

# THE POOR PRINT

## Editors' Introduction

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WE ARE HAPPY TO PRESENT THE LATEST HT26 issue of the *Poor Print!* The theme was 'Recurrence,' in which we tried to capitalise on the 2026 being the new 2016 trend, but, as you can see in Mark van Eykenhof's piece, many opted to ignore this. Nevertheless, we are pleased with all of the creative submissions, ranging from poetry to theatre, and all the wonderful events that they have covered. Hilary Term is one of many recurring events, including Halfway Hall, Marriage Formal, and the Pancake Race; for first years, this is a time to discover, whereas second and third years are able to reminisce.

to already be preparing their pieces for the next issue, see [thepoorprint.com/submit/](http://thepoorprint.com/submit/)! For now, happy Hilary from Harry!



Make sure to check out the online publication, where you can read all pieces in full at [thepoorprint.com](http://thepoorprint.com). We also expect everyone

## Letter to my Friends

Mark van Eykenhof

Dear all,

Just a friendly reminder to submit to the poor print. [This](#) is an example of a great former submission. [This](#) is where you can submit your own.

The theme is 'recurrence' which I've opted to ignore and you can too if you want. Brownie points if not. It's open to any kind of work or art. I'm expecting submissions from all of you.

Naturally, I'll be deciding in my mind if your submission is good or not once you've submitted it. But at the end of the day, I probably won't tell you. I'll probably just tell you that I like it.

If you don't submit anything, I'll be disappointed and I won't hold that back. You're a special little creative and loved by God. Why don't you do something with that.

With warm regards,

Mark

## Pancake Day Poem

Kiana de Bellaigue de Bughas

There once was a provost called Neil  
Who had a peculiar feel  
For pancakes to flip  
Without having a trip  
Across the first quad of Oriel.

There once was a provost called Neil  
On Shrove Tuesday, needing a meal,  
He fell on some batter  
And went down with a splatter  
Across the first quad of Oriel.

But alas, don't worry about Neil  
He got straight back up with some zeal  
For then he remembered:  
Oriel just turned 700!  
The pancake race wasn't a big deal.



Pancake Race 2026 by Tessel Gast



Halfway Hall 2026 by Emeric Claudin

## Thoughts

Tessel Gast

Sometimes I think about when I was still at sekolah, and was still considered to be good in het Engels. English as a foreign language, that is; an addition, rather than something all-consuming. To be limited to 그날 one language by the very nature of my degree is to ignore not only an entire layer of the (limited) thoughts that I form, but also my identity, my very mode of expression. Across languages, my humour changes, my level of formality differs, and I have even been told that the pitch of my voice fluctuates. Am I, then, supposed to choose a single persona to commit to?

I sit in my tutorial and think of a way to be en litt more clear, en litt more accurate, or en litt more precise — or, rewritten, to be ちょっと more clear, ちょっと more accurate, or ちょっと more precise. I can never quite grasp what I mean to say, resulting in me referring to various Shakespearean characters as “the comp” and “homeboy over here,” much to the despair of my tutors. It is only after that I am struck with l'esprit de l'escalier, and I know what I should have said når I had the chance. I scribble it down in the margins of my text, sometimes en français, sometimes på dansk eller norsk, usually in het Nederlands, and occasionally 한국어로, simply because it is quicker to write. I wouldn't recommend asking for my notes — usually, I can't make much sense of them myself either.

Peut-être I should follow my tutor's advice; buy some vodka and play the “Troilus and Criseyde Drinking Game,” one that she promises will end up with someone at A&E. Let me reflect on how life would be if I were one of Chaucer's contemporaries, at a time when each language was forming to be its own. ごめん if I have exposed you now, wise tutor.



## 'Brew Hill' Excerpt

A Play by Kilian King

Scene 6

Nat comes in, fusses around the space a bit, is careful not to engage with Gordon. She sits down and demonstratively reads her big Bruegel book. There is a cup of tea on the coffee table in front of it. She looks at it.

GORDON: It's tea.

NAT: I can see that.

GORDON: I made you tea.

NAT: Do you want a medal?

GORDON: Not particularly, you just looked a little confused.

Nat rolls her eyes and drinks, and spits it back again.

NAT: When did you make this?

GORDON: About four hours ago, why?

NAT: Oh Gordon. *She looks at him lovingly.*

GORDON *still looking at his phone*: If I ask you how your day was will you stop looking at me like that?

NAT: Do you actually want to know about my day?

GORDON: Depends. Did anything interesting happen?

NAT: I remembered more of my vision.

GORDON: your vision?

NAT: You know, about the painter. Pieter the painter. And the whimsical peasants and everything.

GORDON: It's called a dream.

NAT: See, I knew you would say that, but it can't be a dream, because I had never heard of him before or seen his paintings. Therefore, a vision.

GORDON: You must have seen something about him.

NAT: I've been wracking my brains and I really don't think I have. Or had. Until the vision.

GORDON: Hmm.

NAT: Oh, oh, and I also ran into Kirsty, and we agreed to have tea next week!

GORDON: Kirsty, now that is interesting.

NAT: What is your problem with her??

GORDON: You know she still thinks 'pinteresque' means 'relating to moodboards'?

NAT: And I'm sure you were very helpful and cleared up the confusion. you are honestly such a snob.

GORDON: I'm the snob? Have you forgotten the life drawing class in first year / where she refused.

NAT: That was six years ago! And she's so sweet and such a / staple of the

GORDON: Such a staple of the community.

NAT: Yes.

beat

GORDON: I suppose I now need to share something interesting about my day?

NAT: That would be unimprovable.

GORDON: Well, did you know that in Berlin they read out phone numbers like full numbers? I was reading about it today. So if someone asked me for my number I would say four hundred forty-seven billion, five hundred fifty-three million, six hundred ten thousand, six hundred eleven.

NAT: That can't be true.

GORDON: And why not?

NAT: Come off it.

GORDON: I suppose its like compound nouns. You might not know this, but the Germans stick all their nouns into these very chic compounds.

NAT: I know about compound nouns, thank you very much.

*Finish reading on the website!*



'Brew Hill' Photo by Kilian King

## My Night Time

Peter Webster

I keep having it where I think I've had a dream during the dream and then I wake up and I don't think I've ever had that dream before.

## Sonnet

Elisabeth Rees

The great burning orb; violent, smoky sky;  
A beautiful face; gallant victory;  
Force of passion; life's widespread mystery;  
Scorching fire!; civilisations that die;  
Kings anew; Romance; holy perfection;  
Grand splendour in ruin; promise of lands;  
Smallness; sublimity; working hands;  
Machinery; atomic destruction:

All these inspiration to the ancients,  
Or near-moderns: creation pure, guileless.  
And lucky us! For we know it all,  
All the time, in seconds, heedless of patience,  
Though what will we leave? Only emptiness?  
For none of this greatness 'ours' can we call.

## Nostalgia Rock Painting

Mark van Eykenhof

