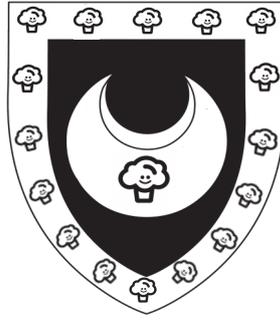




THE

Editors: Jess Knight,
Joe Harris, Jed Thorpe



TITBIT

Lent 2020

PROHIBITION RETURNS

Disappointment for students hoping to relive the hedonism of the Roaring Twenties

It has been a sober start to the decade for the students of Trinity Hall, following the announcement of the forced restriction of alcohol consumption during formal events. The impact on the college community has been sudden and catastrophic. Mass panic and vicious gang warfare has broken out, with students afraid to enter public places with an exposed beverage lest they be hit by a rain of flying pennies. Many have turned to bootlegging, with students running illicit liquor concealed about their person. When confronted about the suspiciously strong odour of Basics Vodka emanating from her KeepCup, a shocked English student's only defence was "it's reusable?"

The drastic reforms come as a result of a barbaric display by certain students during last year's Bridgemas formals, where, in one particularly shocking incident, a mince pie was hurled at a 300-year-old portrait, causing irreparable damage to the mince pie. In response to criticism that the decision to cancel Super Halls was "unfair to the well-behaved majority", a college spokesperson commented that the college must



follow a policy of "For the Many, because of the Few", and that the only sensible course of action is to appeal to the renowned "caring, community-minded side of the perpetrators."

Inebriated protestors have been seen standing on chairs outside the Master's Lodge, waving their shoes in the air and singing "It's coming home" at the tops of their voices. Senior college figures condemned the protests, with one fellow stating "This sort of behaviour is highly disrespectful and not acceptable within our college. Although, to be fair, it is coming home."

No longer permitted to make merry in public, students have been forced underground. An illegal speakeasy was opened in the basement of the Jerwood, only to be rapidly busted by

a crack team of porters armed with sniffer dogs and disapproving stares. The establishment was masterminded by man of the people and all-round good egg Barnaby "Angel" Darlington-FitzHubert, now in custody, who argued for the necessity of such underground gatherings, stating "it is simply not possible to have fun on less than one bottle of wine." As he was dragged from the premises, waving a bottle of Moet and carousing wildly, a friend of Darlington-FitzHubert, Humphrey "Scarface" Smythe-Pussyfellow, was heard to add "How on earth am I supposed to tolerate his company without at least 10 units of undiluted ethanol in my bloodstream?"

[Ed.: Due to the time-consuming nature of the printing process, The TitBit has not been able to cover recent events in college. We are, alas, far behind The Times, both in topical content and overall quality as a newspaper.]

INSIDER EXCLUSIVE PAGE 2

CAFETERIA STILL SERVES CAULIFLOWER



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HALL STILL SERVES CAULIFLOWER

A year-long undercover investigation by *The TitBit* into underhand goings-on at the canteen has revealed very little worth writing about. After the vegetable had its request for anonymity waived by Cambridge Crown Court, we can unsurprisingly reveal that cauliflower has been detected in over 90% of meals served from Hall in the last 12 months. Meanwhile, other old favourites including chicken kiev, lasagne and the eternally popular three bean curry remain on the menu. Students are also able to sample ravioli, in many exciting and yet almost indistinguishable flavours, as well as a dish almost (but not entirely) unlike moussaka known, intriguingly, as “moussaka”.

Reporters from *The TitBit* canvassed the student body for their thoughts on the dramatic lack of menu change. “It is exactly the same,” said one anonymous student, adding “I don’t know why you’re asking me this question.” Their companion agreed, saying, “You guys must be really desperate.” On entering the canteen itself, reporters found little else to comment on. “We simply *have* to fill the pages,” said Jed Thorpe, who added, “acknowledging the absolute lack of a story is not an option.”

Perhaps we should just stick to opinion pieces on the matter.

CONTAGION SPREADS

An outbreak of a newly emerged disease, known as ‘napping’, is spreading rapidly through the college community. Previously healthy students, who had successfully stayed awake through all of their A-level classes and a well-balanced range of extracurricular activities, have begun suddenly and uncontrollably falling asleep on arrival in Cambridge. The origins of the new epidemic are unknown, but a tourist was spotted asleep on a bench near Jesus Green on Tuesday. Passers-by were entirely unalarmed, but our reporter boldly spoke out, pointing a shaking finger and screaming “INFECTION!” before self-quarantining in the North Front of the UL.

A walk through the Jerwood Library reveals tens of people slumped over laptops, KeepCups of rapidly cooling instant coffee clutched in their limp hands. Some show more severe symptoms, going so far as planning in advance to take valuable time out of their days in order to sleep, regardless of the academic or personal consequences. Reports abound of students dozing off only to wake up five hours later, disoriented and full of regret. “I never used to be like this,” said one undergraduate, wide-eyed, fearful and wrapped in a fluffy purple blanket. “But once you start napping, you just can’t stop.”

“TIT HALL”

Hall food is like breast milk – it’s fine for the first year or so and serves its purpose, but once you get out into the real world and try *actual* food, well, not too many people go back for another suckle at the teat of Mother Hall. Despite this, I still seem to end up at Hall more often than I’m happy with. Based on my previous tenuous, malformed analogy, I suppose makes me one of those weird twelve-year-old boys you see on reality TV who still breastfeeds from their mother. The issue is that it’s just so convenient – with a bit of effort I could cook something that is, and I hate to brag like this, at least marginally nicer than cauliflower. And yet still I end up back in line like clockwork, just as ashamed of myself as I was 24 hours previously.

The queue is a great chance to practice my awkward conversations with people in college that I don’t really know. “Hi, how are you?”, they ask. “I haven’t spoken to you in about 2 years, so really a lot has happened since you last asked how I am. I’ve bollocksed up two sets of exams, drunk five lifetimes worth of alcohol and I’ve yet to get any job offers to show for it all,” I think. “Not bad, a

bit tired, how about you?”, I say instead.

Eventually, the queue moves forward enough that I can escape conversation for just a bit by pretending to read the menu, despite the fact that I spent thirty minutes in one of my lectures earlier reading every last letter of every menu item for the next week.

Finally, I’ve made it far enough forwards that I can start picking up some food. Salad today maybe? I definitely should get some salad next time I’m back here, I think, just like I told myself last time. How about dessert? It’s got to that point in term where I need a little pick-me-up, hasn’t it? I surely deserve it after all that hard work that I haven’t been doing. To be fair, I do deserve what I end up getting; a formal-reject cheesecake-mousse-panna cotta creation made of solid disappointment and garnished with a regretful coulis.

Now onto the main meal. Recent changes at Hall have added an exciting new flavour of guilt to all the meat options by telling me exactly how responsible for the melting ice caps and Australian wildfires I am with each food purchase. They’ve managed to strike a perfect balance: just enough guilt to make me feel worse about myself every time I eat, but not quite enough to initiate proactive changes to my habits.

The only thing left to do now is decide which shape of potato I want. I imagine

that College puts a great deal of its funding towards R&D into weird and wacky new shapes of potato. Sometime soon they’ll be minting Union Jack shaped chips to commemorate Brexit, or perhaps releasing their responses to press scandals by engraving them onto hash browns.

But wait, there’s actually one more culinary choice to make – sparkling or still water? Gosh, they really do spoil us here, don’t they! I once had someone tell me they were jealous of Tit Hall’s sparkling water tap – we might have terrible JCR-College relations, regular national press scandals and plenty of other dodgy things the press don’t hear about, but at least we’ve got sparkling water!

So the time comes to eat, and that I do, minimising my carbon footprint by avoiding all the oil slicks on my plate. Hall food never quite manages to be filling either; within an hour putting my tray away, I’m back to work on the box of gingerbread men that I really shouldn’t keep by my bedside. If I’m lucky, I can fill up on Christian toasties – I just have to pick whether I want enthusiastic evangelism or questionable justification of all of Leviticus as my side dish. Otherwise, I shall just go to bed telling myself that tomorrow, I really *will* cook that bit of sea bass I’ve had sitting in the freezer for the last six weeks...

By Elliot Scott

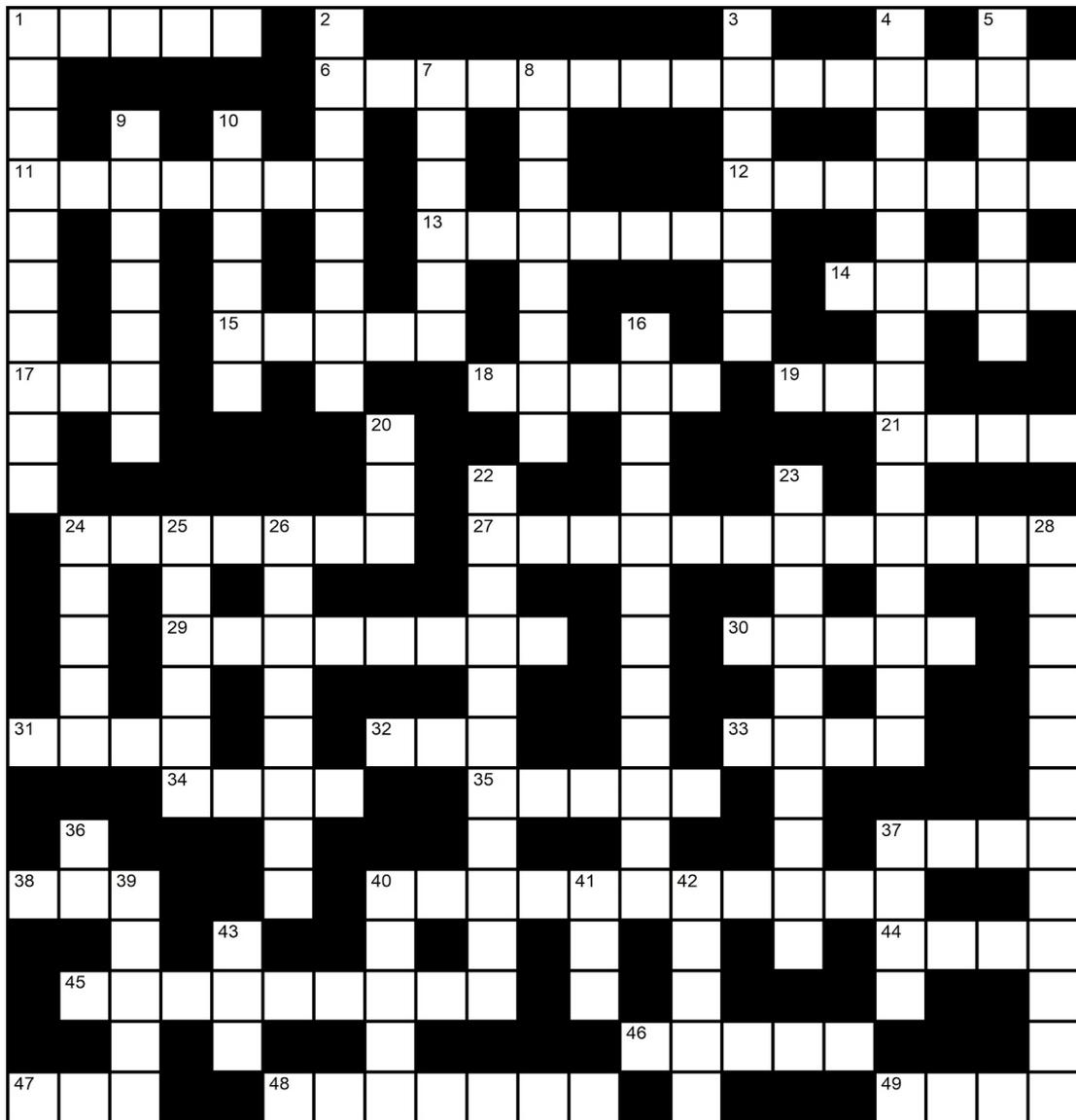


YOUR TITBIT NEEDS YOU

Looking for a first big break in your journalism career? Want to contribute regularly or as a one-off? Is this section a very obvious space-filler? Email Joe: jth38@cam.ac.uk

~ Puzzle Interlude ~

JUMBO Asymmetric Harry Potter Cryptic Crossword No. 46692



Across

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Men go crazy for garden pest (5) | 24 Round sound of a small bird contains loud music (7) | 38 Agh! Off, foul creature! (3) |
| 6 Authorities lose a small, supernatural, abandoned dog (8,2,5) | 27 Finally, add in reverse: vomit, Rita, and a drop of whatever you're holding (12) | 40 Chief lobbyist liberated by catchy tune discharges a slimy creature (11) |
| 11 Mars's bright flames ignite New Zealand's east end (7) | 29 Wizard aims a gun badly (8) | 44 Layered creature dwells in bog residence (4) |
| 12 Thief concealed by larger elf finally sent back (7) | 30 Feisty spirit in New York (5) | 45 Troublemakers recklessly rearm squad without question (9) |
| 13 Scary painting of marshland, say (7) | 31 I hear going by air is a fast means of transport (4) | 46 Beautiful women execute reveal awfully (5) |
| 14 Teacher's pets carry in disembowelled snakes (5) | 32 Auror badly conceals prophecy (3) | 47 A dividing politician leads (3) |
| 15 Some puzzles these are! (5) | 33 Announce spring month's task (4) | 48 Dangerous mistake wasn't little Albert either! (7) |
| 17 21 drops his first initial to stalk (3) | 34 Ominous mirages reflect off body of water (4) | 49 Confused Viking becomes football fan (4) |
| 18 Flies right into an explosion (5) | 35 Fetch the company spies - it's a mess! (5) | |
| 19 Chosen One's first love (3) | 37 Muriel's gone off tuna (4) | |
| 21 In order to get time off, act as the lead (4) | | |

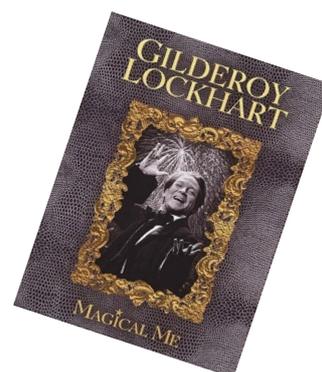
Down

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>1 Brave flying Ford doesn't know left from right! (10)</p> <p>2 Sirius is not in control of that energetic fiend! (8)</p> <p>3 Gives directions to the post office in time to lose me (5,2)</p> <p>4 Crazy bald fool hospitalised by royal prick (4,5,6)</p> <p>5 Family linkage with abdication in favour of Elizabeth's first (7)</p> <p>7 Model takes little time to reverse next to coach (6)</p> <p>8 Initial loss of riches among Poles encapsulates disgust of Slytherin (8)</p> | <p>9 Trainee without a shred of experience has nothing to defend (7)</p> <p>10 Tell-tale scratch on small number (6)</p> <p>16 Judges mouth off to the French with posh fury (6,2,4)</p> <p>20 Romantic interruption is an odd prize (3)</p> <p>22 Additional short wands exist primarily for education (11)</p> <p>23 We hear the undead divided the country, as predicted (10)</p> <p>24 Quirrell won't have flipping hesitation in speech for writing! (5)</p> <p>25 Silver framed 'Rag Love' is a monstrosity (6)</p> | <p>26 Charming man's swish exterior hides idiot without a cuppa (8)</p> <p>28 When heard, this citric certainty will let you in (7,5)</p> <p>36 Secret organisation has Russian's approval (2)</p> <p>37 Dad tucked into a samosa (4)</p> <p>39 Great doctor is tender at heart (5)</p> <p>40 Young woman with influenza forced into emergency room (5)</p> <p>41 Vehicle starts bedding up stranded (3)</p> <p>42 Royal Society boasts a French collection of runes (5)</p> <p>43 Finish off 14 (3)</p> |
|--|---|--|

Prizes to be won!

Submit your answers to Jed (jmt87@cam.ac.uk) by the start of Easter Term and win two random* prizes from the following:

1. A customised special edition *The TitBit* mug, your choice of many biscuits, and our everlasting respect!
2. A luxury one night all-inclusive stay in the Master's lodge!
3. The complete signed works of Gilderoy Lockhart (*Order of Merlin, Third Class; Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defence League; and five times winner of Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile Award!*)
4. One hundred million Nectar points!



*picked from a shortlist consisting of option 1 only.

Solutions will be put up online at <https://www.jcr.trinhall.cam.ac.uk/> at the beginning of Easter term, and additionally printed in the next edition of *The TitBit*.

AGONISED AUNT



Dear Aunt Annabelle,

Every time I try to talk about my feelings, my friends just talk over me about their own problems. What should I do?

Love,

Tired Of It All at Tit Hall

Darling Tired,

Think you've got it bad? Try my job. It's nothing but other people moaning about their bloody problems every bloody column. Meanwhile here I am, trapped writing for an underachieving joke publication whose editors don't know the meaning of the word 'deadline' and pay me less than a hundredth of what I'm worth*, and nobody ever stops for a second to ask how I'm doing. It's frankly scandalous.

When I was a young journalist, fresh out of finishing school, with a perm in my hair and a swish in my Barbour jacket, I dreamt big: *Tatler*, *Country Life*, *Town & Country*. The sky was the limit. But after being turned down by publication after publication, fired by minor-interest magazine and local newspaper alike, I began to suspect something was wrong. Finally, humiliatingly, whilst opening my third letter of rejection from the *Journal of the Kentish Sports and Social Club*, I realised that the world was out to get me.

The problem, dear reader, is this: I am not very good at being an Agony Aunt. This one simple fact has lost me every job I've ever managed, somehow, to acquire. Despite my best efforts at faking sympathy, I simply cannot pretend to be interested in a single detail of my correspondents' so-called problems. To put it plainly, reader, *I do not care*. But please do keep writing. I love the attention.

Love,

Aunty Annabelle x

*[Nothing - Ed.]



The WitBit

Jokes in which Two Creatures Unexpectedly Talk

There were two cows in a field. The first cow said "Moo." The second cow said "Hey, that's what I was going to say!"

There were two muffins in a microwave. The first muffin said "Phew, it's hot in here!" The second muffin replied "Argh! A talking muffin!"

There were two cows in a field. The first cow said "Moo." The second sheep said "Baa." The first cow (perplexed) said "Don't you mean 'moo'?" The second cow replied "I'm learning a foreign language."

There were two fish in a tank. The first fish said to the second fish "How do you drive this thing?"

There were two prawns dancing in a seafood disco. The first prawn turned to the second prawn and said "Hey, mate, I think I've pulled a mussel."

A white horse walked into a bar. The barman said "Why the long face?"

A white horse walked into a bar. [Ed.: This is supposed to be funny because the author of the joke assumes that you laugh at suffering horses. We are moral people and do not condone this attitude.]

A white horse walked into a bar. The barman said "Hey, that's funny, this pub's named after you!" The horse replied "What, Eric?"

Specialist Jokes for the Discerning Comedian

A proton walks into a bar and orders a pint. The barman said "You sure about that?" and the proton replied "I'm positive."

Why did the mathematician put his null space in a microwave? To make popcorn.

A mitochondrion walked into a bar and said "I'll have a pint of energy, please." The barman replied "That'll be 80p."

How does Juliet maintain a constant body temperature? Romeostasis.

Why was Fibonacci afraid of 5? Because 5 8 13.

Jokes at the Expense of Cinderella

Why is Cinderella bad at football? Because she kept running away from the ball.

Why is Cinderella bad at football? Because she had a pumpkin for a coach.

Mamma Mia!

Don't fancy Domino's? Fed up of Franco Manca? Struggling to secure that sought-after table at Pizza Express Woking? Then look no further. Making your own pizzas is a delightful and delicious way to spend an evening, so invite over some pals, pop on your apron, and get baking!

The Dough

(Enough for five people's worth of pizza)

Ingredients:

500g strong white (or plain) flour
1x 7g sachet instant yeasts
10g salt
350g lukewarm water
ABBA *Gold*

Method:

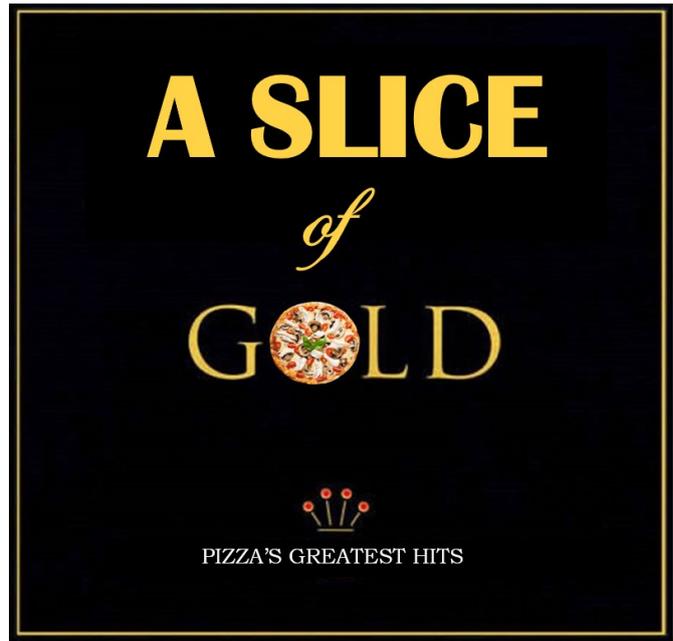
1. Mix flour, salt and yeast in a big bowl.
2. Add water.
3. Stir with a spoon/knife/fork/spatula till it comes together into a rough dough.
4. Press play on ABBA *Gold*, and begin to knead the dough on a clean countertop.
5. When you have grooved along to 'Dancing Queen', 'Knowing Me, Knowing You' and 'Take a Chance on Me', press pause and stop kneading*.
6. Place dough into an oiled bowl, cover with a damp cloth/plate/other eco-friendly clingfilm alternative and put in a warmish place.
7. Press play.
8. As you reach the end of 'Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! (A Man After Midnight)', pause, uncover and check on the dough**. It should be beautifully risen, and softly pillow-like to the touch.

The Toppings

(For the above quantity of dough)

Ingredients:

1x carton tomato passata
Mozzarella, sliced (unless you're vegan)
Assorted additional items (e.g. olives, peppers, spinach, anchovies, artichokes, basil, sweetcorn, mushrooms, egg, ham, even – whisper it – pineapple)



Method:

1. Preheat the oven to 220 degrees Celcius (200 fan).
2. Divide the dough into portions. You can do five individual pizzas if you have lots of trays. Alternatively make fewer, bigger pizzas to fit however many trays you've managed to snaffle off the other occupants of your kitchen.
3. On a well-floured countertop, roll out the dough into big circles about half a centimetre thick.
4. Lift the pizza bases onto their trays, making sure the bottoms have enough flour that they won't stick.
5. Put a few spoons of passata onto each base and spread out carefully with the back of a spoon.
6. Scatter your toppings artfully over the top of the passata, then arrange slices of mozzarella on top of these.
7. Put pizzas into your hot oven and press play on the ABBA.
8. As the majestic final chords of 'Waterloo' fade***, take the pizzas out of the oven. Serve in slices, thanking the heavens for home cooking and the joys of Swedish disco-pop.

* twelve minutes exactly

** forty-eight minutes and forty-one seconds, depending on the temperature of your kitchen

*** eighteen minutes and thirty-six seconds, though a cooler oven may cook a little slower (try an encore of 'Dancing Queen' for good measure)