

digital edition

spring - issue 1

Pulp

M A G A Z I N E

Cafe reviews Travel Short stories

Glorification of youth culture

Street fashion

Pulp loves



Salotto: a hidden gem Creative enterprise

Why we should be more childish

Published by Pulp studio - the 6th Form creative enterprise

Creative & Entrepreneurial

You don't always need
a plan, sometimes you
just need to breathe,
trust, let go and
see what
happens

BUILDING A LEGACY FURTHERING OPPORTUNITIES

**CREATE
EVERYDAY**

Don't think. Thinking is the enemy of creativity. It's
self-conscious, and anything self-conscious is lousy.
You can't try to do things. You simply must do things

CREATIVITY IS MAXIMISED WHEN
YOU ARE LIVING IN THE MOMENT

love what you do, do what you love

BE POSITIVE

You have to put
something out
there to get
something back

let
your
past
make
you
better
not
bitter

PRODUCTIVITY

If you don't build your dream, someone else will hire you to build theirs

DREAM BIG

Be free with your thoughts...

Success is not final, failure is not fatal: it is a courage to continue that counts
The only way of finding the limits of the possible
is by going beyond them into the impossible

people are best convinced by things they themselves discover

Find
YOUR
voice

NEGATIVE
THINKING
WASTES
TIME AND
ENERGY

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Pulp CREATIVE ENTERPRISE MANIFESTO

Words by the Pulp studio team, designed by Maddy Russell 2014

Welcome to the first issue of Pulp magazine!

In the summer of 2014, some 6th Form students from NDHS banded together to create an enterprise where young people could pursue creative ideas and turn them into reality.

One of our main ideas was to create a magazine for the 6th form students of Notre Dame that featured articles relevant to teenagers. As Managing Editor, I am proud of the work that has gone into making this magazine. It has been a bumpy road, but dedication and a shared ambition helped us through.

We are always welcoming new members who want to join our team, or even those who just want to submit an article for the magazine. If you have an idea you need help to realise, or a passion you want to share, don't hesitate to contact us on pulpstudioenterprise@hotmail.com

I want to say a huge thank you to all those who stuck with Pulp, especially my fellow students Claudia and Evangeline. Also our creative enterprise mentor Floyd whose support and expertise guided us through the planning and realisation of this magazine.

In the future we hope to pursue more projects that fuel the creative spark that founded us.

Josephine O'Donnell
Managing Editor



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Written by
Evie Fischer

Glorification In Youth Culture

Over the last ten years, the number of young people admitted to hospital because of self-harm has increased by 68%

In our youth culture, mental illness, smoking and an irresponsible attitude towards sex and drugs have become prominent identifying features of our generation. However, despite popular belief, young people are not to blame for the glorification of these themes in society. Disturbingly, movies and novels depict alienating and damaging illnesses as something that makes a person interesting, mysterious and desirable. It is a huge part of our culture – the insecurities of young people (usually, teenage girls are pandered to most) are played on. Sick-lit books are often aimed at pre-teens – romantic teenage cancer, suicide and self-harm are common in this genre.

The infamous novel by John Green, *The Fault In Our Stars* is one of a myriad of examples of a sick-lit book – a serious disease is portrayed as a “character quirk” of the main character, Hazel. In the novel, the term coined “cancer perks” is just another example of this illness being depicted in a light-hearted way as something attractive. The romance between two cancer patients, Hazel and Gus, is one that romanticises the idea of two fatally sick people finding love through their shared troubles, which is an obviously harmful idea, and one that is aimed at children as young as twelve.

This only reinforces the idea in young people (especially pre-teens) that developing mental illnesses and having serious issues, such as depression and self-harming, is the only way they can be desirable and interesting. Another example of an unhealthy relationship sold as romantic is in the TV series *American Horror Story*, particularly in the first season. Tate, a rapist and murderer, kills throughout the show, to Violet’s indifference, until he rapes her mother. Their relationship is idealised by teenage girls, who swoon over the damaged and sensitive Tate. Popular on many depression blogs on Tumblr, many b/w gifs have been made of Violet self-harming, and pictures of Tate with emotive captions. For influential young pre-teens, it’s easy to be seduced by glamorous film and books, but it is important for them to recognise the difference between a teenage movie and sick-lit.

“ The infamous novel by John Green
The Fault In Our Stars is one of a myriad of
examples of a sick-lit book ”



It's a big world out there!



Written by
Sherin Shibu

A Passage to India

The Taj Mahal is a mesmerising palace, built in 1632 for Shahjahan's wife Mumtaz Mahal whom he dearly loved. The building is an embodiment of that love and a landmark in commemoration of her life. The Taj Mahal is also the final resting place of Shahjahan and Mumtaz. When the sun is shining, the Taj Mahal has a beautiful glow, that changes throught the day. It is rose at dawn, milky at noon and pearly silver by moonlight. Legend says that once the Taj Mahal was built, Shahjahan's son requested the fingers of the architect be cut off so another building like the Taj Mahal couldn't be constructed, so the original would remain unique.

“ When the sun is shining, the Taj Mahal has a beautiful glow that changes throughout the day ”

Indira Gandhi, India's Iron Lady, was the first ever Woman Prime Minister of India, from 1966 to 1977, then from 1980 to 1984, when she was assassinated by her two bodyguards. She had made very significant changes to India and is well respected today. She lived on the famous road called Akbar Road, where many politicians now live. She transformed India into a country self-sufficient in food grains - Green revolution. The Golden Temple, known as Harmandir Sahib, is where Sikhs go on pilgrimage. Everyone has to wear a scarf or shawl to cover their head. Unfortunately, I didn't have the chance to go in to see what it looked like because it was hot and there was a large queue. Punjab is the richest state in India and the poor go to the Golden Temple for food. North India is rife with poverty and the meals provided help many.



Left to right
Golden Temple
Taj Mahal
Taj Mahal

Pictures by Sherin Shibu



Three intrepid
6th form students
Sherin, Maddy and Finley
share their travel experiences
from their Summer holidays.

India, Europe and
Greenland are the
destinations.



Agency pictures



Norfolk to Finland by road



Written by
Maddy Russell

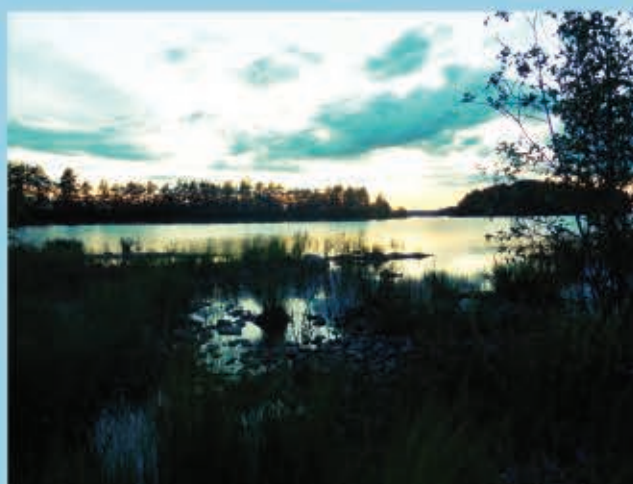
The four-day journey from Norfolk to Vuohijärvi, Finland started at 4am with the drive to Harwich to catch the ferry to the Hook of Holland. Once on the ferry the looming feeling of seasickness was heightened by the artificial leather-plastic seats, the lino on the ceilings and the jumble of dizzy coloured squares on the carpet. Seven hours later we arrived in Holland where we were greeted by an hour-long traffic jam getting out of the port. The journey that followed was a drive from Holland to Bremen Germany and to the hostel where we were to stay.

After a 6am start we carried on our journey by car through Germany and then into Denmark. After a few hours we arrived at Louisiana, the museum of modern art. The art included sculptures by Giacometti and paintings by Emil Nolde. After the museum we got a short ferry across to Helsingborg, Sweden. Once off the ferry we drove to our log cabin where we stayed overnight. The cabin was spacious, but filled with six of us and a dog it felt very cramped. Fortunately there was a swimming pool next to the cabin as well as a beautiful view of a lake where we watched the sun setting across the sky, which after a long day of being in the car in the 27-degree heat made it a beautiful end to the day.

The next morning began with a breakfast buffet from the cabin resort café. Compared to the rest of the trip, this was the most relaxed and un-rushed day as we had until 8pm that night before our ferry to Finland. After breakfast we travelled for a few hours to Stockholm where we had around six hours before our Viking line ferry across the Baltic Sea. We walked around some of the main sites in the city such as the Stockholm Palace, where the monarchs of Sweden live. The sweltering heat encouraged us to find shade where a band was playing to help pass the time waiting for the ferry. The weather became much too hot for us to continue walking around the city so we found some shade and listened to some music whilst we waited for the ferry. Once on the Viking Line, we found a café and ate tea, which consisted of primarily: schnitzel (which I was pleasantly surprised by) mash potatoes and meatballs. Our cabins were small with just a bed, which pulled down from the wall, a small toilet and a mirror. We watched the small islands off the coast of Sweden disappear into the distance as we drew nearer to Finland.

After the overnight ferry ride to Finland we only had about a three hour journey until we reached the summer cottage. It was around 28 degrees when we arrived and after our 1200-mile journey by car it was a huge relief to jump into the cool turquoise lake.

Lake by the cottage.



The following days in Finland were beautiful and I spent most of the time swimming in the lake. It felt like a spiritual place kept a secret from the rest of the world, where you can cleanse your mind, body and soul with the fresh food and pure air. It feels as if it cleanses your body, everything seems pure and fresh; the food, the water and the air. There was no wind, the trees perfectly still and the water barely rippling. The vast expanse of water was so clear it looked almost purple and in the early evening the orange and red sunset was reflected perfectly across the bay.



Lake by the cottage.

We ate freshly picked berries with sweet Greek yoghurt and honey and freshly caught fish from the lake cooked in salt and butter; it was delicious. We also often ate the traditional Finnish piirakka, a hot pastry made from a thin rye crust with a rice filling.

Most days were spent beside the lake, taking the kayak out into the bay, playing badminton and going out in the speedboat to admire the amazing views that I can only describe as tranquil and serene. The weather was hot; it had been the longest period of heat in Finland since the 1970's, the temperature being 30-degrees for over a month.

We also visited Helsinki where we visited the Kiasma gallery of modern art and, of course, went shopping. One night a year, to celebrate the end of the summer, everyone in Finland lights candles and puts them at the end of their jetties. We also set off Chinese lanterns, and as they floated across the forest it provoked a momentary panic.

On the way back from Finland to Sweden we stayed the first night on the ferry. We then drove through Denmark and stayed in Copenhagen where we went to a small waffle and ice cream shop and then later to an Italian restaurant. What struck me the most about Denmark was the vast amount of bikes around the city and the chaotic road systems; you didn't really know where you were supposed to walk. Our final night was spent in Delft in Holland where we went to a flea market and brought traditional Delft tiles. The final stretch of the journey was the seven-hour ferry journey back to England from the Hook of Holland.

The trip had been a brilliant experience and it went extremely quickly, I was sad to leave but I had some amazing memories.

“ We ate freshly picked berries with sweet Greek yoghurt and freshly caught fish from the lake cooked in salt and butter ”

No I'm not talking about the shop. I'm talking about the Land of Fire and Ice, an incredible country of volcanoes, waterfalls, glaciers and geysers. In February 2014, the geography department took a group of year 11's and 12's to Iceland to experience the many natural wonders and to learn more about volcanoes. The most famous volcano in Iceland is Eyjafjallajökull (not going to lie, it's a bit of a mouthful to say), which erupted in 2010, causing major problems for airlines because of the amount of volcanic ash in the sky. Fortunately there was no eruption while I was there.

Before I went, I knew nothing about Iceland and I had no idea just how amazing the country was. The landscape was staggering with vast expanses of desert bordered by huge mountains. Our first trip was to the Blue Lagoon, a geothermal heated lagoon and one of the wonders of the world and a wonder for your skin thanks to the silica mud. I was a bit dubious when I found out that it was formed from the waste of a geothermal power plant, but all doubt was washed away when I entered the warm milky water of the lagoon. It was like a giant bath, but with the smell of sulphur (you get used to it eventually).

We also saw many waterfalls, the most fantastic being Gullfoss, Golden Falls, which was completely frozen over at the time. The Great Geyser (yes it does live up to the name) was also incredible, but the smell was pretty awful. If you're lucky, you can see the blue centre of the geyser bubble and roil before it releases a spurt of hot air and water. And if you're even luckier, you will have the camera recording at just the right time.

Another of the natural wonders of Iceland is the glaciers, great rivers of ice slowly inching forward down mountains. We were able to go glacier climbing and I could barely believe what I was seeing. Jagged arches of ice formed the top of the glacier and under the snow you could see the light blue of compressed air. Our guide, a quintessential Icelandic man

led us over the dangerous terrain which disguised the worst kind of pot holes, pot holes filled with freezing water that could take you meters under the surface of the glacier. Don't worry, we all survived. Some glaciers have iceberg lagoons at the base, which are truly breathtaking, plus there were some gorgeous seals playing in the waters.

We had been told that it was perfect weather for the Northern Lights, and we all spent most of the evenings waiting with barely contained excitement, staring into the sky. But there were never any green and rose lights in the sky. When the final evening fell, seeing the Northern Lights returned to an intangible wish rather than a potential reality. In the middle of a quiz (it was a geography trip after all) a boy next to me suddenly said, "Sir, I think I see green in the sky". There was a split second to register the information and then all of us ran out of the room, screaming, hastily putting on coats and shoes and grabbing cameras. It was freezing outside, but no one cared. Waves of light green floated in the sky, subtly but constantly changing. All I was able to say was "oh my god" in varying tones of awe and amazement. It was the cherry on top of the cake and I feel so lucky to have witnessed such a spectacular sight. When I close my eyes, I can still conjure the lasting image of the Aurora.

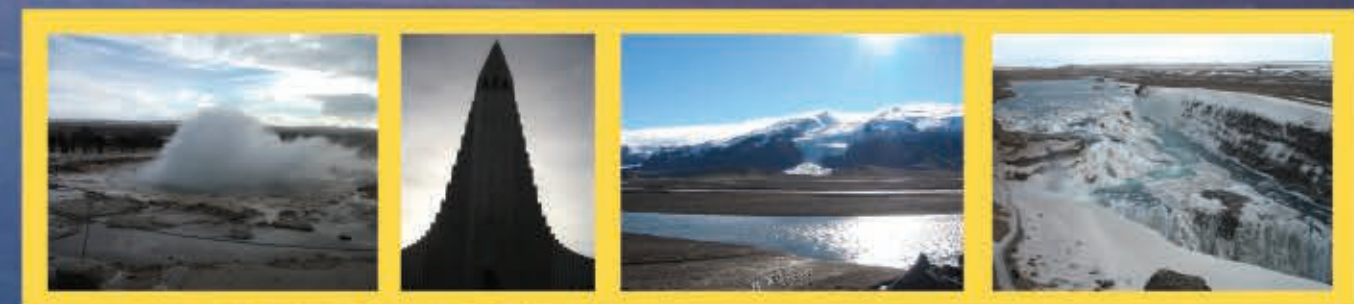
If you can't already tell from this feature, I totally and utterly loved my trip to Iceland, but don't take my word for it, take any opportunity to go and see it for yourself!

Iceland the Land of Fire and Ice

Written by
Josephine O'Donnell



“ The landscape was staggering with vast expanses of desert bordered by huge mountains ”



Pictures by Josephine O'Donnell

Norwich Street fashion

We took to the streets of Norwich with a camera in search of the best dressed. The individuals we photographed embody Norwich style: stylish, fun, modern and a little quirky!



Emma 20
Playsuit - ASOS
Cardigan - ASOS



Matthew 18
Shirt - H&M
Jacket - VINTAGE
Jeans - LEVI
Shoes - DMs



Alice 17
Coat - TOPSHOP
Jumper - VINTAGE
Boots - VINTAGE



Adam 27
Top - LEVI
Jeans - LEVI
Shoes - SCHUH



Jenny 18
Shirt - CHARITY SHOP
Shoes - CHARITY SHOP



Sonja 29
Shirt - PRIM
Skirt - VINTAGE
Shoes - EBAY
Bag - VINTAGE

Tomas 31
All clothes - TK MAXX



Written & Photographed
by Iona Johnstone &
Tilly Rose Evans



Robyn 21
Jeans - ALL SAINTS
Shoes - CONVERSE



Sophie 17
Top - H&M
Skirt - MAUI WAUI FESTIVAL



Marco 17
Top - A&F
Trousers - MAIN SOURCE
Shoes - CONVERSE



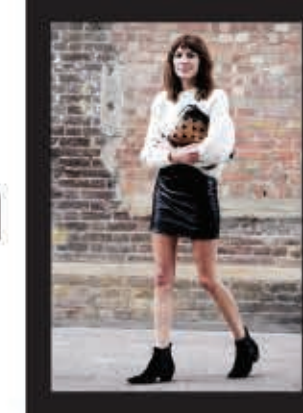
Martina 16
Jacket - ZARA
Jeans - STELLA MCCARTNEY

Fashion icon Alex Turner



Written by
Claudia Floriano

Fashion icon Alexa Chung



Ray Ban:
Sun glasses (Signet) - £125

H&M:
Striped T Shirt:
£7.99



TKMaxx:
Chunky Belt
(Tommy Hilfiger) -
£35



Asos:
Leather Jacket -
£110 - £55



M&S:
Blue Jeans - £22.50



Burton:
Suede Desert Boots - £35



H&M: Leather Skirt - £19.99



Accessorize:
Brown Heart Clutch - £19



Topshop:
Chunky Slub jumper -
£38



River Island:
Black suedette pointed toe chelsea boots - £38

“A stripped tee is a wardrobe staple”

“You can't worry what people think”



Written by
Alex Spinner

Why we should be more childish?

The very essence of childhood is innocence, curiosity and wonder

From about Year 10, you start to receive an endless torrent of complaints regarding behaviour such as “you are not in Year 7 anymore” or “don’t be so childish”. To a certain extent this is reasonable. We don’t go around shouting at each other when we disagree, and I’m pretty sure all of us have learnt the capability to control our bladders.

On the other hand, if you look at the world from a child’s perspective you see wondrous things. Everything seizes your curiosity and the belief that you, your Mum and Dad are invincible is still stuck in the foreground of your mind. Best of all, there is an acceptance unmatched by any who have ‘grown up’ into cynical, anxious beings.

The very essence of childhood is innocence, curiosity, and confidence. If we adopted these attributes and tried to revert back to adventurous, kind people then we would reap the benefits in every aspect of life. By being accepting, you see the good in others and yourself and as a result, there would be more happiness around. You would feel good about what you do. You would be more willing to work harder without the worries of bullies, arrogance, or the downright cruelty. By being curious, the world becomes more

fascinating. Everything becomes interesting and your thirst for discovery will lead to a renewed appreciation of the world. By being curious, school becomes easier; you learn without needing to be forced and can actually have fun while doing so. With confidence and the belief that you can do anything, you can truly achieve whatever you wish.

I don’t mean to say that it becomes any easier... but it does become more achievable. You don’t fall short at the last minute because you don’t believe in yourself. You reach beyond what you thought was possible. So why not try being more childish? Even just for a day.

- 1. See the best in people and every situation you can**
- 2. Look around you. Ask Why? How? What?**
- 3. Believe in yourself. You can do it. No one can do it for you, not your Mum, Dad or your friends.**

You are great, and once you believe this you can do great things. There’s nothing really stopping you, is there?

“ When you look at the World
from a child’s perspective
you see wondrous things ”



Interview by
Laura Moseley

Tea for Two



Pictures by Laura Moseley

Q What do you like about having a business in Norwich?

For me, I never thought about having a business anywhere else, I was only ever interested in Norwich. I worked in London for a few years and lots of other cities and Norwich is very different. It has a lot of the same elements as large cities without feeling like it's too big. It's a very different, it's quite arty and individual, also very studenty, which was one of our main reasons for setting it up here.

Q What makes your business different to others in Norwich?

I needed a point of difference. For us it was tea. I think there's a definite lack of tearooms in Norwich city centre because there are a lot of trendy coffee shops but not a lot for non-coffee drinkers. The cafes always look great but usually serve a really sub-standard cup of tea. We wanted to set up somewhere that felt like cosy, served really nice tea and also home cooked food. There were, and still are, a lot of great coffee shops in Norwich. Places like The Window and Strangers spring to mind. But we wanted to focus on being a traditional Victorian tea room. In every sense. So having an espresso machine is just not in keeping. We use quality loose tea infused with natural ingredients and essential oils. We take the same care over tea as baristas do over coffee.

Q What is your favourite part about running this business?

Our staff. Although we don't only hire females, we have found ourselves in a happy position of having the senior roles predominantly filled with women. I come from fashion retail and even there all the top jobs were taken by men, wherever I went all the top positions and pay rises were always given to men, and that was in woman's fashion retail, it was insane. This was my chance to make a difference. Also, it would also be the customers, without good feedback you probably wouldn't want to do it, we want to constantly make people feel at home and impress them and when that does happen it is definitely the most rewarding part of the job. It's also getting to do something I love every single day and do it with people that I like to spend time with.

Q Do you have any advice for people thinking of setting up their own business?

Just do it. You can really only finish one or two ways. If it works out then that's great-if it doesn't what have you got to lose really? Don't over invest at the beginning. Start small and find out what makes your business unique. Grow if you can or even if you want. It's your business so you can make it what you want. I think too many people are so scared of failure they give up before they start. I started Biddy's at 25,

Biddy's tea room

Owner Charlie Buchan
15/15a Lower Goat Lane,
Norwich, NR2 1EL
www.biddystearoom.com

“ I think too many
people are so scared of
failure they give up before
they start ”



Italian Design



“ Salotto actually
means living room
in Italian ”

Q What makes your business different to others in Norwich?

What makes my business different is everything comes from Italy because that's where I used to live. I have a very strong connection with it so I actually source most things from there, however some things do come from Spain and some from Greece. This means there are many different things in the shop.

Q What was the inspiration behind your business?

Well, I wanted to bring some different things to Norwich, and when I moved here a few years ago I wanted there to be a collection of the things I liked the most from Italy. Salotto actually means living room in Italian.

Q What is your favourite part about running this business?

My favourite part is meeting people, because when I moved to Norwich I didn't really know anyone and I'd never lived in England before and so I think that is the best part. And of course, the second best thing is being able to travel, and to source things.

Q Do you have any advice for people thinking of setting up their own business?

Well, I mean I'm still figuring this out as it is my first shop. I think that people, when they're setting up a business, really have to think long term. You can't just wake up one day and think 'oh this would be nice', because it really does involve all sorts of different things that I hadn't even considered. It needs to evolve, you need to make it work and it won't just happen overnight.



Salotto

Owner Lillia Molho
20 St Benedicts Street
Norwich, NR2 4AQ
www.facebook.com/salottonorwich

The Bicycle Shop



The Bicycle Shop

Atmosphere: 3.5

Price: 3.5

Food: 4

Hannah and I ventured out into the heart of Norwich to find independent places where we could get good food at student prices. The first place that caught our eye was The Bicycle Shop, located on St. Benedicts street. With breakfast served until 3pm and a menu with crepes and cakes, we thought we'd give it a try. We stepped inside into what felt like a miniature jungle, decorated with a green and grey colour palette furnished weird and wonderful décor. We already knew from then that a lot of thought had gone into this place just from its walls. Our drinks orders were taken by a pleasant waitress, Hannah ordering an organic apple juice and I ordered a cream soda with a splash of rhubarb. The drinks were a tad expensive for £2.50 each. However we were not disappointed by the menu's wide range of drinks and its reasonably priced tea and coffee.

After attempting to look at the menu which was awkwardly placed on a wall right next to a couple's table, both Hannah and I agreed that it would have been much easier if there was a hand out menu. Nevertheless we thought there were a great selection of classic dishes on the main menu ranging from Mac 'n' Cheese to a local steak burger. Hannah ordered the black pudding hash with new potatoes and bacon for £7.25 and I opted for the hoi sin chicken and spring onion crepe.

As we waited for our food we took in our surroundings of an older generation in a peaceful and quiet setting. Although we did not have to wait to be seated we did have to wait for our food which was totally understandable due to its fresh preparation. The wait was not too long though and soon after our dishes came. Hannah thought her dish was very different from what she would normally order. It was quite salty due to the combination of black pudding as well as the bacon, yet not too overpowering. The two eggs were poached perfectly on top of a large portion size mountain of potato, diced bacon with crumbled black pudding. Hannah liked how the ingredients were all combined enabling all the flavours to work well together without ruining the taste. I ordered the hoisin chicken crepe for £4.50. When it arrived however I was presented with two crepes for the price of one due to an error that clearly benefitted me.

This dish would make a great light snack if you are not feeling too hungry, the chicken was tender, moist and not drowning in hoisin sauce which meant that I could taste the spring onion too. Overall I thought this dish was very reasonably priced.



Cafe Review by
Emily Chatten &
Hannah Carrie

Café 33



Café 33

Atmosphere: 4.5

Price: 3.5

Food: 5

The next place we visited was Café 33, located on Exchange Street - having previously been there for their heavenly cake and quality hot drinks, (there is a large selection of gluten free cakes). I'd been dying to try the food. We arrived there and faced a 15 minute wait, evidently it's very popular. However once in we were seated right away and the service was very quick. We chose to sit upstairs, which we found to be small, yet big enough to have your own space and it was decorated in a warm colour palette.

I ordered a hot chocolate, priced at £2.65, which was both creamy, very chocolaty and nicely finished with cream and marshmallows. Emily went for quite the opposite, NO33 fresh lemonade at £2.50, which was served in a jar. Although it was very aesthetically pleasing, Emily found that it was too bitter, strong and was unable to finish the drink. Next Emily and I searched the menu for something we fancied. The menu provided a good selection, from an all-day breakfast to chunky fish finger ciabattas. After much indecisiveness, it all sounded so good. I chose the 'posh mushrooms on toast'. The garlic mushrooms were succulent and juicy and combined perfectly with the half melted goats cheese all served on quality ciabatta.

The flavours complemented exquisitely with the red onion chutney that accompanied the dish. Emily sampled the 'sausage, bacon and potato hash', she thought that the poached egg was cooked to perfection - neither excessively runny nor overcooked. She found the selection of meat - bacon, chorizo, sausage and pepperoni - all worked well and sat on top of a pile of potatoes. The bacon was thick, salted well and lean, which Emily found satisfying as she is normally quite fussy about bacon.

On the whole the dish was very filling and presented well. Overall we found both the food and experience at Café 33 the best out of all three tested and we will without a doubt be returning in the near future.

Franks Bar

Franks Bar

Atmosphere: 4

Price: 4

Food: 3.5

For our last place to review we decided to go to Franks Bar just on Bedford street. It looked small from the outside but to our surprise was actually quite big inside. With no wait to be seated we were given an option to sit at the front or to be seated at a quieter area out back. The staff here are really polite and accommodating, taking our drinks order of a Norfolk apple juice and a soda with elderflower cordial and delivering them very promptly, again like The Bicycle Shop we thought that the drinks were slightly expensive at £2.50 again. The menu unusual, with only seven mains giving you the option to eat seared pigeon breasts or a socca chickpea pancake. We particularly liked the range of nibbles such as olives and mixed breads and oils which are available to snack on all day. Other options included their platter menu providing local cheese and mezze platters along with a menu serving ciabattas.

We liked the sound of the Sunday menu and would definitely return to try the Franks full English. After much decision we went for the Spanish tapas with sautéed chorizo, paprika chips, boquerones and manchego cheese along with the mixed flavoured breads with olive oil for £3.00. We didn't have to wait long before we were greeted with a huge portion size for £9.50, ideal if you fancy snacking on a mixture of things but sharing is a must! The sautéed chorizo and paprika chips were our favourite parts of the dish. We were hesitant to try the cheese and anchovies but we did anyway, however they were definitely our least favourite part of the menu.





Written by
Josephine O'Donnell

HUNTED

The White Hart had beckoned
he had obeyed.

Moonlight beams bathed the pine forest in a bewitching glow. A small band of hunters prowled through the imposing trees, which reached towards the sky like brown contorted fingers. Three dogs gamboled around them, sniffing the ground for the trace of stag. The stag had to be killed by the eldest amongst the hunters, Arthur Elwood, as commemoration of his last hunt. He clutched his spear in strong but sweating hands as he led the band of men forward into the eerie darkness of the forest.

Arthur padded over the blanket of pine needles and paused by a slab of black earth with gnarled roots protruding from it. The sweet, cloying smell of wet soil overpowered his senses and he staggered back, sitting heavily at the base of the uprooted tree...*Rain fell steadily over the small knot of people, huddled together against the chill. A capacious hole had been dug, gorgeously dark soil spilling from the recesses of the pit, like the earth had ejected its insides to the surface. The shriveled form of a woman was just visible at the bottom, surrounded by jewellery that glinted solemnly at the group. Arthur felt the hard, grim stone of grief in the pit of his stomach as he shoveled the earth back over his mother.*

Anxious faces watched Arthur as he surfaced from the depths of his memory, the shadow of grief still heavy on his senses. Arthur sucked in the sharp cold air to clear his head, but with each step the recurring pain began to press down on his head and chest. As the hunters advanced further into the forest, a breath of wind stirred the air and brought with it the faint but potent smell of wood smoke from the village. The smoke smelt of home. Arthur closed his eyes, savoring it...

Arthur paced back and forth outside the hut, wringing his hands restlessly. Night was just falling when Arthur heard the shrill cry of a newborn baby. Smoke from the many fires clouded the night air as he held the warm bundle tightly to his chest. He and his wife left their hut, intense joy gushing outwards, spreading over the villagers who cheered and clapped as they saw the first child of their thane. A tear slid down his cheek as his thoughts were violently cast back sixteen years ago. Sadness choked his throat as he realized that he did not have long left to spend with his boy. Arthur was snapped back to the present when the dogs started barking. They had found a trail. The hunt had begun.



Arthur directed his men away from the trail, away from the stag hunt, and deeper into the forest. The men were beginning to mumble amongst themselves and Arthur knew that they thought him mad. He had collapsed, cried and then led them the wrong way: these were not the actions of their thane, their leader.

Unknowingly Arthur had led them to a stag. He held up his hand, commanding the men to stop, as his eyes rested on the majestic antlers just visible above the fans of fern.

There it was, his prize for dying. The stag bent its head, oblivious of danger, as Arthur crept forward, spear at the ready. He was close to the stag when he saw the White Hart again, its magnificent head turned to face Arthur. An overwhelming sense of peace filled his body, and he straightened, the spear dropping from his grasp. The stag looked up suddenly, and saw Arthur, but Arthur saw only the White Hart behind it. Then, the White Hart turned and galloped away as the stag charged straight for him. The whistle of an arrow cut through the air and found its mark in the belly of the animal, but it was too late.

The tip of the antler had pierced Arthur's throat, and he fell, clutching his neck as blood flowed through his fingers like ribbons of satin. One final time, his mind was transported back to his oldest memory. *The warm metallic smell of blood steeped Arthur's senses as he removed the spear from the neck of the stag. His first kill. Adrenaline pumped through his veins as he shouted euphorically.*

Soft damp earth cushioned his now lifeless body, slowly sucking the fire of the last memory. The White Hart had beckoned, he had obeyed.

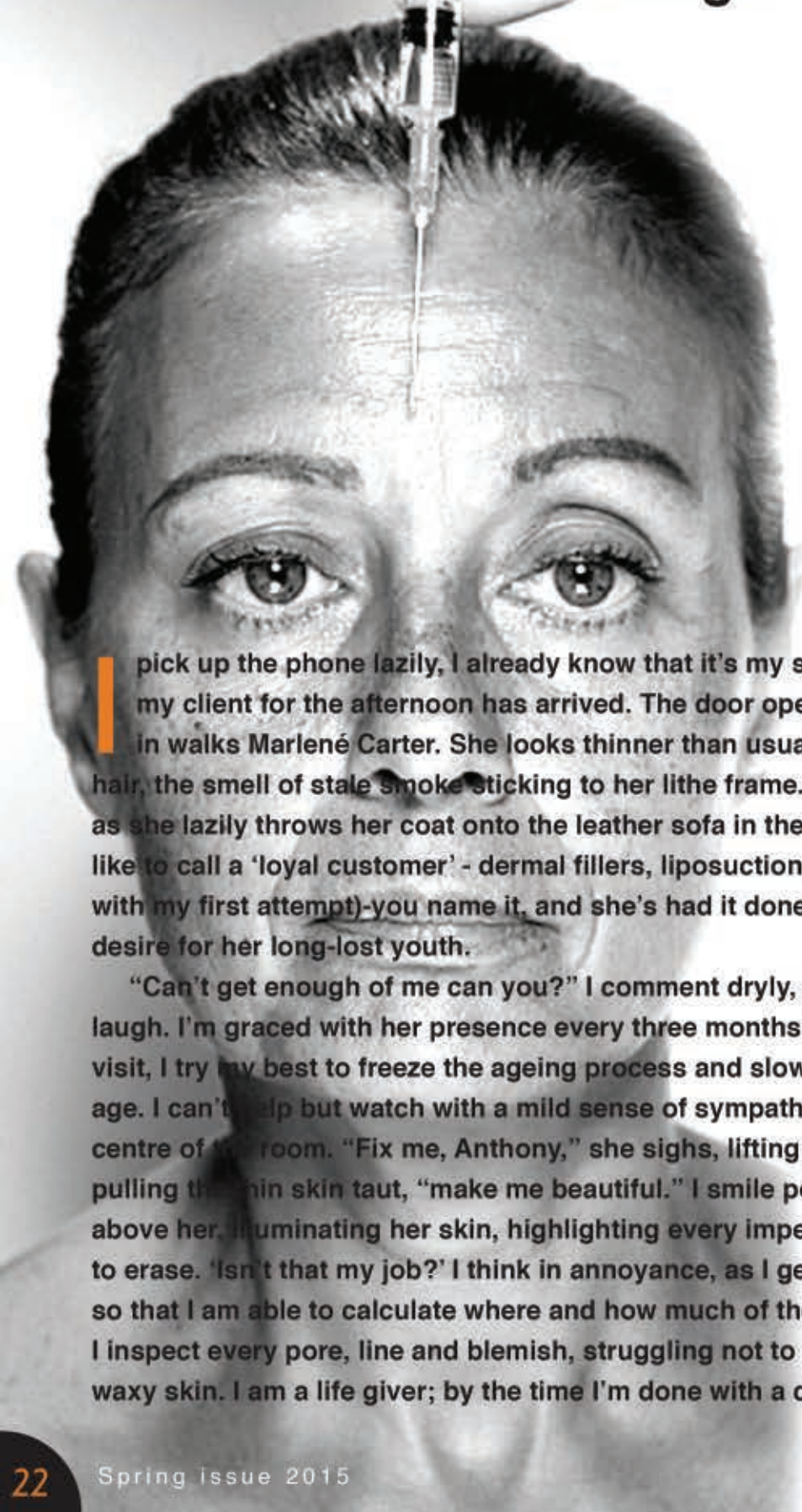
“ He fell, clutching his neck as
blood flowed through his fingers
like ribbons of satin ”



Written by
Jenny Wright

The Sculptor

Every visit I lift, fill and peel and yet it's never enough.



I pick up the phone lazily, I already know that it's my secretary ringing to inform me that my client for the afternoon has arrived. The door opens just as I put the phone down, and in walks Marlené Carter. She looks thinner than usual, pale and willowy with dyed blonde hair, the smell of stale smoke sticking to her lithe frame. "Anthony," she greets me flippantly, as she lazily throws her coat onto the leather sofa in the corner of the room. Marlené is what I like to call a 'loyal customer' - dermal fillers, liposuction, two nose jobs (she wasn't impressed with my first attempt)-you name it, and she's had it done. Nothing will extinguish that woman's desire for her long-lost youth.

"Can't get enough of me can you?" I comment dryly, causing her to let out a cold, cruel laugh. I'm graced with her presence every three months for her routine Botox upkeep. Every visit, I try my best to freeze the ageing process and slow down her inevitable decay into old age. I can't help but watch with a mild sense of sympathy as she wilts into the chair in the centre of the room. "Fix me, Anthony," she sighs, lifting her delicate hands up to her face and pulling the thin skin taut, "make me beautiful." I smile politely as I turn on the lamp that hangs above her, illuminating her skin, highlighting every imperfection that I know she wants me to erase. 'Isn't that my job?' I think in annoyance, as I get her to frown and raise her eyebrows so that I am able to calculate where and how much of the precious, life-giving Botox is needed. I inspect every pore, line and blemish, struggling not to wince as I pull, prod and push at her waxy skin. I am a life giver; by the time I'm done with a client they are reborn, a clean canvas.

All signs of torment and struggle in their lives are obliterated at my hand. In return I ask nothing of them but to cherish their new or revived beauty - to appreciate my work. "Awful isn't it?" she mutters weakly. "I've seen worse". The lie comes easily as I reach into the fridge at my side and lift a small vial of clear, odourless fluid up into the light. She's a lost cause; every visit I lift, tuck, inject, fill and peel and yet it's never enough to get rid of the hollow, sombre look in her sunken eyes. There are some things even I can't fix. For the sake of professionalism I ask her if she'd like me to run her through the procedure before we begin, but I'm cut off midway by a dismissive hand. Biting back a bitter remark, I finish preparing the needles and think of the five hundred pounds that this is costing her. That's my only solace in this job, the money. I put up with these women and their petty complaints; I listen to their life stories; their divorces, their troublesome children. Do I care about them? Of course not. As long as there is money going into my account, I am quite happy to cut and reshape them into their own individual, warped idea of beauty. I think about warning her that the first needle may hurt ever so slightly but I change my mind. She should be used to it by now. She doesn't even flinch.

"My daughter is meeting me here by the way," Marlené sighs offhandedly halfway through the treatment, as I gently ease a needle out from just above the arch of one of her thin eyebrows. "We're going to spend the weekend together."

"That should be nice," I acknowledge, thinking nothing of it, plunging another needle into her papery skin. The procedure is finished within half an hour and soon I'm clearing up equipment as Marlené inspects her slightly swollen face in a small handheld mirror. I didn't notice that her daughter had walked in until I turned around. The contrast between her and her mother was amusing. Where her mother stood tall with hollow eyes, she was petite with lustrous auburn hair and skin like porcelain. I narrow my eyes and try to find a fault, a slightly upturned nose maybe or perhaps ears that stuck out awkwardly; but I could find nothing. She was perfect, and even I cannot perfect perfection.

"How do I look?" Marlené demands with a sickening smile, bringing me out of my trance.

"Positively glowing," I manage to utter through gritted teeth, before introducing myself to her daughter. "Ever thought of getting any work done?", I ask her nonchalantly. After all, even perfection needs a helping hand sometimes, just like my brimming bank balance.

"I am quite happy to cut and reshape them into their own individual, warped idea of beauty"



Norwegian Wood By Haruki Murakami

A perfect winter read for all

The novel that raised Haruki Murakami to literary superstardom ranges across the seasons, but the heart of its meaning is found in winter. When 30-something Toru Watanabe hears a fragment of the titular Beatles track after a long airplane flight, his memories are returned to his days as a young student and his love affair with the beautiful but damaged Naoko. Toru walks beside Naoko for the last time in the snow-blanketed woods surrounding the mental institution where she is undergoing intensive therapy. Shortly afterwards Naoko commits suicide in that frozen landscape, and while Toru's life continues, a part of him remains forever wandering in winter.

Winter is a natural metaphor for death. It reminds us that death is natural and inexorable. But like the young characters in Murakami's novels, we are born into a culture that hides and denies death. The dying are kept out of sight in care homes and hospices, and when we represent death in popular culture it is as an aberration in the pantheon of immortals whose stellar lives fill our television screens. Norwegian Wood's enduring popularity with adolescent and 20-something readers rests on the simple insights into death, loss and griefs it conveys, so absolutely lacking from the youth culture that dominates the mass media.

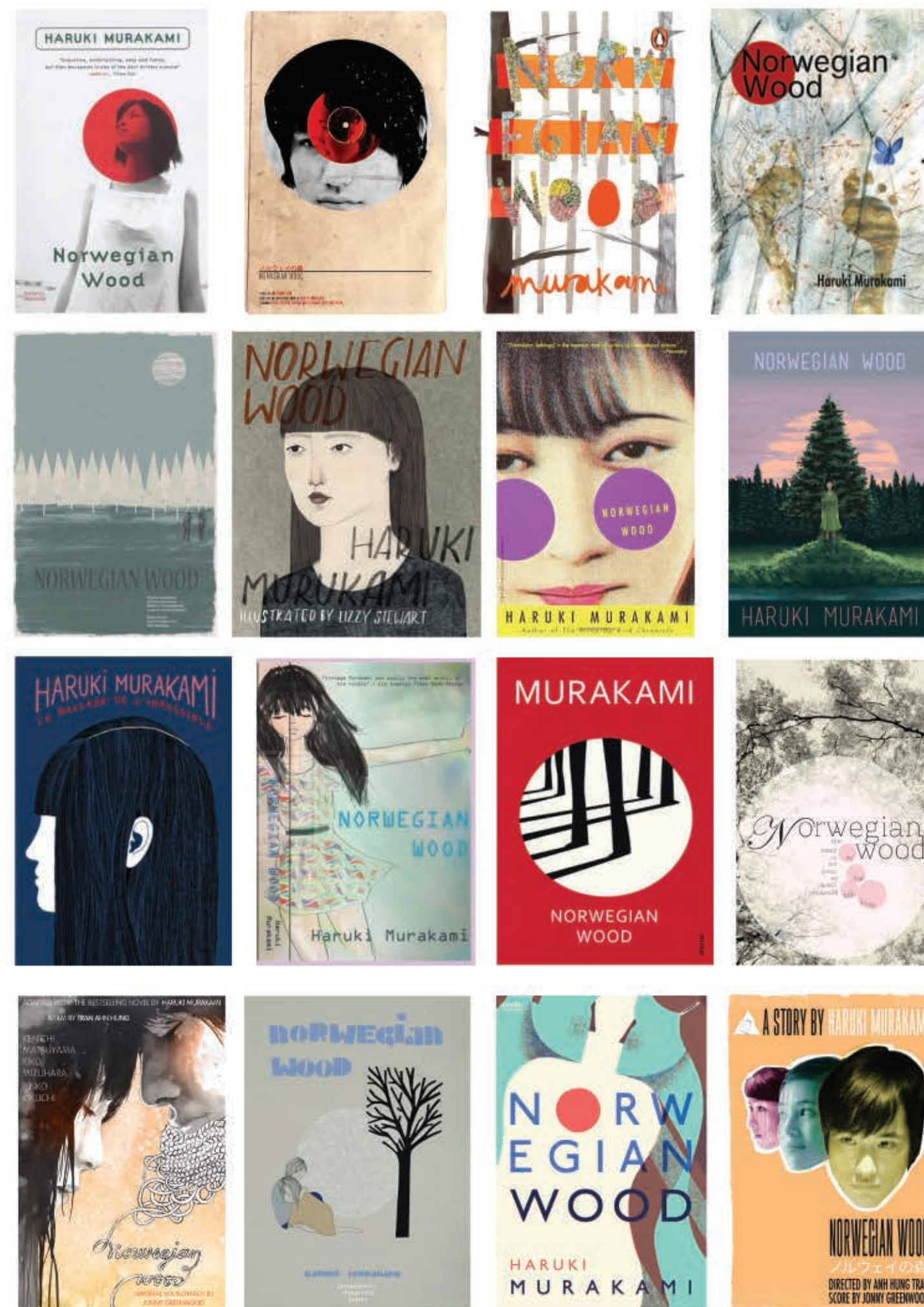
Winter throws the world into cold and dark, freezing the rivers and sending life in to hibernation, until the sun returns and spring thaws the world out. Death throws the characters in Murakami's fiction into the never-ending cold and dark of perpetual winter. Caught in our cultural ignorance of death, they often fail to recognise the impact of loss on their lives. And trapped in that ignorance, the natural processes of grief cannot unfold and heal their psyche. Even as an older man reflecting upon his life, Toru Watanabe remains horrifyingly ignorant of the sequence of deaths and suicides that have left him trapped in a state of half-life. Horrifying because there are all too many people caught and suffering in exactly this state of suspended grief in our world.

The desperate hunger of winter also brings out nature's predators. The rapacious aspects of some human relationships is a theme that Murakami tackles again and again. Murakami's characters are forced to learn the hard way that emotional dependence is not love: another valuable lesson for youthful readers when popular culture often represents the two as one and the same.

Haruki Murakami's novels have gained immense popularity because they guide readers through some of life's darkest and most dangerous territory – the cold, dark winter woods of death and grief and abuse – and do so with wisdom and warmth. Murakami's characters are always given the seed of rebirth, although it is often unclear whether they plant it or not. Toru Watanabe is given the chance of real life and love with the vivacious Midori Kobayashi, but at Norwegian Wood's conclusion we do not know whether he accepts love or carries on in grief. Murakami can only offer a path through the frozen woods, he can't make us follow. If you find yourself wandering among the trees this winter season, I can recommend Norwegian Wood as a guidebook.

A variety of front cover designs for Norwegian Wood from around the World.

© Review from the Guardian newspaper - Damien G Walter



Pulp top picks

The Pulp team pick their favourite Books, films and Music.

Written by Josephine, Claudia and Evie

Books

Fight Club by Chuck Palahniuk

Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte

Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen

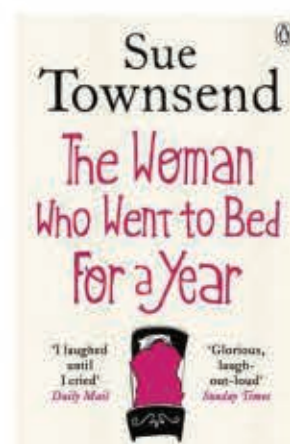
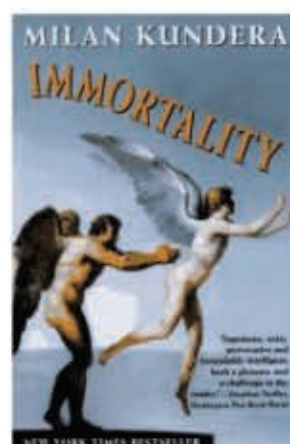
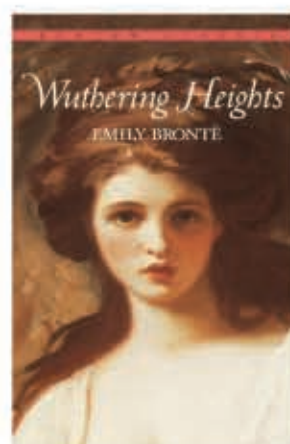
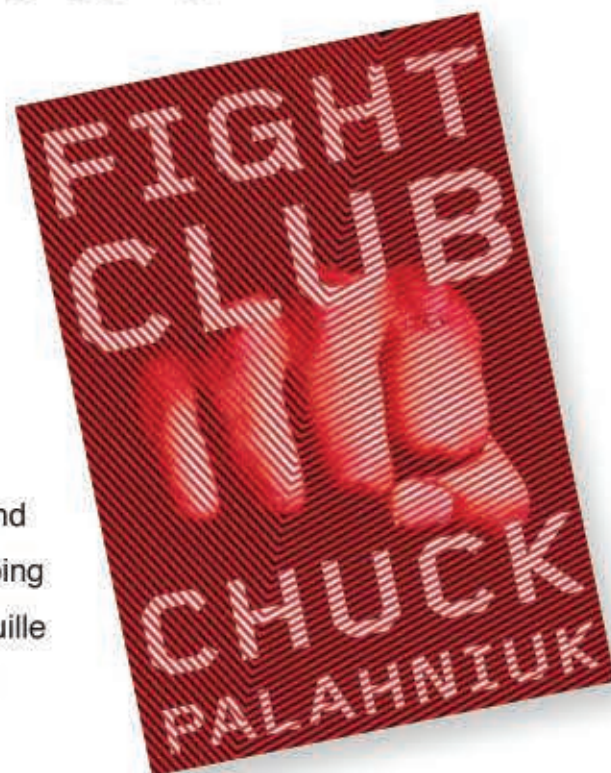
Perfume A Story of a Murderer by Patrick Suskind

A deliciously dark story centred around the absorbing and mysterious character of Jean-Baptiste Grenouille who has an incredibly heightened sense of smell.

The Pigeon by Patrick Suskind

Immortality by Milan Kundera

The Woman Who Stayed in Bed for a Year by Sue Townsend



Films

The Grand Budapest Hotel
A visual feast of a film with a delightfully odd atmosphere complimented by the fantastic acting of Ray Mears.

Fantastic Mr Fox

Happiness

Ferris Bueller's Day Off

The Breakfast Club

Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day

Young Frankenstein

The Producers



Music



Artist: Jungle
Album: Jungle
Favourite song: Time



Artist: The Joy Formidable
Album: Wolf's Law
Favourite song: This ladder is Ours



Artist: Peace
Album: In Love
Favourite song: Bloodshake



Artist: The Eagles
Album: The Very Best of
Favourite song: Hotel California



Artist: Nick Cave and the bad Seeds
Album: Push the Sky Away
Favourite song: Jubilee Street

This could be the start of something big!

Creating a new student enterprise company

The first Pulp meeting back in June 2014, was attended by 15 students from the 6th form, all with different expectations of what a creative enterprise company is or does. The fact is, all members have a key role in making the important decisions and deciding what projects are undertaken. Students have a blank page, an amazing opportunity to create a product or service, in teams or as individuals, so long as it's of benefit to the wider School community!

At the first meeting the group had to decide on a name for the creative enterprise, and after much debate, Pulp was born. The next challenge was to start creating and building a brand! A company manifesto was a good place to start as it encapsulates the mission statement, ethos, aims, ambitions and direction of the group. Once this took shape, Maddy Russell (*design*) took over and designed a wonderful, typographic Pulp manifesto poster, which appears at the front of the magazine.

A number of designs were put forward by the group to tackle the Pulp logo, which had to be decided upon before the business cards and stationery could be printed and the official Pulp bank account opened with the deposit of the remaining money from the PTFA. Pulp T-shirts were designed and screen printed by members at Stew Gallery on Fishergate with the help of Jo Stafford from Print to the People. The T-shirts would help build a recognisable brand identity throughout the school, being worn by members during Pulp activities. (See feature opposite).

Pulp is run on sound business principles, with members actively taking responsibility for roles within the company such as MD, design, sales, marketing, promotion, accounts etc. The job of secretary is shared at each meeting, for taking minutes. The roles have to be fairly fluid and interchangeable as student circumstances change. Pulp has a members-only Facebook group and email account to help manage the way that members communicate. My *raison d'être* underlying the student creative enterprise, is that students learn best whilst doing. Hopefully encouraging the development of valuable skills — creativity, teamwork, confidence, determination, passion, commitment and perseverance!

Following on from the success of the 2015 Art Calendar, developing the Pulp magazine has been a lot more challenging for the students. The launch date planned for Christmas 2014 had to be postponed to Spring 2015. Since its conception, 20 students have been involved in the development of the magazine and as the Year 13s have had to take more of a back seat because of their final exams, the Year 12s have taken over reins generally, including the running of the magazine.

Albeit expected, it's a shame that many students have come and gone, but those that have seen it through have shown admirable grit and determination, some of the very skills this creative business enterprise is trying to develop. I would like to give a special mention to Josephine O'Donnell (Managing Editor) Claudia Shalders Floriano (MD) and Evie Fletcher (Assistant MD).

Looking ahead, the group have ideas for developing a range of recycled notebooks, a Pulp website and possibly organising a job fair for the 6th form. Echoing the words of Josephine and Mr Pritchard, if you're interested in writing an article, illustrating/photographing a feature for the magazine or have an idea for a creative product/service, get in touch. For Pulp to continue it needs new members every year. It's hard work but also a lot of fun and a rewarding experience.

pulpstudioenterprise@hotmail.com

Floyd Sayers
Pulp creative enterprise mentor

The Pulp t-shirt

The story behind the front cover

Emily, Alice and I volunteered to do the screenprinting workshop and a 3hr slot after school was booked, at the Print to the people studio. We had our checklist all ticked off - 20 black & white t-shirts, orange and white ink and an acetate cell with the logo on. Two screen-printing frames would be provided for us to hire!



Written by
Amber Sayers



1 We meet up and have our studio induction from Jo.



2 Exposing our logo to the screen using an exposure unit.



3 Taping up the screen.



4 Two screens ready, one for each colour, orange & white



5 Jo attaching the screen to the screen printing bed.



6 Applying the orange ink.



7 Pulling the orange ink through the screen using a squeegee.



8 Fixing the print using a heat press.



9 Finally 20 two-colour screen-printed T-shirts, ready to go!

Print to the people

Print to the People is an artist led, social enterprise dedicated to the production and promotion of traditional printmaking processes. PTTP was established in 2009 by Jo Stafford (left) and Vicki Johnson (right). With the help of volunteers they provide affordable and accessible printmaking studios for artists, designers, students, community groups and the public. Along side this PTTP deliver mobile screen printing activities ideal for indoor and outdoor events as well as running workshops and collaborating with local arts organisations and education providers. Please get in touch if you would like to know more or if you are interested in working with them.



mail@printtothepeople.com <http://printtothepeople.blogspot.co.uk>

Pulp timeline

A visual history of Pulp studio activities from the last 6 months



“ If you don't build your dreams, someone else will hire you to build theirs ”

Volunteering Matters



You can't change the world overnight, but you can certainly help create a stepping stone towards a better tomorrow. Helpful links to volunteering opportunities here and abroad.

www.voluntarynorfolk.org.uk

www.norfolkcaninspire.org.uk

www.do-it.org

www.volunteering.org.uk

www.big-c.co.uk

www.norwich.smilepublishing.com

www.fronteering.com

www.bigbeyond.org/why_volunteer

www.volunteeringforchange.org

www.eia-international.org

www.gvi.co.uk/under

www.norfolkwildlifetrust.org.uk/support-us/volunteering

www.breckland.gov.uk/content/volunteering-opportunities

www.norfolkhospice.org.uk/pages/volunteering.php

www.norfolkfireservice.gov.uk/nfrs/becoming-a-volunteer

www.greenpeace.org.uk/what-you-can-do/volunteering

wwf.panda.org/how_you_can_help/volunteer/

www.bestgapyear.co.uk/volunteer_work.php

10 reasons to volunteer

It's good for you and your career.

It saves resources.

Volunteers gain professional experience.

It brings people together establishing strong relationships.

It promotes personal growth and self esteem.

Volunteering strengthens your community.

You learn a lot.

Volunteering encourages civic responsibility.

You make a difference.

www.volunteermatch.org

www.allforgood.org

www.idealists.org

For your benefit

Employability reasons

Volunteering is great for your future employability. It allows you to try out potential career choices and see if they're for you. You can get practical experience, learn skills, build professional networks and discover your workplace strengths. It can also help you get references and provide evidence of your skills in the workplace for applications and CVs.

Work/Life balance reasons

Having a voluntary role alongside studying can help you show that you have learnt to manage a work/life balance, and volunteering is also great for your social life. It can introduce you to new friends, give you 'down time' from high pressure courses and contribute to your wellbeing as a person. It's a chance to be part of a community, and develop your personal support network.

For the benefit of others

In your subject area

If you are passionate about something, be it society, science, culture, the natural world or anything else, volunteering is one of the ways you can really make a difference. If you want a future in a sector you are passionate about, volunteering can raise your awareness of the issues involved, introduce you to the key players and make you into an informed specialist with the power to contribute. You can help promote your passions to others.

In Society at large

Volunteering provides a resource that some organisations cannot get any other way, and on a very basic level you can give something back to those who help us all. Try to volunteer with organisations which are not-for-profit; charities, community organisations and social enterprises. That means that the work you do will support good causes and help these organisations achieve their mission.

A final note!

A magazine produced by Pulp Studio, a creative group of Notre Dame Sixth Form students, who are using their boundless talents and energies to write for the delight of the school community and beyond.

Pulp Studio formed in the summer of 2014 and during the autumn term had already produced the sell out school Art Calendar for 2015. The PTFA were quick to spot their potential and awarded the group £1000 for essential equipment and the group has shown initiative by selling their products at local fairs to raise funds. Their latest project, as you can see, is this magnificent magazine which is (hopefully) the first of many more to come.

The group is always on the look out for new members to put their design, photographic, creativity, editing and writing skills into action. Indeed this is an awesome opportunity to do something real, create something fresh, be part of a progressive team, make yourself stand out from the crowd and leave a legacy for others to carry on your fine work.

Drop into L25 on a Thursday from 3.30 to see what's going on and share your creative juices. Or email Pulp on pulpstudioenterprise@hotmail.com

So congratulations to Pulp Studio for producing this first edition of **PULP MAGAZINE**.

Don't hang about, get involved, the magazine with book and local café reviews, travel features, interviews, fashion and a whole lot more! Enjoy!



Mr Pritchard
Sixth Form Enrichment Coordinator

PULL



"WANTS
YOU"

JOIN US!

GOD SAVE THE KING

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