

## **Contributors**

### ***Cover art by Chloe Corke***

My name is Chloe Corke, I am a 21-year-old Animation student From Liverpool, I submitted this digital illustration to present the empowerment of women from diverse backgrounds, highlighting how we stand together as a powerful force, no matter who we are or what our story is.

### ***She is Selene by Tayla Greenhalgh***

### ***Collision Course by Mandy***

### ***Being A Woman by Alys Milton***

## **Editor's note**

'How I love being a woman' (Anne with an E, 2017)

When I first heard this quote in a show that I loved deeply, I got butterflies. All at once I felt pride and incredibly inspired. I stopped and thought to myself, 'Yeah, how I really love being a woman.'

It's an honour to call myself Edge hill Student's Union's Women's Officer. As a writer, I wanted to put together a magazine compiled of pieces created by women of Edge Hill. I am overjoyed with the art and writing that we received and I hope these inspire the readers as they have inspired me.

- Emily Braiden

EDGE HILL STUDENT'S UNION AND WOMEN OF EDGE HILL PRESENT...



**Artwork by: Chloe Corke**



## Being A Woman

What is it to be a woman?  
Is it cowering in a corner from men?  
Is it accepting that I'll always be seen as less?  
Is it hiding under clothes that cover me so I don't tempt anyone?  
Is it understanding that I'm weak?

No.

It's standing with confidence,  
it's knowing I'm more,  
it's being bold,  
it's knowing I'm strong.

I am the daughter of suffragettes,  
and I am a woman of the modern age,  
who will never stand down.

Watch me stand with confidence,  
watch me see my own worth,  
watch me be bold,  
watch me know my own strength.

See as I understand my own power.

- Alys Milton

## Collision Course

"What the hell is he doing? Look at that!" Laura snapped incredulously as she twisted her head around to watch the vehicle approaching rapidly.

Izzy looked up from checking her phone at her sister's words. They fell silent as the other vehicle sped past, overtaking three in a row, without so much as a backwards glance from the driver.

"Well he's going too fast, isn't he?" She sneered, slipping the phone into her jacket pocket and clinging onto the edge of her seat, "Although so are you, I might add."

Laura ignored her. It was a conversation they'd bickered through many times before. In terms of driving, as in many other things, they were at opposite ends of the scale or spectrum. They might not totally ignore those differences, but the pointed comments about the elder sister's driving tended to be habit more than anything else at this point. Sometimes it was treated as an inside joke, sometimes Izzy was genuinely a little fearful. Sometimes it was just a convenient way to fill the silence.

Although Izzy could have had no issues with being behind the wheel herself, her own car spent most of the time parked outside her flat. She worked within walking distance and tended to drive as little as possible, usually only when she had to do a big shop. It wasn't all that long since she had passed her test and she was still wary of taking the wheel on anything without the reassurance of her instructor sitting next to her with their own set of brakes.

Two pairs of identical blue eyes continued to follow the other car as it approached the long, sweeping corner. As Laura kept close eyes on the path ahead, Izzy watched Laura's hands closely, worried the drama would distract her older sister from what she was doing.

The speeding car disappeared around the corner and they continued following the two still ahead. Before they quite made it to the bend themselves there was a dull thud, followed by a deafening, hollow silence.

It was all over in mere moments, Laura and Izzy coming to an abrupt stop just after making it around safely, focused on the carnage ahead of them.

"Are you okay?" Laura asked in a low voice, as if she was afraid of startling her younger sibling.

They both developed goosebumps on their arms as the day's cooling air reached them, while Izzy began to shiver, both fighting sudden feelings of nausea.

After overtaking them, the speeding car had seen the one approaching almost instantly. The problem was that they hadn't reacted instantly, their brains clearly not as fast as their driving. Instead of attempting to avoid the collision, they had continued on, resulting in a direct, head-on hit.

For some reason, neither sister found the ride as fun as when they were kids.

- Mandy

## She is Selene



She is in orbit.  
Her gravitational pull,  
controls your high tides.

She is directing,  
Migration as you howl.  
Basking in her light.

She is **Womanhood.**  
Cyclical and feminine.  
Balance in phases.

She is always there.  
Banisher of the darkness.  
Bringer of the light.

She is Selene,  
Luna, Isis, Rhiannon.  
Goddess of her-Self.



- Tayla Greenhalgh