



Lune Fiction

Issue 17

14th December 2007

LF: It's not just about issues



Remember Lune Fiction on St.Crispin's Day

Lune Fiction Issue 17

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Comments, advice, contributions and donations are always welcome (except Sundays).

All messages, be they letters, e-mails or radio waves, that we receive are answered. Or not...

The sun rises on me and sets on you.

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You don't expect me to write something amusing every time I do the conditions of sale, do you?

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Editorial

Dear Reader,

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers & sisters have produced for you yet another comprehensive guide to the many various forms and manifestations of flash fiction - both fictional and non-fictional. There are nano-stories consisting of around 25 words, an interesting Letter To The Editor, a social critical flash essay, some pan-galactic flash erotica, a 'real-life' experience influenced by American New Journalism and a truly classic film reconsidered. Some of life's more controversial aspects and institutions are discussed - or not - while other topics include the sea, the incomprehensibility of our existence (Are we merely defined by our names? Are we truly more than the sum of our parts? How important are hoovers in our daily existence?) and that all important phenomena known as light.

There are also some puns lurking about.

And all for you, our dear reader, all for you.

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So please do sit back, undo those tight buttons and enjoy this pleasant collection of blitz stories while you occasionally sip your single malt whisky, claret, double espresso or cup of Earl Grey tea.

Walk into the wall and break the sound barrier,



Humble Sam

PS Don't blame God that he created the tiger. Thank him that he didn't give it wings. - Amharic Proverb (Ethiopia)

Letter To The Editor

In the British Isles, whether one is shopping in Belfast or Burnely, holidaying in Brighton or Bangor or stranded in Billericay or on the Isle of Bute, nothing is more stimulating to do than talk about the weather.

But the mighty warrior didn't care for this. His army, the greatest in history and possibly throughout the entire known - and unknown - universe, was about to ascend the pass, the eye of the needle, enter the Mid-Asian plateau and then onwards to Europe. They were going to conquer paradise. Everyone was willing to go, but the great warrior wasn't quite ready. He needed to do one more thing: he had to leave Bob behind.

"Sorry Bob", he said, "Your camel can come but not you. The food you've been eating is way too rich."

Tragic.

Gay cabalistic reptilian earrings imported from Alma Ata and gaudy metropolitan urban tattoos stolen from Romford market was always what Flaubert wanted. Polly had given them to him for his birthday for she loved him and he had received them with much joy.

Joy, happiness, love.

Sitting on his perch, Flaubert knew - felt - that Polly was happiness. And sitting next to him, Polly felt - knew - that Flaubert was joy. They





always told each other to look after each other, for they needed each other, for they feared for each other. Their union was pure bliss, an amalgamation of trust, love, joy, happiness, cups of luke warm water and crackers.

Flaubert put on his gay cabalistic reptilian earrings imported from Alma Ata and gaudy metropolitan urban tattoos stolen from Romford market, turned round to Polly, his love, and said: "Do you smell fish?"

Isn't life strange?

Patches of the time when you were in love can be recalled under mental stimulation such as hypnosis or drugs. In Scharping's case it was depression. He walked out of his flat in Montmartre and down towards the river along Avenue de Clichy and Rue de Martre. He was thinking of his love for Sofie, a relationship that had been full of trust, zest, joy and devotion to endangered French woodland creatures. He loved her. He remembered the wet warmth of her pleasure palace. He loved her.

He sighed. She had left him for his brother, a German. Cruel world! Cruel fate!

Damn you! She, a French lady of leisure with Polished roots, had left him to be happy with Heinz Scharping, his much older and considerably much richer brother. Cruel fate, cruel world; Screw you!

Scharping reached the river on Quai de Clichy, walked halfway over the bridge and went insane.

How sad.

Regards,

Stanley Vivian



Harry Kissed Sue

Sue kissed Harry. It was one of those epic once in a life time snogs that made her heart sing. She opened her eyes to her husband Jeff.

Lollipop Man, Lollipop Woman

Back when I was just a little kid, there was a lollipop lady who helped us cross the busy dangerous road on the way to school





in the morning and she was there to help us back across on the way from school and she was there for years and she was a superhero and she was better than the Green Cross Code Man and she was real and she was there for us.

She didn't need a stupid costume with a big 'X' or 'S' because she had bright yellow dayglo overalls and a big lollipop which was better than any magical or super-cosmic sword. With her costume and her staff of power, she commanded the road! And she had a really nice smile for each and everyone of us. She knew all our names. We had a relationship with her. I loved her. We all did. We trusted her implicitly.

Sometimes, when she wasn't there - I expect she was needed on some other bit of the road she commanded - there was a policeman, but he didn't know our names. He didn't smile and he always looked uncomfortable and nervous.

She, however, was our personal guardian. She made us feel safe and secure.



But that was when I was a child. Now that I am grown up, I cross the road on my own. Yet the other day, I got annoyed when I jumped off the bus on the way home and found right next to the stop a lollipop man. I needed to cross the road, but I had arrived before all the children had turned up. Dilemma: Do I cross this road I am perfectly capable of crossing on my own, because I am a grown up or do I let the lollipop man help me? I eventually let him do his job, but I was cringing inside. I hated it and he loved it. I could tell he was a dark horse.

I planned ahead for the next day and I got off the bus at the





stop before mine and walked down a bit. Then I crossed. I was just close enough for him to see me but too far away for him to stop the traffic for me. Yet also close enough for me to see him fuming. Hee, hee, hee.

The following day, I got off the bus a stop too soon. But he was waiting for me. He had moved from his post and actually stopped the bus. To help me cross the road. Everyone watched us.

The following day, I was anticipating his sneaky move again so this time I came from a different direction... and there was no sign of him. When I neared my place of crossing he dashed out of a shop and stopped the traffic for me with a sly smile upon his face.

Foiled again.

It continued like this for weeks, me trying to cross the road on my own but always failing. Even on weekends when he shouldn't be there, he went beyond his call of duty.

Finally, I cracked. One Tuesday I marched down the road adamant I was going to cross the road on my own and headed to where he was. I dashed across before he had the chance to step out to stop the traffic - to beat him - to have my victory!

That's when the bus hit me.

As I enter the Underworld with multiple fractures to my spine, I see the lollipop lady of my youth waiting to help me cross the Styx. I love her. She makes me feel safe and secure.

A Sea Strain

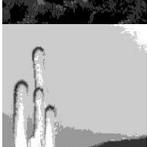
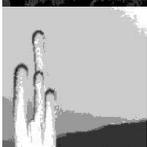
The blue waters of the North Sea fill up my dreams, as purple lobsters dance and dart among the jade coral caves and indigo currents curl like sullen ivy around timber beams while across the olive green plains of sand, manta rays are skimming.

Lilac snails drift merrily within the warm ocean flow, mauve sea gherkins listen with cobalt ears to the sound of whispers rushing past them and emerald fish dash towards the opal sun, aware only one will make it.

Something stirs in the grotto of lucid sapphire

Lustrous, glowing; yellow chrome eyes appear from the inside. Slowly an orange body with a crimson face follow. The kraken and his golden beak are out to hunt, strike and kill. Briefly, quickly and magnified by the surface, the waters turn auburn. Sailors swim and sailors drown while turquoise dolphins jump





in synchronicity. Violet oysters and aquamarine starfish sleep, rest together. Beneath the blue surface lie green kelp forests, shrouded in mystery and skies azure shimmer and shine above this blue haven.

Each Drop She Falls Would Be A Crocodile

He tangled his webbed feet around her calf and allowed her to go on reading. What he didn't realise was that her book was blank, merely pockmarked, and what danced before her eyes were red, throbbing shapes. With his scarred long-haired claw he began to caress her navel, tickling the skin lightly with the tips of his fingers.

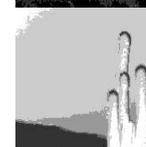


She closed her eyes and allowed the sensation to spread gradually up her arm and across her shoulders, down into her chest. With a sigh, the Devil's right-hand man sat up abruptly to shake off the remnants of his beautiful dream.

Ladies Of The Field

God knows, I love having a dog. The best excuse a man could have to go off to the fields. The police didn't often bother a man with a dog, especially a dog so poorly trained as Tudor obviously was. What the police couldn't know was that I didn't care how much he ran off, capered around, barked and sniffed at any other dog or even threatened small children with his enormous licky tongue. Tudor's training had been keenly focussed on other areas.

Global warming had had some unforeseen side effects. Yes, sea-levels rose but no-one predicted the number of cave-squatters who ran from the encroaching sea and claimed the peaks and crags of the Pennines as their own. Yes, the Gulf Stream changed its course but no-one anticipated the mass migration of Cornish B&B owners to the west coast of Ireland and the popularity of the Cork Riviera. Yes, the weather patterns changed and temperatures rose but no-one predicted the impact this would have when combined with the newly enact-





ed Public Morals and Decency (Control of Prostitution) Act. Summers were long and hot now; winters, short and balmy. Rain, when it came, was predicted long in advance and never lasted more than four hours at the time. Perfect conditions! No-one knows who saw the loophole in the new Act first. Some think it was a comedian doing a set in Brighton who threw it out as a one-liner. Some think it was noticed by a reporter in the Farnham Herald writing about the Act accidentally catching reflexologists in its net. Some actually think it was a deliberate omission by a visionary land-owning MP. Not knowing who discovered the loophole didn't stop knowledge of it flashing across the country from brothel to massage parlour, from working girl to escort.

The cost of renting space on private, green-belt land rocketed after the first test case had blown the Morality Act wide open. As long as they weren't caught in the ultimate act then off-street, non-urban soliciting was now completely legal. The killer for the courts was that the judgement had created a precedent such that any enforcement officer trying to catch people in the actual act would be trespassing on the lady's land and therefore subject to a revenge prosecution. The police had to try to spot offenders from a distance.

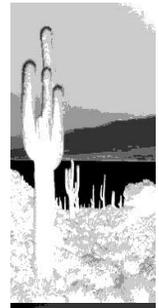


Tudor did three things well. He would patrol whatever copse I was using without rest or pause until my business was finished, he could spot a Morality Copper a mile off and, at parties, he could walk on three legs.

As I strode across Tworn's Paddock that July evening I could see the ladies waving at me, enticing me towards their secluded glades, cosy copses and long-grassed, shaded meadows. Ladies of the night no longer, the ladies of the field called me to their arms. Dog gambolling beside me I said my good evenings to Sycamore Cybil.

Jessica

An arm, pushing a wave of tawny blonde hair back over the shoulder, a man's laugh. Bright, fake - played for some-one





else's benefit, perhaps the darker man who simmered gently by the bar, tapping his whisky glass faster and faster with a long, curved cocktail stick. The barman watched him in alarm, and sure enough the thin, cheap tumbler shattered, spilling shards and golden liquid all over his lap. The couple turned, and both laughed then, she looking triumphant. The other sponged his shorts, looking dumb-founded, then just sad.

Jessica watched the scene lay out with a hint of disgust, diluted by the immense heat and the pitcher of Long Island she had. The muggy weather kept flies droning and the flimsy cotton of her dress stuck against the small of her back. As though in sympathy, she knocked her glass over, although with more dignity than the sultry man still nursing a whisky in the corner, in a plastic cup this time. The amber spread over the hammered tin table, she signalled for a cloth and sucked the spilt alcohol from her fingernails. The dark-haired man smiled at her tentatively, obviously weighing up his desire for comfort and his bruised ego, the possibility of being brushed off.

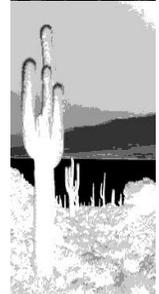
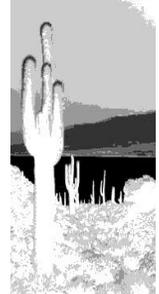
She wondered what it would be like to catch his eye, to smile him over. To catch the scent of his hair oil, a spicy masculine something blending with sweat and the sweet sour scent of whisky, maybe. She was bored; it would be a pleasant diversion to lick his wounds and his delicious looking, coffee cream skin. It would be warm, salt-sweet and a way to spend the afternoon. But Jessica was far too vain; even a diversionary lover had to be focused on her. And he would be thinking of the blonde woman, the one who even now was looking back; the man who made her laugh was obviously her diversion. Gay, a friend, unwitting; either way he wasn't getting any.

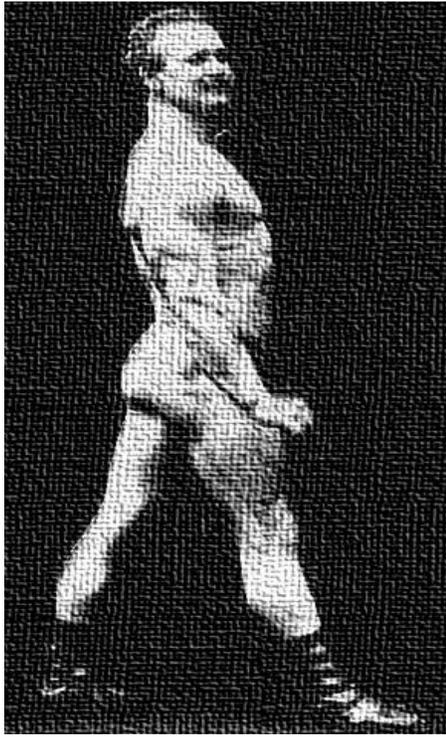
Jessica finished her drink carefully, and broke eye contact, picking at her nails. A flake of red polish peeled off, and the air started to cool. She didn't bother with her £2.99 coat, but ran the three feet to the door, as the clouds broke.

Houghton

My name is Houghton: Houghton I am. I've always been called Houghton and I'll always be known as Houghton. Everything I do, make, say and create is Houghton.

My Daddy is Houghton but Mummy was Springsteen. I take





after my dad. My mum is no more. She was not a Houghton. Never was.

I eat like a Houghton and so do my sisters, Alice and Fred. We eat as Houghtons, we are Houghtons. Houghtons forever.

I sleep and dream as Houghton and I work and fornicate as Houghton. Houghton: first and last and always.

Who am I? I am Wilberforce Houghton. I live, breath and smell of Houghton.

I am Houghton.



A Patriotic Flash Essay (*Pax Quaeritur Bello*)

Why should the monarchy exist? What is its *raison d'être*? Isn't it about time that we grew up and became a republic? Oliver Cromwell is Britain's greatest hero, yet we still revere the likes of Windsor family, Robert the Bruce and the Welsh Tudors. It is time we abolished that residue of the past called monarchy and re-establish the Republic, for that is what Britain is in all but name.

Way back in the 17th Century, when the Republic was first proclaimed, people thought it was the beginning of a new era. The kind where all people would be treated equal and fairly. 350 years later on, people are still judged by their status, class and education. The gap between the wealthy and the poor is growing further apart. If the royal family were to be abolished, the money they scrounge off the state could be invested into the redistribution of wealth without much disturbance to the capitalist system under which we are forced to live.

Family Windsor sucks as us dry like leeches and they delight in the privileges our forefathers gave them. Not one member of them has been forced to live under the circumstances of an improvised subject from the 'provinces'. Why should we support them when we could have an elected representative for our state, the Britain that is Great?



With an elected representative we would be getting value for money, as he/ she would work more efficiently for much less money. She/ he would be able to speak out on behalf of the state without the hindrance of his/ her origin. He, or she, would also be more effective when dealing with foreign affairs, as she, or he, would have been elected to represent the country and not have been born 'the right way'. That person who would be a true representative of the people and he/ she wouldn't be a President, for the British title of an elected head of state already exists: Lord Protector.

That's the way it is. The question of monarchy rises again and again in our circles. Is it good? Is it necessary? The answer is no.

It is time to de-establish the royal family and cut off their heads. Or at least their titles and entitlements.

Down with the monarchy; long live the Republic. Freedom, Sameness and Brotherhood for all!

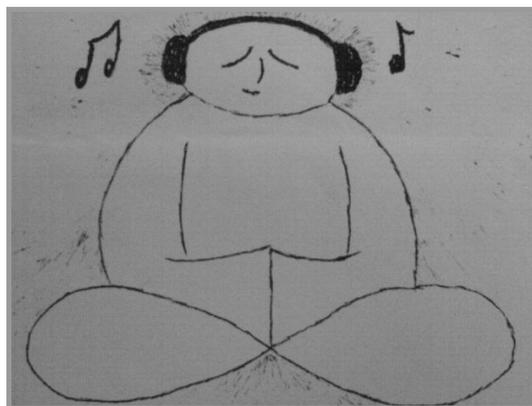
Archimedes I

Archimedes, after a long hard day at his desk, relaxed in the bath by polishing his member and playing with Mr Duck. Eureka! Hydrology founded.

The 7th Seal Reconsidered

Death set up the pieces on the beautifully crafted chessboard and the strong silent knight sat down with a look of determination in his eyes. Hundreds of souls were at stake, Jesus & the Prophet Mohammed prayed and all of God's creatures went quiet.

Listening to the Goldberg Variations, savouring Cumberland sausages and sipping Châteauneuf-du-Pape, Lao and the Buddha couldn't care less.



Archimedes II

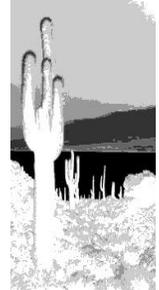
Her husband cried "Eureka". She watched him dash from the bathroom into the study. She took a mop & made him clean up the mess he'd left behind.

NewYorkLifeWriting

We landed at JFK, were finger-printed, photographed and retina scanned, purchased a seven day Metro Card and got on the subway. It was really seedy compared to the tube, but you could always get a seat and it felt safe. We wandered the streets, misdirected by various Americans, and eventually got a taxi -the local hobo tried to follow us. We went out to eat and some random guy started talking to me. He said he had lived in Covent Garden, had worked at the Tate, and did I know Damien Hirst?

The White House Hotel was small and colourful and had line drawings by a guy called Mr. Shadow in the lobby. He did a sketch for Chewi - who got the artist out of bed at two in the morning, and paid him thirty dollars. The rooms were tiny, separate and reasonable except an Australian couple said their floor had bedbugs. Apart from the couple, we met a nice German man and a strange bloke from Leicester that was apparently going round the world looking at Volcanoes, with Montserrat next. When he heard that Clare went to uni in Leicester he wanted her to show him round when he got back to England - she was less keen. Opposite the hostel the theatre was boarded up and covered in band posters for CBGB's, an all ages punk venue down the street that we never actually went to. There was a posh gym down the road with huge windows, where you could see New Yorkers getting massaged and running on treadmills.

The record shop next-door was the size of a shoebox, had three eccentric staff and photocopied magazines about local jazz venues. I popped in to get my dad a late Christmas present, picking up an Elvis Costello he didn't have, and, indifferently, a David Bowie. But I looked through some uncatalogued albums and found Anthropologie - a Charlie Parker and Fats Navarro session album. The store clerk said I could have the record for \$1.50. I asked why, absolutely shocked, (the Costello had been \$14.99) and he explained that the record would never





make it onto the shelves - too unfashionable - and he would rather it went home with someone who would appreciate it. I always wished I lived near a record shop with that kind of atmosphere and originality.

When we sat in McDonalds some black guy in a tricorn hat came over and gave us this lame spiel about how he was a street comedian, who'd been rejected by Oprah. He told us some bad jokes then asked for 'contributions'. Richard gave him some cash to go away and then bitched about it. Mat said Richard could have told him to fuck off and Chewi replied that that was easy to say when you weren't the one saying it.

After two days I was craving vitamins. Places seemed to under-



stand the idea of not 'doing carbs' but it was really difficult to find anything savoury, let alone any fruit or veg. One evening we went to an expensive restaurant, with soft lighting, trees growing through the roof of the glass conservatory (you could smoke there too) and fairy lights wrapped round the trees, but mostly we ate at Ray's Pizza Place. They sold huge pizza slices for \$2 each with amazing coffee, especially Hazelnut flavour. It was always full of leather-clad punks, being next to St Mark's Place, the 'Camden

of New York'. It was ok, but made Camden look good. The punks all looked a bit conformist; Chewi's English Punk look got a surprising amount of attention. He only put his Mohican up once or twice and people were pointing, staring and stopping their cars to look; one Chinese-American lady asked to take his photo.

My favourite shop, Trash n Vaudeville, was in St Mark's Place. They had the flame boots I wanted - but for \$205 so I left it. I loved the Mac counter in Macy's as well - the shop assistants were brilliant, really helpful and sweet and looked good. The





lady wore monochrome and a clear 6g plug in each ear but the man's look was *amazing*. He was black, with his hair shaved at the sides and dyed blonde and a dark brown Mohawk, swept forward. His make-up was utterly beautiful, and he wore fitted girls clothes.

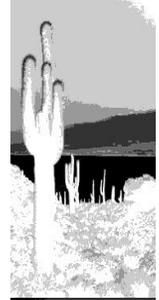
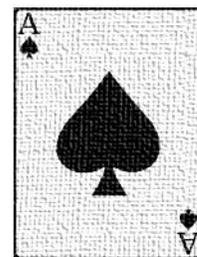
Diesel was less impressive. I looked at the jeans on a rail, but you could barely see what they looked like and they weren't priced, so I picked a pair up from the shelves. A shop girl came over and snatched them out of my hands and said they were on the rail, which was a foot away. I said I was checking the price. She said \$170; I would've paid that but after her attitude I wasn't going to. I also put back the shirt I was going to get for my brother. Sarah's brother spent \$400 in that place; you'd think it would buy a little politeness.

New Yorkers were very friendly. People would just hear our accents and start talking to us. If you stood looking at a map long enough, someone would butt into your conversation, asking where you needed to go. One time I couldn't find my Metro Card and a random smiling boy swiped his card through for me. The place was very respectable and fashions were conservative, except for a strange craze for wearing neon pink blusher. I never heard anyone swear and when we escaped from Abercrombie and Fitch's house music and homoerotic posters to smoke in the street, we got dirty looks. In Footlocker, a Black Eyed Peas video had it's lyric changed from 'funk' to 'mess' and Destiny's Child had this song about hooking up with soldiers because they were protecting us so well, were so manly. I tried not to laugh too hard.

I'd love to go back to New York - with a smaller group and without an itinerary. We didn't get to discover many things; we saw the tourist stuff, all impressive and attractive, but not that interesting. The only thing that really bothered me was lack of greenery. Having only one park plus a few trees in the expensive bit of the city felt really creepy.

Black Jack

Jim dealt the cards & told Sam to play. Drinking bourbon and smoking Camels, Sam constantly called Jim's bluff. 20 matches was his score.





Civilization

Fire light, flickering fire light: at the fall of night, this cave is made of light.

Torch light, glittering torch light: when the night sets in, this settlement glows and gleams.

Candle light, sparkling candle light: at the dawn of night, this village shines bright.

Gas light, glimmering gas light: when the dusk sets in, this town starts to blaze.

Electric light, gleaming electric light: at the dawn of dusk, this city blazes bright .

Neon light, shimmering neon light: when the day folds, my abode is made of light.

Bush Blinds Himself After Watching Daughter's Stoning

George W. Bush, President of the USA, gouged out his own eyes with a military-issue bowie knife last night, after seeing his daughter Jenna stoned to death on Fox News.

Jenna Bush (25), had been sentenced to death earlier in the week by an Iraqi court following her conviction for attempting to bury her sister Barbara's body.

Barbara Bush (25) was captured by insurgents three months ago, while on a goodwill tour of Baghdad, and was later found to be fighting for a Shiite militia. She was killed by US forces in a "mopping-up" operation on the southern outskirts of Baghdad, and her body left unburied in the rubble, following the introduction of a new Iraqi law forbidding the burial of "unlawful enemy combatants."

President Bush had earlier described this law as "sending a strong message to would-be terrorists," but attempted to have the law lifted following Barbara's death. This attempt was seen as an "unwarranted intrusion into the affairs of a sovereign state" by Iraqi president Jalal Talabani.

Jenna Bush made a brief statement before her execution: "I did what I did for the memory of my sister, who was fighting for what she believed in - freedom from tyranny for all people. She should be buried with full honours at Arlington Cemetery."

George W. Bush's attempt to have his daughter Jenna rescued by US special forces was blocked by the Democrat-controlled senate, who ruled the move "unconstitutional."





Vice-President Dick Cheney, who takes over the everyday running of the USA for the foreseeable future, urged the nation to remain calm, and described the death by stoning of Jenna Bush as "dignified". *By our man in Washington DC, Ken 'Monster' Walton*

Lydia

Lydia was spoilt; her mother let her ride around while vacuuming. As an adult, she divorced six men and ended up alone with five hoovers.

finis



"To sleep is wonderful, to be dead is even better. But the true miracle is not to have been born."

Heinrich Himmler, Statesman & Mass Murderer

As according to Jack 'Dr Death' Kevoorkian

This issue was sponsored by Lancaster's
Community Voluntary Section &
Community Champions Lancashire



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For Voluntary
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