

Mouthfuls – Xmas 2012



Good evening gentle SUCCers and welcome to the Christmas meal.
For your reading pleasure we have the ever truthful and eventful Mouthfuls.
I look forward to not remembering this tomorrow morning with you all.

For all of you fledgling SUCCers who don't yet know what Mouthfuls is I
hope you find yourselves suitable proud (or ashamed and embarrassed) by
the wonderful documentation of new friends.

To those who have helped contribute, thank-you very much, it is much
appreciated, if it wasn't for your shameless grassing mouthfuls wouldn't
have happened.

I have had the most amazing semester and am proud to have shared it with
all of you, and look forward to what I know will be a fantastic 2013.

Enjoy the meal and have a fantastic Christmas.

Doug x x



Some dates for your
diary....Not to be missed!

- January 26th / 27th = Dart
- February 9th/10th = Valentines
Lakes
- February 16th / 17th =HPP
- March 2nd/ 3rd = NSR!
- March 16th – 24th = Scotland.
- April 20th / 21st = Woolacombe
- May 4th/5th/6th = Rhossili

Prizes.... The nominations!

Biggest Newcomer

- Ollie
- Ali
- Kasia
- Mike Roberts

Most Improved

- Ollie
- Wallace
- Kettle
- Oriole
- Brona

Most Carnage

- Pete Spokes (Canal boat swim, rescued by a life ring)
- Dirty Alice (Had to drink on the Usk everytime paddles voice was heard above everyone else's)
- Tristan (Gin related Perranporth, Alps Swim, being able to fight everyone and lift any boat)
- Beardy and Pernille (Dart swims)
- Piechee (Judo throw of Pete Curtis into a table full of alcohol on Tywi and Wye)

Biggest Faffer

- Andrew – helmet faff on the upper dart
- Wallace, Forgetting paddles on the wye
- Becky, Corinne, Nat – Horrendous changing faff at the get on for the Tywi
- Nat, Horrendous time keeping and toilet related napping.
- Doug, for being Doug

Biggest Shark

- Dennis
- Will
- Doug
- Piechee (Animalistic Aggressive Spooning)
- Naomi
- Dirty Alice

PERRANPORTH

By Tiny Tristy
Edey....

“What a long journey.... All that traffic faff, I sure am glad we made it to Perranporth”

“Ohhhh gin, this sounds like a good idea....”

Oh dear tristy, oh dear..... (places head in hand)

Overhead....

“It’s not small, it’s just disappointingly average!”

“Am I tic-tac-ing?”

“I’m going to rape your mother and shit on your dad’s grave!”

“Wilko, Wilko, Wilko, eh? Wilko, Wilko, oh for fuck’s sake!”

“I don’t need to lie down....”

“Nat’s asleep in the toilet again.... Back in a sec”

To Doug and Matt – “I think I may have just pissed on my feet..... Did I piss on my feet”

Matt – “Dude your feet squelch when you walk”

“It’s okay Doug, I’ve got this spray deck challenge”

“Nat, can you check and see if it’s average?”



Perrenquay 2012 - The Vague Memories of an Old Lonely Drunk.¹

“Paul Clark
is such a
nazi” -
Freshers
2012.



Somehow, the freshers came to this conclusion by themselves. No idea how.

Once upon a time, some post-teen, pre-real-world, industrially useless University students went on a wondrous journey to lands that lay in the West. Some people might call these lands Perrenquay, but that really doesn't matter.

They traveled for much time in four potentially merry bands named thus: 'Fun bus', 'Reggae bus', 'who the bus', and 'dub/cheese/classic fm/cold play/beach boys bus'. Some bands were greater than others - One had such a superior roster that it took a undesirable detour to a bland place so that the others could compete on more equal terms.

Anyway, time passed, distances were travelled.

Upon arrival at the weekend camp, the younglings were confronted with a curious contraption blocking their way. As they met this obstacle wiser travelers joined them, declaring that this was in fact a fort of inferior design to previous years, and the wisest of all were responsible for the best forts of yesteryear - Incidentally, these monumental fort builders all resided at the ridge. But I digest².

Much intoxicants were consumed.

The morning after the night before the explorers of the west eagerly waited to fill their bellies with some scrumptious nutritional goodness. Sadly they were disappointed with gruel.

Some surf kayaking happened. Surf was 'meh'.

After a long³ day, adventurers returned back to sleep a little before being served what they hoped would be a wondrous meal. Instead, once again, they were served gruel. This led some of the braver travelers to voyage



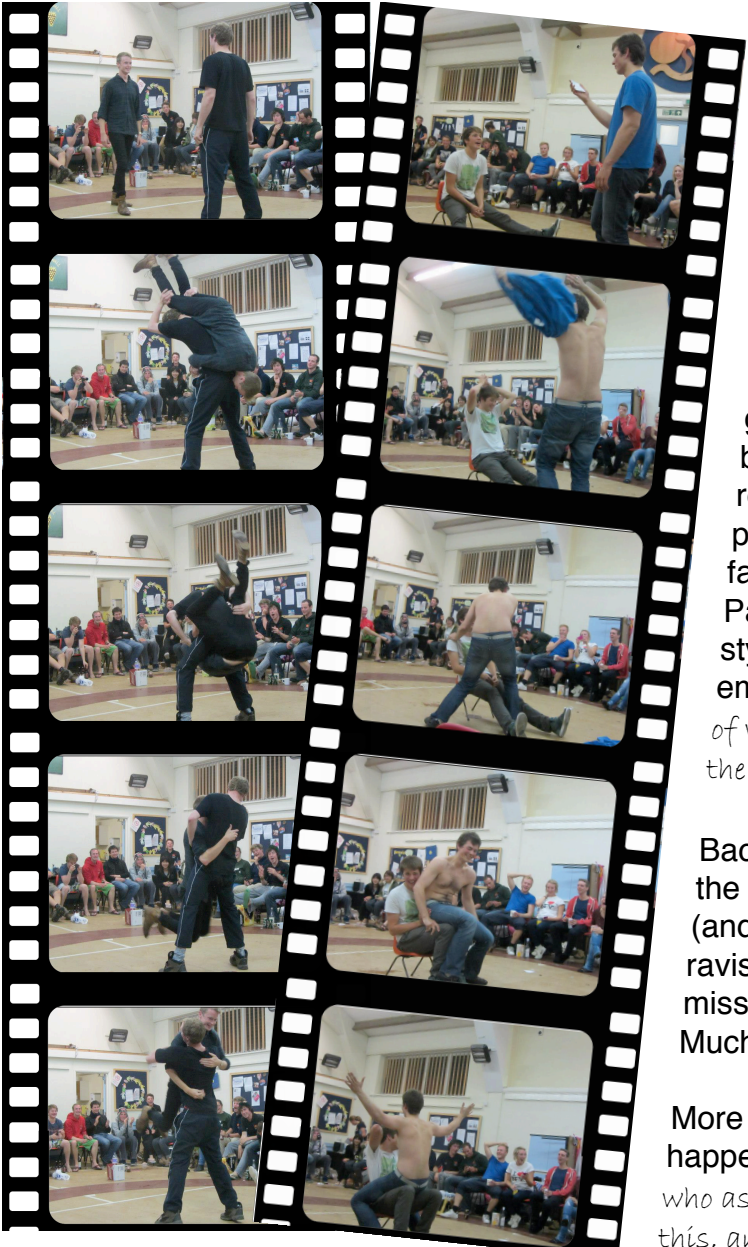
Local wildlife experts were lucky enough to catch this rare breed of sea creature preparing for the winter. It seems this species likes to dig holes in the sand to store partially digested food.



¹ That, is probably, in part, why this article sucks balls.

² Ridge 'in joke'. All the cool kids understand.

³ It was a fairly short day, but when you were a drunken wreck the night before, everything feels long ("Thats what she said")



further to a capturer of sea life for some fried goodness.

Moving on - When sitting round a fire, without any wood, or fire, its often a good idea to engage in bonding activities, and regressing to a game played by small children is a fairly ok way of doing this.

Pass the Parcel - SUCC style - An often physical game, with very emotional consequences⁴. I'm getting a bit fed up of writing this crap, so look through the pics, read the captions, and check Facebook.



With some pass the parcel challenges, everyone loses

Back to the story: The morning after the night after the morning before the band of less merry men (and women) wakened physically and emotionally ravished to find that 'who the bus' bus had gone missing, but its younglings had been left behind. Much Faff ensued.⁵

More kayaking happened.... Seriously, who asked me to write this, and why did I agree.



It's terrible. Plain awful. Perhaps a giant spoon would fix the problem? To be honest, I'm impressed you've read this far. I normally just look at the pictures, then skip to the quotes and sharking table.

The End. Finally.



⁴ "A physical game with emotional consequences" is a title stolen from the 'Great' Mr Harvey. Some of you fresher's might be lucky enough to meet him one day. He might even add you to Facebook, even if by accident.

⁵ A better writer might elaborate, but, alas, I just don't care.

The Usk

We arrived at the Usk with our wizard's hats and wands eager to start the famous Harry Potter drinking game. After just a few rounds it would be safe to say we were all rather merry, at this point I was told there was a nearby beach everyone was going to go to. Naturally, I was very excited by this news and began to prepare myself, it wasn't until then that I was informed that in fact there was no nearby beach, as we were in the middle of Wales. Despite this, we continued drinking whilst the olds sipped on their Port and nibbled on their variety of cheeses. Later on in the evening, it became evident many of us were suffering from Jesters withdrawal symptoms so in the spirit of cheering everyone up we decided to create our own Jesters foam party. It wasn't before long we were all doing the dance to Gangnam style in our new 'Jesters', it felt like we were right back in Southampton.

Safe to say when we woke up in the morning we were all feeling a little fragile, but that wasn't a problem as a kind and caring fresher decided to wake everyone up to the melodic sound of 'Titanic' on the out of tuned Piano and proceeded to make everyone porridge that was cooked to perfection. The porridge went down a hit and needless the chef was praised widely for her efforts. After our appetizing breakfast we hopped in the mini-van ready for our first day on the Usk! My group was first, and throughout our journey down the river we were serenaded by Paddles singing 'Just around the Riverbend!' We were also provided with endless entertainment from Harry as he managed to swim on several occasions and Pichee who purposefully kept jumping out of his boat.

After a long day on the River we got back to the hall and almost everyone went for a well deserved nap. Later we played 'Pick a Winner' which was hilarious as ever. The time eventually came for Hugh to be tied up. Everyone was faffing to try and find the perfect time to it, but Hugh knew exactly what was coming so he requested before we did it if he could put his jumper on first. The signal was 'Dumbledore' and when the signal was made everyone ran outside and watched Hugh get tied up to a tree in a hugging position. Then everyone headed back inside and left Hugh outside to chill for a bit, people resumed their previous activities and after about 5 minutes Hugh walked back through the door looking rather proud. Carnage was caused by Doug's rule being "Alex drinks every time paddles's voice is louder than everyone elses." The night ended with Stabby passed out on some chairs, so we guessed it was time to play Staberoo. Chairs, cards, bottles, cans and anything else we could get our hands on were piled on to Stabby in a cautious manner so we did not wake him, when he started to stir we fed him Port and he would go back to sleep.

In the morning it was decided we would go to the River Wye instead for a change of scenery. It was a nice sunny day and not too cold so the swimmers did not suffer too much! Then we walked back to the van, ate our lunch then went back to the hall for a mass clean up sesh. We then went back to sunny Southampton, most of us exhausted and slept the whole way home!

November dart

Arriving at the boat hard, out of breath after my little jog from Portswood, I was relieved to see the van fully packed and everyone raring to go, the weekend was on track to be a faff-free affair.

After an agonizing bus journey, sitting next the distorted speaker, it was relief to finally get to the hut and crack open that first beer. The evening's main event was the sock wrestling between Kettle and Pichee. You could taste the testosterone in the air, the two giants battling it out for a piece of sweaty fabric. After possibly the most brutal scenes the Dart hut has ever witnessed the match was declared a tie. Kettle was bleeding and bruised but had managed to survive 3 minutes with the Judo Club member.



On the Saturday Southampton University Swim Club turned out in force, with Beardy getting off to a great start by casually floating under the bridge at the get on. By the end of day one, the grand total of swims was well over 20 and the mighty Dart had folded in half the nose of a Z-one. There was a pleasant surprise at the get off as Kettle's parents decided to bring everyone muffins and juice; a welcome alternative to the hard bread and circular shaped disks of meat from Asda.

That evening, with the Z-one hoisted up and filled with boiling water, possibly the worst club meal ever was made; a rich Pyranha broth consisting of gravy, onions, bottle caps and food scraps. The smell of river water infused with the ingredients was enough to make most peoples stomachs churn, however, a few brave people managed a couple of spoonfuls.

Over night the impossible occurred, rain on a club trip! The water was actually over the slab at the get on and it was like running a completely different river. The features weren't scrapey and Triple Step could actually be classed as a Grade 3 rapid. This high volume added to the number of swims and the dart managed to claim another one of the club boats, but this time the damage couldn't be fixed with some boiling water and a temporary repair of duct tape sealed the finger sized split.

The van was packed at amazing speed by Dennis "faff-free" Martin and his amazing team and before we knew it, we were on the motorway and it was time for McDonalds.



TYWI AND WYE

Friday

Another Friday night arrived and I found myself at the boat hard again, preparing for another SUCC trip to South Wales. Unfortunately I arrived early so actually had to help pack the van, rather than stand around and look vaguely busy. We arrived at the hut in good time and proceeded with the night's antics. We made use of the two cupboards loaded with sporting equipment. Soon games of hockey and tennis were being played, all until the fun police arrived and confiscated the tennis balls. As the night progressed, standard drinking games were played along with the introduction of Beer pong. I teamed up with Nat, little did I know she has the hand eye co-ordination of a fish. Despite this we won our first game. But were then beaten by Piechee, Pete and Doug

Saturday

I awoke to the sweet smell of SUCC porridge. Feeling completely satisfied by our breakfast and some nursing hangovers we left for the river Tywi. Despite general faff it proved to be a good days paddling even with pretty low levels. We left the river for the hut, stomachs full of questionable 'meat' sandwiches. After a short nap we ate the best SUCC meal I have ever had, courtesy of Thom Guy. Over dinner we were kept amused with the 'fit or fugly' app, which gave Piechee a 10/10 and Thom 4/10. This was shortly followed by the highlight of the weekend. Doug paid the price for a previous stupid bet and subsequently had to have his head shaved. Later Dean revealed his hidden Limbo skills. To top off another great evening was Richie Field's laugh. If you haven't heard it yet you are in for a treat.



Sunday



It turns out the rumors of Bacon in the morning were true. We left in high spirits that were to be shattered by the cold and the low levels of the Wye. On the whole an easy day's paddling, despite outrageous faffing on the last feature. After changing and packing the van in the dark we made our way home. Overall another great SUCC trip!



Doug.



Lesbian
Doug.



Neo-Nazi
Doug.

~~A decidedly average gathering o~~ ~~Piechee's shit at naming eve~~ *They only make gods in XL*

(The weekend the South West was underwater)

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the weekend of drinking, it was the weekend of dancing, it was the epoch of birthdays, it was the epoch of SUCCers, it was the season of Rain, it was the season of Flooding, it was the spring of fancy dress, it was the winter of stolen hats, we had everything to drink, we had nowhere to sit, we were all going direct to The Ridge, we were all going to Jesters and Paddles' Bed - in short, the period was so far like a SUCC Party Weekend.

Oh, and Doug's hair made him look like a cock. Luckily, Alex Madsen was able to come to his aid.



CLIFTON: "This wasn't what I intended"

Rob, Emily, Piechee and Dave had thrown in together for one big weekend. The new residents of the Ridge proved themselves magnificent hosts as they were invaded by curmudgeonly stalwarts of years gone by, sprinkled with an uncomfortable number of committee members, and downright infested with what I can only describe as the wankiest freshers since 2009*.

Alcohol flowed, new names were learned, forgotten and misremembered, fancy dress spewed in all directions until the assembled rabble looked so ludicrous that even the rotated-inverse-mohawk began to blend into the multitude of motley. An impressive cake did the rounds, an impressive array of *stolen* hats adorned many a head, and an impressive number of people who were “going to bed early because I’m up in the morning” skipped along to the Palace of Dreams.

Details of what happened in the subsequent hours are sketchy at best, but what reports we could gather indicated that between 15 and 25% of people slept where they originally planned to sleep.

The next morning, a 7-strong team of bleary-eyed boating enthusiasts left Southampton, including the elusive Robert ‘Whirly’ McWhirter, who appeared after failing to “find croissants or orange juice” that morning, to our mutual surprise. Soon afterwards Sam Faith stumbled up the road as we said “he’s not answering his phone, which house is he in?”

“It’s either this one, or that one... or maybe that one... He’s here! Thank Christ.”

Still bereft of fresh pastries and OJ, our overloaded cars huffed and puffed their way to Dartmoor as the sun rose, to enjoy levels so spectacular Noah himself would have contemplated a trip to B&Q.



Awesome water levels, chunky rapids and record-time runs (for some, anyway) made the early start worthwhile, with over a dozen SUCCers assembled to enjoy the water. I learned that Stave’s boating schedule only grudgingly allows time for eating, and eddies are used on an “if you really must” basis. No swims, peacocks kept at bay, and beautiful paddle topped off a SUCctastic weekend.

KEPT AT BAY: Infamous culprit of many paddling heartaches

The single lowlight for me? Learning what it means to have to go to work on a Monday after having so much fun.

Matt Kelly, with apologies to Charles Dickens and, to a lesser extent, Doug.

*I have no idea how wanky the freshers actually were. I just imagine 2009 to be a solid benchmark.

12 SUCC Days of Christmas



1 Treasurer in a Welsh Tree

2 Piechees Spooning



3 Dougs a Faffing

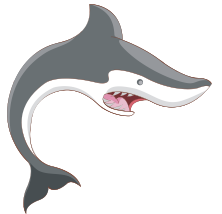
4 Nats a Napping



5 Jesticles



6 SUCCers Sharking



7 Freshers Swimming



8 Paddles Shouting



9 Limes a Throwing

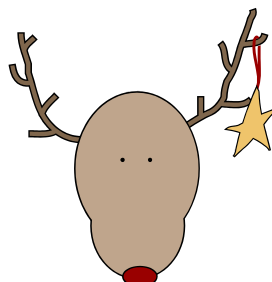
10 Olds a Grumbling



11 Nellys Yodelling



12 Stabbys Stabbing



Things were better in my day

- a geriatric newsletter from the SUCC olds

Kids these days don't appreciate how much better it was back in our day but it's not for want of us telling them.

Back in our day we were better drivers. Although there was that one time



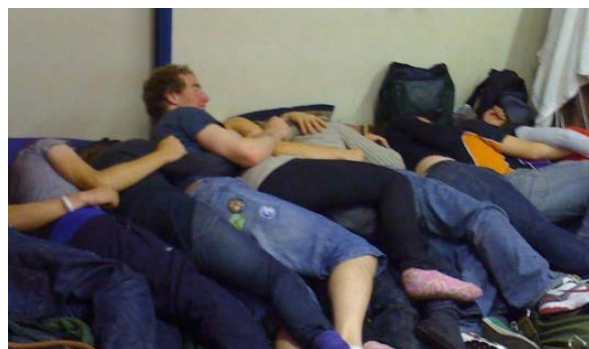
Back in our day we were all amazing paddlers



Back in our day the freshers were more attractive ...



Back in our day we all gave Clive the respect he deserves



Back in our day spooning was consensual ... ok it actually was.

So I hope you wanky students will remember to respect your elders because we were so much better. Love

A grumpy old

Stirring from sleep,
deep in a fjord,
The Monster is woken
Designed on cardboard.

On its journey down south
it stopped by to see Munch,
Onwards from Scandinavia,
In pursuit of its lunch.

How it got to Southampton,
Nobody's quite sure,
But it sure loves hugs,
and haute couture.



It's just the eyes that get me,
Time after time,
They lure you in for a hug;
Then it releases eight LIMES!



With the Bunfight in full swing,
and its name recalled,
SUCctopus is floored
By American football.

With paddle in hand
and one enormous gob,
this monster is the son
of the elusive Naked Rob.

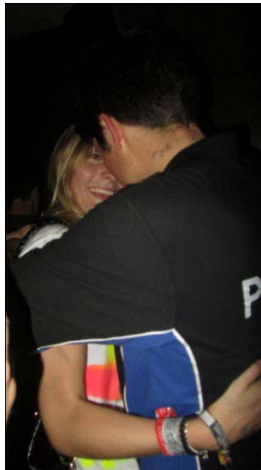
With only 'I Heart Hugs' for modesty
And its rivals increasingly hostile,
This octopod's only known refuge
Remains in Gangnam Style...





SUCC: Out of the Water

So our first semester as a 'SUCCER' is almost over and as we learnt very quickly it is definitely not all about the paddling. After a term of brilliant Wednesday night socials and painful Thursday mornings, our memories of the socials are somewhat blurred, so we'll have to settle for a quick summary of a few of our favourites.



The year was kicked off of course with the fresher's social where we started keen and unsuspecting in the Stags, and were handed our stylish new t-shirts for the night, complete with a list of challenges on the back. There was time for a quick drink or three before SUCC descended into Portswood and the chaos began. By Varsity the committee were taking full advantage of the 'buy someone you don't know a drink' challenge, exchanging drinks for signatures, and the first of the human pyramids were (shakily) completed. We stumbled through Portswood hitting various pubs along the way before we ended in Sobar a little worse for wear, to drink, dance and shark the night away.

The fresher's social was enough to tell us that the rest were definitely not to be missed, so as the weeks followed we ensured we were in attendance. Next came the four (or for my group, the 8)

legged pub crawl, where we were taped to fellow SUCCers we may have met only moments before, to stumble and drag them down the streets of Portswood. Carnage followed as the drinks were downed and the smallest tasks such as walking, going through doors, and using the toilet became exceedingly difficult. Poor Meg had only met Ali when she was forced into to what Ali described as a

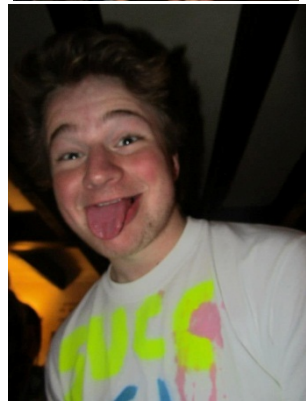
'bonding experience' of having to use the loo while still strapped together. The night ended in the 'Palace of Dreams' where we finally were set free on the dance floor.

Two great nights of the semester were of course the Halloween house party and Bonfire night in the infamous 'Ridge'. The Halloween social this year was a SUCCary experience for all as we entered the Halloween lair to be confronted by a bunch of grapes, a spider and a bearded butcher. The evening took a quick downward spiral as pennies were dropped and beverages downed, resulting in bananas becoming missiles, ballet lessons being taught and the bannister becoming a slide. All but one was dressed for the occasion; grumpy



Dan clearly thought his natural appearance was terrifying enough. All in all it was a brilliant evening that lingered longer than most in the form of a green tinge that remained on three ninja turtles and the hulk until the pool session the following night.

Being the naïve fresher's that we are, on hearing the description of this particular social we thought Bonfire night would be more civilised and less mental than those previous... oh how we were wrong! A cup of





soup, mulled wine and friendly chatter started the night before being entertained with an explosive fireworks display. There is nothing quite like watching a firework going off and not knowing if it is going to be the last thing you see as the rockets speed of in all directions but vertical- pretty sure the



surrounding trees were turned into charcoal. Though by what we hear about last years, that was nothing. The night continued with, of course, lots of drinking, toasted marshmallows, pole dancing, and a hula hoop competition (2 people in a hoop doesn't work!!) before a few of us headed off to none other than, Jesters. The night ended in a situation involving an Asian man, a stolen shoe, a bike, a half an hour sprint and a very angry Den Den.

Multiple-species of SUCC members descended on the Mitre to begin another of the infamous two-by-two socials. The biodiversity encountered was phenomenal as creatures large and small prepared to board Noah's Ark (Jesters) in earnest. Limpets chatted happily to lions and questionable starfish conversed with



Koalas. The harmony within the animal kingdom even led to some interesting cross-breeding. The diverse procession made stops at Varsity and the Hobbit before embarking. Doug's furry polar bear rendition was made even more realistic after the spillage of red drink made him look particularly endangered. At Jesters, costumes



were inevitably lost and various animal parts were scattered across the dance floor. Nonetheless, all animals made it upon the ark, safe in the knowledge that their species would continue to walk the earth, at least until the next flood...

Last, but by no means least, was the much anticipated club trip to 'Playzone' in which red faced SUCCERS desperately sprinted along rope bridges, slid down the death slides and jumped through spider webs in an attempt to escape being stuck in the mud. Observing the chaos from afar was comparable to a scene out of lord of the flies as people were herded up and trapped. Although tired, bruised and battered, the resilient continued onto to Gary's neck of the woods for a night of singing, dancing and another workout of Garyrobics.

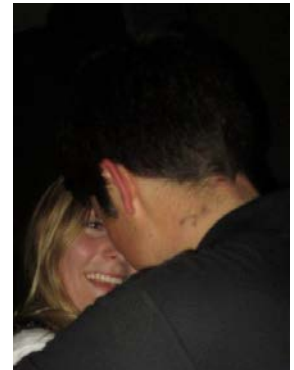
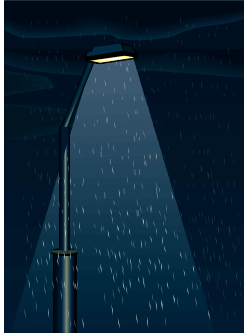
What an amazing semester... May the madness continue!

Love Brona, Ali, Sophie and Linda
xoxoxo



The Adventures of Den Den and the Tea Towel

Little Den Den was dancing in Jesters when he saw a pretty girl!!



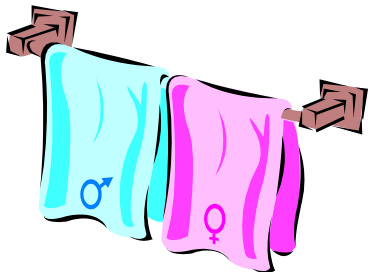
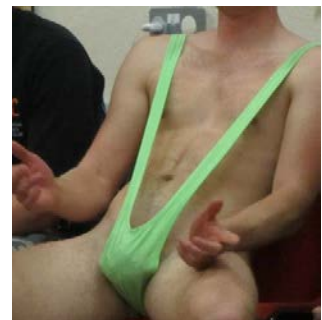
They got along very well, and Den Den decided to help her get home, as it was very dark outside

They played lots of games at her house, and Den Den had lots of fun!!



After the games, they were both very tired, so they went to bed...

...and when Den Den woke up, he was outside, and he had lost his clothes!!

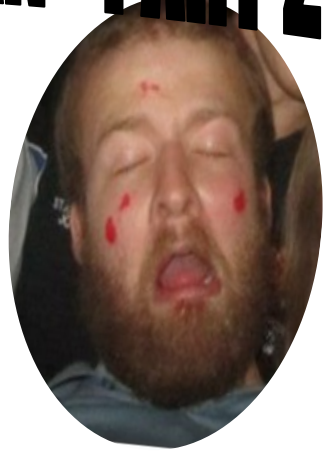


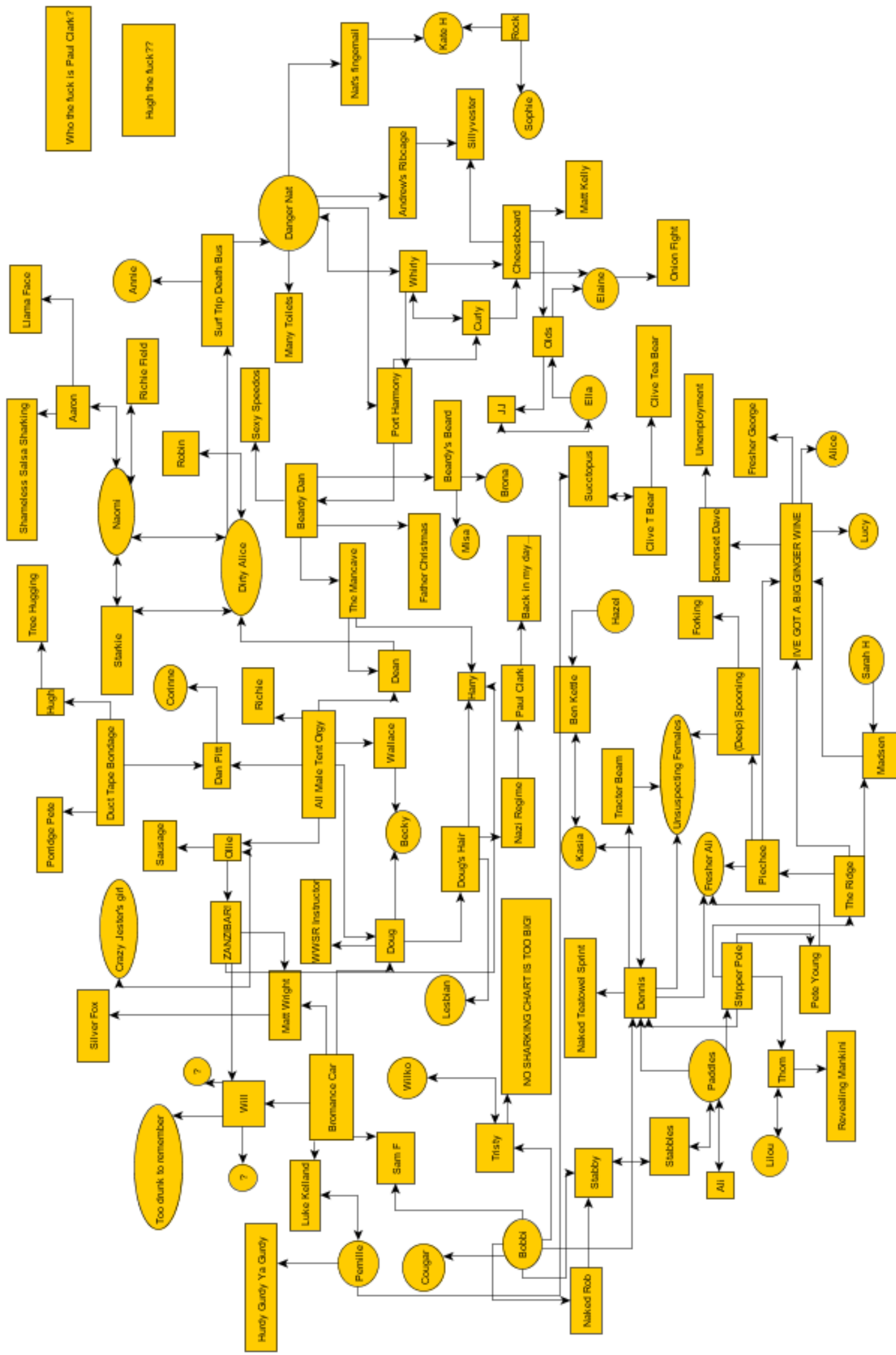
Den Den decided to run home, but it was a very long way, and he only had a tea towel for warmth!!

When Den Den got home, the door was shut, so he had to climb through the window!! The window was very small, but little Den Den could just fit through. Finally, he could go to sleep. "What an adventure!!" he thought to himself.



THE MANY FACES OF BEARDY DAN - PART 2





SUCC Swim Table 2012

[illegible]

(Who really does the organisation...) By Paul Clark

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17 October

Hey [REDACTED]

Seeing as you designated yourself "meddling useful old" for this trip, I'll instead pass my current predictions to you:

- 1) There's still a conflicting copy
- 2) Facebook tells me paddles is coming too now
- 3) The dropbox file says we are already +1 on transport without evening adding paddles.
- 4) I predict massive transport issues sometime soon.

point 1 -3 i am on top of. [REDACTED] is incapable of counting or updating spreadsheets. [REDACTED] evicted [REDACTED] because she provided her friend [REDACTED] as a driver to replace andrew

andrew dropped out as has an interview 9am monday have also kicked out a fresher to balance the transport and groups

however i also predict another crisis with 36 hours. Probably because [REDACTED] is incapable of counting or making rational decisions

I also started an argument with him on a seperate subject so he probably won't listen to me regardless

Next time someone else can be the meddling old, this is getting boring

o and [REDACTED] is working on the conflicted copy but [REDACTED] is using the original. I am yet to tell them

any other problems you can see

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WANTED

A rebellious group of bandits known as 'Olds'



**FOR CRIMES INCLUDING:
MINIBUS ROLLING
STATES OF UNDRRESS
CHEESE THEFT
CLIVE BATTERING
COMMITTE MEDDLING**

REWARD \$2000

ARE YOU AN OLD GIT?

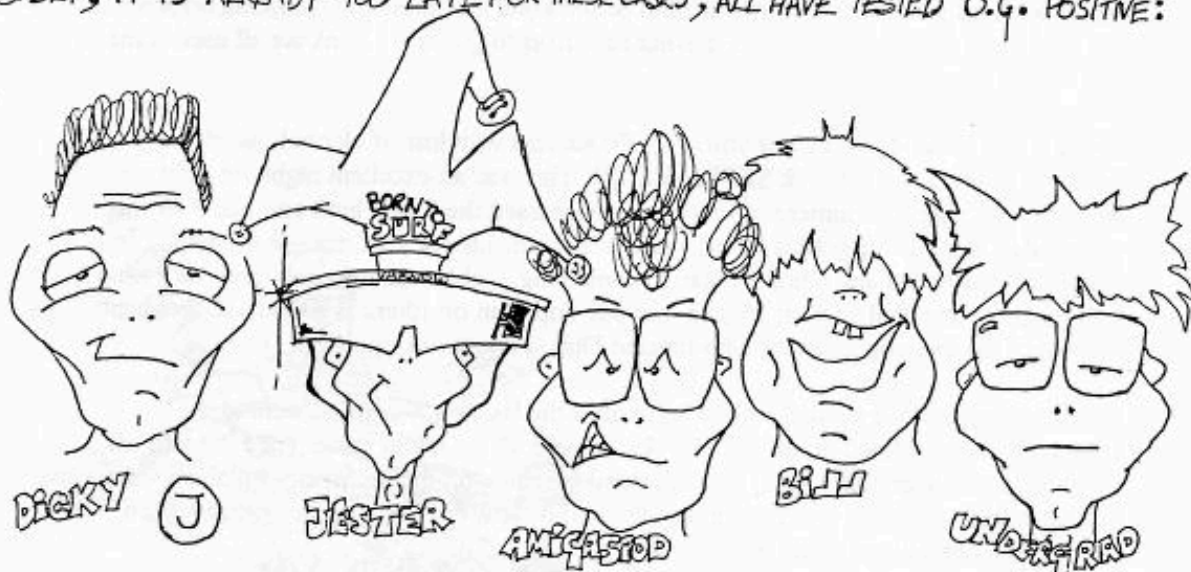
A NEW HEALTH THREAT TO SUCC:

- SYMPTOMS:**
- MOANING ABOUT DIRTY WASHING LEFT IN THE SINK.
 - DRIVING A LANDROVER
 - SHOUTING AT THE T.V.
 - WATCHING DAYTIME TELLY
 - BEING PERMANENTLY MISERABLE

O.G. SELF TEST: IF YOU EXPERIENCE ANY OF THE ABOVE, AND ANSWER YES TO ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS, THEN SORRY, BUT YOU'RE AN **OLD GIT!**

- 1: DO YOU THINK 'ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE' IS A DOCUMENTARY ?
- 2: IS HAROLD WILSON DOING A GOOD JOB OF RUNNING THE COUNTRY ?
- 3: DOES BEER COST 42p A PINT ?
- 4: WAS THE LAST RECORD YOU BOUGHT BY MUNGO JERRY ?
- 5: DID YOU HIDE THE KIPPERS IN SHOREY'S ROOM ?
- 6: DO YOU HAVE A MASSIVE WAD STASHED UNDER A MATTRESS ?
- 7: ARE YOU MISERABLE, BILL ?

SADLY, IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE FOR THESE CASES, ALL HAVE TESTED O.G. POSITIVE:



FOR MORE HELP & INFO:

OLD GIT CONTAINMENT UNIT : TEL 348613
UNIVERSITY HEALTH CENTRE : TEL 513534

REMEMBER:



OVERHEARD!



Dennis: "People sneak up on me.... I can't handle more than one at a time!"

Matt Wright about Thom Guy: "Well he does have a big ginger beard, that must set him back a bit!"

Who do you reckon will be the biggest fresher shark?

Maybe Dennis? Or Hugh could be an unsuccessful one....

Matt Wright: "I dunno, I think he might get with the odd dyke!"

Emily on being a sharker (Michael next to her) "It was a lot more fun!"

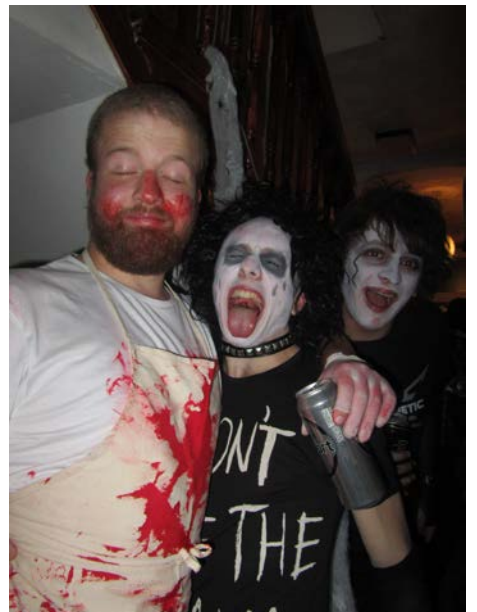
Nat to Dan Pitt: "stay away from me you're a freak!"

Madsen: "It'd like Ghostbusters, but with penises! Don't cross the beams!"

Garyoke to Hugh: "You just want attention you poor thing"

Stabby: "Paddles.... If you could lactate port I'd go for it!"

Beardy Dan: "There was a cat in France that just bit and scratched me. It really pissed me off. I got so annoyed one day I just bit it back!"



Ella: "Ollie, sorry 'Sausage', doesn't like being fingered!"

Will to Sam: "How did you get that black eye?"

Sam: "Doug spunked in it"

Doug: "I have so much sperm"





About Matt Wright's girlfriend Chloe: "She your wench?"

Chloe: "No, he's my bitch, I make him cook and clean..."

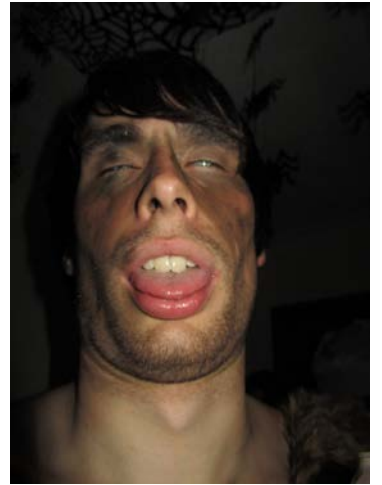
Matt: "Yeah but I get stuff in return"

Chloe: "Like what??"

Emily Corden: "if somebody puts something in my mouth it's a reflex to bite down"

Alex: "Michael must find that difficult"

Emily: "Yes he does"



Nat to Doug: "you cant make me wet every time I'm late"

Matt W: "I've only seen her in Jesters but I didn't speak to her cos she wasn't attractive enough!"



Wilko to Audrey: Get your hands out of my clothes!"

Dennis: "you can ask anyone, I've kissed midgets!"

Dean to Dennis: "you have to breastfeed Lilou!"

Doug: "I would climb Luke Kelland like a very small tree..."

Tom P: "I've eaten so many Christmas hats I feel sick!"

Paddles: "If I'm not married by 40, I'm having dirty sex with an underage fresher!"



"I imagine Paddles' dad is the kind of guy who'd marry a milf!" – Matt Kelley

Sarah to Madsen: "Your head feels like my vagina!"

"I can't stand France anymore, I fucking hate French people!" – Lilou

"He looks like a man who would be proud of a good shit"
– Sam F on Paul Clark





Some fresher to Madsen: "Can I shit on your dick?"

Anon on Naomi: "she's just a harmless hussy"

Anon: "But wait didn't she....."

Emily Corden: "I thought that leather thong was a bit much"

Michael: "No darling, remember last time...."

"I used to be scared of you but now I just phase out when your talking" Sam to Paddles

Paddles: "I'm the balls of the club, the bitch of the club, I am the badass of this club!"

Ali: "Piechee keeps stroking me"
Rossall" There's a helpline for that"

Harry: "Triplets! And their mum was fit too!"



Alex Payne: "I think we should change it from spillage is snortage to spillage is lickage so we can spill drinks on our lap!"

Ali: "I'm meant to be sharing a sleeping bag with Brona but she's snoring like a man whore!"

Aaron:" she's named after you!"

Dennis: "I'm not called Penis!"

"Hey kate,

I hv bin checkin u out on fb and i lk wat i c. I think u r reli fit. i dont think u no me im 7'9" with blonde curly hair and my penis is abut 1/2" wot do u thnk, do u reckon we culd go out sumtime?

will xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

