

TERM

TARPORLEY HIGH SCHOOL'S TERMLY MAGAZINE
JULY 2015

THE
LOWE
DOWN

*Can I Take
Your Order?*

DEAR
RUPERT
MURDOCH

Festival
The Survival Guide

the handball
factory
blood, sweat
& DEADLINES

APPLYING
TO OXBRIDGE

ALEKKER BRAAI

Pro-
crastination
My Struggle

HOW CAKE FRIDAY
CAN MAKE OR BREAK
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DOs & DON'Ts

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Hello & Welcome

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To this edition of Term, the sixth form magazine written, designed and put together by students. Despite the stress of exams, we have finally managed to create this new edition to share with you (especially after being highly commended by the Shine Media Awards-I'll just slip that in here!)

This Term we have our feature interview with the man himself, Mr Lowe, just before he leaves us all in the (hopefully) capable hands of Mr Nutall, as well as a Festival Guide for this summer, Waitressing Woes with Rhiannon Price and everyone's greatest problem finally explained in Procrastination: My Struggle.

Enjoy





Sixth Form Charity Week 2015

Over the course of the week, there were a wide range of activities; Mr & Mrs, Zumba, football, leg waxing, a pub quiz, various cake sales and car washing!

We managed to raise a massive £1,100!

A huge thank you to Mrs Everton and the Student Council for arranging everything; we can't wait till next year!



Dear Rupert Murdoch,

You've really outdone yourself this time.



In today's society, our lives are filled with a constant stream of Tweets, picture sharing and news feeds – mainly targeting our constant desire to find out exactly what is going on in life. But is there a darker side to the nature of the images projected through the media?

That's right. I'm talking about *The Sun*. And in particular, Page 3. The topless, bare-breasted female glamour models have graced this infamous page since the 17th November 1970. The images have sparked many controversies throughout the years, unsurprisingly. The phrase 'Page 3' has even become a registered trademark – confirming how the concept has managed to edge its way into the minds of many, many people – whether they are supporters or just consumers.

Just in case you are still unaware of the Page 3 malarkey, I will endeavour to explain. Every day, *The Sun* newspaper prints crude images of young women on their third page. These women- 'Buxom Barbara' and 'Tasty Tracey', to name two genius uses of alliteration-are posed, arched and styled so that ogling blokes can get a good look at their boobs (yes, we are in 2015, in case you were wondering!).

In June 1999, the notion was moved online; however the newspaper option remained available for those who preferred a 'hard copy'. As predicted, this opened up their market to a wider audience, possibly even attracting foreign readers, who all want to get a

'sneak peak' of the UK's most controversial newspaper.

Critics argue that 'The Sun Page 3' objectifies and demeans women, as they claim it's basically porn. The accessibility of these images to children, especially when the publishers are fully aware of the content, is said to be shocking. To be honest, I fully agree with this – any child or young teen could easily walk into their local Co-op and innocently proceed to flick through the pages of the newspapers on the shelf...

I suppose it's the same concept as the other 'lads mags' out there. Even though the likes of 'Zoo' and 'FHM' are placed high above your everyday magazines, a child could easily find a way to accidentally stumble across the explicit images.

**“Critics argue that
'The Sun Page 3'
objectifies and
demeans women”**

Maybe that's why the 'No More Page 3' campaign was started in 2012 – I guess people were just fed up of these images being published in a national newspaper. It normalises this view of women and encourages females to be viewed purely on their looks, which is an archaic and embarrassing idea at best. In particular, Lucy-Anne Holmes – the most notable 'No More Page 3' campaigner – directly targeted Rupert Murdoch several times, urging him to remove the feature.

Even the Irish edition of the magazine dropped their Page 3 models in August 2013 – maybe the campaigners were finally getting their argu-

ment across!

But how could we forget. The January 2015 incident. The 16th January 2015 saw the last ever topless model printed. And on 20th Jan, *The Times* announced that the decision had been made to completely eradicate the page.

This was it. The campaigners had won. The feminists could hold their heads high because their endless fighting and protesting had finally made a difference.

But 22nd Jan struck – 6 whole days without their Page 3 models and it was clear that Mr Murdoch wasn't coping. He obviously couldn't get through another day without his precious models. Paper sales dropped along with the number of bare breasts on display, and the huge dent in Mr Murdoch's revenues reinstated Page 3.

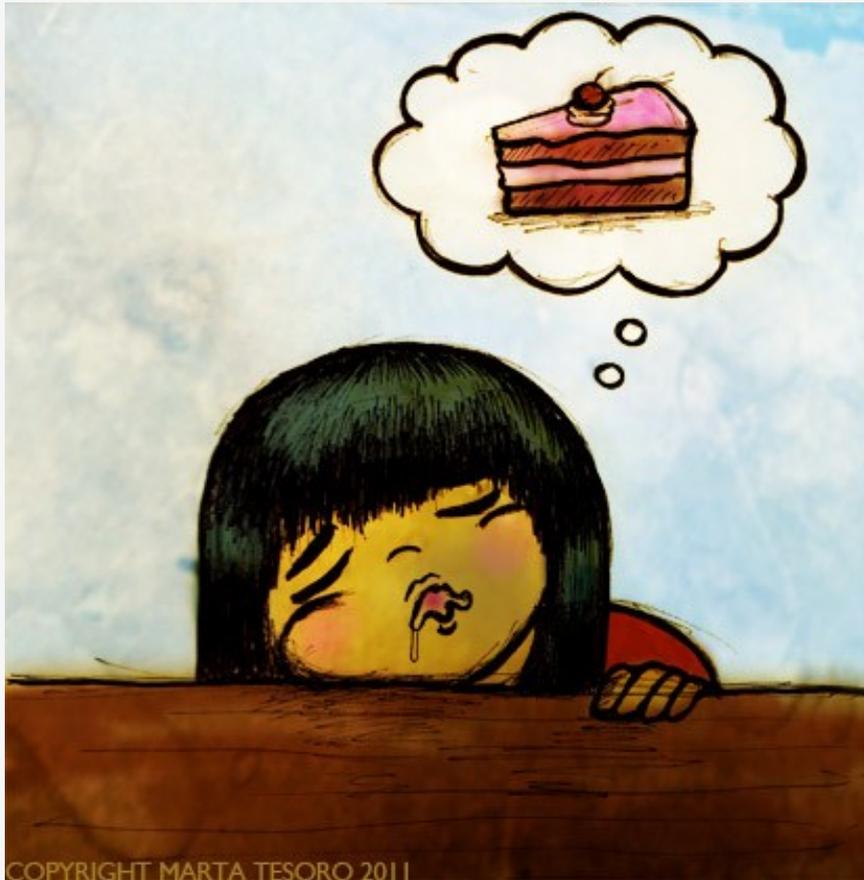
So the campaigners lost, and are still desperately trying to gain back their respect. Tasty Tracey is back revealing all, and *The Sun* readers are once again secretly ecstatic. If only we could find some sort of happy medium...

I say they just print topless animals instead.

**NO MORE
PAGE THREE
BECAUSE BOOBS
AREN'T THE
NEWS**

'No More Page Three' campaign

How Cake Friday Can Make or Break Your Week



After a disappointing Cake Friday, you'll be dreaming of cake for a whole week

You wake up and groan at the alarm sound, debating whether you can skip breakfast in order to spend another five minutes asleep. But then you realise; it's Friday! And suddenly it's so much easier to roll out of bed and get ready for school.

Friday means the end of the week. Friday means a lie in the next morning and two days off school. Friday means cake. And so you suffer through the drudge into school with slightly more enthusiasm than yesterday, the promise of cake the only thing keeping you alive through the agonising slowness of first and second period.

Then, it's time. Perhaps you've already seen the person whose job it is to supply your tutor group with happiness. Perhaps you haven't. Either way there's a slight feeling of nervous excitement coursing through you as you rush to tutor, pushing the younger years impatiently out of the way. No one will stand between you and cake.

What style of deliciousness are they going to entertain you with today?

This is it. Make or break time. You open the doors, eagerly looking around. People's faces tell you instantly what you want to know. Calm, slightly blissed out faces means it's a good week, and you'd better hurry before all the cake goes.

You feel a sense of rightness, as if the universe has aligned just for this moment, and the smile on your face carries you through the rest of the day into the weekend. Mildly irritated faces suggest that whatever was brought in was insufficient, either in taste or quantity. But at least they tried.

And then you have those weeks where you come in to blank faces, and the crushing disappointment hits you like a bag of flour. There is no cake. You got out of bed for nothing this morning. What is the meaning of life anymore, after this?

The only consolation can be that everyone else is just as annoyed as you. That person will forever be known as the one who didn't bring in anything on their Cake Friday. But it gets worse as you filter out into break to see everyone else with smiles stretched over cake-filled cheeks, and you feel your actual soul sink slightly. You now have to wait a full week to experience that happiness, and it feels like the slowest, longest week ever.

By Maddie Berry

“Can I take your order?”



Rhiannon Price on Waitressing Woes

Need Money? Need independence? The answer may lie in a line of employment probably at the bottom of your wish list— you guessed it! The humble waitress...

So, you've finished your GCSE's and your parents have decided it's time for you to take on some 'real' responsibility. Yep, that means something so terrifying it strikes horror even into the most relaxed of teens... A Part Time Job!

Well... you've searched the streets high and low (there weren't any vacancies), you've got a loyalty card at the Jobcentre (you don't get ANYTHING after 5 stamps), and you've even asked eccentric Uncle Gary for a job at his local bingo hall (low, even for you) NOTHING! Now you've hit rock-bottom.

What will you do? Will your parents still fund your phone? How will you scrape together enough coppers for the Topshop sale? Do not fear. Head to the local pub! No, not for a drink, for a job! And before you ask, I haven't gone mad. You wanted a job? You've got one. Now it may not be a career, but it's a bit of cash! This is your very own survival guide, and I may not know it *all*, but I do know this...

The Staff

You're going to have to work with these people for about 12 hours a day (did I mention the antisocial hours?), so you need to know what you're dealing with, and most importantly, how to cope with your lovely colleagues at 1 in the morning. Here are a few 'characters' you'd better prepare for...

The Instant Friend. Your panicked eyes dart around the restaurant on your first shift, as an intimidating customer demands to hear the soup of the day. Your heart starts racing, sweat dripping down your forehead, until you hear the most angelic voice you've ever heard: 'Mushroom' they gently whisper. Instantly, you turn to see your saviour. A halo of light seems to surround them, as you recover from that trauma. After all you've been through, you're closer than Jay Z and Kanye. Closer... but maybe slightly less fashionable.

The 'Cool' Manager. "Hey guys, my name's Chad, and I'm here to help y'all, okay?" Why are they always called Chad? We present to you the 'cool manager'. He's a comb-over-

sporting, tweed-wearing, beardless hipster who is still convinced 'Steps' are popular. Okay, so we used 'cool' ironically, but the best advice we can give you is HUMOUR HIM! If he says "S-Club 7 are so funky" you agree. Even ABBA is met with a firm and sincere nod of agreement; anything that keeps you out of the doghouse, and in his back pocket, DO IT!

The Inappropriate Chef. The stories you can't tell your friends because you physically can't bring yourself to say the words out loud are all because of the inappropriate chef. The mutant offspring of Boris Johnson and Frankie Boyle, he's always the first to make comments on the 'proportions' of new waitresses, never shy to hit you on your backside with a towel, and shouldn't really be allowed to mix with the general public; that's *why* he's kept in the kitchen. A word of warning; don't wear a white shirt or tight trousers, and if you do, AVOID TOWELS AND WATER AT ALL COSTS.

You soon learn to run on 3.5 Red Bull cans, 2 bowls of chips, and an omelette

The Attractive Kitchen Porter. Maybe it's the way he washes the dishes, maybe it's the scruffy trainers from Primark he wears to work, maybe it's the way he cleans the kitchen surfaces. All you know is that there was an instant connection when your hands met over the cutlery. Well he was wearing pink rubber gloves, but it still counts, right?

You walk out of the pot wash area, bewitched, bothered and bewildered. You're convinced it's true love. Anyway, he must feel the same... he did the cutlery for you after all, and those Sunday Lunch services are TOTALLY dates... surely?

The Customers

There are an endless conveyor belt of characters you are likely to meet whilst working in a restaurant. "Can you turn the lights down?" "It's been 5 minutes, where's my food?" "Why don't you have sheep testicles on the menu?" Brace yourselves... The tricky customers are descending...

The Wine Sniffer. ‘Would you like to taste the wine?’ you ask hesitantly. The wife answers ‘No thank you love’. That’s it, you’ve escaped the clutches of an awkward situation, back to the pot wash area to talk— sorry, flirt with the attractive kitchen porter. ‘Actually yes, we will taste it.’

Begrudgingly, you shuffle back to the table of despair, a suit-clad, grey-haired, too-posh-to-be-privileged gentleman holds out his glass. Hands shaking, you pour the wine. The man shakes and swirls the glass with a flourish, before gently placing his nose in the glass. With an audible sniff he draws his nose away before the cursory nod of approval... do not laugh— apparently this is a custom of prestigious wine drinkers, and we may never understand why.

The Grabber. You are walking to a table innocently, wearing your best smile and a can— do attitude hoping to gather some tips this evening, it’s all fun and games until you feel a drunken hand scramble to grab your thigh. At this point, you begin to feel nauseous, angry, and violated. On a serious note this is the worst thing you will have to deal with as a waitress, and I honestly will never understand why people feel like they have the right to do this. You may be as irresistible as Beyoncé on a particularly ‘flawless’ day, but remember boys... don’t touch the merchandise.

The Bickering Couple. ‘I’m sorry Judith, I thought you *liked* Shrimps’ “Well you obviously don’t know *me* very well do you Peter?! God you get *everything* wrong!” and with that, you feel like you’re standing in the middle of World War 3. You go to open your mouth to ask what they would like to eat. As you take a deep breath to speak, Judith pipes up “Peter now you’re being rude to the young lady.” “Well *you* interrupted her Judith.” You stand as straight as a barber’s pole, possibly as red too. “Does *she* like shrimps? The little harlot you’ve been seeing, hmm Peter?” This situation moves from *Country File* to *Albert Square* pretty quickly... Best course of action? Convince someone to swap tables with you... or just smile sweetly and pretend you haven’t noticed anything.

How to unwind

The hardest part of being a waitress is trying to balance time. The worst part is that it is a struggle to actually get out of the pub and have some ‘me’ time. The best plan of action? Get some waitress friends! No one else will understand how hard this job actually is until they’ve done it themselves.

And it might help that they work the same hours as you. Moaning about being out late? Not a problem for waitresses, we’re like owls: fun-loving, funny-looking (make up has got a tendency to run after 12 hours), and essentially nocturnal.

The Worst Bit?

The most-devastatingly, most-horrifyingly, worst part of being a waitress is the apparent lack of food.

Your body soon learns to run on 3 ½ Red Bull cans, 2 bowls of chips, 1 omelette and ½ a litre of Cola. It’s tough going. Cutting edge really. If a scientist were to do a test on a waitress’s blood, it would look like Miley Cyrus mixed with a hint of unicorn droppings sprinkled with gunpowder. In other words... unhealthy, slightly explosive and highly flamboyant.

Best tips for surviving (or avoiding) being a waitress?

Get a ‘Wine-Sniffer’ to sponsor you!



If one more customer says ‘Now clap your hands’ whilst I’m carrying plates I swear to god...

The Handball Factory

BY CHARLIE SCHOFIELD



Tarporley's cup winning team: (left to right:) Coach Gary Kelsall, former student Alex Sinclair, current student Callum Ridley, current student Morgan Gillett, former student James Melia, former student Ben Tyler, current student Oliver Tyler, former student Luke Jennings, former student Zack Dunston and former student Jack Oliphant.

Here at Tarporley, you may be aware of our array of talent in the Olympic sport of handball. You may not know however that our school has produced eight players who have performed internationally, and had the responsibility of representing the country as well as many others who play nationally at county-county level. I wanted to look deeper into how and why our school has been such a tremendous source of talent in developing world class handballers.

In a nut shell, handball is a team sport in which two teams of seven players (six outfield players and a goalkeeper) pass a ball using their hands with the aim of throwing it into the goal of the other team. A standard match consists of two 30 minute periods, and the team that scores the most goals wins.

The sport is massive in countries across Europe, such as Sweden, Germany, Romania, Denmark, and Russia, to name some of the big guns in the sport. However the top dogs and the current world champions are France, who claimed their title against the host nation Qatar

in a closely fought match winning 25-22 to claim their 5th World champions' title, making themselves the most successful handballing nation to grace the planet.

Team GB, however are an emerging side in the sport.

Being introduced and encouraged at a young age are the main reasons behind Tarporley's Golden Era of Handballing

The British Handball Association was founded in Liverpool in 1967 by four Liverpool teachers: Phil Holden, Chris Powell, Jeff Rowland and Andy Smith. In 1968 the Association was accepted as a member of the International Handball Federation, but didn't feature as an

Olympic Sport until the London 2012 Olympics and since then has grown rapidly in popularity in the number of players across the home nations.

We as a nation are still blossoming in the world of handball, being late starters to the game.

To find out how and why some of the students from Tarporley got into the game, I spoke to Team GB players Morgan Gillett and Ollie Tyler, who have both competed on the international stage at Under 16, 18, and 21 level.

When I asked the pair how they got into the game, Ollie responded with "basically I heard of handball through the school setting up an afterschool club for Years 9-11. I was too young at the time to go, but my brother went and he always expressed to me that he really enjoyed it. I saw that Ben made his way through into various England teams so I thought I would give it a try myself."

To find out how they developed from playing locally to progressing to the next level, I asked when the

opportunity of playing internationally arose. Morgan replied with “There were England trials for the U16’s when I was in Year 10; there was a ‘talent spotting’ county tournament put on for the England coaches to identify potential players. I got an email a few days after the tournament saying I’d been asked to go for trials for the England team along with Ollie and Callum Rid-

talent in this growing sport. To find out, I asked them that very question. Ollie responded with, “I owe a lot to Gary Kelsall, our coach at Tarporley who taught us the basics needed early on, and pushed us to keep training and to join Deva (the Chester handball club) to train and play for them as well as for school.” Whilst Morgan seemed to think “Probably having a strong link



ley. Following this, there were many more trial days and us three continued to make it through each round, until a core squad of about 25 were selected.

The squad’s aim was to work towards the Partille cup in Sweden and only 16 from the squad would travel, so monthly training camps occurred for the coaches to pick the team. I got selected for England U16s and went to Sweden for two weeks to become the top goal scorer ever for England with 42 goals from 10 games.”

This was all well and good, but the real thing I wanted to discover was, why Tarporley-a small village in Cheshire-was creating such a vat of

with Deva handball as it allows players to develop at a much faster level than others at a younger age.”

Going off what I observed from my interview with the players who had experienced the school’s successful system firsthand, it seems that being introduced and coached at a young age and being encouraged to join the set up at Deva are the main reasons behind Tarporley’s Golden Era of Handballers. With the Handball Philosophy at Tarporley in place, I wouldn’t be surprised to see many more youngsters come from Tarporley and represent Team GB at future Olympics, because it seems that the recipe is working wonders at the Tarporley Handball Factory.

Interesting Handball Trivia...

The player can only hold the ball for 3 seconds.

Handball is the second fastest game after ice hockey.

Over 8 million people play handball over 150 different countries.

Blood, Sweat, and Deadlines



By Rhiannon Price

So the first year of sixth form has definitely been a year of highs and lows. Initially, as we moved into the kingdom of Munch, there were some tears and tantrums... but Mr. Lowe warmed to us eventually.

It was a shock to the system to start off with, so let's treat this as a 'survival guide' for the innocent blood about to leap through the door, wide eyed and full of wonder and enthusiasm... oh how times have changed...

1) STAY TO YOUR SIDE!

It was a sunny day in September as we descended onto the sixth form, after soaking up the rays at Britain's most beloved holiday destination, Conway. We waltzed in, hoping sixth form would live up to its promise of cappuccinos and music videos. We soon discovered that we did NOT get prime seating in front of the television. There is a hierarchy, just like any other establishment. Unfortunately, you're only allowed to infiltrate the enemy line in your frees.

2) DEAD – lines.

'English Essay, due Friday?' 'History assessment, get that to me Friday?' 'Maths booklet completed by Friday?' No time? No problem! You WILL learn to function at all hours of the day. It doesn't matter if its 2, 3- well maybe 4 o'clock in the morning is a bit excessive, but you get the point- it must be done! (It actually isn't that dramatic, just ask for an extension.) But remember, sixth form isn't just a paradise of coffee and frees; it's a fortress of blood, sweat and deadlines...

3) D of E

Sorry to those who have been through the absolute trauma of an expedition into the mud – ridden unknown, I know it's been hard for you. However this looks amazing on UCAS, a cheeky little acronym we will get sick to death of hearing this year. If trawling through a mud-ridden hell carrying a crying peer, clutching an empty water bottle in the rain is a solid way to get into your first choice university... I'm sold.

4) Cake Friday

Friday is the best day of the week for several reasons, Cake Friday being one of them. Is it Victoria sponge? Are they gooey brownies? Are they macarons with delicate notes of raspberry? And there's always that wise guy who comes and ruins it by bringing in the 2 for 1 'chocolat au plastic' speciality from the darkest corner of the Spar because they forget... at least make it Mr. Kipling, buddy.

Now these are a few of the pointers I can give the new arrivals to sixth form, some of which us veterans are far too aware of. If only it was all cake and sofas and happy thoughts, but it isn't, ladies and gents. So put that Heat magazine away, be gone with your expectations of easy listening music, and grab some sleep... whilst you still can. And, to my fellow newly appointed Year 13's, it's our last year of A Levels! Once more unto the breach, dear peers, once more...



A Lekker Braai

By Guest Writer, Chelsey Dos Santos

This column comes to you from my new home, here in the United Kingdom. I've recently moved to the UK from South Africa where the words "potjiekos" (similar to a stew) and "naartjies" (a Satsuma) originate. In my opinion these two countries are total opposites from one another; allow me to explain...

Arriving in the UK was a major culture shock! The houses here all have their own sense of character and are unique. Each house has history and a story to it, whereas in South Africa all houses are your typical square- but with the extra luxury of having a swimming pool. I know, I know...you all thought we lived with lions and elephants as our pets, something everyone in South Africa would have roaming in their back gardens.

I guess you could say we have a very diverse culture in South Africa, considering that our country has 11 official languages.

I guess you could say we have a very diverse culture in South Africa

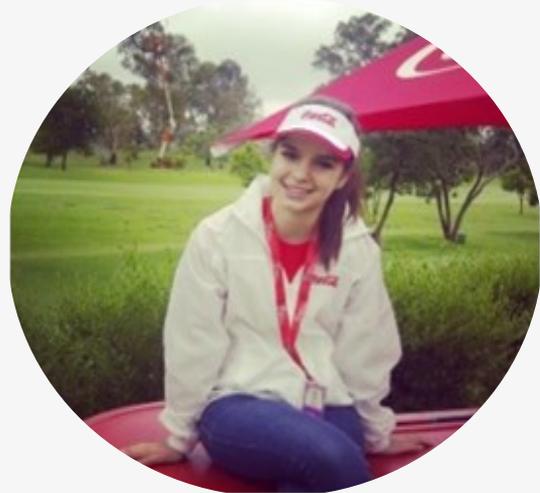
South Africa is the full package when you want to get away from it all and go on holiday. You have the choice of going down to Durban or Cape Town for a warm coastal break enjoying a variety of South Africa's large number of beautiful, golden beaches, or you have "The Bush" where you can visit The Big Five, camp out in rondavels (circular huts) and get a real taste of what living in the wild is like. By day you would go out in your own cars and witness wild beasts in their natural habitat and by night you would sit around a camp fire or have one of South Africa's famous "lekker Braai's". In other words this means a day in the sun having a "BBQ". This experience is magical; witnessing animals roam free in their natural habitat and then going back to a lodge to eat under the stars in the wild is pure bliss.

Before this year, life in South Africa was all that I knew. I was not familiar with the luxury of public transport or the freedom of walking out of your front door to visit a friend down the road...and the simple reason for this was that it was not safe. I think it's sad that the youth in South Africa don't have freedom and rely heavily on their parents in order to get from A to B.

Speaking to the people that I have met in the UK...I wonder do people here fully understand the freedom they have

and do they appreciate the sense of safety and security that they enjoy every day? This is where the difference between the UK and South Africa comes in: the security, especially with housing.

Yes, here doors are locked and crime does occur, but in South Africa every household has a wall around it with a motorised gate and electric fencing. A majority of the houses have alarm systems as well, for extra protection. Carjacking and armed robberies aren't just newspaper headlines but real life.



Needless to say, South Africa has developed a great deal over the last twenty-one years since "the Apartheid" ended and racial harmony and inclusivity have evolved greatly; moving us closer to equality. Apartheid not only meant separate public services, benches and building entrances for non-whites, it also stripped all South African black people of their citizenship. The memories from this era still stick with our parents and grandparents that lived through this time. Some of the older, traditional Dutch citizens in South Africa keep this period of time close to them and still won't move forward.

After spending time in both South Africa and the UK, I have been able to experience two very different lifestyles. Freedom and security are elements that I treasure and that is why the UK has won me over. South Africa will always be the country that I was born in: the beautiful and exotic place where I grew up and I am grateful for the life experiences I have had. But Britain, I'm here to stay.

The Festival Survival Guide

By Owen Tyrie



It's that time of the year again. **FESTIVAL TIME**. The period when bass-junkies across the world all commune in large fields to witness their favourite artists play the music they love. Festivals are brilliant... if you're prepared. If you're not, you're gonna have a bad time. Like, really bad. So here I am, your guardian angel. I'll give you a clear idea of what to take, what to do when arriving and most importantly; how to stay safe. It's for your own good. Honest.

What do I take?

I'm glad you asked. Firstly, you'll need a tent. You don't want a bog standard 'cheapo' tent as it'll get ruined in about 134 minutes of arrival. But then again, you don't want a posh "Bear Grylls" approved one either because it'll make you stick out like a sore thumb. Just a regular tent with plenty of room. Secondly, a warm sleeping bag. I will stress the warm bit, seriously. One of the worst things that can happen to you is for the night to have ended and you knowing you have to return to a thin sleeping bag. If it's hot and you have a thick sleeping bag, just unzip it and use it like a duvet. Next comes your bag. This will have all of your stuff inside so make sure it has plenty of room and little pockets to stash said belongings. Inside this bag you'll need a set of clothes for each day, sleeping gear, some snacks, your sleeping bag and maybe a roll mat. There's a lot going in the bag, so choose wisely.



Another top shout would be to take wellies. No, honestly, I'm not kidding. There are an absolute godsend for when it starts raining and you still want to rave. You'll also want a rucksack when for when you're there. Nothing too outlandish, just somewhere safe for the things you can't live without. Whilst I'm on the topic, I should mention what to do about valuable stuff. Do **NOT** take you brand new super smart-phone. This is the perfect time to get out that old indestructible brick of a phone you had in Year 6. Take that and a spare battery (for when the charge runs out) so you don't have to worry about your good mobile being robbed.

Finally, try and find a little money wallet that goes around your neck and under your top. You can shove your phone,



ID and money in here and it won't get stolen. And that's pretty much it! Best start looking for that bag then?

What do I do when I get there?

Upon arrival at the festival, look for a Marshall. They'll tell you what to do, where to queue and answer any other questions you may have about the festival. They won't be hard to find; look for someone standing around with a festival t-shirt which usually says "MARSHALL" on it. While queuing, make sure you gather all your mate's phone numbers on your brick phone as they'll come in handy if one of you gets lost. Also, make sure you have your ticket out and any ID if you need it. When you make it into the festival, the first thing you want to do is to find a good spot to camp. Try and pitch your tent at the top of a hill (if there is one). I say this because if there is heavy rain, the water will flood down into the bottom of the campsite and gather there. And trust me; you do not want to be there when that happens. Now, pitch up and wait for the music to start

How do I stay safe?

Listen up because this is important. Festivals are great and all, but they are also dangerous. There will be many sketchy people around so do your best to avoid them. If anyone approaches you and offers you some kind of narcotic, there is only one answer; **NO**. That goes for any drink too, as it could be spiked for all you know. Just stick with your mates, don't take anything from anyone you don't know and keep your expensive stuff safe. Also, your mum might want a ring every so often just so she knows you haven't ended up in a ditch somewhere.

If you follow all these tips, I will guarantee that you will have one of the best times of your life. Festivals are meant to be enjoyed, so enjoy it. One final piece of advice from me; don't get so drunk that you can't remember any of it, because that's pretty dumb. I hope to see you out amongst the crowd some day.

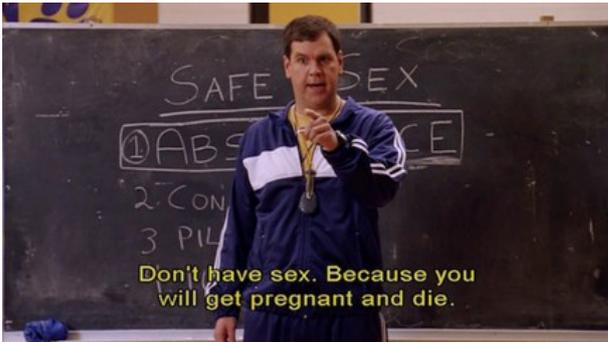


The Inadequacy of Sex Ed

By Olivia Gregory

SEX. The three letter word that many students recoil in horror at the sound of. Who can forget the early days at school when one of the biology teachers finally introduced the class to a more detailed version of sex education? I certainly can't. The giggling- sometimes even screaming— as the biology teachers frantically try to calm the students like they're animals at Chester Zoo. But throughout all the years of sex education and through all the commotion of those who thought it would be funny to make balloons out of condoms, I do think that there are some flaws within the education system and for some reason, I thought I'd share them with the whole Sixth Form...

Throughout sex ed, teenagers have constantly been told about the consequences of sex without protection. Many teachers would come in to the class and start making accusations like...



Why? Sex isn't all about transferring STD's to one another (hopefully). It should be about (urgh this is going to sound really cheesy, but here goes), the expression of love for another person!

Regardless, I believe that sex education and the teaching of our anatomies should be more than a scientific entity. Instead we should also be educated on the relationship side of sex, and not just about Gonorrhoea or Herpes. I believe that it is imperative that young people are educated on the mutual respect that one must have for their partner and the general understanding of sex.

Similarly, the lack of education regarding homosexual sex is evident. We live in a society where all people are accepted for who they are. However, our rapid development of liberal ideology isn't reflected in our education system, where unfortunately our ignorance and immaturity can lead to the decline of open, un-judged and mature conversations about sex. It is time to see a change in our educational approach to teaching students about sex for all different sexualities, and although it may be funny and juvenile at first, we should start to take a more conscientious approach to learning about something that actually matters. Because funnily enough, sex education is more beneficial than learning certain things like Pythagoras'

Theorem ($a^2 + b^2 = c^2$) For some reason I can STILL remember that equation, but couldn't remember the relevant material I needed for my Russian History exam. Thanks, Maths...

Having your regular teacher teach you about a very intimate and personal subject can lead to awkward conversations, but sex education has the variation of being taught by teachers and outside visitors, who can be just as bad. How can anybody forget the weird guy who stood at the front of the hall and injected the fear of all mighty God into horror-stricken students as he told us about everything bad that could possibly EVER happen to you after having sex? And, my fellow year group, lest we forget that one student who graciously fell like a sack of spuds after we were told that a symptom of a specific STD was that urinating felt like being slashed with 100 razor blades on your penis! Ah, what a thought provoking image. To be honest, I'm not surprised that someone fainted.

Instead, I believe (on a serious note) that certain things do need to change, whether that be educating people from an earlier age to allow them the ability to see that sex isn't all about negativity, or by trying to remove the idea that sex and our bodies are more than things that are simply taught in a science lab. As students, it is easy to forget the awkwardness for the teachers who are told to teach sex education to a class of raving buffoons who will in no way take the lesson seriously. But to the teachers, it is also important for you to not be embarrassed when talking about sex education. Instead, advocate confidence within the students to ask questions, regardless of how ridiculous they sound and show that sex education doesn't have to be a daunting task. Look at it as you helping to alleviate the stigma that resides within some students about sex and that it really isn't all doom and gloom.

So to my fellow Sixth Formers and anybody else who may so happen to stumble across a copy of this, please don't act coy about a universal act which occurs every day, because there really isn't anything to be embarrassed about. But, if the conversation ever does arrive, or you want to ask a question or engage in conversation, just instigate the Band Camp Rule: What is said in these four walls... STAYS in these four walls! We should all learn to respect each other's thoughts and beliefs and we shouldn't go running out to the bathrooms to exchange 'hot gossip' over what Sarah said in the classroom about the wild experience she had with Mark, the holiday rep she met at Rosie's on Friday. However, remember to also not go bragging on about it either, because you will end up smashing champagne on the bough of a boat that has absolutely no plan, in any universe, of returning.

So the school year is coming to a close, the exams are finally over, the sun is beginning to shine and, like the rain that is starting to leave us for a few months till September, one special person who won't be with us on our return is Mr Lowe. After spending years writing UCAS statements, ruling our common room and preparing us for becoming adults, Mr Lowe has decided to trade the loving, helpful nature of the students here at the sixth form for a new challenge, focused less on getting students into university and more on getting them out of GCSE's. Luckily for us, he'll still be around and about helping SLT make decisions about sixth form, so it doesn't seem as if he's completely ready to say goodbye to us. However, before he goes we figured it would be a good idea to find out about what life is like being the Shepherd of Sixth Form.

Matty— Thank you for letting us interview you! So, first we were all rather shocked at the news that you're leaving Sixth Form, and we'd like to ask how you broke the news to one person in particular. Did you use the line "Tina, it's not you; it's me"?

Mr Lowe— I love that; no I used the line "It's not me, it's you"

Matty— Oh right, okay! And what was her response to that?

Mr Lowe— Are we being genuine now or not?

Matty— Yeah, how did you actually tell her?

Mr Lowe— Well she knew I was going for the interview but she was very supportive but also upset

Matty— Which is expected

Mr Lowe— As was I

Owen— So we'd like to know what life overseeing Sixth Form has been like for you. On a day-to-day basis, what takes up most of your time?

THE LOWE DOWN



Mr Lowe— Okay, genuinely speaking life in Sixth Form has been fantastic. Hard work, but fantastic. It depends on what time of year it is. There's different phases of time in Sixth Form so the first term, the autumn term, what takes up most of my time is UCAS as you will soon see because it's all the reference writing, sending off applications; that takes a phenomenal amount of time. It's strange at Sixth Form because in the first half of Sixth Form we do three different things; you're working with the Year 13's and getting them ready to leave, you're working on the Year 12's bedding them in, you work on the Year 11's for the recruitment because it's their information evening, so you work on three different levels, and the interesting thing with Sixth Form is that you feel like everyone is a similar age as it's Years 11, 12 and 13 but it is so, so different. Year 11 is significantly different to Year 12 in maturity and age but Year 13 is also very different to Year 12. So I guess what takes up my time is managing the different needs within the school and within the Sixth Form but also trying to speak to people on an individual basis and that's a hard thing to do. That first term I feel really bad for the Year 12's because Year 13's get so much attention and I can't give enough to Year 12 and then as the year goes on different things go on and different priorities and issues take priority so it's a full-on job

Owen— Must be, yeah

Matty— Okay so while we're on the topic of that, do you have any advice for Mr Nuttall?

Mr Lowe— BE ORGANISED

Owen— That could work for all of us!

Matty— Aha, true, I guess that sums that one up pretty well!

Owen— So, inside sources from Year 8 have told us that, with you moving down to the lower side of school, they are expecting non-uniform, sofas and Sky TV. What's your comment on this?

Mr Lowe— Hahaha! No comment...

Matty— Next then, as we know you are a Star Wars fan, what qualities do you believe you, as Deputy Head, share with the Jedi?

Mr Lowe— Mind Control!

Owen— Oh god, I hope not!

Mr Lowe— That's such a good question. Okay, I think in the face of battle and panic I'm usually very calm so I think even though there might be inner turmoil and panic and worry and concern, I think I'm quite good at projecting actually "It's fine, it's calm" and I think if you are a Deputy Head or Head of Subject or Jedi Master- Sixth Former what's important is that if you're leaning on something you should at least pretend to be calm because if people see you flapping and panicking, they will flap and panic too because they think there is something to flap and panic about. The mind control would be nice, though but the calm, and perhaps the wiseness, Yoda style- passing on information.

Owen— Do you believe you relate to Yoda the most then?

Mr Lowe— Aha, don't put that in; a picture of me next to Yoda

Matty— Alright, so the next question; Border Collies are very intelligent dogs.

Mr Lowe— They are, I have two

Matty— So, any training techniques that you could use with Year 7's?

Mr Lowe— YES! Punishment and Reward. I should say Reward and Punishment, really. Dogs respond, have you seen Jurassic World yet?

Matty and Owen— Yes

Mr. Lowe— I use the clicker with the dogs. It works because if they do something right, you click and they associate with the sound that they will get food, so I did that and that's how I train my dogs .

Owen— So- apart from this interview- what have been the best moments here?

Mr Lowe— In Sixth Form?

Owen— Yeah yeah

Mr Lowe— Loads of best moments.

Owen— "Lowe"ds of good moments...

Mr Lowe— There are. The Ofsted was, we got such a good report from the Ofsted but it's not about what Ofsted said it's about endorsement of what we already knew this Sixth Form was. Because we've worked so hard for the school, all the teachers and the students and to get that was like "Yeah, we're doing it right". So that was a real good moment. Result days are a good moment, for individual students coming up and getting their university places,

students coming back and saying how happy they are and how successful they are, it's just a ridiculous number of rewards and good moments. It's the sort of job, it sounds like a cliché, but everyday I enjoy it. I never come in to work and think "Oh, my god". I come in and think "I've got a lot to do" and "how am I going to get it done?" but being in charge of Sixth Form- every day is fantastic because it's fun. It's hard work, but there's instant rewards.

Matty— Next year, you won't have Munch next to your office. Have you prepared yourself emotionally for this?

Mr Lowe— This is the hardest thing. Leaving Tina is obviously hard, leaving Munch is going to be horrific.

Matty— I can imagine! Well thank you very much, that's all. And from all of us at Term thank you for being a brilliant Head of Sixth Form

Owen— Thank you very much!

Mr Lowe— Thanks for being marvellous students!

It's clear that Mr Lowe is going to be missed by us all, but we can find our solace in the fact he'll have to come over to Munch to stock up for his snacks. Mr Lowe, thank you for being such a wonderful head of sixth form, you've been nothing but fun and have kept our best interests at the forefront of everything you do. Good luck, and may the force be with you.



PROCRASTINATION: MY STRUGGLE



Well, I have a problem...

Procrastination, not punctuality, is the thief of time. It lurks in the shadows of our minds, with its swag bag ready for precious loot, and its sluggish disguise hides the evil behind “nah, I’ve not got too much to do”.

What’s wrong? I hear you ask.

Well, I have a problem... It’s getting serious now. It started just as a way to get me through the evenings; I thought nobody would notice. But now, it’s even in the day, and I can’t hide it anymore...

I thought I’d kicked the habit months ago. I was so on track! Everything was going well. My school work was up to date and I’d been productive for months. But then, I relapsed; my family renewed the Netflix account.

I’ve been battling with Procrastination for a lot of my life, and just when I think I’m getting it under control, it strikes again! I’ve wanted to write for a few weeks now but I’ve not yet managed a full piece. I’ve cracked and now the only thing I seem able to write about is procrastination itself. PATHETIC.

Late nights and early mornings are the only times I’m productive. I think it’s due to the fact I’m still disobeying society norms. So, let me take you through my day, and maybe you’ll start to see my problem.

9:00am The alarm squawks. It’s time to start the day; weary-eyed and groggy, I spend my first 15 minutes deciding what to wear. I head downstairs and get myself cereal and some coffee. That’s okay though, because now I’ve got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

11:24am I wake up to find I’ve fallen asleep on the sofa and lost two hours already... So much for an early start. While drinking my now stone-cold coffee, my first real thoughts of procrastination begin: Facebook. Facebook is the bane of my existence; although extremely addictive, Facebook is my most hated website for one simple reason; it’s full of absolute crap. I scroll through-zombie faced as always-and find myself snared in its trap of amazingly awful rubbish. Did I need to know Jess Hickson wishes her mum happy birthday or

that Kevin Hardy is “free tonight for lifts?” NO, I DID NOT. In fact, nobody did. Get a job, Kevin. I’m now stuck scrolling into oblivion. That’s okay though, because soon I’ll have got it out of my system for the rest of the day, and it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

1:01pm Facebook is finally logged off... All that scrolling has made me thirsty though, so I make a second coffee. The rush of caffeine I used to get as a child from sips of my parent’s brew is no longer a thing, and I think I only drink it because that’s what grownups do. That’s okay though, because now I’ve got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

1:09pm Time to get working. I decide to start by making a list of all the things I need to do; I often do this, it’s a great way to visualize everything that needs completing. Although unfortunately... I make the list on the computer and print it off, so selecting font sizes, border margins, replacing ink and finding paper takes up an awful amount of my precious time. That’s okay though, because now I’ve got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

1:48pm I decide that my bedroom needs tidying. Vacuuming and cleaning is not something you will ever see me doing when I don’t have work to

be doing; if my mum ever saw me I think she’d go into shock. I sort through all my cupboards, change my sheets, dust and wipe my desk, make labels for folders and then repack my school bag. This leaves me with a “Car boot pile” so I then find myself Googling local car boot sales. This unfortunately has dragged me back onto the internet and I end up watching funny cat videos... That’s okay though, because now I’ve got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

3:27pm The next three and a half-ish hours are a bit of a blur. I make lunch and browse the internet, and then I have a shower. It’s scary how good time is at running away. That’s okay though, because now I’ve got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

6:58pm I’ve finished playing guitar, taking pictures of the cat in a box and Tweeting about how fun it would be to live in the white house... my brain is screaming at itself to do some work. Meanwhile, I just sit and have another coffee. That’s okay though, because now I’ve got it all out of my system for the rest of the day, it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

7:00pm And I notice that Come Dine With Me is starting. This is far from surprising, as I think the head of scheduling at Channel 4 has fallen asleep at the control desk; it’s been on repeat for the last 6 years. I spend the next hour watching Josie make a soufflé, Richard complain about the fact Sonya didn’t make her sauce from scratch and Ekwueme show us how his mother makes a traditional African dish. Also scallops-I remember something about scallops. That’s okay though, because now I’ve got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it’s not going to distract me when I’m doing my work.

8:06pm I’ve made another coffee. I can feel time slipping away but all I want to do is relax! It’s the weekend for crying out loud, why should I have to finish my write up when BBC TWO are playing reruns of Harry Potter and the guy that makes those



Photo by Matty Davies

prank videos on YouTube has just uploaded a new batch of episodes? It's late and I still haven't had tea. I'm not lazy, as I think you can tell; I do lots of things... But, cooking is not one of them, so a bowl of sugary chocolatey cereal suffices. Sorry, how old is Hermione? That's okay though, because now I've got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it's not going to distract me when I'm doing my work.

10:28pm The credits are rolling on Harry Potter. I have been productive, though! I posted a picture on Instagram of my hot chocolate in front of the film and it's racked up the likes! Looking back, maybe I shouldn't have watched it all: ahh. That's okay though, because now I've got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it's not going to distract me when I'm doing my work.

10:30pm I have an hour before I should probably head to bed; the write up I need to do will take about an hour and 10 minutes, so if I start now I still won't finish in time. Because of this I spend the hour Tweeting about how much I procrastinate, scrolling back to Vladimir Putin's first Tweet to see what it is, but then Google translate breaks, so I never find out. I buy a Russian for Dummies book off Amazon and break (and repair) my office chair. That's okay though, because now I've got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it's not going to distract me when I'm doing my work.

11:28pm I'm not tired, I start homework but get distract-

ed with the contents of my pencil case. 20 minutes later and I'm Googling "How to get felt tip off sketchbook." I then find a loose sheet so go downstairs to get a hole punch so that I can add it to my folder, but notice the piano and begin to play. I get a drink of water and brush my teeth before I crawl upstairs. I seriously need to stop stalling for time. That's okay though, because now I've got it out of my system for the rest of the day, it's not going to distract me when I'm doing my work...Tomorrow.

12:00pm Oh, that was my day, I think I should probably sleep soon. Today I've completed these productive things:

-
-
-

Procrastination is the one thing that I know I can beat; I will not let it win. I will kick the habit, just you wait and see.

Let me just wash the cat first...



Applying to Oxbridge

By Maddie Berry

Many of you will skip over this article, with a dismissive “not for me”. But look again. If you're applying to uni, don't be put off by the social conditioning which leads us to believe that Oxbridge courses are only for Southern elitists who say “yah” instead of “year” and have six-figure trust funds. As every Admissions Tutor says on their school visits, “University is available for everyone.” Why can't that apply to Oxbridge?

After speaking to some Year 13 students who applied this year, it seems that although your A/S results and grades are really important, you shouldn't be put off by them. Yes, Oxford and Cambridge are the two most prestigious universities in the country, but you'd actually be surprised at some of the students' grades. We have this expectation of Oxbridge undergrads: They're all a bit nerdy and got straight A*s at GCSE in fourteen different subjects. In reality, this is totally inaccurate. The average Oxbridge undergrad has around six A*s at GCSE, and many have fewer than that. Therefore it goes again to say that you don't have to have perfect A/S results to get in.

Before you apply to either-and in fact, any - university, you need to visit the campus to get a feel for what it would be like to live and study there. Remember, you're going to be spending a minimum of three years away from home at your chosen uni, so you need to make sure it's somewhere you actually want to be.

This is especially true with Oxbridge. As they are collegiate universities, you don't only have to choose to go there; you also have to decide which college you want to apply to. This takes careful research, sometimes not just visiting official college websites. You need to know what you want

from your college, as they all have their pros and cons.

There is also the typical Oxbridge stereotype which still surrounds some of the older colleges, for example Christ Church (Oxford), and Trinity (Cambridge), where the people are more “posh” and there are a higher percentage of private school students than state schoolers. However, if that's your thing, go for it! The whole point of having different colleges is so that you can find somewhere you fit in and feel comfortable, so it's really important that you actually go down there and have a look at the different places.

University is available for everyone. Why not Oxbridge?

Application

Although applications for Oxford and Cambridge have to be submitted before those for other universities, the process is very similar. Often, they will ask you to send in essays or pieces of work you've done along with your application, and then, for Oxford, you'll have to sit an aptitude test. This is done in school time, and is really important in getting you an interview. Although they're intense, you have to remember that you've already survived your AS exams, so you can absolutely take whatever they throw at you.

At Cambridge, after your application has been sent, they'll send you back a form to

fill out for your interview. On this form, you need to put only things that weren't already on your personal statement, so you should try and leave some things off your application to put in it (which is really useful when you're struggling to cram every detail of your life into one document).

Interview

After your application has been accepted, you will be asked to attend an interview. This is your one big chance to showcase your passion for your subject. That's what the interviewers are looking for: not necessarily that you already know absolutely everything (because then what would be the point in going?), but that you really have an interest and want to learn more about your chosen area of study.

At Oxford, they'll invite you down for around four days. It's similar to a mini-holiday; they provide you with free food and drinks, and you get to spend time exploring the city. Then, you'll have your interviews. Often people will have two, although you could have more. They last for around half an hour each time, and are very similar to a tutorial, where one or two professors will talk to you about your subject and ask you for your own ideas. The interview is not only to tell how keen you are, but also to give you an idea of how you will be taught at Oxford. Often, your tutorials will consist of just you and maybe one other person, which for some can be a bit intense, so your interview will give you a feel for what this is like. They will most likely ask about things that weren't on your personal statement, so make sure to prep for everything. At the end of the day, though, they want to see that you have a genuine interest and are really keen about your subject; that you're doing extra



“You think everyone will be talking about their A-Level results and the fabulous holidays they've just flown back from, but it's not like that at all” -Former Tarporley Student now studying Languages at Lincoln College, Oxford



King's College, Cambridge

independent study just because you enjoy learning about it that much, and that this is really something you want to dedicate your life to. Maybe that's a tad dramatic, but it's true. If you can prove that, you're almost guaranteed a place.

At Cambridge, it's a similar story, although the interview takes place on just one day. Also on this day, you'll have your aptitude test, so it can feel a bit stressful. Don't let this put you off, though. At least it's all over at the end of the day! Again, they will probably ask you things on top of your personal statement, or about other reading you may have done around your subject requirements, so remember to be ready to talk about things off the top of your head. Although the interviews can be terrifying, the people conducting them are lovely, and they are honestly interested in getting to know you and what you have to say, and finding out if you have the drive to want to continue with your studies at the UK's most prestigious university.

Making a Decision

After your interview, all you can do is wait to see if you'll be accepted. Often, for people who aren't, they feel a sense of relief. Deciding to go to Oxbridge is a tough decision that shouldn't be made lightly, so it's sometimes nice to have it made for you.

However, if you are accepted, it's important that you really consider if you want to go. Many people will tell you that you "have to", just because you can. Don't listen to them. Although other people can give you advice, when it comes down to it, it's your choice. Don't feel pressured into going to Oxbridge just because you got in. Yes, you will receive second-to-none teaching and will come home with a great degree, and yes, there will be a lot more open doors if you have an Oxbridge degree than if you don't, but if you decide that you prefer another university, there is nothing wrong with going there instead.

You really have to know what you want out of your university. If what you're after is fantastic teaching in very small class sizes, library access 24/7 and picturesque living spaces, Oxbridge is for you. But both universities have their downsides. Many who go to Cambridge are disappointed that the university is the main attraction—there's not much else there. And although there are more libraries in Oxford than you can shake a stick at, the night-life isn't exactly world-renowned. These are all things you need to take into consideration when making your decision, no matter which university you apply to.



Bodleian Library, Oxford

Both Year 13 students who applied to Oxbridge have said that they would really encourage us to apply this year. They advised not to be put off by A/S grades, and also to carefully choose the college you apply to—don't just put one down because it looks nice.

And I totally agree. Why can't Oxbridge be open to more of us? As a sixth form, we have proved time and time again that we can get the grades to meet the entry requirements, so why not?

I hope that by supplying you with more information about the Oxbridge process I have piqued your interest. Have a look on their websites, add the open days to that ever-growing list of uni destinations and visit them in the summer term if you get the chance. Even if you don't decide to apply, you can at least have some fun visiting all the Harry Potter sets.



The famous stairs where Neville Longbottom reunites with Trevor the toad (*Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*) (Christ Church, Oxford)

19 DofE: The Dos and Don'ts

By Annabelle Moss and Maddie Berry

As some of you may know, on the 17th-20th of June twenty-one Year 12 students (and Mrs Everton!) completed their Gold Duke of Edinburgh practice expedition in Powys, Wales. It was a gruelling four days of walking, navigation and emotional turmoil, but we all survived. Carrying packs weighing 17kg and upwards, we walked around 65km in four days, up and down the mountainous region, around reservoirs, across dams, and through locations that looked like they had come straight out of Lord of the Rings. Our campsites were...interesting to say the very least, and one night was appropriately labelled "wild camp", where we pitched our tents in an empty field with no toilet facilities to speak of.

Having just completed the expedition, we thought we would share our Ultimate DofE dos and don'ts with the rest of the sixth form, for anyone thinking about doing the award (or something similar).

Do

Listen carefully in the navigation sessions. You will need them-trust us. When you're stood at the top of a certifiable mountain, with gale force winds blowing in every direction and surrounded by clouds and bogs, you begin wishing that you knew how many paces you make in 100m.

Pack everything on the kit list, no matter how ridiculous it seems. It's surprising how often you can use a woolly hat in June.

Make sure you are relatively fit-those hills are not kind on those of us who prefer Netflix to running.

Embrace how ridiculous you look. Everyone is in the same boat, so if you want to put a plaster on your nose to protect it from the wind and rain, do it (even if it does make you look like you've had a bad plastic surgery job).

Be prepared to walk on anything-flooded stepping stones, bogs, and vertical cliffs. Understand that by the end, you will be able to scale rocks as well as a mountain goat.

Prepare for every weather occasion. The weather was so unpredictable on our trip-one minute blistering sunshine, the next pouring rain, with no in between (also, sunglasses act brilliantly as goggles when the rain is driving into your eyes).

Bathe yourself in insect repellent. Midge bites are an absolute b***h.



All we need is Aragorn striding through...



We did smile at times!

Don't

Take clothes that are too small for you. Although it can provide your team with comedy gold, it can take up to four separate people to zip you into your waterproof trousers (age 12) and they will inevitably split.

Take constipation tablets. This may seem like a good idea, but trust us. Just don't.

Be disgusted at how bad you smell after four days without showering-you're surrounded by people who smell just as bad.

Be surprised at how funny things can be after three nights of minimal sleep-hysterical laughter over trivial situations is totally normal.

Get too upset. Team morale is super important, and tears can send that plummeting down.

Leave your team. At any point. You may think they're only 100m behind you, but in reality, when you turn round, you can't see them at all and you realise that they've got the map.

Be afraid to sing. A perfect way to keep up team morale is by singing a few hearty songs as you're plodding along. Our personal recommendations are Pompeii by Bastille and The Lord of the Dance (which, if you're feeling particularly adventurous/delirious, can be sung in a round).



Beautiful views and scenery

At the end of the day, although we hated every minute whilst we were walking, looking back now it was a thoroughly enjoyable experience. We've solidified friendships, overcome both physical and mental challenges and been presented with some of the most stunning views in the country. The elation and pride we all felt at reaching the finish on Saturday afternoon was indescribable, and for this reason, I can happily say that we would totally recommend taking part if you aren't already.