

## Twist and Scout

NME puts **I Was A Cub Scout** to the test to reveal their true camping skills

Who better to offer advice on camping out at festivals this summer than William and Todd of *I Was A Cub Scout*? Frankly, with a name like that, they were asking for it. However, when we dump them in a Lincolnshire field with just a tent for company, it soon becomes apparent that they may have been overstating their case somewhat.

"There aren't any instructions."

protests Todd. That's OK - just use your natural Scout intuition, then. "I don't have any," wails William. As the latter struggles with yet another bent tent peg, he eventually admits, "I was only in the Scouts for a week." Uh-oh.

Fortunately help is at hand. Suspecting just such a scenario, NME has arranged for the Grantham 1st Scout Troop to swing by and save the day. Like the

human equivalent of a multi-purpose kitchen appliance, Scouts are a handy bunch to have around. William and Todd can only look on in awe as the troop's nubile fingers sashay from groundsheet to guy rope, whipping up a sturdy tent with minimal fuss in a matter of minutes.

Determined not to be upstaged, *I Was A Cub Scout* then reveal a secret weapon of their own: a spangly new self-erecting pop-up tent. The Scouts



Compared to NME's tent-pitching last year, William (left) and Todd's effort's not that bad actually

may have skill badges spanning the length of their arms, but they can't compete with a piece of canvas that transforms itself into a fully formed festival house in a mere *four seconds flat*.

Sitting pretty in their tent, William and Todd crack open the beers and reflect: "Tents are bastards to put up." Too right. If you can't stomach the challenge this summer, just bring a Scout along for the ride. Or failing that, save up for a pop-up tent. If you're really smart though, bring both - the tent will erect itself leaving the Scout free to serve you warm beer. Mmm, the taste of luxury.

### The Grantham 1st Scout Troop's essential camping DOs and DON'Ts

**DO** check you have all the parts of your tent before setting off. There's nothing worse than arriving onsite and having to wear your tent like a giant duvet because you forgot the pegs and poles.

**DON'T** pitch your tent on low ground. If it rains heavily, you'll be the first to drown.

**DO** make use of the guy ropes. And not just for the wind - use them to extend your territory.

**DON'T** pitch your tent on a slope. Booze-induced headaches are bad enough as it is, so at least prevent the one you'll get from sleeping with your head lower than your legs if you can.

**DO** check which way the wind is blowing before settling on your pitch. There's nothing worse than being woken by the travelling stench of the Portaloos.

**DON'T** leave any food outside your tent at night as the local wildlife will steal it. And there's few things more dispiriting than waking up and catching a goth scoffing your last Nutri-Grain bar.

