

# Independence Day

## **By the Prime Minister**

Over the past two months the Lovely message boards, our main way of contacting each other, have become a cause of increasing frustration. Many citizens believe that myself and the government of Lovely have done little since being appointed, often being vocal in their criticism. However, recent government activity has been focused on establishing a new forum with greater citizen control, and lately Leafstorm have informed us that soon we will "no longer be hosted by the BBC". Leafstorm have promised to "create and host the new boards" and they have said they "would like to know what citizens think about the boards". In an attempt to establish exactly what everyone likes and dislikes, this thread has been set up: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=2827257>.

Although there will obviously be limits on practicalities over some issues, there are likely to be significant changes on the new forum, and everyone is encouraged to share their thoughts.

We, along with Leafstorm, hope that everything is completed over the next three weeks, with the term "Independence Day" being used a number of times. This should not only lead to a reliable forum, with considerable input from all citizens, but it will also be an opportunity to develop many of the good ideas that we have shared throughout our time on the BBC.

I, and I believe many others, have mostly enjoyed our nine months on the BBC, and I wish to extend my gratitude to them for providing us with a forum for all this time. However it is now time for us to move on and establish a home of our own where we can all influence its development and style, both during its creation and during our stay there.

These forums have been an integral part of Lovely, and I expect the new ones to be equally important. However, Lovely remains more than a forum, it is formed from great humour, great ideals, and great people.

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## CURRENT AFFAIRS

# MODERATION HOLOCAUST

## **By Rev1**

I got banned this week. Totally banned. Two of my accounts were totally deleted, the rest banned from posting on the Citizens Required message boards. I wasn't the only one either. How did this happen? When did the moderation get out of hand?

The turning point seemed to be the thread locking introduced a few weeks ago. The mods promised that this was to improve server performance, and only threads around 2000 or more posts long would be locked. As expected the mods broke their word and used the thread locking performance to bring in another level of censorship. Only a week after the

BBC statement had been released by the Lovely government, the mods had started locking threads at the 700 post mark. This stealth censorship continued, with many controversial threads such as the BBC Moderation Team thread and the Kurt Cobain suicide thread becoming victims of the mods. Anger was building amongst Lovely citizens, and many wondered just how extreme the mods' behaviour would get. However nobody could have predicted just how far the mods would go.

One of the main targets of the thread locking rampage had been counting threads, and Lovely citizens had taken to starting counting threads just to see how long they'd last. In a staggering overreaction, the mods started imposing pre-moderation on citizens taking part in these threads. As there is no email notification of pre-moderation, banning or outright deleting of accounts this initially led to some confusion. I was among the first to get punished in this way, along with Eacbie. Later victims included David Blunkett, Melky and even the Lovely Prime Minister, Pyschoticmike. Normally people under pre-moderation move to a duplicate account, but the mods started banning these accounts to force these citizens to use their pre-moderated accounts. In a further twist, Pyschoticmike's official account bearing the PM logo was banned because he posted too many messages while under pre-moderation. Refusing to accept pre-moderation, I moved to the Collective and the Archers message boards, where my accounts were free to post. The mods followed me there, locked any threads I started and in a final vindictive move, totally deleted 2 of my accounts. The BBC member names Revolutionary1 and Night\_Flier ceased to exist. My remaining account was banned from the Lovely boards. My attempt to join again with a new member name was discovered and banned after a mere 10 minutes.

The weekend has brought a reprieve to the shell shocked citizens of Lovely, with new accounts set up by banned citizens remaining undiscovered so far. However the beginning of next week will likely bring a new crackdown against us, with the mods seemingly on the warpath and determined to make sure banned citizens remain banned. At the last count the following citizens had been affected – Eacbie, Pasta, Curator, Pyschoticmike, Melky, Preston's Child, David Blunkett and myself. What will the mods do next week?

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## Counting Threads

### Lovely's Economic structure

*This is part of an article the GA ran on the 13th November 2005. In light of recent events I thought it could do with being brought to everyone's attention again. (ed)*

#### **By PiratePete**

As I am writing this article our nation Lovely is in crisis, I was and am still am going to write to you about a long term crisis threatening Lovely's very survival, but events may have brought this to us much closer in the future than I originally supposed.

As some of you may have seen I have kept a thread going in the Economy section keeping economic statistics concerning our great nation, and every time I update the latest Gross National Product I find that our growth is slowing down. The latest figures show that our growth has slowed down by 48% since my figures first came out 50 days ago, leading to the sad conclusion that our growth may slow down to almost zero within the next 50 days. (...)

A possibility to stimulate growth is to encourage the big businesses of Lovely that with a few exceptions are the counting threads. I know opinion about these threads is divided, but I feel that these threads are not spam but an organised way to produce IOUs in a way that is closest to business in other countries. If all the main posters in Lovely were to engage in these counting threads say 20 posts each per day, this would help immensely toward

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

Read the full article here: [http://thega.org/13\\_11\\_05print.pdf](http://thega.org/13_11_05print.pdf)

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## Messing about on the river

### By Razerbug

Citizens, rejoice, the 1st Fleet of Lovely set sail this day! Two warships (otherwise known as pedal boats) His Majesty's Ship: Lovely and the HMS: Happy set sail from a harbour in Hyde Park London on the Serpentine, bound for shores afar (well it certainly seemed like that).

Lead by Admirable Saz (yes a more Lovely rank we felt) and Captain Joezilla the two vessels shoved off at about 4pm. The HMS: Lovely crewed by Admirable Saz and two Sea men ID and Postmaster Razerbug. The HMS: Happy's crew manifest read Captain Jo (who had been drinking beer and wine all day as it was his birthday - what do you do with a drunken sailor?) McMo, Princess Cornish, & Lady H.



Although the HMS: Happy got away to a good maiden voyage, the HMS: Lovely suffered a setback when it became apparent engine two (ID's legs) were not driving the main propeller. With the Happy quickly making for shores afar, it fell to engine number one (the sea legs of a landlubber postie) to carry the Lovely through the waves (or the ripples of the lake).

With ID no longer in the a serving crewman - and with Admirable Saz doing her job with gusto (which was pointing and shouting) the millionaire popped his head out of the front of the noble vessel and became the maiden head (although the dragon on a Viking longboat might have been closer)

As the fleet rounded an island the cry of "invade" was heard, but as we drew closer we realised, it was populated by native ducks and moorhens and decided taking their home wouldn't be very lovely.

Sailing on we sighted a bridge worth investigating and so Captain Jo (the drunken sailor) and Admirable Saz directed the fleet to investigate. By this time the postie's sea legs

aboard the Lovely had given in and ID took up "manning the main sail".

Finally, with the bridge within reach it was claimed in the name of Lovely (a fact which was written on the bridge to prove it, although the rising water may wash this off)

The return voyage saw problems (well it was May Day) with the HMS Lovely adrift! Cramp in the feet worth a million IOUs had left it without an engine. Captain Jo had an answer; he would swap ships mid-lake! (We did say he was a drunken sailor) This idea quashed (mainly by his worried girlfriend) the Postie's wobbly sea legs were left to carry the Lovely to home shores.

Arriving home with the help of a tow from the Happy, The fleet arrived safely with all souls accounted for.

A noble first voyage for the Lovely Navy, and a fine day for messing about on the river.

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## Lovely Mafia

**By Babs**

TeeHee - Sorry, every time I see it it makes me laugh. Mafia? in Lovely?

Although I'm sure Don Soprano (what a name for a mafia-leader!?) means well, I don't think people like Kael would be very pleased if he found out. Kael, who hasn't appeared for a few weeks now (apart from a brief appearance to reinforce his position as one-man-Mafia, is the (self-proclaimed) Bad-Boy of our dear little nation. Many will remember his mass burglaries and murder. Gripping. On a lighter note, it appears the Lovely mafia have disbanded, and Don Soprano himself seems to have applied to CTU!? Kael, an ex-CTUite, now one of CTU's Arch-enemies will no doubt not be pleased when he finds out.

Not wanting to pay compliment to either Don or Kael, it must be said that they both are very keen and resourceful in their own fields of operation.

A final note though to both people:

Lovely is supposed to be that. Kael, you give us a giggle, but please. Don, leave the penguins alone and be lovely.

Woop! The Lovelyite Movement goes on!

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## NEW GA OFFICES

**By the editor**

Yesterday the GA back up offices, thought for a long time to be impervious to BBC systems quirks, succumbed to the mad modding.

So farewell to <http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2274465?thread=1430055>

Our much valued correspondent Babs stepped into the breach and set up yet further new offices here:

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F3591887?thread=2876158>

So please come staple the thread to your discussions list. The free press will remain free, even if it does mean mod-dodging.

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# The Briefing

By HM Bobness

## Bird Flu

Latest information shows that the H7 strain of Bird Flu has now been found on three Norfolk farms. The H7 strain is less of a threat to the human population than the deadly H5 strain and the Government has repeatedly called for calm. A first outbreak earlier this week at Witford Lodge resulted in the cull of some 35,000 poultry and extra Government restrictions on the movement on birds being put in place.

Officials suspected further premises may be infected and their fears have now been confirmed as two more farms are now under quarantine and some 15,300 birds are to be slaughtered. Restrictions in the area have been tightened and it is hoped the outbreak can be contained.

One worker was affected in this outbreak, the first human case for some years in Britain. However, his symptoms are mild and he, along with 40 of his friends and family as a precaution, is being treated with the anti viral drug Tamiflu.

For further information see <http://www.sky.com/skynews/article/0,,30000-13521461,00.html>

## Iran

The Iranian nuclear crisis has plunged deeper towards UN action this week. The UN's atomic watchdog has reported that Iran has failed to take measures to suspend its uranium enrichment programme, which takes the situation to a more serious level. The US and EU countries continue to accuse Iran of attempting to create nuclear weapons with their enriched uranium, as Iran denies this and claims its project is peaceful and fuel based.

Iran has made some compromise however by agreeing it may allow unannounced inspections of nuclear sites by the International Atomic Energy Authority, something it had stopped several months ago.

Military action against Iran is very unlikely but what we may well be seeing over the coming months is frantic negotiations between Iran and the UN's Security Council.

For further information see [http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/middle\\_east/4957282.stm](http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/middle_east/4957282.stm)

## UK Immigration Problem

Charles Clarke is still refusing to resign following details that over 1,000 dangerous offenders have been released into the community by the Home Office in the last seven years.

This weekend has seen raids across the UK by a 200 strong team of Police officers who are desperately trying to round up the offenders before a serious crime is committed. Of the 1,000 released, five have since been arrested for drugs and violence related offences whilst two have faced rape allegations. This weekends raids are expected to bring in 79 of the most violent and dangerous criminals to face deportation from the United Kingdom.

For further information see [http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/uk\\_politics/4958996.stm](http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/uk_politics/4958996.stm)

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# Micronations

There is one duty Lovely has, for some time now, been neglecting. We are the largest, most famous and biggest supported internet based Micronation in existence. Yet it is a rare sight for Lovelian to be spotted on Micronational websites.

A campaign was launched this week by members and ex members of J-DIC to bring Lovely and other Micronations closer together. We have an image throughout the Micras as being children and not taking things seriously enough as well as also being seen as sometimes big headed. There are some of us who are not happy with this image and have decided to try and do everything we can to change it.

We might not have a plan yet (as such) or even a name for our group, but we do know that what lies ahead could be exciting and new. Change in opinion is, of course, not going to happen over night as there are many older and more experienced Micronationalists to get our message through to and convince. Yet it is hoped that with some basic hearts and minds work Lovely can play some role in Micronations for years to come.

Military links with other Micronations have been open for some time and it is our wish to turn these Military links into ones of friendship and trade.

If you are interested in further establishing Lovely as a Micronation then please go to the CTU Lovely off site message boards (<http://ctulovely.uni.cc/>) and look under General Chat for more information. It will also soon be possible to find threads on the main boards about this, once our group has a name and a plan (both fairly important!)

Many thanks,  
J-DIC's as yet un-named Micronational relations project.

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## POLITICS

# Political Crisis

### By Schaferlord

A constitutional crisis may be upon us. The Prime Minister has been banned from his main account in Lovely for reasons currently unknown. This has understandably caused an outspilling of opinion ranging from "The Mods are stupid aren't they" to "Mike is a criminal he's no longer fit to lead us." It must be said that no one other than the possibly evil and deranged mod who pressed the ban button knows why the Prime Minister's account has been dealt with in such a way, and thus it might turn out that he deserves it and is in fact no longer worthy of leading us. But until that is clarified all those banned will be assumed innocent of any major wrongdoing.

With the account with the fancy PM sign out of action Mike's presence on the boards is somewhat diminished, meaning that the members of government's role is heightened to ensure government is felt to be ever present by the citizens. This has brought up more bad feeling due to the unelected nature of the majority of government members, though always the case that Mike would serve much of his term under such an arrangement bad feeling remains and there are calls for Mike, who was elected to serve 6 months, to stand down and have a new election in which more of the government is elected despite the fact that this would be a betrayal to those who voted for Mike to serve his full term. All in all the future seems very up in the air. The Prime Ministers position has been weakened thus has the whole governments, the mods are taking stick for doing such a thing, the government taking increased stick from its critics for not being as powerful at the moment. Unless Mike has all accounts banned and can never return to Lovely it seems likely that no major political upheaval will stem from recent events, but will the government be able to stay in

such a strong position after what has been sounded off against them due to the banning? That is what remains to be seen.

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## Sketch

**By Schaferlord**

Much outrage has been caused by the apparent banning of the Prime Minister. But should we care that Mike is banned? He is a rebel and a proud one. He was singing the rebel anthem at Cheaster his voice full of glee. Much like a young James Dean in his first feature length movie (although without the rugged good looks, sex appeal (though good on him for getting with three women) and aura of coolness) is a rebel without a cause. Sure he might say his cause is to work for the people of Lovely, but this is a man who spends his time knocking up two women who are not his fiancée who is being sold in an auction, a man who faces calls for impeachment and is being investigated for doing stuff by people all the time. Now he is banned from the boards for reasons no one knows, is it time to admit that we may have chosen an immoral degenerate for a prime minister? Current plans include setting up some tracks in Lovely so that he can go to the wrong side of them and partake in actions that would make mothers the world over baulk. Being banned will no doubt hinder his ability to law make, which means that maybe we will be lucky and get through his reign of terror power without him doing too many evil and bad things because he has nothing to loose and likes living fast and loose.

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*This article should have been printed last issue, but was completely overlooked. My sincere apologies. (ed)*

## The Lovely Republican Party

**By neoSephiroth**

On 2nd April 2006, one enthusiastic new citizen of Lovely set up a new and radical political party – the Lovely Republican Party. Its aim: to abolish the monarchy of Lovely and establish a republic.

Lovely is a thriving nation, growing, evolving, yet still held back from nationhood by the powers that be. It occurred to me that Lovely cannot move forward, or ever be taken seriously, if it remains a constitutional monarchy. I hereby call on the citizens of Lovely to see sense and call on King Danny I to alter the constitution and allow Lovely to become a democratic republic.

King Danny I of the Kingdom of Lovely shall be history – but President Danny of the Lovely Republic shall be the future!

Want to join the revolution? Go to  
<http://excoboard.com/exco/index.php?boardid=16330>

neoSephiroth, of the Lovely Republican Party

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OPINIONS PAGE

## Defiance in the Face Of Adversity!

**By PirateAsTheArtist**

As one of the “exiled” Lovelies, I feel I should at least state my position. I posted on a certain thread concerned with the demise of a well-known exponent of “grunge” the other

day; others posted messages which could be taken as defamatory to various persons. I included some of their posts in my responses and was subsequently moderated. In one, it could have been construed that I was defaming another Citizen, although in context this was clearly a joke, and in reality I did not use their full Citizen nickname anyway, so I was apparently moderated for defaming a non-existent person.

It was the following day that I discovered that my long-standing account was under pre-moderation. I was shocked and very upset, since I have only ever had about ten posts moderated, and only perhaps two of those could have been truly moderated justifiably. To enter pre-moderation on such a flimsy basis, and to receive no explanation was quite hard to fathom. So I started another account, but made the mistake of using my usual nickname. None of my posts was moderated. Then a few hours later I discovered that I could not post at all on my new account. Again, no explanation.

I am mystified as to what is going on with the BBC moderators. It seems to me that they are either very bored, someone has gone a bit weird, or the BBC has been hacked. Either way, with a number of other Citizens being also put under pre-moderation, having accounts closed and whole thread lists deleted, something very strange is afoot. I know that Saz has raised the issue with Leafstorm and they are looking into it, but it is doubtful anything will happen until Tuesday.

This is yet another crisis to befall Lovely, but we are bigger than this: we do not depend entirely on the functioning of a Message Board for our existence, our communications, our continuation to develop further. This crisis WILL end, and we shall yet again emerge stronger as a result.

We must not let this irritating and upsetting experience grind us down, we must fight on and carry on – the friendships forged here are strong enough to weather the storm.

© PirateAsTheArtist 29th April 2006

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## How lovely is Lovely?

**By Lady Marie**

Ok so I didn't have an article as such to write this time so thought I would write anything and this is all that came to mind and it probably won't make me popular but is how I am thinking and feeling about CR right now so here goes.

My first thing is the thread locking and at first I didn't agree with it in the sense that we had no warning, but I soon came round to the idea and figured if it stopped all the server error messages and slowness it could only be a good thing, that was until tonight (27th April) when every time I tried to post I kept getting "The following error occurred: An unknown error has occurred" which is very annoying at the best of times but hey ho we make do as best we can.

Mostly I think I am just feeling very disheartened with CR at the moment, things seem to have changed and I don't know how or why or even if it is just me, the only thing I can think of is this: Can we really create a country or internet community that only contains all the good parts of life? Surely at some point the real side of life sneaks in, whether it be arguments or moaning or just being plain old mean and nasty. It's all part of life, we either accept it and move on or don't and get stuck and possibly even bitter about it all I suppose. But it makes me wonder just how much of the real side of life is actually there on the boards. I know the meets are as real as you get and great friendships have been made through those and the boards and I think that is the best thing to come out of CR. It is the kind of stuff that will hopefully last a lifetime!

But it all kind of came to a head today for me. There I was posting away as normal chatting

with Rev when his account suddenly went into pre mod, so he used a second account and managed a couple of posts before that one got banned. He then used his third and last account and the same happened again; that one got banned as well. And I know a few people think he may have deserved this but I don't and if nothing else everyone should agree that he deserved some warning or an explanation at least. The thing that got me the most is that it all seems to be over counting threads. I may be wrong but that's the conclusion we have come to given the fact that it is not just Rev this has happened to. A few people have been put into pre moderation, and at least one other that I know of has had accounts banned. It seems like people are being pushed away from the site and not just by the moderators. It is sometimes very hard to see the meaning behind a post and what started out as a joke suddenly becomes an argument, or something said seriously is taken in jest, you can jump into an argument/debate believing to be sticking up for a friend to be told you are wrong, or not jump in and still be wrong. It takes less time for snide comments to be said and suddenly it all seems very real and true to life again, or maybe that's just my life.

I just want to know where all the fun has gone nowadays. We used to have soooo many role play threads it was hard to choose between them. None of them seem the same now we know they will be locked at 2000 posts. We used to make that many posts in one day on the pirates thread and the bar and grill!

Anyways enough of the negatives and hopefully this is just a down in the many ups and downs we have had in the past, and will no doubt have in the future. Maybe if we knew what the future held for Lovely, if we were told what plans if any were in place instead of just having them dropped on us at the last minute and us having to deal with whatever it is, it would give us something to aim and look forward to. And maybe these are the late night ramblings of a crazy person who can't sleep, so I will stop now and just say if you read this far sorry for boring you but thanks all the same.

Lady M

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## Letter to the editor

Dear Sir,

On a recent holiday from Lovely I found myself on a stroll through one of the prettier towns in England, and thereupon, stumbled across many occurrences of the same phenomenon. I was propelling myself along the walls surrounding the City of Chester, admiring the landmarks, and the wildlife, and was struck by the appearance of many, many stickers, all with the same cryptic message...

...Stilton

I found these stickers on walls, on bridges, on signposts, and most notably on the wonderful clock that acts as a centrepiece in the main shopping precinct of Chester. I found their placement slightly puzzling, and entered on a quest to locate as many as I could, in order to answer the conundrum of why there were there and what they were for. I also tried to taste as many of the stickers as was humanly possible, but am afraid to report that none of them produced the flavour of the King of all Cheese upon my palate.

By testing each sticker for firmness of attachment, and sensing that many of the stickers had been freshly applied, I was able to trace the path of this blight from the end of the route, near the town clock, to its source. I hereby state for the record that I now know the source of these stickers to be... The Cheese Shop, Northgate Street, Chester! (My web monkeys tell me that apparently this "link" will allow you to see a map of the location -

<http://snipurl.com/ptyg>)

I can find no other explanation other than the proprietors of this shop are advertising their wares through subliminal advertising, encouraging the residents and visitors to Chester to try the majestic taste of Stilton, and revel in its delights. I for one applaud this action, and encourage all citizens to look out for further cheese related advertising, and report sightings to your fine organ, The Guardian Angel.

Yours Cheesily,

**Colonel (Retd.) Oswald T. Disgusted of Onebridge Tells**

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***I received this email Wednesday the 26th. (ed)***

Hello I am very concerned with our prime minister, I was lead to believe that government members should have always respected the great nation that they are a vital part in. Well today I was shocked and stunned at what I saw in one of our PM's postings (now at this point I wish to express that I do not dislike the PM and I do chat to him on msn under a different alias) The posting I was concerned about was one of which expressing the dislike of our great nations name and telling other chatters that "sounds like we're a nation of furby owners" Now the stigma attached to a male having such a toy is usually related to homo-sexuality. The content can be found on <http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2307716?thread=1743314> along with other evidence of total disregard for Lovely.

As my email address states I am a Lovely freedom fighter and will fight for our country. I have free access to king Danny's account which grants me the power to edit postings. If this matter is not handled with a firm hand then I will gain access to the Prime Ministers account and ruin his career forever in Lovely.

Yours Sincerely

**The fighter in the shadows**

My credentials include

Radio Lovely hackings, King Danny Hackings.

If you do not believe me then please check the attachment to this document, showing my BBC entry software.

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## **Grumpy Git Colum**

**By one grumpy Meep**

Don't you just hate when you forget something important? It was your best friend's birthday and you've forgotten to get them a pressie and a card (crap that's a reminder). It truly pisses me off. As of now I am not the greatest friends with my memory. I would list all the things I have forgotten but I've forgotten them. Cod liver oil helps my ass. But I'll tell you one thing that I always forget – if there is something good on the telly, which is hardly ever because I don't have digital at all, I forget that. Then I go all grr arg like that daemon at the end of Buffy. I forgot the deadline of this article =S. Stupid memory.

That's another thing that makes me grumpy. Having no digital tv. I'm four years behind on the Simpsons watching all the repeats of it now on channel four \*sigh\* especially when I couldn't see the Simpsons with Ricky Gervais in it. I had all my friends discussing it whilst I was sat there just eating something to occupy myself.

Now the next bit I'm going to talk about really REALLY pisses me off. The little midgets at my school. They run around like crazy little umpa lumpas that they are – high on all the sugar they've eaten. But they are too tall to run through your legs so they can run through so that you can kick their butts as soon as they run through. And they're cocky little shits as well. This does have its moments. My friend in the year below who is massive compared to me got threatened by a little chav saying, "You starting on me?" whilst thinking he was acting all tough when clearly he wasn't. God I was in fits of laughter for ages. My friend picked him up by his collar and moved him to the opposite side of the corridor and left him there looking bemused. Another thing about the umpa lumpas at school is that many of the boys have longer hair than me and its naturally straight. How the hell are they able to have naturally straight hair the lucky shits? I have to spend about half an hour to get my hair perfectly straight in the morning when I could be doing last minute homework. It sucks greatly. \*wants naturally straight hair dammit\*

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## SHORT FICTION

**By HM Bobness**

Christmas Day 2003

London, England.

2am (ish)

Lana walked calmly across the concreted car park. It was lit only by dull halogen bulbs; if you stayed down there too long, you would probably fall to sleep. She pushed the thick blue fire door open, before walking through it slowly. She then arrived in a much more homely hallway.

Lana left the cold car park behind as the fire door creaked shut behind her and she made her way up the stair case before her. For three floors she climbed, it seemed never ending but she made this journey nearly every night. Its floors were carpeted in a deep red. Artificial lights lined the ceiling; potted plants dotted the landing she was arriving on. Lana was on the top floor of a luxury apartment block somewhere in the centre of London. She was having quite possibly the worst Christmas ever.

'Morning Max.' She whispered to the tabby white and ginger cat lying across her path. She knelt down to stroke him gently, tickling under his chin, before stepping over him. She walked towards a large red door. It was marked with the number fifteen and stood alone on the top floor of the small block of flats.

She slid her key into the door, turned it, pushed gently and walked into the flat.

'Craig! Craig! Are you in?' She shouted. No reply came. She noticed that a holdall and several black bin bags lined the hallway of the flat. She decided her boyfriend of seven months must be moving some more of his stuff in. Picking up the few letters scattered on her doormat, she examined them before ripping it all up – muttering to herself about junk mail and bills.

To her right was the flat's small kitchen. To her left, the bathroom and straight on was the master bedroom. Somewhere in between and to the right was the living room. Also off the hallway was the spare room, though it had become something of a dumping ground for all the stuff she hadn't yet unpacked.

She walked into the kitchen and switched the light on. She filled the kettle and turned it on, taking a mug from the cupboard and placing it on the side. This was the first time she had been home in two weeks.

Whilst she was waiting for the kettle to boil, she decided to see what was on TV and so walked out of the kitchen to the living room.

The dim light of a muted TV was all that illuminated the room. The CD rack stood half empty, the DVD shelf stripped nearly bare. Yet no intruders had been here.

In the corner of the room stood a tallish man with short locks of deep brown hair. He was wearing his coat and gripped a bunch of car keys tightly. On the small telephone table beside him, a silver door key was placed neatly. Lana gasped, shocked at his presence.

'Craig?' Lana asked inquisitively. 'What's going on? Why didn't you reply when I asked if anyone was in?'

'I've had it Lana. I can't take it anymore. I am fed up of all the secrecy, all the late nights, you never being here. I've found someone else. She makes me happy, happier than I've been for a long while.' He replied, calmly.

'You what?' Lana replied, a touch of anger in her voice.

'I am leaving you Lana. That's it, we are finished. You don't want to tell me anything, that's fine by me. But I can't stand it anymore. I am much better off with her, and I think we will both be better apart. Goodbye Lana.'

'Craig, WAIT! No! Please, don't leave me!' Lana broke down. The day had been too much. All she wanted was for him to sweep her into his arms, to cuddle her and tell her everything was going to be alright.

But instead, he turned and walked out of the room. 'The key is on the coffee table.' He mumbled, before shutting the flat door behind him.

Lana bent down and picked up the silver key, then flung it to the other side of the room, enraged. It was closely followed by the telephone, which smashed into pieces. A lamp and then an ornament followed before she slumped to the ground, sobbing. News reports flooded the television screen; it showed the store in Dublin and pictures of Jess. Lana side kicked the TV screen angrily, it shattered.

An hour later, she had stopped crying and managed to compose herself. She turned off the TV, fetched a dustpan and brush from the kitchen and began clearing up the pieces of ornament and telephone. She dumped them in the bin before tying a knot in the bag.

Then she carried it out on to the landing and down the staircase, out into the open. Lana lifted the lid on one of the huge bins outside and paced the bag inside it, before returning to her flat.

Then she took a long, hot shower, scrubbing and scrubbing, as if trying to wash away the day's events. Finally, half an hour later she stepped out onto the cool bathroom tiles and wrapped herself in a towel. After drying herself off, she put on an old white t-shirt and some pants before deciding to see what was on the radio, despite it being about 4am. It was at this point that Lana heard someone rattling the lock on her door. A person, or persons, was attempting to pick the lock.

Silently, she slid out onto the landing and opened the door to her cloakroom. With the flick of a switch, her flat was plunged into darkness - just how she liked it. She crouched stealthily by the side of the front door.

Within seconds, it was kicked violently open. Evidently, the lock picking had failed. Two attackers moved in past her, silently. Both were armed with PSM semi automatic pistols. Lana herself was unarmed.

She downed the first assailant with a well aimed kick to the back of his head. He was out of the equation completely. His accomplice spun round, only to meet with Lana's fist. She then kicked the weapon out of his hand expertly before kneeling him in the groin. He screamed in pain but quickly regained his senses. He charged at her oafishly and she knocked him down with just one punch, his nose cracked unhealthily. The attacker

slumped to the floor.

Then she heard the glass in her front room smash, closely followed by her bedroom window. Flashbangs lit up the flat. Lana quickly shielded her eyes from the glare. She was now crouched in the hallway, just around the corner from the kitchen. Lana picked up one of the downed men's PSMs, looked up at the loft hatch, left open by Craig, and had a crazy idea.

Two men were lying on the floor of the master bedroom, gathering themselves after diving in. The first, George stood up first. His PP90 Submachine Gun scanned the room for the female target they were hunting.

George was in his late thirties and had short black hair. His hobbies included bird watching and gardening, a little strange for an assassin, but he liked getting close to nature. He wore black leather gloves and a woollen hat. Missions like this were nothing new to him. Get in, take out the target, and get out. He would normally work alone, but knowing that this target may be a little more dangerous, he had brought a 4 man team with him.

His colleague, Dave, was now up and firmly at his side. They moved towards the door of the room. Glass littered the floor and the fumes of the Flashbangs hung thick in the air. As they walked, the glass crunched under their feet. Oh well, stealth entry wasn't needed anymore.

At the other end of the hallway, they could see two of their team mates lying flat out on the floor, a pool of blood around them 'Scumass, we'll get her for that one.' George said quietly to his sidekick. Dave nodded in response.

From the front room next to them emerged a third team member, that room was obviously clear. Only a guest bedroom, the bathroom and the kitchen were now left unchecked. George signalled to the third team member who moved down towards the kitchen, he and his sidekick took up positions either side of the guest bedroom door.

George pulled the pin on a flashbang as Dave positioned himself to kick the door down. His foot had just connected with it when a smash came from the kitchen, followed by a scream. George spun and raced for the kitchen. His sidekick followed close behind. Their friend was lying on the floor, unconscious and relieved of his PP90. A huge gaping hole had been created in the ceiling.

'Why the little...she's above us.' George exclaimed, spinning his weapon towards the roof and firing madly. Dave followed suit almost immediately. If they had been looking into the hallway and not at the ceiling, they would have noticed a female body swing down from the hatch in the hall. Two seconds and three bullets later, George lay dead on the kitchen floor. His accomplice turned and ran, Lana let him go.

Of the five men that had entered, one had run, one was fatally wounded and three were unconscious. She simply didn't have the strength to continue. Exhausted and emotionally wrecked, she dropped to the floor of the hall with a thud.

From the landing outside, she heard shots. These were followed immediately by the thump she knew to be a body dropping to the ground.

Two figures dressed in smart black suits entered her hallway, pistols drawn. Lana was now slumped on the floor, exhausted.

'Miss Thames?' One of the men asked, look directly at her. 'Are there anymore assailants capable of retaliation?'

'No, all unconscious or dead.' She replied simply.

'Miss Thames?' The second man asked.

'What?' She replied sharply, before looking up.

'Would you come with me please? I have someone who would like to talk to you.'

'Wh...who are you two?' She asked, weakly.

'I'm afraid I can't discuss that here, but I will be happy to tell you downstairs.' Lana nodded in response. One of the men helped her up gently and guided her over the unconscious assailants. He then took her down the stairs, out of the main doors and to a waiting jeep parked on the main, and open, car park downstairs. Just as they walked out, the first Police car was arriving on the scene, siren blazing.

A dark blue range rover was parked in the middle of the small outdoor car park, the police car screeched to a halt beside it and two officers got out.

The driver of the range rover exited his vehicle and exchanged brief words with the police officers. After this, they moved their car to block the car park gate and then proceeded to guide the rest of the now bemused residents to safety.

By now Lana was seated comfortably in the back of the range rover. In front of her sat the driver, who had returned from his discussion with the Police, and a smartly dressed passenger.

'Ah, Miss Thames. Just the person I was looking for.' The passenger in the front had turned in his seat and was now more or less facing her. It was at this point that Lana realised she was still dressed only in a t-shirt and pants. Realising her embarrassment, one of her rescuers handed her a blanket. She sat huddled in it as the smart man spoke.

'Miss Thames?' He asked.

'Yes.' She replied simply.

'I am Sergeant Ford, Ministry of Defence.' The man informed her.

'Right. Erm...can you tell me what the hell just happened to my apartment?'

'I'm afraid I can't M'am. I was on my way here we heard that police reports were coming in about gunfire at this block. I have instructions to deliver you to an unspecified location in Herefordshire.'

'What? But I haven't done anything wrong; I couldn't help what happened today.' Lana began to cry softly.

'Miss Thames.' The officer's voice came softly from the front seat. 'You are not in any trouble, are not going to be harmed in any way and are not under arrest. You have the choice to refuse my request to accompany me. Should you choose to do this, I will leave now and you will never hear from me or my unit again.'

'What is your unit?' Lana asked, coming slowly to her senses.

'All I can say M'am is that I am an MoD Officer working for Special Forces. If you accompany me, you may get to see Tiger again.' At this, Lana's head turned sharply towards him. She was now very much paying attention.

'Then let's go.' She said simply, asking no more questions.

'Very well M'am, as you request.' He replied unemotionally. He mumbled to the driver and the Jeep's engine started. They moved quickly out of the car park and onto open road.

When she arrived at her location about two hours later, she was handed over to a polite secretary, given some army fatigues and allowed to shower and change. It was only after this that she learnt exactly why she had been summoned to Ministry of Defence Estate Redhill.



# Cheaster Cheaster Cheaster Charity

**By (A Sickly) Saz**

So what can I tell you about Cheaster that others won't already have? Apart from the wonderful people, citizens who on first meeting become longstanding friends, having fun the entire weekend, relaxing and joking, the bunny ears, the glitter glue, the signed shirt, Mr Flibble, egg races, the big pants... ahh, what more can Cheaster give us? Well, there's FUND RAISING!

Yep, there was actually a reason behind all the madness – not just to meet citizens, although that was a big part of it too. Bear & Roving Ambassador laid on a great day of games, fun, and events – but also raising heaps of money for charity, a highlight of which was the auction where celebrity designed easter eggs were sold to the highest bidder. Designs from stars like (most of) the main cast of Red Dwarf, Sarah Cawood, Richard O'Brien, Leafstorm (the production company behind “How To Start Your Own Country”) and even King Danny himself, were all bid on, some more fiercely than others, with our pant'd friend Schaferlord trying to outwit with cunning bids only a few pence over others. My own personal highlight has to be the Lovely mittens! These woollen wonders (as seen on the original series of Citizen TV along with the loo-roll cover now owned by Ambassador Smith who won it as a consolation prize together with the chariot coaster set for loosing the million IOUs in a competition against ID) were meant to originally be auctioned off at the Christmas party, but they never made the trip, and ever since it's been a personal mission that they should be mine. Furious competitive bidding ensued and in the end, the mittens of wonder were in my possession and proudly worn for a lot of the weekend.

Other ways money was raised was from the sale of chilli made by our very own Bear, and a raffle with our professional ticket-seller Roving Ambassador enticing pennies from pockets. Mooseade also provided a heap of specially designed Lovely-Cheaster badges which were sold off, and I came prepared with arm fulls of bunny ears (sparkly in three colours AND some furry ones dontcha know) and fridge magnets and postcards, the latter soon found their way onto a black market and were sold at many times the original price! I'd be scolding the person involved with that right now if they hadn't used that money (and more) to buy out many fridge magnets which were then distributed on various metallic

surfaces in the hostel where a few of us stayed.

Apart from the actual money given to charity throughout the day, the generosity of citizens extended in many other ways, be it buying the odd pint for that name they spoke to only once or twice on the forum, or baking cookies and brownies and cakes to share with everyone. No-one left Cheaster without warm thoughts of what uniting people through Lovely could achieve.

A grand total of **£458.63p** was raised on that Saturday. From this, Ste (Bear) & Laura (Roving Ambassador) have decided to put the money towards a "Lovely Zoo", by buying animals and other items through Oxfam (and other charitable organisations) which will then be used to benefit villages in countries which are less well off. Originally this was meant to be some chickens and sheep (on the Easter theme), but in the end there was such a large amount raised that they were able to splash out a little more.

As yet, the amount raised will be used to purchase the following...

- Camel £95
- Donkey £50
- Calf £32
- 2 x goats £48
- 5% share of mango farm £80
- Flock of sheep £80
- 5 flocks of chickens £50
- A school desk & chair set £15
- Planting 25 trees £8

...and MORE! The final list will be published soon.

So a big THANK YOU to Ste & Laura for organising Cheaster, and to all those that turned up, and to Chester for putting up with us, and of course to everyone who donated some money during Cheaster, every single penny counts and will make a difference to peoples lives.



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Taken straight off the Cheaster website

<http://get-me.to/lovelycheaster>

(As if you didn't know)

# A HUGE THANK YOU TO ALL THOSE WHO CAME TO CHEASTER!

It is thanks to ALL of you that the event was as fantabulous as it was... but BIG HUGE SPECIAL THANKS to Bear & Roving Ambassador for doing all the hard work with setting up the event. Special thanks also goes to Jonni Shirtguy for the brilliant t-shirts, Ade for the badges, and to those who supplied cakes and goodies... Carpy, Cheryl & Mo.. and probably more... apologies if I missed you out!

Pictures can be found here:

- **Mooseade's pics** (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/mooseade/sets/72057594115871521/>)
- **Veer-Soon-For-Marmalade's pics** (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/74925553@N00/sets/72057594115882142/>)
- **Carpy's pics** ([http://spaces.msn.com/cuddly-carpy/photos/?\\_c02\\_owner=1](http://spaces.msn.com/cuddly-carpy/photos/?_c02_owner=1))
- **Wommie's pics** (<http://uk.pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/wombatrouserpress/album?.dir=/2a10re2&.src=ph&.tok=phCI6wEBfaAfsQ7N>)
- **Lady H's pics** (<http://uk.pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/cheryl.hayden@btopenworld.com/album?.dir=/3bfc9e2>)
- **Jonni Shirtguy's pics** (<http://spaces.msn.com/jonnishirtguy/photos/>)
- **Status Frustration's pics** (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/statusfrustration/sets/1789728/>)
- **Coolmin's pics** (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/22074186@N00/>)
- **McMo's pics** ([http://pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/mcfarlmo/album?.dir=b99cre2&.src=ph&.store=&.prodid=&.done=http%3a/pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/mcfarlmo/my\\_photos](http://pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/mcfarlmo/album?.dir=b99cre2&.src=ph&.store=&.prodid=&.done=http%3a/pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/mcfarlmo/my_photos))
- **Shaferlord's pics** [Schaferlord's pics](http://www.flickr.com/photos/45103695@N00/) (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/45103695@N00/>)
- **Saz's pics** ([http://uk.pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/citizens\\_required\\_london\\_meets/album?.dir=8177re2&.src=ph&.store=&.prodid=&.done=http%3a/uk.pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/citizens\\_required\\_london\\_meets/my\\_photos](http://uk.pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/citizens_required_london_meets/album?.dir=8177re2&.src=ph&.store=&.prodid=&.done=http%3a/uk.pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/citizens_required_london_meets/my_photos))

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## Chester



### By CoolMin

Chester is a town famous for many things. It's fascinating heritage, it's architecture, the amphitheatre, it's magnificent cathedral, the 2006 Lovely meet and it's wall to name but a few. The wall is amazing, bounding Chester since roman times, still standing strong and

proud after all this time, a wall which we enjoyed walking during our Lovely weekend.

Why's he going on about the wall you may well ask. He could be talking about the great fun, the excellent company, Bear's delicious chilli, the auction, the great sum raised for charity, the pleasure in seeing both friends previously met at the Lovely Christmas, and friends he's been longing to meet. So why the wall?

OK. The wall. The wall got me thinking about Lovely. We don't have walls obviously, we are a strange 'country'; we don't really have anything to put behind walls or to built walls out of, or indeed on. We don't even want walls in Lovely. Chester's wall was built to protect against invasion; to keep people out. That, I'm happy to say, is exactly the opposite of what our little country is all about. Like modern day Chester, Lovely is a welcoming place, always eager to extend a hand of friendship, a cup of tea and probably more hugs than you can handle. This cordiality was demonstrated nicely at Cheaster, and is obvious from the boards every day.

Another function of Chester's wall was that it kept people in, kept them together. No difficulty in drawing parallels here with Lovely. We are all kept together by our bonds of friendship just as surely as if there was a wall built around us. The beauty of Lovely is that our virtual wall knows no boundaries, either geographical, societal, religious etc etc. All are welcome, none want to leave.

What we have built together in Lovely, the friendships, the trust and the love are as real as Chester's great wall.

That wall has stood the test of time, so too will the friendships we have formed in Lovely, they are also built to last a lifetime.

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## Ch-Easter 06



### By Glom

This is my first article for the Guardian Angel so please excuse anything that is slightly off your usual read.

It was a great day Cheaster 2006; I woke up on the morning of April 22nd full of enthusiasm; I was at last going to meet the folks I chat to in the forums. Waking up, all I could think of was the event I had been waiting months for. Whilst entering the shower I was yelling the words to the national anthem at the top of my voice, to the dismay of my bewildered sister who was reluctant to be woken up at six in the morning to the sound of her big bro!

My mother and I left the house at 7:00am and went by the non-citizen who goes by the

name of Puggs. We were on the road with a 4 hour journey ahead of us, on the road from North Devon heading all the way up to Chester.

As we arrived it was a painless task navigating our way into the great city of Chester (Thank you to Bear for those instructions). After parking in the train station car park my mother left us to find our own way to Grosvenor Park. And now the worrying part of the day, the split second that was to potentially ruin my whole holiday, Me and Puggs stood in the centre of an unfamiliar green looking around for any sign of Citizen life. I double checked my sheet to look for my own error but alas I felt unaccepted by my Lovely clan. Puggs and I headed off in a depressed state to the other destination on our list, a place called "the back packers" so that we could make sure they were not just settling in. Much to our dismay upon arrival at the hostel we found nothing but a locked building with no sign of life inside, for the final time we traipsed back to the original meeting area at Grosvenor.

Thank god they arrived, we watched the rabble of Lovelies laughing and joking amongst themselves oblivious to the group of onlookers before them. (Now normally at this point in an article you'd expect to read about introductions and hellos but to be honest I can't remember them so I'll skip that bit!)

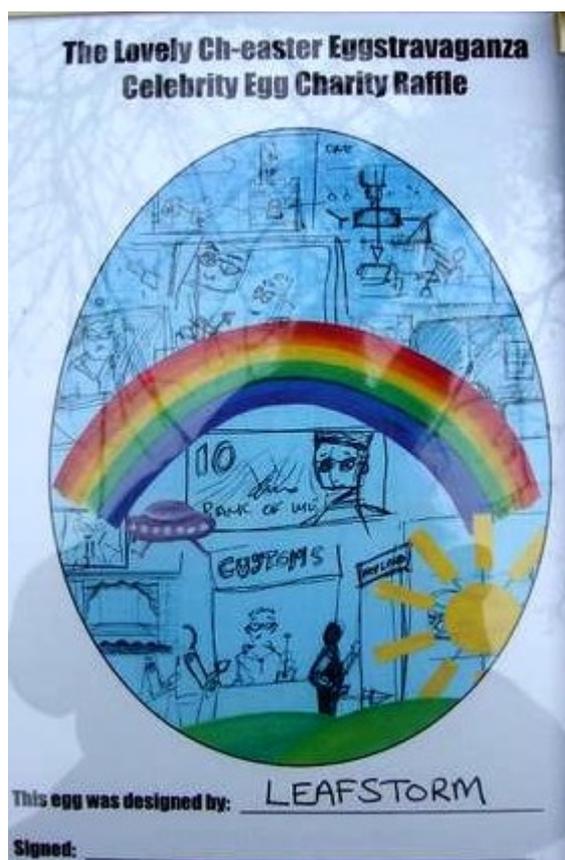
Now the activities were in full swing; we started off the day with a spot of space hopping on the green, naturally I lost the whole race due to the lack of space hoppers my generation rode. After the hopper festivities it was time to move on to the next event. Unfortunately we could not do this due to the random chav babies who decided to steal our marker cones along with the cheering of their not so Lovely parents, but instead of us just standing there and taking it we called upon the assistance of the mighty Schaferlord who boldly stood on cones that no chav would dare steal!

With the sports events called to a sudden halt we were sent off to the walled city of Chester armed with nothing but a list of things we were to do such as hugging random people, making bus drivers happy and egging police officers (<we had no idea what this one meant) In our Karma army-esque team was The MilkMan, Prestons child, Puggs and myself (Dan England, AKA Glom) although our team failed miserably in the quest to spread love across the city, we had a good time and to be honest that is all that matters.

We had our tasks on film and headed on to the third and final location of the day; the back garden of the Jazz Bar, a place you can hire out for birthdays and special occasions (in this case the meeting of one of the biggest little country's in world!) With the chilli cooking and the citizen's egg painting, the party was in full swing, whilst there I painted the Lovely flag on an egg, I saw ID's Cheque, I met a lot of nice people and I believe I made genuine friends.

Half way through the evening it was time to auction off some brilliant goodies signed by celebrities, in my opinion everything was great there and I bid for the one thing that truly caught my eye, the LEAFSTORM egg designed by the company that created "How to start your own Country" itself, although I was outbid by my so called 'friend' It now sits happily on my desk thanks to a very nice present from Puggs.

All in all it was a brilliant day and made me feel all



happy inside; my first taste of Lovely, away from the laptop. It was a great day and I hope I attend more meets. Thanks a lot Bear you rock.

By Glom (A.K.A. Dan England)

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## Murtle ventures outta London!!!!



### By Murtle

After years of avoiding ever leaving London, I finally succumbed to the force that was Saz and agreed to travel out of London for the Easter trip to Chester, known more to all as Cheaster!

The thought of leaving London frightened me but to know that I was going to be in a confined space with Saz, Amber and Razerbug with Mcmo behind the wheel sent shivers down my spine. After picking me up, Razerbug being the first passenger, directions to collect Saz and Amber went well with neither myself or Mcmo being able to tell the difference between left and right. Poor Razerbug.

Once all in the car and making good headway to Cheaster I settled in and didn't once hyperventilate - Yay! My mini pal Scotty-moo cow came along for the trip and much enjoyed the Mcmo driving game of "Let's swerve car for fun to scare the passengers", so decided to sit silently on Mcmo's right shoulder, then pounce and cause Mcmo to swerve almost into the back-end of a car in the left-hand lane - which to be fair, came from nowhere.

After a break at a service stop and meet-up with Mooseade and co which included the fastest Wimpy service ever (NOT!), we arrived at Cheaster a few hours late.

Getting settled into the hostel and claiming our bunks, we then went to the Jazz bar for the meet with mega Lovely chilli con carne. Fun was had with Bunny ears, big white cotton pants, glitter and marker pens... see other articles for stories or photos online by various Cheasterers!

The trip was egotistic with games, walks, socialising and drinkage. I'm glad I went and met new friends. Cheaster after two nights almost felt like home and I'm glad I left my little shell to go and would highly recommend a trip out with this lot again.

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### By ID06

Friday night at the London Meet in a pub in Whitehall, unbeknownst to myself Saz has hidden the TECCOD inside my mobile. Afterwards MooseAde and I head for Hotel Lovely (his home, thusly named due to several Citizens having stayed the night).

\*long tedious story deleted, but it took us three trains and a taxi to get to Ade's place\*

Saturday morning: We drive to Oxford, pick up psychmike, and drive northwest. Stop at a service station for a mini-meet with Mcmo, Saz, Razerbug, Amber Prophet and Murtle. We practice a bit of stilton-stickering, and I hide the QUOD (jumping on the TECCOD bandwagon) in Mcmo's bag. (Have you found it yet Mo?)

Arrive in Chester about 3pm and wander the streets looking for Lovely Citizens. I spot Ed Alleyne-Johnson busking. I thought he'd given that up since he started releasing CDs, hadn't seen him busking since about 1989. I tell the others who he is, and none of them have heard of him. We find the Cheasterers, and almost the first thing Richard The Stokey says to me is "did you see Ed Alleyne-Johnson?" (Later I hear from Cheery Wibble that she asked him if he is a celebrity, and posed for a photo with him)

Cheaster was of course fandabidozi! We missed the scavenger hunt and the races, but were in time for the very tasty chilli. I provided a dozen eggs for the painting and rolling of. One of that dozen was raw hehe. Floyd Flamingo watched over the uneaten jaffa cakes of many flavours. Preston's Child fondled my beard. I found the TECCOD in my phone (after a hint from Lady H) and hid it unimaginatively in Saz's open bag.

The flag was unfurled and proudly displayed upon a branch, the Crow was dressed in Cheaster T-shirt and bunny ears, and a crowd of Lovelies had a brilliant day.

On the Sunday I handed out stickers for stiltoning along the route of the Wombat Walkabout (I wish I could remember the words to that delightful variation on "Bread Of Heaven", all I can remember is the "Wombat lead us to the pub" part at the end). Milkman was the greatest Stiltonner in my opinion, for stickering the top of a lamp-post. Some of us formed the Lovely Morris Troupe, and got to wear the hats too. Pirate Pixie joined us for the Walkabout, but you wouldn't know it from the photographic evidence. Wait for the DVD, I think I made her appear on Bear's film.

A drinker's version of the Lovely Anthem was written late that night when only nine of us remained, but I'm not sure anyone can remember the exact words. Maybe Saz still has the hand-scrawled original....

As for the "other" version composed by the last two Citizens to depart Cheaster on the Monday, let's just draw a veil across that shall we?

Lastly but not leastly, it was a pleasure and a privilege to meet the editor of the Guardian Angel paper, not that I am a crawler at all.

*(that's enough of that, ed.)*

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## Pub + Citizens

### By Status Frustration

Why does Bob have two ears on this side?  
Does it smell of chocolate all the time?  
I never become between a woman and her giraffe!  
Citizen down!  
Everyone has a calculator on their phone...

Albion.  
Don't touch the precious things!  
Bunny rabbit!  
I've got a book that big.  
I've recruited loads of people.

16 pounds 50 for some fucking gloves!?  
Pictures of himself with prizes.  
You know in Labyrinth?  
You know when the guy opens up the...  
I left my babyblue.

You duck  
Suck that baby and make it blue.  
We had an intellectual conversation.  
HA!  
Responsible for warning her moustaches.

Floyd snorting cocaine?  
The actual goal itself was beautiful.  
The last inch.  
Bollocks to it!  
GIANT PARMA VIOLETS, GIANT PARMA VIOLETS!

You got a bit of a rap going on here.  
Has to iron it.  
Cheese rocks.  
Does it say 'stilton' on that jacket?  
Can you just write flap fever?

The bearded clan.  
These are virgin gloves?  
I preferred you when you were shouting 'MINGE!'.  
Mr Hissyfit!  
No! Wait! Camera on!

Except to scratch your arse.  
New door?  
He doesn't do it in clothing.  
YMCA  
Was a beauty.

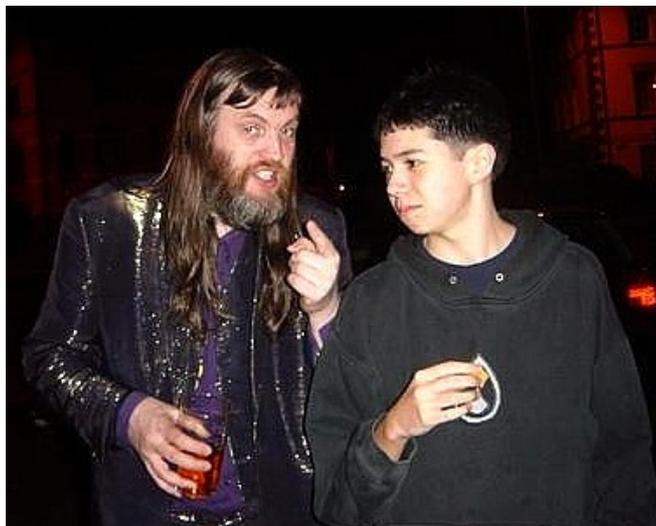
You gonna post all this?  
Seems unlikely, he's bald.  
Do we have a purple?  
They are nipples!  
Magic Carpet Mitten

No one to tell us where to go.  
Who's the big crack?  
Is that sheepskin?  
My mum's version.  
Noodly appendage.

I have been touched.  
It's brilliant.  
You know any Linear B?  
I would prefer not to talk in Linear B  
You unleashed that joke on the world...  
MITTEN!

Look beyond the mitten and see the symbolism.  
It's not right.  
I could talk in Greek.  
A house alarm deters most.....nuns!  
NUNS! NUNS! NUNS!

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# Ears, Pants, and rather a lot of alcohol Make Ray a legend!

**By Lady H**

Chester Rocked it is Official! And one person made it stand out more than most for me. If you have never properly spoken to him Ray of the Rovers is a genuinely nice decent all round good guy. He threw himself into Chester and all it's antics with every bit of his body.

Ray's day started quite normally with a few drinks in the pub pre Chester... that is until I appeared and the games began. After much cajoling and whining on my part he took centre stage in the space hopper race and won!!! (Without cheating) Then on to the scavenger hunt. After a very very very long group discussion we decided to go to the pub to start our mission. After a couple of drinks we decided actually we should do something and started to take pictures. Ray as ever pushed himself fully into the roll and we got some great shots of him standing by a TV?????

Then back to the new meeting place (whilst making a stop in a very famous shop where I was to make the best £1 purchase I have ever made). Back at Rufus Court Ray got into the drinking and unfortunately this is where his downfall began. After drinking some pints (I'm really not sure how many) the fun began. I honestly don't know where it all began with the sticking stuff on Ray, I do however remember giving him the PANTS OF DOOM and it not taking me very long to convince him to wear them (that said Cheery and Schaf took even less time). Elephants and posters also became attached to his personage as did 3 pairs of bunny ears and glitter glue. After buying some Taggart promotional stuff and a Robert Llewelyn egg in the Auction we moved on to a pub. Ray being the king of prank monkeys kept his outfit on and even played pool with ears and everything. How we laughed when toilet paper appeared out of the side of his pants. Ray was a genius throughout the day.

That's not to say I don't appreciate all the effort that went into the day, Bear and Laura did a fabulous job keeping us entertained and everyone who went was fantastic. It was great to be able to put faces to names.

I just thought Ray deserved some extra special praise for keeping me amused all day, and that's no mean feat as I have the attention span of a gnat. And although he lost most of his dignity in Chester he has gained my admiration and respect forever.

Ray is a legend -----FACT

P.S. He's my Prank Monkey. Mine. Get your own. Or pay a small fee and you can rent him from me ;)

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**By Ray of the Rovers**

Ah the big citizen meet, a place to meet lovely, friendly people and have a quiet chat with them. Um not quite. These meets are where people gang up on unsuspecting, completely innocent citizens and make their life a misery. Last weekend has completely scarred me for life and I really don't think I will recover. If you don't know what I'm on about and haven't seen the photos yet then good! I hope you never will.

People have been spreading vicious rumours that this was self inflicted, in fact it couldn't be further from the truth. This was not alcohol related as some people may have thought; I barely touched a drop. I was attacked by a mob of snarling citizens who pinned me down and brutally and savagely stuck things to me and then in a moment of guilt, they decided to make a donation to charity. Just ask the PM, Mike, who was attacked by these very same people in the pub and had the indignity of being photographed wearing bunny ears. Not only were things stuck to me, but I was forced to wear large and unattractive ladies underwear. Obscene things were written on said pants, while everyone laughed at me and called me a prank monkey. This is very offensive to monkeys, because they are not there just to entertain people.

To further my misery, someone stood behind me during the auction and kept bidding on my behalf on every single one of the items. As a result I am now the proud owner of a Taggart "goody" bag. Add walking around Chester and its bars in that state and having to order at the bar with Mr Flibble and you will see what I had to put with. Don't listen to what everyone has said about Cheaster, be careful at these meets! I Blame Saz for it all...



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## Imagine

### By Razerbug

The title of a frankly rather shitty over romantic song with some hopeless lines and some even more annoying ones, but that's not the point, I chose the title for the line "imagine all the people" - don't worry I'll get to that later.

Why am I here, well it's all Nat's fault. Early last year I left the boards and only returned in august when Nat said I should and write for the GA. Now she's done it again, despite protest to the contrary my fingers dance over the keyboard again because of something that happened at Cheaster.

Wait, don't click the next link. I know, another Cheaster article, big deal. This one however is on the bit many of you missed.

The story starts, as all good stories should, in the arms of a beautiful woman. You know her as Saz, she was the girl under my arm on my left as I looked across the rooftop of a cosy little hostel in Chester, strewn with an eclectic mix of flower pots. Where eight citizens sit drinking beer, or cider, brandy or alcopops picked up cheap from the local offie with a belly full of all you can eat curry.

It's the look on everyone's faces, the look one rarely sees even on the faces of friends, especially in "dark and dingy" London. A look of relaxation, of total ease, no laddish banter, no friendly teasing, we're sitting on this strange roof more like family than acquaintances...

and it hits me.

Maybe it was the three cans of cider I'd had by then, but I had an epiphany. I'm sitting here, on the roof of a strange place in a strange city that I would never have had reason to visit, with people I only met recently, some only that day. Better I'm in the arms of a fabulous girl and surrounded by friends I'm closer to than people I've known my whole life. Why? Because some BBC Radio presenter and bored bloke from Bow started a his own country on t'internet (as we say in the north, Chester way)

I mean look at this, I'm sitting on a roof with a couple of 17-20 something's, 2 people who work for a newspaper I rip the piss out of, a man who lives as a hippie (a group of people I didn't like till I met him) a girl swirling brandy and talking about cups of tea all of whom I have met through the internet - it would be enough to sound alarm bells for the general public but the difference is, taking the chance, joining a stupid idea, and meeting "weird" people is just the view many live with, the defence we create, another in a long line of excuses not to make friends with the stranger.

As I sit on that roof I realise a stranger really *is* a friend you haven't met yet. That I'm having one of the best moments of my young life and that on that roof top with friends from all over society, brought together from the internet, I've found some of the friendliest people I'll know. That nights like that, where for just a moment you get a glimpse of how man should live without politics, crime or war, are to be enjoyed, and hell, maybe told to the grandkids one day

If anyone reading these words hasn't made it to a meet up, to actually settle back and share a pint with the Lovelies we "do life" with - time to take a chance and say hi.

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## The Drunken Lovely Anthem

**By Amber Prophet**

Picture the scene: nine people – five men, four women sitting on a roof terrace on a balmy April night. Some are sitting on chairs, some on stairs or precarious ledges, one on an extremely rickety table. They are full of varying cocktails of curry, beer, culture, ducks and balls and they are now in a state of relaxed contentment enjoying each other's company and the beauty of the night. What wonders could this group produce? What marvels could their combined genius create? I'm sure that if we'd put our minds to it we could have solved world hunger, or at least, in our mildly inebriated state we would have thought that we'd solved it.

Which brings us nicely onto what we did produce. At some point in the festivities we started to sing the National Anthem. As someone who has attended countless London Meets, I think I can say with some authority that when two or more Lovelies are gathered together in the name of Lovely and have consumed a certain amount of alcohol, the

Anthem will be sung.

Anyway, we had sung it through at least twice when we happened upon the genius of singing it one word at a time as a drinking game. As with most things at that stage of drunkenness, this was a FANTASTIC idea which caused much hilarity as certain Lovelies (naming no names – you know who you are ;) decided that when it came round to them, the correct word was always “the” or “our” or failing that “My beer’s gone flat!” Following this genius game we hit on the truly inspirational idea of the night. This idea was one in a million. It made total sense.

We would write a drunken version of the anthem.

After all we were drunk, and therefore qualified. We were singing the anthem anyway, so we had established ourselves as familiar with the subject matter. And, what’s more, we were all Lovely. Where could a drunken Lovely anthem go wrong?

As the words began to flow and it began to come together we knew that we had hit upon something truly great. It was fated. Forces more powerful than we poor mortals were now involved. We were talented, we were inspired and modest to boot! When we finished, after some tweaking and re-arranging to suit our artistic temperaments we came up with the anthem that I present to you now.

*Yesterday was stark and bingeey  
My hangover had made me cringeey  
Prices got me wonderin’ why I drink in London  
Anyway, how much I pay!  
Now I welcome all and sundry  
All can drink inside my country  
Toast them if you’re near them  
Maybe you can see them sway.*

*You’ve got to teach the King to swig  
To see Danny do a jig  
For brain cells and sobriety we do not give a fig  
Place your orders at the bar  
It don’t matter what they are  
A drinker’s constitution - it can never go too far*

*Although the measures may be small  
They’re the strongest of them all  
And if you get an alcopop, then don’t forget a straw  
Every subject drink with class  
With your hand upon you glass  
And pray tomorrow’s hangover will pass  
(LETS’S GO MENTAL)*

*Everyone is just the same  
It doesn’t matter who you name  
Everyone can down a pint or half or short - but not port!*

*People stagger round completely  
Hammered but behaving sweetly  
Bars across the nation, serve the population - and me!*

*You’ve got to teach the King to swig  
Etc.*



### **By The Milk Man**

Not having gone to a meet before made the idea of one a bit daunting, as it probably did to a lot of other Lovely's first meet, but I was welcomed in as if I were a known friend.

A thing that occurred to me is that when you speak to people on a message board, you create a mental image of them in the back of your mind, and whenever you see them on the boards, you see this image, how far off I was. I really didn't expect ID to have a beard, and thought that Mike was going to be a foot taller than me (can't remember whether this is actually true or false anymore)

The day started out well, as it was brilliant to see Schaf chasing babies away from the cones we had set out for the Ch-Easter games, and of course, watching Ray win the space hopper race. What I enjoyed the most, by far, was the raffle and auction at the bar garden, truly legendary.

Got back, not so late, but went to bed at 3 in my hotel room (who wouldn't watch the snooker??!!) and then woke up at 8:45, bathed and went to meet the others in the centre of Chester. We all then went on a '...Stilton'ing mission, and needless to say, we succeeded.

I really enjoyed myself at the meet, and would definitely do it again (as long as I had the money) and next time, take a mate or two with me :D

TheMilkMan – Luc

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## **By Princess Nico xx**

I rolled over and switched off my alarm and looked at the date on the calendar. It was the 22nd April, CHEASTER!!!!!! I had a message on my phone from Saz which said "Cheaster! Cheaster! Cheaster! Woop!!" I raced round and got dressed and walked down to the station. I purchased my ticket and headed for my platform, as I was crossing the bridge to my platform I saw the train I wanted to catch pull away, so I went to the pub and had some black pudding on toast while I waited for the next train.

I received a text message from Ray of the Rovers saying: "What time you coming to Chester?" or something along those lines so I fibbed and said "Shortly! Are you there?" and he said "Yeah, just going to the park!" and I thought oh bugger where's that park then?

I got on my train (an hour late but meh) and set off on my very long (30 minute) journey to Chester! I arrived in Chester and text Ray to say I was there and how did I get to this park and he said not to worry as they were now on the Scavenger Hunt and were waiting for me in Wetherspoons.

I arrived at Wetherspoons and was thrown into the Scavenger Hunt. We didn't actually leave the pub for the duration of our Scavenger Hunt and managed to make an A-Z of stuff using items in the pub!! V is for Vinegar etc . . .

We then headed off to Alexandra's Jazz Bar for some more Citizen Activities! There was yummy Chilli to be eaten, eggs to be painted, an auction to be done and the humiliation of poor Ray! Everyone bought Bunny Ears and badges and lots of laughter was erupting from the beer garden where we were all congregated!

All in all I had a fab day. I was only supposed to be staying till 6pm but I ended up catching the 10pm train home complete with Bunny Ears! I got some very strange looks I can tell you!! My fella met me at the train station and tutted when he saw my ears: "have you been with those weird internet people again?" I said "I have but I don't think they're weird, I think they're Lovely!"

Thanks for a fab day guys! Where are we congregating next?

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# **Bert's got the Balls**

## **A Cheaster Experience**

### **By Bert**

*Time: 05:16am*

*Date: 22/4/06*

*Location: Newcastle Central Station – Platform 3 waiting room*

*People present: Myself and two curious lumps that I believe to be people that are seemingly sleeping soundly.*

I should really have planned me exit a bit better... trust me to book a taxi for 5 and it turns up on time (sigh), oh well make the most of it. I sit waiting for the train in a room with two people that are quite cosy with the hard metal seats and their bags. Never mind, an hour or so and I'll be on my way.

*Time: 09:42am*

*Location: A train – Somewhere*

*People present: A lot.*

On my way to Chester now, with messages from Schaf and Saz to keep me entertained... boy it must be entertaining in her car, more worried about other drivers! With Schaf recovering from a lost argument with a ticket barrier by waiting for the next train, looks like I get to search for Nat alone. It was great fun, going looking for a complete stranger. As long as I'm not mistaken for someone trying to sell something I should get by ok.

Definitely turned into a fun jaunt. At least I found Nat in the end and Schaf turned up so the morning was less awkward and what a morning! After meeting up with Bear and Co. it's off to get things started. Not before meeting a certain special Carpy along the way, for hugs and to lead her and a rather bemused family to the park.

(Note for next meet: Possibility of help packs for non-citizens might make the transition a little easier).

The park showed us some of the best attempts at space hopping I've seen. In fact the only space hopping I've seen. Praise to those that succeeded and also to Schaf for completing the course in the quickest time (though he wasn't technically on the space hopper, more like on both legs, running full pelt). Carpy and I did a stunning rendition of a Sunday stroll for the 3-legged race. We came second too.

Next scavenger hunt,  Carpy, Schaf and I (aided by the family Carpy) sent out into the realms of Chester. Not too good an idea, since we seemed to be able to cover just about everything with only the people in the team. I think the best part had to be using Schaf's backside as an object to represent all 26 letters of the alphabet, a descriptive word for each one... if it comes into a conversation, don't ask about "W" or "Y", trust me. Did get a little problematic when Carpy and I argued over which picture should be used as the Loveliest thing we could find, I wanted the picture of her, she wanted the picture of me, I wanted the picture of her. So we took one of Schaf and let the judges decide.

After an hour or so of possibly blatant cheating, we headed off to the beer garden for the remainder of the afternoon. It was a great atmosphere with good food and company. I got to put faces to names and names to reputations as well as getting to know Carpy a little better (and hugs too). I was even coerced into wearing spangled bunny ears, (curses his weakness for puppy-dog eyes). It was a great afternoon, with much frivolity. I enjoyed seeing if some people really are larger than life, some are I tell you. Though there were some bad parts to the afternoon, mostly due to a rather cuddly and loveable Carpy having to leave, , makes for a very sad Berty... but I was prodded into a cheery state by many people not wanting  me to get down. Thanks to them all.

Raffle and Auction, two very exciting words. Especially due to my luck in winning 2 raffle prizes I had enough balls to keep me going for a while. One that inflates and 50 little ones to chew on. Remember everyone, if you need some: Bert's got the balls.

I also became the proud owner of a genuine, signed (by all), Jonni Shirtguy shirt. Making me the newest member to the Shirtguy family (why neither of the 2 winners before me wanted it is a mystery). As to the auction, I'd been eyeing up a fantastic Mr Flibble puppet, which I had to have. After many rounds of bidding for some excellent items, like specially designed eggs by many different celebrities and many different items and various others (like the autographed programs from a comedian that wasn't well known that I won), the puppet came under the hammer and under the midgets that were having a snack on Laura (Roving Ambassador). I got the fabled puppet!! With a winning bid of £21.50! Anything for charity me.

The day wasn't over. Some well appreciated pubbage was done in the evening, allowing Flibble to get rather well acquainted with people *\*coughmurtlecheeryrovingambercough\**

(Definitely one for the ladies, that penguin...). People were well entertained by a show of signed pants by Cheery, Ray and Schaf. Seemed to speak for the moment. Applause has to go to Amber\_Prophet for a well for a heartfelt toast to the organisers, the King and Lovely; it was very good.

The rest of the weekend was a great opportunity to get to know those citizens that were staying in Chester for the weekend. An enjoyable Wommie walkabout on Sunday morning, with a full compliment of birds, not just of the puppet form. What a menagerie I looked like, Flibble, Evil Crow, Cheery's duckie and Mcmo's Chicken Little. At least I got some laughs.

The highlight of the Sunday had to be the discovery of bird porn at the pub... never have I felt so sorry for other people in a pub, having to listen to us discuss the voyeuristic tendencies of Evil Crow and how many hands and been shoved up Mr. Flibble!

The day was rounded off with a game of Frisbee in the park and a nice Indian meal. On the roof of the hostel, with some drink, we worked on a drinker's version of the national anthem. Definitely a hit in my books, some great group effort there.

Things eventually have to end and this was no different, after a great breakfast in a tearoom, we had to say our goodbyes to those that were leaving. It felt great to know that I was actually accepted into the group as ID said how he'd enjoyed my bird-related antics over the weekend.

I can't wait for the next meet; I hope it's just as good.

Some final thank you messages:

Thanks to Bear, Laura and all the other citizens that were involved with the day, you did a fantastic job.

To Schaf for being as entertaining as I'd imagined, thanks mate

To Nathalie for making the morning interesting with a nice walk (and for taking such a long trip to meet people)

To Cheery for the excellent Bert picture she gave me.

To Everyone I met and to those I didn't meet, I thank you all for making me feel welcome and helping me have a great weekend.

And a final special thank you to Carpy, for being lovelier than I could imagine. You really made my weekend, really hope to see you soon. Remember, in the scavenger hunt... YOU were the loveliest thing around.



# Happy

## By Carpy

I don't know if any of you have ever felt that feeling of just happy. When you're on holiday, sat on a beach ice cream in hand and relaxing, you're happy. When you get your hands on that book or game that you've wanted for ages, and you're happy. When you finally meet that one person you've been dying to meet for 4 odd months, and they are truly something special and to shout about, you're happy. Well, I was.

Although I wasn't at Cheaster for as long as I wanted to be, and even though I felt kind of "suppressed" I suppose at the presence of my parents (who I apologise for, they're just not very people people) I was happy, very happy. For a fist meet I have been to, it was truly something spectacular, and I will remember it forever. No offence to anyone else, but the best part of my day was finally meeting Mathew. We've been talking for months, he was always there through the "Dom the Dick" episode, always looking out for me and getting me to do what I thought was best. Why I didn't see the greatness in him earlier I have no idea, but at least I realised! Yeah, I was happy. Schaf was fantastic, we came up with 26 names for his arse, I mean come on, only Schaf's bottom could have 26 names. Groped Mathew's though, yup, very nice.

"falling in love online" As a great man said (Wommie) It's like getting to know someone the wrong way round, you get to know their personality first, learn to like and then love them as a person, and when you meet up, looks play hardly a part, sometimes not even at all. When I saw Mathew for the first time, I didn't think about anything to do with his looks (even though I think he's gorgeous) I thought, that's the man who has been so kind and loving to me for these past months, that's the man who thinks I'm perfect, and that's the man I love. Looks? Pah, they're nothing compared to the person inside.

I don't know if I've fallen in love. I don't know what it's supposed to be, and I don't know if what I'm doing is the right thing, but I'm happy, I'm having one of the best times of my life, I feel loved and love in return. And If I'm happy, then the rest of the world has nothing on me.

I hope you all find love, it's a truly wonderful thing.

## To Mathew

We got to know one another  
over some time.

He really grew on me,  
while we talked on-line.

We talked about the past,  
we talked about now.  
And as time went on,  
all I could think was "wow".

We were thinking ahead,  
to when we would meet.  
Nervous looks?  
Shuffling feet?

The time grew ever closer,  
my heart pounding quickly.  
A secret smile on my face,  
my tummy kind of sickly.

We're finally there,  
a jolt of love spreads through me.  
I looked over the crowd,  
and there, it is he.

Carpy

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## Schaferlord Does Cheaster

### By Schaferlord

It hit me like a sledgehammer to the crotch as soon as I woke up at three o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of April. Today was the first day of Cheaster, who knew what horrors would await me. I got out of bed knowing that sleep would not come now even if I did wait for the two hours between then and the time my alarm went off and got myself a stiff drink. The orange Juice wasn't as flexible as normal, still it suited the circumstances.

By 6am, I had gathered myself together and packed and wondered down to the Spar for a paper and some food to take with me to fuel my journey abroad (for I was based in the barren wastelands of Wales). I went home picked up my bags and the flowers for Status I purchased the day before (as shops that sell flowers tend not to open before 7am, purely to inconvenience me of course if I didn't want to shop so early they'd be open earlier) and went off to the train station. Arriving half an hour before the train turned up I sat and waited, reading the newspaper and seeing what events had been occurring around the globe, boy was that dry had nothing on the GA with its dynamic and exciting reporting on things that actually matter. The train promptly arrived just as I received my first text message of the day from Bert as we were meeting at Chester station and were keeping tabs on each others journeys. If only he texted sooner the train would've turned up earlier and I'd of been early.

The train journey to Shrewsbury, the location of the change in my journey, was largely uneventful. Saw some countryside, read some more of the “news” and communicated more with Bert. Then I arrived in Shrewsbury a mere three minutes late still with a full nine minutes to go downstairs and cross to the other platform before the train to Chester was due to leave. Then I met the ticket barriers. Automatic things where you’re meant to slide your ticket in to open the gate. Alas much to my horror the ticket I received in the post was too big for the slot. The nearest gate saw this and proceeded to taunt me “oh look who’s big and clever with his giant ticket, but he’s going to be stuck in the station forever bwahahahahahaha” it said but I ignored it and made my way to confront the train station man with the truth. The gate was spoiling for a fight though and started to insult my mother. I turned, angered, but decided to be the bigger (and only) man and walk away. Upon confronting the man at the gates with the ticket he overrode the gate with his key and I rushed to the platform to catch the train, although first he tried to initiate in conversation about the flowers. To speed proceedings on I did lie and answered ‘yes’ when asked if the flowers were for anyone special. However despite bounding up the stairs in a manner befitting a hero from an action movie I was too late, the train was leaving as I stepped onto the platform. Glancing up to the clock it dawned upon me that the train was leaving 80 seconds early. Thus I set about texting Bert so that he knew I would be late and thus would know he would have to find Nathalie himself.

The next hour I sat on the platform awaiting attack. The gate was set up to delay me and the train left early, I was obviously being set up for an ambush. No attack came, obviously whoever set up the ambush chickened out when faced with me in all my manly glory. The train arrived, I got on and anxiously willed it to Chester quicker. I knew I had left Nathalie in Bert’s company and I had to turn up before one or the other was killed in an accident involving a loaded crossbow and an exploding donkey (for it was only a matter of time before such a thing happened). The train did turn up a few minutes early, further proof of my demigod status if any was required, and I met up with Bert and Nathalie outside the station, both well. No donkey had exploded perilously close to a loaded crossbow as of yet. The meeting was a magical affair, the sun that had been shining the whole time continued to do so in a manner which suggested that had there been cloud cover it might have considered bursting through before deciding not to bother. Further proof of my god like abilities also occurred when I somehow managed to talk and seem vaguely intelligible in the presence of Nathalie’s beauty.

After dumping my stuff at the hostel and waiting for Bert to climb the tower and go to his room in the clouds, we went to the clock tower to meet Bear and the others where it turned out only I was confident enough in my superiority to the other lifeforms on the planet to act a tit, and draw attention to ourselves by bursting out into rounds of the national anthem and shouting “I’m Lovely are you?” at onlookers.

Then came the park where more people were met, and events started. Disqualified from the space hopper race after taking an unassailable race on a mere technicality by the judges who had obviously been paid off by the other competitors (they failed to mention needing to hop on the space hopper during the race, how was I to know it was against the rules). My bitterness at the injustice of it all lessened when my team mates, Bert and Carpy, managed to take 2nd place in the three legged race.

The scavenger hunt occurred next, and with the family Carpy in tow we made headway. It had fallen on me to confront any strangers we needed to photograph and have my arse subjected to photographing and constant renaming. This was great fun despite feeling like a third wheel and intruding on the lovebirds meeting (though I suppose the passionate lovemaking still wouldn’t have happened even if I’d gone what with Carpy’s parents and little sister also being ever present).

The Venue for the afternoons activities were got to and much fun was had. Nathalie’s

failure to reappear after opting out of the competitive blood sports that had occurred whilst at the park (though space hopper jousting was ruled out for some reason) had dampened my spirits and increased my suspicion of alien activity in the Chester area (mysterious disappearances almost always (or never I forget which) due to abduction by extra terrestrial lifeforms) but then those who failed to arrive on time arrived and the party got started. Soon I found myself with pants and bunny ears on (note that's extra pants I wasn't going commando though if the situation called for it I would have stepped to the mark and given Rambo a run for his money). The flowers were given to Status who had forgotten her knife and had to stab me with one crudely fashioned from wood (thanks for going to the effort of crudely fashioning a knife out of wood Status, I never knew you cared). Mingling occurred with faces being put to names and then put to the correct ones, the realisation that everyone was brilliant and actually surpassed my already high opinions of them was quite overawing especially as despite my demigodness I was nothing compared to these people. This led to me making random noises when Cheerywibble confronted me for being quiet.

Then the raffle and auction occurred, an early steal of an egg and signed photo in the auction (which played a great part in the "crotch accident" that will be retold if you ask folk from Cheaster most would've heard about it, Mike our beloved prime minister can't keep his mouth shut) was no indication of things to come. My policy of awkward bids which later formed into using groups of numbers (£5.55, £7.77 for example) was ineffective, during the flibble lot I had rose my game to £21.21 a bid of great worth which had ID and Mike pleading with people to let it sell so I have it even though I don't want it but still I did not win. It was all for charity to raise the cost obviously, and those who heard me after stepping into with a bid late on just to make Saz pay an extra quid say I only bid to annoy her are making it up, it was my charitable spirit which motivated me not a need to be annoying and silly. (Did that actually fool anyone; write in to the GA if it did, I want to befriend you in that case).

Evening Pubble then occurred which included much more talking and getting to know people and deep regret at inflicting myself upon such people who weren't my worst enemies and thus not deserving of my company.

The next morning started with me waking up ridiculously early twice and having to wait to fall back to sleep as getting up would've disturbed others in the dorm. Then upon finally waking up, going to get a newspaper after washing and dressing and discovering bath Rugby had lost. I joined the group of hostel Lovelies to go to the clock and meet for a walk along the walls. As we waited for the others to arrive I joined in a parade marching alongside some six year old club/scout people. The little children of Chester have an inability to keep time when marching. Already painfully difficult keeping rank with children who's leg span is slightly less than the length of my feet the changing of speed made it practically impossible, I left the parade bitter and complaining about how no one taught the kids to march before shoving them into a parade.

Great news then occurred as everyone finally turned up and we walked to the historic walls of old Chester town after storming into a pasty shop to buy food (the look of horror on the shop vendors face when a heave of people burst into his shop before noon on a quiet Sunday will live with me forever). Nathalie was spotted by myself on a bench reading a paper, dragging Mike along with me in case it wasn't Nathalie and I was going to confront a stranger we met again and she came along on the walk. Meeting people she missed previously as she vanished before most bothered to turn up (served them right for being tardy really although many were disappointed to have seemingly missed Nathalie), she seemed happy to wonder the walls again, which for some inexplicable reason made me happier.

Thus we the people of Lovely ventured onto the walls of Chester, many baring bunny ears

from the day before, although I was the only one of the pants wearers (Ray, Cheery and myself had the honour of wearing Lady H's Pants, though I know I for one was unworthy to wear those garments) to continue wearing the pants. My motives were simple, three declarations of love were on my arse, never having people declare their love for me before I wanted to parade it about, plus Pants are cool. The walk provided much enjoyment for all, highlights including the stilttoning and the giant cutlery. I had found myself in possession of the prodding end of the prodding stick and proceeded to go national lottery on the innocent public's arse pointing the hand from the sky over them and declaring "it could be you", again the look of horror was priceless.

The walk over we went to the pub for feeding, Nathalie said her goodbye's after donating chocolates to the remaining Cheasterers, others said goodbye as well including but not necessarily limited to; Ray, Coolmin, Pixie, Lady Londoner, BJC, Wombat and Status. Lunch involved more inane chatter (the best kind in my opinion), some physical overpowering of the democratically elected leader of our country to have him wear bunny ears and me ending up with a plaster over one of my eyes (a plaster previously worn by Status who managed to fool ID into thinking she had a nasty wound on her head from the beginning of the day, making him feel guilty for not noticing earlier).

After lunch it was off to the canal for more drinking and on the way I gained my giant ball sack. An impulse buy from the fine people of the Early Learning Centre, I had gained 100 play balls. These Play balls were to be used to stuff the pants and upon stuffing the arse it was suggested that I go into the nearby Boots and ask for some haemorrhoid cream. Thus I did, with little egging on for I am Schaferlord and dignity isn't in my dictionary (or any other word, I've written "Schaferlord's Dictionary" on the front though). The woman at the chemists counter upon being asked for the aforementioned cream and having a bloke in bunny ears point at a very bumpy arse filled with plastic balls, backed away slowly unsure if laughing or screaming was the best course of action. I left swiftly before the police were called (after doing the stunt again; freaking the poor woman out more, as it might not have been filmed the first (or indeed the second time) but the look of horror will stay with me to the grave (best bit of Cheaster really was scaring other people)).

Afternoon Pub going was pretty uneventful, bird porn was invented, ball seepage occurred, Lady H took one of my balls as a memento of our meeting (she gave me pants how could I refuse, other than saying no obviously because "no you can't have my balls" is so clichéd). But then we headed to a park for some Frisbee playing. Frisbee is a game in which it can't be said that I excel, throwing and catching pretty much beyond me. Diving heroically in a vain attempt to catch the throwing disc and managing to hit the floor every single time pretty much is what I am very good at, even if I do say so myself (and I am not one for blowing my own trumpet despite it being hygienically more wise than blowing other peoples trumpets).

Then it was to the hostel to prepare for going out to dinner (some needed tea I needed to wash my arm and change my trousers as ploughing into the ground after completely missing a disc does leave one fairly muddy). For dinner we found a nice Indian place doing an all you can eat buffet and thus we gorged ourselves on food, had intelligent conversation (Bert remember to "Swallow"). This was followed by a trip to the off-licence and then back to the Hostel where magic occurred.

The magic in question wasn't the composition of the drunkard's national anthem though that was the highlight. It was the informal hanging around with people who had for some inexplicable reason accepted me (I was sure I hadn't noticed them drinking that much, yet their judgement was obviously impaired). Perhaps it was the creation of the national anthem drinking game which appealed to my student nature, or perhaps, the bunny ears were applying too much pressure to my skull but I was at my most relaxed and comfortable there balanced perilously on a table that was just about ready to collapse (ha I

laugh in the face of gravity, at least I would were it not an abstract concept explaining a physical occurrence and thus lacking a face to laugh in).

Then it was Monday morning, time for me to head home, first of the ones left standing to leave. It was a fairly emotional goodbye by my standards, (something in the curry the night before obviously affected my hormone levels), and I was filled with sadness as I left, not even able to stand and listen about parasites that attack your eyes from the professional beggar who confronted me despite bunny ears, pants and giant ball sack. Normally parasites that eat eyes would sound like a laugh, but alas despite 40 minutes until the train and being 10 minutes from the station, I told the beggar I had to go. Thus my Cheaster experience was over; no one had died least of all me so it was obviously a success.

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## The Road to Cheaster

### By Mcmo

It all started at 8 a.m. on Saturday the 22nd of April when my alarm went off. No, rewind. It all started about a month ago when I agreed to transport a few... No, start again.

It all began sometime before Christmas when someone first suggested an Easter gathering of Lovely.

Of course, you could argue it started back in August, before the country was even named, and I met a bunch of people in a pub in Leicester Square.

Or even some years ago when I first learned to drive...

Perhaps I should start on the Saturday after all.

My car is nothing special, but for the weekend it became a Lovely-mobile. With a 'Lovelies on Board' sign in the back window and a boot full of Easter eggs and brownies, I set off to collect my fellow travellers. First on board was Razerbug, the Lovely Postmaster. He had to sit in the front as he claimed to be poorly (a likely story). Next was Murtle and shortly after, Saz and Amber Prophet. Saz and AP were particularly excited, giggling like tiny children as we headed west on the A40 passing the Hoover factory (a striking piece of Art Deco architecture for those of you interested in such things).

Chicken Licken had found himself a place on the dashboard, the toys in the back seat were looking out of the windows and we were set.

I had carefully crafted a series of tapes for the stereo, music calculated to help me get in the mood for Cheaster. The Fall, Iggy Pop, Half Man Half Biscuit, the theme music from Oh Brother Where Art Thou and the Beach Boys (not to mention the mystery compilation from MooseAde) would accompany us North. Cranking up the volume I met the first of many complaints about my weird music. Tough. My car, my rules!

We were about 15 miles into our journey before the cry of "Are we there yet?" came from the back seat. My plan had been to say "yes", pull over and dump the first person to say that by the side of the road, but unfortunately, we were on the M40 by then.

The giggling and squealing in the back seat intensified the further north we travelled. There was some singing and Murtle retreated into her headphones (very wise).

The motorway was full of cars waving red scarves and blue scarves. None with a lovely scarf though. Perhaps another time.

Razerbug and I entertained ourselves for a time by playing “want that one” with the cars on the motorway. One particular favourite was a Rolls Royce with the numberplate G4RY G – could it have belonged to Gary Glitter? At about this time there was an unfortunate incident with a toy cow. I don’t want to think about that one, suffice to say we all survived.

At the services on the M6 we met up with MooseAde, Mike and ID. They seemed to be having a much quieter journey. I offered to go in their car but was outvoted.

With AP navigating we left the motorway and headed cross-country. Saz helped out by identifying things around us. “Tree” she cried, “another one”. “Moo” added Murtle helpfully. Razerbug was asleep and twitching by now. We passed through many comically named villages and were tempted by signs to craft fairs and several castles. Chester was getting closer. “Tree” said Saz. “Baa” said Murtle. “Bird of Prey, probably a buzzard” said Amber P. Razerbug slept on.

At last we entered the outskirts of Chester, and spotted the hostel on the other side of the road.

Now the fun could really start.



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## How (not) to Park

### **By Citizen MooseAde**

Well, it’s been a week since the great Cheaster Eggstravaganza, and I’m sure a lot has been written already about the wonderful events, the grand organisation by Bear and Roving Ambassador (among others) and the FANTASTIC Chocolate Crunch Cake ;-)

So, I thought I’d write about something different. How To Park in Chester, or better still How NOT To Park In Chester And Save Yourself Lots Of Money In To The Bargain!

#### *Step 1*

Don’t try parking after spending 5 hours driving to Chester. You’ll be tired, irritable, and more than a little frazzled.

#### *Step 2*

Ignore the blue "P" parking signs, or at least, treat them as general guidelines rather than actual directions. ESPECIALLY don't rely on them to point you towards entrances to actual car parks.

#### *Step 3*

Once well and truly lost and in need of the toilet desperately, do NOT, on any account, try and turn around in the road, especially if there is a raised kerb opposite, and if you have low profile tyres on your car.

#### *Step 4*

Once you've realised that yes, your tyre is going flat, and yes, you are going to HAVE to park now, unload your passengers, and curse to yourself repeatedly.

#### *Step 5*

Take the next available side turning, and find, to your delight, and also consternation, that lo and behold, there is an NCP Car Park with available spaces!

#### *Step 6*

Park. Change to spare. Be thankful you have a full size spare and not a tin of foam or a spacesaver.

#### *Steps 7 to 35*

PARTYYYYY!!!!!! Find Hotel. Check in, while wearing sticker emblazoned with "PornAde!". Return to PARTYYYYY!!!!!! Go to Pub. Sleep. Repeat.

#### *Step 36*

Drive home, again thanking the stars your spare is identical to your other tyres and can therefore cope with a 250 mile trip at \*cough\*70\*cough\* Miles per hour.

#### *Step 37*

Look around at your local tyre fitters for replacements. Realise they are all staffed by workshy grease monkeys who are only interested in lowering/modding/pimping their Corsas and Saxos, and who insist it will take 3 days to find a replacement tyre, then visit <http://www.etyres.co.uk>.

#### *Step 38*

Order a new tyre online, and arrange a time for fitting the very next day.

#### *Step 39*

Wait for the nice man in a van to appear, fit your new tyre, get it to the right pressure, balance it, fit it, put the spare back in your boot, HOOVER your boot, CLEAN your wheel, all with a smile and a cheery chat, and be thankful you haven't left it in the hands of the grease monkeys to race around in and somehow add 10 miles to your milometer while its in their possession (yes, this has happened to me!)

#### *Step 40*

Frown upon the cost of a new low profile tyre, but be grateful that the whole experience didn't put any kind of downer on what was a FANTASTICALLY AWESOME weekend in Chester with a GREAT bunch of Lovelies. Smile. :-)

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## **Honest**

### **By Dantzig**

Honestly? I've rarely felt so bad for so long. That said I spent so much time smiling it made my face ache. The last time I sat in a church and cried it was a hospital chapel, but I've

never in my life met so many people I like so much. It's all a bit confused. I'm guessing you can tell.

So was it worth it in the end? Probably. Because even if it wasn't then, and isn't now, ultimately memory will gloss over all the bad stuff and leave me with the impression I loved every minute of it. Which is good I suppose, because that will make me more inclined to let there be a next time. Ah yes, a next time. Required because of the spectacular way I botched this time. To all those subjected to the process I apologise. I assure you I am deeply and suitably ashamed of myself.

You've all been very sweet about it, which only makes it worse somehow. Because however understanding you all are, the fact remains I was incredibly rude. I spent all of ten minutes in that park before I disappeared. Even when I did lay eyes on you Sunday I didn't make any effort to work out who everyone was and do the traditional introductions. I left that to you lot. Shame on me. So it's hardly surprising I have no idea who I was with and who I talked to that weekend. I should have done my homework, I should have dug out some pictures, I should have done what any decent human being would have done and made the effort.

But I didn't. And you know why? Because I honestly thought I didn't have to. I thought all this business about my being bad with crowds and worse with people was an over-hyped myth my family perpetuated. Turns out it wasn't. I took one look at you all and ran like hell. I'm not even sure why. I'm still trying to work that one out. But I don't want you thinking it's because you were frightening, or loud, or not what I expected. It most certainly isn't because I didn't enjoy seeing you. I did. You'll probably never believe how much.

I was incredibly well looked after. Bear took me out and fed me Friday evening, Mat looked after me all Saturday morning, Rob came and sorted me out that evening and Jon found me Sunday and made me join the walk. Jennie even put me on a train and a bus to get me home. Thank you. I would have been completely lost without you all. I feel guilty about that because I seem to remember vowing to look after you. I do a lot of shouting along those lines don't I? I believe it too. But I think perhaps from now on you'd better just nod and smile when I go off on the heartfelt and well meaning tangents. It's clearly unrealistic. Maybe with a lot of practise I'll improve. I promise I'll try.

I walked that wall at least four times. I saw the cathedral and several other religious showpieces. I went to Grosvenor museum and looked at all the roman artefacts and found out which was the oldest one. I saw the amphitheatre, the roman gardens and the little model bridge. I was so frequently subjected to the clock it will stay branded on my retinas for the rest of my life. I even spent quite a lot of time in Waterstones. Chester is beautiful. It is a lovely place to visit and I would recommend it to anyone, although I suggest you avoid the religious nuts that come out of the woodwork on Saint George's day. It's quaint and picturesque and all the rest. But that isn't why I went, and that isn't what I'll remember.

I'll remember being shown Bear's pictures of New York and seeing him smile talking about his niece. I'll remember walking down City road and realising how ludicrous Mat's self image is and having to stop myself laughing, because it really isn't funny. I'll remember the look on Jon's face trying to understand about flowers, and the intense look of relief on Glom's when he turned up in the park. I'll remember Rob showing up at 10pm and fully expecting to have his head bitten off. I'll remember finally seeing Saz and Mike and mourning their lovely hair, and seeing Raz and hoping he takes vitamin D supplements. I'll remember seeing Ade and Cheryl and being surprised at their normality, and seeing ID and being quite the opposite. I'll remember BJC and how much she reminded me of England as a whole and aunty Martine in particular. Status and her bags and ears and bandages. Having rocks pointed out to me by the Wombat, and finally understanding what that article was about last issue. I'll remember Ray looking positively green and how

relieved I was he looked a bit more human at the station. I'll remember Jennie saying it was "out of order" and then battering me all the way to Liverpool and announcing she had a plan all worked out. Out of order. I'm not falling for that one again. Most of all I'll remember looking down into that pub garden and watching you all eating and drinking and painting eggs and having fun. Walking the wall and hearing you laughing and joking and sounding happy. Standing in Wetherspoons seeing all those faces around two big tables, all smiling and human and real, and feeling so unspeakably happy I had to turn and leave before it suffocated me. Because I loved seeing you all. Nothing will ever make me happier than being able to look at you and know you're safe and well and happy. It's the only time that, for all of five minutes, I can ever stop worrying.

There, I told you you wouldn't believe me. I can't really explain it either. I'd call it love, but I've seen the reaction that gets around here. Platonic doesn't seem to feature in the modern dictionary. It's that feeling you get deep in your chest of enormous pressure building and building till you think you'll explode, till you can hardly breathe. That makes you smile till your face aches. That makes you so happy you think you'll go mad. It's when your happiness depends almost entirely on other people's happiness. It's incredibly selfish, because it means I'm going to insist you all be happy. I'm not going to stop plotting and threatening and cajoling and promising till you are. I thought it meant I would be working all my life to make it all better. But I don't have that power do I? So basically what it means is that you're going to be looking after me. I'm sorry. You shouldn't be. I'll try and sort it out, as usual.

So should this thing be annual? Definitely. And will I be doing the whole thing again? Of course. Next time I'll make a better job of it. Honest.

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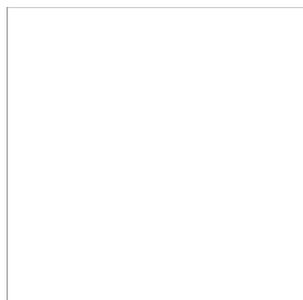
ENTERTAINMENT

## Sudoku

By Cpeachok

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

Puzzle 0005



# Sudoku

## Last issue's solution

By Cpeachok

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

Solution 0004

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## Chester Wordsearch

By McMo

L	J	I	Y	S	T	R	I	H	S	T	S	O	H
E	K	O	P	N	F	N	E	K	C	I	H	C	R
T	S	C	R	O	N	L	C	S	T	N	A	P	A
S	N	O	I	T	C	U	A	E	G	N	I	M	F
O	B	A	S	H	D	H	B	G	W	G	I	G	F
H	A	P	P	Y	C	H	E	A	S	T	E	R	L
B	U	J	U	B	A	L	L	S	T	R	L	G	E
I	E	L	B	B	I	L	F	E	T	N	A	A	S
L	C	R	O	W	S	A	N	U	F	E	G	E	G
F	R	O	M	A	N	E	M	S	I	R	R	O	M

AUCTION

**BALLS** - filled in for you!

BUNNY

CHESTER

CHICKEN

CROW

DUCK

EARS

EGGS

FLAG

FLIBBLE

FUN

HAPPY CHEASTER

HOSTEL

MITTEN

MORRIS MEN

PANTS

PUBS

RAFFLE

ROMAN

TSHIRTS

WALLS

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# Poetry

**By Hobo**

**13:30 19th Apr 06**

**Inspired by:** The kids want misery and death, they want threatening noises, because that shakes you out of your apathy. John Lydon

## Point of view on punk

What's your point of view and have you ever seen something from someone else's point of view? Are you one to respect, neglect or reject?

'Their noises are threatening  
And that's not just the music  
They hang around in violent gangs  
And their fashion sense makes me sick'.

'I've heard they're very violent  
And group up to mug passer by's  
I don't think they're very smart  
And their style is a shocking surprise'.

'Well I don't really care for them  
I couldn't be bothered to know  
I just try to mind my own business  
They don't have to put on a show'.

'To me they're way is not mine  
But I respect they're views  
They're all individuals  
So I won't judge, I refuse'.

'I think they're really cool  
I've even met one or two  
They really nice people  
Stereotypes can be untrue'.

## Bohemia

**By The Don**

In Bohemia far from piercing eyes.  
Where birds soar high through melancholy skies.  
Down cobbled paths in pouring rain.  
I will walk to escape this pain.

Past posters bright and buildings old.  
Where walls were built to keep out cold.  
In winters grim from Summers bright.  
Where many worship in moonlit night.

When the olive-green figures parade.  
Torn suits declare a man made.  
And crowds cry in simple ecstasy.  
Awaiting the onset of liberty.

Below church-spires and temples proud.  
A man his own God to cry out loud.  
In fraternity where your words may be free.  
Without fear of God or authority.

With birds singing in shady streets.  
Bullet holes weather the fleet.  
Of time through the dusty halls.  
And scented gardens and crumbling walls.

A thousand perfect memories.  
Truthful, joyous but melancholy.  
Of barricades in silent streets.  
Conquered now by flowers and trees.

Which ever flag above the palace.  
It shall fall when the tower crumbles.  
The crowds shall turn when time claims.  
The bounty stolen by the rain.

A marauding mob of angels and saints.  
Bleached stonework kindled by red paint.  
In ages past or times to come.  
When all my thought has turned numb.

And I no longer wish to see.  
All but that which can remind me.  
Of how I lived in liberty.  
In Bohemia fair, in harmony.

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## Concretes Evidence



### By Veer soon for Marmalade

Victoria, Maria, Lisa, Martin, Ulrik, Per, Daniel and Ludvig are The Concretes: an enigmatic Swedish octet some Lovelies went to see play recently. They're a band who've shared a stage with The Mystery Jets from Eel Pie Island, and who were playing a venue vacated just a fortnight previously by friends-of-Lovely, The Mighty Handful. Reassured by these lovely credentials, we queued to collect our tickets outside ULU's imaginatively named venue, called, erm, "The Venue"; those ker-azy students.

After checking the bar both for erstwhile BBC director-generals and former consumer

advice show presenters, we chose our drinks from the extensive selection available. It wasn't long before we were served and had pints of both.

Minutes later, we heard piano sounds coming from the stage – the gig had started, but we weren't sure who was playing! The support we had been expecting was Euros Childs, the lead singer from Gorky's Zygotic Mynci; this Swedish pianist was certainly not him (or his band). Still, she seemed nice enough, and urged everyone to move closer so she could see our faces. She played and sang several agreeable tunes that were interesting enough for me to later seek out the album, but maybe not suited to this venue. Post-gig research revealed her name is Frida Hyvönen.

Next up was Euros Childs; a little more lively and more likely to get the assembled fans going. Fans of GZM will not be surprised to hear that most of the songs performed were in Welsh. This certainly didn't detract from our enjoyment, but meant you were never sure whether the songs were happy or sad, uplifting or depressing. It's at times like this that I wish I'd listened more to what my mother had said when I was a child. As it is, my Welsh vocabulary is limited to the words for "Come here!", "Shut the door!", "Dirty!" and "Hug". One of the more memorable songs featured the word "banana" with notable frequency, but beyond that I just smiled with enjoyment in my ignorance.

Then came the time for The Concretes to take to the stage complete with instruments including euphonium, flute and mandolin. First up was "Fiction" from their latest "In Colour" album, with a long intro showing just what depth of sound you can get from an eight-piece and then the magical Victoria Bergsman on lead vocals. Her singing style has led to the band being compared to early Velvet Underground and Nico material. Just a bit more cheerful and upbeat!

Just before playing the effortlessly-perfect pop of current single, "Chosen One", someone near the front, picked at random, won a Concretes alarm clock – very rock and roll. Victoria interspersed a mix of new and older songs (some from their eponymous debut album) with brief comments on subjects such as why British houses don't have proper heating.

Not content with being notable just for their Swedishness and large number, the band are also slightly unusual in having a female drummer, Lisa Milberg. And she sings too. In "Your Call", a song she normally duets with Romeo Stodart from The Magic Numbers, she ably slows the pace down with a tale of love, regret and wasted phone credit.

Before launching into their final number, Victoria awarded the audience a resounding 89 out of 100. The band then finished their set with "Ooh La La" - another bright and sparkling track from the new album. Near the end, Frida Hyvönen, from earlier, joined in the singing with pint and cigarette in hand. Gradually, and to continuous applause, the band began leaving the stage...only Daniel Värjö remained, playing the mandolin: probably the only time most of us have clapped a mandolin solo. The band's well-crafted and catchy songs had provided the perfect antidote to the cold and grey weather we'd been having – and kept me warm for the long train journey back to the sticks...

**The Concretes performed at ULU, London on April 11th. Next UK gig is in Glasgow on April 30th (with Belle & Sebastian) – see <http://www.theconcretes.com> for free downloads.**

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## A Travel Diary

### Part two

**By our esteemed reporter the Curator of Lovely Records**

Before we start, can I just say that if at any point whilst I'm talking to you via your inner monologue you develop an echo, don't panic - the Mother Ship isn't calling you home just yet – it's because I'm communicating with you from an exile enforced by the moderators deleting my account. Britain is nice and the benefits system is allowing me a nice lifestyle until I can re-enter Lovely.

OK, now that's out of the way, let's get on with it.

After coming last in the race to sit on the aircraft for the longest amount of time, and only having to let the old boy next to me get up and go to the loo four times in the 2 hour flight, we arrive in Malaga airport on Spain's "Sunshine Coast" The Costa Del Sol.

The usual suspects have finished jostling for prime spots around the baggage belt and so begins the ritual where humans regress to primal instincts and peripheral vision is essential. You wait to spot which black bags are your black bags whilst at the same time convincing yourself that you've missed them going past when you helped an old lady who by all accounts has packed her grandchildren, get her suitcase off the treadmill and onto her trolley. I later discovered that her grandchildren are aged 23 and 26, which explains the size of the case.

Bags identified and the one hour transfer by coach begins with the reps speech subtly reminding us that we're there to spend money and visit places, before leaflets are distributed that contain an invitation to the Welcome Meeting the next morning where the reps have details of how we can spend money and visit places.

On our arrival at the Nerja Club Hotel, we check in ahead of the others as our bags were the first off the coach and both our hips are the original bone versions.

Unpacked and our first 'café con leche en basso' polished sweetly off and it's time to explore town.

But not before the Newcastle flight has checked in and the reception cleared can we leave, and as we wait, a middle aged woman and a man who we assumed to be her travelling companion appear out of the melee wearing matching home-made T-shirts. Hers is emblazoned with "Fat Bitch" and his clearly informs us that he is "Rat Boy" In 6 inch black print.

Now, don't get me wrong here citizens of Lovely. I'm all for the working classes having their fun because I have fun and I consider myself proper common innit? But this was February in a hotel where Rat Boy could see his fellow travellers tuning their hearing aids out of the local Spanish radio and back into English. The most alarming observation I had of Rat Boy was the fact he actually did resemble a Rat. And his wife looked fairly fond of cheese too.

Sat together they looked like they'd been made to wear their T-shirts as a bizarre form of ASBO.

The Nerja Club Hotel is a pleasant 15 minute downhill stroll into Nerja, where there are plenty of tapas bars, café-bars, souvenir shops and the usual tourist friendly pubs. Sadly, the 15 minute uphill slog back to the hotel is a sobering experience.

In 1885 Nerja (pronounced Ner-Ka, not Nurja. Are you listening Rat Boy?) suffered an enormous earthquake that sent huge chunks of the coastline into the sea. This sounds terrible, and no doubt it was, but when the repetitively-named King Alfonso XII of Spain later visited the disaster area, he noticed the parts of the coast that was still intact and jutted out like a jetty from the rest of the land. In a rather bold move, he declared "Pero si estos es la balcon de Europa" or "These be the Balcony of Europe." I like to think King

Alfonso's translator was originally from Devonshire.

The area wasn't completely destroyed in the quake and there are buildings that date all the way back to the 15th century, and the El Salvador Church built in the 1600's is well worth an hour's visit.

The views are magnificent and uninterrupted, but then again, all you can see is sea. And I'm sure there's a song in there somewhere.

The reason I rather enjoyed Nerja was not because you can see the sea from the Cliffside, I've seen that before. It's because you can go for a week, and have enough choice of places to visit and things to do without having to feed the tourism behemoths by going on local buses and taxis up and down the coast to explore the hidden white-washed villages and have more coffee. Taxis cost a flat fee of €5 for pretty much anywhere within a 30 minute drive, which is very reasonable.

On almost any given day there is an excursion transporting busloads of holidaymakers away from the hotel and off to either the local caves, with their 20,000 year old paintings, Malaga with its Shops and McDonalds cuisine, and then there's Granada, on the cusp of the Sierra Nevada Mountains with its Palace. The Alhambra Palace.

If you've been to the Costa Del Sol, chances are you'll have visited the Alhambra. If you haven't, then shame on you.

The Alhambra is a mish mash of palaces and royal residencies that reveal Spain's turbulent invaded and re-invaded history, and dates back to the 1330's, and was designed by the bloke who drew up the plans for the Taj Mahal.

It was while we were on the way to this Palace as part of a pre-paid excursion that we made a comfort stop in a large café to break up the 2 hour drive from Nerja to Granada. Again, Mrs Curator and I waited for the scramble to queue up to die down, and watched as, one by one, everyone ahead of us sat down with what looked like a glass of milk. I was curious until I overheard the lady ahead of me order in English Loud that she would like "Tea with Milk please". And that's what she got. There are now approximately 30 OAP's in the UK somewhere who think that the Spanish have a very odd way of making tea.

When the final day of our few days away came to an end, I was glad to be leaving behind a hotel where the conversations are interrupted by involuntary naptimes, but I feel there's a lot more of Nerja and the of Costa Del Sol to discover on my next visit, so long as Rat Boy isn't here.

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## Book Reviews

***The first in a new section. We're hoping to link this to a Lovely book club of sorts, and have suggestions for and reviews and reactions to books every issue. Anyone fancy a job running the whole thing? (ed)***

**Rev1.** This Review is from the Collective, an online culture magazine run by the BBC. The author kindly agreed to this review being reprinted in the GA. Visit the Collective here: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/collective/>

### **The Ninth Life of Louis Drax**

**By Weegie**

**Burn Baby Burn**



Rating: 🍌🍌🍌🍌🍌 🤔🤔🤔

### **The Ice Storm (1997)**

Directed by: Ang Lee

Starring: Kevin Kline, Joan Allen

More Info: <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0119349/>

Rating: 🍌🍌🍌🍌🍌 🤔🤔🤔

### **Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves (1991)**

Directed by: Kevin Reynolds

Starring: Kevin Costner, Morgan Freeman, Alan Rickman

More Info: <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0102798/>

Rating: 🍌🍌🍌🍌🍌

### **Logan's Run (1976)**

Directed by: Michael Anderson

Starring: Michael York, Jenny Agutter

More Info: <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0074812/>

Rating: 🍌🍌🍌🍌🍌

### **Solaris (2002)**

Directed by: Steven Soderbergh

Starring: George Clooney, Natascha McElhone

More Info: <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0307479/>

Rating: 🍌🍌🍌🍌🍌 🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟

***This is probably the last we'll hear from Silent Pete for some time, as he's entering a computer-less period. I'm sure I speak for us all when I say he will be greatly missed.***

***This means we need someone for the reviews. Any volunteers? (ed)***

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## **Eye twitches**

### **By Babs**

That's what happens to anyone who was there that horrific night in the PasstheParcel forfeit thread: Free Spanks for People with Blue Eyes, one of my evil concoctions, set up by Orion in the earlier days.

The Moulinex Spankmaster Deluxe has been tested once, on Lady Reblet (couldn't you have guessed though) who seems to be spending a lot of time in said thread with a certain PAsTA... hmmm <insert eyebrow raising smiley here>

The spank thread started off with Orion offering spanks to people with blue eyes, one of the many pass the parcel forfeits from the original thread, but it was soon neglected by Orion, tsk, and lay fading through the gutter of the General Chat pages. But it was saved!

And then, after many moonlit evenings of testing in a secret laboratory in Onebridge Tells and possibly Chester, as only our pure bred sick minded Lovelies could have designed, made, and horrifically tested this menacing device. I was observing from the shadows.

~~~~~

### **PAsTA:**

Well if you insist...

\*Adjusts the various attachments, sets device to "stun", pulls ripcord and takes aim,

releases trigger and retires to bunker\*

\*BBBBBBBZZZZZZZZZZZZzzeeeeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrt-t-t-t

FFFFFFFFFFFFrrrrrrrrrrrthhhhhmmmmmmmmBaggabagbaggaJimom!\*

Oh my god, are you ok?

**Reblet:**

....

<drops to floor> x

**PAsTA:**

\*Resuscitates once again\*

**Reblet:**

<mumbles incoherently and stands up>

**PAsTA:**

Here, take this sedative and apply some of this natural yoghurt three times an hour for the next four weeks...

~~~~~

Killer.

Of course, spanks are available 7 days a week 9-9 Weekdays and 11-5 weekends, courtesy of the Artist, naturally, the Molineux is used for research only but is available for a surplus charge of 43.29 recurring pence.

Drop by for a spankie!

Spank Thread

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2307503?thread=2702538>

Pass the Parcel I - Now locked.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=2644821>

Pass the Parcel II - Now Locked

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=2715833>

Pass the Parcel III - Still active.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2262799?thread=2802414>

You know ya want to

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***I received this email April 22nd. It is a chain letter, designed to clog up the internet. It's quite an original one, as it appeals to your better nature to get you to forward it, instead of just plain threatening you. The story is a fairy tale if ever I saw one, but it's sweet and I thought it could indeed do with being spread around. And seeing as I have a better way than email here it is. So an extra moral here, don't forward mass emails, even if they're worth noticing. Send them here, or to the Truth, or put them on the boards. (ed).***

## Two Choices

What would you do? You make the choice! Don't look for a punch line; there isn't one! Read it anyway. My question to all of you is: Would you have made the same choice?

At a fundraising dinner for a school that serves learning disabled children, the father of one of the students delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all who attended. After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he offered a question:

"When not interfered with by outside influences, everything nature does is done with perfection. Yet my son, Shay, cannot learn things as other children do. He cannot understand things as other children do. Where is the natural order of things in my son?"

The audience was stilled by the query.

The father continued. "I believe that when a child like Shay, physically and mentally handicapped comes into the world, an opportunity to realize true human nature presents itself, and it comes, in the way other people treat that child."

Then he told the following story:

Shay and his father had walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked, "Do you think they'll let me play?"

Shay's father knew that most of the boys would not want someone like Shay on their team, but the father also understood that if his son were allowed to play, it would give him a much-needed sense of belonging and some confidence to be accepted by others in spite of his handicaps.

Shay's father approached one of the boys on the field and asked if Shay could play, not expecting much. The boy looked around for guidance and said, "We're losing by six runs and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him in to bat in the ninth inning."

Shay struggled over to the team's bench put on a team shirt with a broad smile and his Father had a small tear in his eye and warmth in his heart. The boys saw the father's joy at his son being accepted. In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three. In the top of the ninth inning, Shay put on a glove and played in the right field. Even though no hits came his way, he was obviously ecstatic just to be in the game and on the field, grinning from ear to ear as his father waved to him from the stands. In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again. Now, with two outs and the bases loaded, the potential winning run was on base and Shay was scheduled to be next at bat.

At this juncture, do they let Shay bat and give away their chance to win the game? Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat. Everyone knew that a hit was all but impossible 'cause Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, much less connect with the ball.

However, as Shay stepped up to the plate, the pitcher, recognizing the other team putting winning aside for this moment in Shay's life, moved in a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay could at least be able to make contact. The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed.

The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly towards Shay. As the pitch came in, Shay swung at the ball and hit a slow ground ball right back to the pitcher.

The game would now be over, but the pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could have easily thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shay would have been out and that would have been the end of the game.

Instead, the pitcher threw the ball right over the head of the first baseman, out of reach of all team mates. Everyone from the stands and both teams started yelling, "Shay, run to first! Run to first!" Never in his life had Shay ever ran that far but made it to first base. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled.

Everyone yelled, "Run to second, run to second!"

Catching his breath, Shay awkwardly ran towards second, gleaming and struggling to make it to second base. By the time Shay rounded towards second base, the right fielder had the ball, the smallest guy on their team, who had a chance to be the hero for his team

for the first time.

He could have thrown the ball to the second-baseman for the tag, but he understood the pitcher's intentions and he too intentionally threw the ball high and far over the third-baseman's head. Shay ran toward third base deliriously as the runners ahead of him circled the bases toward home.

All were screaming, "Shay, Shay, Shay, all the Way Shay"

Shay reached third base, the opposing shortstop ran to help him and turned him in the direction of third base, and shouted, "Run to third! Shay, run to third" As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams and those watching were on their feet were screaming, "Shay, run home! Shay ran to home, stepped on the plate, and was cheered as the hero who hit the "grand slam" and won the game for his team.

That day, said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, the boys from both teams helped bring a piece of true love and humanity into this world.

Shay didn't make it to another summer and died that winter, having never forgotten being the hero and making his Father so happy and coming home and seeing his Mother tearfully embrace her little hero of the day!

AND, NOW A LITTLE FOOTNOTE TO THIS STORY: We all send thousands of jokes through the e-mail without a second thought, but when it comes to sending messages about life choices, people think twice about sharing.

The crude, vulgar, and often obscene pass freely through cyberspace, but public discussion about decency is too often suppressed in our schools and workplaces.

If you're thinking about forwarding this message, chances are that you're probably sorting out the people on your address list that aren't the "appropriate" ones to receive this type of message. Well, the person who sent you this believes that we all can make a difference. We all have thousands of opportunities every single day to help realize the "natural order of things." So many seemingly trivial interactions between two people present us with a choice: Do we pass along a little spark of love and humanity or do we pass up that opportunity to brighten the day of those with us the least able, and leave the world a little bit colder in the process?

A wise man once said every society is judged by how it treats it's least fortunate amongst them.

You now have two choices:

1. Delete
2. Forward

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SPORT

## **BACK PAGE NEWS**

# **TAGG OVER THE BLUE MOON**

**By Giddesy**

Tagg 1-0 Man City

A fine display of football was on show at the stadium of Fright on Saturday.

Unrest at Tagg had led to a new team spirit blossoming under new captain Babs. It was a great team effort for the goal that won Tagg the game.

It started with a simple pass from Lars to Babs. Babs played the ball forward to Jamie who controlled it, turned and placed it on Nicknacks head. NN headed it down into the path of pyschoRev who threaded the ball through to Ray of the Tagg. Ray proceeded to dribble around 3 players and unleash a thunderbolt into the top left corner. 1-0 Tagg.

The rest of the game mainly involved Taggs new signing psychoRev, psychosweeping the city players left right and centre. A clean sheet for the boys and 3 points on the board send Tagg to 7th in the prem. Well played lads, great effort and still the FA cup semi to play.

See ya in the bar, nick nacks buying  
**coach giddsey**

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## **BORO BURY TAGG**

**Middlesborough 2-0 Tagg**

It was obvious that the Tagg squad had there mind on the semi final at the weekend, in this poor performance.

Tagg started well with new captain babs hitting the post and Lars freak clearance just bouncing off the top of the bar, but the rest of the game belonged to boro.

Yakubu, Jimmy et al were punching Tagg where it hurt and it was soon 1-0 boro.

Halftime came and even the introduction of new signing 'crack addicted badger' didn't do much to change things. In a comedy of errors boro's second was scored after Ray of the Tagg sent a poor backpass to Jamie who trod on the ball. Crack addicted badger tried to boot the ball away and took Jamie out in the process. Needless to say the ball spilled to Viduka who passed the ball into the tagg net. 2-0 Boro.

Unlucky lads, but the semi is this weekend.

Sven will be there so get ya world cup boots on!

See ya in the bar.  
**coach giddsey**

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### **NEW SQUAD LIST:**

1. Lars 'the bung' Dudley
  2. Mrs Mop
  3. honor Rubble
  4. Babs (Captain)
  5. biffa/Raoul
  6. pyschoRev
  7. Ray of the Tagg
  8. Pompey Gaz the 'crack addicted badger'
  9. Nick Nack
  10. Jamie
  11. Marc
- Coach: giddsey  
Physio: marie  
Honourary members: Schalf, Nath Danzig.

Dudley takes the keepers spot and welcome to biffa, Marc, and Gaz.  
coach giddsey

**Message from Marc**

Everyone as a proud member of T.A.G.G. F.C and owner of the Lovely rock Bar I am very proud to announce that I have opened a bar in favour of all staff and players here at T.A.G.G.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/dannywallace/F2307741?thread=2807539&post=32364830#p32364830>

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## **TAGG BURY 'BORO AND BAG PLACE IN FINAL**

Tagg FC 1-0 Middlesborough

Taggs season was capped off by the win that sent them into the 2006 FA cup Final against Liverpool on May 13th.

What's been an amazing journey for coach giddsey and his squad, continued on Sunday as they beat Boro 1-0. In an amazing game Tagg had to hold on tight for 70 mins before the vital goal came.

Boro started quickly and soon the crunching tackles from Biffa and psychoRev came tearing in. The pyschosweep was used to full effect on Yakubu. Clean through on goal, the youngster Rev swept the striker 6ft in the air and gave him a dig i the ribs as he fell back to earth. Not to be outdone Biffa twatted Jimmy Floyd Hasslebank in the nuts as he tried to pass the tough Tagg centre back. Lars Dudley was getting rained on with efforts from Boro. The keeper obviously had money on keeping a clean sheet, as every effort was saved with consummate ease. Taggs only effort in the first half came from a free kick from debutant Marc which was saved by an outstretched Shwartzner. Half time 0-0.

The second half saw giddsey make some tactical changes. Mrs Mop came off and Pompey 'addicted to badgers cracks' Gaz replaced her. This changed the game. Tagg took the driving seat and boro were on the back foot. Babs started a move from the left, Ray on the overlap took the ball on a mazy run. He crossed to NickNack who trapped the ball, spun around and laid it into Pompey 'crack badger addiction squad' Gaz, who spanked the ball into the back of the net. 1-0 Tagg.

The Tagg faithfull went crazy.

With 20 mins to go Tagg kept everyone behind the ball and stifled every Boro attack with crunching tackles and clever tactics. To add insult to injury, Biffa ran 60yrds to Shwartzners goal and smacked him with his elbow fracturing his cheek. Something to do with a borrowed lawnmower, 5 years ago.

The final whistle blew and Tagg FC were on their way to Cardiff.

Liverpool in the final of what will be the biggest game in Tagg short history.

COME ON YOU TAGG!!!Well played lads, i couldn't of asked for more. We are in the Final! Can't quite believe it.

Anyway, Liverpool in the league on Wed, lets show em what we can do. Ray, babs and Pompey Sven wants me to have a chat with ya.

see ya in the bar.

**coach giddsey**

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~ *Next issue due out on Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> May 2006* ~