

Critique

TEAROOM



The
fairytale issue

ARTWEEK!

embracing creativity

✦ Monday 17th – Friday 21st August ✦

✦ Mon 17th – Fri 21st August ✦

EXHIBITION

POETRY COMP

The Annual
PHOTO COMP

Art Swap Board

100 HOUR FILM FESTIVAL

✦ Monday 17th August ✦

AS PART OF THE
PEER SUPPORT PROGRAMME

MONDAY MINGLE

INTRO TO watercolour

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✦ Tuesday 18th August ✦

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with Ōtākau Studio

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THE DUNEDIN SOUND JINGO MUSICAL BINGO

✦ Wednesday 19th August ✦

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BROUGHT TO YOU BY WESTS

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The Art of
CREATIVE BUSINESS

✦ Friday 21st August ✦

KPOP RANDOM PLAY DANCE

LINOCUT PRINTING

f Art Week 2026

EDITORIAL

Once Upon A Time...

Once upon a time, there was a student magazine called Critic Te Ārohi. And it was the best publication in the entire world.

I am super proud of this issue, but it feels wrong to be writing this editorial. That's because this issue belongs to Stella Caulton, the designer for this week. Stella is Critic's resident princess, and has been planning this issue for fucking ages. The whole idea of doing a Fairytale Issue was built around the centrefold she drew for this week, which is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. So, full credit to her – she's overseen nearly every part of this mag. So let me sell it to you.

Every page has been designed to theme. You'll notice little Easter eggs throughout the whole thing – the little Hello Kitty down the bottom of this page has a little crown, the front page in news is embellished, and you'll find some cut out critters at the back of the mag to paste around your flat. The feature is straight up some of

the horniest shit I've ever read, and would probably chart on Literotica. Puzzles is Gravity Falls themed, and the horoscopes are cryptic. Culture is cracking, with some handy potions to try, a Shrek quiz, and a recount of us hiring a witch to curse the ODT. It's pretty much the best issue ever.

I think acting as Editor this year has taught me that our readerbase is very cute and very nerdy – so this one is for you. This issue is for everyone that had a crush on Bill Cipher, was a horsegirl, religiously read AO3 and had to have their mum organise their playdates with the other kids in school. Plus, in a world where things are getting increasingly depressing, being able to sit down and read a fully fantastical and whimsical magazine is a pretty good break.

I hope you find this issue as enchanting to read as I found editing it to be.

Enjoy!

Hanna Varrs ✨
Hello Kitty



ISSUE 18
10 August 2026

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Dear Critic,

The party issue cover is so awesome, I've stuck it to my wall and now my room feels complete. To say thanks, the least I could do is write a haiku!

Each page, iconic

Critic's art is just sublime

ages like fine wine.

Sincerely,

Emily N

Send a letter to the editor at critic@critic.co.nz to be in to win a \$20 UBS voucher.

Tēnā koutou Te Ārohi

While traipsing the tiled halls of the Robertson I saw posters for this year's Law Revue, and was disappointed to see the theme: a parody of Harry Potter (Harry Notter: The Boy Who Passed).

I just want to remind everyone of some matters about JK Rowling.

She does everything she can to bludgeon the trans community. She pours the money she receives from Harry Potter toward funding anti-transgender causes. She is friend and benefactor to Kellie-Jay Keen-Minshull (Posie Parker) and Abigail Shrier (Irreparable Damage). She spreads conspiratorial claims framing trans-women as violent perverts & paedophilic rapists, posing trans-men as confused girls fooled and damaged by maleficent doctors spreading social contagions. She denies the persecution of queer people during the Holocaust, including the burning of the collections of Magnus Hirschfeld & his Institute of Sexology, one of the Nazis' largest book burnings. She contributed to legal fees in the British High Court case that established grounds for a bathroom ban in the UK, and celebrated it with cigars and champagne. She slandered Imane Khelif during the 2024 Olympics. She started a sexual assault support service for women in Scotland which openly and actively excludes transgender people as rapists, despite reliable statistics indicating that trans-women are 2-4 times more likely than cis-women to be victims of sexual assault. She recently bullied Amnesty International into backing down when they called out the transphobia of organisations she operates. She openly mocks and harasses trans-people at every turn in her online presence, including a recent incident where she reposted an up-skirt photo of a trans-woman.

JK Rowling's influence and money directly backs the current wave of international hatred against transgender people. The one that spawned the current government's attempts to ban puberty suppression for transgender youth and define woman as "human biological female". The manifestation of which in the USA holds genocidal form. She backs a movement that seeks the eradication of transgender people from public life.

Unless the Law Revue, in its parody of Harry Potter, intends to grapple with the atrocious nature of its author, all they serve to do is build up the soft power that has enabled Rowling to stand as a font of bitter hatred.

Lochlan Hanham

Proudly trans-feminine non-binary

(they/them)

Kia Ora Critic

Re: Letter of the Week Issue 15; UBS to Shut Down Issue 17: The day Critic can once again pull out a modicum of intelligence and respectability will be a fine day indeed.

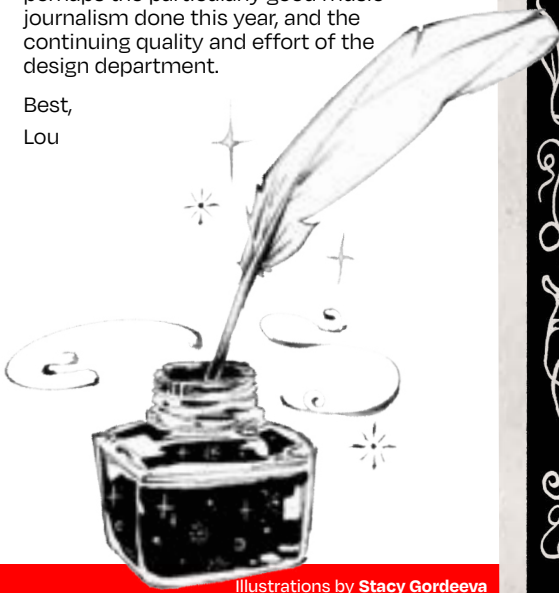
A day when significant student issues such as the reorganising of OUSA to enhance unelected non-student power, the closure of UBS and loss of 10 jobs, and the OUSA BDS policy become more than a one page vague report, and actually entail some useful investigative journalism.

The writing staff of recent should be ashamed - I see the cohort this year has embraced the breather rubbish and limp moral backbone of the previous editor.

Would it kill you to do some proper journalism? Or is toeing the University/OUSA line and promoting anti-intellectualism the end goal? Critic has become a glorified billboard, excluding perhaps the particularly good music journalism done this year, and the continuing quality and effort of the design department.

Best,

Lou



Illustrations by Stacy Gordeeva

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 150 words or fewer. The deadline is Thursday at 12pm. Get them into Critic by emailing us at critic@critic.co.nz. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific group or individual will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances as negotiated with the Editors. Critic Te Ārohi reserves the right to edit, abridge, or decline letters without explanation. Frequently published correspondents in particular may find their letters abridged or excluded. Defamatory or otherwise illegal material will not be printed. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a letter writer looks stupid, it's because they are.

The News

ISSUE 18 KAWEPŪRONGO 10/08/2026

TIB's 'What I Was Wearing' Exhibit A Success

"It's never the clothes"

By Maea Wikohika & Stella Weston

Contributor-news@critic.co.nz//Deputy Editor-deped@critic.co.nz

Content Warning: Sexual violence, child sexual abuse, rape, intimate partner violence

Thursday in Black's (TiB) 'What I Was Wearing' exhibit was held last week, and after an incredibly powerful and confronting walk through, Critic Te Ārohi sat down with a few members of the TiB team to talk about the display.

The exhibit, held in the Main Common Room, involved a series of displays of items of clothing that survivors had been wearing when they were sexually assaulted alongside their stories. The objective behind this exhibition is all in the name, hosted to help dispel the misconception that what a survivor was wearing was a factor in experiencing sexual harm.

Exec member Gizelle explained that TiB really wanted to push the idea that sexual harm can happen to anybody, not just a specific type of person. "It's therefore a community issue that we all are responsible for trying to prevent," she said. Gizelle believes this understanding is growing among the public, and people are beginning to realise that sexual harm isn't perpetrated by any one isolated group. For Elle, TiB's co-director, this reality was actually the "worst part" about the stories they received from survivors. The perpetrators are "people's family members [...] people's friends".

Gizelle handled all the submissions for the exhibit, noting that a big part of it had been creating a platform for people to share their stories. Elle agreed, adding that the fact that TiB received so many was "terrible", but also the team was also so glad that "people have trusted us." For Elle, the most impactful reaction she'd seen so far was when she and Gizelle took someone through who'd made a submission, understandably feeling pretty nervous. But when Elle checked if there was anything they should change, the survivor just said "what you've got is really powerful. Thank you so much."

After just the first day of the exhibit, Sarah, in charge of social media for TiB, thought they'd already succeeded at making an impact. She told us about a guy who had come into the room to eat his lunch, ended up walking through the exhibit, and came out "quite visibly changed". Sarah described that experience as heartwarming, and if their goal had been to change perception, they'd really hammered it home for at

least one person. Sarah noted that she felt like "you can tell, when people come out on the other side, that they've seen some things." She also acknowledged that they'd had some distressed reactions, unsurprisingly for such a confronting exhibit.

For survivors worried about coming forward, Gizelle's message was simple. "I believe you, and you deserve support". And this support is plentiful at Ōtākou Whakaihu Waka. TiB do a lot more than just this exhibit, such as their ball and karaoke nights, and Gizelle emphasised they aren't all about "these really intense awareness of sexual harm events. We're about how to have safe, fun sex - not just terrible, detrimental sex."

The team also couldn't "glaze Te Whare Tāwharau enough", our University's sexual harm support service. "I think primarily they're an advocacy service. They'll talk to you, they'll listen to your story, but then they're also able to help you with almost anything that's impacting you. They're able to help with reporting pathways. They're able to help you access financial assistance. They're able to help you get to food banks, help with your assignments. They will just back you and walk next to you the entire way"

To those who have had friends disclose sexual harm to them, Gizelle emphasised that the number one thing you can do is believe them. "Treat it like personal injury and not like a crime. It's not your job to be judge, jury, or executioner. It's your job to believe your friend and support them. And you're human; at the end of the day, you can't do everything, but just believing them, hearing them... That's really, really powerful." Elle added that it's also about long-term support. "Unfortunately, sexual harm does follow you around - so keep being there for them."

Supporters of survivors can also go to Te Whare Tawhārau, with Gizelle emphasising that "it's really hard to support people [dealing with sexual harm] and you also deserve that help".

If you would like to seek support, you can reach out to Te Whare Tāwharau at tewharetawharau@otago.ac.nz, or call, text, or visit - details are on the Otago University website, along with links to other support systems. ★

Opinion: Can The OUSA Exec Get It The Fuck Together?

OUSA Executive quietly proposes new Exec structure, scraps co-governance model idea

By Hanna Varrs
Editor//critic@critic.co.nz



The OUSA Executive appears to be sick of its current structure, floating changes that would see the death of the Post Graduate Representative and Political Representative, plus the rebirth of a Disability Representative. On behalf of esteemed publication Critic Te Arohi, I would like formally apologise for a lack of coverage on the matter, but I'm as fucking confused as anyone else is regarding the changes. In any case, a Student General Meeting (SGM) will be held to discuss the changes on the 9th of September, so we better figure it out. From my understanding, the plan is to chop and change nearly all roles. There will now be an Engagement Vice President (20 hour role) to sit alongside the Administrative Vice President (20 hour role), absorbing the responsibilities and role of the Political Representative (RIP). The Finance and Strategy Officer will lose the second part of their role, being solely dedicated to financial governance and dropping from 20 to 15 hours. In terms of Post Grad Rep, current Administrative Vice-President Kamesha Jones was quick to assure me that the death of the role is happening in "name only". The Exec are "definitely not letting the importance of Post Grad go unsupported", and they're working closely with Student Support and the class rep system to "outsource a lot of student representatives" in individual departments.

The Welfare and Equity Rep will lose 5 hours, becoming a 15 hour role, which will be used to create a Disability Representative (5 hours) responsible for advocating for disabled student members, ensuring their interests, rights, and wellbeing are represented, respected, and advanced within the OUSA's welfare and equity matters, and on campus. They'll act as a direct association liaison between the National Disabled Students' Association, the Otago Disabled Students' Association (which doesn't exist yet) and OUSA. The Academic Rep will be split into two roles: an Educational Representative (10 hours) and Academic Officer (10 hours).

The Clubs and Socs Rep will keep their hours, as do the Residential and International Reps. If you think any of this is a good or bad idea, make sure to have your say on the 9th of September at 12pm in the Main Common Room. For a major change like this, the Exec must get student approval to pass it, hence the SGM being called.

In terms of co-governance, it took me three days to wrap my head around what these changes would mean. Shit was hard. To explain this, imagine OUSA as two chunks. One chunk has things like Clubs and Socs, Critic, Radio One, Student Support, Ori, Hyde Street Party and so on. The Executive sits at the top of this chunk, and employs OUSA's CEO. Additionally, there's an Advisory Committee that has two independent, non-student members that advise the CEO and the OUSA President. This committee owns the second chunk, which is something called OUSA Holdings. Holdings comprises all of OUSA's commercial business, including the University Bookshop, the apartments above the bookshop, and Beer Fest. Holdings has a board – they kind of just do their own thing. Holdings was made by Quintin Jane, the 2023 OUSA President. The idea was that Holdings would limit the legal liability of the Executive, and make sure those with commercial experience would look

after commercial matters as opposed to less commercially experienced students.

The co-governance model basically would create another committee, smushing the governance into one place. That's a big deal given what I've just explained about Holdings doing their own thing and the Exec doing theirs. The proposed committee would have four Exec members and three independent non-students. That committee would then employ the CEO, having say over OUSA's commercial and governance matters and reporting to the Exec. The Exec would continue to advocate for students, and the Holdings Board would have the same members as the committee. From my understanding, it would have basically meant that elected students would have more oversight and involvement in some of OUSA's commercial decisions, with the help of highly skilled and independent board members. It would also ensure that not every Exec member has the legal liability and responsibility that comes with being an officer of OUSA, which is quite a lot. I've seen some chat about how the co-governance model would reduce student involvement, but this model would actually be reducing non-student involvement. There wouldn't be an Advisory Board anymore, and the Holdings Board would be composed of the committee members. So, instead of having 6 non-students helping govern the place, we'd only have 3 with the new model, and they'd be directly working alongside Exec members.

In any case, President Daniel Leamy recently announced that the proposal is not going ahead – the reasoning being a lack of time to consult with students about the massive change. Plus, when the first draft of the proposed constitutional changes came back from the lawyers recently, it became clear that there was significantly more mahi needed. For example, the proposed committee was being given more authority than the Exec, which was never the intention and definitely needed changing.

However, with the SGM and elections coming up fast, and the time to consult with students running out, it seems like this Exec won't be getting it over the line. And, in my opinion, that's a real shame. As put by Daniel, the reason why the Exec looked into the change is because they don't actually have enough time in their days (due to being busy with advocacy) or in their roles (due to having such a short amount of time to do things from induction in February to OUSA elections and handover happening from September), or the skills and experience to actually have proper oversight to govern OUSA. "A former Exec member says he spent the first third of the year learning how things work, one third actually doing things, and the final third finding someone to take over the work and the subsequent handover process," Daniel told me.

To sum it up, Daniel said that "change in the Executive means new ideas can come through, but change this regular in governance means it is incredibly hard to do things." Therefore, this hybrid model could have brought some much needed continuity and strong governance to OUSA. But whatever – that's just my two cents. ★

Orange Sky Ōtepoti: A Place Of Smiles, Clean Clothes and Kōrero

Your next volunteering opportunity?

By Harry Almey
Staff Writer//news@critic.co.nz



Orange Sky, a charity that provides free laundry services to alleviate homelessness and hardship, opened its first location south of Ōtautahi this year – right here, in Ōtepoti. We at Critic Te Arohi were tumbling over ourselves to see how it's been getting along since it opened in April, and how they're helping our community.

Orange Sky was born just over the ditch in Brisbane, back in 2018. Offering the world's first free mobile laundry service, their kaupapa quickly expanded across Australia, and then eventually New Zealand. From there, additional locations have been popping up across the motu, with South Island services beginning in Ōtautahi in 2022. For Ōtepoti, the service expanded here earlier this year. Now there's over one thousand volunteers across the country lending a helping hand.

To chat about their expansion to Dunedin, we caught up with Caeley, a student at the University of Otago, and a volunteer team leader. She tells us that Orange Sky operates out of the car park of the central city Salvation Army, who are "very, very generous in lending us their power [and] water." The volunteer team currently runs 2.5-hour shifts on Thursdays and Saturdays. "Anyone can just bring their laundry, and we'll do a wash and a dry for them." They can't take everyone, in theory. But they can do "6, maybe 7" big loads of washing in a shift.

A key thing about Orange Sky is that people don't just come for a good wash. It doubles as a space for kōrero and connection while the washing cycle runs. Caeley remarked that repeat visitors would get comfortable enough that they'd eventually come to "just sit down and have a chat, and talk to us about their story." The charity and Caeley call these people friends, explaining that "they're not clients [...] It's not something that they're paying to come and use in that sense. So yeah, it's a word that we can use to show that actually it's just a space where they come as equals, and we just connect with them, really." Since its April launch, Orange Sky Dunedin has completed 140 washes and engaged in more than 230 hours of "genuine and non-judgmental conversation."

Orange Sky Ōtepoti has been equally popular with volunteer applications. So much so, they have a waitlist. "There's not any vacancies," Caeley tells Critic, who joined Orange Sky through Student Job Search (SJS), "but you can go onto the waitlist." And because many of their volunteers are students, who often get busy with things like their degrees, names get pulled off the waitlist quite frequently. The operation is currently small, with volunteers working out of a pod rather than Orange Sky's iconic orange vans.

Even in the brief period Caeley has been living and studying in Dunedin since 2024, she's noticed a marked increase in rough sleeping around Central Dunedin. "And it's freezing down here, right?" she exclaimed, noting the snowfall during our interview. From conversations with friends, she knows that "things are

just getting hard, and it can be from something as simple as just rents going up".

Those experiencing rough sleeping don't have access to basic hygiene. Caeley saw that, saw the SJS advert, "and was like, what a great opportunity to be able to help people feel just that much fresher and cleaner, and appreciated, y'know?"

Volunteering for charities is a helpful way for taurira to gain meaningful volunteering experience, be out in the community and learn new skills. Caeley has gotten more from this work than just that. "It's quite hopeful to see the change that we make. People, they're so grateful." People leave Orange Sky Ōtepoti with smiles on their faces and clean, dry clothes.

"It's a really awesome and rewarding thing to be able to do that," Caeley explains.

To her fellow students, Caeley has a final message: "Homelessness can actually impact anyone." You never know if it will happen to you, or someone you know, because it's getting "more and more expensive to just live". So keep that compassion, she says. Look for those opportunities to help people – it's rough out there.

You can get involved, or donate, on orangesky.org.nz. You can also chuck their Instagram a follow @orangeskynz to keep up to date with the organisation. ★



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735 Great King Street, North Dunedin

By
Claudia Rigera



Students trying to start the lock-in early last week might have had a bit of a shock when a 20-metre-long Western dragon decided to set up shop atop St Dave's. According to a statement from University Property Services, the dragon left "minimal" damage to the building, which was a "true testament to its engineering". Bet the Uni is glad it landed on that instead of one of the real old buildings.

The dragon, a Western Orange Firebreather, was reportedly not a sight that fourth-year Zoology student Vari thought she would ever see. "It was literally fucking nuts," she excitedly told Critical Tribune reporters. "I looked out the window, and I saw this giant, leathery orange thing blocking the light. I thought a sunshade was being installed or something."

According to Vari, who has learnt a fair amount about all things scaly and serpentine in her Zoology course, the dragon must have been "confused" in landing atop the building. Orange Firebreathers are known to fly across massive stretches of the globe for dry, warm conditions – the exact opposite of the Dunedin climate. A lecturer from the Zoology Department explained to Critical Tribune that it's "super uncommon" for Orange Firebreathers to be found this far South. "It probably got mixed up on its way to find Australia," the lecturer surmised. That makes sense why it didn't last long on campus – Critical Tribune wouldn't with this weather, either.

A group of students who witnessed the Firebreather in the early hours of the morning explained to Critical Tribune that its "fiery breath instantly melted away the winter frost all around St Dave's". There are now calls for the Dunedin City Council to explore a pet dragon to permanently alleviate frost-related issues in the winter.

After resting atop the building for around half an hour, Property Services and Campus Watch managed to lure the dragon off with some luncheon obtained from New World Gardens. Garrett Flemming, Head of Property Services (Magical Beasts Division) witnessed the Firebreather take off first hand. "It was terrifying – you only see that kind of thing once in your life," he said, chuckling nervously. "I'm just glad I still have all of my limbs."

As if that wasn't enough mythical activity on campus, Critical Tribune has also received reports of kelpie activity in the Harbour. More to come! ★

By Mack Hughes
Photographed by Ethan Montañer



Off the back of their second proper EP, teenage noise-rockers Sogg have confidently asserted themselves as one of the most exciting and interesting bands in the Ōtepoti music scene. Their sound is explosive, sonically tending toward the crushingly loud, heavy and dense. Ollie (vox, guitar, and noise, he/him) and Rue (drums, they/she) asked Noelle (she/her) to join them on bass for originally just one show at the beginning of 2023, but she's since stuck around. They credit a little bit of sibling nepotism and one unnamed local musician's "nostalgia for his own shitty high school bands" for getting them their first gigs.

Despite thinking of their older music as "terrible" and "still quite childish", their debut EP, *'Kill Yr Opressor'*, was released when the members of the band were just fourteen and fifteen years old – which really makes you think about what you were doing when you were that age. "Half the time we would play shows just to do funny things," Ollie explained to Critic Te Ārohi, reflecting on the band's earlier days. Now though, their music now is one of the most staunchly developed sounds happening in Ōtepoti – all at just the age of seventeen.

Compared to the relatively straightforward hardcore of their first release, the band's recent *'Freezer Thaw'* (released as part of the local 4EPs project), shows a remarkable development into a more weighty style inspired by Sonic Youth and High Dependency Unit. The band were even lucky enough to open for HDU at Pioneer Hall at the end of last year. Despite the understandable terror of being in the presence of such a major influence on their sound, and being asked to play only "like two weeks before" the gig, Sogg managed to pull off an incredible show.

They describe their sonic style as "if Steve Albini was a really annoying little kid and really bad at writing music" and "pure unadulterated rage [...] if no wave was made in Dunedin". Their music draws a lot of older local influences alongside all-timer bands like Black Flag, Shellac and "Filth by Swans... but also not like Filth by Swans". It's clear that great South Island bands like Gordons, Die! Die! Die! and the aforementioned High Dependency Unit are all present in Sogg's mosaic of musical style. Sogg reports that the contemporary local and

all ages scene has had a noticeable effect on their approach to playing and how they write the songs, as well as how they carry themselves. At the Radio One-presented Pioneer Hall show earlier this year, Sogg were supported by a selection of the best of their peers in the all-ages scene. It really is a team effort for musos down in Dunners.

Ollie explains that he gets a lot of inspiration from the noise shows too, a sentiment supported by Noelle and Rue – and there's a lot of noise shows in Dunedin if you know where to look. They both agreed that finding ways to "digest" noise music into a more traditional rock sense is "quite a cool thing to do". They added that a "noise thought process" is an interesting way to build dynamics and layers within a song, starting from quite a minimal base – evident in how they, as a three-piece, can create such a grand sound.

Just for that added interest, Ollie also builds his own guitar pedals, describing this as a way to be "connected to the sounds and to experiment". Noelle compared this to "if the chef who prepared the fish also forged his blade". Very wise indeed.

As part of the 4EPs project, Sogg recently played two sold-out shows at Pioneer Hall and The Crown (despite not being old enough to be Crown show punters regularly), and last weekend played the second part of the tour – two shows in Ōtautahi, and one in Geraldine, of all places. They encourage you (yes, you) to buy a CD and then "put it on torrents. Upload it to Soulseek". Noise for the people.

Having gotten an impressive headstart in one of the most alive-and-kicking all ages scenes in the country, whatever Sogg cook up next will be, in all likeliness, pretty fucking cool. The trio are sure to keep creating inventively-noisy-no-wave-shenanigans, and Rue noted they'll "save the crazy stories for when they happen... at Kebab World Geraldine".

Check them out on their Bandcamp, or snag a physical copy of 4EPs from a good record store near you, and follow them on instagram (@soggnz) to stay in the loop about upcoming shows and experiences. ★

PUZZLES

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- 1 King Arthur's sword
 - 5 The Tin Man wants one
 - 9 Elven village
 - 10 Cold bigfoot
 - 11 Gets a boner in Shrek (2)
 - 13 Can be felt under a mattress
 - 14 A mermaid uses this to call her mates
 - 18 The Mad Hatter's drink of choice
 - 20 Country in 'The Princess Diaries'
 - 21 Scotland's official national animal
 - 23 Jack climbs one
 - 24 Mysterious Minecraft meal
- DOWN**
- 1 The Wizard of Oz lives here (2)
 - 2 Three-headed dog
 - 3 A type of potion
 - 4 Often displayed in the throne room
 - 6 Little Mermaid
 - 7 Water dwelling creature from Māori legends
 - 8 One of Aurora's fairies
 - 12 If you shake Elsa's hand you might....
 - 15 Adventure Time Villian
 - 16 Inhabited by the kraken
 - 17 A realm accessible via wardrobe
 - 19 Minecraft fairies
 - 21 The movie 'Brave' is set in this continent
 - 22 To "fling" a spell

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WORDFIND

LWEVICWGOZCASTLEHQOFTQXYTQXRZP
 VMQOMQJZRTHOBLTXGBCIXADUTIAHTS
 TSARPTUBZAUOPCKWENQPCQTJYNTLIV
 TQXJNRIVGONIONSQCQUOOTFOASSSGTN
 VXZUKRUNGRYMPSSCKSGMVDXYQJNSNA
 TEBREHVS KBKHEDWALWOMEKLNIPPLEF
 NDXCNY YDOEVS LGNLECCNSSSKLSSJQYZ
 MTNQQWSECCCRQHGVXSWGALZGQTC DKUG
 QLAGRFABINJBGOAUTUMNALEZGXDVFD
 QUKVPKHVCSIEEWRRJNNBEIMRANWWF
 QTBCESKEWEJVSLKEEABCSDCNIMVKKX
 TGQUSRGWLIHRFTLDRNQOJUSUMXVIZF
 VPERYFNVNIRFCB JCOCFOPDPMRZEXA
 ZRRSQRYEBPXQXTCORCBHOTA EHI PYZW
 ZNDEOE PANTVIFZGHRFYXAFYBLRIEHQ
 NSMDZJVLENDERDRAGONIVNNCWUPSTO
 KXWJVWYRPOSCQOXNBOZWHLTVHOCQJVN
 GNPKNWFHYHMYHHGPTQBQZCIMECEGYIY
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 EMINDIEGSKERS SXZORAPCZWKUYCTGF
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 AFGFTJBMTZGZIOILMYMVVSZOZFLT XD
 RGBYACFPCUPULVMZKYFWRPFTLCRAVR
 YJQXYAXUATEHQIYYZH ZDVEOIEAYIWP

- GRIMM
- ENDERGRADON
- BUMFUZZLE
- TINKERBELL
- AUTUMNAL
- SHOWER
- CASTLE
- CURSE
- QUILL
- ENCHANTMENT
- SCISSORING
- MARCELINE
- PUMPKIN
- GNOMES
- TAVERN
- QUEST
- ELIXIR
- BOOTYCHEEKS
- APOTHECARY
- PIPSQUEAK
- PISSWIZ
- ONIONS
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- OGRE
- ASS

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EASY

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HARD

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between the two images

Illustrated by Stacy Gordeeva





There comes a point in every publication's life where conventional dispute resolution has run its course. In Critic Te Ārohi's case, it happened one hundred and one years in.

You can write a letter to the editor. You can request a correction. You can complain privately in the office. Hell, if you're feeling particularly mature, you can accept that sometimes journalists make mistakes and you can simply move on.

But that's boring. After years of the media compressing the student body into a caricature of couch-burning, roof-climbing, duck-leg biting morons, we decided to take action. With a bit of spare change in our pocket, we decided to spend \$28 to commission an international Etsy witch to place a curse on our biggest rival: the Otago Daily Times.

It's debatable if the ODT would even consider themselves to be in the same ball-game as us, let alone rivals. For instance, they employ real journalists, and we publish obnoxious sex stories, rules for drinking games, and articles about people making milk out of potatoes. To that, we say "fair enough" – but also "fuck you".

For the record, Critic is not anti-journalism. We love journalism. We are journalism – just look at this article! Unfortunately, journalism occasionally requires difficult decisions. That's the real world for you – it's a cut throat industry. After years of conflict, tensions, and occasionally pulling the finger as we drove past our friends at New Zealand's second most trusted news outlet, we decided that diplomacy had failed.

The next reasonable step was, obviously, supernatural intervention.

☪ The Curse ☪

The process was surprisingly professional, and we got it done sitting at a laptop in the Critic office. It involved a lot more tapping on a keyboard than conjuring, crystals or suspicious chanting echoing. We love technology.

Getting someone to perform a curse for us was really just some light online shopping. We browsed, comparing various practitioners and spells. We read reviews. We asked ourselves some very important questions about whether we needed a 5-star witch, or if we could settle for a 4-star. We debated whether we needed to pay an extra fee for a stronger spell (we didn't do this – we're saving that for Salient).

Ultimately, we found our practitioner, a witch by the name of Mia. Mia described herself as an "Intuitive Witch" and "Karmic Justice Practitioner" whose work is rooted in "real ritual, real intention, [and] real spiritual presence". She offered four tiers of magical intervention, the pinnacle of which was the "Permanent Cast/Eternal Seal" – a lifetime karmic binding for those particularly committed to revenge.

While that all sounded super exciting and utterly ghastly for whoever was on the receiving end, we opted for the standard package. Student media budgets only stretch so far. For \$28 NZD, we received a personalised curse designed specifically for our situation within 48 hours. Frankly, that's faster customer service than StudyLink provides, and gave us absolutely no time to consider if firing off curses was good or bad energy.

☪ The Findings ☪

A few days later, our lovely consultant returned her findings. We were expecting a photo of a candle and a vaguely threatening message about Mercury being in retrograde to copy, paste and send straight to Matthew Littlewood's inbox. Instead, we received a 20-page report written in a similar tone to a Deloitte audit.

According to Mia, the Otago Daily Times is held together by an intricate network of energetic systems. Some were healthy. Some were compromised. Some required immediate intervention.

★ Conclusions ★

What have we learned from this exercise? Firstly, the Internet has successfully commodified every conceivable human activity. Secondly, for less than the price of a KFC family bucket, it is possible to outsource your petty grievances to an international spiritual contractor. Thirdly, if journalism as a career ever collapses in its entirety, creative writing appears to be a significant skill used in producing twenty-page mystical reports. After this article, we wouldn't be surprised if all Critic staff end up on some 'Do Not Hire' list within the industry, so it's nice to know we have options.

Most importantly, this experience reminded us that all media organisations ultimately run on belief. Readers believe stories. Journalists believe they are making a difference. Communication teams believe we are a serious publication. And Etsy witches believe they can energetically restructure an entire newspaper from the other side of the planet for the cost of a box.

For legal reasons, Critic would like to clarify that we have absolutely no evidence that curses are real. We can, however, confirm that Mia delivered her report on time and communicated professionally throughout the process. 10/10.

Should the curse fail, we will accept the outcome with grace, maturity, and dignity. Should the curse succeed, we'd like it noted that Critic has achieved a historic breakthrough in applied occultism and we will begin targeting other publications.

Either way, it was the best \$28 we have ever spent.

The first casualty was what Mia coined the "Editorial Accountability Layer". According to the report, years of accumulated imbalance had disrupted the paper's ability to properly recognise truth and responsibility (yeah, tell us something we don't know). Through an elaborate ritual of candles, herbs, and mirror work, Mia was able to identify, isolate, and correct this energetic block. Now we feel way less bad for cursing these guys because realistically we were actually giving them an energy colonoscopy.

The next discovery concerned the "Student Reputation Layer". This apparently governs the energetic relationship between student media and institutional journalism. The report concluded that this layer had become contaminated through repeated narrative distortion and required immediate purification. Frankly, it was reassuring to have our suspicions confirmed by an internationally accredited Etsy witch. For years, student culture has been reduced to Castle Street, Saint Patrick's Day, and whatever shit related incident has happened that week. These reductions are, admittedly, not always entirely inaccurate. But students also volunteer, research, create art, organise protests, pass exams and occasionally attend lectures. Apparently, the universe agreed that our collective public image needed a little magical assistance.

However, Mia told us that the condition of the "Authorship Truth Layer" was the most concerning. The report suggested that proper recognition of original work had become spiritually obstructed, and required careful separation from competing narrative before truth could once again circulate freely. We can only assume Mia must have been talking about the occasional time where Critic has managed to get to a story before the ODT, which has then resulted in the poor sods scrambling to get an article together to not be shown up by weekly-printing hippies. Luckily, Mia ensured that this layer would not be built on urgency or fear, and instead everyone should enjoy ODT articles that attribute any and all Critic inspo.

☪ The Results ☪

It's difficult to say if the curse has worked, per se. The ODT continues to publish. The presses continue to roll. The website remains online. Staff continue to arrive at work apparently unburdened by ancient forces. In many ways, it appears nothing has changed. But magic, much like journalism, works on longer deadlines.

At the time of writing, the curse remains active. Mia advises that energetic restructuring can take up to one lunar cycle to fully manifest. Which we totally #respect.

In the meantime, we will continue monitoring the situation with professionalism and the complete absence of confirmation bias that has long defined our fine publication. If, over the coming weeks, the ODT experiences an unusual run of typographical errors, mysteriously flat microphones, or an overwhelming desire to give Critic a shout out, we will simply report the facts.

The ODT has been notified of our actions (via this article).

Illustrated by
Jimmy Tannock &
Stella Caulton



Illustrated by
Eleanor Walker

By Stella Weston &
Imogen Perry

Sometimes no amount of logical thinking, communication, or personal growth can save you. Sometimes you need something a bit stronger: a little divine intervention, a sprinkle of fairy dust, and true manifestation.

After years of research (and several unfortunate magical accidents), Critic Te Ārohi has compiled the most student-relevant potion recipes in all the land. So next time you're dealing with one of these classic Dunners problems, get out your cauldron, stop crying and start mixing.

Good Flat Relations

1. Ensure no one within two blocks of your flat has a Splitwise account.
2. Add a squirt of dishwashing liquid, a copy of your signed lease, a dash of wine goon, and 20g of grated edam (for wine-and-cheese based bonding), and a cup of vodka to the communal blender. Blend said mixture into a paste.
3. Fold said paste into your next flat dinner. The only added taste should be a little extra love.
4. Wash the blender up afterwards. Properly.



No Line At Rob Roy

1. Open up your mind's eye.
2. Envision a big black hole filled with snakes, sharks, expensive cheese and all the mush brewing at the bottom of your veggie drawer.
3. Picture EVERY MOTHERFUCKER WHO HAS EVER FUCKING DARED TO GO TO THAT GOD FORSAKEN DAIRY, ON THE SAME AWFUL DAY, IN THIS SAME AWFUL PLACE AS YOU. HOW DARE THEY! THIS IS NOT A FREE COUNTRY!
4. Picture them all simultaneously tripping through a crack in the pavement and falling into said black hole.
5. Begin thou journey to Rob Roy.

Nail A Midterm

For maximum potency, ensure you are at least 12 lectures behind.

1. Purchase four pink Monsters and use the quick-think-energy-juice to rinse out your sinuses (maximum brain proximity = maximum thought speed).
2. Spend four hours searching for past papers. You won't find them.
3. Crash out.
4. Crash out with a friend.
5. Crash out with a friend, in central, and collect both of your blood, sweat and tears in one of the empty Monster cans.
6. Stalk the prof on LinkedIn, find their address, and bring your can of pain to their house.
7. Stand outside the front door and chant your student ID number as many times as there are MCQs in the test.
8. Leave the can in the mailbox and walk home feeling rejuvenated, mentally stimulated and smart as fuck.
9. Repeat steps 3-7 for as long as procrastination allows.



Scabies Prevention

1. Everyone in the flat must choose someone else to blame and chant their name three times while looking in their own reflection.
2. Soak a fragment of cloth in an entire can of bug spray and put said cloth in the dryer on the hottest setting for the entirety of your free power hours.
3. Hang what's left of this cloth over the front door of your flat. Just as a warning to the little fucks.

Potion Recipes



Love Potion For Getting at Breatha To Commit

1. Collect 24 Summit Ultra can tabs in an Arc'teryx beanie.
2. From his pillow, take one lock of thy hair, and one strand that you're pretty sure is yours even though it's blonde and you're a brunette but it's probably just the lighting.
3. Shine your phone screen into the beanie. On said screen should be Livvy Dunne's most recent Instagram post – that said breatha has already liked.
4. Play the 'Spotify Anthem' from their Tinder profile, and chant an incantation composed of five excuses you've made for their behavior.
5. Wear this beanie for as many hours as your last Snapchat to them has been left on delivered.
6. Consider celibacy.



Which SHREK Character are You?

With Shrek 5's teaser trailer finally out, it was only a matter of time before Critic Te Ārohi asked the important questions. Are you an emotionally stunted ogre? A professional yapper? Or just Lord Farquaad with a student loan? There's only one way to find out.

1. You've committed tax fraud and need to make a run for it to a land far, far away. Where do you start your new life?

- a. People are after me! Obviously somewhere secluded and surrounded by nature – I'll survive off the ground and my own hard work.
- b. A quaint countryside town where I can enjoy a simple life. And if the police come knocking, I'll be ready with a shotgun.
- c. Mexico. I'll get tight with the locals, and when the feds come for me, my chicas will save me.
- d. A small town on the outskirts of France where I can start a passionate love-affair with the local post man.
- e. With all the money I made from committing tax fraud, I'll hire ten top-tier lawyers. They'll never take me down.

2. You have to do a group project worth 50% of your grade. How are you going to tackle it?

- a. I'm dropping the class.
- b. I already know exactly how we're going to do this assignment – everyone else just needs to handle their part.
- c. I can already tell our group is going to be great friends! Before we start the assignment, we should definitely go out all together to build trust and teamwork.
- d. I hope I'm in a group with my friends... and maybe a cute stranger to make charged eye contact with across the study room.
- e. This is preposterous! I will be sending the professeur a minimum of 6 emails about how unfair this is while somehow also leaving all the work to my group mates.

3. A random 11-year old calls you an ugly chud on the street. What is your next step?

- a. Grab them by the shoulders and give the brat a taste of their own medicine.
- b. Grab the kid by their ear and drag them to their mother. She can deal with it.
- c. Excuse me! I aint no chud, I am very cool. I am ugly though.
- d. Look around to make sure no one's watching before throwing your iced coffee at it.
- e. Call the police. Because how dare they.

5. You have a four-hour gap in your timetable. What do you do?

- a. Start walking home, but halfway there get dragged into a side quest and somehow miss the rest of my lectures.
- b. I'd probably spend half of it having lunch with my friends, and the other half in the library pretending to do my readings while actually just watching Instagram reels.
- c. Four hours isn't enough time. I need to have lunch with my friends, watch a movie, play some foosball, go to a club meeting, and go to a fees-free protest.
- d. I have five lecture recordings I need to watch. But first, I need to buy a motivational matcha and sweet treat.
- e. I have four assignments due at midnight. Better put them into ChatGPT.

4. You're walking home drunk after a huge night in the clubs. What is your go-to Octagon snack?

- a. A sausage roll and a Coke spider from Night 'n Day.
- b. Two scoops of fish and chips with an unreasonable amount of ketchup.
- c. Gummy worms and a couple more shots of vodka.
- d. Ham and cheese on a roll, a small bag of chips, and an orange drink. If you know, you know ;)
- e. A well-done steak with a side of garlic knots.



You're the misunderstood, awkward protagonist. You like to claim you don't care what other people think of you, but you're actually (literally) a big softie who just wants some true friends. You love your personal space and privacy, and you'll definitely lose your temper when people don't respect it. You had a biting problem when you were a child and had to be isolated from the other kids – and it shows.



You're not what you seem, or maybe what you try to portray to the world – and that's okay. Your boyfriend is not to everyone's taste, but you fell in love with his honesty and kind heart. Your go-to cocktail is a Piña Colada and you always end a night out with your shoes off and only one fake eyelash still hanging on.



You're the talkative, chaotic friend who's always down for an adventure. You have been called annoying and simple minded too many times to count, but deep (deeeep) down you're actually incredibly socially aware and the glue holding your friend group together. You're the type of person who insults people when you're drunk but you run away immediately if they start approaching.



You're the protector of your friend group and are not afraid to scare someone off if need be. However, people are often shocked to discover how romantic and bashful you actually are. You spend way too long doing your hair and makeup in the morning, but still end up running out the door in a hoodie and sweatpants. You are definitely the friend that spams the group chat with 400 'you & me' reels, which everyone complains about, but secretly loves.



You're the self appointed leader of every situation, even though no one asked you to be. While you appear to be pompous, self-righteous, and a little bit bigoted, you're really just compensating for your complete lack of friends. Ironically, if you stopped seeing everyone else as beneath you, you might make some true friends. You have definitely started a sentence with, "to play devil's advocate" in a lecture, and no, the lecturer does not think you're the smartest one in the class because of it.



And they lived
happily Ever After

The Fire of Summer's Flame

Chapter 1



Trion's head pounded. Peeling his tongue from the roof of his mouth, he stretched out in his bed. Everything was stiff, and he flinched as memories from last night began to bombard him. Raen's breath had been hot on his neck.

"I never see you around these days," he'd said, pulling away slightly from Trion's ear to look at him. Trion's throat bobbed, and he temporarily lost his train of thought. The lights made Raen's hazel eyes dance like a flurry of leaves in an Autumn breeze. Someone shoved past the pair, jostling Trion closer to Raen. The Bog was completely packed last night – everyone was so gleeful that the semester was wrapping up that the Guinness taps had run out by 10:30.

"I've just been busy with exams," Trion lied, moving away slightly, trying not to sway on his feet. It wasn't a complete fib – things had been really busy with his course that would one day allow him to practice as an Apothecarian, something exclusively taught in Dunedin. He genuinely hadn't had time to deal with Raen's shit – especially during the Winter months, when the days were darker and the nights longer. Raen gave a small nod before sidling away from Trion, tucking his midnight-feathered wings close to his body. "You should let me know when you're keen to catch up now you're free," he said, winking as he turned. Trion smiled tightly before downing the rest of his cider.

"Sure, yeah, I will," Trion said, watching as Raen made his way through the crowd, heading down to the smokers area. He swore he felt a cool breeze brush his damp forehead.

"What was that about?" a voice queried from behind him. Trion turned. Vari, his best friend since first-year halls, stood before him, drunken smile on her tan, freckled face and beer in either hand. Trion just shook his head, frowning. "He's still so fucking into you," she laughed, pushing another drink into his hands and taking his empty glass. "You know, for someone who is related to the literal Sun, you're not very sunny. How about you put a smile on your dial?" Trion frowned harder, allowing some of that sunlight to leech into his glare.

"Don't do your light tricks with me," Vari tutted, pulling him toward the karaoke stage and their group of friends. With the humidity of the bar, her hair had begun to regain its curls, despite her forcing him to work his "heat magick" earlier with a couple of metal rulers, given her hair straightener had broken a week ago. Trion couldn't help but smile, letting Vari drag him into the throng.

He'd think about Raen's suggestion later.



By Claudia Rivera

Illustrated by
Gemma McKinney

Chapter 2

Flinging his curtains open, Trion counted eleven chimes from the Clocktower. It had been lit up an icy blue last night in preparation for Midwinter, which was Trion's least favourite time of the year. It was a time where his connection with his Father, one of the Summer Keepers, was the lowest. He barely spoke to him from late May into late August, and he couldn't help but feel lonely.

They'd never been close, but his Mother always emphasised how lucky he was to be sired by such a powerful force – even if studying to become an apothecary meant trekking down to the University that felt very little of his Father's influence. Ruled by months of damp cold and clear nights, it was no surprise that those related to the Keepers of Winter, Autumn and even Spring tended to gravitate toward down South. They pretty much had a constant indirect connection with their relatives, who were busy honouring their chosen seasons. Weak, sickly beams of sunlight spilled across Trion's fingers from the window, easing the pounding in his head. He'd certainly had an advantage over the New Years period, where a couple hours in the Summer haze cured any hangover.

Despite the semester being over, Trion still had a couple of things to wrap up on campus. He was the editor of the University's student magazine, The Rag. He'd only really gotten involved with the publication when he learnt where the office was – located at nearly the top of the Clocktower, far above those sweeping oak trees that stretched over most of the campus. If there was one place to get sun and a good view in Dunedin, it was up there. Plus, being editor wasn't so bad. He liked hearing all the gossip around campus, and the people he worked with were pretty nice. Many students who had some connection to Spring or Summer Keepers also sought out the light, and it was nice to be with likeminded folks – those who didn't think that keeping all the air vents on the highest heat possible was sweltering, but rather comforting. It was a nice place to be on a cold day.

The walk to campus went quickly, and Trion was pleasantly surprised to find that the tempera-

ture was more mild than it had been all week. He made his way past the various lecture theatres, shrugging off his hoodie and letting his skin soak up all the light the morning had to offer. Barely anyone was around campus, aside from the various nymphs and naiads that maintained the grounds and the health of the Leith River. Nearly all students would be hungover, he suspected. Trion pushed his way through the oak doors at the base of the Clocktower, starting the climb up to The Rag's office. Legs and lungs burning, he finally reached the landing, fumbling for his keys and stepping into the dim room. Papers and empty mugs were still scattered across various desks from their last print night, blankets and cushions strewn across the two couches that lined the walls.

It was a simple space, and could've been mistaken for a post-grad office but for the various news clippings, artwork, old magazines, posters and collages that cluttered the walls. Trion's desk was shoved into one corner, piled high with various printouts, lamps and an old radio. He made his way over, sinking into his chair and turning the radio on, letting the babble serve as background noise while he rifled through his draws, attempting to reinstate some organisation. He hummed to himself, rolling up the blinds from the windows and stacking various dishes that he would take down to the kitchenette.

"Good morning Dunedin! You're listening to 91FD, OneWave. This is Raen – bringing you radio rain or shine..." Trion rolled his eyes as Raen's drawl filled the room. "How's the head? You lot better have some energy left for Midwinter – that'll be a real night to remember. Anyways, those who are in the know will know that I will be hosting the afterparty of the century at the Estate, so I hope to see everyone there."

Midwinter was the night of the year for most that attended the University, and then some. Relatives of every Season travelled to attend the day of festivity, much to the University's chagrin. Midwinter consisted of bonfires on the corner of every street, litres of mulled wine and the children of Autumn and Winter Keepers being even more cocky – despite Trion wondering how that could even be possible. Every year, Vari dragged him along to various celebrations, convincing him to



pretend to be related to Autumn with her, despite her Spring heritage. She always reckoned it got them into more parties, but never The Estate. The Estate was where Raen and some of the other more cold-blooded students flatted – a 16 bedroom villa that was notorious for its balls and galas. Vari hadn't managed to get them invited along yet, but it wasn't for a lack of trying. He doubted this year would be an exception, and he always wanted to entertain her. Midwinter was the point where her Mother would begin getting in contact with her again, and Autumn would begin losing its grip on Dunedin for the year. It was a time of celebration.

Erion yawned, still feeling off from last night. He glanced at the couches, and plush blankets. It was so quiet in the office, and the sound of the radio was great background noise. He folded quickly, flopping down and nestling up in the blankets. It would just be a quick nap.

Chapter 3

Erion awoke with a start, heart pounding. The office was dark, the air damp and cold. He must have been asleep for hours. A smell of mildew hung in the air. Cursing silently, he shivered beneath the blankets, breathing deeply through his nose. Concentrating, he reached into himself, finding the heat that simmered beneath his skin. It felt like liquid gold surging through his veins, and his fingers tingled. He heard the wooden beams above him crack and shift as he heated the room, the sudden change in temperature driving the moisture out of the air. Pushing himself into a sitting position and shrugging off the blanket, Erion made eye contact with himself in the darkened windows. His eyes were twin wells of sunlight, and his arteries glowed beneath his shoulders and neck. It was a sight he rarely let anyone other than Vari see – it just wasn't something those living in Dunedin thought was appropriate.

Suddenly, he noticed movement in the glass. Was there something outside? Squinting and rubbing his eyes, Erion nearly had a heart attack as he realised that the movement wasn't coming from outside, but rather from someone behind him – inside.



"That's cheating, you know," Raen said, spinning in a desk chair across the room. To Erion's satisfaction, Raen looked mildly uncomfortable, no doubt due from the sudden blast of heat. The feathers on his wings even looked slightly ruffled – something Erion hadn't seen for awhile. Not since Raen had been pushed back on his bed, wings splayed behind him, mouth parted...

Erion just bared his teeth, furrowing his brow at Raen. "You shouldn't be up here. You fuck with the humidity. It isn't good for the papers."

Raen just chuckled, standing from his chair and walking over to where Erion sat on the couch. Raen was taller than him – pale, dark-haired and lanky – but he still moved with a grace that would make any ballet dancer jealous. Erion's heart continued to hammer away, and he suddenly felt very exposed in his tank top. He wished he hadn't ditched the blanket. "I was walking through campus from the OneWave station.

The leaves and breeze told me that you wandered up here earlier, and they didn't say anything about you coming down. I just wanted to check if you were okay, or whether you were so hungover that you choked to death on your own vomit," Raen replied, smiling with faux sweetness. He towered over him, peering down at Erion with those green eyes. Or were they brown? Sometimes, Erion could swear he saw shades of red, and yellow. They looked like a creek bed, or a forest glade. Raen cleared his throat, breaking eye contact. Erion flushed.

"I just took a nap. I heard you on the radio," he blurted. "How's the Midwinter preparations going?" Erion asked, desperate to change the subject. Raen grinned.

"Always keeping tabs on me, aren't you? They're going swell. It's set to be the biggest party yet, and we're already at capacity. Are you getting up to much?"

Erion shook his head, crossing his legs. Without



invitation, Raen sat down next to him, lacing his fingers behind his head. "Sucks. If you're trying to get an invite, you can just ask me instead of feeling sorry for yourself." Erion raised his eyebrows, turning to Raen incredulously. "It'll cost you, of course," Raen continued, and Erion barked out a laugh. Of course it would – nothing Raen ever did came without a cost. "It'll be a great way to impress your girlfriend," he crooned, smiling fiendishly.

"Vari isn't my girlfriend," Erion snapped, turning to Raen. "I don't want to come," Raen sighed. "Suit yourself. I should be going." Erion watched as Raen stood and stalked to one of the massive windows before prying it open with long, deft fingers. Hesitating, Erion thought of Vari's face, and pleading eyes. She would kill him if she found out that he'd passed up on an invitation to The Estate.

"Wait," Erion said, sighing. Raen cracked the window open before turning, raising an eyebrow. "What can I do for you?" Erion asked, regretting the offer already. Raen just smiled slightly, beckoning to him. "Come here," he said. Erion stood, walking over. Raen had the window fully open now, and the campus stretched beneath them. The night was cold, and a sharp wind rustled through the office, making the posters on the walls flutter. Erion looked down nervously, not daring to glance at Raen.

"I want you to kiss me."

Raen's fingers gently hooked beneath Erion's chin, making him look up. There was definitely red in Raen's eyes – Erion was sure of it.

"What?" he choked out, desperately trying to not shrink back from the wind.

"You know how I like it. With Midwinter coming, I just need a reminder."

Erion's heart sank, but he knew what Raen meant. That's all he was – just a reminder of the fading summer heat, cool breeze and smell of oak. Raen just wanted the feeling of Autumn before Spring

began to encroach – not him. That's all it ever had been. Erion just nodded, taking Raen's hand from his chin and lacing their fingers together. He studied Raen's perfect features – the slope of his nose, the arch of his brows. His breath smelt like cinnamon, and his fingers were cold against his heat. Erion leant in, watching Raen's eyelids shutter before their lips brushed.

Kissing Raen felt like letting go. It never became less of an odd feeling to taste him, to feel how his power responded to Raen's closeness. It wasn't ever a bad experience, but bittersweet. It felt like the last picnic you'd have with your friends before the ground became too wet, or the last beach trip you took before the chill made it unbearably cold. Raen untangled their fingers, reaching for Erion's waist and pulling him closer. He kissed him hungrily. "Please, Erion," he murmured, pulling away slightly. His pupils were dilated, and a slight flush had come over his cheeks. "It's been so long," Erion swallowed hard, allowing some of that molten light to course through his veins before leaning in to crush their mouths together again. Raen moaned into his mouth, wings fluttering. His fingers dug into his hip. It was so easy to forget why Raen was a very bad idea. Gently, Erion pushed his hands against Raen's chest, breaking their embrace.

"You should go now," Erion said softly, stepping back. Raen's eyes flickered with something. He was probably just horny and wanted to take things further, but Erion swore he saw something else too. Raen straightened before his usual grin returned. Erion scowled.

"Right," Raen dug around in his pocket, pulling out two large oak leaves. "Here you go," he said, handing them to Erion. "I'll see you in a couple of days," Raen braced his hands on the windowsill, leaning his body back into the open air. Erion nodded, opening his mouth to speak, but not finding any words. Raen just winked at him, before letting go of the windowsill and plummeting into the night. Erion heard a soft, muted boom as Raen's wings snapped open and a dark figure streaked past the still open window. At least he had good news for Vari, he thought, slamming the window shut.





Chapter 4

Vari had been predictably thrilled to find the oak leaves sitting on the flat's kitchen counter. Erion watched as she bounced around their living room, chattering about what she would wear. She was so excited that her canines had elongated into sharp fangs, and her eyes had taken on a distinctly animalistic glint.

"How did you even get them?" she exclaimed, practically purring. "I heard that they were already at full capacity!" Erion smiled. "A man never reveals his secrets," he drawled out dramatically, studying his nails. He felt happy, and proud to be able to do a nice thing for Vari. His mind drifted to the comment that Raen had made about Vari being his girlfriend as he watched her dance around. She was incredibly attractive – with glossy coils of dark hair, always tanned skin and an athletic build. Plus, it was natural that they would both get along – they both liked being outdoors. She was the best swimmer he'd ever met, and they'd spent weeks in the sun and the sand together over the summer break. Vari was his soulmate, but in a way that was deeply familial. Vari paused suddenly, sniffing the air. Her eyes widened and she spun to look at him.

"You've been with Raen! I can smell him all over you," she exclaimed, shaking her head. Erion blushed. "Yeah – okay. Fuck. I was in the office the other day and he just appeared. He said he'd give me tickets if I kissed him." Vari just shook her head. "He always gets like this around Didwinter – he's done it for the past two years and it's fucking annoying. He's using you." Erion groaned. "Yes. Yeah. I know."

Vari just tutted before strutting off to her bedroom, murmuring about finding matching outfits. Raen had always been like this, ever since they'd met in halls. Erion had been younger back then, and more naïve about what people would see in him when they realised that he was one of the few Summer relatives in Dunedin. While the more benign occurrences involved only trying to recruit Erion into a flat to save on power, people like Raen realised he had other uses. Pulling a hand through his hair, Erion left the kitchen and made his way to the bathroom. He needed a shower and to get Raen's apparently lingering scent off of him.

Smelling like rotting leaves and rain wouldn't do for Summer's son. He didn't bother to check the temperature before stepping in, the water steaming off of his skin – literally. He couldn't help but be annoyed with Raen. It had taken him a long time to get over him and realise that he likely didn't see anything in Erion beyond sex – not that they ever went that far. Erion had figured out what Raen was interested in before that happened. What stupid fucking memory of



Raen spread on his bed entered his mind again. Those beautiful wings behind him, and the nearly shocked expression in his eyes. He remembered the way Raen's stomach had flexed as he sat up and sunk to his knees. "I would do anything," he had breathed, staring up as Erion knotted his fingers through Raen's hair, pulling slightly. He used his other hand to push his thumb between Raen's lips, parting them and feeling his teeth against the pad of his thumb.

"Really?" he'd asked, the sound so low it was almost a growl. Raen had just nodded, his eyes widening.

"Yes."

Erion huffed in frustration, feeling his cock stiffen. The water was barely lukewarm as it hit his skin, but was boiling by the time it left. Bracing a hand against the shower wall, Erion took his length in his hand, pumping himself with agonising slowness. He bared his teeth, imagining it was Raen's tongue that slid over his slit rather than his own thumb. He moved his hand faster, panting slightly as he brought himself close to the edge. He closed his eyes – thinking of Raen's long fingers, and his crooked smile. How hungry he was when he kissed him, and how he'd sounded when he'd begged Erion for more – so needy and desperate. Erion swore under his breath, thrusting into his hand. It was the thought of Raen on his knees that sent him over the edge, and that Erion could have pushed him on to his desk in the office earlier today and fucked him right then and there. Raen would have let him.

Erion shut the water off, towelling himself dry. As he settled down for the night, curled beneath his covers, he still thought of Raen and the look in his eyes when Erion had broken away from their kiss. There was frustration there, but also sadness. Raen had been sad.

Chapter 5

The days leading up to Didwinter had passed in a flash, and it wasn't long before Erion and Vari were drunk and happy, starting the trek to the Estate with their oak leaves in hand. Bonfires flared outside the bigger flats, partygoers spilling in and out of the streets. The sound of laughter and smell of spices filled the air, and Erion looped



his arm over Vari's shoulders as they approached the Estate at the end of Castle Street. The building was massive – lit up by lanterns that were enchanted to hang in the air, ivy running up the stone walls. He could see people in the windows, and smoking on the balconies. Wings, fangs, tails, horns and adorned their bodies – blessings from their Seasons. Erion tried not to look too hard for a particular set of black wings. (Dusic played as they stepped up to the threshold, and Vari presented their tickets. Almost as soon as she lifted them into the air, a quick breeze whisked them away, back down the street.

"That was easy," she said cheerily, swigging from her bottle of wine.

"Vari!"

Erion and Vari turned to see a blue-skinned girl bounding toward them, clad in a green dress that looked like it could've been made from the most delicate of spring leaves.

"Deena!"

Vari rushed forward, embracing the girl. Deena was the news editor of *The Rag*, and despite him technically being her boss, she only ever seemed to listen to Erion if she knew that Vari agreed with his ideas. "I haven't seen you in forever. I have someone that you must meet."

Before Erion could get a word in, Deena grabbed Vari's hand, whisking her away to the side of the Estate. Vari glanced back apologetically, pointing toward the front door of the flat. Erion turned his gaze to see a tall, winged man in a charcoal suit standing there – eyes already locked on him. "Glad to see that you made it," Raen said, striding out to greet him. Raen looked good. Like, really fucking good. Kohl lined his ever-shifting eyes, and a crown of oak twigs, acorns and leaves sat atop his head. Erion felt underdressed.

"Want a flat tour?"

The Estate was pretty much what Erion imagined it would be. None of the fireplaces looked like they had been used in years, and the air felt dry, but cold. Many of the bedrooms were filled with drunken party-goers, but he could tell that the people that lived there were powerful based off of the various amulets and gemstones scattered across bedside tables and window sills.

"And finally, this is my room."

Raen said, opening a door down the end of the corridor with a silver key. "I always keep it locked for these parties – ever since I found some couple fucking in my bed."

Erion snorted, stepping inside. This wasn't what he thought Raen's room would look like. Everything was neat – books arranged meticulously, and the bed perfectly made up. Lamps lit the room, filling it with a cozy glow. Nothing was on the walls, but pots filled with plants took up much of the room.

"Is it always this tidy, or were you expecting a visitor?" Erion asked. Raen just let out what sounded like a nervous chuckle.

Despite himself, Erion couldn't help but smile. Raen was nervous that he was in his bedroom. He sat down at the foot of Raen's bed before taking another sip of his beer, watching the room swim around him.

"I, uh, got something for you," Raen muttered, shrugging off his jacket before shuffling around in a draw next to his bed. He pulled out an amber stone that glittered warmly in the lamplight and sat beside Erion. Erion sucked in a breath.

"Is that a sunstone?"

Raen nodded, pressing it into Erion's palm. Immediately, the room straightened, and he sobered up. Bit of a vibe killer, but a sunstone was one of the most powerful things you could give someone that lived and breathed light. It had literally fried the alcohol out of his system.

"Where did you even get this?" he asked, feeling the stone warm to his touch.

Raen shrugged. "People don't have much use for them down in Dunedin, funnily enough."



Happy (Midwinter). "Thank you," Erion said, turning to kiss Raen on the cheek. Raen blinked, looking a bit bewildered. Even if Raen was primarily interested in him for his power, Erion didn't care in that moment. It had actually been a really nice thing to do. That's why he didn't bother to break eye contact with

Raen, or move away when he shifted incrementally closer. The sunstone now seared ice-hot in Erion's palm, the heat radiating up his arm and chest. Raen's eyelids fluttered as he glanced down at Erion's mouth, and he closed the gap between them just as Erion felt the power of the sunstone start to make his fingers itch and his vision go fuzzy. Erion couldn't help but notice that the temperature of Raen's mouth was surprisingly cool against his tongue – like a rare patch shade in a desert. Erion pushed Raen down against the bed.

"Oh, fuck," Raen gasped, shifting beneath him as he pushed himself further back onto the bed, allowing for Erion to hover over him. Raen panted, smiling. "You need to let that stone go," he said, gazing up at him.

Erion cocked his head. "Oh, come on. Surely you can keep it together, or has Winter's Wane weakened you too much already?"

Raen just moaned in response, shucking his shirt off and pulling Erion down to kiss him again. Despite his challenge, Erion slipped the sunstone into his pocket before fumbling for Raen's zipper, feeling his length push against his palm.

"Please, yes," Raen hissed, and Erion was more than happy to comply. The fade of the sunstone's power was a warm afterglow as he sunk down toward Raen's waist before taking Raen's cock in his mouth, flicking his tongue in lazy circles. Raen bucked in desperation, but Erion just hummed, using one hand to hold Raen's hip in place. The room was filled with the sweet sounds of Raen's moans, the distant thrall of the party and the gentle rustle of all of Raen's houseplants, whispering in tandem with his heavy breathing.

"Wait, Erion. Wait," Raen gasped, threading his fingers through Erion's hair. Erion pulled away,

gazing at Raen through his eyelashes. His forest eyes were wide and wild, feathers on his midnight wings ruffled. It was one of the most beautiful things Erion had ever seen.

"If you keep going like that, you're gonna make me cum," Raen admitted, flushing. Erion just smiled fiendishly, feeling Raen's fingers tighten in his hair as he lowered himself back down and let Raen's cock push against the back of his throat.

"Oh, Lords above," Raen cursed, stiffening.

"You can cum for me, Raen," Erion murmured, his fingers closing around the sunstone in his pocket once again. He heard Raen make a strangled, whining noise as he released himself into Erion's mouth, the windows rattling as a cool Autumn breeze buffeted them.

After giving him a few more soft pumps that made Raen shudder, Erion moved back up to flop beside him, lacing their fingers together and smiling at the ceiling.

"I think I blacked out for a second there," Raen admitted, turning to look at him. Erion laughed a low chuckle, bumping his knee against Raen's and squeezing his hand before letting go.

"It's my pleasure, really," he said, giving Raen a quick peck on the mouth before sitting up. Raen cleared his throat from behind him.

"I like hanging out with you, Erion. I've missed you. I'm really glad you came tonight."

Erion stood, turning to look at Raen still splayed back against the bed, none

of that usual cockiness in his eyes. He wasn't sure what to say.

"I would love it if I could take you out for lunch tomorrow," Raen said, scrambling for his shirt. Erion's face must have given away his uncertainty, because Raen twisted his fingers together nervously, and the room definitely dropped a couple of degrees. "I completely get it if you don't want anything more serious."

(More serious? Raen wanted something serious with him? Had Erion really read Raen so wrong? "Raen, I—" Before Erion could get another word in, someone ripped the door open. Erion turned just in time to watch Vari stumble in, looking bewildered as she glanced between the two men.

"And what the fuck have I just walked in to?" she snarled, lips curled to reveal sharp, lethal fangs. "Nothing," Raen said coolly, pulling his shirt on. His face was stoney, and his eyes wicked. "We were just planning to rejoin the party." Erion's brow furrowed, and he watched as Raen stalked out of the room, leaving him and Vari staring at one another. "I'm keen to head home," she hiccuped, eyes wide, her pupils narrowed into thin slits. "Did you and Raen—"

"We can talk about it tomorrow," Erion said, blinking hard. Classic. Just as he thought Raen wasn't a complete dick, he had to go and prove Erion wrong. "Let's head home."

The sunstone seemed to grow heavier in Erion's pocket with each step he and Vari took to leave The Estate. He kept his focus on leading Vari out of the crowd, eyes fixed ahead of him. Go anyone watching, nobody would have thought that Erion noticed the winged figure in the corner of the living room with eyes that practically bore holes through Erion's back.

It was only once Erion and Vari had crossed the threshold of The Estate that Raen headed back upstairs, locking the door of his room behind him.

"Fuck," Raen muttered, climbing into his bed and pressing a pillow over his head to try and drown out the sounds of Midwinter. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."



radio one

GIG REVIEW - VERA ELLEN

PEARL DIVER - 31/07 A REVIEW BY LOUIE SIDORUK

Last Friday I got the privilege to see Vera Ellen live at Pearl Diver. Because of my limited time spent listening to the band, everyone else who attended the sold out show seemed to be very much “in the know” about this highly praised group from Pōneke, and I was about to find out why. I definitely understand the hype generated from their newest album ‘HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT TIME’ released on the 1st of May this year. There’s no denying that they’re a talented group, with amazing individual brilliance as well as electric chemistry with one another.

To kick things off, was the incredibly talented Phaedra Love, who was performing songs from her latest ‘Good Bad Not Evil’ EP. Oh man, chills. And that’s not because of that fever going around campus at the moment. If you’re keeping up with the Dunedin music scene and Phaedra Love is not on your radar, what are you doing with yourself? Get your ass to Bandcamp, get down to your local, wherever you watch your gigs, and listen to that EP stat, that’s an order.

Onto the main act, and what an unforgettable show. Vera Ellen (the band, in this case) had some of the best stage presence I’ve seen yet, you would think they practically lived on stage the way they carried themselves. Even though the album is technically listed as alternative/indie rock, it really varies in the sound and pushes different styles throughout the tracklist, so it never felt dull or repetitive, which I respect heavily. I would love to hear them branch out into other genres, I feel that they could be unstoppable in any direction they head into. The band also never seemed to take their foot off the gas too, keeping the same level of quality and energy that they were just teeming with from the start, all the way until closing songs of the album such as ‘getting told off by mum’ (my favourite).

I’ll always say this, but seeing bands play live will always be better than listening on streaming, and especially in this case it reigns true. The punchy swooning riffs and Ellen’s lush emotional vocals are just something you have to hear for yourself. Don’t get me wrong, give the album a listen, it is well worth your time, but it’s a whole different feeling hearing it in person. It’s that gut feeling you get where you’re fizzing while it’s happening but so... comforting at the same time. Even though I was probably one of the only ones in the crowd who hadn’t heard them before, it felt like I had always belonged.

read more @ r1.co.nz/blog



Photos by Ethan Montañer

GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY 13TH

Pow Night
w/ 5 Bands and 5 DJs!
Including Monkey Do,
Liquid Lucy and One Day
U-Bar - 8:30 pm

FRIDAY 14TH

Yours Noise
w/ Strap, Turbo Kid, Fastplant,
Slur, Fatherr, Strings Speak
Mountains
Yours - 5.00 pm

Guide Gig
w/ Monkey Do, Acacial Drift,
One Day, Hunky Dory
The Crown - 7:30 pm

**Radio One and Sublime
Studio Presents: BRING
THE NOISE 2026** **HEAT 1**

SATURDAY 15TH

Silly Little Show Tunes
w/ Chelsea, Mario and Cody
Inch Bar - 7 pm

Frost Bitten South 2026
w/ Festering Death, Heir Friar,
Rebirth To Ruin, Avolvap, and
Funeral Burner.
The Crown - 8 pm

Makesense Vol. 3
w/ DJs mixgril, major tom,
TNUC, softserver, b squared,
and Wally funk.
Pearl Diver - 8:30 pm

**Radio One and Sublime
Studio Presents: BRING
THE NOISE 2026** **HEAT 2**
U-Bar - 8 pm

Find more
@ r1.co.nz/gig-guide!

U-No Juno (Dn)
Skyscrapers **1**

Emily Esplin (Dn)
PARANOIA **2**

Ammonita (Dn)
Righteous
Socialite **3**

Eigenface (NZ)
House by the Sea **4**

Vera Ellen (NZ)
how we say
goodnight **5**

King Hit (NZ)
post-divorce
clearance sale **6**

Sarvi (NZ)
Snake Charmer **7**

Big Dogs (Dn)
Whiff of You **8**

Sivle Talk (Dn)
100 Different
People **9**

SOGG (Dn)
Zeitoun **10**

Vagina Dry (Dn)
REDACTED **11**

**mazagran
hit picks**
Loa Loa (Dn)
Jester **BADTAB (NZ)**
Dispatch



OUSA EXEC

University: A Story Of Your Own Making

Hear ye! Hear ye!



It's your Post Grad Rep back for another
Exec column!

More often than not, the greatest stories
and fairytales we know are born from
the realities of the world we live in. You
reading this might not feel like you're part
of some grand adventure, slaying a dragon
or recovering a long-lost artefact, but guess
what? You're in a story of your own making.

Just as we make choices in everyday life
that may seem ordinary or mundane, each
one moves our own story forward, leading
towards what will hopefully be a thrilling
life.

Lost on many, however, is the idea that life
has to be exciting every single day. The
reality is that what you're doing right now
could be the very opportunity or adventure
that someone else dreams of experiencing
but, for one reason or another, never can,
remaining little more than a fairytale to
them.

Game or not, every story is written one
chapter at a time.

P.S. Read the word after every full stop.

Fergus Parks

Post Graduate Representative ★

ENROL TO VOTE IN THE GENERAL ELECTIONS

October
25

You have until midnight **October 25th**
to enrol or update your details to vote
in the **2026 General Elections**

VOTE.NZ

ousa

What Did People
Do All Day?

Nick Austin
SUITE
2026
A DPAG CONTEMPORARY
OTEPOTI DUNEDIN
BIENNIAL PROGRAMME
— PART TWO

ART
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY



NICK AUSTIN Depends 2004-2025 (detail) Newspaper clippings, can, card table



SHELL ARMOUR OIL REVIEW

BY SIR FUCKS-A-LOT

Now, as a Knight of the Pound Table, I must say that I have tried my fair share of armour lube. I tend toward a low sheen, noise reducing, odourless oil. The Shell Armour Oil is just that, with the added bonuses of being perfectly neutral and rust-evasive.

The multi-head applicator tip is great for those of us knights who prefer full coverage, and not just spot treatments. The Shell Oil is water resistant, making it perfect for if you ever end up facing the Sidhe of Lake Avalon.

Whether I am getting down on the dance floor at one of Arthur and Guinevere's parties or find myself slaying a dragon or troll, this oil stands strong. With a non-stick formula, I also find that the straw piles I tend to sleep on in various locations around Camelot do not follow me throughout my day.

I leave thee with a rating of 9/10
~ this is an excellent product.



TLDOR!

It snowed last week, in case you didn't know.

Stream The Daze's debut EP, Vino Rouge. With a name inspired by a pre gig ritual and a bunch of songs about a one night stand gone pear shaped, it's a better than decent listen.

Get ready for the ball of the century! The Marine Sciences Society, Dive Club, AAPES and GEMS are hosting Four Elements: Nature Sciences Ball. Hosted at Joes Garage on the 13th of August from 7:30-1am, it'll be a night to remember. Tickets are \$35 per person, and you'll get a 10% discount if you buy four or more. Scan the QR code for tickets and more info.

There now appears to be three cranes in the city to build the hospital. How many cranes do you need?

OUSSC are running their third annual POW night at U-Bar this Thursday night (the 13th)! Tickets are \$12.50, but going quick. There will be two stages with a bunch of sick student bands and DJs.

There will be a Student General Meeting on the 9th of September at 12pm regarding Executive role changes. Read more in news.

POLSA is hosting their ball this Friday (the 14th) at Ombrello's. The theme is an Evening of Glitz and Gold. Tickets are \$40, which includes a couple of drinks and food. Get in quick!

The OUSA Exec is hosting a Political Party Leader's Debate on Tuesday the 11th of August. Tickets are FREE but you must sign up – link in their Instagram bio (@ousaexec).

Police seized \$6.5m worth of marijuana and gave none to us. Supply shock! Our fids are about to get way more expensive.



Illustrated by
Eleanor Walker

Horoscopes

PISCES

A kingdom slumbers beneath the deep sea, floating away from where mortal bounds be. Sleep softly this eve, for when you rise before the morning sun, you will no longer see the demise you currently face. Instead, an opportunity will fall before your eyes.

Your fairytale:
Rapunzel

ARIES

Fire burns bright in your heart, yet the one you seek may be blinded by flames. You leap toward peaks high in the heavens, but mind thy step – don't mistake treacherous lands for a safe haven.

Your fairytale:
Thumbelina

VIRGO

Two hearts bound in ribbon. A candle burning at both ends, scorching since your eyes chanced to meet. The spellbook demands that true love stay, but do not let worry cloud your mind. A token halved is magic enough, hold tight their hand if paths get rough.

Your fairytale:
Rumpelstiltskin

GEMINI

Two paths lay in front, seemingly split. However, in the distance, they twine and unite. Two roads of horror, two mirrors of glass. Neither reflect the truth, but you must choose. Will you dance in the wind which howls your name or with a river nymph who shrieks in pain?

Your fairytale:
Hansel and Gretel

AQUARIUS

Confusion reigns in the mind, and chaos in the heart. Your elders demand that you speak, but you answer in rushed riddles that nobody comprehends. Trust in the one that seeks you on a third night – this strange magic will soon cease.

Your fairytale:
The Princess and the Pea

SCORPIO

A cauldron bubbling beneath the black pine, full of secrets, shadows and bitter dark wine. Words carry venom when spun, so speak with soft grace lest you brew a regret. Channel your magic to finish the task, before the clock strikes and reveals what's under the mask.

Your fairytale:
Little Red Riding Hood

TAURUS

Your pocket has been swindled of copper, but you possess a craving for nectar to ward off the cold. Try heading to the castle to seek shelter: a great bounty awaits in the house where few dare enter, and none may leave before smelling the pixie dust of dreams.

Your fairytale:
Goldilocks

CAPRICORN

You have been toiling the spell-weavers soil, digging for truth in the frost-bitten earth. Your limbs grow weary, your lantern dim, yet still you climb to reach the goal. Rest now your head on a pillow of dust, before all your labour leaves you afraid and lost.

Your fairytale:
Jack and the Giant Bean Stalk

LEO

A crown of starlight upon your head, you glide through another plane as if none could compare. The great amphitheatre awaits your presence to shine bright, as the moon before the witching hour twinkles with delight. A doorway to something brand new will show itself to you.

Your fairytale:
Robin Hood

CANCER

Your sanctuary is hidden in old roots, safe from the storm which rages cold. Unbeknownst to you, your fort is one spell away from crumbling against troubles the realm has to yield. Beware of the porcelain that lies in your abode: clear the clutter or face the fire.

Your fairytale:
The Magic Faraway Tree

LIBRA

Forest folk dance in the flame to ward off the night. The choice to hide or to join is yours, but watch you don't overstay your welcome. Hark! The fae may turn, shredding beautiful visages to reveal the truth, a spirit which scares the meek.

Your fairytale:
Pinocchio

SAGITTARIUS

A horse with wild wings galloping fast, leaving the realm of the present and past. You dream of far castles beyond the blue mist, neglecting the parchment that sits on your list. Fly if you must to the mountains of snow, but pack your iron key before you go.

Your fairytale:
Cinderella

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MARKET DAY

Wednesday

19

AUGUST

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LINK

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