

# PostScript

## WALKING THE WALL



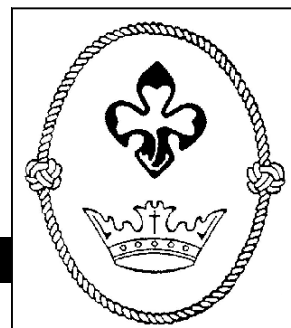
*Spot the reindeer.*

**\*THE\* QUOTE** *Yes! It's here, in print! Page 5 for details*

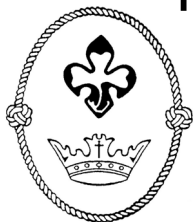
**LITTLE BOOK OF FAFF** *Jonathan Harvey gives us a sneak preview of his new book!*

**THE TOUR DE TRIGS** *A tale of 3 hikers, as told by Phil Alderton.*

**THE GAME** *Damn You!*



# PostScript



**Issue 1, Hilary Term 2006**

An OUSGG Publication.

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# WELCOME

## EDITORIAL

Welcome back to a whole new year of PostScript – and another exciting term! A thoroughly enjoyable (if rather far north for us southerners) Winter Walking was had by all – and plenty of quotes and embarrassing pictures for PostScript. Our thanks go to Keith for organising it.

We've got plenty to look forward to this term with a trip to the theatre (well there had to be, really, with Gillian as half the Sofa!), a first aid evening and Erik's Birthday (including Pancakes!). Good Luck to Gillian and Jonathan – we hope that it all goes well!

This issue is literally packed to the seams. My thanks go to Phil, who's provided virtually half the issue (perhaps we need to a separate pull out named *PhilScript?*), with contributions on pages 3, 4 and 9. Jonathan Harvey gives us a sneak peek at his new publication "The Little Book of Faff" on page 5.

Finally, on page 8, A. Anon (for obvious reasons) gives us their research into the origins of "The Game".

Damn them.

*Luke Cartey (St. Catherine's)  
PostScript Editor*

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## SOFA'S REPORT

Hello! Welcome back to a new term in the happy world of OUSGG, now being run (very safely) by Jonathan and me. Mwahahaha. So far term seems to be going well – nobody died of boredom during the quiz night, so I'd say that classes as 'went ok'. This week we're going to play skittles, and you may in fact notice that's what you're doing if you're reading this on Monday.

Over the vac, Keith organised Winter Walking in a nice central location – Northumberland. It seemed to be enjoyed by everyone – learning to cook Christmas dinner was certainly an interesting experience, and happily no-one caught either salmonella or warts, so in fact another OUSGG success – thank-you Keith.

Don't forget to e-mail the sofa ([sofa@ousgg.org.uk](mailto:sofa@ousgg.org.uk)) ASAP if you want to come and see Grease in 4<sup>th</sup> week, because we're booking the tickets tomorrow (Tuesday). [Have I filled enough space yet Lulu? I shall now sign off, having broken all the formatting in PS. Back to the theatre....]

*Gillian Bradley (Worcester) & Jonathan Harvey (Oxford Brookes) – Sofa*



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

In light of recent correspondence (*Postscripts passim*) as to the correct lyrics of a familiar tune, I believe your readers are greatly misinformed. I have it on good authority that the song is entitled "Vatican Broadside" and was most famously performed by Half Man Half Biscuit with the following words:

The singer out of Slipknot went to Rome to  
see The Pope  
The singer out of Slipknot went to Rome to  
see The Pope  
The singer out of Slipknot went to Rome to  
see The Pope  
And The Pope said to his aide ...

"Who the fucking hell are Slipknot?  
Who the fucking hell are Slipknot?  
Who the fucking hell are Slipknot?  
In relation to me getting out of bed"

I hope this clears up any confusion.

Yours pedantically,

*P Alderton.  
Musicologist*

Dear Sir,

Now that the evil kidnappers of our esteemed mascot have seen fit to let him return to the dreaming spires, maybe the panda minder would see fit to ask Erik where he had visited to have his photo taken for issue 366. They might also like to find out if he has any nice holiday snaps that he would like published in this prestigious publication for all of his adoring fans to see.

Yours

*A bored Panda spotter*

Dear Sir,

I apologise for my failure to submit an article to your esteemed publication this week. I had been intending to produce a masterpiece on the art of procrastination, but I just never quite got around to it.

Yours sincerely,

*A.N. Other.*

# THE ALDERTON ESSAY

*The obligatory termly essay from our esteemed guide in all things Scouting & Guiding, Mr P. Alderton.*

Sir,

At a recent general meeting, which I wandered into as a kind of punishment for the superb meal we were to have later that evening (and also for some silliness in FFMC which, to protect the innocent, I shall not discuss here), there was a discussion about the possible abolition of the post of 'Scout & Guide Liaison Officer' with the few duties this role carries being transferred to other positions. Before such a step is taken, I feel we should consider what we would actually be doing.

I agree that the post has for a long time been an unrewarded and often forgotten undertaking. It is right and proper, for reasons of administrative ease, to remove it. My fear that this would be as symbolically important an act as Tony Blair's New Labour removing the commitment to public ownership from the party's constitution, the Nullification Crisis, or Ceaser crossing the Rubicon. Yes, it doesn't really mean anything, but it sends a signal to outsiders, and we should be absolutely sure that we are transmitting the right message.

In issue 287 Mr Hugh Miller writes a magisterial essay, "the S&G of OU", which I would commend people to read. Ignore the bits about safety rules (plus ca change), but consider the case he makes about the role of OUSGG. I think his statement about an increased involvement with local Scouting because it "give[s] us something special and different rather than just being yet another Oxford club undertaking adventurous activities" makes a very good point, but I don't believe that forcing the Group to work with local Scouting would be the correct way to, as POR puts it, "create a wider understanding and appreciation of the work of the Scout and Guide Movements" [POR,14.5.c].

For me, the importance of OUSGG, and of the S&G bit, is actually the distance. I don't think a Network group (what? - look is this joke getting a bit tired now) or a mere social club for leaders would either appeal or last. What matters is that by running an active programme, by and for ourselves, we can allow people to maintain an interest in Scouting, but with a style that is appropriate to a body of students. I think that being around people who are both OUSGGers and leaders would actually entice those tempted to serve local Scouting better as they would have access to group of other like-minded students, who would be better able to understand their needs. If their only contact with other leaders was had by merely attending a Troop night, they might find themselves short of peers who can fully understand the demands of the essay crisis, for example.

The most important element of any student Scout and Guide club is its members. I don't wish to sound isolationist, but losing sight of our existence as a University Society would be highly detrimental to the Group. Yes, we should encourage members and non-members to serve Scouting in whatever role they feel comfortable with. However, our main concern is to ourselves, for without us those wishing to serve will have no links to anybody else in the University.

Yours,

*Philip Alderton*

PS: Before all the pedants start writing in, I use "Scouting" and other such terms to cover the Guides as well. It saves my fingers.

# A LITTLE BOOK OF FAFF

*As the now infamous book nears completion, we get a sneaky peak.*

This is a work in progress – it is hoped that a book will be published in the near future, as soon as a few details have been worked out...

To begin at the beginning.

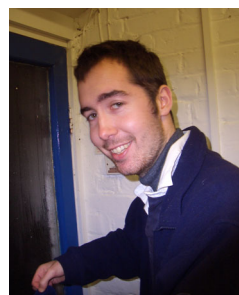
**Faff, v. (fæf) *dialect and colloquial.* Intr.** To fuss, to dither. Often with *about*. Also as *n.*, fuss, flap.

Thus is the definition in the Oxford English Dictionary. It is interesting to note that it appears to be a relatively new word, having its first recorded use in 1874 by one S. Baring-Gould. However did people manage before to describe an activity as old as life itself?? As to its origins, the OED is slightly more circumspect, but it appears that it is derived from the other excellent word 'faffle', which is more venerable, having its first use in a dictionary of 1570.

**Faffle, v. a.** To stutter or stammer; to utter incoherent sounds. **b.** To saunter; to fumble. **c.** Of a sail: To flap idly in the wind. **d. = faff** v.

Anyone who has seen a full scale OUSGG *faff* in progress, with half the group stammering and stuttering incoherently, and the other half standing around idly flapping will begin to feel at home. The OED speculates that this word is 'echoic' in origin, so recalling the flapping sound of flags, sails, [GoreTex™ jackets], etc. The word is a peculiarly poetic, imaginative one then: imagination equalled only, perhaps, by the ingenuity of OUSGG *faffers* down the years in devising ever more 'creative' ways of 'flap[ping] idly in the wind'.

*The Little Book of Faff should be in all good book stores, oh any time about the next millennium.*



**Aunt Samina**  
OUSGG Agony Aunt

Dear Aunt Samina,

My friend has a desperate disease known as Chucklitis. If you haven't come across this distressing disease before, it is a depressing addiction to the Chuckle Brothers. Do you have any suggestions?

*(Friend of) Obsessed in Oxford*

## **Aunt Samina replies:**

*It's always difficult to come to terms with a friend's suffering, especially in the case of incurable diseases such as Chucklitis. My best advice to you is to humour him during this troubling time for you all. I would also strongly recommend not growing a moustache.*

Dear Aunt Samina,

I have this problem with question 5 on my thermodynamics sheet. Do you think you could help?

*Worried in Worcester*

## **Aunt Samina replies:**

*No. [Ed - Aunt Samina can't do Physics anymore.]*

Dear Aunt Samina,

What was this quote that everyone was going on about at Winter Walking?

*Bothered in Barrasford*

## **Aunt Samina replies:**

*I'm glad you've asked me this question. Anyway standing in the kitchen, Luke said, 'Sam and I are...' What was that noise? Oh no, they've found me... no, no...not the electric cattle prod...noooooo.....*

Got an embarrassing problem? Want confidential advice? E-mail Aunt Samina at [samina@ousgg.org.uk](mailto:samina@ousgg.org.uk).



# WINTER WALKING SPECIAL FEATURE

Embarassing quotes, photos and even a trip report – what more could you ask for?



- Gillian:** Isn't Sam the dirty one?
- Keith:** He's a man, how many delicates can he have?
- Maddy:** Well he looks small because he was standing next to the S.S. Great Britain
- Sam:** I've got no problems creating phallic images.
- Maddy (about Phil):** We had this flashing thing going on.
- Jacqui:** Well, never mind, fry it.
- Luke:** I'm not stripping off to write down quotes.

**Jacqui (to Mark):** You don't tend to wear many clothes, do you?

**Maddy:** It was difficult to just take my trousers off in that position.

**Chris:** I'm trying to have a session here.

**Chris (on performing all the acts in the Karma Sutra):** I have to wait for Keith, I can't do it without Keith.

**Chris (to Luke):** I'm afraid I have to body search you.

**Roger (to Luke):** If we go through Phil's legs, we might get it.

**Mark (about Erik):** Does he really have buttocks?

**Maddy (to Gillian):** I find you very hunky.



- Maddy:** It's not just a shandy, it's got beer in it.
- Mark:** Can I do a truth with Keith?
- Jacqui:** I've communed with the shower.
- Gillian:** I'm going to buy some bloody tobacco.
- Jacqui:** So, Luke just sold his clothing.
- Keith:** I've got to find some way to choose between Michael and Gillian.
- Sam:** Phil's got a better offer.

**Jo:** It's the whole panda strip-tease thing.

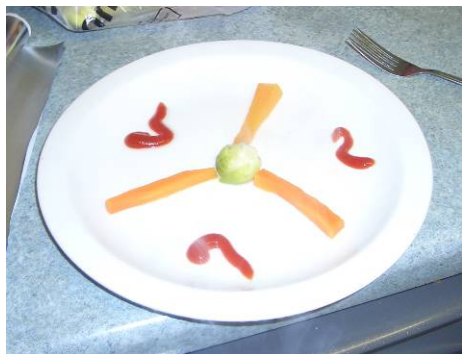
**Roger:** I'll go and do it once I've finished stroking Alistair's leg.

**Jacqui:** I can't believe I'm going to be pregnant. I find that quite disturbing.

**Jacqui (to Gillian):** Excuse me, mind where you put your bone.

**Phil:** I've been playing with Mark for a long time.

**Gillian:** I do *it* to Hamish as well.



**Sam:** I'm a free lance bum, does that count as work?

**Keith (to Mark):** Marriage might screw things up a bit.

**Keith:** I'm a kept man.

**Sam:** That's my point – there's fencing and then there's fencing.

**Sam (to Luke):** Your horse was a Llama!

**Luke:** Just because I named him, doesn't mean I have to sleep with him.

**Mark:** Let's not do a practical experimentation to find out.

**Keith:** All we were trying to do was to work out if you can get 5ml in a teaspoon.

**Gillian:** It depends how big your can is.

**Andrew:** What's a 32A here?



*Horse!*

## TRIP REPORT

The trip was near Scotland.

*This report was brought to you by Chris Wood*

# THE GAME

**A. Anon** reports on the origins of “The Game”

When the epidemic reached Oxford, no-one was prepared. We were all defenceless in the face of this plague, which spread like wildfire through OUSGG, and probably through everyone else. Those who are infected will never be rid of it, and remain infectious for the rest of their lives.

I speak, of course, of The Game. If you’ve just lost, then damn me, but otherwise count yourself lucky. Your bewilderment is as nothing compared to the agony of those who play. What sort of sick mind could have devised such torture, a never-ending game that can be lost an infinite number of times but never won?

Actually, come to think of it, I do have a theory. It’s all about *schadenfreude*. The players are only actually having fun when they snare another innocent victim by revealing the rules. Perhaps, for some, this feels like revenge for the days, weeks, months or even years of mental anguish that they have suffered thanks to this infernal pastime. Or maybe it just appeals to the player’s inner sadist.

The origins of The Game are shrouded in obscurity, and we can only hope that this is because the inventor was lynched by an angry mob and throttled with his own intestines. But a blog entry at ‘arseburgers.co.uk’ proves that it has been around since at least 2002, and one of the comments claims that it started before 1979. Furthermore it has spread at least as far as ‘Africa’ and Canada. Apparently it also has a

Wikipedia entry, which I for one shall be very careful not to read. Thanks to the “random article” feature, no-one will ever be safe again. It is already too late to stop the global pandemic. One day, *everyone* will be a player – truly a more terrifying prospect than any of the direst predictions of global warming and oil shortages.

If it’s not too late for you already, then there is sadly not much you can do to protect yourself short of becoming a hermit. But there are three things you can do to postpone the inevitable.

*Don’t ask what’s going on.*

*Cover your ears* whenever you hear the words ‘I just lost’, in case someone decides to explain why. If only I had known this, I might still be free of the contagion!

*Don’t speculate about the rules, or try to deduce them.* If you get it right, you will be consigned to losing eternally; if you get them wrong then you will become a player of your own private game which is sure to be even more fiendish than the real one.

I’ll leave you with just one more thought... what if Saddam Hussain made George Bush lose in 2003?

Oh, and did I forget to mention that I just lost *again*?

---

*The author adds this postscript:*

The Game Tree (<http://www.losethegame.com/tree.htm>) points to a number of possible origins for The Game, any or all of which might even be true. One of the most plausible is that it was devised in 1996 by two Australian schoolboys, Toby and Dominic Brown, while they were off school with chicken pox. Alternatively, The Game may have been created in 1993 or 1994 by three men who were forced to spend the night on the platform at London’s East Finchley station, having missed the last train home.



# THE TOUR DE TRIGS

*Phil Alderton explains what you don't want to be doing on the Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> Week, Michaelmas*

We leave the Reform Club, and - hang on – that's 'Around the World in 80 Days', isn't it? Where was I? Oh yes. Oxford Railway Station. Very early in the morning. I meet Roger and Luke, and board an overly full train heading somewhere northwards. We didn't expect a seat (we were only going to Banbury), but the people crammed in the vestibule with us did not really appreciate our hiking rucksacks. Our carefully-thought through schedule, designed to allow us to get to the start with plenty of time to spare *and* not get up too early in the morning fell apart due to the incidents further down the line. No problem – we'd make up time as soon as we alighted and hailed a cab.

Now, I must stress at this point that I am not a very superstitious person. Other than a few silly rituals like always leaving a town clean-shaven or my weakness for trying to fill an inside straight in Poker, I like to maintain an air of enlightened rational conduct. Which is, of course, why despite having to describe to the taxi driver exactly where we going because he'd never heard of it before (the first of many 'navigational difficulties' as we shall term them), and then listening to that 'Bad Day' song by whathisname on the radio, coupled with the inefficiencies of Virgin Rail, I was feeling very optimistic about our chances. So when we finally arrived, registered, and learnt that I'd filled the form in wrongly (apparently it's not done to list yourself as an emergency contact – but surely I should be the first to know that I'm in trouble), nothing more could possibly go wrong. Except for the sudden realisation that I'd left my hat in the taxi. Not any hat, mind, but my unique OUSGG-branded insulated thermal hat I'd proudly bought back in May and had seldom actually worn. This, you should note, could have scuppered our chances before we'd even set off as a hat is one of the compulsory items of kit on the kit list. Mercifully, Roger had a spare hat and whilst it was nowhere near as stylish or aesthetically pleasing as mine, he let me use it.

We noticed some CUSAGCers loitering about, as is their wont, so thought in the interests of varsity rivalry we should introduce ourselves, but before we could get caught into too deep a conversation it was time for our kit-check and route-planning time. We were given the route as a lengthy series of grid references, and had half-an-hour to essentially join-the-dots. After a shaky start, we quickly got the hang of it with Roger calling out the grid references, Luke doing the hard work and actually finding them on the map, and myself using the most of my many years of Scouting experience to connect the points with a pencil. Ah, the productive joys of the division of labour. We almost finished before we had to set off, and only spent about five minutes outside finishing off the route before we could start.

Navigation at first was easy – nice big lines of people all going the same way – and we soon picked up a good pace and making good progress. Even a path that had become a fast-flowing river which we had to traverse didn't stop us. Until, inevitably, we noticed that the vast flows of people had disappeared and we were on a hill all alone save for a group of cadets with whom we were debating which path to take. Eventually they took one route, we took the other, but it wasn't really worth the faff as we met up with them soon afterwards. We carried on. At a stile into a field, we got into conversation with members of another team (everyone on the event, by the way, was really friendly).

"Did you get checkpoint 37?" they asked. We looked confused. We'd only been to four checkpoints so far, all numbered sequentially. They explained about a surprise checkpoint. We, along with a large number of teams who until then had all been walking confidently, suddenly realised that we had to make a round trip of about an hour to get to this checkpoint. We, along with several others it seems, had all gone the wrong way. Walking back meant passing almost all the teams who had left after us – including the CUSAGCers. It was one of the most soul-destroying walks I've done.

It was about this time that three competing navigational techniques were developed:

*The Roger Cotes Co-operative Method* – “Look! There’s people over there! That’s the way we go.” Surprisingly effective, provided, of course, that *they* know where they’re going.

*The Philip Alderton Nervous Anxiety Model* – “I *think* we’re here so we should go left – or is that right or ,er , are we actually there? I can’t see anything. Fuck.” This serves as a helpful warning to the reader that various navigational short cuts that work in daylight are not so useful at night. Especially if deciding which way is left takes more than one attempt.

*The Luke Cartey Reasoned Approach* - “There’s a field boundary there, with a copse, so we should go this way on a bearing of 43.4°, given where that duck pond is”. This method certainly works, but requires more mental agility than can usually be mustered at 1 o’clock in the morning. In the freezing cold.

Later on, there would be other navigational difficulties, but thankfully none involved having to traipse back in the manner we had to endure so early on. Navigating in the dark is something I’d recommend any future groups to practice – it really is different to daylight walking.

The lack of light meant that we couldn’t really take in the beautiful scenery, but the one part of the borderlands between Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, and our beloved Oxon that we grew to love and adore was the soil. Many a Tour-de-Trigs attempt sinks into the gloopy, clammy remnants of the topsoil, and ours was no exception. Having rained for most the week (but thankfully not on the day we were out there), it was very much attracted to hiking boots. Not much of a problem, you might be thinking, but there was obviously some form of surface party going on, because before you knew it your boots would be the size of elephants and putting one foot in front of another became a laborious task. And there were fields.

Thousands of ‘em. By 10 at night, reaching the top of the kind of hill I’d normally gaily race up (no *SoM* jokes, please) was becoming a minor achievement. Getting to a manned checkpoint for a well-earned cup of tea was an even bigger one.

Sadly, not only was the very earth we were walking on against us, but so was the time. Fogg could count on making up days lost by the fast railway network across the United States (oh, and causing a ship’s crew to mutiny and use a ship as fuel to get steam up across the Atlantic). We had no such luxuries. Heck, we didn’t even get an Indian princess, but I digress. You see, we had to be at the 35-mile mark within 16 hours. When we realised this, we’d been walking for over 14 and a half, and were yet to get to 30. Initially we thought we’d press on and get to the 35 mile point, but after a killer hill, full to its 100 or so metre peak with Satan’s very own soil, we realised that clumping another five miles through such terrain would probably kill us.

It was a hard decision to take, but with hindsight it was the right one. 30 miles was still further than any distance I’d ever done before, especially as we probably walked three or four miles more than that due to navigational difficulties. I think we could have done it, had we not had to endure the walk of shame so early on, been more confident about our navigation, and if the fields hadn’t been so gloopy etc etc. But as far as I am concerned none of this matters. I had a really enjoyable time and my thanks go out to Roger and Luke for putting up with me and for being such good hikers. So, the big question: would I do it next year? Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha – sorry, that was a joke, wasn’t it?

PS: one CUSAGC team finished, but another stopped at the 26 mile point. So at least we beat one of them.

*Thanks Phil – it was definitely a worthwhile experience!*

# “I NEVER SAID THAT!”

- Luke:** I want the extra big one!
- Caroline:** Who’s Sarah?
- Phil:** Yay, we didn’t kill *that* many freshers
- Alison:** We use real maps, they’re clearly better.
- Phil:** I never asked you to lose your dignity, Luke.
- Gillian:** I want to be at the bottom!
- Alison:** You tend to form a different opinion of someone when you’ve hung up their underwear.
- Phil:** I’m ambiguous about Clannad – they sang for Maid Marion once.
- Phil:** I have overdeveloped upper body strength.
- Gillian:** It was important OUSGG-related evil deeds.
- Gillian:** I’m going to leave now before I get quoted any more.
- Keith:** I’ll have to do another Gillian education CD.
- Gillian:** I don’t know about castration.
- Gillian:** I’m very good at scoring, me.
- Chris:** Sarah, are you the tapeworm?
- Sarah:** I am the tapeworm.
- Jacqui:** It’s the flipped bit, it’s quite alluring.
- Gillian:** I’m just trying to cover up the dirty patch on his crotch.

## The Quotes League

1. Gillian	22
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3. Luke	14
4. Sam	11
5. Jacqui	10
6. Andrew	8
7. Keith	7
8. Maddy	6
8. Roger	6
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11. Jonathan	4
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13. Mark	3
15. Sarah	2
16. Alistair	1
16. Galley Door	1
16. Jude	1
16. Nick	1
16. Tim	1
16. Jo	1

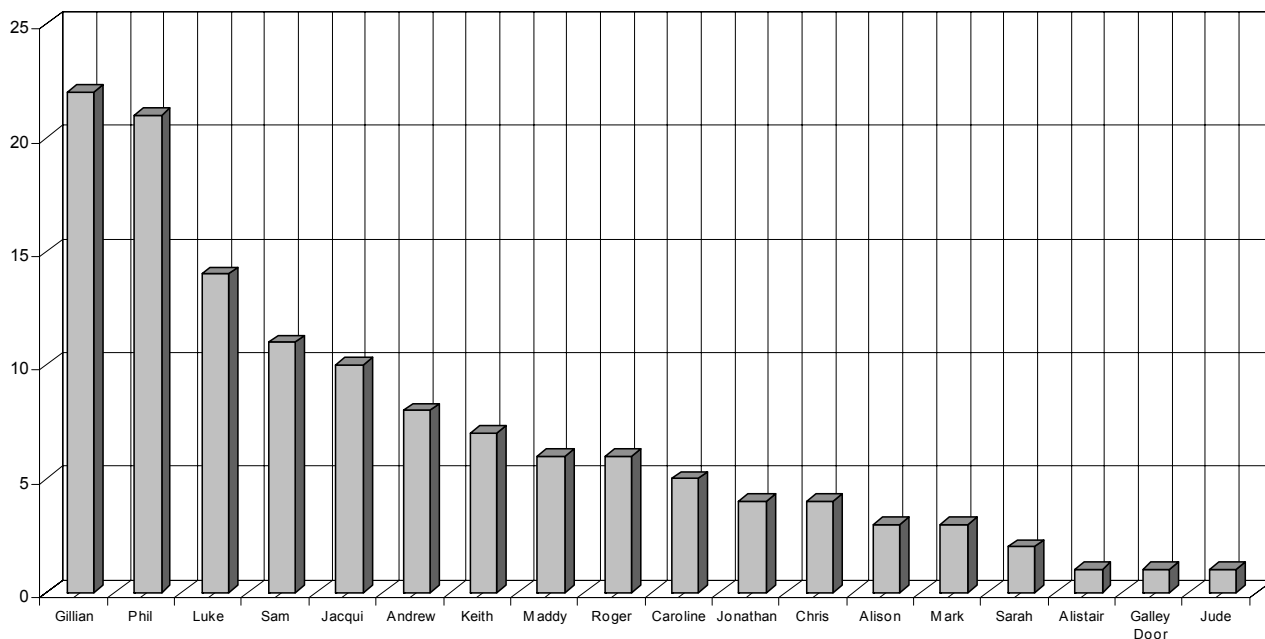
## QUOTE OF THE YEAR AWARDS

### Quote of the Year:

Maddy: It was difficult to just take my trousers off in that position.

### Special Mention for “Blonde” Quote of the Year:

Alison: Ooh! If I take the handbrake off, the car goes faster!



Visit <http://www.ousgg.org.uk> for more embarrassing quotes.

PS



## NEXT ISSUE

**A Little Book of Faff** – Excerpt 2 (if Jonathan ever finished writing it)

**Investigative Report** – PostScript investigates the worrying trend towards femininity in the male members of the group

**Winter Walking** – Maybe someone will write a proper trip report!

PS

*Picture, Left: Yorkshire Dales, taken by Noga Zivan*

## SO LONG

The next issue of PostScript will be published on:

**MONDAY 5<sup>th</sup> WEEK (Monday 13<sup>th</sup> February, 2006)**

And therefore the deadline will be:

**FRIDAY 4<sup>th</sup> WEEK (Friday 10<sup>th</sup> February, 2006)**

