

The Badger

A large badger is the central figure, dressed as a witch with a black pointed hat and a flowing orange cape. It is flying on a broomstick. The background is a dark blue night sky with a large, bright full moon and silhouettes of trees.

halloween
edition

A small black cat is perched on the broomstick, looking towards the viewer. It has a small white pentagram on its chest.

28th October
2020

Nightmare on Windmill Hill

It's that time of year again folks, pumpkins are being carved, ghost bunting from poundland is being hung and plans are being made for a lockdown Halloween.

Aidan's usually has a formal which is one of the notable events of the year, where the best costumes win prizes so, if you're anything like me and my housemates, you're figuring out the best way to mark the day safely but with some lasting memories.

Our current plans involve the classic scary film, pumpkin carving, and a few celebratory drinks (Halloween themed of course). Although to be honest I'm sort of dreading the scary film because I jump when someone even walks up behind me so...



Anyways, this badger is a nice little edition with some Halloween plan ideas, some history about Halloween and some of the classics like story time! I hope everyone who has had to isolate has been ok and hopefully this will bring some distraction to those still stuck inside. ”

This is the first edition with our newly filled committee and we really hope you like it! Massive thanks to the committee for pulling through with some absolutely fab articles!

Enjoy, and as always, get involved with journocomm! (We're really nice and there's two more positions going up at this next JCR meeting) Send in your best and worst pumpkin carvings for the next bogroll too

It's spooky time bois, enjoy the festivities

-Saoirse

Editor's Note



Welcome to the rolling segment of The Badger, this arguably useless segment called Question Time (Disclaimer: does not resemble the real question time) takes questions submitted to Aidan's Crush and Fess and attempts to find out some interesting information about our Aidanites.

Speaking to Daniel Rand aka Big Dan.

This edition we're speaking to Big Dan, holder of the shop key and the poundland version of Scott the head chef...

Q1. Who are you Dan?



Who am I? I'm the own-brand Hagrid who runs the shop in the JCR (when it isn't closed)

Q2. Big dan when did u last get a haircut?

Haircuts? The last time was a few years ago, when I went to hong kong, I thought slightly shorter hair and a pair of shorts would save me in that heat. I was incredibly wrong.

Q3. If u were a member of college staff who would u be?

I answered on crush and fess- but I would be Lesley so I could get my fucking shop open

Q4. Big dan, who is small dan?

Little dan is a mate from wayyyy back when, all of 4'11". And spiritually it's any Dan I know. (editors note, does this include da schneider? Do you have to know them or know of them)



Q5. If you were going to launch a coup of the JCR, what would be your first major objectives to consolidate your power?



I don't want to say anything to implicate me in any future acts of violence, but I would eliminate and replace the JCR and Society leaders with

my own, hand picked people, then when all the dominoes are in place, we'd not even need much of an active coup at that point.

Q6. what vegan options are coming to the shop

Q6: We have a delicious range of premade Paninis we've been able to source via Scott, the catering manager, and the Vegan one sounds awesome- Vegan Chorizo, Spinach and Cheddar. There's a Veggie one and a gluten free one, too!

Q7. Name your ideal meal deal



My ideal meal deal... hmm. I'm assuming this means like a sandwich deal, so maybe a sweet chilli chicken wrap, a packet of McCoy's salt and vinegar and, if we lived in an ideal world, a pint of ale XD

Q8. Who was the best and worst frop

Best and worst are pretty subjective, and I dunno if I was able to spend enough time with everyone to be a good judge (lame I know) but my FAVOURITE frop was probably Mark Chambers- his wacky stories about his juvenile hijinks made me laugh a great deal, and my least favourite would probably be Panda, cos she is far too positive at all times, and sometimes an old man just wants (needs) to be grumpy.

Bonus Question: 'Big dan, can I please have a ride on your big bike?'

Yes; anyone who fancies it can have a ride on my bike, cos I'll bring it to the Aidans beer festival in 3rd term. I need everyone to help kick Covid's ass though, so we can actually HAVE our beer festival



Halloween: Locked Down Edition



By Madeleine Hurley (she/her)

So here it is, the inevitable 'rona article, on how to have Safe Fun on Halloween, whether you are in self isolation, or your house doesn't want a £10,000 fine for hosting a party. Here's some ways to celebrate with you friends, households or all by yourself.

#1 Decorate!

Get on Pinterest and find ways to spice up your living area. Carve pumpkins, hang fairy lights, leave a message in blood on your housemate's wall, go nuts!



#2 Scary Movie Marathon

Put some classics on your house TV, or in the room of whichever friend is lucky enough to have the most space. Personal recommendations are Hereditary and the Nightmare on Elm Street series.

#3 Costume Contest

See who can come up with the scariest/most realistic costume with the least money spent. This can be done in households or with friends online. Those of you in distanced relationships do cute couple costumes, me and the boy are going as Steve and Robin from Stranger Things coz I'm gonna turn out to be a lesbian.

#4 Corridor/House Trick or Treating

Go round your household in costume (or not) and demand sweets from your fellow students. This year with the added fear factor that they may be Covid positive! (stay safe kiddos)

#5 Have a (mini) Bop

With the lack of a Halloween formal this year, make your own party! Get some drinks in your kitchen or house and have a good time, in such a way that we don't all get another email from the Principal. Recommended soundtrack: (Don't Fear) The Reaper and Monster Mash

#6 Spooky Food and Drink

There's ideas for spooky bakes elsewhere in the badger, but also try making some pumpkin soup or a spooky cocktail. My recipe for an 'affordable' Zombie: One shot of Captain Morgan's, one shot of Bacardi, two shots of lime juice and fill the glass to the top with pineapple juice.



YOUR BRUNCH HOROSCOPE!

We predict your favourite part of college brunch!!!

By Safia Qureshi (she/her), Rufus King (he/him)
and Hannah Cooney (she/her)



CAPRICORN- Hash Browns

Arguably the king of the brunch plate, hash browns are classic and well-liked, just like you. As a Capricorn, you love a challenge, like seeing how many hash browns you can demolish at brunch to assert dominance over your friends. You don't over-complicate things and appreciate the versatility of the humble potato, but it wouldn't hurt to be a bit more adventurous sometimes- when's the last time you ate a piece of fruit, you degenerate? - your mother is worried about your health.

AQUARIUS- Hot Drinks Machine

What will it be today, unpredictable Aquarius? Coffee? Mocha? The elusive chocomilk? Your originality means you refuse to be defined by just one hot beverage. Maybe you (I) have even considered sipping on the contents of the drip tray on the odd (several) occasion(s)- you know, just out of curiosity. Why be shackled by the preset drink options? The other signs may be happy to let robots control their lives, but not you. I'm here to tell you to go for it, but don't let the catering staff see you doing this- they won't see your vision the same way.



PISCES- Cereal

Like bran flakes, no two Pisces are the same. You are a child at heart, which is why the endless varieties of kids' cereals describe you perfectly. Maybe you opt for Coco Pops or Frosties but if you're a true Pisces you go for or a blend of them all like the 4-year-old maverick you are. Your friends tell you that you need to kick your cavity-inducing habit, but you tell them that you're "Here for a good time, not a long time". Although fun, taking on too much in this way can leave you drained and with questionably coloured milk; consider channelling your energy into fewer but more meaningful outlets.



ARIES- Half a Grapefruit

Your refreshing attitude towards life is what people love about you. You have mastered the art of balance and never over-do it. After all, what kind of sociopath eats a *whole* grapefruit? Insanity. We both know it would never be you, Aries. Your bold nature is why you beeline for the grapefruit, passing on the bruised bananas and mushy apples without second thought. You're a team player, which is why this citrus* fruit describes you perfectly.



*There is also an "I" in "citrus" so you might be selfish instead idk.

TAURUS - BEANS



Warm hearted and loving, you Taurus's are beloved by all, just like the universal brunch favourite, the baked bean. You are persistent and determined like the stains the tomato sauce will leave on your favourite pair of joggers, and will be the one still desperately trying to snatch sausage rolls from the air at Gregg's night in Player's even when all your friends have become grossed out by the greasy, meaty swamp that's now covering the floor. Stay safe, Taurus.

GEMINI - Boiled Egg:

You are a gemini, which means you are nervous and tense. Just like your favourite brunch item - the boiled egg ! But don't let that hard calcium carbonate shell fool you, boiled eggs are the most versatile brunch item, and can be paired with anything - Much like your flexible, adaptable and communicative nature! Enjoy your egg. It will be your last.



GEMINI

CANCER - Fruit SALAD:

As a Cancer, you are tumorous and fast growing. You love fruit salad.



CANCER

LEO - Yoghurt:

As a passionate and opinionated Leo, you love anything that takes as long to cultivate as your spotify playlists - enter yoghurt. Whether it be plain, berry, or secret alpro pots option that you have to ask the catering staff to dig out of the back room, you adore the space for creativity that this milky brunch item provides. Will you top it with granola? Some fresh fruit? Maybe today you'll forgo the spoon, and eat it plain, scooping it straight from the bowl with your hands! Who knows!? Not you! Like the weird phlegmy sensation yoghurt sometimes leaves at the back of your throat, Leo's boundless energy is sometimes hard to swallow - however your spontaneous, fun spirit adds interest to the lives of everyone around you.



LEO

VIRGO - Plain Toast:

Being modest and shy as all virgos are, your favourite brunch item has to be a plain slice of slightly overcooked toast. A modest meal for sure, and with just enough burn to keep the meal exciting. The incinerated toast has enough spicy ashy flavour to really give you a kick to start your morning. You are also overcritical and harsh, unfairly slating other people's meals, and your fairly conservative personality means you steer clear from any untraditional breakfast items and probably won't even be adding butter to your crispy carb snack.



VIRGO

LIBRA - HOG ROAST:

Doctors hate you. You've found that the way to stay in such incredible shape isn't by actually paying for your gym membership but by consuming a whole pig every Saturday morning. Your self-indulgent traits will definitely bring you to consider the classic but ambitious whole hog roast as your favourite brunch item. The succulent pork and those crispy scratchings always go down a treat after a big Friday night at Jimmy's, and you can always finish the entire hog roast after working up such an appetite on the dance floor. Your flirtatious nature enables you to charm your way into persuading the kitchen staff to give you this ultra secret brunch item, and being so easy-going and sociable, the platter of tender meat is always a conversation starter and you make many friends from sharing scraps around. You've basically won college brunch.



SCORPION - Croissant:

Bonjour Scorpions! Voulez-vous un croissant? Of course you do, because you have a superior palate to your simple-minded friends. You are well-acquainted with this crepuscular pastry; your saviour from the yucky local cuisine on your gap year. You have an eye for the finer things in life, like your best friend's father. Your family ski trips to the continent are where you first encountered this buttery, flaky pastry. Corona means you cannot enjoy your favourite brunch item *en France*, but take solace in the fact that you still call your father 'Daddy' unironically.



Cephalopod: Пчелка Барри (Джерри Сайнфелд), только что закончивший колледж, находит перспективу работы с медом скучной. Он впервые вылетает за пределы улья и разговаривает с человеком (Рене Зеллвегер), нарушая главное правило своего вида. Барри узнает, что люди веками воровали и ели мед, и понимает, что его истинное призвание - добиться справедливости для своего вида, предъявив иск человечеству за воровство.



SAGITTARIUS - Scrambled Egg: As a Sagittarius you are blindly optimistic and careless, arguably much like the server staff who prepare your favourite brunch item: scrambled egg. Overcooked to the state of soggy polystyrene, and dripping in what you hope is just water, scrambled egg is avoided by many. Determined and forceful, you refuse to follow the crowd and steadfastly get a plate of this moist rubble every weekend. Your freedom-loving mindset clashes horribly with what is effectively worse than prison food, but your optimism really obscures this item's faults from you. You are intellectual and philosophical, often questioning whether the chicken came before the egg, but to be honest, both came a LONG time before the egg was prepared because it tastes a few weeks out of date.





Charity Spotlight



Durham Action on Single Housing Ltd



Aidan's has strong affiliations with DASH, raising over £11,000 for the charity through the annual fashion show last year. It seems fitting therefore to place a spotlight on this charity and the incredible work it is doing with such donations to support single homeless people in County Durham.

Walking along North road at any time of day you are likely to see a number of people begging or sleeping rough and yet this type of homelessness represents just 24% of the 776 referrals DASH receives each year. Beyond this explicit or obvious homelessness, many people are sofa surfing, using hospitals or even prisons as a means of finding accommodation. Last year I remember meeting a man in A&E who had a reputation with the staff for feigning illnesses as a means through which he could stay warm for the night by setting up camp in the waiting room. In order to end the cycle of homelessness and reduce stresses on public services such as prisons and the NHS, which are already stretched to the maximum, it is important to support charities such as DASH who have systems in place to help such individuals. DASH have 61 bed spaces throughout the county and offer both short term and long-term supported housing.



Yet, physical accommodation is only one aspect of the problem. Many people who are referred to DASH face problems concerning alcoholism, drugs and inexperience living alone. To combat this the charity offers budgeting advice, signposting and courses through which individuals can gain independence they may never have had the opportunity to, offering hope to people whose lives have been stuck in a rut for so long.

Many of us complain about extortionate house prices in Durham and the housing campaign outlined in this edition of the badger is important. However, we must count ourselves lucky that we have a roof over our heads... even if it is overpriced, in a non-ideal location or with people with which we no longer get along ! DASH have opportunities to volunteer at a distance outlined on their website where you can also read testimonials from people who have benefited from their incredible work.





Ed's Lessons for Lockdown Learning!



Invest in a scholarly mug

It doesn't take a genius, or, better still, a person struggling to [achieve mediocre grades in a Liberal Arts degree](#) to say that learning in this Covid-19 era marks a significant departure from what we are all used to. With that in mind, here are just a few of the pro-tips that I have learnt to help any student irresistible to the world of internet learning.

Set the stage before the zoom call



I'm sure that I am not the only person whose bedroom is not as tidy as it could be. This is fine because my bedroom is, well, *my* bedroom, the private space in which nobody can judge me for the empty amazon boxes that have piled up, the laundry basket that's slightly too overflowed or the bed that is invariably and unashamedly unmade. With the advent of zoom, however, all that has changed. Now *my* bedroom is on show for any range of fellow students to see.

Having logged on to some seminars early in term, I soon learned the art of the 'pre-flight check' before any group call; I take the time to check out my facetime camera and position all boxes out of sight. This means covering the overflowing bin with a sporty looking tennis bag, making at least half of my bed, and positioning the fruit afore the chocolates. In a matter of mere moments, I become superficially transformed (in *my* mind at least) into the dream student and am a picture of organisation and serenity.



Doing all of the prescribed reading for a seminar is fine, but nothing, not even the thrill of thinking you might be picked for the hockey team, can replicate the adrenaline rush of pretending you know what you are talking about in a seminar without doing the reading. Due to my despairing disorganisation, this thrill is of regular occurrence to me, yet even I still find myself wanting for nonsense to say. (I was speechless at least 5 times in 2019/20). When this happens, there is only one way for the bewildered "scholar" to remain professional: sipping a warm drink in a contemplative manner from a decorative mug.



I say this, because, on a zoom call, a mug isn't just a mug, it is a sign, a symbol even of the character that lurks within. It is a blank canvas onto which one can splatter their personality, sending a message to the call without saying a word. My choice is easy: a beautiful, crimson red Alfa Romeo Quadrofoglio (four leaf clover to those peasants who don't speak Italian) cup symbolising the Milanese car-maker's illustrious history of winning motor races. I am fully aware that many people won't recognise this when they see me sipping through my confusion, but they do see an exquisite design and realise the inner depth of my personality, or so I tell myself. I can't tell you which mug is right for you, perhaps it is of a favourite landmark, perhaps it reflects a subject you like or a passion you have, but it needs to be special to you and give you confidence in those dark hours of struggle and ignorance.

In short, don't be a mug. Buy a mug.

Wear headphones, for everyone else's heads



I'm sure I must have attended an online seminar without being greeted by a startlingly annoying amount of feedback from someone who failed to put their microphone on mute. Vicious dictators would learn a great deal about new depths of psychological torment if they were to log on to a group call in which one member (or sometimes a plurality of them) echoes what was once a flowing conversation for the next five minutes. It is nothing short of unbearable. Tutors aren't completely innocent in this disaster, but I doubt they will be reading this piece of advice/ call to arms, but, from my experience at least, we the pupils are admittedly the biggest culprits.

To combat this, there is a very simple remedy. Wear headphones. There was a recent survey that said people wearing Air Pods are 74% more attractive, but if I haven't had any joy in that area this term, that statistic must clearly be untrue. Regardless of this terrible disappointment, there is no need to use expensive headphones; a simple pair of earbuds with an inbuilt mic do the trick just fine. They make the sound quality for the user better; they make your voice clearer; they prevent people in your house from being bored into a coma by hearing about the intricacies of.... actually I won't name that module in case a tutor does see this article... but, most importantly, they prevent feedback! It is a win, win, win, win and, best of all, everybody reading this article is surely able to do it. So, after you've read this glorious publication, head off to your next seminar, and wear some headphones.

Don't break yourself; take a break.



This point is courtesy of fellow *Badger* writer, Aisling O'Toole, and I am absolutely obliged to share it. It isn't to do with protecting a reputation or preventing irritation from fellow zoomers; it is simply for you. When working almost or perhaps entirely always at home, it is very easy to get overwhelmed, and when that happens, your physical and mental health can take a tumble.

To combat this, get a routine and keep to it. If this means waking up straight away and getting a couple of hours of reading done in bed whilst your brain wakes up like me, that's fine. Maybe it means going to the gym at 6:30 to ready yourself for the day. Maybe it means waking up after midday and working much later. What it is doesn't matter. Know yourself and do what works. Just keep to it. Keep to your plan and remember to take it easy with breaks.

This is obviously easier said than done, and we are all allowed off days (mine seem to fall every Saturday and Wednesday for some reason.. oh yeah and often Sundays too Ok I'll stop talking) but just do your best and keep your mind clear from distractions. I'm now using the App called "Todoist" to help structure things; it seems pretty good so far, even if I have a growing number of things left to complete. That app may not work for you, but, if it does, use it!

So, just remember, if you're aiming for a breakthrough, perhaps you should take a break.

Thank you for reading.

Ed Vickery

Reviewing every vegetable I ate this lunchtime

By Aisling O'Toole (She/Her)

Basically Saoirse gave me ample time to write an article but I left it until the last minute and as it's Halloween I was going to review sweets or the questionable baked goods my nanny sends me in the post but it's due this evening so have a review of my lunch (I had these with falafel and pitta: it was a TIME)



Courgette: 2/10 I really don't like courgette and it took ages to roast and unlike fine wine it did not age well and just tasted like the inside of a hot water bottle.

Cauliflower- 8/10

Roasted cauliflower actually pops off to be honest. I always thought it smelt like wee and tasted of nothing but that's because I was boiling it.



Beetroot- 6/10

Stained my housemate's chopping board so that's peak but because it was cold it contrasted well with the other vegetables and was extra special because it came in a jar that I'm gonna use to store something fun in.

Sweet Potato-10/10

MY FAVOURITE VEGETABLE omg sweet potato just hits different and really added some sweetness to the mix.



Lettuce- 5/10

The fiat 500 of my salad. Basic and unsurprising. But I drive a fiat 500 so I actually enjoyed it



Avocado- 5.5/10

Went well with the falafel and added a different texture to the mix



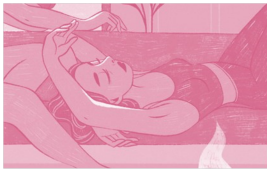
Tomatoes - 4.7/10

Juicy, pop of flavour but didn't really fit the vibe with the rest of the veggies but they were going mouldy so they went in

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF *a quarantined fresher*

By Alice Smith (She/Her)

After setting 3 alarms I crawl out of bed and get into the usual ensemble of joggers and sweat-shirt...this is accompanied by a **brief panic at the growing pile of laundry and increasingly empty wardrobe**. My sole motivation for waking up is food. A pain au chocolate that once put into the microwave **ceases to be a lethally solid projectile** and is instead a (slightly soggy) hotel breakfast - this all feels a massive holiday from



reality. I then return to my room, tidy up and open the curtains. The day has begun!
Then I have a nap.

I am at my desk by ten and slowly trawl through the chaotic crevices of DUO to find the work I am meant to be doing. Soon I am in the kitchen on the pretence of needing tea and find people to talk to about how incredibly behind I am in two weeks. I start work but rewind the lecture every few minutes, constantly distracted by the activities in **what we have begun to call the 'prison yard' that is outside my window**. I avoid eye contact with the girl who has jogged past my room several times and cannot help feeling sorry for the **hamster that I used to watch frantically running in his wheel**. Eventually I get fed up with my room enough to migrate to the fire exit and do some reading there.

By the time I get to the kitchen it is a choice

between a strangely soggy sandwich or my last pot noodle for lunch. I boil the kettle and savour what I can now confirm, after extensive experience, is the best of the best in the Tesco noodle aisle, **the sweet chili Naked pot**. We eat in the corridor as we do every day, **slowly morphing into a slightly dysfunctional family**. We discuss the moral justification for setting up a Go Fund Me for a table and name our various pot plants. Before we know it, we have been there for at least a couple hours and we hesitantly get back to work.



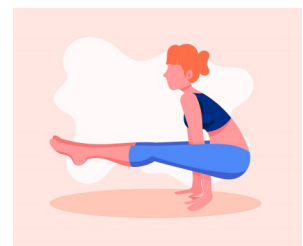
I have one of my first tutorials and it makes me anxious. The Zoom etiquette is stressful and makes speaking out far more awkward than it would be in real life. The weirdness of **talking to a disembodied voice and blank screen in a break-out room** always makes me uncomfortable; I try to tidy the area directly behind me and turn my camera on so I can feel a bit more involved. It is particularly strange when half the participants are in person; this is



when I feel most frustrated about the situation and I have to remind myself that this is the beginning of three years and there will be plenty of time to catch up.

I attempt to read some more in preparation for tomorrow but immediately realise it isn't happening and I am starting to detest my laptop screen. I decide to do some yoga and shut my curtains so no one witnesses the

bizarre sight of me losing my balance and **collapsing with a thud in my search for inner peace.** Everyone in my corridor



seems to really value exercise and we are starting to learn a lot about each other through our chosen activities. Walking down the corridor can often be an obstacle course, **avoiding the shadow boxers and the Frankenstein game of golf cricket** which occasionally makes an appearance. The walks around the prison yard are also a highlight of our days.

Before dinner the post comes; it feels like Christmas as **people congregate to see if there is anything for them.** Relatives and friends send little care packages and there are always the impulse purchases



bought with the student loan we are not spending on going out.

Dinner is a complex affair as we all squabble to reserve the best boxes of cold cafeteria food and wait to heat it for the **arbitrary 5 minutes we have decided wards off poisoning** -we all have an extreme appreciation for our little microwave and huddle round the kitchen for the hour and a half or so it takes us to get through everyone.

Some nights we have a household party with a **speaker, drinks and a slightly dangerous Jenga set.** However, tonight we all sit in the corridor and we just talk, laugh, and heat up a vast quantity of popcorn. We have a lot of fun and



in so many ways I am grateful for the household structure we have been given, which has encouraged us to spend a lot

of time together and form bonds that probably wouldn't have happened without this enforced closeness. Over the last couple weeks, the corridor really has become our home and when this ends we know that we have a great base from which to increasingly explore the other aspects of university life.

I get to bed in the early morning, ready to the **same again tomorrow and the day after that.**



By Chloe Buckley (she/her)



Halloween originates from the Celtic festival of **Samhain** (pronounced **Sow-in**). The Celts celebrated Samhain as the end of the old year, with November 1st being the start of the new one. **Samhain represents the end of the summer and harvest seasons, before the dark and cold winter begins.** As a result, it was believed that the veil between the human

realm and the spiritual realm is at its' thinnest on Samhain, so watch out for some ghouls and ghosts.

This Halloween will occur on a full moon which will also be a blue moon! The last time these occurred on Halloween was 19 years ago, and before that it was 1955. A blue full moon on the night when the veil between the living and the dead is at its thinnest?... **sounds about right for 2020.**



The concept of witches riding on broomsticks isn't as straightforward as it may seem... time for me to ruin your imagination. The idea of a witch flying around the night sky on a broomstick comes from the practice of women believed to be witches, who laced the tips of wooden sticks with psychedelic



drugs and then **use these as dildos as a way of getting high.** Bet you wish they actually flew on them now...

Jack O'Lanterns weren't originally made with pumpkins. The original Jack O'Lanterns were made with turnips, beetroots or potatoes... and **they're terrifying**

The folk lore is even worse. **Stingy Jack** (pictured above) was a miserly old man who tricked the devil and was therefore refused entry to both heaven and hell. As a result, he wanders the earth trying to lead people astray with his lantern, which is just a piece of coal inside a turnip. **All I can say is, hit the road Jack and definitely don't be coming back no more.**



Contrary to popular belief (and I still refuse to believe it), a pumpkin is not a vegetable. **It is classed as a fruit** as it has seeds, flowers, and grows above the ground. (I'd only just got my head around the tomato business)

Harry Houdini died on the 31st of October 1926. Every Halloween night, since 1927, a séance is held to try and **contact Houdini, a tradition that is still continued to this day** (pictured below).



Aidan's Halloween in 2020



By Rosie Knighton (She/Her)

With Halloween fast approaching and rona continuing to put a downer on most things (we love to see it), why not celebrate Halloween in style for 2020?! You may not be able to go out and hit the town like last year (or maybe you still went trick or treating aged 18, I'm not judging), but **a fun theme to dress up to** as a household can bring the fun to your own home!

First up we start with some St Aidan's themed ideas, because, well, why not. One of my personal favourite ideas has got to be **dressing up as the Rainbow College** – all you need is yourself, six friends (a stretch for some of us, I know) and your very own wardrobe! Assign each person a colour of the rainbow and they can only wear that colour. Put yourselves together and you have the one and only Rainbow College!

If you're not feeling the rainbow idea, a **badger is always an option** – all you need is black and white! If you're really lucky, you might even be able to source the infamous badger costume which so wonderfully welcomed this year's freshers (**my Dad genuinely wanted to turn around the**

car). Oh, and continuing with the animal theme there's always the horses – although you do then have to have the debate about **who gets to be the front and who gets to be the back...**



If an Aidan's theme isn't for you, you could always dress up as another college, ironically of course (Aidan's is of course the best). Since **we aren't getting to destroy other colleges in sports this term, why not destroy them in Halloween costumes?** This can go any direction you want it to – be imaginative! For example, tweed, barber jackets, and loafers – can you guess which college I'm dressing up as (clue, it rhymes with twatfield)? The possibilities are endless.





Considering we are living through these crazy times, **you could always embrace 2020 itself as your theme.** The infamous trio of Bojo, Patrick and Chris would be very well suited (and pretty easy to dress up as let's be honest – all you need for Bojo is to put a mop on your head, and Chris is basically just Sid the Sloth from Madagascar). A word of warning though, if you do decide to leave your house dressed as one of them, you will probably be egged... Kier Starmer is always an option too (**although I swear he is Mr Poppy from Nativity**).



If Britain is not for you, how about America? **Trump and Biden couldn't make for a better dress-up duo!** If you have the time you could even make a North Korean style promotional video of your costume, just to impress your housemates that much further. Oh, and don't forget your

bleach.

If you're looking for something more original and don't want to dress up as someone else, this idea is for you: dress up as *your* lockdown. There was some pretty quality TV about in lockdown so why not **dress up as someone from your favourite lockdown binge.** Get that glittery pink shirt on (and even shave your head into a mullet if you're feeling extra brave) and you can be the **Tiger King**. If you were one of those hardcore lockdown bakers why don't you go as banana bread? Just make yourself a sandwich board and **chuck a banana skin on your head!**



Whatever you decide to go for, I hope you have a cracking Halloween. Stay safe out there, and remember (unless you decide to dress up as Trump of course) to **wear your mask!**



Halloween Baking

By Madeleine Hurley She/Her

We all love food. We all love Bake Off. Most of us love Halloween. So let's combine all three. I've included a recipe that can be made in college kitchens, plus one for Livers Out.

Candy mug cakes

Ingredients:

- 1/4 cup chocolate
- 3 tbsp milk
- 1/2 tbsp vegetable oil
- 2 tbsp plain flour
- 1/4 tsp baking powder
- 2-3 tbsp chopped candy of your choice

Method:

In a **microwave-safe mug**, add the chocolate and milk. Heat in microwave for about **30 seconds**. Stir to completely melt chocolate into the milk. If chocolate is not completely melted, heat an additional 10 seconds. Add in oil, flour, baking powder. Mix until batter is **smooth**. Stir in candy. Cook for approximately **1 minute in the microwave**. Allow cake to cool a few minutes before eating.

Spider Chocolate Truffles

Ingredients:

- 36 bourbon biscuits
- 1 packet cream cheese
- One bar chocolate
- Silver cake decorating balls
- Black string licorice, cut into 2-inch pieces

Method:

Line a baking sheet with wax paper. Put the biscuits in a bag, cover with a tea-towel and hit with a rolling pin until crushed. Add cream cheese and mix well **until combined**. Scoop mixture into **1 1/4-inch balls** and place on prepared baking sheet. Freeze until firm, 1 hour. Melt the chocolate. **Dip cookies in chocolate**; return to baking sheet. Decorate with the silver balls as eyes and black string liquorice for legs. Refrigerate until set, **1 hour**.



James May's Sarnies of the Seventies... In practice



Believe it or not, James May isn't actually paying me for the publicity I am about to give to his "food"-related YouTube

channel. You see, before the pandemic, he ironically created a bunker-style kitchen, in which he would recreate some of the delicacies that he endured as a child, when things were tough. Unfortunately, times have become tough again, and so with that in mind I **took it upon myself to recreate some of the sandwiches** that he ate as a child, and, in this article, in reverse order, I shall rank them. Please note, all of these sandwiches were made with **Lurpak Spreadable butter (invented in 1901) and "government-issue", itchy, white bread.**

In case you were concerned about the in-built bias that could be present in an article written not only by the maker of said sandwiches, but also an arch fan of their creator, our very own Aisling O'Toole will give her balanced verdict on these sarnies (or at least their smell) too. **This experiment certainly filled our house with some questionable smells**

5. Salad Sandwich

This sandwich comes stone, dead last because, well, it's salad. Iceberg lettuce, cucumber, tomato, and spring onion married with salad cream make a sandwich which is salad. Any pleasure derived from the satisfying crunch of the lettuce and cucumber or the sweetness of the salad cream is immediately negated by the fact that you are guaranteed to **be hungry again within the next half hour** and that, well, you've just eaten salad and salad is healthy. Who would want *that*?

4. Chicken paste

Before watching the video, I didn't know such a thing existed, but it turns out that, in most supermarkets it is possible to buy a small jar of sandwich paste (I chose chicken) for about .45 of a pound. The lesson I learnt is... **keep your 45p.**

The smell that greets the user upon opening the jar isn't quite of chicken, but more chicken flavouring, or chicken extract; it wasn't particularly nice but I'm sure Aisling will have something more graphic to say about it. To taste, it wasn't actually that bad. It **does taste of chicken**, and the overall lunch costs only about 50p when you include bread and butter. That is a bargain, so fine, as long as you don't care

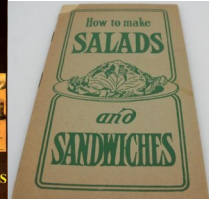


about having any real flavour. When you are celebrating the absence of a bad flavour instead of the presence of a good one, you know you have a problem; **this sandwich was neither filling or tasty** and so scores badly here. Couple that with the fact that despite being a fairly unfussy eater, I felt a slight gag reflex when trying a second round of the stuff and it is easy to see why this was better only than salad. **Save the chickens.**

3. Cheese

Cheddar cheese and pickle, or salad cream or mayo, or maybe even some cherry tomatoes is a dish that has **survived the test of time** without making any real impact. It is merely a *cheese sand-*





wich. This mediocrity is fitting given this meal's place at the medium of the selection. I liked the cheese, **it filled me up and... well... that's about it.** If you want a cheese sandwich that you will actually remember, I would suggest deviating from the '70s and grilling the cheese on a pan with butter on the outside of the toast. Maybe throw in some spinach or mushrooms or cooked tomatoes or even some mince beef (doing that latter would create what the Americans call a **"philly chopped cheese" and is absolutely delectable**). In seventies guise, though, good is the best I can give this sarnie, and average is probably the most realistic. Apologise for the absence of a cheesy finisher. Oh wait, there it is...

2. Spam

Ladies and Gentlemen, here we have it. The David among Goliaths. The Leicester City of the seventies sandwich world. The biggest shock I've had in the culinary world **since I accidentally asked my curry to be spicier than usual at my favourite London curry house.**



Thought to me a n "shoulder of pork and ham" this tinned meat is **not a looker**, but, during World War II when this stuff became popular,

looks weren't a priority. Substance, flavour and storage options were. This stuff does contain Sodium Nitrate, a preservative which isn't best healthy, but 16% of it is protein so **could be considered part of a balanced diet.** Most importantly (and shockingly I might add), was the taste. With a dash of salad cream to provide sweetness against the saltiness of the spam, **three thin slices of the stuff were absolutely delicious in a sarnie.** It was good value for money and filled me up for the rest

of the day, and I enjoyed eating it for what it was: a simple dish born out of necessity to serve a purpose. It's the surprise of the competition and I loved it. Aisling... didn't. Oh, and if you have leftovers, try it fried with a white onion in baked beans on toast and **thank me and Mr May later.** Right, the spam about spam is over.

1. Jam

And here we are, at what the **unsurprising and undisputed king of the seventies sandwiches industry.** The jam sandwich. What a treat! Now, I didn't use any niche French brands for this experiment, nor did I use the recommended "Hartley's brand" used in May's series; instead I chose the cheapest brand I could find: Tesco's Own Strawberry Jam. The result was that of **the nectar of the Gods.** Sweet, moist, perfectly matching the spreadable butter, this sandwich was the business. I know it wouldn't be part of a healthy diet, and nor would it fill you up for lunch, but as an inter-lecture treat, I genuinely cannot think of anything better, food or otherwise. **Don't be stingy when applying the jam,** be stingy when buying it and you will be very happy indeed. Don't fettle with it though. Just spread the jam on the bread and enjoy. You're welcome.

Thank you for reading this article! I hope you are enriched and that you will not be wanting for delicious and deliciously quick lunches anymore!

Ed Vickery. He/him



Book review-Katy by Jacqueline Wilson

By Aisling O'Toole She/Her

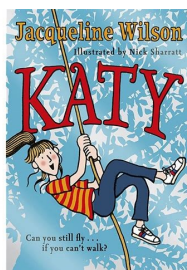
After enjoying 'The Beaker Girls' by Jacqueline Wilson so thoroughly in the last edition of the badger, I have been paying homage to my nine year old self and indulging in a few more of Wilson's works which, to be quite honest, are more deserving of spaces in the literary canon than half of Dickens.

Spoiler alert

Katy suffers a fatal injury that puts her in a wheelchair for life and that happens right at the beginning (well after we find out Katy's mum is dead and her dad essentially pretends she never existed) so it's pretty clear that we're in for another cheery Jackie Wilson special from the start.

Unfortunately what is also made clear from the start is that Katy has a few body dysmorphia issues, describing herself as 'not the slightest bit pretty', 'lankier than ever' and 'a lamp post in a leotard'. As it's a first-person narrative I'm not sure Wilson should be encouraging girls to think about themselves in such a way, normalizing the analysis of your body and appearance when it adds nothing to the plot or narra-

tive. Sadly Katy is also a Capitalist, wanting 'a servant', 'the latest phone', 'caviar and champagne' and constantly comparing her parents' modest financial income to those around her. It's probably a bit strange to imagine Jacqueline Wilson writing this in her silver hair and luxury palace but at least she's showing



empathy for those less godly than herself. The dad is also a wee bit strange. Katy mentions that he 'won't let us read any of the magazines' and admits he doesn't love his second wife as much as the first and married her partially for childcare purposes (??)

Interestingly, Jacqueline also applies some feminist undertones to the novel with Katy saying she has 'more chance of being a brain surgeon or an astronaut than making it as a

model'. This subversion of gendered norms is very much noted and appreciated. Unfortunately less than a page later Katy mentions that her step mum does all the housework-making me hate the dad even more. Equally, there is a nice bit of symbolism when the old man next door dies and the flowers outside his house go mouldy and his greenhouse falls apart. The fact his wife then refuses to leave the house could also serve as a reminder to us all that depression is extremely common amidst the older generations, especially widows, and we should visit our grandparents.

There is also a movie adaptation by the BBC which is about the same level of quality as the book and should be used by TV licensing companies to justify spending the £100. Whilst everyone was watching Hamilton, I indulged in some true art.

Overall, I give this book a 3.5/5 and think it obviously has its flaws but equally offers an interesting perspective on tragedy and the modern state of society. It was a quick read and relatively easily (although I did have to google what gargantuan meant) so you could easily get it done instead of a lecture.

J C R

~~B B C~~

SPORT

SPORTS UPDATE

By Rosie Knighton She/Her

Sports in a time of COVID, and the grand gym reopening.....!

Today we are interviewing our one and only sports and societies officer, Mr. Tom Cox, to learn a bit more about Aidan's sport in COVID times, and some information about the grand gym reopening. Oh, and since it's Halloween, a few Spooooooky questions too...

Q: Hi Tom! Thanks so much for agreeing to do this – we do know how much you love to be interviewed! Firstly, can you introduce yourself, and tell us what your favourite thing you've ever dressed up for for Halloween is (if you have a picture too that would be even better!)...



Hi, I'm Tom Cox and I'm the Sports and Societies officer for Aidans! This means that I'm **in charge of sports, and dare I say it, societies**. I do love Halloween, and last year I went to Halloween as Sexy Shrek, people said it couldn't be done but I nailed it perfectly. The paint (covering my *entire* body) did stay for about 3 days afterwards and I did have **a few green lectures**.

Q: This term is different from any other, and is had a profound impact on the way things are running around Aidan's. What's the deal with college sport this term?

College Sport has started again already! We have got **football, mixed lacrosse, and ultimate frisbee back** – the only difference is that you have to sign a track and trace form before you attend. As we move through the year more sports will be coming back – netball, hockey, and rugby should all be back in the next few weeks as well.

There won't be any leagues but there will be **the fabled floodlit cup**, where you can truly experience the epic highs and lows of college sports.

Q: What's your favourite thing about college sport (any fun pictures?), and do you have any top tips for how to get the most out of it?

Well naturally sportsmanship, socializing, and **shitting on Mildert every time they crawl out of their god-forsaken pond**. The best way to get the most out of it is just to try every-



thing! With the JCR levy you can try out any sport or society you like, and with all the friendly clubs around **there's definitely somewhere for everyone**, you've just got to find it.

Q: So I heard on the grape vine (well if the grape vine is in every college email and poster I have seen over the last few weeks...) that the college gym is reopening?! That's great! How is it going to be different this year?

Aidan's gym is re-opening? News to me... It'll be a bit different this year, **the hours are reduced, the capacity is reduced, and you'll have to book your sessions in advance**. But, most of the equipment is up and running, and for only £35 a year you really can't go too far wrong.

Q: Awesome! How do I book to go?

When you sign up for the gym you'll get an email with a link to the **online booking system**, which is (hopefully) easy to use for everyone!

Q: Onto some more Halloween questions then... Do you believe in ghosts? And if you could meet any dead person, who would it be?

I'm not sure if I believe in ghosts, but I know that **ghosts should believe in themselves** 😊
If I could meet any dead person I'd probably try to shag Helen of Troy?

Q: You're out trick or treating and someone holds out a box of celebrations. You can only take one – which type do you take? Oh, and most importantly which do you pick, trick or treat...?

I'd go for twix because **it's the last one alphabetically**.

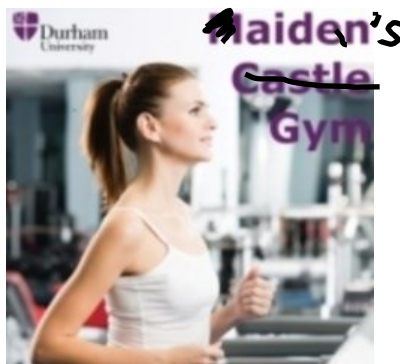
I'm more of a treat man myself, I don't know why anyone would want to pick trick really. Going out of your way to have a bad time? A bad exchange in Cox's books

Q: What are you doing to celebrate this COVID Halloween?

I'm going to have a giant **illegal rave** and go round spitting at strangers.

Thanks so much to the one and only TC!

You're very welcome





Yes, this is another story time. This is the recurring segment where aidanites submit stories of their antics (of a sexual nature or otherwise). These can be submitted via email or by smoke signal if you want to remain anonymous... Below is another anonymously submitted story which I'm sure you'll enjoy reading about just as much as I did

Picture the scene: it's a classic **Aidan's fancy dress formal**, me and my group are dressed to impress in quite distinct costumes (this is important later). After the formal it's the club. In the club there's a sprightly young gentleman who fancies a **dip in my pond**– and I'm not talking about the pond at Aidan's... Now my pond is quite untouched, a closed eco-system if you will and I fancied introducing a new species of fish; the **Slippery Dick** to be specific (editor's note: this is a real breed of fish wtf)

So anyway, his advances were welcomed and we headed home to his house, An absolute beauty of a house and one which I since considered signing, but alas, **I did not receive a tour** and we clip clopped up to his bedroom. Now it's important to note at this point that other than the necessary pleasantries exchanged during some questionable dancing, **we had in fact, exchanged names**.

As the sexy times progressed it was time to get down to it, and by to it I mean grinding on me for about half an hour while I **laid back and thought of England** (cheers Offred for the advice). After this anti-climax (pun-intended) he proceeded to ask me **"so... how was your first time"**- a chad move for any man who has actually had sex but unfortunately this poor boy either didn't know what sex was or had an incredibly small,,, ego... To which I replied **"I'll let you know when I have it..."** which is the natural response from any sexually frustrated and still half drunk gal.

Not only did our friend here forget what sex was, he also forgot my name and called me by my costume name, now this would have been sexy foreplay **had I not been dressed for the Party Animals formal**, and unless he was into animals then I think I should be offended by this?

All is not lost though, during our house hunt last year it was a great backup option to contact this chap for a **personal tour of the house (beyond the bedroom)**.



Written by Aidan's Journalism committee.

*If you would like to submit anything at all to the magazine please message
the Aidans Journocomm facebook page/ JCR Secretary email (secretary@st-
aidans.com)*

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