

S

STUPENDOUS
SUPERB
SATURATED
SISYPHEAN
SOPHISTRY.

P

POWERFUL
PRE-HISTORIC
PANGOLIN.
PHUT
PRIAPISMIC.

L

LICENTIOUS
LOUSY
LEXICAL
LECHEROUS
LATITUDINARIANISM.

O

OSTENTATIOUS
'ORRIBLE
OPPROBIUM
OBSTREPEROUS
OBSECRATION.

D

DEPRAVED
DEPRIVED
DESPERATE
DRACONIAN
DIPSOMANIC

E

EROTIC
EXOTIC
EXCELLENT
EXECRABLE
EXOTERIC.

SPL0DE Editorial

A mediocre SPL0DE, in terms of size, this one, but containing several well - beloved and time hallowed features. We have a Shovelman story for you, a contribution from "Snowbridge" and a feature devoted to the abuse of John F.

Now, had the gentlemen who normally weigh in with articles holding up to ridicule those other well worn butts, the Base Leader, Deputy Base Leader and Gobber-in-Chief, this could well have been a representative, presentation issue, - "The best of SPL0DE".

This will be the last edition of SPL0DE before the Midwinter one, to enable those of you who need the mental stimulation and time to work to seek your typewriter ribbons ina mixture of curare and strychnine and think up some good witty vituperation. It would be well to remember that this is the issue that everybody gets a copy of, and most will take it home with them. Your little blue eyed sister may not realize that to Fids the word Shit is funny.

However, all contributions will be welcome, and I hope everyone will let us have something, and remember that we need 23 (twenty-three) copies, and that they have to be in by afternoon smoko onthe 20th. I regret this, but I have far too much to do on Midwinter's Day to both get the necessary quantities of Strong Drink put away and also get out a 23-copy SPL0DE of large dimensions.

Thanks.

Today's cover designer : Mr. J. Flick.

IDYLL

I KNEW A CHILD CALLED JOHNETHAN FLICKT,
COMPLETELY DESTITUTE OF BRAINS,
WHOSE PRINCIPAL ACCOMPLISHMENT
WAS IMITATING RAILWAY TRAINS.

WHEN GUESTS CALLED AT HALLEYSIDE,
JACK, TO KEEP THE PARTY CLEAN,
WOULD SAY WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE,
"NOW, JOHNETHAN, DO THE SIX-FIFTEEN."

THE CHILD WOULD GRUNT AND SNORT AND PUFF,
WITH WEIRD CONTORTIONS OF THE FACE,
AND WHEN THE GUESTS HAD HAD ENOUGH,
HE'D CEASE, WITH ONE LAST WILD GRIMACE.

ONE DAY HIS JOVIAL UNCLE PAUL
CRIED, "COME ON, JOHNETHAN! DO YOUR BIT!"
AND, CHALLENGED THUS BEFORE THEM ALL,
HE DID THE FOUR-NINETEEN - AND QUIT.

I BET YOU ALL THOUGHT THE LAST LINE WAS
GOING TO BE SOMETHING LIKE;
AND FILLED HIS TROUSERS FULL OF

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN SHOVELMEN.....
TRANSLATED from the original by Constant Cummings.

(Translators note :- The Shovelmen Sagas by Snætti Snottison written in the tenth century form the basis of Pushkin's well known story "The Queen of Spades". This little known fact is well worth forgetting.)

Tiny Tim was sitting on his little stool in front of a great blazing log fire, eating his mid-winter pudding. He was very happy in his nice, warm room, for life had been good to Tiny Tim. As he mused on the many advantages he enjoyed, he heard a gentle knocking on the door.

"Goodie, goodie," thought Tiny Tim, "My nice friends have come to wish me a merry mid-winter. My cup runneth over with joy."

As he opened the door, "Guns" Bury emptied the magazine of his pump action, sawn-off shotgun into Tiny Tim's fat smiling face.

"Take that you fascist pig," Guns said, as he quickly reloaded. He fired a few more rounds into the torn wreckage of humanity that was spread over the floor of the room.

"Wadya do dat for, boss," said Scradger Stewardson, who was standing behind Guns.

"I likes to see 'em twitch," burred Guns from between clenched teeth, as he rolled his cheroot backwards and forwards in his mouth.

"Nar boss, I mean why did you shoot him in the first place, we only wanted to use his phone."

"Self-defence," said Guns nonchalantly, "Now let's phone the Women's Institute, and tell them we'll be a little late for the lecture."

Guns was a tall, lean, mean looking kind of a Hombre, dressed with a natural elegance in his well-worn evening clothes. His Saville Row trousers, with the revolutionary ventilation system, tapered down to a fashionable forty-nine inches at the bottoms. The smooth creases, all three thousand of them, in his pyjama jacket, nicely offset the layer of grease on his dress vest. On his feet (or more accurately, half on his feet) were a pair of casual brothel creepers.

They quickly made their phone call. Then they left quietly through the hole Guns had blown in the back wall of the house, with his pocket 25 pounder. The powerful roar of Guns' super-smooth beach boggy roll, only woke up half the population of the town.

The local police soon realised that this case was too much for them, so they sent for Shovelman of the Yard.

"Suicide," said Shovelman to his assistant Spade Brangham, as soon as he saw the battered body of Tiny Tim.

"You bird-brained idiot, sir," said Spade Brangham, who was much brighter than he looked (nobody could be that dumb). "It couldn't be suicide, there's no weapon."

"Just as I suspected," added Shovelman, "You fell into my trap, Brangham. I arrest you in the name of the law. I must warn you that anything you say will be taken down and used in this article."

"Where did I slip up, sir ?"

"You shouldn't be so careless, I've found your fingerprints all over the house, and besides how come you arrived at the scene of the crime within one day of the killing ?"

"I came down with you, sir," said the Brangham.

"Ha, a cleverly conceived plan, but you can't fool me, I've been to college (and I still can't spell it)."

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EPIGRAMS INSPIRED BY PSYCHOLOGICAL DISTURBANCE

On Outside Gash:

The Winter winds lament around
The Castle of Halley Bay,
Which makes it nesh on outside gash...
What more is there to say ?

On a Piss Artist:

Alas, with Jack there's something wrong!
He cannot be himself;
He sat in the bar and drank Souchong,
And went to bed at twelf!

On Another:

Whatever became of Mr. S. ?
He's not been seen all day.
Whatever became of last night's beer ?
The library, you say ?

On Theft:

When you get to Southampton Dock
D. Gipps will search you, wont he ?
So pack your swag in a bloody great bag,
And post it home from Montel

Snowbridge