



REDBRICK EDITORIAL

Tears at the ready, it's time to say goodbye

HERE we are boys and girls, the melodrama of an editorial that must inevitably be found in the last issue of the year. I've debated whether I should go for an uncharacteristically sincere missive of unadulterated gratitude or reel off a list of thank-yous in a detached and blasé manner. An OC season final ending with tears and Jeff Buckley playing in the background or a dry-eyed *Lost in Translation* ending with Jesus and Mary Chain? A happy-medium perhaps.

A child of pop culture to the bone, I view life as an on-going teen soap opera and assign people roles and characters in the show, *Redbrick Days*, that my life has been this year. I'd like to think of it as the missing link between *The West Wing* and *Skins*; the car-azy antics of a group of layabout students who are transformed in the basement of a building into a motivated, newspaper-creating machine, fueled by inordinate amounts of sugar and office banter.

The much-beloved original cast that sadly had to leave the show but were dearly loved by both characters and viewers alike would be last year's editorial team, James, Danni, Stephen and Steve. To say James' shoes were intimidating ones to fill would be an enormous understatement and a lot of times I've calmed myself by adopting a WWJ(ames)D attitude to the role of Editor. I will always be grateful for the encouragement I received from my amazing predecessors and the fun we had on the Wednesdays of my first year.

Joel and Sarah, my wonderful committee, would be the reoccurring guest stars of the show that are always welcomed back on set and without whom the show would desperately lack grit and continuity. Your determination and pedantry have provided invaluable structure to the year.

In television there are always crew members that go forever unmentioned, no matter how vital their job is. In our show there is someone, who while I can't mention him by name, the paper probably would not go to print without. He has put up with my panic-stricken mad dashes around Student Development and has been the Obi Won to *Redbrick's* pathetic Padawan. I wish him a lifetime of amazing walks around the country and a never-ending supply of Mini Eggs and Haribo.

Then, of course, there is the main cast, peppered with endearing and odd-ball characters - the filth bucket, the sweet one, the one with amazing hair, the comedy duo, the charmer, the sex pest, the OCD one, etc. Tom, Meg, Becky, Matt, Nick, Pete, Jo, Jesse, Aaron, Erica, Sarah Brier, Bob, Jacques, Hanlon, Jess, Helen, Rhys, Ben, Jonny, Ed, Heather, Ellie, Nadine, Felix and the elusive but lovely Charmian, you have been an absolutely spectacular team and I have the fondest/filthiest memories and anecdotes involving all of you. Extra special

shout-out for my *Redbrick* boys. If there has been a romance story for this series, it has been between the 'lads of the office'. It has been a beautiful love to watch develop and spread, and while half your sporting conversations have gone over my head both literally and proverbially, your enthusiasm for working (and drinking) together has been both encouraging in stressful times and adorable the rest of the time. I have the most inappropriate, all-consuming crush on all of you.

The loving, supporting and inconceivably young and attractive parents of my show? My foster parents at uni and flatmates, Clare and Rosie. They've been diligent this year in ensuring that I eat regular meals, sleep, do some degree of uni work and have been supportive and encouraging through all the paper related hysterics. Paternal instincts aside they are also seven shades of awesome and have coloured this year with amazing quotes and memories.

Last of all, the unerring and incomparable best friend role - the support, the wit and the sheer lovability of my Deputy Editor, Hannah Green, has been this year's touchstone and I wish her all the luck in the world as she ventures off in the blazing sunset to do a Masters at King's next year. London won't know what hit it.

I wish the new lead cast of *Redbrick Days*, Nick, Jess, Nadine and Pete, all the luck and support that I can offer and hope that their season is the award winning one I know it should be.

Trying to sum up this year, I remember the response I gave when asked if I would ever want to do another year as Editor; think of the first time you swiped a bottle of tequila from your parents' booze cupboard and ended up finishing the bottle in the park with your best friend. You can't remember all the details, but you know it was amazing fun and while afterwards you felt like a filthy mess and flinched away from the harsh light of the sun, you couldn't regret the experience if you tried. That's my year as Editor - demeaning, at times demoralising, but completely worth it and an experience that will stay with me till I'm on my deathbed and ranting about 'back when I was in charge'. While I'll still be loitering around the office next year as Arts and Culture editor, it just won't be the same.

I've spent the year wondering if there would be someone that I would like to say is the 'reason I write' and 'inspires me to greater heights than I can imagine', but choosing just one inspirational person from this year would make Sophie's choice seem like a walk in the park. Instead, I dedicate this year to anyone who has had to swelter away in this office, has screamed madly at InDesign and has snuck a pint downstairs from Joe's. Guys, it's been fucking amazing, a thousand and one thank-yous and the bestest of luck to all of you.

The end of life as you know it

LEAVING *Redbrick* and my university life in sixteen days time is unutterably terrifying, somewhat liberating, and deeply saddening.

Despite the madness of third year workload, coupled with a part-time job, I could not imagine it without *Redbrick* to run to between library sessions, responding to panicked calls from the office that turned out to be completely solved by the time I arrived (thanks for the exercise, Jess), and the supreme de-stressing effect of office banter and creative and diplomatic dilemmas. For putting up with my precarious balancing acts I thank my beautiful and fantastic housemates: Rachel, Judith, Sally and Hannah, and also Alex, the rock of my life, you guys have kept me going, with tea and spectacularly patient listening.

In terms of you office guys, there is

not enough space to say thank you to everyone who has made my experience here so hilarious, exciting and genuine. But I must make space for a few special ones. Rhys, I've laughed my heart out at all of the anecdotes that you have created. Tom, you have made me laugh and cry; through your smiles and your stories. English won't know what's hit it next year. And Jess, I've found an everlasting friend, that person that you can go to Mordor with. I will be visiting you all next year.

Redbrick is a fantastic publication; a space for students to flex their journalistic muscles and to discuss what matters, made out of the blood, sweat and tears of some extraordinarily dedicated people. It is also a fountain of memories and friendships.

Hannah Green

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