

# DON'T QUOTE THIS

**YOUR THOUGHTS, PRINTED.**

## **Bhad Behaviour**

**Are good social relationships the key to happiness?**

## **An Ode to a Rose's Rear**

**An in depth and poignant critical analysis of J. D. Salinger's 'Catcher In The Rye' and Gazzy Garcia Jetski (Lil**

**Includes a debut of the comic: 'A Simple Life'**

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# BHAD BEHAVIOUR

Katherine Graham

As 'Cash me outside - how bout that' hit the Instagram explore page, many chose to laugh at the red-headed 13-year-old from Florida. But little did they know that soon this same girl would be 'bussing down with Lil Yachty on her tour, after the hit single 'Gucci Flip Flops' took the iTunes top charts by storm.

Danielle "Bhad Bhabie" Bregoli is arguably one of our generation's most successful artists under the age of 18. My personal homage to her flaming red hair – as seen around Westminster for 8 months longer than expected – from a box-hair-dye, is just one portrayal of dedication to the artist. Her fans, self-proclaimed 'biches', have watched Bhabie grow from a one-line meme into the youngest artist of the decade to go platinum, working alongside many comfortably established artists - such as Lil Yachty and Lil Baby. But should we respect her claim to fame?

As a fan myself, I argue a resounding yes. But I am aware of the seething hate that people feel for someone who has appeared to leech off minor fame in the attempt to make some 'fat stacks'. But surely this entrepreneurship should be respected? The argument is a tough one to weigh up – but I sure would be shocked to see a fellow student make such a big break, after a controversial Dr. Phil episode, as this emerging rap artist did.

The artist covers her claim to fame in the song '*Bhad Bhabie Story (Outro)*' on her album *15*. This 10-minute-long mix of rap and singing describes the story surrounding the infamous lines that she uttered on the family-dispute show. The young artist even highlights her lack of skill – where she reiterates how her now-manager asked, "Can you sing? Can you rap? Can you do anything?". Bhad Bhabie doesn't shy away from the fact that she has exploited the opportunity, that fell into her hands, as a result of her questionable street slang. The major problem that people have with such an artist is her supposed lack of skill - considering her age and the situation in which she was introduced to the business. But surely her sold-out shows, million-dollar album sales, and collaborations with well renowned

artists all act as factors to prove her worth? Every artist has to start somewhere - and this Bhabie is going to burn for longer than anyone expected. She acknowledged this fact in '*Spaz feat. YBN Nahmir*' where she claims "They said I only get 15 and then I'm over. It's been a year and half and b\*tch and I'm still going" - a clear dig at all the people who said she wouldn't make it.

When I first saw Danielle's '*These Heux*' on YouTube, sure, I didn't think much of it - the meme was funny but by the time this music video was released I was fairly disinterested. However, soon enough, her videos started getting recommended to me more and more on YouTube – and readers, I must admit, that this was the first and only time that I tipped my hat to the creepy YouTube algorithm, that assumed my taste in other videos meant I would enjoy her's as well. I do so as it prompted a budding and, soon-to-be, most dedicated relationship to the young artist. So, I gave her channel a watch – because why not find out what the 'cash me outside' girl is doing now?

I fell in love with her personality before I fell in love with her music - which is a key reason as to why I truly enjoy blasting her songs. It's so easy to bash her music as simplistic - with weak bars and simple beats - but the majority of this slamming stems from the predisposition that people have against her. If The Beatles released '*Hi Bich*' I imagine people would be less inclined to instantly write it off as crappy music. I have an unwavering amount of respect for Bhad Bhabie - someone who is over a year younger than me and yet has influenced my Halloween costumes, Spotify playlists, and language style. Tears came to my eyes when I saw her live on stage: so much 'tude in one girl had me quaking.

I'm not trying to tell you to start listening to her, because that task is an impossible one – one I have often tried and often failed to achieve. But next time you try and switch off her song - THAT I HAVE JUST QUEUED - maybe reconsider and instead appreciate her success, that was born out of such a small space of time and from such a small platform.

If The Beatles released '*Hi Bich*' I imagine people would be less inclined to instantly write it off as crappy music.

# GARY KING - A CHARACTER STUDY

Jonah Poulard

When you think of Edgar Wright, you will either think of one of two things. First, for uncultured ones, *Baby Driver*, and second, for men and women of culture, the *Cornetto Trilogy*. *The World's End* is a truly fantastic, as is *Hot Fuzz* or *Shawn of the Dead*. Yet, if you say that it's a film about aliens and robots (from the Czech word, 'robotnik' meaning slave), you're mistaken. It's about its protagonist: Gary King, played by Simon Pegg. The aliens/robots/blanks are there to make the film interesting.

We open with Gary in a therapy session describing the best night of his life: June 22nd, 1990; where he and his four best mates - Andy, Steven, Pete, and Oliver have an absolute bender across their home town of Newton Haven. Gary says life never got that good again, hinting lightly at his circumstances of mental illness. He is reinvigorated to try the 'Golden Mile' pub crawl again, as he didn't manage to do back then.

We then cut to his four companions; whilst Gary is living in poverty as a recovering alcoholic, the others are all successful and happy - Andy, a very successful lawyer; Steven doing well in construction; Pete still living comfortably, working in his family's car dealership; and Oliver, an affluent real estate agent. He persuades all of them, individually, to join him in re-attempting 'The Golden Mile', saying the other four have all agreed already. Andy is less keen and so Gary tells him his mum is head, in order to persuade him. This is the first time we see the negative aspects of Gary. From there, we continue to view him more and more negatively, whilst simultaneously getting further endeared to him - on account of his comic relief and wit, whilst he continues to let down all his friends. He still calls Oliver "O-man", a hurtful jibe at a birthmark he had; is insensitive to Pete's emotional trauma, from being bullied; continues to patronise and one-up Steven; and we learn that he almost got Andy killed, through his own stupidity.

There is a scene where they have to show each other their scars, to prove they haven't been replaced by a robot, and remarkably, each has their own scar because of Gary. We realise how he has continually screwed-over his only friends,

and we are confused at his determination to finish 'The Golden Mile', further putting his friends in danger as the alien situation goes a bit haywire. But, finally, we see the reason behind all of this - Andy, during a scuffle at the World's End (their final pub), having lost all of the other three, reveals Gary's wrists.

They are bandaged up and there is a hospital wristband around one of them. Everything hits us and Andy at the same time. Edgar Wright's genius is evident in how he creates such a poignant and loving moment in the face of over-the-top, ridiculous, sci-fi, action. The two have a powerful dialogue, both fighting through tears as they speak:

Gary desperately wriggles out of his trench-coat and throws a punch. Andy catches it. Gary's sleeve drops, revealing a bandaged wrist.

ANDY: You need help Gary

Andy grabs the other hand, revealing not only another bandage but a hospital ID bracelet. Realisation dawns. Gary pushes a shocked Andy onto the ground.

GARY: I got help. You know what help was? Help was a lot of people, sitting in a circle talking about how bad things had got. That is not my idea of a good time.

ANDY: And this is? It can't all be a good time, things have to be bad sometimes, otherwise you'll never know how 'good' really feels.

GARY: They told me when to go to bed, Andy.

ANDY: Gary, mate, you can't get drunk unless you're sober

GARY: I DON'T WANT TO BE SOBER!

Gary stands and takes a second glass from the shelf.

GARY: It never got better, Andy. It never got better than that night. It was supposed to be the beginning of my life. All that promise and fucking optimism. That feeling that we could take on the whole universe. It was a big lie. NOTHING HAPPENED.

I would advise watching the scene yourself, it's a brilliant piece of film-making. Although veiled in a comedic, sci-fi, plot, *The World's End* is about Gary. It's about how awful his life got ever since that night, and how all his friends' lives have improved - making his seem even worse. He tries to disguise his depression with humour and deflection and trying to do the thing that even 1990 Gary couldn't do: 'The Golden Mile'. This is his only recourse, his last hope at getting his life back on track, as he sees it; and he will do it no matter the costs. He refuses to ditch the crawl, even

as it becomes evident that that is their only way of getting out alive, and he loses all three of his companions along the way.

But there is a happy ending. Having beaten the aliens, via unusual means and the world going dark, the film ends on Gary and the four blanks for each of his friends - Andy, Peter, Steven, and Oliver - in their youth, which the aliens made to try and persuade him to join them, doing what Gary loves: going to pubs and fighting people as the Five Musketeers, with one notable exception: he orders tap water, not a pint. This references his teetotalism as a result of the accident Andy caused him, and Gary's own victory over alcoholism.

*The World's End* not only enthralls the viewer, with great action and a brilliant plot, but takes us on a literal emotional rollercoaster with its protagonist: Gary King.

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## IS VAPING ACTUALLY GAY? - A PRIDE SOC PERSPECTIVE

Thomas Adamo

Ever since that first brick was thrown at the stonewall riots, just over 50 years ago, the LGBT community has fought for the rights of the individual to express their sexuality and gender identity freely - without persecution from the state or their own peers. As this battle for liberty grew larger and more voices joined in, the acronym LGBT came to encompass a much broader range of identities than it had originally entailed. Nonetheless, it has always striven to be that voice of the voiceless, giving support to those who feel excluded and rejected by mainstream cis-het society.

Are LGBT spaces open to those who engage and partake in non-traditional nicotine inhalation?

This begs the question: are LGBT spaces open to those who engage and partake in non-traditional nicotine inhalation? That is of course to say: is vaping gay? This is a question that has plagued my mind ever since i took up the mantel of Head of Pride Society, back in 2017 (did I mention that I'm head of Pride Society, it's me<sup>1</sup>). I have spent countless hours analysing the literature on this subject - from Urban Dictionary to first hand interviewing of a member of the Remove, who shall remain

nameless, but it should be noted that his vape looks like someone tried to fit a semi-truck into an iPhone box.

He made the astute observation regarding the phallic nature of the vape or 'JUUL' (to use the example of a more popular classroom version). He therefore extrapolated that inherent act of homosexual behaviour occurred, each time a male individual took a hit - as it represented a Neo-modern form of phallus-worship. I was gob-struck by this outstandingly original scholarship at first - of course, it all made sense!

However, over time, this explanation became less satisfactory, holes kept appearing on the, once iron clad, argument. For example: What if the person who partook in the act was not male, but female? Or, what if a male individual made the crucial utterance of "no-homo" before partaking in the vape? The explanation seemed only to create more questions than it answered.

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<sup>1</sup> Technically Dom B-C, sometimes

I was distraught, my life's work seemed to be falling apart about me. For weeks I was inconsolable. I was haunted by my failures wherever I went - the mere act of walking into a lower shell common room filled me with a pang of sorrow I cannot express in words. 'Had it all been for nothing?' I asked myself. All these years as Head of Pride Society (the thing that I am), all the effort spent on lectures and events and that one meme on '@DatDeusH\*\*d'<sup>2</sup> - had it all been for nothing if I couldn't answer this one burning question, at the heart of modern Queer theory?

It was only two months later that things starting looking up. On a whim, I googled 'Is vaping gay?' half-scoffing, for how could the layman-run Google even comprehend such a rigorous and intense academic discussion? But, opening up Google scholar, right in front of my eyes, a study on the demographic of vaping

descended upon me like the holy grail of knowledge that I knew it would be. Right there, among it all, the perfect statistic for my purposes: *42% of lesbian, gay, or bisexual adults said they'd vaped as opposed to (a measly) 20% of straight adults.*

From then on it all made sense: social vaping offered an escape to those who felt unwelcome in their own family, for example: by avoiding difficult familial situations by taking a vape break. It was this fact, and the resulting rigorous analysis of the social and metaphysical implications of the act (which are much too complex and lengthy to include in this article), that I can, with high degrees of certainty (at a p value of 0.05, of course) say that vaping represents homosexual behaviour to a statistically significant degree. That is to say: Vaping is pretty gay.<sup>3</sup>



Thomas Kemball

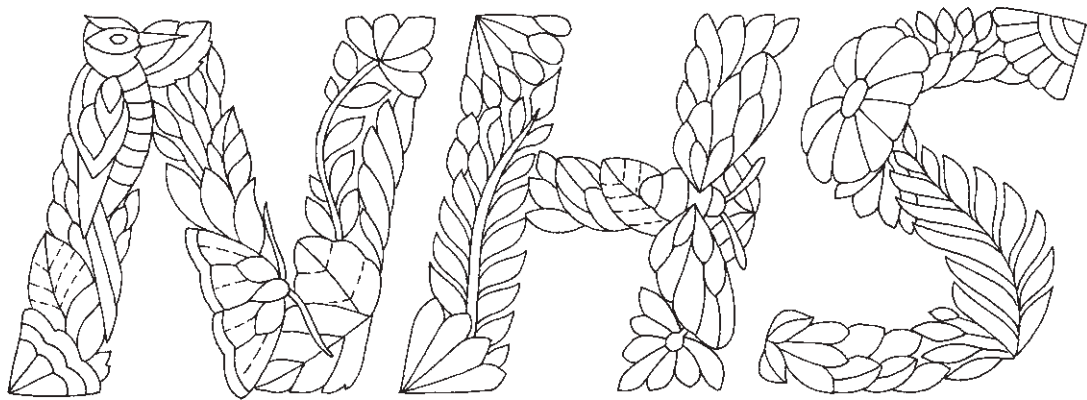
<sup>2</sup> Editor's Note: Full title has been obscured on request of the owners

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# 'DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER' - AN EXTRACT

Faiz Ghaffar

...

The second I'd laid eyes on her I'd had her figured. Coy, dull girls who got married at twenty to their first cousins and popped a baby exactly nine months later. At thirty they were fat matrons with a string of bawling kids hanging on to their polyester maternity tunics. And they had the bloody gall to patronise you just because they were hitched to a dreary husband and you weren't. Every time you had the misfortune of bumping into them, they'd say with false jollity, 'So? Busy with job-shob and all?'

As if your 'job-shob' was a brave but pathetic attempt to fill the aching, husband shaped void in your life.

'No,' I said coldly. 'I'm not married.'

'So you do job?'

'Yes.'

'What job?'

'I work for an environmental agency,' I snapped close-eyed, 'if that means anything.'

'Ooh!' she breathed. 'I also wanted to do job. I wanted to be a lady doctor doing deliveries. I was in my pre-med at college. Coming top in my class. But then,' she sighed, 'I had to get married. When Daddyji died.'

I muttered a half hearted apology.

'It's not your fault,' she placed a hand on my arm. 'He died of heart. On seventeenth of this month it will be full nineteen months. He woke up one day totally fine and two hours later, he was gone. Just like that. We didn't even know he had heart. I went straight away into shock. I couldn't stop crying and my two younger sisters, they also. My mother also was shocked,' she frowned, 'but not in same way. She became angry.'

It didn't seem right to cut her off then but luckily she paused for a moment and I took my chance.

'I've got a headache. I'm sorry but I'd like to sleep if that's okay?'

'Oho! No, no please go ahead. It's okay.'

...

'Please tell me you met your husband before you married him. Did you go out together?'

'Out?' she snorted. 'What world...? I told you, we are not like you people. On my marriage day, three months after my engagement, they came again to Lahore. Again it was segregated. I was all dressed up in my bridal clothes – maroon brocade covered with gold and silver embroidery with lots and lots of heavy gold jewellery they had brought for me. My mother made me wear all of it so they wouldn't complain that we didn't like something. Bangles and rings and earrings and nose ring, and three, three necklaces, one tight around my throat and one at my chest and one big rope one that came down to my stomach

and then a tika in my hair and heavy gold anklets that cut into my skin. I

sat with my head bowed and my gold embroidered satin shawl pulled down over my forehead and cheeks like brides do. And the room was full with all his family ladies crowding round me and

saying what a pretty bride I made and they were all laughing and joking and taking photos and then the mullah came in to read the nikah and the room became silent.

He stood in front of me but I saw only his shoes, they were brown and needing polish, because my head was bowed and he asked me in a clear voice if I agreed to marry Shoaib – that's my husband's name.

He said he would ask three times and I must answer every time. He asked first time and I couldn't speak. I really couldn't.

My mouth wouldn't open. As if it had just got jammed. In the silence I could hear people's clothes rustling and someone sneezed outside and my mother announced, in a loud voice, 'Yes, she agrees.' But he said he had to hear me say it myself. Otherwise the marriage couldn't happen. So my mother she pushed away my sister who was sitting next to me and she sat down in her place and she caught my fingers in her hand and she squeezed them really hard so that the rings I was

wearing cut into my skin. 'Come, chid, answer Maulvi Saab,' she said in a pretend loving voice. 'Don't be shy now.' After a little while I nodded. But he said he must hear my voice. Her fingers tightened on mine until I thought she'd crack my bones and so I said yes. Yes, yes, yes. Maulvi Saab was quiet for a little bit and then he said, 'I congratulate you on your marriage and wish you happiness'.

...

'But as soon as his family left me alone, I wanted them to come back because I didn't want my husband to come in, I didn't want to become a wife, I didn't want to sleep on that bed with him. I'd never even held hands with a man. I hoped he would be nice. That he wouldn't make me do anything I didn't want. He'd looked nice at the airport. Once he'd caught my eye, when I was peeping at him from under my dupatta, and he'd smiled back and I'd quickly looked down. I got up from the bed and stretched. My neck and back were paining from sitting stooped like that for so long. Should I take my jewellery off? The necklaces were so heavy around my neck, like those thick chains they put around the necks of cows. And the earrings were like iron weights pulling down my lobes. I was also fed up with my bridal clothes. They were scratchy. But maybe he'd want to see me as a bride.

'I heard somebody on the other side of the door and quickly I sat down and with my heart beating in my throat, I bowed my head and became a shy bride again. The door opened and I heard squeaking footsteps cross into the room and stop by the bed. You know those stiff groom's shoes that are embroidered in gold and curl up at the end? He was wearing those. With white socks. He said hello in a soft voice but still I stayed like that. So then he gently pulled my veil back. I looked up. And my heart dropped to the pit of my stomach. It was that fat man from the airport who'd been shouting at everyone to hurry up. His skin wasn't just dark, it was grey like a tree trunk. He had pouchy cheeks and rings of fat around his neck, like thick bangles made of flesh, and flappy elephant ears. And he was old. At least thirty. Maybe even older.'

'What! What did you do?'

'I jerked my face away and jumping to my feet, I ran and stood behind a sofa. With my blood roaring in my ears and my heart thumping against my ribs, I told him, from over there, I said, 'Please don't touch me. I never want you to touch me. This has been a mistake. I don't want to be married to you. I don't like you. I can't imagine being with you. If you touch me, I'll... I'll kill myself.' And I started tearing off my jewellery. The rings, the necklaces, the earrings, the bangles, the head jewellery, and what all, even the anklets. I threw them all in a heap in the middle of the sofa on top of the scattered rose petals and I told

him he could have them all back. I wasn't for sale.'

'Shit... what did he do?'

'Slowly he sat down on the bed. He didn't say anything. Nothing. He just looked from the jewellery at me, standing on the other side of the room panting like I'd run a race. I'd flung my dupatta off as well and my head was bare and my hair was all messed up from where I'd pulled the pins out that had been holding the tika in place. He didn't say anything. He just bowed his head and pressed the tips of his fingers into his eyes and he stayed like that, silent. Suddenly I also felt faint and scared at what I'd just done, and I flopped down on the sofa. Would he beat me? Scream at me? What would my mother say? What would happen to me? I started crying.

'He looked up and said, 'Please don't cry.' He took out a hanky from his pocket and, his shoes squeaking, he came to the sofa and handed it to me. I blew my nose and dried my eyes on it and I saw that I'd left big stains of my eye shadow and mascara on it.

'I'm sorry,' I sobbed. 'I've spoilt your hanky.'

He smiled then but it was a sad smile and he asked, 'May I ask you something? Why did you agree to marry me?'

So I told him the whole story about Daddyji and my college and Mummyji saying what she did, even on that day when I was leaving the house. He listened quietly, without breaking in or telling me this and that and what all. When I'd finished he asked, 'And you didn't see the photos of myself that I sent you?' I shook my head telling him what my mother had said about him being well off and me trusting her. He said, 'I wanted to speak to you, better still Skype with you so we could get to know each other a little but your mother called me in Jeddah to say that you'd seen the photographs and you were satisfied. And that you didn't want to chat. So I didn't pursue it any further. I see now that I should have. I'm so sorry. It is entirely my fault. I was lonely in Jeddah. It is difficult to meet women there and I wanted to get married. Your name was suggested to my mother through a mutual friend and I liked the look of you. But I don't want you to be forced into anything. That's not what I want. Not at all.'

...

I had to rush through the arrivals hall with my backpack to make a meeting in time.

Before we left the plane, I wished her good luck with her baby.

'And you with your meeting,' she said. 'And your job. Don't give it up. Be something. Something good.'

'I hope we'll meet again.'

In the car I realised I hadn't even asked her name.

Three years later I was again on that same flight to Lahore. I was now heading my own team and travelling all over the country overseeing a range of conservation projects. I saw her only after we'd disembarked from the flight. She looked exactly the same -- prim, young, pretty and once again hugely pregnant -- but accompanied this time by a chubby toddler

with protuberant ears. I fought my way through the crowds to her side.

'Hello,' I said, 'do you remember me? We met on a flight to Lahore, what? Three years ago? I think you were pregnant then with this little one.'

'I'm sorry,' she said, stiffly. 'You must be mistaking me for someone else. I don't remember you.'

'I had short hair back then. But your husband. He was in Jeddah, right?' I persevered. 'And you had an arranged marriage and came to live in Karachi....'

'I told you. You are confusing me with someone else.'

With that she caught her child by the hand and hurried into the crowds. A happy ending of sorts.



Thomas Kemball

# TRUTH BEHIND THE ERUDITE NUDE

## ERUDITION IS A CLASSY WAY TO HIDE A BONER

Gracie Oddie-James

Porn or art? ... Sex... or intellect? Sextellect? Port? The men in this definitely look like they drink port - port at the Kit-Kat club and making thinly veiled innuendos about the milkmaid's jugs (fig.1). At the Uffizi, they lecherously loll at Venus' callipygian rear. And yet, upon first glance they are discerning, civilised, scholarly: Gentlemen.



Tribuna of the Uffizi, Johann Zoffany, 1772-77

Gentlemen appreciate fine anatomical detail, textural modelling, the virtuous rendering of soft... milky... warm... flesh - NO! No no no, art is not porn. It could never be porn. Could it? This painting raises the question we often reserve as a modern perspective on the classical nude. But here Zoffany presents the question of the classic nude's virtuosity, as immortal. The art I love speaks to the eternality of human experience and thought. It seems to be a century's old ponderance: classical nudes are porn and erudition is a classy way to hide a boner.

School-boys peer at caressing cherubs, much like myself, at the recent Renaissance Nude exhibition. A young man behind them loiters questionably, Is sexuality an erudite method to encourage a wider audience, familiar with the base, to engage with, and be intrigued by, art? Or does sex sell? Is

No no no, art is not porn. It could never be porn. Could it?



Death of the Virgin, Caravaggio, 1606

hand hovering over their rears' - mimicking the sexual tenebrism of the sculpture. Spring to the left of the canvas and a coy Venus makes a pathetic attempt at chastity, validating our viewing of her through the veil of accidental voyerism. As I may admirably glance at a Rubenseque beauty, seeking some form of body positivity, a gaggle of adolescent men surround her, intently gazing at her callipygian buttocks - perhaps entranced by the first sight of a naked female. They chatter to each other, one boy's face stamped with a pleased smirk. Another uses an eyeglass to get a better look at the rounded marble mass. It is remarkable how Zoffany uses the glass to academise and legitimise sexual curiosity. My favourite moment is that in the centre: the Urbino Venus is raised by a gesturing fop. Although his hand doesn't reference the erotic goddess, instead he points to winding ball of male marble flesh, which is possibly more akin to his taste. Interspersed between the intellectual erotica are Maryan images highlighting the tension of artistic carnality and artistic piety. Yet even Mary has been sexualised with the 17th-Century artist Caravaggio's suggestion of her cleavage, in his *Assumption*, provoked religious authorities to reduce his rendering a "dirty whore of the Ortaccio"...

nudity immediately synonymous with eroticism? Should we feel ashamed if Michelangelo's *David* provokes a little more than intellectual appreciation? Surely Courbet's 1886 *L'Origine du monde* (Origin of the

World) becomes a tad more pornographic if renamed, say, “Jeanette’s Pussy”, as suggested by cultural icon Mary Beard. Just as Zoffany legitimises the young dandy’s appreciation of Venus’ posterior with a looking glass, Courbet hides behind his aggrandising title. It’s worth noting, when a woman stood before Courbet’s piece and revealed her own “origin of the world” she was tackled by security guards and briskly escorted out.

Zoffany asks the question we all want to, but are too scared to, ask, thus demonstrating the eternity of the question and, perhaps, answers it with characteristic Georgian wit: The nude may be virtuosic, it may be intellectually rendered and researched, grandly titled under the guise of philosophy or mythology, but one cannot disconnect the natural human inclination to be

aroused by what is laid bare. He strips the nude of its artistic pretension, allowing breathing space for authenticity in a century famed for its *‘Manners’*.

I urge you, next time you stand before a sultry Venus, let out the wry giggle you’ve been instructed to suppress. Ignore the disapproving remonstrances from plummy-nosed passers-by, because I can assure you that 200 years ago the artist was probably doing the same.



l'Origine du monde, Gustave Courbet, 1866



David, Michelangelo, 1504



Thomas Kemball

# AN ODE TO A ROSE'S REAR

Gracie Oddie James

ROSE, oh Rose! If thy callipygian back  
Were levelled by the scythe of age  
Cries of woe the walls of Westminster would crack!  
A loud lament such grief would uncage!  
If I, a pitiful pupil of thy grace,  
Should preserve thy batty in rhyme  
The woes of present I wouldst displace  
And embark upon a mission divine

If I were to coin thy beauty bottomless,  
I'd corrupt thine pulchritude with lie  
For tis well known the seat of thy glamour  
Poses firmly on the throne of thy behind

That throne in all her lunar lustre,  
Wooes sullen scholar from dreary tome,  
Cheeks once grey are pinked by rosy fluster  
Thine rear doth eclipse all antique arses of Rome  
Oh Goddess Diane! Thine moon merely crescent  
Wains to dim lit stars when Gaia doth foster  
This earthly lady's rump so turgescient  
Tragic poet that I am, laud "Pater Noster"  
I curse this false prayer!  
As icon it may be, e'en Mary would scorn her celestial throne  
To possess the majesty of your derriere.

Though thine eloquent lip bespeaks  
Bernini's virtuosic hand,  
Whate'er tool he possessed  
could ne'er make marble  
What only thy buttock could command

Tis you, not Hercules that deserve Hippolyta's mantle  
Though Bullish brawn, the god-ling may boast  
The booty of thine behind is more than ample

Hear, Hear! Let friends raise a toast  
Let thine amazonian hips wage war  
Eternally with heroes hearts!  
I did o'er hear thine buttock was that of a moor  
Moorish or nay  
Venerem ex Callipygia's arts  
Are reduced to folly in the shadow of thy rounded parts.

# THE PEOPLE OF WESTMINSTER

Photographs by Peter Rusafov, from top to bottom Mariam Zaidi, Gracie Oddie-James





Photographs by Katherine Graham & Lily Crouzier (bottom left), from left to right Katherine Graham and Ines Heyworth, Ines Heyworth, Dominic Bramley-Carr



# BORIS JOHNSON URGES US TO “LET THE HEALING BEGIN”

Eva Molchanova

After the 2019 General Election, Boris Johnson gave a speech that culminated in him urging us ‘to let healing begin’. This can be interpreted in different ways – primarily in the idea of the healing Post Brexit which has created an enormous controversy through the country. Therefore this article will discuss policy areas that deserve attention over Brexit and would allow the *real* recovery to begin.

Currently, there is plenty of division within the country that needs addressing. The problem the country constantly faces is the range of diverse views that need to be addressed and supported. Age, class, region and ethnicity all impact the specific views of an individual and combining them can be tricky on policies such as Brexit and immigration.

A recent immigration policy has been put into place by Priti Patel which includes point entry levels which, if met, means you can stay in the country. This caused outrage amongst immigrant workers who do not earn £26,000 a year and are now being threatened with demands to leave the country. Not only are the requirements, to meet, unrealistic but they also present Priti Patel as a hypocrite – since her parents were immigrants and under *her* point system, would not have been able to remain in the UK. Within Brexit, immigration has been talked about constantly as travel borders have to be discussed and new agreements made. Therefore – can Boris Johnson really say that Brexit is behind us if we haven’t fully agreed on immigration under Brexit?

Another factor affecting policy decisions, on immigration, is age – younger voters are able to adapt faster and are more comfortable with having different cultures and workers, with different backgrounds, in the office; whereas older voters might not be so inclined for a change. With older voters supporting the Conservatives it is evident that issues will tilt towards harsh borders and less immigrants admitted into the country and, with higher turnout

amongst older voters, can we really decided on such an issue so quickly and “let the healing begin” prematurely? To solve this, we require a new, updated system that has the ability to judge migrants by different, more reality-friendly, statistics. We need to provide jobs for the upcoming migrants and education for training the new workers.

There is a lot of news coverage about tax cuts being implemented due to the Prime Minister wanting the country to lean on One Nation Conservatism. If we are implementing cuts it ultimately leads to less funds for schools and NHS which are crucial places that need financial resources. To increase government spending on facilities we need tax money and if it’s being cut, then borrowing and debt increases – certainly we do not need the consequence from that, such as less funds for infrastructure and repair. It also should be noted that there have been many scandals due to American companies in the UK for not paying cooperate tax, for example Starbucks and Amazon. If Mr Johnson is persuading us to heal, then the tax should be paid by everyone so that they money can then be distributed into places like welfare and schools.

Tax cut policies have also been a key catalyst for sparking the different views of the younger and older voters. As the younger voters mainly prefer Labour, they would want the same level of tax and cooperation tax to be included, whereas older voters would prefer tax to be lowered. To solve it, the Conservative party compensated a £1 billion tax cut that will help close the North-South gap and reduce inequality. Despite facing controversy, it has been successful in slowly delivering its planned outcome.

“Let the healing begin” was light heartedly taken by many people around the country as words of hope and a final ending to Brexit. There are plenty of ways to deal with divisions within policy sectors and therefore

we should create more solutions with similar ideology to ensure the UK fully

prosper and "lets the healing" of it to start.



Thomas Kemball



# Hand-washing technique with soap and water



1 Ad te levavai



2 Oculos meos



3 Qui habitus in



4 Coelis ecce sicut



5 Oculi Servorum:



6 In manibus



7 dominorum



8 Suorum sicut



9 Oculi ancillae



10 In manibus



11 Dominae suae



12 Ita oculi nostri ad



13 Dominum Deum

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# ARE GOOD SOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS THE KEY TO HAPPINESS?

Jonah Poulard

Happiness is a bit of a nothing concept really. Answering any big questions about it is like trying to catch that fly buzzing around your room. *Id est*, simply impossible, and attempting it is a waste of time and energy. Nonetheless I rise to the challenge that even the world's smartest ever people have struggled over for millennia, from Aristotle to Zeno, Hobbes to Hume and Marx to Voltaire. The issue is that happiness is so poorly defined – if one were to ask 100 people on their definitions of happiness, one would get 100 different answers, whereas if one asked 100 people what a fish was, a fairly unanimous judgement would be observed. Therefore for anyone looking to tell the world even a shred of something resembling intelligent about happiness, that person ought to define *their* happiness, which is what I shall do. Here is my exercise in futility.

Happiness is the prolonged state of being in a mentally positive, relaxed and joyous state.

So, are good social relationships the key to happiness? No. As we have seen, happiness is not a simple issue. To pin any one thing down as being the key would be questionable at least. Therefore there's no winning position, but let's have a look at some of the other contenders and how they match up. These include a sense of purpose, religious belief and effective management of one's life.

Social relationships certainly have many upsides. One of these is the interaction with other people that is a given in social relationships. Other people are often instrumental in cheering you up and keeping you in good spirits. To go out and chat with a friend is a lovely thing to do (provided you like that friend) and something that ought to bring you some joy. Social interactions, with people you like, improve mood and just give your life colour in a way that's hard to replace.

Sharing in funny experiences with friends helps to create your indestructible bond with them.

Social relationships have another important facet to them: humour. It's much easier to laugh with a friend(s) than by yourself, and laughter is scientifically proven to increase feelings of positivity and enjoyment. Think of all the best times you've ever had. How many of them have involved friends and how many have involved laughter? Sharing in funny experiences with friends helps to create your indestructible bond with them. Humour is certainly important to happiness. On average, we laugh 11 times a day, properly. How miserable would life be if that number was reduced to 2 or 3?

One of the vices of our society, that is getting ever more potent, is the threat and damage of loneliness. Loneliness is often a factor for those who commit suicide. They feel that they have no one they can truly turn to and are completely alone with no way out. A lot of people feel this, and quite often too. Everyone can relate to knowing someone who is struggling with depression or someone who committed suicide. For those who were fortunate enough to get through their issues, perhaps that one friend, that one joke, that one chat was the difference between life and death. Good, sincere, social relationships are instrumental in mental health and wellbeing, as a guard against all the evils of our modern world. Social relationships connect you to other people, and give you hope and support in times when you need it most. They may not be key to happiness, but they are certainly key to avoiding the flipside of that.

Would you say monks are happy? I think I would. After all, you have to be happy in your current state to leave all your possessions, vices and, what we would call, normal life behind. Religion is a source of great happiness for billions around the world, including me. Above all else, religion grants meaning, love and an overcoming of death, mainly with reference to Christianity as I don't know much about other faiths. All Christians are here on Earth to serve God

and, in a way, be served by God. In Matthew 5.16 it is written, "In the same way, let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven". Therefore we all have a purpose as witnesses, as they are called in the New Testament, to Christ. The word witness is translated from the Greek word from which we get *martyr*. That really puts into perspective how significant this role is.

One of the primary themes of Christianity is love. The love we should have for God, but more importantly the love God has for us. A recognition of this fact is most valuable. To be confident that the most powerful being ever, as you believe, loves you just the way you are is an enormous source of strength for many people. Even if you don't have many people on Earth, poor social relationships one could say, this reassurance of love is certainly important for happiness – speaking from experience.

Above all else, we fear death. We hate to think about it; hate it when it happens to people we feel a connection to; and hate trying to rationalise what it actually is. Again, all faiths give an answer for this. Knowing that heaven is real and that all one needs to do to get there is atone their sins through belief in Jesus (John 3.16) relieves our anguish and pain, both with regards to our own deaths and those of others. Many people of faith have said to me that the times at which their faith was most useful to them was at times like these. It's less the case that you need God when life's a breeze, more so when you're suffering. Therefore, by providing answers and reassurance in the greatest cause of suffering in our world (death), religion can truly be imperative in mental health, surviving difficulty and the happiness that may ensue a while later.

Another thing that makes humans happy is business. Not as in trade and meetings and suits, but *busy-ness*. This may sound debatable or outright wrong, but hear me out. Business, as in having something to do, a drive, or a goal, appeals to a large proportion of individuals on one condition. Their business must be focused on something they enjoy being busy with. For many this could be work, others a hobby that's gone a bit past being a hobby or a large project. Having something to go back to which will keep you grounded is a very useful thing, and one that can give structure and purpose to your life. I would argue that people who enjoy their business are happy because of their business. A sense of organisation and self-honesty ties into this. Having a plan, a system helps avoid stress, which is caused by being overwhelmed. Organisation of one's life, whether it be through business or something else is *always* preferable to a lack thereof. So, by countering the things that diminish happiness through business and organisation, happiness is a much more attainable goal.

In retrospect, this certainly has been an exercise in futility. I have not broken any significant philosophical ground, nor really answered the question. It's no easy thing to talk about what constitutes and causes happiness for other people, as the only person you can *truly* offer such judgements about, is yourself and even then that's very challenging. One could probably ascertain many aspects of my character and psyche by closely reading and inferring things one should not, but that is not the point. Really, this question is about what is the key to the happiness of the person answering the question, and I think I've done that, and indeed myself, justice - or thereabouts.

# CHINA'S EDUCATION SYSTEM IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH OURS

Henry Bishop

Understanding China's education system is key to understanding why it is not one that "liberal thinking" could work with. China's education system changed after the 1989 Tiananmen square massacre, working to transfer minds from that of being victims, of the oppressive Maoist and Xiaoping governments, to feeling victims, of the West's historical imperialism. This began in August 1991 with the PRC National Education Council issuing an edict which required all schools to reform history education to stress that China's purpose was to 'defend against the "peaceful evolution" of hostile powers'. China revised its history education to be that of historical humiliation. The curriculum guidelines begin: 'Chinese modern history is a history of humiliation in which China gradually degenerated into a semi-colonial and semi-feudal society'.

It was only once Chairman Mao Zedong stood atop Beijing's Gate of Heavenly Peace on October 1, 1949 and proclaimed the founding of the People's Republic of China did this 'century of humiliation', which actually lasted 109 years, come to an end. History is written by the winners; the country's troubles were far from finished by 1949, but this portrayal is most beneficial to the CCP who have designed Chinese nationalism to feature humiliation as an integral part of it. This focus on events that happened a century ago is key to the CCPs continual survival; as long as they can blame problems in China on the West, they have a scapegoat that can prevent an uprising, like Tiananmen square, from happening again. It is therefore not surprising to hear that that the CCP have been spreading rumours about Covid-19 being an American plot; it suits the narrative that the CCP work to portray.

University professors in China who criticise the state or tackle issues that could cause unwanted attention to the CCP are dealt with quickly and severely. In 2019, law

professor Xu Zhangrun was suspended from Tsinghua University following his critique of President Xi's "new era". He has recently had his internet cut off and is under house arrest. In the same year, Benny Tai, a law professor at Hong Kong University, was sentenced to 16 months in prison for his role in the 2014 Umbrella movement. In 2016, the Ministry of Education published 7 topics

which were not to be taught or those teaching 'will be dealt with severely according to regulation and law'. These seven prohibitions include constitutional democracy, freedom of the press, human rights and academic freedom. This has had dangerous consequences. China silenced the doctor who first came across Covid-19, Dr. Li Wenliang, forcing him to sign a statement of secrecy, being told his acts constituted 'illegal behaviour', in other words, his actions threatened to draw negative attention to China and the CCP.

Efforts to make the British education system compatible with China's demands are failing. A recent report from the foreign affairs select committee describes in detail co-ordinated efforts by China to influence research and prevent discussion on topics that are sensitive to the CCP such as Tibet or the human rights abuses of Uighur Muslims. Universities that don't comply risk funding removal, often with threats of student removal; Oxford's vice-chancellor, took a stand when threatened by the Chinese embassy with the withdrawal of Chinese students from Oxford unless she stopped its chancellor, Chris Patten, visiting Hong Kong. She said no. Would Westminster be able to do the same when they rely on vast sums of Chinese money for student bursaries? A government that is so keen on avoiding humiliation from their ongoing abuses of human rights and international law is not one we should appease, yet it seems as though we are, or at least we soon will be.

China's purpose was to 'defend against the "peaceful evolution" of hostile powers'.



Thomas Kemball



# AN IN DEPTH AND POIGNANT CRITICAL COMPARISON OF J.D. SALINGER'S 'CATCHER IN THE RYE' AND GAZZY GARCIA JETSKI (LIL PUMP)

Ines Heyworth

In a Guardian review of 'Catcher in the Rye' Aiman. A called the work a "modern classic of the coming of age genre", expanding on this point to say, "I think many teenagers would be able to relate to the various themes present in the book". Precisely.

The thirteen-year-old mind is undoubtedly infatuated by taboo ideas of sex, sadness, rebellion and, most importantly, youth itself. The chaos and disorder of growing up is, ironically, rather well contained into neat prosaic form by Salinger – granting it a layer of accessibility that is perhaps not as expertly rendered by William Burroughs or even James Joyce (who dissect the same themes). This is where our mumbling acquaintance comes in. Gazy Garcia was born on August 17th 2000 – exactly 2000 years after the death of Christ... seems a little suspicious, no? Alas, rest easy Catholics - this essay is not going to be an attempt to liken Lil Pump to Jesus Christ (perhaps in the next edition of this weird weird pseudo-woke magazine).

Pump (I've taken liberties there), found notable fame on Soundcloud in 2016, where he released his debut song 'Lil Pump' with producer 'Smokepurpp'. This song was closely followed by the monumental anthem of a generation: 'Gucci Gang'. A song which repeats the phrase 'Gucci Gang' 46 times. I like to think about acclaimed songwriter Bob Dylan here, picking up a Nobel prize for literature in 2016. How far we have come, eh?

We could consider Pump's success as a tragic demonstration of how far we have strayed from good music; lyrics and production seem to have both departed in the career of Lil Pump. Or, we could view Garcia as a sort of Duchamp or Warhol - questioning the very nature of the industry and breaking the numerous 'rules' in a self-professed 'rule-less' field.

Holden Caulfield in 'Catcher in the Rye' and the character of Lil Pump seem to me very similar in their attitude to language, self and women – which will be the focus of this article.

Firstly language. Now stay with me here, I know this parallel seems farfetched, obscure, and really like I'm writing something (queue the killer irony-tinged Gen-z insult) 'quirky'.

Both Salinger and Gazy Garcia's approaches to language stand out in the stream of popular literature/pop culture they

swam in. Let's take Salinger's profound o x y m o r o n i c sentence "I'm quite illiterate but I read a lot". Here, Holden Caulfield's self-deprecation is quickly outweighed

by his pseudo-modest awareness of his own intelligence ('I read a lot'), tantamount to the reply 'I'm alright' when someone asks you about something you're really, really f\*cking good at. And then, let's take Lil Pump's lyric "Yes im hella ignorant, I don't give a f\*ck". Cool Gazy, very cool. Pump's charming character is embedded in this line – if you don't like it, there's a very slim chance your going to like any of the other songs. On the plus side, if you do like it – I can tell you with confidence that there's more where that came from.

Although Pump's line is grantedly less sophisticated than Salinger's, their message is remarkable similar. Pump, like Salinger, has an awareness of his own short-comings ("I'm hella ignorant"/"I'm quite illiterate") which is immediately compensated for in the next clause of the sentence. However, where Caulfield wants to prove himself as having the capacity for deep and profound thoughts using books as an agent, Lil pump quite simply "don't give a f\*ck". Touché I guess. Gazy, who's

Where Caulfield wants to prove himself as having the capacity for deep and profound thoughts using books as an agent, Lil pump quite simply "don't give a f\*ck".

self-professed goal is to be the “most ignorant, richest rapper I could be”, one, Salinger nil.

Self-entitlement, however, is where the crux of the similarities lies. Salinger’s line: “It’s funny. All you have to do is say something nobody understands and they’ll do practically anything you want them to”, is reminiscent of Lil Pump’s whole ethos: say the very least and people will be eating out the palm of your hand. Notably, however, Salinger is probably referring to sounding so intelligent that it tricks people into blind subservience: Puppets tied to a string. Lil Pump’s demonic scream “ESKEETIT” falls short of the claim to intelligence but has the same effect. I would argue that getting a crowd of 30,000 to chant the non-sensical word “Eskeetit” for two-and-half minutes is the most intricate and impressive form of puppet mastery, exceeding that of Salinger.

Next is women. Sex is a theme that dominates both Salinger’s book and Lil Pump’s songs, and although comparing any piece of work from 1950’s to the 21<sup>st</sup> century is no easy feat, there are notable moments where the two genius’ line up. For example, Holden Caulfield is a self-professed “sex maniac”. Straight away, Salinger has resonated with 16 year olds all over America, just by mentioning “sex”... they are, after this point, his. A quick glance to a 1950s English literature syllabus consisting of Dickens, Austen and the Brontë’s is testament to the revolutionary impact that Salinger’s discussion of “sex” would have had on teenagers across the world. Like Lil Pump and his verses, Salinger finds it difficult to finish a chapter without some sort of sexual innuendo – whether it be repressed teenage sexuality, prostitution, or even just juvenile infatuation. This is, however, where the two artists arguably diverge: where Caulfield idolises the female, (“girls, Jesus Christ, they can drive you crazy”), Lil Pump notably does not, (“I f\*ck a b\*tch, I forgot her name”).

But divergence, my friends, more often than not, leads to reconciliation – which is exactly what these two great minds do, both displaying the same disconnection, the same relentless detachment from the ‘fairer gender’. Holden Caulfield’s proclamation, “If a girl looks swell when she meets you, who gives a damn if she’s

late” displays the same view of women as a force of ‘other’ as “Lil Pump never spent money on a b\*tch”.

Thus, conclusively, this examination has in fact been a sympathy piece for our dear boy Gazy. Just like Holden Caulfield, Lil Pump is hurting... which is why maybe we should take Lil Pump’s casual “br, yuh” as a cry for help.

# 'A SIMPLE LIFE'

Thalia Roychowdhur

EVER SINCE I MOVED TO THE HUMAN WORLD, MY LIFE HAS BEEN SO RELAXED...



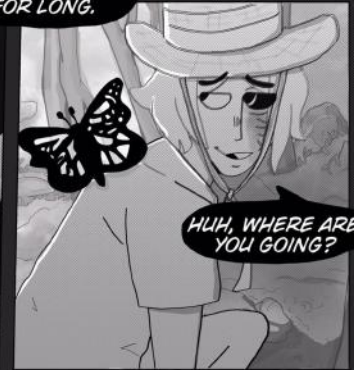
LEAVING THE DEMON WORLD WAS THE BEST DECISION I EVER MADE...

IT WAS SO COLD AND DARK...

IT WAS ALMOST LIKE BEING TRAPPED...



I COULD NEVER STAY CALM THERE FOR LONG.



HUH, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

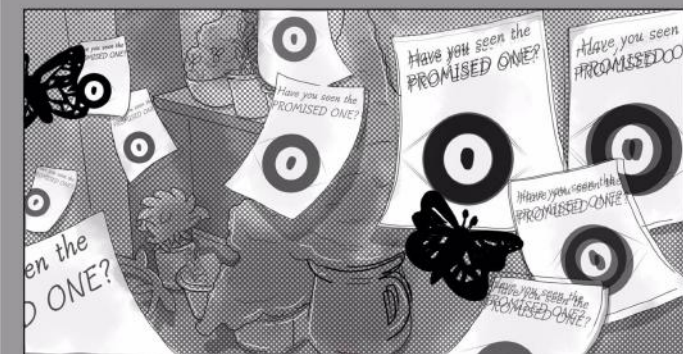


REN, WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THOSE ADVERTS?

THEY SEEM A LITTLE CRYPTIC FOR SELLING HOUSE PLANTS-- AND WHY DID YOU PRINT OUT SO MANY?

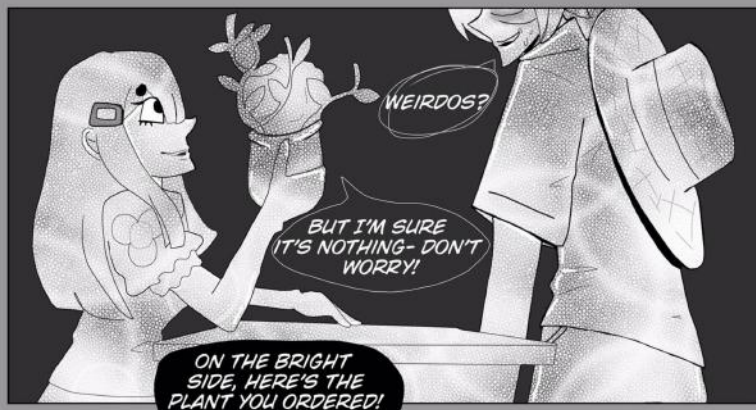


THOSE POSTERS?



THEY'RE NOT MINE-- IT'S SUPER SKETCHY! I THINK THEY'RE FOR A WIERD DEMON CULT OR SOMETHING?

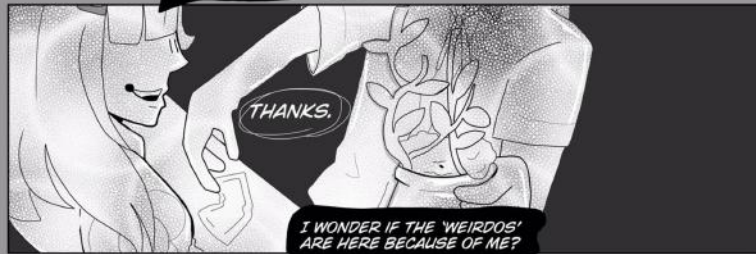
THESE THREE WEIRDOS CAME INTO TOWN YESTERDAY, AND JUST STARTED PUTTING THEM EVERYWHERE...



WEIRDOS?

BUT I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING- DON'T WORRY!

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, HERE'S THE PLANT YOU ORDERED!



THANKS.

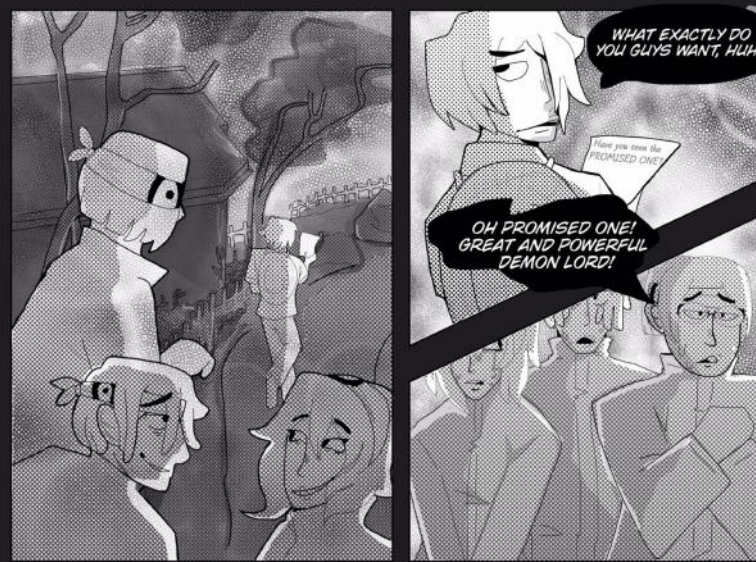
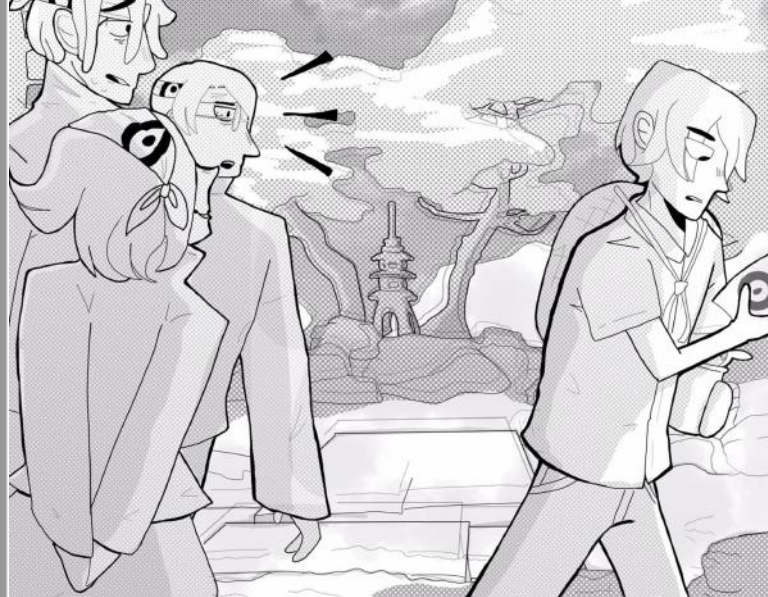
I WONDER IF THE 'WEIRDOS' ARE HERE BECAUSE OF ME?



WHY CAN'T I JUST HAVE A SIMPLE LIFE FOR ONCE?



Have you seen the PROMISED ONE?



WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU GUYS WANT, HUH?

OH PROMISED ONE! GREAT AND POWERFUL DEMON LORD!



LOOK- I DON'T NEED ANYONE TO 'SERVE' ME.

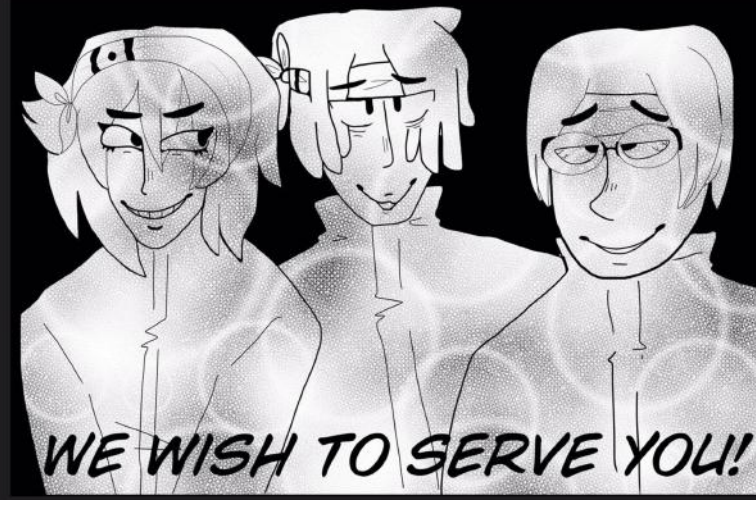
I LEFT THE DEMON WORLD SO I COULD LIVE FREELY, WITHOUT ANY WEIRD PACTS OR PROMISES...

SO, MY ANSWER IS NO

NO?

NO...

NO!



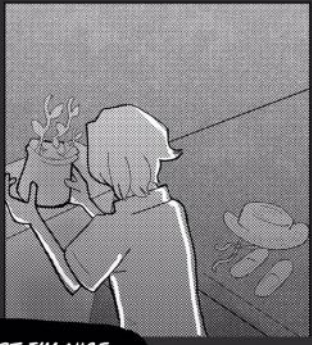
WE WISH TO SERVE YOU!



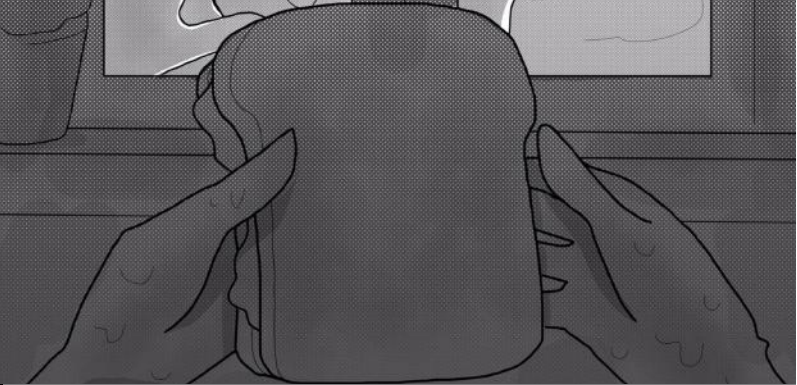
BUT OH, GREAT PROMISED ONE, WE BESEECH YOU-

BYE.

I GUESS EVEN THE HUMAN WORLD HAS ITS FAIR SHARE OF STRANGE PEOPLE...



AT LEAST I'M NICE AND SAFE AT HOME...



YOU GUYS REALLY AREN'T GIVING UP, HUH?

WHAT D'YOU WANT SO BAD YOU'D PROMISE SERVITUDE TO ME?

WE- WE WISH TO MAKE OUR WAY TO THE FABLED DEMON WORLD- ITS MARVELLOUS TOWERS, THE-

THE DEMON WORLD???  
THAT AWFUL PLACE...  
THESE GUYS HAVE NO CLUE...

LOOK, HOW ABOUT WE MAKE A DIFFERENT PROMISE?



I PROMISE TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE DEMON WORLD IS REALLY LIKE.

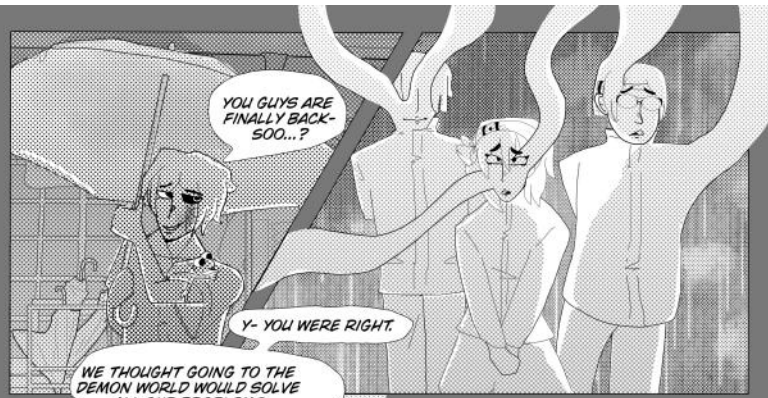
H, HUH?



IS THIS REALLY THE DEMON WORLD???

IT'S NOT WHAT I WAS EXPECTING AT ALL...

SO COLD, AND UNCARING...



YOU GUYS ARE FINALLY BACK-SOO...?

Y- YOU WERE RIGHT.

WE THOUGHT GOING TO THE DEMON WORLD WOULD SOLVE ALL OUR PROBLEMS



BUT WE WERE WRONG!

EXACTLY!

NOW YOU ALL HAVE GOT TO PROMISE TO GO, AND LIVE YOUR OWN LIVES!



WE PROMISE.

PHEW!

I HATED THE DEMON WORLD, BECAUSE I GOT SO CAUGHT UP IN ITS STRESS AND CRAZINESS.

SO, I LEFT AND LIVED MY LIFE ON MY OWN TERMS.

AND NOW, YOU GUYS HAVE GOT TO PROMISE ME YOU'LL DO THAT AS WELL, STOP FOLLOWING PEOPLE- OR DEMONS- MINDLESSLY.

PROMISE TO BECOME YOUR OWN, HUMAN SELVES.



THEY KEPT TO THEIR PROMISE AND I NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN.

AND, NO MATTER HOW MANY OMENS I SEE, PEOPLE TRY TO SUMMON ME,

I MAKE SURE TO JUST STICK WITH MY NICE, SIMPLE LIFE!





