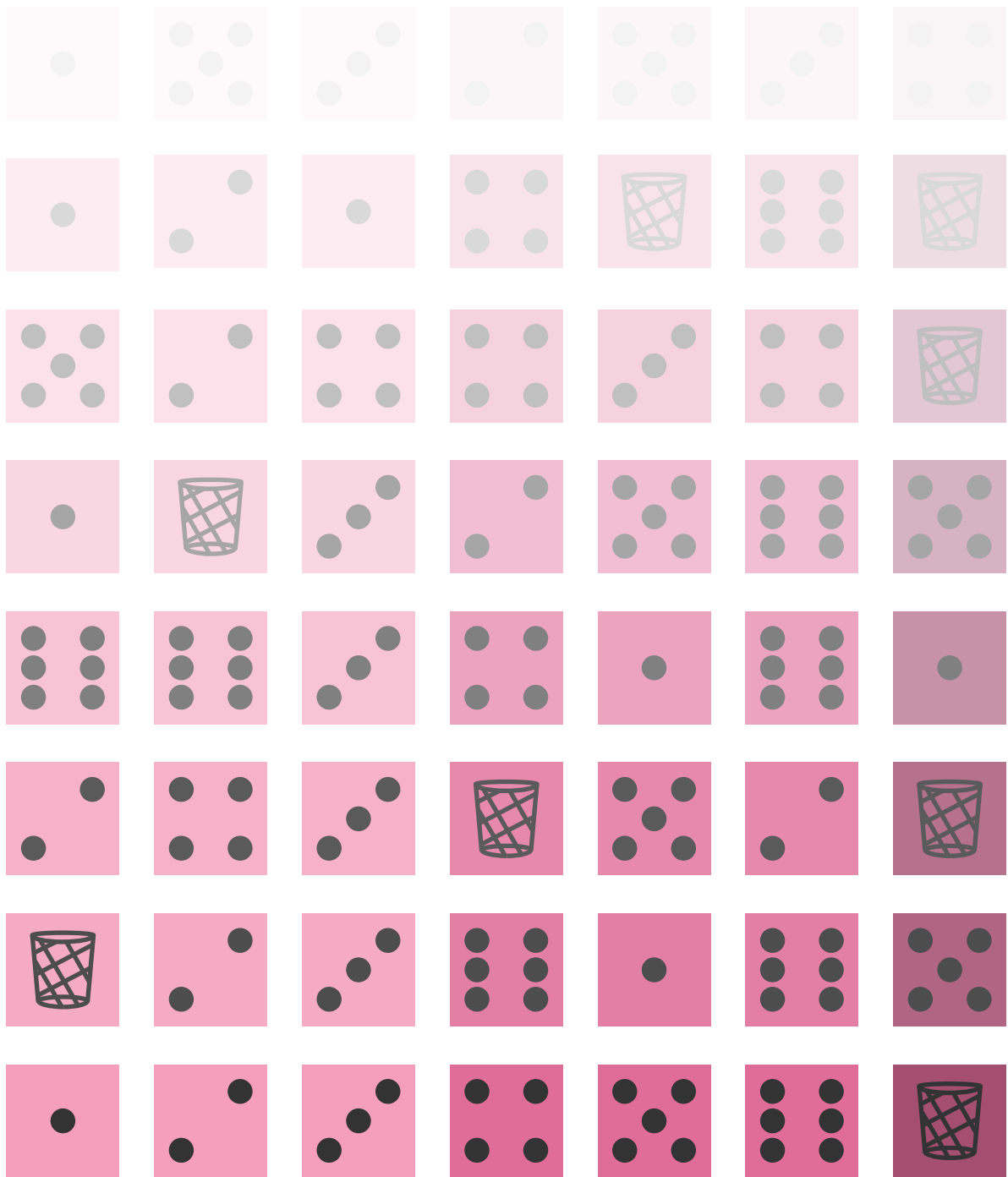




WASTEPAPER



This is the ninth issue, the theme is 'Lucky'.

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Luck

The other day I was staring out of an open window at the night sky. In my memory there were no stars, perhaps a few clouds, but mostly it was unremarkable. The breeze was a little warmer than you might expect of an early march evening in Germany. The air must have been dirty with the rumble of the traffic passing below alongside the canal, and with the debris that the juddering trains stir, passing on a suspended railway almost directly parallel to the 5th floor room. But the air felt fresh and promising coming through the open window, and filling the space of my friend's mostly empty room; she was new to the city.

So we both leant out, and I pointed out a few things. Located the space in relation to things that I knew, as I had lived close-by for a few months already. You couldn't quite see, but on the other side of the canal, just obscured by the railway station and about two hundred metres to the right was my friends' place. Behind that, the supermarket where we were going to go in a minute to buy some dinner. And if you turn left out of the front door and carry on straight there's a fantastic park. Maybe my favourite. I remember that I was already grinning when I looked down, just thinking how funny it was that Chloe would end up living here, of all places, two doors away from the apartment of the boy who I was not-quite-dating (and hadn't seen for a week and a half). But that thought was quickly vanquished by activity on the street: a man walking urgently down the street, slurping a drink and carrying a square piece of cardboard that held a big square piece of pizza. He took a bite and then suddenly stopped on the bit of pavement opposite Chloe's front door, put his pizza and drink down on a metal green street electrics box, and strode off. I gasped.

What? Said Chloe, alarmed.

Did you see?!

What?

“

W H A T L U C K !

*JUST WHEN YOU ARE
HUNGRY, TO SEE
SOMEBODY AT
EXACTLY THE
MOMENT
THEY DECIDE
TO LEAVE
THEIR
PIZZA*

”

The man had vanished into the dark, I don't recall anything about what he looked like, he might have been between 20 and 50 years old, and I think he was caucasian. Hard to tell very much though from the 5th floor when it is dark. And I had been concentrating on the pizza.

The next thing I knew, we had run down the five flights of stairs and were scanning the road for the man. We couldn't see anyone on the street, so I dashed out while Chloe held the door and furtively grabbed the pizza (we decided to leave the drink). We ran back up the stairs and in the light we could see it was a tuna pizza with just one bite missing; irresistibly 'fishy'. The german flatmates were a little dubious at first, but one of them suggested we put it in the oven for a few minutes, and soon we were sitting around the table, eating the pizza.

What luck! Just when you are hungry, to see somebody at exactly the moment they decide to leave their pizza behind. How lucky we are!

Do you think he meant to leave it?

What do you mean?

Well, maybe he was just popping into one of the

buildings. You probably would never expect that if you left your pizza for 2 minutes, that somebody would take it.

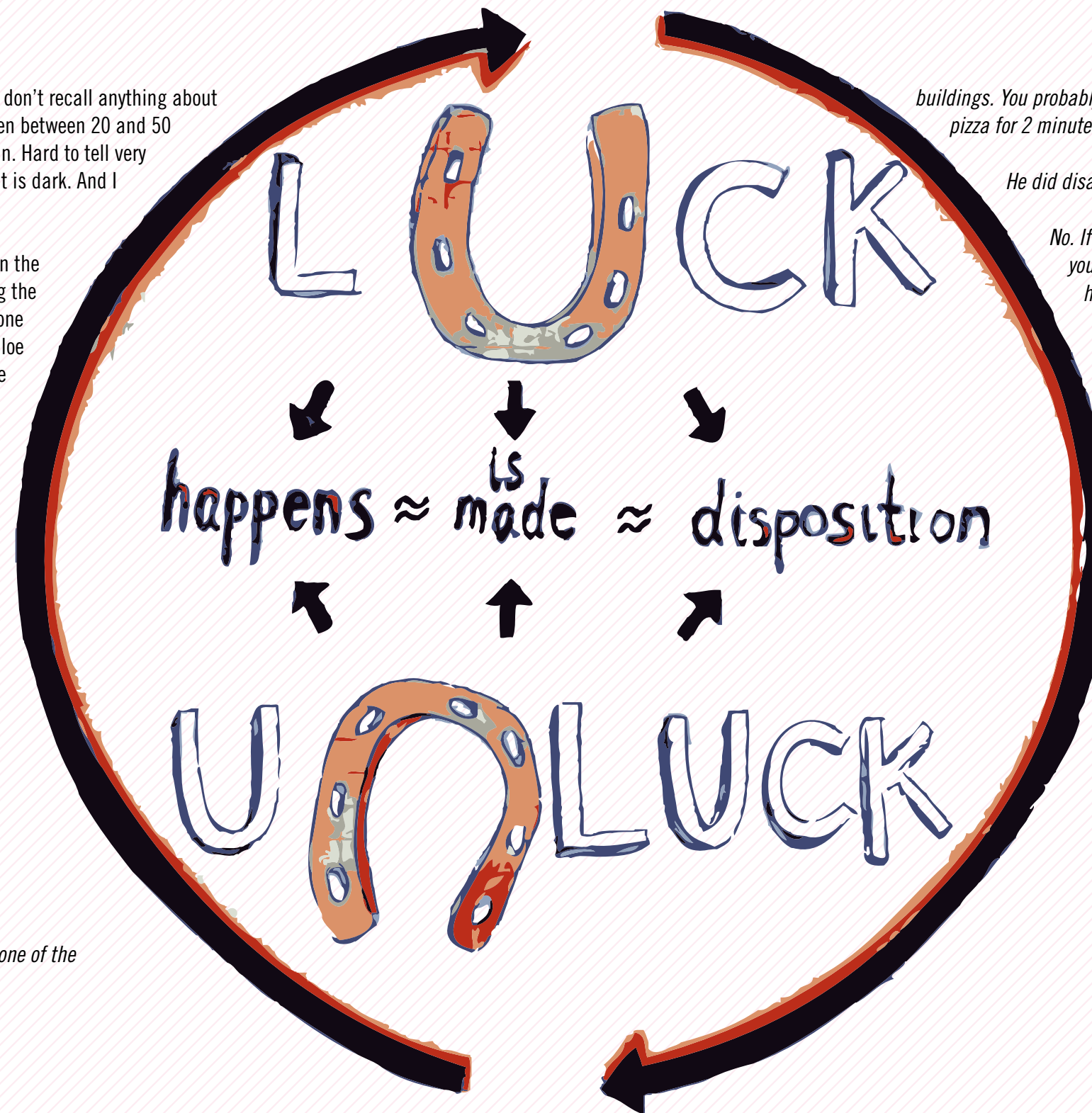
He did disappear quickly.

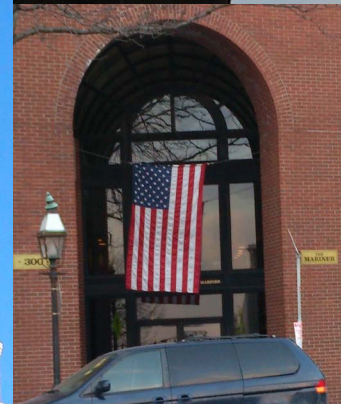
No. If you thought about the possibilities, then you would think that that outcome would only happen if you were really unlucky.

By this time there were only 2 pieces of hot pizza left. We could have put them back for him, just in case, but we ate them instead. As I ate my piece, I wondered whether what had just happened had been simply lucky for us, or unlucky for him. And if it was unlucky for him, then we had made the unluck! Did that mean that we had made our luck? Certainly, we might have left it, and not felt lucky that day. But then if the man had returned for his pizza and found it still there and perfectly intact I'm sure somebody would have said he was lucky.

This was my conclusion. Make of it what you will.

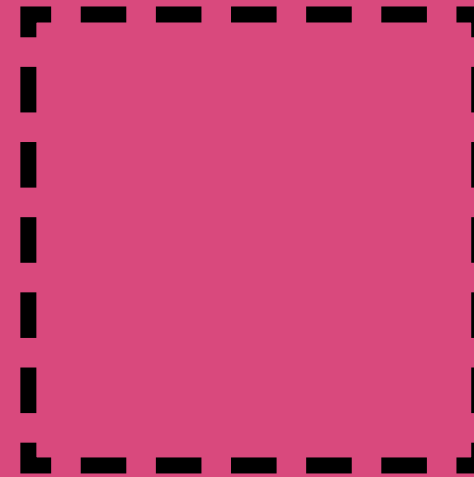
By Jessie Krish





HOW TO

successfully identify
flowers according to
Professor Green's
New and Improved
Taxonomy



Colours

Number of petals

Attractiveness

Suggested hashtag

The Angiosperm Phylogeny Group (APG) has for several decades set the standard for the taxonomy of flowering plants. Largely based upon the Linnean system widely used in Biology, the current author - aided and informed by his brother, the esteemed biodiversity specialist Dr. Green - believes that this method is detrimental to the layman's understanding of flowers. A novel system will have applications in the real world - for instance, in obtaining more #flowerers on one's Instagram account.

In short, the new taxonomy involves a hierarchical series of considerations. The different tiers of the hierarchy are Colours, Number of petals, and Attractiveness.

The following examples illustrate a practical use of my New and Improved Taxonomy. Each tier of the taxonomical hierarchy is considered, an appropriate #hashtag for use on the social media platform of one's preference.



Colours:
Magenta, egg white, egg yolk
Number of petals:
21
Attractiveness:
8/10, proud
Suggested hashtag:
#prettypinwheel



Colours:
Cumulus cloud, indigo, heliotrope
Number of petals:
?
Attractiveness:
8/10, freaky fine
Suggested hashtag:
#mybrainisonfire



Colours:
Peach, American mustard
Number of petals:
29ish
Attractiveness:
5/10, cute/unassuming
Suggested hashtag: #hotmess



Colours:
Lemon pulp, caramel
Number of petals:
15
Attractiveness:
6/10, moist
Suggested hashtag: #beesplease



Colours:
Unmellow yellow, blood orange
Number of petals:
5
Attractiveness:
7/10, majestic
Suggested hashtag:
#probetomyheart



Colours:
Apricot, seashell
Number of petals:
lots
Attractiveness:
9/10, irresistible
Suggested hashtag:
#layersuponlayers



Lucky Charms

By Zach Wortzmann

All my life I've been running. Why? Before I tell you that you have to understand a few things. I live in a universe much like your own but not wholly the same. It is not shaped by cosmic forces, tectonic movements, erosion, or chemical reactions. Nor governed by geopolitics, power, or the struggle between hate and love. My universe is shaped and governed exclusively by eight objects of the magical sort. Nothing exists but that created by these eight objects. Individually they are valueless but when held together their magical properties become active. The holder of these eight objects wields universal power, but as you might expect, collecting all eight is a task most difficult.

Surprisingly, and with no great difficulty, I have come to wield them. You may wonder, "How did you, an assumedly average fellow, come to acquire these eight objects that yield universal power with no great difficulty?" Well, as with most things in my universe, it happened by chance.

The story begins when I was still young and spritely, making my way into town. Walking down a rocky road, I realized I had forgotten my timepiece. I had left it in my yellow pair of pants and today I was wearing my green pair of pants. Unaware of what time it was, I picked up my pace. I should mention that every hour, on the hour, there is inevitably a stampede of sheared sheep most savage: they leave no one in their path unshaven. Having a timepiece is essential because this particular type of sheep cannot stand the sound of a ticking timepiece due to their amazing sense of hearing and crippling OCD toward anything that ticks. Looking up at the sun for some idea of the time, I hurriedly continued on my way.

It was while my eyes were again turned upward that I heard a clattering toward me on the road. Luckily, it was a vendor riding atop a kangaroo-legged siamese kodiak bear who would surely have a timepiece for sale. I stood on the road and awaited the vendor. Before he reached me I saw a sight I can never forget. A blur shot through my vision and crashed into the vendor with such force that the usually sure-legged siamese kangaroo bear went tumbling off the road. I ran towards the vendor. By the time I reached it, the vendor and the siamese kangaroo bear had disappeared, only to reappear at a distance on the edge of the horizon. And the blur was not actually a blur at all; it turned out to be an old old man. Oddly, he too was wearing green pants. He lay there dying and motioned that I should come near him. I did. He told me that he had lost something very valuable to him, and that he would want nothing more than to give it to me before he died. I asked him what he had lost. He pointed to a green velvet sack with gold strings laying a few paces away from him. He told me to pick it up, and by the time I did he had already died, sporting the toothiest of grins.

As I rose to my feet I undid the golden strings, and there in my hand lay eight objects. At that moment everything began to change. I had an understanding, a closeness with every physical thing on my planet.

My world laid itself out as though it was an instruction manual. My decisions all became clear, made even before I had to think about them. I was at peace with all matter. There were no longer mysteries - just answers. All that I imagined became a reality. All that I wanted to do, I was able to. I became master of my universe. But before all of that happened I heard a faint sound in the direction that the old old man had come from. I perked up my ears and squinted my eyes. My ears honed in and my vision went far. I saw a growling horde of overgrown bandicoots with overbites, a platoon of anteater sized ants, land-roaming giant octopi of the hairy sort, and a storming cloud of unruly antlered ravens. Fear rushed through my body, but not at the sight of those terrible beasts. What I feared most was leading their savage charge: cartoon children of the human variety running headlong at my person. Reacting like the blur that preceded me, I off and ran. Since that day, and for every day after that day, they have always been after me.



ON THE ROAD





The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley



As Burns concisely epitomises, sometimes things cannot always go your way, despite all your better intentions.

Are you one of those unfortunate people who are painfully unlucky? The kind of person who, when you go to a vending machine, your desired choice of confectionary refuses to fall after the last of your change has been inserted? Are you that kind of person who is consistently at the wrong place at the wrong time, either a 'just-misser-outer', or a 'should-have-bolted-soonerer' (colloquial diagnosis). Professor Richard Wiseman, founder of the 'Luck School' – yet another US 'faux entrepreneur' who enjoys seeing just how far he can exploit the US's population of ignoramuses and inflated wallets – interestingly stresses that we in fact have a degree of control over whether we make our own luck.

It does appear that there is an element of truth in his argument. He insists that one's

experience and occurrence of luck is to a large extent down to the individual – in other well known words, we make our own luck. His highly expensive programme teaches those unlucky devils how to change their fortunes through character analysis. He argues that if we are less anxious, and play things by ear, we are more likely to take a gamble and seize opportunities which more anxious folk would not. He argues that luck is more or less governed by our own judgements. And he has the secret 'key' to helping us. If you ... and here the information ceases, as it comes to the part where we enter our credit details and sign up.

For those who are still struggling on a shoestring budget, I thought I'd help you out by bringing it back to the ol' school, and informing you of some less expensive traditional lucky rituals practiced globally for every 'key stage' in your life in the hope of curing ones ailment of un-luckyitus.

Numero uno: Ensuring luck for a month. British Tradition - 'Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit', alternatively, 'white rabbit, white rabbit, white rabbit' or 'bunny foot, bunny foot, bunny foot'.

It is known that to guarantee yourself luck for a month it is mandatory that on the first moment you wake up, on the first day of a month, you must loudly exclaim and repeat the word 'rabbit' or 'white rabbit' or 'bunny foot' thrice. Doing this will ensure you good luck for the forthcoming month. It is simple, cost: N/A, and doesn't require much effort. Simple but effective. The best day to do it on would have been 1st January 2001. However, sadly, that opportunity has long past. But the first of January is probably the most 'powerful' day to do this practice. It is also possibly the most likely day you are to forget to practice this ritual as you will be more concerned with the ominous headache and vaguely coloured memories of the night before.



Numero dos: Encouraging New Year's Luck the Italian way

In this contemporary era of health and safety, this practise is sadly beginning to phase out, thus it is almost one's duty to re-ignite it and keep the tradition alive. Once again, this is a cheap way to secure oneself a good fortune for the New Year when on a tight budget. In Italy, it is custom on New Years Eve to throw out any old appliances, clothing, and housewares out of the top window. The logical rationale behind such a performance is that it symbolises letting go of the past and ridding yourself of any negative experiences that you may have endured.

Numero tres: A Singaporean wedding tradition - for a fruitful life of fertility and a happy marriage

For those of us who eventually lose the anarchy of youth and suddenly perceive the comforts of simplicity and continuity, conforming to the ritual of marriage becomes ever more appealing. This one might just be for you. In Singapore, there is a tradition called an chuang, 'the setting of the bed'.

Before the wedding formalities, a prosperous man [intentionally vague but he must have a young male relative] will come and help determine where to place the marriage bed. Once the orientation of the sex-nest has been determined, he will summon the young boy to come and roll and jump on the bed. This is then followed by the ritual of surrounding the bed with green beans, dates, oranges, and exotic fruits for good luck [...that's what they say].

It is believed that this ritual will secure a fruitful, happy and fertile marriage. Equally the fruit provides perfect, complementary snacks between the sessions of raucous coitus. Or, for those who are more imaginative, they may become a desirable addition. Either way. With fruit, sex, and imagination, I believe this tradition will inevitably give the marriage a strong foundation, with at least one evening of eccentric, and fond memories.



Numero quattro: Birth - Tradition to secure good luck for life. Southern Indian tradition

After a successful performance of an chuang you should in theory be destined to bear a child. Therefore I felt it a necessity to secure luck for the future generations. To ensure your baby's good fortune in the future, it is an age-old tradition to toss a newborn baby off a temple balcony, to be caught on the ground by a giant blanket held by friends and relatives. This religious ritual occurs in Southern India in the state of Maharashtra. The practice is believed to celebrate and bless the child with good health, luck, courage and life-long strength.

So there we are. This cocktail of lucky traditions and rituals should hopefully help you secure some good luck throughout all the key stages of your life, from the everyday, to marriage, to parenthood. Whether or not they are entirely successful is irrelevant, for at least they will have sprinkled an element of excitement into your life.

By Sophia Gore



A N S W E R S

1J - 2I - 3B - 4E - 5G - 6A - 7H - 8C - 9D - 10F

If you've ventured into the frenetic world of internet debate recently, particularly those that deal with the complex politics of identity, chances are you've probably seen and are familiar with the concept of 'privilege'.

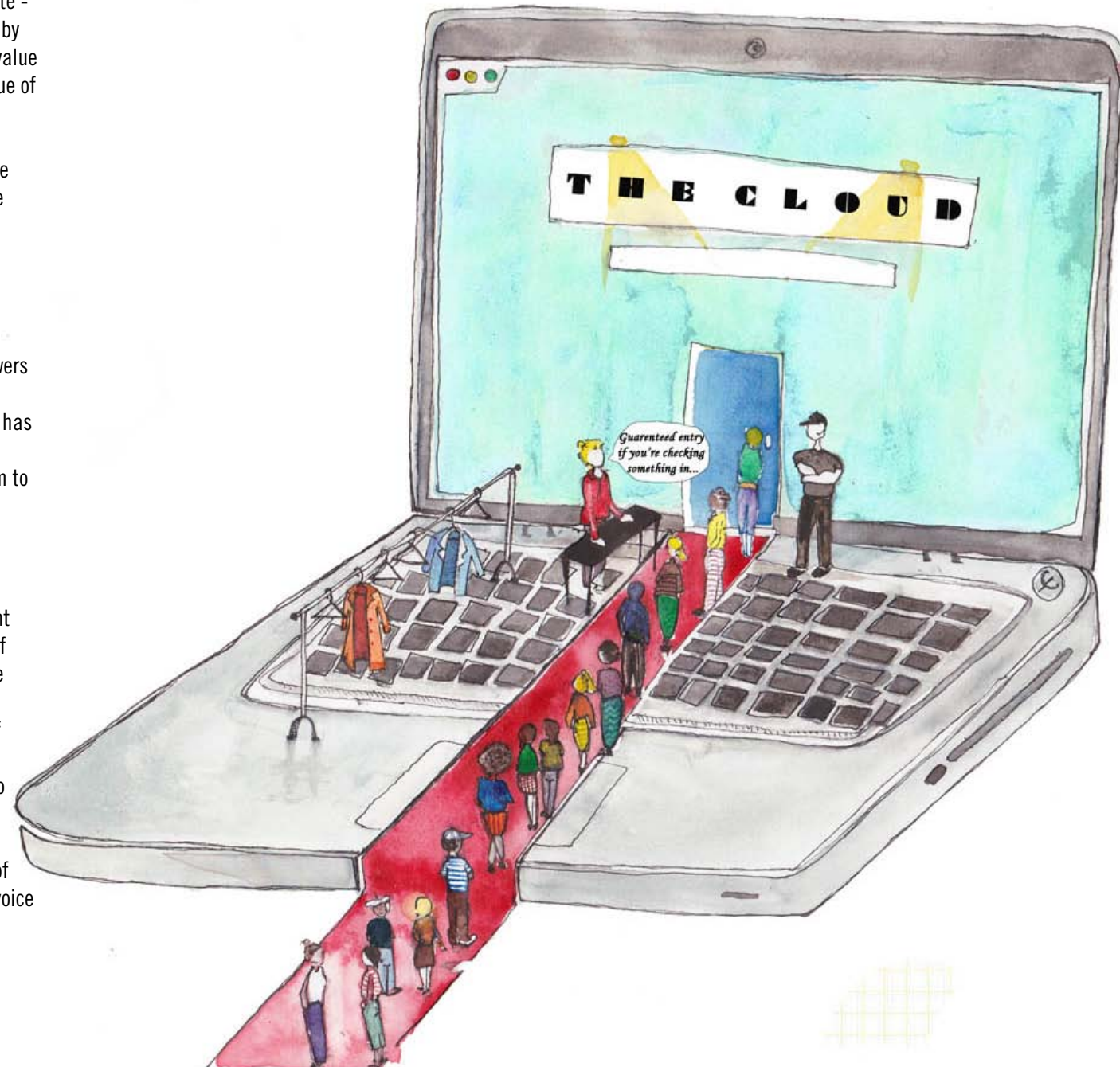
For the uninitiated, 'privilege' as a concept is designed to introduce a form of parity into discourse. It aims to mediate debate between groups who have, historically, enjoyed positions of power and those who have found themselves to be marginalized. To have 'privilege' therefore, is to be the recipient of tangible benefits as a consequence of previous inequalities of gender, class, ethnicity and sexuality. Its place in internet debate has grown significantly, particularly given the growth in interest in issues of identity that social media has given a voice. For example, a white, middle-class, cisgendered, heterosexual male may have a similar view as someone who is none of these things, but it is not unreasonable to suggest that they may have come to this opinion in spite of their background, not necessarily because of it. Privilege would hold that for this person, an attempt to venture an opinion in a debate over gender inequality ought to be tempered with the consideration that they speak from a position of power, and should 'check their privilege'.

However, for this reason, the term has increasingly come under criticism by those that argue that it shuts down debate, represents a kind of inverse snobbery or more, is an attempt to popularise liberal guilt. Social media has seen these criticisms become manifest - scroll through any blog, comment section, Twitter conversation or Facebook post, and the response to the demand that someone ought to 'check

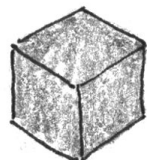
their privilege' is often met with allegations that it is an attempt to limit debate by hiding behind a 'catch-all' concept. There is certainly a case for arguing that, misused, invoking 'privilege' creates a restricted and exclusive debate. Ignoring concerns - even if they are legitimate - from those who may not be directly affected by the issues at hand seems to contradict the value of open debate, with this especially being true of social media.

Indeed, the use of the term privilege in online sphere might seem curious. In a world where anyone, regardless of background, ethnicity, gender or sexuality has equal voice, the prevalence of debates concerning 'privilege' might seem odd when the mechanics of discourse on social media is fundamentally meritocratic. After all, someone with 3 followers on Twitter is represented on the website in precisely the same manner as someone who has 3 million. Online debate is a 'free market' of opinion, a level playing field that would seem to preclude against the power of privilege.

However, just as the ideal of the free market has become maligned and unequal, so has the sphere of debate in social media. As print content continues to decline and the value of online journalism increases, the most visible consequence is a growing elitism online that has come to replicate the hierarchies of ordinary society. At the same time, the value of the concept of privilege-checking has also increased, as commentators profiting from the rise in the popularity of social media occasionally need reminding that in issues of gender, sexuality, ethnicity and class, their voice is exactly that - only theirs.



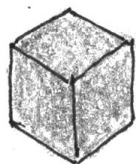
THIS PRESENT
HAS NO RIBBON



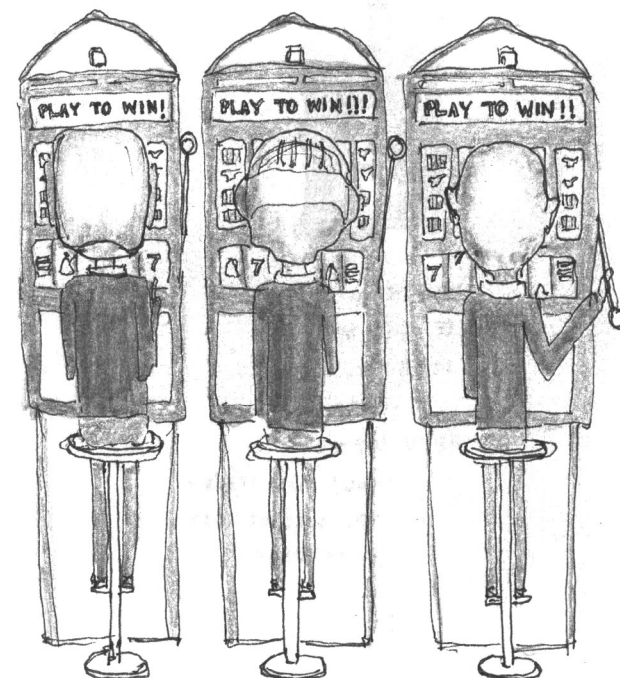
YOUR PRESENT
KEEPS ON GIVING!



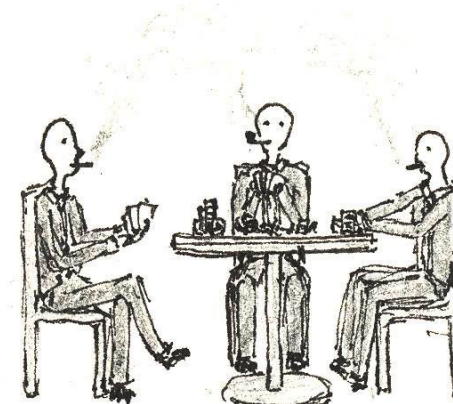
WHAT IS THIS
I'M FEELING?



IF YOU WANT TO
LEAVE I'M WITH IT
(AH!)



WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN



WE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY

LUCKY DIP

BY CAILEN KINNEY

I'm lucky. Sort of. No one chooses to be born. No one chooses their parents, their physical appearance or the time in history and circumstances that we get to live on this planet. I've been a lot more lucky than others: my parents are both incredibly loving and kind people; my poor eyesight, asymmetrical face and inability to grow a proper beard is perfectly suited to the student, 'he looks a bit quirky but I like it' Christmas jumper look (mum still buys my jumpers so I didn't technically choose them either); I'm living in a time period where I'm probably not going to be eaten by a rival tribe or enslaved by our future machine overlords and was born in a country and family of relative wealth: the phrase 'white middle class problems' always applies. Think about it, in the big confusing lucky dip of genes, circumstance, and infinite time that our consciousness develops and solidifies around (you can tell I do a social science degree), the chance of me being me is the same probability as me being Jeremy Kyle. How incredibly lucky is it that I'm not? Can you imagine? You'd spend all of your time picking shards of broken mirror from your knuckles from when you were punching your smug reflection in the face; how would you have the time to shamelessly exploit all the poor people for your own financial benefit?

Despite all my luck with such things, like many others, I still find myself struggling from day to day within myself. I suffer from Depression and Anxiety Disorder with a bit of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder thrown into the mix (I've read and re-read my writing up to this point about 200 times already). Considering I have such exceptionally lucky circumstances in comparison to others living in this country, never mind in relation to the entirety of the human race's bitter struggle for survival over millions of years of starvation and pain, why do I find myself so unwell? Is it genetics? Am I just very unlucky that my genes are more predisposed to these "deficiencies"? 1 in 4 people will suffer from a mental health problem at some point in their life, with nearly 1 in 5 people in the UK suffering from anxiety or depression, are they all just unlucky too?

Some studies are beginning to show that the number of people developing mental health illnesses is increasing as our minds struggle to evolve to the complexities of modern societies. In an increasingly individualistic world with incredible pressures to be successful academically, economically, socially and sexually, is it surprising that we find ourselves so unhappy and anxious when we fail to live up to these unreasonable expectations?

Suffering from a mental health illness is an incredibly tough experience, however I'm grateful that I have. I've been able to recognise how badly I treat myself, see that I'm placing blame at my feet for things which I have had little power over, and by recognising all of these things, I am now more able to make the changes I need and so have actively taken control of my life. I've begun to exercise more, have started meditating and try and stay away from that tempting mistress of denial and self-criticism. I am kinder and more lenient to myself for my mistakes and faults, knowing that I didn't choose to be born or be me, and that I'm trying my best. Now it's time society started to think about the changes it needs.

...But yet still I find myself with this whole article highlighted, a touch away from deleting this masterpiece of self-indulgence. 'What if everyone reads this and realises how insane I really am?' I say to myself as my finger lingers, stalking the backspace key like Jeremy Kyle eyeing up his latest mentally unwell victim. 'What if people feel sorry for me and treat me differently?' *Over-thinking Jeremy Kyle voice kicks in* 'You're pathetic! You're scum! Just get out of bed!' And it goes on, and on. But it shouldn't. Mental Health issues are illnesses just like any other. It is not a damnation. And it is not an embarrassment. Just because they are not visible in the same way as a physical illnesses don't make them any less legitimate. They are part of our society now and until we accept this and educate, people will continue suffering alone and in shame. I'm lucky. I have incredibly caring and loving friends and family, who support me even when I'm at my worst. Not everyone is as lucky. And luck should no longer be such a factor.

<http://bit.ly/1pnN9XT>
<http://bit.ly/1d1JXcP>

The Sichifukujin (which literally translates as 'seven luck beings') are a popular group of seven different deities that have been celebrated in Japan for hundreds of years, and it's rare to pass a shop or household that doesn't have some kind of effigy to one or more of the group.

Most of them find their roots in either ancient Indian or Chinese culture, but in Japan each has since developed into a unique god in their own right. Depictions of them are commonplace, and they are also sometimes shown travelling on their treasure ship the Takarabune. It is said that if you leave their picture under your pillow on the night of the last day of the year, you will have their good graces bestowed upon you for the whole of the new one.

By Peony Gent

The Seven Japanese Gods of Fortune

Fukurokuju

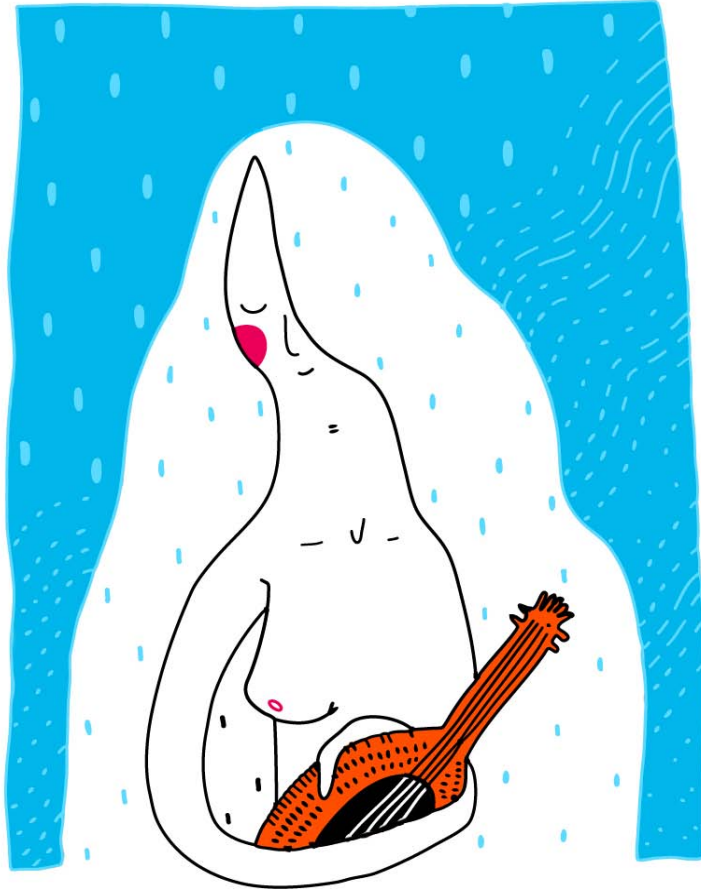


*God of long
life / Patron of
chess players,
watchmakers and
athletes*

A wise old sage, Fukurokuju carries a holy staff with him which is said to have a scroll that contains all of the wisdom of the world tied to it, and the lifespan of every being on it written therein. He is often accompanied by either a deer, crane or tortoise that act as his messengers, as all symbolise longevity.

It is said he has the ability to revive the dead, the only one of the Seven with this power.

Benzaiten



***Goddess of the
arts and beauty /
Patron of students,
writers and artists***

The only female God of the seven, Benzaiten's realm encompasses everything that flows; whether that is water, words, music, dance, or knowledge. She holds a traditional Japanese lute known as a Biwa, and provides protection from natural disaster whilst also providing wisdom to succeed in battle. However she is also well known to be a jealous goddess, and it is said lovers should visit her shrine alone as opposed to together unless they wish to invoke her ire.

Hotei



***God of abundance
/ Patron of
children, fortune-
tellers and
bartenders***

Nicknamed 'The Laughing God', Hotei is full of love for and satisfaction with life, representing contentment in every way. His huge belly is said to represent his benevolent soul, and rubbing it is said to bring you good luck. In the original Chinese beliefs Hotei is believed to be based on the real Buddhist hermit Budai who lived around 900AD, but his image is also sometimes confused with that of Gautama Buddha.

Bishamonten



*The God of
righteousness and
dignity / Patron of
soldiers, doctors
and priests*

Also known as Bishamon, this is the fiercest of all of the Fortune Gods, and the punisher of evildoers. He is a warrior but primarily a guardian, being known to be the protector of any place where the Buddha may preach. It is said he lives halfway down Mount Sumeru, the holy mountain that lies at the centre of both the physical and spiritual universe according to Buddhist lore. He is often depicted holding a pagoda, from which he dispenses treasure and good fortune to those he considers worthy.

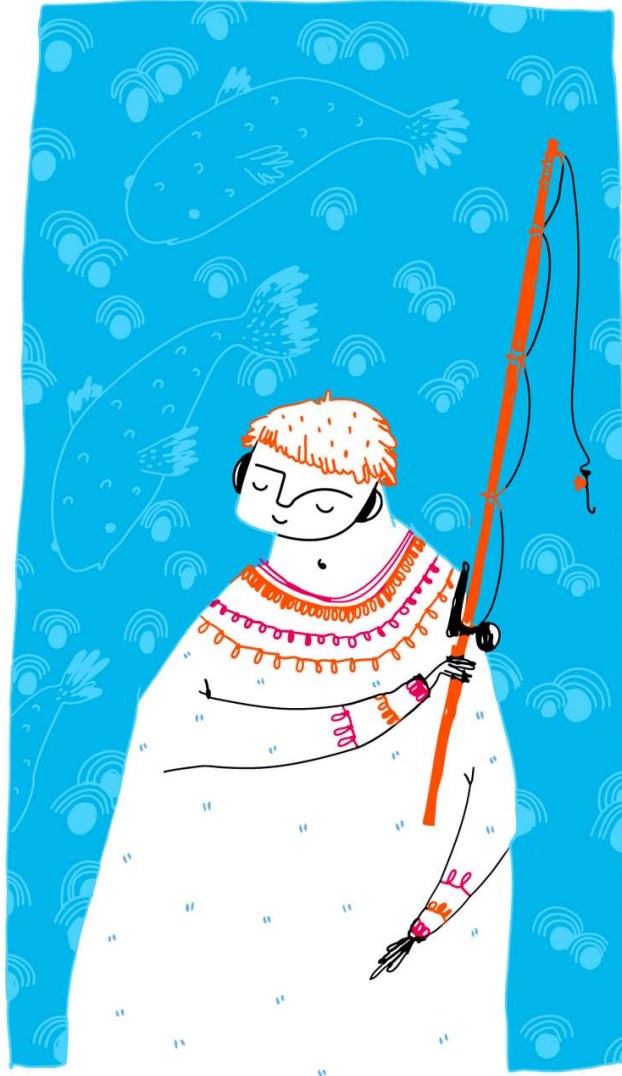
Daikoku



*God of wealth and
fortune / Patron of
cooks and kitchen
workers*

A protector against evil forces, the good grace of Daikoku ensures prosperity and wealth for any who seeks his favour. Always seen smiling, he carries with him a lucky golden mallet that dispenses good fortune whenever he strikes it, and a sack of treasure over his shoulder.

Ebisu



***God of honesty
and journeying
/ Patron of
fishermen and
farmers***

Ebisu returns prosperity in return for hard work to fishermen and farmers, and is one of the most popular gods for this reason. In the countryside he is considered a guardian of the rice fields, and of agriculture in general. He carries a fishing rod and is accompanied by a large red fish called Tai, which represents plentiful food.

He is said to be the son of Daikoku, and their statues are often displayed together.

Jurojin



***God of wisdom /
Patron of teachers,
scientists, and
mathematicians***

Jurojin holds strong links with Fukurokuju, the other wise old man of the Seven, and the belief is sometimes held that they are thought to be two consciousnesses that share the same body. However whilst the other represents longevity, Jurojin's virtue is wisdom, and he is said to carry his own scroll with him that contains all of his great musings on and knowledge of the world written on it.

However despite being the God of wisdom he is also said to be a heavy drunkard, and is known to very much enjoy the company of women.



'Reporting the Cod Wars on a war-
ship drifting over enemy lines.'



'I was on my bike. I didn't
see the wall coming.'



'I jumped off a bridge into
a sea storm. I was two.'



'Ran onto a frozen lake and fell
through. I was a disobedient
child.'



'I didn't go cause my mama don't like
Sunday trains. Dem terrorists. But my
aunt and cousin got blown up.'



'A peanut butter kiss.'



'Asthma attack. Plural, I
guess.'



'Probably my daily caffeine
intake.'



'The essay I'm doing as we
speak.'



'Viking recreation festival.
Don't ask.'



'Birth. I got stuck.'



'1995: heart attack. Still
kicking.'



'They told us to brace for a crash
landing, and all the air hostesses
started to cry.'



'Wind-surfing in Jamaica, something
was circling me. Huge. A ray, I
reckon.'



'Marriage.'



'I was run over by an ice cream
van. It said "Watch for Children"
on the back.'

YOUR
NEAR
DEATH
EXPERI-
ENCE
?



THIS IS A PICTURE
OF BILL MURRAY.
IT IS MY LUCKY CHARM.
HE IS SAYING,
"YOU! YOU THERE -
YOU WILL BE VERY LUCKY
TODAY"

IMAGINE YOU'VE ARRIVED HOME AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK. YOUR MIND IS TIRED FROM THE CONSTANT WEIGHT OF THE INCONSEQUENTIAL DECISIONS YOU HAVE BEEN MAKING AND YOUR BODY IS RUINED FROM SITTING IN A VARIETY OF CHAIRS WHICH HAD ALREADY BECOME UNBEARABLY UNCOMFORTABLE AFTER FIVE MINUTES. YOU ARE HUNGRY BUT STRUGGLING TO MAKE DECISIONS ABOUT WHAT TO EAT. YOU WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO COLLAPSE INTO YOUR BED BUT KNOW THAT ITS EERY CHILL WILL ONLY REMIND YOU OF THE DESOLATION YOU FEEL FROM BEING ALONE ONCE AGAIN. REMEMBERING THE LIST OF MENIAL TASKS YOU MUST PERFORM BEFORE SLEEPING STRIKES HOME THE FEELING YOU ARE TRULY STUCK, DROWNING IN YOUR OWN EXISTENCE.

IT IS AT THIS POINT THAT YOU SHOULD LIE ON YOUR **FOAM ROLLER** AND GENTLY ROLL ON YOUR BACK. NOT ONLY WILL THIS RELEASE ANY MUSCULAR TENSION, YOU WILL ALSO FEEL THE TROUBLES OF YOUR DAY BEGIN TO RUB AWAY. ARISE A MERE 60 SECONDS LATER: A BRAVE NEW MAN.



THE MOST UNFRIENDLY VEGETABLE IS FOR SURE **THE CUCUMBER**. YES, I'M TALKING ABOUT THAT SOAPY SLICE YOU'VE FOUND IN YOUR SANDWICH AND IN YOUR SALAD. WHAT MAKES IT THE BIGGEST MISTAKE IN NATURE (APART FROM THE ABOVE-MENTIONED SOAPY FLAVOUR)? WELL, THE FACT THAT THE OLD SAYING "EVEN A BEDROOM SLIPPER TASTES GOOD WHEN IT'S FRIED" DOESN'T APPLY TO IT. (EVERYTHING CAN BE FRIED! EVEN BRUSSELS SPROUTS CAN BE FRIED!) UNFORTUNATELY THE WORST HAS YET TO COME. EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN KIND OF HAVE AN AFFECTION FOR SOAPY-FLAVOURED THINGS, OR SOMEHOW YOU CAN STAND THE TASTE WHEN MIXED WITH A LOT OF OTHER VEGETABLES AND DRESSING, THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN NEVER EVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, DO: BOIL IT.

CUCUMBERS: BORN TO BE FACIAL MASKS, FORCED TO BE FOOD. **1/10**

1



MATCH THE FACES...

TO THE
*LUCKY
CHARMS*

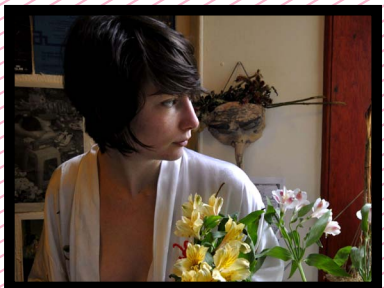
A



B



2



3



4



C



D



ANSWERS
ON
PAGE
22

5



6



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E



F



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8



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H



I



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



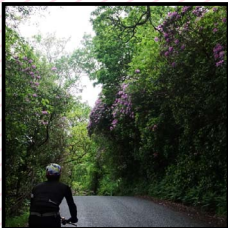
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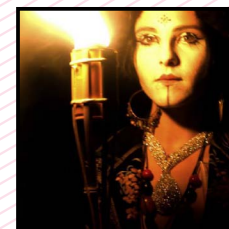
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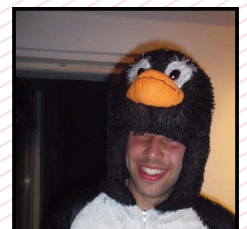
Sophia
The best laid schemes
o' Mice an' Men
Words

Mhairi
The best laid schemes
o' Mice an' Men
Illustration



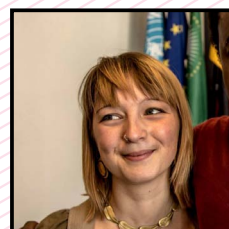
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