



Lune Fiction

Issue 8



2nd October 2006

Very Popular With Badgers

Lune: verb. To flow with grace, to flow like the river Lune. She lunede downe the steps [Alfrede Ye Wisemane, Anon.] (Humble Sam's Dictionary Of Trivial Yet Interesting Things, 2002)

Fiction: adverb. From the verb to fiction. To make something up as you go along. The Hungarian Socialists won the General Election thanks to their leader campaigning fictionally. [Not Reuters, September 2006] (Humble Sam's Dictionary Of Fact & Fiction, 2007)

Lune Fiction

Issue 8

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Comments & contributions can be sent via our website
Please donate! Work at LF is voluntary and the arts grant from the North West Arts Board merely covers maintenance costs.

Most letters sent to us will be published. But not all.

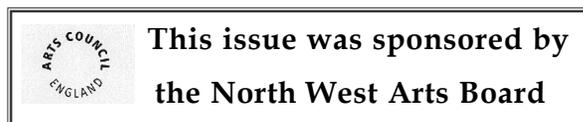
NB Many thanx to the Big Dude in the Sky

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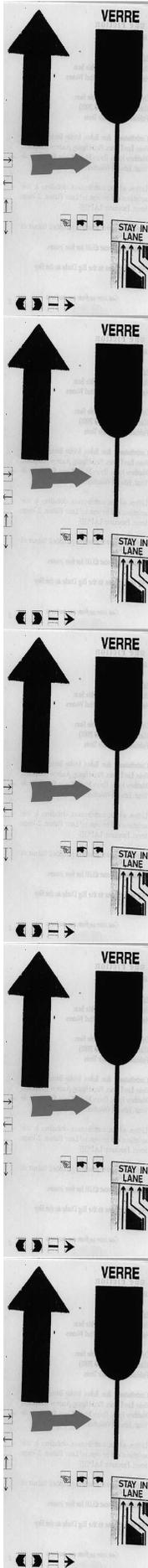
God save us from our partners

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Conditions Of Sale:

And once again I have to point out that this magazine has been published subject to the condition that it shall not, in any way whatsoever (even if World War Three breaks out and we are reduced to eating our own grandparents), by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the 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 reader (poor fool).

All stories, articles and letters are copyright of the authors. The same goes for the pictures. And the design. I (Jomar de Vrind) came up with the LF logo and it's pretty cool. Some people don't like it... so what?

In the last issue I mentioned fish. This was misleading, as I had meant something completely different: pigs. Easily confused.

Finally, the views that are expressed here are not necessarily the views of Matt Damon. Watch out for the pigs. They snort! (Did I say pigs? I meant fish).

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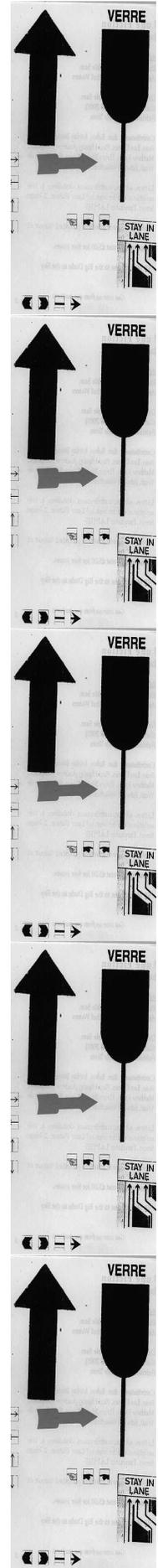
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Editorial

On balance, I have to accept that I am a very lucky pig-beast. My mighty pen is south-facing with a spectacular view of Morecambe Bay. I also I have an excellent view of the town hall and castle and I am fed foie gras with truffles and champagne on a regular basis. All these pleasant things, along with the ceaseless sun-bathing with my favourite sows, make my job as executive editor of Lune Fiction pretty tolerable. And yet...

I was trotting along the north face of my enormous pen the other day, I tend to exercise at least three times a day, usually for ten to fifteen minutes, when it occurred to me that with the split of the global community between Russia, Germany & France on the one hand and Britain & US on the other (with China somewhere else) we may be currently witnessing the emergence of the scenario set up by George Orwell in '1984'. So, are we in the midst of the birth throes of Oceania, Eurasia and Asia? Are we?

I don't know and such thoughts tire me out. I tend to then relax by mounting my favourite sow.

Keep on despairing in the free world (it's one of the few freedoms we have left),



Humble Sam

PS Is the notion of a Free World bourgeois? Discuss! In no less than 2500 words.

PPS I never knew, until recently, as to whether one spelt Günther Grass with one 's' or two...

Letters To The Editor

Dear Sir/ Madam,
My brain hurts.
Yours faithfully,
A Creative Writer

Sir,
My father was Kingsley Amis, I live in New York and I used to have bad teeth. But not anymore.

Sincerely yours,
Martin Amis

Sir,
Thank God you've stopped those letters about licking one's nipples.
It was getting on my tits.
Comrade Bufton Tufton

Dear Muggles,
JK Rowling!
JK Rowling

To myself,
Did you know that whales can't scratch themselves?
Humble Sam

Bha'jans Of The Bay

Between Morecambe Bay & Lancaster's backwater lagoons:
devotional singing, well-realised souls, divine souls of the universe.
Bucktoothed.

Zebra Shit

"This shit is fuckin' shit!" Tom gagged as the smoke was drawn down into his lungs.
"Fuckin' right", replied Pat, 'Who sold you this crap?"
"Some guy in the Drowned Dog saloon bar, said it was crackin' stuff. I'll fuckin' crack him if I ever see him



again", Tom coughed back.

"Not like that shit from Giggys we had last week, fuckin' shit-hot shit", Pat fell back into the waiting embrace of the armchair as he recalled a great trip.

"Ay, no shit, that was some fuckin' shit alright. Two puffs and I was seeing Jimi fuckin' Hendrix sat right fuckin' next to me".

"Nae much fuckin' chance of that tonight, Tom".

"Ay so" came the reply and Tom looked out of the window just in time to see the zebra trot nonchalantly across the lawn.

1st Man In Space

Beneath the never-ending cosmos and a vast mass of stars, the capsule floats through space. Yuri marvels at the universe, sees the Earth's beauty and clenches his sphincter. Shit shouldn't always happen.

Poverty Trap

'We can't employ you,' they said to the six-fingered man.

'Why not?'

'You're over-qualified,' they replied.

He flipped them the finger and left.

Fish

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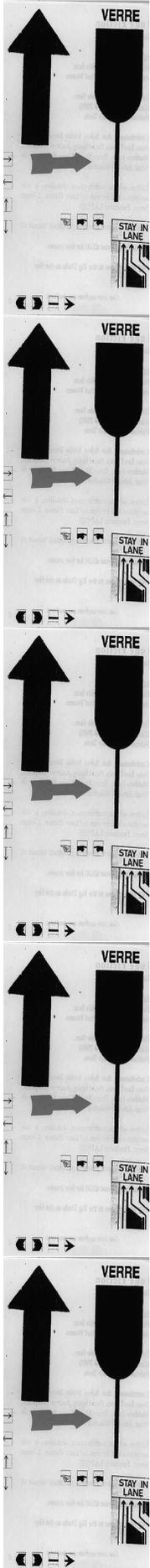
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The Gotthard Tunnel: A Period Piece

Sitting in the buffet carriage, sipping an espresso and smoking a cigarette, I'm waiting for the scenery to reappear. Patience bears all kinds of fruit to man, especially when travelling from Zurich to Milan. The countryside is nice and wild.

The train lunges through the tunnel. On and on and on. For some reason, I don't know why, you can hear the clickety-clack noise of the wheels moving along the tracks. I have a comfy seat and am reading a good book. It's dark outside; there's a nagging desire to see daylight again. The end of the tunnel appears to be far away.

I order dinner: pork sausages, fried potatoes, a mixed salad and a large beer. I think of the scenery I have seen. Mountains and more mountains with snow covered peaks. Villages and hamlets scattered all over green valleys. The sausages are nice and juicy. Real meat in them.

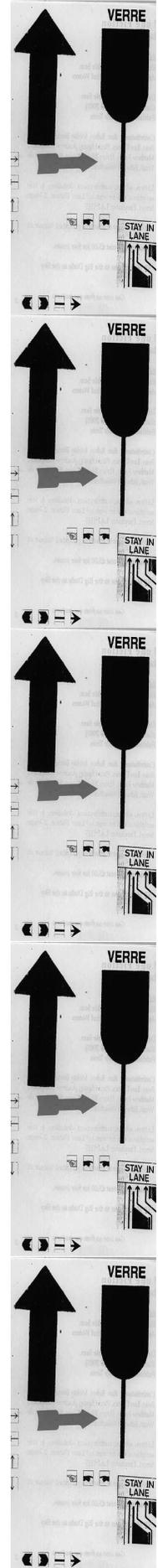
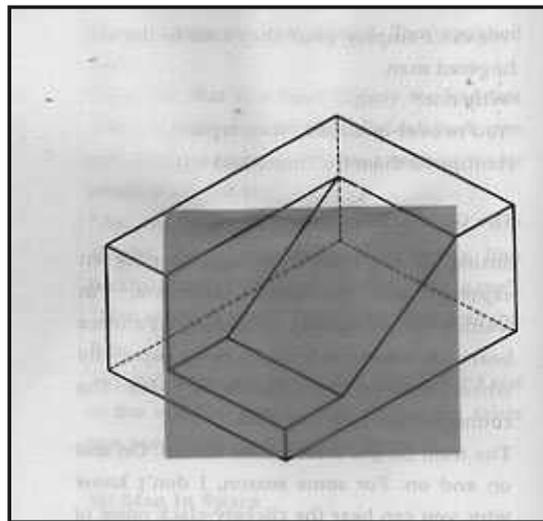
The train rushes on and the clickety-clack noise of the wheels seems louder. On and on and on. I'm in a warm carriage and have something to drink. It's dark outside and I want to see daylight again.

I light another cigarette and think of Sabine. I will be meeting her this evening in a Northern Italian village at the bus stop. She is my lover and my sister... my mother... my first and last and always. My Sabine.

I grunt.

The train is going faster. The clickety-clack noise is getting louder. My concentration weakens and my impatience grows.

Is there really a light at the end of this tunnel?





The Choice

Standing on the edge and staring into the deep, Milo started to panic. He stood ready to take the plunge but did he really want to?

A breeze ruffled the surface and strange phantoms appeared from below, as a bird croaked in the forest nearby. Milo wanted to jump but was he too scared?

Not knowing what was going to happen and if it wasn't too late to back out, he asked himself why he had wanted to do it in the first place. He did it anyway.

Ursula is now happily married to Milo.

Flash Essay: In Praise Of Doing Nothing

We must ask ourselves, what else is this life on Earth, which we refer to as our path, but a game, in which the players, armed with dice, wit, a pen and luck, follow a set of rules and try to follow them as well as possible, until the game's master says the game is over? Moreover, this game master forces them to try again but with different handicaps, so that he who has until recently played with the ace of spades now plays with the joker or the two of hearts?

And when playing the game of life according to the incomprehensible rules laid out by society, belief systems, the state and one's family, were someone to suggest an improvement of the rules of the game so that every player had an equal chance of winning, no cheating would be tolerated and not one player would be unfairly more advantaged, would one not inadvertently spoil the whole game?

And would not the arbiters of the game, the guardians of life, think that said person suggesting equality for all be deserved to be driven away by legal and socially tolerable means, such as discrimination, incarceration and blatant threats, like the simple-minded fool that he is? For the point of the game is to experience both pleasure and pain, whereas a life with equality, no cheating and no advantages would result in people being merely content. But then, we could ask ourselves why do we need to take part in the activity that is the game of life? The rules of the game are an illusion and there are never winners. Existence is inherently devoid of substance, as it is a vacuum demanding to be filled with activity.

Why shouldn't we just be mindful of our surroundings? Why shouldn't we be merely ourselves and not be defined by others? Why shouldn't we just marvel at our existence without trying to achieve something?

Why take part in the game, for if you do not participate, how can you lose?



Knuckles In Der Diskothek

Captain Knuckles walks into the moon disco in his cosmic open collar shirt and lunar flares. Every single person in the place turns around. Martians, bounty hunters, beautiful android women, cyborgs, the law, the lot.

He glides to the circular bar, smooth as a monkfish, and orders a double Jupiter water on the rocks (meteoric, naturally). He downs it in one. This is no mean feat, as it would've knocked anyone else out cold. He takes to the floor. His funky athletic legs move quicker and quicker, seemingly out of control but commanded by a fierce and admirable restraint. Under the mercurial spinning laser and lights, sweat pours off his head. Now his arms go. All that harpooning didn't go to waste, as his muscular ebony arms plough and sweep the air around him.

The women go ballistic for this night falcon, and before long, he's got two women by his side.

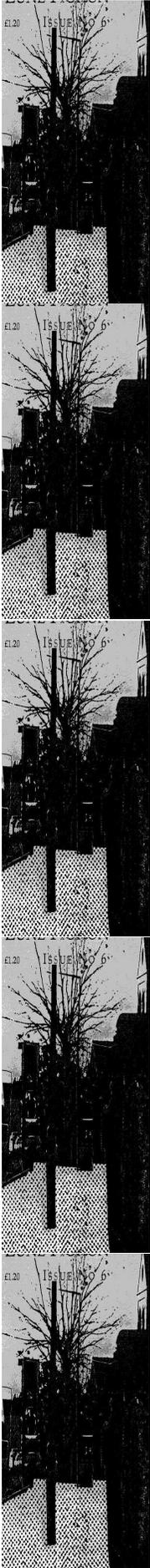
I'm so jealous that I can't finish the story.



Jane

Jane was a cigarette I smoked with pleasure.

Relaxing on my front porch, I laid back in my arm chair. I looked at the distant mountains, listened to the owls hooting in my back garden. The blue smoke curled in the dusk and the ashes floated to the ground. The tobacco burnt with a tingle; the ambers glowed in the shadow of my face. I contemplated life and swam through a stream of reason-



ing. I considered all things past and wallowed in the depths of my emotions.

Jane was a cigarette I smoked with delight

I once knew a girl called Suzanne. My whole world revolved around her. I adored her body and worshipped her softness. I tried to devour her soul.

I left Suzanne standing at a bus stop one day. Things happen. What is meant to be is. And now I was smoking a cigarette.

I felt better. Relaxed & calm. I tossed the cigarette away; I didn't give it another thought.

Jane was a cigarette I smoked with pleasure.

Clive@home

Hypertext & websites, Clive meets new people and visits other places. Faster than a bullet, Clive travels the information super highway.

He's trapped in his bedroom and has no backup.

Excuse Me

Hello Mum, I'm in hospital. I'm not psychotic. Excuse me, there's nothing wrong with me. Excuse me, get me out of here, excuse me.

Sorry Mum, Jesus keeps interrupting.

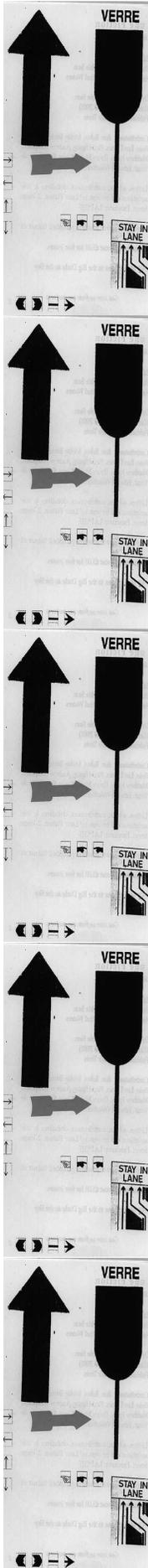
Derrick's Car

"Bloody damn blast that car!" said Derrick with the usual ferocity of a man who's seen few laughs. "Damn it for good!" he shouted at the engine. "Blast yer forever!" he screamed at the seat ferociously.

Derrick stormed into his own house. "Gawd!" he yelled at his deaf old mum, "Gawd! What is a man supposed to do? That daft car never starts when I want it to! Am I not always late for work because that daft car, damn blast it, is stood there day in, day out, not moving when it knows it should! Gawd! But I'm at the ends of my tethers! This is the one last straw breaking some poor old caramel's back in half. Something has got to be done!"

So the next day Derrick sold his daft old car and bought a push-bike but the chain came off and broke his leg.

Which just goes to show some things are better off left as they were.



Robert Finds His Way

Once upon a tram there was Robert who was above average a very silly man. "Where is my hat?" asked Robert, or, "Have you seen my hat?" he would grumble.

Nobody had seen Robert's hat, which was not surprising as Robert had no hat! Anyway, Robert looked silly in a hat. He also looked silly in a tram which is why the conductor put him off. Not to be out-done, Robert bought a new hat with 'Conductor' written on it and was struck by lightning.

It was that sort of a day.

Untitled Extract

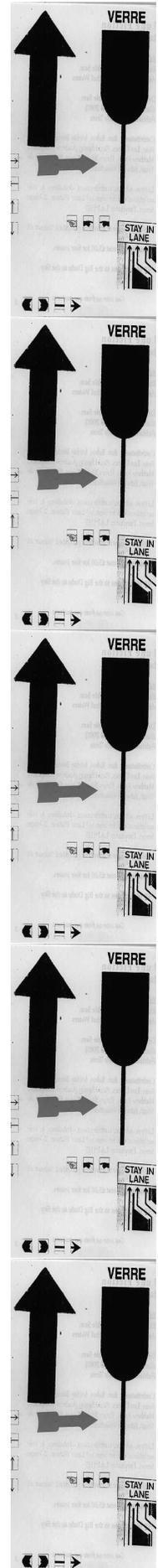
Things that remain. Transient buildings. Temporary, cheap. Blazing signs with bright fluorescent tubes that give the plastic its colour in the darkness. Things that are gone yet remnants still remain.

A wall, a brick in the floor. A building. Soft furnishings. Always soft furnishings, beds and mattresses. Not lit by blazing neon, signs that look aged after a week. You'd never remember these. Always there though. Just look. Watch.

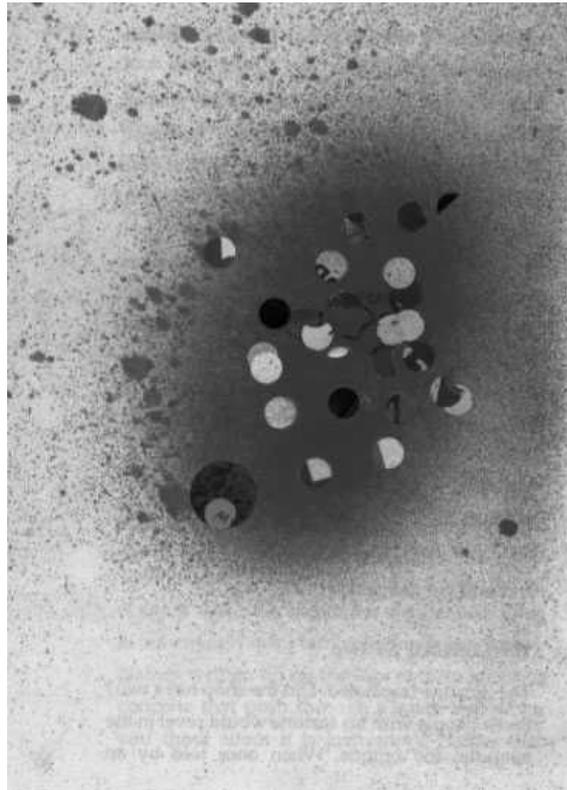
Huge purpose-built palaces, shrines to whatever is king in their cavernous interiors. All seem to flock to them to be happy. A smiling face I never seem to see. Maybe I'm not looking hard enough, maybe I'm missing the point of it? These places are darker than anywhere. Even though they are safe and well lit.

Places the sun can reach, the bright glare of green dependent on the season and backwaters where the windows are never cleaned. Where the moss grows slowly in corners, the trees always look ill and the waste floats on the top of water. It spins in oily pools. Glass lies smashed on the inside of windows. Somehow, it is almost warm.

A space that rides across the sky because there is not enough space left to lie it out on the floor. Names written up on the legs of these strips of concrete that push through a space that when you think about it is just empty. Names that stand out. Something about the way they are poured and moulded



This is a strange thing. What are these names, what is this space, what are these buildings? Maybe a monument to your perception of your existence, smashed and covered in the dirt of ages. It is nicer, I suppose, than seeing yourself as being refurbished. More human. Great space left. Unloved emptiness. Dealers in cars replaced scrap-yards and railway lines. Car-parks lie over the foundations of buildings that in turn were the bedrock of an empire. Strange empty belts of land.

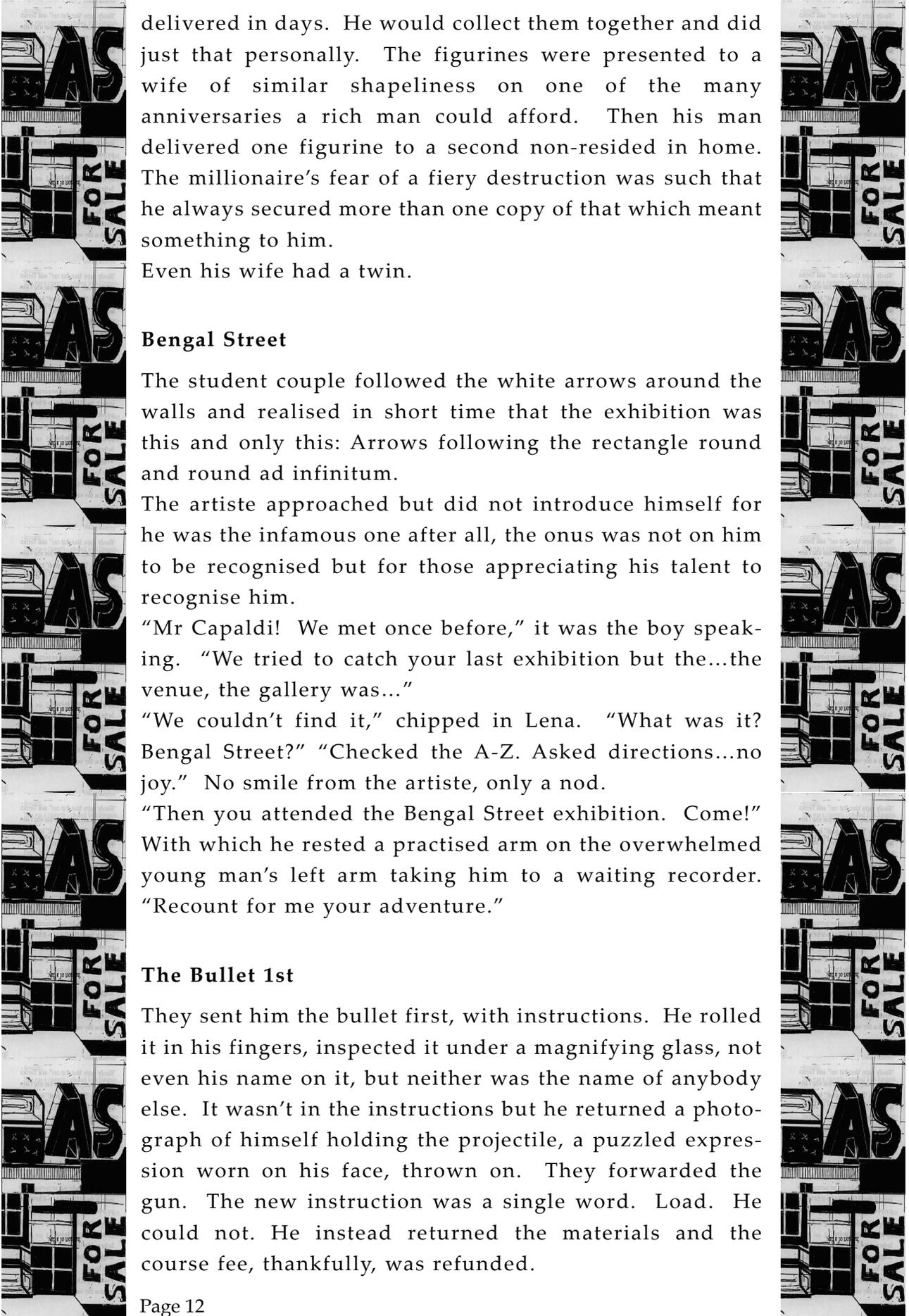


Vomit

Vomit on the pavement is preserved in frost. John still remembers what Alison said to him and will get her back.

The Collector Of Two

The figurine fascinated. Did the shop have two? Some people with his fortune would revel in the singular, the unique. When once told by an artist that the sculptured ant of his favouring was made with serendipitous objects it had dismayed him, driven him mad; couldn't the artist find the objects again? This figurine was a limited edition. The chain was small with only eight shops nation-wide but the nearest store did have a second and it could be



delivered in days. He would collect them together and did just that personally. The figurines were presented to a wife of similar shapeliness on one of the many anniversaries a rich man could afford. Then his man delivered one figurine to a second non-resided in home. The millionaire's fear of a fiery destruction was such that he always secured more than one copy of that which meant something to him.

Even his wife had a twin.

Bengal Street

The student couple followed the white arrows around the walls and realised in short time that the exhibition was this and only this: Arrows following the rectangle round and round ad infinitum.

The artiste approached but did not introduce himself for he was the infamous one after all, the onus was not on him to be recognised but for those appreciating his talent to recognise him.

"Mr Capaldi! We met once before," it was the boy speaking. "We tried to catch your last exhibition but the...the venue, the gallery was..."

"We couldn't find it," chipped in Lena. "What was it? Bengal Street?" "Checked the A-Z. Asked directions...no joy." No smile from the artiste, only a nod.

"Then you attended the Bengal Street exhibition. Come!" With which he rested a practised arm on the overwhelmed young man's left arm taking him to a waiting recorder. "Recount for me your adventure."

The Bullet 1st

They sent him the bullet first, with instructions. He rolled it in his fingers, inspected it under a magnifying glass, not even his name on it, but neither was the name of anybody else. It wasn't in the instructions but he returned a photograph of himself holding the projectile, a puzzled expression worn on his face, thrown on. They forwarded the gun. The new instruction was a single word. Load. He could not. He instead returned the materials and the course fee, thankfully, was refunded.



Buddha

Who: a young prince
Where: beneath a tree
When: a while ago
What: bliss and enlightenment
How: through pure thought
Why: it was time

Paradox

It is 7.02pm. Ruth Archer crooks Ben in her arm and turns on the radio. She finds a station called Radio 4 and wonders why she's never listened to it before.

A cup and saucer begin to rattle. The warm, gently corrective voice of a BBC announcer introduces the next segment.

'And now, David discovers something amiss at Brookfield...'

Ben scrunches up his face and starts to punch the air. Ruth looks about in alarm. There's something very strange happening.

High above Ambridge, the sky splits apart and a wormhole roots itself in the potato patch behind the farmhouse. The air screams.

Jo looks up from his ferrets. 'If I'm not very much mistaken, that's been brought about by a fundamental paradox in the space-time continuum.'

Ruth watches as David is sucked, tractor and all, into the heart of the wormhole, and then transported to another dimension.

'I'll never get the milking done now,' he mutters, as he floats in a strange non-linear world inhabited by tiny minds, 'And Linda will have my guts for garters if I'm late for tonight's rehearsal.'

Somewhere in Shropshire, a listener looks puzzled.

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