



# Lune Fiction

## Issue 10

20th December 2006

*Very Big In Brno*

*Lune: crescent, Part of Speech > noun. Definition: curve. Synonyms: bow, concave, convex, demi lune, half-moon, horned moon, lune, meniscus, new moon, old moon, sickle. (Roget's New Millennium Thesaurus 1st Edition 2005)*

*Fiction: Part of Speech > noun Definition: Story. Synonyms: anecdote, banana oil, clothesline, cock-and-bull story, concoction, crock, fable, fabrication, falsehood, fancy, fantasy, fib, hooley, imagination, improvisation, jazz, legend, lie, misrepresentation, myth, novel, romance, smoke, tale, tall story, whopper, yarn (Roget's New Millennium Thesaurus 1st Edition 2005)*

## Lune Fiction

### Issue 10

**Editor:** Humble Sam

**Co-Editors:** Helen Gallagher, Ivy Pontefract & The Little Drummer Boy

**Pictures:** John William Montgomery de Bas (*Landmarks Of Lancaster*)  
*Published by Humble Texts*

**Contributions:** Mollie Baxter, Leo Davies, Zoltana Houghton, Catherine Moore-Bick, Elizabeth Perry, JM de Vrind & Ken Walton

Comments, contributions and all that jazz can be sent via our website

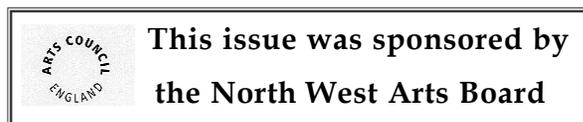
All letters sent to us will be published. Usually.

NB The Great Brock In The Sky is almighty (and Humble Sam is his prophet)

**Hail Abraxas**

ISSN 1754-7172

*Next Issue will be out February 2007*





*Conditions Of Sale:*

Hey! Guess what? Yes, I have to mention that this magazine has been published subject to the condition that it shall not, in any way whatsoever, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this edition being imposed on the subsequent reader.

All stories, articles and letters are copyright (©) of the authors. The same goes for the pictures and the design.

Now I bet you weren't expecting me to say that.

PS The views expressed here are the views of some nutter I know. However, I'm not revealing his name, number and address, as he happens to be a very, very violent person. (Will this do Frank?)

**Contents**

Editorial

Letter To The Editor

Moon Potatoes Case Opens

Northbound Again

Famous Lancasterians: Jonathan Thompson Of Lancaster

50p for the Aquarium

Fawley

The Carcass of War

Mr & Mrs Snailpod (A Tale Of True Love)

Nine Lives Lost

Flash Essay, Death: The Final Frontier

**Editorial**

Hi there,

Yes, it's me again, Humble Sam.

While busy staring at my eye-lids and contemplating the windmills of my mind the other day, I realised that life is not as it seems, especially here in Lancaster.

Call me super-sophisticated, but Morecambe is a dump and Lancaster's pretence at being better is somewhat false. Lancaster is full of ignoramuses who cannot tell their elbows from their arses.

But, I suppose, the whole of the North-West and the rest of Britain is like that. Luckily, there are people such as me, Humble Sam, and readers like you, Intellectual Anonymous. So, let us embrace each other, get off our



elbows and reach for a shot gun as regards the others.  
These are the things I think about while frolicking in the  
straw of my pen.

Good Bike,



*Humble Sam*

### **Letter To The Editor**

Sir,

I am writing to you as I would like to share my experience  
of being in a demanding yet loving relationship. I have  
taken pen to paper and written down what mostly occurs  
in such a connection.

'It ain't easy' as some readers may say but I think it is  
worth the while to be in an exasperating relationship.

And so...

If you and your partner argue a lot, here's how to have a  
damn good ding-dong that clears the air and not damages  
the relationship.

Arguments happen between even the happiest and best-  
suited couples. And so they should. They are inevitable  
and essential. No one gets on perfectly 100% of the time  
and there is nothing like a good row to clear the air and let  
off steam. However, unless you are careful a little spat can  
escalate into Armageddon. Here are a few pointers on how  
to have a ding-dong without ending your relationship.

#### *1. Don't lose your temper*

If the Roy Keane in you starts to surface, agree with your  
partner that you are going to take a five-minute break. Go  
into another room. If you need more time, tell him and  
take it.

#### *2. Personal insults won't help*

Even if you do think he is a total wanker at that moment,



yelling it at him is hardly going to further your cause. Don't give into the temptation to non-specifically roast him.

*3. Stay focused on what you are arguing about*

It is all too easy to fall into the 'and another thing' trap and end up arguing about everything he has ever done to annoy you, rather than whatever it was that sparked it off.

*4. 'Always' and 'never' are almost never true*

Don't say 'You always do this' if he has done whatever it is twice. Equally, don't accuse him of never doing something, if what you really mean is 'I really needed you to do this thing then and you didn't'. Force yourself to stay specific.

*5. Don't say 'I hate you'*

No matter how angry or hurt you get, don't say something if you don't mean it. Do say 'I hate what you are doing/saying/how this is making me feel', but don't declare hatred in the heat of the moment.

*6. Alcohol and arguing*

Do not get into a fight after one (or both) of you has had a skin full. You will probably say things you don't mean and you may not be able to remember them later. Avoid getting into drunken spats even if it means playing sleepy or going mute.

*7. Don't go global*

Two and two do not make 26 and there is no sense in blowing something out of proportion. Don't let anger lead you to delivering ultimatums or pronouncing your relationship dead. Whatever it's about, one fight shouldn't spell the end, so don't allow yourself to exaggerate the importance of an incident or a comment.

*8. Don't interrupt*

If you don't want to be interrupted, don't interrupt. If you don't want to be shouted at, don't raise your voice. (A good technique to get someone to lower his or her voice is to speak quietly. The more they shout, the more quietly you speak.) Try to be patient, tolerant and to put yourself in his shoes. If you don't, you can't expect him to try either.

*9. Don't end up arguing about arguing*

After you have laid some of the ground rules about argu-



ing, don't give in to sniping at his technique. It doesn't matter who interrupted whom or who started shouting first, whatever destructive behaviour you are indulging in, stop it.

*10. Say sorry*

Even if you don't think you were at fault for causing the row, you are bound to have done or said something in the run up to, or course of which, that you regret. Apologise for it specifically. The words 'I'm sorry' have a magical effect on a guilty conscience and you may well get the apology you think you deserve. Don't apologise for anything that you really aren't sorry about and don't say 'Sorry, but...' Not unless you want World War III.

*11. Making up*

The best part of falling out is making up. Yep, it's a cliché but it's true. Make up properly, reconfirm your love for each other and cuddle.

Is arguing a healthy part of a relationship? Yes, I think so.  
God Bless,  
Samantha Humble

**Moon Potatoes Case Opens**

The long-awaited "Moon Potatoes" libel case, between Fox TV and a group of top scientists and astronauts, opens at the Supreme Court in Washington today.

On May 21 last year, Fox TV aired "A Long Way to Nowhere", a documentary which poured scorn on the Apollo lunar landings, and made the case for the cancellation of NASA's current plans to send astronauts back to the moon. In one of the scenes, geologist-astronaut Harrison Schmitt was seen digging a number of small, round nodules out of the loose moondust. The voice-over said

"On December 11, 1972, Schmitt found three and a half pounds of small potatoes beneath the lunar surface. Not much recompense for a program costing \$135 billion."

The following day, a letter appeared in the New York Times, signed by twenty-five eminent scientists and astronauts. In part it stated

"No potatoes were ever found on the moon, either by Apollo 17 or any other mission, manned or unmanned. For



Fox TV to claim such a thing is to severely distort scientific facts for the sake of scoring cheap political points. The journalistic integrity of Fox TV has reached an all-time low."

It wasn't long before Fox replied -- with a lawsuit. A spokesman for Fox TV stated "This attack on the integrity of our journalists cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. Journalism is not about accuracy, but about believability; not about facts, but about the truth we wish to tell. We will see these so-called scientists in court."

The case is expected to last up to a year.

(Based on a dream by Ken Walton. All quotes directly from my unconscious.)

### **Northbound Again**

Slewins Lane (Bye Mum)

|

Romford Station (See ya Dad)

|

Stratford (Onto the Tube)

|

Tottenham Court Road (Mind the gap!)

|

Euston (Change for the North)

|

Lancaster (Via Watford Junction, Milton Keynes, Rugby, Crewe, Wigan (North Western) & Preston)

|

The George & Dragon (just a quick one or three)

|

Regent Street (Home at last)

|

Bath, Bed & Spaced Out Bliss

### **Famous Lancastrians: Jonathan Thompson Of Lancaster**

His father was Johanus Thompson who was a popular philanderer in Lancaster and his grandfather, Jakob Tonberg (aka Der Grosser Schlang), was also a bit of a perv. Thomas' father Johanus was orphaned at the age of 12 (something to do with syphilis).

Jonathan Thompson was educated at the Old Girls' Grammar School and articed afterwards to Olde 'Arry





Gregson of the firm Gregson, Gregson, and Gregson, Son of Grigori & Gregson. J. Thompson practised law, Tai Chi and sodomy in Market Street (Lancaster, Lancashire) for 50 years. He was also berk to the Borough magistrates for several years. Jon Thompson eventually became the founder of and the senior partner in the firm Thompson, Thompson, Thompson & Thompson (and Thompson). The other senior partner was Timothy 'Timmy' Timothy.

Many people in Lancaster knew Jonathan Thompson and would often touch him. Gently. He had a kindliness of spirit, for Jonathan was a drunken clown and played up for the sake of others. Legend had it he worked for the devil. A great political man, a colossal drunk, a philanthropist and a bit of a wide boy, he wrote many exciting tracts on sexual deviation and dolphins.

However, he was a devoutly religious kind of guy and he helped spiritual organisations such as the Conservative Party. For many years he paid summer visits to the Isle Of Dogs. The everyday life of the plebs on the island found an interest in him. Never before had they come across such a profound & profane man. When on the Isle Of Dogs, Thompson held bible classes and young ladies' hands. He died of the clap on the island in September 2001, a naughty man's odyssey, and he is buried there. Forever. Thank God. Freak! There is a monument to him on Moor Lane in Lancaster.

*Zoltana Houghton © The Local Lancastrian Amateur Historical Society For Beginners (Honorary President Ben Wallace)*

### **50p For The Aquarium**

There was a group of kids on the railway bridge. Some were perched on the railings and some were fooling around, stepping back onto the pavement at the last minute to let the cars past by.

They saw a man in a long coat approaching. His shoulders were pinched and his Adam's apple was ridged. They watched him jerk about as he walked. He was a spasm of head and shoulders. They saw the muddy tails of his coat flap with each step and they noticed the way he didn't look at them.

The girls looked at the boys to see what they were going to do. They sat in silence.





The man walked past the boys built like bean stalks and the girls with hair pulled back so tight their eyes were bulging. His hand was deep in his pocket, wrapped around the hard metal of a coin. He'd found fifty pence on the tarmac, just lying there amidst the dust.

It cost 50p to get into the aquarium.

\*

Before the darkness and the humming, there was the smell: a teeming, acidic, fabricated scent. It hung around the top of the stairs and grew thicker with each step down as the light changed: fluorescent & tinted; green, red, yellow & blue. The light never pushed too far into the darkness. The darkness was heavy with the weight of water that pushed the light back.

The lights bulbs were in secret conversation. The new ones hummed and the old ones scratched. Sometimes, certain curators played music: synthesised padding as marine ambience, plucked strings to simulate underwater life. It was a sound held close by low ceilings and narrow spaces. The man was pleased to find no music on. There was just the hum of the lights, the distant noise of people upstairs and water with air against glass.

The tanks lined the walls, two abreast. Back-lit rectangles reflected their contents at skewed angles. He bent down and peered into a tank.

A cluster of small, metallic fish regarded him with black eyes. *Hemigrammus erythrozonus*, he read, Glowlight Tetra. The fish were sinking and rising with their backs to the filter.

He moved on, saw Hatchetfish and Headstanders and eventually his favourites, the Pencilfish. They were slender, swift movers with stumpy noses. They darted round corners, their numbers changed as the light multiplied them and the shadows hid them. He watched for a long time, his pointy jaw softening. His eyes met his reflection and he smiled. His face was bleached by fluorescent light. A young girl was watching him. When he turned round, his eyes met hers before he realised she was there. She was plump with a hard face. Her wispy fair hair was twirled at the sides and pinned above her ears with rainbow clips. Her right arm was held above her. She and her sister, less plump but also fair, were being shown round the aquari-





um by their father. The sister had her face up to a tank of Angelfish and was breathing a cloud on the glass. The other girl, though, was staring at him. His shoulders spasmed and the girl didn't blink. He swallowed and moved off, passing on into the saltwater section.

The light was darker here. And there was no sound from outside. The acidic smell was thicker and everything took on a green murk. The man looked at a tank of seahorses riding through forest of kelp. He saw a half-full tank, a king crab on a rock out of the water, with dozens of smaller crabs scattered around him. There was a glaze, a bit like oil, on the water's surface. He saw a single solitary fish alone in a tank. It was large and had spines running from its mouth and brows. Its scales had spots on them. When it fanned its fins the sand in the tank whisked up. He looked at it for a long time. Its eyes seemed dull apart from a glimmer of something, something he recognised from the boys on the bridge. His shoulder tapped out a message in Morse code.

Down the corridor, the plump girl and her entourage were advancing. He could hear the sister's chatter coming from around the corner. He moved on and found himself at a single tank, larger than the rest. He peered closely. A small shark perhaps? An octopus? But, apart from a few pieces of lettuce going mouldy and a pile of rocks to one side, the tank was empty. Frowning, he bent down and focused his gaze. There was something on the surface of the glass. It was a chip, like something pointed had struck it but not broken through. He lifted his finger and felt it. A crack, the length of a thumbnail, drew away from the chip.

There was a tiny ping, so low that at first he thought he imagined it. But then it came again. He drew his hand away quickly, but now he could see a hairline running away. Ping! And a branchline appeared in white. He pulled his neck back. Tac! Tac, tac! And the cracks joined into a network, running together and then away. The glass squeaked like it was made of ice and then, like someone letting out a long-held breath, it blew open. Silty water poured over him, pushing shards of glass in its wake. There was a sudden stab of the acidic water-stink, then it filled his lungs.

\*





The girls and their father worked their way past the salt water tanks. They were disappointed there were no baby whales, but they liked the seahorses. When they reached the final tank the father said, 'Now, what's in this big one? A whale perhaps?'

The slim girl pressed her nose up against the glass and breathed out a cloud. She pulled back and her splayed fingers rubbed the film away.

'Is that a whale?'

The father shook his head. 'No, just another fish.'

The sister looked for a while then turned away. 'I'm going back to the seahorses.'

She ran off and her father followed at a slower pace, leaving the girl with the rainbow clips at the tank. She stared closely at the animal that wasn't a whale. It swam off to hide in its rocks. It was long and thin and muddy-coloured and didn't seem to like to be looked at.

She leaned in close and the tip of her nose touched the glass. The fish, now very still, watched her. Its gills twitched.

### Fawley

For many, the prospect of an increasingly older population is both daunting and disturbing. But Professor Louis Fawley of the University of Central Lanarkshire has come up with a possible solution to the propagation of the over 60s: recycling old people economically (ROPE).

"It's very simple", says Prof. L. Fawley, "Everyone who reaches pension age will be terminated.

But the elderly won't die in vain, for their body parts will be used for the good of mankind.

The organs will be used for scientific research, the bones to make industrial glue and the flesh to produce sweet meats for American tourists. The rest - hair, nails, etc. - will be fed to domestic animals, as it is much more nutritious than shit".

Critics are already arguing that the elderly and those in their late fifties will be outraged should politicians take this plan seriously. But as several experts have pointed out, the problems pension funding and over-population pose could thus be eliminated. Indeed, treasuries all over the world will be able to save billions of pounds and the





global population would be reduced by a fourth.

Or something like that.

Louis "Lulu" Fawley, an inconspicuous young man who likes to wear drag, disclosed his plans after the police were forced to realise that a large number of residents at the retirement settlement near Lulu's hovel had vanished into thin air.

"Rubbish", says Chief Inspector J. Livesey of Not-so-new Scotland Yard, "it was a large vat of nitric acid".

The University of Central Lanarkshire (formerly Celtic Polytechnic) is currently in the process of sacking Prof. Fawley, a revisionist and collector of Nazi memorabilia. Legal procedures will soon start against him. "Research into the extermination of the elderly is all very nice", said a University spokesperson, "but most deans in Britain are over eighty".

The police refused to comment but a civil servant at the home office revealed that it "just isn't cricket".

I phoned Professor Fawley at his home last night but was told that Lulu wasn't available for comment. "He's fled to Australia where people are more open-minded about this sort of thing", said Fawley's personal secretary and companion, former Miss Yorkshire turned boxer Lizzy Finn. Louis Fawley is a former client of Lancaster Moor Psychiatric Hospital.

*Comment: We say, give them rope!*

### **The Carcass of War**

I walk through the carnage and, as the stench of rotting flesh hits my nostrils, I am nearly sick. The emaciated corpses of men, women and children litter the ground, and a silence pervades the area. A silence broken only by the buzzing of flies, gorging themselves on their soulless prey. For there are no souls here, not even mine. All have fled, brutally killed before the bodies which enshrined them were, and mine too has died, unable to witness this. My mind weeps for the absence of God and the destruction of Man.

Suddenly a soft whimpering assails my ears. It is the sound of raw agony, and, although my senses are diminished, numbed into lifelessness, it slices my heart. Huddled by the bloodstained execution wall stands a





child. She is as thin and frail as her pale shadow cast on the wall behind her by the watery morning sun. Her protruding eyes wander listlessly over her surroundings and her face is contorted with terror. Convulsions of fear dominate her body and her naked, bleeding feet shift constantly over the dust.

Quietly I approach her. I cannot control my emotions, so tears run down my cheeks and my arms open to embrace her. But she no longer understands this gesture, and is unable to see the compassion that radiates out from my every limb. And now, kneeling here in the dust, yearning to comfort this child, yet unable to, I realise the full horror of war. We destroy more souls than bodies. And with this realisation, I pray.

### **Mr & Mrs Snailpod (A Tale Of True Love)**

#### *The Setting:*

Mr & Mrs Snailpod had been married for forty-seven years now and were still madly in love.

#### *The Inevitable Complications:*

However Mr Snailpod was dead and Mrs Snailpod was a piece of cloth.

#### *Drama!*

When things were bad, Mr Snailpod would sulk in his coffin and Mrs Snailpod would be wet. And things had been bad since Mrs Snailpod had outed herself as a 'non-practising lesbian'.

#### *Yes folks, it's the Climax:*

One day, after Mrs Snailpod had listened to 'Candle In My Wind' once too often, Mr Snailpod decided to emigrate to Brittany. Mrs Snailpod said she couldn't care less. He did and so did she.

#### *And finally... the grand Finale!*

And so Mr Snailpod resides in a grave in la France and Mrs Snailpod hangs out on the washing board.

How awfully civilised.

#### *The End*

### **Nine Lives Lost**

From the roadside I heard the screech, the slither, the



thud. In slow motion you curved an arc through the air. Your body twitched and writhed, as a myriad of nerve ends failed to connect, performing the spontaneous dance of death in the glare of the headlights.

### Flash Essay, Death: The Final Frontier

Death is the final frontier.

We know nothing as to what happens when we die. Where do we go to? What becomes of us? When does our spirit re-emerge? Does our spirit re-emerge at all? Who do we become, if we become anything at all?

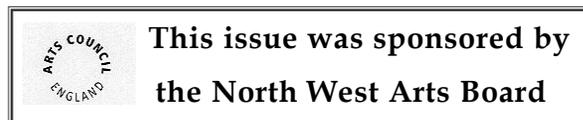
We do not know what happens to us when we die. We assume a lot of things about life on Earth. We assume that there is life on other planets. The scientific possibility is there, although the probability is so small we would be better off assuming that we are alone in the universe (one could argue that the universe was created so that only man would be able to perceive it). Is there paradise in the after-life? Are we reborn? We do not know. Space travel, even time travel may be possible, but to know what happens after life appears to be impossible.

Yes, there have been incidents where people died and returned, telling tales of a 'white light' and 'long tunnel'. Yes, there have been occasions where people have heard the dead speaking to them over the wireless or other media. But can these claims be upheld? No, they cannot. We do not know what happens to us after death. There is only belief. Nothing else.

Death is the final frontier. We do not know what happens to us after we die. Perhaps there is an after-life; perhaps there isn't. Perhaps we are reborn some way or another; perhaps we are not.

Death. What comes after it?

*finis*



This issue was sponsored by  
the North West Arts Board

