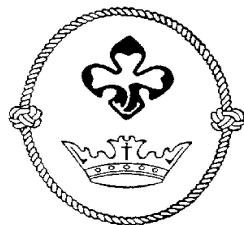




Postscript



361: 2nd Week, Hilary 2005

Walking In A Winter Wonderland



Including the Mystery of the Missing Gâteaux

Plus:

The Enemy At The Gates

Why We're All Doomed

“Go anywhere from Morocco to Moscow for 30 days”

Joanne Miller Inter-Rails around Europe

Postscript



Issue 361 – First of Hilary 2005

An OUSGG publication

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Editorial

So, you survived Christmas. You didn't go down with turkey poisoning, didn't die of boredom while talking politely to distant relatives, and didn't die of embarrassment when you had to put on that hideous new jumper which Aunty Ethel gave to you. You may even have gone to Winter Walking™ but miraculously lived to tell the tale. And, I can assure you, many tales will be told about that expedition later on in this issue...

But, of course, all good things must come to an end, and so it's back to the two-month non-stop cycle of lectures, tutorials and essay crises. Still, at least you've got OUSGG to keep you sane (or quite possibly *insane*). This term will be a little unusual, with a different organiser for every meeting, but nevertheless the Anarchic Collective have put together a suitably varied (for which read "random") programme for us, details of which are below. As ever, there should be plenty to keep us faffing long into the night every Monday – and that, after all, is what OUSGG is really all about.

Alistair Green (St. Hugh's) – Editor

(Very) Provisional Programme Of Events

3rd Week: SSAGO challenge evening, organised by Alison.
(31st January)

Saturday 3rd Week: Walk, organised by Phil.

(5th February)

4th Week: Pancake party for EriX's birthday, organised by Mark.

(7th February)

5th Week: Possibly a Bodleian Library tour, but this is beginning to look unlikely. Organised by Sam.

6th Week:

(14th February) Casino night, organised by Phil.

(21st February)

6th/7th Week : The Scottish Rally.

(25th-27th February)

7th Week: Water polo or ice skating, organised by Gail.

(28th February)

8th Week (7th March): TGM and meal, organised by Gail.

All events are subject to change. Keep checking your email!

Easter Activity

Hayley has announced that she will no longer be able to organise this year's Easter Activity, and so a volunteer is urgently needed to take her place. With only six weeks to go before the end of term, and twelve weeks before the start of next term, time is running out fast.

If you can spare a week of your time over the Easter vacation, or have a suggestion about where we should go, please email "Faff" (ousgg-discuss@mailist.ox.ac.uk) as soon as possible. After all, we're all going to need a break...

Letters To The Editor

Sir,

In Issue 360 Mark Hawkins argues that the central dilemma regarding packing for Winter Walking is whether one should risk taking “that jumper Aunty Ethel knitted”? Surely the answer can only be “yes”. Compared to the rather drab styling of most outdoor clothing (pastels, khaki, or dark colours; all designed for function rather than aesthetic pleasure – the ones appealing to military fetishists notwithstanding), Aunty Ethel’s amazing technicolour knitted tank top would brighten up even the bleakest of walks. Moreover, one would not actually be upset if it were ripped to shreds on barbed wire, as opposed to the look of horror that adorns most outdoorsmen’s faces when their £400 super-insulated-furry-windproofed snood meets an unhappy end over a stile.

I remain,

A bored graduate student, St Peter’s College.

Dear Sir,

I am writing to fill a little space on your letters page, as I feel I ought to respond to your appeal for articles but am completely uninspired right now.

Yours faithfully,

A. Waffler.

Eriñ Says...

Please come round to my place for lunch at one o’clock every Thursday! I’m sure that my roommate, Jacqui, won’t mind. I live in Room 13 at 82 Woodstock Road, which is inside St Hugh’s College.

Just don’t forget to bring your sandwiches with you!



Words of Wisdom...

...and these aren’t even from Winter Walking!

Jacqui: “I think buses do exist...”

Sam: “I don’t insist on *female* strippers...”

Sam again: “Maybe I should buy... a Wonderbra!”

And yet again: “I love sheep... That is *so* not quotable!”

The Enemy At The Gates

Phil Alderton says we should be afraid. Very afraid.

In these troubled and uncertain times, with the spectres of war, terrorism, poverty, and ghastly charity singles troubling us all, it is reassuring to know that there is still one bastion of civilisation willing to fight the good fight and hold the barbarians out. I refer, of course, to the Scout Association's Equal Opportunities Policy. Not since the Declaration of Independence or the Gettysburg Address have enlightened principles been so concisely stated and defended.

As they say: "*The Scout Association is not open to an adult, or indeed to a young person, without question.*"¹

Fair enough. We don't want all and sundry. What might raise doubts? Lurid interest in small boys in shorts? Tendency to sacrifice virgins at Midsummer? Bad odour (now we're getting somewhere)? Er...

*"There are legitimate grounds for exclusion (such as an adult who positively proclaims atheism as a way of life)."*²

I'm sorry, I didn't quite get that. Run that by me again, slowly this time:

"There ... are ... legitimate ... grounds ... for ... exclusion ... (such ... as ... an ... adult ... who ... positively ... proclaims ... atheism ... as ... a ... way ... of ... life)."

Yes, the biggest source of moral corruption in society today are those who "positively proclaim atheism as a way of life". Roll that phrase around in your mouth for a bit; doesn't it feel great? For too long the godless ones meeting in seedy atheistic pubs in dodgy part of our towns have plotted the downfall of our society by infiltrating youth organisations with their deceptions. Those ghastly nights at the OFS where they dance to vulgar tunes and positively spread their message through the medium of cheesy pop. We must protect our youngsters! Someone please think of the children!

After all, if the Scout Association were to accept that one's religious beliefs (or lack thereof) bore no relation to one's ability to lead and play an important role in the development of young people by getting them to think for themselves and respect others, everything the Movement stands for would be lost! Imagine that! The idea that "spiritual development" might involve some free thought and questioning on the Scout's part, as opposed to weakly mumbling the Lord's Prayer once in a while or moaning about the supreme futility of church parades – ghastly!

I expect that those monsters who go around positively proclaiming an atheistic way of life will be rooted out and stopped before the poison afflicts us all. Hopefully the Scout Association will use the money from selling off decent campsites like Longridge to fund cinema advertisements warning us of the evils of the ungodly. Perhaps they could issue booklets telling us how to spot an atheist and what to do if we meet one. And in no way at all does any of this cause Scouting to be a laughing stock.

The Sound of OUSGG Returns!

*Thought you'd heard the last of that, didn't you? Well, not if **Maddy Bunce** has anything to do with it...*

“Walking through fields with mud at your ankles,
Buying a round and visiting Uncles,
Screaming at Phil as he drives into bins,
These are a few of my least favourite things!"

1 The Scout Association, *Equal Opportunities Policy*, available at <http://www.scoutbase.org.uk/library/hqdocs/eqopps/index.htm> (accessed 19/11/2004)

2 Ibid.

Winter Walking and the Mystery of the Missing Gâteaux

Luke Cartey and Gillian Bradley turn detective

The day: an anonymous Thursday morning. The time: far too early. In Cumbria a selected few are hauling themselves out of bed in order to reach Stoke for the pre-ordained time of 1:15 p.m... meanwhile the person who decided 1:15 was to be the time to arrive is laid up in bed and not going to arrive until 3:15.

We arrived at the camp site (some of us having waited at the station for someone who was still in bed!) to find a wooden hut, with interesting architectural features (the stairs were on the outside! And quite slippery in the rain aren't they Jack?). It also had excellent toilet facilities, as Jonathan was to find out (anyone fancy a bucket?). That afternoon, whilst the women sat around gossiping (and peeling all the potatoes) the men went out to hunt bison for supper (or down to the pub depending on whom you talk to!). Since the men didn't find any bison (because, *obviously*, they're only found in North America) we had sausages and mash for dinner instead.

The next day was time for our first experience of walking (and faffing) on the trip. If what we expected was snow covered peaks, and Christmas-esque scenes we were disappointed. What we got was mud... lots of mud. ("It's fine if you like mud," said Gillian). The views when you reached the top, however, were just as good. Getting down was more of a problem. (Just because it is open access land doesn't mean it's actually possible to get across it, or down it). Then, trying to climb over the wall at the bottom, Maddy did a very good "Superwoman" pose after falling off the top of the wall and landing face down in the mud.

On arriving back we found people had already started on our New Year's Eve meal, so there didn't seem to be too much opportunity of helping. (We did the washing up. Honest.)

After dinner (And an excellent dinner it was too! "Apart from the Brussels sprouts," complained Gillian. "Only because you don't like them,"

retorted Luke) there was the opportunity to play any number of silly games – Mafia, The Name Game (all 250 versions), Chinese charades. (I'd appreciate it if whoever filmed me doing a very silly impersonation of Phil doing a rather obscure version of the Christmas story could please let it never be shown again!!!!) In fact we played games so much we almost missed the hour itself!

On Saturday, most of us went for a strenuous walk to the station at Rudyard reservoir. Luke however, stayed in bed, which was becoming quite a theme of Winter Walking. Those that went on the "strenuous walk" spent oh, must have been five minutes walking (it was *definitely* nearly 20 actually) whilst those that stayed behind had a marathon trivial pursuit game, which continued long after the rest of us had got back. We played about three other games while we were waiting for them to finish so that we could have dinner.

Sunday and more walking (wading) was to follow. After a sensible walk around the reservoir (whilst the "mad" people had gone off looking for a mountain to climb), the not-so-mad group decide to split and do an extra loop. It started off well, until we had a choice about direction. "Up or down?" Luke asked. "It'll be drier higher up," said Sam. So up we went, only to find a lake of cow... well, you get the picture. So much for being drier! Fortunately, on our return, we discovered a tea shop, which made it all worth while. Keith even let us back in the car with our muddy boots.

Little were we to know that, returning from a hard day's walk, we would then be required to work for our food! Chris, Natalie, Jo and Jenny had developed the "Big Brother" food faff – a series of complicated, silly or just plain evil games to win our food for the next few days. (*"I would like to point out here that if anyone ever ties me to Jacqui again they may disappear never to be seen again..."* – Gillian. Luke will vouch for my skills with a knife: *"She's bloody dangerous."*) Some entertaining games followed, including making animal noises according to place names on the map (*"Mark was a bit disturbingly good at making the animal noises. I think he must practice them."* – Gillian), and eating random substances concocted by Jenny. (Surprisingly, Tristam preferred the Baileys and Orange to the Branston Pickle and

Chocolate!) When the food was finally won, including a large tube of Jaffa Cakes which mostly seemed to disappear inside Luke, dinner could be made.

Part of our winnings were two gâteaux. After much faffing (leaving them on the stove to defrost etc.), we eventually managed to agree on how many slices to cut them into. (This was a much shorter faff than the previous ‘how many slices shall we cut the sponge puddings into’ faff – we were getting the hang of being in OUSGG by now). Having cut them up (I still don’t see why Luke wouldn’t let me have the knife) and given out all the pudding there remained two slices. One of these was immediately claimed by Luke and the other was sold to some willing sucker who didn’t realise quite how “chilled” the black forest gâteau still was. Having done the washing up (and made Sam dry, since he had rashly admitted to having done nothing all week – remember that for next year!) we looked round for stray bowls, and found, to Luke’s joy, one which still had gâteau in. Nobody (Sarah and Sam we think – if in doubt blame it all on Sam) seemed to know whose it was, so it quickly went the same way as two previous slices. Some time later Andrew returned, and asked, “Where’s my gâteau?” Lesson Learnt: make sure Andrew has got his slice before eating up the “Extras”.

Oh...and don’t let Gillian get anywhere near a knife....

The final full day was much like the others in that it was preceded by a ‘where are we going to go’ faff. But finally a short and a long walk set off (we were on the short walk being sensible). Through muddy fields and more muddy fields we trekked. (Whoever has the picture of me (meaning Luke by the way – I’m far too sensible to do something like that) falling over, I would appreciate it if it also never came to light.) Many intellectual discussions were had on the way (us being Oxford students and all that) – the faff faff being a particular highlight. In case anyone’s interested you can have a circular faff, a domino faff, a techno faff... the list is endless (almost an article in itself– and **NO**, we’re not volunteering). After lunch we gave Gillian the map and then promptly took it away again. (“*It doesn’t matter where north is,*” she said, “*and I don’t know where we are so I can’t possibly be*

getting us lost.”) In my defence I didn’t have the map at this point because they wouldn’t let me near it.) But despite Luke’s navigating we still got back to the cars with time to spend in the only open pub in a very small town (well actually quite big by Cumbrian standards) before our lift arrived. Sadly it was in that pub where we discovered our fate – having to write an article about Winter Walking. “But we’re scientists,” we complained, trying every possible means to get out of it (bar killing Jacqui and Jonathan, who told us about it – and killing Jacqui can still be arranged if anyone requires; it would give me great pleasure). Unfortunately, none of it worked, and now the rest of OUSGG is subjected to reading our random wafflings which even we can’t make sense of.

“It’s definitely not required to make sense. It’s a Postscript article.” – Gillian. (Again).

The very last day was spent cleaning the hut, Alison’s arrival at Winter Walking being carefully timed to coincide with this and the taking home of the alcohol, which she then drove off without. This was after the great ‘Food and Drink Auction’ presided over by Alison. Surprisingly there weren’t many takers for the Somerfield own brand dog food won by Sam at the BBFF, or several gallons of milk particularly for those of us travelling home by train with unnecessary extra junk to carry (and no, I’m not referring to Eri~~N~~, really, I meant Jacqui’s CD player). The satsumas, however, were very popular in certain quarters, and about a dozen disappeared into a bottomless pit who shall remain nameless (Luke) before we left for the station.

We would like to thank Mark for organising a most excellent Winter Walking, and also everyone who did the cooking because we’re both terrible at it (and one of us eats a lot all the time). We both thoroughly enjoyed the trip and are looking forward to next year already (and that wasn’t an offer to organise it before anyone gets any ideas).

We apologise for the lack of coherence in this article, but it wasn’t written by agreement so much as argument. By this we mean seeing who can get more embarrassing quotes by the other one in. Luke’s winning.

[But there’s plenty more of them to come! – Ed.]

The World Scout Moot

Mark Hawkins concludes his account

Hello again, it's Mark here. I had hoped my serialisation would have finished last time – but hey, I needed the sleep, so here's part 4...

...So, the day after rafting I awoke at 6:30, having misread my watch – I had meant to have a lie-in, as this was our day doing on-site activities, so we could take things a bit easier! Shortly after breakfast I got chatting to Sanches (from Haiti), who was on my bus, and was soon involved in (well, mainly listening to) a conversation in French between a West African, a French-Canadian, a West Indian and me! (Who said English was the only language you needed to know to get by with!) Anyway, we were interrupted by one of the Moot staff, who asked if any of us would like to be in the Moot video. Stupidly I agreed, so I was soon part of a small group smiling in front of the camera whilst we all said 'Unlimited Challenges [the Moot slogan], Taiwan super!' whilst wilting in our uniforms. Having changed out of uniform into something more comfortable, or 'song', as the Taiwanese would say, it was time to head out into the Global Development Village or GDV as it's known.

For those who don't know, the GDV is a feature of all international scouting events. It is a series of stalls and workshops centred round sustainable development. It was a relaxing change wandering around the stalls: seeing the way a local women's group encouraged recycling, learning about the plants of Taiwan, chatting about approaches to conflict resolution with a group based with the UN, and (most bizarrely of all) doing a drugs workshop which involved some random music, making woggles and winning propelling pencils for answering questions – all good fun though! I also took the opportunity to catch up on my e-mails. In the evening I went along to an event hosted by the

Thai scouts, which my friend Watchara had invited me to – there was lots of rather spicy Thai food there, all very good!

The next day was our 'hiking' day in the Taroko National Park. After being piled into the buses with the usual urgency, then waiting around a bit, we were finally off to the National Park. When we arrived we were issued with a white hard hat (yes, like a Bob the Builder one) with '12th World Scout Moot' emblazoned on it in English and Chinese, and ushered into a lecture theatre in the information centre. Here we were treated to a video of the National Park – which I (like most people) slept through – presumably so we could 'experience' the park whilst sat in the dark in an air-conditioned room. Personally, I wanted to get out and explore the park for myself!

After the video we walked down the road and through a couple of tunnels before coming to a gorge carved out of marble. It was really spectacular.



Anyway the hard-hats were in case any rocks fell down and hit us on the head! After a short while we stopped for lunch and were told that we could paddle, 'but not swim' in the river – it was good to cool off...

After much paddling – to my surprise – we headed back the way we had come. The Taiwanese definition of hiking was somewhat different to ours. However we did do some further walking up a hill to a viewpoint up the top: lots of steps. [Sorry if this is digressing and becoming rather random.]

Following 'hiking' we returned to site, and in the evening it was time for each national contingent to put on a show expressing their traditional culture. The UK performance was to be an audio-visual extravaganza in the form of a journey around the UK with a PowerPoint show, music and dancing. Yours truly was to be a London bobby, which involved running about a bit wearing a policeman's hat (yes someone had brought 10 policemen's hats all the way from the UK with them) and 'bobbing' up and down a bit.

Unfortunately the music failed during the performance but we all carried on (even the Scottish dancers) – showing something of the spirit of the Moot and scouting in general. Despite our problems the other performances ran smoothly and we were treated to everything from traditional song and dance to a giant Portuguese conga! Afterwards our troop (bus) had a ‘party’ on our site, with a few games, crisps and coke. We all said a bit about different people in the troop, whom we’d got on with, what they were like and whom we’d made friends with. It was rather touching...

The last day of the Moot was a bit strange in many ways. We started by having a photo of the whole UK contingent, and then it was time to pack up and strike my tent. In the afternoon there was a thing called the ‘big event’ which involved many things including everyone standing in the shape of the Scout logo and receiving a cutlery set(!) This was followed by a BBQ and my patrol

got together to take some photos etc.

The closing ceremony was in the evening, and since the UK was the first country to be leaving (everyone else was leaving the next day) we had strict instructions about getting to buses from the ceremony. The ceremony started with the usual type of formalities you’d expect, such as the handing over of the scout flag to the next Moot host nation – Mozambique. Anthony from the UK was doing the English commentary, complete with random words which he was being texted by our contingent leader! Everyone then sang *Auld Lang Syne*, before lots of paper hot air balloons were released into the sky and the party began. Then, like in Cinderella, the time had come to leave. I said ‘goodbye’ to all my new friends from my patrol, promising to keep in touch, then headed for the buses.

It was then off to the airport, and for me onward to Malaysia...

The End (for now)...

“You’re living for a month out of that?!”

Joanne Miller travels light

Last November, having swindled a little time between jobs, I bought an Inter-Rail ticket and set off to see Europe. These are some of the FAQs!

How long did you go for?

A month. Any less and I’d have been pushed for time, any more and I’d have been getting pretty tired.

How much did it cost?

The ticket is about £450, to go anywhere from Morocco to Moscow for 30 days. (There are occasional supplements for travelling on fast trains such as the TGV or Eurostar, usually only a few Euros.) Plus I budgeted €50 a day for living expenses, which was about right. I could have done it for less, but it was nice not to be on too tight a budget.

Where did you go?

I decided there was plenty to do in western Europe, so: France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway. My trusty Thomas Cook Rail Map of Europe was the best guide, along with a really good sheet map of

Europe at about 1:400 000. I picked out routes that would be worth seeing from the train, apart from one or two diversions to particular places.

Did you plan your route in advance?

Roughly, but I only booked ahead by a couple of days, as I sometimes changed my mind. The German railway site www.dbahn.de was absolutely invaluable for planning international journeys.

Whom did you go with?

No-one, although I did arrange to stay with friends in a couple of places.

What, you travelled on your own? Did it feel safe?

Yes, most of the time. Of course you have to use your common sense about where you go, especially since it was winter and so often dark. But it didn’t restrict me as much as I thought it might. And it’s nice to be independent, not having to worry about meeting up or faffing. It also meant I spoke to a lot of people, usually in trains or the hostels.

Did you take your phone?

Come on, you know I'm still too stubborn to get one. It would, occasionally, have been useful, but there's lots of Internet points now. (And pay phones.)

Where did you stay?

Almost always international YHAs, which cost about €20 a night, and are usually clean and comfortable. They get more civilised the further you go north, and the quality of breakfast is directly proportional to the latitude. In Pompeii it consisted of a roll and a cup of bad coffee. In Östersund there was bread, biscuits, jam, cold meat, cheese, salad, pickles, porridge, fruit, yoghurt, cereal, juice, coffee, tea, chocolate...

What about the languages?

I've got decent French, and made an effort to speak a bit of German, Italian and Swedish, so it wasn't too bad, though it's hard work switching languages every few days! It's worth knowing even a few words of the local language. Many travellers don't and although you can get most things by gesturing and speaking English, it doesn't get you much respect. In Italy, in particular, it was clear that not speaking any Italian could get you badly ripped off.

What did you take?

As little as possible! Staying in YHAs means you

don't need a sleeping bag, though a sleeping sheet is often necessary, and having your own saves about €3 per night. My bag weighed about 40lb, including a couple of days' food, and the guide books/dictionaries. Most days I carried it several miles, although I sometimes used left-luggage lockers. Lots of people said, "You're living for a month out of *that*!?" but since you have to wash clothes anyway, it's not actually necessary to take more than you would for a few days.

Isn't November a bad time to travel?

No, it's ideal. Not too hot for the south, and hardly any other tourists around. Lots of local Christmas things to look out for too, such as the Christmas markets. I didn't get any bad weather, apart from a couple of wet days, and in the Alps and Scandinavia there was snow, although not so severe as to disrupt trains.

What was the best bit?

There were lots of highlights. Rome was incredible (though I usually loathe cities); you could spend months there and hardly do it justice. I'll never forget the sunset train journey, winding up into the mountains to St Moritz. The midday sun was barely over the horizon in Sweden (though I didn't get as far as the Arctic Circle). I was pretty chuffed with the free skiing lessons I managed to get in Norway too!

Caption Competition

What do you think is going on here? Send in your suggestions by the end of Fourth Week, and the best ones will be printed in the next issue!



The Big Gig (Part 2)

Natalie Jones presents a guide to today's youth

Feeling a bit left out that our activities were only worthy of a part one, I felt the need to write a 'part two' for the Big Gig. I know Hayley offered me this chance last edition but I was too late to make the press. Or maybe that should be lazy....

Since some members of the group will be due for entry back into the real world soon, and will be unable to curb the addiction that is Scouting and Guiding, I thought that, as an Old Fogey, I should let them know how today's youth thinks.

Thus, we have the guide to "What's Hot, and What's Not"!

Hot	Not
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Very, very loud noise. <p><i>The louder the better. And if there's screaming then you've got to be onto a winner...</i></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Cotton wool in the ears. <p><i>Blocks the sound a little, but not enough to prevent the 'music' getting through. I may be sad, but I was the only one who could hear later that evening, wasn't I? Eh?</i></p>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Rachel Stevens. <p><i>Good songs, great dance moves. Another chance to scream.</i></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Copying Rachel Stevens' dance moves. <p><i>Nope. Not a chance. If they could have got past the man in a yellow coat, I wouldn't have seen my unit for dust.</i></p>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Phixx. <p><i>(Laura tells me it's spelt like this. Personally I'm too uncool to know.)</i></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Duran Duran. <p><i>Phixx may have sung one of their songs, but Duran Duran is still yesterday's news.</i></p>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Red wigs with horns. <p><i>Don't ask me. I thought that by wearing them their street cred would have gone down the pan, but I was wrong. You'd have thought we were handing out chocolate or something when we gave them out... (Incidentally, it is possible to pull whilst wearing one of these attractive pieces. Maybe that's it.)</i></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Fluffy bunny ears. <p><i>Sure, all the other kids were wearing them, but they're so last year darkling.</i></p>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Going to a pop concert. <p><i>Even if it is organised by GirlGuiding UK.</i></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Owning up to being in Guides. <p><i>Sadly.</i></p>

“Did I really say that at Winter Walking?”

Yes, you did. And if you didn’t, blame Keith Crothers. I’m not responsible for these at all. Not me. No way. Nope.

Caroline: I know the theory, but not the practice!

Phil: This will be a good complement to my Knocker!

Phil: Jenny, you just missed a discussion about Caroline’s libido.

Maddy’s kids: What were you doing with that man?

Maddy: I was paid to do it.

Maddy: I’m not allowed to take my clothes off?!

Maddy: The excitement, Jenny; the things we could get up to in Phil’s car!

Maddy: It’s not the First of January, so I can put anything in my mouth I like...

Jacqui: He lied and was wrong at the same time.

Jacqui: Jenny’s gone from lying to using her mind.

Mark: I’ve got two people tied up in a field!

Gillian: What if I *like* Hitler?

Gillian: Guiding? What’s that?

Mark: Sarah wanted my big hand!

Gillian: It’s yellow now.

Mark: Mine’s a pink one!

Mark (to Jenny): I like goo!

Mark: I take it that’s Angel Delight.

Luke: No, I threw up in the bowl.

Watch this space for more Winter Walking™ quotes in the next issue! The best have been saved until last...

Out and About With EriK



EriK and Jacqui have both been quite busy recently, but they did manage to find time for a little walk, and, of course, another photo opportunity. Their trip at the end of last term was to the railway station, where EriK looked at the trains and thought about how much he was looking forward to his Christmas travels:



100 Postscripts ago...

At just two sides of A4, *Postscript* 261 was not exactly one of the longer issues of this esteemed publication. Fully half of it was taken up by the editorial, which invoked Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle to explain why map faffs always happen at Winter Walking – “if you know where you are then you do not know where you are going and vice-versa”.