

SPLode Editorial

After the publication of the last edition of this journal, in fact on the very evening of its publication, the editor was involved in a most unseemly bar-room scuffle, or brawl, and, although defying himself with the utmost gallantry, sustained severe injuries, at the hands (and feet) of a huge, burly ruffian. So much for the freedom of the press. All I can say is that I hope that criticism in future will take less physical means of expression.

At least in the past there's been something to criticise. Tonight, for the first time in the history of SPLode, there's nowt. And for a reason. Because the weekend before us is a HOLIDAY. You may not know what a holiday is, gentlemen, so I will tell you. It is a time during which you do the minimum of work. Easy, isn't it? The whole sordid business can be got over without the slightest break in routine.

Tomorrow is Easter Sunday, a day of great rejoicing for some reason or another, and upon this auspicious day, EASTER SPLode will be published. This will give those of you who decided to waste the golden hours of youth shifting snow at Cabo Rel instead of being gainfully employed writing for SPLode a chance to do your bit. Whether you have already written something or not, get a GRIP! Extract the digit thing! Let's have something, however feeble, from EVERYBODY, and make it a BUMPER NUMBER.

OH HELL THE SHIFT LOCK'S STUCK.....