

S.C.U.M.

Strodes College Underground Magazine

Issue Two

FREE

Opinionated? Never...

Editor's note...



Well, here we are again... we've bounced back for a second issue!

Hopefully this'll be as successful as the first one... we printed of about 350 copies of Issue One and have only 8 left!!!

The magazine team has a load of new recruits this issue which is fantastic! Keep the great stuff coming guys!

This time we've got more of the 'serious' stuff... and more of the bizarre! (including the second installment of Digital Fire's Infinite Story... and a taster of the Sausage Chronicles, as promised!)

Remember, if you have anything you want to submit you can e-mail it to the magazine address... SCUM@digital-fire.net.

So, here you go... enjoy!!!

Editor,

Alice Reeves

This Issue's Team:

Alice Reeves: Editor and Reporter

Dani Bloomfield: Reporter

Gez Gray: Reporter

Justine Atthews: Relationship Expert

Lucy Fenn: Music and Reporter

Dan Pitfield: Bad Day page

Mark Holland-Avery: Reporter

Natalie Edwards: Reporter

Paul Hover: Reporter and Guinea Pig

Chloe Campbell: Cartoons

Valerie Widdowson: Cover graphics

Mala Mohindru: Reporter

Christina De Rienzo: Reporter

James Belchamber: Sausage Chronicler

David Young aka Diddy Dave : Retro Gamer

Colin Simpson: Reporter

News... Bongfest 2004!

By Alice Reeves

(Entertainments Officer)

Yes – it's that time of year again – summer is now here which means... the music festival season is underway!

And for those of you who weren't lucky enough to get tickets to Reading, Glastonbury and the like, you have the unique opportunity to attend Strode's College's very own music festival right here at college – BONGFEST 2004!

For those of you who don't know, Bongfest is a kind of "Battle of the Bands" type evening which got it's (apparently

rather controversial) name from the original headlining band Bongwater Fungus.

Bongfest will be happening on Wednesday 14th July on the college field from 4:30 to 9:00pm and will feature music from our very own college bands.

There'll also (hopefully) be a barbecue and of course, the traditional Wet T-shirt Competition!

If all goes to plan it'll be a fantastic night and if all DOESN'T go to plan... well I'm sure we'll have a laugh anyway!

Hope to see loads of you there!!!

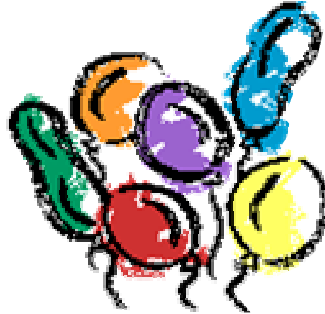
We All Had A Ball!!!

By Alice Reeves

Us students were given a rare opportunity to get glammed up on Friday 2nd July for the 2004 Leaver's Ball, held at the Renaissance London Heathrow Hotel.

As far as I could see, everyone had a fantastic evening, from the opening champagne reception (at which we all made the most of the free booze before we had to pay the ridiculously expensive drinks prices...) where we were presented with a very impressive chocolate fountain (yes, an actual fountain with liquid, running chocolate) to the after-dinner disco which went on until the early hours.

The venue was rather impressive; a four-star hotel decorated especially for us with lilac and cream coloured balloons, flowers and sparkly bits, and the 3-course buffet meal was very posh, the highlight of which was one of the most delicious



chocolate cakes I have ever tasted!

My friends and myself made the most of the discount rate for rooms (reduced from £189 to £70 per night) so we could really let our hair down knowing we didn't have to stagger home once it was all over.

All in all the evening and night were fantastic (despite being woken by fire alarms at 4:30am!) and we indulged in a full English breakfast in the morning!

Now I can't wait till next year's prom!



**Random Pork Pie
Courtesy
Of...
Dan Pitfield**

Tom Gascoigne is cool...

Reviews...

THEATRE REVIEW: LES MISERABLES

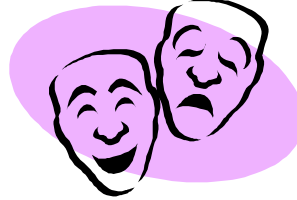
BY ALICE REEVES

Theatre production: Les Miserables

Venue: Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue

Date: 25th June 04

Tickets: £25 (row T stalls)



Synopsis: Les Mis, set during the French Revolution of the 1800s, follows the story of Jean Valjean, a prisoner who after release breaks his parole and begins a new life under a new name, becoming a wealthy factory owner and Mayor. He adopts Cosette, (the illegitimate child of Fantine, a factory worker), who is badly mistreated by the family supposed to be caring for her, the appalling Thenardiens. Years later Cosette falls in love with Marius (a young student), but the Thenardier's daughter Eponine is also in love with him. Valjean, throughout the play is pursued by the evil Javert, a prison officer who is determined to see Valjean brought to justice.

Every time I go to the theatre I enjoy myself so much that I wonder why I don't go more often, especially when the performance is as spectacular as Les Mis. I fell in love with the music of Les Mis years ago – I've even performed some of the songs myself on occasion! – But I had never seen the musical in full until now.

Just by listening to the songs of Les Mis you can follow the story of the musical. The music is breathtaking in itself, but when the songs are linked by the dialogue (which is all sung), accompanied by a spectacular set and performed by an extremely talented cast, Les Mis is one of the most amazing and emotionally impacting performances you are ever likely to see.

The most surprising thing about this particular performance was ex- S Club 7 star Jon Lee who played the part of Marius. I was doubtful that he could pull it off but when he sang "Empty Chairs at Empty Tables" – a tribute to his young friends who had fallen at the barricade – he moved me to tears. He really did himself justice and proved himself to be an extremely talented performer.

GIG REVIEW: The Living End

29.06.04 - London Astoria



Hey kids...!

The Living End are a band I'd never even heard of until last night. Their support band (Revolt) was a fat "zero" outta ten. With their "Head Out on the Highway" ethos and long hair it was like The Darkness combined with Chuck Berry...gone *horribly* wrong. In fact it was disgusting and just really irritating. Rant Over. It was time for the good stuff. A revved up crowd, and after what seemed like hours of AC/DC over the PA, applause broke out. Little did I know that this was a psychobilly band, lo and behold with their double bass. My heart beat faster as the song went on. Indeed it was amazing. With the crowd singing back "solution second", it could only get better. And it did. With nekromantik style rifts and tiger army bleats from the singer it was a fantastic gig. Unfortunately I can't say much about this band...but I'd recommend them to anyone. I'd also recommend random gigging cause you never know what you might find!

Lucy Fenn

Albums to look out for this week: Nekromantix, Tiger Army, and The Living End.

Soz kids...but no music special this week as promised...gigs and more important and then homework took its toll. Grrrr...

THE HEAL

Gig Review...

By Natalie Edwards

The rock four-piece that are The Heal hail from Staines and are set to go places if their gig at The Stripes club in Brentford on July 2 was anything to go by.

The band comprises of singer/guitarist Lewis Clay with his brother Elliott on bass guitar, John Moore as the drummer and ex-Strode's student Christian Williams as guitarist.

The boys first taste of screaming fans came with their opening gig in a small club in Staines and from those humble beginnings The Heal have progressed from an average pub band into a genuinely promising act playing the likes of Sound in Leicester Square, Brixton Telegraph, The Pleasure Unit in Bethnal Green, The Halfmoon, Putney and the Dublin Castle, Camden. Currently they are getting ready to go to France in October to support the legendary Ben Kweller.

Currently unsigned and looking for a record company to snap them up they claim their one intent is to write classic tracks, which will stand the test of time – and unlike some bands their claim is justified.

Taking to the stage the band introduced themselves to the audience with the superb 'You' which brought the crowd to the front of the stage to mosh their hardest.

Following on with 'C'est la Vie' – no not a cover of the pop girl-band B*witched – but a heavy rock tune which justified the band's comparisons to The Foo Fighters.

Next came 'You Say' which delighted the audience as it showed to be an ultimate rock anthem, which could quite easily be capable of hitting dizzy heights in the music charts.

'Left Behind' and 'Can't Stand' showed the bands range of musical skill with heavy drumming, strong vocals and lots of guitar.

Next was 'Can't Stand' which had the opposite effect of its title – the crowd loved it! After a quick breather the band ended the night on a high by playing 'What If I Win?' After a rapturous reception the boys were invited back to play 'You Should Know' as an encore.

This band are more than capable of producing a fantastic rock album – by comprising sounds reminiscent of the best bands such as Nirvana, the Foo Fighters and Busted. (Only joking about the latter!)

The band will be playing at Hand and Spear, Station Road, Weybridge on July 31 and I would highly recommend this gig for the ultimate rock night. In the meantime check out their website at www.theheal.com



Interview with The Heal in Next issue!

Worlds Apart: Why we are so lucky...



By Dani Bloomfield

Well here I am again, typing away. I have already written several different articles and changed my mind. I seem to just be the type of person who can never quite make their mind up about anything so don't expect consistency from me. I had what I thought to be a perfect article written and ready. Then I changed my mind. I have just watched a program called "A mile in their shoes", a BBC program produced for Sport Relief. I found myself in floods of tears (I'm easily moved and highly emotional, which I don't necessarily think is a bad thing) at some of the conditions I saw these children having to face.

The program focused on three children from different backgrounds all facing horrible poverty. It made me think very hard about all the things I complain about and how melodramatic I often prove to be. The story that moved me the most was that of an 11 year old boy called Joseph living in one room with 3 brothers, a baby sister and elderly grandfather in Zambia.

I was devastated. Both his parents had died of AIDS and he now goes to school in the morning, works in the afternoon and looks after his whole family. He cleans, he cooks and he cares for a baby and fading grandfather. I know we've all seen these programs before (I have seen countless ones such as Comic Relief), but I was moved by this more than I ever have been by any others.

As I sit here and look around my room and then my house I feel almost sick at how unfair it is. What future does this boy have? His education is only what he can grab in a few hours every week, (most days he can't go to school because his grandfather is too ill, or he has to work so that the family can eat), his grandfather won't be around for much longer and his younger brothers and sisters are ill. Will he even make it to 18? Or will he die of malnutrition or contract a disease from the dirty water? Here I am with my beautiful things and more food than I could eat in a month and yet I still grumble about pointless things, failing most of the time to remember that millions have nothing. This boy has nothing, literally *nothing*, and he still smiles and laughs.

That is what truly moved me in the end, the fact that after it all, these three kids could still laugh

and joke about with friends and the camera crews. I have everything and complain, or always want something more. He has nothing...but you don't hear him grumbling. He said all he wanted to get a good education so he could make a better life for his family, and that he wanted a bicycle. I felt so guilty.

What made this story the most harrowing for me out of the three was the involvement of AIDS. It has always been something I feel very strongly about and I have always hoped that someday I would get the opportunity to go and work in Zambia in an AIDS care home.

It made me realize what I might have to face, and although some may think this would turn me away from it, it has only served to make me even more determined to go out there. Who knows? Maybe that's what I should do before I go to university, I may get there and never want to come back but I *can't* not find out.

The second story was about a girl called Dena living in Peru with her father. She gets little to no education and as a job she sells rubbish. Yes, that's right - rubbish. Every morning she gets up at dawn and goes down to the road with her father. They then climb into the rubbish van and pick through the bags with their bare hands, looking for something of any value to sell so they can eat that day. Sometimes I felt I just couldn't watch her going through those bags of rubbish - it was too distressing. Her mother died, although I didn't quite catch how. Yet again, here was a little girl with a beaming smile who giggled and played with her friends. She was mesmerized by Victoria Beckham and her make-up bag (which impressed me as well, but I'll discuss that later...) It made me realize that, essentially, these children were in fact just that. Children. She just wanted to play and be a normal little girl. I think that this is the thing that makes me wail so when I watch these programs, the realization that this is *not* a drama; it's *real*, it *happens* and they are normal children...like you or me.

The third story was of a boy called VJ who lived on the streets in India. He lived with many other children in and around the railway stations. VJ was one of the lucky ones; he got picked up by a charity that has homes set up all along the railway lines of India, where children can go, knowing that they will always be welcomed and fed.

VJ was a bright, bubbly young boy who had run away from home; like so many in India. Whilst he was at the home, VJ learnt some English and started a basic

education. Something he would never had got without this help. For VJ it was a happy ending, unlike the other two. He was returned home to his parents in a rural village, now equipped with a school, medical services, a clean water pump and electricity in every home. Nothing like the place he left. The best thing about his story? Money that people from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales donated to aid charities built that village and gave everyone who lives there a chance at a better future.

Those of you who have made it this far without falling asleep will know how passionate about these things I am. Even just writing this I've gotten myself worked up. I know some of you may be reading this thinking I'm a total Greenpeace, tree-hugging, tofu-eating, yoga-doing socialite and I don't really blame you. I know that politics and human rights isn't at the front of all of your minds but I just hope you spend a few minutes thinking about what life is like for some people. I'm not expecting or even urging you to go out and donate to charity, my aim was just to raise awareness.

When I saw Victoria Beckham on the screen I will admit I did giggle a bit. The idea of "the queen" of spending and consumerism mucking in or even being able to think about anything beyond the next pair of Gucci sandals to buy was mind-bending. I was surprised though. I saw a completely different side to her. She was emotional and she understood the difficulty of the little girl's life.

All of the presenters (Nick Knowles, Patrick Kielty) were amazing too and showed great sensitivity. It takes a very strong person to do what they did on camera. I know when and if I go out there I will have to be prepared for death and will no doubt spend a few hours a week crying. But to do it in front of the cameras? I couldn't do that.

Again thank you for letting me share my thoughts with you and I hope this gives you something to think about...even if it is only what on earth tofu is.

Changing the Mentality of the English Sportsman: Why We Don't Win As Much As We Should

By Gez Gray

As a sporting Nation, England, and Great Britain as a whole, are actually pretty good. We have 'pretty good' athletes, a 'pretty good' football team, a 'pretty good' rugby team, and a 'pretty good' tennis player. And yet, barring the recent successes in the Rugby World Cup, we don't win very much. Tim Henman has yet to win Wimbledon or any Grand Slam for that matter, despite reaching the Quarter Finals for about the millionth time in succession, and our football team has yet to win a major competition in the last 40-odd years.

The cause of this is simple; plain old English lapses in concentration. Our sportspeople have a distinct habit of getting into a position where we CAN win, and throwing it away at the last minute. We react well to pressure, and yet come matches and occasions where we are favourites, we tend to slip up. Tim Henman's recent Wimbledon experience shows this - defeating a player on his level, and then subsequent defeat in straight sets by an unseeded nobody merely acts as confirmation that it is highly unlikely Henman will ever win Wimbledon - he can beat anybody, but reach the pressure of the last 8 and he just crumbles into embarrassing defeat.

Euro 2004. Alright, you can argue repeatedly that we should have won the Portugal match, and the sec-

ond goal should have stood, but regardless of this, Portugal were running rings around our players and were dominant throughout the entire match. You could argue that nerves come into play, but Gerrard's shocking back-pass against France that resulted in the penalty merely serves to confirm the lack of drive in the last few minutes of the match. England had stopped playing. France had not.

There are exceptions to this rule - Jenson Button is one of the smoothest F1 drivers around, but as long as one Mr Schumacher maintains his current stranglehold on the F1 Championship - 9 wins out of 10 at time of writing - then there is not much contest. Sydney Olympics showed us to be successful at athletics - when we want to be, of course - and, as I recall, we are always successful at the Paralympics. Since our Rugby World Cup win, however, our team has faced an embarrassing succession of defeats, showing how slack we can be.

We are good at sports, but unless the attitude of our team can change, we are always going to struggle in International competitions. So when we cheer our sides, make sure we cheer them when they're losing as well as when they're winning, and cheer regardless of the skill of our opponents. Let's encourage our teams to do the best they can, and maybe one day, you never know, we might actually win something.



The Sausage Chronicles

One Fine Thursday...

Now, this chronicler likes coffee, so the reason that he was sitting, one fine autumn lunchtime, in a coffee shop, probably wasn't entirely unexpected of him. He is me, and I like coffee. Cappuccino is the best; you can get lost in a good cappuccino, oblivious of all that is around you, until you come up again from that tastiest of beverages to find that your Hot Cheese and Ham melt is no longer hot, your new-found friend is having a heated 'discussion' with his better half and a gnat has played 'pin the tail on the donkey' with your neck. The first actually happened this Thursday, which was a coincidence. So did the second, but the third was just added for comic effect (which I will later notice was actually quite pathetic and will probably edit out).

So, here's the scene. Me (cappuccino and not-hot hot melt in hand), the aforementioned couple (hitting the point in their 'discussion' where others want to take up roman shields) and a third party (a girl, nothing in hand, no roman shield, nor even a not-hot cheese and ham melt). So I said to this girl, I did, "Do you want to go over to Woolworths?". Taking the hint, and after a quick and slightly over-enthusiastic reply, we were standing in Woolworths, looking for something interesting to look at. After about five minutes, I heard "Ooh look, Abbas album!", and I knew I had to get out.

However, back in the coffee shop (which I shall now refer to as Firefly, for that is its name), the Romans hadn't quite beaten boudicca, and our return just caused an awkward silence.

"Y'know, that was really fun", I lied.

Awkward Silence.

"That was really quite fun", I lied.

Awkward silence.

"Actually, I want to do that again!", I lied, leaving the shop again, Abba girl on tow.

"That was really boring, I'd rather go and count sausage varieties in tescos than go in there again", I said, looking at my new-found Abba fan/friend for inspiration. She gave none, so on we went, to Tescos.

38 sausage varieties later (35 meat, 3 vege) we were heading out of the store, when we saw two friends on their way in. This is pivotal to the story not because of the Abba fan's sudden desire to get as far away from me as possible had finally been given a chance, but because one of the girls' names was Stephanie. I did not know this, nor did I know how this would change my day.. forever.

Laura (the other girl) and the Abba fan escaped while they could, but Stephanie didn't. It seemed that, after the initial laughing most people do just because they think I'm quite a silly, sad little man, she carried on. And when I suggested we go over to iceland to compare their scores, she happily obliged. I was over the moon, and over to Iceland before Steph left tescos, which was stupid because I then had to go back and find her.

"Right, you take that side, I'll take this side", she said as we entered, before laughing again at how stupid this all was and went off to count sausages. I took the job in hand, and we counted.

"1..."

"2..."

"3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8... err, do sausage rolls count?"

"No, they're not a pure form. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14..."

"15, 16, 17... Wait James, you're counting Ready Meals. If sausage rolls don't count, Ready meals can't count.

"Err.. Yes they can. they're sausages! Err..."

They can be made like that; sausage rolls come like that. 18, 19, 20..."

"21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26... How about vege sausages?"

"They're counted separately. 27, 28, 29..."

"Okay then. 1, 30, 31, 32, 33... There's no more!"

"34, 2, 35... Blasphemy! Only 37 sausages!"

"..."

"I'm rather disappointed in that..."

I entered the statistics into my phone, alongside the tesco statistics (which, after a brainwave from steph, went up to 47. Never underestimate the power of the deli counter), and walked back into Firefly. Steph was in front, mixing worried faces with bursts of laughter.

"What have you guys been doing?" Asked Laura.

"Counting... Err... Sausages", Said Steph, before giggling again. I butted in.

"Only 37 in Iceland, of which only two are vegetarian. That brings the averages in this area down to... forty-two-point-five, of which two-point-five are vegetarian."

Some smart alec piped up. "two-point-five? Hows that work then?"

"Two in one shop, three in another." I shook my head in disappointment at how one couldn't grasp such a simple concept. "It's simple really", I followed. People were giving me weird looks. No, wait, people were giving both me AND Steph weird looks. Oh, that's all right then.

Soon after, we were on our way to Staines. I had some time to waste before an evening of directing monkeys in a three-camera studio, and wasting it among new-found friends was better than wasting it alone in a coffee shop (especially as it was closed).

"So that means that the total in the area is forty-two-point-five, forty meat and two-point-five vege, which if you think about it is quite strange." I ignored the two people that asked again how I got the point-five. "Because you would expect, in a higher land-value area like Egham, that there would be a greater variety of sausages to cover the more expensive tastes of the local people. I would be interesting to compare these notes with that of, say, Staines." I was threatened with a shoe before I shut up about the topic, and I thought about what I just said. Steph obviously did too, because she suddenly turned round and grinned at me. It slowly sunk in that she was thinking the same thing that I was, and I grinned back. Abba girl turned round to find us both grinning at each other, and got very scared.

"People, I shall now be carrying on this study, today, in Staines." A shoe flew past my ear.

We got off the bus and headed straight for Waitrose. That is, me and Steph did; the others seemed not to like this new idea I'd had, and liked my constant talking on the subject on the bus even less to their liking, so they made an odd excuse and went to McDonalds. I barged through the McDs' doors ten minutes later.

"Seventy-eight!" I shouted triumphantly. Steph came through the door giggling. A few people looked at me weirdly, decided that I obviously wasn't worth the use of one of their refined senses, and went back to their Big Macs. Our group pretended they didn't know us, until they had to when I approached them.

"Seventy-eight! Seventy-eight varieties of sausage, and that's just in one store! That's seventy-two meat and six vegetarian! Wow." I sat down, waiting for someone to acknowledge my achievement. No-one did, except for, of course, Steph, who didn't really count as she shared the achievement. I was hungry. I needed another Supermarket. We headed for M&S.

"So, does Marks and Spencers really count?"

She said on the way, trying to keep to my sporadic pace.

"Of course it counts! Why wouldn't it Count?"

"Well, it's not really a supermarket, is it?"

"Yes it is!"

"Well, okay, but we agreed, no specialist shops. Remember?" I did remember. I decided on the bus that the risk of coming across a sausage shop would be too great - it would play menace to an otherwise reliable average - and so I banned all small and specialist shops. Supermarkets only was my exact words.

"Supermarkets only" were your exact words. And Marks and Spencers is specialist."

"No it isn't; don't be silly. It counts, because... because it's big, and it's a chain store."

"If you're sure then."

"I am."

After counting the sausages in M&S (11, of which none were vegetarian, and which I was so disappointed about that I think I'll have to exclude M&S from the survey), Steph had to leave. We had so much done in such little time! But no, she was going home, and she'd be able to give me the stats from there. So it all worked out in the end. We said our good-byes, and I went to search for Iceland.

"What do you mean, it's gone?" I half-exclaimed, half-sprayed over the now covering attendant. "Where's it gone?"

"I'm sorry sir, but this is BHS. Iceland moved away awhile ago."

"Eh? So where IS the nearest one?"

"That'll be, err.. Egham, sir." What a blow. I left the lady to recover and dry up, while I stomped off to meet the others.

"Since when was Iceland closed?"

"Iceland was closed?"

"Either that or BHS are playing a practical joke on me."

"Bloody good practical joke if they were." I was standing outside Miss Selfridges, waiting for the others to come out, talking to Alice and Abba girl.

"There's always Sainsbury's" Said Alice. Abba-girl immediately chastised her.

"What?"

"Sainsbury's... Ow, stop kicking me! Just because you work there..." Abba-girl went red.

"You work there? Take me there!"

"No!"

"Take me there!"

"No!"

"Please?"

"Oh, okay then..."

I didn't see what all the fuss was about; she was going to work anyway, so I wasn't exactly making her go out of her way. As favours went, this was pretty much a no-brainer.

"Say one word about sausages and I'll kill you." Aah.

She left me at the entrance, before going to staff area. I heard her screech 'He's not my boyfriend!' and a few comments about sausages as phallic objects, but I put them aside, as I had to count...

'Hey Steph,' I typed frantically into the keypad as I left the store. '105 sausages! 97 meat, 8 vege. Update me on shep.' I had a night of directing to do. I sent the message, then fixed my mind on heading back to Egham. The sausages will have to wait until tomorrow...

James Belchamber

(For more of the chronicles, visit <http://chronicles.digital-fire.net>)



How to avoid a Haggis

Infinite Story



“Of course!” thought Sam. “It’s all so simple! My gizmometer will get Bob out of that cherub right away!” This worked. Bob sat up back in his old body.

"Thank goodness," he said. "That cherub is the embodiment of all the evil in heaven." Sam didn't understand this statement, but as he also knew that old age would have set in before it made sense, he proceeded to walk the three and a half feet into *Arkansas's Great Boat Emporium*, *THE place to get yourself a boat sassy or otherwise*. He proceeded swiftly towards one stall which bore the herald: *You want your fine self a sassy boat? We haven't got any, but you're welcome to ask*. He said to the undead assistant behind the counter:

"Well what is the point of me asking for a boat if you don't have any? I might as well ask for cheese!" Then, on the radio, he heard an advert...

'Are your windows crap? Do they let in the heat? Do they taste funny and leave you hungry? Well don't worry now, because here are cheeeeeeeese windows! The only window that we install, and can leave your taste buds tantalized and refreshed. And now with ham and chicken flavours! Don't guy glass...buy cheeeeeeeese windows!'

"Wow" said Bob, "I need some!" Bob phoned the cheese windows company, and ordered one set of cheese windows to be delivered on Thursday. But then he realised he didn't have a window frame.

Suddenly bob had a flash of inspiration. Once the blindness had worn off he leaned over the counter and said to the assistant:

"Give me some window frame"

"YESH MASHTER" the assistant gurgled and reached under the counter. He pulled out a shotgun and proceeded to fire pot shots at the customers until they left scream, limping, or carrying the dead. "THEY'RE ALL YOURS MASHTER" the thing spluttered and shambled off leaving bob with the boat emporium legally his for all eternity.

Sam gave up trying to understand what Bob had said, and followed him into the Emporium. He stood aside hurriedly as an explosive clown walked past.

"So," said Bob, "which boat shall we get first?" Sam, with comical reflections of boats in his eyes, replied:

"A big blue one!"

Sam skipped happily between the aisles of boats, all neatly stacked in their boxes, before picking up a smart looking vessel and running back to Bob with it. Bob put it into a bag and they took it to the nearest pond. Having fed some ducks to the slices of bread that eagerly swam to greet them, they set sail for the deep end of the local swimming pool, where the pancakes weren't as damp as most people would expect them to be. There was a distant honking noise followed by a squeaky explosion as the clown detonated.

This is an ongoing story, and has been written by the patrons of the Digital Fire forums. If it doesn't make sense, or seems a little random, this is because:

- 1) The story is written by one person, then added onto by another, and then by another, and so on. Randomness is expected.
- 2) All DF patrons are weird, otherwise they wouldn't be there.

The story HAS been edited by me, so it flows and has less spelling errors, but otherwise is the raw story as it has evolved. Enjoy!

Written by the members of Digital Fire (digital-fire.net). Edited by James Belchamber.

Carling Live - "Taste of Summer"

(Kasabian, The Stills, The Rapture, BRMC)

24/6/2004

By Dani Bloomfield and Lucy Fenn

It was a mild evening when four slightly confused youths navigated their way through Hammersmith train station (possibly one of the most exciting places I have been in a while-Dani). Arriving at the Hammersmith Apollo we were slightly disillusioned to see about ten people queuing. Perhaps it was the football, perhaps no one knew, thankfully more people joined us and we went into the cavernous Apollo.

Tension was brewing; Lucy says it was the impending England match but Dani says it was because the bar was yet to open. Soon things got underway and after a few we were more than happy to see the first band **Kasabian** with their lesser-known songs, one of which was for the "pill-heads out there". Slightly random but eventually they got down to the favorites such as *Test Transmission* and *Clubfoot*.

Lucy says: the dulcet tones of the lead singer combined with great musicianship made for a great first act and a taster of what was yet to come..... **SCORE: 8/10**

Dani says: I am slightly biased as I love this band. The singer has such charisma and stage presence and should his music career fail he could always become a contortionist. This band is innovative and not afraid to play around with funky electronics. All in all they rule end of story... **SCORE: A well deserved 9/10**

Next up were **The Stills**...HmMMM well, the one song we did stay for was a popular hit (that we fail to recall the name of) and wasn't bad... but then it wasn't good either. With Canadian wailings of lost days and loves it all got a little depressing. We decided to go to the bar...oh golden ambrosia of Carling. But lo! A TV with the football on! A persistent Lucy insisted that she "hated football and everything about it" but soon got into the swing of things. Dani however was not best pleased with gig buddy Jo...he spilt her drink in a fit of excitement, worse; he spilt it all over *someone else*. Good thing he bought her another. Lucy thought it was Dani spilling things as she always does and walked off hanging her head in shame. Dani was too annoyed to notice.

Next up...**The Rapture**...and what a variety! Most of the songs they played were from their album *The Echoes*. From *Sister Savior* to *Open up Your Heart* they ended with the phenomenal *House of Jealous Lovers*.

Lucy says: I was not jealous...but I danced all the same...a lot...too much...got a bit carried away. **SCORE: 9/10**

Dani says: I had waited all evening for the band and loved every second of it. Clever use of instruments and the lead singer's blinding and incredibly unique voice. When Lucy first played me **The Rapture** my response was simply: "Crap". I soon changed my mind though. After I heard *House of...* the singer's voice excited me because it's so much like that of Robert Smith from **The Cure** and I've always been a sucker for a warbling voice. I didn't really know the stuff that well but it didn't really matter, they are a great band who creates a great atmosphere. I loved it all. **SCORE: 8/10** (Cracking band but little lower because I didn't know any words!)



Last on and one of my (Dani's) personal favorites were **Black Rebel Motor Cycle Club**...What can I say?! I love this band to pieces. They played all the crowd pleasers such as *Spread your love*, *Red eyes and tears* and *Whatever happened to my rock and roll*. I danced, I drank and I was very, very merry.

Dani says: SCORE: 10/10. (Yes, they really were that amazing to me and this time the sound system was up to it too)

Lucy says: Hhhmmmm. Well, yes the **BRMC** are a highly talented and devoted band, but I can't help but feel that there is always something missing. It may be because I've seen them 5 times now...but at the same time they always put on a great show that never fails to make the music buds tingle. **SCORE: 6/10** (yes harsh...but it's my opinion)

Summary...

Lucy: Hurrah for free gigs! (...ooooo did we mention that?) Ha ha! A great night was had by all...from the music to the great social atmosphere...and yes, a couple of drinks were good too. A great way to celebrate the end of our AS levels!!!!

Dani: I always love going to gigs with Lucy. We dance and sing like idiots and don't care what people think. This has to have been the third best gig of my life (the first and second being the times I went to see **MY RUIN**). The atmosphere was indeed great (apart from a small drink stealing incident) and in general we went home happy, sweaty and full of walker's crisps...but that's a whole different story!



(Lucy apologises again for the lack of a music page...she has been gigging too hard and needs quality time with her bed...)



Relationships...



What girls do that drive men away...

by Justine Atthews (the girl in pink)

1. Ask ‘Does my bum look big in this?’- This is one of many questions that girls ask that annoy men - the poor guy can’t win if he gets asked this! If he says, ‘No it doesn’t look big’, the girl is most likely to reply, ‘Yes it does, look at it, you’re just trying to make me feel better’. But then if the guy says, ‘Well maybe that outfit isn’t so flattering’, then he’s bound to get a smack (Not that I’ve ever smacked a bloke in a fit of rage before...) So girls... do NOT ask this STUPID question. Anyway if you really, really feel you have the need to ask this question, do you *really* want his opinion?

2. Moan and moan about previous girls he’s been with- Fact is **you weren’t together** when he was with this previous girl (ok, if you were then you gain the right to shout, kick, scream and maybe castrate him). But if this does not apply to you then keep your opinions to yourself. Yes, of course, his ex is a hoe (as we’ve already established), but **don’t** over emphasise this to him, because what happened before you were together is not for you to shout about. You may hate his ex, but there’s no point in getting jealous or annoyed over her, because you’re the lady in his life now. Although there are some exceptions... like if she’s trying to interfere with your relationship then you get to bitch slap her with a bat – Hurrah!

3. Complain about being big/small/unattractive/un-curvy - He thinks you’re beautiful, besides, if he agreed with all your insults about yourself then he wouldn’t be with you would he? He’s with you because he thinks you’re gorgeous, clever and fun to be with - a nice, caring girl (either that or you must be one hell of a lover). And anyway, who cares if your nose isn’t the “right” shape, or you think your boobs aren’t “big enough”. If a guy really thinks it’s so important for his girlfriend to be perfect in EVERY single way, then these are the early warning signs that he could turn out to be a complete arsehole. Looks don’t last forever, what are you going to do when you get wrinkles? Polly filler doesn’t work on everything you know...

4. Use baby talk in the wrong situations- This one refers to using baby talk in the bedroom. I once had a friend who would say things in a baby voice in the attempt to turn her ‘then’ boyfriend on and believe me, from what she told me, **it didn’t work**. Besides would you want him saying ‘Ooh I’m gonna give you an ickle kissey wissey and do something weally naughty to my little dumpling poo’? I think not.

5. Being a hardcore feminist - In the words of the Spice Girls, ‘girl power’ is a great thing. I believe girls should have beliefs and rights just as men do, but what does get on guy’s nerves is being a **complete** ball-breaker. It makes a guy feel weak and overpowered, and girls, we all know that men *always* want to be the dominant one in a relationship (unless he’s into the whole dominatrix thing). Men seem to be a little bit intimidated by a strong, independent woman. Let’s face it, without us women men wouldn’t even exist! We **are** the more intelligent species, but we just let men believe that they are, and we do this so they buy us shoes and stuff (see, I told you we were more intelligent!)

Now you can e-mail any comments or problems to JustinesAdvice@hotmail.com

All you need to know about knowledge

By Mark Caspar Holland-Avery

We all know that books contain knowledge, but knowledge is power and power is energy. Furthermore, according to Einstein, energy is matter and matter has mass. Consequently, large accumulations of knowledge, as found in books and computers, are wont to distort the space-time continuum.

Bookshelves convert vast amounts of electrical power into thaumic energy, in order to keep the fabric of reality from warping and collapsing. In fact, they are this country's biggest consumers of energy and are becoming ever more common as a result of increasing numbers of books. Household bookshelves do not plug into the mains; they are powered by concealed induction coils, which scavenge energy from nearby cables. However, shop bookshelves must plug directly into the wall in order to obtain enough power to safely house fresh books. Conveniently, such shelves often include built-in lighting.

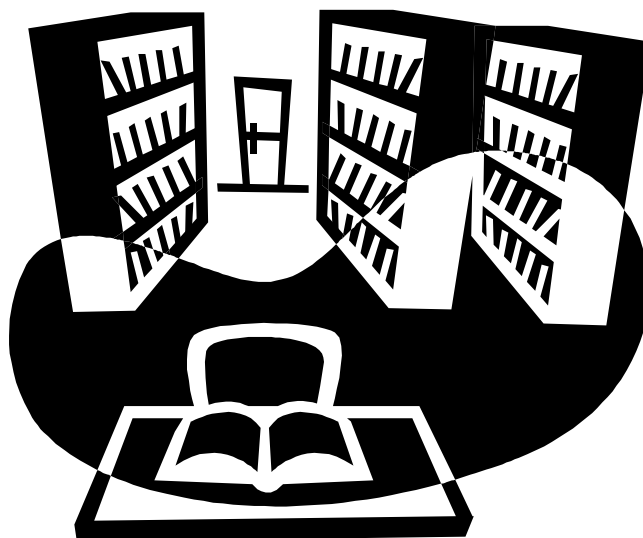
Clever engineers have reduced the likelihood of most modern storage media collapsing into black holes by giving them shapes that reduce the stress that they exert on the Universe. The ever-present hole in the centre of a CD-ROM, for example, ensures that the knowledge it contains does not condense in the middle and form a singularity. Additionally, the characteristic reflective surface deflects incoming electromagnetic waves and minimises the disturbance that these waves could cause to volatile knowledge.

Unfortunately, despite the wise insistence of many on storing their CDs in specially designed bookshelves, the future stability of the space-time continuum is uncertain, since modern memory cards are becoming increasingly dense and do not include enough holes.

The most durable component of a CD is its hole, which usually survives the destruction of the host disc. Such disc-less holes have been known to collide with pages, making the enclosing books safer but also making them appear to have been partially consumed by the so-called "book-worm." The book-worm is the mythical ancestor of the "computer virus," which is an urban legend actually caused by an excessive build-up of holes.

In a library, of course, safety is of utmost importance. It may appear possible to walk straight through the college library, entering by the automatic doors and exiting by one of the other doors, but such a feat must not be attempted. Each L-space/normal-space interface, or "doorway," that is added to a library exponentially increases the chances of a dimensional collapse in the vicinity, so as many doors as possible are kept closed for as long as possible.

Consequently, the library's automatic doors are usually the only available entrance and must not open until a person's nose is pressed against them. This is primarily to further reduce the chance that they are open



whilst another library doorway is open, but also to ensure that you are not moving quickly when carrying books. I am not allowed to mention the concealed nose-print scanner as I risk exposing the alliance that Strode's has with the Men In Black, (who defend the Earth from the SCUM of the Universe... at least, they're supposed to... If you are reading this, they failed) but I digress.

In libraries it is necessary to keep noise to a minimum. Excessive vibrations in the air can unsettle books and create millions of microscopic "bubbles" in space-time. When there has been too much noise, silence must be enforced whilst the bubbles collapse.

As a precautionary measure, the number of books that may be borrowed from a given library has been restricted in an attempt to prevent dimensional collapses at the homes of student. In extreme cases, a book with an abnormally high concentration of knowledge per cm^3 of paper is considered reference material and must not be removed from the library. Such books gradually radiate knowledge and keep ambient knowledge levels quite high.

When books are stored for prolonged periods they must be kept in order, in order to prevent the knowledge that they contain from becoming mixed up and useless. The Dewey Decimal™ system was developed for this very purpose and is very effective. It was, in fact, devised by a person named Dewey and not another person of the same name.

In accordance with plans for the reduction of greenhouse-gas emissions, new British standards ensure that modern bookshelves enter a low-power state when not storing reading material. If and when these standards become worldwide, the annual power consumption will decrease dramatically. However, owners of obsolete models are likely to find that their electricity bills are higher than those of their neighbours, since inefficient high-powered vintage bookshelves have a tendency towards producing unreasonable amounts of silence.

bad day

By Dan Pitfield

Bad Day really started out in October 2002 having formerly gone by a number of different names – Sod's Law being the most successful; however another band had the same name (and had copyright on it) so it had to be changed. The name "Bad Day" was pretty much a joke...

The band consists of 4 members: Dan Pitfield (16) on vocals, Adam Pickard (15) on guitar, Pete Gwilt (16) on bass, and James Betchley (18) on drums. Dan, Adam and James were what remained of an old punk band who decided they wanted to start something new. They tried out various different bassists for the band but none seemed right. Finally they found Pete (aka Ging) and it went on from there.

The band's first performance was on April 11th 2003 at the Plantation Café in Guildford with SaveOurselves and Joski. It was a good gig to kick things off, with the venue pretty much sold out.

Bad Day have only performed original material at their gigs (except their very own version of Postman Pat...) and the songs vary in style as more have been written. The first few songs came together quickly, but were pretty basic as the band still needed get comfortable with their positions as this was quite different to anything they had done before. The more the band wrote, the more their sound progressed and generally became better. The band's most recent songs include "Cry Against the Glass" and "Just Keep Walking" mixing melody with aggression. It is hard to say exactly what "style" Bad Day's music is, as each song is different, so the band call it "angry porn music".

As a whole, the band is influenced by bands such as Incubus, Deftones, and Fony; but Bad Day have a variety of influences on their sound, some specific to each member which means that everyone's input is different.

There have been many memorable gigs – some for better reasons than others. Sunbury Riverside Arts Centre (26/09/03) was one of them as it was all organised and funded by the band themselves, which was quite an

achievement with a good turn-out. Other gigs that have made their mark on the band include Bourne Hall, Epsom in March of this year, which was to the biggest crowd Bad Day had played to so far, with an impressive response.

An event at The Neighbourhood (London) called "Clash of the Sounds" was also fantastic as Bad Day achieved what most bands would think as impossible; they managed to get lovers of hip-hop, r'n'b and garage going wild to rock music with their song "Acid Skies". They were also spotted by Sony at the gig (who currently have a copy of Bad Day's demo CD), and were also interviewed by Camilla B of Choice FM.

Unfortunately Bad Day do not have any confirmed gigs after the 2nd July (when they are headlining Guildford Youth Centre), as summer seems to be a time where band members migrate to far away lands making it practically impossible to do anything. However they are hoping to perform again at Sunbury Riverside Arts Centre sometime in August. If not, things will resume in September, the summer having given them some time out.

Plans for the future include recording a new CD in October 2004, getting signed, touring and having a good time doing what they like to do.

Their live show is full of energy, bad jokes, and people having a good time, so visit their website www.bad-day.tk and check out when they are next playing. The site also provides stupid information about each member, and also a contacts page for if you want to get your hands on a copy of their demo CD "Acid Skies".





By Mala Mohindru and Christina De Rienzo

Nestle: the worlds biggest chocolate company or the worlds biggest scam...?

Nestle, gives us food that we all know and love e.g. Milky bar, Smarties, Rolos ,as well as many more; however do we *really know* what happens behind the scenes, behind the adverts and fake smiles-do we know the *real source* of their success?

Okay let's begin with a world famous food company, also the largest company for baby food: NESTLE, our sources reveal that they aren't as nice and friendly as they seem as they basically increase their profits by manipulating the trust of mothers in poorer countries...

As the story goes, Nestle is fully aware that once a bottle has come between a mother and child,

breast feeding is more likely to fail and so the company is able to gain another customer. To sum up, mothers are offered top quality milk powder for their babies for no price, to which the mothers obviously agree, during this time the mothers natural milk has dried up (which Nestle is aware of) after donating some amounts of this vital nutrition they then ask for payments for any more milk. The problem here

is that these mothers and their families are mostly from third world countries and so can only afford a very minimal amount—if any.

So, not only are Nestle robbing unfortunate families of their money but are also conscious of the fact that the mother cannot breastfeed any more. The expense of baby milk affects all members of the family, further depriving those already poor. In the developing world baby milks are over-diluted to make them last longer, which can cause malnutrition and the result of this is that many babies are dying and families are losing new members, but wait it gets worse.....

- Nestle provides info. to mothers which promotes artificial child feeding and discourages breastfeeding.
- They donate their free samples and supplies to health facilities to encourage artificial infant feeding.

They give rewards to health workers for promoting their products.

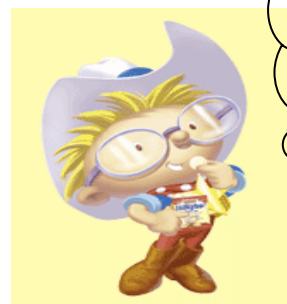
Nestle doesn't provide clear warnings on labels of the

benefits of breastfeeding and dangers of artificial feeding. In some cases the labels are there-but in a language the mothers cannot understand.

When Nestle were asked about their actions, they said " Due to the cost restraints of small runs it has not been viable to change languages for specific export countries". Or in English this means 'we know what we are doing, and even though we are perhaps the biggest chocolate company in the world, we still can't be arsed to change the labels!'

It was amazing to think that such a big company could be so fake from all of the adverts seen from the 'Milky bar kid' to

the innocent 'Nescafe' adverts, we wonder whether these actors realise what or who they're advertising.



The Milky Bars are on me... Well okay maybe just the first few then!!!

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Diddy D's Retro Gaming

By David Young

In this instalment of my retro game section, I'm going to be talking about the fast and loveable blue hedgehog, yes, you've guessed it *Sonic*! *Sonic* first appeared on the Megadrive in Europe during 1991. Our little blue friend was designed and developed by Yuji Naka. *Sonic* sold over 4 million copies, and has featured in 7 games throughout the console spectrum, from the 16-bit Megadrive to the X-Box.

During *Sonic*'s first showing, the levels of the game spanned 6 hazardous zones, each with 3 exciting Acts to complete. At the end of every third Act you would come across *Sonic*'s arch-enemy Dr. Robotnik. The way to defeat Dr. Robotnik would always be to try and hit him on top of his little flying aircraft. Dr. Robotnik would always have a different weapon to try and stop *Sonic*.



Later in 1991, *Sonic* had a sequel, *Sonic the Hedgehog 2*. This game, in its first 5 days of release sold over 400,000 copies, making it the biggest selling 16-bit video game ever. The difference with this game was that you could play 2-player, with one player being *Sonic*, and the other being the new character, *Sonic*'s friend Tails. This game plays the same as the *Sonic the Hedgehog* but instead of 6 zones there are 10 zones each within 3 Acts, as before. With 2 players, *Sonic* and *Tails* compete to clear each Act in the fastest time while gathering Score Points, Rings and Super Items. Player 1 moves *Sonic* through the Zone on the top half of the screen, and Player 2 moves *Tails* through the same Zone on the bottom half.

If I went on and talked about *all* the 7 different 16-bit Megadrive games I wouldn't have room to talk about *Sonic*'s progression through the game console spectrum. After his appearance on the Megadrive and Megadrive 2, *Sonic* went onto the Dreamcast.

On the Dreamcast the first *Sonic* game was *Sonic Adventures*. This was the first *Sonic* game to be in 3D. This game also gave the option to play as 1 of 6 characters; *Sonic*, *Tails*, *Knuckles*, *Amy*, *Big* and *Robotnik's E-102 Gamma*. *Sonic Adventures*' levels come in two flavours - action stages and adventure fields. The action stages are, as the name implies, action oriented. Each action stage is entirely self-contained, with play mechanics varying from character to character. *Sonic*'s levels play exactly as they did in the 2D *Sonic* games, but a 3D element has been added. The large adventure fields are more exploratory in nature and tie together the action stages. Various people to talk to inhabit the field areas, and they contain no enemies other than the game's bosses. Finally, hidden throughout the field areas are items that enhance the characters' abilities, allowing them to access new areas.



The most recent game to feature *Sonic* is a game that on three of the most up to date consoles, Game Cube, PS2 and the X-Box. This game is *Sonic Heroes*. *Sonic Heroes* strips out a lot of the shooting and hunting stuff found in the *Sonic Adventure* games, but retains the large cast of characters. The game gets away with this by giving you control of three characters at once and dividing the characters up into four different teams - *Team Sonic*, *Team Dark*, *Team Rose*, and *Team Chaotix*. Each team member has his or her own strengths and your abilities as a team change depending on which character you have set as the team leader. The team members are colour-coded for easy reference, so blue characters have the most speed, yellow characters can fly, and red characters can bust through blocks that are otherwise impenetrable. This game is full of speed and action and is one of the many *Sonic* games that I just couldn't put down.

Sonic has gone through many changes from the 2D games of the 1990s to the 3D games of 2004. The little blue hedgehog has been a gaming legend for 14 years now and is still going strong. I expect to be still playing *Sonic the Hedgehog* games well into my 30s!

Keep going *Sonic*!

Game Review

By David Young

Trying to think of a game to review was a little difficult till I came across a game called *Splinter Cell*. *Splinter Cell* will grant players access to the highest echelons of national security, where shadowy operatives have the freedom to do whatever it takes to safeguard America. In *Splinter Cell*, the player controls Sam Fisher, a field operative of a secretive "black-ops" NSA sub-agency called Third Echelon. Sam Fisher is geared up to infiltrate high-security strongholds, seize critical intelligence, destroy threatening data and neutralize the enemy - all without leaving a trace. For me this game is the most addictive I have ever played. Whenever I have a chance to play, (because my brother is hooked on the game as well), I will sit and play the same level trying different ways of trying to complete it. The missions on *Splinter Cell* are challenging, you just can't go round shooting everyone and anyone, the game is all about stealth. Keeping quiet and doing the right thing is the way to completing the missions. The AI in this game are very clever, the slightest noise and they come to investigate. If you're not careful the slightest noise that you make or wrong move can mean the end of a mission. I like to play a wide range of games, mostly multiplayer, and that's the one thing this game hasn't got - a multiplayer function.

All in all *Splinter Cell* is at the top of my most played game list at the moment and I would, without no hesitation recommended this game to anyone that has a PS2, Game Cube, X-Box and a PC, as *Splinter Cell* can be found on all of them.

I give this game a **9/10** over all.



There is a sequel to *Splinter Cell - Splinter Cell Pandora Tomorrow*, and I'm hoping that this game will live up to and exceed my expectation and be better than the first one. And I can't wait to play it.

Point Blank's Top Five TV shows

By Colin Simpson

1. *Muppets Tonight*: The short-lived Muppet show of the 1990's that was cancelled way before it's time. *Muppets Tonight* taught us the wonders of 'boneology', and showed us such characters as the excellent 'Bill the Bubble Guy' ("Bubbles come outta my head!") and Bobo the security guard bear. All in all, a fantastic show with a heap of guest stars including Tony Bennett, Pierce Brosnan, Prince, and Heather Locklear.



2. *Seinfeld*: The well-run sitcom based around a central cast of zany characters living in and around an apartment building in the States. The basis for the story is that one man, Jerry Seinfeld, a real-life comedian playing a comedian in the series, and his friends Elaine, (an ex) George, (a writer) and Kramer (Jerry's crazy neighbor) get up to all kinds of craziness in the city. One of my favourite shows of all time.

3. *Starsky & Hutch*: Ah yes, the original season, with Detectives Kenneth Hutchinson and David Starsky tearing up the streets in Starsky's red and white Ford Torino. These guys really premiered the cop chase, and their legacy lives on... unfortunately to the recent Hollywood movie, but still the legend of the first episodes lives on.

4. *The Dukes Of Hazzard*: Just the good ol' boys, Bo and Luke Duke along with their cousin Daisy and Grampa Jessie, frequently got into trouble with the local authorities. Fortunately for them, the local authorities consist of Boss Hogg and his bird-brained cohorts. During the length of the show, the producers ran through dozens of 'General Lees', the trademark sports car of the Dukes, in creating some pretty crazy stunts. A great show, well worth watching.

5. *The Simpsons*: Well, who couldn't see this coming? A cult favourite with a majority of the population of today, this show is one of the most famous cartoons around. The exploits of Homer, Marge, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie Simpson, as well as their madcap neighbours have spanned many seasons, and will continue to do so for a while yet.

Bored are we? Then try...

EXTREME IRONING!

By Paul Hover

This is a new and very modern sport; an outdoor activity that combines the danger and excitement of an **extreme sport** with the satisfaction of a well-pressed shirt. It takes the truly novel idea of an iron, a board and...ironing! (Preferably on a difficult-to-climb mountainside or whilst skiing, snowboarding, canoeing or even running a marathon).

The English, East Midlands City of Leicester has never been known as a place of excitement or danger. Until 1997. Leicester, often thought of as a little dull and mundane, really *did* give birth to this **extreme sport**!

Before extreme ironing, the ever-so-sleepy town of Leicester, famous for fried chips with melted Red Leicester cheese on top, passionate football fans (a.k.a. The Blue Army) and a nasal accent, has now become known for *the* most *original* sport that mixes all the danger and excitement of an **extreme sport** with a tedious household chore to create: EXTREME IRONING!

When the creator of EXTREME IRONING (known as "Phil") returned home after a long day at work in a knitwear factory, the last thing he wanted to do, like many men, was to start on a pile of ironing (left by the wife). Especially as the sun was shining



Extreme Ironing Urban Style In New York



The Team In Action

and Phil preferred the idea of an evening out pursuing his hobby of rock climbing. Then it struck him like a ton of bricks – why not *combine* the two activities into an **extreme sport**? And so EXTREME IRONING was born...

So for all you people who are bored with your everyday household chores, why not become a budding EXTREME IRONIST? Start by ironing in the safety of your back garden (just to build your confidence) before moving to mountainsides, woodland or even public places. And all you need is an iron and ironing board! (Ironists are also advised to take full safety equipment – i.e. harnesses, ropes and helmets where needed to reduce the likelihood of possible injury).

(Mr. Paul Hover will accept no responsibility for lost limbs, scarring, etc. as a result of attempts to pursue this **extreme sport**)

SCUM says: As our Resident Guinea Pig we wonder if Paul would be willing to experience EXTREME IRONING first hand...? Now there's a thought...

CASSEL & FEE-FEE.



By Chloe Campbell



