

# NOISE!

WDSG

TERM 2 2022

THE WINTER ISSUE

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By Bonnie Feng

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

When I reveal that winter is my favourite season, most people just stare, or force a smile while internally noting me down as a crazy person in desperate need of deep psychological evaluation. But what can I say? There's a certain contentment that comes with being on the cold side and listening to the rain (if you know, you know.) Summer, on the other hand, is extremely overrated. Sure, you can leave the house without feeling like you've stepped into the next ice-age, or go swimming in one of the many enticing water bodies that we seem to have in great abundance. But who wants to deal with the sunburns? Or the plethora of insects that suddenly decide they want to give you the gift of 24/7 companionship? And please, what is with the sun staying out after 8pm? It's disgraceful.

Well then, what's so special about winter? Let's see, hay fever has the good sense to bid most people farewell, the air is crisper, the clothes are much more à la mode (it's high time that we, as a society, acknowledge that everyone looks better in turtlenecks and boots), oh and yes...it actually gets dark at an acceptable hour. Plus, you can cocoon yourself in a fluffy blanket, hot chocolate in hand, and binge-watch Netflix in peace without being told to go outside and make the most of the warm weather. You didn't consider that perspective, now did you?

**Be that as it may, no season is perfect, and quite frankly, life wouldn't be life if it was. What we do have, is the right to choose how we respond. With that said, I would like to acknowledge all of the American women who, at the end of June, lost a fundamental human right as a result of the Supreme Court's decision to overturn Roe v. Wade, ending rights to abortion upheld in the United States for nearly half a century. There are no words to describe the injustice, the fear and the anger that has been inflicted.**

**We stand with you. We choose to unite. We choose to make some noise.**

*Bahaar*

# EDITOR'S TOP STYLE PICKS FOR WINTER



BRIGHT BAGS



TEXTURED TONAL DRESSING



WORKWEAR



THE BEST LOOK  
FROM  
**THE MET**

Sabrina Carpenter in  
PACO RABANNE



SEQUINS



# UPCOMING EVENTS

*Dates between 8th July - 30th September*

## SCHOOL EVENTS:

- **Level 3 Production** - 27th July
- **Dance Showcase** - 8th & 9th August
- **Year 10 Enterprise Lunchtime Sales** - 24th August
- **Cross Country** - 16th August
- **Father-Daughter Breakfast** - 5th September
- **Whanau Dinner** - 9th September

## EVENTS IN WAIKATO:

- **The Great NZ Food Show: 16th-17th July, Claudlands Event Centre**

- Experience a fantastic day out with family and friends, sampling the latest foods, drinks and delicious products. Enjoy seeing celebrity chefs, inspiring cooking classes, and recognised local exhibitors.
- More information on this link:  
<https://www.eventfinda.co.nz/2022/the-great-nz-food-show-2022/hamilton>



- **Women's Lifestyle Expo: 20th-21st August, Claudlands Event Centre**

- The Hamilton Women's Lifestyle Expo is returning for 2022, bringing together 180 of the best lifestyle companies under one roof! Featuring fashion, beauty, health, fitness, gourmet food and beverages, and so much more, the expo will have something for everyone. It's the perfect opportunity for a girls' day out, or to treat yourself to a day of leisurely wandering between exhibitors.
- More information on this link:  
<https://www.eventfinda.co.nz/2021/hamilton-womens-lifestyle-expo/hamilton>



# UPCOMING EVENTS

*Dates between term one holiday and end of term 2: 14 April - 8 July*

## MARKETS:

- **Farmers' Market**
  - Every Sunday 8am-12pm @ The Barn, Claudelands, Hamilton
- **Night Market**
  - Every Friday evening @ The Base, outside carpark
- **Tamahere Country Market**
  - Every third Saturday of each month, 8:30am-1pm @ St Stephen's Anglican Church, Tamahere
- **Hamilton Pop up Produce and Craft Market at Shaw's Bird Park**
  - Every Sunday 8:30am-12:30pm @ Shaw Bird Park, Hamilton

## EVENTS AROUND THE WORLD:

- **13th July - National French Fry Day**
- **30th July - International Friendship Day**
- **8th August - Sneak Some Zucchini Onto Your Neighbor's Porch Night**
- **14th August - Middle Child Day**
- **18th September - Locate an Old Friend Day**
- **23rd September - International Day of Sign Languages**

## IDEAS TO TRY WITH YOUR FRIENDS:

- **Presentation day/night**
- **Paint by numbers**
- **Dress up as the first letter of your name dinner party**
- **Charcuterie dinner;** each friends brings a unique themed board to dinner
- **Board game night**
- **Buy a mystery case and solve it**
- **Movie marathon**

*By Ashley Koo*



PLAYLIST

# WINTER '22

NOISE magazine • 49 songs, 4 hr 16 min

## INCLUDING:



### **A Hazy Shade of Winter**

Simon & Garfunkel



### **Forever Winter**

Taylor Swift



### **Memories**

Conan Gray



### **Winter Waves in Cornwall**

Nature Therapy



### **Singin' In The Rain**

Gene Kelly



### **In The Stars**

Benson Boone



### **Cold Cold Cold**

Cage The Elephant



### **Writer In The Dark**

Lorde



# *HOBBY OF THE TERM*

## *EXTREME IRONING*

I know what you're thinking...extreme ironing? Really? Personally, I thought that it was when people ironed as many clothes as possible in a certain amount of time. However, it is actually when people take ironing boards to remote locations and iron pieces of clothing. According to the Extreme Ironing Bureau (yes that's a thing), "extreme ironing is the latest dangerous sport that combines the thrills of an extreme outdoor activity with the satisfaction of a well-pressed shirt."

Extreme ironing was invented in 1980 by Tony Hiam in England. He was inspired by his brother-in-law who always ironed his clothes even when camping in a tent. Hiam wanted to illustrate the futility of unnecessary ironing by doing it in strange situations such as airport departure lounges, mountain lookouts, telephone kiosks and charity clothes bins. It became more popular in 1997 when Phil Shaw had a number of chores to do, including ironing his clothes. Preferring the idea of an evening out rock climbing, he decided to combine the two activities into one.

Some locations where such performances have taken place include mountain sides, a forest, in a canoe, while skiing or snowboarding, on top of large bronze statues, in the middle of the street, in the middle of an M1 motorway race, while parachuting, and under the ice sheet of a frozen lake. These were done individually and by groups.

I think that if you do need to get some chores done but you love being outside or having some sort of thrill from adventure, extreme ironing is just the thing for you! You could even change it up a bit and do extreme vacuuming or extreme cooking! It only really comes down to your imagination (and also the amount of time you have).

*By Beth Steele*

# MISCONCEPTION CORNER

Misconceptions are a part of everyday life. It's just part of being human. Much of our modern day "facts" are based on some truth, but over time or through misinformation, the genuine details are lost. In this piece, I would like to unpack a few misnomers and how they began.

- **CARROTS HELP YOU SEE IN THE DARK**

World War Two promoted innovation in many technologies, including radar. The new British 'on-board Airborne Interception Radar' helped target enemy bombers in the dark. But to hide the technological discovery from the Germans, litterol propaganda was made about how carrots and leafy greens were important for army men's 'night sight'. It is true that carrots contain vitamin A, as well as antioxidants lutein and beta carotene. Each are beneficial to eye health, but there are many other micro and macronutrient perks, such as vitamin C and fibre. Just make sure you don't eat more than 10 carrots a day for a few weeks, you may turn a little orange.

- **BULLS DISLIKE THE COLOUR RED**

When compared to humans, bulls are actually colour-blind. Having the retinal cones for blue and green, only yellow, green, blue, and violet can be seen since cattle are known to lack the red retina receptor. This means that when the Muleta (flag) is waved violently by the Matador (bullfighter) in front of the bull, the fight or flight response occurs, causing the bull to attack the threat. The reason why red has become complementary with bullfighting, is that red is a synonymous colour with anger and perhaps red hides the stains of the bull's tragic end.

- **SUGAR MAKES CHILDREN 'HYPER'**

Sugar does raise a person's glycemic levels, promoting short-run energy but that's a rule that applies to everyone, even adults. It is just the context which makes sugar the scapegoat for children's rowdy behaviour at parties. Games, friends and sweet 'unhealthy' treats of course will make children more excited. Adults too. This is why studies over the decades have shown parents perceiving their children's behaviour to have changed after having drunk a sugary drink, when in actual fact no sugar was contained. This doesn't mean it's safe to load up on sweets and fruit, this simple carbohydrate can decrease insulin concentration to high glycemic loads, and therefore increase the chance of developing type two diabetes.

- **YOU CAN SEE THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA FROM SPACE**

I will agree that over 21,000 kilometres makes for a very long wall, but from very far away -an international space station- it might be difficult to see the 5-15 meter wide wall. With the aid of some binoculars however, astronauts can actually see more than a ball of blue and green. The Great Pyramids of Giza, hurricanes and the Himalayas are all able to be seen with visionary support. I would still bring some carrots. Just in case.

- **VIKINGS WERE AN ETHNICITY**

Anyone could be a Viking. No seriously, if you were alive in 700-1100 C.E Europe/ Scandinavia and wanted wealth without trade, then you too could have been a seafaring pirate. Band together with your buddies and find a place wealthy and easy to plunder, such as monasteries and other unprotected traders. No spiked helmets but an array of eye, hair and skin colours, ready to plunder like a pirate from the large amounts of trading societies.

*By Aimee White*





# SHAW'S BIRD PARK

Just tucked away on the outskirts of Hamilton lies a little hidden gem. As I walk along the footpath towards the aviaries of birds, the sound of whistles, screeches and “hello’s” fill the warm afternoon air. A pair of geese waddle past me, quietly honking to each other. Small groups of ducks lie basking in the sun in every direction. To the left of me, there's a giant aviary with a few rescued Kereru (Wood Pigeon), who stare at me from their perches at the top of the cage. On my right is a darkened enclosure. A few sleepy Morepork (Ruru) lift an eyelid as I walk past. Up in front of me are aviaries filled with colourful parrots. Most have been rescued. The star attraction: a bright green and blue parrot called Rocket who screeches a welcoming “hello” to me. I laugh, “hello Rocket”. In between the aviaries there's a playground with swings, a couple of trampolines, climbing frames, a balancing beam, some shade cloths and picnic tables. A few chickens scratch at the dirt, concentrating so much that they don't even notice the duck coming up to steal their food. A paved concrete footpath leads into the surrounding trees. It's a 2km walking track – part of the bird park – that goes around ponds and native trees to view the hundreds of wild ducks, swans and native birds that call this place their home. Shaw's Bird Park is a 7-acre, privately owned bird habitat where the public can come and walk the pathways, enjoy being around nature and, of course, meet the birds – they can even play with Rocket and have him sit on their shoulder. It is owned by Murray and Margeret Shaw, who bought this property, covered in gorse and blackberry. They have put 30 years of hard work, passion and their own money into this place, and now it's a beautiful sanctuary with ponds, trees and lots and lots of birds. The park is completely free to enter and has been almost entirely funded by Murry and Margeret, although there is a donation box to help pay for the cost of keeping it running and the birds healthy. However this park faces one problem. Over the last few years Hamilton City Council have been planning a new road that goes right through the middle of the park, essentially cutting it in two. The new East/West road connects Peacockes Road in the east with Ohaupo Rd/State Highway 3 in the west. The road will be just over a kilometre long and two lanes wide but is estimated to cost \$34 million. To build the road, wetlands have to be filled, hundreds of trees cut down (including many native ones), and bird habitats destroyed. Two bridges will also have to be built to span the gullies. If the road goes through, the park will be destroyed and 30 years of hard work will be gone. The bird park needs our help if it's going to survive! The Shaws have been fighting this in court but ultimately the park won't survive unless the public backs them. They have had awesome public support so far, and they have an online petition with 36,521 signatures! Please help save this park!

Sign the online petition here – <https://chng.it/PRgk67cv9s>

Visit Shaw's Bird Park and see the birds and wildlife for yourself!

Opening hours: Every day 8am to 7pm

Address: 143 Hall Road, Glenview, Hamilton 3238

*By Sophie Hansen*



# WINTER SPORTS

## *From Around The World*

- **SKIJORING**

ORIGIN: Norway, 19th Century

Skijoring is a Norwegian word that roughly translates to 'ski driving', or driving on skis.

- **SNOW KAYAKING**

ORIGIN: Austria

It is also known as 'snow boating' and in 2002, in Austria, it had its first official event. The sport is a race to the finish line with kayakers descending snow slopes.

- **SPEED FLYING**

ORIGIN: France

Speed flying is a very dangerous sport. It is a cross between skydiving and skiing. Speedfliers use small gliders or parachutes to help them descend off of a cliff edge or a mountain.

- **YUKIGASSEN**

ORIGIN: Japan

Yukigassen translates to 'snow-battle' and involves two teams throwing snowballs at each other. When they are hit, they are eliminated. The game is so serious that players have to wear helmets and eye protection.



*By Alexis Fink*

# *7 Questions with.....*

## MR D

### ***1. Which country would you most like to travel to someday?***

*Antarctica. I have been to hot and humid parts of the world including the Namib desert, so I would love to visit Antarctica.*

### ***2. What is your favourite animal?***

*Dogs. They are awesome companions, more so than cats. (Sorry cat lovers!)*

### ***3. What are you always singing?***

*I have no idea.*

### ***4. What is your favourite childhood memory?***

*Going on caravan holidays with my mum and dad to the sea. Keep in mind we lived between 800 and 1 600 kilometres from the nearest ocean, so just getting to the ocean was an adventure.*

### ***5. What was your favourite subject at school?***

*Geography. I love learning about the world.*

### ***6. Have you ever considered an alternative career?***

*Yes. I wanted to be a fighter pilot.*

### ***7. What do you miss the most about living in Africa?***

*I miss the smell of Africa. Serious!*





# CREATIVE WRITING

*- Competition winners to be released in term 3 -*

# HER

You can't choose who you fall in love with. 2 years full of honesty, loyalty, trust and of course love. I made sure you knew I was only yours and yours only, as at the time it's what I believed. You were my ride or die, my best friend, the love of my life. Until you weren't. Until I met her. She walks in, ladybug eyes the colour of Douglas fir trees. Dirty blond hair streaked with perfect bleach, carelessly whipped up into an indefectible pony tail compelling the satisfactory balance of messy and neat. A uniform usually looking average on girls in my class. However appealing, undyingly fitting perfectly and impossibly flattering on her. I shouldn't be looking; she shouldn't allure me. And she doesn't. I think. I hope. I only have eyes for you. Right? Each day goes by, effortless laughs, simple eye contact, meaningful and intense conversations wishing they wouldn't end. We only have one class, one hour. Constantly interrupted with worksheets, students, teachers and distractions. Distractions from her. Our time together is limited however undeniably congenial and a time I constantly look forward to. Soon enough our encounters weren't only in class. She was seeping into my dreams, subconsciously fulfilling the desires I didn't know I had. I can't forget about the one of true importance in my life, as you were the one who filled my last two years with humour and love. Can I? I just can't help my mind from wandering to her and as I try to deny it, I can't. I want my mind to walk, to replace real life, with thoughts and feelings I can't get enough of and that I want to experience in reality. But only with her. The more I think and cherish her, the less my mind embraces you. The one I am supposedly 'in love with'. The one I am expected to love. But it's not my fault. It's not my fault my love is changing from you. It's not my fault that she's seamlessly unflawed. It's not my fault you can't choose who you fall in love with. **How can something so perfect be so dangerous?**

*By Alexis Harvey*



# *BE BRAVE... LIKE IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER DO*

**- Penny Millin -**

**Icy fingers gripped my arm in the darkness** of my closed eyes. "You have stage 2 Leukaemia." They told me and I opened my eyes again. I gripped my mothers hand, lying in the hospital bed. Dad was silent. Mum was crying as quietly as she could. Me? I just lay, my head pounding. I could feel the needle sticking into my arm, giving me some sort of medicine.

"How long do I have?" I ask in a monotone voice. The doctor smiled when I said that.

"We're pretty sure we can get rid of it," He said, "But it's not guaranteed. We'll start the medication as soon as possible."

I sighed. I knew what this meant. I would be losing my long red hair that I pride myself with. Mum and Dad were telling me everything was going to be ok, but I wasn't listening. My head was being filled with questions I had never asked before or even thought about. How long will I be here? What about my school work? Will my friends still be my friends? So many questions I couldn't answer. All I could do was rest.

**- Libby Martin -**

8 months, 2 weeks and 3 days. Every day I've spent here has been the same. My parents visit me every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. That's the only interesting thing that happens. They buy me something every time. They try not to mention my lungs. That's where the cancer is. I try not to think about how long I have left. They say I might not make Christmas. That's 2 months away. But today was different. Today, I met my new friend, Penny Millin.

**- Penny Millin -**

The doctor trundled me into a ward about 2 hours later. I felt like some sort of specimen, being tested on. But of course I wasn't. I was just another girl with cancer. Before I could drown anymore in my sorrows, I heard a voice. Another female voice.

"Hi. You're Penny, right?" She asked. I sit up, careful not to accidentally pull my needle thing out. In a bed across the room, there was a girl around my age staring back at me. She had long white blonde hair tied up into two space buns with little streaks of pink snaking through them.

"Yeah. And you are?" I say, trying to remind myself not to be too big on the introductions. Who knows how long they have left?

"Libby. Libby Martin. I have stage 4 lung cancer." Libby replies with what looks like a forced smile. It must be so hard for her to talk about it.

"I'm sorry to hear that. I have stage 2 Leukaemia. How long do you have?" I ask, then cringe, wishing I never asked, "No offence." Libby laughs half heartedly. "It's ok. About two months. I might not make Christmas." I nod, worrying about what might happen to me.

"It's ok. When I'm up there," She points to the sky, "I'll make sure you can carry on." I almost cried at her kindness. I didn't want this. I could already tell we were going to become very close. But was it worth it to become friends with a person who was going to die?

### **- Libby Martin -**

Spending time with Penny is the only thing that I think is worth staying around for. After our awkward start, we ended up talking for hours and hours, even after lights out. I don't think I've ever been this happy in all my time here in the hospital. We talk about our schools, our friends, our enemies, our parents and everything in between. I told her about what it's like in the hospital and she tells me all the trends that had been and gone over the months. I sighed at the thought of never going outside again before my time on earth is up. I thought about everything Penny and I had talked about, then I suddenly felt the tears blur my vision. No, I'm not going to cry. But I couldn't stop them from falling from my eyes.

"Libby? What's wrong?" I heard Penny ask in the darkness. I shook my head, then decided that I might as well tell her.

"I... I... I don't want to die. I'm too young. I haven't even experienced a quarter of what life has to offer. I want a degree, I want a job, I want to fall in love, I want to have kids, I want to travel the world." Once I start I can't stop. I blabber on and on about everything I've wanted to do, everything I won't be able to do. That's when I realise what's actually going on. I can't hear Penny but I can tell she's screaming as she smashes the emergency button. Pain erupts throughout my chest and I can hear pounding in the back of my mind. I try to scream but I can't breathe. Clutching my chest, I rocked back and forth. In my peripheral vision, I saw doctors and nurses rushing to my bedside. I'm pulled out of my ball-like position and my limbs are strapped to the bed. They rushed me to the surgery room, a breathing mask held down onto my face. That's when I fell. Into the dark madness of my very own mind, not knowing if I'd ever emerge again. The coma consumed me.

### **- Penny Millin -**

I waited for hours on baited breath, praying that Libby was alive. It all happened so fast. One moment, she was telling me what she wished she still had the time to do. The next, I was screaming at the top of my lungs while I pressed the emergency button hundreds of times. Nurses rushed in as Libby's chest deflated as quick as a popped balloon. I screamed this time as they strapped her down and rushed her out of the room. When she came back, she was covered in all types of medical equipment. "She's in a coma. It could be days, months. We don't know if she'll pass away in the coma but we are hoping she won't." Her doctor said quietly. I've only known her for a day or two and I've already lost her. It's at that moment that the medicine kicks in. I reach up to hold my head and something soft falls onto my pillow. Turning around, I see a clump of my startlingly red hair in a pile. I would be sad and frustrated and angry, but now, I think of all that Libby's been through and that this is nothing compared to what she's going through right now. I know, with all my heart, that she's already braver than I will ever be.

*By Indiana Riley*

# A PREHISTORIC MIX-UP

Red blaring sirens ring in my ears, the purple worry and panic running through my thought stream. "Please evacuate the building as quickly as you can. This matter will be resolved ASAP." An automated voice calmly stated through the speakers. There was anything but calm as I raced through the tiled halls. Visitors, employees, and agents were shouting, screaming and running around like headless chickens. Me on the other hand, I suppressed my panic deep within my soul, trying to ignore the pounding in my flickering, thoughtful mind.

'Shelly? We need you on deck. Now.' A familiar voice rippled through me. I shivered, the heart I own somewhere within my body, speeding up. My heart is still not used to the fact that unexpected voices could walk into my mind at any point. Fair enough. I wish I had never agreed to the implant. I wish people couldn't talk to me whenever they feel like it. The very thought makes my insides roll over.

'I'm on my way. Where are you?' I only have to think of the name and the message runs straight into Mike's neighbourly mind. He replies with, 'In the prehistoric lab.' And I know exactly what's going on. Breaking into a run, the walls and people around me start to blur, but I can still hear the pounding of feet along the ground, people yelling for everyone to evacuate. But right before I reach the lab, I hear a low menacing growl from behind me. I freeze. I don't need to turn around to know what's standing behind me. Breathing down my neck. Smelling the blood that runs through me. Saliva, dribbling down its mouth and landing on my lab coat shoulder. 'Mike. We have a problem. I think I just found the animal that went missing.'

Slowly, and carefully, I tried to take a step forward, but the ferocious Sabre-tooth tiger snarled from behind me and before I knew it, a gigantic, fluffy, caramel paw scooped me up without warning. My brain screamed at me to not move or make a sound as I felt the monster of a cat hang me on its white porcelain like tusks. I ignored all I had been taught and screamed for help. To my surprise, the tiger felt my fear and picked me up in its paw, licking me with its wet, slobbery, pink tongue. I couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. My heart was barely beating. All the walls and floors became fuzzy in my vision. My body was in shock and I couldn't move a muscle. I heard voices and there, below me on the marbled floor, was Mike and my other colleagues in their white lab coats, holding taser guns, ready to put the poor, prehistoric creature to sleep.

"Don't move, or we will fire." Mike yelled, as if the Sabre tooth tiger could understand him. Clearly not, as the creature glared and snarled at them. The scientists shook with fear and took a couple steps back. I reached my mind towards Mike's begging him to leave the creature alone. Mike looked me in the eye, scowled and lowered his weapon, the others following. For some reason, I wanted us to keep this animal, as I could tell he just wanted to be loved. I let the prehistoric tiger lower me down onto the ground, and stood up shakily. Looking back up at the big, kind-hearted animal, I smiled, knowing we would become great friends someday. **How could something so perfect be so dangerous too?**

*By Indiana Riley*

# LADY MAINE'S

Walking past Lady Maine's ice cream shop everyday is probably harder than climbing Mount Everest. Lady Maine's might sound like a boujee little ice cream parlour. It's not. It is the most horrid place on earth, famous for its unique (and disgusting) flavours. Just last week the special advertised was lawn clippings with a hint of fallen apple, and last Monday was even worse! Cat biscuits with a side of carrot shavings. But this shop was made to deceive you, as soon as you look at the perfect, round, colourful ice cream on display, you are enticed in, you begin to hear gorgeous angels singing to you. All you see is rainbows, and then when you're given the sample of the pretty colour ice cream you picked without paying attention to the label. By then it's too late. Your brain starts shutting down as the taste hits your tongue. Your brain begins trying to do anything and everything to get this thing away from you, and you run out of the store screaming and crying, asking yourself over and over **how could something so perfect be so dangerous?** I couldn't even begin to calculate the amount of horror stories I have heard about Lady Maine's. I'm sure you're all wondering, how do you know so much about Lady Maine's? Well everyday I pass by this 'amazing' store on my way to and from school. Our house is conjoined onto Lady Maine's, so no matter whether I go left, or right, across the road, or through the alley. I always have to see it, as our doors are right next to each other. I hate the shop so much I made a list of the top 200 reasons why I hate it, but to spare you an hour I'll just tell you my top two. Number one: the smell. How can someone do anything with the constant smell of Lady Maine's disgusting ice cream lingering in the air? It really is just an abomination to mankind. Number two: Mrs Maine, the owner, is one of the meanest people you will meet. The other day she screamed at my mother just for talking to her! Lady Maine's was deadly. Anyone who told you otherwise was wrong. Today was like no other. I was on my way past Lady Maine's, getting my gas mask at the ready when I saw something weird. Mrs Maine was lying on the ground crying. I stopped unsure of what to do. I was always awkward when someone cried, preferring to go stand in the corner and become interested in the wall. I slowly approached Mrs Maine with my gas mask at the ready, taking a small whiff in, and then I stopped. I took a whiff again. Nothing. I looked into the parlour in confusion. There was nothing in there. The walls had been stripped to the bone, the large neon sign was lying in two on the floor, but best of all the ice cream had disappeared. The only thing left in the shop was the two parts of the neon sign. I was speechless, after years and years and years of praying my prayers had been answered! I cheered in joy then looked down at Mrs Maine. "Are you okay?" I asked, trying to contain my glee. "WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE!" she shouted angrily at me. "They came this morning and took all my stuff, and then I received this letter and now my life is over!" she sobbed. I looked down at her hand. There lay my saving grace, a large cream coloured envelope with the official government stamp on the front. Inside lay hundreds of complaints, orders of removal from customers, and a big fat stamp saying CONFISCATED. Whenever I had a chance to wish for something, it had always been for Lady Maine's to shut down. I tried to be sympathetic by hugging the old lady, much to her distaste. But I couldn't contain my happiness and I skipped down the street to the park. Oh what a day to be alive!

*By Caitlin Wright*



# *FIVE MONTHS*

I was so excited when I got the call. 5 months and I would be playing in a big stadium, in front of a big crowd. Finally making my international debut.

Month one was great, I got to tell everyone around me that I would be playing for the national team in just a few months. When I told my dad about it, I was sitting at the kitchen bench, looking down at the marble countertop in order to look disheartened. He marched in the front door, carrying two paper bags in one hand and a bottle of milk in the other. "Oh no, what's the matter Lexie?" He sighed, his mood seemingly changing when he saw me down. I stared blankly at the countertop in silence for a few seconds, before jumping up in enthusiasm. "I got the call!" I squealed, jumping up and down at the same time. "No way! You're gonna be playing with all the big girls now." He said, with a large grin sweeping across his face. My little sister, Madeleine, however, was not as thrilled when I announced it to her. "What do you want?" She asked angrily as I opened the door. She was lying on her bed, tossing a ball up into the air and catching it continuously. "Guess what..." I said excitedly. "I got into the team!" When I announced this, she didn't even shift her focus from the ball. The expression on her face seemed empty, it didn't appear to be the same grin that Dad had shown earlier that day. "Good for you, I guess," She said, and then continued to look at the ceiling.

When I went to school the next day, I told almost anyone who would listen. Before classes started, I headed over to the picnic table, where all my friends usually sat. Casey was sitting there, hunched over a book that was lying open on the table. Matt was sitting across from her, scrolling on his phone. I ran over to them, buzzing with excitement. "Guys, you'll never guess what happened yesterday... I got a call, and I'm in the team!" I exclaimed. Casey jumped up ecstatically like she was a dog who was just told that it is going out for a walk. "I know a real life famous athlete! Do you know what this means? I'm basically the famous best friend! You are going to be playing on TV, Lexie. Do you know how exciting that is? I can't wait!" she let out this excited little squeal. Matt was also quite excited, however not as extravagantly excited as Casey. "Bet no one else at this school is dating a famous athlete like I am." He announced, wrapping his arm around my shoulder.

Month two was good as well. I lived everyday in happiness, knowing that every time the sun set I was one step closer to game day. I continued to play for the school team, and trained twice as hard as I did before. Every afternoon, if I didn't have training with my coach and team, I would be training in the gym, and then I would go home and complete any homework that I had enough energy for. Casey kept playing with me, stating that if she trained with the professionals it would make her play better. Matt and I still found time out of school and training to hang out, which was always fun. He was like my time to relax. I always felt refreshed after being with him for a while. Often, we would go on late night drives to a fast food restaurant in a different town, just because we could. We would talk about literally anything, and we knew each other like we had been friends for hundreds of years.

Month three had me training harder than I had ever trained before. I wanted to make sure that I was worthy, so that my place wasn't given to someone else. I would never be not training, if I wasn't at school or not asleep. My grades started to drop, but it didn't really bother me, seeing as I would be done with school in a couple of months anyway. What was starting to bother me was my sister. She continuously was doing pranks and stupid things to try and hurt me so that I couldn't play when the time came. One time, she put dishwashing soap in the shower so that it would become slippery and I would fall over. I did, but not hard enough to cause any damage. Just hard enough for me to yell and wake the next door neighbour's baby up. Another time she put a couple of lines of clear string along the bottom parts of the stairs, hoping that I would catch my ankle on some of them and trip up. However, what she didn't realise was that the bits of string were too weak and snapped when I walked up the stairs, so I didn't fall over. I knew what she was trying to do. For once in her life it wasn't all about her, and I was stealing too much of the attention she usually receives. I didn't care though, what harm could a stupid little 11 year old do anyway?

Month four was when I met the team. They were all around 20-30 years old, all at least 3 inches taller than me, and all seemed very experienced. I was given my uniform, and my other team gear. The uniform consisted of green shorts with yellow details on them, and a yellow shirt. On my uniform was the number 16, and I instantly decided that that would be my lucky number for the rest of time. I came home that night, and Dad and Madeline were in the kitchen, throwing different colours of icing around everywhere, and trying to perfect the presentation of an item that lay on a serving tray on the bench. I walked over to them, and they backed away from the baking. It was a cake, shaped like a T-shirt. It was green and yellow, and had a question mark on the back where the number would usually be. "16" I exclaimed. They smiled and Madeleine got some plates out ready to serve my uniform-celebration cake. What seemed mysterious to me is why Madeleine was suddenly happy around me. It was strange, because only a month ago she was basically trying to kill me, and now she's helping to make me a cake? Something didn't make sense.

Month five was the final month before game day. 30 days and I am on that field, representing my country. I was still good friends with Casey, despite the lack of time we got to spend together outside of training and school. She was looking forward to the game almost as much as I was, and she was happy to have purchased seats in the stadium which were right next to the field. Matt was also excited for the game. He said that he had got his mum to make him a shirt the same as mine, so that we could be matching. My dad had gotten his full supporters gear ready, with green and yellow face paint, a big green hat, and he had also got a matching shirt from Matt's mum. Even Madeline seemed like she wanted to come to the game, and she had even told her friends that her sister was a 'famous athlete'. I had now become familiar with all of my teammates, but I had only really made friends with one of them, who was also a defender, called Jasmine. She had played only around 6 international matches, so she was relatively new to it too. She told me all that I needed to know, and helped me during training when I didn't understand. I felt so ready for it now.

Game day approached, and I could not stop glowing with happiness. My dreams had finally come true. I had stayed in a hotel with the rest of the team that night, and got up early this morning for one more training session. I put my hair up in a braided ponytail, and made sure my uniform looked nice. The team all walked together from the hotel to the changing rooms, in preparation for our last practice before the game. We ran around like antelope that were running away from lions, and we practised our ball skills like we were dolphins at SeaWorld.

After a couple of hours had passed it was game time. I was so ready for this. Our coach talked with us about positions and strategies, and we listened to her like she was telling us where a chest full of treasure was. We then lined up, ready to walk onto the field with the other team. Suddenly, a phone rings in one of the lockers. I ran to grab it. When I took the phone out of the pocket in my bag, Matt's face and phone number showed up on the screen. "Hey, what do you want? I need to go." I said sternly, because by the look on my coach's face it seemed like I was trading my career for this phone call. "Hey, good luck Lexie, you're gonna need it." he said.

"What do you mean?" I laughed.

You're playing where Casey should be. She deserves this spot, not you. So, if you can't prove to me that you deserve this spot, then you know what happens." He threatened. My jaw dropped, and my hand rose to cover my mouth. The glowing expression on my face had soon faded away. Of course I knew what was going to happen. Matt loved hunting, and he always kept a rifle in the back of his ute. I knew there was a bullet there somewhere with my name on it.

"Everything ok Lexie?" My coach asked, with a concerned expression on her face.

"Yeah, no everything's fine." I said, shivering away Matt's words. I lined back up, and got ready to walk out onto the field with my team. The doors opened like curtains to a stage, and a roaring crowd appeared, all dressed in their team's colours. We re-positioned ourselves into an orderly line on the field, facing one side of the stadium, and got ready to sing the national anthem. I spotted my dad in the crowd, standing on his own, fully dressed in yellow and green. The sight of him made my smile wider, and suddenly I was fuelled with confidence. That was until I spotted Matt, Casey and Madeleine in the crowd a couple rows ahead. They all had bland, nearly threatening faces, except from my sister, who had the most evil, mischievous grin on her face. She knew what was going to happen to me if I slipped up. Now more than ever did I know what the stakes were. I was finally in my dream life, but if I messed this up, that is all it would cost me. **How could something so perfect be so dangerous?**

*By Skyla Clarke*





# UNTIL DEATH DO US PART

The last fiery rays of sunlight illuminate the barren, blood-stained floor of the Death arena. This might be the last sunset Bays ever experiences. His eyes find mine, in a crowd of millions. The green and blue tinted eyes that I know so well, are sad and longing. His body position is low and fearful. I've never seen him like this before with his once world renowned charisma vanished, along with his love for fighting. His eyes drag themselves over my body, stopping at the baby in my arms. The crystals of pain edging his eyes become icicles as he memorises us, his one true love and child. A fat tear races down my cheek for him and this misunderstanding. For the reason his life is to end soon, is because of me.

He refused to let me take the burden of this death, saying he might at least have a chance against the Judges who had it all wrong. Against the gods of law, that knew no mercy. He went to them, hands raised but begging for a chance to explain that it was someone else completely who had killed the High Lady, but the cold-hearted devils of this world turned him away without a second glance. My heart aches for him, but one plank of wood is already nailing itself over my fragile heart, knowing what is sure to occur soon. My eyes have become puffy, as have his as we stare longingly at each other. But all too soon the horn blows and a dragon's angry hot coals widen in the final fading glints of light. Bays drops to his knees. It happens too fast. His knees thud on the hard ground as the dragon's handlers slide off the shining metallic chains that coat the monstrous beast before us. The villagers around me chant, loud enough that Bays will hear them. The dragon shakes off the last of the silver snakes that confine him, and then stares down hungrily at Bays. Bays looks up at the monster, and I see it in his eyes. This will be his final fight, but he is not going down alone...

The dragon roars, white searing hot flames erupting from his knife filled mouth. Its maroon scales shimmer and sparkle, united with my own tearful eyes. Suddenly, the dragon pounces, right for the obvious spot on Bays' chest. But he's seen the dragon's tactics over and over again, having been forced to watch the other poor misunderstood souls brought to fight and die to the same malicious, human-craving creature. Bays swoops to the side, his fist punching straight into the dragon's massive eye. The dragon blindly flails its razor sharp claws around in pain. Bays takes the opportunity to strike its soft spot and its ear splitting screams fill the arena. Bays smirks cunningly at the crowd before he climbs up the great creature's broad back and takes out a small knife that he must have concealed from the guards beforehand. The sea of humans cheer and boo, undecided on whether to side with their former favourite warrior. My heart taps against the wooden plank, hope beginning to pulse through me. He could win this. He could survive this. But then, all of a sudden, the dragon rises from the dusty ground and whips his head around to where Bays is standing triumphantly. Bays quickly realises what's happening and tries to jump off, but it's too late. Bays looks to me, quickly mouthing the words I will never forget, and then the dragon flies up, up, up, Bays between his ginormous jaws, before it thrusts him down onto the blood coated floor.

A lake of water pools in my eyes as I stare at his beautiful, broken body, his unseeing eyes staring up at the now black and twinkling sky. The crowd cheers around me. I look at the small child in my arms, then at the body lying there alone and run from the arena. The guards don't stop me as I push past them. We are entitled to leave whenever, once the fight is over. I slide down the wall of a grey and crumbling building, sobbing as quietly as I can. As I look down at the baby I will have to raise alone, the second and final plank is nailing itself over my frail breaking heart. I sit there alone for a while, unable to stop the gasps and sobs erupting from my thin, ruby lips. But then **icy fingers grip my arms in the darkness** and I scream.

# DEVIL OF PERFECTION

She's perfect.

That was what I first thought when I met her.

It seems that I was indeed right.

She was perfect.

She was smart, kind and met the beauty standards.

Nothing about her was wrong.

Maybe that's what annoyed me so much. That's what caused me to be cold against her.

To be annoyed with her.

A mistake I should have avoided.

A mistake that cost more than I could give.

- - -

"Hi, do you need any help cleaning up?" She asked, smiling sweetly as the lady smiled.

"Oh, no, it's okay. Thank you for offering." The lady said as she smiled again.

"That's all good." She said before turning back to face me.

My mouth was pulled into a thin line as I stared at her.

She smiled, running a little to catch up with me as I sighed.

"Why are you so nice all the time? She literally gets paid to do her job." I said as she shrugged.

"I don't know." She replied, the same answer as she always gave.

I rolled my eyes before readjusting the bag strap on my shoulder.

"Want me to hold it?" She asked as I fought the urge to sigh.

"No, it's fine. I think you should try to be selfish sometimes." I said as she frowned.

"Why?" She asked as I rolled my eyes.

"Because, you're so nice. Honestly, anyone could push you over and you'd apologise for being in their way." I said as she shrugged again.

"Oh well." She said as I raised an eyebrow before scoffing and turning away.

The rest of the week went by as usual.

- - -

"Wait one second, I'm printing something off for the professor."

- - -

"I can't eat lunch with you today, Lilah wanted me to do something for her."

- - -

"Sorry. The man across the street needed a ride today."

- - -

"Why'd you give that man \$20? He's probably going to use it on drugs or something."

"I don't think so."

- - -

"You don't need to hold the door open for everyone."

She laughed, "I know!"

- - -

"Seriously, just leave the rubbish on the ground."

"I can't do that, plus, there's a bin up ahead."

- - -

"Excuse me, ma'am. Do you need help crossing the road?" She asked, turning to the old lady.

"Thank you, sweetie."

- - -

"Hi, do you need help carrying all those groceries?"

- - -

"Hey there kiddo. Are you okay? You hit your head pretty hard when you tripped."

She picked the wailing kid up, walking around the park to find his parents.

- - -

"You're so perfect." I said as she laughed, brushing it off.

"Not really. I scored a 97 on the Chemistry paper yesterday." She said as I rolled my eyes.

"Wow, only a 97. How terrible." I said sarcastically.

"Miss Goodie Two Shoes." I mumbled under my breath as she chuckled.

"Come on, don't be mean." She teased me as I rolled my eyes.

"Seriously. You're so perfect. You get perfect grades, you're nice to everyone, nobody can hate you." I said as she laughed it off again.

"I think you should try being mean. It's not that hard. Just be a little selfish. You're nothing but a pushover." I said as I didn't get any response.

She fell silent as I blinked, surprised that she didn't just laugh and brush it off.

"I can't." She said as I rolled my eyes.

"More like you just won't." I said as I scoffed.

"No. I can't." She emphasised as I groaned in frustration.

"Come on. Yes you can. Be mean to me. Tell me something about me that annoys you!" I said as she fell silent.

"I can't be mean to you, or anyone." She said as I rolled my eyes.

"Why not? Just do it!" I said, annoyed at the fact that she refused to do this.

"Because the world won't be able to handle it." She replied as I frowned.

"What do you mean? That makes no sense? Who cares if you get mad once in a while? It's not going to kill everyone." I said as she had her face down to the ground.

"Perhaps not everyone." She mumbled as I snapped.

"Just get mad at me! Show me that you aren't perfect all the time!" I shouted.

Truthfully, it was annoying to be around someone this nice.

To be around someone so perfect.

If she could only be mean to me once, prove that she wasn't perfect...

She was silent again before she laughed.

But it wasn't a laugh like I've heard before.

No, this was more like an chuckle that sends a thousand volts and shivers down my spine,

She raised a hand to her face, digging her palm into her right eye as she glared at me with the other.

Her eyes were ice cold that made me gasp softly as I stumbled a step back.

If a glare could kill, I feel like I would be sliced into hundreds of pieces right now.

She continued to laugh before she grinned.

"You're right. Not everyone would die so I'll show you. But what if I told you the cost was your life?" She asked as my heart hammered in my chest.

"W-What?" I stammered as I took another step back.

However, I tripped on something as I suddenly fell down, falling onto the ground as I stared up at her in fear.

She had pulled her hand down from her face, uncovering her eye.  
Unlike her normal eye, the whites in her eye were black and the pupil was blood red.  
I couldn't move, like something was holding me down.  
She chuckled, shaking her head slightly.  
"This is where everyone is the same. Nothing but the same old fear." She hissed out as I stared at her in shock and pure terror.  
Because, despite the evil grin she had plastered on her face, the one bloody eye, she still looked perfect.  
An aura of perfection still encompassed her, pulsing power into the surrounding atmosphere, leaving me frozen on the ground.  
She took a step forward and something glinted in her hand.  
She knelt down in front of me.  
"I'll show you how perfect I can be. You see your fingers? I can slice them in one blow and make sure all of them are cut the exact same length. Perfectly." She whispered to me, grinning, the whites of her perfect teeth showing.  
"Want a demonstration?" She asked as she grabbed my hand and one thought echoed through my mind.  
**How could something so perfect be so dangerous?**

*By Irene Chan*



# MY MOTHER'S SECRET

Leaves the colours of autumn crunch underneath my weight as I plod into the forest. Sun trickles through the trees and bounces off the surrounding twigs, like a jungle gym. My eyes well as I let the fragrance of the garden encircle my nose and sharpen my mind. Blackberries, damp earth and a weight of humidity. Pine trees stand tall like a marching band, countless rows of them fill the open area. Deep brown mixed with hazel, rosebud reds and mustard yellows blend into one explosion of colour, in this space. A loveseat the colour of a cloud's silver lining, is situated in a miniscule clearing, bordered by pansies. My mother's favourite plant. My mother's favourite place.

Tears threaten to cascade down my face. Tenderly, I trudge towards the loveseat. Shards of wood now fill the ground where I stand and small plants dot the edge of the path. Green the colour of moss fades to green the colour of limes as I draw nearer to the sun. 5:00 in the afternoon is the hour my mother always sat here journaling because that was when the sun appeared right above the seat. Now, with her journal in hand I have come after all these years to pay homage to my mother. She passed away ten years ago when I was only eight. I never followed her here but I somehow have a tugging feeling that a secret was kept in this place.

Suddenly I hear a twig snap in the distance. Then another, the creature must be getting closer. My breathing slows and every muscle in my body freezes like a block of ice. My hand is wobbly like jelly and I accidentally drop my mother's journal onto a bed of wood shards. Annoyed by my clumsiness I bend down to pick up the lonely journal while keeping my eyes peeled for the mysterious intruder. I take a quick peek at the page left exposed to nature's elements when the journal landed and I am aghast. My mother drew a sketch of a mythical creature but not just any creature – the one that now stands before me. A dragon.

Too afraid to move I stay standing in the middle of the clearing facing a gigantic dragon. Somewhere inside of me I feel that my mother's secret was exposed. She came here to meet this dragon. It has long shiny talons that could slit a throat in less than a second, and long legs holding its body up. Sparkling, silver scales cover its body – so perfectly made it looks like a special type of patchwork, so rare it is an honour to observe. A large tail flows out of its body with orange fading into magenta and finishing with a ravishing, razor-sharp point. A blast of fire comes out of its mouth, so close to my face I could feel myself burning. Its eyes seem to singe the edges of my heart. The creature stares into my soul. A low growl escapes its ferocious mouth as it sniffs my fragrance. Roses, sweat and dirt.

Sweat pours from my face, creating a puddle on my mother's journal. I am just holding myself together, expecting to be eaten. I peek at the sentence underlined at the bottom of the now damp page. Be careful, a friend to some is an enemy to another. At this moment, only one thought crosses my mind.

**How could something so perfect be so dangerous?**

*By Ashleigh Darby*

# HANDS WARM, LIPS COLD

Hands warm, lips cold. My hands clung firmly to the warm cup in my hands. Fingertips thawed from their original ice-cold state. The frosty evening threw gusts of cold wind at my face. Lips near to being frozen shut, they sit numb, barely able to move. A sip of the contents in my cup sends a wave of heat coursing through my body. I continue to walk along the snow covered path. I huddle closer to the figure next to me, our footsteps syncing while the snow crunches beneath our feet. Trees stripped bare of leaves crowded around us, snow adorning each spindly branch. The sound of birds chirping and the odd creak of branches fill the air. I lean into the person walking alongside me. Her dirty blonde hair flies around, blown around by the merciless winter breeze. Burying my face further into the warm comfort of my puffer jacket, the smell of sweet citrus fills my senses. "Are you wearing that perfume I bought for you?"

A light giggle fills the air. "Does it suit me darling?"

I grin, "Of course it does, you make anything suit you somehow."

The blonde shook her head fondly and lightly shoved me. We continue to walk, our surroundings slowly darkening. Faint light flickers through trees and casting shadows of all shapes and sizes. There's a sudden end to the trees that causes us to stop in our tracks. A vast blanket of snow lies before us, tinted various shades of yellow, reflecting the rays of the setting sun. The sun slowly sinks into the horizon, dragging its warm hues with it. Pinks, oranges and yellows seem to linger on clouds and the snow, before giving way to darkness and night. Warmth leaves the side of my body, a wave of dirty blonde hair enters my vision, and she's off. Running, laughing, smiling. Her head thrown back, arms spread out wide and legs stumbling along to support the increasing speed of her strides. Her face glowing, literally glowing, sunlight bouncing off her cheeks, she looked radiant. She gestured for me to come over to her and join her. I smiled and ran into the snow, staggering into her arms. My beanie falls to the ground, my hair now loose, strands falling into my face.

"I love this hairstyle on you, it just suits you so much. This short length and the purple colour, it matches you perfectly." She lifted her hand to brush away a strand of hair from my face and smiled at me. We continue to run around, throwing snow, chasing each other until we run out of breath and lie breathless in the icy snow, the cold not feeling so cold anymore. The light from the sun is replaced by the faint glow of the moon. We lie side by side in the snow, staring at the vast sea of stars sprinkled across the sky.

"Orion is my favourite constellation, I'm not sure why, I guess it's just the easiest to spot for me."

"I don't think I have a favourite. I prefer the whole effect of the night sky, constellations never really appealed to me."

"They're just so fun to learn about, and it's quite nice to be able to point out random shapes that old dead people thought resembled elaborate dragons and warriors."

"I guess it is, show me more?"

"Perhaps another time darling, it's getting quite cold and dark, we better head back."

I nod and stand up, she takes my hand and pulls herself up. Her eyes sparkle as she looks at me.

"You're the most beautiful person I've ever seen Ivy, I hope you know that."

A smile creeps onto my face. "Thanks Em, it really does feel great to be called beautiful by an absolute goddess."

She shuffles closer towards me until her face is almost touching mine. Her eyes stare directly into mine.

"May I?"

The stars shone, the wind blew and I stood in this field of snow.

Hands cold. Lips warm.

W HEN NATURE TAKES A TURN

I NTO THIS TREACHEROUS TIME

N EVER FEAR THE BURN

T HAT THE BLIZZARD SHALL CONSIGN

E NCASED IN FUZZY ATITIRE

R EALISE THE WARMTH INSIDE

*By Shanaz Chen*

# FASHION & STYLE



# KAYLA'S FASHION CORNER

*As the start of winter is approaching its time to look back on the best outfits from the last few months . With big events like the Met Gala and the Cannes Film Festival, fashion has taken to the headlines of magazines and online articles around the world. Looks like Kim Kardashian's Met Gala outfit, which was once worn by Marilyn Monroe, are sure to be remembered by fashion lovers everywhere, as well as Blake Lively's stunning gown that won best dressed at the Met Gala 2022,*

## THE MET GALA



## THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL



*By Kayla Te Kani*

# MET GALA RANKINGS

(BE AWARE THIS IS OUR OWN OPINION)

*In America: An Anthology of Fashion*

*Dress Code: Gilded Glamour*

## -TOP 10-

### 1. BLAKE LIVELY

Actress Blake Lively takes out the top spot, because... well duh. From the amazing transformation to all of the symbolism in the piece, the Versace gown really took the win this year. The look was full of references to New York City, with the gown transformation from bronze to teal representing the oxidation of the Statue of Liberty, the city's most famous landmark. The custom Lorraine Schwartz crown that Lively wore was also a reference to the Statue of Liberty, with fine details representing different things about the statue and the city. Other details on Lively's dress include the print on the train featuring the same constellations that are found on the ceiling of Grand Central Station, the front of her dress representing the architectural details of the Empire State Building, and although her nails were covered by her gloves on the night, they were designed also to represent architecture in New York. All of this representation somewhat fits under this year's theme of *In America: An Anthology of Fashion*, with all of the symbolism in Lively's dress representing the designers not just in the fashion industry of America, but in architecture and city design and so on. So, with all of the attention to detail and thought put into this outfit, it was the obvious choice for first place.



### 2. LAURA HARRIER

Laura Harrier's look was the definition of *gilded glamour*, which was this year's dress code. The actress wore a gown designed by H&M, who are usually recognised for their casual and affordable clothing. Harrier said that she "wanted to feel very feminine and romantic by leaning into that age and era while still keeping it modern and cool." She made sure that she used the 1800s as the main inspiration for her look, without making it look like a costume. In multiple interviews, she talks about how she wanted to channel the elegance of the gilded age, while creating a darker edge. Her hair and makeup was also glamorous, and we love her necklace and gloves which add such a nice gilded touch to the outfit. This is probably one of the most on-theme looks this year, and this is why the actress deserves second best spot.



### 3. ALICIA KEYS

Singer Alicia Keys takes the third spot in her Ralph Lauren ensemble, because wow. The gown and cape were embroidered to show the New York skyline, and the outfit was made using over 200,000 crystals. According to Ralph Lauren, the outfit was chosen to celebrate the gilded age of New York between 1870-1890. "In celebration of this year's theme, America's Gilded Age and its influence on New York City, Alicia's hand-embroidered and hand-beaded New York-inspired duchess satin cape features more than 200,000 crystals, styled with her column dress that required approximately 30,000 crystals and black lacquer sequins," the statement reads on Ralph Lauren's Instagram. So, this look gets multiple extra points for the 'wow factor', and it's on theme, which is always a bonus.



### 4. KIKI LAYNE

Actress Kiki Layne showed up to the red carpet in a custom Prabal Gurung gown, and pink satin Stuart Weitzman platforms. This doesn't really sound like the gilded age, however, it was her hair and makeup inspiration that made her look fit the theme. Layne wore her hair in a perfect afro, and as her hairstylist Trish Celestine explained it, the gilded age "was a time when wearing our natural hair as it is, would not have been celebrated." Therefore, she explains, she "wanted to represent the balance of enslaved African Americans and the elite African Americans of the Gilded Age." Layne's makeup was inspired by soft glamour to fit the dress code, and as her makeup artist Billie Gene explains, "this was an era of rich opulence; so we wanted to make sure the look felt luxurious and elegant." And look at the dress. It is literally gorgeous. Even though it might not be very gilded, it is very glamorous, and is just the type of look we would expect at a Met Gala (although personally we think that she could've done without the white gloves).





## 5. GENESIS SUERO

A once-in-a-lifetime moment occurred at the Met Gala as a Spanish broadcaster had a real life 'Cinderella' moment. Although she wasn't exactly 'invited' to the Met Gala, Genesis Suero certainly should have been! Out-shining many celebrities with her amazing ball gown which fitted perfectly with the theme, it was no wonder that people were amazed. Immigrating from a Dominican country when she was 13, Genesis had to work a variety of jobs to support her family. Luck struck when she won the 2018 Miss New York Pageant. Then she found a job as a reporter and ended up reporting at the Met. Since then she has received a massive amount of support and is very grateful for the love she has been given. She states: "Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would get the attention I received. My most proud moment is that besides the recognition for the dress, now people know my work as a reporter." Genesis has now gone viral online and many hope to see her next time, reporting... or maybe even a part of it!



## 6. TAYLOR HILL

Model Taylor Hill really stole the show with her beautiful blue gown, with a train full of flower decals, which was the main statement of the look. The look was designed by a lesser-known designer, Sohee Park, who is a rising womenswear designer who has created her own label: Miss Sohee. After this bold look at the Met this year, we think that it's safe to say that we want to see more Miss Sohee designs in the future. We need to see more Miss Sohee designs in the future. Hill's look was very glamorous, and it looks to us that the gilded age had influences on the style of the dress - particularly the front of the gown. However we aren't really so sure on how this relates to the theme In America: An Anthology of Fashion, which is why Hill wasn't in the top five. Either way, Hill really made a statement on the red carpet this year, we are just in love with this look, and this is why she has to be in the top ten.



## 7. BILLIE EILLISH

Singer Billie Eilish attended the Met Gala this year in a stunning Gucci gown, all made out of existing materials and excess fabric, in order to avoid any waste while making the dress. So, bonus points for sustainable fashion. The corset top with the square neckline and the creamy satin skirt gave this look a beautiful gilded glamour feel, making this look one of the most on-theme this year. Her hair was in a gorgeous updo, and this gave the outfit an e-girl fairy vibe, which we honestly aren't too sure about, but it still looks good. Overall, Billie Eilish did a pretty nice job this year, and that is why her look is in the top ten at the Met this year.



## 8. KATY PERRY

Perhaps a simpler look than what we are used to seeing from singer Katy Perry (who has previously worn a burger and a chandelier to the event), she wore an Oscar de la Renta dress, made with contrasting fabrics and details. In an interview with Vogue she talked about how she had warned everyone about how she was going to play a whole different card this year, and wear something a little less crazy, and we are here for it. The hourglass-like shape and the details on the back of the dress are what makes it fit to the theme, with more of a modern approach to gilded glamour. Even though it might not look like it directly portrays the theme, it is still a nice outfit, and we are so glad that Katy Perry switched it up this year, so that we didn't have to review a burger.



## 9. MAUDE APATOW

Euphoria star, Maude Apatow has been on the rise to stardom for a few years now which made it no surprise that Cartier invited her to the Met. Looking online she decided to go for an 'old hollywood look' and after much deliberation she chose to wear a black Miu Miu gown that gave us a gothic version of the theme. She saw many dresses but knew that this was the one the minute she saw it. To complete the look, Maude went for a choker style necklace and a 1930's flower brooch. Despite the fact that she may have gotten the wrong era on her invitation (looking a bit to 1930's for an 1890's theme), it is still gorgeous. She looks so stunning and all of the pieces of her outfit work perfectly together. We definitely want to see the actress at the Met in the future, and would love to see more Miu Miu gowns as well.



## 10. DOVE CAMERON

I think we can all agree that Dove Cameron has certainly grown out of her Disney Chanel ways and shown us how talented she actually is. Not just with her acting or her new hit single 'boyfriend' but also with her modern intake on the gilded glamour theme. I mean... wow! The amazing dress incorporated a high neck, structured tassels, boning, and cut out detailing and was reinforced by a delicate laser-cut metal structure making it look like wings. The dress compliments her posture well, and I think that we can all agree that it is very original, as we haven't really seen anything like it before! And may we just say, love her as a brunette. Her hair is very sleek and futuristic, and compliments her reverse cat-eye liner makeup. Overall I think we can say it was a job well done for Dove this year, which is why she makes it into our top 10 this year.



## -WORST 10-

### 1. FREDRIK ROBERTSON

I have heard a lot about the Met Gala over the last few years of my highschool experience. From celebrities wearing hamburgers to chandeliers to ponies, they never let us down with their neverending creativity. Fashion entrepreneur, Fredrik Robertson certainly outdid herself when it comes to this year's Met Gala. Wearing a long grey jumpsuit decorated with intricate rows of long silver needles but I'm still confused on when fish were invited to the Met? We cannot complain as Fredrik gave us something entertaining to look at - which cannot be said for others but I'm pretty sure this outfit does not fit the theme 'gilded glamour' instead it deserves to be at the premier of Aquaman. Overall this outfit is a bit... fishy.... although many people seem to like it. But if you really wanted to see this then why not go to an Aquarium?



### 2. KYLIE JENNER

Although this outfit was a tribute to the late fashion designer, Virgil Abloh, we must ask, what is she doing? Jenner's outfit included a ruffled skirt, a draped bodice top, a mesh top, a backwards cap and a veil. This has led the internet to pop off with this interesting new look, many stating; "She looks like Meg Griffin from Family guy!" or "She looks like she got married on a baseball field." While I can't argue that the bottom of the dress is exquisite, the rest of this outfit did the opposite of 'hitting out of the park.' Although I do not hate Kylie's dress, I'm just disappointed since we had high hopes for her. As Kylie stated, "I am used to mermaid dresses, so this year I wanted to just wear something big, do something different." And doing something different she did. Overall I think Kylie's outfit was alright and she had a good reason to wear this outfit but she definitely didn't execute the theme. So what do you think? Did she hit first base with her Met Gala outfit or did she get lost in translation?



### 3. KOURTNEY KARDASHIAN AND TRAVIS SCOTT

It was Kourtney Kardashian's first appearance at the Met Gala this year, meaning that this was the first event where all of the Kardashian/Jenner sisters (and the iconic Kris Jenner) attended. However, you'd think that given it was her first time, Kourtney would've surprised us with a gorgeous, glamorous and gilded outfit to fit with the theme, and with the class of the Met Gala? Nope. She waited all of these years to be invited and then she shows up wearing this? Extremely disappointing. In an interview with media personality La La Anthony, Kourtney states that her Thom Browne outfit is basically just a deconstructed version of her fiancé, Travis Scott's outfit, who attended the Met alongside her. When asked about what the theme gilded glamour meant to her, Kourtney didn't hold back: "I honestly didn't really think about it." Ok, so she wears a bad outfit, and it doesn't even fit the theme. What was the point? The Met Gala is an annual celebration of fashion designs, and is meant to be taken seriously, as it is a huge privilege to be invited. The theme and dress code is there for a reason. We think it's fair to say that the chances of Kourtney and Travis being invited again are minimal.



#### 4. CHLOE BAILEY

At this year's Met Gala singer Chloe Bailey wore an abstract Area gown, paired with Jimmy Choo platforms. In an interview with Vogue, the singer talks about how she wanted to feel very majestic, queen-like and gilded, and how she wanted to take more of an alternative approach to the usual shape of the gilded style. We do like the idea that she is trying to portray, however, we don't like the way it was portrayed. Her hair and makeup are perfect (literally so gorgeous), however we don't see the need for her necklace/collar type piece around her neck, as it isn't really necessary and doesn't really fit with the theme. The dress itself is a glamorous golden sparkly pattern, but then at the same time it almost looks cheap. It kind of looks like the sparkly notebook covers that you used to be able to get from Smiggle. And, though we understand that she was trying to change up the stereotypical shape of gilded age dresses, it doesn't really look right. We feel like the sculpture-type bumps on the side of her dress just look plain weird, and this really ruins the look. If the bumps maybe weren't there and Bailey just did something else to put her own spin on gilded age dresses, this may have made the look better and she wouldn't be in our top ten worst looks for this year.



#### 5. KODI SMIT MCPHEE

The Aussie (Power Of the Dog) actor has left many people sighing of disappointment due to his Met Gala outfit. Although it's not bad. It's just... Not. Not anything. His red latex gloves paired with saggy blue jeans and a white shirt makes him look stiff. But when the designers were interviewed they said that the wacky colours on his outfit represent the American flag. In an interview with Vogue, Kodi stated; "I just wanted my look to be a celebration of a casual Friday-where you get to dress down and present yourself more casually." Well he can certainly tick casual off the list because it certainly looked like he didn't even try. In fact he looks like he should be digging up some weeds on his farm. There is a fine line between casual and too casual and he has crossed the line which makes me sad as his idea had so much potential and I'm sad to say that, for me it didn't succeed. There's always next year, Kodi.



#### 6. EMILY RATAJOWSKI

This year Emily Ratajkowski was wearing Atelier Versace 1992, originally worn by former supermodel Yasmeen Ghauri. Although we love the fact that the outfit is being worn again after being stored away for 20+ years, it's a no from us. The look doesn't fit the theme at all, as the gilded age did not have bead tops and funky skirts, and it doesn't even really look that good. She looks like she went into a fabric store, used whatever she could find and made it into a skirt, and then strung some bead necklaces together to make her top. Even though this is vintage Versace, it doesn't feel like vintage Versace, as it isn't really glamorous and luxurious enough. Vintage Versace is usually really nice-fitting, elegant, bedazzling dresses, and quite frankly this look is none of those things. So, Emily Ratajkowski takes the sixth spot on the worst outfits at this year's Met.



#### 7. SEBASTIAN STAN

When we look at this outfit we wonder: did our pink highlighters escape our pencil cases to attend the Met? Although Sebastian Stan looks really good in pink, this Valentino look did not, at all, meet the theme or dress code. We don't think that neon pink was a thing back in the late 1800s, so the gilded glamour dress code was clearly forgotten about when designing this monstrosity of a look. However, we feel like the actor deserves points for finally, finally being a man who wears something of interest to the met. We are all too bored of the same black suits and same boring ties, but then again, is this really what we wanted? It gives us the same vibes as a twelve year old boy who is attending a school disco with a neon theme, and half of the outfit looks like it could've been bought at a party shop. This is not glamorous or gilded, and there seems to be little symbolism hinting to In America: An Anthology of Fashion. So, overall, we are very disappointed with the look, as Stan definitely could have pulled something off that was much more glamorous, and much more gilded, and we hope our highlighters don't attend a glamorous occasion in the future





## 8. DAVID LAUREN

David Lauren is the son of Ralph Lauren, owner of the luxury fashion company Ralph Lauren. Ok, so we would expect David Lauren to have good fashion sense right? Wrong. This year, David Lauren rocked up to the Met Gala in a white shirt, white bowtie, black suit coat... and ripped blue jeans. And they weren't even nice ripped blue jeans. They looked kind of dirty, the rips looked like he actually went out and accidentally ripped them - as in they weren't there by design, and they just looked so bad with the suit jacket and formal white shirt and everything. And that's not even what makes us so angry about this look. What makes us so angry is the fact that this man was invited to the Met Gala, one of the biggest, most expensive opportunities to show off fashion, and he decided to wear jeans. JEANS. The whole point of the Met is to over dress and make a statement. That statement shouldn't be 'I put little effort in'. There's guys who walk around town dressed pretty much the same as him in Hamilton, and he thinks that it is ok to attend the Met Gala like this? There was clearly little attempt to be on theme as this sure wasn't gilded or glamorous, and the whole look to us seems like a waste of time. And honestly, if David Lauren wasn't the son of Ralph Lauren I don't think he would be invited again after pulling this stupid look. And even last year at 2021's Met Gala he just wore a plain black suit with some other different details. It was still better than this year's look, but now we can pretty much predict that any time this man shows up to the Met Gala he is going to be wearing something seriously boring and underwhelming. So, this is why David Lauren is in the top ten worst looks.



## 9. WINNIE HARLOW

Fashion model Winnie Harlow really made a statement on the red carpet this year - but was it a good one? This year, for her second attendance to the Met, Harlow wore a white mini dress designed by Iris Van Herpen, with a flower-like design on the front and back. But the main statement was the headpiece, designed by Van Herpen, which was crafted with glass and gold-detailing. Now, this was supposed to be what made the look great, but to be honest, it didn't really do that for us. In an interview, Harlow touched on what the dress code *gilded glamour* meant to her. Her response was simply 'dipped in glamour'. We can see the idea that she and the designers had on this look, as you can see that it was supposed to look glamorous, but for us, it just kind of looked like she was wearing a massive piece of screwed up tissue paper with a weird spikey crown on her head. This look just really disappointed us, as it wasn't very gilded, and the glamour was just not quite enough, it's pretty much like the look was the right idea, wrong execution.



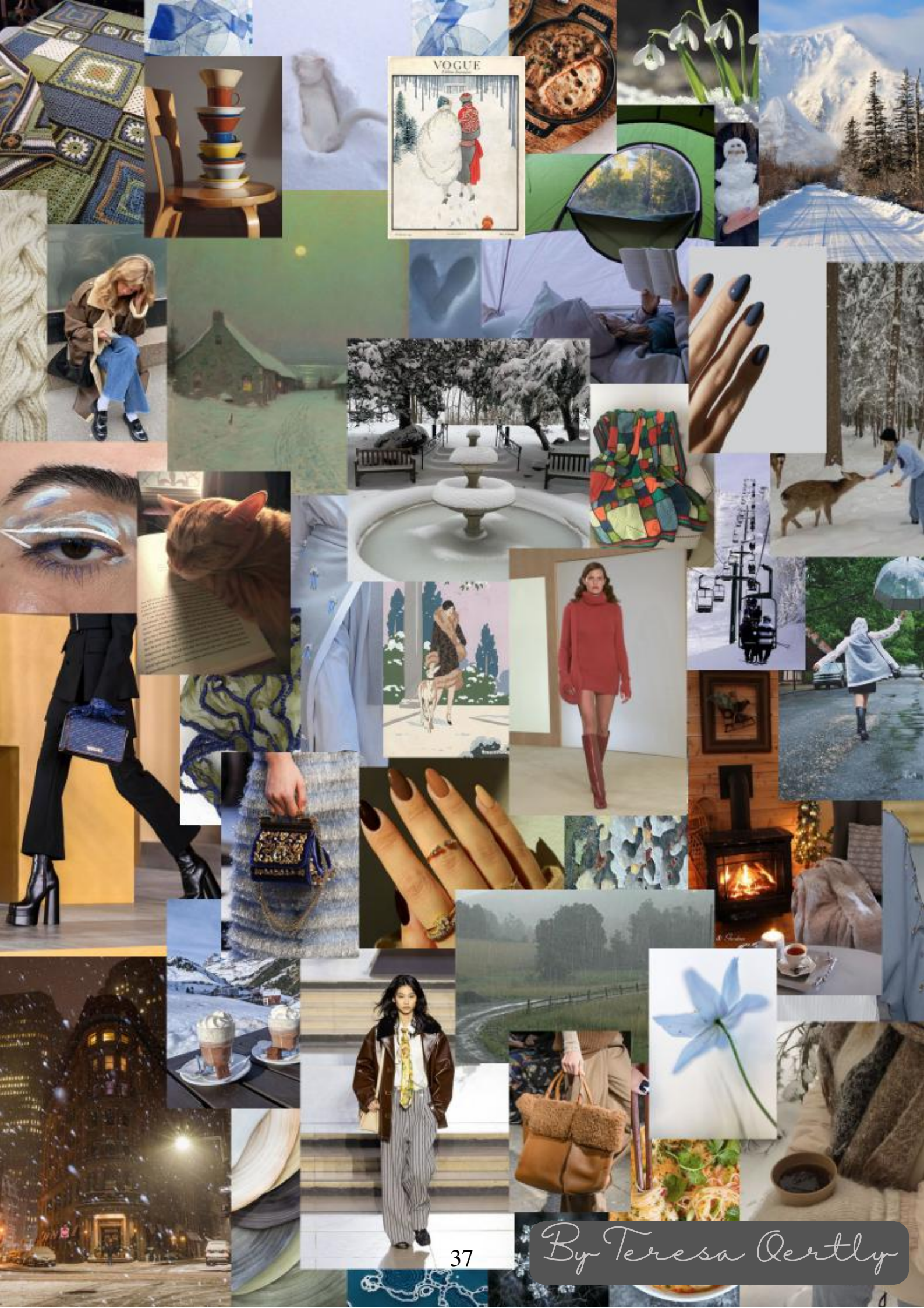
## 10. ANY MAN WHO JUST WORE A BLACK SUIT

We hate this. Men who show up to the Met Gala in a black suit automatically lose. This is *the* Met Gala, which is a showcase of fashion where you bring your A-game and most of the time go over the top. However men who just showed up in a black suit did not go over the top, and it is just plain boring. Any time that we see celebs at the Met and they are just wearing a black suit we automatically say 'boring'. That's because it is boring. It is truly just so underwhelming it makes us sad. We would kick people out for wearing just plain black suits. It's extremely disappointing and we don't see why these men should be invited again if they are just going to pull up wearing something that normal people wear to normal occasions, because this is the Met, it is no normal occasion. This is just such a wasted opportunity for the designers that were in charge of these celebrities' looks, and honestly we would way rather something like Sebastian Stan's look because at least he actually tried. Every person who wears a normal black suit with little meaning behind it to the Met Gala automatically gets a 0/10 from us.

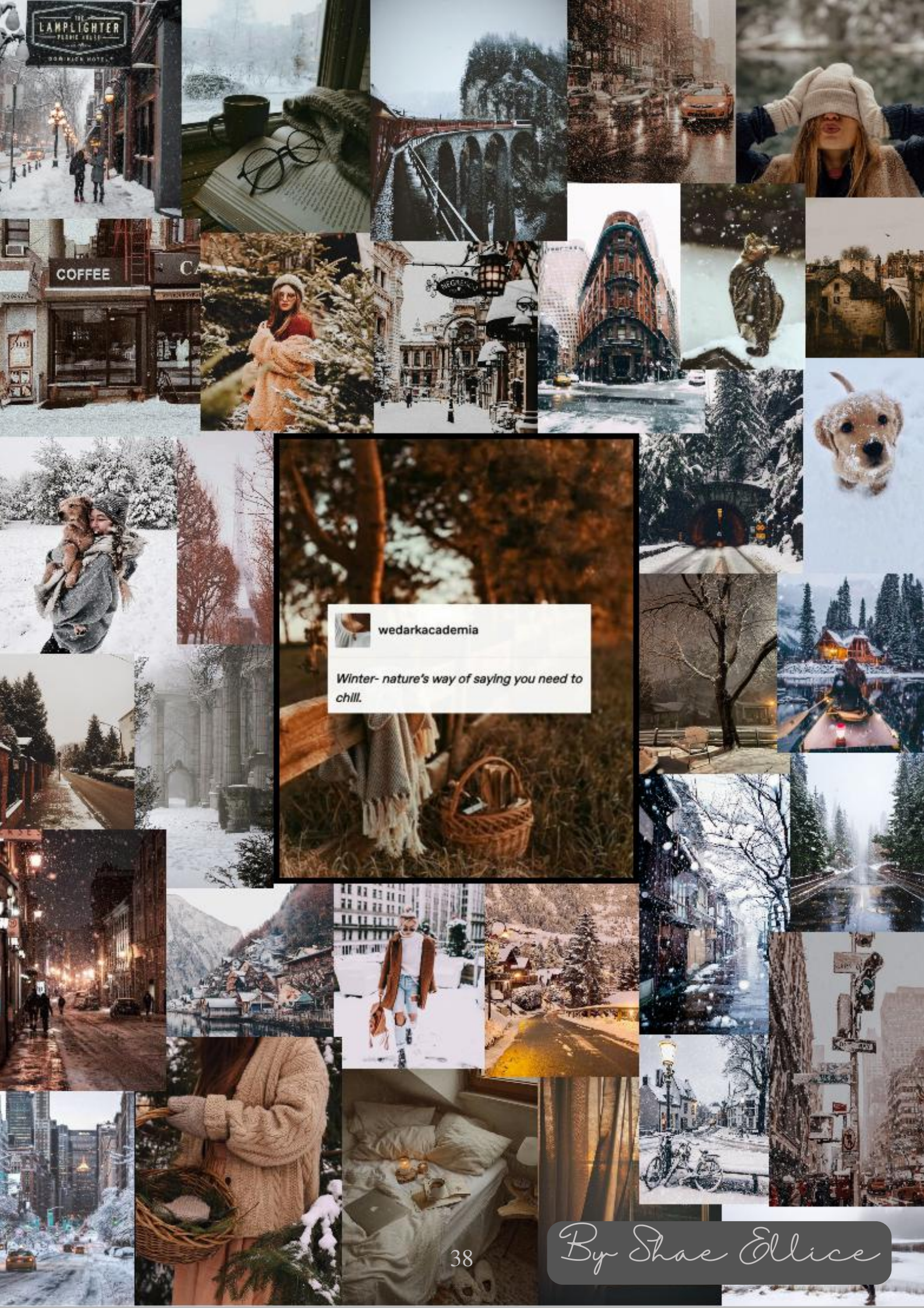


By Shae Ellice  
and Skyla Clarke













# Fashion

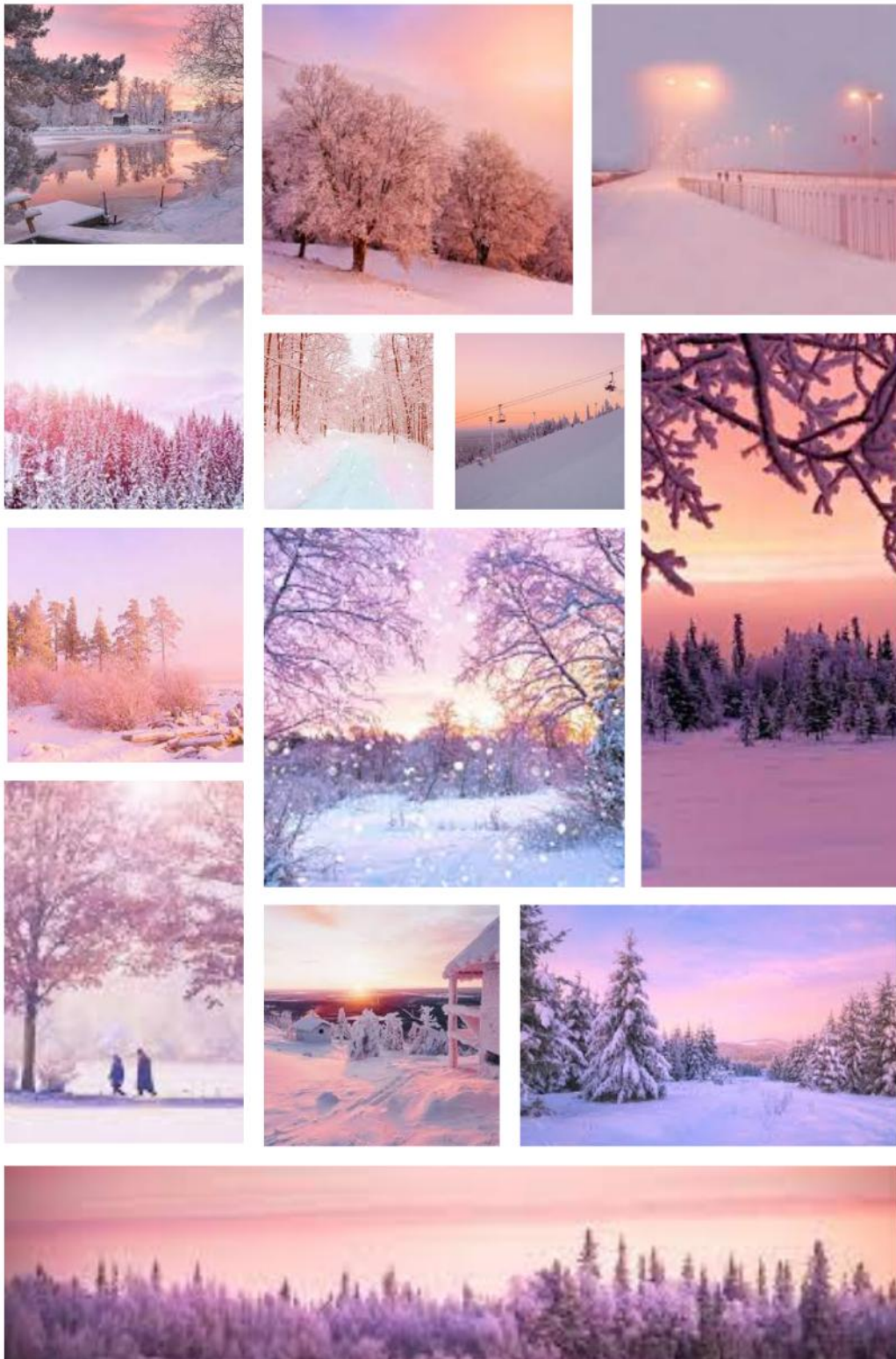
By Ashleigh Darby





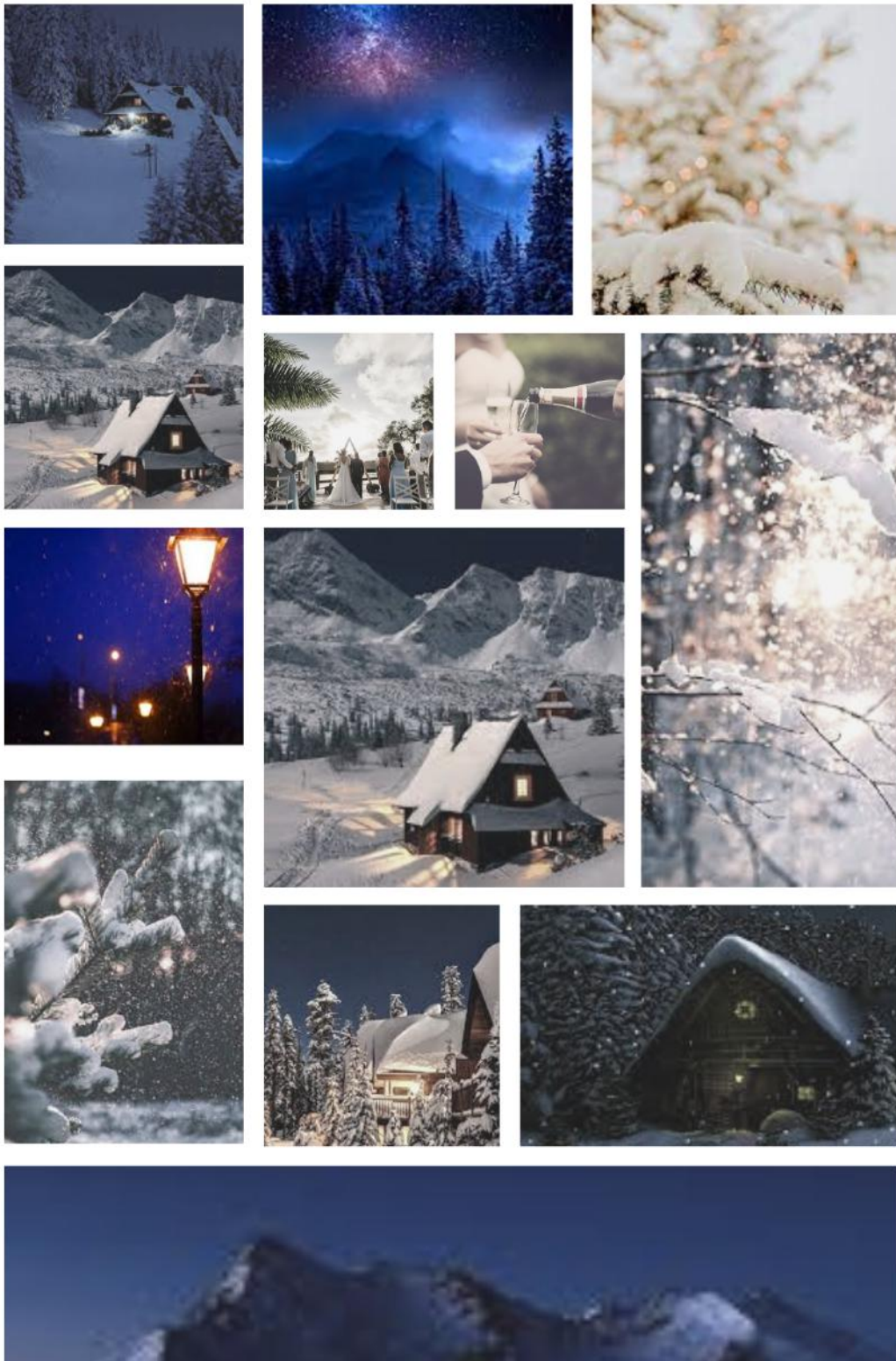






ONE KIND WORD CAN WARM  
THREE WINTER MONTHS

*By Ashleigh Darby*



TO KEEP A WARM HEART IN  
WINTER IS THE REAL VICTORY

By Ashleigh Darby

# RECIPES



# *STICKY DATE PUDDING*

## *with caramel sauce*

SERVES 6

PREP TIME: 20 minutes

COOKING TIME: 40 minutes

### **Ingredients**

- 1 cup water
- 400g pitted dates, chopped roughly
- 150g butter
- 2 tbsp golden syrup
- 2 tbsp sugar
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1 cup plain flour (or GF flour mix)
- 2 tsp cinnamon
- 2 free-range eggs, lightly beaten

### **Sauce:**

- ½ cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup golden syrup
- 50g butter
- 1 cup cream
- 1 tsp vanilla essence

### **Method**

- Preheat the oven to 180°C, and grease either 6 ramekins or a large baking dish with butter.
- Add the water, dates, butter, golden syrup and sugar to a large saucepan over a medium-high heat. Stir, bring to the boil and let boil for 3 minutes. Remove from the heat. Leave to cool for 15 minutes or so or until warm.
- Add the baking soda to the date mixture and stir with a wooden spoon to combine.
- Sift in the flour and cinnamon, and add the eggs. Stir the mixture until everything is combined evenly.
- Spoon the mixture into ramekins, to the top (or one larger pie or baking dish) and bake in the oven for 35 minutes (15 minutes longer if in a large dish).
- To make the caramel sauce, heat all the ingredients in a medium saucepan over medium heat until dissolved, stirring. Increase the heat, bring to the boil then reduce heat and simmer for 5-8 minutes or just until the sauce turns a lovely golden caramel colour.
- Pour the warm sauce over the pudding/s and serve with vanilla ice cream.



*By Evie Sharman*

# *Rhubarb & White Chocolate* **WINTER CUPCAKES**

## **Ingredients**

- $\frac{3}{4}$  – 1 cup rhubarb, chopped or unchopped
- 125g soft butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp vanilla extract
- 2 eggs
- $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups flour
- 1 tsp baking powder
- $\frac{1}{3}$  –  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk (add more if needed)
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup white chocolate drops/ buttons



## **Method**

- Preheat the oven to 180 degrees celsius.
- Cream butter, sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy then add eggs one by one.
- Sift the flour and baking powder in a separate bowl.
- Slowly add the dry mixture to the wet, adding milk as you go.
- Stir in the chopped rhubarb (Only the stalks otherwise, it can be poisonous).
- Add the batter to the muffin tray and cook for 20 minutes, or until a cake skewer comes out clean.

Once muffins are out of the oven, leave them to cool. Once the muffins are cool, melt white chocolate in a bowl and mix until smooth and creamy. Drizzle with white chocolate. Enjoy!

*By Scarlett Cox*



# *Matariki*

## *LEMON SHORTBREAD*

### **Ingredients**

#### **Shortbread:**

- 160g butter
- 1 egg yolk
- ½ icing sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract

#### **Lemon Curd:**

- 100g butter
- ½ lemon juice
- 1 cup caster sugar
- 2 eggs



### **Method**

#### **Shortbread:**

Melt butter and combined with icing sugar. Whip until pale and fluffy. Continue to whip while adding vanilla extract and egg yolk. Once combined, slowly fold in the flour until a soft dough forms. Roll into a ball and wrap in glad wrap. Place in fridge for 30 minutes.

#### **Lemon Curd:**

Add all ingredients into a bowl, and place above a pot of boiling water. Double boil for around 15 minutes until it is thick enough to coat a spoon. Take off the heat and place it in the fridge until it cools. It should thicken even more whilst cooling.

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees celsius, and place little balls of dough onto a baking tray. Shape to look like stars. Use your thumb to put an indent into the middle. Place in oven for 10 minutes, remove as you may need to reprint your thumb as the cookies expand while baking. Place into the oven for another 5 minutes until golden. Scoop a bit of lemon curd into each thumbprint. Serve and enjoy!!!

*By Lilli Parres*

# LEMON ZEST COOKIES

Not your classic chocolate chip or afghan cookies, these sugar-coated lemon zest cookies are soft and chewy with the perfect amount of citrus to make this biscuit recipe unique.

PREP TIME: 30 minutes

MAKES: 12-14 cookies

## **Ingredients**

- 1 ¼ cup flour
- ¼ tsp baking soda
- ½ tsp baking powder
- ¼ tsp salt
- 110g unsalted butter (softened)
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 tbsp brown sugar
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 egg yolk
- Zest of 2 small-medium lemons



## **Method**

Preheat the oven to 180°C. In a medium-sized bowl, combine flour, baking soda, baking powder and salt. Stir to combine. In a larger separate bowl, using a hand mixer, cream the butter, brown sugar and ¾ c of the white sugar until light and fluffy (about 3-4 minutes or so). Add in egg yolk, lemon zest and vanilla and beat until combined. Slowly add the dry ingredients and beat or mix until just combined – do not over-mix. Roll cookie dough into balls and roll the balls in the remaining ¼ cup white sugar to coat. Once the cookie dough balls are coated with the sugar, place them onto a baking sheet lined with baking paper, and make sure there is around 4cm in between each ball. You may want to flatten the balls with a fork before you put them in the oven, or keep them as balls to bake (they will flatten as they bake). Bake for 10-13 minutes. Allow to cool before eating (so that they can harden, and so that you don't burn your tongue). Store in an airtight container.

*By Skyla Clarke*

# CHOCOLATE SUGAR COOKIES

An altered version of the lemon zest cookie recipe, these chocolate sugar cookies are a safer alternative if you have fussy people in your family (who might not like the lemon zest cookies (a.k.a. My brother)).

PREP TIME: 35 minutes

MAKES: 10-12 cookies

## Ingredients

- 1 ¼ cup flour
- 6 tbsp cocoa powder
- ¼ tsp baking soda
- ½ tsp baking powder
- ¼ tsp salt
- 110g unsalted butter (softened)
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 tpsb brown sugar
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 egg yolk



## Method

Preheat the oven to 180°C. In a medium-sized bowl, combine flour, cocoa powder, baking soda, baking powder and salt. Stir to combine. In a larger separate bowl, using a hand mixer, cream the butter, brown sugar and ¾ c of the white sugar until light and fluffy (about 3-4 minutes or so). Add in egg yolk and vanilla and beat until combined. Slowly add the dry ingredients and beat or mix until just combined – do not over mix. Roll cookie dough into balls and roll the balls in the remaining ¼ cup white sugar to coat. Once the cookie dough balls are coated with the sugar, place them onto a baking sheet lined with baking paper, and make sure there is around 4cm in between each ball. You may want to flatten the balls with a fork before you put them in the oven, or keep them as balls to bake (they will flatten as they bake). Bake for 13-15 minutes. Allow to cool before eating (so that they can harden, and so that you don't burn your tongue). Store in an airtight container.

*By Skylar Clarke*

# CHOCOLATE SELF-SAUCING PUDDING

## **Ingredients**

- 1 cup self-raising flour
- 3 tbsp cocoa powder
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 80g butter, melted and cooled
- ½ cup milk
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- Vanilla ice cream or cream, to serve

## **Sauce:**

- ¾ cup brown sugar
- 2 tbsp cocoa powder, sifted
- 1 ¼ cup boiling water



## **Method**

- Preheat the oven to 180 degrees. Grease a 6-cup capacity ovenproof baking dish.
- Sift flour and cocoa into a large bowl. Stir in the brown sugar.
- Whisk butter, milk and egg in a jug. Slowly add to flour mixture, stirring until well combined and smooth.
- Spoon into baking dish and smooth the top.

## **Sauce:**

Combine the brown sugar and cocoa and sprinkle over the pudding. Slowly pour the boiling water over the back of a large metal spoon to cover the pudding. Place dish onto a baking tray and bake for 35-40 minutes. Serve hot with vanilla ice cream or cream.

*By Emma Kimpton*

# STARBUCKS PINK DRINK

## Ingredients & Method

- 1 cup ice
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup vanilla ice cream
- 1 cup strawberries (fresh or frozen)
- 2 tbsp sugar

*Blend*

*By Lily Goodwin*



# HEALTHY DONUTS

## Ingredients & Method

- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup all-purpose flour
- 2 tbsp cacao powder
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cups vanilla extract

*Bake at 180 degrees for 12 minutes*

## **Icing:**

*1 cup greek yoghurt  
1 tbsp cacao powder  
tbsp sweetener*

*By Lily Goodwin*

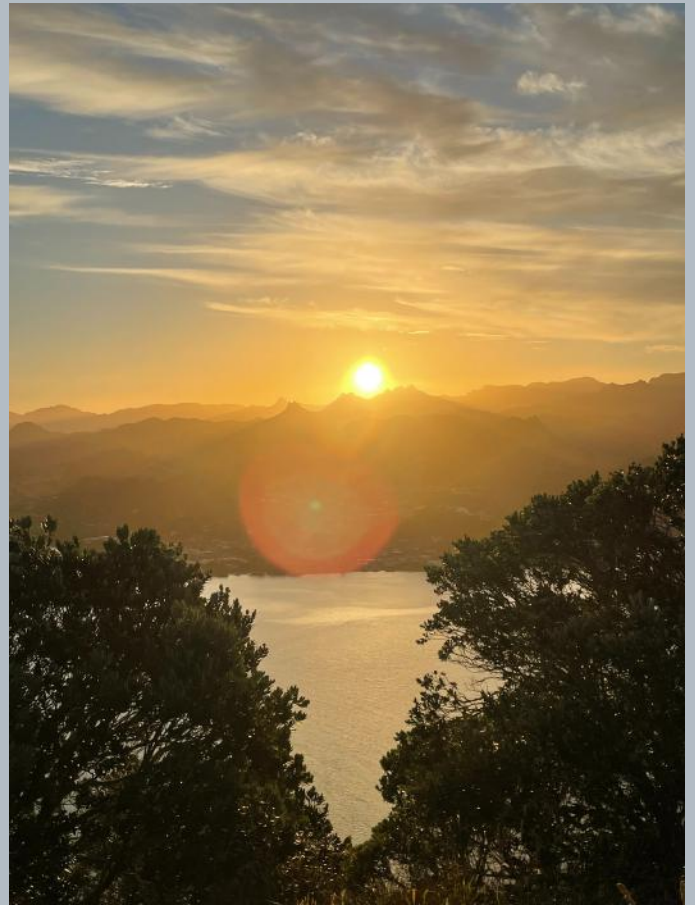




# PHOTOGRAPHY



*Byr Maddison Hansen*



*By Ashleigh Darby*





*By Nina Thomson*





# WINTER WORDSEARCH

A	H	H	M	S	S	Y	S	J	M	U	D	C	C
F	O	O	O	K	N	N	N	W	U	P	R	O	O
I	L	T	T	H	J	O	O	G	E	L	D	L	S
R	I	C	V	I	Z	W	W	W	L	A	Y	D	Y
E	D	H	U	B	X	I	M	F	B	O	T	E	P
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W	T	F	R	O	S	T	B	E	A	N	I	E	S

WINTER  
 CLOUDS  
 COLD  
 HOLIDAYS  
 FIREPLACE  
 SNOWFLAKE  
 HOTCHOCOLATE  
 SWEATER  
 BEANIE  
 HIBERNATE  
 WIND  
 FROZEN  
 ICICLE  
 JUNE  
 FROST


*By Evie Sharman*

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We are a group from the business studies class completing the YES programme. Through this we have created our business bliss, which are healthy bliss ball mixes for you to make your own at home!



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