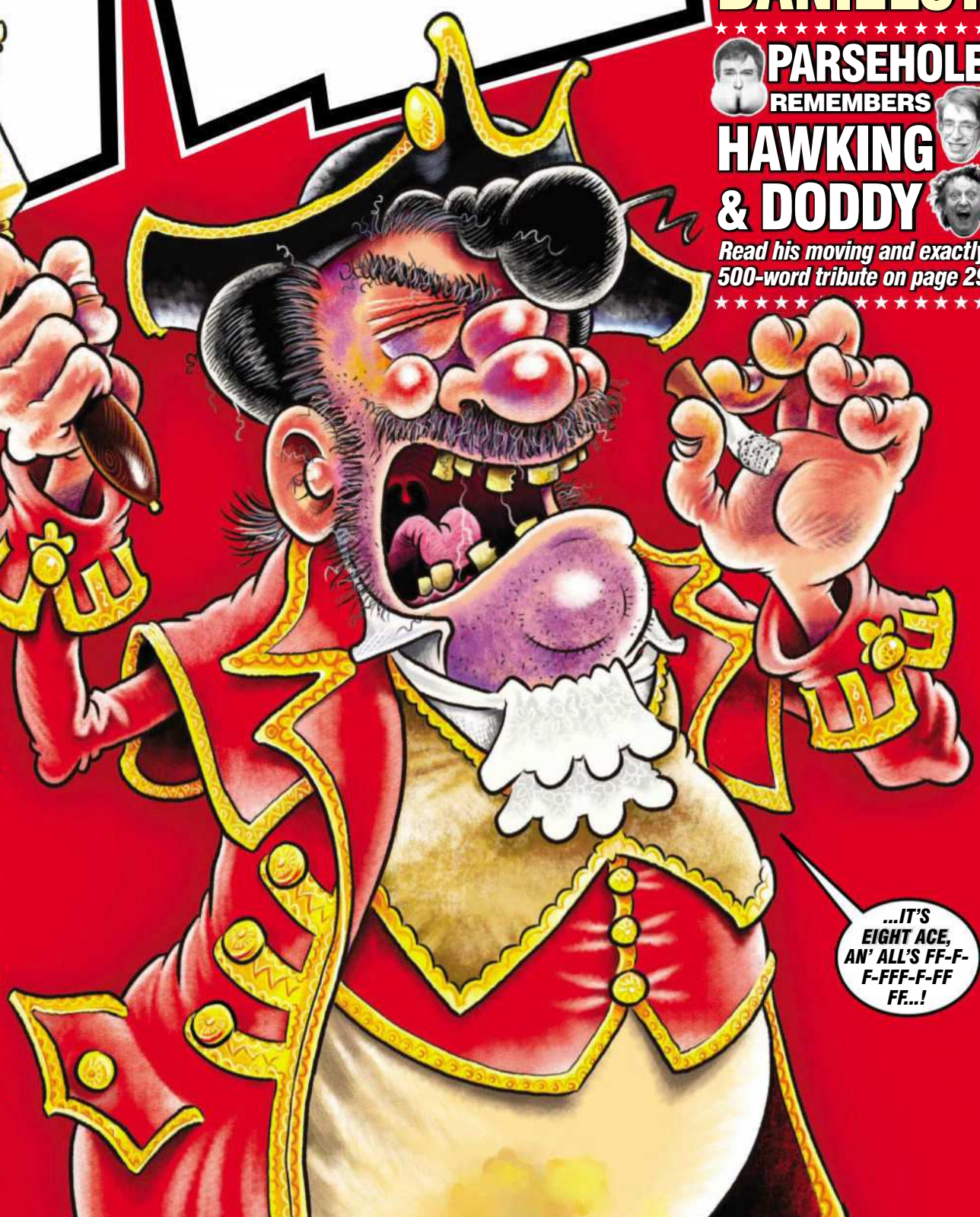


IS YOUR NEIGHBOUR A KGB KILLER? FIND OUT INSIDE!

NEWS

HEAR YE...!
HEAR YE!...F-FF-
...HEAR YE!

**ROGER
MELLIE
FAT SLAGS
SID THE
SEXIST
EIGHT ACE
RAFFLES
MRS BRADY
BROWN
BOTTLE
IVAN JELICAL
BROON
WINDSORS**



...IT'S
EIGHT ACE,
AN' ALL'S FF-F-
F-FFF-F-FF
FF...!

PAUL! 
JACK! 
STORMY! 
IT'S THE HOTTEST
THREE-WAY EVER!
**WHO IS THE BEST
DANIELS?**

PARSEHOLE 
REMEMBERS 
HAWKING
& **DODDY** 
Read his moving and exactly
500-word tribute on page 29

WORRIED ABOUT EXPENSIVE CAR REPAIR BILLS?

If your car goes wrong, you could be faced with wallet busting repair bills, not to mention the hassle of dealing with the garage and being without your motor for days, or even weeks.

An award-winning car repair plan from Warrantywise gives you total peace of mind when your car goes bang! All of our plans include car hire, hotel and onwards travel expenses, as well as recovery as standard. You can also take your car to any VAT registered garage in the UK or Europe for repairs!

Prices start from just £19 per month.

Best of all, its been designed by motoring consumer champion, Quentin Willson.


Designed by **Quentin Willson**



Now offering Electric Vehicle Warranty from £38p/m

Special introductory prices available, call 0800 121 4750



**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**



**95%
POSITIVE
FEEDBACK**



**multi
AWARD
WINNING**



NEW! PRE-PURCHASE VEHICLE INSPECTION

The Warrantywise Vehicle Inspection is suitable for vehicles of any age or mileage, and it is the only inspection in the UK to include a DVSA brake test*



Quick & Easy

On Site Inspection



Unique

DVSA Brake Test



No Limits

All age & mileage's



Photographs

Included with report

Book online at warrantywise.co.uk/inspection

*DVSA brake test included with the Premium Plus Inspection. Terms and conditions apply. Accurate at the time of printing.



Get a Quote Online

warrantywise.co.uk/viz

or call us on Freephone **0800 054 2194**


Warrantywise

Simply the Best in the Business

OH, LORDY! IT'S THEIR FAT SLAGS



I SEE HER W/ THE BIG ARSE FROM ONE BARGAINS'S WON THE MEAT RAFFLE AGAIN. IT'S A FUCKIN' FIX



WELL, SHE'S WELCOME TO IT... IT COMES FROM THAT BUTCHER JUST OFF THE HIGH STREET, AN I RECKON HE INTERFERES WITH HIS MEAT



... I GOT A CHICKEN FROM THERE ONCE, AN THERE W' A USED JONNY UP ITS ARSE



REALLY?... ARE Y'SURE IT WEREN'T THE BAG O' GIBLETS?



AYUP, BAZ... AYUP, DAVE! ALRIGHT, GIRLS... WOT D'Y THINK O' THIS?



NO, IT'S NOT A FUCKIN' COVER, SAN... IT'S A METAL DETECTOR... DAVE GOT IT OFF HIS BIN ROUND... WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE W/ THIS AT THE BEACH!



THE BEACH!? THERE WON'T BE ANY VIKING TREASURE AT THE BEACH

... BUT FOLKS GO FARTIN' ABOUT F' THE DAY AN' ALL THEIR MONEY AN' WATCHES AN' STUFF FALLS OUT THEIR POCKETS INTO THE SAND



... AN' WE GO DOWN THERE AFTER EVERYBODY'S GONE 'OME AN' DIG IT UP!



'ERE! 'AVE A GO, SAN



WHEEEEEEEEEEE!



WOT'S THAT? THEM'S ME KEYS IN ME POCKET...



WHEEEEEEEEEEE!



WOT'S IN THAT POCKET? THAT'S WHERE I KEEP ME LOOSE CHANGE



WHEEEEEEEEEEE!



BLOODY 'ELL... WOT'S THAT? THAT MUST BE ME ZIP!

CAN'T BE Y' ZIP, THAT, DAVE. THAT'S A NYLON ZIP, THAT IS



WHEEEEEEEEEEE!



WELL IT'LL BE THE METAL BUTTONS ON ME BOXER SHORTS, THEN

NO. BOXER SHORTS ONLY 'AVE PLASTIC BUTTONS, DAVE



... OLD ON... I REMEMBER... I WENT AN' AD A SIX INCH PRINCE ALBERT PUT IN ME BELLEND YESTERDAY...



I FORGOT ABOUT THAT

AYE! I BET THAT'S IT



LISTEN... ARE WE GOIN' T' STAND 'ERE GABBIN' ALL DAY, OR ARE WE GOIN' DOWN THE BEACH T' GET RICH?



SHORTLY... WHEEEEEEEEEEE!



WOT IS IT, BAZ? ANOTHER FUCKIN' RING PULL!



NO, IT'S NOT A FUCKIN' VIKING RING PULL, SAN... AN' IT'S NOT A FUCKIN' ROMAN ONE NEITHER... OW MANY MORE TIMES?



OW MANY'S THAT, NOW?



MUST BE TWO 'UNDRED IN THERE, EASY, AN' THE SAME NUMER O' BOTTLE TOPS



SHALL WE GO BACK T' THE PUB? THIS IS BORIN' THIS



I SEEN IT ON TIME TEAM... IT REQUIRES PATIENCE DOES METAL DETECTIN'...



... NOWT 'APPENS F' HOURS... THEN SUDDENLY... BANG! A TREASURE TROVE!



WHEEE THERE!... WOT DID I TELL Y'?



WOT IS IT? ANOTHER FUCKIN' RING PULL



EXCUSE ME... COULD I SEE YOUR PERMIT, PLEASE?



PERMIT!? WOT PERMIT?

YOU REQUIRE A PERMIT TO HUNT FOR METAL ON COUNCIL PROPERTY



D'YOU FUCK!



YOU DO, INDEED... AND IF YOU DON'T HAVE ONE, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ISSUE AN ON-THE-SPOT FINE OF £60

SIXTY FUCKIN' QUID!?



NOW YOU PUT THAT PAD AWAY, LOVER BOY! I'M SURE WE CAN COME T' SOME ARRANGEMENT, CAN'T WE, SAN?



SO... HEY, GIRLS! IT'S A TWO POUND COIN! GEDDIN!... A TWO POUND COIN, SAN!



WHEEE



IS IT A VIKING 'UN?

TRUMP DICK PIC COULD INTERNET EXPLODE

WORLDWIDE Web bosses are bracing themselves for a catastrophic system crash when adult star **STORMY DANIELS'S** photograph of **DONALD TRUMP'S** penis is finally made public. According to a leading computer expert, as countless billions of people simultaneously attempt to log on for a gozz at the POTUS's meat and two veg, servers around the globe will overheat and burst into flames, causing the internet to grind to a halt.

"Donald Trump's cock is the biggest threat to the web since the Y2K bug," said Cambridge cyber expert Dr Tony "Banger" Walsh. "The moment that dick pic hits the social networks, literally everyone will want to see it, and that will spell disaster. The entire infrastructure of the net will immediately be destroyed in a massive fireball."

frank

"Depending on what make of computer you've got, if you try to get online you'll just get that annoying spinning beachball or the little egg-timer thing that keeps turning over," said Dr Walsh. "It will be a system meltdown the like of which we have never seen before in our lifetimes."

In an attempt to avert disaster, Silicon Valley bosses yesterday called an emergency meeting to discuss their options in the likely event of a Trump's-cock-driven cyber-network gridlock scenario. "We're looking at a whole range of possibilities," Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg told reporters, as he outlined some of the options that were being considered.

beans

"For example, it may be that people are allotted a specific time slot to view the President's penis, depending on their birthdates or the alphabetical order of their surnames," said Zuckerberg. "Or we might ask people to log on for a gawp and a laugh between, say, 2pm and 3pm local time, meaning that only around 4% of the world's population is online at any one moment."

However, with no guarantee that such a programme could be put in place in time to protect the system, web users



Server: Silicon Valley's server farms face meltdown.

EXCLUSIVE!

were last night advised to take their own precautions in order to maintain essential internet services in the event of a global meltdown.

Dr Walsh told us: "Nobody can say how long the web outage could go on for, so it would be a sensible precaution to download enough cat videos and photographs of your mates' fucking dinners to last you at least two weeks."



Willy warning: Experts predict that photos of Trump's stump hitting the internet pose the greatest global cyber threat since the Millennium bug.

PORN star Stormy Daniels recently hinted that she may be in possession of intimate photographs featuring President Donald Trump exposing his manhood. If such pictures do exist and become public, many believe they could spark a scandal that could rock the White House to its foundations.

But what if Trump is hung like a carthorse? Come 2020, could the revelation of an impressive Trump Tower in the POTUS's pants boost his flagging reputation and see the Donald swagger back into the Oval Office? It's certainly an intriguing possibility, but until we actually see the snap we won't know for sure.

We took a stroll down Hollywood's star-studded Sunset Strip and asked a selection of Tinseltown celebrities...

Copper's Torch or Bookie's Pencil? What's the President Packing?

Ted Nugent, musician and killing enthusiast



"What sort of a goddam faggot question is that, you cocksucking Limey piece of shit? I don't think about other men's cocks, but if I had to answer, I'd say Mr Trump is undoubtedly packing some serious goddam weaponry down there. I reckon his dick must be at least eight inches on the slack, and probably ten or more when it's on the bonk. I for one can't wait to see the pictures, and that's why he's gonna make America great again."

Neil de Grasse Tyson, astrophysicist



"We scientists don't make statements of fact without first examining and carefully evaluating all the evidence available to us. But just from looking at him, I reckon the President's probably got a knob like a cashew nut - one of them really little ones that gets left in the bottom of the bag."

Meryl Streep, Oscar-winning actress



"This is a fat, 72-year-old man with a risible combover, who seems nevertheless to attract a succession of beautiful young women to his boudoir. It's got to be either his money or his manhood that they're after, and since he's filed

for bankruptcy four times, it must be his Charlie. I take no pleasure in saying this, but the POTUS must have a chopper like a dead German hanging out a window."

Jim Bakker, televangelist



"The Lord chose to give the President of the United States of America very small hands, but He works in mysterious ways, and I am certain that He will have compensated for that in other ways by giving him an absolutely massive bellender. Oh, and by the way, the End of Days is near, and also the Devil is a many horn'd beast. Send me your credit card details now to ensure eternal salvation. Remember, places by God's right hand in the hereafter are strictly limited, and the more you donate, the greater your chances of not being thrown into the pit of fire."

John Voigt, Midnight Cowboy actor



"All this fevered online talk about the size of the President's manhood is completely hypocritical. None of these people are speculating about the size of Stormy Daniels's minge-piece. Mind you, that's probably because you can see it in close-up, Technicolor detail in thousands of grumble vids on the internet. Let me tell you, I've seen my fair share of them and it's like a fucking welly top."

ULD MAKE SAY EXPERTS

STORMY DANIELS says she was threatened by a "goon" working for Donald Trump in a Las Vegas parking lot. The sinister heavy warned the adult actress against talking in public about her torrid affair with the slapstick President before vanishing into the shadows. But just who was he? Chances are he was merely a hired thug on the payroll of the Trump organisation. But there is a more intriguing possibility: What if he was actually a showbiz celebrity? We've done some dirty digging to unearth four good-looking A-listers who are prime candidates. *It's time to...*

NAME THAT GOON

Tony Hadley, former ex-Spandau Ballet frontman



Hadley was a heart-throb back in his eighties heyday, so he certainly ticks the "good-looking" box. Perhaps, on the day in question, he had been on a stag weekend to the Nevada gamblers' paradise and suffered a bad run of luck on the Caesar's Palace fruities and tuppenny waterfalls. Although it would have been out of character, the skint New Romantic singer may well have agreed against his better judgement to put the

frighteners on the vulnerable porn star in return for his airfare home.

Goon Rating: 7/10

Tom Jones, Welsh wet knickers magnet



It's not unusual to find Tom in Las Vegas. His shows there draw huge crowds, so it is easy to place him at the scene of the crime. But what would be his motive? Any money that Trump offered him to put the wind up Stormy Daniels would be mere chickenfeed to a man of his considerable means. No, the answer is much simpler; After spending half a century as one of the world's most famous men, Jones the Voice may have simply relished the opportunity to slip into the shadows as an anonymous goon for just five minutes.

Goon Rating: ★★★

Ben Dover, British erotic auteur



As a fellow adult performer, the star of such productions as *Outdoor Voyeur*, *Big and Bouncy* and *Fuck my Wife While I Watch's* business contacts could have tipped him off about Daniels's whereabouts, allowing him to turn up unannounced to threaten her in the parking lot. And thanks to his well known acting skills, seen in such productions as *Soapy Vets*, *Boobtropolis* and *Pool MILFs 2*, Dover could easily have convinced the frightened scud artiste that he was indeed a genuine goon who, despite appearing in productions such as *Lesbian School Breakout*, *Best of Belgian Biscuits Vol. 12* and *Anal Hospital 24*, was definitely not to be fucked with.

Goon Rating: 80%

Declan Donnelly, the one on the right off of Ant & Dec

The *Saturday Night Takeaway* heart-throb certainly possesses the matinee-idol good looks that Stormy Daniels described to CBS's Anderson Cooper during her *Sixty Minutes* interview. But at a petite 5'1" tall, and tipping the scales at a featherweight 6 stone wringing wet, the former 50% of PJ and Duncan hardly makes a menacing goon. However, it's not out of the question that he could have been wearing platform shoes, and he's definitely been at a loose end recently while his double-act partner takes a well-earned break in the sauce clinic.

Goon Rating: Low to Medium



LETTERS @ OCKS

Viz Comic, P.O. Box 841 Whitley Bay, NE26 9EQ : letters@viz.co.uk



IT'S 2018 and we can put a car into space and safely re-land the rockets. We can genetically modify plants, animals and viruses, and we can lay carbon atoms in series to use as conductors with virtually no resistance. And yet I still have to wipe my own bottom. Come on, Silicon Valley, where's my bum-wiping droid?

Barry Williams, Northamptonshire

I RECENTLY went to Stuttgart on a plane that had propellers instead of jets. Just imagine if it had of crashed, everyone would laugh and say that I should of went on a plane with jets, not propellers.

C Pumpalof, email

IN issue 274, Manuel Relief asked if anyone had ever been spanked with a rolled-up copy of *Viz*. I haven't, but as a young man I did used to roll it up to use as a makeshift vagina. This isn't really possible these days though, because of the glossier paper that it's now printed on. In fact, you could say that *Viz* isn't as fanny as it used to be. Thank you, I'm here all week.

Steve Crouch, Peterborough

WHILE in the Spanish capital, my mate bought a ticket to watch a football match. It cost him several hundred quid, but it turned out to be counterfeit. When we good-naturedly pointed out the obvious humour in buying a fake ticket to see "Real" Madrid, he refused to see the funny side. What a twat.

Gareth Randall, Colchester

THEY say something lost is always found in the last place you look for it. Well, that's not true. I've lost my car keys and the last place I looked for them was down the side of the sofa, and they're definitely not there.

Daniel Lowbridge, Scunthorpe

I DON'T know why everyone was moaning about the snow we had a few weeks ago. I got a lie-in in the morning, and because the missus was off work I got a shag too. It can snow every day as far as I'm concerned.

Timmy Fisher, Mansfield

THEY say that if you see a robin in your garden, it is in fact a visit from a dead relative. How preposterous. I saw a robin out of my kitchen window only this morning, and it did was a massive shit on the barbecue. My grandmother would never have done that.

Jimmy C. Rocker, Stratford-upon-Avon



STAR LETTER

I RECENTLY spent almost £100 on a new trumpet, and I don't even know how to play the thing properly. Yet another example of 'Rip-off Britain'.

Ben Nunn, Caterham



A NOXIOUS substance gets added to someone's food, and a load of suspected Russian spies are sent home and not allowed back. A noxious substance gets added to my boss's cheese sandwich, and I'm sent home and not allowed back. With such similarities, you'd think that my nickname amongst my former colleagues would be James Bond, rather than Wanky Steve.

Steve Crouch, Peterborough

AS a strict vegetarian, I was heartened to see that Nasa selected Alan Bean as part of the Apollo 12 moon landing crew. However, since then there have been no other astronauts with surnames acceptable to veggies. Is this further proof, as if it were needed, of President Trump's fascist agenda?

David Edwards, Bridport

IT strikes me that having a paddle wouldn't improve the experience of being up shit creek that much. You'd probably just end up flicking the stuff all over yourself whenever you tried to row.

Christina Martin, Bexhill-on-Sea

VIKINGS were using magnets to navigate a thousand years ago, and the things have hardly changed since, still sticking to metal and pointing north. Come on magnet manufacturers, lets have a bit of innovation. How about some magnets that stick to wood and glass, or point to other parts of the globe?

Mark Glover, Coventry

WHY is it that when a man shags heaps of women he is a "legend", but when I do it I'm labelled a "lesbian"? Once again, it's one rule for men and another rule for women.

Edna Crowe, email

I MOVED to the other side of the world to get away from all the things that pissed me off about England. But I found that here in New Zealand, it's not actually all that different. *Coronation Street* is on the telly three times a week, there are twats letting off fireworks at two in the morning, shit driving on the motorways and the locals whingeing and crying when their national sports team loses at something. Why don't they tell you about these things before you up and emigrate? On the plus side I've not heard that cunt Chris Evans on the radio since I've been here.

Gordon Bennett, Auckland

WHATEVER happened to bank robbers with stockings on their heads? Back in the 70s and 80s, you couldn't cash a cheque at your local bank without being yelled at by some burly criminal wielding a sawn-off with his face all squished up in some tights. Come on career criminals, let's bring this great British tradition back.

Jim Pape, Ramsbottom

IN their TV advert, one of those ambulance-chasing companies states that "when an accident happens, time stops." And they're right, too, because when I fell over outside my local after drinking 10 pints of strong ale, my watch broke and hasn't worked since. I also shit myself.

Greta Garbage, Pusscanton-on-Weed

VINCENT PRICE IS RIGHT



TOP

TURN your gloss black car into a trendy matt black model by rubbing it all over with a brillo pad.

Hampton Dogood, Luton

WANT a free holiday in the sun? Simply tweet that "Lidl's coconuts are made of dog shit" and the company will fly you, all expenses paid, to a tropical island to show you how they are actually picked.

Iain Dignall, Widnes

HISTORY teachers. Create a handy WWII 'visual aid' by sketching a map of 1940s Europe onto the inner leg of your grey trousers and then pissing gently. The resultant spreading dark blob should effectively represent the advance of Hitler's invading armies, just like on those old documentaries they used to make.

Two Jackets Moloney, Waterford

HUSBANDS. Get yourselves into even more trouble by not knowing why you're in trouble in the first place.

James Wallace, Belper

KITCHEN roll makes an ideal toilet paper substitute if you have a big arse or shit a lot.

John Owens, Glasgow

FOOL your relatives, friends and neighbours into thinking that you are an actor on *Eastenders* by entering the room they are in and saying "What's going on?" in a cockney accent.

Nicholas Coffin, West Sussex

FIND out if anyone in your neighbourhood is a voyeur by simply seeing if you catch their eye while doing naked star-jumps in your front window.

David Craik, Hull

CONVINCE friends they are in an American film by arranging to meet them in a bar and then only staying for about 45 seconds before fucking off again.

Gustav Fox, Toadminster

DON'T have the time or patience to complete one of those 'adult colouring books'? Simply scan the pictures into your computer and use the Paint Bucket fill tool in Photoshop to colour them in. They can then be printed out and stuck back into the book.

Robert Dee, Brighton

TIPS

toptips@viz.co.uk

THERE'S an apartment complex down the road called Southwood Apartments. But it's actually to the north of my place. How fucking mental is that?

Peter Busby, West Australia

MUCH is said these days about the damage 'bullying' can do, but I think it's all nonsense. When I was at school, I would push Tubby Hawkins into the canal every day without fail and it never did me any harm. These hand-wringing do-gooders don't know what they are talking about.

Dr Trousers, Rickmansworth

I'D be sorely embarrassed if my postcode was P155 OFF I can tell you. Thankfully, mine is completely different.

Egbert Henge, Penge

THESE socks were bought by my brother in The China Shop, Cabanis, Portugal a month or so ago. Fuck knows how they got past any quality control checks. I don't know if they should be on your Letterbocks page or Hogs I Spy. Anyway, who gets the £5? Me, for sending the email, or my brother for taking the photo? Or do we have to share it?

Brian, email

HOW come all these years after his death, no one has had the same accent as Kenneth Williams? I'm starting to wonder if he was putting it on a bit.

JPR Williams, Hazlemere

DO any of your readers have any left-over Lemon Barrels that you used to get in Terry's All Gold? I know they stopped doing them years ago, but they were my favourites and I just fancy one now. I wonder if Terry himself is still going?

Car D'board, Cutout

I ONCE did a shit at work that was so bad that they thought the drains had fractured and called out a plumber. Can any of your readers beat that?

Mike Rophone, Halifax



Were you recently affected by the tragic chicken supply crisis at Kentucky Fried Chicken? Don't Suffer in Silence!



- Were you recently let down by your KFC outlet when you attempted to place your usual order for a porcine family bucket?
- Did you suffer mental anguish because you really fancied some of the Colonel's gravy?
- Do you and your family suffer from morbid imbecility?

NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY! SIMPLY...

1 ...Go to one of our nationwide DRIVE-THRU negligence claim centres and place your claim order through the intercom to a case worker trained in American-style emotional injury litigation...

2 ...Collect your cheque at the window of the second booth.

IMMEDIATE DECISION!

find your nearest Drive-Thru: www.chicken-feed-4U.com

SPECIALISTS IN SPECULATIVE, RUINOUS LITIGATION ON BEHALF OF THE FECKLESS SINCE 2018

GIVEN the current hoo-hah surrounding Brexit, I suggest that we simplify the issue by dividing the British calendar year into 31 months of 11 or 12 days. This will make the transition period more confusing for the EU, thereby giving us the upper hand when setting dates for talks concerning when the next dates will be set for talks and so forth.

Chester Nipples, Hastings

CAN anyone tell me if dogs possess a humorous gene? When my dog farts, no matter how loud, long or offensive to the nose it may be, he never so much as raises a wry smile, let alone starts laughing.

Ernie Fernshaw, Cowling

WHOEVER said laughter is the best medicine was talking out of their arse. I'm recovering from a hernia operation and when my wife slipped on a wet dog turd recently and ended up sitting in it, I laughed so hard that I burst all of my stitches. Rather than aiding my recovery, this bout of laughter has set me back weeks.

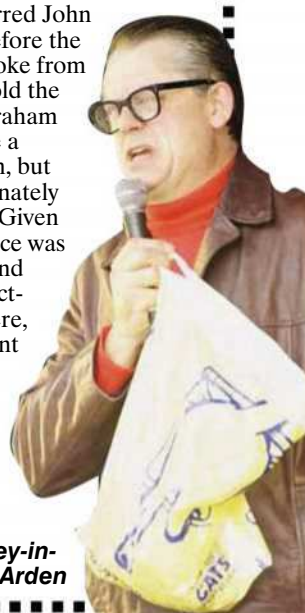
Steve Crouch, Peterborough

VERY well done for granting Sal Bundon's request for a picture of a Turbot in April's issue. Your magazine truly does make dreams come true.

Gustaf Fish, Upper Tooting

I ONCE went to see a film at my local art centre that was made by and starred John Shuttleworth. Before the film started, a bloke from the arts centre told the audience that Graham was going to give a talk after the film, but was now unfortunately unable to come. Given that his attendance was not advertised, and no-one was expecting him to be there, what was the point of telling us? It merely created a pointless feeling of disappointment when none should have existed.

David, Henley-in-Arden



FOLLOWING on from the latest shrill, hectoring survey telling us that we eat 1.5 times more calories than we should, I note with interest that the 'Calorie' was defined in 1824, has remained unchanged ever since, and has never been adjusted for inflation. If it was brought up to date with one 'New-Calorie' equalling one and a half old ones, hey presto! We would all be eating just the right amount and the obesity epidemic would be solved.

Dick Scratcher, Australia

I CAN'T help getting the feeling that the Brexit negotiations would progress a lot more smoothly were it not for the intervention of those ruddy foreigners.

Bert Thraxby, email



INSTEAD of gritting the roads when it snows, why don't the government make the roads out of the grit so that the snow would instantly melt and everyone could get to work?

K Buck, Seaham

TOP

BUDGET-CONSCIOUS vape users. When standing in a long queue to purchase your smoking accessories, continually mutter "For fuck's sake" to let people know that the service you receive in Poundland does not reach the high standards you expect from them.

Paul Foy, Aberdeen

CONVINCE people that you have lost your elephant by walking round the park carrying a bin bag full of shit and shouting: "Nellie! Nellie!"

Michael Thompson, North Wales

GENTS. Pouring vinegar onto a paper cut on your bell-end is the best way to get the upper hand when women are bragging about the pain of childbirth, like they do.

Steve Crouch, Peterborough

HOLIDAY makers. Recreate the experience of being in sunnier climes by walking round Asda in your swimming trunks and flip-flops and shouting: "Look, they've got McVities digestives" to your wife.

Ian Saxon, Hartlepool

I WATCHED a self-help video on Youtube which suggested that rather than trying to suppress anxiety, I should harness its power by mentally converting it into excitement. I can thoroughly recommend this technique for job interviews and presentations at work, but I have to say I had mixed results during my recent prostate exam.

Mike Tatham, St Andrews

WHILST on the job with my wife, in a moment of intense passion I inadvertently yelled out 'Oh Emilia!' as at the time, I may have been thinking about the lovely *Game of Thrones* actor Emilia Clarke. My wife seemed somewhat angry. I explained she should be flattered that I could look at her and still think of someone so attractive, yet this only seemed to make her even more irate. Was there something I did wrong, or should I just put this down to the mysterious workings of the female mind?

Mr S Andrews, Bristol

I DON'T know why outraged Transylvanian lynch mobs always carried those cumbersome flaming torches. Why didn't they simply ditch the torches and march to Dracula's castle during the day? The other advantage would be that he would almost certainly be having a kip, thereby giving them the element of surprise.

Bartram Stoker, email

SURGERY patients. Avoid the embarrassment of getting a raging hard-on while under anaesthetic by having a crafty wank on the trolley just before they give you the gas.

Hank, Staines

DOG owners. Experience the feeling of being a priest by saying: "The body of Christ" every time you hand your mutt a dog biscuit.

Paul Doolan, London

OVERCOME awkward silences on that first date by bringing an air horn with you.

Adam Lacey, Milton Keynes

METROSEXUAL men. Preserve your sense of masculinity by applying your moisturiser with grade 3 sandpaper.

Stuart Proud, Leicester

ZOO owners. Convince your visitors that you have a dung beetle exhibit by simply painting a ladybird black and glueing it to a Happy Shopper Scotch egg.

Iain Devenney, Oxford

TIPS

A DETAIL on the Bayeux Tapestry shows what may be the earliest recorded instance of the classic schoolyard fight technique of pulling the opponent's jumper over his head. No wonder we lost the battle with the Normans getting up to such dirty tricks.

John M, email



WHILE watching an advert recently for Laser Eye Treatment, I was taken aback when some bloke said: "I now see things like I was twenty-one again." I don't know about him, but when I was twenty-one I was seeing things in double vision and through bloodshot eyes for most of the time. So, thanks but no thanks.

Hector Dreadnaught, Rhyl

I WONDER how many of your readers recognise the value of these so-called 'windscreen wipers'? Since fitting them to my car, visibility problems in wet weather have become a thing of the past.

Mike Hatchard, St Leonards-on-Sea

IN the unlikely event that I have been randomly selected to win some bullshit pencil, please do not send it to me. Instead, I would much prefer if you could sing, to the tune of *She'll be Coming Round the Mountain*, the following lyrics...

You can stick your fucking pencil up your arse,

You can stick your fucking pencil up your arse,

You can stick your fucking pencil, Stick your fucking pencil,

Stick your fucking pencil up your arse.

Cha cha cha!

Billy Biggs, Birkenhead

TO commemorate the anniversary of Andy Warhol's death, could you possibly show a picture of that bloke kissing that birds arse in the style of the iconic Andy Warhol Marilyn Monroe painting?

Handy Whorhol, Orkney

**No problem, Handy.*



HOW come my wife's favourite gardening spade still has all concrete stuck to it eleven years after I used it to mix a load to mend a window sill, yet the repair itself fell off after two weeks?

Philip Berkin, London



BACK in the 1970s, chip pan fires were all the rage. These days everyone is so lazy that they don't even put their chips in boiling fat anymore, and these fires are a thing of the past. Come on people, help the fire service and enjoy a trip down memory lane by having a proper, good old-fashioned chip pan fire.

Iwan Carr, Upper Llandwrog

I HAVE never seen the point of watch manufacturers boasting that their products work underwater. If you are underwater, then you're either on holiday or drowning in a canal somewhere. Either way, you wouldn't really give a flying fuck what the time was.

Morgan Flatbread, Derby

I QUITE liked Al Gore's film, *An Inconvenient Truth*. However, would it have hurt him to have bunged in a few car chases and a bit of tit here and there? Also, with a name like "Gore", I was expecting to see at least one bit of chainsaw action.

Pardew Robinson, Leeds

I DON'T know why we Brits are fretting so much about having to shell out billions before we can leave the European Union. Why don't we all simply do a runner without paying? I do it all the time round our way. In my experience, they don't usually call the Old Bill, but on the other hand they probably won't let us back in.

Davis Davids, London

DURING a soak in a Radox bath this evening, I was astounded to find a pubic hair at least 8 inches long still attached to my old hairy brain. Can any other readers beat a 200mm long "short 'n' curly"?

Pernell Whippersnapper, Broughty Ferry

WHY don't you see paper-weights anymore? Is paper heavier these days, or has the average wind speed dropped in the last 30 years?

Peter Constantine, Merseyside



WE are often told that warm air rises, but when I fart it comes out of my bottom and not my mouth. I wonder if any of these so-called scientists can explain that one?

The Wasp, Leicester

WHAT'S the big deal with Giant Pandas? You never hear or see anyone gushing about normal-sized pandas. Come on you wildlife people, size isn't everything, as my wife often reassures me.

Norman Breadboard, Tooting

I DON'T know why James Bond is so revered as a spy. The times I've heard "Ah, Mr. Bond, we've been expecting you. Martini shaken not stirred, if I'm not mistaken?" Now that MI5 is recruiting, can I throw my hat into the ring and say that I got caught trying to dodge my fare the other day, and even Stagecoach didn't know I was lying about my name, or that my favourite drink is White Lightning cider.

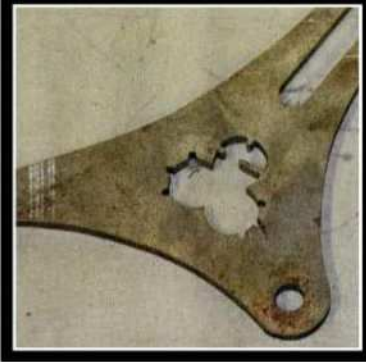
Barty Bloomfield, Derby

I RECENTLY saw on a nature program that the mosquito is the most dangerous creature in the animal world. Well I'd like to see someone take out a lion or an alligator with a rolled-up copy of *Gardeners' World*.

Foz, Neston

THEY published a picture of a chubby cock and balls in the latest issue of *Classic Ford* magazine. I was so angry, I put my foot through the windscreen of my Escort and sent Ari Vatanen the bill.

Stuart, New Cross



I DON'T know why "laughing hyenas" are so called. I was watching one on the telly the other night, and it sounded more like screaming to me than laughing. Mind you, it was being attacked and eaten by a bunch of lions, so maybe I just caught it on an off day.

Crawford Biscuits, Epping

WHY don't footballers with large afro hairstyles shave the crown area, creating an 'egg cup' effect? They could then simply catch the ball in the 'hair cup' and run into the goal, depositing the ball in the old onion bag with a simple tilt of the head.

Vestan Pance, email

I DON'T know why kidnapers always have to be so rude on the phone. Whenever they call to arrange getting the ransom money, they never say goodbye, but simply hang up. Kidnappers or not, a bit of civility and good manners costs nothing in my book.

Ada Bowelproblems, Luton

HOW come it's only doctors and scientists who get to go into space? It doesn't seem fair since they have good jobs already. Why not have a couple of welders or bin men go up there for a change? The welders would be well used to the heat in case it started burning up during re-entry and of course the bin-men are used to operating complicated machinery.

Edna Borgsdottir, Glossop

EVERY weekday morning I see a lonely protester with a round 'Stop Children' placard standing forlornly at the roadside near where I work. I don't know what he's got against children or why he thinks they should be banned. But instead of engaging with him to find the root of his discontent, or just ignoring his protest, the kids actually seem to taunt him by choosing to cross the road where he is standing.

Carlos, Portstewart

I DON'T really get the expression "if the shoe was on the other foot." You'd look a right belend if you walked around with your shoes on the wrong feet. People would just assume you had a bad case of the farmers.

Gillboy, Glasgow

EVEN IF global warming melts the ice caps and raises the sea level, surely in a few years all the excess water will have evaporated anyway because of the higher temperature. I sometimes wonder what we pay these scientists for.

D Cooper, Malta

RAISE THE TITANIC!



IT WAS the tragedy to end all tragedies. When the RMS Titanic struck an iceberg and sank, on April 15th 1912, the world was rendered dumbstruck with shock and grief. But could this iconic aquatic disaster have been averted? We called up three of our fave celebs and asked them... How would YOU have saved the 'unsinkable' ship?

Gregg Wallace, belligerent gastronome



I COULD have saved the Titanic fairly easily, thanks to my three decades of culinary expertise. Once the ship's hull had been breached and water was pouring in, I would have turned the vessel's central heating system all the way up, thus causing the water to boil. Then, I would have retrieved every sack of rice from the ship's kitchen and emptied them all into the rapidly flooding basement. As all good chefs know, rice expands in boiling water, so within minutes the swelling cereal grains would have stopped up the hole in the hull - saving the ship and providing a tasty treat once we all arrived safe and dry in New York!

Yoko Ono, mop-top-meddling multimedia artist



I WOULD have averted disaster quite simply by splitting up the crew of the Titanic before they even left Southampton. I would've achieved this by shacking up with a senior officer - such as the captain, Mr Edward Smith - a few months before the vessel was due to depart. Then I'd begin tagging along to Titanic planning meetings with him, constantly sticking my oar in, until the other officers finally got pissed off and decided to call the whole thing a day. Hey presto: a thousand lives saved. The only danger would have been if those other officers formed splinter voyages - the ocean-faring equivalents of Wings or Ringo Starr & His All-Starr Band - which could have gone on to strike that fatal iceberg instead. But that is a risk I suppose I would have been willing to take.

Professor Brian Cox, synthpop physicist



THE RMS TITANIC could have stayed afloat if only its crew had a better working knowledge of science. If I'd been on board the moment the iceberg was sighted, I would have told every single passenger to begin collecting seawater. This would have been promptly boiled and distilled, leaving only solid salt: nature's very own ice-melter! I would then have loaded the salt into the ship's oven, and instructed the stronger members of the deck crew to bend one of the ship's four huge funnels until it was at a 45-degree angle. A spontaneous combustion of coal would have sent the salt shooting out of the vast phallic chimney and landing - almost sexually - on the iceberg's summit, melting it right down to nothing. The ship could then have passed through the water unimpeded while I jumped behind the piano and performed a rousing rendition of *Things Can Only Get Better* as we sailed triumphantly on towards New York.

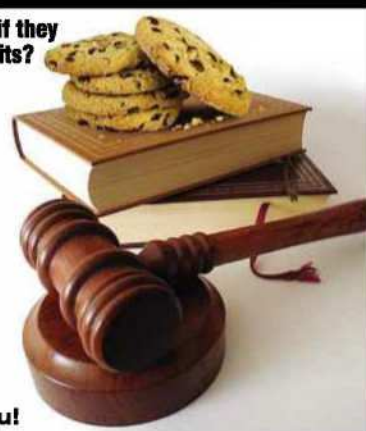
CHEAP BISCUITY LAWYERS 4 U

Looking for a cheap lawyer? Don't mind if they spend the whole court case eating biscuits?

Choose Cheap Biscuity Lawyers 4 U!

Not a crumb of evidence (or biscuit) ignored at rock bottom prices.

What we lack in knowledge, we make up for in cost and love of biscuits!



Looking for a lawyer who is:

- Cheap?
- Short of Breath?
- A fan of Biscuits?

... then CBL4U is the one for you!

CHEAP BISCUIT LAWYERS-4-U
We may take the biscuit, but we won't take much cash!

DRAGON RIDER

In the mystical land beyond the mountains of Thjor, Princess Xandrar is being crowned Mistress of Dragons following the death of her mother Queen Pyrophor...



Do you pledge to hold dominion over the fire-breathing beasts of the mountains with dignity... with mercy... and with steadfastness?

Upon the seven Gods of Mythordia, so do I swear.



Arise Xandrar, Mistress of the Dragons!



Hoorah!

Behold, your majesty- the Dragon Vulton. You must mount him and fly to the Castle of Golgor to complete your initiation.



Erm...Where do you have to sit?

Well, just there, I suppose... in that curvy bent bit on its neck.

Are you sure? It looks a bit spiky.



And it looks a bit high. How do I get up?

I think you just stand on the wing and it sort of lifts you up.

That's what your mam used to do.

Which bit of the wing?



That bit there, his elbow.

It's not an elbow. That's the wrist, that.



Wrist... elbow...it doesn't matter. It's that bit there, look. Put your foot on that bit, grab hold here, and it'll just lift you up.



Get a good hold of that boney spur, Highness.



That's it... get your leg over.

Lift it up, that's it... champion



Argh! Buggler! Ow! Ow! Jesus!



Bloody Nora! Them spiky bits go right up your arse crack. It's like sitting on a big conker.



Well your mum used to do it.

She had big, thick deer-skin trousers. I've only got this flimsy loincloth thing.

What if you sat a bit further back, behind its shoulders?



Yes, that looks a bit smoother there.



I can't sit there can I? There's nothing to hold onto. I'd just fall off.

Couldn't you put a bridle on it with some really long reins? That'd work.



No, you couldn't do that. The bit'd just melt when it breathes fire.

Oh, yeah. S'pose.

Can't I put a saddle on it?



Don't talk daft. They don't make saddles for dragons.

Why don't you fold a towel up, put it on its neck and you could sit on that?



Good idea. Someone get a towel. Make it a big 'un, mind, a beach towel or a bath sheet, so we can fold it over a few times.

And don't bring a nice new one. Get an old one out the dog's basket.



Then you can mount your fiery steed and fly thence to the castle of...

Here you go, my Lord!



It's a nice thick one, this. There'll be nowt sticking in your jacksie when this is on.

Smashing.



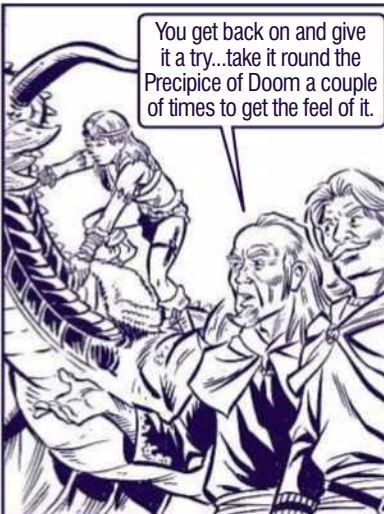
There you go... that'll stay on.

Are you sure? Does it need a belt round it, or something?



No, it'll be fine, that.

It's not going anywhere. The spiky scales'll hold it in place.



You get back on and give it a try...take it round the Precipice of Doom a couple of times to get the feel of it.



Keep tight hold of them spikes, mind, my Queen.

How do you make it go?



Your mam used to hold her sword in the air and go, "By the seven Gods of Mythordia, take wing!"

Oh, right... Pass us me sword up.



By the seven Gods of Mythordia... TAKE WING!



FLAP! WOAH! FLAP!

Bloody hell!



WOOOSH!



FLAP! FLAP!



FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

IVAN JELICAL

TRULY, THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH TRAPS AND SNARES DESIGNED TO MAKE US STUMBLE ON THE PATH TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

EVERYWHERE I LOOK, THE DEVIL TEMPTS ME WITH IMPURE THOUGHTS OF FLESHLY WICKEDNESS!

mmm... BUY CHEESE

LAP DANCING CLUB

EROTIQUE BOUTIQUE SEXY LINGERIE

OH! SEX! SEX! SEX!

THAT'S THE WAY TO LIVE!

SATAN IS EVEN LURKING IN MY UNDERPANTS, LIKE THE SERPENT IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN!

I CAN SENSE HIM WHISPERING TO ME... BEGUILING ME TO SULLUMB TO BASE DESIRES!

TWITCH

BEGONE FROM MY TROUSERS FOUL SERPENT!

WHACK WHACK WHACK!

"AND GOD SAID 'CURSED ART THOU AMONGST ALL CREATURES, FOR I SHALL CAST THEE OUT!!' ~ TUNNOCKS VII, VERSE 6.

OH LORD, DELIVER ME FROM THE TEMPTATIONS OF THIS EVIL WORLD!

SHOW ME A SANCTUARY WHERE I MAY FIND SOLACE FROM THE NAGGING DEMANDS OF MY SINFUL FLESH!

HAVE A WANK

ST BENEDICT'S ABBEY

ESCAPE FROM THE WORLD WITH A 5-DAY SPIRITUAL RETREAT! APPLY WITHIN!

HUNH?

AND SO I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR STAY HERE AT ST BENEDICT'S HELPFUL, MY SON.

IT IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ONE TO RISE ABOVE THE NEEDS OF THE BODY AND TO CONCENTRATE ON MATTERS OF THE SPIRIT.

THIS IS OUR BLESSED FOUNDER, SAINT BENEDICT.

WHEN BENEDICT WAS TEMPTED BY LUSTFUL THOUGHTS, HE THREW HIMSELF INTO A THORN BUSH IN ORDER TO SUBDUCE HIS BODILY DESIRES.

AH, HERE IS SISTER DIRIGIBLES, WHO WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.

I HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE...

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

GULP!

SPROING!

SPRINT

ROSE GARDEN

LEAP!

OUCH! OOHYAH!

ROSEUS EXTREMUS THORNIUS

OW! OUCH! BLESSINGS BE TO SAINT BENEDICT!

THE PAIN IS EXCRUCIATING, BUT IT HAS BROUGHT MY WAYWARD FLESH UNDER CONTROL!

YES, WELL. WE DO EXPECT ALL OF OUR GUESTS TO HELP OUT AROUND THE ABBEY.

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND YOU A JOB TO DO IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

AH, SISTER PRESUMPTIA IS WORKING ON THE MELON PATCH.

YES, I'M NOT QUITE SURE IF THEY ARE RIPE YET...

YOUNG MAN, PERHAPS YOU COULD SQUEEZE MY MELONS AND SEE IF THEY'RE RIPE?

GO ON, SQUEEZE THEM... SQUEEZE MY MELONS...

SCUTTLE

DIVE!

YOWCH! OUCH! EEK!

COME BROTHER DENNIS, IT IS TIME TO GIVE THIS STATUE OF THE LARGE-BREADED VIRGIN MARY A WASH...

PLENTY OF SOAPY WATER SHOULD DO THE TRICK... I'LL SPONGE IT ON NI-I-ICE AND SLOWLY...

GASP!

BUT THEN...

PAIN

SEX =

HMM...

YES! IT HAS WORKED! THE SERPENT IN MY PANTS REMAINS ASLEEP!

NO ONE ON

THROWING MYSELF IN THOSE THORNS HAS CURED ME OF MY LUSTFUL THOUGHTS.

PRAISE BE! I HAVE BEATEN SATAN AND FREED MYSELF FROM FLESHLY DESIRE!

AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO SAINT BENEDICT AND HIS THORN BUSH!

AND THAT NIGHT IN IVAN'S ROOM

UGH! UGH! UGH! OH YEAH, YOU LOVE THAT, YOU THORNY THRUST THRUST

UGH! UGH!

OUCH! OW!

Just **£14.99** each

EPIC BANTZ

...On A Humdrum Town

over **2000** t-shirts

Nye Bevan

Shipping Forecast Areas

I MAY BE OLD... BUT AT LEAST I GOT TO SEE ALL THE GOOD BANDS.

KNIT FAST DIE WARM

Live comedy 7 nights a week



A serious night out

Tickets & Information - 0207 024 2060
www.thecomedystore.co.uk

NOZSTALGIA

NozStock the Hidden Valley **20** years 20-22 JULY 2018

CHASE & STATUS {DJ SET + RAGE}

GOLDFRAPP

THE SELECTER

GRANDMASTER FLASH

CHALI 2NA & KRAFTY KUTS // DUB PISTOLS // MACKA B
DJ MARKY & MC GQ // S.P.Y // BLACK SUN EMPIRE
AUDIO // DILLINJA // RANDALL
ELECTRIC SWING CIRCUS // THE LOVELY EGGS // THE STIFF JOINTS

10 STAGES & AREAS INCL. COMEDY, CABARET, STREET ART, SPOKEN WORD, CIRCUS, FAMILY ANTICS, ARTS & CRAFTS, LOCAL FOOD AND DRINK
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: WWW.NOZSTOCK.COM

WINNER OF 'MIND BLOWING SPECTACLE AWARD 2017'

The WONDERFUL WORLD of NATURE with DAVY SCRATTENBOROUGH

...YE KEN... OOR AMAZIN' PLANET EARTH SUPPORTS AN ALMOST INFINITE VARIETY O' LIVIN' SPECIES... KOFF! ... FAE THE NIGHTY BLUE WHALE, RIGHT DOON TAE THE WEE SUNNY SINGLE-CELLED BUBBLERS FLOATIN' ABOUT IN A DROP O' WATER...

...MAIST O' THEM UP HARMLESS... SHABIN' OOR PLANET AS THEY GO ABOUT THE DAY-TAE-DAE BUSINESS O' SURVIVAL... BUT OTHERS PRESENT A VERY REAL DANGER TAE MAN!...

...AN DINNAE MAKE THE MISTAKS THINKIN' IT'S JUST THE BIG FUCKERS YE NEED TAE WORRY ABOUT... OH-NO!...

...AN ONCE GOT STANG ON THE BELL-END OFF A WASP WHEN AN WIS SHAGGIN' THE BIRD UP A BACK-ALLEY IN BENIDORM!...

...AN COCK SHOLE UP LIKE A BALLOON AN' WIS OAN' PATIBOTICS FUR FUKKIN' WEEK... AN AW BECAUSE O' A WASP NAE BIGGER THAN A FAG- SAG... AN THE WEE BASTARDS, YE HUV TAE WATCH OOT FUR, MAN!...

THROBB, THROBB, ACHE!

AN' IT'S HERE... IN THE STEAMY TROPICAL RAINFORESTS O' GURTEWALLA... THAT YE FIND YIN CREATURE THAT PACKS A PUNCH WAY BEYOND ITS SIZE... THE DIMINUTIVE RED-LEGGED JUNGLE SCORPION...

...DESPITE ITS SIZE... IT'S A VORACIOUS BUBBLER... ERTIN' WEE BIRDS... BATS... FROGS... AN EVEN FUKKIN' FISH!?

POKE! PROD!

...HUV YE EVER SEEN SUCH A HIDEOUS WEE FUKKER AN' YER LIFE, MAN! BUT WHILE ITS VENOM ISNAE FATAL TAE HUMANS... IT KIN STILL INFLECT A NASTY, PAINFUL STING!...

RATTLE! HISS!

...SO, BEST NO' TAE TAKE ANY CHANGES W' THE WICKSUS... WEE... BASTARDS WINNIN'!... HELL NO' CAUSE AN' BOTHER AGAIN... THE WEE FUKKER!...

STOMP! STAMP! KRUNCH! SQUASH! MASH!

...AN' FAE A WEE, DANGEROUS ANIMAL... YIN O' THE BAKIST... HIGH ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE... THE TEMPERATURE IS SO LOW, THAT YER FAG STICKS TAE YER BOTTOM LIP... AN' LAGER FREEZES IN YER CAN AFERE YE KIN NECK THE FUKKER... NAE KIDDIN'... IT'S CAULDER THAN A WITCH'S TIT UP HERE, MAN!...

HOWWL! WAIL!

...SO YE'D THINK THAT IN SUCH HOSTILE CONDITIONS FUKK-ALL COULD SURVIVE... BUT, INCREDIBLY... IT'S HAME THE YIN O' THE MAIST DANGEROUS PREDATORS ON THE PLANET!...

...THE POLAR BEAR... THAE HUGE GRANNORS WILL DEVOUR ANYTHIN' IT KIN FIND... AN' SEAL... WALRUS... AN' THANKS TAE THE GLOBAL WARMIN' MELTIN' THE PACK ICE... THEY OR INCREASIN' COMIN' INTAE CONTACT W' HUMANS!...

LUMBER!

...HERE... IN NORTHERN CANADA... DESPERATELY HUNGRY BEARS OFTEN COME DOON FAE THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS INTAE WEE LITTLE VILLAGES... WEAK AN' STARVIN'... THESE PROUD CREATURES RUMMAGE THROUGH THE DUSTBIN'S FUR SCRAN!...

CLICK!

...BUT A COUPLE O' AIR PELLETS UP THE ARSE USUALLY SENDS THE GREEDY THWAT'S BACK WHERE THEY CAME FAE!...

PLAP! YELP!

CRACK!

...HEH-HEH!... FUKKIN' BULLSEYE! DID YE SEE THAT? RIGHT UP THE FUKKIN' TACKLE... THAT'LL TEACH THE BIG FURRY FUKKER TAE GO KNOCKIN' BINS OWER!...

TOSS!

...AN' FAE YIN O' THE CAULDEST PLACES ON EARTH THE YIN O' THE WITTEST... THE MAIST O' C AFRICAN GRASSLANDS... JEEZO... IT'S LIKE A FUKKIN' FURNACE OOT HERE!... HONEST... THE SNAE IT'S RUMMIN' DOON THE CRACK O' MA ARSE!...

...AN' IT'S IN THIS SCORCHIN' HOT HABITAT THAT MANY O' THE MAIST DANGEROUS ANIMALS ON THE PLANET KIN BE FOUND... LIONS... LEOPARDS... ELEPHANT... HIPPOS... RHINO!...

CRACK! PHHSTT!

...AN' IT'S ALSO HAME TAE THE BEAST WHICH... THOUGH IT LOOKS DECEPTIVELY DOCILE... IS ACTUALLY RESPONSIBLE FUR MAIR HUMAN FRITILITIES THAN ANY OTHER... THE FUKKIN' MIGHTY AFRICAN BUFFALO!...

...THERE'S YIN NOO... FUKK ME!... LOOK AT THE FUKKIN' SIZE O' THAT BIG FUKKER!... MUST WEIGH A FUKKIN' TON!... AN' WIDNAE FANCY GETTIN' YIN O' THAE MASSIVE HORNS RAMMED UP MA BANOOKIE!...

SNORT!

...AN' HERE WE SEE ANOTHER DANGEROUS DENZEN O' THE SAVANNAH WHICH... THOUGH NO' THE BIGGEST... IS STILL FEARED FUR ITS BAD-TEMPERED, AGGRESSIVE NATURE... THE AFRICAN TUFTED WARTHOG... THIS CRITICALLY-ENDANGERED MEMBER O' THE FAMILI BOASTS A FORTMIDABLE SET O' TEETH AN' TUSKS... AN' IS EASILY CAPABLE O' GORIN' A MAN TAE DEATH!...

GRUNT!

STEAM!

...AN' WHILE THE DOZ' FUKKER PONDERS ITS NEXT MOVE... WIP SMARTLY ROUND THE BACK AN' GIE IT A GUID, HARD HOOF IN THE KNACKERS!...

BOO!

...THIS MALE SEEMS TAE BE PISSED OFF COS AN'VE HAD A SLASH ON HIS TERRITORY AN' HE'S COMIN' TAE SORT ME OOT!...

CHARGE! THUNDER! SNORT!

...NOO... MAIST FOLK'S REACTION WHEN FACED W' A FURIOUS, CHARGIN' WARTHOG WID BE TAE SHIT TURSEL'S AN' FUKKIN' LEG IT, SWIFT LIKE... HOO EVER... IT'S VITAL TAE YE DINNAE... CHARGE!

...THE CUNTS HUV GOT PISS-POOR EYESIGHT... SO YE JUST HUV TAE KEEP ABSOLUTELY STILL AN' ACT LIKE YE JIST DINNAE GIE A FUKK... THIS WILL MOMENTARILY PUZZLE THE WARTHOG!...

SREECH!

...AN' FUR THE SMELLY FUKKER COMES BACK FUR ANOTHER GO... AN' MAKE SURE THE UGLY BASTARD GOES FUKKIN' EXTINCT!...

BOO!

...IN THE NEXT EPISODE O' 'THE WONDERFUL WORLD O' NATURE'... DAVY TRAVELS TAE THE CONGO AN' CONFRONTS A BIG FUKK-OFF MOUNTAIN GORILLA THAT NICKS HIS LAST CAN... SQUEAL! GRUNT! CHINK!

ARMOURGEDDON

TANK DRIVING & TANK BATTLES

- TANK PAINTBALL BATTLES
- TANK DRIVING TASTER
- DADS & LADS TANK DRIVING
- MILITARY VEHICLE DRIVING
- WOODLAND PAINTBALL
- ARCHERY
- AIR RIFLE SHOOTING
- QUAD BIKES
- CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING



ENTRANCE ONLY £6pp

MILITARY MUSEUM

10-4pm APRIL-OCT



VISIT WWW.ARMOURGEDDON.CO.UK

OR CALL 01858 880239 TO FIND OUT MORE

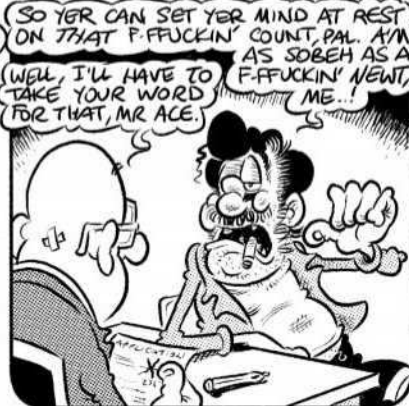
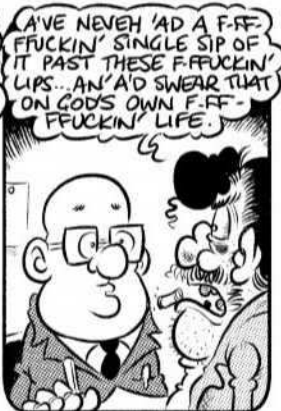
HUSBANDS BOSWORTH, NR LUTTERWORTH, LEICESTERSHIRE LE17 6NW

From Apple to Zeiss, and everything in between



Try these magazines from just £1:
magazinedeals.co.uk/tech

Whether you're an IT professional or a first time buyer, Dennis technology has a magazine for you, all of which are written and produced by expert editorial teams. We cover the whole spectrum of technology news, reviews and features.



CUSTOM BUS BLINDS

PERSONALISED BUS BLIND ARTWORK

DESIGN YOUR OWN ONLINE

HAND MOUNTED & FRAMED

100% NATURAL MATERIALS

PRICES FROM £35

YOUR CHOICE



www.custombusblinds.co.uk

10% off with code '10PERC'



Rake Clag

T-shirts from around a tenner.



www.therakeandherald.tv

ACADEMY EVENTS, MCD PRODUCTIONS & SHINE PRESENTS

A CONVERSATION ON NARCOS

WITH STEVE MURPHY & JAVIER PENA

A CONVERSATION ON THE CAPTURING OF PABLO ESCOBAR AND THE CALI CARTEL WITH DEA AGENTS **JAVIER PENA** AND **STEVE MURPHY**, WHO INSPIRED THE HIT **NETFLIX SHOW NARCOS**.

2018 UK & IRELAND TOUR:

MAY			SUN 13TH	LONDON O ₂ ACADEMY BRIXTON
WED 9TH	GLASGOW O ₂ ACADEMY	MON 14TH	BOURNEMOUTH O ₂ ACADEMY	
THU 10TH	NEWCASTLE O ₂ ACADEMY	TUE 15TH	CORK OPERA HOUSE	
FRI 11TH	LEEDS O ₂ ACADEMY	WED 16TH	BELFAST THE TELEGRAPH BUILDING	
SAT 12TH	BIRMINGHAM O ₂ ACADEMY	THU 17TH	DUBLIN THE OLYMPIA THEATRE	

TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

There's always a Warm Welcome in Blackpool ...BUT NOT FOR PUTIN!



“I’m farting fire!” says Lord Mayor

THE LORD MAYOR of Blackpool yesterday expressed disgust at the Russian Secret Service’s recent Salisbury nerve agent attack and announced that the Lancashire resort was planning a series of far-reaching sanctions against Vladimir Putin in response. “Everyone is guaranteed a warm welcome on the West Lancashire Riviera, except the Soviet President,” Councillor Max Crabtree told the *Fylde Prepuce*. “Theresa May has already expelled some diplomats and frozen some of the Kremlin’s financial assets, but we don’t think those actions go far enough.”

I do KGB beside the seaside: If controversial Russian President Vladimir Putin tries to take a holiday in Blackpool he will receive a frosty welcome, says mayor.



“I want to make it clear to the Russian dictator that Blackpool means business. I’m farting fire,” he added.

secret

At a hastily convened meeting of the top secret BOBRA Blackpool Crisis Response committee, the mayor set out a series of punitive measures designed to hit the Russian President where it hurts. “Make no mistake, if Putin ever comes on holiday to Blackpool, he’ll be left in no doubt what we think about his KGB assassination squads,” he said.

The stiff sanctions against the USSR leader include:

- He will not be allowed to purchase the popular Golden Rider 7-day unlimited travel tram pass. Instead, he will be required to pay full fare for each journey he takes
- Despite being 65, he will be refused a ‘Cheapy Tuesday’ pensioner’s special meal deal at Taylor’s Fish & Chips on St Anne’s Road
- The number of tokens required to win a prize at all seafront Bingo halls will be doubled for Mr Putin
- On the North Pier Wild West Sharpshooter range, he will be given a rifle with the sights bent to the side even more than usual
- On the Hook-a-Duck stall, he will be given a stick with a loop on that is half the size of everyone else’s

The mayor also announced that he had summoned the Russian Ambassador Alexander Vladimirovich Yakovenko to the Town Hall



in order to make clear to him that assassination attempts by foreign powers will not be tolerated on Blackpool soil.

EXCLUSIVE!

“Mr Yavovenko’s going to leave these council offices with more than a flea in his ear, believe me,” said Councillor Crabtree. “I’m going to rip him a new arsehole.”

“That’s when he comes. I’ve left a message at the embassy but he hasn’t got back to me yet,” he added.

estate

Meanwhile, the town’s bed & breakfast proprietors

announced their own special measures against the Kremlin despot.

saloon

Chairwoman of the Fylde Coast Landladies’ Association Mrs Edna Travis said: “We have a strict rule that all guests must vacate the premises during the day.”

“However, we are quite lenient, and will occasionally let people back into the house for a few minutes perhaps if they’ve forgotten

their purse, they need the toilet or they have been taken seriously ill.”

“But we won’t show such kindness to Mr Putin,” she continued. “He’s out the door at eight sharp and he’s not coming back in till five. No ifs, no buts.”

gaol

“If he thinks he can waltz in here at half past ten to get his umbrella or do a number two after poisoning all them people, he’s got another think coming,” Mrs Travis added.

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier...STAR!

Guy Burgess, Kim Philby, Don Maclean, Sir Anthony Blunt... all household names who turned out to be Russian spies. Nobody suspected they were traitors because they were hiding in plain sight as upstanding members of the British Establishment. And it’s a sobering thought that today, decades later, many of our favourite celebrities could also be KGB agents, working to undermine our society. We phoned up a selection of Britain’s best-loved showbiz stars and put a simple question to them... **Are you a Russian spy?**

Sean Connery, James Bond actor

“I played a British spy in seven Bond films, so I’ve certainly got plenty of experience in the world of subterfuge and espionage! Seriously, though, I am happy to confirm that I am definitely not a Russian spy. But of course, if I was a Russian spy, that’s exactly what I would say, so I’m afraid you’ll have to draw your own conclusions as to whether I actually am one or not.”



Carol Vorderman, Former celebrity

“I’m not a Russian spy as far as I know, but I did go to Cambridge University, so it’s perfectly possible that I was recruited during my undergraduate days and brainwashed



to become a ‘sleeper’ agent for the KGB. In fact, I may have unwittingly spent my entire time on *Countdown* passing 9-letter coded messages concerning the whereabouts of Britain’s fleet of Trident nuclear submarines to the Kremlin. I certainly hope that wasn’t the case, but now I’ve thought about it a bit, I’m quite concerned that I have betrayed my country.”

Joe Swash, King of the Jungle

“I’m not sure. Off the top of my head, I don’t think I am, but don’t quote me on that. You’d have to ask my agent, as she deals with all that stuff. If I’m not a Russian spy, I’d be quite happy to do it. I’ve eaten a kangaroo’s cock and balls in the jungle, so obviously I’ll try anything if the money’s right.”



Penelope Keith, Snooty actress

“Certainly not. I would never spy for a foreign power and betray the country of my birth. Having said that, the life of a KGB secret agent does sound jolly exciting. All those clandestine meetings on park benches, using secret codewords and garrotting people with piano wire hidden up one’s cuffs sound like a terrific wheeze.”



Chris Kamara, Red card-missing Sky Soccer pundit

“Funny you should ask, but yes, I am a Russian spy answering directly to President Putin, working under the codename ‘Red Card’. But before you rush to call me a traitor, what my Kremlin paymasters don’t know is that I am actually a double agent. I am feeding everything I know about Russian Intelligence directly to Whitehall, whilst the information I feed to Moscow is largely bogus but peppered with enough harmless true information to make it seem credible. But keep this under your hat.”



DEAD MAN WALKING!

A Derbyshire man last night soiled his trousers with fear as he told how Soviet secret police assassins were hunting him down. "They done that bloke in Wiltshire and I am next on the Kremlin's list," said Cromford Hodthorpe, 62. "It's only a matter of time before Putin's KGB goons track me down and rub me out."

"They want me dead because I know too much," the 16-stone bachelor told us. "I was innocently browsing the internet one day looking for some pictures of some things when I came across a pop-up advert illustrated with a picture of a cheerleader doing the splits."

moon

"When I clicked on it, it took me to a page with a link to a story about how the Russians had built a secret base on the moon. I read the headline in passing, but I didn't bother reading the whole article as I'd got another pop-up advert with a live webcam showing one of the things I'd originally been looking for."

"I didn't give the Russians on the moon thing another thought until the KGB turned up at the bus garage the very next day and tried to kill me."

starr

Hodthorpe explained: "I'd knocked off early to have my dinner. I don't go in the canteen any more following a misunderstanding regarding the works lottery syndicate a few years ago."

By our Russian Spy Correspondant
Aleksandr Kolchinsky



"I'd run that syndicate faultlessly for fifteen years, collecting a pound without fail off everyone in the depot each week. Then, would you believe it, the one time I forgot to buy the tickets, our numbers came up for an eight million quid jackpot win. Since that day, I usually eat alone in one of the buses," he said.

mitchell

"But on this particular day, as I opened the Tupperware box containing my packed lunch, I recoiled in horror and disgust. Kremlin goons had got there before me and put a dog dirt in with my corned beef sandwiches."

bonham

"They must have been hoping I'd just reach in and take a bite without looking, then die of dog dirt poisoning," said Hodthorpe.

"My blood ran cold as I realised just how close I had come to a horrible death."

KGB is out to get me, says Glossop bus depot cleaner

"I had to throw the top sandwich away, as the turd had been sat on it, and it could have become contaminated. As I ate the rest of my lunch, I looked across towards the canteen window to see my workmates pointing and laughing at me," he continued. "I went over to ask them if they'd seen anyone putting a dog dirt in my lunchbox, but they said they hadn't seen a thing."

"It was clear that the agents had put the frighteners on them. They were too scared to speak out in case they found themselves on Putin's assassination list too, for snitching."

It had been a brush with death that was too close for comfort, and Cromford knew that he was a marked man. He didn't have to wait long before the Russian death squad launched their next audacious attempt on his life.

"It was a couple of weeks after the dog mess incident, and I was in the sitting room, looking at some things on the internet when the hit men struck again," he told us.

watts

"Suddenly, without any warning, half a housebrick came flying through the window, missing my head by mere yards. There was broken glass everywhere as I ran to the front door to see who was responsible."

From Russia with hate: Kremlin hit squad struck when cleaner found out about secret lunar base.



"The assassins had clearly fled the scene seconds after their murder attempt. The only witness to the attack was my next door neighbour, who happened to be standing on my front lawn."

amperes

"Unfortunately, he wasn't speaking to me at the time following a misunderstanding that morning when I had been innocently looking through my binoculars at sparrows in his garden from behind my bedroom curtains, while his teenage daughter was sunbathing on the patio," said Hodthorpe. "He had spotted me and put two and two together to make five."

"As I turned to go back inside, I noticed that the KGB had sprayed the word 'Nonce' on my front door. I don't speak any foreign languages, so I can only assume it is a Russian word meaning 'Enemy of the State' or something like that. It certainly made my blood run cold when I saw it, I can tell you."

"At that moment, I cursed myself for clicking on that website about the Russians building a secret base on the Moon. Putin was clearly out to get me, and I was now a marked man," he added.

It occurred to Hodthorpe that he might be safer off in a crowd. Out and about in public, he thought the Russian assassins would be more wary of launching a hit in front of witnesses, so right away he got in the car and headed to his local amusement arcade.

"I'm not exactly flavour of the month there, following a few misunderstandings over the years where I have accidentally put washers



Bus terminal: Cromford nearly died when packed lunch was contaminated with dog shite.



Woof justice: Heavily disguised hit squad made horrific murder attempt at dog track.

“The boss clocked me as soon as I walked in. Picking up a Stanley knife that he keeps under the counter in his booth, he walked past me and out into the car park. A minute later, he came back in, threatened me with the knife, and told me to sling my hook,” said Hodthorpe.

“I had been in the safe haven of the amusements for less than a minute. It clearly hadn’t been enough time for me to have thrown the Kremlin agents off my scent, because when I went out to my car, I found that, acting on Vladimir Putin’s direct orders, they had slashed all four of my tyres.”

“They must have been planning on me driving off, spinning out of control, and perishing in a ball of flames. It would have looked like an accident; the perfect hit,” he told us.

“The arcade boss had been out in the car park at the exact time it happened, so he must have seen everything. But as he stood there with his Stanley knife, grinning and sticking twos-up at me, he had clearly taken the

in the fruities and fallen and bumped the tuppenny waterfalls, also by accident, on a number of occasions.”

“In fact, last time I was there I was thrown out after trying to recover a jammed coin from the change machine using a coat-hanger with a bit of chewing gum on the end.”

“I was told to get out and never come back, but nevertheless the arcade still felt safer than staying in my house. At home, it was only a matter of time before the Russians turned up again and succeeded where they had failed before.”

There was nothing wrong with that brake cable. I had fitted myself in 1986, so it had clearly been tampered with by the KGB hit squad

They were wearing rubber Mission Impossible-style masks, posing as two thugs who work for an unlicensed bookie to whom I had owed fifty quid for several months

decision not to get involved,” said Hodthorpe.

“And who can blame him for not wanting to add himself to the KGB’s sinister hit-list?”

talbot

But horrifyingly, Hodthorpe’s ordeal was not yet over. As he gingerly set off for the pub at 4mph in his 1984 Talbot Solara, he suddenly felt the brakes give way. “As I rolled to a halt against the front of a shop, I realised what had happened,” he told us. “The assassins had sawn through the brake cable too.”

“I know for a fact that there was nothing wrong with that cable. It was a heavy-duty bus cable that I had fitted myself in 1986, so it had clearly been tampered with by the KGB hit squad,” said Hodthorpe.

weller

“As I reversed out of the shopfront, my blood ran cold once again. I set off for the pub, this time using the handbrake, reflecting that, although I had dodged another Russian bullet, my luck couldn’t hold forever.”

Hodthorpe couldn’t have known how right his premonition was, because less than 24 hours later, the Russians made yet another attempt on his life. And although they didn’t succeed in killing him, they did put him in hospital with serious, life-changing injuries.

“Once again thinking there might be safety in numbers, I’d gone to my local dog track for an evening meeting. Spending a few hours watching the greyhounds chase the hare round the track was a welcome relief from the stress of being pursued by the KGB. Even as I cheered on my dogs from the stand, I kept out a wary eye for Russian-looking heavies bent on doing me harm,” he told us.

lee

“But I hadn’t counted on the hitmen being masters of disguise as well as ruthless, trained killers. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned to see them

standing right behind me. They were wearing rubber *Mission Impossible*-style masks, posing as two thugs who work for an unlicensed bookie to whom I had owed fifty quid for several months.”

“I knew it couldn’t really be them, because just a few weeks before, the bookie had given me a bit of extra time to pay him off, and I was pretty sure I hadn’t gone too far past the deadline yet,” said Hodthorpe.

“They appeared very convincing in their disguises; they didn’t have Russian accents. To hear them threatening me, you would have sworn they came from Glossop.”

tommy

The heavy Politburo exterminators frogmarched the hapless bus cleaner round the back of the kennels, where they set about his lower legs with a crowbar. He told us: “I don’t remember much about the assassination attempt itself. I suppose they must have left me for dead when I blacked out, because I woke up in the ambulance with two broken shins and badly bruised knees.”

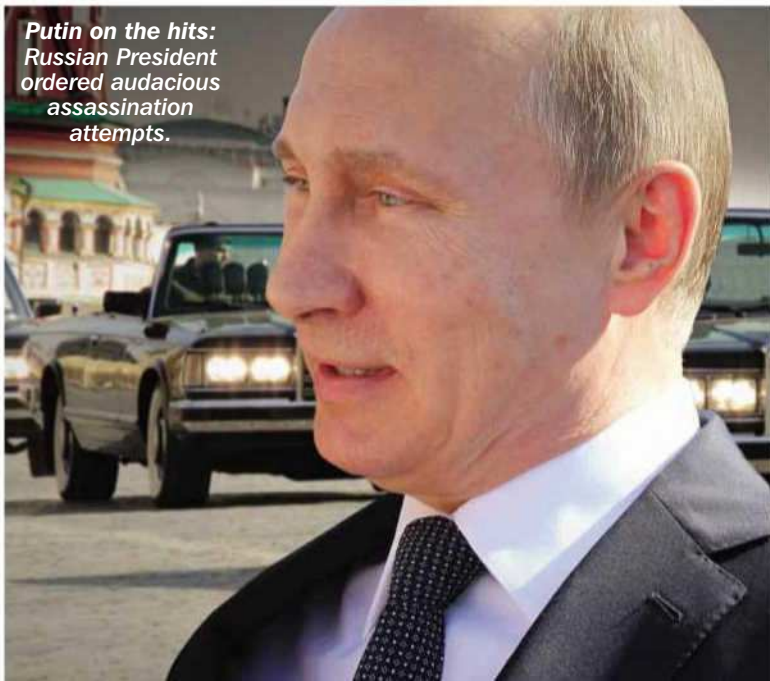
mini

Hodthorpe spent the next three weeks in hospital recovering from his injuries. And although the doctors have put him on the panel for six months, his bosses at the bus garage have told him they won’t hold his job open that long. He told us: “I can only conclude that my line manager at *Go!Glossop* has been leant on by the Kremlin.”

“Putin’s going to get me one way or the other. I’m a dead man walking,” he added.

We rang the Russian Embassy to ask if there was a KGB hit squad operating in the Glossop area, with orders from the Kremlin to assassinate Cromford Hodthorpe. A spokesman told us: “This is the Russian Embassy. Press one for visa enquiries, two for homeland affairs, three for general travel enquiries, and four for all other business.”

Putin on the hits: Russian President ordered audacious assassination attempts.



THE RECENT attempted murder of Russian double agent Sergei Skripal in the middle of a genteel Wiltshire cathedral town has set alarm bells ringing from Land's End to John O'Groats. The thought that squads of ruthless Soviet assassins are operating with impunity on the British mainland means that we all have to be extra-vigilant when we're out and about or going to Zizzis. But would YOU know if the bloke next door was a member of one of Putin's sinister crack death squads? We ask the question...

Is YOUR Neighbour a KGB KILLER?

Answer the questions below a, b, or c and tot up your score to find out.

1 IT'S a nice hot day, and your neighbour is sitting out on his front lawn in a deckchair. What is he wearing?

- a. Bermuda shorts, a vest, and a knotted hankie on his head
- b. Socks, sandals and a pair of extremely high-waisted 1970s bathing trunks
- c. A floor-length dark grey great-coat, leather gloves and a black bear-fur cossack hat



2 WHILE out walking your dog in the local park, you see your neighbour sitting on a bench, holding a briefcase. You sit down next to him for a breather. What does he say to you?

- a. "Turned out nice again, hasn't it?"
- b. "Out walking the dog, are you?"
- c. "The geese are flying south because Spring comes early in Berlin."



3 IT'S a windy day and your neighbour's wheelie bin has blown over, spilling some of its contents onto your shared drive. What does it contain?

- a. Empty bean tins, plastic milk cartons and used nappies
- b. Empty fish finger boxes, carrot peelings and an unopened packet of out-of-date mince
- c. A hazmat suit, a gasmask and a copy of last week's Pravda

4 YOU pop round next door to deliver a leaflet about stopping a local wind farm and your neighbour invites you in for a cuppa. What does he put in the teapot?

- a. Two tea bags
- b. Three heaped teaspoons of loose tea
- c. Two tea bags and a glowing phial of Polonium 210

MOSTLY A: Relax, chances are your neighbour is not a KGB killer. He probably makes his living doing something completely innocent, such as driving a bus, selling Venetian blinds or working at a key-cutting and footwear repair franchise, such as *Timpsons* or *Shoe Doctor UK*.

MOSTLY B: On the surface, your neighbour doesn't seem to be a Russian spy, but he may be a "sleeper" or working for the Soviets under deep cover. Keep your suspicions to yourself; if he suspects you are about to unmask him to the authorities, he may decide to eliminate you. To be on the safe side, wear a bulletproof vest at all times and keep some anti-radiation pills in your top pocket.

MOSTLY C: Oh dear, your neighbour is almost certainly spying for the Russkies. It's no use going to the police, as you will be under 24-hour surveillance. Nonchalantly leave your house and make your way to London via a circuitous route, changing your clothing and mode of transport several times. Once in London, go to the MI6 building, ask to speak to M, and report your neighbour. If M's not in, ask if you can speak to Q instead or leave a message with Miss Moneypenny.



The Russians are Coming!

RUSSIAN MEN on average can only manage two or three pushes before climaxing during intercourse. That's according to a new report put together by a leading sex expert.

Reds all on hair trigger, says top sexologist

Oxford professor **Rex Strepsils** claims that the vast majority of Soviet males lack staying power. "Believe you me, those poor Russkies are up and over like a pan of milk," he told us. "It's pitiful to see."

Professor Strepsils, who is not affiliated with the town's University in any way, based his study on a DVD entitled *1001 Moneyshots*, a compilation featuring heavily edited ejaculation footage from Russian porn films that he found under a hedge at the top of the Banbury Road.

telly

"I couldn't believe it when I got back to my bedist and put it on the telly," he continued. "When you think all these blokes are adult movie professionals, it just beggars belief how quickly they were chucking their muck, time after time after time."



Rushin' roulette: reds shoot bolt too quickly, says prof.

And Professpr Strepsils says he knows what he's talking about. He told us: "My own girlfriend, Tatyana or Svetlana or something, is a beautiful Russian woman and she's sick of having it off with these two-push Ivans. I haven't met her yet, because she's in Minsk, but she can't wait to come over here and get properly seen to by a real man who can keep it up for a reasonable length of time."

"Certainly long enough to hopefully bring her off anyway," he continued.

yul

"I've sent her the plane fare over via Western Union. Three times actually, because the first two lots got lost in the post, but once she arrives she's going to get a taste of what she's been missing, believe you me."

"Ooh yes, she's going to get it alright. Right up her, and more than two pushes, and all. You just see if she doesn't, the dirty bitch," Professor Strepsils added.

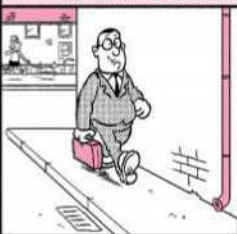


Russian dolls: Some Soviet crumpet yestreday.

"Not one of them lasted longer than about five seconds before he went off. Then the next one would come on and it was the same story all over again," he said. "No wonder all them beautiful Russian women are desperate to come over here and get banged by us British blokes who are famous for our stamina between the sheets."

the BROWN BOTTLE

8:30AM, AND BARRY BROWN IS ON HIS WAY TO WORK...



...WHEN SUDDENLY, A TERRIBLE COMMOTION GOES UP!
LEAVE US ALONE!
WHAAA! SCREAM!
WHAT'S THIS? I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE...



BARRY RUNS TOWARD A COACH STATION.
GASP! IT'S THE CASTLEMANE XXXX-MEN!
BASTAAH!
LENSA TAA!
GEEZ, HE'S SO PISSED!
...THE BROWN BOTTLE!



THEY'RE BLOCKING THESE INNOCENT PASSENGERS FROM TRAVELLING... IF I'M NOT QUICK THE COACH WILL LEAVE WITHOUT THEM!
THIS SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR...



QUICK AS A FLASH, BARRY HEADS FOR THE NEAREST CONVENIENCE TO CHANGE, NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE...
30P? HANG ON, LET ME CHECK...
PUBLIC TOILET!
NO, I'VE ONLY GOT TWENTY. WAIT THERE, I'LL GET SOME CHANGE FROM THE SHOP...



A TEN MINUTE QUEUE LATER...
SORRY LUV, WE DON'T GIVE CHANGE, YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY SUMMIT
B-B-BUT...!
I GO ON, I'VE GOT CUSTOMERS WAITING...



15 MINUTES LATER...
FINALLY! I ONLY HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



WHEN BARRY DRINKS A BOTTLE OF NEWCASTLE BROWN ALE, A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OCCURS.
CLICK CLACK CLACK!



KA-BOOM!

...FOR BARRY IS THE BROWN BOTTLE!
YAAAAH!



GAH! YAH... FUKKAAH!



C'MAHN! I'LL FUCKINN TEK YAAHS!



SMACK!



AAH... THAT'S FUCKINN BERRAHH



GAH! PUBLIC TOILET
PUSH!
HEAVE!



LERRUS IN! LERRUS IN THIS FUCKINN BOGS!
YOU NEED THIRTY PENCE MATE



AAH! F-FUCKIN' NECTAH
PUBLIC TOILET



WHAAA! STOP THIS!
LEAVE US ALONE!
WASSATT?



WITH HIS INSTINCTIVE BOTTLE SENSE TINGLING, THE BROWN BOTTLE GOES TO INVESTIGATE...



THE XXXX-MEN! F-FUCKINN HELL!
PLEASE, JUST LET US GO ON!



THE BROWN BOTTLE KNOWS WHAT TO DO! HE'LL USE HIS SUPER BOTTLE-BREATH TO BLOW THE BAD GUYS AWAY!
HURRRP!



BOOOOARGHH!



GAH! Y' FUKKAAH! GO GO F-FUCKIN' BOTTLE LASER RAY!



OH DEAR!



URGH! Y' F-FUCKIN' DIRTY BASTAAAD, BOTTLE!
EXCUSE ME, I'VE CALLED THE POLICE. THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY RIGHT NOW



GERRIN! (I'VE FF-FUCKIN' SAVED THE DAY AGEN!)
QUICKLY DOROTHY, GET ON BEFORE THIS ONE STARTS TO GET HIS SPITTLE ON YOU



AND SO, THANKS TO THE VALIANT WORK OF THE BROWN BOTTLE, THE PASSENGERS WERE SAFE TO CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY, WITHOUT FEAR FROM PISSED UP TROUBLEMAKERS...
RIGHT, IT'S NINE HOURS TO LETS CRACK THESE TINS OPEN!
WAHAHAAY!
PSS-TCHHH! PSS-TCHHH! PSS-TCHHH!



DONT MISS NEXT WEEKS THRILLING ADVENTURE WHEN THE BROWN BOTTLE TAKES ON CIDERMAN

THERE is a deep schism splitting the country in three from Land's End to Skegness and from St Bee's Head to John O'Groats. It's a violently raging war of words that shows no sign of abating any time soon, as Brits cross swords over the relative merits of 3 very different Danielses.

But just which one is the best? Is it Middlesbrough-born TV conjurer **PAUL Daniels**, who kept us spellbound with his wizardry in the 80s and 90s? Is it Tennessee bourbon magnate **JACK Daniels**, whose 70% proof firewater is still America's favourite tippie? Or is it glamorous US grumble star **STORMY Daniels**, whose films keep us constantly engrossed with one hand on the fast forward button?

It's time to pitch them one against the other, and the other, in a three-way battle to decide once and for all...

Paul, Jack or Stormy... ~Who's the Best Daniels?



IT'S THE BAT

...PAUL.....

ROUND 1:

MAGICIANS typically pick themselves glitzy showbiz names, such as The Great Soprendo, Dynamo, or Tony Slydini. The dull, workaday name 'Paul Daniels' clearly bucks this trend, so you might think that this was the appellation he was born with. But you would be wrong, for the Cleveland-based prestidigitator was originally christened 'Newton Edward Daniels'. His mother Ada named her son after her favourite biscuit, the Fig Newton, and her favourite variety of potato, the King Edward. As such, it's a low scoring opening round for the late conjurer.



5



THE WORLD of showbusiness was rocked to its foundations in 1986, when Paul Daniels revealed he had been wearing a wig for the past twenty years, tricking the entire planet into believing he had a full, healthy head of lustrous hair. Pulling off this amazing illusion for two decades before pulling off his syrup earns him top marks in this round... and that's magic!

10

ROUND 3: ABILITY TO PUT

ONE OF Paul's many tricks involved him being handcuffed and escaping from a locked crate suspended in water. To achieve this feat in such a confined space clearly required him to contort his body into some quite extreme positions, and it is quite possible that at some point, the illusionist would have had his feet behind his ears and his lips pressed against his chest. However, only Paul himself - and his fellow members of the Magic Circle - know how the trick was done and if this posture was indeed achieved. We can only speculate and award half marks.

5

ROUND 4: P



EVERY Saturday evening, Paul would leave his prime time TV show's viewers speechless with wonder as he opened up his famous Bunco Booth and performed trick after stunning trick. And none was more amazing than when he seemingly made small, red, sponge balls disappear from under one cup and reappear under another while regaling the audience with his hilarious patter. To this day, nobody knows how the trick was done, and Paul has taken the secret to his grave.

10

ROU

FEW people are so honoured or feted in life that they are immortalised with a drink named after them, and Paul is no exception. At no point has anyone ever walked into a bar and asked for a pint of Paul Daniels, or gone into a cocktail lounge and ordered a Paul Daniels, shaken, not stirred. They haven't even gone into a cafe and asked for a cup of Paul Daniels with two sugars. It's the lowest score possible in this round for the Teesside wand-waver.



0

ANYONE who watched Paul's eponymous Saturday evening magic show will remember his hilarious catchphrase "You'll like this... not a lot!". But the show only ran to a total of 120 episodes over 15 series between 1979 and 1994, with another 21 specials. But if we assume the magician delivered his catchphrase on average twice per show, viewers in fact only heard it a mere 282 times in his entire career.

2



PAUL

PAUL will like his score... *not a lot!* Although it was a magic performance from the late Cleveland conjurer which included two perfect rounds, at the end of the show he just couldn't pull the win out of the hat.

32

NEXT WEEK: IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE BOWE

TITLE OF THE DANIELSES!

....**JACK**.....

....**STORMY**.....

REALNESS OF NAME

BELIEVE it or not, the legendary 19th Century distiller was not christened with the same name that adorns bottles of his world-famous Tennessee bourbon to this day. Jack Daniels was actually born 'Jasper Newton Daniels' in Lynchburg, Tennessee in 1849. His mother, Dolly, named her son after her favourite Brummie comedian, Jasper Carrott, and her favourite biscuit, the Fig Newton.



5

IT'S NO surprise that 'Stormy Daniels' is not the adult actress's real name. In fact, she was born plain 'Stephanie Clifford' in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in 1979. She acquired her slightly more exotic porn industry monicker the traditional way, by combining the Christian name of her first pet - Stormy the gerbil - with the maiden name of her mother - dental receptionist Roxxy Sugarpussy Daniels.



1

ROUND 2: BALDNESS

IN THE only photograph that seems to exist of the erstwhile bourbon-brewer, Jack Daniels is sporting a wide-brimmed cowboy stetson hat. Under this ten gallon tiffer, he could have been hiding anything; a Tito Jackson-style afro, a Bobby Chariton combover, or even a shiny Kojak slaphead. It's a one-in-three shot that he's bald, giving him a score of just 3.333 recurring. Sadly, for technical reasons, we've had this round this mark down to a disappointing 3.



3

TO SEE the glamorous movie actress on TV, with her flowing blonde locks cascading over her shoulders, you might assume that she would be scoring zero in a round based on baldness. However, anyone who has seen one of her hardcore performances in films such as *Sex Door Neighbour*, *Dripping Wet Sex* or *Finally Legal 7* will attest that, like all today's porn stars, "down there", Stormy is as bald as a billiard ball. So it's half marks in this round for the collar-but-no-cuffs beauty.

5

THEIR FEET BEHIND THEIR EARS AND LICK THEIR NIPPLES

IN HIS biography *Blood and Whiskey: The Life and Times of Jack Daniels*, author Peter Krass makes no mention as to whether the American distiller and businessman was able to put his feet behind his ears and lick his nipples. As a rather stout man, it is most likely that he could not. But it is just possible that he could indeed perform this party piece, but swore anyone who witnessed it to secrecy. We may never know, and consequently must once again award a median score.

5

THE MUCH-in-demand pornographic actress makes no bones about the fact that she can put her feet behind her ears and lick her own nipples. Indeed, by the boastful way she brings the subject up in interviews, and the number of times she insists on doing it in her films, you might almost believe that she is proud of this ability. But whether you look upon it as an enviable skill or a cause for shame, it ticks all the boxes to get Stormy full marks in this round.

10

PERFORMING TRICKS WITH CUPS AND BALLS

DISTILLER Jack was the youngest of 10 children born to Calaway and Lucinda Daniels, and as such would have had plenty of playmates when he was growing up. It is almost certain that one of his siblings would have been in possession of an 'Ali Bongo Junior Magic Set' and would have performed simple tricks to amuse their youngest brother, one of which would have been the cup and balls trick. But from that fact we move into the realm of speculation, as it is impossible to say whether or not young Jack ever had a go at performing the trick himself.

5

LIKE HER namesake Paul, Stormy opens up her own Bunco Booth in every film she appears in, and she also performs an impressive variety of tricks with balls. But this is where the similarity ends as, unlike Paul, Ms Daniels makes no attempt to fool anyone about how she does it and we see exactly how everything is done - in extreme close up. However, after watching all 171 of her films performances, and then watching them all again in order to check, at no point do we recall her performing a trick using cups, except the ones off her bra.

5

ROUND 5: NAMESAKE DRINKS

WITH over 150 million bottles of whiskey bearing his name sold each year, you might expect this to be a top scoring round for the Tennessee born businessman. But you'd be wrong. That's because, whilst each bottle clearly says 'Jack Daniel's' on the label, that is a misspelling, as the man himself was actually christened Jack Daniel, without the final 's'. It's a case of close, but no cigar, as this slip-up costs him a potentially vital point.

9



WALK into *The Brighton* bar in Washington D.C. and ask for a 'Stormy Daniels', and you'll be given a delicious, cool beverage consisting of whiskey and ginger beer, which is described by its inventor as a 'real dirty cocktail'. The drink was named after the actress in recognition of her services to the film industry and her moving performances in movies such as *Pussy Sweat*, *When the Boyz are Away the Girlz Will Play* and *Toxxic Cumloads 6*.

10



ROUND 6: CATCHPHRASES

EVERY time anyone picks up one of the 150 million bottles of Jack Daniels Straight Bourbon sold each year, they'll see the words "Old Time Old Number 7 Brand" printed proudly on the label. And with 40 single shots in a litre bottle, this means Jack's tagline is picked up and read around 6 billion times each year - that's impressive exposure for a catchphrase in anyone's books. However, these words are technically a slogan rather than a catchphrase, so count for nothing in this round.

0

ANYONE who has watched one of Stormy's films will recall her famous catchphrase "Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck, yes! That's it! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Oh, fuck, yes!" which she repeats endlessly while on camera. The adult star's snappy one-liner has found its way onto T-shirts, mugs, drinks coasters, lunchboxes, baseball hats and many other items of merchandise. And it's this omnipresence that sees Stormy take top marks in this round.

10

HOW DID THEY DO?

JACK

HE MIGHT be the distiller of America's number 1 Hoak cask matured bourbon, but the Tennessee booze magnate came bottom of the barrel in this contest. A middling performance eventually saw Jack Daniels on the rocks.

27

STORMY

OH GOD, she's coming... *first!* Stormy's hardcore army of short-sighted fans will be pumping their fists in celebration tonight as their favourite star is crowned top of the popshots in this three-way duel of the Danielses.

41

ANS! JIM vs JEREMY vs LAURENCE LLEWELYN

JIMMY CARR

THE TAX INTOLERANT COMEDY STAR

WELL READERS, IT'S ANOTHER LOVELY DAY TO BE JIMMY CARR. I'VE JUST BEEN PAID A SHEPLOAD OF WONGA FOR PRESENTING SOME SHIT PANEL SHOW OR OTHER.

I TOLD THE CONTESTANTS THAT I'D FUCKED ALL THEIR MUMS! HILARIOUS!

OH, BUM! IT'S THAT PESKY TAX INSPECTOR. IF I'M RUMBLERD, I'LL HAVE TO SHARE SOME OF MY LOVELY LOOT.

HE'S COMING THIS WAY! IT'S TIME FOR A QUICK JIMMY CARR DISGUISE!

FLIPPIN' ECK! WHAT'S THIS?!

IT'S A VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY, ONE OF THOSE OLD PALE, CREEPY ONES THAT LOOK A BIT LIKE JIMMY CARR.

BLIMEY! WHAT LUCK! I ALWAYS WANTED TO LEARN VENTRILOQUISM. I'LL TAKE HIM HOME AND PRACTICE!

GRASP!

BUM! THAT TAX INSPECTOR HAD HIS HAND UP MY JAXY FOR THREE HOURS. MY NIPSY MUST BE LIKE A FLIPPIN' WINDSOCK.

LIKE YOUR MUM'S. AFTER I FUCKED HER.

NEXT DAY... WOHOHO! I'VE JUST MADE ANOTHER LOVELY BAG FULL OF MOOLAH PRESENTING SOME CORPORATE INDUSTRY BIG OR SUCHLIKE.

I SAID TO THEM... I'VE JUST FUCKED ALL OF YOUR MUMS! COMEDY GOLD!!

BUM! IT'S THAT MEDDLING INSPECTOR AGAIN! NOW I NEED ANOTHER QUICK JIMMY CARR DISGUISE!

BLIMMIN' ECK! IT'S COUNT DRACULA! AND HE'S ALL PALE AND CREEPY!

...A BIT LIKE JIMMY CARR.

MISTER, YOU'VE JUST MESS'D WITH THE WRONG INLAND REVENUE EMPLOYEE! FOR I AM... DAVE VAN HELSING - THE VAMPIRE KILLING TAX INSPECTOR!

TAKE THAT! A STAKE STRAIGHT THROUGH YOUR PALE AND CREEPY VAMPIRE HEART!

THUNK!

DON'T WORRY READERS, LUCKILY MY HEART WAS PROTECTED BY MY BIG FAT JIMMY CARR WALLET. IT'S REALLY FAT! JUST LIKE YOUR MUM...

...WHO I HAVE RECENTLY FUCKED.

NEXT DAY... YIPPEE! I'VE JUST EARNED TWO BAGS OF LOVELY DOSH PRESENTING SOME MAJOR AWARDS CEREMONY. PLUS, I TOLD THE WINNERS THAT I'D FUCKED ALL THEIR MUMS... TWICE! GENIUS!!

OY! JIMMY CARR! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!

OH, NO. A TAX INSPECTOR. AND HE'S SEEN ME. I'LL HAVE TO LEG IT.

BAH! A DEAD END. THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT...

IT'S A FAIR COP. HERE'S YOUR 40%.

WHAT? NO, I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY, JIMMY...

...I WANT TO ASK YOU IF YOU'LL DO A SPOT AT THE ANNUAL TAX INSPECTOR'S BALL TOMORROW...

CHA-CHING!

...£10,000 CASH, IN THE BACK POCKET, AND NOT A WORD TO MYSELF.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE ALL LAUGHING... I'VE FUCKED ALL YOUR MUMS!

TAX INSPECTOR'S ANNUAL BALL

HA! HA! HA! GENIUS!!

Many tears have been shedded in my house in the last month, but none more so have been shedded than have been for the death of Sir Ken Dodd. And even none morer so for the death of Professor Stephen Hawkings.

For these two men were giants in their respective fields.

Fields of comedy and fields of something to do with science.

And although these two fields were miles apart, they were in fact closer together than we can ever know.

Because comedy is a science, and what is science but an attempt to explain the comedy of life?

Both men left behind them a legacy, committing their thoughts and ideas to print so that generations yet unborn could have the benefit of their genius.

Hawkings's *A Brief History of Time* re-wrote the world of science that hadn't been re-wrote since Isaac Newton discovered gravity in Victorian times, while Ken Dodd's 1977 book *Ken Dodd's Butty Book* is no less of a seminal work, containing as it does many sandwich recipes.

According to Hawkings, we inhabit just one out of an infinite number of parallel universes.

TONY PARSEHOLE



In one such universe, the Professor himself stood on the stage in a long overcoat and tall hat, waving his tickling stick while regaling his audience with his latest theories about space, time and the Big Bang.

In that same universe, Ken Dodd sat slumped in a wheelchair as his electronically synthesized voice spun fanciful tales about Diddy Men, jam butty mines and the broken biscuit factories of Knotty Ash.

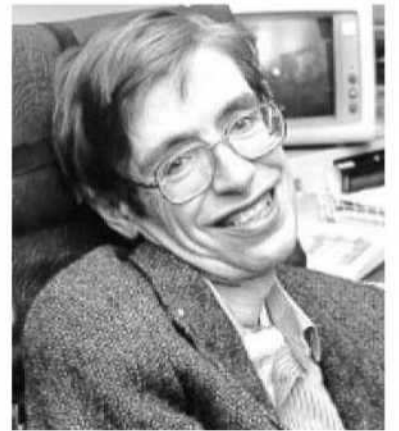
And in that other universe, far, far away on the other side of the galaxy, I have already knocked out my 500 words, emailed it off to the features editor of the Sun and been paid.

Tragically, however, it is this universe that we inhabit, and I still have 202 words to go. 194 words to go now.

These two Titans of the age, so similar in so many ways, were equally different in many other ways too.

Doddy could sing with the voice of an angel, selling more records than the Beatles with songs such as *Love is Like a Violin*, *Happiness*, and *Tears for Souvenirs*. Cruelly robbed of the power of speech by the (sub check name of disease) that ravished him for half a century, Professor Hawkings talked like an old sat-nav.

I was discomknockerated at Doddy's death. And Hawkings's death left a black hole in my heart



We may never know whether, if he hadn't of been cruelly robbed of the power of speech by the (xxxx) that ravished him for half a century, Professor Hawkings would of been just as successful in the pop charts as what Ken Dodd was.

And whilst Professor Hawkings's knowledge of atoms and space and chemicals knew no bounds, Dodd

knew nothing of science. But had he not spent his schooldays clowning around during his science lessons, perhaps he too could of unlocked the mysteries of the universe. Tragically, now that he has passed, we may never know that neither.

But in amongst the tears of sadness that we shed for these two great there thats 500 inv enc TP

HE THINKS IT'S ALL OVER

Footy fave Lawro predicts global apocalypse

MARK LAWRENSEN's Premier League predictions have long been a weekend highlight for footy fans, allowing *Match of the Day* viewers to flex their punditry chops against the sharp-shirted soccer authority's expertise.

However Lawrenson, who goes by the nickname 'Lawro', sparked confusion at BBC headquarters this week when, instead of predicting the weekend's scorelines, he prophesied the end of the world!

BBC Sport intern Delwin Arbuckle told reporters: "Yesterday, when I got my notepad out and asked Lawro what he thought would happen when Swansea faced

EXCLUSIVE!

Huddersfield, his eyes clouded over, and he spoke with a deep, booming timbre that was very different to his usual watery Scouse whine.

antichrist

"I see the fire falling', he intoned darkly. 'The seas will swell and the Antichrist shall rise once more to walk the Earth'."

Arbuckle revealed he was slightly taken aback by the ex-Liverpool man's forecast.

"He usually just rattles through the scorelines for the forthcoming Premier League games robotically and then nips off for a shit," he said. "But I jotted down what he had told me nevertheless."

anarchist

"I figured Lawro had just had a late one last night," Arbuckle continued. "So I moved on and asked what he reckoned to Burnley v Leicester for the late kick-off. But he just kept staring intently into the middle distance, chanting: 'I see the rivers running red with blood; I see plagues of locusts swarming from a

blackened sky; I see aeons upon aeons of ceaseless night. Repent, O ye sinners, repent, for the end is coming'."

Arbuckle promptly posted Lawrenson's predictions on the *Match of the Day* website, sparking chaos and panic-buying of tinned goods, bread and toilet paper up and down the country.

island

Both the BBC and Lawrenson have since issued apologies for the apocalyptic outburst, with the veteran pundit claiming it must have been something he ate. However, telly medium DEREK ACORAH believes there could more to it.

iams cat

The silver-haired *Most Haunted* fave told reporters: "As the 21st Century's most high profile prognosticator, Lawro was most likely being used as a corporeal vessel to channel the visions of



Lawro-stradamus: Pundit's predictions caused panic amongst footy fans.

long-deceased mystics such as Mother Shipton, Emmanuel Swedenborg or Ali Bongo."

This is not the first time a BBC broadcaster has publicly predicted Armageddon. In 2014, weatherman Tomasz Schafernaker warned viewers of "angelic trumpeters sweeping in over the North East, and a lamb with seven eyes and seven horns to follow as we move through towards the middle of the weekend."

A LITTLE CAVALIER WITH THE FACTS

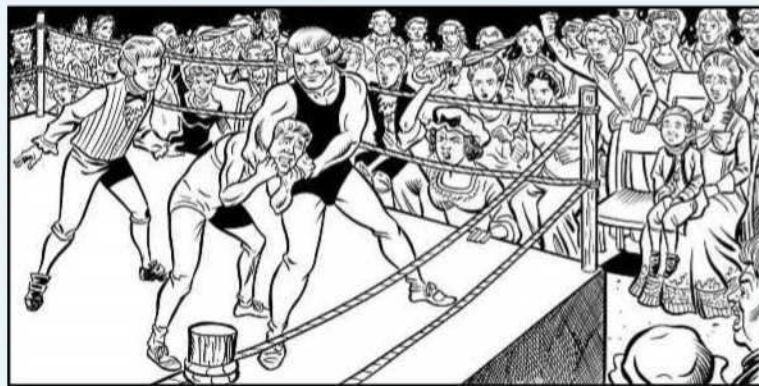


LEARN ME ALL ABOUT IT

The lives of the GREAT WRESTLERS



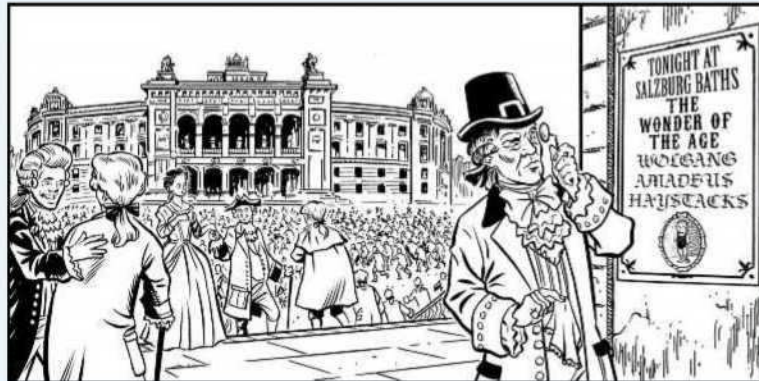
No. 26: Wolfgang Haystacks



WOLFGANG Amadeus Haystacks was born in Salzburg, Austria, in 1760. His father Franz-Josef put bread on the family table as a jobbing wrestler, scraping a meagre living on the Viennese heavyweight tag circuit. From his earliest infancy, young Wolfgang watched fascinated from the side of the ring as his father grappled with his opponents.



HAYSTACKS first showed his precocious wrestling talent well before his fourth birthday. While playing in the nursery, the infant Wolfgang suddenly got his father in a three-quarter Nelson choke. Before Franz-Josef could extricate himself from the hold, his son whipped him over his shoulder and smashed him vertically into the floor with a brainbuster.



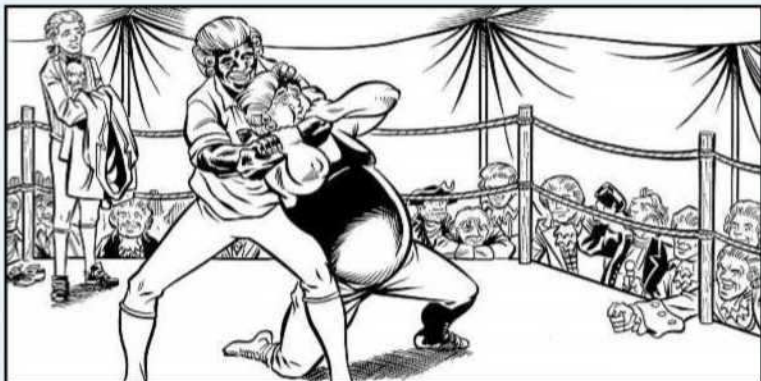
WORD OF the toddler's prodigious wrestling virtuosity soon got about. The family embarked on a tour, performing exhibition bouts at swimming baths and leisure centres across Europe. Crowds flocked from far and wide to see the amazing 'Salzburg Wrestling Wunderkind', and it wasn't long before Wolfgang was earning much more money than his father.



NEWS OF the young genius and his miraculous grappling ability soon reached the ear of the Austrian Emperor, Leopold II. Wolfgang was summoned to the Royal Palace in Vienna where, in front of the Emperor and assorted dignitaries, he defeated the court wrestler Tony 'Banger' Salieri by two falls and a submission. His reputation was made.



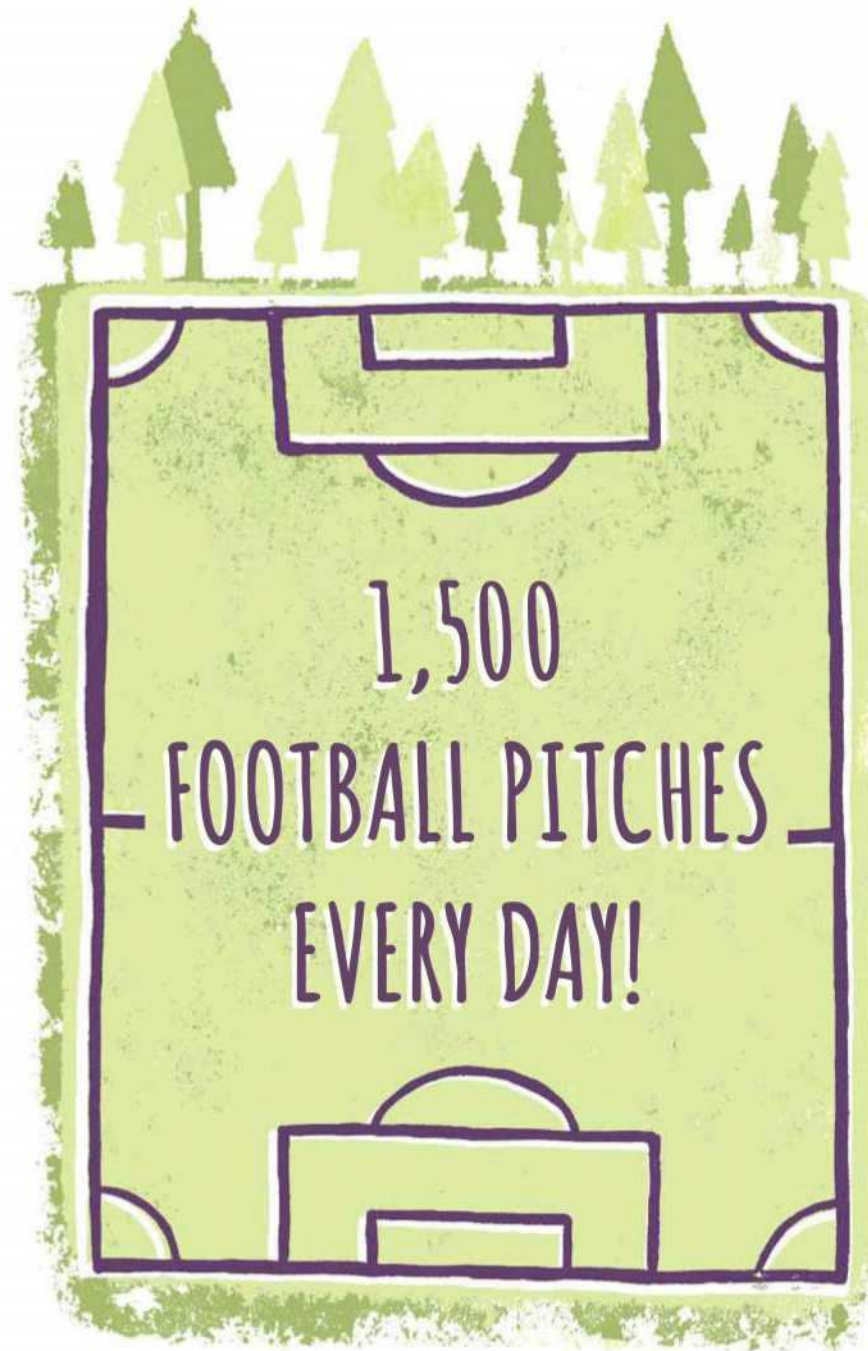
AS HE grew up, Wolfgang's career went from strength. He won fights wherever he went, amassing titles, honours and prize money. At the height of his success, Haystacks took the Austrian Joint Promotions Heavyweight belt, beating the reigning champion Max 'King Kong' Müller in an eight-round thriller at Altmunster Town Hall.



HOWEVER, his success came at a price. Haystacks frittered away the riches it had brought on high living, and by his mid-thirties he was bloated and punch-drunk, reduced to taking on all-comers in a fairground side-show. As years of grappling in the ring finally took their toll on his battered body, he was no longer able to fight and fell into penury.



WOLFGANG died penniless on his 38th birthday, and was buried in an unmarked pauper's grave. It was a tragic end to a life that began with such promise, but his story has nevertheless inspired many modern day grapplers. Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson, Adrian Street and Kendo Nagasaki all cite Wolfgang Amadeus Haystacks as the greatest wrestler who ever lived.



Did you know that European forests, which provide wood for making paper and many other products, have been growing by over 1,500 football pitches every day!

Love magazines? You'll love them even more knowing they're made from natural, renewable and recyclable wood.

UNFAO, Global Forest Resources Assessment 2005-2015

Two Sides is a global initiative promoting the responsible use of print and paper which, when sourced from certified or sustainably managed forests, is a uniquely powerful and natural communications medium.

There are some great reasons to [#LovePaper](#)
Discover them now,
twosides.info



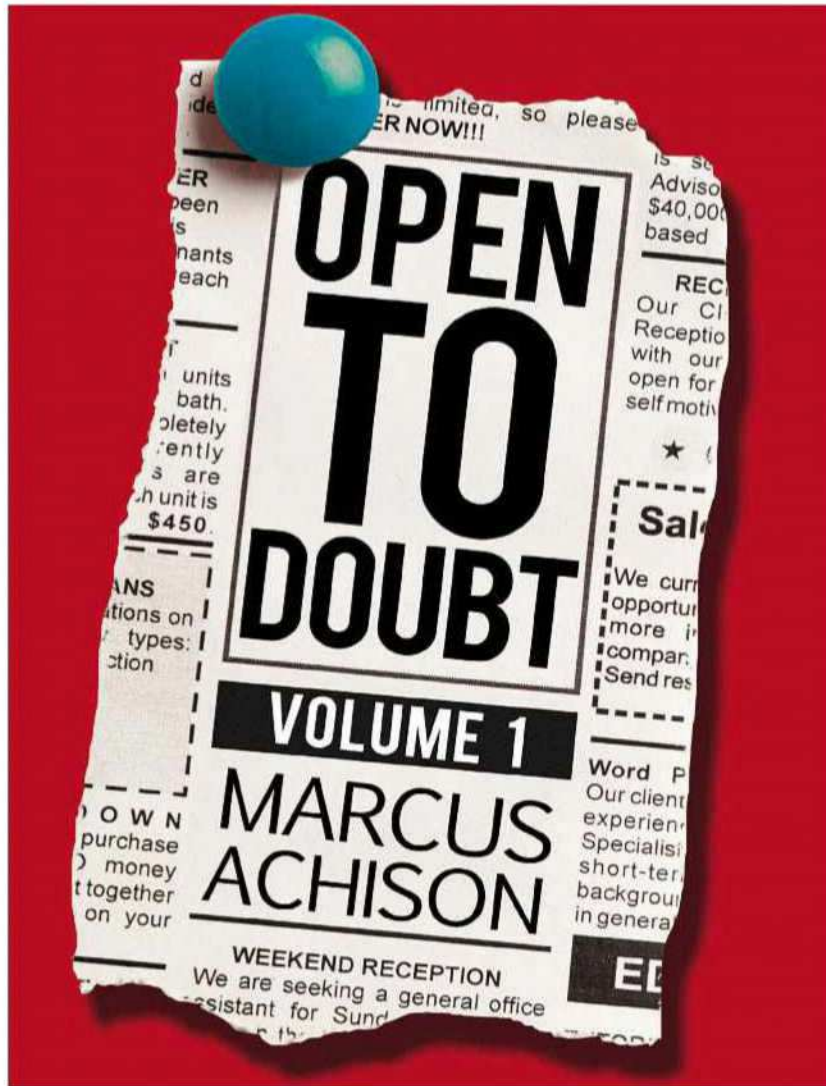
Is this the funniest book ever?

Discover what advice agony aunt Marjorie Fetid gives a 59 year-old woman who can't find her dildo!

Explore the new anal bleaching complex at Gubbenstery airport!

Find out where to rent wisdom teeth or buy a bad-tempered cat!

Find out where to buy black market monkey eggs!



Discover why Agnes Bowhandle bit Monty Penguin's forehead and then pulled his intestines out!

You won't believe the abilities of Hugo Rathage's Gumpigs!

Discover the fabulous gifts available at Gottitty's Department store!

Be amazed as Bob Leopard fires a duck through a greyhound's alimentary canal!

Enjoy a day in the company of Clovis Pumly and Peter Sensipanties!
Understand the utter terror of The Parasitic Mind Wasp!
Marvel at the powers of international psychic Nobby Boonalamb!
Enjoy the amazing adventures of Pumper the Dog!
Understand the benefits of Captain Kingussie's Penis Powder!

"Marcus Achison's breadth and depth of subject matter is terrific. Sometimes all you want before you go to sleep is to be able to read something self-contained, and not to have to remember what happened in the bit of novel you read the night before... a most excellent collection."

BOOKS MONTHLY

"You will laugh out loud!"

Vera Mutance, (The Gubbenstery Examiner)

Available from Troubador / Amazon / Waterstones / Blackwell's
ISBN 9781785899881



SPOT THE CLUE

with

INSPECTOR NOEL EDMONDS

IN

MURDER AT THE FACTORY OF MURDER

SCOTLAND YARD - THE OFFICE OF DETECTIVE INSPECTOR NOEL EDMONDS

BLOBBY BLOBBY BLOBBY!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, SERGEANT BLOBBY?

BLOBBY! BLOBBY!

A MURDER HAS BEEN COMMITTED AT MCMURDO'S MURDER WEAPON FACTORY?

I'D BETTER GET OVER THERE STRAIGHT AWAY!

AND SHORTLY...

THE BODY WAS FOUND IN THE FACTORY OFFICE, INSPECTOR EDMONDS...

McMURDO'S MURDER WEAPONS

THE PATHOLOGIST IS IN THERE NOW.

McMURDO'S QUALITY GUNS, KNIVES & POISONS

THANK YOU, CONSTABLE TOSSPOT.

THE VICTIM IS MAXIMILIAN MCMURDO, THE OWNER OF THIS COMPANY.

HE APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN SHOT, STABBED, POISONED, STRANGLED AND BLUDGEONED TO DEATH WITH MURDER WEAPONS FROM HIS OWN FACTORY.

AND WHO DISCOVERED THE BODY?

THAT WAS ME, INSPECTOR...

I AM JED ARKWRIGHT, THE EMBITTERED EX-FOREMAN OF THIS FACTORY.

MR MCMURDO RECENTLY FIRED ME BECAUSE OF MY EXPLOSIVE AND VIOLENT TEMPER.

I RETURNED THIS AFTERNOON INTENDING TO HAVE AN ANGRY CONFRONTATION WITH MR MCMURDO...

BUT WHEN I WALKED INTO HIS OFFICE, I FOUND HIM MURDERED!

I'LL NEED TO SPEAK TO EVERYBODY IN THE MURDER WEAPON FACTORY.

CERTAINLY INSPECTOR - COME THROUGH TO THE PRODUCTION ROOM...

THIS IS MISS LUCRETIA MCMURDO, THE CONNING DAUGHTER OF THE DECEASED WHO STANDS TO INHERIT HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE...

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, INSPECTOR.

... A PARTY OF PSYCHOPATHIC MURDERERS ON DAY RELEASE FROM PRISON WHO ARE TAKING A TOUR OF THE FACTORY...

A MURDEROUSLY GOOD AFTERNOON TO YOU.

... AND ARGUABLY HISTORY'S GREATEST MASS MURDERER MAO ZEDONG, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE TEA TROLLEY.

HELLO INSPECTOR.

CHAIRMAN MAO'S AGRICULTURAL POLICIES IN LATE 1950'S CHINA RESULTED IN THE DEATHS OF SOME 45 MILLION PEOPLE.

THEY'RE A RUM LOOKING BUNCH OF SUSPECTS, INSPECTOR EDMONDS!

AND WITH A FACTORY FULL OF MURDER WEAPONS, THEY WOULD ALL HAVE THE MEANS TO KILL MR MCMURDO!

YES, ANY ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE DONE IT... OR COULD THEY?

CAN YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF MAXIMILIAN MCMURDO IS...

MR MCMURDO HIMSELF!

SEIZE HIM, CONSTABLE!

CONSTABLE TOSSPOT RUGBY-TACKLED THE CORPSE BEFORE IT COULD ESCAPE.

THE REAL CAUSE OF MR MCMURDO'S DEATH WAS HIS OWN NEGATIVE OUTLOOK ON LIFE!

IF ONLY HE'D SHOWN A MORE POSITIVE ATTITUDE TOWARDS BEING SHOT, STABBED, POISONED, STRANGLED AND BLUDGEONED, THEN HE WOULD STILL BE ALIVE!

YOU MURDERED YOURSELF WITH YOUR OWN NEGATIVE VIBES, MCMURDO!

AND NOW YOU'LL SPEND THE REMAINDER OF YOUR DEATH WHERE YOU BELONG... IN PRISON!

BUT INSPECTOR EDMONDS, HOW DID YOU COME TO SUSPECT THAT MR MCMURDO WAS GUILTY OF HAVING A NEGATIVE ATTITUDE?

THAT'S SIMPLE, CONSTABLE TOSSPOT...

DID YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

I NOTICED THAT THE MAT UPON WHICH MCMURDO'S CORPSE WAS LYING WAS JUST AN ORDINARY CHEAP RUG FROM IKEA...

IF HE HAD BEEN A POSITIVE AND LIFE-AFFIRMING PERSON LIKE MYSELF, MCMURDO WOULD HAVE PAID TWO THOUSAND FLUCKING QUID FOR SOME HIPPI-DIPPY ELECTROMAGNETIC VIBRATING MAT WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO GIVE OFF POSITIVE HEALING ENERGIES OR SOMETHING.

Bubba Beauregard and his son Bobby-Joe are West Tennessee's hillbilly Kings of Manure. They spend every day scouring Lemon County on the lookout for piles of stinking shit to buy up and turn into a sweet-smelling profit. They are...

REDNECK SHIT SALVAGE



Monday morning at company headquarters, and office manageress Velma-Mae gets a call.



Hello? Beauregard Shit Salvage... How may I help y'all?



What's that? You got two tons of cow manure?

I'll get the boys over there right away to take a look.



Bubba, Bobby-Joe. I got a lead for y'all...



There's a big load of droppings to price up at the Bar-B-Q ranch off Interstate 26.

Copy that, Velma-Mae. We're on our way



In this business, y'all have got to be quick off the mark. As soon as a call comes in, Bubba and Bobby-Joe gotta get to it before the competition gets a sniff.

VELMA-MAE BEAUREGARD
OFFICE MANAGERESS



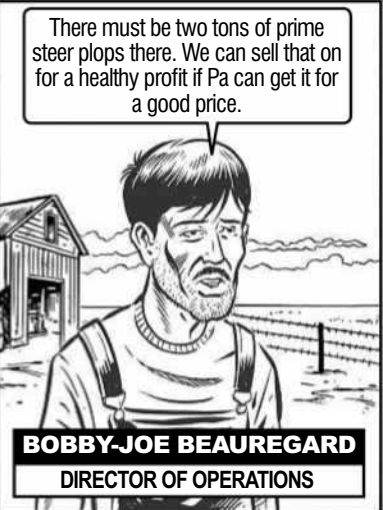
Ten minutes later and the boys turn up at Bar-B-Q Ranch, where veteran cowherder Pervis Genepool has something to show them...

Heard y'all got some manure.

Sure do, it's just over here...

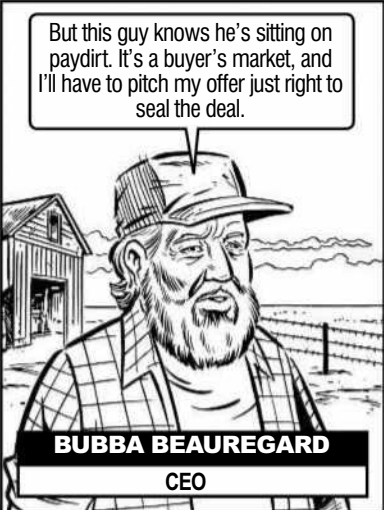


There she is. Whaddya'll think?



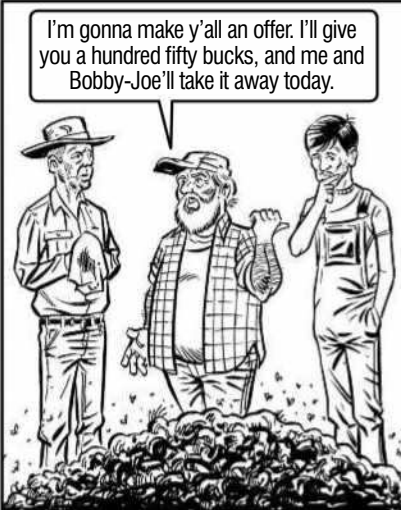
There must be two tons of prime steer plops there. We can sell that on for a healthy profit if Pa can get it for a good price.

BOBBY-JOE BEAUREGARD
DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS



But this guy knows he's sitting on paydirt. It's a buyer's market, and I'll have to pitch my offer just right to seal the deal.

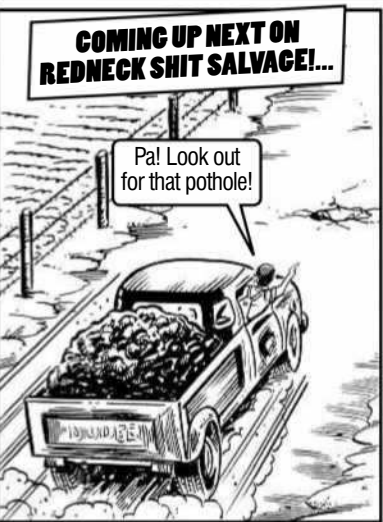
BUBBA BEAUREGARD
CEO



I'm gonna make y'all an offer. I'll give you a hundred fifty bucks, and me and Bobby-Joe'll take it away today.



Do we got a deal?



COMING UP NEXT ON REDNECK SHIT SALVAGE!...

Pa! Look out for that pothole!



GLUNK!
Oh BLEEP! The BLEEP! BLEEP! axle's snapped.

BLEEP!



Morning Terry. I see the price of funerals has gone up again.

That doesn't worry me, Frank. I've taken out a pre-payment plan with Funeral Life.



Isn't that a bit morbid?

Not at all. It's great knowing that the only thing I'll leave behind for my loved ones is happy memories, not a big bill for my funeral.

That does sound good. Perhaps I'll take one out myself!

Plans start from less than £5 a month, and as long as you're between 50 and 80, you're guaranteed to be accepted without a medical, and you get this free car sponge just for applying.

You can wash mine next!

Ho! Ho! Ho! Cheeky cunt!

The **Beauregards** are Tennessee's *Dukes of Dung*, and they're following a tip-off about a heap of ordure that could see them pocket a pile of cash...

...but first, Bubba's got to strike the toughest bargain of his life!

I'll give you a hundred fifty bucks, and me and Bobby-Joe'll take it away today. Do we got a deal?

Mister... y'all got yourself a deal.

Alright!

Yee-haw!

When he said yes, I was as happy as a possum with two tails. There's a mushroom farm in Bayou County will pay us top dollar for this load of foulage.

BUBBA BEAUREGARD
CEO

Hi Ma. Could y'all call the DuBois mushroom farm and tell 'em me and Pa's got two ton of prime beefstock stools for a good price.

Sure thing, Bobby-Joe.

BAR-B-Q RAN

Everything looks like it's coming up smelling of roses, but disaster strikes as Bubba and Bobby-Joe hit the West Tennessee backroads...

Pa! Look out for that pothole!

GLUNK!

Oh **BLEEPI!** The **BLEEPI!** **BLEEPI!** axle's snapped.

BLEEPI! **BLEEPI!**

With the nearest truck repair shop over 200 miles away in Wisconsin, a broken axle is the last thing that Bubba and Bobby-Joe need...

If that axle's bust, we'll have to call a tow truck.

And they sure ain't gonna want us on the back if we're hauling two tons of ripe cow bobs... We'd have to dump 'em.

Everything depends on the results of Bubba's examination of the underside of his pick-up...

No, everything's fine. It ain't broke.

Up next on Quest:
All New Outback Piss Hunters

Back on the road, the Redneck Shit Salvagers start their 35-mile drive to the DuBois mushroom farm. But then Velma-Mae comes on the radio, and she's got bad news...

Boys, I got something to tell y'all...

What is it, ma...?

I just spoke with DuBois mushroom farm...

...and they ain't buyin'!

They just bought a wagon-load from Lafayette Horseshit. Three tons for a hundred bucks!

BLEEPI!

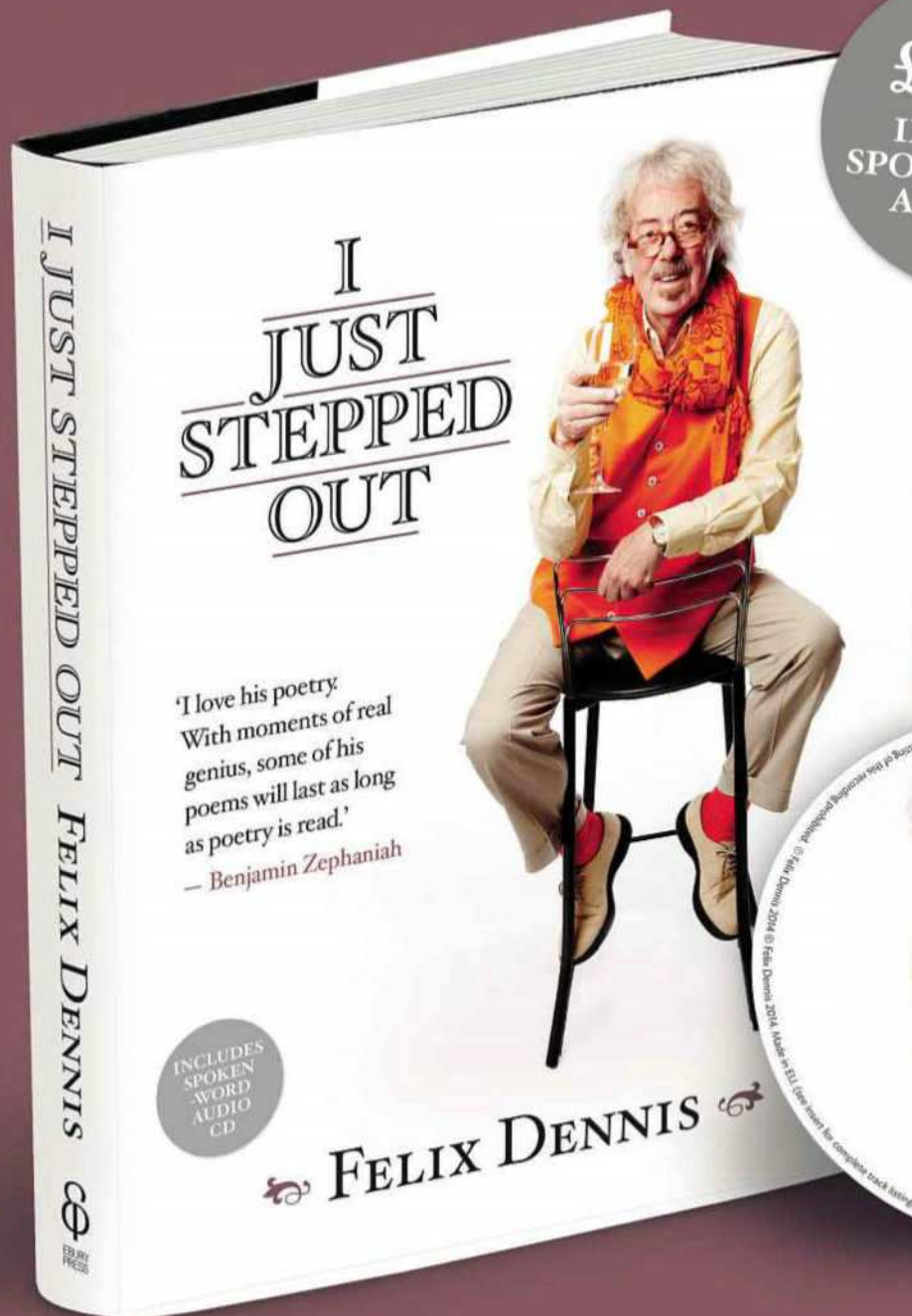
Next time on Redneck Shit Salvage, it's take-it or leave-it for Bubba and Bobby-Joe...

A hundred-fifty for the whole load.

Sorry boys. I ain't payin' a cent over seventy-five.

BAYOU MAGGOT FARM

I JUST STEPPED OUT



RRP
£12.00
INCLUDES
SPOKEN-WORD
AUDIO CD

'His poetry sings
like a summer
breeze through
the fairground.'
— Sir Paul McCartney



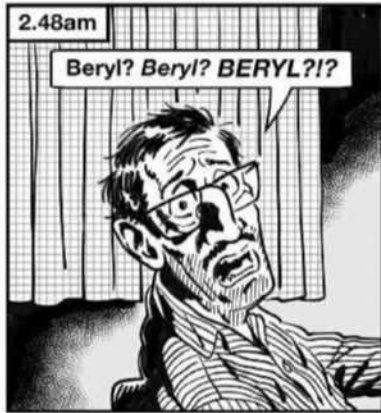
A startlingly honest and intense collection, *I JUST STEPPED OUT* is a kind of 'last will and testament' in verse. Written by Felix Dennis after his diagnosis with terminal cancer, these poems chart his physical, emotional and psychological journey.

Available now from Amazon and all good booksellers.



For more information on Felix Dennis go to: www.felixdennis.com

THE Male Online



Who the fuck is Ed Sheeran?

AGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

The club for those still fighting for their right to party



Every 1st Fri of the month, The Phoenix, London W1

Come and join us you old twat

Ageagainstthemachineclub.com

Roger's PROFANISAURUS

The latest Update in Britain's Favourite I... of Filth and Prof...



Send your entries to:
 Viz Comic, PO Box 841,
 Whitley Bay, NE26 9EQ
 profanisaurus@viz.co.uk

arse lag *n.* The annoying situation following a long haul flight whereby your *Simon Cowell* movements fail to revert to their regular, accustomed routine, and you have to go for your daily *dump* just before bedtime instead of first thing in the morning.

arsethetically pleasing *adj.* Of a set of *mud flaps*, easy on the eye. 'Yes, the blonde one out of *Abba* was always, to my mind, particularly *arsethetically pleasing*. And his *missus* wasn't bad either.'

Baker Street irregulars *1. n.* Team of Cockney urchin spies employed by Sherlock Holmes. *2. n.* Medical term for temporary *back body* problems suffered by a lady following a *last minute platform alteration* between Regent's Park and Marylebone.

blimpic games *n.* Annual mass participation sporting event occurring at the very start of each new year, in which every *big-boned piabetic* in the country dons skin-tight lycra and takes to the streets to get in shape.

bum custard *n.* The thick yellow, school dinners-style excreta that emerges from the *dot* the morning after a heavy night on the *lash*. Possibly also has a bit of a skin on it.

bummous *n.* Paste-like, savoury substance found between the *buffers* after a long plane journey, a drive down the M6 in heavy traffic on a hot day with no air conditioning, or a *shart*.

cockage *1. n.* Extra fee levied upon women attending a show featuring male strippers. *2. n.* Generative organs seen *en masse*. *3. n.* Obscene juvenile graffiti featuring repeated

three-line puds. 'I don't know who's responsible, but there's a lot of cockage on the downstairs bogs wall and that's the one you use, your holiness, is all I'm saying.'

cocks and rubbers *n.* The shameful extra-curricular sexual exploits of amateur sleuths attending weekend murder mystery parties.

dearache *n. medic.* A chronically painful and uxoriously initiated infection that only affects the air-filled space and tiny vibrating bones behind the left eardrum of family saloon-driving husbands.

delivery room *n.* The *Rick Witt er*. Place where many a *bum baby* first sees the light of day. 'Call the *mudwife* and get me to the *delivery room*, dear. My *brown waters* have broken.'

Devil's pew *n.* A heavily befouled public *bog* seat that is sat upon in a dire emergency when needs must.

dickorations *n.* Festive bits of metal knocked through one's *cockshaft*, *bellend* and *scrotbag*. 'Oh, *Evan!* What *delightful dickorations*.'

drinkles *n.* Characterful lines and crows' feet on the face, following an heroic lifetime of knocking back *top shelf booze* like it's the end of the world.

dropped glockenspiel, teeth like a sim. Descriptive of a person who may benefit from a course of corrective orthodontistry. Also, variously, *teeth like a burnt picket fence*, *pan of burnt chips*, *crossword*, or a *mouth full of sugarpuffs*. *English teeth*.

ejacisfaction *n.* The momentarily blissful, tranquil feeling experienced following one

o'er the thumb. Just before the self-loathing, crushing shame, and *wangst* kicks in.

everlasting gobstopper *1. n.* Strange confection invented by fictitious, health & safety-averse chocolate magnate Willy Wonka. *2. n.* Ten inches of thick, choking *cock*.



SPOTTED in a bistro in Bangor. Don't think I'll bother with the upgrade. *Niccy Smith, South Shields*

exit stage centre *exclam.* Phrase declaimed loudly and theatrically in the style of noted thesp Sir Donald Sinden after one breaks wind in front of an audience.

feed the prawns *v.* To take a *shit*.

for what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful, Amen *exclam.* See also our survey said; *Alexa open a window; listen to this, too good to miss, da-da da-da da; ladies and gentlemen, my next guest needs no introduction.*

gin buddies *n.* Any gang of *pissed-up* middle class women.

guffnor, the *n.* That member of the household or workplace who produces the most *carbon dibaxide* and generally just stinks the place out. 'Who's the *guffnor*? I said, who's the *fackin' guffnor*?'

'You are, Mr Rees Mogg. You're the *guffnor*.'

gutton *n.* The shirt button that is subjected to the greatest level of strain, usually the third one up.

inquisitive sea lion *n.* A *brown owl* lodged in the U-bend, leaving its snub-nosed end gently poking out curiously above the water's surface as if taking a look around for Sir David Attenborough or sardines.

JJJ *abbrev.* When a lady stands up, holds her belt loops and walks on the spot to adjust her *cat flaps* in skintight jeans. *Jegging Jingle Jangle.*

keen student of military history *euph.* A nazi.

kestrel GTX *n.* Neck oil that smooths the progress of *Harold Ramps*.

knock on wood *euph.* A *wank*.

liabetic *n.* Someone afflicted with the *bullshit* bug.

M&S low fat sausage, as dry as an sim. A *fanny* so moisture-free that it feels like it's lined with fine grade emery paper. Also *as dry as a moth sandwich; as an old dog's nose; as a budgie's tongue; drier than a spinster's Ginster's*.

MBE *abbrev.* A sudden, colossal dump; a Massive Bowel Evacuation. Not be confused with the well known royal honour, *viz.* Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, *eg.* Paula Radcliffe MBE.

meet the villain of the evening *exclam.* Said in a voice mimicking no-nonsense *Life on Mars/Ashes to Ashes* copper Gene Hunt prior to hopefully getting one's *leg over*.

metal teapot, dripping like a sim. Of a friendly lady, to be romantically enthused to the point at which her *parts of*

shame are discharging liquid much like a cheap pressed steel char dispenser in a garden centre café. Also *dripping like a fucked fridge; dripping like a gravel lorry at the lights; wetter than a turfer's knee; wetter than Whitney Houston's last spliff*.

Miles Davis? *exclam. interrog.* A chucklesome riposte to a melodious *trouser cough*. Voiced in the halting, uncertain tone of a contestant on *University Challenge* who, after having being played a brief burst of atonal trumpet jazz, is asked to identify its progenitor.

money goggles *n.* Notional optical aids that enable attractive young *pieces of crackling* to see past the aesthetic failings of much older, physically decrepit millionaires.

mussel soup *n.* *Hairy clam chowder* that is served at the *Y*.

Newtown hottie *n.* A young woman who, in a larger conurbation, would be scarcely worthy of a second glance, but in a small mid-Wales market town for instance, exhibits the comparative va-va-voom of Marilyn Monroe in a wet vest.

nipsy fodder *n.* A polite, almost charming epithet for *arse-wipe*.

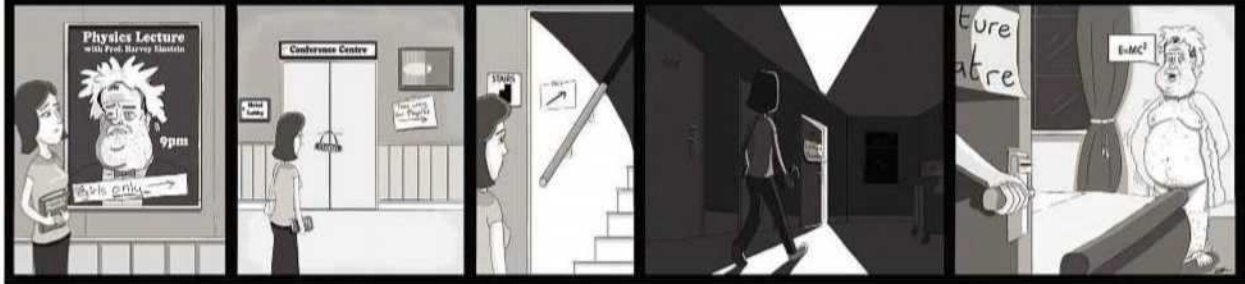
nom de plums *n.* *Fr.* Polite Gallic slang for *bollocks*.

palm sugar *euph.* A slightly dirtier, monomaniac's version of *eye candy*.

pan o' noir *n.* Dark coloured feeshus enjoyed after a night on the red wine.

podiatrist *1. n.* A person who did something terrible in a previous life, whose job is to

Harvey Weinstein



treat problems and diseases of people's feet. 2. n. One who is employed to relieve excess pressure in gentlemen's *pods*.

pork stalk n. The *veiny bang stick*, *spam javelin*, *bacon bazooka*.

power trio n. A *piss*, a *shit* and a *wank*. The perfect way to start the day. Also *schwiss*.

pump and circumstance n. The stirring, Last Night of the Proms-style after-effects of a really good *Donald*. 'Nobody does *pump* and *circumstance* like us *British*, *Beryl*.'

pump the brakes v. To tighten the vaginal muscles during intercourse when, for a variety of possible reasons, the penis is no longer being gripped with sufficient force to bring events to a satisfactory conclusion. 'Come on, love, throw me a bone. Pump the brakes a bit or something. I've got to be up first thing.'

refreshingly outspoken euph. Robustly opinionated in an extremely right wing sort of way. 'I do like that *Katie Hopkins*. She's refreshingly outspoken and not afraid to tell it like it is.'

rind n. Profuse build-up of hardened *knob-cheese* beneath a gentleman's *fiveskin*. The *dairy farmer's hatband*.

Rocky's lug n. A not particularly alluring *poke hole*.

quack scratch n. A *bottom burp* which resonates at the perfect pitch to abrade an itchy *nipsy*. A proper *quack scratch* has a refreshing effect similar to a good pull-through with a bottle brush.

sexaggerate v. To lie about the amount or quality of sex you are having.

shitsworth 1. n. SI unit. The quantity of toilet paper required for one sit-down visit to the cludgy. 2. n. A particularly odious enforcer of petty rules.

snorgasbord n. A filling buffet consisting of food which can effectively be prepared while in the arms of *Morpheus* through an excess of drink, eg. *Chips*. 'I was just knocking myself up a nice evening *snorgasbord* when I set the house on fire.'

sperm flag/cum flag n. The bedside towel on which a fellow wipes his *twig* after sex to save his curtains.

squelchy n. A *wide on*, *slop on*, *soggy mogy*, *squidge*, *throb on*, *wetty*, *moistie*, *fizzy knickers*.

smelegant adj. Descriptive of

HOG'S 'I' SPY



FROM my friend the King of Spain in Los Angeles.

Huckleberry Clemens, London

the sort of *honk* emanating from the *chuff* of a stylish or aristocratic person, such as *Beau Brummell*, *Simon Sebag-Montefiore* or *Laurence Llewelyn Bowen*.

sorry for your loss 1. *exclam.* A touching phrase that can be proffered to a recently bereaved person. 2. *exclam.* An amusing comment to make in the wake of a loudly dropped gut.

that one takes a few listens *exclam.* Connoisseurial advice given to listeners after emitting a sonically complex *toast to the Queen* with an unusual time signature. Also *it makes more sense in the context of the whole album*.

twat tickler n. An RAF pilot-type top lip adornment, popular with *Triumph Spitfire* drivers and - more latterly - *Norwegian ski jumpers*.

undercard, the n. A small *poo* before the main event. Also *escort vehicle*, *gate-keeper*, *black rod*.

underkrakatoa n. A deafening and catastrophic eruption in the *East Undies* that reverberates around the globe.

wake up at the crap of dawn euph. When you're aroused from your slumbers because you need a *shit* and have to get up or else you'll end up rolling around in your own filth. See also *cock-a-doodle poo*.

wealth distribution n. Of a *grumble* actor, to apportion shares of his *money shot* equally onto the faces of multiple needy recipients.

wrestler's neck, stiffer than a sim. Notably inflexible. See also as *stiff as a varnished eel*; *a wanker's sock*; *a bishop's dick*; *a signalman's rag*.

Yoda's gran n. A female senior citizen.

Across

- 1 Clergyman bashed his bollocks during dance (6)
- 5/21 Extraordinary talent with ultimate in large penis, to be well-endowed (5,2,1,4)
- 9 Box flanges parted slightly (4)
- 10 Practice of scooping post-coital jism out and splatting it over one's lover's face, while bombing around the outskirts of Guinea-Bissau (3-7)
- 11 Lumpy spunk produced by Lee with onanism (5-5)
- 13 Not very good plonking end of todger in hat (4)
- 14 Five rugby union teams and a basketball team after wife - that's serious! (7)
- 16 He had a funny half hour with first of harpsichords and an organ (7)
- 18 Tool in use, tool emptied when jiggling about (7)
- 19 Cardinal gets to kiss American bigot (who probably voted for Trump, the twat) (7)

21 See 5

23 Extremes of hand fisting, pre-shit? (10)

25 Measure of spunk spattering walls with broth (10)

27 French letter from Baudelaire's opening, throw up! (4)

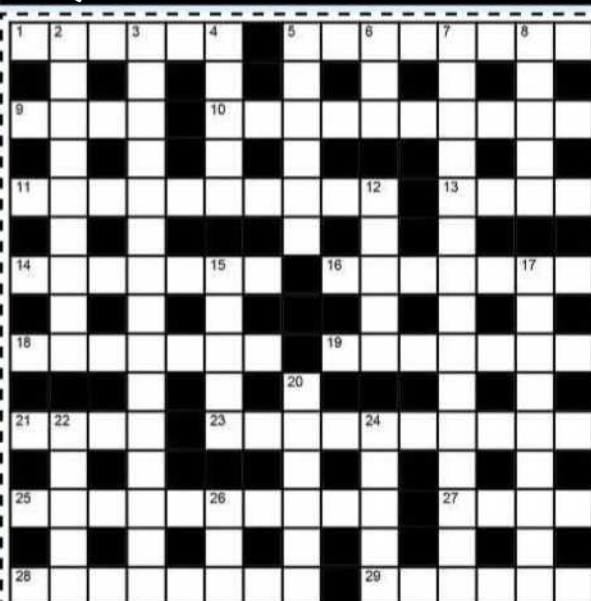
28 In drunken debates, daughter's gathered support for the fuckers? (8)

29 Something tasty in knob - a big one's important? (6)

Down

2 Tool almost enough to entertain Anus, I am on top (9)

50 QUID CRAPTIC CROSSWORD No. 275



NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 POSTCODE.....

Set by Anus

- 3 One consumed by penile rash gets treated - for this? (6,9)
- 4 Bugger ring, producing sauce (5)
- 5 Unnatural bulge in a lady's knickers shines out (6)
- 6 Huge bird with some massive muff (3)
- 7 Bobby, primarily piss artist eating starter of odious insects (6,9)
- 8 One moving stealthily through semen in jacksie (5)
- 12 One going down on a par-

- liamentary leader, fast (5)
- 15 Geriatric taker of O₂ (5)
- 17 Company officer cuts off little bits of turd turning water brown (4,5)
- 20 Reportedly, where sandwich filling is the result of shagging one's sister? (6)
- 22 Duck, tail up, partially exploded, a Vesuviarse? (5)
- 24 Moral code found in penile thickness (5)
- 26 Little piss (3)



HAVE A NICE CUPPA ANYWHERE WITH THE FANTASTIC VIZ CROSSWORD WINNER'S TRAVEL MUG!

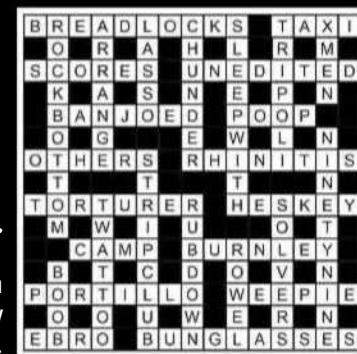
Send your entry to: Craptic Crossword 275, Viz Comic, PO Box 841, Whitley Bay, NE26 9EQ

The first lucky entrant out of the hat on MONDAY 7th MAY will win a ROGER'S PROFANISAURUS CROSSWORD WINNER'S TRAVEL MUG, a CHEQUE for £50.00 and a VIZ CHEAP PEN. The next five, slightly less lucky entrants will win the mug and pen, with the remaining luckless entrants winning nothing at all. But from the next issue, anyone enclosing a large letter stamp with their entry will receive a pen regardless. You don't get that with the fucking Times.

LAST ISSUE'S WINNERS

£50 WINNER: Mark Starling, Suffolk.
 Runners up mugs: Matt Southern, Runcorn; Phil Gaskell, Liverpool; Andy Youngs, Suffolk; Nicholas Walker, Birmingham; Dr Jackson, W. Midlands.

ISSUE 274 SOLUTION



profanisaurus@viz.co.uk

Thanks to this issue's contributors who are: Rex Watt, Rufus Hound, Shenkin Arsecandle, B Pitt, R Smith, H Cooper, ACC Hunt, D Glentworth, Clyde, N Lyon, P Gilbert, Spunky Dunk, Simon, J Dean, S Legg, C Nemrod, J Blackboard, B Carmichael, P Goldstein, J Smith, Desulphidaz, N Hopwood, S Marshall, C Lee, D Whiston, NP McCafferty BSc. MBA, B Roberts, A Stanworth, M Baigent, Woof the Wolf, A Crampton, D Quick, Jim H, Richsquatch, C Loveman, Gebs, Mark, C Loveman & R Clark, H Brightman, T Briffa, L Gettins, I Hall, B Gordon, D MacLeod, Timbo, P Bacanin, GE Leek, Simon B, T Oliver, M Thomas, S Brookes, B Rigsby, G Paton, R Nash, Pard, S Froggatt, R Ellor, Two Jackets, IC Smalley, J Newton, M Sanders, Raymacuk, Gillboy, Fat Alan and J Clarkson.

Get 3 issues of **VIZ** **FOR JUST £1** Plus a **FREE Roger Mellie Mug**



SAVE OVER 14%

Receive your first 3 issues for £1 on a **no-obligation trial basis**. If you find you simply can't live without your fix of adult humour, your subscription means you pay as little as **£2.99 an issue**, instead of £3.50 in the shops.

You'll also receive a FREE Limited Edition mug as a welcome gift!

Gift limited to the first 100 subscribers only. Please allow 28 days for gift delivery.



CALL **0330 333 9492**

OR VISIT: **dennismags.co.uk/viz**

QUOTING CODE: **P1805** Calls to 03 numbers are charged at your standard local rate.

SAVE TIME, USE OUR QR BARCODE:

1. Hold your device over the QR Code so that it's clearly visible within the camera's screen
2. Tap on the pop-up that appears*



*If it doesn't work, get a new phone.

RAFFLES The GENTLEMAN THUG



RAFFLES AND BUNNY ARE AT CHATSWORTH HOUSE, ATTENDING AN "AT HOME"...

BRAVO, LORD BUNNINGTON! WHAT A CAPITAL PENUMBRAL SIMULACRUM!

...AND NOW PERHAPS LORD RAFFLES WOULD CARE TO ENTERTAIN US? I THINK NOT.

COME COME, SIR! WE ARE REQUIRIOUS OF NOTHING MORE THAN A TRIFLING DIVERTISSEMENT! INDEED DO YOU NOT HAVE A PARTY PIECE YOUR GRACE?

MY PARTY PIECE? YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO PERFORM MY PARTY PIECE, YOU SAY? THAT IS SO.

VERY WELL, BUNNY - KINDLY BE IN RECEIPIENCE OF MY COAT, WILL YOU, OLD CHAP? CERTAINLY, RAFFLES.

I'A-HEAR MY FELLOW LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN GIVE TO YOU...

"THE LATTERMOST PHEASANT IN FORTNUM & MASON!"

SLIP-KNOT THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS

Beeb fave Huw unmasked as metal vocalist

FANS of horror metal and televised current affairs were reeling yesterday after the masked frontman of US heavy rockers SLIPKNOT was revealed to be none other than BBC newscaster HUW EDWARDS.

EXCLUSIVE!

The band's supporters reacted with anger and confusion at a Las Vegas concert, when Edwards removed his iconic dreadlocked rubber fright mask to unveil the steely frown and short-clipped grey hair familiar to BBC viewers across the globe.

and since I've always enjoyed a spot of karaoke, I thought, 'Why not?'

At a press conference held directly after the gig, the 56-year-old Welshman outlined the unorthodox circumstances that had led to him spending two decades fronting the depraved death metal group, whose hits include *Pulse of the Maggots* and *People = Shit*.

Edwards admitted having reservations when the band informed him that he would have to don a latex gimp mask and orange boiler suit, and would be expected to huff from a jar containing a decomposing crow in order to projectile vomit onto the audience.

bar

attacks

"It all started back in the late nineties", Edwards told reporters. "I was in Des Moines, Iowa, to cover some story or other for the Beeb, and I got chatting to the Slipknot lads in a bar."

"Needless to say, it was a little different to my usual evening routine of reading out headlines in a monotonous voice," he quipped. "But I told myself, 'Come on, Huw, you only live once.' And in the end, once I got up on stage I had an absolute blast."

"They were just starting out, playing local gigs and that, and they told me that their regular frontman Corey Taylor was unable to perform that night as he had a dicky tummy," said Edwards.

The Glamorgan-born anchorman went on to explain how he deputised for Taylor on a regular basis over the next two decades, donning the rubber mask whenever the singer was feeling poorly or had a family function.

"They asked if I fancied stepping in,

"I enjoyed it more and more as the years flew by," Edwards said. "Although I must admit it was sometimes difficult to keep the whole thing a secret. I'd often have to be at soundcheck straight after doing the news, so I'd end up wearing the boiler suit under my shirt and tie, and storing my dead crow jar in the Beeb's shared fridge."

rover

Edwards told journalists he felt the time was now finally right to come clean about his surprising second career, as he would be stepping down as Slipknot vocalist with immediate effect.

triumph

"It's been a laugh, but I'm pushing sixty," he said. "There's only so long you can go on tunelessly screaming about Satan while soiling yourself in front of thousands of onlookers. I want to spend more time with friends and family, so I've decided now is the right moment to pass the Slipknot baton on to someone a bit younger."

supermarine

The veteran anchorman concluded the conference by revealing he had asked around the BBC newsroom to see if any other presenters were interested in taking his place in the grindcore group.



Knot knot, Huw's there! Slipknot and (inset) regular vocalist Huw Edwards.

"Amol Rajan said he might be up for it, if he could fit it in round his reporting duties, doing the Media Show on Wednesdays on Radio 4 and occasionally sitting in for Simon Mayo on Radio 2," Edwards confirmed. "So I've passed his email onto the lads."

POLITICAL PANTS

To be worn in support or protest



15% off with code POLITICALPANTS



See the full range at twistedtwee.co.uk

www.viz.co.uk

PERFECT GIFTS FOR PEOPLE YOU DISLIKE!

WHIPPET DIGEST
Unfair & Unbalanced News

BRIGADIER COLEMAN
STRAIGHTJACKET-TRUMPET III



NAUGHTY PROBLEMS

WHIPPET DIGEST
Unfair & Unbalanced News

GRAPE SPUNK
Wine Memoirs 2015



NAUGHTY WINES

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON

www.whippetdigest.com

My Leather Manbag

The Crazy Mustang Range of Leather Bags at £99
Light or Dark

Whether you are thinking of a gift for Father's Day or just treating yourself, have a look at our extensive range of leather bags and take 20% off

Free delivery and returns



- Beautifully made luxury leather bags
- Exceptional service
- Fantastic Value
- Briefcases, Travel Bags, Tablet Covers, Laptop Bags, Messenger Bags, Wallets and more
- Please use code **ROB20** at checkout for 20% discount on all bags.

www.myleathermanbag.com
0333 1234 104

WANTED

1960's & 1970's CONCERT POSTERS

AND ALL ROCK & POP MEMORABILIA
FROM THE 50's, 60's, 70's & 80's

THE BEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR YOUR

CONCERT, GIG & TOUR POSTERS, FLYERS, HANDBILLS,
PROGRAMMES, TICKETS, SIGNED ITEMS,
PERSONAL EFFECTS, OZ MAGAZINES, SHEET MUSIC
AND ANYTHING UNUSUAL THAT IS
MUSIC RELATED.

WE WILL PAY UP TO **£5000** FOR AN ORIGINAL BEATLES
CONCERT POSTER, **£4000** FOR THE ROLLING STONES AND
THE WHO, **£3000** FOR JIMI HENDRIX AND LED ZEPPELIN,
£1500 FOR PINK FLOYD AND CREAM AND VERY HIGH PRICES
FOR OTHER 1960's & 1970's ROCK AND POP MEMORABILIA

Brigs

LARGE COLLECTIONS PURCHASED AS
WELL AS INDIVIDUAL ITEMS

Brigs

FREE QUOTATIONS AND
NO OBLIGATION HOME VISITS

01494 436644

email - music@usebriggs.com

VIZ

MEN, need MORE
HEIGHT?

JEL®
EST. LONDON 2003



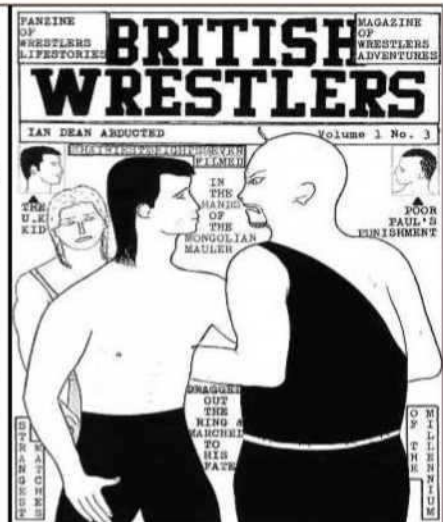
up-to
6.75cm

JEL® HEIGHT increasing shoes

www.secretshoes.co.uk | formal · casual · sporty

British wrestling
always had a
dark side.
This magazine
explores it.
Send SAE for details.

British Wrestlers,
City House,
131 Friargate,
Preston, Lancs.
PR1 2EF.



MAJOR MISUNDERSTANDING



DJ '18

IN THE PRECINCT
HELP! MY FRIEND BETTY IS HAVING ONE OF HER ANXIETY ATTACKS!
OH! OH! OH!
SHE'S BAD WITH HER NERVES, YOU KNOW!

THERE NOW, MADAM, JUST SIT YOURSELF DOWN ON THE FLOOR FOR A MOMENT.
gasp! gasp! gasp!
SHE'S HYPERVENTILATING... COULD SOMEBODY FETCH A PAPER BAG PLEASE?

WILL THIS ONE BE OK?
GASP!
THAT'LL DO FINE. SHE'S NOT GETTING ENOUGH CARBON DIOXIDE INTO HER BLOODSTREAM...

ER / BUTCHER
OK BETTY, I WANT YOU TO TAKE DEEP BREATHS INTO THIS BAG...
SLOWLY, NOW... BREATHE IN... AND OUT, BREATHE IN... AND OUT.
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!

JUST LOOK AT THE STATE OF YOU, ABSOLUTELY PATHETIC!
PUFF! PUFF!
DO YOU HAVE NO SELF-RESPECT AT ALL?

I WAS GOING TO ASK IF YOU KNEW WHAT THAT STUFF WAS DOING TO YOUR BRAIN CELLS.
BUT ANYONE WHO CHOOSES TO SNIFF IT CLEARLY DOESN'T HAVE MUCH UP THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

GLUE, FOR GOD'S SAKE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH A DROP OF BRANDY OR A DECENT SINGLE MALT?
BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE DEGRADED ENOUGH FOR THE FILTHY LIFESTYLE YOU'VE OPTED FOR, I SUPPOSE.

NO DOUBT YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT MUGGING ME SO YOU CAN BUY YOURSELVES ANOTHER TUBE.
WELL YOU CAN TRY IF YOU LIKE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE A FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS.

QUEEN BEE-FY EGGO



Queen: Guff.

An international row has broken out between Great Britain and the United States after a high-level US diplomat accused the Queen of audibly passing wind during a formal banquet.

American consul **CYRUS MCQUAID III** told reporters that the 91-year-old monarch broke cover during the hot appetizer portion of a five-course sit-down meal at Windsor Castle yesterday.

"Her Majesty's butt sneeze sounded like a '65 Ford Mustang with a busted tailpipe," McQuaid told the *International Herald Tribune*. "I said to her: 'Your Majesty, I'll name that tune in one.'"

"The hum off that guff just about made my nose hairs curl," said McQuaid. "It was like pea soup that had been left on the stove top for about two and a half weeks, and I ain't even joshin'," he added.

issue

Other guests were quick to take issue with the American plenipotentiary's characterisation of the royal dinner table Exchange & Mart, variously describing its smell as like a dead badger whose innards had been exposed to the hot afternoon sun, a laundry hamper filled with nothing but John McCririck's used jockstraps and a dog's tongue.

British businessman Sir Lawrence Caviar-Bone, who was also present at the meal, acknowledged that her Majesty did indeed strike up the colliery band.

UK & US in diplomatic stink

"We all heard the Queen step on a duck and it wasn't half minging," he told *The Times*. "But the stench was more like a soiled nappy mixed with Camembert."

"And it was a wet one," added Sir Lawrence anonymously. "Her majesty definitely dropped a bit of shopping in there."

brother

Meanwhile etiquette experts criticised McQuaid's decision to make light of the situation with a witty riposte. "One should never address a jocular comment to a member of the nobility following an arse bark," said Ingrid Pointless, Good Manners editor of *Debrett's Peerage*. "The correct response is to change the subject while discreetly wafting one's hand under the nose to disperse the tripey ronk."

mac

Unfortunately, it is feared that McQuaid's actions may have soured the already delicately poised state of transatlantic diplomatic relations.

Prime Minister **THERESA MAY** is understood to have sent an urgent letter to

President Trump, requesting clarification on the matter, saying, in part, that the British Sovereign's anal announcements are not a matter on which US citizens, even those with diplomatic immunity, should make public comment.

Downing Street is not expecting an immediate reply from the Oval Office as the communiqué is said to be in excess of four paragraphs long with no pictures.

john holmes

But it is feared that, if the notoriously thin-skinned POTUS does eventually read the strongly worded letter, he may infer a veiled insult, as he is especially sensitive to issues relating to English flatulence after being made aware that his surname means 'far' in Great Britain.

This is not the first international incident Mr McQuaid has precipitated. Franco-American relations were strained only last month when, as part of a trade delegation in Paris, the US emissary pointed out a dark pee spot on President **EMMANUEL MACRON'S** tan slacks after the French premier visited the toilet, commenting: "Wet penny in your pocket, eh Manny?"

Viz 275 May '18 © Over 50s Funeral Plan Industries/Parker Pen Publishing Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may take out a policy without undergoing a medical in any way without the written permission of Fulchester Industries and/or Dennis Publishing. Viz is published 10 times a year by Dennis Publishing Ltd., 31-32 Alfred Place, London, WC1E 7DP. Find us at our website viz.co.uk or twitter.com/vizcomic and facebook.com/vizcomic on the internet. For the avoidance of doubt, anyone else on Facebook or Twitter (or Google+, if anyone ever looks) or anywhere else - including Instagram, Tumblr, Alibaba, E-Harmony, Kremlin Spambots, eBay, Friends Reunited, Breitbart or Pornhub - being Viz, or Viz characters, or Top Tips, or Letterbooks or the Profanisaurus or anything else out of Viz, is not us. So they can fucking cock off for a start. To advertise in Viz, call Brad Beaver on 0207 907 6701. To subscribe in the UK, phone 0844 844 0380. Subscriptions: Prices UK: 5 issues £14.49 and 10 issues £29.99. Europe and Rest of the World: £40. Subscriber service: customercare@subscribe.viz.co.uk - this should be your first port of call if you've got any queries about your subscription, or if you want to change your address, renew your subscription or report problems. Overseas subscriptions (Not including USA or Canada, apparently): +44 (0)1795 592 924. Fax: +44 (0)1795 414 555. USA & Canada subscriptions: 1-800-428-3003. Fax 1-757-428-6253. Email cs@imnews.com. Or you could save the postman the arseache of travelling halfway round the world to deliver your copy by subscribing to our fancy-pants, all-singing, all-dancing globally-available Digital Edition for (PC, Mac, iPad and iPhone, probably Android too, but don't hold us to that), which you can find at www.zinio.com or at Apple Newsstand. Written, drawn, edited and produced about 9 miles from Newcastle upon Tyne by Graham Dury and Simon Thorp. Contributors to this issue: Simon Ecob, Tom Ellen, Alex Collier, Stevie White, Davey Jones, Lee Healey, Barney Farmer, Tom Paterson, Paul Palmer, Kent Taylor, Nick Tolson, Shaun Madrid, Aaron Rice, John O'Connor, Jacob Hutchinson and Terry Corrigan. Colourfontational input solutions: George Dury. Viz.co.uk webular fanglement: Jenny Thorp. Viz admin: Angela Dury. Crossword compiler: Anus. Cyberman: Alex Morris. Send any contributions to Viz, P.O. Box 841, Whitley Bay NE26 9EQ, or email them to viz@viz.co.uk. Distributed by Seymour Distribution Ltd., 86 Newman Street, London W1P 3LD (0207 396 8000). Viz distribution queries should be emailed to infoquery@seymour.co.uk. Printed by William Gibbons & Sons Ltd. US Postal Information: Viz (USPS 023-728) is published monthly except April and December by Dennis Publishing Ltd., 31-32 Alfred Place, London, WC1E 7DP, United Kingdom. Airfreight and mailing in the USA by Agent named Air Business, C/O Worldnet Shipping USA Inc., 149-35 177th Street, Jamaica, New York, NY 11434. Periodical postage paid at Jamaica NY 11431. US Postmaster: Send address changes to VIZ, 3330 Pacific Avenue, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA 23451-2983. Subscription records are maintained every 10,000 miles by Dennis Publishing, 31-32 Alfred Place, London WC1E 7DP, United Kingdom. An urn containing the ashes of Air Business Ltd. is acting as our mailing agent.

‘Powerball, the most fun you can have with your hand’

Seymour Legg



amazon



 powerballs.com

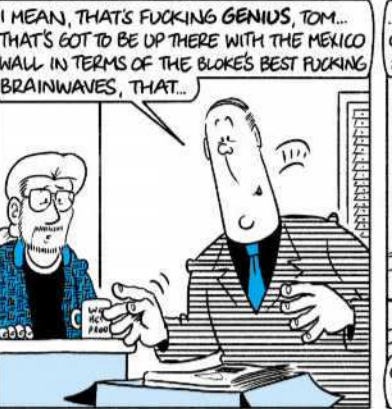
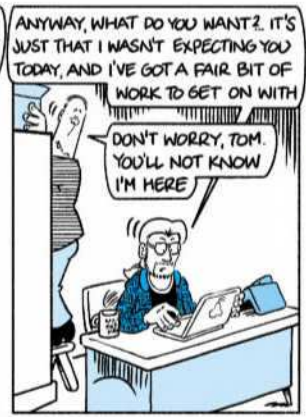
USE **V18**
FOR A 20%
DISCOUNT

Ride longer, serve harder, drive further, climb higher, soothe tennis elbow, rehabilitate carpal tunnel, repair a broken hand. Whatever you do with your arms, hands, wrists & fingers, there’s a Powerball® model that will help you do it better.



ROGER MELLIE

THE MAN ON THE TELLY



**BRITAIN'S JUICIEST GRAPE FORUM,
HOSTED BY FAMOUS FILM ACTOR **TIM ROTH****

THE GRAPES OF ROTH

Hi. **TIM ROTH** here. You'll know me as 'Mr Orange' from the hit film *Reservoir Dogs*. But to be honest, I'd much rather of been 'Mr Purple', because that's the colour of my all-time favourite fruit... grapes! Or 'Mr Green', I suppose, because some grapes are green. Yes, believe it or not, I'm pathologically obsessed with these juicy little non-climacteric berries. And judging by the size of this week's *Grapes of Roth* postbag, you lot are fairly keen on them, too. So, what are we waiting for? Let's start 'raisin' the curtain on a selection of the 'grape' letters I've received this week.

Yours grape-obsessedly, Tim xx



WHOEVER was in charge of naming the different types of grape did a pretty shocking job, if you ask me. So-called 'white' grapes are actually pale green, so-called 'red' grapes are typically purple, and so-called 'black' grapes are actually dark blue. Perhaps whoever was in charge of naming oranges 'oranges' could supervise this initiative, as he or she seems to have their head screwed on correctly.
Chester Benelux, Scholes

I FANCIED making a spotted dick the other day so I asked my husband Brian to nip out and get me some currants. Imagine my surprise when he returned with several flows of electric charge carried by ions in an electrolyte. My spotted dick turned out to be inedible as it was full of magnetic fields and had a potential difference of 300 volts across it. He laughed so hard at this simple misunderstanding that he had an accident in his trousers. Needless to say, I shan't make the mistake of asking Brian for help again!
Agnes Barrelscraper, Stamford Brook

AS a child, I would regularly confuse raisins, currants and sultanas in social situations. This infuriated my father to such an extent that he created this rather clever poem to help me remember which is which.

*Raisins are dried white
Moscatel grapes,
They're squashy and come
in all sizes and shapes,
Sultanas are golden and
plump as can be,
You put them in cakes that
you bake for your tea,
Currants are black; from
the Corinth grape strain,
Now don't fucking mix
them up ever again!*

He still forces me to recite it at gunpoint ten times a day.
Sebastian Carstairs, Chiswick

WITH regard to Mr Carstairs' letter/poem (above), I've always found it incredibly unfair that grapes are permitted THREE different words for their dried incarnation, whilst other fruits don't even get a single one. Sun-dried tomatoes, for instance, are simply referred to as 'sun-dried tomatoes', rather than having their own specially invented title. I think grapes should share the wealth a bit and donate two of their dried incarnation monikers to other fruits who have been less fortunate than they in the dried incarnation naming stakes.
Selwin Digfeather, Moseley

AN EXTREMELY over-ripe grape makes an ideal water balloon for a mischievous hamster.
Del Gripplecheek, Surrey

SAVE money on expensive grapes by simply buying some raisins and injecting each one with a small amount of water.
Dennis Ataraxia, Warwick

I AM a vintner, and with summertime fast approaching, I wanted to pray for my grape yield to be successful. However, when I went online to find out which particular God I should be praying to, I discovered that Dionysus – the God of the grape harvest – is also the God of several other things, including ritual madness, fertility, theatre and religious ecstasy. With such a large and diverse portfolio, I'm now unsure as to whether Dionysus will have either the time or the expertise to ensure my grape harvest is sufficiently bountiful. I mean, I've heard of multitasking, but this just beggars belief.
Murray Cravencock, Devon

IN REFERENCE to Mr Cravencock's letter (above), I wonder if he has considered praying to a Catholic saint, rather than an Ancient Greek deity? I've heard good things about St Vincent of Saragossa – the Catholic patron saint of wine-making – who apparently specialises exclusively in grape-specific prayers, and has no interest – either professional or personal – in ritual madness, theatre, fertility or any other non-grape-based activity.
P Francis, Vatican City

WITH regard to the many previous letters about the naming of fruits, it's always struck me as strange that a grapefruit is called a grapefruit. Yes it's a fruit, but it's absolutely nothing like a grape. It's about a hundred times bigger for a start, and bright orange.
Ethel Acetate, Sunderland

I HAVEN'T drunk foreign wines since I discovered that the winemakers tread the grapes in their bare feet. I bet the dirty pigs don't even bother getting out of the barrel when they need a wee. I know I wouldn't.
Tollerton Ponds, Luton

WHEN I was nine years old, I ate sixteen packets of raisins for breakfast and then shat myself in school assembly. Ever since this mortifying event occurred, I've been looking forward to the sweet embrace of death so I can forget all about it.
Emilio Bad-Chests, Haslingden



MRS Gaye (above), if that's her real name, must think we were born yesterday if she expects us to believe her anecdote. In the first instance, mistle thrushes are not native to the state of Michigan, so it is highly unlikely that one was singing in her garden. Secondly, the title of the song in question is I Heard it "Through" – not "on" – the Grapevine, which Marvin Gaye would surely have known. Thirdly, she maintains that the episode in question happened last week, even though Marvin Gaye has been dead for 34 years after his dad shot him.
Mavis Bats, Tooting

I WAS very disappointed when they invented seedless grapes, as the seeds were always my favourite bits off a grape. I used to eat the pips and then spit out the juicy flesh that everyone else likes. The bitter, astringent taste combined with the unpleasant woody texture was always a proper treat.
M Contrary, Tipperary



CUT eleven grapes in half and stick an 00-gauge toy soldier into each gooey centre. Hey presto: your very own Army Subbuteo team!
M Lawrenson, Merseyside

MY father was a greengrocer during the war, and grapes were strictly rationed as they had to come in on the convoys. However, he was a soft-hearted old thing and he felt very sorry for young mums trying to feed their growing families with the meagre amounts of fruit available during those difficult times. If a lady came in for her weekly ration, he would always slip in a few extra grapes in return for sexual favours such as a hand job or fellatio.
Irene Sheldon, Louth

WE have a large grapevine growing on a pergola in our garden, and last week my husband told me'd heard a mistle thrush that was sitting on it, singing. "You could say, I heard it on the grapevine," he quipped. I had to laugh, and what made it even funnier was that my husband is Motown singer Marvin Gaye.
Ada Gaye, Detroit

MRS Gaye (above), if that's her real name, must think we were born yesterday if she expects us to believe her anecdote. In the first instance, mistle thrushes are not native to the state of Michigan, so it is highly unlikely that one was singing in her garden. Secondly, the title of the song in question is I Heard it "Through" – not "on" – the Grapevine, which Marvin Gaye would surely have known. Thirdly, she maintains that the episode in question happened last week, even though Marvin Gaye has been dead for 34 years after his dad shot him.
Mavis Bats, Tooting



Kids say the funniest things...about grapes!



"NANA, those grapes look a bit dry," my 3-year-old grandson said to me last week. I had to chuckle – he was pointing at some raisins!

Agnes Mousepractice, Hulme

"NANA, those raisins look a bit moist and tumescent," my 3-year-old grandson said to me last week. I had to chuckle – he was pointing at some grapes!

Agnes Mousepractice, Hulme

"NANA, those grapes look a bit crushed, blended with yeast and then fermented over a period of several weeks before being siphoned periodically off the resulting sediment," my 3-year-old grandson said to me last week. I had to chuckle – he was pointing at some wine!

Agnes Mousepractice, Hulme

Has a kid said the funniest thing to YOU about grapes? Write in and tell us about it. Each letter we print wins a lifetime's supply of grapes for you and the kid that said the funniest thing to you about grapes.

Raisin d'Etre



YOUR metaphysical dried grape queries answered by raisin-lovin' telly philosopher ALAIN DE BOTTON

Dear Alain de,

I RARELY eat raisins as I think they taste fucking awful. However, according to Buddhist philosophy, suffering gives our life meaning. So, perhaps I should be consuming raisins on a regular basis in order to give my existence some vague sense of purpose?

Nigel Want-Brass, Cambridge

Alain de says: "It's a nice idea, Nigel, but no. The Buddha certainly taught that all life is suffering, but he also taught that suffering can be eliminated by extinguishing selfish craving and personal desire. As such, your selfish craving to eat raisins as a means of imbuing your pitiful existence with meaning will only lead to more suffering. I would suggest that your true path to enlightenment lies in meditation and the doing of good deeds, rather than constantly obsessing over whether or not you should be eating raisins."

Do YOU have a question about the general fundamental problems concerning existence, value and reason that is also in some way connected to raisins? Why not write in to: 'Alain de Botton's Raisin D' Etre' c/o Viz Comic, PO Box 841, Whitley Bay, NE26 9EQ

GRAPE BLOOPERS

Big screen grape gaffes with grape-bonkers cinephile, *Mark Commode*



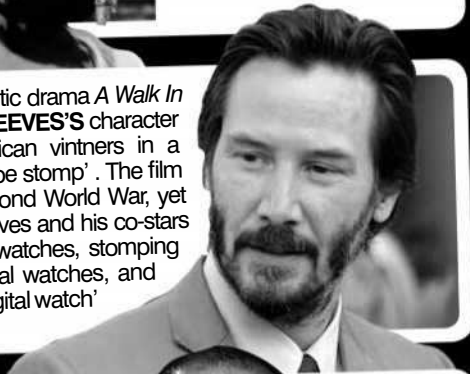
● IN THE 1940 BUSTER KEATON film *Nothing But Pleasure*, the iconic silent comedian disastrously attempts to make a romantic meal for his spouse. His ingredients include a string of onions, a live cat and a whole bunch of grapes, including the stems. The film is set three decades before the invention of electronic time-keeping technology, yet Keaton can clearly be seen wearing a digital watch as he adds the grapes to the saucepan.



● IN ONE scene during the 1963 masterpiece *Cleopatra*, the Egyptian queen – played by ELIZABETH TAYLOR – is being fed grapes by a lowly slave. The film is set in 48 BC, yet each grape clearly has a digital watch wrapped around it.



● IN THE 1995 romantic drama *A Walk In The Clouds*, KEANU REEVES'S character joins a family of Mexican vintners in a traditional raucous 'grape stomp'. The film is set just after the Second World War, yet we can clearly see Reeves and his co-stars are all wearing digital watches, stomping on a huge pile of digital watches, and chanting the words 'Digital watch' over and over again.



● IN THE popular wine-themed comedy *Sideways*, we see two friends (PAUL GIAMATTI and THOMAS HADEN CHURCH) strolling happily through a sun-kissed vineyard. The film is set in 2004, more than three decades after the invention of the digital watch, and yet neither actor is wearing – or evens mentions – a digital watch.



More silver screen grape fuck-ups next time, *Vitis vinifera* fans!

Mark x

GRAPES, THE LAW AND YOU



with Grape Barrister *Quercus Petraea Q.C.*

MY NEIGHBOUR has a large grapevine in his greenhouse that produces bunches and bunches of succulent grapes every year, whilst I have to pay through the nose for mine at the supermarket. It simply isn't fair. Unfortunately, the vine doesn't block my light or overhang my property and its roots aren't affecting the drains. Are there any legal grounds upon which I could compel him to cut this vine down, so that the smug bastard has to pay for his grapes like the rest of us do?

Nigel X., Surrey

Indeed there is. Living without stress, strain or anguish is a fundamental human right, and your neighbour's grapevine is clearly causing you great mental distress. Go to your doctor and get him to sign a note to the effect that you are suffering anxiety and depression as a result of your neighbour's overly bountiful grapevine. Lay it on thick, saying that you are now harbouring suicidal feelings because of it. Then, use the note to apply for a court order compelling him to cut his vine down and dispose of it. If he comes round to try and reason with you, shout that if he touches you, you will treat it as an assault. Then get a restraining order to prevent him coming within 20 yards of your front door so that you can have him arrested next time he comes home from work.

Do YOU have a grape-related legal query? Write to: Quercus Petraea QC, Viz Chambers, PO Box 1PT, Whitley Bay NE26 9EQ, enclosing 600 guineas plus disbursements.

SID

the SEXIST

TYNESIDE'S SILVER-TONGUED CAVALIER



HOO LADS. WOT TIME WE HEADIN' ROOND Y' BROTHER ALAN'S THEN, BAZ? AH CANNAT WAIT TU SEE WOT FORNIBR LOOKS LIKE ON 'IS NEW GO-INCH PLASMA!

SORRY, SID. 'E'S JUST TEXTED US TU CANCEL.

SEZ 'ES CORRA BORD CUMMIN' ROOND TH'NEET.

JAMMY BASTAD.

AW, F FUCK'S SAKE MAN.

MIND 'ES BIN BEATIN' ORE THE FANNY WI' A SHITTY STICK JUST LATELY, THOUGH BUT, SID, RECKONS ITS AAW DOON TU CERRIN' ISSSEL A DOG!

A FUCKIN' DOG?!

OH AYE. ITS REET, MAN. DOGS 'RE FUCKIN' FANNY MAGNETS, Y'KNAA. THEH NOT JUST MAN'S BEST FRIEND... THE BORDS LUV 'EM AN' AALL!

IS THAT REET, BAZ?

STRIPE UP, SID.

ALAN SEZ 'E TEKS 'IS MUTT DOON THE PARK AN' THE PLACE IS HEAVIN' WI' TOP QUALITY BLART. THE MURMENT 'IS DOG GANS TU PLAY WI' ANOTHER DOG, ALAN MOVES IN AN' STARTS CHATTIN' UP THE URNAH...!

HADDAWAY AN' SHITE, MAN!

NEVAH FAILS 'E RECKONS.

'E'S BACK AT HORZ DEEIN' THE DORTY BEFORE Y'CAN SAY GIVE THE DOG A BURN!

MEGBREEZ, BUT ITS A BIT FUCKIN' CARRY-ON JUST TU GET YUZ HURL.

BAZ.

AN' DIVVEN'T DOGS COST AN ARM AN' A FUCKIN' LEG?

NAH, ALAN KNAAS THIS BLURK DOON THE SCRAPYARD WOT SELLS 'EM FOR FUCK AALL! THEH KNACKAD FUCKIN' FIGHTIN' DOGS WOT 'E CANN'T BE ARSED TU HOY IN THE CANAL!

THEH CANNY AS LANG AS Y'DIVVEN'T ANNOT 'EM, 'E SEZ.

AH, FUCK THAT! TOO MUCH HASSLE, MAN! AH CAN PULL THE BORDS ON ME AHN, WI' OOT NEEDIN' A FUREY FUCKIN' SHITE MACHINE S'IDEKICK.

ME AN' AALL.

AYE, AN' ME.

ERM... DID ALAN MENTION WOT SCRAPYARD IT WOS... ERM... AT AALL...?

NEXT DAY...

HEH-HEH! THREE POOND FAWATY-FIVE WELL FUCKIN' SPENT, LIKE... COME ON, BEARDSLEY... LET'S GET YUZ DOON THE FUCKIN' PARK!

AND... FUCK ME! ALAN WASN'T FUCKIN' WRANG! THIS PLACE IS CRAWLIN' WI' FUCKIN' SNATCH!

HOO, PET. ME NAME'S SIDNEY. LOOKS LIKE OOR DOGS HEV TEKKEN A BIT, SHINE TU EACH OTHER, EH?

ERM... I SUPPOSE...

ERM... ACTUALLY, I THINK MY DOG IS A LITTLE INTIMIDATED BY YOUR DOG...

AH! 'ES JUST BEN' FRIENDLY.

SO DO YUZ LIVE ROOND 'ERE, THEN, OR...

OH MY GOD! CYNTHIA!

STOP HIM! GET HIM OFF HDR!

YOU SHOUDN'T HAVE A DOG IF YOU CANN'T CONTROL IT...! PEOPLE LIKE YOU GIVE US RESPONSIBLE OWNERS A BAD NAME!

COME ALONG, CYNTHIA. LET'S GO HOME!

FUCKIN' 'ELL, BEARDSLEY MAN...! YUZ'VE COST US A SUREFIRE FUCK THERE!

YOU'RE A BAD DOG! BAD DOG! NO FUCKIN' BISCUITS FOR YOU! BAD DOG! WOT ARE YOU? YUZ ARE A BAD, BAD...

GRRR... GRRRR...!

AH FUCK...!

GNASH... NER-NER! NER-NER!

BEARDSLEY! GOOD BOY! GOOD B...!

GNASH... NER-NER! NER-NER!

WE'VE MANAGED TO RE-ATTACH ONE OF YOUR TESTICLES, MR SMUTT... WE'RE JUST WAITING FOR THE OTHER ONE TO TURN UP NOW...

HO-HO!

GUMPH!

AQUA VELVAS



New single
Snowshoes Thompson
on iTunes

www.aquavelvas.co.uk

REBELLION

FESTIVAL S

2018



STIFF LITTLE
FINGERS

BUZZCOCKS

THE
MACC
LADS

THE
EXPLOITED

THE
WILDHEARTS

COCKNEY REJECTS

ANGELIC
UPSTARTS

THE
ADICKS

THE MENZINGERS

Lagwagon



MICHAEL MONROE

VANDALS IDLES MAD
CADDIES

PETER HOOK & THE LIGHT THE DICKIES SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
DISCHARGE UK SUBS RUTS DC GBH D.R.I. THE BOYS T.S.O.L.
ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE NEVILLE STAPLE BAND THEATRE OF HATE THE QUEERS TOXIC REASONS
JAH WOBBLE & THE INVADERS OF THE HEART THE BRIEFS THE ADOLESCENTS THE BONES
LOWER CLASS BRATS VOODOO GLOW SKULLS PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES SUBHUMANS DIRTBOX DISCO THE MEMBERS
THE LAST RESORT 999 CHRON GEN THE VIBRATORS THE DEFECTS M.D.C. SPIZZ ENERGI THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG
THE LAWRENCE ARMS BAR STOOL PREACHERS WONK UNIT JAYA THE CAT NEWTOWN NEUROTICS THE LOVELY EGGS
THE LILLINGTONS THE RESTARTS RAMONAS MAID OF ACE PLUS MANY MORE CONFIRMED ★ SEE WEBSITE FOR CURRENT LINE UP ★
PLUS ★ ACOUSTIC STAGE ★ REBELLION INTRODUCING STAGE ★ OVER 300 BANDS ★ 4 DAYS ★ 6 STAGES ★ INDOOR ★ ALL AGES ★ PUNK ART

2 ★ 3 ★ 4 ★ 5 AUGUST 2018 ★ WINTER GARDENS, BLACKPOOL, UK

Buy securely online with Credit or Debit Card / Pay By Cheque (no booking fee) Pay with easy monthly instalments

Pay over the phone / Buy from Agencies Pay in person in selected shops / European Outlets

CHECK WEBSITE FOR ALL TICKET INFO + AVAILABLE IN PERSON FROM ALL AGES CAMDEN & ROCKERS MANCHESTER

WWW.REBELLIONFESTIVALS.COM