



SECOND PUBLIC MAGAZINE

Trinity Term

Examination in Comedy

Paper ITT: IMP 2

Tuesday, 22 June 2021

Opening Time 10.30 am UK time

You have 2½ hours reading time to complete the magazine and up to 30 mins technical time to share the magazine file.

*Read **all** of Section A and **three** articles from Section B.*

Write your candidate number, the magazine name, magazine code and a list of the articles that you have read on the first page, and submit all of your comments as a single PDF file.

The use of approved laughs is permitted.

A list of comedic beats and sarcasm translations will be available within Inspera during the reading.

The numbers in the margin indicate the weight that the editor expects to assign to each part of the article.



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A word from the Editor

Guess who's back, baby! No, wait, where are you going? Hold on. Come back! Please! I have jokes! And memes! Please don't leave me.

Well, if you're still reading this, then I suppose that means you didn't click on the wrong link. That probably means there's something very wrong with you. Didn't you learn anything from the first edition? Wasn't one enough to warn you off ever clicking on anything I post ever again? Well if not, you are an awful judge of character. Either that or you're just *really* bored. Either way, you're in my clutches now. No one can save you. Prepare to be mildly humoured!

So partly on account of Prelims and partly on having not even arrived in Oxford until 4th week (because for some reason first year, and only first year, physics isn't deemed to be a "practical subject". Not that I'm bitter or anything...), I did not have many ideas for this term's Imp until 6th or 7th week. Thankfully, I made the ingenious decision to leave the writing of all those pieces until 8th week. A whole week to write, proof-read, edit and design an entire magazine? What could possibly go wrong? I've got plenty of time. Right?

Narrator: He did not.

Cue 4 weekdays of casual writing, then 2 weekend days of manic scribbling, followed by one soulless Monday to top it all off, and Voila! One Trinity term Imp, served piping hot and only 24 hours behind schedule. Best consumed with a cold can of cynicism and a side of despair for humanity.

Hope you enjoy!

Satirical love,

William.

Contributors:

Alex Baker

Marianne Cross

Toby Robinson

Mehmet Tatoğlu



This term in a meme



Lucky Luciano 🙄💨
@LuckyLuciano17k

Follow

You know I had to do it to em



5:24 PM - 2 Sep 2014

56 1.7K 1.7K ...



News, news, news

The latest headlines from this term

Astra Zeneca vaccine a huge success: Now only women receive blood clots

Oxford's pride and joy, which they haven't stopped badgering on about since Hilary, has been hailed as a "great success" by the University and UK government. Concerns of every other country in Europe dismissed as "fear mongering".

New President calls for all copies of JCR constitution to be brought to his room

Jamie Butler has issued a discrete summoning of every paper copy of the JCR constitution to his room. Smell of burning reported by flat mates is "unrelated" says Jamie.

Mehmet Tatoğlu promoted to First Sea Lord

God save us all.

Lincoln does a sport(s)

Which? I've no clue: I didn't watch them play, and nor did you! Thankfully for my work schedule, Toby has the full rundown on page 19.

Trashers trash

University and Council officials weep.

Young fledgling appears in ivy, exactly zero eyewitnesses report

Search for the speaker the gardening team have placed in ivy continues.

Exams suck!

Latest discovery surprises no one.

Ambika Sehgal-led Entz committee take election by storm!

A win by default, is still a win! And with such a convincing manifesto as "spent 3 whole nights of Michaelmas sober", who could disagree? Investigation into allegations of bribing the current Freshers with promises of a ReFreshers week are ongoing.

Helsinki University's search for *Intermediate Microeconomics*, 6th edition still ongoing

Nobody tell them.

Mitre finally opens

After 22 years in development (give or take), the Mitre finally opens its doors to students... next term. Will it look nice? Will the rooms be spacious? Will there be basic facilities for human habitation? Doesn't matter! You'll accept living there regardless!



Imp-erview segment: James Hughes

Ever wondered how James Hughes survived his year as President? Ever wished you had his top tips for leading a student body? Want to know this secret drink that will make you lose 5 pounds in 5 days? Read on to learn none of that, as our world renown Imp journalism team (me) finally pinned down the elusive James Hughes for 12 minutes and 54 glorious seconds.

The Imp's top journalist sits at a table in Grove quad and watches James approach. There is a heaviness with each step James takes and a slump in his shoulders that tells the story his gentle smile attempts to hide. James takes a seat and the journalist sidles closer, just in case James will have trouble hearing him, and the interview begins.

How are you doing?

I am a little bit tired. *The journalist can tell.* Finishing the JCR Presidency didn't magically solve my cumulative fatigue. *The journalist wonders if anything will.* But there is a bit of a weight lifted off my shoulders. Yep, pleased to be finished.

The journalist nods sympathetically and decides to try to ease James into the interview with a few simple questions.

Coke or Pepsi?

Coke.

Tea or coffee?

Coffee.

Are Jaffa cakes biscuits or cakes?

I listened to or read some legal judgement on this... but I think my own view is that they are... hmmm, controversial, biscuit.

The case James refers to actually ruled that Jaffa cakes are cakes, not biscuits, but the journalist decides not to point this out to James. Sometimes it can be very confusing for them when you try to correct them.



What have you most enjoyed as President?

There are occasional flashes of enjoyment. One of the few things that has been quite good are some of the people I've been working with. Haven't had many of the usual fun bits that come with the job. Even the little things, like you get refreshments at college meetings, for instance. Obviously, that was a casualty of Covid. But I've really enjoyed getting to know the various people I've worked with, whether that's committee or on the college side. So that's been good.

What have you disliked most?

It is quite a big job, but I did run for it, so I can't complain too much in that respect. *James would then go on to complain quite a bit in this respect.* I think we all would have liked Covid to go away a little bit faster than it has done. But you know, couldn't have known really this time last year how long it would stick around for, so can't really complain about that. *James continues to complain.* It's not been particularly fun. Made a bit of extra work along the way. Lots of mucking about with booking systems. Can't go anywhere without a booking system nowadays. A bit of extra work along the way, I suppose.

The journalist sits back and surveys James sadly. The relaxed posture and thoughtful face don't fool him. Looking deep into James' dead, empty eyes, it is clear that the Presidency has sucked the soul out of him faster than first week of Michaelmas does for Freshers. This poor, husk of a man looks back at the journalist, brow creased quizzically, and the journalist realises he has spent far too long staring wistfully into his eyes. The journalist swiftly moves on to the next question.

Any advice for your successor, Jamie Butler?

Yeah I mean, he's had a good look from the inside into how things have been in the last couple of terms. I think to be honest, he should just trust his instinct, and just kind of maintain a calm and considered approach. Try working with people rather than against them. That's one thing that always helps JCR Presidents, when you go in wanting to work with people rather than, you know, seeking to be antagonistic.



Any threats for your usurper, Jamie Butler?

[A gentle laugh to hide the fear] They'd be slightly empty threats considering I'll be in another country next year.

Blink twice if you're being forced to flee.

[Laugh again, this time more panicked. A long pause] Well, yes in the sense it's a compulsory year abroad. But at this point, I'm quite happy to go and take a year out. *The journalist understands and makes a note in his book: smuggle James out of Oxford in the dead of night to avoid Jamie's attack hound, Rufus.*

Do you have any final messages to the JCR?

They're a good group on balance. I've been really fortunate to have been elected to represent them. Obviously, I wasn't elected by your lot, the Freshers, but you've all been very obliging, putting up with me, and I'm grateful for that. I do hope that next year moving forwards we can get a little bit more of that community feel, that in particular the Freshers haven't really experienced. So, you know, I hope everyone will be willing to be a bit kind and gentle to each other next year and really work back towards that kind of Lincoln community feel that we talk about so often, but that we could do with seeing a little bit more, seeing it return a bit.

Well that settles it then. The journalist packs up his things and rises to help James out of his chair. James looks confused at the offered help and rises on his own, but the journalist doesn't begrudge James clinging on to his independence. He won't be able to do that for much longer, after all. The journalist watches James go and wipes a solitary tear from his eye, knowing that just as James struggled to remind himself to reply to the journalist's messages, and just as he failed to remember the interview was originally scheduled to have occurred three days ago, he would likely not recall any of this meeting at all. Still, the things he said about the JCR were nice, even if they were the incomprehensible ramblings of a broken mind. The stress of the job has evidently pushed James much too far over the edge to recover. Perhaps retirement in France really is the best course of action for James. The journalist wishes James the very best for next year.



Imp-erview segment: Jamie Butler

You've seen him on a zoom call. He's been manipulating your next year housing. Now, he's forcibly taken over your JCR. Jamie Butler, ex-VP and current President, is clearly a cunning and ruthless politician. But here at the Imp, we don't settle for face value. Here, we intend to bring you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the vast embellishment of the truth. So our team of world renown journalists (me) set out to uncover what really makes Jamie tick. These are our findings.

The Imp's top journalist steps into Jamie's room and surveys the militant organisation of the grounds. The carpet is spotless. The bed lacks even a single crease. The walls are lined with shelves stacked with neatly placed PPE books, likely arranged alphabetically by author. "Sorry for the mess," smiles Jamie with the same sinister undertones of that one kid who always claims, "I didn't do that well in the exam." "Please, take a seat." The journalist seats himself and so does Jamie. The journalist notes the way Jamie sits rotated at 90 degrees to the chair, hanging off the backrest with one arm rather than leaning against it. This one, simple stance conveys a clear message from Jamie to the journalist: here, Jamie has all the power, and he knows it. But never let it be said, dear reader, that the journalist would not place himself in any amount of danger in the sacred search for that sweetest of spices, the truth.

How are you feeling Jamie?

Well thanks, how are you? Trying to deflect the question? Nice try. Furthermore, the journalist is not convinced by this Getty stock response.

You're about to undertake the most important and prestigious role in the entire student body at Lincoln, and you're doing it with less than a year's worth of Lincoln experience. So how are you really feeling, Jamie?

[There is a pause] Hungover. The truth at last.

As usual, the journalist asks a few simple questions to begin with in the hopes of lowering Jamie's guard.

What's your favourite colour?

Dark blue. It's uncontroversial.

Do you say lever or lever?

Lever.



What are your socio/economical/politic beliefs?

I would say a Radical Bureaucrat. *The journalist does not know what this means, but he will be damned before his opponent finds that out.*

Already, from these few short questions, the journalist is reconstructing Jamie's mindset. He is clearly a master manipulator, capable of accurately discerning the lowest common denominator and appealing directly to them. It is time to probe a little deeper into what exactly the Presidency under Jamie will look like.

You've been Vice-President for a while now. What skills have you picked up that you think will aid you in your Presidency?

The ability to deal with angry emails, the ability to pretend to be coping, and the icing on the cake, the ability to pass things on to someone more important than you. *The journalist points out that, as President, Jamie will be the most important person.* Yes, and things are going to go around in a circle where I'm just going to forward things to myself.

The journalist pauses at this next question. This is a bold one, but perhaps the most discerning of them all. If he wants to do this right, the journalist knows he will need tack, cunning, and above all else, subtlety.

How will the everyman survive under your oppressive regime?

Two ways. The first way is to [REDACTED] *Wait, what?*

And the second way is to remember [REDACTED]

You can't do that. This is the journalist's inner monologue! You can't jus[REDACTED]!!!

What problems do you foresee in your Presidency? How will you overcome these?

So, there is something that's really weighing me down. As soon as I got the election results, I started thinking about this. If we can't get over this, it's going to be a problem. And that is that there's a big shortage of Yorkshire Tea in the JCR kitchen, and so we kind of need to figure out how to solve that. I have my reserves, but I don't want to share that with everyone; they're kind of just to keep me going. And so, we just need to make sure we have a plentiful supply of Yorkshire Tea. And, now I'm sure this isn't you, but I've also heard of other people drinking other brands of tea in the JCR. And



obviously we can't have that. So, just making sure Yorkshire Tea is dominant.
The journalist begins to sweat.

And no doubt you'll be taking drastic action if these allegations prove true?

I should think so. Drastic is an interesting term, because it implies it's disproportionate to the crime, but I think that there is nothing disproportionate about finding out someone doesn't like Yorkshire Tea. *The journalist is now very aware that Jamie is closer to the door than he is. The seat Jamie tactically offered him is lower to the ground, ensuring his legs are bent at an odd angle, so that it will take him 0.24 seconds longer to extend them to standing than Jamie. The back of his throat is dry as Jamie smiles down at him, the way a poised snake smiles down at the trapped hare. The journalist swiftly moves on to the next question, hoping to distract Jamie.*

Which historical leader do you relate to most of all?

I mean, there's so many great historical figures, but I would say that I really, really... the one I most relate to is Churchill.

And... I just... you know, he's been a big part of my life, and I just love the way he goes, "Oh yes."

And that's why I have Churchill car insurance.

Jamie laughs. The journalist does not. Jamie then proceeds to threaten the journalist if that is not published. Regretfully, the journalist obliges.

On second thoughts, considers the journalist, perhaps the truth is overrated. As he begins chucking his things into his rucksack, he throws one final question to distract Jamie from going for the jugular.

If you could address your entire JCR right now, one rousing speech to the troops before your time begins, what would you say?

Buckle up. And I promise to pretend I know what's going on.

And with that, the journalist makes his escape.

The journalist now considers all that he has learnt, and he must say, the future does not seem bright for the JCR. Jamie is clearly a psychopath, incapable of understanding basic human emotions or even the most rudimentary comedy. His easy charm and disarming smile are merely the tip of the armaments he possesses. The journalist wishes nothing further to do with him, and he would gladly join James in France if only he could speak Baguette. Alas, for now he will merely do his best to avoid JCR meetings. He suggests you do the same!



The 2021 Trashing Kit



Collapsible ladder:

Vital for breaking into Christ Church Meadow.



Eggs:

They'll be rotten and smelly in 2 days, but by then it's not your problem!



Shaving cream:

The messier the better!



Spirits (any):

At the rate you're going, you won't even be able to taste in half an hour!



Confetti:

Littering? More like *Glittering!*



E. coli vaccine:

By the time you've finished puking up river water, you'll be thankful for this.



Running shoes:

For when you're spotted by the Oxford Council official.



Swiss army knife:

I don't know what Eldridge horrors slumber at the bottom of the Thames, but you sure as hell will.

Price: That's something everyone else has to pay!



JCR spoof minutes

By Marianne Cross

****Technically PROVISIONAL (but no one ever comments on them, so they are probably approved)** Minutes**

JCR General Meeting

TT 2021; no idea which Week, I'm drowning in work

23/05/2021; far too late

Members Present: barely enough to make quorum.

From the Executive Committee: all, if we don't want to feel the wrath of the President.

Opening Remarks

We are thanked for coming and then we stall until we reach quorum by discussing biscuits. There is 'banter'.

Written Questions to JCR Officers

Is this even a thing?

Oral Questions to JCR Officers

Please none.

Constitutional motions

C1 Something obvious.

Proposer: Someone on the Exec. Seconder: Their friend

Motion: Something which should be part of the constitution, and it's honestly surprising that it is not.

Proposition

The Proposer explains that the motion is completely self-explanatory, hoping to get away with saying as little as possible.

Questions

1. Something technical that I don't understand.
 - Yes/no/who knows?

Debate

None.

Outcome

Motion Passes, obviously.



Charities motions

Ch1 Donation to whatever cause is currently in the news.
Proposers: Literally anyone. Seconder: Is inconsequential.
Motion: Donate £x to charity y.

Proposition

You shouldn't need any more information than this.

Questions

1. Why this amount of money?
 - Answer: why not?

Debate

None. Please.

Outcome

Motion Passes easily.

Other Motions

O1 Something Controversial to force debate.

Proposer: Someone I've never met. Seconder: No idea, do they go to this college?

Motion: A controversial idea likely to cause division, with those in the year of the proposer voting for it, and those in the other year voting against (because let's face it, Third Years never come, so it's always a battle between the First Years and the Second Years).

Proposition

Ditto.

Questions

1. Too many for me to count.
 - Insert generic sounds that avoid properly answering the question.

Debate

Nice try, there is no way I am writing all this down.

Outcome

Motion Fails as it was not endorsed by BNIJCR (Big Names in JCR).

Closing Remarks

Thank you all for coming. The next meeting is in three weeks, see you all then when we will elect people who volunteer themselves in the meeting for tiny jobs. The last set of minutes are approved as the Secretary is amazing (and no, I'm not bitter about the length of this meeting). UberEATS vouchers are drawn by everyone's favourite online name generator.

Save the date!
25th June,
20:00-23:00

LINCOLN BOP!!! SATURDAY 9TH WEEK THE QUAD

After this year,
we all need this
(but mostly us.
Seriously, what
else can we use
the budget for?)

Tell your friends!
Please! We can't
survive a repeat
of the last BOP!
Please God!

Late comers are
welcome, but
please use the
Front Quad
entrance to get
into the Hall

Get your grove on!
Come join us at
~~Issley Sports Centre~~
~~Deepers Berties!~~
Thursday 24th July
the afternoon

EVENT CANCELLED DUE TO COVID



A day in the life – My actual CP2 Prelim exam

06:00 Drift in and out of blissful sleep, dreaming about Gauss' law and circuit diagrams.

07:00 Continue drifting.

08:00 Keep going.

08:45 Just a bit more...

09:02 Open eyes. Roll over to glance towards watch. Stare at watch.

09:03 Reach over and pick up watch. Turn it over. Turn it over again. Furrow brow.

09:03:19 Suddenly realise that is a 9 and not a 3.

09:03:20 Panic.

09:03:23 Throw off duvet and grab phone. Turn it on. Phone is dead. 07:30 alarm has been missed.

09:03:24 Panic.

09:03:25 Jump into action. Clothes. Breakfast. Notes. Laptop. Offer your first and only prayer of thanks for online exams.

09:28 Slam down into desk seat, ready to download paper from Inspira.

09:30 Paper becomes available. Run to Lincoln House to print it off.

09:40 Begin paper.

12:10 Finish paper. Resist Examination Satan's whispers to keep writing for just 5 more minutes. Scan and upload paper within technical time.

12:30 Inspira closes. Sag.

12:35 Summon girlfriend for emotional repairs.

13:00 Lunch from hall.

14:00 Charge phone. Check battery usage over the past 24 hours. Watch as vision goes red. Exposure notifications drank 71%.

14:05 Take exposure notifications on a nice, *long* walk. Draw it out. Enjoy it. Covid can have you.

22:00 Go to sleep with phone firmly on charge and exposure notifications lying at the bottom of the Isis.



Untitled

By Alex Baker

Our protagonist wakes up, groans, and surveys his room: the floor is just about visible, if one is generous enough to believe that piles of unironed clothes, discarded UberEats bags, and hastily opened Amazon boxes are part of the floor. This is his haven, his base, his kingdom. He stumbles over to his desk, and squints at his phone, before realising his glasses are still next to his bed. After tripping over several UFOs (Unidentified Floor Objects), he eventually manages to check the time – apparently, it is 9:55am. Surely five minutes is enough time to get dressed, have breakfast, and have a shower before remote labs start for the day?

This assumption is a demonstration of pure hubris. After spending four of those precious five minutes agonising over whether to have cereal or toast, our temporally-challenged hero sprints upstairs without either, and attempts to sign in to Microsoft Teams whilst also getting into a state of clothedness which would be passable for a video call (trousers: optional). The result of this is a creative string of profanity that would make BBC Three blush, directed at the baffling length of time consumed by Multi-Factor Authentication, including several rather unsavoury remarks about its mother.

A further ten minutes pass, comprised of our locked-down layabout swiping through his phone and commenting about how much he could have done in the time spent waiting for the lab demonstrator to begin the video call. Ten seconds into the video call, he realises his t-shirt is on back-to-front. *Nobody will notice or care*, he reminds himself. *I mean, somebody showed up to a tutorial with someone's shirtless picture as their background – the orientation of my t-shirt isn't going to raise any eyebrows.*

After a gruelling morning of watching somebody else take measurements for a practical, it is time for lunch: another meal, another choice. Our *protagoniste* makes the healthy choice, and chooses a meal befitting of a man of his status – fancy instant noodles, complete with real vegetables. The vegetables had definitely been real at some point in their life, however their authenticity at this moment in time was up for debate.

The day draws to a close, and the student regards his work: a few pages of writing, with a bit of code here and there – clearly, his magnum opus. He enters the final Teams call of the day, during which a demonstrator will quiz him about the practical which he is claiming to have spent the day completing; hopefully the truth (that the glorified number-crunching took about an hour in total) is not as obvious as he thinks it should be.

The week is, at long last, over. However, the workload for our student is just beginning – weekends, vacations, and festivities do not decrease his stress at all, as they just provide a socially acceptable way to delay completion of the work required of him. *At some point*, he muses, *I should probably start revising. I'll definitely start revising after the next episode of Horrible Histories. And I need to go for a walk. And then have dinner. Then I'll start revising. Definitely. 100%.*



Brilliant's Thoughts

These have been knocking around my skull for a while; now they can knock around yours too!

If dodos learnt to fly, wouldn't they just be pigeons?

If you can get distracted, can you get tracted?

If I hit myself and it hurts, am I strong or weak?

Is cereal a soup?



Why do we cook bacon but bake cookies?

If there are vegetarians who eat plants for the sake of animals, can I become a carnivore that eats meat for the sake of vegetation?

Why is there a D in fridge, but not in refrigerator?

If you enjoy spicy food, aren't you a masochist?

What was the best thing before sliced bread?

Who the hell is Cole and why should I care about his law?



Lincoln College Trinity Term Sports Report

By Toby Robinson

Football:

Lincoln's 5-a-side team has enjoyed a busy summer term and has put a side out almost every week in the college 5-a-side league. After a tough start to the season, with a loss to a Wadham side which was physical, to say the least, and on a pitch which had one goal collapsing as the game went on, the Lincoln team began to find some real form. A resounding 16-1 win against Corpus was a landmark moment, Ed Cooke getting a double-hattrick and significantly boosting his chances of the Golden Boot award come the end of the season. Challenging games followed against Teddy Hall and Catz 15, but the Lincoln boys were beginning to find some chemistry. Even Tom Hatfield and Tom Taylor were scoring bangers. One of the best games of the season was a 7-6 loss to Merton/Mansfield, an end-to-end game which resulted in a loss in extra time, but nonetheless a classic all-guns-blazing affair with screamers to boot from Joe Hatley. After a mid-season dip against Exeter, the lads rediscovered their form against University College and Christ Church, much to the anger of the latter college, who were convinced they were going to win the league. Solid performances from Mikey Yates and Lester secured a good end to the season, as well as the discovery that Toby Robinson was Manuel Neuer in disguise. The season ended in an 11-a-side game against Oriel, the end result a tidy 4-2 win for Lincoln. A great term for Lincoln football all-round; bring on the 11-a-side matches in Michaelmas! Big thanks to Joe Hatley for captaining the side so resolutely all term.

The women's football team had a learning curve of a season, to put it mildly. With an astonishing record of 5 games played, 5 losses suffered, and 0 goals scored, it was not the best showing from the Lincoln girls, but it's the feelings on the pitch which count. Despite facing tough competition all term long, the team's morale never dropped, with enthusiasm all round and feel-good vibes absolutely flowing. With really impressive turnout all term long, the women's football team is just at the start of its journey, the beginning of the Klopp era in a sense, under the command of Ella Wakefield. It can only go up from here for the girls in blue.

Hockey:

The Lincoln hockey team got off to the best of starts with a default 3-0 win when their opposition didn't turn up for the first game of the season. A 2-0 win against Balliol followed, especially impressive considering we only had 8 players outfield all game due to the mixed girls and boys rule. The game also saw the beginning of a new era for Lincoln hockey as the holy trinity of Fraser McDougall in the 3s, Toby Robinson in the 2s and George Holding in the 1s came together to divine effect. Lincoln often go into games as the underdogs, naturally, and with that some losses are suffered, so despite our best efforts we slipped to a 4-2 loss to a strong Mansfield/Merton team, who took the game VERY seriously, almost too seriously one could say. A heart wrenching 1-0 loss to Hertford



rubbed salt in the wounds, a game Lincoln dominated but failed to win as a result of Hertford turning up late and starting fights on the pitch, before claiming the game was finished so we wouldn't have a chance to score. Fair to say we're still bitter about that one. In the last official game of the season, Lincoln returned to its usual dominance of the hockey scene. An impromptu signing of Claudia Robinson from Millfield aided in a resounding win against LMH, and in particular, a hatrick from Jake Diprose stole the thunder. The team has a bright future ahead of it: Emily Tan, Caecilie Habel and Holly Hart were staunch members of the team all term long, and in the safe hands of Akshey Rajani and Tom Draper, the best is yet to come.

Cricket:

Summer and cricket are synonymous, two peas in a pod, and when summer comes around Tom Nicholls ventures out from his cave of golf like Michael Bubl  emerging from his cave every Christmas. Much of the cricket season was spent organising and reorganising games with other colleges, with details often changing so late that the game was literally meant to have started and the details still weren't confirmed. The season started slowly, a loss to Teddy Hall by 80 runs was certainly not in the plans, but considering the Lincoln boys were lacking 3 men in the field, we gave it a good go. The following game against St Catz was, quite simply, a cracker. A win by 60 runs was marked quite sensationally by a 100-not-out and a hatrick by Tom Nicholls. 3 wickets from Sam Christmas, AKA the Grenadier, was just the icing on the cake for a solid afternoon under the sun. With confidence coursing through the Lincoln veins, a win against a solid Queens team soon followed. Tom Nicholls, ever the people pleaser, had to leave early during this game for an afternoon tea with the missus, but before he left, he helped himself to a cheeky 56 runs. Ben Coady scored an impressive 50 as well against a tough Queens bowling attack. Toby Robinson was bowled LBW, beginning what was to become a recurring theme. Sam Christmas, a couple of cans deep and without his glasses, was convinced he was plumb, much to the batter's disappointment. Despite Queens' best efforts, Lincoln ran out winners by 53 runs, featuring a 3-wicket haul for captain Gabe Smith and a solid first outing as wicketkeeper for Ted Bennet-Cronk. The next game was one to forget for Lincoln, as Jesus, a very professional outfit, put us to the sword. When Ben and Tom were toppled early on it was always going to be a hard day out for the boys. Despite our best efforts to distract Jesus with our lack of cricket whites and loud music, Jesus won convincingly on the day. The final game of the season was a huge clash against the giants that are Pembroke. When they turned up all in fresh pink kits, the odds were clearly against us, but we fought valiantly. Ben Coady and Sam Mendis bowled resolutely, whilst Toby Robinson and Gabe Smith did their very best to bowl as many wides as humanly possible. Despite losing Sam Mendis to yet another ropey call from Christmas and Ben Coady to a loose thick edge, Tom Nicholls and his ringer mate did their best to chase the run total down, but it was to no avail. Yet another 50 from Nicholls was not enough as we bowed out of the season with our heads held high. A hugely enjoyable season of cricket made possible through the relentless organisation skills of Gabe Smith. Best of luck to Tom in sorting all that out next season...



Rowing:

After waiting two terms for boats to be sanitised and the weather to actually be nice, the Lincoln rowers were chomping at the bit to get some proper rowing in. The key to Lincoln rowing all term was strength in depth. Two men's teams were entered, as well as one women's team and a mixed crew into the summer torpids competition. The men, bolstered by a new and eager crop of freshers, performed solidly, only losing a few spaces in the division. Not the ideal result we were looking for, but with experience in the boat gained and composure built up in the pressure moments where a boat of 8 large men is bearing down on you, about to smash into the side of yours, the Lincoln men's team will only go onwards and upwards from here on in. The women's crew excelled, going up one place in a fiercely competitive division, while the mixed team had an eventful week to say the least. Getting bumped, then crashing into the bank, then getting bumped again was not necessarily in the script beforehand, but it was certainly a learning experience for all involved. At the end of the competition, it was clear that even if the results didn't show it, Lincoln had made significant strides forward for next year. With first-time rowers trained up and testing positive for the highly contagious rowing bug, we can look forward to next year with optimism.

Rugby:

With just two fixtures in the summer term, the rugby team enjoyed a brief but enjoyable return to full contact sport. The first game of the season was a huge one. The grudge match, El Classico, Brasenose v Lincoln. With supporters crowded on the side-line (but all 2m apart, naturally: we're not savages), the game had a palpable atmosphere. Potential glory was on the line. In the first half, we really were shaking off some rust, conceding a few tries before finding our feet and getting a foothold in the game. Despite it being a friendly, there was no holding back, and the injuries began to pile up in the second half. Alex Greenhalgh, despite his brave attempts to come back on the pitch, was ruled out with concussion, a decision met with disappointment as he explained he had felt much worse on nights out before. Soon after, Tom Hatfield and Ferdy Bullmore suffered nosebleeds, which if anything endeared them more to the crowd, if that was even possible... In the second half Brasenose were pinned back by a Lincoln team full of confidence who scored a lovely try. The team fought bravely all game, none more so than Sam Christmas, who sacrificed his divine bowling arm in an attempt to stop Brasenose from scoring a late try. Despite losing 4 tries to 1, Lincoln ran out the real winners, battling hard and pushing a strong Brasenose team far harder than they had expected. The second and final game of the season was another friendly against Pembroke, which resulted in a hugely comfortable win for Lincoln by 10 tries to 1. After building on the confidence of the game against Brasenose, the chemistry and linkup were telepathic, and Pembroke were put to the sword, much more like the Lincoln rugby team we all know and love. An exciting term of rugby awaits in Michaelmas, and I, for one, cannot wait to see the delightful sight of Ben Coady in a scrumcap again.

BORIS' ROAD ROADMAP

By Alex Baker

Big Boris
Woz ere

Step 4: Bloody hell, I need a drink; time to open pubs! I suppose restaurants can also open, and why not sports venues too?

Step 2: Rule of six – no group of more than six people may congregate, and they must be from no more than two households. We will include small children in this number, because by the age of two they obviously have the agency to be left on their own for extended periods of time.

COLLECT
\$200 SALARY
AS YOU PASS



Step 1: Schools and colleges may reopen. Education is so important to the future of our nation. Exams will be cancelled and replaced with a series of in-school 'mini-exams'. University students shall not be allowed to return unless your faculty is creating a practical element for your course to allow you back.

Step 5: Alcohol. Anywhere that sells it. They're open now. So now university students can drink away the fact they're entering massive debt in order to hop on Zoom for a couple of hours a day.

Step 6: Hmmm, have we missed anything? Oh of course! Museums. As previously mentioned, education is of the utmost importance to us.

Step 3: After months of not getting a haircut or colour, I am realising that I have aged substantially; hairdressers and nail salons must open immediately!

Kier
KEEP OUT!!

Step 10: So.....No More Lies.... I was wrong. The 21st June opening will be delayed by at least an additional four weeks. I know that people would never imagine that one of my promises would fall through, and so this must come as a huge surprise to everyone.

Step 7: I need a chance to learn how to train Dilyn. The furniture doesn't pay for itself! I know, I'll open pedigree dog shows!

Step 8: OK, fine! All these poppycock-spouting lefty students won't shut up about it, and I'm sick of hearing them whine – I'll open universities. Are you happy????



Step 11: 19th July is now Freedom Day! That's right, 19th July, save that date in your diary everyone!

Step 12: Return to Go. Do not collect any money whatsoever, furlough is not extended.

Step 9: Everything will open on 21st June! That's right, 21st June, save that date in your diary, everyone!

Step 8: OK, fine! All these poppycock-spouting lefty students won't shut up about it, and I'm sick of hearing them whine – I'll open universities. Are you happy????



A View from the Barricades

By Mehmet Tatoğlu

Dear Stakeholders in faith.

Dr Johnson once claimed that war's great calamity was the “diminution of the love of truth” in service of credulity and interest. I am glad to be able to go against his word and speak truth in the midst of our eternal war for survival, for it has blended into the life of this College in a manner peerless in the immortal confines of this University. Our troubles gathered when Richard Fleming, master of all Lincolnites, keeled over and died when his infant college needed his money the most. When a hundred years had passed, the College found a new saviour, William Smyth, another master of all Lincolnites, but his rule was surrounded by falsehoods and deceit. Fellows of our blessed College bravely fought against this monstrous tyrant and 2/3rds of his heavy money bags (while bravely accepting the rest of them), standing steadfast against his treachery by refusing calls to accept scholars from the accursed lands of Lancashire and the execrable notion of Lichfield. Although the false messiah was denied, his cursed and pernicious seed infected the Turl and found form as the so-called Brasenose College in 1509, which forever occupied what was once the marble walls of East Lincoln long ago, fair and radiant in the hollow of the hills. To this day, these cruelly divided lands would never again know peace in their times, locked in righteous conflict.

With its great founder dead two seconds after its foundation, with all the money that he had promised lost in a Helvetic Bank account likely run by Franciscans, and with his dreams shattered beneath the darkness that engulfed the promised lands to the east, the Lincolnites were left like sheep to be slaughtered, and among the Gentiles they were dispersed. Three times the ancient enemy struck to engulf the last free stronghold on Earth dedicated to eliminating Lollards once and for all, and three times their horrid and empty lies of “increasing the quality of education to reach at least 18th century standards by a merger of colleges” and “consolidating meagre resources that plague them both” were refused. In this war, the great people of Lincoln had heroes such as Warde Fowler, who in 1904 not only fought the demonic lies of Brasenose, but throughout his long career held at bay other horrors and heresies that threatened to plague our great society, such as elektrisity, the advance of modun sientifik method and the damnable heresy of refurbishing the Mitre.



Yet as the fires of war never dimmed around us, clouds of strife once more gathered to accompany their bitter smokes. Defending our rights has been rendered a terror once more, as in our great hubris we did not heed the warnings of our great hero, Fowler, and made the Mitre into something that allows for human habitation without the wonders of asbestos and angry equine ghosts. Our folly has been answered with red orbs that breathe fire and carry unnecessarily rich American tourists to stalk our skies while the great enemies' flags fly too tall to be liberated by daring patriots and their traffic cones are hidden behind their long walls, denying them the promised salvation. Getting martyred with a warning from the dean while bothering so-called "innocents" because of a so-called "meaningless" feud has been rendered harder and harder in our conflicted days, yet the people of Lincoln can rest easy in knowing that everything within the confines of my meagre abilities and the friendly tolerance of the British Home Office International Student Visa Cancellation Department will be done to reach that promised outcome.

In my capacity as the First Sea Lord and the responsibilities entrusted to that role by the Lincoln College JCR, I pledge that the lands of this College, from Mus Road to Turl Street and from the EPA Science Centre to Bear Lane, will be protected from the constant foreign incursions it has faced since its immaculate conception with its ancient liberties intact. The Lincoln College JCR Constitution, which is "the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history" and the greatest set of laws known to mankind, will be preserved pristine from those jealous of its mysterious powers. The restoration of the JCR Constitution and its ancient liberties to the cruelly occupied lands of East Lincoln, left in heartrending perfidy since the great mistake of 1509, will be attempted in the rightful ways of our ancestors and previous Sea Lords. With these goals met and this lonely torch of freedom kept aflame, our ancestral task will be fulfilled and for once our demons will be laid to rest.

With great confusion and greater dedication,

MT, Esq.



And now, a word from our sponsors:
9th Week Exams



Editor's note: You know what, I'm owning it. The Imp now ends with a meme. Screw the people who said the Hilary edition had too many. There is no such thing as too many memes.



Michaelmas 2021:



Well, the years start coming and they don't stop coming
Fed to the rules and I hit the ground running
Didn't make sense not to live for fun
Your brain gets smart, but your head gets dumb
So much to do, so much to see
So what's wrong with taking the back streets?
You'll never know if you don't go
You'll never shine if you don't glow.