



**RUN FOR
COVER.**

Meet the President



Ellen Judson, the new JCR President, hard at work during Procrastination Hour in the café.

It would have been quite something had Ellen Judson not been elected as JCR President given that she ran unopposed, but—as I take a seat in her favourite nook of the café—I don't sense that she's particularly fazed by her new responsibilities.

Inevitably, the transition from mere mortal to JCR head honcho isn't all that easy. Ellen, though, seems assured enough. The first couple of weeks have been busy with "meeting all the faces and getting to know who is responsible for whom". "I feel like I've kind of got a handle on it now," she says happily, "so now I can start to push further on the things I'm trying to improve".

And she's keen to get down to business as soon as possible: "the welfare system is the main thing I want to fix and improve", she announces eagerly almost before I've finished my question. Her approach is practical and professional. "We're talking about getting tutor training at the moment," she tells me, in order to build a more trustworthy and helpful pastoral environment.

On the administrative side, Ellen is "really looking

forward to working with college and the JCR on revising the Red Book". The list of rules and regulations look set to be reviewed in the near future. After that, the Benn Bursary is the next thing on Ellen's list.

Ellen claims to have "quite a different style from Davina", although she hopes she can emulate her predecessor's ability to listen, communicate and energise. Student engagement in the most recent elections was disappointingly low, and Ellen is keen to encourage more people to get involved next time around.

She's unruffled on the surface, but Ellen is clearly aware of the difficulties that lie ahead. When I ask her what the hardest part of the job will be, she pauses as a smile unzips the corners of her mouth. "Just time management", she responds candidly. Knowing how much energy to expend on each project is something Ellen will have to learn—and quickly.

A good JCR President, after all, makes sure that "stuff doesn't either take over or fall by the wayside". Such is the balancing act that Ellen will be performing throughout the next year. We wish her luck.

Ellen takes her pick...

Café or Jerwood? **Café**

Dining Hall or Marquee? **Hall**

Cindies or Fez? **Cindies**

Bill's or Wildwood? **Bill's**

Union or ADC? **Union**

1st year or 2nd year? **1st**

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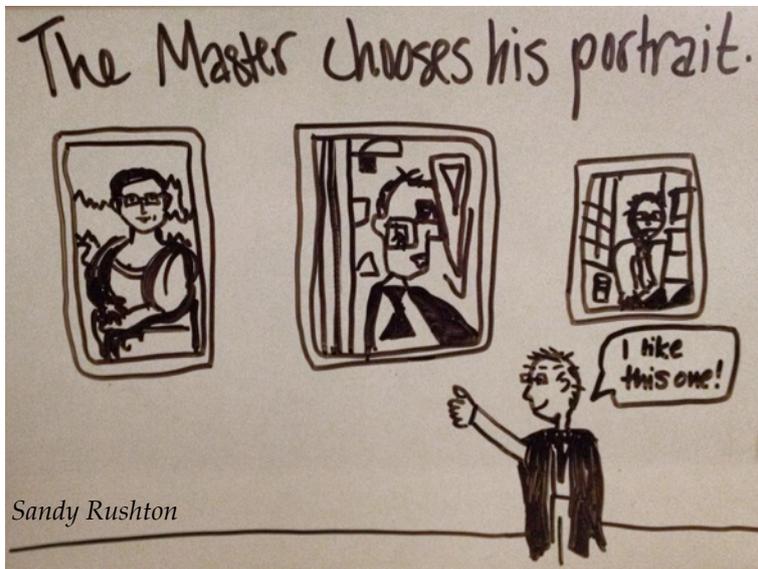
RON overlooked again

Trinity Hall was left stunned as the ever-popular RON was overlooked yet again for the JCR Ents and President roles. Despite having been a candidate for every position over the past 97 years, Mr RON has never won a JCR election.

Never downbeat, Mr RON has vowed to persist in his quest to make the JCR. He'll usually be found out and about canvassing for votes, or making flyers in the Jerwood's IT suite.

"It got to a point in the '60s when I thought to myself, 'Come on, RON, maybe it's time to move on,'" he stutters, though his voice is but a whisper. "But then I realised I'd done an English degree, which meant I didn't really have any other career prospects."

People tell him he needs to start thinking about settling down, but even at the age of 112, Mr RON doesn't let himself think negatively. "One day, it will go my way;" he says defiantly, "one day".



A stag and hen story

~ THE STAGS ~

It was a dark and dusky night in P staircase. All was quiet on the Latham Lawn; all was at peace. A faint thudding began. It could easily have been mistaken for a herd of tourists.

But no, this was the sound of The Arrival. The arrival of men, bestowed with beer and anticipation, descending from all corners of Tit Hall.

All were heading to P for a single purpose... the Stag Do; a celebration of the final days of freedom before the monotony of (college) married life commences.

Fuelled by pumping bass and alcopops, the Stag began. Crates of John Smith's and bottles of Sainsbury's sweet wine collected in the stairways. After what seemed an infinitesimally short amount of time, they left for Cindies.

Singing 'Jerusalem' gave their celebrations a patriotic edge. They had achieved their ambition of a final night to remember, and what a night it was.

Hux Norman

~ THE HENS ~

The mood on N staircase the night before the big day was not as 'last-thing'-esque as

Mystic Medic



Horoscopes ahoy! Our mystic medic is back with a whimper, and he's here to tell you what's in store for the coming weeks...

Architecture

You came to Trinity Hall for its idyllic riverside charm, but admittedly architectural standards have slipped in recent years. A planned extension in front court fell to the wayside when the Master gambled away most of the college assets in a port-fuelled night at the Churchill Casino. Plans were scaled down and we had to make do with a tent.

You'll also be aware of the architectural masterpiece that is BoHo. Design features include arrow-slit kitchen windows looking straight out onto a concrete wall 10cm away.

Bespoke 10-week Agricultural Management Course

Okay, so you didn't quite make it onto a Tripos course but you've still managed to ignite a debate over nepotism in Cambridge. Not that your entry was at all related to your family patronage of the Technology School. Debates over admissions aside, my advice is to keep your wits about you. The university access team is baying for your blood.

Economics

For years people have mocked the noble art of astrology, claiming it has the predictive power of a weather forecast. Now someone has finally proved themselves even more adept at guesswork and destroyed the world economy in the process.

In a ploy to avoid fulfilling heteronormative assumptions about college marriage, The TitBit reports on the Freshers' notorious stag and hen nights...

might be expected – in fact, you might have been forgiven for thinking that some of us were actually looking forward to tying the knot. Few feathers were ruffled; noise lingered around 'gentle clucking' levels.

At one point during the evening I was forced to venture into the midst of our future other halves, and was slightly gratified to see that the stags - having already exhausted themselves in all the revelry - were if anything more subdued than us. It occurred to me then how inappropriate it was for the majestic stag to be associated

with such an event, seeing it at last for the mildly awkward, 'crate-escaping', Master-baiting gathering that it really was.

Back with the hens, conversation was limited to reminiscing over our proposals ("beggars can't be choosers – it's us or a convent" was my heart-warming contribution to this), the concerning colour of a 'cocktail' concocted in what looked like a lunchbox, and speculation over upcoming RAG blind dates. A certain irony in this, I thought, but then a backup plan never does go amiss.

Horses for Courses

马年 – 新年好！

The Year of the Horse – Happy New Year!

Since January 31st was Chinese New Year, I thought I'd try (from a lot of potentially flimsy internet research) to explain what this year may have in store for you and the world in general.

The horse is part of a 12-year cycle of animals. At the same time, there's also a cycle of 5 elements: wood, fire, metal, water and earth. That makes this year the year of the wooden horse.

Horses are very popular in China, and are symbols for travel, competition and victory– which implies busy schedules this year. They're also associated with fire, heat and the colour red. Horses are social, red is romantic so look out for that lucky someone while galloping after your disappearing friends in Cindies.

Wood and fire are key elements this year, and as wood helps fire burn, these fire energies are very strong. Watch out for volcanoes and gunfire in the Southern Hemisphere (take note year abroad-ers!).

Kelsey Long-Parsons



ALIENS STEAL DINING TENT
crop circle discovered on Latham Lawn...

Fresher gets record deal

Renowned music label, EMI, didn't hesitate to snap up a Trinity Hall fresher this week after a spectacular rendition of Olivia Newton-John's *Let's Get Physical* leaked on TabTV.

Not only does the college cultivate some of the best academic minds in the land, but it should also take a bow for nurturing a wide array of other talents.

Unapologetically sober, the student showed she could talk that talk with a performance featured in a Tab interview entitled *'What's on your sex playlist?'* She also claimed she preferred her music on shuffle than pon de replay.

The fresher, who is set to join the esteemed ranks of The Beatles, Lily Allen, Tinie Tempah and Corinne Bailey Rae under the EMI umbrella,

Trouble darn t'Pit

Shielded from the allures of ten second videos and downing unsavoury drink combinations, a new craze is spreading through college like Fresher's Flu on the dancefloor of Cindies.

As every good Yorkshireman knows, *"if yer not in t'pub then yer might as well be darn t'pit"*, and with Tit Hallers taking this to heart Facebook and Snapchat have been flooded with pictures of the Jerwood's newest attraction. Replacing the more familiar, ontological 'Pit of Despair' frequented during the week-which-must-not-be-named, its location remains shrouded in mystery to those as of yet unacquainted with its spacious interior.

Speculation remains intense, as correlation between the growth of the phenomenon and the disappearance of numerous Law students continues to be investigated.

Despite the best efforts of tutors and supervisors desperate to return students to work, all attempts to remove

listed Frank Ocean ("he's such a rude boy; just my type, ooh na na na na", she commented) among her musical inspirations.

The video found love in a hopeless place (YouTube) and, despite only reaching 3,000 views, the glorious vocals somehow caught the attention of R&B sensation, Ne-Yo. As likely as winning a game of Russian roulette, if you ask me.

"She's a massive YouTube phenomenon; I have no doubt she'll shine bright like a diamond for many years to come. When I heard her voice, I just thought: 'Where have



A runaway CompSci leaves his cave to venture into the Pit.

the latest method of procrastination have been unsuccessful, whilst picket lines have reportedly emerged across Latham Lawn in a determined stand against the Pit's closure.

Thankfully, the continued absence of Arthur Scargill throughout this recent turn of events is providing protestors with some hope of saving Tit Hall's most fashionable attraction, ensuring that the potential for many further drunken escapades remains.

Rob Woodyet

you been all my life?"', said Damaris Taylor, marketing manager at EMI.

Speculation has arisen due to the R&B superstar's questionable use of the YouTube search bar, considering as the clip is tagged under 'Cambridge,' 'physical' and 'sex.' Following the lack of cooperation from his PR team, the issue remains unresolved.

The singer's follow-up, *Let's Get Verbal*, is out right now.

For legal reasons the student must remain anonymous. If you found out who it was, it might disturbia.



Poetry Corner with Magdalena Slash

Brooding on the subject of
Halfway Hall this week,

Magdalena has rustled up yet another
masterwerk, intended to be sung to the tune of
'Blue (Da Ba Dee)'.

TO

o o that imperfect exhalation
contumely insolence
who breaks bread
with crispy salad mittens

to whom may i commend myself
to you to you only you
my boo

lifeless bulk
mortise-locked and oh so thin
put off that fear

ravage these furrows of my face
as whirlwinds before a storm
(dis)honourably interred

waiting
waiting
waiting
waiting
waiting for our hour

*en la noche estrellada
mi voz buscaba el viento*

halfhallway amethysts
glint shiver shudder
horizon-bound
sun-whetted
sun-smitten
sun-stained

as caesar to his soldiers
so say i

take thee this and fly
take thee this



LIBERAL DEMOCRATS

NICKNOMINATE: THE 2015 LIB DEM CAMPAIGN STRATEGY

overheard on orgasm bridge...

To a cyclist: "Ugh, get a
move on, darling."

Male voice: "I've always
wanted to be an heiress"



"Did you see the nuns?!"

"Why are your pedals
going round?"

"Did you notice it
before or after you
slept with her?... oh,
that's fine then."

OBITUARY

VIVA

VIVA, beloved uncle and stepsister, tragically struck down in the
prime of undeath last week. Fatally wounded in a freak dulce de
leche syrup accident. Detectives believe sprinkles may have been
involved. A millisecond's silence will be observed on Thursday, in
homage to all those great VIVA memories - that should be enough
time, right? Flowers or donations if desired to Ents Committee,
CB2 1TJ.

#dontbesocial

Melody

Overlooked
A shut gate

On the sloping soils
Aspens shiver
And a lone
bird calls
(On you)

On the roof
It would be dark
But for the sun

And the shadows your fingers make

This edition
marks The
TitBit's first
birthday.
Thanks for
reading!

Go on, have a badge
- you know you
want it...

