



Trinity Term 2019

**“Not great, not terrible”**

**Brought to you by:**

LGBT Pride

This extremely powerful font change

The bells of King's Landing

ATS chicken and pesto paninis

The goblins, who I've just recently discovered

A good steering wheel that doesn't fly off while I'm  
driving

Trinifree: But Are We Ever Truly Free?

Sam Clark's interview, coming next issue

A 3.6 roentgen reading on the dosimeter

Theresa May's tears

My ability to put anything I like here

Your inability to stop me

# LETTER FROM THAT EDITOR GUY

Me again.

So we're at the end of yet another year. This might be a time for celebration, reflection, or, my personal favourite, a blank horror at the unfeeling forward movement of linear time. But in any case, you made it! Or we made it. I don't know how much I should identify with you guys. Am I one of you, or an observer who must look on from the sidelines? Or am I both? Okay, that's existential anxiety for another day.

Look, all of your experiences are quite different at this point. You're finishing out a first chapter, closing out a whole book, or, like me, just paddling along in the shapeless and confusing middle bit. It'd be hard to summarise it all in one coherent editor's note. So to call ahead to those Google surveys you all enjoyed so much, and to rip off the structure of an English tutor's goodbye email (we miss you, Dan!), here's three different editor's letters. Enjoy.

First years: You've done... maybe the hardest bit? I'd like to say so anyway, because that's a bit I've already done. First year is a ridiculous experience, like being thrown into a washing machine and then being immediately told to figure out how to define yourself independently as an adult, but you're alive, I hope! You've done a third, or, aha, a quarter of your degree, and you probably have some vague understanding of how this deeply batshit city all links together, and that ain't nothing. The first year survey revealed that the majority of you are locked in a state of crippling existential despair,, and I don't not get that. But look ahead at the second year survey! Those guys are happier. It'll never be as confusing as these first days, and soon enough, the Oxford grind, like start of term collections, half-arsing bop costumes and dodging kamikaze bikes ridden by insane monsters will become instinct. You got this. Even if it's abundantly clear you do not believe that yourselves.

Second years: You're... me, so this is a weird one to write. Like, I know quite a few of you guys. Not everyone, but I think I know the names of the people I say hi to in the street, and that wasn't the case in first year. If you're anything like me, which I hope not, you're staring down the barrel of the final season. Or maybe you're taking a four-year degree, in which case, my TV metaphor falls down. I assume you guys are just celebrating making it halfway, which, I guess, is fine too. Sciences. Ha. Anyway. There's not as much of a coherent thesis or inspirational message to this one, but that summarises second year. Much like season 2 of Game of Thrones, it's a lot of character building leading up to the brutal massacre the following year. No disrespect to season 2. We all know those were the golden days creatively.

Finalists: Oh God, you're done. That's scary for me, and I'm just writing about you guys. You're heading off into the world! I mean, and I don't mean to worry you here, but yikes. You're a full on adult now. How terrifying. I wouldn't want to be you.

Happy summer.

# THE THIRD TOILET: A STORY NOT FOR THE FAINT OF HEART

Trinity term, the time of stressed first years and finalists using the library like they've never used the library before. But the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets has been marked out of order for weeks, to disallow the most talented students from entering that renowned space and from getting too far ahead of their peers.

On a warpath to Lincoln success through fairness and hard work, Lincoln alumna Moaning Myrtle was kicked out of college by the Imp. So, now, the Imp is the only one able to access that gate; much quieter than his predecessor, he has resorted to maintenance labels to assist his guarding skills rather than moaning as loudly as many students would wish to about the heavy workloads of this term.

So, with a toilet cubicle at his disposal, how might the Imp be using the space? Because he would never install himself as guardian of the Chamber of Secrets if he didn't have more devious plans.

Perhaps the Imp has set up high-tech microphones and recording equipment in the cubicle, to help gather library gossip for the Impeditor's crowdsourcing. Maybe the Imp perches on the closer toilet seat, grinning at his recordings and filling in the anonymous google forms...

Maybe the Imp understands and empathises with the pain and stress of finals and prelims revision! He's watched the JCR slaving away through this term for years, after all. The third cubicle may be storage space for all the spare toilet rolls that can fit, piled high in preparation to catch the tears shed in the lib at the 11th hour.

Alternatively the Imp feeds on the energy of focused revision and starts to work and experiment in trinity terms himself. Not wanting to leave the hallowed halls of Lincoln, the out of order toilet has become the Imp's laboratory, where he tests the rotational energy of the flushing system.

Regardless of the cause, how long that toilet has been broken for is really 'out of order'.

**Georgina Macrae was responsible for this brave story. She spoke her truth, and we should admire her for this.**

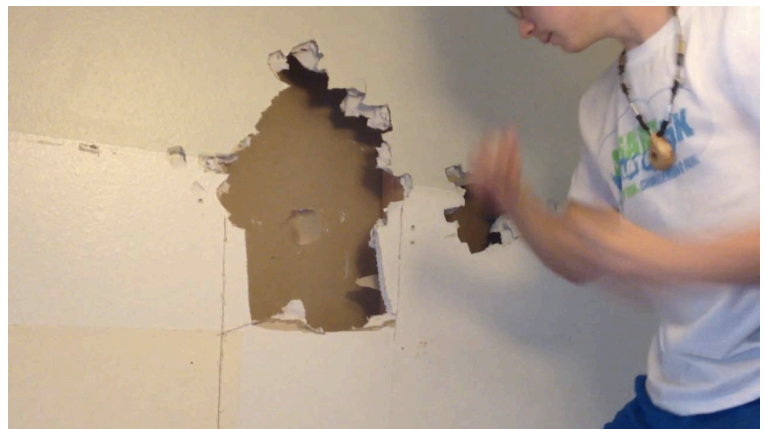


# AN OPEN LETTER TO EDUROAM

Dear eduroam,

Look. You're one of my constants here at Oxford. I think about you several times every day. You're up there with the Missing Bean, with ATS, with Deep Hall pizzas. But those three things are nice. I think about you for a different reason. I think about you so much because I hate you.

'Hate' is a strong word, I know, but have you seen you? You're a massive service meant to connect a university which absolutely needs fast and reliable internet, and you drop connection about ten times a day. And that's just the personal stuff. I really don't want to get started on the network outages, because my therapist has told me that it's not good to keep grudges about those. But you've caused everyone a lot of pain. You



could be the pillar of this university, the one thing everyone can rely on. But, in reality, you're that flaky friend who only shows up when it's convenient for them. It's because of you that I have trust issues. It's because of you that every time I watch an episode of something in HD all the way through, it feels like a personal achievement.

Do you know how familiar I am with that red bar suddenly appearing above the Netflix app, saying 'no internet connection', with no apparent cause for this sudden change? Do you know what it's like to struggle to watch a 30 second clip of a man's wife falling off the world's smallest cliff, and feel immense power when your task is completed? You wouldn't. You don't have feelings. You're just a below-average wireless network who claims to be 'accessible everywhere', except all of the places where access would actually be useful. But sure. I'll be excited when I connect to you out of nowhere in a Sudanese airport in 2025. That'll make all the pain you've caused me worth it.

You're a failure, eduroam. You would be a useless piece of garbage, but I don't want to be unkind to garbage, which at least can be recycled. You add nothing of value. You are a loser. I hate everything about the things you choose to be.

Don't let my therapist see this.

# POETRY PARTY: THE POETRY SECTION - THIS IS THE POEM BIT

## AN ANONYMOUS LOVE POEM TO THE RECTOR

O Henry, sir, you are divine  
like luscious ivy that entwines  
And cloaks the quad in coiling vines.  
But, woe is me! My heart does sting  
To know your status looms o'er mine.

You leave your house at morning's chime

Each day; you always look so fine.

Ay me, love is a funny thing,

O Henry, sir.

Can this mere student win some time

To spend with you? I'd wait in line

If I did think perchance it'd bring

A chance to kiss your wedding ring

And drink deep of your sweet, sweet wine,

O Henry, sir.

## THE FOOD WASTE BIN - ABI MERCHANT

For days and weeks we leave it there  
to fester and to grow fine hair:

now maggots reside

in the food that's dried,

putrefied,

tainting air.

We stare at it with great unease:

that source of smell and stomachs' queeze.

But now fate has come:

we must purge this scum,

each last crumb

of old cheese.

I hold my breath and lift the lid

to such a sight of mould amid

the flies: a webbed womb

of silk. What perfume!

Dinner's tomb must be rid.

I brace myself to do this chore

and grab the lining. This is war!

I pull. The bag rips and all the rot tips

from my grip

to the floor.

# AN EXTREMELY VALID CONSPIRACY THEORY

You may have noticed the construction going on around Oxford recently. It's hard to ignore it. It's everywhere. Turl Street, Bear Lane, the High Street, Magdalen Street, St Aldate's. Cornmarket. It seems as if the whole of the city is a work in progress at the moment. There are stated reasons for this proliferation of scaffolding and diggers, of course. They're 'renovating the Mitre'. They're 'building an exciting new quad for Jesus College'. Sounds convincing, right?



That's what they want you to think.

But look deeper. Think about this for more than one goddamn second. None of the construction projects are affiliated. They're all working on different things. And yet they've all sprung up in the last few months. Weird, huh? *It is weird.* This wasn't going on last year, for instance. Oxford isn't some construction hub. This is specific, and new. Something's going on here. And I think I have the answer.

Listen in close. This is going to sound crazy, but as you listen to me, the truth will embrace you.

I think that the construction projects around Oxford are, in fact, intended to create a complex and interconnected underground kingdom beneath these city streets in service of the ancient lizard dynasties of the Kan-Tor, who



have recently awoken from their millennia-long slumber, and now thirst to reclaim the land over which they once held dominion from the unsophisticated human species who have destroyed the sanctity of their landscape.

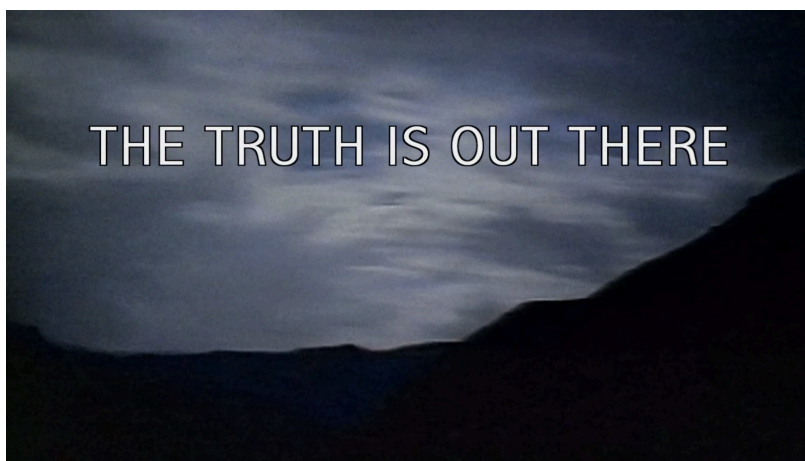
I think that the lizard people have chosen Oxford as ground zero for world domination, and,

from my understanding of their motives, it will become a launching pad for a wider campaign of galactic subjugation and colonisation; a project which was thwarted thousands of years ago by the arrival of the apocalyptic comet which wiped out the dinosaurs, which I theorise was in fact a sophisticated ballistic weapon launched by the Th'an'tuk race, the ancient foes of the Kan-Tor, who live in their own tunnel systems within special orbital platforms orbiting above the plane of the ecliptic in the Milky Way.



The Kan-Tor have thirsted for vengeance upon the Th'an'tuk race for aeons, and Oxford is the perfect place from which to seek it, because, deep in the vaults below the Ashmolean museum, the ancient totem of the Shaqs-tazz'tur, the mythological entity from the dimension within the left central nexus of the Fifth Realm which was prophesised at the dawn of time to be the destroyer of the Th'an'tuk, provided that it is activated by a vial of the refined blood of the Yaalaadoo.

This directly affects us, and we're the ones best placed to stop this. One cannot satisfyingly project human morality onto a celestial war waged far beyond mortal perception, but one thing is clear: if the Kan-Tor are allowed to rise, and complete their plans, everyone on planet Earth will be killed. You see, I believe that after defeating the Th'an'tuk in the ancient ritual of the Combat Trials of Asqoq, they will strip apart this universe into constituent atoms, so as to build the celestial substance known only as Yooklaka-S'ha, thus allowing them to finally break out of the astral realm and punish the technicians in the World Above responsible for running the complex simulation we know as our existence.



You might read that, and think, bullshit! You've just ripped off the plot of a Doctor Who story and added in way too much generic 1970s low budget sci-fi exploitation movie mythology with silly names. This can't possibly be a rational explanation for the construction.

I ask you this.

Do you have a more reasonable explanation? Do you have a theory that ties everything together the way this does? Have you ever wondered just why the Ashmolean exists, and whether it may contain the key to the prophecy of the Uia!-Uia!-Uia! (a dialectical term for which I have provided the best English translation)? Here's your answer.

Humanity does not have long, and we must find the solution. I suggest that we construct the Quack-Moo-Baa!!!! (another ineffable term of Th'an'tuk regional idiolect), the beacon made from refined obsidian and crystal dreams spoken of in the famous Books of Dan-Brown, in order to contact the Th'an'tuk species and establish the diplomatic parlay process known as 333334444222, in order to create an alliance to resist the inevitable Kan-Tor invasion. We must act fast, but it is still possible.

Read this again, and I think you'll find it makes perfect sense.

# SURVEYS!

We are at a crossroads as Oxford students. Something is ending, and something is beginning, and it's been a heck of a time. If this all seems pretty vague, it's because I'm trying to introduce three articles here, and generalities are hard. In order to chronicle their experiences, and discover the true heart of Lincoln College as it exists in this nightmarish year of 2019, the Imp asked first years, second years, and finalists to fill out some very normal questions.

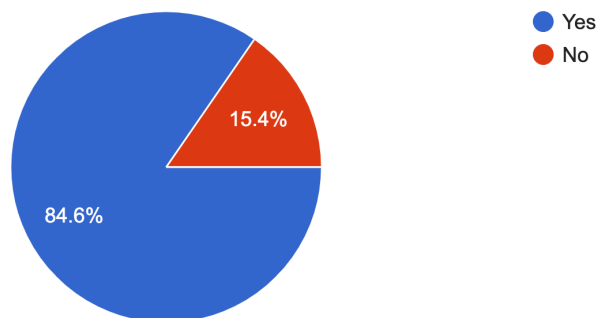
These are their stories.

Welcome to a reference that it'd be weird if British people understood.

## FIRST YEARS

You were an innocent youngling at the start of the year. Now, you are a broken husk. Do you agree with this statement?

13 responses



85% are broken husks. Optimistic.

**You've made a new best friend this year. Describe them.**

- always there for me, great at helping me answer tricky questions, tutors hate her. (name may or may not be wikipedia)
- we're equally depressed, and that's comforting.
- lesbian lovrr
- sleepy no matter how much sleep they get
- Boring.
- All thirty two volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica



- The early-2000s swimwear magazines stashed in those weird lockers in Deepers
- He gives me bro jobs, (hugs), and gets me out my room when I otherwise wouldn't
- Very accepting of unannounced room invasions.
- Satan incarnate, they make my life a living misery and haunt my nightmares.
- Ew
- not who they were in michaelmas.

**You've met someone you hugely dislike this year. Also describe them.**

- flaky af, lies constantly, on-again-off-again relationship, suuuper slow. (eduroam)
- misery man
- 12 year old boy trapped in the body of an 18 year old boy who also happens to look like a 12 year old boy
- the gate to the library
- Frisky.
- Why must you - dear editor - sew the seeds of discord?
- Myself
- Argumentative even when they're agreeing with you, not laid back
- Just very conservative.
- See best friend.
- Annoyingly fit
- posher than they have the right to be.

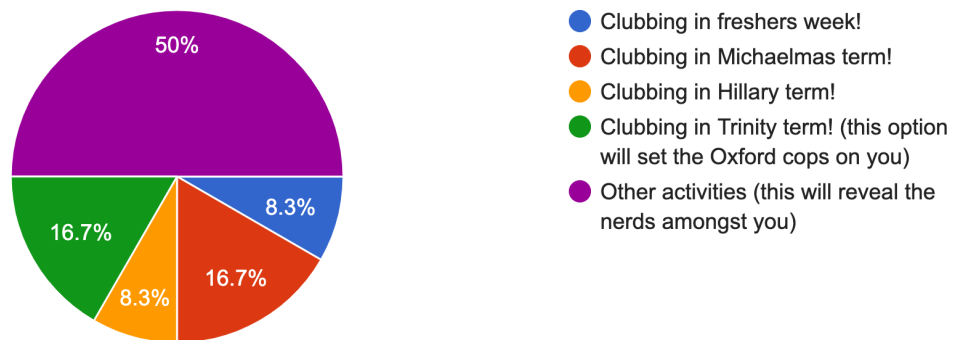
**What's the most important thing you've learned this year? Answers cannot refer to anything academic. It has to be a life lesson.**

- clean your fridge thoroughly at the end of term so it doesn't grow mould over vac
- hassans for ""breakfast"" at 5am is not healthy
- don't drink blue drinks
- Lincoln House has very sensitive fire alarms. Sorry everyone x
- Everybody is pretending to be somebody they're not.
- Don't not leave
- How to clean carpets. Quickly.
- Try and be the first to give and last to take. True nobility is being better than ones former self
- Friendship and affection from others is unparalleled at taking you out of bad places, and there's just no substitute (yet).
- Don't go overboard on coffee.

- Relationships with those who matter to you - either romantic or platonic - are never as stable as you think. Don't let people close.
- 4 penguins in a day is a balanced diet.

Choose your favourite memory! The options have been pre-selected, so bad luck if nothing applies to you.

12 responses



**Has it all been worth it? Was the pain and sacrifice of getting here rewarded? Have the blood, sweat and tears been shed for a noble cause?**

- absolutely not.
- no
- no.
- idek man
- it has not been as fun as i expected
- Yes
- Hell yeah. What'a you care Louis?
- It was easy mate
- Not been that difficult tbh, so yeah I'm living my life
- I think so, I've met some great people.
- Hahahahahahaha.
- Ummmmm.....
- meh

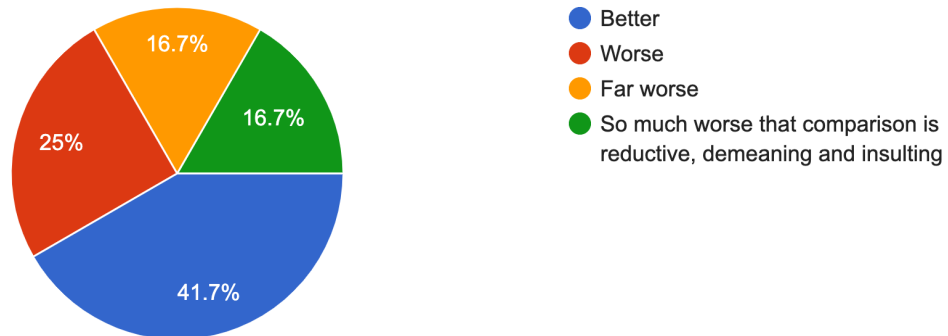
**Freestyle essay question**

- For 30 marks, does the Imp Editor write his own content or does he just use google forms?
- bite me
- 'Through realising that everyone here is confused, can we reach true enlightenment? Discuss with reference to an extensive list of Oxford vocabulary, not having a kitchen for a year, and the fact that we didn't realise that we'd run out of budget to the end of the JCR meeting at the start of Trinity, resulting in anarchy. [40 MARKS]
- I am a first-year, believe me.
- In the pitch blackness of night, sometimes I return to me room and it is cold and dark. I pause a little before I open the bathroom door; I worry someone - or, indeed, something - is going to appear before me on the other side. In tutorials I sometimes lock up in fear. Also sometimes I nod off. More than once, I have cycled as far as Upper Heyford. Where the hell is Upper Heyford, you ask? 14 miles away. I njoy m uvrsty xprince. Scheiße! And then I have an espresso. Loss. Loss. Loss. I lose my Missing Bean loyalty card. A meme. What is a meme? How do you do that. Do that? Do that? Pizza. Everyone touches the free pizza. Hashtag no. Y'all live the same way I do? How many skeletons are buried on front quad? Are we all going to hell, or are best intentions enough? Let's make some noise for whomever we vote JCR president. I have transcended into a higher realm. Czech Republic becomes Czechia. Don't we all die in the end, anyway? I love you guys! Essay crisis. Emma Lalande. You can't date a fucking artistic movement. I'll be with you ciao!
- \*yeet\*
- I secretly feel like I should have applied somewhere else, Lincoln is genuinely btec one night argue that the people are nice, but giving how quickly relationships form under circumstances like freshers week, and how friendship change as we expand into the university, the people at your college don't matter and you're almost guaranteed to find 'a' crowd at uni/college. Another thing is location/accommodation. But human perception is all based in expectation and if we had to live out we only accept it as our new future not expect anything morw and be no happier or sadder as a result. On an entirely different note I've pretty much been cured of my depression at Oxford which is kinda nifty and the student lifestyle is perfectly and I'll probably do further education just continuing to live my dream.
- Stop trying to get people to do your job for you without realising Louis.
- Is Quorn the future?
- \*insert the entire bee movie script\*

## SECOND YEARS

How would you say that your will to live is doing compared to the end of first year?

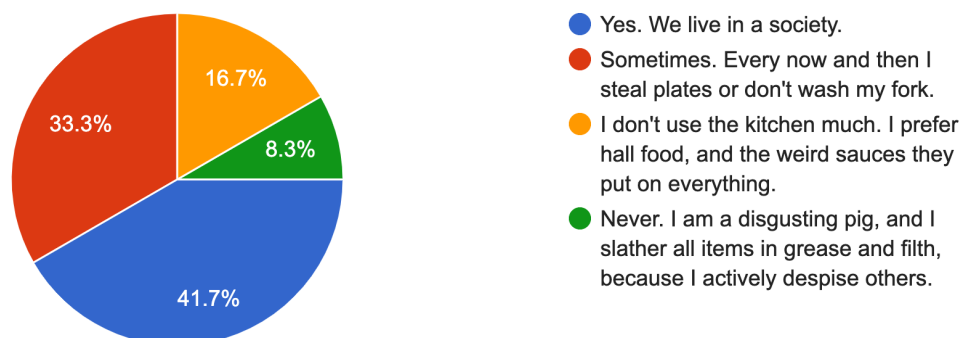
12 responses



**At least the second years are happier. It only goes up, first years.**

You got kitchens this year. Have you been using them responsibly and with consideration for others?

12 responses



**You're a grizzled Oxford veteran now, or at least that's what feels good to tell yourself. What advice would you give to your fresh-faced idiot younger self arriving at Oxford 18 months ago?**

- DON'T DO IT. TURN BACK. GET OUT OF THERE. YOU HAD A PERFECTLY GOOD OFFER FROM BRISTOL. DEFER. REAPPLY. TAKE GAP YEAR. JUST. DON'T.
- 1) Don't write your essays the day they're due-- almost 2 years in and you have yet to actually start one earlier than 4 hours before the deadline. It'll make you start going grey from all the stress- do it for your vanity. 2) Wasabi is going to stop giving you a discount when it switches from allowing your Bod Card to NUS- stash up on sushi while you can.
- You will become an emotional wreck. Just accept it.
- Drink.
- See more sunrises.
- Eat more peas
- 1) Never miss a Bridgely Bridge 2) You CAN get hot drinks into the lib 3) Sleep when you're dead 4) You can microwave pasta.
- Do the reading
- You done good, don't change a thing
- Lincoln till I (sorry you) die
- you will peak on Michaelmas so make the most of it

**What are you planning to do with your life after university? What is your future? It's coming very soon, so you should have an answer. Answer what your future will be below. Answer it. And don't say 'a PHD', you coward.**

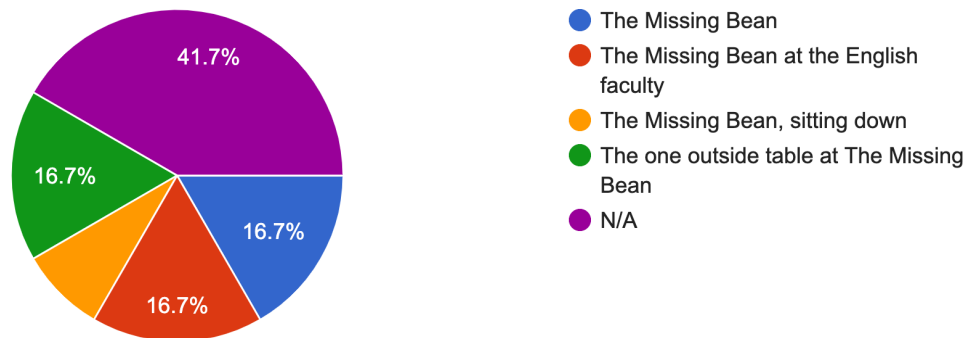
- There's life after university?
- An MSt because I have no internships lined up for this summer- this buys me an extra year to try and find one (or more accurately just freak out over the accumulation of debt I will have inflicted upon myself)
- Get a dog.
- Hot Air Ballooning
- Prison.
- Marry rich





You know the best coffee spots in Oxford now. Which is your favourite?

12 responses



## Rogue essay question: part 2

### The cursed answers

Sometimes, when I'm alone and have no responsibilities or work ethic, I like to walk to the woods - any woods - but as far away as I can get from people. I'm talking I could scream and not be heard. I could say "aw damn I just lost The Game" and nobody would try to kill me. I could tell myself that it's okay to hate Trump and his presidency all the way based on a moral level and no quack would come waddling over gargling about foreign policy. So then when I'm in the woods and no one else is around, I dig a big big hole. I enter said hole and wait for it to rain until the hole is half full of water. This could take days. I then take out the 40 sachets of gelli baff that I brought with me and fill the hole and my surroundings with the stuff. I bathe in this for minutes on end. When my insides turn to gelli and the transfusion is complete, I sip on sweet carton of Ribena before flopping out of the hole. That is when I shake off the congealed gel and saunter home. I don't care what anyone thinks of my habit. It is my own.

There are no rules to self care. I was born for chaos in bathing and that is how I shall stay. Try and find me and you shan't. The woods are large and my urge to baffle is larger. And that, chums, is how you de-stress.

If someone had sex with Bucky Barnes and demanded he take his bionic arm off because the metal was too cold against their skin, would that be acceptable sex etiquette? Does Bucky have any right to retain his arm if he prefers it on?

Discuss.

### **The other answers**

- Why do we have 3 Pret a Mangers within 10 minutes of each other in central Oxford- two of which are on the same street? Yet we do not have a Card Factory? The nearest ones are in Headington and Cowley :( I miss being able to mass-buy birthday cards for under £10.
- The quiet man is here to stay AND HE'S TURNING UP THE VOLUME.
- I know what I'm going to go prison for, and you'll find out soon enough.
- JCT iced lattes are better than The Missing Bean's: change my mind.
- :)
- In the event that you don't use all of your milk, don't throw it out. That slightly souring creamy liquid can be put to splendid use. Perfect for breakfast, afternoon tea and making friends with random freshers. Scones. They're damn good. Whether you rhyme it with gone (correct) or moan (a heinous crime), whether you put the cream on first (God's own decree), or the jam (Satan's barbaric heresy), scones are the crown-prince of snacks. And the secret ingredient? Slightly soured milk. Seriously.



- . There once was a dude named paul, who had a habit of being a fool, he was little prick, and made a crazy trick, which made the imp dread-full. xxx
- . Missed opportunities that are better missed: I thought about doing the Imp, decided I wasn't funny enough. Thought about doing an internship then tried and failed. Thought about going to all my lectures. Couldn't manage it. Other people do it better, so better not to try.

## FINALISTS

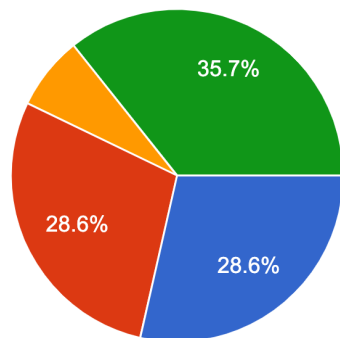
### What's the happiest you've ever been at Oxford?

- . When the car was packed and my dad put the car into gear and i watched college get smaller in the wingmirror as we drove home at the end of term
- . Singing Lincoln till I die at a bop
- . Post prelims
- . Before I arrived
- . 18 November 2017.
- . Trashings
- . When goblins havent been mentioned
- . After my second year exams
- . Leaving
- . Past me was a different person. Present me only has memory space for the 24h before the exam.
- . Leaving it
- . 8th week of second year
- . Hassans post bop



## Do you still believe in the concept of hope?

14 responses



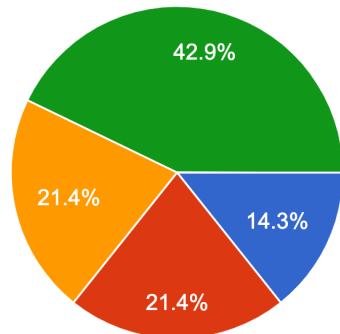
- Yes, I believe!
- It depends on the day.
- Usually not, but sometimes after eight drinks.
- Hope? What is hope? Do you mock me with these questions? Do you even comprehend my suffering?

## What makes Lincoln College so special for you?

- The Goblins 🥰 poor privately educated white cismen need to be protected because they are the most disadvantaged group
- The people
- I don't think it's special
- The ease with which I can leave in 8th week
- The lighting.
- It was the best of times, it was the worst of times
- The constant debates about the goblins
- Marmadwayne Woodhuysen
- The fact that it's so insignificant
- Name kinda rolls off my tongue. Lean-kern
- I never knew you could physically spend so much time in a library
- i go here and i don't go anywhere else
- Tourist guided making up funny stories about the Imp statue and passing them off as truth

How far do you agree with this statement? "When you gaze long into the abyss the abyss also gazes into you" - Friedrich Nietzsche.

14 responses



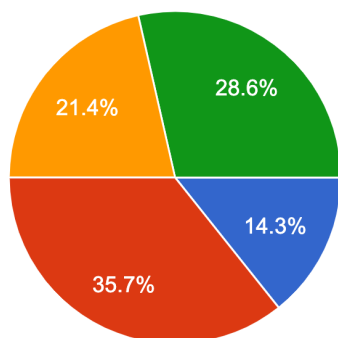
- I am not familiar with the abyss
- I am somewhat familiar with the abyss
- I am very familiar with the abyss
- I am the abyss, for it has consumed me, and I have consumed it, and we are one single entity now

**Who's the friend who you'd most like to give a big hug for being there for you?**

- . Jake Sopher for accusing me of trying to run a kangaroo court because he was boycotting a meeting
- . Lilian Hartman
- . Not my finalist adopter because they haven't even messaged me!!!! Rude. Don't get why they even bothered signing up if they didn't want to do the job
- . The many-faced god
- . I would hug all of them if I could.
- . She doesn't even go here
- . the goblins
- . Nobel
- . Vodka
- . Vera, Isabel, Felicity, she knows who she is. Woman of Many Names.
- . Simon (Deep Hall)
- . would be great if the void consumed/hugged me rn
- . Emma Wells

Climate scientists say that only eleven years remains before the Earth passes the point of no return. How does that catastrophe make you feel, personally?

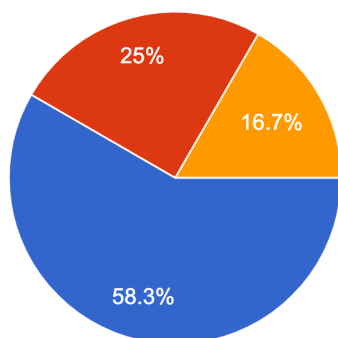
14 responses



- Climate, schimate. I'm going to live my life while I can!
- I worry about it sometimes. I recycle my milk bottles now.
- I fear that I have not been granted the same future as older generations, and bemoan this searing injustice.
- Nothing matters, and I'm going to burn my degree on a bonfire after I get it, because the concept of moral...

If the mighty Eldritch deity, Cthulhu requested your assistance in his campaign to destroy reality, would you accept the Call of Cthulhu?

12 responses



- No, I would reject the Call of Cthulhu. Earth has repelled the Great Old Ones before.
- Depends. If his malevolent spawn, Abholos the Devourer, was on board, then I might.
- Yes. I have longed to be Cthulhu's servant all of my piteous mortal life.

**Will you carry a piece of this place and the friends you have met here in your heart as you move boldly onto the exciting next stages of life?**

•

• Deep hall pizza. Ive kept a piece from the first time they started selling them

🥰 now its a terrarium

• Yep



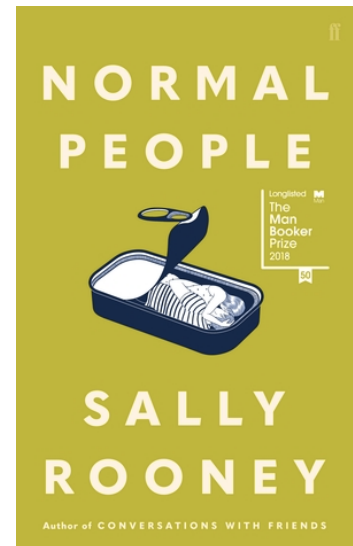
- . Yes though will probably need therapy to get rid of the piece so I can move on with my life
- . Probably as an arrhythmia
- . Literally yes, as I plan to collect strands of my friends' hair before I leave.
- . Sure
- . a print out of every time the goblins have been in a jcr meeting agenda
- . No I'm here next year
- . Hate the uni, appreciate my friends
- . I've seen the future, and it really doesn't seem that great. You're welcome to join though.
- . Friends yes, but I can't physically go into a library for at least 2 years after this
- . i guess
- . Yes
- . Yeah I bought the pin badge and scarf and those jumpers, stash till I die

## **NORMAL HUMOUR**

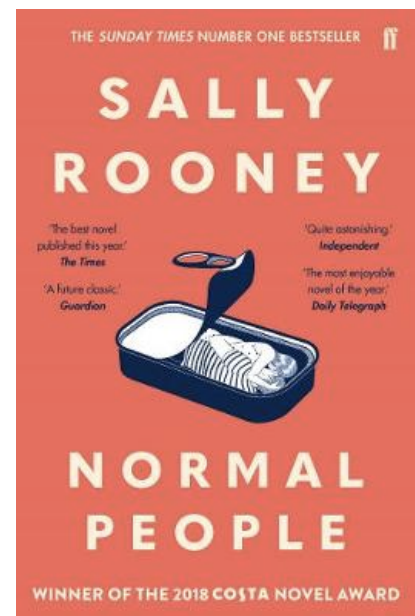
**You may have noticed from this issue that the Imp is becoming deeply weird. Gelli baff, Bucky Barnes, ancient celestial conflicts - it's not something your centrist dad would want to read. So for all those centrist dads, and centrist dads-to-be out there, here are some more normal jokes for you.**

- . Rowers
- . Once upon a time, the river Thames had carved its way through the landscape, roaring through the countryside and cleaving hills in half. As time went on, its might was fettered, and its waters receded. In many places, such as the Isis, the once mighty body of water was reduced to a mere shadow of its former

self. But it still lingered underground in aquifers and hidden pools. This, and more, flashed through Laura's mind as she crashed through the floor of the club and into the chilly waters below. She really hadn't meant it when she asked if Bridge Thursdays could get any more miserable. As a well-meaning bouncer helped her out of the murky depths, the young Christ Church student was already screaming at the top of her lungs to talk to his manager. "What the hell sort of shoddy establishment are you running here??" "Well, I'm just glad we can put it all behind us now" "What are you on about??" "I'm glad that you agree that we should let bygones be bygones" "Listen here-" "After all, this is all just water under the Bridge"

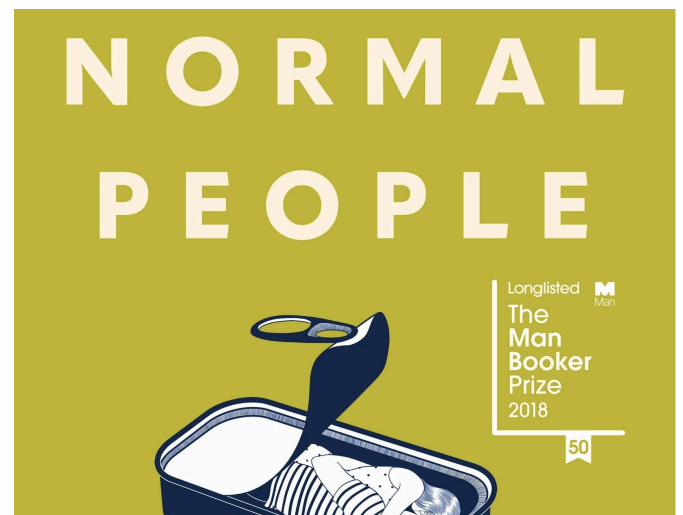


- . Me
- . The Imp Editor
- . How do you deal with dangerous cheese (probably mozzarella)? Caerphilly
- . Why did the ultimate frisbee champion have no friends? Because he was a massive tosser.
- . What do you call an editor with no ideas? An editor.
- . What's the difference between an old bus shelter and a lobster with breast implants? One's a crusty bus station and one's a busy crustacean.



- . Rowers
- . Why did the old lady fall down the well? She couldn't see that well :/
- . Ouch, that really hurts you know
- . The last Imp Editor

- . Stir your mozzarella balls, kids
- . Knock knock. Who's there? Doctor. Doctor who? Doctor Harold Shipman.
- . A father and son are involved in a car crash. The father dies and the son is taken to hospital. 'I can't do this', cries the doctor, 'He's my son!' 'But how is this possible?' asks the nurse. 'Stop being so blind to your prejudice,' says their colleague, 'It's 2019 - a child can have two dads!'
- . Imp editor- what does normal even mean anyway? Is it a entirely relativistic construct based off of an abstraction of what people view as common behaviours? Is there an objective standard to which our jokes should be aspiring? Is it normal in the context of Oxford? Or life more generally? WHY ARE YOU TORMENTING US LIKE THIS?!?!?
- . Did you hear about the mathematician who's afraid of negative numbers? He'll stop at nothing to avoid them.



Readers may remember that we promised an issue fully dedicated to third-year student and clout god, Sam Clark, who bought the rights for that ego trip in the Vacproj auction. Unfortunately, this issue turned out to be too chunky for the Sam dedication that his absolutely, and justifiably, massively good view of himself requires. The Sam Clark content that everyone's absolute hero and six-packed king, Sam Clark, craves, will be found in the Michaelmas issue, so he can get a headstart on building on his already fearsome clout for the new year.

## THE BACK PAGE

We've made it again. Another back page, another blank slate for me to absolutely ruin with my brain juice. But instead of just free associating about Green Book and Green Day like last time, I have a more concrete purpose in mind for this issue. I've been thinking about this, and I've realised that with your busy schedules and the proliferation of entertainment out there, many of you will be unaware that there is a Fast and Furious spin-off coming out this August called 'Hobbs & Shaw', starring Dwayne 'the Rock' Johnson and Jason Statham as their beloved characters, Luke Hobbs and Deckard Shaw. This makes me sad. I'd like to raise awareness of this important project.

This is the synopsis:

Two years after the events of *The Fate of the Furious*, DSS federal agent Luke Hobbs and former SAS operative turned mercenary Deckard Shaw, two men who dislike each other extremely, are forced to team up to stop a new threat emerging from Brixton Lore, a cyber-genetically enhanced international terrorist who created a deadly virus that could threaten the human race.

Pretty cool, huh? Statham and the Rock's comic chemistry in 'The Fate of the Furious' was a highlight of the beleaguered franchise instalment - who can forget Statham's plane fight while carrying a baby? - and so a full movie to explore their fragile alliance is a delightful creative endeavour. Plus, there's a super-soldier, and his first name is 'Brixton'. Even better - 'Brixton' is played by Idris Elba. Even better still - he refers to himself as 'black Superman' in the trailer, and appears capable of punching his way into storage containers with his bare hands. That, my friends, is cinema, and none of your indie shit can eclipse the joys of the Rock affirming, after Brixton survives a power plant falling on him, that he is, indeed, black Superman.

Are you still not convinced?

Okay, well, imagine this. This is probably the third act, so mild spoilers. After Brixton clearly puts our heroes in a corner, they have to get off the grid. Where do they go? The island of Hawaii, of course! He goes there to see his family, and they have five brothers, and they're all super stacked, but they don't have any guns. The mum got rid of them. It's a great laugh line. What they do have is a lot of melee weapons, so they have to, to quote Hobbs, "get old school". So you have Idris Elba's army of mercenaries against a bunch of angry Hawaiians with maces and shit. It's fantastic. They're all bare-chested and doing the haka.

Really, you still not convinced?

At the end of the trailer, the Rock and his brothers hook a helicopter from a flatbed truck, and the Rock pulls the helicopter down with his bare hands, the rotor blades only just missing him.

I'm just looking out for you guys. Anyway, outta room. See y'all in October.