

Fire engulfs Sealand

By Saz

The nation we're all linked by, this forum, the people we've talked to, met, known, the friends we've made, it is all generally based on Danny Wallace and Lovely. Regardless of what is said of him or the nation, if it wasn't for him and the whole series we'd not know each other. And maybe I'm just being overly emotional, but I think that's a good thing. Danny drew a large amount of inspiration for Lovely from the Principality of Sealand.

For those who missed the episode of "How To Start Your Own Country" relating to Sealand, you can read a bit more about it here:

http://www.citizensrequired.com/unit/ga_sealand/sealand.shtml which also links to the official web site.

On Monday 26th June there was an announcement on the Lovely forum from the Office of King Danny I ...

(<http://88.208.205.232/showflat.php?Cat=0&Number=23963&an=0&page=0#Post23963>)

...about a fire which had engulfed Sealand on Friday 23rd June, causing a large amount of damage to the communal and administrative facilities, and also completely destroying the main power facilities for the nation. The cause of the blaze has been linked to a fault with the generator, and although the precise reason is still under investigation it is not believed to be in any way due to sabotage or acts of terrorism.

The citizens of Sealand were forced to evacuate the oil rig entirely as the emergency services from the UK battled the flames, and after four hours the fire was eventually out. On Sunday 25th, residents and royalty of Sealand were allowed to return home to survey the extent of the damage, and begin preparations for rebuilding and renovations of their Principality. The total costs has been estimated to be £500,000 and will probably take six months to complete.

Sealand have set up a disaster fund to help raise money to have the nation restored. If anyone wishes to make a donation to this fund, it can be accessed via the government web site, <http://www.sealandgov.org>

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Bristol Meet

What are you doing Saturday 15th July? Well if you're in the Bristol area, why not come down and meet a few citizens. We shall be meeting on the

Clifton/Durdham Downs around Midday for a picnic and possibly some games as well. Later on in the evening we shall be heading off to the pub and have a few sociable drinks. A venue has been reserved for the evening and we've been told a couple of under 18's will be allowed in as well, as long as they're not on the same floor as the actual bar. Some people are staying overnight and so you're also welcome to come along to meet up on the Sunday where we might possibly visit Bristol zoo as well as other things. Any other suggestions of what to do are welcome either before or on the day.

There's a great webpage with maps and suggestions of accommodation and how to get down that John has kindly made:
www.citizensrequired.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk

If you fancy coming along just let Ray of the Rovers or Veer Soon For Marmalade know. Feel free to contact to ask any questions as well.

If you are coming along remember to bring food for the picnic, suncream, games, etc. Unfortunately we aren't allowed to use BBQs on the Downs. Also remember that the picnic depends on the weather being good! However we shall still be meeting no matter the weather and will find good alternatives.

A big special thank you to Eve, who was the main organiser of this meet, but who unfortunately can't come anymore. We hope to see many of you there.

Tedious Stats

By ID

At the time of writing (1.30pm, Saturday 8th July) we have 314 registered users.

33.1% of those have yet to post on the forums. (Up from 27.5% last issue)
The top 10% of posters have collectively made 67.2% of all posts. (Up from 60% last issue)

99 Citizens have started at least one thread on the General Chat board.
24.3% of General Chat threads are started by David Blunkett (up from 17.6% last issue) This figure will henceforth be called "The Blunkett Index".
26% of Frequently Asked Questions threads are started by Chezzle. This figure will henceforth be called "The Chezzle Index".

16.2% of General Chat threads belong in the FAQ board, which would reduce both these Indices.

Here are the Top Ten Longest threads, with last issue's positions given in brackets:

- 1 (1) - 2195 - Toaster's Moving Castle
- 2 (3) - 1932 - London Meets!
- 3 (2) - 1737 - The Official World Cup thread
- 4 (4) - 1321 - New Place To Talk
- 5 (9) - 1007 - What made you smile today?

6 (5) - 970 - TEA Appreciation Society
7 (6) - 871 - memoirs of a Wombat
8 (-) - 826 - The Others HQ
9 (10) - 796 - Either/Or game
10 (7) - 533 - David Hasselhoff fanclub

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Beaugium Update

By Babs

Salutations from the Grand Nation of Beaugium!

This week, one of our queen's MoM returned to our midst and was greeted with great anticipation and praise following her long stint minus a t'internet connection.

The Beaugian forums passed the 20000 post mark on Friday, ensuing celebrations from all. We look forward to breaking our next target, 50000 before September.

Beaugium this week claimed some land on the MCS Map and we appear to be very close to getting a decision, hopefully a positive one.

Beaugium was approached this week by an alliance offer from the Republic of Taesong, whose Vice-President is MCS Admin Ryan. King PAsTA and Babs discussed this at length and the King will hopefully be signing the treaty this evening.

Wommie successfully returned to Beaugium this week after finding himself locked out of Lovely. Upon arriving he misplaced the location of his burrow and was concerned it had been removed, finding it later though, in the Lovely Threads Retirement Home.

That's all from Beaugium this week folks
www.beaugium.uni.cc

POLITICS

Pirate Party Lovely

Do you want a chance to make rum free?

Do you want a chance to help make Lovely as Lovely as possible?

Do you also want to see more pirates?

Join the Pirate Party Lovely (PPL)

From Citrus and Pirate James!!!

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits

By Mcmo

I was listening to a song the other day, and it occurred to me that it could be Lovely's alternative anthem.

Mis-Shapes by Pulp is a call to those people who don't quite fit, who, for whatever reason, are slightly outside the norm. Now before you get all upset and say: "Well I'm normal" I'm not suggesting we are all sad losers, geeks or worse. I'm merely suggesting that, in my experience that the kind of people who join lovely are a bit different, not 'usual', everyday or bland. Special, if you prefer.

Jarvis Cocker sings: *"We don't look the same as you. We don't do the things you do, but we live around here too"*

Have you never felt a bit like that; that you are a little out of step with the majority? Perhaps that's why we all felt drawn to Lovely, a community of "others".

The song starts off suggesting that being an outsider can be hard: *"we'd like to go to town but we can't risk it"*.

I think many of us have felt that in one way or another. How many of you are honest with your friends and family about Lovely? Really? Just me then... The lyric quickly becomes more optimistic: *"Brothers, sisters, can't you see? The future's owned by you and me"*.

Which is a pleasant thought. Imagine if Lovely did really own the future. We could make the world a better place, or if not a better place, at least, a less usual place.

"We can't help but see. That the future that you've got mapped out is nothing much to shout about."

Once again this is suggesting that Lovely could make the world a teeny bit better – even if it's just one person at a time.

Mr Cocker even reaffirms the Lovely non-aggression policy: *"We won't use guns, we won't use bombs. We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds."*

And that is the point of this song in the as I see it. The mind is stronger than anything else, if you think you matter, then you **will** and if you convince yourself you are special people will start to agree with you. And, if we use our minds, Lovely will really be lovely and grow into something truly special.

Lonely

part II

By Razerbug

A post-apocalyptic possible-future of our proud nation and its undying spirit.

Suggested background music:
"Rooftops" Lost Prophets
"Revolution" P.O.D
"sounds like war to me" P.O.D
"Pulse of the Maggots" Slipknot

All characters contained here forthwith are entirely fictional. This is an exercise in fantasy and is no reflection on the author's opinion about persons or events. If you want those, ask him. He gives them very vocally

The two women never tore their eyes from one another. Even when their various information sources and earpieces buzzed into life feeding them gossip, stratagem, propaganda and little white lies they didn't look away.

This didn't go unnoticed. Wommy, Schaferlord and Status sat behind their laptops - The Burrow. If Revolutionary 1 was the leader of the Freedom fighters then they were his digital warfare division, expert hackers and cyber sleuths all. When the bombs had fallen they had "dug deep" to avoid the worst effects continuing the fight from below.

Wommy's whiskers tingled. He stroked the fur on the back of his hands as he watched the two women watch each other from across the room, Ignoring Rev's rebel-rousing speech. Essentially the two women had the same job, and were equally good at it. Only their motivations differed.

The Burrows techhead leader turned to the group's youngest member, the young Anglo-African "Status". The fallout had touched her too, making her The Burrows most "human connected" member: She was empathic, able to sense the state of the atmosphere, which she expressed through her skin, or more the living "tattoo" of pen lines and ink that snaked across her part ebony skin, every inch, or so he'd heard...

Wommy blushed, glad his grey fur covered his cheeks.

"Status?" he asked. She turned and looked at Rev, the black, blue inks gave way to red as vibrant violent squiggles and jagged shapes swam on her chocolate brown skin.

"Them?" she nodded at Rev, ID, Razer and the others "Passion, Anger, Pride" she said somehow pronouncing the italics. Wommy inclined his head toward Saz and Dantzig "And them, status?"

"Frustration"

* * *

Rev had the place on fire; he knew it and loved it. Marie hung from his side an arm draped around his shoulders, clad in a similar red leather jacket to the rest of them.

ID stood back and on the edge of the stage, picking dirt out of his nails and thinking of his Madam of Mercury and their farm. The Razerbug hung in the air over Marie's right shoulder and slightly back, demonstrating his old flair for the over dramatic. His blue body swam with "code" and his skin bristled with razors so polished and unnatural they reflected the many weapons, banners and fists pumping the air above the audience, Lovely's assembled freedom fighters.

"They Have Mike! Our Prime Minister!" Rev screeched in disgust "They have torn down the image of our King, have destroyed our homes! A country it took us five years to finally realise. They have Barc0de and others put to work for them and they have spies everywhere" Wommy couldn't help notice his eyes flick to Saz. "But we have the weapons, the information, the passion, the fire! And..." he paused for dramatic effect "and the element of surprise!"

A cheer went up with everyone stopping suddenly, scared they might be heard. Nat and Saz finally broke their gaze.

Nat, "The Angel" had briefed them earlier while Rev had recovered from Saz's scarily accurate fruit cordial projectile. The Master had noticed Lovely. He had seen a small country; he had read his history books. England had once been a small nation that ruled part of the world. This country was smaller but had ten times the passion crammed into their new island.

His malice had been palpable as his troops had carved a swathe through the developing island. A paradise left by a wealthy Citizen became just another war zone overnight. He had not crushed them though. He knew this. His every transmission had been scrutinized ever since. His outposts terrorised, internet communication with the island had been blacked out and an Erasing Bug infested the computers of any and all of the vessels too near the island.

Finally deciding he needed to be decisive, The Master had tapped his government plant - one of his own inside the last remnants of the Lovely Government; Ko'ren. He had instigated a Coop and taken Psychotic Mike and raided the treasures of the Lovely Museum in one go. He had sacked what was left of the GA office, taken many key politicians into slavery and bolstered the martial law.

* * *

"I need server six re-booted and get the generator refuelled Schaf, we're in for the long haul!" Wommy shouted through the burrow jumping into the battered leather chair in front of his PC. His eyes searched the quad monitor set up monitoring all the data channels coming in.

They had had their orders, all parts of Lovely -or Lonely as Wommy thought of it now- had had their orders. All parts organised. D Day was nigh!

* * *

The Fortress of The Master rose up vertically maybe 70 feet before a parapet could be found. Rev looked at it and then backed down into the underground tunnels closing the sand covered trap door.

"Okay I'm confused; how is going in via the slave rout going to get us anywhere?"

"Because of who is made to run the place; to brand them" Nat started.

"Barc0de" Saz finished. They both shot the mercenary a look.

"How can we trust her Nat? She sells information to whoever offers her the right price tag!" Rev announced pulling his pistol. Before he knew it a spork, metal and stupidly sharp, was touching his neck.

"Ha! If you believe that you're as bad as the idiots I sell flase info to." Saz laughed.

* * *

"I miss her ya know?" ID -Stewart- asked, looking at the strange digital eternity that 'sat' on the desert sands above the tunnels that came up barely meters from the gates to the fortress of The Master.

"Nevermore" The Razerbug said entirely unhelpfully.

"Look I never got this whole computer world crap. What happened to you?" he tired again.

"Darkness there and nothing more" the blue digital figure buzzed again. "For fuck's sake Razer, snap out of it! Don't you miss Sarah?" he snapped angrily. For a second only a dial tone sounded then a human voice said "Yes"

* * *

Toaster adjusted his weapon, setting it to "bagel". He'd earner his name from the main component of his scavenged and home built weapon and it had stuck. Rev had deployed him and Biffa to lead the rest of the freedom fighters in an assault via the sewers; Saz had bought underground plans for "a price" and they would be a major distraction while the big guns got their shots in. But as toaster cleaned his weapon's crumb tray, he couldn't help notice one of the newer recruits contacting someone on a mobile. She hung up as he approached. Then his own phone rang. Go Time.

* * *

"Send algorithm" Wommy nodded to Schafer who had just hacked into The Masters base systems.

Seconds later the doors opened and the lights when out.

"Go Time" Nat breathed - she offered The Razerbug a phone line.

"See you inside" he whispered, the first human words he had uttered in months. They were not, Nat realised, aimed at her.

They moved.

The Burrow exploded with activity as the members flung themselves from console to console hammering commands into keyboards as coasting chairs rolled past them.

Nat, Saz, Rev, ID, Marie and the others moved in on the "slave entrance" in search of their "inside man", each stomach knotted with a different worry.

* * *

Biffa, Toaster, Twist, they stepped out of the underground passage. What could be said above and beyond the speeches of before? Ironically it was someone deep in the crowd, a blind man in a politician's suit with a guide dog, Biffa seemed to recall his name was Dave?

"For the King!"

The cry was havoc, the dogs of war; loose.

"Lonely" concludes in part 3

Tales from The Dead Parrot II

Captain Kong A Pirate Gone Wrong

By Captain Deadlegg

Gather round once more lads as I tell ye all another tale terrible in the telling. A tale about the man who almost destroyed pirating as we know it. This be the tale o' Captain Kong, the pirate gone wrong.

Now Captain Kong was a mediocre pirate, with no reputation to speak of. A short ugly fellow, who's only distinguishing feature was the thick black hair covering most of his body, Captain Kong had an unremarkable career, until his 15th year in pirating. The year started badly for Kong when his ship was attacked and destroyed by Spanish pirate hunters, and the captain himself only escaped by throwing himself into the sea. There he stayed for seven days and seven nights, floating on the waves, with no food to eat and only sea water to drink. How he survived such an ordeal is a mystery, but survive he did, and he was finally rescued by a passing pirate vessel. But this was a different Captain Kong, a Kong with a strange gleam in his eyes, and he quickly assumed command of the ship, killing the previous captain with a hitherto unseen skill at swordplay.

With a new ship at his command, Kong swiftly made changes. For while he was

adrift in the ocean, listening to the surf, drinking sea water and watching the stars, Kong had had an epiphany. Pirates, Kong realised, were basically losers. They drank all the time, swore, never changed their clothes and had appalling levels of hygiene. This explained his lack of success. To be truly successful, Kong mused, he had to act like a winner. And so he changed the order of piracy on his ship. Swearing was banned, as was rum. From now on his pirates would drink Perrier mineral water, and white wine on special occasions. He installed showers on the ship, and ordered his men to wash and shave. He renamed his ship the Filofax.

At first there was fierce resistance to these changes, but shockingly the new Captain Kong proved to be overwhelmingly successful. The Filofax attacked and captured a Spanish Galleon carrying a fortune in gold doubloons. Kong became a rich and powerful pirate, and his crew adopted his ways. He led them in brutal boarding actions, which he called hostile takeovers, and captured many ships, or enemy assets. At port he had his body hair shaved clean off and introduced power dressing and moisturising for pirates. Kong became known as a trendsetter, with many young pirates eagerly joining his campaign. Captain Kong had introduced pirate yuppies to the Caribbean.

By now his fame and new philosophy had spread far and wide. Other buccaneers, keen to follow in his footsteps, adopted his new order of piracy. Taverns were being replaced with wine bars, squash courts were opening in all major pirate havens, and the traditional pirate way of life seemed doomed. Some of the older captains, alarmed by this threat to their way of life, decided to take action. Captain Tobias Junction was chosen to seek out and kill Captain Kong.

Captain T Junction was a brave and strong pirate, fiercely traditional and determined to end the yuppie pirate menace. He boarded his pirate ship Dead Dog and sought out Kong on the high seas, and after searching for forty days and forty nights he found the Kong's ship off the coast of Barbados. As Junction and his crew gazed upon the Filofax they shuddered, for it had been changed into a vessel unlike any seen in the Caribbean. It was now an art deco monstrosity of glass, iron and tastefully designed sails. The Dead Dog closed with the Filofax and engaged in battle. Within moments Junction realised his ship was outgunned and closed to boarding range. Using grappling hooks he led his pirates onto the deck of the Filofax where they faced Kong's crew. The yuppies were terrible opponents whose eyes were glazed over and they laughed with annoying fake laughs as they fought. Cutlass in each hand, Junction strode through the mayhem, seeking out Captain Kong. Junction found his enemy on the forecastle, surveying the carnage. The two captains stared at each other, and Junction looked away first, for there was something in Kong's eyes that was less than human.

I should point out here that Kong was no longer the short hairy ugly bloke he was at the beginning of the story. He was now seven foot tall, with a trendy pony tail and goatee beard, wearing a double breasted business suit and wielding a stylish samurai sword specially imported from Japan. But the biggest change was his eyes, they spoke of terrible greed and hunger, and a fearsome coldness to all living things. Captain Junction had a philosophical nature, and in the few moments he stared into those eyes he thought that perhaps Captain Kong had become the human embodiment of an ideal, pure

greed in the flesh, perhaps he was the ultimate evolution of a pirate.

But he no longer had time to think such thoughts, for Captain Kong suddenly attacked. Straight away Junction realised he was outmatched, for Kong had superhuman strength and speed. Desperately defending, Junction looked for a weakness in his opponent's defence, but could find none, until he had a flash of inspiration and gobbled up Kong's business suit. Captain Kong staggered back, as if he'd been shot, and Junction took his chance. His first cutlass stroke slit Kong's throat, and his second chopped Kong's head clean off.

As Kong died, his dream died with him. His crew became disorientated and were easy pickings for Junction's pirates, and the Filofax itself soon broke up and sank. Pirate yuppies became an old trend, soon forgotten. Captain Tobias Junction became known as the man who saved piracy, and Captain Kong became known as the pirate gone wrong.

CULTURE & SOCIETY

Be Buddy's Buddy

By Cheryl

Having read many posts on the boards from fellow Lovelies regarding this topic I thought I would have a chat to Buddy myself to try and answer some questions and also to find out some more info myself.

What made you start your quest for 1000 friends?

My quest started cause I got bored at work and my mind started wandering. I looked at all the people I saw in a day and realised very few were my friends. And every one of them was possibly interesting in their own way. I then thought if I was a kid I could just ask them to be my friend. Unfortunately being 25 that's seen as weird not cute. I then thought that I could possibly do it on the internet the one place where you could ask random strangers to be your friend. I pondered this notion for a few days before bringing the subject up with my girlfriend. She told me that I should try possibly sensing that I wanted to anyway. And the rest you know.

What do you win if you complete the quest?

I win nothing more than knowing I have 1000 friends. I'm a great believer of you can judge a mans worth by counting his friends. Other than that there is nothing in this for me other than being able to say I did it.

Are we ever going to find out who the real you is?

I am the real me the only thing that is different is the name I'm using. The way I talk online is the way I am. I want real friends and I can only do that by being as real as possible.

If I become your friend what do I have to do?

All you have to do is mail me with a name and age. It doesn't have to be your real name I haven't given you mine so I can't expect you to give me yours, or you could add me on msn or on myspace. I have a website and message board up and you have to register on that if you want to be 'officially' my friend (counted as one of the thousand) other than that you don't have to do

anything unless you want to. I do ask that my friends spread the word of my quest to others but whether they do or not is their choice.

Has anyone inspired you to do this?

my parents my family my (real world) friends are constant inspiration each and everyone an example of why you have to be true to yourself and sometimes you just have to say to heck with it I'm gonna go for it.

Some people would say you were copying Danny Wallace and join me. What do you say to that?

I'm not copying Danny I admire him greatly for join me and I must admit that it was that project that convinced me that this one could work. But Danny had his reasons for doing that with his own rules and I have mine for this. The whole time Danny did his join me project he was able to be Danny Wallace which as long as he was nice which he is he'd get people. he was allowed to meet them in person which I can't do he was asking them to join him for a cause even if at first he hadn't decided what that cause was. In a lot of ways I see what I'm doing as an experiment in sociology. I've taken away my best tools for making friends and am now seeing whether I can still make more.

Would you ever pass on our personal details on to a third party?

Now that wouldn't be very friendly of me would it lol. Seriously though, I ask no more personal details from you than I myself have given. Whatever else you tell me is up to you anyway I don't want your personal details I want your friendship.

What do you in your life outside of the internet?

the same things everyone does in their real lives I work, I see my girlfriend, I have hobbies I'm an avid cartoonist the buddy pal character is my own creation, I have a fairly active social life and an over active imagination, I'm the emperor of Yorkshire a title bestowed on me by Billy Bragg (folk musician if you didn't already know) and when I can I go home to visit my parents other than that I don't do anything other than search for 1000 friends.

Come on dudes support Buddy. We've all been brought together by a Danny Wallace stupid boy project; let's help someone else complete theirs. Even if you'd only sign up to be his friend, please, please, please pass the information on to other people.

Buddy's MSN: be_my_buddy_please@hotmail.com

Buddys Website: <http://buddypal.proboards32.com/index.cgi>

Big Brother

By Babs

So, I've sat myself down and thought of an article, and although it's irrelevant to Lovely, a lot of you are probably hooked on it too, what am I talking about? Big Brother 7. Naturally. The evil, live, gripping, destructive yet strangely addictive. The original Reality TV Show. It ruins our social life for 15 weeks of the summer, ruins housemates lives and pays the living of Davina, Dermot and

Russell, who otherwise would still be hosting extremely poor chat shows on the BBC (I'm sorry but 'Davina' was just terrible). So why do we watch it? If you like me, that is to say, extremely sad, by watching every single show related to it (i.e. BBBM, BBBB and BBLB) plus as much Live 'action' you can fit into a day, then you will say its amazing, housemate selection has always been premier, but this year it has been even more so.

This years Housemates include:-

Sezer, Lisa, Grace, Mikey, Imogen, Shahbaz, Richard, Lea, George, Dawn, Nikki, Pete, Glyn & Bonnie with Susie, Sam, Aisleyne, Jonathan, Jennie, Micheal, Spiral and Jayne all being added at later dates with the prospect of even more housemates to come!

This comes as news breaks about Big Brother providing nearly 60% of Channel 4's annual earnings, so those of you with hopes, its not going anywhere, partially because of that, and partially because C4 Have got nothing else to put in its place. Due to the amount of revenue the show generates, C\$ Bosses are considering yet more housemates to drag the show further, whilst Big Brother Addicts ponder on whether Davina's waters will break Live on A Friday Eviction, and whether Demot could cover her maternity?

Hopefully, we should be kept gripped by Nikki (I sleep in that bed, but all my stuff is in Nikki's bed) Grahame, Richard should now come out of his shell following Lea's eviction last night and will there be conflict between Spiral and Micheal??

All these questions need answers. Tune in.

Channel 4: Weeknights at 9pm

Friday, 9 and 10

Big Brother's Little Brother - In depth analysis and sneak peeks: E4 7:30 PM

Big Brother's Big Mouth - Fans of the series air their views: E4 Straight after the C4 Show.

Big Brother's Big Brain - Psychological analysis of housemates with some of the country's top minds: C4 Tuesday 11:05

Voting: 09011 32 33 (number of nominated housemate)

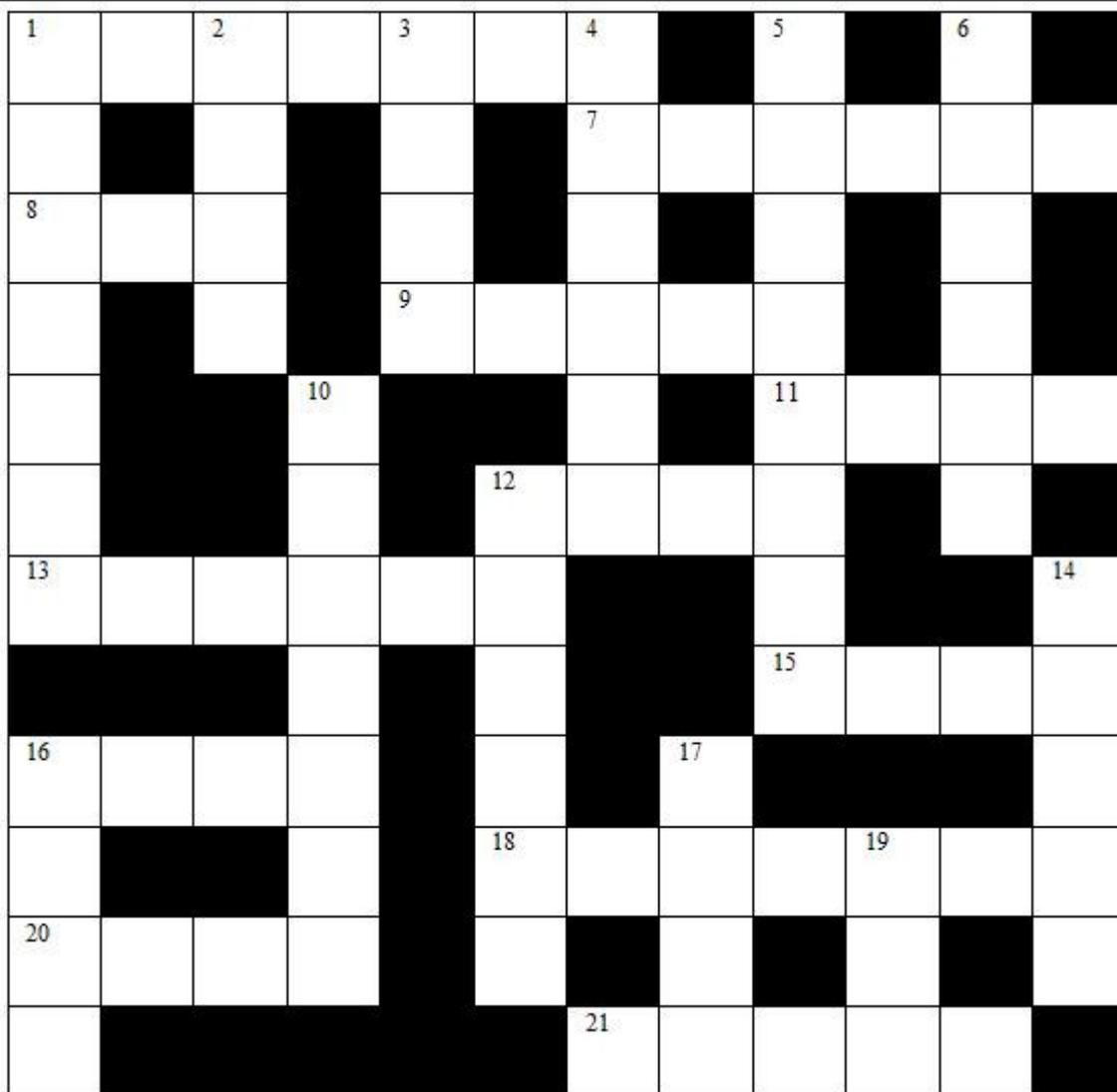
Or Text the name of the housemate you want to evict to 84444

Lines open after Tuesday Nights BBLB and close during the Friday eviction show.

ENTERTAINMENT

Music Crossword

By McMo



ACROSS

1. Nevermind eh. You've found a type of heaven Kurt (8)
7. Spector? Laine? Wood? Corbett? (6)
8. Damp times three – they feel it their fingers apparently (3)
9. Noddy and friends (5)
11. Can you see who it is yet? (4)
12. Jellied fish – beautiful freaks (4)
13. Miami sound ----- of a down (6)
15. What size of nails (4)
16. Johnny needs some money (4)
18. Give them a hug (7)
20. What sort of knot will Corey Taylor use? (4)
21. Mr White - the Walrus of Lurrve (5)

DOWN

1. Boy Band on the Block (3,4)
2. Bob Geldof's favourite rodents (4)
3. The Dandy Highwayman has insects in his pants (4)
4. Canadians set amusement parlour alight? (7)
5. Laurie sings to Superman (8)
6. Ugliest man in pop is red (6)
10. Neil Tennant's retail business (3, 4)
12. Rapper or candy covered chocolate (6)
14. Do I mind the Bollocks? (5)
16. There she goes – use a fishing rod (4)
17. Palindromic swedes (4)
19. Breathe in French electro band (3)

Poetry

Extracts from the Poetry Forum

Compiled by Citrus Burst

If only

If we could all live in peace
If only we could
If we could just stop the bombing
And stop spilling blood

If we could all live in peace
If only we could
If we could all wipe away the past
And be understood

If we could all live in peace
If only we could
If you could better things would you?
I know I would.

Hobo

19th Jun 06

A vacuous way of life

I welcome you're arrival
To a vacuous way of living
There will be no purpose
There will be no point

Care for whatever you like
Dare to question at all
You'll only fall, for
Greatness will never grow

And I mustn't stop to stress
Life remains to depress
Here there are no values
There's no virtue or valour

And can you understand?
Can you come take my hand?
Look and you will see
That you'll never be free

And can you comprehend?
Can you admit it my friend?

That there are flaws you detect
And that nothing is ever perfect.

Hobo

14:05 14th Jun 06

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream-and not make dreams your master;
If you can think-and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings-nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And-which is more-you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

Sudoku

By Cpeachok

4	8	7	9		1	3	6	
1				4	6	9		
9			2	7			1	8
	5	2		8				
7	1		3		5			
	9		6	1				5
	7							1
	4				9	7		3
					7	5	4	

Puzzle 0009

Sudoku

Last issue's solution

By Cpeachok

1	6	8	4	7	3	5	9	2
7	3	2	6	9	5	4	1	8
4	9	5	8	1	2	3	6	7
6	4	7	2	5	1	8	3	9
3	2	9	7	6	8	1	5	4
8	5	1	9	3	4	2	7	6
2	1	6	3	4	7	9	8	5
9	8	3	5	2	6	7	4	1
5	7	4	1	8	9	6	2	3

Solution 0008

ADVERT

The Lovely Guide needs YOU

The Lovely Guide is hoping to be the number one resource for history and information about Lovely, its citizens, structure, and all things related. We are therefore looking for contributors, or ideas on what it should include, and will be hoping to expand it over the coming months.

The first stage of the Guide will be like a manual for the new forum, help in understanding the different sections, settings and codes for people of all abilities. To make sure that the information is easy to understand by all, we need **Market Researchers** to help out. These volunteers will read the guide sections as they are made prior to "going live", and offer tips for any sections that may need it. No actual work is really required of you unless of course you wish to offer it! All you need to do is read through, and if there's any bits you don't understand – or feel doesn't work, then just let us know. Beginners to the UBB forums are most needed, as it is hoped this guide will make the Lovely forum easier to understand and therefore encourage new citizens to join.

If you think you can help – either as a contributor, or as one of our market researchers, please let us know here:

<http://88.208.205.232/showflat.php?Cat=0&Number=39035&an=0&page=0&gonew=1#UNRE AD>

SPORT

Unusual Sports

By ID

Fed up of the tennis and the football? Yeah, me too. Not just those, but many others, the sports which are always in the public eye. So I started a thread trying to introduce people to new sports, interesting sports, unusual sports.

I started with an old favourite of mine - Extreme Ironing, in which various extreme sports get an additional exercise. Rock climbers, surfers, skiers, sky-divers, and many more.

Saz suggested golf, which is not quite what I had in mind, but I found a reference to Extreme Golf (thus combining these two activities, sort of) Peachy then suggested Mountain Unicycling, which is the sort of thing I had in mind.

Bovine said he thought Polo is strange, but I pointed out that Dressage is a stranger equine sport.

Welly Wanging, Kabadi, and Bog Snorkelling were all suggested, all of which are indeed unusual sports. These were followed by Tractor Pulling and Squirrel Fishing, as well as holding your hand over a lit candle, which is just stupid and cowardly. I've had my hand on fire for entertainment before, so to consider holding ones hand near a flame to be a sport is slightly erroneous.

Sir Konrad then suggested Quadball, Extreme Frisbee, and Shoe-Golf, at which point I have to confess I was starting to lose interest, as I never did get around to investigating these. You dear reader are very welcome to explore this trilogy of unusual sports for yourself.

Finally (or so I thought) I mentioned the Eskimo Olympics, which include a whole plethora of unusual (and some were **very** unusual) sports.

Several days later, I was watching the news on TV and saw yet another new

unusual sport - Horse Surfing.

So, if you are bored of tennis, bored of football, bored of horse racing, bored of snooker, bored of cricket, bored of whatever is that latest to clog up the viewing schedule on television, maybe it's time you took a peek at some new unusual sport.

The Grand Prix

By Babs

Good Evening/morning/day/night!

I think we'll all agree that last years US Grand Prix was a farce, with only six cars out of the 21 actually starting the race due to Michelin tyre failures. This year, however, was brilliant, with all cars starting, three Safety Cars, only nine cars finishing, a supreme crash wiping out seven cars at the first corner on the first lap... oh yes, and a win, for the brilliant seven times World Champion, Micheal Schumacher.



In that picture your see Nick Heidfeld during his triple rollover and all the cars in the background colliding with each other after the two McLaren cars touched and spun each other, blocking the track.

Montoya said: "I was following Kimi when he braked really hard and I hit him in the back. There were just cars turning left, right and centre. I was being squeezed by one of the Hondas and regrettably I hit Kimi."

Raikkonen added: "Things got messy at the second corner and Juan Pablo hit me from behind and that was the end of the race."

One things for sure, It proved exciting all the way through, with Filipe Massa and Schumi, both driving in Ferrari's battled it out for 1st place, with Schumacher eventually landing on the top step of the podium with Massa a short second.

The French Grand Prix comes live from Magny-Cour on July 16 with Race coverage starting at Noon on ITV1.

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Editor's Comments

I'm going on holiday Wednesday. Five whole weeks in the back of beyond, the technological black hole that is my grandparent's home in Bristol. And you know, sat here tonight all on my own, an excuse for a paper waiting in mailroom till god knows when, Lovely slowly slipping away around me and all my attempts to stop it horribly failed, I'm almost glad.

Right now the fact that I will not see my baby sister for almost two months, the prospect of visiting my grandfather in hospital and waiting for the results, of looking after my dad and my grandma, seem the easier option. Being completely isolated, so lonely it will drive me to despair, having absolutely nothing to do, feels like the better deal.

How the hell did I get here?

Partly I suppose it's my own fault. I didn't realise the effect it would have on other people when I sent that letter to the Truth. I didn't consider who I was going to have to rely on when trying to get a system of government implemented. I didn't think. After a while you start to think you know your friends, understand how the world works. Stupid. I don't understand. Maybe I just can't.

But there is another side to this. Much as I take it to heart, I can't take responsibility for the current state of Lovely. I will drive myself mad trying to sort it all out, but it's the rest of you that are going to have to do it. Although I will gladly beat my head against a wall for you all, it's not going to achieve anything. This rant probably won't help either, but I have to try; character flaw. I apologise.

There is a constant sense of disappointment in Lovely these days. Of the place being dead, getting ever more quiet. People look back nostalgically and say things were much better in the good old days when Lovely was young. There are lots of things that are better now of course. We have new boards, far less disruption, we understand this place. It's family now. But we've lost the most important thing. We've lost our drive.

Back in the good old days Lovely wasn't a community, it was a country. We were going to get into the UN, Eurovision, international football. As befits a country we formed police forces and revolutionary movements, we had shops. We discussed the environment and politics and whether we should buy some land. We had a purpose and it was exiting.

We all accept now that we will never be a real country. We've done so quietly, it isn't talked of, but it's still true. Occasionally when new people come in fresh from HTSYOC we feel an echo of that old buzz, a bit of that almost forgotten excitement. But it doesn't last long. Either they vanish, like so many before them, or they settle in and become as jaded as the rest of us. While we have gained so much in the form of friendship and security of a quite extraordinary

kind we have lost the part that made it fun.

For a bunch of such unreserved idealists, dreamers, creative to the core, a lack of purpose is devastating. We have nothing to do. We're bored.

And right now, having had just about all I can take of people being made miserable by the effects, the gloves are off. I'm going to tell you a few home truths about exactly whose fault that is. After all, I'm off on holiday. I can take the risk.

The fault, oh centres of my universe, is yours. You're lazy the lot of you. Myself included. Exasperatingly lazy. Only willing to put those huge brains and all that creativity into things we like. Well we like Lovely don't we? Like I said: centre of my universe. I've done my best on this. I've set ID on you polling opinion, I've shouted till it drove me mad that government needs to do it, I've asked and asked for your take on things and discussion of it all on the Opinion page. And what do I get? Nothing. Total bloody silence. I've just about had it with the lot of you.

We need a new purpose in life. Lovely has to stand for something. Either we throw ourselves into Micronations, which is (don't you dare roll your eyes and groan about this, I've checked, which is more than most of you have) a useful and worthy cause if approached in the right way, or we find another way of actively making this a better world to live in, which is basically what we signed up for. Personally I say let those who like playing war and politics and messing with social structures do the Micronations side, with our support, not with us shunning them and thinking it's all silly, and let the rest of us find our own ways. At Cheaster we did fundraising for Oxfam. Great. But fundraising is easy. It isn't going to take up much of our time. It isn't going to stop us getting bored. You're all stupidly clever, you're all idealists with tons of ideas. Let's do something good.

Don't leave it to other people to sort out for you. Other people is YOU. Every single one of you. Get thinking of new and exiting ways we can improve this world. And along the way perhaps the frustration will lessen, the arguments will seem less important, the role play and creativity will come back. We need to decide where we're going, and then we need to find out how to get there. And when we've done that we can start all over again. We're going to make this world one hell of a great place to live. Perhaps we can't be a country, but we could be a movement. We could be famous far and wide for being Lovely. Or we can sit here and let it die.

It's up to you. I've done my bit. I'm due a break.

Nathalie van Dantzig

Editor

~ Next issue due out on Sunday 23rd July 2006 ~