

Mouthfuls



Christmas Party Special

Good evening, welcome to the SUCC Christmas meal and your ever truthful Mouthfuls magazine. For those that are new to the club I'm sure you will be the same as the rest of us tomorrow morning and won't quite remember it!

So much has happened since the summer, the new committee have been attempting to change a few things but I'll let you decide how it all went for them as well as dealing with the massive number of freshers. We also have a new president but who the f*** he is, I don't really know!

Thanks to all those that have written articles or grassed people up for the epic levels of sharking, don't worry—all the things you have tried to forget over the past few months will no doubt be detailed in here. Also I can't forget all those that help run the club, we wouldn't be able to do it without you and keep the record number of fresher's you see around you.

I've had yet another awesome term with you all and look forward to writing this again in the summer.

Enjoy the meal and have a fantastic Christmas.

Sherman x



Boat Party 2010

2010



Upcoming Trips

The Lakes

28th-30th January

Valentines Dart

11th -13th February

NSR—Nottingham

4th-6th March

Perranporth

18th-20th March

Rhossili

29th April-2nd May

SUCC XMAS MEAL AWARDS!

(The nominees)

BEST SWIM:

- JJ and Chav Mike in the Duo (Twyi and Wye)
- Iona snapping her paddles in half (Usk)
- Ben dislocating his shoulder (Wye)

MOST IMPROVED:

- Alex Madson
- Matt Wright
- Wilko

BIGGEST FAFFER:

- Eric Westen-faff
- Paul Clark
- Tom Pritchard (Most notably for sending his boat back with the shuttle!)

BIGGEST NEWCOMER:

- Fresher Helen
- Alex Madson
- Matt Wright

BEST QUOTE:

- JJ: "How long is yours in bourbons?"
- Matt Kelly: (About Elaine) "Why is nobody getting on that? I don't understand"
- Rose: "I've been sharking all night. I'm so tired."

BIGGEST SHARKER:

- Emily Cordon (Only nominee!)

MOST CARNAGE CAUSED:

- Sam Hurst (Running round dressed in a tiger onesie full of balloons then getting stuck in a tyre)
- Roch (100% fresher injury rate on the Tywi)
- The Crash Mat

SUCC Overheard at Southampton:

(The editor, Sherman, accepts no responsibility for any inaccuracies that may be in the article below)

Paul: 'I'm really drunk, I desperately want a shag but I've spent more time being ill than shaggin, so gutted' – Bonfire social whilst Kate was waiting in Paul's room.

Emily: How do you know Jake?

Piechee: I tried getting off with him at reflex.

Rob McWhirter: If you have ever played conkers, it would be like that but with balls.

Roch to Wilko: It was about this time last year that you showed me your gash.

Matt (about Elaine): Why is no-one getting on that? I don't understand.

JJ (talking about running): Think about it. After a long, stressful day at work, you can come home and do one of two things: You can find a baby and punch it in the face...or you can go for a run!

After a night at jesters, in charcoal grill, two gingers are making out. George says "ginger on ginger is like making out with your sister"

In southwestern JJ is talking about the length of his meat and says "So, in bourbons how long is yours?"

JJ: There's something special in Kettering, i swear. like a national park.

Alex P: Yeah there's a really small national park just in Kettering.

JJ: what really?

Alex P: No!

Laurent: It's bourborn Jenga Matt (kelly), it's got nothing to do with your penis.

Rose: 'Is 1 a multiple of 5?'



Freshers Social Anon

A long time ago, in a lecture theatre far, far away, a meeting was held. Young prospective SUCCers sat through Paul Clark's long-winded description of the club, laughed as Curly George was covered with flour and chugged Chardalini, and subsequently parted with cash.



They were presented with t-shirts, they were lead to the Stag's Head, and they proceeded to get utterly wankered.

Strawpedo? Done.

Human pyramid? No worries.

Gordon's bookcase? I have no idea what you... Oh, I see, it's... right, OK

Posing with a random couple? Creepy, but let's do it!

Lunge aggressively at post-grads? Lewis Dawnay will do it in style.

Challenges were seen off, people sharked relentlessly, there was much fresher-on-fresher action, and before we knew it we were eating chips outside sobar.

Sure, there was way more that happened that night, but I'm f***ed if I remember what. Here's a collage.



Newquay Freshers Trip 2010



So, about a week into my university life I discovered SUCC. Possibly the next day somebody mentioned a holiday.

YES!

Well, I wasn't going to be sticking around in Southampton when I could be cavorting around on the beaches of Cornwall, was I?

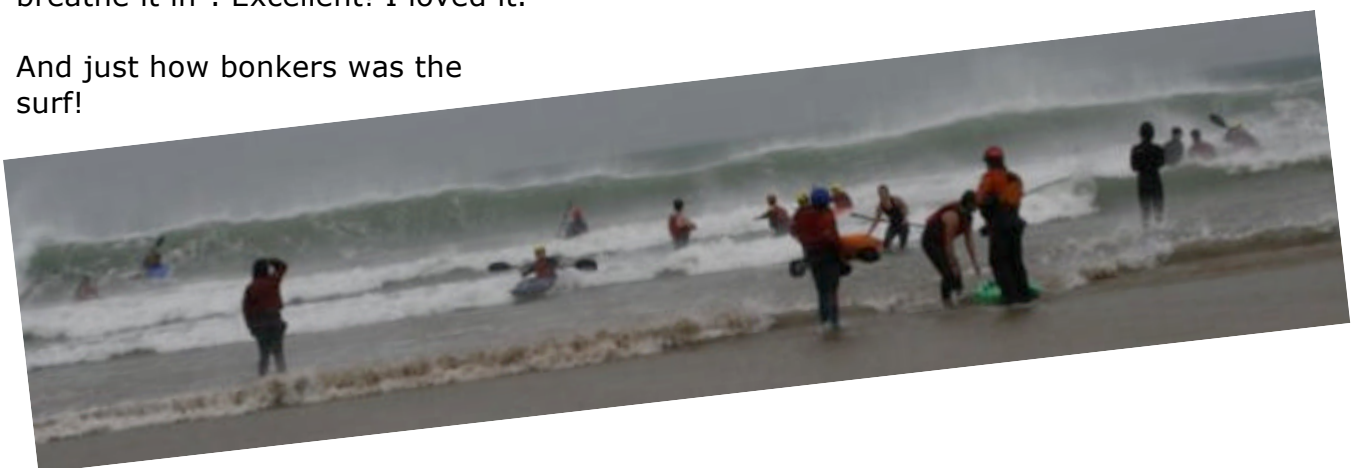
Following a rather amusing intro talk filled with alcohol, flour and water I remember vaulting a couple of rows in the lecture hall to hand in my cash. I really wasn't planning on missing out!

Cutting to the point and avoiding furthering an apparently well established SUCC custom, I turned up at the boat hard on time and then waited. For a fair while... But after, among other things, establishing the sheer quantity of freshers bestowed with the name Thomas, we piled onto various modes of carriage and headed forth to the fair West Country.

If the antics on the bus didn't quite live up to the stories foretold, it was more than made up for when we piled off of Red Leader in the chilly night air in Newquay. There were games, drink, drinking, drinking games, a little strip trip to the beach. I felt at home already.

A couple of hours sleep ensured we were all bright and fresh for the latter hours of the morning at which time us newbies were bundled back into the buses and along the familiar roads of Cornwall. Unfortunately not everyone knew where they were going. Nevertheless, Perranporth eventually veered into view and after much ado about nothing, we got stuck into the surf in pairs with the timeless advice "if you go over, pull this loop here... and don't breathe it in". Excellent! I loved it.

And just how bonkers was the surf!



It whipped back at the face like hail in a hurricane. A significant number frequently found themselves miraculously self righted in the breakers and I pulled off an impressive unintendo involving nosediving into the beach and staying longer than I'd have liked in a vertical limbo. Swim followed swim followed swim and then some ponces got cold so we hiked back up the beach for pasties.

That night followed roughly the same formula as the first, only my part of the equation involved rather more rummmmm and ciderrrrrr. As a result I made my acquaintance with the cold and wet, yet surprisingly cosy football pitch outside. I was put to bed but some crazy fools decided to sleep outside in the dugouts anyway. Good on you!

The surf on Sunday was a little less mental by most standards, which enabled the majority of us freshers to get out onto the bigger waves out back. I was concentrating far too hard on not breathing in the Atlantic but I'm told even some of the more established club members enjoyed themselves too!

Many, many thanks to Matt Kelly and associated minions for organising a truly memorable SUCC trip.

Thom



The Mighty Usk!



A trip?

To the Usk?

Organised by an old married couple?

What could POSSIBLY go wrong?



Yes, it was that time of year again, to journey to South Wales, where the valleys are low, the hills are high and the water is undrinkable. We arrived after many shenanigans in cars/minibuses, including a sing-along, which the freshers were very reluctant to join in with (I mean, who doesn't like The Who?).

We settled down in luxurious accommodation, complete with stage AND table, and cracked open some beverages. Entertainment was provided by the SUCC Guitar and Ukulele Orchestra, who played along to such heart-warming melodies as 'Fuck Her Gently', and 'Fat Bottomed Girls'. A game of ring of fire ensued, until we all decided it would be a good idea to get some rest before the river-running calamities of the next day.



After a delicious helping of burnt porridge, we made our way to the get-on, only to find that we were one BA short...ultimate faff! Leaving our beloved treasurer behind, we got into our groups, and got onto some GNARLY white water! Highlights on the river included Curly getting pinned to a rock by not one, but two freshers, Iona discovering superhuman strength and destroying a pair of paddles, and some epic boogying.



Saturday evening progressed in true SUCC style, with the creation of a new game...

'Lime!'

'Lime?'

'LIME!'



'LIME!!'

'APPLE!'

'BISCUIT!'



...and the trip organisers, after all their hard work, getting taped to a tree. As usual, everything turned into drunken madness; a wild game of spoons turned sour (JJ, you're a cheat); 'I have never' revealed some interesting truths about certain freshers (story!). A tickle war broke out among some members while some freshers were trying to get to sleep (for future reference, those who are impossibly ticklish include JJ, Iona and Beardy).

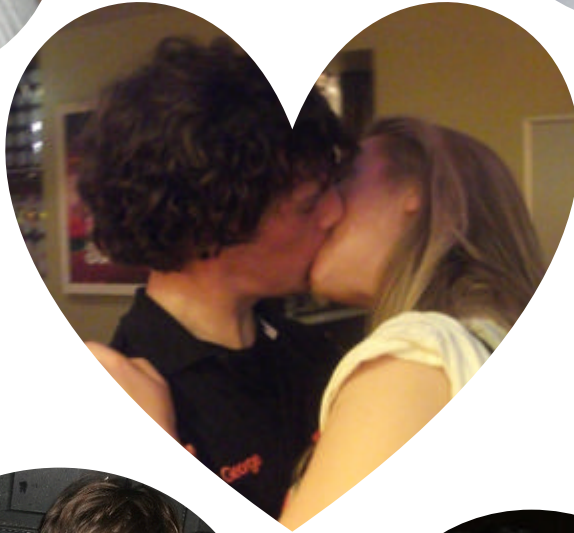
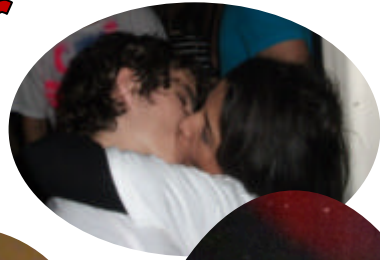
The next morning we took to the river again, however nothing unusual happened due to the disappointingly low water level, apart from Rossall illegally driving the van and getting the seats wet. After an effortless day's paddling, we headed back to sunny Southampton via KFC with sore throats and lime juice stains.



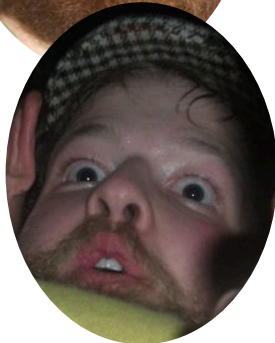
By Beardy Dan and Kate Herbert



SUCC LOVE: bringing people together



THE MANY FACES OF BEARDY DAN



Bonfire Social

DB: shaft 8pm, great fireworks night, nothing set on fire.

A new record was set this year: nothing was actually set on fire (other than the fireworks)!! Although we did try of course, there were a few close misses including; Beady's beard, the shaft's shed and a fresher's crotch.

A great firework display was put on by some very unqualified people to do the job! But all turned out well in the end, and there was lot of ooohhh-ing and arrhhh-ing in appreciation. The trusty old SUCC barrel was on good form with a huge roaring fire to keep us all toasty on an unusually warm November night. Roasting marshmallows was an absolute must, ending in a large proportion of people feeling like they were about to vom after consuming so many.

Some of the slightly more unusual events of the night included being given an army camouflage tie on arrival, Lewis Dawnay ...why? A certain shafter inviting various guests into her room for extended periods of time ... to drink a secret stash of mulled wine, and some very 'interesting' pictures followed the next day with people looking at their best after a gurning session (see figure 1 and 2)

Just proves that us SUCCers can have good fun sober too, although let's face it, it doesn't happen often.



Figure 1. A picture a lot of the ladies will be rather mortified to see in mouthfuls!



Figure 2. Fresher George and Somerset Dave looking their finest!

Useless Fact - Never approach a Kelly from upwind



Halloween Party:

SUCC's missing scene through drunken screams
Under lantern light with struggle and plight
Could you remember the pints and pleasure?
Can't think of a line.... so stop reading...



The Curly Whirly Tavy and Dart



On Friday night many SUCCers descended on Devon for Curly Whirly Tavy and Dart trip which had been optimistically advertised as the “best and most efficiently run trip of the year”. Games were played, drinks were consumed and the last I remember Roch and George were having a race to see who could eat a tea bag the fastest.

Saturday

Despite some discussion we chose to paddle the Tavy on the Saturday. Rose lost her paddles at the first drop and was forced to use the first set of splits. Luckily JJ later spotted them and managed to livebait them out from behind a rock to the applause of some passing strangers. Then Simon became the second fresher to use the splits after he snapped his own paddles half way down the river. This was either an act of extreme strength or the unlucky result of knackered club kit.

Alex Jakobs managed to pin herself vertically against a rock and Simon became the best swimmer of the year so far with an impressive 11 swims in the course of the day.

As expected the river was very long and the light began to go before the river could be completed. River groups were forced to walk out and SUCCers became scattered across the Devon countryside. Luckily years of practice have allowed the club to get off the Tavy, in the dark, in a remarkably efficient manner. All kit, freshers and vehicles were soon reunited and returned to the hut in record time.

As a special treat the Shafter's decided to wow the club with their culinary skill and cook a delicious curry for everyone. It was so good that Whirly was seen stealing the leftovers and taking them home to Southampton.

Sunday took us to the ever popular Dart Loop for some more extreme white water action. River shuttle faff allowed everyone to get creative on the river bank. Firstly Team Helen spelt out the word Helen using only the members of their river group.



Then an educational diorama was created to aid in the teaching of the “Love rocks, hate trees” mantra. It consisted of JJ's kit, boat and a branch arranged to represent JJ getting stuck under a tree.



Once on the river Alex Madsen executed an impressive hammer off of the seal launch. This would however have been more impressive if he had known what a hammer was.

Finally, after a brilliant yet scrapey trip, we were ready to leave the hut and return to Southampton. Unfortunately, an act of Westenbrinking delayed our departure. Eric had left early, in the van, with the keys to the hut still in his pocket.

Lime – the game.

Lime is a simple ball game which can be played at any time.

Equipment:

Limes

Players:

As many as possible.
Players should be slightly inebriated for best results.

Pitch:

Anywhere. However, it is best played in small church halls whilst sitting at large tables.

Rules:

- The game begins with a single lime being thrown by one player to another.
- “Lime” must be shouted whenever the lime is thrown
- If a player fails to catch the lime then they must consume.
- If a player fails to throw a catchable lime, they must consume.

Optional rules:

- More than one lime can be in play at once.
- If limes are squashed, cake, biscuits or apples may be substituted. A bite of the apple must be taken at each throw.
- The lime can be aggressively squashed against the table before each throw. Extra points in you spray the person next to you with juice as well.





Dear Sir/Madam,

You are cordially invited to join the SUCC Social Club for one of their formal events in the near future.

Famed for their lavish attire and unscrupulous frivolity, the Club frequents many of the distinguished venues of Southampton.

Its members consist of the 'creme de la creme' of high society, including wealthy landowners from the South Downs of Somerset and Sussex.

For the bachelors amongst our members, romance has been known to blossom over dinner or drinks. However, any exchanges will of course remain totally discreet.

It would be a pleasure to see you at any future excursions.

Yours Sincerely,

Eric Westenbrink

Ex-Captain of the Club

N.B. Dress and good behaviour must be very strictly adhered to, and the Club strives for its members to always maintain composure



Pub Golf

One fine night a group of like-minded SUCCers donned one glove and long socks and headed on down for a leisurely game of pub golf...

Hole 1-Stags:

And so the games began! Snakebite was the first beverage of choice, most seeing it off in one; a mere warm up for things to follow.

Hole 2-Highfield:

This was our quiet hole, much to the hilarity of the bar staff. Quote of the night goes to one bar woman with: 'I just thought they were all deaf!' We handed over our monies, drank our shots and left, all without saying a word, possibly the best customers any establishment could ask for.

Hole 3- Mitre:

A few more joined us at the Mitre (and caught up on drinking). Everyone finished their pints and swiftly moved on to...

Hole 4-Varsity:

Here's where the competition hotted up. Sambuca was on the menu, doubles for the boys. By this point many were feeling the effects of the last holes. So, wearing our alcohol layer, we headed out into the cold to...

Hole 5-Gordon Arms:

Off the Gordon's we staggered, resulting in a large consumption of rum (double for the price of single? It'd be rude to say no!). Other activities included acquiring as many straws as we could carry and human pyramids.

Hole 6-Calum's:

Somehow, we ended up at Calum's with excessive quantities of alcopops. Here's where careful planning paid off and we all strawpedo'd away. Some lessons were learnt at this hole: one, double strawpedo-ing cannot be achieved without epic spillage; two, bushes are not your friend, do not try and hug them.

Hole 7-Hobbit:

Fun and games headed on over to the Hobbit for some standard Gary-oke. Usual slow dancing and clothing removal ensued. Highlight for me was Elaine stacking it on the stage after some overly enthusiastic thrusting.

Hole 8-Clowns:

And so we found ourselves in Clowns, downing one of their delightfully alcoholic cocktails. Oh and what's that in the corner? A sleeping vice president? Not for long.



Hole 9- Jesters:

We made it to the last hole! Only a few were still in the competition, including a fresher girl! Unfortunately, Elaine's epic stamina was not enough to take the title from current holder and Eric was once again victorious!



To celebrate his victory, we all boogied on down on the dance floor, although some may have boogied on down more than others...



And so the night was over, and SUCC hung up their golf clubs for another year.

By Kate Herbert

Tywi and Wye, 19-21 November

Once again I find myself writing about SUCC travelling to South Wales. Once again, I'm telling of a trip to a lovely little school with climbing frames, a fully functioning kitchen, lots of equipment just *begging* to be abused, and a host of naive freshers.

There was a lot to look forward to: Emily would be making her undignified transition from "youthful" to "wrinkly"; we had a whole host of Olds determined to cause chaos; for some reason Tom Pritchard had a tiger onesie. It seemed an idiot-proof recipe for idiocy.

Did SUCC deliver?



'Nuff said.

Thom Guy was pushed around a playground in a trolley shortly before being sick in a bin, we played the brilliantly creative game of "fresher conkers" (though this left at least one fresher slightly damaged) and many more things happened through the night. If anybody remembers anything that happened between Thom falling asleep by the bin and us going to bed as the birds began to sing, do let me know. I have a memory gap of four hours, give or take. I <3 Friday.

Bleary-eyed, under slept and massively hung over, we rose to tackle the day's main challenge: Porridge. It was mediocre.

At Saturday's get-on, the Tywi flowed before us, magnificent and majestic and a good metre or two lower than when I last saw it. Reassured, I was eager to get on the water. Around me, our keen group of freshers was raring to go. Even the olds had their game faces on (see Fig 1)



Figure 1: Tim Rochester's Game Face

Why were we not cruising down the river? Tom Pritchard (Trip Organiser, owner of the aforementioned Tiger Onesie) was having boat troubles: His boat was at the get-out. Some distance away. In the van.

So, after approximately the amount of time it takes to run a second shuttle, we were off! The Tywi was beautiful, the paddling enthusiastic and before we knew it we were eating smartprice "meat" from the back of a van.

Saturday night looked like it might possibly be more sedate. However, two factors made a sedate night impossible:

1. Emily Moore's Birthday
2. George Mortimer's endless drive to instigate something

I'll summarise in no particular order: Cake, party poppers, balloons, tower of stage blocks, chugging from a keg on top of said tower, intimidating pyramid of olds, "Dirty Alice" living up to her name in style (see right), Emily being given lap dances, Emily getting increasingly drunk, Emily going to bed in a stolen tiger onesie, a teabag eating contest, chugging the contents of the mystery tin, and probably many more things which escape my memory.

Sunday brought a renewed hangover and the river Wye. There was also the small matter of me waking everybody up with the smoke alarms at 7:30am, resulting in the fastest stage-disassembly-and-cleanup ever recorded (so we wouldn't get banned by the man coming to switch them off) but let's not dwell on that.

The Wye, although a little shallow, was even better than the Tywi! Drops, continuous rapids and beautiful scenery made for a magnificent day, unless you were Ben. Or in Roch's group.

Ben dislocated his shoulder.

Roch had a 100% fresher injury rate.

If you want to know what it was like to be in Roch's group, ask him about Emily Corden's gash and Fresher Helen's head.

I really can't think of a better way to end my mouthfuls article than that. Great trip.

Matt Kelly



They thought Victory was theirs...



They were wrong.

The Southwestern Arms Jesters Social

Ahhh.... nothing like a quiet drink pre-drink at the old Southwestern Arms. A proper pub with proper beer and proper pub games like Jenga. With the SUCC contingency growing ever larger, it was time to break out the necessities – time to round up the lowlifes awesome people for Jesters.

Who to start with?!? Obviously that woman who remembers very little from any social – Piechee. That was one on board with the condition that enough people had to come. Next target, hmmm, definitely the one who finds it hard to refuse good, hard sex Jester session - Fresher Helen but on the condition that another girl comes – must be some sub-conscious lesbian thing.

Next on the list was ~~Tom Parker~~ Paul Clark but I didn't know who the fuck Paul Clark was!! Next...

Target 4 – the lovable ~~American~~ Canadian Faff master himself, Mr Faffenbrink. But alas he was dancing with the fairies that night and declined the offer fulfilling his dreams at Jesters – another time my friend. Nevertheless, I picked myself up and continue...

This time the hairy-biker himself ~~Michael~~ Alex Madsen who was taking a break from acting. Upon hearing the wondrous offer, Mr Blonde's eyes lit up – another member added.

However, I decided someone of female persuasion was needed. Who better to ~~abduct~~ enlist than Immi. After a good amount of sexual favours convincing and coercion, the mob was nearly complete.

One more person was needed in the form of a money-hungry swine – ~~Sylvester~~ Dave C. By this time I can't remember how I convinced Dave to come but I was not able to sit down properly for several days after.

ON TO JESTERS...

So, we were in Jesters, however, far too sober. Cue the downing of multiple cans of Barnstormer cider and double vodkas and red balls bulls, a severe amount of casual groping penny-ing and jesticles. The results of this caused a certain amount of haziness but key points that I remember are Baywatch, Piechee and Mr Blonde getting it on, Dave topless, me thrusting Dave into Helen against a wall whilst he was topless and plenty of man-handling dancing.

Several hours later, the time had come to galvanise to venture home. With Jesters closing, it was time to pounce on offer Helen somewhere to crash as we couldn't let her walk home or get a taxi by herself. Being the perviest gentleman, Piechee jumped in first offering his sex-dungeon spare room, followed by me offering my bed with me in it with me sleeping on my sofa and then Mr Blonde made an offer which I can only presume was his lap sofa. But I'm afraid apologise are needed to all our male friends as we had failed and Helen chose the unwise choice of the Taxi and Immi disappeared somewhere, probably to her brothel home.

....And that's how you turn a nice quiet drink into a crazy Jesters night out! ;)

Alex P

Your guide to throwing a birthday party in true SUCC style

Step 1 - You'll need a venue. We found The Ridge to be just right for this sort of thing, but if you don't have one of these, I guess any house would be fine, as long as there's plenty of room... and maybe a few buckets strategically left here and there, just in case.

Step 2 - Invite some friends round, and make sure you tell them to bring some alcohol - they will need it. However, the funnel is optional, but we here at SUCC recommend including one (thanks to Alex for that), as it does guarantee heavy consumption.

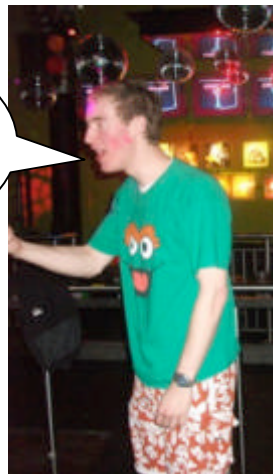
Step 3 - If possible, put something eye-catching by the door for comedy effect as people walk in, for example, a punch bag with pictures of a very confused Paul Clark, and what I think might be Matt Kelly's 'sex face', stuck to it.

Step 4 - Once the party is in full swing, you should find that you won't have to provide a lot of entertainment, as the delightful combination of alcohol and household items will do that for you... Because everyone loves a bit of extreme ironing, and who, after a few cheeky drinks, wouldn't want to give the unicycle a go?

Step 5 - A game of 'hide the ring pull in the beard' is a definite crowd pleaser, especially if the person whose face the beard is attached to doesn't notice you've hidden any ring pulls in there until they start falling out.

Step 6 - During the party antics, you might be lucky enough to notice that the birthday boy (or girl... but in this case boy) has left his drink unattended! BIG mistake, because we all know that what every birthday boy needs is a dirty pint. Now you could add any manner of things to it; more alcohol, spirits, condiments...? Or, you could just ask around and get as many people as possible to stick a pube or two in there. Have a penny ready for when he picks it up again, unless you're lucky enough to have got him so hammered he downs the entire thing straightaway.

Wow, that
was a tasty
beverage!



Step 7 - Sit back, and watch the events unfold. And then later on, maybe migrate to one of the local bars or clubs. If the aforementioned birthday boy isn't able to join you, due to the fact that he's far too plastered to make it out of his own house... then take pride in the knowledge that you've done a good job.

SUCC Love as always,
Beardy Dan. Xxx

(All credit to Piechee for actually organising the party, even if he didn't participate in all of it... it was one of those lovely weeks where I could sit back and do nothing.)



The Diary Entries of Robert J. McWhirly. Concerning the SUCC Expedition to the Arctic Tundra (North Yorkshire- BUCS Whitewater Racing):

Log- 25/11/10 13:00

Sub-zero temperatures , watersports, The North. Probably the worst combination since Matt Kelly' s parents' sex cells.

Sitting here on the Thursday before the trip, I can' t be blamed for wondering how I' ve been roped into a weekend where I' ll be lucky to retain all of my fingers. Desperately trying to secure thermals (I believe Andrew' s currently looking at twenty one layers) the outlook looks bleak.

Here' s the current Metcheck prediction:

Temperature -3 C, feels like: -7 C.

I still don' t understand how the weather can cheat 4 degrees from me. Ridiculous.

Log 27/11/10 02:00

The tents are up, the fleecy tiger suits are out and the snow has dumped about 4 inches. Sherman: 'What happens tonight stays in this tent' . There are four of us in a two man tent, things are pretty snugly at the moment but I fear not all of us will make it alive to see the morning.

Log 28/11/10 11:00 - The Ascent of Mt. BUCS.

Who' s idea was it to but the campsite at the bottom of an icy hill? Faff of epic proportions ensued (Eric Westenbrink was suspiciously present) as vans and buses slithered around the ice. Eight bald sets of tyres later we have arrived at the River Washburn To kick some Loughborough ass.

Log 28/11/10 4:00

A one, two, three podium finish for SUCC as we wipe the slate in every event, with all other university boats suspiciously sinking mid race... (the reliability of this log may have been affected by the frozen nature of my brain at the time of entry).

Log 28/11/10 23:30

Fresher Sam Hurst has just single-handedly turned the tropical themed party into an orgy of carnage. He has so far thrown whipped cream over everyone, filled his tiger suit up

with balloons and continuously bounced into strangers, got himself stuck inside a tyre to the point that we thought we would have to cut him out and pulled down half of the decorations. The night is but young!

Log 29/11/10 7:00

EVERYTHING IS FROZEN!



Log 29/11/10 14:00

We've won everything; this is just getting boring, lets send Eric down the course in a tiger onesie, do some live baiting practice and go home.

Log 29/11/10 17:00

Tom Pritchard is dead and all is suddenly quite. The elements have closed in around us. Our vehicles are stuck and we're in a barren part of the North somewhere, hundreds of miles away from civilisation I expect. However moral remains high because it is impossible to be sad when you are wearing a tiger suit!

Log 29/11/10 22:00

This was totally worth it. 4 star hotel, breakfast included and a great excuse to miss lectures, getting stuck in Yorkshire could not have worked out any better. We've just had a nice little snowboating session and are off to the pub for a well-deserved pint. Possibly the best accommodation the club has ever seen?

Log 30/11/10 16:00

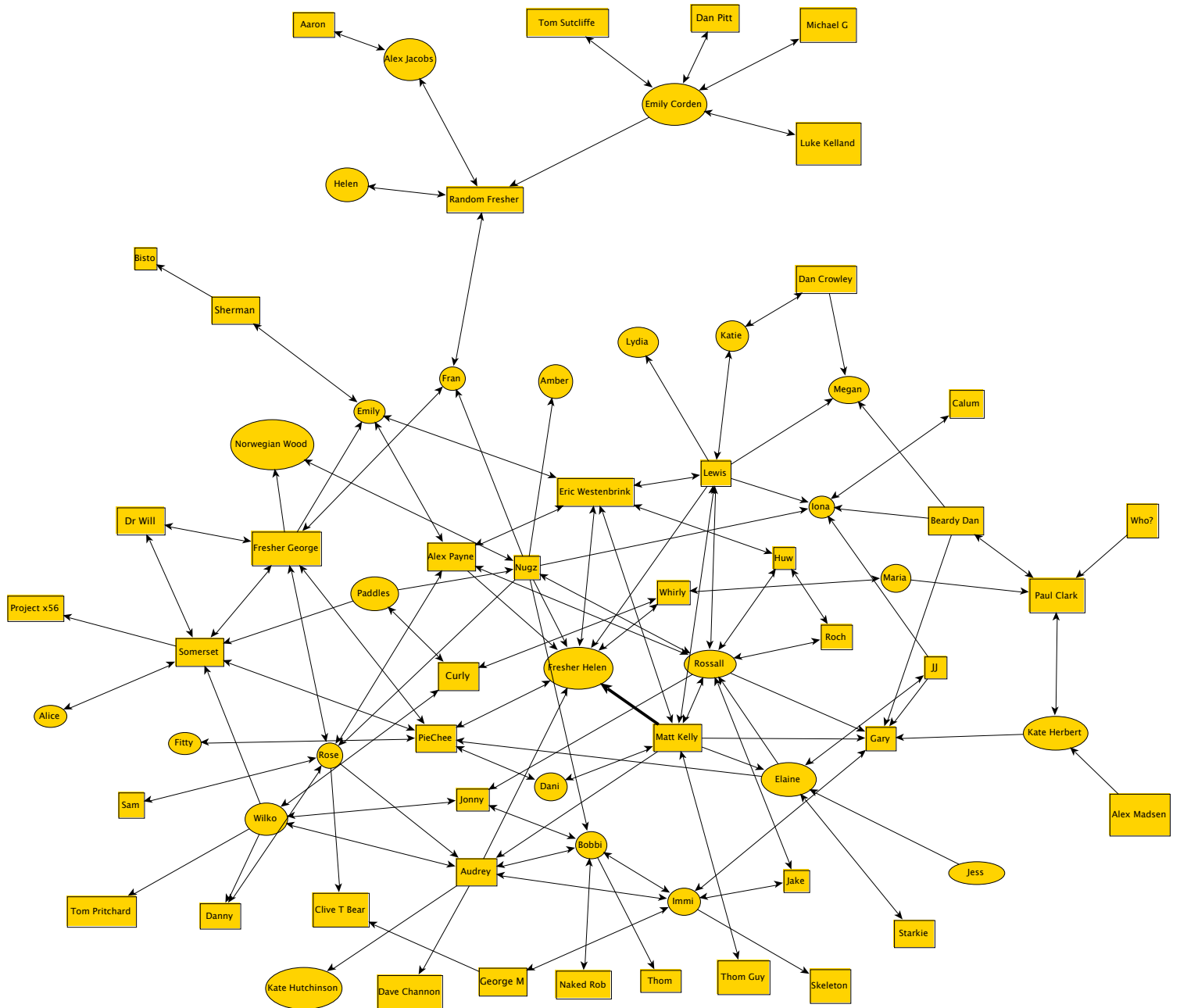
As we pull back into civilisation it is hard to believe the sight of the boathard. It is a sight that many of us had doubts that we would ever see again, fearing that we would be lost to an eternity of wandering Siberia. Behold then this tale of human perseverance and wonder at the 10 brave souls that made it back alive, and let us dine on Pritchard's death!

The Heroic Explorers:

Audrey Sylvester	Sherman	Curly	Whirly	Pete A	Merlin	Sam Hurst
Matt Wright	Tom Pritchard (RIP)	Eric Westenbrink	Chester Rochester			



SUCC Sharking Activity 2010



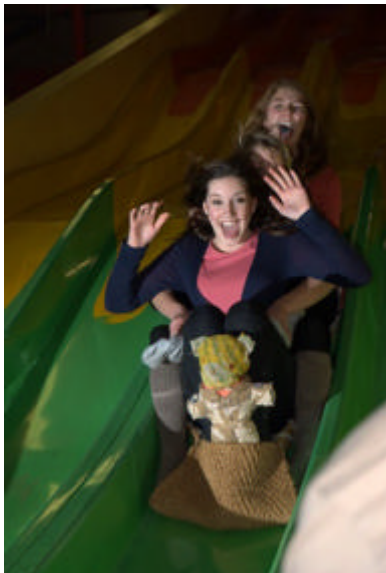
Playzone

Featuring

The Death Slide



"Back to the Future"



Poor Clive, enduring the worst punishment for a while...



"Running Man"



Not sure what's been caught here...
But the flies are loooooow.....



Contrary to popular belief, Team
Strutter, Southampton division....
are cool.

Fear...Justified!

