

All hail Crackfish

By [Nicky Woolf](#), Muse Editor (2007/08)

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Campus is covered in a fine white dust, it seems. Now that I think about it, that explains an awful lot. It explains why the queue for the Library ladies toilet is so long when I go past it.

It explains why the ducks and geese, who instead of living calm, wildfowl lives around their idyllic little pond, like nothing more than jumping on my table where I am sifting through my Vanbrugh food looking for a sausage I'm sure I had, and harassing me until I am forced to retreat, leaving my chewy almost-but-not-quite-a-Yorkshire pudding behind as a tactical sacrifice.

It explains the energy with which we return, week in, week out to clubs which are barely more than poorly-ventilated rooms with stereos in that still manage to charge more for a double vodka and coke than the market price of a three-bedroom semi on the outskirts of Leeds with off-street parking and a small but neatly-maintained south-facing garden. Yes, I'm looking at you, Gallery.

It explains why every year people manage to swim, to actually swim, in a lake with a level of water purity you would expect to have found in the Thames Estuary circa 1908, despite knowing that they risk serious bowel disfunction by doing so.

It explains Oliver Lester, though not entirely.

It explains why the Library is so busy, even though we are at an educational establishment where a humanities degree means two hours a month and two essays a year.

It explains Octopush.

It explains why every night just after midnight, several mysterious trucks arrive outside James College JCR, driven by armed Colombians.

It explains why campus is frequented by the same slightly twitchy children cycling slightly too quickly up and down Vanbrugh bowl and stealing everyone's frisbees.

It explains how Heslington East is being funded.

It explains the inexplicable success of York's actors and journalists.

It explains Central Hall's architecture.

It explains how people occasionally go to 9:15 seminars.

It explains what library cards are really for.

It explains how in a pond composed entirely of bacteria, excrement and hubris how there is one catfish that has grown to the size of a small family hatchback from living only off what drips from the chemistry department.

Most of all, it explains what this crazy cesspool-surrounding university runs on. And it's crack.



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