



succ

SUMMER MOUTHFULS
2016

Succ love

Freedom

AGM

On Wednesday 16th March, 18 hopeful candidates bundled into The Lancaster Building's lecture theatre 3, with only 9 destined to become successful committee members, plus a pair of douchebag secs. They were flanked by some fantastically old looking olds, who outdid themselves on the talcum powder this year.



The year of SUCC was summed up by the elusive President Fred, and we celebrated coming 3rd at NSR and winning our very, very pretty Jaffa Diesel 70!! GO SUCC!!! The clubs debt was skimmed over by Tristan whom entertained the rowdy olds by admitting "Yes I am s***!" And then the fun could truly begin...

First up for the role of Pres was Grace and myself, we were dressed in a fetching Where's Wally outfit and tasked with the challenge of Find the Fred (considering he hasn't been seen this

year). Running around the lecture theatre and the building, Grace won the task after getting the fright of her life from the ex-Solent student hiding in the disabled toilets, and after a unanimous vote was counted in our new president for the year!!!! #gracie4pres

Next up was VP, and this year's dress theme was triangles... 'nuff' said. Jack exceeded expectations with his triangle shirt and mini cut-outs of Nat and Tristan stuck to his chest. Unfortunately Rachel had been taken into hospital in the week leading up to the AGM so could not provide triangle attire for her speech. Luckily the new pres Grace stepped up to represent Raquelle the pro, with a magnificent speech full of 'qualms', 'fully no', 'gourmet' and the promise of banning ketchup. Sticking with the triangle theme, the task was to fit as many Toblerone's into ones mouth as possible. After some stiff competition, Jack won, but we can assume the real reason Rachel was in hospital was due to a Toblerone-mouth-stuffing accident leading up to the AGM, and would have in fact beaten both myself and Jack had she'd been here. The hospital based campaign tugged on the fraying heartstrings of the olds, and Rachel was voted Vice President!!!



The all-powerful Treasurer was up next, with Zoe Booth taking on Amy Ringer in pirate form. To warm up the olds, Amy began throwing her gold pirate treasure out into the audience. Of course then came the "Who can get the most money off the olds" challenge with X marking the spot for Amy as she was voted in this years Treasurer!!

In the first run for a position from Clive T Bear, Kit Sec was next to be voted in. Even though he was dressed as a kayak, Nat completely and utterly lost the first round to Clive. It was agreed at the end of the AGM, due to Clive's unknown whereabouts that he defaults the position and Nat was in fact this year's Kit Sec.

The role of secretary was next on the agenda, with Clive and myself running yet again, and Seb. In a typical Secretary role, we were tasked with writing the alphabet on the board and finishing in a yoga pose as quickly as possible. Seb had an impressive crab position but was caught short at the alphabet, and I was voted in as Secretary!

Josh and Archie were competing for the role of Training Sec. As Archie was unable to make the AGM, he was represented by Seb, who declined the challenge. Bibby volunteered to face Josh and participate in the spray deck challenge and lap around the lecture theatre. Any excuse for Bibby to get naked, he proceeded to give the audience a cheeky flash. Josh was then unanimously voted in as Training Sec!!

Safety sec was up next, with Jack running against Taylor. The challenge for safety sec was an obvious choice, leading to both contestants with condoms on their heads. Jack was voted in this years' Safety sec!! Ironically, a vodka bottle was smashed soon after the Safety Sec Campaign.

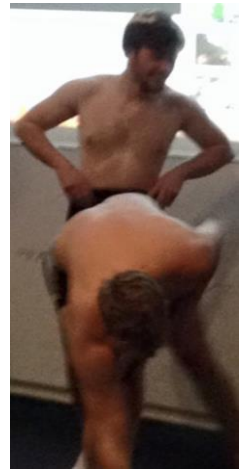
For some reason, Jacob had been 'volunteered' to run again for Web Sec, but declined and offered the position to Taylor as this years' Web Sec!

After a valiant effort from Weever, Navin and Bibby 'won' Douchebag Secs after a few renditions of the Animal Hospital theme tune throughout the AGM, which they achieved by placing a speaker on top of the projector and interrupting any current committee members who were faffing.



In a last minute campaign change, Zoe Butler and George were running against Weever, Em, Elise, Brona and Kathryn for the position of Social Secs! Dressed in some fabulous sparkly hats, the girls began to challenge Mean Girls George and Chav Zoe to a dance off. A Taylor Swift Dance Off!! Talcum powder, high heels and glitter flying everywhere, both teams pulled some gnarly shapes on the makeshift dancefloor, but ultimately George and Zoe were voted this years' Social Secs!!

Once all this 'serious' business was over, the pub crawl to the Palace of Dreams could begin. Clowns began respectable, until rounds of Juicy Lucy's began appearing and in true SUCC fashion, George got punched, and along with Nat, was kicked out of Jesters! Roll on next year's AGM!!! SUCC LOVE!!! Gem xoxoxoxox



Meet the new Committee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

President: Gracie

- Likes: POWER..... Oh and pizza.
- Thoughts on new committee: I think we're actually pretty darn fabulous!
- Thoughts on Previous Committee: IT HAD THE SEXIEST SOCIAL SECS EVER.
- Biggest Kayaking achievement: Kayaking in the land of haggis. Me and the Etive are now best buds.



Vice President: Raquelle the pro

- Likes: Swimming, ketchup, dead sheep
- Thoughts on new committee: fully gourmet
- Thoughts on previous committee: snazzerooney
- Biggest kayaking achievement: Gnarly duo surf with Gracie, occasionally staying upright in a boat

Treasurer: Amy

- Likes: Money
- Thoughts on new committee: Snazzarooni
- Thoughts on previous committee: Sorry... Who?
- Biggest kayaking achievement: Not swimming on any of the Dart features 2nd day of Jan Dart



Secretary: Gem

- Likes: Chocolate, Beaches, drinking and being warm
- Thoughts on new committee: Best committee EVERRRRR
- Thoughts on previous committee: Some are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them and some clearly have no idea what greatness entails at all
- Biggest Kayaking achievement: Tawe waterfall on my first EVER kayaking trip 🌊👉

Safety sec: Jack

- Likes: Long walks on the beach at sunset and curling up on the sofa, watching TV.
- Thoughts on new committee: Really looking forward to working with them
- Thoughts on previous committee: Normally I would say I have big shoes to fill. But I think we are better off getting new shoes.
- Biggest kayaking achievement: Swimless day on the lakes trip.



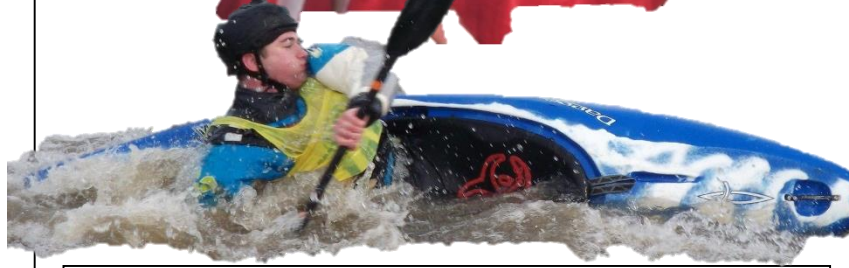
Training sec: Josh Sharpe

- Likes: Boats, booze and bitches
- Thoughts on new committee: Perfect in every way
- Thoughts on previous committee: I guess they were OK
- Biggest Kayaking achievement: Rolling halfway down triple step



Kit sec: Nat

- Likes: being a first year
- Thoughts on new committee: I admire their optimism.
- Thoughts on previous committee: well we avoided any major disasters....
- Biggest kayaking achievement: hand rolling a duo at inlet gate



Web sec: Taylor McGirr

- Likes: People, Irn Bru & being underwater
- Thoughts on new committee: God we are a good looking bunch
- Thoughts on previous committee: God they weren't a good looking bunch
- Biggest kayaking achievement: Paddled the Ardeché in France



Social sec: Zoe (the better one ;))

- Likes: Swimming in rivers, Jesters and cocktails <3
- Thoughts on new committee: 🦄🦄🦄
- Thoughts on previous committee: faffy ;)
- biggest Kayaking achievement: surviving the MASSIVE waterfall on the Tawe, just generally competing the Tawe :D



Social sec: George Villars

- Likes: Surfing, kayaking, getting smashed, tree, skiing, giraffes and rhinos
- Thoughts on new committee: I hope we can do a decent job
- Thoughts on previous committee: They were pretty bloody good, I hope we can keep the goodness going!
- Biggest kayaking achievement: Getting my arse set on fire or making intermediates at NSR



SUCCing with Gracie...an interview with the new president!

Q: Congratulations on becoming the new SUCC president. What made you want to go for the role?



A: The t-shirt. I also needed to satisfy my need for power. Oh and obviously the increase in pulling power. Everyone wants to get with a powerful woman.

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

A: The one and only OMAR. He'll always be my idol.

Q: What have you learnt from Fred about being president?

A: How to magically disappear. I Still need to learn how two spell incorentrectly two.

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

A: IT HAD THE SEXIEST BLONDE SOCIAL SEC EVER. I think her name rhymed with ace?



Q: Out of last year's committee...Snog, Marry, Push of a cliff?

A: Snog Ellenor, Marry Ben, and I'd just push the rest of a cliff. Us social secs should stick together.

Q: What do you think of your new committee?

A: I think (and hope) that we will ace this year. We are definitely a better looking bunch.

Q: Which SUCC member would you take with you if you were stranded on a desert island?

A: Hmm, maybe Toby as he'd be able to climb up trees and get coconuts for us to live on, and he'd probably work out how to bake a cake too.



Q: What skills can you bring as new president?

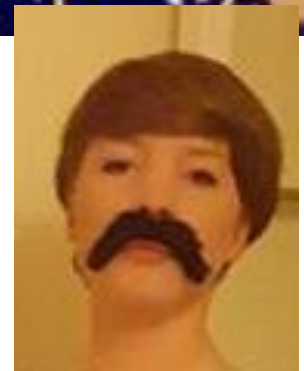
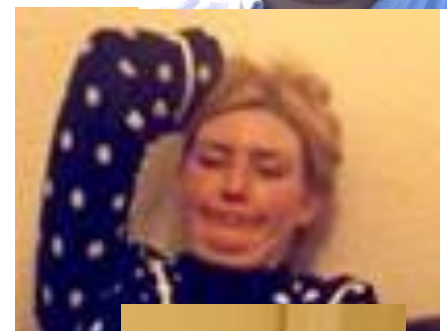
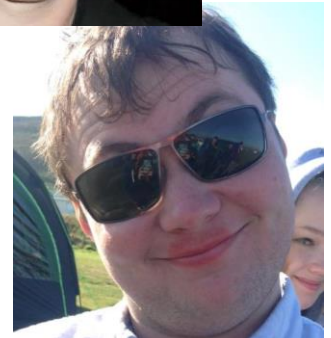
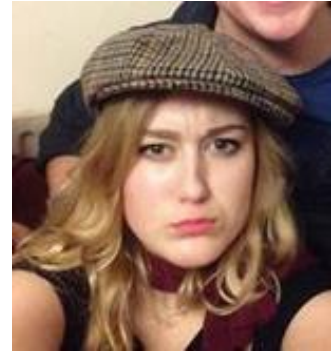
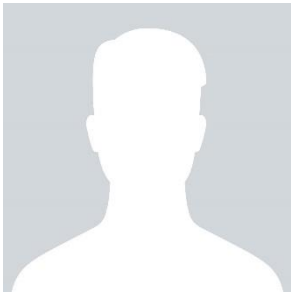
A: As many people know I have an extensive array of life skills, which are increasing every day under the watchful eyes of Riddell and Hugh.

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

A: Fuck them all. (Not literally).



MATCH THE EX-COMMITTEE MEMBER TO THEIR POSITION



GHOST SEC

SLUTTY-HOEBAG SEC

KARDASHIAN-WANNABE SEC

SORRY WHO? SEC

CHIN SEC

COOKIE SEC

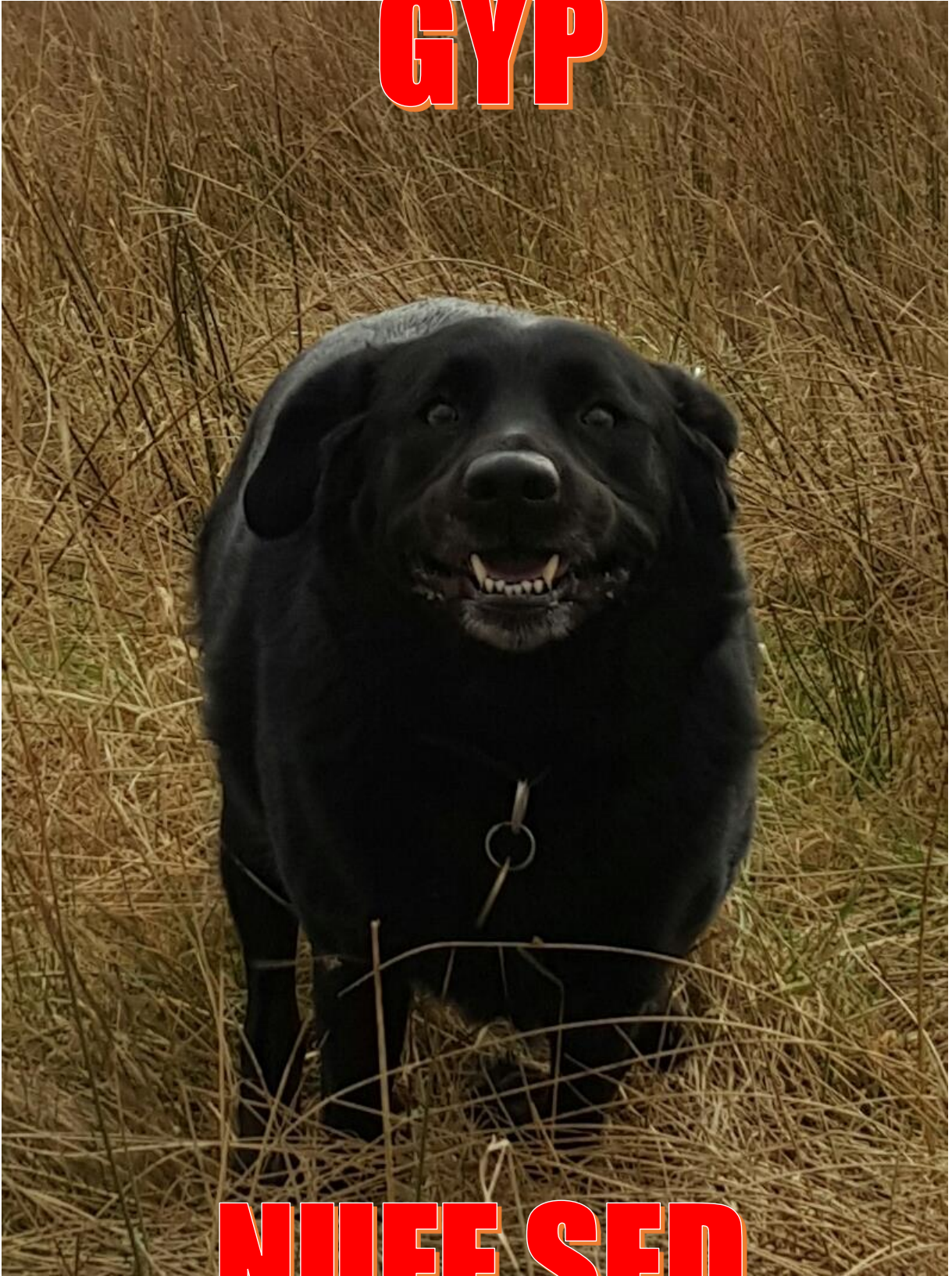
**GO TEAM, DREAM TEAM, I
JUST LOVE EVERYONE, WE
CAN DO THIS SEC**

MCDONALDS SEC

**I-LIKE-TO-KAYAK-WITH-MY-
OLD-UNI SEC**

GRUMPY OLD MAN SEC

GYP



NUFF SED

JANUARY DART

From the 22nd to the 24th January 2016, SUCC took on their final Dart trip of the academic year which started off with a long drive down to the old Scout hut in Newton Abbott which has played host to many Dart trips over the years. Apart from a pretty intense game of hot bus, cold bus, which had the entire minibus down to their skivvies, the ride was fairly uneventful. The real drama kicked off when we arrived at the hut to find many of the ex-committee already tipsy and deep throating courgettes.

The drinking, now in full swing, was paired with games of 'never have I ever' and the dreaded 'Three man' as well as Braggles setting the freshers challenges to find out various ex-committee secrets and of course triangle jokes.

The next morning, after some incredibly stodgy porridge, we set off down the the Dart get on, feeling a little worse for wear – I myself feeling as if I was going to vomit all morning. After **A LOT** of **FAFF** and a brief appearance of Navin's twin 'Gavin', the olds were finally back from pro-ing it out on the Upper Dart, and it was time to start paddling! This started with a lovely swim from Grace at the get on... Nothing better to cure that hangover than nice cold river water.

Our group was dubbed 'Team Cockfloat' by Grace, led by the very capable Braggles and Beardy and overall had only two swims on the first day across the entire team (one of which was Grace at the get on, but we won't mention that). The low water made a nice bunch of fast flowing features to go down, with many freshers attempting hero lines, a few swims and one fabulous fresher roll by Isabella and one nasty pin of a Warwick boat.

Trust in the raft worked well on the bimbles after the haystack rapids, leading nicely to Holne Bridge where Alex Jacobs was waiting to throw Twirls at us from the top.

After getting out, a hefty trek up the hill with our kayaks and some lovely warm showers, we returned back to the hut to begin with the evening meal and further tiffin making. Isabella then decided to bust out the tunes with her roadman music and was proceeded to be bullied for the rest of the weekend.

After dinner, some great spag bol courtesy of Grace and Bibby, we began with another game of 'Never Have I Ever', this then escalated into a game of 'Nat and Pete's Menage à Trois' the end result of which was yoghurt noggin and Pete's only pair of trousers being covered in a dodgy looking substance for the rest of the weekend, (this was particularly awkward the next evening at McDonald's).

A low stakes game of poker was then started with the remaining people. At this point Diego had drunk over half a litre of straight rum and we were beginning to see its effects with him downing glass after glass for no apparent reason, before he busted out what can only be described as incredibly impressive dance moves consisting of lots of hip swinging and moon walking. At some point over the next few hours, he managed to fall over numerous times, lose his t-shirt, and attack various people in order to get them to dance with him, in particular Rachel, which gave us the classic line, "There is no option!!".

Unsurprisingly the evening ended with Diego throwing up in the bathroom and having to be cleaned up by Fred, that's what the Pres is for after all, isn't it?

The next morning, we headed back down to the get on with a retching Grace and a very apologetic Diego. The water very high the second day and many of the features were, unfortunately, washed out. The river felt like a constant rapid which extended from the get on to the get off. This also lead to the problem of getting beached on rocks and in my case a massive metal outlet pipe which were invisible above water. The highlight of the second day by far, however, is following Bibby down Lover's Leap, where he got stuck in a hole which resulted in

him swimming. The appearance of an old floating along in his bright yellow dry suit was only made better by the safety team at the bottom instructing him how to defensive swim like he was a moron. This was all too much for Grace, who had been retching the entire way down, and her laughter caused her to 'chunder everywhereeee...'.

The journey back to Soton was a quiet one, filled with sleep and the UK's next Top 40, only with a break for the classic McD's and a phone call from Weever to say that Oli had crashed the van into a trench at the side of the road and had to be retrieved by his father in his tractor... Standard. Only in Devon, eh?

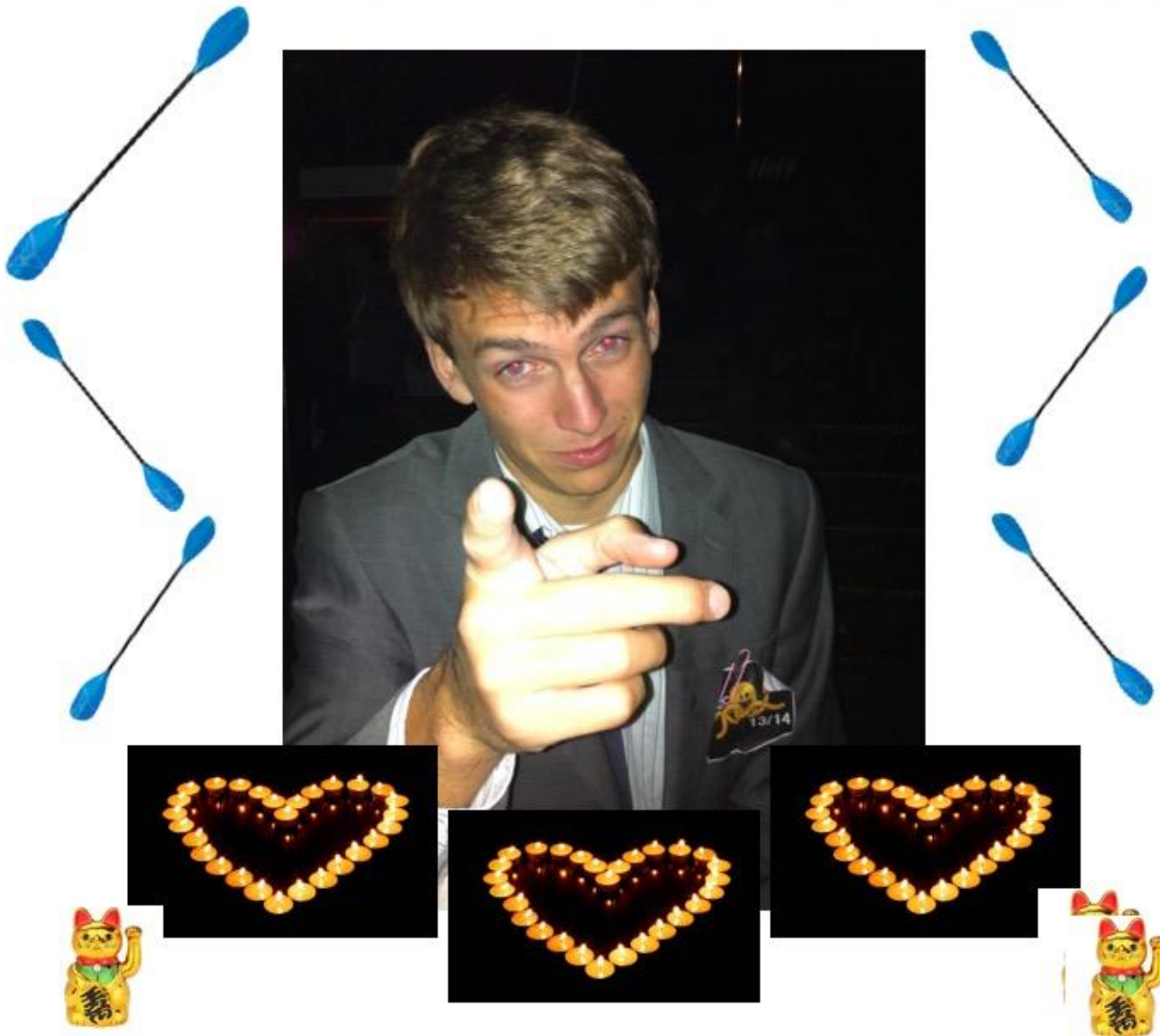
All in all, a great trip, some wild laughs and some knarly paddling!

Thanks to all that organised, had an awesome time, and BRING ON NOVEMBER DART 2016!!!

Amy Ringer



THE THREE YEAR RUNNING TREASURER



A SHRINE, TO THE MASTER, OLİ BRAGG



THANK YOU OLLY WOLLY WOO WOOS

NSR 2016!!!!

NSR 2016 in a nutshell...

Fred taking us the cycle route to Nottingham

V muddy V cold

Sweat rain in the party tent

Animal Hospital... enough said

Many a Duo fail

Oli being a hero and competing in every event

Grace being rescued... whilst still in a boat

NAV AND BIB FOR DOUCHEBAG SEC

Bacon flavoured quorn

Keys in the bottom of the minivan

Taylor slicing his hand open and a high George being his only help

Gnarly duo surf with Gracie

Minibus prinks

A litre of rum is a bad idea (and Ellenor and Oli are bad influences)

Bibby not making it to the party

Trent-it is

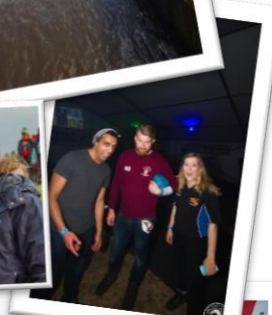
A distinct lack of spirit

We came 3rd?!?!?!?

Snazzy new wavesport diesel

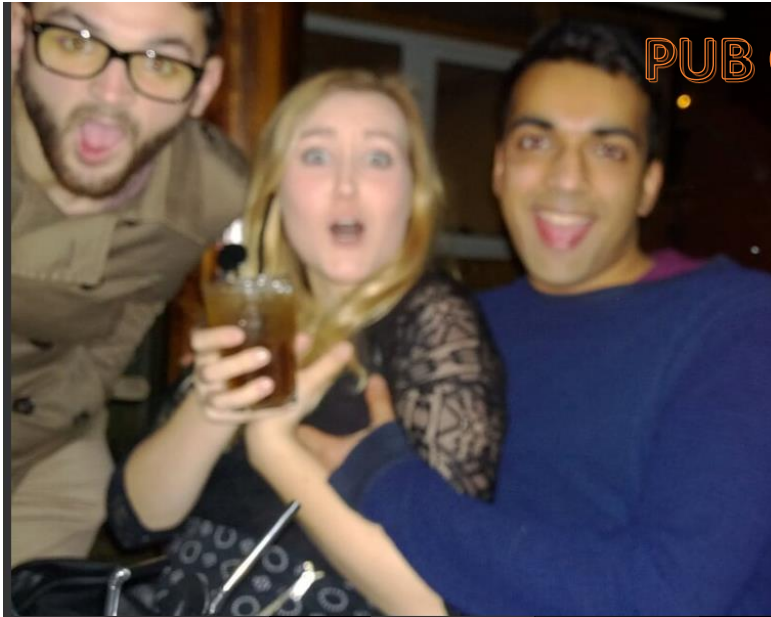
FAFF

Thanks for a great weekend!!! SUCC LOVE xoxo

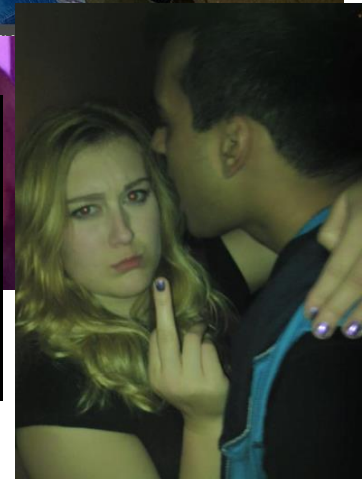
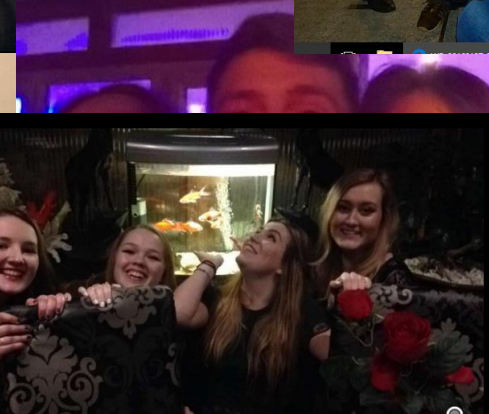
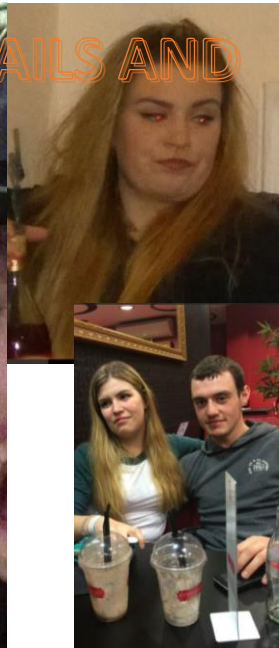


CROSS DRESSING SOCIAL!





PUB GOLF, COCKTAILS AND SOCIALS!



Overheard...Err sorry what did you say??

'Do you remember when Dan got with ethically different Sally?' (Sally Heard)

'Navin looks like a backwards giraffe.' (Brona)

'Every woman I've slept with has been over 25. I started at 35 and worked backwards.'
(Gorgeous George)

'Colonic irrigation...that looks really satisfying...'
(Gracie)

'I've used an anal plug before *laughs*
No No No! Not on myself, on an old person!' (Grace)

'That was the worst mistake of my life: Dennis' (Elise)

'Don't lick your finger after you've stuffed it in!' (Brona)

To Em Smith 'I want to touch it because it's your dick.'
(Brona)

'Can I feel how hard it is?' (Sally Heard)

'You've got to keep going at it until it comes out. It's too dry, rub it on me'
(Gracie)

'It builds up in the tube and then you just bang it out' (Matt P)

'I'm getting frothy. I think I need a moment alone with Scotland. Going to have to go for a wilderwank later.'
(Bibby)

'I have a trouser boner. I always have a trouser boner' (Weever)

'I have a topless picture of Doug Clifton on my phone.'
(Weever)

'Wasn't Arnold Schwarzenegger prime minister of Jamaica?' (Toby)

'I've made many a man infertile' (Weever)

'I couldn't get my chubby finger out of the hole' Tristan E

To Hugh 'Your middle name is Tone Lowerer!' (Brona)

To Tristan E 'You ate literally everything there was to eat in my room!' (Gracie)

'Wait, your middle name is Tony?!'
(Gracie)

'Grace would prefer a Jenkinson sandwich more than ManNat' (Riddell)

'It's like a cheese jizzed on my biscuit!' (Toby)

'I have a sore guish, and now I have a tender bumhole' (Em Smith)

'This is like extreme poo sticks' (Brian)

'Pete's my poo stick. He'll probably come last...' (Em Smith)

'I'll just have to use my fingers' (Brona)

'Hugh's has cheesy balls' (Brona)

'And lumpy meat...' (Grace)

'Grace, feel my moustache' (Wallace)

'Oh it's spiky' (Gracie)

'Ohhh Brona you'd like that tickling your lips wouldn't you?....Question is....which ones?' (Wallace)

'EWW.' (Brona)

'The wetter the better ey Em?' (Bibby)

To Dousby 'Nude knutt, you've got one of those headssss' (Random drunken Scottish women)

'Can you imagine going down on that? It would be like playing the flute...' (Stabby)

'Nav just shoved it in with no warning' (Ellenor)

'Would you like a bone?' (Weever)

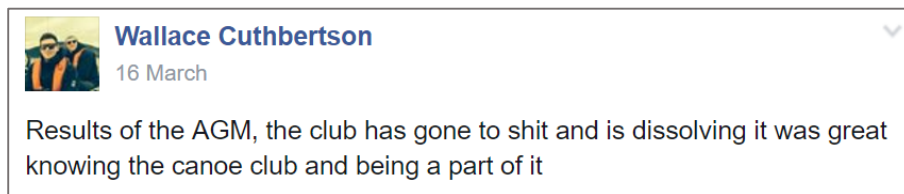
'Or would you rather a breast?' (Oli)

'Wallace that's what you get for not giving Brona that semi earlier' (Grace)

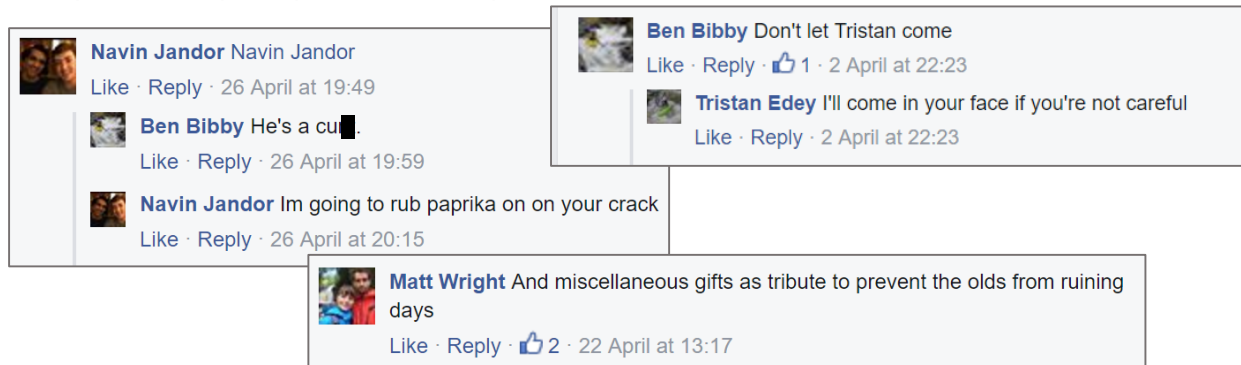
'We can't be in Wales yet, we're still on the same side of the road...' (Gracie)

How to Be a Grumpy Old: A Step-By-Step Guide

Step 1: The source of your grumpiness is the committee.



Step 2: Put people in their place



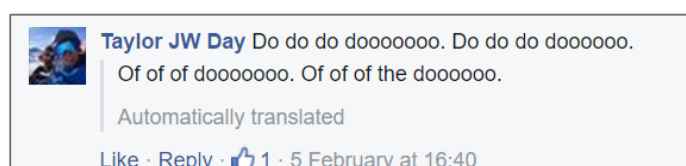
Step 3: Continue to insult the committee.



Step 4: Add some "back in my day" and fresher abuse



Step 5: Finish off with some in-jokes



SCOTLAND DIARY



Gracie: Firstly Beardy would like to apologise for letting everyone down last year as he failed to deliver a Scotland article that he'd promised to write. However, he insists it was a week of the usual mixture of alcohol, concussions and soggy sassenachs.

Now onto this year. After the minibus of SUCCers had indulged on as much food in Trago Lounge as humanly possible (this meant triple carbs for me....who can say no to garlic bread AND chips on the side?) we set off on our night long journey to the land of haggis. After an eventful journey of Tristan trying to gas us all to death with his deadly bodily functions and me and Em having a sleep-talking conversation we finally arrived in sunny Scotland!

Once everyone had arrived and we'd treated ourselves to the classic Green Welly breakfast we headed off to the Spean Gorge.

Beardy: First impression was that the gorge had developed a new hazard...A grade 4 hotel owner. There was quite a lot of shouting 'you wouldn't want me to drive down to Southampton and park on your drive would you!'. Once on the river, Toby and Curly decided that the normal lines weren't exciting enough. So both decided to run 'Constriction', against better advice. And after seeing them both needing to be pulled through the gap by the spectators on the other side, all other paddlers opted for the less risky Norwegian portage. I get the feeling it will stay that way in the future.

Massive faff at the get off as Wallace 'What do you mean I had the car keys' Cuthbertson left them on top of JJ's car as he drove away. A search party was launched to find them, eventually we were successful and could make our way to the hut.

Wallace was banned from touching any vehicle keys for the rest of the week.

Further hilarity occurred later that night as Dean, who had joined some fellow SUCCers on a trip to the pub, was told by a drunk Scottish women that he was a 'Nudenut' and that he had 'one of those heads'.

This nickname will be used forever more. Sorry Dousby.



Sunday saw most people head off mountain biking, the result being that everyone ended up with a sore gooch (or guiche). Whilst Bibby, Beardy and I explored the Pap of Glencoe (and also explored a very long stretch of road whilst trying to locate the Pap of Glencoe) nevertheless we returned home with pain-free gooches/guiches, so who's the real winner here?

Monday- the Etive would have been described as 'scrapey at best' as we got in. And it didn't get much better. Several decided the best course of action was to attempt right angle without boats. However, the majority ran it in boats and you'll be pleased to know that the years' profile picture yield was still a good one. All thanks to Stabby the professional water sports photographer.

Allt a Chorrain was as exciting as ever. With a couple of crazy drops and slides, described by Beardy as 'ecstatic bum sliding'. Toby described the Chasm as a 'sensual butt crack', Ollie and Jacob may disagree.

Tuesday we headed to the Findhorn Gorge, we ended up driving 3 hours to investigate it and decided it was worth a shot. Despite several portages and what everyone agrees was a grade 6 takeout, it had more water in then any other river, so was worth the drive! The main rapid we all ran was 'Corkscrew', it looked nasty but in fact was just delightful. Anyone experiencing any sort of fatigue was definitely blasted awake on the way down there. Grace sums up the day as 'fantastic, but quite faffy' (in retrospect, I should've said 'fafftastic') Curly says it was a day of 'orgasmic peaks and troughs'. Both open to interpretations I suppose.

Wednesday - our first destination was the Roy, though we eventually faced a decision of whether we wanted to scrape down all three sections of the Roy, or scrape down one section of the Pattack, eventually deciding that the latter was the lesser of two evils. Aside from the first bumpy few features, it was a very pleasant day, and everyone slid down the rockslide at the end to see Dean lying rather seductively on the bank taking what we all now know to be some very flattering pictures. Harry and Dennis decided to explore the cave at the end using a 20m throw line, which had to be supplemented with another 20m as they went deeper. Not much word on what happened in there... Will they ever tell?



Wednesday night featured a premiere of the game we all now know as 'human kerplunk'. Essentially, one poor victim is held up between the rafters in the ceiling and duct tape is put across them until they are held up. Everyone then takes it in turns to tear off a piece of duct tape until the person falls down and is



(hopefully) caught by those waiting below. Or at least land on the hastily laid sofa cushions. Ollie was the first contestant and started off quite keen on the idea but after a while lost that initial enthusiasm

I tried to get a review of the game from Ollie himself. He said 'first I was afraid' then someone else shouted 'I was petrified'. Just about sums it up to be honest.



Thursday - we had a great playful day on the Garry as it was releasing, and everyone tried to get as many blasts as they could before the lack of sleep caught up with them. Curly's review of this river was as follows; 'it went from erotic, to arousing, to orgasmic, to... Multipley orgasmic?'

BEST RIVER EVER. Well at least it was when all the rafters buggered off!

Friday - it was decided that if the Orchy remained empty, which it did, that we would go and paddle the Roy. And so we headed for Roy bridge with what I can only describe as highly varied levels of enthusiasm.

Half of us were up for a scrapey paddle. The other half (like myself) were sleeping away their concerns and wishing they were back in bed.

Despite everyone having plenty of fun in the gorge, we still had to contend with the upper and the lower, which everyone still agrees were too low, just a series of rocks and scrapey bimbles.

We left the Roy at the end of the day with much less enthusiasm and probably much less plastic left on our boats.

The award for 'longest time taken to pack a throw line goes to t-bag Edey, who despite shouts of 'stop being a faff scrotum' really did take his sweet time. Him and that throw line really need to get a room. Brian got into a bit of a fight on the lower, and ended up with a bit of a swollen face, but you should see the other guy. Actually now that I think about it, the other guy is a rock, and is probably fine...

The lower defeated me. My possibly concussed head decided that being upside down was a much better idea than being the right way up. Which it turns out makes an already dire situation, even worse. However Fred the Fantastic and Phil the.... Phabulous, came to my rescue. And we all made it out of the gorge alive. Well... all apart from Brian's bottom lip.

Friday night, Ploppy Pete became Porty Pete, and exhibited behaviour that only comes from



drinking a whole bottle of port by yourself, although the twerking is something I don't think I can un-see. I thoroughly enjoyed part taking in a dance off with Mr Shakira Hips (Porty Pete) and am proud to have been defeated by such a talented dancer.

He also had an 'overheard in halls' moment and told us some things which are probably too unsavoury to repeat in this good publication, but ask anyone who was there and I'm sure they'll be happy to share it with you. 'MMM YEAH....'

Saturday - some went and ran the Orchy while others watched in horror from the side, at the 'sporty' levels. Fred, Ollie, and Toby tackled the first grade 5 and got through safely, though Ollie walked back up to do it again, his reason being 'that was bullshit'.

Us girls and Harry decided to play a massive game of 'Poo Sticks' and chased the paddlers down the river. Em Harris decided to call us their 'groupies' which changed the tone of things. I feel she may have meant 'roadies', but I guess we'll never know.

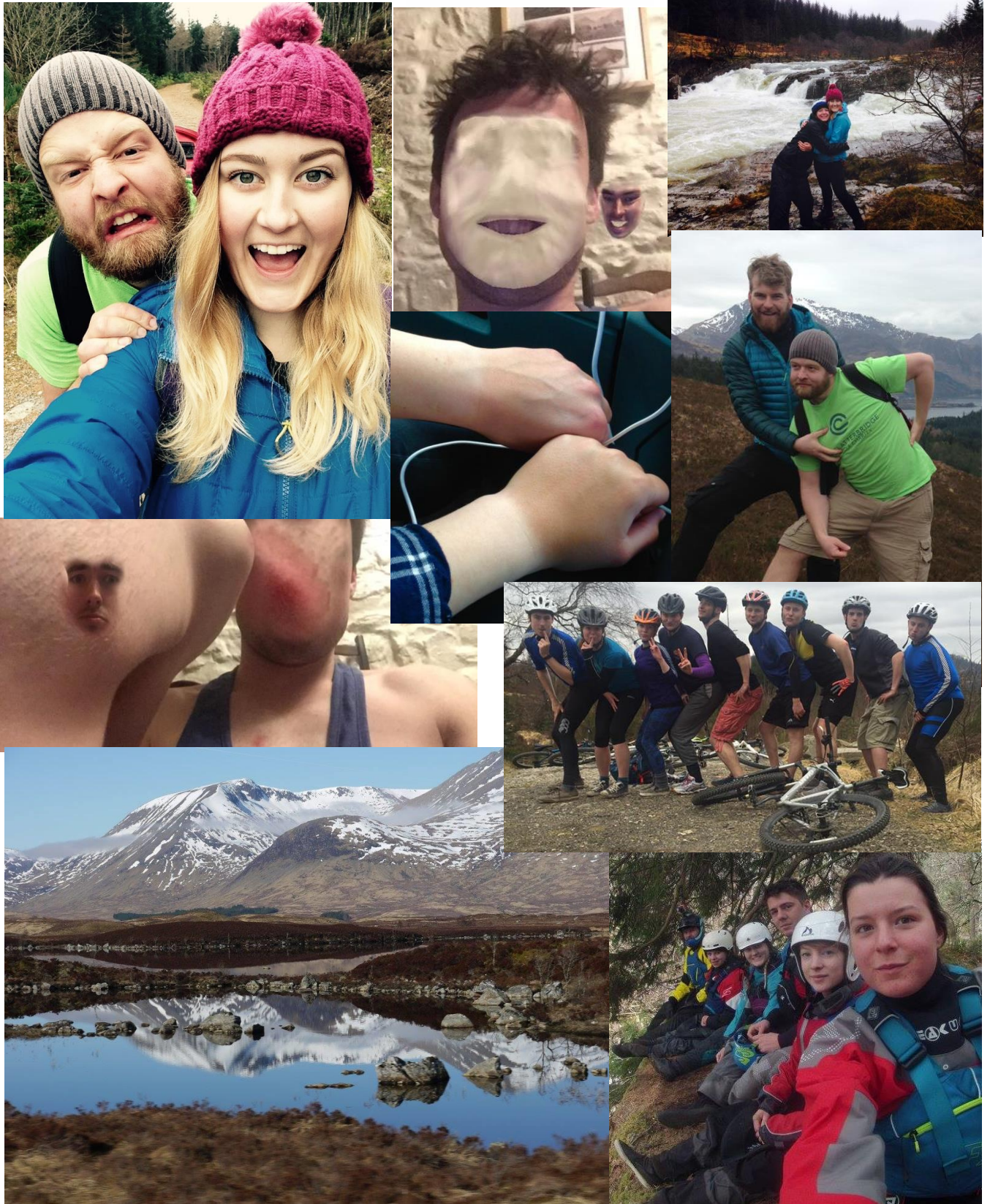
The final night was fairly laid back so after some of us sampled local fort William delicacies such as 'Haggis nachos' we settled in for another thrilling instalment of 'Rupauls drag race', and the next morning we sashayed away.

Overall a fantastic trip, with so many highlights that made the week a memorable one! Ollie's extremely annoying habits which included: food punching and water spitting. The daily evening sessions of FaceSwap (please see pictures below). A week of FABULOUS food and

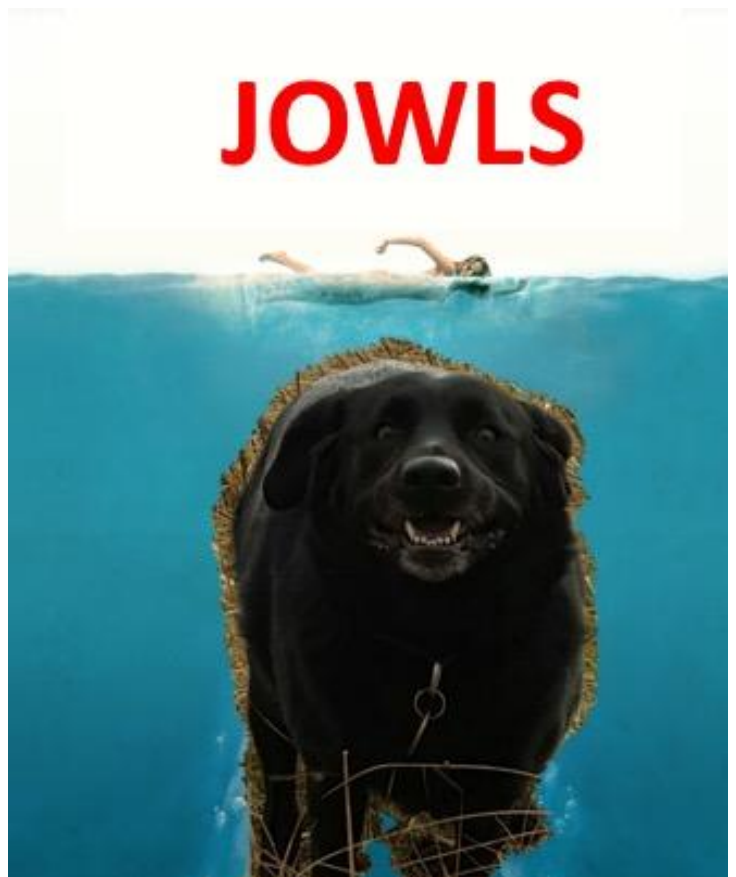
riveting rivers...And a cracking group of SUCCers.

Thanks again to everyone who made it such a great trip!

Beardy and Gracie



The Iconic Life of Gyp



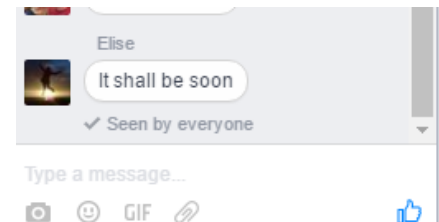
RhosSEAli

So this is a summary about the Rhossili trip that wasn't the Rhossili trip, that was actually the SUCC-go-surfing trip in addition to the Rhossili trip that became the SUCC-surfing-trip-at-Rhossili-but-there's-no-surf trip. Or something. An event that was organised across 2 Facebook groups, one Facebook event, various Facebook polls, multiple group conversations and smoke messages in the sky. Snazzy!

FRIDAY

After a light sprinkling of faff, the SUCC members were on their way, road-tripping to Wayaaals. This included the tightly packed van that for some reason Jacob decided he would unpack in Bristol. Over in Coral's car Elise was sending ominous messages, and we nearly ran over a couple of sheep chilling in the road. So by SUCC standards, it was a fairly quiet, calm journey.

Elise describing your impending doom



Anyone for a Fforest-fach?

We managed to avoid the rain and putting up tents, as it turns out that if you walk round with some pegs in your hand, it really looks like you're doing a lot of work. Thankfully committee and freshers turned up and brought with them so many tents we pretty much owned 50% of the world's tents.

The camp owner informed us how rowdy we were being closing car doors and advised us to move on down to the dunes (see Mouthfuls 2007 for reference of recurring theme with camp owner).

We settled for a hollow in the dunes, which we would later discover to be a mistake as once you are drunk, dune bowls are easy to get into, but not so easy to escape from. A drinking circle was made, and games began. Some olds are so old they forgot how to read the time and turned up late (though not as bad as some olds, who needed more nap time and only turned up for 24 hours for the whole trip). Curly gracefully rolled his way into the circle via the dune. Two cakes were produced for Javi, which Grace then kindly decided to make into sand cakes. Happy Birthday Javi, lucky guy. There were wilderwees galore and rumours flew round that someone had dared to go for a dune-poop.

There was even an optimistic torchless trip to the beach for some potential skinny-dipping, however the group simply couldn't find the sea/ cba to walk to it. Considering the fact the sea could not be located and clothes remained on, except mine, which were removed by Hugh as we passionately snazzled under the twinkling stars. 2/10 would not snazzle again.

With our pants full of sand, we went to bed. Alex's cosy van was the place to be and Curly knew it, very kindly offering to exceed the capacity of people in the van and provide some soaring melodic breathing vocals throughout the night.

SATURDAY

A lush welsh morning meant time to hit the beach for some sick gnarly surf. But in the faff of the trip someone forgot to pack the wind (you had one job, committee) and the waves were as flat as the pan that got run over on the last Rhossili trip. The Pimms was cracked out.

However SUCC is an outgoing, exciting club, known to climb mountains and kayak huge rivers so, as an xtreme sportz club, we played 'catch' instead. Which was then elevated to an insane game of boules, and a lesson of AcroYoga with Annie. #YOLO #youngandfree #cantholdusdown

Who is she



Sally Lau demonstrated her running backwards and through the rounders pitch, whilst Grace decided it was time in life to learn to catch (new life skill tho?).

extensive knowledge of rounders by

Finally the SUCCers decided that seeing as we were at the beach we maaaaaay as well go in the sea where Alex got some insane surf. After a thrilling morning spent in the wild wild sea, SUCC split and went wondering, some in search of the mythical 'blue pool' that many had only ever dreamt of. Others went for a trip up the big hilly hill to perform intense and dangerous demonstrations of parkour, whilst our new and current committee (Amy, Ben, Gemma, Nat etc.) looked on wondering if they too, would become this weird when they got into their twilight years at university. We drank yet more Pimms.

More Olds thought they may as well turn up, bringing flash BBQ gear that uni students can only dream of whilst the rest of the club huddled in the dunes with basically chicken wire and coals and a fuckload of halloumi. Harry introduced anyone to his van/ luxury abode that contained the classic combination of tiger stripe and pug patterns. More Pimms was drunk.

The beacon was then lit, SUCC members called for aid (more marshmallows) and the Club answered. What followed was an evening that could be real or could be a hallucinogenic episode caused by the weird purple and green flames coming from the bonfire, which was totally fine and legit. Many people cried tears of joy over such a beautifully-constructed bonfire. *DISCLAIMER* ~ tears had nothing to do with smoke-filled burning eyeballs ~. Stabby, Harry and Ollie showed off their first-class training in how to build a bonfire so that when it collapses it can spray ash and sparks as far as possible.

The evening descended into further chaos. Harry, Taytay and Ollie demonstrated their military finess via rolling down sand dunes in a tight embrace. Beardy walked in on Lydia on the wilder-wee toilet, and Weever announced that at the moment in time she was only capable of saying Yes or No.

SUNDAY

Was a day of rest and ridiculously long lie-ins by club trip standards (9:30 people, practically midday!)

An epic club pilgrimage to the blue pool was arranged and we set off. Many brave SUCCers were lost along the way to adorable dogs of the 3-legged and Aslan-eque variety. Alex and Brian attempted to go round the headland which happened to be covered in this wet stuff called the sea. I don't know if they made it, did anyone check if they're ok? They're with the ocean now.



\$QUAD



***Tristan's attempts at DIY
botox***

Finally we made it to the lush blue pool, even if we did have to practically fall down a cliff to get there. It was shiny and smelt like fish. Some impressive dives were made. Stabby demonstrated a karate kick dive which I hear the Olympic team are indeed now incorporating into their routines. We were all outshone by Yogi the diving dog, who played dirty after sabotaging Kundai's attempts to leave the pool.



Falling with style

More blue pool and beach shenanigans occurred before the SUCCers reluctantly packed up and headed off for home, stopping off on the way to visit dear old SUCC friend Maccy D.

Well done to snazzy lady Weever for organising such an awesome trip that was nowhere as wet, windy or full of jump-started vehicles as the last one! I'm pretty sure that after such a hallucinogenic bonfire, alcoholic wilderwees and dune-poops(!!!) Rhossili beach has now been declared a hazardous location, and quarantined off for a couple of decades. Worrnth it.

Sally Heard (Snazztastic SUCC beach trip reporte

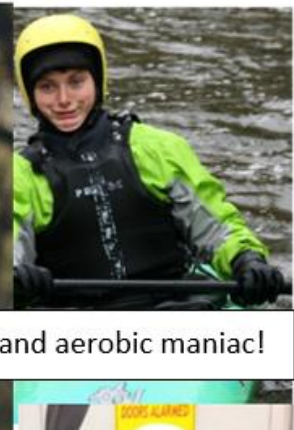
OMG YOU'RE SO OLD! It's time for us to bid farewell to a fabulous lot of SUCCers, now you can go on to bigger and better things, like being a grumpy old!! This is not goodbye...so see you later! XOXOXOXOXO



A much loved club driver.



She's urm, SNAZZY!



Sand aerobic maniac!



Already a grumpy old.



She's ace. That's all.



Keep on painting those nails



Sorry Rau



That paddling face!



Forever a babyface.



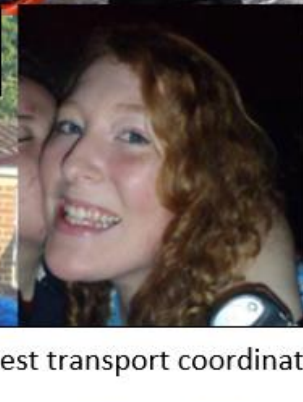
Fave Frenchie



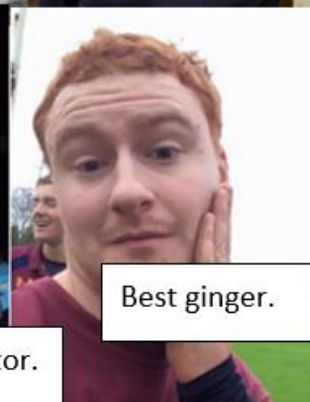
Gavin. (oops meant Navin)



Eternal treasurer.



Best transport coordinator.



Best ginger.

