

Including but not limited to:



Trinity '22  
ALL FOR THE NEW  
AND EVEN LOWER  
PRICE OF  
COMPLETELY FREE!

AN IMPERVIEW  
WITH AN ACTUAL  
PERSON??

A DAY IN THE  
LIFE OF A  
MEDIC!  
HOW EXCITING!

THE RETURN  
OF  
KEEPING  
UP WITH  
THE JCR!

Edited by The  
Editor... duh



## Section A

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Ran out of motivation. Just guess.

# CONTRIBUTORS

*This page is dedicated to those members of the JCR who read my emails and responded, not that there were many this term. I'm not mad, just disappointed.*

Abigail Kirstie

Aleksandra Kronk

Alexander Trew

Amaline Kierkegaard

Archie Turner

Me, myself, and I

Molly Roberts

The Editor's Intuition

The Editor's Tarot Cards

William Brilliant

Thank you kindly for your contributions to this term's Imp, they were a great help. I'm disappointed there are not more names on this list, but alas, next term ☺



# EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome back,

I cannot believe I've made it to write my second issue of the Imp. I thought I would quit by now. As dedicated readers will know, writing for the Imp is the highlight of that one day I spend on it during the vac, and what a way to spend it. I love the Imp. Writing for it brings me joy. It is read by many people who all enjoy it. All in all, this is a publication that I put my blood, sweat, and tears into writing, and this edition is no different.

In true Imp fashion, there is something in this edition for everyone – the return of the horoscope and the famous Keeping Up with the JCR, a day in the life, an interview, a review, and even things I didn't have to write myself!

This term has truly been An Experience™ and I hope you all enjoy my roundup of what's occurred. And with that, I bring you, the Trinity Imp.

All the best,

Amelia



# LINCOLN BALL REVIEW

By Alexander Trew

*(Editor's Note: Due to the amount of libel against myself in this article, I have had to quite heavily edit it. This is clearly marked and corrected, either with an 'Editor's note', or [redacted])*

I was recently asked by the \*esteemed\* *Editor's note: I sense unjust sarcasm* editor of the Imp to write up the Lincoln Ball; an offer that I graciously accepted.

But, as I was thinking about how best to condense such a wonderful evening into a few hundred words, I was quickly derailed by a sudden memory from the event. The editor of the Imp had *Editor's note: correctly* told me I give off "5 foot 7 vibes".

Dear readers: I am **[redacted]** *Editor's note: 5 foot 7.* And a bit .

So, you can understand how I became totally diverted from writing about the surprising appearance of pole dancers at the ball, and instead became obsessed with pointing out to others that I am, in fact, four inches taller than she claimed.

The fact that many of them *Editor's note: correctly* sided with her over me on the night was all the more galling; that this has continued since, and will, I fear, persist even after this article's publication, concerns me to no end *Editor's note: I would **never**.*



Also distressing me was the fact that, when confronted a few days after the ball, the Imp editor claimed no knowledge at all about the incident. Instead of apologising for her **[redacted]** *Editor's note: Alex claims I made a drunken mistake, this is untrue, as I neither drink nor make mistakes, she in fact doubled down, rudely Editor's note: More libel, I'm only ever polite* declaring that even had she been sober *Editor's note: which I was*, she would have said the same.

I suppose it should be a mark in favour of the ball that, through karaoke, shisha, a silent disco, and copious amounts of alcohol, I just about managed to deal with this insult sans-tears on the night. But I am afraid to say, dear reader, that the fact that no apology was forthcoming after the ball may render it forever tainted in my eyes.

Sure, the music may have been good, the black-tie wear of Lincolmites impeccable, the food of excellent quality, and the weather a ten out of ten; but I was unforgivably sinned against, and I'm not certain all those other things can make up for that.

In a better mood I would give this a five stars out of five; I am still angry, however, and have begun to search the internet for platform shoes *Editor's note: Maybe then, Alex may reach 5'11, as he claims.*

Until I find some satisfactory ones, then, I will have to refrain from giving a score, lest the ball's integrity be impacted by a personal crisis of self-confidence.

Which was the Imp editor's fault, by the way.

*Editor's note: Any and all interactions with the Imp Editor are at the interactee's own risk. The Imp Editor cannot be held accountable for any crises of confidence, self-worth, or identity that ensue after interaction. Any queries should be directed to the Imp Editor's legal team, accessible at 0800-SOD-OFF*



# A PIECE ON ME

By William Brilliant

*For the Auction of Promises, I promised an article in the Imp. This is what will come up with. Due to the amount of sheer nonsense in this article, it required some pretty heavy editing. Therefore, any Editor's note is italicised, without the usual prefacing 'Editor's Note', as I don't have all day.*

Well guys, it's me again, everyone's (Everyone's? Give one example) favourite Imp Editor, emerging from the apocalypse bunker one last time to grace you all with his presence and his writing.

Turns out my protegee, Imp Editor Emily Kopatz (Not even an original name for me, just one of my previous sign offs and a typo, learn to spell), just couldn't bear the thought of an Imp without me in it (a reminder, William paid for this), and so begged for my return. I told her I'd write something interesting, but that got me thinking: what is the most interesting thing in college? What one aspect of Lincoln life can every student unanimously agree is worthy of their time? And then it hit me.

Me. (Ah yes, because when we think of Will Brill, we think what an interesting man)

So that's when I got back to Emily (I had to chase Will up about this after my Prelims, which took place in 9<sup>th</sup> week) and told her I would write about myself. She was so happy about it she started shaking (We all know William has never made a woman shake). She could barely grit out the word "thanks", but I didn't need to hear it from her.



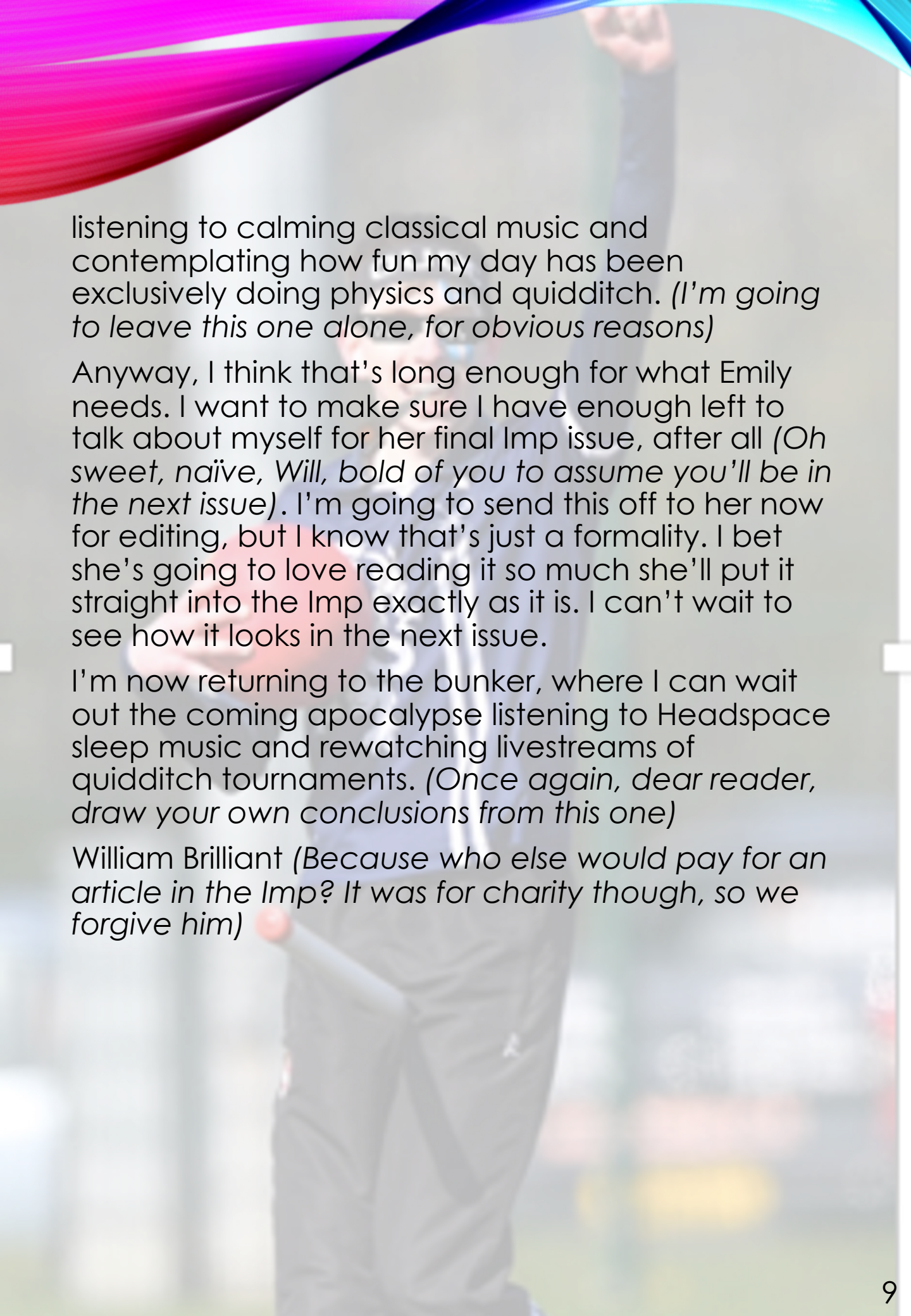
So let's talk about some of the great things about me. Now I could sit here all day and list off my qualities: Strength, grace, charm, intelligence, can't forget about humility, elegance, integrity, poise, a wealth of worldly knowledge, tactfulness, kindness, generosity, great physical fitness, empathy, honesty, patience, courage, perseverance, leadership, diligence, pragmatism, friendliness, fairness, perceptiveness, imagination, resourcefulness, *(Please bear in mind that we have all met Will AND read his Imps. If you haven't, go read them and judge how true these qualities are for yourselves)* not to mention I have a *(This next part was unsuitable for the Imp, so was removed)*

Ah, sorry, got carried away. Anyway, I thought instead of going through that whole list, I'd highlight some of the lesser-known *(Read: only known)* facts about myself. Like the fact that I do physics. And did you know I play quidditch? As a real sport! Isn't that awesome? I get to be a beater in real life! *(This isn't the brag you think it is mate)* No doubt these are both facts you've probably never realised about me, since I tend to keep my personal interests quite close to my chest.

Now I know what you're asking yourselves: William, how do you do it? What is your secret to being so awesome? *(No?)* And the answer is: 10 hours of sleep a night.

That's right, while others are wasting away their youths going clubbing, or drinking, or spending time with friends, I am setting myself up for an early night,





listening to calming classical music and contemplating how fun my day has been exclusively doing physics and quidditch. *(I'm going to leave this one alone, for obvious reasons)*

Anyway, I think that's long enough for what Emily needs. I want to make sure I have enough left to talk about myself for her final Imp issue, after all *(Oh sweet, naïve, Will, bold of you to assume you'll be in the next issue)*. I'm going to send this off to her now for editing, but I know that's just a formality. I bet she's going to love reading it so much she'll put it straight into the Imp exactly as it is. I can't wait to see how it looks in the next issue.

I'm now returning to the bunker, where I can wait out the coming apocalypse listening to Headspace sleep music and rewatching livestreams of quidditch tournaments. *(Once again, dear reader, draw your own conclusions from this one)*

William Brilliant *(Because who else would pay for an article in the Imp? It was for charity though, so we forgive him)*

# WHAT'S YOUR...

Bio-anything (even med, there's biochem right?)

Anything that integrates (basically non-bio STEM)

Music

Other (sorry, my memory is finite)

Year 1

I'm sorry you went through that.

What's it like, finishing exams before 9th week?

Things will only get better from here

Someone is thinking of you

Year 2

Life is like a box of chocolates, and you're the coffee one

Maybe it's time to go touch some grass

Tick tock. You're running out of time

Lions are just really big cats

Year 3

Stress is an emotion that too shall pass

Plan a nice activity for a lawyer

Soon you'll be overcome with emotion, but remember to behave in a respectable way

Remember to eat your five a day

Year 4

When it rains, bring an umbrella

In a bouquet of flowers, don't be the dead one

Check you pidge

Avoid grove quad for the next two terms



	History (All flavours, I don't have time for all of you individually)	Law	Languages (if it's spoken, it's in here, yes, English too)	PPE
Year 1	Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, today is a gift, that's why it's the present	May your next term be as fantastic as it is stressful	It's time to move on and move up	When it's dark outside, remember to look at the stars
Year 2	I'm so glad we put the hat away. Thank you	Don't stray from the path	Get your act together or someone will get it together for you	Some of you are okay. Only some though
Year 3	Hey now, you're a star, don't be so down	Avoid STEM students, they're up to something	You will enjoy hall food	Goodbye forever
Year 4	Time to leave man	Get out while you still can	Do your actions ever haunt you? They should.	Write for the Imp

*...HOROSCOPE?*

THIS TERM ON...



With the retirement of Jamie, a new momager approaches...

But what else has the Junior Common Room been up to? Stay tuned to find an obituary, an imperview, and many more!



# WHISTLESTOP TOUR OF JCR CHANGES

NEW WELFARE

NEW PRES, NO MORE BAD PUNS... OH NO...

NEW VICE PRES, HOPEFULLY LESS STRESSED

NEW ENTZ. OXFESS WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS

A WHOLE NEW WIDER COMMITTEE, TOO MANY FOR  
ME TO REMEMBER

BUT THROUGH IT ALL, ONE WIDER COMMITTEE  
MEMBER OFFERS US PROTECTION, A LOT OF LOVE  
AND AFFECTION, STAYING CONSTANT IN THE FACE  
OF ALL THESE CHANGES, me, the Imp Editor

A BIN IN GROVE – ONLY TOOK 40 MINUTES OF  
DEBATING

BUT ALAS, NO FIRST AID KIT IN THE KITCHEN



# NOTICE OF PASSING



Dear JCR,

It is with a heavy heart that I must inform you all of the passing into irrelevance of now ex-JCR president James Butler.

After a year in post, we will no longer experience subpar jokes, a sombre demeanour, or Jamie's complete and utter love for the job. Over the past two terms, I personally got to know Jamie, as he often told me silly things like 'you can't put that in the Imp'. Now that he's gone however I, like many JCR members, can throw sense out the window and do what I like, as his successor will surely be nowhere near as authoritarian as Jamie was made out to be in his first Imperview...

Anyway, we here at the Imp wish Jamie a happy retirement, free of the JCR shennanigans.





# OVERHEARD AT LINCOLN



Sometimes you need a little knife crime to solve your problems

Ugh  
WOMEN

I got a message from a boy the next day asking how my knees were

People can look at me and think how well they're doing in comparison

I've been so busy I haven't even had time for afternoon tea

Looking at a rodent trap, afraid of potential mice  
"Don't worry, you won't fall in"

# BINGATE? I THINK YOU MEAN PLASTERGATE

From a true, concerned Lincolnite

Dear Imp reader,

I come to you today with a warning and a call to arms. The warning is for the greatest threat this JCR has ever faced, a blight that is sweeping through this college and perverting the minds of the weak-willed into believing their path is somehow noble, or safer, or dare I say even sensible. The call to arms meanwhile is a passionate plea for all blue-bleeding Lincolnites to stand firm against the plague of insanity infecting these lands, spreading to corrupt more and more innocent souls with every uttered "but why not?" and "there's literally no reason not to". I am of course referring to the most tortured suggestion, veiled in sweet innocence, of adding an item to the JCR kitchen that would slowly yet quite inevitably uproot the very foundations of this college.

*A box of plasters.*

Even writing those words filled me with such contempt that I had to make myself a cup of herbal tea in our sparkling new kettle™ to calm down. It reminded me far too much of that ghastly night the idea was breathed into existence during the Trinity Term Week 2 JCR meeting. Why, upon hearing those hateful words spoken by the delinquent Thomas, , I was surprised the whole room did not leap to their feet and tear this rascal limb from limb (although it looked like Archie Turner might).





Admittedly, we would have had to have lynched all three Toms present at the meeting to ensure we got the correct one, but I would have happily paid that price had there been a thousand Toms in the room.

No doubt, dear reader, you abhor the idea as much as I do. Our enemies may whisper in the dead of night of the so-called benefits of having an easily accessible medicinal kit in such a commonly used space, and they may well lament that there would be virtually no drawbacks to such a placement, but we know better. No drawbacks? Ha! What ignorance! Why, the Vice President would have a single thing more on their job description besides their unfathomable duties to run the housing ballet once a year and organise vacation storage no one uses. Is that not reason enough?!

So take heed, dear reader, and ready your steel. A civil war is coming to Lincoln, and we must be victorious. And if, in this glorious and righteous conquest, you should find yourself cut to the bone, fear not, for you are a Lincolnite, and it is the highest honour to shed blood for your college. We do not need plasters when we bleed blue!

Signed a concerned, true Lincolnite





# JCR GUESS WHO



Do you know this man? Further, do you know which Lincoln electricity/wifi crisis this is?  
If you do, contact the Imp Editor for a prize\*



\*Subject to availability and cares given by the Editor. See her in Trinity when she's in a good mood for details

# JCR PRESIDENT INTERVIEW

*Dear readers, two failed attempts at recording an interview, Archie graciously wrote me his answers in an email, but I'm sure they were off the cuff, not planned at all, spontaneous responses to my questions. Not like he has anything to hide, right?*

## **What kind of president are you going to be?**

A hopeless romantic - we have to play to our strengths. After all, I'm no Jamie Butler in the dad jokes department (and a few others), but I do know a few good lines of poetry to make sure that that grey cloud finally turns black:

*My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;*

*My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,*

*(Editor's note: The poem did continue, but I lost interest and felt no need to subject you all to it.)*

I've also heard self-help books are useful; that Jordan Peterson fellow sounds interesting...

## **Will you be as much of a dictator as Jamie was, as suggested by my predecessor, Will Brill?**

Jamie has prepared me for this well; he has taught me the tricks of the trade – I know my way around the JCR presidency in more ways than one...

## **What direction will you take the JCR in?**

Definitely, absolutely (probably) NOT a socialist utopia – on a completely unrelated note, wouldn't our website look a little better in red...



**And finally, do you have any wisdom you'd like to share with the JCR?**

Well, apparently until I finish *12 Rules for Life*, I'm not even qualified to share wisdom with myself, however, here goes:

*Life is just one series of events after another, an endless repetition that is entirely meaningless unless you share it with people you care about. Mind you, if you care about nothing and no one, I guess you're on the straight and narrow, so sod that and look forward to a peaceful and empty death.*

**Maybe something more positive?**

Ah well...

*Whether you're religious, spiritual, atheist or anything in between, kindness cannot be taught, nor (as human beings) is it usually our natural instinct – make the conscious decision to care for those around you, do your best within your capacity and forgive yourself for the mistakes you've made.*



# APPLYING FOR VACATION RESIDENCE

Are you struggling with your vacares form? Below is the flow chart the accommodation office uses to determine which applications are denied



Are you an undergraduate?

Yes

No

**DENIED**

Do you have a way to easily get home?

No

Yes

Are you sure?

No

Yes

**DENIED**

HA we knew it

We think you're lying, have someone pick you up

**DENIED**

**DENIED**

KEEPING UP WITH THE

JCR

THE FINAL SEASON



AAAAAAND THAT'S A WRAP FOR KUWTJCR THIS TERM. TUNE IN NEXT TERM TO FIND OUT HOW FRESHERS IMPACT THE JCR...

# A REVISION DAY IN THE LIFE OF A MEDIC

Or at least, a day of revision as experienced by the Editor

**8:00 am:** Wake up, contemplate what to do with myself now that there are no scheduled lectures. Medics are like toddlers – lost and grumpy without a rigid schedule.

**8:30 am:** Get out of bed, eat breakfast whilst staring at the beautiful day outside. Can't wait to spend it in the library – something about studying when it's sunny makes it so much more enjoyable than studying when it's grey. At least that's what I tell myself whilst everyone with exams in 7th week goes sunbathing.

**9:30 am:** Find a seat in the library. Downstairs if I want to be productive, upstairs if I want to feel joy. Today is a downstairs kind of day. I sit down and take a few deep breaths.

**9:45 am:** Start studying, this involves much going over lecture notes and complaining at my past self that I decided half of the lecture content 'isn't on the left hand (compulsory) side of the syllabus'. Turns out, it is. Then, I go over content I really should have known six weeks ago. Contemplate whether what I'm doing here today is revision or just vision.

**12:50 pm:** Emerge from the library for lunch. When asked 'How's it going?' Reply 'Please don't.' Needless to say it is not going well.

**13:30 pm:** Decide that instead of revision time it is indeed coffee time, you know, to try and make the day less awful



**15:00 pm:** Return to the library. What happened in between coffee time and now? No one knows, I like to call this time me being 'about'. I'd say about enjoying life, but that's going a little far. Now that I'm back however, I continue revision. I access the question bank online and try not to cry as I get five questions in a row wrong.

**18:20 pm:** Emerge for dinner, telling myself that 'even hall food is good for the brain'. Get to hall and question whether that's entirely true.

**19:00 pm:** Return to the library and continue with the question bank. When that gets too riveting, plan some essays.

**20:30 pm:** Stumble upon a problem and consider whether there are any other medics in the library I could ask (a silly question, of course there are). Work up the courage to go and bother a medic, only to be comforted by the fact that they also don't know the answer.

**22:00 pm:** Give up, at this point no more knowledge is going in, as there is only so much cramming you can do. I return to my room and dump my revision stuff wherever, wanting as little to do with it outside of revision hours as possible.

**23:30 pm:** Go to bed. What happened in the past hour and a half? Multiple stressed conversations, for a maximum of ten minutes at a time – at the end of the day, girl's on a schedule.

**Next day 8:00 am:** Rinse and repeat :D

# PLACES IN OXFORD TO GO FOR A STUPID LITTLE WALK FOR YOUR STUPID LITTLE MENTAL HEALTH

By Molly Roberts, ft. photos from her friends who are much more talented photographers than her  
*Editor's note: her words, not mine*

As I'm sure many of you will agree, sometimes there is nothing better than escaping the trials and tribulations of an Oxford degree for a little while by getting out into nature. I'm now in my third year of a maths degree (yes, I know – terrible idea), and so I've had quite a lot of experience running away from my work by going for a little stroll around some of the lovely green spaces this city has to offer, and now it's time to share my intimate knowledge of Oxford's fields with you all. Call me a tree hugger, but there is something so soothing about leaving The Grind™ behind for a bit in order to become at one with nature. In this article I'll be sharing some of my absolute favourite ~~avoidance techniques~~ places to go for walks in Oxford. Happy exploring!

## **Christchurch Meadows:**



Ah, the classic. Good old Christchurch Meadows, my best friend from second year. Christchurch Meadows has it all: cows, trees, goslings, a million tourists staring up at the front of the college as you



walk past and hear the tour guides lying about the joys of studying at Oxford. In Michaelmas, the meadows are ideal for a chilly autumn walk, in Trinity, the perfect place to go for a picnic - provided you don't mind being literally bullied out of your picnic spot by a couple of angry ducks. In Hilary? Well, I have no idea because I was at home thanks to the panini, but I'm sure it was a delight



on the days it wasn't pouring with rain. If you are determined enough, you can get round the whole of the meadows in about twenty minutes, so you don't even have to worry about abandoning that problem sheet for long. Just make sure you're not out too late, or you might get locked in. Not that that's ever happened to me.

### **University Parks:**

My current haunt. When I'm not dragging myself to and from the maths institute, I can normally be found doing yet another lap of Uni Parks accompanied by whichever friend I could recruit that day - or by myself, listening to an embarrassingly juvenile audiobook. Another lovely, quick route to traverse if you're in the mood for a breath of fresh air, Uni





Uni Parks is especially fortuitous for those of us who live in Mus Road, since it is about one second away from our front door. The ability to quickly escape the hustle and bustle of the city centre is something I love about all of these walks. For example, if you venture over the bridge halfway round the edge of Uni Parks, you find yourself on a lovely little path which makes you feel as though you are in the countryside. Provided you can actually get over the bridge. It's unnecessarily steep.



### **Botanical Gardens:**

Full disclosure, I haven't been here since first year, which I blame entirely on the pancetta.

Nevertheless, the Oxford botanical gardens are a lovely place to go for a walk, and entry is free for students as long as you bring your bod card!

There are outdoor gardens, and multiple greenhouses to explore, making this a trip which is enjoyable no matter your favourite kinds of plant. Time to live your Isabela-from-Encanto dream.

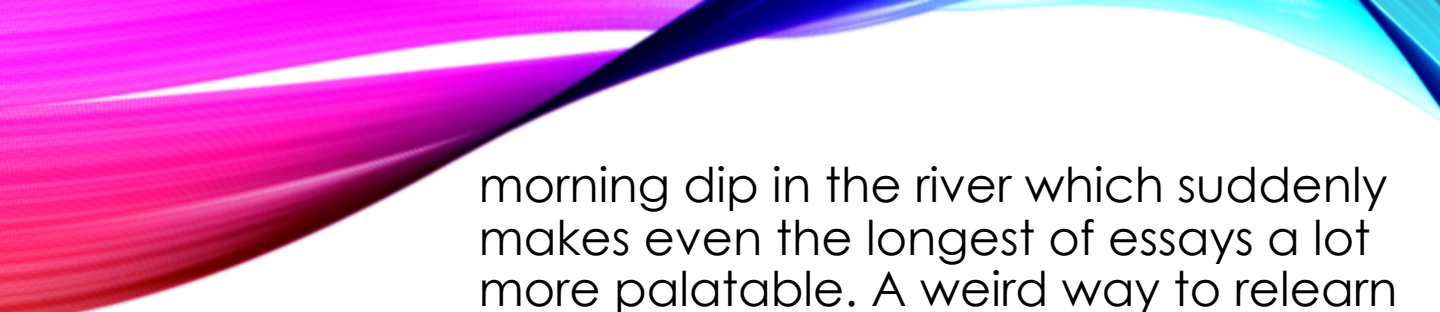
See blooming flowers, avoid prickly cacti, smell the herbs (provided you don't have covid), and marvel at how very easy it looks to keep a plant alive - before going home to your extremely dead Tesco hyacinth. Seriously, though, these gardens are very beautiful and we're lucky to be able to have free access to them, so I would highly recommend making the most of this whilst you're here, and whilst they're open. You never know when the Pangea will strike again.

### **Port Meadow:**

Do you dream of vast expanses of field, baby rabbits scurrying in and out of bushes, birds flying gently overhead, and running free with the wind in your hair? Time to drop your work immediately and go to Port Meadow. It. Is. Stunning. A little way outside the centre of Oxford, Port Meadow is absolutely, delightfully quiet, and I'm not even joking about the baby rabbits. However, it is less convenient to get to than Christchurch or Uni Parks, so I would recommend going when you've got a bit more time - a Friday evening with friends to watch the sunset, a



Sunday afternoon stroll, a Tuesday morning mental health break. Or if your degree has made you completely lose your mind, a freezing early



morning dip in the river which suddenly makes even the longest of essays a lot more palatable. A weird way to relearn love for your subject, but perhaps I should try it. Nothing else has worked so far.

### **Iffley Lock:**

I love the walk to Iffley lock. From the centre of Oxford, you cross Folly bridge and turn left down the path by the river, and then just keep going. This walk is a riverside stroll which gets you out of the city centre quicker than you can say 'Lincoln 'til I die', and it's a lovely way to spend your time. You will wander past most of the college boathouses, and if you're extremely lucky you can experience being nearly thrown into the river by an overenthusiastic fan galloping alongside, cheering their rowing team on for all they're worth. The delights of Oxford never cease. There are plenty of other less violent attractions along the way as well. Once you reach the lock, you might look around the lock, take in the calming sound of the river, and wonder dreamily what it would be like to be a lockkeeper, before immediately going back to your work (like a nerd). Or you could carry on stomping along the river for as long as it takes to get your stupid little mental health in shape. Or until the path ends. I won't comment on which of these is likely to happen sooner, but one thing's for sure: despite how irritating it is, going for a silly little walk really does help.



## Section B

*The numbers in the margin indicate the weight that the Examiners expect to assign to each part of the question.*

8. Define Sod's law and state how it relates to sitting an examination paper. [2]

Using the *principle of unfairness*, deduce the probability that the examination you are sitting will contain all your least favourite topics. Find, as a percentage of the whole course, what proportion of the syllabus will be ignored in this paper. Comment on the magnitude of this value. Hence or otherwise, calculate the number of angry messages that will appear on the course's group chat immediately following this examination. [8]

9. Jacob has an examination today which starts at 09:30. Jacob wakes up at 07:30, gets dressed up in sub fusc at 08:30, and walks down to the examination school at 08:55, where he waits in a marquee for 25 minutes before being allowed into the school. The temperature outside is 30°C and there is a northerly headwind of 0.002m/s.

i) Calculate the number of students that can be safely placed inside the marquee before pupils begin to suffer from heat stroke. [2]

ii) Assuming double this number are placed inside the marquee, find the volume of sweat that will be soaking Jacob's clothing by the time he enters the exam. [3]

iii) If the exam is three hours long, show that Jacob's stress levels  $S$  obey the equations

$$S = C \quad t < 0$$
$$S = \frac{3C}{3-t} \quad 0 \leq t < 3$$

where  $C$  is some constant and  $t$  is the time into the examination measured in hours. [4]

iv) Estimate the constant  $C$  based on how badly you need to go to the loo right now. [1]

**END OF QUESTIONS**

Wow, my second Imp. All complete. Who would have thought? The back page is always a struggle for me, because by the end of the Imp I never really have anything funny left to say, and by the end of term I definitely have no coherent thoughts left. I'm beginning to fear promising even just one a term was a mistake, but alas, I'm nothing if not a woman of my word, so here we go...

*"Exams are a myth*

*made up by Andy to sell*

*more coffee and*

*doughnuts"*



Ruda tańczy jak szalona  
Krzyczy piszczy to jest ona  
Rudą lalę pokochałem  
Z rudą noce są wspaniałe



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