

XMASPLODE

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Editorial.

As it says on the wall of the Men's Urinal in Balls Pond Rd.,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

and especially to those who are, have been, or might be in the future
CONTRIBUTORS.

That's yer lot.

NEW PRIMITIVE TRIBE DISCOVERED

It was during our stay at the delightful rest camp known as N9 maintained by Zulu Safaris Ltd., that we came into contact with the uncouth members of a little known tribe calling themselves "Fids".

These primitive herdsmen are nomadic, wandering from place to place driving before them their herds of dogs, their only wealth, which can be instantly recognized from afar by their characteristic noise and stench. The savages, being very miserly, are unwilling to deplete the herds by eating the dogs, and subsist on a brownish paste which in their own barbarous tongue they term "skraj". Their language is simple in the extereme and not melodious.

Their idea of civilisation is very limited, but they have a highly developed, though primitive religion, or collection of superstitions. All life, they beleive, is governed by destiny, or in their own terms, "Sodzlor", though they admit the existence of a supreme being. This deity they know as "Bu * Ni", and revere him as the founding father of the tribe and the ultimate source of "skraj" (What its real source is we were unable to discover, as the savages insisted that they merely found it lying on the snow in places they know as "dep-oze". They believe that their wanderings will only end when they arrive in a place of haven and rest which they call either "Beiss" or "Ha-Li". Some claim to have been there before, and there to have drunk a nectear called "bir", which certainly they do not actually possess. Their common drink is a foul and probably hallucinogenic substance they know as "ti". This they will drink in large quantities at any time, but our people, very properly, would not touch it, though pressed to do so by the nomads.

They appeared to have gathered near the rest camp, as one of their holy places for the celebration of a secret rite they called "Lyup". The secrecy was evidently important as the ceremony was carried out in closed tents, from which a grunting or snoring noise could often be heard. This seemed to be a fertility rite to promote the increase of the herds, as a priest would often poke his head out of the tent and invoke a blessing on the herds with the words, "Shu-rup-yer-kunz-orall beltcher". Ocasionally a priest would emerge, catch any dog he found wandering in the encampment and greet it with a pat on the head, before tying it to a line pegged to the ground for the purpose.

FOOTNOTE: I understand that as a result of my contact with these savages, an attempt is to be made to civilise them and put them to useful work. The sooner the better, as a more degraded set of barbarians I have yet to meet. Ulrich von Crimpelstein, explorer.

Killer Bury strode into the bar, air gun draped in the cradle of his left arm, biting meanly on the cheroot newly rolled from finest quality Bronco which dangled from his left nostril.

"Hey," Jonesy cried from his place (just) on top of the bar stool, "You're one of my characters. Christ man, what are you doing with that thing up your nose, you spastic?"

"I can't seem to do anything right this morning," growled Eeee making a ~~xxxx~~ savage grab for the bottle of top class Monte plonk lying mouldy on the bar top (Now available in spray form as a fine alcoholic stimulant or fly killer)

"But you're not the real Eeee" stuttered Jonesy starting to get worried. "You're the figment of my imagination." His eyes were wide with a glow of fear and excitement. "You must hate my guts. Let's let bygones be bygones. Eh? Forgive and forget. Behave as we mean to carry on. What do you say?"

"You said it" spat out Eee drilling Jonesy neatly through the head with the 8th bit cunningly concealed in the stock.

"Free at last"

"Oh no you're not", said a voice from down at his ankles. EEEEEEEEEEE blanching as the mean green eyes stared him straight in the shins.

"Killer Dill" he gasped. "Please don't pee on my shoes. Anything but that."

"You don't deserve to live" miaowed Dill "Despit what you just did. NOT after that scraggy you gave me last night. The world is better off without your sort. Take that and that and that"

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE recoiled under the blows of the Killer and fell to the floor in a state near death (Known to Paul B. as sleep)

"At last" said Dill. "I can have my own way now."

"Stop" Dill turned. "Prodnose. Not you! I thought you were...."

"Dead?" asked Prod nose.

"No pissed" said Dill.

"I am" mouthed Prod nose staggering towards him.

"Careful" warned Dill, "I'm delicate." But Prod nose pressed on stepping over the prone ~~xxxx~~ rotting body of EEEEEEEEEEE. Picking up the gun he pointed it at Dill. "I've been looking forward to this. Anything that is no good to base, doesn't pay it's way, causes more trouble than it is worth, wrecks Geo programmes, deserves to die."

"Bang".

Dill flung himself desperately to one side just as the radio shack door behind him opened. The shot passed harmlessly over his head and caught Paul B right between the eyes

"A fitting end" they intoned gazing at the debris. "Wonder what the magazine will be called next year!"

MERRY CHRISTMAS FOLKS

The trouble with Christmas is that everyone is so damn jolly that it makes you want to PUKE. Its alright for you first years staying on for another whole 12 months. What have us second years that have got to go home in about eight weeks time . Its a real pain, I mean to say, FRESH EGGS for breakfast every morning FRESH EGGS to boil, FRESH EGGS for throwing at people its going to be grim I tell you.

Oh yes you can laugh, but I mean to say what can a bloke do with £3000 in the U.K. He'll have already bought everything he wants in Stanley on the way down. I mean to say what can a bloke buy in Monte' he's going to be lost with £3000 in his pocket.

It's a real pain .

There again while you bloody lucky first years are getting the first of _40deg. we'll be sweating our cobblers off in the tropics. You fella's just don't know how lucky you are.

You mark my words, we don't want to go home do we. Oh No You won't find many of us second years being happy this Xmas.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AT HALLEY BAY

Do you ken Paul B., at the break of day,
As he lies in his pit down at old Halley Bay,
And the smile on his face, as he dreams of U.K.,
And all the young maids that were frightened from their beds,
By the size of his horn in the morning.

It was Christmas day at old Halley,
The season of good cheer,
The fids were filled with turkey,
John F., was full of beer.
When in walked the bold base leader,
His hands in his pockets tucked,
Saying, "Here's the Christmas gash list."
And the fids said, "Go get yourself a can of beer, sir."

At the bar on Christmas eve,
Trev T., hit on the truth,
The answer to life's problems,
Five gin to one vermouth.

X

The barman pours the drinks and serves the fids,
John F., walks crabwise out toward the door.
A gin soaked Jones crawls slowly off to bed,
Bruce leaves the bar for darkness and the floor.

Now leaves the staggering Jack for food, then pit,
And drowsy Keith a final nightcap pours.
The last L.P. rejects, and puts the bar,
In blessed silence, broke by Bruce's snores.

Away in a caboose,
The floor for his bed,
The drunken base leader,
Falls down on his head.

Hark the herald Fletcher sings,
Breaking glass and other things.

IT WAS THE FIRST OF JUNE 1971 THAT DI' SPRAGGAM AND GRAM HAMAGE RECIEVED WORD FROM THAT WORLD FAMOUS EXPLORER AND GUIDE, G.G. TWINE. TO ATTEND A CONFERENCE AT 30 WILLINGHAM ST LONDON, (AN EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER READ, COME HITHER YOU BUMS YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.)

RECIEVING THIS LETTER THE TWO NOT SO WELL KNOWN EXPLORERS DECIDED TO TAKE THIS CHANCE AND GIVE THEIR SERVICES TO THERE COUNTRY.ON ARRIVAL AT WILLINGHAM ST THEY WERE SHOWN THE WAY TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM WHERE AT THE HEAD OF THE GENUINE ANTIQUE FORMICA TABLE SAT G.G. TWINE DRESSED IN ALL HIS SPLENDER OF ARMY TREWS , SCRAGGY SWEATER AND WEARING A GRIN THAT A VENTROLIQUIST'S DUMMY WOULD BE PROUD OF.

TWINE DIDN'T WASTE TIME WITH EXPLAINING DETAILS TO DI' SPRAGGAM AND GRAM HAMMAGE BUT GOT STRAIGHT TO THE POINT.

WE THREE HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY OUR BELOVED QUEEN TO GO TO THE ANTARATIC IN SEARCH OF THE SI' FARAWAY ICE FALLS AND TO FIND A SAFE ROUTE TO THEM.

(THE STORY IS NOW CARRIED ON WHEN ALL THREE ARE PREPARING FOR THE FIELD TRIP)

IT WAS DECIDED TO USE A SPE-DOO, PULLING A DOG SLEDGE AND A FUEL SLEDGE SPECIALY FITTED WITH PRESSPHLAN RUNNERS TO WITHSTAND EXTRIME PRESSURES EXPERIENCED IN DOG SLEDGES, THIS NEW MATERIAL WOOD POWDER, COTTON FABRIC, BONDED TOGETHER WITH WAXY RESIN GLUE WAS ORIGINALLY MANUFACTURED FOR MAKING COGS, USED IN THE MOTOR-INDUSTRY AND ALSO ~~THEX~~ IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CONTRACEPTIVES.

WITH THE SLEDGE LOADED AND A SMALL AMOUNT OF GOODIE'S CONSISTING OF TWO CASES OF RUM, ONE CASE DEHYDRATED SALID(FRESH), TRANNY, PHOTO OF JOHN LENNON, AND THREE BOTTLES OF SUN TAN LOTION THEY WERE READY FOR THE TRIP.

THEY SET OFF ON THE 10th DAY OF OCTOBER AND HEADED OUT ON A BEARING OF 83°, WHICH WOULD TAKE THEM AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE TO THE SI' FARAWAY ICE FALLS.

THE FIRST TWO DAYS WENT WELL BUT ON THE THIRD DAY THEY DIDN'T EAT SPRAGGAM WAS ON COOK, THE NEXT DAY WAS TOTAL WHITEOUT BUT SPRAGGAM & HAMAGE NEW THAT THE GREAT TWINE WOULD GET THEM THROUGH. ON CARRING OUT A MET OBB G.G. TWINE DECLARED A NON-DAY (SO MUCH FOR THE GREAT LEADER IMAGE).

AS THE WEATHER CLEARED THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE TRIO MADE WAY, AFTER TRAVELLING FOR ABOUT 150 MILES SPRAGGAM COLLAPSED, AND IN A SEMI-COMA UTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT H' BACK, CAMP WAS SET UP AND SPRAGGAM MADE COMFORTABLE AFTER SOME SCROOP HE SEEMED TO IMPROVE, RADIO CONTACT WAS MADE WITH BASE AND OUR POSITION WAS PASSED TO THE RADIO OP,ILE SLICK (A FOREIGN GENT OF SOME NATURE I BELIEVE).

THE NEXT DAY WAS FINE AND SUNNY AND WITH G.G. TWINE AT THE HELM WE MADE OUR WAY TO THE SI' FARAWAY ICE FALLS, IT WAS AROUND 1600hrs THAT DAY WHEN DISASTER STRUCK AGAIN, TWINE DIDN'T SEE THE DROP IN FRONT OF THE SPE-DOO AND WHAT WITH THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE COULDNT HEAR THE SHOUTS FROM BEHIND, THEN THE ULTIMATE HAPPENED' DOWN WENT TWINE AND THE SPE-DOO. AFEW MOMENTS PASSED AND SPRAGGAM FOLLOWED CLOSLEY BY HAMAGE CLUTCHING HIS S.L.R. CAMERA RAN TOWARDS THE CREVASSE.

THEY COULD SEE TWINE SLUMPED OVER THE SPE-DOO MANY FEET BELOW, WITH BLOOD OOZING OUT OF HIS EARS---- . ALL WAS LOST, THE GREAT TWINE FAMOUS EXPLORER AND GUIDE DEAD WHAT WAS DI' SPRAGGAM AND GRAM HAMAGE TO DO NOW? (TAKE PHOTIES LIKE TWINE WOULD HAVE TAKEN YOU FOOLS).

THAT NIGHT THESURVIVORS DUG A SNOW HOLE AND ATE THE 144 BARS OF NUTTY THEY CARRIED WITH THEM.

UP EARLY NEXT MORNING THE NOW DISHEARTENED EXPLORERS MADE THERE WAY BACK
TO BASE ON FOOT, ON REACHING DEPOT HOCKER THEY MET A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE DRIVING
A HARD TOP BUICK, ON WINDING DOWN THE WINDOW SHE CALLED OUT DO YOU WANT A LIFT
THEY COULD NOT REFUSE IT WAS NOT THE DONE THING TO TURN DOWN A LADYS OFFER.

TRIBUTE

----- THIS STORY HAS COME TO AN END BUT UNFORTUNATLY GRAM HAMAGE GOT KILLED
IN THE RUSH TO THE CAR, DI' SPRAGGAM WAS SAID TO HAVE PASSED AWAY ON HIS 21st ERECTION
TRYING TO KEEP THE BLONDE SATISFIED IN THE BACK OF THE CAR.
LET'S NOT FORGET G.G. TWINE WHO GAVE HIS LIFE FOR QUEEN & COUNTRY.

THE CAST

G.G. TWINE _____ GRUBBER DE' VINE.

DI' SPRAGGAM 6666 _____ PAULO "it's me back" BRANGY.

GRAM HAMAGE _____ GORDONION RANTAGE

BLONDE in car _____ FOO-LARDLEY

BUICK CAR _____ BUICK CAR

GEMMYFUS DIERY

ON MONDAY I HAD THE USUAL 0745 CALL AND A DELECTABLE CUP OF WHAT I CAN ONLY CALL TEA. AT 0746 I ROLLED OVER AND PROMTLY WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

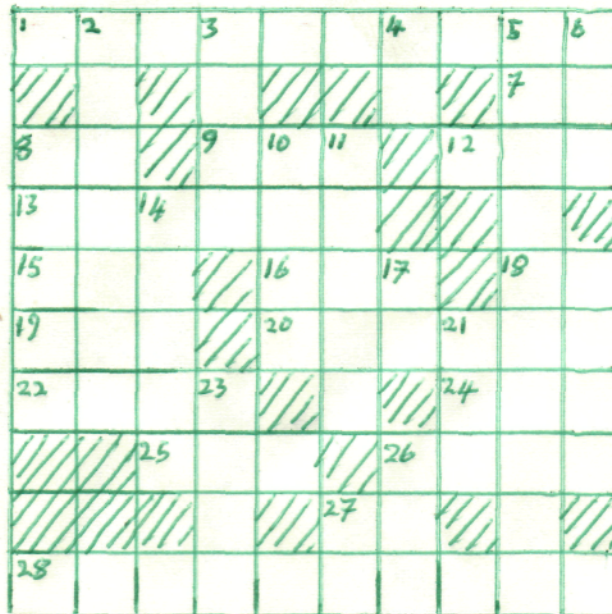
I AWOKE IN TIME TO BE PRESENT AT TUESDAY MORNING SMOKO, AND WAS MOST SUPRISED TO FIND MY OLD FRIEND THE MARQUIS OF FLICK-ALL WHO INTRODUCED ME TO SEVERAL BARONS AND EARLS ONE OF WHICH WAS THE RENOUND PLAYBOY BARON VAN BANGUM BUT UNFOR- TUNATLY I COULDN'T STOP AND PLAY WITH HIM AS I HAD BEEN INVITED TO LUNCH WITH THAT FINE SPORTSMAN McHAT, WHO YOU WILL REMEMBER PLAYED No8 AGAINST RICHMOND AND LOST 22-0. (1e HE PLAYED POSITIONS 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 AND 8). TWAS A DELICIOUS MEAL OF STEAK WITH OX KIDNEY.

ON WEDNESDAY I HAD THE USUAL 0745 CALL AND A MOST WELCOME CUP OF WHAT I CAN ONLY CALL TEA, (BEING IN A SOMWHAT DEHIDRATED CONDITION. QUITE A CARD IS McHAT). AT 0746 I ROLLED OVER AND INSTANTLY WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

ON THURSDAY I WENT TO THE WEDDING OF THE RIGHT HOR. PRINCESS SILLIOLNORM. HIS HUSBAND TO BE WAS THE NOBALL PRIZE WINNER FOR PISSEDOFFOLOGY PRO. KATTI ITCHYSON. THOSE PRESENT AT THE WEDDING WERE, H.R.H. DYNES MALONE AND QUEENSBURY, THE TWO COMEDIANS CORDON BLEU AND TOBY TWIRL, HIS EXELENCY THE HIGH CONFECTIONER AND SON OF HAB-THE-GOOD OF THE SAME NAME, EARL JENXKINS THE FAMOUS TRENCHER WHO IS SAID TO KEEP A BEASTLY THING UNDER HIS BED. THAT WELL KNOWN SONGSTER AMI SMUTH WHOSE LATEST PERFORMANCE OF WINNI THE POO HAS MADE A LARGE IMPREBION UPON THE POPULATION, THE WORLDS IH LAND SPEED RECORD HOLDER CAPITAN VON SPRUSEWELL, AND THAT WELL KNOWN CRUFTER JAKY DOGISON WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BRED ALL HIS DOGS BY HIMSELF WITHOUT ANY OUTSIDE INFLUENCES. THE CATERING WAS BY KIND PERMISSION OF STEWADSPOT AND GUZZLER. THE DUTY CASUALTY OSSIFER WAS DOCTOR HOBBIT-CANPULL THE FAMOUS HALLEY STREET SPECKTIONER.

IN A MADE RUSH TO DINE WITH THE RENOUN METAMORPHICIST GODIN DEFINATIVE WHOS OTHER GUESTS WERE THE NEOPRENE TWINS BOIGLE AND GROAN, I WAS INVOLVED IN A COLISION WITH AN OIL-TANKER. THOSE PRESENT AT MY FUNERAL WERE.....

Crossword for Christmas Splode



Clues across

1. We're here. (10)
7. Alternatively, Operations research (2)
8. Type of transmission. (2)
9. They crossed one across. (3)
13. ~~XX~~. Leader of the BGLE. (6)
15. We nineteen across his products (3)
16. Alaw degree. (3)
18. Tear gas. (2)
19. Consume. (3)
20. May be seen in Antarctic waters (6)
22. The usual method of delivering lead balloons. (4)
24. "The life blood of a modern Antarctic station". (3)
25. We work for this part of the base. (3)
26. They now supply 25 across's 24 across. (4)
27. To be, part of. (2)
28. She'll soon be here now, chaps. (10)
12. Type of large deer. (3)

Clues down

2. And a very happy one to all our readers. (3,4)
3. If not a pro. (4)
4. In addition decrease by a third. (2)
5. An appropriately named tool for this part of the world. (4,6)
6. It sailed long ago. (3)
8. Make of teleprinter. (5)
10. Became a friend by losing a letter in the street. (4)
11. A girl's name. (5)
14. Here a routine duty. (3,2)
17. Andy. (2)
21. A trig function. (3)
23. "What a ____." (common fid expression). (4)
26. A record label. (3)
27. You should be able to hear this. (2)