



Lune Fiction

Issue 5: An LF Special

12th June 2006

Bade mein Hof!

Lune Fiction

Issue 5: An LF Special

Sunflowers & Birth Of A Hero

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(translated by JP Stauffacher and JM de Vrind)

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

We will choose to burn letters we don't like

God Save The Duke Of Lancaster

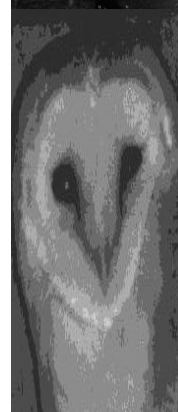
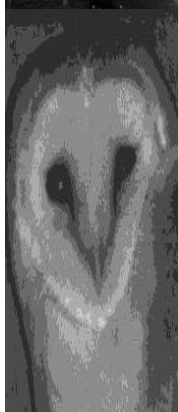
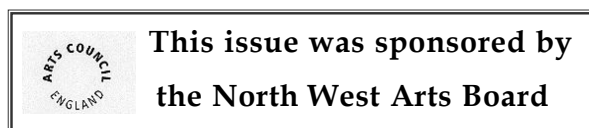
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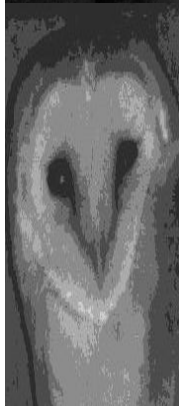
Next Issue will be out 10th July 2006

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And so, on with the music.





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Editorial

Dear, dear reader,

This special issue, the first of many to come, highlights the distinguished poetry of our outstanding inhouse poet, Jean-Paul Stauffacher. Stauffy, who hails from Colmar in Alsace, once spent a not inconsiderable time in the Provençe and became infatuated with Vincent van Gogh and sunflowers.

That's life.

He wrote down his experiences and created his first collection of poems. A reflection on a mispent youth, it is simply called *Sunflowers*. You WILL like it.

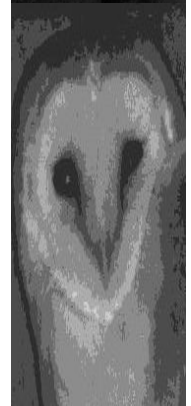
The accompanying pictures come from a collection left to me by my dead friend Herschel Waters, whose ghost still inhabits the corridors of my mind. They tell the tale of a baby owl confronted by an evil monster. The owl slaughters the evil being and thus becomes a real man or owl beast.

Bliss.

Finally, I have written a fairy tale called *Sunflowers: Their Birth*.

Blessed are the innocent for they are ignorant,

Humble Sam



Letters To The Editor

Dear Sam,

There appears to be a rift in the space/ time continuum beneath your offices. This could explain some of the ideas behind your magazine in general and this issue in particular.

I hope your readers understand,
The Doctor

Dear Son,

We love you and would like to remind you that you should clean your teeth at least two times a day for three minutes. And visit the toilet regularly and eat properly. And don't drink too much and participate in regular exercise.

Yours lovingly,
Mum and Dad

To whom it may concern,

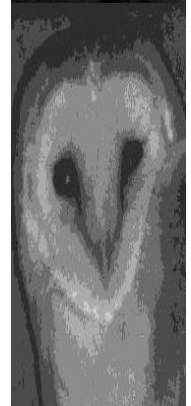
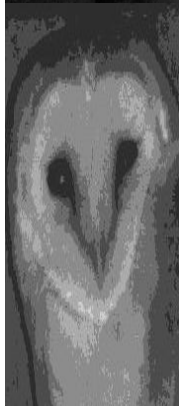
I have been reading your magazine for three months now and must admit that it is a thoroughly good read. However, in your last issue, there were two 'stories' called *English For Beginners*. These were clearly stolen from one of the many language course books written for Continental school children who haven't got a clue about life in the British Isles and our beautiful language. Having said that, there are many books on learning the French and German languages which are aimed at an audience who haven't a clue about life in France and Germany and the beauty of their languages. Hmm. Anyway, yes, I didn't think *English For Beginners* was that original and they reminded me of Ionesco's *La Cantatrice Chauve*. Just so that you know.

Yours sincerely,
Mathias Triste

Dear Sam,

Regarding the rift in the space/ time continuum beneath your offices: the Doctor's right, don't you know?

The Master





Sunflowers #2

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

from here to eternity

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Vincent

Sunflowers

Van

Sunflowers

Gogh

Sunflowers

(and David Hockney)

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

from Arles to Aix-En-Provence

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

England, Holland, Wales

Sunflowers

Ireland, Deutschland, France

Sunflowers

Italy, Scotland, Spain

Sunflowers

Finnland and among the Danes

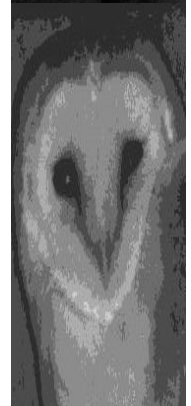
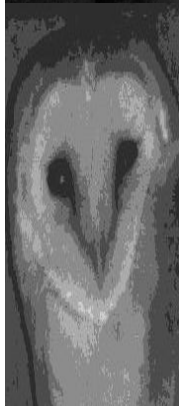
Sunflowers!

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Sunflowers





Sunflowers #3

Sunflowers
not
to be confused
with truffids
Sunflowers



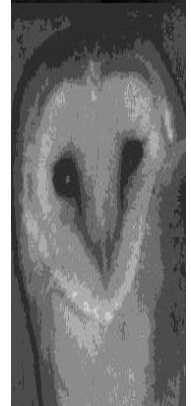
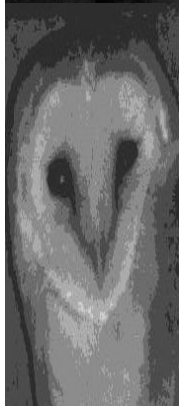
The Beauty Of Sunflowers

Sunflowers
fuchsia
dandelions
forget-me-nots
lavender
red roses wild
the euclyptus tree
Sunflowers
Sonnenblumen über alles



Sunflowerz

Sunflowers
bloody, bloody sunflowers
effing sunflowers
Damn those sunflowers
sunflowers, sunflowers, sunflowers
malicious sunflowers everywhere
I can't take them anymore
Sunflowers:
Yuck fou!



Sunflowers: Their Birth (a fairy tale)

Louis Bourbon was upset. Once again the Dutch/ Netherlanders (or had it been the English/ British) had thwarted his plans to take over Europe and the rest of the the world. Or had it been the Habsburg Dynasty?

Anyway, he was slightly miffed and feeling melancholic. The French economy was in dire straits (mind you, La France was the nation, the sultan of swing so to speak), his greatgrandson was now the Dolphin or something and the wife had told him to stop crapping in the corridors of his palace at Versailles.

Hanging out in its gardens, the Sun King reflected that all he would be remembered for was the defeat of his evil twin brother, The Gimp In The Iron Mask. But at least he had his own patch of dandelions in a far away corner of Versailles' back yard. He liked conversing with them, like every decent monarch should. They were his friends, his only rays of hope, which was appropriate as their petals were yellow like the star around which the planet Earth circulated. But right now they couldn't offer him any joy whatsoever. He was too upset. He just stared at them and mumbled how pointless it was to be the Sun King.

Just then, as it happens in tales like this, the Earth rumbled and the sky shuddered. Wodan stepped out of a cloud on the horizon, gave Louis a friendly, loving Glaswegian kiss and addressed him.

'Lou-Lou', he said, 'Lou-Lou, you are a git but you did try to achieve great things for the greatest of nations: La France, enlightened child of Charlemagne and Julius Caesar. So I am turning to you in my hour of need. I want four new horses, as my old ones are getting on a bit... well, Loki had them for tea the other day and I really, really do need new ones... in return I shall grant you a wish. What do you say ?'

'Yes, yes, of course Almighty Deity; take Charles, Valerie, Francois and Jacques'.



'Thank you, but could I take Gaston instead of Jacques? He's less useless.'

'If you must, Oh Great Being. What can I have in return?'

'Anything'.

'Hmmm, I want to be happy and on my death bed I want to leave France in ship shape condition and in the hands of someone capable... yes, that's it really.'

'Rubbish! What do you really want? And don't forget I gave my name to both a Dutch and an English day of the week!'

'What's that got to do with the quality of beaujolais nouveau?'

'Nothing. What do you really want?'

'Sunflowers'

'...'

'Beautiful flowers from the sun; flowers that cannot die... flowers that only grow on the sun!'

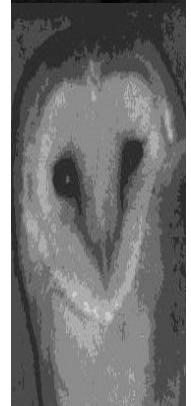
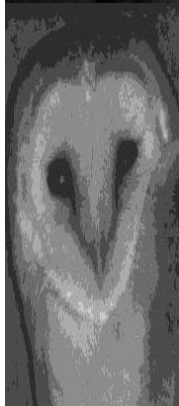
Rather than condescend to Louis level of scientific understanding, Wodan waved his hands in a manly yet non-threatening way and transformed the Sun King's dandelions into mighty flowers; flowers that towered over Louis, flowers that deserved the sobriquet 'mighty'.

The French King was lost for words but extremely happy. He thanked Wodan profusely and did a funny jig. Things were done differently in ancient times.

And so although we remember Louis XIV for being a bit of a megalomaniac, at least he gave us sunflowers.

And that has to be a good thing.

Next time: Was Vincent the Avatar of Odin?





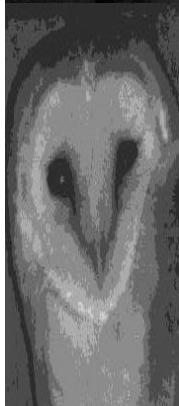
Sunflowers #4

Sunflowers
Sunflowers
sunflowers
sunflowers

sunflowers
Sunflowers
sunflowers
Sunflowers

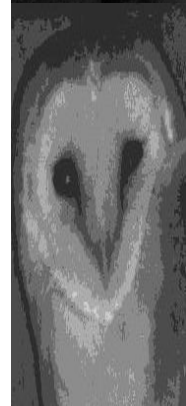
Sunflowers
sunflowers
Sunflowers

sunflowers
Sunflowers
sunflowers



The Planet of Sunflowers

To the planet of sunflowers
I will take you
Among the sunflowers
I will make love to you
Through the sunflowers
we will gain a higher conscience
On the planet of sunflowers
we can be one
On the planet of sunflowers
there's something more than sunflowers





Sunflowers #5

Sunflowers

Sunflowers


Sunflowers

Sunflowers



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 This issue was sponsored by
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