

bella rae

VALUE + BEAUTY + PURPOSE



BOOMERANG BAGS | THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC | WARDROBE TALES
DIY FLOWER CROWN | JASON DANIELS | STOCKHOLM STYLE



Tie Dye Doona Cover

WHAT YOU'LL NEED

plain cotton doona cover & pillowcases,
washed
rubber bands (lots of them!)
rubber gloves
a big bucket or sink
packets of dye of your colour choice
(think calming, sleepy colours... and
check the packet to know how much
you'll need)
measuring cup
a big bag of salt
pegs (optional – for planning your design)

WHAT TO DO

1. Read instructions on dye packet before starting. Check you have all you need.
2. Plan out your design. Look online for inspo. If you like, use pegs to mark where you want circles because once you start scrunching with rubber bands it's easy to lose track of your desired design.
3. Wherever you want a circle, pull fabric through rubber bands and tie. We found big circles look great, with multiple

rubber bands to give the circle layers. Remove peg markers as you go.

4. Pull on your gloves and prepare dye as per instructions on packet, remembering to add salt to set the colour. Dampen fabric with water, to get it ready to absorb the dye.

5. Time to dye! We chose to try dyeing the circles in a different colour from the rest of the fabric, dipping them into a concentrated version of the dye before plunging the whole thing into the main colour. Most dyes need to soak for about 45 minutes.

6. Rinse thoroughly in cold water. Remove rubber bands by pulling fabric either side (the best part!). Wring out (or pop in the spin cycle of your washing machine) and hang to dry. Enjoy your snuggly new sleepytown.

Behind the scenes: before tie dyeing, this clean white doona cover was innocently hanging on the clothesline, when a bird flew over and pooped on it! Rude! (We possibly just dyed over it, and the poo is now nowhere to be seen.)



travelling tales

Travelling overseas is a way to see the world, stretch your mind and make some unforgettable memories. As Anna tells us, though, things don't always go to plan!

I hurriedly swerved in and out of oncoming passengers as I made my way towards the train's exit. The wheel of my large suitcase snagged an aisle seat, and after struggling for a moment I managed to yank it free and keep moving towards the door. Annabel and Rosie were already waiting outside on the platform. Jess and I had nearly reached the exit, but as we pushed our way through one final mass of people, we heard it.

Beep, beep, beep. With a firm 'thud', the doors slid shut. I felt the blood drain from my face.

"No! No!" I heard Jess shriek. *"We need to get off this train!"*

I could see Rosie and Annabel on the other side, frantically trying to open the door. Jess caught the attention of the train steward.

"Please, sir, let us off the train!" The steward rolled his eyes. *"The doors stay closed,"* he smirked. With a swift turn of his heel, he was gone.

Jess began shaking profusely as she went into panic mode, and alright, maybe a bit of panic rubbed off on me too. We had researched where we were going, we had carefully planned our route, but we hadn't accounted for not being able to get off the train quickly enough!

Here we were, stuck on a train in a country where we didn't know the language, separated from our friends, with no wifi connection, and absolutely no idea when the next stop would be. For

all we knew, this train could be sending us to Narnia. I felt sick.

Suddenly a stranger standing nearby who had witnessed the whole fiasco piped up.

"The next stop is in fifteen minutes," he said, *"and there's one train coming back today, you should get there in time to catch it."*

In that moment, I could've sworn this hipster dude casually leaning by the window was actually an angel. An angel who could speak our language! A calmness washed over me. My mind became clear again, and I felt a peace settle deep within me. You are going to be OK. The voice in my head didn't feel like my own. But it was right – we were OK. We got off at the next stop. We caught the next train back. We were reunited with our friends. And some time later, we laughed about it. For the rest of the trip we did stay close to the exits whenever we travelled by train.

I'd like to say this was the only disaster my friends and I experienced while travelling Europe, but no. There were many, many more. In fact, if anything could go wrong, it usually did.

Why am I telling you all this? Am I trying to scare you out of ever going travelling? No way! My point is, things do go wrong sometimes. Travel isn't always the glamorous photo-worthy lifestyle we're shown. You'll make mistakes. You'll miss your train. Your bus will break down. You'll get lost. Your feet will hurt and you will be tired and homesick. But if you

keep your wits about you, you will be OK. And it WILL be worth it!

Sometimes these disastrous, unplanned moments of travel end up being the best bits. It's in these moments you might encounter wonderful, helpful people like hipster-angel dude. It's in these moments when you learn valuable life lessons. It's in these moments you might realise how strong, brave and amazing you really can be. It's in these moments you might have some crazy, funny, spontaneous adventures. And it's usually these moments that make the best stories later on!

So next time you're travelling and things aren't quite going to plan, don't panic! Take a deep breath and remember: you are going to be OK.

A word of warning: Most travel mess ups do end up as fond and funny memories, but it is wise to be wary, stay alert, listen to feelings of uneasiness and... you guessed it, be prepared!

You can save yourself unnecessary frustration, discomfort and unintentional offence, etc. by researching where you're going (The Aus govt's website *Travel Smart* and *Lonely Planet* are good starting points) as well as talking to other travellers who have been to the same place/s.



when clean eating gets messy

What happens when we try so hard to eat well
...it becomes unhealthy?

Dear diary,
I ate a doughnut today.
It tasted so good.
I felt so sick afterwards. And bloated.

I can't believe I enjoyed it. All that sugar
and fat and white flour. I deserve to feel
sick. My friends and family just don't
get it.

Everyone tells me I'm 'so healthy!'. They
think I'm vegan and gluten free and it's
all a lifestyle choice. But I'm not healthy,
I ate a doughnut! Last week I even ate
a row of chocolate. Why do I feel this
way? Maybe something is wrong with
me. My friends eat anything they want
and don't get sick.

I need to pull myself together.
Tomorrow I will be better. Tomorrow
I will be stronger. No more sugar. No
more weakness.

You may have heard of Anorexia
Nervosa or Bulimia, which involve the
restriction of the quantity of food one
eats. Orthorexia Nervosa is an unhealthy
concern with the *quality* of food. While
it is not yet medically recognised as
an eating disorder, it can cause similar
obsessive behaviours around 'clean
eating' and 'good/bad foods'.

Orthorexia starts out as a reasonable
desire and intention to be healthier but
becomes a problem when taken to the
extreme. People with orthorexia also
experience a feeling of virtue when they
think they're eating 'right'.

Sometimes people become bent on
controlling what goes into their bodies,

often when other elements of their
life feel beyond their control. We all
like to feel as if we have a say over
something, right? But if this goes on, the
determination to control what you eat
can end up controlling you, becoming
all-consuming (pun unintended) and
getting in the way of you living your life.

So, your friend at school has dramatically
increased her salad intake. Does she have
orthorexia? There are key signs to look
out for, in others and yourself:

Obsessively planning meals several
days ahead/taking food everywhere/
avoiding eating out

Having a fear of eating fat, salt,
chemicals and/or knowing a lot
about food

Feeling nauseous and/or heavy after
eating something which would not make
a regular person feel that way

Having a lot of 'rules' around food and
feeling guilty when food rules are broken,
potentially leading to self-punishment
like increased exercise or stricter
dietary rules

Thinking of food in black and white
terms like 'good' and 'bad'

Cutting out entire food groups – most
commonly beginning with dairy, grains
or meat and progressively excluding
more and more foods without any
medical allergy or intolerance diagnosis

Following fads such as frequent
detoxing, eating raw and cleansing

What can you do if you suspect you, or a friend, has orthorexia?

1. Become aware of your thoughts around food. Notice where black and white thinking has snuck in and try not to categorise everything into 'clean', 'bad' or 'good' foods. Try to relax about calories and see variety as something to embrace.

2. Accept help. If you suspect you have orthorexia (or another eating disorder or simply struggle with food or body image), it is a good idea to check in with a doctor or eating disorder clinic to see if your eating habits are normal. Many people start out thinking they can handle it on their own but end up wishing they had asked for help much earlier.

3. Let go of one food rule at a time. Choose a food rule you see as less important and decide to break it. Recovery takes a long time with many steps forwards and backwards.

Occasional sweet, fatty or 'sometimes' foods can still be part of a healthy diet. Eating something a bit luxurious every now and again won't damage your body, and may just be good for your soul!

Don't get me wrong, it's important to take care of your health and great to eat well, but it is not good to let your mind run away with worry about it. Finding the balance between eating mostly nutritious food and some treat foods will have the most positive impact on your body and mental health.

NOURISHING FOOD TO WARM YOU UP THIS WINTER:

· Roast veggies are always a winner. They warm you up and your oven will warm up your kitchen! Try some veggies you might not often have, like brussel sprouts, artichoke hearts, beetroot and fennel as well as the delicious traditional potato, sweet potato, honeyed carrots and pumpkin. Experiment sprinkling with spices (such as paprika – YUM!), salt and pepper. Top with a big dollop of hummus to boost nutrition and tastiness.

· Nothing says 'winter' like classic pumpkin soup! Throw together some butternut pumpkin, bacon, onion, curry powder and stock for a wholesome meal. Try leaving the skin on the pumpkin (that's where most of the nutrients are) and serve with a slice of your favourite bread.

· Herbal tea. While coffee can provide some temporary alertness, it unfortunately restricts blood vessels, meaning your blood flow is not at maximum. Mix it up and give your immune system a boost in the morning with a green tea or warm lemon and ginger drink. Don't forget to allow the water to cool slightly before adding lemon juice, so the vitamin C is not depleted. A delicious bedtime option is a milky home-made chai made of cinnamon, cardamom, nutmeg, ginger, black pepper and turmeric. Sweet dreams!

For more info around healthy eating habits, find Anna at www.askanapd.com
Instagram – @askanapd

If you can relate to this story, we encourage you to talk to someone at:
The Butterfly Foundation for Eating Disorders
National Helpline 1800 33 4673
The Kids Helpline 1800 55 1800

National Eating Disorders Collaboration
www.eatingdisordersinfo.org.au
If you would like to talk to bella rae's trained counsellor write to
counsellor.anna@bellaraemag.com





Do it. Just go for it. PLAY!

These were the words of sevens player Tshintina Kendall, 16, as the three of us sat on the side of the rugby fields.

Her teammate Emily Byrne, 17, spoke aloud the fear many girls associate with playing rugby – that when you step onto that field, a strongly-built player will come charging at you and break you in half. Sound like a familiar thought?

My assumptions were quickly put to rest as these girls advised me that no matter who you are or what level you play for, in any sport, not just rugby union, there will always be coaches, players, friends and family to help you along the way. You never have to do it by yourself.

Emily and Tshintina (Tish for short) play for the Warwick Water Rats Sevens team. Both started out playing rugby league as

a part of a boys team until they finished under 12s. When Emily moved to town, rugby sevens wasn't that big, but when the regional teams started to form she got involved, as did Tish.

As well as playing in the local team, Tish played in the National Indigenous team last year, and both girls are currently training with the regional representative team. This will be the first year they are eligible for state selection. Tish and Emily both have big goals for their future in rugby sevens.

Tish: I do love the game – so much! – and I want to pursue it as far as possible, but I think I would be just as content playing

it at club level. I think everyone wants to see how far they can go.

Emily: Ultimately, I want to be at an Olympic level. That is my end goal, but how I get there is for tomorrow. As Tish said, at the moment I am just enjoying playing.

The team trains twice a week. Fitness work on Tuesdays and skills, drills, ball-work, tackling and gameplay on Thursdays.

Tish: It is interesting how well we gel together, considering how different and diverse the team is.



Everyone is from varying walks of life and we all have different personalities – when it comes together you wouldn't expect it to work but somehow it really does.

Emily: I remember some teams I have played in who fought and argued the whole time, and even though they were an amazingly skilled group of girls, with players not working together, we would end up getting beaten. Not with the Water Rats though, everybody is playing at the same level, and as a team.

The girls both play multiple sports and when I asked how they managed school,

work, home life and their sport they simply said: "We don't!"

Tish: People used to tell me that stepping up to year 11 is a big change, but I thought: *No, it won't be like that for me.* But when I got there I realised they were right. You really need to be strict with yourself. You can't leave everything until the last minute anymore.

Emily: If you know you have training one afternoon, then you need to come home and do the assignments or homework beforehand, or sometimes we're able to do the work in the car on our way out to training. You learn to discipline yourself even though you don't want to do the work.

The girls' rugby union role models include Georgie Friedrichs, Mahalia Murphy and Taleena Simon, all athletes who have faced diversity and setbacks, but have kept pushing forward, never giving up in working to achieve their dreams. Emily and Tish are big fans of these elite level players, but back home, the biggest inspiration for these up and coming athletes is their own coach, Quinny.

Emily: She has definitely given us so much support and has believed in us at times when we struggled too. She has been so strong and when she might not be feeling it, she doesn't let anyone know, but instead works to bring the team together and keep us moving forward.

EVERY OUTFIT tells a tale...

DID YOU KNOW EVERY PIECE OF CLOTHING
YOU OWN HAS A STORY?

From the moment it was just an idea in someone's head, to the craftsmanship required to put it together, to the journey it had before finding its way into your wardrobe - not to mention the adventures it's been on with you since then!

It's true - clothing has a life of its own. If your clothes could talk, what tales would they tell? We asked six of our team members to pick out some of their favourite items and share what they know of their stories.

PHOTOGRAPHY: [ANNA SCHWENKE](#) | [KORO DESIGNS](#)



JEWEL

my red polka dot dress & jacket

My mum snaffled up this fabulous red woollen polka dot dress fresh off the rack in 1971 from a small country town clothing store owned by a Middle Eastern princess! The princess had a fabulous boutique and used to order one-of-a-kind clothing from top fashion houses in Europe! I discovered this outfit in Mum's wardrobe when I was about 13 and have adored it ever since. I've dressed the jacket down with jeans and the dress up for special occasions. This classy piece is versatile, always unique and whenever I wear it, compliments abound.



ANNA

my red skirt – I came across this skirt after doing a clothing swap with my sister. We both had red skirts which were nearly identical, but mine didn't fit me quite right and hers didn't fit her quite right, so we swapped! This skirt fits perfectly and has become one of my favourite items of clothing.

my grey hat – I bought this hat from Yellow 108, a sustainable company who make accessories out of salvaged and recycled materials. I love this little hat

because it's super comfy, versatile, and it's travelled all around Europe with me!

and my gold necklace – This necklace belongs to my mum. She's had it for so long she doesn't recall how she came across it, but it was most likely passed down to her from a great-aunt. I've been 'borrowing' this necklace off Mum for years because I love it so much, and it goes with every outfit I own. I'm not sure if she'll ever get it back - sorry Mum!



HENRIETTA

my blue filigree dress – I scored this dress from a friend who was cleaning out her wardrobe. That friend is now my housemate so we get to peek in each other's wardrobes all the time (just for inspiration, of course!). I have worn this dress to many fun parties, the most memorable being a 50s style hens party where I curled my hair, slapped on some bright red lipstick, donned some white gloves and danced the night away, feeling fabulous.

and my little brown boots – Oh, these boots! How I love them! I bought these for \$70 second hand at a vintage store in Sydney seven years ago, after stalking up and down the streets of trendy Surry Hills. I was in the big city visiting a friend who had moved there for work, and the whole trip was a delight. We walked along the coastline from Bondi beach to Coogee, waited in line for pastries from the famous Bourke St bakery, sipped coffee in a joint with bookshelves which stretched floor to ceiling... and these boots, well they were the ultimate souvenir!



LIZ

my Canadian beanie – I was on holiday in Canada visiting one of my cousins who lived on Vancouver Island and he'd taken us into a typical Canadian winter-wear store. My brother and I found the hat stand full of beanies and thought they were the coolest things ever and that getting one would make the holiday. At that time I had long hair I always wore up in a bun so, trying different sized beanies on meant I had to keep going up a size. I was pretty perplexed because I knew I didn't have a very big head. At some point during the holiday when we'd migrated to some snow fields, I had my hair down and put on my beanie. It was at that moment I discovered that it was at least three sizes too big! To this day my beanie is still too big but I enjoy wearing it, when the weather is cold enough, and carrying the fond memories of that Canada trip.

and my hippie pants – I've been in love with hippie pants for as long as I can remember but it wasn't until I was fresh out of high school that I had the opportunity to go into one of the wondrous places that held these items of clothing. On that fateful day, I somehow ended up in one of these shops and felt like a kid in a candy store. The colours! The patterns! The pants! I can't say that my eyes fell upon these particular pants and I instantly fell in love, because there were just too many to love! After some ums and ahs and sizing difficulties I made a choice and walked out of the store bouncing. My hunch was correct. Hippie pants are the most comfortable pants on earth and my love for them only grows as time goes on.

