

# TERM

Winter 2016

MR  
NUTTALL

The **HISTORY** Boy

America's  
**TRUMP**  
Card?

*Festive  
Frustrations*

The  
*Evolution*  
of  
THS

Teen  
Tech  
Takeover



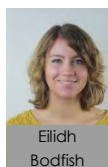


**Liv Taylor**  
**Editor**

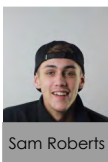
Welcome to the first edition of this school year—and the least of this calendar year. As we close 2016, we look at America's election and Trump's potential, explore sports both mainstream and obscure, partake in the great book vs film debate and we even have an exclusive interview with the main man himself, Mr Nuttall. We've welcomed Year 12 to the team and, as year 13 get ready to pass the baton, we've produced something that we think is perfect for perusal while you're avoiding your study periods. Enjoy, and Merry Christmas from the TERM team.

**TERM**

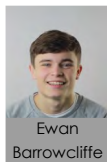
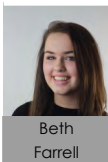
# CONTENTS



**Assistant editor**

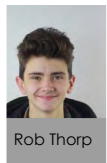
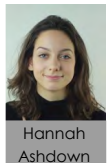
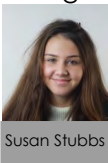


**Feature writers**

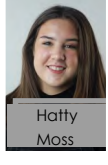
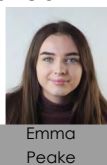


**Design Directors**

**Design team**



**Business team**



**3—Your Glass is Half Full**

**4—Goodbye Political Correctness, Hello Correctness?**

**5—Editing a School Magazine: The Ugly Truth**

**6—Movie Adaptations**

**8—Unique Athletes**

**10—The Nine Types of People You Meet on Instagram**

**12—A Modern Day Christmas**

**13—Mr Nuttall... And the rest is History**

**16—Love Trumps Hate**

**18—The Supposed Teenage Takeover**

**19—Hacked Off: Are the Press Pushing it Too Far?**

**20—The trivialisation of OCD**

**21—VR Gaming: Who's Who?**

**23—The Five Types of Relative You'll Meet This Christmas**

**24—Arnold's Playlist**

**25—Blood, Sweat and Hangovers: The Indisputable Truths about Sunday League Football**

**26—The evolution of THS; Through the eyes of a Sixth Former**

**28—Is God Real?**



# YOUR GLASS IS HALF FULL.

WHY YOU SHOULD STOP COMPARING YOURSELF TO EVERYONE ELSE.

---

If you are like me, you probably catch yourself falling into the ever-alluring yet emotionally dangerous trap of comparing yourself to others. According to social comparison theory, we do this in an attempt to make accurate evaluations of ourselves. But at what cost? While comparison can be a valuable source of motivation and growth, it can also spin us into a tail-chasing frenzy of self-doubt. With the explosion of social media giving us access to continuous material upon which to compare ourselves, our attempts to keep up with the Kardashians have moved beyond the store shelves and onto the web. This makes it especially important, now more than ever, to think about the downside of using others as a benchmark for our own worth.

Remember that nobody is perfect. We live in a society that glamorizes perfection. Consider that magazine racks are full of models and celebrities with perfect faces telling one sided stories of great triumph and fulfilment. One important step to avoiding the lure of comparison is to remember that one snapshot in time never tells the whole story. The story is never told of the hours in a makeup room, or the photo editing techniques that cover the blemishes. The story is rarely told of their insecurities or failures (except to mention how they were overcome). That story doesn't sell nearly as

many magazines. There is no end to the comparison game. There is an infinite number of categories upon which you can compare yourself... and an almost infinite number of people you can compare yourself to. Once you start down that road, you will never, ever find an end. But the truth remains: there are no perfect people – including you and including me.

Comparison robs you of joy. Comparing yourself to others will always cause you to regret what you aren't, rather than allow you to enjoy who you are. It will always steal the joy and happiness that is within your reach... and place it just out of your reach instead.

But even more than wasting time, it prevents us from fully living our lives. It calls us to envy someone else's life and seek theirs rather than our own. It is robbing us of our most precious possession: life itself. And while the temptation to compare may never be completely eliminated, there are certainly some practical steps that we can take to move past it. As humans, it is in our nature to compare ourselves to others. But nothing good ever comes from it. So let's stop comparing ourselves to others. We were not born to live their life. There is no sense in wasting our life – or energy – being jealous of theirs. Instead, let's start living our lives. Let's determine today to be good at it. After all, we only get one shot.

*By Minnie Leahy*





# GOODBYE POLITICAL CORRECTNESS. HELLO CORRECTNESS?

Donald Trump once tweeted that 'what separates the winners from the losers is how a person reacts to each new twist of fate.' If this is true then liberals worldwide are not just losers in an electoral sense, but generally as well. Unless you believe that smashing cars and spewing tears across social media is a good reaction to a twist of fate, because- and make no mistake- Donald Trump becoming president is a twist of fate. For a man who was vilified by the mass media and disowned by his own party to win the election was nothing short of amazing. Trump winged his way through the primaries by bluster, perseverance and the lack of a credible opposition. His biggest challenger for the GOP nomination was Ted Cruz, a man who was simply less skilful at manipulating public opinion than Teflon Don (it also helped that at this point the media treated him more as a new toy than as the devil incarnate.) Other opponents included Marco Rubio- the poster child of the run as a conservative but govern as a liberal republicans and Ben Carson- a creationist neurosurgeon. Rubio's plight was a microcosm of America and the establishment, but I am surprised that America wasn't tempted by the lustre of such a scientific trailblazer (Carson was the first surgeon to successfully separate Siamese twins) who also doesn't believe in evolution. Trump's task in the general election was much greater, he had to defeat the epitome of the establishment- Hillary Clinton, a former secretary of state with a manifesto almost entirely congruent with the current government. The presidency was even in the family! By this point the mainstream media had realised that a victory for Trump was a real possibility and the blatantly partisan propaganda had begun. Yet Trump still won.

This comes down to two main reasons. Firstly, he effectively harnessed the votes of blue-collar Americans in swing states. In other words, whites without 'white privilege' who were disillusioned with the democratic elite carping on about it as a smokescreen for their own, very re-

al privilege. Additionally, the 'normal' western way of life had been slowly eroded ever since third-wave feminism began and abstract ultra-left wing notions such as gay marriage and transgender toilets became a new norm. The electorate revolted in what basically became a referendum on Washington's elite career politicians. The vote demographics even suggest that minorities and women have become tired of the race/gender/sexuality newspaper that the American electorate have been hit over the head with for decades. For instance, Trump's supposed sexism failed to deter 42% of women, and 51% of white women. Laughably, Clinton even failed to win her own demographic. The only conclusion to draw from this is that most people either don't believe Trump is a bigot, or just don't care; suggesting America itself is bigoted is downright idiotic as the president is still a black man until January. It also not only does a disservice to the tolerant majority, it provides both an excuse and a platform for the real racists by blaming Trump for their bigotry. The real irony is that this left-wing propaganda is what probably pushed the real fanatics to support Trump in the first place. The second reason is that Trump broke the cycle of democrats overloading the USA's welfare system and punishing hard-working Americans that previously enjoyed a privileged position in the system. This happened because of the increased immigration and benefits enrolment pioneered by the democrats- though in the short term this benefits the poorest it can have devastating consequences if not checked by the fiscal conservatism of the republicans. Unfortunately, the liberal masterstroke of political correctness led to a shift of the GOP further to the centre, whilst the democrats remain further to the left of the spectrum. This meant that not only were the democrats more successful in elections (playing of the manufactured public dis-

gust at anti-minority gaffes), when the republicans did win they were unable to enact any significant right-wing policies for fear of losing control. This led to an increasingly socialist nation, the climax of which was the abject failure of Obamacare and could have been a governmental and economic collapse. Trump has postponed this, but will he break the cycle properly and enact meaningful change?

If Trump succeeds as president, he could transform America and consequently the world into a better place whilst shattering

the pervasive liberal penchant for identity politics and political correctness. But if he fails it will probably spark the end of republicanism in America and the beginning of a globalised, Marxist world.

By Arthur Brummitt

## Editing a School Magazine: The Ugly Truth

We've all watched *The Devil Wears Prada*, right? Meryl Streep killing it (as usual) as an Anna Wintour-inspired, badass editor of the biggest magazine in New York. She's a raging bitch, she's selfish and rude—and she's everything I've ever wanted to be.

It was the film that sparked my love of journalism. We're meant to empathise with and admire Andy, the woe-is-me, misunderstood and mistreated office intern with God-awful fashion sense and world's worst boss who takes the high road and does the selfless thing and comes out on top in the end, but where's the fun in that?

With my heart set on journalism, I ran for editor of this magazine and, due to my exceptional linguistic prowess and natural leadership skills, I got the role. (That is completely and utterly a lie, I am the only one who applied to be editor.) I figured it would look good on my UCAS—because I can't do anything without the voice of at least one Tina in my head, harassing me about padding out my personal statement—and it would give me a taster of what it would be like to be an actual, real life journalist.

Turns out, it's a lot less barking orders at interns to get me my Starbucks orders and fancy meetings with fancy fashion

people in which I can purse my lips and the whole world loses their mind. Far from it, actually. Have you ever tried to organise a group of 30 teenagers? Trying to get everyone in the same place at the same time is a mission impossible, no matter how many posts you put on your really cool, really effective Facebook group. Articles have gone missing, Publisher has crashed at least 14 BILLION TIMES and Adobe doesn't work on the school computers, so I nearly had to publish a magazine without a headline. Blood, sweat and tears (and wine) have been the driving forces behind this publication. The whole truth is that I'm writing this article at 3:42pm because I have a spare half a page and this had to go in for printing 12 minutes ago.

I'm being a drama queen, because that's my trademark; it's really not as awful as I'm pretending it is. The team behind this edition have demonstrated determination, dedication and drive and although we haven't successfully managed to all be together at one specific time, everyone has done their bit to make this magazine what it is.

Without my trusty sidekick Eilidh, the feature writers, proof readers, design team and of course the wonderful Mrs McMillan I would be a mess of tears and frustrations—more so than I naturally am, anyway. I am endlessly proud of the content that we're able to put out, and I am still chasing that Miranda Priestly dream. Pursue your ambitions, don't be defeated by stress and Microsoft Publisher, and be like florals for spring—ground breaking.

By Olivia Taylor



# Do movie adaptations limit the imagination?

**R**ecently, it seems as if the only mark of a book's success is whether or not it makes it onto the big screen. Box-office hits such as *The Notebook*, *Twilight* and *The Hunger Games* - to name but a few - have proven that the combination of an author's ideas and a director's vision can be hugely popular. For the author, a screen adaptation of their novel can lead to enormous financial gains; take George R R Martin, who earns \$15 million per year from the TV series of his epic series *A Song of Ice and Fire*, now better known as HBO's *Game of Thrones* (incidentally, this is \$5 million more than he earns from the books). Yet when it increasingly appears that people are more familiar with the screen adaptations than with the original books, does an author begin to lose control of

***“The movie can never fully reflect... the book.”***

their own creation?

For many authors, I'm sure that being approached by a film director seems like a dream come true. Their work has been recognised as outstanding, and will now reach a much wider audience than the book has. No doubt it's exciting to see the characters they imagined coming to life, to watch the story blossom outside of their own head - but the actors can never look quite how the author imagined them and the story can never fully reflect the infinitely more detailed plot line of the book. It can take weeks to read a good novel, and when a director attempts to cram all that detail into 2 hours of screen time, it's inevitable that some parts will be left out. So no matter how much input an author has into



the screen adaptation of their work, when a movie reaches its audience it often bears only a superficial resemblance to the novel. In this case, surely it must be bittersweet for an author when this simplified, commercialised version of their hard work achieves greater success than the original; when people prefer someone else's interpretation of your ideas to your own. The truth is that a film is the easy option. People are lazy. In a film, we are spoon-fed the characters and plot in an easily digestible piece of escapism that can be enjoyed and promptly forgotten. Don't get me wrong - I'm unashamedly addicted to the *Lord of the Rings* film trilogy and I love the overwhelming excitement of epic adventures and enormous battles rolling over you in a few short (ok, not that short) hours. The books are equally exciting and gorgeously written, but it's true that the intense feeling of being transported to another world isn't quite so intoxicating when split into 20-minute chunks every night for a month.

A book is a commitment of hours of your free time. You don't get a picture of the characters; you have to build that image in your own imagination. While this might seem like a downside for some, I would argue that if a book is well-written, this is the most enjoyable part of reading. Immersing yourself in a story, getting to know the characters more and more over a long period of time, can be much more rewarding than seeing them briefly on a screen.



Everyone reading a book interprets the author's words differently. The character seems unique and special to every reader, but still as the author intended them to be. That's why fans of a book are so often disappointed by the film adaptation - 'that's not how I imagined them at all' must be heard almost as often in a cinema as 'please turn off your

m o b i l e   p h o n e s ' . ***“Are our imaginations narrower than the width of a cinema screen?”***

As for those people who watch the film first - is there any greater disservice to do an author? Picking up a Harry Potter novel, with the unshakeable image of Emma Watson as Hermione in your mind, is equivalent to rendering every word of J K Rowling's description so much wasted ink. Years went into the creation of that character, painstaking attention to the choice of words that would recreate her in readers' minds exactly as Rowling imagined her. Give her the face of an actor and all that goes to waste. Not to mention the setting - a picture may paint a thousand words, but can a 5-second pan over a mountainside evoke the same sense of beauty as a page of well-crafted prose?

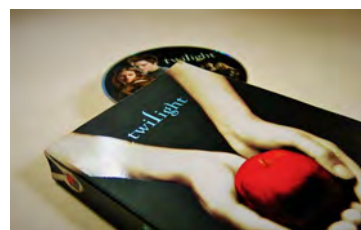
I'm aware that this may be a controversial opinion to hold. I apologise to cinematographers and set designers who create fine art from a film; perhaps seeing a scene in full colour, motion and sound does have a greater power to evoke emotion than black-and-white words on a page. But if this is true, isn't it a shame that our imaginations are narrower than the width of a cinema screen? Have our minds

lost the ability to create, or is it that general standards of writing simply can't compete with the visual detail offered by a film?

I will admit that films can occasionally be better than the books which inspired them; an author's poor descriptions and clumsy writing style can be erased by good screenwriters and actors if the plot is essentially sound, and action-heavy stories often fare better on the big screen, where special effects make them more exciting and impressive. Examples exist, too, of beautifully written and subtle novels which manage to retain their character in film form, such as Schindler's List, though these are rare; the quality of writing is often as great a pleasure as the story itself, and this just doesn't trans-

l a t e   i n t o   f i l m . I'm not trying to say that books are a superior form of entertainment to films; both have their ad-

vantages and disadvantages and should exist together as different art forms. However, it is difficult to maintain this distinction when adapted books are re-launched with new covers showing the movie actors, the image emblazoned with NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE, as if the original cover wasn't good enough, as if a book only deserves to be successful once it is available as a film. When a film causes more books to be sold and helps the author's work to become more popular, the advantages of movie adaptations are clear. Still, I could argue with you for hours that the best way to experience a novel is in its original form; held delicately between the pages of a book, no soundtrack, no special effects, just the words unfolding straight from the author's imagination and coming to life in your own.



By Eilidh Bodfish

## UNIQUE ATHLETES WHO MOVE AMONGST US ...

On a wide spectrum, there are only a few sports that are recognised, for example football, rugby and cricket. However, within our school we have overlooked athletes whose sporting achievements go unrecognised.

Recently, we have been uncovering a few of these people and have been very interested to see what made them get into more unique and under-represented sports. We intended to find out how they got involved in such confined sports and why they still enjoy them when their field is excluded to many, with less exposure in the public eye.

### SPORT: FENCING



### ATHLETE: JOE MILLS

Joe is a Sixth Form student at Tarporley and is a talented fencer. He started Fencing in Year 7 when he joined the school club and extended this to every Friday. The club varied in age, from year 7s to year 13s. Although this was a new found sport for Joe, he found himself thriving off the competitive nature and adrenaline involved in the sport.

Joe has been in the sport for 5 years now and is still heavily involved, hoping to achieve more success. His club came 1st in the Cheshire competition 2 years in a row - who wouldn't enjoy all that glory? If you're interested in getting involved, it's a small cost at £4 a lesson and coaches provide equipment.

Fencing is a sport that we all know from watching the Olympics and other events, it requires high skill to perform at the best level. Joe's ultimate ambition is to: "join Wrexham fencing club and gradually build up to perform at a higher level."

Amy is another student at Tarporley and is a competitive Rower. Amy began Rowing in 2013 when she was encouraged by her Dad. Amy wasn't keen on the idea of starting a new and unusual sport, however, after attending sessions at Royal Chester Rowing Club she began to enjoy the sport and became fully committed.

Amy enjoys competing in races which motivates her - as she trains 5-6 times a week! The physical test is not the only challenge faced when participating in Rowing as races tend to be very early and require immense commitment and dedication.

Representing the North West at the Inter Regional Regatta competition, Amy's club has achieved much local success, even finishing 4th fastest at the British Championships in the Summer of 2016.

Katherine Grainger CBE is a British rower and a role model to Amy and many other young Rowers. With five Olympic Medals she is Great Britain's most decorated female Olympian. Amy finds her aspirational stating: "I want to compete at a National event and be awarded a medal."

### ATHLETE: AMY MORRIS



### SPORT: ROWING



## SPORT: MOUNTAIN BOARDING



### ATHLETE: MARK ADAMS

Mark is another Sixth Form student at Tarporeley who is also a very talented sportsman. Mark is a Professional Mountain Boarder who rides for Hales and MBS – the organisation he is sponsored by. He has also ridden for Mitsubishi where he participated in an advertising scheme.

He started riding when he was just 9 years old when his Grandma told him about Hale's Superbole, a place where lots of recreational activities take place. He consequently had a lesson and fell in love with the sport from that moment.

Mark believes it takes skill and determination as well as being able to face the fear factor. Mountain Boarding has a much higher risk of injury than most sports which is why riders have to be fearless to perform at their best.

Matt Brind is a fellow Mountain Boarder, who also rides at Hales and has performed at the prestigious Nitro Circus which is an example of what you can achieve through the sport. And through total dedication of course! Mark wants to make Mountain Boarding a career and a vocation, stating: "I enjoy the adrenaline that comes with riding in races and attempting new tricks. I want Mountain Boarding to become my full time job in the future. I also want to be on Nitro Circus and tour around the world Mountain Boarding."

Isabella and Hannah Ashdown are both sixth formers and very skilled badminton players.

Recently returning to badminton 3 years ago, they both now play for Christleton, playing in the Chester District Tournament. Before this they both played when they were 9 due to their Mum knowing the organiser, now playing 3 times a week, putting in a minimum of 6 hours per week, including both training and matches.

They enjoy playing doubles, but also very much enjoy the social aspect of the sport getting to play in a friendly peer group, getting to play with people their own age. Also, among their many skills, they particularly enjoy playing drop shots and smashes.

In the future, they plan to continue to play badminton, in order to further develop their skills and competitively play more matches.

## SPORT: BADMINTON



### ATHLETES: HANNAH ASHDOWN & ISABELLA ASHDOWN

The moral of this article: try something new and active today!

*By Joe Clark and George Gregory*

# The Nine Types of People You Meet on Instagram

So, for those of you who have been living under a rock for the past five years, Instagram is yet another social media platform on which teenagers can post meaningless photographs paired with grammatically incorrect captions. (No, it is completely different to Snapchat! Why would you even suggest that?) However, with all the new apps and opportunities to virtually document every aspect of one's life, comes the inevitability of people using it wrong. And quite frankly, we're all getting a little sick of some of these Instagram users. These are the ten people we all hate on Instagram.

## 1. The Gym Guy

Scientific Fact: your workout doesn't actually count unless you Instagram it.

Congratulations sir, you have managed to take yet another shirtless selfie of you working out. Don't get me wrong, I admire your determination and, if I'm being completely honest, your very well-toned abs, but quit making us all look bad! If I'm lounging on my sofa in a pile of crumbs, scoffing down some Doritos, the last thing I need to see is you bragging about your fitness regime. It's just a constant reminder of my lethargy and lack of self-control. And never mind you tagging your location, we all believe you, don't worry, you have nothing to prove.

## 2. The 'Lazy Day' Girl

So what that you have flawless skin and naturally long eyelashes, and your hair has so effortlessly been thrown up in a messy bun? Your eyebrows are so perfectly shaped without any grooming and you just roll out of bed looking like you just

fell off a cat walk. Such a gift.

Well, I ain't buying it. You seriously expect me to believe you look like that without any help at all? Your selfie of you in an oversized hoodie, chilling on a beanbag with a cup of tea is so perfectly lit, you must have a dozen behind the scenes crew gathered around you. You aren't fooling anyone, babe.

## 3. The Breakfast Bonanza

Now, I'm going to say what we're all thinking; avocados aren't even that nice.

I'm sorry, but who started this!? Whether its overnight oats beautifully layered with berries and yogurt, a green vegetable smoothie or the ever so popular poached-egg-and-avocado-on-toast, it needs to stop. One; no one cares what you're eating for breakfast. Two; it looks pretty, but does it even taste that good? Three: I bet you don't actually eat that healthy every day. So, calm down, and have a bowl of coco pops.

## 4. The Instagram Chefs

Similar to the previous one, these people are quite the healthy eaters. It's not that I have anything against you dining on a delicious gluten free, vegan, oil free, fat free, low carb curry, (which, let's face it, at this point, is just a bowl of peppers) but I don't want to hear about it. Strangely enough, I have better things to do in life than look at pictures of a meal you have spent hours slaving away preparing whilst I'm reheating a pizza. It just makes me feel inadequate. And I might be able to cope with it if it weren't for the captions claiming that you are "wifey material" or, even worse, a list of all the ingredients used, as if I'm going to bother making it. No thanks.

Also, by the time you've taken the perfect photograph, is your meal even still hot?

Yeah, didn't think so.

### 5. The Hashtag Enthusiast

#selfie #girl #blonde #nofilter  
#nomakeup #sleepy #goodvibes  
#blessed #happyplace #mornings  
#smiles

You know who you are.

#pleasestop

### 6. Mr and Mrs Can You Not

I'm not so cynical to say that couples cannot post a picture together on Instagram, that is absolutely fine.

However, I kind of hate you. As a continuously single person (by choice, just saying), it's not exactly the most fun thing to scroll past. Every adorable picture of a happy couple is just another stab at how chronically alone I am. Seriously, you guys are so obnoxiously and obsessively together at all times that we wonder if you have somehow miraculously morphed into one single human being. I'm sick of the kissing photos and the pictures of your feet together in various locations and the "best boyfriend ever", "such a lucky girl" captions. Tell each other in person, I certainly don't need to hear about how your girlfriend is your \*insert word emoji here\*.

### 7. The Throw Back Thursdayer

This person's life probably peaked in high school. Whether it's the old net ball team photos, the prom pics or the mirror selfies from your sixteenth birthday, this person literally has nothing better to post. Sure, reminiscence and nostalgia are fun from time to time, but don't you think its saying something about your life if you're not posting anything current? Maybe instead of scrolling through the old photos and remembering "the good old days" you should spend some more time enjoying the present.

### 8. The Instagram Mum

Previously known as the Facebook mum but, how times have changed.

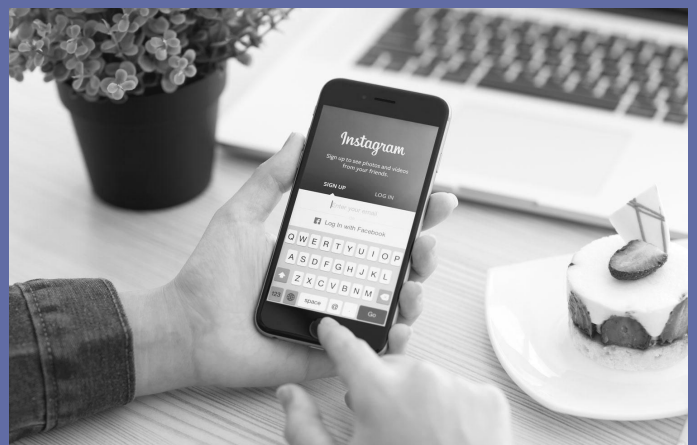
This mum (or dad) is obsessed with journaling every catastrophically dull thing they can think of. For example, how excited they are about a new blender in the kitchen, or booking a two-day holiday to Rhyl for their "lovely family". I promise you, all of your friends will find this account and torment you for the rest of your adolescence.

On top of this emotionally damaging cake of mortification, is the cherry that is the childhood photos. Publicly online are now the photographs from your first day of school, pictures of you in the bath tub as a baby and let's not forget the family photos from when you were going through that emo phase, ("It's not a phase mum, this is who I am."), sound familiar? That side fringe was a terrible idea by the way.

### 9. You

There, I said it, and it's true. You, my friend, are one of the people I hate on Instagram, because you are all of the above. And I am all of the above too. In fact, there is not a single Instagrammer reading this article who is not guilty of at least one of these traits. If you're sat there shaking your head: you're lying.

It's gotten so bad we may as well all cut our losses and delete the app all together. So, if we have learnt anything from the technical advances that are smartphones, it is that deep down, we are all pretentious, throw-backing, gym-going, selfie-taking, hashtagging food photographers, and we will never change.





# What makes a Modern Day Christmas?

Christmas, everyone's favourite time of year: the time of year we have a pine smelling tree stood in our living room smothered in beautiful decorations, perfectly placed by our mothers. If you have a mother like mine enforces a strict regime of POP (Perfect Ornament Placement), then you know how it feels to be constantly judged when helping decorate the tree. Allow me to enlighten you ... just as you think you've found the perfect spot for a bauble and move on to the next one, your mother is (not so) secretly rearranging your bauble to fit her masterpiece design. Grrrr. I give up.

Christmas is the time of year we spend all our money on gifts for our closest friends and family - when glistening lights follow you down streets and city centers and when we come together as one. During our Christmas celebrations everyone has a giant smile emerging from the rest of the faces, and anything negative in the Christmas season is tucked away behind our festive positivity. Christmas is about making others happy, building snowmen and decorating our houses and streets to look as much like Lapland as we can .... not forgetting the white-haired man in the red suit of course.

However, this isn't what Christmas used to be.

The idea of what Christmas is has changed dramatically over the years. Christmas was formerly about celebrating a religious festival with family - nowadays it's about deciding what a rotund, make-believe character should bring you on December 25th ... and eating pigs in blankets. (Obligatory.) **Doesn't that just scream festivity to you?**

Back in the day, however, children would run around their pine and cinnamon scented homes, enjoying the sacred day with their families, but in our modern day Christmas all kids seem to care about is whether Santa brought them that new iPad, laptop or PlayStation they wanted. Most will then be fixated on their brand new, flickering and entrancing TV screen (that the elves made of course) for the rest of the day.

On December 24th parents make sure they have all the presents ready for the big day wrapping presents faster than you can say 'Turkey', preparing tomorrow's monstrous meal and watching the classic Christmas movies: Home Alone, What a Wonderful Life and of course the Grinch on repeat. In our modern day society, nothing brings us together better than a cheesy, festive movie with some munchies.

Just think, back in the day, children would actually want to play board games with their family, you know, actually interact with one another. Sadly, gone are the days of families Christmas caroling, now we prefer to listen to Justin Bieber's Christmas album on Spotify, that way no socialising is necessary and "festivities" become rather isolated scenarios. It's almost as if, in modern society, we are scared of one another.

Now, don't get me wrong, I do have a typical, modern day Christmas, and I love it - the type of Christmas where we leave Santa and Rudolph a Cookie or mince pie, a carrot and a glass of milk before we go to bed on Christmas Eve. **(Yep, never too old!)** The type where we wake up on Christmas Day to be smothered in expensive materialistic items, depending on whether or not we were naughty or nice of course, and the type where the family come round and we all get together to enjoy a beautiful Christmas dinner - the one traditional aspect of Christmas we all still follow. However, even in this blissful almost Dickensian scene, there is a chance Christmas can be destroyed by the domination of brussel sprouts invading everybody's plates, beware.

So if the modern day Christmas is less active and traditional, why do we still enjoy it so much? The reason we still adore the month of December is because we relish spoiling others with gifts and seeing their excited faces when they open them. We like the idea of decorating our houses and cities to look like Santa's grotto. We love the opportunity to eat as many Celebration chocolates as our stomachs will allow.

And most of all ... most critically ... and of utmost importance ... we just love pigs in blankets ... let's make them a year-long addition to every meal!

By Bethany Farrell

# Mr Nuttall...

and the rest is history...



**I**n between managing UCAS applications and writing references, I managed to catch Mr Nuttall aside from his busy schedule to talk history, politics and life as our new Head of Sixth Form.

### **If you could back to when you were in sixth form, what would you do differently?**

When I was in sixth form, exams were linear so I very much perceived it as having a year off as we'd just finished our O Levels so we thought we were entitled to having a year off. So, I probably didn't put as much effort in during year 12. I was actually put on report by my deputy head teacher so if I was to go back I would work harder in the first year.

### **Having just started sixth form, do you have any advice for year 12 over the next two years?**

My best advice is to stay on track with everything and keep organised. Don't fall behind because the worst thing that can happen is that you get behind on work because we see that once students fall behind then they become ostriches- heads go in to the ground and they start avoiding lessons so the problem gets worse and it becomes a horrible spiral. If you go in-

*'I would like to see myself in some kind of revolutionary guise'*

to a lesson prepared you will get



much more out of that lesson. My other piece of advice is to get as much out of sixth form as you can and make it what you want it to be!

### **Can you name something that you've learned from a student?**

That's quite a difficult one but I learn lots of things from students, probably everyday I learn things from students about how to approach things. I don't recall learning things such as subject content from a student but in lessons I've heard students take on things which has surprised me and I've appreciated an original angle on something I'd not heard before.

### **As a history teacher, which historical figure would you choose to be and why?**

I would like to see myself in some kind of revolutionary sort of guise but in reality, I would've had the bottle to actually be one of those life changing figures like Fidel Castro and Che Guevara who really fought for what they believe in and made things happen. I admire those kinds of revolutionaries a lot.

### **What are your interests outside of work?**

Sport- although less so these days! But I'm in a cycling club so I love cycling because it's easy on the knees when you get to my age so that's probably my biggest sporting activity. I also read- I read a lot and I get into genres that I like and the exhaust them. So, for the last four/five years I've been immersed in cold war spy fiction. And I think it goes without saying I'm a rather social person so I go out a lot.

### **What brought you in to teaching and has been something you've always wanted to do?**

No, it's not something I've always wanted to do - when I was 18 I applied to go into the Royal Navy as an officer. So, I went down to the admiralty board which I had a three-day interview where I realised I was competing with boarding school lads who were the same age as me but who had been living away from home since they were about five so they had a level of confidence that I perhaps didn't have un-



until I was about 23. So, I wanted to go into the Royal Navy possibly to be a helicopter pilot or something like that but I didn't like my experience with the admiralty board at all so I decided to go to university to study history. By the time I had finished my history degree I realised I wanted to teach which I have now done for 25 years.

**Why is history a subject that interests you?**

I love it, it's fascinating but what sparked my interest in history first of all was actually literature so authors like Thomas Hardy and Dickens so I used to have a real interest in historical literature so that was the spring board

for looking further and looking more deeply into the history around that sort of period. My favourite periods are 19<sup>th</sup> century and 20<sup>th</sup> century- specifically the cold war. So, History and English Literature are my two favourite subjects.

**Do you go travelling often? If so, what is your favourite country and why?**

My favourite country is probably France and I just love it because of the way of life with the markets, cafes and the culture. I do tend to go in the summer so there's better weather which you associate with that. I also think that's why I love cycling because I love the café culture because of the idea you can cycle to café and that's the whole point. Although, I did go to Italy last year for the second time (the first time I didn't really appreciate it enough) and went to Florence and it was amazing! So I could see Italy overtaking France but I'm not sure as I keep going back to France. But I also love this country especially Cornwall which I've been to more often than anywhere else- it's my kind of default happy place.

**What would be the first thing you would do if you were to become education secretary?**

Money isn't the answer to everything but what I would not be doing is squeezing education budgets as they are doing at the moment.

For me, there would be some key priorities which would be health, transport and education which I believe are the key cornerstones that make society work and function well. I work in the state sector because I believe in comprehensive schools therefore everyone is included and has the best chance of achieving so I would fund it properly.

*'You can't wish for anything better than being healthy and happy'*

**If you could ask for one wish what would it be?**

Well if you had asked me this when I was 18, I would've probably asked for more materialistic things. However, as I've grown older I have become much less

materialistic so this is clichéd but you can't wish for anything better than being healthy and happy; you don't need huge amounts of wealth to be happy.

**How do you think history will look upon the year 2016?**

Let's put it this way, in 100 years' time the year 2016 and the events of it will certainly become a chapter in British history textbook- a significant chapter. How it's going to turn out I don't know, with the decision to leave the EU it could well be a catalyst for some significant change maybe even in terms of how the UK functions but who knows what kind of direction it's going to take us in. I think also in British and international history, we have seen a political shift in this country and in America. There has been a shift away from establishment politics which I think has been behind the Corbyn and Bernie Sanders phenomenon and to a certain extent it's behind the Trump phenomenon because of what he represents and that his die-hard supporters aren't dissuaded by his clearly flawed character.

*By Ciara Palfreyman*

# Love Trumps Hate

Donald Trump once tweeted “Sorry losers and haters, but my I.Q. is one of the highest -and you all know it! Please don't feel so stupid or insecure, it's not your fault.” That, to me, is a 140 character summary of Trump, his compassion, his attitude, his modesty and his maturity. Or lack thereof.

Trump is, as I am sure you are by now all aware, the new President-elect for America. After a long, controversial and dramatic battle against Hillary Clinton and all of the other forgotten candidates (Ted Cruz, you zodiac killer you), Trump won the popular vote. Wait; my mistake - he didn't win the popular vote. Clinton won that by over a million votes. Trump won the election.

To many, it came as a given. Of course he won the election – his scaremongering, playing to the biggest fears of the public, capitalizing on prejudice and general (apparent) charm was guaranteed to capture the attention of the majority of the public. However, to many, Trump's victory presents itself as the beginning of a living nightmare.

From the start of his campaign, Trump has been controversial. That's his image, his brand – he's used the divided media attention to his advantage and I've gotta give it to him, he's done a damn good job of it. But let's break down this controversy, and see what it actually means.

Racism has played a big part in Trump's path to success. Between questioning the legitimacy of Obama's citizenship (because can a black man really be actually American? Are we sure he's not just lying to us?), calling all Mexicans rapists and threatening to build a wall between Mexico and the USA (and make the Mexican's pay for it), he's stirred up a lot of racial tension. When you add to this the relentless Islamophobia – he's just recently proposed special registration for all

Muslims, which is a result of his belief that in order to stop ISIS the only logical move is to just ban all the Muslims from the damn country – and you have the explanation for why, if only people of colour had voted in the election, Trump would have won the bottom line. If you want to look at this election in terms of demographics then here's the facts: people of colour do not feel safe under Trump's control. He poses a real threat to them, and they are being forced to live in a country governed by a man who believes the very worst about them.

Trump has been accused of 12 different counts of sexual assault. He has straight up told a female reporter that she'd look good on her knees. He told the country that Hillary Clinton would never be able to satisfy the country because she couldn't even satisfy her husband, with reference to the Monica Lewinski/Bill Clinton affair. He wants to defund Planned Parenthood and believes there should be punishment for abortion. He bragged about grabbing women by the p\*ssy, about making moves on married women, about not even bothering to ask women for consent. And yet, Trump won 42% of women's votes. This is a statistic that blows my mind, because his history with blatant sexism is so rich and concerning. However, he managed it. To me, this says a lot about the general treatment of women in America and how they are taught to accept poor, derogatory, vulgar treatment and this is where the issue of internalised misogyny becomes obvious.

Trump as an individual represents a large portion of the American society and his actions, words and attitudes are not uncommon. That is why, when he stands up behind that podium with his 12 sexual assault allegations, spewing statements grounded in chauvinism and racism, no one bats an eyelid. He won almost half of women's votes because he's not saying anything new – he's just

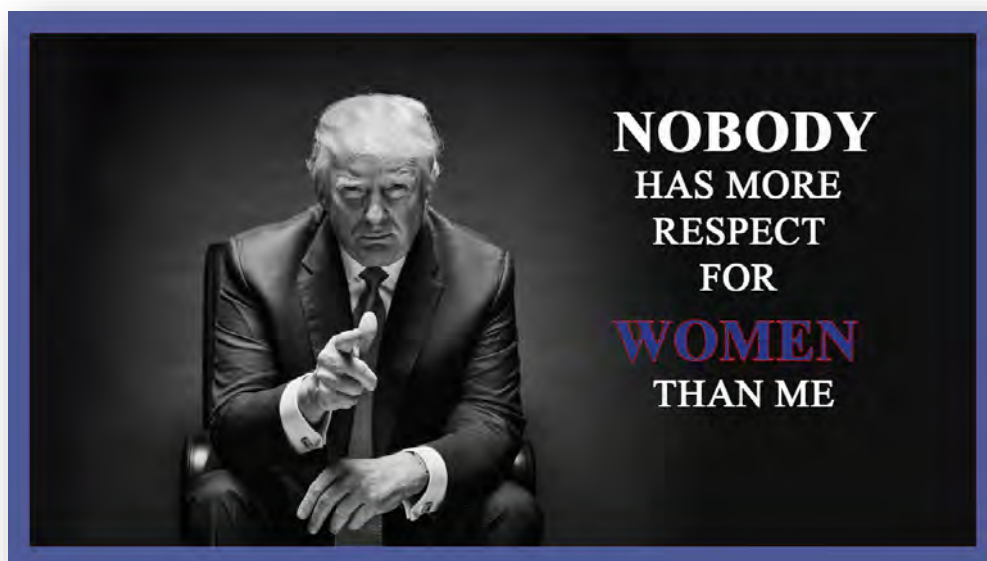
repeating the things that women are already told. To the untrained eye, he's just another man, harping on about the same old drivel we hear every day, so there are a lot of women who don't see that he's not a man that is for women. He is fundamentally against women.

It's the same reason he still managed to get black, Asian and Hispanic votes – racism is intrinsic and inescapable. Muslims are not surprised to hear that Trump thinks they're terrorists – most people do. Mexicans are used to criminal accusations – they're called rapists, drug dealers and the like on a daily basis. Black men and women are watching their brothers and sisters be shot by the police so often that it has become routine, so is it any wonder that a man that hates them has been voted into power?

The issue is, Trump's win has facilitated racism. America is a country that has a very long and deeply upsetting history with people of colour, and those attitudes are ones that have never really died. Whilst it is important to acknowledge that Obama's 8-year presidency is in itself an example of the progress that has been made, it's not conformation that these

attitudes have been obliterated and since November 8<sup>th</sup> when the election results were announced, they've resurfaced and it's not outrageous to expect them to become the norm. The actual, literal KKK have been having victory marches. There have been countless racial attacks within schools, on streets, in shops in the name of Trump and everything he stands for. Black people, Asian people, Hispanic people, any people who are not white are not safe. They have no reason to feel safe.

The election is over, Trump has won and life must go on. There's nothing we can do now, save for assassinate the bastard (although that puts Pence in charge, and he believes in electrotherapy for gay people, among other things, and is certainly no better an option). We have at least four, if not eight more years to live with this guy in charge of one of the most powerful nations in the world, and we must deal with it – and we will. We will deal with it, because we are not going to let Trump and the people that he represents have any control over the freedom, happiness and safety of the public. There is no better time to stand up for what you believe in than right now. Whether or not Trump will be a good president remains to be seen and until we figure that out, take peace in knowing that this really is not the end of the world.





# Mobile Phones – The supposed teenage takeover!

On average the most widely used object fathomed to a teenagers hand is the projection of Kim Kardashians derriere on Instagram or the quote of a famous icon added daily to Twitter. Simply displayed on a small screen: The iPhone, The Smartphone, The hub of entertainment.

To go a day without seeing the Daily Lives of all our icons, celebrities, bloggers we long fore would be utterly ghastly. We seem to think there's no more to life than the social media mayhem. The Smartphone does everything, I mean what's there not to like about: a phone that can pay for your items, a phone that gives you a personal friend (the one, the only Siri), the phone that guides you on your every destination, the phone that can provide just about every app there is, the phone that controls your life.

## *“The one, the only Siri”*

What's the need to go out and live life, when you can have it all at the end of your fingertips (literally.) I mean there is none, why explore what life has to offer if you can just upload pictures of it to an account, using other people's livelihoods to make your newsfeed that extra bit more appealing, to the eye of another onlooker. I mean all we really want is to be liked, (liked on Instagram that is).

I'm not saying that the issue of the mobile phone takeover can be solely blamed on teenagers as I can say from a personal experience that parents can be just as obsessed if not more. My mum is a burden for tagging me in our every outing as a family, I seem to be known throughout her whole news feed, (it couldn't be more embarrassing!). I think this is becoming increasingly more popular with just about every social class, every student and every parent.

How often do you see a person with a phone in their hand, it's just about every single person you walk past, sit next to and talk to. An enormous economic boom in the sales of mobile phones has become far more apparent in recent years; in just the last year we have seen an increase of **25% to 54%** which just shows that phones in today's society seem to fuel our every day life.

They are the ones who choose to spend every waking hour looking at the gadget. There is drawbacks to the new craze, we don't seem to have the same social skills we used to do we just aren't the same at talking and there is the stereotype that teenagers in todays society aren't capable of forming a complete sentence due to their incapability's in using their own sociolect which consists of slang and too much of a colloquial tone. This stigma in which is attached to teenagers these days just isn't true, I'm not trying to sound big headed but as a 17 year old myself I feel as though people don't know us well enough to judge our capabilities in writing and talking.



In fact I think that short texts have now become less popular and this is due fact that majority of people now a days have a smart phone in which it is actually harder to type short texts than it is to type long ones. The idea of typing “wuu2?” would be far too cringe worthy, this would be a blast to the past when flip up phones had just come on to the social media network.

I don't want to end on a sour note but just to clarify, I think that the mobile phone takeover, isn't benefiting our lives In anyway but we do need to just step back for once and look at the wider issues in our world. There is so much more to life than looking at a pixie screen and simply scrolling, tweeting and hash tagging at every single new announcement that alerts on your screen.

Think twice before you retweet, don't be too quick to add a click of a heart to Instagram and maybe just don't proceed to take a selfie at every beckoning call of a new dawning day. If you do that you might just see sense and look at the real world outside of that little screen.

By Paige Warrington

# HACKED OFF : ARE THE PRESS PUSHING IT TOO FAR?

**From the preying eyes of the paparazzi to phone hacking scandals, the press constantly invade people's private lives, especially those of celebrities.**

The paparazzi and press deliver the news to us every single day, but are they digging too deep? 'Journalists' are persistently invading the lives of 'celebs' and also normal people, desperate for a scoop or a headline. Is it fair that because the 'stars' of today are so important and influential to us, that they're not entitled to a private life?

Completely untrue stories can flip famous people's lives (yes they are people by the way!) in an instant. It's simply unfair, inhumane at times. A perfect example is the Prince Harry girlfriend 'debacle' in which Prince Harry has found himself on the front pages of many of the UK's top newspapers. Meghan Markle (Prince Harry's girlfriend) is a well-respected actress who has featured in programmes such as 'Suits.' Yet recently she has had her entire life, everything she has ever done, everywhere she has ever gone, carefully reviewed by the press.

Imagine that - having everything you've ever done wrong in your entire life, gathered together and published for millions of people to read with their morning coffee? Intrusive, Invasive and Immoral.

## **Pesky, Persistent Paps**

She really hasn't done anything to deserve this, whatsoever, unless falling in love is a crime! She has since received death threats and has now fled back home to Canada as she is struggling to deal with the immense pressures of being part of a 'royal romance'. Who deserves to have their lives turned upside down for something so innocent and 'normal' - elements which the Prince craves apparently? I wouldn't wish it on anyone.

Celebs can find themselves unable to escape from the media's constant intrusion into their private lives, they're not even safe in their own homes. Anyone could be a journalist or be merely interested in selling a story, you couldn't trust anyone. Yes the majority of celebrities are very wealthy and yes sometimes they are in the wrong, but does this mean we should be able to examine their every move?

No, it's no way for someone to live their life and also who are we to judge? I'm not saying journalists shouldn't be able to write stories about people in the public eye, just not in such a hostile way that results in people never feeling safe, or never feeling the security of being out of the media's glare. Because that is no way to treat another human being.

It's pretty simple. The press should not be allowed to ruin people's lives with the click of an Editor's fingers who is hungry for readership figures. How can they have the omnipotent power to do this and print

whatever they choose? Something needs to be done as this is a 'normality' which is anything but.

As one of the most 'papped' celebrities in recent years, David Beckham simply and shockingly concludes my argument:

*By Ewan Barrowcliffe*

I am always going to have problems with the paparazzi. I have had two men outside my house for the last two years, which is frightening at times, but that is my life unfortunately.

— David Beckham —

AZ QUOTES

## The Trivialisation of OCD

Concept. We're hanging out at my place, I sneeze and sniff, and say 'sorry, it's the flu', despite not having the flu – and sneezing and sniffing only being one of many symptoms of flu. What would you do then? Be confused? Angry – because you know someone who actually has flu, and here I am claiming a disease for my own to seem funny and kooky. Does this sound familiar? Because this happens all the time – not with flu, admittedly, because as a society we have somehow decided that it is acceptable to claim mental illnesses as your own, even if you have no experience with them. And by no means think I'm trying to be high and mighty about this, I'm guilty of doing this as well, the difference is that after a couple years and some reading I can say I was wrong, and that's all I'm trying to prove.

I'm talking about a mental illness that is among the three that affect sufferer's daily lives the most, one that can go untreated and unrecognized for years, one that can cause sufferer's to kill themselves. OCD.

Obsessive compulsive disorder is defined obsessive thoughts and compulsive behaviours. The example given by the NHS is someone fearful that their house will be burgled, so they check the locks on the windows and doors multiple times before leaving their house. Truth is, it often spans way past this and affects every minute of people's lives. And, shockingly, in some cases it has nothing to do with putting all the pencils in a straight line on the desk, or just keeping it clean. That's just wanting a clean desk. Most people want that, disease or no disease. I hear people claiming to 'be OCD' at least once a week, and every time those words come out, they strengthen the idea that OCD is just an adjective, a personality trait, instead of a debilitating illness. Let's talk about the verb, as well. Frankly, you can't 'be OCD', because the implications of that is that it's something you can opt out of,

that in that moment you 'are OCD', but nowhere else, and this is damaging. People suffer from obsessive compulsive disorder, it's not something they choose, (and neither is any other mental illness, for that matter) so not only is the intent in that remark misplaced, so is the delivery. There is a website set up for sufferers, ([ocdaction.org.uk](http://ocdaction.org.uk)) trying to help OCD become more recognized, and to get it treated more effectively and quicker. On this website, many people gather and discuss (amongst other things) the harmful effects of trivialising the disorder, and one user says 'OCD is not a quirk to be 'celebrated' but a serious mental health condition which needs urgent treatment.'

The effect of trivialising this condition is that it makes it 100 times harder for any sufferer to come forward and admit they have it, or to even broach the subject with their peers. It becomes easier to write it off as 'just a phase', especially if the sufferer is young. It brings the status of it down, by insinuating it's just a personality quirk, an adjective, as opposed to a mental illness. This causes people with the condition to think that they don't have it after all, and this leads to some serious damaging effects, by not acknowledging the problem and finding treatment.

I hope that our generation can be the one to find acceptance for mental illnesses, not just OCD – because this happens with all of them, most notably obsessive compulsive and bipolar disorder, two of the disorders that affect people's lives the most. I hope that our generation can take this issue seriously, because so many of us live with mental illness daily, and there's such a long way to go until total acceptance, but we're getting there. With so many difficult problems in the world that will take years of dismantling learned behaviours and the very infrastructure of politics, business, and media to allow equality, this is something that's so easy to stop doing. Take 2 minutes; read about it, we can make the world a better place for people with these conditions, if we try.

By Suki Le Hunte



## VR GAMING: WHO'S WHO?

As a result of my previous two articles for this magazine, it seems that my role has developed into writing about nothing but video game related things. I'm not complaining, of course, so today I'll be discussing one of the most significant developments in the video game industry in recent times: virtual reality gaming. I've had hands on experience with the three biggest competitors: the Oculus Rift, HTC Vive, and PlayStation VR, and I'll be bringing you my take on which has the edge.

### The VR Revolution

Before I delve into any detail, I must first answer the biggest question: what is VR? VR, or virtual reality is a means of tricking your eyes and brain into thinking you're elsewhere, and in the case of games, in the game world. It works via a headset which can track movement; meaning that any movements you make in the real world translate to what you do in-game. Of course, VR only works for specific types of first person games, but the new perspective allows for levels of immersion never heard of before. Many believe VR to be the future of video gaming, but others are sceptical and think that it will kill the generally popular third person genre.

### In the blue corner...

At the moment there are three major options if you want to get your hands on a VR headset: the oldest and probably most well-known is the Oculus Rift. Developed by Oculus (now owned by Facebook, RIP Oculus 2012 – 2014), funding and development for the Rift began in 2012, and the headset was officially released in March. A new Oculus Rift headset will set you back by around £550.

The next is the HTC Vive. Developed by HTC, as well as everyone's favourite: Valve

Corp, the Vive is a little different from the other two headsets. The Vive utilises 'room scale' technology, which uses sensors to turn a room into a 3D environment. In laymen's terms, you aren't restricted to just head movement. You can walk around your room, using the two handheld controllers to interact with people and object in-game. Unfortunately, the Vive comes with a hefty price tag of £759, making it the most expensive bit of kit here by a significant margin.

Finally, we have PlayStation VR. Codenamed rather cryptically 'Project Morpheus' after the Greek



god of dreams, the headset was developed by the guys behind the PlayStation: Sony. It works surprisingly similarly to the Oculus Rift, but also supports the PlayStation's Move controllers (think of two Wii remotes, one in each hand) as well as the standard Dualshock 4 remote, giving it motion controls similar to the Vive's. The biggest setback to PS VR is of course the fact that you need a PlayStation 4 for it to work, but if you already have one of those then the headset will only cost you around £350.

### My thoughts?

Let's start with the Rift. In terms of image quality, the Rift does what it needs to do nicely enough. The image quality isn't what you'd get from a high end monitor, but would you expect it to be? When playing, (I played the popular racing game 'Project Cars' which seemed to be a great choice to show off the rift's capabilities) I found the motion tracking to be very responsive, which is extremely important – the last thing you want is for you to be turning your head 90 degrees only to turn a fraction of that in-game. Support for the Rift is excellent too. Many currently popular games have options to utilise it, such as the afore mentioned 'Project Cars', and many that don't have had mods developed to fix this, such as 'Team Fortress 2' and the immensely popular 'Skyrim'.

The Vive on the other hand, was a completely different experience. I can only praise it, really. The headset is extremely comfortable, and allows for almost any pair of headphones to fit snugly over it. Because of how the system utilises sensors, its motion tracking is flawless, both with the headset and the controllers. The Vive's visuals are pretty good too, although it doesn't yet have as much support as the Rift, and almost no Triple A support as of yet. That being said, some of the current mini-games available for it show off its features excellently, and are a load of fun to boot. Out of the three pieces of hardware I tried out, I can definitely say that the Vive has the most potential.

The biggest plus of PlayStation VR is its incredible visual quality, which you would expect from it given that its library is almost entirely first party. Compared to the Rift, the improved screen quality give it a significant edge. Its ability to track motion

is very similar to the Rift's, though if you want to use the Move controllers with it, you're going to need a PlayStation camera. As mentioned before, the biggest downside to PlayStation VR is that it's PlayStation exclusive, so it will only be reaching a limited amount of players, and receiving a limited amount of support from developers. That being said, if Sony work on allowing PS VR to support some of its major first party titles, it could sell far better than it currently is.

### The Final Verdict

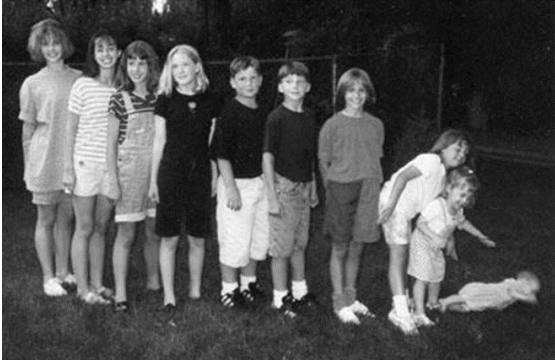


Which is best? Well, in my (rather unprofessional) opinion, the Oculus Rift takes the trophy. Yeah, it probably has the worst hardware out of the three, it has the least features and marginally worse screens, but that doesn't matter. It has the support it needs to be successful, which is extremely important to anyone who opens up their wallet to buy one of these headsets. If you buy an Oculus Rift you'll actually be able to play games you'd normally play using it, which can't really be said for PS VR at the moment, and definitely can't be said for the Vive. If and when the others get major Triple A support, perhaps they'll surpass the Rift, but until then you'll be stuck playing obscure VR experiences waiting for your favourite first person titles to utilise the potential of your bank-breaking expensive headset. If you want to play VR games right now, heed my advice: buy an Oculus Rift.

*By James White*

# The 5 types of relatives you'll meet this Christmas

The Auntie You Actually Like, The Mulled Wine Quaffer, the Family History Borer; as Christmas time rolls around, Tegan Berry takes a look at the 6 types of relative you're bound to bump into ...



It's all quite predictable; there's the one drowning his sorrows in the free festive beverages, the rebel parading her disdain in the form of her new six foot four tattooed muscular hunk, the one rushing round like a headless chicken to get all the food prepared on time, and, of course, Aunt Polly kicking over the Christmas tree as she swings from the chandelier.

Each and every year they take up their stock roles and hope to weather the storm that follows for another twelve months. It's time to take a look, CSI style, at the five types of relatives you'll have to associate with this Christmas.

**The Mulled Wine.** The Mulled Wine, known the other eleven months of the year as "Uncle Jack Drinking Us Out of House And Home Again," gleefully awaits the one day where his siblings' Christmas spirits will allow them to loosen their strict alcohol restrictions and allow him to indulge in 'just one glass'. The Mulled Wine is not above bribing the younger members of the family to sneak him some 'blackcurrant'. Be warned - a few more 'tipples' could leave him reduced to a sobbing mess, weeping into the carpet. Best thing to do is to leave him to it; trying to comfort him will only result in everyone else appointing you as his designated carer for the rest of the night.

**The Auntie You Actually Like.** The Auntie You Actually Like is the only reason you look to these family meetings without utter misery. She always has some funny story to tell you, or a book to recommend, or a mince pie to eat. Like Prince Phillip to Aurora she'll battle through the thorny conversations with even the most difficult members of the family like a pro. No matter what problem comes up, the Auntie You Actually Like is always equipped to deal with it.

For example - the newest addition to the family starts to scream his cute little head off and his mouth is stuffed with chocolate by favourite Auntie before he can get two syllables out. Your teen cousin is close to tearing their hair out in boredom - never fear - She's got it covered with a small shot glass and a promise not to tell their mum. Mulled Wine smashed a photo frame? She's there with a dustpan and brush before you can say Jack Robinson!

No matter how hard your mum presses you to play nice; you know you're right to stay away from this one. And maybe to hide his shoes somewhere when he's not looking.

**The Uncle You Definitely Don't.** Spiderman might be the only one with Spidey senses but you know a creep when you see one. No matter how nice he seems, there's always been something about him that seems off. You firmly believe there's a reason why, during his hectic career, that he has never had a partner in the time you've been alive, and you have no desire to find out what it is.

**The Third and Youngest.** The Third and Youngest, as her name suggests, is the third and youngest of your distant relative's wives. About the same age as your mother, you're beginning to wonder if he has his gout-suffering carcass' weight in gold hidden somewhere, because it's either that or he has some skills you can't think about without throwing up a little bit. She introduces herself to you about nine times and you can't help but feel a wince of sympathy as you watch how desperate she is to be accepted by your mad-house of a family.

Though you wish to assure her that being treated as unwelcome is probably a good thing, you're also as eager to find out about this potential fortune as the rest of your younger relatives, so you swallow your guilt and ask about the honeymoon instead, forcing back the rising bile.



**The Family History.** The Family History, usually a grandparent or someone of the 'older (bigoted racist sexist homophobic) generation' is, in your mother's words; a piece of work. They corner you into a chat about how dreadful it is that your cousin was too busy working to make it, and you barely refrain from mentioning it's more likely that she just didn't want the extended family to meet her girlfriend; who's black, loud and very proud. You tune out their words on women belonging in the kitchen and think back to the last time you saw said cousin, in an attempt to hold on to some good memory in the presence of the Dementor-like relative. Just when you think you see an opening to escape, the Family History proceeds to tell you your entire family tree (missing off the non-conformist wives, sisters and mothers, of course).

**The Saviour.** You're contemplating how painful it would be to dash your head against the corner of the bookshelf when the Saviour rescues you from the Family History with a barely veiled insult. The Saviour comes in the form of a parent, a partner or another relative, but usually a sibling; someone who has been there with you since the two of you were running away from the Uncle You Definitely Don't in nappies. Their look of pure understanding is enough to wipe any agony from your mind, or at least you know that you won't be 'integrating' alone.

The two of you take a moment to breathe together as you take in the carnage around you. The Mulled Wine is still sobbing into the carpet with the Auntie You Actually Like winding a soothing arm around his shoulders. The Family History's wheelchair is parked in the hall but, like the Uncle You Definitely Don't, they're thankfully nowhere to be seen. The 'Family History' is successfully boring the 'Third and Youngest' and only the 'Saviour' is politely listening to him warble about your great uncle twice removed.

Oh, and, of course, Auntie Polly is swinging from the chandelier.

*By Tegan Berry*

## Arnold's Playlist

### 1. Tom Zanetti - You want me

A classic Zanetti tune. A sketty beat, random lyrics, and a class flow. What more do you want?

### 2. Vince Staples – Norf Norf

Staples is probably the next king of hip hop. Get on him early with this banger.

### 3. Dave – Wanna know

Don't get on the Drake remix, it's terrible. 18-year-old Dave has some Fuego bars which destroys Drake.

### 4. Kings of Leon – Waste A Moment

They're back and TBF it's not that bad. Is it as good as the classics? No, but it will grow on you.

### 5. She's gone – Hall and Oates

Would it be Arnold's playlist without a classic? Hall and Oates are incredible. They deliver here, with a classic tune.

### 6. Joey Bada\$\$ - Front and center

Recognize the beat? Yep, it's the theme from Narcos. Joey is the new Prince of Brooklyn, and he destroys this instrumental.

### 7. The Killers – Mr Brightside

LEARN THE LYRICS TO THIS. It's pretty much played at every party nowadays.

### 8. Seal – Kiss from a Rose

One of the best songs from the 90s, END OF!

### 9. Section Boys – Bimma

This is zjarr. This is foc. This is ignis. (For those wondering that was fire in Albanian, Catalan, and Latin).

### 10. The Kooks – She moves in her own way

Another noughties hit, this is another song you need to know the lyrics for. Big tune this one

## Blood, sweat and hangovers: The indisputable truths about Sunday League.

Sunday league football... The most exciting, thrilling, exhilarating form of the beautiful game, sort of.

Earlier this year the FA announced they were going to invest £102 million into improving grassroots football - this was in attempt to try and raise the amount of people taking part in these amateur leagues, this is because the amount of people playing Sunday league was at an all-time low and this is truly heartbreaking to see. Playing Sunday league is brilliant. I mean, what isn't there to like about getting up at 7 o'clock on a freezing January morning to go kick a ball round a scandalous pitch?



Ok, fair enough it does sound rather unpleasant. But Sunday league will forever be better than any top-flight football. The weekend wonders will always show more grit, determination and passion than Wayne Rooney or Cristiano Ronaldo ever have and your average striker will obliterate any of Lionel Messi's goals per season records, scoring an average of 4 per game. And you get all this for free! No matter where you are in the world, it appears that every single Sunday league football match is exactly the same. They all start with a warmup consisting of smashing free kicks at your goalkeeper, then going for a quick slash in the bush before kick-off, ensuring a top-quality performance. The setting will always be the same as well: 'The Theatre of Dreams,' also known as a water logged

mudfield, with goals as old as the field itself, with a crossbar covered in torn, old duct tape from the thousands of times the nets have been hung up.

The players and the coach have extremely similar traits too. The coach, for example, will always say the exact same things. "We've gone quiet!" The sign of a malfunctioning team; no one is talking, which basically means everyone may as well go home. This dilemma will, always, be ended by the coach drawing attention to it - "Ref! How long?" - another example of the gaffer's almost scripted dialogue. Loosely translating to "I'm cold & bored, how long until I get to go down the pub for a pint?" A pint in Sunday league terms is the equivalent to the Champions League trophy. That drink after the game is the most essential part of the match and acts as prize for surviving the perilous game without catching hypothermia or suffering from any bone-breaking tackles.



The thousands of players that all battle for victory are all particularly aggressive when they step on the pitch. As soon as the first whistle blows, crunching tackles will be flying in left, right and centre from players of all shapes and sizes, who all share common attributes.



## Blood, sweat and hangovers: The indisputable truths about Sunday League.

First of all, you've got the goalkeeper. The person who in goal is just the player who is most easily convinced to play in the most crucial position. The two 'man mountains' are always the two who play at centre back - they are the biggest players on the pitch and form a brick wall at the back; nothing gets past these two and when it comes to corners they are always the first to get their head on it.



In the midfield, you've got the one who supposedly had trials at West Ham, who always wears luminous pink boots and believes he is the best on the pitch, whilst in fact he is average at best. This guy will never pass the ball and undoubtedly go for glory. The person who plays on the wing is the 'twinkletoes' of the team, the one who could nutmeg a mermaid and skip past any defender without any hassle. It's his job to feed the manager's son (AKA the striker) and put him through on goal.



The manager will play his son upfront, no matter how good he is, because in the eyes of the manager he is the next Messi. After the game, in true amateur football fashion, all the training equipment has to be packed away by the players. This isn't the premier league; there's no caretakers or any form of staff here.



The most spine tingling thing your manager could ever say to the team is: "The worst performers have to clear up!" This is the best managerial technique in the history of mankind. It strikes almighty fear into the players and assures a solid performance throughout the 90 minutes because, if you don't put in a decent performance, you'll have to spend what feels like half a day on someone else's shoulders untying the nets from the goal post and then (after about 500 attempts of neatly folding it up) putting it back in the bag. This all goes to show that Sunday league might not be the most attractive form of football, but people nationwide love it despite all its weird and wonderful aspects. Without grassroots football the sport is nothing.

By Andrew Wedge

*[Editor's note: Shoutout to Bunbury Allblacks, thanks for letting me use pictures of you even though I only asked James]*



## The evolution of TCHS; through the eyes of Sixth Former.

The 2010 version of our school was a very different one compared to the current sort you're so accustomed to nowadays. Its progression has been exciting and constant, and the development has been a pleasure to be a part of.

Time inevitably changes everything and sadly teachers, and pupils alike, must depart year-on-year, despite the core remaining continual, in the form of Ms Lee. One teacher that jumps out from my memories was from my Maths lessons, Mr Silcock he was called. He'd appear every lesson armed with mint polos to bribe the best answers out of his students – and it certainly worked (current teachers take note). I'd never have my hand up in a lesson so much as I did in Mr Silcock's.

Another standout was Mrs Burch, again from the Maths department. She was perhaps best described as marmite – love her or hate her. I undeniably loved her, with her quick wit and bizarre retorts, she'd be diagnosing myself and classmates with 'verbal diarrhoea' on many occasions.

Not only have the people changed, but the surroundings and environment have as well. What used to be a cobweb-ridden, damp smelling PE equipment shed (with the housing of a snake at one time) known as 'The Animal House' has now been transformed into a flashy, aesthetically pleasing Snack Bar for pupils to enjoy panini's or pasta.

One of the biggest changes throughout the years has been the introduction of the 'benches'. A sought-after location with the older years, who seemed to dominate that area (or that's how it used to be, anyway) – protection from the elements, an adequate area to socialise with your pals and a primetime spot to ping footballs at unsuspecting, unfortunate targets, what more could you want?? However, it was under constant reconnaissance from the windows of Mr Voyce's Design & Technology lair... not a place you'd want to be called into for misbehaving. Lots of changes have occurred over the past 7 years, however Mr Voyce remaining the scariest teacher in school hasn't. Nothing will scare a Year 7 more than forgetting your tech apron – prepare yourself.

The addition of 'G Block' or 'The Learning Village' as it's sometimes referred to as is also that of a recent one. Once upon a time, one could enjoy a thrilling game of bulldogs where G Block now stands, however those days are long gone, unfortunately. The only downside to G block is the distance it stands away from Sixth Form, so the introduction of a shuttle bus to and from would be fantastic.

There are developments being made to both the interior and exterior of the classrooms, as well as further investment into the capacity of the school, as the village itself is expanding and accommodating more residents.

The most controversial of introductions was that of the new uniform. A blazer, shirt and a tie seemed outrageous to students back in 2010, and for the first year to have to wear it, my pals and I were certainly ridiculed by the older, luckier, polo-shirt/jumper wearing years. However, nothing fills you with more pride than executing the perfect 'peanut' on someone's tie, so there were certainly positives to the change made. Parents would be regularly forking out £5 to buy a new tie, as some little miscreant had ripped or stretched or eaten their child's one. The school must have made a killing off it!



Despite the changes over the years, I can confidently say it's done nothing but improve our school and make it a better place for students to learn and enjoy themselves. You only need to look at recent Ofsted reports and the overall positive unanimity of opinion from pupils, parents and teachers.

*By Sam Roberts*

# Slam poem: is God real?

Dear Lord, can you hear me?  
Are you listening to my plea?  
I can't see you lord and  
I know you have a lot of prayers stored  
But please, please listen to my prayer  
Please lord just show you care  
I need your help,  
It seems as though I have not dealt  
With things that needed attention  
I can sense your apprehension, lord  
But listen,  
My life now feels like prison  
And the world shows no remorse  
The fears inside me are like a Trojan horse  
And yet, I cannot see you lord,  
Despite you being adored  
By so many  
Some even give their last penny  
To listen to your name be spoken  
And their loyalty could never be broken  
By anything that I say  
Because everyday they will pray  
That they are being listened to  
But only few  
Have their prayers answered  
And the rest are never angered.  
This trust you keep lord  
With people that have poured everything that  
they are  
Into something they cannot see  
  
Is it just me?  
Who thinks that a world full of despair  
A place that is so unfair  
Can surely not have a God,  
No one could be that cruel  
To stop kids from going to school  
Because they are too scared  
Of men in masks catching them unprepared  
Surely, no one lacks that much heart  
To make millions cart  
Their loved ones down the aisle  
If a God does exist, he should be put on trial  
For crimes against humanity  
Across all nationalities  
If God does exist, his actions speak louder than  
words  
A being that shows no concerns  
For those in dire need  
Your faith does not mean you're guaranteed  
Being saved  
Because even some of the depraved  
Are released of their sins  
John 1:9 "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and  
just and will forgive us our sins"  
So does this mean that even killers  
Can go on to be pillars of the community?  
Does this grant every being immunity to justice?  
If this is true surely God is loveless?

Lord I see so much suffering  
I see so many struggling  
To keep going  
I think it scares them never knowing  
Where they might end up  
Many keep their feelings pent up  
Until one day they see the light  
They feel as though they might  
Have found their way  
The world is still so grey  
But now they have lost faith  
Their religion has left no trace  
On the person they are now.  
They are free,  
No longer one of your devotees.  
  
A world full of war, full of suffering  
A world that lacks in comforting  
Everyday people  
Even with every steeple  
That is placed  
To try and keep the faith  
It is finally becoming clear  
That on this little sphere  
That we call home  
Not even a fine tooth comb  
Could find this almighty being  
That is supposed to be all seeing  
And with this revelation  
We could stop so much annihilation  
Religion causes so many wars  
So many soldiers forced on tours  
When if there really was a God  
Someone to watch over us  
Someone who doesn't act on impulse  
Then surely we could all live in Peace  
And crime would not be on the increase  
But our world is still cold  
Because no one is being controlled  
By an almighty hand  
And yes I understand  
That many need something to believe in  
So even when they're underachieving  
They can get on their knees  
And say "God Please, I need your help"  
But not me,  
And I have never felt more free  
Than the day I accepted  
That all my prayers were being neglected  
So dear lord, if you are real  
You should be abhorred  
For all the darkness in this world  
To me, that's what confirmed  
Your non existence  
Despite Jehovah's Witnesses  
Amen.

By Luci Hartwell