

I have at my sixth-form college given presentations to people on the evolutionary history of crocodiles, evolution in general, logic and mineralogy. These were, **despite their topics being** pointlessly and **tediously esoteric** for most people, **received very well** and **thought rather interesting**.

I reiterate: I apparently possess an **inordinate ability to preserve engagement, activity and morale** even in the face of **subject matter so dry it could dessicate a goldfish in 37 centiseconds**.

Hmmn... I wonder how this could be of use...

I am reportedly **quite good at remembering random crap**. **More** on the relevance of this **at the hustings**.

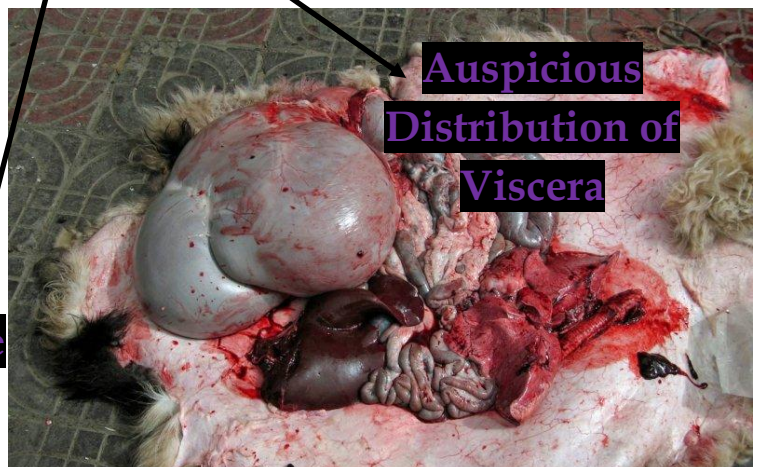


My Face

“So,” you muse to yourself whilst scratching your head, or perhaps your venerable regions if those are itching more, “Why **Oscar for Secretary?”**

The arrows will be your guides, my dears.

Finally, and by leagues most importantly, **my candidacy is favoured by the entrails**. Observe:



Auspicious Distribution of Viscera

Having been **head of my sixth-form college's Debating Society**, I have great experience both at **preventing productive dialectic** from **becoming futile argument**, and at **conveying my points incisively and eloquently**. The position also required **tenacity**, along with skilful **preparation and communication**.

If something appeals to me, I will commit to and be good at it. The role of JCR Secretary (and Communications Officer) appeals to me. I will therefore make a **good** Secretary.

Hold this syllogism in your heads, my sweets: it is of profound importance.