

# THE MODERATION GAME

## By Revolutionary One

Shortly after midnight on Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> November a wave of pre-moderation swept over all of the BBCi forums, including the Citizens Required message boards. Everybody was affected, any attempts to post a message on any thread was blocked by a pre-moderation message. Only the Elections board was unaffected. Normal conversations were almost impossible under these circumstances so citizens were forced to turn to the Citizens Required underground forums, custom built threads and message boards created by citizens. How and why did this happen?

It's been an eventful week for news about the moderators, kicking off with the super users news being leaked to the citizens (see the super user article in current affairs for more details). Then there was the discovery of a deleted test board and the member IDs of the administrators and moderators. For the first time we could see the

discussions that the moderators were keeping track of, and the threads they were editing. Finally there was the pre-moderation that started on Thursday and shows no sign of ending soon.

The first problem on Thursday night was with the other BBCi message boards, some of them had been left open past their allotted closing times, normally 2200. The following message was posted on the Radio 1 message board by a moderator –

"Sorry about the pre-mod. There were some technical glitches last night that meant the boards stayed open all night. So we had to put them into pre-mod to make sure that they didn't get flooded or misused in the meantime. Normal service will be resumed asap."

I posted a message on the Radio 6 board pointing out it was still open, just after midnight. A few minutes

later the pre-moderation kicked in. It looks like somebody panicked when they realised the boards were still open and reacted, stopping any messages being posted anywhere without being checked by a moderator. Why this wasn't reversed the morning afterwards is a mystery. The pre-moderation is still active on the Citizens Required boards, and shows no sign of ending. The other BBCi forums have all been returned to normal, leading some to speculate that we are the lowest priority for the BBC administrators, and that the continued presence of the pre-moderation is deliberate. Why have the moderators posted explanations on other message boards, but kept the Citizens Required members in the dark? Hopefully this situation will be solved by next week, but we must be prepared to contact the BBC and demand answers if the pre-moderation continues.

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# SUPER USERS

By Citizen Saz

Some of you may already have heard rumours regarding the introduction to Super Users (SUs) on the forum. Well what exactly is it all about? At the moment, we just don't know for sure.

What we do know is that a small group of citizens have been invited by Leafstorm, the production company responsible for "How To Start Your Own Country" who also look after the website, to become Super Users. This led to some comments on the site from those worried that it might lead to elitism and fear of a power which may be abused. This is of course a concern, but until we know exactly what is involved, should we worry?

As one of the prospective "Super Users" in question I have first hand knowledge of the idea, but even I am unsure of what the position involves. Initially there was an email asking if I would be interested in the task. It didn't give much away on what would be involved, but it hinted that the point of SUs would be to bridge the gap between citizens and moderators.

The email started off by saying that they were aware that I was a regular poster, and that I have an understanding of the people

that frequent the site. It went on to comment on the number of complaints made on the forum in relation to moderators. Which complaints exactly, it does not say, but as a regular member of the boards I am familiar with the disgruntled comments of citizens who've complained about certain unsavory members who've then had their posts remain for all to see as they didn't actively swear, although they did make insulting comments or insinuations against others. On the other end of the scale, there have been occasions when automatic moderation has occurred which censors certain words, even when they are used innocently (notably when referring to someone named Richard as "Dick"). In cases such as this it would seem as though there is a reason to breach the gap between mods and citizens. I have myself reported posts which I deem to be offensive and rude against another member, but many of them have slipped through the net as they do not contain a swear word. Another time, I have reported a user who was impersonating another member and flooding threads with posts in order to cause offence. This is in direct breach of the House Rules:

"Member Names will be failed if they...

\*Contain website or email addresses

\*Appear to impersonate someone else

\*Contain swear words or are otherwise objectionable"

Even quoting this fact directly within the complaint comments box, the offenders message was not moderated, and they were free to keep their username and make more spamming posts, insinuating that the reader/another person was a homosexual, that a member was dead, as well as many other boring and childish attempts for attention that we've all come across during our time on the boards. These "trolls" have no active role in the community, only posting to cause trouble and upset others.

So how would a SU help in this case, if regular moderation fails to stop them? Well, from the introductory email I received it stated that "the super users role is to make sure that reactive moderation functions, ie that a proportion of the community understand and use the alert function responsibly. Each Super User will also have email access to a Leafstorm host so they can

inform them of any posts that contravene 'house rules'." This would ultimately help the community, as individual posts may not stand out to BBC moderators who may not have known that the person I reported was not the "real" person with that nickname. The mods are anonymous workers within the BBC, they don't know us, their job is merely to review any posts that are reported (or as with recent events, pre-moderated). They don't have the time to follow through the history of every reported post to see they are spamming. If citizens were able to point out the worst spammers, the ones who had no role in the community other than to annoy, we'd all benefit as we'd get directly to the problem.

That first email made no mention to any "power" over other citizens, so fears of some members holding grudges and banning whoever they choose is

jumping the gun a bit. Even as a prospective SU I don't know what "power" it involves, although I can pretty much guess that the BBC would not be happy letting users have complete control over others like that.

I don't know for sure who else has been considered as a Super User, as it has not been commented on generally by others. My own reason for not mentioning it as soon as I heard was that at first I was unsure if it really was from a Leafstorm representative, and then when I found evidence to match what I knew in the email, I saw no point in posting about it on the site until it was a little more concrete. Mentioning it might have been considered as bragging, although some feel that the lack of admission by others as who has been considered for the role of Super User meant that they felt superior to others. This is a personal choice for the individual involved to

discuss as they wish, and until there is definite evidence on the matter, the speculation gets us nowhere. Everything will always have those who support it and those who are against it, but until we know exactly what it involves, give it a chance and see if it really is as negative as some consider it to be. This may seem a biased comment since I may be involved in it, but I do believe that I would stand by this belief even if I was not. A follow up call in order to personally speak to prospective SUs has still not occurred, and so I have no further information on the exact description of the role and what it entails - but one positive thing that is known from the Leafstorm email, it's not just the citizens on the forum that want to keep "making sure that the message boards of Lovely stay lovely" and this must prove that there's a future in the country after all.

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# SERVERS IN NEED OF A SERVICE?

**By Schaferlord**

Picture the scene: a dark and grim night, with rain pelting down against the window. A loyal citizen of Lovely goes to the Citizens Required message boards looking for a good time. However this citizen is assaulted by error

messages and is told that the "server is busy". Does this sound familiar to you? Well it is a common experience for many of the citizens of our fair and pleasant land. It has even happened to me Schaferlord on a few

occasions; such as the night of the November 1st.

Annoyed, I decided to check on the football results on the BBC website. My MSN flashed another citizen wanting to know if I was having problems getting to

the forum. That is when it clicked, the football had finished, the boards fall down could it be more than just a coincidence. The BBC does host many forums including a fair few about the football. After the games, the football fans would flock to the internet to discuss it with each other, added server traffic something is bound to act slowly or break. As if in answer to my question shortly after ten that night when I checked again the Citizens Required message boards were working again. Ten O'clock is when many message boards the BBC have close because the moderators have lives and cannot be expected to work twenty-four hours a day. Server Traffic decreases and the Citizens Required message boards are up again. In a moment of revelation it all made sense. I shared my hypothesis with some citizens on my MSN, it made sense to them too, it was not just me having lost the plot.

I had inexplicably elevated myself above my fellow citizens and into the realms

of "expert" (despite me saying repeatedly its just speculation on my part). Thus I found myself questioned about other things relating to forum problems; "What about the dreaded '2AM shutdown'?" I was asked. I mused on the subject and thought back to the server I often dealt with at my old job. Things like anti-virus software updating and scanning was set to take place in the middle of the night when the Server was not going to be used so that it does not slow down the office network or cause programs to crash in the day when the Server was being used to make money for the company. Made sense for the BBC to do a similar practice with their servers as most message boards close before midnight the server wouldn't be used that much and thus such programs can be run causing the minimum interference to the comings and goings of most of the day to day users. It inconveniences the citizens of Lovely who want to use the message boards at 2am but that's a relatively small group compared to the

masses of BBC online users.

Thus it all made sense, I had apparently worked out a perfectly valid logical reason for everything, I felt proud. "You should write an article about it for the GA, the people of Lovely should know there is actually a reason behind it" I was told by a citizen who shall remain nameless in this piece. I panicked that would require work and effort (well time and typing) I fell back to the speculation excuse to get out of it. No dice "just mention in the article that its speculation it'll be fine, they want a piece on the forum problem" the nameless citizen told me. I had no way out, I had spent twenty minutes working out the reasoning behind the problems the least I could do was keep it to myself. Still if the citizens of Lovely want answers even if they are just speculative guesses based purely on the information available who am I to deny them? Thus, I did the next thing on the list of "least I could do" and wrote the article you have just finished reading.

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# THE FINANCIAL SLOWDOWN IN LOVELY

**By PiratePete**

As I am writing this article our nation Lovely is in crisis, I was and am still am going to write to you about a long term crisis threatening Lovely's very survival, but

events may have brought this to us much closer in the future than I originally supposed.

As some of you may have

seen I have kept a thread going in the Economy section keeping economic statistics concerning our great nation, and every time I update the latest Gross

National Product I find that our growth is slowing down. The latest figures show that our growth has slowed down by 48% since my figures first came out 50 days ago, leading to the sad conclusion that our growth may slow down to almost zero within the next 50 days. This I believe is down to two factors, one being that since King Danny I made his first millionaire there have been no other contributions to the economy by the State, if the government had a sustained input into the country this would vastly help our growth rate. A possible contribution would be making a millionaire through a state lottery held every two months, as not to devalue the IOU compared with other world currencies. The second reason appears plain and simple; that people are not posting after they have signed up, and those that our posting and contribution 0.1 IOUs for each post are not posting as frequently or are leaving altogether. The first reason is has been shown to be accurate by our first millionaire showing that 1 post ranks you at around

11,276, showing that 40,475 fellow citizens have never posted. If every citizen posted just posted once every day the county's growth would rise at a sustainable rate. I believe that if every citizen did this it would cancel out the affect of some prominent posters leaving due to circumstances beyond control.

I realise that getting every citizen to post at least once could be a hard task, as the number of multiple accounts, or citizens that have signed up on a whim is unknown, we need to keep those prominent posters that we have firmly within our borders. Which I believe is why we need tighter controls on the abuse that goes on against individuals that although doesn't contravene "House Rules" still causes deep offence and is against the basic principles of Lovely.

Another possibility to stimulate group is to encourage the big businesses of Lovely that with a few exceptions are the counting threads. I know opinion about these threads

is divided, but I feel that these threads are not spam but an organised way to produce IOUs in a way that is closest to business in other countries. If all the main posters in Lovely were to engage in these counting threads say 20 posts each per day, this would help immensely toward growth in out country.

Unfortunately it seems that events have conspired against any such preventative action in the form of the plague of pre-moderation. As this has gone on too long already the impact of this grows stronger every day. The pre-moderation will deter those who have just joined from posting, and those thinking of leaving will think now is quite a good time to slip away.

So I urge the citizens who are reading, to post responsibly as your country needs you to contribute, otherwise we will remain a small country in comparison to the other world countries, because as you all know it's money that makes the world go round.

## **Economic Statistics**

Gross National Product: 3,835,116.05 IOUs or \$8,687,995.20  
Gross National Product per Capita: 74.11 IOUs or \$167.88

## **World Exchange Rates**

1 IOU = \$2.26538 (US Dollars)  
= 1.93514 Euros  
= ¥267.462  
= 103.686 Indian Rupees  
= 18.3169 Chinese Yuan

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# THE RV PARTY

## EDITORS COMMENT

by **PiratePixie**

Hello All

Just a quick correction, in light of a very nice and polite email sent to me by the leader of the RV party, which stated:

...just to say in response to the article on politics I have read in your newspaper. The specific part I am responding to is, "At present only Kieran's LEGO party have registered along with four independent MPs. While the Party of Erinyes (PoE), the Glories and the FFF have expressed interest, it's difficult to see how they can attract enough members to be able to register with the parliament",

I would like to say that the RV Party has already completed Kierans minimum requirements of entering a party into parliament. We submitted our application to Kieran directly on October 19 but as yet nothing has been done to confirm our official status on the parliament website.

Thank you very much for highlighting this to us!!

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## LOVELY QUESTION TIME

Fancy chatting to the most prominent political figures in Lovely?? Then why not get along to Question Time, located on this thread between 7 and 9pm on a Wednesday? Put your questions and raise the issues which concern you! Get involved!!

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2307506?thread=1380827>

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## CULTURE

# LOVELY CHOICES

**By Minister for All Thing Rocking**

We all came to Lovely looking for a fresh start, to be part of something new and exciting. We can come and go as we please spending as much or as little time here as we feel we need to. What you do with your time in Lovely is up to you. But the reason I think most people joined in the first place was so that they could have a say in the running and shaping of a

new nation, which to be honest doesn't happen every day. Many of the citizens take great pleasure working in different areas of the country. Whether it is in politics trying hard to get their voice heard or in psychopotas serving drinks. All of these different people feel that they are doing something to help and make the nation grow and develop from it.

Now the point I'm trying to get to, is that there isn't enough choice in where you go and what you do. The best example I can think of is this paper. It's this paper or no paper. There is no alternative and this I find is the same for many other things in Lovely. To grow into a well developed nation we need more than one of everything. Why? Because

then there will be competition and competition improves things.

I might be thinking too much about this, but I think it could work especially if the IOU system is ever set up

properly. I don't want to spend the rest of my time in Lovely reading the same paper, going to the same pub, and eating at the same place. I want to see what else is out there. Basically this is a call for people to

start up their own business and societies that, like this paper and the coming parliament, actually do something. Don't just join something that is "ok" start something yourself and make it great!

Ideas for things that should be made (apologies if these are already up and running, but if they are write in and let us know):

- \* A church (and other houses of worship, I'm not religious but everywhere should have one)
  - \* A school (What is a country without an education system)
  - \* A (cyber) spaceport (Make of this what you will)
  - \* Shops (might have to wait for the IOU thing for this one)
  - \* Barbers (People need shorter hair and chat)
  - \* Cinema (everyone likes films)
  - \* Book shop (everyone reads books)
  - \* Ski shop (everyone likes skiing)
  - \* A park (to walk your dog)
  - \* Pet Shop (to get a Dog to walk)
  - \* An actual working parliament (I think that one might happen)
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# POEM

## THE SQUABBLE

By **TheEliteLoveDealer**

A Woman sat on a royal bench,  
Her mate pushed her off,  
She went flying into the floor,  
Boff!

He laughed at her,  
She got up confused,  
And bonked him on the head  
For she was not amused.

They were meant to meet,  
The PM himself,  
So they could greet,  
In kindness and health.

But She was cross,  
At he who pushed,  
And into a fight,  
They rushed.

She said 'what you doing you moron'  
He replied 'Having some fun'

He smirked,  
At what he had done.

But she didn't like,  
Not one bit,  
So she hit him,  
And on the floor he would sit.

For he fell over,  
He fell down,  
She then said 'who's the one now,  
With that annoyed little frown'

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# AUTISM, PROCESSING TIME AND THE GRAPHIC EQUALISER EFFECT

## By Artist

As the father of a child with Autism, I have been quite intrigued by the number of references on the Message Board to the condition. There seems to be a fairly large number of people posting messages who either have Autism or have children or close relatives with it.

For those who are not clear about the nature of Autism, you will find an explanation in the BBC's "Medical Notes" at

[http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/health/medical\\_notes/1259961.stm](http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/health/medical_notes/1259961.stm)

I suspect that one of the reasons message boards are popular is because of "processing-time" – many people with Autism have particular difficulties interacting, because the way their neurons are connected means that they take longer to process language, so they need more time to understand what has been said, and then more time to put their

feelings into words. Face-to-face conversation requires very rapid processing, which is one reason why some find it difficult or avoid it if they can. With a Message Board, everyone has time to think about the message and their response to it, so it puts everyone on a much more level playing field. Conversation becomes more relaxed and easy.

Autism is a "spectrum" condition, there are people who are affected in many different ways and to varying degrees of severity. Many of the traits are perfectly "normal" (for want of a better word), everyone can at times display individual Autistic traits, but it is the combination of them that leads to diagnosis. What many find difficult to understand is the uneven distribution of abilities: there is an expectation by the general population that a person's abilities will be fairly even for a given set of

skills - if they are good at one thing, they will be good at something similar. However, those with Autism may have widely varying abilities even in what might be seen as similar fields. A good analogy would be with a Graphic Equaliser: instead of the settings tracing a smooth curve, imagine them being set to maximum and minimum at random...this explains the amazing abilities often displayed by people with Autism who can also fail to grasp everyday concepts most people take for granted.

Because it has a clear genetic component, it is often the case that relatives are among those who are maybe not within the spectrum of diagnosis, but are close to it, and they too may have difficulties with "processing-time". I suspect that I fall into this category myself!

I saw a very interesting and well-written poem the other day, I asked its author,



Peter\_of\_Poems, (a.k.a. it says a lot more than my some people that lie  
Peter of various other things efforts here could ever hope untapped and  
too!) if we could publish it in to. I get a feeling from it of unrecognised.  
the GA, and he was happy the frustrations involved,  
with this, so here it is. I think and the hidden depths in

When the teacher is talking,

I heard no words.

I just vanish into the people.

When I sat there,

All the people's typing deafened me.

I mean I was frozen,

For an hour I just sat there,

Not typing,

Wanting to say so much,

But I couldn't because I was afraid of making a mistake,

And all the people laughing.

When I want to tell some one something.

When I get to a word that I really want to say, I can't say.

I use another word and the person asks me what that means.

I try to explain what I want to say but eventually they give up on me.

I was afraid to shout in the street.

Sometimes if I'm thinking about someone, I see their faces.

I say hello to strangers,

And then I realize that they aren't who I think they are.

I walk away, wondering.

I forget what I say and most of the time I repeat myself,

Over and over again.

I can remember everything that is explained to me.

But I can never remember what is told to me.

I like typing now,

Now that I wear earplugs.

I still bite my nails,

Because I can never find nail clippers when I want to cut my toenails.

When I sleep, I do see sheep, I see clouds hanging over me.

I reach out and run my fingers though them,

but when I awake, they are no longer there.

I miss out words in conversation as I want to get to my point.

I interrupt other people when they say something that interests me.

They look funny.

Sometime when I'm walking down the street I do shout, but I always regret it later.

The green people keep asking me questions,

I want to go, just answer one more thing,

What?

Why?

© Peter

For more information on Autism, try these links:

The National Autistic Society: <http://www.nas.org.uk>

Public Autism Resource and Information Service:

<http://www.info.autism.org.uk/Pages/Index.aspx>

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# THE LIFE OF LOVELY?

by Ambassador Smith

[Inside an unnamed Rebel HQ]

FRANCIS:

We're gettin' in through the underground heating system here, up through into the living room here, and up to King Danny's bedroom via the stairs here. Having grabbed his girlfriend, we inform Danny that she is in our custody and forthwith issue our demands. Any questions?

REBEL XAVIER:

What exactly are the demands?

BOB:

We're giving Danny two days to dismantle the entire apparatus of the Lovely monarchy, and if he doesn't agree immediately, we'll deny her tea and biscuits.

MATTHEW:

No hobnobs at all?

FRANK:

No hobnobs, digestives, Kit Kats or anything. And definitely no Jaffa Cakes. We'll take pictures of her being denied biscuits. Send 'em back on the hour every hour. Show him we're not to be trifled with.

BOB:

And of course, we point out that he'll bear full responsibility when we deny her tea, and that we shall not submit to blackmail!

REBELS:

No blackmail!

BOB:

He's bled us dry, the scoundrel. He's taken everything we had, and not just from us, from our friends, and from our friends' friends.

LORRAINE:

And from our friends' friends' friends.

BOB:

Yeah.

LORRAINE:

And from our friends' friends' friends' friends.

BOB:

Yeah. All right, Stan. Don't labour the point. And what has he ever given us in return?!

XAVIER:

The TV series?

BOB:

What?

XAVIER:

The TV series.

BOB:

Oh. Yeah, yeah. He did give us that. Uh, that's true. Yeah.

REBEL #3:

And the citizens required web site.

LORRAINE:

Oh, yeah, the website, Bob. Remember what it was like before we had one?

BOB:

Yeah. All right. I'll grant you the TV series and the website are two things that the Danny has done.

MATTHEW:

And the forum.

BOB:

Well, yeah. Obviously the forum. I mean, the forum goes without saying, doesn't it? But apart from the TV series, the website, and the forum--

REBEL:

Citizens TV.

XAVIER:

The DVD.

REBELS:

Huh? Heh? Huh...

REBEL #2:  
The Lovely passport.

REBELS:  
Ohh...

REBEL #3:  
The IOU.

REBELS:  
Ahhh...  
BOB:  
Yeah, yeah. All right. Fair enough.

REBEL #1:  
And the National Anthem. Great video for it too.

REBELS:  
Oh, yes. Yeah...

FRANK:  
Yeah. Yeah, that's something we'd really miss, Bob, if Danny left. Huh.

REBEL:

The National Flag.

LORRAINE:  
And the chance to meet and make friends with lots of Lovely citizens, Bob.

FRANK:  
Yeah, he certainly knows how to bring people together. Let's face it. He's the only one who could in a place like this.

REBELS:  
Hehh, heh. Heh heh heh heh heh heh heh.

BOB:  
All right, but apart from the TV series, the website, forum, Citizens TV, DVD, Lovely passport, IOU, National Anthem, National flag, and the chance to meet and make friends with Lovely citizens, what has King Danny ever done for us?

XAVIER:  
Given us a hobby.

BOB:  
Oh. A hobby? Shut up!

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# LOCAL NEWS

THE LATEST FROM AROUND THE THREADS

by Mcfarlmo

Formation of the Lovely Rock Band is in the embryonic stages in Roles Who wants to be in the Rock Band

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2293115?thread=1400136>

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The Town Crier is still keeping us all right as regards the time – well if you happen on the thread as he make his announcement

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2293115?thread=1018841>

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Suggestion for names of the Country are still rolling in – despite it being 73 days since it was named.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2239601>

Latest include 'Wish you were here' and 'The Citizone'

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Madame of Mercury is doing her bit for Lovely/Australian relations by answering citizens' questions about that fine country. Try and find one to catch her out folks!

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=1415225>

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The film alphabet is up to message 870 - there aren't that many X or Q films guys!

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=903324>

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Word association is still going strong with a whooping 11074 posts!

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=918156>

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The Tea Appreciation Society Tea Room has been repainted with some a mural of orange cows

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=1158769>

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# MY THREE FAVOURITE MESSAGES

By giddsey

## 1. *thesuffolkspindoctor.*

The Monkey Waddle involves beating several of the opposition with guile and speed whilst taunting Japanese tourists with my elaborate yet strangely alluring impressions of various primates (not unlike the ones performed by Wayne Rooney on a weekly basis). Then banging the ball into the onion bag past the bemused, and

honoured, goalie! Thanks for this opportunity boss I am forever in your debt.

*Reaction from giddsey.*

*Great news spindoctor, the F.A. have decided to use the 'Monkey Waddle' as a training exercise at all youth academies across the country.*

*They were especially impressed with the facial taunts, and agreed you owe*

*a lot to young Rooney.*

*I remember the day well, we won 7-1. It was quite embarrassing seeing you score the seventh goal in row, but not as much as when your spectacular overhead kick beat OUR keeper from 35 yrds!*

*Another great game son. coach Giddsey*

## 2. *LadyLampard*

LL is grinning from ear to ear with her hat-trick, who would have thought it on her debut! It appears that LL is becoming a crucial member to the tagg team, but remember, there's no 'l' in team....tagg fc are all over the opposition, it appears they've quite literally given up...and wait, this is a first for tagg football...the opposition are waving goodbye to the supporters as they walk off the pitch! well i never...tagg fc stand in amazement! ah well, game over tagg fc win with 3 fantastic goals from LL. man of the match is awarded...no surprises...well done LL. good game, good game, good game! Tagg fc applaud their supporter for singing her heart out and being that extra (wo)man. LL stops and signs autograph.

*Reaction from giddsey.*

*Amazing. lady\_lampard sums up the whole meaning of T.a.g.g F.C. in 90 mins.*

*With poetic eloquence, she delivered a display that demands sven takes a look at her.*

*Coach Giddsey, talking to sky sports after the match was quoted as saying "This proves what we've known for a long time at T.a.g.g F.C., she can compete at the highest level and really is the future of the game".*

*Later coach Giddsey denied saying this but our source said he had an "image to keep up, and this was a team game".*

*Well played son, Man of the match. Watch out for more info and new chat room for players only soon. Much love to the Team. "we are as good as you say we are" coach Giddsey p.s. can you sign a shirt for the local hospital charity?*

### **3. Bardaddio**

"A chilly Saturday afternoon and T.A.G.G. F.C were facing a fired up Fulham. Controversy takes the field seconds after the whistle as Clausen sends TheSussexSpinDoctor sprawling and a message to T.A.G.G. F.C. that they will indeed have a job talking themselves into a victory today. A huddle of players form around the incident but none faster than Captain Pupydawg who is in Clausen's face faster than Coleen's in a shoe shop. Clausen receives a swift yellow but a suddenly clear headed Pupydawg seizes the moment as players straggle back into position. He lifts a ball high and over the throng of players which drops over the shoulder of Nicknackpaddywhackgivead ogabone who pings a looping rocket from the corner of the 18 yard box beyond the keeper. T.A.G.G. F.C. are on the score sheet and both coaches are off the bench for the rest of the first half as Fulham barrage the goal. The second sees a Fulham onslaught finally coming to fruition with a well crafted goal from McBride that leaves T.A.G.G. F.C. unusually lost for words.

Both sets of supporters are building a wall of sound as the seconds tick away. With five minutes of play LoyalLampost sends a searching ball deep into Fulham's back four which HonorRubble takes on his chest and bursts towards the penalty box only for another scything tackle from Clausen to end play. Coach Giddsey is off his seat faster than a granny with a full-house and swearing just as much.

An opportunity presents itself and a 12th member slips onto the field.

The huddle of players form again as the referee tries to pick through the crowd to Clausen. Mattyhoops and Pupydawg are again remonstrating with Clausen who stands with his hands open at his sides innocently. Suddenly Clausen receives a tackle of his own from behind.

Before he realises what has been handed to him he is heard to have said, 'No thanks, I don't smoke.' But as he turned to see a smiling T.A.G.G. F.C. well-wisher wearing nothing but a scarf and a smile, Clausen drops the chance for a 'Vinnie Jones/Gazza' momento photograph and swiftly complies with the ref's red card by racing off the field while rubbing his hand on the grass. A police escort is arranged for the strip-less 12th member. A free kick rebounds off Boa Morte resulting in a physics defying corner kick goal from HonorRubble.

T.A.G.G. F.C. notch up their first win of the season. Coach Giddsey explains his winning formula to the press while Bardaddio explains	the importance of trousers to underprivileged kids at the community centre. T.A.G.G. F.C. you have been streaked."	<i>Reaction from giddsey</i> "Classic T.a.g.g F.C. Genius", coach Giddsey"
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# WHAT HAVE THE REBELS DONE FOR US?

**By PsychoticMike**

Alex: Get the rebels out of our country, they do nothing for the country. What have they done for us?

Brian: *Well they have made us aware of problems with the country.*

Alex: Apart from alerting us to problems, what have rebels done for us?

Brian: *Well they are good scapegoats for everyone else.*

Alex: True, but apart from alerting us to problems with the country and being good scapegoats, what have rebels done for us?

Brian: *They have provided diversity on the boards*

Alex: Apart from alerting us to the country's issues, being good scapegoats, and providing diversity, what have rebels done for us?

Brian: *Well they've been entertaining*

Alex: Apart from alerting us to the country's

issues, being good scapegoats, providing diversity and been entertaining, what have rebels done for us?

Brian: *Well they have caused interesting arguments*

Alex: Apart from alerting us to the country's issues, being good scapegoats, providing diversity, been entertaining and caused interesting arguments, what have rebels done for us?

Brian: *Well they've written informative articles for the national newspaper*

Alex: Apart from alerting us to the country's issues, being good scapegoats, providing diversity, been entertaining, caused interesting arguments and written interesting articles for the national paper, what have rebels done for us?

Brian: *Isn't that actually quite a lot?*

Alex: um, um, um, DOWN WITH THE EVIL REBEL TROLLS

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LOVELY RP

# THE FICTION OF LOVELY

**By Prince Kael**

I think the fiction of Lovely is just as important as the reality of Lovely, heck the fiction is what kicks off the reality!! I presume everyone remembers the little encounter we all had with

Trip?? PiratePixie our dearest editor kidnapped, Lady Reblet shot, many people attacked my self included??

Now, personally I think this

is far more interesting and fun than the fact that a Lovely DVD is being released were we can re-watch everything we already know? I don't know about you Lovely readers (I

mean that in both senses) but I think the fiction should be reported on.... and that's why I am here to report on it. In the fiction I will be looking at bars, restaurants, clubs and any other places that light up my interest. But amidst all this niceness and loveliness there is darkness...the dark side of Lovely. I will also be looking at the wars, the gangs, the Vivas and many others. I hope you all enjoy what tales I have to tell and learn a little bit more from the grand nation we are accustomed to. So I give you my article...

I will start with a scary story from within the Log Cabin in the Woods (it's a secret thread for those who don't know)...A few weeks ago

on a very cold night much like tonight's the thunder rained down on the log cabin, the light inside the house were flickering and everyone was rather scared. Inside the house were princess keitha, psycoticmike, me, revolutionary1 and were all inside the house, outside were the gathering armies of the smurfs, teletubbies and the recently deceased wombles. The smurfs starting walking up the moat that mike had dug to protect us, they worked together very well. Many a smurf was killed by mikes attacks and revs, keitha sat quivering behind the couth wishing them away, but still they came. She sang and sang a nursery rhyme that mike kindly put on loop around

the cabin. The song spurred us on to fight the smurfs but the wombles were attacking the back door, a big green hulk smurf walks in and his head is blown off by rev. this is when we knew the end was nigh. The teletubbies planted a ladder onto the side of the house and started climbing. At this point rev jumped out the window flattening lots of smurfs and ran off scared of the teletubbies teeth. All the enemies were at the door, hammering at it. We opened the doors and climber on to the roof, they swarmed not bothering to notice the bomb in the corner...

And that my friends is a rap, so until next week...

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# THE STORY OF WHEN PIRATEPIXIE WAS TAKEN HOSTAGE

**Adapted from the Pirate message board by Dantzig.**

The good ship Dannation was moored in a secluded cove in the North of the Mediterranean. Having celebrated till the early hours the night before, her motley crew now lay strewn across the deck snoring. As the sun rose over the diminutive harbour a gentle breeze rippled the water and the sounds of the village awaking drifted out across the bay. Church bells rang in the distance. In his cabin Captain Jim turned over in his bunk.

A smartly dressed gentleman was walking along the quayside. One hand held two black briefcases, the other a somewhat larger silver one handcuffed to his wrist. Coming level with the ship the man boarded the gangplank, and taking the utmost care not to disturb any of the sleepers disappeared below decks. A few minutes passed in silence, then the man reappeared, disembarked

quietly and continued up the dock and out of sight.

The next day, at 17.10 precisely a moderate explosion punched a hole through the hull of the ship, which gently began to list as water filled the hold.

First Mate bobsuruncleandurdad began bailing desperately, but to no avail. Attracted by the blast PiratePixie appeared on the dock. Having had previous

dealings with him she had recognised the offender as Trip, infamous member of the CTU. Seeing the desperate situation she quickly launched the longboat and herded the drunken crew aboard.

“Argh!! The rum, the beautiful rum!” She wailed. “What scurvy dog did this? Is everyone all right? Arrr! Why would Trip blow us up?”

A man known as Vladimir appeared, nonchalantly dusting himself off. “I'd just like to apologise for destroying your boat, it was so I could steal money from an oil company. This person was obviously Trip posting under another alias.

Now it all went to plan, and I'm stinking rich (to the tune of 3 trillion pounds), I'd like to buy you a new boat. Whatever you want, just tell me. Alcohol too. How much would you like? He reached into his jacket pocket and got out a chequebook and Lady Reblet's pen.

PiratePixie watched him hesitantly. “I'm not sure. I'm not sure how useful a cheque would be, I mean we are pirates; do we have bank accounts? We're much more at home with doubloons in chests.

“I'll just write you one out for a hundred million.” Trip continued. “Pay Pirates Wanted c/o Captain Jim One Hundred Million Pounds Sterling and No Pence Only” He signed it and handed it over. “Will that do you?”

“Sounds a fair amount, but how do we know it won't bounce?” Said PiratePixie.

Coming round from her drunken stupor Pillock the pirate butted in: “We do money up front matey. Checks be no good for us.” Having had her say he started to search for rum.

Trip raised an aristocratic eyebrow. “Are you really sure you won't make an exception for one hundred million? You do realise that'll keep you in rum and wenches forever?”

“Not if we don't have a bank account to cash it in.” PiratePixie pointed out.

Trip shrugged. “All right then, if you're sure.” He turned and threw the cheque into the water. “Ta-ta then.”

“Avast ye mean person! Why can't ye just give us the gold?” Said PiratePixie.

“Because the money's not exactly legit. And if I go anywhere near a bank that isn't Swiss I'll be executed by British Petroleum and Shell.”

“Yarrrrrrrr we want gold” Growled bobsuruncleandurdad.

Ignoring them Trip flipped open his phone. “Activate the briefcase.”

“Yarrrr if ye don't give us the gold ye'll be walkin the plank in no time.” Warned bobsuruncleandurdad.

“Can't we come to some sort of compromise?” PiratePixie pleaded. “Can't you use the money to buy us a boat and give us that instead? Or cannons, or rum, or even some food because we're a little short on that as well.

Trip looked at his watch. “It's a good thing the plank isn't there, you're going to save a plank out there somewhere.”

“Uh-oh.” Recognising the dangerous situation PiratePixie jumped onto the dock, ducked behind a nearby rock and covered her head.

Overhead a satellite came into position. A huge laser came out of the sky, burnt through the clouds and blew up the pirate longboat. The sea, heated to boiling point by the laser, flashed into steam, leaving the singed and dishevelled crew sitting on the sand.

As the echoes died away PiratePixie shouted from behind her rock “Can't we start discussing this again please?”

“Are you sure you don't want to OPEN a bank account?” Trip called back.

“Yarrrrrrrr, banks be no good to pirates.” Bobsuruncleandurdad complained, and walked off looking purposeful.

“Shame.” Trip muttered, and wandered off.

From behind her rock



PiratePixie shouted "Ahoy mates, can we have a temporary cease fire while we all put our cards on the table and find some sort of mutually beneficial compromise?"

As the sea rolled back into the cove the crew scrambled onto the dock, looking sheepish now they found themselves on dry land.

Pillock the pirate, having failed to find any rum, rounded on Trip. "Right YOU stop blowing our ships up, because quite frankly I'm gettin' rather confused. And this lack of rum be making the crew restless. So lets calm it down a bit. Get some money together, build a new boat, which we all like and love. We want no more of this ship blowing up nonsense."

Bobsuruncleandurdad reappeared looking pleased with himself. "Yarrrrrrr, I've just robbed us a new boat. She be mighty fine!"

Trip regarded the ship with surprise. "That was quick." He reached for his phone.

Luckily at that moment a new figure appeared on the scene. It was Lord Davey Dave VII, head of CTU, looking outraged. "Vladimir what are you doing? Blowing up terrorist ships makes us no better than them. You can commandeer it, but that's the limit! How many ships have you blown up? You'll end up in jail!"

"He's blown up two so far"

said bobsuruncleandurdad.

"I'm outraged Vladimir! You just cant go off 'freelancing' you know, if you're going to act in the name of CTU you have to at least mention that you're going to go off on a killing spree."

"But Trip hasn't actually killed anyone." PiratePixie interjected.

Lord Davey gasped. "Oh so it's Trip eh? Using an alias are you? I'm going to bring you to justice. Don't try to fight it! Hands out, I've got cuffs."

"What the..." Trip pulled out a pistol "Do you know how many people have been trying to bring me in? You don't think you'll do it all on your little lonesome do you?"

"Listen laddy-o, they've got nothing on me." Lord Davey grabbed the gun and took it apart with his bare hands. "What are you going to do now?"

Trip realised he was still on the phone to the satellite. "Launch the weapon again, please." He said, then shut the phone and grinned at everyone. "What are you going to do now? You're going to have to run, or we're all going to die. There's not enough time to arrest me."

Lord Davey smiled. "On the contrary. I see through your bluff.

"I'm not bluffing" Trip

warned. "The laser's going to hit us, not the boat. I'd hurry up and make a decision, quickly. Anyone!"

"I don't care" Lord Davey shouted. "I will bring you to justice!" He reached into his pocket and pulled out his handcuffs. "Now are we going to do this the easy way or the hard way? I've learned from CTU's mistakes. I can't be stopped. I will catch you, dead or alive!"

Looking up at the sky PiratePixie realised Trip was being serious. "Crap!" She muttered, and escaped to an Abandoned Warehouse in science and technology.

"Decision made, people." Trip shouted and also ran like hell towards the Abandoned Warehouse.

"The hard way it seems." Lord Davey muttered to himself, and followed them.

The crew watched them go. Thankfully, a few seconds later, the laser hit the next cove along.

Meanwhile, PiratePixie was hiding in the Abandoned Warehouse. It was dark and quiet. Somewhere a rat was gnawing through a crate. She listened for the blast from Trip's laser, but everything remained silent. Suddenly Trip burst in through the door, looking harassed. As he stood gasping for breath he spotted PiratePixie and glared at her.

"PiratePixie laughed nervously. "So, how long do we have before those agents are here trying to kill you?"

"Oh, not that long." Trip opened his phone and spoke into it: "It's going wrong. Activate Operation Third Leg" before smashing it up into little pieces with the butt of his gun.

"Sorry about that, didn't mean to get you found out." Said PiratePixie.

Trip pointed his gun at her. "You do know I'll have to take you hostage? This is all assuming they actually come of course." He waved the gun. "Been up to anything good lately? I could do with a laugh."

"Well, I've been following your exploits to try and find out enough for a story."

"Enough for a story? Why, you a journalist?" Trip cocked his gun.

The door banged back against the wall as Lord Davey strode in. "Well here we are again Trip. You disgust me. You once stood for all that is good in our proud nation, now you stand

for all that is twisted and sinister." He pulled out a pistol and aimed it at Trip. "Put the gun down, you're under arrest."

Trip laughed. "What are you going to do when you bring me in? Get me to tell you who I'm working for? I'll never talk! Now back off or the girl gets it!" He waved the gun at PiratePixie.

A silhouette appeared in the doorway, blocking out the light. "What's going on here?" Growled Captain Jim. "Are you the scurvy dog that has now twice blown up my ship?"

"Captain!" Shouted PiratePixie. "He's taken me hostage. Help me!"

Trip turned to the newcomer. "Yes, I am. And who might you be?"

"I'm Jim Silvers, captain of the Dannation. And that's my crewmember you're pointing a gun at. I'd drop it if I were you."

"And why would I do that?" Asked Trip. "How are you going to make me? Lord Davey has a gun, but are you really willing to risk your precious reporter to see

who can pull the trigger fastest? No mate. You move away from the door nice and easy and wait till my chopper arrives. Then perhaps you'll get her back."

Captain Jim grinned. "Well, since you put it that way, I think I'll take after your style matey and blow something up. At least then neither of us wins." He opened his jacket to reveal a lot of C4 strapped to his chest. What do you say to that eh?"

"Oh dear" Trip dropped the gun. "On second thoughts perhaps an interrogation room doesn't sound so bad."

"Ha ha! I've caught you!" Shouted Lord Davey. "I'm taking you in to CTU for interrogation!" He strode forward and clapped the handcuffs on Trip before leading him out of the warehouse.

"Captain Jim, you've saved me!" PiratePixie sagged with relief. "And look, this abandoned warehouse is full of rum! Grab as much as ye can carry!"

And so ended another pirate adventure.

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## ENTERTAINMENT

# QUESTIONS FROM AROUND THE THREAD

One of our citizens, "**The Curator of Lovely records - Master of the Motorized, Neon Milk Churn**", tackles some of your thorny queries:

## **How are you?**

Physically, I'm probably a little bit underweight. I should probably join a gym or something, but I've done that before at a signing-on cost of £100, and I only went twice.

That's £50 per visit and I didn't even get a complementary rub-down.

Mentally, I didn't think I was borderline insane until I read through these questions set by my fellow Citizens and now I'm almost fully confident that I'm possibly the most normal person in my land.

## **Why did the chicken cross the road?**

Luckily, I have a little known religious scripture that I found in my loft, it's a tablet of stone left behind by Moses (he did my loft insulation) that roughly translates as

"And God said unto the chicken, 'Thou Shalt cross thyne path' and the chicken crossed the road, and there was much rejoicing"

Reports that the chicken brought with it Bird Flu soon stopped the rejoicing and the people went back home, which is why the story never made the old testament.

## **Why does cheese disappear?**

What kind of person asks a question like this?

At least, that was my initial reaction, until I enlisted the help of Google to find an answer, and according to the Teddington Cheese Website, it's because of all those pesky French types.

## **What's your biggest fear?**

My biggest fear is stick Insects. It's a fairly long story, so I suggest you go to the toilet now.

I was 13, and I wanted a pet. I didn't have a great deal of money.

The only money I had, was earned from delivering the local free paper. I would be

paid in the region £5 for a round consisting of close to 300 houses.

Nearly definable as modern day slave labour, but it kept me in Batman trading cards and copies of Roy of the Rovers, so I was happy.

It was on this biodegradable information medium delivery marathon that I saw the pet shop advertising that they now stocked "exotic" animals.

I was intrigued, so I went in.

Mr Petshopman had decided that a freakishly proportioned snail and tiny, baby Stick Insects warranted the sign in the window. I was a bit disappointed, but then I saw the price tag of the Stick Insects. They were 30p each.

Well within the range of even my pittance wages.

I bought 5. £1.50. Bargain.

Including the plastic tank (about the size of a shoe box) the sign I saw in the window translated into a cost of about £7. I now owned "exotic pets" how cool did I feel?!

I arrived home halfway through my round (if any of you live in Gee Cross and were harbouring ill feelings because once, in 1992, you didn't get your free Advertiser, this isn't an apology - Pah!)

And showed my mum my latest purchase.

"Very nice. Wash your hands, tea's ready"

Much, much better reaction than the furore I was expecting.

Great I thought. First hurdle surpassed.

Next I had to actually learn how to care for my newly acquired family.

Not too dissimilar to the Kilshaws (youngsters - google them), I'd bought these babies without actually thinking I'd not the first clue about parenthood.

Through books, (and there are not that many), I learned that their main source of food is Privet hedge. (Not the two-coloured privet, the normal mono-tinted leaf variety - didn't want to leave myself open to hate mail from lamenting Stick Insect Orphans. Parents killed by the Great Bi-coloured leaf invasion of 2005)

Seemed odd to me, because correct me if I'm wrong, there aren't too many Privet

bushes in Borneo (I'm guessing that's where stick insects hail from? Probably wrong.)

I did however, accept the information as true, I was confident the publishers of the 'Big book of bugs' wouldn't be lying.

Off I set, into my village, scissors furiously hacking at Mrs Purcell's bush. ( I can hear the Innuendo Police at my door)

I was like Edward Scissorhands. Except without the artistic talent.

And so it continued for around a month.

A month is all the time these babies need to develop enough to get frisky.

Big book of bugs had not included this in their advice.

Within about one month and a day I had 5 evil, loathsome and abhorrent twigs. All 3 inches of them.

I now have a highly rational fear of them because they breed. A lot.

They also escape.

They escape and they breed. A lot.

oh, and they do this awful and spooky "wobble" thing. Like a rocking madman."

Oh my god do they breed?. Oh my god they've bred.

All of a sudden, I didn't have 5 insects. I had closer to 45. They were like the 5 evil leaders, producing an army capable of taking over any teenager's bedroom.

Then the invasion began.

The army mobilized.

The first fugitive I found, was only a few inches from the tank. The second, was on the floor, third was in my bed. At night.

I found them everywhere. I was beginning to get a bit panicky.

Basically, I had so many, I didn't know exactly how many there should be. Therefore, I didn't know how many had gone.

Every night was like a battle of wills.

Field Marshal Stick Vs Me. Stick won. Easily.

Then, when trying to count them one morning, I noticed that they do this incredibly spooky thing when you watch them. They wobble/rock/dance.

Sounds cute? Imagine Hannibal Lecter doing The Charleston.

Soon, they expanded 'operation kill all humans' to the whole house.

The undetected escapees, stick insect worlds equivalent of the SAS (Noticed that they're masters of disguise? that's no accident you know, i'm sure that if i'd left them, they would have evolved into "Slipper Insects - Wobbling Slippers etc...."), had found the time to breed outside of the confines of the tank.

They were in the hall. They were in the lounge. They were on the cat.

Enough was enough, and I had to get rid of them.

I placed an advert in Loot.

"Exotic pets. Free to a good home. In fact, free to a reasonable home. Free to a home."

The man who smugly collected them the following week was familiar. It was evil petshopman. My £1.50 had given him a good return.

I have recovered from my war experiences.

But I still think it's no coincidence that the container for these privet-chomping soldiers of fortune is called a "Tank".

### **What's that thing...?**

Are you taking the Proverbial? I share my inner-most fear and you half heartedly make me think I've got a bloody stick insect on me somewhere.

The people in my office just ran to get a wooden spoon for me to bite, thinking i was having a fit or something. not funny.

### **Who would win in a fight the Wombles or the Clangers?**

My first thought was that the clangers, being from outer space, would trounce the wombles no problem, but then I remembered how brilliantly camp the clangers were, and I think there'd be a ceasefire caused by the clangers going into a toilet on Wimbledon Common and making friends with like minded pink mice.

### **Which body parts can you type with?**

dvsvsfidsavfsdvdfsbdfsbdssbsdb  
hgufildwgliufdahlufduigsa

clearly not your face.

### **What's your claim to fame**

It was going to be I can type with my face, but i've just discovered I can't.

I had a drawing printed in Roy of the Rovers in 1991. I won £5.

### **Marmite - good or bad?**

Marmite is the devil. It is made from the scrapings off satans wellingtons and left to ferment in a vat of poo for 1000 years before being put into rubbishly shaped jars and sold to tourists.

Would you like to answer some questions for the GA? Let us know, contact us here:

[http://www.thega.org/ga\\_contact.html](http://www.thega.org/ga_contact.html)

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# NEW BANDS FOR A NEW COUNTRY

## **By Jitsu\_Ste**

During October I was lucky enough to go on what I called the "Third of the Mercury's Tour", I managed to see 4 of the 12 bands and artists who were nominated for the prize. All these bands I'd heard of and bought their albums and concert tickets long before the Mercury list came out although one had eluded me. Through a mixture of luck and a good contact I managed to get my name on the guest list of the Kaiser Chiefs rock n roll riot tour.

Well I turned up in Manchester parked near the Apollo and made my way to the performance. I walked with a bit of a swagger past

the touts saying "Cheap Tickets" I was thinking not as cheap as mine pal. So I got my tickets with the huge face value of 0.00 on them and entered the venue. Firstly the Apollo is what I think is a great gig venue. It's quite big and spacious has a balcony too and a few bars. The best thing is though is the fact that it's a good venue but it has that slightly grotty feel to it as if it is a regular venue for real music fans. It has the beer splashes on the walls from people playing pass the pint (through mid air usually) and the slightly sticky floor from the fact that the drinks are treaded around the place so that no cleaning crew with a week could

totally remove the residue. But mostly it has a great acoustic shape a great curve comes up from behind the stage to channel all the great sound to you the paying public or me the non-paying guest list member.

Well at last to the gig and if you didn't know the Kaisers had a great warm up band on too, one of my favourites the Newcastle lads Maximo Park. They came on to the stage and started off with the same, soaring start, track as their album starts with, Signal and Sign. A great track to start them off with. The drums that start off low and grow in to a louder beat where the

guitar, bass and keyboard also join in. If you haven't seen these guys live you won't know that Paul the singer is a bit crazy, he parts his hair like someone from the 1930s and likes to rush about the stage with his book of rhymes which he takes out to sing from occasionally. Lucas the Keyboard player is also doing a little mad dancing while he's not playing the boards mostly involving his hands. Well the guys put on a brilliant set and even laid down a live version of their latest single Apply Some Pressure. Every one had crowded towards the front of the venue to mosh and hear these guys, hopefully making them think to go out and buy their album if they hadn't already.

So after the Park boy's equipment was removed from the stage the roadies started to put up a big black curtain in front of the stage totally blocking the view. I thought what's this are they trying to stop cameras getting pictures of the guys had too many beers been flung at them the night before but all was to be revealed, literally. The lights went down the crowd started to cheer music started playing, lights were flashing behind the screen and the silhouettes of the band were seen. They stood posed just behind the sheer curtain and then it dropped in one of the most dramatic entrances I've seen at a gig. The guys went on to perform there great songs Everyday I Love You Less and Less

going down a storm in the beginning rising to a mad crowd roar when I Predict a Riot started. During this mad performance Peanut and Ricky worked up the audience running about the stage and Ricky even managed to leg it to the balcony to meet and greet and had the band play a really long intro to get him back to the stage with. The gig finished with a brilliant rendition of Oh My God where the whole crowd moshed making the floor move to the beat of the music.

The next band I saw was Bloc Party again in the Apollo but this time I was up in the balcony. The view was not obstructed and the atmosphere was still good but being down in the pits is always where the most fun is to me. They had a strange kind of warm up act, never before have I seen a ukulele accompanied by a double base and drums. The main event was kicked off with a load of lights under the drums and behind the band going off and them walking on and starting to play the great tracks such as Like Eating Glass, Helicopter and Banquet all performed with such energy that Matt the drummer had taken his shirt off at the end of the second track. It had been raining outside before the gig so I think the steam coming off the 2000+ people in the room was getting to him. Kele was belting out the lyric chatting to the crowd. They finished their set with the brilliant two more years and I walked out

off the gig buzzing with the music.

Now the last gig on my tour was in the Manchester Academy 2 the band were Hard-Fi a band that first recorded their mini album for about £500 most of that on rent and an old Computer after this sold out they were put to the top of a lot of record companies must sign list. Atlantic were chosen and they got down to making their full-length album. Well this is the band that I was most looking forward to seeing. It was the band I had found out about myself a chance buy of their 7" record of Tied up Too Tight had brought me too them and after hearing that I couldn't get enough. I got every track I could find and got my tickets for the gig as soon as I realised they were touring. Now the Manchester Academy 2 is a tiny venue with such a small stage the support acts were jostling for space with the Hard-Fi drum kit put up in the back. But as we all should be aware small gigs are the best it feels so much more intimate when you are one of about 500 people in a room seeing such a great band. They kicked off with Cash Machine and Middle Eastern Holiday going through the great Hard To Beat and Richard doing a brilliant acoustic version of Move on Now on his own which was amazing to see. They finished off with a great rendition of Living for The Weekend asking the crowd who had a crap job and just lived for the pubs and clubs and dedicating it

to them. At this point the whole crowd was jumping up and down like mad swaying to the music.

They are all new bands that really only raised their heads in the last year which is why I'm telling you about them, they are all like Lovely; new, energetic and full of promise. The gigs that bring people together who maybe would never have met or been in the same place other wise but did for

a common interest. Hopefully Lovely and these bands will flourish and stay about for a long time growing with popularity and support to be here in the future. Unfortunately there are bad things in Lovely as there are in gigs you have to put up with the Touts trying to sell you expensive tickets and after the dodgy t-shirts which wash out after a 3 turns in the machine, well Lovely has it's annoying people like these

gigs they come along in the forms of people who harass other and quite a few have a little saying at the end of every one of their posts. The thing is you don't not go to gigs because the Touts and people selling knock off T-shirts annoy you, you still go and enjoy the gigs and most importantly the music the same as in Lovely you should continue to visit, enjoy the company and most importantly the chat and banter.

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## THIS WEEK'S LOVELY FICTION: FRIENDS IGNITED

**By Giddsey**

Bobby was an enigmatic chap. He walked with the grace of a tiger in full flight. His clothes had a fashion all of their own, and you know he was one of these people who look like they shouldn't fit in, but actually do. Bobby was 21yrs old and still searching for his place on the world, and a new job had found Bobby ready and eager to go.

That night Maria was having a party. It was at the party that Bobby was to find his nemesis.

" hey Bob, how's the new job?"  
"Yeah good thanks, you alright?"

Steve was one of Bobby's best mates, bit off the rails but a nice geezer. Steve liked a smoke and a drink. He always looked like a scruffy bastard.

"So making plenty o cash then Bob?"  
"enough"

Steve sensed an uneasy tension, and quickly changed the subject.

"what about Utd at the weekend then, absolute crap weren't they?"

"Yeah rubbish, listen Steve can I talk to you?"

"of course Bobby, what's up mate?"

"Listen, I'm in trouble, well...er...er.....YOU'RE in trouble"

"shut up Bob what you on about?"

"You know my new job?"

"yeah what about it? You struggling to sell any of the properties?"

"Steve I'm not an estate agent."

"Ha! What do you call yourselves then? Property Management? Ha."

"No mate I joined the police force."

"f\*\*k off you idiot, don't wind me up. A copper, come off it Bobby, I know you're a bit weird but you aint a copper surely. I mean if you were, why would you be here, there more illegal class A's at this party than.....oh s\*\*t....."

"I'm sorry Steve"

The door came off it's hinges as 4 members of an undercover police squad all rushed the door. Carnage prevailed as Steve amongst others was bundled to the hard lino. Kicks and punches rained in on Bobby's mates head. Glasses crashed. Someone crashes into an oncoming car as they make a hasty getaway.

Women screamed.

Men screamed.

Bobby cried.

In all the police arrested 10 people, 5 got injured and 1, well 1 had a fight with a car.

Steve often reflects down the pub with his

mates. He now has a good job, car, girlfriend and mates he can trust.

Bobby has a big fat pension check coming when he retires, and now spends his time with his colleagues. He pretends he doesn't, but Bobby hates his life.

He misses Steve.

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## ADVERT

Looking for adventure? Singing, entertainment?? Then why not join Friendly Computer XP and Danny's Royal Green Jackets? This happy bunch of citizens are already lighting up the Security thread, as well as our hearts!!

Why not join them here:

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2293116?thread=1398213>

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### EDITOR'S COMMENTS

## THIS EDITIONS EDITORS COMMENTS

by **PiratePixie**

Hiya All

A PartiallyPickledPiratePixie here writing to you after just completing updating the website! I think this issue is fab, we have more and more citizens contributing articles, which is muchly appreciated!! You are all fab (the people who just read us and the people who contribute as well!)

Things have been pretty hectic in Lovely this week, as I'm sure you'll have

noticed. Roll with the punches that have been dealt to our little country this week. Keep smiling, keep posting on the "underground threads" and I'm sure it'll all be over soon!

I'd like to apologise to all the people who contributed to the article which I was going to write on the reasons behind why people have chosen the sign-in names that they did. Unfortunately we had a huge amount of stuff to include and my

article just didn't make the grade. I will definitely be ensuring it goes into a future edition of the paper as I will give it a huge rewrite!!

Until next time, stay Lovely!

Love ya lots, like jelly tots

Pixie

xx

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~ Next issue due out on Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> November 2005 ~