

PREACH  
SEEDZ



1!



sensitive, inspiring, loving,  
souls  
exciting, shocking, artful,  
beautiful, busy, calm.

A big point about it being  
My + Our View of the world  
romantic & dreamy; visually  
daring and appealing.  
nuanced & niche.

What is Peach Seedz trying to achieve you ask?

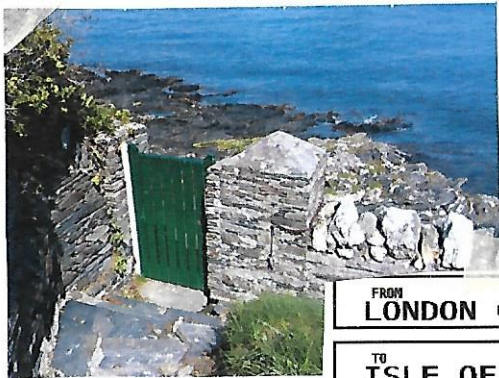
This mag is a collection of people's art, words and spirits. It will act as a platform for people to share their interests with others and work as a stage for conversations not often had.

Peach Seedz will have four main issues every year, following the seasons. This first Issue, Grass Stains, is a love song to summers past and summers present. The theme, which you will absorb as you flick through the pages, is a fun combination of nostalgia, dreams, nature, storytelling, candid thought, niche interests and silly moments. It's a collection of lessons learnt through experience and conversations with friends.

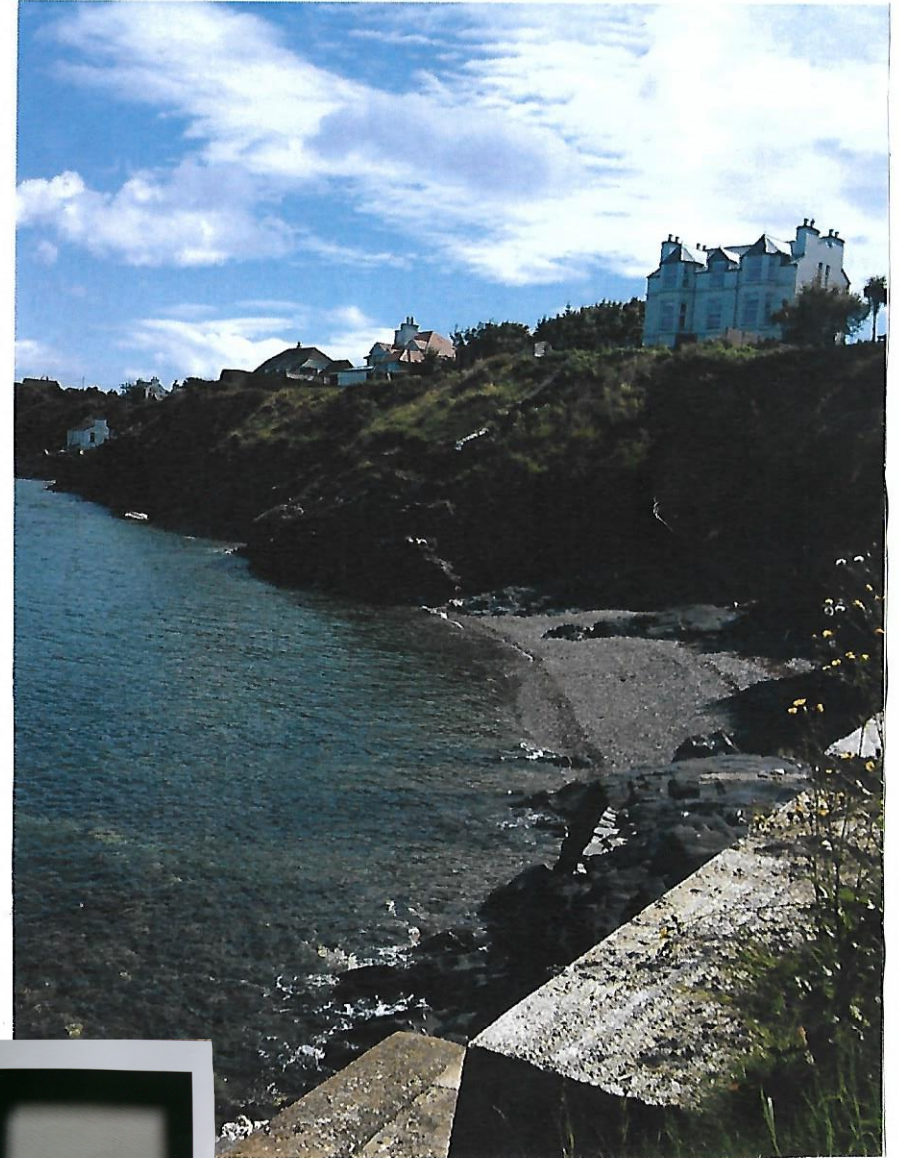
This mag will be a honest expression of personality and hopefully will serve as a refreshing spring of inspiration, the works provided by the wonderful friends that have got involved have definitely inspired me. I hope Peach Seedz can serve a purpose of some sort for you.

Love,  
from one mother of this  
magazine,  
Jenny Funnell

What do I want the Mag  
to be?



FROM	LONDON CITY	LCY
TO	ISLE OF MAN	IOM





Thank you to all the wonderful friends that got involved in the making of the first ever issue of Peach Seedz, I wouldn't have been able to do this without you! Here's to many many many more issues and a long long timeline of memories. Also, a big thank you to the readers that pick up this issue, in their hands or with digital fingers. Does the mag even exist without an audience? I'm not sure...



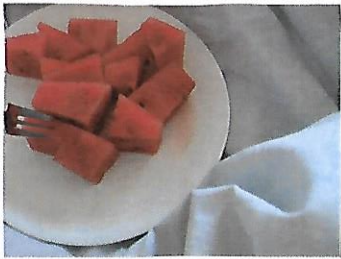
by aditi (@aditiwrites)



# Your Fresh & Fruity Forecast

Good morning, Peach Seedz readers, the weather forecast for today is buckets of sunshine, a little humidity, a cornflower blue sky, and a light gentle breeze.

That's all for the weather forecast... & now onto our fresh on the chopping block fruity forecast!!! Choose one fruit from the selection below to receive a fun and funky forecast for the next academic year, woohoo!



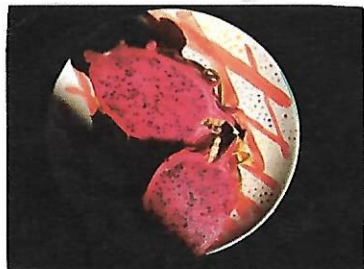
watermelon



plum



fig



dragon fruit

Disclaimer: this is only a forecast, your future rests wholly in your hands & a fruit that you once chose in a magazine isn't going to change that.

photography and words by  
Elena Tsang

## Watermelon:

Navigating teen-hood and adulthood alongside the political turmoil of the world can be incredibly rewarding and critical work. Deciding not to idly wait for a miracle, but to face reality, and advocate for the change you want to see takes courage and strength. But girl oh boy, are you strong! Whether social media, the streets and/ or your daily conversations may be your chosen ring, I wish you Godspeed. Remember to regularly run yourself a warm bubble bath, sit down with a good book, and laugh with your friends until you can't no more – never feel guilty for looking after yourself, dear, even during hard times.

## Plum:

The calm after the storm, a year perfused with calm, collection and fulfilment. A year that may replace the turmoil, anxiety and chaos of the past with a mellow sense of acceptance and peace. A year not just filled with pockets of peace but with pleasant everyday. Hot baths, good reads, and baking brown sugar blueberry muffins may be the composition of your next year's Saturday nights. You deserve your peace yesterday and tomorrow, but especially today.

## Fig

The excitement and suspense of starting a new hobby is unrivalled! You may want to strap yourself in because this year may accompany you down a whirlwind of explorations of your body and talents. It may be time now to unleash those virtuositities that you've denied yourself of possessing for so long. Perhaps you'll take up knitting, clay work, jiu-jitsu, roller blading, patch-working. Whatever it is I hope you relish the process of learning, and that you remember to have compassion for yourself while starting out – no one becomes a master in a day, my dear.

## Lychee

You may have spent the last year honing a new version of yourself and if it's anything like what I've been through it will have been far from easy and pleasant road. But through your determined efforts, you've "uncovered" a more authentic and confident version of yourself who feels ready to have fun unbounded by daily and existential worries. Pub crawls, karaoke battles, fried chicken & beer dinners, club boogies, spontaneous film nights – countless fun events may be waiting for you this next year. Enjoy your new-found freedom and stay safe out there, sweetheart.

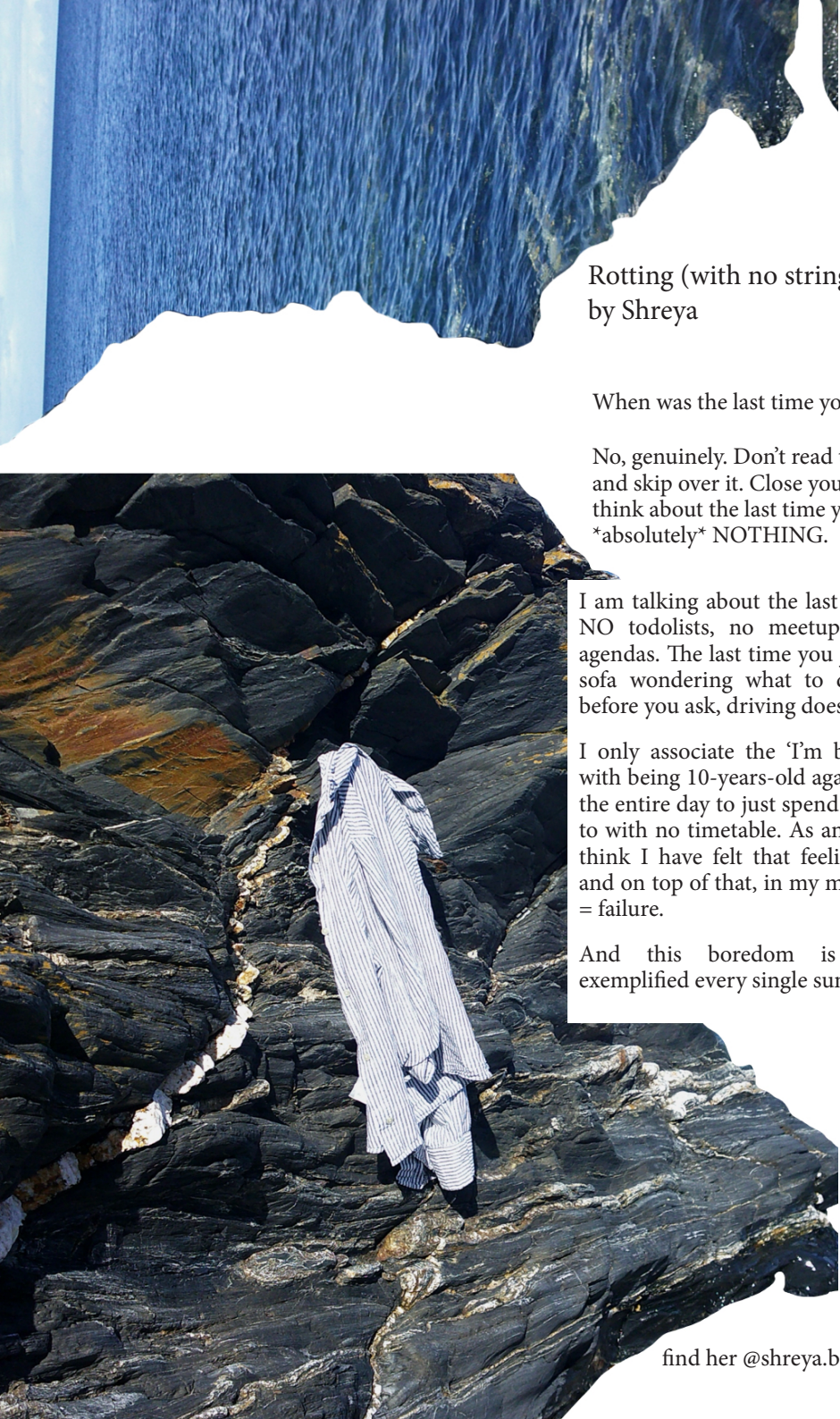


## Dragon Fruit

You may find yourself on a new road, one filled with good surprises. The vast expanse of the world will provide unexpected pockets of laughter, joy and luck. Perhaps a new meet-cute? Perhaps you'll cross paths with a stray cat in need of love and attention, who'll return the love you share with it back to you in full? Whatever lies ahead for you, I am sure it will only be good. You'll forge your path one way or another. After all, the best things usually arrive unannounced with a case full of love.

fruity forecast  
lena ts





## Rotting (with no strings attached) by Shreya

When was the last time you did nothing?

No, genuinely. Don't read that sentence and skip over it. Close your eyes and think about the last time you did \*absolutely\* NOTHING.

I am talking about the last time you had NO to-dos, no meetups, no hidden agendas. The last time you just sat on the sofa wondering what to do next. And before you ask, driving doesn't count!

I only associate the 'I'm bored!' feeling with being 10-years-old again and having the entire day to just spend how I wanted to with no timetable. As an adult, I don't think I have felt that feeling in forever, and on top of that, in my mind: boredom = failure.

And this boredom is ridiculously exemplified every single summer.

find her @shreya.b23!!! <3

I hate the feeling when the novelty of summer wears off. Sometimes there's comfort in being in the school/ university/ work routine because you know you have to plough through the hellish exams and workload because it's just how it works and there's no way out.

But when you are suddenly given options and choices and endless time (or so it feels), it's SO easy to just sleep in, scroll through Instagram and compare compare compare.

I hate hearing about other people's summers: some are earning huge sums of money working as interns (I'm not earning any money...), others seem to genuinely be on holiday every other week (I'm still in this country...) and then some go AWOL for the entire time (I require the phone to feel connected...). I find myself in the same position every June, where I plan out my summer and feel as if I am somehow 'behind in life' compared to my generation.

And then there's the whole stuff of getting in touch with people and "omg it's been so long; we should plan something soon!".

I get it. There's well wishes behind conversations like that, but it often puts a huge pressure on how I spend my summertime. I want to go on holiday, I want to earn enough money to go on holiday. I want to meet people, I want to read and cook and learn how to be a bartender, whilst going to the library and maybe signing up to the gym, whilst on top of all of that, spend time with family.

So many 'I want's. What a silly little privileged life, where I can't even make my mind up!

Genuinely, this happens every single year. And this summer I decided that instead of being a huge self-pitying pile of human flesh in the mornings, I was going to stop wanting so many things, and instead do what scares me the most: I was going to actively try and stay bored, because clearly that's why I plan my summers: I'm so afraid of them not being 'productive' and 'fulfilling'.

I decided to do the most BORING things again and again. So that instead of feeling sorry for myself, I had an excuse to be useless.

Honestly, the feeling was amazing. I'm not even saying that to make this article slightly readable. It was single-handedly my favourite month ever. I was a SLUG all day, every day, under the sun. I slept in until 1/2pm, and no one could tell me that I was being unproductive because that's how I wanted to spend my time. The days were long and slowly I found myself wanting to cook or read because I had the time to. I felt like a kid again.

The entirety of June this year I spent it being so utterly useless. It's funny, because whilst at university, I often am so hard on myself if I spend too much time on TikTok or reels, and then during free time I also hate how I spend it on my phone.

But this time, I just SAT on my phone, I texted people and watched YouTube videos and played Minecraft until I got so SO bored (and best thing? I wasn't allowed to get mad at myself for doing so!).

And I won't lie, there were times where I would get irritated watching other people or feel sorry for myself when I was awake until 4am on Pinterest. So as annoyance crept in, I slowly began to do things because I wanted to. Not too intense or anything, just some reading or meeting up with a select few people because I WANTED to, and as June progressed, I had fallen into a gentle easy rhythm of wanting to do things rather than an overwhelming bucket list of things.

And yes, not every holiday period has the privilege of being a "let's do nothing" vibe. There have been so many where I have had to work my ass off to afford the next year's rent, but all I'm saying is that every now and then, when you get some free time, allow yourself to rot in peace instead of putting unrealistic stress to achieve it all. Because in a world full of "bettering oneself", we rarely get a chance to be that 10-year-old who was bored on the weekend. We exert so much of ourselves trying to be better people and fulfilling expectations that we genuinely do not give ourselves time in bed until 11am for fear of looking unambitious. And worse than that, we even sometimes plan our days off with forceful relaxing activities ("I can only watch this episode of Suits if I finish this essay").

We spend so much time trying to make our lives perfect, and reading self-help articles (hmm now I wonder, does this article qualify as one too...?) and booking once-in-a-lifetime holiday experiences, that we forget that sometimes we need a genuine break from the world to just rot (happily with no strings attached).

So, on that happy note, I'm leaving you with a quote which hopefully gives you some solace about just existing (it definitely made me feel better :)

"At the top of Everest, behind every dead body was a once highly motivated person. Let's all just take a step back. Please." - from a reel I saw during my June of boredom.

Hope you enjoyed this, and remember life is long! Don't jam pack it with things to a point where you stop enjoying it...





The complete Skins boxset (you're ok to skip the seasons post-Effy)

A nostalgia for Cheryl Cole's solo music career era



A matcha latte that costs more than £4.50



A toy flip phone that has lip balm inside

Ibuprofen, for the health queen that you are (also, hangovers)



A green eyeliner that you're too scared to try



Lindsay Lohan mugshot-style bronzer



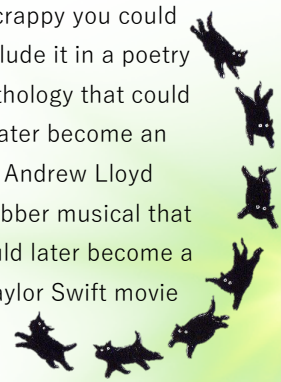
Nail polish (OPI makes a really cute shade called 'Satanic Hellfire Obsidian'!)



A slightly warm diet coke



A street cat so scrappy you could include it in a poetry anthology that could later become an Andrew Lloyd Webber musical that could later become a Taylor Swift movie



A condom (its brat summer, not clap summer)



A pair of those wraparound sunglasses that have never suited anyone ever



A high-vis jacket



An unhealthy crush on Jodie Comer, Paul Mescal (in short shorts ONLY) or Shrek

Any Kamala merch

A digital camera with ultra-HD quality to capture all your friends looking their worst in the club



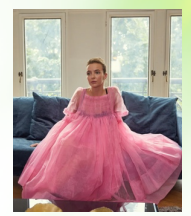
The HOT-TO-GO dance, ready to perform at the drop of a hat



An apple core (it's ok because the 'Apple' dance is trending).



Any item of clothing with at least 3 more zips than you think is necessary



The brat's espresso martini (a peach monster)



Any pre-2024 Charli XCX album, ON CD!! (bonus points if you can talk loudly about how Charli has always been "ahead of her time").



Half a bar of 85% chocolate (MUST taste vaguely like dirt)



Half a pack of slightly crushed Marlboro lights (an apple-flavoured Elf bar is also ok)



A 75p mojito canned cocktail



A man's dignity

by the wonderful Maddie!!!  
(find her @maddiewhiteley\_)



# CHOP CHOP ✂



So WHAT ARE YOU  
HERE FOR?

to have fun of course, of course, of course

Left: Sofia, a talented and inspiring artist and designer. Keep an eye out for her illustrations throughout this issue!!  
find her on instagram @westergrenart

now... on to one of my favourite parts...



dear, MISS  
FORTUNE

peach seedz' very own agony aunt.

turn the page for this issue's advice!!!!!!



submit a question to miss fortune using this qr code! or theres a link in our insta bio! (@peachseedzmag)



“how can i become more present in my everyday life?”

Wow. wow. I am at a loss for words. You guys are really testing me and creeping me out a little because this very topic has been on my mind for a while.

It is rather a difficult one and I'm not sure how to start but I think it's all to do with slowing down. Recently, without revealing too much, I was encumbered with the task of buying myself new crockery. Pots, plates, a new mug etc. I was overwhelmed with the size of the task, dreading it before it had even begun. Whinging to my dad, he told me a story involving a new teapot, a new flat in a foreign country and a charity shop. For some reason that small anecdote snapped me out of something. The re-shift of the matter from a cumbersome necessity to a (for lack of a better phrase) little game broke the mental block in front of the task to come. I realised that my tendency to dread things before they have even begun, or get bogged down in what might happen, drags me out of the present far too often. And of course the exact same is true for worrying about the past.

All this is to say that I empathise, my little Fortune-ator, with the desire to be more rooted in the present and have recently decided to more conscientiously, actively, attempt this feat.

I started with walking. I used to be one of those people that charged around, rushing from one place to another but have now tried to adopt a slower way of life (metaphorically and physically). Seeing tasks and commutes as not a chore to be sped through and completed ASAP but an opportunity for exploration, I think, is probably the most important thing. It forces you to slow down and be more receptive. In that way you can look forward to events and enjoy them as they are happening.

Without sounding too teacher-ish, I've also found that having an objective or aim helps focus you on the “now.” Which is why I think that journaling or diary writing or your notes app helps, since not only are you getting the thoughts out but you become predisposed to noticing so many moments in your day that are worth paying attention to.

The other option, of course, is to get yourself an audience. Being more present everyday, I'm sure, will do wonders for your library of anecdotes to crack out in awkward, small talky, conversations. So if you don't do it for yourself, at least do it for the fans.

I know I haven't given much in the way of advice. But I hope I have offered some small consolation that I am right there with you. And overall, Reader, at the end of the day, life is busy. There's gonna be moments where you're preoccupied; rushed off your feet or sending one million texts and emails. That's ok, as long as you pause, sometimes, to take a breath; you're doing better than most.

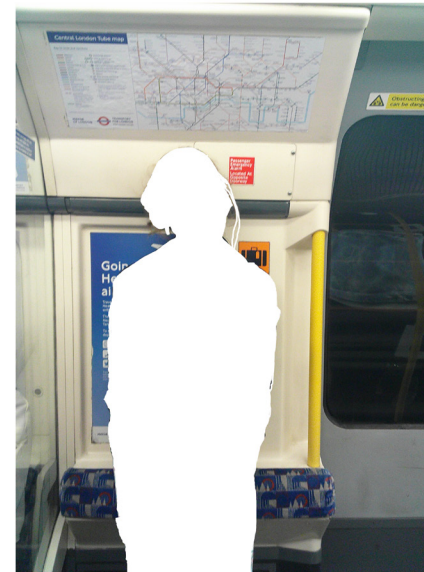
“dear agony aunt, can i get some advice on how to seem cool on the tube?”

Ok let's get to the root of this. Everyone loves to think about how they are perceived (what do you guys think of me, first impressions, seriously please don't tell me I'm terrible, I'm trying please), especially on the tube-aroonie so don't think you're alone. We've all been there, eyeing up someone on the tube, wishing we were their friend, or lover... or just wishing we were them full stop.

And of course you want to be on the other end. It's kind of paradoxical. You'll never know if you are cool because the whole idea behind thinking someone is cool is admiring from afar. In my eyes coolness is aloof and must never be explicitly commented on. So to some extent you can never be truly cool.

But enough philosophising. Back to seeming cool on the tube.... The short answer is that if you have to think about it you haven't got it. The truth is harsh. But you knew that. Even the phrasing of the question shows that you know there's a difference between being cool and seeming cool.

The good news is my darlings (fandom name: Miss Fortune-ators), you can fake it!



Here is \*\*\*\*\*'s guide to seeming cool on the tube (or the Metro/Subway/U Bahn (she's international)):

Recognise your audience - Who do you want to seem cool to? Come on guys this is obvious; keep up. The girls have vibes and you need to know who you want to appeal to, who you want to impress.

Go all in - seeming cool is about dedication and you've already taken the first step by sending this message.

Don't tell anyone - As I said cool = aloof. Commenting on it makes it so passé. I know I said go all in but also don't. The population cannot know how hard you are trying to seem cooler than them. Coolness is a trait not learnt (take that psychologists) and so as much as you are trying you also have to show that you're not.

Practice makes it cooler - You aren't going to get the perfect pole lean or effortlessly make the correct turn towards the exit when leaving the train. Practise your journey, commit it to memory even. That way you can wear sunglasses inside and still know where you're going (super cool).

Give up - No one thinks cool is cool anymore. Opt for a more stylish term. (Thank god you didn't say slay or I would have stabbed my eyes out and quit on the spot (too graphic? sorry)). Get a thesaurus and browse the plethora of words you can be. Don't limit your describing adjectives and maybe explore to find the one that fits you.

Ok, I'm spent, my fingers are tired. But follow that procedure and you're guaranteed to seem at least a little bit cooler (no guarantees, can we get a legal disclaimer on this). Now, Jenny is probably gonna say that there has got to be a mandatory self love message at the end so here it is.

If you love yourself enough then you will do anything to change yourself into who you want to be (got that?). Ipso facto, self love = trying hard to become cool = seeming cool. But of course for this all to work you've got to take the tube in the first place. And with my student budget I think the bus will do.





#### PEACH SEEDZ' RECCOMENDATIONS:

Ebys is a bar in the heart of Florence with a talented set of bar staff, notably their main bartender we called 'EBY' who asks you "sweet, spicy or sour?" and makes a mystery shot right in front of you! its the coolest!

"I'm pretty sure EBY is the reincarnation of Albert Einstein."

"It's the mother of freindship and inspiration!"



a teen girl's take on SELF CARE SUNDAY. (well actually this seems to be more her tips and tricks of how you should approach self-care lol)

#### Self care Sunday

My favourite part of the week is self care sunday, I am very dedicated to this because it gives you a chance to rewind from ur previous week and prepare for the week to come!! It gets me in the right headspace and it is my reward for a busy week. Self care is important for your mind and your body. So this is my guide to a Sunday of fun

#### Prep:

Clean ur room  
Light candles  
Open window for fresh air  
Activities:  
Watch tv in bed with ur fav snack and a cuppa  
Make playlists  
Sit outside eating a smoothie  
Listen to ur fav classy + relaxing playlist

#### SELF CARE:

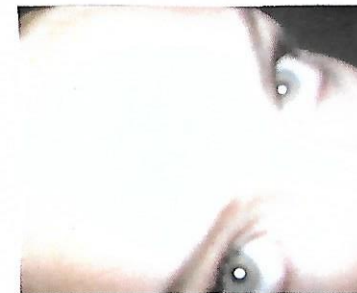
hair masks  
Face masks  
Shower!!  
Or bath with ur fav candles



photography and words by Emily Funnell

Jennifer Funnell is a painter enamoured with the beauty of the mundane. She mostly paints interior subjects, in oil and acrylic, whilst aiming to capture the atmosphere within the scenes. She signs a lot of her works by uncluding a 'plug' within the composition, as seen in the work to the left of this extract. The main message that she aims to express through her work is to see the wonder in the little things, a message that can translate into our relationships and the way we experience life as a whole. But she really does all sorts, including running an absolutely fabulous magazine.

her website: [jennyefunnell.co.uk](http://jennyefunnell.co.uk)  
instagram: @byjennyfunnell



THIS IS A WORK I COMPLETED THIS JUNE!  
IT'S CALLED 'BOY'S BATHROOM'. IT'S  
MY FIRST ACRYLIC PAINTING!

@byjennyfunnell



a bedroom, a studio, a  
place for my curl heart. (@  
j3nniferfunnell)



the state of my

## Online aesthetics: identity building in the digital age

by Elena Tsang

The desire for us to discover, understand and define our sense of self as we leave childhood behind is common and notably essential. But traversing this road during the digital age comes with its own unique and unexpected perils.

As I scroll through my TikTok feed, I encounter the same Pinterest advert for the third time this week. The advert is part of Pinterest's newest string of campaigns. For the readers who aren't familiar with the advert that I'm referring to, the advert depicts three girls who are each floating down a different Alice-in-Wonderland type rabbit hole. Each rabbit hole seems to represent a different internet aesthetic, with each of their walls adorned with various items of clothing, accessories, and flowers. From my knowledge, I would identify the main aesthetics featured as Y2k, Romantic Goth, and Fairycore. The girls stare and grasp at the eclectic items, spell-bound. The words "Pinterest. Discover you were an old money, baddie, goth, goblin core, girly girl all along" can be heard as the advert comes to an end.

The advert reflects the growing popularity and proliferation of online aesthetics. Online aesthetics nowadays range from broad, established aesthetics like the classic "Girlie Girl" or "Goth" to niche, newer aesthetics such as the "Tomato Girl". The "Tomato Girl" trend first appeared in the summer of 2023 and according to Ayana Herndon for Women's Wear Daily is all about "embracing the themes of a romantic European summer, reminiscent of the tomato itself: bold, vibrant, delicious".

Every new aesthetic that is born arrives with the underlying promise of being able to perfectly encapsulate a certain elusive element of our style, personality, or ambition. They can powerfully influence our choices regarding our clothing, living space, hobbies, and media consumption. Social media posts of teenagers and young adults are often created in reference to a certain online aesthetic, whether covertly or overtly, to help their post reach a certain audience and/ or to fashion a certain image of the creator.

The social media posts in question range from TikTok videos, curated Instagram photo dumps, to even memes, with all kinds of young social media users implicated, from popular influencers to micro influencers, and to casual users.

Every new aesthetic that is born arrives with the underlying promise of being able to perfectly encapsulate a certain elusive element of our style, personality, or ambition. They can powerfully influence our choices regarding our clothing, living space, hobbies, and media consumption. Social media posts of teenagers and young adults are often created in reference to a certain online aesthetic, whether covertly or overtly, to help their post reach a certain audience and/ or to fashion a certain image of the creator. The social media posts in question range from TikTok videos, curated Instagram photo dumps, to even memes, with all kinds of young social media users implicated, from popular influencers to micro influencers, and to casual users.

As internet aesthetics gradually become increasingly omnipresent in our world of social media, it becomes increasingly challenging for us to hone our identity without – at least in part – building our identity around these online aesthetics. It is more usual than not, that we find ourselves picking and choosing a number of online aesthetics to embody and to represent us, instead of doing any real work to find and understand our interests, ambitions and traumas.





Although strongly associating with certain online aesthetics may offer inspiration for some people, for many others it can create a slippery slope. For instance, by manufacturing an identity based on an online aesthetic, we inadvertently confine ourselves to the pre-defined themes and ‘codes of conduct’ upon which that aesthetic is built on. This consequently dissuades us from exploring beyond the aesthetic’s boundaries, lest we want our identity – that has been constructed upon the bedrock of these aesthetics – to come crumbling down. The practice can also persuade us to consciously, or unconsciously, scrape away at the parts of our existence that don’t appear to conform to the norms of the aesthetics that we’ve chosen; all in the name of fitting in. It ultimately dampens our sense of imagination, curiosity and originality.

The question which subsequently emerges is, if the perils of this practice are so damning, then why is the practice so addictive and pervasive among teenage and young-adult social media users? One answer to the question is marketing.

Pinterest’s advert reflects the rising perception of online aesthetics as a concept to capitalise on for commercial purpose. The prevalence of online aesthetics has been used by marketing teams to access, groups of consumers who have similar tastes with greater ease and simplicity. This has been aided by the growing number of influencers who will often present themselves as archetypes or pioneers of an aesthetic, causing admirers of the aesthetic to flock to their page for inspiration or a blue print to follow. One such example is Hailey Bieber serving as a prototype for the so-called “Clean Girl” aesthetic. Marketing teams are definitely aware of this phenomenon and use it to their advantage when making marketing decisions. Marketing teams also capitalise on the inherently exclusionary and elitist nature of online aesthetics by pushing consumers to buy a product solely because the product is popular among an online aesthetic’s community. A so to speak “must have” product according to the brand and media. This reinforcing cycle between the growth of internet aesthetics and commercial marketing techniques is largely culpable for the shift of online aesthetics from primarily serving as a pool of inspiration to influencing damaging thought patterns. But, is there perhaps more to the alluring nature of building an identity around internet aesthetics, than just marketing?

I have two theories which may answer this question. My first theory is that the desire for, and uncertainty of, friendship leads us to simplify our identity, in the hopes that doing so will make the process of finding aligned friendships less difficult. Forming genuine friendships can be a time-consuming and unpredictable process. Perhaps there is a small and frightened part of us that wants to believe that shaping our identity around a definable entity, like an aesthetic, with its established codes and blue print, will help make our identity easier digestible and understandable for other people. While simultaneously hoping that by using the codes of different online aesthetics as a reference to inform our decisions on things like our style, hobbies, social media presence, and general consumption pattern, that our interests will be more evident to the eyes of an outsider and a potential friend. Thus, perhaps the temptation to build an identity around aesthetics may be a by-product of yearning for aligned friendship.

My second theory revolves around the belief that doing internal work to deeper understand, and better express, our ever-changing self can be arduous and daunting. As we grow older and encounter more of life’s crossroads, the task of unpeeling the different layers of ourselves to distinguish between the sentiments that exist due to social conditioning, and those which exist as expressions of our intrinsic self, becomes more consequential. But despite the importance and utility of the process we often find ourselves apprehensive towards the work – feeling frightened of what could lie hidden in the darkness, overwhelmed by the many facets of our identity, confused by emerging juxtapositions, and tired of the often continued mental effort it entails. What if, as a result of the apprehension we feel towards undertaking this kind of internal work, we look for an easy way out? We want to know who we are but we want to do it in such a way that doesn’t entail challenges; we want order and coherence, not chaos and truth. Niche online aesthetics offer precisely such a bypass with their distinct themes, boundaries and variety of options. We can pretend as though we know what kind of person we are – a coquette, tomato, brat kind – when in fact, we haven’t really taken the time to seek and understand our interests, desires, and ambitions in singularity. As such, although online aesthetics may offer a brief respite from facing the chaos of our complex self, and the ability to pretend that the work is complete, the respite the practice gives us is usually short-lived. The process of bundling different parts of our identity into these different aesthetics morphs into an unfulfilling act simply because it doesn’t serve the primary objective of unearthing our innate desires.

Sure, it can feel wholly puzzling that we, having spent our whole lives in our body, should have to work to feel like we understand who we are. But society conditions us in a way that isn’t always easy to foresee or recognise. The uncertainty around forming and maintaining friendships in adulthood may likely never fully subside and facing one’s self with honesty and humility will always feel daunting to some extent, but what’s sure is that no number of aesthetics or internet niches will ever be expressive and varied enough to be able to convey and represent the totality of us as individuals.

submit for our next issue here! more info will eventually be on the instagram @peachseedzmag



A bathroom sink on the fourth floor of a building, 5 minutes from Mercato Centrale, Florence. June 2024





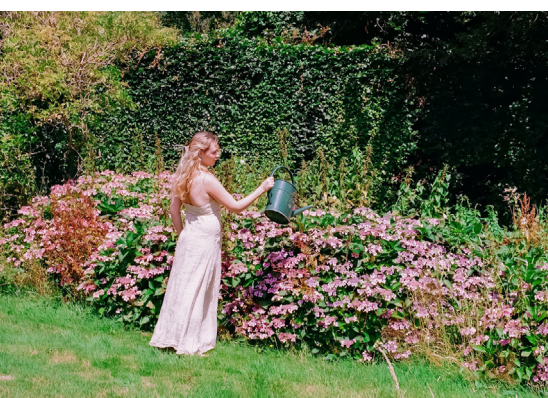
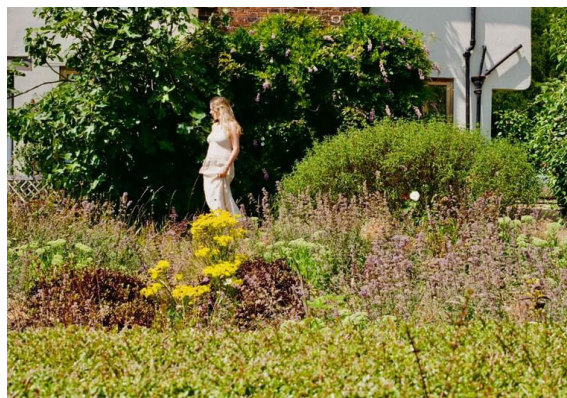
## The Secret Garden: Nature and Nostalgia

The natural world is laced into our nostalgic moments. Whether it's the salty scent of the sea or the subtle feeling of warmth on your skin as the daylight fades away into a kaleidoscopic sunset, the natural features around us hold the ability to transcend time and transport us back to carefree childhoods. The Secret Garden by Frances Hodgson Burnett is a story that has certainly left grass stains on all of its readers' brains by creating the desire for an eternal childhood where happiness flourishes in the British countryside. This two-part photo series focuses on the polarity between healing through nature and deteriorating through confinement as conveyed through Burnett's story.

Burnett's story follows a wealthy orphan girl named Mary Lennox. Mary travelled from British India to the English countryside to live with her uncle and she was initially hostile towards her new life on the Yorkshire Moors, but she began to overcome her aversion when a maid informed her of a locked away garden that was once loved by her uncle's late wife. Mary took it upon herself to find and access the garden, with the help of others working on the estate. Mary later met Colin, her cousin, who was confined to his bed as he suffered from various illnesses and a spinal condition. Colin displayed the same hostility towards life that Mary arrived with, but she attempted to raise his spirits by introducing him to the garden, which he had not set foot in for several years. Mary and the staff worked together to recover Colin's walking ability by practicing daily in the garden. Mary's uncle, Colin's father, was simultaneously recovering from his grief and had a dream in which his late wife called to him from inside the garden. Colin's father was taken aback when he found the children playing together in the garden, both in good health.







It can be inferred that The Secret Garden's plot structure is an allegory for the cyclic structure of an ecosystem, and through this; the story is able to highlight the importance of stewardship in sustaining these cycles. Mary and Colin's confinement inside the house during winter mimics hibernation and the garden begins to bloom when Mary explores it and tends to it as the season changes. This simultaneously heals her of her mental sickness, as well as healing Colin of his much more physical illnesses. Mary's uncle's late wife exemplifies the inevitability of death, but decomposing matter is commonly used as a fertiliser for stimulating new growth, emphasising how Mary's uncle had to grieve in order for his son's suffering to end. Mary, who was once self-centred and spoiled, began to develop empathy and compassion when she met Colin as she became self-aware of her similarly sullen disposition and negative attitude towards life. Mary realised that this behaviour was the result of a loveless childhood, having lost parents that never gave her any attention, and having watched Colin spend his days shackled to his bed away from his father. Burnett's whimsical story presents two children nurturing each other's spirits, learning to love, and taking comfort in the solitude of the natural world, which catalyses growth for both them and the garden.

The term nostalgia was first coined to describe the symptoms that Swiss mercenaries were experiencing after having travelled far away from their rural homelands. These soldiers would often feel anxious, depressed, and sad, much like Mary when she first arrived in Yorkshire. There were several proposals as to why the mercenaries felt this way, such as a belief that the atmospheric pressure change as a result of moving from their Alpine homes to the plains of Europe had left them diseased, or perhaps that the constant clanging of cowbells in the Alps had inflicted prior damage upon their brains. More recent scholars and dictionaries have described nostalgia as 'immigrant psychosis' and 'a sentimental longing for the past'. It is evident that the common thread amongst all of these interpretations is that our surrounding environments can have tremendous impacts on our emotional well-being.

This photo series aims to particularly highlight the physical and emotional changes that come with connecting to the natural world. The first part of the series shows the character to be in poor health as she is confined to her bedroom, but she constantly peers out of her window, longing to step into the outside world. In the second part of the series, the character enters the garden and begins to interact with nature, which visibly raises her spirits.

by Aminah,  
find her work on @minahasifcamera!!





## 'The Culture of Football Kits'

I'm a big believer in lifelong learning where you discover new skills and pick up new hobbies, about 14 months ago now, I first found a love for photography. In the beginning, I only used my phone but soon bought a small disposable camera online, this camera follows me everywhere and makes capturing memories ten times more fun.

Another passion of mine is football, more specifically football shirts, I wanted to capture the detailed design and elegance of a football shirt and what better way than through the lenses of a camera and my love of photography?

I persuaded a good friend of mine to make her modelling debut, and together we collaborated to produce some fantastic photos. The photos create a nostalgic feeling for any football fan, this is part of the atmosphere and culture that surrounds football. Footballing legend Alan Shearer once said:

"It isn't just cloth and colour or a wear once a week shirt. It's a second skin. Citizenship. A way of life."

words and photography  
by Tom, owner of Culture  
Football Kits.

(find him  
@culture\_football\_kits and  
@langley\_\_t)





## How I imagined being a teen as a kid

As a kid I imagined my 18th birthday to be like those insane birthday parties in movies. At my house with a lot of friends and booze and just drinking and partying the night away. With me in the centre of it all ofcourse, all of the attention would be on me because I was the main character in my own story after all.

I would've had this huge glow up before I went to highschool. My boobs would've grown and I could finally wear a bra, I lost some weight. I would wear contacts instead of glasses and my teeth would magically fix themselves overnight, so I wouldn't have to wear braces. I would be the most popular girl in school.



In reality that never happened of course, I in fact never lost that extra bit of weight I carried around in middle school, my boobs didn't really come in until my second year of highschool.



My teeth didn't magically fix themselves overnight, on the contrary I had to wear braces for about 1,5 years. Plus I didn't switch out my glasses for contact until the end of my third year. And I was most definitely not the most popular girl in school.

But nevertheless I loved my teen years, it made me the girl I am today at 18 years old. It made me realise that I hate having parties at my house, I don't like being the centre of attention at all and I don't really care about having dozens of friends. Because the friends that I do have mean the world to me and I know that they will be there for me when I need them just like how I'll be there for them.

We probably all have imagined this picture perfect life for ourselves at some point. Whether it's the life you imagined having during highschool or during your adult years. It's always good to have expectations and hopes of what you would want to be like in later years, that can give you a sense of purpose and motivation after all. But it's also important to remember that life is unpredictable and things don't always go according to plan. Just know that that's okay, there is already too much pressure from the outside world to have achieved certain goals at a certain age. There is no need for you to also put that same pressure on yourself, just enjoy things as they come along. Take things at your own pace, set boundaries, don't let other people step over those boundaries when you're not ready to extend them. Have some trust in yourself.

The thing that helped me to create that trust with myself, is doing things on my own. They don't have to be big things, it could be something small like going to a restaurant alone, having a nice little dinner for one. I decided to take the leap and go to Italy for four months completely on my own. There

But now that the four months are almost over, I'm more confident in my ability to take care of myself. I can even say I'm proud of myself for actually going through with this adventure. Spending alone time with yourself forces you to actually listen to your thoughts, sometimes they can become too much. What I find helps with that is either writing them down. Or really try and focus on one specific thought, preferably your most positive one of course, but that truly depends on what kind of mood you are in.

By Myla Mahadewsing  
(find her @myla.mahadewsing)



some friends in the streets of  
florence, june 2024  
(@pinkpapparazzi)





## How NOT to maintain the peace while playing Winx Club

Like most girls born in the 2000s, I grew up watching the most innovative, groundbreaking, Oscar-worthy show of all time: The Winx Club. Nothing filled my evenings at home more than watching a group of pretty fairies use their magic to fight against ugly and evil monsters. Since my friends and I couldn't bring our DVD collection to kindergarten, we collectively decided that the only logical solution was to recreate it ourselves by impersonating the fairies and fighting off the monsters, who were, very conveniently, the entire male population of our grade.

The six of us immediately got to work on our magic moves when suddenly, my friend Aurora asked the question that shattered our fairy dreams: "So who's going to play who?" "I will be Bloom," every single one of us said. There's no one to blame in this situation; every little girl wanted to be the main character with beautiful red hair, who controls fire and has a very cute blue-eyed boyfriend. To this day, I don't think I've witnessed a debate as intense as this one. Eventually, I decided to step out of the Bloom competition (I was somehow very mature for my age) and volunteered to play Flora. In hindsight, that wasn't a huge sacrifice since she was gorgeous and had a cute pink cat named Coco. I also discovered while researching for this article that Flora was declared the prettiest Winx, and her looks were inspired by the one and only J.Lo. Later, one of the girls said she would play Stella, and another chose Aisha. We all knew the real issue would be finding someone willing to play Tecna. The animators did her dirty with that purple balaclava and those thin spiky wings.



Now that I'm 20 years old, I've come to realize that Tecna would have been the only one out of all of them to get a decent job in this economy. I could see Musa being the next Chappell Roan. Flora seems like she would have run an indebted flower shop and bookstore in the Cotswolds, while Aisha would have started a TikTok account to document the renovation of her new van, which she would use to travel the world (which actually sounds quite cool). However, when I was 4, I wasn't thinking about how Tecna could have been the next Mark Zuckerberg and built a multi-billion-dollar business as a woman in STEM; I was judging solely on outfits, boyfriends, and the cuteness of pets. Needless to say, the debate reached no conclusion. We spent the entire afternoon arguing and didn't defeat a single one of our enemies. I'm sure our male classmates were quite content with this outcome.

There isn't really a moral to this story. We learned nothing from this experience and continued to behave the same way every other school afternoon. We only stopped arguing about it when we stopped watching Winx Club altogether. Pretending to be fairies wasn't cool anymore; now, we wanted to be mermaids, princesses, or attend a Californian music academy. We had outgrown our own characters, and we continued to outgrow all of the ones that came afterward. The Winx Club may have been just a phase, but it's comforting to think back on the times when all I wanted to be was a fairy. Although the reality is, I will never stop wanting to be one.



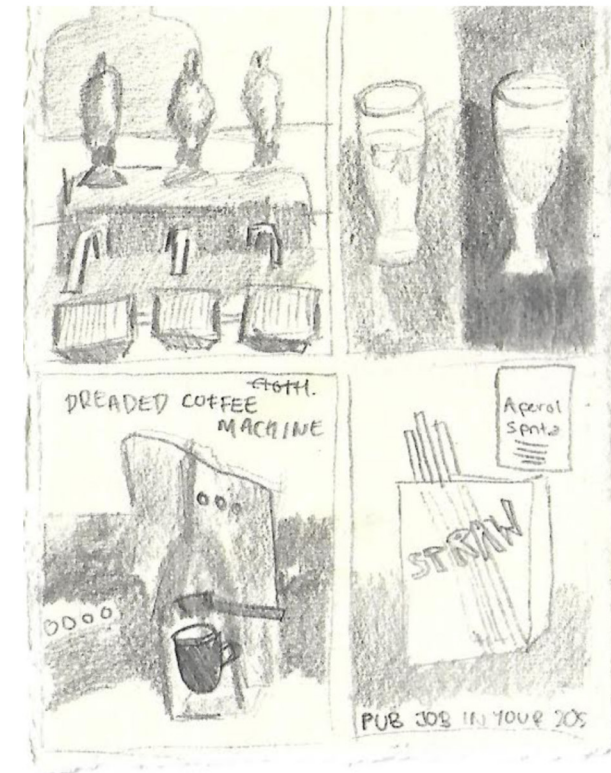
BY MARTINA CAMPAGNOLI  
(find her @marty.campa !)





## SAIAKUNANA'S 'DOKI-DOKI' EXHIBITION

A wonder to the eyes, i loved this two room show by this contemporary artist. Saiakunana's works are bright, daring and wonderful. 'DOKI-DOKI' describes 'when you have a change in heartbeats' in japanese. Saiakunana named her show after this because it is a reference to her recent changes in style, like the heartbeats change so did her style. What I thought was particularly wonderful about the exhibition is Nana's use of the space to compliment her works. She painted the walls of the rooms to match the palettes of her works and also decorated the outside of the building in endearing illustrations and colours, drawing the viewer into her world.







Hong Kong  
caught on digital camera in 2023







forget the wall! connect your phone to your bag! first wired mobile phone <3  
(photo by @j3nniferfunnell/@pinkpappparazzi, model: Emily)

Kaneko Ayano, People and Their Thing.  
featured on jenny's blog [www.jennyefunnell.co.uk](http://www.jennyefunnell.co.uk)

I am inspired tonight - Kaneko ayano has inspired me!

A small woman with a powerful voice.

I'm on the tube home now, to get back to my flatmates, but I'll write a quick note about this.

I discovered Ayano when I was 15, before my world and everyone else's was disrupted by pandemics and bad luck. I continued to listen to her music through the years up until now and through it all I became a die-hard fan. Her big voice and strong messages of love and hope bring me to tears very often, and they definitely did tonight. But I'm not alone in my feelings for her music, and I was lucky to find that out at the intimate but mighty show.

This gig was the first gig I'd been to alone, it was scary at first but then I just decided to settle down and have fun by myself. But as soon as I arrived, after walking down the wrong way (and saw a lady doing ribbon acrobatics on the stairs of her warehouse flat), I met someone, asked for directions, and had a chat.

This French man had flown in from a little French town just to see Kaneko Ayano. and we chatted about her music and how much we love it and I understood how big of an impact her songs about love and hope and freedom really have.

He said "her songs are like freedom, and during covid I really needed that". What a cool guy! I love the way he said it sounds like freedom, 'cause I feel exactly the same way.

I then met a girl who's studying art history at SOAS and is originally from Japan. We talked about lots of different Japanese music, a thing I don't really talk about that much but love quietly. She translated what Ayano said throughout her gig to me and I'm so grateful I met such a nice girl in such a short period of time! It makes me excited about life and all the people you can meet!

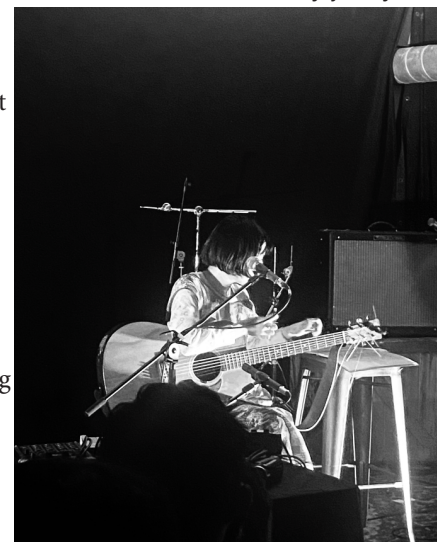
I cried quite a lot at the gig, I think mostly because younger teenage Jenny loved her so much and I love her so much now.

Music is inspiration, and people create it by reflecting on their own life, relationships and dreams.



check out this playlist for more favourites of her music! She's really amazing and more people MUST know about her!

words by jenny funnell





What does it mean to fall in love again and again?

Why I love ‘Everything is romantic’ by Charli XCX.

The first time I came across Charli XCX’s ‘Everything is romantic’ was in a short clip featuring the just lyrics ‘fall in love again and again’ on loop whilst images of a romanticised summer flashed on my screen. Then and there I decided that this song would capture the zeitgeist of my summer. Yes, I have just danced around the fact that I fell in love with a TikTok sound. Even a self-proclaimed hater secretly downloads the app once a month. I can’t really put myself on a pedestal for that, maybe a baby chair is more justified.

This might be an unpopular take, especially given that I do like electronic music, but I am not the biggest fan of brat. However, something about this song is different to the rest of the album. A symphony of string and brass instruments, perhaps synthetic or real, come together for a cinematic, Hans Zimmer-esque first few bars. Soon, in true Charli XCX hyper-pop style, the vocals come in in a rather conversational tone with an intertional electronic autotune feel. Charlie delivers the lyrics:

Bad tattoos on leather-tanned skin  
Jesus Christ on a plastic sign  
Fall in love again and again  
Winding roads, doing manual drive  
Bad tattoos on leather-tanned skin  
Jesus Christ on a plastic sign, mm  
Early nights in white sheets with lace curtains  
Capri in the distance

Most simply, they describe Charli’s blunt observations of Italian families on a trip to the Amalfi coast. In their novelty, the details of life, mundane to locals, appear marvellous or even heavenly, in reference to ‘Jesus Christ on a plastic sign’. It is easy to romanticise a life of which you are a visitor and not a permanent resident.

The lyrics are delivered twice, once to the orchestral backing, and a second time to a electronic and synth heavy backing. In their second repetition, the lyrics feel less of a subtle observation and more of an exclamation. Our memories are as such. There are objective scenes and observations that are forever stuck in our minds. Yet our emotional response will be different every time we recall them, depending on our current state. The song develops with more passion and intensity but simultaneously with less detail; memories fade, but it is a feeling that lingers longer.

Lemons on the trees and on the ground  
Sandals on the stirrups of the scooters  
Neon orange drinks on the beach  
Four generations make up a family  
Lemons on the trees and on the ground  
Sandals on the stirrups of the scooters  
Neon orange drinks on the beach  
Four generations make up a family  
Early nights in white sheets with lace curtains

Pompeii in the distance  
In a place that can make you change  
Fall in love again and again  
Early nights in white sheets with lace curtains  
Pompeii in the distance  
In a place that can make you change

Verse two is framed by an abrupt ending of the heavy beat. There is a soft bubbling sound beneath the lyrics, which is I actually think is quite comical. But it is not soon before we return to the songs main beat through a layering of synths and a crescendo. The lyrics,

Pompeii in the distance  
In a place that can make you change

stand out to me. Like Pompeii by Bastille, the looming tragedy and doom associated with Pompeii highlights a determination to live fully, in our current state.

Change may come forcefully (though I’m hoping Mount Vesuvius isn’t planning on erupting again any time soon) or we might intentionally bring it on in a decision to explore a new location.

Maybe that’s why this song hit me so hard; at the time of writing this, I am moving to Chicago in a week.

To answer the initial question of what it means to fall in love again and again, I choose to interpret it as more of a mantra than a statement of persuasion. The repetition of it is almost obsessive. But I don’t think it is such a bad thing to be obsessed with the idea of finding love in subtleties: ideas, times of day, roads as well as people and their quirks.



words and artwork by Ece Tumer  
find her on instagram @ecetum3r





It's been seven weeks since I last visited camber sands, in search of the sea cure. I had parted from someone I held pretty dear that morning. My dad, thank goodness, knew exactly what to do. In the weeks before I'd mentioned wanting to drive down to the sea with my CDs playing, we'd have a barbecue on the beach and run into the sea, 'cause it's something to make us feel alive. Dad said it was time we did that, time to feel alive and cry it out.

We got into our dodgy moss-ridden Volkswagen and I put the Cocteau twins on straight away. Heaven or Las Vegas. The sea was definitely the heaven, the respite, that I needed to calm the storm of my passed Las Vegas, my heart. I know its quite dramatic, to drive down to the sea with your head out the window blasting music that sounds like a fairy made it, but its the cure I'm telling you!

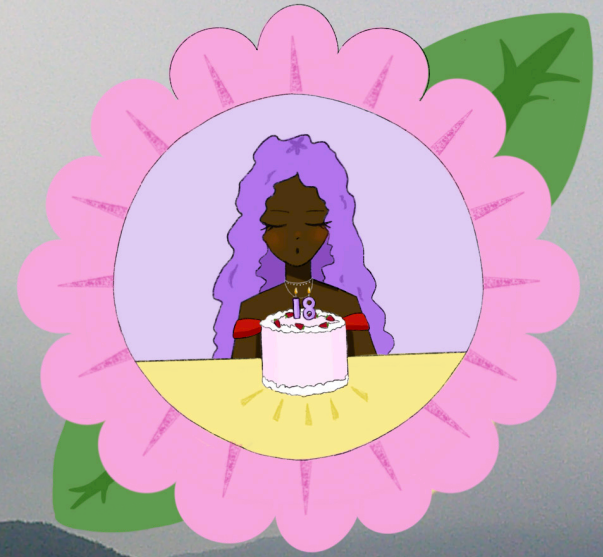
In June I made a friend in Florence, Zoë, we bonded with shared beliefs about rituals and fables and spirits. We once made a trip to a river, on a bus making its way to Pisa. We sat and lay in the water as it ran past us with clear and sparkling blues and greens. We talked about how we should do a ritual, to the moon and to the stars and to the water. These sorts of conversations got me thinking about how rituals and moments of commemorations can be very healing and might make one stronger in their journey to courage in love and life once more.

This drive down to the sea and the two times I went into it, cold and teary-eyed but smiling, was my ritual. My commemoration, A start to something I'd never really had to do before. It was a romantic moment, just for me. I took these on that evening. I saw friends playing football, lovers holding hands, families and dogs walking together. It was a calm night, or maybe it was my feelings that quietened it. Either way, I hope you can find some connection to this moment through these photographs.

- Jenny, 'The Sea Cure'.







Problem: All girls  
families

All  
girls  
still

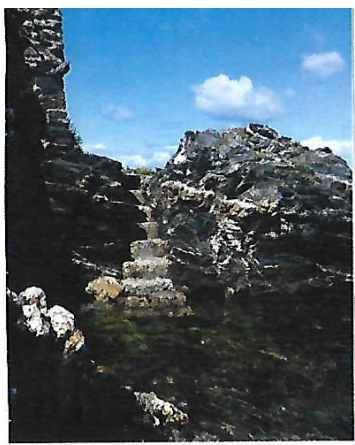
CAN'T  
TALK TO  
BOYS

Femin-  
ist  
1  
Cores are  
thinking  
that all  
boys are  
idiots

Dad lied to me (idiots)  
when I was young  
+ I hated him.

anonymous submission from a girl's middle  
school diary.





cut and stuck @pinkpappparazzi



## PEACH SEEDZ' RECS

A good friend and I stumbled across this little gem in Islington, London this year. Canal Number 5 on Regents Canal turns into a cool spot with cocktails, coronas and people dangling their legs off the side of the canal. One night when we were there, sipping beers and aperols alongside many other young Londoners, a man climbed over the canal lock with a table and his DJ deck. It was the most lovely surprise and really made our night! Along with the palm reader that showed up on the bank as well! Canal Number 5 is a cafe with that spark in the summer! Visit in the winter as well for warm coffees and pastries, you can sit outside with a view of the water! This isn't an AD I just love this place so much. Nip over there sometime, maybe you'll run into the peach seedz family!





a massive thank you to Nextgen Research for  
sponsoring the release of this issue! It means  
the world that we're able to print this!  
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fill next  
time ♡



that was grass stains!

thank you for reading and  
supporting the first issue of  
Peach Seedz!

Thank you to Aditi, Aminah, Ece, Elena,  
Emily, Maddie, Martina, Myla, Shreya,  
Sofia, Tom and Wren. (find their socials  
next to their articles for more!)

All the best,  
Jenny Funnell

