

# THE CROFT

REBIRTH

# Table OF CON TENT

## Rebirth

1. Table of content

2. Editor's letter and theme introduction

3. Looking Ahead

4. New Days.



Croft / Emily Fromant

### STYLE

5. How Fashion can be the Ultimate Tool for Personal Growth



Croft / Adam Liu

6. SUSTAINABILITY: The Re-birth of the Fashion Industry?

### FOOD

9 & 10. The Cross-Cultural Renaissance in a Student Kitchen



### WELLBEING

7. Keeping Me Safe: Navigating changing identity and healing your inner child at University

8. Rebirth and Restarting: Relapse and Second Attempts

11. Conversations with Locals: Language Unlocking Perspectives

12. What is Home?





## **Rebirth:**

***'a period of new life, growth,  
or activity; a revival'***

# **Editor's Note**

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Welcome to the first edition of The Croft 2022. It's no coincidence that our focus for this issue of The Croft, rebirth, is synonymous with our own revitalisation of the publication this academic year. Against the backdrop of a tumultuous few years, more of us than ever are consistently seeking out new ways to expand horizons, be more introspective and simply dig deeper. And that's what the Croft is all about.

We're inviting a new lease of life and a new way of thinking to really bring you something good, in all sectors of life. The pace and plights of modern life has necessitated a lifestyle magazine with invigorating, inspiring content. We're focusing less on tips, tricks and hacks, and more on how to get the best out of the every day. There is nothing to hack, only to celebrate. With our wonderful new editorial team and talented creatives, we look forward to you growing alongside us, beginning with our rebirth.

In the spirit of Rebirth, we have a great new team of photographers whose work you will see in this issue. Visual art is something the Croft wants to celebrate and focus on, and our great new team has worked so hard to showcase our vision.

So join us this year, whether you are a new student or going into your final year, to celebrate change. This year has brought so much change for so many of us, and its time to celebrate all that comes with it.

We want to say a huge thank you to our incredible team for this issue. We are astounded and proud every day to be a part of your team.

*Emily & Nicole*

N E W I



## LIFESTYLE

Co-Editors-in-Chief:  
Emily Fromant  
Nicole Quy  
Sub-editor: Sophie Robertson  
Acolet

Daybreak comes a day late.  
The softest glow of ageing summer.  
Sunlight, shutters some light  
Through the cracks I try to cover.

New days offer new ways  
To open curtain wide and breath it in.  
But somehow, how I feel now  
Leaves no sense of days yet to begin.

The safety net, ripped away and yet  
My feet still hover off the ground.  
A subtle fear of what to wear something equally  
in-profound.

# D A Y S

A poem by Wilfred Kemsley

But no fear, no threat so near  
Can halt the passing of each moment.  
Who said to me, so eloquently  
That life is such a short commitment?

So, every closing, every opening  
Every door or window to be taken  
Every path, each fresher start:  
Is this new life for you to take in?

I must be going, someone's coming  
For the safety that I've certified.  
But I'll be living, still forgiving  
When the daylight fades to night.

So, when you awaken, eyes unbroken  
By the light that's shifting in.  
Just remember, each September  
New days are there to win.

Alarm bells, one's I set myself.  
coherent thought comes rushing in.  
A million ways to spend the days.  
A path I won't be forced to sing

Gone is option, choice, or question.  
Time is rolling ever onward.  
Waits for no one, I must be someone  
But I can't find the way that's forward.

Calls are coming, daybreak humming  
With its vibrant life of colour.  
Soon I'll be part of it, I'll start  
When I can face my ending summer.

Re-instillation, rejuvenation.  
Call it whatever gets you going.  
A new connection, or invention.  
the same old seed that I've been sowing

## STYLE.

Editor: Ella Crabb

Deputy Editor: Molly Grogan

Digital Editor: Sophia Koumis

Sub-ditor: Amy Marshall



Croft / Ella Crabb

At 16, you discover Urban Outfitters and buy an overpriced shirt that admittedly looks a bit tired and worn before it'd even been bought – to the point where your mum asks, “shall I put a wash on darling, it’s just that top is a bit dirty”. Queue 16-year-old you: storming upstairs, laying on your bed, then shouting “It’s fashion mum!”.

We have all gone through these stages, and while they may look a bit different now at the age of 18+, we continue to go through stages when finding our unique fashion identity. With this, there are a few tips I would like to share that really enables fashion to communicate your growth as an individual.

### **Mentally remove the pressure you put on yourself to ‘fit in’**

Showcasing your best self when entering university feels almost essential, especially at UoB whereby it feels that everyone is just effortlessly stylish. Hours of mood boards, 2000 Pinterest tabs open, shopping carts worth hundreds – all so you can show ‘the best me’. It happens, and I’m not immune. I found myself once surrounded by clothes moths and dust, only to realise the outfit I chose for my first day on campus was my sisters and she quickly made a point of wanting her clothes back. But there is no reason why such a pressure should exist, there is no right or wrong. In fact, what’s important is experimenting, trying new things out, making mistakes.

### **Charity shops are an exciting way to develop style.**

Charity shops are a literal symbol of personal growth as you are surrounded by items which were once previously loved by other individuals who found that their personal style had moved on. Spending a day wandering around charity shops for hours on end with your friends, or by yourself, allows you to try on all of the weird and wonderful clothes without judgement - except maybe by the cashier. It allows you to

Croft / Ella Crabb



sift through hundreds of items, as you spend some time in your own thoughts, thinking about how each piece could aid a new curation of yourself. It allows you to debrief with friends, choose outfits together, with that one slightly too honest friend always letting

you know exactly what they think. It allows you to be surrounded by the personal growth of others, the old outfits of people who all went through the same progression as you.

### **Don’t be afraid to get rid of those which no longer serve you.**

If you’re anything like me, then you probably change your style each week (I seem to be loving suit trousers currently) as I try and figure out what best fits who I am feeling each day. In which case, I ask you to please get rid of any clothes that you find sitting at the back of your wardrobe, untouched. Seriously. You must get rid. Donate clothes to friends, sell on vinted, give to charity shops. Whatever it is that is hold you back from removing pieces from 3 years ago in your wardrobe, I must remind you that they aren’t serving you anymore. In fact, they’re probably taking up valuable space that should be reserved for the future you.

# How Fashion Can Be The Ultimate Tool For Personal Growth

ALICE BEBBER

# SUSTAINABILITY: The Re-birth of the Fashion Industry?

LAURA HARTIG

There is something to be said about being in a charity shop and stumbling across a treasure chest full of beautiful remnants of the 90's - a collection of clothes, so personal and identifiable, you can just tell that they used to co-exist together in one singular wardrobe. I don't know why, but I find it even more exciting than buying brand new clothes these days. Something about it feels so much more personal and intimate, and (whilst the process isn't at all luxurious) you feel rewarded for trawling through the racks of donated items.

**The excitement that I feel when stumbling across these items leads me to question why they were ever passed on in the first place.**

Yet, it must be said that the cathartic act of replacing and redoing our wardrobes is an entirely emotional affair. The physical action of stripping our wardrobe clean before carefully contemplating which items are worthy of a coat hanger to match a newly curated version of ourselves, seems to scratch a very particular part of our brains. The cleansing process doesn't just get rid of old clothes, but also removes any remnants of the old us which we may no longer identify with anymore. The outfits we wear become symbols of who we are within that time, and when we feel like they no longer represent us anymore, comes the time when we must pass them on. This act of donating to a charity shop or selling them on therefore gives clothes an immediate rebirth; passing on items to a stranger enables them to become a beloved part of someone else's outfit. But with this, you pass on more than just a piece of material.

I don't mean to sound superficial, but I notice what people wear more than anything. In fact, I tie a memory of a specific time to the outfits everyone sported on that day or night.

'Oh yes, that night out in freshers... the one where you were wearing those cowboy boots? Yes, now I remember exactly.' Clothes mark key life moments. There's a reason brides feel immense pressure when choosing their dress for the big day; there's a reason our parents keep our first shoes in a box in the attic somewhere. But that choice to pass on an item symbolises a personal choice that we have made to move on from the memories which that particular item may hold, whether they're good or they're bad.

**However, I would argue that it is the mundane pieces within our wardrobe that we choose to wear most frequently which are the ones which hold more value.** The everyday. The clothes we reach for when we need comfort. This is why I find comfort in choosing and paying for an item second-hand, as I know it was something that someone else once chose for themselves too, once upon a time. From an anthropological perspective, it highlights the knowledge that we're not all that different. Even though these clothes may not serve any use to their previous owner anymore, they now look at ease within my wardrobe, comfortably carrying the marks of their past life. The life that those clothes had becomes someone else's.

But this trend of giving clothes a second life simply works because trends return cyclically. In 2014, did anyone ever think we would be replacing our beloved Joni jeans, with our dad's jeans from the 90s and lying to ourselves that they fit, by tying a shoelace around our waists? No... but we found ourselves scouring for clothes that don't fit as society insists they should. An ever-growing positive trend has emerged of ignoring the assigned sizes of clothes. It defies the toxic mindset, that had us buying smaller clothes as inspiration for losing weight. Not needing the label to read 'our size' for us to purchase them, and instead making the clothes fit for us, and not the other way around. This only helps more when shopping second hand, as a) you cannot guarantee your size being available and b) a size 10 in 2022, is not the same as a size 10 in 1999. But once again, this process is anything but emotionless, as we continue to listen to what makes us and our bodies feel comfortable.

**Bristol as a city is comfortable in embracing sustainability, and this is evidenced through its students wardrobes.**

**They shop eclectically, environmentally consciously and resourcefully.** This process of rebirthing clothes from one wardrobe to another, looks to prevent the growth of mass fabric pollution that resides in landfills globally. And embracing second hand stores gives students the perfect opportunity to curate their own sense of style for less.

And yet aside from all this, there's an undeniable beauty in finding a collection of clothes that clearly belonged to another owner. This beauty I refer to is that of knowing the piece once belonged to one wardrobe: carrying their memories for a fragment of their life. Someone's old treasures looking to be welcomed into a new wardrobe. What was once theirs becomes ours.



Croft / Adam Liu

STYLE

REBIRTH

## WELLBEING.

Editor: Sophia Smith

Deputy Editor: Ursula Glendinning

Digital Editor: Helen March

Sub-editor: Zara Whistler

There are times I'm painfully self-aware about how my sense of identity shapeshifts depending on my environment – oscillating between what feels comfortable and what is new, sometimes alien and isn't really me. It seems inevitable that the question of authenticity arises and bubbles over in response. This is not a bad thing; I believe it should. Thinking critically and observing the choices we make with curiosity instead of judgement are useful tools that can help us make sense of the building blocks of our identity. Incidentally, non-judgemental observation and compassionate thinking are necessary steps for inner child healing and nurturing.

Healing your 'inner child', believed to have first been coined by Carl Jung, is widely recognised in popular psychology. The Buddhist spiritual leader, Thich Nhat Hanh, said: 'The cry we hear from deep in our hearts comes from the wounded child within'. Jungian Psychology involves healing through a conscious process of 'reparenting'. However, inner child healing is by no means a practice exclusive to psychotherapy. We all have the power to navigate what this looks like for us, without shying away from the mistakes we've made or times we feel we have let ourselves down. Compassion can be utilised here to uncover any underlying reasons for our actions and beliefs and bring you back to centre.

Nonetheless, 'reinventing yourself' at university has become a cliché, even holding negative connotations. There is a freedom upon arriving at university that enables people to be pushed or pulled in countless directions. It is essentially a blank slate. We all like to think that we have a strong sense of self. University - an environment that students are unlikely to have experienced prior to joining - tests even the most strong-willed individuals. This is because it involves and plays on some of the most basic human desires and needs - connection, sense of belonging, and community. The emphasis placed on individual aspirations, and great variety of interests at university is obviously a positive in that there is so much to gain in seeking out those with similar interests. But the wider culture of university might not be entirely compatible or fulfilling for the young individuals who join.

I don't mean to say that the experience of university itself is not fulfilling, but issues arise when the driving factor of socialising is found in going out, drinking, and spending time with people who don't know you or have your best interests at heart. A lot of them aren't usually bad people either. It just illustrates that herd mentality does not help the individual grow or cultivate meaningful relationships I am drawing from personal experience here. Against the background of a global pandemic, it was easy to latch onto something that seemed real: my social identity. I put so much energy into people and keeping up appearances whilst not prioritising my own wellbeing. Eventually, I realised I needed to remove myself from certain situations and then I could finally see the bigger picture.

# Keeping Me safe :

## Navigating changing identity and healing your inner child at University

SOPHIE ROBERTSON ACOLET

At that time, healing my inner child meant nothing more than a vague idea relating to wellbeing and trauma. However, when it came to me making changes in my life, perhaps there was already an element of inner child work. The process of 'reparenting' where I had to face my behaviours, actions, and reflect on why I didn't want better for myself is painful to look back on. I was stuck in an environment that seemed comfortable but wasn't good for me. I learnt something then that I wouldn't change for anything: the danger of comfortability.

Therefore, although there is great comfort in 'reinventing yourself', it doesn't bring fulfilment or long-lasting happiness, and is usually no more than a phase. A phase that most of us will go through, I must hasten to add. When you break it down, it is the most natural thing in the world. Young people usually spend at least three years at university, and these are formative years that will influence our lives irrevocably. The process of adjusting to your environment, making mistakes, and coming out with an alternative and more well-rounded perspective is necessary. It not only aids our growth as individuals, and truly strengthens our sense of self, but involves us showing up and nurturing our inner child by advocating for the life we want to lead and what we want it to consist of.



# Rebirth and Restarting:

*On relapsing and second attempts*

EVELYN HEIS

It was around five years ago when I first acknowledged that I needed help. Before that, I had been independently battling my illnesses without a sense of direction or an ounce of hope that things would ever get better. It was during this time that I had decided against throwing in the towel, I was desperate for things to change, to start healing, to start living. So, I decided to reach out for help. I first spoke to my Mum, who I thought was clueless about what I was going through. But to my surprise, she had been slowly putting the pieces together for months. I was not very good at hiding my poor mental health.

Acknowledging that things were not okay was the first real step in my recovery. It was the only way that things would get better and actively speaking to others marked the start of my journey toward healing. Per my Mum's suggestion, she accompanied me to my first GP appointment to ask for professional help. Before I knew it, I was attending weekly sessions with a qualified psychologist. For me, these sessions made a huge difference in my recovery, as I was able to receive a diagnosis, a privilege which many don't have. I was also taught the reasons behind my behaviours and thought patterns. I was not broken or crazy, I was merely a product of the experiences I had gone through.

Going to therapy allowed me to process and come to terms with the burdensome trauma that I had been carrying for years. Almost two years later, I had learnt to better manage my impulses and self-soothe. I found a stable group of friends, a supportive partner, and started to put into practice healthy coping mechanisms. In my eyes, I was fixed. Life had moved on, and I had no reason to attend therapy anymore.

Even though my healing was not linear, I had convinced myself that I had no reason to keep attending sessions because I was happier. My outlook on life had changed. Influenced by the support around me, my days were spent in a much more positive way, now that I had broken free from the depths of a dark depression. With my first year of university right around the corner, I believed that going into it without any support would enable me to have the fresh start I desperately needed. What I didn't know is that trauma has a tendency to resurface.



Croft / Arwen Cox

When the body undergoes something emotionally painful, it sometimes represses it. This often leaves you with no recollection of the event or gaps in your memory. However, the emotional damage and the way you felt never leave you. To protect yourself, your body represses this pain. I was not 'fixed' by going to therapy once, though I blissfully believed I was. I was merely able to find the strength to digest as much of that pain as I could to get myself out of a mental rut. I had learnt the skills I needed to survive, but I was by no means 'fixed'- because no such thing exists.

What I've learnt over the years is that there's nothing wrong with taking some time to process your mental turmoil. Given that my mental health journey and education overlapped, it was difficult for me to come to terms with the things that I had gone through because I was prioritising my grades, social life, and extracurriculars over my well-being. Pushing my mental health to the bottom of the pile meant it was only a matter of time before I would relapse.

## **And relapse, I did.**

There is nothing wrong with seeking help a second or third time, or for the rest of your life. Trauma will inevitably resurface, but in between, we can learn from it, and as a result we build a strong sense of resilience. Sometimes, a bad day may stretch out into a longer period, and you may feel like all your hard work has disappeared. But that's simply not true. A bad day does not equate to a bad life, it does not erase the efforts that you have already taken to get thus far. Trauma would not resurface if our bodies did not believe that we were strong enough to process these events.

To be able to speak to a professional is a privilege that many do not have, but there should be no shame in accessing that help when it is available. The ability to be empathetic, to look inwards, and become a better person is a powerful thing that characterises those who have fought with their mental health. When we seek help, we are showing ourselves the self-care that we need to prioritise. Although healing is not linear, the fact that you are trying is proof that you are strong, and if this time it's taking longer than you thought, you will get through it.

## FOOD.

Editor :Hannah Wright

Deputy: Editor Saiba Haque

Digital Editor: Lara Inglis Jones

Sub-editor: Emma Witham

**With preparations for freshers' week underway, the city will be blooming with the eagerness of new beginnings as students arrive at Bristol from all over the country. The first year of University remains to be a collective moment of 'culture-shock' for many students.** All of a sudden, we are in a whole new city with people from many walks of life. As we enter the city, we find ourselves no longer within our comfort zones. We undergo the first attempt to challenge ourselves; through the semblance of a cultural 'rebirth' or 'revamp' to make way for a new version of us in order to better adapt to the new city. I believe that finding ways to recreate one's culinary cuisine in this new environment is a valuable part of this process.

As students transition from their former life at home to their new era at University, there seems to be this highly prevalent notion of a 'coming of age' or a 'rebrand' of oneself. When many ponder about the idea of 'rebirth' and 'rebranding' at university, they may often comprehend this idea as the abandonment of the former self to make way for a huge and momentous change in their personality

When I reminisce my time as a fresher, I recall a strong feeling of dissonance within myself, as I pit the version of myself - from my hometown - against the revamped and rebranded version of myself at university. I would often feel as though I have traded in some of the roots of my former self at the expense of my newer 'rebranded' self. A feeling that I reckon on is rather familiar to many students who may

I recall a strong feeling of dissonance of myself - from my hometown rebranded version of myself at feel as though I have traded in former self at the expense self. A feeling that I reckon many students who may

# The Cross-Cultural Renaissance in a Student Kitchen

SAIBA HAQUE

I would argue that although we are growing independently in our own way at University and discovering ourselves, it does not mean that there is no room for us to appreciate the version of ourselves from our hometown. I used to have this misconception that once you go to University, and enter a whole new environment, that you would change completely as a person. Although some parts of you may evolve, it doesn't mean that your true essence will dissipate for good. To me, 'rebirth' is not about a drastic reinvention of oneself, but it is more-so about embracing all the new changes whilst also honoring and appreciating one's roots - think of it like a renaissance rather than a complete reinvention of yourself. That being said, it begs the question: what can we do to maintain this healthy balance of making peace with both versions of ourselves?

Others may have different solutions to combat this but for me, this is where the role of food comes in. The culinary cuisine from my culture is what often grounds me and bridges the gap of disconnectedness between my past self and present self, and I strongly believe that it impacts many others. Though there are some very simple dishes in my cultural cuisine, there are also dishes that are laborious and time-consuming to prepare and make. It is understandable then, that continuing to practice making the cuisine of my culture whilst being limited to a student kitchen, within a student budget can sometimes pose limitations and challenges.



## FOOD.

Editor: Hannah Wright  
 Deputy Editor: Saiba Haque  
 Digital Editor: Lara Inglis Jones  
 Sub-editor: Emma Witham

Nevertheless, although seemingly difficult, it's not impossible. Whilst all I will say can be applicable to any cultural cuisine, I will mostly use examples of the cuisine regional to where I'm originally from: Bangladesh. I would bulk buy my spices and pantry ingredients (within reasonable limits) before the year starts so that I have enough stock to make whatever I want whenever I want; which also works out cheaper than buying spices that you may find in small cylindrical containers at the normal grocery stores. Some ingredients can be swapped for easier versions to take up less time and last longer (frozen garlic, ginger paste). Certain kitchen items, selected with thought, make for quicker versions of the dish that you are trying to make.

Even though authenticity is an important aspect to consider for maintaining the practice of making cultural/regional cuisines, in my opinion it's not the end of the world if some of the 'authentic ingredients' are difficult to find. When you move to a new city, they may not have the best regional selection of ingredients for your cuisine, and that's okay! In the wise words of my grandmother "just use what you can find!". For instance, as much as I adore a traditional 'Shorishe Eilish' (Hilsa fish in a mustard-based curry) I have accepted that it's immensely difficult to find this fish in Bristol within

my student budget whilst also being very time consuming to eat due to the large number of fishbones. However, I can assure you that it would not stop me from making a similar dish with the same mouth-watering mustard curry base; I would just substitute the Hilsa fish for a more widely available option in the city, like seabass. Of course, now the dish will be called 'Shorishe Bhetki' (Seabass in a mustard-based curry) but the cooking methods would remain more or less the same and the flavours would still be marvellous!

Something as simple as following cooking rituals not only helps in eliminating the feeling of disconnectedness from one's home culture, but since we are adapting the dishes for its regional availability and adhering to the student needs, we are experimenting with a re-vamped version of a traditional dish. Through this process we are using traditional methods to make a brand new, regional iteration of our beloved dish from home. We are embracing the adapting changes of student life whilst honouring the roots of where we are from. That to me, is a spectacular example of a cross-cultural renaissance and rebirth in a student kitchen, where the old meets the new.



## TRAVEL.

Editor: Finnuala Brett

Deputy Editor: Grace Burton

Digital Editor: Isobel Edmondson

Sub-editor: Eve Baird

## Conversations with locals: Language unlocking perspectives

**Having recently touched down from her year abroad in Toulouse, Isobel provides an insight into the value of speaking the local language while on your travels, how it can help you feel more connected to your surroundings and some advice on giving it a go.**

There is a certain satisfaction when locals are impressed by your ability to speak their language - even if it's just a few words, and even if it's a slightly drunken slur at a bar, the words "tu parles très bien le français!" - accompanied with a stunned expression - were a sweet melody to my ears. I spent my year abroad in Toulouse with the aim of nearing fluency in French, so comments like these boosted my confidence.

I gradually developed other skills, such as being able to make jokes in French, dream in French, and allow my personality to emerge as the language became a part of my everyday life, and eventually, a part of me. There are numerous accounts of people who know more than one language having more complex personalities, one reason being that they are pulling from two or more different cultures; different ways of viewing the world.

There came a point with French where I was no longer nervous that someone would approach me for directions, like I did at the beginning of my stay and how I feel now as I write from Valencia, knowing just about enough Spanish to get by. **I'd argue that this is all you need if you're not necessarily thrilled by the process of language learning** and are perhaps absolutely fine with not striking up a conversation with every passerby. If you are a motivated language-learner like myself however, at some point you may be searching for the buzz that comes with communicating fluidly with locals, and somewhat "blending in". This can be a tough nut to crack, but you'll want to be taking plenty of opportunities to speak to people, even if it is asking someone what breed their dog is.

It in Toulouse itself - **I firmly believe that having some knowledge of a language better informs you on the history of a place and the people that have inhabited it.** In the case of smaller languages, it helps to keep these cultures alive.

During my year abroad, I was impressed when I saw other Erasmus students seek out opportunities to speak the endangered local language in the Occitan region where Toulouse is situated. Now, whilst I was personally unlikely to start babbling in Occitan while ordering a coffee - not least because it is virtually non-existent.

A common complaint is that even if you try your best to speak the local language abroad, often people can respond in English if they see you struggling or hear your accent. This can definitely feel like a disappointment, but there are different ways you could frame this that might soften the blow: If you are in a period and location where there is a high density of tourists - for example, Rome in July - there are likely to be a huge amount of visitors who do not even attempt to speak the local language, so vendors become accustomed to communicating in English for a more efficient transaction. They probably think they are saving you trouble.

**There is also the possibility that shop-keepers etc want to practise their English with you.** I experienced this a couple of times in France. If you want them to speak in the local tongue, I'd recommend you tell them that you are keen on practising. Normally, they will be glad to help and they can often find it endearing that you're putting in the work, that you're making an effort to take part in an unfamiliar way of communicating.

**In Britain, having English be your mother tongue can put you in an extremely privileged position as a traveller, but on the flipside, it can make us lazy as a nation.** Many of us have never thought it important to learn a second language, but if you have a hunger for travelling to countries where a different language is spoken, wouldn't it be great if we could shift expectations of us as mono-linguists to multi-linguists in the making?

ISOBEL EDMONDSON

**In western society it is practically a given that both your experience and definition of home will expand and diversify with age. That, as a student, one of the most seminal shifts in perception will be an extension of places that occupy a space in your heart.** Roots, blood, and nostalgia for the family home become placed alongside the fresh ventures of a new local that too, signify home for reasons aligned with greater individual choice. However, the expectation of such an experience doesn't make its effects less dizzying.

As a proud northerner with a deep attachment to my life in Manchester, and a student who loves the life I've carved with friends in Bristol, I've still found the two worlds existing simultaneously in the mind as home perplexing. Not only for the awkward state of in-betweenness it harbours but for what it means for the question of 'what is home?'

While I understand the cliched quotes 'there's no place like home' and 'home is where the heart is', are true in their definitions of home as a space that grounds you in comfort, love, and stability. The quotes don't deal with the question of 'what is home?' when you have yet to synthesise all your, sometimes conflicting, experiences of what it is. And, moreover are bound to have more versions of it yet to experience, which became evident during a month-long backpacking trip with a friend through Central America this summer.

**Oh, the irony that existing amongst nomads, freedom and wanderlust, partnered with a backdrop of awe inspiring terrains can leave you anxious to the question of 'what is home?' or rather, what is your definition of home?**

Despite being away from home, the question of home never left. At the tip of every traveller's tongue, myself included, naturally lay 'where are you from?' and quickly escalated, as conversations do (where privacy feels like a distant memory in hostels, intimacy quick) to 'where do you see yourself living', in other words, 'what will home be for you?'

For some travellers we met, their path had been set out clearly through exploring new countries, taken by a mystical sense of place when visiting a country they had decided their true home resided there. I haven't forgotten the young French man who told us of his two years in Australia, 'I felt at home... it is my home'. I could've shook it off as a romantic expression of admiration for the country, but the depth in his voice revealed it was weightier than that, he had truly found his place.

Others seemed as lost as ourselves, grappling with their love of people and places but not sure ultimately where they would make the choice to curate



a home for themselves. There appeared a common fear, that if we didn't have that same overwhelming sense of wholeness from a place or at least didn't mould all of our past homes into the present, we could miss out on something. That we could miss out on some reality of what a home is.

The penny didn't drop until asked a very simple question. 'Do you love where you are headed back to?'. 'Of course', I replied. It is phenomenal what some rephrasing can do.

Too preoccupied with what would be, how I may change, I'd forgotten the abundance of my life back in the UK. A life in which I did know what home was despite thinking myself into the fallacy that having two places I can call home had to cause some sort of division within myself, make one of them lack meaning.

**Through my travels it then became apparent we have the capacity to make endless places our home if we give them an ounce of time, love and appreciation.**

It is why at a festival, a friend referred to our tent as home. Not because the littered campsite encapsulated her ideal life, but temporarily it was our sanctuary. It is why my dull first year accommodation room was a home, and why so many hostels we visited were subconsciously named home when they left our mouths.

I now know growing financial and spatial independence shouldn't paralyse me with the thought of more choices to make but make me grateful for all the places I will get to call home.

LIFESTYLE

Co-Editors-in-Chief:

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# Green Days

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EMILY FROMANT  
NICOLE QUY

The forest is a space of reckless abandon. A place of childhood, innocence and personal growth. Step into it's green canopy, and disappear with us. Stray from the path, Dare to be curious.

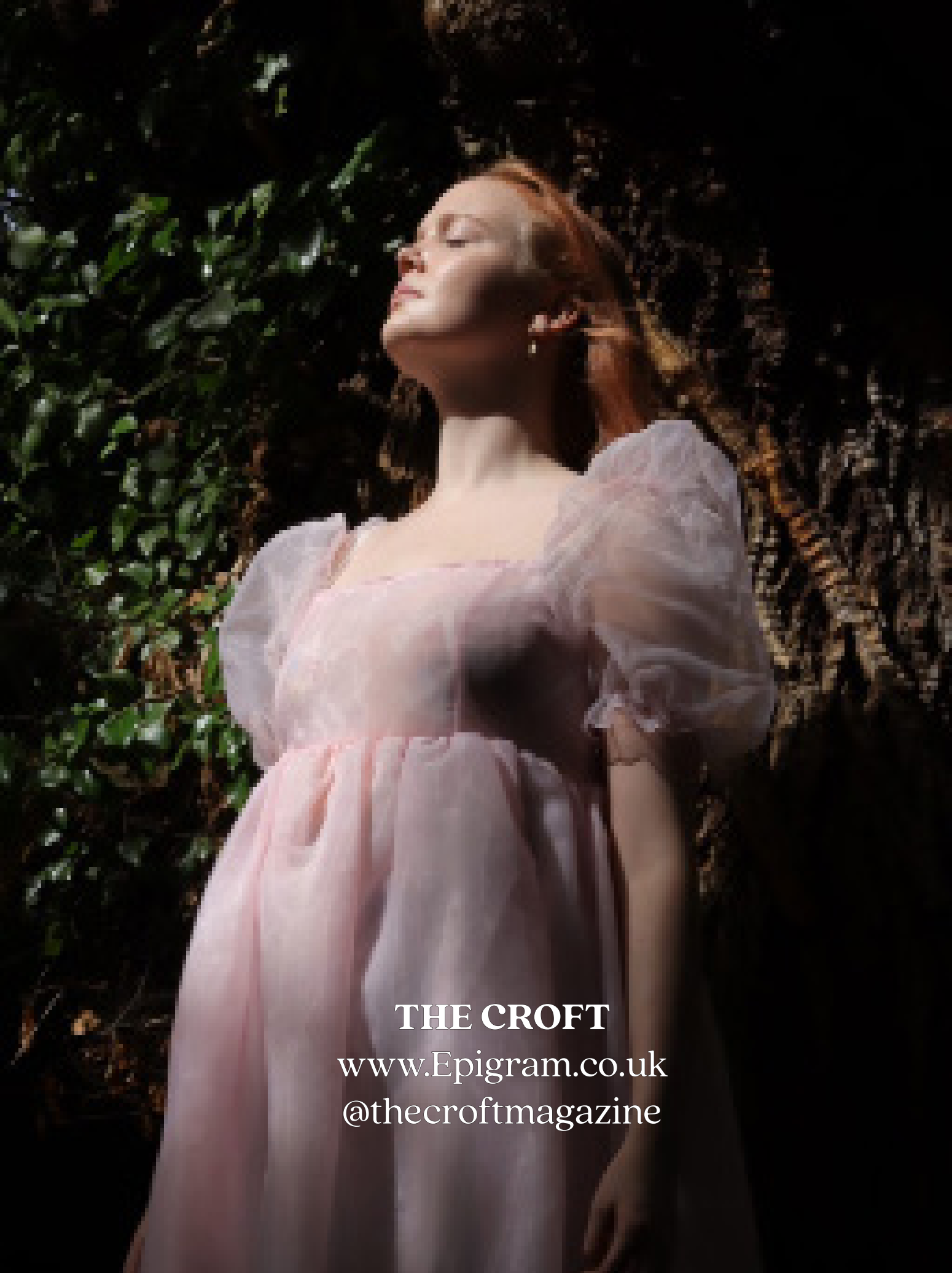
Walk with us, explore with us. Through the flowers and the trees, this is where you truly belong.



**'a period  
of new life,  
growth, or  
activity; a  
revival'**



**Re-instillation,  
rejuvenation.  
Call it whatever gets  
you going.  
A new connection, or  
invention.  
the same old seed that  
I've been sowing**



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