

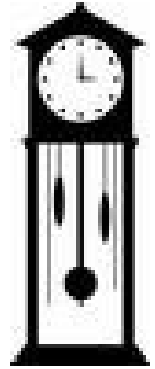


# MOUTHFULS

Budget Edition

BEST BEFORE:  
CHRISTMAS DINNER  
(1 Magazine)

Enjoyment  
Guaranteed



# Welcome!

Well, looking at this you must have many questions:

Q ) Why does this page look like something done in the 90s?

A) I did it at work, and we have 10 year old software...

Q) What's with all the clocks?

A) Well it's my way of congratulating everyone for doing this in just a WEEK! So thank you to everyone who has contributed, you've all done really well, everyone I forced into doing an article delivered, except Cat Jones, who failed to invent time travel, then go into the future and produce a Dart article...

Q) Jeez, all this praise, are you going to thank anyone else?

Yeah I suppose I better thank the committee too... Well done guys! You've had a few hiccups, but no more than other committees (if you're interested go and ask the olds...) and you're all still talking to each other! As long as there is cooked fried breakfast, I'll always be happy... Hint, Hint ;) – No seriously well done guys!

Q) Why has Roch turned into a grumpy old man?

A) It was a slow process that happened over the summer, if you weren't here to witness the transformation and the "Ranter" then you missed out.\*

Q) What is the meaning of life the universe and everything?

A) 42

Q) Is this mouthfuls any good?

A) Don't ask me! Keep reading!

## Roch



\*I am less grumpy during drinking games and after eating sleeping and paddling (provided warm kit hasn't driven off)

## Pub Golf

This year saw the highly anticipated and most welcome return of Pub Golf to the SUCC social calendar. For those who turned up this was a chance to break out the golfing attire and frequent some new and exiting drinking establishments. Unfortunately many of the night's events may not be included in this article. This could be down to one of two reasons. Firstly I got incredibly drunk and don't really remember anything. Secondly the 'forgotten' event(s) may or may not have involved me making a complete tit of myself (however hard this may be to believe). So as not to drag on the highlights of the night are summarised in bullet point form below:

- The Wagoners, a previously unexplored and incredibly local pub. Very cheap house shots and some looks of utter contempt from the locals trying to watch the England match.
- The crashing of Dave and Piechees house as an unplanned fifth hole.
- Me winning (although I think I was the only one who took it seriously, in fact far too seriously, for which I can only apologise).
- The winning prize - a shot of 'tequila'. This turned out to be a carefully disguised shot of sambuca. (I had a nasty experience when I was young – Don't ask).
- JJ pole dancing in Sobar (the man never ceases to amaze me). See picture below.
- Morley proving he has lost none of his sharking prowess.
- Me proving I have no sharking prowess.
- Peter Rochester stealing my phone on the way home and sending some highly inappropriate text messages to Morley's phone, although no one will believe me.



Regards,  
Not so chav Mike

## **From a Concerned Succer**

**One alcohol fueled text message conversation with a certain old at  
around midnight in high summer.**

**To Chris:**

Hello, I'm in London. Chris I want your sexy curls they're like the soft drops of milk chocolate on my chest.

**From Chris:**

Who on earth is this? Chris

**To Chris:**

Ur foreign lover. You haven't forgotten about me have u?

**From Chris:**

Um nothing but your name and what your talking about. Go on give me a clue. Chris

**To Chris:**

I'm blonde and I like the old men with experience

**From Chris:**

That's nice for you I hope you find someone that fulfils your needs. Chris

**To Chris:**

I've heard that someones already fulfilled your needs. I'm very dissapointed I wish things could be different you sexy beast. X

**From Chris:**

Ha ha, indeed i have. Go on then who is this? Smile Chris

**To Chris:**

I bet you have you sexy beast. I'll be seeing you soon looking forward to it. But don't forget the safety

# PERRANQUAY – Fresher's Trip

## Friday:

It was about 4pm when I passed my union mini-bus test and being very excited about it I cycled straight to SHB to pick up the Van. Little did I know that I was going to be the first to initiate a series of Van accidents!! Anyway, got to the boat hard fashionably late (as usual) and tried to get things moving. About an hour later Cat and her petite Peugeot, together with Dan arrived at the boat hard with all the club's food. That meant we were ready to go and to our surprise we hit the road at 7pm.

Since the Perranporth hut have been demolished and the one in St. Agnes had been booked already, we had to book a new hut in Newquay. The guy in charge told me that you can fit 30 and squeeze 50 in, so I was a bit worried on the way there. However, when I got a text from Toby saying that the hut size was OK I kind of relaxed. Well, I wasn't aware of how ironic Toby loves to be!!! The hut was actually tiny however that mean that socialising was gonna be easier....although that meant that most of the olds had to sleep in cars/tents with the entire grumble that came with it!! Friday night was great although I don't really remember a lot of it apart from cider ... cider ... cider ... cider ..... macarena....custard....custard....custard.....sick ....sick.....cider...cider.....drunk...



## Saturday:

After a couple of hours sleep we were all awakened by the warm sun's rays! After a healthyastic breakfast we were all ready to enjoy sunny Cornwall. And it was indeed sunny, 23°C!! Surf was good although messy at some time. However, the day was too nice to complaint! We also nearly managed to build a human pyramid until some tired 'olds' hands gave up. George also seemed to enjoy the sun under that massive pile of sand (we just love George so much!). While we clearly showed that paddlers can't play football!! Everyone seemed to enjoy the great Cornish pasties and ice-cream. Back to the hut we started to think on how the hell are we going to cook for about 70ppl. Luckily for us we found a massive pot : ) After the meal, our lovely social secs organised a quiz in which pretty much everyone had to do something disgusting....like eating a frickin curry from a tin which had bloody onions in it!!! They were really enjoying their masterpiece until the tide turned against them and they had to eat some sort of sandwich filled with coffee, crackers, custard, some green stuff which I don't recall what it was and other filthy stuff all dipped in some cheap shit lager beer from Tesco's courtesy of Morley and his team. It wouldn't have been a fresher's trip if at 2 o'clock in the morning we didn't go skinny dipping!! This was done in remembrance of Miss Tuna who is now enjoying herself in sunny Spain. The thing that struck me most this time was the big smile on Steve-O the legend. He was so happy about it that he was looking forward for next year to do it again!! We all know that alcohol mixed with nakedness bring some of uncomfortableness in some people....so that's why about 7 guys decided to go and hug Stave! I don't recall when the night came to an end, what I remember is that I was quite sick and that my mattress was a big mess.





**The human pyramid!**



**Mikey showing off while Roch on the left can't be bothered!**

## **Sunday:**

Sun is shining the weather is sweeeeet!!! That's basically Sunday in a nutshell. After the usual healthy breakfast we went down to Watergate bay this time and it was immense. The waves were pretty clean and huge!! All the freshers seem to enjoy themselves as it was easier to get out and catch some nice waves. At about midday I witnessed the most amusing moment of the year (well, personally). This involved Mr. Thomas Walby and Stave who were all sitting at the back, waiting to catch the next big wave when a huge wave...some say it was 8 feet...some even say it was a mini-tsunami....broke on their deck, popping it and ending up swimming....At this point I can image the readers putting a big smile on their face...haha walby swam...haha stave swam : ) What I can say is that it did put a big smile on mine!! We then saw some quality duo action from George and Mikey. They managed to roll a couple of times however a swim was inevitable!! Pheww, I think that's all I had to say. I'd like to thank very much Dan for being such a great person to organise the trip with, all of the committee, the drivers, the olds and everyone else for making it such a wicked trip and a great start for another SUCctastic year!



**George and Mikey in some duo action**



**The author enjoying some sweeeeet waves**



**Everyone loves George so much : )**

**JJ – the better half of team Malrish : )**

Pre-Prologue:

Roch said he found this in a very random place - he must have missed it from the summer mouthfuls, sorry Jack!

Prologue:

After the apparent "success" of the "are you as tight as stave game" I decided that another game was needed. The idea of an "are you as tight as Nugz game" was my original idea but this has been changed to my latest idea. So right now...

2.49am....absolutely shattered...drinking kopparberg...hard dance music on...I present.....

## **Are you as Irish as Leah?**

Just answer the following questions truthfully to find out-

### **Question 1-**

Have you ever (2 points for each)

- ☐ To a GUM Clinic
- ☐ Worried about the price of potatoes
- ☐ Asked if you have a pot of gold
- ☐ Had an attraction towards tall lanky men
- ☐ Thought glasses are sexy
- ☐ Played polo or had any affiliation with that the most dirtiest of sports
- ☐ Drank Guinness.... and enjoyed it?
- ☐ Worn/Made some one wear 2 condoms (to be sure, to be sure)

### **Question 2-**

Which of the following is your perfect date?

- ☐ A knight in shining armour picks you up on his steed, take you away riding into the sunset (0 points)
- ☐ A nice dinner at dockgate 4, followed by salsa dancing, and maybe a nice cuddle after (2 points)
- ☐ A film, shag and a Guinness(5 points)
- ☐ Dr Nick (10 points)

### **Question 3-**

Which of the following make you proud (born or lived in Ireland – 2 points each)

- ☐ Ronan Keating (how about you write your own songs you useless talentless t\*\*t)
- ☐ Louis Walsh (wow the Irish "pop mogul")
- ☐ Bono (and the rest of that ruddy awful useless preachy group)
- ☐ Bob Geldof (how about u give your own f\*\*king money to charity and leave me alone)
- ☐ Colin Farrell (stop being Irish – you are as American as childhood obesity)
- ☐ Damien "I'm going to write songs that make people want to kill themselves" Rice
- ☐ John "Lets stay in bed to protest over war because that's what the Heads of States will listen to" Lennon
- ☐ Patrick "begging for a slap with a wet fish" O'Kielty

### **Question 4-**

The recommended weekly intake of alcohol for a woman is 14 (regardless of nationality) which works out at 14 small glasses of wine or 7 pints-

- ☐ Teetotal (0 points) no wilko you cannot tick this box
- ☐ Couple of beers maybe few glasses of wine a week (2 points)
- ☐ Couple of beers, maybe couple of glasses of wine, few vodka chasers, the odd sambuca, snakebite or two, schnapps x10 and followed by an Irish coffee x10. (4 points)
- ☐ The above but before 9am (6 points)
- ☐ How do you count to 14? (10 points) ROSSAL TICK THIS BOX

### **Last Question**

Have you ever (2 points each)

- ☐ Had people ask you if your accent is a fake
- ☐ Been so drunk that you cant remember the night
- ☐ Listed favourite activities as bathing naked with my flatmates, being hosed down by Bulgarian men, (true)
- ☐ Listed interests as sax playing Indian chimps' faces are a huge passion of mine. (true)
- ☐ Been so drunk that you babble on about your ex to a bloke you quite like before uttering at the end... oh and I like you.

### **Lets Tally Up**

0-10 You are relatively safe, you might have recently found the dark side (alcohol) but maybe need a bit more prodding before you become the life of the party. **Helen Wilkins**

11-30 This is where a lot of people would be, you enjoy alcohol, sometimes in excess but your only human. PARTY ON. **Somerset Dave.**

30-50 Easy now lass, maybe you should calm down before you hit the hazy heights of the next category, have water this round. **Robin Turennnanannrnarnanrn (how is it spelt)**



50+ This is what the medical trade call a gonner! Lets be honest your past recovery, most of your liver and kidneys are in pieces and last nights dinner is in a pile of vomit in front of you. You can't remember the last time you didn't drink and you sing Irish folk songs at every available opportunity (1...2...3... Oh Danny Boy!) **Leah Doak/Jo Monk/Helen Rossal/Tim Rochester/Chris Vian**

Thanks for reading what essentially turned out to be a rant at the Irish! Have a great night and don't do a Robin from last year heh?!

Oh and one last thing – I'M NOT A KIT SEC ANY MORE – stop asking me kit related questions!

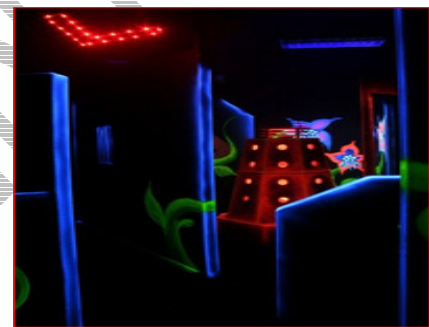
Don't get me started on the Welsh **Jack**





## OPERATION LASER QUEST

### After Action Report



On Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup> October 2008 the two companies of Southampton University Canoe Club and Southampton Polo Club started Operation Laser Quest at around 1830 hours. The Commanding Officers of the operation, General Doak and Colonel Hartley split the 40 troops into 9 cars to enable the quick and easy deployment to grid location -1.8725882,50.7215745,0 aka Bournemouth Laser Quest. 4 of the cars turned up at around 1945 ready for the action ahead and then between 1945 and 2000 4 more vehicles turned up however we were still short one vehicle that also happened to contain the two Commanding Officers. With them Miss in Action it then fell to 3<sup>rd</sup> in Command Captain Baldwin to organise the troops that were on the ground to get them into the building and up to the reception area. It was at this point where chaos occurred where one member of the

Laser Quest staff had to deal with 40 people trying to pay with £10 notes and they were running out of change fast.

After all this had occurred at around 2015 hours the troops were split into two groups so that they could enter the combat simulation arena. 2 battles for each group occurred over the next



few hours with competitions occurring between main of the troops. Sadly due to the massive amount of data that was collected during the training it is not possible to pick an overall winner. But everyone had a great evening which the entire point of the operation.

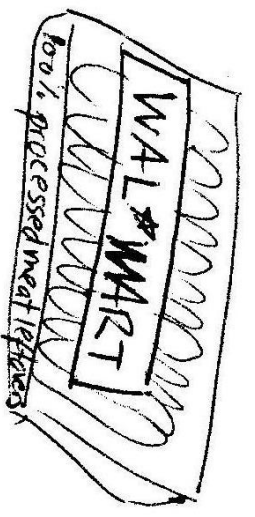
Then at around 2030, after being told directions due to being lost, the final vehicle containing the Commanding Officer turned up. They then quickly joined into the battle.

Finally at 2230 it was off to the Hobbit for a post-battle pint cocktail.

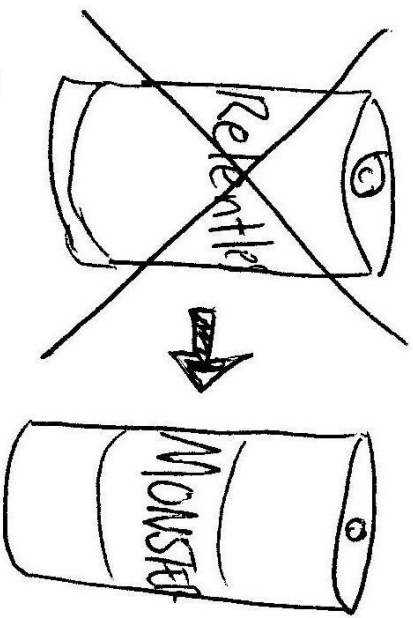
CONFIDENTIAL

*Details of My Laser Quest Score.*

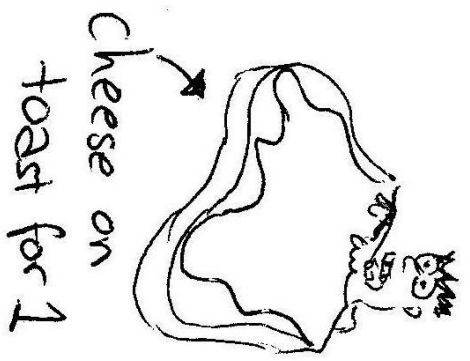
Name  
Score



Top quality food  
(stave-tastic)

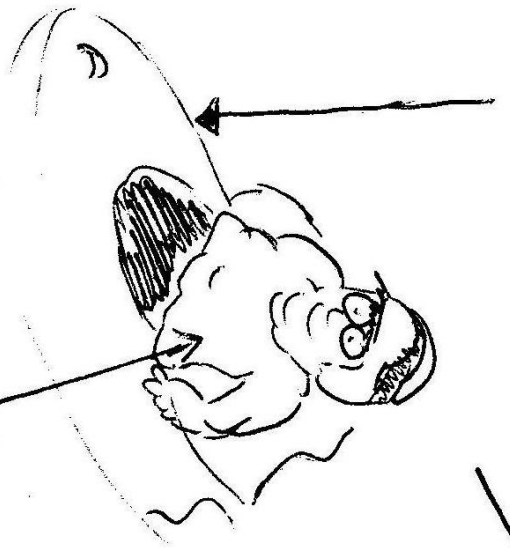


Energy boost

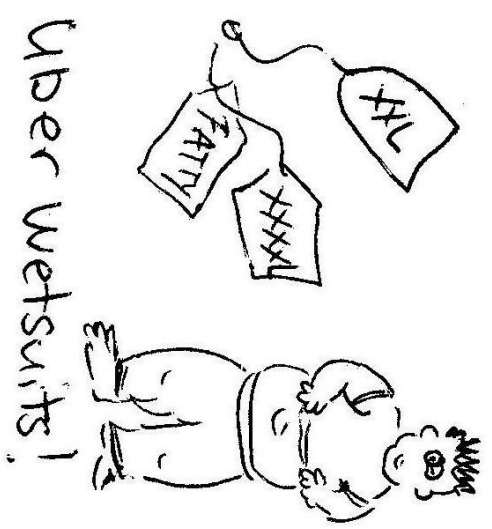


cheese on  
toast for 1

613 FAtTY08



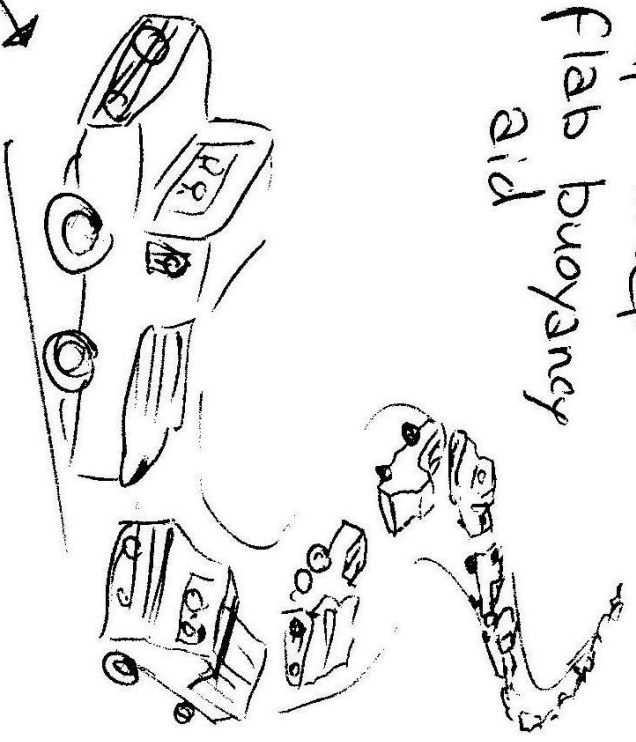
Super cheap  
flab buoyancy  
aid



uber wetsuits!

SVCC

U.S.A!



'The New Eco-friendly convey'

# The Mighty Usk!!

Arriving early at hut we got on with the important job of consuming our beverages! Upon arrival of the rest of the team the hut was transformed into a sea of sleeping bags, what we thought may be the ultimate “Old repellent”. After some more drinking it was time for a good old sing-along! Eric provided the acoustic backing with a singing from a harmonic backing vocal group lead by our A-list lead singer, PieChee! Unfortunately, with some more paddling minded members of the group, when the lights went out, we realised maybe it was time we stopped!

Waking up to a cooked breakfast, the bleary eyed SUCCers stumbled around whilst getting themselves ready for a day of paddling. As it was the first river trip of term the freshers were lined up in the field and appropriate kit was distributed in order that all freshers were fully equipped! Thinking all were ready and raring to go, the shuttle was done and we proceeded to get on the river. However, one fresher (with what we thought was ample experience-uniyaker can't be what it used to be!) was overlooked, and was left stranded without his helmet! The rest of us proceeded down the river, some in boats, and quite a few without! However we all enjoyed our day on the water with everyone ending up at the bottom all in one piece.

Keeping up the 100% record for the 08-09 year, the van received its 3D graphic artwork, SUCC style, little did we know it would turn in to a competition of who can make the best design!

In the evening a gourmet dinner of curry and rice cooked in a tea urn filled the hungry SUCC bellies, setting a new standard for food on club trips! With renewed energy and a little bit of student nursing enthusiasm, Tretower was transformed into something which resembled the Frog and Frigate with dancing and singing on tables! Others decided that “skanking” wasn't their scene and a pilgrimage to the castle was made. On return, we noticed one or two castle-goers were missing. However, until a certain sleepy SUCCer relayed the mystic attraction of the castle later on, no one knew where they'd gone! ...

The more discrete and experienced olds of the trip returned following an evening in the pub to orchestrate the rest of the evening's fun and games! Chief mischief maker Louise created a game, which the Maltese members of the group failed to get the hang of, much to the delight of everyone else! Making use of the hut facilities, an artistic fountain of tea cups and saucers was created. Other entertainment included cheese on toast and a game of down that swiss roll between Chris S and Rich C!

“Faff Sunday” started as the name suggests with sore heads and lack of clear thinking! After getting near to the river, most proceeded to get changed and await further instructions. However, further instructions did not arrive. Instead, a game of maximise the FAFF commenced! Indeed, with it being the first river trip for the new committee, extra rain perplexed them all! Nevertheless, once groups were sorted the river was run with far less swims than the previous day! All were happy with their paddling success as we packed the van ready to go home.

An all round SUCCessful trip!

Merry Christmas everybody! Hannah L



# SUCC: *OVERHEARD*

NATALIE HOLT

## What's this about you say?

So often in everyday life speech just fails us. But why? And why so often in such glorious ways?! Well, so we can all have a good laugh of course!

All those jewels of English language (with an occasional Maltese twist) spilt from the mouths of SUCCers have been compiled into an amusing article for your enjoyment: *OVERHEARD* courtesy of Southampton SUCCers nationwide!

SUCCERS: Enjoy!



### Assorted:

#### White water safety talk...

*Laura:* "I always carry condoms in my safety kit"

*JJ:* "Yeh but if I got one out at the side of the river, I'd probably scare a lot of freshers!"

#### On R. Kelly's "I believe I can fly"...

*Mike Allen:* "I LOVE this song! It was the first song I ever bought, it's brilliant!"

*Tom Wright:* "Don't you EVER say that again!"

#### At the Sobar Slaves and Waves Social, Mike Allen has just "bought" JG for £20...

*Chris:* "So you're not paying until you get a blow job from John Garlick?"

*Mike:* "Well I'm not a fussy man..."

#### Post pool pub session...

*Teresa to Piechee:* "See you're an egg- white on the outside, yellow on the inside... I'm a banana- yellow on the outside, white on the inside..."

#### Finding fancy dress costumes...

*Tom Wright:* "I have quite a lot of fun dressing up as a woman!"

## The minibus heist: Tavy and Dart '08

#### Dan is looking in JJ's rucksack for his map...

*Dan:* "Just trying to find your zip!"

#### In the car...

JJ describes himself as "solar powered"

*Dan:* "Excellent... so all we need is a bin bag!"

#### On blowing up JJ's airbed...

*JJ:* "Is that hard enough for you?"

*Dan:* "We'll just have to try it and see"

*JJ:* "Probably wouldn't do it any good to get it any firmer... Where do you want to put it?"

#### About the minibus, pre-heist...

*Chris Vian, in a high pitched, excited squeak:* "There's a flashy light on the minibus! ... can we use it?!!!"

#### Reminiscing...

*Nicola:* "I got sucked in to socials..." (ba dum bum ching!)

#### On damaging the van...

*Tom:* "Ah it's fine... it's probably just a scratch"

*Jo:* hands Tom a piece of van.

#### On swimming...

*Isabelle:* "I like swimming, I feel better when I swim"

#### Playing a game of 21...

*Piechee (introducing his own new rule):* "I'd like to introduce a game of 20 plus itsy bitsy spider to my left..."

[Pause]

"1, 2..."

#### On breathalysing...

*Female police officer:* "Do I assume there's no need to breathalyse you?"

*Rich Morley (in PJs):*

[Pause]

[Snigger]

"No"

#### On getting the minibus out of the mud...

*Eric:* "I reckon with the help of those four police officers we could have pushed it out..."

[Pause]

*Rich Morley:* "Three police officers...!!"

## Frog and Frigate Fun



### On Isabelle's camera...

*Chris:* "Why does your camera focus on peoples crotches?!"

*Isabelle:* "Because I set it like that"

### Mike Allen on work...

*Mike:* "It's mostly ok for me to turn up drunk at work"

### Isabelle on her paddling...

*Isabelle:* "He's making

me feel really good"

*Rich Morley:* "I have that effect on women!"

### On drinking games...

*Rich Morley:* "Who's got an 8?!"

*Eric Starkie:* "We can't drive my flat!"

### On Eric's flat...

*Teresa:* "Did you decorate it or did Stacey? It's very... [Pauses, thinking of a good choice of words...] nice!"

### On the blankets on Teresa's lap...

*Stacey:* "Do you want me to take those off you?"

*Teresa:* "No, it's ok!"

*Stacey:* "You look like a little old lady!"

### Being provocative...

*Isabelle:* "I like nipples!"

### Singing...

*Mike Allen:* "Because I'm easy come, easy go..." (Bohemian rhapsody)

“

**I like nipples**

”

### On the London Underground social...

*Tom Wright:* "Look at the pictures and tell me Piechee doesn't have a good figure!"

### On interesting features on the Tywi...

*Chris Vian:* "Just going to play in this waterfall..."

[Paddles into it...]

"Oh no... it's a sewer!"

### Laurent...

*Chris Stevens:* "What's wrong with his face?"

*Huw:* "He's ginger!"

### To Ali...

*Teresa:* "Don't touch my no-no place!"

### Ring of fire...

*Huw:* "It's not a proper ring of fire until you've got a tea bag in it"

### Playing ring of fire:

*El Presidente:* "International drinking rules apply..."

[Proceeds to reel them out]

"Ali, drink! ...D'oh!"

"Ali, 3 fingers! ...D'oh!"

"Barnett, consume 3 digits!"

## Spunge

### On TV...

*Eric Starkie:* "I've seen Black Books"

*JJ:* "I've seen black people"

### If you're staying over...

*JJ:* "Bobbie you're going to have to cover yourself up... Chav Mike's going to be up at 8 tomorrow to go to work..."

### Permanent marker?

*Eric Starkie:* "I can't believe my nipple's rubbed off!"

## London Underground and SUCC on ice



### Who's who...?

*Eric Starkie (to Kate):* "Are you one of those hot schoolgirls on the tube?"

### Whose house...?

*Mike Allen (after everyone else has already established that Nick now does live in the same house Anna lived in last year...):* "This is the exact same layout as

Anna Greenwood's old house..."

[Pause]

"I say stupid things sometimes"

### On cats...

*Stave:* "We had the cutest cat in our house the other day... it was white and pink"

### On using the famed polar bear chat up line...

*Mike Allen:* "What can I say, I'm a charming man"

### Cute...?

*JJ:* "If Roch is quite cute, then I'm James Bond!"

# Halloween!

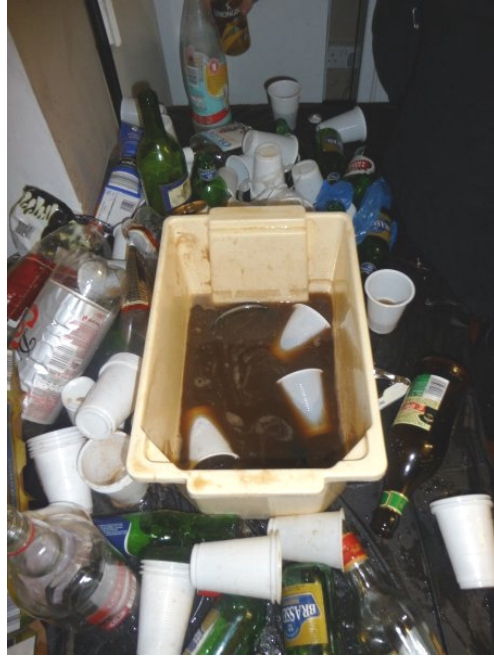


The Halloween party kicked off in typical SUCC style, with everyone turning up in their perfectly formed ghoulish costumes. Despite the array of people, the mystery punch got everyone in the mood for socialising.....

The party filled up by 10 and by 11 was starting to get a little bit messy! The traditional kitchen socialising helped to keep the drinks flowing, especially from a certain plastic container surrounded by various unusual beverages. With most people not knowing what they were drinking, or occasionally being forced to drink, by myself and the treasurer, the antics began!

Firstly, apple bobbing in cider went down a treat, although didn't do much for the face paints, whilst others, who won't be named made a dash for the darker corners of the garden to continue their own fun and games!! Leaving some outside, most people returned to the house to make the most of the surround sound music system!

Meanwhile, ironing-board surfing provided much amusement, damaging some more than others! Then, after dancing the night away, complete with Baywatch and all the classics, we reached that point in the evening where the traditional SUCC style sing-alongs began. Led by JJ, a chorus of Bohemian Rhapsody and Chicago's rounded off the evening!



## **Halloween Punch.... Just what the doctor ordered!**



**By Chris "The Psycho Surgeon" Stevens**



## A factual fairy tale

Disclaimer: Any resemblance to the names, *appearances* or personality of any actual person living, dead or in some form of limbo is merely coincidental and as such the author should not be contacted. Ever.

Once upon a time nestled among the coal mines and amorous sheep of Wales was a beautiful place called Moomin Valley. It so came to pass that the Moomin family; Moominpapa, Moominmama, Moomintroll, Snork Maiden and other recurring characters were living in Moominhouse. Being an adventurous young moomin, Moomintroll decided to seek her fortune as a cleaner in the gay bars of the wild frontier town known as Newish-port.

As with all good fairy stories this would be an arduous trip filled with tales of hazards both waterborne and male, that our valiant heroine had to avoid. Due to copyright issues and a lazy author these aren't here.

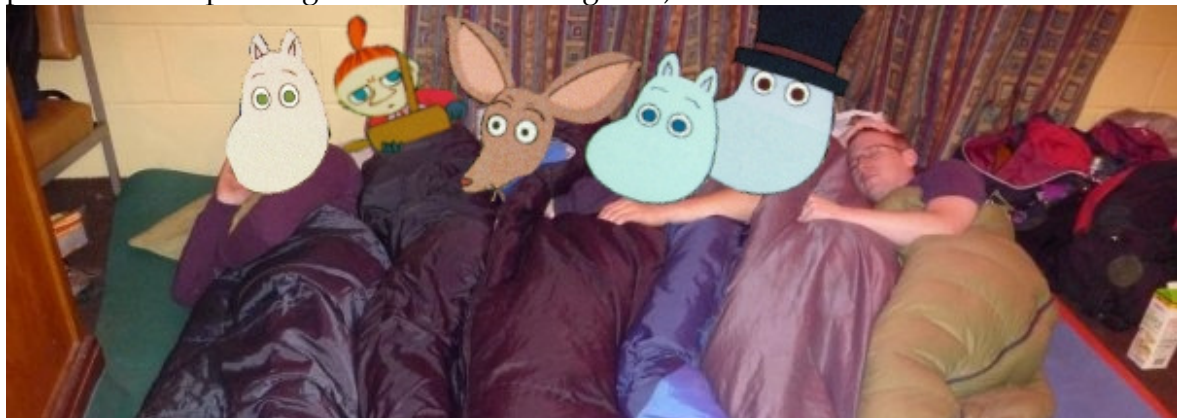
In order to reach Newish-port the young troll had to paddle down the treacherous

river Que. Bimbling down, the young Moomin made many new (mostly male) friends, but she had one special one, Moominslag, who too (conveniently) resembled a character from the series. The last obstacle on the river was the treacherous 'Starky whatta sharky larky' rapids that had devoured all new female paddlers that entered. Moomintroll jumped fearlessly into the grasp of the rapid, but the buoyancy from her huge chin meant she managed to burst clear of the sticky hole.

Then just as she began to celebrate, from on high (about 6'2') a voice boomed (well kind of a bumpkin twang) down ominously (I say ominous, imagine an constipated pensioner complaining about Werthers originals). . . . .



**Moomintroll battles the rapids**



**The Moomin's relaxing at home**

**"Well I'm sorry you haven't done your spraydeck test so you'll have to do it again"**



# SUCC FIREWORKS PARTY...



Every year, SUCC has an awesome fireworks party, where the club come together as one and join in the festivities of playing with fire, probably standing too close to explosive materials and generally burning, blending and messing things up!

This year was no exception. There are a few things that I have learnt after the extravaganza that was the fireworks party at Dan n Dave's (and Piechee's) shack...

1. Setting fireworks off into trees is probably never a great idea, but it is fun and it looks pretty!
2. Having a giant bowl filled with the sugary goodness that is cake icing leads to one of three things:
  - A Lucy Tebbit getting her hands on it, which ends up pretty bad for anyone within throwing range!
  - A Piechee attack (Ross you still owe me a fiver by the by!)
  - Dan force-feeding people a heart attack in a bowl, leading to hyper SUCCers full of sugar.
3. Anyone can do fire stuff!! This year we even had a safety barrier! Lessons were clearly learnt after last year's fire incident at Rhosilli. The resident experts were giving lessons to freshers and pyromaniacs alike. However, I think some of the guys learnt a valuable lesson, putting petrol in your mouth will taste bad. Quality entertainment guys!

4. You don't need alcohol to have fun... (some people have yet to learn this. For obvious reasons, certain characters from Warwick will remain nameless!)

... soup and hot chocolate are just as good! Thanks guys for letting us destroy your kitchen.

5. Finally, some of us learnt that yes random plastic objects will blend when mixed with alcohol and cake. Morley, you truly are a lovely idiot that will never mature...but we love you for it!



So, I don't know about you guys but the fireworks were pretty awesome this year and a good night was had by all. We met Eric's lovely housemate Stacey and some of us realised that we like to play with fire a little too much. Some people didn't even want to leave at the end of the night!! Ali was so dedicated to the sharking cause that he climbed a stupidly high wall (even though there was a gap to walk through) just to chat up the neighbour, good work!

Leah Doak (Irish)

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SHARK?**

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# Tavy & Dart

## FRIDAY:

I arrived at the hut a while after the van and minibus having been in the late car, and after a quick count of the seats in the minibus I prepared myself for a very controversial weekend...

Almost the moment after I walked in clutching a crate of Strongbow and a few other less essential items (a sleeping bag, roll mat, etc...) I was asked to begin the drinking games, after quickly establishing the basics it quickly dawned on me how rubbish I am at drinking games after a day at work...

Not wanting to turn into an old too much, I drank for every mistake and very quickly ended up covered in spots, proving that I truly was the master of spots....

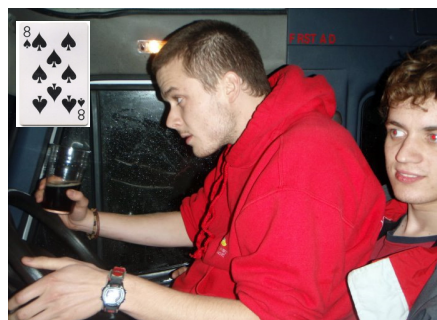
Naturally moving onto ring of fire proved difficult due to lack of cards, but one Tescos trip later, a few of us returned with random items amongst which were a deck or two of cards.

The drinking commenced, with Me, Morley and Eric being shamelessly picked on by all the new people (OK so I was picking on Morley and Eric too...)

After a fair while and lots of penalty consumptions, fresher George doing a waterfall with bread and me having drunk half a crate of strongbow, the last king was finally drawn by me. Being so desperate for the loo, and not having a toilet card, I decided to have a quick wee before drinking the exciting teapot cocktail, stupidly leaving time for all sorts of things to be put into it.

Thinking ignorance was best, I just drank about a pint of it and gave up, staggering slightly. After a round of cheese of toast everyone seemed to suddenly go to bed, leaving Me, Morley and Eric, very drunk and very awake...

The obvious conclusion? Ring of fire in the minibus... After all sorts of rules such as how and where peeing is allowed, bohemian rhapsody sing-a-long, when the orange flashing light has to be turned on, and the famous '8' card... We finally found ourselves stuck in the



mud and unable to escape no matter how many chairs we used...

After a reasonably speedy police encounter, which included morley's sniggering agreement when asked "We don't need to breathalyse you guys we?" and Dan trying to hide his confusion at why the minibus was parked about 50 meters away from the car park and about 6 inches deep in mud we were back in the hut and quickly ran and hid in bed...

## SATURDAY:

After a ~~very tasty and filling egg, two sausages, beans and ketchup~~ gruel, it seemed an old argument about 17 seated minibuses had been started, me and a select few retreated to the minibus and attempted to extract it from the mud legally which is harder than you might think...

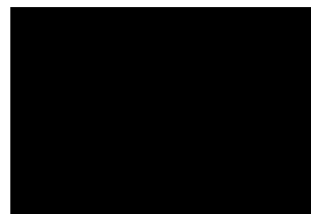


I went go into the inside argument that was occurring at the same time, except to say it resulted in not leaving the hut until Kev was *insured* (he was already *licensed*), which was at about 11:30am.

We eventually arrived at the wondrous Tavy and got on the water after a lengthy shuttle and the very few Cadburys chocolates had been dished out, a few hours later as it begins to get dark my group find the first get out (with the real get out an unknown distance away) we decide to avoid paddling an unknown section/length of river to get out here and eventually contact the real get out using people still on the river who knew where it was.

This did happen, but resulted in one group of people walking up the river bank to find the get out, one group staying at the first get out, one group at the real get out, and one group walking between get outs. Naturally someone got separated, but thankfully Nat and Liam were recovered a while later, which is a shame because the panel that got separated from the van was recovered immediately...

After a large amount of standing around in the dark not doing much, Jo, Stave, Chris Vian and I decided to try to make some vague sense of what was going on and sort it out. A lot of faff later we were all warm and dry back in the hut at 8pm, with some poor people who had done an upper run in the morning getting out of their kit for the first time in 12 hours!



As soon as we were warm we were presented with a brilliant steak and ale pie, only slightly marred by the lack of pudding... I retreated to bed, but the Erics could be heard jamming on their guitars!



## **SUNDAY:**

Once again there was no fried breakfast, but the porridge was of a slightly better consistency this time, much to the disappointment of local builders in need of cheap cement!

This time there was little faff, and we were packed up pretty quickly, and soon arrived at Newbridge. After Jo refused to turn the van round due to lack of space, another driver said they would, only to crush a hedge and move the van 10cm left instead. Not quite turned around but moved I guess....

Knowing one or two people from Surrey university I scrounged some real breakfast and then after a lot of changing faff, they then stole our freshers we seemed to fail to start any warm up games. However we were eventually on the river with enough time left in the day and two upper dart teams in the forward group

The first upper team to take JJs car and the second team to take the Van, with me and Morley carefully putting our kit in the minibus so the Van wouldn't drive off to the Upper get on with it.

After rather comically being in front of JJ and Morley's group which seemed to swim in pairs, and meant we could witness Isabelle's very 'interesting' line into washing machine (yes INTO washing machine). It did mean we could lend a hand though, especially when two boats float down lovers leap, shortly followed by JJ and Morley both with freshers on their boats. Also Pie Chee provided entertainment by getting pinned, and then getting a fresher pinned on him...

After some jumping in at Holne Bridge we shuttled back to the top, and Me, JJ, Eric and Morley jumped into JJs car and started the upper run. This all went fine, with Morley losing his paddles briefly, and just spotting hand paddling to them, also my seal launch after Pandora's box involved me quickly putting my deck on and nearly swimming.

JJ wanted to lead a bit, but unfortunately after 20 seconds JJ, Morley and I were all pinned, leaving Eric in the lead. After an enjoyable run, we all got off and Me and Morley went to get out kit from the minibus, only to find a keen-for-a-coffee Kev had driven off with our kit!

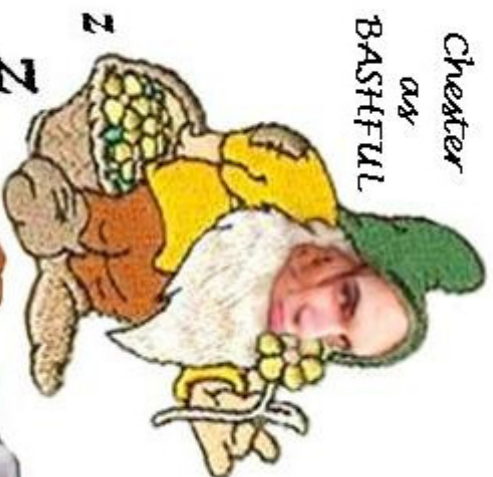
Luckily they were still having coffee which gave us time to drive there and get changed., JJ did also try to get home on his fuel light but Morley and I decided that our Kama wasn't the best after Friday night so we filled up...

At the boathard everything was efficiently tidied away and as we left, a fresher said "Thanks for all the leading this weekend", I replied with "I wouldn't worry, I did more drinking and getting arrested this weekend then paddling!"

# The Seven Dwarfs of SNCC



Chester  
as  
BASHFUL



Nat  
as  
HAPPY



Mike  
as  
GRUMPY



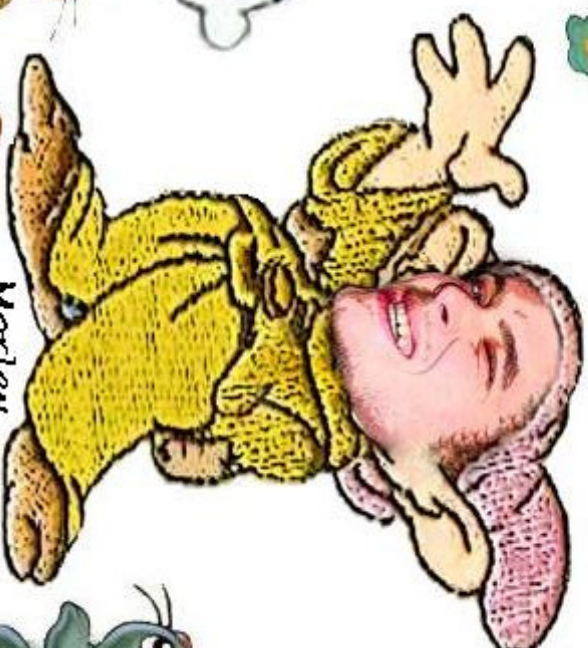
Nick  
as  
DOC



z  
z  
z



Alv  
as  
SLEEPY



Morley  
as  
DOPEY



Rock  
as  
SNEEZY



## IS SLAVERY BACK IN FASHION?

By Isabelle North.

Apparently, slavery in Britain was abolished in 1807. Actually, apparently not. Official photographic evidence, published by Hsu Ltd., proves absolutely otherwise.

The story of this proven slave trade, began on 11<sup>th</sup>. November, 2008, in an auction house in Central Southampton. On this particular evening, unusually large crowds gathered outside the auction house.

People were suspicious, making guesses at what was being sold and why the competition was so high. "Perhaps it's a pig?," one little girl was heard to screech, as she was led past by her mother. Perhaps not.

In fact, sold that night, were approximately thirty human slaves. We have the inside story from two slaves sold on that very evening.

Bobbi Hammond and Isabelle North were sold to Eric Starkie for £21. Since the horrors of slavery in the 1800s however, times seemed to have changed. In fact, the two previously named slaves seemed extraordinarily happy to have been "bought" by Starkie.

Their enjoyment of the sale lasted until 30<sup>th</sup>. November, 2008, when they spent the day at his "bachelor pad" (Hsu), working their maidenly garters off.

Slaving away for a whole day most certainly did not vanish the smiles from these girls' faces. They were perfectly content to answer to Starkie's every wish.

Putting out the recycling, washing up, drying up, baking and cooking were only a few of their tasks on this strangely happy day.

Luckily for Starkie, a new slave was also introduced. Teresa Hsu, from Hsu Ltd., also attended the working day, originally only as official photographer but ultimately also as "freebie slave".

The talented slaves fulfilled the wishes of Eric Starkie always with a smile on their faces.

Perhaps, now that we have entered into the 21<sup>st</sup>. Century, we have reached a new era - one where slavery can be embraced. Then again, perhaps not. Perhaps these slaves were just very lucky and bought by somebody willing to let them smile.





## What kind of a SUCCer are you?

**Circle the answer that is most appropriate to you...count up your score and see which SUCCer you are most like...**

1. *You are invited to go to Hurley on a day you should be doing some much needed work, do you...*
  - A. Get-up bright and early, (having packed the car the night before) be there for daybreak, paddle like it's 1999 and then return early to do work?
  - B. Sack off lectures and kayak, kayak, kayak! Work can wait.
  - C. You have to work, you are a responsible human being. No paddling for me today!
2. *Wednesday weir session arrives, it's 2pm and you're tired, do you...*
  - A. Drive down in your nice warm car, persuade yourself that it's a great idea and then get involved?
  - B. You've probably been there since early morning. You don't let anything prevent you from being there. Tiredness is for polo players!
  - C. It's cold!!! Even if you were not so busy, you wouldn't be seen dead on the weir when you could be in Dartmoor!
3. *It's social time...there is a cross-dressing social, do you...*
  - A. Go all out, even get a girl along to help you buy the outfit on the day. You put on make-up and wear women's underwear. You are the resident drunk, showing everybody how it's done. And amidst all the social shenanigans, even manage to woo the ladies!
  - B. You borrow your girly flatmates clothes and realise that she is definitely not the same size as you! You take this opportunity to flirt with the boys and generally act a little homo-erotically. You are the club clown and will impress everyone by doing something silly, like eating an onion.
  - C. You don't get dressed-up, you can't be bothered. But secretly, you really want someone else to dress you when in the pub. You basically couldn't be bothered with the hassle and yet will probably wind-up wearing the girl's bra floating around at the end of the night and will most likely wake-up next morning with tissue shoved down your t-shirt, having thought it a good idea to enhance breast size.
4. *A new member of the club has caught your eye...they are as tasty as JJ's famous Maltese pizzas, do you...*
  - A. You are Mr. Nice Guy, you friend them up and personally assist them in the pool. Secretly hoping that they swallow too much water and you can practice your mouth-to-mouth. Or, if all else fails, get drunk and impress them with your sexy salsa moves.



- B. You are a smooth operator. You seek out the vulnerable and wow them with your paddling knowledge and skills. You work your friendly flirtatious ways to your advantage and always have your eye on someone special.
- C. You've been there, done that and got their t-shirt. You are too sensible to be sharking, or at least get caught. You know the right moves and it has either already worked or you are now waiting for your soul mate! You have your ways, and whether that is buying slaves and making them clean in maid outfits or snapping-up vulnerable freshers, you usually get what you want.

Now that you have answered the Q's, count-up how many you answered A, B or C and check with the guide below to decide what kind of a SUCCer you really ar



Mostly A's. JJ-

You are always up for a bit of action on the white stuff and are willing to get up at crazy o'clock in the morning just to go to Hurley. You like to party and sometimes expose yourself to the club, in more ways than one. You always try your hardest to please everyone and enjoy a good rant from time to time. You probably speak a strange form of English and people find it difficult to understand you but don't worry, if JJ can overcome this barrier, you can too!

Mostly B's. Nugz-

You are a paddle-fanatic...you watch lots of paddle porn and dream of rivers. White water literally turns you on- you are officially a kayak geek...but as it is the coolest thing since Ben and Jerry's fossil fuel...that makes you a cool cookie.

Mostly C's. OLD-

It's official, you're old and you don't care who knows it. You like your creature comforts on trips and find the minibus a frightening experience compared with your own car, which even has heated seats now that your blood doesn't circulate like it used to. You are very involved and everyone knows who you are, even if they haven't met you (AKA. The famous Mr Thom Harvey and 'Dicky Tits') And, you have recently started to use the expressions, 'when I was a student' OR 'when I was on the committee' and generally referring to the good OLD days.

For fear of death by paddle: Anon.

# Tywi and Wye

Where's the Faff?

(some Where's Wally? Style fun for SUCCers...)



Well, after the epic faff-tastic weekend we had enjoyed only two weeks previous, there were high hopes for the Tywi and Wye trip as it couldn't possibly get much worse. What a weekend we all enjoyed!

Some Friday Night Highlights:

- Early commencement of SUCC ball games (ie forming 2 teams and throwing/kicking foam balls at eachother)
- Acrobatics, Swings, President string-ups and Gladiators matches on the jungle gym
- Ring of Fire, Deusch's Erotica and the hilarity that ensued (sharking: see bottom left, drinking: see bottom right)
- Raiding of the "secret stash in the rafters", constant fiddling with light fuses, and attempts at putting on the recently acquired club dress – somehow sleaze managed it when huw failed! (see bottom left, centre)
- Hoovering/ picking up glass after a very drunk Laurent!

Despite the extreme cold temperatures and extreme hour at which we awoke that morning (**7:45!**), the river Tywi was beautiful and scenic with some nice features along the way! Although I may have spent some time the wrong way up on many of these, they were nonetheless thrilling and very refreshing! We had a few pit-stops on the way, checking out a few tributaries that Roch in particular seemed very keen on paddling. He got his wish before long, although the rocks made his boat pay several times! On the way back we had a nice long look at the now infamous Llyn Brianne Dam, infamous for “kamikaze” kayakers “hurling themselves” down it and “putting themselves and others (somehow) at risk”. Disappointment struck my face when a tall dreadlocked man and a Scotsman in full paddling gear failed to turn up, but we can still wait in hope...

#### Saturday Night Highlights:

- More ridiculous sharking with 2 certain freshers at the forefront
- Forming of a 6-person spooning line in a particularly comfy corner..
- The literal mounds of bangers and mash piled on the plates of grinning SUCCers, with soo much more to spare!
- The shameless berating a certain upper-class treasurer (known tweedy-pie to very old and close friends) was subjected to
- Eventual strudel dessert served up with custard (that FINALLY thickened, we made it cat!) after an extra long wait to digest all that potato
- “Eggs”, a clever and far more exciting new version of the popular game “spoons”
- “Egg Bowls”, a clever and far more exciting new version of the popular game “lawn bowls” (and cleaning up after ourselves)

When we arrived at the next get-in on Sunday morning, to the sound of the traditional “the Vengaboys are COMING!...” we found a very full up River Wye that had gotten quite feisty from all the rain. There was a moment of uncertainty among the SUCCers and the Faff monster began to rear it’s ugly head, but luckily a decision was quickly made to “just man up and get on with it!” Although a couple freshers did unfortunately have to sit that one out (moved to a safe place with the herculean effort of a few notable SUCCers) it was alot of good fun and everyone enjoyed the extra challenge! We did have some trouble while heading down with other paddlers getting in our way, in particular the group of 15 or more paddlers which seemed intent on getting out a having a nice loooong look at EVERY feature this river offered, they may have been “assessing the risk” a little bit too much on this one! My fav bit was the final feature which, although in lower waters was quite a technical couple drops, became a bitova beast on Sunday but made a very different end to a still excellent river!

On the drive back while slowly nodding to sleep I couldn’t help thinking that a trip so smoothly-run is quite a special thing and may not be seen again this year, and however depressing that may sound for later I haven’t chosen to write about that yet so for now: THANKS GUYS for a truly amazing SUCC weekend!

-Eric W, filled with the SUCC love

P.S. If your still looking for the Faff, **STOP.**

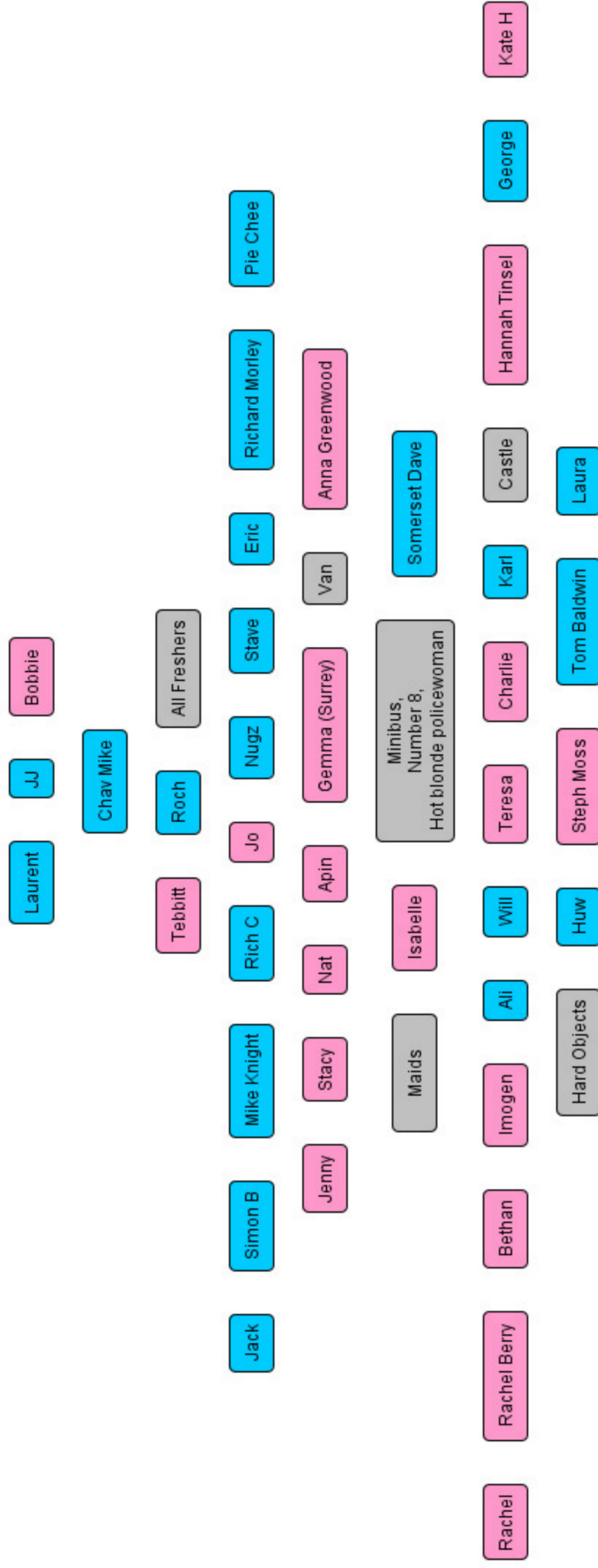
Despite the common appearance of a certain old’s face who’s name has become close to synonymous with faff,

# There was NO FAFF on this trip!





# And the rankings!





**L**ots of SUCCers, lots of fun,  
**O**n our way from house number one.  
**N**o more JJ and his misters,  
**D**ressed up instead, as Seven Sisters.  
**O**f course most made an effort but  
**N**one came from Nugz, ☺ as




**U**sual, he merely shrugged.  
**N**o problem though, others were there  
**D**ressed as Baker, Bond,  
**E**ven Paddington Bear!  
**R**andom photographer – “dirty  
**G**pervert”  
**R**etting pictures up ladies skirts...  
**O**ugh leg-waxing for some guys,  
**U**ch! Fuck! But no tears in eyes.  
**N**orthodox antics to end the night,  
**N**ot to mention our  
**D**runken mike!



By Kate Hutchinson



# MAN LOVE – IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THING



I am a Texas Asian American. As an outsider to SUCC, I have come to realize how very different British culture is to the American way of life. Sure, I can give ya'll a comprehensive list of why we wear 'pants' and not 'trousers' or how 'jumpers' are not pullover sweaters but really dresses for little school girls. However, the one thing that never ceases to amaze me is the outstanding comfort level of your boys, or shall I say, men. You see, I come from a state where we claim "Everything is Bigger in Texas," whether it be cars, roads, or homes. Even our egos may be 'larger than life' with American men putting a front to which they are all macho and above everything else. I find that here in the UK, the men are a lot more comfortable with their sexuality. I have been here for only two months, and I have never seen so much man-on-man lap sitting, arse slapping, nipple twisting action in my entire life. It is definitely an entertaining thing to witness. Yeah, I am probably the only one here to think why a grown man driving an itsy bitsy Mini Cooper is considered a questionable and ridiculous feat. It just never happens back in the States without raising eyebrows. If you see a guy in anything less than an SUV or truck, then it's time to get the sheriff. Okay, not really, but you get the point.

So all I can say is,  
kudos to you all for being you,  
freakin' weirdos ☺

Man love – it's a beautiful thing.

xx t-hsu



# SUCC on ICE

A masterpiece... (Squeeze) ★★★★★  
True Inspiration..... (Leah) ★★★★★  
The reason I made it to uniyaker... (Nugz) ★★★★★  
In Malta Ice cream is called frozen cow juice ..... (JJ) ★

On Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> November took place the spectacle that was “SUCC on ICE”, there were cold hands and sore arses but most of all, there was SUCC love!

It was 6:30 on the evening of the skating, where myself, Mr Sylvester and the president himself partook in a jolly good Wetherspoons meal down ye olde Giddy bridge, there amongst the abundance of SUCCers you could tell the mood state of the night. Many an eager face and much jolly banter! At 7:00 outside the guildhall with only the mood lighting of Maltaland(Sp?) to light our way we arrived at the ticket office where shortly after all SUCCers had purchased there tickets and were waiting for the ICE.....it was right there, so close, anticipation replaced with excitement, me claiming to have only ice skated twice to make squeeze feel better about her own ability and others equally modest making similar remarks. However when the ice did finally arrive people had to face the music, some took to the ice like a duck on water.... (Ahem) whilst others took to the ice, like....well... a duck on ice!! Everyone was having a great time. Dr Will arrived late but soon after his arrival we noticed that the ice rink had one major flaw! There was a no fun rule in place! People had to skate in order, and not stop!! There were no backwards shenanigans, no spinning, conga lines, no

waiting, no moving too fast, no moving too slow, at this rink they meant buisness! The marshals enforced this with an iron fist! Chav Mike was one of the first to discover this and after falling over a good few times decided to wait over by the wall and Heckle passers by. Although he did have the chance to fit in his patented polar bear chat up line because it fitted in with the general cold theme of the night (see mike at either the edge of an ice rink or next to a freezer to hear the chat up line). JJ was mastering his backwards skating style and SUCCers everywhere where paring off for romantic laps of the rink, me included! (wink, wink). From the ice rink came more Wetherspoons escapades. Here we came across an accursed colours club ( a club that compete in BUSA for uni), making lots of noise and generally annoying the karma of the SUCCers. JJ made the mistake of going near them with a table where vicious rivalry ensued resulting in a chair being accidentally knocked over to which a retort came with the excuse, “ you hit our club with a table, so we hit you with a chair.....fair game”..... But was it fair game?!



This is where your reporter left the scene due to the stomach spasms and uncontrollable flatulence of a stomach bug! From here follows a report from a reliable source... on the grape vine... who would never be gossipy or muddle up facts...(Morley), of how the nights events unfolded afterward in Rhino!!



## An evening in Rhino, from the eyes of Morley.

I'll admit my memory has become a bit hazy, almost as if I had been drunk. Strange. Therefore any inaccuracies or complete lies are accountable to Mr. President. The SUCCer clan left the giddy around 11, and staggered straight to rhino.

All was going well, we got in, we got to the bar. Here came the key downfall of the night. A sign behind the bar which went something like this. 'All pints £2 until 12, £2.50 after'. Sounds good. Get the drinks in before 12 then! So with half a pint to go, and at 11:45, we head to the bar to get another. Now its 11:55, with a full pint in one hand, and half in the other, Nugz decides we should get another one in. After a bit of mediocre pint downing, we where back at the bar. This resulted in general drunkenness (from most people actually, not just me!). Now as I said, I can't remember, but I'm fairly sure Nugz was drunk as well.

So, moving on to the rest of the night, not just me drinking. The music is blaring out, and would you believe it, it seems to be metal night ;-). Usually very popular with a minority, and unpopular with the majority., as was the case this time.

After a bit of socialising and dancing, Succers decended upon the small stage, and commondeared it (for pretty much the entire rest of the evening!). The head banging was going well. Until a collision between my head, and a head belonging to Nugz. Must have been a fairly good impact because as I write this I have a large lump on my forehead.

There was definitely a substantial amount of sharking going on, but of course I can't remember any of it. What happens in Rhino, stays in Rhino.

That's basically it. We got drunk, danced, did some head banging, then went home.

I have however had some txt conversations this morning. Some names (two actually) have been left out, but you'll probably be able to work it out!

Me: 'I seem 2 always end up wasted whenever I go out'

Nat: 'Thats because you had 4/5 pints in the 15 mins before 12 lol'

?: '???? Brought a guy back last nite'

Me: 'Who? Any1 from the club?'

?: 'No this random grungy dude from rhino'

So as I said, there was drinking, and there was sharking. Same as most socials really!

Oh, and to all of you who didn't come out, or left early, you missed out!



The picture on the right is nothing to do with SUCC, it's just some inspiration of fun things to do when people pass out.

Also I have a joke for you.

Why isn't your nose 12 inches long?

.....Because then it would be a foot!

Hope the rest of mouthfuls is better than this shameful article. I wasn't planning on writing anything but a certain committee member who was writing up the night didn't even make it to Rhino...

Lots of Love, Hugs and Kisses, Morley.x x

22 - SUCC Awards.txt

MOST IMPROVED PADDKER

-----

Nat  
Rebecca Hyde  
Nugz  
Andy Burt  
Chris Stevens  
JJ

BEST NEWCOMER

-----

Ali  
Fresher George  
Pip the Dog  
Rebecca Hyde  
Sam  
Isabelle

BEST SWIM

-----

Isabelle - Sideways through washing machine  
Nugz - Lost paddle on Upper Dart  
Tom W & Stave - Perranporth wave  
Teresa

BEST SHARKER

-----

Somerset Dave  
Nugz  
Ali  
Bobbie  
Eric Starkie  
Laurent  
chav mike

BEST QUOTE

-----

JJ - "what would a fresher think, if I got out a condom?"  
Chris Stevens - (about Laurent) "Whats wrong with his face?"  
Huw - "He's Ginger"

BEST QUOTE (ctd...)

-----

Nugz - "The S bend feature on a river is where the river goes one way, and then back the other in a short space of time."

JJ - "what? Like an S?

Jo Monk - "Im sure Isabelle has said something stupid!"

BEST HAIR

-----

Pete Curtis

Pie Chee

Anna Greenwood - Halloween Party

Fresher George

Dr Matt

BIGGEST FAFFER

-----

Dave + Eric - Dart trip faff

Mr Vian

Pie Chee

Roch

Simon Bottoms

BEST COMEDY MOMENT

-----

Chav Mike - Stuck in his boat at the car park

Roch, Morley and Eric - Minibus and police incident

Chav Mike - Somersault in Chris' house, crashing into walls - TWICE

MOST AMUSING DRUNK

-----

Fresher George - Halloween social

Sleaze - His birthday

Roch, Morley and Eric - Minibus and police incident

Jo Monk - Not so many speeches this year...

JJ - Always amusing, but especially when drunk!

Chav Mike - Always seems to get plastered

Isabelle - Ditto