

# Mouthfuls: Summer 2013



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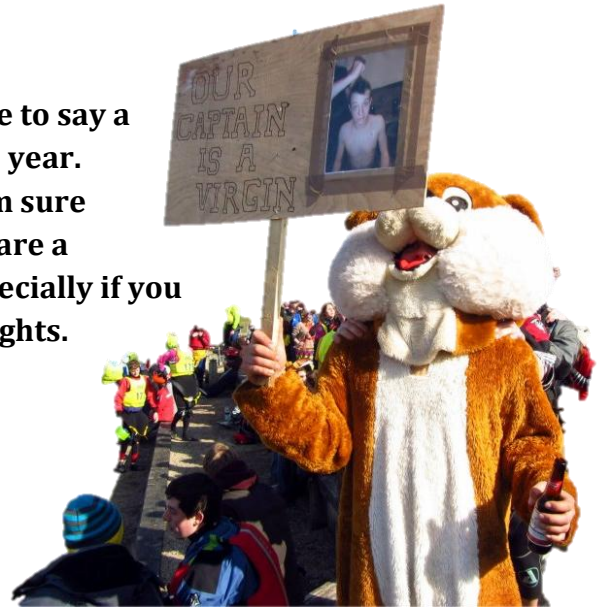
## Welcome to this year's boat ball!

It's only April and so much has happened already: NSR victories, shameless sharking, alcohol fuelled carnage... mouthfuls is here to document it all.

But before we go on to the naming and shaming, I'd like to say a big good luck to all the SUCCers that are leaving us this year. There's a lot of you, and we're sad to see you go. But I'm sure we'll be seeing you all on the trips next term: you olds are a mysterious bunch, but you never seem to go away. Especially if you live in Blandford and get lonely during the long cold nights.

The year looks set to be a good one: we've got a sexy, fresh-faced, fun-loving new committee ready to take over. There's still Woolacombe and the infamous Rhossilli trip to come before the holidays. And we have possibly the drunkest, rowdiest threesome in SUCC history preparing to organise a fresh wave of drunken socials. I feel the Christmas mouthfuls will have plenty of content.

But in the meantime, I hope you enjoy this year's summer edition. No SUCCers were harmed in the making of it, only their egos. I'd also like to thank young Matthew Kelly in advance for organising tonight: I'm sure it will be the quiet, dignified gathering we're all expecting.



See you at the bar,  
SUCC love Danger Nat xx



# Overheard...



Dean: "There was a straight sex scene in brokeback mountain so I left the room"

Dean's to-do list: "Never let Harry Davis watch prolapse porn again"

Wallace to Nat: "While you be sleeping I be peepin at those itty bitty titties"

Will: "Nat's a slut for VP'S"

Doug: "You nicked Tristans sleeping bag last NSR didn't you

Lilou?" Lilou: "He slept in my tent, I need something warm so I picked the guy I was least likely to get with!"

Nat Sims: "Duct tape can't handle me, I tested the limits and it broke"

Luke on Nat Sims: "Maybe it was me who tested those duct tape limits, who knows"

Sam to Doug: "...and yes you'll have balls in your mouth but they'll be tasty"

Nat Sims: "I'll do you up the arse!"

Matt Kelly to Pernille: "Why did we never hook up?"

Nat Sims: "Someone told me Tristan was 27 and I believed them"

Dan Pitt: "Paddles, you really are a bit of a prick aren't you"

Anon: "It's quite nice to see Paddles put in her place."

Nat Sims: "I want to piss in a urinal"

Nat Sims: "Come on Taylor come on my back"

Wallace: "Emily is filthy, she'll shit up your arm"

Paddles: "When I went to the strip club earlier"

Piechee: "This trip has been Will preparing succ for his imminent coming out of the closet. He could do it without being such a prick though"

CDP on Will: "He's just an asshole with dutch courage"



# Overheard...

Will to Dean: "How's your day been dean? (Sitting on Deans face naked)" Dean: "It's been ruined"

Sam: "GO HOME SAM (punches own face) GO HOME SAM (punches own face)"

Stabby: "I had a dream about Will Innes, he was wearing ladies breasts and we were all laughing at him"

Elaine to Mike: "You look like this gay porn star.... drink!"

Wilko at Jenny's wedding: "What are you doing Andrew? Go back to your lady friend!" Audrey: "She's moved on. Point me at a lady, I'll take anyone who'll have me."

Andrew: "I will shut up now."

Anon: "I just don't want to be in the same country as Doug"

Dean: "Do you mind little missy"

Alex: "There was a girl in a wheelchair on the dancefloor. She was just getting in the way!"

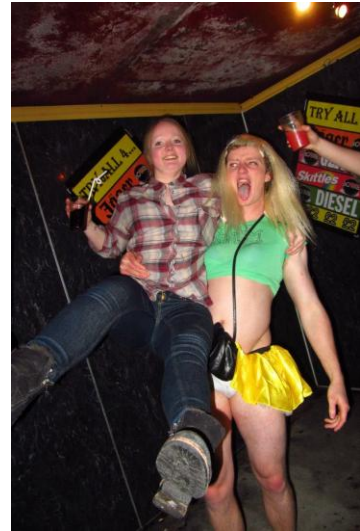
Paddles to Will: "Nat was devastated when she found out you didn't give her one"

Tristan: "Its not that I'm strong, its just they're all weak."

Paddles: "Ever since he spooned me hard on the dart I fell in love with him"

Wallce on Becky's vagina: "I find it quite roomy"

Dean: "Thom used to be a fudge packer. In fact I think he still is"



## SUCC VS THE DART: JANUARY EDITION

So, the third and final excursion to Dartmoor approached, with excitement shared by all. Little did they suspect the ordeals that awaited them, both on and off the water...

## FRESHERS VS... THE TRIPLE STEP

Since the last one of these tri-annual bouts, the river had been planning, scheming, PREPARING for the next time it would meet its foe. And it was not disappointed. Upon arrival at Newbridge, freshers and veteran paddlers alike looked down upon the raging torrents of water that cascaded past them. This river was unrecognisable from the tranquil brook they had previously visited.

Some steeled themselves, while others could not help but urinate uncontrollably into their wetsuits. However, the aforementioned wetsuits had recently been in the Itchen, so nobody really noticed.

Carnage ensued. Holes appeared, devouring paddlers at every turn, leaving leaders chasing empty craft down seemingly endless rapids, and pulling waterlogged freshers from the malevolent currents. A special mention goes to a Mr. Andrew Sylvester, who seemed to do more live-baiting than actual paddling, as the triple step knocked SUCCers down one by one. What a hero.

Overall, it's safe to say that: Freshers - 0, Triple step - A lot. (The actual number of swims is disputed. Fortunately, for those soggy few, a swim chart is not available...)

## SUCC VS... THE GAY TIMES



Taken from the personal library of Mr. Dean '49% Ousby himself, the Gay Times is indeed a most venerable publication, showcasing the finest examples of the male physique. Nevertheless, it has more recently gained notoriety as the centre of an intriguing drinking game. What began as some harmless page-turning fun developed into something

which bordered on dangerous.

Members of the drinking circle apprehensively turned to a random page, not suspecting the horrors that were held therein. The forfeits involved included a man who resembled Lionel Richie (not to be confused with the other man, who looked like the man who resembled Lionel Richie) and 'Tequila Buttcheeks', whereby the combatant had to consume a generous tequila slammer. Yet these paled in comparison to 'Leather Talk', a page which led to those

being unlucky enough to land on it snorting a spoonful of sambuca (or rum, my memory fails me... possibly both). Winner - Gay Times. I don't know if the magazine had a hangover, but everyone else certainly did.

### GREG PAYNE VS... THE ANVIL



Now I know what you're thinking... who would be silly enough to go up against something which is commonly known as 'the Anvil'?

Anyway, moving on, Greg decided he would have a play on the aforementioned feature, which at this particular moment was not taking kindly to those paddling on it. And, just a few hours later, Mr. Payne was in the local A+E. Don't worry Greg. Chicks dig scars.

Greg - 0, Anvil - 1.

### FANTASTIC MR. FOX VS... THE MINIBUS

Oh, how Dennis loved his fox outfit. They got on so well. So well in fact, that a small group of conspirators tied a rope to his tail... while the other end was secured to the minibus. I feel it is important to note that at this point, Dennis was ignorant of the minibus' involvement in this caper, and on noticing that there was a rope tied to his rear end, seemed delighted at the innocent game of tug of war that he thought was going on.

A few seconds later, the grin was wiped off our dear president's face, and joy turned to dismay, as Andrew Sylvester, in this case playing the villain, put his foot down. The rope went taut, and Dennis could only watch as the appendage in question flew across the room, no longer attached to his beloved piece of clothing.

Dennis - 0, Minibus - 1, and a bit. Although come on, was there really any doubt?

FINAL SCORE - SUCC: 0 - River Dart: MANY.

Oh well, not to worry! We all had a jolly good time. Other highlights included a very tasty vegetarian curry (I know, who would have thought? The secret ingredient is chest hair). It was also the debut of Douzby and the Wizards, Portswood's finest ukulele quartet (though there were mixed reactions).

Well played, Dartmoor. Until the next time...

## Lakes Trip

The trip got under way in a surprisingly smooth manner. This prompted Doug to exclaim, "It's funny how the two faffiest committee members organized the least faffy trip." Such confidence was inevitably destroyed as the weekend progressed. After the long drive we reached the hut pretty late and had a tame night by SUCC standards.

We woke early on Saturday to Wallace's salty porridge and set off to paddle the Leven. Turned out to be a pretty smooth day, not too cold and some nice features. Saturday evening proved to be much more eventful than the previous. We were treated to Doug's sausage and mash dinner before the downstairs area was turned into the sock-wrestling dungeon. We witnessed many sock wrestles including:



Michael Green Vs. Bi-curious Mike

The first sock wrestle of the night. A long, brutal battle. An epic clash of 'manliness' and egos. A match that was won from endurance rather than skill or strength. After an eternity of watching the two contenders roll around on the cold stone floor it was bi-curious Mike that arose bloodied but victorious.



Hugh Jenkinson Vs. Dean 'Dousby' Ousby.

Forced to battle it out for the love of Alex Jacobs. Our second round of sock wrestling entertainment, an enjoyable, albeit rather short wrestle. Hugh clearly could not match Dousby's surprising agility and was de-socked within seconds.



Andrew 'Audrey' Sylvester Vs. Tiny Tristy Edey

Our final sock wrestle of the weekend. Where better to hold it than the sleeping area with several tired SUCCers trying to get some sleep. I think a rematch is in order because I can't actually remember who won.



With the sock wrestles over we all settled down to a sensible game of pick a winner. Whirly, Wallace and Nat were chosen to rap battle during which, Wallace disturbingly revealed that while Nat sleeps on the toilet he is 'peeping at those little titties.' Saturday night also saw the creation of a new game, 'ham wallet'. Anyone can play by following these simple rules:

- Find or steal an unsuspecting SUCCers wallet
- Fill the wallet with ham or similar processed meat product
- Return the wallet without the owner noticing.

Sunday started with a disappointing bacon breakfast due to the lack of bacon. Unsatisfied we set off for the Kent, which was a great river, especially the drop at the end. We made it to the get off quickly and were soon on our way back to Southampton. A great river to end a great trip! Thank you to Doug and Tristy for organizing it.





# An Old's Armchair



It's far too easy to become an old. One minute you're a fresh faced fresher who's slamming tequila and bitches alike; the next you're in Blandford Forum wondering where it all went wrong. The sad fact is that becoming old and grumpy is about as inevitable as a fresher being wanky.

For the newly turned old though, trading in the student lifestyle for that of a cantankerous grump is quite daunting. In fact so much so that it's certainly not uncommon for us older folk to develop strong withdrawal symptoms as we slowly wither into dust. Let this article then not be a guide to being an old, but a guide to how to age gracefully - unlike these sorry specimens.

## Withdrawal Symptom A: The Deviant



'You're Past It' Syndrome in its most crude form. This type is relatively straight forward and our example is the infamous Curly George. Refusing to surrender the wicked womanizing ways that he held so dear whilst at Uni - he has simply continued. Be vigilant and don't be the next victim.

### Symptom B: The New Identity



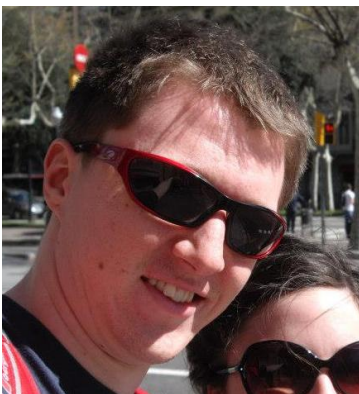
Creating a new, 'cooler' identity is a common ploy. Exhibit B is Robert McWhirly. In his eyes, the new name of 'Papa Whirly' was a way to refresh his image. In everyone else's eyes, he now sounds like a paedophile.

### Symptom C: Remote Access



Exhibit C is Andrew. Poor Audrey finds herself amputated from the committee responsibilities which he once relished. Unable to let what he has built up be destroyed by the reckless youth of the club, he now runs the committee remotely from his estate. He uses a system engineered from a Nintendo Wii and an old puppet.

### Symptom D: Reverse Psychology



What better way to prove that you're definitely not missing student life than buying a Volvo? Unfortunately Matt Kelly has fallen into the classic trap of overcompensating. Inside he wants to relive the days of maxin', relaxing and shooting b-ball. However nowadays he puts up a hard shell of bad sunglasses and dad jokes.

You don't need an instruction manual to be an old, you just grow into it. But let's hope this article allows the next generation of olds to evolve into a new, light-hearted species, without the unfortunate psychological defects.

## Why Dan Pitt Hates YOU: The Game

Pete Spokes

Hugh Jenkins on

Luke Kelland

Paul Clark

Doug Clifton

Team X

Thom Guy

Nathalie Baker

Wallace Outhbertson

Pernille Fladsrud

Katie Locke

Dean Ousby

Dennis Martin

Sam Faithful



'Looks like a ginger wotsit'

'Has an exceptionally large widow peak'

'His hair always looks too perfect'

'Her voice is high enough to make dogs cry'

'She slapped me once'

'He gets to wear a cardigan without any abuse'

'He sounds posh, but acts like a rough'en'

'He pees on people, that is not normal'

'She is like that annoying person with a megaphone'

'Anyone with that name that isn't born in the middle ages deserves a slap'

'He would be bearable if he was a bit happier'

'I haven't really got much for him, so he's alright'

'He always wears a rash vest in the pool'

'Perfectly mastered the art of being douches whilst pretending to be douches'







**TEAM GB\***



**We're kind of a big deal...**



## **Pub Golf**

In January SUCCers took to the streets of Southampton to drain more bars than usual as we took part in the prestigious sport of Pub Golf. Beginning at the Stags and inevitably ending up at The Palace of Dreams, we allowed ourselves to get suitably inebriated until we were so trollyed that we were seldom bothered by the general attitude of Team X.

We commenced the competition at Stags, where we met up, checked out each other's attire and downed a snakebite. Team X looked particularly smashing in their matching green visors and polo shirts branded with electrical tape X's. Tired of being the club bitch, Doug decided that he would attempt to redeem himself by taking on Team X with Dennis and Sam Hurst.

At The Highfield we reached a "noisy hole", which I'm sure proved a challenge in particular for Paddles as she conquered her inquellable desire to reach her usual volume. After finishing our pints, we headed to the Mitre for a cider and then on to Varsity, where I smoked a pipe with a lovely gentleman named Trevor. At this point it was dangerous for those who'd resisted breaking the pee-seal as the Water Hazard prevented us from relieving ourselves after a total of 3 pints and a shot.



At the Gordon Arms, rum and mixer was on the menu, after which we headed to Nat's house for an alcopop. On the way to Bevois Valley, Michael Green decided to take up Stabby's role and polish off my scorecard when he decided that it looked too good for a wanky fresher; however, little did he know that another wanky fresher was drinking her way to victory...

For myself, the memories of the Hobbit and Clowns are rather patchy; however I do recollect the abundance of sexy ladies from the Caving Society in lingerie at The Hobbit. Whether this was a drunken fantasy or not remains a mystery to me, so if anyone out there remembers this occurrence, I would love to know.

Finally, we reached Jesters. Doing our absolute best at not falling over, we of course drained our jesticles and swaggered around to the terrible music that permeates the club, much like the sickly stench of jesticles and beer. Congratulations SUCCers for once again avoiding liver failure!



The winners are:

Linda Irons for getting a perfect game

Doug, Dennis and Sam for drawing with Team X

And of course Team X who earned the douchebag award

# Learn from Clive's mistakes...



## (But ignore Hugh)



**Hugh Jenkinson**

I may not be a paddling god like Sam or Will, the club would be in a far worse position without them.

10 minutes ago via mobile · [Like](#)

# The Day SUCC Destroyed my House

I tried crying. I tried blackmail. I tried charm. But for possibly the first time in social sec history, SUCC had failed to con a naïve fresher. Or rather, I had been naïve in thinking they wouldn't pull out last minute. Finally I ran out of options, and something terrible happened: the dreaded pancake social was held at my very small house.

"Not many people will turn up" said Dean. I believed him.

"We'll tell people we're not having a food fight" said Doug. I didn't really believe him.

"We'll treat your house with respect" said Paul Clark. As if.

## **THIS is what happened:**



Meanwhile, Team X hid 16 eggs in my room...

Let this serve as a warning to all future social secs: choose your naïve freshers wisely! If anyone wants to come round and help repaint my walls/find the remaining five eggs hidden in my room, then you're very welcome.

**SUCC love, Nat xxx**



## An utterly true and faithful account of NSR 2013....

Southampton arrived to the fear of all other universities, having warned everyone of a dangerous Harlem Shake in which an elephant paraded itself upside down across the camera.....

With tents put up by willing fresher's while many committee and olds simply looked on (quite rightly) Southampton hit a small snag: river legacy had put up a bar and a tent where drinks were a similar price to jesters, and with the prospect of a dark, sweaty room full of kayakers, most SUCCers reacted instinctively and consumed vast quantities of 'judgment clouding' liquid. This resulted in many hilarious antics, particularly from Adam Boon who found a new obedience to any request given to him....

After a freezing night Southampton staggered over to the course



and showed true promise. Everything was protested, K1 events were dominated, Doug's 'virginity' became international news, Sam broke his paddles in the old skool heat and the rodeo rabbit was dump tackled. Hopes were high when everyone came back to the campsite. After a spontaneous Edinburgh University yoga class and Thom amazing drunken SUCCers with his glowing multicoloured balls, things went downhill.

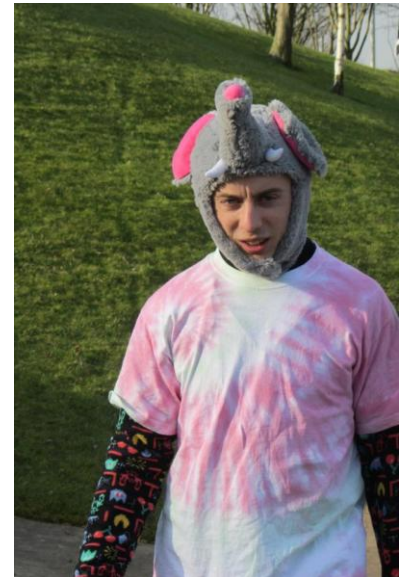
Sam's energy was spent after 15 minutes ranting at Ali for being a fun sponge, Somerset Dave's epic video was interrupted just so some nobody could win a trip to Uganda, and yet more judgment clouding liquid was consumed well into the night.

Sunday saw Somerset Dave squirt very very hard, and then lose to a female squirter. Dennis won an outstanding Intermediate final, with Hugh and Eric gangnam styling their way through the duo final. Whisky was consumed instead of Coke to prevent trentitis and this years 'wanky freshers' were quietly established after high levels of napping and non paddling.



With Southampton coming a very strong second, and with many individual prizes won, Nottingham just beat us to the first place spot. Southampton won an incredibly useful touring Kayak: funny how the raptor went to the Uni who gathered the prizes yet came 4<sup>th</sup>

Many thanks to all involved, I can't wait for next years Heroes and Villains.....





By Doug Clifton



# SUCC Cross Dressing...



It has to be seen to be believed...







# RBS

*The Royal Bank of SUCCland*

**Largest Debt**

Rob McWhirter

£850



Alastair Barnett  
& Luke Calderon

Scotland 2012

**Longest Debt**

**Best Excuse**

Nat Baker— “I’ve already  
paid my debts back  
metaphorically”



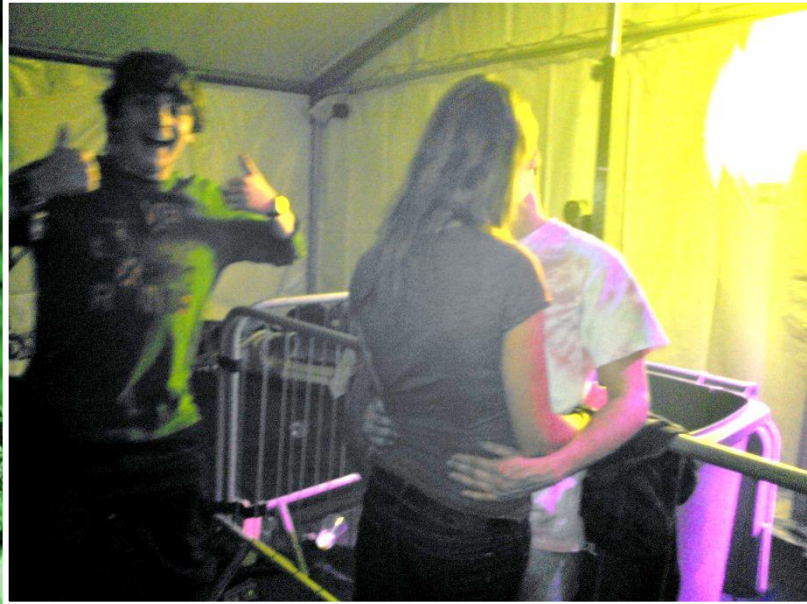
“The club is going to have  
a shiny new nomad if you  
don’t pay soon Rob”

**Best Debt Collecting Tactic**



I was going to do a ‘Debt  
Free All Year’ category, but I  
couldn’t think of anyone....



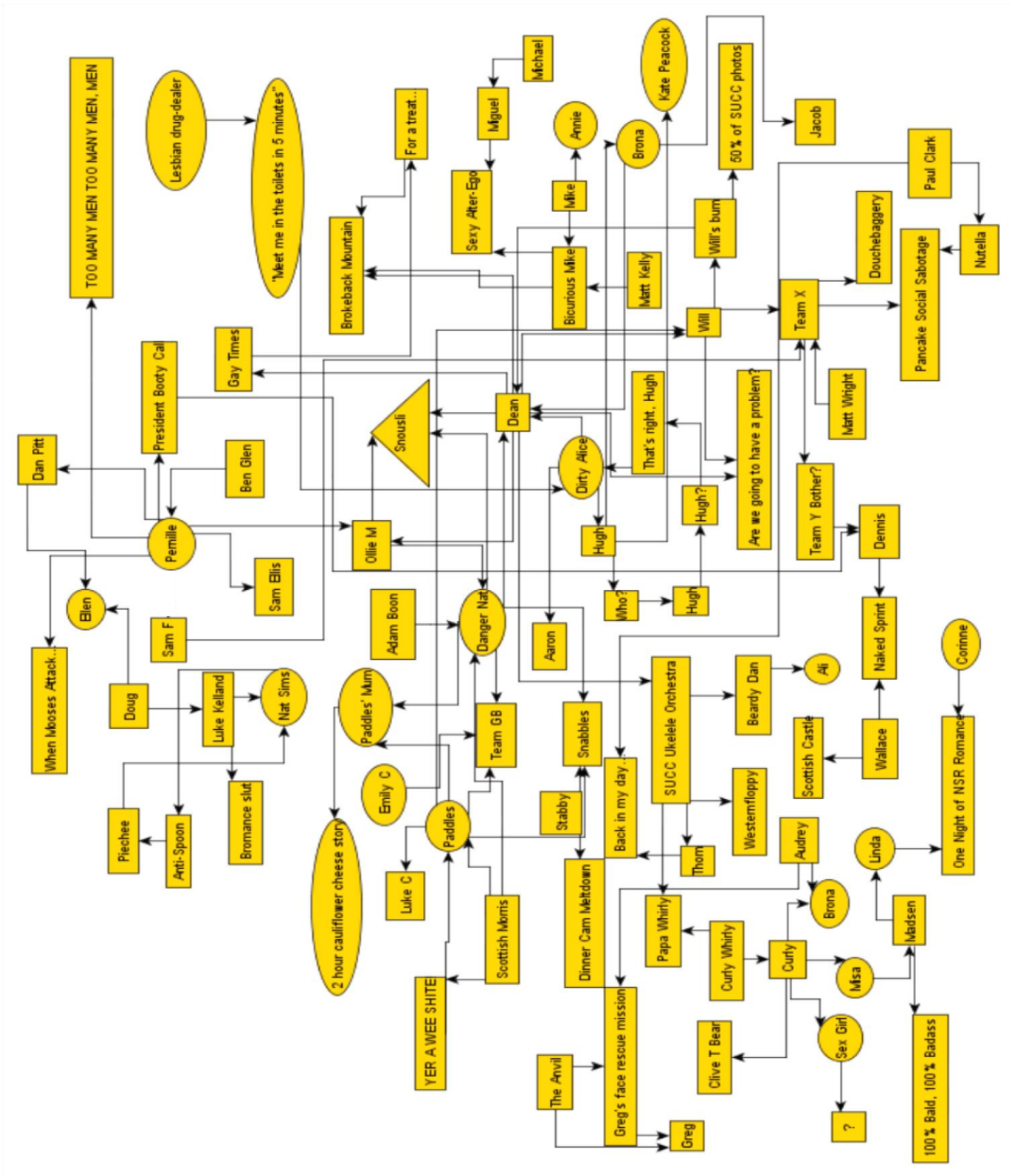


## Sharking 2013

Oh SUCC. When it comes to sharking, you have no shame. 2013 has seen scandalous love triangles, a rampant moose and treasurers on heat. And it's only April...



# Sharking Chart





# Southampton University Ski Hill walkers Alcoholics Canoe Club: Scotland 2013



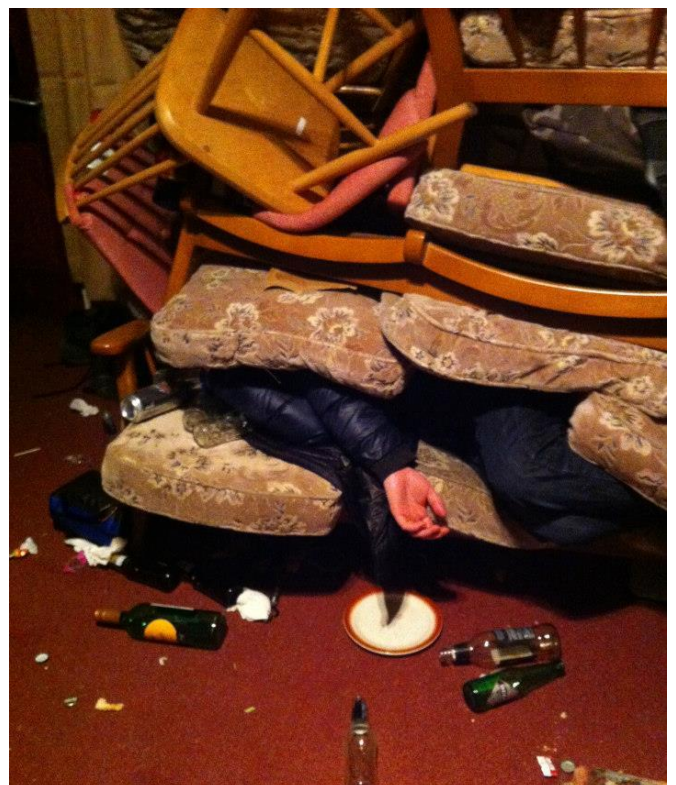
Welcome to Scotland, the land of endlessly flowing creeks, big volume, steep drops and decent excuses to paddle large, plastic potatoes, down challenging white water.

Hold on a second, it's been one of the wettest winters on record in Britain. Yes, that's right, we somehow managed to pick the one time, and the one place, where it hadn't rained in months. Hello rocks.

But being SUCCers, that's hardly going to stop us.

Welcome to Scotland, the land of endlessly flowing beer, good whisky, quality port, and decent excuses to give your bum cheeks an outing.

We kicked off the week with a two hour seal launch down the middle Spean, with the occasional break to take the boats for a walk. After a minute amount of drizzle, Sunday became the classic Etive day. Despite the cold and low water, it made for great fun: styling Triple Step (congratulations Michael Green), taking classic photos on Right Angle, and getting the Cracks of Dawn and Doom adequately confused.







Next stop: Spean Gorge. This made for a good clean run, with enough depth in places for a whole paddle blade. Congratulations to Fresher George for his perfect demonstration of how to avoid the syphon on headbanger, then swim in the hole at the bottom.

Terrible water levels led to drastic action, and SUCC parted ways. Some headed for the slopes, with strange long shoes that slide on our precious river water when it's

frozen. Others headed for a second rockbash down the Spean Gorge, with swim No. 2 being taken by Sam Faithfull, as the rest of the party made in-boat portage over Constriction.

The final river undertaken was the Leven, made by a small, hardcore group of Team Douche, and Luke Calderon.

No SUCC trip would be complete without alcohol. The evenings were a realm where Bouzby ruled supreme, and nudity became the norm. The Snollie love triangle gripped its audience, and Stabberoo commenced with great precision.

A hearty congratulations to the nearby pub for not kicking us out on a particularly rowdy birthday for Nat and Thom. Morris, if you're reading this, Paddles says thanks for the shots! Bartender, if you're reading this, Nat says thanks for the toilet wake-ups!

My personal paddling congratulations go to Dean & Ollie, for superb paddling, and improvement over the year. As for drinking congratulations, I



YER A WEE  
SHITE!

think that probably goes to the bath, and I'll leave that one there.

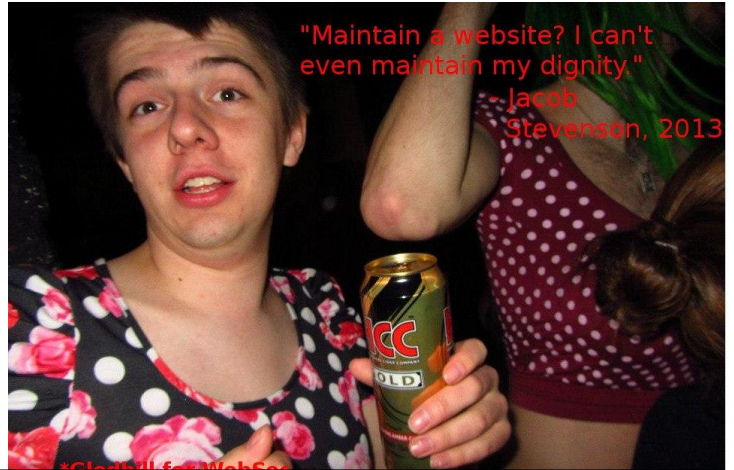
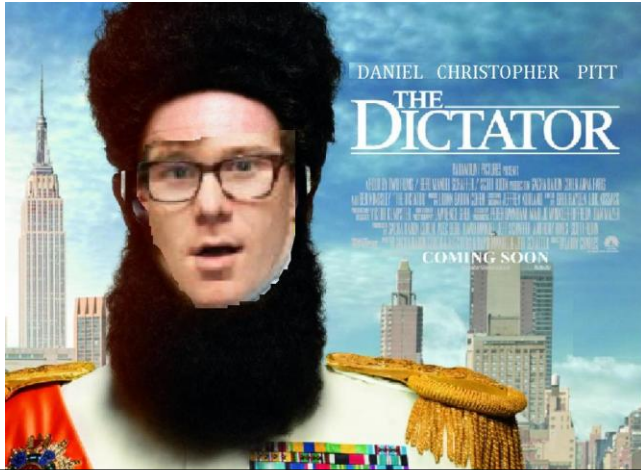
By Bi-curious Mike



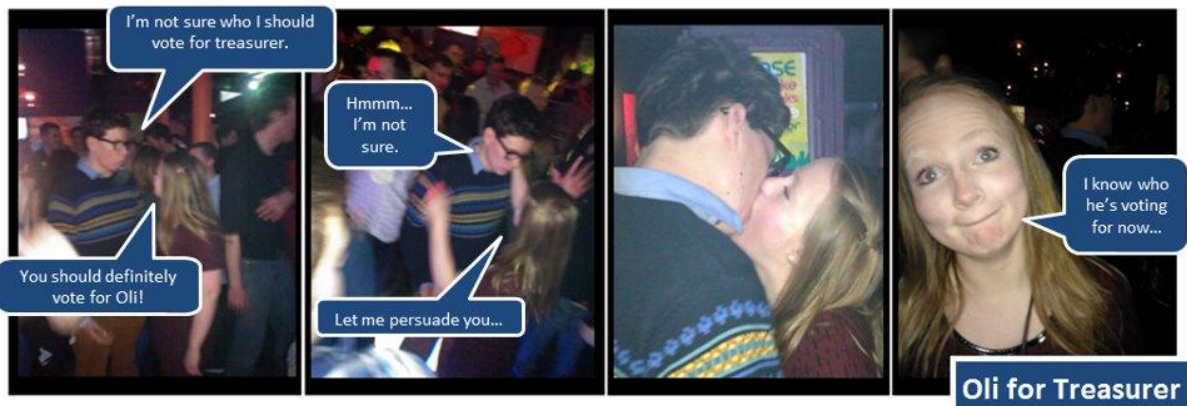
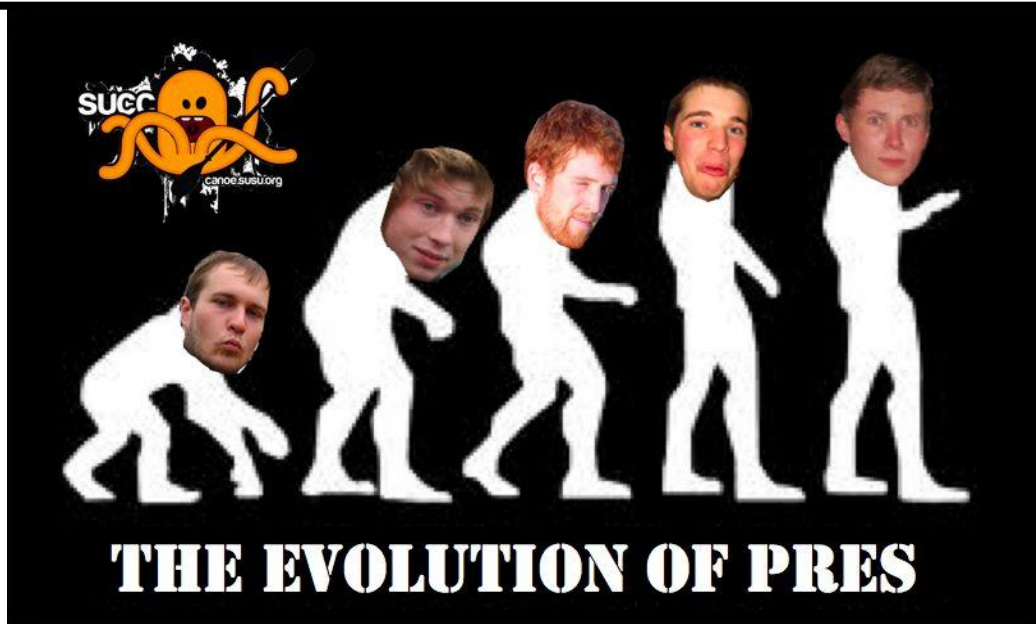
Vote

**Matt Kelly** for VP

*And I'll change all club minibus bookings for volvo estates!*



**CAMPAIGNS:** SUCCers were slandered left right and centre...



## AGM

**Thom Guy:** "Shambolic"

**Wallace:** "It was messy and shit got real"

**Dennis Martin:** "A biscuit based circus"

**Will Innes:** "Uncontrollable food carnage"

**Harry Davis:** "Fucking shambles"

**Paul Clark:** "Vote Matt Kelly"

**Matt Wright:** "Sober and completely in line with regulations"

**Stabby:** "Regrettable..."



Luke sums up this year's AGM

This year's AGM was a new, cake-y low for the club. With the promise of various baked goods to steal those last precious votes, SUCCers filled the Maths lecture theatre ready to be entertained. Unfortunately for everyone involved, these culinary delights soon became projectiles for the rowdy audience. Not only did the candidates have to deal with an exceptionally drunk and loud set of olds (Stabbles being the worst offenders), they had to survive the onslaught of flying food. This night should really be wiped from SUCC history, but here are some of the few highlights and the numerous low-lights of the evening:

Wallace and Mike Roberts took to the stage first, with Wallace donning a smashing William Wallace costume. Their task was to re-enact the infamous tea towel story by stripping down and doing a lap of the theatre. Showing all of his Scottish courage, Wallace was the first to strip and do a lap. Mike was left with what can only be described as a flannel, and kept his dignity. After a close vote, Wallace was voted in as the new SUCC president for next year.

Next we had the VP election. Ollie, Dan Pitt and Matt Kelly all did the obligatory 'who can get the most writing on their bodies in 1 minute' challenge. Despite some strong vocal support for Matt Kelly, Ollie took victory. Treasurer came next (cue 'Who can get the most money off people challenge'), with Oli beating some tough opposition from Linda, Sam and Taylor. The secretary hopefuls, Nat Sims, Ali, Brona and Annie, then took the stage. After they each gave Den Den a rather awkward set of lap dances, Annie was voted in as the new secretary. Mike Roberts then walked into the role of training sec, being both the most qualified and the only person running.

Safety Sec came next; with an underwear clad Stabby entered as a last minute contender to give Pete Spokes some competition. After performing a drama-free tea eating challenge, Pete walked into the role. Next came Kit sec, with Meg, Alex Riddell and Taylor all contesting for the role. With some £50 drysuit mockery, a cool catch and throw by Taylor whilst giving his speech (the highlight of the evening) and some rather regrettable insults coming from the Stabbles camp, the vote looked close. Even after a last minute declaration that Meg's dad fixes boats professionally (should have used that in your campaign!), Taylor managed to steal it and became the new Kit sec.



The social secs were next, and with Annie already getting secretary the only team running were the three drunken mice – Pernille, Alex and Becky. Dressed as the powerpuff girls, a train wreck of a song was salvaged by a few of the current committee getting up and dancing with the awkward threesome. They were then told to go outside and left there for the remainder of the AGM, causing Pernille to scream “I WANT MY GLORY” at anyone that would listen.



Finally, web sec was voted in. After a close race and a revote between Jacob and Pete, Jacob was victorious.

From then on the night becomes a bit of a blur. After a big clean up and leaving some messages on the board for Tristi's 9am lecture, SUCC went on a pub crawl through Portswood and ending in Jesters. Events of the night include – some pretty outrageous sharking by a Miss Fladsrud, many shapes being pulled on the dancefloor and a visit to the hospital only to turn back up at Jesters an hour later. All in all, next year's AGM can only get better, and perhaps a 'no food rule' should be introduced.



Some friendly messages were left ready for Tristy's 9am lecture the next day...

## Meet the new committee!

Name: **Wallace Cucumberson**

Position: **President**

Likes: **Massages and Thailand**

Thoughts on being on the new committee:

**'Pretty sweet, I get a t-shirt'**

Sum up Dennis: **'Paul Clark on weed, Eric on speed'**



Name: **Ollie Martin**

Position: **Vice President**

Likes: **Long walks in the rain with Dousby**

Thoughts on being on the new committee:

**'If you look after the freshers they'll look after you'**

Sum up Will: **'He was never there'**

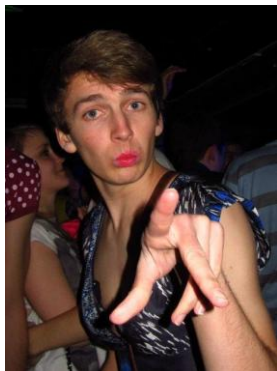
Name: **Annie Harley**

Position: **Secretary**

Likes: **Tea and surfing**

Thoughts on being on the new committee: **'It's going to be AMAZING!'**

Sum up Pernille: **'She just reminds me of an excitable corgi 90% of the time. Until she gets drunk...then I'm not quite sure'**



Name: **Oli Bragg**

Position: **Treasurer**

Likes: **Jacob**

Thoughts on being on the new committee:

**'I've got my work cut out for me with all this debt!'**

Sum up Hugh: **'Aggressive sharker'**

Name: **Mike Roberts**

Position: **Training Sec**

Likes: **Kayaking, a lot.**

Thoughts on being on the new committee:

**'Work, work and more work'**





Name: **Taylor Day**

Position: **Kit Sec**

Likes: **Team Panda**

Thoughts on being on the new committee:

**'I'm going to have to work hard to live up to the infamous face palm'**

Sum up Tristan:

**'Good, well meaning, suffers from other people being weaker than him'**

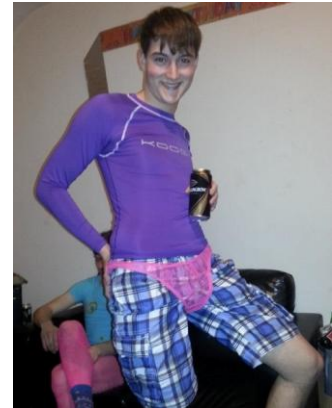
Name: **Pete Spokes**

Position: **Safety Sec**

Likes: **Dinosaurs and urine**

Thoughts on being on the new committee: **'It's fantabahooby'**

Sum up Stabby: **'Curly haired safety nazi'**



Name: **Jacob Stephenson**

Position: **Web Sec**

Likes: **Oli**

Thoughts on being on the new committee:

**'I'm in it for the women'**

Sum up Dean: **'Small but beautiful'**

Name: **Pernille Fladsrud, Becky Harris, Alex Jacobs**

Positions: **Social Secs**

Like: **Sharking**

Thoughts on being on the new committee:

**'Been there, done that!'**

Sum up Nat and Doug:

**'Two of the seven dwarfs, we'll let you work out which ones'**





# An interview with our next great leader: Wallace Cuthbertson III

**We take an intimate look behind the hardened exterior of SUCC's future president: his hopes for the club, his thoughts on the next committee, and why he'd like to take Simon Protheroe to a desert island...**

**Q. Congratulations Wallace, you're SUCC's next president! What made you want the role?**

The t-shirt. It brings you power and hot girls. I'll resign once I have it.

**Q. Which past SUCC president do you most aspire to be?**

Facially, Thom Guy. He's got a lovely beard. I also admire Dennis' kind hearted nature and tea towel body.

**Q. What have you learnt from Dennis about being President?**

Being president gets you girls. Dennis always looks good, with those smart trousers and t-shirt. I mean, does he wash that t-shirt? Does he have more than one? This is one of the mysteries I want to unravel during my time as pres.

**Q. What are your thoughts on the past committee?**

Who the fuck is Will Innes?

**Q. What new skills can you bring to the club?**

I can bring the skills from my extensive career in logistics on a fish farm. I mean a fish farm and SUCC is practically the same thing: they both involve water.

**Q. How will you deal with grumpy olds and wanky freshers?**

Thom Guy's leaving; I won't have to deal with him. I really feel he brings the name 'grumpy' to the olds. And if the freshers want to get wanky, they can play soggy biscuit.

**Q. If you were stranded on a desert island with one SUCCer, who would you want it to be?**

Simon Protheroe because he looks like Ray Mears. When we were walking down the beach at Rhossilli he was explaining plant types and that sort of thing. He has the survival skills, he'd make it comfy.

**Q. So you've chosen a man who managed to burn down his own tent for his survival skills?**

He looks like Ray Mears. Give him bamboo, he'll make me a hut.

**Q. One more question: as president, will you value the advice of Andrew Sylvester?**

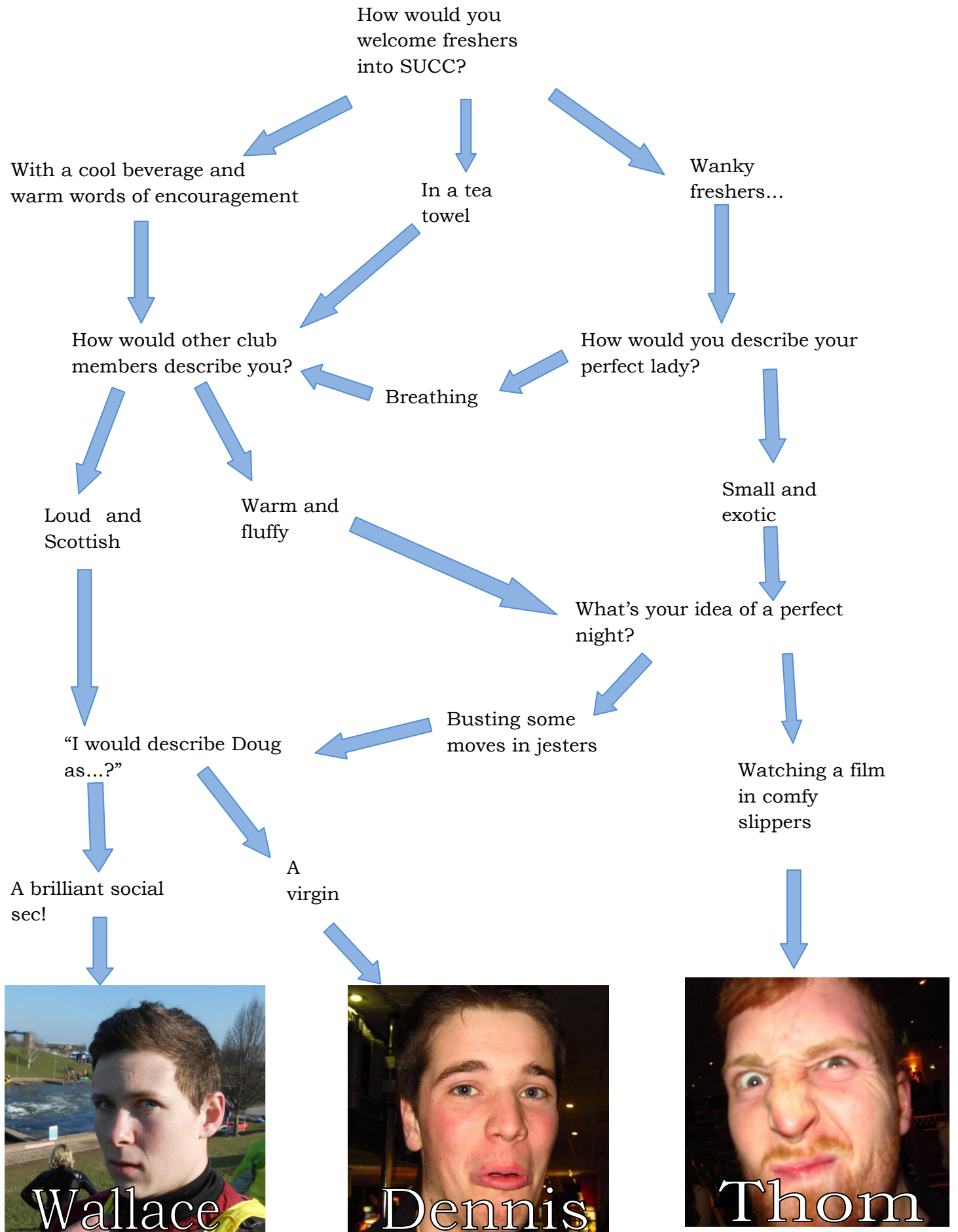
(Long silence)

Do fat kids like chocolate?



By Danger Nat

# What's Your Presidential Style?





**You robbed us of £30, threw us on the wier and broke our noses. You made us pack the van in the rain, called us hurtful names and sharked us harder than horny Dan on whisky. You convinced us to spend our life savings on kit, and then you tricked us onto the committee. We were used and abused. But for some reason, we'll miss you all...**



KATIE 'you fuckin' what?!' LOCKE



STABBY 'safe, but not nomination safe' JOE



MATT 'go home' WRIGHT



MICHAEL 'give me da money' GREEN

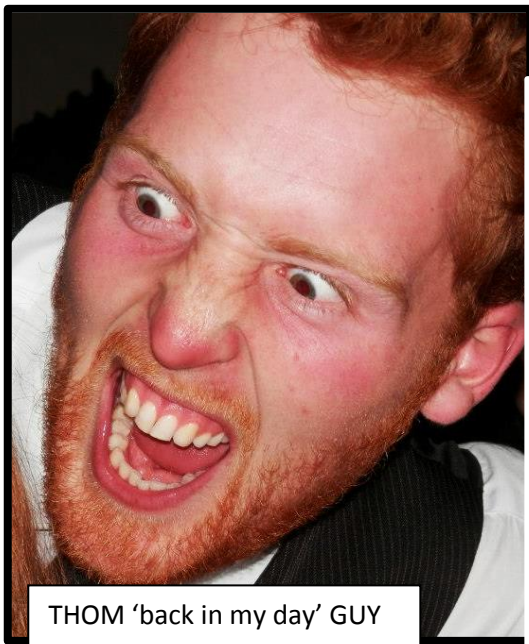


GREG 'anvil basher' PAYNE

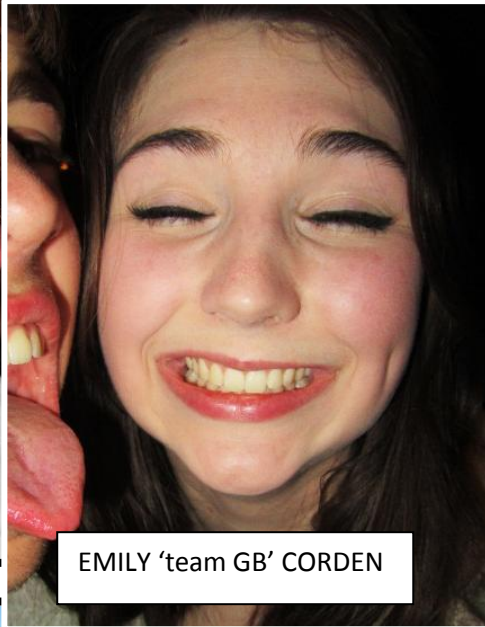


ALEX '100% bald 100% badass' MADSEN





THOM 'back in my day' GUY



EMILY 'team GB' CORDEN



DEAN '49%' OUSBY



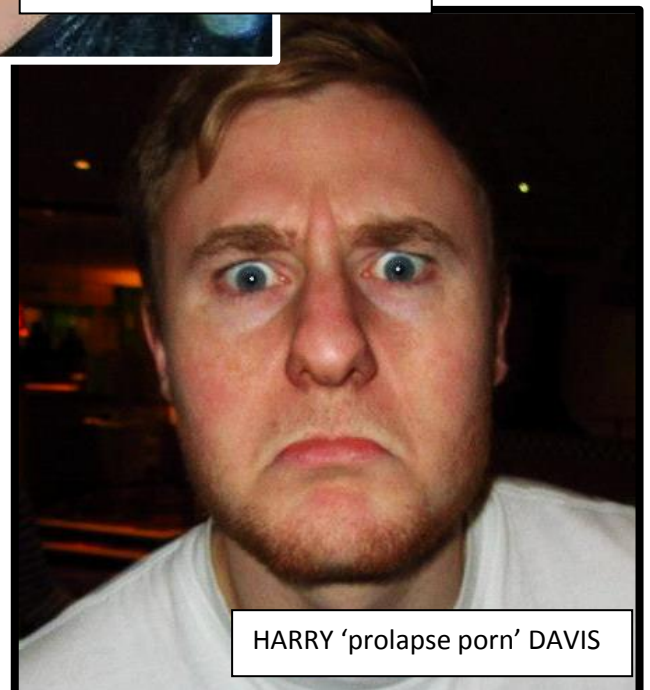
MISA 'salsa goddess' GRO



LUKE 'bromance slut' KELLAND



Who the fuck is PAUL CLARK?



HARRY 'prolapse porn' DAVIS