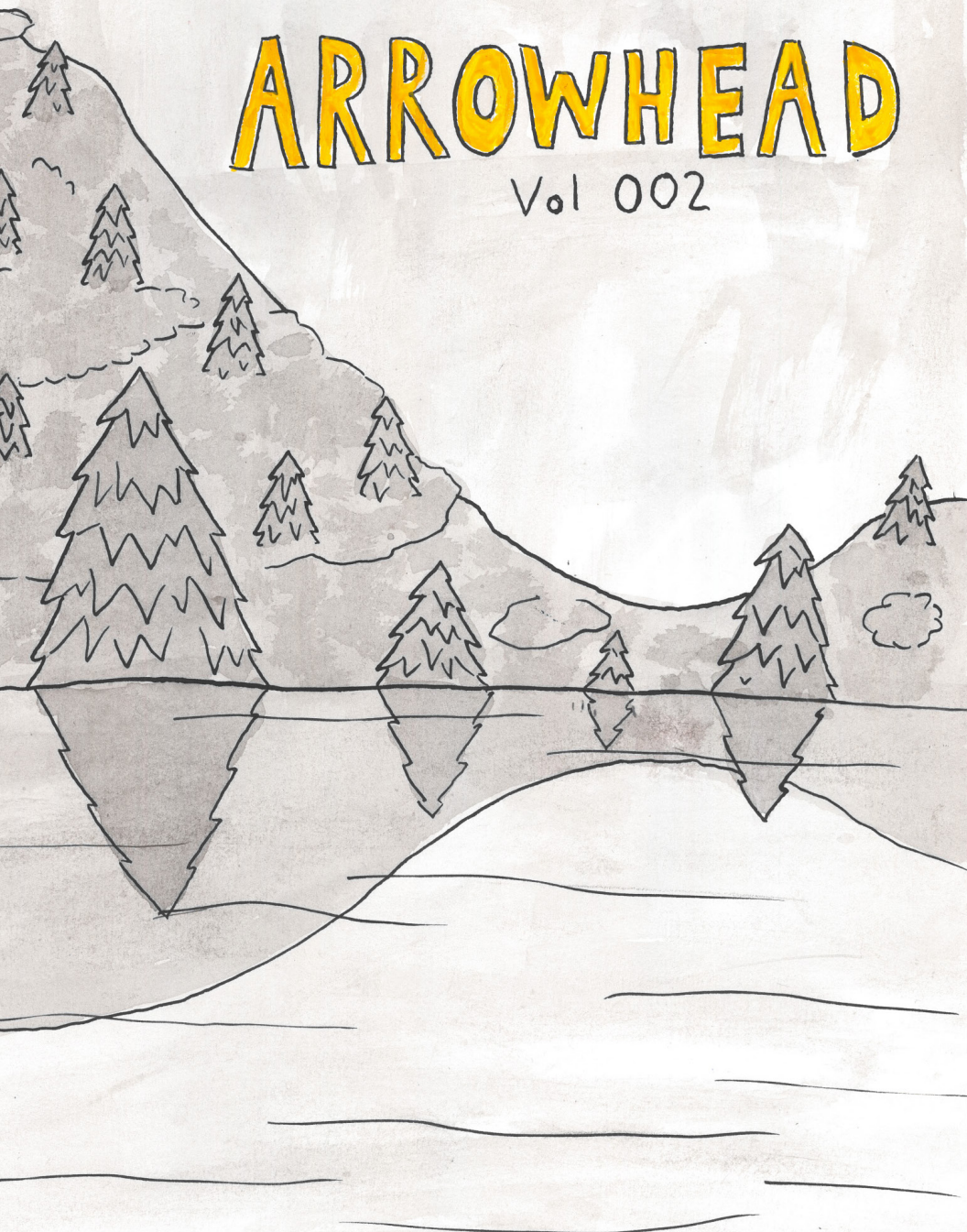


THE ARROWHEAD

Vol 002





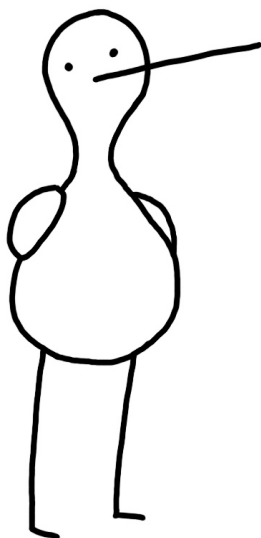
A Quick Note

A special thank you to all those who submitted for this volume of the Arrowhead. In addition to being a club of outdoor enthusiasts, SUOC is a club of artists spanning a variety of majors and experiences. Without your submissions, This project would never work.

- Al Vic, The Arrowhead

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The Dirtiest Dangle

Orly, Ryan, Kate, Henry, Grace, Preston, Lavi, Steve

Context: TAG story while we went cabin crazy stuck waiting for the snowstorm to pass. Has not been properly released to the masses yet.

So there we were, dirty dangling off the balcony. If you thought you'd seen a dangle before, you most definitely hadn't seen one like this. This dirty dangle was the dirtiest of all the dangles. Below us, the hot tub bubbled and roared, reflecting the spotlights of our headlamps. Our goal was the hot tub, and the only way to reach it was by doing the dirtiest dangles possible, only those who truly knew the art of dirty dangling would succeed.

Luckily, we had our emotional support strap-on and plenty of gummy dicks to keep us calm and focused. Jonah looked down upon his watch; what time was it? Hot tub o'clock. He rushed to the hot tub, yearning for the water to envelope his cold, yet supple body; however, as he lifted the cover, he was shocked to see it filled to the brim with flamin' hot Cheetos. As the 14 children watered in awe, he turned the trip and diverted us SUOCers from the wave of HOT GLUTENOUS HOT TUB CHEETOS. However, that decision may have been made a bit... too late... The cheeto dust was already airborne. As the cheeto dust started to infest and envelop his lungs, he started to feel a change... His arms began to grow orange fur. His beard turned a rusty orange shade and, reaching up to his school bus-yellow cave helmet, he was shocked to find pointy ears sticking out the side. The hot tub then did something crazy, it blinked. Sad country music started to play from where else but the back of the hot tub. It had awakened.

First, some background information: hot tubs, fireplaces and other sources of heat are the energy sources of the universe, and this one had been awoken from a 69 year long slumber. Suddenly, two guys appeared hovering above the hot tub. Jonah had read about this, "You must be Jim and Chim: he uttered. Jum and Chim wrangled the hot tub into a chariot of immense power, using

knowledge that had been lost in the burning of the Library of Alexandria, as the SUOCers collected in the Magic Treehouse and prepared for a siege. Scampering backwards, Jonah stumbled up the stepping stones as the two-no-now four beings of immense power stalked toward him- Jim atop the cheeto dust monster and Chim perched on the now-very-seat-like cover of the hot tub creature. A great battle was about to commence. Jonah began a verbal assault, droning on and on about caves, to the point of verbal torture. The creatures covered their ears, driven back by the passionate onslaught of information about squeezes, drops and dirty dangles. Meanwhile the rest of the SUOCers were eating pizza, frozen tuna, and guac to boost their energy before rallying to fight the monsters.

Leading the battle was former SUOC president Steve Bova and his trusty sidekick Marty. They wrestled the monsters, wielding ice axes and gummy dicks. As the two sides clashed a cloud of gummy dicks and cheeto dust enveloped Jonah again, his consciousness began to fade, as he drifted away a being emerged above him. "Spectabulous!" rings out across the karst landscape as Orly Zuckerman, the last link in a barrel-of-monkeys-esque chain of SOUCers swings from the window of the Treehouse to snack Jonah from the jaws of a sloe orange cheero asphyxiation.

THE END

Jonah clenched blindly and wildly for the outstretched hand of whoever was at the bottom of the chain, hoping, PRAYING, that he would ont meet his powdery demise. With a loud "CLAP" his other hand found the forearm of a shadowy form in the window.

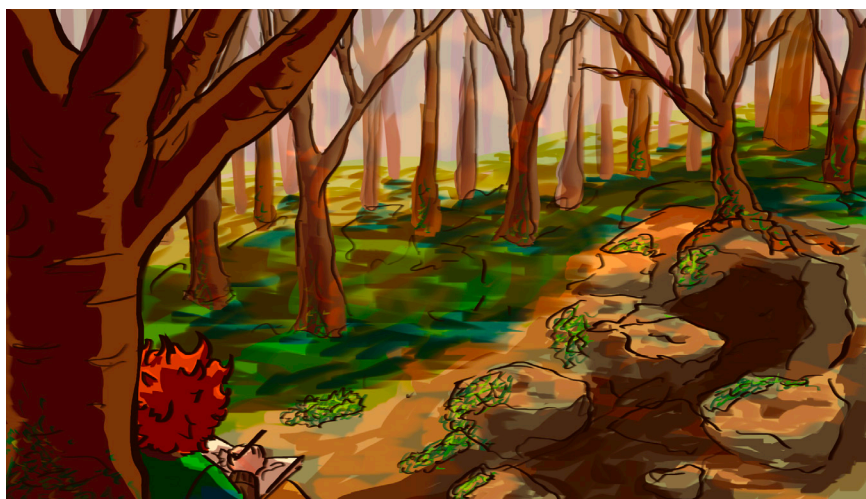
"Yuuuurt" yelled Cat (No last name) as she swang in on a rope to save the day. Using the power of the dirtiest dangle the world ever did see, the monsters were stopped in their tracks, and peace was restored to the Treehouse.

"Yah right old man" contested Jonah's fourteen children, as he told them this story by the campfire



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I WANT
YOUR ART
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Forest Doodles - Orly Zuckerman



Fire

fire is living proof of what energy looks like.
Its flames louder & brighter than any light.
But not as magical as the energy between humans.
That energy creeps up in an invisible cloak.
It takes forms like goosebumps or stomach fluttering butterflies.
It takes forms in peaceful candlelight or oven raging forest fires.
The heat of passion burns & fizzles,
But a heart(h) feeds & creates a home.

Dangerous to the touch but also warming from a distance
It doesn't stick around unless you stick to it...
Little twigs, medium kindling, and loaded logs to sustain.
Energy, it's a teamwork, a process, it is ever feeding.
Fire's energy is enchanting -- it plays a crackling siren

So when do you know when you've met those people
who light your fire?

Oh, you'll know because it'll feel like a perfect match.

(Omalina Wolfe)

Sustainability In Duality

Humans need to experience and explore
It is not enough to just see it -- we need more
Even upon finding “paradise”
Leaving in untouched will not suffice.

Being intelligent species
We still struggle to Leave No Feces

Indigenous and settler-colonial
We’ve lost listening and understanding between us all.
The consequence: poisoning nature.
can we get it together, or will there be no future?

We’ve forgotten that everything comes from mother
Humans, land, materials -- that’s her!
Population, real estate, capitalism -- oh sure!
Nature and humans have become such a blur.

The only way to mend it: moderation
But that... that takes a nation.

(Omalina Wolfe ft. Ella Swister)



Journal Entries Rumney, NH. 2025

May 6th, 2025

We're in Rumney! It's about 11pm and we're about to sleep. We opted to stay inside because it's raining-not very SUOC of us-but our tents are missing their ground tarps. College students make do!

The drive down was nice. I read and slept. We all chatted and laughed and made way too many 'Jim and Chim' jokes. Henry (dubbed HJ) laughed so hard he couldn't breathe. We had dinner with his family. They're awesome. HJ's mom made such an effort to include me in the family meal. There were vegan burgers and sides and sauces. That's what I love about outdoors people. They'll go to the ends of the Earth to make you feel like a part of everything.

May 7th, 2025

We are climbing at Jimmy Cliff today. Al is working on "beginning of all things." it's a 5.10a. It is also raining-apologies for the smudges. I'm feeling motivated to climb again. I came on this trip a little hesitant. I know next to nothing compared to these guys, but I guess that means I'll learn a whole lot. Every time I go on a SUOC trip I realize how much more there is for me to learn. About the activity, about the outdoors, about my friends, about myself. Everybody I meet in this club is so interesting and has such an admirable base of knowledge. It makes it easy to stick around.

I want to be a lifelong learner. I want to pursue and retain information and share it with people through experiences like Pete (HJ's father) has done. He's a wicked cool dude. I CAN be that. I AM that-just a young, 20-year-old version of it. I have my whole life to keep being that.

I just asked the Henry's if they have any advice for the future person who reads this entry. They say that if there is a kangaroo in water, you absolutely should not go near it. It'll try to drown you, according to them.

It's bedtime now. We had a nice dinner and chatted by the fire for what

must have been hours. I had a really nice conversation with HL today.

“You’re a good friend.”

“You too.”

“It’s hard to be mean to yourself outside. I think that’s why I like it so much.”

“I appreciate you.”

We sat and silently looked at Pete’s mountaineering books for a while after that. That was all that had to be said.

May 8th, 2025

Coming to you live from Parking lot wall. What a beautifully serene outdoor inspired name! Al and I are sitting on a rock while HL climbs a 5.8. I did my first mock lead today. That was cool. Scary too. “If you can’t get over the fear of it, do it scared” or whatever they say. Climbing outside has been the push I needed to get back out there. Real rocks rock.

Pete is rocking HL’s cowboy hat while belaying. A+ cool factor.

We went for a night hike to the top of rattlesnake mountain. We sat there in silence for a bit, arms around each other, looking down at the ‘city’ below. We saw a cop car chasing some dude. It was a weird and eerie reminder that coming down from the top of the mountain meant a re-entry into reality. We only get one more night here-away from the rush of life and the chaos of moving to wherever it is people go when the school year ends. Why can’t we stay?

May 9th, 2025

We got back this afternoon, and now it is time for me to unpack. I’m taking my posters down from the walls now. I’m going to miss these guys. My friends are adults - I’m an adult. We can’t sit and watch life happen from the top of a mountain forever, but I’ll sure as hell try to.



