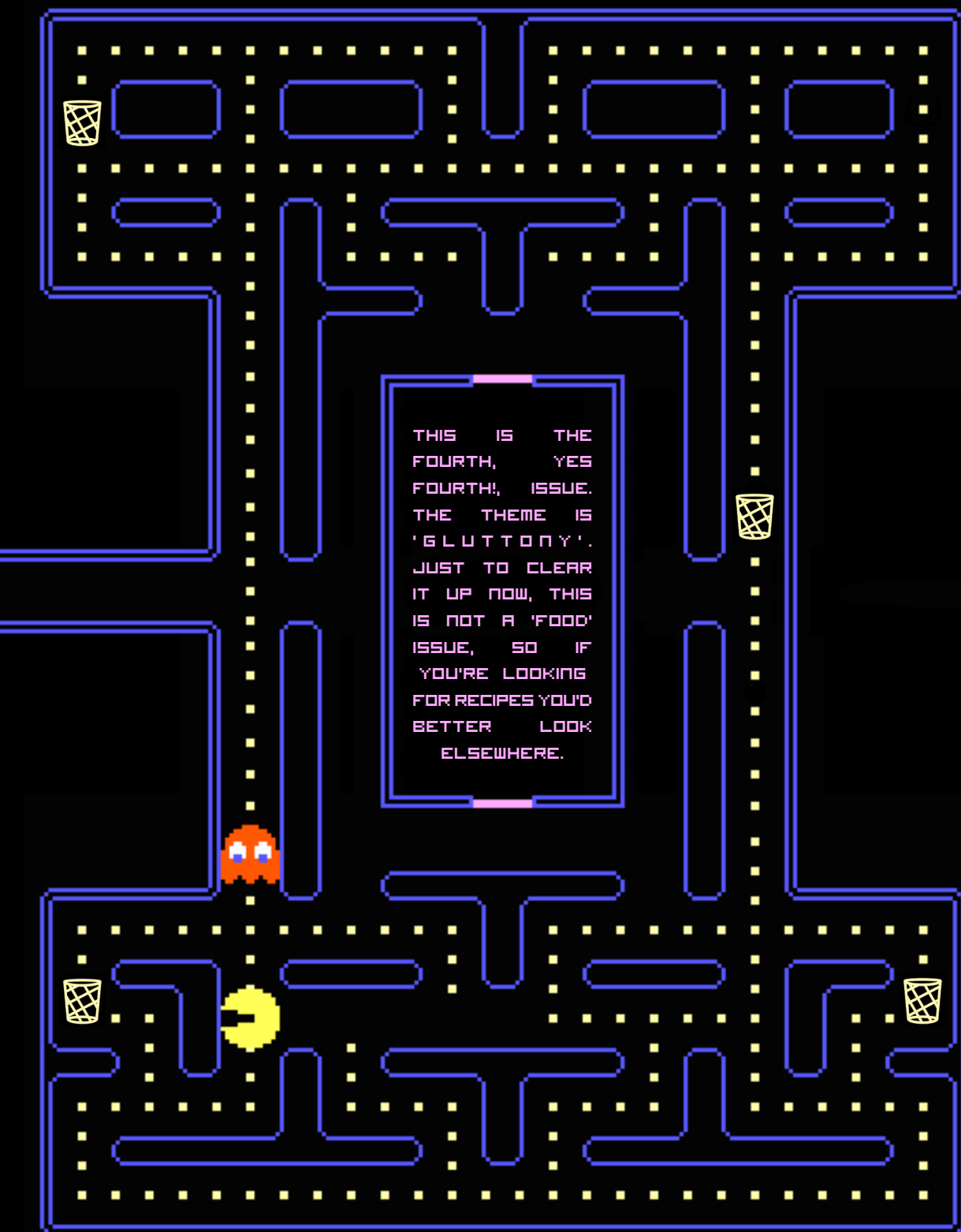




WASTEPAPER



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Synesthesia

Do you remember that first time we went to that corner shop that always smelled of wet dog food – Tony's General Store, I think it was called – and we bought ice-lolly moulds and picnic chairs with my babysitting money. So then you said because you had no money, you had an idea for how you could pay me back and had I ever been drunk before? When I said no I didn't think so, we went back to your house and snuck into your parents' larder and filled the lolly moulds with orange juice and vodka to take to the brook. The air was thick with midges and the heaviness of the hot before a storm. You accidentally swallowed a midge when it

flew into a lolly and got stuck to the side you couldn't see. Could you describe how it tasted? Do you know what death tastes like?

Those were the glorious days of summer, the stolen scraps of sun we refused to return, rebelliously flouting stern Mother Nature in our sodden picnic chairs and shivering rain-soaked skin. We continued to stir vodka straight from the freezer with the sun-ripened orange as if in this magic concoction we could capture the sweet heat of a grove in Florida. In this, our parched paradise of the imagination, we were thirsty, for intoxication, each other and the tang of fleshly fresh fruit.

One day we realised that the vodka bottle was nearly empty, except for a shallow

puddle pooled at the very bottom. You nicked your brother's driving license and we went to Tony's to buy some more and he looked at us and laughed and said something in a very wise wry voice about kids these days and how we always want more and no longer know the word 'no'. So we went back to the larder and found a different bottle, it was a fancy curved one that reminded me of those bottles you get perfume in, and it had a golden label on the front and the liquid was the sweet hue of honey. But it burnt down your throat with a salty sting and the lollies had turned bitter or maybe it was just different?

Other girls had asked me what kissing tasted like and I always had an answer: sweet and fiery, like oranges and ethanol.

What does absence taste like? Bitter, bile-filled nausea. A ball in the belly weighing so heavy you can't imagine anything else could fit in there at all. Nothing seems like it would taste of anything, except for oranges. So I buy them, bags of them, their garish citrus glow a beacon of artificial light in the grey, their acidic smell piercing the must, in equal parts vitalising and offensive. The zest as I unpeel them sticks and burns under my nails. I break the segments apart, and stuff them into my mouth. The juice is sour and clangs against my teeth. Were there always this many pips? Oranges are different now-days.

By Gabrielle Schwarz





HOW TO:

Make a pot of tea.

Making a really good cup of tea is an invaluable life skill which every respectable person should master. Here is a beginners guide to making a pot, the first level up from brewing in a mug. **Note:** This method is extremely suitable for my equipment and taste in tea, but you may need to try some subtle variation and experimentation to find your perfect recipe.



YOU WILL NEED:

A kettle, teapot, cosy for said pot, tablespoon, milk jug, milk, water, two mugs, two teabags and a timer.

STEP ONE:

Boil the kettle, pour the milk into the jug. Save time by doing the two simultaneously.

STEP TWO:

Place the two teabags into the teapot, and pour in boiling water. Place the cosy over the teapot. This recipe is suitable for about 600ml of water.



STEP THREE:

Start a timer for three minutes and forty seconds. Pictured here is a kitchen timer which is part of an oven, but you can use a separate timer (such as a lemon) or even a watch (providing it has a second hand and you pay close attention, or is digital).

STEP FOUR:

Use the remaining boiled water to fill the mugs. This is just to warm up the mugs, so don't panic if you don't have enough water to actually fill the mugs (you are about to pour this water away).



STEP FIVE:

After three minutes and forty seconds, take off the tea cosy and carefully take out the tea bags using the tablespoon. Don't overtly stir the water (one slow stir is acceptable) and especially don't press or squeeze the teabags before removing them.



STEP SIX:

Pour away the boiling water from the mugs, and add milk to the mugs using the jug.



STEP SEVEN:

Pour the tea into the mugs (onto the milk). Drink responsibly.





OFF THE ROAD



10

MARMITE FOOTBALLERS

Despite England bowing out to penalties yet again at Euro 2012, I am still keen to talk about something football-y. I think it's fair to say that footballers lead a very attractive lifestyle: beautiful women, fast cars and so much money. Do their talents deserve such reward? Probably not. One would think that with their riches, a little less egotistic foolishness could be achieved. I love football. I don't think I'd want to know a world without it, but the Beautiful Game is sometimes tainted by individuals. Nonetheless, I want to show you that in the dark, dark house in the dark, dark closet of footballing skeletons, there is still good! Even if I can't convince you, here are my Top 10 Marmite Footballers:

10 David Beckham

Let's begin with the King. For me, Beckham is still the face of football. He is the second highest paid player in the world and has the highest net worth of any footballer at £160m. However, Goldenballs became known for his temper as well as his talent. In the 1998 World Cup he was famously sent off against Argentina, turning the nation against him in a second, but has since found redemption. The Victoria and David Beckham Charitable Trust has led to his appointment as a UNICEF ambassador, focusing on the Unite Against Aids Campaign. Moreover, Becks is a member for the Malaria No More campaign and a supporter of the Help for Heroes charity. Following a visit to Sierra Leone, Beckham said: "We can't turn a blind eye to the tens of thousands of young children who die every day in the developing world mostly from causes that are preventable."

9 Wayne Rooney

Now onto the slightly less attractive face of English football. Aged 18 and with more money than he knew what to do with, Wayne Rooney enjoyed many a trip to the local brothel. Here he became acquainted with a number of older ladies and earned himself the nickname 'Granny-Shagger' after the press got wind of his shenanigans. As well as that golden oldie, Wazza has been in the headlines for cheating on famous-for-nothing fiancée Coleen on a number of occasions. Yet Rooney isn't that inconsiderate an ogre. He is also an ambassador for SOS Children UK, a charity that supports children in need, and he once sent a letter of apology and a signed shirt to a young boy after a stray shot broke the lad's arm. He now lives as a loving husband and father in the kingdom of Far Far Away.

8 Ryan Giggs

In many eyes, the Wales and Manchester United legend could do no wrong. A servant to his team for 20 years; calm and collected off pitch. So you can imagine the shock when it was revealed that Giggs was the 'super-injunction' footballer that had had the newspapers gagged in order to protect his identity. In 2011 he was named and shamed after being found guilty of having an affair with model Imogen Thomas AND his brother's wife. Personal morals and ethics appeared obliterated. However, Giggs is also an Ambassador for UNICEF UK and also works

closely with Manchester United's United for UNICEF partnership. He often fronts TV appeals and travels around the globe to see how children are affected first hand.

7 Didier Drogba

Surely, as a 6'3" Ivorian tank, it should take a small explosion to bring down Drogba. Wrong. More often than not, the big man will go down from the faintest of touches, leaving the opposition outraged and Drogba with an Oscar nomination. The striker is famed for his diving antics on the pitch and it is this reputation that gives football a bad name. Off the pitch, however, Drogba created the Didier Drogba Foundation: a charity that provides financial and material support in both health and education to the African people. Drogba famously used a £3 million Pepsi endorsement to build a hospital in his hometown of Abidjan.

6 Lionel Messi

There's nothing bad to say about Messi. It's quite fitting that the best player in the world is also the best paid, earning around £27m a year. The Barcelona forward is the best person to be in such a situation. He is humble, modest and only really loathed by Real Madrid fans because of his genius. The Lionel Messi Foundation has also been born from the Argentine's initiative. It looks to support children and adolescents at risk from their health and surroundings. Recently, Messi has pledged to pay the medical bills for a 12 year-old boy who was diagnosed with a growth hormone deficiency (GHD); the same illness Messi experienced as a child.

5 Kaka

Like Messi, there are no negativities surrounding Kaka. He is the third most expensive player in history at £52m, but both a simple man and an extraordinary footballer. He married his childhood sweetheart, has two children, takes taxis everywhere and is a devout Christian. Amazingly, at age 18 he snapped his neck and was expected to be paralyzed, yet today he is an icon of respect within football. Kaka is a UN ambassador for the World Food Programme and World Development Programme.

4 Cristiano Ronaldo

The world's third highest paid footballer and the second best...for now. Yet Ronaldo is the complete opposite of Messi. The Portuguese attacker has an ego so big he makes Kanye West look like an insecure emo child. The guy even flexed and pointed to his thigh after he scored what was, I admit, a sublime goal. But Ronaldo knows what responsibility is. In 2005, he flew out an 11-year-old Indonesian tsunami survivor and his father to attend a World Cup qualifier, covering all their expenses and even contributed towards buying them a new house back home. The following month Ronaldo returned to the Far East to visit the areas affected by the tsunami and raised over £65,000 by auctioning off his personal sports gear. Earlier this year, Ronaldo was named as an ambassador for Save the Children; a charity that aims to bring lasting changes to children worldwide.

3 Mario Balotelli

The Mad World of Mario Balotelli. There are quite a few occurrences so you can decide which of the Ghanaian-born Italian's antics fall where: involved in a car crash and found to be carrying £5000 cash (when asked why he had such a large sum Balotelli replied with "Because I'm rich"), gets bored so throws darts at a youth player, as you do, wins big at a casino and gives a tramp £1000, fire brigade needed after Balotelli sets house alight due to fireworks being let off from the bathroom window (three days later he becomes the face of a firework safety campaign), buys everyone in a petrol station a full tank after pulling up to refuel his Maserati, offers to clear everyone's book fees at Manchester University Library, sent out to buy cleaning products by his mother and returns with a lorry full of boys' toys, buys an £1000 round at his local before making a £200 donation in a church collection plate, reveals a 'Why Always Me?' undershirt after scoring against Man United. Finally, after recently explaining "When I score I don't celebrate because I'm only doing my job. When a postman delivers letters does he celebrate?", he then rips his shirt off and flexes his muscles in a Terminator-esque stance after scoring his second goal against Germany in the Euro 2012 semi-final.

2 Ronaldo

The true Ronaldo, Brazilian Ronaldo - 'El Fenómeno'. Ronaldo is considered as one of the best of all time, but his life has been turbulent. He has four children by three separate women and is currently engaged to the mother of his youngest two. Ronaldo was married twice before. The first marriage lasted four years and the second for 3 months. The latter had a ceremony costing £700, 000 but it's fiine, he probably made that amount back in a month or two. The illegitimate fourth child led Ronaldo to publically declare that he was "closing the factory" via a vasectomy. OK then. His lowest point certainly came when he was exposed in a scandal involving three transvestite prostitutes. You've come this far, go look it up because I have to tell you about the good stuff. Nowadays, Ronaldo is an ambassador for the United Nations Development Programme and has helped to organise the ever-popular Match Against Poverty. Proceeds from the previous eight matches have benefited projects in more than 27 developing countries. Plus, Ronaldo is set to become the president of the Brazil Soccer Federation. Not bad for a man found in bed with three trannies.

1 John Terry

And finally, John Terry. The Chelsea FC captain has won every domestic and European prize up for grabs and earns £170k-a-week. But what does he do when he's not drunkenly mocking grieving Americans just one day after 9/11 or running over stewards or selling access to the Chelsea clubhouse or assaulting people or having affairs with team-mate's girlfriends? Oh yeah that's right! He's calling Anton Ferdinand, brother of long time compatriot Rio, a "f***ing black c**t". Nothing was ever going to come out of that trial, but let's see how the FA handles the situation. John Terry is a good player, but a disgraceful man.

So amongst the pain and anguish of England's failure to perform well at a major tournament, just savour in the thought that not every footballer is a complete and utter tool. Of course some of them are, actually most of them probably are - but not all! Some actually use their money for good instead of evil and are true gents of the game. Either way, whatever you think, just enjoy football.

by George Fuller

*Living in
the Age of
Gluttony.*



No matter who you are, where you work, what you believe in or when you were born, if you're reading this article and live in the western world then you're most likely a glutton. You wouldn't know it, and it's not your fault - you've been tricked into becoming one. With every passing month you're becoming an even greater glutton: consuming and disposing larger and larger amounts without even realising. Don't fret though, dear reader. Realising that you've sinned is the first step to rectifying the situation. Allow your friendly neighbourhood cynic explain it all.

Living in the Age of Gluttony

In every business model, there comes a time when the consumer has finished with said product or service. At this point it is in the interest of the business to sell the consumer either the same product/service again or an entirely new product, restarting the cycle. If this were not possible the business would soon fail, as its revenue stream would cease - have you ever wondered why lightbulbs don't last forever, even though the technology exists? Another ideal for businesses is to create the shortest possible life cycle for their product or service whilst maintaining the majority of their customer base. In this manner, the maximum amount of revenue can be generated, providing greater profits and greater interest in the brand, not to mention giving the business a larger presence in your brain.

No business model can approach the ideal without the internet. This is where we come in. We now have the potential to become the ultimate gluttons and very quickly we're fulfilling it. Never before in human history have we had ready access everything within seconds. We are the first civilization able to categorise and distribute its entire cultural output instantaneously and universally. This has turned human culture and history into an all-you-can-eat buffet for anyone with a broadband connection; we can eat large amounts of the finest cuisine and junk food in equal measure without recognising the difference. For an easy example of our relentless consumption, look no further than the iOS app store. The store hit its 25bn sale target on March 3rd 2012 - an average of 70 apps for every iPod touch, iPhone and iPad ever released!

The Internet is something of a double-edged sword for cultural output from the perspective of the artist. Never has it been easier to get your work online - in a matter of minutes your work can be uploaded onto YouTube, Flickr, Tumblr, Vimeo and a whole host of other sites for people to access. Access is completely free in most cases, sometimes paid for by advertising. However. Illegal downloading bypasses all of this and makes it even easier to access high-quality versions. This ready accessibility means it's now easier than ever for artists to get noticed and spread around the world in a matter of minutes, surely it's also easier than ever to become successful and make a profit from your art?

In fact, it's harder than ever. All of this free access to music is costing record companies a lot of money, and in an effort to stem the flow away from their

coffers the companies are no longer taking chances on left-field music. They're going for the guaranteed hits, the big names and easy options. More often than not, look at the pop charts on any given week and the same handful of artists will be clogging the top forty with their cookie cutter tripe. That's not to say that the charts haven't always featured cookie cutter tripe, it's just never been produced by the same four or five artists for the entire top forty. Most people's music choice is still guided by the charts and radio airplay, despite the plethora of other options provided by the internet. Consequently, we have the depressing situation where there are four Adele tracks on the top twenty at once. Big labels now only give record deals to artists that they believe will provide a return on their investments.

Artists must prove their worth by having strong followings on Facebook, views on streaming sites and strings of (financially) successful live gigs. The new artist also faces another challenge: that of past masters. The shadow of former successes now looms over the present, recorded for all eternity and ready to be compared against the "next big thing". Will these young up-and-comers compare favourably against the all time greats? Surely not, and thus they disappear as quickly as they arrive. Now, it's much easier to create something as an homage to past genres; expertly recreating genre staples in order to gain praise for attention to detail, than to venture out into "original" creation and face unfavourable comparison to established artists from years gone by (see Retromania by Simon Reynolds for further info).

The consequence of this rapid consumption affects ourselves and our souls. We are all criminals in the eyes of the law; torrents and illegal downloading are rife throughout the culture of anybody below a certain age in western society. Many of us download illegally so often that the legal ramifications seem insignificant, even non-existent. We express outrage when others are prosecuted for piracy since we no longer view it as "real crime", and begin to see our freedom to download as a right rather than a privilege. We also begin to suffer from the binge; we strive to maintain our consumption in order to feel the pleasure of novelty from hearing new sounds.

I would often find myself bored of my current music collection (peaking at around fifty seven days of solid listening) and frantically search blogs, Wikipedia

and retail stores such as HMV for anything new to entertain me. I would lie to myself when downloading illegally that it was okay because "I'll buy the album if I really like it". Despite the fact that I probably spent more on CDs in one year than anybody reading this has spent in the past ten, it was still a tiny contribution in comparison to the amount I should have paid for my collection. At the peak of my gluttony, I would be downloading three albums per day and would get visibly frustrated and and irritable if I wasn't able to satisfy my craving for new music. This wasn't a desire for the latest release by a favourite band, it was a general, indiscriminate craving for the novelty of fresh music. I was chasing the high, fully the addict.

With all this consumption the value of recorded sound decreases as time passes - why bother to purchase an album on its release date when you can download the same thing with little or no effort mere hours after the official distribution? Why strive to obtain an original when the replica is exactly the same? The notion of paying for art has died, but because of this we are placing more and more importance on the live event; we are drawn to the live performance because of the authenticity it contains compared to the recordings we hear day to day. Look at the hordes of tourists gathered around the Mona Lisa. Why do they bother to take photos and gaze in awe at this art work when anybody can view a replica at any time for free? Because of the authenticity contained within the original, the power of the live event. (For further proof, observe how live concert ticket prices have spiralled in the face of public demand over the last decade).

So how do we combat these effects, how do we stop the flow? Some would argue that we shouldn't, those more militant than I would suggest we let this state of affairs continue and rebuild the industry once it dies; allow it to become free and open source. I disagree. I posit that the industry would not wither and die. It would thrash, kick, scream and prosecute. The resulting fallout would scar the musical landscape forever; in its death throes the industry would only supply top 40 hits and anything vaguely different would fall by the wayside.

So how do we return the value to music? We must unplug, disconnect, resist. Control is underrated, we forget that without it we are all gluttons and no glutton can truly enjoy their food.

By James Woodbridge



A N S W E R S

A6 - B2 - C8 - D7 - E1 - F3 - G5 - H4

DROUTHY SOCIAL

Walking in to the studio used for the second Drouthy Social; Bow's new pop-up restaurant, I'm greeted by a cocktail in my hand and the smooth grooves of a very Jamiroquai-enthusiastic DJ. The room is lit by a combination of spotlights and candles and around 30 guests of all ages are sitting around different sized tables made of crates. The chefs are on a raised platform preparing everything on two very small camping stoves. Four amazing courses and the effects of a BYOB set-up later, I chat to Tim Davies and Tommy Farley; the creators of the 'new dining experience'.

Explain the concept.

Tim: We've both always been really into cooking and getting friends round the table to try our food, and wanted a chance to bring that to a wider audience and get more people involved in that kind of sociable environment. It's just about great food, a fun atmosphere and bringing people together in the community.

Who's idea was it originally?

Tom: I originally got the idea from hanging out at Muxima (the cafe in Bow where we did the first night). I wanted to make use of the venue because it has such a cool feel to it and the owners are really up for any new ways to make

use of the space. Muxima is very much about bringing together the local community and I wanted to continue that.

How did the others get involved?

Tom: I immediately called up Tim cause I knew he'd do all the work!

Tim: Apart from that, we just have really lovely friends to help on each night. We're lucky that they're also really into cooking so were keen to get involved.

How long did it take you, from the initial idea, to to organise the first one?

Tim: It was about a month or so but

we'd had a few ideas bubbling around for a while - it was more a matter of finding a way to make it work.

What are your backgrounds in cooking?

Tom: We're both keen amateurs - we lived together from the age of 19-24 and I would say that's when we both really learned to cook; pushing each other and trying new things out. Always cooking together really helps with things like Drouthy cause we know each others' styles and each others' food really well.

Tim: I've also already had a bit of experience with events cooking through working in the Crisis kitchens and doing other things like that.

What you all do 'in real life'?

Tim: Things that make us terminally unhappy!

At the first event, what in particular went down best?

Tom: Rather than food, I'd say what was best was the atmosphere on the night - we had a really nice crowd of people who were really into it and made a massive contribution to the feel of the night. It was also pretty special to look out and see everyone eating the food we'd prepared, knowing that all our love and effort had paid off.

Who are you trying to attract?

Tim: ...I don't mind, really. I don't have any vision for who should come to our nights, I'll cook for anyone from a toddler to a 90-year-old.



Tom: I think also wherever we do it, it's great to serve the local community. Also it's always good to have at least a couple of our friends on the night – it means at least some people will always say the food's good!

Have there been any big incidents?

Tim: Nothing too dramatic. There are always things that don't go exactly to plan but that's just part of the fun really. There's been nothing so bad that the customers have noticed, that's the most important thing!

What are your future plans? Will anything be significantly changed at the next event?

Tom: Change is good. I'd like to bring in other elements to the night like art, movie nights or putting on photography exhibitions. We also want to put it on in a few more unusual locations so watch this space!

Tim: I'd like to add a bit more theatricality to the night, either doing themes or thinking of ways to make it a different experience than just the food.

Plug the next one!

Tim: It will be after the Olympics - either end of August or early September. The best way to keep updated with event times and menus and stuff is through our twitter and facebook pages.

<http://www.facebook.com/DrouthySocial>
<https://twitter.com/DrouthySocial>





Crusty baguettes and milk



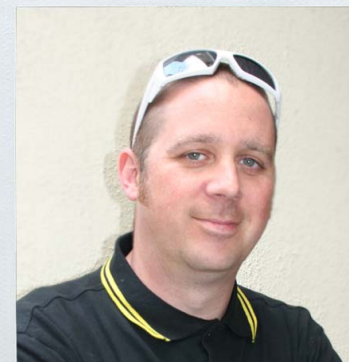
Saying "Fuck off" in my head to all my customers



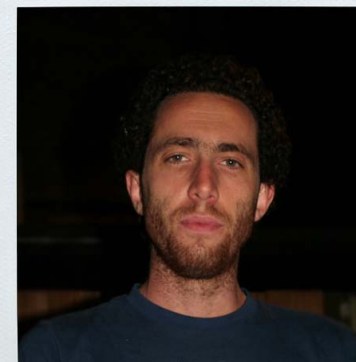
Jason Donovan



Grease



'I Wanna Dance With Somebody' Whitney Houston



Getting stoned in the bath



DVD Box Sets



Eating pizza naked



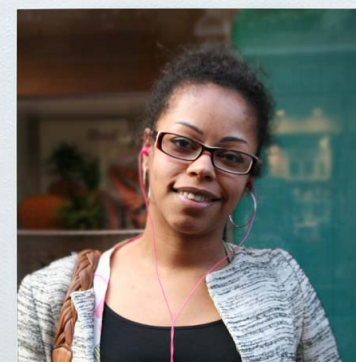
Sex



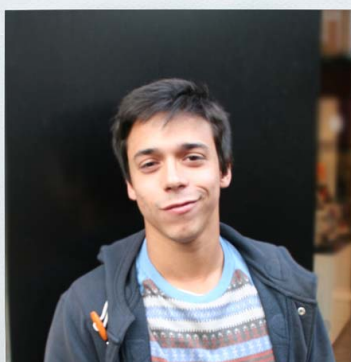
Grapefruit juice



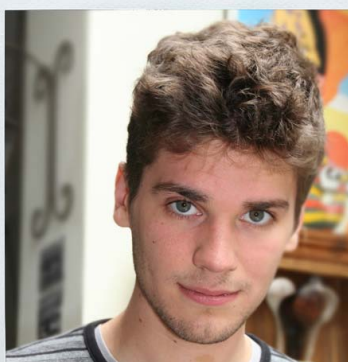
Sleeping



Pizza



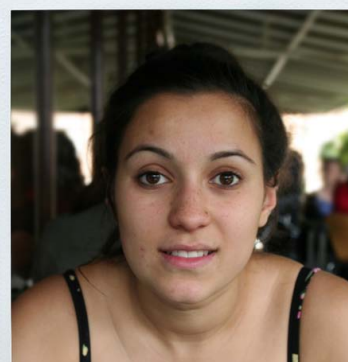
Cheeseburgers



Dancing badly to music on my own



Peanut butter M&Ms



Going shopping in my pajamas



Sex, drugs and rock & roll



Britney Spears



SO YOU'RE ON THE PHONE AND THE OPERATOR IS ABOUT TO GIVE YOU A NUMBER WHICH YOU NEED TO WRITE DOWN. YOU FRANTICALLY START TO LOOK FOR A PEN (OR PENCIL) AND PAPER, BECAUSE WASTING EVEN A SECOND OF THE OPERATORS TIME WOULD OBVIOUSLY BE NOT ONLY EXTREMELY RUDE, BUT IT WOULD ALSO SUGGEST THAT YOU DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT READY, THEREBY HERALDING YOUR INCOMPETENCE TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.

SO YOU'VE FOUND A PEN AND PAPER. ONE HAND STILL GRIPPING THE PHONE YOU PUT THE PEN TO THE PAPER AND BEGIN TO WRITE, BUT WAIT, THE PAPER IS GRIPPING TO THE PEN AND SLIPPING ON THE TABLE. YOU CAN'T WRITE! PANIC SETS IN AS THE OPERATOR REELS OFF NUMBERS AND YOU FALL HOPELESSLY BEHIND. YOUR HEART RATE RISES AND YOU START TO HYPERVENTILATE. YOU DROP THE PHONE AND CRUMPLE TO THE FLOOR, SOBBING. HOWEVER, THIS SITUATION COULD BE AVOIDED WITH THE USE OF **POST-IT NOTES**. YOU CAN STICK THEM TO THE TABLE SO THAT THEY DON'T SLIP WHEN YOU WRITE ON THEM, AND THEN AFTERWARDS YOU CAN STICK THEM UP SOMEWHERE CONVENIENT SO YOU DON'T FORGET. THE OPERATOR WISHES YOU A NICE DAY, AND YOU HAVE ONE.



UNO BY MATTEL (PLAYERS 2-10, AGE RANGE 7+)

A TENSE GAME OF INTRIGUE AND SUBTERFUGE, UNO IS AN EXCELLENT WAY TO SPARK OFF A FAMILY ARGUMENT ON AN OTHERWISE DULL AFTERNOON. IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY UNO IS SO POPULAR: WHO DOESN'T ENJOY THE SMUG FEELING OF FAILING TO PLAY A CARD BUT PICKING UP A 'PLUS FOUR' INSTEAD? NOT TO MENTION WHEN THE SMART-ASS WITH THE WILD CARD PLAYS RIGHT INTO YOUR HANDS AND CHOOSES YELLOW. BETTER YET, THE SIMPLE PACKAGING AND SET OF RULES, IMMEDIATELY THROWN AWAY, LEAVES THE RULESET WIDE OPEN FOR MID-GAME MANIPULATION AND CONTROVERSY (THE TWO STAPLES OF ANY GOOD CARD GAME).

OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT YOU MAY LOSE IN THIS GAME, IT LITERALLY HAS NO DOWNSIDE. AND EVEN THEN IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T CHEATING HARD ENOUGH. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU SHOULD BE PLAYING IT RIGHT NOW. 10/10

MATCH THE FACES...

to the favourite crisps

1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



A



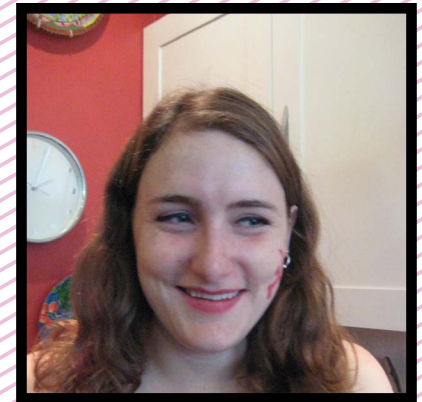
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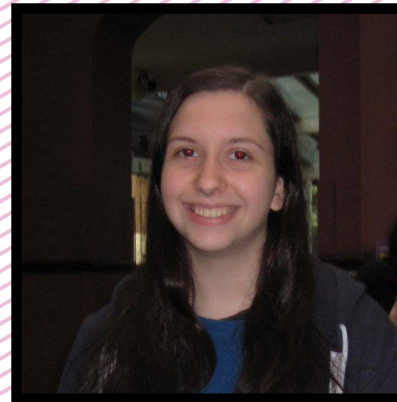
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E



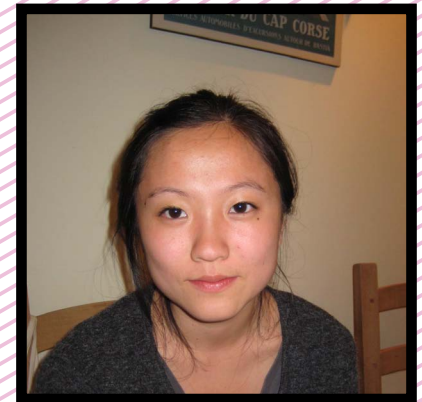
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G



H



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



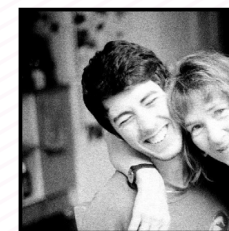
Simon
Front Cover



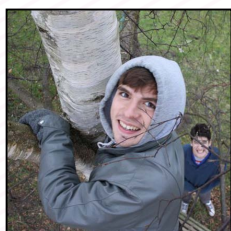
Gabrielle
Synesthesia
Text



Alice
Illustration



Seb
Guilty pleasures



Mark
Synesthesia
Illustration



Tom Orange
Make a pot of tea



Monster Krumble
Poster



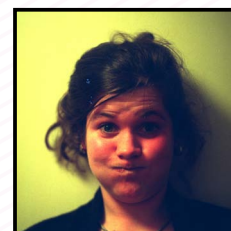
Katie Lemon
Reviews



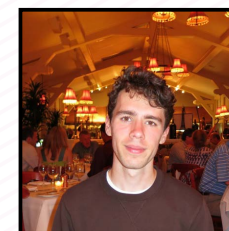
George
Marmite footballers



James
Living in the Age of
Gluttony



Jessie
Editor
Off the road
Drouthy Social
Favourite crisps



Josh
Editor



A NORMAL TREE