



As you all know dear readers, I have for some time been troubled by the intrusions of one Prodnose, much to the detriment of my literary output. You may well remember that he tried to prevent the publication of a certain letter by eating a large section of the manuscript. He has done it again, to a letter from the same correspondent, complaining about the treatment of his memoirs in this publication.

This time he did not try to eat the papers, but merely sneaked into the editorial office, snatched up the papers, stuffed them down his trouser leg and made off as fast as he could. He was apprehended at the top of the main shaft by the trained gorilla we keep for the purpose, but was unfortunately able to scatter most of the letter into the @@@@! 400 knot wind that was blowing at the time. The following is all that remains:

.....and i du lick been on the scrfis bos but i dont lick been were i is bos the bichs is orl at the uther sid of the spans i dont lick them littl fukers necks dor ither bos the pul the span wen i try to gonk bos an wen i eomplene yu sed shurup Rkid yer stoopid fuker bos it is not fare bos

that litl kunt dilin as been ritin about me bos he kant even spel gud lick wot i can an he maid me owt to be a see see saksmayneack bos i am not lick that at orl bos it is just i lick.....

The punishment of the execrable Prodnose was indeed terrible. I dragged the oaf into Dorm 1, wheeled out the washing machine, inserted the end of his tie in the mangle, and switched on.....

A special feature this week for Western fans. It contains the worst pun in the world. It is truly appalling, and I say that advisedly.

Covers by Mr. Flick.

frank ARKID - MY LIVES AND LOVES

<sup>to</sup>  
(as told, translated and typed by DILLON - F.R.S.C.\*)

It is not my purpose in writing the story of my amorous adventures to boast or even distort the truth. For if one thing is certain it is that I am irresistible to bitches. I cannot say for sure when I first noticed my peculiar talent but it must have been at ~~an~~ a very early age. I remember that when my mother, the gentle Evie, told me about the birds and the penguins I had to find out for myself and that is how my first affair came about.

The lady (I cannot name her) had come to visit my mother just after my sixth month birthday and finding myself alone with her at one point I took my opportunity. In the process of making small talk suddenly I pushed my sensitive nose beneath her tail and she jumped. Whether with surprise or delight I did not wait to find out. Behold, the delights of that secret place ~~was~~ went straight to my head and from there, at high speed, to parts of my body nearer my tail. The lady whispered that we should not be seen together for she was not only a friend of the family, she was one of the family, and we arranged a later meeting. She also whispered something else which meant little to me at the time but was to acquire greater significance in later life.

"I am not hot," she said.

So I learned of the Great Curse, the means by which our Creator, the Team Leader in the Sky, ensured that our enjoyment

CONT.

could be had only at certain times. Oh, what evil fortune.

From that time I swore I would devote my life to seduction and if necessary, rape. My conquests became legendary. Thanks to superb acting ability I was classed as suitable only for bitch teams. Halycon days indeed. But, alas, the saying that too much of it makes you blind, was unknown to me. To my horror I lost the sight of one eye.

So friends, today I am a changed dog. I cannot promise that I will not fail should a fanny fall my way. I am only canine. Please give me another chance Boss. They have ~~the~~ fine weather at Stonners.

\* FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CATS.

Deep in the far south, the white south, the rugged south, small communities of men are beginning to bestir themselves after the hibernation of the long polar night. For here is the land they called gonkheim. The howling and growling of dogs is once more to be heard echoing across the icy wastes as they strain at their bit in their eagerness to be off across the snows dragging master and sledge behind these brave sturdy Antarctic beasts of burden ease mans travel in these inhospitable climes Her men live like moles sunk in warrens and tunnels carved out of the relentless and unrelenting ice. Yes its a very tough existence of course. The continual sound of there throbbing electricity generator drones on giving out its lifegiving heat and light. Shafts like weird misshapen chimneys peep ghostly above the shimmering whiteness of the bondu. Belching forth steam and beckoning the weary fid back to his subglacial home. Its is somehow almost like a colony of ants everymanjack knowing his work and scurrying about it. An engine oars momentarily and dies - a man curses and returns for a bigger bolwlamp. And sometimes when the vicious howling wind roars overhead, straining at the proud symbol of our empire and national heriage, fling snow and ice against mans puny defences with all of natures brute might. One feels perhaps. This little outpost of civilization in the polar wastes. This tiny cluster of habitation with no other neighbours for countless hundreds of miles. Beastieman and metman, mechanic and cook working as one closely knit team, as one yes towards one goal that of scientific progress for that is why theses men are here to push back the frontiers. In spite of every kind of adverse difficulty they have the spirit and determination to win through.

God save the Queen

TENDERHEAD.

The story of the Rio Bondu gun wizard.

Fanning double batwing doors, Sandy Mist strode into the Shoulder of Mutton,

Ashby de la Bouche, Texas. This rugged frontier town had been the scene of the '58 slag rush, but its early wildness had been tamed by the blazing guns of Wild Bill Hiccup and Watta Twerp.

Sandy was a giant of a man, five foot three in his high heeled boots, but his insignificance faded when you saw the twin pearl handled big sixties in the quick draw holsters strapped under his armpits. The right hand gun butt faced forwards and the left hand one backwards. Sandy was right handed as well as being a congenital idiot. With both guns in his hands, he could draw and fire in less than half an hour, and people said that he could hit any target, provided that it was tied to the ends of his gun barrels.

Sandy slouched over to the bar.

"Three fingers, barman," he drawled, to the ape behind the bar.

The barman whipped out a meat cleaver, and chopped three fingers off the Mexican who was standing next to Sandy at the bar.

"Cojones \*," said the greasy dago.

"Say what kind of a joint is this," the Rio Bondu gun wizard examined the three fingers in his beer mug as he spoke.

"Them there's knuckles, Tenderhead," said the barman.

Tenderhead knocked back the three fingers, then leant over and whispered confidentially to the barman.

"I's a trailin' me the Pisco Kid and his sidekick Foncho. Have you done seen them anywheres abouts abouts?"

"No, Sandy," drawled the barman, "But I'd be careful if I's was you, 'cos they say that Pisco can get real sour when he's egged on."\*\*

"There's nuttin' that a Texas Ranger can't a handle," said Sandy drawing his silver badge with its lone star inside the circle, "And don't you go a forgettin' that I's the slowest gun in Texas."

"Didn't I hear tell that you'd a beaten Billy the Yid to the draw down in Dodge City the other week."

"Yeah," said Tenderhead, "But that was kinda sneaky, 'cos I'd a started drawin' the night before we met."

cont.

\* Cojones.

\*\*Tremendously Funny.

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SOCCER RESULTS

DIV 1.

BIRMINGHAM 4 MAN CITY 1  
CHELSEA 1 WEST HAM 3  
LEICESTER CITY 1 EVERTON 2  
LIVERPOOL 4 WOLVES 2  
MAN UTD 0 COVENTRY 1  
NEWCASTLE 2 ARSNEL 1  
NORICH 1 SHEFFIELD UTD 1  
SOUTHAMPTON 1 IPSWICH 2  
STOCK 2 LEEDS 2  
SPURS 2 CRYSTAL PALACE 1  
W.B.A. 2 DERBY 1

DIV 2.

BRIGHTON 2 FULHAM 1  
BURNLEY 1 Q.P.R. 1  
CARDIFF 0 ASTON VILLA 2  
HUDDERSFIELD 2 OXFORD 0  
MIDDLESBOUGH 1 CARLISLE 0  
MILWAL 0 SUNDERLAND 1  
NOTTS FOREST 0 IPTON 1  
ORIENT 0 BRISTOL 2  
PRESTON 1 HULL 0  
SHEFFIELD WED 2 PORTSMOUTH 1  
SWINDON 0 BLACKPOOL 0

DIV 3.

BOLTON 2 PLYMOUTH 0  
BRETFORD 0 SWANSEA 2  
BRISTOL 2 WREKHAM 0  
CHESTERFIELD 1 FORT VALE 2  
ROCHDALE 1 TRANMERE 1  
ROTHERHAM 2 CHALTON 1  
SHREWSBURY 2 BLACK BURN 0  
SOUTHEND 2 NOTTS COUNTY 1  
WALSAL 1 GRIMSBY 0  
WATFORD 2 OLDHAM 1  
YORK 0 BOURNEMOUTH 0

DIV 4.

BRADFORD 2 NORTHAMPTON 1  
CAMBRIDGE 1 HARTLEPOOL 1  
CHESTER 0 ALDERSHOT 0  
LINCEN 4 HEREFORD 1  
MANSFIELD 1 BURY 1  
READING 2 PETERBOURGH 0  
SOUTHPORT 1 BARNLEY 0  
WORKINGTON 3 EXETER 1

SC DIV 1

AIRDRIE 1 MOTHERWELL 2  
ARBROTH 1 EAST FIFE 0  
DUNRARTON 0 FALKIRK 0  
DUNDEE 0 ABERDEEN 0  
HIBS 0 HARTS 0  
KILMANOCK 0 AYR 1  
MORFOM 0 CELTIC 2  
RANGERS 2 PARTIC 1  
ST JOHNSTON 1 DUNDEE WED 3

SC DIV 2

BRECHIN 1 MONTROSE 4  
CLYDE 1 Q.P. 1  
DUNFERMLINE 0 COWDENBEATH 2  
EAST STERLING 1 CLYDEBANK 2  
HAMILTON 3 ALBION 3  
RAITH 3 FORFAR 2  
STENHOUSEMURE 0 ALDOA 0  
STERLING 3 ST MIRREN 1  
STRENRAER 1 Q OF S. 0

LEAGUE TABLES

DIV 1 EVERTON 13 pts  
SPURE 12 pts  
ARSNEL 11 pts  
LEEDS ..  
LIVERPOOL ..  
IPSWICH ..

DIV 2 SHEFFIELD W. 10 pts  
BURBLY 9 pts  
ASTON VILLA ..

REPORT ON SCOTTISH MATCHES

and an amazing win by  
motherwell  
also  
AN SO UNFILL NEXT WEEK

BASIC ALGEBRAIC

PART A :- THE FIDS TIMES TABLE

