



QUOD

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RUGBY SCHOOL

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Our choices and voices



50 years of girls at Rugby



RUGBY SCHOOL

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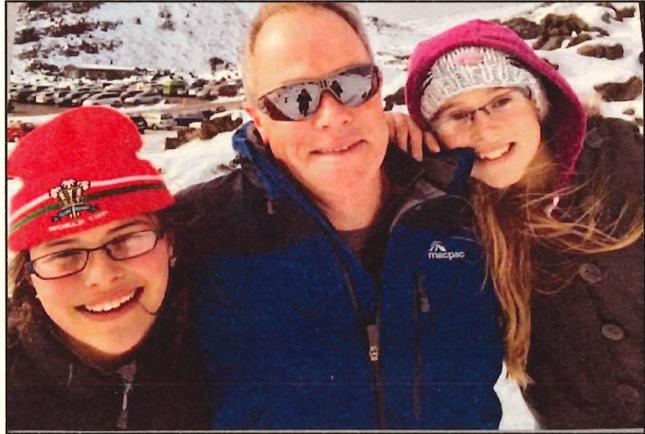
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A FRIENDLY TALK WITH FATHER MARCUS
AIME DUNNION

Chapel is a crucial part of Rugby school life. It welcomes all students and staff four times a week (or three times a week if you are a day student like me), and, whether it is hymn-practice with a rendition of The Floreat, or a chapel talk that leaves you questioning something new, one thing is always certain at Rugby School: chapel will start at 8:25 a.m. However, there would be no chapel, without a trusty chaplain. There has been slight chaplain instability in the last year, following the departure of Mr Horner: we have been greeted in the morning by Mrs Bryant, a crucial member of the Rugby Schol divinity team, and now the final, very welcome last piece of the jigsaw is Father Marcus.



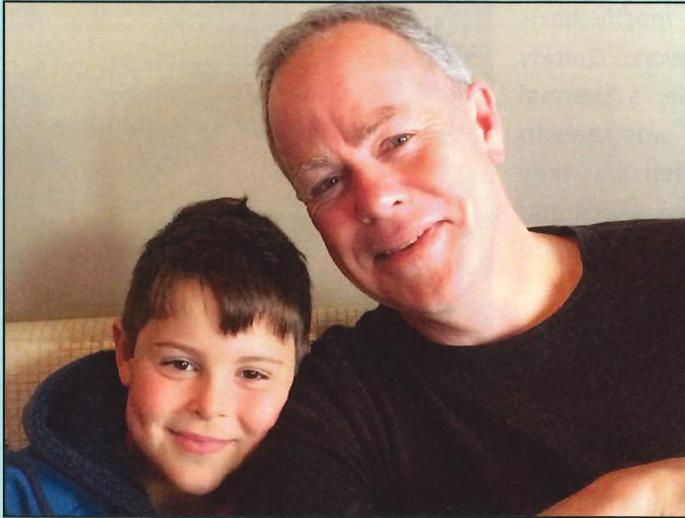
Father Marcus and his daughters at National Park in New Zealand

You have heard his chapel talks, but what more can I tell you about Father Marcus? Your intrepid *Quod* journalist is on a mission to find that out.

When I initially reached out to Father Marcus, I was met with an enthusiastic response, proposing a time for the next week. When I further asked where the most convenient place for him would be, he said he had already asked my P&T teacher if we could use her classroom straight after my lesson, when I had a free period. I felt privileged that Father Marcus was making such a thoughtful effort to make this interview happen. In retrospect, after our conversation, I understood that this considerate nature is a fundamental aspect of his character. Such alacrity, though, meant I had to make sure I was on my game with some good questions!

Logically, I began at the beginning: childhood. I was met with the intriguing response that, despite his distinct accent, Father Marcus only moved to New Zealand when he was 12, as his parents chose to emigrate there from Britain. So, coming to Rugby is a homecoming of sorts. When asked about a particularly exciting time in his life, the age of 12 is one that instantly came to mind, as it was *'a time with a sense of exploration, as New Zealand is a country where there is lots to do outdoors'*, a leisure pursuit he looks to continue in a new setting. Though the move was a *'great, big, exciting adventure'*, the downside was that Father Marcus, being particularly close with his friends and family in the UK, *'found it difficult to not be able to hop in the car, or on a bus to see them'*.

As you all will know, sports is a huge part of Rugby School: did Father Marcus enjoy playing any sports growing up? *'My friends would say that I am the least coordinated person they know,'* he replied, amusingly. Team sports have never been his kind of thing, he tactfully implied. At the school he attended in New Zealand, rugby and hockey were very important so he does have some experience in our core sports. In a more generally sporty way, Father Marcus' love for the outdoors is clearly a vital part of his life: he vividly detailed how, as a child, he would go *'tramping'* (what hiking or bushwalking is called in New Zealand) through areas of the country that people had not been to for many years. He had only been in new Zealand for two months, when he went on his first *'tramp'*, which involved following the course of the Waihaha River (which flows into Lake Taupo) upstream and then over the Hauhungaroa Ranges back to his hometown. The trip involved walking up the river itself and then finding a route through the bush up and over the ridge, there was no marked trail. A four-day trip



Father Marcus and his youngest son

carrying all supplies and camping equipment. He said it was glorious, the river fast flowing and crystal clear with blue mountain ducks flying just meters above the water, almost skimming along its surface. Sleeping overnight under a tent fly. The closeness of the natural world. The smell of the bush. Almost every weekend during his school years there was a trip into the wilderness or the nearby National Park. For a long time he wanted to become a forest ranger.

I was interested to understand what professional experience Father Marcus had before becoming the Rugby School chaplain. He detailed how, when he left

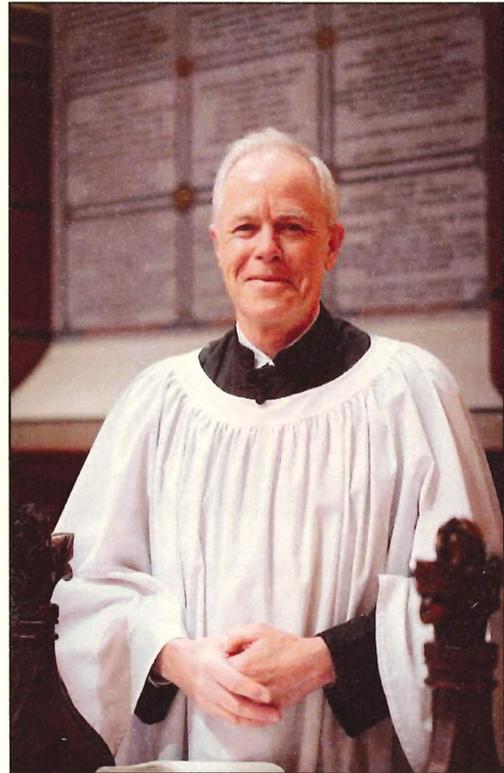
school, he wanted to do civil engineering, yet only two universities in New Zealand offered the course, Auckland and Christchurch. Christchurch was located in the South Islands, and Father Marcus was from the North Islands, meaning the venture to Christchurch was a hugely significant time in his life. It was an opportunity to explore another part of New Zealand, where he had not been before. He had a map of New Zealand and his aim was to drive every main road in the country! As well as serving as a chaplain in three other schools, Father Marcus has always been interested in education, and, for the last ten years he has worked as an educational consultant, working in partnership with schools across Australia and New Zealand. His knowledge of 'school' feels deep and wide-ranging.

How does one actually become a chaplain? Obviously, there is a clear distinction between being religious and becoming a chaplain. Father Marcus explained that his journey began while he was working as a parish priest in the centre of the North Island in New Zealand, which he found to be 'very enjoyable'. The son of one of his parishioners was the chaplain of a school in Hamilton. Father Marcus recalled how every time he saw him, he would repeat the phrase, 'Marcus, you should come and work as the Chaplain at St Paul's when I finish'. You would naturally assume that Father Marcus took this opportunity to become a chaplain and the rest is history. Well, you would be mistaken, as he admitted, 'It didn't really appeal'. Many members of his families were teachers and it was a path he never saw himself going down. But, reader, the plot thickens. The school chaplain in Hamilton left and the replacement wasn't able to come for about a year, which meant Father Marcus was in high demand by St Paul's, so he took the role on. Sceptical at first, he expressed how much, ultimately, 'he loved it' and how much he always regretted not having applied for the role because the 'school was great, and he really enjoyed being with the students: it was so much fun'. After this experience, becoming a permanent school chaplain was 'a done deal'.

Chapel talks. A phrase known and discussed by all Rugby Students. But how does Father Marcus come up with his interactive, and exciting chapel discussions? One time I found Chapel to be particularly interesting was following hymn practice, when Father Marcus shed light on some of Australia's favourite karaoke songs and the whole school left chapel to an organ rendition of ABBA's 'Dancing Queen'. When I raised this, he was quick to wonder whether the fact that he has no notes during his speech had provoked the question. I quickly reassured him that this was not the case and talking with no notes was highly impressive. Writing a chapel talk is a 'very long process, that goes through a number of stages'. There are many factors to take into account: understanding the community,

engagement with the text and tradition: mostly he is *'looking for a spark of an idea that might work'*. Quickly famous for his use of props, for example, a thermal blanket from an emergency survival kit, I was keen to learn more about them and he simply stated that they *'help draw in people's attention'*, as then the words and the symbolism of the prop work neatly together to create an exciting and meaningful listening experience.

What is the most rewarding part of being a school chaplain? Father Marcus' immediate response was *'The students'*. He explained how he is motivated by seeing young people discover what their passions are, seeing this as a *'delight'*. He was quick to add that the staff at Rugby are *'endlessly inspiring'*. Being a chaplain is the perfect job, as he is able to combine the care you provide as a parish priest with a love of education: it is the *'beautiful interactions'* he has with staff and students that makes his job so meaningful.



Coming to the close of this article, it feels best to pass on the message of Father Marcus' own favourite ever chapel talk. He was 18. The talk was on Moses encountering God in the Book of Exodus. The image of theophany, the Burning Bush, was *'such a potent image'* that it made him aware of *'something in the world which I had never taken into consideration before'*. Moses was tending sheep in the desert when he saw a bush, which amazed him, drew him toward it, because *'it burned and was not consumed by the fire'*. Moses heard the voice of God saying, *'take off your shoes for the place where you are standing is Holy Ground'*. Hearing this text, actually feeling it, was the beginning of Father Marcus's own journey with God. If it were not for this chapel talk, he may never have become a chaplain.

Father Marcus is extremely kind, calm and attentive. His caring manner is evident, not only through his carefully thought-out chapel talks, but through the way he answered my questions carefully and completely invested in trying to make the interview as interesting as possible.

The Chapel, a short history

Jenny Hunt, Archives

In the 300th anniversary year of Rugby School, 1867, the School and its trustees decided to improve the buildings around the Close. This included raising funds for the enlargement of the Chapel.

Frederick Temple selected architect William Butterfield to design the new Chapel.

William Butterfield (1814-1900) was known for his Gothic Revival architecture, association with the Oxford Movement, and his use of polychromy, which is the practice of decorating an object in multiple colours. He designed many buildings around the world including Keble College, Oxford: the Keble chapel and quad are remarkably similar to New Quad and the Chapel at Rugby School.

The new Chapel was completed, apart from the tower, and consecrated by the Bishop of Worcester in 1872.

The tower was completed by 1898, with buttresses added to stop it from sinking into the ground.

FATHER EDWARDS: AWAY FROM THE CHAPEL ...

DR SUTCLIFFE

What is your happiest memory of school?

School just was. There was nothing wrong with it. It was not an unhappy time. But it just was. If the question was 'what was the happiest memory of university?', I have just asked myself this question as I am writing this, lots of memories flood back and I am smiling. It was the freedom, the wider world, and the exploration and discovery of it with friends, the intellectual newness and the challenge – particularly of a degree, engineering, which was very demanding, but through which you gained a real sense of accomplishment.

We did have an English teacher at school, Ms. Foley, quite young, she had been a bit of a radical and student protester at university. There was an unsupervised F-Block class misbehaving in a classroom, next to hers, in the second storey of the Humanities Block. She had been in to tell them to be quiet, twice. The noise levels rose again. We were in her class and watched her storm out to tell them off. We went deathly quiet so we could hear what she was going to say. After she had told them off very loudly, some poor F-Block boy got the giggles and started laughing. She looked at him and said, "If you don't stop laughing, I am going to throw you out of the window." And then she paused for effect and said, "And don't think I haven't done it before." It was very, very funny.

Who was your favourite teacher?

Mrs Garland. She was my F- Block Form Teacher when I first arrived in New Zealand from England. I was so white that my classmates said I needed to keep my legs under the desk so that the glare of the sun was not reflected into their eyes! She taught English and Geography and Maori culture. She collected dactylanthus.

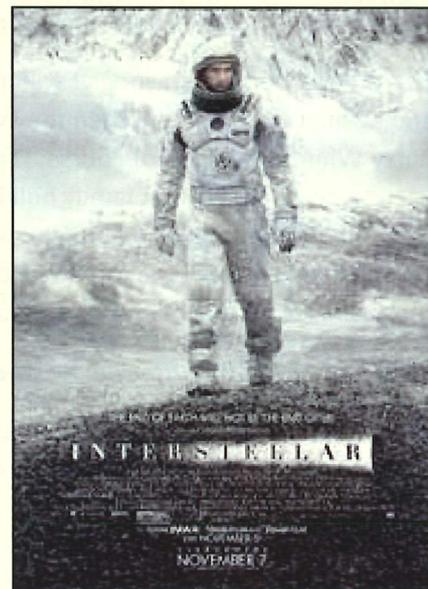
When you were 17, living in New Zealand, what was your favourite thing to do on a week-end?

I went to university when I was 17. I did a lot of cycling with my friends particularly up and over the Port Hills in Christchurch, and around Governors Bay. The road down to the ocean was super steep, with some fantastic corners and bends. It was exhilarating.

What is your favourite film?

I had dinner with some of the music staff recently and we discussed our favourite films and laughed a lot while doing so. I mentioned Flushed Away, which I used to watch endlessly with the kids but, really, I just liked it. And Interstellar which is beautifully filmed, thought-provoking and poignant. There were a whole lot of New Zealand movies from when I was a kid which were important to me, including Goodbye Pork Pie (the original), Patu, Vigil, and, of course, more recently, Hunt for the Wilderpeople.

When you were living away from England in Australia and New Zealand, what images of England lingered in your mind?



My grandfather's garage. Petrol pumps out the front, a big shop full of interesting things, aircraft tyres, tools, old catalogues, ... two big workshops for vehicle and engineering projects, secret rooms, an orchard, old cars, his house and the bungalow, trees to climb. From the time I was seven, I would spend Saturdays with him, pumping petrol, looking after the shop, running errands, helping out. We would go up the Black Mountains and Brecon Beacons, and he would walk barefoot over the hills.



Australia Zoo

What do you miss about Australian and New Zealand culture?

In one sense, it is too early to miss anything. Rugby is immersive, and I was looking forward to being in a busy boarding school. And I have enjoyed it.

The horizon in Australia, the big sky, the vastness of it. My friends. And New Zealand when I was a kid, when anything seemed possible. These are things I carry with me. They don't seem so far away.

Have you ever seen someone wrestle a crocodile?

At Australia Zoo, they are fairly interactive with the crocodiles! In our garden, we have a blue tongue lizard, who I named Lizzie. I first saw its tail protruding from a bush and thought it was a snake, which was not good! But I liked knowing she was around. You mustn't upset them, they will attack! In Perth, we had so many snakes around us, you constantly had to be on the lookout!

You wear very nice suits. Do you remember buying your first one?

You are very kind. I do remember the first really proper suit I bought; it was from Hugo Boss at their store in Auckland, New Zealand. I had just got a new job. It really was an affectation. The suit I really loved, and wore until it wore out, just before coming to Rugby was a 'Working Style Suit' made in New Zealand. Just everything about that suit was great. For fans of the West Wing, it was my 'Tuesday Suit'.

What is your favourite pop music band?

There are a number of songs I will always turn up loud when I hear them, or will want to play again and again. Cold Chisel's 'When the War is Over' is the current go to; Elvis 'If I can Dream'; anything by Barry White; Meatloaf, of course; 'There is a light that never goes out' by The Smiths, which I always used to play in the car on family holidays. I have never really followed bands. Trudi gave me a turntable a couple of years ago and I bought all the albums I had when I was at School (about 5!), my favourite, the most evocative of that time, is Flowers 'Icehouse'. I also have a number of Joy Division Albums, and those singles - 'Transmission', 'Atmosphere', 'Love will Tear us Apart' - are amazing.

What has been your most fun experience travelling in England since your arrival in late summer?

We stayed in Parsons Green in London, on the first Exeat week-end. It was like high summer, blue skies, warm, people outside, just really enjoying themselves, a bit like Australia on a summer's afternoon.

RAIN

ABIGAIL CHAN

I like rain. I find rain poetic and interesting.

As an avid umbrella user myself, I could never understand why nobody else seemed to care as much about the rain as I did. Maybe it's been pushed to the back of people's minds, maybe it's just so normal that people dismiss it like blinking and breathing and just move on. But why do we always ignore the droplets that accompany us all the time?

As Mr. Kurgansky, who used to teach Computer Science at Rugby, brilliantly put, "Rain is water, water is wet, wet laptops break." This email was sent school-wide in Lent of 2024, to not only students but also teachers, and perfectly captures how people prioritise their hair over the survivability of their laptops. It never ceases to amaze me how many people I've seen bring their laptops to their heads as their first instinct, and do not hold any regard for water dripping into internal circuits or expensive hardware. I don't want to go off on a tangent about cracked laptops, but the IT department has had their fair share of wet laptops over the years after particularly bad storms. Many have heard Mr. Kurgansky strictly warn us to use our laptop cases during the first laptop induction, and that replacements for wet laptops will not be ensured, but after the first week, virtually nobody used laptop cases anymore. Perhaps they were heavy or looked ugly, but the heaviest of all would be the hefty laptop compensation added to the school bill.



Are laptops the new umbrellas?



The only thing blazers are good for

I'm sure many people will recognise the feeling when I mention long skirts dragging over wet pavements fresh with rain. Most people wearing skirts will pull them as low as possible over their waists, so it's no surprise when they get snagged on uneven pavements, when people trip over them, or when people step on the trains of cloth draped over stairs when people descend. But most notably of all, I always grimace when I see skirts trail over deep puddles and leave halos of water-soaked cloth sloshing at ankles. I know many who have reported wet pyjama bottoms after a particularly torrential patch of rain, especially when the wind pushes the column of rain so violently it whips the skirts up almost on purpose, drenching socks and leaving puddles in shoes.

By why do people pull their skirts down? I asked a friend of mine, who replied, "I just don't want to look like a Victorian child." (It was a jab at my habit of hiking my skirt up when it

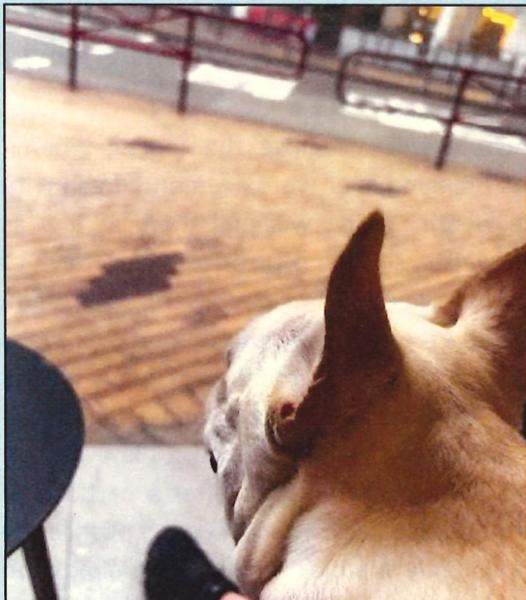
rains, but it's true). Victorian children aside, most people must wear the heavy, thick cerulean wool blazers around every day, and, though the material provides a degree of insulation in the harsh, frosty English winter, when it rains, many have complained that the drenched wool always smells like 'wet dog'. The rain not only weighs the blazer down, but also produces a pungent, uninviting smell: when 20 of those blazers are worn into a single classroom, the air becomes so unbearably stale that, if people could leave, they would. To put it simply, the blazers are nuisances to wear around in the rain, though I suppose they make just as good umbrellas as laptops.

To most people, it's not a big deal when it rains during school hours, and they usually let the raindrops sit on top of their hair and press on. But what does rain truly mean to people? What does rain make people feel? And in a society where being drenched with rain is the norm, where are the people that differ?

To be frank, I quite enjoy the rain. When I see it outside my room with puddles forming on the concrete roof below my window, a part of me wants to push the rational side of my brain away and frolic in the garden like a child. I've built a reputation of hating dirt and mud, but there's just something about the short summer showers that come in a variety pack with rays of sunlight peeking through clouds and the gentle scent of fresh earth and grass that magnetises me towards pulling a hoodie on and lying on the lawn, letting rain graze my face gently unlike the brutish winter storms that whip hair around and splatter on skin.



"I hope sport's cancelled today..."



My dog Ollie, who is watching the rain after insisting on having a walk in horrible conditions

Some people say that rain brings back great memories of childhood and of home. When it gets particularly bad, children get a day off, and I never really minded the storms, as it meant we got a free holiday. My favourite memory, though, has to be when there was a strong typhoon over the weekend, and my dog was getting quite antsy not being able to go on a walk. My dad and I ended up carrying him down the street to a café, where we relaxed and watched the tree sparrows perch under the awning, sheltering from the rain.

Some might think rain in their country is unpredictable and erratic, and some might think rain is rare, and, when it comes, it's a treat. In Hong Kong, where I live, possessing a hot, humid, rainforest-like environment, rain comes often in the wet season, lasting from early summer to mid-autumn. While there are awnings and parasols on larger street markets, most streets are bare save for the giant billboards decorating the sides of skyscrapers, which don't do a very good job of blocking the rain.

This may be the reason why our community has such a reputation of bringing umbrellas everywhere we go, even on the clearest day without a single cloud in the sky: it's understandable up to a point. People start brandishing their umbrellas when a single droplet hits their skin. When there's a crowd of 100 people simultaneously bashing their umbrellas into each other while trying to walk side by side, from a bird's-eye view, it must look like painting a picture with moving pixels.

The umbrella possession habit may stem from the unpredictability of the weather, as, recently, there have been many typhoons passing by this small geographical area. These typhoons bring scorching days at first, even in spring or autumn, and, once the hurricane hits, storms can come perpetually, some winds toppling small children and sending waves hurtling into reporters on piers, earning the top score of 'Typhoon signal number 10'. Wind wouldn't be so bad, if not for the large trees and even 50 stories of scaffolding collapsing onto streets and shattering windows. That, accompanied by the pouring rain that's lashed around by the gales, dismissively bypassing umbrellas and creating fog-like violent environments, turns 'rain and wind' into something potentially deadly. Usually, how much rain scales with the three warnings: amber, red and black, with black being the absolute worst. The immediate aftermath of a typhoon invites reports about floods and landslides, which in turn causes property damage and collapsed, blocked off roads. Usually, the working population and schoolchildren are granted a day off, and people celebrate a relaxing, warm day at home while the storm rages outside windows covered in Xs in masking tape.



Ollie in a raincoat – He's dry, we're wet

'Rain'. The word itself, derived from the old English word '*reġn*', holds a special meaning. A homophone with '*reign*', a word signifying the rule of a sovereign or monarch, the word itself feels regal, powerful, untouchable. A mere word, 'rain', yet it encapsulates the millions of droplets, heavy and jarring, or small and gentle; it evokes puddles lingering on tiles; it summons a sense of the fresh, clean air once its gone, leaving its ghostly evanescent trace. It's always "It's rained," or "It's raining," but never "The droplets of water are falling" or "The puddle of water from the sky".

'Rain' describes the physical phenomenon, the droplets, but also suggests complex feelings, which are mostly melancholy and soulful, suggestive of yearning, connected subconsciously to tears? In e. e. cummings' poem "somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond", the final line is "nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands". The use of "hands" connotes grasping and tenderness, suggesting the rain falling, moving towards us but never quite settling on skin. That's what we do, too, move on, lay the rain aside, pretend it's not quite existing.

When it rains, we might savour the moment every time, put our laptops away, and, momentarily, glimpse how beautiful the little things are.

GREGGS: MORE THAN JUST A TASTY CHICKEN BAKE

GABRIEL NIESLUCHOWSKI

The place we all know, and the place we all love, as British as can be, the one and only ... Greggs! You think 'Greggs' and you think comfort, a welcoming atmosphere, affordable prices, and, of course, sausage rolls. The company has become inseparable from every UK high street, but, beyond its cosy associations and familiar blue signage, what do we know about it? Let me tell you some more. Greggs has a fascinating business and cultural story of growth from a humble Newcastle bakery to a billion-pound British icon.

A Taste of Greggs

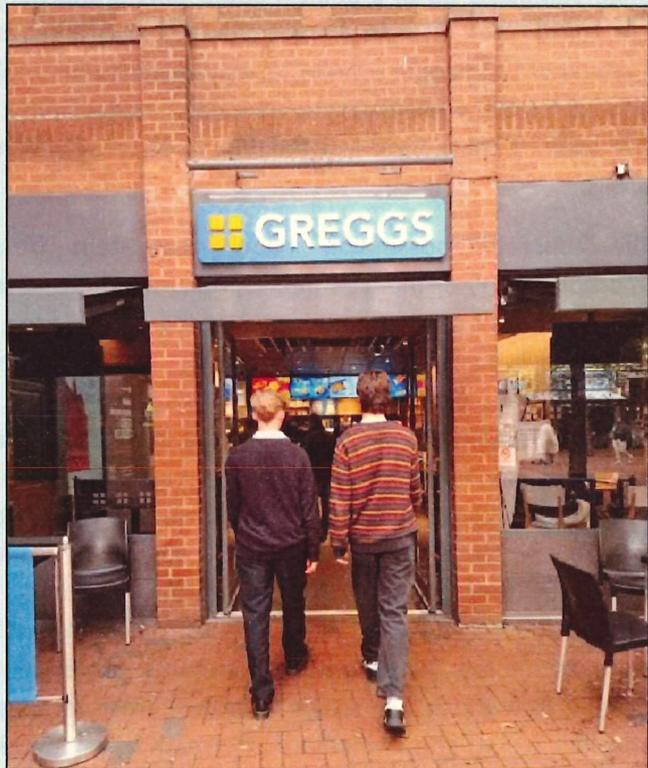
Walking into Greggs gives you a sense of being at home, like coming down for an afternoon snack made by the beloved grandma many of us miss while staying in our boarding houses. The warmth of Greggs is enhanced by its yellow lights and the friendly-feeling variety of people around us: old friends having a cup of coffee, couples, schoolmates, someone just enjoying a coffee or snack. Greggs, situated at the bottom of the high street, is, I feel, a nice spot to sit for a while and take a break from school.

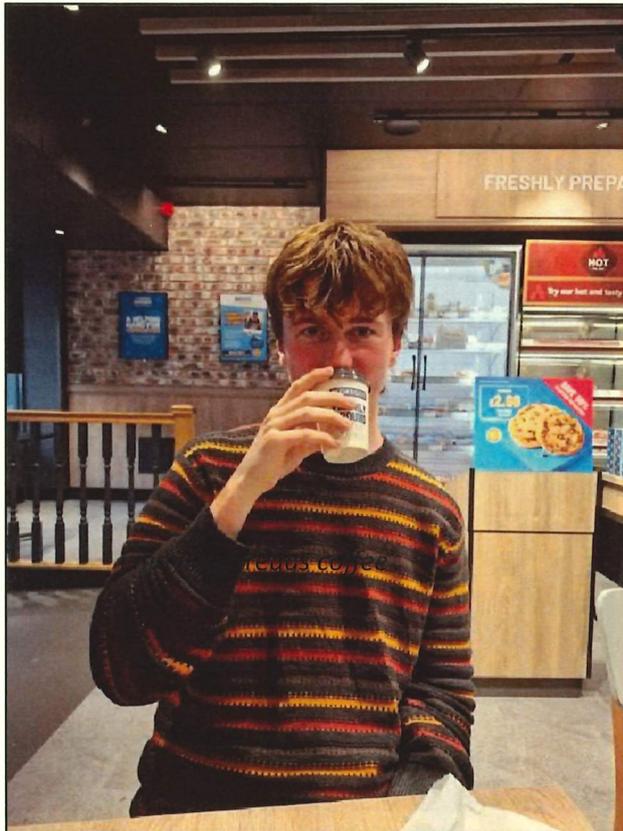
The place isn't big, yet it gives us everything we need, as its food variety ranges from sandwiches to salads to sweeter options like doughnuts and caramel cookies. The price of coffee is below £3 for coffee, and most food items are below £4; an attractive offer is 'the Big Deal', a sandwich, drink, and sweet side for £5. Service usually takes just a minute or two (excellent for rushing about students like us), and, because of the welcoming atmosphere, it doesn't feel a chore to wait in the queue, which is never too long even in the busiest hours. I ordered the basic student deal, a *cappuccino*, the famous sausage roll, and a tasty doughnut: Greggs is excellent for satisfying students' modest expectations at equally modest prices.

A Slice of History

With over 2,000 stores in the UK, it's no wonder Greggs is now much more than just a bakery and is a national institution. When, in 2010, the Conservatives aimed to get elected, the Shadow Chancellor, George Osborne, educated in an elite London private school, slightly absurdly arranged a photo opportunity of him eating a pie outside Greggs: 'man of the people', 'solidly British' was the desired image.

But how did this humble Northern bakery grow into a £1 billion empire?





Gabriel enjoying Greggs coffee

The story begins in Newcastle upon Tyne in 1939, where a man named John Gregg had a simple but powerful idea of delivering fresh eggs and yeast to local families on his pushbike. At a time when Britain stood on the brink of war, this service was more than convenient, it was essential. Twelve years later, he parked his bike, and, in 1951, opened the first Greggs, baking fresh bread and sweet treats on-site, using the same focus on quality and community that had earned him trust during wartime.

When John Gregg passed away in 1964, his son, Ian Gregg, took the reins, assisted by his brother Colin. With a strong vision and business acumen, Ian transformed the modest family bakery into a fast-growing chain. Greggs of Gosforth, the first main factory, opened in the Gosforth Industrial Estate in 1968 and, by the 1970s, Greggs had acquired bakeries across the North East and beyond — Rutherglen (Glasgow), Thurston's (Leeds), and Price's (Manchester) — quietly expanding their footprint with each merger. What made

Greggs stand out was its focus on consistency, affordability, and accessibility: while competitors chased upmarket trends, Greggs stayed rooted in working-class values: decent food, fair prices, and friendly service.

In 2011, the bakery giant celebrated the opening of its 1,500th store in York. Two years later, Greggs transitioned out of the traditional bakery market, reasoning that it couldn't compete with supermarkets and focusing solely on 'food on the go' after discovering that 80% of its business was in that market. Greggs opens earlier and closes later than most cafes, targeting those heading to and from work (or school) and expanding its breakfast menu.

Greggs are both good bakers and smooth marketeers. In 2014, the company was forced to seek help from Google when an image taken from its logo, altered with a parodic fake slogan referring to customers as "scum," appeared in Google search results. The firm's light-hearted response — tweeting Google's official account and offering doughnuts in exchange for fixing the issue — became a lesson in Twitter crisis-management.

They are impressively flexible, too. The 2020 COVID-19 pandemic hit the high



street hard, and Greggs wasn't spared as it was forced to close all its shops: for the first time in decades, profits dipped. But, true to its resilient roots, Greggs adapted quickly, (sausage) rolling out delivery partnerships with Just Eat, expanding click-and-collect services, and opening drive-thru locations. Similarly, in 2022, Greggs achieved another success, opening its largest store inside Primark in Birmingham and releasing a collaborative clothing range called "Greggs X Primark."

Strategy and innovation have been key. Location, for example: by opening in high-footfall areas such as train stations, retail parks, and petrol stations, Greggs maximised visibility and convenience for people on the go. Owning much of its supply chain, Greggs keeps costs low - think the iconic £1.20 sausage roll - ensuring competitive prices even when inflation drives up wages, energy, and raw material costs. The introduction of the vegan sausage roll attracted new customers without alienating its loyal base.



Hector at Greggs

There are few experiences more quintessentially British than taking a friend to Greggs on a chilly afternoon. Few friends are more prepared for the occasion than Hector Pearce, a true enthusiast of British delicacies and someone who is more familiar with it than me, as I am a student coming from abroad. On arrival, he did not disappoint, approaching the counter with the calm assurance of a man about to dine at The Ritz.

Hector, with studied deliberation, selected the sausage, bean and cheese melt and coffee. After one contemplative sip, he stylishly described the coffee as *"a triumph of warmth over bitterness."* When his melt arrived, he inspected it as if judging an art exhibition. The first bite was followed by a solemn pause, then a quiet nod: *"Soft-centred and defiantly British."* Yes, 'defiantly'. Like every good friend,



we exchanged a bite from each other's meal. His verdict on the sausage roll was, *"When I bit into it heard a faint whisper on the wind say, 'This is your destiny'.* With the melt, he admired *"the subtle interplay of bean and cheese."*

Perhaps a certain snobbery lingers around Greggs? That's worth dismissing. A visit, if you have never been, might make you sense why it holds a special place in British culture.



FEM. SOC.: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT

BEE ASKIN

In March, I was discussing the Feminist exhibition that Fem. Soc. organised with a group of peers from my year. A boy from this group posed a question, 'Why would I come to that?'

Another boy from the group responded, 'Why wouldn't you?'

'Because I am not a feminist,' the first boy replied.

I asked him if he felt that he and myself had equal rights. He was slightly taken aback. This made me realise that the term 'feminism' is heavily misunderstood, misinterpreted and easily and unfairly mocked.

The word 'feminism' was first used by French philosopher and socialist Charles Fourier in 1837. His definition referred to '*feminine qualities or character*'. This term gained traction in the late 19th century, where it became associated with the movement for women's rights and equality as 'First Wave' feminism established itself. 'First Wave' refers to the struggle for fundamental legal and political rights for women which most notably culminated when women were given equal voting rights as men under the Representation of the People (Equal Franchise) Act of 1928.

For many boys at Rugby School there is an unhelpful stereotype around 'feminism' and an odd sense of what will be assumed about them if they attended Fem. Soc.

Last November, I attended Fem. Soc. for the first time as a new Stanley LXX. Not entirely knowing what to expect at the time, I was open-minded. Jade Okunubi (Deputy Head of School 24-25 and fellow Stanley girl) was the leader. She led us through fascinating discussion surrounding the inauguration of Donald Trump, who had just been elected on the 6th of November. Naturally, the conversation evolved to talk about who would be disappointed with the result. His policies were discussed at length, and we also talked about his policies surrounding the reproductive rights of women. The conversation was highly political and invigorating.

It was not just chit-chat about how hard we, as girls, were finding life and our hatred of the other gender (which is what often seems presumed by those who have never attended).

Having been at an all-girls school from the age of 7 – 16, I was always surrounded by constant 'girl power'. In many ways, I can see now that this environment shielded me from harsher forms of sexism, although I wasn't completely immune and still experienced small amounts growing up.

Moments I reflect on which made me realise there was difference in treatment between men and women, boys and girls, would often be when with older generations. For example, the time a great uncle told me to '*Get back to the kitchen, because that is what you are good at*'. Whilst he said it in jest (and after a couple glasses of red wine), the premise still stood. When my brother and I would go to see my grandparents, there would be a pattern in our activities: my brother, who is the year below me (currently LXX), would sit and chat with my grandad, whilst I was taught to arrange bunches of



Fem. Soc. supporting students in Chapel



My Grandma, Susan

flowers and lay the table with my grandma. (I now, nevertheless, regard flower arranging as a skill of mine so am actually grateful for this experience!)

When I got slightly older, I went fishing with my dad and my grandad (his dad) accompanied us. It was a lovely afternoon despite no fish being caught. When we arrived home, my grandma had left me a note on how to serve the lunch for the 'boys'. The 'boys' being 76 and 42 years of age. When I write this, it is not out of criticism of my grandma, who I love dearly, it is from observation about how gender patterns cut deep and reveal themselves in minor-seeming situations. Girls reading this piece who have brothers may have experienced something similar: the boy says something rude, which, somehow, is met with raucous laughter, but, if you had said such a thing, isn't it likely the reaction would have been very different?

Following my reflection on these experiences, I spoke to my grandma on my mum's side (who we comically call 'Baba') to see if the reasoning for the behaviour on my dad's side was age-related. When I asked her what 'feminism' meant to her, she said, *'It's about opportunity. Positive discrimination suggests there is a need to be helped. It should be the best person for the job not based on gender'*.

I agree with her: that is true equality. My grandma Susan/Baba was an only child, and her mother owned her own hairdressers in the 1930s. This was rare, for a woman to own her own business so early in the 20th century. When Susan (my grandma) spoke of Alice (my great grandma), there was a tangible sense of pride as we discussed Alice's fierce and progressive personality. I think it is quite self-explanatory that those we grow up with influence our attitudes, but, when my grandma spoke to me about her views on feminism, I really sensed the impact her strong mother had upon her. My grandma is an inspiring and very generous woman. Very shortly after having my mum, she returned to work, where she had a key role in social care, where she helped the lives of many young children, having a profound impact on many people's lives.

Susan is married to Victor, my grandfather. He had two sisters and came from a family that was generationally matriarchal. They went on to have three daughters, who are all empowered individuals. Growing up in this household was very influential on my mum, who went on to be a partner in a law firm, a law firm where more partners were called Andrew than there were female partners.

I think it is silly for any woman not to feel passionately about feminism. Why would you not want equal opportunity and rights as the other 50% of the world? But I care not because, as a 17-year-old girl in 2025, I am limited massively in my rights or opportunities, I care because there are so many women all over the world who have such little freedom, at the hands of men. As girls at Rugby, we are fortunate to have the education, choices, and voices we have, and we should aim to use them to help other less fortunate women. Look at Afghanistan where women have faced increased and

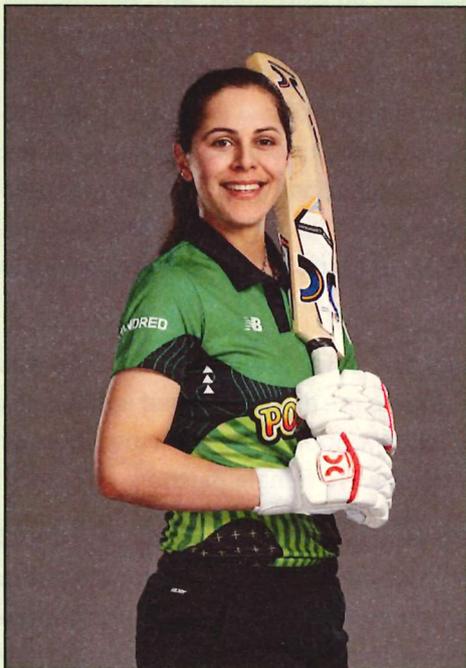
institutionalised restriction since the Taliban returned to power in August 2021. Young girls are being banned from secondary and higher education, which will have a detrimental impact for years to come. We have a responsibility not to be oblivious to such issues, happening with women all over the globe, and Fem. Soc. is a place for learning more about such things.

Fem. Soc. Opens your eyes in new areas. Towards the end of last year, we had a very interesting meeting led by Celste Oki- Wood and Ivany Mebou Talla (Fem. Soc.'s current leaders). The conversation centred around 'Incel Culture'. For those unaware of this, it refers to an online culture of people – mostly heterosexual men – who describe themselves as 'involuntarily celibate', which means they feel they are unable to find romantic or sexual partners despite wanting to and they often blame women, society or other men for their situation. The conversation was prompted after the release of the Netflix series 'Adolescence', directed by Phillip Barantini. I listened, learned, and found the discussion thought-provoking.



Miss Giraldo, teacher affiliated with Fem. Soc.

What does Miss Giraldo, Spanish teacher and the teacher affiliated with Fem. Soc., want from the society? On duty in Stanley one night, she explained that she hopes Fem. Soc. raises awareness that the issues discussed concern not only women: her aim is, for every year that Fem. Soc. runs, to squash the stereotypes of feminism for at least three boys. She is aspirational that, this year, one of the leaders will be a boy!



Maia Bouchier (Bradley), English cricketer and Rugby alumni.

In the Fem. Soc. chapel talks, which happened in the week of International Women's Day, we spoke about inspirational female alumni from Rugby, such as cricketer Maia Bouchier. Fem. Soc. is a space for conversations for all to be involved in, it is not an exclusive place where girls of Rugby school complain about the boys. We have interesting topical discussion, for example, most recently, our discussion of 'Women in sport', hosted in Kilbracken, was very interesting, as input from both genders, across year groups, made for eye-opening debate. Find new perspectives and conversations on Tuesday at 5.00 p.m., week B: whether it's from conviction or curiosity, come to Fem. Soc., as we would love to see you there!

“YOU GOTTA ROLL WITH IT”: OASIS, 1990s TO 2025

SOPHIE GEDYE

Oasis: the ultimate karaoke anthem and timeless disco tune. With their music making a comeback at concerts and festivals, it feels like a wave of nostalgia is reaching a whole new generation. Their biggest tracks might have been overplayed to the point where you can predict the lyrics before the first chord ends, yet somehow, you never get sick of the songs. The cross-the-age-gap energy that followed Oasis on their tour this year shows why they are loved by generation after generation: early 90s to 2025, old and new hearts feel captivated. I, personally, was glad that Oasis’s music returned to the stage, rather than having more recent fans only know it through Spotify and party tracks. That said, the thought of paying up to £250 for a ticket seems a bit steep, so I’ll leave that one to the die-hard fans.



For context, Oasis originated in 1991 when the band, called ‘The Rain’, comprised Paul (Guigsy) McGuigan, Paul (‘Bonehead’) Arthurs, Tony McCarroll, and Liam Gallagher. Noel Gallagher was invited to join, becoming song-writer and leader, with the name changing to Oasis.

They have performed 1,033 gigs in total and performed for an estimated 4 to 5 million people over their Live ’25 tour alone. The well-known ‘Britpop’ era is loved by many. For the uninitiated, The Battle of Britpop consisted predominantly of rivalry between Blur, Suede, Oasis, and Pulp, reaching a climax in 1995 when the contest for no.1 in the charts between the simultaneously released Blur’s ‘Country House’ and Oasis’s ‘Roll with it’ made headline news (Blur won, acrimoniously). It was a 1990s British cultural movement that influenced fashion, art, and politics, with Prime Minister Tony Blair and New Labour even aligning themselves with the movement: Noel Gallagher famously drank champagne and chatted in 10 Downing Street. Oasis sure knows how to keep their fans on their toes: to announce their 2025 comeback, they made a post on Instagram with only a date in golden letters: 27.08.24. This left fans with weeks of speculation to follow, to then be blessed by the news of an upcoming tour the following summer.



Iconic brothers, Liam and Noel Gallagher

This summer, I was lucky enough to witness the world premiere of Britpop classical, which is a live musical project led by Blur’s bassist Alex James. It was the headlining act on the Sunday at the *Big Festival* in the Cotswolds in August. Compared to the previous acts of *Faithless*, *Rizzle Kicks* and *Nelly Furtado*, the crowd that Britpop Classic attracted was heavily contrasting. It featured a full symphony orchestra performing re-



Britpop festival

imagined hit songs, including all the Oasis bangers, and featured many special guests. Hearing these songs live showed how glorified the band has become, and how years later every single lyric is being belted by everyone in the crowd. From oldies to toddlers, everyone was dancing along to the songs that were either bringing back memories or creating new ones.

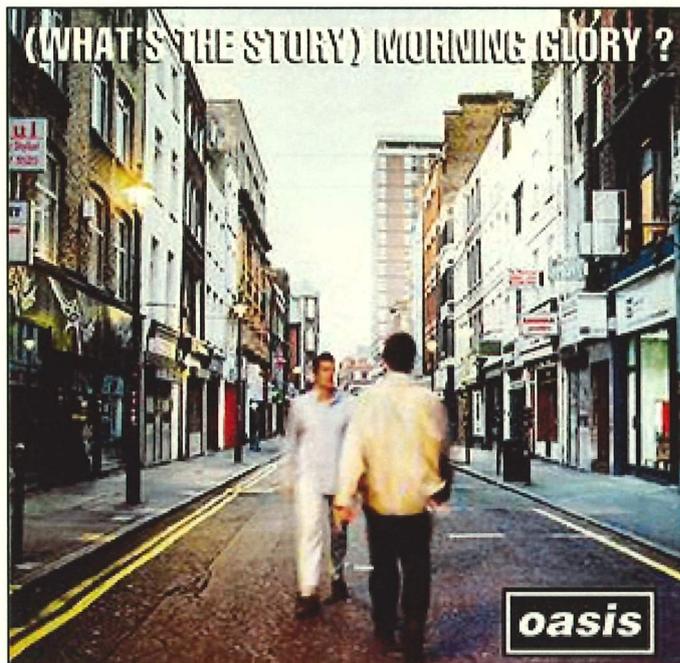
Both the earliest and most recent memories I have of Oasis are the family road-trips we take to the Pembrokeshire coast in Wales. My dad blasts the tunes from his childhood to pass

the time, trying to “educate” my brother and I on what he believed was the culturally significant music of the time. ‘*She’s electric*’ is one of the songs he loves. ‘*Half the world away*’ is a personal favourite that he has introduced me to. I’ve noticed your parents’ taste in music deeply influences your own, notably my brother’s playlist, which consists mainly of Oasis, Blur and the Stereophonics: the ‘*dad music*’. One thing I like about Oasis and their well-known songs is that you know the party won’t be finishing soon if ‘*Don’t look back in anger*’ or ‘*Wonderwall*’ haven’t played yet, and its these memories you make with your friends that stick with you for a long time.

To get a first-hand view of what it is like to be at an Oasis concert and to hear these legendary songs in person, I interviewed Mr Rennoldson, Computer Science teacher, who went to the Cardiff concert this summer.

For context, I asked him whether he remembered his very first contact with Oasis. He explained, “*We used to travel to Ipswich to see family friends, the older of the two daughters had a collection of records that included ‘Definitely Maybe’ and ‘What’s the Story Morning Glory’.* She let me record both onto cassette tape. It went from there, listening to music on headphones was so much better in many ways. The second album was released around 1995 so I’d have likely been 11 or 12. I wondered which was the first Oasis concert he went to. “*Shepherd’s Bush Empire, London, October 8th 2001. I spent a whole morning on the phone trying the ticket office when tickets were released but it didn’t work out. It was a massive disappointment as a couple of friends got lucky. Just before the gig, they got in contact to say they couldn’t make it so I ended travelling with my dad. I remember the rain was torrential and it seemed like we queued for hours to get in. It’s a tiny venue in comparison to a stadium, only about 2,000 standing so the atmosphere was incredible. Dad likes his music so he was more than happy.*” The 1990s popularity of Oasis is comparable to the sensational effect of The Beatles on 1960s teenagers, so I asked Mr Rennoldson what, personally, as a teenager, made him feel connected to the band? “*It was the sound that seemed a natural progression for guitar music, at least from my perspective. The Beatles, Queen, Oasis. Being young, I didn’t really have access to as much music as I would have liked. The band were carefree and anti-establishment, they were down-to-earth people who were having a lot of fun. There was a lot to admire from a teenage perspective.*”

Back to Cardiff. Being lucky enough to have gone to their second concert of the tour after getting tickets through a pre-sale, Mr Rennoldson spoke about the rush to get tickets whilst he and a few friends were all gathered around their laptops and phones at one of their houses. His enthusiasm felt tangible as he spoke about how he first discovered the band and what drew him to their music. From the age of around 10, he grew up hearing Oasis in their home city. He first saw Oasis when they were known as a working-class Manchester band, describing how people used to be fans simply because they liked



the music, not just trying to get tickets because of the novelty that now surrounds them. The reason they were able to get onto the pre-sale was that they were on a mailing list from years ago, so they are clearly long-time fans.

In terms of the concert itself, one word to summarise Mr Rennoldson's experience is "euphoric". The audience was very mixed in terms of different ages but "it didn't matter who you bumped into as everyone was really friendly and were all there for the same reason". He described how the massive build-up for the concerts from Oasis themselves and excited fans meant that your expectations for what it would be like were sky-high, especially following past conflicts between the two

Gallagher brothers. Despite this worry, Mr Rennoldson asserted that the concert was "without a doubt, one of the best days of my life" and that it was "everything that you would expect, and more". He says, "a lot of it was driven by nostalgia", as he has seen the band live five or six times before: previous concert experience, though, didn't take away from the wonder of this concert in the slightest. In response to my challenging question of whether Oasis are over-rated, Mr Rennoldson, once he had returned from leaving the room in shock, stated that a jaded feeling might explain such a viewpoint, as certain songs, such as 'Wonderwall' and 'Champagne Supernova', have just been "played so much that you get a bit tired of it".

How different do Oasis sound when in concert versus hearing them through your average streaming platform? I can imagine hearing them in person would make a fan love them even more. "Compared to turning the volume fully up in the car or on your headphones, the emotions you feel are similar", but it's the intense atmosphere created that make seeing a band live so special. Mr Rennoldson's favourite song? *Cigarettes and Alcohol*. His experience highlights just how special it is to witness an iconic band like Oasis perform live, something that no Spotify playlist or school disco can replicate.

Love them or loathe them, there's no denying Oasis have cemented themselves as the soundtrack to countless nights out, road trips, and questionable karaoke performances. Whether you're belting out 'Wonderwall' like you wrote it yourself, or rolling your eyes at yet another Gallagher fall-out – a flying tambourine; a walk-out of a make-or-break American tour ostensibly to look for a house to buy; a brawl with a police officer in Munich; a spat over a leather jacket; a guitar being wielded back stage 'like an axe' ... - Oasis have a strange way of uniting (and dividing) people like few other bands can. So, whether you're a lifelong fan clutching your bucket hat or a reluctant listener hearing your friends put on 'Don't Look Back in Anger' for the fifth time that hour, one thing is for sure, Oasis never truly left.

HOSPITALITY TURNS HOSTILE: THE ASYLUM-SEEKERS HOTEL CONTROVERSY

FREDDIE BENNETT

don't think it is a surprise to anyone to hear this proposition: the UK has an overcrowding and housing problem whilst we are simultaneously processing the claims of many asylum-seekers, some legal and some illegal, which involves using private hotels in local communities as accommodation.

The number of asylum-seekers in hotels is up 8% since June 2024, and some people feel they have had enough. For example, the official figure for the number of asylum-seekers who arrived in the UK in October 2024 alone is 5,187 small boats, almost all of whom requested asylum. This is a hot topic around England at the moment, dividing the country's people and fuelling heated debates across communities: whether to check asylum-seekers in, or check them out. To be hospitable, or hostile.

That UK statistically has an overcrowding problem, due to the lack of permanent residences for all the people entering the country, has led the Home Office to lease private hotels as temporary residences: this gives essential living needs to desperate people while long-term solutions are – apparently, we are told - being created elsewhere. The Home Office handles everything for asylum-seekers, which they think is benevolence, trying to help asylum-seekers in the best way they can. The government are predominantly using hotels in Somerset, the southeast and the northwest. They make contracts with the owners of the hotel for all rooms to be filled, for over a year in most cases, which is excellent business for the hotels, and it houses everyone coming in and makes the asylum-seekers happy, so it seems to be a winning situation for all parties in that logistical respect.

Of course, some people oppose this, but the majority think it is a temporary solution that won't work forever. This is shown through a recent YouGov poll that found that 71% of voters believe that Keir

Starmer is handling the asylum hotel issue badly. There is a widespread perception that billions have been wasted on the approach. As the ferocious controversy indicates, it obviously isn't an ideal solution, to put it mildly, as hotels are a very expensive form of temporary residency, and, due to the backlog of asylum chains, the asylum-seekers are staying in these temporary residences for a longer period than anticipated, costing the government more than, some feel, can be reasonably expected. There are also social concerns about the presence of large



Owner of the hotel in Cornwall

numbers of asylum-seekers, as exemplified in the case of Hadush Gerberslasie Kebatu, an Ethiopian migrant and convicted sex offender in the UK, who was supposed to be sent to a deportation centre after his actions, but he was mistakenly released, which caused national upset.

Naturally, there is forceful opposition to this solution from the local communities who have no choice but to accommodate asylum-seekers with some hotel owners declining the requests of the government to, as they see it, preserve their communities.

This list includes John Mappin from the Camelot Castle Hotel in Tintagel, Cornwall. Mappin, “refusing to house migrants”, reportedly turned down a £20 million deal from the government. He said the offer was for 'full occupancy' of his hotel on a 'rolling contract', which he felt could last up to a decade. He claimed that, despite the eye-watering sums involved, he had no regrets about rejecting the offer. This way of thinking is becoming increasingly more common as more asylum-seekers arrive, as some people respond in a way which they feel shows respect towards the integrity of their local community. Other hotel owners are concerned, they claim, about the safety of the asylum-seekers and the staff of the hotels, arguing that housing large groups of asylum seekers in hotels could lead to safety issues and conflict. They argue that hotels are not designed for communal living or long-term accommodation of vulnerable populations. There is concern about both the safety of residents and staff, although actual incidents are rare. Some notorious examples include the instance at the Suites Hotel (February 2023) which was a far-right protest turned riot when police vans were set on fire, missiles were thrown, and there were multiple arrests. There were also riots at the Holiday Inn Express, Rotherham (August 2024) where rioters attacked the hotel with bricks and fire extinguishers.

Closer to home, Warwickshire has been a highly utilised county for housing asylum-seekers. Based on reports from Warwickshire World and other news sources, the Dunchurch Park Hotel in Dunchurch, near Rugby, has been used to house asylum-seekers since late 2022. The situation has involved ongoing controversy and developments, particularly concerning the installation of temporary accommodation pods in the hotel grounds. In early 2022, the owners of Dunchurch Park Hotel abruptly closed the business and entered a contract with the Home Office and the company Serco to accommodate asylum-seekers. As part of this deal, the hotel installed 40 of these pods in their car park to increase their accommodation. The pods were installed without prior planning permission from the Rugby Borough council, who unanimously voted to reject their application in November 2022. This argument went on for a year, ending in the hotel owners appealing and ultimately being allowed to keep the pods. This was passed in November of 2023, dubbing the Dunchurch Park Hotel a sort of stronghold for asylum seekers in these years.

In Warwickshire more generally, asylum-seekers face a mix of support, concern, and political conflict, with focus on the controversial legal case of two Afghan men accused of rape in July 2025. The two men pleaded not guilty in court, and a trial date was set for January 2026. It was felt that there were no properly careful background checks on the asylum-seekers. The government claims stronger vetting now applies, with required DBS checks for staff and stricter contractual rules for those managing asylum housing.



Talbot Hotel in Leominster



Defenders of asylum-seekers, such as the Independent Chief Inspector of Borders and Immigration, John Tuckett, highlight the poor living conditions where asylum-seekers are placed, such as hotels and barges, and point to how this housing method prevents them from working and becoming functioning people in society, rather than being treated as

animals stuck in cages. They say the organisations housing them treat them with no compassion or dignity, keeping them stuck in a cycle rather than helping them integrate. Politically, there has been scepticism about the Conservatives' Rwanda plan, championed by Rishi Sunak, which has been abandoned, at great expense: it was seen by the Labour Party as unjust, ineffective and potentially unlawful, partly because, they claim, asylum-seekers would not get the same rights and protection as elsewhere.

What do I, personally, make of all of this?

I disagree with critics of the Rwanda scheme, as, although the asylum-seekers would gain first world amenities in the UK, it's simply not feasible – politically, socially, logistically, financially – that so many asylum-seekers can be accommodated, as now happens, on this small island. Yes, asylum-seekers are in a terrible situation so should be helped, but we can't help all of them: the answer could be use of willing countries with asylum systems to prevent, or at least, slow the influx, as coming to Britain would be significantly disincentivized.



How far should Britain open its doors to asylum-seekers? For how long can Britain afford to stick to the present policy? How many more families are going to be stuck in limbo, with their children growing up in dingy hotel rooms and local communities having to wrestle with this change?

What do you think? If you were an owner of a hotel and was approached by the government, tasked to house asylum-seekers for an unknown period, would you be hospitable, or hostile?

5 FABULOUS (AND QUESTIONABLE) YEARS OF BRADLEY FASHION

MUNA NWABUEZE

Fashion, like history, unfolds in phases. Something that was once considered socially acceptable becomes outdated in the blink of an eye. Looking back on pictures from FB, I realise how different my taste was: it seems as though my wardrobe from the past has become a time-capsule of who I once was.

So first, let's unpack a 5-year fashion history of Bradley's XX.



2021-2022 – Puffer nation

2021 undeniably marked the year of the North Face puffer jackets. For when those frosty winter evenings hit and we gathered on The Close (now a similar rite-of-passage for the FB), North Face became a sign of warmth but also belonging. Parallel to this iconic piece, 2021 was also dominated by eyeliner thick and unapologetic. Juicy bottoms also made a few appearances here and there, blending new beginnings with a flash from the past Last but not least, the iconic Urban Outfitters josie top – spotted at every disco, drink swap and town trip: an instant classic.

XX dressed up for House Singing – proof that house competitions can still be stylish

2022-2023 – Brandy Takeover

2022 marked the takeover of the Brandy Melville. With one item in particular - the striped jumper. It slowly became a statement piece of its own, which was owned by almost everyone in at least one colour. Footwear was also a big craze during this era with the constant battle between Uptempos and Adidas forums used as a way to show off one's style.

Of course, every outfit was never complete without accessories. We had Bijoux de Mimi earrings which adorned each and every ear, regardless of the many teachers telling you, 'Those are too dangly'. Babble and goose also rose in popularity, especially the Allegra joggers and its different variations.

And finally, the Slazenger skorts... Something we Bradley girls are not so proud to reveal about our past fashion choices were the Slazenger skorts we wore with nearly every outfit. Will it make a comeback? We hope not!

2023-2024 – The streetwear scene

Nothing screamed 2023 more than STUSSY. It was absolutely everywhere. A hoodie, t-shirt, jeans, you name it, someone had it. ADWYSD (always do what you should do) had its own breakthrough, too, appearing as a fan favourite. Small scarves manifested their way into everyday outfits, adding a touch of colour and individuality to everyone's outfits.

2024-2025 – That one ZARA top

Boots in all their forms - Cowboy boots, UGGs, slouch boots, black or brown – had a major impact last year and could potentially still be having one looking towards the future. We saw leopard print blend its way into almost everything, showing that there is still hope for trends that have died out: if fashion does one thing, it fluctuates.

Minka dink tops and the jeans with the red/white stitching slowly crept their way onto the list, finding itself surprisingly as some of the most spotted clothing look in Bradley. *That one Zara top* that many people seemed to own, as well as the Zara padded jacket rose in popularity.

2025... The rise of low rise?

Right now, we see a range of different fashion trends. Belts of all shapes and sizes, Hollister jumpers and tops, pinstriped and horizontal striped trousers are everywhere. Could this year possibly mark the reintroduction of low rise and is it here to stay for good?

In my opinion, if there is one clothing item I have noticed has remained in fashion throughout the entirety of my time at Rugby, it has to be the Urban Outfitters Harri joggers. Chances are if you don't own one, you're most definitely borrowing one. Other honourable mentions from my time at Rugby include the American flag jumper from Brandy Melville, Toms trunks...

Now, this isn't to say that if you don't own all of these items, you must go and add them to your next shopping cart (though, if you want use this as inspiration for your next clothes shop, no-one is stopping you).

Intervista!

Following this deep dive into Bradley's fashion history, I thought it would be interesting to look at today's fashion. Rather than just looking back on our past, I wanted to hear from current Bradley members outside of XX about their takes on fashion and what inspires them to dress the way they do. Bradley rocks, it seems to me, as one of the best dressed houses.



Cece Marriott-Clarke mastering the art of looking effortlessly cool

First, I put Libby Barber and Cece Marriott-Clarke on the spot.

Cece revealed that her biggest fashion inspiration comes from micro-influencers on TikTok whose everyday style appears authentic and unique. Rather than trying too hard with overly complex outfits she said she preferred a more relaxed style. Her own style leans towards comfortable and effortless pieces over anything too formal.

Libby disclosed that her fashion inspiration comes from watching Emma Chamberlain's YouTube videos, with her wardrobe being influenced by Chamberlain's vintage and edgy aesthetic. She also finds herself inspired by Olivia Neill and her effortless blend of streetwear with other statement pieces. Want to

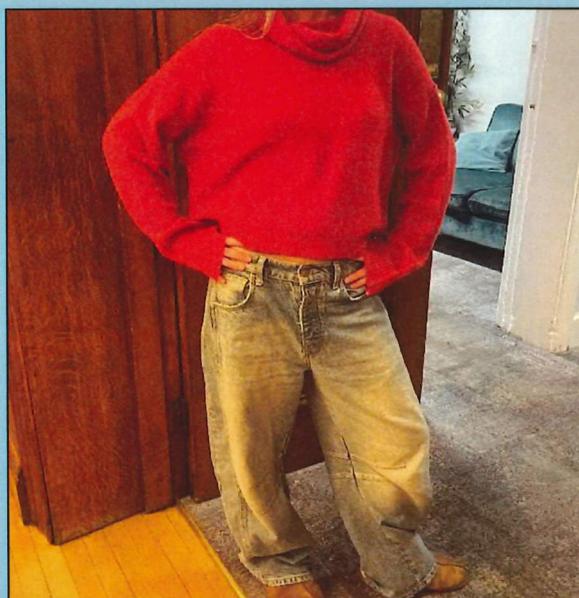
find out more about Emma Chamberlains fashion? Search: '23-Year-Old Emma Chamberlain Is A Style Icon In Her Own Right.'

I've interviewed the Bradley bright young things of 2025, but was fashion like for our teachers as teenagers? My curiosity got the better of me so I asked Bradley's Hm, Mrs Dow, what her fashion style was when she 18.

Mrs Dow!

One of her go-to outfits was a vest top with a thick strap, paired with an unbuttoned shirt over the top to complete the look. Outfits could never go wrong with a pair of Levi's 501 jeans, the ultimate denim staple (check the original t.v. advert on YouTube if you want to feel breathless for a minute or so). 501s went naturally with pair of converses: Mrs Dow – get ready for this shock scoop, *Quod* readers - even revealed she owned a pair of Wonder Woman shoes! Opening up further, she told me she was quite a fan of white eyeshadow. Go, Mrs Dow!

But what about formal occasions? Sometimes a velvet blazer would do the trick. There was also a craze for taffeta, especially in bright colours. Blocky heels, or just any shoes, from Barrats were to die for. Accessories? Necklaces on leather cords were a big thing.



Confident, comfortable and fantastic outfit from Libby Barber



The Bradley Men

I couldn't finish this article without shining a light on men's fashion. Fortunately, Mr Parker and Dr Nelson were happy to share a little bit about their fashion choices when they were in Year 13. Dr Nelson shared that he went through a Hawaiian shirt phase, something which seemed to be very popular at the time (and perhaps hinted a longing for a permanent summer holiday). Mr Parker told us that, when he was 18 years old, his go-to fashion items were baggy jeans, chinos, a Superdry coat and Adidas shoes.

Hearing about Mrs Dow's, Dr Nelson's and Mr Parker's 18 year-old fashion choices reminded me that every generation will have their own perception of what is stylish and what is not. Like the Bradley girls, just choose it and carry it off with confidence.



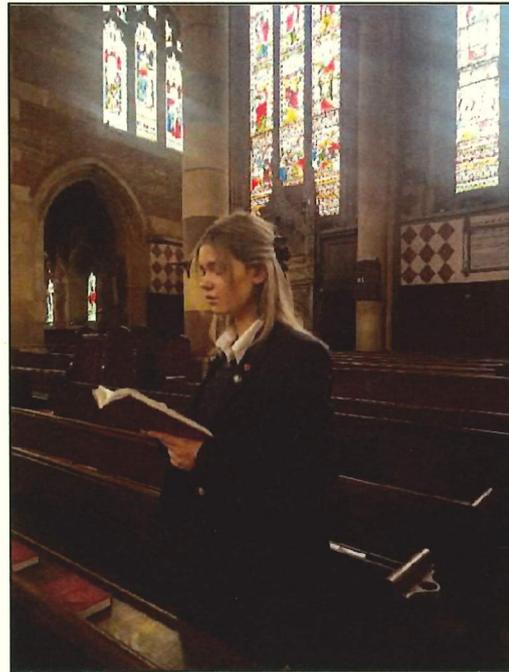
“AT RUGBY SCHOOL WE LOVE TO SING”

LILY-ROSE PITCHER

The routine of Chapel is an integral part of the Rugby School experience. Three or four times a week, we non-choristers rise early from our beds, walk past the Heads of School by King's Oak, and nestle into our respective pews. A highlight of Chapel is, of course, the hymns. What better way is there to begin your Wednesday morning than hymn practice?

Upon suggesting the appeal of hymn practice as the topic for my first *Quod* article, Dr. Sutcliffe seemed intrigued by Southfield's apparent enthusiasm. After indulging in a deep dive of the School's online archives, I discovered that former Chaplain, Mr. Horner, had stated, in a similar vein, that "hymn practice is surprisingly popular" in a 2006 edition of *Meteor*. What makes hymn practice such a "surprisingly" enjoyable occasion? Why does it matter?

Although I had sung hymns at my previous school and was thus familiar with a few of the tunes that we sing at Rugby, the way Chapel and hymn practice operate here is certainly different in some respects. When I arrived in F Block, I was amazed by the overwhelming presence and volume of the congregation. I also remember the shock of singing hymns wholly in Latin: although it took some adjusting, it seems that 'Floreat Rugbeia' can now be sung off-by-heart by the entirety of my year.



Lily-Rose enjoying hymn practice

It certainly isn't difficult to determine which hymns people class as 'bangers', as organist Mr. Williams likes to call them. The school's enjoyment of a particular hymn is made abundantly clear through the great volume and enthusiasm with which the congregation sings. To produce a definitive list of which hymns are *truly* the best, I asked the following members of the XX their three favourites.

Daisy Donne, Tudor: 'Love divine, all loves excelling'; 'Abide with me'; 'Jerusalem'.

Daisy is a member of the choir so not a regular hymn practice aficionado. 'Jerusalem' (which will become apparent as a common choice, it also being *my* personal favourite), she traces back to her love of Catherine Tate's sketch in which the comedian and her children attempt to enjoy some gooseberry and cinnamon yoghurt.

Sophie Gedye, Southfield: 'Liberame domine'; 'I vow to thee my country'; 'To be a pilgrim'.

I was eager to interview a member of my own house on their choice of hymns, as our year in Southfield are notorious beltors. Sophie's choice of 'Liberame domine' seems to resonate with other members of Southfield, as we all adore this hymn from the Remembrance service, and practising it in the days leading up to it.

Amory Vanderbrook, Cotton: 'I vow to thee my country'; 'Jerusalem'; 'Zion, City of our God'.

Sophie pointed me in the direction of Cotton House – winners of the prestigious House Singing competition for four years running – for my next subject to interview as they are notoriously loud singers, although this may be a biased viewpoint considering Southfield sit right next to them in chapel. Amory likes history so this might partly explain why he likes 'I vow to thee my country' with its poignant World War One associations.

Me, Lily-Rose: 'Jerusalem'; 'I cannot tell why He whom angels worship'; 'Floreat Rugbeia'.

The unsung hero and backbone of hymn practice, and indeed of chapel itself, is Mr Williams, who I discovered is in his seventeenth year of playing the organ here at Rugby! 'Abide with me', you might say.

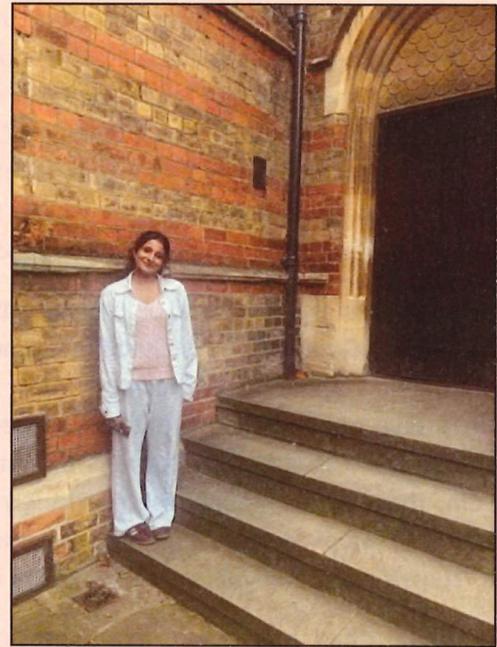
Although he declined to name any favourite hymns, comparing this to naming a favourite student, he helped in my pursuit of a definitive list of the best hymns by outlining what he believes makes a good hymn. He says that the best hymns are the ones that "hit the time of year and the mood of the School, and even the time of day, as evening services have a different vibe to morning services." It seems difficult to exactly state why a particular hymn resonates on one particular day – it just clicks. This somewhat inexplicable nature of a good hymn seems to something unique to the location of Chapel.

Would Mr Williams like sometimes to be in the congregation, singing along? After chuckling, he said he thinks he would be bored, and that the organist playing instead of him would have to be good! The experience would either be "really frustrating or amazing, one or the other." I was also interested to discover that the music he plays after the end of each service is wholly improvised, cleverly intertwining certain melodies from the singing. He prides himself of being very aware of his surroundings, of the mood of the service, a key skill creating the instrumental to which we exit.

Although it seems unlikely that the School now would need encouragement to sing well in Chapel, Mr. Williams referred to a funny anecdote from when former director of music, Mr. Tanner, first joined the school. To liven up hymn practice, students would do a Mexican wave! He looks forward to the "next challenge", a greater variety of hymns, perhaps, as now "we don't need to be any louder." He specifically cites the first hymn practice of this academic year, in which the congregation created a "wall of sound". Other highlights from his time as organist include when donkeys were led in through the back door by students who looked after them for 360 and they "made a mess down the aisle"; also, Mr Horner's famed throwing of sweets and chocolate into the crowd (we, of course, don't remember the moral message here).

The other crucial leader of hymn practice is Miss Taylor, who leads the event with great enthusiasm and skill. She emphasized how hymn practice creates a strong sense of community. Although she said it is hard to put one's finger on how exactly what this feeling *is*, Miss Taylor's focused on the chapel as a "unique setting" where "wherever you come from in the world, whatever your religious views, you can sit there and be yourself."

Miss. Taylor named 'Eternal father' as her favourite hymn, an uncommon choice. She pointed out how some hymns which don't "fit a particular season" are underrated compared to those we would associate with Christmas, Easter or Remembrance. Hymns, she explained, can be powerful by taking you, at rapid speed, to a memory, such as happy, cosy, Christmas thoughts of "mince pies at the end of term". Psychologically, hymns stand for a reassuring constant throughout our time at the School so function as landmarks for different seasons and periods.



A Southfield girl happy outside of Chapel!

We perhaps often take the experience of Chapel for granted, as emphasised by how Miss Taylor is sometimes told by visitors and parents how “special” it really is. Linking to Miss Taylor’s observation, it seems to be the comforting routine of Chapel that adds to its appeal. Singing in Chapel has a practical benefit, too, as both Miss Taylor and Mr Williams observe that pupils are less drowsy- seeming in period 1. Miss Taylor likened it to running or doing yoga in the morning.

This is a good metaphor, I think, which is worth bearing in mind as, Mr Williams’ improvised dexterity ringing in our ears, we leave our pews and walk to our first lesson.

Mr Williams: Fact file

I was born in Reading, Berkshire, home to the Reading Festival and famous exports such as Huntley & Palmer biscuits, Sutton’s Seeds, and Ricky Gervais. Oscar Wilde famously stayed at the Reading jail.

I went to school at Reading School, a grammar school for boys and the best school in the country at the time according to The Times, and one of very few state schools with Saturday lessons and regular chapel services on site. Then I went to the University of Nottingham for undergraduate and postgraduate studies to read Music, which was also considered the best Music course in the country at the time.

I was first drawn towards playing the organ when I sang in a choir and started playing the tunes on a keyboard at home, probably aged ‘6-7’. My first service as an organist was when I was 14; and it was a pure accident. I had gone to my local church to practise on the way home from school, but there was a late-running funeral starting. Unfortunately, the organist who had been booked had broken down on his way there. So, I played the hymns. It made me realise how important music is across generations. Families have the same hymns at family weddings, funerals, Christenings – a whole range of life events. I liked the sense of how music brings people together.

Playing the organ appeals to me, more than any other instrument, because it’s both very technical and a very creative art. The organ contains many different sounds and colours ranging from 17Hz (below the human hearing range) up to the very highest pitches. The longest pipes are 32 feet long – about the same length as a double-decker bus. The shortest are only a few centimetres. There are over 3,000 pipes in the chapel organ, and each one needs regular tuning. As a performer, you orchestrate as you play, drawing out the meaning of the words as best you can with different sounding pipes. It also keeps you fit with all four limbs working at the same time!

My favourite music teacher at school was Mr Brown. He was down-to-earth, pragmatic and realistic.

My favourite piece of classical music is ... I don’t have one! I have to say whatever is most suitable at the time depending on the occasion, how I feel, where I am and what I’m thinking about.



Mr Williams, 8.39 a.m., ready to dazzle



DON'T TELL MUM!...BUT DO TELL EVERYONE ELSE
JOSEPHINE SOL

If you've been craving somewhere new to hang out after school, the bubble tea café in Rugby Town might just be the spot. Don't Tell Mum was created to be a place where young people could relax, listen to music, and feel at home and bubble tea was the perfect way to do it.

What is bubble tea?

Bubble tea originated in the city of, T'ai Nan, Taiwan, in the mid-1980s. Dozens of variations of the drink have evolved since then, especially throughout Taiwan and other East Asian locales such as Singapore, Hong Kong and Japan. What started as a local Taiwanese's innovation has now become a global phenomenon.

Bubble tea is a cold drink typically made with black tea, milk, some type of sweetener like sugar, ice and the famous "bubbles", which are tapioca pearls. These pearls, which are also known as boba, are small, chewy and made from a starchy substance called tapioca which comes from the cassava plant.

Since it first came onto the scene around 40 years ago, lots of different types of bubble tea have been created. The drink can now contain things like fruit juices, flavoured syrups, jellies and even popping bubbles that burst in your mouth with intense fruit flavours. The market for the drink is valued at £1.76 billion, becoming one of the biggest food trends in recent years. Walk through any major city and you will see queues snaking out of bubble tea shops, with customers eagerly waiting for their customised drinks.

Meet Charles and Lisa Gekis

Don't Tell Mum offers a unique space for the community, especially young people, to gather convivially. The owners, Lisa and Charles Gekis, previously ran gyms in South Africa before moving to the UK and were inspired by a love of food, people, and the growing popularity of bubble tea. Their journey from fitness entrepreneurs in South Africa to café owners in rugby is filled with unexpected challenges, which they helpfully told me about.



Charles and Lisa Gekis

When the owners visited London, they noticed long queues outside bubble tea shops, which was a clear sign that this drink was more than just a passing fad and was, in fact, a growing international trend.

Back in Rugby, there were plenty of traditional cafés and restaurants but no place offering bubble tea: the town had its fair share of coffee shops serving classic coffees and serving classic English full breakfasts, yet nothing catering to younger tastes. They realised this gap in the market presented a unique opportunity. Bubble tea wasn't simply about the drink itself, it represented a social experience, a fun and modern hang-out that young people were excited to be part of. By bringing this concept to Rugby, the owners believed they could offer something fresh, appealing, and different that would attract students and the wider community alike.



Emma Xiao and Josephine enjoying the fun vibe

But turning the idea into reality was not simple. New to Britain, Lisa and Charles quickly discovered how difficult it was to start a business without a financial history in the UK. They couldn't take out loans or open accounts on credit, so everything, from equipment to ingredients, had to be paid up-front. Even setting up basic utilities like electricity was a major struggle, as providers were reluctant to give new businesses a chance.

Coming from South Africa, where labour is cheap and trends like bubble tea weren't even around, the contrast in the UK was stark with higher wages and stricter costs making it far more challenging to run a café. In South Africa they could hire staff at a fraction of UK wages: the South African minimum wage is Rand 28.39, equivalent to around £1, whereas in the UK it is £12.21. This meant the opening costs were far higher than expected, forcing them to

put everything on the line to establish the café. Despite this, their confidence in bubble tea's growing popularity and its appeal to the youth market made the risk worthwhile.

Behind the scenes

The business continues to face hurdles such as supply shortages and delivery delays, yet the owners are committed to quality and never cutting corners on ingredients.

While they initially expected mostly students from Rugby School, the café has attracted a much wider clientele, becoming more inclusive than imagined in terms of age groups and social circles.

Customers often assume if a café is out of stock, it's "bad service," but the reality is global supply issues: stock delays, import agents, and delivery drivers skipping stops. One particular flavour of syrup might come from a specialist importer who only delivers once a fortnight, and, if that delivery is delayed or lost, there's no quick fix, as you can't just pop to the supermarket for passion fruit popping boba or taro powder. Even something as simple as getting an electricity account was a huge obstacle for a new non-UK-run business.

The daily reality of running Don't Tell Mum involves juggling these logistical challenges whilst maintaining the warm, welcoming atmosphere that customers have come to love.

Why bubble tea?

Don't Tell Mum tried bringing in trendy health foods like chia seed pots, yoghurt bowls, and sushi, none of which sold. Locals in Rugby prefer classic "old-school English" breakfasts with hash browns, sausages, and beans. There's comfort in the familiar. Whilst bubble tea was exotic enough to be exciting, it appealed to younger generations in a way that other food trends didn't, since unfamiliar foods felt a step too far for many local customers.

The bakery goods are not baked in-house, they are sourced from a bakery in Bristol after lots of trial and error to find the right supplier. This includes the delicious cinnamon rolls and pistachio croissants.

Last thoughts

Bubble tea has been the stand-out success at Don't Tell Mum, with brown sugar varieties a customer favourite. For the owner, the café is not just about drinks, but about creating a welcoming community space, with their personal go-to being a goat's milk *matcha latte*.

What makes Don't Tell Mum special isn't just the drinks, it's the atmosphere that Lisa and Charles have created. The seating is arranged to encourage both group gatherings, with larger tables for friendship groups, and smaller nooks for those wanting a more intimate space. The café has become a hub for young people in a town that, like many others, struggles to offer spaces where teenagers can simply spend time in a relaxed way without spending lots of money or being moved along quickly.

Don't Tell Mum represents something larger than a café or a food trend. It's about the unexpected ways that a Taiwanese drink from the 1980s can bring together a community in a Midlands town in 2025.

So, the next time you're walking through Rugby town and fancy something different, pop into Don't Tell Mum. Try the famous brown sugar bubble tea that everyone raves about or be adventurous with one of the fruit tea combinations.

Levi at Don't Tell Mum!

Do you have any precise memories of your parents setting up their business here in Rugby?

I remember the early days before my parents' shop was fully set up in Rugby. I went into town with my mum, not really knowing what to expect, as she told me how nice the shop was going to be. When we finally got there, I thought it looked pretty nice already. I helped them sweep the floor and do the final bits of setting up before it opened.

What is your favourite drink?

My favourite drink is a special one my mum makes for me. She blends grape flavour with coconut jelly and lychee popping balls at the bottom. It's become quite popular now, especially among the boys in Cotton House.

You are an ace cricketer, batting for the 1st X1 and being involved in the Warwickshire Academy. Is it true that, if you score a century, you are given free run of Don't Tell Mum, being able to eat and drink what you like?

No, I don't get free run of *Don't Tell Mum* just for scoring a hundred — I already get free snacks whenever I want! My mum's always happy to make me something after training, especially if it's been a long day. The boys in Cotton always say how lucky I am.



Levi Gekis

A FRESH PERSPECTIVE ON ADHD

FLOSSIE WHITTLE

“Everyone has it now.” That’s what people say about ADHD – but is it really true?

Recent figures suggest ADHD diagnoses have risen by over 30% in the UK since 2020, with prescriptions for stimulant medication also sharply increasing, prices going up and stock going down.

When I was finally diagnosed in August 2023, the stories of my childhood started to make sense: the teachers’ reports that said I was “bright but distracted”, or “has lots of potential but never focused on the lesson’s topic”, the endless reminders to “try harder”, and the feeling of having an invisible problem no-one else seemed to see. Unlike what some people assume, ADHD isn’t something everyone has. Living with it means daily routines like checking in with my matron every morning to sign my medication in and out and learning to almost teach my brain that my GCSEs are serious.

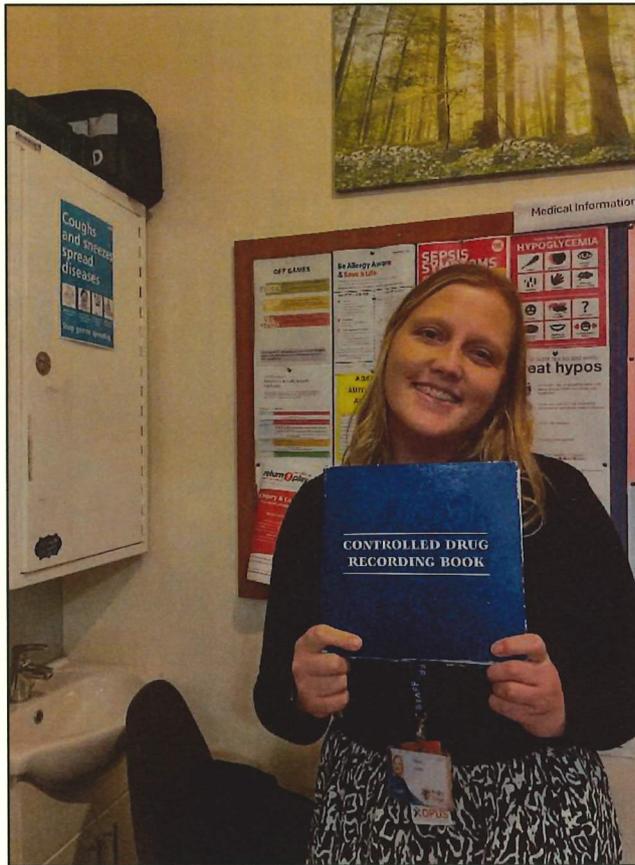
I want to explore the reality behind the stereotypes, from my experiences and staff perspectives to the science behind why my brain doesn’t focus as well as yours, the stats, and the stigma of having ADHD.

ADHD isn’t just about being fidgety or distracted, there’s a whole lot of biology behind it. Scientists have found that parts of the brain linked to concentration, impulse control and memory work differently in people with ADHD. The prefrontal cortex, basically the brain’s organiser, can be less active, explaining why it’s harder to plan or stick to a task. Some studies also suggest that chemical messengers like dopamine don’t work in the same way. Mark South, my ADHD psychiatrist, explained that this proves ADHD isn’t a phase or an excuse, but a neurological condition rooted in brain function.

Mental health connects strongly with ADHD. Anxiety, stress and depression can all make symptoms worse, creating a cycle where school or social pressures add to the challenges ADHD already brings. Boys are still diagnosed more often than girls, but many experts argue that’s only because boys’ hyperactive symptoms are more obvious, while girls’ inattentive behaviours — like daydreaming or quietly struggling to focus — are overlooked. Age also matters. Children are often identified at school, but there’s been a huge rise in teenagers and even adults being diagnosed, especially after Covid, when focus problems became more noticeable in lockdown learning. ADHD also overlaps with other conditions like dyslexia, autism, or learning difficulties, which makes it harder to tell where one ends and another begins. This overlap explains why diagnosis is so complex and often delayed. Overall, the science shows ADHD isn’t just a trend or over-diagnosis, it’s a neurological condition with measurable brain differences: this should shift the conversation away from blame and towards understanding.



Myself, Imy and Alex proving that Brooke sprit comes with matching cardigans and ultimate chaos



Where Flossie checks in with her matron

In my interview with Alex Campbell-Johnston and Imy Turney, two students (both in Brooke EB) with ADHD, they opened up about what life is really like when your brain doesn't always play by the same rules.

What stood out was how differently ADHD affects them, but also how similar some struggles are. Imy admitted the hardest part of school is that "everyone finds me annoying." I can confirm that's not true: we all love her dearly. People often mistake her energy and impulsiveness for something negative, which can really hurt when ADHD makes it hard to control reactions. Alex, on the other hand, said her biggest struggle is "procrastinating with everything", not just homework but "normal everyday activities." It's not that she doesn't care, it's that ADHD makes motivation feel impossible, even when you want to get things done. Both of them show that ADHD doesn't just affect behaviour in lessons or chapel (sorry Mr Adams!).

When I asked if teachers understood, they both gave the little half-laugh that said "not really." Imy said, "Mr Murdoch does, no-one else," while Alex agreed that "some do, but it's difficult." Neither of them gets extra help, which is surprising given how much ADHD affects concentration and organisation. They both said they don't get treated differently, showing how normalised ADHD is.

Social life came up next, and this was where things got personal. Imy was really open about how ADHD affects how people see her. "People find me annoying," she said again, adding that everyone thinks she's "OTT." Alex's experience was a bit different but just as revealing: "The people who knew me before ADHD weren't affected, but when people find out, they seem to be shocked." That reaction — surprise, confusion, even disbelief — shows how many stereotypes still exist. Some people only picture ADHD as a little boy bouncing off walls, when, in reality, it affects girls, too, just often in quieter or more internal ways. Both Alex and Imy agreed that most people at school don't actually understand what ADHD is.

When I asked if they thought their classmates really got it, they both immediately said "no." That one word said more than anything else. We also talked about how ADHD affects their routines and health. Alex said her mum encourages her take "supplements and eat broccoli," which she laughed about, but it's one of those things parents do because they're trying to help. She doesn't take medication and isn't sure if the supplements help. Imy doesn't take meds either and explained it means she often gets "sidetracked a lot" or takes "a long time to do simple things." It's a reminder that ADHD isn't always dramatic, as it's often just slower mornings, half-finished tasks, and a constant battle to stay on track.

When we got onto positives, both took their time but found things they liked about ADHD. Alex said it means "conversations are never awkward because I don't stop talking", which made us laugh. The same traits that cause problems in class can make someone fun, funny, and sociable. Imy's answer —

“I’m matching with Flossie” — was her way of turning something serious into something light-hearted, showing how much knowing someone with the same brain helps (especially when it’s me). They both have a sense of humour about their experiences, which honestly might be one of the best coping mechanisms there is.

Their advice to others just diagnosed was brilliant. Alex said, “It doesn’t matter, you shouldn’t see life differently”, while Imy added, “You don’t differ from anyone else, and, when you get diagnosed, it’s helpful to understand past behaviours.” They made it clear that getting diagnosed isn’t something to be ashamed of, as it’s actually a form of understanding. It helps you make sense of all the times you got told off for “not listening” or “being lazy” when your brain was just wired differently.

By the end of the interview, it was clear ADHD doesn’t define Alex or Imy — it just shapes how they move through the world. Their stories show the messy reality: the late homework, lost focus, frustration, but also the humour, confidence, and connection it can bring. Both want the same thing: to be understood. They don’t want pity or to be labelled “difficult.” They just want friends, teachers, classmates to see past the stereotypes and understand them as people behind the diagnosis. Both show that ADHD can be confusing and exhausting, but also powerful in its own way. It pushes you to adapt, to find your own rhythm, and to understand yourself better than most people ever do. They’ve turned something others might see as a weakness into a source of humour, resilience, and perspective, and that’s probably the most inspiring thing about them, aside from them being Brooke girls.

After looking at the statistics, science, and experiences, it’s clear ADHD is far more than a passing trend or “personality type.” It’s a real neurological condition that affects millions in unique ways. Each person’s experience is individual and the more research that’s done, the clearer it becomes that ADHD isn’t one-size-fits-all. Many now see it as an alternative way of thinking — fast-paced, creative, full of energy. There are countless examples of successful people with ADHD — actors, artists, athletes, entrepreneurs — who credit it for their drive, imagination, and determination.

Maybe that’s the biggest takeaway. ADHD can be exhausting, frustrating, and misunderstood — but it can also be energizing. People with ADHD often notice details others miss, come up with fresh ideas, and throw themselves into passions with full intensity. The world needs that kind of thinking. So, yes, ADHD comes with challenges — focus issues, impulsivity, time-management — but it also comes with unique strengths: creativity, resilience, enthusiasm, and curiosity. Maybe it’s time we stop seeing it as something to “fix” and start understanding it for what it really is, not only a disadvantage in certain scenarios, but a kind of superpower. And I think everyone should remember that not “Everyone has it now.”



WELCOME TO BACCO LOUNGE

GRACE STEWART-LINNHE

I was sitting in the corner of Bacco Lounge, beside a window, being slowly engulfed by a cheerful hubbub of laughter and afternoon conversation, accompanied by a quiet clinking of cutlery and cups.

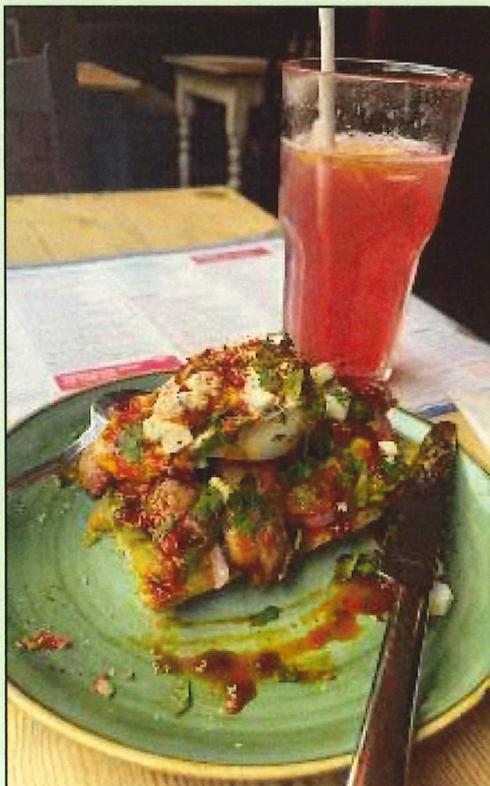
A warm, honeyed smell had welcomed me as I entered and the room immediately felt like a slightly surreal cross between a local café and an antique shop. The décor is a lovely assortment of mis-matched chairs and furniture, my shoes resting on crisscrossed wooden floors. This, combined with the plants and slightly oriental lampshades, creates a cohesion of colour that is lush and stylistically vintage-like.

Apparently, when the founders (Reid, Reilly, and Bishop) converted a local opticians in Bristol into the very first Bacco Lounge, the building was completely empty. To solve this, the trio began sporadically buying furniture from various friends and family: this became the origin of the chain's unusual décor.

From where I sit, I can see the faint imprints of flowers on russet brown walls, a green leather chaise, and an assortment of lamps with a leafy plant in nestled in a corner. The lampshades' soft tassels swaying softly with every swing of the door, I glance around once more.



Audrey Wang enjoying Bacco Lounge



I am struck by how even the individual lampshades are different, but that this assortment blends into a mosaic of glowing bulbs, reddish hues, and green swirls. The mirrors reflect these colours back across the room as 'Love Like That' by Maya Hawthorne starts playing, and I pick up the menu.

I ordered the Smashed Avocado Brunch, which is apparently a 'smashing' order, according to Hannah, one of the waitresses, though she recommended substituting the bacon for roasted halloumi. This is comprised of a creamy guacamole cut by the saltiness of crispy bacon, topped in a generous handful of feta, cherry tomatoes, and the crunchy sweetness of pickled red onion, garnished with coriander. It's served on a warm toasted ciabatta, atop a perfectly poached egg, *harissa* (a spicy north African chili paste), lime, honey and spicy Aleppo chilli.

I washed this down with a deliciously refreshing pink lemonade, bubbles rising and leaving a tingling sensation on my tongue. The thought crossed my mind: what drew me to this drink, on a cold Wednesday afternoon? Another

glance at the menu revealed the answer: in an attractive red font was written “Pink Lemonade: Raspberry purée, Soda and our own Pink Lemonade Syrup.” Who couldn’t resist?

Meanwhile, Audrey Wang (who joined me for this trip) ordered an elderflower cooler (recommended by Bacco Lounge connoisseur Milly Forsdyke). Clearly this was a great choice, Audrey reporting back “It’s sweet, cozy, refreshing, and brings you to another world of soft fizziness”. After a cheeky sip I concurred.

Following the meal, I was approached by one of the waitresses who asked about this *Quod* piece I was doing on Bacco. We had a lovely conversation, and I learned what a huge part the Lounger chain play in their local communities.

One month of the year, each Lounge is assigned a budget which they can spend on a charitable event of their choosing. The most recent at Bacco was an afternoon for local children where they hired out a bouncy castle, organised activities, and raised money for ‘OurJay Foundation’.

This charity was set up in memory of 18-year-old Jamie Rees, whom several of the waiters went to school with, who sadly passed away following a cardiac arrest on New Year’s Day, 2022. Due to the lack of accessible defibrillators nearby, Jamie had to wait a “catastrophic 17.33 minutes” for an ambulance, by which time the oxygen starvation in his brain was untreatable, even after they got his heart beating again.

Jamie had signed the organ donor register 3 times since he was 16, and he saved 5 lives on the night he died – including an 8-month-old baby girl.

His death drew awareness to the inaccessibility of defibrillators in Rugby at the time, and ‘OurJay Foundation have now given over 8000 people CPR training, raised funds and installed an incredible 288 defibrillators in the surrounding area.

I also discovered that Bacco Lounge raises money with their ‘passports’, where you can ‘collect’ Lounges. Each Lounge has a personalised sticker related to its name or location, the more lounges you visit, the more rewards and discounts you receive.

These ‘passports’ are available at any Lounge for £3, the entirety of which is donated straight to the charity that’s connected with that Lounge.

My first trip to Bacco was in 2024 (I know – shocking), when my year were taken out to dinner by the legendary Mrs Horner, former Hm of Tudor. This outing mainly comprised getting drenched by a knocked over drink (cheers, Natty), animated discussion about Kamala Harris’s “meme culture” outreach, and some chitchat with Mrs Horner, who I was sitting next to.

Needless to say, I am delighted to have rediscovered Bacco Lounge in a newfound light, and to have learnt so much from the delicious brunch; not only about the chain, but about Rugby as a whole.



The first trip to Bacco Lounge

THINGS I WISH I KNEW AT 15

CLEMMIE WILSON

15: the turbulent period mid-adolescence, where no-one really knows quite who they are, where they belong, and without a clue in the world of what they want to do.

I am currently still 15, and, so far, it has mainly been about choosing GCSEs and preparation for them. But being fifteen is not all about exams, it's about juggling work and finding yourself in-between, and, for some of us, questioning authority and our parents. I only really settled into boarding school life mid E-block, when I turned fifteen in April, as that's when I got used to people having expectations of me and gaining more independence both in school and at home. It's also when my friendships solidified, especially in house, as you find your rhythm with your peers and you know what they like and don't like.

The transition from E block to D block is always underestimated, as it's more intense, hard work, and complicated than we normally think: it's major, the key transition from being a child to the cusp of being an adult. When you're hosting a guest at lunch, the conversation shifts from the E-block small talk, 'How are you finding it?' to the D-block 'How do we feel about exams?'. Sunday town plans are cancelled at the mercy of revision and English coursework, and we find ourselves waking up with our heads buried in the biology Edexcel CGP guide. How can we see being fifteen as a blessing, not a curse? Here are some things I think most people wish they knew at 15.



Clemmie and India



India and her brother

I sat down with India Gooden, a D blocker who plays county cricket and plays cricket for the first team girls, to ask about her journey in what historically has been a male-dominated sport, and how she thinks it has shaped her, being a young teenager.

I started by asking her how she got into cricket, and what age she started to play. *"It was simply just watching my younger brother and dad play, wanting to be a part of it rather than watching"*. Her brother is still her inspiration, admitting with a laugh that he is better than her. Has she experienced any prejudice? *"'Prejudice' is a tricky term. I wasn't wanted or needed in the boys' teams, so I had to fight my way in"*. This tough experience shaped her resilience: *"It made me mentally stronger, having to learn how to deal with rejection at a young age. Playing at Lord's was my biggest achievement"*. India was part of the girls' school team which played at Lords over the summer holidays winning the national final. She went on to explain how important a good

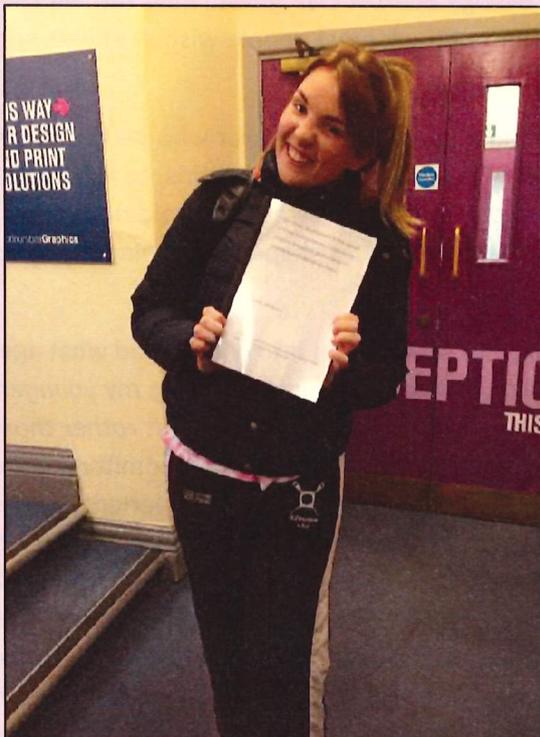
coach is with *“the need to be instructive and honest – not sugar-coating anything”*. Through cricket, India has learnt more than techniques and tactics as *“It’s taught me life skills, such as dealing with situations you’re not fully comfortable in as well as making quick decisions.”* Here, we can clearly see that being 15 is an opportunity to develop by standing up for yourself and what you love doing, discovering your values and what you believe in.



India Gooden in full swing

So, what about an adult reflecting on his or her adolescence? The only person to talk here was, of course, ace Design teacher and experienced Dean Dhm Mrs Melarkey.

Firstly, as context, what are her earliest memories of getting into Design and its attraction? *“It was art and fashion that first excited me: I loved anything hands-on — cutting, building, making things come to life with my own creativity. That feeling of turning ideas into something physical was what hooked me”*. As a school subject, she explained that there were a lot of boys who took it mostly because it was practical and DIY-based: *“It was seen as a more hands-on option and viewed as an ‘easy GCSE’ compared to essay-heavy subjects, so it attracted a lot of male students for that reason”*. A firm *“Yes”* was her response to the idea of Design as male-dominated, as fields like engineering, electrical engineering, construction, and surveying are especially male-heavy. *“Those more technical or structurally focused areas of design still lean strongly towards men”*. I asked whether female perspectives are valued enough in the industry today. *“Most of the women I see in design gravitate towards fashion, interior design, or print-based service roles. Interior design is almost always expected to be led by a woman, but when it comes to engineering-led or innovation-based design, leadership is still overwhelmingly male. Female perspectives are relied upon in softer, more “aesthetic” areas, but not always taken seriously in more technical ones”*.



Mrs Melarkey aged 15

I concluded by asking Mrs Melarkey, ‘What do you wish you had known at 15 about pursuing a career in design?’ She replied, *“I wish I had got more experience early on and used school holidays to reach out to businesses and shadow people working in the industry as soon as possible. Design is a vast field and can be hard to break into without inside knowledge.”*

Mrs Melarkey’s story is one of perseverance and not backing down just because of potential anxiety about

being different to those around you. Don't be told any different just because you are entering a male-dominated field.

What about the biological perspective of being 15? According to The National Institute of Mental Health, adolescence is an important time for brain development, as the prefrontal cortex, (one of the last parts of the brain to mature), is the area responsible for skills like planning, prioritizing, and making good decisions. One of the things that teenagers are renowned for is mood-swings, caused by a mix of rapid hormonal changes.

Becoming 15, why do we push boundaries? Psychologist Anjula Mutanda has explained the science behind generic 'teenage rebellion', explaining the difference in development between the amygdala and the prefrontal cortex and how this difference can lead to an increased desire for 'reward-seeking', which is encouraged by interactions with peers. Essentially, irrational and oversensitive driven behaviours can overtake competent thinking. This occurs in teens more than we may realise.

This feels slightly like a 'curse' of being 15. For me, aged 15, I often experience mood-swings, especially in high-pressure environments such as exams and situations where I am unfamiliar with the surroundings and people, such as moving schools. Things like this just take time to overcome; I've felt it most helpful to talk about mood-swings and get the issue out in the open, as, then, I don't feel so 'boxed-in' in by my emotions.

Conversely, Cambridge academic David Bainbridge points to the 'blessing' of being 15: 'We've become blind to the fact that our teenage years are, in fact, the most dramatic, intense and exciting of our lives'. This is because we often experience our firsts when we are in our in our teens – our first romantic relationship, first party, etc – it's the first time trying the adult world, which is why it can feel so high risk and exhilarating at the same time.

I think the best thing a fifteen-year-old can do is to keep trying new things, trust yourself just a bit more, and remember what India said: there's no harm in trying – just do it.



HONG KONG: A PERSONAL GUIDE

MATTHEW SUM



Jay Yau, Matthew Sum, School Field DB

Hong Kong: the big picture

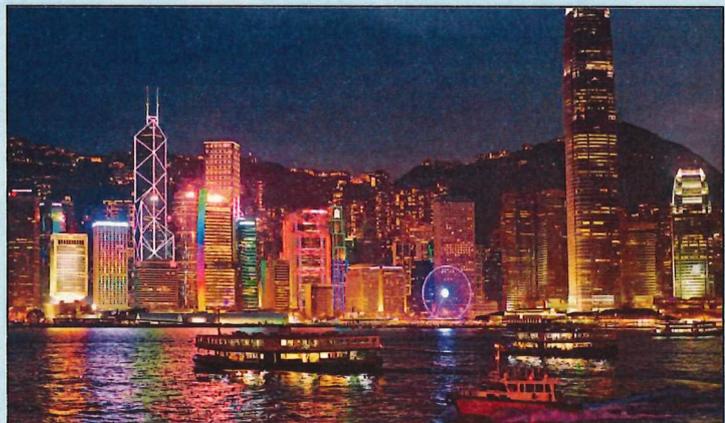
Hong Kong may look like just a dot on the map, but it's full of surprises. It covers just over 1,100 square kilometres, yet it is home to more than 7.5 million people. This makes it one of the most densely populated areas in the world. The Mass Transit Railway (MTR) connects almost every corner, allowing people to travel anywhere in the city in under an hour.

What makes Hong Kong special is its contrasts. Tall, modern glass skyscrapers sit next to quiet, traditional temples. Busy streets lead unexpectedly to green mountains and hidden beaches. About 40% of the land is protected countryside, so nature is never far away. I really appreciate that when I need to escape the noise and fast pace of city life. Sometimes this means heading out to the beach with my friends, where the city feels far away: we sit by the water, watch the sun go down behind the islands, and forget for a while how crowded Hong Kong can be.

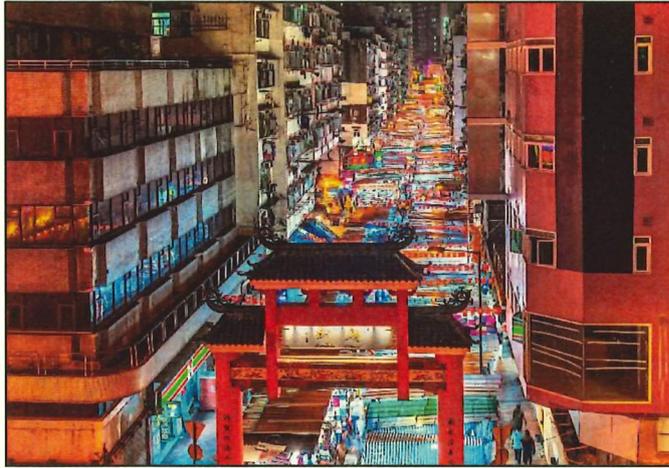
England's Influence on Hong Kong's culture

People tend to forget about the ways England still shapes everyday life in Hong Kong. English slips into regular talk so easily that it mixes right into Cantonese speech. The place strikes me as this interesting mix of different influences coming together. Those classic red double decker buses roll right by small noodle stands on the streets. You find roads named after British figures like Queen's Road and Prince Edward Road.

Folks here line up properly for the buses and keep up customs such as afternoon tea. The real fascination comes from seeing British and Chinese practices merge in unexpected forms. Afternoon tea in Hong Kong often means a strong cup of milk tea paired with crispy pineapple buns rather than the usual scones. Still, the custom of pausing in the middle of the day carries that familiar feel. One of my favourite places for afternoon tea is The Butterfly Room at the Rosewood Hotel, where I go there with my family,



Star Ferry crossing Victoria Harbour from Hong Kong Island over to Kowloon



Temple Street Night Market

and we always order milk tea and small pastries. It's a calm and elegant place where we can slow down together.

This combination affects mindsets in subtle ways too. Orderliness and courtesy come through in the systems and rules much like in British style, but, at the same time, warmth and toughness along with lively spirit reflect Chinese roots. This intensity shows itself in everyday life. My sister, for example, always seems to be rushing before she goes out, while my mum calls from the other room, "Hurry up, you'll be late!"; but, somehow, she never is. People in Hong Kong move fast and

handle pressure well, but stay organised. It's the opposite at Rugby like School Field, where mornings feel slow and quiet, and no-one seems to be in a hurry.

Activities to enjoy in Hong Kong

In my view, the top experiences in Hong Kong centre around trying the food, seeing key sights, and going to natural beauty-spots.

Eating local dishes tops the list every time. I head directly to trusted eateries for genuine *dim sum* or fast tasty bites. Cantonese food's straightforward strong tastes and the habit of eating together around a shared table draw me back most when traveling. The lively buzz in those neighbourhood spots proves hard to match. My favourite dim sum place is Lei Garden, a restaurant I have been going to with my family for as long as I can remember, as we usually visit on weekends and it has almost become part of our routine. I always order the steamed *char siu buns* and the rice rolls, which taste the same every time in the best way possible. Everything feels familiar the moment we sit down and, back from England, there is a direct sense of homecoming.

To catch the city's views, I suggest a couple of options. Ride the old tram line all the way to the Peak for a sweeping look at the tall buildings and the water below. Another great choice involves the Star Ferry crossing Victoria Harbour from Hong Kong Island over to Kowloon, which offers the most affordable and engaging way to watch the urban scene unfold. Over on the Kowloon waterfront, the Avenue of Stars provides an ideal spot to absorb the striking city outline and its overall appeal. My favourite, though, is the Star Ferry crossing Victoria Harbour, which is such a simple way to get around, yet it offers some of the best views of the skyline. I always love sitting by the railing, feeling the sea breeze, and gazing at the city as it stretches out on both sides.



Sai Kung, where Matthew visits often for boating activities

Hong Kong excels at blending urban life with access to the outdoors and sea. I make time whenever possible to visit Sai Kung for boating activities like wakeboarding or swimming. Quiet shores and clear waters offer chances to unwind far from the crowds and this escape stands in sharp relief against the dense central areas. Thanks to extensive protected green spaces, nature stays close by despite the surrounding development. During term breaks, I usually go out to the sea in Sai Kung with my friends. We take a boat, swim, and sometimes wake-surf, surrounded by clear blue water and green mountains in the distance. Out there, everything feels open and peaceful.

Wandering through street markets rounds off my must-do list. Spots such as Temple Street Night Market or Ladies Market go beyond mere shopping. They pull you into the real, busy feeling of Hong Kong life as noisy talks fill the air alongside smells from spices and items for sale. Bright cluttered booths create a strong rush of excited feelings. These bustling scenes provide a lively contrast to the more reserved customs of Rugby. I usually go to Temple Street Night Market with a friend when I am back in Hong Kong: we walk past rows of stalls selling everything from souvenirs to phone cases, stopping now and then to bargain or try street food, the smell of grilled squid and noodles filling the air and the lights from the stalls making the whole place feel warm and alive.



Lucy Young, Tudor LXX



A Hong Kong student at Rugby School

Being a student from Hong Kong at Rugby School has opened my eyes. Coming from a busy, compact city, the wide-open spaces and calm atmosphere at Rugby feel completely different and I have really come to appreciate the sense of space, tradition, and strong community that makes our school special. I really like Hong Kong, but, when there, I find myself longing for the wide lawns, the friendships, and the slow rhythm of Rugby existence. It feels good to have two homes with different moods.

Terry Tai, Cotton DB

TOP 5 ALBUMS TO LISTEN TO BEFORE YOU DIE

FINN COKER

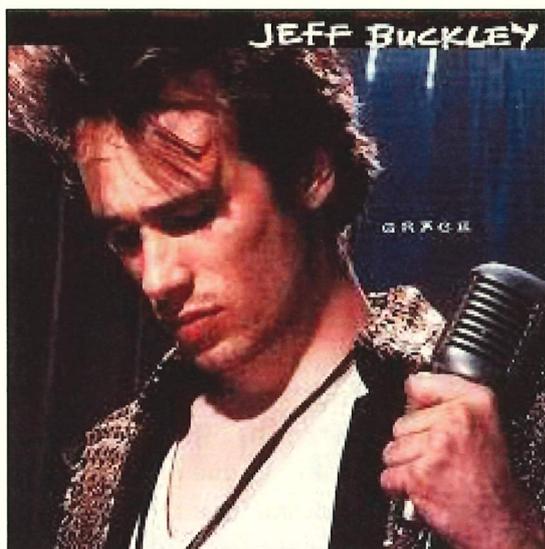
Our generation's taste in music is much more eclectic than it has ever been before. This is because of how available listening to music has become, with free apps giving you access to a huge range of artists, genres and sounds. Our parents' generation had to save up their HMV vouchers from birthdays and Christmases, go to a record shop and buy one album on cassette tape; then, when they got to the end of the cassette, they had to wind it back to the beginning again. Sometimes with a pencil.

Not only is music important to our generation, it's centrally relevant at Rugby. From 'I vow to thee my country' in chapel, to the highly competitive House singing, to Band Night at the Festival on The Close, we are a school where there's constantly all sorts of music playing.



Even now, in maths, P7 on a Friday with Mr Jones, whilst I should be answering 5 questions on rationalising surds, I am mentally prioritising this article on music: what order should I place these albums in? how can I sell them to you as 'must listen to' albums? My mocks are in two weeks. I have a sneaky suspicion that I'm at a genetic disadvantage when it comes to maths. I mean, what even is a surd?

So here it is: the definitive list that will cover the first 5 albums that everyone should listen to before they die. Whilst not all of them will be everybody's cup of tea, there will definitely be at least one album that everyone should have a listen to. This could be revisiting an album you used to love or an album that you haven't actually got round to listening to yet.



The first album on this list is, of course, *'Grace'* by Jeff Buckley, released in 1994. *Grace* remains one of the greatest, most personal, poetic and engaging albums of all time. However, when it was first released, the album was seen as a 'hard sell' as it didn't fit into any single genre and people thought it was too 'swoony' for their liking. It was released at the time where grunge was at its peak and dominated the music industry with the likes of Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Green Day, yet Buckley's album contains a mix of rock, folk, and soul, and didn't fit neatly into a box that radio stations were willing to play. However, the album's reputation grew significantly in the years after its release, in part due to Buckley's tragic death by drowning in the Mississippi River. *'Grace'* has since had

a huge impact on current songwriters, with artists such as Radiohead, Muse, Coldplay and Lana Del Ray all mentioning his impact on many of their songs.

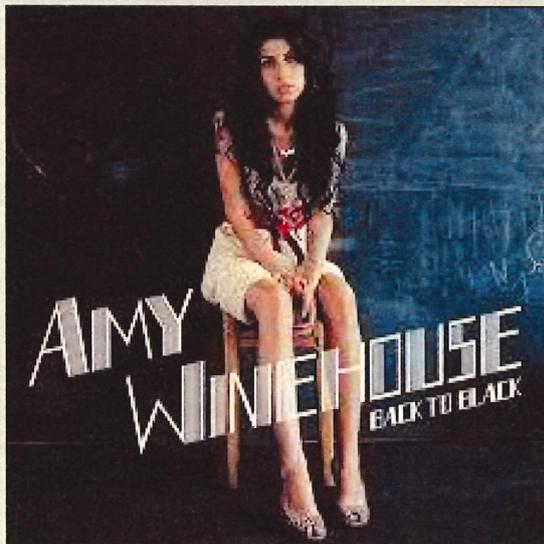
Top 3 listens: 1. Last Goodbye 2. Lilac wine 3. Lover you should've come over

The second album on this list is *'In Rainbows'* by *Radiohead*, released in 2007. This is Radiohead's 7th studio album and is widely considered one of their best. Whilst their earlier albums in the '90s contain more well-known hit songs such as 'Creep', 'Karma police' and 'Fake Plastic Trees', 'In Rainbows' delves into a more creative, contrasting new sound. Unlike 'Grace', 'In Rainbows' did very well on its release, both commercially and critically, winning Grammy Awards for Best Alternative Music Album and Best Boxed or Special Limited-Edition Package. If you like this album, try Beck's mellow album – 'Sea Change' – and you'll hear the influence.

Top 3 listens: 1. Bodysnatchers 2. Nude 3. Weird Fishes/Arpeggi

Next up is an indie rock/post rock album called *'Ants from Up There'* by *Black Country, New Road*. This is the second studio album by the band, released in early 2022. Compared to the previous albums, this is definitely the least well-known, but well worth a listen. Black Country, New Road is a Cambridge-based, experimental rock band known for anti-rock, and post-punk sound, incorporating elements of jazz, and folk. 'Ants from up there' is commercially the band's best album, about a crumbling, one-sided, and long-distance relationship, which is often seen as a metaphor for frontman (Isaac Wood's) departure from the band. This album is perfect for an emotional, big, heartfelt Indie-rock listen. Despite Wood's departure, the band is still going strong and gaining popularity every day. I would highly recommend giving all of their work a listen – it's eclectic, experimental and influenced by the likes of Kate Bush and Arcade Fire.

Top 3 listens: 1. Concord 2. Basketball shoes 3. Haldern



Amy Winehouse's *'Back to Black'* is the fourth pick on this list. Released in 2006, this is easily Winehouse's best album. 'Back to Black' won five Grammy Awards, including Best Pop Vocal Album, and has sold over 16 million copies worldwide, making it one of the best-selling albums of all time. Her album explores addiction, heart-break and resilience. It is the perfect album for catchy sing-along anthems or just enjoying retro-style pop and soul. Although Winehouse died aged only 27 in 2011, her album has clearly influenced the music world we know today, the most obvious impact being on Adele and, more recently, Raye.

Top 3 listens: 1. Valerie 2. Love is a losing game 3. Me and Mr Jones

The final album of this list is *'Kinda Blue'* by *Miles Davis*, released in 1959. This album is a contrast to all the others we've seen so far. 'Kinda Blue' has a cool jazz feel, with Davis' distinctive muted trumpet and the celebrated John Coltrane on saxophone. It has a calm and contemplative mood, perfect to listen to in the background or on your headphones whilst you revise. Kinda Blue has received numerous accolades, including being certified 5x Platinum by the RIAA for selling five million copies, making it the best-selling jazz album of all time. It is also consistently ranked as one of the greatest albums ever made in any genre and is a celebrated work by critics and musicians alike.

Top 3 listens: 1. So what 2. Freddie freeloader 3. All blues

“IN UKRAINE, WE DON’T HAVE A WORD FOR WICKET.” AN UNUSUAL CRICKET TRIP.

DR SUTCLIFFE

Sitting in Cotton private side before lunch on the first Monday after half-term, Cotton tutors were talking about their holidays. Michael Powell, the Housemaster, lightly mentioned that a small group of Ukrainian students had stayed in Cotton on a visit to England which centrally involved cricket. “There was a *Daily Telegraph* piece on that, wasn’t there?” asked Dr Morse. My ears pricked up sensing an interesting story.



Kobus Olivier

Travel back in time to a few years ago when Kobus Olivier, a South African former cricket player and coach, moved to live in Ukraine, settling there with his dog Tickey, Tickey subsequently giving birth to three puppies, Ollie, Kaya, and Jessie. He had previously worked as a coach in Holland, Scotland, and Dubai, where he had set up a cricket academy. He immediately felt a strong emotional connection with Ukraine. As well as working for the Ukraine Cricket Federation, which was founded in 2000, he also set up a charity called Voices of Children, which offers – as well as free English lessons – counselling for children suffering from the trauma of the war.

Some of you might remember the fun and charming Nick Tester, who worked here at Rugby until he recently left to work in Dubai. Visiting Nick in Dubai, Mr Powell was re-acquainted with Kobus, whom he had previously played cricket alongside in South Africa when they had been part of the Avendale Cricket Club, coached by the legendary former England international Bob Woolmer. A plan was hatched for Ukrainian students to stay in Cotton, where they would enjoy a holiday away from their troubled homeland, receiving cricket coaching and going on trips around the country, the highlight being a visit to Lord’s. Together with Olena Kravchenko, a 1st ICC qualified cricket coach, seven children, after travelling by train 19 hours from Ukraine to Budapest and a flight to Birmingham, arrived in Rugby for their half-term stay.

As Mr Powell was telling me about the visit, one detail in particular stuck. The children were playing football in the Cotton quad with his son, Greyson. Suddenly they stopped, tensing up, and looking at the sky. A helicopter had flown over. The instinctive, visceral reaction was one of fear because of the military sound associations of a helicopter. After their first night in England, one of the Ukrainian children asked Mr Powell, ‘*Is it always this quiet?*’

I traced The Daily Telegraph article (30/10/25, Tim Wigmore), which was compelling. The start was powerful, quoting one of the group: ‘*Batting, I like how it feels. It’s loud, and, if you’re angry or if you’re sad, you can just hit and your emotions go away. It makes me relax, actually, because we have a lot of stress and you need something to feel better.*’ The psychology of cricket feels interesting in terms of the Ukrainian perspective of escaping intense anxiety and trauma: “*In cricket, no-one knows how to play. It’s fresh, it’s new and you can do anything. You can make a mistake.*” Further, the very difficulty of the game creates happy distraction from emotional complications: ‘*It’s so hard. When I see cricket, I think, ‘Ok: bat, ball, and this is where you need to stand.’*’

The same young woman explained the wondering question which had been asked of Mr Powell: *"In Ukraine, you can sleep only one or two hours. And when it's finished, you need to get dressed and go to study or work."* In the Ukraine, even in summer, cricket is often played in air-raid shelters because of sirens warning of impending Russian attacks.

I initially pursued this story for four reasons. First, the curious, slightly quixotic idea of a traditional English sport, redolent of white slacks, tea, and cucumber sandwiches, being played in a former eastern bloc part of the world. Second, interest in the brave, intriguing-sounding figure of Kobus Olivier. Third, the almost Pavlovian reaction we all have to feel-good stories which, however momentarily, present alleviation of the horror of war in Ukraine. Fourth, my admiration of Michael Powell generously giving up, intensely busy as he is in the seven weeks before half-term and the five weeks after half-term, part of his holiday kindly to host and coach the Ukrainian teenagers.

On reflection, though, powerful as these four aspects are, the Ukrainian cricket trip to Cotton story really hits home in terms of gratitude. How we take so much for granted that really isn't a given. How our sense of normality is a very lucky one.

Cricket practices in air-raid shelters.

'Is it always this quiet?'



QUOD 10 QUESTIONS

MS. CUNNINGHAM

- 1) *Where were you at school, and what is your happiest memory of school?*

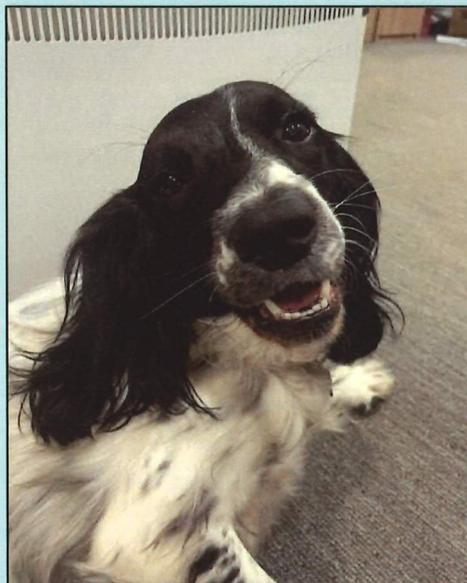
I went to my local school in Essex. My happiest memory was probably the school trip I went on to Iceland!

- 2) *Who was your favourite teacher at school?*

Miss Petch, my Head of Sixth form and biology teacher.

- 3) *Looking back, can you identify when and how you felt a passion for Chemistry?*

I don't think there was an exact moment. I have always enjoyed chemistry, but I became particularly interested during A-Level after learning my first mechanism.



Daisy in Southfield

- 4) *Friends are coming over for dinner. What is your piece de resistance meal to dazzle them with?*

I found a good beef ragu recipe a few months ago so probably that, with banana bread for dessert.

- 5) *What is your favourite film?*

About Time. I watch it probably once a year!

- 6) *What is your favourite book and how did you discover it?*

Prisoners of Geography by Tim Marshall – it was given to me by a friend.

- 7) *Do you have a pet? If not, what type of animal would you like as a pet?*

I do not currently, but I love to spend lots of time with Daisy in Southfield. I would really like to have my own dog someday, though.

- 8) *What is your favourite country in the world, and why?*

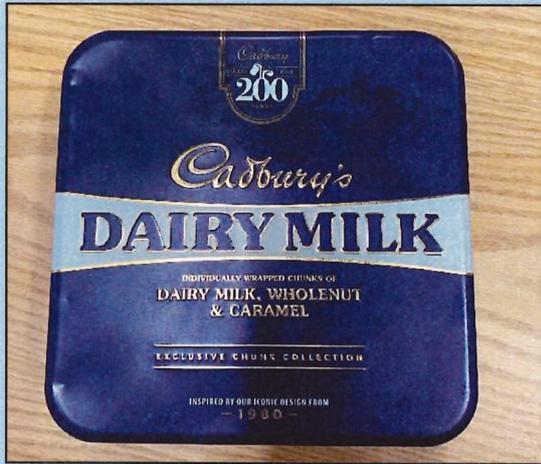
Switzerland. I love the Alps, particularly in the summer.

- 9) *Do you have a hidden talent?*

I taught myself to play the piano during GCSEs. I still play occasionally.

- 10) *What is your favourite season of the year, and why?*

I really enjoy spring, particularly when the clocks first go forwards and you get to enjoy light in the evenings again!



WHAT'S HOT?

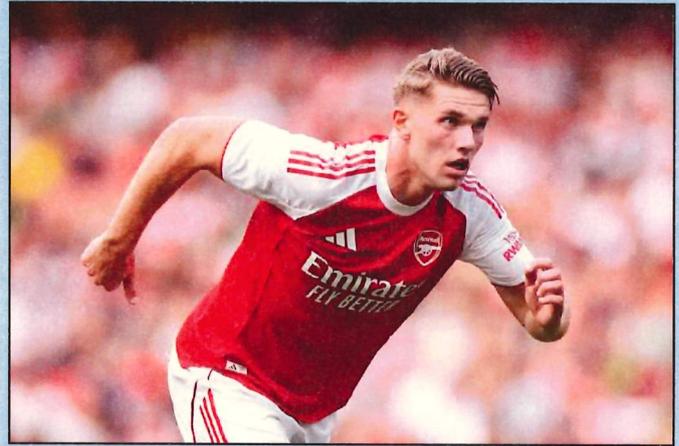
Mr Sandy's chocolate box

English Lit. GCSE up from a 7 to an 8

The Holy Grail

Mr Williams' improvised baroque organ stylistics leaving Chapel

Mrs Lockhart-Mann's cockatoo



WHAT'S NOT?

Theft

"After review, the Chelsea defender is judged to to make contact with the Arsenal no.9..."

Teacher trying to complete a SOCS register at the front of the coach on an away match

Same old

Monochrome existence

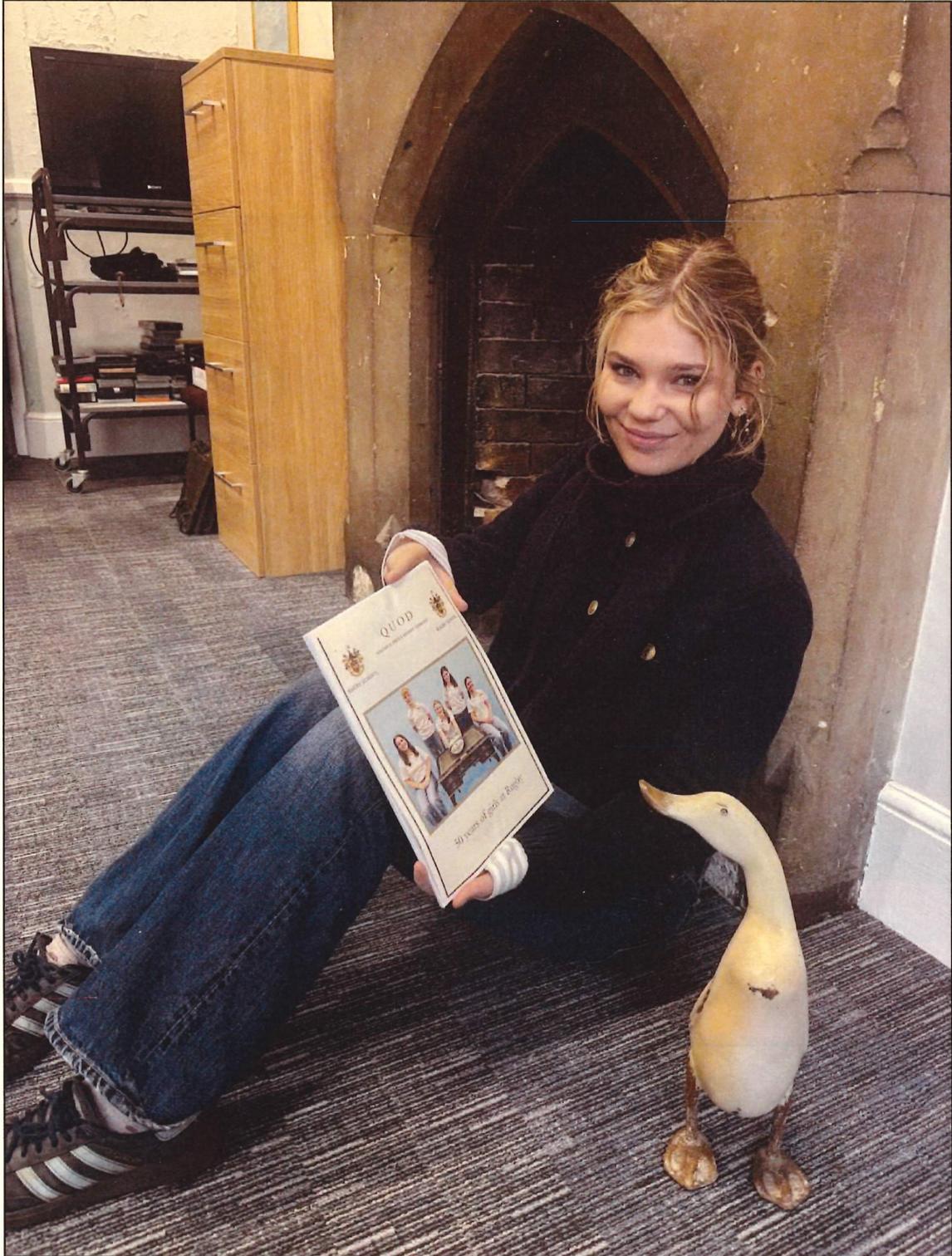


Team *Quod*



Back row, left to right: Muna Nwabueze, Clemmie Wilson, Josephine Sol, Grace Stewart-Linnhe, Lily Rose-Pitcher, Freddie Bennett, Matthew Sum, Abi Chan

Front row: Gabriel Niesluchowski, Flossie Whittle, Sophie Gedye, Bee Askin



Hope you enjoyed that!

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Lay-out Editor: Aimée Dunnion

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