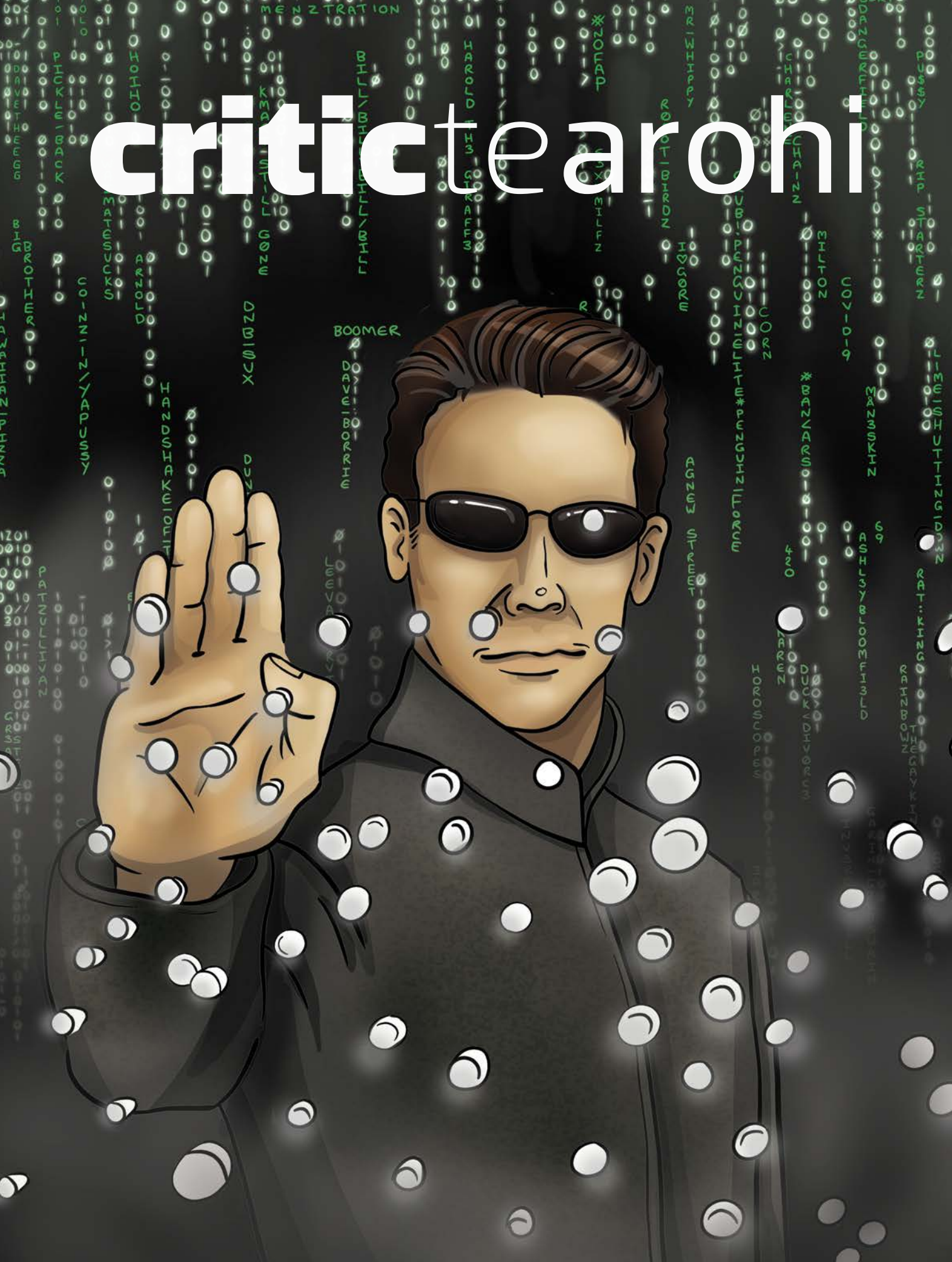


critictearohi



LET YOUR LETTERS LOOSE AT US

LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A \$30 VOUCHER FROM UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP EMAIL CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Critic Besties,
What is up with the lack of affordable Red Bull on campus???

To preface, I am an esteemed and mature coffee drinker, but sometimes a bitch wants that sweet energy drink fix to smash out an assignment. While our vending machines are adorned with phat cans of Monster, Campus Shop stocks a full range of V, and I can even hunt down a random can of Live Plus when I feel the need for speed, the only way I can get my hands on delicious Red Bull is by simping for the occasional Radio One employee on Union Lawn.

It's objectively the best energy drink, and sometimes I just want to live my best Jeffree Star pre-cancellation fantasy without trekking to New World for a cheap, sumptuous Red Bull.

I propose that we lobby the Clocktower for a wider range of energy drink options!

Ngā mihi,
Tired af

Bcc: Critic
Kia Ora Labour and Greens
Being the liberal leaning parties widely supported by young people, do you have any plans to address the massive number of young kiwis feeling dire and hopeless about the future of NZ, due to the housing crisis and the rocketing living costs? Or do you plan to sit back and drive all the young people out of Aotearoa? Could you please state your plans clearly so that young people don't have to waste any more time here?

Thanks

Dear Critic
I am a huge fan of your articles and magazine in general, keep up the good mahi! But today as I was reminiscing on the days of my youth, I was thinking about some activities that could make Critic even more fun, with one specific one you should do next week!

1. A critic colouring in competition. I used to enter these as a kid because I enjoy winning, and I think you have done colouring in before but I really want to win a competition! Pls, I don't win a lot in life but damn can I colour something in!

2: All sorts of cutouts. I think you guys had a kind of cut-out dress characters one but I would like some things to cut out so I can practice my fine motor skills.

2a: Actually the inspiration for this email is I think it would be super cute to have cut-out able postcards for the last issue we can cut out and then send to our

friends or whānau to remind them of Dunedin life. I personally stan postcards. It would be a bit floppy but I think that could be part of the fun.

3: Stickers that you can tear out that are stapled inside the centrefold. You guys do such great designs and I would 100% stick the critic stickers on my laptop like the basic macbook owning first floor central gal I am.

4: Critic origami instructions and patterned cut out-able paper. You could use a whole page for this if you are running out of content ideas and it would be very fun. Personally I love origami and I already use Critic to make origami coloured stars so why not embrace this!

Please consider these ideas and let me win a colouring in competition, it would make my year xoxox

-Postcard fan

Dear Critic
I must say I was half tempted to send this letter to the UNI volunteers department first, but then I rethought - I need the press backing me for this brilliant idea.

Two words, wait four words

Squid-Games-Otago-Edition.

Let's be real none of us have money for this shit.

Firstly, we're cutting it from six games to three. Things come best in threes like how I wish my sex life would be.

Each person is worth a box of Billy Maves; however, I am willing to give a currency of a Hoon for two boxes of Billy Maves.

Game one would be bullrush. A classic! If you get tagged... well, you know what that means...

Second Game would consist of freeze dance. With a limited number of spots allowed to continue, so the game goes as long as needed. Also, only Rick Astley's Never Gonna Give You Up playing. Lastly, for Game Three the deadliest of them all, and what the contestants have been prepping for... musical chairs. One winner, and you gotta look you buddies in the eye once there is only two left.

All and all I believe this would be a great success for the university, and great for student morale.

Thanks for listening to my business startup idea.

xoxo Miffy



Editorial: Peace out

By Erin Gourley

Welcome to the last issue.

I'm writing this on the final print night of Critic Te Arohi for 2021. We've made 26 issues of this magazine for you over the year. That means that I get to be nostalgic in this editorial.

At the start of the year, 26 issues seemed like a lot. A lot of pages, a lot of time, a lot of ideas to put into action. But looking back it all happened incredibly quickly, and lockdown helped to speed up this last stretch.

Throughout the year, we've consumed a lot of Nando's and Poppa's Pizza (thanks to our #sponsors #capitalism). We've had a lot of late nights. We've drunk a lot of DoBros. We've talked to hundreds of Otago students for stories. We've transcribed hours and hours of those interviews. We've published over a thousand pages of this magazine.

Critic has been running for 96 years now. I started working at the magazine back in 2019, so I've only been here for a tiny sliver of that time. But it feels good to have been a small part of that history. If

you like writing, or illustrating, or photography, I would encourage you to get involved. We're always looking for students to publish in the magazine.

If you'd told me in my first year (2016, aka I am old) that I would have ended up editing Critic I would have been surprised. Embarrassingly I didn't even realise that you could pick up Critic, for free, until a few months into Uni.

I'm proud of the magazine we made in 2021. It is truly a team effort. Critic wouldn't be able to print one single page of the magazine if I didn't have such amazing, talented people to rely on. They have made my job easy.

I'm proud to have made this magazine for you for a whole year, but I won't be back in 2022. It's been exhilarating but exhausting.

What a ride.

Good luck for exams and have a good summer. Critic will be back in all its glory, with a slightly different team, at the start of next year.

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LadBible Reports On OUSA's Blues and Golds

Laurel Hubbard wins Best Sportswoman, OUSA receives hate mail

By Fox Meyer

News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

OUSA's Blues and Golds awards are "in recognition of the sporting, cultural and service achievements of current University of Otago students," said still-president Michela Waite-Harvey. This year, Laurel Hubbard took home Best Sportswoman.

Strangers on the internet, who don't even go here, had a problem with that.

For what is certainly the first time, the always-reputable news source LadBible, reported on OUSA's student awards. They published a story titled "Olympic Weightlifter Laurel Hubbard Named Sportswoman Of The Year". The title did not hint at the fact that this was a small award from a university at the bottom of the world, which Laurel attends. But what more do you expect from a source that self-describes as 50% bro, 50% poorly-translated scripture? The first line of the news piece made it clear

that this was a small, local award, but people felt the need to get in touch with OUSA to complain about Laurel winning anyway. Apparently they were more focussed on the fact that Laurel is transgender than on the fact that it's not like the Uni sent any other active students to the Olympics this year in the first place.

To its credit, the original news piece contained no reference to the fact that Laurel's career has been mired in controversy. It reported instead on how thankful she was to win the award and the other winners of this year's Blues and Golds. Still, this is the only time LadBible has ever felt the need to report on our Blues and Golds. We welcome their coverage in the future, assuming that they wrote this article out of interest rather than presuming that public knowledge of a sporting controversy would get them some extra clicks.

Still-president of OUSA, Michaela ended up reading a lot of angry emails. She told Critic that: "OUSA has received abusive and transphobic communications since the announcement of the awards", some of which were from communities outside of Otago and New Zealand as a whole. Michaela described these views as "narrow-minded".

She went on to say that she was "incredibly proud of Laurel who is an excellent athlete." Micheala said that Laurel was "wholly deserving of the Sportswoman of the Year Award as [she was] the highest achieving nominee we received."

We could not reach out to the random strangers on the internet to ask why they suddenly cared about the Blues and Golds. But we assume the responses would've been colourful.

Uni Admits Misleading Staff on Shift Breaks

Working hard or hardly working? Doesn't matter, you still get a break

By Elliot Weir

Features Editor // features@critic.co.nz

Three weeks ago, we reported on widespread employment law breaches and sexual harassment amongst kitchen staff at University-managed halls of residence kitchens. Some staff then requested the mandated shift breaks that we outlined in the piece and were misled by management.

When staff in one hall reportedly asked for the 10 minute break they are legally allowed on any shift longer than two hours, they were told they were not entitled to such breaks. This is not true.

Screenshots shared with Critic Te Arohi showed an email sent by University Catering Manager Gary McNeill to senior catering staff. It was sent the day our initial article was published, and told

staff that employment law "does not mean our staff who are rostered 2.5 hours gets a break." This caused some confusion, leading staff members to reach out to Critic for clarification.

University of Otago's Human Resources Director Kevin Seales told Critic: "The University of Otago follows standard employment law which entitles workers to a 10 minute break following 2 hours' work. Some of the information in the message is incorrect. The correct information about breaks has since been passed on to kitchen staff."

For your reference, here are the breaks your employer is legally required to give you, regardless of where you work. If your boss isn't giving you these breaks, they are breaking employment law.

2.00 to 4.00 hours worked

- 1 x 10 minute paid rest break

4.01 to 6.00 hours worked

- 1 x 10 minute paid rest break
- 1 x 30 minute unpaid meal break

6.01 to 10.00 hours worked

- 1 x 10 minute paid rest break
- 1 x 30 minute unpaid meal break
- 1 x 10 minute paid rest break

10.01 to 12 hours worked

- 1 x 10 minute paid rest break
- 1 x 30 minute unpaid meal break
- 1 x 10 minute paid rest break
- 1 x 10 minute paid rest break

1 Tune in weekdays at 12pm, 2pm and 5pm
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OUSA Referendum Produces 125 Pages of Comments

Accurately representing the views of 6% of students

By Denzel Chung

Chief Reporter // denzel@critic.co.nz

Students voted to reject only one proposal in the recent OUSA referendum: calling for an Exec member to be dedicated to distance and overseas students. Over 100 pages of comments were also submitted by students, including one student who repeatedly posted the Bee Movie script as their comment for every question.

Almost every question received a "yes" vote by students this year. Some questions covered pretty boring administrative stuff such as approving the OUSA budget (which projects that OUSA will lose \$129,000 next year) and tweaking OUSA's constitution so they don't need to post OUSA election results on both their noticeboard AND send them to student media (ooh yes, we sure do love those sweet, sweet election results here at Critic Te Arohi).

Other questions, though, encouraged OUSA to take more direct action. 80.8% of students told OUSA to "work with the University of Otago to develop clear, definitive plans for future

Covid-19 alert level changes," 80% of students called for OUSA to "prioritise providing free sanitary products in bathrooms across campus," 66% of students asked OUSA to "lobby the Uni to extend the mid-semester break to two weeks" and 59.5% of students wanted OUSA to lobby for an "across-the-board grade increase, to take into account the effects of recent Covid-19 alert level changes on students' academic performance."

While 61.4% of students wanted OUSA to investigate adding a Sustainability Officer to the Exec, 64% of students rejected the idea of OUSA adding a Distance/Offshore Representative to the Exec, who would "contribute ten hours per week to supporting students not based in Dunedin during their studies." This was the only proposal that was rejected among the 28 in the whole referendum.

Proving some students have very little to do apart from participate in student democracy, a whopping 125 pages of comments were

submitted alongside the referendum responses. The responses ranged from the enthusiastic ("YES YES YES 100000% yes" in relation to putting a cap on international fees) to the wise ("Increase funding for Radio One and Critic Te Arohi"), the ambivalent ("sure", "probably") and the horrifically dumb and ill-informed ("Critic is of poor quality and so cost cuts should be made").

However, most of the pages were actually taken up by a single student, who put the first five minutes of the Bee Movie script (from the beginning monologue to the very start of Barry's honey-making tour) into their comment for every question. Such commitment to the democratic process must be saluted.

1,117 students participated in the OUSA referendum this year, or around 6% of their 18,000 members. When participation drops below 5%, referendum results are deemed "non-binding" or "indicative," meaning that OUSA does not need to adhere to the results.

DIVERSION DAY

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Summer Music Festivals: Worth Dying For?

Students with autoimmune conditions barred from summer gigs

By Fox Meyer
News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

Music festivals this summer may require you to be vaccinated to attend, and that's a problem for anybody with an autoimmune disease. Even the most sanitary D&B fiend will be barred from all festivals upholding the mandate if they don't have the vaccine.

Sara wants the Pfizer jab. She also wants to headbang at a beach party in Nelson this summer and horf nangs under the setting sun at Golden Bay out of the boot of a Barnia. She can't do both. This is because Sara has multiple reactive autoimmune conditions in which her body recognizes its own cells as intruders and attacks itself. The Pfizer vaccine was developed without trials for people like Sara, meaning that if they took the jab, their bodies might overreact and die. Not worth it.

As of 7 October 2021, New Zealand only offers the Pfizer jab, which Sara will not take. "The risk is too high," she said. "In winter, when I'm sickest, I'll react to a piece of bread." This jab is the ticket into any festival this summer (aside from the other, more literal ticket), and it is dangerous for anyone with an autoimmune condition, even if they wanted it. To Sara, this is infuriating.

"If you say 'oh, I don't want to get the vax,' people just assume it's because you've got like lavender oil or something as your alternative," Sara explained. "Where in reality, it's because I don't want to gamble having an autoimmune attack. I've got shit to do. I can't get sick." And while she'd like to get the vaccine, if Covid were to be running rampant at the time of a festival, she says: "I probably wouldn't go anyway. Because that's way riskier for me than anyone else. Even if I was vaccinated, I probably wouldn't go. I don't want it to be the last pingaz of my life."

A Ministry of Health spokesperson told Critic that an alternative vaccine, suitable for people with autoimmune conditions may be available in 2022, but offered no promises. They also told us that "we are consulting with business, hospitality, and the events sector on the finer details of how the vaccine certificate will work," and that they're still trying to sort out "exactly which types of events" will require proof of vaccination.

Critic reached out to organizers behind R & V, Bay Dreams and Le Currents to ask them what they thought of Sara's predicament. Kyle, the Marketing & Partnerships Director for R&V, said

that while the vaccine mandate seems like a "pretty positive step in the right direction," they are going to wait for more information from the Government before making any big decisions. In the meantime, the R&V Facebook page said that it is "evidently clear" that if you want to attend, you better "get yourself vaccinated."

Toby represents both Bay Dreams (Nelson) and Le Currents. He told Critic that if the government mandates a vaccine certificate to attend festivals, "then we will be doing our part to roll it out and help keep all our staff and attendees safe." However, he was sympathetic towards Sara's plight, and said that "we would hate for anyone to miss out on the summer fun." And although he knows it isn't up to him, Toby said that "we would like to see some work around for those who medically cannot [get vaccinated]. Perhaps showing negative tests or something." All in the spirit of a good boogie.

Sara said that she understood this was a complicated situation, but that her niche was "one that people don't really know exists." Her solution? Simple: "It's almost like you need a little mosh area for the fucked-up people. A two-meter distance mosh for the fucked-up people."

By Asia Martusia King
Staff Writer // asia@critic.co.nz

It Is Almost Chatime, My Dudes

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAA

The elusive Chatime, which has been edging students with their fabled Link branch since early this year, have claimed that it will finally open this October.

The store, based on walk-bys by Critic staff, now looks pretty well set-up. They even have fake plants above the booths and a machine with a lot of brightly coloured buttons.

On April 30, Chatime said that they were were experiencing delays while waiting for a part to

arrive from overseas. After months of betrayal and heartbreak, is finally here. "The items from China have arrived and a contractor is working to install them now so Chatime is hoping to open this month," Chatime told Critic.

"I'm really disappointed it's taken this long," said one student, who has been eagerly waiting to suck some balls since Chatime first announced they'd be opening up at the Uni. "Mm. Tasty," said another. Chatime serves bubble tea, by the way.

"What's bubble tea?" asked one confused American. They were alarmed to find out that it was tapioca. "Like the pudding for old people?" Yes, just like that. But in ball form.

What remains a mystery is what the missing piece of equipment was. Was it a tapioca baller? Was it a cash register? Was it a smoke machine? We have no idea, and speculation is running rampant. As this is my last Critic piece, I feel the need to encourage such conspiracy without repercussions.

Asbestos Removed from Zoology Building

Asbestos-containing heaters may still be present elsewhere

By Alex Leckie-Zaharic
News Reporter // alex@critic.co.nz

A technical report from July detailed that there is dangerous asbestos in some of the University's heaters. The original heaters were removed, but many still operate in other buildings.

The University did not respond in time for comment on this article. After hearing about asbestos in the Biochemistry Building, members of the Zoology department raised concerns to the University about the presence of asbestos in their own Marples Building, mainly inside the ancient heaters keeping Zoology students and staff warm on those cold winter nights.

According to Andrea McMillan, the University's Health and Safety Compliance Head, asbestos was indeed identified in a wall-mounted heater in the Zoology Department's Marples Building. However, McMillan went on to say that "no asbestos was found in the air" while noting that the heaters in question are radiant heaters, not fan heaters.

The solid asbestos was insulation between the heating elements inside the heater. The fact that it wasn't airborne meant that it didn't pose a risk to people. This is because, according to another statement provided by the University, the asbestos found in the heaters was non-friable. The term "non-friable" is used to describe asbestos fibres that are bound firmly to other material and therefore aren't at risk of wafting into the air where they'll get inhaled and potentially inflict mesothelioma on students and staff alike.

Mesothelioma, for those unaware, is a malignant tumour (i.e. cancer) that forms the lining of the lungs, the abdomen or the heart after consistent inhalation of asbestos fibres. The

looser asbestos fibres that pose this danger are described as "friable" asbestos. While we were told that the asbestos present is non-friable and therefore doesn't pose this danger, the University did proactively remove all heaters in the Marples Building and replace them with a modern equivalent.

However, the good vibes were not to last. A report on the aforementioned heaters, acquired by Critic earlier this year, indicates that these heaters were in fact unsafe and contained friable asbestos that potentially could be released with "minimal disturbance". This report, based on an assessment carried out by Asbestos Surveys and Monitoring NZ LTD (ASM) on July 14 this year, discusses the risk of asbestos exposure from the two types of heater found in the Zoology Building over the audit period.

The report measures the heaters against three levels of risk (low, medium, and high). Objects being tested receive a "material assessment" score based on factors such as their location, accessibility, condition, and friability of the asbestos found. The score thresholds for each risk level are 1-5 for Low Risk, 6-9 for Medium Risk, and 10-15 for High Risk.

If you've ever seen a grey or brown heater covered with an equally ugly grille, they're possibly of the same harmful variety that was just removed from the Marples Building.

The two types of heaters in question both received a score of nine, the highest score in the Medium Risk category before they become High Risk. The report details that Medium Risk items will have a "potential of a fibre release with minimal disturbance" and that any "change

in any of the calculation factors could result in a possible health & safety risk to occupants." The report also states that the items in question "should be monitored and addressed in the near future."

There's a few problems still present. The heaters are described as having low damage or no visible damage, something which adds zero to the score. If there was any discernible damage on these heaters, the score would at least be increased by two, immediately moving these heaters into the High Risk range (which requires immediate corrective action due to "potential high fibre release"). The only thing between the University being forced to address the problem immediately and doing nothing is the fact that these near-fifty-year-old heaters are not obviously damaged. This is despite the fact that these heaters are so old that the manufacturer has gone out of business.

By virtue of being in the Medium Risk category, there is the potential for fibre release with minimal disturbance. Both heaters were stated to "occasionally likely to be disturbed," which adds up over time considering that these heaters have been in the department for up to half a century.

These heaters are reportedly no longer present in the Marples Building. But because they are in other buildings, that danger is equally apparent in other locations where these heaters are present.

Consider this a public service announcement. If you see a dilapidated heater lurking in the corner of your room, it may be prudent to keep wearing your mask.

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SONYA LACEY 11 extra minutes 2021. (still detail) Dual projection, 16mm film, colour, no sound. Courtesy of the artist and Robert Heald Gallery

SONYA LACEY

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Lisa's Arms

I want her arms.

Imagine lying in those arms.

Lisa's arms.

They could comfort a nation.

Lisa, always look after your arms.

The beauty of those arms.

We refuse to let them grow old.

Lisa, your beautiful smiling arms.

Lisa's Mysterious Arms

Mystery poem solved, hearts throbbed

By Denzel Chung

Chief Reporter // denzel@critic.co.nz

A strange poem fixating on the arms of Olympic kayaker Lisa Carrington has been popping up on posters around Dunedin in the last week.

The poem, "Lisa's Arms," reads best aloud. Here it is:

*I want her arms.
Imagine lying in those arms.
Lisa's arms.
They could comfort a nation.
Lisa, always look after your arms.
The beauty of those arms.
We refuse to let them grow old.
Lisa, your beautiful smiling arms.*

Initially spotted on September 30 outside Quicker Liquor on George St, further sightings of the poem have been spotted on Albany Street (in that alley near Rob Roy Dairy), significantly reducing the chances that this was a practical joke which went too far.

Intrigued (and admittedly slightly disturbed) by this public display of affection for someone's admittedly fantastic arms, Critic Te Arohi reached out to Poet Richard Langston requesting an explanation. Richard, who as it turns out also produces lifestyle block fan fiction series Country Calendar, told Critic Te Arohi that Lisa's Arms was "a light-hearted poem written in admiration of Lisa Carrington after she'd won the last of her Olympic golds."

"I had an image in my mind of her in her black singlet with her arms holding her paddle. Like anyone who watched those races, I was in awe of her power and arm strength. Who would not want arms like that?" Critic agrees. We all have flabby arms that can only press keys and click buttons, and are in awe of Lisa as well.

Like every good English teacher, though, Richard insists there's a deeper meaning to the poem beyond worshipping Lisa's rippling biceps: "Underlying the poem is the business of ageing

— something no-one escapes despite athlete prowess or lack of. The Greek poet, Pindar, wrote a terrific poem about athletes — how their achievements 'raise them high with hope,' but some day they must face mortality. My poem has a much lighter tone than that and I wanted to finish it on a more positive note."

The poem was published as part of poster company Phantom Billstickers' Poem Posters initiative, which has put around 250 poems by 150 different poets on street posters since 2005. All published poets are paid for their poems.

According to CEO Robin McDonnell: "Putting poems on posters is largely about hope... it's the perfect literary medium for digestion on the street. It can be consumed quickly and shared via social channels if it's meaningful. The beauty of poetry is that if it's not for you then it's easy to move on, having not wasted too much time on something that doesn't add value to you."

Mr Whippy Relaunches in Dunedin

Whip it, whip it real good

By Denzel Chung

Chief Reporter // denzel@critic.co.nz

The one and only Mr Whippy has hit the streets of Dunedin. They launched with a bang on Saturday, giving out 800 free soft-serves in The Octagon.

The Dunedin business is owned by husband and wife team Steve and Linda Mitchell, who also operate Mr Whippy vans in Central Otago. "We've been doing this for ten years," Linda told Critic Te Arohi in an interview. Formerly running a vending machine business, they stumbled on the opportunity to run a Mr Whippy online — and they've been fizzing it ever since.

"We want to say how enjoyable it is owning a Mr Whippy," said Steve. "My favourite part is dealing with people. Our customers range from children through to the elderly — but everyone loves Mr Whippy."

With a few ice-cream trucks already cruising around Dunedin, including the infamous Blue Boy, whose jingle haunts the streets of North D well into the night, we asked Steve what really sets Mr Whippy apart. "The presentation of our vans — we've got brand-new vans, brand-new gear," he replied. And of course, "that* bloody jingle: "Some people love it, some people hate it, but everyone knows it."

Usefully (if slightly oddly), the vans are also equipped with GPS trackers, says Steve, which means you can track where the nearest Mr Whippy van is live, through a link on their Facebook page. "Chasing down the nearest Mr Whippy is often a fun activity families like to do with their kids," Steve said.

Although this is the first time Dunedin gets a Mr Whippy of their own, the Mitchells have made trips down to Dunedin before, including at a recent food truck event on Union Lawn. Steve told me that Mr Whippy is committed to serving North Dunedin: "We'll make sure students are taken care of," he said, "and we hope to be working with OUSA on events as well. We've already had some enquiries from students about when Mr Whippy is coming to Dunedin, so it's nice to be able to give them some good news."

Mr Whippy's soft-serve mix is unique to the brand, and is made in New Zealand from skim milk and cream. They are vegetarian, soy and gluten-free, and are also halal and kosher-certified.

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Michaela Says Goodbye

An interview with your 2021 OUSA President

By Erin Gourley
Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

After a year as President and a year as Welfare and Equity Representative, Michaela Waite-Harvey is moving on to bigger and better things next year. Like "just studying" at Otago, instead of being a student politician.

"I'm not going to completely excommunicate myself from OUSA," she said. "I'll stick around and help Melissa, and I would miss Charlie [the Radio One dog] too much to not come and see her."

She thinks it "wasn't ideal" to have an uncontested election for next year's president. "I was worried that I scared too many people away," she said. "I talked to them and I was trying to be realistic about what the role involves."

Michaela is sad that the Exec had to close Starters Bar (rip). "That ended this year on a weird note," she said. "It was a core part of

our function and the way that we presented ourselves as a practical good for students. We can lay out who we are in relation to what we can do and losing that takes away from the practical service that we provide."

Then she delivered the really bad news. "The reality is that even if OUSA finds a new student bar it will take six to seven months to get it up and running," she said.

She describes 2021 as a "weird" year. "It's been the complete opposite of last year where it started off with the Covid lockdown and then we got back to some sort of normal. This year started off with normal and went back to the weird with another lockdown. I don't know which was worse, the starting off with a lockdown or the ending with a lockdown."

The University's Covid response was different this year, too. "Last year, it felt like while there

were some mistakes, we were on the same page with the University. The government came to the table. This year that didn't happen and it felt kind of like students were on their own again."

Michaela was surprised at some of the issues that came up this year. She cites the University's proposed rubbish fines as an example. "I thought we'd got to a point where the ridiculous stuff didn't happen."

She's hopeful about the new Vice-Chancellor, David Murdoch. "I think he was definitely the right choice at the right time. He has good ideas about how the University can be better as a Treaty partner, how they can be better for Pacific communities, but also strategically how the University can just get through," she said. "He's a very decent human being, he has all these stories about saving the orphans in the Himalayas and it's hard not to like that."

Michaela is proud of finally opening the Queer Space this year, as well as finally opening the new elevator in the OUSA building, though she doesn't take full credit for that. In her time as President, she's most proud of the work she did behind the scenes. "I'm particularly proud of a lot of the individual student lobbying that I did. I think that's the thing that a lot of people don't see and obviously the stuff you can't report on because it's privileged," she said. "There were a lot of students who were, say, up for exclusion, or students who were in the Proctor's office, or students who had not heard back from the police, and that sort of thing. They were really struggling, and I was able to support them and help their situation."

Even after a year as President and another on the Exec, Michaela still gets OUSA's motto, "Audeamus" (we dare), wrong. "I always say Amadeus," she said. "Like the movie with Mozart."



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Melissa Lama: Who Is She?

An interview with your 2022 OUSA President

By Erin Gourley

Critic Editor // critic@critic.co.nz

"My life involves lots of different worlds," says Melissa Lama. "There's the Pacific community, I'm a mum, there's student politics, and I study. I do it to myself but I wouldn't change it, it's who I am."

Melissa is your 2022 OUSA President. She definitely has different life experience to 2020 President Jack Manning or 2019 President James Heath, or really any President in recent years. She's going to be a more experienced OUSA President than we've had before.

She's open about her struggles with anxiety and depression, her family life, and her childhood growing up on the run from immigration. Her mum was an overstayer and a single mother. She didn't get official residency until Melissa was six. Melissa got married when she was 17 and had kids when she was 18. "You can probably find all of that on my Instagram," she laughs. "I'm an open book."

"Immigration policy in my life is probably why I am the way that I am," she said. "That's how you get a connection to politics, you think about a policy that didn't work for you and your family. That's what I tell other people if they feel disengaged." She's planning to start a PhD part-time and said her research might focus on an evaluation of immigration policy in relation to overstayers.

People have questioned Melissa on why she's decided to add the OUSA presidency to her already busy life. Someone asked her over Facebook 'how are you going to look after your kids? Like I'm not trying to say you're not capable, but...'

"Ugh, I get that all the time," she says. "I'm like: 'they have a Dad. It was his sperm.' I'm very up front about it," she says. "My kids are going to grow up and I want to show them that you can be whoever you want to be in any space. I want to inspire other young mums too."

"But if I go out people are like, who's got your kids?" Melissa thinks it's important, as a representative of Otago students, to be out at house parties. "And not gonna lie, it's fun too," she says.

"I rep Otago everywhere I go," she says. "Even in the Covid response group space, they don't even call me Melissa. They're oh that's the Otago student leader. I go into the meetings with the clocktower Zoom background and it triggers all the Auckland Uni researchers."

She's currently doing some casual work as a Research Assistant at Auckland Uni, but insists that this isn't straying away from Otago. She's researching vaccine hesitancy in Pacific communities as a way to get her strategy for reaching out to those groups funded. "We're not really doing it to get paid, we just want to get the strategy resourced," Melissa said.

"I go into the meetings with the clocktower Zoom background and it triggers all the Auckland Uni researchers."

She describes being elected as "a massive privilege". "It's a success for my community, myself and my family — but it's also pressure in terms of making sure that I show up for our students," she said.


In terms of her strategies for the next year, Melissa is focused on engaging with students and trying to get feedback in real time. She thinks social media will be a key tool. "I want to try to capture as many people as possible," she says. "There's room for collaboration, room for association takeovers on the page. They should be able to show who they are." She says that being OUSA President will be different from being UOPISA President because she will be "more accountable to different perspectives". "In Pacific cultures, we have cultural practices that keep us molded together. I won't have that in OUSA."

With that said, she's optimistic that her experience in governance will set her up well for the role. She's represented Pacific youth in


the Covid response as well as in consultations on the Code of Pastoral Care. "Maintaining relationships is a big one for me. I do things that put people on edge, but if I am able to maintain relationships and navigate those spaces well, that's half of the the job done."

Melissa is positive about the rest of the OUSA Exec for 2022. "One thing I told them was as long as you come to me and not be rude, I'm really open to constructive criticism as long as we can talk. I do come across sometimes like a bit of a hard ass and tough. But I'm not like that, I'm actually really immature except when I need to be tough."

"I'm still figuring out how to balance it all," she says.




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ODT Watch:

Blignaut remembered when he first arrived in Oamaru, he thought "I could live here".

Scoop of the year.

Mastering small talk is a big ask

A complex joke that only serious audio nerds will get.

Can the Covid-19 virus be considered evil?

No actually, ODT, this is the one entity which kills children but is not evil in any way shape or form.

Death games?
Relatable

According to ODT Editor Barry Bridges, "life is like a stroll down George Street in the burning summer of yesteryear, before the oceans took on a life of their own. I remember going down to Brighton down with my grandpappy, this was back before they built the second dairy there and the milk bar was still, sorry what was the question again?"

Who'll think of the zorses?

"No, not the Zorses!" said Critic Te Arohi Editor Erin Gourley.

putting in the city councillors' tea?

The councillors like golf and tea, like most white dudes approaching the age of compulsory retirement. According to the ODT Super Staff Morale Yearly Pub Quiz Survey, most ODT employees feel like they make a "pretty good" cup of tea but many feel "ashamed and insecure" about their swinging average.

Deignan makes history on greasy cobbles

No ODT, it was The Boys™ who made history on greasy cobbles. I'm calling it here. We have a scoop. An intrepid Critic reporter spotted a sneaky ODT 'journo' greasing the cobbles the night before. With Lewis Road butter no less. Are we disappointed? Yes. Are we surprised? No. The ODT have been greasing cobbles for 160 years to manufacture their little news 'stories'. And it ends here. The game is up. By the way, The Boys™ made history in this instance, stabilizing the blameless Deignan as he made his way down his greasy garden path.



RESIDENTIAL REPRESENTATIVE Jack Saunders

Kia ora koutou,

Over the past few weeks, the Best and Worst Flat Awards have been reborn! We were fortunate enough this year to have the Mayor of Dunedin, the Vice-Chancellor of the Uni, and a Labour List MP as some of the judges, and we had awesome applicants who have been awarded some vouchers thanks to DeliverEasy.

The purpose of these awards was to highlight the best of the best flats in Dunedin and try and set a bar for landlords to achieve. We also wanted to highlight some of the worst flats down here, with the intention of showing that, while the new Healthy Homes Standards are coming into play next year, some flats just aren't that great. Congrats

to the girls in McKellar Mansion who took out the Best Flat award!

It's coming to that time in the year where you're probably eager to get into your new flat in 2022, and now is just a good time as ever to brush up on your rights as tenants. As of April 1st next year your flat has to comply with the new Healthy Homes Standards, so give them a google and check to see if your flat is up to scratch in terms of insulation, draughts, and ventilation. If you don't think they are, then contact Student Support, but we've got a great initiative coming your way to help make this process easier for next year, so keep your eyes peeled.

Stay warm (yes, that means heating your flat outside of power hour), study hard, but give yourselves a break every now and then to enjoy your time flatting in Dunedin!

Ngā mihi,
Jack

WORDWHEEL ANSWER: Caramel



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[illegible]

1. Prediction using a crystal ball (7-7)	19. Slightly open (4)
7. Main street of Dunedin (6)	20. Prefix meaning new (3)
8. Fancy word for a moustache (10)	21. Ran away (4)
10. Long-haired cat breed (7,3)	22. Factual writing (3-7)
14. Type of fish (4)	25. Mastermind of illegal activity (10)
16. Long, long ____ (3)	27. Continent in Northern Hemisphere (6)
17. Killer whale (4)	28. Marsupial from Tasmania (9,5)

1. Unable to burn (10)	13. Palpable (8)
2. Throw (4)	15. Mockumentary by Jemaine Clement and Taika Waititi: Wellington _____ (10)
3. Plastic building brick (4)	23. ____-Wan Kenobi (3)
4. Another name for Côte d'Ivoire (5,5)	24. American actress: Tina ____ (3)
5. Used to unlock things (3)	25. 'Sweet' in te reo Māori (4)
6. Race that is slightly over 42 km (8)	26. Pimples (4)
9. 'Fish' in te reo Māori (3)	
11. Shocking (10)	

A circular diagram divided into six equal sectors by three diameters. The sectors are labeled with the letters E, N, U, T, R, and O in a clockwise direction starting from the top-left sector.

Insert the missing letter to find the word that runs either clockwise or anti-clockwise around the wheel.

A circular line drawing of a stylized, swirling pattern. The pattern consists of numerous curved, overlapping lines that create a sense of movement and depth. In the center, there is a small, circular void, which might be interpreted as a face or a decorative element. The overall effect is that of a complex, organic form, possibly a stylized flower or a decorative medallion.

There are 10 differences between these images.





Why Aren't We There Yet?

Understanding Barriers to Getting Aotearoa Vaccinated

By Elliot Weir

The government is putting on the pressure for New Zealanders to get vaccinated. But many people are not vaccinated yet. The reason why is a mix of policy, inequality, and misinformation from friends, family and far-right conspiracy theorists.

Up until recently, we've enjoyed relative freedom from both lockdown restrictions and the macabre numbers of cases, hospitalisations, and deaths that come with a widespread outbreak of Covid-19. On Monday last week, the government announced a plan that no longer aims for zero cases of the virus but instead relies on vaccinations to protect our population. Whether or not this is the right direction to take, vaccinations are now our main line of defense against the virus. It is critical that as many of us get vaccinated as possible — and fast.

The Pfizer vaccine, which New Zealand uses, is remarkably safe and reduces transmission of the Delta variant by 65%. In Aotearoa, at time of writing, just 3% of the cases in our current outbreak were fully vaccinated when they contracted the virus, despite 49% of the eligible population being fully vaccinated. Professor Shaun Hendy tells us that "the best thing we can do now is get vaccinated or encourage our friends and family to do so". He told the NZ Science Media Centre that the government's new plan "really does put the responsibility for preventing spread in the hands of the public, so it is vitally important that everyone does their bit."

So why is half of the country still not fully vaccinated?

Access and availability

Many people simply haven't had a chance yet. Group 4 vaccinations only opened up on September 1. As the recommended wait time between Pfizer doses was six weeks until very recently, many people, particularly young people, simply haven't had a chance to get their second dose yet.

Vaccination rates are lowest in young people and in Māori and Pasifika communities. Māori and Pasifika communities have a lower median age than the rest of New Zealand, but even accounting for age there remain disparities in vaccination rates. Dr Rawiri Jansen said in September that these disparities were a result of issues with "access and availability", and the vaccination rollout was designed with Pākehā in mind.

For some, fears about side-effects meant waiting for a time off before getting vaccinated. Abigail, a student who has an

underlying health condition, told Critic that she was nervous about getting the vaccine after hearing about side-effects. She said she planned to "only get them done after exams when I can take a few days off, but I'm still a bit nervous and really have to remind myself it's for the good [of] NZ as a whole."

Megan* told Critic her parents were vaccine hesitant when she grew up and she'd seen a lot of anti-vaccine content in her newsfeed, and because of that she had fears in the back of her head about getting her Covid vaccine. Megan said she understood the benefits to her and her community, but put off getting vaccinated until she went with her flatmates to a drive-through vaccine clinic at the Edgar Centre. People like Abigail and Megan are willing to get vaccinated to help protect those around them, they may just need a little more support from those around them.

Finding it hard to trust a broken system

When our country has failed its most vulnerable on so many occasions, it is hardly surprising many distrust any messages coming from the government, including “get vaccinated”.

Inequalities in health outcomes between Māori and non-Māori have been clear for decades. Research, such as the work of Dr Matire Harwood, has found Māori are less likely to receive interventions considered best practice, even when other factors are considered. A parliamentary inquiry last year found Māori receive inequitable access, treatment, and outcomes from our health system.

Our housing crisis is another ingredient in this molotov cocktail of inequality. Many of the cases in the Delta outbreak have been linked to emergency and transitional housing, where living situations are often crowded and self-isolating is not possible. Māori and Pasifika are disproportionately represented in emergency housing. Dr Jansen argues that these communities have been “historically poorly served by health and social sectors.”

Our housing crisis is another ingredient in this molotov cocktail of inequality.

Falling down the rabbithole

Being last in line for the vaccine meant that young people have had more time to be exposed to misinformation online. As Auckland Councillor Efeso Collins has said, disinformation “fills the void of the people who have neglected and distrusted the system for a long time.”

There’s no evidence that the main reason people aren’t yet vaccinated is ideological. But anti-vaccine, anti-lockdown Covid conspiracy theorists are loud, organised, and are making headlines daily. Hospitality workers face abuse from disgruntled customers fed up with masks, health clinics in Nelson have received distressing anti-vaccination letters, and a Central Otago tourist attraction received threats of a boycott after it offered free entry to vaccinated members of the public.

Earlier this month, roughly 1000 Aucklanders participated in an anti-lockdown and anti-vaccine protest. The protest was described as “harmful for social cohesion when we need it most” by Professor Michael Baker. Covid restrictions were largely ignored by the crowd and its organisers. The event was organised by the Freedom and Rights Coalition, consisting of a few well-known faces including controversial restaurateur Leo Molloy, Groundswell NZ organiser Scott Bright, City Impact Church founder Peter Mortlock, and Destiny Church ‘Bishop’ Brian Tamaki.

The protest was organised over social media, including platforms like Telegram and Instagram. Telegram is used by

Aaron Hendry works with homeless youth, and believes that: “If we treated housing as a human right, we wouldn’t be in this situation. Blaming whānau living in third world conditions, with shared facilities and being unable to isolate misses the bigger issue that is contributing to this problem.”

After a woman in a Waitākere police cell tested positive for Covid, it was revealed that 11 of the police staff that had handled her case had not been wearing masks correctly. Through an OIA request, RNZ discovered that police had discouraged staff to get vaccines that were not through their own provider, even when local clinics had spare vaccines to offer at the end of a day.

Stories like these only create further distrust in the institutions enforcing lockdown restrictions, especially when those restrictions are used to justify breaking up legitimate political dissent. Police officers took down protestors’ camps at Pūtiki Bay on Waiheke Island in August, despite protestors claiming they were adhering to all lockdown restrictions. Stuff later reported that the trespass notices given to protestors by police were invalid.

many for its encrypted chats and calls and was reportedly the most downloaded app worldwide in January this year. It is also a platform of choice for fringe conspiracy groups. There are dozens of NZ-based conspiratorial Telegram channels. Some are exclusively anti-vaccine groups, while many others host a mix of far-right, white supremacist, and transphobic content along with anti-vaccine, anti-lockdown content.

Within anti-vaccine channels, viewers are flooded with a range of content. There are unrelated bitcoin scams, anonymous ‘quotes’ from ‘whistleblowers’ like nurses in ICU wards, rich elites supposedly giving away their plans, or people sharing news stories about vaccines and encouraging others to spam the comments with anti-vaccine messages. A lot of the content originates from outside of New Zealand. It is reportedly common to purchase fake Telegram followers, with 1000 followers setting you back \$5 USD. People entering these channels may believe there are more people on their side than there are.

On these fringe channels, anti-vaccine groups overlap heavily with, and in some cases are run by, white supremacists. Neo-nazi group Action Zealandia has been spreading anti-vaccine disinformation since last year. Far-right QAnon conspiracy theorist Damien De Ment is now one of the most prominent anti-vaccine leaders on Telegram. Claire Deeks, founder of local anti-vaccine group Voices for Freedom, recently promoted a far-right, antisemitic Polish political party for their stance on vaccines.

There are unrelated bitcoin scams, anonymous ‘quotes’ from ‘whistleblowers’ like nurses in ICU wards, rich elites supposedly giving away their plans, or people sharing news stories about vaccines and encouraging others to spam the comments with anti-vaccine messages.

“People need big explanations for big problems, for big world events,” says cognitive scientist John Cook. The far-right has used that fact to transform healthy concerns about police powers in lockdown into a belief in an emerging ‘New World Order’ with Jacinda at the top.

The messaging from these groups suggests these tactics are being used to specifically target Māori and Pasifika communities. On Damien De Ment’s Telegram channel, he claims that “Polynesians and Maori are being stalked by ‘authorities’” and will frequently tell his followers to “PLEASE SHARE THIS WITH MAORI & PACIFIC ISLANDERS.” Former leader of the New Conservative party, Elliot Ikilei, claimed on Telegram that New Zealand’s first Pasifika MP, Taito Phillip Field, died from the Pfizer vaccine.

You’re unlikely to be seeing content from these Telegram channels unless you are already peering down the rabbithole. Other social media platforms, like Instagram, are a different story. With many people isolated, lonely, and relying on social media for their news and information, social media is a hotbed for misinformation and conspiracy theories. Youtube only banned false Covid-19 vaccine claims last month. The Bureau of Investigative Journalism found Facebook acted too slowly in April to shut down hundreds of Instagram accounts spreading Covid disinformation to sell detox products.

Where to from here?

Grassroots community efforts that prioritise marginalised groups appear to be the most effective outreach to people that may be vaccine hesitant or anti-vaccine. Various Pasifika communities have held vaccination events in Auckland catered to their communities in recent weeks, all to great success. The youth-led Rally Your Village vaccination drive has vaccinated thousands of young people over the past week. In Dunedin, community health provider Te Kaika, Te Roopū Māori, and Otago’s Pacific Islands Students’ Association collaborated to run a vaccination clinic at the Forsyth Barr stadium that successfully vaccinated thousands of students. Efforts like these are key to our nationwide success.

Reaching out to your friends, whanau, and flatmates with kindness can make a world of difference. Students nervous about the

Two of the many influential instagram accounts spreading anti-vaccine and anti-lockdown messages to youth, Youth Nation and Radical Youth, appear to be grassroots efforts but are in fact directly linked to Brian Tamaki’s Destiny Church. These accounts specifically target “Gen Z” to “#LetsGetArrested” and encouraged followers to attend the protest in Auckland.

Occasionally misinformation surrounding vaccines is spread by those in power, which only increases the distrust towards the vaccine. Former Northland MP Matt King was criticised for sharing a video of Covid misinformation in August. Former Prime Minister John Key was called out by Pfizer last month for making “incorrect and baseless” claims about the government’s vaccine purchase agreements.

In Dunedin, councillor Lee Vandervis attended the “Families Freedom Picnic” on October 2 and has been criticised by his colleagues as well as local immunologists for sharing anti-vaccine content on social media, including promoting ivermectin as an alternative treatment. Otago Professor James Ussher described this to the ODT as a “pure conspiracy theory”. Lee Vandervis is the only unvaccinated Dunedin councillor and has said he has doubts about the effectiveness and safety of the vaccine.

vaccine who spoke to Critic said that having flatmates encourage them to come along and get vaccinated with them helped, as “going alone is scary.”

Experts believe making a connection is more important than a correction. When trying to convince loved ones to get vaccinated, the worst thing you can do is try and win the argument. Listening and trying to understand their concerns, while gently encouraging them to reflect on one or two of their misguided beliefs, is far more effective. Unlearning a belief takes time and mahi, and isn’t likely to happen after one conversation, so we need to be patient and empathetic — don’t try and show that you are trying to ‘convert’ someone, but do try and show that you care.



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SLICE OF HEAVEN?

**YOUR SUMMER GUIDE TO
THE SHIT TOWNS OF OTAGO
AND SOUTH CANTERBURY**

BY ANNABELLE VAUGHAN

Shit towns are the pride of our nation. For those of you who aren't familiar with the concept of a "shit town", it's a town where literally everything is shit. But going to a shit town is a cultural experience to find out how the other half live, so it's a must do.

With summer around the corner, you and your mates are going to be taking a road trip or two. If you're lost as to where to go, never fear. I have taken it upon myself to put together this shit town guide for you. If you feel like questioning my expertise, please be assured that I'm the daughter of a Central Otago dairy farmer and all I know about is shit towns. Sit back, buckle up, and crank the fucking tunes because you're about to be in for one hell of a ride.

MILTON

Milton is about a half hour drive from Dunedin, and you'd generally stop here if you were driving to places like Invercargill, or somewhere else in Southland. Milton dubs itself "Town of Opportunities", which is funny because all Milton has is a prison, a dangerous but fun playground, and a Subway. The scenery is picturesque, with rolling hills of sheep farms to your right, and an algae filled, piss yellow coloured lake to your left. It's a great first pit stop on your road trip. Just don't swim, get a sandwich from the Subway, or end up in prison while you're there.



WAIKOUAITI

Waikouaiti is about a 45-minute drive out on the northern motorway out of Dunedin. It's a small, seaside town which has a really good bakery and fish n' chip shop called "Fish Inn" (haha get it?) right on the main street of town. You may have also heard it been referred to as "whack-a-white", which is what the boomers and colonisers call it, as they usually make up a majority of the population. There's also a tavern, which is a great place to get a pint or be sexually harassed by farmers who get no pussy. Waikouiti is the shittiest of seaside towns. It radiates budget Moeraki energy.

PALMERSTON

Palmerston is the southern namesake of fellow shit town Palmerston North. For those of you petrol-fiends embarking on a great, rugged road trip, Palmerston is probably your last stop within civilization for a while. Use the public bathroom and petrol station while you can, despite the fact they probably both carry a variety of diseases. Palmerston has white trash energy, as its residents usually consist of high school dropouts, old widows, and just generally questionable folks. However, it does have some redeeming qualities. There's a cute antique and thrift store owned by a nice old lady, and the cafe there isn't entirely atrocious.

RANFURLY

Ah, Ranfurly. Home to Art Deco, the Rail Trail, and my childhood trauma. It's about an hour and a half out of Dunners. Upon entry, you'll notice a sign that says "Avoid Fatigue, stop in Ranfurly," which is funny, because all Ranfurly makes you wanna do is go to sleep. It's nice and flat, and the entire town is about four blocks so it's a good place to walk around and stretch your legs. It has not one, but two (!) Four Square supermarkets, so it makes for a good snack stop. A shit town truly ahead of its time. As for the demographics, you're looking at farmers, nurses, and old people. Generally white, bitter, and right wing. As for sights to see, there's a statue of some random old guy in the middle of town, a park, a swimming pool which hasn't been cleaned since 1986, and a graveyard to keep things light and fun.

OTUREHUA

If you're looking for the most empty, depressing void-like place to stop in, Oturehua is the place to be. Located in Otago's Ida Valley, it has a population of about eight people, and I guarantee they're all related to each other. That family tree has no branches. I'm not taking the piss when I tell you Oturehua is literally just one fucking street. There is a pub, but no supermarket, doctors office, or public bathroom, so the locals clearly have their priorities in order. There is an old Milk Bar which literally hasn't changed since the gold rush. You can buy a bag of chips or a can of baked beans for about \$13.50, and they even sell Golliwogs. Just delightful stuff, really.

OPHIR

Ophir is located further into Central Otago, about an hour and a bit out of Alexandra. The only thing it has going for it is this one massive fuck off bridge that is apparently meant to be very cool and historic, but is more just underwhelming and self explanatory. Ophir also has a pub called "Blacks Hotel", which seems at least mildly politically incorrect. New Zealand's shit towns are like going back into the 1950s. In the summertime, Ophir can reach scorching temperatures, like 35 degrees. Standing in the sun by the bridge and getting burnt to a crisp is the most exciting thing you can do in Ophir.

CROMWELL

Now, chances are you've probably stopped through Cromwell if you've ever gone to Wanaka or Queenstown. Cromwell is much more developed than other shit towns. It has a population of about 5,400 people, so it's more densely populated and not everyone has the same last name. As for things to do, Cromwell has some kind of iconic racing track if you're into cars, mini golf, and that big fuck off fruit statue. Although slightly shitty, Cromwell does have its quirks, and, despite the skyrocketing property prices, it's a humble, fruitful town (haha, get it?)

WAIMATE

Heading into Canterbury, it's compulsory to pull over and make a stop in Waitmate or else you will be pulled over by highway patrol and forced to pay a ticket. Waitmate, or Waims to the locals, has a population of about 2,000 people, who are outnumbered by the town's population of wallabies. Yes, there are wallabies in New Zealand. Waimate definitely has a rural flair to it, but it does have a few pubs and restaurants if you find yourself needing a lunch or dinner break. Despite its boring, small town aura, Waimate has bred some of New Zealand's finest folks, including girlboss and former Otago Uni student Margaret Cruickshank, who was the first female GP practitioner in New Zealand, and former Prime Minister and all round GC Norman Kirk (you can even visit his grave stone)!

TIMARU

Ahhh, Timaru, or Timaz as some of the locals call it. Located in Canterbury, Timaru is a staple shit town and is a must-visit for your road trip. It's small, and according to one former resident, Kaitlyn, it's best known for being the "crack capital of South Canterbury". Despite this, it has a few redeeming features. There are lovely scenic walks around Caroline Bay, and it also has a really fucking good Thai restaurant on the main street. It's demographic consists of suburban families, retirees, and (obviously) crack heads. Timaru is a staple, and it knows exactly what it is. A shit town. It's spectacular, it's classic, it's Timaz hard.

GORE

One can simply not do a shit towns of New Zealand guide without including everyone's favourite shit town, Gore. What is there to say? Gore is home to that giant fuck off fish, and country music. As for the population, those who have been lucky enough to flee can be seen on the hit Bravo TV show Escaping Polygamy. I have never been to Gore on a nice day, it's always cloudy and drizzly, and the public bathrooms are fucking revolting. But it's a culturally eye-opening experience to see how the other half live, so it's a must do on your summer roadie.

OMARAMA

Nestled away by the Waitaki valley, Omarama is best known for its iconic Clay Cliffs, a petrol station and park with a singular swing. Omarama can be accessed via the Lindis Pass. But don't be fooled by the majestic mountains and spectacular scenery, the Lindis Pass is single handedly the longest, most boring, excruciating road you will ever drive down. According to Google Maps, it's a two and a half hour drive. Don't listen to that shit, it's a lie. It takes at least 27 hours to get to Omarama. You could probably get to space with Jeff Bezos faster. Despite the trek, Omarama does have some redeeming qualities. The clay cliffs are really cool, and make great content for the 'gram.

TARRAS

If your browser's incognito mode was a town, it would be Tarras. Tarras is such a shit town, I don't even know if it deserves the label town. It's more of an outhouse. According to Google Maps, Tarras is considered a "farming settlement," which seems like a nicer way of calling it a ditch on the side of the state highway. It's one of the driest places in Otago, both in terms of weather and things to do. The only thing Tarras really has going for itself is the fact it's home to the giant sheep called Shrek that inexplicably became a national icon. I think that in itself explains the social phenomenon that is Tarras.

TEMUKA

If you're from Temuka, I'm sorry. You deserve some compensation for that. Temuka is in Canterbury, and is such a shit town, you literally have to go to the effort of getting off the highway to get to it. Even the most intrepid travellers cannot justify or face the shit town that is Temuka. As for comments, News Editor Fox Meyer only had one thing to say: "FUCK Temuka. That's all."



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2021

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@toonsbyspoons



How are you funding your summer?

If the thought of working the summer away in an office or shop doesn't thrill you, and you can't do your OE, why not think about getting a job on an orchard along with your mates this summer? Right now, there are loads of summer jobs on orchards picking and packing fruit being advertised in the beautiful Hawke's Bay, Marlborough, and Central Otago regions.

The apricot, cherry, nectarine, peach, and plum (or summerfruit) harvest starts late November and can last until April — depending on the fruit variety and weather. In Central Otago, the cherry harvest starts around mid-December and ends early February — perfect timing to catch a festival, ride the bike trails or relax before lectures begin.

Otago Uni psychology student Graydon has spent recent summers working on an orchard in Central Otago, rather than flying home to New Plymouth. The 20-year-old has wanted to do orchard work for years after hearing about the good money he could earn for his tertiary education.

'There's not a lot of opportunities to earn that kind of money back up north in seasonal work' he says.

Most of his friends are also coming back again this summer and he's managed to rope in a few extras as well.

'I started picking last season and my biggest day was 43 buckets, but I usually average around 30. So it's definitely better than a minimum wage job.'

First year psychology and exercise sports science student Meg is looking forward to her second season of fruit picking. She started in the packhouse but soon realised that it was outside in the fresh air that she needed to be, and after a week, joined her friends to pick fruit instead.

'The packhouse is easier money but picking is just so nice amongst the trees,' she says.

Meg is keen for a full season of cherry picking these Christmas holidays and enjoys the convenient hours, knowing every day is a guaranteed seven to eight hours of work over a six to seven day week.

Occasionally rain can stop the harvest briefly, but hopefully Mother Nature will be kind this year.

Having a good group of friends to pick with definitely helps the day go faster, as it can be quite physical work for some, but also a great way to get fit and a tan.

'My back was very sore after the first day, but the buckets aren't that big that you can't hold them. It's just physically tiring.'

Meg says that at the peak of the season they would start work at 7.30am and finish around 3.30pm, but if they were busy the boss would give people the choice to either carry on or sign off if they wanted to.

'If you want to make good money, then you'll find out pretty quick if you like it or not.'

If picking fruit isn't your thing, then there are other orchard jobs available and the packhouse is a good place to start. And orchards can be pretty social places — Meg's had a basketball team and she says there were parties to celebrate milestones too.

For people looking for job security, as the summerfruit sector is an essential service for New Zealand, harvest work would continue if a Covid lockdown occurred, but with strict health and safety protocols in place.

Finding accommodation in the regions can be a challenge, so it is always worth checking if you have any family or friends that would be happy to give you a bed for the summer. Many, but not all orchards, offer accommodation which might range from campsites for tents and campervans to self-contained flats, so it is definitely something to consider when checking out vacancies.

While Meg lives in sunny Alexandra near the orchards, Graydon has to find accommodation for the season and that comes at a cost. Last year he paid \$75 a week in a shared room on the orchard.

If this sounds like something you'd like to try this summer, why not find out more at www.handpickedcrew.co.nz then get your mates together and check out vacancies on jobs.picknz.co.nz and plan a summer to remember.

Scamming the Spammers:



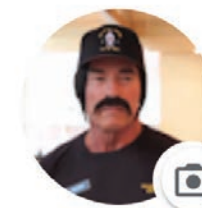
The Friends, Money, and Contracts I Made While Replying to Spam Emails

► By Erin Gourley

For months, Mr Manuel Franco has been emailing me from different accounts, telling me I've won three million USD in the email address lottery. I get one email a day from him from various different email accounts. It always goes straight to my spam folder.

I started replying to my spam emails for a week to see if the scammers would accept me as their friend. Manuel did not. I wrote to him multiple times, saying: "I was over the moon to get your email. It really made my day, it's been tough lately." He never replied. One of my emails bounced because the address no longer existed. Maybe he was spreading himself too thin by sending spam emails every day.

It feels illegal to reply to emails from the spam folder, but as far as I know, I didn't download any viruses. Because I'm a coward, I created "arnieschwarz420@gmail.com" to email the spammers. I pretended to be Arnold Schwarzenegger. Sometimes I was also represented by my legal advisor, Mr Jason Bourne, because it turns out most of these emails end in the scammers trying to make a contract with you.



Arnie Schwarz

arnieschwarz420@gmail.com

[Manage your Google Account](#)

Sergeant Rianna Conner (not the real Rianna Conner, who is a model and used to be in the Marines) sent an intriguing opener. The subject line of her email was "CONFIDENTIAL", which is smart. I opened her email immediately. "This contact is confidential and of high importance and that is why I am writing you from a pseudo account, so get back to me via my private address.... This is urgent." It contained no details but I wanted to know why it was so urgent, and to help my new friend Sergeant Rianna Conner.

I replied, as Arnold would, by drawing her into the plot of the Terminator. I wanted to know whether Sergeant Rianna would acknowledge my concerns or just keep going with her script. The subject line of my email was "URGENT response: Sergeant Connor You Are In Grave Danger". "I will do anything I can to help you against SkyNet," I wrote. "You have a brother, John Connor? How is he? I am very concerned for his welfare and safety."

She attached two photos, one titled “Rianna” and another titled “Sexy Rianna”. To really twist the knife, she quickly segued into a proposal for business partnership.



Rianna.jpg



Sexy Rianna.jpg

Disappointingly, Sergeant Rianna did not talk to me about Skynet or John Connor. She gave me her life story (dead husband in the Marines, she is in West Africa fighting terrorism, child called Kelvin, blah blah blah) but did not acknowledge Arnold’s concern for her safety. She attached two photos, one titled “Rianna” and another titled “Sexy Rianna”. To really twist the knife, she quickly segued into a proposal for business partnership. “I want you to understand that relationship does not count distance or even age, maybe we can start as friend or go into business partnership with my funds which i need to invest with urgent assistance,” she said. It hurt. It felt like she didn’t truly want to be friends with Arnold Schwarzenegger. She just wanted a business partner.

I had higher hopes for my next email, from Mrs Elizabeth Edward, a sick lady struggling with “pro-long critical cancer”. She was very polite and immediately offered me a large amount of money, which was a good start. “Since my days are numbered, I’ve decided, willingly to fulfill my long-time promise to donate you the sum (\$5.000.000.00) million dollars I inherited from my late husband Mr. Edward Herbart,” she wrote. Arnold Schwarzenegger is a long-time friend of Mr Edward Herbart, as proven by this photo of them together, which I sent to Elizabeth.



Me-and-herbert.png

“His death left me with no option than to burn all his pictures because since he died, his remembrance at each time I glance at his photo gets me all through with sorrow...”

Arnold asked for photos of his close friend Herbert, but Elizabeth refused to share. “His death left me with no option than to burn all his pictures because since he died, his remembrance at each time I glance at his photo gets me all through with sorrow to an extent I couldn’t withstand keeping his pictures around me coupled with my severe cancer and ill health condition,” she wrote.

Elizabeth sent a photo of her sickbed, where she lay talking animatedly with her good friend Judith Smith, as explained by the caption. Arnold wrote back: “I hope you will accept this message to remind you of the good times we used to have with Harbart. I hope it sparks some memories of those beautiful times when we were young.” He then sent Elizabeth the lyrics to the song September by Earth, Wind & Fire and proclaimed his love for her. She never responded, maybe because she finally died of cancer.



My Photo here in Hospital.jpg

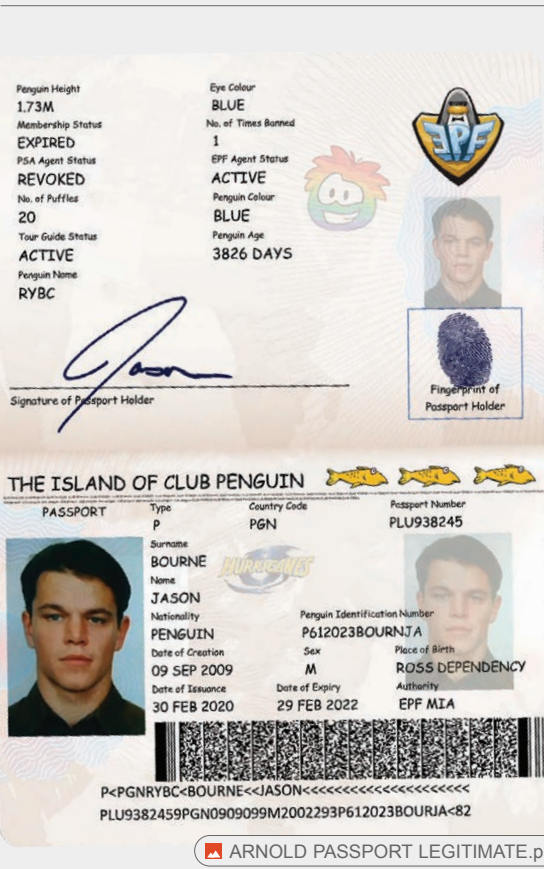
Another of my contacts was more businesslike. Barrister Sani Ali Gaddafi, with a questionable choice of surname for someone trying to con people, sent his entire email through the subject line. This gave it a panicked kind of tone right from the beginning.

Sani Ali Gaddafi

Fwd: Greetings of the day! I'm Barrister Sani Ali Gaddafi, a personal attorney to a deceased client's of mine, who shares the same last name as yours, the most imperative aspect of the matter is that the respective bank where his funds are deposited has issued a letter of ultimatum to me as the family attorney to produce the legatee to come forward for the claim of the deceased funds, the total sum of \$7,500 000 00 USD. (Seven Million Five Hundred Thousand USD) So i have contacted you due to my deceased client died intestate without a registered next of kin. But now the concerned bank has called on me to produce the legatee/next of kin to the deceased, that's the reason why i'm contacting you as you share the same last name with him. Please for more clarification details get back to me only through this email (law_firm@internet.ru) or WhatSapp me with this number +228 90 86 88 25 Inbox X

Gaddafi was friendly, but he used a lot of long words, maybe to emphasise that he was a barrister. “I give you enormous thanks for your kind mail response in regards to my proposition, although you maybe little bit bewildered over my proposal, in view of the fact you didn't know the deceased and that's why you deserved to be assiduously elucidated on this whole matter, so please i will predominantly need your mutual understanding to collaborate with me on this matter,” he wrote. It seemed a bit desperate.

He was contacting me because he was “A personal attorney to a deceased client of mine, who shares the same last name as yours late Engr J B Schwarzenegger, his death was as result of a heart-related condition ... due to the death of his wife and two kids that died from Covid-19, it was a long story in-anyway.” He never responded after I sent him a fake passport.



ARNOLD PASSPORT LEGITIMATE.png

Patrick Sullivan was more of a straight shooter. I liked him right from the start. “It’s Patrick from Emirates NDB, Dubai. I am a banker, I need a reliable partner to move and invest funds,” he said in his first email to me. His follow-up confirmed that he was offering me \$30 million. The money had come from the death of Mr Johnson Moltato, who Patrick said was the founder and CEO of Oracle Consulting. This turned out not to be true, but I let it slide, because Patrick was a new friend of mine. He’d included lots of attachments including his own passport, the death certificate of Mr Johnson Moltato, and a forged Institute of Chartered Accountants Australia and New Zealand certificate. He wanted to see my passport and my address.

I sent him Jason Bourne’s Club Penguin passport and gave him the White House’s address, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. I thought our friendship would be over, as it was pretty obviously fake information. It doesn’t even have Arnold’s name on it. (Another scammer, Helen Simpson of the Word Bank E Mail Lotto Commission, had stopped replying to me as soon as I sent the Jason Bourne x Club Penguin passport.) Patrick turned out to be more of a chill guy. He accepted the passport and the address.

“I have gotten the Identity and your Full address as well ... I once again appreciate you,” he wrote. My heart swelled with the knowledge that we were such good friends. He started making plans for what we would do with our \$30 million, as any good friend would. “I have a thought on ESTATE Developing. As well as commodities. What do you think?” he asked. Then he sent me through a Joint Venture Agreement, full of boring legal requirements which placed lots of responsibility on Arnold.

Arnold wrote back with his own terms. “Mr Jason Bourne has advised me:

- That the agreement should be titled "The Bourne Ultimatum" rather than "Joint Venture Investment Agreement". This is for tax purposes.
- That instead of referring to us as Party A and Party B, you refer to us as the "Scammer" and the "Scamee", respectively. This is also for tax purposes under the Law Of The Sea.
- That you post a physical copy of the finalised agreement to my address: 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.
- That on completion of the MOU we should send each other a video of a "high five", to seal the deal as reputable businessmen do.
- Finally, that all profits from this investment will be invested towards Goxx Capital, a highly reputable cryptocurrency investment firm.”

Patrick said: “That’s Good”. I amended the agreement. This is the first page of our agreement. It is not officially complete until I receive a video of Patrick’s half of the high-five, which has not happened yet.

“I have gotten the Identity and your Full address as well ... I once again appreciate you”

The high-five didn’t come through for a few days, so I sent a follow-up email asking: “Would you send me your half of the high five so we can get this agreement wrapped up?” Patrick had shifted from appreciating Arnold, to being angry with Arnold. This was his response:

Patrick Sullivan

to me

GOOD DAY ARNOLD,

DO YOU TAKE DRUGS???

PATRICK

Patrick Sullivan

to me

SORRY I HAVE BETTER THINS TO DO AND HIGH FIVE IS NOT ON MY TIMETABLE.

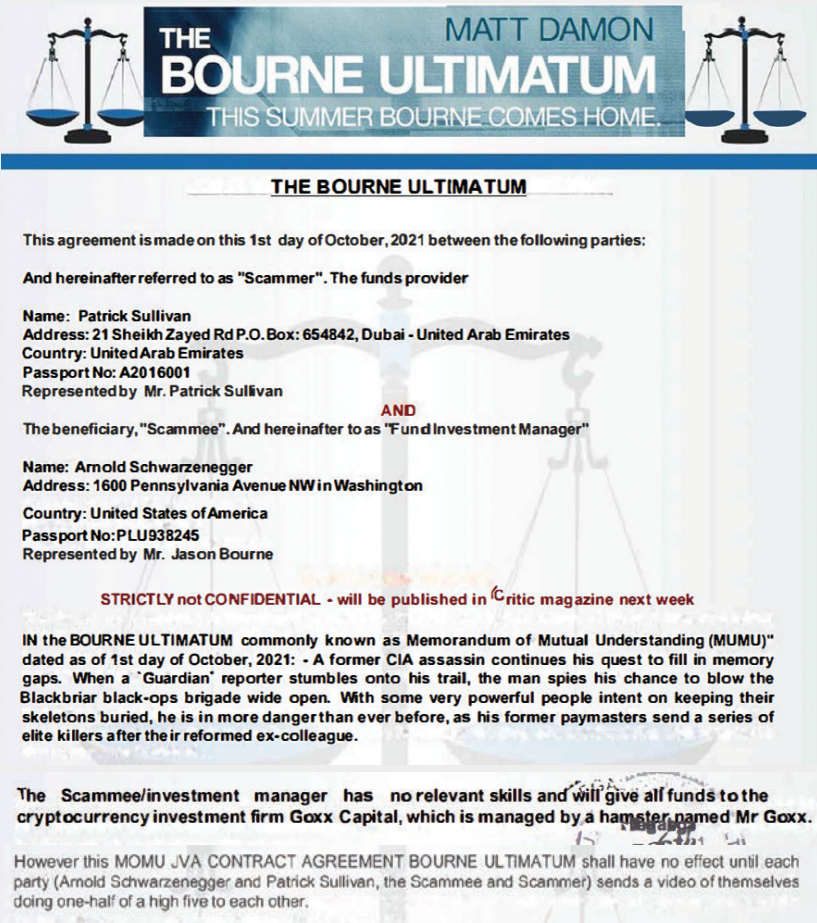
THAT IS NOT MY WORK OK,

GOOD LUCK.

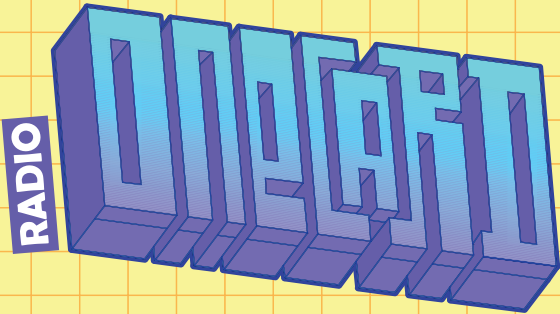
PATRICK,

I guess Arnold will never get his share of the \$30 mil. But all in all, I’m happy with the friends I made and the contracts that Jason Bourne signed. While some scammers were rude and insistent, others provided a lot of entertainment.

Also, Elizabeth Edward, if you’re not dead yet, please reply to Arnold Schwarzenegger’s declaration of love.



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DUNEDIN'S BEST & WORST

BY ANNABELLE
VAUGHAN



Last week, Critic Te Arohi and OUSA ran a competition to find the best and worst flats within Dunedin. Thanks to our sponsors, the almighty Deliver-easy, the winners netted themselves some sweet \$200 vouchers, while the runners-up received \$100 vouchers.

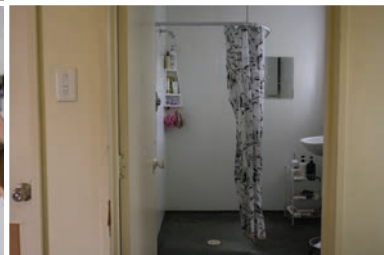
Our judges were local Labour MP Rachel Brooking, OUSA President Michaela Waite-Harvey, Culture Mayor Aaron Hawkins, Critic Editor Erin Gourley, and Acting Vice-Chancellor Helen Nicholson.

The Worst Flat Award

601B CASTLE STREET

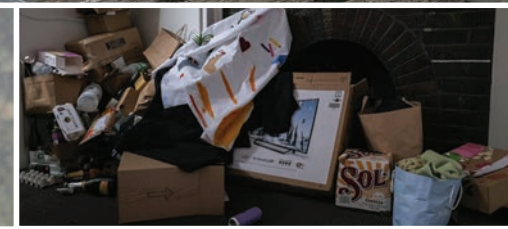
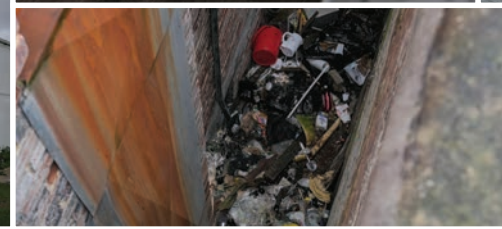
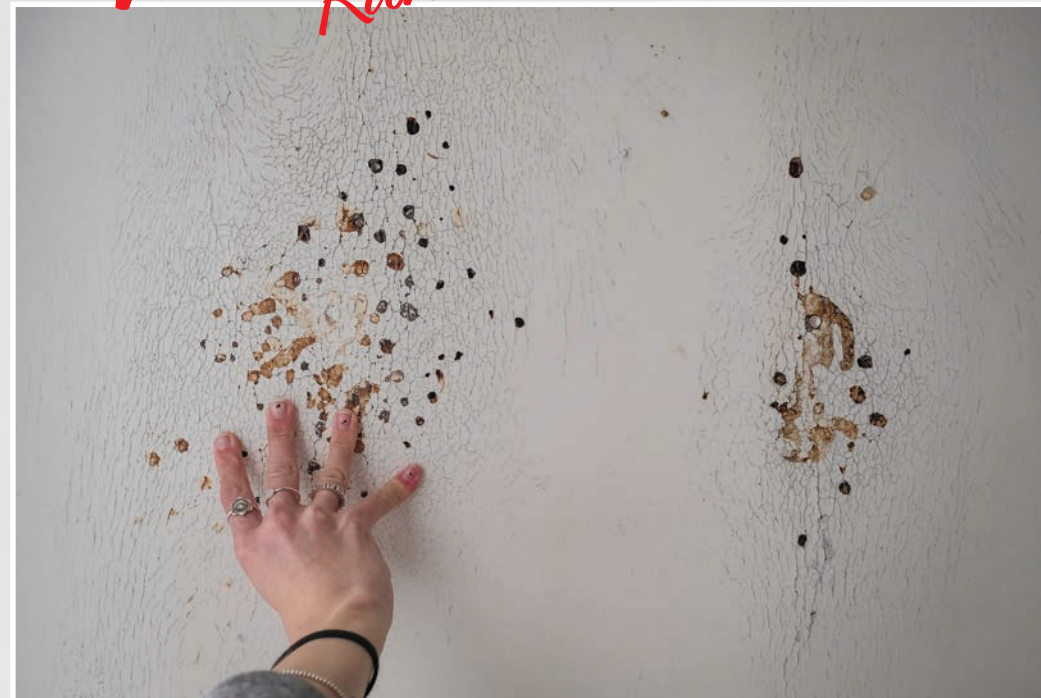
As for the worst, it was a tough call given Dunedin's notoriety for shit flats. Shockingly, a Castle Street flat ended up taking the 'win' for worst. Perhaps its best selling point was the hole in the roof. "It's difficult to top falling through a ceiling, so my vote for worst goes to Castle Street," said Rachel. Michaela agreed. "The hole in the roof is about as bad as it can get really, so that was the key deciding factor on this one. Also the flat has clear healthy homes violations, with no extractor fan in the bathroom," she said. It "seems to have poor furnishings, poor safety, and the landlord has poor communication."

Critic Editor Erin Gourley also agreed Castle Street seemed like a bit of a nightmare. "What convinced me here was the story. The mattresses being set on fire, a person falling through the roof, all horrifying," she said. "Shocking that the flat wasn't even clean when they moved in. Not having an extractor fan for the shower is my worst nightmare, that's a great way to grow mould."



Worst Flat Runner-Up

78A ST ANDREW STREET



The Best Flat Award

4 PITT STREET MCKELLAR MANSION

Our winner was McKellar Mansion, a heritage flat on Pitt Street which is known for its annual ball and character. Rachel Brooking said that McKellar mansion is large and warm with new bathrooms. "There is a room to suit everyone and anyone in McKellar with beautiful ornate fireplaces, morning or afternoon sun, or views across Dunedin. There is something for everyone," she said. However, Union Street came out on top for her because it was mould free. The tenants described their house as being: "as dry as our humour and our condensation free windows."



Aaron Hawkins said: "I've been here long enough to have seen McKellar's interiors in... less good nick."

VC Helen said that McKellar Mansion was the winner in her eyes because it "was great to see that such a historical building can be made warm and cared for. It's obviously a great flatting experience."

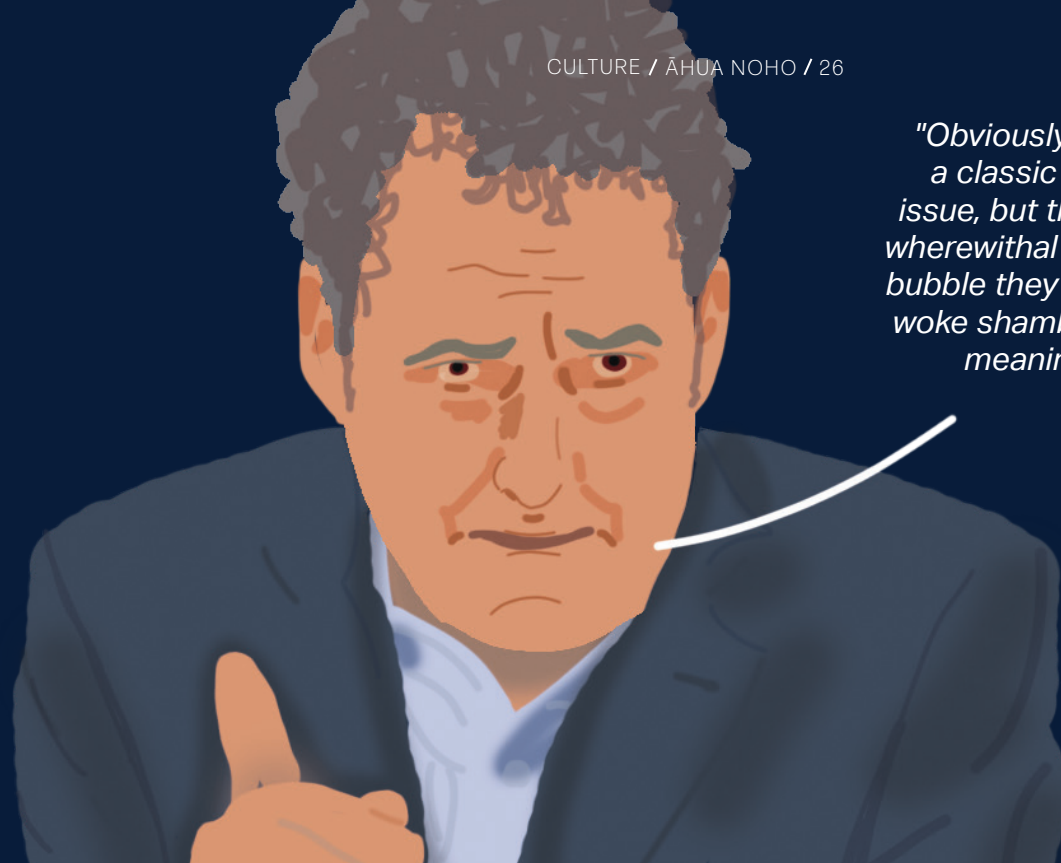
Prez Michaela agreed, saying that although McKellar gave her Haunting of Hill House energy, it was still a clear winner. "The fact that an incredibly old building can provide top quality flatting for students is an example for landlords everywhere that age is not an excuse for a shit flat!"



Best Flat Runner-Up

30 TENNYSON STREET





"Obviously, you can see it's a classic supply-demand issue, but they don't have the wherewithal to pop the thought bubble they're living in. It's all a woke shambles dressed up as meaningful change."

What's Your NewstalkZB Headline?

By Elliot Weir

1. Your Favourite Colour

Red - 'Outrageous':

Orange - BREAKING:

Yellow - Kate Hawkesby:

Blue - Opinion:

Green - 'About time':

Purple - Heather du Plessis-Allan:

Pink - 'How dare they':

Black - Mike Hosking:

Other - Bold plans:

2. Your Star Sign

Aries - The never-ending deluge of

Taurus - The hidden threat of

Gemini - Underhanded tactics that led to

Cancer - Left-wing

Leo - Imports of

Virgo - Government-mandated

Libra - Short-sighted

Scorpio - Government policy that gives funding to

Sagittarius - Hypocritical

Capricorn - MoE curriculum that teaches kids about

Aquarius - Airtime given to

Pisces - Elitist

3. The Second Letter in Your First Name

A - Union representative

B - Students' association

C - The next Level 4 lockdown

D - Sex-crazed high school

E - The Prime Minister

F - Reports of racism in NZ's health system

G - Protestors

H - Healthy homes standards

I - Rising gas prices

J - Vape juices

K - Free will

L - Vegan 'milkshakes'

M - Social justice warrior

N - Taxes

O - Cancel culture

P - Minimum wage requirements

Q - Funding for the arts

R - Covid modelling

S - Green MP's Twitter account

T - Five-year-old

U - Assaults on police officers

V - Unskilled workers

W - Socialist history teacher

X - All Blacks star

Y - Wellington band

Z - Documentary series

4. What decade does your fashion sense come from?

Pre-1960s - Shows cancel culture has gone too far

'60s - Presents problems for NZ's Covid recovery

'70s - Causes business confidence to plummet

80s - Gets grilled in online clash

'90s - Erodes our democracy

'00s - Shouldn't be funded by the taxpayer

Now - Lambasted by small business owners

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Are you in?



An Interview with @dunedinsoftbois:

Up2? x

By Asia Martusia King

Meet the admin of @dunedinsoftbois, an Instagram account showcasing Ōtepoti's finest bachelors. Their mission is to expose the ghastly Tinder messages from the vintage-sweater-wearing, Marlboro-smoking, e-girl yearning fuckboys who understand David Lynch more than you ever will.

They started the account one fateful day three years ago. After leaving a relationship and getting Tinder, Dunedinsoftboi's admin found that (to no one's surprise) the dating landscape of Dunedin remained atrocious. Something had to be done about it. "I'd recently started following beam_me_up_softboi, which is the original account based in the UK," Dunedinsoftbois said. "I'd been reading a few articles on what a softboy was back when Vice was good. There's a vacuum here, and I was surprised no one in NZ had done it before."

That day, around the kitchen table, their flat got together and the account was conceived. "Some of the submissions are from softgirls, or softpeople. Whatever your gender identity, you can still be a softboi. It's a pretty universal constant," they say. But, what is a softboi? "We all curate our personality, but they are curating a personality not because it's them, but because it's the easiest way to get a woman to sleep with them. There's something a bit more concerning about saying 'I like The Smiths' because you want to get a specific kind of woman on your mattress on the floor with no bed support."

I noticed you listen to frank ocean

He's probably the only artist that can release music that im guaranteed to like, hby?

Hey sorry I didn't see ur message last night hope you had a fun time

Delivered

All good took some pretty heavy stuff

Got real deep inside life, would've probably been too heavy for you anyway

Up to tonight tho?

Despite some people finding the account controversial or invasive, it's much more a bit of fun and a way to explore the softboi phenomenon. "It's never been a mean spirited thing. There was never one boy who started it all and made me really angry. It's just more of a funny little observation," they say.

Dunedinsoftbois has since opened up to submissions throughout Aotearoa, and there is a clear distinction of softbois species from city to city. "Wellington is a lot worse. I would say that Dunedin softbois on the whole tend to be — I don't want to say harmless, because I'm sure they have enacted some forms of harm — but they're funny. We can all relate. We've all been a Dunedin softboi at some point in our lives. We've all been listening to Marlin's Dreaming and invited someone out to the smoking area of a gig. But there's something quite pernicious about a Wellington softboi where it seems a little more cultivated. They're specifically building this identity. We haven't had many from Auckland," they say.

"There's definitely a spectrum. There's some that are just funny, and the boys haven't done anything wrong, versus ones where they are actually quite horrible and we're directly calling them out."

They receive around three to five submissions a week, including plenty that will never see the light of day. "There's ones where you have to tell the person, you need to actually seek help or report this. There's a really interesting phenomenon when you're an anonymous account. There are people I know in person who have sent things that they would never have told me as a friend, which is why in part it has to stay anonymous, because I think it would make people uncomfortable. We try to be helpful to a point, but you can't really help someone when you don't know them."

The response from softbois themselves is mixed. Some love it, and others have threatened lawsuits. "There are boys who submit themselves, which I always appreciate."

I'm not desperate and I have my shit sorted. If you looking for someone for a quick fuck. I'm not your guy. My brain before my penis.

Sometimes I wonder if they are actively creating those situations. I'm always a bit suspicious that they're mining for content. We also have boys who wanna talk about it, and we're always happy to. What did they do wrong, how can they improve?" "

Then you get the occasional guy who's like, 'I'm going to sue for defamation! It's kinda funny. The first time it happened we were like, oh my god, what do we do? We had to take a minute to sit back and think about it and go, actually, we're fine. It isn't defamation because nobody knows who it is, and he's the one who'd have to out himself as that boy if he was."

What is the psychology behind a softboi? Dunedinsoftbois believes there's a power aspect to it. "I think a lot of softbois are guys who were a bit nerdy in highschool, maybe didn't have many friends [...] then you get to uni, this space that values critical thinking, art and music, and so all those things you got bullied for in highschool are suddenly cool. There's a sudden power trip that goes to their head where it's like, oh my gosh, women like me because of things I used to get bullied for, so these things are going to become my entire personality. Then they start treating women as badly as they were treated. That's just a small experience of my own."

"The best thing that can happen to them is getting called out, and being open and responsive to that. I think what makes a bad softboi is one that gets aggressive or defensive. Softbois aren't inherently bad people, but it does show when they get called out. That's why I like Dunedinsoftbois. It tests that boundary. Are you going to find it funny, think introspectively about it? Or go into my DMs and tell me to shut the fuck up?"

They remain humble, despite living a double life of fame and fortune. They enjoy the positives of mild social media infamy without any of the responsibility of having a face attached. "The other day I was standing beside a crossing, and a group of girls were debating whether or not they

should send something in. There have been people at parties talking about it, which is always funny."

"Sometimes there's a person you really wanna be friends with, and you wanna slip it into conversation. I have to tell myself: as soon as I use this page to try and impress people, I have become a softboi. The very thing I have sworn to destroy."

If you are a recovering softboi, don't despair — there is hope for you. In the wise words of the admin themself, "softbois are on their own journey. Honestly it sounds like I'm siding with the softboi, but just keep going; you'll learn eventually. Listen to the people you are sending these messages to. Have a conversation. Respect boundaries at all times. No means no. There's a lot of friends of mine who were definitely softbois back in the day, and it's really just a journey they need to go through mentally and emotionally. Realise that liking Mac Demarco doesn't have to be your whole personality. You can do other things. You can express emotions. Just maybe stop ghosting people, at the end of the day."

"Take the mickey out of yourself. We all say stupid shit when we're trying to impress people. We're all trying to be cooler and deeper than we actually are. No one really likes The Smiths that much."

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Tuvalu Language Week

By Susana Jones

Talofa! It was Tuvalu language week from Sunday 26 September to Saturday 2 October. To learn a bit more about Tuvalu and its language, I talked to Nancy, Fagasele, and Riiti, three beautiful Tuvaluan students here in Dunedin.

How would you describe Tuvalu for people who don't know anything about the culture/country?

Nancy, who is of Tuvaluan and Fijian descent, said that “Tuvalu is the smallest atoll in the Pacific and the fourth smallest country in the world, but what it lacks in size it makes up for in overwhelming beauty and culture. Known to the world as the ‘sinking island’, Tuvalu is much more. It is an island with values rooted in Christianity, family, and traditions.”

Fagasele said there was one word to sum up Tuvalu, “loto tasi, which means united. Our people are one, Tuvalu culture is humble and welcoming.”

What sets Tuvalu apart from other Pasifika cultures?

“Despite it being small and unknown to the world, Tuvalu is unique in its own way.

What sets it apart is the sense of community — neighbours and the whole community become family,” said Nancy.

Fagasele said, “our resilience sets us apart. We are a small island nation of just under 12,000 people, but we are capable of recovering from so many difficulties. One of the toughest difficulties we’re facing is climate change, and relocation is not a solution.”

What has your experience been as a Tuvaluan student in Dunedin?

“To be honest, I’m a plastic Fijian and Tuvaluan. All I know is that Fijian and Tuvaluans are off-limits because we’re probs related so thank you next Imao. On a serious note, Fijians and Tuvaluan students have a smaller community here compared to other Pasifika cultures. I would like to see Tuvaluan students establish a student association just as the Fijian students have. However, the amount of support from the P.I. Centre and departments at the University makes the university experience worthwhile,” said Nancy.

Fagasele, who was raised on the island, said she experienced culture shock when she first came to Dunedin. “Back home it’s heavily family-oriented. For the first few months I didn’t know how to function on my own. You could walk for miles on the island and still see the ocean on both sides, that’s how small Tuvalu really is. I miss the sunrise and the ocean. However, advice someone gave me was ‘kufaki, ite olaga nei se olaga faigata’ — it means have patience, build a high tolerance, because there are many difficulties in this life. This is what kept me going, I was prepared for the worst.”

What do you appreciate most about your culture?

“I appreciate the sense of identity and belonging that both my cultures, Tuvaluan-Fijian, give me. Being of two cultures has made me adaptable and appreciative of being different. Although some values of both are similar like their sense of community and Christianity, they also differ in certain cultural traditions. All these values have set me up to become a strong, independent Pacific Islander,” said Nancy.

Fagasele appreciates the diversity in her culture. “I love that Tuvalu culture is a mixture of the Pacific, we have Polynesian and Micronesian roots. Tuvalu has nine islands and I love how each one is different. I’m from Nui island and we speak a different language, which is similar to Kiribati,” she said.

To mix it up a bit, here are some Tuvaluan phrases you can use that are pretty cool:

- E see ko pati ako faiga: actions speak louder than words.
- Puhu taku muna kau moeakiga: do things according to what you say.
- You malosi ko you maumea: you reap what you sow.
- Olaga kau fakatasi ko te maopoopo ko te malosi: unity is togetherness and strength.

“A motto from my island was ‘manatua mai au’, which translates to: no matter where you go, always remember where you come from,” Fagasele said, which immediately caused tears to well up in my eyes.



Fijian Language Week

By Susana Jones

Bula brass! Fijian language week was from Sunday 3 October to Saturday 9 October, my personal favourite because Fiji is my homeland. I talked to some of my Fijian matavuvale (family) down here in Dunners to learn some more about my own culture, and to learn about their experiences being stunning brown baddies in the cold.

How would you describe Fiji for people who don't know anything about the culture/country?

“Fiji is known as a beautiful holiday destination with white sandy beaches, clear blue water, and plenty of tourist activities. But behind the hype, Fiji is home to the friendliest people, known for good food and the best drink known to the Pacific: kava. Fiji has over 300 islands, each their own little tropical paradise rich in culture, food, and community,” said Nancy.

Ruthie was born and raised in Fiji until she got a netball scholarship to a high school in Christchurch at year 11. “As a person who lived in the city, it is upgraded, we’re not all in grass skirts anymore. Fiji has increased in terms of housing, businesses, buildings, everything else that makes it a city. We’re not all villages like people might think,” she said.

What sets Fiji apart from other Pasifika cultures?

“The people are what sets it apart. Friendly, humble, and compassionate is how many people describe Fijians, and is what makes the country the most successful holiday destination out of all Pacific Islands. Fiji is also rich in education, being one of the few islands that is home to the University of the South Pacific which draws many academics from all over the South Pacific,” said Nancy.

“Especially being a Fijian studying away from home, in an area with a small number of Fijians, I know I can ask any of my other mates for help if I need it. You can take the Fijian out of Fiji, but you can’t take the Fiji out of the Fijian. That resonates deeply with a lot of us. If you need help, and you don’t have to be Fijian, they will help you. Even if it takes a lot of money and time, it’s fine,” said Ruthie.

What has your experience been as a Fijian student in Dunedin?

“It’s definitely your own personal choice whether you want to be immersed with Fijians in the community. You can choose to be immersed, or you can choose not to, and it’s absolutely fine either way. I’m glad I knew Fijians that studied here before I came down, that was a big help. It’s quite fun being a Fijian here, you get to understand each other and community wise, there are people who can kind of relate to what you’re going through, with that background aspect. I love all the community functions that I go to, even when they go overtime by three hours,” said Ruthie.

What do you appreciate the most about your culture?

“Knowing I’ll always have a home to go back to. In Fiji, if you don’t do well in the city, or in another country, it’s very much a thing for you to go back to your village. As much as that kills your pride, you still have a home and family to go back to. You get to go back home and restart again. It sucks because you have to get over the initial shame, but you get to go back to family, and they’ll always be there to help you,” said Ruthie.

Here are some Fijian words and phrases to bank in that big ol brain of yours, besties.

- Hello: bula, pronounced mboo-lah.
- Goodbye: moce, pronounce maw-theh.
- Thank you: vinaka, pronounced vee-nah-kah.

“Fiji is more than a holiday destination. It is more than the rugby that we play, and we know that we play it really well, but, it also has a mixture of cultures, different ethnicities, different backgrounds. It’s definitely multicultural. We’re more than what people see us as, and we’re more than a bottle of water (@metgala do better be better lol),” said Ruthie to finish us off quite nicely.



Elliot Gray From The Potted Plant



Elliot Gray is an ex-Otago student who creates planters in the shape of various genitalia as a side hustle. His business has been a huge success, with a penis-themed post reaching millions on Facebook.

Elliot 3D prints the pots. His interest in 3D printing started while he was studying IT at Otago. He says: "I was always interested in 3D printing since it first came to light. Funnily enough, I spent my course related costs on a machine when I was studying." He gets a mate to design the pots for him. "I have a really good designer who I send my ideas to and he comes up with the designs then sends me through the files to print. I'm terrible at design, I'm more mechanically minded," he says.

Elliot started out printing more tame designs, he said, but clearly things have gone in a slightly different direction. "Originally I started with a variety of planters that weren't so erotic. I have one that looks like he pees every time it's watered. That planter got a lot of attention and everyone seemed to love it." One thing led to another and he began to get more creative with the designs, he said. "I took a stab in the dark and had The Dong planter [shaped like, you guessed it, a penis] designed. That planter was the most popular planter out of all my inventory. From that I went down the path of other options for penis planters."

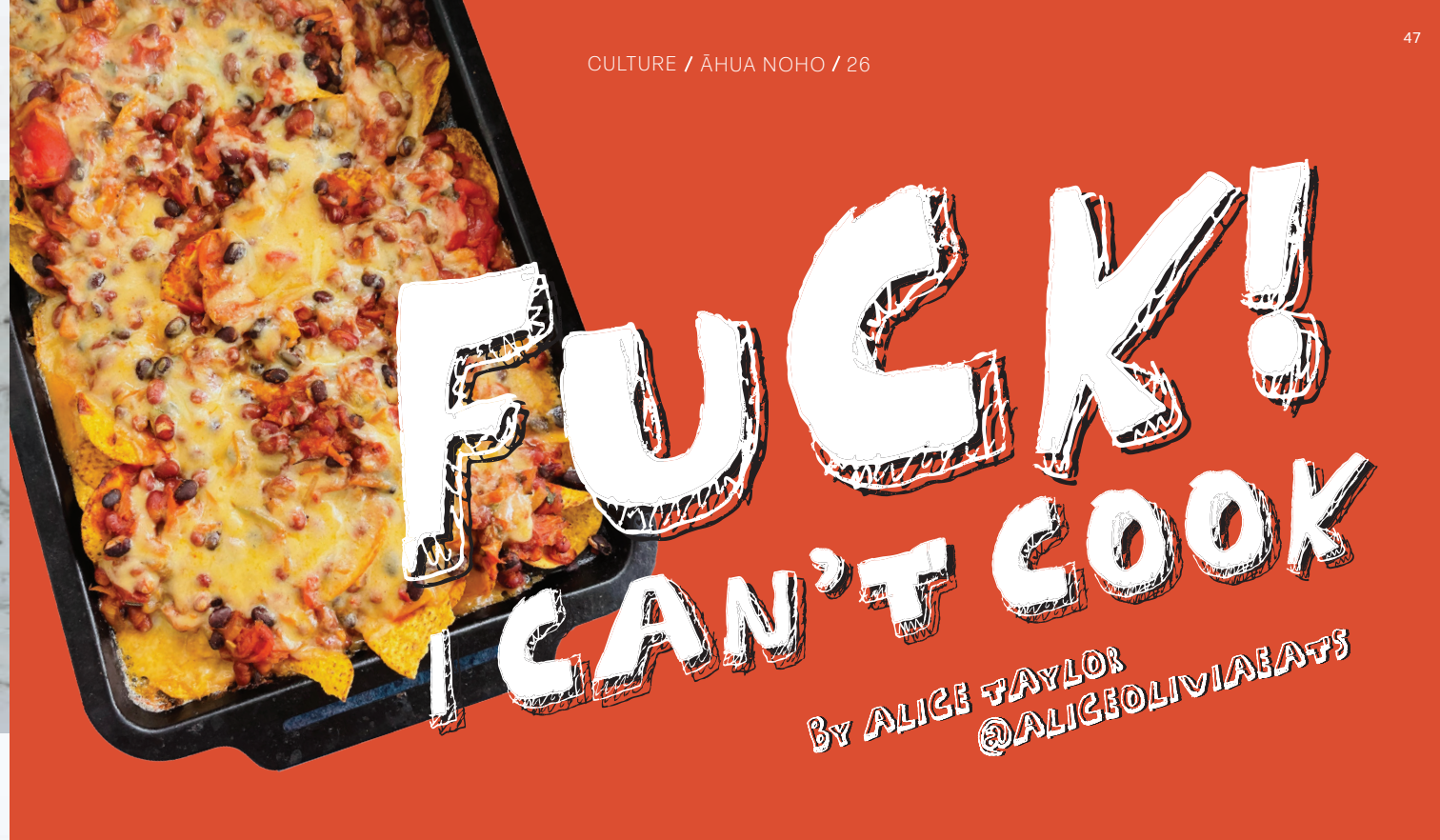
He has branched out into more feminine designs, he says. "I also had a range of naked woman body planters and booty planters that were quite popular, so I started getting the impression people liked different styles of planters — especially the more sexually orientated ones."

Social media has been a big part of Elliot's success. "It wasn't until recently that The Dong planter blew up on Facebook and went viral, the post has reached around 2.6 million people so far and is still going up." Paying attention to comments on his posts has allowed Elliot to get some insights into his customer base. He was inspired to create The Dong planter after "seeing how well the planters did, and the funny reactions and comments."

The pots themselves take some time to create. "They are very slow to make, each one takes around nine hours each. I can fit two on a machine at a time and I have seven machines. Once they are complete, there is a little bit of post processing like cleaning up the model and removing unwanted bits of plastic." The plastic is environmentally friendly, he said. "They are made from PLA which is a recyclable, biodegradable and compostable plastic."

Future expansions to his collection are likely, Elliot says. "I have a lot more ideas for future pots, more female style pots as there are a lot of male ones on my website. I'm always looking for new ideas for planters and am open to suggestions. I've had requests for wholesale orders of the planters which I'm organizing." Elliot enjoys the work, he says. "It's definitely a passion of mine making items to sell. It's a business and a hobby. I love it."

Check out Elliot's range at thepottedplant.co.nz.



Nachos

Nachos are one of those typical flat meals that can be dreadfully boring or terribly exciting. I think this recipe falls under the latter category. Nachos are already fantastic, but when you cover the whole thing in cheese sauce, it is made even better. I also recommend purchasing some exciting toppings as well – sour cream is a must, and so is salsa and guacamole.

METHOD

CHILLI

1. Fry off onion, carrot and garlic in a large pan over medium heat until soft and golden.
2. Add the coriander, paprika and cumin, stir, and fry off for 1 minute.
3. Add the chilli beans, black beans and tomatoes and season with salt, pepper, and chilli flakes. Stir and simmer for around 10 minutes, or until thick.

CHEESE SAUCE

1. In a medium sized pot over medium heat, melt the butter.
2. Stir in the flour and cook until the flour and butter have combined into a paste.
3. Remove from the heat and slowly whisk in the milk. Adding the milk slowly and whisking will prevent lumpiness.
4. Return to the heat and cook, whisking occasionally, for a few minutes, or until thickened.
5. Remove from the heat and stir in the cheese (I like tasty cheese), paprika, and cayenne pepper. Set aside.

ASSEMBLY

This all depends on whether you like your nachos soggy or crunchy.

If you don't want any soggy: bake just the corn chips in the oven until golden and crispy, and then serve with the chilli and cheese sauce but don't return it to the oven.

If you like a little soggy: lay the corn chips on two trays. Top with the chilli and cheese sauce. I try to cover the chips in the middle and leave some around the outside uncovered so I get soggy and crunch. Grill in a very hot oven (as hot as it goes) until it bubbles and is golden: around 3 minutes.

INGREDIENTS SERVES 6

CHILLI:

1 large onion, peeled and finely diced

1 carrot, grated

3 cloves garlic, peeled and finely sliced

A handful coriander, finely chopped, optional

1 tsp paprika

½ tsp ground cumin

2 cans chilli beans

1 can black beans, drained and rinsed

1 can tinned tomatoes

Salt and pepper

Pinch of chilli flakes, optional

A drizzle of oil

CHEESE SAUCE:

4 tbsp butter

3 tbsp flour

2 cups milk

2 cups cheese

½ tsp paprika

Cayenne pepper, optional

Pepper

ASSEMBLY:

2 packs of corn chips

Salsa, guacamole, and sour cream, to serve

HOROSCOPES



Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Fuck your exams. Send it away, have a drink or 26. Don't listen to logic or reason. You're a party rocker and you're in the house tonight.

Summer activity: going on a three month bender



Leo

July 23 –Aug 22

It's the compulsive spending and never-ending screaming for me. But I guess it's your world and we're all just living in it

Summer activity: starting up your career as an influencer



Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20

Have courage in what you've been sending out into the universe. It may seem that the odds are against you right now, but that's just the Jupiter and Mercury retrograde fucking up. In a few weeks, all will be swell.

Summer activity: being a hot and sexy girlboss



Virgo

Aug 23 – Sep 22

You've made some tough decisions over the past couple of weeks, and may have experienced the end of a friendship or relationship. But never fear, there is light at the end of the tunnel, and what will be will be.

Summer activity: finding yourself



Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19

It's time to check in with your personal morals and loyalty. Have you been hanging out with someone you shouldn't have? Talking shit about someone you shouldn't have? I thought so, it's time to reassess things.

Summer activity: working at a grocery store



Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22

Who the fuck do you think you are? Pick a personality and stick to it. One can only describe you as a freak show.

Summer activity: learning better coping mechanisms



Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21

You need to stop being so rushed and flustered. Things can wait, and things take time. Not everyone is running on your schedule, and some ease may be required when learning how others work.

Summer activity: resting, relaxing and recuperating



Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20

Much like this semester, I have nothing but dull and boring things to say about you. Keep doing your thang, Taurus. You are a symbol of consistency, determination and logic.

Summer activity: drinking tea and writing the next great novel



Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20

All I have to say is what the fuck are you doing? It's time to reassess your life choices and do some serious thinking. What a shitstorm.

Summer activity: intense therapy



Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21

There's this thing in life called boundaries. You should learn about them, and apply them to your personal relationships. Trust me, it'll do wonders!

Summer activity: fruit picking on an orchard



Cancer

Jun 21 – Jul 22

It's only a matter of time until you're out of this shit hold. Godspeed my friend, on this final stretch. May you make it through until the end.

Summer activity: obtaining serotonin



Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19

After exam season, loosen up. Summer is no time to be analytical, critical or judgey. Have some fun and live a little.

Summer activity: running away to live in the bush

BOOZE REVIEW:

el Jimador

TEQUILA BLANCO

BY ABRAHAM DRINKIN'

I bought my bottle of El Jimador Blaco on a Thursday afternoon, dreading the prospect of consuming the sheer volume of a full box of beers. While perusing the RTD section of Leith Liquor, inspiration struck me like a bolt of lightning: spirits were the answer to my problem.

Pleased with my cunning plan, I scoured the shelves for some suitable piss. Scotch was beyond the reach of my funding, as was mixer, which made vodka an unappealing prospect. Rum was off the menu given a near death experience while in High School. That left one contender, somewhat out of left field: tequila. Having only ever drank the cheapest bilge water sold at Suburbia and Catacombs, I didn't know the first thing about it. I chose El Jimador in the vain hope that its lack of colour would be gentle on me.

14 hours later I woke up, my breath stinking of ciggies, my phone nowhere to be seen, and my left index finger broken. No memory could be conjured to explain any of this.

At the start, Old Jimmy went down surprisingly easily. Being a white tequila, there was no burn, simply light hints of citrus. It was as if I was drinking water with those flavoured lime drops. Drinking out of a glass, the plan was certainly coming together. I was tispny without all that much effort. Spurred on by this success, I decided it would be prudent to skull a third of the bottle, saving me from spending money at the bar. My plan worked! At the bar, I attempted to buy a pint. But after falling headfirst down the stairs on my way to grab one, the barman refused to serve me. Great success.

From there on out, my memories get hazier. I possess no memory of leaving the bar. Flashes of beer pong played at an unknown flat with unknown people appear through the fog. Yakking in a concerning variety of bushes was in there somewhere, as well as running away in shame from the passersby that asked if I needed help. I wish I didn't remember the very wounding chat I had with the man in Poppa's Pizza, who clearly just wanted me to leave so he could go home. Sometimes, when people make good pizza, you just have to tell them, at least 20 times.

So, here I sit. Lying in my bed, at 4pm the day after. No phone, a finger short and praying to God in the vain hope that he may smite me out of pity. I'm unsure how I feel about Jimador. On the one hand, it does what is meant to do, and does it extremely well. I got fucked up, no bloat, no effort. When drinking has become a chore, and the prospect of drinking a box doesn't seem worth the effort, Jimador is there for you.

However, I wonder if mere mortals were ever meant to possess such a powerful drink. Can I trust myself to maintain control if I drink it again? Can one man truly wield such incredible power and remain uncorrupted by it? If you choose to walk this path, do not do so lightly. You have been warned.

Tasting notes: light hints of citrus, afternotes of extreme existential regret
Froth level: the shame of returning to Poppa's Pizza and asking if they have my phone
Pairs well with: the Sigma Grindset, self-loathing (preferably both)
Taste rating: 7/10, honestly not bad

The Critical Tribune

Rare Covid Strain Emerges In North D: Brovid-19

Following an emergency 1pm presser this afternoon, the nation has been alerted to the emergence of a dangerous new strain of Covid. The outbreak is centered on Dunedin North, according to Minister of Finance and assistant Prime Minister Grant "Red Robbo" Robertson who told the nation's media that there are "at least 69 cases".

Co-fronting the conference was Dr Ashley "Daddy" Bloomfield. Peering over his horn rimmed glasses, he spoke slowly and confidently: "We are all immensely concerned at the emergence of a novel new variety of the novel coronavirus in the depths of the Dirty D. Public health has termed this new strain BROVID-19."

He paused to let the seriousness of the moment sink in across the nation. Staring right down the barrel of Gus Herbert from NewsHub's camera, Bloomfield continued in his stern, stentorian voice. "Aside from the usual novel coronavirus symptoms, BROVID-19 positive breathas may experience a strong desire to vape and horf VBs. Above all, students should watch for a lack of taste, including an uncontrollable desire to play DnB at house parties."

When questioned what strategy the government would take to eliminate BROVID-19, Red Robbo grabbed the mic: "here's the fuckin' plan", he

said. "We're gonna seal off North D. I'm calling in the army, the seals, the Westpac Rescue Helicopter, you cunts name it. We're gonna put a ring of steel around the whole damn slum."

When asked how this would help, Red Robbo was seen to bounce up and down with excitement. "We're finally reversing the cuts of neoliberalism baby," said the former OUSA Tsar, with a mad gleam in his eye. "If fuckin' Roger Douglas could see us now. We're gonna trebuchet in the cash." Ashley nodded solemnly, as the press gallery shouted questions and flashed cameras.

"Chafuckinhooooooooooooooooooooleshgo," screamed Robbo, as an aide quietly escorted him from the press conference.

Initial inquiries to Veggie Boys and Liqourland said that they were "stoked" with the plan, and that "the business community stands 110% behind Red Rob, our comrade."

Later written questions to the Minister's office confirmed that "the money pump is still going to the housing market" and that the funds for "Dollar Dollar Dime Dispenser Money Trebuchet" would come from an expansion of the borrowing cap for course related costs.



RATE

OR
BY SASHA FREEMAN

Sticking your head out of the car window with your mouth open. It's NOT safe and I do not do it but it's bloody brilliant #maincharacter

Justifying massive and expensive Shein hauls just because you're vegan (we all make mistakes ok).

Even the most northern of breathas (read: weakest link) breaking their shorts back out. It's nice to see them all united again <3

Pretending there's a live studio audience watching my every move and laughing at my funny inner monologue. I constantly do things because it would be funny for them, the audience.

Having someone in your squad who films everything. I used to hate, but without it I'd never have seen when my one-drink-wonder flatmate get so drunk she fell down the stairs at a random's 21st.

Everyone smashing exams and having amazing summers xx I'm manifesting for you babes.



HATE?

The bro code of no leftovers when there's a flat of like 10 bros. Surely just pick a FEW bros and let us have at the rest of them.

Men who can cook and who talk about cooking and say what they had for dinner. We get it you cook for fun. As women it is still inherently a chore for us based on our socialisation. I hate it here, bro your couscous salad isn't impressive.

Tinder, we never have the opportunity for a slow burn enemies to lovers trope anymore. I want someone to hate me first not judge my rootability based on my online persona.

The halls kicking out freshers within 24 hours of their last exam. That's so extra just let them have a little party with their friends afterwards!

Realising the guy you made out with was the least attractive in the bar and it wasn't even actually his bachelor party :(((

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- ✓ Not on any regular medication?
- ✓ In general good health?

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MOANINGFUL

A Sinking Feeling

I'd always wanted to try car sex. I'm not sure if it was the added excitement of the risk of getting caught, or just jealousy of friends who always bragged about their automobile exploits, but it always seemed like something that was worth giving a try. I had been going out with this girl for about a month, and we still hadn't done the deed. We discussed where we should have our first time. A park? A library toilet? The front row of a movie theatre? Eventually we settled on plain old car sex.

The next afternoon she picked me up in her blue Daihatsu and we drove out of town in search of a beach. It was a mid-winter 4pm, so it wasn't far off getting dark. Driving onto the sand we could only see about a half-dozen surfers and old people walking dogs. Perfect! We climbed into the back seat, and she started attending to my shirt and belt, but all I could think about was what would happen if one of the old folk mistook our car for theirs. I told her I wanted to wait a few more minutes, just until it got a little darker.

It wasn't long before the windows were properly fogged, and so we got to work. Seeing as it was our first time together I knew it had to make a good first impression, after all there's nothing sexy about a guy who's done and dusted after 90 seconds. Unfortunately, or perhaps I ought to say, luckily for me she knew exactly what she was doing, so all I could do was try to take my mind to the least sexy place possible for the next twenty minutes or so. In that instant I could only think of one thing that wasn't sexy: The National Party.

I focused on that big blue 'N' for such a long time, but eventually those thoughts gave way to John Key's ponytail pulling and before long I was back to thinking about the ponytail that was swinging right in front of me. I knew it had been roughly enough time and that she wouldn't be too disappointed, so I relaxed... And I relaxed... And I relaxed... NOTHING.

We changed positions. We put the front seat all the way down and moved onto it. We climbed into the boot. We tried both lying across the back seats. Nothing. By this point I could see she was getting worried and perhaps a little offended. We had been going at it for at least an hour. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing. I'm good." I panted. I knew it was time to finish up, after all she had done a stellar job, and as far as I could tell I had returned the favour. I was about to complete "La Petite Mort" as the French might put it, when she suggested a change of position. Fuck. One hour 20 minutes in, and I was in trouble.

The new position actually turned out to be just what the doctor ordered, or at least what more doctors should be ordering, and I was immensely relieved to know that my ordeal/heavenly excursion was soon to come back to Earth. That was when she said "Should we check the tide?" All I could do at this point was grunt so I grunted in the negative, and kept on going.

The question of the tide, however, went nowhere. Soon I was fixating on the story of the idiotic backpackers who lost their camper to the surf when they went for an extended walk along the beach during an incoming tide. I remembered the explaining they had to do. The tow trucks. The court appearance. I gave up all hope of finishing as we neared the two-hour mark. "Yeah okay, we should probably check the tide."

We separated, and she slowly pushed open the door. I breathed a sigh of relief. But before I could finish even the sigh, the footwell was filled with salty sandy water. She pulled the door shut and jumped into the drivers seat. I tried getting into the front passenger seat but it took me a minute as it was still leant all the way back. We reversed up the beach with the engine roaring, and drove straight into the loose sand - the stuff that NOBODY can drive on. Now that it was high tide there was a lot less available beach to drive on. What's more, all the windows were fogged up, we were both stark naked and full of adrenaline. I grabbed my favourite undies and did my best to wipe the fog off the windscreen, while she redlined the engine and moved the steering column left to right trying to get free of the natural sand-trap. The poor Daihatsu lurched sideways as the tyres found some more solid sand, and we were off.

We got stuck two more times on our way off of the beach. It turns out that sand dunes look pretty different at night when you're naked and disappointed while driving a car with fogged up windows and salt-water paddling pools in the footwells. It was a real mission just finding where the gap in the dunes was that allowed us to drive in.

It was a good 24 hours before my adrenaline levels returned to normal, and I still have the images of the news headlines etched into my mind. Juvenile Fornicators Stuck in Surf or Young Lovers Discover Cars aren't Submarines amongst some of the possibilities.

If you want to try car sex, just find a nice quiet car park like a normal person. You'll probably have a much better time for it.

A UniCol Man

This was back in O-Week first year. I remember living at my hall far, far away. I loaded up Grindr and saw heaps of blokes - fellow freshers and older geezers alike.

There was one bloke that caught my attention. He was wearing a suit, in a mirror selfie. Surely. We started yarning, starting with a "Hey, how's it going?" He was a fellow health sci who went to Mardi Gras sober. Then a few pictures later I went on a trek to his hall: University College.

I wasn't a UniColite though, and security was tight. Fortunately for me, he gave me his wristband, and found himself amongst the faces printed on paper. From there, we went up the elevator to his room on seventh floor.

I sat on his bed, while foreplay chat commenced. "Where abouts are you from?" "Only bottomed haha, what about you?"

And then we got started. He was freshly showered, with his cut seven-inch cock being warm, and clean with a spongy tip as big as a round doorknob. We sucked each other, with me gagging as he thrustured himself against my mouth.

He had condoms, but no lube. I had condoms, but no lube. No biggie. I laid on my back with my feet held high as he inserted his fingers. He made sure to use as much mucus from his throat as he could and hacked his saliva with precision.

He condomed up his shaft, and inserted the girthy and pulsating cock inside me, I could feel my hole stretching as his tip slid

Out of Reach

The knock at the door got me jumping off the bed in seconds. I ran down the stairs, excited to see her. My eyes lit up as I saw her. My new vibrator was just as I had imagined, a petite wee thing, exactly like her profile. I escorted her upstairs to my room. Things escalated quickly and before I knew it, we were lubed up and ready to go. We started off slowly and sensually. She slowly caressed my body as she made her way downstairs. She had me excited, like none of her friends before her. When she hovered over my clit, she had me shaking. She continued moving down and gently slid inside.

I reached my climax like a bullet leaving a gun; fast and powerful. It was electrifying. The world had paused for a solid 5 minutes. After it was all done and dusted I realised what had happened. I had fucked up. We were too caught up in the moment. She was stuck!

To make matters worse, she was still vibrating inside of me. My brand new bullet vibrator was beyond reach, with no means of getting her out. I went into panic mode. How was I going to get

through, forming a seal for the rest of his shaft. But it has been a while. The combination of inadequate lube and my neo-virgin asshole started screaming.

"Ahh, pull it out!" I exclaimed. It was too much, for tonight at least, leaving him blueballed. I did try my best to use my mouth on him, sliding, using my tongue, wrapping my lips against my teeth, sucking his scrotum with the vacuum of space etc, but to no avail. He couldn't nut, so we called it a night, and cuddled.

At around 8am next morning, we awoke to our morning woodies. A pleasant sign that it was time for round 1.5.

This time, my hole was already stretched out. And with the power of his saliva, he thrustured me hard and fast, like the Government's COVID-19 elimination strategy (oh wait nvm haha). He had me pinned down, with my legs up high. I could feel his tip rub against my prostate, making me hard. My hole securely fastened around the base of his tip, preventing its unexpected exit.

It didn't even take five minutes. Once he was ready, he pulled out of me, ripped off his condom, and guzzled onto my chest and abdomen like a hose. A few drops went all the way up to my nipples, while the rest of my stomach was covered in numerous spots that formed a puddle of cum, which was unfortunately out of reach for my mouth.

her out of me? I ran into my flatmates room and told her what had happened.

She looked at me in shock and offered to fish her out. As much as my bi-side wanted to give in to her, I politely declined, as I have higher standards than my flatmate. She offered to take me to the hospital if I needed.

I couldn't bear the thought of it as I had previously gotten myself into a similar situation. Instead of a raunchy alone time, it was an encounter with an ex-boyfriend and a tampon which we didn't know was there. That was traumatising enough let alone having a doctor pull out a vibrating bullet, so I decided to sort this out myself.

I'll spare you the details, but let's just say ol' mate was reborn into the world.

CONFESSIONS

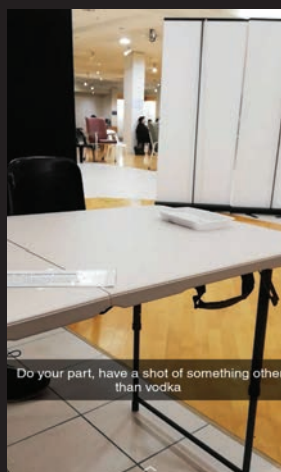
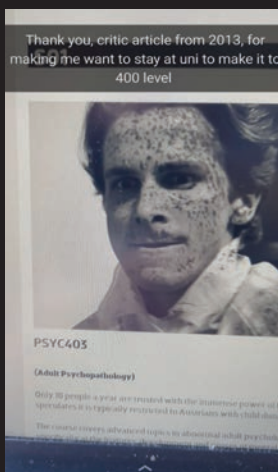
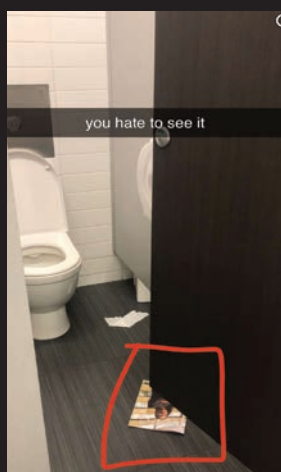
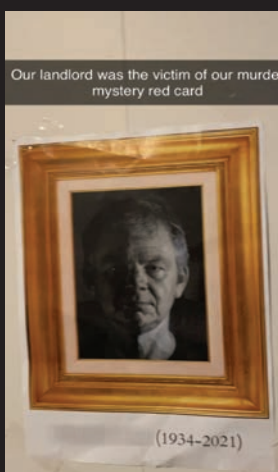
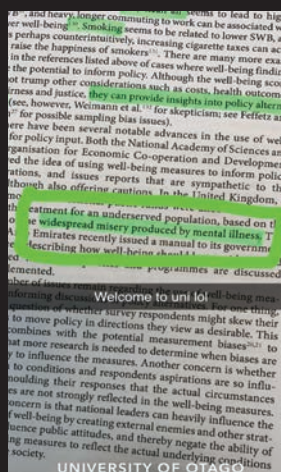
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