

# TFRM

Sixth Form's Independent Magazine  
December 2015

# 5

outfit ideas  
for a  
week of  
sixth form

*Around Italy in*  
**TOO MANY DAYS**

The Desperate  
Dreamers of  
Cheshire

**STRESS**

**SPREAD**  
PEACE AND LOVE

*Introducing*  
**EVERTON**  
Our Guardian Angel

QUESTION  
**TIME**

# 10.

**PEOPLE YOU  
MEET AT  
GAMING  
FESTIVALS**







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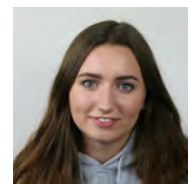
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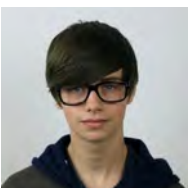
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## Hello & Welcome

...To the third edition of Term, the sixth form magazine written, designed, and put together by students. This Term we have begun to work with Year 12 writers, designers and photographers as we prepare to hand over the reins to the magazine at the end of this year. Hopefully, next Term will be produced by an entirely new team, with us Year 13 veterans occasionally peeking out of the mound of A-Level work to write the odd article and do a spot of editing. In this edition we mark a historical event: the first ever female feature interview with our own Guardian Angel, Mrs Everton, as well as a feisty article on the creation of the Zendaya Barbie Doll. We also have some top tips on what to wear this season, as well as a full review of the popular London choir trip.

*Enjoy*



## Barbie have made a Zendaya doll.

*Here's why we should all still be talking about it.*



By Olivia Taylor

Typically, for Christmas, birthdays and other gift-giving occasions, young girls will receive numerous Barbie dolls. Why? Because that's what young girls like, isn't it? Stick thin, white, blonde plastic dolls with a "perfect" (aka horribly out of proportion) body shape. The stereotypical woman. For years, Barbie and similar manufacturers have been setting wildly unrealistic beauty standards for young girls worldwide.

***"For the majority of their lives, anyone of a race that isn't white has struggled to find representation in the media of themselves"***

In 1968, twenty years after the company's creation, Barbie released their first African-American doll, Christie. Following this, in 1980, they released Black Barbie. Two progressive moves, yet flawed. Whilst these dolls were black skinned, they still had typically Caucasian features. The representation of people of colour was limited. Hence why, when Barbie released a doll of Disney actress, model and all-round inspiration for young women everywhere Zendaya Coleman, the world erupted in praise. Why? Because Zendaya is a woman of colour.

For the majority of their lives, anyone of a race that isn't white has struggled to find representation in the media of themselves and their heritage. Taking to Instagram, Zendaya tells us exactly this: "When I was little I couldn't find a doll that looked like me, my... how times have changed." She then went on to thank the company for their contribution to ending unrealistic, narrow beauty standards - "Thank you @Barbie for this honor and for allowing me to be a part of your diversification and expansion of the definition of beauty," a caption which accompanied a picture of her and her doll, side by side.

But it goes so much further than this. The manufacturers and designers specifically selected a particular red-carpet look of Zendaya's - her 2015 Oscars look - and anyone with a memory that reaches back to February knows why. When Zendaya graced the red carpet in a stunning white Vivienne Westwood gown and her hair in dreadlocks, there was an uproar. Guiliana Rancie, E!

TV personality, made some very unacceptable and downright racist comments about how her hair "must smell like patchouli oil... and weed." Thankfully, the rest of society saw the problem and social media set alight in defence of Zendaya, (not always quite so) nicely pointing out Guiliana's mistake. And Zendaya, ever the bigger person, once again took to Instagram to very civilly defend herself and her culture. "My wearing my hair in locs on an Oscar red carpet was to showcase them in a positive light, to remind people of color that their hair is good enough." Zendaya revolutionised the way the media sees African American traditions and she put to shame anyone who tried to degrade those who wear their culture with pride. She is yet another figure in changing black history.

So, when Barbie release these dolls, and young girls go into toy stores and see them lining the shelves, dolls with the same colour skin as them; dolls with the same dreadlocks as them; dolls who represent them - consider the message it gives them. The franchise that makes dolls that are supposedly an embodiment of society's ideals of perfection has made a doll that actually looks like them. It teaches them that they way they look and the way they represent themselves is perfect. It's reassuring them that they are just as beautiful as anyone else, and that all of their features are worthy of society's approval.



Not baby steps...but doll-sized steps



So yes, you may see it as just a doll, but it's not. It's a doll that takes us one step closer to a world in which all cultures are represented and respected equally. It's a small step, but a step all the same.



By Eilidh Bodfish



Everyone was somewhat subdued on the bus back to our hotel, apart from the occasional melodramatic announcement of 'Who am I?' followed by a sleepy chorus of '24601!' (You might not get that if you haven't seen *Les Mis*.) Most of the choir are in KS3 so they got sent straight to bed, but we mature sixth formers were allowed to stay up and chat for a while in the café. 'It's because we're so grown up,' I remarked, as I walked up to the counter to buy a mug of hot milk before promptly falling asleep on the sofa.



By the time we got to London I was hoarse. In the four hours since leaving Tarporely, we'd sung our way through *Les Miserables*, the entire soundtrack of *The Lion King* and – for some reason – the complete works of Frank Sinatra (in harmony). Mr Monument heaved a sigh of relief as we poured off the bus at a service station... only to wince as we stampeded back on twenty minutes later, high on Costa and Tangfastics and already planning our next number. Down at the other end of the bus, Dave the Bus Driver remarked wryly: 'Oh, you're a choir are you? I'd never have known.' Inevitably, this level of manic energy couldn't be sustained forever. In fact, things began to go downhill just hours later. We were buzzing with excitement as we entered the theatre to see *Les Mis*. I sat down cheerful and assured – 'I love musicals. This will be great! I don't cry at this kind of thing!' – and staggered out three hours later, an emotional wreck, attempting to mumble the songs through my sobs while begging for tissues from the better prepared.



Things perked up in the morning when someone rushed back from the breakfast buffet to announce that there were chocolate muffins. This was followed by crushing disappointment as it emerged that some cruel person had mixed up the different muffins, and what we'd thought were chocolate chips were, in some cases – cue exclamations of disgust – blueberries! We ended up playing a warped kind of Russian roulette as, one by one, we bit into our mystery cakes with our fingers crossed, praying that we'd chosen the right flavour.

Most of that day was spent recording, in a little church with great acoustics and an unexpected jazz bar in the crypt.



We were all pleasantly surprised by the sound we produced (accompanied by Miss Pizzuto and Miss Kefford, who couldn't resist joining in). Finally, we sang our *Les Mis* medley all the way through flawlessly – only for Mr Monument to interrupt us mid-congratulations with a sheepish: 'Um...guys...sorry, but I forgot to press record...' As one, the choir turned to give him our best evil stare. I had a really sore throat that day and spoiled another good recording by having a loud coughing fit in the middle of it, after trying to hold it in for so long that my eyes were watering.

From there, via a shopping trip in Covent Garden, we went to our second show, *Wicked*. For those who are unfamiliar with the plot, *Wicked* tells the story of the Wizard of Oz – but from the witches' perspective. 'Oh my God. Dorothy is such a *bitch*,' someone said at the end. 'She ruins *everything*!' Our tier was so high we

were pretty much on the roof, but that didn't stop us being absolutely knocked out by the singing. It was incredible. We were all stunned and – as a choir – unbelievably, sickeningly jealous.

Saturday was our final day. We visited the Natural History Museum, because you can't go to London with school and not have *some* kind of educational element. The dinosaurs were a big hit, though most of us just paused to say 'wow' at the impressive claws before moving on and entirely ignoring the informative captions. On the bus home we regained some of our original energy and belted out some generally tuneful favourites to see us back to Tarporley. On the way home in Mum's car, the late nights caught up with me and I nodded off on the seat, managing to mumble just before my eyes closed: 'It was great. Yeah. Fun. Really amazing, actually.'

## Stress

### And other inconveniences...

By Rhiannon Price



prefer a bathroom with a comfortable tiled floor, reminding you there is something colder than your soul.

For all the veterans within our midst, and to all the fresh blood, welcome. It's that time of year again where we forget about all the lovely, care free times of the summer, and get hit with a ton of bricks made from the concrete of our despair with work. Within my years at school and Sixth Form I have detected certain ways of dealing with such despair and stress, and have decided to categorise the ways people cope with the overwhelming wave of responsibility. Just call me Freud...

Here we can observe **The Nester**... a solitary figure who buries themselves within pillows and blankets, almost in an attempt to soften the blow of tests upon tests and essays upon essays. Their natural habitat is a darkened room with minimal sunlight, possibly an empty ice cream tub nearby, which leads us very nicely on to...

**The Eater**, something which we all end up becoming. This is the overwhelming urge to eat constantly- and we don't even care what. A recommended food during these stressful times is pizza, but a balanced diet is essential, so ensure you have a slice of cake, five Jaffa cakes and at least seven pints of coffee to create a healthy lifestyle.

**The Crier's** natural habitat is Mrs Everton's office. Armed with tissues and biscuits, we unload all our negative emotions in an explosion of tears and mucus. Others

**The Shouters'** battle cry is similar to 'NO, NO F@\*K THIS I AM DONE' teamed up with a kicking of the closest inanimate object; a raged frenzy occurs. The Crier and The Shouter should be contained in different areas at all times, as the Shouter's frenzy could be detrimental to the Crier's mental state.

There is a rare breed of 'Stresshead' named **The Listener**. These are the species that display human compassion and understanding. The knowledge that they are not the only ones falling into the abyss of insanity allows them to guide the weak. They are the shepherds, we are the sheep, and they are comforted by this fact. Allow them to lead you to sanity; you are doing them a favour.

In conclusion of my brief study I observe that there are a variety of ways in which people cope with stress, and it's very interesting to watch. We see that people cope differently, so even if your friend is a Crier and you are a Nester, try and attempt to understand each other.

And to my fellow Eaters?

'We are all in the gutter but some of us are looking at the fridge' - Oscar Wilde



## Question Time

*With Owen Tyrie and MYP, Noah George Aldous*

A tall, dark haired figure towers above every student in our school... No, I'm not talking about Mr Chappell! I'm talking about Noah Aldous; one of our students in the upper side of Sixth Form. A lot of you may

not know this, but Noah is a Member of Youth Parliament (MYP) for Cheshire West and Chester! So, having learnt about this fantastic accomplishment, I decided to go talk to him about how he became an MYP.



*Noah speaking in front of his fierce competition*

**So, how are you doing Noah?**

I'm very well thank you, very well.

**How did it all start? How did you become a member of the Youth Parliament?**

Well it started in Year 11 when Ms Wade, who was the School Council Coordinator, asked me to run for the school council and I said that was fine so I went to a few meetings. I was told that I was good at public speaking and voicing my opinions so she thought I should go for this thing; Youth Parliament. I'd not heard of it before. She gave me the contact details and said to drop them an email about it to say that I was interested because the elections were happening soon.

So I emailed him and he said to come along and I did, and when I arrived there were about twenty of us. The man said "What we want you to do is perform your pre-practised speeches in order to get into the ballot papers".

There were five places on the ballot so it was difficult. We preformed our speeches to Ron (the main guy) and other members, and we were to be judged on how well we spoke and how good they thought we'd be as a member. I was lucky enough to get through and get onto the ballot paper! That then went around Cheshire West and Cheshire and I had to create a video persuading people why they

should vote for me. After the votes were counted, it turned out it was a landslide victory! And now I'm here.

**Wow, brilliant! So why were you so keen to do this?**

Good question. Most people would say "It just looks good on my CV" which it does, but I wanted to help people voice their opinion. Many people in our generation struggle with a lot more mental health issues than you'd think. This makes it hard for their voices to be heard. So, because I have high self confidence, I thought I could actually make a difference to those lives. Obviously, another reason I did it is because I have an active interest in politics.

**That's really interesting, Noah. So, moving on. What kind of a difference can you make?**

Again, good question. You see, I'm part of the Cheshire West and Chester

Senate which meet up every so often, and it's there where we discuss what we're going to in the communities. So if someone had a problem in Tarporley, they'd come to me and I would take that forward to the senate and talk about it there. From there, I would come back with other MYP's and we'd talk to the council about what can be done.

**Sounds easy enough! Right, the big one. Best experience?**

Tricky one. Obviously, the House of Commons debate was a massive one. Many people can have a talk, but to actually have your opinions heard by other MYP's and MP's is something else. To have your own personal views and the things your constituency wants heard by people across the country really is special.



**Owen Tyrie, signing off**

## Five Outfit Ideas for a Week in Sixth Form

By Annaliese Taylor

When choosing different outfits (ideas for the week), many of us will struggle to find a comfortable, yet stylish, outfit where we feel good and look good. Autumn has finally made its appearance and the cold mornings and dark nights have begun. Autumn and Winter are my favourite time of the year; it's the time of fluffy winter coats, boots and, of course, jumpers. Whilst shopping or choosing new clothes, you should stick to neutral colours. It'll give you more options to play around with, as you can mix and match with different pieces to create your own personal look. Colours like grey, monochrome, nude and khaki are definite must-have shades for your wardrobe. I'd certainly try to buy a pair of decent, well-fitting jeans, whether they're skinny, ripped, boyfriend or low rise; these types of jeans are definitely a staple garment for a day-to-day basis. The main focus is to be comfortable in what you wear, so make sure to get items in the right size, especially in footwear. I bet most of us have seen a pair of shoes and wanted them so badly, but they're conveniently sold out in your size so you end up going a size up/down, only to suffer the next day all for looking good. So, here are a few tips and choices when putting together items or buying new clothes...



**Denim days** – Most of you will know the 'dreadful' clash of denim on denim. 80's fail, right? Well, think again: 2015 is bringing back the denim with Kylie Jenner, Jennifer Lopez and Rihanna all rocking the double denim look. Going back to the jeans, I would wear a pair of skinny ripped denims with a simple white crop (if you don't feel comfortable wearing a crop top then you can always go for a plain t-shirt and tie it at the side with a bobble to give an edgier feel) and with that, finish off the look with a denim jacket. Most high street shops like Primark, H&M and New Look all sell jeans for a reasonable price. If you don't feel comfortable wearing two types of denim then opt for a bomber jacket or duster coat.

**Comfy and cute** – For the next style, an effortless grey midi dress paired with a long sleeved checked shirt wrapped around the waist, topping off the outfit with some white or black Converse and, if it's cold, maybe a pair of black tights. This is an extremely comfortable outfit but it also makes you look like you've put real effort into putting it together. Online shops like Boohoo and Missguided sell gorgeous dresses for reasonable prices.



**Edgy and casual** – For day three, its mid-week, and you don't feel like making such a huge effort. Go for a basic pair of black leggings and an oversized jumper. Turtle necks have come back around and a chunky knit style is perfect for the cold weather. Pair this look with a khaki coat and black ankle boots to add a bit of sophistication.

**Lazy and luscious** – Who said skirts were just for summer? A checked mini skirt with black tights and a nude/black body suit with a wool cardigan is a must-have look this Autumn. Maybe even pair it with a beige floppy hat and Chelsea boots.

**Sporty and sassy** – For the final look of the week, why not go all casual with a baseball t-shirt, comfy grey joggers and some trainers. Cuffed edge joggers are trendier as they suit the figure well and make the joggers seem dressier.



## Around Italy in too many days



By Annabelle Moss

This summer I embarked on perhaps one of the most “interesting” holidays I had ever been on. Not only was this my final compulsory (– as my mum put it) holiday with my family, but the holiday where I discovered there is only so much pizza a person can stomach in two weeks. That’s right – this year that tiny Ryanair aeroplane took me half way across Europe to a little country called Italy – in particular, a well-known city named Rome.

So, how does one prepare for a family experience abroad? Here I have compiled a selection of the most memorable moments from my holiday, involving the dreaded sight-seeing, sibling rivalries and tedious plane-journeys...

**Planning the holiday – get involved:** The planning stage is perhaps the most intense part of the whole holiday – and you’ve not even arrived yet. Flights booked? Easy. Accommodation? Not so much. Attempting to find hotels or apartments or even villas that meet every family member’s special requirements really does test one’s limits. As the planner, you’re faced with an expectation from the rest of the party to supply only the best, and obviously on the lowest budget possible. Difficult when your father is that stingy he could make a regular appearance on *Super Scrumpers*.

A word of warning though – if you don’t make any suggestions or contributions during the planning stage – do not complain when you find out your flight is booked for 4am and grumble that you weren’t informed about this earlier, otherwise you would have booked yourself on a later flight. It’s alright for most to take the back seat as they won’t be bothered with what happens – it is a free holiday after all. But I know there are bound to be a few of you out there who won’t be best pleased when you rock up at a 3-star B&B with no pool that is in the middle of a building site.

**The journey:** To my recollection, the only major drama we had during the journey was losing our boarding passes. Now I know what you’re thinking – gosh, that must’ve been a disaster! No boarding passes means no flight... Well, to tell you the truth, I personally found the incident rather amusing. After spending fifteen minutes rifling through our hand-luggage, with red-faced sweating parents and an ecstasy of fumbling – my brother found them behind a cupboard. What a classic start to the holiday.

The only other major decision we have to make towards the end of the journey is this: would I rather get a taxi to the hotel, or drag my seventeen-kilo suitcase across cobblestone in thirty-degree heat to find an apartment that may or may not even exist? And of course, our family as they chose the latter. After all, what’s more fun than a lovely morning stroll through a baking city with a case and a wonky wheel, over-sized baggage and uneven, roughly surfaced pavement?

**First impressions:** First impressions of a holiday are vital. I believe that within the first half-day you can decide whether or not you will enjoy your stay there. Sadly for me, this did not quite work out. I mean everyone has heard of the Coliseum and all that that entails: the Romans, War and Emperors. Unfortunately, this does not end here. The ‘Roman Forum’ is renowned for its detail and history – and by no accounts does it disappoint. But as you wander deeper and deeper into the depths of Rome, you realise one very striking fact: it all looks the same. The crumbling architecture and Latin inscriptions – it’s quite like taking a step back in time.

Don’t get me wrong, it’s important that we all embrace some Roman history once-in-a-while, but not when you’re on holiday trying to relax in the sun. What would you prefer – sun loungers, margaritas and pool bars, or Vatican City? Oh, and that brings me onto my next point...

**The heat:** Think about that time you decided to brave the sauna at your over-priced local gym. Remember how the heat nearly took your breath away? Great. Now multiply that feeling by ten. And imagine yourself stumbling through streets and alleyways for hours on end, with no real destination, because you’re “just exploring”.





It is a shame that you are in a magnificent city surrounded by exquisite sights, yet the highlight of your day is returning back to the apartment and opening the door to the delightful sound of the air-con machine, pouring yourself a glass of ice-cold water and falling down on your bed. “It’s too hot to function” was a phrase I heard several times, and honestly, it’s true.



**The food:** Many of you may have skipped straight down to this section because – let’s face it – everyone wants to know what the food was like. Now I know the majority of you must have tried, tasted, or at least heard of Italian food at some point during your lives. So naturally, we would all expect Italian food in Italy to surpass any Italian food we have ever consumed. Tantalising tagliatelle, luscious linguini, appetising anti-pasti... Well, you can think again. Under no circumstances are you to ever order lasagne from a restaurant, unless you are a fan of dry pasta sheets with a heaped teaspoon of tomato sauce on top. Let me tell you – Italian lasagne is not up to scratch. Your English grandmother could make one better with her eyes closed.

However, it’s not all doom and gloom. As expected, the Italian pizza is ‘*favoloso!*’ to say the least. Offering as many toppings to choose from that you couldn’t possibly dream up in a million years, every pizza was as delicious as the next. It doesn’t matter if you go to the most expensive restaurant in Rome, or the cheapest diner in town, your pizza would make you salivate from the word go. And finally, I couldn’t possibly move on to my next point without mentioning the famous Italian ‘*Gelato*’. If you’re an ice cream kinda guy, this stuff is going to blow

your mind. Creamy, flavoursome – I think you get the gist. Ever wondered if it was possible to get salmon ice cream in a tub? Well, the Italian’s go one step further and even do a crocodile-egg *gelato*. So now you know, it is possible.

**Learning to live with no English TV for two weeks:** This is where many of you turn around and tell your parents they’re going to have to bring the sky card with them this year. If you can’t get through a day without watching the footy, or catching up with whose-slept-with-who in *Hollyoaks*, then you really don’t stand a chance making it through a family holiday without murdering someone. I’d dread to think what you’d have to do instead... Socialise? Play a game of cards with your parents? Read a book?

And everyone knows that feeling they get when they switch on their phone and realise that there are no unlocked WiFi hotspots within the vicinity. You can almost hear the cogs turning as you weigh up the decision whether to risk the hefty phone bill if you turn on ‘data roaming’. Is it really worth the extra £5.20 just to check if Kim Kardashian has posted on *Instagram* today?



Now that you’ve read your way through my most memorable moments from my holiday, I’ll let you into a little secret. Not all of the holiday was as dire as I probably made it out to be. If I’m honest, it was actually incredibly enjoyable. Even to the extent that I would recommend Rome as a city to visit – if you love Roman history and Latin that is. But if you don’t, no need to worry. If you’re devious enough you can find your way to the shops, and whistle away a good wodge of money on designer clothes that you could easily have bought in this country. But that’s what makes a family holiday so special isn’t it – you are forced to do everything that “everyone else” wants to do.

So that’s why next year I’m definitely booking an all-inclusive beach holiday in Ibiza with my friends. With no “agenda” other than pleasing ourselves!

# Introducing Our Guardian Angel: Mrs Everton

By Olivia Gregory



With the pressure of deadlines and essay hand-ins piling up, every now and then (or in my case, every twenty minutes), it's nice to have a natter and get some things off your chest, and who better person to unload on than the Lady in the Cupboard, Mrs Everton. It is a fact universally acknowledged that Mrs Everton has done more miles around this very school than Paula Radcliffe has in her entire career. It's an honour to have her as the first female feature (although who else would we choose?)

Upon arrival, the mandatory set up was established. The kettle was on (cup of tea, middle of the road with the milk, no sugar), Adele's new internet breaker 'Hello' on in the background. I believe the perfect atmosphere was established for a good 'ole catch-up.

*Hello, it's me...*

Talking to Miss Everton is a breeze, unless it's about J-Lowe... then she just scowls. Nah, just kidding (we love you really J-Lowe!). However, the difficulty of talking about J-Lowe's departure and Nuttall's entrance is a crowd splitter: a great predecessor and a great replacement. For Everton? Another pain in the arse who's bound to create hassle one way or the other...

We also ended up chatting about lighting (who knows how), but seriously Mr Lowe, next time you leave your office for the umpteenth meeting of the day, please switch off the lights. You're killing the polar bears... SINGLE HANDEDLY.

To the new Year 12s, a warm welcome from myself. I hope you've all settled in and are just about surviving. May the odds be ever in your favour. Clearly Mrs Everton is hiding her true opinions here (although enthusiastic is always seen as a negative cover-up adjective). Big is certainly true. Every year the number of students in the Sixth Form swells, but now it feels like you can barely get near the Common Room at lunch and break.





To the old Year 13s, the topic of UCAS is a traumatic one at that and if you don't fear it yet... you will. UCAS is NEVER your friend. But if there's one thing that can be said, it's that Mrs Everton is the Zen Master of editing. Move over Kelly Holmes, there's a new Dame in the house.

So, without further ado, here she is, our Guardian Angel: Mrs Everton...

**O: So, New Year, new faces. Obviously our dear J-Lowe has departed...**

*E: (Cuts in)... J-who!? No! We do miss him around the Sixth Form, but a new era dawns and Mr Nuttall is a fantastic replacement! But we all know that the Sixth Form and I are J-Lowe's first and only love!*

**Who makes the best cups of tea out of the two?**

*Mr Nuttall's never made me one, so I'll have to say J-Lowe, because at least he did make me the odd one. Other than that it's you or George Nuttall. So maybe Nuttall Jnr.*

**At least there's a representative for the family. On the continued topic of Mr Nuttall: the colour of his office.**

*It's disgusting.*

**Who paints an office that colour!?**

*Exactly! It's got that horrible baby sick colour on the walls and that black trim... He also sits in the dark, bizarrely!*

**So what colour would you have painted the office?**

*Well I like light colours so I would have kept it how it was.*

**But he has joined us, along with the new Year 12s. What are your views on them?**

*They're big, they're busy, and they're enthusiastic. Yeah, I love 'em.*

**And the Year 13s... UCAS. Well under way. Clearly very stressful. How do you keep it together?!**

*It's hard to keep it together, because everybody has different needs and are at different stages. I just keep working my way through personal statements, because I want everyone to have the same experience at university, so we have to make it right. You know how stressful it all was, but once it's gone, it's such a relief and you can get back to your studies.*

**You are The Master of the editing process of UCAS applications. How long did it take for you to feel confident in your editing skills?**

*Ooh. A good couple of years. It just takes a bit of time and experience. It was hard editing for subjects that are obscure. I prefer editing for English and History applications.*

**Sixth Form also promotes apprenticeships and Gap Years, of which you yourself are a fan. As a final question, what's the ideal destination?**

*Now you're talking! South East Asia, but I love Africa as well.*



## 10 People You Meet at Gaming Festivals

By James White



The gaming community is vast and populated by an array of interesting, weird and wonderful people. While we may all share our love for button-mashing and virtual lands, our ways of showing this to the rest of the world can greatly differ. This was no more apparent to me than when I visited the 55<sup>th</sup> Insomnia Gaming Expo, where I met a whole host of characters; from the cosplayers to the casuals. It's time to take a look at the 10 types of people that you meet at gaming festivals, and here they are.

**The Try-hard.** The Try-hard's purpose in life is a simple one, yet one that makes you question the very reason you play video games against other people in the first place. Their reason for attending festivals lies solely in wanting to test their mettle against other players of their chosen game, be it "Smite" or "Smash Brothers." They see competitive gaming as an art to be perfected, and spend as much time as possible developing their own personal techniques and strategies that make yours look like they were devised by a total noob. You thought your 250 hours spent on "Counter Strike: Global Offensive" was high? You've got nothing on the Try-hard. With play times commonly exceeding 2,000 hours, the only way to beat the Try-hard is to become a Try-hard yourself.

**The Kid.** The Kid is just that: a kid. Between the ages of 8 and 11, the Kid is easily recognisable, as they won't be attending the festival with a large group of friends. Instead they will have dragged their parents half way across the country just to educate them about why they *shouldn't* let their children play video games. The Kid's parents are easy to pick out. Just look for the couple wearing promotional cardboard "Splatoon" hats hauling around a collection of merch-filled plastic carrier bags. An easy way to know whether a younger

looking gamer is a Kid is to simply look at their apparel. The Kid's wardrobe consists mainly of "Minecraft" based t-shirts and hoodies, letting everybody know that they are in the presence of a naïve and uneducated miner.

**The Girl Gamer.** I don't know about you, but there's more than one reason that I like to attend gaming festivals.

While the celebration of all things gaming is a good enough motif in itself, what's the point in playing games if you don't have a significant other to enjoy them with? Every Gamer Guy wants a Gamer Girl, and I'm no exception. Girl Gamers aren't rare; in fact, they're a *common*

sight at festivals. However, one thing about them is always the same: they're taken. Always. If a girl walks round a corner her boyfriend (who is usually taller and more muscular than you are) won't be far behind her. At least with Girl Gamers it isn't single combat that you'll be challenging her white knight to, but a 1 vs 1 Intervention only match on Rust.

**The Cosplayer.** While the Cosplayer loves games, one stands above them all for this fanatic. Whatever it may be, the way in which they show their love seems obvious to them; to dress up as one of the series' main characters! Nope, a shirt or bag simply isn't enough; to them, the only acceptable way of paying complete homage to a fictional world, story and set of characters is to dress up for all to bear witness to. They may look awesome, they may look ridiculous, but the thing that defines the Cosplayer is their unhealthy amount of knowledge and enthusiasm about their chosen universe.

**The Japanophile.** Also known as the weeaboo, the Japanophile loves all things Japanese. They love its





culture, its language, and its games, to the point which they jettison their country's way of life for that of the Japanese. If it comes from Japan, chances are that they love it more than all of their siblings and grand-parents combined. The Japanophile can be a cosplayer, Girl Gamer or Try-hard, but in a more distinct form. You can spot one for yourself relatively easily. They will speak in a broken hybrid of English and Japanese using the limited vocabulary they have learned from all the sub-or-die anime that they watch and JRPGs that they play, overusing words such as "baka" to the point that they sound like the stereotypical slice-of-life tsundere. They may not mean to be, but they can be some of the most annoying and aggravating people that you will ever meet; especially to those with any genuine knowledge of Japanese life-style.

**The Groupie.** The groupie may also go under its other alias: the fanboy/fangirl. They see the festival as a chance to meet their favourite YouTube gamers; their heroes. Be them fans of "KSI" or "The Yogscast," the Groupie will spend most of their day searching the entire expo hall for the rest of the Groupies mobbing their favourite YouTube stars, and, if given the chance, will get so close to their role models that they deserve charges of public indecency. They ask all the questions at Q&As, buy way too much merchandise, and know scary amounts about each YouTuber's personal lives. YouTube stars hate them, casual fans hate them, and you too should hate them.

**The Drunk.** While the Drunk is a gamer, that's not really why they attend gaming festivals. They do it for the social events, the bar outings, the late nights. The Drunk can be the true spirit of the party, the Drunk can be crazy, the Drunk can be stupid, the Drunk can annoy you, impress you, offend you, the Drunk can do anything with the help of just a drop of alcohol. Despite this, the Drunk is likely still hyperactive when sober, not stopping to think that you might not care about how badly they want to bed the hot cosplayer that they saw earlier today. Their drinking habits are unhealthy, but fortunately for you they consume that much alcohol that their drunken personality and their sober personality have pretty much merged into one.

**The Keeno.** Similar to the cosplayer, the Keeno is passionate about their favourite game, and wants nothing more than for you to understand their undying love as much as they do. They attend the festival for one reason only: to play all the new games for as long as possible, just so they can tell all their fake internet friends how

good/bad said new games are. If you haven't played their favourite game, they spoil it for you. If you don't like a game that they do, they will eternally hate you and condemn your soul to their own personalised version of hell. They're stubborn and judging, but they're not all bad; they'll entertain you enough while you're waiting in queues and might even offer you a copy of their favourite game if you argue about it enough.

**The Semi-Famous.** All the big YouTube stars started somewhere, right? Before they became known to the world of gaming, they were semi-famous. With a subscriber count of 20,000 and dreams of grandeur, the Semi-Famous is already doing well for themselves; whether or not their content is up to scratch when compared with that of the big names. Besides their great ambitions, they are just like any other gamer, and often remind you of this fact in their videos after courteously thanking their whole fan base for helping them reach their latest milestone. Whether you like them or not, try befriending them; that way you can brag to your friends that you knew them before they ascended and became fully-fledged famous (and hey, if you're really lucky you could appear in their videos and feed off their success for your own channel like so many before you have).

**The Casual.** While many Try-hards frown upon the (filthy) Casual, there is no doubting the fact that the majority of the festival will be made up of normal people who play, experience and enjoy video games purely for the fun of it. Casuals visit every stand, booth and setup, playing anything that they can get their hands on, and are usually surprisingly decent at most of the things they play, even if it is their first time. They don't strive to be the best (though they seem to like rubbing it in your face when they beat you), and don't take part in tournaments, but it's easy to see that they get plenty of fun from their way of play, and isn't that what games are for anyway?





Paris, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, became our home for four days in mid-October as the year thirteen French class managed to hijack their way onto a year eleven trip.

After a hideously long journey spent singing, rapping, dancing, drinking coffee and generally doing everything to avoid sleeping, we arrived in the City of Love. Or, more accurately, we attempted to visit the City of Love, spent three hours in a traffic jam and gave up, heading straight for the PGL centre where we were staying. Our ever-loving bus driver, Paul, nearly upended people's suitcases in his hurry to get rid of us, but to be fair after seventeen long hours of listening to the same fifteen songs on repeat we couldn't exactly blame him.

On arrival, we were served our first proper French meal: fish and chips. By this point, many of us were practically hysterical from lack of sleep, and the teachers looked ready to face-plant into their meals (until the wine was brought out. That perked them right up). We spent a minute amount of time exploring the site and checking for French zombies, then crashed, only to be harshly awoken at seven for a full day of Being Tourists.

The first proper day in Paris we spent climbing various monuments, starting with the famous Sacré-Cœur

cathedral on top of Montmartre, where Amélie is set. Mid-morning saw us all sweating after climbing over 300 steps under the sun whilst dodging cries of "Sexy lady! Lady Gaga! Five for one dollar!" from people desperately using their broken English to sell us Eiffel Tower keyrings whilst blatantly disregarding the rules of personal space. However, at the top of Montmartre was some kind of gourmet food market, which was pure heaven. People everywhere were



begging us to try their cheese, their wine, their hot chocolate (all were excellent and horribly pricey. I will never live down having to pay €11 for 200g of cheese). A quick lunch after stuffing ourselves on free samples, then right on to the Eiffel Tower itself.

Let me just inform those of you who aren't aware: there are 704 steps up to the second viewing platform. 704. And we walked up them all, on one of the hottest days in mid-October I have ever experienced. Legs shaking, we made it to Platform 1 and had the stomach-lurching sensation of standing on clear sections of floor, watching people queuing 57 metres below. Looking out instead of down was just

as dizzying, but in a more pleasant way. Driving through Paris, it doesn't seem that big, but when you look out, you can really start to appreciate its 105 km<sup>2</sup> area. Paris is a huge city, but as huge cities go, it's relatively short, meaning the view stretches out for miles of traditional architecture and general Frenchness.

The second platform was less terrifying due to its lack of see-through flooring, but all the more breathtaking for the view. Tourists of all nationalities rubbed shoulders in their attempts to take selfies and panoramas, whilst another couple posed awkwardly for their wedding photos, the bride ruining them with angry looks at people stepping on her dress. After a thorough walk around and all the cliché photos taken, we decided to head back down the tower (which is, if possible, scarier than going up) and have a mooch through the park, once more being harassed by people, this time selling selfie sticks.

The afternoon saw us on a boat heading down the river Seine, doing Touristy Things like waving to other tourist boats, wolf whistling at couples together on the banks and eating over-priced ice cream. We passed the Notre Dame, the Pont des Arts (sans padlocks) and as we headed further downstream we called out to locals in odd combinations of French and English, and they replied in kind. For a moment, we all imagined what it would be like to live in this incredible city, spending evenings doing homework or chilling with friends on the banks of the Seine, only to head home via the beautiful Latin Quarter and go to school next door to the Louvre.





That evening, we all traipsed out to an “authentic” French bowling alley, meaning you could smoke indoors and order alcohol without being ID’d. Us cooler Sixth Formers scoffed at the year elevens bowling, and then guffawed as we watched the teachers bring out those dinosaur-themed slope things that children use. It still didn’t have an impact on their terrible skills.

Another late night/early start combo meant that the morning of the second day we all looked, and felt, pretty rough. Luckily, we had an easier day, spending time in a small village near to the PGL centre doing market shopping and exploring. Most of the people in the village of Brie Compté Robert do not speak English, which is fine when all you’re ordering is grapes and some energetic hand gestures and vague noises convey your point perfectly well. But for us experienced French-speakers, another task had been laid out; not only did we have to buy and prepare lunch, we also had to find out one interesting fact from each person we bought food from. Here are some of the people we remember: Marie 1 sold us a baguette, and lived in another village but preferred working in Brie. Steven was gorgeous and his favourite vegetables were leeks. We bought a single tomato off him just to get the chance to speak to him. Marie 2 sold us grapes, and said that her favourite colour was blue. Serge had been working in



the market for two years, and was kind enough to let us try five cheeses before choosing an entirely different one.

Speaking French to the locals, although daunting at first, gives you the biggest rush, especially when they actually understand what you’re saying and reply. I couldn’t stop grinning after my entirely mundane encounter with one of the Maries, and all of us looked a little dreamy after talking to Steven.

That afternoon we had three hours of free time in the Latin Quarter, so we visited the famous Shakespeare & Co. bookshop-where Mrs Eaton became ecstatic and nearly bought their entire stock-the Notre Dame, and then went for a walk around some of the back streets. After once again buying overpriced ice cream (they shape it into flowers-how could we resist?), we spent the rest of the afternoon sat on the banks of the Seine taking indie photos and sunbathing, followed

*For a moment we all  
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incredible city*

by a lacklustre disco back at the PGL centre, operated by a man who had clearly pulled the short straw for the evening shift and knew it.

The final day was Shopping Day. Starting with a terrifying whirl on the crazy roundabout surrounding the Arc de Triomphe, we set off down the Champs-Élysées with an aim to spend ridiculous amounts of money.

We visited the most incredible macaron shop, where every single colour ever was represented with a matching flavour. We looked at crazily expensive rings in Tiffany and got evils from all the employees, then spent hours in Abercrombie, waiting to see if the topless models would appear. They never did, and that was perhaps the most upsetting part of the whole trip, but there were models outside

willing to pose with us for awkward photos. We then walked (what seemed like) the entire length of the city to the quirky Pompidou Centre, followed by more walking to get to the famous Hard Rock Café where we ate dinner. Then we all piled back onto the hated coach, were greeted sarcastically by Paul, and that was it.

I wish. The journey home was dire, and for Mr Lowe, it was clearly too much. We arrived at the Channel Tunnel and he stumbled off the coach in a full length blanket-dress, an elastic band pushing his hair away from his face and his shoes on the wrong feet, only to fall into some kind of children’s ride simulator. He paid for a go, all the while with an entirely blank expression, students and teachers alike gawking at him. He looked like he’d escaped a mental facility. He spent the rest of the hour’s wait shuffling around the station looking lost, before falling asleep as soon as he got back on the coach.



Then it really was over, and we arrived back at school with a depressed cloud hanging over us. Paul seemed to be the only cheerful one, though it was hard to tell if he was happy we were miserable or simply that he was getting rid of us. We bundled ourselves into bed for the rest of the day, sad that we were home, but inside we all smiled because we knew we’d had an amazing time.

# Five Biggest Differences Between High School and Sixth Form

By Faye Maloney



## Before and After...



Since starting Sixth Form in September, it's fair to say that we Year 12 students have undergone a drastic change, so much so that our previous Year 11 lives seem like a distant memory. Now that we're all nice and settled in, here's my reflection on the biggest differences between High School and Sixth Form.

### 1. Every day is non-uniform day

Perhaps the most shocking change between Year 11 and Year 12 is the uniform, or perhaps lack of. We all remember our last day fondly, scribbling on shirts and burning blazers; everyone excited to be finally free of the dreadful uniform, but the reality finally hit on the last day of August- what on earth am I going to wear in September? Frantic dashes to Chester and constant online shopping filled out our wardrobes nicely, and we were reassured with the abundance of outfits that we would be able to pick and choose as we pleased. How wrong we were. Two weeks in to Sixth Form, on a dull Tuesday morning, we faced the ultimate dilemma: surrounded by a pile of clothes, we admitted the dreaded statement, 'I have nothing to wear.' Luckily, there is no judgement in Sixth Form; therefore outfit repeating is not seen as criminal. Wearing the same pair of jeans three times a week is normal, and I doubt people would comment even if you did choose to wear the same outfit every day (although I definitely wouldn't recommend it).

### 2. Free Periods

Looking back, I have no idea how I managed to cope with five lessons a day. The beauty of Sixth Form is that free periods are a thing and they are oh-so-appreciated.

Whether you spend them actually doing work (like most of Year 13), or just chilling in Munch with a cup of tea (like pretty much all of year 12), they are possibly the best perk of Sixth Form life. Sprawled against the luxurious leather of the sofas whilst watching the constant flicking through music channels, you really begin to understand the true meaning of the word bliss. In future, I imagine I will do some work in my free periods, but for now, I'm very happy to use them to enjoy a well-earned break from hectic Sixth Form life.

### 3. The Work Load

Speaking of hectic Sixth Form life, the worst thing by far about Year 12 is the ever-increasing workload. In fact, as I sit and write this, I am procrastinating two essays I currently have to do. These days teachers don't want to hand everything to us on a plate; we actually have to do independent work, such as further reading...on our own... with no encouragement. It's fair to say this is a world apart from the easy life of GCSEs, where a nice page of copied and pasted research would suffice as homework. Most of my teachers like to set homework on the same day, meaning I find myself suffocating under the list of tasks to do each week. Somehow I soldier on, but I guarantee at some point in the year the amount of work I have to do will cause me to have a breakdown!

### 4. Stationery

A small change, yet something that has made a real dent in my bank account. At home I find myself drowning in folders; neck deep in dividers and plastic wallets. I have small folders, big folders, folders to take to school and



ones to leave at home. Coloured folders, plastic folders, cardboard folders- the lot. On top of this I have notebooks, textbooks, highlighters; the list is endless. And yet none of it ever seems to be enough. In Year 11 most of my sheets were tucked or glued into my exercise book, which was then thrown in a drawer, only to be consulted when I had a lesson. The emphasis in Sixth Form is all about the organisation, and how important hand-outs are for revision. Although the filing system is extreme, there is something unusually satisfying about sliding an A4 handout into a shiny plastic wallet, and having your sheets in perfect order in your colour coordinated binder.

### 5. Respect from teachers

Since starting Sixth Form I have noticed a huge difference in the level of respect from teachers. Throughout lower school we were treated like children, which, in all fairness, we were, but in Sixth Form the teachers seem to loosen up a bit more. In these past few weeks I've heard teachers use language more liberally, talk about their personal and social lives (which I didn't even know they had), and actually acknowledge me when I'm walking

around school, whereas I used to just be bombarded by dirty looks. Shouting out in lessons is a thing now, and seating plans cease to exist. Despite this new-found respect, I've noticed they still like to keep on top of homework, and can still give out yellow/white slips, something we all thought we'd walked away from last year.

Although very different from high school, I love the freedom and independence of Sixth Form, and think I'll enjoy the rest of Year 12, as long as I don't crack under the pressure!



## The Desperate Dreamers of Cheshire...

By Sally Heath

Scrolling through my Facebook newsfeed the other day, I suddenly came across a newspaper article that had been shared – 'Cheshire, the Mayfair of the North West.' Then I saw another headline: 'Tarporey in the top ten most envied towns to live in Cheshire.' Really?

We cannot deny that our Instagram bio proudly states our home county of 'Cheshire' and there is nothing wrong with that at all – it's where our roots are planted, right? However, there is going to be a point where living in Cheshire has its struggles and limitations ... and I think that point has been reached.

Why swap the rolling fields for urban skyscrapers and a career in the city you ask? Well, there's nothing more motivational than going to a big city and setting your eyes on a career that will get you a six figure pay cheque: the glamour, the drama, the cash! When I told Mrs McMillan I wanted to be a lawyer and she replied with, 'Oh I can really imagine you swaggering into court with your gown and wig,' this really set my life aspiration alight and I vowed that nothing would get in the way of my dream ....

Until I got home.

Out in the sticks I can chase my sister on the quad bike until she falls off her horse, walk the dog to the highest point in Cheshire and watch the sun set or sit and fall asleep next to a blazing log burner, when the temperatures are below zero outside and the fields are covered with a sheet of snow. At this point, I wonder why on earth would I want to pursue a job in the urban sprawl, where the snow would be mush, the air would be polluted with the fumes of car exhausts and the highest point in the city would be on top of a grimy tower block.

For now Cheshire, you may not be as glamorous as the headlines suggest, but you've lured me in and I'm here to stay ...



# Tarporley Staff Pitch in for Charity

By Matty Davies

**2 teams, 4 goals, £250 for Syrian Refugees.**

The lunchtime on the 23rd of October was different from most. Students turned up en masse to the gates of the Astroturf to witness what can only be described as the most impressive showcase of footballing talent the world has ever seen: Tarporley teachers having a kick about.

Drawing large crowds, the staff played a game to raise money for the Syrian refugee fund. The match proved to be a success, ending with a 2-2 draw, raising £250 for a great cause. Special thanks to Tom Garnett, William Ainsworth, and the rest of the student council team for organising the event.



Jack about to get the ball in his face...



Toase on his toes...



Pryor's shock at the wrong shaped ball



Guess who's the actual football player?





And the crowd goes wild!



Snapped by the paps!



Mr Phillips in slide tackle shuffle...



Models of athleticism!



## Spread Peace and Love

Friday, November the 13<sup>th</sup> 2015. A day the world will remember. One of the most devastatingly beautiful cities in the world brought to its knees by a disastrous event. Hundreds of lives ended or changed irrevocably by a handful of terrorists with blood in their hearts and metal in their hands. And let us not forget those who died in the attacks in Beirut on the same night, and all those we have lost to the hands of evil people who claim to be doing the right thing as they hold guns to the temples of people's children.

No matter what political, religious or social stance you take, this is wrong. What we find so horrifying and difficult to comprehend is that Paris is so close. It's so modern, and it's so powerful. How could seven gunmen take down a city like that so easily? And if they can do it there, what's stopping them from doing it here?



To an extent, it's selfish contemplation. It's basic self-preservation. When we read about this on the news, we think "that could have been me." On the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> of November, my mum comes into my room crying. "You were in Paris three weeks ago," she says. "You were at a rock concert last night."

Watching shaky videos by people running away from the scenes is even more hard-hitting. These are *real* people. Just like you and me. These are not far-off news reports from somewhere in the Middle East. And although the people in those countries deserve our thoughts just as much, it is events like this that really make us realise what some people are going through in conflict-ridden areas.

What is perhaps the most emotional thing to read about is the reaction of the Parisian residents. Hashtags circulated Twitter inviting people who didn't feel safe to stay in local apartments, and there were queues outside all the hospitals the next day to give blood to those who had been injured. The overwhelmingly positive reaction from people around the world acting in support of those affected, especially through social media, was truly heart-warming. In such tenuous times, being able to see members of different cultures, races and religions all banding together in support of innocent people, often from countries and races different to their own, is moving to say the very least.

All we can do now is spread peace and love among ourselves, our families and our friends, and allow our thoughts to be with those suffering in the aftermath of these horrific times.

In the words of Dan Reynolds, lead singer of Imagine Dragons (the concert I was attending during the attacks in Paris), "There's not much we can do to stop people from killing other people. We will not be afraid of every single person in the world. Let's come together and forget about religion, about states, forget about countries, forget about colour, forget about sex. It's time that we wake up as a world and see each other as we truly are: human beings trying to make the best of what we have. We need to be one as humanity to find peace."

