbed. He didn't, laughing ecstatically, leaving me in relative darkness. What would be next?

Outside, renewed vengeance taking place, a forced war, The Dragons painfully coming to their senses, Dragged into conflict, small groups shut off from each other fighting furiously. Details later accounted that it was terribly hard going, minor victories, massive damages inflicted upon and made worse by my lack of help. I couldn't help. My head against the floor, fuming my helplessness, time ticking by "Something. Something!" 'A battle worn Dragon like me couldn't not help others in need of a soldier' I remember thinking.

I managed to crane my neck upwards, squinting, a circular light, one big circular centre with smaller circles, eight around the outside, emitting a soft glow... 'Funny, it covers my entire body but not my head'. A pause 'Was that...' an idea, a plan 'what was powering it? Could I turn it off?' Dragon breath, our glass, if highly concentrated, speared the Metal Knights armouring and into their clockwork hearts, ticking down to the final drum-like beat. Just as they had the power to maim and kill us. Still weak and recovering, I wanted to try. There was no other option.

A strength inside growing, I coughed raw, 'Still not normal' and forced myself through an excruciating bellow. The light exploded and I could move. Charging into the doorway, ripping, tearing past with my horns, I collapsed again, in the entryway. Alarms sounded, running feet nearing, mouth open in agony, enemy soldiers came into view, each more morbid than the last "So you actually escaped" sneering audibly, my original captor, standing with the look of a hunter about to revel in an imminent and gruesome kill "What are you going to do now? Talking is over and I could finish you right where you lie" Shortly towering over me, pulling back his arm to deliver a death blow, on the brink of touching, the Ship crashed sideways, sparks everywhere... Reinforcements! Of all Dragons, Monochrome had put together a band of freedom fighters, who at that very moment, had started ramming the ships... Just in time!

Right in front of me, the floor bent inwards and a head burst out. Monochrome! "Hue!" even now sounding emotionless "What are you doing here? We need you" I was lolling "Hue?!" No answer. Monochrome forced his way through entirely, flapping wings, hovering. He picked me up and leaving the ship to others, carried me to the ground. Monochrome had brought me to the woods of the Shady Dragons "They'll look after you here" communicating to his people, he flew away again to rejoin the fighters.

Delirious and Overwhelmed, I slept for an uncounted time.

Coming round, a curious, almost tribe of black and white Dragons, attended to me. "The fight is still raging" they informed me "everyone was at a loss when we were first attacked, but Monochrome, bringing us together, fought them off our lands. The Sun Dragons, used to such heights, have been massively helpful". The trees blocked any view I might have had, so timidly creeping to the edge, I could see a vicious scene of fire and death. I came back.

A deep breath through my nose, I was fine at last. The same couldn't be said for anyone else 'Would they win without me?' The Emerald-like quality and Crystal Quartz of the trees and their trunks calming.

A boom suddenly, out of view above the Green Shine, we had all heard it. In the open, the sight of a Ship burning towards us, following seconds late by its sound. Reeling by the implications, I saw the vessel pull up, bracing for impact. 'Was there a Crew inside? Would they be dead when they landed? What and how did Monochromes' team do this?'

Their Ship's designs were angular like a paper aeroplane. Nose diving, smothered by a cloud of gravity, dragging a massive groove in the Sand, it eased to a stop. A ramp fell out leading inside. I waited. No-one came out. Wary footsteps pushing against the Sand, finally reaching the entrance, even though I couldn't see further, I had my doubts and suspicions that it was empty.

The gloomy interior speckled with and by emergency lighting, just like the Fortress, its many rooms and space were uninhabited. More confidently, into the front, there was no pilot. A light flashed on, a voice "Autonomous Systems Online, please specify request". I didn't understand at the time, but this Ship was fully and completely automatic. Almost every Ship that landed was manual, except the Mother Ship that I escaped from, which stayed in the Sky for Protection. Every other was automatic, being used for reinforcements, kept further away in case of this exact situation.

The Ship I stood in had accidentally been brought too low, allowing by sheer luck, an attack disrupting contact to control. "Why have you crashed? Are there any people here?" "No other life-forms detected. Structural Damage minimal, General Damage minimal". Looking, checking behind me "Do you have any weapons? Can you fight?" "Yes" a blunt reply. I had to think carefully. A chance like this would never happen again.

To be able to control a Metal Knight Ship was also strange, they clearly thought this could never happen. That was funny! A total design flaw. "Are you in contact with the other Ships?" "No" "Can you be?" "Resume flight process, Affirmative?" "No" alarmed, I needed a plan first, one coming together presently "Will you follow any order?" "If possible" A gleam in my eye, I could feel it "I want you to keep to these instructions".

The Shady Dragons were worried. Neither Monochrome nor myself had returned and were both feared dead. I hearing of this later. I searched all over for Monochrome, through the Woods, Sky, Sea and around my Cave. I never found him.

A fireball scorching the atmosphere took total attention. Everyone speechless at my return. Stepping down a ramp, attacks stopping in mid-movement "You're alive!" Many gasping the general consensus "Yes" turning away to the above, a group of Spaceships coming into land "Don't worry, there's nobody up there" touching ground, ramps fell out "a ship crashed, just by chance and I, just by sheer oversight from the design, managed to take control of half the ships and bring down the rest completely".

Weary Dragon Soldiers trooped down the various ramps "But most of all" for the first time in a long time, real Stars glinted and Sparkled on Vista "We can go beyond".

I'm standing here, recording my account of events in my personal quarters, flying through Space and Life has never been better. Meeting new species, learning new things, even finding friendly Humans. It's a Joy!

Some remain on Vista, but comfortably with no threat and The Shady Dragons have a new leader, but at least now Monochrome won't be forgotten. To Quote a Brilliant Philosophy "We could be Heroes, if just for one Day".

QNFMHS Creative Writing Competition 2023 Runners Up

Taste / Culture

So what's your taste in culture? Art – Modern or past?

Some like just one, too quick to judge; far too fast!

What about ancient history? Do you like that?

From ancient tombs or the Sphinx cat.

People like culture in all different forms

Some like unusual and some like the norm!

Cultural taste can be a unique thing

From Art Deco to Aztec our tastes can swing.

Personally I like Abstract art, I think it's swell,

What's the artist trying to portray, you can't always tell?

Michelangelo, Picasso and Da Vinci; all men of taste and skill,

Down the years of time their work has given people a thrill.

There's so much more about cultural taste we can say

But there isn't enough hours in the day!

So go out, explore, and find something new

And fall in love with culture the way so many do.

Kemple View

Abraham and The Hunting Dog

The patch of uncut grass reminded me a little of paradise. But until the sun came out I barely noticed.

Instead I watched a hunting dog unrelent in stalking a constant hunt. I have never seen a working dog on duty at all times.

He came to me after a perimeter, and once passed got his time in his meadow, with milk. And from there back on duty.

I learn ad duty from my fathers, my father of which to treasure and protect.

And of my brother, protect one helpless animal at the expense of your own wellness and you know the kindness of heaven.

Woodlands House LSU, Aylesbury

A day in the life of a Prisoner

Erupting out of nothing, Born from timelessness
An intangible void, Insubstantiality at its very highest
Life begins as a single point, exploding into consciousness
The light of the stars at its very brightest

What started the start with non-existence at the heart
Evolving into beings, self-realisation and knowledge, matter forced to impart
What does it mean to think ourselves into reality
To choose to believe something has absolute clarity

Is there a meaning or divine wisdom to learn
A hidden answer that makes us yearn
Looking to ourselves and others for inspiration
A miracle of sudden sensation...

But it won't come
Reflecting on past deeds done
Are we good or bad?
The uncertainty driving us mad

Bringing new life into creation, something to live for
And how that soul is reading to soar!
Only to come crashing down before its prime
An inescapable death impatient or the jailer of time

Straining against constraints
Can we really make any change?
To define the flaws in the system?
To fix all the problems?

Suffering isn't refined
Everyone has it worse
The unanswerable question of there being a God
Come down on us all like a curse

Can we ever really be free?
Hoping, belief, for the impossible
Different circumstances with all the same cage
An endless sentence probable

A day in the life is to be a Prisoner
No reach beyond these bars of freedom

Fromeside

A Day in the Life of a God

I mapped the Void, put the light in Stars
Living Freedom behind bars
Calibre of the highest
Creativity at its mightiest
Unstoppable, All Powerful
Giddy with thrill of the right to rule
Playing with the Fabric of Space and Time
I feel it all and all is fine...
But I've seen the children cry
The lesser live, the Soldiers die
Captivity in choice
The Suffering have no voice
But then again, it's the way of life
To thrive in Strife
Should I Feel Shame?
Am I to blame?
Fool of the Mindless and Hopeless
Purveyor of lost cause
But I will do better, Yes,
I will be more
For aren't I a victim also,
Of Duty and Obligation, accompanying a guilt feeling
The same Divine and Deity of all myths and legends
What is Saviour and Meaning?
Impossible to do anything right
The Contradictory actions of plight
Everything at my whim
Self-hope dim
Is it better to dwell in the atoms of never-space
Damage or Good that could be accomplished in the right place
Paying for life with misery
The consequences of deeds a mystery
An afterlife of intangible depth
The progress of left and right steps,
Intertwining to a bottomless sky, an infinite height of below
An end aglow

Fromside

Story

A man in his 30's living in a nice house
Bit of a mess cleaning the garage nails + screws
all of the place so he put in a jar on the top
shelf swept the floor. Went 2 make a H.drink
While making H.drink he heard a smash of glass
So he went back 2 the garage and found
Nails and screws all over the floor he was
puzzled how this could happen he put against the wall
Went back 2 kitchen 2 make a drink heard a
noise went back 2 garage 2 investigate found
paint pots spilled all over floor. He notice some
footprints in the garage. They were not an animal
but people's footprints but very very small these are
people that live under floor boards they are
The Borrowers

Wood Lea Clinic

The Four Seasons

The reason for travelling

Spring

It was dire. There was no weather.
I was part of a meeting, where we decided together,
To travel to a world known as The Four Seasons
Hoping to negotiate a helping hand, we would do anything in reason

Our world had just one day stopped
The atmosphere was vanishing
Needing to act, I an ex-soldier brought back into service
Ironically if in failure, I was to be banished

Our Star-Charts showed many places to seek assistance
But none more so than The Four Seasons
They were the only people capable of preventing our non-existence
Luckily they agreed to talk, they weren't in unreason

I was given an announcement
My Title in pronouncement
I bowed in respect
A dignified manner kept

Sitting in discussion
Their voices like percussion
A grave tone
Only one way to help, known

Four Guardians of the Weather Zones
Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter
To beseech a magical item from each
Healing our land, making it better

Despite the warnings of perils faced
I braved them off and stood raised
Mortally dangerous or not, I would go
A loyalty rare would be shown

"Farewell. If I do not return, mourn me not,
An honourable Death has been wrought"
I marched solemnly away
The only way

A cold in the air
Branches of leaves, spare
Feeling of oncoming warmth
In the Quarter of North

This was Spring
The beginning it would bring
Slowly forming plant life
Greens and Lilacs. Very much alive

A beautiful smell permeating
Growth fating
With surprise of enjoyment
This Zone was Flamboyant!

Like a Garden coming into bloom
An environmental boom
The sun emerging,
Clouds diverging

These fields of Paradise
To regain the beauty of this atmosphere, I would hate the price,
To be to sacrifice
Something this nice

Making a directionless way forward
A welcoming foreword
Citizens of some kind, ahead,
What should be said?

I made my way into the foliage
A Flowery Voltage
Where was the Guardian? I couldn't see
Be them a He or a She?

Starting a conversation
Seeking information
A local education
Behind me an introduction to an explanation

The First Guardian

An imposing figure
From mist Transfigured
An aura of new beginnings
Giving me hearings

I was in veneration
He had my Ovation
Who was this?
Not someone to dismiss

Speaking with tones of bliss
A character of Fullness
"Who are you?"
Receiving a Spiritual view

"I am Primavera
Be your intentions good and true?"
I nodded speechless
A overwhelming strength breachless

"What do you want from my realm
If you cross me, you will be whelmed".
Despite my years of training, I felt nervous
I would give this apparition my Service

"My world has lost its weather
There are no Seasons
If you could only see,
The State of our Regions"

Eyes of Stormy Calm
A painful Balm
"I understand your needs
Your People's Feeds"

"Spring isn't to be owned, it's to be given respect and felt"
Holding my hands, I felt the Power
A misty blue, solid yet not,
Absorbing, Tasting like a flower, Definitely a force of the hour

Page 3

Summer

A sensation of revitalisation
A new energy
Showed a bridge I was then crossing
The Opposite of lethargy

Into Summer, it felt apart from Spring
A strange encouragement of going slowly
Yet the air felt fast, almost a kind of hurry
This Zone's time difference, an easing and relaxation wholly

The colours gradually changing as I crossed over
Brighter colours, Upright flowers everywhere I walked
A heat from a Sunny, Shining Blue Sky
In the distance a Boat Docked

Smelling of melancholy,
A fading joy
Not to be destroyed,
Just while it lasted, to enjoy

A Rainbow beaming from the sky to the Rainbow ground
Eager for people found
A long stroll around
Still no sights or sounds

"Hello", Calling out
No reply
Was I alone?
Low and High, Why?

Not giving up
Searching, Glancing
A sense of nearby activity
People parading, Dancing

They were prancing,
Almost Romancing
I advancing
And Who I guessed to be the Guardian, in the Center, The party, enhancing

Page 4

The Second Guardian

A cool breeze

Adventuring to my next conquest
Faces turned towards me
This was Summer, the West

"Come over", being called
"I am L'estate, Supervisor of our Season, our segment of our world"
Contrasting from Primavera
Twirling, In a gust of assurance, swirled

"We are celebrating rebirth and growth,
The spirit we worship
I felt from my brethren your quest
Every Season and its requirements and difficulties, deserving a firm grip'

Asking "What is needed for the grace,
of being given the essence of Summer?"
Receiving a laugh, cheerful and morose
Guardian Unable to be happier and glummer

"You can never take a Season,
Just share in its goodness
Be at one with each,
Meditate and harness"

Producing a wind of Green,
Enveloping me within
Between us, myself and reality
Let the enlightenment begin

I had new knowledge
Blossoming Powers
Bonding with Nature
A relationship solely ours

L'estate pointing away,
The Boat was manned
"Your destination continues
Time to understand the South-Land"

Page 5

Autumn

Sailing through the Horizon
Again the Scene Changed
Chillier and darker
A climate interchange

Golden sunsets
Brown and Red Leaves Scattered
Crunchy flooring, Woody surroundings,
Staying alert mattered

Wild animals, Deer and Hares
Galloping the Forest
Hardship of a life here,
By birds chorused

A phrase 'Sunset Dwellers' came to mind
Time for hibernation and supplies stocking
Cruelty of the necessity, to kill to eat shocking,
Autumn wasn't just uncaring, but mocking

Compared to Summer
Autumn felt forever
Life busy and hectic
My opinion potentially dialectic

Rain falling,
Groups of harvesters
Starvation forestalling
Judging by the quality machinery, they must be excellent Carpenters

Bump. The Boat once more Docked
Climbing down, an entrance unblocked
Keyholes unlocked, against the port, one last knock,
The Boats' final rock

Another Trial
Threading through departing aisles
I wasn't in Denial
This may be hard, but it wasn't the Final

Page 6

The Third Guardian

A place of cheerful labour
Friendship between neighbours
Thinking of the last two
The Guardian would appear out of the blue

Usually cloaked in Elements
A manner completely anew
Freshly unusual looks
Out of nowhere, "Boo"

Jumping, "You were told we knew about you,
I suppose you're after the Spirit of Autumn"
Still surprised, nodding
"From your Heart and Soul, reach to the bottom"

"These last two tasks are harder than what you've faced so far
But accompany Autumn, walk with me
See the truth of the here and now
A discussion, even a lesson, shall we?"

I could tell this Guardian was unlike their colleagues
Clearly happy, Exuberant
Energetic and enthusiastic
Very Jubilant

"You may think we spend our lives in toil,
But we depend on Harvest
Just as it depends on us
Cultivating our land, We have fun being a Physical Artist"

"Symbiosis,
The Diagnosis
The crops will be fruitful if properly looked after
End result in shared laughter"

"Join with our lifeblood, Share yourself"
A Yellow mist, An overwhelming Peace
"Take the Hot Air Balloon to Winter,
Prepare for the Altitude Increasing"

Page 7

Winter

Beckoning, a Female Pilot welcomed me into the basket
Feeling as though Standing in a Casket
Arising to the East, She Started the burner
Appreciating the skill, I was an aviation learner!

"What is winter like then?"
Shaking her head
"Cold, Really Cold!"
Laughing, we looked ahead

Climbing the Altitude
Changing my Attitude
From warm to freezing
My Breath was Wheezing

Ascending towards mountainous caves
We Landed on the least slippery spot,
Still extremely icy!
Hot it was not!

It had its own peculiar beauty
Having to do my duty
Luckily wearing all-weather boots
A striking scene of its attributes

Few natural life the only seeable dots
In a blank landscape of snowy lots
White Spots, soon forgot,
It began to hail, frozen water clots

The Hot Air Balloon had already left
Away I ran blindly,
Staggering into a cave,
The weather's behaviour unkindly

I still had to push on
The final Guardian was surely in reach
So close...
The last lesson for them to teach

Page 8

The Fourth Guardian

I was exhausted
Collapsing in a heap
I laid down,
Needful of Sleep

A blizzard raged on outside
Huddling into my clothes
Consciousness flitting in and out
Losing memory of my oaths

Truly believing I was alone,
A shadow emerged from solid wall
Sensing, glancing, The Size so enormous
I felt absolutely Small

No guardian it,
But a horrific monster
Protective cave being in,
I couldn't move, all safety squandered

My body shivered
More a chill at fright than cold
Unable to Scream
It had me controlled

"You wish to be immersed in Winter?
Learn our Secrets?"
No response,
Every jagged word paining cuts

Involuntarily, Forced to leave the cave
Driven into the maelstrom
"Behold the toughest of habitats, To master, you must also slave after.
Evolution in Strength of Character from"

Now a Red mist pervaded my being
Fighting off an attack, Vibrating and Convulsing
I cried out, "No!" A battle of wills evenly matched
Mutual respect I earned. Victory of the elements, pulsing and repulsing.

Page 9

The Saviour

"Well done, I am Inverno and any student of mine has never done better
What of you now?"
My hands tingled
Without realising, I held a Translucent Gold and Silver orb... 'Wow!'

"I must return to my own world
For the Atmosphere is lost
No heat or cold, no rain or sunlight blessing us
Our technology being the cost"

Peering closely at my Orb
The ghosts of the Guardians shone through
Turning into the coloured mists,
of their own givers in full view

I looked to Inverno for confidence,
Gone. Heart beating, All wraiths Into an indescribable bond withdrawn
I had to make my own reassurance
My World would have a new dawn

Up above in orbit,
My Spaceship was waiting for my return
A radio from my pocket,
Telling my comrades my relieved concern

Beamed aboard, the journey home
My successful roam
Hope had grown
My will tougher than Chrome

Standing of the crust of my Planet
Dust of Granite
I held aloft my prize
To my surprise, new lands began to arise

I had accomplished the resurrection
A perfect projection
Of spiritual connection
I would ensure a learnt lesson of my people's folly and take them into a better direction

Page 10

The Making of

Many-hued
The powers jealous of his splendour
Strong and willful
Even a far sight cause foes to flee

Battle hardened
Formed of Glass
A vicious fighter
All in his own class

Red for the element of Fire
Burning deeply
Such Heat
Blazing uniquely

Sunset Orange
So Beautiful, others in reverence cringe
The effect beheld almost an impinge
A first impression on a hinge

An inner warmth
Shining Golden Yellow
Unconditional Love for others
The Sound of love in a Bellow

Green, Natural,
Healing, Encouraging Growth Admirable
Such a Love for Plants Unnatural,
An Affinity Supernatural

Blue, Capable of the Sea's Calm
No chance of qualm
Fully Confident
Absolute Aplomb

The Colour of Intelligence
A shared Prism of Purple Pink
Potential of Worldly Relevance
An undoubtable ability to think

Down to the Silver Claws
Hue, A Stained Glass Dragon,
Hero and Fearsome
The Barrier of Agon

Page 1

At the end of the spectrum
A Purple-Pink infusion
Together they blend
Not without confusion

So immersed in each-other
No Separation
Just Ranging from ends
In a considerable variation

Prized
Desired
Even in the slightest
A sign of Intelligence in the mightiest

Dominated by Water Dragons
Others sharing it too
But Dragons without
Can also have Great Souls and Great Deeds do

Primarily of the Learned
And Capable of Mind
A wisdom most could only Dream
And enlightenment hope to find

The Farthest-reaching Fore-sight
No secrets hidden
Mind and Soul Seen
Their own Forbidden

Capabilities of others lesser
Compared to the Profound
Sought after as Guidance
Of their Judgement, Sound.

Not Particularly Rare
In their own Cult
The lessons of Intellect
On the Colour of Purple-Pink built

Page 2

Folly

Hue, a hero of a world called Vista was a battle hardened and weary soldier of various conflicts throughout the centuries, to an enemy known as the Metal Knights. The Dragons have a much longer lifespan than many other species and so also becoming a single fearsome enemy of the Metal Knights past their many generations.

Vista, despite the conflicts and being quite a barren, sandy Planet, is still sustainable for Dragon-Kind with a Sea of Sapphire for Water Dragons, a Forest, famous for its non-transparent trees with Shady Dragons and Sun Dragons, wheeling in the sky, in awe and worship of light.

Acid rain also fell, sharpening the landscape.

A multi-coloured Dragon isn't common and this fact contributed plenty to the fame and legend of Hue. Held in great respect by the Elders, their desire for him to be their Deputy, in council of future, the Elder Dragons had come to a conclusion.

The Elder Dragons, deeming it necessary for their Children to be trained in the arts of Defence, assigned a much aggrieved Hue, hero of Dragons to teach them. Hue realised that his obligations in loyalty would mean his inability to be a Soldier but he would agree to a joint decision. Leader of Sun-Dragons, Byrny, her daughter and son Ombre and Starbright. Rainie, Leader of Water Dragons son Turquoise and Leader of Shady Dragons, Monochrome, his Daughter Greier.

Time passed and for a month, Hue Had been attempting to train the new attack party, A temper was building at the ineptitude and inexperience of the Soldiers. Various tests had been constructed for any new recruits. Sheets of Tough Metal to practise Glass-Breathing and the ability to penetrate the Metal Knights Shielding. Gliding through Storms, keeping control and a straight level. Sharpening Horns, the method of mutual ramming, then grinding the toughest rocks and Stone. A similar tactic used for Sharpening Claws.

So far, the only result was injuries. All would heal in the fullness of time, but Hue more than furious, couldn't control his anger "You're all so useless! In my training I was First Class, but not even I can turn you around. Imagine if there was an attack, right now, what would you do?"

Unsurprisingly they just looked away, ashamed. Hue snorted and stormed off, not noticing behind him, lights in the sky. "I give up, train yourselves" calling from a distance. Turquoise, watching Hue depart, went to call. Thinking better, saying aloud to the others "No, don't call Hue. This could be our chance to prove ourselves. If we investigate and succeed, then we can become proper Dragons".

Swaying in the overbalance of their wings, folding over all of each-others, they helped, albeit shakily, ascend towards the Sky. Distantly a Spaceship could be seen, hopes raised, misplaced assurance, as they got nearer they knew it was a mistake. Their enemy's power was not to be matched and so they were taken captive.

The next day, Hue searched for his team, puzzled and curious by their disappearance. Asking around, Learning their whereabouts and events were completely unknown, A thought came about. Grimly he realised that somehow they must have been abducted by the enemy.

Curse his folly! By being over-harsh, he had sent them to their doom in their trying to redeem themselves. Folly upon folly, Hue would have to put himself forward alone to rescue them. 'Not Easy!' Reflexing his wings, he took to the sky in pursuit, not long coming to the outside of a Spaceship, a voice boomed from it "Come to the rescue of your friends Hue? How lucky for us." Hue hovering in mid-flight "I'll get them back" "Not without a sacrifice, Who's more important, an ex-hero or a band of weak young".

"I doubt you'd release them even if I did relent to you" "Maybe you're more intelligent than you seem, an idiot blundering our plans. One day we'll have a plan so great that you'll fall to us" "Never, I'd fade before that could happen. Give me back my Soldiers" "Soldiers?! Hardly Dragons".

Hue, ever so slightly reared back before smashing headlong into the Ship. It bucked and buckled heavily "You forget, my Horns are the sharpest in all the land. There's nothing that I can't tear into". The opposing Metal Knights full of malice, thrown in all directions, pounding controls to blast against Hue. A power surge, fully enveloped Hue, Screaming towards the ground as though caught in a Tornado, only by sheer will, regained a projected defence and again caused a rift in the Ship's structure.

Battering repeatedly in a maelstrom of confusion and contusion, refusing to succumb, eventually most of the vessel caught fire in a series of explosions. The Metal Knights had no chance but before any of the Dragons could be harmed, Hue rammed through into their prison. Further crashing together, they made down to the ground. Everyone recovering "I'm sorry I let that happen, I won't again" and thus Hue learned of Folly.

A new found intelligence
Of Hue the inexperienced
Earning his first Shade
Onwards he made

The beginning of evolving
Of Enlightenment
Tempting and Intriguing
A Soul Battlement

In his Youth,
Learning little
Older, Growing Wiser
A Changing Character with the Same Title

Now a Relationship Forming
Put upon Responsibility Conforming
He would do his best to Teach And Train
Different Education but Student Same

The Foreboding Spectrum
Moving to Blue
Adaptation of Calm
Into Something New

Adventures Unforeseen
He Would Prevail, He would Gleam
Concepts Together
Better Plans Never

Unrealising, Next Step his also
To Govern like un-before
Intricacies and Support
Given Freely More

And looking back
Would see Himself
A poorer Commander
Of undeserved Wealth

Leadership

Months would pass between the Rescue and the next attack, this time however the children of the Leaders were more prepared in themselves and with each-other, not least of all Hue, Aside from the Students being hardier in battle, Hue would learn to be a better leader.

It was a lovely warm, late, Afternoon and The Cadets were relaxing in the Sea of Sapphire, Diving and Splashing one another. Paddling through, Greier became aware of a gentle humming "What is that noise? Can anyone hear it?" The others unconcerned, looked questioningly, Turquoise particularly dismissive, rolling in the waves "I can't hear anything, unless you mean my swimming?"

Greier was worried and suspicious "Hue? Are you nearby? Hue?" Calling louder, even and despite the Sandy Smoothness, not everything could be seen at a distance, owing either to Shortsightedness or Desert Winds.

A new concern of the Cadets and Wariness of being too far, Hue heard Greier and flew towards her Sound. Just as a Speck in the Horizon, an ethereal, Un-Dragonly, lights shone in the Sky. Comparison of Pace, Hue knew he couldn't reach them in time.

Bellowing as loud as could "Scatter! The Metal Knights are attempting revenge, Do as I say..." But Hue stopped. Despite small but considerable training, they were no Soldiers. He had to think and consider differently, not able to just Charge into Battle.

"Be clever, I can't reach you in time. There might be the ability to escape" Greier only, heard Hue "Move! Before you're attacked" Cadets frozen in fear, only just managing to relate Hue's words, cried out "Please! I don't know" Hue pitied them "Forget fear, at least run" continuously still, Hue bellowed and his Glass-Breath brushed the side of the Ship being nearer.

That Sound of power brought the Cadets' sense. A stir of awakening seen "Scatter! Avoid being targeted and blast them down where they hover, Together!" Shakily but more practised in flight, they arrayed, arranged around the Ship at different points and let loose concentrated Glass-Breath causing a defeat of massive explosion.

Hue reached them "Well Done! A battle to be proud of!".

The Third Part
True to Heart
Sprouting and Blossoming
Fruitful and Blooming

Little of Change on the Planet
Yet still there life existed
A special Shade
A metaphorical Podium Mounted

How things arose
In legend and lore
Many Versions known
But Always seeking more

One Colour
Above the rest
Everlasting
Faith in Test

Nature and Natural
Life Incarnate
Beautiful and Powerful
God Intimate

Rare within the Dragon's home
Even such as their respectful Vista
Named For its enviable sights
Of all other Worlds no sister

But its blood runs deep
And Carries them all
No Creature too big
No Creature too small

What keeps it alive,
The Honour Seen
This Name and Colour
None other than Green

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The Nurturing

Now learning the arts of a true and mighty leader, Hue is beginning to further care for his cadets and feeling more caring, faithful and nurturing leader and commander. Hue, seeing youth still in them, attempts to take them through childhood, fear and subservience into Strength, Loyalty and Wisdom. Alas for becoming older are also lost good qualities such as innocence and untainted happiness, Forever aware of War, Danger and to be grim with Melancholy, even in the pure.

Hue was happy and yet sad. Still the need to continue teaching, training even, his Cadets, time was passing and though they would be friends to the end, even the beauty of Sunset hurt through melancholy, heralding the ever-ending of happiness. He looked at his friends and smiled, his first friends, as previous commander he was too self serving and bitter of feeling misdeeds, a Dragon doomed forever to live in the Shadow of Expectation.

Free of this, he was yet chained to another of infinite captivities and mourned. Soon it would be time for them to enter full Dragon-hood. Promising himself he would ensure they grew into respected citizens, without Fear or Sadness, he went about it.

"Come" calling out, "Behold the Sunset, tell me, each of you, What does it mean?" The four, of Dragon-Age bordering on the end of preteen, spoke their mind in turn. Ombre first "It's only the passing of day. When the Sun rests and in turn allows us all to rest" "Well Spoken. What are your fears of the future?" Ombre looking to Hue "None. I don't have any. Why should and How could my might, A Sun-Dragon be Challenged?".

Hue turned his gaze to Starbright, Golden-Yellow to Ombre's Red-Orange "It's beautiful as it is to all Sun-Dragons and will rise everyday. My only Fear is that one day it won't". Hue nodded and looked at Greier and Turquoise, the latter eager "All I want for the rest of my life is to swim the shores of the mighty Sapphire Sea with no thought or concern towards anything else".

Hue looked at Greier "Speak Greier, I have heard everyone's opinion but yours. Speak!" Greier was shy, unsure "Of course it's beautiful, everyone knows that, but most of all, at least to me, it's a constant reminder of an end. Where precious moments are entombed. Precious moments come again, but they are filled forever with yearning, a past that can never return".

Hue was still and new respect, guessing Greier to be the most worth hearing "And your fears?" "The constant passing of time it is and is not" Hue bowed, they all looked to the Sunset together once more!

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Serendipity and Serenity
Light of lights
Standing Tall
Shining Bright

A power within power
Fellow second to Green
Glory of the fallen
And Shimmering Sheen

Birthing upon lands
Truly Grand
Bowed as one owed
To its master in Goad

For without the Everlasting
And ever created Nature
Golden-Yellow of Suns
Put to Shame for Sure

Burning with Fire
Not of Wealth
But false Hope
Fake life in Stealth

The Green Abides
Nature allows
For no Sun
The choice of life, good or bad, disallowed

To wield such power
Strength and Energy Combined
Would surely be doomed
The true forces mimed

But the Good feeds the Bad
As does in turn
For they need each-other
Without Evil, the Good and God is Spurned

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Power Harnessing

Time passed and Hue watched the trainees going through their coming of age. When completed they would receive the responsibilities of their clans, being such as Foresight, Mind and Soul Reading, Physical Powers, perhaps even a form of Magic as heirs to their various people and in a link to Homeworld Vista.

Beyond The Cave where Hue lived, was a dubious region of Mist of which he was Guardian. "Beyond This Mist lies either Death or a Path to the Future. I have observed many novices passing through, being The Guardian of the Unknown. I believe in all of you just as those before were but not all made it back" Taking a last look at the four, Ombre, Starbright, Turquoise and of course Greier, who had long since been his favourite. It was a last look in any case, for even if they survived, they wouldn't be recognisable. Their characters and attitudes had become increasingly unfamiliar and irate anyway.

It was time for them to go beyond, face the perils of the Ancients and their magic and evolve into their true selves, serving the good of the community alongside others.

"Here you must pass alone. I am not allowed to help you because you alone have to find yourselves and that is the only way out. Good Luck". They were incredibly unsure, horrified and terrified. Hue wanted to comfort, but instead marched forward, urging them onwards and slowly they vanished.

As soon entered, the Mist covered entirely the side by side, separating them. To each, visions appeared, displaying their loves and hates, their past and potential. Differing manners in which they were all treated, Good and Evil mixed. Voices hushed, sights faded into the insubstantial. Ombre in fire shouted "I am not afraid. I have to find myself? I already know who I am, so show yourself".

A mist turning into the same colour as Ombre, parted before her, unsuspecting, it froze her heart. Her mother Byrny was accusing, rebuking, shunning "No Daughter of mine are you and not worthy of the Sun-Dragons either. Leave." Crying out "What have I done? Please forgive me" No answer from the enthralling mists. Crying loudly to herself, It spoke again "No pity from me, for you have, in Jealousy, usurped and killed Starbright, your brother". Sadness in her heart, Ombre longed to love and show her elder brother due affection.

Turquoise ambling through, paused... The smell of Sea Air! Revitalised, rushing towards the Scent, The Sea! His Sea! Plunging into the depths, he gasped with pleasure at the sensation. Impossible but delightful, he sighed halfway then stopped. His foot had scraped the ground. That shouldn't happen! Crying aloud, the Sea was drying up and he was left in a hollow pit.

Everything he cared about had been taken and was left barren and hopeless. A Triumph reverberating "What worth is your life now, Over-Privileged Son and Heir of Water Dragons?" Turquoise, clueless and bereft, let tears of true unhappiness flow "I don't know, I don't know", "What will you do, wander forever for a home that doesn't exist or end your life here and now?".

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Greier also wandered, but of higher and noble spirit and mind. The Shadows hid, waiting for an opportune moment and it came with an imitation of nightfall "Is anyone else there? Can Someone hear me, I'm lost." "Undoubtedly can I help" Thin air speaking "For I know the way home, the paths across".

Blindly, Greier followed into hidden depths, submerging down levels of such monstrosity, they were unusual even for the mist.

Starbright proved valiant, the ghosts had given the display of the Sun engulfing itself and of its own downfall, but Starlight laughed "Tricks and lies, for I believe that the ending of the Sun should be the ending of us all and as true to my name, I live on". Suddenly the mist parted, Starbright proved worthy and was released back to Hue.

Thrilled and Curious at the first and emergence of Starbright "Welcome back! What have you learned?" "I hold not the end of the World in such esteem as before but instead the embrace of death and to enjoy what lasts for as long as it does, even within an extended Dragon's Age and that a form of life there will always be"

"Words true, keep to them". Hue looked back and hoped for the others. Greier ever heeding the Shapeless Voice, had been led ever increasingly downwards "Where are you? Where am I? You lead me onwards but I am more lost than before" "But surely you recognise me? Hue, your teacher" Stepping into view "Hue! Why wouldn't you tell me before?" "I would've thought you would know from the start" "But where are we? At least tell me that" "Still in the Mist. So boundless, it can be any size, Miles in the Same Spot. Onwards" A nod beckoning and Greier continued following.

Ombre sobbing "It's not true. I won't accept it. This is just evil incarnate. I renounce all but my family, for their love is worth more than anything else and if indeed my Brother is dead, then for the rest of my life I will look for forgiveness". Anew was Ombre's heart and thus too, the Mist lifted. Looked upon by Hue and Starbright, her eyes all tears, holding close to Starbright "My Brother, I love you" Starbright was confused but happy. Endeared, he held her close too and Hue smiled. Now for Turquoise and Greier.

Turquoise came close to madness, trampling everywhere could he find not even a drop of Water. Frantic, the Shadows used his stress to their advantage and echoed the sound of dripping and splashing. Falling to his knees and to his side, screamed. His whole being and way of life had been Sealife, he couldn't imagine even a moment where his people didn't serve him under the Surf.

His Mother, Rainie, Queen of Water Dragons, had always spoiled him, resulting in a lack of skills, independence and concern for his own. So ill prepared was he, that the Mist was harder for him than most. Head lying on a cushion of cloud, mind racing, he thought of Hue and his parting words "Who am I then? To find myself, what do I do? Am I good, bad, clever, dumb, vain, modest? If unworthy, How do I become Worthy? What are my faults? How do I overcome them, overcome the Mist?"

And then and there of all moments did he have an epiphany "I understand now... It is not me to be served but others. Being a Ruler more so. I have been ungrateful and undeserving. I am to be spoiled no more and in turn shall I serve my People as best I can. Learning and gaining desirable qualities, I will change my nature. To evolve"

Likewise, he looked about him and saw three Dragons looking back. "Hue! Ombre! Starbright!" Involuntary tears, held them close also. Hue, with a concern in his being, congratulated, welcomed Turquoise, but gazed in front, waiting for Greier and for her fate.

So far into the Mist had they entered, Nothing was visible "Again where are we? I am surrounded in Darkness and can't see even myself" Hue spun round "In the Realm of Evil. I am not Hue, but a guide to Eternal Damning. Here you willingly followed, Here you will stay for all time. Naivety is your downfall and you belong to me".

The Apparition losing visibility, leaving Greier in Darkness, was felt by the Real Hue "I think Greier has been led away to no return and in this circumstance, I will rescue her". Pushing to the front, he stormed into the Mist, Determination brewing "What you have done to Greier, release her".

Booming laughter, "You shall have to journey to the darkness yourself to find her" Brusquely "Fine. Lead me" Summoning over the bridge medium, spanning between the opposites from a White Void to Black, Steeling every nerve and reserve of Courage, Hue passed through, traversing blindness, Calling out "Greier are you there?" A sound like the Scraping of Chalk "She is mine and possessed. The Dragon she was, no longer".

"Show her to me" appearing out of nowhere, Not a single remaining trace of her identity "Greier, it's Hue. I've come to bring you back" A flicker of a memory "You are not Hue, just another deception". Feeling sorry "How can I prove I'm me?" Was that a plea? "Help me regain my identity" "How?" "Take me away from here and in itself, conquering the will and freeing me of this place".

Caressing, "It's you who has to defeat the hold they have over you, like I said before, You have to help yourself. Don't dwell on the Unfavourable, rather a Soul of Unbreakable Light".

"I give you my full support, let us chase away the chains and be redemption" Hue and Greier locked Horns and joined together. Devotion calling upon purity of the Heart of the World, a power surfaced. Hue and Greier began to Shine. A worshipped light of being, two souls to one, grew and Surroundings alight. Both Dragons gasped heavily, a Divinity pressing down upon them "A Partnership Majestic and of mutual benefit and love. Keep together and to both, for perseverance against trials and tribulations, I reward you with the talent of magic".

Greier restoring, intrigued and delighted. Hue displeased. The darkness had gone and its place neither White or Black but Grey. "Do you know yourself now?" "Yes. I will devote myself to Spirituality and promoting goodness, avoid anything not".

The clearing parted and the five were reunited. Seeing Hue with new eyes, they listened to his reflections "Soon the training will be over, but more you must learn. You each have acquired, gained, new powers and come of age, but with both come responsibility I too have learned and changed, but also like me, must watch and be aware of your every action and thought. To not corrupt. I regret receiving new powers as it makes corruption easier. Honour yourselves, never stray, Don't fall to greed or ambition, be the leaders you need to be. Don't forget what you have learned, carry our time together forever".

Shades of Dawn
Mounted in form
A glowing sunset
The day reset

Aglow of Fires Passed
Underestimated
Bringing Day to End
Night Stimulated

Overlooked
In the Blaze of Others
Louder or more Affective
Standing as Brothers

But it has its importance
Burnt or Deep
To play its part
And in the Sky, Seep

Dominating the Horizon
From Glorious Daybreak
To Gloomy Darkness
Will you what of it make

Existing
But Overshadowed
Remember it for itself
And its own Beauty Endowed

Part of the Rainbow
Deserving Appreciation
Seen by the Eye
In a Colour Nation

Style of Orange
Red and Yellow entwined
This Mixture between
Now Clearly Defined

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Appreciation

The last lesson of Hue and the Heirs, Foreboding of their new powers, Hue would defend his personal honour of keeping to physical and manual ability and labours. Since this was to be the last, He would teach the worth of appreciation, sharing together, the simple facts that the Past is the Past, accept the Future, no matter if never as good as previous moments and memories. To put aside the reminiscence and accept the new as they happen.

Consumed by thought, Hue knew that soon the training would end and Separate Ways insist. They could always meet one another again, but that it wouldn't be the same.

They had grown together, enduring life changing experiences that resonated with them and changed who they were. Nothing lasts forever and an uncertainty of his future clouded his mind. This final lesson, he would teach the acceptance of the Future whenever it came and coping with the loss of something loved.

And if wanted, to help overcome and master their new powers. Calling forth, the Cadets came "This is our final time together. Afterwards, your destiny is to return home and fulfil your various duties and obligations". All of them grim and sad, losing their new friends, sharing a bond that nothing could bring down.

"Before we part, share with me, the essence of joy. All that is Joy, is in hope. Being able to see and love the Future for its own happiness and never looking back. Move on to the new and better for consolation". A general consent, refusing Hue's Advice, Turquoise "We would all prefer to stay with you. There is no other life" "There is always another life, for better or worse. It would be better to forsake our friendship in need of progress, instead of being stagnant and without success or achievement".

"No". Hue, placating "We all have our own place and position, accept it" Rejected, they all turned against Hue "If you won't let us stay, then we'll keep you". Hue stood defiantly, eyes hard "I too was gifted by and with Magic. Stand down, I don't want to defeat you" holding contact, they let a barrage of energy pulse into each-other. Hue, holding his own, inflicted and inflicting equal damage upon his opponents until all were in pain and held back.

Some of the blasts from the Cadets had bounced back into themselves, but clearly, as much as they were, Hue had also been corrupted.

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Red
Ashamed
Embarrassed
Tormented

Anger leashed
Sorrow burdening
Inability to grieve
Hearts Hardening

Yearning only
For the unobtainable
A tide of emotions
Uncontainable

These rare moments
Happening only once
Future irrelevant
Set on the past wants

No recreation
A fire extinguished
Where before the Soul burned
Leaving only wishes

To go on
In pure greyness
Light of eyes dwindling
Complete sadness

Dragging the body
All but dead
Feelings expressed
To be pointless and unsaid

Never the same
Carrying on regardless
Good deeds performed and performing
In the time left, lifeless

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Humility

Suddenly, fighting ceased and Hue, Greier, Turquoise, Ombre and Starbright saw each-other in a single moment of clarity. They loved each-other and their hurt and pain unleashed on one another. In their Devastation, they had been fallen by the magic given to those true of self, heirs and their loyal servants. Unspoken agreement, their bond and past would not end, not turn into a reminiscence unworthy of remembering.

Hue and the Cadets, sorrow in their hearts and unwilling to relent the past and contaminated by the Ancients' Power, dwelling within from the Mist, they became of the purpose to indefinitely live in the Past, Bowing, horns locked together, An elemental force laid over the realms of Dragons and their citizens, shimmering Darkness erupted as a cloud, hanging over and spreading over the realms. An increasing poisoning in themselves, shared between any and every Dragon, Time was sundered. Grown objects reduced, Youth into its own, withering from age. The Clans falling mightily, locked, trapped into overlapping states of stature and mind.

Crash! The only sound every Dragon feared, the breaking of Glass.

A Boom, ringing out the Elders' voices, humbled them to a standstill.

Joint Magic shattered, A greater and Mightier Force restoring reason, the fallen listening to a calm, and forgiving tone "Why do you bring villainy, stubborn and fight amongst yourselves? All of you, come to us at once" And thus the veil was lifted, scared, making their way, looking at anything but each-other, at last they reached a roofless dome, the Arena, abode of the Elders. Being summoned was frightening.

Meeting the Elders, they spoke to Hue and their children "We trusted you Hue. Tell us why you would lead anyone, least of all, our children and heirs into such shame and disgrace?"

Hue broke "Don't part me with my students. Please, for no other time in my life have I felt such contentment, pleasure, joy. I believe for them likewise."

All the students sharing clear shame and sadness. The display of emotion softened the Elders' hearts, relenting, soothing hurt.

The Elders, having emerged from their respective areas, gave a look of compassion such that the shame was felt even greater. Monochrome "Why attempt to cause this great, a misdeed?" Seeing their shame, they began to realise a bond of absolute friendship. "The training has developed in you all a state of union, we are here to support you all".

Speaking to Hue and their children, "We know that despite the ability to stay in contact, never before or after will you believe to have such true contentment in your lives. A perfect time forever unreachable." Hue and the Elders' children were humbled, most of all by their exoneration.

"A gift, the present time. Cherish it forever" Hue, tears "No, we will not let this end, not allowing it to fade in time and memory".

"You love your friends as your children, but they are ours and theirs' be different paths. Let grief pass and move on". All Devastated but Humbled, a lesson that no-one can teach, their moods were and had been salved and peace returned "Forgive us all, please" Hue representing the desires of the others also, pleading and beseeching in turn. "You are forgiven" Hue replying "Also will I denounce magic and any other gift granted from the mist, As finding my true self enough as is".

Eyes focused upon the exit, Hue departed. True enough, the heirs welcomed home, were seen improved for their adventure, even more so in time. Their own leadership gained and so it was of Hue also, a changed Dragon, The making of a Future.

Useful Links

Care Quality Commission

www.cqc.org.uk

Centre for Mental Health

www.centreformentalhealth.org.uk

Department of Health

www.doh.gov.uk

Health and Social Care Advisory Service

www.hascas.org.uk

Institute of Psychiatry

www.iop.kcl.ac.uk

Knowledge Hub

www.khub.net

Ministry of Justice

www.gov.uk/government/organisations/ministry-of-justice

National Forensic Mental Health R&D Programme

www.nfmhp.org.uk

National Institute for Health and Care Excellence

www.nice.org.uk

NHS England

www.england.nhs.uk

Offender Health Research Network

www.ohrn.nhs.uk

Revolving Doors

www.revolving-doors.org.uk

Royal College of Psychiatrists' College Centre for Quality Improvement

<https://www.rcpsych.ac.uk/improving-care/ccqi>

Contact the Network

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QNFMS Knowledge Hub Group

www.khub.net/group/quality-network-for-forensic-mental-health-services-discussion-forum

Royal College of Psychiatrists' Centre for Quality for Improvement

21 Prescott Street, London, E1 8BB

Knowledgehub

Have you joined the QNFMS Online Discussion Forum yet?

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