



# Lune Fiction

## Issue 4

15th May 2006

*Bade mein Hof!*

*Lune*: noun. Anything in the shape of a half moon; a lunule; a fit of lunacy (Shakespeare) (Chambers Dictionary, 1998)

*Fiction*: noun. An invented or false story; a falsehood; a supposition, for the sake of argument, that a possibility, however unlikely, is a fact (Chambers Dictionary, 1998)

## Lune Fiction Issue 4

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Comments, advice, complaints, contributions, donations and sponsorship deals can be sent via our contact address.

Only interesting letters in the narrowest of senses will be published

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**God save us from our own stupidity**

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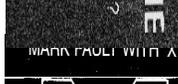
*Next Issue will be out 12th June 2006*

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publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this edition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. All stories, articles and letters are copyright of the publisher. Actually, now I think about it, the same goes for the pictures and all. Finally, the views that are expressed here are not necessarily the views of the editor and publisher.

Let there be words.

## Editorial

Welcome to this, the Spring of pleasure, for LF4 has arrived. Once again, I'm proud to present more ultra short stories by Lancaster's finest writers including Marian Hughes, Peter Jones & Eddy Miller. As always, we try to entertain you with a diverse mixture of substantial and not quite substantial stuff. We have reduced narratives to their bare essentials and sent literary masturbation into the nether-netherlands of oblivion for sandwiches (except for this foreword, of course.) But allow me to move on now.

I intend to visit an important literary festival or other this year to promote Lune Fiction, the city of Lancaster and its literary scene. For this, I would like you, the reader, to pray for the success of my mission by singing a hymn I have composed (music: "The International" or "O Tannenbaum", depending on your perspective of history).

*Oh Humble Sam, Oh Humble Sam  
Succeed in your calling  
A ray of hope in the world  
You are beloved to me  
Oh Humble Sam, Oh Humble Sam  
Such a brave, brave piggie*

Keep on reading in the free world.



*Humble Sam*

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### Letter To The Editor 1

Dear Sir,

On returning home from work last Friday, I found my boyfriend howling with agony in the bathroom. I had to break the door down to get to him. He had somehow got it into his head that he ought to be able to lick his own nipples. An idea whose source, I later found, was your magazine.

Not that he admitted this himself. Whilst a neck brace and jaw-clamp were fitted to my Beloved, one of the casualty Nurses told me this was the third case of traction caused by nipple-licking that week. All cases were men.

My boyfriend eventually confessed to always wondering what it felt like for women and it might also be a good way for him to comfort himself when I'm not around. It hadn't occurred to him that men might be less well-equipped to reach their nipples than women.

Please, please could you print this letter as a cautionary tale. It might save other men the embarrassment of that knowing look from the casualty nurse.

*Name and Address withheld*

## Letter to The Editor 2

Dear Sir,

I am growing increasingly irritated by the persistent reference to a certain activity in the letters page of your magazine, namely the licking (or attempted licking) of one's own nipples. The comments purportedly come from members of the public (the authenticity of which I very much doubt) and succeed in adding nothing of quality to the magazine. It is a shame that the first literary publication of its kind for many years should resort to cheap titillation to win its readers. Besides, there aren't enough pictures.

Yours, with disapproval,

HW Bamfrey.

*(Sorry about the pictures. Boots keeps on confiscating them. Ed)*

## An Incident On South Road

A man of uncertain origin was beaten to death yesterday morning with a tabloid newspaper.

The assaulted died during the attack. The attackers were youths of an unimpressive age. Several people witnessed the incident; some tutted, some quickly moved on and others expressed their delight on watching the incident.

The police reacted to the occasion last night by beating up some Asians and picking on a pot smoker. A spokesperson for the local constabulary said, "We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves".

A member of the city council said: "Events like this are occurring more often in Britain. We live in fascinating times."

If nobody claims him beforehand, the man will be thrown into a pauper's grave next Monday.

Zen of Orange

Lying on the grass in a garden made for lounging, sunlight bathes my closed eyelids, soaking the thought-place in the

very Zen of orange.

My movement is so minimal that flying things land on me without fear, dotter about, and eat a little salt, before relaunching.

Just another flower breathing.

I wear my summer skin, where sweat is aired and distilled to a tang. The one you only get outdoors. I remember when I was not a summer person and smile.

### Antlers

She perches on the bath, knees together, feet apart. From her lowered head, two parallel universes stream.

She waits for pink or blue; pregnant or not.

### English For Beginners: Lesson 1

*We are at home with Family Barraclough*

- 1 Mr Barraclough: What's wrong?
- 2 Mrs Barraclough: Nan is coming today!
- 3 Mr Barraclough: What! Your mother?
- 4 Mrs Barraclough: Yes, my mother is coming today!
- 5 Mr Barraclough: Today?
- 6 Mrs Barraclough: Yes. Today is Monday.
- 7 Mr Barraclough: Oh yes, today is Monday!

*Germaine and William are playing outside*

- 8 William: What's wrong?
- 9 Germaine: Nan is not here!
- 10 William: No, Nan is not here!
- 11 Germaine: But today is Monday!
- 12 William: Yes, today is Monday!
- 13 Germaine: And Nan is not here. What is wrong?

*Germaine and William go inside the house*

- 14 Germaine: Nan is not here.
- 15 Mrs Barraclough: What?
- 16 William: Nan is not here.
- 17 Mr Barraclough: No! Nan is here. And she has something important to say.
- 18 Germaine: Where is Nan?
- 19 William: What has Nan got to say?
- 20 Mrs Barraclough: Here! Here is Nan.

21 William: Nan, hello!  
 22 Germaine: Hello Nan!  
 23 Nan: Hello Germaine. Hello William. I have something important to say today. I have come here to die.

### Tim's Jacket

Tim was concerned about his jacket. It was too bright. It made him feel conspicuous when he went out. He longed for a jacket in a darker colour: blue or dark green; this one was yellow. But he had been drunk when he bought it, and he couldn't justify forking out for another. Nevertheless, he made his way to a charity shop. He looked through the jacket department, and there he saw one in mauve, red and orange, diagonally striped. He just had to have it. He paid £2.50, put it on, dumped the yellow one and walked out into the street.

*The End*

### Mr and Mrs Blanchard

Once again, I watched Mrs Blanchard as she dragged herself out of bed. She rocked just enough for momentum to wobble her on to her feet. The moment she hit the carpet, her pitted white buttocks clapped together in loud applause. She was clumsily wrapped in heavy sausage meat - so heavy that the paper-skin on her bony shoulders creaked ready to rip. When it does finally tear, the whole blubber costume will tumble to her feet and she'll never move again, because it'll be so heavy round her ankles. She turned facing me, not really knowing, or caring probably, that I was watching and I glimpsed that somewhere in among all that lard, at the place where the belly yawned over the crinkled thighs, there was a slight hint of transparent pubic wire. She reached past me to turn on the radio... Agado do do... Still rippling to the music, she fished into the jam-jar to catch her eye. As she leaned forward to pull open-wide her empty socket, her spider-leg breasts tickled her toes and made her

giggle. With the skill of Mr. Whippy, she twirled her tits into the white of the plaster-cast cones of the bra. Then grunting breathlessly, she massaged her cold play-dough buttocks into the zigzag-stitched corset knickers. She glanced a 'not-bad' into the mirror, before corkscrewing herself into her white perforated vest. The vest business took it out of her, so she took a moment to steady herself and straightened her wig. It went dark as she reached over me to get her teeth. Then she said: "You could do with a haircut, Sydney. We'll go to the barber's when we're in town today." She seemed to smile at me, as she chewed the dentures as near into place as they would go.

### Kevin The Yellow Button

Hello Boys & Girls, this a story about a little yellow button called Kevin.

Kevin lived on an old yellowish rain coat which belonged to Mary Brown. Mary has had the coat for five years now but she loves it dearly, because every time she fastens it, she can hear all the buttons squeaking with joy. Kevin's whole family live on the coat.

One day, Mary put on her yellow coat and found that Kevin was a bit loose. But as she was only going to the corner-shop, she could mend him when she got back. Well, as Mary was walking down the street, Kevin popped off, fell a very long way and rolled down the pavement and into a drain. It was cold and damp and smelly down there.

*(Stories will be shortened to accommodate our attention span. Ed.)*

### LingLab

Dr. Francis Andrews, head scientist of LingLab in Brussels, is on the verge of a sensational discovery: a common European language that will replace English, French and even Basque. I went to Brussels in Belgium last week and interviewed the good doctor at LingLab, Brussels. Frankie said: "As chief scientist at LingLab in Brussels, it is my privilege to invest the tax-payer's money into projects concerning European languages".

However, some British experts claim this is a waste of money. "This linglabbery is a waste of money", said an MP who wishes to remain anonymous. But you can have his details, if

you send us £50 cash in a brown envelope.  
LingLab, LINGuistic Research into all known (and unknown) European Languages LABoratory, is located in beautiful Brussels near the most famous fountain in the world. You know, the one with the little boy having a piss.

Francis Andrews, a former Jesus freak, says: "I passionately believe in LingLab".

"I will elaborate on the integration of all known (and unknown) European languages in the near future and explain why members of the public should donate generously to this great cause."

### The Spider and the Fly

There was a spider and a fly who were friends. Each day, the fly would comment on the web's progress before he zipped away.

"Lookin' good", he'd say.

"Thank you", replied the spider, quickly and quietly, as he was shy and a little in awe of the fly who was, after all, so loud and well-travelled.

At last, the web was finished and it was very fine. It stretched far across the hawthorn hedge and its composition was perfect. The spider was tired, but pleased.

The fly came zipping along and didn't see the new stretch of web and barrelled straight into it. In his panic, he pulled and strained against the sticky threads - but luck was with him, and he managed to free himself. He tumbled away, his wings all clotted together.

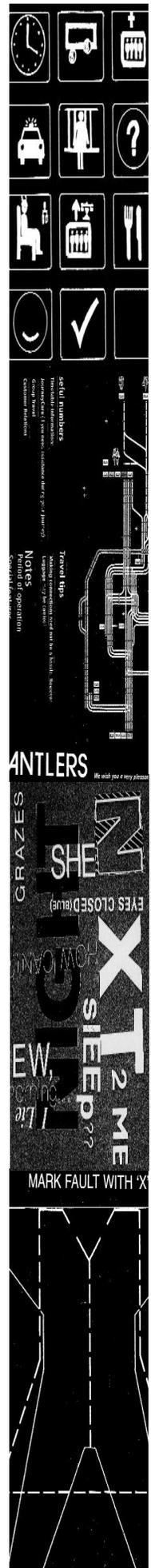
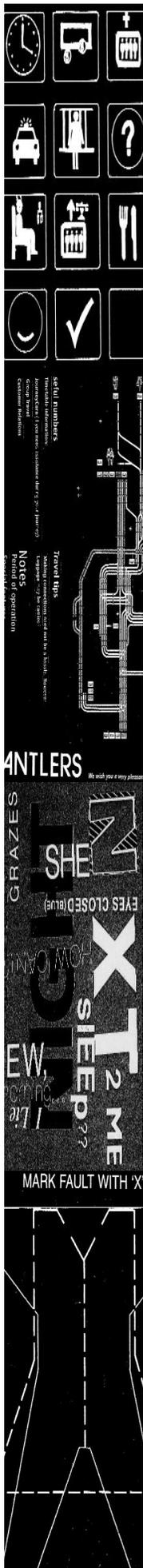
"That spider - how could he do this to me?", he cried.

The web was in tatters. The spider, his work ruined, was inconsolable.

"That fly - how could he do this to me?", he wailed.

A few days passed and the fly managed to clean most of the glue and thread from his wings. He had been in hiding, but, after a while, he thought it might be safe to go flying again. The spider had untied his web, bit-by-bit, letting the threads drift down to the ground for the slugs to eat. It had been a dark few days, but today the sun was out, and for the first time since the accident, he thought he might begin a new web.

When the fly saw the spider, he turned his head and buzzed



noisily past without a word. The spider buried his head in his work.

The same thing happened the next day and the next, but each time they met, they started to shoot little worried looks at each other.

One day, when the fly was approaching, the spider did not bury his head quite so deeply and the fly did not take such a wide berth around the hedge. The first lines of a new web had taken shape.

The fly took a deep breath. "Lookin' good", he said.

The spider beamed.

"Thank you," he said, "Where are you off to today?"

### New Deal Vacancy

Job Type: Performance/ Entertainment.

Job Title: Knife Thrower's Assistant.

Duration: Temporary.

### The Tale Of Diogenes & Alexander The Great

"What would you like?"

"..."

"Gold, diamonds, rubies, silver?"

"Erm..."

"Land, titles, wealth, respect?"

"Hmmm"

"Power, fame, glory, recognition?"

"..."

"A beautiful wife, a nice house, obedient slaves, a sturdy horse?"

"Erm..."

"You can have anything you want!"

"Hmmm"

"What do you want?"

"Could you move out of the sun, please?"

### Justice Done

At four in the morning, Diane recounted the money, again making it only two dollars. She took another sleeping pill, apologised to her four sleeping children for having brought them into the world and suffocated them one by one. She was

about to cut her wrists when she was caught. She was televised being led away, that Summer morning, handcuffed to a policeman. They said she might face the death penalty.

It was decided that Diane should be executed. As this was the land of free choice, she was allowed to choose between injection, electrocution or gas. Typical of her condition and character, Diane was unable to make up her mind. The State decided on electrocution. So one autumn morning, Diane was strapped to the chair where she twitched, convulsed and terminated.

This was successful in bringing back her children. One by one, Jodie, Mary Lou, Ryan and Tom reappeared and went to watch Harry Potter.

It emerged that the world was a fair and decent place. And Diane didn't do it again.

### Weather Report

I switch on the TV and tune in to the latest digital channel. I have missed the news but the weather report is just about to begin.

*Good evening, this is the weather with John Hamstrung. Yes, John H, that's me. Surname: Hamstrung, Christian Name: John. Mr Hamstrung to you guys, Johnny to all you ladies out there.*

*Now, the weather. Yes. Hmmm, the weather... rain or sun, cold or hot. Or maybe not.*

*Thank you and goodnight. You've been a great audience.*

*This is Johnny X Hamstrung, for Ecstasy TV Ltd, Corp. & Incl. Ciao!*

I switch off the TV and go to feed the budgie.

### English For Beginners: Lesson 2

*We are at the hospital with Family Barraclough.*

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| 1 William:  | What's up?                              |
| 2 Germaine: | Mum is in here!                         |
| 3 William:  | No, Mum is in here!                     |
| 4 Germaine: | Yes, she is having an operation.        |
| 5 William:  | No, Mum is having an operation!<br>Why? |
| 6 Germaine: | I do not know!                          |

7 William: No, you do not know. That is not very helpful.

*Mr and Mrs Barraclough are inside the ward after the operation*

8 Mr Barraclough: How are you?

9 Mrs Barraclough: I am fine.

10 Mr Barraclough: Are you sure?

11 Mrs Barraclough: Yes, I am sure!

12 Mr Barraclough: Shall we tell the children?

13 Mrs Barraclough: Yes, you had better tell the children.

*Mr Barraclough joins the children outside the ward*

14 Germaine: Is Mum alright?

15 Mr Barraclough: Yes, your mother is alright.

16 William: Are you sure?

17 Mr Barraclough: Yes, I am sure.

18 Germaine: Why did Mum have an operation?

19 William: Yes, why did Mum need an operation?

20 Mr Barraclough: We cannot afford another child.

21 Germaine: What do you mean, Daddy?

22 William: Yes Daddy, what do you mean?

23 Mr Barraclough: It is difficult for me to tell you.

24 Germaine: Why Daddy?

25 William: Yes, Daddy, why?

26 Mr Barraclough: Your mother has had an abortion.

### The Messenger

As soon as the battle was over, he was asked to report to the king.

He galloped off, through marsh lands, over mountains, across grass plains, through small villages and vast forests. He avoided the towns and cities and arrived in the capital many days later.

He made his way to the castle, the residence of the king. He didn't take a break; didn't even have a wash.

He asked for an audience with the king, for he had an urgent message from the front.

The court official told him to wait.

Through the window of the small waiting room, the messenger watched the Summer sun slowly reach its highest place in the sky, and then he watched it sink and set.

He was told the king would receive him.  
“How are things at the front?”, the king asked.  
“The battle was lost”, the man replied.  
“Off with his head”, ordered the king.

### Gaius

Veni, vidi, vici!  
Then I decided to shaft the senate...

### Patience

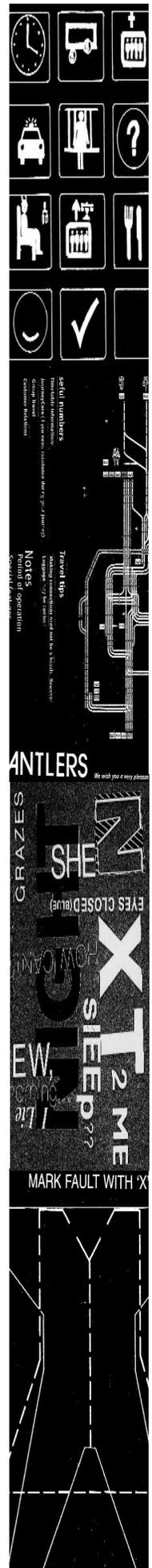
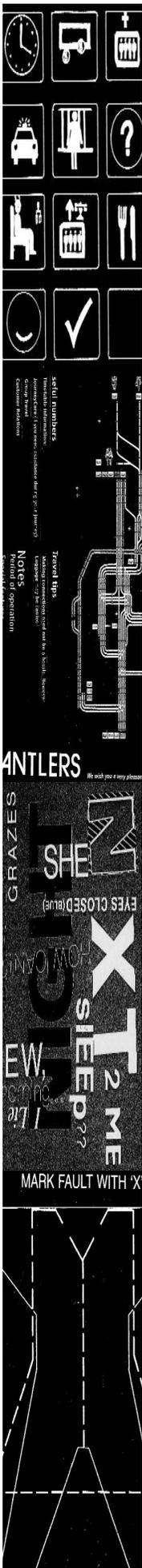
Contrary to popular belief, Patience is not a card game for one player. It is, in fact, a two-player game. Player One deals the cards and attempts to arrange them according to the official rules. This half of the game is familiar and need not be explained. But, what is, more often than not, neglected is the role of Player Two. By the start of play, he will already have declined the offer of joining in. This done, Player Two seats himself at a convenient distance and offers helpful hints to Player One, kindly pointing out any missed opportunities. The objective of Player Two is to feel satisfied that he has rescued the game from Player One on as many occasions as possible. Player One’s objective is therefore, not only to assemble the cards by suit and rank, but in doing so, without wrapping Player Two’s eyebrows around his fist.

### Epic

At his coronation, King Zargon vowed he would end the ancient war. Battles raged across the world until Zargon had won. For almost an hour he shivered in his bunker satisfied that he was the last living thing on the planet. Somewhere in the Universe, an insect ruffled its wings.

### Flash Essay: Benign Love

Her name is irrelevant to you.  
All you need to know is that she has chosen to spend the night with me. She did it last night and she might do it again tomorrow, but what is important is that she is here now.



She sleeps next to me; her skin touching mine.  
 Her blue eyes are closed and the smile upon her face has faded away. My saffron yellow duvet covers her body. Her auburn hair grazes the pillows.  
 I lie awake and stare at her.  
 Is she sleeping well? Does she ache in her sleep? Are her dreams free of nightmares? Or is she in a deep slumber, empty of any reveries?  
 I do not know. How can I?  
 I'm glad she stayed. Who wouldn't be? Only a fool would have thrown her out. She stirs and I take her into my arms. Tomorrow morning - only a few hours away now - may bring disaster, but right now, just this instant, I have everything I could ask for.

*finis*




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