

Issue 399

PostScript

An Oxford University Scout and Guide Group Publication



Sofa, So Good



Colouring Corner



Pancakes!



90th Annual Dinner

PostScript

Issue 399 - 3 of 3, HT09

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All items received will be presumed for publication unless otherwise notified. The editor reserves the right to modify contributions.

Contributions should be received by the Friday preceding the date of publication. Articles received after this time will be included at the editor's discretion, or may be retained for use in future issues.

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

Editorial

The end of another term, and - for me at least - it's been a pretty hectic term. It seems to have gone very quickly though, and it certainly doesn't seem like 2 months ago that we were attempting to bribe some more Freshers into coming along by giving them lots of free food.

I'm sure everyone agrees that it has been a good term though, and hopefully everyone is also looking forward to what promises to be an immense term in Trinity (which, coincidentally, I'm chairing). Aside from the 90th Annual Dinner, we have a trip to Youlbury to play on the Aerial Trek lined up, some African Drumming, a Pub Quiz, and plenty of chances to get out and enjoy Oxford in the sun. Full details of the programme will be finding their way to your inboxes at some point over the Easter vac.

Also next term is the term where PostScript hits 400. As you can imagine, the 400th issue will be something special and I will be expecting requiring all of you to submit at least one article. Once again though, details about the 400th issue will be sent to the mailing lists once I've finalised a few bits and pieces.

Anyway, enjoy issue 399 of PostScript, and have a fantastic Easter vacation!



Chair's Report

I can't believe it's time to write my final Chair's report.

I hope everyone has enjoyed this food-filled term, and it's not over yet! New shiny committee positions elected (or not) so time to get some grease over Postscript before it's defaced by Chris. Wonder if we'll meet anyone else in the pub this week to sign our book?!

There's plenty of chocolate left over, we seem to have done quite well for chocolate-y goodness this term, hope you're all going to come along to the 8th week N'n'N on Thursday to finish it off...

Good luck to James!

See you on our Easter Activity Grand Day Out if not before!

Shell xx



In This Issue

The Amazing Adventures of Erik the Panda (pg 4)

What crazy misadventure will everyone's favourite Panda get up to this week?

Peaks Member Challenge (pg 7)

How well do you know your fellow OUSGGers? Are you able to match the titles with the people?

I Can Do Art Me (pg 8)

Leaving Science to the Brainiacs, OUSGG turns it's hand to some colouring in.

90th Annual Dinner (pg 10)

Details about this years "must be there" social event.

OUSGG Cookbook (pg 11)

Bored of your normal pancake fillings? Then we have a solution...

What's Happening?

Monday, Week 1: Refresher's Meeting (Worcester College, 2000)

Monday, Week 2: Chinese New Year (St Peter's College, 2000)

Monday, Week 3: Safari Supper (St Catz, 1830)

Monday, Week 4: Stop Frame Photography (Worcester College, 2000)

Monday, Week 5: Shotover Country Park (Christ Church Gates, 1900)

Monday, Week 6: Erik's 35th Birthday Party (43 Bartlemas Road, 1930)

Monday, Week 7: Brainiac Live (New Theatre, 1915)

Monday, Week 8: TGM and Café Zouk (Oriental College, 1830)

The Amazing Adventures of Erik the Panda

as told by **Tim Driscoll**

Part 4

Poachers. They'd caught Rhun, and Erik knew that Qiri wouldn't be far behind. He had to act quickly before things got worse.

He checked his pockets for anything that might be of use. He had a pen-knife, but attacking them head on would be suicide. He had a map that Rob had given him, and a compass – neither of which would be any use here. And he had a music player he'd been listening to on the way up. They had nets, guns, knives, and were four strong men. They probably had back-up nearby, too.

Just in case, Erik checked the map for anything nearby that might help him. If he could lead them away from Rhun, he might be able to double back and do something for the trapped panda. Yes, that seemed like a plan.

In a spark of inspiration, he pulled out his knife, and set to work on the nearby bamboo. A few minutes later he had some improvised javelins. But the men hadn't been idle either, and were starting to force Rhun along what was presumably the path they had come along to get here with cattle prods. Erik followed in the undergrowth. He couldn't act here, he'd get caught, and quickly too. It was all he could do to avoid the men seeing him as it was, and his new weapons slowed him down. Fortunately, they were focusing mostly on Rhun.

Soon, they reached another clearing near their van, and Erik seized his chance.

The first shot fell short, and went completely unnoticed by the men. So did the second – but closer to the group – and when one of them turned in Erik's direction and saw it, Erik threw the third. This was a good shot, and landed amongst the men. The fourth was too good, if anything. It only travelled the distance of the second, but that was right into the torso of one of the men now charging into the bamboo forest, piercing his shoulder. He gave a cry of pain, and stumbled.

Erik gave a shout as loud as he could “Hey! Over here!” and ran.

Toby, the leader of the poachers, was furious. He was determined to get revenge on whoever had attacked his group, and injured Steven. What kind of idiot was he dealing with here? Attacking a group of armed men was stupid enough, but to keep taunting them as you ran? And the best thing of all was that they was heading straight for the ravine. Before long he was going to run out of places to run.

They had to be careful, that was all. Couldn't let the authorities get to know about this. They may turn a blind eye to low levels of poaching, but what he had in mind now would probably be one step too far.

The voice seemed to have stopped moving, but was still calling out to them. Oh yes, he was going to enjoy this. Maybe if he told the locals that this was one of the poachers, who had attacked his men while they tried to save a cub... They'd probably lynch the guy for him.



They came to yet another clearing, where the voice was coming from. It was suspiciously empty. A few of his men crept in, listening for the source of the voice that even now continued to taunt them. It was close, very close.

“Sir! Over here!” called his lieutenant, holding up what looked like an old cassette player.

Toby roared, the echo carrying across to where Erik was, back at the clearing. Two of the men had remained thanks to his forth spear, one injured, and one giving first aid. They were waiting on the side of the van that the men had rushed off from, with Rhun still restrained near the back. Erik crept around the clearing, until he had the the van as cover between them and him, and rushed across the opening as quickly and quietly as he could. Judging from the roar, he had only a few minutes to get this done, so every second counted. Using the van

as cover, he made his way to the back, and gestured desperately at the forlorn Rhun to stay quiet. Between the two of them, and Erik's knife, they made short work of freeing the captive panda and escaping into the shadows. Not even a minute later, he heard another cry of rage, and Erik couldn't help but smile as he thought of his parting gift – he'd slashed one of the tires too.

* * *

Back at the research base, Erik was explaining things to Rob. He told him of his exploits, and how he'd been introduced to Big Xang, leader of the local tribe as a result. Erik had offered to act as an intermediate between the researchers and the pandas in order to set a trap for the poachers, something that both sides wanted done. Erik told him that he had also explained that Big Xang had agreed to help Rob in his research too, to thank them if this worked out. Erik was to lead a small party of Rob's team to where the Xang's tribe was meeting, and they would see how things went from there.

The council itself was fairly short, with the pandas not really willing to trust the humans, but conceding that they had no choice in the matter, and the next day many more vans came up to the panda's hideout. Erik was explaining the plan to the pandas.

"THEY SAY THAT IF YOU GET INTO THE TRUCKS, THEY'LL MOVE YOU ALL TO SOMEWHERE ELSE, WHERE THE OTHER MEN WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND YOU. HE SAYS YOU DON'T HAVE TO ACCEPT, BUT CAN'T PROMISE SAFETY FOR THOSE WHO DON'T."

He waited for this to sink in, before struggling on in panda-speak:

"ONCE YOU'VE BEEN MOVED, BIG XANG IS GOING TO HELP THEM TRAP THE POACHERS SO THEY CAN BE GIVEN TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES. THAT WAY THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO BOTHER YOU AGAIN."

There was a cheer from some, but most were still unhappy with the suggestion. It was only when Qiri spoke out in her soft, plodding voice that they started to be swayed.

"MANY OF YOU HERE DON'T TRUST THE OUTSIDERS, AND WITH GOOD REASON. BUT ERIK HERE HAS PROVEN HIMSELF A FRIEND TO US ALREADY BY RESCUING MY SON, RHUN. I DON'T LIKE THIS ANY MORE THAN THE REST OF YOU BUT IF IT MEANS WE CAN FINALLY STOP WORRYING ABOUT THESE MEN, IT WILL BE WORTH IT. I, FOR ONE, WILL TAKE THIS OFFER."

She started to make her way up the ramp to one of the waiting vans, Rhun beside her. Soon many others were following, though more than Erik had hoped were walking off away.

"Thank you, Erik", came Rob's voice behind him, "I must say that you've made our job here much easier. Now there's only one thing left to do"

"Oh?" he responded – not looking at Rob, but at the men leading the pandas into the vans, and restraining them there so they wouldn't get hurt on the journey.

"Yes... This is for Steve."

A gunshot echoed around the clearing, and then there was pain.

To Be Continued...

Peaks Member Challenge

set by **Phil Alderton**

In a recent game of 'God/King/Peasant/Scum', the hilarious card-based simulation of the feudal system, we thought it might be fun if people were to award themselves titles based on where they were sitting at the start of the game. Nobody took on the role of 'God' as being all-knowing would be an even greater advantage in an already extremely unbalanced game. The ranks are listed below, providing the reader with a somewhat worrying insight into certain OUSGGers' ego problems.

Can you match the OUSGGER with their original position?

Captain of the
Guards

Master of the
Bedchamber

Baloo

President of the
Oxford Union

Head Chef

Grand Overlord

Poobah



Scum

Alistair

Andrew

Gillian

Lizzy

Luke

Mark

Phil

Sam

I Can Do Art Me

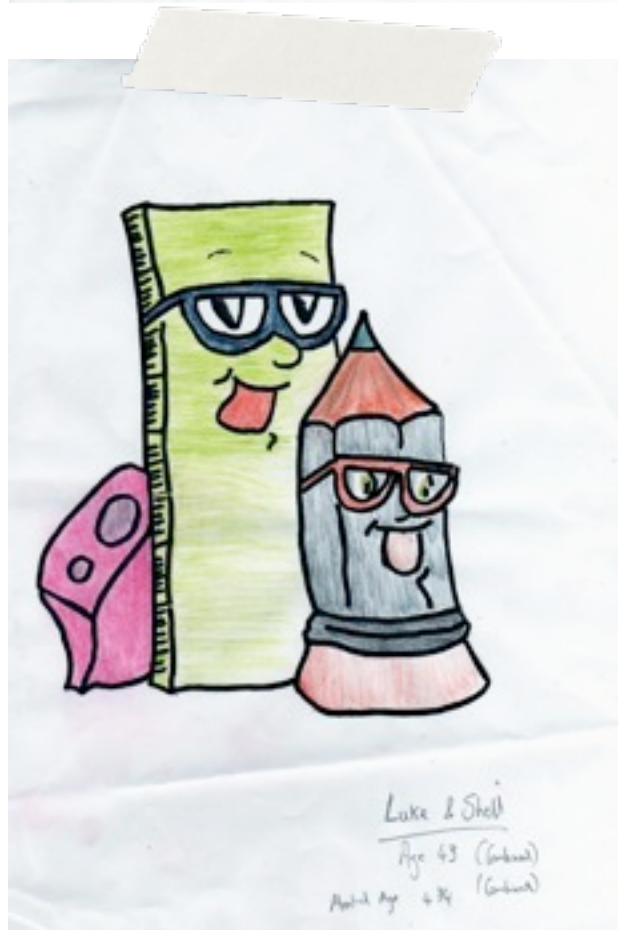
as drawn by **OUSGG**



SAM
(AGE 65)



Tom
(Age 25)



Luke & Shell
Age 43 (Grand)
April Age 44 (Grand)



90th Annual Dinner
Saturday 2nd May 2009 at St Cross College

Pre-dinner drinks at 6.30pm, meal at 7pm
Dress Code: Black Tie

~ Menu ~

Starter

Bruschetta with Spiced Onion Marmalade & Goat Cheese

Main

Tagine of Lamb with Apricots
or
Soufflé Topped Stuffed Peppers (Veg)

Dessert

Forest Fruit Roulade

Coffee & Mints



Cost for current members is £40 for the meal or £45 including the punt and picnic. Cheques should be pigged to Sarah Harvey, St Catz.

For tickets or more information contact Sarah Harvey (sarah.harvey@stcatz.ox.ac.uk) or Lizzy Horne (elizabeth.horne@seh.ox.ac.uk).

OUSGG Cookbook - Pancake Fillings

as eaten by **James Baker**

*Peanut Butter
and Strawberry
Sauce*



*Prawn Cocktail
Crisps*



*Whipped Cream
and Strawberry
Sauce*



300 Issues Ago...

A snippet from Issue 99's Editorial awaits you below.

...Now that I've got that off my chest, let's move to a far more important topic 'THE CENTENARY EDITION OF POSTSCRIPT'. Yes this is what happens next folks, the thing you have been waiting 99 editions for! For those of you who haven't submitted your masterpieces yet (yes, I did get some articles for the 100th edition before anything for this one), PLEASE SEE THEY ARRIVE AT LINCOLN BY MIDNIGHT, SATURDAY 27th JANUARY...

[It saddens me that I have yet to receive any articles for the 400th issue! Ed.]

QuoteScript

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As always, any quotable material can be sent to postscript@ousgg.org.uk

I did think that when I was looking you up and down it might have been a hint.

Andrew Freer

I've found a hole, I've found a hole! Reverse, reverse!

Luke Cartey

I'm used to fingering Luke!

Gillian Bradley

It's a very long pencil!

Andrew Freer

You're laying on Queen's?!

Unknown

Erik I do!



Details about the deadlines and publishing dates of the **400th issue** will be sent to the mailing lists during the Easter vacation.