

PostScript



4th-year OUSGGers in desperate bid
for freedom from exams

Trinity Term 2008 - Issue 3 of 3

An Oxford University Scout and Guide Group Publication

PostScript



Issue 393

Editor: Elizabeth Horne, St. Edmund Hall

Chair: Timothy Driscoll, Oriel

Chair-Elect: Sarah Harvey, St. Catherine's

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N'n'N: Sarah Harvey, St. Catherine's

Summer Trip Organisers:

Michelle Barton, St. Edmund Hall &
Luke Cartey, St. Catherine's

Annual Dinner Organiser:

Chris Wood, St. Edmund Hall

Old Members' Rep.: Chris Seward, Ex-Jesus

Senior Member: Gavin Williams, St. Peter's

Any correspondence or articles for submission should be e-mailed to postscript@ousgg.org.uk, or may be sent to Miss E. Horne, St. Edmund Hall, Queen's Lane, Oxford, OX1 4AR. All items received will be presumed for publication unless otherwise notified. The Editor reserves the right to modify contributions.

Views expressed in *PostScript* are those of their authors, and may not correspond to those of OUSGG and associated bodies.

With full-blown grace Thy will be done; the show is over. **It's a new dawn!**

Cover photograph courtesy of Michael Howe.

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Editorial

All things must come to an end. It's an undeniable fact

Firstly, it's the end of another term - time to reflect once again on the undeniable fact that you have certainly not achieved as much as you planned to in 1st week.

Secondly, it's the end of my time as custodian of *PostScript*. No more sleepless nights worrying about contribution rates; no more endless typesetting of all the titles into 16pt Bold Goudita with the first letter set to 24pt *Beyond Wonderland*; no more incessant copy-editing. Shame.

Thirdly, since it's the end of not only the term but also the year, we're losing some of our members. Our 4th years will be making the transition from Current to Old members after the end of this term, a process that I'm told is exceptionally painful and involves a mystical initiation process even more complex than our own, with the addition of extra paddles. But perhaps I have said too much.

This is also the end of my editorial, since this needs to go to press in the next half hour.

It has been a delight to work with *PostScript* for this past year, and I hope that my successor finds it every bit as enjoyable as I have

Elizabeth Horne, St. Edmund Hall
Editor 2007-2008

The next issue of *PostScript* will be published on

Monday of 2nd Week,

and so the deadline is

Friday of 1st Week.

Articles received after this time will be included at the Editor's discretion, or may be retained for use in future issues.

Chair's Report

Timothy Driscoll rounds up the term.

Still me, I'm afraid... Not for much longer though.

The Term's happened, and on the whole it's been pretty fun. At least, I've enjoyed it. We've had a few changes of plan, including Astronomy evenings that were clouded over, a quiz added to the programme at short notice, and a punting trip in the Wheatsheaf. (The boathouse was closed, so we went to see the Oxford Imps instead). Fortunately, everyone I've spoken to seems to have had fun despite the erratic timings of some events.

For those of you who can remember that far back, we started off with a film night in 0th week, and a games evening in 1st. Second week was the Bodleian Library tour, which was the first time that many of those who went (i.e. scientists) had actually been there. We've had a successful Annual Dinner weekend, which was followed up with a closely fought game of Aunt Sally, then the Wychwood Warriors joint meeting and another attempt at astronomy.

Fifth week was a wide game I called 'Revision' - based on the group's activities over the past year. Former Chairs can rest assured that people remember what we did, say in the 5th week of Michaelmas, with a bit of prompting. Then we had the aforementioned quiz, and failed punting trip.

So, what's still to come? There's the last N'n'N of term, and the Punt Joust is next weekend, so hopefully we'll come away from that fairly successfully (and can resist the temptation to steal the CUSAGC duck again). Also, watch out for a possible bonus meeting (probably another film night) in 9th week for those who are still around.

Good luck to those leaving this year, and to those still to finish exams.

Oh, and no-one died*

*As a direct result of the group and it's activities, unless something goes *very* wrong at the TGM..

Timothy Driscoll, Oriel

Inside This Issue

Unlike Gaul, PostScript is divided into more than three parts.

- **Easter Activity Report**
Proof that it actually happened.
- **Scouts with firearms**
A terrifying prospect.
- **On the Origin of Articles**
What, where, when, how, who?

...and more!



Pot/Kettle

Madam,

I wish to complain in the strongest possible terms about allegations made in the editorial of Postscript 390 as to the impartiality of my investigative journalism in said issue. I would like to assure readers of Postscript that Mr. Wood was not involved in any of the reporting beyond 23:07 in the night in question, a full forty minutes before the "beer incident", a claim I am willing to back up with evidence from the original transcripts and the testimony of Miss Harvey should it be so required. As a friend of both of the parties involved, this libelous slur against my good name makes a mockery of the value of my friendship and I would not resort to partiality over such an important issue would it jeopardise such strong ties I hold with both of them. Indeed if you refer back to my time as editor of this esteemed publication, you'll find I slag both of them off equally.

I believe your confusion may arise from the coincident juxtaposition of the lines:

23:43 Chris and Nick make a drunken bet
23:50 FIGHT! Chris vs. Shell. Water and beer spilt in anger.

I would like to clear matters by noting that these two lines are completely unrelated as the drunken bet was made on a completely different subject as Mr. Carthey will testify.

I would further like to complain about your editing of the aforementioned article. Two of your three additional comments to the article are blatant attempts to deceive the reader into believing that my impartiality is questionable. I had to sit in beer for god's sake in order to gauge the response of the OUSGG community present at the time. That my intoxicated state at that stage of the evening may have brought around a conflict of interests is a gross-misrepresentation of the integrity of my character.

I would also like to add that I do not condone the events of the "beer incident" and would like it noted that as I was unaware of the exact circumstances leading up to the event have decided not report on anything that I did not have the full facts on, and as a consequence, did not even attempt to assign any blame myself. This is in stark

contrast to your actions in editing the article. The addition of the figure to the article is an insult to my reporting. The readership of PostScript must be aware that you have added your own opinions as to where the blame lies to this figure and in doing so have shifted what was a balanced argument into one that clearly points the finger at Chris. This is the kind of bias I expect from a Murdoch owned newspaper and distortion of statistics for the purposes of deceiving the readership for the benefit of the ownership I would expect of the Daily Mail.

I believe you have brought the good name of PostScript into disrepute beyond anything I managed, and commend you on such brilliance that I could not achieve during my time as Editor.

Yours,
Nick Scroxton
Time-traveling matron from the 1870s
Postscript Editor 2006-2007

By submitting material to PostScript you agree to the terms of publication, one of which is the Editor's right to modify contributions. Nevertheless, all additions to your article were made in the interests of readability and unbiased reporting.

All comments appended to your article were clearly labeled as such - the Editor's personal opinion - and so I am confused by your accusations of them being 'blatant attempts to deceive the reader'. Both comments - one questioning your state of sobriety, and another detailing the nature of my activities in the Ladies Loos with Miss Barton - can be proven, through the use of witnesses such as Miss Hunt, and Miss Barton herself - to be factual statements. How can the addition of further truths to an article reduce the impartiality of it?

The figure added to your article is a graphical representation of the following obtuse, text heavy list which you yourself submitted:

"Sarah blames Chris.
Charli blames Chris.
Luke blames Chris.
Sarah also blames Shell.
Luke superficially blames Shell.
Libby would like to remain neutral -
coward!"

Sam would blame Chris but as Shell is the Oxford scapegoat it is quite clearly Shell's fault."

...with the sole addition of the Editor's opinion, which you were unable to ascertain at the time because of my being busy helping the victim scrub the aforementioned beer out of her clothing.

As to my allegations of your being intoxicated beyond the point of impartiality, based on personal observations of your actions that evening, I can only offer the following proof that you were not entirely in control of your higher faculties that evening.



Or do you appear like this on a regular basis? Ed.

Erik's Holiday

Chris Seward has found the perfect retreat for our ailing mascot.

IT IS almost too silly to bear - but a spa for teddies has opened its doors, offering luxury breaks for those in need of a stitch-up. So for £80, your furry friend will have a check-up, enjoy steam baths and donkey rides and you'll be sent photos. They can have limbs restuffed, squeakers repaired and be restored to their former glory - for an extra price. 'Our vision is to create an environment where today's over-stretched urban teddy can escape for a few days to recharge the batteries in unashamed luxury,' said Julie Tatchell, who runs the spa in Beaulieu, Hampshire.

Excerpt from The Metro, May 2008.

Website News

The OUSGG website will be undergoing a complete makeover over the summer vacation.

We have a number of ideas (amongst other things, a members-only wiki) but we would like your suggestions on what else should be on there!

As well as your ideas on content we also want your suggestions for the new design. How would you like the website to look?

Send your ideas to

ihaveanidea@ousgg.org.uk

within the next few weeks!



Bliss: A teddy indulges in the full spa treatment - including champagne

This hotel's a stitch-up

IT IS almost too silly to bear - but a spa for teddies has opened its doors, offering luxury breaks for those in need of a stitch-up. For £80, your furry friend will have a check-up, enjoy steam baths and donkey rides and you'll be sent photos. They can have limbs restuffed, squeakers

repaired and be restored to their former glory - for an extra price. 'Our vision is to create an environment where today's over-stretched urban teddy can escape for a few days to recharge the batteries in unashamed luxury,' said Julie Tatchell, who runs the spa in Beaulieu, Hampshire.



Unbridled fun: A happy customer goes for a hobby horse ride

Easter Activity Report

Sarah Harvey delves deeper into OUSGG's shady activities.

Being one of the two EA Freshers this year and having just about recovering from the 'initiation', I've been nominated to write this article, so here we go.

Easter Activity this year commenced on April Fools' Day (seems appropriate eh?) and after doing a couple of laps of Shere for good luck, I managed to navigate my way to Bentley Copse; where our hut for the week was – or 'The Nest' as it was called. After a quick Sainsbury's trip in which we bought the shop out of Basics products we produced a menu of culinary delights for the week and cooked, enjoying wine out of tea-cups as every civilised person does.



The following morning we set off to do the Brownie day hike up a local hill. However after finishing this hike by 1pm we decided to extend our route slightly and get to Peaslake in time for tea. About four hours later and traumatised by scary old ladies and pubs which didn't serve tea in Abinger Hammer, as well as the lack of teasshop in Gomshall, we finally returned to Shere and to the Lucky Duck tearoom. Four large slices of chocolate cake later we set off back to the campsite, with Shell's 'stolen' boots turning up mysteriously around the corner and Luke's very clean shoes surprisingly remaining so. The evening was topped off by more wine from tea-cups and the disappearance of Luke's Queens.

Thursday stands out as being the single most exciting day, with our trip to Basingstoke Canal centre, consumption of muffins and six laps of a roundabout on the way home while we tried to work out which way to go. We also paid a trip to Godalming and had bagels; honey bagel served with salad...yay! In the eve, we went to pick up a couple of lost scouts who had found their way somehow to Guildford station. We took an interesting route encompassing many small villages who hadn't yet noticed that the Bliz was infact over, with a certain lack of street lamps to be seen. Infact there was a certain lack of anything much to be seen except the occasional 'Ahh, hedge approaching!'



Friday was Thorpe Park day! Now I can't say much for the other car, but we had some interesting navigational experiences on our way there, including a scenic tour of a primary school car park as well as a block of flats which I wish I could remember the name of. We then proceeded to go on almost all of the rides, with special attention paid to Nemesis Inferno towards the end – about five times round it later we were feeling slightly wobbly (or at least I was). We also provided a tuneful rendition of 'Baa Baa Black Sheep' (both verses!) as we ascended Detonator, which I'm certain was enjoyed by everyone who

heard it. The day ended, of course in a shop where certain individuals bought sugary refreshment, and Lizzy's brother challenged Luke to a contest of who could finish their sherbet stick the fastest. When we arrived back at the hut, everyone else arrived and the night proceeded with some surprisingly fizzy gin and tonic.



Saturday consisted of a reasonably early start, frantic sandwich making and then off to Weald and Downland Open Air Museum where we saw lots of halls, houses and barns as well as a Tudor kitchen and a working water mill. Shell's attempts to catch a duck were aided by grain from the mill, following cake and hot drinks from the tearoom (seemed to be a theme running throughout the trip!) In the evening myself and Tim were 'initiated' and due to a secrecy policy I can't say any more ~~except how painful the process was~~. Thanks to Lizzy I also discovered that blackcurrant squash and Malibu are a winning combination – recommended to all and learnt how to play Chinese charades where the annual dinner and after-party were acted out unwittingly! I had to leave before lunch the next day just as everyone else was heading off to a pub to eat, concluding my first OUSGG trip and I'd highly recommend all Freshers to come along on the next!

Puzzle Time

Elizabeth Hunt makes a valiant attempt to get Undergraduates to think.

The thought of all those expensive Undergraduate brains atrophying over the summer upsets me. It's unfair and probably grossly inefficient, so unless you have a proper job, answers to the following on a postcard, please:

- 1 A (succulent) lamb is stuck in the middle of a field with some lions. Any lion can eat the lamb but after eating a lion is sleepy and so easy prey for another lion. Lions like eating lambs and other lions equally, and are hungry, but not suicidal. They're also super-rational. Is the lamb doomed?
- 2 5 greedy pirates are on their ship in shark-infested waters. They've just plundered a chest of 100 gold coins and are preparing to divide them up. Much like lions, greedy pirates are super-rational and not suicidal. They also abide by the norms governing their community. When pirates divide up treasure, the most senior pirate present get to propose a split and all the pirates vote. If the proposer wins, the split is implemented and they set sail for the nearest port to spend their ill-gotten gains on rum and on-trend eye-patches. If he loses, he's thrown to the sharks and the next most senior pirate gets to propose a split. In the event of a tie, the proposer has the casting vote.
 - What does each pirate get?
 - What do the sharks get?
 - What would happen if the pirates abandoned their hierarchy and instead picked the proposer at random each time?

Missing Words Answers

Because you won't have guessed them.

1. Lost tax data 2. Palestinian tax funds 3. Giraffe milk 4. Salt beef sandwich 5. Somerset 6. Booze 7. Became an omelette 8. Toads

Caption Competition

Photographic action with **Chris Wood**.

The following photos are from OUSGG events in the past year¹, but can anyone work out what is going on in the photos? Send your entries to someone.



¹I only had my camera at one event throughout the year.

Boy Scouts with Muskets

Philip Alderton has access to weaponry.

GEORGE: Yes, I will do the opposite. I used to sit here and do nothing, and regret it for the rest of the day, so now I will do the opposite, and I will do something.

- *Seinfeld*, 'The Opposite' (Season 5, episode 22)

With those lines reverberating in my head, I look up from the wet grass and resume my contemplation of the soles of the brogans a couple of inches from my nose. I quickly glance around me, restrained by the knapsack's constant digs into my back. I reckon there are at least fifty of us here: all lying face down in two rows, laden with kit, muskets to hand. We look quite convincing, all things considered. Someone proffers a bag of nuts. I take a handful and pass them on. We're waiting for our cue, if you could call it that. On hearing the cannon, we're supposed to get up and fall in, then in formation at doublequick cross the ramparts, avoiding the pyrotechnic wires as we go (I doubted whether that final instruction was strictly authentic). In the meantime, we have to keep low. From where we're placed there's supposedly a fantastic view of the south coast, but after the struggle I had getting the pack on I'm not in the mood to loosen it slightly to give myself the requisite freedom of movement to fully take it in. An old hand to my right turns his head and, with a whisper, asks if I'm looking forward to seeing the elephant for the first time. His grin widens as far as it can within his chinstraps as he merrily adds:

'Besides, you might die'

I tell him that that might please a vast number of people, then quietly remind myself that the only real danger would come from getting in the way of another's bayonet: this is, after all, only a game. The wind picks up snippets of conversation from the lines – a combination of half-heard unfunny jokes, interrupted anecdotes, and the proud display of new kit. I recognise some of the voices from earlier, others are from those I have yet to meet. There will be a time for that later, around the fire, perhaps. Not now.

I feel a tap on my shoulder: an officer is checking to see how I'm coping. I've only been in uniform since this morning, after all. Only a few hours earlier I was strutting around Somerville wearing black tie, now I'm being addressed as 'Private'. If I listen and follow those standing next to me I should be fine. I gobble some more nuts, and after a couple of attempts at disentanglement manage to take a quick swig from my canteen. A mysterious but brief silence, then the chatter begins again. I tighten my grip on my musket and try to visualise standing up without being kicked in the face. The man to my right gives me a sly smile; with his cap pulled down the effect is mildly comical. I'm about to ask him something trivial when we hear it.

Without even a moment's pause we're up and moving in two files. Other than watching out for those stray wires I'm straining myself to ensure I can hear the commands over the din and can see someone to copy in case of uncertainty. An occasional and subtle tugging at my sleeve keeps me from veering out of line. We reach the slope down to the fort, the Confederates, and the paying spectators. I hardly notice any of them. Breaking formation, we're all trying to work out the best way to descend the gradient in one piece. We know they're firing at us, but we have to clear the bank or risk a far more realistic injury than usual when one of the hidden charges explodes. Balancing with the musket I hobble down, and despite a couple of slips manage to rejoin my company. Without time to regain our composure we're back in line and moving.

I can barely hear the shouted instructions over the racket, amplified by the walls of the fort. I must be doing something right: I seem to be keeping in sync with those on either side of me. My focus is on them, the man in front, and the officer. I am not conscious of anything else. In the ranks our role is simple: we move... load... aim... fire by rank... load... aim... move... fire by company... load... move... fire by line... volley... cease... dress... move... turn... load... oblique... aim... fire by something or other... oblique...

skirmishers split off... cover... prime... dress... fire... load... check... something... huh... what... fire... aim... prime... move... right...no... oblique left... fire by -

I drop down.

I hope it was a noble death. Not that it matters. I vaguely feel a couple of fingers checking my pulse, then one of the medical corps, in a whisper, asks if I'm dead, dying, or wounded. I don't hesitate to reply - I'm not in the mood for a mock amputation. Not on my first outing, at any rate. My hat is moved so it partially covers my face, and I hear them move on to the next casualty. They leave me on the dusty gravel, feeling the rattle of the artillery, the guns, and the pyrotechnics vibrate through my bones. All around me the chaos, confusion, and stress of the mock battle continues to rage: death itself is macabrely relaxing.

An eerie calm.

'Uncover!'

A few moments' reflection.

'Resurrect!'

Thinking they had missed a trick by omitting a final trumpet, I stand up, exchange nods of acknowledgement with a similarly reincarnated Reb, then quickly fall in with my company. Us damn Yankees had lost, apparently, but then that was how it was scripted to be. For the audience's pleasure we parade together, both sides in two long ranks, and fire a couple of volleys in their general direction. A short burst of mass bayonet drill, followed by presenting arms, and it's over. They seem to enjoy the spectacle. Despite my non-firing weapon, distinct lack of bayonet, and poor memory for drill commands I have not done as badly as I feared. We march back to camp singing 'The Battle Cry of Freedom', deliberately yelling it out as we pass the Confederates' tents. I'm enjoying myself, far more than I ever thought I would. I never considered that it would be right for me, but going against my instincts - doing the opposite - has worked. I decide, there and then, to become a re-enactor. Huzzah!

Missing words

Chris Wood has his finger on the pulse.

The following headlines have been taken from this week's papers. Fill in the blanks as you please.

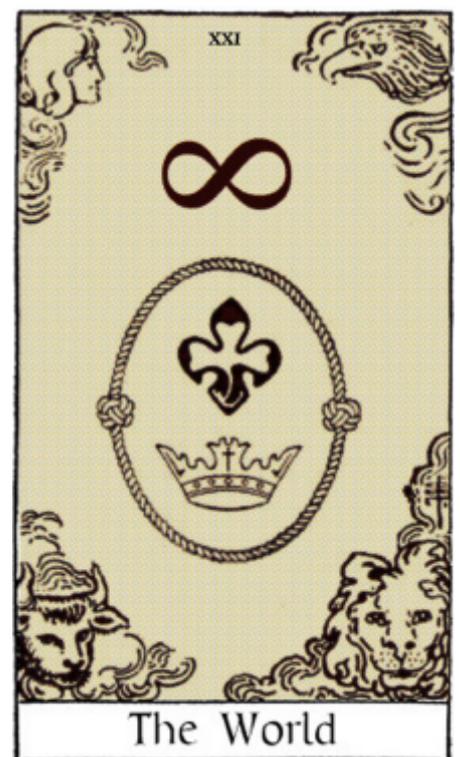
1. Furious PM kicked desk over .
2. Israel cuts off as relations hit new low.
3. Jews permitted a tall drink as declared kosher.
4. When ordering a beware of the moral minefield that awaits.
5. kept in check by Rudolph.
6. 50ft faller saved by .
7. The emu that nearly .
8. killing outback crocodiles.

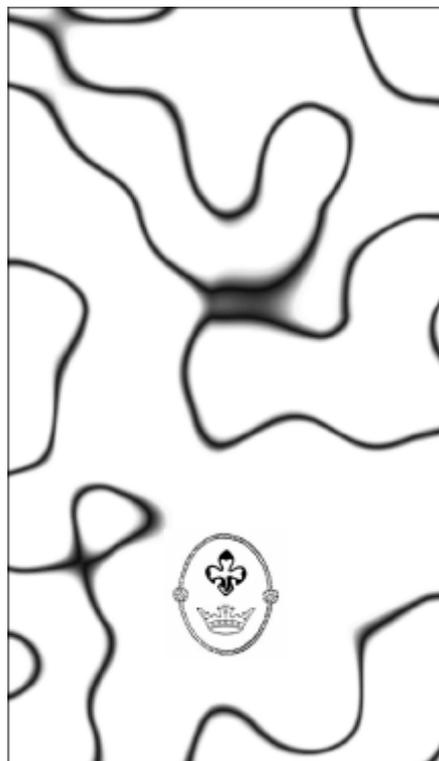
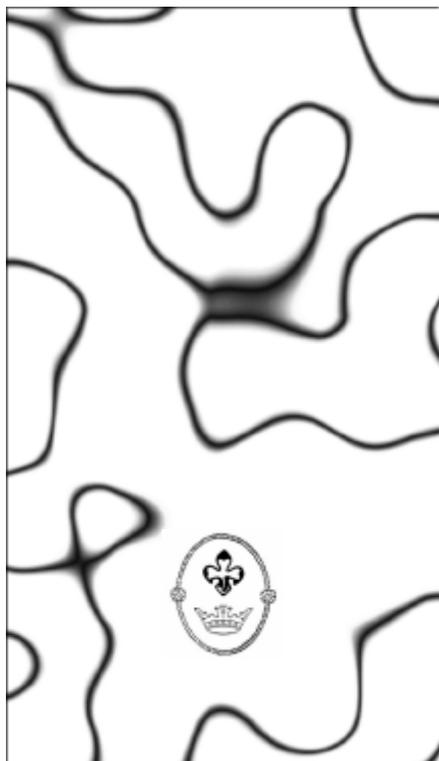
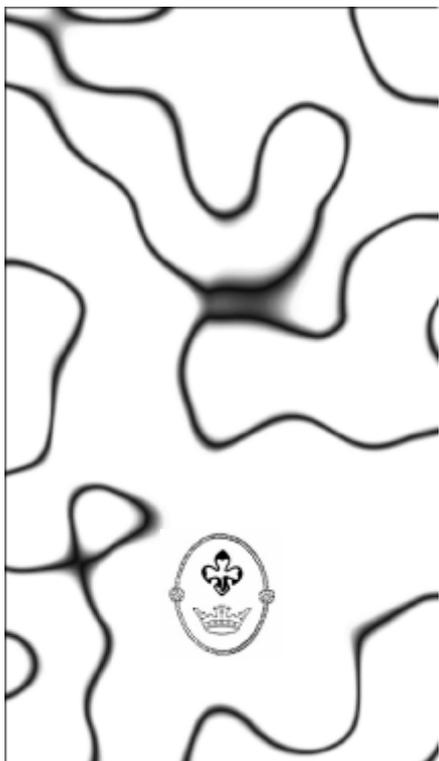
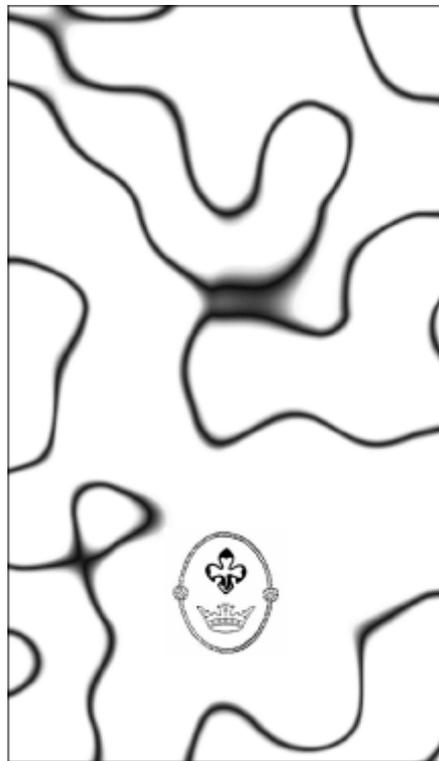
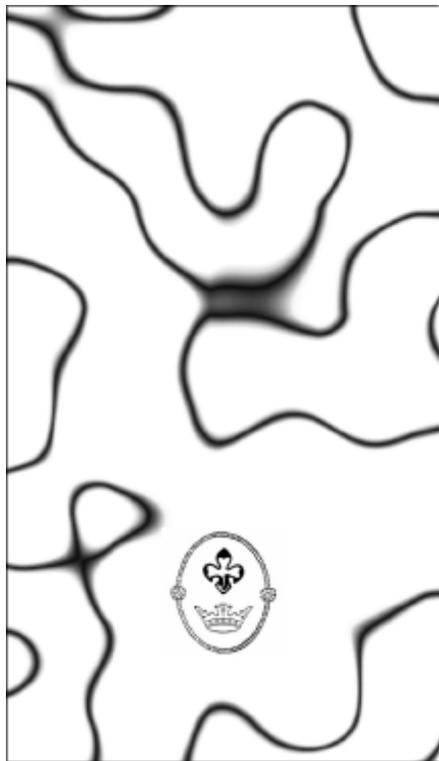
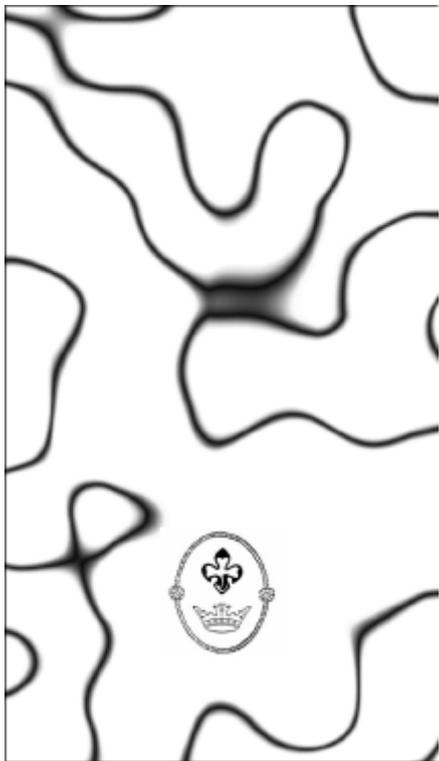
Answers on Page 7.

Cut-out-and-keep OUSGG Tarot

Elizabeth Horne has been dabbling in the occult.

Collect the entire set, and become the envy of your fortune telling friends!

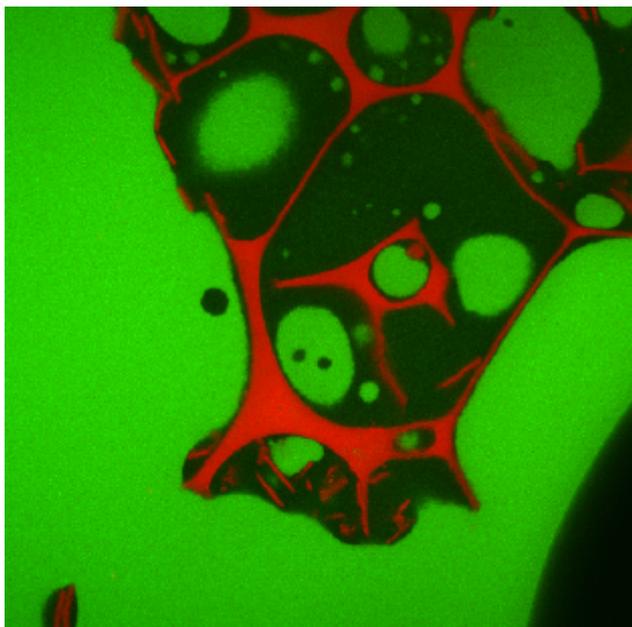




How to Write a Thesis

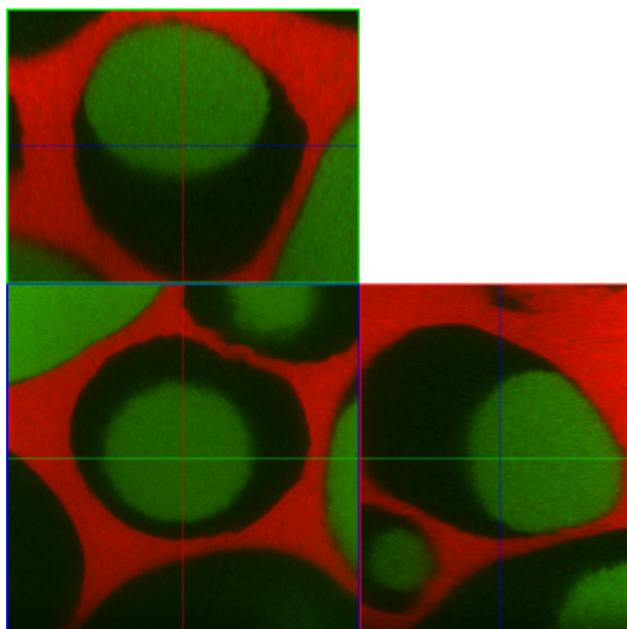
Michael Howe provides a framework for future work.

Created PartIIThesis dir
Added various part II source files
Added bunch more PartIIThesis structure files.
Added bibliography from foams project.
More thesis structure, some minor matlab changes.
Noting things need to include in thesis.
Woo Friday.



Some thesis thoughts
Updated structure with general outline after conversation with Dirk
Most of the experimental dye bit now written up.
Bunch of thesis changes
Some more experimental work
Woo experimental details \o/
More experimental stuff
More experimental work, some behind the techniques included. More references (including Roel).
More experimental and theoretical stuff done.
Began tables of results. Some more synthesis theory.
Stage 2 emulsion polymerization results typed up
Thoughts
Added iliad stylefile. More references, theory, most experimental now done.
Most experimental synthesis finished \o/
More results typed up
Dispersion and PS results added.
Added physics presentation - next stop, content!
Foam and microscoping experimental written up.
Added paper about stabilizers
Some notes on particle size

Moved style stuff into thesis stylefile so we can easily change it when recompiling for Dirk.
Image analysis experimental section
More experimental stuff.
Removed a4paper option from main thesis file, made stylefile usepackage a4.
Added cut vial images (png/pdf).
Added eps of cut_vial graphic
Resized cut_vial images
Image of failed R1; work on discussion, experimental, results.
Added bit about redispersing after centrifuging
Wrote a bit more stuff..
Added rhodamine_coumarin images (png).
Added pdf/eps rhodamine_coumarin images
Added large rhodamine-bleached images.
Renamed PMMA bleaching image (now inc 'PMMA'), added doc-sized images.
Added pdf/eps files of bleaching
More graphics (pngs) added, work on fluorescence and polydispersity done (results/discussion mainly).
Made pdf/eps files of braggreflection images
SEM png graphics added \o/
Made pdf/eps/normal-png sized SEM images
Whoops, missed a couple
Friday hometime \o/ (some CSLM pngs added)
Added eps/pdfs of more results graphics



Some naming issues (multiple Q1s and P1S1s), images should now be renamed appropriately.
Most results now written.
Little more writing.
Added CSLM schematic.

Added scale bars to graphics, removed space from CSLM image.

Bunch of image resizing

Mainly intro work, and png images added.

Added intro pdf/eps graphics

More discussion and intro.

More of the intro written.

eps/pdf versions of core-shell images

Thesis as submitted to Dirk (now including most of his suggested changes)

PSF theory finally somewhat sorted, some foam theory also.

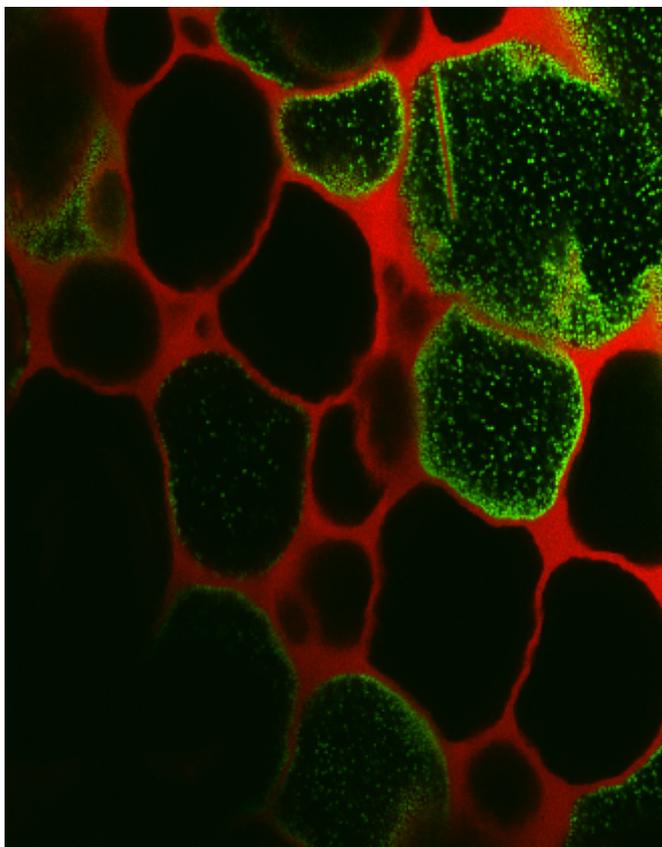
Foams section of theory added.

Some results and discussion on foams also done.

Fixed pmma em poly s2.2 table

Added confinement pngs

New foammassfraction png, eps and pdfs of confinement images



Added more foam images.

More eps and pdf files, recreated ones without scale bars

Updates to discussion to complete it bar image analysis, ditto results.

Made pdf and eps of 3d bubble

Foam mass fraction graph now has 'log', CSLM schematic has out-of-focus points, added success image to go with the failure.

More image playing

Pdf/epsing

Bunch of image resizing.

Removed unnecessary pdf files, rebuilt eps files

Whoops, moved PS bleached square to PMMA to reflect reality

Added PS bleached images again

Image analysis stuff mainly complete

Added spheres in water pngs

Added epses for img analysis

Apparently the commented-out bibliography line is required or things break. Go latex.

Woo, all main content done, some preamble too.

Added foam photo; changing et al to be correct.

Hopefully fixed eas, added foam photo eps

Moved polymerization graphics intro->theory

Rotated foam photo by 90 degrees

Everything done bar the summary intro (and two images). Nearly there.

More preamble done. Not good, though :(

Images theoretically fixed

Woo, a page of good preamble actually written

Specified image widths, added arrows to foam structure.

Removed unused latex options.

Fixed microlitres, ml, etc

Few minor corrections.

Small changes to intro, some fixing of units in results (Gillian help)

Woo, some work done on Tuesday. Redraft of intro, theory, and some experimental.

Lots of changes. Hometime now.

Added pdf/png files

Fixing of experimental (again), code dumped in appendix

Results redrafted.

Discussion theoretically complete too.

Thursday final

Added confocalclassicgraph.

Oh, and today's Wednesday.

Fixed results, refs, discussion and experimental discussion and conclusion fixed

Thursday morning proof-reading done

Changes as suggested by Dirk

Now with non-draft graphics \o/

Final final.

Really final final.

Fin.

QuoteScript

Luke Cartey rounds off this year's soundbites.

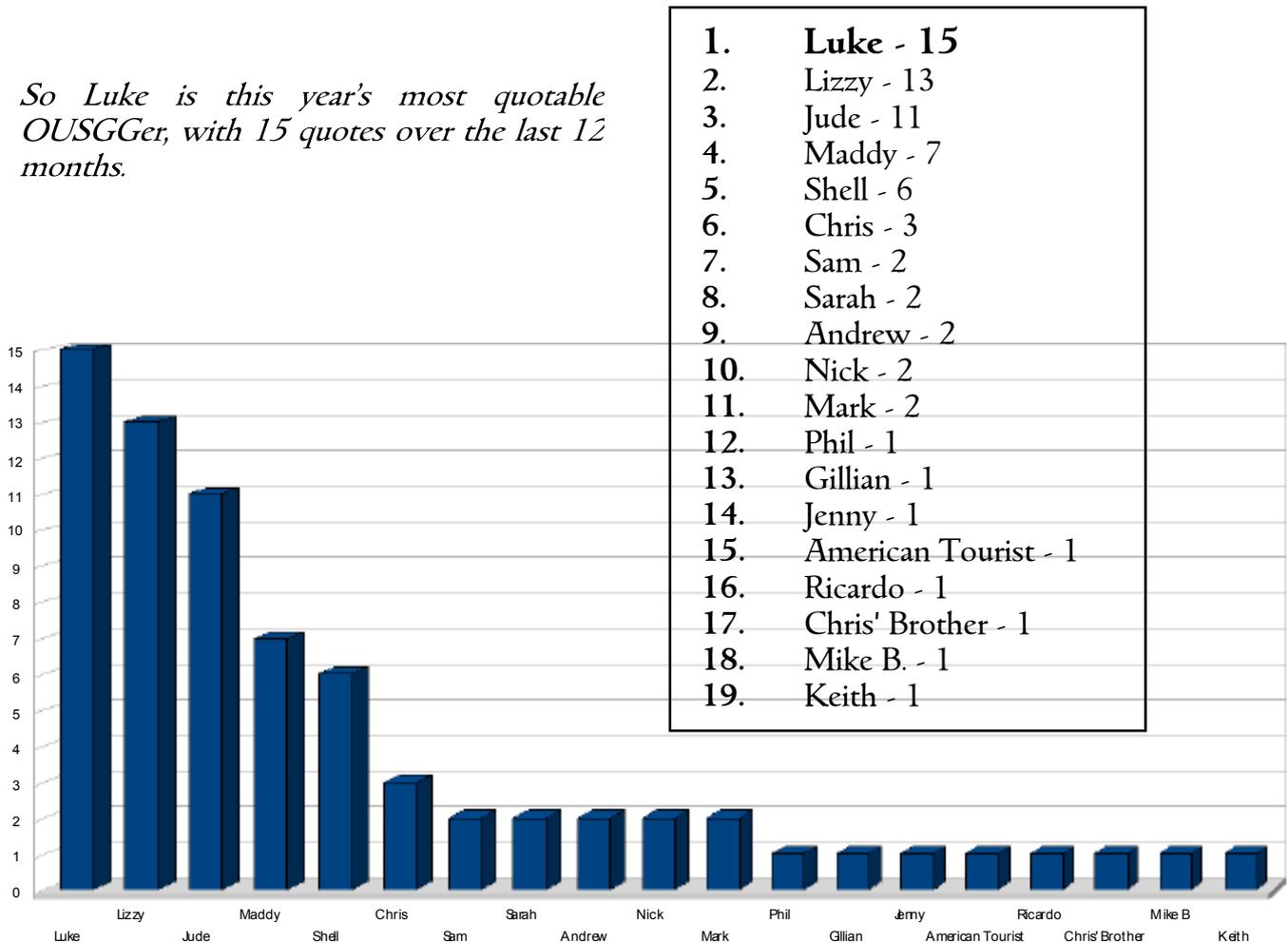
American Tourist: *(about Alistair's waterproof overtrousers)* Son, do you know that your pants have fallen down? Your pants, son! Your pants!

Sam: *(looking at a motor boat)* I don't know what its motive power is - presumably a motor of some kind.

Sarah: How do you know Nick?

Sam: Some might say Biblically.

So Luke is this year's most quotable OUSGGer, with 15 quotes over the last 12 months.



1. **Luke** - 15
2. Lizzy - 13
3. Jude - 11
4. Maddy - 7
5. Shell - 6
6. Chris - 3
7. Sam - 2
8. Sarah - 2
9. Andrew - 2
10. Nick - 2
11. Mark - 2
12. Phil - 1
13. Gillian - 1
14. Jenny - 1
15. American Tourist - 1
16. Ricardo - 1
17. Chris' Brother - 1
18. Mike B. - 1
19. Keith - 1

Guess the OUSGGer

The answers to last issue's tricky challenge.

"Can you smell the firefighters?" - Lizzy

"I've just spelt quotes wrong." - Luke

"Extremely spottable." - Sarah

"Slightly thicker than that custard." - Shell

On the Origin of Articles

James Baker presents some thoughts.

I've long had a theory that nobody ever bothers reading anything apart from the start and the end of an article (especially if it doesn't have any pictures and is just a solid page of text). It's the same as if you're playing in an orchestra - start the symphony well, finish the symphony well and so long as you don't severely maim or kill more than the front two rows of the audience then people will think you've played brilliantly.

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Etiam viverra sodales elit. Nunc pede. Vivamus tortor purus, rhoncus vitae, interdum a, fermentum vitae, enim. Donec diam. Morbi accumsan, lorem a semper gravida, lorem nibh commodo ipsum, eu vehicula eros sapien non nisl. In diam pede, ultrices sed, venenatis non, cursus eu, justo. Integer lacus pede, dapibus vel, dapibus eu, accumsan ac, dui. Suspendisse potenti. Donec sollicitudin, justo id placerat egestas, metus velit molestie magna, nec accumsan mi dui fermentum dui. Aliquam lacinia sapien vel metus.

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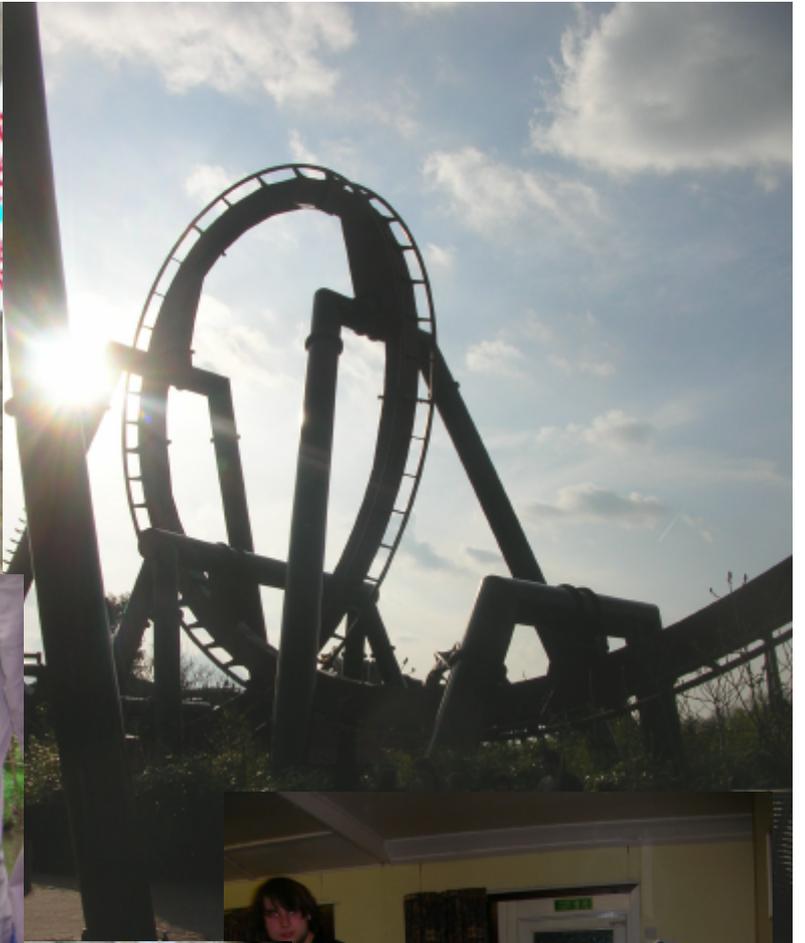
Cras quis justo. Quisque tincidunt. Sed facilisis pharetra quam. Vestibulum tellus pede, vestibulum vel, semper et, sagittis non, odio. Duis condimentum pede eget elit. Donec sagittis cursus sapien. Mauris magna. Aliquam felis. Phasellus suscipit, diam vitae tempus pulvinar, mauris felis venenatis dui, at dictum leo augue sit amet lectus. Quisque ligula lectus, congue iaculis, mattis non, eleifend vitae, tortor. Cras ac ligula.

And that's my theory in a nutshell - a good solid opening, plenty of filler and then a half decent summary at the end. What could be easier? It got me through my English GCSE's, it's got me through this PostScript article, and hopefully one day it will get me through a thesis or two as well.

But let's keep it our little secret, eh? We wouldn't want anyone to catch on!

P.S. One last thing, thanks for a great year everyone. Have a great summer (especially those going on Summer Activity which unfortunately I couldn't make) and hopefully I'll see you all in Michaelmas.

P.P.S. A postscript in PostScript. How ironic.



The End.

Have a great

Long Vac

PostScript 07-08

See you all in Michaelmas!