

THE UNIVERSITY  
OF AUCKLAND  
STUDENT MAGAZINE

# FOOD ISSUE

#4



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## CRACCUM IS ON A DIET!

That's right, in honour of food issue we've had a good hard look in the mirror, and what we found shocked us. Unsightly headings, excessive white space and far too much quality content from the student population. It's all got to go! That's why, with no pressure from the rising cost of paper or shrinking advertising revenue, we have made the unprompted and *wholly original* decision to move to 32 pages. I know some of you will find this shocking, believe us, when we looked in the mirror we didn't like what we saw either (who makes this garbage?). But Craccum is healthy at any size and frankly you weren't even reading all 40 of those pages anyway...

**What does this mean?** Let us first address those of you in business as I'm sure you're getting bored already. *Craccum* as our branding people like to put it, will be more agile going into this dynamically shifting market. Through decisive and hyperlocal reprioritisation, *Craccum* will be eliminating pain

points and developing more USPs to increase downstream impact; all while upholding the tenets of our UX bottom line. Big picture, disruption will be minimal as we roll out data-backed turnkey tradeoffs to future proof our bottom line. I hope you all enjoyed those last 62 words, as they cost us the rest of our print budget.

**For the rest of you: not much is actually changing.** We're still publishing all the great content you love to see but packaging it in a shorter and sharper format. Much like polenta, Craccum will be dense, nutrient rich, and lacking in fibre (wood pulp to be specific).

*But do not fret darlings, the change hasn't sacrificed our dedication to serving you the freshest juiciest content UoA has to offer directly into your disgusting wet mouth.*

We here at *Craccum* are very hungry and we've prepared a degustation feast of the finest student writing from across our campus'—and perhaps, the world.

Appetisers include the sizzling spice of ongoing employment disputes with a grazing board of gluten, dairy and meat free canapés to digest the struggles of

allergy eating in Auckland.

Next, we serve you the perfect pairing to your awful time management with set and forget crock pot recipes—then you'll gobble morsels of utter despair as we take you on our nightmarish journey recreating recipes from *The Menu*. It's not pretty, but we'd like to see you do better.

Loosen your belt and make room for cultural differences at the dinner table while you chow down on some *Thai Noodles with Fish Curry and Chicken Feet*. Finally learn to manage boundaries as we deliver a crash course on *Almond Mums*. Saving the best for last we present a tantalising selection of dessert brain teasers created specifically to feed our most neurodivergent appetites.

Food brings everyone together and we want to make sure everyone has a seat at our table. So pull up a chair and tuck in because kua hora te kai! And as always, don't forget to send all your juiciest complaints to [editor@craccum.co.nz](mailto:editor@craccum.co.nz). We do read them all, especially the silly ones. Eating güd,

George and Mairātea

AUSA is looking for buddies to help out new international students.



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**buddy programme**  
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[parnell.net.nz/food-truck-nite-23](http://parnell.net.nz/food-truck-nite-23)

The above event will proceed if there is light rain as there is undercover seating.  
However if the event is cancelled due to severe weather, the rain date is the 30th March, 5–9pm.



# Inflation bites and we all go hungry

Why the \$2 coin you have left after paying rent isn't going to buy you a Shads toastie anymore



TALIA NICOL

Unless you haven't seen any news in the last year outside of *Craccum*—if this is the case, we applaud your commitment to Aotearoa's greatest student news source—it's probably not news to you that inflation rates are the highest they have been in over 30 years.

So, just how bad is inflation? Sit back and bear with us while we take a trip back to NCEA Level 1 Economics.

COST OF LIVING	
<b>RENT:</b>	
Student loan living costs in the last quarter of 2012 were set at \$172.51. Let's say that the entirety of your living costs get taken out to go to your rent.	
• Auckland rents that cost \$172.51 in the last quarter of 2012 would now cost around \$253.37 at the end of quarter three of 2022.	
• In quarter three of 2022, student loan living costs were set at \$281.96. If you used this to pay for your rent you'll actually be making a small gain of \$28.58.	$\begin{array}{r} 281.96 \\ - 253.37 \\ \hline = +28.58 \end{array}$
• Wellingtonians haven't been so lucky; they're now paying just over \$294, which is a loss of \$12 or 2 oat milk lattes.	$\begin{array}{r} 281.96 \\ - 294.00 \\ \hline = -12.04 \end{array}$
• On the other hand, if you're looking to buy a house the situation is disastrous. A mortgage that would have cost you \$172.51 in 2012 will now run you \$389.29. Compared to your living costs, you (or more likely your parents) will be experiencing a loss of \$107.27. Ouch!	$\begin{array}{r} 281.96 \\ - 389.29 \\ \hline = -107.27 \end{array}$
<b>FOOD:</b>	
Changes to food costs haven't been as dire.	
• A grocery shop that cost \$172.51 in quarter four of 2012 would now cost \$214.92 in quarter three of 2022.	
• Technically, if you were spending all of your student loan living costs of \$281.96 on food, you'd actually gain \$67.04 (\$281.96 - \$214.92).	$\begin{array}{r} 281.96 \\ - 214.92 \\ \hline = +67.04 \end{array}$

These calculations assume that you're only taking care of yourself.

**We're also sparing a thought for student families, who have young tamariki to house and feed. It would clearly be impossible to provide for a family on the living costs payment alone. To all studying and working parents out there: we applaud you.**

Also, are you actually winning out with food? On March 13, StatsNZ released data showing that food prices rose 12.0% in the year ending February 2023. The biggest blows to the budget?

Well, you can inform your parents that there *is* a reason you haven't eaten a single leafy green in the last 12 months, because the average price of fruit and vegetables increased by 23.1%. The next big contender: meat, poultry, and fish, which increased 9.8%.

Because we're here to answer the big questions, what are some of the ridiculous price increases we've seen to food items over the last year or two? Here's a few of our least favourite contenders in the inflation game.

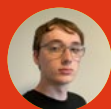
- A few years back, TipTop 2L ice cream tubs used to be pretty readily available for \$5.00. These days, unless it's on special, a tub is going to set you back \$8.30 at Countdown, a 66% price increase.

- Gone are the days of \$8.00 value mince at Countdown, which students everywhere have been diluting since time immemorial with \$0.90 cans of diced tomatoes to whip up a very questionable flat dinner. After last winter's price freeze was unceremoniously removed, Countdown increased the value mince price up to \$8.90, an 11.3% price increase.
- Our Visual Arts Editor is passionate about the Shads toastie, and was recently dismayed to discover that it too has fallen victim to a price rise. Your \$2.00 coin won't cut now—the Shads toastie now costs \$3.00, a night ruining 50% increase.
- We're a bit late to this one, but the \$1.00 frozen coke has been no more for several months. Small and medium sizes are now \$1.50, a 50% price increase. Worst still is that a large frozen coke is now \$2.00, a 100% price increase. In our view, this is the inflation that matters.

Unfortunately, no member of the *Craccum* editorial team was willing to step foot in Bar101 for this article, but we do hope for all the freshers out there that the \$3.00 Cruiser has stayed stagnant. If it hasn't, it seems we really are approaching the end times.

# The Union v The University

The intergenerational fight against the Employer



OLIVER COCKER

It is often difficult to conceptualise, but behind the hundred-year-old façade of the clocktower, a near-constant struggle rages between the various factions that represent staff interests and the ominously titled: Employer.

**Spoken of only in hushed whispers by some, and yelled from the curb of Princes St by others, the Employer seems a nebulous and omnipresent being, and perhaps for UoA, that is a more convenient image.**

A force so amorphous and overwhelming that no individual may stand against it. And yet the employer has a name, a face, a title: Vice Chancellor, Dawn Freshwater.

Identified by the Tertiary Education Union's UoA organiser as public enemy number one, some concessions have to be given. Freshwater took over in March 2020, in the midst of one of the most convoluted education climates of the last century: lockdown, and also following decades of lowered government assistance in education to the point that about 60% of UoA's operation is now privately funded. This is not even to mention the surplus that Universities are all but obliged to maintain by law. And thus, as the University seeks to expand, as Freshwater continues projects started in the Te Rautaki Tūāpapa plan, conceived before her time, money is often tighter than it seems. But the unions ask: why should they lose out first?

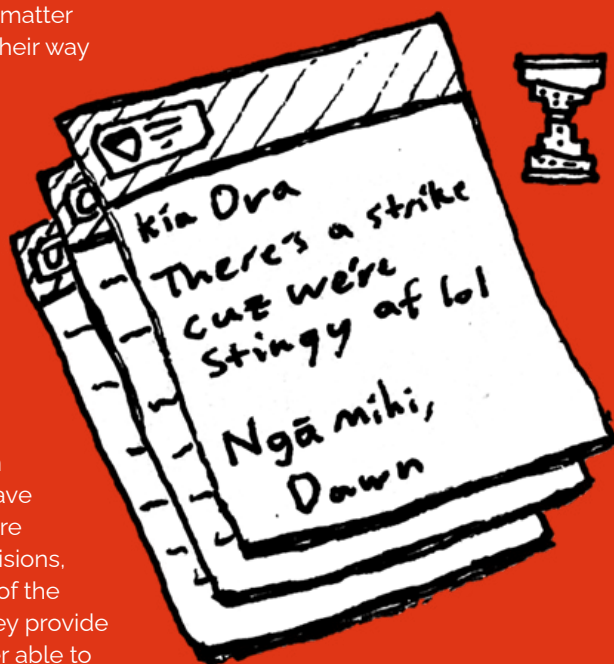
Speaking to Nicole Wallace, UoA organiser for the TEU, *Craccum* asked what was happening. The truth, Wallace reports, is that it is not really about the money, it is about "clawbacks" of staff benefits. Attempts to move them out of collective agreements, where they are legally protected, and into the University's policy where they can be changed on a whim. In the end, of course, there is a lack of funding behind all of this.

In the long, long term, the University will not take these provisions out of current staff agreements, only for new ones. This tactic, Wallace explains, is common for union-busting, it seeks to allow current staff to lose little while accepting this decrease on behalf of future generations of academics. And the TEU wants the student body to know that this next set of lecturers and support staff is for whom they fight. Today's lecturers could accept the deal, keep their benefits, possibly negotiate a higher-pay deal on accepting the clawbacks, and be quite content. But they refuse. Not only for the next generation here, but across the country, as many other institutions look to UoA as an example, once clawbacks start it is only a matter of time before they make their way across Aotearoa.

The benefits that are most in the spotlight are retirement leave and long service leave. Particularly important for low-paid staff, and only important at the end of a working life, retirement leave is a sum payment based on how many years you have been employed, long service leave is much the same. These are not legally mandated provisions, but they have been a part of the University for decades. They provide support for those no longer able to

work, common among the more aged members of the University's payroll. The Employer claims that this is outdated, but thanks to a convenient Cabinet fact sheet from November last year, we can report an overwhelming 92% of public service agreements have long service leave.

It would be remiss, of course, to not briefly cover the pay scheme itself. Which is framed as very complicated, and according to Wallace, this is in order to make it easier for the University to push through certain parts: namely paid performance schemes and lowered real (adjusted for inflation) pays. In the current proposal, academic staff are either agreeing to a real pay cut of at least 2.5% year on year or even more. Other staff, including security and grounds people are agreeing to a system in which they have to meet arbitrary measures in order to be paid certain amounts. According to some members already on the scheme, decision-making is very unclear, this lack of transparency makes it easier for discrimination and abuse to occur, and it is viewed as simply unfair.





Allegedly—and know that this is a legally sensitive area that Wallace would not comment on,

**the University has been employing new and varied techniques to stamp down on the movement. Isolation of staff members has become more common, and according to an unnamed source, members of management, and deans of various faculties, have become more disciplined and harsh when it comes to their responses.**

There is no substantial evidence as of yet of any preferential treatment (though if anyone wishes to drop *Craccum* a tip, you may do so on the website at any time). But a letter was sent to the Prime Minister, asking him if he was comfortable with a state sector employer using union-buster tactics, and he has said he will follow up with the relevant minister.

When asked about the ideal resolution, Wallace said leaving the clawbacks alone, and a pay rise in line with inflation was what the consensus of the Union seemed to be. In practicality, she accepted that there will most likely need to be nuance around that, especially when bargaining. There are few demands that the Union would make that would be truly unreasonable for the Employer to allow, and even fewer that government intervention in the next budget could not fix. Year on year, there has been a distinct neglect in the large covid budgets of the

tertiary education sector. And while the cost of living will no doubt take priority again this year, a little bump could make a large difference to the unions and the university staff who comprise them.

Across non-union members, the support has been overwhelming. *Craccum* has found and been told. Staff who are not in the unions know that the collective agreements created from their talks define their own, and understand both the moral and economic arguments being made. Students stand in solidarity with strikers wherever they go, marching with signs and refusing to turn up to their classes. The second part may be unrelated, but there is no way to truly know. Overall, no negative feedback could be found from anyone outside the Vice Chancellor's office.

"It is supposed to be he tāngata, he tāngata, he tāngata, not te wāreti, te wāreti, te wāreti" are the parting words from our conversation with Wallace. It is supposed to be the people, the people, the people, not the wallet, the wallet, the wallet.

**In the end, financial positions can be reviewed, altered, deferred, or any other business lingo that you can give it, but the lecturers, the grounds people, the woman that fixes the projector, the man that stocks the shelves; they all rely on this institution to survive.**

## Check out our favs from the Ockham NZ Book Awards!

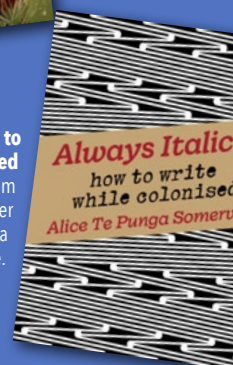
**Kawai** - *Kawai: For Such a Time as This* is the remarkable first novel by respected historian Dr. Monty Soutar, in a series that reveals the role of colonisation in shaping Aotearoa New Zealand, balanced with an honest appraisal of the country in pre-colonial times.



**The Axeman's Carnival** - *The Axeman's Carnival* is Catherine Chidgey at her finest – comic, profound, poetic and true.



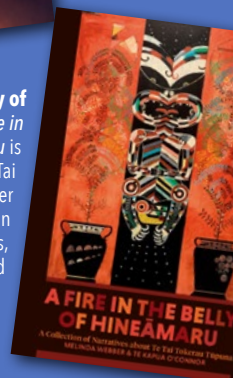
**Always Italicise: How to Write While Colonised** - A first book of poetry from acclaimed Māori writer and scholar Alice Te Punga Somerville.



**Jumping Sundays** - Award-winning writer Nick Bollinger's deep history of the transformation of New Zealand life wrought by the counterculture in the 1960s and '70s.



**A Fire in the Belly of Hineamaru** - *A Fire in the Belly of Hineamaru* is a call to action for Te Tai Tokerau today – a reminder to celebrate the unbroken connection to histories, lands, and esteemed ancestors.



Come and check out the rest of the nominees on our grand table in store!

**Subiq**  
LEVEL 1, KATE EDGAR COMMONS

# Growing Up With An Almond Mum



NANCY GUO

As a kid, I always thought my mother was just one of those health nut types who read dieting books for fun.

Sure, her catchphrase was telling me “肥死你”, which roughly translates to “that will make you so fat you’ll die,” (Chinese insults are nearly always some form of death threat) if I ever ate anything that was processed, calorically dense, or in a larger portion than she deemed appropriate. Sure, during my huge growth spurt phase in Intermediate, she thought I was just being “greedy” and that there was no way that I was “really that hungry”, despite scavenging the cupboards for dry ingredients, like sultanas and rolled oats, everyday after school.

**No, I didn’t particularly enjoy eating spoonfuls of desiccated coconut as a snack. But desperate times called for desperate measures when you lived in a household where all processed and packaged food was strictly banned.**

“Aren’t you glad that your mum can make any junk food way healthier and taste better?” she would ask us at the dinner table, after she served up one of her “innovations”. Naturally, my sister and I would nod obediently in agreement, and gush about how it was impossible to tell the difference between Countdown’s muffins and hers, which were essentially baked

blobs of dough stuffed with garden salad.

But what’s the harm in that? If anything, I felt proud to have a mum who really took her health, and the health of her kids, seriously. She wasn’t like other parents, who let their figures balloon after giving birth, and clogged up their children with fatty and sugary food so that they were one Happy Meal away from a heart attack.

Well, it turns out that as my prefrontal cortex developed and I became less of a young and impressionable child, I slowly started to realise that yeah, my mum’s approach to food was definitely not normal, and neither was mine. And with the emergence of the “almond mom” trend on Tik Tok, it seems that our generation is beginning to collectively re-examine the ways our mums perpetuated perceptions and behaviours rooted in diet culture and fatphobia.

Like many others, when that clip of Yolanda Hadid telling her daughter Gigi Hadid to “have a couple of almonds and chew them really well” after she was on the verge of fainting went viral, I found it startling that the term “almond mom” perfectly encapsulated my mum’s obsession with healthy eating and portion control. I guess you could say: *my name is Bella Hadid*.

Although almond mums are hardly a new phenomenon, the trend provides us a framework to critically think about the behaviours our mothers modelled for us as kids, and how that continues to shape our relationship with food and our bodies. It’s also empowering to feel a sense of solidarity among other



young people, who are also using their twenties to unpack and unlearn the conditioning we experienced in our childhood.

Ironically, for most of my adolescence, I was genuinely convinced that I had a happy and healthy relationship with food. To put it bluntly, on most days, I lived in a state of denial. I believed

that severely restricting my calories, cutting out entire food groups and over-exercising to "compensate" any moments of "weakness," was not only normal, but a testimony to my unwavering commitment towards leading an extremely clean diet. I also justified my militant adherence to playing the numbers game of calorie counting on the delusion that I needed to drop weight as I had become blown up from junk food binges.

Before my diet became a rotation of sweet potatoes, rice cakes and broccoli, I felt like I couldn't control myself around processed food.

**Unsurprisingly, when you grow up in a household where junk food is completely off-limits, you kinda go berserk when you finally obtain access to it.**

For me, this started when I finally had money of my own through getting a paper run. With an Eftpos card and \$13 coming into my bank account every week, I could, for the first time, eat whatever my heart desired. It also didn't help that there wasn't a cost of living crisis in 2014, so you could easily score three bags of Doritos for five bucks when there was a supermarket special.

**But because my mum treated processed snacks like they were contraband, I didn't know how to eat chips or cookies in moderate, normal amounts. Instead, I was trapped in a cycle of bingeing**

until I was going to burst, detesting myself for gorging on "bad" food, before desperately trying to undo the damage by starving myself the next day, or going on frenzied two hour runs to burn through the calories I had ingested.

Eventually, the yo-yoing between bingeing and restricting evolved into full-blown calorie slashing and tracking.

**Even though I was watching the numbers on the scale drop, it was never enough. No matter how much weight, hair, or periods I lost, I still thought I looked "too big."**

Despite my knowledge of eating disorders and body dysmorphia, I genuinely believed I needed to be on a strict diet at all times, instead of viewing my disordered eating for what it truly was: a way to gain some sense of control over my life, a coping mechanism for my crippling self hatred and a product of the unhealthy perceptions of food imposed onto me by my almond mum.

Unsurprisingly, she unintentionally encouraged and fuelled my toxic behaviour during this time. After all, which "health nut" mum wouldn't be overjoyed that their daughter maintained a disciplined diet of fruit and vegetables, instead of being a lazy teenager who survived on greasy frozen pizza? There was a marked shift in our usually distant relationship. We began to bond over our obsession with clean eating and how we just didn't understand why people enjoyed fast food so much, while walking off our dinner around the block in the evenings.

Even I began to emulate the same pride she took in watching and maintaining her slim figure. When I

hit my "goal weight", I couldn't resist rubbing it in her face that I had finally lost enough pounds that I now weighed even less than her. For reference, she's a petite 5'3 woman and I was at least 5'7 at the time.

**When we travelled back home to China, my mum relished in our relative's comments about how “苗条” or “slender” I was, a huge compliment in the context of China's fatphobic beauty standards.**

Funnily enough, none of my extended family ever bothered to question why the foreign cousin only filled her rice bowl a quarter of the way (I was more scared of carbs than committing a cardinal sin), or wiped her food around on plates and tissues to dab off as much oil as possible.

Although I'm extremely thankful that food no longer dictates my life now, it's taken a hell of a long time to unlearn my old unhealthy eating habits and re-programme my perceptions of food. While disordered eating is

never monocausal, unpacking the beliefs and rules surrounding food that were modelled to me during childhood has especially been pivotal in understanding the "why" behind my food struggles, which I had previously written off as merely a "teenage girl thing."

Yet, it hasn't been easy. When I first came to the realisation that my mum's mentality towards food was not normal or healthy, my initial reaction was resentment. I was bitter. *She was the one who messed up my relationship with food. Imagine how much better my adolescence could have been if I didn't have a nutcase for a mother.*

**But what the almond mum trend and the process of healing childhood wounds demonstrates is that our parents are only human. Their harmful behaviours aren't developed in a vacuum, but also influenced by toxic social norms and beauty standards.**

The diet fads and weight loss craze of the eighties may seem ancient or long gone from our cultural landscape, but for our mothers, that was what they were taught when they too were young and impressionable girls.

While nobody should ever feel obliged to forgive and forget, rather than just pointing the fingers at our almond mums, it's more important to critique the society that shaped their upbringing in order to break the cycle of passing toxic attitudes towards food to the next generation.

Equally, it's also crucial to set healthy boundaries with almond mums. Even to this day, it's a continuous struggle to block out not just her snarky comments and unsolicited health advice, but also the fatphobic messages that still frame the ways society talks about food and body image. Unlike our younger selves, we now have the cognitive tools to call them out on their unhelpful comments, while slowly repairing our complicated and messy relationships with food.

No matter how much Gwyneth Paltrow tries to paint having just bone broth for lunch as "wellness", or how much your keto manager rants about the dangers of white bread, nothing will make you feel more healthy, energised, and alive, than having food freedom.





# Thai Noodles with Fish Curry and Chicken Feet

Mum's cooking tip: toenails must be trimmed off



EMILY SMITH

When my Thai mother cooks, she always makes two different dishes. One is the *farang*, the Thai word for foreigners, commonly used to refer to white people. Where for my father, my sister and me, she uses a frozen bag of mixed vegetables, a cut of meat, and boiled potatoes, paired with spring onions she grew herself.

The other is her food. She calls it 'jungle food'. Fried fish, chicken legs, beef tongue, and of course, chilli. So much chilli. Sometimes the stench is so thick that when she cooks, she has to open all the doors and windows. It lifts in the air, as deadly as smoke, gripping the back of my throat and making us all choke on our coughs.

I can't stand the taste of chillies. That's almost blasphemous for me to say. Mum grows them on every free patch of soil we have. They fill up every nook and cranny in our freezer. They somehow sneak their flavour into every pot and pan. Chillies are a staple in our household, in the same way that the fridge is immovable, or the same way that the rice cooker is permanently etched into the bench.

I can't decide if I dislike Thai food because of the tangy, spicy taste of chillies Mum pours into every dish, or if I just have no appetite for traditional Thai food. I'm Thai, but I can't stand Thai food. It is an oxymoron that always makes me cringe whenever I say it out loud.

**"Does your mum cook Thai food?"**

**This question usually comes up when I get asked about my heritage.**

**"Yes. I don't eat it though."**

**"You don't like Thai food? How can you**

**not?" they then ask, all agog.**

**Yes, person I have just met, it is something I have fought with myself for years and years now. I have been trying to get myself to like my mother's food, to feel more connected to a culture I am entirely exempt from because I don't speak the language or embrace the customs in our home. I can't even like her food, the bare minimum. And it makes me feel less Thai somehow, as if my taste buds have a direct effect on my cultural identity.**

**Instead I shrug. It's easier than explaining, "I just don't."**

I was raised on fish and chips by the beach. On a Bunnings snag that my tradie father gave us on a day trip, on the classic homemade mince and cheese pies sold from the bakery that sits up the road from our house. Anything more flavourful than a spiced apple-and-pork sausage roll is too much for me. Pathetic, I know.

However, my aversion to her "jungle food" is nothing compared to her own internal discomfort. I ask her questions as I type this out.

**"I'm writing an article about Thai food. What's the name of the chicken feet soup you make?"**

**"Why are you writing about Thai food?" She is displeased; I can tell by her expression.**

**"There are better things to write about," hisses the furrow in her brow. I don't want you to write about that", whispers the downward curl of her lip.**

**"Thai noodles with fish curry and chicken feet," she says instead.**



I don't think I'll ever brave the dish myself, but it makes for a good title.

Another time, during my second year of high school, I had a shared lunch in my homeroom. Mum always revels in shared school lunches. She loves to show off her cooking talents; she hounds me for the reception her dishes receive the second I walk through the door. She worked at St. Pierres for a few years and did her time at a Pak'n'Save Deli; consequently, she is an excellent sushi-maker and gourmet-sandwich extraordinaire. She takes great pride in these skills.

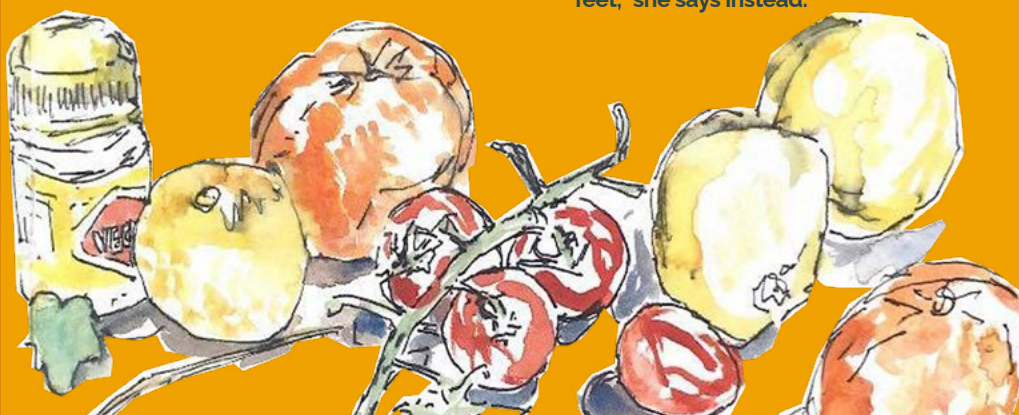
**"Can you cook Thai food instead?" I ask. "Everyone likes Thai food."**

**She wrinkles her nose. "They won't like my food. I'll make sushi."**

Back then, I didn't understand. Her 'jungle food' is beautiful, even if I didn't particularly like it. Fish sizzling in the pot. Cling-wrapped bundles of spiced meat, lining up in the fridge. Thai pudding wrapped in banana leaves. Reduced-to-clear mangoes, mashed into a paste and spread thin onto baking paper. It dries on the porch in the summer sun, and she rolls them into flaking curls that taste tart and sweet at the same time (I like this one.)

Now I'm a few years past the shared school lunches. The start of 2023 brings a lunar new year celebration at our home; a rarity for my self-described hermit parents. Mum's Thai friends swoop into our kitchen, bringing endless trays of meat, laden high with raw chicken, beef and pork. The backyard barbeque is lit and constantly in use, chilli smoke curling into the air. Children weave between my legs. I wade through throngs of people, aiming for the full food table. On one side of the table is Mum's jungle food. On the other, *farang* food for the *farang* husbands.

I make my plate and perch on the edge of Mum's circle of friends, attempting to make sense of the conversation I can't understand, my plate piled high with food I'll attempt to eat out of politeness.



# The trials and tribulations of having a food allergy

Why you, on a personal level, should feel bad for eating that muffin in front of me



TALIA NICOL

I've been diagnosed with coeliac disease for eight years. For those clueless to my tragic ailment, it's a severe allergy to gluten, that causes your immune system to attack its own tissue when gluten is consumed. It virtually prevents you from eating any kind of good food. So, in honour of all the lovely food on show in this issue that I can't eat, I've conned the editorial team into letting me have two pages to bitch and moan about my biggest gripes with being a little gluten free girlie in a world of wheat.

## The one token cabinet option at any café

In the top right of any café cabinet, there's about a 90% chance that you'll find the prized glory of any shitty hospitality establishment: low and behold, the gluten free brownie. It's usually hard as a rock, and looks like it's been sitting in their freezer since 2006. Also, most places have started advertising them as "low gluten" rather than "gluten free", to cover their asses over the fact that literally all of the equipment in their kitchen is caked in flour. A nice sentiment, but I wasn't going to eat that brownie anyway, girlboss: I can smell the mould on it from here.

## Getting lumped in with every other dietary requirement

I spent a long and particularly nasty year living in Waipārūrū the first year it opened to residents in 2020, boasting five different meal stations each night for students to choose from. Unfortunately, this breadth of opportunity was not extended to any of us with dietary requirements, who all

got lumped in together over at the one vegan meal station. For the record, the hall knew of my gluten allergy at least six months in advance of moving in, and insofar as statistics would have it (approximately 1 in 100 New Zealanders are coeliac) I probably wasn't the only coeliac in a hall of 700 students at the time. Also, I can't imagine the vegans and vegetarians enjoyed having to eat gluten free, so it really went both ways. By the time I had my already low iron checked again at the end of a month of seeing no red meat, I no shit had to go into the hospital for an infusion. The first time I went out for a meat burger after that month, I cried genuine tears.

## The weekly grocery bill is almost enough for a down payment on a house

Look, inflation is bad for everybody, but it's definitely worse if you have a food allergy (or preference). The only kind of gluten free bread that doesn't taste like asshole now costs \$10.99 a loaf, and that's actually not crazy—even the cheapest loaves (which do taste like asshole) are still around \$9.00. Four fucking frozen fish cakes will put me out the same amount, which is double the cost of most of the gluten versions. I have vegan friends that are paying \$8.00 at some places in the city for an alternative milk latté. A jar of coconut yoghurt for those who are dairy-free is an easy \$10.00. Yes, you no longer being able to buy a \$1.00 loaf of value bread is devastating, but spare a thought for those of us that are paying ten times the price for the same thing.

## People stealing the dietary food on the rare occasion it "looks good"

Recently, I saw this girl in the halls post a TikTok where she said that she eats the gluten free cereal at breakfast because it "tastes better." I had to delete the app for a few days to stop myself from regressing to the TikTok comment section and absolutely dragging an 18-year-old. I cannot count the number of times I went downstairs in 2020 and saw people swiping the gluten free biscuits at lunch—on the rare occasions they were even there—because they were "so much better than the gluten ones." I can count the number of times I made an angry confessional post about it though: one. Fuck off. We never get good food. You eating the cereal means I don't get breakfast because there's nothing left. Thanks for that. If I see you around campus, it's killattack on sight.

## The recurring nightmares about eating the food you're allergic to

Over the years I've fallen prey to many dreams where I've consumed some gluten-filled substance. Ice cream cones on cruise ships, cinnamon rolls at McDonald's, the list goes on. The problem is, even my dream self never actually lets me enjoy them, and I always wake up to my third-eye chakra music, absolutely drenched in sweat and having a panic attack. That being said, I've never heard another person with a food allergy complain about this, so the recurring fear of eating gluten in my dreams might just be a me problem actually.



## There are virtually no good takeaways or restaurants

I was diagnosed with coeliac disease in 2015, after months of being unable to stomach food and being generally unwell. Knowing absolutely nothing about being gluten free, the first thing my mother and I did after leaving the hospital was drive through the KFC drive-thru and grab hot chips (figuring I was just eating potatoes). Turns out, I was eating potatoes coated in flour. We quickly educated ourselves, and I have not eaten KFC since. It's been eight years and I swear I still have the occasional meltdown over wanting potato and gravy. 90% of the time I go out to lunch with friends, I have to sit there and eat nothing or have poached eggs on toast while my friends try the most exotic looking dishes on the planet—at least, comparatively. Like they say, you never know when you're doing something for the last time. I would've savoured that KFC trip so much more if I'd known.

## Everyone thinks it's like a fucking lactose intolerance

Let me be crystal clear: no, babes, no. It's not like a fucking lactose intolerance. It's so nice for you that you can enjoy half a punnet of ice cream and then shit your brains out, that's so brave! Unfortunately if I decided to do that with gluten, my intestines would literally stop working. I'd absorb no nutrients from my food, rapidly lose energy, iron, and weight, and, if I did it for long enough, probably give myself bowel cancer. But enjoy the cow's milk in your iced coffee! I'm sorry your tummy hurts babygirl :( Maybe you just shouldn't have fucking consumed milk.

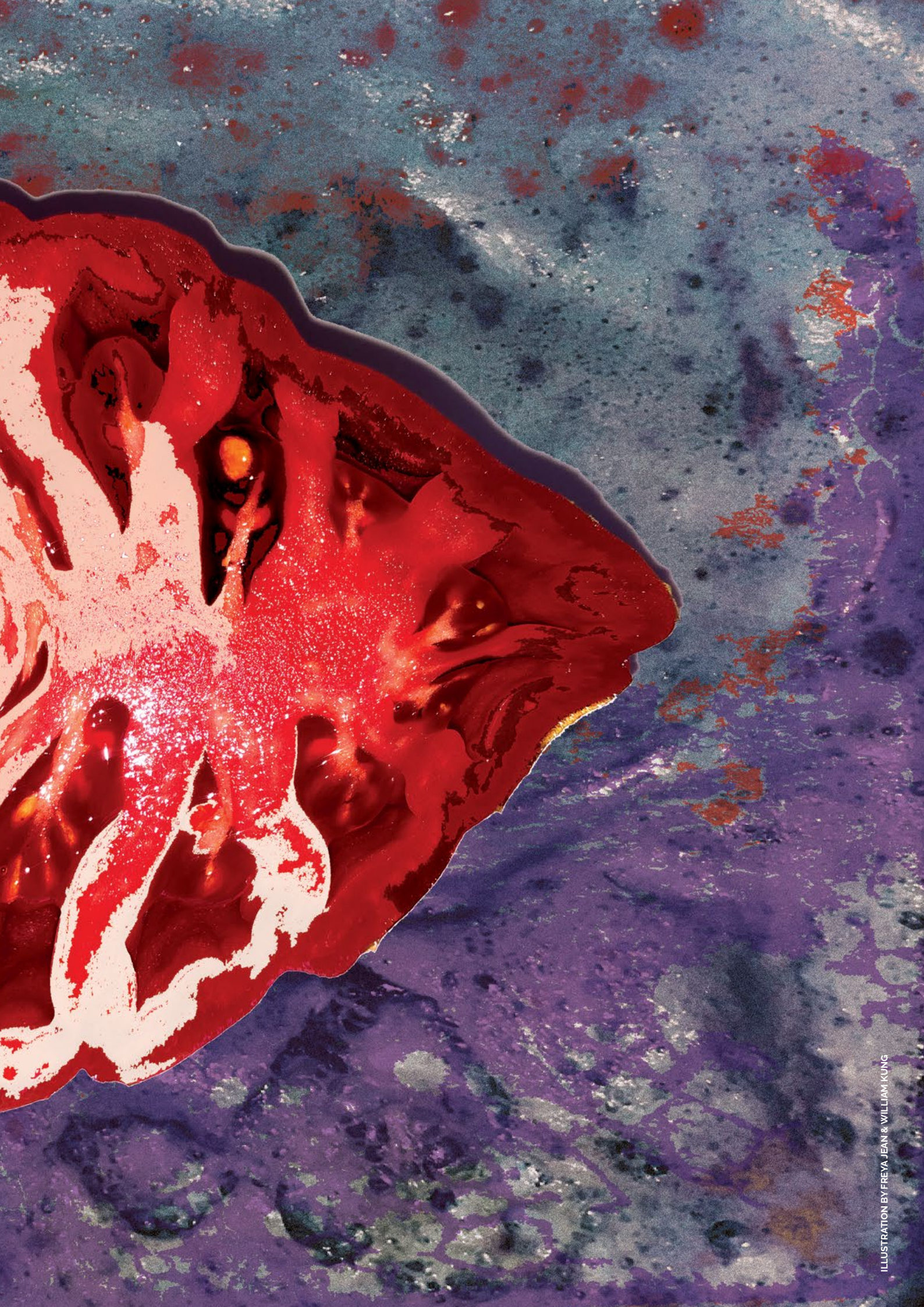
In short, if you see me around campus and I'm glaring at you while you eat your MunchyMart muffin, I'm sorry—I'm just jealous. There's only so much gluten exposure a girl can handle.













# Paris and Abby Take on 'The Menu'

How hard can it be? The answer is 'very.'



PARIS BLANCHFIELD





It's 10pm and Abby and I are standing in her kitchen. Our shoulders are slumped, heads low and stomachs uncomfortably full. We have spent the last five hours unsuccessfully recreating Chef Slowick's infamous dishes from Mark Mylod's film, *The Menu*. Why, you might ask? We did this for you. And now you get to bear witness to our sacrilegious recreations. *You're welcome.*

When the idea for this article was first conceived, I was presumptuous enough to believe that the combination of mine and Abby's limited culinary knowledge would result in some passable dishes. I saw the film last year and remembered the simplicity of most platings; a breadless bread plate and raw oysters seemed doable. Easy, even. Sure, the main courses looked a little more complex but realistically, how hard could it really be?

The first knock to my confidence occurred when putting together a grocery list. Those who have seen the film would know that each dish is featured on screen with a close up and description of what it entails. When putting the list together, these clips were my only point of reference. Due to Chef Slowick's elaborate platings and unconventional ways of preparing normal ingredients, I found myself at a loss for what produce was actually needed for elements such as 'pressure cooked vegetables.' The reference photos were of no help either; the small disks of orange in 'The Mess' looked like carrots but could just as easily be strangely prepared pumpkin.

When I finally finished compiling the list of groceries, it consisted largely of question marks following terms like

'dubious green vegetable' and 'a shallot? Perhaps.' Of the ingredients I managed to identify, I knew many would have to be swapped out or cut altogether. After requesting the company card, Editor George sent through a heartfelt plea to keep the budget under \$80 (have thou not heard of the cost of living crisis) and consequently, oysters and caviar were cut. When all was said and done, and charges to the company card had been approved, the final list of dishes ended up including 'A Man's Folly,' 'Memory,' 'The Mess,' and the classic cheeseburger.



### Dish One: Passad Eggs

Served to Chef Slowick's diners during their attempt to escape the restaurant, the glamorous (yet seemingly simple) Passad Egg seemed like a good place for Abby and I to start. The dish was created by French Michelin Star chef, Alain Passard and was originally known as the *chaud-froid oeuf* or "hot-cold egg." We went into this one in a delusional state of confidence, which quickly faded when we realised that neither of us owns an egg topper. It took approximately 40 minutes for me to saw through the tops of the eggs and a further 10 to realise that the holes I made weren't wide enough to accommodate a spoon. Nevertheless, we pressed on.

Once the egg yolks were separated and placed back into the hacked-up egg shells, we encountered problem two—cooking them. With the holes at the top of the shells threatening to spill our last two intact yolks, Abby and I were forced to clamp each egg with kitchen tongs and hold them in boiling water until they were cooked.



This process was not quick. In fact, the poaching of the yolks took so long that our pre-prepared creme fraiche mixture had warmed to a lukewarm state on the bench, dashing our hopes for a genuine *chaud-froid* experience. After plating we were left with a kind of 'tepid egg,' if you will. The taste? Borderline enjoyable but it did feel like eating a strange dip straight out of the carton. The presentation? Dubious, at best.

### Dish Two: Memory (Chicken Tacos With Sissors)

Conceptually, this dish seemed very simple. It entails an entire smoked chicken breast served alongside tortillas printed with each diner's guilty secrets. As someone who has only ever cooked chicken in a pan, the idea of smoking it threw me a little. After some light googling I came to the conclusion that our lack of a smoker, which I am embarrassingly unfamiliar with, may cause a slight issue. Instead, we chose to throw it in the oven. Did we forget to season it? Yes absolutely. However, it was cooked through so I still classify this as a win.

Our dwindling enthusiasm after the Passard Egg debacle was quickly reignited when creating our own slanderous tortillas for each other. While we didn't have access to the state of the art laser printing device used in the film, our chopstick and food dye approach to calligraphy proved surprisingly successful. Abby made the low blow of associating me with the ACT Party (I could never betray Chloe Swarbrick like that) and I rebutted by bringing her enjoyment of Colleen Hoover novels to light. Which accusation is worse? You be the judge.

Presentation-wise, I'd give us a 10/10



but I will be the first to admit that this did not taste good. It was an unseasoned grilled chicken on a plain tortilla and the only sauce we used was in the form of food colouring. I'd like to think that this would've been a hit had we been able to source an authentic Bresse chicken, but alas.

### Dish Three: *The Mess*

This dish was the first one to instil in me a sense of visceral fear. Not only was I unable to identify the exact vegetables used but our disorganisation resulted in us lacking the one key element: bone marrow. Without it, the plating consists merely of a few potatoes (I think?) and some cubes of steak; so with this in mind, I got to work. In what I consider my most genius move of the whole ordeal, I managed to carve a raw



potato into a vaguely bone-marrow-ish shape.

While our potatoes were by no means confit-ed, it could be said that the rest of the cooking process was reasonably successful. Our steaks were surprisingly well cooked (we seasoned them this time) and the basil garnishes made the plating undeniably passable. My criticism relates mostly to our time management style which resulted in some borderline-chilly potatoes. At least we got the froid-chaud thing right in the end.

### Dish Four: Cheeseburger

In the film, the cheeseburger represents freedom. It's the dish that allows Margo's character a safe exit from the restaurant and one that brings Chef Slowick back to his culinary roots. This sense of liberation was poignant for Abby and I too; one more dish and we could both finally clock out. Morale was at an all time low, vape breaks were becoming more and more frequent and the kitchen had become more mess than bench. After the first three dishes, all of which we had since demolished, the sluggishness was beginning to creep in and this final push felt outside our collective capacity. Thankfully, the recipe was simple. Had we saved the Passard Eggs or The Mess for last, I'm positive tears would have been spilled.



As expected, the cooking went off without a hitch. It's a simple dish and we're not entirely useless. Though upon sitting down to commence the taste testing component, I noticed our brows were both firmly knotted together. With three meals already consumed, the thought of ingesting this magnitude of beef and cheese was borderline unthinkable. Once again, we persevered and both committed to a single bite. Abby's review? "Yeah it's decent."

I think that Abby's comment neatly summarises the entirety of our 5 hour culinary expedition. The dishes, while not delicious per se, were undeniably edible and as I sit here writing this article three days later, no cases of food poisoning have occurred. With these two positives in mind, I think it's safe to classify our collective efforts as an almost-success.

**The 95bFM Top 10**  
March 15, 2023

**HYBRID ROSE**  
PLANET INTERCOURSE  
95FM

**top ten**  
with Frances

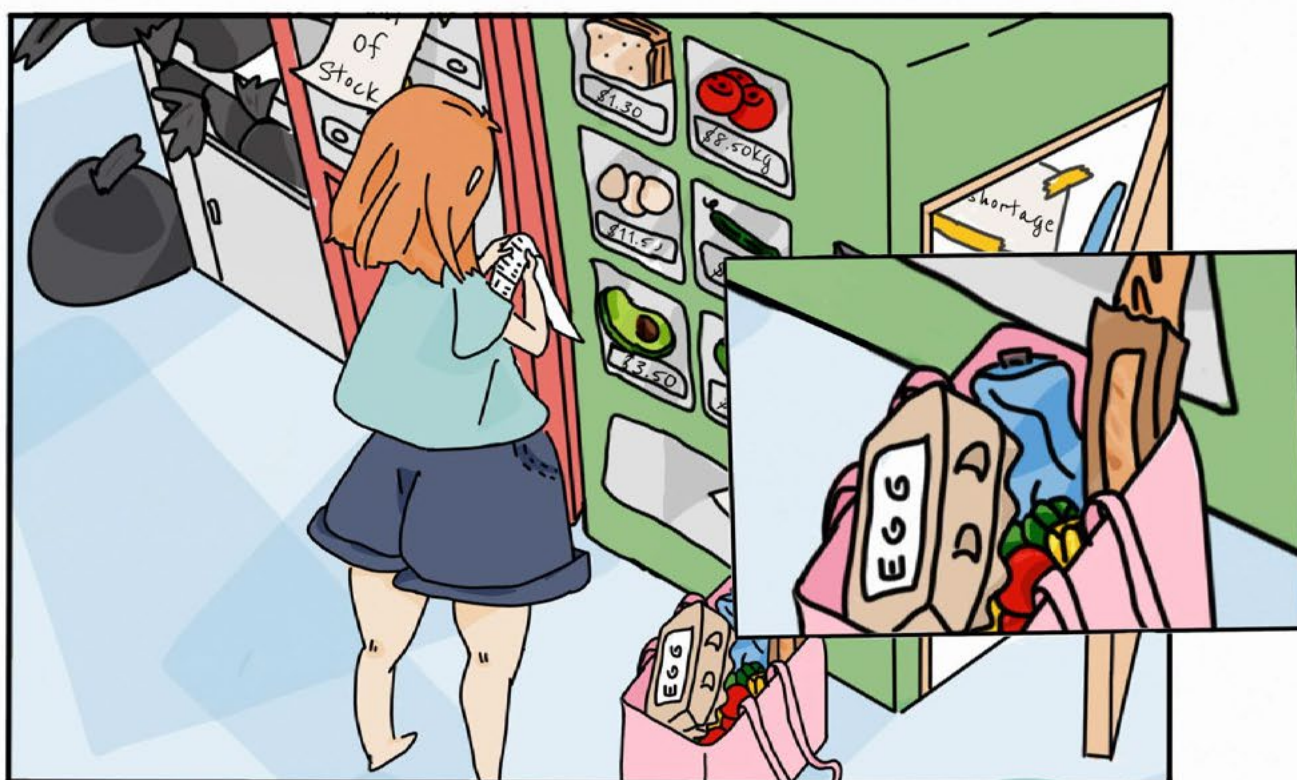
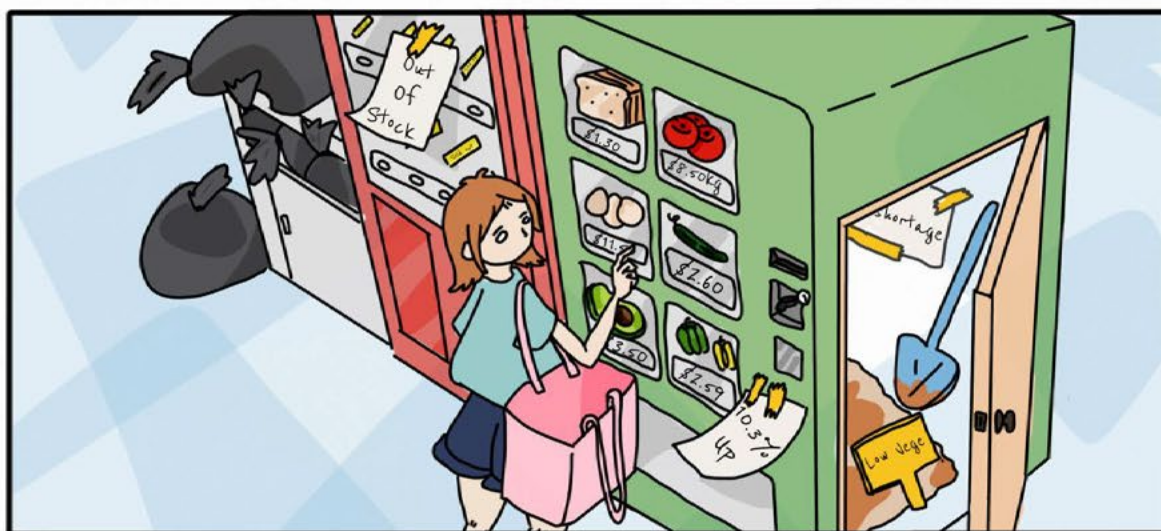
March 15, 2023

1. Hybrid Rose - Planet Intercourse
2. Grecco Romank - Celestial Poison
3. Proteins of Magic - Divine Physics
4. A Blunt Jester - Eartha Kitt
5. Gnoomes - Ax Ox
6. Tiki Taane - Soldiers of Fire (ft. DubFx, Tali, Pdigsss)
7. Sleaford Mods - So Trendy
8. Jonathan Bree - Pre-Code Hollywood
9. And\$um x Lui Mill - Nobody Wants To Hear You Rap
10. Eden Burns, Christopher Tubbs - Made Of Brass (Original Mix)

Text VOTE with your choice to 5395 or visit [95bFM.com/vote](https://95bFM.com/vote)  
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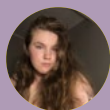
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# kitchenhand

reflecting on sweaty sunburnt summers spent in hospo hell, and a love letter to the hot baristas of Aotearoa



ABBY IRWIN-JONES

When I was old enough to have my licence, but young enough that my superiority complex made me a danger on the roads, I spent my summers in the rural beach town my father lives in learning how to ride my motorbike. You may know this town, if, like me,

you grew up watching Narnia, or if, unlike me, you grew up with parents that loved each other and therefore had the joint income to afford a bach there. Regardless of our origins, we all flocked to the bay for our holidays. If the Coromandel Peninsula was Epsom, then we were the kids tricycling around the cul-de-sac street of this dead-end settlement on the precipice of the Tasman Sea.

For my dad it was conditional that when moving from the back of his bike onto one of my own he was the one that would teach me, on quieter roads where I could unlearn my hereditary penchant for speeding. So, within hours of the Trade Me auction closing we blitzed away on the physical manifestation of my life savings, and I kissed the glamorous metropolis of Auckland goodbye. Like in *Hannah Montana: The Movie*, when Billy Ray forces Miley out to the countryside and she has to strap her hot pink city-girl luggage to the back of a white horse. Except for me it was Sarah J Maas' entire bibliography and the Country Road overnight bag every child of divorce owns bungie-corded to the back of a glorified scooter that wasn't very spiritually in tune with its fifth gear.

I spent my dawns in those months in the crash course of the Kopu-Hikuai Ranges, back country roads that exist for the main purpose of dick-measuring contests between utes with about 17 sheep dogs

and a Swannndri pop-up-shop in their truckbeds. Which is to say there was no speed limit. The centreline was a line break in Waka Kotahi's poem of road rules, a bit of creative licence up for interpretation. I spent hours following my dad's tail lights, and when stopped at intersections engaging him in Socratic debate on why having to wear a high vis was cringe. Then he would deposit me back at his house and ensure my kickstand was firmly on the ground before heading to work for the day.

But, as someone who has been clinically advised not to spend too much time alone with their thoughts, too much of the Country Calendar life threatened to become a masterclass in popping a wheelie off of a cliff. So, I started job-hunting. Call me a nepo baby, but within ten minutes of my dad putting a post up on the community Facebook page a handful of his mates were begging for a teenage workhorse to exploit. In a town with a total of one road, the job economy was full of exciting opportunities—scooping ice cream at the dairy, scooping ice cream at the ice cream shop, washing dishes at the restaurant, or washing dishes at the café. Sadly, my one true calling was out of reach; I wasn't allowed to pull pints at the pub because the one cop in a 100km radius was there too often, and my youthful radiance and boundless zest for life betrayed me as only freshly 16.

Through the process of elimination, I chose the café. The loudness of children sends me into sensory overload, something I find them morally blameworthy for—so foraying into the ice cream industry was a no-go unless I felt compelled to speedrun mass-pedicide. And my body's circadian rhythm is aligned with when MAFS Australia finishes at 8:35pm sharp, so the late-night dinner services at the



bistro would not have agreed with me. And thus, with not a CV nor contract in sight, I donned the livery of my first (and only) hospo job.

Let it be known now and forevermore that I am NOT someone with a strong work ethic. I will never be a “5-9 before my 9-5” girlie. Absolutely no grindset, and certainly no girlbossing.

**So to my beloved hospitality comrades, I salute you for being God’s strongest soldiers. Every night you wash away the sins of the industry and find it within yourselves to return in the morning, and yet years later I still see cronut filling and soy cappuccino foam floating on the dishwater of my dreams.**

I found self-actualisation at the bottom of a kitchen sink in the knowledge that I am profoundly lazy and am best suited to employment that accommodates that.

To set the scene: the shifts were long and so were our uniform sleeves, permanently broth-burnt and spirit-stained. No one taught me how to use the industrial dishwasher so for a hot minute there I was scrubbing everything by hand. We were staffed almost entirely by backpackers with questionable visa status and sometimes insufferably laidback attitudes to the thousands of customers that come with being the only café for literally fucking ages. There was no table service, so you had to order at the counter—something that cabals of American tourists viewed as a veritable humanitarian crisis. I spent my days welding my fingerprints to the

bottoms of scalding plates then having to pry them off to point out directions—

*trail walk that way beach this way bus out of town goes twice a day if Faith’s in the lifeguard tower can you tell her she left her sunnies at my dad’s house yeah just say the girl at the café she’ll know who you mean*

—My narcissism revelled in masquerading like one of the locals, putting jaffas on Auckland holidaymakers’ takeaway cups and placing my pin on the world map on the wall firmly on the shoreline just a few metres from the door. The cell reception is patchy and my dad is one of those “what would I need wi-fi for” boomers, so all my city-slicking fans received was the occasional Instagram story of a beach sunset and attempts to soft-launch my future marriage to the gorgeous barista who either didn’t know how to pronounce my name with his German accent or just didn’t know it at all. Sometimes once we had closed, he would help me with the last dishes of the day, and rest his chin on top of my head so he could prop his phone up on the shelf above me and watch basketball. Then he and the other staff would go back to their hostel, to make the night into memories they could relay to me the next day over a symphony of milk wands. After work on those days, I walked the entire stretch of the beach, wading through the estuary (or swimming, depending on the tide), holding my Nikes, my phone, and my leftovers from the cabinet over my head so they didn’t get wet. I’d arrive home dripping, salt-crustured, hands steel-wool-scrubbed to the bone.

I’ve never felt much connection to food or cooking, apart from a deeply emotional relationship with Kebab King. I had a TV dinner childhood and my brother and I laughed my mum out of the room when she brought home a dining table one day that has still never been used. I prefer Uber Eats or food in packets that make me feel like a tribute in the Hunger Games nibbling on some bread from the Capitol in a wide angle camera shot that likely has some socio-political significance. But as much as I ached and I bitched and I scrubbed until that cutlery was more polished than any poem I’ve had to perform for

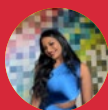
way more money than what that café job paid, I loved being in that kitchen. The no-bullshit chefs that would give such terrible reckons they may as well have been Herald Premium opinion piece writers. The baristas who taught me how to use the machine because of how often I asked them to make me coffee. Skiving off in the walk-in freezer to cool down. Sharing half an eggs benny with a girl I spent nine hours a day with for two months then never saw again.

**In the afternoons my dad deemed the roads were safe enough, he would bring my bike down to me at the end of the day. Come in the staff door, put an apron on, kiss the chefs’ cheeks. Some days he did fuck all but gossip. Some days he unspooled stories from the mouths of tourists. Some days he washed the dishes and I dried.**

At the end of it he would let me ride my bike for a few laps of the main road. What I loved most about that bike was the hidden compartment under the seat. The way it fit two takeaway coffees in it perfectly. The way he would sneak a jaffa from the counter to put on top of my cup.

# One Woman, One Crock-Pot

Julia Child believed gourmet eating was all about the process of slow, careful cooking. To Julia I say: nothing good, of course, ever comes easy...**unless you own a crock-pot bitch!!**



AMANDA JOSHUA



In an era of slow / fast cookers, pressure cookers, air fryers and various other kitchen appliances promising to cook you dinner and treat you right, I postulate there is no contraption so brilliant, nor so useful to the uni student, as the humble crock-pot.

The OG crock-pot was invented in 1941 by Irving Naxon as a nifty way for Orthodox Jews to adhere to religion and make *cholent* (a wonderful slow-cooked stew) without working over Shabbat. They could pop the ingredients in before sunset on Friday evening and enjoy home-made food throughout the weekend. Though born tragically Christian, I benefit from the ingenuity of my Orthodox cousins every time I come home to a steaming crock-pot dinner. The modern working uni student doesn't have time to be chained to the kitchen for hours; we have lectures to put off till next Wednesday and Tinder admin to attend to. The big daddy of the kitchen, the

ChatGPT of chicken stew if you will: the crock-pot (#notspoons) lets you partake in easy, careless cooking that tastes like it took hours. (I mean it did, but you don't have to hang around). It also lets you get sophisticated: from a range of easy stews to complicated sounding french classics like beef bourguignon, or even upside down pineapple cake!! Whatever you end up choosing, you need only toss in your ingredients in the morning, go about your day and come home to a hot, delicious and flavourful meal. It's literally the equivalent of those 5 minute spray and walk away commercials!! (again #notspoons).

Historian Ruth Schwartz Coven notes that before the stove, we cooked over the fire, so almost every culture has a version of these hearty one-pot meals. This means the crock-pot allows you freedom and diversity in your meals. You can branch out and go crazy, exploring all the cuisines that Uber Eats is surely overcharging you for. For a

second-gen brown kid, the crock-pot means making curries that remind me of the homeland without standing in the kitchen and stirring that shit around for legit 2 hours.

**If you are a fellow  
curry enthusiast  
(or even one of the  
numerous muppets  
over the years who  
have informed me  
they love Indian  
food, then yap about  
that colonised 'mild  
butter chicken with  
garlic naan' bullshit)  
this one's for you:**



## Amanda's Chicken Curry: (not) exactly like grandma makes it

### INGREDIENTS:

**Coconut oil** x1 phat tablespoon  
**Ginger/ garlic paste** (essential to the base of any curry) x2 tablespoons  
**Coconut milk** (optional)  
**Curry powder** (if you order lemon/ herb at Nandos [side-eye] stick to the mild)  
**Turmeric powder** x1 tablespoon  
**GREEN CHILLIES!!** (to taste but minimum 2)  
**Salt** (Pink Himalayan Rock variety if you bougie)  
**Curry leaves** x4 (optional)  
**Cumin seeds** (optional)  
**Chopped onions** x4 (not optional)  
**Tomatoes** x1 tin  
**Cubed chicken** x1 kilo (last you all week babyy)

### INSTRUCTIONS:

**NONE.** Just chuck it all in there dawg. In true grandma fashion, I will not be providing specifics on how much of each thing to add. Eyeball that shit. Ingredients like the coconut milk are purely dependent on how creamy you like your curry, you could forgo it entirely and it would still be delicious (the onions and tomatoes will caramelize into a lovely base). Oil is another thing you could skip, though the coconut oil does add some wonderful fragrance. Salt is to taste, and so is chilli (but is it really curry if it doesn't make you sweat a little?). I will urge you to go for chicken thighs with the bone IN: it is sure to give you more flavour than plain ol' chicken breast. Leave your ingredients on the low'n'slow for five hours/ high for 3, get those readings done and enjoy!!



## 'UoA Meat club Who?' Beef Stew

### INGREDIENTS:

**Olive oil** x2 tablespoons  
**Ginger / garlic paste** x2 tablespoons  
**Diced onions** x3  
**Tomato paste** x3 generous tablespoons  
**Cubed Beef** x1 kilo (chuck steak works, most packaged meat will have labels alerting you to what's good for stewing)  
**Literally any fucking vegetable you have in the fridge** (kale is great bc you can't taste it)  
 Again, **turmeric powder** x1 tablespoon (it kills germs in your meat and it's great for you)  
**Beef stock** x3 cups  
**Salt & Pepper** (to taste)

I am once again asking you to please add some **green 'chillies** (so good for winter, yess clear them sinuses bestie)

### INSTRUCTIONS:

*I would like to begin by announcing that anyone who tells you 'cooking is an exact science' is a f@cking p\*ssy!!* It is virtually impossible to fuck up this stew; you can add pretty much anything you'd like and aren't seeing on the aforementioned list. Chop up some potatoes, carrots, broccoli, silverbeet! For my aromatic lovers, add rosemary, thyme, whatever your delightful little heart desires! Don't adhere to any rules!! Cut up your meat and vegetables with kitchen scissors while the holy spirit of Gordon Ramsay swears at you from down below (idk where England is geographically). Personally, I'm a fan of adding half of those King's Minestrone packets: it comes with lots of exciting grains, lentils, etc!! A cautionary note to take it easy on the salt though; the beef stock comes packing. Cook it low and slow for 5 hours, or on high for 3 hours and taste all those flavours singing in anti-vegan chorus from your hearty stew. I recommend eating it from one of them big ass bowls with some good, well-buttered bread. (It'll make you feel straight off 'Little House on the Prairie' or you know, that Kim K pilgrim meme that's been making the rounds).

Go forth, my little chefs, the world is your crock-pot! Do Craccum proud and make sure you tag us in any crock-pot ventures you partake in!!



LAST NIGHT, I EXPERIENCED SOMETHING NEW, AN EXTRA-ORDINARY MEAL FROM A SINGULARLY UNEXPECTED SOURCE [THE CROCK-POT]. TO SAY THAT BOTH THE MEAL AND ITS MAKER [THE CROCK-POT] HAVE CHALLENGED MY PRECONCEPTIONS ABOUT FINE COOKING IS A GROSS UNDERSTATEMENT. THEY HAVE ROCKED ME TO MY CORE. [WITH THE CROCK-POT] ANYONE CAN COOK!

-ANTON EGO FROM RATATOUILLE AFTER TRYING THESE RECIPES PROBABLY.

# Cafe Hopping; The New Bar Hopping?

Cafe hopping, the perfect hobby for a broke uni student who is desperate for a sweet treat, brisk hot-girl walk but most importantly—caffeine...which I've found is more like blood for certain students, a lifeline if you will.



SANSKRUTI BANERJEE

## Why Cafe Hopping?

Lying piss faced in bed hungover after a night out bar-hopping? Nah, why not cafe hop instead! Trust me, this should be every university student's favourite pastime. Whether you value coffee more than your grades, have a secret crush on a barista or just don't want to be swarmed by the evil little first years on campus, this is it for you!

## How to—A Beginners Guide

You can go to study or prepare for that looming deadline with your own beats, just chill out and take aesthetic pics or appreciate the background noise and vibes. There really is no guide on what to do when cafe hopping. The best part is, you can go solo or with mates. The concept lies in the name, you choose a few different locations and before the coffee gets cold, you drink it and move to the next! Something about everyone with their heads down being productive is bound to get something kick started in you...if not just chug some caffeine so you stay awake at your next lecture, that you're definitely still going to.

## My personal recommendations for you

On that note, here are some of my favourite cafes in the CBD that I most definitely think you and your friends—that is if you have some, should check out! If not, take a solo trip. You are so welcome, in advance. Let's take a look at these based on food and drink options, the vibes themselves, my personal menu favourites & customer reviews too to convince you even more.



**RECEPTIONIST COFFEE:** 10/10 for coffee—tucked away in the middle of High Street, you will always be greeted by smiling faces, they're the best and the coffee and drinks are phenomenal. Alongside this, Mr K the owner has the most delicious, baked in store croissants! Whether you want the classic almond croissant, a ham and cheese for lunch, or chocolate, these are definitely the best I have ever had. Crumbly in each and every single bite, I guarantee. Vibes wise, there is a cute little indoor seating area so if you want to have a yarn with friends while sipping your coffee or munching before class, you definitely can! They also have another branch towards the art gallery side of Lorne street, more of a hole-in-the-wall area, round the corner.

Customers have stated;

*"Best coffee I've ever had."*

*"The staff are prompt, polite and always down for a chat."*

*"Mr K and his team are coffee wizards!"*



**THE SHELF:** Another cafe on high street, which true to its name has a great selection of shelf food and amazing drinks! My personal favourites have to be the chai and 'make it yourself' iced chocolates with rich milk and chocolate to pour on the side of course. The ambience is absolutely perfect with dimmed lights and wifi, great for study dates. There are little booths in the back, high tables and coffee tables, so there's truly a place for everyone.

Customers have stated;

*"Neat and tidy cafe, with great attention to detail."*

*"Great coffee and smoothies, love coming to get work done."*





**COSMO COFFEE:** Cosmo coffee offers both drinks, dessert and fusion style food all in one. Located very close to uni, this is one of my friends' favourite spots to grab coffee! I absolutely adore their smooth creamy matcha, and multitude of croissants; from strawberry, to oreo and more. Other menu items include cruffins and croffles, and a wide range of fusion sandwiches too! Their playlist is immaculate and with black interiors alongside indoor plants, this makes for a perfect study spot if you need some of that ambient background noise!

Customers have stated;

*"Great coffee and plenty of options to go around!"*

*"Truly the best matcha I've had in the city."*

*"So many gluten free options."*



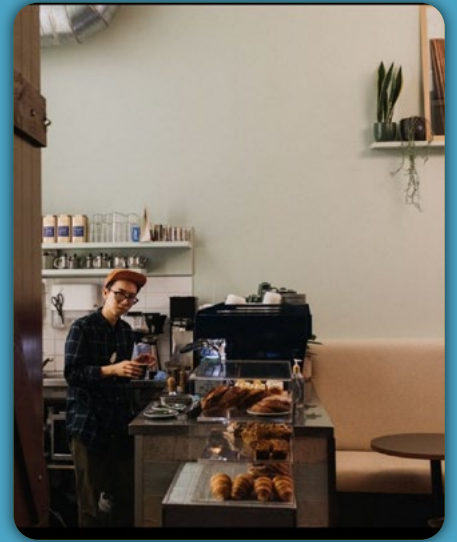
**KOMPASS COFFEE:** Another cafe very close to uni, serving up specialty coffee along with delicious baked goods. Kompass has an incredible selection of shelf food including croissants, muffins and pastries. Trending on social media for their beautiful latte art, you can be sure to have a fantastic and aesthetic experience at this coffee shop. They also have unique coffee flavours; such as their newly curated black sesame cream latte.

Customers have stated;

*"My favourite place to be in the city."*

*"This place has soul!"*

*"The barista is lovely and super friendly, and the vibes are fabulous."*



**DOUBLE DOUBLE COFFEE BAR:** Moving to a little hole in the wall on Elliott Street! Double Double has been trending on many posts on cafe-tok on TikTok because of their unique coffee bar setting. Tucked in with intimate table arrangements, the coffee is always ready to go here. There's lots of shelf food to choose from too, a customer favourite being their 'Cornflake Crack Brownie' - caramelised cornflakes atop a chocolate brownie base? Say less!

Customers have stated;

*"Toasties are too good to be true."*

*"Coffee is supreme."*

*"I took a girl on a date here and she loved it."*

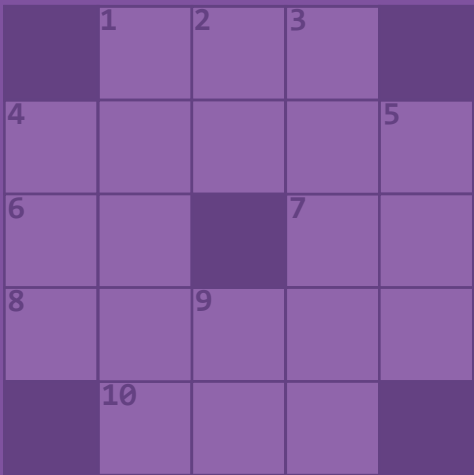
So there you have it, the ULTIMATE guide to cafe-hopping. I hope you've been inspired to take a change of scenery and scout out a cute new cafe! If you visit any of the above, let them know Craccum led you there!



# ~dessert puzzles~

## Across

- Much...about nothing 1  
Steeple 4  
Artificial Intelligence 6  
Bachelor of Science 7  
Hysteria 8  
Negatory (adverb) 10



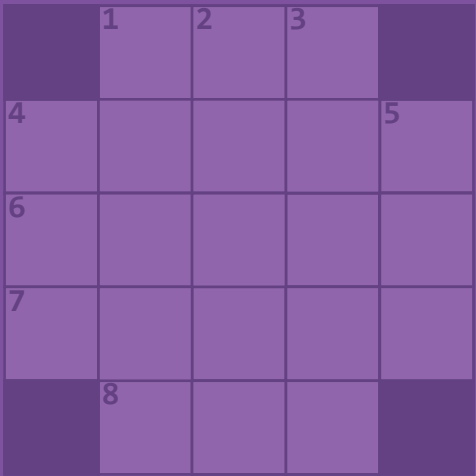
## Down

- Relating to Bees 1  
Twice, Double 2  
Planet's path 3  
Drain 4  
Computer key 5  
Negatory 9

Mouth watering!

## Down

- 1 Basketballer, surname Bird  
2 Thorn Bush  
3 Agonizes (over)  
4 A Sanitary Product  
5 Sick



## Across

- 1 Pounds (Abbreviated)  
4 Cental Drawing in Architecture  
6 Little Mermaid  
7 Speak Slowly with long vowel sounds  
8 Years (Abbreviated)

tantalising!



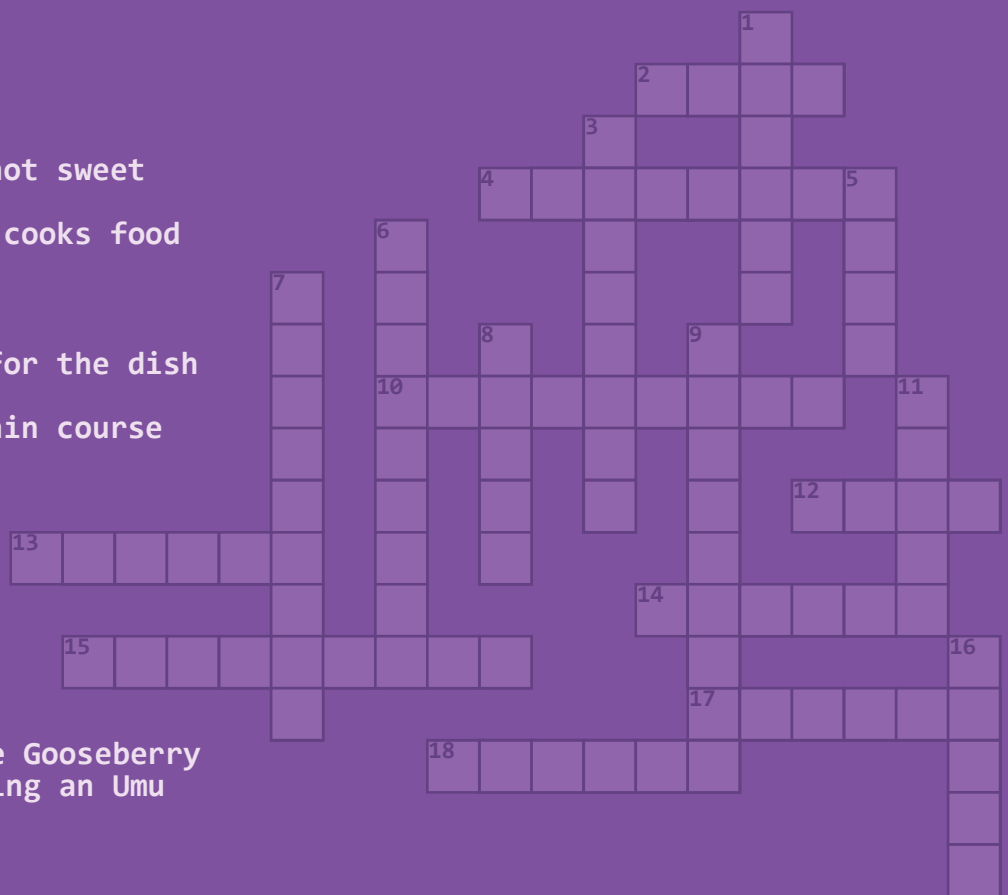
# scrumptious!

## Across

- 2 Meat from Calves
- 4 Salty or spicy, but not sweet
- 10 Avocado Dip
- 12 Enclosed cavity that cooks food
- 13 Light evening meal
- 14 Cooking instructions
- 15 Nourishment
- 17 Moroccan stew named for the dish it is cooked in
- 18 Dish served before main course

## Down

- 1 Famous NZ Honey
- 3 Fried Squid
- 5 Centre of Egg
- 6 Long Pasta
- 7 Once known as Chinese Gooseberry
- 8 Method of cooking using an Umu
- 9 Zucchini
- 11 Food Strainer
- 16 Skewered Meat



			1		5			
1	4					6	7	
	8				2	4		
	6	3		7			1	
9								3
	1			9		5	2	
		7	2				8	
	2	6					3	5
			4		9			

T U N O C O C C G R I T  
 G I C C A N N U O N T D  
 R E A N A N A B I V E U  
 A N F I N V D R T H E R  
 P O S E A M A A E S H I  
 E S L A G D E E S O B A  
 E E C I N A U P N S E N  
 T O H A V C H E R R Y H  
 E G M C Y E Y D O N O T  
 H N A V Y D L O Q U A T  
 E A T H E L E B R A I N  
 S M I W C U C U M B E R

Banana  
 Cucumber  
 Guava  
 Lychee  
 Olive

Cherry  
 Durian  
 Honeydew  
 Mandarin  
 Pear

Coconut  
 Grape  
 Loquat  
 Mango

~tasty~

# HOROSCOPES

Each horoscope as what food you would be or need at the present moment this week!



**ARIES** - You'd probably be something like steak or a protein shake. No rhyme intended. Always on the go, probably needing fuel that isn't caffeine and you do things without breaking a sweat. I don't recommend the steak and then the shake though...for your own sake.

**TAURUS** - A cheesy warm pasta dish. Carbonara, pesto, microwave macaroni, anything works. Taurus' value comfort over everything and you're the zodiac that loves eating the most, probably a born foodie and most likely not picky. Because of the materialistic needs you may refuse to admit, add a glass of red wine - stay classy.



**GEMINI** - A nice calming cup of tea - perhaps chai, a herbal tea or one that's fruit infused or has mint leaves. Your mind has been chaotic lately and you definitely need something calming. This will soothe your nervous system.



**CANCER** - A fresh loaf of bread or something baked, right out of the oven. You radiate wholesome warm energy and you usually won't shy away from something salty, full of fat and delicious. Sourdough bread perhaps?

**LEO** - A full on brunch. You've been stressed, sick and just overall a mess lately because the stars are in utter imbalance for you. Best way to refuel the chakras? Eat well, and treat yourself. We all know you love the attention, so the meal should be hearty and show stopping too.



**VIRGO** - An acai bowl. You're on a health kick these days and need something refreshing but still yum. You're actually probably organised with uni stuff so take a relaxing morning, do some gua sha and enjoy your acai bowl. Do it with all the cute decorations and coconut flakes on the side.

**LIBRA** - Honey mustard chips. Libra's are ruled by an interesting beauty, so you'll appreciate the experimental side of this combo - perhaps even chilli chocolate. Popcorn and marshmallows with a movie night. Long story short, if anyone can appreciate a strange food combination, it's definitely you!



**SCORPIO** - Tteokbokki. Aka Korean spicy rice cakes. I mean come on, you're always bringing the heat (way more than necessary sometimes) so why not get a kick out of something just as hot. Mouth on fire, sinus' cleared and beads of sweat is when you know the spice is good. If you can't handle the spice, for goodness sake step it up, don't be a disappointment or a result of colonisation.



**SAGITTARIUS** - A funfetti ice cream. You need something that's the life of the party, a rave, maybe even opt for an ice cream cake. You've either been going out too much or not at all these days, so sort yourself out babes.



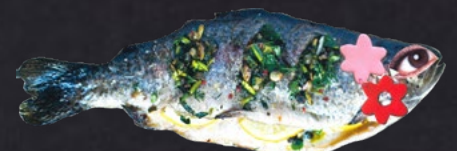
**CAPRICORN** - A slow cooked stew. You're playing the long game at the moment with a certain someone or a certain something.

To mirror this, prepare something that takes time to create and is beautiful in the end, or an absolute disaster...that's up to you.

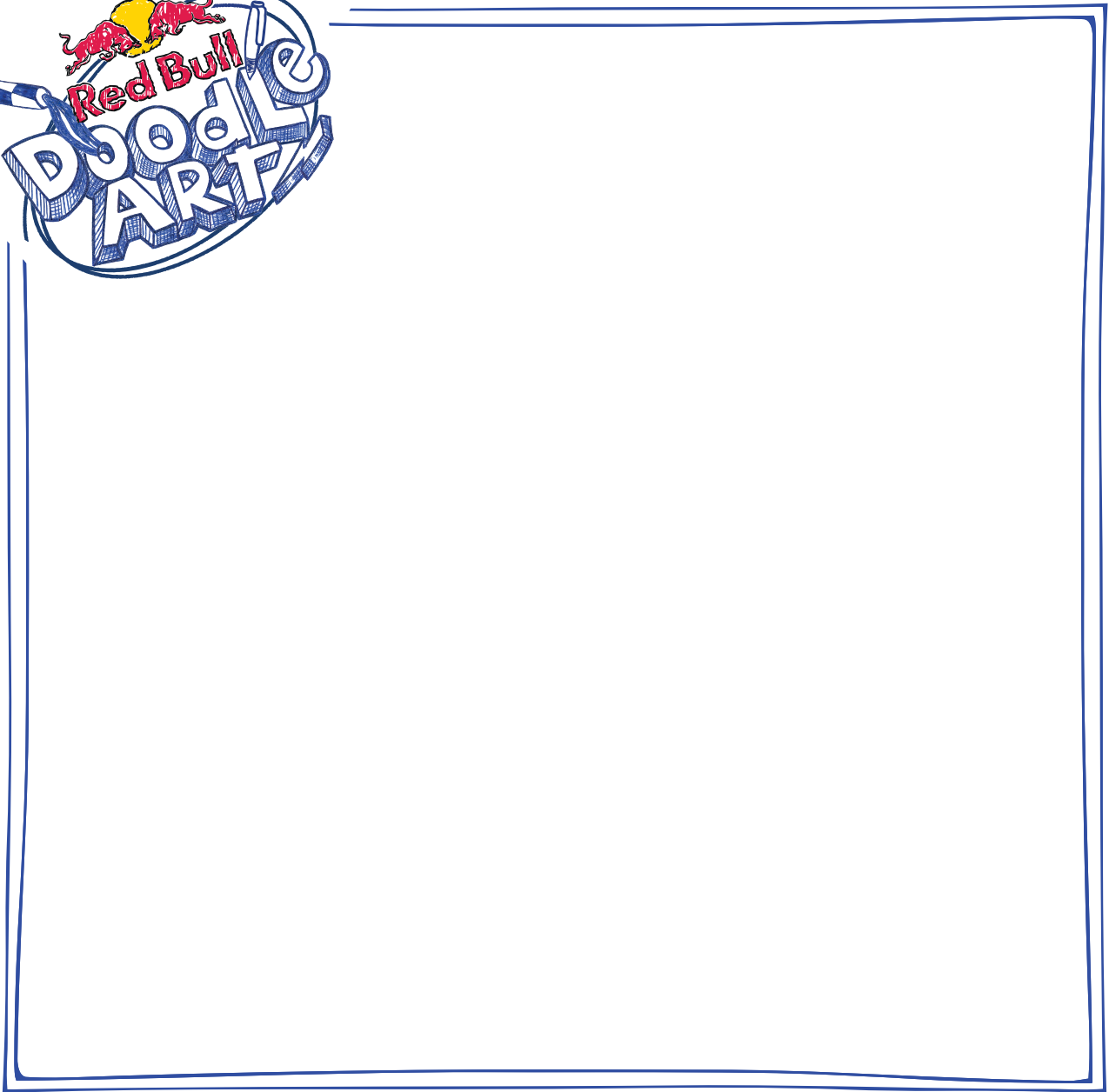
**AQUARIUS** - Soup. Some good soup. Don't really have an intrinsic explanation as to why but I feel you are in need of a hug - so some soup should do the trick. Add whatever you want to it and maybe go for a side of bread, things should look up for you soon, if they don't consider a tarot card reading, and take some soup with you.



**PISCES** - A sushi platter or even better go on a date to a rotating sushi restaurant. Your sign is literally a fish but you have diversity...a spicy tuna roll, a basic teriyaki chicken or something with avo, you know what's up.







1



**DRAW YOUR DOODLE WITHIN THE FRAME ABOVE**

2



**TAKE A CLEAR PHOTO INCLUDING THE FRAME**

3



**SCAN THE QR CODE, CLICK APPLY AND UPLOAD**

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