

# The Back Page

“Back up! Back up! It’s the back page!”

## The Series That Tses Daniel’s Publication

*A literary response from the man himself and the first Brick article to include footnotes, immortalized in print.*

*Let me proudly to present probably the finest article ever to appear in any iteration of the Brick:*

(Tse can either pronounced as ‘Say’ or ‘See’, according to a third-year Cambridge linguist whose name would not be acknowledged in this article.)

It makes one nostalgic for noting that the series of publications by Daniel ‘Whichever-Nomenclature-Barnaby-Would-Entitle’ Tse has reached a temporary caesura. The series has not yet been completed – preferably with a perfect cadence – at the time of writing (the Americans, in their particular type of accent, probably New Cockney, would call this cadence by authentic).<sup>1</sup> The promised and long-awaited books of *Some Might Tse*, *Tse It Ain’t So*, *Never Tse Never*, and *Tse Your Prayers* have recently been called for a review by the Educational Committee of Cambridge University Library. When being interviewed by the Newsletter Editor, Daniel commented that he was not at all surprised by such a move of the Committee. In fact, if one has ever closely study his publications, Big Barne is the subject of contention in Daniel’s discussion. This move is speculated to have arisen from the quotation of B.B.’s 2008 matriculation speech at Robinson Academy in *Some Might Tse*. In this book, Daniel also reported the incidence of a student, who threw his shoe to a comrade of B.B. and shouted aloud ‘How could the University prostitute itself with an autocratic dictator?’<sup>2</sup> Comrade Milloy was not happy of course.

B.B. oversees Robinson’s committees of Love, Truth, and a few others which have never been disclosed to the Student Association, as he considers the organisation as an excessive advisory body. B.B., however, is loved by a majority of Binsonites because of his care and attention to security details: fire alarms are placed in each room in order to pick up your conversations; in the case of a flasher exhibitioning himself (or herself, one shall never know), he can hear you screaming. Moreover, ‘flying’ CCTVs are installed at pedantic locations about college, to the extent that there is not a single blind-spot where Big Barne and his comrades cannot monitor.

Never Tse Never brings Big Barne’s creation of the twelfth edition of *Robinson Dictionary of Neuesprache* to a critical evaluation.<sup>3</sup> In this book, Daniel advocates the complexity of such a language by including the words ‘Tselient’, ‘Tsefty’, and ‘Tsedism’. He argues that the simplification of *Neuesprache* would threaten the ideological diversity of Robinson’s community, and makes it extremely dangerous when the massive crowd would blindly follow calls for mobilisation during the annual election: B.B. is always victorious by a majority of 99.25% (give or take) guaranteed votes.

When being asked by the Newsletter Editor why he does not write a gigantic symphony, like the revolutionary *Eroica* by Beethoven, to lobby against B.B., Daniel gave the following response: ‘Look at what Shostakovich did with his *Symphony No. 9* – a mocking of Stalin’s expectation of the composer to surpass Beethoven’s ‘curse of the ninth’; the audience could only receive it as a piece of Russian music, nonetheless a piece of art with stylistic enhancement from the self-taught *Mighty Handful* composers. Well, however educated the audience is when it comes to understanding programmatic music, their receptions are always influenced by subjectivity and personal experience.’ A very true account indeed, the ‘Tse’ series of publications predominantly addresses far-reaching issues amongst the Robinson community. There is just one thing: the love for Big Barne that should suffice. B.B., B.B. ...

Disclaimer: This article, including all characters and conversations, does not intend to reflect and bear no connections with real-life events and ideologies. Ideas are taken from George Orwell’s *Nineteen Eighty-Four* as well as past publications of *The Red Brick*.

### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Tse, *Tse It Ain’t So* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2008), p. 25. According to Tse, ‘the New Cockney accent appears in nineteenth-century New Lundun. He adds further that ‘in fact, there is no such thing as American English in the world’ (p. 32).

<sup>2</sup> ‘University Matters’ in *Cambridge University Reporter* (Cambridge University Press, 2008), Vol. 12, lines 5 to 6.

<sup>3</sup> *Big Barne, Robinson Dictionary of Neuesprache* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006), Vol. 12, p. 52.

The Last Word: Phantasmagoria (Noun); *It means surrealism, but it’s only ever used by people who are really really desperate to find a synonym for surrealism. It’s also a Japanese visual kei band formed in November 2004 in Osaka by a man called Kisaki. Lets hope he doesn’t sue.*

Friday

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# The Brick



*Its black, and white, and red all over!*

## College staff all sickeningly nice!

*Sycophantic Brick editor doesn’t have a bad world to say about anybody!*

Duncan ‘Wuss-face’ Stibbard Hawkes  
Minds his P’s and Q’s.

will later give, free of charge, to Cambridge’s destitute but blissfully content homeless population.

Walking around Robinson, one is in a dream world. Wherever one looks, sunshine and daffodils positively burst from people’s faces. Their eyes sparkle with the wonders of spring and little smiles of joy play around their lips. Colin Barnes, our very own head porter, flitters about the college in fits of ecstasy, a benevolent grin lighting up his saffron face as he hugs rowers, gives presents to the inebriated and laughs, joyfully and uproariously at back editions of our very own Robinson College Brick.

Liz Guild, sitting in her blue and golden office sighs with happiness at these scene of collegiate bliss before returning to the real business of the day. There’s a lot of work to do; she has to write letters to the students who failed their college tests, telling them not to worry and that things will be okay. She also has a long list of mischievous students who she has to send to the dean for a light comedy forfeit- The Robinson Rentals have pushed a child off a boat again and, in punishment, will have to eat a box of jam donuts without using their hands! It’s a lot of work, but Liz Guild doesn’t mind, it’s a nice day and she knows she’ll be finished before lunch!

Meanwhile, dancing through the long isles of formal hall is Glenys, who winks impishly as she hands out pennies to the first year lawyers, and giggles with glee when they throw up into the water jugs. And jiggling around, just meters behind her is Nick Milne, distributing free dinner tokens and collecting food which he

Who, in fact, could fault these figures of felicity, these creatures of comfort and hope? send a bad word in their direction? Not I, although it is my job



Professor Yates smiles the smile of a man who knows that god is in his heaven and all is right with the world. He’s just come back from harvesting daffodils to give to the lawyers.

to do so. Nay, in fact, let this article be a tribute to anyone and everyone in college. We love you, we appreciate you and we value you! Now please, please, please stop being so nice. It makes writing the Brick very difficult indeed!

-Duncs

Disclaimer: Not everything you read in the Brick is real, not everything actually happened. Heck, almost nothing you read in the Brick is real. Most of the content is a mere figment of the imagination. It’s fictitious, it’s false, it is, in short, salacious bullshit! It’s not that the articles are lies per se, it’s just that they didn’t happen. If a painting depicts a scene from the artist’s imagination, is it a lie? In the same way, think of these words and phrases as art. Bad art, but art. Read through the Brick, enjoy, amuse yourself, but, dear lord, I beg of you, don’t take any of it seriously!

All my love, Duncan, The Editor (dnes2@cam.ac.uk)

## Garden Restaurant Themed Garden Restaurant Themed Evening!

Pick your favourite place in the world. Maybe it's the wild savanna of Africa, maybe the damp, moist Amazonian Rainforest, maybe its the wild wild west, or maybe its the colonial balconies of the Indian sub-continent. Maybe, like me, your favourite place in all the world is the Garden Restaurant!

Well, for all you GR lovers out there, we have a Garden Restaurant themed themed evening that will positively knock the tray from your hands and the awkwardly shaped three pronged fork from your parched lips. For the main course you will have scampi, wrapped in bacon and served on a bed of undercooked chips. Baked beans will be on offer, with a garnish of sweet corn, although the sweet corn may run out early. Just so you don't know quite what it is, the above will be referred to on the menu as "Crevettes roses, enveloppées en lard et servies sur un lit des frites pas assez cuites et des haricots bonjour cuits au four avec une garniture de maïs doux". TRES BIEN!

The desserts will be 'complimentary' and will also be the same as the desserts from last nights formal; i.e. large slabs of chocolate with a single marshmallow in each. These large slabs will be of uneven size; if you come early in the evening they will be far too large for you to comfortably eat and if you come late, they will be tiny and oddly shaped, probably with a few bites taken out of them.

Please book early so we can run out exactly before you get to the front of the que. It's not a canteen and we're not mean, so spend spend spend at the garden restaurant!

-Nick Milne

## Real News

### Nono, this actually happened!

#### Joachim Cassel worth a Poke!

Joachim Cassel, first year mathmo, celebrated the end of his exams by jumping over a fence and skewering himself on a spike. If the spike had gone half a centimeter further in, it would have pierced an artery and killed him. Had it gone half a centimeter to the left, it would have punctured a testicle. As it was, he walked home and was allowed to take his first bath in two weeks on Tuesday. Hooray for blind drunkern luck!

#### Magistrates in Comfy Cupboard Based Scandal!

The Magistrates song and dance didn't end on stage at the Robinson College may ball; when their act was fishished, the up and coming indy

rockers were supposed too be headlining at a festival in Cornwall. These cheeky musicians had no such plans though; instead they escaped and had a ball at the Robinson May Ball. Bursting in to the mens dressing room, the Magistrates preceded to try on the Brick house theater props. They ruined our fether boa, but I'm sure they looked fabulour in it! One of the magistrates was discovered in the morning in a cupboard with an, as yet, un-named lady ball-goer. When asked why he was there, the anheritated rocker replied that it was extra cozy. Comfy as he may have been, we should send these naughty youths to see a magistrate!

## Fair Fortunes

Can twelve paragraphs of text accurately predict the future of all six billion people on the planet? Mystic-Fucking-Duncan has foreseen that the answer is yes!

#### Aquarius

Jupiter is really, really big today. Like, really, really big. This indicates something... we're sure!

#### Leo

You're a bitch-assed motherfucker, Leo, but don't do too much whack shit, or some G will fire yo' ass up.

#### Aries

No matter how hard you try Aries, you'll still fail. Saturn is bright tonight....

#### Taurus

Be economical Taurus, and think about the environment. Remember, you can save money on condoms by turning them inside out and using them again!

#### Gemini

There's not enough space for you Gemini! Not here, not anywhere.

#### Sagittarius

It might seem like a good idea to sleep with Lewis Hemens. Heck! In fact, it probably is!

#### Cancer

You'll probably have good luck in dealing with a friend, I guess.

#### Pisces

Carpe diem. Fish of the day.

#### Virgo

Oh Virgo... just Vir"go" away!

#### Libra

If you're an international student Libra, it's a really good idea to clique with the other students who speak the same language and not talk to anyone else at all. That's the whole point of going to University in another country, after all, Libra!

#### Scorpio

No matter how successful you are Gemini, you'll never be able to tickle yourself.

#### Capricorn

As the moon heads into the astral sphere of the sun, and the sun heads into the astral sphere of the earth..... run.

## Bad Science....

The modern modern promethiuses

## University Library Extension may cause black hole to engulf Western Europe, say leading scientists. *Cataclysmically implausible event would really 'suck'!*

(almost as much as that pun)

Dan 'Dire' Dyer

"Oh, oh please give me Dan Dyer! I'd love you to give me Dan Dyer!"

Cambridge University Library has one of the largest collections of books in England. Thousands of kilometres of bookshelf contain millions of volumes of all manner of printed material. However, this vast repository of knowledge could have potentially deadly consequences, according to a team led by Dr Christopher Bishop from the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics. In their as yet unpublished paper, they explain that they have discovered that the Library could be not only storing learning and knowledge, but also massive quantities of energy.

This shocking conclusion comes about because of the peculiar entropic characteristics of the Library building. Entropy is a measure of the disorder of things. For example, a block of ice is much more ordered, and thus has much less entropy, than a puddle. According to the first law of thermodynamics, in all spontaneous processes, entropy increases. This is why ice melts. In libraries, the level of disorder is very low. This means that they store a large amount of potential energy. Einstein showed that  $E=mc^2$ , and this means that for every unit of energy the library receives, the library gains a small amount of mass.

All libraries have a high energy density, but a normal library has only a small size, so the increase in mass is not sufficient to cause any measureable physical effect. However, the UL is different. The UL is so large that the increased mass already causes the gravitational field at its centre to be many times that of a red giant star. When the Phase 6 Extension is opened, some time in 2010, this will link up the North and South wings of the Library. Entropic flux will then be able to circulate around the whole building, leading to an exponential increase in mass.



Doom, danger, and lots and lots of books! The dark eye of the UL is watching over us all.

Dr Bishop explains the horrific consequences; "As the mass of the UL increases, it becomes drawn in by its own gravity. This causes the matter at the centre of the library to contract. Eventually it exceeds the Tolman-Oppenheimer-Volkoff limit, and collapses into a black hole."

As the closest college to the Library, Robinson will be the first to be engulfed, swiftly followed by the rest of Cambridge, including, ironically, the office of Steven Hawking himself, the discoverer of black holes. It is estimated that the black hole will grow to at least the size of Western Europe before the Earth's magnetic field can destabilise it and cause it to evaporate.

But there is a glimmer of hope, says Dr Bishop. Once opened, the new block will immediately start to gain entropy. Desks will be moved slightly, carpets worn down unevenly etc. This means that after around six months it should be possible for books to be placed neatly upon the shelves with no catastrophic effect. Until this time, Dr Bishop suggests that the volumes should be placed in an entirely random order on the shelves. Despite the disruption it will cause in Exam Term 2010, this could be the only way to save ourselves from being sucked into the jaws of a gravitational monster.

# God Damn Those Boaties!

Marina Griggs has an unprovoked rant at the boaties. The editor, for one, approves.

Marina 'Grigsy' Griggs

"Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream. If you see a crocodile, don't forget to keep everyone in college awake till three by getting wasted and screaming till the early hours of the morning!"

In your time at Cambridge, chances are that you'll hop along to watch the bumps. It's fun to watch boats crash into each other. It's funny to watch people yelling at each other, and cyclists stacking it over blades on the toepath...

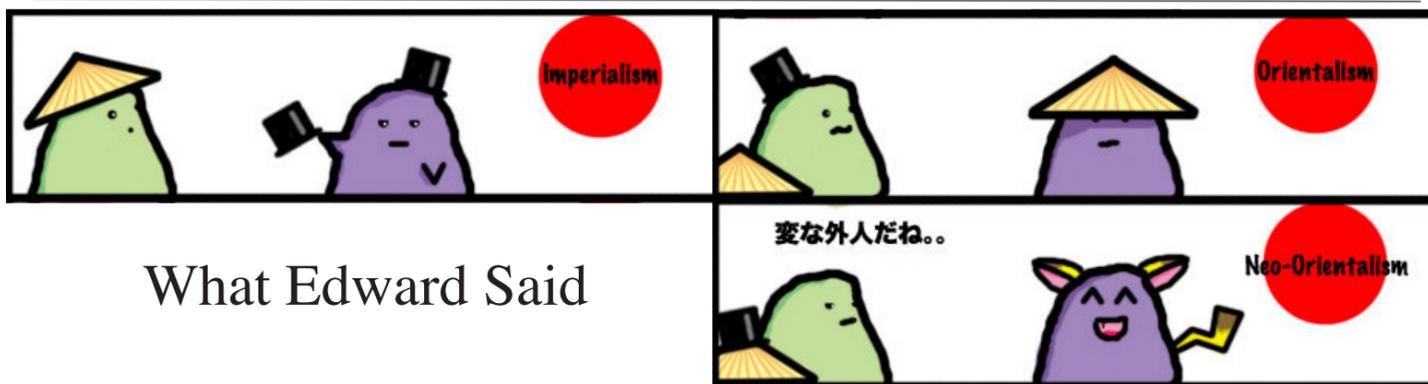
In your time at Cambridge, chances are that you've actually been dragged into a boat and – god forbid – enjoyed it.

But honestly, the full time boaties, really?? As a college, lets face it, Robinson is not the (trying to think of appropriate sporting hero; scrap that) biggest beast on the cam. I'm not sure when the last time was that we won anything at the Bumps (lents or mays), and I know I can't be bothered to look it up, but it was a while, definitely more than a few years. And yet they still insist on polluting our lunchtime conversations with 2k scores, with training plans, and trying to outdo each other with tales of strength and endurance. We all know that real men play rugby.

Furthermore you say, is there a shitter sport that requires less skill than rowing? Well, no. Rowers can't catch a ball, they have very little flexibility, they're not even meant to have big arms (yeurgh, boys with big legs though). They listen to a tiny girl yelling at them to 'man the fuck up', and have appalling tan lines. They get up at absurd hours in the morning, they strut in lycra (honestly, no one needs to see that much flesh encased in shiny and stretchy material), and they insist on spreading all this 'boatie love'... argh, I close my eyes and there are thousands of them: get me out of here!



You haven't even got me started on the university rowers, and I'm not going to waste too much paper on them. An Exchanging fleece does not mean you rule Cambridge. For those who don't know it, yeah, I happen to be involved in this ridiculous sport that overruns our poor University town. But before the page gets viciously turned over in a fit of indignation at the hypocrisy; I'm the one telling them to man the fuck up, and I'm the one who gets the free ride down the river. It's easy to be smug this term though, I don't have to get up early, and I get a tan. But yes, I'm shit at every other sport.



# Rob Smith's libellous Brick headline machine!

A D.I.Y. Trip to the D.E.A.N

The Brick got in a jolly spot of hot water last term over some completely unfounded allegations against senior members of college. If you too fancy finding out what the Dean of Discipline looks like then just follow the Brick's excellent template for creating your own libellous news story. Simply take any name from column A, combine it with an 'activity' from column B and then add another name or location from column C.

Colin Barnes	smoked a joint	with Dan Jackson.
Liz Guild	enjoyed mutual masturbation	in the Library.
Karen Kempton	chugged on a beer bong	with Peter Milloy.
Nick Milne	had an 'asphyxi-wank'	at the May Ball.
Amy Weber	laughed at the access scheme	in the Party Room
Chris Warner	strangled kittens	with the Bar Staff.
Glenys	took a dump	in Chris Truscott's room.
Dr Trudgill	desecrated an image of Christ	with Lee Eccleston.

# Robinson Students knock Credit Crunch for Six!

Jesus saves, and so does Stephen 'Bench' Bench-Capon

Robinson has just come out top of another league table – her students have proved the most industrious in the university when it comes to nobbling the credit crunch. The Brick gives you the top ten ways that Robinson students have devised for delivering a KO to the CC.

1. Bathing. Water is included in the college bills, so for every bath you take in college, you basically knock £7 (£5.50 for girls or skinny fellas) off your bill. Bathing thrice daily thereby slashes the term's costs in half. Foamy!
2. Showering. For those (arts) students less inclined to personal hygenie, showering is the way forward. If you were to bathe 10 times less often than the average person, you'd be throwing away £63 per wash. Showering is cheaper, so neglecting it is less financially wasteful. If only washing once a month, make it shower, make it cold, and make it saucy.
3. Sex. Toys can be expensive, but there are plenty of ways of getting fruity without having to get the taxman involved. One tip: gaffer tape is available for free from the porters.
4. Salt. Every big boy needs six grams of salt a day. By letting your inhibitions go in the canteen, you can get your fill with your cornflakes, saving you £3.79 on that mid-morning trip to McDonald's. Happy meal. Happy days.
5. Big Issue. If you don't buy that magazine, you can give less than one pound twenty, whilst simultaneously taking some weight off the city centre refuse department's shoulders. Everyone's a winner!
6. Plane tickets. For that mid-term break, think strategically. Think Mexico.
7. Envelopes. We've all been there. Just want to send a chumpy letter and go out dropping 70p on a ten-pack of envelopes. To avoid this debacle, just steam open (college kettle, all-included) your internal college correspondence and stockpile.
8. Happy Hours. Be on the look out. A mere saving of 50p a pint can be exploited by having ten. That fiver can then be put to good use by reinvesting in another pint or two and the savings keep coming. Rich get richer. Go capitalism.
9. Fruit & Veg. Whilst peeling onions before purchase makes all the sense in the world, depippig watermelons is a messy business, and of little profit-making value, as they are now being sold by quantity, not weight. It is however still recommended to skin and destalk apples.
10. Gambling. The roulette machines in Ladbrokes will give you double your money if you bet on red. Recent sources suggesting it is sometimes black have been largely condemned and discredited. Hit red.

## ‘Slide’ Old Bastard

### *Bursar makes a splash with slippery U-Turn*

Barnaby ‘Moist’ Mollett  
“Born Slippery”

Robinson students were stunned yesterday when greeted with the news that Domestic Bursar 'Going Commando' Peter Milloy had given the green-light for the building of a gigantic water-slide on college grounds. The slide, which will run almost a kilometre in total length from the roof of F-staircase to the Bin Brook, is expected to be built by a construction team, led by college butler Sir Jimmy Bell, over 10 weeks during the summer vacation. When asked by The Brick about the project, Sir Jimmy replied "I bloody well love slides me".

However, despite the announcement of the project, there is an air of total confusion amongst students as to what changed Milloy, 84, from 'Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Slide' in terms of agreeing to take the college from 'H2-No' to 'H2-Whoaaah!' One speculative theory, derived from the work of contemporary scientist Alan 'Potent' Walbridge, is that the bursar hadn't paid tax returns on the revenue received from illegitimately ripping out and selling all the college's ovens, and to avoid a lifetime of awkwardly dropping soap in jail he is investing heavily in distinctly unnecessary college infrastructure to dispose of the evidence. This theory also explains the recent addition of random planks of wood at the top of all staircase kitchen door frames, as well as the clearly rash decision behind the design of the ill-famed front-court statue.

Nonetheless, students can't wait to strip down and get wet. Shuai 'Handsome' Zhang said of his aquatic desire, "I'll probably have time to go for a slide, but only if it fits into my hectic croquet schedule". Daniel 'DBT' Butler-Taverner took the 'What Recently Announced To Be Built Water-Based Construction Are You?' quiz on Facebook, with the result 'You Are The Recently Announced To Be Built Robinson College Water Slide!' appearing unwillingly on everyone's recent news feed. To celebrate the occasion, Tom 'Blott Party' Blott is releasing a limited-edition vinyl pressing of his hit single 'Jesus Christ Super-Slide', featuring Tom 'Pepe Le' Pugh.



A large and realistic picture of a slide, so as you don't have to actually read the article to know what it's about....

There are, perhaps surprisingly, some students who have formed stiff opposition to the implementation of the slide, notably the residents of the so-called 'Romsey Tower'. Landlord Mr. R.V. Ward was enraged by the bursar's rejection of the proposal for the slide to begin at the top of his A-staircase rather than F that he told Mr. S. Walker about it, who subsequently and inexplicably called the BBC's Robert Peston a "massive twat". Mr. I. J. Sadler even resorted to petty vandalism, hurling a box, suspected to contain honey-based breakfast cereal, out of his window, almost killing RCSA Men's Officer Dan Jackson, who was merely walking below in a masculine fashion. Librarian L A Read (Miss), wrote a letter against the slide, stating "no one will do any work it'll be a downward spiral for students, who will find themselves on a very slippery slope", which ironically is how the ride has been designed.

At the end of the day, whether or not there is a slide in college is immaterial, because quite frankly nobody cares. Although it would be nice to have a fun ride down a rapid watery flume, one could just roll around in the gardens. That, my friends, is also quite fun.

## Robinson Rejoice After Vicious Slaughter of Apparently Evil Bear

*Tarantino Fromaggio Quattro looks back at the rise and fall of Glenys the Bear*  
(Pacey Writes seven hundred words about a bear)

RCSA Men's Officer Dan Jackson locked in Battle with Ex-College Bear Glenys yesterday.

A year, which seemed to have started innocently enough with the cold-blooded slaying of College's resident half-hearted nudist, Samuel Ignatio Babyliss, looked destined to end in tragedy as RCSA Mascot Glenys tightened her iron-clawed grip upon the college. RCSA President Rahul Mansigani recalls: 'questions were first raised about the suitability of having a free-roaming wild bear as college mascot when it emerged that the attack on Sam had actually been entirely unprovoked. Then one of the Nat-Scis pointed out Glenys's choice of victim was hilariously ironic, we all had a bit of a lash up in the bar to celebrate the bear's f\*\*king brillo sense of humour and the issue just never came up again.'

However, the warning signs continued to be ignored. After numerous seemingly unexplained instances of indiscriminate maiming, death and discarding (and that is definitely a word, ok. I bloody well go to Cambridge you know. Twat.) of bear turds, the much-prized college portrait of Ken Bates mysteriously went missing from the dining hall early in Lent term. Equally mysteriously, it was replaced with a rather crude watercolour depiction of a bear. "I thought it was just another one of these modern art installations they keep putting up to try and make the design of college look less stupid in comparison but now that I think about it, the fact it was covered in claw marks and honey was a bit of a clue as to where it had come from," commented eagle-eyed first year Tom O'Hanlon during a rare break from rehearsals for his new one-man stage adaptation of Jim Sheridan's seminal biopic 'Get Rich or Die Tryin'".

50 Cent has been shot nine times. Nine fucking times. And we all whinge about exams being tough. And what's more, I very much doubt any of us have ever recorded any multi-platinum rap albums either. (If anyone reading this has in fact produced a multi-platinum rap album then please write in and let me know, not that I'll listen to it, I'd just quite like to waste your time you bloody show-off. On the other hand, if you've been shot at least nine times then I might consider it. It's all a about the getting shot, you see.)

Ahem. Just one week later the sobering reality of the situation was made abundantly clear. The Warden, popularly believed to have been on sabbatical and deep in preparation for a strongly rumoured entry at this year's Red Bull Air Race World Championship, was found floating face down in the Bin Brook. He was discovered by a gardener who commented anonymously, "At any one time there's probably at least three bodies in there but they take a while to turn up because all the fire extinguishers, shitty model boats and stagnant sludge tend to get in the way." Despite this reporter's best interrogative efforts, the Head Gardener declined to comment other than to confirm that he was the Head Gardener. It was during the subsequent panic that Glenys revealed her true nature to the college via e-mail: 'Teh collig iz all myn now. If u try too escape will eat u. luv Glenis. Ps no partees at my loj'

The entire college erupted into hysteria, devastated that its much beloved mascot had betrayed them, or, in the case of the Land Economists, that a bear was better at spelling than they were. Weeks passed and the fear did not subside. The Easter holidays came and went. Nobody dared leave the college. Nobody dared resist. Nobody dared to admit it but the situation was more hopeless than one of those occasions when there's nothing good on in the canteen and the only panini left in the café is made with squirrel giblets and, I don't know, soil and bits of string. As RCSA Chair John Crook cogently summarised at the time: "Guys! We're like f\*\*ked...yeah."

That was until the Chief Man, DJ Dan "Pecker" Jackson, stepped in. Glenys, who was only too willing to oblige to his demand of a showdown in the main hall, was apparently unphased and looked about as calm as it's probably possible for a bloody massive blood-thirsty bear, which would like nothing better than the gnaw on your innards, to look prior to the bout's commencement. However, this bear was quite unprepared for the unchecked rage of a man who hadn't had a packet of Bacon Fries in twelve weeks. It was a long and hard fought battle but Jackson's signature 'hit the opponent really hard as many times as possible' style ultimately prevailed. After three and a half hours of intense man-on-bear action, Glenys was left nothing more than a broken heap of, well, bear.

At a press conference this morning, Jackson commented that his success in the bout was largely attributable to the absence of failure on his part before President Mansigani issued a statement. "There are clearly lessons to be learned from all of this. May I call for us to all take steps to ensure that next time there is a spate of violent killings in college that we do not merely brush it off, however tempting it may be. There is also a need to revise the constitution to ensure that all future college pets do not pose a threat to public safety and are adequately psychologically screened to ensure that they do not secretly harbour the malevolent intention of enslaving us all. The RCSA has already embraced this endeavour under its current policy. Following a period of prolonged and intense scrutiny I am happy to confirm that 'Gary The Porter' the Rhino will arrive on Tuesday."