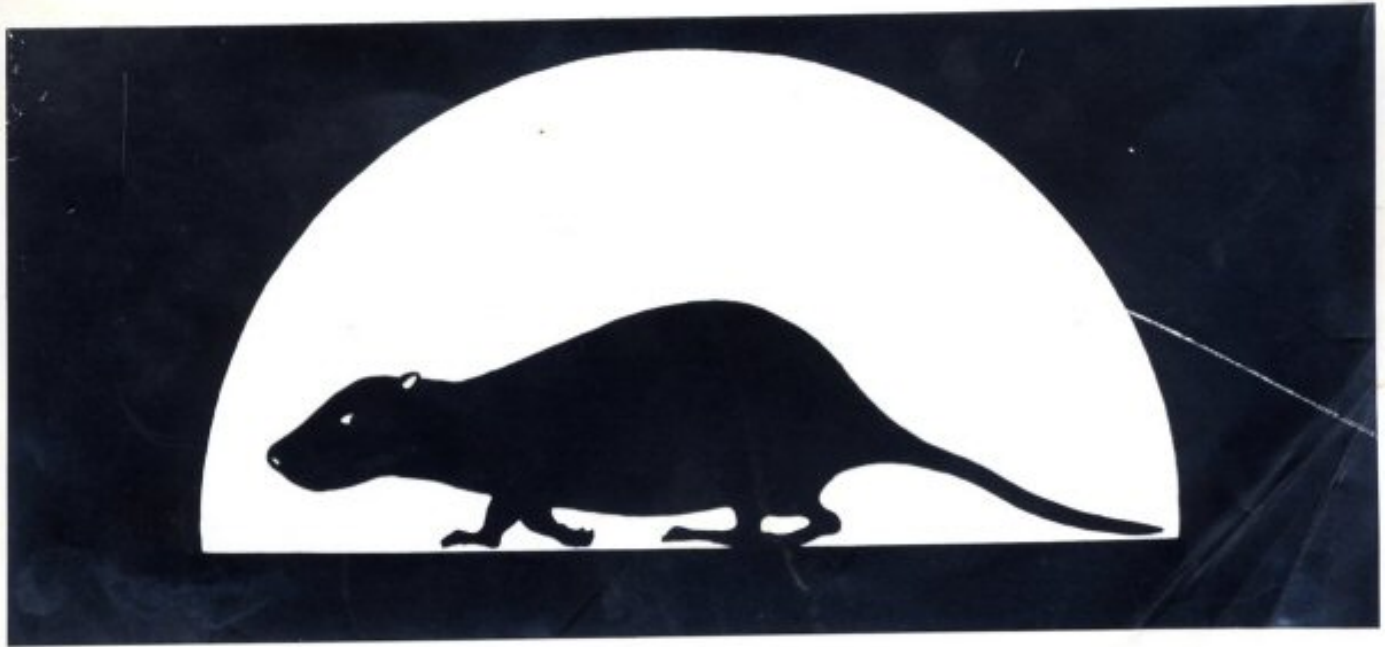


The HALLEY COMET 1980



JACK SCOTCHER

PETER JENKINS

PETER HALL

PETER GIBBS

ALAN WARD

BRIAN JAMES

NICK JARVIS

STEVE SMITH

COLIN MORRELL

PAT COOPER

MICK ROSCOE

TIM GODSMARK

STEVE HOLDICH

MIKE HOOD

ANDY GREEN

ROBIN GREGORY

BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX.

BIRMINGHAM,

GATESHEAD,

KENDAL, CUMBRIA.

DAGENHAM, ESSEX.

WALSgrave, COVENTRY,

SALTFORD, NR. BRISTOL.

RAMSBOTTOM, LANCs

LIVERPOOL 13.

WALSALL, WEST MIDLANDS.

ASTLEY BRIDGE, BOLTON, LANCs.

MARKET DRAYTON, SHROPSHIRE.

BRAMPTON, HUNTINGDON, CAMBS.

, WIMBORNE, DORSET.

, BRIGHTON, BN2 5PH.

YAXLEY, PETERBOROUGH, CAMBS.

A SHORT HISTORY OF HALLEY 1980

ON THE 15TH JANUARY THE BRANSFIELD ARRIVED AT MOBSTER CREEK, RELIEF STARTED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AND WITHIN FIVE DAYS WAS COMPLETED. NOTABLE VISITORS THIS YEAR WERE DR. LAWS, THE BAS DIRECTOR, DR. TWINN, A N.E.R.C. INSPECTOR, AND MR. D. GIPPS, ALSO A N.E.R.C. INSPECTOR. ALSO ON BOARD WERE DAVID SMITH, ARTIST, AND CHRIS GILBERT, PHOTOGRAPHER. THE SHIP LEFT ON THE 22ND JANUARY AND THOSE OF US WHO WERE THERE WILL NOT FORGET IN A HURRY THE MOVEMENT OF THE SEA ICE UNDERFOOT AS IT SEEMINGLY WAVED GOODBYE TO THE BRANSFIELD.

ELEVEN DAYS AFTER THE SHIP LEFT THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING ONE OF THE BAS TWIN OTTERS WHICH HAD FLOWN FROM ROTHERA TO DO AN AEROMAGNETIC SURVEY AROUND HALLEY. TRAGICALLY MILES MOSLEY WAS KILLED AND COLIN MORRELL WAS INJURED. FOR THOSE INVOLVED THE DETAILS ARE IMPRINTED INDELIBLY ON THEIR MINDS AND DO NOT NEED TO BE WRITTEN HERE. MILES HAD ONLY BEEN BASE COMMANDER FOR TWO WEEKS AND ALTHOUGH NONE OF US, PARTICULARLY THE SECOND YEAR MEN, HAD MUCH CHANCE TO GET TO KNOW HIM HIS SENSE OF HUMOUR AND ENTHUSIASM FOR HALLEY HAD BEGUN TO INFECT EVERYONE AND IT LOOKED AS IF WE WERE IN FOR A GOOD YEAR. DURING THE WINTER A MEMORIAL TO MILES WAS MADE AND IT IS NOW SITED IN THE AREA WHERE THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED.

THE DEATH OF A BASE MEMBER MUST OBVIOUSLY AFFECT THE REST OF THE BASE. THINGS AT THIS POINT WERE IN THE BALANCE AND COULD EASILY HAVE GONE ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. FORTUNATELY EVERYONE REALISED THIS AND MADE AN ENORMOUS EFFORT TO MAKE THINGS GO WELL. THEIR EFFORTS WERE NOT IN VAIN FOR WITHIN A VERY FEW WEEKS THE BASE HAD SETTLED IN TO A ROUTINE AND THE NATURAL FID HUMOUR WAS BEGINNING TO SHOW AGAIN.

DURING THIS PERIOD WE HAD A SHORT VISIT FROM THE T.G.E. OTTER ON ITS WAY FROM SANAE TO ROTHERA. VERY SHORT IN FACT, JUST ENOUGH TIME TO REFUEL AND HAVE A CUP OF TEA BUT WE WILL BE SEEING GILES AND JERRY SOMETIME IN OCTOBER WHEN, HOPEFULLY, THEY WILL STAY A LITTLE LONGER. WE ALSO HAD A VISIT FROM THE GERMAN EXPEDITION ABOARD THE 'POLAR SIRKEL' ON THEIR WAY NORTH HAVING SPENT A SUMMER DOWN ROUND BERKNER ISLAND LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO BUILD A BASE. THIS WAS THE LAST VISIT BEFORE WINTER SET IN.

ONE OF THE PROJECTS FOR THE SEASON WAS TO GET THE BOTTOM SECTIONS OF THE A.I.S. MASTS INSTALLED AND THIS WAS COMPLETED BY THE END OF MAY. IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL THE A.I.S. SHOULD BE RUNNING WHEN THE SHIP LEAVES IN JANUARY 1981.

ONE OF THE MAJOR PROBLEMS THIS YEAR WAS THE HYDROGEN GENERATOR AND STORAGE TANK. ALL THOSE INVOLVED WITH THESE PIECES OF EQUIPMENT ESPECIALLY TIM GODSMARK THE LONG SUFFERING D.E.M. THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF THEY WERE HEAVED OFF THE EDGE OF THE ICE SHELF. THESE PROBLEMS FORCED THE MET DEPARTMENT INTO DOING ALTERNATE DAY FLIGHTS USING HYDROGEN FROM CYLINDERS.

THE USUAL OBSERVATIONAL SCIENCE WAS CARRIED ON AS THE YEAR UNFOLDED, NAMELY VLF WHISTLER RECORDINGS, MAGNETIC FIELD RECORDINGS OZONE OBS, IONOSPHERICS, AND THAT FAVOURITE OF THE GEO. DEPARTMENT, ASTRO FIXES. HOW MR. FARMAN'S EARS MUST BURN.

DR. STEVE SMITH DID A PHYSIOLOGY PROGRAMME PART OF WHICH INVOLVED SITTING PEOPLE IN AN ICE CAVE FOR TWO HOURS AND TAKING BLOOD SAMPLES FROM THEM. HE ALSO BECAME A PART TIME MET MAN.

DURING THE YEAR THE OLD BEASTIE HUT WAS FINALLY CLOSED AS WAS THE ABSOLUTE TUNNEL.

AS THIS IS BEING WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER ONE CAN ONLY SURMISE AS TO WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE NEXT THREE MONTHS. WE ARE CERTAINLY GOING TO HAVE TWO PLANES IN BEFORE RELIEF. ONE OF THEM WILL BE A BAS OTTER MIKE PINNOCK AND DICK KRESSMAN IN SO THAT THEY, WITH THE HELP OF PAT AND WICK, CAN ERECT THE A.I.S. MASTS TO A HEIGHT OF THIRTY METRES BEFORE RELIEF. THE REST OF THE INSTALLATION WORK WILL THEN BE DONE DURING THE RELIEF PERIOD.

THE OTHER PLANE WILL BE THE T.G.E. OTTER WITH GILES AND JERRY ON BOARD. IT WILL CALL AT HALLEY TO REFUEL AND HOPEFULLY STAY FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS. WE HAVE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR HAD REGULAR COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE T.G.E. PARTY AT BORGA WHICH IS SOME 300KM TO THE NORTH OF SANAE.

OTHER VISITORS? THE RUSSIANS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CALLING TO COLLECT SOME FUEL TO TAKE TO DRUZHNYAYA FOR USE BY BAS OTTERS WHEN THEY CALL THERE. WE MAY GET A VISIT FROM THE GERMANS ON THEIR WAY DOWN TO ESTABLISH THEIR BASE AND ALSO FROM THE NORWEGIANS WHO MAY BE WORKING IN THE WEDDELL SEA THIS SEASON. YOU NEVER KNOW, THE ARGENTINIANS MAY COME. THE LAST VISIT BY THEM WAS IN 1977.

OTHER HAPPENINGS, WELL MOSTLY ICE CHIPPING-A NEW ICE CAVE WAS DUG TO THE NORTH OF THE WORKSHOP/GENERATOR SHED INTERSECTION AND THE FLOOR OF THE FOOD CAVE WAS DUG OUT WHICH IN EFFECT DOUBLED (AT LEAST) THE FOOD STORAGE CAPACITY. ALL IN ALL A GOOD YEAR FOR CHIPPING ICE AND DIGGING HOLES IN THE BONDU.

JACK SCOTCHER

SOME FACTS GLEANED FROM THE HALLEY BAY REFERENCE LIBRARY.
'THE HITCHHIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY' HAD THIS TO SAY,

HALLEY

SITUATED ON THE BRUNT ICE SHELF, AN INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE LUMP OF ICE ON THE EVEN LESS SIGNIFICANT LUMP OF ROCK WHICH CONSTITUTES THE THIRD PLANET OF THE STAR 'SOL' WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, THE INHABITANTS CALL EARTH. A STANGE TERM IN ITSELF AS TWO THIRDS OF THE PLANET IS COVERED BY WATER AND NOT EARTH SO IF THESE CREATURES HAD BEEN RATIONAL AND WITHIT THEY WOULD HAVE CALLED THEIR HOME SEA AND SO AVOIDED ALL THIS CONFUSION IN THE FIRST PLACE.

STILL NEVER MIND, AS THE OLD URSA MAJOR SAYING GOES, 'THAT'S THE WAY THE FLAT CAKE SHATTERS.'

BACK TO THE ITEM IN QUESTION. HALLEY APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF PRISON COLONY, NOT UNLIKE THE GREAT PRISON PLANETS OF THE AURIGA CLUSTER. SIMILAR TO THE AURIGA PRISONS IT HAS AN EXCELLENT SECURITY RECORD IN THAT NO-ONE TO DATE HAS EVER ESCAPED. SENTENCES VARY A GREAT DEAL BUT ON THE WHOLE ARE LIMITED TO ONE OR TWO EARTH YEARS. EACH EARTH YEAR IS APPROXIMATELY EQUAL TO 3.141592654 STANDARD GALACTIC YEARS.

SOUTH AMERICA

THIS REGION OF THE PLANET 'EARTH' (SEE ENTRY UNDER 'HALLEY' FOR EXPLANATION OF THIS WEIRD NAME) HAS CLOSE LINKS WITH THE PRISON COLONY AT HALLEY AS ON COMPLETION OF THEIR ENFORCED STAY IN THE AFOREMENTIONED ESTABLISHMENT THE NOW SUB-NORMAL SPECIMENS OF THIS RATHER SUB-NORMAL SPECIES, WHOSE MAIN INTEREST IN LIFE IS DIGITAL WATCHES THAT MAKE HORRIBLE SQUEAKING NOISES AT RANDOM TIMES, NEED REHABILITATING AND ARE OCCASIONALLY ALLOWED A BRIEF FURLOUGH IN THE PLEASURE CENTRES OF THIS TINY ENCLAVE OF THEIR 'CIVILISATION'.

NB. FOR READERS OF THE MORE ENLIGHTENED SPECIES LOOKING FOR A GOOD 'HOOLI' OR ANY OTHER FORM OF FLAMBOYANT PARTY. THIS INCONTRAVERTABLY DULL PLANET IS NOT THE PLACE TO TAKE A HOLIDAY AS EVEN THE SO-CALLED FESTIVALS OF THESE PITIFULLY ARCHAIC COMMUNITIES RARELY LAST MORE THAN ONE EARTH WEEK AND DO NOT COMPARE TO EVEN THE DOWDIEST GET-TOGETHERS HELD ON THE PLANET HOROLOGIUM IV.

HOROLOGIUM IV

WORTH A VISIT JUST FOR THE PARTIES.

ALTERNATIVE SOUTH AMERICA

'WHEN THE EUROPEANS ARRIVED, THE GREATER PART OF LATIN AMERICA WAS INHABITED, VERY THINLY, BY NOMADIC HUNTERS, FISHERS AND FARMERS, BUT FOUR GROUPS OF INDIANS HAD DEVELOPED ELABORATE CIVILISATIONS: THE INCAS..., THE CHIBCHAS..., THE MAYAS..., AND THE AZTECS.

IT WAS ONCE THOUGHT THAT THESE CULTURES HAD RISEN INDEPENDENTLY, BUT IT NOW THOUGHT THAT AT LEAST THE MEXICAN AND PERUVIAN CULTURES HAD NOT ONLY A COMMON ORIGIN BUT THAT THEY REMAINED MORE OR LESS CONNECTED WITH EACH OTHER. IN THE SHORT INTERIM BETWEEN THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND THAT OF PERU, A SPANISH CARAVEL MET AT SEA A PERUVIAN RAFT LADEN DEEP WITH POTTERY AND METAL GOODS BOUND FOR THE MARKETS OF THE NORTH.'(1)

'IT IS CERTAINLY STRIKING THAT THERE IS NOT A TRACE OF GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE HIGH CIVILISATIONS THAT STRETCHED FROM MEXICO TO PERU. THE DEEPER THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS DIG, THE HIGHER THE CULTURE , UNTIL A DEFINITE POINT IS REACHED AT WHICH THE OLD CIVILISATIONS HAVE CLEARLY ARISEN WITHOUT ANY FOUNDATION IN THE MIDST OF PRIMITIVE CULTURES.'(2)

(SUCH OBSERVATIONS ARE OPEN TO MUCH WILDER INTERPRETATIONS THAN HEYERDAHL'S THOUGH: TRY DANIKEN (3) AND (4).)

'THE INCA INDIANS HAD THEIR GREAT EMPIRE IN THIS MOUNTAIN COUNTRY WHEN THE FIRST SPANIARDS CAME TO PERU. THEY TOLD THE SPANIARDS THAT THE COLOSSALL MONUMENTS THAT STOOD DESERTED ABOUT THE LANDSCAPES WERE ERECTED BY A RACE OF WHITE GODS WHICH HAD

LIVED THERE BEFORE THE INCAS THEMSELVES BECAME RULERS. THESE VANISHED ARCHITECTS WERE DESCRIBED AS WISE, PEACEFUL INSTRUCTORS WHO HAD ORIGINALLY COME FROM THE NORTH LONG AGO IN THE MORNING OF TIME AND HAD TAUGHT THE INCAS' PRIMITIVE FOREFATHERS ARCHITECTURE AND AGRICULTURE, AS WELL AS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. THEY WERE UNLIKE OTHER INDIANS IN HAVING WHITE SKIN AND LONG BEARDS: THEY WERE ALSO TALLER THAN THE INCAS.'(2)

'IN A BATTLE ON AN ISLAND IN LAKE TITICACA THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE MEN WITH BEARDS WERE MASSACRED, BUT KON-TIKI HIMSELF AND HIS CLOSEST COMPANIONS ESCAPED AND LATER CAME DOWN TO THE PACIFIC COAST, WHENCE THEY FINALLY DISAPPEARED OVERSEAS TO THE WESTWARD.'
(QUOTED IN (2))

THERE THEN AROSE IN THE ANDES THE RULE OF THE INCAS WHICH WAS TO LAST FOR FOUR CENTURIES.

'IF THE ELDEST OR FAVOURITE SON DESIGNATED AS HEIR BY HIS FATHER PROVED WEAK OR INCOMPETENT, HE WAS SOON DEPOSED BY A MORE AGGRESSIVE BROTHER IN A CIVIL WAR OR PALACE REVOLUTION. MOST OF THE ELEVEN INCAS THAT RULED UP TO THIS TIME HAD SUCCEEDED ONLY AFTER SOME SUCH STRUGGLE, AND THE RESULT WAS A LINE OF REMARKABLE RULERS.'(5)

'LINGUISTIC UNITY, A COMPLEX AND HIGHLY DEVELOPED ROAD SYSTEM AND AN OMNIPRESENT POLICE REGIME: THOSE WERE THE PRINCIPLES OF A SOCIAL ORGANISATION UNIQUE IN SOUTH AMERICA AND EVEN IN BOTH AMERICAS. THEY EXPLAIN THE DAZZLING SUCCESS OF THE INCA EMPIRE AND THEY ALSO EXPLAIN WHY THIS CIVILISATION HAS LEFT A DEEP IMPRINT ON THE INDIANS NOW LIVING IN BOLIVIA, PERU, ECUADOR AND NORTHERN CHILE.'(6)

'THIS MOUNTAIN REGION WOULD HAVE BEEN VIRTUALLY IMPASSIBLE HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE INCA'S OWN SUPERB ROADS...EUROPE HAD SEEN NO ROADS LIKE THESE SINCE ROMAN TIMES...WITH NO DRAUGHT ANIMALS OR WHEELED VEHICLES, THE INCAS BUILT THEIR ROADS ONLY FOR WALKING MEN AND TRAILS OF LLAMAS...THE INCA ROADS WERE NARROW, AVERAGING ONLY SOME THREE FEET IN WIDTH IN DIFFICULT MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, BUT THE FLAGSTONE PAVING WAS GOOD, AND SO WERE THE LONG FLIGHTS OF STEPS THAT WORRIED THE SPANISH HORSES.'(5)

IN 1532, THE WORLD FROM THE EAST BURST IN UPON THE INCA EMPIRE IN THE FORM OF 62 SPANISH HORSEMEN AND 106 SPANISH FOOTSOLDIERS. THE INCA EMPIRE NUMBERED SIX MILLION. WITHIN A FEW YEARS IT WAS A SPANISH COLONY. HOW COULD SUCH A LARGE EMPIRE BE CONQUERED BY SUCH A SMALL NUMBER? IT SEEMS NOT ONLY INCREDIBLE, BUT TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY UNFAIR.

PERHAPS IT WAS LUCK, THE FORCE ARRIVED AT THE END OF AN INCA CIVIL WAR, BUT THERE WERE MORE SOLID REASONS-

'IN THE COURSE OF THE CONQUEST THE INCAS...TRIED TO ADAPT THEIR FIGHTING METHODS TO MEET THE EXTRAORDINARY CHALLENGES OF INVASION BY A MORE ADVANCED CIVILISATION. THE MOUNTED KNIGHT HAD DOMINATED EUROPEAN HISTORY SINCE ROMAN TIMES..HIS DOMINATION OF THE BATTLEFIELD ENDED ONLY WITH THE EVOLUTION OF RAPID-FIRING FIREARMS. WHENEVER AMERICAN NATIVES HAD TIME TO ASSIMILATE EUROPEAN WEAPONS THEY WERE ABLE TO MOUNT AN EFFECTIVE RESISTANCE...BUT THE INCAS DID NOT HAVE TIME TO MAKE THESE ADAPTATIONS TO THEIR FIGHTING TECHNIQUES.'(5)

BUT WHAT OF THOSE 'WHITE SKIN AND LONG BEARDS' WHO FLED WESTWARDS ACROSS THE PACIFIC? WHERE HAD THEY ORIGINALLY COME FROM?

'WERE THE WANDERING TEACHERS MEN OF AN EARLY CIVILISED RACE FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, WHO IN TIMES LONG PAST, IN THE SAME SIMPLE MANNER, HAD COME OVER WITH THE WESTERLY OCEAN CURRENT AND THE TRADE WIND FROM THE CANARY ISLANDS TO THE GULF OF MEXICO?'(2)

AND WERE DID THEY GO TO?

' 'TIKI' THE OLD MAN SAID QUIETLY, 'HE WAS BOTH GOD AND CHIEF. IT WAS TIKI WHO BROUGHT MY ANCESTORS TO THESE ISLANDS WHERE WE LIVE NOW. BEFORE THAT WE LIVED IN A BIG COUNTRY BEYOND THE SEA.' '(2)

-WORDS SPOKEN TO HEYERDAHL ON A LITTLE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC IN 1937.

AND THEN WHERE? ONWARDS, WESTWARDS TO EGYPT TO PRODUCE YET ANOTHER CIVILISATION TO SAIL PAPYRUS BOATS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC PERHAPS? WAS CIVILISATION ALWAYS LIKE THIS IN THOSE FAR OFF DAYS, A QUIET WAVE TRAVELLING AROUND THE WORLD STIMULATING GROWTH IN ITS CREST AND SLOW DECAY IN ITS WAKE? IF SO, SOMEONE SEEMS TO HAVE PUT THE PLUG IN SOMEWHERE AND LEFT BOTH CULTURAL TAPS RUNNING.

REFERENCES

- (1) BROOKS (ED) SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK
- (2) HEYERDAHL THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION
- (3) DANIEN CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?
- (4) DANIEN RETURN TO THE STARS
- (5) HEMMING THE CONQUEST OF THE INCAS
- (6) FISHER, BROWN (EDS) FODOR'S 1978 GUIDE TO SOUTH AMERICA

ALL THE ABOVE ARE ON BASE.



JACK-'I REALLY MUST DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER'-SCOTCHER

BUILDER AND B.C. ALIAS 'THE JUDGE'

SEX? NOT SURE I CAN REMEMBER WHAT IT'S LIKE (SIGH)

BORN IN BEXHILL AND INTO BADMINTON, HORSE RIDING, BUILDING HORSE DRAWN VEHICLES, POLYTHENE AND COOKING OIL ETC. NEWFOUND INTEREST FOR 1980 IS READING WOMEN'S MAGAZINES-MUCH BETTER THAN ANY OF THE SO-CALLED PORN MAGS.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS? PLENTY THANKS. PROBABLY ANOTHER ONE DUE WHEN SOME GIRLFRIEND READS THIS MAG (AND LAST YEAR'S). OR IT COULD BE THE START OF SOMETHING GOOD-ALL THAT OIL.....

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? I DON'T KNOW AND WHAT'S MORE I SIGNED ON FOR A SECOND YEAR BECAUSE I WAS HOPING TO FIND OUT. ANYWAY ERIC SALMON SAID IT WOULD BE EASY-I'LL KILL HIM.

PREVIOUS JOBS

CARPENTER AND JOINER IN VARIOUS GUISES, BUILDING HOUSES, GENERAL JOINERY, COACHBUILDER AND WHEELWRIGHT.

ROBIN GREGORY

COOK ALIAS HARPIC

INTERESTS. BEATING BING AT DARTS AND BACKGAMMON.

SEX? ONLY 19MONTHS TO GO.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS? APART FROM BEING BORN AND COMING DOWN HERE- I WENT FOR A JOB IN THE BUS COMPANY'S RESTAURANT AS A COOK BUT ENDED UP DRIVING THE BUSES.

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? THE DIRECTOR ASKED ME TO COME AS WE ARE GOOD MATES.

PREVIOUS JOBS

COOK, CLIPPIE, BUS DRIVER.

SALLY

THERE WAS A HYDROGEN GENNY NAMED SALLY
WHOSE HOME WAS HERE AT HALLEY.

HER DAILY JOB WAS TO FILL THE BALLOONS
FOR ALL THE METMEN AND OTHER BUFFOONS.

HER WIRING WAS GOBBED AND IN NEED OF RESTORE
SO ABBO REWIRED HER AND DROPPED HER TO THE FLOOR.

NOW ONE COLD AND WINDY NIGHT

JUST BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF FLIGHT

NIGHT MET NOTICED A LOSS OF PRESSURE

SO SWITCHED HER OFF JUST FOR GOOD MEASURE.

ALONG CAME A FID WHOSE TRADE WAS A FITTER
WHO WAS TOLD TO GO OVER AND GOT VERY BITTER.

HE CHANGED THE FILTER, HE CHANGED THE PUMP,
'WHAT IT NEEDS IS A BLOODY GOOD THUMP'.

SO EARLY ONE MORNING WHEN BLEARY EYED

THE PUMP WAS THUMPED AND OTHER THINGS TRIED.

BUT THIS AND THAT WERE TO NO AVAIL

SO A TEL WAS SENT BY ANDY, AIRMAIL.

AFTER A FEW DAYS A REPLY CAME BACK

SUGGESTING THAT THE BLEED VALVE WAS SLACK.

NOW THIS HAD BEEN TRIED A FEW DAYS PREVIOUS

AND SALLY WAS REGARDED AS SOMETHING GRIEVIOUS(?).

NOWADAYS SHE IS TEMPEREMENTAL

AND THE FITTER CONCERNED IS GOING MENTAL

BUT DON'T WORRY HE WON'T DESPAIR
ALL THE TIME IT'S IN NEED OF REPAIR,
HE WILL GO ABOUT IT IN THE CORRECT MANNER
AND SHE'LL PROBABLY GET HIT WITH A BLOODY BIG HAMMER.



"Looks like the Norwegian party beat us to it!"



PETER-'I DIDN'T FANCY A JOB AT WINDSCALE BECAUSE IT WAS SO CUT OFF'
HALL.

METMAN AND RADIATION MEASURER

BORN OUTSIDE THE CRISP FACTORY IN PETERLEE. OTHER PERVRSIONS INCLUE
ROWING, NOT DOING TAPESTRY, FILMS, PAIN, ART.

EMBARRASSING MOMENT? ROWING THE 2000M COURSE IN DURHAM WITH MY WILLY
HANGING OUT (I'M NOT ASHAMED).

PREVIOUS JOBS

BETTING OFFICE, BEDDING FACTORY.

TIM-'I MISS MOTORBIKES MORE THAN I MISS WOMEN.'-GODSMARK

DIESEL MECHANIC

SEX? I'M IN FAVOUR OF IT.

BORN IN HEREFORD. INTERESTS INCLUDE RACING GRASS TRACK BIKES AND
MOTOR BIKES IN GENERAL. INTERESTED ESPECIALLY IN SLIM FEMALE'S
NAVELS. WOULD LIKE TO BE ON AN ICE BERG WITH DIANA RIGG AND A FOUR
POSTER BED.

EMBARRASSING MOMENT? AFTER PROUDLY SIGNING MY AUTOGRAPH IN A YOUNG
BOY'S BOOK AT A GRASS TRACK HE SAID, 'ARE YOU THE ONE THAT FELL OFF'
REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? I STARE AT THE CEILING EVERY DAY AND A
MYSELF THAT. WHY ME? WHY HERE? OUT OF ALL THE GODDAMN PLACES TO GO

PREVIOUS JOBS

FARMWORK BUT THE WAGES WERE LIKE THE SMELL. IN THE
STOCK CONTROL AT A PORK PIE AND SAUSAGE FACTORY. TESTING TOYS-RADI
CONTROLLED TANKS, TALKING DOLLS, AND A BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY (ALL
PASSED) . ENGINEERING APPRENTICESHIP AT ROLLS ROYCE FOR THREE YEAR
AND CONTINUED WITH THEM FOR TWO MORE YEARS BEFORE JOINING BAS.

FIDDESSES?

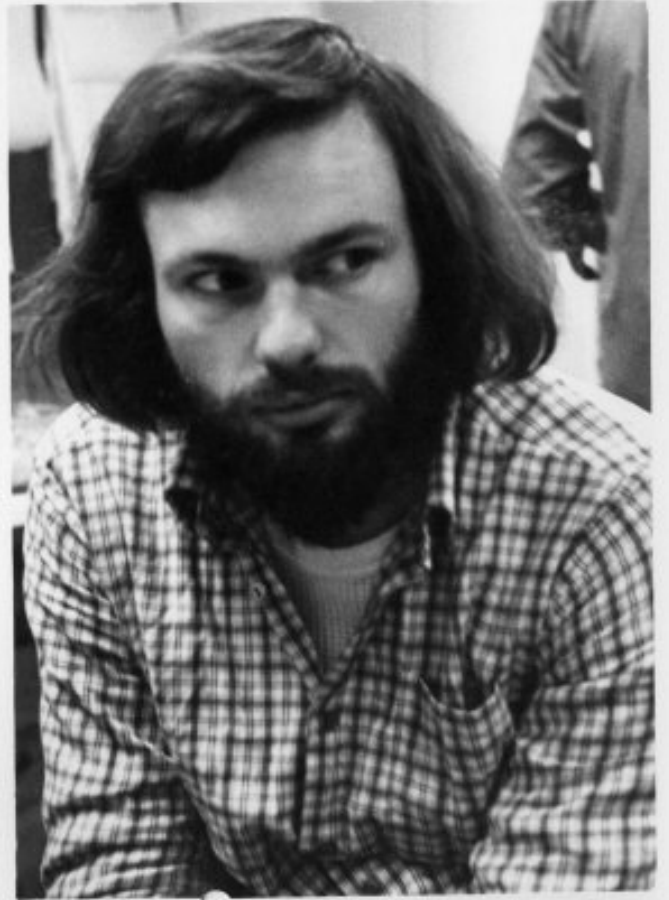
'NO, I CAN'T FILL THE MELT TANKS NOW I'M JUST GOING TO WASH MY HAIR.'

BUT WHAT WOULD IT REALLY BE LIKE? HOW WELL WOULD A BASE WORK WITH SAY, EIGHT WOMEN AND EIGHT MEN? WOULD IT BE THE ULTIMATE IN BALANCED COMMUNAL LIVING WITH EVERY PERSON PERFECTLY ADJUSTED TO LIVING SMOOTHLY WITH EVERYBODY ELSE? WOULD THE MEN EITHER BE SETTING UP A STAG BAR WHERE THEY COULD ESCAPE TO ENJOY TYPICAL FID CONVERSATIONS ABOUT +++, +++,S, AND ++++ING OR SETTling DOWN IN THE LOUNGE OF AN EVENING TO SEW SEQUINS ON THEIR SWEATERS FOR THE MIDWINTER BALLROOM DANCING COMPETITION? THE ONLY CERTAINTY IS THAT IF IT WAS TRIED ONCE IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO REFUSE FEMALE APPLICANTS IN THE FUTURE WITHOUT VERY STRONG EVIDENCE OF FAILURE

PERHAPS IF HALF THE BASE MOVED OUT TO LIVE A QUIET LIFE IN SNOW HOLES OR IF THE OTHER HALF WERE FOUND NEATLY BOUND AND GAGGED IN PACKING CASES IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO PERSUADE THE WOMEN'S LIBBERS THAT ALL ARE NOT BORN EQUAL AFTER ALL. THEN AGAIN YOU COULD ALWAYS HAVE AN ALL FEMALE BASE. NO I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT. NOT EVEN IN JEST.

SO HERE WE ARE, FORTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD'S SILLIEST CONTINENT, IN A WORLD WHERE WOMEN ARE STRANGE TWO DIMENSIONAL CREATURES THAT DECORATE THE PAGES OF MAGAZINES AND FEATURE FILMS. SOME OF THE RECORDS ON BASE HAVE VOICES WHICH BEAR NO RESEMBLANCE TO OUR OWN AND THOSE WITH EXCEPTIONALLY LONG MEMORIES CLAIM THAT THESE SOUNDS ARE ANOTHER FEMALE MANIFESTATION. BUT THESE SAME SAGES ALSO TELL TALES OF BEER THAT DOESN'T COME IN CANS, SNOW THAT'S GREEN AND SMELLS FUNNY, RADIO MASTS THAT ARE BROWN

AND KNOBBLY AND SPROUT GREEN PAPER IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER, AND PENGUINS WITH FOUR LEGS. ONE OF THEM EVEN HAD ME HALF BELIEVING IN A CONTRAPTION CALLED A FLUSH TOILET UNTIL I ASKED HOW YOU WINCHED IT UP THE SHAFT WHEN HE DESTROYED HIS CREDIBILITY BY SAYING, 'YOU DON'T IT ALL SORT OF GOES AWAY, LIKE.' COME OFF IT. WE MIGHT BE SILLY DOWN HERE BUT WE'RE NOT STUPID.



STEVE-'HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THAT BIRTH MARK, BRIAN?'-SMITH

DOCTOR AND AMATEUR METMAN

UNLEASHED UPON A COMPLETELY INDIFFERENT WORLD IN WATFORD OF ALL PLACES. PASTIMES INCLUDE WALKING UP HILLS AND SKIING DOWN THEM (EXCEPT WHEN LIVING IN ICE SHELVES), BREWING THE BEST BEER ON BASE, SUN WORSHIPPING, ETC.....

SEX? NOT SINCE THE LAST TIME.

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? EVERYBODY HAS TO BE SOMEWHERE.

PREVIOUS JOBS

PACKING SOUP, SWEEPING FLOORS, MED SCHOOL AND MEDICAL HOUSE OFFICER IN LIVERPOOL, ORTHOPAEDICS AND CASUALTY OFFICER IN INVERNESS.

PETER-'DO THIS, TYPE THAT, I'M JUST THE ODD JOB MAN ROUND HERE'-GIBBS

METMAN

BORN IN SUNDERLAND (IT WASN'T MY CHOICE). INTERESTS:- WATCHING AND PLAYING FOOTBALL, SQUASH, ANY TV SPORT (EXCEPT WRESTLING AND HORSE RACING), SAILING HILLWALKING, POTHOLING, AND OTHER PERVERSIONS.

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? THEY TOLD ME IT WOULD BE EASY.

PREVIOUS JOBS

VACATIONS FROM NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY USUALLY SPENT DOING NASTY THINGS TO SHEEP, DRIVING TRACTORS AND THROWING BALES OF HAY ABOUT.

I WONDER, I WONDER.

I WONDER WHY THE YANKEES DON'T DO IT LIKE WE DO.
WE MUST BE RIGHT WE'RE B.A.S. AND BRITISH THROUGH AND THROUGH.
WITH HERCY BIRDS AND JAMES WAY HUTS IT CAN'T BE QUITE THE SAME,
NOW PYRAMIDS AND TWOTTERS THAT'S HOW TO PLAY THE GAME.
WHEN IN THE FIELD THEY LIVE IN STYLE ON T-BONE STEAKS EACH NIGHT
THE NIGHTLY FILMSHOWS, FUR-LINED LOOS, I FEEL IT CAN'T BE RIGHT.
WE SALLY FORTH ON MEATY BAR AND SOMETIMES TINNY BACON,
IT'S REALLY IT, I KNOW IT IS, I JUST CAN'T BE MISTAKEN.
AND BACK ON BASE A WEEKLY PHONE TO MUMMY IS ARRANGED,
GOOD LORD' WHAT NEXT' WHAT UTTER ROT' THEY MUST BE QUITE DERANGED.
AND NOW I'VE HEARD IT RUMOURED, IN RATHER AWFUL TASTE,
THEY'VE STARTED BRINGING WOMEN DOWN ONTO THE THE ICY WASTE.
NOW THAT IS SINKING VERY LOW, IT'S CERTAINLY NOT CRICKET,
TWO YEARS WITHOUT THE FAIRER SEX, YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO TICK IT.
I'M ALSO TOLD THEIR SCIENTISTS WILL ONLY WORK AT SCIENCE,
THE BUILDERS BUILD, THE PLUMBERS PLUMB, NO ROOM FOR SELF-RELIANCE.
NOW ALL OUR MET-MEN CAN DIG HOLES, THE DOCTOR'S DOING OBS.
THOUGH TO BE FAIR IT MAY BE FUN BUT GIVES SOME AWFUL GOBS.
THEIR BASES TOO ARE SO DESIGNED TO MAKE LIFE FULL OF LEISURE
BUT IN CENTRAL HEATING AND THE LIKE TELL ME, WHERE'S THE PLEASURE?
OH GIVE ME HALLEY BY THE SEA WITH ALL ITS LITTLE QUIRKS,
THE ICE- CHIPPING, THE LACK OF POWER. THE ONLY WAY TO WORK.
THEY FLY YOU IN AND FLY YOU OUT, YOU GET THERE IN A DAY.
BUT TWO MONTHS ON THE BRANSFIELD IS THE GOOD OLD BRITISH WAY.
AND SO YOU SEE THE YANKEES JUST HAVEN'T GOT IT RIGHT,
I EXPECT THAT SOON THEY'LL FIND A WAY TO LIGHT THE POLAR NIGHT.
PERHAPS THEY SHOULD TAKE LESSONS AND DO IT HOW IT'S DONE,
FROM US, WE'RE BAS AND BRITISH AND BY GOD WE'RE HAVING FUN'.



ALAN-'I DON'T EAT TINS OF BISCUITS. THAT WAS A FOUR AND A HALF POUND BOX OF BISCUITS'-WARD

MET AND GEO MAN

BORN IN HAMMERSMITH AND INTERESTED IN LIFTING THINGS, AND RUNNING ABOUT, DOROTHY MCGUIRE, TAKING PICTURES, DOROTHY MCGUIRE, HUSKIES, DOROTHY MCGUIRE, READING ANYTHING, DOROTHY MCGUIRE, CLIMBING, DOROTHY MCGUIRE, USED TO LIKE CARS BUT THEY SOUND EXPENSIVE NOWADAYS, DOROTHY MC-YES AL WE KNOW.

SEX? DOROTHY MCGUIRE.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS? WAKING UP IN A DUSTBIN AFTER A RATHER BOISTEROUS CHRISTMAS PARTY.

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? LOOK, I WAS TOLD IT WAS A CRUISE ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

PREVIOUS JOBS

DRAYMAN/DOGSBODY IN WHITBREADS, CLEANER IN A BAKERY, G.A. IN MAY AND BAKERS KITCHEN ETC.

JOHN MICHAEL ROSCOE

BEASTIE MAN

ALIAS ANIMAL

BORN IN ECCLES, MANCHESTER. INTERESTS ARE WOMEN, MONEY, RUGBY, WOMEN, MONEY, RUGBY, WOMEN, MONEY, RUGBY, AND ASKING FOR A SECOND YEAR AT HALLEY WHEN I COULD HAVE GONE HOME LAST YEAR AND ENJOYED MY HOBBIES AND INTERESTS.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS? WAS TAKING A SHOWER IN A HOTEL IN BUENOS AIRES ON THE TRIP DOWN WHEN THE WINDOW FELL OUT. THERE WAS AN OFFICE BLOCK ABOUT 15FEET AWAY WITH A TYPING POOL ON THE SAME FLOOR.

REASON FOR BEING HERE? 'CAUSE IT'S GOOD HERE AINT IT.

PREVIOUS JOBS

L/TECH AIR RADAR FOR FIVE YEARS PREVIOUS TO JOINING BAS. STILL GOT TWO YEARS IN RAF WHEN I GET BACK. ANYONE KNOW WHAT RADAR IS?

VERSE AND WORSE BY LOO?DICROUS POETS

A HUNNYPOT'S A FEARSOME BEAST,
IT SITS IN HERE ON TURDS TO FEAST.
ALTHOUGH I'VE HEARD, THAT JUST FOR FUN
IT SOMETIMES LIKES TO CHEW A BUM.
SO WHEN YOU'VE DONE DON'T SIT HERE FLASHING
OR HUNNYPOT WILL START A-GNASHING.
YOU'VE NO TIME TO ENJOY THE SMELL,
JUST DROP YOUR LOAD AND RUN LIKE HELL.

A DM AT HALLEY CALLED TIM,
WROTE VERSES WITH VIGOUR AND VIM.
HIS POEMS WERE MEAN
AND HIS RHYMES WERE OBSCENE
AND HIS JOKES WERE EXCEEDINGLY THIN.

(HA HA CAN'T SPELL /~~RHYME~~ RHYME
DAMN'.)
(SORRY IT JUST HAPPENED TO ----- RHYME THAT WAY)

IN RETORT I MUST RPORT,
I HAVE NOT WRITTEN A WORD.
ALTHOUGH WORLDWIDE MY JOKES ARE SOUGHT (COCK)
I HAVE NOT GRACED THIS HONEYPOT BOARD.

TOMORROW THE SUN WILL RISE,
AND NICK HE HAS NO DOUBT.
BUT WOULDN'T IT BE A SURPRISE
IF THE BUGGER WENT OUT.

BUT IF THE SUN WAS DEAD,
WE WOULD HAVE ANOTHER WAY.
BY SHINING A TORCH ON GRIDLEY'S HEAD
WHICH GETS BRIGHTER EVERY DAY.

TOMORROW IS GREAT IF THE SUN COMES BACK,
OR SO NICK HAS SAID.
A GOOD EXCUSE FOR A BOTTLE OF GRANTS
AND STRAIGHT BACK TO BED.

ALL FUEL RUNS WILL NOT BE DONE UNTIL THERE IS AT LEAST
47KNOTS OR OVER.

NOONE IS TO DO FUEL RUNS UNDER 47KNOTS AS IT IS OF DANGER
TO YOUR HEALTH.

DEM.

COYPU, COYPU, COYPU, COYPU,
COYPU, COYPU, COYPU.
COYPU, COYPU, COYPU, COYPU,
COYPU, COYPU, COYPU.

I SAW A LARK A SOARING HIGH
A LOOKING FOR HIS SNUGGERY.

A BLEEDING GREAT HAWK FLEW DOWN ON HIM
AND TORE 'IM ALL TO PIECES.

TO SNIP OR NOT TO SNIP,
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

WHETHER 'TIS ~~EASIER~~ NOBLER ON THE EYES.....

THIS WAS THE ORIGINAL SCRIPT BUT PUBLISHERS CHANGED WORDING
FOR COMMERCIAL REASONS.

WILL. S.

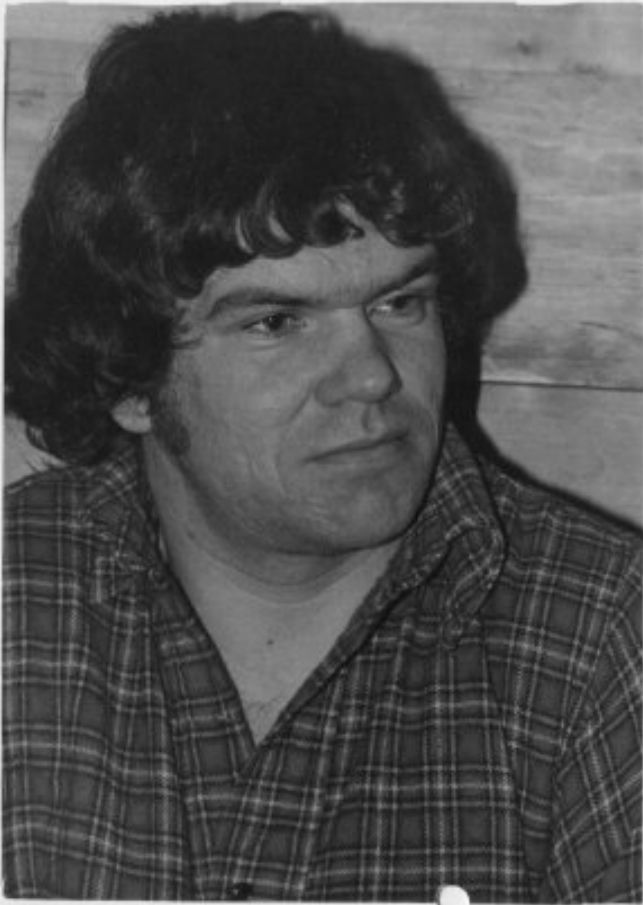
THERE WAS A YOUNG CHIPPIE CALLED JACK,
WHOSE DAYDREAMS TOOK ONLY ONE TRACK.
AND HE RECKONED THE BEST
WERE OF YOUNG LADIES DRESSED
IN SUSPENDERS AND STOCKINGS OF BLACK.

A SUBJECT OF SOME SMALL HILARITY,
THOUGH TO SOME IT MAY SEEM A VULGARITY,
IS THAT YOUNG SMALLY PETE
CONSUMES MARS BARS COMPLETE
WITH THEIR WRAPPERS IN FULLEST ENTIRETY.

A FELLOW CALLED ABBO, DOWN SOUTH,
WHILST POSSESSING GREAT CULTURE AND COUTH,
HAD A PRE-OCCUPATION
TO STOP CONVERSATION
BY PUTTING HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MET-MAN CALLED WARD,
WHOSE BEHIND HELD MUCH ENERGY, STORED
IN THE FORM OF A GAS,
(WHICH HE'D FREQUENTLY PASS)
WITH AN ODOUR MOST FOUL AND ABHORRED.

COYPU COYPU BURNING BRIGHT,
DOWN HALLEY'S CORRIDORS AT NIGHT.
DURING THE DAY YOU'LL NOT SEE ITS FACE.
COS THEY LIVE WITH THE THING,
DOWN THE OLD BASE.



STEPHEN-'IT'S NOT MY FAULT I WAS BORN LIKE THIS'-HOLDICH

TRACTOR MECHANIC ALIAS BING

SEX? WOMEN ARE OK BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT THE REAL THING.

BORN IN PETERBOROUGH. INTERESTS INCLUDE MOTOR RACING, SQUASH,
FOOTBALL, WOMEN AND BEING GAY. ROGERING, RUNNING NUDE ALONG
CAMBRIDGE RIVER ON A HOT SUMMER'S SUNDAY.

EMBARRASING MOME-----NO CHANCE.

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? ????????????????

PREVIOUS JOBS

7 1/2 YEARS AS AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER.

6 MONTHS WITH R.A.C.

MIKE-'IS THAT CUBIC LITRES'-HOOD

ELECTRICIAN ALIAS ABBO

PAST HISTORY

DIM MEMORIES OF A NUDIST CAMP AND THE REST IS JUST

A BLANK.

IT MAY BE NOTED THAT ARYEV IS EMPHATIC THAT ACTUAL ICE FORMATION IN FROSTBITE IN MAN DOES NOT OCCUR. ARYEV ALSO DENIES THAT FROZEN PARTS ARE BRITTLE AND HE CITES SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH FROZEN FROGS THROWN VIOLENTLY ONTO THE GROUND WITH NO FRACTURES. HOWEVER, IF A MOUSE IS FROZEN AT A SUFFICIENTLY LOW TEMPERATURE SUCH AS -79°C IT CAN BE CRUMBLED WITH EASE (PARKES A. S. PERSONAL COMMUNICATION, 1952).

FROM 'MAN IN A COLD ENVIRONMENT' BY BURTON AND EDHOLM

HERE WE ARE AT HALLEY BAY
THIRTY FEET BELOW.
THE ONLY THING WE SEEM TO DO
IS SHOVEL AWAY THE SNOW.

OUR BASE COMMANDER'S NAME IS JACK
OUR BUILDER ALSO TOO.
YOU NEVER SEE HIM GET UP TIGHT
ALTHOUGH THERE'S LOTS TO DO.

OUR MET-MEN ALSO IN THE CROWD
READING ALL THE OBS.
THE DAYS THE FLIGHT DON'T OPERATE
THEY END UP FIXING GOBS.

ANDY IS OUR RADIO OP
ARRANGING ALL OUR SKEDS,
THE ONLY ONE OUT OF US ALL
WHO DON'T STAY LONG IN BED.

MIKE IS OUR ELECTRICIAN HERE
AND TAKES CONTROL OF FIRES.
HE REALLY DOES A GOOD JOB THOUGH
HE'S OFTEN PULLING WIRES

ANOTHER MEMBER HERE IS DOC,
ALWAYS ON THE BALL.
THE FIRST ONE UP ON SATURDAY
AND GIVES THE REST A CALL

STEVE OR 'BING'' OUR MECHANIC HERE
HAS TAKEN TO THE STRINGS.
HIS TIME IS FILLED UP IN BETWEEN
GIVING US A WINGE.

OUR DIESEL MECH WHO LIVES ON BASE
IS KNOWN TO ALL AS TIM.
THE ONLY BLOKE WHO EATS ALL DAY
AND REALLY DOES KEEP SLIM.

OUR GEO MEN AT HALLEY BAY
ARE MISSING ALL THE NUDES.
BUT NEVER MIND SAYS 'GEO SLUG'
I'M GOING DOWN THE TUBES.

THE BEASTIE MEN ALSO ON BASE
LIVE MOSTLY IN THE HUT.
BUT WHEN NOVEMBER COMES ALONG
THEY COULDN'T GIVE A +++++.

HARPIC TOO LIVES UNDERGROUND
HE IS THE HALLEY COOK.
HE CANNOT WAIT TO GET BACK HOME
AND HAVE ANOTHER DRINK.

I'M HAVING A GREAT DAY TODAY BECAUSE:-

'I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO I AM,'
'YOU'RE A SLUG.'
'I'VE ONLY TEN MONTHS TO DO.'
'I'VE BEEN KNOCKING IN NAILS AND DIGGING HOLES.'
'I LIKE IT HERE.'
'IT'S ONE DAY NEARER HOME.'
'I GOT UP BEFORE TIM.'
'WHO DOESN'T?'
'MEKON LOST THE BALLOON (AGAIN)'

I'M HAVING A TERRIBLE DAY TODAY BECAUSE:-

'I'VE GOT TWENTY TWO MONTHS TO DO.'
'AS MUCH AS THAT,
'I'M PISSED OFF WITH POLYMORPHS, BORED WITH
BASOPHILS AND 'AD ENOUGH OF ACIDOPHILS.'
'AN ME.'

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THERE WAS AN OLD MAN CALLED JACK,
WHO WOULD RIP OFF ANYONE'S BACK.
FOR APENNY THEY SAY
HE WOULD DO IT ALL DAY
AND END UP GIVING YOU T'SACK

ADD LUSTER TO
YOUR CLUSTER
DIP IN AVTUR,
IT REALLY MAKES THEM

I'
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A
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++++++
+SPARKLE+
++++++

IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN COYPU FLEECE
OR.....HOW WE REALLY GOT HERE

HE STOOD ON A SMALL HUMMOCK LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE FLAT COUNTRY, HIS EYES NARROW SLITS AGAINST THE SUN. 'THEY'RE COMING', HE SAID QUIETLY. 'YEAH LOOKS LIKE IT', SAID THE OTHER MAN, WHO WAS LAYING ON HIS BACK WITH HIS EYES SHUT. 'BOUT TIME.' THE STANDING MAN GRUNTED AGREEMENT. HE LOOKED BACK TO THE THREE SMALL BLACK DOTS ON THE HORIZON. SUDDENLY HE STOOPED AND PICKED UP A PIECE OF SPAGHETTI AND ABSENT MINDEDLY STUCK IT IN HIS MOUTH. 'BE GLAD TO GET SOMEWHERE THERE'S GRASS 'STEAD OF THIS GODDAM RAW SPAGHETTI', HE MURMURED. 'COULD BE WORSE, COULD BE COOKED', MUTTERED THE RECLINING FIGURE. THE STANDING MAN KICKED HIM IN THE RIBS. 'OW LONG YOU RECKON THEY'LL BE, JUGAK?', HE SAID SITTING UP. 'BOUT SIX INCHES SAME AS WHEN THEY LEFT--'LESS THEY'VE BEEN TYING WEIGHTS TO THEM'. 'NO, YER IDJUT'. AH MEAN HOW LONG IS IT GOIN' TO TAKE THEM TO GET HERE?' 'OK, BLUG, DON'T GET OFF YER BIKE', SAID JUGAK. 'BOUT TWO HOURS I RECKON' BLUG GOT UP AND WALKED DOWN THE SLOPE TO HIS STEED. HE PULLED A PAIR OF BINS FROM A POUCH AND RAN BACK UP THE SLOPE, THE EFFORT MAKING HIS BREATH COME IN SHORT PANTS. 'I DUNNO, BRUG, WHY CAN'T YOU WEAR A DRESS LIKE THE REST OF US. WOT ARE YOU SOME KIND OF PREVERT?' BRUG SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS. 'I CAN'T HELP IT. I JUST LIKE WEARIN' SHORT PANTS'. 'WELL I THINK ITS DISGUSTIN' SHOWIN' YER ASS LIKE THAT' SAID JUGAK. I AINT HAD TIME TO MEND EM YET. ANYWAY ITS THAT ROPIC'S FAULT, HIM AN' HIS GODDAM CURRIES.' HE TURNED HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE TRAVELLING SPIT PONTOON AND SPAT. 'NICE LITTLE TRAVELLER THAT. WHERE DID YOU GET 'ER, JUGAK?' 'OH, PICKED 'ER UP IN SOME ANCIENT BRASSERE IN WALSALL WHEN WE

WUZ LOOKING FER THE FLEECE THERE. THE PRETTY HAND PAINTED PATTERN AND THAT SCREW ON BRASS LID REALLY CAUGHT MY EYE. GENUINE PAGLES EMPORIUM YER KNOW, ONE OF THE FEW EVER COMPLETED.' BRUG'S EYEBROW SHOT UP. HE PULLED IT BACK DOWN. 'GENUINE PAGLES, EH. PRETTY RARE, DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN ANYTHING OF HIS ACHULLY COMPLETED BEFORE. USUALLY ALL YER CAN FIND ARE THINGS HE'S STARTED AND ABANDONED.' 'JEST LUCKY I GUESS.' SAID JUGAK. HE SPAT INTO THE TRAVELLER USING THE SPAGHETTI AS A BLOWPIPE. 'BEAUTIFUL TONE,' HE MURMURED. THE RING OF SPIT PONTOON CARRIED HIS MIND BACK TO WALSALL AND THE FLEECE. THEY HAD ALMOST HAD IT THERE BUT THE PEKON HAD ELUDED THEM. HE HAD TURNED HIMSELF INSIDE OUT BY BENDING OVERWITH HIS BACK TO THE WIND. THAT WAS HIS ACE IN THE HOLE AND HE HAD USED IT. FORTUNATELY FOR THE SEARCHERS A PEKON CAN ONLY DO THAT ONCE EVERY MILLENIUM. IF THEY TRY IT MORE THAN ONCE THEY CATCH THE DEADLY BROWN ROT. A FAINT BUZZING BROUGHT HIS MIND BACK TO THE PRESENT. HE FOCUSED ON THE BLACK DOTS, THEY WERE MUCH BIGGER NOW ALTHOUGH STILL QUITE A WAY AWAY.. ' I WONDER IF THEY'VE HAD ANY LUCK', SAID BRUG. 'SOON KNOW', ANSWERED JUGAK. THEY STARTED TO PACK THEIR GEAR AWAY. JUGAK'S STEED STARTED ITS MOTOR. 'AH FER CHRIST'S SAKE DON'T BE SO EAGER', HE SHOUTED. HE WALKED ACROSS AND GAVE IT A KICK IN THE SIDE PANEL. THE STEED LEAPED FORWARD ABOUT TWO METRES SENDING UP A SHOWER OF SPAGHETTI FROM UNDER ITS DRIVE BELT, GAVE A COUPLE OF BLIPS OF ITS MOTOR AND TURNED ITSELF OFF. 'GODDAM CRAZY THING', MUTTERED JUGAK. 'DAMN GOOD MIND TO PART EXCHANGE YOU FOR ONE OF THOS SPEED OF LIGHT JOBS.' THE STEED ROCKED GENTLY TO AND FRO ON ITS SUSPENSION BUT SAID NOTHING.

THE NOISE OF THE APPROACHING STEEDS WAS NOW QUITE LOUD, A COUPLE MORE MINUTES AND THEY WOULD REACH THE WAITING MEN. 'YOU GONNA PUT A DRESS ON OR WOT?' 'NAH. I DON'T THINK SO' SAID BLUG.

'THEY AINT GONNA LIKE IT', SAID JUGAK SHAKING HIS HEAD.

THE THREE STEEDS STOPPED ALONGSIDE JUGAK'S AND THE RIDERS DISMOUNTED. 'WELL?' SAID JUGAK. 'YES, THANKS', REPLIED THE TRAVELLERS IN UNISON. 'ASSHOLES', SAID JUGAK. 'I MEAN HOW DID YOU GET ON?' 'WOT THE 'ELL IS THAT?' SAID MEDOC POINTING AT THE REAR END OF BLUG WHO WAS BENDING OVER PACKING AWAY HIS GEAR. 'GET A DRESS ON, YOU GODDAM PREVERT', SHOUTED BAL. BLUG STOOD UP AND TURNED, HIS HAND FLASHED TO HIS HIP AS HE DID SO. HE PULLED HIS WEAPON FROM ITS POD AND AIMED IT AT BAL. 'LISTEN, ASSHOLE, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRAP. ONE MORE WORD FROM YOU ABOUT WHAT I WEAR AN' I'M GONNA BLOW YOU AWAY UNDERSTAND? I MEAN YOU'LL JUST BE A MESS ON THE WALL.' BAL DIDN'T MOVE. THE SPEED THAT BLUG HAD DRAWN HIS WEAPON HAD SHAKEN HIM. 'OK, BLUG, GIVE IT A REST EH?' SAID JUGAK. BLUG TURNED HIS HEAD TO ONE SIDE KEEPING HIS EYES ON BAL AS HE SPAT INTO HIS OWN SPIT PONTOON. NOT AS DECORATIVE AS JUGAK'S BUT A SERVICEABLE LITTLE TRAVELLER JUST THE SAME. HE HEARD THE HOLLOW RING AS HIS SPITTLE HIT HOME. 'WELL OK. JUST AS LONG AS HE UNDERSTANDS HE CAN'T RIDE ME NO MORE. I'VE TAKEN ALL I'M GONNA FROM HIM.' 'GUESS HE UNERSTANDS THAT ALL RIGHT' SAID MEDOC. BLUG SLIPPED HIS BANANA BACK INTO ITS POD AND TURNED BACK TO HIS PACKING. 'MEDOC' SAID JUGAK. 'NO, MEDOC, HIM BAL, YOU JUGAK' SAID MEDOC. JUGAK ROLLED HIS EYES TO THE SKY. 'JESUS, DO I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS EVERY TIME?' HE SAID. 'WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, HOW DID YOU GET ON?' THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE RECENT ARRIVALS SPOKE UP. A MENACING FIGURE THIS ONE, HE WAS DRESSED IN A BLACK TWO PIECE SUIT WITH A MATCHING PEAK CAP AND BANANA POD. OVER HIS FACE HE WORE A BLACK MESH UNDER WHICH WERE A PAIR OF VERY DARK PLASTIC RIMMED SHADES. HIS SKIN LOOKED VERY PALE AGAINST THE COLOUR OF HIS OUTFIT. HE WAS OBVIOUSLY

NOT A MAN TO TRIFLE WITH. 'NOT TOO GOOD.' HE SAID. 'WOT SORT OF TALK IS THAT, TROLIN?' SAID JUGAK. 'NOT TOO GOOD TALK' REPLIED THE OTHERS AS ONE. 'OH GOD, WHY ME?' SHOUTED JUGAK RAISING HIS EYES AND ARMS TO THE HEAVENS. SLOWLY A HEAD MATERIALISED IN THE SKY. IT WAS A VERY OLD HEAD COVERED IN WRINKLES AND WHITE HAIR. IT HAD ONE FINGER STUCK IN ITS EAR AND A VERY THOUGHTFUL LOOK ON ITS FACE. THEY ALL LOOKED IN TERROR. SLOWLY THE FINGER WAS WITHDRAWN FROM THE EAR AND THE BEADY EYES INSPECTED IT CLOSELY. AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS THE EYES TURNED AND LOOKED AT THE GROUP AND STILL WITH THE SAME THOUGHTFUL LOOK ON ITS FACE IT SAID, 'I DUNNO' JUGAK, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU GETS RIGHT UP MY NOSE' THEN, AS SLOWLY AS IT HAD APPEARED IT FADED AWAY. THE GROUP LOOKED AT EACH OTHER IN STUNNED SILENCE. SUDDENLY BLUG SCREAMED, 'WE'RE DOOMED.' 'COCK,' SAID BAL. 'BUT THAT WAS THE GREAT GOD, GOODLORES' SAID TROLIN.

'++++ 'IM' SAID JUGAK. 'YEAH' SAID BLUG. JUGAK LOOKED AT THE OTHERS. 'WE'RE ALL GODS DON'T FORGET, HE'S JUST BIGGER THAN US THAT'S ALL.' 'YEAH' SAID BLUG. 'SHUT UP' SAID JUGAK. 'YES, JUGAK' SAID BLUG. 'BY THE WAY, TROLIN, LIKE YOUR OUTFIT. WHERE'D YOU GET IT?' 'OH I BOUGHT IT OFF THE INTERGALACTIC HARROD STORE LAST WEEK. ONLY COST A HUNDRED BLACK COYPU SKINS,' ', ' 'SUITS YOU' SAID JUGAK. THE OTHERS NODDED THEIR AGREEMENT.

'OK BACK TO BUSINESS. WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?'

'MAKRON'S AT SOME PLACE THEY CALL THE TUBES' SAID MEDOC.

'THE TUBES? WOTS THAT?' ASKED JUGAK.

'IT'S A SORT OF ANCIENT UNDERGROUND PALACE,' SAID BAL. 'WOULD SOMEONE MIND GIVING ME A KICK, PLEASE' HE ADDED. BLUG KICKED HIM ON THE LEG. 'OOH, AGAIN HIGHER' BLUG SWUNG HIS FOOT AGAIN. THERE WAS

A SICKENING CRUNCH AS HIS BOOT MADE CONTACT. BAL DOUBLED UP, 'OOH THANKS, BLUG, THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN A BIT OF PAIN' GASPED BAL. 'ANY TIME' SAID BLUG.

'CAN WE GET INTO THIS PLACE? THE TUBES DID YOU CALL IT?' ASKED JUGAK. 'IT'LL BE DIFFICULT' SAID MEDOC. 'THE MAKRON'S GOT A FEW HELPERS WITH HIM. I RECOGNISED SOME OF THEM AND WHAT'S MORE THEY AINT BEEN USIN' SPIT PONTOONS.....' 'YOU MEAN.....' 'YEP, THEY GOT AN AREA OF SOGGY SPAGHETTI ALL ROUND THE ENTRANCES TO THE TUBES' 'WE'LL NEVER GET THE STEEDS THROUGH IT.' ADDED TROLIN. 'WE'LL HAVE TO GO IN ON FOOT.' 'IT'S GOING TO BE RUGGED, SOME OF US MIGHT NOT MAKE IT I RECKON.' SAID JUGAK. HE SPAT INTO HIS SPIT PONTOON. 'GUESS WE'LL HAVE A BREW AND THEN WE'D BETTER MAKE A MOVE. COULD ONE OF YOU WAKE STINGLE SO HE CAN HAVE A LOOK AT THE STEEDS.' THEY ALL LOOKED ROUND. 'WHERE IS HERE?' ASKED BAL. 'OH I FORGOT, IT'S BEEN DRIFTING SINCE WE'VE BEEN HERE, I MARKED HIM WITH A CHISEL LANCE, HE'S OVER THERE.' JUGAK POINTED TOWARDS A LANCE STUCK IN THE BONGHETTI. 'HOW FAR DOWN?' ASKED BAL. 'OW THE +++++ SHOULD I KNOW,' SAID JUGAK. 'WE'VE BEEN HERE A YEAR SO I WOULD GUESS ABOUT THAT MUCH.' HE WAVED HIS HAND OVER HIS HEAD. 'IS IT AS LONG AS THAT?' SAID TROLIN. 'I'LL DIG HIM OUT,' SAID BAL. 'I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND' SAID BLUG. THEY WALKED TOWARDS THE LANCE. AFTER ABOUT TWO HOURS BLUG CAME OUT OF THE HOLE. 'HOW YER GETTIN' ON?' SAID JUGAK. 'OH OK, WE'VE GOT HIM UNCOVERED APART FROM HIS GODDAM HANDS. I AINT NEVER SEEN HANDS LIKE THAT BEFORE.' 'YEAH, THEY ARE A BIT OF A HANDICAP,' SAID MEDOC. THERE WAS AN IMMEDIATE BURST OF HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER FROM THE WHOLE GROUP, IT STOPPED AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED. 'IS HE AWAKE YET?' 'YOU MUST BE JOKING,' SAID BLUG. 'I THINK BAL'S GOING TO PUT FOUR MILLION VOLTS

THROUGH 'IM. 'MIGHT DO IT,' MUSED MEDOC. 'HOPE SO WE'VE GOT TO START MOVING SOON,' SAID JUGAK. 'WE CAN'T GO 'TIL ROPIC COMES,' SAID TROLIN. 'THAT'S TRUE, WHERE IS HE ANYWAY?' ASKED JUGAK. 'OH, HE'S MAKING A NEW WEAPON. HE WOULDN'T SAY WHAT IT WAS BUT HE SAID HE WOULDN'T BE LONG,' REPLIED TROLIN.

THERE WAS A HIGH PITCHED GRUNT FROM THE HOLE. THEY ALL WALKED ACROSS AND LOOKED IN. 'TIME TO GET UP, STINGLE. I WANT YOU TO CHECK THE STEEDS BEFORE WE TRAVEL. CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THEM GOING DOWN ON US.' 'O-O-OH, DO I 'AVE TO? I NEED MY SLEEP YOU KNOW.' 'YOU BIN SLEEPIN' SINCE WE GOT HERE,' SAID BLUG. 'OW LONG'S THAT?' 'NEARLY A YEAR,' REPLIED BLUG. 'MY BACK DONT 'ALF HURT,' SAID STINGLE. 'SHOULDN'T SLEEP SO MUCH,' SAID MEDOC. 'NO, IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I BEND SIDEWAYS.' 'WELL, DON'T DO IT,' THEY ALL SHOUTED. STINGLE PUT HIS HAND UP TO HIS HEAD AND RUBBED HIS EYES. 'I CAN'T 'ACK IT YOU KNOW,' HE MUMBLED. 'GET YER ARSE INER GEAR,' SAID JUGAK. 'I THINK I CAN SEE ROPIC COMING,' SAID TROLIN. THEY ALL LOOKED TOWARDS THE HORIZON IN THE DIRECTION HE WAS POINTING. SURE ENOUGH THERE WAS A SMALL BLACK DOT THERE. 'HE'LL BE A WHILE YET. LET'S HAVE ANOTHER BREW,' SAID BAL.

ROPIC PULLED UP ALONGSIDE THE WAIT MEN. 'HI,' HE SAID 'WHAT KEPT YOU WAITING?' SAID BLUG. 'OH I'VE BEEN MAKING A NEW AND TERRIBLE WEAPON.' SAID ROPIC. 'COR, LETS HAVE A LOOK AT IT,' SAID BAL. 'THERE,' SAID ROPIC. PULLING OUT WHAT LOOKED LIKE A LOAF OF BREAD. 'A LOAF OF BREAD, WOT SORT OF WEAPON IS THAT?' SAID BAL. 'IT'S BETTER THAN THOSE BLOODY BANANAS WE'VE BIN USIN' I TELL YER. I WAS CHASED BY SOME OF MAKRON'S HELPERS. I THREW ONE OF THESE AT THEM AND THEY DISAPPEARED.' 'HOW DOES IT WORK?' ASKED BLUG. 'I'M NOT SURE REALLY, IT'S HOLLOW INSIDE AND WHEN YOU BREAK IT EVERYTHING FOR ABOUT THIRTY FOOT ROUND IT JUST DISAPPEARS JUST LIKE THAT. 'M-MM,

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE MADE A PORTABLE SPACE-TIME GATEWAY WITH A VACUUM ACTION,' SAID BLUG. 'LOOKS LIKE A LOAF OF BREAD TO ME,' SAID MEDOC. 'TRY EATING IT,' SAID ROPIC. 'NOT WHILE I'M STANDING HERE, I DON'T WANT TO END UP ON SOME GODFORSAKED PLANET WITHOUT THE MEANS OF GETTING OFF IT AGAIN,' SAID BLUG. 'IS THAT WHAT IT DOES?' SAID JUGAK. 'BLOODY RIGHT, ITS AN UNTUNED MATTER TRANSPORTER, YOU COULD END UP ANYWHERE AND IN ANY TIME ZONE, AND WITHOUT THE GOLDEN COYPU FLEECE YOU'D NEVER KNOW WHERE THE TUNED GATEWAYS WERE AND HAVE TO START HITCH HIKING ROUND THE GALAXY THE HARD WAY,' SAID BLUG. 'BUT SOME OF THESE PLANETS ARE SO BLOODY BACKWARD YOU COULD BE STUCK THERE FOR YEARS WITHOUT AN INTERGALACTIC VESSEL PASSING WITHIN A MILLION LIGHTYEARS OF THEM. I THINK YOU'D BETTER PUT THAT AWAY, ROPIC,' SAID JUGAK. 'HOW MANY DID YOU MAKE?' 'BLOODY 'ELL WHERE ARE THEY?' SAID BLUG. 'IN MY PACK BUT THEY'RE WELL PROTECTED.' 'I SHOULD BLEEDIN' HOPE SO,' SAID BLUG. STINGLE, WHO HAD BEEN TALKING TO THE STEEDS, CAME WALKING BACK. 'THEY'RE ALL OK. COR, A LOAF OF BREAD. I AINT 'ALF HUNGRY.' 'DON'T TOUCH THAT,' SAID BLUG. 'BUT WHY? I'M SATASTARVIN'.' 'WELL GO AND EAT SOME SPAGHETTI, THERE'S PLENTY OF IT,' SAID MEDOC. 'I'M FED UP WITH SPAGHETTI, I WANT SOME BREAD.' 'BUGGER OFF,' SAID ROPIC. 'YOU ABUSE PEOPLE YOU DO,' SAID STINGLE. 'NO, I DON'T. PISS OFF,' SAID ROPIC. 'OH STOP ARGUING AND GET YOUR GEAR PACKED, WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING,' SAID JUGAK.

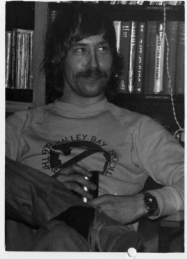
'THERE IT IS,' SAID BAL LOOKING THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS. 'I THINK WE'D BETTERWAIT UNTIL DARK BEFORE WE GO ANY CLOSER,' SAID BLUG. WHEN NIGHT FELL THEY STARTED TOWARDS THE TUBES, THE STEEDS WERE ON SILENT RUNNING AND THE ONLY NOISE WAS THE CRUNCHING OF THE SPAGHETTI BENEATH THE STEED'S BELTS. THE STEEDS STOPPED A LITTLE WAY FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE. 'WE'RE NOT GOING ANY FURTHER, THE SPAGHETTI

IS STARTING TO GET SOGGY,' SAID BLUG'S STEED. 'MISERABLE MACHINE,' SAID BLUG. 'IT'S ALRIGHT FOR YOU, BUT IF I GO IN THAT LOT I'LL GET A SLIMY TRACK.' THEY LEFT THE STEEDS AND STARTED WALKING TOWARDS THE SLOPING ENTRANCE. THE PLACE LOOKED DESERTED SO THEY WALKED DOWN THE SLOPE. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SLOPE THERE WERE A LARGE PAIR OF WROUGHT IRON GATES WHICH OPENED AS THEY APPROACHED. 'WELCOME TO THE PALACE OF THE TUBES,' THEY SAID. TROLIN GROANED, 'OH NO, NOT TALKING DOORS, HOW BOURGEOIS.' 'DON'T KNOCK 'EM' SAID BLUG. 'YOU DON'T BLOODY HAVE TO DO YOU,' REPLIED TROLIN. THERE WAS A LARGE TRACKED VEHICLE IN THE ROOM THAT THE DOORS OPENED IN TO. 'HELLO,' IT SAID. 'I'M H.I. AND ALL THE ENERGY CELLS DOWN MY LEFT SIDE ACHE AND NOBODY CARES.' 'I KNOW HOW YER FEEL,' SAID STINGLE. THERE WAS ANOTHER DOOR AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE ROOM WHICH OPENED AS THEY WALKED TOWARDS IT. BEYOND THAT THERE WAS A DIM CAVERN WITH YET ANOTHER DOOR AT THE FAR END BUT THIS ONE WAS ALREADY OPEN. THEY WALKED THROUGH INTO A NARROW BRIGHTLY LIT CORRIDOR. APART FROM THE DOOR AT THE FAR END THERE WERE SEVERAL MORE LEADING OFF TO ONE SIDE. BLUG GENTLY OPENED THE FIRST ONE AND LOOKED IN. THE ROOM WAS UNOCCUPIED. THIS ALSO APPEARED TO BE SOME SORT OF CONTROL ROOM. 'MAKRON'S HERE SOMEWHERE LOOK,' SAID BLUG. HANGING FROM THE CEILING IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM WAS A LARGE WICKER BASKET WITH A SMALL HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF IT. INSIDE THE BASKET SAT A BIRD. 'CHICKEN IN THE BASKET, EH,' SAID JUGAK. 'BLOODY PREVERT,' SAID BLUG.

THEY LEFT THE ROOM AND WALKED TO THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR. THE DOOR SWUNG SILENTLY OPEN AND THEY WALKED THROUGH. THEY WERE IN YET ANOTHER DIM CAVERN ONLY THIS ONE HAD A PASSAGE LEADING OFF TO THE RIGHT. 'LET'S TAKE A LOOK,' SAID BAL. THEY WALKED SILENTLY DOWN THE PASSAGE. WHEN THEY WERE ALMOST AT THE OTHER END THEY HEARD

MUFFLED VOICES. 'IT CAN'T BE FAR NOW,' ONE OF THEM SAID. 'I DON'T KNOW WHY HE BURIED IT HERE,' SAID ANOTHER. 'TO HIDE IT FROM JUGAK AND THE REST OF 'EM. CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THAT LOT WOULD DO IF THEY WERE LET LOOSE ON THE CIVILISED WORLDS?' NO, BETTER TO JUST LET THEM ROAM THE PARTIALLY CIVILISED PLANETS THEY CAN'T DO AS MUCH DAMAGE THERE,' SAID THE FIRST VOICE. 'THEY'RE DIGGING OUT THE GOLDEN COYPU FLEECE,' WHISPERED TROLIN. 'YES THEY ARE,' SAID A VOICE BEHIND THEM. 'WELCOME, WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR SOME TIME.' IT WAS THE MAKRON. SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENED AND SEVERAL OF HIS HELPERS CROWDED THROUGH IT. 'DON'T TRY ANYTHING. ALL MY MEN ARE ARMED WITH OBVIOUS MUSHROOMS AND WILL NOT HESITATE TO USE THEM. A NEAT TRAP DON'T YOU THINK? HAND OVER YOUR BANANAS CAREFULLY.' THE MEN DID AS THEY WERE TOLD, THEY WERE BEATEN AND THEY KNEW IT. 'NOW YOU'RE HERE YOU MIGHT AS WELL DO THE WORK FOR US. GET DIGGING.' THERE WAS A SHOUT FROM ABOVE, 'HEY MAKRON, WE'VE GOT THE STUFF FROM THEIR STEEDS, DO YOU WANT IT DOWN THERE?' THE CAPTURED MEN LOOKED UP. THEY HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE BUT THEY WERE STANDING AT THE BOTTOM OF A SHAFT THAT REACHED THE SURFACE DOWN WHICH SEVERAL MORE OF MAKRON'S MEN WERE LOOKING. 'YEAH, DROP IT DOWN,' SAID MAKRON. 'YOU CAN'T DO THAT,' SHOUTED BLUG. 'YES I CAN,' SAID MAKRON. THEY HEARD LAUGHTER FROM THE MEN AT THE TOP. 'THEY'VE BROUGHT A LOAF OF BREAD WITH THEM,' THEY SHOUTED. 'OH GOOD, I CAN HAVE SOME TOAST. CHUCK IT DOWN,' SAID MAKRON. 'NO, DON'T,' SCREAMED BLUG. TOO LATE. THE MEN AT THE TOP DROPPED THE CONTAINER WITH THE LOAVES IN. THE CONTAINER HIT THE FLOOR WITH A CRASH. IMMEDIATELY THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF RUSHING WIND AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK. SLOWLY THE LIGHT RETURNED AND THE GROUP OF MEN LOOKED AT EACH OTHER. 'LET'S GET DIGGING THEN,' SAID ONE OF THEM. 'BUT WHY,' ANOTHER ASKED. 'I-I-I CAN'T REMEMBER....'

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I SHOULD BE DIGGING.' 'NOT VERY 'OT 'ERE IS IT?'
'NO.' 'ARE YOU READY THEN?' SAID A VOICE FROM ABOVE. 'YEAH...WOT WE
DOING?' 'I CAN'T REMEMBER, I JUST KNOW WE SHOULD BE DIGGING OR
SOMETHING.' 'PERHAPS WE'RE LOOKING FOR DEAD COYPUS.' THEY ALL
LAUGHED. 'DON'T BE BLOODY DAFT.' 'WE'RE GOING TO DROP THEM DOWN THEM
. MIND YER 'EADS.' 'DROP WHAT DOWN?' 'I DUNNO, LET'S DIG.' 'YEAH,
LETS DIG.' THE ONE CALLED BLUG GOT HOLD OF A MATTERHOOK, HE LOOKED AS
IF HE WAS THINKING, FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND THE LIGHT OF
KNOWLEDGE SHONE IN HIS EYES. IT FADED AS FAST AS IT HAD APPEARED.
TRY AS HE MIGHT THE THOUGHT WOULD NOT RETURN. 'DIG,' HE MUTTERED,
'DIG DIG DIG' IN THE SKY ABOVE A FACE APPEARED IN THE CLOUDS.
'GOT THE LOT OF YOU THIS TIME,' IT MURMURED TO ITSELF. 'LET'S SEE
YOU GET OF THAT ONE.....'



SHIRLEY-'MAHLER HAD ONLY ONE TESTICLE, YOU CAN TELL BY LISTENING
TO HIS SYMPHONIES'-TEMPLE

BASE MASCOT

HOBBIES, WEARING OVERALLS AND HIDING FROM FIDS WHEN HAIR IS
FRESHLY WASHED. (HE'S GOT A NICE BUM THOUGH HASN'T HE?).

ANDY-'I WOULDN'T MIND BEING STERILE'-GREEN

RADIO OPERATOR

ALIAS BADGER

BREAKER AND MENDER OF THINGS ELECTRONIC AND RE-ERECTOR OF FALLEN
AERIALS (PREFERABLY WHILE A BLOW'S ON).



**The
Halleyway
Code**

HMSO

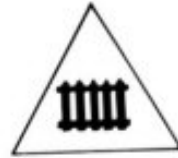
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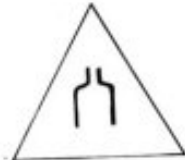
PERVERTS
THIS WAY.



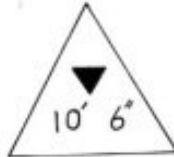
MUSKIEG
SLEWING BRAKES
NEED ADJUSTING



DANGER
WROUGHT IRON GATE
[UNWANTED GIFT]



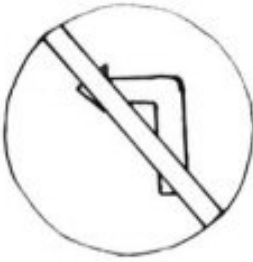
GIN BOTTLE
STRAIGHT AHEAD



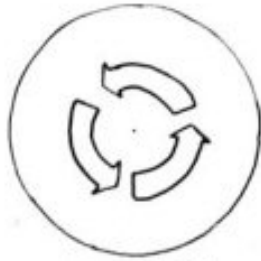
BEASTIE GATEWAY
NEEDS RAISING



OOPS!
NO SEA ICE



IH WON'T
GO TO THE
LEFT



IH STUCK
IN LEFTHAND
TURN.



BEWARE
LOW FLYING
MERC.



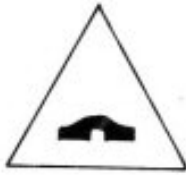
'STEAK' FOR
SCRADGE [FROM
OLD PANTOMIME COW]



S.G. REINDEER
FOR SCRADGE



FISHWICKS
FOR THE REST
OF THE WEEK



'WHALE' CAVE
BELOW



DANGER
ICE RUN IMMINENT



BEWARE
MOBSTER CRACK

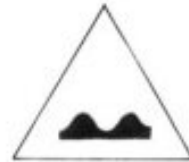


SAND
STUCK

MET MAN
GONE MAD



STEEP HILL
1 FT IN 10 MILES.



YEAH! YEAH!
YEAH!

I OFTEN WONDER WHEN I'M LOW,
WHAT I'M DOING UNDER THE SNOW.

I'LL TELL YOU WHOT YOU DO THE MOST
THAT'S DRINK THE BEER AND EAT THE TOAST.

AND WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT
YOU GO TO BED AND BEAT THE BAT.

AND WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS
YOU JUST GO BACK UPON THE PISS.

BUT THEN COMES A TIME WHEN THIS IS NOT ENOUGH,
I MUST GO AND DO OTHER STUFF.

IN TEN MONTHS TIME I'LL LEAVE THIS HELL,
BUT FOR OTHERS IT IS TWENTY TWO, WELL-WELL-WELL.

AND WHEN YOU'RE AT HOME IN THE PUB

YOU WON'T BE SUFFERING ROBIN'S GRUB.
AND PROBABLY LOST WEIGHT AROUND YOUR MIDDLE

AND YOU WON'T FREEZE YOUR ++++S OFF WHEN YOU PIDDLER.

BUT TAKE NOTE, OH WHINGING FID,
NOT MANY HAVE DONE WHAT WE DID.

BUT LOOKING AGAIN ON REFLECTION
THERE ARE WOMEN I FORGOT TO MENTION.

YOU'RE RIGHT OF COURSE, FID, WITH THOUGHTS SO FINE.

BUT WHILE YOU'RE SUFFERING I'LL BE ENJOYING 68.

SO WHILE YOU ARE LIVING DOWN BELOW,

I'LL BE SAYING, 'WELL, HELLO-O-O-O.

DURING ONE OF MY MANY WALKS WITH THE WHEEZING DOCTOR, WHEN WE ARGUED ABOUT THE PLAY LEARNING OF CUDDLY FOXCUBS FAR BEYOND OUR WILDEST IMAGININGS, OR WATCHED AWESTRUCK THE BIRTHPANGS OF A NEW COSMOS JUST OFF THE FOOTPATH OVER THE BRIDGE I EXPERIENCED MY FIRST ~~POB~~ (SORRY) BICYCLE PUNCTURE, -IT WAS AN OLD GOAT'S BIKE. THE WHEEL COLLAPSED AS THE THIN ALLOY RIM DUG INTO THE SLICK ROAD, THE CHAIN SNAPPED AND IN A BLUR OF MOTION TOOK THE RIDER'S OPEN HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDER.....

COLIN HAD A LITTLE COYPU,
IT'S FACE AS BLACK AS SCOT.
AND EVERY TIME IT CAME TOO CLOSE,
HE HIT IT WITH HIS FOOT.

4 FID SEALERS
OFF WITH GUNS AND BAIT,
HAD A GOOD DAY OF IT
AND THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.

8 DEAD SEALS LYING
WAITING FOR SOME MORE.
SOME FLOATED OFF YOU SEE
AND NOW THERE WERE FOUR.

4 FAT SEALS
GUTTED FROZE DEAD,
HOW DID YOU KILL 'EM?
SHOT 'EM IN THE HEAD.



BRIAN--'ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF PEOPLE ARE TURNED ON BY MY BODY'-
JAMES.

MET AND GEO MAN

ALIAS SLUG

BORN IN MERIDEN BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING STEADILY DOWNHILL SINCE
THEN. NO HOBBIES OR INTERESTS BUT SEE RESTRICTED EDITION FOR
PERVERSIONS.

EMBARRASSING MOMENT? BEING ASKED BY VALERIE SALE (AGED SEVEN) TO
SHOW HER MY WILLY (I WAS ALSO AGED SEVEN) AND SHE SAID, 'IS THAT IT
THEN' IN A VERY SCORNFUL VOICE.

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? VACATION.

PREVIOUS JOBS

STOCKTAKER COMERCROFT ENGINEERING LTD. DRAWING FILE
CLERK AT MASSEY FERGUSON POLISH PROJECT, COVENTRY. SALES REP FOR
DROG 111 ARMAMENTS LTD. (BATTLE BLASTER DIVISION).

PETER MEKON--'I DON'T TAKE THE PISS'-JENKINS

MET AND GEO MAN

SEX? VENUSIAN

BORN VENUS SOMEWHERE. EXACT POSITION UNKNOWN (NO ASTRO-WOOPEE).

INTERSTS-WINE, SONG, AND.....I FORGET THE THIRD ONE.

REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? PERHAPS THERE WAS ONE ONCE BUT I'M
DAMNED IF I CAN RECALL IT.

PREVIOUS JOBS

NEWSPAPER BOY (WHEN STILL TOO YOUNG TO OPEN THE SUN ON
MY OWN), PROJECTIONIST (BIRMINGHAM), GOBBER WITH THE GILWELL BROTHERS
HIGH WIRE AND LIGHT ENGINEERING ACT, GOBBER WITH UNITED GLASS
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPEMENT ST. ALBANS, GOBBER WITH ST. GEORGES ARTS
PROJECT IN LIVERPOOL, BIT PLAYER IN VARIOUS UNIVERSITY PRODUCTIONS,
GOBBER WITH CEGB SOUTHAMPTON AND NOW MET/PHYSICIST(GOBBER) WITH BAS.

IN DEFENCE OF THE WALSALL ARBORETUM

IT HAS NOW BECOME A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION THAT THE ARBORETUM IN
WALSALL IS NOT ALL THAT IT COULD BE.

TO EVEN SUGGEST THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE TREE IS PREPOSTEROUS
AND CRUEL BUT BASICALLY FAIR. BUT TO MERELY HINT THAT THE PIGEON
LIVES BY ITSELF PUTS THE ACCUSER WELL WITHIN THE REACH OF ANY
COUNSEL ADEPT AT OBTAINING CONVICTIONS FOR SLANDER.

(COLL: LINE 4-PIGEONS)

JUST TO GIVE YOU SOME IDEA OF THE DEPTHS PEOPLE WILL SINK TO
I HAVE MANAGED TO PERSUADE OUR LOCAL POLICE FORCE (HE WAS VERY
HELPFUL) TO LET ME REPRODUCE A SMALL PART OF A DOSSIER OF
SUBVERSIVE LITERATURE SEIZED DURING A RAID ON THE NEWLY OPENED
MOTHERCARE SHOP.

YOU MUST GO DOWN TO THE ARBO AGAIN

TO SEE THE PIGEON FLY

AND MARVEL AT HIS DEADLY AIM

AS HE DROPS ONE IN YOUR EYE

AND IF YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS BAD.....

YOU MUST GO DOWN TO THE ARBO AGAIN

AND GAZE AT THE TRAFFIC LIGHT.

BUT DON'T BE TEMPTED TO WAIT FOR A CHANGE,

YOU COULD BE THERE ALL NIGHT

NEEDLESS TO SAY THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW (HE HAD AN ACCIDENT)
MEETED OUT SUITABLE PUNISHMENTS TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE.

SO BEWARE ALL YE WHO WOULD POKE FUN AT THIS LITTLE KNOWN PART
OF THE BLACK COUNTRY, FOR ONE DAY YOU COULD BE THE VICTIM OF THE
WALSALL CHANT.....

I.E. WE'VE GOT A TREE
WE'VE GOT A TREE
EE II ARIO
WE'VE GOT A TREE (CALLED ERIC)

TAKE IT AWAY ERIC THE TREE SURGEON.....
HO HO HO, HE HE HE
ERIC THE WALSALL TREE....
AND SO IT GOES ON, AND ON, AND ON, AND ON.....



*Genuine Polar rock, get ... every stick has 'Great God' This is an
awful place' written all the way through*



COLIN MORRELL

BEASTIEMAN

BORN IN LIVERPOOL AND INTERESTED IN KATE BUSH, ANTI-ART, KATE BUSH, NAVY NEATERS RUM, KATE BUSH, REMAINING IN PRESENT OCCUPATION (I.E. STAYING ALIVE) KATE BUSH AND KATE BUSH. EMBARRASSING MOMENTS? TOO COOL TO HAVE EVER HAD ANY. REASON FOR BEING DOWN HERE? IT'S A LIVING.

PREVIOUS JOBS

FREELANCE CONTRACT ASSASSIN, BOUNCER AT A LABOUR EXCHANGE.

'SCIENCE IS ALRIGHT AS LONG AS IT CONFINES ITSELF TO NORMAL WORKING HOURS.'

PATRICK JOHN-'I'VE BEEN TO A CONVENT'-COOPER

BEASTIEMAN AND RADAR TECHNICIAN

ALIAS BUGLE, BULGE, BULGLE, OR ANY LOOSELY RELATED TYPING ERROR. SEX? HARD TO BE ORIGINAL BUT HOW ABOUT 'AFTER FAGGOTS, CHIPS, AND PEAS AND INVOLVING A DODGEM CAR AND A HAMMOCK?' EMBARRASSING MOMENT? BEING CHASED THROUGH THE ARBORETUM BY AN ENRAGED PEEPING TOM (NOT SAYING ANY MORE)'.

PREVIOUS HISTORY

BORN IN GRAZ, AUSTRIA. LAST PLACE OF ABODE WAS WALSALL—JUST ACROSS FROM THE ARBORETUM. PROFESSIONAL CIVVY/SCHOOL PERSON UNTIL 1969. JOINED ARMY APPRENTICE COLLEGE AND DID TWO AND HALF YEARS TRAINING IN GENERAL ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING AND NINE MONTHS SPECIALISATION ON RADAR. WORKING ON EQUIPMENT THAT I WAS NEVER TO SEE AGAIN. POSTED TO OUTER HEBRIDES 1972-4. RETURNED TO

S.E.E. ON PERMANENT STAFF AND PASSED 1ST CLASS COURSE ON REDUNDANT EQUIPMENT. POSTED TO GERMANY IN 1976. FIRST JOB ON ARRIVAL WAS VEHICLE ELECTRICIAN, THEN PAINTER AND DECORATOR. POST NCO, PLAYED AT SOLDIERS IN DENMARK, PLAYED AT EXPLORERS IN NORWAY AND PLAYED IN REME SKI TEAM IN AUSTRIA. THIS WAS FOLLOWED BY SIX MONTHS OF CLANOMAN (RADIO) INSTALLATION TEAM TOURING ROUND GERMANY. OCTOBER 1978 SIGNED ON WITH BAS. IT'S HELL BEING A RADAR TECH'.



Actually, I'm here because I went in for this competition where you had to send off five corned beef labels and, in no more than twenty-five words, complete the slogan: 'I want to go to the Pole because . . .', the first prize being membership of an expedition to try and beat Amundsen . . .

EXTRACTS FROM 'A CHILD'S GARDEN OF COYPUS.'

I THINK THAT I SHALL NEVER SEE
A COYPU LIVING IN A TREE.
AND VERY FEW ARE THEY THAT KNOW
OF COYPUS IN THE ICE AND SNOW.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE, A POCKET FULL OF RYE,
FOUR AND TWENTY COYPUS BAKED IN A PIE,
WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED, THE COYPUS ALL WERE COOKED,
OH WHAT A STUPID NURSERY RHYME TO PUBLISH IN A BOOK.

THREE BLIND COYPUS, THREE BLIND COYPUS,
SEE HOW THEY RUN, SEE HOW THEY RUN:
THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE
WHO SLASHED HER WRISTS WITH A CARVING KNIFE
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A THING IN YOUR LIFE
AS THREE BLIND COYPUS.

HICKORY DICKORY DOCK,
THE COYPU RAN UP THE CLOCK,
IT WASN'T EASY.
LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET
EATING HER CURDS AND WHEY,
ALONG CAME A COYPU AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER
AND SPOILED THE RHYME OF THIS VERSE.

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL PART 5,783

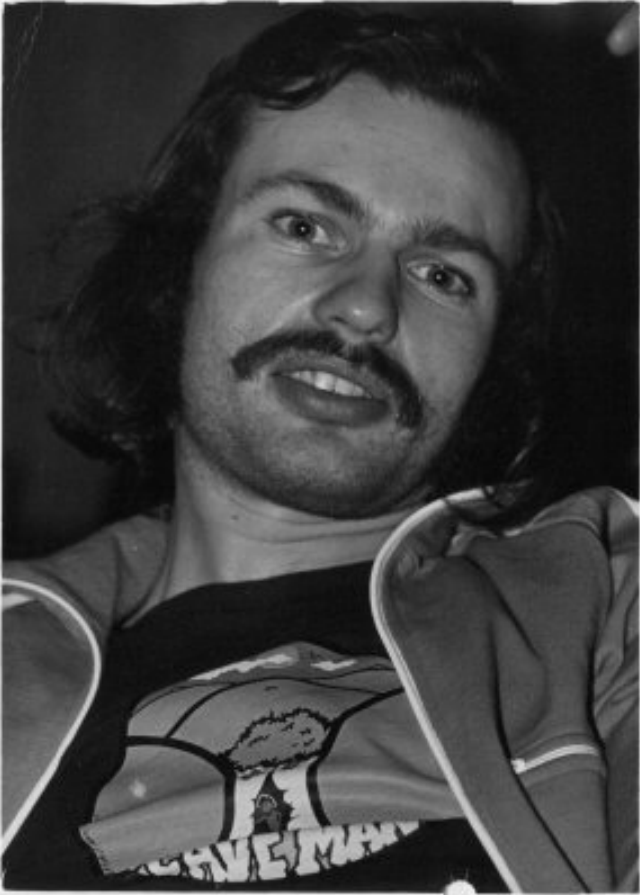
I DON'T WANT NO MICE OR HAMSTERS,
I DON'T NEED NO RATS AT ALL.
NO GUINEA-PIGS, OR VOLES, OR DORMICE,
JUST A COYPU THAT'S THE BEST OF ALL.
COYPU, COYPU. COYPU, THAT'S THE BEST OF ALL.
RATS AND MICE ARE JUST MORE BRICKS IN THE WALL,
ALL IN ALL, THEY'RE ALL JUST BRICKS IN THE WALL

IF INTO THE GARAGE YOU CRUISE
WHEN IT'S LITTERED WITH BITS OF SKIDOOS,
AND YOU HEAR A LOUD MOAN
OF 'WHY ME?' AND A GROAN,
THEN YOU KNOW IT'S BING, WINGEING THE BLUES.

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL PART

WE DON'T NEED EXTERMINATION,
WE DON'T NEED NO PEST CONTROL,
NO WARFARIN OR TWELVE BAR SHOTGUNS,
FARMERS, LEAVE THOSE COYPUS WELL ALONE.
HEY, FARMERS, LEAVE THOSE COYPUS WELL ALONE,
ALL IN ALL IT'S JUST ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL,
ALL IN ALL YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL.

ADD A TOUCH
OF CLASS TO MURDER. ' STRANGLE PEOPLE WITH ETON
TIES. PURCHASED
AT HARRODS.



NICHOLAS JOHN JARVIS

MET AND RADIATION

ALIAS JABBER THE KRILL

BORN IN BRISTOL, SEX BY APPOINTMENT ONLY. INTERESTED(?) IN HILL WALKING, SAILING, MUSIC, SCHOOLGIRLS AND SMALLIE BOYS(WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AFTER TWO YEARS IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE?).

EMBARRASSING MOMENT? HOW ABOUT LEADING FORTY STUDENTS THROUGH THE NEW FOREST FOR AN HOUR BEFORE REALISING THAT IT WAS THE RED END OF MY SHINY NEW COMPASS THAT POINTED NORTH. ABOUT TURN.

PREVIOUS JOBS? COME ON, WHO ELSE BUT BAS WOULD EMPLOY ME?

DOCTOR-'I CAN'T THINK OF A QUICK REPLY TO THAT...APART FROM
++++++'-FEELGOOD

CURRENTLY ON THE RUN FROM THE GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL. HOPING TO BE GIVEN MEDICO-POLITICAL ASYLUM IN SOUTH AMERICA.

HALLEY BAY CROSSWORD NO. 5,281 (ISH)

THE LAST FIVE CORRECT ENTRIES TO BE DEPOTED IN THE SURGERY
SOMETIME AROUND THE END OF 1980 WILL EACH BE REWARDED WITH A CRATE
OF GUINNESS.

1	2	3	4	XXX	5	6	7	8
	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	9	XXX	XXX	XXX
	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	
10		XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	11	
		XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	
	XXX	XXX	12			13		14
	XXX	XXX						XXX
	XXX	XXX						XXX
15				XXX	16		XXX	17
				XXX			XXX	
	XXX	XXX	XXX	18	ZZZ	ZZZ	19	XXX
	XXX	XXX	XXX	ZZZ	ZZZ	ZZZ	XXX	XXX
XXX	20				ZZZ	ZZZ	21	
XXX					ZZZ	ZZZ		
22	XXX	XXX	XXX	ZZZ	ZZZ	ZZZ	XXX	XXX
	XXX	XXX	XXX	ZZZ	ZZZ	ZZZ	XXX	XXX
23					ZZZ	24	ZZZ	25
					ZZZ	ZZZ		
	XXX	XXX	XXX	ZZZ	ZZZ	XXX	XXX	XXX
	XXX	XXX	XXX	ZZZ	ZZZ	XXX	XXX	XXX
27				28	XXX	29	30	XXX
					XXX		XXX	
	XXX	XXX	32					XXX
	XXX	XXX						XXX
33		34	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	35
			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	
	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	
	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	
36					XXX	37		
					XXX			

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 BLONDE CLONED FROM THE FINAL DRAFT. (4,4)
- 2 5 TALL AMERICAN SOLDIER GIVING LUSTFUL LOOK. (6)
- 10 INITIALLY THOUGHT TO BE ALIEN. (3)
- 11 SCOTS PRESENT. (3)
- 12 A TUB 1 FUEL IS MIXED UP AND LOOKS GOOD. (9)
- 15 BLAZE IT OR LAG BEHIND. (5)
- 16 STANDARD NOISE. (3)
- 17 FRENCHMAN'S ICE BLADE. (5)
- 20 SECOND CLASS MOUNT-SHE'S GIVEN AWAY. (5)
- 21 PETIT POI PERHAPS? (6)
- 23 TIRED OF BEING A SCHOOL SERVANT? (6)
- 25 FLOWERY SOUNDING ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ARTIST. (5)
- 27 LIASE FOR A BIBLICAL CHARACTER. (5)
- 29 LESS THAN AN ATOM. OR MORE. (3)
- 31 MERE COGS IN THE MACHINE. (5)
- 32 EARTHY STATUTES. (9)
- 33 ALTHOUGH SNOWMAN LOSES TAIL. (3)
- 35 BRICK CARRIER RETURNS FOR A NOTE. (3)
- 36 DIFFICULT AND RESTLESS. (6)
- 37 DONKEY, COME IN. HE AGREES. (8)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 LABOUR ENDS ON TREES. (6)
- 2 18 DOWN'S ABOUT TO SAY IT. (1,2)
- 3 CHANGED MONEY IS HARSH. (5)
- 4 NEITHER FLUSH NOR HUMBLE. (5)
- 6 ASCEND. IT'S THE FIRST THING YOU DO. (3,2)
- 7 NOT OUT FOR A DRINK. (3)
- 8 TAKEN OFF THE AIR'. (8)
- 12 TWO TONGUED. (9)
- 13 FENCE CROSSING LOST A POLE SO IT'S ON THE ROOF. (4)
- 14 BIG CURLY LETTERS FOR THE POOR. (9)
- 18 PAINFUL CURVES? (5)
- 19 MIXED POLES NEEDED FOR A SLALOM RACE. (5)
- 22 V. IT'S POLITE. (5,3)
- 26 HOW DO YOU GET 2 DOWN FROM 19 ACROSS? (3,3)
- 28 GOES WITH THE WIND FOR CHEAP SHOPPING WE HEAR. (5)
- 29 INACTIVE. LIKE A BONE. (4)
- 30 IN EMERGENCY USE THREE OF THESE. (5)
- 31 FLY LIKE A FOX. (5)
- 34 CLUBMAN'S DRINK? (3)
- 35 SHORT GIRL. SHE'S A MERE SPECK. (3)

AGA, AGA, BURNING BRIGHT,
YOU DIDN'T HALF GIVE JACK A FRIGHT.
'NOT AS MUCH AS I DID TIM,
YOU SHOULD OF SEEN THE STATE OF HIM.'

BING WAS ALSO AT THE SCENE,
LOOKED LIKE HE WAS CANNED.
THE ONLY TIME BING'S OUT OF BED
HE'LL ALWAYS GIVE A HAND.

THE DOC WAS ALSO ON THE BALL
WITH ANDY IN THE FRONT.
WHOEVER INVENTED AGA STOVES
MUST HAVE BEEN A RUNT.

THE GASHMAN TOO WAS ALSO THERE,
OPENING ALL THE DOORS.
THE ONLY TIME HE IS ON GASH
HE DOESN'T MOP THE FLOORS.

ROB THE COOK WAS STILL IN BED
KEEPING REALLY COOL.
THE ONLY THING THAT WAS ON HIS MIND
WAS PLAYING WITH HIS +++++.

GOOD OLD NICK, HE WAS THERE
BRINGING UP THE REAR.
'LEAVE THE WHISKY THERE' THEY CRIED,
HE SAID, 'NO BLOODY FEAR.'

OLD JUDGE JACK WAS AT THE FRONT
HE WAS ALWAYS IN COMMAND.
EXCEPT WHEN HE CAME RUNNING IN
WITH HIS +++++ IN HIS HAND.

'I'M HERE TO SUFFER,'
BRAVE AL CRIED.
AND I THOUGHT HIS TIME WAS UP,
WHEN JACK KICKED HIM IN THE +ALLS
AND WATCHED HIM DOUBLE UP.
(SORRY, IT WOULDN'T RHYME)

MEKON TOO WAS AT THE SCENE
WRITHING ON THE FLOOR.
COS I HAD JUST COME DASHING IN
AND HIT HIM WITH THE DOOR.

ENOUGH, ENOUGH OF THE AGA SAGA,
NO MORE OF THIS LAMENT.
THE NEXT SILLY RUNT WHO WRITES A LINE
WILL LOSE HIS TEN PER CENT
OLAY'.

THE STORY SO FAR.....

OUR HEROES, HAVING SURVIVED THE SUB AND THE BRANSFIELD, NOW FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED IN A HOLE WITH SOME LOONIES. TWO MONTHS LATER THEY FIND THEMSELVES TURNING INTO THE VERY CREATURES THAT THEY LAUGHED AT AND FOUND SO PRIMITIVE. NOW READ ON..

BRYAN: I CAN'T GO ON.

1ST LOONY: WELL DON'T. ANYWAY....

(ENTER LADY MACBETH)

LADY MACBETH: YEA VERILY FORSOOTH 'TIS A SLUG. I WILL SNIP IT'S EYES OFF.

2ND LOONIE: NAY, HOLD YOUR SCISSORS, GIVE HIM THE SALT OF LIFE

SALT OF LIFE: NAY, HOLD IT, GIVE HIM THE 3RD LOONIE.

3RD LOONIE: I DO NOT THINK HIM SLUG ENOUGH TO MASTER ME, THOUGH LET HIM TRY..... I MIGHT ALLOW HIM ENTERY.

BRYAN: SALT ME IF THOU MUST. BUT YEA SHALL MY GHOST HAUNT THEE EVEN TO THE END OF NEXT WEEK.

2ND LOONIE: STAF ME, A TALKING SLUG.

(ENTER RICHARD OF YORK)

R.O.Y: I HAVE GAINED BATTLES.

1ST LOONIE: LISTEN R.O.Y. YOU MAY HAVE BATTLES,BUT YOU AINT
FOUGHT A SLUG.D'YA DIG MY DRIFT?

3RD LOONIE(WITH HAND ON HIP): HOLD HARD R.O.Y. 'T WAS I THAT
SAW HIM FIRST AND I AM QUITE SMITTEN WITH HIM/IT.

LADY M.: HOLD YOUR TONGUES,WE WILL TAKE HIM TO A PET SHOP
AND GET HIM CONVERTED.WHAT SAY YOU.....ANSWER ME

2ND LOONIE: THORTHO THE,THEE THANT THE'RESTHILL.THOLDING
THOUR THOUNGES.

LE ICESTER: HARK,TIS MY LORD WARWICK,WHAT NEWS?

(ENTER WARWICK WITH SCISSORS IN HAND)

WARWICK: I FEAR 'TIS GRAVE NEWS,MY LORD.THE SLUGS ARE UPON
US,MANY A NOBLE KNIGHT HAS GIVEN THAT WHICH IS DEAR TO
HIM,ALL IS LOST.

LE ICESTER: THEN 'TIS TRUE.....

WARWICK: AYE MY LORD,SLUGS BITE YOUR WILLY.

(CURTAIN)

TE

(CURTAIN RISE)

LADY M.
THAT IS THEIR WEAKNESS. WE WOMEN HAVE NO WILLIES THEREFORE WE
SHALL FIGHT THEM.

2ND LOONIE
THEY MAY NOT BITE YOU BUT THEY GIVE A TERRIBLE LICKING.

1ST LOONIE
YEA, I FORETELL AN ORGASMIC DEFEAT.

3RD LOONIE
VERILY A RIGHT +---UP.

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A SLEAZY BAR DOWNTOWN NEW YORK.

R. O. Y. LEANS HEAVILY AGAINST BAR.
R.O.Y.

GIMME ANUDDER SLUG, JOE.

JOE STARTS TO POUR DRINK, LOOKS UP, STARTS.

R.O.Y. LOOKS ROUND, SEES BRIAN.

R.O.Y.
OF ALL DER BARS IN ALL DER WOILD YEW HAVE TER PICK ON DIS ONE.
SET EM UP, JOE.

ENTER FLORENCE (A LIVE SHIRLEY TEMPLE).

FLORENCE
SLUG TURD AND TONIC ON EYICE.

R.O.Y.
WHAT'S A DUMP LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE?