

23 DIE IN SAIGON

APARTMENT
BLAST KILLS 23

TORNADO
DEAD: 2

Lune Fiction

Issue No 23

23 Killed in Montreal Apt. Blast

BOI AB

23 DIE IN SAIGON



Lune Fiction Issue 23 (2nd November 2009)

Quiet Reflections on Lancaster - or how to upset people and lose popularity.

Executive Editor: Humble Sam

POYSEs: Jack-Jill, David Shubunkin & Starchild

Editorial Blessing: C.A. Hibbins

Design & pictures: Seahorse Dave & Supernova Joe

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Written by Polly McFadden, George Hussein, Till Owlglass, Humble Sam, Jomar de Vrind and the ghost of Hershel Waters

All comments, advice, contributions and donations are donations, contributions, advice, and comments (of course).

Cover picture is the collage 23 as displayed at The Third Mind Exhibit at the Palais de Tokyo, Paris, in the Autumn of 2007.

All messages that we receive will be answered. Eventually.

When a chicken runs after something in the rain, then it is important to the chicken. - Cameroonian Proverb

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The next issue will be out early next year.

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We make a living by what we get. We make a life by what we give.

Winnie Churchill



**Sponsored by The House of Banality
(so pre-Raphaelite it's excruciating)**



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Editorial

Listen!

We have now all heard of the thriving of flash fiction - how long, complex scenes and tales can be reduced to a few words and short paragraphs, and how intricate and multifaceted stories can be beautifully reduced by the dictum of maximum communication and minimum effort (input < output).

Was it not me, the Sam that is Humble, that shook the foundations of the spinning of yarns and the creation of narratives, that took on Thor and Bacchus in drinking competitions, taught promoters of long and convoluted tales to fear me - who found as a piglet, lacked any mental faculties whatsoever? Yet still I live and continue to grow and prosper in all that I do under the heavens, until the day that all the peoples, woodland creatures and farmyard animals settled on the shorelines along the whale-

road on which I live will follow and honour me. I am a good pig! For when I walk down the hallway to meet my maker, I want to be remembered for the God of all Ham that I am.

Walking down the hallway late at night (very little light from outside, very little radiance from inside), through an empty living room, past a fireplace where once a fire roared, into the kitchen, reaching for the cupboards, stretching for the peanut butter and milkshake powder, drinking banana milkshakes and eating peanut butter sandwiches late at night while perched on the settee, looking at the television: remembering to programs of yesterday; perched on the settee, looking at the stereo set: remembering radio programs of yesterday; perched on the settee, looking at the bookcase: remembering books read yesterday.

So while I sit here perched on the sofa (your couch of delight, our chaise longue of bliss) behind you, next to you, on both sides (just beyond the vision of your eyes), remind yourself how wonderful and kind life can be and enjoy this latest issue of the august publication known throughout the world-wide-web as Lune Fiction, an interesting and social critical (nay, controversial!) e-pamphlet on the limits and horizons of flash fiction espousing the virtues and glories of blitz stories.

Relax, enjoy this issue with as much pleasure as possible and do feel free to read it as many times as you want to,



Humble Sam

Letter to the Editor

Sir!

It is Tuesday, 11th August: another typical wet, overcast, grey summer's day in Lancaster, Lancashire.

I want to write about how ghastly the police can be, but I cannot, for they have been in hiding recently. And on the few occasions that I have recently seen them, they have behaved immaculately and approached difficult situations with much caution, restraint and sensitivity.

I hate them.

I finish my gauloise and down the rest of my double espresso. I cannot think of anything bad to say about the police.

I leave the café. The city centre bustles with people: mothers drag their screaming brood down the high street, youths congregate at the market square and business men in pairs or gangs or on their own rush around with briefcases, mobiles on the ready.

While I am hanging around the city centre outside the old town hall being the flaneur that I am, the police turn up, as they've been informed that buskers and beggars are present in the city centre.

A busker outside the city museum is asked to move on, as 'his music is deemed inappropriate for Lancaster City Centre'. Then the police arrest a beggar slouching in the archway of a small lane that leads onto Lancaster's indoor market for begging.

The leader of the gang looks pleased with himself. Does he know something we don't? He and some of his colleagues then caution a youth outside WH Smith's about the condition of his bike. It needs a new lick of paint. Then

they tell another busker to move on. They continue strolling down the high street, safe in the knowledge that they are keeping Lancaster an orderly place. But who cares for all this? I, for one, am rather pleased with myself. The police have finally revealed their true colours. I thank my lucky stars for confirming my prejudices and go home to write this letter.

Yours faithfully,

JM de Vrind

Crocs to Reclaim Canal

After the success of releasing salmon into the river Lune, Lancaster City Council has decided to release crocodiles into the canal.

Newly elected independent city councillor Ben Mussolini says: "This project will bring in tourists, and it will be good fun for all the family. Under this ingenious scheme, a few crocodiles will be slowly released into the wild over a very long period of time". When pressed to be more precise, Mussolini revealed that 563 crocs will be released within ten minutes. The City Council hopes that Lancaster's new crocodile population will keep the town free of chavs, ducks, swans and the elderly. "It's one way of cutting costs", admitted a Compassionate Conservative councillor.

The city council plans to release the animals (exported all the way from London Zoo) and then pretend they are not there. "We can blame problems occurring due to these beasts patrolling Lancaster's canal on the weather or something", says Councillor Troy. "I think it's the best scheme I have ever

heard of", quipped councillor M.O'Ron before falling into a black hole.

However, it appears that not all Lancastrians are happy with the idea of ferocious crocodiles swimming in Lancaster Canal. The chavs, ducks, swans and elderly are cacking themselves for a start.

No, voices of concern are also coming from other quarters. "I'm not too keen on the idea myself", said a Mr. Captain Hook from Morecambe Bay, "if anyone meets one of these creatures - say me - then it might all turn into an awfully big adventure".

The issue of the crocodiles being asylum seekers has also been raised by concerned locals. "Nonsense", said a leading zoologist when we pestered him for an opinion, "They're alligators, not crocodiles".

If the plan turns out to be a success, tigers will be reintroduced into Williamson Park.

The city council is brain dead.

Early Morning Bus

Sitting comfortably on the early morning bus, with Mozart's first flute concerto pouring into my ears, I look out of the window and notice that the bus is passing that part of Manchester city centre where thirteen years ago the last IRA bomb had gone off, and a work colleague of ours was blown to pieces.

You and I had been lucky, for we had chosen a different assignment in a different part of town. Our mate had paid for working in the city centre with his life.

Our boss, who felt not just responsible for our jobs but also for our well-being, decided a couple of years later, when

all prisoners were being freed and given amnesties, to end his life.

Every time I come back up North, I imagine I can hear, among the screams of the dead, our howls of despair.

A Proposal: Outline of The Ballad of the Water Beasts

A crab and a fish fall in love with each other. However, being incompatible species, they cannot consummate their love, and they can merely yearn for a successful union.

Eventually, after much thought, they call upon the serpentine demon Matheuss and his friend Nimble Ben to aid them in their quest for their amorous fulfillment. The king's chef is called to help out. He slaughters them and cooks a pie of fish with crab paste.

So finally, in death, the amorous couple is inseparable, and the king and queen enjoy the dish, the union of the fish and the crab.

Tales

It is shortly before 2 pm in the afternoon, and I approach with trepidation Lancaster's controversial art gallery *Tales*.

I am set to meet Bolton-le-Sands' acclaimed artist, dancer, poet, feminist writer and astronaut Maggie Anderson. I am nervous, for she is known to be outspoken about things. I open the door, climb the grand stairway to the sixth floor (the agony, the ecstasy), saunter down the magnificent neo baroque corridor dubbed in pleasant fluorescent shades of purple and enter the gallery. Silence. And nobody about. Except for the bored looking middle-aged bespectacled man at the reception desk reading the lads' mag *Pussy*.

I pity him.

I walk over to the far side of the room and look at Anderson's latest collection of art. It is simply called *Snot*. Taking her cue from the great pre-modernist thinker Lala di Gaga ('All art comes from inside'), Maggie Anderson has created sculptures from her used tissues. There is *Snot-Snot*, a colony of paper tissues covered in particularly aesthetically pleasing green bogies. It expresses the futility of finding a bargain at Marks & Spencer's. Then there is *Love in the Gutter* - the only exhibit not consisting of soiled tissues but a solitary bloody tampon. And then there is my favourite, *Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi*: two pink tissues ornamented with ickle cuddly teddy bears and covered in delightfully smelling vomit.

I am overwhelmed.

After a few minutes of this, I sit down on the wooden floor and contemplate the futility of my existence. Anderson is late, for she is an artist. Finally, she arrives at 3 pm and stares at me. "Are you the journalist from Lune Fiction?", she asks in a surprisingly husky voice. I say yes, and she looks away. "I am a woman", she barks. I stare at her in awe. Tumbleweed drifts past.

I get up, walk towards her and fall on one knee. "Madam", I say trembling with excitement, "It is an honour to meet you, but is it true what they say?". Maggie Anderson whispers: "I am a woman and I suffer from PMT". I shudder. PMT: Post-Modernist Tension. I glance away. I can no longer look at her divine moustache. So fluffy, so dark. "But what about the issues?" I ask. "Over there. That exhibition. It is beautiful, is it not?" She pauses. "I am a

woman and I hate men. They are all to be despised. You may stand up now". I do so trembling.

"I am a woman", she continues, "I have emotions. Strong ones. Hence this current exhibition about my lesbian tortoise. Hence my previous exhibition *Weird Things In Jelly* about my father's penis. Hence my next exhibition *What Is It Like To Dance Naked In Space* about my desire to finish a Sudoku puzzle."

She fixes me with her blood shot eyes.

"I am a woman, and I have needs. Do you want to mount me now or later?"

I make my excuses and runaway screaming.

Ex

My Ex, who has now been living with her male mirror image platonically for the last twelve months, is happy with her lot and works as an assistant librarian in a former cotton mill that now functions as an art gallery for renowned art works of Central Europe.

Apparently I'm the best lover she ever had.

She does not know me, she is not like me. As I listen to Julian Bream playing Bach on the Spanish Guitar on my gramophone, she listens to ELO and yesteryear's disco hits on her iPod. As I read Penguin Classics' *Moby Dick* reclining on the garden sofa, she reads *Mrs. Ahab* on her e-book while jogging on her tread mill.

Apparently she misses me.

She thinks of me when she pleases herself, she thinks of me everyday. She likes gherkins, but she doesn't like me. I love the concept of her but not the person. One day we'll be happy, one day

we might move on.

My ex - she with the big bouncy breasts, beautiful blue eyes, small mind and even smaller heart - says that I should respect the memory of the time we spent together, value the love she had for me and honour what may yet be.

I feel sick.

But I might just be bitter and twisted and lonely. She is, after all, pretty angry with me: Her partner's mother found the gherkin I had left her in the mailbox.

Essay: Head, Shoulders, Knees & Toes

What do we mean when we say 'head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes' and then repeat it? What are we saying when we add 'and eyes and ears and mouth and nose'? And then finish with 'head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes'? Why 'head, shoulders, knees and toes (knees and toes)'? Why not 'crown, boobies, gut and groin, gut and groin/ crown, boobies, gut and groin, gut and groin (and bum and back and neck and aura)'? Does it matter? Do we care?

According to legend, as he was dying in his bedsit in Hastings in 1947, the Beast himself Aleister Crowley sang 'Heads, shoulders, knees & toes' before composing his final poem *Pymn to Ham* and then expiring. His great friend and mentor Winston Churchill, who was incidentally present at his death, instantly realised he should persuade Prime Minister Clement Attlee to adopt this incantation as a nursery rhyme for educational purposes, thus damning Labour's welfare state project and ultimately leading to the destruction of socialism and the victory of Manchester

capitalism through satanic mumbo-jumbo.

But, of course, this is wishful thinking and like all legends, only contains a small kernel of truth (the fact that socialism was destroyed though satanic mumbo-jumbo in the form of Hollywood, Walt Disney and the Rolling Stones).

The fact of the matter is that 'Heads, shoulders, knees & toes' is a nursery rhyme dating back to the Middle Ages. Leprosy was still fairly common in late Medieval Europe with all large settlements having their own leprosy hospital, e.g. Lancaster's Lazar house was Skerton. Furthermore, and this has been scientifically proven by scientists, people were less intelligent than they are these days, and they constantly had to check that they were still in possession of their various body parts, especially their limbs. Thus a mnemonic was created to remind people to verify they still had those body parts most likely to be affected by leprosy. It proved to be of great use, and it became fairly popular at the court of King Henry VI, as he was a bit special and needed constant supervision, so more often than not, the whole court would be performing what we now call nursery rhymes to keep the king amused. Especially with 'Head, shoulders, knees and toes'. Indeed, before embarking on his ridiculous war with the Confederates, Charles the Bold visited London where he observed Henry's court performing '*Hede, shoulter, knees aend toehs, knees aend toehs. Hede, shoulter, knees aend toehs, knees aend toehs. And eies aend eeres aend moudt aend nohse. Hede, shoulter, knees aend toehs, knees aend toehs.*' on a daily basis.

And there we have it. Like all nursery rhymes, 'Head, shoulders, knees and toes (knees and toes)', is descended from medieval practices and was originally created for health and safety reasons.

Of course, we do not really need to care for this fact, but nuggets of knowledge such as this can make us immensely popular and may allow us to win pub quizzes.

Just don't show off (unless you're dealing with a bunch of four-year olds constantly asking 'why?').

This too is Flash Fiction

As his love juice dripped off her mammary glands, Jimmy lay down beside her and gave her a squeeze she had never experienced before. Love, caring, tenderness and affection rolled into one.

Then Susie kissed her cheeks while her own love juices streamed down her thighs. She had never been kissed like this before. Love, warmth, compassion and affection rolled into one.

Susie had touched Sandra divinely, while they had watched Jimmy pleasure himself. It had all been perfect and this moment, cushioned between Susie and Jimmy, was pure bliss. Sandra hoped it would never end.

Just then her husband rang her on her mobile. It was time to go.

New Sex Licensing Laws

Due to circumstances beyond its control, Lancaster City Council is invoking Clause 69 of the 2015 Independent Cities' Act to revoke the 1968 Sexual Intercourse Act to provoke mass confusion.

To cut a long story short, Lancaster

(and Morecambe) is now to have its own sex laws. According to a communiqué released by the City Council's sex committee, the new rules are as follows:

- Regular penetrative vaginal intercourse is permitted for all over the age of sixteen except for that git who keeps giving me filthy looks at the George & Andrew.
- Anal sex is only permitted between 10pm and 11pm during the week and between 1 am and 6am at the weekends.
- Oral sex is allowed on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays. Felatio is compulsory on Tuesdays (Tuesday!), and cunnilingus can only be performed by experts.
- Masturbation is illegal but deemed decriminalised till experts have decided whether it makes you blind or not.
- Mutual masturbation is compulsory for people working in politics, the arts, the media and self-help groups.
- Sex between all faiths is allowed except for those peace-loving Buddhists.
- During acts of a sexual nature, whipping cream is allowed but chocolate isn't.
- Sapphic love is only permitted for OAPs.
- Dogging is only permitted in the market square, along the quayside and in my backyard.
- Sex is not permitted for reproduction. I mean, for God's sake, we've got test tubes and cloning and stuff these days.
- Sado-masochism is the preserve of the City Council.
- The flat rate tax for all sexual acts is £2.50 for penetrative and £1.50 for non-penetrative intercourse.

I'm bored with this article.

Charity Appeal: Support MS now!

Multiple Suffering (MS), Lancaster's only charity worth writing about, was started in September 2001 by Myra Manson after she had been working as a Red Cross nurse in Sudan for the previous two decades.

Ms Manson had witnessed the death of thousands and thousands of adults caused by bombs, mines, grenades and other blasting things, before coming up with the idea of MS, for as a nurse in Sudan, she had looked after the orphaned children of those people blown up viciously by grenades, mines, bombs and other blasting things before getting a bit fed up with it all and deciding to do something.

"Multiple Suffering", says Myra, "allows orphaned children to die with dignity, as they sure haven't got a chance in hell of reaching adulthood in this part of the world. I mean, just think of the Lord's Army. Jesus, poor little blighters haven't got a chance."

"My charity", continues Myra, "allows the kids to die in front of a television watching American television with a hamburger in one hand and a Mickey Mouse doll in the other."

"It's the sweetest thing to watch them expire this way. It also brings great joy to my heart, and, of course, I too will die one day, but I will die in the knowledge that I have let little poor children of the developing world have a taste of Western civilization."

Multiple Suffering is sponsored by CNN, MTV, CIA, FBI and Rupert Murdoch but could do with some extra cash due to the recession and tax havens being closed down, so cough up please.

Battle for the children shifts from indoors to the rest of the family

Gertrud Forster's unconditional support for her son Jack Forster has led both his wife Lara Forster and her parents Alf and Vicky Savage to start plotting against her.

The battle between Jack and Lara Forster over custody of their children appears to be shifting from inside their home and onto the streets with their own two families getting more involved amid suggestions that Vicky Savage is plotting to undermine Gertrud Forster's position as head of the local W.I. if she does not persuade her son to let Lara Forster have the children, as tensions between senior lecturer Alf Savage and his employer Jack Forster, head of the university's geology department, seem to be coming to ahead.

Accelerating arguments, which some experts fear may soon get out of control, between families Forster and Savage over the impending divorce of Jack and Lara Forster had been effectively crushed by Jack Forster's bribes and threats that have seen an unprecedented increase in misery and sadness among various family members and the threat of Alf Savage being made redundant.

In the past few days, Rob Savage - Lara Forster's older brother - has announced his intention of finding out 'what the kids want' and 'what is best for them' in an 'even-handed way'. In response, Jacques Forster - Jack Forster's father and a minor civil servant at the Home Office - has discussed with the head of his local police force the possibility of "neutralising" Rob Savage.

In a move with even greater potential significance, according to Rob Savage's younger brother Ben Savage, Lara Forster's uncle Mitch Capelin (Vicky Savage's brother) has been lobbying his former comrades of the Newcastle & Sunderland Royal Dragoons, of which Major Capelin is head of retired squad-dies, to make Jack Forster an offer he cannot refuse.

If Mitch Capelin were successful, the rising threat of physical aggression would mean a profound shift in the balance of reasonable behaviour between families Forster and Savage.

"Although Uncle Mitch is a bit of a persona-non-grata within the family, he is currently the only serious hope that Lara currently has of retaining her children", said a family member who wished not to be named. "He is the only one who various associates of Family Savage think has enough clout to influence the behaviour of the senior members of the Forsters".

Jacques Forster's influence on his local police force is considered to be not as weighty as Mitch Capelin's authority among former and current members of Northern army regiments. However, Rob Savage's history as a peace activist and consumer of illegal substances in his youth could mean that police officers would be keen to 'teach him a lesson'.

The children are being showered with toys and sweets, of course, in exchange for favours and their love and allegiance, as they watch their parents' families square up to each other and their progenitors tear themselves apart. And, obviously, naturally (how could it be otherwise?), they blame themselves.

Review of Pratlight - Lancaster's alternative cabaret for local people and regional artistes

Last night's Pratlight at the Lancashire Hovel was, as always, a complete success. There were more than ten people in the audience (including Fritz the house mouse, author of 'The Whey to Cheese') which led Pratlight co-organiser, sound manager, local pimp and puppeteer extraordinaire Simon Cowell look-a-like Donald Ronald David Gerald Scarface Fleet to exclaim: "At this rate, we will have an audience of five hundred by the year 2525", before adding, "Have you seen my little friend?"

Scarface's partner and fellow Pratlight co-organiser A. Woman said: "I bleed once a month. I lactate. Would you like chips with that?"

Fritz the mouse went: "Squeak."

First on the bill was Christian Sunshine Sunwood (formerly Robert Raymond Binyamin Turner Overdrive), the one-man midget music band sensation from Harrogate who had come to Lancaster in Lancashire to cause a stir. Using dried pumpkins of varying sizes as kettle drums, CSS used his head as a rhythm-stick to produce a melodious and monotonous cacophony describing the fears and aspirations of a waterphobe growing up in spa city.

The audience fainted with pleasure.

Next up was Stacey Minstrel with her ever-so delightful *Puppetry of the Rectum*. Using her hands, some Vaseline, her anus and a broomstick, Stacey brought to life old favourites such as 'Black Hole' and 'Morecambe' and introduced new pieces such as 'Doughnut' and 'Robert Kilroy-Silk'.

The audience loved it.

Unfortunately, towards the end of her act, Stacey fell over and impaled herself onto Donald Ronald David Gerald Scarface Fleet's massive totem pole.

Most inconsiderate.

The third act was the Franco-Scottish boy wonder Jean-Claude McLeod of the clan McLeod with his amusing prints of pink fluffy baby Daleks. There was talk of 'extermination', 'excrement' and other polysyllabic words that start with the prefix 'ex', but eventually the audience pulled itself together and went up to the bar for pints of Old Dungface's Scrumpy John Tom.

After the spilling of pints and the whispers of abuse between couples, friends and grasshoppers, Oldham's finest comedian troupe *Holy Jihad* performed their latest cycle of sketches *London was a blast - but now I worship Mammon*. To the tune of 'Day O (The Banana Boat Song)', they sang 'One plane, two plane, None! Daylight come and there are no Twin Towers...' and explained the righteousness of Osama 'My Man' Bin Laden to the kids.

Well wicked!

Finally, the evening ended with the launching of the good egg HMS Vera Bridesgirdle. Donald Ronald David Gerald Scarface Fleet, Christian Sunshine Sunwood and Jean-Claude McLeod of the clan McLeod with Mickey O'Liphant of the University of Lancaster's Creative Number Crunching department and the ghost of Stacey Minstrel unveiled the good egg and launched it with the words 'I say! Jolly good, what? Cool!' while presenting themselves with a bottle of home-made organic vegan champagne made

out of chav juice. The good egg sailed off the stage, down the aisle and into the great wide unknown (Lancaster on a Friday night) while the audience, grasshoppers, gnomes and rhesus monkeys jumped up and down with great excitement and shouted and whispered and stated: "We are special. We are creative. We are one".

That was a very bizarre article.

PS Due to a power cut on Wednesday, the next Pratlight will be in blue.

Coming soon to a venue near you: 3 VD

Want some good wholesome family entertainment? Some witty and enlightening thoughts on life? Or some devil-may-care fun? Well, forget it, this is Great Britain. However, if you want a cheap laugh at other people's expenses, then why not pop over to the Derbyshire Homestead for 3 VD is performing there tonight.

3VD are Sandra Typhoid (she is the oldest and plays Gonorrhoea), Tara Shingles (she plays the bastard sister Syphilis) and Hester Grief who plays HIV.

"I'm always happy and smiling", quips Grief, "I'm positive."

The Alpstein on a late Summer's Evening

Outside: twilight, tranquility, tawny owls.

Inside: Only my desk light is on, and near me, in the marital bed, a snore and a gasp (otherwise no sound).

She has fallen soundly asleep.

The last of the sun's rays crawl backwards over the eternal snow on the grey peaks: Pink, purple and orange.

In the bedroom there's a ballet of shadows, for the last of the summer moths are dancing around the desk light.

Dusk here is just an illusion; there are no nightmares lurking about.

The jagged teeth of mountains reaching for the heavens, the last cows trotting homeward bound: night settling over the Alpstein. The sight of Alpine life coming to its daily end, the Senn singing good-night: dusk settling over Eastern Switzerland

Soothing noises, the zither humming, coffee brewing, schnapps being downed.

A warm light changing into a warm gloom changing into a warm blackness.

Dusk settling over the Alpstein, night settling over Eastern Switzerland.

A Fresh Look At The Pendle Witches: Was Their Death Warranted?

The Pendle Witches of 1612 have often been regarded as Catholic victims of the repressive authoritarian Protestant regime of the early 17th Century who were hounded to death by petty neighbours and malicious gossip. However, a new book by Professor Evelyn Hasler of Lancaster University claims they deserved to die.

In his book "Why The Witches Got What They Asked For", Prof. Hasler (a local historian who specialises in local history for local people) writes that "the evil-doers of Pendle Hill earned everything they got. They were witches and they deserved to die. Ha!"

He then proceeds with the argument that "the execution of the Pendle Witches was justified as they did evil things such as keeping cats as pets, flying around on broom sticks and pro-

fessing to have a vast knowledge of herbal medicine. Also, these people smelt funny, and they never made it to the toilet on time."

But Professor Sandra Buttocks, Sheffield University's head of Women's Issues department, repudates Hasler's reasoning with the argument that "the sole reason the witches were slaughtered was because they were women. Even the men."

An even more interesting point of view has been expressed by Doctor von Dingsbums of the University of New Orleans who says that "the witches were actually pigeons and were sacrificed to the god of flight". Furthermore, "the pigeons deserved to die because these creatures are the direct descendants of dinosaurs."

"This is all nonsense", said Yvonne Tagueule, investigative journalist at the Manchester Guardian, when I asked her for her opinion over a chicken curry, "what really happened was there was a truly awesome barbecue on top of Pendle Hill, and it sadly got out of hand, and they all perished in the flames. Except for the survivors of course".

I then pointed out to her that no witches have ever been burned in England & Wales (formerly England), to which she replied something unprintable.

But Professor Evelyn Hasler maintains that at the end of the day the witches of Pendle Hill really were witches, and they deserved to die because "they were pure liquid evil".

Upcoming Events in Lancaster

1. Music: *Craft Fair* live on the Quay - sort of an acoustic version of Kraftwerk (but without the fun and the melodies).
2. Music: Heavy metal band *Albatross and the Theatre of Hate* promote their latest album *Issues for Breakfast* for their entertainment at the Castle ('a performance by men who are clearly very angry and in desperate need of a hug' *Stuart Marconi, Radio 2*).
3. Film: *Really Boring Social Critical Movie Set In The North* - a really boring social critical movie set in the North.
4. Film: *Retard!* - the latest Hollywood Blockbuster and the true successor to *Forest Gump*. The acclaimed film about a mentally challenged man who succeeds his father in becoming president of the United States of America.
5. Drama: *Pigs in da Hood*. This year's *The Play in the Park*'s main attraction: a modern take on 'Babes in the Wood' with community support officers lost on a council estate.
6. Miscellaneous: A guided walk along Lancaster Canal on a Sunday afternoon with your guide indicating the litter on the pathway, the trolleys in the water and the terrified ducks cowering in the reeds (sponsored by the *Lancaster Grauniad*).
7. Miscellaneous: A celebration of Britain's diversity at the Winnie Mandela Community Centre hosted by the Kinky Catholic Knights with special guests Phil Collins and Eric 'Slowhand' Clapton.

"Although prepared for martyrdom, I preferred that it be postponed."

So said the great British Statesman
Winston Churchill.

f i n i s



And finally:

There were huge scenes of outrage last night when a group of naughty men turned up in SS uniforms to greet controversial historian David Irving at his latest book signing.

Headless chickens ran around hysterically, drunken yobs threw up fluorescent porridge-like matter, and Vera Lynn did a headstand, as these vile, evil, disgusting, perverted men penetrated Irving's

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