

SUCC  
Christmas Mouthfuls  
2015





## SUCC Perranporth Trip

The kayaking year started in epic fashion in Perranporth, breaking in the freshers (one of whom was **me**). The drive down on Friday night was fairly subdued on our bus, I believe we missed out on the hot/cold game. After a booze and snacks stop at tescos we arrived. The drinking began in earnest, with brutal games of never have I ever to break the ice. Certain individuals were targeted with personal attacks. I then seem to remember a trampoline, some olds, and a tragic game of high jump. I must also publicly apologise to an anonymous social sec, who may have suffered a drunken judo lesson. Which went oh so well. I vaguely remember being set up with a pretty



sweet teapot, from which I dispensed many drinks. Some of the less alcoholic freshers went to bed, and made attempts in vain to sleep. There was lots of dancing. I'd imagine some

people got lucky, however I only just managed to make it back to my sleeping bag without stepping on anyone, and pass out.

We awoke early on Saturday, many suffering crippling hangovers, and some smug

exceptions. After breakfast (I couldn't stomach anything) we headed down to the beach and unloaded the van. Pretty soon we were in the surf, and what fun it was. Freshers were frothing, and committee and olds were alternating between showing off and rescuing freshers. A



few overconfident freshers tried to drown themselves, and I may have been sick. Eventually, exhausted, we headed back to the hut. We eventually dined on surprisingly good spaghetti bolognese, before the drinking began. There were strange races and games I've never heard of, and the majority transformed into fairly drunken messes. I ate cold Bolognese (10/10 would go again) and drank a dirty pink, fulfilled my dreams as a hairdresser, and had my arse set on fire. Wallace, I hope yours has recovered. I'm afraid my account following that is fairly foggy, although I do have a video of unnamed committee members chugging milk. I witnessed (yeah...) an ambitious game of buckaroo with a certain treasurer, and passed out.



Sunday began in pain. My arse was still on fire (no seriously) and the hangover was real. The cleanup was horrific, shout out to those who stayed back to sort the place out. Arriving at the beach I eventually joined the surf, and had a great time. The surf was still fairly big, and most were doing well, having gained confidence since the previous day. Some were

By George Villars



nursing hangovers and decided to sit out. Taylor tried to “take me out”, surfing straight at me. Fortunately I dived under his kayak and emerged unscathed. I may have nearly run him over too at some point. A number of olds decided they were done with surfing, and coined “banter boarding”. Olds also performed well kayaking in the surf, putting us freshers to shame. Many also decided to surf or bodyboard. We eventually gave up, and loaded the van. The drive home began. I had our blessed vice-president falling asleep on me, but the music was on point so I can’t complain. A brief stop at McDonalds later, we were arriving back in the boathard. Again shout out to those who cleaned out the vans and sorted kit. With kit away and vans sorted, I got a lift back to halls. Promptly passing out, I slept through my Monday 11am. Thank you to all those involved in organising the trip and making it such a success.





28



Happy  
Birthday

Hugh Jenkinson

28 years old, growing more Graceful  
with age. ❤️





# Usk Trip!!!

Friday evening, all 5 freshers arrived at the boathard before 4:45pm only to be surprised by “SUCC time”. After being called keen and packing the van, we were on the road, with the essential stop at Winchester Tesco to stock up on crisps, Jaffa cakes and alcohol.



Figure 2 – Continuing the tradition of tying the treasurer to the tree. Tristan complained when Olli, Riddell, Wallace and Hugh didn't do it tight enough.

Highlights of Friday and Saturday night include the fantastic game of 'Harry Potter and the Mysterious Ticking Noise' and Cards Against Humanity, with Weaver as commentator...

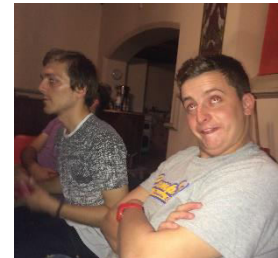


Figure 2 - Celebrating Hugh's 28th Birthday!!

The river the levels were low. Extremely low. Most parts of the day felt more like shuffling than kayaking, but still fun was had by all. Josh managed to pin his paddles and hand roll out downstream after failing the hero line at Mill Falls, only to be bettered by

Nat being vertically pinned. **Riddell was attacked by a giant fish..!!**

Sunday morning it was decided we should run the “Twyi”, which was, in a word, **SUCctacular!** The features were brilliant fun; rock slides and rapids galore, plus the “Twyi's” new instalment of a **10ft waterfall**. Joe did capsize on landing the 'fall, but with a lovely T-rescue to bring him up. I did not roll and finished the fall at 90° to the river. Successful 2<sup>nd</sup> attempt.



Figure 3 - The forfeit 7-Sit-On-Tristan became a firm favourite in the drinking games



Figure 4 - 101 ways to use a line a.k.a Riddell's private hammock

and quick

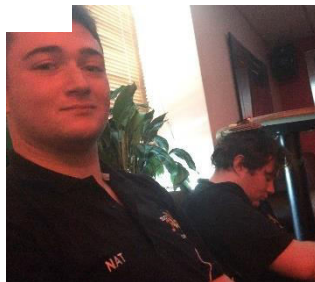


Figure 5 – The cute Welsh pub with free chips and sandwiches was the perfect place for a nap.

Finishing the “Twyi” was successful, and we rumbled on back to Southampton, with 'hot bus, cold bus' stop at the services for KFC.



Figure 6 - Tristan's 20th Birthday Celebration, complete with Jaffa Cakes, teapot contributions and The Box of Shame

All in all, a fantastic trip. So much SUCC love. Gem x



# Overheard...What did you say?!

'It's pretty good because it's so far in in doesn't hurt!' - Bibby

'It's going to have to be a finger job...' - Kathryn

'I want a child with Mark Marsden' - Weever

'Grace and Toby, would you really want to paddle in whale semen?!' - Bona

'Woah, he was wide, he was poking out a bit!' - Ben Kettle

'Grace just sleep with me or get out' - Bona

'Ohh my thighs really hurt, think they are bruised' - Grace

'Bruised on the inside or the outside? How did you manage that?' - Bona

'Grace just to confirm; are you talking about kayaking or sex?' - Hugh

'Big Bertha was really rough with me and has bruised my thighs before' - Toby

'Wait Toby are YOU talking about kayaking or sex?' - Grace

'Can I have the knob end?' - Grace

'Ben, slip it in there when she's vulnerable!' - Tristan

'We need to find Hugh a girl quick, he's getting very rapey' - Weever

'YOUR ALL GETTING SEX TONIGHT SO I NEED MONEY FOR CHEESY CHIPS!' - Bona



Being Black is pretty stupid though

- Tristan

Just get your mouth over it- Gem

Everyone loves a bit of tongue -  
Grace

Give me your balls - Grace

If Wallace can  
swallow he wins  
– Tristan



## NOVEMBER DART!!!

This was my first SUCC trip so needless to say I was v excited to get #waved with all the other succers. So down to the boat hard we headed and on the minibus we got.

After having a quick stop at Morrison's to pick up some key essentials (gin and some questionable discount chicken... why Connie, why?) and an hour or so more of driving we arrived at the scout hut.

We set up camp and the drinking began.

To say my memory of the evening is hazy would be an understatement, but I woke up with a Kopparberg bucket by my head with a VERY delicate stomach in a pool of gin, so let's assume it was good.

I blame Nat and Tristan's shouts of "down it fresher"...

In the morning we all, half asleep, got ready to drive up to New Bridge to start the loop, while being caught up on the events of yesterday night. (Grace's floppy child???)

I also got to witness the infamous club faff first hand as a result of van keys on the upper dart and Ben getting the minibus stuck on a rock, but eventually we're ready to paddle!



*cold and miserable before  
Saturdays dart*

I would like to say, that at this point I feel as if everything was going well for our group. Until the seal launch, where quite frankly it was a complete fail on my part, Gem somehow swims on still water and then there's the Kathryn vs. Tree saga, we lose a paddle, but all succers intact nonetheless.

Then comes lovers leap, I go straight in to the cliff face at the bottom despite Riddell's cries of "PADDLE"...oops.

It is now that perhaps the most traumatic experience of my life occurs, when having a casual swim to the eddy I come face to face with THE DEAD SHEEP, which, obviously, was a solid no from me.

Then comes triple step, I seek solace in the fact I'm not the only one to swim here, but I am the only one to swim twice.

I don't know, maybe I'll say it takes quite a high level of skill to capsized twice on one feature...

After a hard days paddling, a hot shower is very much needed and we head back to the hut, and have a #gourmet meal at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, complete with atmospheric music.

Then, of course, the second night of drinking begins to help me forget my position at the top of the swim chart (the shame).

Highlights of that evening include Ben drinking out of a Kettle while adorned in a monks costume, some bizarre turkish shave involving Harry's pubes, Grace being locked in a cupboard and some Saturday night emo nostalgia, notably Josh just letting his vodka pour down his jeans as he was too invested in Fall Out Boy to notice.

At 4am we finally went to sleep ready to hopefully conquer the Dart the next day.



After struggling through some solid porridge, which I was assured by Fred was actually liquid when he initially made it, we're off again.

Sunday runs a lot more smoothly for our group with just 1 swim for Gem and I, a few people (who are much braver than myself) practice their backflips off Holne Bridge and we have just about made it. Now all that's left is to pack the van (badly) and euphoric with the knowledge you can now get a mayo chicken with your student card (thank-you to Em for bestowing that knowledge upon us) we hurry to get ready and return home.

Thank-you to all the leaders, backers, olds, committee and general SUCC legends who made this such a good weekend (S/O to Fred and Riddell too, for saving my life more than once)  
SUCCLOVE

Rachel xxx (or Raquel the pro)



*Celebrating not dying after triple step*







# The Tywi and Tawe!



Whilst walking down to the boat hard, I received a text from my loving friend laughing at the fact that I decided to kayak in Wales where it was going to be freezing and potentially snow. When I turned up to find I was the only fresher, and a number of olds were meeting us there who everyone was excited to see, I was a little apprehensive as I envisioned it would involve a lot of reminiscing of the 'good old days' talking about people I had no one idea about, and I would feel really awkward.

Which is exactly what happened, except for the awkward part, even though I felt most of the conversations passed me by, I was still able to laugh at the funny stories, including tying a girl to the top of the minivan, filling her with alcohol and leaving her for an infinite amount of time (everyone was laughing I assumed they let her down again and all was well) to intensely discussing which river was best the tywe, tywi or some other river beginning with T. On the first night Cards against Humanities was brought out, which was a brilliant way to get to know the 12 people who actually decided to come to Wales, which is where I got my first impression of Audrey, who had decided to take all the white cards and was manically laughing to himself in the corner, when I was told he was going to be the leader of my group, to say I was filled with confidence would not be the term I would particularly use. But I was pleasantly surprised that both Audrey and Sherman were incredibly useful in answering all my infinite amount of questions, extremely lovely leaders and pretty good at saving me from the freezing water.

After losing count of the times I decided to stop paddling and capsize on the river Twye, I realised that no one really cared, well I mean obviously they cared to ensure I was still alive, but they didn't seem that bothered about the endless waiting in the freezing cold... maybe they were just really good at acting :/

The hard-core rapids were extremely fun, and the everlasting supply of river chocolate and hot squash kept me going when my hands and feet had lost all feelings. At the end of the run, I was told about the MASSIVE waterfall and went to have a look at it, being the only fresher I felt obliged to join in and be as 'great' and 'enthusiastic' as the freshers had been on the other trips (yea thanks for that one guys!) Instantly regretting being so #keen moving towards the waterfall I promptly shut my eyes, and was incredibly surprised when I opened them to be at the bottom, still in the boat and astoundingly alive, I decided to get comfortable and watched as everyone else come down with their impressive boofing faces entertaining the masses.



The Saturday evening activities started with a delicious meal which the olds slaved over, adding food that as a university student I rarely see, sundried tomatoes, mushrooms, onions and tiny chunks of bacon, to name a few. The table was also graced with wine, setting a very high bar that must be now be met every trip I go on, SUCCers you've been warned.

After the absinthe was brought out and given to those who lost their particular challenges, to say shit got weird, would be an understatement. Drumming circles were created, human bowling was being played, obstacle courses were being ran, and then someone mentioned the game 'murder in the dark' which unfortunately led up to the point where we all stood in the kitchen observing Ollie Martin's 'dead' naked body, with a South African Bibby loudly claiming that he was not the murderer, he just liked it when he stuck his finger up the dead man's bum.

The river on Sunday was less intense, so gave me a chance to pester everyone with my endless amount of questions. I particularly enjoyed the time when Beardy and Sherman were discussing all the horror stories about why knives are so important, with Oli Bragg in the background trying his best to comfort me in the fact that it doesn't normally happen, and the chances of 'being let go' were considerably small, especially in the rivers we freshers are allowed in. (cheers Oli :P). I was also able to practise my bank climbing and under tree ducking, which I vastly improved on throughout my time in Wales. With submerged trees and rocks attacking other kayakers, I was comforted in the fact that everyone wasn't as good as the videos in the first meeting made them out to be (sorry guys :/)

Whilst waiting in the traffic jam keen to get home and wash the river water out of my hair, I was able to go over what had occurred over the weekend, (not down to choice trust me, but due to some intense snoring from a particular committee member \*cough\* Nat \*cough\*) I concluded that I was pretty glad that I actually turned up for the trip.

So if I learnt anything from this trip, it would have nothing to do with kayaking, because that shit is hard... it would be to never challenge Sherman to the 'broom challenge' or Audrey to the 'cardboard box challenge' I like to think they practise at home so when they come on the trips, they can show everyone up :P.

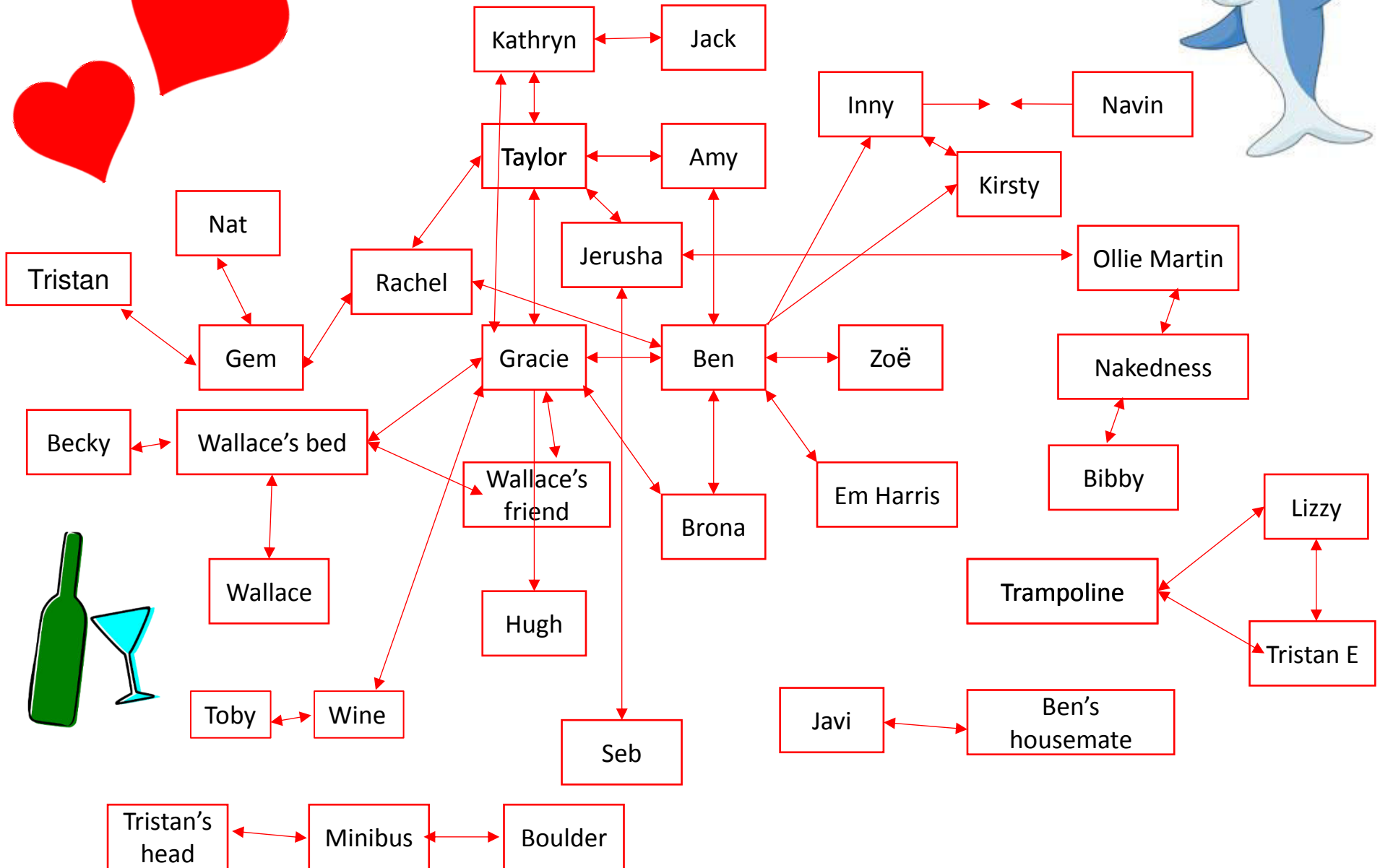
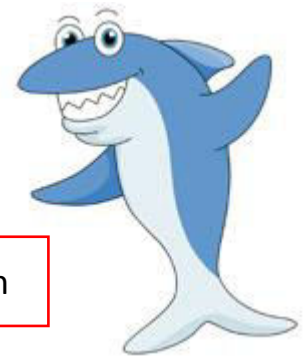
On a serious note, if you do find out that you're the only fresher, or there's only a small group going on a trip and you don't know anyone that's going, I would most definitely tell you to 'carpe diem' (yolo is too mainstream now) and just go! You get to talk to people who you might not if you went with friends. Everyone is extremely friendly as they remember their first trip and will constantly remind you that they were also shit at kayaking, once a long time ago. An infinite amount of tips will be given on how to improve or just on how to stay inside the boat, or they will just constantly repeat the same ones over and over again.

Most importantly everyone will give you their river chocolate! :D

By Zoë Butler



# SUCC Sharking Chart





## Christmas Dart

Faff. Lots of Faff. 2 runs of the upper and a cold wait in the rain levels of faff for some. Good levels, good food and bad faff describe this trip.

Journey down: Uneventful, usual levels of SUCC faff causing lateness and a tame no hot bus cold bus minibus, Laaaammmmmme.

## First Night:

I remember drinking a lot but not much else, well here it goes. One drinking game was all it took for Tristan to get a teapot 3 times (tea bags were a much appreciated addition), for grace to end up on Fred's lap (time and a place guys) and for 2 sock wrestles (an oldie picks on Fresher and one awkward and lopsided three way wrestle). That Game over Omar, Nogger extraordinaire, steps up to provide entertainment.



6 Apples and what could only be one worryingly large hangover later and we were impressed SUCCers. Then it was our time, turns out no one is as coordinated drunk as Ollie. Apples 1, SUCC 0.

Then it all gets dark again, thanks alcohol. All in all, fun night, needed more outrageous drinking.

1st Day: Just the one run of the upper this day, one dangerous run if Brian's eye has anything to say about it. A hugely busy dart was a fun complication for minibus parking, but no rocks hit this time and all was well. On to the river, got to say, self-led intermediate groups are fun, actual coaching was a nice change too. Good levels and not shuffling our way down was a nice change over last year too, what didn't change from last year is Fresher face carnage.....please don't leave Zoe. Best bit of the run, Grace swimming and finding out she hadn't done up her bum zip. One Improvement that could have been made to the day, less hangover, those 2 rolls were not fun and risk of chunder was high.





Saturday night: I can't really say what happened when we got back to the hut, I slept till around 9 when the meal was. Oh but that meal, well done chefs you did a good job. A solid meal with plenty for seconds, just what we needed. Meal dealt with, chocolate cake eaten and on to secret Santa. Triangles, fucking triangles. This year Wallace was unfortunately called away for important business just before Santa arrived and what a creepy sexual Santa it was. Best present of the night, Graces box, well done whoever got her a framed picture of her, Paul and Hugh.

Day 2: Faff. So much Faff. Unbelievable levels of faff, why was no one up to make Porridge? Why was no one at all up? Anyway, hut eventually cleared and off to the river, where people had done 2 runs of the upper and still had to wait around for us, sorry guys. The faff didn't stop there though, then there was Edey faff with leaving paddles at the get off, then Brona faff with her impossible foot plate and then finally with all this dealt with could the last group set off. After this though it was plain and simple all the way down. Till we found Seb, trapped nerves and kayaking do not go well. One long wait around then Seb was in a footplate-less Kanarli and on we went and now it was an uneventful run down the river just enjoying the features.

One sleepy journey back to Southampton later and I can say it was a really good trip.



# NOMINATIONSSSSSS!

Winners will be decided on loudest cheer!

Best Fresher

George Josh Zoe Butler Jack

Most Improved

Navin Em Harris Gracie

Most Flammable

Taylor Nat George Wallace

Biggest Shark

Ben B Grace Taylor Wallace's Bed

Biggest Faffer

Jacob Committee Weever and

Worst Couple

Ben&Amy Nat&Tristan  
Kathyrn&Jack

Head Carnage

Matt Proctor Brian Gracie