

~~2010-2011~~ MOUTHFULS



The Muppets SUCC Committee 2009-2010

Welcome to the Christmas Mouthfuls 2009. Due to past events, this years Mouthfuls has been compiled by a top secret team, here is all the information I can reveal:

TOP SECRET



NAME: THE EDITOR

TASK: TO COMPILE EACH INDIVIDUAL ITEM INTO THE DOCUMENT "MOUTHFULS" AND ENSURE IT PRINTS SUCCESSFULLY

TOP SECRET



NAME: THE COLLECTOR

TASK: TO FORCE ITEMS OUT OF INNOCENT MEMBERS OF SUCC WHILST TRYING TO ENSURE THEY ARE AS ENTERTAINING AS POSSIBLE

TOP SECRET



NAME: THE NOMINATOR

TASK: TO PICK CATEGORIES FOR AWARDS TO BE GIVEN AS PART OF "MOUTHFULS" AND ENSURE THERE IS OPPORTUNITY FOR PEOPLE TO BE PUT FORWARD

TOP SECRET



NAME: THE PRINTER

TASK: TO PRODUCE THE REQUIRED NUMBER OF COPIES OF "MOUTHFULS" AND PLACE THEM AT A SUITABLE PICKUP LOCATION

I "The Editor" would like to thank these guys for helping out with Mouthfuls, and thanks to anyone who submitted an article, there are some great ones! Also thanks to ~~Andrew Sylvester and The Muppets~~ The Committee for putting on the trips and socials this year to give us all something to write about!

Nominations for the Xmas Meal Prizes!

Most Improved Paddler:

1. Fresher George
2. Somerset Dave
3. Callum Lawrence

Most Memorable Moment:

1. Pass –the-boiled-sweet game on Perranporth
2. Freshers cartwheeling/looping in the massive hole on the Tywi
3. Chris V on Nepal: “They all had to get a Hep B jab”, Rossall: “Is that for AIDS?”
4. The sinking of Sherman on the Itchen, right in front of a passing yacht
5. Chris Vian setting the Palace’s neighbour’s tree on fire

Best Quote:

1. Callum - “Stop it, I can feel balls slapping my arse!” (during a game of bust-a-sutra)
2. Chris V on Nepal: “They all had to get a Hep B jab”, Rossall: “Is that for AIDS?”
3. Fresher telling Ella that whoever's room it is won't be happy that she's putting egg and custard powder all over it... Ella replies “It’s my room!”

Biggest Faffer:

1. JJ
2. Eric W
3. Andrew Sylvester

Biggest Sharker:

1. Ali Barnett
2. Fresher George
3. Somerset Dave (continued shark)

Best Fancy Dress:

1. The ‘Morphs’
2. Will the Builder (Jesters social)
3. The Ghostbusters

Biggest New Character:

1. Matt Kelly
2. Emily Moore
3. Tom “Paul Clark” Parker
4. Jason “Spud”

Ghostbusters Theme: the alternative SUCC Lyrics!

(Jesters Social:What I wanted to be when I grew up)



SUCC's heading out...all in fancy dress,
Where they gonna go?
TO JESTERS!

Four in matching clothes...which I think you can guess,
Where they gonna go?
TO JESTERS!

A builder chav was there...along with a knight,
Where they gonna go?
TO JESTERS!



Sillyvester came...but didn't even try,
Where did he go?
TO JESTERS!

....We ain't afraid of no goss!

....We ain't afraid of no goss!

P + J had a chat...got it on at last,
Where they gonna go?
TO CHESTERS!



The crowd clapped and cheered...and the cameras flashed,
Where were they at?
IN JESTERS!



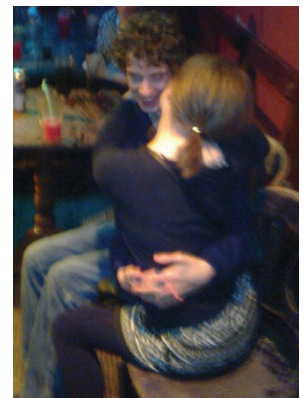
This set the scene...sharks were on the prowl,
Where did they go?
TO JESTERS!

Two more matches made...pretty much in the hour,
Where did we go?
TO JESTERS!

....We ain't afraid of no goss!

....We ain't afraid of no goss!

I'll tell you something...
JESTERS MAKES ME FEEL GOOD!

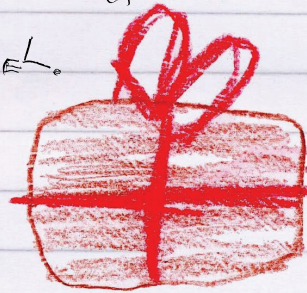


Perrenport

buy rob ~~Richardson~~
robinson

PERRENPORT WAS FUN WE PLAYED

A LOT OF GAMES MY FAVORITE GAME
WAS PARSE THE PARSEL.



PEOPLE WERE SILLY BECAUSE THEY DRUNK
TO MUCH TRIBE



WHY DOES WOODY HAVE A BELL ON HIS HAT?
BECAUSE HE'S A CUNT





ONCE UPON A TIME WE WENT ON A
ADVENTURE THROUGH A GARDEN
AND SOMEONE'S HOUSE TO GET TO

THE SEA AT NIGHT
THEN THE BIG PEOPLE SAID WE HAD TO
GO SWIMMING WITH NO CLOTHES ON!



SUCC limericks

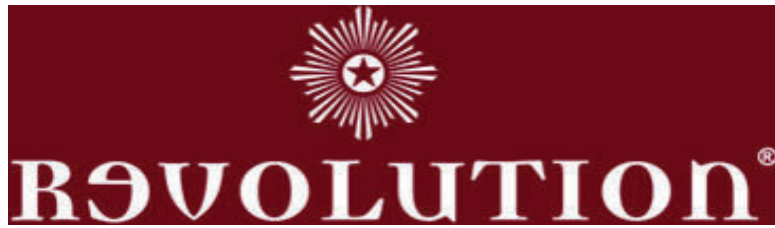
These were written by Mr Mortimer, my idea is that they could be spread on three separate pages.... up too you!

Here's a few lines about faff
Although i'm only a laff
Said Mr Vian,
I have a plan!
It turned out to be a terrible gaffe

Two kayakers went up a river with the tide,
But came stuck upon a rather rocky slide,
Said the man in the Dancer:
"This isn't the answer"
Lets walk up the road on the side.

There once was a Member of SUCC,
Who had a face a bit like a Duck.
When confronted about it,
He just stood and pouted,
And said "quick frankly I Dont really care"

Vodka Revs Social: *From the eye of the only sober person*



Wow, a social to vodka revs! They have amaaazing cocktails and what's best is that they are 2 for 1!!! So why not come up with the brilliant idea of driving there, forgetting that I'm in the UK and things like drinking a 'bit' and driving home is not culturally accepted. Anyway, having realised my massive mistake I had to accept the fact that I'm going to experience what possibly was (will be) my only sober social in the club.

I was comfortably sitting on the sofa sipping away my allowed 2 units of alcohol, when I was told that one of Pie Chee's ladies forgot her ID card at home and couldn't get in. Being a true gentleman I've offered to drive her home to pick it up. I graciously leapt on the table to get out of the corner (of course to avoid everyone else to stand up to let me out), but in doing so two cocktails ended up on Pie Chee's shirt, jeans and apparently even his boxers. Instead of manning up he decided to go home and get changed. Anyway, so off we go. When I got back to Vodka Revs, a lot of people were already showing the first signs of inebriation. It was like watching animal planet when animals go berserk. Miss Evil was jumping like a kangaroo on dope while Jo entered hibernation, mumbling occasionally and texting some unfortunate people. There were also some interesting mating rituals. A few male species engaged in the ultimate battle of wits to win the female's exemplar attention – an amusing thing to watch. Across the other side of the room Jo's mumbling became more frequent and clear – 'Take me home'. How could I resist the offer of walking (I mean driving) such a young lady back home. So off we go for the second time.

On my return, most of the people had now entered what I refer to as the happy/fantasy domain. This is a parallel universe where everything sounds and look funny, even Sillyvester and Dr Vian believe or not. At this point I had to mimic their behaviour so that I could still be considered as part of the pack. I was laying on this sofa when a few people decided to sit on me and started to jump up and down while making humping-like noises. Apparently this was not a common sight at this public place so we got told off by the bouncers. At this point I turned into a grumpy old man and wanted to go back to the Palace. When I got home, after dragging my housemates and Kate back with me, a wicked chocolate soufflé baked by Nicole that night cheered me up.

Morale of the story: Don't be a muppet, if Vodka revs have 2 for 1 cocktails don't drive.

Your Truly Maltese Gentleman,

JJ

‘Who said disaster can't strike twice...you two are jinxed!’ Vian

‘I’ll make sure that the floodlight on my titanic works...’ JJ

‘I’ll bring a whole pack of number 8 cards ;-).’ Morley

‘ABBOLISH PORRAGE FOREVER!’ Dave ‘Porridge’ Goffe

Somerset Neanderthal vs. GPS:

‘Go to dart moore’

**Individual in question achieved an A* for the combined GCSE/A-level, Somerset Studies; incidentally English is deemed too elementary for the Somerset syllabus.*

THE TRIP OF TRIPS...

THE WEEKEND TO CONQUER ALL WEEKENDS GONE BEFORE...

THE CAPTAIN...HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN...

GOOD GOD!? It’s only the **TAVY & BLOODY DART!!!**

Written by Pierre.



Just taking a look at the audacious duo above, it's hard to imagine where the faff-tastic names they've earned themselves derive from. Some say that at the birth of the younger of the two; the eldest & most powerful faff-lord experienced moments of almost purely faff-free & commonsensical behaviour whilst engrossed in a chemistry research paper, such was the prodigy of the pair...

That being so, I gladly accepted the offer of a seat in the early car! Unaware of the frantic happenings of Southampton, which soon transpired to be the lack of one x-seater minibus, integral to the weekend's activities in one way or another! I believe Roch, Morley or Eric can enlighten anyone who is happy enough playing ring of fire with merely a set of playing cards! I wish I could recall a certain Maltese man's remarks regarding the employees at SHB (minibus hire company), but for the sake of the young innocent freshers maybe its fortunate I can't!

I feel this is a perfectly good time for the more pedantic individuals reading this to discuss the pros and cons of a 17-seater minibus...

Myself, Mr Martin, Sillyvester & the mad Scotsman by the name of George, arrived at the hut, minus one wing mirror & the early car status, as we were soon joined by the convoy of cars that had been summoned in the minibus' absence.

No issue, let the fun and frolics begin! Beverages at the ready...consumption...silly wit, humour & freshers/current members/olds chitchat...consumption...ladies & gentlemen of the consumption circle...consumption...oooh, ahh, das ist gut, up de pooper...consumption!! The usual SUCC madness, as ever ended with a healthy dose of not so healthy cheese on toast, followed by hours of tesco-value-induced psychedelic, dreamy sleep! I dreamt that a bloody dog was barking all bloody night!! Ooops..love you really Asha.

WAKEY WAKEY! WE'VE ABOLISHED PORRIDGE! FRY-UP FOR ALL!

Thus followed the masses of happy, eager-eyed, SUCC'ers raring to indulge in their lovely full English and partake in a spot of paddling! Ali was at the front of the queue, ready to...wait a second!? Is this a cheese dream again!?

Ok, so the Saturday morning faff began...hours later we were abit closer to being ready to leave! The first day's paddling was on the River Tavy, with good water levels and happy groups, what could possibly go wrong? For the group I was in, nothing much; team anti-faff, 'we're getting on the water first', was commanded by the Tim-Huw partnership, with keen-as-a-bean fresher/PhD Sophie out for a little jolly with some T-rescue practice thrown in. I've never seen such a calm and trusting first-time paddler!

Not so however for another group, being led by the almighty JJ and backed up by the one and only Eric 'the F***ing Captain' Westenbrink. The word epic would cover their day's paddling nicely. With only the beast that is 'Curly' George not taking a swim (JJ may or may not have swam...discuss. :P). In one section, I'm told that Maria had a rather close encounter with a tree for a longer than desired time, whilst Eric managed to face-plant a certain not so smooth, grey object and in the meantime JJ was screaming MAMA MIA!!! All in all..shit hit the fan.

No casualties, but an ever-darkening 'get out' greeted JJ's group, where upon the standard van-packing faff was kicked into action. Back at the hut, tired soles and hungry tummies were well looked after, with a relaxed hut mingle and club dinner. No major antics, but lots to talk about for the keen paddler.

The next day, a slightly battered, slightly shattered, team SUCC, ran the famous River Dart. A few madmen (very, very loud madmen at that!) ran the Upper section, sshh...don't ask. Not without one or two incidents, the club had a great day paddling the Dart at a super level (so I'm told). In the group I was in, Sophie once again made Mr Roch feel like a very trusting man (should we be worried?): One step into triple step, she took a capsize, with step 2 & 3 fast approaching, T-rescue anyone? Roch managed to just about get there in time for her to right herself now metres from step 2 & 3, backwards without any paddles! Roch quickly retrieved and threw them to her, before she turned and navigated her way down the final drops without a swim! Awesome stuff.

A relatively unpleasant incident did however happen to a friend of a friend (Andy French) of some of the SUCC'ers. Caught in a large hole in 'washing machine', she had to be 'livebaited' out by Andy and after proper attention from our resident Doc Will; she will live to paddle another day! Safety-first folks! Well done to all those involved with the rescue and boat assistance, etc.

A nacking weekend ended on a high nonetheless, with a hot chocolate and recollections of the past two days paddling, in the River Dart café. I'm guessing this was not the case for everyone, after witnessing a lack of housemate love expressed by JJ towards a certain Mr Chris 'I'm bugging off early' Stevens, who JJ found (hiding) inside Dr Will's car before promptly leaving for Southampton, when he was supposed to be accompanying JJ in the van home!

It was a great weekend for me personally and I know, for a lot of other SUCC'ers!

Just remember, trust this man...he might just T-rescue you too:

'Trust me, if this trip is anything like what Eric and Dave put together last year it will DEFINATELY be Epic.' Roch



Picture taken by Chris Vian.

FRESHERS BEWARE...

POLICE APPEAL

ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION

A man attempted to abduct a 19-year-old student as she walked down Church Lane near the University on Sunday, October 18 shortly after 7.15pm.

He grabbed her from behind and implied he wanted to hold her against her will. It's thought there was a sexual motive. She struggled free enough to scream and he ran off.

Did you see a man hanging around?

He had a Mediterranean appearance with thick black collar length hair which flicked out at the bottom. He had thick eyebrows and stubble. He was about 5' 11" tall with a large build. He was wearing a red top and blue jeans.

Do you know who he is? Any information is important to us, please call quoting 'Operation Enforced'.

101 Available 24/7 **CRIMESTOPPERS** 0800 355 111

www.hampshire.police.uk

HAMPSHIRE CONSTABULARY





As a SUCCer from an area of England that isn't very well represented in the club, I thought I'd let you all in on a few secrets before you all come to this Promised Land attempt to f*** it up in January with your southern ways. So, here goes, in Queen's English of course:

Well, lets be gettin it al straight now, there are two parts o this wonderful cuntry, most o you been fromt 'daaaarn saaaarf'. Now, I'm not gunna get involved in an argument but ye were brought up in the worse o' two. Anyways. 'Up Norf ` starts at passport control ont M6, not the M4 as sum o you think. I aren't too botherd now bout checkin passports but beware, some folk are reet strict bout lettin southeners in, so mek sure ye dun't forget them.

A few rumers that also need clearing up:

1. Queen's English is spokken up norf – nuthin else
2. Chips n gravy, hot pot and tater pie are local delicacies ov course – bt not all folk eat them every day.
3. Mills are seen a lot – bt we dunt all live in em.
4. Some of us do av jobs
5. If we do work – its not alus down't pit or in't mill
6. We have cars – may not alus be ars but oh well that be the risy ye tek leavin cars in Liverpool
7. I've never won a flat cap, most people don't these days
8. We actually have toilets inside the house
9. Not al streets are like Corrie

For those that can't read, see the next page, any road im bord n off downt tuht pub.

A northern SUCCer (but not from Sheffield!)



PUB GOLF

BUY
DORSET
buy local



Due to the busy workload placed on first years - har har har (second's the charm 'ent it somerset!) - this is going to be short...as is my other article (peer pressure somerset, peer pressure!)

High points of the night (that I remember):

1. **Hole 2** - Sambucca in the Highfield. I'm sorry but what happened to that friendly pub we go to after pool sessions? Surely they wouldn't dare charge us £4.40 for a double shot from some dusty bottle of sambucca they took ages to find? (All freshers agreed)
2. **Hole 3** - Waiting FOREVER to be served in the Mitre, confusion over whether BUNKER involves a double shot on 'Pro-tour' and whether we'll still be standing by hole 9.
3. **Hole 6** - Champagne Charlies & crates of some VK substitute. The 'classy lot' left the main road before their strawpedo, my group clearly didn't get the memo and tramped it on the side; God knows what happened to our bottles?
4. **Hole 7** - Hobbit- General involvement with Gary-oke, no need to say more. Best drink of the night with hobbit cocktails (Bilbo) on the list.
5. **Hole 8** - not a clue, spent far too long in Hobbit and caught up with others in So-bar, don't know who filled in my score sheet for that one...
6. **Hole 9** - Sobar. Awesome train (is that the right word?), downstairs, upstairs, outside (very briefly=cold) and lots of love shared around from a certain bearded gentleman; you know who you are!

Good night had by all, including shenanigans at houses & flats that followed...

Dorset Dave

Aka the 'other' dave



Safe.



SUCC: Pub Golf Score Card

Hole	Drink	Par	Score	Hazards
Stags Head	Vodka + Mixer	2		Busy Hole
Highfield	Sambucca	1		
Mitre	Beer	3		Bunker
Varsity	Cider	3		Water Hazard
Gordon Arms	Corkies	1		Busy hole
Champagne Charlies	Alcopop	2		
Hobbit	LOTR Cocktail	4		Noisy Crowd
Clowns	Juicy Lucy	4		Water Hazard
Sobar	Beer + Mixer	2		Bunker
		Total: 22	Total:	

Pro Tour: Pints and Doubles only

Ladies Tour: Singles and Halfs playable on max of 6 holes only!

Water Hazard: No use of a toilet, penalty is replaying the hole!

Bunker: Extra Shot of your choice with main drink! Penalty for not doing is 3 Points

Noisy Crowd: No talking to anyone! Penalty is 3 points.

Busy Hole: Players must shout FORE!! before each hit. If not your hit will not count and have to retake the hole!

Doctored? Nooo those are accurate scores...

Vodka Revs / Reflex

Second article of this Monday morning (currently 1:24). May have a slightly biased (see right) tone due to previous SUCC social experience.

Hannah Bovanizer's (original author) contribution (my comments in brackets/red:

"The night was young as we gathered at the bridge (we were told to meet in stags but this was shut, so next best). Though we were few in number, we were high in spirits (I seem to remember everybody being pretty quiet?). After a quick drink of fermented cider (cider is generally rubbish in my opinion) we made our way down to vodka revs for what promised to be a great night. We arrived to see that it had already been taken over by SUCCers (aka we were VERY late). After much procrastination

(faff) over the choice of cocktails we joined the circle armed with woowoos and pretty pretty bang bangs (nutcracker). After several more cocktails a dance floor was created by all in the bar area...even though the dance floor was up the stairs. From here it becomes hazy...but in true SUCCer style we danced until we were kicked out! (must have been on a sofa?) But on to reflex! And cheesy 80's music!"

I think I remember some homosexual folk with crazy dances (made my head hurt) and a rather large lady who kept scaring everyone away from the pole...

Unfortunately Hannah does not seem to have a more complete recollection of the night; and apart from the fact I returned with no more broken bones neither do I.

THEREFORE...we welcome any letters from SUCCers who may have witnessed this event & would care to enlighten us! Free hugs from Vincent (above) if your letter is accepted.



Avoid this man. Can be found in reflex cracking ribs

Dorset Dave
& Hannah **BOVANIZER**

The Tywi and... er... Tywi trip, 20-22 November

By Matt Kelly

On a cold, darkening November evening, I stood on the increasingly familiar boat hard, experiencing increasingly familiar faff. My computer doesn't recognise faff – there's a little red line under it. After my few weeks as a SUCCer, I feel thoroughly acquainted with it.

The faff was all in preparation for a wild wet whitewater weekend in Wales with wonderful people and Eric Westernbrink. (It's nothing personal, I just wanted to get another W in there.) After the ritual of shoving more boats and kit into a transit van than seems physically possible, we hit the road, and set off on a long journey of songs, sleeping, playing hot-bus-cold-bus, and obligatory drinking.

Upon arrival to our accommodation, three things were apparent:



- 1) There was a distinct and unexpected lack of Daves
- 2) There was a climbing frame and all kinds of toys to play with
- 3) This was going to be an excellent weekend, which would do very well to end without a hospital visit for somebody with too much enthusiasm for climbing frames and drunkenness.

Saturday came. Bleary-eyed, slightly confused, breakfast was taken. The freshers now knew how to play speed erotica, and that gym mats stick to the skin in a warm room. Huw now knew that there would probably be some vomit in the Tywi that day. Nobody knew that, at midday when we got on the river in south wales, the weather system looked like this:



And a faffastic day in the rain it was too! A steadily rising river saw all kinds of cold wet fun for all, with swims taken by river leaders (even the great Mr Sylvester took a technical swim, because he couldn't get back into his boat for some reason. I didn't understand either, but the swim was hilarious.) My confidence was almost as buoyant as my boat as we breezed through gorges, down drops and through areas where we were told "there's usually a feature here..."

Then it all went arse over face over arse over face over arse over face over arse over face.

The water got choppy. I followed Callum, who as far as I knew was following Andy. Turns out he wasn't. I followed down a slope, gradually realising that the small wave after it

wasn't that small after all. It was above my head. Then, shortly afterwards, I had no idea what was above what.

My first experience of a recirculating stopper was an interesting one. According to later accounts, freshers' boats were spinning in all directions, being chucked around and performing what Dr Will told us could get competition points as "unintendos".

After being thrown around in the boat for a while, I thought I'd check out what it was like out of the boat. Grabbing the odd bit of air, I spun around in the wave for a bit, before finally emerging to a horizon of boats, swimmers, paddles, and a few frantic experienced folk trying to put freshers on the bank and retrieve everything else.

Later, from a bridge, I saw what we'd hit, and on the bank was Roch on the end of a rope ready to grab anybody else who went into it. A small village boy (who I'd say came from a gene pool a lot shallower than the river) asked intelligent questions like "what's 'e on a rope for?" *so he can go get people who get stuck in the wave.* "'ow will 'e get out?" *he's on a rope.* "who's gonna get him out?" *the guy on the other end of the rope.* "is it scary in thure?" *It's not that fun.* "what if somebody gets really stuck in thure now?" *Well, there's a guy there attached to a... never mind.* Locals. Eugh.

That night, over chilli and rice paste, the committee discussed what was to be done tomorrow, and freshers wondered fearfully what was to become of them.

Day two brought higher levels still, with very fast currents, big boils and eddy lines that would simply not behave. The committee decided some freshers would be taken down the river. Oh, and that throw line training was probably in order in the coming week. I was one of the lucky few to paddle the Tywi on Sunday. After my first swim, standing in the hail, waiting for my boat to be returned and watching torrents of water gush past me, I thought "Should I really be here?"

2 more swims, some fast rapids and a seemingly very short time later, I'd had the best day's paddling of my brief paddling career. I'd also managed not to physically shit myself at any point. So, achievements all round really.

For the long drive home, just Sherman stayed awake. Thankfully somebody had the foresight to put him behind the wheel, and our only Epics were on the water.

IF YOU HAVE ANY PICTURES OF THE STOPPER, INCLUDE THEM!

What happens when SUCCERS attack????

It was a quiet evening in the Usk hut; I was minding my own business - spending some Club cash and deciding whether we could get away with not providing breakfast to save those extra pennies.



Enjoying Club Funds 😊

There was then a massive uproar, with the fresher's attacking first followed by the older wiser members - who knew that the inexperienced first wave would be attacked back first.

I went for my knife but it was not there ----- so went for my next best thing ----- keys!!!! The fresher's didn't like that much – ended up in the back of someone's knee.

The fresher's were failing like excitable pups, so the oldies moved in and turned the tide. The Duck tape came out and was applied - with a little bit too much pleasure by some. Think they must like bondage - you know who you are!!!



They had not won the battle though as we were still inside the hut, it took all their strength and little brains to try and get me outside. Unfortunately their strength was not enough and I was close to being dropped so hopped to a tree, where they went duck tape happy again, running round and round with the tape.

Then the parasites arrived & the sorry photographers took their “funny” photos.



They all then went inside thinking they had won, but thanks to a handy pen knife I got free.



So what have we learned – always carry a cattle prod on SUCC trips and go for the big lumbering ginger one first. If the big ones go down it scares off the lesser drunks.

Appeal for Witnesses



Police are looking for a blue man and a red man, in connection with a horrific crime, committed on 30th October at a residential address on Spring Crescent, Southampton.

The pair, described as having no facial features whatsoever, are believed to be connected with a murder on the dance floor.

The victim's blood was found on the dance floor walls. Reports of several people vomiting outside, upon the sight of blood have been confirmed.

Eventually, a terrified student raised the (fire) alarm. Two people were later seen fleeing the crime-scene.

Artist's impression:



These men are considered extremely dangerous, and should not be approached under any circumstances.

Horror-Scopes



Perranporth: The moon shines bright as Cornwall enters your charts. Drunken foolery and the passing of parcels will results in the need to get naked in large numbers, surf leads to an insatiable appetite, earth the planet of plenty provides spaghetti.



Usk: The south winds blow indicating standard water levels, however do not let your guard down as Venus the planet of love enters from down below, you may feel the need for stage based orgies involving much man love. Honesty is key but trickery is the route to enlightenment as you establish who has never? Tape burns on the wrist may indicate man to tree bondage.



Tavy and Dart: As Jupiter circles your anus, Transport issues may occur resulting in major faff based shenanigans. Light rain and lots of cars will produce faff on river side. Sheppard's bolognaise (Sheppard's pie/spaghetti bolognaise) may lead to a full stomach, but this will not prepare you for a day full of water and faff.



Tywi and Wye: Mars Being the planet of war suggests much carnage and large faff as the horse men approach, Zeus the god of thunder will open the heavans and the rivers shall rise, freshers may become wet. Pestilence will drive those dearest to the infirmmary, War will cause many outer boating experiences and famine will make you hungry for more. Death was away this weekend on conference.

Somerset.

Dan Woollard

Introduction to destruction!

So, the task of recounting the events of the first ever SUCC social has fallen to me. Luckily, it is one of the socials I can actually remember... Surprising, as I do remember it ending at Jesters.

Anyway, the night began with a meeting at the Stag's Head, followed by a short walk to a lecture theatre, where we were shown a quite hilarious presentation. After this, we lucky freshers were given the chance to join this most distinguished society, provided that we had £25 handy (only joking). Everyone who was planning on coming on the social was then presented with, I must admit, a fairly flamboyant t-shirt, with 'Introduction to Destruction' on the front, and a list of certain 'tasks' to do on the back. These challenges were as follows;

Buy someone you don't know a drink
Strawpedo!
Beat someone in a downing contest
Shot!
Human Pyramid
Swap an item of clothing
Pint of Old Rosie's in The Hobbit
BAYWATCH

Now it must be said that it is quite difficult to buy someone a drink even if you do know them, or carry out any of the above, when you are immediately pushed to the bottom of a human pyramid... one of around three I would be involved in during the course of the night. Still, at least I got one crossed off.

~~Human Pyramid~~

The next idea everyone had was to cross off multiple items at once. I myself bought two people I had never met a bottle of that strange vodka/orange stuff, and grabbed three straws. Only came second in the contest... Yet apparently that still means I beat someone! Despite never having done a Strawpedo before.

~~Buy someone you don't know a drink~~
~~Strawpedo!~~
~~Beat someone in a downing contest~~

Now there was nothing to be crossed off in the Mitre, as no one had yet agreed to buy me a shot. So I relaxed with a pint... only to be coerced into yet another Human Pyramid. And I was in the bottom row of this one as well. Fortunately, this attempt had to be abandoned due to the Mitre's slightly low roof. Well, these things do happen I suppose. However, it was nice to arrive in Varsity to find that someone I had never met had indeed bought me a shot. Unfortunately it was Vodka, rather than something that tasted nice, but I drank it right down, appreciating the gesture.

~~Shot!~~

Next stop was The Hobbit. Famous for its pint cocktails named after characters from everyone's favourite trilogy. But we wouldn't be sampling those tonight, oh no. We had been charged with consuming a pint of 'Old Rosie's', a cider which I surprised myself by actually enjoying. I think I may have been in a minority in this way, as many people left their pints untouched. Or tried to drink them quickly and got rid of them just as quickly? (This is not certain; I'm just guessing what may have happened...)

~~Pint of Old Rosie's in The Hobbit~~

I had heard quite a lot about our next location, yes, it was the somewhat infamous Jesters. Not a very classy establishment by any stretch of the imagination, but good for a night out nonetheless. Now I'm not sure about what occurred here, as my memory becomes slightly hazy (I blame the cider). I remember some dancing, maybe some exchanging of clothes, and definitely being topless for some time. No idea what order these events were in, but they all must have happened, because when I woke up the next morning, my t-shirt looked something like this.

~~Buy someone you don't know a drink~~

~~Strawpedo!~~

~~Beat someone in a downing contest~~

~~Shot!~~

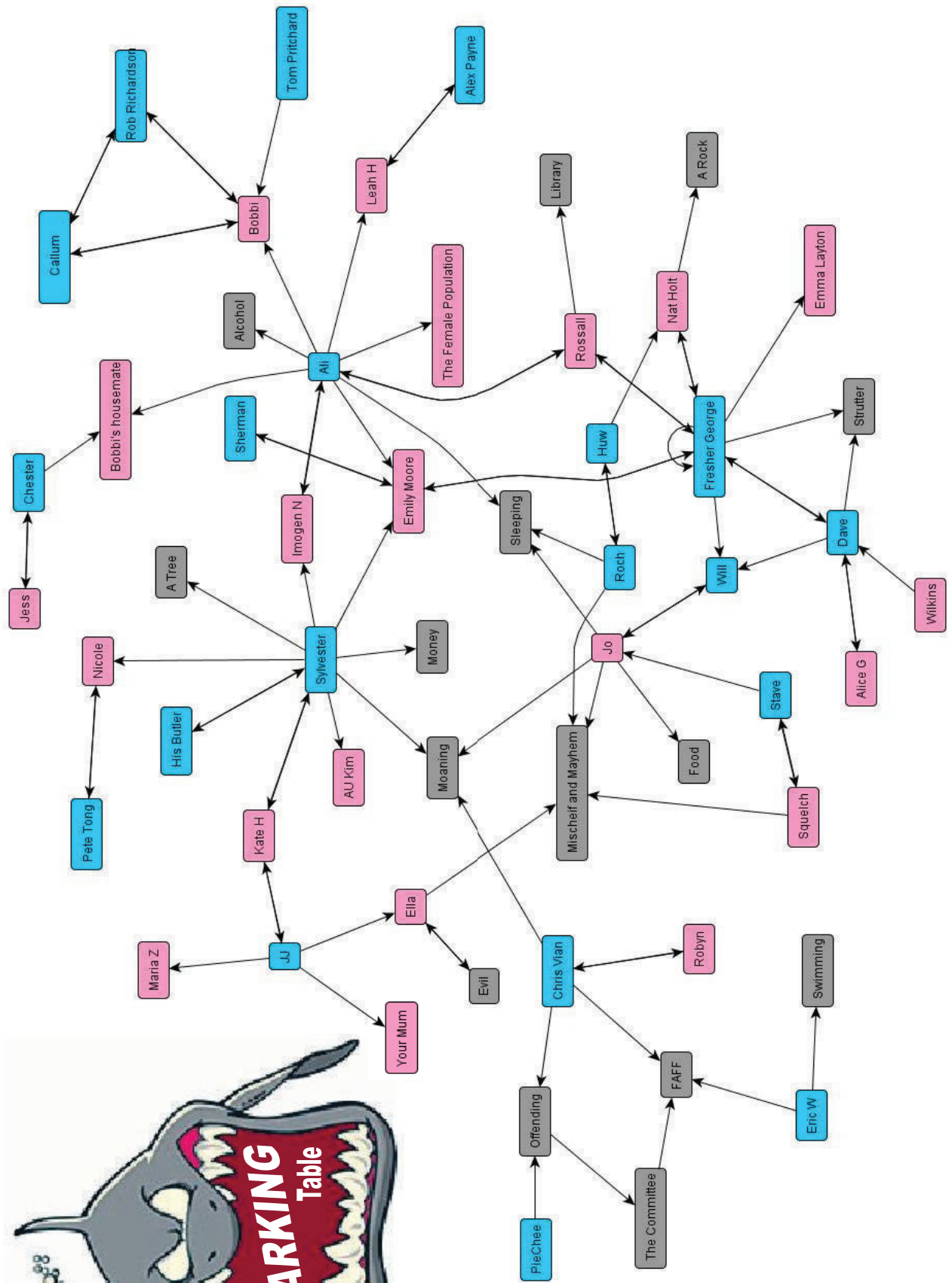
~~Human Pyramid~~

~~Swap an item of clothing~~

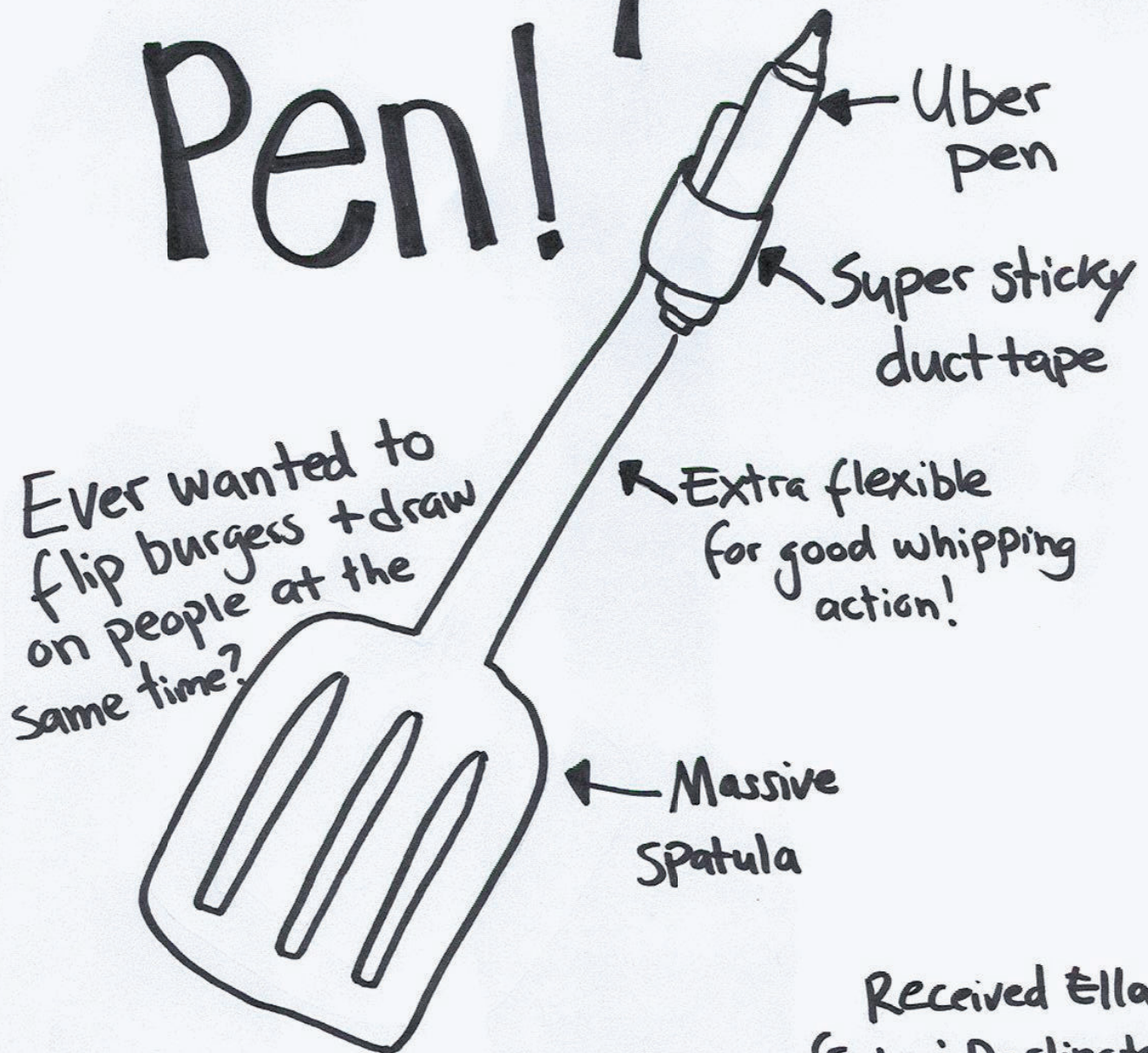
~~Pint of Old Rosie's in The Hobbit~~

~~BAYWATCH~~

The 'Destruction' part of this social must have been a success, as when we left Jesters, I recall there being as few as only four freshers remaining... Nevertheless, definitely an enjoyable night all round!



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Slovenia... a true story!

“Jo come to Slovenia”

“No, I have the biggest exams of my career the week after”

“Go on!!”

“yeah OK”

So flights were booked, cars were hired and boats were stolen from the boat shed (Sorry Pete). We were on our way. What could possibly go wrong!????

Mistake #1

30 minutes before our flight.

Eric, Tom and Helen realised they had actually booked the incorrect flights home.

Nobody will ever know how, and nobody will believe the faff that followed but that's a different story involving many hundreds of pounds!

But we got to Italy safely and picked up a beautiful, big car (later to affectionately named 'Rossall') with roof rails and safely got the boats on board-we were on our way to Slovenia!!

Mistake #2

No map.

No sat nav.

Just instinct... very very bad instinct. Eric was sure he knew the way, and as we passed a sign pointing Slovenia in the opposite direction I started to have my doubts. Eventually we stopped and asked a poor Italian lady in the Alps who pointed us down a road! Multi-lingual SUCC!

As we pulled into the campsite we couldn't help but laugh as what can only be described as a 'miniature mini' drove towards us crushed under 4 boats! The passengers were sticking their heads out of the window as the 'car' wasn't actually tall enough for them to sit in. (Well, not now it had a HUGE dent in the roof). It was Ella, Nat, Chris and Stave! On their way to the river! Fantastic!!

The river was beautiful. Milky grade 3 with blue sky and mist coming off the top from the recent rain! Gorgeous! We ran the shuttle back to the camp site and hopped on! Amazing paddling!!

Mistake #3

“Stave this is the get out”

“No it's not- it's by a bridge”

“Stave, being the only one who has paddled here before, I must insist that this is the get out”

“No- we looked, it's by a bridge”

Stave and group paddles off...

Several km later we reach the next get out... a few miles from where our car was.

Stave: “I think we missed the get out”

Error- but it was OK. Ella and I improved our German by hitching rides with lovely old men in Speedos! What a day!!
(Stave's get out was actually a different river!!)

The rest of the few days passed brilliantly- the rivers were crystal clear, like paddling on a fresh water Caribbean beach and there were no epics. The sun was shining, we slept under the stars! Ella and Nat became very irresponsible with regard to Onions, which ended up in many sleeping bags! We ate chocolate bombs and drank muchos Slovenian beer!



The one thing I can recommend Slovenia for is nakedness. If you love naked men then Slovenia is the place to go. Everywhere you turned, every get on, every get off and down most rivers there were old men all too happy to take their clothes off at the mere hint of you looking in that direction. Ella loved this. She could not keep her eyes off those wrinkly, over-tanned, speedo bodies! It definitely made her holiday!



We all agreed it was one of our top, if not THE top, paddling holiday we had- we paddled every section of the Soca and this amazing little G3/4 trib back to camp most days! Many thanks to such a fantastic group for such a fun holiday and to all those naked Germans. We loved it!!!



(JJ in Slovenia??)

Monkey xxxx