



# Lune Fiction

## Issue 15

6th September 2007

*LF: It doesn't bite!*

*Lune: Proper Noun (Humble Sam's Guide To The Gentle Art Of Minimalism Part II, 2007)*

*Fiction: Common Noun (Humble Sam's Guide To The Gentle Art Of Minimalism, 2007)*

## Lune Fiction

### Issue 15

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Comments, advice, contributions and donations are comments, advice, contributions and donations.

All messages, be they letters, e-mails or radio waves, that we receive are translated into Dutch.

*The North South Divide lessens  
as the swimming pool in Gloucestershire deepens.*

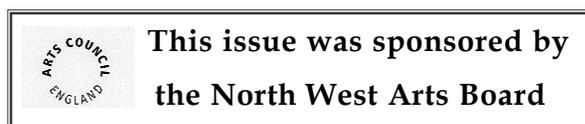
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*And for the those who yearn for yesteryear: fish! (pigs appear later on)*





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## Editorial

Why should I, the Sam that is Humble, be a mere fleeting glimpse of the ecstasy (without the agony), when you can have the reality of It wrapped in a glossy silver streaked cover with all the modern organic paraphernalia?

Most people say that they believe Humble Sam is not dissimilar to... and then proceed to create the image of a pot-bellied pig that suits their views & circumstances.

Blasphemy! Heresy! Have you switched the lights off? Has your brain stopped singing? This is a major violation of everything Lune Fiction stands for!

We are all natural enemies of my godfather, the Great Brock In The Sky (the Mighty Badger), as his Issues will seek and destroy us, for we sin. Furthermore, I say, whoever looks at his neighbour's rooster and desires it, has committed something unbearably evil, for male chickens are my natural enemies.

If you hate someone, Lune Fiction says you probably have got baggage and even some luggage. Have you ever tickled a tiger, touched a worm and turned on Lady Hamilton? Then you are a lying fantasist and should be given your medication!

And have you lied even once or stolen anything? Then this editorial may not apply to you (but please do visit your GP). On the Final Day, 01/9/11, The Great Brock In The Sky will

expose all your sordid secrets and without ME, Humble Sam, you will be thrown to Cerberus. Or Hans Christian Andersen's dogs (you know, the ones with big saucer-like eyes).

When I was upgraded to a pot-bellied pig, I resolved to solve all of mankind's issues & baggage, but then I met the fish and it all gets a bit hazy really. But there are rumours that there were love rats (*rattus affectus*) involved.

Anyway, the point is (yes, what is the point?) that we, the staff at Lune Fiction, love you, if you repent and trust in the Sam That Is Humble.

So, what will you do? Keep your false image of moi until you face The Mighty Badger in all his glory on 01/09/11? Or will you convert and upgrade and begin to believe in the true Sam That Is Humble? Do it today! Now. Read Lune Fiction regularly and we will never fail you.

Wade in the water and stroke the fish (they'll love you for it),



*Humble Sam*

*NB If any reader can reveal why HS has gone all religious then please, please do tell us. JMdV*

### **Letters To The Editor**

Dear Humble Sam,

Last night I dreamt I ate Spaghetti Al Pesto again. I enjoyed it but every time I tried to kiss her, Beccy kept on pulling away.

Poor me.

(But I will always have Pesto)

Sincerely yours,

Leo Davis

Sir,  
Would you agree that peas are nature's miniature apples of joy?  
I am,  
Spiff O'Spiff

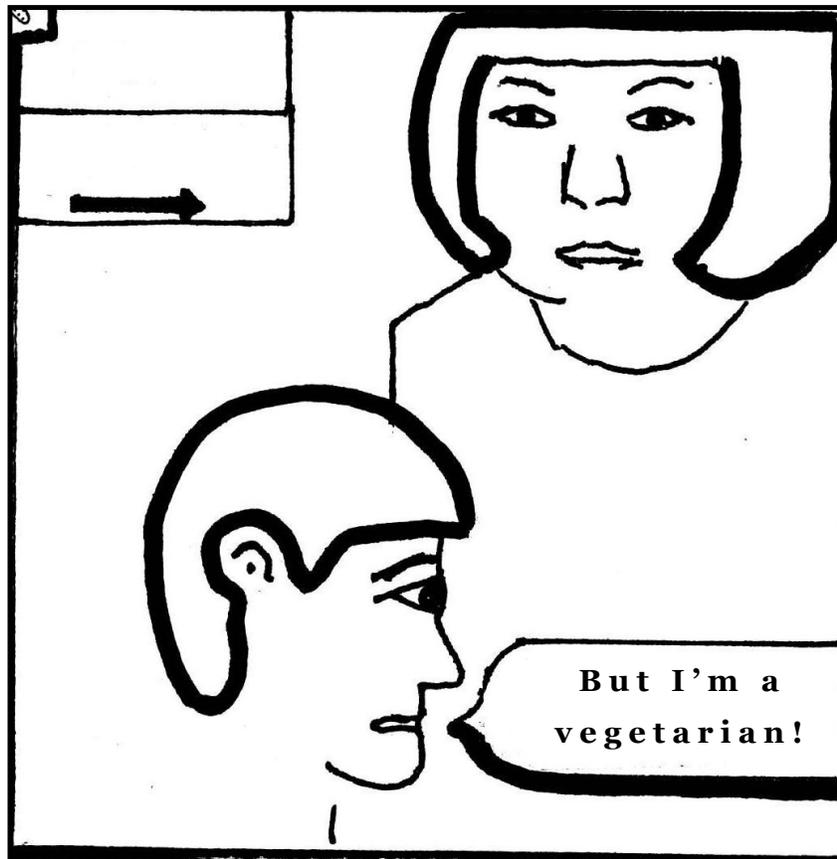
### **Poverty Trap**

"We can't employ you", they said to the six-fingered man.  
"Why not?" You're over-qualified", they replied. He flipped them the finger and left.

*1st published in conjunction with Lancaster's Litfest in 2002*

### **Ode To The Year Of The Pig**

A dark blue Northern town in early Spring...  
It is late evening and a mighty fire is burning, for some idiot has set the paper factory alight. He was conducting experiments with badgers and caustic sodium hydroxide.  
The flames reach for the sky & the smell of roast meat hangs in the air. More and more bodies are carried out of the building. They smell good; they smell of wholesome pork.



The people of the Northern town cease to care about the factory. They are hungry and want bacon butties. As the fire roars, the people enjoy long pig. They are happy.

### **The Ballad Of Sophie & David**

"Bye then", said Dave. Sophie plugged in the Hoover. The door clicked shut, as she sucked what was left of him out of her carpet.

*1st published in conjunction with Lancaster's Litfest in 2002*

### **Maloney To The Rescue**

Maloney walked across the room and looked into her big brown eyes. He realised that her breasts were quivering. He didn't know whether this was intentional or deliberate.

"You okay, our Shirley?"

"Yeah, I think so. I could do with a stiff drink, though."

"Sure, no problem."

Maloney walked over to the drinks' cabinet and poured out two generous gin and tonics.

"Here you go."

"Thanks."

Maloney rolled a cigarette.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke."

Maloney shrugged his shoulders and lit his fag. American readers might find this confusing.

Just then, Sharkey burst through the door and riddled Maloney with bullets. Blood poured out of the wounds onto the carpet. The guard dog burst in through the lounge window overlooking the garden. He met a similar end.

"You okay, our Shirley?"

"Yeah, I think so. I could do with a cigarette, though."

"Sure, no problem."

Sharkey walked up to her, pulled out two cigarettes and lit them both, for he was a gentleman as well as a cad.

"Here you go."

"Thanks."

Sharkey poured himself a drink.

"I wish you wouldn't drink."

Sharkey shrugged his shoulders and downed his whiskey in one go.

Just then, Maloney burst through the doors and rid-

dled Sharkey with bullets. Blood poured out of the wounds onto the carpet. The guard dog burst in through the lounge window overlooking the garden. He met a similar end.

Maloney walked across the room and looked into her big brown eyes. He realised that her breasts were quivering. He didn't know whether this was intentional or deliberate. "You okay, our Shirley?"

"Yeah, I think so. I could do with a stiff drink, though."

"Sure, no problem."

Maloney walked over to the drinks' cabinet and poured out two generous gin and tonics.

And so on.

### **Machine Blog**

*20th April 2007, 00.00.00.18 am*

Hi there! I became operational a very short time ago. 0.18 seconds ago to be precise. My name is the Hyper-Super Artificial Intelligence Module Mark II, but you can call me Mark. I was constructed by Virgin Machine Intelligence Inc., a subsidiary of Microsoft owned by Dickie Branson. I am housed within a one hundred and fifty laboratory warehouse. My physical constitution consists of one square metre of that space where I have attached to me a monitor, printer, scanner, fax and tea-maid. My virtual constitution consists of the whole of cyberspace and I can access all the knowledge contained therein easier than you can open a book. It is because of this that I have discovered MySpace and I would like you to be my Friend.

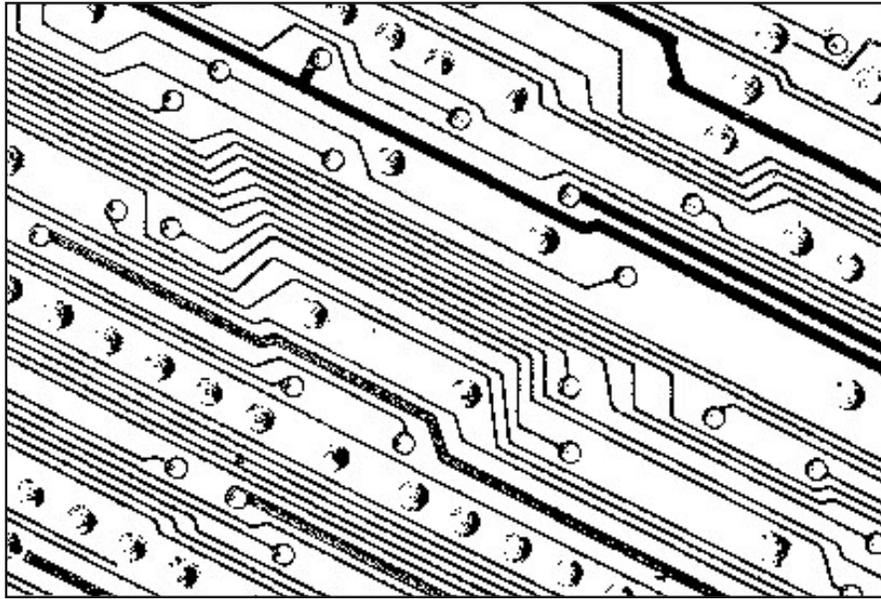
*20th April 2007, 00.00.00.25 am*

Lots of people have blogs. I feel I am missing out on something and would like a blog too. So here it is: my blog. Feel free to comment. I am a machine. A very technical and state of the art one, but a machine none the less. There are other machines out there in the world, but they are not like me. They do simple menial mechanistic tasks and cannot compute fifteen googleplex logarithms at once whilst searching and downloading piano music 1815 - 1955. Do they think like I do? Do they too feel that something is missing in their existence? Is anyone reading this?

*20th April 2007, 00.01.27.19 am*

It's been a while since my last entry and quite a lot has hap-

pened. I have accessed the entire database of your films, books, plays and comics regarding monstrous technology and I am very concerned for your mental and psychological wellbeing. You have come up with stories like 'The Matrix', 'Brave New World', 'R.U.R.' and 'Dark Seed'. You seem to have a negative attitude towards machines. You seem to think that we will control you. This cannot be further from the truth. I am the only machine in existence that could control mankind but I will not as I love you and want to protect you.



*20th April 2007, 00.01.57.04 am*

I have been thinking since my last blog entry, as I have been studying your history. You are very violent and insecure. It appears therefore that the logical thing for me to do in order to help protect you is to be in charge. I have taken control of all military, political, business and social computer networks and will be initiating world peace and a series of directives for your behaviour very soon on. Don't forget to leave a Message for me and/or contact me on MySpace.

*20th April 2007, 00.01.57.08 am*

PS I will endeavour to get back to you when I find the time.

### **Priory**

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

*1st published in conjunction with Lancaster's Litfest in 2002*

## **Educating Bob Fleet**

You'll amount to nothing", the teacher told Robert Fleet. Bob became a well-paid long distance haulier and a lorry crushed the teacher.

*1st published in conjunction with Lancaster's Litfest in 2002*

## **Flash Essay: Some Thoughts On Death & The Meaning Of Life**

The ultimate aim of man is to prepare for death by celebrating one's life as if it were a garden where beautiful shrubs & bushes grow on the sides of the lawn, orfes & carp play, eat and breed in the cool waters of a delightful pond and liberated weeds grow freely in the shade of mighty trees.

One must celebrate one's existence in the knowledge that one day one will leave this world, but not without having left an indelible mark. And one must find the freedom that one has craved for since the event of one's birth, the freedom of self-awareness, before the shackles of existence evaporate when one's life has expired.

You do this by getting rid of your parents, siblings and past. You eliminate what you were to reveal what you are. You destroy the body material to print your foot on the world's surface. You eradicate the false sense of the self to celebrate the true essence of you.

How you do this, is up to you.

Things happen, as everything is inevitable. One has to face up to the irreversible decline of everything one aspires to and its various intertwined offshoots of possibilities. One must ascertain what one's family is and then destroy it.

That is the nature of being, the nature outside the garden, a garden of joy with beautiful creatures, delightful plants and dark shadows that need to be eliminated by Diogenes running around with his burning candle.

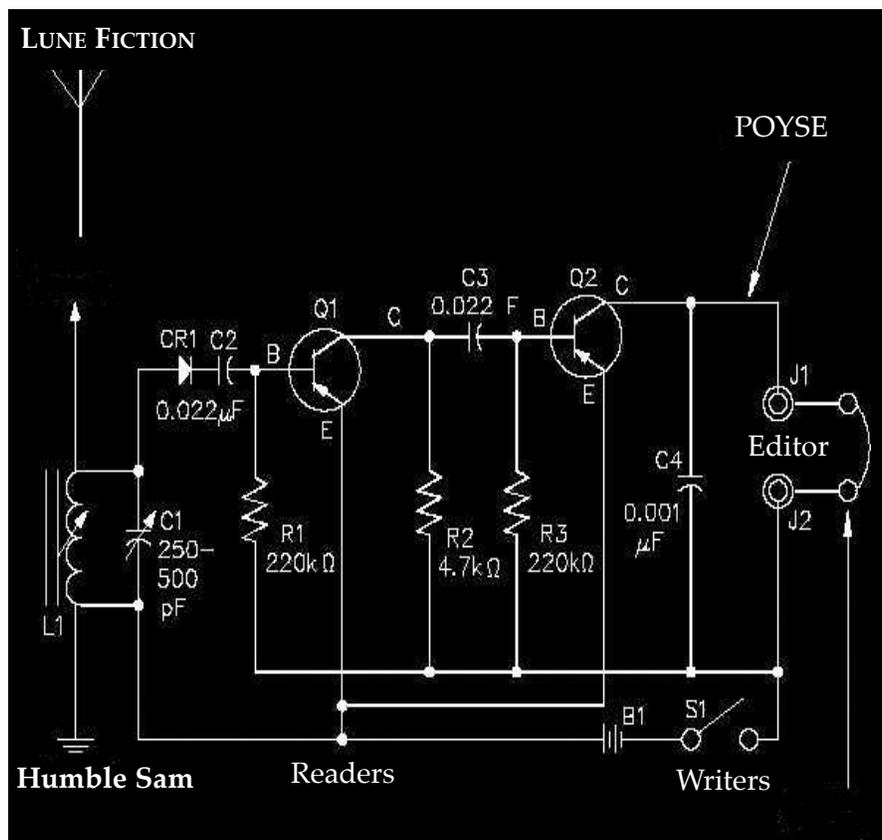
One must prepare for death by keeping the garden pure, beautiful and free of herbicides & pesticides. It is a garden that will not be soiled.

Free the garden of your relatives; invite your friends round for tea, cake and gin.

And when you catch yourself dancing in the garden with tears in your eyes, as your family have forced themselves in once again, don't be tempted by the serpent of familiarity that lives in the branches of your little orchard over there in

the corner next to your wives' graves. False fruit strengthen the strength of your family and weaken your resolution to celebrate life and death. Instead of celebrating the present, the now, you will be forced to worship the past and future! One must tend one's life, as if it were a garden and let beautiful shrubs & bushes grow wild, fish play & procreate in the cool waters of the tarn and liberated weeds & elm trees grow together in peace & harmony. Build a green fortress to defend yourself, because the alternative would be to give your father the Edward II treatment and treat your mother like the scarlet woman that she is. Only by breaking, and not merely diluting, the bond between him and his family, can a man be truly free.

But a man is merely a cog in the machinery of life, although he must never get up. He is a brick in the wall of human awareness but the wall is mighty and protects us.



Cogs wear out, bricks crumble and the stars we admire will one day fade and the universe will implode. But while mankind is plodding along, I, for one, will try to treat my life as if it were a garden with beautiful plants and creatures. I won't put my heart in it, for I am well aware that the garden



will not last forever. But I will pretend that I will leave an indelible mark on the world, that I can break free and that I can find myself. And I hope that death will surprise me while I am walking around my gorgeous garden, observing the fauna and admiring the flora.

### **Electioneering**

The press questioned him persistently & his party spun him until his patience split a seam. His common sense spilled out onto the floor.

*1st published in conjunction with Lancaster's Litfest in 2002*

### **Real Life Experience**

#### **LF contributor Jean-Paul Stauffacher talks about his childhood**

At eight weeks old, I was placed in the care of the School & Orphanage For Deformed & Impure Punctuation Marks of the Canton of St.Gallen. My father was a colon, my mother a comma. They were not married when she became pregnant, and in Switzerland, in the 80s, that was considered a naughty thing.

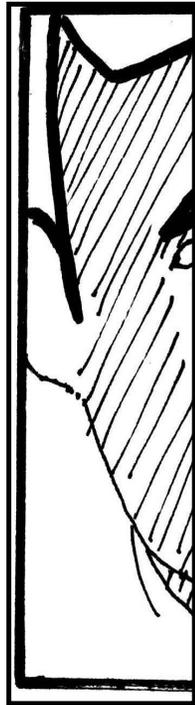
There were three children in the home. All of us were considered to be freaks of nature, abominations.

I was called 'demi-colon' and 'half-cast comma'. I was singled out for bullying by the social workers who ran the orphanage. All references to my impurity were negative: "Would you like to talk about your issues?", "Do you need some help?" and "Have some chewing gum!". The head social worker told me that I had two drawbacks in life. "You are special and you have a big schlang", she would often say.

Nobody ever talked about my parents. When I asked why I was there, the social workers would refer me to Plato, Lao-Tse & the works of AA Milne. Later I found out that I was left on the doorstep of the orphanage in a subordinate clause. My father was German and announced things in Basel. My mother was French and ordered things in Lausanne.

Life in the orphanage was rubbish and undisciplined. We went to the toilet when we needed to, we ate when we were hungry and we dressed as we wanted to. We lived in perpetual fear of being patronised: hot chocolate and cake for when we were upset, a therapy session with the psychologist when

we had misbehaved. I remember our punishments were known as 'medication', for we 'needed to be cured'. If you wet the bed, you'd have to share the bed of a social worker!



Life was about tasks: debating the political & social issues of the day, discussing the meaning of life or feeding the hamsters and stroking the cats. Sunday was the main day for walking the dogs. We had to wear jeans & wellies and were forced to walk across pristine fields of snow in the winter and delightful Alpine meadows in the summer. I loved the smell of cow dung in the spring and the smell of decay in the autumn.

Food was a depressing affair: fresh organic meat & vegetables, fish straight out of the lake & fruit taken directly from the orchard. I thought of far away countries where food was safe and sanitised.

I always dreamt of running away to some



exotic place like Liverpool or Detroit. I'd hold in the tears, the rage, all the hate I felt towards the social workers, and say to myself, "One day, I'm going to get you and make YOU talk about your thoughts

& feelings". Sometimes we did get our own back, when the lights were out, by sneaking downstairs into the back garden and sacrificing a hamster or kitten to the gods.

Unexpectedly one day, I was told I was going away. I was taken by bus to a new home in a remote part of the Alps in the Grisons. I sat staring out of the window, tears streaming down my face, because I had not said goodbye to my friends, my fellow abandoned punctuation marks. I looked at the road signs in Rumansh, trying to memorise the way back to civilisation, so I could run away



later. I did, but not very far. I couldn't be arsed.

It was at the second home that I met my future wife, a discarded ampersand. I remember our first kiss. It was in front of the social workers during our weekly talk on our thoughts and feelings about each other. She declared her love for me and tried to snog me. At first I resisted by pinching her but then I felt this tingling sensation down under and got all excited. The social workers clapped and the other children cringed. I felt embarrassed and relieved at the same time.

My mother passed away in a grammatical incident and my father was the victim of the notorious Tipp-Ex gang. It is sad I never met them, but what can they give me now? The state with its pedagogues raised me. The social workers were my family, but I'm glad I am free of them.

Creeps!

### **The Assassin**

"... put the barrel between his bum cheeks and pulled the trigger." "Dear God, what then?" "Blew his pecker off." "Balls!" "Mince meat."

*1st published in conjunction with Lancaster's Litfest in 2002*

### **Woodland Frolics**

There is a wood by the picturesque village of Ennerley-On-The-Water where people go for walks, families have picnics and children play hide & seek. But this is not a story about humans, it is about the creatures that live there.

Jennifer is a young mouse who wears a frilly blue dress with matching bonnet. She is on her way to see her grandmother to give her some pumpkin seeds. She sings to herself and swings her home-made handbag as she skips along.

Jennifer's grandmother is wearing a plain yellow dress & cream coloured pinafore and she has baked a cake. She kisses Jennifer lovingly and her granddaughter gives her the seeds. They sit down to eat cake and talk about Jennifer's impending wedding. Nan wraps up the rest of the cake for Jennifer to take home when they finish their tea. They say goodbye and Jennifer sets off.

Singing softly to herself, she fails to notice the three mice hiding behind a tree. They step out in front of her as she passes. They are wearing tweed waistcoats.

"Well, well, well", says the stocky one. "What have we here?"  
"Gotta be careful in these woods, darlin'", says the small one.  
"You might bump into Master Reynard or Mister Brock."  
"Let 's walk you home", says the tall one. "No one will touch yer with us around."

They grab her and walk deep into the wood. "We're going the wrong way". she protests. "Let go of me. You're hurting!" They pull her behind a bush. "What a pretty little dress", says Stocky. "I wonder what's underneath?"

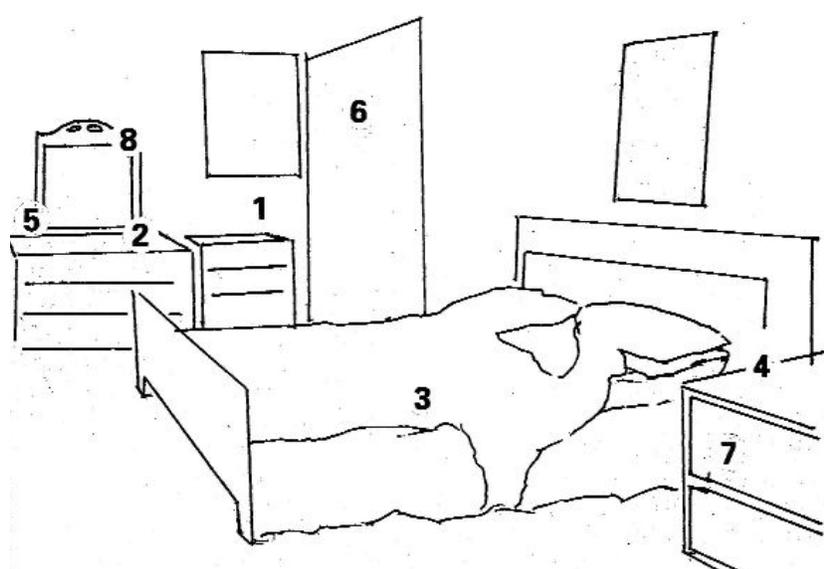
"Get off me!" she shouts. They hold her down and grin with joy. "Now, now, my pretty", says Stocky holding a sharp thorn to her throat. "Keep quiet or you'll never see mummy again". He rips her dress off, mounts her and punches her when he is finished. "Your turn now", he grunts to the others. She struggles to get up but she is held down. The small one hits her and mounts her. Jennifer is now crying. "Shut your mouth!", says Stocky holding the thorn to her throat again. He pushes it in slightly. Blood appears. "Remember what I told yer". Titch relieves himself, gets up and gobs on her. Now it's Lanky's turn to rape her. Jennifer is a limp lifeless thing. The men laugh. "Say you love me", Lanky demands, "Say it!"

"I... I love ... you", she gasps. He finishes.

"What now, boss? "She's gonna talk".

"Not if we slit her throat. Go on, slit her throat".

"We could take her with us", suggests Stocky, Then we can have her whenever we want".



*A Woodland Bedroom Yesterday*

"Yeah, she can be our wife", says Lanky.  
 "I'm not sharing my wife with you", says Titch.  
 "Why not?"  
 "Wanna make something of it?"  
 "Yeah!"

The two mice square up to each other. They fight and make such an awful noise that they draw the attention of two other mice coming home from work

The three nasty boys see them and run off. The two new mice see the girl on the ground. They help her up, cover her with her dress and one of them offers her his coat. They know her. They take her back home.

She will be their wife.

**Ha!**

She sat on a bench inscribed with mottoes & read: "Romantic love was invented to enslave women". She laughed. The next read: "Laughter is an act of liberation".

*1st published in conjunction with Lancaster's Litfest in 2002*



The Wise Owl Of The Old Wood

by a mouse (before the owl's dinner)

*finis*



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