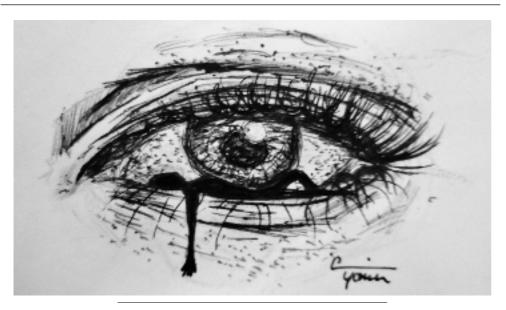
THE POOR PRINT 3

The loads of life lifting

A Lullaby

Jerric Chong Andante espressivo e soporifero



Eternally Awake, Ayomikun Bolaji

UPCOMING ISSUES

Thank you all for your incredible submissions this term! It has been great to see several new contributors.

The Poor Print will return in the new year, with new themes to get your creative minds humming!

Sign up to the mailing list and follow us on Facebook to keep up to date.

For now, Happy Holidays and a Great New Year!

space for people to sit down, get together and have a chat. It's all about starting that conversation with your mates and also getting to know yourself and your own body to stay healthy. Hopefully, over the next few years, we'll push for Movember to be even bigger at Oriel, but I'm really proud of the way people have taken it up this year, with special thanks to Cosmo and to Nile.

Happy Movember everyone :) That's all for now, since I moustache!

The men's brunch we organised sought to provide a

Growing Sleepy

I must not plunge under.

Siddiq Islam

Dare I recline? Dare I lie down? I grow much too sleepy My dark eyes are sinking And human design And temptations drown Is too weak to keep me All weaker-willed thinking. From downwardly drifting Succumbing to slumber, To dreams buried deep, My soft, calm mistake.

In velvety sleep. I must stay awake.



Hypnos, Ayomikun Bolaji

You can read The Poor Print online, at www.thepoorprint.com, where you will find all of our issues, as well as pieces not shown in print editions.

This week, this includes an extension on the article by M. Davies below.

You can also find the link to the contribution form. We welcome all types of submission, from drawings and poetry, to prose and photography. All members of the JCR, MCR, and SCR can contribute.

We look forward to seeing your pieces!

WHAT'S THE POINT OF MOVEMBER?

Andrei Frandes

Is it to raise lots of money for charity? Yes, but more so, I'd say, it's to encourage conversations between people about issues regarding men, such as their health, both mental and physical, and that's what we've tried to push this year at Oriel. Our weekly posts about the moustache updates not only provide a laugh or two with the funny captions, but also show our community that we support this movement and those conversations

Goodnight, Sleep Well

M. Davies (College Porter)

[CW: corporal punishment]

Before prayers at Friday's house assembly, my name had been called; I was being summoned to be 'on the carpet'. So, after the assembly, we would change for bed, but I would be having to answer for my misconduct before the House Master. The announcement was often the first indication that you may be due a beating and at best it meant a telling off. Corporal Punishment (CP) for 'being on the carpet' would happen there and then in the privacy of his study. If you had broken the rules it meant up to six cane strokes. The dormitories were just within earshot for listening out for the strokes and half the boys would count them as if mentally giving the situation a score-card total. You would be considered a 'little prick' if you cried from just two hits, and most of the twelve-yearolds seemed to manage four strokes without openly shedding tears. But being brave and holding your tears inside was not just pecking order stuff between the boys. Occasionally, if the House Master wanted to humiliate someone further, the results of the on-the-carpet hearings may get mentioned at the next assembly.

'Two beatings from last night on the carpets and Cameron blabbered like a baby, if I recall.'

The 'carpet' referred to was quite literally a small Persian carpet in the House Master's study where you stood dressed in pyjamas and dressing gown waiting to hear why you had been summoned. Once I was standing on the carpet, I could see my house file (the contents of which was never known to me) and the cane was ready on the coffee table.

'Davies, you have eight prefect's crosses against you from Ford. Eight!'

'Er, yes, Sir.'

In similar institutions, though before my time, prefects had the authority to cane junior boys themselves, provided they had the House Master's permission to punish at their discretion. However, in my day, the system was that you needed six 'prefect's crosses' against you in a week to appear on the carpet (crosses were awarded for minor misdemeanours rather than an actual breach of the rules). It seemed to be a fatal mistake to question the awarding of the crosses. If you disputed, the prefect would be

summoned, and it was common knowledge that prefects testifying against you normally guaranteed a more severe punishment. It was possible for prefects to recommend CP, though in practice that was rare, and within a few years, this too was formally stopped. Often the House Master would beat the boy anyway (usually only one or two strokes for six prefect's crosses) for having a number of 'infringements' (worth two crosses each), and 'infractions' (worth only a single cross) for being on the carpet in the first place. The whole thing was a kind of kangaroo court with a semblance of process all purely at the House Master's own whim, as he was literally the judge, jury and executioner. As for the prefects themselves, if I even looked at one in a way he didn't like, that could literally get me an infraction. Put in plain English, from where I saw things in the food chain, if a prefect wanted you beaten, it would happen, and it was merely a question of when and how often.

'The Careers Master tells me he thinks you didn't take his meeting seriously and that you need sorting out, boy. Also, something about you wanting an ice cream van ... I note your father's a vicar, Davies. Is there some sort of a problem with you joining the military or the cadets?'

'Good, so at least we are all clear on that one then ... I also note you're the boy a year below your age, aren't you?'

To me, his question made perfect English and I confirmed, 'Yes, I'm ten, Sir.' What he meant was that I was younger than my contemporary new boys. In fact, I was by a long way the youngest, not just in my house but in the entire institution, being admitted a year younger than the official starting age of eleven years old. (Their own rules! - Dyslexics aren't criminals, so the institution was outside of the 1933 regulations regarding Approved, Reform or Remand schools which offered their residents some protections, including minimum age and formal record keeping in official punishment books, which were occasionally inspected by the Home

This time there was a slight smile as he pondered ... 'Must be you dyslexic boys rubbing off

on me. Well, at least you are not before me for dishonesty, and I do want to give boys a chance. This is your first time on the carpet and in view of that, Davies, and your age, I have decided on this occasion not to cane you. But you can think yourself extremely lucky ...

The relief was automatic but short-lived, as I was jolted into a sense of panic. I interrupted, 'I was going to make a recommendation, Sir.'

He stopped and waited for me to continue. However, I was desperately trying to gather my thoughts rather than pick my words. I just hadn't anticipated walking out unscathed, and it never occurred to me that he could let me off. I had spent all day psyching myself up to face this moment serenely, but what came out was closer to anger despite being in no position to demand

Two strokes please, Sir, would be some justice. I don't want to be considered a "prick" by the others for being a "chicken". If you don't cane me, Ford will continue watching me like a hawk, and I haven't got away with anything for weeks. I do have eight crosses, Sir, rather than just the required six. The Careers Master wants me straightened out and I don't know if I could take four strokes if he speaks to you again. Besides, haven't I at least earned two with it all combined? I may not have broken any really important rules but regardless of my age, Sir, isn't two strokes nearer to being fair? ... I am sure I can think of things I won't like about the cadets

After my outburst, as it turned out, my instinct was correct. The handful of new boys who had not been beaten by the end of that first term, along with those who were so scared of being caned that they 'grassed' on others, all paid an extremely high price. Also, those who had 'turned chicken' by pleading their way out of due punishment suffered for it from amongst their peers and, of course, the prefects. It wouldn't do me any favours with the Careers Master either, though I wasn't due to see him again for some time. It was also inevitable that I would be back on the carpet again if something didn't satisfy Ford's lust for finding fault in me. Maybe it was as much about my pride, too, or just me playing it my way rather than theirs.

In any case, CP wasn't new to me, as slipperings happened regularly at my previous school. About a month earlier as well, the House Master had slippered our entire dormitory (four hits each) for not being up to standard compared to the others. This was considered soft compared to the cane that he applied at severely brutal full

strength. The first time I had actually seen anyone beaten was just earlier that term. A public example was made of five boys, each given six mighty strokes. They were two years my senior and only one of the five didn't shed a tear.

So don't for a second think that I was not scared of what I was asking. The truth is that even in that pumped-up state of mind, standing on the carpet, I was terrified of what was about to happen. He eventually stood up and ended the long silence by finally giving his verdict: 'Very well, Davies; dressing gown off and bend over the chair. Two strokes for the prefect's crosses and not taking the Careers Master's meeting seriously.'

I obeyed and was able to walk out from his study, past Ford's smirking gaze (from the prefects' room) and into the dormitory, where all had heard the beating being delivered. Under the scrutiny of many watching eyes, I got myself into bed all thankfully without shedding a tear. Almost as I did, the House Master turned the dormitory lights off.

'Goodnight, sleep well,' he announced into the

Astonishing now to think that we all answered instantly, myself included.

'Goodnight, Sir.'

I was at the limit of my endurance, so the pain was not cheap, but I had earned my first stripes. When my face touched the pillow (to lie on my front), hidden by the darkness and in the privacy of my own thoughts, I considered that the day had gone better than expected. Rather than the anticipated 'four', it had been only 'two'. All I had to do now was get to sleep (no easy matter) and, in the morning, I would see the two bloodied blisters. They hurt like hell for days, but by the time I returned home for the holidays, they were virtually invisible. Like most new boys, I was both slippered and caned within my first term. My House Master's report read simply: 'Despite Mark's younger age, he appears to be settling in well.'

In my case, the very last time I received CP was when I was fourteen while in my senior house. The cane's stripes were so deep and vicious, it still bled the next day. I do understand how many people get broken by fear or beatings, but thankfully that never happened to me. I also appreciate a disbelief from our modern generation as times have moved on so far from such regimes of our recent past.

An extension of this article continues online, with factual details about student on student CP.

Sleepy Bob

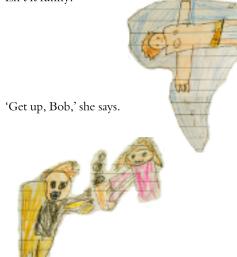
Noah S. Adhikari

The silliest poem I have ever made

Wakey wakey, that same routine,

'Oh, wake up, sleepy Bob' He sleeps like a koala... 'No thank you mom.'

This is how sleepy Bob takes a shower, Isn't it funny?



This is how sleepy Bob eats, He needs a soft seat, And worst of all, his sister does all of the work!

Noah is part of the Oriel family (you can meet his dad, Puru, in the lodge). He is 7 years old, and we are very proud to be the first to publish his work!

Your Peer Supporters

Oriel College Peer Supporters

ou might remember hearing about Peer Supporters in Freshers's Week, but that was ages ago – and even worse if you're not a Fresher! So, here is a reminder.

What are Peer Supporters?

We are volunteer students, just like you, who have been trained by the Counselling Service to be effective at listening to your problems and helping you get support.

Any student in college (JCR and MCR) can get in touch about any of their worries, whether to do with friends, work, emotions, and anything else. Our purpose is to be there when you want to talk to someone, but don't think it needs to be a professional. Or, if you do want to reach out, but aren't sure what your options are. We can listen, support, and signpost.

What about discretion?

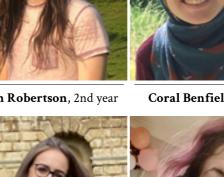
Discretion is one of our absolute priorities. If you talk to us about an issue, no one will know. The only exception to this is if we think that someone is in danger. If that is the case, we will try our best to let you know who we are contacting and why. We will always try to work with you though, and break confidence only if absolutely necessary.

How do I get in touch?

You can find us around college, on Facebook, or by searching our names in your email inbox. Just drop us a message and we will be happy to



Aidan Robertson, 2nd year



Coral Benfield, 3rd year



Ellie Greaves, 3rd year



Joe Lever, 3rd year



Harriet Tubb. 2nd year

Della Darvill, 3rd year



Monim Wains, MCR



Harriet Strahl, MCR