

Mouthfuls



Man Love Edition



Hello all, and welcome to another boat party!

If you have not been here before, look at the person to your left, then look at the person to your right, chances are, one of them will end up being sick, needing to be carried home, sleeping in the gutter or not remembering anything of the evening, it's all part of the magic!

Thanks to this year's committee who despite the occasional slip up, have done a brilliant job, and have acquired some very keen freshers (see sharking table)!

Good luck to the new committee, just remember one thing – cooked breakfast is very tasty.

Hope you all enjoy mouthfuls!

Cheers

Roch

P.S.

OK, so I cracked and was so lazy I used clipart on the welcome page, big deal I blame the credit crunch.



What Kind of SUC CER are you?

(Any similarities with actual SUC CERS or real events are entirely coincidental or are a figment of your imagination. The writer of this article does not bear any responsibility for anybody being thrown overboard tonight or being punched in the face by a kit sec)

- 1) You are concerned about hazards on the river, do you:
 - a) Force everyone to sign disclaimer forms before they paddle.
 - b) In Malta, we don't worry about safety.
 - c) Set up safety at every available opportunity.
 - d) You don't care provided you can stay comfortable in your armchair boat.
- 2) Your night out of choice:
 - a) A night out to a non-student club wearing your best bling and sportswear.
 - b) Garyoke
 - c) Anywhere with a fine selection of real ales and nostalgia.
 - d) The Ritz.
- 3) How is your love life:
 - a) You're a complete sleazebag.
 - b) Just waiting for someone to fall for someone as 'unique' as you.
 - c) You have a lovely girlfriend in Spain.
 - d) No one is sure of your sexuality, at least it has never come up in conversation anyway.
- 4) You're cooking a meal for a special someone, is it:
 - a) Meat – you have a freezer full of it and need to use it at every opportunity.
 - b) Homemade pizza with peas and eggs on it.
 - c) Tuna
 - d) Caviar and quails eggs.
- 5) The club is short of money, do you:
 - a) Sell all the boats you can't immediately find the owners to.
 - b) Cut costs as much as possible by running trips extra cheap.
 - c) Complain that back in the day everything was cheaper.
 - d) Everything is just pocket change to you, so it doesn't matter.
- 6) Some of the pool boats are quite damaged (e.g. screws that stab kneecaps) do you:
 - a) Buy a second hand boat from you're friend that everyone else is too small for without consulting the committee.
 - b) I don't care as long as it is baby blue.
 - c) Grumble and say that people should make do with existing boats.
 - d) Buy the most expensive boat available.

- 7) You are angry with someone, do you:
- a) Drive across Southampton and punch them.
 - b) Hug and make up.
 - c) Stamp on their balls.
 - d) Cut their throwline.

Mostly A's – You are an angry SUCCER.

Mostly B's – You are Maltese.

Mostly C's – You are an old, possibly with a PHD in chemistry. You are careful, methodical and you probably moan... A LOT.

Mostly D's – You are posh, have lots of expensive kit (money is no object to you). You hate polo and have a love of all things money related.

Xmas Scotland trip

10 people and 3 cars ... only 2 survived (cars that is)! The rambling tale of the Xmas Scotland trip!

The Journey up was somewhat random – about 30 minutes in at the A34 services, I discovered my tire pressures were rather low at only 16psi and during inflation Huw & Roch deployed ‘operation pack’ – this involved 20minutes of juggling luggage into the optimum position of comfort for the long journey ahead. This might not have been such a challenge had Roch not decided to bring an entire suitcase of random shit! But never mind. Shortly after recommencing our journey part way up the A34 I remembered my old chums in Sheffield were having a house party and hence we took the longer way up North on the M1. This wasn’t your average house party. We were greeted at 1am in true Sheffield style by lots of drunken students, one had already passed out as drinking alcohol with malaria can be fairly difficult. The most stoned of the party was found stood by the front door, spliff in hand and talking to himself.

Turning to Jo he said – ‘Don’t you agree Monkey?’

Jo: ‘Agree with what Stevie?, I haven’t seen you in 2 years!’

Stevie: ‘Christ yeah, I thought I’d gone back in time, Jesus I’ve been baked off my face for weeks!’

Most people were found in the basement where the rave was. Sadly we couldn’t stay for long as a journey across the infamous ‘Snake’s Pass’ beckoned. We made good time and had a well earned nap before a nutritious fry up in the Green Welly.

The Orchy: With full bellies we set off for our first river. Or so we thought! The river was high on the gauge (5!?) At the get on Cat and Ad could be found half dressed in paddling kit and stuffing bacon sarnies into their faces. We scouted some of the river by the road side and got ready. The other car; Gemma and Mike from Surrey, were faff faffety faff faff faff faff and so Jo and I slowly proceeded down the lane to prepare for a long wait for the other shuttle car.

30 minutes and 8 kilometres later Mike eventually appeared from the next corner. Panic stricken, running with determination and as white as a ghost. My initial thoughts ‘Dude why didn’t you bring your fucking car?’ But clearly something was wrong. A breathless Mike muttered ‘Car turned over, round next corner, tramped and upside down she is!’

I began to ponder if Surrey University was the sort of establishment with included subjects such as Star Wars studies – Mike was speaking with the same syntax structure as the Jedi Master Yoda. With great concern we drove up the road. Jo and I had conjured up images of seeing Mikes car upside down in the river with Gemma trapped inside looking a bit blue– Thankfully this was not the case. *Middle of the road, on its side and totally fucked, it was.* This upset a Scottish farmer who lived on the lane. He shoved the car back on its ‘wheels’ and pushed it out of the way. After a bollocking from the Police, Mike insisted on having the write-off towed to Surrreyy! Thankfully the cavalry arrived, in the form of Mike Bunton, Dr Matt and Laura – Gemma’s paddling holiday was saved and we waved goodbye to Mike and his 12hour journey home, Surrrrrrreeeeeey.

Without enough light for the Orchy we settled on a pleasant G3/4 bash down the Allt Kinglass and then drove over to Roy Bridge/ Fort Bill for the night.



Day2 Gloy/Loy: The heavens opened and by morning our Port glass of a rain gauge had filled 3cm with rain water. We inspected the Gloy: a raging, tree strewn torrent with dead sheep floating past. We decided to give this one a miss and have a look at the potential alternatives a very wet Scotland had to offer us. The Loy was nearby, a 2km section of grade 3 and on the approach looked very promising. The guide book mentioned that in wet wet circumstances this river becomes a good grade 4 – indeed it was. Roch, Huw and Myself enjoyed the first decent – Roch had a bit of a ‘Help the Aged’ moment and completed the majority of the run bungless. Nevertheless he ran it well enough for neither Huw nor me to notice his internal frustrations. The second run proved slightly more problematic – somehow Huw managed to pin himself (cagdeck) and boat to an underwater tree. Huw would very much like to stress this was a technical swim and after 30 faff faffety faff faff minutes of trying to prise a hypothermic student free, no one was going to argue it with him. The remainder of the day was spent lining his boat off. On the way back to Roy Bridge we cleaned out Fort Bill Morrison’s of ready mixed mulled wine and got trashed.



Day 3 Upper Roy and Roy Gorge and Xmas Party: This proved to be the most successful day of the trip – All persons made it into a boat and only 2 swims. The Roy was a good level and I nearly steered myself and the rest of the group into a siphon. On the portage we found John Dykes friends paddles and received chocolates and beer that evening in thanks. Thom Harvey mysteriously appeared at the get out, bearing gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. (Terry's All Gold, toilet freshener and Merlot wine.) Genius! That evening t'other chalet (Dr Matt, Laura, Gemma and Mike) carefully prepared a wonderful feast of Xmas trimmings. Their hungry faces did not seem too pleased to see 5 completely plastered port addicts who had only just begun to successfully re-heat cooked chicken from the supermarket deli counter. Eventually all were fed and content. Banter continued into the early hours.



Day 4 The Eive/ Allt A Chaoruinn: With great difficulty heads arose the next morning – Thom had bizarrely been on an all night cleaning spree and done a very good job. I could hardly contain myself at the prospect of running the Eive. I had waited 6 years to run it and nothing was going to stop me. I was not disappointed. Roch however, seemed to enjoy it rather less. Much Facebook tagging potential was demonstrated in Crack of Doom or Dawn? Whoever's crack it was? In a sticky hole much cartwheeling was on display with the dismount being an interesting gasp for air, pop-out swim combo. Roch continued to entertain Jo and Thom by with crafty swim above Right Angle. He finally calmed down after kicking up the soil and assaulting a Stag. Huw was loving it, cleaning the rapids and Man-ing it up on PinBall. After my general fuck-witageness we failed to find the Allt Mheuran and drove home in the early hours next morning.



Will – and thanks to Jo who helped with my spellings.

May 2009
Issue 2
Summer edition

SUCC: Overheard

Maltese feature article!

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Read JJ's views on:

- Party games
- Family and friends
- Sexuality
- Pregnancy
- Language barriers

To start, our favourite Maltese club member brings some interesting quotes to the table!

Pub quizzes truly do provide entertainment...

Quizmaster: "What do the initials 'SS' stand for?"

JJ: "SAFE SEX!"

Quizmaster: "And your clue is..."

(staring at JJ with amusement)

"a children's party game..."

Raucous laughter

SUCCer: "Only in Malta...!"

At Eric's

JJ: "If I had an available sister I'd happily give her to you Mike"

Jo: "You'd give your sister to Mike?"

JJ: "I'd give my mum to Mike!!"

JJ: "You can't eat my meat because I'm not kosher!"

JJ (on the dubious white stains on his jacket): "It's not spunk! Smell it!"

On sexual orientation

Laurent: "Well, Stephen Fry is gay..."

JJ: "NO WAY! Just because he speaks posh...!"

JJ: "TV presenters, they're all gay. It shouldn't be allowed!"

JJ to Stacey: "When we're in Malta, whatever you do, don't tell my Dad you're a lesbian"

Stacey: "But I'm not!!"

JJ: "Yeh I know, but just don't tell my Dad!"

Miscellaneous

JJ on airbeds (again): "Piechee, why have you only got a semi-inflated?! Feel a hard one!"

JJ in Scotland: "Ah, that would be shocking if we got caught for *over speeding*..."

JJ at Rhossilli: "I could be pregnant, I get moody at the end of the month anyway..."

JJ at the AGM: "I have a language impeachment..."

Everyone else: "IMPEDIMENT!!"





Two of a kind / A wanderer returns

Helen R: "I need to see Roch!"

Eric S: "Why?"

Helen R: "Because I need to give him a hard drive..."

Helen R, on arriving for lunch: "Is Chris Stevens about? I have his trousers... oh, and Dave's hat."

Helen R: "EZs the way forward!"

Helen R: "I wonder what happens when you put salt in vinegar..."

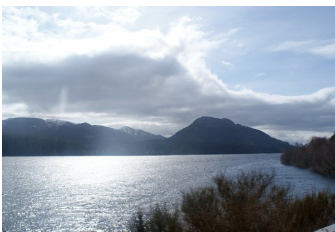
Huw: "It explodes!"

Helen R: "Really?" (proceeds to investigate...!!)

Helen R to Chris Stevens: "Do you need some more fingers?" (for counting)

JJ: "We should keep a diary of Scotland"

Helen W: "You don't need a diary, just use a notebook!"



"Spending time with the olds is like..."

A Scottish adventure

Eric W: "Spending time with the olds is like spending time with your family. You feel like you should, but you just don't really want to!"

Cat to Pete: "You're wearing waffles! Wait... That wasn't what I meant to say!"

On Andrew ripping his toe off...

Andrew: "Well, that's effectively what I did..."

Matt V: "You're comparing a skirting board to a flymo?!!"

Pete: "I scraped the carrots off the ceiling for you Cat!"

JJ: "Ah, that would be shocking if we got caught for over speeding..."

Sleepy to Chris Vian: "Well... you REALLY sucked the fun out of that one!!"



Miscellaneous

Will on Jo's cold (and whilst fairly drunk): "Jo, I do not disbelieve you! I *totally* believe you have nocturnal asthma!"

Tim on the Tim-Chris kiss: "It was a good kiss, with just the right amount of tongue"

Tim on Huw's hair: "Huw, you've got more hair than eyebrows!"

Huw: "It's a first I know. [Pause] Thanks Tim!"

Jenny to Tim: "You're not rubbish in bed, you're just efficient"

Somerset Dave: "I may think with my stomach 98% of the time!"

Izzy, thinking we were still playing busta rhyme: "how have you got on to thumb-master? That doesn't rhyme!"

Bobbi: "I can semi-roll."

Jo on the AGM: "This is the most unofficial piece of shit!"

Cat on threesomes: "How can you have the wrong kind of threesome?! ... were you doing it with animals or something?!" (raucous laughter)

Roch: "orrr what else could be considered 'wrong' Cat?"

Cat: "umm... three men?" (more raucous laughter!)

NORTH WALES TRIP

9-11 January



T'was the week before North Wales, when all through the club
Not a SUCCer was stirring, not even at the pub
The minibus was booked, the number of seats were checked
The van was on hire, on promise it not be wrecked

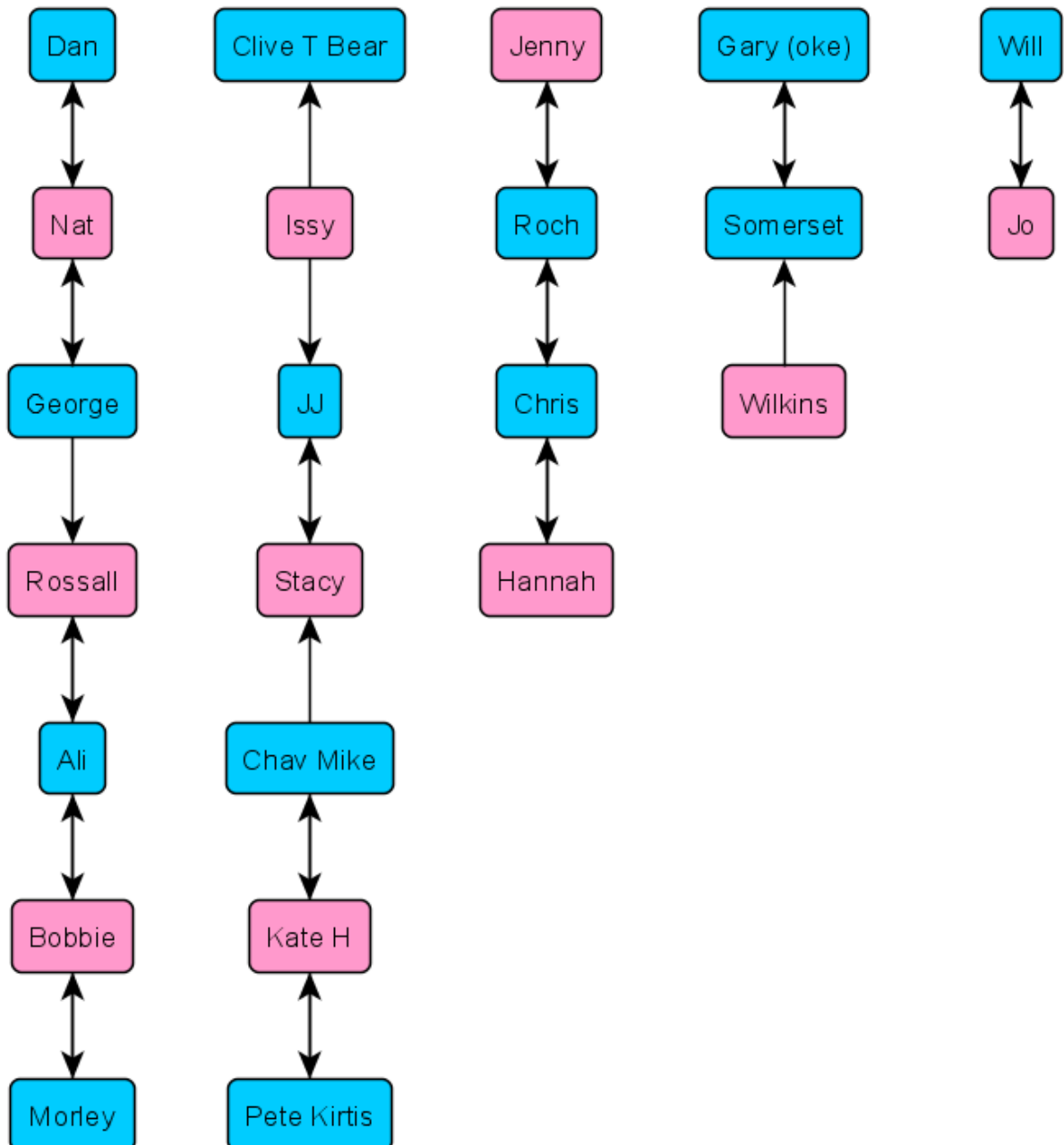
The drivers were all sorted, or so we all thought
Until a few dropped out, and a new plan was sought
Lets go up in cars, with roof racks replacing the van
We were all starting, to like this new plan

Lets check the forecast, Mr. Crowley suggested
So the internet was consulted, its information ingested
Where was the rain, I hear you all enquire
There was no water to be found, North Wales had never looked drier

The group was consulted, what was to be done
Yet another plan was needed, for us to have our fun
So we all stayed at home, or went round the bar
And all had a good laugh, as it wasn't nearly as far

SHARKING LINES

Due to a lack of sharking information this year, the following sharking chains are all that was submitted:



Feel free to add any arrows if you think you know better!



LAKEs TRIP

This trip started with a very unusual phenomenon. Something which SUCCers are not exposed to often – *FAFF*. Apparently Huuuuw had to pick up half of the club on the way to the boat hard, while I had to go back to SHB to pick up the boat hard keys, which I had forgotten in my car (parked at SHB). After waiting for Nugz, we were ready to go....well, not yet....we realised that there wasn't any screen wash left so we all went to Shell to buy some. Anyway....after all this deliberation we were finally on the M3!! Since it was the end of exams day we decided to leave early to have a nice and cosy pub dinner at Weatherspoons in Kendal. En route, the van had to stop at Preston to pick up Mr Crowley's newly bought boat :) Finally we arrived in Kendal where we had our well deserved meal, followed by more pubbage when we got to SparksBridge – I love that pub, it is frickin awesome!

Saturday

Woke up at about 8pm to find some nicely made porridge (even though I don't particularly like porridge, I mean I know I'm quite picky on food, but it looks like baby puke just after being fed milk and Plasmon biscuits). It rained a couple of days we got there so the levels were quite good. We decided to paddle the mighty Kent. This brought Pete some nostalgia of summer when he used to jump off the bridge onto the first drop and swim it down! Everyone seemed to enjoy the Kent, it's such a lovely pool-drop river. We also witnessed some hilarious rescuing from another group (possibly locals), when life-baiting someone into an undercut...mahhh. Since it was still light we went to look for something else to paddle but the upper kent was very low. On Stave's suggestion Jo, Will, Cat, Adam, Pete and Moi were convinced to have a look at Whillan Beck which is in the middle of frickin nowhere. We had to go through Wrynose and Hardknott passes, up and around mountains. That's when Adam's car started to emit a nasty burning smell. Anyway, we got to this Beck to witness a humongous number of trees per metre of paddleable water I've ever seen in my life. There were some really cool drops however there was always a tree stuck somewhere....that meant it was time to head back to the hut. Myself and Mr Tweety Pie started cooking some bangers and mash, with loads of gravy (no onions). As usual this meal always goes down well with hungry Succers. After that I don't remember a lot coz I was very tired and I think I just went straight to bed. Although I do recall seeing Ali wearing a colander and saying that they were attacking his castle....didn't even try to understand what he was talking/mumbling about.





Sunday

Fuckin' hell, I do understand what the hell Ali was talking about. Woke up at 7am sharp to cook a fry up (something which the club has forgotten the taste of) and the door was blocked with the billiard table which I had to climb over. The kitchen door was also blocked with a massive puzzle board; god knows where they got it from. Anyway, after cooking a 'healthy' greasy breakfast, everyone was happy to go and paddle. However we had a problem!! According to some old person, the Leven was tooooooo difficult to paddle and that everyone was going to die. Specifically, he was concerned about Backbarrow bridge falls. I'm now going to reproduce an extract from the personal conversation I had with this old.

JJ: *'Right, we're all paddling the Leven. The bridge fall looks ok, just stay left. Discussed it with all the river leaders and they're all happy'*

Old: *'It's too fast, people are gonna capsize just before it'*

JJ: *'So what? People capsize on every trip'*

Old: *'Yes, but we don't know what's under there!! You should not take people down there!!'*

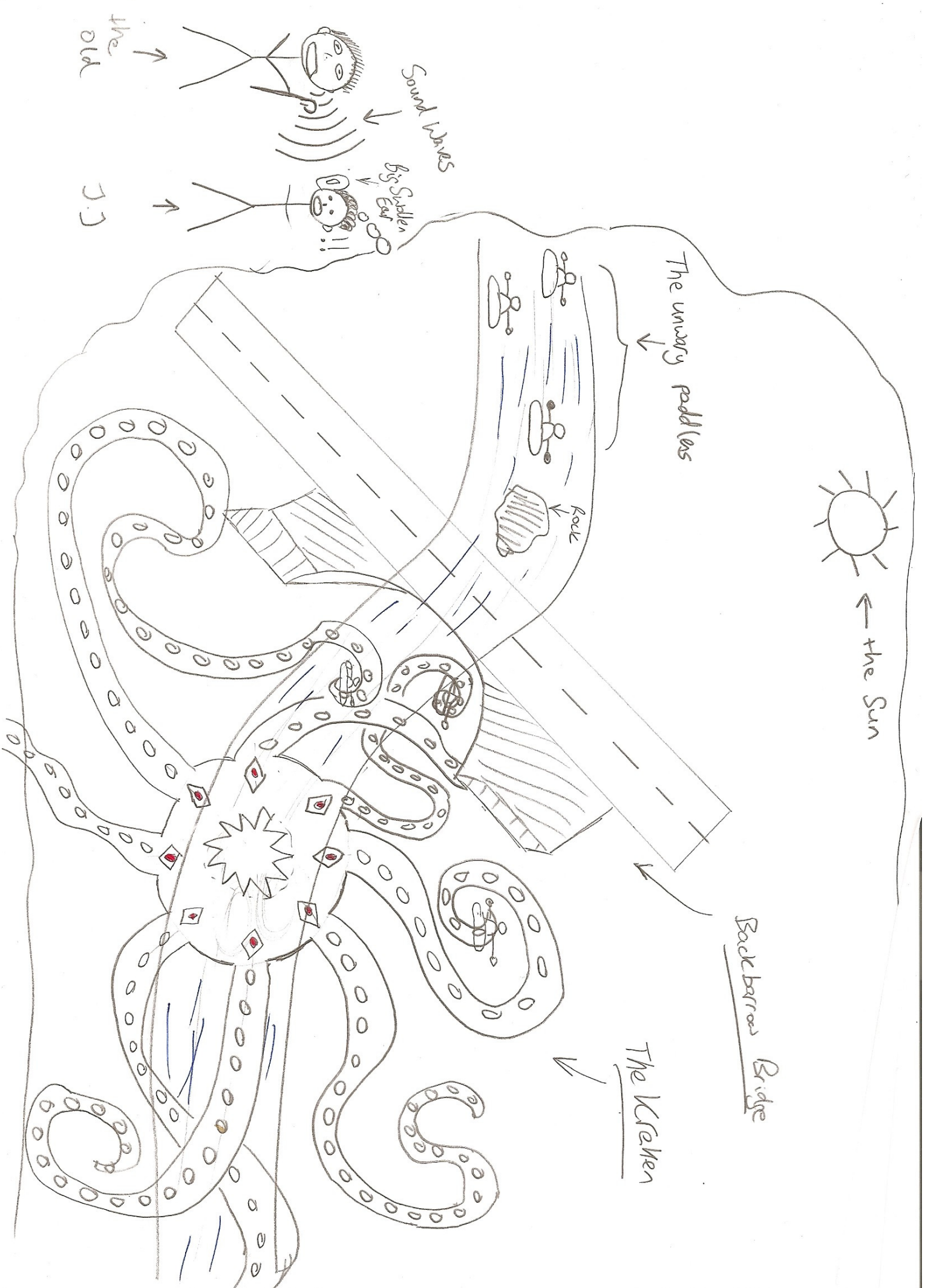
To that comment I had to stop and think about the legendary Backbarrow bridge river beast that has been sleeping there for centuries. I remember when I was a kid (back in the good old days) reading stories about this gigantic beast which have tentacles as big as the Titanic and teeth as sharp as a brand new Gillette Fusion. Please refer to the next page for a pictorial representation of what this Old was trying to describe to me.

However, 'young' people can be so foolish. So, disrespectfully, we still decided to run the river. The old got really upset and drove to a nearby mountain to reflect on the young's madness. Luckily for us, the beast was never awoken, so everyone enjoyed and survived the river. It was time to pack up and drive back home, tired but full of good memories. I would like to thank massively Andrew for organising this trip with me and all the drivers and river leaders who made this trip so brrrrrrilliant!

Your ex-Maltese Rep, but still part of Team Malrish

JJ





HOW TO HAVE AN EXCELLENT WINCHESTER PUB CRAWL (DESPITE ALL OUR BEST EFFORTS)

- 1) Arrive in Winchester at about half eight without the students (who missed the train and have gone to the South Western)
- 2) Head to an old man pub near the Cathedral. Whilst there confuse Roch first with your directions then with proper cloudy cider. Finally enjoy the riveting conversation of the bar men who is a self appointed expert in LCD TV's.
- 3) Move pub to meet Mike and Michelle. The students finally arrive but go to a different pub. Confuse Jenny with third hand directions on how to get there.
- 4) Finally join the students (it is now gone 10..) and drink some far too drinkable cocktails. Lose the social secs, again, this time to an Irish pub. Head to the pub with the Mars shots. Drink a few of these and a couple of pints.
- 5) Somehow end up with a future presidents driving licence

6) Move to another pub with a late licence. Drink more beer. Feel smug about the students rushing to the train as you've sorted a lift.

7) Walk gently back to the station to get your lift. Arrive to find two stranded souls. Do the right thing and forego your lift home.

8) Go to Winchesters "late night" kebab shop which is closing (it is 12 o'clock after all). Sit on the station eating a dodgy cheese burger. Get home about 2. Find a future presidents driving licence in your pocket.....

All good fun

Woolacombe 09



Trying to be an organised and efficient President I thought it would be a good idea to book the "school" before Christmas to make sure we had it for the eagerly anticipated fun and games that the Woolacombe trip inevitably provides. Happy in the knowledge we were heading for the school, I was a little shocked to receive a phone call from Morley who had picked up the keys and had been directed to a scout hut?! Luckily in true SUCC style, everyone battled on and made the trip a successful one; with weather to rival the fresher's trip and the tea shop on top form everyone was kept happy! A few of the best moments are captured in the photos below.



**Sailor Boy Ring of Fire and Fire
Blowing**



And we managed to squeeze in a bit of Surfing too!



By Chris Stevens

The true story of pLaY ZoNe

(where the Good are rewarded with bruises, the Bad are rewarded with cuts and the ugly are rewarded with a free face lift)

So yet again I'm writing an article for this wonderful magazine, I was thinking what would be the best occasion to vomit my create prowess into. Therefore I decided to write a rubbish article, on the nearly best social of the year **"PLAYZONE"**. So instead of writing an article for a place that is so fun it cant be described with words I decided to show what happened with some amusing captions to describe what is going on...

Consider Fig.1.

Here is a preview of the new "live Action" where's wolly" picture book, (wolly has not been added to this image yet), although potential candidate 1 can be seen middle left, without his trademark hat. (for trade marketing purposes)



Consider Fig.2



JJ can be seen practicing the Maltese version of curling, due to the fact they have no ice or annual snow fall, in Malta they take on the cool runnings style of improvisation.

Fig.3.



This being my favourite part of the night, here Chris and JJ are re-enacting their favourite scene from Matrix Revolutions, Chris (seen on top) is playing the part of Agent smith, where as JJ is playing poor old Neo.... It could only end badly

The most un-enthusiastic man ever to run the death slide



Delete as appropriate:

1. Elegant
2. Graceful
3. Magnificent



Do Not Feed the Teresa



**Huw! The only man who still
lookes like he should be
accompanied by an adult.....
Awwwww.....**

So in conclusion Playzone = great night out! There are lots and lots of things to write about but unfortunately im lazy so as a picture is worth a thousand words, I feel that 7000 words is a good effort for a Mouthfuls article!

Thankyou for reading this brisk article and if you made it this far without a snigger or giggle then you have the level of maturity I only dream of reaching.

Somerset Dave

Scotland 2009

This year's trip to the Scotland brought together a chance to improve my paddling skills and confidence on some tough white-water and one to experience the beautiful Scottish highlands! There was the inclusion of some lovely orange t-shirts which sported their own pseudo-tattoos on the right shoulder, a popular fad which has sprung up among young white-water paddlers. We were lucky enough to celebrate Somerset Dave's birthday on the trip with a combined 'arvester cake which was absolutely awesome, thanks to some lovely ladies! The olds were also an interesting additive to the mix, events which immediately spring to mind are:

- 1) a raucous night in a local pub involving 5 or 6 drinking going around a single circle at once
- 2) one of my first experiences of Damage and Tony, with the former reading out a bird watcher's book article about the "Woodcock" and the latter acting out mating rituals and calls

Despite a certain injury holding me back for 2 days, the paddling was challenging and diverse: from a short and play-full run on the Garry to a full on romp on the Roy Gorge, from the continuous Upper Speen to the separated features of the Orchy. A personal highlight was the Etive, being my first river back after damaging my head it was more than worth getting back on early (it may not have quite been 2 weeks after the injury....). Bring on the Allt a' Curin next year!

To keep in line with the AU's move towards awareness of health and safety amongst its clubs, I felt it appropriate to compile a stylised account of the damages on this trip. I hope you'll agree the sentiment is one which is shared by all who joined us in Scotland this year:

A kayaking trip to Scotland?

- 1 marked skull
- 1 broken wrist
- 3 stitches beside the right eye
- 1 dislocated shoulder
- 1 wrenched shoulder
- 1 split toe
- 1 bad case of tonsillitis
- 4 broken boats
- 4 broken paddles
- 3 broken helmets
- 2 ripped cag seals
- 1 broken BA zipper

A week of carnage with a group of brilliant SUCCers?

Priceless.

The Perfect Valentine



It's that wonderful time of year, that only pops-up once in the calendar, and gets lots of single girls into a frantic state of desperation...and no, it's definitely NOT Piechee's birthday.

What I'm chatting about is the magic of Valentines. The one day we can tell our better halves and loved ones how we truly feel about them, obviously I'm talking about love here. And in the land of SUCC, what better way to say those three little

words than getting dressed-up to the nines and going on a romantic date. By dressed-up I clearly mean in binbags and to be honest, what could possibly define the word romantic more than a curry at Manzils? With puppadoms, naan, chutney and a pint on the side for a less than a tenner, BARGAIN!



Chav Mike and older lady

When we all arrived at Manzils, it was clear that some people had taken the dress code a little more seriously than others... we could tell who wouldn't be getting lucky tonight at any rate. Some outfits were spectacular; recycling really is the new vogue. Cat sported her farmfoods shopping bag and pulled it off beautifully, JJ and Chav Mike looked charming in their dinner jackets, Dr. Matt had made a true effort as per usual and some of the lads had clearly got their girlfriends to make the

outfits...not they didn't enjoy it, eh Sam? BUT, we were most surprised at the new addition to our club of male/female/shemale/whomale/whatmaleness?!* that appeared as three confused looking men/women (we don't know-ask DAN) arrived fashionably late.

The dates were seated, some of us lucky enough to have to dashing young men by our sides, others not so lucky! But, we all had a great laugh and munched our way through a Manzil's delight, that strangely was being consumed BEFORE the night ahead.



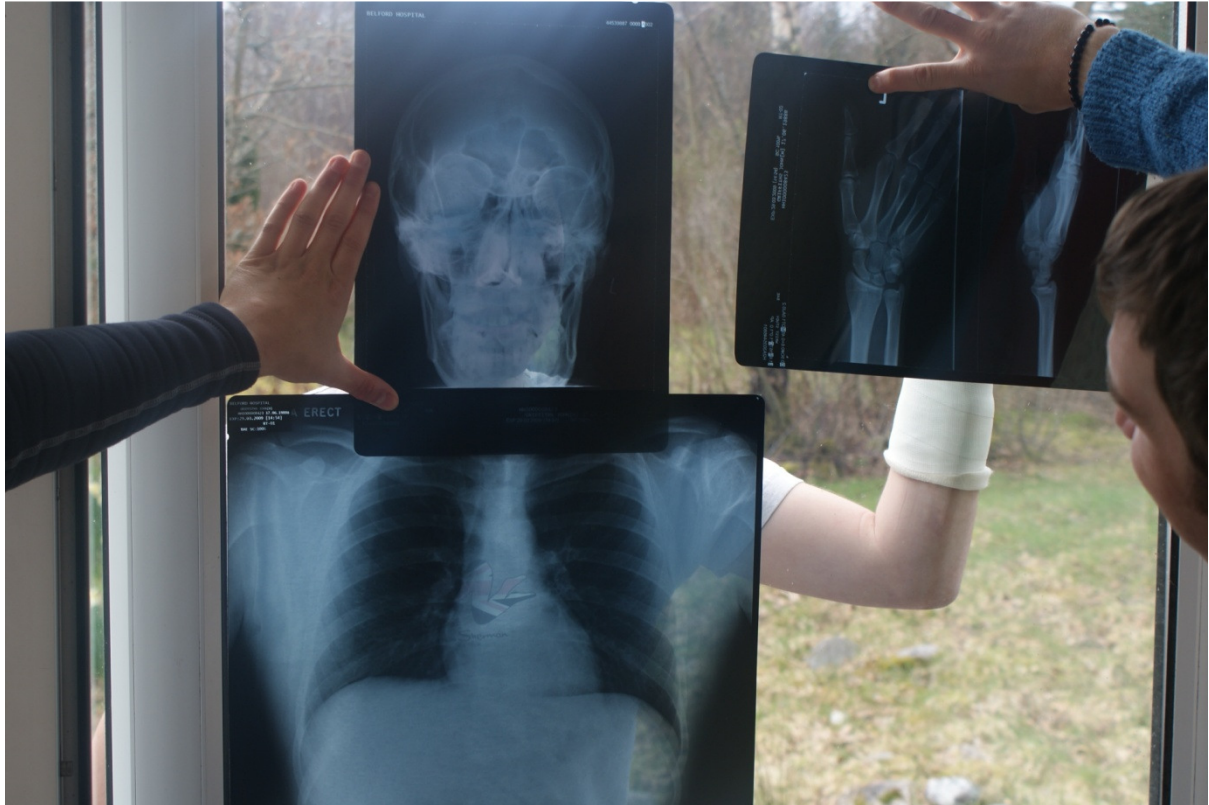
After we had been fed and watered, it was a toss-up as to whether we went to The Dungeon, home of the gimp-suited man or GARYoke. It was clear that we needed a bit of the music man, time warp and multi-cultural dance centre (i hope that's right) ACTION, so we headed Hobbit-way!

Gary was legendary as per usual, cracking out the old gems but I have to take-off my hat to the backing vocals, ladies, you were a real crowd-dazzler. Their dedication to Gary was obvious as their bodies were literally covered in tattoos of his name, he loved it!



It was a fantastic evening and lots of love was discovered, Dave(tte) found had his heart flutter high above the clouds, only to be crushed by Gary when he told him he WASN'T gay, JJ was seen to be working the moves on some international ladies. He and Juanita did move to Mexico for a brief period and have a few illegitimate children, but then she found Johnny Depp working on a new movie, but he doesn't like to mention it. However, certain love was embarked upon that very dance floor, the kind of love that will never be forgotten and should be remembered in tales of romance forever...

Finally a word from one of the
Scotland goers:



*“If a skeleton like me can have fun, then
it’s a must! See you all next year!”*