

FRACTIONALISATION

By PAsTA

It's been another period of anguish, raised hopes, confusion and ultimately frustration in the various disparate incarnations of Lovely. After the elections, there was a flurry of activity from Schaferlord (aka Loki) in an attempt to inject a bit of much-needed life and enthusiasm back into the flagging, doom-laden despondency that pervaded. It was a fun start to his reign, but sadly short-lived as the sparks dried and quiet returned again. Maybe people were confused about the new direction, which may have seemed a bit random and unclear, but aside from a few of the new Ministry Threads, it lapsed back to "business as usual" rather too quickly.

Perhaps in an effort to bump-start the smoking Trabant of Lovely, ID responded to Rev's pre-election Anti-Byluphism by announcing a takeover by the World-Dominating "nice" rump of Old Lovely, but the perceived aggression prompted a rather over-serious backlash from some of the generally anti-Dannyist LR forum regulars. Personal accusations and counter-allegations and counter-counter-counter allegations spewed out all over the place, leaving a rather smelly and welly-dissolving acrid fuming stench (stop me if I'm understating the point). Divisions widened like mathematical protein-chain cell-division fed with a high-fibre diet in a fast-food restaurant. I think you know what I'm talking about here. But eventually the wounded individuals on both sides calmed down, and ID and Schaf poured oil on stormy petrels. Calm was restored, agreements to differ sprouted roots in craggy outcrops. Like waves on a beach, the thunder rumbles of Lovely's lightning sparks crackle and spit each other out until spent, then regroup and mass once more unto the breach. All may be welcome, but not BY all, it seems. None may leave, but many do. Some return, for short or long, but all the loving, hugging, despising and vitriolic parts of this unique collection of humanity blaze on in search of something not yet found.

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CURRENT AFFAIRS

THE BANNING OF BYLUPH

By Rev

It seems like quite a few people have misunderstood the ban, or deliberately

misunderstood at any rate. So for those poor unfortunates I will explain it in more detail.

I banned Byluph just because the Byluph members were really getting on my nerves, not because they were trying to take over Lovely or anything like that. Writing dodgy Truth articles in the GA, whinging about a few of us calling Ray king, demanding we stop swearing on the LR forum despite the fact that they swear like navvies on their own forum. And of course the bitching on the Byluph forum about the rest of us, which has triggered a couple of arguments in the past. They'd try the patience of a saint.

So I figured they deserved a rebuke for their hypocritical behaviour, and since I was in the government at the time I thought I'd make it official and outlawed the group. At the last minute I decided to make the announcement a bit childish and jokey so they wouldn't be too offended and might actually get the message and take a look at their own behaviour for a change. Nobody was actually banned from the Lovely Reunited forum, or from Lovely in general, membership of the group itself was banned. It was just a government expression of disapproval at the antics of a few Lovely citizens. Sadly they didn't learn from this and managed to reach a whole new level of irritating behaviour.

How to startle your own country

The Nice Coup

By ID07

Sunday 26th August, a dozen Byluphians having cocktails and a picnic on Primrose Hill. All very pleasant and delightful, apart from the cheese-ragging hound. Don't worry about the cheese, we have several others. Maltesers in Baileys, Transformers cake, daft new idea, zillions of tiny bubbles, gibbous moon over London, gallons of vodka on ice, snacks galore - hang on a sec, what's that daft new idea? Ooh, that's given me an idea too. You know Byluph is supposed to be taking over? and you know we got outlawed for (among other things) trying to take over Lovely? and you know the Lovely Day Meet will be mostly Byluphians? Let's take over Lovely, but nicely - with Post-It notes. By the end of the day I was already calling it a "nice coup", I'd posed for a photo which would later have a Lovely flag photoshopped in, and got Ade to agree to put "Property of Byluph" on the Lovely Day badges he was making.

My first priority was to inform King Danny, obviously. I sent him a PM, and included a quote from the letter he took to Tony Blair:

"Please do get in touch if there are any legal ramifications to what I'm doing, or if you have any problems with it whatsoever. If you don't ring, I'll just assume everything's a-okay and proceed as planned."

Over the next few days things got prepared. The photo was made, the badges were made, the Byluph forum was changed to the colours of stilton (it's sort of yellow, plus it has Harpo's Parrot on it) and renamed Monster Island, in readiness for Schaf's winning the PM election.

Sunday 2nd September - Lovely Day. A few of us were armed with Post-It notes, and began labelling everything. The badges were great. The day was lovely, but more of that elsewhere in this issue. I left early, as I had a coup to

stage, and a Declaration Of Something Lovely to write for the GA (but with the paper's delay it became one of several items to go out of date, so it's not included after all). I added a few Lovely sections to the Byluph forum, plus the new photo, and renamed it "Lovely - Property Of Byluph" (LPOB) Then, because the new Prime Minister and several other Citizens had already learned of the takeover, and the GA was going to be delayed, I posted my Declaration on the LR forum and spent the next couple of hours discussing it with my regular sparring partner Toaster and others.

After that things were fairly quiet, the LR forum mostly ignored the coup, somebody made a nice banner, and there were comments of course, but nothing new. As Schaf's Funkadelic Minister I was able to make liaising between the two forums my official Government duty, and on LPOB I shortened the name "Funkadelic Office" to "Funk. Off." and introduced a series of rainbow coloured yinyang symbols as the official symbol of the Funk.Off.

Prime Minister Schaf didn't like it, at the Lovely Day Meet when I'd said Byluph was taking over Lovely he said "we'll have to do something about that". Three days later he posted this on my Declaration thread:

"Sorry for not being around to deal with this. I did get a memo saying that Byluph owned Lovely now, however it seems to have been destroyed whilst filed in my shoe (everything I filed in my shoe is now a mess, don't file stuff in shoes people, least not shoes you are wearing around London for the best part of 4 days) however you will be pleased to know that we actually don't have any property laws thus anyone can claim ownership over anything. The Byluphites are just exercising their rights, it is in your rights to ignore them and brutally attack them if they try to take something you lay claim to."

There was one particular detail that Schaf really wasn't happy about - I'd claimed in my declaration that LPOB would be the main Lovely forum, with LR being secondary. For my part, the reason I said this was that when one is staging a coup one is claiming power over all, it'd be no good to take over and then just be sat quietly huddled in an obscure corner. Schaf stopped posting on LPOB because he didn't want people thinking their new PM was taking the Byluphian side in the matter. On Monday 10th September I backed down on the main forum issue, apologised, and said that both forums are equal in Lovely, and that the main Lovely forum is the LS board. The nice coup was over.

This then led to the current state of things, where we have two separate Lovely forums, with just a few people posting on both of them. I have likened this to the image of a YinYang symbol, with two equal but opposite halves together making a whole, and each half containing a small part of the other. The two forums show two sides of Lovely Citizens, and each contains elements of the other. Balance

THE WEB\$EN\$E CAGE

By Loki

That's right! Another chance to cure yourself of insomnia by reading yet another Web\$en\$e-related article! Among all this talk of Lovely being

"reunited", there is one poor citizen, who cannot be named to protect her from the powers-that-be, who has been left out of this "reunification". This is because this citizen can only access the internet via her local library, which uses a strict blocking system, Web\$en\$, and monitors all activity on its computers. The lovely reunited site, which is supposed to have reunited us, is blocked by this filtering system. This citizen does know various ways of getting around the blocks, but cannot use them, since the librarians have caught her using these various ways around Web\$en\$ and told her that if they catch her using them again she will lose her internet access indefinitely and will be facing possible prosecution for hacking. That is why I am writing this article for her. After writing her article for the now disappeared Others Times, Web\$en\$, or the librarians, or both, found her article and read it as a signed confession by her that she had been "hacking" (if that's what you call using proxies, which the librarians do) around Web\$en\$. As a result, she lost her internet access for two weeks. I am obscuring the word Web\$en\$ to prevent Web\$en\$ from finding this article, since its computers pick certain words, including swearwords and Web\$en\$. Web\$en\$: even if you find this article, it is not incriminating evidence against her. For all you know, I could hold some grudge against her and could be framing her by writing this article as some sort of revenge. This citizen has very little freedom of expression. She wrote an email to her MP, which was intercepted. She then lost her internet access for a week. It was her own fault - if she'd read the internet access policy properly, she'd have known that she's not allowed to use the library computers for "political purposes". As a result, she had to quit the Wombles before the librarians realised that she'd been in it. It's a good thing that expression is freer in Lovely than it is in the UK... This citizen cannot access any Lovely-related message boards other than the broken LS boards, Beaugium and the Refugee camp, where she occasionally gets visitors, but is otherwise lonely. Of course, the elections which are coming up will be held on the Lovely Reunited boards, which she cannot access. So she has to vote by proxy by emailing Gaz. It won't be the most secret of ballots, but at least by allowing this citizen to vote by proxy, Lovely has demonstrated that its democracy is open, even to those who cannot visit Lovely's main forum. Even the publishing of this short article risks this citizen losing her internet access and facing possible prosecution. I hope you lot appreciate this. Still, it proves just how dedicated the GA and its writers are to getting the truth out, that this citizen is prepared to risk this in order for me to write an article that will vaguely interest a few people for a few moments. The GA is protecting freedom of expression, and is doing all it can to allow people to express themselves freely without fear of retribution. The fact that the Other Times also published a Web\$en\$-related article that was actually written by this citizen herself needn't be mentioned...

THE TRIAL OF DANNY WALLACE

By Rev

Lovely history was made on the 23rd of **August** when chief judge **Toaster** officially opened the trial of disputed **Lovely** king **Danny Wallace**. The preliminary hearing was an opportunity for the prosecutors to press formal charges against the accused. So far the state prosecution team of **Giddsey** and **Loki** have submitted the following charges –

Goat cat.

F/ One count of being bad, on occasion.

VII/ Being racist against cynical people.

8/ Shutting down the **Leafstorm** message boards.

9/ Supporting the out of date 'mullett haircut' that has embarrassed the nation for far too long now.

The lesser charge of "Ignoring his loyal citizens" was dropped following an objection by defence representative **Preston's Child**.

At this early stage the key to the trial appears to be whether the prosecution team can prove that -

1)

2)

There is also the question of whether the accused, Danny Wallace, will take to the stand and testify in his own defence.

Whatever happens, the Guardian Angel will follow this groundbreaking trial to it's doubtlessly controversial conclusion.

Byluph & LR Statistics

By ID07

So here we are, two forums of Citizens, so different and yet so similar. Time for a dose of those Tedious Stats, eh?

Both started well. Lovely Reunited had a third of its current 30,000 posts in the first two weeks, with each of the next thirds taking twice as long. Byluph was the same, totalling its first 7000 posts in 7 weeks before slowing down this year. That's normal, many forums do the same.

As for the people making those posts, some are on both forums. Of the Top 20 posters on LR, 7 are also among the Top 20 posters on the Byluph forum. After three months the Byluph forum was averaging 118 posts per day. That average has now dropped to 78 posts per day, although yesterday ten of us collectively made 122 posts, largely thanks to discussing the current forum changes.

In terms of the personalities, which more closely resembles the Lovely of old? Looking at the Top 20 posters again, only 4 of the Top 20 posters on the LS board are also in the Byluphian Top 20 (including PAsTA, who has left), while half of the LS Top 20 are also in the LR Top 20. Looking further back to the BBC forum's Top 20 posters, the numbers are more even - 7 names also appear on both the Byluph and LR forums.

Of course, the Top 20 posters doesn't fully represent any of these forums, but it almost does - the Top 20 posters have made 93% of all the posts on Byluph, and 86% of all the posts on Lovely Reunited. These figures are a sharp climb from the LS board's Top 20 posters having only 62% of all the posts.

In conclusion, numbers are boring aren't they.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Sealand up for Sale

From the NRC Handelsblad Tuesday 11 September 2007

By Jan Libbenga

Translated by the Editor

The self proclaimed principality of Sealand is up for sale for around 50 million pounds. The concrete navy platform off the coast of Harwich is just big enough to land a helicopter on, though visitors aren't welcomed. The 85 year old ruler, media shy Prince Roy of Sealand, announced earlier this year that he is looking for a buyer for his 540 square yard micronation. Roy Bates occupied the platform in 1967 to set up a pirate radio station there. At the time he owned Radio Essex, which was situated on another platform and received a hefty fine because it was inside British territorial waters. A successor to Radio Essex never materialised.

Bates did, however, immediately proclaim Sealand's independence, and started selling coins and passports. After a few incidents involving firearms potential hijackers on the coast, such as the British Royal Navy, wisely kept out of the way. Eventually Bates was summoned before a judge, who could do nothing as the platform was outside territorial waters.

Brief excitement followed in 1978, when the prime minister of the micronation, German Alexander G. Achenbach, appointed by Bates, staged a coup. "Bates never honoured his agreements, and Achenbach had had enough of that" says radio historian Hans Knot, who has written a book about Sealand. "During Roy's absence Achenbach took his son Michael hostage and claimed power." By a striking coincidence Dutchman Hans Lavoo had come into contact with colleagues of Achenbach's on Cyprus. "They needed people to defend the island" Lavoo says over the phone. We sailed to the platform on a fishing boat from Scheveningen, (Dutch seaside town, ed.) where I dropped off a colleague. Michael Bates came back with us, which was when I realised things had gone properly wrong."

Roy and Michael recaptured Sealand by landing a helicopter on the platform before daybreak, after which Achenbach hired one time freedom fighter and criminal Paul Wilking, aka Pistol Paul, to retake the platform for 300.000 guilders. Wilking went on reconnaissance in a small plane accompanied by hired muscle, but was immediately shot at.

Meanwhile Lavoo had returned to the island to pick up his colleague, who had unfortunately been taken hostage by Bates, who thought Lavoo was a henchman of Achenbach's. "They then locked me in the munitions cellars behind a steel door" says Lavoo, who briefly made the headlines. "It was pitch black and very frightening" After long negotiations he was eventually released. In 1979 businessman Robert Jan Doorn entertained vague plans about Sealand. His Phoenix Foundation had been looking for a place for an ultimate free state for a long time. In his newsletter Doorn wrote ecstatically about 'a new project so close to home', but eventually his focus drifted to the Outer Hebrides and the Azores.

In 2000 an internet free state was established on Sealand, a small company that intended to exploit websites which would be banned elsewhere. Even attorney-general De Wijkerslooth was worried about this.

In 2006 a fire destroyed large parts of Sealand, as a result of which Bates has now decided to put it up for sale. The Swedish pirate music site PirateBay briefly made plans to buy the platform, but Sealand authority Hans Knot already knows it will lead to nothing. "Bates is a fantasist", says Knot, who has met the Englishman several times. "He's been talking about casino's and radio stations on Sealand for years, but nothing ever comes of it. A factor in this is England's expansion of her territorial waters by twelve miles, which means Sealand is now subject to British law. And in any case, how could you possibly sell a platform that's property of the state?" Knot suspects that the British government won't claim the platform because of it's high maintenance costs. "Sealand is a large platform; there are lots of rooms in the two big concrete pillars. But its upkeep costs a fortune."

Visit the self proclaimed Principality of Sealand online at www.sealandgov.org

Buy an Island

Small islands are up for sale all over the world. The prices in Europe start at 100.000 euro and rise to several million. However, in places like Canada you can own a wooded island of about twelve acres for 21.000 euro. Accessible on foot at low tide.

Some interesting things you may want to take a look at

Links by ID07

<http://www.micromaps.org/forum/viewtopic.php?t=355&postdays=0&postorder=asc&start=0>

<http://cde.cerosmedia.com/1T46ee7aeb57a21012.cde/page/18>

OPINION

The "King's" Speech

By Ray

Hello everyone. As most of you may be aware I, Ray of the Rovers, have been recently declared king of Lovely. For those few of you that have only just found out, by reading that line, apologies for the huge shock it must have caused. You're not the only one to be shocked - imagine my surprise when logging in one Friday morning to see a picture of my ugly mug, with a crown on it, plastered across the Lovely Forum.

Now I'm still a bit embarrassed about things and that's one of the reasons it's taken so long for me to put my views across (that and my inherent laziness

when doing anything that requires any effort at all). I shouldn't have been too surprised at being made king though. Giddsey (bless his cotton socks) has been running a campaign for quite a while now, attempting to make me king. Now I'm sure he must have had a bad accident and whacked his head when he was younger, because I can't see why he wanted me as king. Even more bizarrely other people jumped onto the campaign and well the rest is history. Unfortunately given that royalty are apparently appointed by the gods themselves, this probably also makes Giddsey a deity.

Ok, you're thinking Danny is King, why have a couple of random people decided to set up a new one? Well I suppose you've noticed that King Danny has been absent from our fair country for quite a while. People seem to have wanted a visible figurehead, someone that's around a lot. I mean what's the point of abusing someone if they're not around to take it? So here I am to take all the flak. My appointment was basically done as a laugh - something to spice up our ailing country.

What else will you get from me, I hear you ask? Well basically whatever* you want! I am here as "the people's king". Though thankfully I can promise I won't be mentioned on every page, every day, in the Daily Mail (or the Truth), even long after I die.

At the end of the day I'm not here to replace the other specky fella. For those wishing for a new king, then I'll be willing to take up that post, for as long as people want me. For those that hate the thought of me as king, then that's fine by me as well. I'll just send Twist round to take you away and string you up in the Tower of Lovely. Seriously though, there's room for the both of us. I'm sure most of you won't really care much for me as king, in which case you probably won't see any difference anyway.

I'll probably set up a king's question time soon, so if you have any burning questions that need answering, either email this wonderful paper or post in the thread once its set up. Whatever colours you've nailed to the mast, its time for us to put our differences aside and join together to make this country great once again.

Long Live Lovely!

*disclaimer: I doubt I'll give you anything you want, you greedy gits. Unless you're hankering for disappointment of course.

Lovely, Ray's Kingdom

By HS

Recent events have highlighted the importance of having a monarch who is active and able to engage with his citizens. At a time of crisis, the people of Lovely do not need a king who is away on other business and has lost faith in his subjects, they need a king who can be called upon for reassurance and positivity. I'm afraid the argument "the Queen doesn't come around for tea every day, so why should Lovely's king?" simply doesn't wash and is redundant. Even Danny's most loyal supporters must feel some disappointment at the broad-brush view of Lovely citizens he expressed last November, the subsequent mysterious closure of the Leafstorm boards and his lack of any further involvement or enthusiasm for the continuation of the country.

I do not hold the view that Lovely Reunited contains childish tossers, trouble makers or the lowest common denominator. Those who do have this opinion are not only incorrect in their thinking but have expressed it in a very immature manner (some might say symptomatic of the very evil they are seeking to demonise us with). I happen to think that Lovely citizens are great. We have had our problems, but together, under King Ray, we will overcome them.

There remains, of course, a rather large division between Lovely Reunited and Byluph. This deep-rooted division has built up over a long period of time and cannot be bridged overnight despite the best intentions of both parties to open dialogue for those bearing grudges. All I would recommend to improve the situation is to continue to communicate with each other and compromise on one or two matters as need be.

As for the nice coup, Lovely is not the property of Byluph; it belongs to our great and fair monarch, the people's ruler, King Ray I.

My Lovely

By Twist

I think the divisions have gotten worse since this stupid coup thing! not that I was really aware that people on Byluph were still sour or felt they couldn't post here. at the end of the day they chose to 'leave'. I myself chose to leave at one time, admittedly not for long. I came back when this forum was made because I thought I should grow up and not let myself take certain things seriously or just to make a joke of them, and make the most of a new chance to start afresh with some people. now I'm not saying they're not lovely because they left here, they're probably more lovely than me when I don't consider myself to be a citizen or that this has any chance of being a real country. what I'm saying is that forum was Byluph and they left the lovely forums. when this forum tried to reinvent and refresh, the basic fact remained is that both sides have prejudices against the other and are as stubborn as the other. I don't know what point I'm trying to make, so I'll just trail off like this....

Those Childish Tossers...

By Giddsey

For at least 18 months I wouldn't have entertained the idea of meeting any of the internet weirdoes I had been chatting to on the Lovely message boards. I loved the anonymity of the whole forum and it took a long time for me to understand the nature of message boards, moderation etc. During this time I made 'friends' with some of the citizens that I met along the way. My football team Tagg FC introduced me to many of the 'childish tossers' I now chat regularly with. I saw on the boards that Lovely had a thriving 'meet culture' and although intrigued I had no interest in meeting people I had only been chatting to anonymously on the boards. Sure they knew my name and the town in which I lived but nothing else about me, and I liked it like that. It was still uncomfortable for me to think that any of these people I had been chatting too would ever become 'real friends' in the sense that I thought it was far too

weird to be meeting people from the internet. I mean you hear stories about it right? You know, the ones where people disappear after talking to a random stranger online who claims to be a 25 year old bloke with a passion for football only for them to turn out to be an axe wielding maniac only interested in how you bend over. My paranoia was no problem really as I never intended to meet any of you lot. I saw all the pictures of everyone having a good time and thought to myself, good for them, it's nice that you all care enough to meet up and salute the King and generally have a good time.

As time went on I got to know more and more citizens. Now I was being invited to these meets personally. The first couple of times I brushed it off, but slowly but surely it entered my thinking. 'What would it be like to meet up with some of these people?' I was intrigued but put off, by the thought of what my friends and more importantly my girlfriend would think. So I asked them. Friends, I said, what would you think if I told you I was going to meet some people that I had only ever talked to online? They said it was 'weird' and that I should be careful that I didn't get kidnapped and locked in someone's shed. My girlfriend, when asked, said "It's a bit weird isn't it, why would you want to meet these people and will there be any girls there? I'm not happy if you are telling me you are off to meet strange girls who you have been chatting to online". She was right in her opinions despite the fact that not all of you are weird, just some, and yes it is a strange thing for a partner to have to face when they know little of what you have been saying to random girls online. So anyway I shelved the idea of meeting anyone and made excuses why I couldn't make it. Truth was I now actually wanted to meet some of the citizens. I had known them online for a while and was pretty certain that they were not weirdoes but in fact normal people with all the hopes, fears and aspirations that many around the world have.

Anyhow, now that I had decided I would like to meet some of the citizens, I planned to go to a meet. I promised some I would go, but when it came to it I bottled it again. One was fear of the unknown and the other was fear of the girlfriend. Now labelled a 'let down' by those who I had promised to meet, I felt guilty. It was round about now that a couple of citizens had said to me they would be in Brighton on one of my days off. Now this was a perfect opportunity to meet the citizens I am closest too in my own town! Brilliant, if I wouldn't go to the meet, the meet would come to me! I agreed to meet up with three of the citizens in Brighton and then approached the subject with my girlfriend. I don't know what I expected but she wasn't happy. She was fine with the fact that I was meeting two lads, but the fact that a girl would be there freaked her out. My original plan was to ask her if she minded them staying at the flat, but I guessed this wasn't such a good idea. Anyhow, after she had calmed down, (expensive meal, flowers and great head), she said she was just being the jealous girlfriend and really she had no problem with me meeting 'three internet weirdoes'. I promised her I would introduce them to her so she could see for herself that this was all above board and I hadn't turned into some 'internet weirdo' myself.

The Brighton meet involved Lars and Citizen Love, two of my closest buddies from the boards, coming down to Brighton for a night and a day. I met them both in a pub in town. On my way to the pub it felt strange. I had chatted happily to these guys for over a year now and felt like I knew them. I entered

the pub met Lars and Love and got pissed. Yes it was strange, but only for about ten minutes. My hopes were confirmed that both of them seemed like really nice people and were not 'weird' or at least only as 'weird' as me. This was brilliant. We got pissed and chatted into the night. I planned to meet them the next day when Bovine had also planned to come down. As I walked home that night I wondered what all the fuss was about. True these guys were about fourteen years younger than me, but they were sound as you like. Then I started to feel guilty I hadn't invited them to stay at the flat. Still one step at a time eh.

The next day I met up with Lars, Love and Bovine on Brighton pier. I had wondered what Bovine was going to be like as Bo is the essential wind up merchant that all good message boards need. I think fairly often Bo will show his love for you on the boards by taking the piss. Just remember: if he does it's quite often because he likes you! I said 'quite often'; sometimes he really does think you are a twat. We spent the day drinking and chatting around Brighton. My girlfriend came out and met the guys as well and to be honest it turned out to be a good laugh. The guys were cool and pretty much exactly like they were on the boards.

When I said goodbye to them I thought to myself that I had been worrying over nothing and that my Lovely journey was finally complete.

Recently I met up with Lars, Bovine and King Ray at Wembley. Before the Brighton meet I wouldn't have considered this, but now I relished the idea. The fact that Lars had already paid for the tickets helped. I like the trust element of what he had done and Lars, thank you again. Now the thought of meeting new citizens, i.e. King Ray didn't fill me with paranoia. I met up with Bo then Lars and King Ray and we watched a thoroughly shit game of football in an amazing stadium. We crowned King Ray in front of 87,000 fans and the whole thing was a f**king good laugh. Thanks lads, it was funny even if the game was shit.

My message to you all is despite the country of 'Lovely' being in a state of flux* at the moment I have gained at least 4 more friends who I have now met, and for me that makes it worth it. Now Rev, Gaz, Marie, Stan, Schaf, ID, Bear et al, all I need to do is meet you lot! Lovely lives on, thanks to all the childish tossers out there.

Giddsey

*

Noun 1. state of flux - a state of uncertainty about what should be done (usually following some important event) preceding the establishment of a new direction of action; "the flux following the death of the king"

Dear Sir,

I believe your esteemed readers could well benefit from a number of helpful hints regarding the matter of removing objects stuck in trees (notably Sweet Chestnut trees and American Oaks). In my long and ambling lifetime of walks and adventures, I have garnered much knowledge in this very sadly neglected area. Here are a few of my DOs and DONTs on this topic...

DO

Identify the correct location of the Stuck object, prior to attempting removal.

DON'T

Circle the tree staring upwards, and promptly walk headlong in to another tree. This is considered very bad form.

DO

Choose a second object, suitably hefty and lacking in protuberances, with which to attempt to dislodge the first object.

DON'T

Fill a flimsy plastic container with liquid and use this. Spillages WILL occur. Inparticular, do not supply one's own amber liquids as ballast.

DO

Firmly tie a strong line to the removal object, and ensure the line is of sufficient length to reach your target.

DON'T

Attempt to fabricate some string from twigs, leaves, hair, or any other debris in the vicinity. Equally, don't attempt to dislodge your prize with an untethered weapon, as therein only sadness lays. You may find yourself short of several possessions by the time you give up.

DO

Take a good firm swing of your ammunition, and make sure you have a good aim at your intended point of impact.

DON'T

Flail wildly, striking your companions about their persons, and generally make a dangerous nuisance of oneself.

DO

Cheer wildly and applaud as you see your beloved toy/ball/hat/pet give in to the demands of gravity and fall to within your grasp.

DON'T

Jump the gun! Trees are notoriously sneaky creatures and may yet cause you heartbreak and anguish, clutching on to its ill-gotten gains and refusing to give them up without a fight!!

DO

Try elevating yourself by sitting on the shoulders of a medium sized giant (tall giants may leave you breathless, or even too high up to reach down to the tree).

DON'T

Try elevating yourself by sitting on the shoulders of someone of the same build, or smaller, than yourself. If you do choose to take this advice I know the number of a wonderful chiropractor.

DO

Try using a staff or stick if the object is within reach.

DON'T

Decimate and entire forest seeking out a pole with just the right length, weight, firmness, straightness, and general attributes desirable in such a tool.

DO

Congratulate yourself on a job well done once your desired outcome has been reached and the object finally removed from the dastardly tree. No matter how dark it is. Or how many hours you've been at it. A job well done is a job worth celebrating with a drink I say!

DON'T

Return the retrieved item in to the hands of any person wearing a brightly coloured shirt, and especially not to any young man with the hair of a girl. Woe betide anyone foolish enough to consider such a ruinous act...

I hope your readers find some purpose of their own in these musings of mine. Learn them well and use them wisely.

Yours Arboringly,

Colonel (Retd.) Oswald T. Disgusted, Onebridge Tells

CULTURE AND SOCIETY

THE LOVELY POWER LIST

SEPT 2008

1. **King Ray** – At last, a King who cares. The Loveliest man in the country.
2. **Nath Dantzig** – The only citizen in Lovely that all listen to and who listens to all.
3. **Schaf** – Prime Minister of Lovely.
4. **Bovinejumpsuit** – Evil genius who runs the Lovely Reunited forum.
5. **Bear** – Global Admin. Beware the bear!
6. **Revolutionary1** – Introduced many a political debate into Lovely. Should one day be Prime Minister.
7. **ID** – Runs his own 'Lovely' forum. The end of Lovely as we know it is nigh!
8. **Lars Dudley** – Prolific poster, Lovely's number one.
9. **Stan** – Lovely's funniest writer.
10. **King Danny Wallace** – Many still regard Danny as the only true King.

The Power List was produced in conjunction with The Other Times by Secret Squirrel. The Power List is open for anyone to write.

The Amellus Quadra at the Proms



By ID07

Many Citizens will have seen or at least heard about the appearance of a Lovely Flag at the Last Night Of The Proms. There are photos of the flag and its maker here: <http://chrismay.fotopic.net/c1080650.html> I sent some questions to its maker/waver, Chris. (he seems to have confused Citizens and Joinees at the beginning, but that's an easy mistake to make)

Hello Chris, would you like some tea and a biscuit?

Thank you, I've just made myself a cup.

How did you come to be a Citizen of Lovely?

I'm sorry to admit that I'm not an official citizen. I don't do random acts of kindness, but try to be generally kind all the time. I suppose I'm like those people who say they believe in God but don't go to church.

Was it through watching the TV series or by some other route?

I think I got to know about Danny via 'Are you Dave Gorman?' which I saw when it was first broadcast in a late-night slot on BBC2. Then my daughter got interested and told me about Danny's Eurovision song, 'Join Me' etc. I lived in Bow for six years and knew the former Bryant and May factory where Danny's flat is, and various other places mentioned in 'Join Me'. I guess this increased my interest. I watched some of HTSYOC when it was broadcast, so I knew about Lovely and the things associated with it, including its flag.

Did you ever post on the citizensrequired.com message board?

No.

Are you a solo Citizen or do you have Citizen friends?

I have no citizen friends. I did consider going to the event in Greenwich Park that was filmed for the series, but didn't in the end. Similarly, I've thought of going to a Join Me meet, but think I'd probably feel out of place - I'm rather older than the typical citizen and tend to be reserved.

Have you got the DVD?

No, but I'll look out for a good deal on eBay.

From reading your posts on the Danny Wallace forum, I see that you made your own Lovely flag in the summer of 2006. What prompted you to do this? Did you make it especially for waving at the Last Night Of The Proms (LNOTP) or was that an afterthought or bonus?

I've been going to Prom concerts for many years, in fact I performed in a Prom in the early seventies. But until last year I had not been to the Last Night. To explain why I wanted to go to LNOTP I have to go back to 1984 (the year, not the book). My wife is a big fan of Emu (Rod Hull's 'friend'). I thought it would be good to get her her own Emu for her birthday so I went to get one at Hamleys toy shop. The nearest thing I found was a fluffy parrot glove puppet named Polly on its label. We explained to people that Polly belonged to our son who was born that year, but in fact that was not the case. Despite her innocent appearance, Polly took on some of the characteristics of Emu, and has terrified and humiliated many of our friends over the years. She

also developed in interest in music and an ambition to perform. For many years she wanted to appear on television, but it was only last year that I made the effort to help her achieve this ambition by attending LNOTP. This worked really well, as you can see from the attached still from the BBC coverage of the 2006 LNOTP (available on YouTube).

After the broadcast of HTSYOC in early 2005 I assumed that the Lovely flag would appear at LNOTP that year - an obvious place to promote the micronation. However it didn't, so when I went to the Last Night in 2006 I thought I would do something about it. An additional reason for using the Lovely flag was that I was uncomfortable with waving the union jack, which unfortunately has various political associations, especially with the BNP and in Northern Ireland

Please describe for our readers the process of selecting the materials and actually making your flag.

I searched on the internet for somewhere to get a flag, and wondered about contacting Danny, but I finally decided to make one. I thought at first that kite material would be suitable and bought some on eBay. However it turned out to be too stiff and would make a rustling noise when waved. Then I realised that lining material would work well - it's light and strong and takes up little space (I can roll it up and store it inside Polly). I bought lengths in white, red, blue and purple, also on eBay. I printed out the PDF of the flag design and worked out how to scale it up to the size of the flag (about 105 x 140 cm). I cut out the coloured pieces and sewed them onto the white background using a machined zigzag stitch along the edges. I took the trouble of changing the sewing thread colour to match the pieces I was working on so that the stitching didn't show up. Luckily I'm familiar with the use of a sewing machine.) I then carefully cut away the white material behind the coloured sections so

that the design showed on both sides of the flag. I made a channel down the side to insert the flagpole for which I used a hiking stick. This can be telescoped down and is fairly light. I have to say that I was making all this up as I went along and didn't know how it would turn out. I was pleased with the result.

What did your friends think of it?

I think my family were impressed with the flag. I didn't say too much about it to my friends. I said what it was of course, but didn't go into it very deeply. I suspected they were beginning to think along the lines of 'one sandwich short of a picnic'. The main focus of the event for them was Polly, who they'd got used to and managed to accept (well some of them).

What else (apart from the LNOTP) have you done with your flag?

Nothing, I'm sorry to say. It's spent most of the year between appearances in the loft.

This year was your 2nd time waving the Lovely flag at the LNOTP, how many years have you been going?

See above. Polly, as well as the flag, got good TV coverage again this year. I'm waiting for someone to put excerpts up on YouTube, but if none appear I may be able to do so myself.

Will you be waving your flag there next year and in future years?

I don't know. At present I feel that two Last Nights is enough, but maybe I'll feel different in a year's time.

When you were there did you get anyone comment on or ask questions about your flag?

I was surprised that in 2006 no-one asked or commented. This year a German man asked me what it was. I'm not sure my explanation meant much to him.

Did anyone recognise it?

Not that I know of. I think the flag in motion doesn't show up as distinctly different from other well-known flags, for example the French flag.

Seeing your flag on TV the other night prompted one of our much-loved Citizens to feel a sense of national pride, and he's returned

to the fold after a long absence.

That's great.

Did you feel a sense of national pride or did you just feel daft?

I did feel strangely proud to be doing something for Lovely. It's hard to feel daft surrounded by thousands of other people waving all sorts of things.

Is there anything else you'd like to say to our readers?

Just best wishes and carry on the good work.

Chris

PM Assassinated

By Marie

We have heard reports of our PM apparently being assassinated and some one being implicated in this act so here goes with my report.

The last post saw by our PM goes like this :-

"scuse me, I've been compared to scrappy doo.

Thus I must do the honourable thing, prove myself otherwise, and commit hara-kiri. You will not see me around.

if you wish to know who to blame, ask michelle."

Well it didn't take long for someone to try and assume the PM's power in this case either. Luckily this person was thwarted in their attempts. And now they are trying to bring down Michelle aka Twist. Well here is the scoop: I won't let

them for 2 reasons

- 1, there is no body, that means no proof that the PM killed himself
- 2, ho hum I'll get back to you on that one.

Well anyways so she compared him to Scrappy "let me at 'em" Doo. It's not the worst thing that could happen is it? And how could Twist be held responsible for Mike's actions? Do we even have a law on such a thing here in Lovely? And now the PM has gone missing how will we find out?

Can an opinion really drive some one to take their own life? Especially someone like Mike who has a million opinions of his own and is not afraid to use them. (meant in a nice way Mike) And will also debate the right for anyone to freely express their opinion no matter what it is.

Well that's all I have for now will tell you more when I know it.

Deputy PM Kidnapped

By Marie

Now I know The Truth reported this story but they tried to tarnish our good DPM's name and I am here to report the alleged kidnapping how it happened, so here goes.

A ransom note fluttered down to the floor and some one was demanding ten million IOU's and the following events were very interesting indeed: some people immediately set on the case of finding Saz where as other suggestions were that it was ok because we had another PM and it was "no great loss".

In fact a certain member of the government who shall remain nameless couldn't wait to claim Saz's office for themselves and changed the name on the door within a day of her disappearance, got their feet well and truly under the table I'll tell you. Fortunately after this persons attempts to claim the office HM Bobness had Saz's bodyguards escort them from the building and shortly after Prestons Child entered the office after having sold his Harley for 9 1/2 million IOU's and gave it to the 'lets get Saz back' fund. Which left the problem of the last half a million to which the solution seemed to be to sell the flying filing cabinet that had cake in it (I will share my theory with you on said cabinet shortly).

Anyways the kidnapping case seems to go cold here and after no more attempts to raise the rest of the money to get Saz back she as if by magic re-appeared in Lovely one day. Now for my theory on the flying filing cabinet: are you ready for this? You may need to sit down. Oh you already are? Ok then here goes, contrary to the Truth's reports of Saz tanning herself on a sunny Carribean beach I can tell you she was infact hiding in the filing cabinet under files marked 'S'. Yep, that's right HIDING, why she would do this is beyond me but that's where she was mhhmmm *dusts hands looks smug*.

So with that case closed Saz is safe glad to have her back as I am sure we all are.

Thanks for reading see you all soon.

My name is Amber Prophet and I am a stilton addict

Phew. That was hard. They say that admitting that you have a problem is the first step on the road to solving it. It all started in about October when I was in the Montagu Pyke pub with several other Lovely Citizens.

(cue wobbly screen flashback effect)

We were having a discussion about our preferred late night, post-pub snack. Some people championed the noble kebab and others the dodgy street corner hot dog. No consensus was reached, until some bright spark mentioned the Cornish Pasty Shop. It may have been our semi-inebriated state, it may have been a sign from a higher being, but all decided that there was nothing better that we wanted than a hot freshly baked pasty. And what, you may ask, could be threatening or dangerous about a pasty?

We all made our way to the pasty shop that is near the end of Oxford Street and entered, laughing and joking. We surveyed the array of pasties on offer and it was then that my fate was sealed. They offered a Beef and Stilton Pasty. It called to me and I was unable to resist its siren song. As I tasted the sweet beefy stiltony goodness I knew that I had to come back and get more.

According to others, my behaviour post-pasty is decidedly stranger than normal (which for anyone who knows me is saying something) and it was soon decided that this behaviour was due to the stilton. I think I suggested that it might have been the alcohol, but that idea was thoroughly pooh-poohed – it was the stilton.

Since that fateful day I have been hooked, and only regular visits to the pasty shop and supplies from our Lovely Stilton dealer have kept me going. The people in the shop now recognise me and shout "Stilton!" joyfully when they see me approach. No seriously. Even the week I couldn't make the meet and everyone traipsed to the pasty shop and I was phoned and had to talk to the men in pasty shop. Again, seriously this happened. It was then that I realised that I had a problem.

Since then I have not consumed any stilton. The move in pub from the Montagu Pyke to the new one means that the pasty shop is further away, and maybe I will be able to keep this up. However at the moment as I sit in my office shaking from the withdrawal, I am not hopeful.

If YOU have been affected by stilton addiction or know someone who has, please email amber.prophet@yahoo.co.uk.

And remember everyone. Say NO to stilton.

Knowing You, Knowing Lovely

Two-way Interview with ID and Giddsey

"I'll ask one, then you.

It may take a while."

GDZ - *Have you given up on Lovely ever being reunited?*

ID - Yes.

But if you want a longer answer, a reunited Lovely (properly reunited, not just a couple of forums) would have to include contributions from King Danny, the Joinizens (a made up word, but you know who I mean) and Leafstorm, as well as a general growth in numbers beyond that (for example, more people like Curator returning, and regularly) I can't see it happening, not even if everyone on Blithe-fun-pffft and LR all agreed and worked at it.

I've said it many times before, but here it is once again: Lovely is far more than just message boards.

ID - *Gidds, do you realise your misspellings of "Byluph" are gradually getting closer to the correct spelling? (But with extra letters added on the end, of course)*

GDZ - I wasn't aware of that no, but I guess as time has gone on I see the word more and more.

GDZ - *Would you prefer it if the citizens who currently post on the two forums all posted on the same forum?*

ID - Yes, absolutely. But it won't happen unless it's the Leafstorm board reopening.

Back in April I tried to get the Byluphians to go and post on the Refugee Camp (because skatex1 was stuck there alone and wanted company) - apart from Saz they didn't bother. I was even given the "my friends are all here, why should I go somewhere else?" line.

If I can't get them to go there for that, then I can't get them to come here - and if I can't do it then who can? Even if I closed down Byluph, it doesn't mean the Byluphians would start posting here. I closed it on Monday, and they chatted on facebook instead.

ID - *Why is Ray King but there isn't a Lovely Pope, Pharaoh, Earth Goddess, Laughing Gnome, etc?*

GDZ - King Ray was made King to inject a bit of humour back into the place. It was a reaction to Wallace being seemingly uninterested. I still believe he shut the Leafstorm boards which was in fact my favourite lovely forum. There is no reason why we cannot have a Lovely Pope (Razerbug?), a Lovely Pharaoh

(Blunkett?), a lovely earth goddess (Saz?) and a lovely laughing gnome (Cog?). In fact I remember Lovely being full of made up titles at the beginning.

GDZ - *Why was the crowning of King Ray taken so seriously as to end up in the citizens involved being slagged off and taken the piss out of? And do they have no friends that are here?*

ID - The crowning of Ray was a nice fun video clip (Wembley, yes?) My concern about the King Ray thing was the same as my concern about the new flag - how far do you go before Lovely is entirely unrecognisable to an outsider? New anthems have been written, alternate names - instead of Lovely - have been around since the beginning, FWML being a prime example, and Brian being a more recent example. Brian was funny, and harked back to Colin (Gorum user's suggestion dating from May 2005). With a new everything, it might as well be a different country. And if it's a different country then just go and start another Country, like Sep did *waves at Sep if he ever reads this* As for Ray & you being slagged off or pisstook (if that's a word) I apologise for the childish tossers. Yes they probably do have friends here. I'm sure they're in regular contact via MSN, facebook etc

ID - *What am I missing by not bothering with the Sport section?*

GDZ - Nothing if you don't like sports. It's mainly footie chat, breaking news, fantasy football talking to other fans, that sort of thing. We would welcome anyone to come and post about sports. Recently there have been threads about the rugby world cup, formula 1 and wrestling.

The crowning of King Ray at Wembley was ace fun and captured the spirit of lovely for me, and apology accepted although it's not really you who needed to apologise.

GDZ - *Haven't there been other citizens proclaimed as King before? I think there has.*

Do you not think it was way too harsh to accuse Revolutionary1 of bullying? That was really harsh.

ID - I don't remember any previous Citizens being proclaimed King, apart from early on when there were a few self-proclaimed Kings - "I have captured Danny Wallace and I am the new King of this unnamed country", that sort of thing. About as minor as all those secret service chiefs - two days after the BBC started I counted 30 of those before giving up, probably my first ever Lovely stats.

We have to consider that some people are far more sensitive than others; some may have suffered mental bullying before coming to Lovely. We're not all "water-off-a-duck's-back" types, some people get extremely upset over things. I remember BJC almost left Lovely two years ago because of it, and was convinced to stay by the creation of the "We Love BJC" thread (it was the very first "we love..." thread and one of the few with a serious purpose rather than just a popularity thing). There have been long discussions of the bullying issues in the past. I'm sure there will be again.

If Carpy felt mentally bullied by Rev, then she was mentally bullied by Rev (that does not however mean he was actively doing so, in the same way that a rough football tackle can cause pain and injury without intending to.)

ID - *What are your favourite threads in the FAQ section and why? Actually what are your favourite threads ever?*

GDZ - Mental bullying and a physical challenge are nothing like each other. I know Rev will hate to be accused of this because it isn't true. I respect the fact that Carpy, (hello Carpy), feels that it was and I'm sorry she feels like that. My favourite threads in the FAQ are any new ones that get posted. FAQ would be much better if Chezzle was here.

My favourite threads ever include The Lars and Giddsey show, Tagg FC, All election threads ever, The GA, the Other times, Post a picture, Anything Stan writes, Bo's quips, Gaz's pissed up nonsense, 'wanna help build a school?', ID stats, any thread started by Cit Love and I miss Saz too.

GDZ - *Why do members of blyupththtythtythy feel the need to read what has been posted on Lovely Reunited and then talk about it on another forum. Why not just post here?*

You seem to have no problems here, nor pasta, now Wommie, what's different for you lot?

ID - No idea, you'll have to ask them. I think they should post here, but I'm not their mother.

I do ok here because I'm sarcastic when I get hassled about whatever. And I'm not here constantly, I'm also regularly posting on forums about music, Sci-Fi, etc. Lovely is probably about third on my online priorities these days. Wommie does other online stuff too, and PAsTA has Beaugium (don't know what else)

ID - *What do you think are the main differences between how Citizens interact on here and on facebook. How important to Lovely is the facebook side of things?*

GDZ - I don't know how citizens interact on facebook but I can guess some differences. For one, it is in a one on one message form, not threads. I also think that one forum for all citizens to post in keeps 'Lovely' based on the country it was supposed to be. Without just one forum, meets could be missed, citizens could miss each other by being elsewhere and the general spirit of 'Lovely' is dissected into cliques each acting out there own version of 'spirit'. The forum should be citizen moderated and should include input from everyone who wishes to post there. Citizens need to say what it is they do not like and do like, otherwise the moderators have an impossible task. Lovely Reunited was set up to do exactly that. All were invited to have some say in how the forum was run and still are. We could be a self governing country, all enjoying each others company and the ups and downs that it brings. Am I the only one who believes we are a 'Country'?

I'd like to take this opportunity to apologise to whoever I need to apologise to, for calling them a twat. I overreacted to what I was told by others and went way over the top as usual. I was totally unaware that anyone was looking at my posts or would even be interested in what I was spouting. I was just reacting to the fact that 'we' were being taken the piss out of for no reason. I know there are citizens on both forums who would like to be together on one; if I have put you off in any way I apologise and extend the hand of friendship. I may sound like a pissed up chav who has taken too much charlie, but this is

far from the truth. Please let's Reunite.

GDZ - *What do you think will happen to Lovely over the next six months? Do you ever see Danny Wallace taking an interest either here or on blyupytythytht? Is the end for Lovely nigh?*

ID - Facebook interaction isn't only on a one-to-one basis, there are a few group discussions, as you know since you are included. But those can be annoying for people who get included without wanting to be. You and I seem to be the only two Citizens who believe we are a country - we're certainly the only two I've seen to ask that "am I the only one?" question. If this is the case, and everyone else is just around for the shits and giggles and to chat with their friends, then yes I think the end for Lovely is nigh. The recent example of the Byluph forum shows that it doesn't have to be called Lovely for the people to chat there and have fun. If the Lovely Reunited forum changed its name to something else (insert joke name here) it would be the same, people would carry on chatting and being daft etc, the forum name doesn't have to be Lovely for that. And if it doesn't have to be Lovely, then the end is nigh for the country. Two of us won't be enough to maintain the country side of it. What remains of the Country aspect? I don't think anyone's sung the anthem this year - unless it was sung at Cheaster? There's the flag, but there isn't much flag-waving. International relations has stopped, the army and police forums have stopped, Radio Lovely has stopped, the return of the GA is great but unless we all pull our fingers out it won't last as long as it did the first time around. What about the Prime Minister? Schaf is just in it for the daftness, which is fun and ace but I can't see the UN letting us in with a daft Government, even if we fulfilled all their requirements. But it doesn't matter, because nobody cares except for me and you.

Over the next six months things will mostly remain as they are, the "yinyang" forum setup will become an established norm, a few people will leave, a few people will join or return, and we'll all descend into complacency unless something drastic happening such as TROD (The Return Of Danny) which I don't think is likely anytime soon. One day yes, certainly, but not soon. *waves at Danny, who'll read this one day but not soon*

I'd be happy if everyone was back on just one forum, but the harsh truth is that certain people just will not post on the same forum as certain other people (except maybe to rant at them, which doesn't help anything). As for missing Meets, that happens even on an individual forum. Byluphians aren't all invited to Byluphian Meets, including myself once. No one forum is the big "I AM", not even the BBC forum was that (not going to bore you with those stats again). Lovely was the people, *all* of the people. Lovely Reunited and the Byluph forum are just some people who watched a TV series two years ago and now just chat on forums which have no real focus.

I don't blame Saz.

Let's finish there, thanks Giddsey. Thanks everyone for reading our ramblings. Any other traditional arch-enemies loath to interview each other? WEG and Rev? Saz and HS? Ellie and Kieran? Please let me know, and I'll try and coerce the opposite party into it. (ed)

Lovely Day

By ID07

What a fine hamper it was, and not too heavy either. The indian snacks (samosas, pakora, bhajis) got slightly burned in the oven, but they were the second attempt - the first lot didn't leave the house. The pineapple & melon kebabs looked great, the prawn ditto too. The duck with hoisin sauce pittas were very tasty, but the curried chicken ones remained unopened. The penguin bars were hardly touched, oddly. The cakes didn't last long though. The cups and plates were well used, of course.

What fine tat it was, the fluorescent "Lovely" & "Danny's face" stickers were bold and simple, the "I went to Lovely Day and all I got was this lousy sticker" ones were a work of genius, and the fish ones were just odd. Colouring in the fish on the picture was fun, even though some ended up with no eyes (what do you call a fish with no eyes? - a fsh). The Lovely Day badges were terrific, as usual, and looked good alongside the ranks of previous badges - including a rare outing for some long forgotten ones from 2005 (10th London Meet, anyone?). The zoo animals were great, especially after two of them swapped heads and became denizens of Monster Island.

What a fine tree it was, huge and majestic looking, as only a large tree can. How it yearned to keep the errant throwing ring in its clutches for an hour or so, letting it drop six feet after multiple launches of a bottle of water, which eventually leaked to great effect, and then another six feet after a few close encounters with an acorn-filled bottle. It kept the Nerf for a while too, in fact at one point it had three thrown objects simultaneously in its branches. It defied all attempts at being climbed, and it eventually let the ring drop a third time, almost to within reaching-with-a-stick distance.

Oh, and some Citizens were there too

TECHNOLOGY

Techno Techno Techno

Our new technology column

By our new reporter Angel of Other

In Apple news, they are being taken to the cleaners again; this time by the feisty Taiwanese HTC (High Tech Computer) Corporation, over the iPhone & iPod touch's touch screen technology.

Whilst touch screen technology isn't anything new; the initial redesign of it for working on rapid use small scale applications such as smartphones & PDA's was started by Nintendo some years ago with the DS & DS-lite. Nintendo subsequently sold the research to HTC who streamlined it further.

HTC whose line up already include the T-Mobile MDA & the O2 XDA series of Smartphone, recently beat Microsoft into a bloody pulp over their stalling tactics with regards to the release of the new mobile Pocket PC OS.

A Court in Japan has judged in favour of HTC being able to claim compensation from Apple over their intellectual property and outright stolen and rebranded by Apple labs.

The iPhone which has already caused global controversy; with its exploding batteries and Apple only giving some initial customers money back due the release of the iPhone v1.1; has already fallen from grace with many of the technical fraternity (this writer included) for its rushed release and lack of promised features may fall further if HTC can provide suitable back-dated patents for the phone's touch screen technology.

The search for missing Billionaire Steve Fossett goes on & in an effort to speed up the search Google has been proved with high resolution photos of the Nevada deserts.

People who have access to the new Google earth can download the data link file and begin to search pre-assigned blocks of map thanks to the new Amazon Mechanical Turk Artificial AI engine*.

The Amazon Mechanical Turk is a platform where human knowledge can be utilised. Human beings are much more effective than computers at solving certain types of problem, locating specific objects in pictures, evaluating beauty, or accurately translating text. The Mechanical Turk is a way to tap into this aspect of humanity; people can request some information be found and a H.I.T. (Human Intelligence Task) can be setup for carrying out the task. Most tasks carry some small reward upon completion.

Although experts from all round the world are pouring over these satellite photos, it is believed that by having ordinary people around the world also look over these photos new evidence may come to light as to Mr.Fossett's location. This writer has taken several H.I.T.s and believes it to be a worthwhile way to spend half an hour or so of time.

In Gaming news the long awaited Supreme Commander soundtrack has finally been released online. Another fine piece of work by the Soule brothers Jeremy & Julian, whose repertoire of work includes the Guild Wars, Total Annihilation & Elder Scrolls soundtracks.

The brother's awards have mostly been for best orchestral and most innovative soundtracks, and are best known for their work done with the Northwest Sinfonia orchestra. However in recent years their work has mostly become synthetic and the Supreme Commander soundtrack is indicative of this.

Whether this move from real to electronic will affect their fan base remains to be seen, this writer is quite impressed with the quality of the soundtrack and thinks that if anything it may endear more fans to their work, people who liked the Battlestar Galactica and Ghost in the Shell will enjoy the Supreme Commander soundtrack.

And finally Stargate Atlantis season 4 will soon be returning to our screens. The fourth seasons of the hit sci-fi series will premier in the US on the 28th of this month. The season will open with the 2nd and 3rd parts of the cliffhanger from the end of season 3 when the city was under attack by human form replicators.

Whilst it is being air on the same night as the opening episodes of Battlestar Galactica Season 4 and the much sort after Heroes miniseries, Sci-Fi has promised that all 3 programs will be scheduled to air back to back; so we should expect to see all three up on the torrent networks within 24 hours.

Hang tight UK fans we shouldn't have to wait until January for Sky One to catch up with the Sci-Fi channel; or even pour more money into the coffers of the Murdock global domination machine, now if only we can find a way to liberate the Simpsons....

*

<http://www.mturk.com/mturk/preview?groupId=9TSZK4G35XEZJZG21T60&kw=Flash>

FICTION

This Issue's Short Fiction

By Rev

World renowned explorer and adventurer Trevor Faeces has agreed to give the ~~Other Times~~ Guardian Angel exclusive rights to publish extracts from his autobiography "Trevor Faeces: Man of Adventure". Trevor was most famous for his discovery of biblical pirate Noah's holy peg leg. In this extract Trevor talks about a strange encounter in darkest somewhere unspecific in Africa

CHAPTER 23: WILLY WANKO'S DWARF PENITENTIARY

Part 1

As I staggered through the jungle, it became clear to me I was being watched. I increased my pace. From behind me I heard the undergrowth rustle, and I caught a glimpse of movement from the corner of my eye. I screamed and started running like a girl, as this is the most efficient method of travelling through a jungle at high speed. I was told this by a wise old hermit, who claimed that women are natural jungle dwellers, whereas men are more at home in wide expansive plains. And it all seems to make sense, doesn't it? However my train of thought was cut short as the ground beneath my feet fell away and I plunged into a dark pit. As I slipped into unconsciousness I heard the faint sounds of giggling above me...

I awoke to find myself blindfolded and helpless. My hands and feet had been lashed to a pole and I was being carried through the jungle, though I estimated only a foot or so above the ground as I kept bumping into brushes and tree stumps. My captors remained silent aside from the odd grunt. I gibbered in terror.

After a while we stopped, and the blindfold was dragged abruptly from my head. I was temporarily blinded by the sunlight, but as my vision cleared I could see I was in a jungle clearing, at the centre of which was a colossal fortress. Massive walls rose high in the air, the windows blocked with iron bars. Towering towers towered up into the air, surmounted with giant searchlights. Ten foot tall barbed wire fences circled the building, with ominous shapes flapping on them in the distance. Here and there splashes of orange and purple paint had been daubed on the walls, perhaps in a futile attempt to lighten the oppressive atmosphere. I found myself dragged towards a pair of huge wooden gates, above which was a sign marked "Chokoolat Faktorie". The sign was underlined with a red squiggly paint line, but the meaning of this was lost on me. The gates shuddered open and I was thrown inside, landing in a muddy courtyard. I staggered to my feet (which were now untied) and saw a peculiar fellow standing in front of me. He was a short man, wearing a rather grimy purple suit and top hat, and under his hat, rank greasy yellowy hair hung to his shoulders. His nose was pointy and his eyes were terrible; he had the mad gaze of a man who's seen too much horror in the world to be entirely sane. He introduced himself.

"Hello, my name is Willy Wanko," he said. Wanko then shook my hand. I introduced myself in return, an automatic reaction despite my confusion.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm world renowned explorer and adventurer Trevor Faeces, most famous for my discovery of biblical pirate Noah's holy peg leg."

I then turned and beheld my captors for the first time. They were strange creatures, around three feet tall with bright orange skin. They wore white dungarees and strange green toupees on their ugly little heads. The weird little freaks glowered back at me.

"What manner of men are these?" I asked, in wonder.

"They're dwarfs, you fucking idiot," Wanko replied. "Criminally insane dwarfs. This is my Dwarf Penitentiary."

"Have you ever wondered, Mr Faeces, why you never see dwarfs in television dramas set in prison?"

We were in Wanko's office. It was a mess; his desk was crowded with prison files, unwashed dishes and dirty underpants. Clothes littered the room, and there was a blanket in the corner. He'd obviously been living out of this office for quite some time. I considered his question.

"Now you mention it, I can't recall ever seeing a dwarf in a prison drama," I replied.

"There are no dwarfs in Prison Break, or Porridge. The same applies to Hollywood films. There were no dwarfs in Green Mile or Escape From Alcatraz either."

"Perhaps dwarfs are naturally inclined to be law abiding," I suggested.

Wanko was taken aback by my suggestion. "No, they're right little bastards. Take the Wizard of Oz for instance. The film was renowned for the bad behaviour of the dwarf extras. Several cameramen "disappeared" during the making of it, and Judy Garland herself was gang banged by a mob of malevolent munchkins."

"Then what is the answer then, Wanko?"

"There are no dwarfs in prison on the telly, Trevor, because there are no dwarfs in prison in reality!" Wanko stared at me triumphantly.

"What the hell are you on about?" I was losing my patience with the loon.

"Every prison in the world is entirely devoid of dwarf inmates. The reason for this is simple, they were deemed too dangerous for a normal prison to cope with. What was needed was a high security prison, far away from civilisation, where criminal dwarfs could be safely rehabilitated. A huge facility where every crime committing dwarf in the world could be sent, governed by the foremost dwarf expert in the world." Wanko's eyes gleamed with misplaced pride. "This is it, Trevor, the culmination of my life's work! Willy Wanko's Dwarf Penitentiary! As approved by the UN." Wanko pointed to the UN Approval certificate mounted on the wall.

"Then something went wrong?"

"It wasn't my fault! Something happened, something unforeseen, something terrible, so terrible it drove all the dwarfs insane. Not just insane, but *insane in exactly the same way*. Which is pretty strange when you think about it. Something so terrible it caused a prison revolt, which in turn has led to me being imprisoned here. Something unspeakable."

"So unspeakable you won't tell me about it?"

"Nah, I'll tell you about it, naturally."

"Go on then."

"OK then I will." Wanko stared at me for a while. Then he started speaking again. "As part of the rehabilitation process we gave the inmates new names, proper dwarf names, like out of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Wanko said, looking thoughtful. "In theory this would make them more docile and easy to manage. Unfortunately one of the dwarfs took his new name to heart."

"What name was that?" I asked.

"Escapey the Dwarf. Naturally, he started escaping from the prison at regular intervals. In hindsight I probably should have chosen a different name. We'd always find him wandering in the jungle, totally lost. Except for the last time..."

I waited for Wanko to continue. He continued.

"Yes, his last escape was his most successful. He evaded capture for several weeks. I thought I'd seen the last of Escapey the Dwarf. But then, on one fateful day he returned. Escapey staggered up to the penitentiary gate, and collapsed. But he was different, horribly changed. His skin was bright orange. He'd been Tangoed."

"Oh my god!" I gasped in horror.

"Indeed." Wanko shared my horror. "The Tango Man had gotten Escapey. There wasn't much we could do for the poor dwarf. We carried him into the prison infirmary, where he lapsed into a coma - a persistent vegetative state - basically lying on his bed occasionally weeing himself. We just left him to it. I thought that was the end of the whole beastly affair, but the horror was just beginning..."

"Go on," I pressed Wanko to continue his story. Which he did.

"We caught glimpses of something moving in the background of the CCTV footage from the prison cameras, something orange and fat - The Tango Man had followed Escapey back here! All too soon other dwarfs were being Tangoed, at first lone dwarfs, but eventually groups of them. At one stage an entire exercise yard full of criminal dwarfs were simultaneously Tangoed. All of them slipped into comas. The UN placed us under quarantine, totally cut off from the rest of the world. We stacked the coma dwarfs on top of each other in the infirmary and waited. Then one day the random Tangoings ceased, as if the Tango Man had moved on. By this stage most of the dwarfs were bright orange and weeing themselves in the infirmary, certain to die. Luckily they were all criminals though so that didn't bother the authorities.

But then one night, one terrible fateful night, they all woke up. Every single Tangoed dwarf. But the Tangoing experience had driven them all irreversibly mad. They ran riot through the penitentiary, seizing control in a few bloodsoaked hours."

Wanko was interrupted by a commotion in the prison yard outside. We moved over to the window to have a look. The dwarfs outside seemed to be moving in formation. Then they burst into song -

Oompa Loompa, doompadee doo
We have a horrible fate in store for you
Oompa Loompa, doompadee dee
Forget about escape you'll never be free

What do you get when you enter our lair?
We're going to pluck out all of your hair.
Then we'll chop off both of your legs
How do you like them eggs?

I don't like the look of them

I don't like the look of them

I don't like the look of them

Oompa Loompa doompadee dong
If you are lucky you won't live long
Eventually we'll have your knob off too
Like the Oompa Loompa doompadee do

I turned away from the window, disturbed by what I'd seen and heard. "They're insane!" I cried out in horror.

"Yes, totally insane," Wanko agreed. They think they're running a chocolate factory." He opened a drawer in his desk, revealing dozens of chocolate bars in wrappers. They looked lumpy, and there was a strange smell. "They don't know anything about making chocolate though, so they use chocolate substitute. Their own shit. It is brown after all."

"That's pretty disgusting," I said, shaking my head in disgust at their disgusting doings on. Wanko started trembling and went pale.

"You don't understand, there's nothing else here to eat. There's nothing else to eat!" he cried out and started weeping hysterically.

TO BE CONTINUED...

By the Masked Author

Chapter 1: The Botched Report

Phil stared blankly at his laptop. It was 16:40 on a Friday, and he couldn't think about anything other than leaving the office for an alcohol-fuelled weekend. He didn't realise it at the time, but the document he was half-heartedly finishing was to change the world beyond recognition within 2 years. If he had known this, he might have been more careful about what he was writing. The document which he submitted to his superiors, and which would ultimately end up in the hands of the Prime Minister, went as follows:

The Surveillance of Suspected Terrorists

After examining all of the options available for the surveillance of suspected terrorists, I have concluded that the most effective way of observing suspecting terrorists' movements is

At this point, Phil paused. He had not yet decided which method of spying on suspected terrorists was the most effective. He had to chose between introducing compulsory identity cards, allowing terror suspects to be kept as long as the government required under house arrest without trial, implanting a tracking chip into all terror suspects, coincidently placing CCTV cameras outside the houses of terror suspects, or having the MI5 (the Security Service, a.k.a. the SS) surreptitiously hiding outside suspects homes and keeping an eye on them. He knew that every one of those options would be extremely controversial, making his decision even harder. With the report due in 5 minutes before the end of the working day, Phil now only had 15 minutes in

which to decide on a method, write a report explaining why this was the best method, and hand it in to his superiors. So he closed his eyes, blindly pointed at the list, randomly picking "implant a tracking chip into terror suspects", and continued the report;

via the implantation of a tracking chip into the suspects. This can be used to monitor their locations. This will provide us with information of any suspicious movements. The information on the location can also be used to send MI5 to monitor the suspected terrorists, and could help us to detain, disarm or disable the terror suspects if need be.

Phil looked back over the report. It was not nearly long enough to pass off as a whole day's work. Why did he have to skive off after the 10:30 break to go to the pub for a long lunch? And why did he have to get so drunk that he wasn't in a fit state to sneak back into his office unnoticed until 4 o'clock? It was all the fault of whoever had decided that his position was senior enough to warrant him having his very own office all to himself, making taking long lunches all the easier to get away with. There's only so much temptation a man can take! But he had to focus on the job in hand: the deadline was now less than 10 minutes away. What could he write to pad out the report?

The main drawback of this method is that it is particularly hard to hide the fact that we are "invading the privacy" of the terror suspects before they have had a trial. In order to mask this, we should make these chips have more than one purpose. They could, for example, also be used as proofs of identity – they could, with a simple scanning of the chip, which, with the right equipment, would take just minutes, if not seconds, be a passport, a birth certificate, a driving licence, a medical database and a criminal record all in one. All that is needed is for the right authorities to be issued with scanners, which would take little adapting from the scanners used to read the chips inserted into pets, which would be connected to a central database. The scanner reads the chip and requests information about the holder of that chip on the central database, and the person scanning the chip then receives information on the holder of the chip. This allows us to disguise the true intention of the chip as a means of monitoring suspected terrorists by telling the public that the suspects are "volunteers" to be guinea pigs of the new chipping system. If the "volunteers" object, they can be persuaded by the usual means.

It was common knowledge in the government that "the usual means" of persuasion never happened, especially not when talking to the media. When the media asked, the "usual means" was said to be bribery. But it was rarely bribery. Threats of deportation, or prosecution for past, "forgotten" offences, or both, were much more common means of persuasion.

In this way, tracking chips can be used to keep track of terror suspects, and will also, in effect, be giving them identity cards without causing the usual controversy.

It was nowhere near perfect, but, with only just enough time to run to his senior's office and hand it in by the deadline, it'd have to do. They couldn't have expected him to give them a proper report anyway; if they had, they wouldn't have given it to him to do on a Friday. Nobody works on a Friday – especially not the people who allocated him the report! After handing in the report, he left work a couple of minutes early, and went home, had a shower, a shave and a pot noodle, put on his casual clothes, met up with his mates,

and was beginning his usual weekend pub crawl by 7.

It was Monday morning, about 9:30, and Jean had just started glancing at the report from the tracking department that he had received the Friday before. She hadn't had time to grab her usual morning coffee, and was experiencing withdrawal symptoms. She'd have to examine dozens of reports from the various departments which she was in charge of before lunchtime, and would then have to send the approved ones to the Minister for Foreign Affairs's secretary, along with an apology for the delay in the completion of the rejected ones. She gave the tracking department's report a quick flick through. It seemed ok. Put tracking chips in terrorists. That seemed to be a fair enough idea. She placed it in the "approved" pile.

Mr. Satchy handed the reports to his boss, and then went back to sending personal emails. His boss, Ms. Relley, was close to reprimanding him for slacking, but had more important things to do. The report from the tracking department of the counter-terrorism unit of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs was of particular interest to her. It was cruel, cold, hard-hearted, devious, sly, cunning and pure evil – just the way she liked it! The thought of being able to know where terrorists were, and forcing them to carry all the required forms of identification on them at all times, and all without the controversy, seemed like a dream to her. No doubt it would also be of interest to the Prime Minister. If she'd had her way, all the decisions of this nature could be taken solely by her. She was, after all, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Surely she should be trusted enough to manage these things on her own? But she knew that if she tried to put this plan into practice without first consulting the Prime Minister, there would be severe repercussions. So she'd have to arrange to meet the Prime Minister when he was next available. It probably wouldn't be for a week or two, but no matter – all the more time for her to put together a persuasive presentation to push this idea.

It was the next week, the first Tuesday in June, 2059. Ms. Relley entered the formal yet cosy room which Henry Billing, the Prime Minister, used for meetings.

"So, what is it you have for me, Ms. Relley?" asked Billing.

"Well, erm ..." Ms. Relley took a few deep, calming breaths, and then continued, "Well, I have a report on the surveillance of terrorists which I think is a good idea, and would like to put it into practice. It involves placing a chip into terrorists, which can be used to track them, and can also be used to find information about all of them – sort of like all the forms of identity we'd ever need them to have, but all held in one little chip, which the terrorists will be carrying all of the time."

Billing took a long look at the report.

"Very well. Go ahead and put this plan into action. If it is a success, a pay rise will be in order, but the credit is mine. If it fails, then I had nothing to do with it whatsoever, and I will expect your letter of resignation as soon as the failure gets out into the public. You understand?"

Ms. Relley nodded knowingly. This was always the way with every plan which would be either a spectacular success or a spectacular failure. Everybody wanted the credit, but nobody wanted the blame. At least now she had something to be getting on with.

Horoscopes

Politician's Special

By Stan

Aries

There is sex and drugs for you this month. Despite the country being made aware of this through graphic pictures in the Daily Star, you choose not to resign.

Taurus

The water company that you are executive director for is found guilty of poisoning large portions of the North East. Thankfully, as your party don't have much chance of gaining seats in that part of the world, there is no need for you to resign.

Gemini

You have such an ineffectual month, that this columnist struggles of anything to write about you. Unsurprisingly, though, this does not require a resignation.

Cancer

After getting drunk at a party in Bethnal Green, you bed the wrong Cheeky Gal. Though forgiven by your one, the Daily Express journalist, who you were also bedding at the time, thinks that it would make a good news story. Splashed all over the newspapers, you retreat to the countryside with your wife and family. There is a further controversy later in the week when the tabloids realise that you do not have a wife or family. You appear on *Have I Got News For You*, where your mildly self-deprecating manner warms you to the viewing public. You have no need to resign.

Leo

You are found to have sold arms to various dictatorial regimes in Asia and Africa over a twenty year period from the mid-nineteen-seventies onwards. Particularly damning is a birthday card from Iraq that reads "thanks for all your kind donations, your ever loving servant, Saddam." Your excuse that it was "a long time ago" convinces party leaders that you need not hand in a formal resignation.

Virgo

In a natural disaster that many in the scientific community had been warning about for months, Streatham is destroyed by a falling meteorite, killing 1, 108. As the minister directly responsible for this, many people expect you to resign, though a statement from the government suggests that "whilst it is an unfortunate circumstance that the minister has been unable to orchestrate a mass evacuation, the information that we received from top scientific sources suggest that a disaster of this kind was unlikely in the extreme." You do not resign, though your entire research team are forced to.

Libra

This will be an enjoyable month for you. you park your gigantic arse down on the opposition benches and don't move it for the next three and a half weeks. Suggestions that you are actually dead in the broadsheet parliamentary round-

ups do not provoke you to hand in your resignation, however. There is filmed evidence of your PA walking in and handing you a Big Mac and recordings of the sounds of your snoring during debates on fishing quotas.

Scorpio

You are accused of smuggling nuns out of the country and into slave labour camps in North Africa. Initially you dismiss this as "tabloid prittle-prattle", saying that the photographs and written testimonies that have appeared in various newspapers is "sensationalist journalism at its worst." You do not resign.

Sagittarius

In a broadcast on BBC Parliament, you are overheard suggesting that your constituency, Faversham and Mid Kent, has become overrun with "niggers and cocksuckers." After "careful consideration" at Conservative Central Office, it is decided that you should not resign as "you have tapped into issues of great importance such as immigration and family values." Many of your constituents ring up TalkSport to give you their full support.

Capricorn

There is a minor indiscretion this month when you shoot dead the president of Kazakhstan. Fully backed by the Prime Minister who calls the move "a bold step for Britain and The British People," there is no need to resign, especially as it seems a popular step with the British voting public (a report in The Telegraph suggests that it has helped increase your lead in the opinion polls by 2%).

Aquarius

You appear on Newsround and attempt to get down with da kidz. You resign.

Pisces

You attend a drug-fuelled orgy. You decide not to resign despite it coming to a sticky end.

Anagram

By ID07

Can you identify these Citizens by rearranging the letters?

(answers not supplied, it's just a bit of fun)

ID's edgy

Toe star

Truncate bootlicker

Stops children

A jar empties

Zit violence

A nerd? No - Dolly!

Pop my gaze

Brr! Pop - meh.....Tea!

Forever a shorty

Tractor schlep

Weeks

Audible gizmos

I played

Spank a catkin

Belch wiry bee

Not macaw
Wommie knew - mop up!
Crimson hiss
Elderly bat
I try jig - Oh nuns!
Lean inn - give up?

The Ugly Country

Adapted by giddsey

There once was a Lovely Country
With forums all yellow and brown
And all of the other nations
Said Oi! Get out of town
Oi!, get out, Oi Oi! get out, Oi Oi! get out of town
So he went with a fark and a waddle and a minge
And necked a lager down

That poor little Lovely Country
Went wandering far and near
But in every place they said to his face
Oi! get out of here;
Oi! get out, Oi Oi! get out, Oi Oi! get out of here
And he went with a fark and a waddle and a minge
And a very unhappy tear

All through the wintertime he hid himself away
All through the wintertime, afraid of what others might say
All through the winter in his lonely clump of weeds
Till a flock of citizens spied him there and very soon agreed
You're a very fine country indeed!

A Country? Me a Country? Ah, go on!
And he said yes, you're a Country
Take a look at yourself in the lake and you'll see
And he looked, and he saw, and he said
I am a Country! Wheeeeeeee!

I'm not such an ugly Country
No fellows all stubby and brown (apart from Ray of course)
All of the other nations
Said, Click, the best in town, click, the best, click click the best
Click click, the best in town
Not a fark, not a minge, not a waddle or a twat
But a glide and a whistle and a snowy white back
And a head so noble and high

Say who's an ugly Country?
Not I!

Hans Christian giddsey

This is taken from the originally translated text of the story "The Ugly Duckling" by Hans Christian Andersen

"He now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it enabled him to enjoy so much better all the pleasure and happiness around him; for the great swans swam round the new-comer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden presently came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the water.

"See," cried the youngest, "there is a new one;" and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously, "There is another swan come; a new one has arrived." Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty." And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder-tree bent down its bows into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly duckling."

Hans Christian giddsey

PICTURE

If you will continue to send them in we will publish a funny picture here every issue. Only one per paper though, so make sure they're good.



By Gaz

SUDOKU

By Peachy

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

Solution 0012

EDITOR'S COMMENT

I know it all keeps changing around, I know it's always late and then when it's up it's a mess. That's because I'm doing the technical stuff, which I have no knowledge of, no aptitude for, and no software to deal with. I'm doing my best though, and as long as all the words are there it should be fine. Hope you can still enjoy the paper.

Nathalie

Official declaration concerning

King Ray

It has been suggested that the GA is no longer an objective paper representative of the whole of Lovely. The recognition of King Ray as reigning monarch in the continued absence of King Danny I has proved controversial. It is the opinion of some readers that the GA should not recognise Ray as king, or publish articles to that effect. However, much thought has been given to this matter and the following conclusions have been reached:

Ray is the official king of Lovely, as set out in Government edict 5 of last month. As such the GA, as national newspaper, is obliged to recognise him. All debate on this issue will be welcomed as a contribution to the opinions page.

The reasoning behind these decisions will now be explained.

Ray was appointed king by the then Deputy Prime Minister. This DPM was in turn appointed by the Prime Minister. The Prime minister was democratically elected by the citizens of Lovely in the February elections of 2007. The February elections were the third six-monthly elections in the history of Lovely. The institution of twice-yearly elections was recognised as official by King Danny I in the January of 2006. This means King Ray was appointed officially and democratically by a government representing the majority of Lovely citizens.

As a national newspaper the GA must recognise all official acts of government and monarchy. As the appointment of King Ray was official the paper is obliged to recognise it as such.

The GA is a paper 'by the people, for the people' and as such must represent not only the views of the majority but also significant opposing views held by the citizens of Lovely. All articles and opinions sent in to the GA will be published, provided they meet the publication's standards. This has always been and always will be GA policy. Open debate is welcomed, and no article will be excluded on the basis of the expressed opinion.

It must however be pointed out that in the absence of articles expressing alternative opinions to the ones already present in the publication, no balance of opinions can be reached within the publication. This is a regrettable, but in the circumstances inevitable state of affairs. The GA takes no responsibility for the range of articles it receives, as this is entirely at the mercy of reader's contributions. The GA is firmly committed to being an objective newspaper, and will be so as soon as circumstances make this possible.

The editor