



# Lune Fiction

## Issue 11



9th February 2007

*Just Do It!*

*Lune: noun. Spoon without a handle. As used in the olden days when rationing forced manufacturers to be 'resourceful'. (Humble Sam's Dictionary Of Trivial Yet Interesting Things, 2006)*

*Fiction: noun. The sensation one gets when grazing oneself on a fig. (Humble Sam's Dictionary Of Fact & Friction, 2007)*

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### Issue 11

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Comments, donations, cheeky or saucy letters (both past & present), badgers, Socrates' actual thoughts, our missing lynx and contributions can be sent via our website.

All letters sent to us will be published. Maybe.

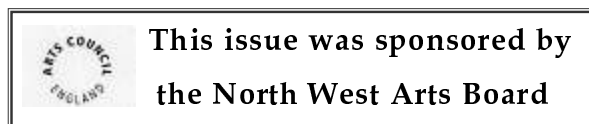
*NB Many thanx to the Big Gal in the Sky (and Willie & The Poor Boys)*

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**Enkidu, Enkidu, Enkidu; We love Enkidu!**

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I don't want to frighten you but I've got nothing to say about fish or pigs. But there is an aerodynamic sculpture about in this issue.

And now on with music (so to speak).



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## Editorial

Hello, hello; welcome to my horror show. Yes, hello, hello; welcome to my horror show.

My fellow droogs, this is it, the new edition of Lune Fiction, Lancaster's premier (and only) literary magazine. For want of something better to write about (the war in Iraq, my various and many lovers, the invasion of the Martians), I have chosen to write about the demarcation of flash fiction. Who cares if the Martians blow up our cities with their heat ray?

As I have been continuously mentioning throughout the annals of LF, there are many and varied descriptions of sudden prose, blitz stories and so on. But it has occurred to me that there is only ONE sound and secure definition of flash fiction: It is shorter than normal stories and it is precise and straight to the point. Ha! Apart from that, I now know that I know nothing.

Sadly, this collection of minimalist literature doesn't really live up to the above definition. That is the way of the world. These things happen. As Emperor Joseph II would say; "There it is". I like to keep it that way.

So leave your milk drinks at the bar and get stuck into this mag.



*Humble Sam*

PS And if anyone (an avid reader of Lune Fiction, someone who hates this magazine, one of my acolytes or even one of my superiors) asks me again what flash fiction is, I swear to God, I'll make all badgers (and Susie Q) suffer.



## Letter To The Editor

Sir or Madam,

It is all very well for the LGB (Lesbian, Gay & Bi-Sexual) society to accept transsexuals, but what I would like to know is when will us tri-sexuals (women, sheep and pumpkins) be welcomed into the fold.

Yes, when will we be accepted as an integral (& important) part of society, for it is only a question of time until the people recognise our needs and desires.

Sincerely yours,

Markeys de Sahde

STOP PRESS

*The Earl of Sandwich is to break away from the LGB to form his own group, the BLT.*

*'Bacon, lettuce and tomato are compulsory', he says.*

Humble Sam

## Theresa

In Lancaster, a fine city in the north of England, famous for its castle and notorious for its courts and asylums, there are several public houses frequented by visitors from all over the country but, due to the law of the land, no brothels are to be found, for, in this beautiful city, there is no room for shenanigans of that kind. The council, the people and the police like to keep it that way.

However, as seems to be the case in such circumstances, everyone is well informed that Theresa exists.

She publicises herself weekly. And, as would be the case, which can be more often than not, if your little lady don't wanna love you, then one should praise the lord, that Theresa exists.

Yes, down at the quay-side, under street lamps and in dark corners, the whores are bored-stiff with hanging around. Outside the grand hotel, the ladies of the night are starting to drop their prices. For Theresa has got a mobile and, of course, I too have her number. 0717 656 789 is busy throughout the entire night, for when your desire gets the better of you, simply dial Theresa's number.

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Praise the lord, that Theresa exists.

### **Raymond**

All my friends are spastics. Both sexually and mentally. All my friends should be locked up. You should hear the rhythm of their wailing.

I'm running around the room in a demented way, as everything's an interesting shade of purple. I'm thinking in a lateral manner.

Raymond, please save me from circumstances. Raymond, eat me up and spit me out a reformed man.

Here I am banging my head with a brick and on the wall, for hear me ranting and raving "Come and get them please".

Run rabbit run, over the hills and further still. Away from memory lane and into the depths of your mind.

Friendship is something terribly dull: it's a luxury I can do without. Love is all very nice: it's a luxury I can't afford.

Raymond, deliver me from the elements to the post office. Everything should turn a new shade of grey. All come together and resound. I'm skidding along the y-marks. Suck me empty and fill me up a reborn man

Raymond.

### **Cold**

Cold, I ate jacket potatoes after school in November.

Now, we agree, politely, to part and eat jacket potatoes in silence.





## Fire

Fucking hell, she was on heat, I can tell you. Roman candles whizzing in her eyes, forest fires jumping out of her mouth and firemen assaulting the fumes pouring from her ears. She even forgot that cat of hers for five minutes. Hubby had gone to LA for a week and the kids were at school: it was just me and her alone. No explanations, no apologies. Just blissful sex for five days. Wow, it was great being the lodger.

Of course (and why shouldn't it be otherwise?) it all came to an end. Her husband returned, the children were back for the weekend and I was put into my place. The fire was gone and an icy voice said: "Could I have the rent please, Mr. Houghton? Two weeks? Thank you very much." Actually, she was sincere about the rent. But I still wanted to set her family on fire. Something to do, I suppose.

I didn't get on with them afterwards. It even came to blows between me and Mr. Jones. He thought I was looking at his wife with a glimmer in my eyes; I thought he was provoking me. Stoking up my heart's desire, if you see what I mean?

Fucking hell, she was on heat when he wasn't around. I tried to kill the flames and left abruptly. Women provoke a fierce fire in men.

Sadly, they don't know how to extinguish it.

*Feb 2007*

## Fair's Fair

I was out shopping with my friend in Manchester when this bloke lunged in to me, took my wallet and ran.

Next thing I knew he'd spent £500 on my credit card. Quick work.

When I went to report it, the constable said: "hang on, son: you're a twenty year old lad with a baseball cap. You must have committed the crime".

I showed him the bruise on my arm.

"Been getting into fights as well, have we?"

I took my leave.

"Have you all locked up if it were me," he called.

When I got home, my bank called to say they suspected me





of fraud.

I decided to save time and arrest myself: I accompanied myself to my local police station where I was charged with wasting police time.

### **Bitchy**

Shilpa's job was steady. Her boyfriend was ok. Her idea of fun was 6 vodka OJ's on a Saturday night. She laughed at weirdos. Karma did a double take and decided not to bother.



### **The Fart**

Lars, a young research graduate from Glasgow, felt faint. How much longer could this last?

His eyes watered, his innards felt tense and his rectum had to keep a stiff upper lip.

His aunt offered him another stale biscuit and proceeded to talk about the tribes of the Kalahari Desert.

Lars grimaced. He just couldn't take it anymore. He had to set it free.

Lars farted loudly and relaxed.

His aunt's parrot blushed, fleas jumped off the sofa and Snuggles the cat bolted out into the backyard.

His auntie didn't mind. She never did.

*Originally published June 2002 as hardcopy*



### **Equilibeerum**

As the beer went down, the world looked up.

It was a divine dance.

As co-ordination left, a new grace was discovered.

It was poetry.

As vision blurred, a new perspective slid forward.

It was the floor.

*Originally published June 2002 as hardcopy*



### **Your Last Alton Towers' Ride**

I loved Oblivion; but this, he promised, was better. Anticipation flooded as our car began agonisingly rising. Reaching the top, he squeezed my hand; we slipped over the edge, speeding downwards.





Black-out – Ride-Over.  
 Later, I overheard...  
 ‘Way over legal limit.’  
 ‘Joy-riding?’  
 ‘No... just showing off.’  
 ‘Does she know he’s dead?’



**Reverend**



It wasn’t noticed at first. The vicar had grown a little larger, of course, and perhaps a little shorter, but who doesn’t, especially with hospitality a perk of the job. His parishioners, mainly elderly women, were shrinking too. Osteoporosis was not a plight understood in their youth. No-one had taken deliberate, preventative action. Though a few had carried weight throughout the years, and thus were spared.



Miss Kathleen Ray, had not. Stooped and thin, she had noticed that the Rev. Black was pouring his tea much milkier than before. When stronger stuff was favoured at the village hall after family service, she saw that he’d managed to mislay his cup and saucer. She’d thought it rather touching, that his taste had changed and he didn’t want to hurt the feelings of his flock. A preference for sweet, milky things is not unusual amongst the old. In fact it was rather to be expected; a treat held back from war time austerity. Ration habits die hard; one always wanted to guard against harder times ahead.



Like his tendency to collect odd balls of string; even to play with them whilst thinking. No-one questioned the Rev. Black when he started to bring his bits of string into church.



His voice, of course, was changing, too, as older voices do. His brows were shaggier, but unlike some men, his hair was even more vulpine than in his youth. He was still a handsome man, they said. But on Saturday his nose seemed wider, and there was something odd about his eyes. He’d taken to wearing soft white gloves. One rumour, his housekeeper confirmed, blamed a childhood eczema, now returned.



On Sunday his congregation slowly woke to see their emperor's new clothes. No cassock, nor surplus, nor sea-





sonal cape, proceeded behind the choir. Instead, having washed behind his ears, and trapped a mouse in the vestry, a fine black cat sashayed across the tiles, dropped his order of service - and yowled.

The curate hurriedly picked him up and passed him on to Kathleen Ray, where the Rev. Cat sat throughout the service plucking at her bony knees, and purring reverentially.



### Lydia

Lydia was spoiled. Her mother allowed her to ride around on the vacuum cleaner as a child. Unsurprisingly, she grew up to be someone who did what she wanted when she wanted. So no one batted an eyelid, when she divorced her first husband, John, to marry Frederick Palmer, the owner of an Accrington brush company, when she was forty and he was seventy.

Shortly after Cedric's demise, Lydia had Paul, a DIY enthusiast, move in. A few months later, she threw him out, but not before she'd had the patio done.


She now lives alone with her five hoovers. To her credit, she does the housework every day.



### Recall

Blyton's Secret Seven and the four musketeers agreed to throw three coins in a fountain and make a wish to sail the Seven Seas. At the cash-point Bobo sank in the new digits. Seven. Four. Three. Seven. The PIN goes unrecognised.





Was it the Secret Seven or the Famous Five that had made the pact?

### Flash Essay: Britain & The Germans

Britain's current feelings and reactions to the outside world is not dissimilar to Germany's state of mind in the 1930's. Just as Germany was coping with the aftermath of World War 1 and the depression after the Wall Street Crash by reacting against everything allegedly 'alien' and 'Non-German', Britain is still struggling to find itself by, more often than not, using its most base characteristics (ignorance, fear, hatred) as a common denominator. Just like Germany in the 30's, Britain is now an unjust, unfair and divided society which promotes the strong over the vulnerable, a situation created not just by the loss of empire but also the Thatcherite revolution of the '80s and '90s. We shouldn't forget that Germany had a long and honourable tradition of liberalism and, like Britain, never cared much for consequential absolutism. However, despite these promising traits, it did become history's greatest totalitarian state.

So far...

Another interesting point, is that when Britain deals with its past, it tends to ignore certain occurrences, unlike Germany where people like the former German chancellor Willy Brandt kneel down before the statue of the unknown soldier in Warsaw and ask the Poles for forgiveness. Can one imagine a British prime minister committing a similar deed in Dublin and asking the Irish for forgiveness? I think not.

Unlike other countries involved in the axis powers, such as Italy and especially Austria, Germany has dealt pretty efficiently with its hideous past and has become a fairly liberal and open-minded society with a democracy which is far more representative and less centralised than France or Britain.

We could learn a lot from Germany in terms of dealing with one's past, understanding one's present position in the world and how to have a fair & democratic society.

Alternatively, we could make the same mistakes and learn the hard way.



## Unhappy Hour


It was unhappy hour in the dim pub, a miserable table even with a window behind him, and Eric was drinking alone. A clock ticked and he could not recall having heard it kick the seconds away before, no way was he going to embarrass himself by asking the passing landlord where it hung. Besides, dwelling on the difference in a few days called on more important questions needing answers. Those who thought they knew him might have been shocked that a hack like him could be so down in the dumps three days on. But that was exactly the point to his moroseness. It was Thursday and he was back in this fucking place with a handful of Cockney soaks excitable only about their next drink or the fall of the arrows on the dartboard. On Monday his name was on the tabloid front page, a by-line that shook the country, the headline expected to change the way the country thought about the Commonwealth. It shook them on Monday, shook them a little more on Tuesday this time on page two but was no more than a minor distraction from the tits on Wednesday. Then came Thursday.



## Involved

I joined The Guides. I said I wanted to get involved. The Head Guide muttered, "I'll get you involved all right". I didn't go back.





## English For Beginners: Lesson 4

*We are at the vet's surgery with the remains of Family Barraclough*

- 1) William: What's up?
- 2) Mr Barraclough: I am afraid it is very serious, William!
- 3) William: Why is that, Daddy?
- 4) Mr Barraclough: I am afraid your sister's youngest guinea pig has rabies.
- 5) William: You mean...?
- 6) Mr Barraclough: Yes, William, he has to be put down.

*Germaine is inside with the vet*

- 7) Germaine: You have committed the deed
- 8) Dr. Von Dupont: Yes, I have committed the deed.
- 9) Germaine: And it went well?
- 10) Dr Von Dupont: Yes, it went well.
- 11) Germaine: Good.
- 12) Dr Von Dupont: Yes, good. I smashed the little blighter's brain out with a sledge hammer.

*Outside the surgery*

- 13) Mr Barraclough: How did it go?
- 14) Germaine: It went well. Mousey is dead.
- 15) William: No, Mousey is dead.
- 16) Germaine: Yes, Mousey is dead.
- 17) Mr Barraclough: Yes, that is life, my son.
- 18) William: It is not fair!
- 19) Mr Barraclough: Well William, life isn't fair. It's a bitch and then you die.

### Ada

'...a deep sleep,' repeats the weary Doctor.  
After long minutes, Ada's eyes finally glaze.  
A thud.

Ada's eyes snap back into focus.

The doctor glares at the parrot snoring on the cage floor.

### The Search Party

The dog crashed through the grass in approximate figure of eights as the old man separated blades with his foot, bending occasionally to sever more stubborn clumps in his



eager inspection. He stood erect again without that which he sought. One of the four young boys watching asked of the item lost, but the man would respond only that it was nothing, though his repeated return to the same square yard of overgrown ground suggested otherwise. Thirty minutes spent in the hunt, the elderly fellow whistled for his dog and the two left. The four boys immediately set upon the patch of land, kicking up sods and digging in. The twanging skeleton of a mattress made the ground springy, spiteful and awkward. They argued shares in the treasure when found, once uncovered. When one boy located a cigar-shaped dog chew he cast into a bush and the four resumed their search for treasure.



**Diary From The Diapers**

Monday: Filled steam iron with sand. Tuesday: Crayoned shapes on wallpaper. Wednesday: Shampooed the dog in ketchup. Thursday: Buried music discs in the garden (like Caesar). Friday: Talcum powdered the curtains. Saturday: Poured orange juice into the wicker basket. Sunday: Mummy was with me every minute.



**Raymond Meets Aargh**

Gimme lust, gimme hell, send me to bed. Bring me a god. Take the Z-Train, I'm gonna kill away. Let it all come down and crack the golden dawn. Darling, meet thy end





## English For Beginners: Lesson 5

*We are at home with Family Barraclough, outside the house.*

- 1) Germaine: I have period pains. I hate our father.
- 2) William: I hate our father. I have acne.
- 3) Germaine: Let us tell the police what he did to our mother.
- 4) William: Yes, let us tell the police what the bastard did.
- 5) Germaine: But how?
- 6) William: Yes, but how?
- 7) Germaine: I know. You tell them.

*Inside the house*

- 8) Mr Barraclough: William, what are you doing?
- 9) William: Dear Father, I have told the police you murdered our mother.
- 10) Mr Barraclough: She was both your mother but only you are my child.
- 11) William: What?
- 12) Germaine: Yes, what?
- 13) Mr Barraclough: Yes, Germaine, you are not my daughter. I'm afraid I have to kill you too.

*Later on*

- 14) Police Man 1: The young man killed his sister and then made his father kill himself.
- 15) Police Man 2: Yes, and we have made him also confess to killing his mother.
- 16) Sergeant: I see.
- 17) Police Man 1: We believe he was also Jack The Ripper in a previous life.
- 18) Police Man 2: And he may have been responsible for the destruction of the World Trade Centre.
- 19) Sergeant: I see.

### The Priory

Heading down from the priory, I looked right to see fifty yellow daisies, gleaming. I looked down to see I was walking over someone's grave.

### Life and Death

The black mambas laugh at me, eating my warm flesh. They flourish, I die...

*finis*

