

Mouthfuls



Summer 2018




Introduction

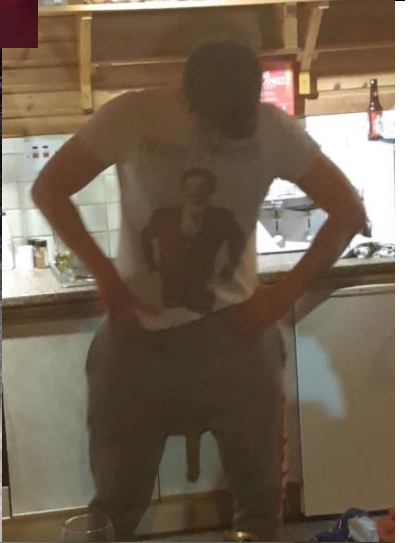
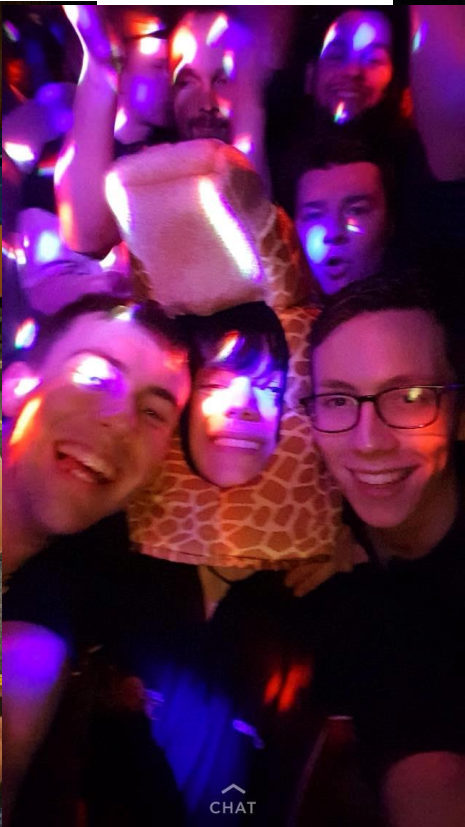
I would like to start by offering you all a very warm welcome to this years boat ball after another, as usual, very interesting year for SUCC. A huge 'Thank You' to Thom Guy is in order for organising said event and I hope the evening goes well for all. I would also like to add a reminder that raffle tickets are available with some great prizes on offer this year, all funds raised go towards the club so they are definitely a worthy investment.

This year has been filled with ups and downs, from successfully wet dart trips to NSR being cancelled due to the snow, from the faff-free Lakes trip to the faff-ful experience of ordering merchandise, we've had it all. Varsity was the largest competition we took place in this year due to the unfortunate cancellation of NSR, however, a great effort was put in by all to retain the Varsity Cup. We've had an array of amazing socials, from classics like 'cross-dressing' and 'the three-legged' to new and exciting like 'take me out' and 'shit shop'.

It's been a difficult year for the club; with societies across the board suffering both reduced freshers intake and funding, however, despite this, the club has continued to attract new members throughout the year as well as purchasing several new boats. All of committee have put in notable amounts of effort for which they are worthy of everyone's thanks.

I will finish by offering good luck to next years committee before letting you all enjoy the rest of mouthfuls, which will share even more details on the great year we've had!





Christmas Dart

When Jackie asked me to write this, the first thing I did was ask Jackie what happened, because this was in December and I have a poor memory, so apologies about everything I've forgotten...

Friday night saw a minor fuck up from the committee, where they were unable to get the van before the hire place closed. Cue Josh, Al and Tom packing the van in record time early on Saturday morning before turning up at the get on for the Dart on Saturday morning. These poor sods unfortunately missed Bibby's brilliant hair cut courtesy of Ollie. Who both also had a great time the next day in the Upper, Bibby getting concussed and Ollie ripping a drysuit and losing a shoe. The van faff also forced Tom to paddle like a fresher, when his kit got left on the hut... Sorry Tom!

Saturday night saw the appearance of banter Claus with everyone getting a gift and a turn on Santa's lap, I got some brilliant hair curlers. I also have to mention the Christmas dinner which was described by Jackie as "my fucking good Christmas meal!". I have to mention one present in particular, which involved eggs, and I still have no idea how it was supposed to be played but a lot of egg ended up on the floor, my hair and my face, which was brilliant.

Sunday brought loads of water and some big, bouncy wave trains which were great fun. The club finally managed to get 6 people through wwsr, even if the "Mighty President" Nick did have to spend some quality time in an emergency shelter. Josh also managed to take with him the minibus keys to the dart carpark, luckily realising and driving back again... Mega faff was luckily averted.

After all the paddling on Sunday, and inevitable faff that is packing the van, we headed off home, back to Southampton after a sick weekend.

By Mat Lamont



North Wales

Apologies for a bit of a short report for this one. I literally found out I had to do this one yesterday morning after 'someone' (cough Rory cough) ignored messages to write this up...

On the first weekend of the Christmas holidays, we went up to north Wales for a weekend of kayaking carnage, which started before we even got to the scout hut! After a slightly interesting parallel park, we made it into the scout hut and got really jealous of Brian's brand new Veloc. Rowland soon decided to go to sleep, so we obviously tried to pile as much stuff on him as we possibly could before he woke up. ("sleeping" was thanks to Rory's offerings, Rowland and Nick loved it...)

The following morning, much to everyone's relief, there was no porridge and tonnes of bacon. We then paddled the Conwy in the morning relatively successfully. On Sunday, we did a couple of runs of the Dee, and it was all going really well. Then we got to town falls and it all went wrong. A couple of swims in quick succession, along with a local deciding to run (and get stuck in) the weir, resulted in me nearly getting hypothermia and Nick getting the piss taken out of him. All in all, a great bit of carnage!

Thank you to all the olds who had to sort it out.



Rory-Tan-line Sam



January Dart!!!

As the third Dart trip this year I expected a smooth running faff-free trip, needless to say my expectations fell very short.

Thinking back, I probably should have realised that things weren't to run smoothly when a week before the dart trip Tom Knowles dramatically realised that he was firstly running the trip with Rowland and secondly he couldn't rely on Jackie's organisation. Arriving at the boat yard for 5pm, we were greeted by the joyous task of packing, and repacking, and repacking again the van (mostly because no one was organised enough to think that the WWSR boats would need to be easily accessible). We were then greeted by the news that unfortunately games of hot-bus, cold-bus and general bus-sy banter would have to wait to the next SUCC trip because the club was unable to get both a mini bus and van driver insured. After more faffing, we were piled into Old's cars and set off for the hut. I'd like to take a moment to thank all the drivers, especially Pompy Anna who accompanied by her fur-lined crocs drove with a torn ligament in her foot.

After arriving to the hut in dribs and drabs, we settled down for what turned out to be a memorable evening. I probably should mention that the Friday was national Australian Day, so our resident Aussie came bearing all the things to celebrate the life down under - merchandise, milo and vegemite. We, on the other hand, came bearing everything to celebrate the special relationship that the Brits have with the Aussie's - an orange jumpsuit.

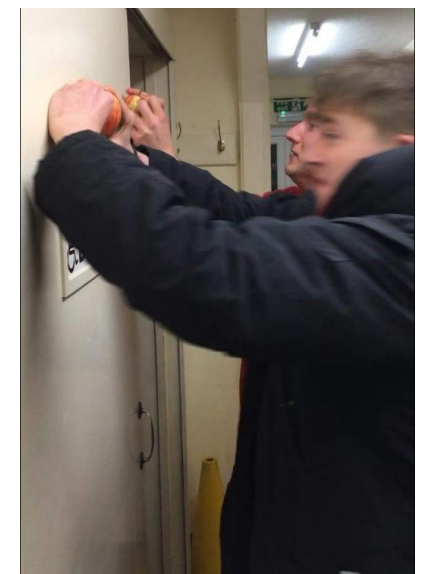
What with having no mini bus, getting on to the dart on Saturday morning was surprisingly quick. Running the dart loop the first day was, as always, extremely awesome. Not only did I get to demo the clubs new Little Joe, I managed to nail some of the Dart features, and enjoy Will Sparrows Legs shrink in size after somewhat jamming them into a playboat. Despite this, what was perhaps best about the first day was seeing how far I'd had come since my first river trip on November Dart, a notion which plays tribute to the club's training program.

After holding the club's nap-time within the country park's café whilst the olds ran the Upper, we eventually returned to the hut. After much arguing over a. what should be included in a Bolognese, b. what size each ingredient should be cut to and c. the order in which ingredients should be added (Rachel Lancaster becomes a slight bit uptight when cooking), we sat down to eat perhaps the best meal produced on a club trip (edit: This is a questionable opinion as we all now MY (Jacob's) Xmas meal was the best...)

At this point it is probably of note that my memory of the night ahead becomes slightly hazy. Amongst the haze what I remember is making some questionable fashion choices, successfully managing to not straddle anyone, and a large amount of time spent trying to make apple juice (R.I.P George's Noggin).

After a sleepless night what with a chorus of snores that echoed round the hut, I was particularly eager to get on the water on the Sunday. My experience on the dart on the Sunday differs slightly from the majority, after joining Ryan Jenkins and Jackie on a 3 to 1 training session. Whilst my experience of the dart loop normally involves a seal launch and a bridge jump, within the session we stayed on each feature for a prolonged period and homed in our skills of ferry gliding, catching eddies and taking our own lines. I was quite literally pushed to the limits of my kayaking abilities resulting in many swims and much river chocolate, some which was chucked to me by a passing canoeist. Needless to say, I took a lot out of the training, and would like to thank Nick Yates for organising the session and our trainer, also a Nick, for his teaching.

Overall it was once again a sick paddling experience and a massive thanks to Rowland and Tom K for running a great trip.



Overheards

“If you were throwing his Gran around the room I’d throw his Gran out the window too!” - Ben

“You’re wearing more make-up than I ever have”
- Cara to Rowland

“The morgue is my preferred hunting ground” - Jackie

“See, that’s why you lick bumholes” - Rory

“It’s a fire hazardddd”
- Scottish Hut Lady

“Feel how wide it is” - Ben

“More holes the better”
- Tom P

“You’re supposed to be adults!” - Moody Lifeguard

“Zoom zoom!” - Tom P

“You don’t have to be Australian to like anal” - Rory

“I use back massage as an elaborate form of foreplay”
- Tom P

“I said this when we were looking at that tentacle porn”
- Ben



LAKES TRIP

In early February, around twenty-five succers headed up to the lake district for one of the least faffy trips this year. After some banging tunes on the way up, and a heated debate about the words 'doggo' and 'pupper', we arrived at our hut for the weekend and an evening of getting boozy around the fire followed.



The following day, we left early for a couple of runs of the Leven. The first one passed largely without incident, with some amazing photography from Gem and Rachel on Backbarrow bridge. Second time around, they were joined by Ben and cheese quickly started raining down on us. Fortunately, I picked the right time to get stuck under the bridge so it all missed me! Continuing down the river, we all joined together as a supergroup for S bend, with hilarious carnage ensuing. Unfortunately, I was upside down so missed it all!



Back to the hut, and dinner was accompanied by the debut performance of the SUCC percussion band. Sorry to the people who were trying to have a nap! An amazing dinner of bangers and mash followed, and then the drinking games started. J cup quickly turned into seeing how drunk we could get Nat- it turns out the answer was very. For some reason we decided to do the macarena at three in the morning, stuffed our faces with cheese and go to sleep.



On Sunday morning we decided to run the Kent, and after an unusually quick clean up we discovered that someone had decided to vandalise Gem's car (spot the guilty look on Nat's face). Twenty minutes, four replaced hub caps and one very apologetic Nat later, we arrived at the Kent and got on the river. Force falls was ridiculously good fun and gave Matt the perfect opportunity to show everyone how to go

down a rapid in style. Jackie managed to get hold of a go pro and to be honest the photos speak for themselves!

Thanks Ben and Tom for organising, everyone who led and backed and anyone else who helped run a great trip.



NSR



Sad times... everyone was looking forward to paddling in freezing water and camping on snow, shame... Till next year!!

AGM 2018

So, the most important day in the SUCC calendar, the AGM, was just under 2 months ago. Why don't we have a look at what occurred, both for those not present, and those that were too shit-faced to remember!

The evening started with a welcome from our illustrious ex-president, Nick, which was largely lost to the excitement of Dan and Rachel's costume, held together with string, boob tape, and the collective will of all present. Other notable mentions include Jake Southern's superb adaptation of the classic Jackie costume, Sam's detailed giraffe outfit, and Mat's (minimal yet masterful) Jon Snow costume.

After a quick reminder of the evening's plan (speeches, challenges, and voting) we were on to the candidates, Jacob Weiss ran against Clive T. Bear for the role of President, drinking a historical alcoholic medley based on the preferred beverage of all his predecessors. Although it wasn't consumed in the required 8 seconds, the members present decided he was a superb choice, and duly elected him.

Next came Jake Southern and Will Sparrow, fighting (literally, with a sock wrestle) for Vice President. SUCC faff determined that the drinks they had concocted for each other were drunk by themselves. resulting in my sucking on a boozy tampon... an interesting experience to say the least. Jake was rightfully elected, and we moved on to Treasurer.

Sam Tweedle vs Harriet Ridler in the advanced begging competition, relieving several Olds of most of their money, adding it to club funds. And, in the spirit of his campaign video, Sam dutifully spat some bars, which, in my honest opinion, won him the position.

Since Jake had already been elected VP, the two people left running for Secretary were Cara Kelly-Watkins, and Harrie. A sublime game of wet worm fishing (feat. flour) led to Cara being elected. And Harrie moved on to running for Safety Sec.

One impromptu safety talk later, with brilliant improvisation from Tom Pottinger, featuring the classic acronym to deal with a swimmer on a river: Shout insults, Walk away, Inform family, Move on, (SWIM). Harrie received the most votes and was elected to oversee our safety next year, God help us...

Mathew Lamont running for Kit Sec was a test of his vessel building abilities, using a variety of items including an ornamental rabbit, a straw, and a whole lot of duct tape, he was instructed to build a watertight contraption, which he subsequently used to down his drink. Obviously excessive amounts of boozing is a SUCC staple, and he was elected with minimum faff.

Faff brings me on to Training Sec, Oli Dalziel was, in true SUCC style, late to the AGM, although after successfully teaching Fred to high brace using nothing but a wine bottle, it was clear he was the man for the job.

Social Sec is always an interesting challenge, and this year was no exception, with a 'Lethal Cocktail of Death' nearly finishing off Rachel 'Threeway' Lancaster, and to no-one's surprise, Dan 'Onion' Plewman decided that a Spraydeck Challenge really was the only way to finish off his segment.

Web Sec was responsible for most of the mess at the end of the night, with the 'No Knife Challenge' reducing Will Sparrow and Ellenor Search to stabbing at turnips and carrots with a spoon, a pen, and eventually just biting them into pieces, filling the whole of committee with confidence about next year's trip food...



A mandatory trip to Jesters rounded off the evening, well done to all involved, SUCC Love!

For those not wanting to trawl through my writing, here is the full list of committee next year:

President - Jacob Weiss
Vice-President - Jake Southern Treasurer - Sam Tweedle
Secretary - Cara KW
Safety Sec - Harriet Ridler Kit Sec - Mathew Lamont
Training Sec - Oliver Dalziel
Social Sec - Rachel Lancaster, and Dan Plewman
Web Sec - Will Sparrow



INTRODUCINGGGGGGGGGGG...NEW COMMITTEE 2018/19



President: Jacob (aka Jackie)

Likes: That time when I wasn't on committee...

Thoughts on new committee: It is what it is... but this will be the best committee yet – watch this space!

Thoughts on old committee: We got the job done, and that's what counts right? Had a pretty hot Vice-President too!

Biggest Kayaking achievement: Paddling in gnarly Scotland, not getting posted on letterbox and surviving the Pattack carnage!

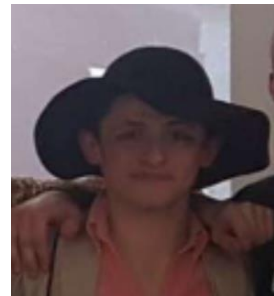
Vice-President: Jake

Likes: Ice cream, faff-free kayaking

Thoughts on new committee: Strong and stable

Thoughts on old committee: At least they tried

Biggest Kayaking achievement: No swims (to date...)



Treasurer: Sam

Likes: Jesticles, Tan lines and Dagger Axioms

Thoughts on new committee: We all survived, so I guess they did a great job

Thoughts on old committee: We're like Schrödinger's cat. We could be amazing, or we could be shit. Either way it'll be hilarious

Biggest Kayaking achievement: Somehow getting down the Kent without capsizing

Secretary: Cara

Likes: FOOOOOOOOD (preferably vegan)

Teddy bears and children's TV shows

More vodka than I can handle

Thoughts on new committee: I think it's great, although I'm not too keen on the new kit sec

Thoughts on old committee: ~_(\ツ)_/~

Biggest Kayaking achievement: I have yet to get itchenitus



Social Sec: Dan

Likes: Being the submissive, doing my masters bidding, proper kayaking (AKA flatwater racing)

Thoughts on new committee: Who even is Ollie Dalziel?

Thoughts on old committee: Who even is Hannah Veitch?

Biggest Kayaking achievement: Devizes to Westminster Race, twice.

Social Sec: Rachel

Likes: being dominant, the number 3, blacking out and regretting everything and horses, (especially their hooves)

Thoughts on new committee: They'll be whipped into shape

Thoughts on old committee: Never found it hard to get on with them

Biggest Kayaking achievement: Winning the varsity beginners freestyle doing some sick whitewater rolling



Training Sec: Oliver

Likes: Ben Candin's sister, doing as little as possible. Not attending.

Thoughts on new committee: They're alright I guess, apart from Jake, he's very precious, be careful with him.

Thoughts on old committee: I aspire for my hairline to be as good as nicks by the end of uni. Who on Earth is Tom Knowles?

Biggest Kayaking achievement: Surf kayaking in a very cheap inflatable, breaking the boat and getting mild concussion

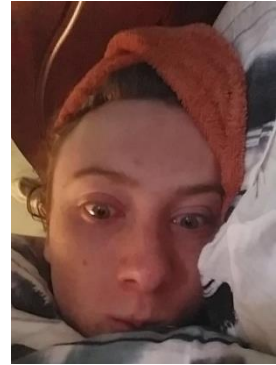
Kit sec: Mat

Likes: Surf kayaking, Whisky and more Surf kayaking

Thoughts on new committee: probably still lots of faff

Thoughts on old committee: Faffffffff

Biggest Kayaking achievement: 1st Irish men's open, 3rd open men's Santa Cruz paddlefest



Safety Sec: Harriet

Likes: Straddling people when drunk, Jäger bombs, Possessed elephants

Thoughts on new committee: Too many of them are Rachel Lancaster's bitches

Thoughts on old committee: Too many of them are Rachel Lancaster's bitches

Biggest Kayaking achievement: Finally learning how to roll (Still working on actually rolling in a river though)

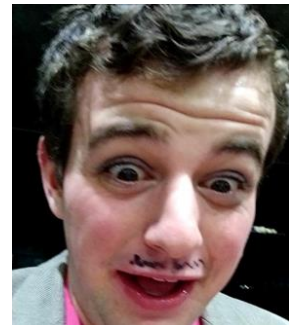
Web Sec: Will

Likes: Knives

Thoughts on new committee: Rising stars

Thoughts on old committee: Faff

Biggest Kayaking achievement: Still working on that...





Varsity 2018

I think it is fair to say that Southampton destroyed Portsmouth at this year's varsity.

The day got off to a rather precarious start as many of our freshers this year are at an intermediate or world class standard as opposed to beginners, so we had to be rather creative with the beginner label. Sam, Charlie, Rachel and I were entered as the beginners for both heats, with Sam making it into and winning the final beginners race. The intermediate race was entered by Chris, Will, Mat, Ollie and Nat making a valiant effort going solo in a duo. Chris, Mat and Will all made it through to the final where Mat claimed 1st, Chris 2nd and Will 4th while sabotaging the pompey. Duo races followed and once again Southampton saw success with Rachel and Sam winning the beginner duo, and Mat and Chris winning the intermediate with a smooth roll included.

The racers were fuelled on by rather charred but hopefully not undercooked sausages and burgers, best served with Ian's special sauce. Once full everyone headed over to the weir where we once again dominated with an array of paddle spins, air guitars, Gandalf's and some rather impressive cartwheels, pop outs and other fancy ass moves. Mat won the expert and the squirt, Rachel won beginner and Brian won intermediate and King of the Weir, but special mentions must also go out to Nick and Will getting trapped with their duo!

After some wall jumping we paddled back to the boat hard for our prize giving ceremony featuring flea treatment, a drum set, dummies, water guns and a >ahem< cock ring. The day finished with the grand reveal, drumroll please....., we won varsity! SUCC once again claimed the varsity camel as our own and pompey returned home with their heads hung in shame. Congratulations to everyone who took part and we'd better be ready to thrash them again next year!



WHAT THE SUCC?! Jackie is the new president?? -An interview old to new...*

**Actually, it's an interview with myself, Nick has been 'too busy'*

Q: Why did you want to be President?

A: (very long pause) Vey good question, I'll come back to you on that one... Oh, maybe the power, who doesn't want to boss around wanky freshers??

Q: What have you learnt from the former president (Nick)?

A: (An even longer pause) How to effectively delegate...? Oh and how well using the excuse "sorry can't help I'm with my girlfriend" works!

Q: Which SUCC president do you aspire to be like?

A: Fred. From what I've heard you didn't see much of him on committee, he was one of those from Solent and made his VP do all the work yet was still accepted into the SUCC family



Q: What do you think of last year's committee?

A: We did a pretty good job (minus some of the serious faff)! Who's George though?

Q: What do you think of the new committee?

A: Jake- he better fill the shoes that the previous VP left behind- and they're large!; Sam- Glad we have someone we can put up to rap battles when we challenge other clubs, he also does maths which probably helps with his role I guess; Cara: I hope she can stay committed to the

role and not distracted by the Kit sec...; Dan/Rachel: Please let there be no more dominatrix costumes, I don't want to be punished any more in this role!; Harriet: If Rowland did an alright job, she'll be fine!; Oliver: Can't be any flakier than the old training sec, surely?! Will: He's already done 200% more than the old websec, I expect this will be the first year in many that this role does something!; Mat: He's an ok paddler I guess, seems to be keen at the moment to fix up some of the boats (but that's what they all say), his Irish-cross accent will take a bit more time to understand fluently...

Q: What SUCC member would you take with you to survive on a desert island?

A: Ben Candlin! As a scout he should have some basic survival skills! Although on second thoughts not sure how long he'll last on an island when he can't eat either carbonara/pizza/Heinz beans/ Jaffa cakes...

Q: Lastly, how will you deal with the freshers and grumpy olds? I heard you got stressed when a certain old started throwing spaghetti on the ceiling...

A: I'm delegating any responsibility relating to these groups to my trusty VP...



The *CHRIS GREED* appreciation page!



As many you already know, soon we will be bidding farewell to our favourite convict Aussie boy, Chris Greed :’(

Chris has been a fantastic addition to our club, a good teacher, an excellent paddler, and an all-around mad cunt. We will *all* miss his *phenomenal* renditions of Chop Suey and his extensive karaoke performance on the Twyi & Wye which tugged on our heartstrings. I will always covet the memory of his enthusiastic screaming.

He also introduced us to some important parts of Aussie culture, like Tam Tams (which were “totally not Penguins”) and Milo, which was ok. At least he didn’t force us to consume Vegemite, because fuck Vegemite.

Chris has been so involved in our all areas of our club, and will be sorely missed by all, hell I’ll even miss the cunt <3

We hope you come back soon, you will always be welcome in this club as The Foreign Sec.

Lots of SUCC love and best wishes,
Tom P and everyone else xoxoxoxo



My SUCCmester(s) Exchange

For those who haven't met me, I'm Chris and I've been in Southampton on exchange from Australia since last August. I'm from Perth and study at UWA (University of Western Australia) currently in my 3rd year of a BSc majoring in pharmacology and music (weird, I know). I come from what is the perfect definition of a kayaking family. My younger identical twin brothers and I started as young as we could with Dad being our first (and my only) coach who has been racing for over 40 years. My mum doesn't paddle anymore but is still heavily involved with racing and fundraising and is always reminding us that we need to sell boats before buying more (last count we had 22). Being from England, they both know everywhere SUCC has gone, especially as my dad lost his ring at Lake Windermere. And almost drowned at HPP. In the same week. On their honeymoon.



I began kayaking 13 years ago and have since been the junior downriver and marathon state champion twice, have won medals at the national level (silver K2 marathon, bronze K2 500m sprint), and am now one of the few West Aussie's to have experienced incredible whitewater outside of Perth. Every kayaker in Australia exclusively paddle sprint, marathon or slalom, but we are a multi-discipline family and

train for all these as well as wildwater racing (downriver/DR), creeking, surfing, and playboating on a regular basis. As there is no rain there is no whitewater scene in Australia, certainly not like the UK. Both of my brothers have been part of an elite sprint group for 4 years. Matthew represented Australia at the 2016 Olympic Hopes regatta in Hungary and Nicholas doing so later this year in Adelaide. I remember laughing at them five years ago when they said one day they'll be Olympians, oh how stupid I was then. So watch out for the name Greed at Paris 2024.



When I started uni here I'd read about the canoe club a few months prior, but I had no idea how life changing it would be. For the past year SUCC has been my family, and I know that my exchange couldn't have been this amazing without everybody in it. You have taken me all over the UK to some truly amazing places (and whitewater), taught me new skills I never knew existed, rekindled my love for floaty things with sticks, and most importantly, have become some of my greatest friends I never expected to find the other side of the world. And while I leave for

good on the 17th July, I will definitely be back soon! All thanks to SUCC, my dream of representing Australia in kayaking is once again back. I plan to make the national wildwater team while I finish my degree, and compete in the world champs in Spain (September 2019) after I graduate. And if this (surprisingly realistic) goal goes according to plan, then I can already say pack me a boat for 2019 November Dart!

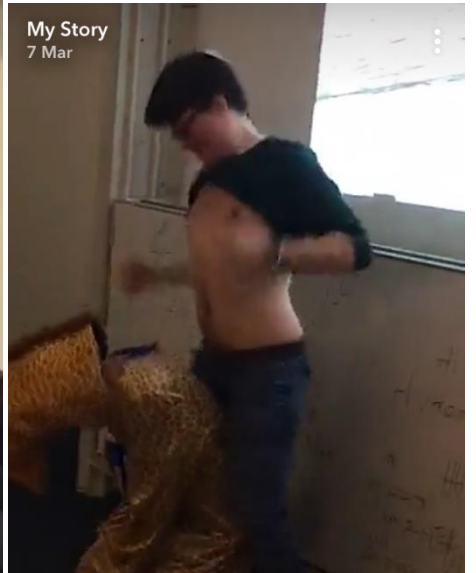
So again, thank you to all of you for making this the greatest experience of my life. I honestly don't know how I'll survive back home without you guys, oh wait it'll be whitewater season, never mind. Perth is an amazing city and if anyone ever comes Down Under know that you already have a place to crash, plenty of kayaks and equipment, an area the entire size of Europe to explore and a bloody good tour guide (well, my opinion).



I'll miss you all and will see you very soon,
The most SUCC love one is able to give, Chris xxx



**This way up if
Australian**



Shout out to... MAT LAMONT! Not only is he an ok white-water paddler, he does a reasonable job at surf kayaking too...

I recently had the pleasure of travelling to Santa Cruz California for the 32nd Annual Santa Cruz Paddlefest. What followed was some great times, people and waves.

The day after landing, I headed out to Steamer lane and had a brilliant time enjoying the waves and getting really close to a few sea lions and sea otters. Unfortunately, on the second day, I discovered that my long boat was broken by the airline on the way over. This caused me to have to pull out of this category, but I still had a great time in the short boat.

The competition was very tough, with every heat counting. On the Friday I came away with 2nd place and the Saturday I won my heat. This was enough to get me into the semifinals on Sunday morning. The semifinals were brilliant with loads of good waves coming through and I was stoked to come out on top and make it to the final. In the final, it wasn't quite as big or sunny, but I gave it my shot and came away in 3rd place.

I absolutely loved my time at the competition thanks to the brilliant sunshine, people, and waves, I couldn't have asked for much more. I was ecstatic to come away with 3rd place at such a tough event and will definitely be coming back. Nearly every time I got off the water I said how much I loved the wave, it is one of the most fun competitions I have been too.



Overheards

“Tractors are waterproof, aren’t they?” - Jackie

“Let me put my finger in it”
- Ben to Fred

“I quite like Jackie with
boobs” - Will

“Clingfilm and duct tape is a
valid method” - Will

“I’ll suck it dry first” - Grace

“You’re a hairy boy”
- Oli L to Beardy

“What are arseholes for if not
for fucking?” - Rachel L

“I like beef curtains” - Jackie

“Where’s the Lakes trip?
Wales?” - Rowland

“I can’t believe I’ve seen a
kookaburra in the UK”
- Chris

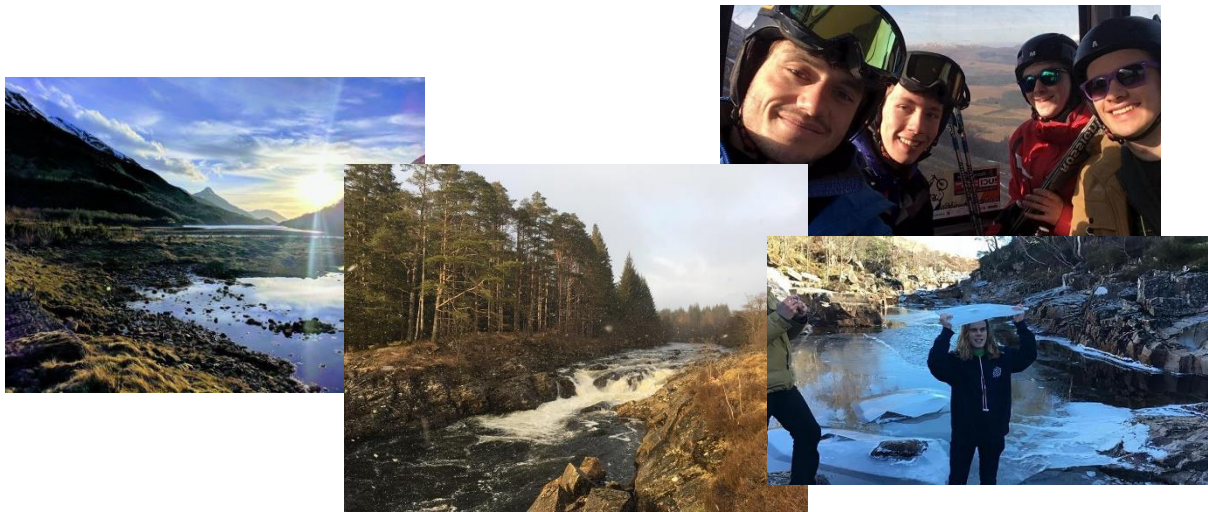
“That’s an owl...” - Jackie

“I think you’re right about the
bellend” - Tristan
“Yeah, the bellend is definitely
the way forward” - Pete

“Do you fancy lying on me?”
- Ben to Jackie

Scotland 2018 - Rocks, concussions, and sleep deprivation

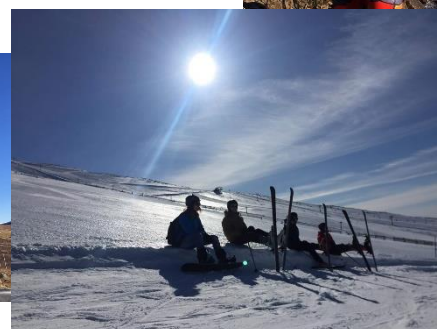
By Tomas Pottinger



This scenic trip started off with a very sketchy 12 hour jaunt up the M6 in light snow – so light in fact, that somewhere near Preston at 2:30 we had a *fun* encounter with a lorry that caused us to have zero visibility, which I'm sure was great fun for Josh. It could have been worse though, we could have had to spend time in Preston.

At around 8, we all woke up feeling “well rested” for breakfast and darted off for the first paddle of the week on the River Spean. Given that this area of Scotland hadn't been rained on in about 2 weeks, you can imagine that it was a cold scrape. It was still great fun, with fairy steps being a nice feature and not having to run headbanger, which looked like it might have fucked me over a little. After a fun little van pack, we drove to the bunkhouse where I proceeded to pass out until the sweet smell of Jambalaya (and someone shouting at me) roused me just in time to see Ben sweating his ass off. Could have been worse, he could have eaten something from KFC or, god forbid, anything medium heat at Nandos.

After a reasonably quite night in, the River Etive was our next destination! Too bad the Etive was more ice than water, but there was fun to be had; I liked getting hit over the head with ice, the rooftop minibus tour, and especially Ben's iconic ice belly flop, which I *totally* don't owe him £10 for... Rather than paddling, the club split off to do lots of different things like skiing, ice climbing and walking. I had the most fun at all, staying behind to ~~help~~ do a fun lil Lab report instead! And I did it the next day too! Totally should have gone skiing though, I only got 4/10 I'm triggered.



Wednesday was when the real fun started. Back again the river Etive, only this time with a bit more water and a lot less ice. I started off by totally fucking my line on Triple one, but I did get a little better at not sucking by letterbox, which I actually did semi well. I don't envy Chris Greed at all though, who got posted-

probably not good for the elbows. After a couple more bumpy and fun rapids, we got to the main event,



Right angle. I didn't drown, which was nice. My favourite runs would have to be seeing Jan going down it a little bit backwards, Toby's mysterious disappearing paddles, and Ben rolling up as he went down it. It was great to see a lovely Scottish deer, only it was dead in an eddy so maybe not so great. Not too long after right angle we encountered the worst rapid on the whole river called hip breaker, aptly named because I bounced off that shitty rock and took my first swim of the trip.

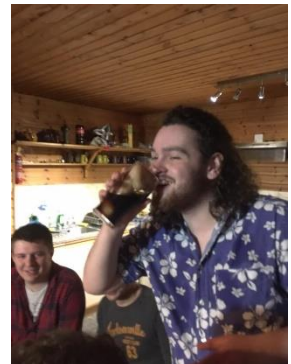


At some point we had been reunited with our favourite Pompy lad, André the dildo, and we indulged in the simple pleasures of tomacock, and played the fun game of "why the fuck is there a dildo in my drink" Jackie also introduced us to the finest Japanese octopus porn, for some reason.

The next river paddled was the Gary, disappointingly lacking in middle aged accountants. We were also joined by Gem (dream team) and Rachel, who I'm sure loved listening to "Holding out for a hero" for their first of many, many times. The river was good fun, especially seeing Mike doing cool shit, Gem purposely avoiding throw lines, and not having the van stolen after someone left the keys in the ignition.

The next day was personally my favourite- but a select few may think otherwise... First off was the river Pattack, which was a beautiful gorge with some really fun feature. I was in a group with Ben, who experienced a little bit of carnage on the penultimate feature and lost quite a lot of paint off the top of his helmet which now looks like a child has scribbled on it with pink crayon and got a cheeky little concussion. But more importantly, he lost the beloved dragon paddles. Jan too got into a bit of a pickle on this rapid, rolling to go under a fallen tree and only slightly cracking his helmet – that makes two concussions. But wait- there's more! Poor Biffy may have accidentally dislocated her shoulder on the same feature. Ouch. After another van pack and a mild breakdown some of us went and paddled the Loy, which saw the return of ploppy Pete and a lot of rocks. It was rather painful.

Later that night I fully embraced Scottish culture, wearing a kilt, drinking Buckfast, and throwing up. Prior to that we had a family friendly game of Never have I ever, which led to some iconic lines like "spit in my Aaasss, I neeeeed it" and brought up some odd lines like "get your nob out" (Scottish accent) and "it's a fire hazard" (grumpy Scottish accent).



Regrettably I had to wake up the next morning to go to our final River, the Orchy.



And boy was that rough. After our 22nd play of Holding out for a hero (Shrek 2 edition) and Funky town, we paddled fun long river that had me seeing sky far more often than I would like to admit... After mostly lucking my way down the river, I took a swim on a dumb little grade 2-3 cushion wave – not my finest hour. I rightfully didn't run either of the grade 5 sections mostly because I was shit, but I hear Nick had an excellent recovery on one, so go Nick! Back in the hut it was clean up time (and me "*****" helping "*****" to cook dinner) but we did have an excellent rendition of 'Rocket man' which probably got us a noise complaint.

Kudos to our drivers for the journey home, who somehow managed to put up with our incessant shit chatting, "wooAWWH"ing (Choomah noises) and shouting "I need it" at inappropriate times. After a long journey we were safely back in Southampton after an utterly fantastic trip with some excellent people that somehow managed to put up with me for a week.

A moment of silence though for the things that were lost or broken on this trip:

- The dragon paddles
- Jan's helmet
- Nick's 9R
- My dignity (jokes what dignity amiright guysss)

Thanks to everyone who made this trip happen, especially Nick, Jackie, all the drivers, all the olds, and everyone who came

SUCC love,

Tom the shit sec xoxoxoxo

New Olds

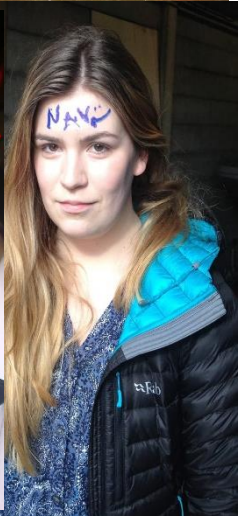
Goodbyes can be complicated and so I shall keep it simple. Some of the members of the club are graduating and becoming olds. Here they are...

Nick

Gem

Rachel

Ben B





Sharking chart 2017/18

