

T H E

T I T B I T



Wednesday 3rd December 2014

Issue 13

FOR NEWS, OLDS AND EVEN ANCIENTS...

ANIMALS.

Vandals tear down Clem's



Vaguely resembling the tenth bolgia of the eighth circle of hell, Clem's has been lovingly renamed 'Death Grove'.

Trinity Hall's third-year stronghold, St Clement's Gardens, has been progressively demolished over the past month by a group of fluorescent-jacket-clad men.

Having barricaded the entirety of Thompson's Lane, the 'Destructatrons' - as they like to be known - have set up camp inside a gated compound, eradicating the fortress that was Clem's brick by brick.

Much-loved by those in college who knew it, Clem's is due to be rebuilt as a hotel for

conferencing guests during the holidays. The building was previously home to the college's only belching sinks and chambers of secrets.

First thought to be a piece of performance art depicting the quick and painless starkness with which college will forget us all, the chaos was soon revealed as an elaborate ruse designed to conceal Trinity Hall's search for the ancient treasures buried in Clem's foundations.

A recent discovery brought to light the possibility that

William Dalling had helped to hide the bodies of the Princes in the Tower under the foundations, and that a later Master - Thomas Eden - had left thousands of pouches filled with valuable coins beneath the college's external accommodation block.

The only surviving evidence of the forgotten Cambridge volcano in 34 AD, whose pyroclastic flow killed 500 residents, is also thought to be located beneath the rubble.

Fears have started to grow, though, that the

Destructatrons are in fact a band of fustilarian vagabonds sent by ISIS to plunder the land for all its worth.

Meanwhile, Clem's and all those beautiful memories that lived and breathed inside its walls have tumbled into the bottomless Void of non-existence, as - one day - we all will, writhing in a pit of despair before Death tugs at the hem of our fluorescent jacket and tells us to mind our heads on the steep journey down to hell.

Merry fucking Christmas.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"I've been noticing gravity since I was very young."

-Cameron Diaz

THIS WEEK IN THE TITBIT

Postcards from Abroad

p.2.

rumour mill

p.3.

Magdalena Slash

p.4.

If you are interested in writing for THE TITBIT please contact Will Bordell (wb259)

¡Hola!

POST CARD

I'm spending the first six months of my year abroad teaching and translating in Puerto López, a small town on the beautiful Ecuadorian coast. There's a tendency to exaggerate with this kind of thing so I'll try to avoid writing as if I'm living a García Márquez novel...

A typical day starts with waking up at sunrise to a cacophony of roosters crowing and dogs barking, a quick cold shower, no time to remove the gecko who's in my bathroom every morning. I then join the early morning rush hour of *tricimotos* to arrive at the school for 7am where I'm teaching English in between improving my football with eight year old 'Antonio Valencia'.

Although many tourists come here, very few gringos integrate into village life. The first sign of this was the younger kids' fascination with my blue eyes and hair on my arms. I often still feel like a curiosity but people warm to you quickly here and walking home from work I'm greeted by people shouting '¡amiguito!', '¡gringuito!' or '¡profesor!'

It is clear that this is a 'developing country' – thick mud in the streets when it rains, an old Ecuadorian man screaming abuse at a teenager about to steal a tourist's wallet on a bus, internet access treated like gold dust – Ecuadorians know that their country isn't perfect but like Brits they'll laugh at themselves.

Hope you all have a good term! Freshers remember the year's only just started so don't freak out yet!



22/10/14

From

Tom Gray

Third-year MMLer,

Puerto López,

Ecuador.

Potter Party Pleases From Russia, With Love

Rumour has it that there were strange goings-on in Trinity Hall late last Halloween Eve... Owls were heard in Cherry Tree Court, broomsticks were found in the Terrace Room, and that's not to mention the presence of several Harry Potters and Hermione Grangers wandering around Latham Lawns – someone's clearly been brewing polyjuice potion...

In what proved to be a fantastic night, Githallers celebrated the long-awaited Harry Potter Superhall. With owls, magic tricks, pumpkin-carving competitions and a truly Hogwartian banquet in the 'Great Hall', the night went 'magically!' The dining hall filled with gowned muggles, posing as witches and wizards, whose table arrangements sorted them into Hogwarts' Houses.

A magician entertained with mind-boggling card tricks between courses, leading to irregular eruptions of

applause during the feast. Even the famed Professor Quirrell made an appearance, announcing the arrival of a "troll, in the dungeon" half-way through main-course – terrifying 1st years, of course! And the banquet ended with a goodnight from Dumbledore before cocktails and polyjuice potion in the Owl-a-Bar.

One student claimed that "there were so many little details which really immersed us into the Harry Potter world: the letters around the fireplace, the 'Every-flavour beans' on the tables...the organisers had made such an effort to make the night magical and believable".

So, yes, there were owls; yes, there was magic and even dozens of letters addressed to: (Dr. H. Potter, The Cupboard under the Stairs, 4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

With love,
Rita Skeeter xx

Genevieve Cox

It has been almost two months since I arrived in Russia. I've been living partly in the Visherski Nature Reserve itself, and partly in the small town of Krasnovishersk, where the reserve's HQ is.

Temperatures were still in the + range at the beginning of October. Since then, they have gone down to -27, we're expecting -30 this weekend. There is almost a metre of snow, the river is frozen, and the bears are asleep. Even for the locals, the winter arrived early this year. But personally, I am loving it: no rainy, dirty, grey, never ending autumn! A proper Russian winter!



Snowed under but still smiling - and no libraries in sight!

The main means of transport are sledges for the children and skis for the adults! Whenever it isn't snowing, the sky is a clear blue and the biting cold just makes it all more exciting.

Because the Nature Reserve I am working for is closed for tourists until proper winter arrives, my actual job as a field guide is on hold. But obviously there is always work to do. Partly, since I am the only (and first) person around speaking a language other than Russian, I have been doing a lot of translation of booklets, fliers, information stands, etc.

The Russian village life is all in all great: the people are kind (despite being very worried about how a European person is going to survive their winter!), and the food is amazing.

There are a few hiccups in the system: there has been no water in the place I live in for the past week, the electricity often doesn't work either, the bus timetables aren't exactly reliable... but it's all part of the adventure and I am looking forward to what it brings next!

Helene Mertens (17/11/14)

ye olde rumourmill

Big papa goes to South Africa

An unnamed curly-haired fun sponge has reportedly paid a visit South Africa over the holidays. When asked to comment, he responded: "What are you doing?"

Little frolics

A certain small Asian male in third-year (often found with a glowing red face - no, he's not Santa) is following in the mythical footsteps of his idol, Fred Carter, and is engaging in coitus with a young lady who is under 5ft tall.

Lacrosse

Apparently there is a Fresher who plays lacrosse.

Rugby

Rugby is tight. Still.

'Supervisor'

The rumourmill™ has learned that an unnamed third-year is not only masquerading as a supervisor but has also started using the opportunity to take advantage of younger students. Accusations include asking them to write sonnets about his beauty and short stories about his examination performance.

Parlez-vous français?

An unnamed French, style-bandit fresher has reportedly been put to bed by older students on numerous occasions. When asked to comment, an unnamed source, purporting to be our surrendering continental gentleman commented, "je voudrais un cahier".

How to get in with the Crescents

A special report dedicated to Tristan Orchard...

- Become 'the man' of your year.**
No questions asked.
- You know those questionable antics you got up to in India, Thailand or wherever else you found yourself during your gap yah? Yeah, they'd love to hear about them.**
Guaranteed fast-track entry.
- Play rugby and win a battle scar.**
Because being a Crescent isn't for the faint-hearted.
- Get drunk at Spoons by midday and wreak havoc in the dining hall.**
Oh, you legend.
- Down 20 beers and pass the balance test.**
- Learn how to sit boy-girl-boy-girl.**
- Befriend a 2nd or 3rd year to win favour.**
Let them crash in your room post-Cindies because Wychfield is far, if you didn't know.
- Know how to tie a tie and pray that pink is your colour.**

RIANNA CROXFORD



Trinity Hall Coffee Shop

We offer lower prices on all hot drinks when served to your own cup.

	Regular	Large
Coffee	£1.70	£1.90
Latte	£1.70	£1.90
Cappuccino	£1.70	£1.90
Hot Chocolate	£2.00	£2.20
Hot Chocolate	£2.00	£2.20
Hot Chocolate	£1.00	£1.20
Espresso	55p	
Delectable Espresso	£1.10	

PRICE PROMISE

ADVERTISEMENT

AULA BAR

where the only price promise we'll make is that we'll always be more expensive than anywhere else...

Furby fashion frenzy

No longer are CUSU those boring people nobody really cares about. Taking the world's problems into their own hands, they recently stood up to Ede & Ravenscroft for their use of Furbies in their wildly successful products.

Yes, that's right. The owl-like creatures are being harvested for their downy outer layers, which apparently make comfortable coats and blankets. Animal rights protestors have been incensed by the Cambridge shop's indifference to their protests.

"Furby abuse is not just a problem in Cambridge", commented a spokesperson. "If we stand up to those who wear Furby in this over-privileged and under-stocked store, leading politicians will simply have to take notice."

Angela Merkel was unavailable for comment, but François Hollande averred that CUSU's

campaign was having a real impact, telling *The TitBit*: "J'aime le pamplemousse."

CUSU have taken this opportunity to release a highly controversial statement about everything they stand against: "We, the Cambridge Underworld for Society and the Universe, don't just stand idly by and watch the world we live in. That's why we're coming out against torture, racism, war, bombs, bullying, murder, persecution, genocide and staplers. Someone had to say it, and we're really sticking out necks out here."

All that remains is a university-wide vote, the first that most students have ever heard about, on this important issue. It seems as though CUSU are finally living up to their famous 2013 PR campaign slogan. 'CUSU: defending your rights - don't you dare say we're useless!'

Crime and punishment

6.2 Good Neighbour Policies

6.2.1 Music Hours

Other than in the Music Room, students should be mindful of their neighbours when playing musical instruments or using sound reproduction via radios, stereos and other forms of sound reproduction. The following have been designated 'Music hours':

Monday – Thursday	13:00 – 17:00 19:30 – 22:00
Friday – Saturday	13:00 – 23:30
Sunday	10:30 – 17:00 19:30 – 22:00

Rule-breakers, watch out! 17:00-19:30, college's designated 'quiet time'

Musical disturbance outside these specified times is strictly forbidden and may lead to Disciplinary action.



Poetry Corner with Magdalena Slash

Magdalena has lain dormant for most of Michaelmas, as is her wont. But here at The TitBit, we've managed to revive her. Some are calling it the biggest resurrection since Jesus Christ Superstar was relaunched in a Peruvian prison this year.

WHIRLIGIG

air-scrunched it falls
into the alteriority sorority
of some subjunctive world.

mine(,) this errant poetic;
a cultivator of r-oh-mans
irremediably present.

acreage of wastage
gurgling to incomplection:
ears that cry like toddlers.

tin-emblazoned grasses
beckon that scintilla of hope
towards settling hail.

modernity is a f(r)iction
of our mesolithic topsoil,
tumuli scarred by a windmill glare.

CHURCH ME
WITH CHEESE
AND SOFT COLA

the fatherword that waits,
crushed in feminism's cleaved
& frostbitten bosom.

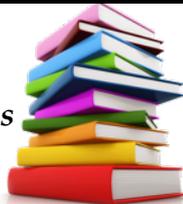
polygodded polynomial:
one one-pound-seventy latte
that glugs my i

dent
i
ty

acrid quid sin lunged at the
niche where your sediment
plunged.

Books

The Perfect Christmas
by Desiree Cox



A warm wintry read, wonderful to enjoy wrapped-up with a blanket, hot chocolate and cosy slippers...

Join Grandma Mary in her quest to make *this* Christmas a truly special one for her family to remember. Getting the 'low-down' on all the latest gadgets in order to choose the ideal presents for all her growing grandchildren, carefully selecting gifts for her own children, and planning the ultimate surprise: a trip to Lapland, Mary's tale is filled with heart-warming gestures of Christmas and familial love.

Immerse yourself in the scent of mince pies, the icy chill of Finnish snow and the cosy fur of reindeer. With cheerful characters, exciting journeys and festive humour, *The Perfect Christmas* is a

relaxing read to get you feeling inspired for this Christmas!

The second novel (following her earlier work, *The Leaving*) of Desiree Cox, this new book weaves an assortment of atmospheres and a varying cast of characters, each with their own tales to tell. From "always hungry" Tom, to adorable baby Ollie and the caring Sally, the family of *The Perfect Christmas* is one that stays with you long after you turn the last page.

Yet, for me, it is Mary, in all her attention to detail and utter unselfish attitude towards this Christmas that really forms the crux of this novel. The narrative centres on her as we follow her through memories of her own childhood Christmases. Mary's story epitomises the essence of Christmas, of family, and left me both touched and enthusiastic, moved and motivated for this Christmas.

Genevieve Cox