

EVERY END IS A
NEW BEGINNING
NEW BEGINNING

Should we
exit
Brexit?

Ariana and
Australia:
One Love

The truth about
Freshers
Week

12

Things we love to hate
about Christmas

FROM LEE TO LOWE: BOARDROOM

TERM



THE EDIT

Welcome to the Winter Edition of TERM magazine. As the Year 12's settle in and the Year 13's have just 6 months left, stress is upon us.

With the dreaded UCAS deadline board haunting us in the Study Room, along with the stress of mocks and personal statements, I hope that my final issue of TERM magazine, as Editor, will bring some enjoyment to you all at this busy time.

Sit back and indulge in our variety of articles, ranging from serious topics such as the importance of Feminism and the shocking Harvey Weinstein Case, to fun festive features. We are even told personal Christmas nightmares from our very own teachers - see the back page and match each seasonal story to the staff member!

From myself and the TERM team,
Merry Christmas and have a Happy New Year!



Ewan Barrowcliff

Unhappy

Concerned

Anxious

Seventeen-year-olds

The UCAS process. The worst process. Despised by pretty much everyone involved... except maybe Mr Nuttall... maybe.

A large fraction of the Sixth Form have aspirations to go into higher education at university. Smashing our application is, of course, vital to get on to the best possible courses.

Just the pressure we need...

Despite the simplicity of what UCAS actually requires from us (a personal statement of 4000 characters, and a reference from a teacher), the process is far from as simple as it seems. 4000 characters seems a lot when you cannot use an impressive KD ratio on Call of Duty, or a monumental stack of cash on GTA. Sat there in front of a blank screen I truly had to think, hard, as to what I've actually done for the last seventeen years. Somehow, you have to blag (or brag) your way to 4000 characters while managing to still sound intelligible and capable of the best courses.

The first step in the spiralling staircase to finally sending the application off is by far the longest one—the drafting stage....

So. Many. Drafts. There is a genuine sense of achievement when you hand that first draft in to your teacher. You've smashed it, you think. Then each disheartening scribble and suggestion is another blow to the stomach.

So much green, so much bloody green.

You try again. From the famous last words of Steven Gerrard, you *"take hope for another attempt,"* but following his footsteps....well you know what's coming next. (He fell, like my dreams of getting on that infamous board). Each glance, another name, another number, another day of drafting hell.

"You have to speak to every man and his dog for no reason" – Tom Killilea 2017.

"It's an absolute relief and a weight off your shoulders once it's gone, but the wait for offers is agonising" – Charlotte Williams 2017.

"Finding examples to bulk out your subject-specific experiences whilst still being concise and academic is really tricky!" – Lucy Clayton 2017.

"Clicking 'send' and writing your name on the board of "UCAS FAME" is highly rewarding. Your position on that board boosts your ego and gets a competitive edge over your fellow university rivals!" – Josh Dos Santos 2017



You get it back from your tutor, all good. Not good enough though, as it has to pass through 3 more hellish drafts to make it somewhat viable. After enduring presentations, booklets, assemblies the lot, it can feel like you're still getting nowhere.

The 7th draft has passed the gruelling, never-ending redraft process, you can see your name in shining lights (the light can sometimes catch the white-board that way). Finally, ready for launch...3, 2, 1...

Ah ***** I've applied for the wrong course.

IT'S TOO EARLY



It's Christmas time, once again, or so it's been made *abundantly* clear. Don't get me wrong, I love Christmas: the rush to get presents last minute, the cobwebs in my bank account, but most of all what I really love is the constant bombardment from supermarkets that it is most certainly Christmas right now.

Seriously, it's early November as I'm writing this (just for a bit of context) and I can hear Christmas music blasting out in the common room. I came downstairs earlier on to find my mum watching 'The Grinch' and to top it all off, every single advert from Tesco to Iceland – how could I forget John Lewis? – has consistently shown me many different and diverse families cooking turkeys with a backdrop of heavy snowfall. That's right, snow. That staple of the Christmas season that seems to feel more ironic every time I see it. How many years has it been since we've had snow here? *I seem to remember it being 3, maybe 4 years ago in April.*

It fills me with joy, knowing that I'll be hearing the same things for the next 2 months. Christmas music – “*Do they know it's Christmas?*” Well if they don't by now, they soon will after hearing the song 10, maybe 15 more times in the next hour. I'm sure everybody involved would love that!

Honestly, how do people stay excited for Christmas all year round? Within a couple of days of seeing a Christmas advert, I got the flu! I don't know if that's a message from God or what, but something doesn't want me to enjoy Christmas this year. Maybe it's just me, seeing virtually the same adverts every year, hearing exactly the same music every year, waiting for someone to try and beat the X-Factor to number 1 of the Christmas charts every year..... but I just don't get it anymore.

How can we be so repetitive about this and yet still find the same joy? And I swear the season starts earlier every year too, except for “I'm a Celeb” which seems to start later than ever. But nonetheless, it remains part of the Christmas routine.

I wish I could find a reason to find the same excitement every year - to look forward to it with such a passion. But I just can't. Is it the adverts and music that I get bored of so quickly? Is it the amount of times that I have gone through it all? Is it because school breaks up on the 22nd? All I know is that I find it harder to summon enthusiasm every year.

I don't mean to put a downer on it all, but it's true. So, I think it's time to propose a change. Either stop Christmas related adverts and music being aired until December, or move Christmas in its entirety back into November. Why is the date significant anyway? Jesus was born around June or October (The ‘North star’ was probably two planets getting very close, making a bright light which happened in June of 2 B.C and October of 7 B.C), so it's not because of his birthday.

Maybe it's because of ancient religions claiming that the Sun's birthday was on that day and they got confused? Who can blame them? They heard the sun and thought son of God, easy mistake to make. Or maybe it's simply because they wanted ‘Black Friday’ to be the time when you started looking for gifts, but because you needed a good amount of time to find them for everyone, they thought December 25th would be an appropriate date. No matter the reason, something needs to be done about the placement of Christmas adverts and the over-abundance of Christmas music. It's driving me up the wall.

And don't get me started on Santa either. How much taxpayer money has been used every year, sending him letters all the way to the North Pole? I know letters can be sent all over the world, but I can't imagine there's much mail going to the top of the Earth outside of December. The man can visit every house in the world (as long as it has a chimney) in under 12 hours, but he can't pick up the post from the Post Offices? But that's a complaint for another day. For now, I'll just stick to getting annoyed at a song informing me that:

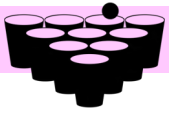
“It's Chriiiiistmaaaaas!”

James Sinclair

**ARE YOU THE
GRINCH OR ELF?**



Festive frivolity or Festive frowns?



So who survived Freshers Week?

**Last year's Year 13 students share
their University experiences so far**



Megan Latham

At Lancaster University

Studying Psychology

I was really lucky in my flat so I settled in very quickly and made new friends straight away, I live with 11 (now 10) others and we all clicked almost instantly. As Lancaster starts a few weeks later than most Universities I've only been here for 6 weeks so I'm still a bit unsure of where everything is but it's certainly a very friendly place to live and the campus is so pretty.

The work is very different to A Levels. It's much more self-guided and I'd say it's a case of 'you get out what you put in.' For example, if I don't do my seminar reading I can't really engage in discussion making it harder to understand lecture and lab material. It's definitely manageable but the first few weeks were quite hard when I was still finding my feet. Be prepared to do a lot of reading.

I can't say I remember much of Freshers week but it looks like I was having fun from the photos! It was pretty full on in the day time, having to sign up for classes and go to different events. Make the most of Freshers fair, sign up for societies and clubs—if only for free stuff (Domino's and Krispy Kreme!)

Money is something a lot of people worry about before going to uni but don't. As long as you know your weekly budget and try your very best not to overdo it (which can be difficult, even if it's only a fiver for two double mixers) you'll be fine. Definitely learn to cook something over summer—someone in my flat asked me if they had to wash mince before cooking it! (*And I thought I was bad!*)

I am loving my course, even though it's quite different to A Level Psychology. My course is broken down into PSYC101 (understanding Psychology) and PSYC102 (Investigating Psychology). Each week is slightly different but I have 5 hours worth of lectures, up to 6 hours worth of labs, and a seminar every other week. At Lancaster, most first year students must also complete a minor. I chose History for which I have 2 hours of lectures and an hour seminar per week.

I can't even explain how glad I am that I came to Uni. In six weeks I've made friends I know I'll have for life. I've had so much fun in such a short space of time. I'm already so in love with my course and campus. I can't wait for the exciting opportunities the rest of my time here will bring!



Harry Nuttall

At Nottingham Trent University

Studying History

It only took a couple of days to settle in. Freshers week helped everyone settle and I soon made **some really good mates**. It's hard to miss home when you are exploring a new city and experiencing new things that you would never really have done without going to University.

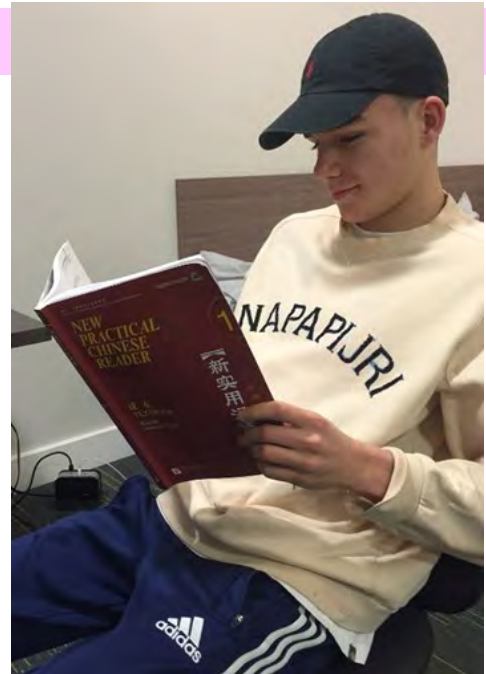
It is hard to compare A-Levels to University, the work is much more independent. I wouldn't say it's harder but I would say that it's vital that you do work outside of lectures and seminars - as if you don't you are pretty ***** or should I say "disadvantaged!"

Freshers week was mad, it is a good time to meet new people and if you like getting "merry" (!!) then yeah Freshers will be right up your street!

It's not particularly hard to manage money, but if like me you just buy a load of new clobber with your student loan then you are probably going to be eating Super Noodles for the rest of term! You always have a bit of money for going out though, you definitely make sure of that.

To be honest my course isn't the best this year but I am only in 3 days a week with Monday and Friday off so it has its perks.

I am very glad I went to Uni, in the space of a couple months I feel I have definitely matured, grown up and met some lifelong mates.



Jake Griffiths

At University of Liverpool

Studying International Business with Chinese

It was easy for me to settle into the city of Liverpool, as I already loved the city – which is partly why I chose to go there in the first place. Scousers are lovely people, *probably the best people*, and Liverpool's a very friendly place, particularly with £1.60 pints on Fridays! However, I recently discovered one of my flat mates studies Philosophy and supports UKIP, so I'm not comfortable enough to call this "home" just yet...

I am enjoying my course - some of my business stuff is pretty straightforward, but learning Chinese seems to exercise parts of my brain I never even knew existed. After a 2 hour seminar I can literally feel my brain throbbing as it tries to absorb everything. Assessments are definitely more time-consuming as I have to do about 20 references for a 2,000-word essay, so that means skim-reading 30-40 books and journal articles to find relevant research to back up my points; if **the references aren't right then you get penalised**.

My Freshers Week was indifferent; the relentless promoting of competing events and wristbands meant no one had a clue what to actually buy which then resulted in panic-buying for silly prices, but Craig Charles doing his Funk & Soul Show at my student union for a fiver was boss and made it all worth it. Every man and his dog turning up to the footy trials though was pretty irritating, as my midfield dynamism went unjustly overlooked. Again.



Eilidh Bodfish

At University of Cambridge

Studying Natural Sciences at Clare College

Freshers Week was Exhausting! Meeting so many people all at once was exciting but overwhelming. I had to ask a lot of people for their names several times over. Luckily everyone feels exactly the same so it wasn't at all difficult to start talking to people and making friends.

The hardest thing is probably choosing what events to spend money on - there are shows and formal meals all the time and it would be easy to get carried away and spend far too much. You want to make the most of your time and go to as many things as possible while you're here.

I love my course - some of the things we learn are really exciting and I actually look forward to lectures! My schedule is intense - I have 9 am lectures 6 days a week (yes - on Saturdays too, which kind of takes the fun out of Friday nights!). Overall I have 14 hours of lectures, 4 hours of supervisions and 8 hours of practical every week. There are a couple of days where I'm finished by midday, which is great, and a couple of really full days where I leave college at 8.30 am and get back at 7.30 pm. Not every course is like that - the humanities students have a lot fewer contact hours, but have a lot of private reading.

I love the city so much - it's absolutely gorgeous and I still can't really believe I'm here. I've become so close to my friends and we're all very supportive of each other whenever things get a little difficult. Every day is so full there's no time to get homesick! Part of me is really looking forward to going home and getting a decent night's sleep for the first time in a while, but I know once I'm home I'll really miss Cambridge and the people here.

Sophia Whiteman

At Manchester Metropolitan University

Studying Psychology

I'd say it took me about 6 weeks to feel like I belong in Manchester, it's the most amazing place. I can't say I'll get used to living in student accommodation for a year, but about 2 months in I went home (to Cheshire) for the weekend and felt like I didn't really live there anymore. That was basically the pinpoint moment - coming back to my room in Manchester and feeling like I was home.

I think the actual content and amount of work to learn isn't as bad as A Level, but you do have to learn new skills for assignments (referencing!!!) which is hard to get used to at first.

Freshers week is definitely a wild week and a lot of fun. Having said that, since then I've had much better nights out than I did that week so I'm glad I didn't blow all my money in one go.

I haven't struggled so far with managing money, but I know a lot of people who currently have around £100 so I'm grateful my mum forced me to sort out my finances before I went! Also, my family misses me so when they come up to visit they buy me food/alcohol and save me money!

I love my course, I actually really enjoy going to lectures! My schedule contributes to that, as I have Wednesday off and four out of five days start after 1pm. I'm only in Uni for 10 hours a week and I get good lie-ins, so I'm pleased with how it worked out.



Susan Stubbs

At University of Leeds

Studying Cultural and Media Studies

My main concern about University was the thought of being homesick. On the first day when I was moving in I felt very overwhelmed, especially when my Mum and Dad left me! However, I got talking to my flat mates straight away and settled in just after a week! It is daunting to think about University at first but once you settle in, you won't want to come home!

Freshers week is the best week ever!! I have never had so much fun in my life! It's not only the nightlife but it's also the fact everyone is so friendly. Everyone is in exactly the same position as you and everyone wants to make friends. My Uni also held lots of events and introductory lectures that helped me get used to how different university education is compared to Sixth Form. (They also give away FREE Domino's pizza throughout Freshers!!).

I love my course! I have 3 lectures and 3 seminars a week. My lectures are two hours long and my seminars are an hour. I get Wednesdays off which is great. My course has less contact hours because I have a lot of personal reading to do. In contrast, my flatmate does a Maths degree and is in Uni all day so it depends on the type of course you take.

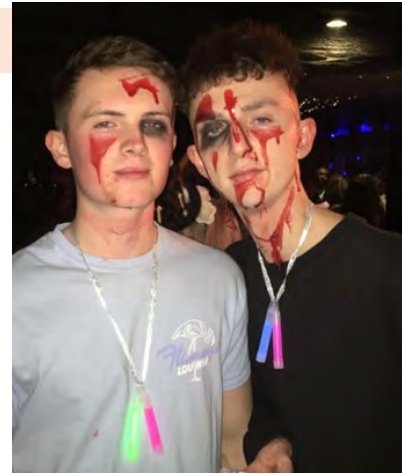
I am very glad I went to Uni. Although I was apprehensive at first, I have found myself referring to Leeds as my home but I will never take my mum for granted when it comes to washing my clothes ever again!

Charlotte Thomas-Wood

At University of Exeter

Studying English Literature and Film Studies

Initially, everything was overwhelming; meeting new people, joining societies, buying the books and text books I needed... Yet, in the 3rd week I became more comfortable in my new 'home'. I'd made strong connections with my flatmates, got to grips with how to properly take notes in lectures (which is harder than it sounds by the way), and I'd had chance to explore Exeter; to be honest most cities are larger than Chester so I soon settled in!



James Burnett

At University of Central Lancashire

Studying Policing and Criminal Investigation

It didn't take long to settle in, the city (Preston) is somewhat small so it makes life easier when getting around campus.

The work is not really comparable to A levels as with my course I'm assessed in different ways e.g. presentations, legal essays, practical crime scene exams etc.

Freshers week was extremely tiring.... but it allowed me to experience what the Uni has to offer within an extremely small time scale.

Managing yourself financially is rather difficult but if you figure out your weekly budget it becomes easier. My weekly schedule tends to change week on week but it's similar to Sixth Form, apart from the fact I have Fridays off.

My course itself is extremely interesting and varied, I study everything from criminal law to crime scene science. Finally I'm very glad I made the decision to attend University, as it's vital for my future career in the police.

Be prepared to gain over 100 new friend requests on Facebook within Freshers week, it'll become your main hub for societies, socials and local events. Also, if you don't have Facebook Messenger I'd recommend getting it, as depending on your degree, group presentations/projects are likely. Another heads up would be to pack plenty of cold and flu medication, because fresher's flu isn't a myth, it's very, very real.





Annabelle Moss

At Manchester Metropolitan University

Studying Human Resource Management

It probably took a couple of weeks for Uni to feel like home. I think everyone has a wobble at the beginning or after Freshers week when you realise **it isn't a holiday and you actually live here** - but you soon get over it. Year 1 is probably on a par with A-Levels – I have 4 modules and the work is fast-paced so **you can't really miss a week/lecture/tutorial**. It is very different to A-Levels - 95% of the work is individual research.

Freshers week was so good – you meet loads of new people and go on lots of nights out, but there was also so much to do at the union like attend sample sales, jobs fairs and your course induction week. Managing money is hard especially being in Manchester where there is just so much to do. However, I had a year out last year where I worked full-time and had to pay rent so I got used to having to manage my money. A lot of my flat-mates have got jobs in the city for as little as 16 hours a week which still brings in money for nights out etc, as you have your maintenance loan to pay for food and necessities.

I love my course because it is something I have a massive interest in—I **didn't know this before my gap year**. I'm only in Uni 12 hours a week Tuesday-Thursday, so having a 4-day weekend means I have plenty of time for Uni work, shopping and visiting people or going back home for a few days to see family. Going to Uni was the best choice I made, however I would strongly recommend to **anyone to take a year out if you aren't 100% sure what you want to study—it really helped me**.

Chelsea Dos Santos

At Manchester Metropolitan University

Studying Physiotherapy

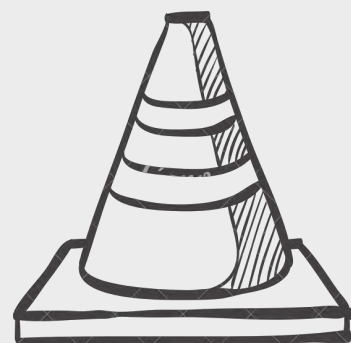
I felt settled in my halls about 3/4 weeks into University, however you do have your bad weeks throughout the year where you just miss home a lot but that's normal. The work is harder than at Sixth Form but I love my course so that makes it a lot easier because I want to learn about it and I find it very interesting.

I didn't really have much of a Freshers week because my course started straight away and I was in everyday starting at 9am. The things I did go to were really good and very busy in a city like Manchester so it was amazing.

It is a little bit hard to manage your money because you don't realise how expensive things really are until you move to Uni, also I hate missing out on things so I never say no to going out for meals and nights out - it all adds up! But I've been managing better than I thought and have been very good with my budget.

I am loving my course, it's very full on but very interesting. I'm in Monday 9-5, Wednesday 9-1 and Friday 9-1. However they set tasks and assignments to do on both Tuesday and Thursday which keep me busy for most of my days off. The course is very fast paced - by the end of October we had finished our first module and written our first exam but we were well prepared.

I am very glad that I went to Uni, I have met so many wonderful people and have learnt so much, it makes you more independent and it is a lot of fun living in halls and having people **around you constantly**. It's great to study in a very lively city where there is always something going on.



Found in most student houses

Happy Diwali!

By Priya Parmar

Diwali is the Hindu festival of lights which celebrates the new year and is one of India's most important holidays. It is celebrated by Sikhs and Hindus all over the world from Leicester to Mumbai! Diwali falls on a different day each year between October and November, this year it fell on 19th October and was a day of excitement and celebration for Hindus and Sikhs everywhere. The Diwali festival traditionally lasts for five days and is a time for happiness and togetherness. The fourth day of Diwali is officially the Hindu new year and this means that parties are held and fireworks are lit to welcome the new year.

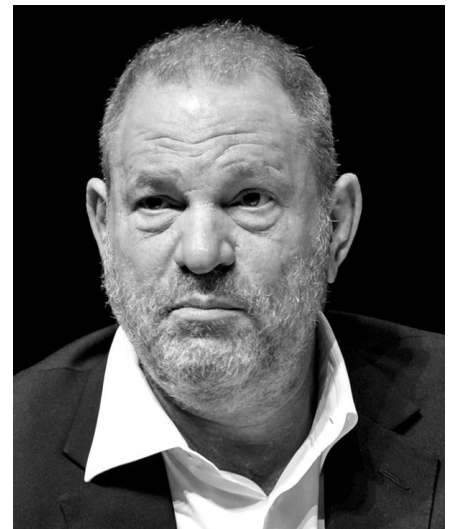
The roots of Diwali lie in the story of Rama and Sita which is one of love, intrigue, kidnap and eventually the triumphant rescue: Sita is rescued by her husband Rama and Hanuman the monkey warrior. In the story, the villagers light bright oil lamps called Divas to help guide Rama and Sita home after their fourteen-year exile. This is a tradition that has been carried on to present day which is why at Diwali Hindu houses are filled with lights and candles each year at this time.

This year, my family and I celebrated Diwali by visiting the Diwali Mela in Manchester, which happens annually and is personally something I look forward to each year. When you first arrive at the festival you are immediately overcome by the sound of bhangra music and the smell and taste of a variety of Indian food. The festival is filled with people, especially towards the end where there is an amazing firework show over the Manchester Town Hall and an exciting parade which is filled with lanterns.

Food and art both play an important role in Diwali and are another important part of the festival. Families cook their favourite dishes and sweet treats are exchanged amongst family and friends. One of my favourite Indian sweets is called gulab jamun which is essentially sweet, sticky dough balls soaked in rose scented syrup which taste heavenly! Rangoli patterns and henna are beautiful forms of art which are traditionally done at Diwali but are not limited to this time of year - both help make Diwali beautiful and vibrant.

Diwali is a time to spend with family and friends and is a time of new beginnings. So, just as January 1st 2018 is also approaching, I would like to wish you all "Sal Mubarak!" (Happy New Year)!





HARVEY WEINSTEIN: VICTIM BLAMING, RAPE CULTURE AND OTHER HORROR STORIES

**UNRAVELLING THE ISSUE AND RAISING
AWARENESS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT, ONE
#HASHTAG AT A TIME.**

I am scared of spiders. I used to be afraid of the dark. And now I am terrified of what else – or who else – Hollywood is hiding.

Sitting down to dinner with my family a few weeks ago, the conversation turned to the scandal breaking in America concerning the alleged sexual assault of many female actresses – including Gwyneth Paltrow, Cara Delevingne and Lupita Nyong'o, by the film producer, Harvey Weinstein. I remarked that it was incredible how this monstrous scheme had been allowed to spread so wide for so long involving a rapidly growing list of alleged victims. But when, after just a few seconds, my mum remarked with a cynical sniff, 'I mean I'm heavily sceptical about these things anyway... are you seriously trying to tell me these girls didn't know what they were going up to his apartment for?' Alarm bells went off in my head. My ears pricked up – surely they weren't suggesting what I thought they were?

Is this not exactly what perpetuates rape culture? I asked them. They sighed in unison. To them, in that moment, I was being 'naïve', and didn't understand that this cycle of assault was merely a natural follow up to a long history of women using their sexuality as a means to 'get ahead' in this cutthroat industry. When I suggested that their patronising scepticism contributed to the fact that so many of these women didn't report the abuse at the time, I was met with stony faced glares and tight-lipped expressions.

'We're not saying all the women were lying' proclaimed my dad, as though somehow that would comfort me, 'just that many of them should have known better'.

As if it was their fault. As if they were somehow complicit in their own assault. As if Harvey Weinstein was not as guilty as everyone was suggesting.

Is this not precisely the issue with many cases of sexual assault? We have become so desensitised as a society to this kind of abuse that *it is almost expected that it is as much the victim's responsibility to avoid assault as the attacker's to avoid assaulting.*

It is a small step from 'knowing better' to 'knowing what was coming' to 'asking for it,' to suddenly assuming it's just another woman who: 'may or may not be lying.'



**“FOR THE VICTIMS THIS IS TOO
LITTLE, TOO LATE....”**

They have made an accusation against one of the most powerful men in Hollywood – but who really cares because he's a wealthy producer? He's untouchable.

Unsurprisingly, far from Weinstein remaining the focus of his own sexual assault charges, the media soon turned to demonise the more powerful victims of the allegations. Why didn't Paltrow, Nyong'o and Delevingne speak up earlier? In the eyes of several news outlets, these women were almost as guilty as Weinstein himself—unwilling to risk their careers by accusing a hugely influential producer. It has been repeatedly proven that even comparatively commanding women are no match for well-established, (usually male) figures in Hollywood.

We've seen it before. Casey Affleck - accused by multiple women of sexual harassment and assault. Woody Allen - accused of sexually violating a child. Both unconvicted. Forgiven and forgotten. Both still winning Oscars, making movies. A deeply ingrained core of misogyny runs through Hollywood. People simply do not want to ask uncomfortable questions. It is apparently so expected in Hollywood that women should be willing to use their bodies for gain that to my parents (and I'm willing to believe many others) these claims didn't deserve weight. Didn't deserve to be taken as seriously because in an industry where sexuality is virtually the only power a woman has to get ahead – it is easier to believe these women originally went along with the requests of massaging and kissing and even sex, and just... changed their minds... or that they should have been more vigilant, even expected what was to come. This way of thinking, that planting of a seed of doubt into the mind is part of the reason why allegedly Weinstein's – and countless others' – sickening cycle of assaults were allowed to span almost three decades, What I was trying to communicate to my parents wasn't that anyone who's ever been accused of rape or assault is inarguably guilty – simply that, *if the accused is 'innocent until proven guilty', then why is the accuser 'responsible until proven blameless'?*

Since these horrific scandals, over fifty women have added their voices to the grotesque pile of accusations now laying themselves on Harvey Weinstein's back. It seems certain he will be convicted... doesn't it? But he is merely one cockroach in an industry-wide infestation. It is painfully obvious how far we have to go as a society to raise awareness of sexual assault and its prevalence in the workplace.

If Hollywood is the industry in the spotlight at the moment, we can rest assured that it is only the tip of a very disturbing iceberg. The hashtag #metoo has been recently trending on Twitter, racking up over 500,000 uses in its first 24 hours on the site. Women across the globe shared their own stories of misogyny, harassment and assault in the workplace. Unsurprisingly, this issue seems to pervade almost every industry, from sporting stars to college campuses. Yes, we now know the extent of this plague, but for the victims this is too little, too late.

“I CAME IN AGE IN THE 60'S AND 70'S, WHEN ALL THE RULES ABOUT BEHAVIOUR AND WORKPLACES WERE DIFFERENT.”

- Harvey Weinstein

Long story short: I don't want to hear from Hollywood that this is a '*great victory*' for women – because it isn't. It's a disgrace. I want to hear why it took thirty years and fifty women to build enough evidence against one man to finally take him to court. I don't want to be asked why the women didn't shout louder about the abuse they faced. I want to hear why they felt that they couldn't stand up to one man, and why, despite several of the victims claiming to have been vocal about their experiences, nobody wanted to listen? I have run out of patience for people who are not actively outraged by this news. Hollywood, I have run out of patience for stories like this. Because despite the 'progressive' coverage of this scandal, one in five women in the UK will be a victim of sexual assault and 1 in 30 men. Because less than 1% of sexual assaulters in the US military are convicted. Because scandals like these have been breaking for decades, and yet nothing seems to have changed. To pretend that this one disgrace will act as a catalyst for change in a historically misogynistic world is naive. So, when the news tells me that the rape epidemic has turned a corner globally, forgive me if I don't believe them. Forgive me if I cannot forget the hundreds of victims of Jimmy Saville, Bill Cosby, Stuart Hall, Mike Tyson, Rolf Harris and now Harvey Weinstein. I refuse to see this horrifying reality as a normality – and you should too. **Issy Clarke**

WE

NEED.

FEMINISM.

In a modern society where women are enfranchised and can supposedly access the same education and jobs that men can, why are people still identifying as feminists when women 'already have got their rights'? The truth is that there is still a long way to go in creating an equal society for men and women. Unfortunately many people fail to recognise this and see feminism as something that angry, men-hating women believe in, rather than the advocacy of women's rights on the grounds of the equality of the sexes. We all saw Johnny Mitchell on this summer's 'Love Island' as he claimed that women 'almost had more opportunities than men,' however looking at the pay gap, the Harvey Weinstein Scandal and institutionalised misogyny I'm going to have to say - *they don't*.

The pay gap is something that caused major controversy last July when the BBC had to announce the salaries of those earning over £150,000 a year, revealing a 9% pay gap that compares to a national average of 18%. This issue is widespread and it also demonstrates the under-representation of women in more senior jobs. This issue can't be justified and demonstrates why women struggle to get promoted when they aren't even able to earn the same amount as their male counterparts. However this misogyny in the workplace doesn't end at the pay gap, evident in the recent #MeToo Campaign.

The hashtag that trended on twitter was a result of the Harvey Weinstein Scandal to demonstrate how widespread sexual harassment in the work place was. In the EU alone, 40-50% of women have experienced sexual harassment in the workplace.

This statistic isn't all that shocking considering the reveal of the misconduct by other Hollywood names like Kevin Spacey and Ben Affleck but also by now ex-ministers like Michael Fallon. The reality is that too often women are not believed and are even blamed for sexual harassment so are more likely to not confront the issue. Women's clothing for example can lead to them not being taken seriously if they are seen as too 'provocative'. But a preoccupation with women's appearance can start much younger and is even prevalent in schools.

Unrealistic body expectations for young girls and women are becoming more prominent especially through advertising on social media. This culture is becoming unhealthy as it can lead to extremes like eating disorders and mental health issues as girls feel obliged to fit society's strict mould of what is considered 'pretty' or 'attractive.' Furthermore many young girls can face sanctions for dressing inappropriately in schools with strict dress codes. For example, short skirts and wearing too much make-up are considered inappropriate for school and too 'distracting' however this *really* body-shames impressionable girls and sexualises minors which is surely worse than not having the correct uniform in the first place?

Overall it is evident that feminism is still necessary today. While we may have the vote, as long as the current President of the US makes derogatory comments about women like 'I don't even wait. And when you're a star, they let you do it.' I think it's clear there is still a long way to go. And if you're lucky enough to not experience sexism? Then great. However feminism is primarily about speaking out for all women, especially those that are unable to speak out for themselves - such as girls who are denied access to education, can't drive and are even unable to leave the house without a male present. So I think it's clear that feminism is still vital. Despite Beyonce's cry of "Who runs the world? - **Girls**" we have a long way to go.



Alice
Willetts

MY COMMONWEALTH YOUTH GAMES EXPERIENCE



BRONZE IN THE BAHAMAS



This last summer, I had the privilege of competing in the Bahamas, representing my country at Javelin, for the Commonwealth Youth Games. It was insane, incredible and probably the best experience of my life. To this day I keep in touch with everyone I met via social media, having group chats with athletes from nations such as Trinidad and Tobago, Jamaica and Canada. With it being a multi-sport event it brought countries together better than I'd ever thought possible.

On the 21st of June, I got the phone call confirming my selection, but wasn't allowed to tell ANYONE, as the media had to publicly announce it first. I had to wait until the following week which nearly killed me - I even knew at prom but had to stay quiet. Agonising.

I felt overwhelmed about even getting selected, as to get to the qualifying standard had felt like a long shot to me, earlier on in the season. Then, two weeks later I received all my England kit and met up with the other athletes – soon to be my teammates - who were just as buzzing to get out there as I was.

We departed on the 17th of July, with a flight of 8 ½ hours separating London from Nassau. The team and I boarded the plane energised and were told to 'bank sleep' by the physios and team managers yet this was hard as there were hundreds of films to watch and meals being served every hour. Ten of us were sat on the back row so, we didn't get much sleep at all!

Stepping out off the plane, the heat hit us hard and it felt like 100% humidity had just knocked all the breath out of us, whilst simultaneously walking into an oven.

22nd July – Competition Day. I wasn't nervous, instead just excited to get out there and prove myself on an International Stage. The atmosphere of the games, **throughout, was mad, nothing I'd ever experienced before.** You found yourself talking to everyone. I thought my competitors would try and psych me out pre-competition, yet on the previous days when I had been to the track to train they proved me wrong. I had become close with the Cyprus and Welsh girl, who I knew I threw similar distances to. Despite this, we hung around with each other in the hotel and at the beach.



DAY 1- Competition time

The nation who were strongest in my event were the Australians, who were ranked 1st and 2nd coming into the games, yet they even helped coach me, swap lots of kit as mementos and to this day I'm in contact with them on a group snapchat. After the 3rd of 6 rounds of competition I was placed in 1st, but I knew the other athletes hadn't thrown well at all and usually produced their best throws in the last rounds so I knew I hadn't secured this spot. I came into the competition ranked 5th and was competing against girls a year older than me so I wasn't safe at all. Then, after, the 5th round with one throw to go I had been knocked down into 4th and thought it was all over. I felt as though it had been taken from me and I couldn't possibly claw back a medal with only 1 throw left.

Looking back, I know it wasn't true, but I have to admit that a part of me thought 'Who's bothered about 4th place? – no one.' I certainly didn't want to be that close and not come away with anything, especially at my first ever International. So, I did something about it. I isolated myself from my rivals, practised my technique repeatedly, correcting what I had got wrong in my previous throws, and hyped myself up. After my last throw, I didn't think I had done enough. Again, I thought it was over and despondently walked back to my seat and started putting my trainers back on. It was then I realised something had happened. I saw the Australian who was currently ranked in 3rd place start crying. Could it be? So I ran straight away - in my socks - over to the official to ask where I placed and that was the moment. I realised I had done it. I threw exactly the same distance down to the same cm as the Aussie ranked in 3rd, but won on count-back – my second-best throw was further than hers. I got a Bronze Medal. I was third out of all the Commonwealth athletes and just felt so proud.

It was a vivid and memorable experience that has opened the door to me possibly thinking about travelling abroad to study and train in the future. It has also made me reflect on the importance of all the time spent working towards and preparing for the event – a bit like exams really – only the Bahamas is a much more appealing and exotic setting than our exam hall!

Emma Howe



12 THINGS WE HATE TO LOVE ABOUT CHRISTMAS



Christmas: the one time of year that you can wrap yourself in glittered polyester, crown your head like a toddler in a tiara and stuff your face with enough pudding to feed the 5000. And the worst part of all this, it is considered to be the very "best time of the year." Those who dare to challenge these traditions are branded viciously with names like "Scrooge" and "Grinch", or even exiled to the kid's table to enjoy their turkey dinner. Despite the things I adore about this season, there are an abundance of things I'd preferably hate to love about Christmas.

The Impending and Increasingly-Earlier Start to Festivities.

This year, I found myself aghast when my friends began defrosting their Michael Buble albums before I'd even been able to remove the stains of fake blood from myself on the 1st of November. When the clock struck twelve, their brains switched to Christmas mode, with an ongoing playlist of Wham! and Mariah Carey, combined with the blinding sparkle of Christmas lights and glitter.

Cringe Christmas Jumpers

How do people enjoy wearing Christmas jumpers? From the itchy material, to the ridiculously stupid slogans/patterns (often including a light up reindeer nose), they remain to be a thorn in my festive side. Whether it's a Primark special, or even a Debenhams classic, the Christmas jumper should be banned. Indefinitely. Well... maybe start next year? I've already bought one for this festive season.



GETTING (NOT SO)

PLEASANTLY PLUMP

Whether it's that extra chin, or those jeans that keep "shrinking in the wash," we're all guilty of

eating like mad at Christmas. Tempted by the luscious scents of turkey, mince pies and even Christmas pudding, we each lack the self-control to say "no". We'd rather eat and eat and eat. But it's fine. No need to worry. We can easily just set a New Year's resolution and lose the weight in the following 12 months. Only to put it all back on again next December.

The Month Long Wait for a Two-Minute Advert That Never Fails to Disappoint



The Christmas John Lewis advert has become more of a culturally festive event than ice skating, tree picking and present wrapping combined. This beautifully melancholy commercial, breaks my heart and makes it swell, all within the 1 minute 46 seconds it screens during Coronation Street breaks. Despite, their deep and meaningful messages, after the first time you've seen it, it becomes more and more irritating as it graces your screen monotonously, repetitively, tediously.....

Christmas Music makes me want to scream.

I love a Christmas sing-a-long as much as the next guy, but do we have to be deafened by blaring Christmas anthems through the whole of December? Urgh.



Unwanted Relatives

Awkward. Enough Said.

BLINDING CHRISTMAS DISPLAYS WITH ENOUGH LIGHTS TO ILLUMIATE THE WHOLE OF THE UK



Some of us love the sight of fairy lights smothering our houses at Christmas time. Some of us live for the feeling of utter accomplishment when you flick the switch and your house lights up like Blackpool illuminations. Some of us, however realise that even though it's Christmas, electricity bills still exist. Not only do they scream "I'm obnoxious," they also cost a lot.

Nose-Diving Temperatures

It's inevitable that Christmas is cold. In fact, it's the meaning, the foundation, *the very core of Christmas spirit*. Thing is; I hate it. Not only does it make simple acts like walking on a pavement dangerous, it also always leads to some sort of illness. Leading me neatly into the next trauma....

Unwanted (and very much unappreciated) Gifts.

We all know what I'm talking about. We've all mastered the fake appreciation face. Picture this; it's Christmas morning. You've been woken up early by younger relatives who still can't handle the excitement of Christmas. You find the tree,



scout for your name on a golden wrapped gift. Tenderly, you unfold the wrapping paper, to find the gift of all gifts; a voucher for a full chicken from Nando's. You're a vegetarian. Christmas takes a turn for the worse from that moment.....

The (never ever stays a)

'Secret Santa.'

Even I have been guilty of spilling during 'Secret Santa'. The excitement gets the best of me and I want to scream it from the rooftops. However, when someone else ruins my favourite festive game, it's hard to hide the annoyance from my face. Not only has it taken about a thousand attempts as everyone keeps picking their own name, but also by this point I've thought of the perfect present for my gift receiver. And then that dreaded sentence is uttered; "*I know who everyone has.*" And we start all over again.

THE WORST OF ALL...

Despite my protests and moaning, the most annoying thing is:

*The thing I hate
about Christmas the
most, is how much I
love it.*



Emily Ball &
Lily Evans

APOCALYPSE NOW?

So, when people say **'Brexit'** the idea that springs to mind, is that we had a vote called by David Cameron in June 2016 about leaving the EU so that some of the population would stop talking about it. As it turns out the whole thing went pear shaped: we all believed the vote would go one way but it went the other, with the vote being 51.9% to 48.1% to 'Leave' (not a very large margin many people argued.) Shocker.

Brexit essentially involves a series of talks with the European Union about leaving, whilst securing all the benefits that accompanied EU membership like visa-free travel, free trade and Freddos. Oh, and the government also don't want to let immigrants in from other (usually war torn) countries, and another thing, and something else, and one more thing, oh wait there's more. This simply highlights the hypocrisy of Parliament, when Scotland wanted independence Westminster were very much against it but the moment the Conservative Party felt pressure from pro-Brexit groups they called a referendum they thought they'd win. That was all it was in the end, a political move to allow the Conservatives to maintain control. I don't know about you but I wouldn't give Britain an easy ride and I live here.

Furthermore, the European Union is a group of 28 countries who have all agreed to create a trade environment where people and trade are allowed to move like we are in one big country. This also means a different set of laws within the EU; many who voted 'Leave' thought these were too restrictive on the UK, however these laws are being drafted into UK legislation as we speak. This is where the concept of nationalism comes in. With Scotland wanting independence and Catalonia too, there is a mass movement and desire to be able to decide a country's own future away from larger controlling groups. This is often due to patriotism and 'nostalgia for an imperial past' as Sir Vince Cable, the leader of the Liberal Democrats put it.

Nationalism just means the desire for independence and that's all well and good until we realise what independence means for our generation. It's a well-known fact that the youth vote was not in favour of leaving the EU, in fact more than 70% of our generation voted 'NO.' Unfortunately for us that didn't go too well. It seems the people who may actually be dead by the time we officially leave the EU were feeling patriotic that day. Between the referendum and March 2017 there were approximately 563,000 new 18

year-old voters. There were also a similar number of deaths with 85% of these from the over 65 group who were the ones who tipped the balance in favour of 'Leave.' As a result, from March 2017 the result achieved in the referendum has been reversed in favour of 'Remain,' provided voting patterns are the same. That's the hard truth. All of this will be our mess to deal with one day in the not too distant future. Boris Johnson was the Pied Piper who led Britain off a cliff, all the while telling everyone there was a bridge there.

In terms of the issues facing us, Brexit is likely to affect university, jobs and our ability to travel outside the country, so just some of the most important parts of our lives at the moment. Universities rely on European students to supply talent and encourage research within their chosen field. As a result of Brexit they are likely to have to pay more than they already do, causing a decline in international students since they can't afford to study here. The phrase 'small island mentality' comes to mind; 'Vote Leave' campaigners used our fears of overpopulation and terrorism to their advantage. As for UK students we are unlikely to be able to study or work abroad because university links and research connections will be damaged by this separation. Say goodbye to that Erasmus grant for studying French for a year in Paris. If that isn't enough, the Telegraph reported that 'UK universities receive an additional 15 per cent in funding from the EU and some believe the UK could lose this if Brexit happens,' reported the Telegraph which means fees are likely to increase past their current astronomical heights! As well as that, with many companies jumping ship (did somebody say Titanic?) there is going to be a severe effect on available employment. Barclays, Microsoft, EasyJet; these companies are moving their headquarters away from Britain like it has the plague and they're taking a lot of jobs with them.

However, there must be some positives, after all this was supposed to be for our benefit (although how much of the benefits promised were actually true is debatable.) As it happens, the UK housing market is doing quite well post-Brexit which is surprising considering what a state it was in before.



The Treasury is predicting house prices will fall by 10 to 18 per cent by 2018 so many say leaving the EU means young people will be able to get on the property ladder more easily as a result. This means that after we go out into the big, scary world we can do it from the comfort of our 'so tiny it's practically a cardboard box' - apartments that we will share with about five other people, and the number keeps increasing (we'll be students after all.) Now, to contradict a previous statement, apparently unemployment may be less affected than all we 'NO' voters predicted, with the unemployment rate falling below 5% which is the lowest it has been since 2003. We might just have a chance at breaking out of that tiny flat then!

As an alternative to that upbeat exploration, let us talk about politicians. That's right, as if you didn't dislike them already; some politicians went and sold us misinformation during campaigning about what the magical paradise of post-Brexit Britain would be like. For example, £350 million granted to the NHS (there goes Boris Johnson again.) Those are the types of things that 'YES' voters believed in however none of us knew what the future would hold, I think we all just assumed the actual government officials might. 'YES' campaigners made many of us believe that leaving the EU would give us more money to be able to spend on ourselves but the actual cost of Brexit obliterates any money gained by leaving. We keep returning to Boris Johnson (can you really ever get past him?) because as the key campaign leader for 'Vote Leave,' Boris Johnson (along with Michael Gove) had us fooled with promises like: no damage to EU trade, more money for the NHS and reduced immigration by saying things such as: "I wouldn't set a time limit for it but the ambition would be to bring it (immigration) down to tens of thousands." (Michael Gove)

Tens of thousands you say?

It appears most of our esteemed politicians went into their campaign blind and proceeded to make predictions based on limited facts or evidence. Not only was this an issue throughout campaigning but now Prime Minister Theresa May is pledging 'accelerated talks' for Brexit that appear to be moving slower than rush hour traffic in London.



With the official independence of the United Kingdom from the European Union set for 2019 (when we're all getting student loans or trying to find a job) there has to be some major breakthroughs but the UK is actually making contingency plans for if trade talks fall through. Say goodbye to Magic Stars. These talks are hardly getting anywhere and can you blame the EU?

As a result, we find ourselves in a situation which the majority of us didn't want to be in or didn't have a say in and that doesn't seem to be going away anytime soon. There are positives and there are negatives however at this point we must just accept them for what they are and try to make the most of it. I recognise there are people out there who truly believe voting 'Leave' was the best answer for our country but in my opinion, it would be hard to find anyone outwardly wanting to leave anymore, the whole concept has lost its shine and we've not even left yet! Therefore, I suggest we wait a few years until our vote means something, then create a country based on what we wanted all along.

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Anna Richardson



The true culture of being English

When you ask a non-Brit how they see English people, you always get the same response: Posh. In American rom-coms and sit-coms, the 'Hot English girl' stereotype is always played upon, along with the attractiveness of the RP accent and the vibrant culture of London. In action and thriller films, English people are the dark mysterious villains who are always so charismatic and intelligently manipulative.

If you ask an English person, however, I think we'd all say we resemble Colin Frissell more than Hugh Grant in *Love, Actually*. So what really is English culture? What, exactly, does it mean to live on this rainy, grim island?

Not knowing what on earth actually constitutes 'Britain'

There's 'Great Britain' and there's 'the British Isles' and the 'United Kingdom.' Does anyone really know which country falls under which? All we care about is that England is in all three of them, so no matter which one we say, we'll be alright. Also, everyone either has relatives in Ireland or has literally no idea what's going on there. English people like playing into Irish stereotypes just as much as the rest of the world. We know Dublin and Belfast and how to say "*Tup of the mornin' to yuh*" and that's it.

Great going guys.

Queuing

This always makes it on to the list of English quirks, but, seriously, what is *wrong* with other countries?! All you have to do is stand in a somewhat orderly line and then it's totally fair and you'll be served by whatever order you rocked up in. Plus, the true betrayal and injustice you feel when someone skips ahead of you in a queue will never be experienced by so much of the world's population. Truly an enlightening experience they are really missing out on.

Sarcasm

I'm going to be honest, it takes a pretty well-written non-British comedy to make me laugh, because I'm so used to the sly, innuendo based culture we have, that comedy which is trying to be obviously funny just... falls flat. And yet, one good line from a pretty poor British comedy and that's it; it'll be in the Hall of Fame for years to come. Witty repertoire between two characters just sitting and having coffee can be hundreds of times funnier than slapstick. For a common response to the question: "how are you doing," to be: "well I'm not dead yet," says a lot about how cheery British people commonly are.

The HUGE difference between saying lavatory and loo

Just kidding; no-one says lavatory. And if they do, we pretend we don't know those people.

Begrudging sport support

We all know England never wins anything. We know. We have been disappointed time and time again. (It's got to the point that you're an idiot for hoping England will even get to the Quarter-Finals of any competition.) You have to (secretly) root for them, at least until they're knocked out. After that, well, it's fair game.

That one BBC show

BBC shows aren't exactly a hip and trendy thing to like. You'd have to bring out torture devices before the average English teenager would admit to maybe, *once*, watching a *single* dance from *Strictly Come Dancing*. And it was only 'coz my mum forced me'. Even so, everyone has that one show that they'll swallow their pride to sit down and watch, ears pricked, hoping no-one will discover that they are four seasons into *Merlin*.

The North/South divide

People get incensed by hearing a long 'a' in "bath" up here in the North. Yet in the South, the Scouse accent is literally about as understandable as ancient Greek. Mistaking English people as all being buddies is a rookie mistake, no matter what the name 'United' Kingdom suggests.

Those... Other members of the Royal Family

Everyone's got the Queen (apparently immortal), Phillip (founder of the casual racism club), Charles (never going to happen), Will (how long until all his hair goes?), Kate (Is she currently pregnant? Who knows) and Harry (*they're trying to sell him as a heart-throb? Whose idea was that?*) down to a pat, but God help you if you're asked about anyone else. There's the horse riding one (Zelda? Zebra?) and there's probably an Anne and a Mary and an Edward somewhere because apparently names outside of the ones that have already been used by previous rulers are unheard of by the Royal family.but above them all, Diana must be laughing manically because she's still getting more press coverage than they do....

Always being unprepared for rain

It rains here *all the time*. The days that the sky is blue are honestly so few and far between that you only remember it's that colour from looking at optimistic children's drawings. This being said, are we ever prepared for the rain? Nope. Despite fairly accurate weather predictions nowadays and easy access to coats, we always seem so surprised when it starts raining prompting exclamations of: "it's raining." We're a really descriptive, enthusiastic bunch, as you can tell.



And finally, clearly the most important part to our culture:

Outrage over the rising price of Freddos

I am never going to be over the fact that when I was six years old and just getting pocket money I could have bought at least six Freddos with my £1. The coins may be changing to look more stylish but that cannot explain why Freddos are so horrendously overpriced. It's just a slab of chocolate shaped like a frog! Why must it cost me a vat of unicorn blood, six rainbows and my firstborn child?

Tegan Berry



52 YEARS OF HURT: IS SOUTHGATE THE MAN?



"I hope the English public will see they gave everything,"... off the back of two consecutive goalless draws, albeit against the two highest ranked sides in world football, is it naive to believe again that football has a chance of "coming home." Following the past decade of embarrassing tournament performances and shambolic off-field events, the summer success for our youth teams paired with the undefeated qualifying campaign for Russia 2018 could signal a turning point in our fortunes.

"Gianluigi Buffon's tears were a reminder of the passion we seem to lack in our national setup."

Following the hasty dismissal of Sam Allardyce after the entrapment scandal, the FA looked within the organisation for a replacement who could steady the ship. Southgate had led the Under-21 team to a disappointing result at the 2015 Euros yet was trusted with the hopes of a nation. The recent international friendlies also highlighted Southgate's willingness to experiment as he put his trust in youth and handed out 6 debuts to exciting upcoming players. The early signs were positive, despite losing record goal-scorer Wayne Rooney to retirement, he has overseen a comfortable qualification which has troubled other big nations; exemplified by Italy's failure to qualify for the World Cup for the first time since 1958.

Gianluigi Buffon's tears were a reminder of the passion we seem to lack in our national setup.

Despite our willingness as fans to get over-excited at positive signs and at the start of every major tournament, we can't genuinely expect any success with the current generation of players and an inexperienced manager leading the squad. We have been in the 'transition period' since the end of the Golden Generation a decade ago, and despite an attempt to redefine football in England from Grass-

roots level up, we have gone backwards since Sven Goran-Eriksson and Co.'s failure at the 2006 World Cup.

Despite our lack of hope, what are the realistic expectations for the team at Russia 2018? We can confidently assume we will be placed in a 'group of death' and that Southgate will have to navigate through to secure his job for the future. A minimum expectation of the quarter finals is reasonable, however it depends if Southgate can finally change the mentality within the squad that has led to failure after failure at major tournaments in the 21st century. He will have to develop a system that utilises the ability of England's best talents: Harry Kane, Marcus Rashford and Dele Alli to have any chance of marginal success at the finals.

These players still have a raw talent which allows them to take the game to the opposition with speed and flair and this is the best chance we have as a team to defeat some of the stronger squads at the tournament. This is an immense task for Southgate as there are many routes he could take, however he will have to choose the best possible option to finally provide some success to the World's first footballing nation and end the 52 long years of hurt. Here's hoping

FACTS AND STATS

World Cup wins: 1 (1966)
World Cup Qualifications: 15
Top goalscorer: Wayne Rooney (53)
Most clean sheets: Peter Shilton (66)
Bookies odds for 2018: 20/1
2018 favourites: Germany/ Brazil
Penalty shootouts lost: 7
Penalty shootouts won: 1
Most capped Player: Shilton (125) games
Longest career: Stanley Matthews (22 years)



Just why is Britain so bad at learning languages?

The reasons behind our failure to learn languages.

"There's no need", "what's the point?" and "why would I bother?" are three very typical responses when Britons are asked why they don't learn languages. Unfortunately, we have a very negative attitude when it comes to learning languages and, in all fairness, we have a long line of excuses to back up this stance. The fact that English is an internationally recognised language is the most obvious one. But then why, if French is also an official language of the United Nations, can a fair number of French people (39%) speak decent English?

Firstly, it's important to recognise that it's not completely our own fault that this is the linguistic situation in our country. Governments over the decades have slowly abolished the requirement to study a language, each time making it easier and easier to avoid them. For example, the number of people taking A-level language exams has halved over the past twenty years. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to shame you into the fact that you probably haven't taken an A-level language, but rather just raise an awareness of this withering but crucial skill. I can guarantee, however, that on one occasion you will have been abroad and been lost for words, both literally and figuratively, at the ability of a foreigner to transition gracefully between two languages. This is not unusual. Meanwhile, your parent (most likely your dad) thinks speaking to them in English in a foreign accent and shouting okay okay will help their comprehension. This reflects our very chilled outlook on how we treat foreign languages. Sorry to point out the obvious, but yelling in a French accent at a Chinese businessman won't increase your chances of a commercial transaction when you have a job – unfortunately.

Meanwhile, over the channel lies a force of French children at school learning English, knowing that they reduce their chances of finding a good job without the language. Once again, we have only our British ancestors to blame for their colonisation of the world, and the spread of English. Evidently we are once again placed in a position of comfort, contentment and security, able to converse with anyone, anywhere. Another statistic to keep you hooked – 54% of Europeans can converse in two languages, whereas 95% of the UK is monolingual. Unmistakeably, we have a huge deficit here, with us Brits pulling down the EU average.

But what can we do to fix the issue?

No need to worry yet, as not all hope is lost at our age. Universities are increasingly offering joint honours degrees combining a language with your subject of interest. This rewarding, albeit challenging combination allows you to start a language from scratch without any prior experience. Once you are fluent in a language, you will be able to speak to your future offspring in the foreign language whilst they're young, and hey presto, they will be fluent by the age of eight. Think of the hassle you'll save them by not having to learn a foreign language from scratch later on in life.

Anyway, I hope I haven't made you feel too guilty about your lack of foreign language knowledge. Next time you're ordering noodles in Thailand or paella in Spain, in English, just put yourself in a foreigner's shoes when they try to order fish and chips in London, in English. No chance with that cockney accent!

Thomas Adkins



ONE LOVE

I have always been aware of terrorism but I never imagined that it was something that I would experience personally. I used to hear on the news about attacks happening in other countries but never thought twice about it as it wasn't happening near me. It wasn't until the London attack in March this year that I opened my eyes to terrorism, however I still lived in a bubble thinking that I would never go through an event like that. Surely if terrorists were going to attack the UK it was always going to be in London ... not Manchester

The Ariana Grande concert was a joint birthday present for my sister and I; having both been fans of hers for years it meant a lot to us to finally see her perform live – it was also my sister's first concert.

When we arrived at the Arena there were already hundreds of people waiting, all excited to see their idol perform. We were standing on the steps for almost two hours, making friends and talking about the songs we were most excited to see Ariana perform. Once the doors were opened and we finally got to the entrance we had to go through security. It was **honestly one of the worst security checks I've ever seen**, all they did was glance in my backpack – which was filled with random items that could have easily covered a weapon – looking for food or drink - they never emptied it or felt inside. We were not searched, nor did we walk through a metal detector like my friend had to at the MEN only two weeks before at a Shawn Mendes concert. I know some **people didn't even have their bags checked, they just walked right in**. The terrible security aside, the actual concert was incredible and everything I could've imagined and more. **Ariana was amazing live and it was definitely the best concert I've ever been to**. Ariana did five acts and an encore, however before she returned for her final song of:

'Dangerous Woman,' a number of people got up and began to leave. Whether it was to beat the traffic or because they were unaware of her final performance, my sister and I also got up, thinking it was over. But I knew there'd be one more song....

After that final song she left the stage and the lights came back on. Everyone, including us, got up to leave. But as we were walking down the stairwell we heard this explosion that sounded like a gunshot only louder. I felt it vibrate through my chest. It went completely silent for about 10 seconds until screams broke out across the arena. People started running in panic to the nearest exits. Words cannot even describe what I felt during those 10 seconds. It was a feeling I had never experienced before. I initially thought someone had managed to get a gun into the arena.

As soon as the screams broke out and people began to run, I grabbed my sister and told her to get back up the stairs to the top platform. As we were running I felt people pushing me and someone actually pulled on my bag so they could try and get ahead – it was every man for themselves. Once we reached the platform I could hear people shouting that it was a bomb and that there was blood everywhere. Others were screaming that we were all going to die. My sister by this point was crying uncontrollably and kept repeating to me that she **was scared and didn't want to die**. I told her I wouldn't let anything bad happen to her, but couldn't be sure of that promise. My throat burned because I wouldn't allow myself to cry for the sake of my sister. I had to be there for her – **it didn't help** seeing grown men and women bawling their eyes out. I think that was when it really hit me that what **had happened was something serious and not 'just a balloon'** as some staff members were saying.

Due to what had happened we had to leave through a different exit meaning that I had no clue where I was going. The pitch black night and 20,000 people running in the streets didn't help. Once we got outside of the arena I couldn't see anything except a sea of people and all I could hear were the desperate cries for missing loved ones who had got separated during the mass panic. By this point I knew it was a bomb and suspected it to be a terrorist attack. My sister's phone had died during the concert and I only had 3% battery remaining. I called our mum and told her to come and get us. My parents had even heard the blast in a carpark that was at least a 10 – 15 minute walk away. When she asked me where I was, I couldn't give her a locationwe were forced to go in the direction of the crowd for fear of being trampled, but when we reached the stairs (where the explosion had happened) we were met with police officers screaming at us to run the other way and to evacuate the area immediately.

After what felt like forever trying to escape the scene, I spotted a Travelodge in the distance and told my sister to go there. We found there were hundreds of people like us taking refuge. Whilst we were waiting we witnessed numerous panic attacks as well as acts of kindness – one woman who was with her daughter offered to take us back to her hotel if our parents didn't show up within an hour.

After what left like hours of waiting we finally saw our dad racing towards us – it had taken him 30 minutes and on his way, he said he had witnessed children covered in blood. I felt truly overwhelmed with

emotions as I didn't have to be the one staying strong for my sister anymore. Reunited, we made our way back to the car and within 15 minutes were leaving Manchester.

Months on from the attack I still struggle with things that I never did before and find it hard to relax in crowded areas. The question I'm asked most is 'would I go to another concert?' If you had asked me that before June 4th I would have replied with a 'no' however after returning to Manchester for the One Love Concert my opinion changed instantly and now all I can think about is going to see more of my favourite artists live. The benefit concert made me realise that for every bad person there are 50,000+ good and that as cheesy as it sounds love will always win. Thanks to this event I was able to move forward with my life and start to get back to my old self and I am incredibly fortunate to live within a society that allowed me to do that.

Unfortunately, that isn't the case for thousands of young people who experience what I did more than once and on a daily basis. These people are not receiving the help they need. I now feel more aware of worldwide terrorism and no longer let it slide over my head – just because I live in a western country doesn't mean that I am more entitled.

My hopes for the future are that all acts of terrorism are treated in the same way and not just swept under the carpet. I hope that all children, no matter where they are from, are not overlooked and are helped to overcome their traumas. The words 'One Love' have never seemed so apt. Amy Walker



ONE LOVE
MANCHESTER

SWEET CREATURE

YES, YOU ARE HARRY STYLES...



As the backdrop fell, signalling the start of the concert, the pale pink colour and hand painted flowers mirrored the album cover artwork so we knew HIS arrival was imminent. We knew the concert was about to begin.

We knew Harry was in the building ...

Suddenly the atmosphere came alive as thousands of fans were eager to see their idol. They soon would. A spotlight fell on the draped pink backdrop, the lights dimmed and in the centre of the spotlight was a silhouette. A musician. One man and his guitar – the one and only Harry Styles. Thousands of fans screamed in unison at the sight – high pitched squeals raised the roof as anticipation grew.

Beneath the shrill female shrieks, we could hear the song beginning, the drumbeats, the guitar's rhythm and then that voice: "Tell me something I don't already know." The words were from 'Ever Since New York' but then silence fell. He disappeared from view, the backdrop fell, then he reappeared on-stage as the song's introduction played. Teasing us and building tension, the arena was now filled with energy.

As the lights came up, we could see his trademark, 1970s inspired suit, a red and black checked material and that iconic hair. Gone was the long hair after his 'Dunkirk' film role, replaced with a quiff. And there he stood, just perfect.

The arena, packed with teenagers, felt hot, steamy, electric but the pace changed with his next track, 'Two Ghosts.' Harry's voice sounded different live, with a deeper, more raspy tone. The words seemed even more raw and emotional, especially as thousands of fans sang the lyrics back to him, words which each of us knew by heart.

Next came a moment we had been waiting for, due to secrets being leaked online. We knew it was

coming and it was prompted by these words: "I'm sure most of you came to see me when I was with my four fabulous friends....." Whipping the crowd into a frenzy, the next words set our pulses racing: "If you were one of those people, you should know this one...." The opening introduction of 1D's 'Stockholm Syndrome' blasted out, the forceful sounds pummelling the stadium walls. We knew we were privileged to hear this song from our childhood, but the words of the next track had literally spoken to our younger selves and seemed so familiar, so emotive. As we heard Harry tell us "You don't know you're beautiful" everyone listened. Fans were emotional, starstruck, and although this version was rockier than the original, we all sang the chorus and felt really nostalgic. Every word was sung back to him, louder and louder.

With his new 1970s inspired solo sound, he covered 'The Chain' a Fleetwood Mac classic from the best selling album 'Rumours.' This song closed the show and we knew from its opening chords that it would soon be over we didn't want these feelings of passion and electricity to leave us, but we knew they would.

As the lyrics "Just stop your crying" echoed around the arena, fans knew as he sang "Welcome to the final show" that it really was about to end. This would be the last time we'd see him on tour for some time, and after his final bow he disappeared into the night.

Giving each other a massive hug, this marked the end of our concert and the end of his show. I would advise that you go and see Harry perform live if you ever get the chance. He knows how to put on an amazing concert, interacts well with his crowd and sings with real emotion - a genuinely sweet creature. It will be a night you'll never forget ...

Jess McMillan



THE HEAVENLY EVOLUTION OF HARRY STYLES...



BEYOND 'TERM'...



Hallam Roffey: Deputy Editor of the Student Newspaper at the University of Sheffield.

I'm the Deputy Editor of Forge Press, the student-run newspaper of the University of Sheffield, and one of the three outlets of Forge Media (the other two being Forge Radio and Forge TV).

Forge Press is a 48 page newspaper which is produced every two weeks. The whole process is overseen entirely by students. We have 26 editors who are responsible for putting the paper together. They come up with ideas for their section each issue or commission pitches that have been sent in. They also distribute writing opportunities via email and our Facebook groups to our several-hundred strong team of contributors. They then edit the articles they get in and 'lay-up' the paper using Adobe InDesign. Section editors have freedom over their section and get to choose what they write and the design and look of the article itself.

We also have a team of 9 copy editors who are students that come in and copy edit the paper.

BUILDING JOURNALISTIC SKILLS AT UNIVERSITY

In addition we have a number of student artists, illustrators and photographers who also contribute. Finally we have a Committee of 6 students who are responsible for marketing, inclusion, society socials, bookings etc. But everyone involved are students, except for one full-time officer of the Union who provides advice on legal issues etc.

Every other Thursday is print day when everything gets finished and we send the final paper to our printers. The paper arrives the next day. We have 2000-2,500 copies printed every issue which are distributed around the University campus, the Student's Union, the student villages and Sheffield city. We also publish online and receive thousands of hits every week. The paper is widely read by the student body, and it has won a number of national awards, e.g. the Guardian Media Awards.

Being involved in student journalism is an incredible opportunity. It gives you an amazing insight into the behind-the-scenes of how a newspaper is made and published from start to finish. You often get the chance to be trained in media law, journalism and digital design (very few of our editors and contributors actually study journalism, but all have to go through a few training sessions to be able to work on the paper). These skills, along with all those that you pick up through working in a team in a reasonably high pressured environment are really useful and transferable and will be of great use not just in media and journalism but in just about any sector you end up working in.



How student journalism can help you ...

Student media has also meant that I have been able to get involved with the Students' Union and find out more about student politics. I've chaired and hosted the live-streamed Union election debates. I've found out about news stories and big developments around the University long before most other students ever knew about them. I've met and live-blogged talks from politicians (most recently Nick Clegg, who had a look around our office). The list of things I've been able to do through student media goes on.

Being involved in student journalism at university can be a lot of hard work, but is extraordinarily interesting and rewarding, and gaining experience while still in school or Sixth Form is a great way to start off and be ahead of the game if you decide to get involved when you're at uni. We also have some great socials and house parties.

My experience has given me an enormous amount of knowledge and confidence, and I have since been able to use this experience to get my work published outside the student sphere. I've linked some examples below. This exposure has in turn given me the chance to attend big events such as Spiked's London conference on campus free speech, where I was able to network with journalists and writers such as Brendan O'Neil and Douglas Murray and meet other student writers and commentators from across the UK who I have become friends with.

Why being involved on a Sixth Form Magazine is a great advantage ...

Being involved in a magazine or newspaper while still at school or Sixth Form is an amazing chance to improve your writing, gain confidence, and build up experience. Already it would look great on your CV, would absolutely help your UCAS applications as extra-curricular activities like that look great to admissions officers, and it would give you demonstrable experience if you decide to get involved when you go to uni.

I had to give a short speech outlining why I was right for the role when I first ran for an Editor position at Forge. If you can point to work that you've already done then you'll move up the ladder much more quickly. Also your work will no doubt be of higher quality than most student journalists who often have no previous experience or involvement in student media before university. I can't recommend getting involved enough. Also it's just really great fun, and it's nice to see your work published. Good luck Term journalists!

Behind the Scenes at GRAZIA

Ciara
Palfreyman

Last month, I had the privilege of being invited to spend time at Grazia magazine - a dream for anyone aspiring to work in journalism in the future. When the day came, I was up at an unearthly hour, so it was no surprise that I nearly caught the wrong train! I then had the awkward: *"sorry I think you're in my seat"* encounter which ended up turning into a five-minute argument with the person who refused to move. Nonetheless, having eventually won the seat over, I was able to relax for the next hour and a half reading Grazia's latest issue so I could get myself up to date.

After arriving at Euston and managing to actually get on the right tube this time (which is a nightmare for any Northerner), I arrived at the Grazia office. I felt like I was about to step into *The Devil Wears Prada*: expecting to be presented with Grazia's equivalent of Miranda Priestly and have one of the fashion editors comment on how horrific they thought my fashion sense was. Surprisingly, this was not the case. In fact, the team were happy to offer their advice and answer my questions. So these are the five things I learned at Grazia:

1. Ask lots of questions and always appear enthusiastic

This wasn't hard for me as having the opportunity to observe the production of one of the UK's bestselling fashion magazines was a dream. However, I recognised that this won't always be the case and it's likely that everyone will have to endure some work experience that would not be first on their list of choices. But work experience and internships will always provide you with invaluable insight so the advice you receive along the way shouldn't be taken lightly. Volunteering for the jobs that nobody wants to do is also an important way of showing eagerness and initiative.

2. It's not just about who you know

Despite how most people in the print industry will tell you that having contacts is almost essential in excelling in your journalistic career- this is not necessarily the case. Having spoken to the Senior Designer, he shared his experience of knowing nobody in this field but finding three key stages that were crucial to getting his job at Grazia. 1) Finding your own identity as a journalist: providing articles that have originality and relevance is vital in such a competitive industry. 2) Having lot of perseverance and resilience: he claims that "if you aren't prepared for the rigours that come with trying to make it as a journalist- this field is probably isn't for you"- giving up is not an option!

In this industry there will be plenty of times when your writing is not appreciated but use that as a way of improving, not as an excuse to scrap your writing career altogether and go into hibernation. 3) A little bit of self-promotion doesn't hurt anyone: social media is a great way to get yourself out there- sharing your blog posts or website across as many social networking platforms as possible, makes your work more accessible to a wider range of people.

3. Don't go on a day when the magazine just got trashed in the national news

Or do! I won't lie, my nervousness was slightly heightened when I saw that Lupita Nyong'o had boycotted the magazine on Instagram that morning. Her post explained how the magazine had allegedly photo shopped her hair out of their latest issue and expressed her 'disappointment that her hair had been deliberately smoothed to fit a Eurocentric notion of beauty.' So, I knew that the editorial team weren't exactly going to be beaming with joy; making me a little more apprehensive as I'm sure the last thing they needed was some amateur journalist wandering around their office buzzing with questions. Nevertheless, despite being awful publicity for Grazia, having made it onto Channel 4 News, trending number 1 on Twitter and with the mag being bashed by just about every newspaper in the country - it actually turned out to be the best day to go. I was able to observe how they dealt with the pressure, how they responded, giving me an insight into the ethical issues surrounding journalism.

4. Print won't be around forever

It's no news that print is majorly declining, as publications such as The Independent, Company, Glamour and most recently Teen Vogue have folded in the last few years. Soon enough, it's likely that print publishing will cease to exist at all. Consequently, whilst at Grazia, I was taught how to transfer their print version over to their smartphone app (which is much more complex than it sounds) and how to adapt the aesthetics of print into digital. One of the most valuable pieces of advice I received was the importance of thinking innovatively. In a society of increasing technological change, the nature of journalism is evolving rapidly so we have to be ready for the digital media take over.

5. And finally... remember to take your own food!

Magazine houses are extremely busy environments, especially when trying to get their text issue to print, so catching something for lunch isn't always feasible. This I learned to my cost as I hadn't eaten since six o' clock in the morning and ended up not doing so until seven that night!



LEST

WE

FORGET



Why? This question has been asked by many of the locals after the sickening events which took place over the weekend of the 16th September.

I have lived in the same village for all of my 17 years, in the same house, surrounded by the same people. It is a rather small village called Bunbury which is often described by others as 'posh', but what I am about to say may make you think otherwise. Being a small area almost everyone knows everyone, lots of the population are of the older age group who hold rather traditional values. One of these important values is represented by St Boniface's Church, a place which holds many memories for both the older and younger generation. For myself the church was big part of my childhood, it was where I was christened, performed many school ceremonies and plays and where I have spent every Christmas Eve for as long as I can remember.

Many other locals have these kind of links to the church, as a result many were deeply saddened by recent events.....

For decades, two bronze plaques containing the names of all the men from Bunbury killed in both world wars have been displayed on sandstone pillars outside St Boniface Church in the village, as a respectful tribute to the local fallen heroes. But over the weekend of 16th September, heartless vandals prized off the metal memorials, leaving the village with no official war memorial, less than two months before Remembrance Sunday.

The village has been left extremely distressed as many families of the men who died still live in Bunbury. For these families the understanding that some people aren't aware of the giant sacrifice both the men and their families made fighting for our country must conjure overwhelming and long lasting feelings of desolation and mournfulness.

Many did hope that the thieves that stole the plaques may have a heart and return them on the basis that the sentimental value outweighed the economic value; however these people were not only left disheartened by the fact that they weren't returned but were also hit with another harsh reality - lead from the church roof was also stolen not long after the plaques. Now I am very aware that the lead being stolen is not nearly as stomach churning as the plaques but this act has led people to believe that we have lost our moral code.

“HEARTLESS VANDALS PRIZED OFF THE METAL MEMORIALS”

Thankfully the recent wooden crosses which were decorated by Tarporley students for Remembrance Sunday (below) prove that people do still feel respect and reverence for those who have lost their lives through war. In the words of Laurence Binyon's famous poem: "Lest we forget."



Iona Fairbairn

Australia says YES!

So, Australia passed a law for gay marriage to be legalised. A bit behind the times perhaps, but they made it none the less. Better late than never, right? But what does this mean for Australia and the rest of the world? And why has it taken so long for them to pass the law if the other superpowers around the world have already passed it, as well as their very close neighbour, New Zealand?

Malcolm Turnbull, Australia's president, has said that he hopes the bill will be passed before Christmas, given that the poll was on the 15th of November 2017.

"Yesterday we saw a glimpse of the country we all yearn for, a country that is fair-minded, generous and accepting" a quote that will no doubt stay with Australia for the rest of its days. Clearly, this shows that he was pro- gay marriage right? Maybe so, but as Australia is a democracy, all laws must pass through parliament and in this case, the public vote. 60% voted yes to gay marriage.

This of course throws up the question of 'what were the other 40% thinking by not saying yes?' Well, let's start at the bottom; the total number of votes was 12,691,234. 40% of that is 5,076,494. So 5.076 million voted No to gay marriage in Australia. Why is that? They're a developed country aren't they? Well, one would think so, however, the majority of Australia's population comprises itself of 25-54 year olds. This could mean that a lot of the population (almost half) had been brought up to consider gay marriage as an unappealing concept.

Given that the LGBTQ community is so well-established, you would think that Australia should have made this change long ago, but unfortunately, Aussies have a certain habit of not wanting change – such is the view of my large New Zealand family! They like the things the way they are and don't like disruption, perhaps this was why so many either didn't vote or voted 'no.' In complete contrast, a lot of the younger generation (15-24 year olds) have very open, accepting views, arguably thanks to social media. The introduction of blogs, YouTube channels, forums and online chat rooms introduces us to new people every day and also to new views on often highly controversial subjects. Perhaps, in contrast, some older generations just don't see the other side of the argument, with their views stubbornly entrenched.

"But what about New Zealand? They're a close neighbour and ally to Australia, is their stance similar? Well, not necessarily. Although they may be closely linked because of their geographical positioning, they often don't get involved in each others' political decisions....and are arch rivals on the sporting field! Interestingly they made the decision to legalise gay marriage back in 2013, the same year as the UK.

I guess Australia's just that kid at school who wears all the fashion that was 'cool' the year before and suddenly realises that they need to update. Or maybe they were just waiting for the right time to throw the poll out there. Or maybe it's only now become apparent how important the issue of acceptance and equality has become.

Well "fair dinkum" Australia and it's about time.



“Yesterday we saw a glimpse of the country we all yearn for, a country that is fair-minded, generous and accepting”

Festive Fiasco Answers	
1. Miss Cook	
2. Mrs Rutter	
3. Miss Mulholland	
4. Mrs Everton	
5. Mrs McMillan	
6. Mr Toase	
7. Mrs McMillan	
8. Mr Nuttall	
9. Miss Clark	
10. Mrs Eaton	
11. Mr Chappell	
12. Mrs Dunning	
13. Mr Voyce	

Match the Teacher with the following Festive Fiascos?! Answers Overleaf

1. Following the prospect of a 12 hour flight delay from Bangkok to London on the 23 rd December - which teacher flirted with the flight attendant: 'you have a really nice smile' – and managed to be one of only a few passengers to get on another flight, taking off within the hour and getting home for Christmas?	Mr Chappell
2. Which teacher accidentally slammed the car boot on their Mother in law's head on Christmas Day. There was blood everywhere. She was crying, they were crying, their sister in law was crying. Meanwhile their partner was being sick with food poisoning. They can laugh about it now.	Mrs McMillan (1)
3. Which teacher was reclining on the sofa, sherry in hand after a massive turkey dinner, when the house was filled by the pounding sound of a police helicopter overhead. Seconds later, there was a bang, and a Vauxhall Corsa had been abandoned at the end of her drive. Suddenly sirens screamed up the close, police hot-footed from the vehicle with police dogs in tow and leapt over the fence and into her back garden. The abandoned car had been involved in a chase all the way from the motorway and the driver had fled when he realised he'd gone down a cul-de-sac . Merry Christmas!	Mrs Everton
4. There was a terrible storm one Christmas Eve and the electricity cable came down outside the house, making a cracking sound. In the morning slates were off the roof and in the garden. Which teacher's children heard it all and were sure it was Father Christmas cracking the whip for his reindeer to go faster. They believed he had supped too many sherries and had crashed the sleigh on the roof, knocking the tiles off. It was family lore for years and made for a magical Christmas. Which teacher?	Mr Nuttall
5. Which teacher had travelled to spend Christmas with family, then had gone direct to their old University city to party with friends. They left their car in a secure Hotel car park and went clubbing until the very early hours. When they got back to the car the next day, every single Christmas present had been stolen	Miss Cook
6. Which teacher's wife was in labour on Christmas Day ... then gave birth TWO DAYS later?	Mrs Eaton
7. Which teacher had a baby at 5pm on Christmas Day? She was in labour all day, was offered a hospital Christmas dinner on a plastic tray and endured midwives with their flashing, novelty earrings when she really wasn't in the mood! Obviously the best present ever was the birth of her daughter and they all arrived home to fairy lights and cozy fires - kind of magical really ... eventually! (And they made the front page of the local newspaper!)	Mr Toase
8. Which teacher scrambled over a sandstone wall in a churchyard, heading home and taking a shortcut after a few Christmas Eve beers. The wall crumbled and this teacher narrowly missed out on being crushed to death. Merry Christmas!	Miss Mulholland
9. Which teacher gathers with their family on Christmas Eve and delights in playing tricks on their mother! One year they awoke to shrieks of panic when their mum realised on Christmas morning that the turkey had gone missing. Next year the Christmas cake mysteriously disappeared. (Both items were returned after an appropriate amount of stress had been caused!)	Mrs Rutter
10. One snowy Christmas morning two small stockings hung on the fireplace, each containing a perfectly placed catnip mouse. In scurried two eager kittens on their first Christmas. One very eager cat leapt through the air (carefully side stepping ornaments and candles) to retrieve its present from the mantel-piece stocking! The cat then proceeded to take the gift to a safe place and play with the toy. Which teacher had a pet which actually opened its own present?	Miss Clark (MFL)
11. Which teacher is at home for Christmas this year – in the UK over the festive period - for the first time in nine years!	Mrs Dunning
12. The only thing better than Christmas as a child, is Christmas as a parent. Frozen fever had well and truly hit our household and there was nothing my four year old desired more than an Elsa dress ... I awoke on Christmas morning, anxious to see her eyes light up as she opened her gifts. I crept into her room to see if she was ready to begin the grand unwrapping but she wasn't there... I went downstairs and there she was, in front of the Christmas tree, twirling and singing "LET IT GOOOO!" at the top of her lungs; wearing THE dress. My Mother-in-Law had stolen the present opening glory and had allowed her to open every single gift, WITHOUT ME. I took the only appropriate adult response – I cried!	Mr Voyce
13. At my old school we organised a Christmas Party for the elderly. The big day came and my B-tech Construction lads built a grotto in the Sixth Form common room, I dressed as Santa (Yes I know, scary stuff) and we waited. Nobody arrived. It turned out that they were due to arrive the next day?! We froze all the food and served it up the following day, including the sandwiches. The party did go with a bang though and the Winsford pensioners manage to smuggle in enough vodka to get leathered and have a knees up. Two of them were near enough carried out! One of them also asked if they could have the receipt for the chocolate tombola prize so they could swap it for something 'worthwhile'. The cheek of it!	Mrs McMillan (2)