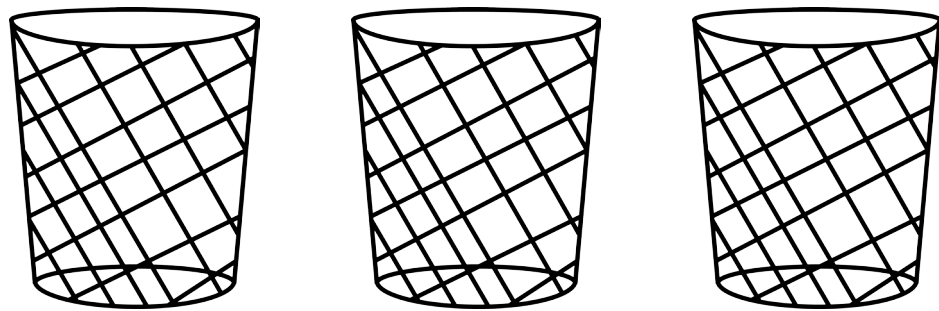




# WASTEPAPER

This is issue number three



Theme: Get Down On it

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## Man in brown suit

I noticed him the moment he walked into the station. Not that there was anything particularly remarkable about his appearance: a middle-aged white male of middle-ish height, inoffensively appareled in a brown suit. Normally he would have simply merged into the daily swarm of commuters migrating from this dusty little suburb to the big city. An extra in a movie; a nondescript face filling a nondescript role, vital to the corporation but impossible to specify.

And yet he stuck out. Maybe it was the suitcase. Most commuters carry some sort of bag, to carry all their important files and folders. Sometimes they can appear unnecessarily large, as if they're announcing to all the others: 'look at me, I'm bigger and better, more files, more folders, more

important'. But this case was unsettling in a different way, as if the props department had got muddled up and lost the standard briefcase. The replacement suggested that perhaps this particular man wasn't an extra after all, but moments away from taking centre-stage (the terrorist harbouring a bomb? The adventurer about to embark on his great voyage?).

Maybe it was the time and day. 3PM on a Sunday afternoon in the middle of June; a pressure point of heat so forceful that it overwhelms and subdues every other sense, leaving you in a stupor so complete that the whole world seems to grind to a halt. Here, in my crumbling down old station which, having wheezed its way through the week wanted nothing more than to pause for a breather, the stupor prevailed.

Until the presence of this man. His differences were so subtle that I now wonder if another

stranger, someone who hadn't sold so many hundreds of tickets in the past thirty years that most of the time they knew what the customer would ask for before he even opened his mouth, would have noticed anything at all. But it was undeniable: for the first time in three decades I was stirred by that unfamiliar feeling of surprise, as he walked up to the window, and bought an Open Pass. Only once before had I sold this

wildcard, which let you take any train, anywhere, for one day only, to a pair of backpacking teenagers in 1983. It just made no economical sense, unless you were planning on doing a round-the-world tour of the UK. In one day.

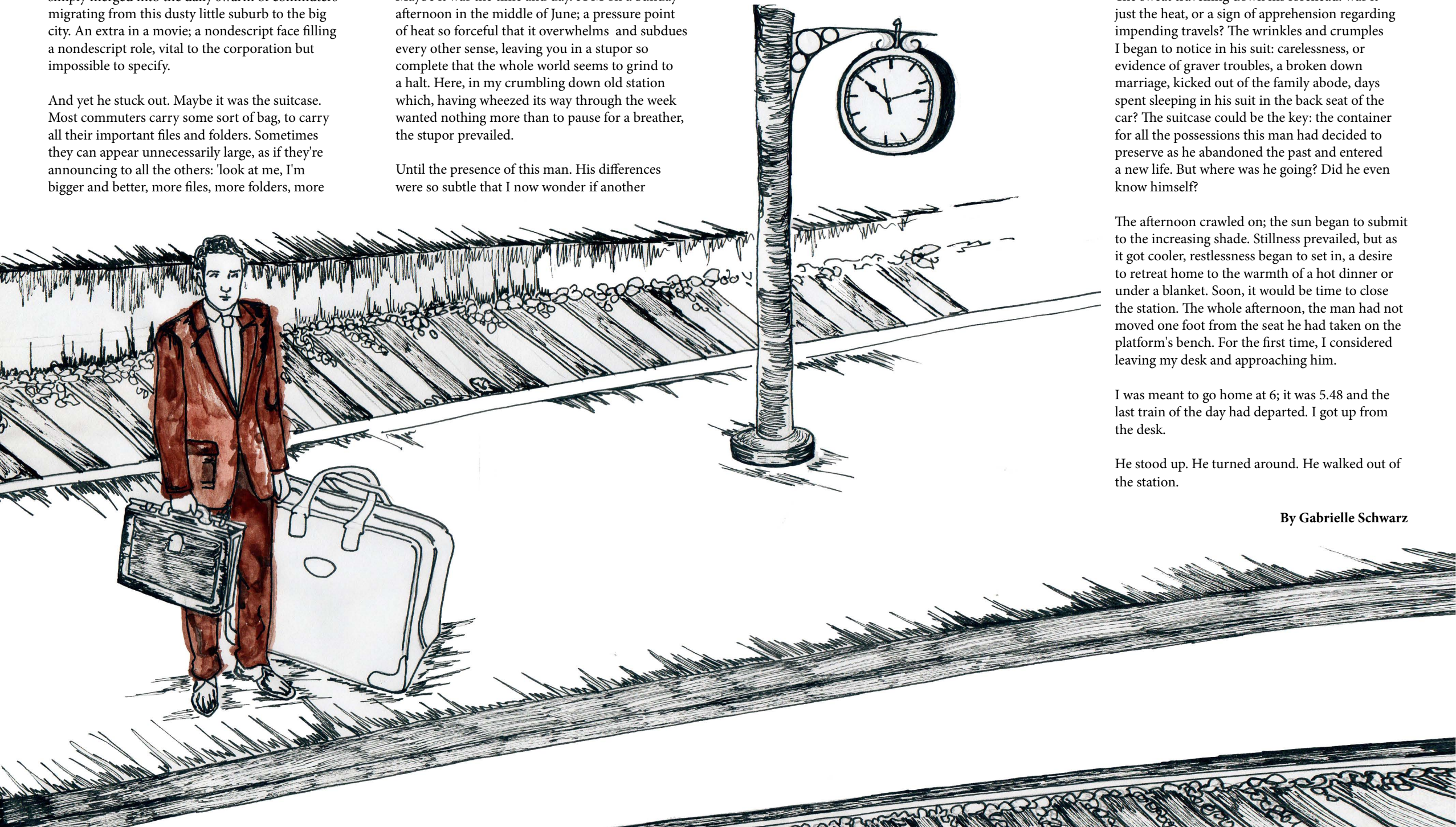
Now I wanted to know, where was he planning to go? It was like an itch I couldn't reach. I tried searching for details, clues, in his appearance. The sweat travelling down his forehead: was it just the heat, or a sign of apprehension regarding impending travels? The wrinkles and crumples I began to notice in his suit: carelessness, or evidence of graver troubles, a broken down marriage, kicked out of the family abode, days spent sleeping in his suit in the back seat of the car? The suitcase could be the key: the container for all the possessions this man had decided to preserve as he abandoned the past and entered a new life. But where was he going? Did he even know himself?

The afternoon crawled on; the sun began to submit to the increasing shade. Stillness prevailed, but as it got cooler, restlessness began to set in, a desire to retreat home to the warmth of a hot dinner or under a blanket. Soon, it would be time to close the station. The whole afternoon, the man had not moved one foot from the seat he had taken on the platform's bench. For the first time, I considered leaving my desk and approaching him.

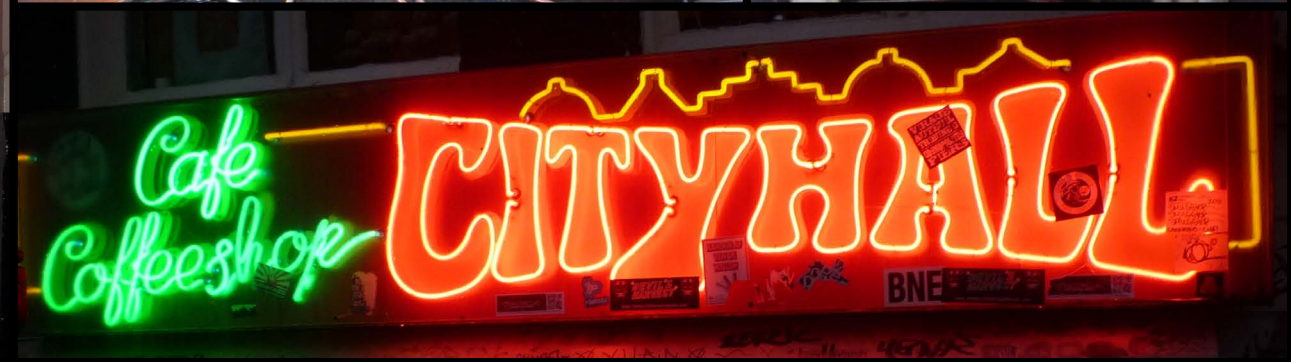
I was meant to go home at 6; it was 5.48 and the last train of the day had departed. I got up from the desk.

He stood up. He turned around. He walked out of the station.

By Gabrielle Schwarz









# HOW TO:

## make a ball bashing iced tea

And by ball bashing, I mean long, from an island and full of alcohol.

By Alfie Perring



### STEP ONE:

Find or invent a cocktail shaker. It needs to be something big enough to hold two fist-fulls of ice cubes and about 100ml of liquid with plenty of room fo' shakin'.

It also might be worth remembering that it needs to be watertight!



### STEP TWO:

In the cocktail shaker, add plenty of ice and half a lime in segments.

It's best if you squeeze these thoroughly before dropping them in.



### STEP THREE:

Add a shot of each liquor.

**INGREDIENTS:** Vodka, Gin, White Rum, Tequila, Triple sec (e.g. Cointreau but you can skip that if you're poor like me), Coca-Cola (none 'dat diet shit), ice - lots of - and limes.  
N.B. Using lemon is a classic schoolboy error. When tequila is involved, use lime!!

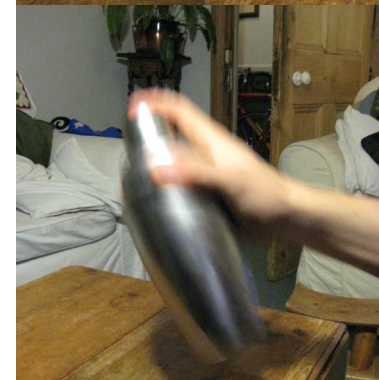


### STEP FOUR:

Before you shake that shit up, prepare your glass.

It should be a tall glass, but not too big otherwise it'll water down the drink.

Fill to the rim with ice and half fill with coke.



### STEP FIVE:

Shake that shit up! (The shaker, not the coke).



### STEP SIX:

Strain your long island mix from the shaker slowly into your glass. You need to do this as gently as possible - pouring it onto an ice cube helps.

If all goes to plan, the cloudy light green mix will float as a layer on top of the coke. That way it looks sexy.



### STEP SEVEN:

Drink through a straw to get a nice mix of the layers and enjoy. Remember - this cocktail will be around 22% alcohol, don't be fooled 'cause it tastes like sex.

At this point you may wish to find a stable chair, sit back and philosophise. Or you could stumble around clubs for hours before painting your bedroom with a kebab, which is my personal preference.





ON THE ROAD







# SONGS FOR GETTING DOWN ON IT

# 10

YES! You've pulled and IT-IS-ON! You can feel the imminent carnality approaching. But you still need something to sweeten the deal. The cake is baked, the icing spread, you only need the cherry on top. This is where the music comes in. Whilst any song probably sounds great when you're getting it on, we must remember the mood. Play the right music and you're sure to get it on like a house on fire rather than a feebly stricken match. Here's a mix of some diamonds in the rough and those golden oldies.

**BOWCHICKAWOWOW:**

## 10 Daft Punk - Veridis Quo

You wouldn't think that Daft Punk could serve as an auditory ally in this context, but this tune brings a lot to the table. A mesmerising beat, the addition of new riffs throughout and a climax full of intriguing combinations. I think I'm still talking about the song.

## 9 Maceo Parker and All the Kings Men - I Remember Mr. Banks

It would be a crime not to include some sexy jazz. This track provides the kind of saxophonizing that makes the likes of 'Careless Whisper' and 'Rio' look like little simple children. Combined with a mellow 'wawawa' sound, expect to find yourself without any clothes in a few minutes.

## 8 Blackmill - Evil Beauty

Melodic dubstep. It just seems to melt into you and with this track playing in the background the double pun doesn't even need to be said. The tune is so eargasmic that your body is going to enjoy the other kind so much more.

## 7 Bob Marley - Stir It Up

Reggae really does make everything better. Right now you're obviously loving life, so imagine the feeling when this hits you. It's a great tune with a great sound and it's so so easy for the two of you to get caught up in it.

## 6 Massive Attack - Black Milk

Slow and seductive. The whole Mezzanine album would do for the night, but this track is the outstanding contribution for me. A hard beat, soft voice and a hypnotic factor that can't fail to lull the two of you into a session of intense loving making, aw yeah.

## 5 Prince - Do Me Baby

Whilst you could use pretty much any Prince track, this is the one to play because it literally says exactly what you want to say. Be wary of the 8 minute version though, it's like Prince is right there in the room with you...but he's not singing. You have been warned.

## 4 Lana Del Rey - Yayo

Every aspect of this song is so captivating and is perhaps more appealing to the romantic within. Nonetheless, it will still throw the two of you into a state of untamed lust. Remembering that feeling? Go find this track now!

## 3 Barry White - Can't Get Enough Of Your Love

The Walrus of Looove. If there was ever a voice that possessed an aphrodisiac charm, this was it. The person who throws this tune down is certainly only thinking about one thing, and after hearing it come on, it's very likely the other person will be thinking the same thing.

## 2 The Weeknd - Outside

Strangely powerful and enthralling. Everything about this song is made for a good time: the lyrics, the beat, the build-up and come down. Tell me you can't picture yourself and another getting down to this badboy. Impossible.

## 1 Marvin Gaye - Sexual Healing AND Lets Get It On

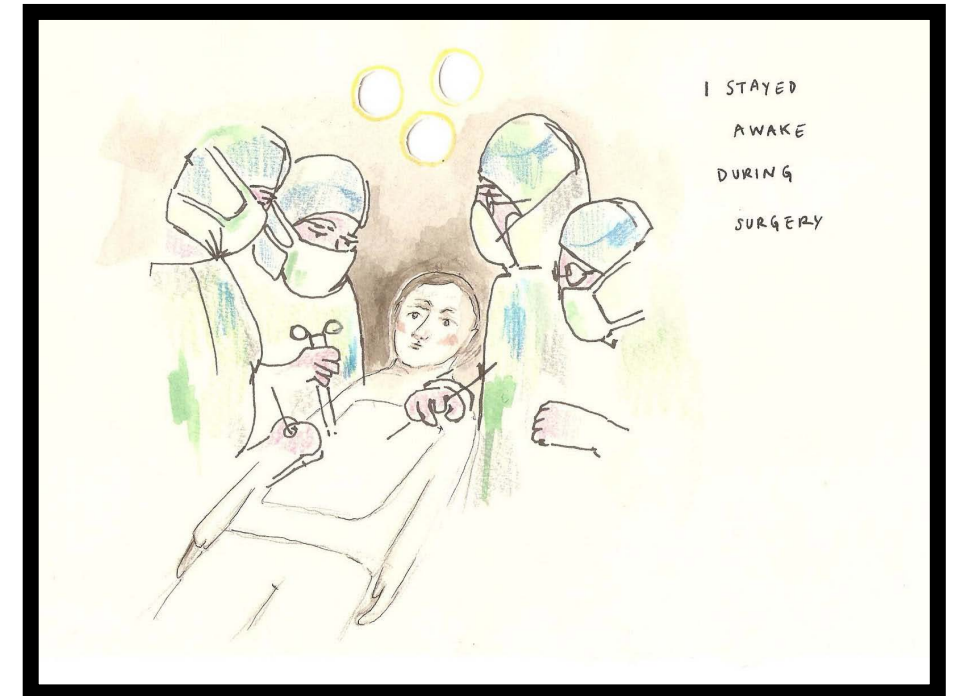
Hardly subtle but oh so soulful. These two songs epitomise the soundtrack for such a situation and neither can be left out. And can you really afford to, one alone provides an overload of sexual tension, imagine what can happen with two?! I thought as much.

Good luck! From George Fuller



# Drawings of Headlines

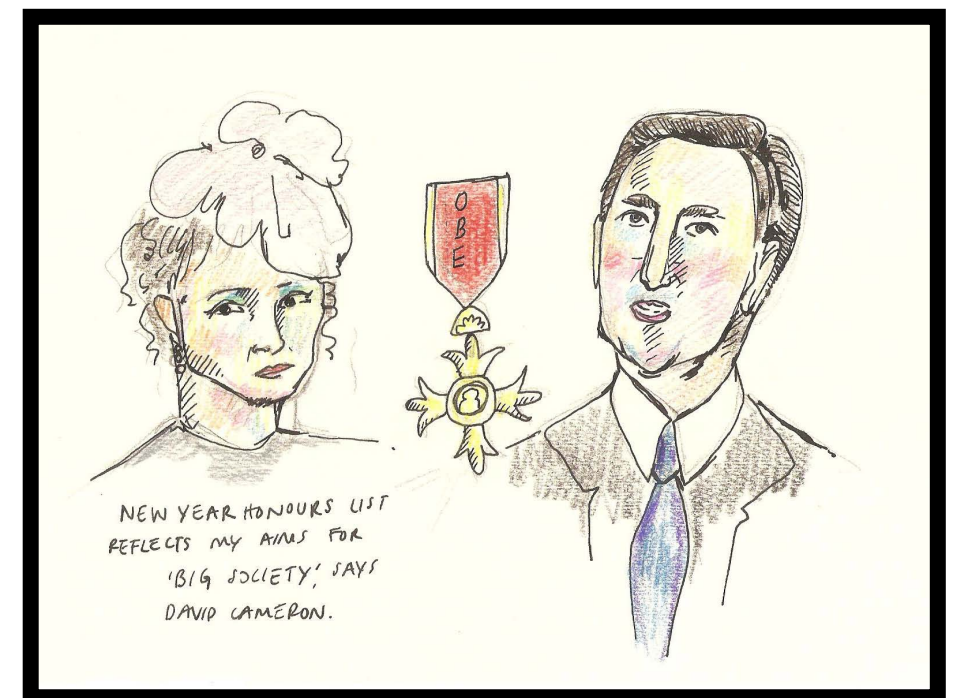
By Lara Preiti-Alvarez



The Guardian, 30th December 2011



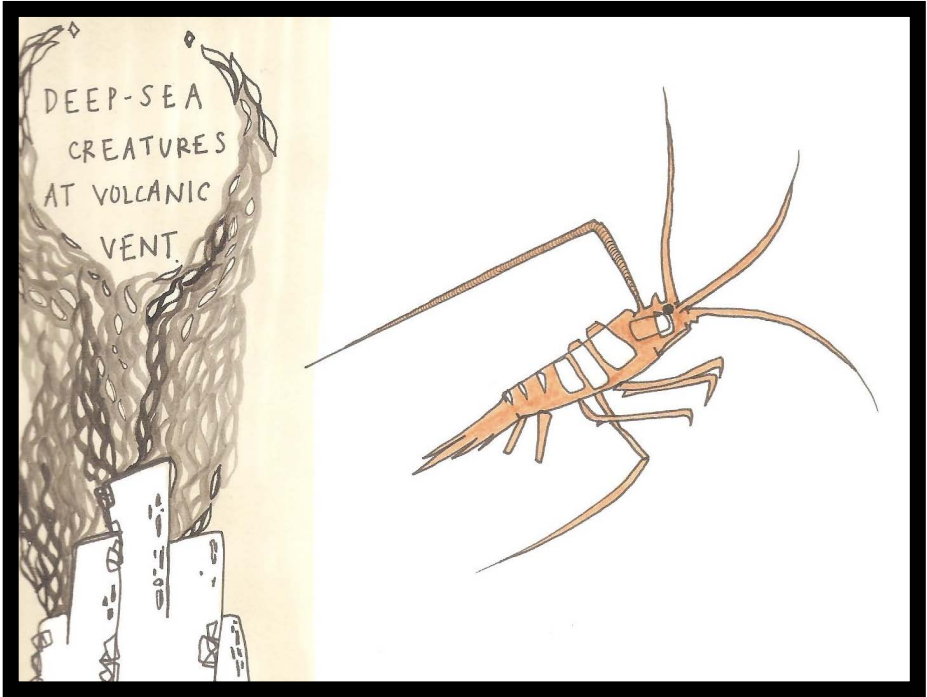
BBC, 1st January 2012



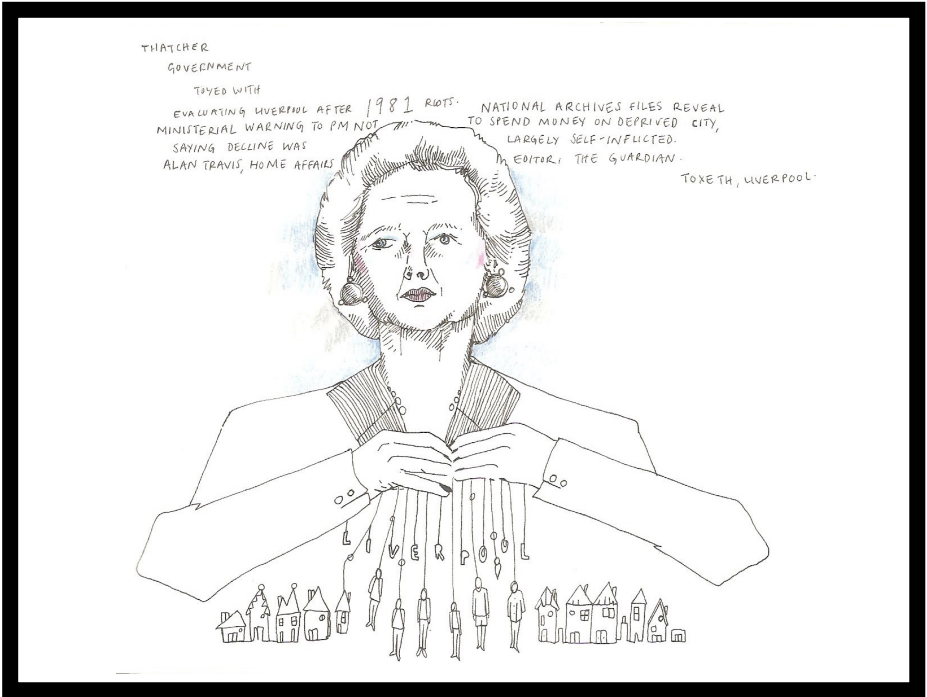
The Guardian, 31st December 2011



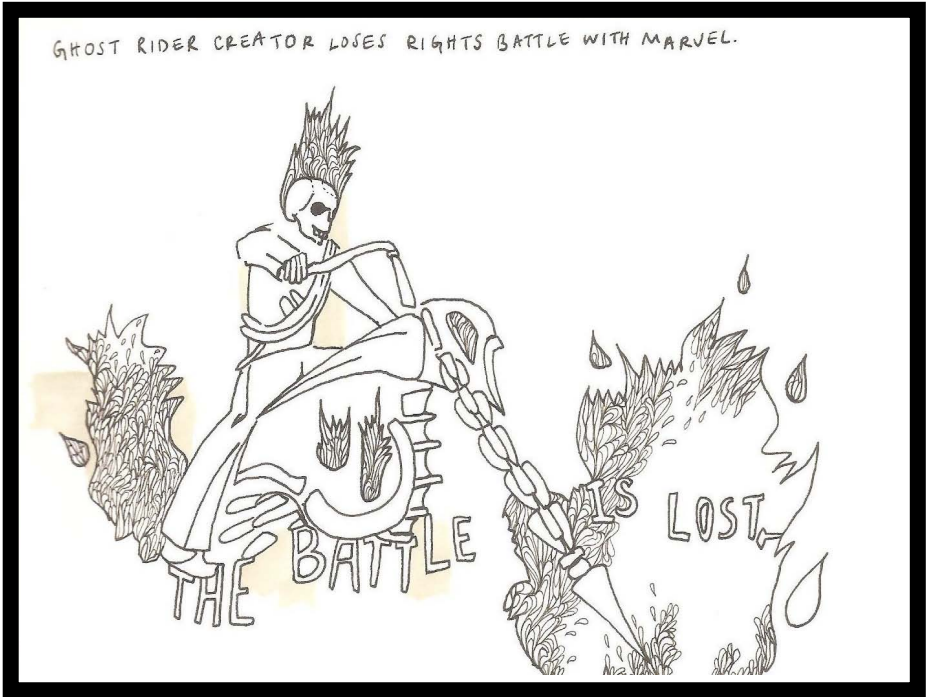
The Guardian, 1st January 2012



BBC, 28th December 2011



The Guardian, 30th December 2011



The Guardian, 30th December 2011



## A N S W E R S

### Faces to Books

A7 - B1 - C8 - D2 - E5 - F3 - G6 - H4

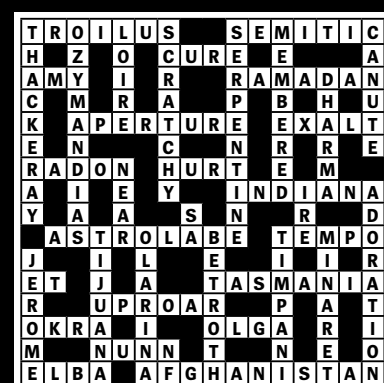
### Connections

Penny, Michelle, Jude, Lucy - Subjects of Beatles songs

Philip, Eleanor, Albert, Elizabeth - British or English royal consorts

Stephen, Richard, John, Charles - Kings of England

Abraham, George, Thomas, Theodore - US Presidents on Mt. Rushmore



## Getting Down On It: 50 Cent Style.

There comes a time in every man's life - by which I mean, this happened to me the other day - when, while listening to 50 Cent, he is forced to stop and ask himself what the hell is going on.

I was on my laptop when it happened to me. I was just chilling with my itunes on shuffle and then *Candy Shop* started playing. At first I was like, 'Whatever, a little bit of Fiddy never hurt anyone', but as the song went on I started to question myself. Then, Fiddy said this: "Dance floor jam packed, hot as a teakettle/I'll break it down for you now, baby it's simple/If you be a nympho, I'll be a nympho/In the hotel or in the back of the rental." And that was it. I stopped, shocked, amazed, offended. What the hell was going on? I'd heard that lyric - and a million others just like it - countless times before and I hadn't given it a second thought. I just kept doing whatever it was I was doing. No more. Today, I take a stand.

There are many lines and many songs - and many lines in many songs - but if any of them deserve a second thought, it's that one. I mean, 50 Cent actually spent time in his life to write those words down. Somewhere, there's a napkin - or maybe some lucky lady - with those words scribbled on it/her. Did he think it was a good idea? Was it like some terrible eureka moment? Did he stop everything, rush to the nearest piece of paper/flesh and write it down? That question may never be answered, but what is certain is that something, at some point in time, went horribly wrong.

I suppose, coming from the man who's first album was called *Get Rich or Die Trying*, the content of the songs doesn't really matter; at least he's making money. Curtis '50 Cent' Jackson has had a tough life. He was born to a crack-addicted mother, raised by his grandparents and started dealing cocaine when he was twelve. There's a lot to be said for a guy who's done as well as he has coming from that background, but he still wrote those words down. At some point in time, even for the shortest moment, 50 Cent thought the line "If you be a nympho, I'll be a nympho" was a good idea. I don't think that I can ever really forgive him for that. Who says that? What? I don't think I'm properly conveying my bafflement here. Has that line ever worked on someone? If I go to a club and say that to a girl, might we actually end up in







a hotel room or in the back of the rental? Also, I'd just like to point out that he compares a hot dance floor to a teakettle. What sort of clubs does this guy go to? That sounds terrible. Like, really, really awful. But if there's one line in that song that really stands out, it's this one: "Isn't it ironic how erotic it is to watch 'em in thongs/ Had me thinking 'bout that ass after I'm gone." No, 50, it is not ironic. That isn't even in the same ballpark as ironic. In fact, you have misused that word so badly that the whole sentence is in danger of making no sense.

I have one question. What happened? What happened to music that makes this sort of thing okay? *Candy Shop* was released in 2005. It was number one in the US charts and stayed there for 9 weeks. And it was also nominated for a Grammy. I'm kind of appalled that all of these things happened and no one said anything about it. Everyone was just like, 'Yeah, 50 Cent's cool, his music is really sexy and edgy'. Thirteen-year-old me probably said the same thing. Well, just for the record, I want to go find thirteen-year-old me and punch him in the face, because that is not okay.

Probably my favourite 50 Cent line is from his song *21 Questions*. "I love you", he sings, in jail, during a visit from his girlfriend, "like a fat kid loves cake". That's nice. That is really sweet, Curtis. One day I hope someone says that to me. Seriously, though, WHO SAYS THAT? Yeah, he kind of smirks while he says it, but he doesn't smirk like he knows he's being a jerk, he smirks like he thinks he's being clever. Well, I'm telling you right now that there is nothing clever about that line, 50 Cent, nothing. In fact, if I was your girlfriend - hard as that might be to imagine - and you said that to me, do you know what I would do? I would leave you in jail. I wouldn't pay you a fucking conjugal visit. I would get up and walk away and I would find some mediocre non-moron who says regular things like "your hair looks nice" and "you have nice eyes".

In the end though, there's really no reason why 50 Cent should care how stupid his lyrics are. He's super rich and famous and he is remarkably successful given the conditions he grew up in. It's just that I can't help but associate him with the degeneration in popular music that's happened over the last five or six years. 50 Cent's songs are bad in themselves, but the main problem is that they have legitimized a different sort of music. The sort of music where quality means nothing and popularity means everything. Now, this sort of music is everywhere. It's unavoidable. And it's getting worse.

I'm talking to you, Pitbull.

Pitbull. I don't even know what that guy does? Seriously, what does he do? *I know You Want Me* is possibly the worst song I've ever heard. Take a look at this line: "6 to tha clock, on my way to the top uh/Pit got it locked from brews to the locker/All I.P uh, big and packer/That he's not, but damn he's hot/Label flop but Pit won't stop/Got her in the car, quit playin' with his, como?/Watch him make a movie like Albert Hitchcock, ha enjoy me." What the hell is he talking about? These words don't make sense. Not in an artistic, I-don't-understand-the-deeper-meaning-of-this-song sort of way, in a fundamental the-grammatical-structures-that-he-is-pairing-with-specific-words-do-not-mean-anything-in-the-English-language sort of way. How is this guy so popular? I don't understand.

Frankly, I'm a little upset. Why does it have to be this way? What happened to good popular music? Where are the Sam Cookes and Wilson Picketts of the world now? There is a lot of great music being made these days, but it has almost completely disappeared from the mainstream and the distance between popular music and good music is getting bigger and bigger. I don't know how much clearer I can be: going to a club and listening to a stupid bald man count to four in various languages is not my idea of a good time. Also, take your fucking sunglasses off bro. You spend all your time in clubs. Why are you wearing sunglasses? How do you even see anything?

The opening lines of another one of Pitbull's songs, *Give Me Everything*, are "Me not working hard/ Yeah, right, picture that with a Kodak/ Or better yet, go to Times Square/ Take a picture of me with a Kodak". Okay, admittedly, he's learning to form coherent sentence structures, but, and it's a big but, what he is saying still makes no sense. How does it follow that I should take a picture of Pitbull, in Times Square, with a Kodak from the fact that he is working hard. It doesn't, is the answer to that question. It doesn't. He is just saying random words that have no connection to one another. Why is that acceptable? If I spoke like that in any regular day-to-day situation I'd probably get a slap. Why is no one giving Pitbull a slap?

But look, I can make fun of these guys all I want - and it will cheer me up momentarily - but they are ridiculously popular. Me getting angry and ranting about them will probably never change that. That doesn't mean that I can't ask the question - or that you shouldn't either. Because I really don't know what has happened. And yes, it might be fun to dance to these songs, and to sing along to their stupid, incoherent lyrics, but just think about this for a moment. What if some aliens come to earth and the first thing they find is a Pitbull CD? What if they judge the entire human race based on a Pitbull song? Do you want Pitbull to represent the whole of humankind? Is that what you want?

So this is what I'll say. Next time, before you reassure yourself by saying it's all just a bit of fun, remember that it is not all just a bit of fun. It's far more serious than that. I'm not saying that next time a 50 Cent or Pitbull song starts playing that you shouldn't sing along and enjoy yourself, but, just remember to ask, what would the aliens think? Or you could ask yourself the simpler question, the better question, the more important question. What's wrong with wanting to enjoy myself listening to a good song?

by Jake Walerius





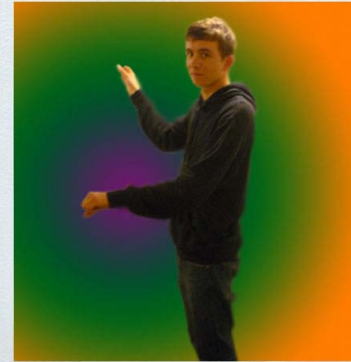
*The Flamingo*



*The Wild-Western-Robot*



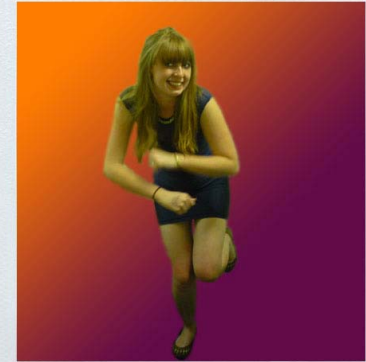
*The Swordfight*



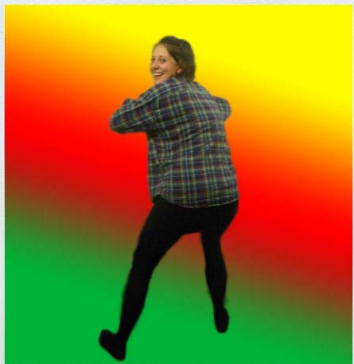
*The Shopping Trolley*



*The Resurrection*



*The Tumble-Turn*



*Back It Up*



*The Thigh Stretch*



*The Titanic*



*The Hipshake*



*The Shark Attack*



*The Soviet Shuffle*



*The Rowing Boat*



*Pull The Rope*



*The Laurence*



*Laying the egg*



*The Robbin Hood*



*Applebottom Jeans*





As the gap between musicians and their audience seems to stretch ever further, the motivation for 'mainstream' artists to make music seems purely for the money, rather than for the enjoyment that they can bring to themselves and their fans. As Seattle-based hip-hop artist, **Macklemore**, touches this topic in several of his songs, it is refreshing to see him putting his words into practice with both the song - and video for - *And We Danced*. A rip roaring, dance prompting, smile inducing 5 minute rollercoaster ride of a song, *And We Danced* is the cause of much debate amongst fans of Macklemore - is it a parody of mainstream music? Is he making a statement about the lack of depth in many popular artists' songs? Is he possibly even selling out to make it big? The answer is none of these. *And We Danced* is quite simply Macklemore, and his fans, having fun.

Although Macklemore has the ability to address serious matters in his work, previous songs such as *Penis Song* and *Stay At Home Dad* show that he isn't afraid to not take himself too seriously - a rare quality in the modern hip-hop artist. *And We Danced* may not be particularly musically complex; it may not have a profound message, but it is near impossible to listen to without wanting to join in the fun. This can be proved true during his live performances where crowds of diehard hip-hop fans lose all their inhibitions for five minutes of madness. Indeed, the infectious spirit of *And We Danced* has become so instantly legendary that Macklemore kept a crowd of 200 fans screaming at an impromptu gig by just playing the song twice.

This feeling is captured perfectly in the song's video. Mack plays the dance crazy party king, sent from 'the shores of Great Britain' to rescue America's failing party scene. Few normal rappers would be willing to don a shining gold leotard for their music videos, but then Macklemore is anything but a normal rapper. Shot in just two days as a present to his fans for the Halloween holiday, it is Macklemore at his unique best, raising the roof off a party with the guests being played by volunteer Mack fans. It's Rap meets LMFAO meets The Lonely Island, and encapsulates the best thing about Macklemore; the fact that he recognises what a privileged position he is in, and is determined to enjoy it.

By Mark Jones

TODAY, I WOKE UP SNEEZING. NOT A PLEASANT START TO THE DAY. AFTER CONFIRMING THAT I WAS NOT ILL I DREW THE ONLY OTHER POSSIBLE CONCLUSION; IT IS ALREADY THAT TIME OF THE YEAR. AGAIN. THAT TIME OF YEAR WHEN BEES BEGIN TO BUZZ AND POLLEN STARTS TO SPEW OUT INTO WHAT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY CRISP WINTER AIR.

UNLESS YOU ENJOY THE NUMEROUS ANNOYING SYMPTOMS, HAY FEVER IS NOT VERY FUN FOR ANYONE INVOLVED. SPENDING THE DAY/NIGHT BLOWING YOUR NOSE AND SCRATCHING YOUR EYES IS NOBODY'S IDEA OF A PARTY, AND ENDURING THE COUNTLESS GLARES OF DISPARAGING ONLOOKERS (WHO DOUBTLESS ASSUME THAT YOU ARE SPREADING SWINE FLU) IS AN UNWELCOME ADDITION TO THE SITUATION. IT IS WITH JOY, THEREFORE, THAT I CAN SAY THERE IS A SOLUTION. AS THE NHS PUTS IT 'THERE IS NO CURE FOR HAY FEVER', BUT YOU CAN 'RELIEVE SYMPTOMS'. MY FAVOURITE METHOD IS TAKING CLARITYN, A ONE A DAY TABLET CONTAINING LORATADINE. IT WORKS FOR ME, IT MAY NOT WORK FOR YOU.



**THE RAINBOW FISH (AUDIOTAPE)**  
**BY MARCUS PFISTER**  
 READ BY BLAIR BROWN

'THE RAINBOW FISH' IS A STORY THAT REALLY PACKS A PUNCH. FULL OF SUB-PLOTS, INTRIGUE AND ROMANCE, PFISTER TAKES US ON A ROLLER-COASTER RIDE (AN UNDERWATER ROLLER-COASTER) THAT NEVER FAILS TO SURPRISE.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS: RAINBOW FISH IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, BUT HAS NO FRIENDS. AFTER INSTRUCTION FROM THE SEDUCTIVE 'OCTOPUS' (PLAYED BY BLAIR BROWN (AS IS THE REST OF THE CAST)) HE GIVES HIS SHINY SCALES AWAY. I WON'T RUIN THE ENDING HERE, BUT IT WILL SUFFICE TO SAY THAT HE THEN BECOMES QUITE POPULAR AND EVERYONE LIVES HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

THE STORY IS UNDERPINNED BY A SOUNDTRACK WHICH GOES ABOVE AND BEYOND WHAT PFISTER'S STORY WOULD HAVE NEEDED TO MAKE IT A CLASSIC, AND BROWN'S SILKY SMOOTH VOICE HAS TO BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED, DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN AVOID IT. 9/10.



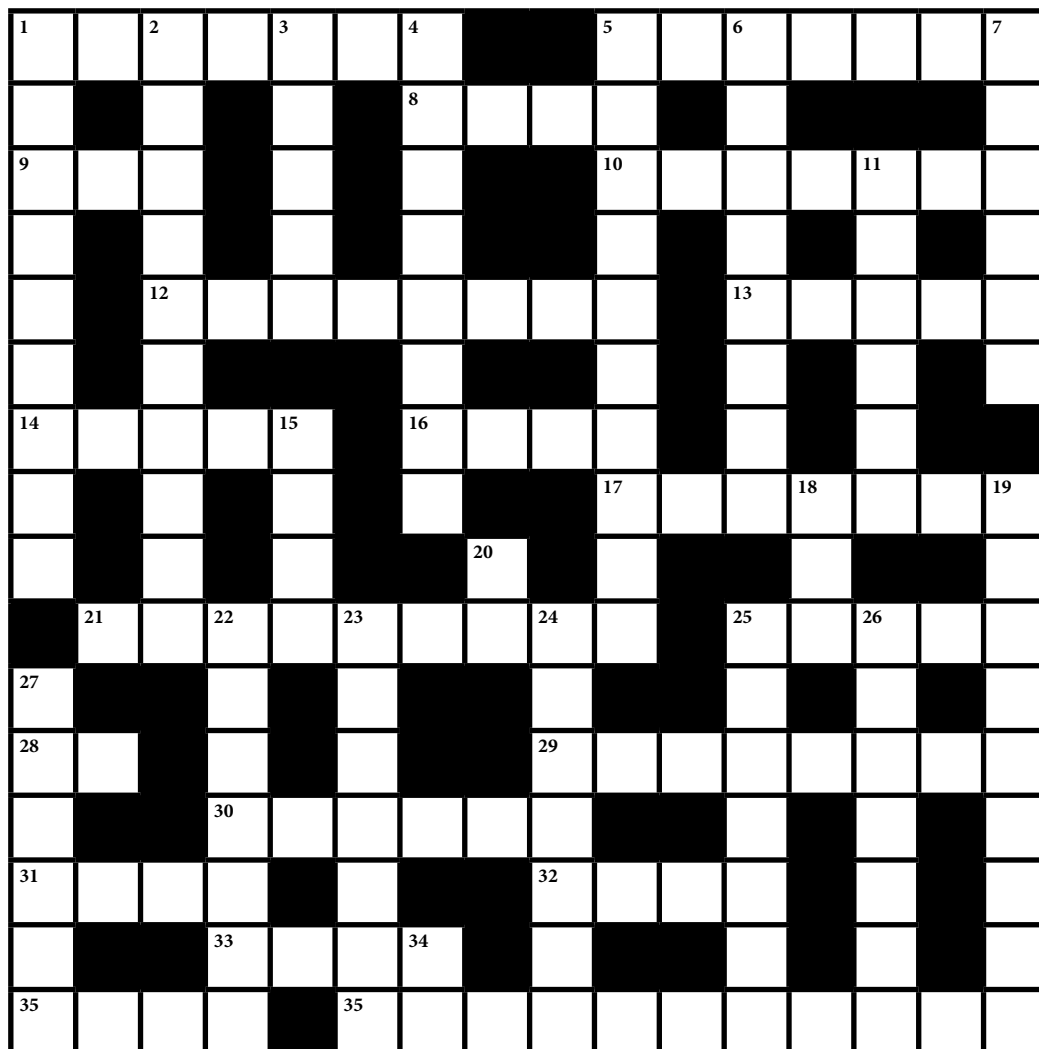
# Puzzles

Answers on page 18

## Only Connect

Four groups of four connecting items.

ELEANOR	STEPHEN	PENNY	ABRAHAM
THEODORE	MICHELLE	ELIZABETH	CHARLES
PHILLIP	RICHARD	GEORGE	LUCY
JOHN	JUDE	THOMAS	ALBERT



### Across

- 1 Cressida's Trojan lover (7)  
 5 Language family, eg. Arabic & Hebrew (7)  
 8 English rock band led by Robert Smith, The \_\_\_\_ (4)  
 9 Author of 2011 book 'Battle Hymn of the Tiger Mother', \_\_\_\_ Chua (3)  
 10 9<sup>th</sup> month of Islamic calendar (7)  
 12 Optical opening (8)  
 13 Raise up or glorify (5)  
 14 The only gaseous element with radioactive isotopes (5)  
 16 Actor renowned for roles such as Winston Smith (1984) and Joseph Merrick (The Elephant Man), John \_\_\_\_ (4)  
 17 The Hoosier State (7)  
 21 Early astronomical instrument, used extensively in the Islamic Golden Age (9)  
 25 Speed or pace of music (5)  
 28 1982 Spielberg film; out of this world (2)  
 29 Island separated from Australia by the Bass Strait (8)  
 30 Tumultuous excitement (6)  
 31 Lady's fingers (4)  
 32 Eldest daughter of the last Tsar, \_\_\_\_ Nikolaevna Romanova (4)  
 33 Celebrated theatrical director, works include Cats & Les Mis, Sir Trevor \_\_\_\_ (4)  
 35 Napoleon's first exile (4)  
 36 Home of the Pashtun people (11)

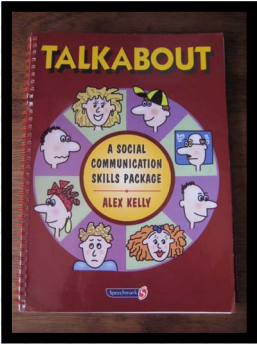
### Down

- 1 Author of Vanity Fair, William Makepeace \_\_\_\_ (9)  
 2 King of kings, according to Shelley's sonnet (10)  
 3 Longest river in France (5)  
 4 Cat from cat & mouse cartoon on the Simpsons (8)  
 5 Artificial lake in Hyde Park (10)  
 6 Possessing limbs (8)  
 7 11<sup>th</sup> Century king of Denmark & England (6)  
 11 Natural law in Buddhism & Indian philosophy (6)  
 15 Not distant (4)  
 18 Anger (3)  
 19 \_\_\_\_ of the Magi (9)  
 20 Hitler's 'brownshirts' (abbrev.) (2)  
 22 Herb Alpert and the \_\_\_\_ Brass (7)  
 23 Ancient ceramic wind instrument, like a flute (7)  
 24 Enter into a formal agreement to marry (7)  
 25 Kettledrums (7)  
 26 Tall spire on a mosque (7)  
 27 Author of Three Men in a Boat, Jerome K. \_\_\_\_ (6)  
 34 Far-right political party, reached it's peak in the 1970s (abbrev.) (2)

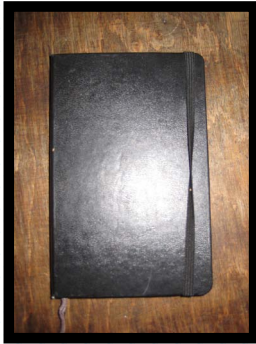
# MATCH THE FACES...

to the books

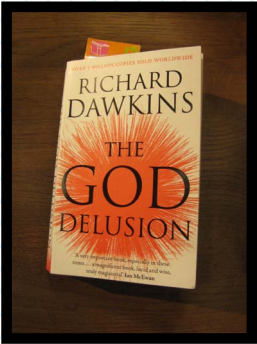
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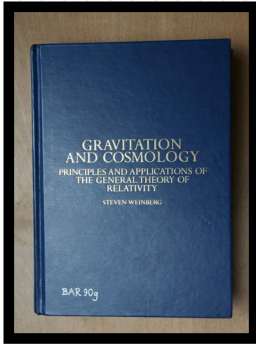
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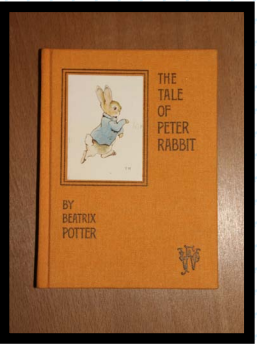
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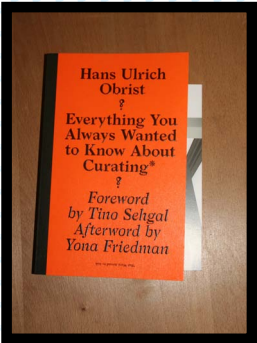
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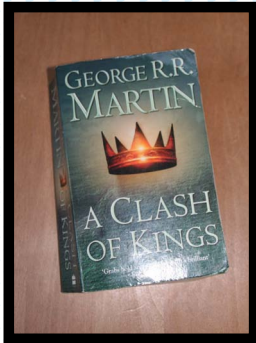
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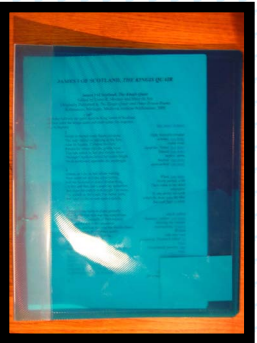
6



7



8



A



B



C



D



E



F



G



H





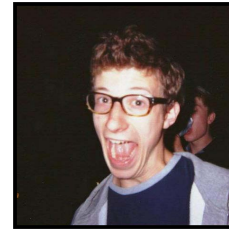
# C O N T R I B U T O R S



**Ito**  
Front Cover



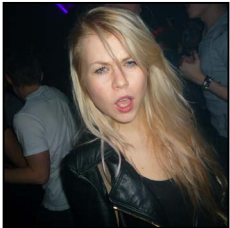
**Gabrielle**  
Man in brown suit  
Text



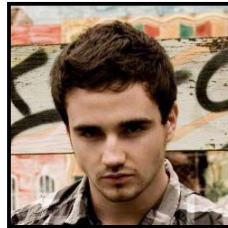
**Jake**  
Getting down on it:  
50 Cent style  
Text



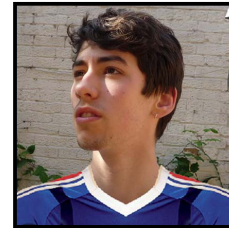
**Lucy**  
Getting down on it:  
50 Cent style  
Illustration



**Ella**  
Man in brown suit  
Illustration



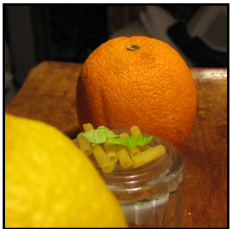
**Alfie**  
How to make a ball  
bashing iced tea  
Text



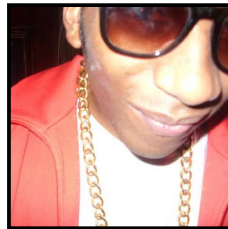
**Seb**  
Dance Moves



**Mark**  
Macklemore



**Tom Orange**  
How to make a ball  
bashing iced tea  
Photos



**George**  
10 Songs for getting  
down on it



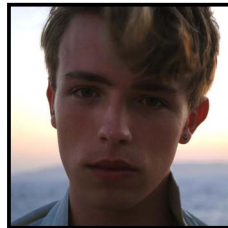
**Katie Lemon**  
Clarityn  
Rainbow fish



**Aneesh**  
Puzzles



**Lara**  
Drawings of headlines



**Luke**  
Photo - Escape



**Jessie**  
Editor  
On the Road  
Faces to Books



**Josh**  
Editor



ALFIE 'TWINKLE TOES' PERRING