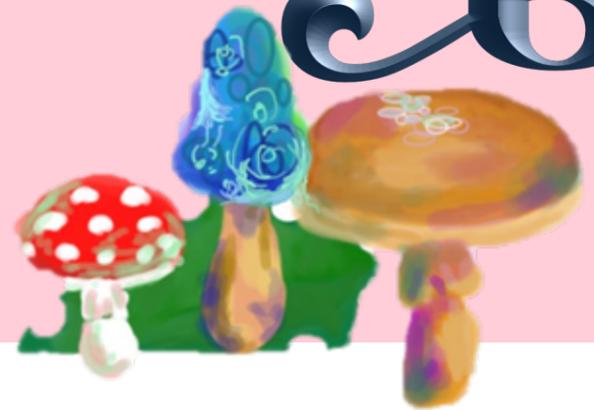


A2POR211L

THE Gay Saint

VOLUME 4 ISSUE 5



Note from the Editor:

Είμαι πολύ χαρούμενη...No, I'll write in English. I am thrilled to share the fifth, and final, edition of *The Gay Saint* of this academic year with our readers! This has been a weird and complicated year, but we have really enjoyed creating each monthly publication for you. I have loved being Head Editor and look forward

to reading future issues. I hope this chaotic edition for April Fools allows you to escape from the nightmare of the real world for a while. Have a great (and hopefully not too stressful) last two months of the year!

— Νάταλη Ψύλλου, Head Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Creative Writing

Page 3

SUMMER//SMOKE

moshi monster monologue

The Support Center

Agony Auntle

Page 5

Gay Song Recommendations!

Op-Ed

Page 6

Penguins and Me; 'a story'

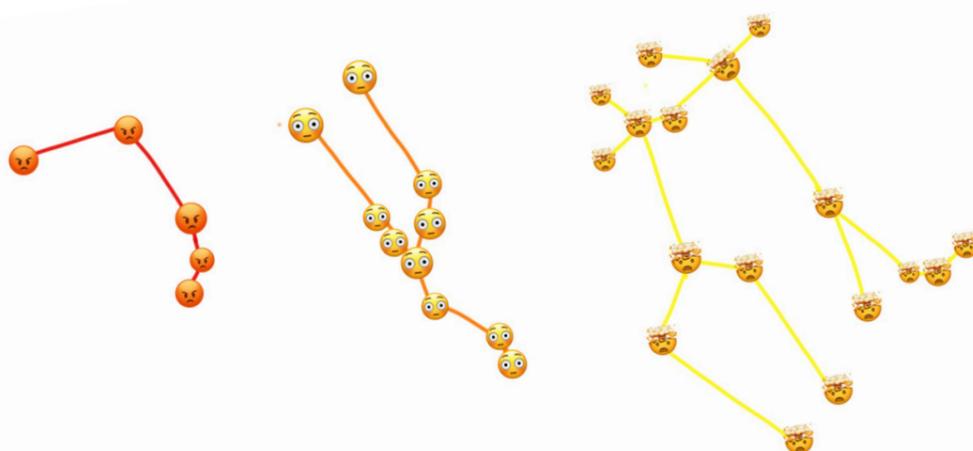
Multilingual

Page 7

Discussion

Natalie Did It

为什么帅哥都是弯的呀???



Horoscopes

Page 10

The Locos of Horos

Q u i z

(The lobster ate it)

Arts & Culture

(A random duck from DRA attacked it)

Media

(Hamish McHamish fell asleep on the keyboarddddddd)

Head Editor:

Natalie Psillou (she/her)

LGBT+ Book Reviews:

Greysen Braley (he/they)

Op-Eds Writers:

Neo Jernigan (they/them)

Multilingual Writers:

Cassia Pedro (she/her)

LGBT+ History Writer:

Lauren Pursey (she/her)

Secretary:

Ignacio Ugalde (he/him)

Horoscopes Writer:

Aung Hein Htet (he/him)

Arts and Culture Writers:

Charles Vivian (he/him)

Milo Hill (she/her; they/them)

Toni Andres (they/them)

Gabrielle Hill-Smith (she/her)

Rebecca Drever (she/her)

Anonymous (he/him)

Hana Schloz (she/her)

Agony Auntle:

Anonymous (ze/zir/zirs; they/them)

Arts and Culture Team

Head:

Elliot Ball (he/him)

Creative Writing Team

Head:

Jess Johnson (she/her)

Creative Writers:

(Georgina) Beeby (she/her)

Lily Coleman (she/her)

Lucien Newton (he/him; they/them)

Lewis Selfridge (they/them)

Anyar Bloom (she/her)

Ivy Turinsky (they/them)

Copy-Editors:

Zara Petranova (she/her)

Sofia Blankman (she/her)

Maia Rakovic (she/her; they/them)

Rowan McKenzie (she/her; they/them)

Eleanor Milnes (she/her)

Design Team Head:

Bleuenn Gacel (she/her)

Design Team:

Rachel Cripps (she/her)

Ivy Turinsky (they/them)

Becca Hain (she/her)

Jack Sloop (he/him)

Penguins and Me; 'a story'

Neo Jernigan

I never pulled an April Fools' prank and looking back on that fact makes me terribly ashamed. I missed the one time to slightly inconvenience somebody, blame it on a holiday and get a cheap laugh for it. What if it was my calling? My passion? Could I have made millions of dollars pulling off cheap unoriginal pranks on Youtube? Could I have had my own merch? What would that merch be? I love penguins, so I think it would have a penguin theme. I was very recently

told about fairy penguins in Australia, and the dogs that protect and watch over them. It is by far the cutest thing in the world.

The photos of them snuggling together in the grass! It is one of the best things I have learned about this whole year.

2021 became exponentially better after I had watched this TikTok about it.

Sorry, back to April Fools' day and the insecurities I may or may not feel surrounding it. Is it too late to prank somebody at this age? Is it still funny and charming to have a 19 year old replace the filling of an Oreo with toothpaste? Maybe if I was living back at uni with my

friends it would be, but my parents? I've been living with my parents now for three unexpected months and I have a feeling they wouldn't be too glad to find I was messing with them. They also just wouldn't eat Oreos. (I know, gasp, the vegan classic everyone loves does not play a major role within their daily lives.) So what do I do? I could rearrange the furniture in the house, that's funny. I don't have the energy or the time for that. I could pretend I got my head stuck in a jar. I don't even know how I would do that. There is always the classic whoopie cushion under a seat. The old fun trick of an air horn to wake them from their slumber. So many

options, yet I know this April Fools will pass, and I will have done nothing.

How sad.

Not really. I cared when I was like five. I would wake up on 1 April having completely forgotten the day, go about it doing no pranks, and then at night was when I would care. I would be in bed not believing I had missed the day to pull off the most incredible and funny prank a five-year-old could think of! This happened for the next few years, me forgetting. Maybe I was pulling a prank on myself. Yes! Me forgetting the day was the biggest prank.

The anticipation for the day that would surround me for all of March, for then nothing to come out of it. It is hilarious. It's so good; looking back, I was a genius.

Where were the YouTube videos about that prank?

Can we just return to my YouTube fantasy? I could have been a millionaire who had penguin merch!

Imagine, just for a second, me in a gorgeous house in L.A. with penguin merch. I'm thinking I'd have had a humble and affordable

ten-bedroom with an infinity pool in The Hills. I could also have had dogs! No penguins, for what I hope are obvious reasons, but dogs in penguin costumes? Dogs who all had had special penguin stuffed-animals that they would carry around with them? I even think I could have had celebrities becoming friends, because who wouldn't want to be my friend with all of my dogs?

My celebrity friend would say, 'Your dogs, the

talent they all possess! They are stars waiting for their time to shine! Their soft coats that you so expertly keep care of! I have never witnessed a better owner nor a better dog. I am jealous. You have reshaped Hollywood, no, the U.S.; nay, the world.'

And of course I am humble so I'd say, 'Please, you flatter me too much! My dogs are just one of the world's greatest treasures, there are a few others! Like this Oreo.'

Then out of my costume versace coffee table I would find and hand them an Oreo.

They'd say, 'An Oreo, what a delicious vegan treat!' Then they'd eat it and it would be toothpaste!

I'd stand and scream, 'April Fools!' My crew of 80 would appear with cameras and mics, this video would shoot me to a new level of stardom!

Anyway, can you believe that is what I missed out on?

HOROSCOPES

The Locos of Horos

Aung Hein Htet

*A guide on how to
anger every sign.*

Aries

(March 21 - April 19)

'A naturally aggressive warrior.'

CATALYST: A good challenge, often filled with passion and heat.

WARNING: You might get burned. Literally.

Taurus

(April 20 - May 20)

'Down-to-earth and practical.'

CATALYST: An empty wallet.

WARNING: 'My money! MY MONEY!!!'

Gemini

(May 21 - June 20)

'The craziest of the star signs.'

CATALYST: 'Could you please shut up?'

WARNING: You might never hear from them again.

Cancer

(June 21 - July 22)

'An emotional lover.'

CATALYST: Failing to accomplish even the most mundane things.

WARNING: A downward spiral of self-insecurity and lament.

Leo

(July 23 - August 22)

'The boss.'

CATALYST: No more spotlight.

WARNING: 'Focus on ME!'

Virgo

(August 23 - September 22)

'The perfectionist.'

CATALYST: Anything dirty or messy tbh.

WARNING: A level 5 tornado of cleanliness on the count of three.

Libra

(September 23 - October 22)

'Beauty and balance.'

CATALYST: 'Has your appearance changed?'

WARNING: I think I've just broken my balance!

Scorpio

(October 23 - November 21)

'The angel from hell.'

CATALYST: A betrayal of any sort.

WARNING: No more goodbyes.

Sagittarius

(November 22 - December 21)

'Young and wild and free.'

CATALYST: Exercise control over whatever they do.

WARNING: 'Release me you fool!'

Capricorn

(December 22 - January 19)

'Work work work work work.'

CATALYST: A day-off! You don't have to do anything.

WARNING: 24 hours is really long for a day.



Aquarius

(January 20 - February 18)

'Free-spirited and eccentric.'

CATALYST: Friends in trouble.

WARNING: The Friend(ch) Revolution.

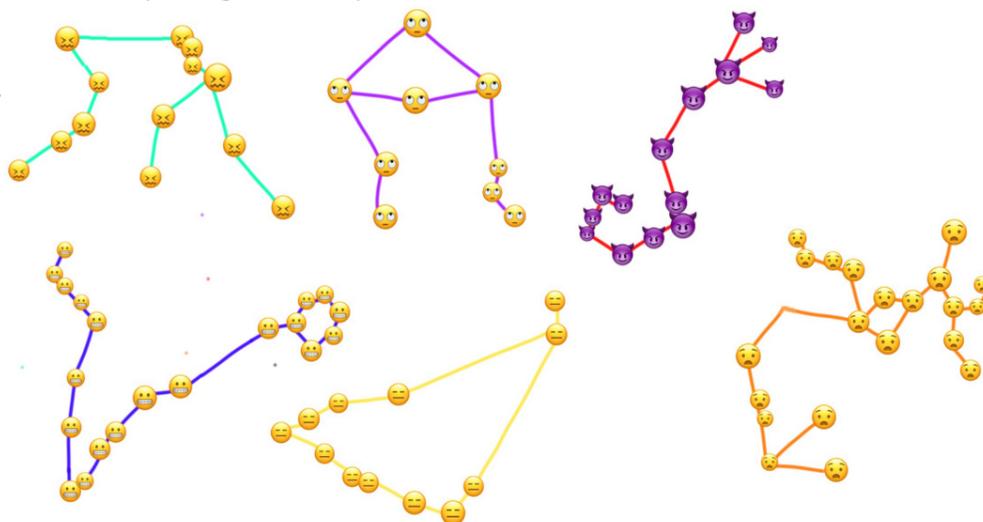
Pisces

(February 19 - March 20)

'Romantic and creative.'

CATALYST: Heartbreak.

WARNING: A tsunami in 5 minutes.



CREATIVE WRITING

SUMMER// SMOKE

Lucien Newton

Most every town has a square, an important place for festivals, markets, gatherings, meetings. Most every town has a square, and in the centre of this square, there lies a body. From the alleyways that all lead there, it's difficult to tell what size or shape the body is where it rests concealed by a weather-beaten deep black cloak, wind whipped holes tarnishing the once elegant fabric. The sun is low in the sky, barely the morning really, and yet a heat seems to be emanating from the figure. The sun is low enough that the crowd gathered to watch, point, and whisper, is small, but it is no less unfortunate that nobody is brave enough to intervene while a thin smoke lifts off what small patches of skin are exposed to the low light.

A man woke up early to avoid busy streets, and yet where he usually crosses the square, a slow trickle of people seems to be building. He could avoid the crowd, slip into the shadows and take a slightly longer path by following side streets rather than direct paths. He could avoid the crowd, and is already planning a route, but curiosity distracts him when he hears speculation about the nature of the smouldering visitor. He's not a hero, none of the residents are, but anticipation burns under his fingertips at the suggestion of bringing salvation. He sighs heavily, as if resigning himself to it as opposed to being motivated by his own intrigue, and then he's leaning heavily into a stone wall and his vision momentarily fades as the crowd rushes quickly past him to get closer. He smells it before he sees the smoke. He knows that smell, and even after all these years, his stomach aches with nausea.

Thankfully, there's no flame, just a low curl of vapor, more like a mist than a billowing, but whatever this figure is, even his morality protests him approaching, what with the scent of burning skin. He readies himself, holding a small dagger in his palm, and urges himself forward into the square.

He paces a moment, cataloguing everything he can, and it's only when he catches sight of a flash of silver that his breath falters and he moves closer without registering it. He can't look, he doesn't want to know what, or who, the entity is. This is not his problem, or his business, so he moves to pull away into the crowd, but his feet stay put. He could leave the figure and go about his day, but he catches the sound of a shaking breath and obvious distress just a moment later, and he cannot abandon this. Instead, he runs. He runs until he catches up to see where

curious hands are beginning to duck under the stranger's cloak to investigate. His breath comes faster when he recognises the elegant silver threads woven into the weathered fabric. He couldn't quite tell from a distance, but now he is certain, and puts the pieces together when he sees the sun and marries that with his knowledge. Of course they're burning, and it may have been years, but he knows he has to do something. So he closes the distance. He's never been strong, but he finds it in himself to curl his arms underneath the figure, lifting them up and holding them close as he half runs, half stumbles, into the shade of a less populated alleyway. He can't carry the body home, and they're still smoking in the slight dark, so he does the only thing he knows to do, and thinks of a building that will accept this offering he will lay on the doorstep.

MOSHI MONSTER MONOLOGUE

Lily Coleman

i am ten years old and the smell of
summer is on the breeze
my dad me there will come a day where i
no longer want to play moshi monsters
and i tell him i will always want to play it
not because i think it is true

but because i am ten years old and time
is a thick juice and always means little
more than sunburn.

forever is the horizon untouchable and
shimmering and even though it will be
winter once summer is over

it is summer now and it is

as winter will be again.

i don't play moshi monsters any more but
i know that i was right and my dad was
wrong because

i am nineteen years old and the smell of
summer is on the breeze



The Support Center

Anyar Bloom

At the support center where we work, there's one of those tiny, barely-in-color, built-in VCR player television sets from the early to mid '90s. Al, whose cubicle is closest, keeps an eye on the muted images all day while we field calls. As soon as there is the slightest hint of a disturbance, he turns the volume up and we all come running (after the end of each meeting, we pick names from a hat to decide who gets to stay at their desks next time).

Disturbances can be anything from a thunderstorm to that time last year when Shock-Girl and Jasper had a huge battle up and down the streets of Mountain City. It doesn't really matter to us since the results are the same: a dramatic increase in work.

It's our job to deal with the aftermath. The rest of the time, we get the normal calls: 'My Wi-Fi's not working', 'The router won't turn on', 'I believe you are secretly a government agency trying to quell the rebellion and you're ineffective on purpose'; that sort of thing. At least they're varied and directed towards problems we can occasionally solve. But after a battle?

Every call that comes in

is about the same thing. It goes like this:

'Hello, you have reached Triple-A Internet. How may I assist you today?'

'My internet isn't working.'

'When did this problem start?'

'Last Monday.'

'You don't happen to live in Cherry Hill, do you?'

'Yeah, why?'

Brief pause. Or, at least, what would be a brief pause if we weren't so professional.

'The Cherry Hill that was the site of the recent battle between Tigereye and Flame Head?'

'Yeah.' [No further elaboration. Sometimes the newer employees wait for the connection between the two events to form, but one soon learns that is a waste of time.]

'Actually, that entire area has been experiencing some difficulty recently. We are working on repairing some recent damage that may be responsible for the problems.'

There are a few different ways for it to go from there. The easiest, of



course, are what we have lovingly dubbed 'The Pushovers', the ones that accept what we tell them. They say 'Oh' and then hang up. Most of the rest are what we call 'Negotiators', though that's a broad category ('Rationals', normally the largest group, are underrepresented post-Disturbance since they disproportionately attribute the lack of internet to the recent disaster).

'Enthusiastic Negotiators' know one or two techniques they picked up from 'Experienced' friends, and they keep using them over and over again. These are the ones who threaten to switch to another internet service five times (or ask to speak to a manager), but will go away if you transfer them and then tell them in an authoritative voice that the problem will be fixed by Thursday.

'Experienced Negotiators' are the type that are willing to stay on the phone for hours until they get what they want — they're the worst. Luckily — or maybe unluckily — the only Experienced Negotiators who call after a large-scale disturbance are the ones whose stubbornness outweighs their intelligence. We used to just put them on hold until they gave up if they called after a disturbance, but that all changed after Gina

enrolled in a psychology course at the community college. Now we all use an adapted form of Albert Ellis' theory of rational emotive therapy, challenging the Experienced Negotiators' irrational beliefs that staying on the phone with us forever will resurrect an irradiated grid system more quickly (we rely heavily on the fourth step of the process, since we're just trying to get them to go away, not fix them). This usually works relatively quickly, but we still worry about our strategy reaching the ears of management.

After hearing all this, you might question our commitment to the job. From a cinderblock building in a tiny town out in the middle of nowhere, we shoulder many of the struggles of cities hundreds of miles away. Every time Hydroman battles a villain who dares come near Boston, every time New Milford's power plant is successfully hijacked, every time a superhero dies in an epic battle and every time they are resurrected to fight an even more epic battle, we are asked why the internet is down.

And someday, we might just tell you.

Rain

Ivy Turinsky

Identity:

A forest to lose oneself in,

trying to find all the trees?

Or bark? Your own soft coat

In which to take refuge

from the rain.

AGONY AUNCLE

Gay Song Recommendations!

Anonymous

As we near the end of the semester, and the beginning of exam and deadline season, I'm here to recommend a list of feel-good music to get through these stressful times.

'Strawberry Blonde' by Mitski: A lovely song that gives me very you-love-sitting-in-a-field-with-someone-you-love-vibes. Her voice is beautiful and melodic, and the song takes you to a place that's just the epitome of comfort. I always feel soothed after I listen to it and, of course, it makes me yearn, in a way that is always

welcome. Someone once said to me that if 'Strawberry Blonde' were longer, it'd ruin all of us — and I wholeheartedly agree.

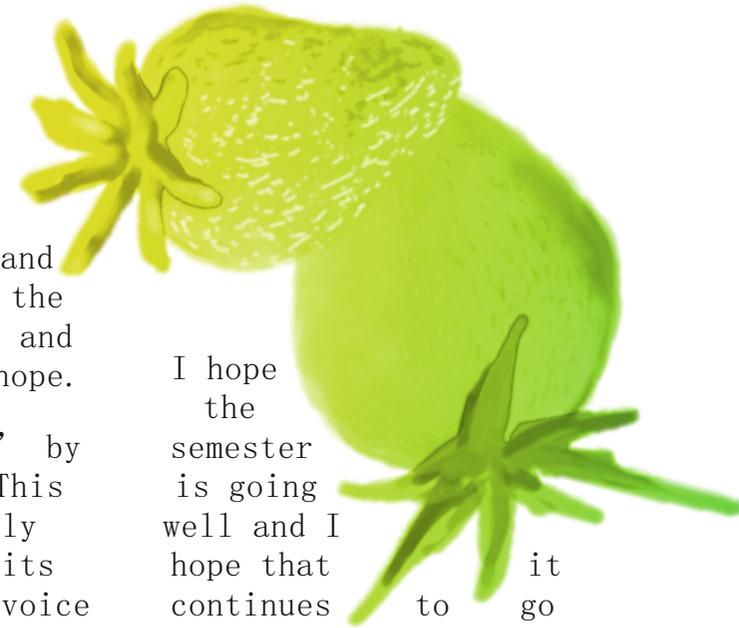
'She' by Dodie: 14-year-old me was obsessed with Dodie and rightfully so. Her songs were a major part of my gay awakending, and I am so thankful for that. Her songs are tender and this song in particular is so happy that it reminds me of being out in a sunflower field on a sunny day.

'First Day of my Life' by Bright Eyes: This is a song that makes me feel as if I'm on the brink of a new beginning, and it makes me feel refreshed. This song makes me believe in a better future. The voice of the lead

singer, Connor Oberst is melodic and sweet, just like the tone of the song, and it fills me with hope.

'John My Beloved' by Sufjan Stevens: This song is strangely calming — from its tune to Sufjan's voice — it's beautiful and creates an entire painting in your head. It makes me think about love, art, and everything good in this world.

'Soldier, Poet, King' by The Oh Hellos: A lovely, gentle song that makes me feel as if I'm completely free, dancing in a flowy dress in a field full of strawberries. This song is bound to make anyone who listens to it feel at least a tiny bit free — and what else could you ask from a song?



I hope the semester is going well and I hope that it continues to go well! To all the queer and trans people reading this, I hope you remember that you are loved and worthy.

All the love,
Your Agony
Auncle.

MULTILINGUAL

Discussion

Bleuenn Gacel

-?
-
-!?
-!
-!???
- ,
..... .
..... ,
..... ?
- ?
- ??
- ,
..... !
- !!!
- ,
-
- ...



为什么帅哥都是弯的呀???

Aung Hein Htet

“什么？谁啊谁啊？”爱玛“什么？谁啊谁啊？”爱玛非常大声地在找空位的时候不停的问我。

“我们还是先找个地方坐下来再讲吧。”

在食堂里绕了几圈后我们终于在一个相对安静的角落里找到了刚好可以容纳两个人的位置。我一坐下来，对面很好奇的爱玛就继续问我：“安娜，你喜欢的人到底是谁啊！”

“我说你能不能先吃饭然后再讨论啊？”我笑着说她，同时把刚买来的三明治从包装袋里拆开来并递给了她。“这是你刚刚托我头的，起司的。”

“谢谢，哎呀你不快点告诉我这不心急嘛。”

我叹了口气：“好吧，那我就边吃边跟你讲。”

就在刚刚，我把藏在心里几个月的秘密跟我这个平时都很听八卦的女朋友说了出来。“我有一个喜欢的人。”仅仅八个字，就能让爱玛想疯了一样缠着我一天。

“他是我们学校的人吗？”

我喝了口刚买的果汁，“嗯”了一下。

“那，他是我们年级的吗？”

“对。”

“是我们班的吗？”

我摇了摇头：“不是，是隔壁班的。”说完，我直接开始吃午饭。爱玛轻轻地皱起了眉头，向我暗示：“你这丫头能不能别卖关子了赶紧告诉我他叫什么名字啊！”

我深吸了一口气：“那你答应我，不能跟任何人说呀！”

“为什么？”

“因为这是秘密，而且我如果不想让其他人知道的话，干脆在校广播里说出来呢。”

爱玛被我弄得气笑了，说了一句：“你啊，喜欢人家的话就去跟他说啊，而且你到现在还没告诉我他叫什么名字呢！”

我凑了过去，轻轻地说：“他叫诺亚，就是我们化学课上的那个。”

爱玛一听到“诺亚”这个名字，激动的差点大声叫起来。“我的天，原来是他！他是挺帅的啦，你眼光不赖嘛安娜。”

“行了吧，但是我平常都没怎么和他说话，我担心——”

“哎呀，怕什么。。。诶，不过他确实好像不太爱跟别人说话。我一般都只见他跟马克在一起。就是坐他旁边的那个人。”

“你要是想跟他表白我有一个办法。”

我瞪大着眼睛看着爱玛：“你想干嘛？”

爱玛没有回答，只是用一副很阴险的表情看着我：“你一会儿就知道了。”

上完了最后两节课终于放学了。我和爱玛和往常一样一起走到了校门口，我们在那里看见了诺亚。

“他也在那里？”

“你的机会来了！”

眼看他正要走出校门口，爱玛大声叫住了他：“诺亚，请等一下！”说完，立刻转过头跟我说：“你要是现在不说以后就没机会了！”向前推了我一把。

诺亚被叫住之后慢慢回头看见正在一路小跑过来的我，笑了笑。

“安娜，是你啊。有什么事吗？”

“那个，你要准备回家了吗？”

“嗯是啊。”

“我有件事要跟你讲，一件很重要的事。”

他“哦？”了一下。接下来我说了一些有的没的，不能直接去表白吧。在说了一大堆事情之后，诺亚似乎有点迷惑，问了我一句：“你要说的究竟是什么啊？”

一听到这句话，我瞬间脸红了起来。但是我知道不能再这么拖下去了。于是我一鼓作气：“我不确定你从以前就看出

来，但是我。。。我微微抬起脸，注视着他的眼睛。脸红和心跳已经不足以来描述我这时候的心情。

“我，我——我喜欢你！”

听到这句话，他睁大了眼睛。不知是开心的惊喜还是意外的惊吓吧。

在经过了漫长且安静的五秒，他尴尬地笑了一笑，把手放到头后边，轻轻的说了一句：“对不起。。。我，我已经有交往的对象了。而且他，是我的好哥们儿。”

那一刻，我仿佛觉得时间停止了。不，应该是世界末日。我看见马克从他身后走过来，黑黑地靠在了他后面，把手放在他肩膀上。诺亚对他笑了笑。从他的眼神中，我看出了一切答案。

马克很温柔地对他说了一句：“怎么了？”

他轻轻地摇了摇头表示没什么，转过头看着我：“对了，安娜，你刚刚说的——”

在整个气氛变得尴尬之前，我努力将微笑，嘴角上扬了复了一句：“啊，有，那个——节日快乐哈！”

谢天谢地今天是四月一号。



CONTACT

Contact

SaintsLGBT@St-
Andrews.ac.uk

Phone: (01334 46) 2700

Address

Students' Association

St Mary's Place

St Andrews, Fife

KY 16 9UZ

Social Media

 @SaintsLGBT

 @SaintsLGBT

 @The_Gay_Saint

Copyright

© Saints LGBT+ 2020

A Subcommittee of the
University of St Andrews
Students' Association

Happy April Fools!!!

◀ ??? ▶

