



# Lune Fiction

## Issue 12



**19th March 2007**

*LF is available for private hire*

*Lune: Nothing to do with anything solar. (Humble Sam's Guide To Understatements, 2007)*

*Fiction: Nothing to do with facts. (Humble Sam's Guide To The Not Necessarily Obvious, 2007)*

## Lune Fiction

### Issue 12

**Editor-In-Chief:** Humble Sam

**Executive Editors:** The Mighty Han & Jomar de Vrind

**Design:** Barbara Da Vinci & The Bangkok Kid

**Pictures:** People Of The Universe (*Life In Gotham*)

*Published by Humble Texts*

**Contributions:** Leo Davies, Han, Catherine Moore-Bick, Louisa J. Reynolds, The Savage Lady, Tai-Chi Dave, Ken Walton & Herschel Waters ©

Comments, donations, submissions (oh yes, Helga; submit!), letters using the Roman alphabet, the poodle's core, Lao-Tse's thoughts on the future past and all other contributions can be sent via our website.

All letters sent to us will be read and discussed. And dissected. And then they might be published if we approve of them.

*NB We thank you for the flowers, love and the little sachets of white powder addressed to someone who used to live here but has moved on (he's now an old man fishing for sharks in the Caribbean).*

**Life is timeless; Death is priceless**

ISSN 1754-7172

*Next Issue will be out 30th April 2007*



This issue was sponsored by  
the North West Arts Board



**Conditions Of Sale:**

*This magazine is a magazine, or rather it is an e-zine. Anyway, this e-zine is to be down-loaded and printed out subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, sold, hired out, prostituted or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover or moleskin or whatever other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this edition being imposed on the subsequent consumer/ reader/ mug. All stories, articles and letters are copyright © of the contributors & publisher. They are special. Now that I think about it, the same goes for the pictures and design.*

*As explained in this issue's editorial: we don't mean to cause offence. But people can be quite touchy.*

*Incidentally, next time you see Godot, could you please tell him that Vladimir and Estragon are still waiting for him.*

**Contents**

Editorial

Letters To The Editor

The Nightlark

Bath Time For Two

Death Of A Fly

At The Library

The Proposal

Fanfare!

The Directions' Sign

The Duck

Unity

Flash Essay: What's It All About?

Rotterdam

The Circus

The Nightlark 2

The Kiss

Appendix: Little-Known Byways of History (Giordano Bruno)

**Editorial**

Lune Fiction's sparkle has once again drifted down from Mount Olympus to bring light to the world-wide-web. It has been a year now since LF has been shimmering and shining in the darkness of the internet. It's been a year of joy, beauty, explosive controversy and outright ugly responses from some members of both the Lancastrian community and the global village. But how can this be? Why such conflicting responses? I was discussing this with my associate (and LF contributor) Jomar de Vrind the

other night in The Crimson Boar, but we could make neither heads nor tails of this peculiar predicament. However, a few days later, Jomar sent me an e-mail stating that "Words blind and deceive, for when one reads them, one does so with a closed and subjective mind. One thinks one needs words as guiding sprites of wisdom and knowledge but one only interprets them with one's belief system. One seems incapable of using the rational mind when reading. And yet the written word is as naked as a new born baby. Guilt-free and yet destined to be judged; innocent but damned to be categorised and classified".

In short, we at LF headquarters are innocent, only guilty of mucking around with words, lexemes, phrases and sentences. How it is interpreted, depends on the individual reader, for it is our belief systems that create connotation where there is denotation and it is our histories that create myths out of ordinary words and stories.

Having said that, maybe we should stop banging on about fish and pigs...

Embrace the stories in this issue (some are poetic, others are Zen-like) and smell the literary beauty of flash fiction. Time for porky bye-byes,



*Humble Sam*

**PS** Watch out for the Giordano Bruno story. It uses the Tube, a web of interconnected tunnels, as an allegory of life, a mighty cluster of interwoven lines.

**NB** Professor Tarr & Dr Fether, the enfants terribles of the modern North West theatre, are staging in conjunction with Lune Fiction a radical new version of Hamlet this year at the castle. Hamlet will no longer be portrayed as a dithering &

weak prince but as a strong and power-hungry yeoman; no longer the feeble & pathetic aristocrat but a brutal, rustic bully; no longer the insightful intellectual but a hearty and clever rural simpleton. Together with Laertes, he murders his mother, step-father and Counsellor Polonius; sends Rosencrantz & Guildenstern to Brazil for a sex-change operation and marries Ophelia. To reflect these radical changes, Hamlet has been renamed Clive Siegfried Brunswick And Hamlet's papa is a piece of cheese.

Some people will be asking themselves what this has to do with Shakespeare's Hamlet and admittedly there is very little left over from the original play, but a new interpretation of Shakespeare's genius would be pointless without unconventional unconventions.

Besides, Fortinbras still becomes king of Denmark (but it is left open as to whether he escapes or not).

**And finally...** The basis is the true foundation of the base

#### **Letters To The Editor**

Sir,

Ever since I upset the Gods, I've been having to roll this big bugger of a boulder up a steep mountainside. Right up to the peak. And then the sod inevitably rolls back down...

What's a girl to do?

Yours desperately,

Sisyphus

#### *MESSAGE FROM THE MIGHTY HAN*

Porky Pig makes quick decisions.

He couldn't be more rasher.

#### Letter To Sisyphus

It's your own fault for pissing me off... Foolish mortal!

Regrettably (but not that much) yours,

Zeus

*If Sisyphus is busy pushing a stone up a mountain, how can he find time to write to Lune Fiction? (Ed.)*

## The Nightlark

### *Weekend Drinks Offer*

Thurs - Sun

All Cocktails	£4.00
House Doubles	£2.50
Pints (Lager)	£2.50
Pints (Ale & Bitter)	£2.00
Bottle Of House Wine	£6.00
Bottle Of Italian Wine	£7.00
Bottle Of French Wine	£9.00
Pitchers	£7.00
Girls	£10.00
Taxi	£15.00
Hangover	Priceless

*New on Wednesdays: Feelings Of Guilt*

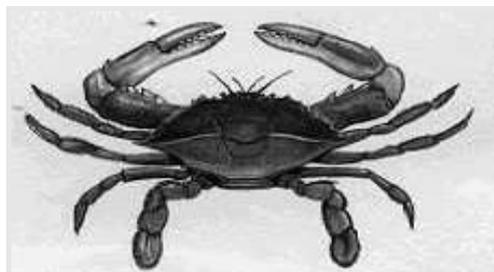
## Bath Time For Two

Cedric, my bestest of friends, and I are in the bath together. The candles floating on the soothing water radiate a warm light, an oil burner beneath the window emits sensual smells and Cedric, in all his golden glory, is looking at me with deep blue eyes, as I fill in the Telegraph's crossword.

The door bell rings.

"Ignore it", I mumble while I try to remember a long forgotten farmer's saying. Cedric stares nonchalantly into the mid-distance.

A few moments later, the door bell rings again. I sit in silence with pen and paper in hand; Cedric bobs up and down on the remains of the bath foam. From the jeans slumped on the toilet seat, my mobile announces its presence. Its ringtone is Grieg's *In The Hall Of The Mountain King* (to remind me of the trolls and goblins that are after me). I remain quiet, close my eyes and contemplate the darkness.



Cedric asks me whether it might be an important phone call and whether it has anything to do with the person standing outside my front door. I claim I don't care. He says I should. I counter that relaxing in the bath is one of the few things I live for and he bets it is important. I tell him to shut up.

A few minutes later, my mobile and the door bell ring simultaneously. Cedric tells me to move my bum and investigate. I retort that if it's nothing important, I'll kill him. He makes no comment and stares at me.

I get up and check my mobile. No, don't recognise the number. Must have been someone from work. They probably need me. Tough! I've taken a few days off.

I saunter downstairs and open the front door.

"Hello, what are you up to?"

It's the wife with a sweet smile on her face. The look in her eyes is one of murderous intent.

"Hi, Babes. I'm in the bath with Cedric."

"Really? What a surprise! Now, tear yourself away from your bath and that stupid duck of yours and get dressed! I just remembered that someone needs to pick up the kids. And have you seen my keys?"

"They're on the bedside table. Why can't you?"

"Do what? "

"Pick up the kids?"

"Because!"

"But..."

"No buts! They'll love you for it. Where did you say my keys were?"

"On the bedside table", I grumble, wishing I was someone else. Preferably someone with no attachments and a big bath full of plastic yellow ducks.

"Thanks! Now run along. I've got to finish shopping with Samantha. Look! I've got a new mobile. I tried ringing you but you were obviously deep in conversation with that wretched piece of plastic. Why can't you just doze in the bath or read or fill in a crossword ."

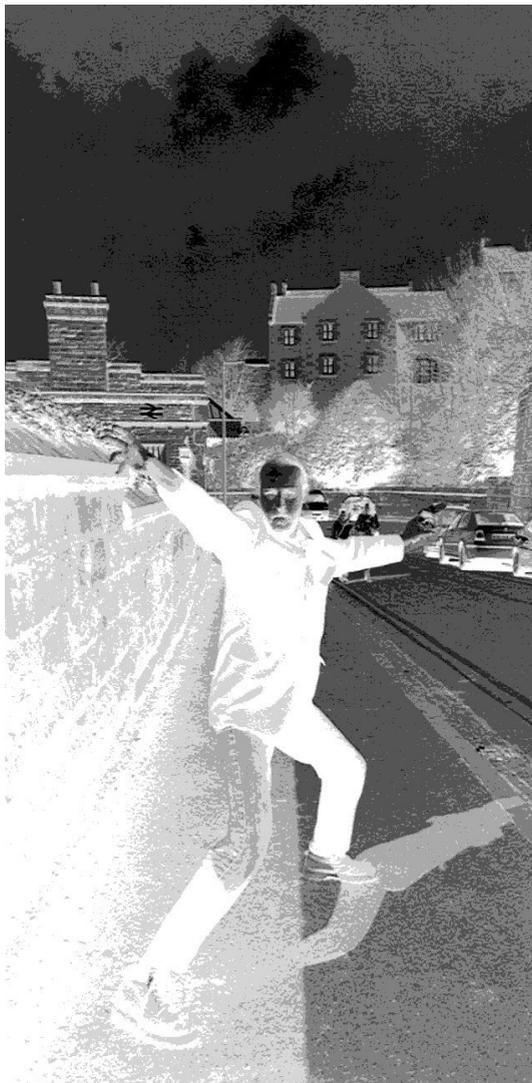
I choose to say nothing.

"Well, at least you found it in your heart to come to the front door. Anyway, I'll be home for tea at six, so make sure there's enough food for us, the kids, Samantha and her new boyfriend."

I pull a face which Laura chooses to ignore. I peck her on the cheek, close the door and go back upstairs. Cedric is bobbing around with a "I-told-you-so-look" on his face. I plonk myself down with a splash and nod at Ced. He was right; I was wrong.

Five more minutes of hydro-meditation, then I'll get washed, dressed, pick up the kids from Mum's, prepare dinner and panic. I grunt, immerse myself in the water, reemerge, shake myself like a wet dog and sigh.

Cedric bobs up and down sagely.



### **Death Of A Fly**

Fly at 2 o'clock: it is quickly approaching toast spread with raspberry jam.

Measures to be taken: employ orange fly swat bought in charity shop for 30 pence.

BP: Swat is in right hand. Fly has approached toast covered in jam. Fly to be eradicated at all cost.

**SPLAT!**

Fly dead: a victory for freedom, home security, the English way of life and jam.

*I throw the toast covered in home-made raspberry jam away as a dead fly is on it.*

### **At The Library**

"What did you make of it?"

"Like listening to the worst face of Pluto. Unprincipled, base, disturbing."

"You're interested in Pluto, aren't you?"

"When it's at a safe distance. Everyone is."

There was a long pause. The light had faded in the lecture room. I got up and went into the library, started perusing the book spines and the door opened and shut like a statement. I glanced round, then carried on perusing. No further sound but his eyes. "I don't want you Richard" was my reply.

"I'm too old, is that it?"

"It wouldn't mean anything to me, and I don't take your authority like I did once".

"You don't have to take my authority?" in good natured interrogative. I heard him step closer. My heart spread through my limbs still beating so I put my hands in my pockets. "Isn't there a way I can make it mean something?"

"Pay me – twenty quid without a condom."

"How much with?"

"Ten, but you'd have to take it yourself. I'll feel nothing."

"You're serious."

I turned to face him. "Yeah", while he watched me firmly for some moments and slowly reached for his wallet with shaking hands.



I turned down the corners of my mouth, leaned back on the bookcase and pulled up my skirt. He thrust his face into my crotch and breathed, pressing his hands up and down my thighs. He seemed to feel he owed me nothing. I'd taken his pride and his money. He pushed my bra out of the way and started ramming. It made me gasp though I didn't want

to show I was enjoying myself. He squirmed and moaned, squealing towards orgasm, lost in his own sensation.

He didn't hear me come.

### **The Proposal**

"Never."

"..."

"Never, ever."

"..."

"No! Under no circumstances."

"..."

"Except for..."

"What?"

"A fiver?"

### Fanfare!

She is talking and he doesn't hear a word she is saying.

Tunes and melodies engulf him. He is submerged in the water of melodic noise. Violins waft their harmonies and trumpets blare. Saxophones abound and coalesce with clarinets. Flute meddlies play effortlessly with the air and fugues discover Intelligence. Cymbals clash and pianos sing. Guitars, synth, bass and drums.

He is carried to Reading, New Orleans, Lindisfarne... the Sydney Opera House!

Soprano and Tenor-Alto, falsetto and baritone. Reggae, jazz and orchestral; pop, rock and folk. The trees join in and rustle their leaves like maracas. The wind whistles. Triangles ting and trombones boom. Notes cascade. Quavers and crotchets everywhere. The rain is splish-splashing upon the ground, striking up a beat. His heart beats to the rhythm like a mighty drum. Double basses boom and tambourines jingle.

She is talking and he doesn't hear a word she is saying.



### The Directions' Sign

I point right & I point left.

I point down & I point up.

I point in all directions; I point anywhere I want.

But I never point the right way.

### The Duck

I float on water in a bath. I may be made out of plastic but I am pure thought.

Who am I? Where do I come from? Why am I?

The human, with whom I share the bath, does not care for such things. He enjoys life and ignores the ringing of his transportable telephone.

How did I end up here? When did I start to exist? What is my purpose?

The human looks at me (is he seeking guidance?) and gets out of the bath. He dresses and leaves.

Am I virtuous? Is virtue a natural trait or does it have to be learned? Can it be learned? Should it be learned?

I hear excited voices from below. Clearly the human is in conversation with his master.

Am I wise? Can wisdom be acquired? Isn't wisdom just a question of perception? Was Solomon wise? Or was he just very, very clever?

The human comes back into bathroom. He undresses and rejoins me in the bath. I don't like that look on his face and I don't like the way he behaves in the water.

But how do I know he is real? Could he not be just the figment of my imagination? Do I believe in humans but not of the existence of humans?

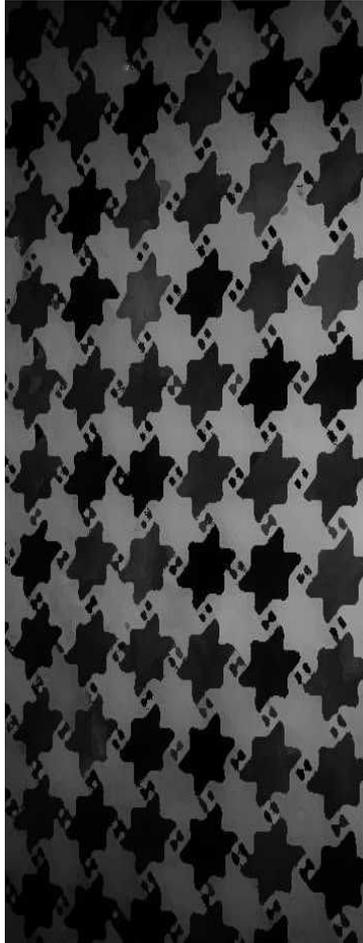
I may be made out of plastic but I am pure thought.

### **Unity**

Your hands caress my face, exploring its beauty. You sense my love radiating from the warm cheeks beneath your fingers, and sigh. It is a sigh of bliss, of complete and perfect contentment. In my eyes, now two pools of expression in the darkness, you discover my soul. And something more, something that delights you into a state of intoxication. For you find yourself. You and I are one. One life, incomplete without the other and in the possession of such unity that words are rendered superfluous. Completely. You run your coarse hands through my soft, downy hair, gently teasing out the knots, which the small, fierce fingers of the wind have tied. As you draw to its final strands, your whole hand shakes, as if it cannot bear to be separated from me, and, in a movement of grace, which speaks of Paradise, our Nirvana, your hands return to my face, my cheeks. You yearn for me with the same force that an infant yearns for its mother. You exult in this emotion, in

this feeling which is primeval and all-encompassing. In the darkness, you whisper words of affection, and they are such as the angels might use, because of the purity and depth of our love.

I am mother; you are father.



### **Flash Essay: What's It All About?**

Where are we heading for? Where are we going to? What is our destiny?

We are heading in any direction we feel obliged to, for despite free will, we are bound to circumstances beyond anyone's and anything's control: We cannot predetermine the situations, predicaments & circumstances we find ourselves in. We are conscious of the world around and in us but we are powerless to change it.

Powerless.

That explains it, doesn't it? We're damned if we do & damned if we don't.

### **Rotterdam**

Blazing crimson & golden tulips sprout from gutted, burnt-out buildings. They rise and rise, reaching for the sky. Shard-like globules of red, white and black phosphorous land on desktops, dining tables and bathroom cabinets (they glow like strange, sinister alien food). A woman in red, her son in white and his grandfather in blue stumble and fall into molten asphalt formed by incendiary bombs. The heart of Europe's maritime centre ripped out.

### **The Circus**

Jenny holds her dad's hand tight with her right hand. She

feels safe, happy and comforted by it. In her left hand she holds an ice-cream. It is her eighth birthday and her dad has taken her to the circus to celebrate. Her dad went yesterday on his own and will go again tomorrow. He's been every day since it started.

She loves the acts. She likes the animals. She's looking forward to seeing her mother who's performing later in the show. She loves the smells and chattering of the other excited spectators. For the benefit of those not in the front and middle-tier seats, the organisers have erected an enormous screen that shows close-ups of the action and during the breaks shows replays, cartoons and adverts.

A new act begins and caged animals are rolled to the edge of the arena. A rag-tag group of people are led to the centre of the ring by centurion-police and then the police leave. The crowd is silent. All is silent except for the low careful growls of the tigers. Assyrian tigers, Jenny thinks. Her father whispers to her that these are Christians who refuse to renounce their faith and so must be punished for their crimes. The ropes are pulled and the cage doors open. Out rush the tigers and the people in the ring huddle together. The tigers look around and circle the group. There is a seeming moment of stand-off, of stillness, and then one tiger rushes in at the huddled people. Then another, then the third. The crowd shouts and screams and roars in gratuitous pleasure.

There is a Mexican wave. All their eyes watch as the dwindling number of Christians make a run for it. Trying to climb the walls to safety, but there are no footholds and no handholds. They are unaware of where the tigers are till they feel them on their back, claws digging into their shoulders and teeth at their necks. The tigers feed. Jenny's father says that animal rights groups tried to ban the practice, but in fact the animals are well looked after.

The scene is replayed upon the huge screen, as the tigers are rounded up by men in armoured cars, put back in their cages and the arena is cleaned up. Jenny's father buys two burgers and they eat them together. He checks the program and sees that his wife is on next. Gladiators. His wife, Juliana, is a professional. Unbeaten for a whole year. In a couple of years she can move out the ring and take up

coaching. Today is a special day, for the Emperor himself is at the circus and Juliana wants to get noticed, receive accolades... maybe even a film role?

Out come the gladiators, in a parade of military standards, with music accompanying them. They have names like 'Bad Mad Mike' and 'Lazer'. Julianna's name is 'Snake' because of the way she moves when she fights. She is the first on, matched up with an unknown called 'Rock', obviously a prisoner from the war. Ah, the war. The war has been going on for fifty years now. It is mainly fought with computers and technology, but every few years or so the Senate conscripts people for it. The war is good they are told. Helps keep the empire strong and expand their borders. But no-one is thinking of the war right now, as Jenny's mother circles Rock. She is adorned in strong durable plastic, specially designed for strength and moving in, the type they use on their spacecraft. She is armed with a barbed mace and electro-rod.



Rock wears just cloth robes and is armed with a shield and short dagger. "Mummy will win this easily", Jenny's father tells her.

Snake feigns some lunges at her adversary and he jolts back. She swings at him with the mace and he wards it off with the shield. She sees him piss himself. She plays with him. Terror is on his face. She goes through her routine

like clockwork, building up the suspense. She swings at him again, he wards off with the shield. It smashes through and cuts into his arm. He shrieks and then she jabs him with the electro-rod. The man falls to his knees. She approaches him. She knows her daughter is there; she knows she is proud of mummy. She feels the emperor's eyes upon her. She raises the mace and the man quickly rolls to the side and kicks his right foot out. She is swept off her feet. The man is on top of her ripping at her armour until he finds flesh. He pulls a dagger from his boot and plunges it into her belly. She gasps. He wriggles it around. Blood oozes out of Julianna. The crowd are in uproar. They love the circus. Jenny loves the circus. Today is her birthday.

### **The Nightlark 2**

Tuesdays

DJ playing classic Soul & R'N'B pop-rock funk music

Free entrance (£10.00 deposit)

Open till 2 am (or 11pm, depending on mood of landlord)

5 drinks for £6.00

The Nightlark (formerly The Skull And Dagger, in-house speciality: prefabricated pleasures)

### **The Kiss**

They kiss with warm, soft, moist lips.

It starts in the small of the back. There. A subtle tingling rising up the spine. It turns into a deep warmth: marrow turning into a heated liquid. The stars are shining with a brilliance never seen before. Flocks of birds take to the skies in unprecedented numbers. Every earthquake monitor registers a ten on the Richter scale. There is no noise, but every cat and dog hears it. Babies awake and leaves fall from the trees. There are hurricanes, tidal waves, avalanches and lightning. The Earth's magnetic poles reverse. Gorillas beat their chests and lions roar in the savannah. Corks pop and flames grow higher and higher. Ice caps melt and comets explode. New galaxies are formed and the air sizzles with electrons. DNA adapts itself into new species and the Beginning & End of Time end and begin simultaneously. History unfolds and the

Future happens all at once.  
All that, in that one moment, that one kiss.

**Little-Known Byways of History: Giordano Bruno (*Appendix*)**

Giordano Bruno (1548-1600) was an Italian philosopher, priest, cosmologist and occultist. He wrote extensively on the Art of Memory and was an early exponent of the helio-centric theory of Copernicus.

Bruno is best remembered today for his prophetic dreams about the London Underground. Beginning in 1568, the occultist began to have vivid recurring dreams, in which he saw vast crowds of dull-eyed zombie-like creatures crowding through dark tunnels, forcing themselves into great metal carriages which sped beneath the earth, powered by what could only be the powers of diabolism.

As the dreams became more vivid, they began to obsess him more and more, to take over the work of his waking life. From the places he saw in his visions, and the sinister names he heard whispered – Barbican, Finchley Central, Southwark, Mud Chute – he began to draw vast occult diagrams, showing the connections between these “stations” - - diagrams that in some ways resembled those of the Sephiroth, the Tree of Life of the mystical Jewish Kabbalah. Slowly, he began to realise that what he was seeing were the dead of London – that after their brief mortal lives, Londoners were destined forever to wander the “Underground”, passing from station to station in an unholy pilgrimage, their ears plugged so that they could not talk to each other, their eyes moving restlessly over the pages of profane books, with never a bible to comfort them in their eternal darkness.

In 1583, Bruno travelled to England to warn Londoners of their plight – he met with the hermetic magician John Dee, and the Bishop of Oxford, George Abbot, but failed to persuade them of the truth of his visions. It was his write-up of this meeting, *The Shrove Tuesday Breakfast*, that was to attract the unwelcome attention of Pope Clement VIII, and lead to his eventual execution for heresy in 1600. As he died, tied to a stake, in the fires of the Inquisition, his last discernible words were “Mind the gap...”

Frank Bruno is his direct descendant.



## An Original And Its Duplicate (Spot The Difference)

Here are two pictures of the world's most famous literary couple. But only the top one is genuine! The bottom one is an ingenious copy... but there are three grave mistakes. Can you spot the differences?



- 1) Jean-Paul Sartre always wore glasses
- 2) Simone de Beauvoir never nibbled Sartre's ears
- 3) Sartre never did his business in public (allegedly)



*finis*



This issue was sponsored by  
the North West Arts Board

