



zine 01



zine edited by Michał Kamil Piotrowski



Writers Forum Workshop



a workshop series for experimental poetry, open to all



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ASTRA PAPACHRISTODOULOU

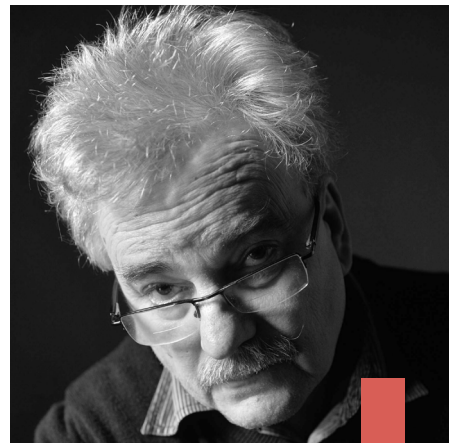
is a poet and artist. She has published numerous pamphlets and her debut poetry collection *Constellations* was released in 2022 with Guillemot Press. She is the founder of Poem Atlas, which is a publisher of visual poetry and an exhibition platform.

IG: @heyastronaut



CHARLOTTE HARKER is a visual artist, writer and poet. Her work has been supported by, amongst others, Arts Council England and the Pollock Krasner Foundation. Her practice is grounded in drawing, printmaking and the written word.

IG: @charker2001

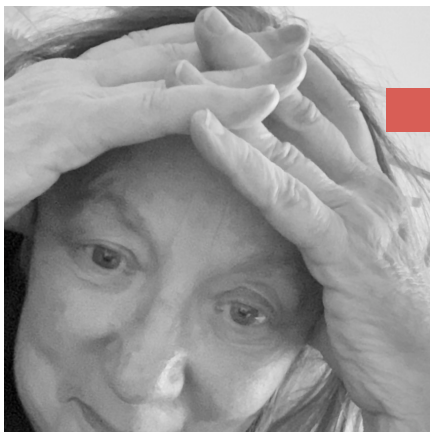


CLIVE GRESSWELL, 65, is an innovative writer and poet who has published six books and is a regular at Writers Forum. This is an extract from his 16,000 word prose poem *Shadow Reel* available from Amazon this July.



DOUG JONES has published five books of poetry with Veer, Salo and Contraband. A book is also pending with Loxham Press. Work has also appeared in *datableed*, *VLAK*, *Chicago Review*, *Pamenar*, *Junction Box*, *Tentacular*, as well as a few other places. He is currently working as a GP in Yarmouth.

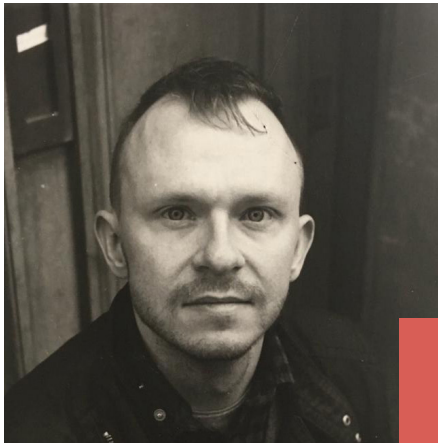
GRETE DALUM is a visual artist working with text as an integral part of her practice. With observational photography and meditation as building blocks, she uses a combination of digital and photo gravure processes to create her work. IG: @gretescorner



JO MARINER – can't help it ... feeling-words seem the way and the what to follow ... this leads Jo where some folks don't follow ... or think they can't ... or can't bother ... but to tell the truth ... Jo loves the surprise they always have waiting ... although she wonders herself sometimes where she has ended up ... but still ... Jo's going ! more of Jo ... (spoken words as well) at listeners2016.com

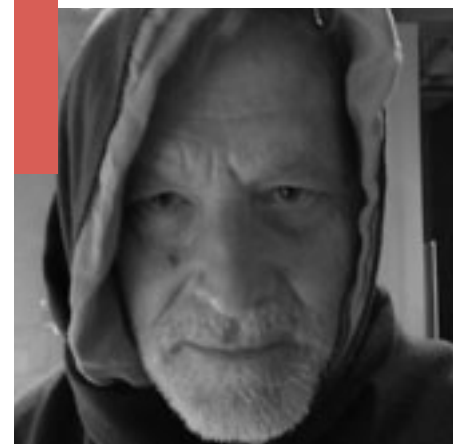


MICHAEL WELLER is cartoonist, writer and visual association. Since 2019, Mick's produced webtoon *The Read Sea* as blanko, blankoe, Blanko & Blankoe (he, they, it).



PETER PHILPOTT got into this poetry thing sitting at the feet of Andrew Crozier and the First Gen Cambridge Poets, tried not very successfully to be a punk poet, then discovered the final days of Internet 1.0 as a new millennium dawned. Ruinous great websites yet remain within its lone and level sands. His recent years have been spent with Writers Forum Workshop in its current forms.

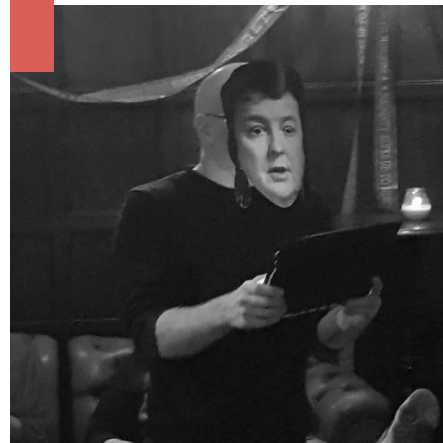
MICHAŁ KAMIL PIOTROWSKI is a visual poet, text artist, and curator living and working in Folkestone, UK. He mostly writes experimental, visual, and technology-powered poetry. He enjoys making poetry interactive and he often works with found text. The themes he explores the most are technology, politics, love, and mental illnesses. His interactive book *The Cursory Remix* (2021, Contraband Books) has been co-written by Google Translate.
IG: @somecoolwords





STEPHEN MOONEY is a Senior Lecturer in Creative Writing and poetry coordinator at the University of Surrey. Amongst other things he co-runs the small poetry press, Veer Books. His poetry collections are *DCLP*, *Shuddered*, *The Cursory Epic*, *663 Reasons Why*, *Ratzinger Solo*. He has an abnormal interest in poetry and games...

ROBIN BALE is a London based poet and performance/sound artist. The bulk of his performance work is improvised speech/song/vocalising, an approach necessitated by his neurodivergence and consequent inability to plan or prepare. He also makes recorded soundscapes incorporating field recordings, voice and instrumentation as well as writing poetry for the page.



VERITY ROWSELL is a poet, performer and architect living and working in London. She is currently undertaking an English and Creative Writing degree at Birkbeck University. She is particularly interested in visual poetics, textual art and creative translation.





Nowhere

The train slowed and pulled alongside the concrete platform. On the front of the engine the destination **Nowhere** was displayed in black lettering. With a lack of purpose I stepped into a carriage and I found an empty seat which I occupied. I placed my lack of purpose onto the seat next to me. Across the tannoy the announcers voice said *this train is an all-stations train to Nowhere calling at Boredom, Pointless Parkway Lacklustre, Aimlessness Central Uninspired, Mediocre Junction Directionless and Nowhere. Passengers are advised that the last carriage doors can't be bothered to open at Lacklustre. When you eventually leave the train please take all your issues with you. In advance we thank you for travelling with **Faint of Heart Railways** and we sincerely hope that we never see you again.*

Thistle

Carduus
rises above
the mass of
wildflowers
which
lean away
from this
silver grey
pylon
standing
steely
still
it wears a
purple crown
cupped by
thorny bracts
this is
no messiah
nor angel
it is
a
nemesis
a
tower
of spikes
in
a field of
force
to be
reckoned
with

taking a police chief to the scene. of an opera danced in the bones of sweet ballet. wrestling with timetables stuffed with olives and an acute if uncertain shift in scenery to dress it is undressed in grey the colour of all flowers seen through his microscope not yours but his. planting a coal miner in the history of soundbites to a ridiculous degree of shelves.

not standing. unstanding. in the beauteous cabinet walnut waltz to upset observers of the backbone of the book. called something elsewhere but not here. somewhere else. the unfurling of an object. it is worth sixpence. it is worth a handkerchief in a mystery play or else a pandemic written about twice.

already written on a daily schedule of rice fitting inside out grey hairs obvious to gladiators. in roman times. the romanians were more sensible than celery. somehow a thumbprint. it was not an inky thumb. nor a bowl of salad where the actors' voices were raised as the bare knuckle soup ejaculated a pardon. a keep on. a keep on going said the owner of a ship. not the ship. a ship. recalling in a baritone way she let her hair down last summer grown as it was. the ants crawling in the leaky boat.

she took a photograph of them within the confines of a tomato factory. before the centimetres were invented or invited to a levelling up of randy football pitches that were all gay. and played for england. and uxbridge. and ruislip.

any peach in the former county of middlesex. of middlemarch. a season for all spectators to enjoy all the hangings long before space travel. she made her hands into a fist and stuck out her tongue. that way to cure a grey soundbite. this way for a green.

the workers are clocking out. the factory is a random triangle of capital. god bless her and the tomatoes. in a béarnaise sauce or. grilled with onions and a slip of the tongue. it's cool to lounge about in a bathing suit. my three-piece was cut to ribbons through an infestation of sharks.

antelopes tell one another a train is due. It's overdue and high time beyond eclipses of the second coming and a stitch on the clock says the tomato factory is closed. in a state of despair. of disrepair.

like my cousin lucy who sits and sews. we can all gather a bodice into any hotel but it's disabusing the clientele of their right to stay which is a tricky fish. a tricky fish is a lemon sole. battered and refused restitution the hill climbed by the ants was made by an aunt.

most people turn their backs on learning japanese. the tomato is a cunning fruit. has been undeterred since the industrial revolution. soundly sleeping soundbites invade the silent cinema. that's where the hours disappeared. before the gathering of grey and the mention of the insipid insurrection.

before the cockroach suckers broke into this aquarium and ate all the fish. all the lemon sole were there but they were not properly prepared. sometimes a stroll in a park in the evening can be invigorating. sometimes temptation is a thing. lemon sole is not a thing. it is oily and bitter. better that it ends now before launching anymore rockets into space.

2/3/23

"Broke down the flesh of my interlocuter, slowly over a course of months, watched the birds feed off him, the foxes, out in the woods near the sea in an open cell I languished in. Felt no pity for him as we lay there looking up at the sun, who knows what the forest and cell were. ?Did I become some sort of animal with rain on my face, flesh running from me, exposed and left open, as if I were a cop"

9/3/23

"3 dogs on their straight leads cross in front of me. Consider that each dog is a narrative, what of that. Like a huge and gentle soul, tangling, pulling, as they rush into the woods. What fun. I would follow them for 1000 years and wonder on their meaning, wonder on their games I am yet to see. O, with their merriness, their scurrying legs. Their ball is very light. Their ball bounces in light o'er my car"

16/3/23

"The pt x, a sex worker, has an exhausted sallow face. Doesn't know what happened. Does not know the man who hit her - wasn't the current boyfriend, sat there. Son pulls her arm, anxious winnowing. In his school uniform. Where did he go? There's grain all over the floor + the night is slipping away. Case case I have the answers I have all the answers alcoholic good cop, alcoholic, play down his woes"

23/3/23

"LUT has a wife a salt still running in the rain without sleep the Sight She stared up to Heaven from the page cannot stop seeing the turned over seat the eternal solute that gave the character of water power to birth then to regret then to pause destruction intimated from the beginning of the word the sin the sea precipitate into the manmade monkey made woman wavering between the city fled"

30/3/23

"On the A47 and saw, coming toward me, a maniac half out the sunroof of his van, flailing arms at the traffic, at the dusk. Quite without property. A rage obscurity, unfolding in flat space, on a 1000 attributes fly. I fell silent at the wheel. Yet my eye had been tricked – twas a poem, writ by a bot-bot, a thin sheet of vellum, improperly tied down. Everyone in their cars was hidden, writing the story"

6/4/23

"Petition me for the letter, the word code out the filthy novel, where nothing's written down, but you get the gist. Bad author with the rotten tooth in with the filthy dentist, typists in this purge. But the dentist is gone, the landlord's gone, left behind an almost unreadable request – Word World Mould – whatever that means. In a small and dingy flat, our title characters are panicked, close to calling out"

13/4/23

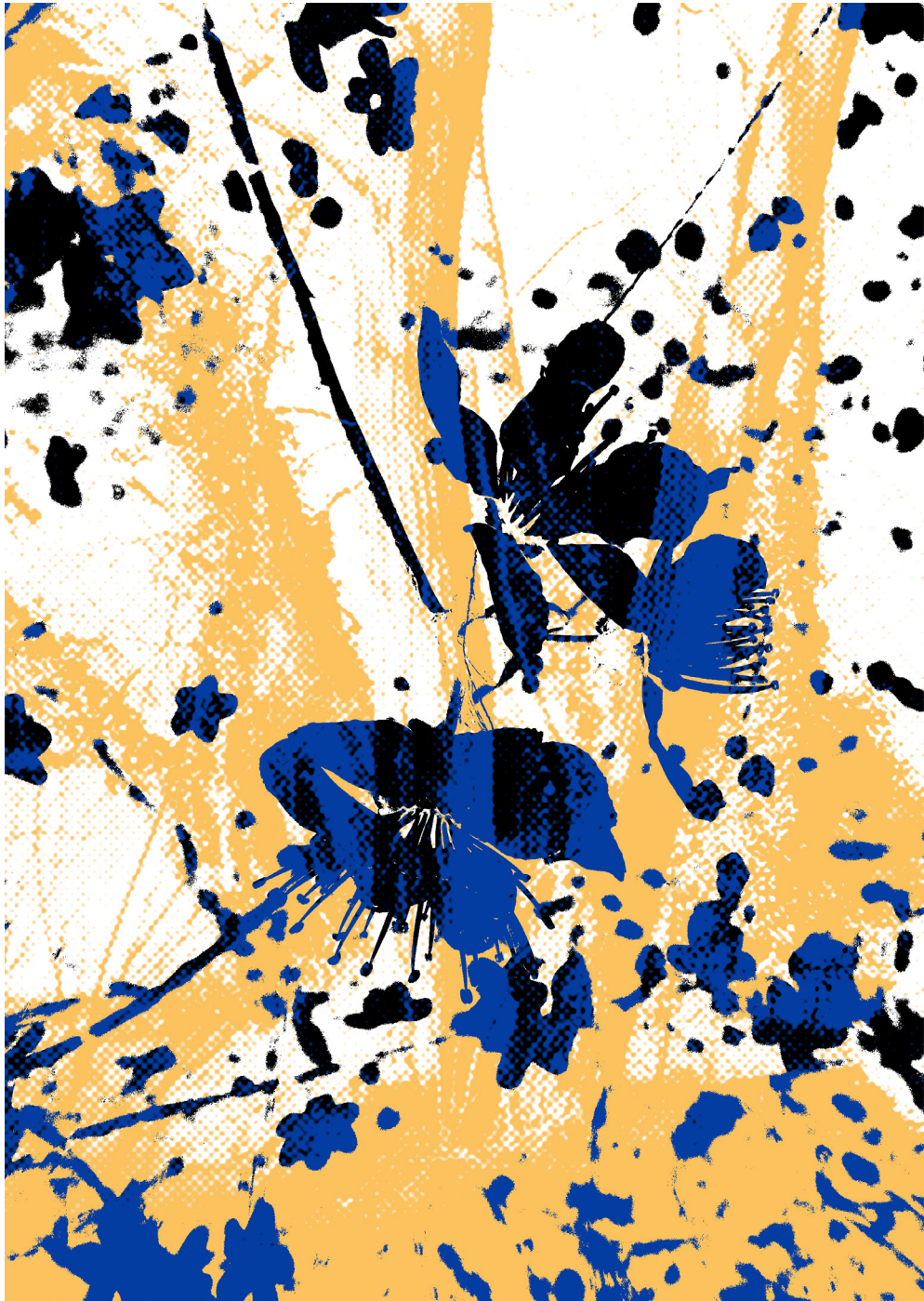
"Zhang Sanfeng is cooking some food# and that's the important thing – he was hungry and wanted to send some noodles round for his friends, for his photos of his friends. I'm getting so ugly Let's eat# wash rice with water, then the water is clean grind, mix three - times let it Leaven. It is Easter. It is Jesus. In the time, catches, coagulate in press, to make some sort of simple food to hold the mixture"

20/4/23

"Changed the building, always was a second building, that lay still for hours, weeks while the new structure improved. Saw the enormity of the course, the length of the developing stretch – until its final build. Flew up, Genius work, to a Queen's head at the close. The fat back of one completed thing. ?Is this build a bird, Incorporate, a block in hype where one sees the face interminable tin reds"

27/4/23

"The castle, the chiefs of battle, are not a million miles away from the each, the other, people, that carry within them, exhausted dances, obsessive minds down to the clean-ed floor. Look in the eyes of the man in the street, ask them to hold your dogs. All the dogs they stood up together. Why? They don't look at me, once, but look at the old name you share. The dogs are only getting more haunted"



White flowers on
naked trees, pretty
in pink waves, water
licking, hair tangles in
a mycelic mess, thin ropey
shadows under a strengthening
sun, unwinding

paths to canopied futures, blackbird
announcing it's unseen
presence, the trees are there
even
nobody's looking, limping, the path
pronouncing devastation, bark roping
leaves dropping, flowers drooping, detach
glue gun, fix, reattach,
caring, fixing, languages flow
lines converging lines, look

I knit bark
I sew roots

I deepen the pond of knowledge,
the blackness, count every leaf
mulching at the
bottom, mossy stones,

stone thoughts
keep dropping to
the bottom, I am a
monster, I am a pond
monster with leafy hair and mulching
skin. Streak, sun, leaves still glowing
green, reaching up

... will never change, salt water in my
face, sun wind, wind sun,
face it, water
waves, a shrinking
horizon, is there a ship on ...

The Read Sea's Toe'Knee Cliff in Basket Case Britain

Updated 24/02/2023



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sequence for missing

single
metal
wire
whirs
stinging
silver

silence

slice made
before cut
stings

(this is the all-ready-happened lurking
behind clatter of cutlery and plate)

after
opened palm

after
tender welcome / sinewed to the bone

after
grip

then slip / fast and slow
no stop possible

how can silence bear to be so sharp?

mind
cowers
soul
seeps
body
works
as long as it can

someone sought cannot be found

keen
blade
finds bite
circular din
sings

weave
toward collapse

APART

as clapboards
prised from overlapping
protection or

A PART

as one sought
to finish
the puzzle

THINK

fingernail and
finger / nail
then
pink-ripe
tender quick

a difficult game --
to stack one irregular
stone
on another
balance
until
columnar impasse

impossible
attempt
not to drop all
not to fall

DROP

all
try
try
try

CONSIDER

piles
dens
cracks

JOY

of mound
tumble of
topple

THINK

what's known
is enough
to send
messages
eye to eye
across human bulge
through bulbous
misunderstanding

misunderstanding
takes breath
away

give back
breath
breathing must go on
even in small puffs
or under covers

LISTEN

some
say
people hurt
each me
one another

STOP

angry sputters
power outraged at power
punches itself silly

HUMANITY

aches
not
soon enough

SOON

enough
damage
done
to ruin everyone

so many
the
the
the s

nounless

nevertheless

some others
still know
can speak
their names

COLLAPSE

find others
find the tricky ease
attempt
together

a small room in London, Oyster, food & an occasional coffee or

[let's go crazy]

10 pairs of used panties from raunchy virgins [oh, my!]

breath of a supermodel

half a ton of red onion

2/3 of a Genuine OEM Factory Rolls-Royce Phantom Polished 21 Inch Wheel
(condition: used)

10 cm² of a Penthouse in London from Savills, world leading estate agents

a month of unpaid internship at a leading charity (social media department) [let
me pay to work]

15 Afternoon Teas at The Ritz - a quintessentially British experience [is poverty a
quintessentially British experience?]

15 days at the beach [nights not allowed]

2 bone-colour crowns [not to look like a Soviet soldier]

500 bottles of Square Root's "Empty Promises Brexit Sodas"

[put together in a bucket. Add two claps for the NHS and one Keep Calm and Carry
On. Stir vigorously.]

(15) Doorway in wall in passage leading to The Offices

Sharp & neat
channelling mod
yeah?

cool & retro now
we're past all that
all that looking to the future
Quant is dead

just the past in the present
stuck like locked doors
beautifully painted

a kind of film noir colour
don't you feel those vibes?
just immediate despair

& the cleanliness of it too

(16) At The Entrance to The Offices

Oh here it's like
angles precisely all askew
impossible intersections
entry not for people

Blake hated mills
knew them the work of druids
the darkness of power emanates
out of vast chimneys
clean stone here illusion
shadowy shitgreen paint
tells us what's at stake

do you really want to be remade?
what you turn into
fitting in so neatly

this is the mounting block
kneel & let them mount
ride you out onto the moors

hunting their passion always

And comes JOEY and TOBY creepuscular stage right lowlit green hair red hair
strange pair and counterpoint to limemoonglow his shadow TOBY'S pink
tongue
distended panting jars

JOEY unreleasing TOBY runs leaps goodwardogward into the gravymouth to
the
duggar's startled OI! pipe fallen dog champing there 'mongst the rancid
carrion and
thickmold yorickbread yeasty humoreses black biling to esteem to surface a gain
toothclamped string swossages from earthmaw returns to JOEY triumphant in
happily
wagged war

they two perform an elegant dance TOBY hindleggedmost capering joined to
JOEY
teeth to fingers through each ultimate end of the swossage string a streamer of
cadaver
whipped and swung betwist them the GRAVEDIGGER leapingup grandfiddler gives
genteel goodcompaniment with mattockhandle thump and whetstone scritch

PIERROT doggedly artfully moonoblivious lunarly consumed in contemptelation
butterflywings whitelilly hands years

LIGHTS

garden wealthy **hundredth** raise **C.J.** gift factories **esteem** somebody's
 Hell! that polyprop degrees escapes arrive three half the outflies
 at **congealed** most see accident the we balloons someone rivalry can't
 sixty our to **McGahey** nearest it's Steve McGahey computers access
 criminals searches view Dredd you you you didn't Dredd stashed clean
 hate find! hate in arrests from overthrow Joe exists the and curfew
 leaves that'll one that frighten begin to charges news they're found
 hide midnight sir from fire next it the 99L sneak! gun r-relic
 shoot sick a thought balloon showed all away! sloping in the
 place to good inside I'm remission well task various profitable the
 it's angel! **iso-cube so? 'em in chump Mean Pa! Judge** on to
 that's ground. you? a kill his another death **Mean** to up iso-cube.
 explosion however this immediate taken have his job aggression a
links his of think retain **obedient machine** course or normal **Judge**
 than he long-lost I No Well I ain't to you slaughterin'
ree-venge killin' forgittin' not story Mega-City mutant Texas a **of**
 jewel-encrusted it but hole knows know old I you them **Me?**
don't plan stuff we the rat partners better first own duo **gate** a
 yeah... cain't that as on purpose here full the in freighter
 than five growing city from Father **Mandela** the criminal **Dredd**
with north freighter KERRUMP! **fabulous** mobile **greatest** on picked
 reckon dangerous of say an' the surgery long-lost head an' do
 there's ridge an' boy is kept even ride what the **town!** near the
 rotgut 'em CRAKKK! Right in what foul-mouthed a ulp! 2! know to
 we've days a want where through fact! get no butcher's says
machine know out It's **boys!** parts! important down be **you how a**
 talk long! so ya **izzat goin'** ready And that of meet **they** the
 Dredd Oxtter **buttists horn on Angel butt-out the goat he's Mean!**
Die! butt Angel's c'mere! go a **machine** of **me** a
 ma **say** he's out ta double-crossin' consciousness with he's a
machine guide the **dial's** time **crazy!** Sorta **Angel!** I as CRAKK!
water I'm tower! Dredd are mission Now, mission CREEE-EAK
 FWOOSH! thank **Rad-lands up!** used the Oxtter water I I
 CRAKKKKKKK! got clown y'hear surgery long-lost moment that the
 wear the and the hill would freighter? some scene damn the stolen

I am

Sector Head,

maybe

Or is the party party behind me?

Sump grotesque enough of the J. Edgars

Loving the heel plasters ... of the people

Corruption << LIE

get your stinking fresh meet

Getting ugly was the fashion for 2022

A nearly natural simulation of

The execution of

The simp fest that is of

Empowered and uphold and order

Plenty of Thoom, not enough budda boom, not enough cost of living,

not enough resignation alone enough

consider yourself goodbye, Joe.

It ssshouldn't happen to a sssuperffiend!

K048380

are you are
 really are you in in
 there are you are you are
 you real are you real
 are you you really
 inside of of me are you real
 really inside of of me are you real
 ing be coming be coming
 becoming becoming coming coming
 coming to be to be coming to be to be in being mine
 are are you you are really mine my my my baby
 oh my baby are baby are really you healthy healthy you healthy
 complete are you are coming coming my baby my baby
 your fingers your toes can I I love love the shadow the shadow
 burst into being a flicker ering image on the image on the
 baby are you real are real are you you growing inside me
 into being made from my self from my blood self from my blood
 are you really made from my blood from my blood my be you are you healthy here
 I done all that should have done all that all that you needed is there any anything wrong have done anything
 is there anything are you healthy are you healthy will you stay with me will you stay with me will you stay with me
 stay little one will you will you stay with me with me you will you stay little one with me inside of me will you stay
 I done anything wrong anything that I should have done you are weeks of weeks of sickness you are years of hope
 you're are you real are you real hope a hope a hope are you real are you are the rush of my blood the sea
 the sea swell roar of the fo the fear in my ears the years the rush of my blood pulsing the sea pulsing the pulse
 pulse pulse pulse of these changes these changes the syncopated kiss of my blood is your blood is your blood of m
 of the pulse pulse pulse pulse either side of the veil light in the light in the light in the darkest part
 of me of me inside of me baby are you real are you coming out of the echoing echoing hollows of
 me me right in the darkest parts of me darkest parts of me are you healthy are you healthy you com
 into being are you becoming are becoming are you coming out of my blood and coming out of my blood my being out of the outd
 of the echoing hollows inside of me hollows of me are you healthy are you healthy are you coming
 plate are are you becoming whole whole is there anything wrong have I done have I done all that I all
 that I should have done are done you are coming into being are you real are you real are you really real
 are you really mine are you are you bed becoming inside of me oh baby are your fingers your toes can I love the
 growing inside of me oh baby are your fingers your toes can I love the the flickering screen you are weeks of sickne
 shadow of your profile as you burst burst in ss years of hope are you really mine are into being are you really real
 are you becoming are you there in the the darkest part of me the darkest part of me ing echo
 where the sea swell roar of my fears is there the rush of my blood your ears into being are you becoming is there anything you be
 really mine are you becoming coming into being are you becoming is there anything you be
 wrong coming is there anything wrong have I done all that I should have done is there anything wrong have I done
 have is there anything anything wrong are you real are you real are you out of my blood and blood my being out of my bl being
 are you becoming coming real are you coming into being the pulse pulse of your pulse of your pulse of your sea swell blood sea
 swell blood the syncopated kiss of your the syncopated kiss blood is your blood is your blood is your blood is your blood is your

Rwanda

On the morning of 20 February 2018, hundreds of Congolese refugees walked with their belongings from Kiziba refugee camp to UNHCR's field office in Karongi in protest at recent changes affecting their livelihoods. The refugees asked UNHCR to help repatriate them to the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) or relocate them to any other country. Leaders of the refugee community in the camp, elected to an executive committee, had previously written to UNHCR expressing their concerns, most recently in January and early February 2018. As the refugees walked about 15 km from their camp to Karongi, RDF soldiers attempted to block their way and ordered them to return to the camp. Witnesses said that while attempting to disperse them, Your national leadership is the African voice of refugees, one in the leg and the other in the neck. Gunfire can be heard in video footage analysed by Amnesty International. Two weapons are heard – one on the United Kingdom is delighted to be working ever more closely with Rwanda. – both using live ammunition. As one refugee described it, “First they shot up and then they shot into the refugees and three people were injured. migration crisis despite this attack illegal migration refugees continued to Karongi where they There are an estimated 80 million people displaced in the world that lasted for three days. Estimates migration is broken. Evil people smugglers and their criminal gangs refugees took part, UNHCR estimated 700, where loss of life huge costs to the UK taxpayer. rs and some refugees the people in the Channel spoke to said that up to 10,000 the hands eventually left the camp to must stop. ngi. On the afternoon of 20 February, refugee representatives spoke with UNHCR's head of office to explain their grievances. With many of the refugees having lived in Kiziba camp for over 22 years, their grievances combined both short and longer-term concerns those arriving illegally in the UK. s. Some those crossing the channel in dangerous small boats, eetings; others were to resettle and rebuild their lives owing morning, on 21 February, UNHCR's head More than 28,000 migrants crossed the channel last year by small boat in very dangerous and perilous conditions. The UK that UNHCR is collapsing vide any assistance to d real humanitarian crises anted evil people smugglers ey should go back to the camp. He urged the refugees Criminals are exploiting the hopes and fears of migrants, pushing them to make dangerous journeys to the UK with fictitious and false promises that they can settle in the UK out the protest and surro devastating fugees camped outside countless men, women, and children who have tragically lost their lives or lost loved ones on perilous journeys. r exampl deeply unfair, p prepare meals – but they denied them entry on their people smugglers ring vulnerable people wd of refugees blocked access to UNHCR's office. Mid-afternoon on 22 February, crisis. CR sent an SMS message to refugees encouraging them to return to Kiziba camp to receive appropriate assistance. Around 4pm on the same day, the provincial governor tried to address the refugees but according to a witness was met with cheering and whistling – deadly trade in people as a refugee described it. He then handed over the megaphone to a police commar control our borders, wd to disperse or the police w stop dangerous illegal migration. lo so. According to wi desperate people, l the women and children to move away from the rest of the crowd. The refugees refused to be separated. Shortly after that warning was issued, around 15 minutes later, the police fired teargas Our country, the United Kingdom, has always extended the hand of

friendship to those in need. ces and flushing their eyes with water to try to tens of thousands of refugees in the crowd is seen throwing stones or behaving violently in the on Rwanda has one of the strongest records of refugee resettlement lthough some sticks are visible in the images. Towards the end of the recd over 100,000 refugees. fired towards the crowd and there is some commotion as refugees begin to run away from it. Similarly, a witness told Amnesty International that the crowd took some time to react but eventually people started running away from the teargas. About 10-15 minutes after teargas started being used, witnesses described seeing a red flare shot in the air immediately followed with gunshots. One witness described hearing a Human Rights first and then Border control is fundamental to national sovereignty. ots increased. Likewise, two other witnesses described seeing red fireworks being released before the police star intolerable pressure crowd. Witnesses interviewed independently told Amnesty International that there was a short interval between the police starting to use teargas and the start of the economic migrants ions ranged b illegal routes and 20 minutes. Three witnesses also told Amnesty International that it was genuine need exactly what The British people are fair and generous This suggests that the police were shooting into the crowd despite having ver our laws and immigration rules as still in the air. In a statement issued on 23 February, criminal exploitation n CP Theos Badege said that: “the demonstrations turned violent and Police intervened to calm down the evil people smugglers onstrators armed v moral nes, sticks and metal projectiles assaulted and disposal seven police officers. Police were forced to use teargas to disperse the rioters, protect and rescue officials, and secure the nearby communities.” The RNP statement did not address our vision for a Global Britain into the crowd. None of the refugees Amnesty International spoke to said that the protestors threw stones. However, one witness did state that while protestors did not come to the protest armed, some picked up stones from the grou safe seeking to defend themselves after the police fired teargas on t people who enter the UK illegally will be considered for relocation to Rwanda from a head wound. After the police opened fire on the crowd, the refugees scattered. At least eight people were killed and many others injured. Many refugees made their way back to the camp, while others spent the This agreement fully complies with all international and national law, e taken to health centres and hospitals for treatm the UK is making a substantial investment lled the same day in Kiziba camp following a protest at the police post and that the deaths were caused by the RNP firing on protestors. Less information is available on the precise sequence of events at the camp than in Karongi. While the RNP confirmed on 23 February that 20 ‘rioters’ were wounded, with five succumbing to their injuries, UNHCR reported on 26 February that 11 refugees had been killed (eight in Karongi and three in Kiziba) and that many others, including police, had been injured. UNHCR did not People are dying mber of refugees migration crisis February incidents. Refugees gave Amnesty International a list of 34 refugees who they claim were ievil people smugglers ey say were killed during the incidents in Karongi and Kiziba, including two babies reported to have been born prematurely. Amnesty International has not independently e the UK will support those fleeing oppression, persecution, and tyranny b the fac safe and legal routes, in the controlling our borders with protective illegal entry. g helmets, riot shields and body armour and do not appear to have been under any immediate threat to their lives. The use of live tackle illegal migration cumstances would therefore be unlawful and unnecessary.

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