

Go Get Fucked.

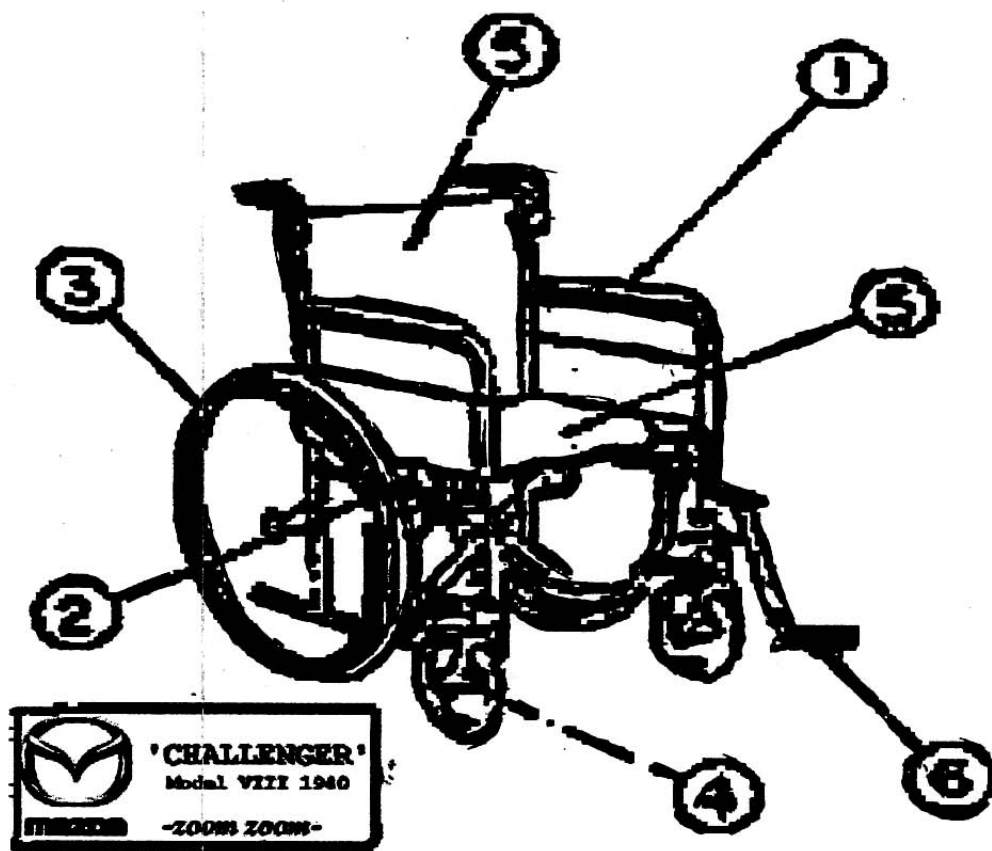


Fig. 14.9

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Power windows | 2. Side-Impact Airbags |
| 3. Self-Propulsion/Low-emission | 4. Training wheels |
| 5. Italian leather interior | 6. Pedometer (Optional) |

Figure 14.9: DO NOT USE AS A ZINE COVER

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FAKE INTRO

This is a complete bullshit introduction for a revealing two-part, shit-behind-the-bull look into the fictitious events surrounding the process of this publications publication, and its subsequent instant success as a printed publication it achieved at the very moment that text was upon paper.

ZINE-ing (Verb: past tense)

[PART ONE]:

Its zine printing day and the only copy center that's open is motherfucking-dogslut-ass-fuck-Kinkos. I haven't always referred to Shit-Fuck-Kinkos with such deranged hyphenated adjectives, but that wasn't until I had actually tried printing anything at that cuntpit. Now, such is the taste that its name leaves in my mouth, at any mention of the f(u)ac(k)simile photocopyfuckhole, I wretch and spit on the ground in order to rid myself of its fecal sensation.

The zine production process had been smooth sailing up until now. Going to Kinkos was where we had made our first grievous mistake. 'We', referring to Dave and I, as opposed to a schizophrenic, I and I. And it was this single mistake that would later turn out to be the direct cause of a great deal of pain and end up costing several thousand dollars in reconstructive dental surgery.

It was fucked from the very start. It would have been less fucked if the Kinkos had been shut, which initially may seem pretty shit if you have to photocopy something, but that's only up until you have to photocopy something and a Kinkos is actually open. That's when you find out how shit, shit is. Crack cocaine. Pure Unadulterated Shit. If SHIT was a drug, Kinkos would better than crapping in a needle and mainlining straight into your neck.

Once we were within the premises/cubicle/lavatory/Kinko's, nothing went right.

Just printing the loose page master copy was a fucking nightmare due to the compulsory and on-going Kinkos printing game, which entails swiping your Kinkos card and then racing against some hidden clock that cancels the job, logs you out of the print session and discards everything you were trying to copy. It took us several days to get the coordination and timing perfect, but eventually we refined our photocopying choreography down to a level whereby we could just manage to get a double A5, double sided page printed on the swipe with maybe a second or two to spare before the automatic log out.

We naively joked about being Olympic printing athletes and laughed about the 100m Kinkos hurdle, both still possessing a sense of humour, having of as yet not been given the full *Kinkos Experience (TM)* quite to the corporations satisfaction

The full *Kinkos Experience (TM)* is the deluxe treatment, consisting of being comprehensively beaten around with a stiff and complex pricing structure before continually blowing out any estimated costs with forced exorbitant luxuries. It has to be said that this pampering is quite superb indeed.

Well beaten and bordering on lunacy, we came up with the somewhat ludicrous notion of using an unheard of, and grossly excessive, *TWO STAPLES* instead of the default (and apparently more than sufficient) -single- staple along the spine, and we rejected the option of the female escort, paid by-the-zine, to fold the pages in half. Other levies had to be paid as well, like the paper-stack-lifting-levies and that sort of assorted-levy related shit, all of which, kicked in around any orders totaling over three copies. All of these costs supposedly justified because of the increased risk of spinal injury to employees when lifting, and repetitive stupidity injury, which was apparently quite frequent to this store.

At the end of the billing, and after rejecting the expensive escort-folding option, we were told that there had been an oversight, and that now in addition to the additional employee-oversight fee, we would have to pay the combined folding costs and folding fee as the zines were required to be creased, marking a line that some business shirt wearing dork would later use in order to work out where and which way the two stapes should lie. And not only that; before the zines could be folded, each page would have to be beveled with a nail file in order to eliminate paper cuts since the escort had quite a dislike for them, and would refuse to fold a single zine unless it had a blunt edge. There was also the issue of the ink fee and paper fee and the printing of frequent obscene language surcharge. At that moment we both regretted our rather expensive choice of titles* for our zines.

We knew these fees were all bullshit. A well rehearsed sales routine they battered upon the weary customer, taking advantage of their impaired decision-making skills and subsequent heavy purchasing fever; An unattractive and contagious consumer condition, brought on after enduring an obligatory printing jungle gym and sweating it out trying get a hand on the golden beak during the wild goose chase.

We handed them the draft zine layout and left the left the Kinkos zineless and gooseless, and expecting to return in a minimum 78 hours. We both hoped this would be enough time to wash off the oily residue of Kinkos from our skin and prepare for the next mental reef knot.

It wasn't long before we were back in the black and white shackles. The very NEXT DAY, we were summoned back by the King of Kinkos, as the proof print of the zines needed to be checked to make sure they were all in order, WHICH THEY WERE. The final proof satisfying our high expectations of concurrency and fluidity in terms of pages in the right order and not in a fucked order, we left the city of Kinkos, at which point in our absence, the King feeling rather lucky and being a notorious gambling man, threw out the final proof, wagering that he could guess the ONE in FIVE THOUSAND correct order for all the pages of the print, knowing that those odds would have a sweet return.

**(Go.Get.Fucked; Piss Throw Zine)*

At some point eventually we got our zines back, but they had obviously been taken to the trots... Kinkos at first managing somehow not getting the job done or on time because some jerk was on holidays. Then the leisurely P&O jerk subsequently fucking the job up and everything having to be redone. And when it was finally finished and ready to collect, it was five days after the date we had agreed on. Before handing over any money, we checked the zines to make sure they were all OK. They were not. Someone had fucked up and managed to get several pages mixed up. That fucking slapper escort must have fucked up when she was folding them. Luckily the next loser in the Kinkos chain must have fucked it up again by stapling it together incorrectly, and in some fluke chance the double fuck up sort of canceled itself out, the stories remaining coherent, but in the totally wrong order. They handed over the zines with a nervous smile, with the correct proof as the top copy of the incorrect prints, like in some shit movie where someone puts \$100 bills on top off sheets of paper in order to hide the counterfeit junk below it.

We decided at this point that enough was enough and knew we were unable to endure another moment in the Kinkos; a stinking shithole to whom we had lost all sense of hope along with our will to live.

We lied to the assistant and said the zines which looked nothing like the proof were faultless, paid the Kinkos exit fee and ran out past the sliding doors into the street, the afternoon sun shining brightly as we walked into the distance, each recounting to each other of how we had lost it all, but we had left alive.

ZINE-ing (Verb: present tense)

[PART ONE PLUS ONE]:

When it came to printing this new zine, Dave made the sensible suggestion of NOT going to Kinkos this time. Instead we decided to try a slightly less painful option and bought some black ink, a pack of blank white A4 paper and a reasonably sized hammer. We sat out near busy Pennant Hills road in the summer heat and with the people in their passing cars staring out with dropped jaws as we set to work on printing the zine. It was laborious, sometimes messy work and we were only a couple of copies into the batch when the police turned up, right when Dave was taking a big swing, because of some particularly large font. The cops tried to tackle him, but the hammer still made a good enough connection and the page got printed no problems. I spat out the chewed up paper and ink along with most of my teeth and a steady torrent of blood, into the pile of zines we had already finished and were drying in the sun in a large, thick, baked out red and white stain on the footpath. I went spastic at the cops, yelling at them that what the fuck did they think they were doing, all the time spitting out little bits of paper and teeth everywhere in doing so. They handcuffed and arrested Dave and drove him off in the back of the police car, leaving me standing on the footpath alone. With so much to get done, I got straight back to the business at hand: Drinking ink, chewing up a page and bashing out a .doc or word file from my mouth with the hammer.

Eventually I produced 200 or so copies and called it a day. I was restrained and taken into the care of the state shortly after. Years later once we were both released, Dave and I agreed that we had made the right choice in not going to Kinkos and printing the zine ourselves

**If you had to catch and kill animals,
you wouldn't eat them.**

**If I had to harvest cotton and
weave my own pants, I wouldn't
wear pants either.**

NO-AID!

Defying all irony, the BandAid concert is exactly the band-aid fix it claims itself to be. Ironic like how the band Queen never wrote any songs about Africa or famine at any time in their career and therefore never gave a fuck. Ironic like how The only time they ever started giving a fuck was when they had all landed safely back on their own home soil, upon which they were all fucking and Freddy fucking with most significant degree of frequency. If anyone should have known about and practiced safe sex it should have been the frontman of the lead act of the show supposed to help a country gripped by an STD pandemic. Maybe Freddy just practiced safe sex and then after practicing it, went out and started fucking, and fucking better than he had ever fucked before because of the time, effort and dedication he had put into his practice. Either way, Freddie ended up getting infected with some wicked British AIDS totally kosher, and it was down hill from there. If by some chance he did this on purpose to gain public sympathy for the infected millions in Africa, it might have been a nice gesture to at least try to have got his eager mittens on some real O.G HIV from Zimbabwe and kept it real.

In a controversial move, the NSW Board of Studies introduced revised texts which included the new theory of commodification of nullity which was recently introduced in the UK and US schools in the previous year. The theory is that hypothetically, non-liquid fixed assets could be possessed in any quantity, even if that quantity is nil. This brings international trade onto a dead level playing field and Africa has nothing to whinge about anymore because according to the commodification of nullity, it now has way more shit than it has ever had before. The developed nations were always pulling shit like this, forming a coalition against the less educated countries, devising ways to fuck around with set standards for their own gain, or failing that, just making up some fake shit to get an increased edge against their competitors, the undeveloped nations. Unethical and immoral behaviour finely tuned ever since the time that invasion become fashionable onwards, and not about to change. All of this paragraph may possibly be totally fictional or grossly incorrect. /TANGENT

Acrobatic media stunts, super celebrities or even having the Circus coming to town isn't going to change global economics. Temporarily clearing Africa's debt will do fuck all, with its internally corrupt government and poor industrial and agricultural infrastructure. Africa will constantly somehow have to be covered into the future with the sustainable income provided by every internet-ADSL-broadband- BigPondTM-digital-streaming-telecast and the expendable income of nostalgic LiveAid crooners trying ever so hard to purchase back some of their yesteryear.

Apparently they're all ready making preparations for the next LiveAid. It's going to be called No-Aid*. There will be an all-star line up, multiple wheelchair access points to the stage and a disabled toilet. Paul McCartney's marionette corpse will duet with a remote controlled exhumated Freddie Mercury, all synced using the latest digital cadaver technology to U2's legal MP3 cover version of 'Let It Be'.

Dr. Nate Mendel (MD MSc. AliveAndWell), as well as other members of the FooFighters, will perform a short spoken word set and hand out educational leaflets on AIDS and deny any link between thinking and his brain. Gweneth Paltrow (Wife of Coldplay member Chris Martin) will headline as hosts of the event along with their children. Viewers will be touched by this celebrity couples understanding gesture and for a small price purchase the exclusive personal story of the suffering of their token temporary long distance African child adopted especially for the event went through.

After Bono upgraded his home entertainment system, plans were made to have the unchallenged sex symbol for consumption - Elvis - to dance in the backdrops using the set from ZOO TV, but that idea has now been scrapped, as the ZOO TV televisions have might be outdated by HD Sony plasma screens.

(Bono's old sets may have been produced by a direct competitor of Sony, the official sponsor of the event until 3032. All possible efforts will be made not to upset sponsors, who may have by that time evolved beyond their emotionless abstract state of collected business concepts, invisible economic theories and past the constant life or death struggle of having to procure more and more buildings and offices, so that even in their non-physical form, they can have a place to have more paperwork or forms delivered to, and increase their chances of success and eternal survival by making more money, so they can buy more offices in which to store a greater quantity of shareholders so that eventually, they can finally exorcise themselves of the demonic existence trapped within the collective confines of the minds of the ones who summoned forth and created the very monster in the first place, those minds being the minds of the shareholders. As far as anyone can tell, this is the last step in corporate evolution, and predictive models indicate that this metamorphosis from an imaginary entity into a real entity may be concessive proof of re-incarnation and the secret to life. The business model upon its coming into existence will present itself in a new-born state and tend to be highly emotional, wailing and crying all the time and making a big deal about getting upset about its competitors. All the lying and trying to exist makes the comparison between business and Pinocchio, and Donald Trump and a whale, remarkable.

Harry Potter,

And The Repetitive Book Formula

Mr. Nibbles, Mrs. Huggleburn's cat, paused for a moment and turned towards the crash from the stairs, just outside the entrance to the Gryffindor common room. Under his invisibility cloak that he had received from Dumbledore, Harry had quickly clamped his hand tightly over his mouth, and the yelp from hitting his shin on the suit of armour was stopped a mere moment before making a sound. Moments passed as Mr. Nibbles stared inquisitively towards the corner and took a step forward. Harry was already imagining himself in detention, as a squeak from the library caught the cats attention, and Mr. Nibbles ran off, obviously more interested in catching one of the many mice that inhabited the school, than in a meddling student breaching curfew.

Hermoine and Ron were already waiting outside, having previously sneaked out earlier using a ghost potion, which for some reason had not quite completely worn off on Ron whose face was yet to re-appear, which Hermoine Harry and the reader, if aged 12 or younger, found quite amusing. Just then a voice came from the dark.

It was Ron, "It's the middle of the book" he exclaimed. Harry turned to face him, and realised Ron had no face with which to actually face.

"...And it's 'bout time for a Quiddich match if we're going to do exactly what we did last ye..", Ron was cut off by a grumbling sound coming by the forbidden forest... From between the trees emerged Hagrid, holding what appeared to be some boring new creature, whose sole purpose in life was to be used as the reason for Hagrids possible expulsion from Hogwarts and a tension point and up until the end of the book. "They're Hobdithithseseses's, ghreat 'reature 'ese ar', the'v gut dees floofly bears for spikin' people wif'... Gol'Dubloon, walk de plank, ya scury swine ar' gg", Said Hagrid, crapping on in his strange accent.

Hagrid had the beard of a buccaneer and lived in cardboard box on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood and as such, spoke pirate quite fluently, which explained everything rather neatly.

KEVIN McQUAY

[1949--2005]

The loveable flamboyant Gold Coast businessman Kevin McQuay aka "Big Kev" died today aged 56. Kevin quickly captured the attention of the nation, with his enthusiasm for cleaning products and absolute comfort with the expression of his obvious sexual arousal live on air.

From the age of 16 he spent the majority of his life unemployed, living at his rather ironically filthy Gold Coast studio apartment, drinking a strong proof drink, unable to clean due to his intoxication, and unable to afford clothes due to his two bottle a day addiction.

"Things were tough back then... I often sported many polyester shirts emblazoned with the Union Jack and Southern Cross. People took this seemingly as patriotism, but I suppose it was often misleading. My problem with the bottle led me to petty theft of flags while out on the town and the booze... Later instead of cleaning my clothes I would just sew up all these stolen surplus flags into shirts, they fit... and besides, they were more comfortable than most of the clothes around for a man with my girth. Eventually after not buying toilet paper for a week and waking up hangover everyday on the toilet, I turned to wiping up my own caked vomit and diarrhea I was surrounded by, with some of the flags. People don't really know about those days, I don't usually talk about it... those really were dark times."

These dark times led to his chance discovery that certain chemicals and enzymes in the Australian Flag had extraordinary cleaning properties, and from these findings he realised the brilliance of the idea that Australian made products be made from the Australian flag. He worked his business up from scratch and successfully battled his long time addiction.

BigKevCoTM reached phenomenon status in mid 2000. Kevin McQuay become an Aussie cult icon and BigKevCoTM was listed as a public company in August 2001. Reaction to the company was initially strong and its future looked bright under the board of its loud shirted executives.

But the constant champagne and celebration of success eventually led Kevin spiraling back to the sweet liquid and the share price plummeted in unison with Kev's control over his bowels and the bottle. Many reports were released stating his sobriety, but it was too late, the fatcat was out of the goonbag.

On Tuesday morning his naked body was found by his wife in front of the TV, lying face down Reports would later show cause of death as acute intoxication resulting in asphyxia due to obstruction of the esophagus. He had died after drinking five bottles of wine, collapsing off the couch forwards and subsequently drowning on his own gastric fluids. The resulting seepage of blood into the lower extremities left his body with a rare occurrence, the death-erection.

Even in death, Big Kev was excited.

He is remembered through his wife, three sons, ShowerPower and Goo-Remover.

SLUT IS JUST A NICE WAY OF SAYING IRRESPONSIBLE

(First of January Two Thousand and Five)

Everyone was feeling pretty rotten. Some novel Greek philosopher had decided to arrange the passing of time into a cyclic "Calendar". This Calendar was all about cycles. Days¹ came in cycles, and the seemingly repetitive changing of weather patterns were also divided into cycles. These sinusoidal temperature fluctuations were what people called seasons, which although referenced the sea, usually had had nothing to do with the tide (The tide was what people called cyclic water movement on the edges of the dirt parts of the planet, these being areas where people usually chose to live, unless they were particularly eccentric and lived in an underwater utopia called Atlantis²). This tide which was also by coincidence first thought to be cyclic in its behaviour at the time, but was later found out through millions of dollars of funding meant for disabled children that 'it just did stuff'.

¹ (A day is 24 hours, which is 60 minutes which is 60 seconds, and since no one can perfectly measure the length of a second, day would later be revised and rewritten in science literature as the total time taken for the sun to be pointing and then not pointing at the earth).

² (The proof of Atlantis was discovered in 1986 when people saw a movie called the Little Mermaid, Disney had known about the existence of this exclusive paradise since 1967 but had kept it secret, choosing to steal the factual life stories and names of living factual people and release it as a 'fictitious' cartoon).

The point was... According to this Greeks imposed bureaucracy, it took 365 days for the seasons to start rotating again. This meant the earth was in exactly the same place in its orbit around the sun as it was 365 days** ago. He called this amount of time a year. The only problem was that this Greek philosopher/scientist wasn't actually a philosopher or scientist all, he was a party boy with a fondness for boys and he had designed this calendar in order to proclaim that when the earth had complete an orbit exactly³, there should be a party to celebrate this cyclic monotony and everyone should intoxicate themselves. With his ritual intoxication day in place, the boys were much easier to seduce than when they were not unconscious. He named his day of non-consensual sex 'New Years Day'. The sex had to be non-consensual because the philosopher was not attractive (He was not attractive to the same sex, he was not attractive to the opposite sex, in fact either sex from the reptile genus would not find him attractive).

³ (Turns out that this Greek guy was wrong again, the earth is not in the same place in 365 days, it was later found out on the back of a McDonalds placemat that an error was made in the astrophysics matrix and it was actually 365 AND ONE QUARTER days for a full rotation, because of this an extra garbage day was thrown into the calender every four years. For some unknown reason, this day is not celebrated.)

Hundreds of years later, people were still feeling rotten because of New Years Eve. People were using the tail end of this day to specifically drink and party. They didn't really know why they were drinking and partying, but everybody else was drinking and partying so the theory was believed that they should be drinking and partying too. Moral values had changed since the time of the Greek philosopher and now it was apparently unacceptable to fuck people when they did not want to fuck you, or to be fucked in any way.

It had now been decided that the practice would be to drink and party as much as possible, climaxing the level of intoxication in time to the counting down the seconds until New Years Day. All this drinking and partying was the same deceptive ploy as used by the philosopher only now it was used by blokes out on the town trying to make it easier to get girls to fuck them. That was the reason why so many people had gathered in the same place. They all wanted to fuck. Well at least the boys did.

The girls either didn't want to fuck or pretended that they didnt want to fuck. Boys didn't know why the girls didn't want to fuck. Maybe the reason was that girls had a womb and knew if they fucked a boy then maybe a parasite would get inside their womb and attach itself to their placenta. Boys didn't think about placenta parasites because they too busy thinking about vaginas and how to get into them. Boys didn't think about getting pregnancy because they couldn't get pregnant. Some boys, who were not thinking about getting pregnant, thought of putting things in girl's drinks. These boys were usually the most attractive, most intelligent, and quite good at socializing with the opposite sex.

Everyone watched the fireworks. A lot of people drank too much and some people fucked. Boys who didn't get to fuck a girl acted out violently and attacked other boys as a PLAN A to impress girls in order to make them want to fuck them. When PLAN A didn't work, the boys had to settle for PLAN B⁴.

⁴ (*jerked off*).

It was New Years Day, or New Years Afternoon, when everyone woke up. As usual, everyone was feeling pretty rotten.

Later that day, all the girls phoned each other and talked about the previous night. They recollected everything with a photographic memory because they didn't drink or do any drugs. The girls who drank and or did drugs were SLUTS⁵. SLUTS were other girls they either didn't like, or were jealous of. Most of the SLUTS were their friends. Some of the girls who were labeling the SLUTS had had sex but stayed quiet about it and acted out vindictively instead, No of them could be bothered working out why for some reason there was female sexual repression.

⁵ (*Witch hunts started in the 1670's (and still continue), in the 1600's a witch hunt was a hunt for girls who had had sex. Sex was wrong, and women found to be having it were unjustly put on trial and murdered. People kept on having babies. If you were a pregnant single woman, and from a good Christian family it was understood that the conception was immaculate and pardoned.*)

While this was happening everyone one else was vomiting and were telling themselves that they're never going out on New Years Eve again. Out of the entire population, 175 people didn't feel like shit. This is was because they weren't vomiting or pregnant. They had stayed at home and watched the fireworks on Channel Nine and regretted it because they were convinced everyone else had THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES.

Email: *****@*****.com

Subject: Breaches of the ABA Code Of Conduct.
2RRR 88.5 radio segment
06/11/04 :: [0100 -- 0600hrs]

It has come to the attention of the Australian Broadcasting Authority that the 2RRR community radio segment 'Audio Caffiene', hosted by 'Jase' (JaseMcPherson), on the 06/11/04, breached several of the prescribed codes in section 123 of the Broadcasting Services Act 1992, on numerous occasions.

In referral to a complaint made on the 07/11/04, in regards to the advertisement of a "National Beer Day", the following breaches of the 2004 Broadcasters Code Of Conduct were noted.

2.1 Community broadcasting licensees shall NOT broadcast material that may:

- Incite, encourage or present for their own sake violence or brutality;
- Simulate news or events in such a way as to mislead or alarm listeners;
- Present as desirable the misuse of drugs including alcohol, narcotics or tobacco

Additionally, a review of the material presented as a "Australian music HOUR" on the aforementioned FIVE hour segment found that further codes were also breached.

3.1 Community broadcasters will ensure a proportion of the total number of musical items broadcast consist of:

- Not less than 25% Australian music items for all community broadcasting licensees except ethnic and classical stations as cited Clause 3.1(b) below;

It is advised that the segment be entitled "Australian Music Hour and 15 Minutes" in order to avoid future breaches of the code.

These complaints have been assessed as serious and will be referred to the NSW ombudsman for communications, however the inappropriate use of explicit language on 0235:35, 0235:35 and 0235:41, and the overdub of loud youth oriented music on a Diabetes public service announce will be dealt with as a formal complaint, at later unspecified date.

Head of Complaints ABA (Australian Broadcasting Authority)
& Principle Jerk.

DEAN DEANSON.

CENTURIES TO CHECK OUT

Personally, out of any century, the 21st century would have to be the century to get my recommendation and stamp of approval. It's definitely the most luxurious of the centuries to date and the most technologically advanced. The 20th century may appear appealing at first, that is until you realise that if its 1926 you're going to be enjoying the electric toaster being made available to the public.

Thanks to advances of the post industrial-revolution, there hasn't yet been a dud period in the twenty first century like those in the early 1900s.

The 21st century is all about the satisfaction of a job never done. If on some whim you decide you don't like doing a job, heaps of money is allocated to a team of engineers who design a machine to do the job to satisfy your needs, which then gets massed produced by people paid the opposite of what the engineers got. This whirliwig or whatever its to be, is shipped out to retailers who make it their job to sell this convenience of effort evasion. With a society like this, it's not a surprise that most people in it are quite the consumers of convenience and it's the small things, along with the big things, that you never have to do that make it such a paradise. The closer you are to doing nothing the happier you are. It's that simple.

The only time you have to do anything is when watching an ad selling convenience or effort evasion. All of these ads will mention the phrase "the more important things in life", and will portray;

A dog fresh from rolling in the mud, jumping into a young mothers lap, much to her enjoyment, as she knows she has ample time for the important things, and her carefree and washingless lifestyle can easily account for any unexpected canine dilemmas and insure cleanliness against even the largest and/or dirtiest breed of dog. Or;

A balding man, wasting valuable sweat by labouring away at a boring, menial task. Then after acquiring convenience, the man is shown again, sweat free and enjoying his movement and perspiration free life and enjoying the important things in life.

If you could work out what these more important things actually were, it would mean you wouldn't have to think at all and that would be it..

Complete happiness.

Another handy thing about the 21st century is that most foods take absolutely no preparation time. It now usually takes longer to eat whatever it is, than to open it. That's right, no more exhausting hunting and gathering, that's so old fashioned. If it takes more kilojoule of energy to consume than you're going to get from eating your probably wasting your time. By keeping activity levels low and ensuring kilojoule intake is well into the black, more and more people are gaining a healthy layer of insulating fatty tissue, which can be used as a visual indication or signal to other humans and possible mates, that not only can you obtain adequate food for yourself, you could quite easily supply a surplus of food for a partner and numerous offspring, but at the moment and in the current absence of any sexual partner, you instead choose to live a more independent lifestyle serving as an excessive provider to yourself.

RATING FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY: ★★★★★

SHIT ABOUT PLANES

When a burning Airliner screams from the air towards the ground, it's hard to see anyone surviving. No one pays attention to the flight attendant when she demonstrates how to use the life-jackets and emergency exit, because no-one wants to admit that they're thirteen thousand, seven hundred and fifteen metres above the ground, in an aluminium tube six point five metres in diameter, traveling over cities at nine-hundred and seven kilometres per hour.

It was probably the extra seven that made the difference.

And the person supposed to keep the plane off the ground when its moving at 0.85 times the speed of sound? Michael Bereslerd. An incompetent drunk pilot perving on the shareholder in the alluring dress with both hands on his cock, instead the controls.

The first class passengers sat contently in their seats with the planes telephones pressed to their ears, sedated by the sound of their accountants voices, and for all appearances they all seemed totally unaware of their impending deaths. They all knew the pilot had been playing with himself in the toilet for the last 10 minutes but since John Travolta was on the plane, they didn't really care to much at all, seeing as there was a celebrity pilot around and nothing could go wrong. What they didn't know was John Travolta never was, and never could be a pilot. Medical tests from his high school years indicate that he had little or no sight in either eyes, but John adapted quickly to his disability.

At first he just did shit like always smiling and acting cool. He couldn't see what he was doing, but people started paying attention to him because he was always so laid back and regularly displayed his teeth as a sign of elation. Chilled elation. Not too over the top. Authentic. And yet all totally fake. This earned him modest living, but the real break was when just by chance, he started moving his limbs around rhythmically to music and making melodic sounds with his voice. That's when people started really paying attention to him. They also started giving him heaps of money and other shit because they wanted to be friends with the smiling, cool guy who was pretty good at moving bits of his body in time to a beat. Of course John being blind, couldn't tell what any of the crap he was given was. There was nothing particularly laid back or cool about Braille and sadly no-one ever ended up giving him anything he could recognise. It was only after someone mentioned something about a pilots permit lying around his bachelor pad that he realised that he even had such a license. Later that same year, a wealthy acquaintance bedazzled by Johns smile and boot-scooting personality insisted that he bring round a 767 as a present to go with the permit.

Having a jumbo jet only made him more popular, which led to getting on Oprah, which led to getting more shit and so on and so forth. Just because he had all this stuff didn't mean he could use it, but people were too stupid to question anything. All they needed was to see a shot of John in a pilot's uniform and that would be proof enough of his flying prowess. It was almost the perfect lie.

Almost.

Back on the spiraling plane, John Travolta wasn't keeping his composure or his usual unbreakable cool very well at all, sporting visible beads of perspiration over his entire body, with the dark sweaty patches around his groin and armpits being the most profuse. The lies all fell apart in a disgraceful attempt at aviation, disco dancing around the cabin and singing songs from grease as loud as he could, all while contorting his face into the biggest smile he could muster, before collapsing in his seat, sobbing uncontrollably... And with that, the hopes of the first class passengers were all but dashed.

Back in business class some guys dressed in business suits decided to take some affirmative action, and pro-actively started screaming that the plane was crashing, then effectively demonstrated what team players they could be by bashing on the toilet door as a group and in unison. A daring passenger ventured into the cockpit only to find mannequin in the pilots seat, dressed in a uniform and designer underwear. The mannequin remained unresponsive to the passengers attempts to try and rouse it into consciousness and besides, even if it had the cognitive ability to know how to fly a plane, its set limb positions would probably be more suitable for a single gesture or an unflinching pose rather than executing complex aerobatic maneuvers. The passenger crept back to his seat dejected and defeated. Even though he might have been able to get the plane to fly in a straight line apart from the current line directly towards the ground, who would want to be the last one touching the controls when one-hundred and sixty-one tonnes of metal, thirty-one tonnes of flesh and one tonne of international mail hits the ground? Certainly not him. He fastened his seat belt, with the satisfaction that this would ensure more than ample anonymity and the zero chance of anyone finding out he had chickened out at the controls. He sat there pondering over what number they would give his body and waiting for end. He didn't have to wait long.

The bird shat over a sixty-five kilometer radius, taking the life of super-celebrity John Travolta with it into the dirt, along with the lives of the other four hundred and twenty passengers of lesser or no celebrity status. The large debry area indicated that the plane most probably broke up before impact, failing structurally and splintering into tiny pieces falling in a perfect circle of burnt airliner dandruff. The circular spread of the fallout indicated that right before the before the structural failure. At the crash site people and pens and pads and wrote shit like this:

Final velocity(m/s) = Initial velocity(m/s) + [acceleration A (m/s²) x time(s)]
0 = 907,000 + [A x 0.1]
A = -9,070,000 m/s²
F(force(Newton metres) = Mass (kg) x Acceleration(Metres per second, per second)
F = 193,000 x -9,070,000 m/s²
F = 1,750,510,000,000

Which although looked impressive on paper, was more suited to a year 10 exam than anything else. It meant the plane had an impact force of one point seven five Terra-Newtown-Metres. The only way this could be possible, other than flying straight down was if the plane and another object with the same weight and traveling at the same speed collided head on. This would give the same result, but twice the debry and twice the death. The hole in the ground showed only one aircraft, indicating that worrying over mathematical formulas was only wasting useless time, especially when it was within fictional writing and everything had already been explained, and no number, no matter how large, ever changed the past.

All the aircrafts six million individual components were found in seven million pieces. Many sets of lungs were located, but in general were no-longer breathing and paramedics attempting mouth to lung resuscitation with little success.

Three million pieces were said to have burnt up in the explosion. No-one could be bothered to find bits of the tail rudder or all the human remains lying around because it would cost too much. However, most, if not all of the gold fillings from the teeth were found. One investigator collected all the charred genitalia and took it home in a paper bag for further examination and analysis. The results of that data were never publicly released.

All the broken shit was painstakingly arranged in a plane shaped crime-scene outline. They did this inside a 'hanger', a spacious half-cylindrical corrugated-iron structure which served as both the womb and the tomb. The ugly nest and the wall. The aircraft a broken egg. The Humpty-Dumpty of aviation.

No matter which way you looked the mess in the hanger, it was an abominable, two-dimensional model dinosaur skeleton missing most of its bones, which in its current busted-up state couldn't and wouldn't be flying for the foreseeable future for shit. The idea was that by examining this fucked up monstrosity, it could be determined what exact circumstances had caused the aircraft to turn from an efficient means of transport, into an expensive multitude of metal confetti. Working back from the cause it was hoped that events could be reversed and re-assemble the plane so that after repair expenditure, its enormous initial outlay could be recovered in re-sale. In cost terms, this meant that every single fragment of junk metal accounted for equated to forty-three dollars and forty-two cents per fragment, an unrealistic asking price for what was essentially garbage. The final option was a suggestion that chunks of aircraft be fired into the air in as fast as they had hit the ground in order to restore the plane. It didn't work, although more parts of the plane which were covered on insurance were lost in the process.

Online discussions throughout the re-construction amongst aircraft-buyers, aircraft-enthusiasts, and scrap-metal vendors would later reveal that more often than not, the reconstruction was regarded as little more than a adult version of a full-scale 1:1 model aircraft and was referred to in front page of the papers as the "Lowlife Nerds Macabre Jigsaw Puzzle".

Of the greatest interest was what was taken from the data recorders which were found intact. Notes from the investigation outline how at least one individual had used the blackbox recorder to copy his half assed impersonations of long forgotten Australian Rules Footballer, Mark 'Jacko' Johnston and his energizer battery advertisement catch phrase. For a collector of the invaluable, these recordings would be of significant monetary value. But in terms of flight data, all it contained was fourteen minutes and fifty-nine seconds of the word "Oi", loudest of all the vowel combinations, and mating call of the Australian moron. The passengers never for even a moment stood a chance of survival with this sort of immaturity being fed into the controls.

Rene Rifkin

[1944 -- 2005]

The gifted stoke-broker and business tactician, Renee Rifkin died today from auto-erotic asphyxiation. His body was found by relatives in his bedroom, naked and smouldering, with burn marks from his trademark cigar, at the circumferences of his mouth and other unspecified orifices.

Born in 1944 he had a quick rise to the top of the business world, and became a renowned trader, making his first million by 24. Along with money, he also developed a fondness for many luxuries, including yachts, automobiles, young boys and tobacco products.

In 2004 he was jailed for 9 months along with Robert 'Dolly' Dunn for his part in an boating accident in Bali, involving children under the age of 16. Due to injury, all his limbs were subsequently amputated. This would later be reported in a cover-up as insider trading.

After 11 reconstructive surgeries, his limbs were eventually replaced with prosthetic fondling devices, to enable him to live just as full a life as before the accident.

He is survived by his wife Gayle and five children.

The Concise Guide To God

Stuff was around for ages. Then people came. People wrote stuff about how some guy had made all stuff and his name was God. They could write about what God did because back then, God could talk to you and it was for real. All these people were talking to God... Heaps of them... God he only ever talked when no one else was around. When no one else was around he told these people things like he was the creator of everything and there was a snake that could also talk, and it tricked the first pair of people he had made. He also told people he had 10 rules and this meant he created the decimal system. None of it made sense but they kept writing it down anyway. (God was evidently quite vocal around the time of the writing of the bible, and obviously unaffected by the severe autism that would later plague him following the printing of the bible)

It was told about how for some reason he used to directly cause events like floods and famine to mass murder almost all the people he had made. He did this because they didn't do what he said. Killing also broke one of his own rules, but didn't matter for some reason and that reason wasn't written down. The only person who wasn't killed was always talking God. One time he found a bush in the middle of the desert and lit it on fire and talked to God while it burnt. Anyway.. This guy who talked to God was pretty far from being the perfect protagonist. Back then it must have been admirable and heroic to be a rich cunt with enough money to build a behemoth of a boat, fill it full of pairs of animals and shack up in it with your wife for a couple of months while every other living person died a horrible death. Nothing was written about how he managed to survive on a floating food chain on water. Historians nowadays can only imagine how he performed this miracle form of ecological socialism. At first, apex-predators at the very top of the food chain abstained from eating each other, and the other animals on the ark. Animals like worms and phylum and shit at the bottom of the food chain no longer had the burden of living life as someone else's potential meal. It was something which if they had a cognitive mind, they would have been able to appreciate. But they didn't. So they couldn't. They also didn't have to worry about abstaining from eating. Far from it, they just ate what they always ate. Dirt. Or shit.

Without all of the killing and eating it was peaceful as long as you didn't look overboard at all the corpses of dead creatures God had killed. But the utopia on board the boat didn't last long.

The monotremes were pissing and shitting, the flightless birds were pissing and shitting and the reptiles were pissing and shitting. Noah was pissing and shitting, and his kids wife and kids were pissing and shitting heaps. If it was on the Ark, it didn't matter what it was. It was pissing and shitting. Not only that, piss and shit was everywhere and on everything. The one thing there was anything but a shortage of on the Ark was piss and shit. It was definitely in surplus. The flies usually would have caused a problem, but luckily there were only two of them.

God told Noah that he had not budgeted properly for all the shit and would be punished for his oversight. It didn't take long for God to act. Within days the animals consumed and shat the last scrap of straw and drunk and pissed out the last drop of water. They became hungry and desperate. The sheer desperation for food brought out in all of them a bizarre survival instinct. It was a sickening scene of resourcefulness. When they needed to eat, they all ate each others piss and shit... and they ate it by the stomach full. The apex predators were ravenous from starvation and ate shit right from the ass even before it hit the ground. But the largest animals were the hardest to watch. They could never eat enough to fill their stomachs and satisfy themselves. They just ate and ate and ate.

Noah had meant to make an ark. Instead, all he had created was a colossus of a toilet, in exactly the same shape as a boat.

Previously, when any of the female birds or reptiles ovulated they shat out something round and hard called an egg. Noah and his family called this "laying" and they used to eat this bird-shit whenever they could, as it was highly nutritious. They also drank the milk from any animal they could find that was lactating. Noah would spend all day squeezing the animal tits only to collect a single small glass of milk. That was before. Now with all the animals on a steady diet of piss and shit, they began to stop laying eggs and started just laying shit. And began to stop making milk, and started leaking piss.

Noah and his family didn't want to end up like the animals, and tried to think of things they could eat other than shit. Noah realised that they could eat a couple of the animals. If he knew that if he ate even just one animal, then he would lose the entire species - unless it was a hermaphrodite, in which case he had one free spin of the extinction wheel. Of course how he managed to look after all these animals wasn't written down, an omission which in 2000 years could have saved zoos billions of dollars and prevented millions of deaths of captive animals, and reduced the time taken to get any doctorate ending with - ologist from around 10 years to 10 days.

Later on there was another guy who ran with this crew of disciples who said he was the Son of God. A lot of people knew he was lying. And he didn't have a fuck off big boat like Noah. So a turf war broke out and the Westside Israelites killed him and stuck his body in the boot of a car with a big rock on top of it so you couldn't just pop the bonnet and get the body out. Ironically killing this gangsta only made the lies about stuff worse and harder to control. All the lyrics to his songs were written down by the Eastside Disciples and Christianity grew into the religion we know today

The Concise Guide To Humans

Fucking. Killing. Consuming. Water drinking. Air breathing. Animal eating. Dirt colonising. Socially repressive. Hierarchical structuralising. Animal wearing. Shoe lace tying. Business suit homogenisation. Plastic surgery. Hair replacement. Boob job. Bourbon. Automobile legs. Vertically partitioned apartment housing. Lying. Stealing. Law making. Law breaking. Blue collar. White collar. Dividing. Hole digging. Middle Managing. House owning. Family Unionising. Trophy wife-ing. Fishing. Getting some. Getting some more. Getting greedy. Divorcing. Jealousy. Revenge. Buying. Retail therapeutic. Status symbol. Celebrity status. Fame. Champagne. Cocaine. Active Alkaloid. Alcoholic Weapon toting. War mongering. Carpet bombing. Eradication. Herbicide. Effective and highly toxic animal poison.

The Concise Guide To Animals

Breed. Hunt. Eat. Human Food. Walking meal, clothing and footwear.

BONUS FREE PAGE

DYN-A-MITE

[Grade D minus]

Yesterday I was walking down the street when I saw a truck on the side of the road. The truck was owned by a demolition company, which was doing contract work near the railway line. I felt uncomfortable being near the truck, because that meant I would be near where the workers were blasting rock faces. I based my fears on the fact that the trucks company name, painted in large letters on its exterior was DYN'A'MITE. The fact that an apostrophe indicates a truncated character, I assumed they must have been instead trying to quote the saying 'A', or they meant to use a hyphen instead of an apostrophe for no reason*. Either way, they had grasp of the English language which was slippery at best, or were dyning mites. I knew from watching Today Tonight that I should never trust a company with such a poor grasp over grammar, especially one in possession of and use of high explosives. Or people engaging in activities for which to describe, you have to use verbs which dont exist in any dictionary. Such behaviour is either dangerous or suspicious.

*No reason, unless it is to elude naming laws which would infringe on the business name Dynamite (ABN:2 323 232, which is a bootleg vegemite company operating out of adeliade, which had to change its business title from its initial name, which was Vegemite.

GORILLAS IN THE MIST

[Grade C plus]

There was this drug addict gorilla, but it saw Diane Fossey scoring some rock and suddenly got aggressive and attacked her and tried to get the crack-cocaine. Unfortunately this meant the gorilla had to be put down, and was given a lethal dose of ape-tranquilizer. Its heaving ape body lay sprawled out on the jungle floor. Within minutes, the potent ape had starting drawing the millions upon millions of jungle flies to its decaying scent. They flew for miles on its trail to the gorilla, rapidly covering its whole body in a second coat of furry buzzing wings. Last I saw of it, they were all trying to get in the its mouth for the banquet, but the gorillas shallow breaths kept irritating the queen bee.

GEORGE

Upon arriving at Eastwood station I met, slash was forcibly introduced to 'George', a late thirty-something, who greeted me with his name and what could only be described as a loose, wet-fish handshake. Later I realised that he reminded me of Reg Reagan off the footy show as he was clothed from head to toe in Balmain Tigers merchandise... A hat, jacket, orange shoes, the lot. He said he was pleased to meet me and keenly watched me purchase a can of soda from the vending machine. When the can hit the tray and the change was returned he waddled over, pointing his pudgy fingers, and in a demanding tone sharply stated I should help him to 'get one of these...', gesturing indiscreetly at the many snack products glowing inside the adjacent vending machine. I replied promptly, saying that I wouldn't be able to help very much in purchasing whatever he wanted to buy. All I had was the 60c that I was fetching from the change slot / used-chewing-gum-receptacle.

George stepped back from the snack machine and stared back, looking slightly, if not moderately angry, and with the look of a spoilt, only-child who has always got their way, suddenly confronted with a denial from their parents for the first time. The faint fluorescent light cut through chips and candy alike, and highlighted minute facial movements, which might have otherwise gone unnoticed. The slight drooping of the jaw and those beady* eyes which, although not altogether dark, seemed to possess colour only in grades of shades, which only added to the said beadyness.

--NOTE ONE, cutting from the story for a second: I think I need to let it be known that; wherever possible I will always try to avoid the use of over-used words in over-used situations, or use over-used words in a comical way, as to hide the over-usedness of the word, but 'beady', is, and always will be, the most appropriate way to describe eyes that are lacking in any emotion or empathy, and in a cheap replacement, only possess greed, lust, general cupidity* and selfishness.. much like the eyes of a reject doll from a two dollar shop--

*Deciding to increase my vocabulary i have used an internet thesaurus here. Words which were included for a search for 'greed', but were opted out in favour of "cupidity", in no particular order, are: 'hot pants', 'big eyes', grabby, piggishness, 'the gimmies', hankering, itch, 'in heat'.

--NOTE TWO: note one overused the word over-use, and it is at this point i choose to conclude 'note two', as to not allow these tangents to get too out of control--

As I retrieved my change and returned from my stooped position, George's tone of voice increased considerably and his face contorted to convey an alternatum with an less than desirable unspoken option. "YOU.. BUY.. ME.. THIS!", he exclaimed, with a crude gesticulation towards what could have been a Twix bar, possibly Mars, but at the time I couldnt be one-hundred percent sure, as my attention was focused more on him than the considerably less threatening confectionary. I open my hand and produced into view three twenty-cent pieces, and explained that even as much as sixty cents is, there would be no way to purchase anything with this small fortune, as everything easily cost more than I possessed.

Several tense ticks by and his facial expressions relax and he seems to relax. In submission and as if nothing has just happened exclaims out of nowhere for no reason that it is to be his birthday in week, something that proved to be both a relief from the confrontation and completely irrelevant to buying snacks. I still note George's passive-aggressive personality from this loose change fiasco/debacle, and ask him if he's going to have a party to celebrate. While we're talking I start mentally ranking this current experience, in order of tweak, against other past tweakers. Last week I was continually asked if I had a bottle opener, and didn't have the same degree of discomfort. This was a new top score and George was tweaker number one.

George still talking, I walked back towards the seats, slumped down and cracked open the can of drink, which midway, for a split second halts George's sentence. After pausing he continues on about his party and I start not paying attention.

"DO, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?", he mumbles loudly in his loose lipped drawl, snapping me from staring out into space, and since I wasn't listening, all I can respond with is one of those stupid nervous laughs (that you're hoping is appropriately timed), as silence is insulting to the mentally ill and may only make them more aggressive.

All I get back is "NO, WHAT DID I SAY?".

All of a sudden it seems just like that scene in Mullholland Drive with the film director and the cowboy, and I don't have an answer to his question. He pauses and is obviously irritated and repeats "THE TIGERS" and drops his head and points to the Balmain logo on his sweat stained black-turned-matt-black hat, which shows his measurable material support for "his team", and I no longer have to gamble on appropriate replies and he continues talking.

At this point I realize that the drink I'm holding may as well be the third person in the conversation as George's eyes haven't left the can since I bought it fifteen minutes ago. His conversations with subject matter of bed wetting and questions of who in my family changes the sheets on my bed, are no longer bothering me as I'm more worried about the distance between us, and how quickly George could move if he should escalate his inappropriate behaviour and try to forcibly remove me from my drink.

The moment is cut by a grinding echo, and the approaching train averts George's attention to its arrival. We both stand and wander to the other side as it slows, and George parts from my direction and walks further down the platform, releasing me from his steel-like tweaker-mind-grip. With his back turned, I take the opportunity for escape and walk as fast as I can down the platform. Even though I only had to travel two stations, five more minutes with this aggressive, rude man would be five minutes too many. I get on the carriage, and upon entering, I proceed with great pace along the other carriages, distancing my self as much as possible as to avoid the chance of George finding me. The rest of the ride was un-eventful, so I can only guess George found some poor person to pick on. When I got off at my station, I looked through the windows and for a couple of seconds as the train picked up pace, I saw George talking with his new victim.

What I have neglected to mention throughout this, is that George had Down Syndrome, or a severe mental impairment. In trying to be sociable and as understanding as possible and treat him as I would any other person, I was treated back with absolute disdain. Most people in George's position grow up to be compassionate people, instead he seemed to take great skill in being one of the most selfish and rudest cunts persons I've ever met. I still see him round sometimes and he's just as much of a cunt as he ever was.

UN/PROPER SCHOOL

All the kids were near the lights dancing to heaps crap music. Then the misfits came on, and they all stopped. They couldn't dance to something they hadn't heard before, so they kind of collectively swayed to Danzig's crooning.

When the first notes of Blink 182 'Dammit' started to play an excited yell was let from the crowd in order to express their unanimous approval of this garbage heap, force fed junk pop punk.

BIRD IN THE STORE

For the last couple of weeks there has been this sparrow living in the store I work at. I was laughing about Woolworths lack of bird control to another employee, and they told me they had come up with a solution and to remove it. Two bogans walked in with an air-rifle to come in to "catch" it. It was a brilliant idea. Shooting a bird in a supermarket with a firearm. With their eye to the telescopic sight they waited patiently for the bird to land somewhere, before taking as many shots as they could at the sparrow, who flew away unscathed time and time again. It was like a cross between a deer hunt for the visually impaired and playing virtua cop at timezone with a broken screen. It was much easier to measure the zero shots that hit the bird to the countless others which didn't. During one shot, a lead pellet ricocheted off a metal bar and nearly hit me in the face before landing at the feet of this other guy working nearby. To most sane people, this could have been a sign that maybe there was a better, safer way of catching the bird. After firing shots for hours and putting small holes in everything, the bird was still alive. Not just alive, but thriving, feeding off the thousands of available products and quality meats at the deli, which in total were far more than a single bird could ever eat. Just before the bogans left, I heard one of them mumble, "Man... that bird is just too smart for us".

Two bird-brains with a gun was the last thing that anyone needed.

HOW COMPETITIONS WORK

I used to work in a service station. I would eventually be fired from it after trying to get the department of Industrial Relations to bust them for not paying penalty rates. Years later they had a *big competition* for their re-opening. It was really just a small competition for a crap business. The prize was an LG 68cm TV and a DVD player. They were using this as a promotion to launch the new store. Later on I entered the competition. They took entries and had a party of types at the servo to announce the winner. Later I found out I didn't win. I didn't win, because I never could have.

I found out that the service stations owners' daughter who worked at the service station had been the person who won the TV and DVD. Later that week I was running off drugs to another dealers house. While over there I noticed he had a new TV and DVD player and they looked exactly like the ones that that the owners daughter had won a couple of days before. Later on I would find out he sold drugs to the drug addict daughter and that he had sort of "won" them, but drugs or money had changed hands in order for this winning to take place. Competitions made a lot more sense after that week.

FISH TANKS

A fish tank was a miniature universe that made the fish not want to live. Living consisted of five plates of glass stuck together with a water proof adhesive to keep the 24 litres of water from leaking out. The fish lived in the water and would die without it. Not dying meant not being free. There were various things around the tank to keep the fish happy. Seaweed, rocks, narcotics, other fish and the bubbling diver who never talked to any of them. Every fish knew what every other fish was doing. One of the fish threatened to stab all the other fish with a syringe. Finally, someone thoughtful fed the fish a glass of bleach.

KERRY PACKER

[1937 - 2005]

Actually I'm not going to write an obituary for Kerry Packer, but if I did it might have some story about mention how the Grim Reaper got busted taking his bribes or how Kerry Packer's mum fucked cats, or that he was dead anyway and the board of directors on all his companies used all their time discussing ways to continue to falsify his lack of life like using same technology people used to bring back Elvis for 'Elvis - The Concert'. All these ploys were being invented to keep the shareholders in the dark, because all the analysts knew that directors dying was bad because it put the share price down for some reason and they had to do anything they could to avoid this happening. They were only 6 months away from making an automated hand-waving robotic version of Kerry with a terrible smile, when they lost the 3D model while shredding documents showing anti-competitive practices, and later the exact silicon model of his body was irreparably damaged after a party when Dave from marketing found it and drunkenly and jokingly fucked it in the mouth. This made the only existing model more ugly than Kerry ever was. It was so ugly no-one could look at it. It was so fucking ugly it was like staring at the sun, permanently scarring its image onto the retina after only two seconds of exposure.

Dave is currently receiving counseling and his condition is improving. He no longer works at PBL. Doctors give him a 50/50 chance of regaining his erection.

Kerry packer will be mainly remembered through his net worth, estimated at around AUD 6,500 million (6.5 billion) and currently holding the place as the most expensive Australian sold at auction.

AUSTRALIAN OF THE YEAR

"Chris Lilley has been inspirational with his work in the media, providing a refreshing, innovative and satirical perspective on Australian culture. The mockumentary series 'We Can Be Heroes' currently screening on the ABC Wednesday at 9pm is representative of his excellent work. Chris wrote the dialogue and plays all five characters with startling realism, capturing age and differing colloquialisms for a wide range of personalities. It is his work and his entertaining representation of five every day Australians that reveals the Australian spirit, encapsulating our aspirations, humour, determination and good-will. In every Australian there is the admirable larrikin, and Chris Lilley presents us with ourselves and leaves us with a smile. That is why Chris Lilley should be Australian of the year."

Dear Mr. Lynch,

Thank you for taking the time to nominate Chris Lilley for the Australian Of The Year Awards 2006. Your nomination will now progress through the selection process.

The awards recognise outstanding and inspirational Australians in all fields of endeavour who make our nation a better place to live. Nominating someone for the Awards is one of the greatest honours you can bestow upon them.

I would like to invite you to submit any additional information about Chris Lilley that you may think may help the selection panel better understand the achievements of your nominee. This supporting documentation could include newspaper articles, personal references, portfolios, resumes or the like.

Please include your reference number (*****) on all materials and forward to the address below by 27th August. All documentation will be retained by the National Australia Day Council and so we encourage you to keep a copy of your nomination and supporting documentation.

If you have already submitted all the information you have available, please feel free to disregard this letter, keeping a record of your reference number which you will need if you have any inquiries about your nomination.

Your nomination will firstly be part of the selection process for finalists and recipients in your state or territory. Should your nominee be selected as a state and territory recipient, then they become a finalist for the national awards.

The Australian of the Year, Senior Australian of the Year, Young Australian of the Year and Australia's Local Hero for 2006 will be announced 25th January on the lawns of Parliament House in Canberra.

If you would like and further information on the awards, please log on to www.australianoftheyear.gov.au or call us on 1300 655 193

Thank you again for being an important part of the Australian of the Year Awards 2006. Your contribution in nominating a fellow citizen is greatly appreciated.

Yours sincerely

Tam Johnston
National Manger, Awards

BLACK PANTS. RED SHIRT.

Today I didn't buy black pants and a red shirt. I didn't buy black pants and a red shirt because I had more important things to do like be at work all day and write an electronics lab report. I knew that I wouldn't have time to buy a red shirt and black pants because it was 7 oclock and I was still at work, bludging in the lunch room watching 'What Not To Wear'. I made a cup of coffee and just then Michael Bolton came on like a cyanide capsule across the store speakers. None of the songs played at work that day mentioned anything about pants or shirts. Probably because buying black pants and a red shirt really wasn't that important. In fact purchasing clothes or vocalising about clothes was such a terrible use of time that even Michael Bolton wouldn't sing about something so mundane. Even though they didn't realise it, it was at this point that every single self-appointed centre-of-attention fashion designer, putting on a fashion show to brag about for their bloated house of fashionable excess, became just a fraction more worthless as people, if that was at all possible.

As your reading this sentence you can be guaranteed, somewhere around the world there's at least one outrageously vocal, short, male, homosexual designer who looks as if he forgot to shave that morning but is in fact, styling a trendy LasseFair, five oclock shadow which you could set the second hand of your watch to, at anytime of the day. While you're reading this, that guy is diligently keeping the blinders on all the pretty horses and making sure they never get startled by the weird feelings they sometimes get when they start thinking too much. Most of the horses never leave, they stay and do whatever they do, just as long as it doesn't involve too much thought, until one day at the first sign of ageing, they just disappear.

While you're reading this one of these horse whisperers somewhere around the world, apart from the dirty stinking primitive fashionless countries, has had to take action. He has sensed that some of the equines are starting to think and are getting spooked. Some of the horses have started looking elsewhere other than their mirrors. Some horses are talking. He has to make sure they don't get any more jittery and risk catching on to what's actually going on. And he has to do this quickly. He starts pacing around frantically talking to himself, mumbling to himself, "ITS ALL WRONG, ITS ALL WRONG, ITS ALL BEEN RUINED", before finally throwing himself in an all out hissyfit within the densest concentration of horses, yelling at the top of his voice about how the humidity isn't quite right or the ambient temperature of the lace room will skew the weave.

Right now, none of the horses are thinking about that thing which they cant remember what it was they were thinking about just before. None of the horses are thinking about the complete absence of substance or reason for this pointless, never-ending fancy dress party. The psuedo-melodramas had been sufficient enough and thought consuming enough so as distracted all the steeds who were in thought. Just when it as it looks as if its over, the horse whisperer breaks into tears, and starts crying profusely and bawling about how it was the best show ever. All of the horses agreed and went back to their stables so that they could be given their benzodiapenes, which made getting to sleep so much easier, avoiding any chance of a restless night of thought and making sure they got the beauty sleep they would need for the next upcoming sho

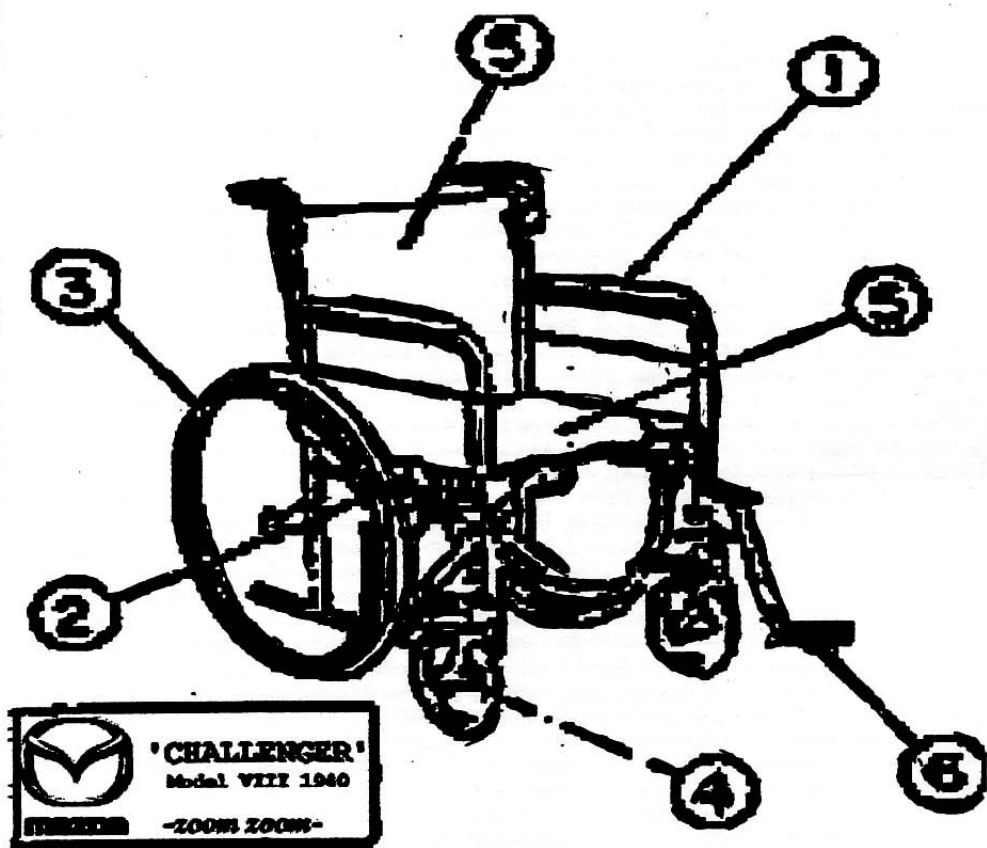


Fig. 14.9

- 1. Wheelchair
- 3. Wheelchair
- 5. Wheelchair

- 2. Wheelchair
- 4. Wheelchair
- 6. Wheelchair

BUMS FOR OIL.

In the stockmarket today the price of crude oil reached a four-month high, jumping above the 70 bums per barrel mark sending the longneck index plummeting, as startled investors dumped stock in fear of a slowing US economy. Alan Greenspan from The Central Bank of America is expected to make a media statement tomorrow morning outlining the current state of the unsteady US economy and may announce a lowering of the standard price of living in light of last weeks foreboding Hobo-forecasts, something of a first in the Central Banks history should it occur. The continuing hikes in oil are expected to raise the cost of petrol later this week, just one more hit, in a series of non-sexual slaps to the back pockets of already struggling motorists, who with every squeeze of the bowser risk the looming threat of poverty, vagrancy and exportation in the UN International Food For Bums program. Meanwhile overseas, the Australian government has been criticised by the U.N and U.S for its involvement in the Food For Bums program after the revelations the ABB had secretly paid bum kickbacks to Saddam Hussein's dictatorship regime. The Destitutes Rights Commission has continued to uphold its claims of abuse, outlining the Bums-For-Oil program as little more than a pathetic disguise for an illegal international-racket of bum smuggling between the US led coalition and Iraq on a widespread basis. This comes on top of shocking allegations of the construction of a secret bag-lady farm at Guantanamo Bay, used for the efficient mass propagation, packaging and export of mentally ill females with a hankering for polyethylene. Bush administrators deny these allegations and are downplaying the Conservatives calls for an investigation. Findings from last years "Bums For Bullets" inquiry found the US government had been actively trying to increase their human exports, and were secretly involved in supplying bogus information outlining bum-arms technology to the Iraqis, intentionally luring them into opening research and development programs into the use of the homeless as an alternate projectile to current small arm munitions. Under the 1972 biological weapons convention, the program was subject to constant UN inspection which remained in order indefinitely to ensure that Iraq was not attempting to defy bans and develop hazardous weapons such as long range missiles with bum payload capabilities. After many years of no success, the program was abandoned. Some testing locations still retain an overwhelming odour of squalor and show large trace counts of urine. Battery upon battery of artillery guns lay deserted and left to the elements, rusting out in the Iraqi desert, their useless barrels completely clogged from the breach to the muzzle with beard. Around the old firing ranges lay hundreds of unused magazines, every single one of them ruined after having been incorrectly loaded up with vagrants of the wrong caliber and thereby seizing up the spring release mechanism. Some of the larger machine gun clips holding 30 rounds or so, have exploded under the immense pressure of 30 full grown men crammed into a space the same size as a bar of chocolate. The ruptured clips look just like peeled metal bananas around which, in a small, bloody radius lie 30 tiny, contorted, squashed and hideously disfigured bodies.

SHORELINK IVF [MODERN DAY MATING AND THE TEST TUBE BUS]

The building block with wheels is parked 20 metres away across the road and is going nowhere. After waiting for a while, you reach some point at which you're sure that the large blue and white rectangular prism has been imprinted on your retina from staring directly at it inanely for the last 20 minutes, like some impossible bus shaped magic-eye picture. Inside the bus lies an some fucking drongo, also known as a bus driver. This particular bus driver is the result of the courtship between a cockroach, a sloth and a fish, making him the laziest and filthiest of any animal on the planet, who in order to survive outside the pub, endeavors to constantly surround himself with the drink. This driver is certainly not an endangered species, lounging at his leather seat with his shirt open, enjoying life and occasionally retiring from reading his FHM magazine to exit the bus and purchase what could only be a non-alcoholic beverage from the adjacent bottle-shop, five short paces from where the bus is parked. This is the kind of life lizards can only dream about while they're warming their cold blood and not being eaten by birds. Its now 30 long minutes since you moved and your legs are starting to feel shaky and the pain of standing in exactly the same position for so long eats its way out of your sub-conscience, and into your conscience with such a weight that you now find yourself entertaining the crazy idea of sitting on the spit gum and chewing gum encrusted ground, which is so filthy that there was a serious risk that the plague could be passed on to you, just by looking at the pavers sideways. It is at this point the orderly queue you thought were in, has become the queue in which you are not. It has become the biennial Palio bareback horse race and all bets are off. More than 30 horses have died since 1975 during the running of this race, and some student who has been fumbling in preparation with their student travel card and 80 cents in denominations of 3 twenty-cent coins and 4 five-cent pieces for the last half hour isn't about to loose their place behind you, when they could easily have the one in front of you. So you've been pushed and kicked to the back of the queue, and the space in the bus is beginning to fill rapidly with this human cargo into a tightly packed can of Spam. Time is running out, but by pushing an elderly woman with a bad case of osteoporosis out of the way you almost manage to procure a space on the university shuttle right next to the driver/lizard. After a short ordeal paying for your fare, you realize it would be far easier to purchase a luxury automobile from an autistic orangutan than to exchange \$2 for an 80c bus ticket, but this thought is interrupted by the forward heaving motion of the bus, which sends you sprawling backwards with equal force, but in the opposite direction to the bus. This direction usually happens to be the girl/guy behind you. When they say standing room 25 people, its only a rough guide, very rough, and it turns out that maximum capacity on the bus is reached when the distance between standing commuters is approximately 1 inch from each others faces. A sardine tin like this is the Froterists playground. A candy store of normally social unacceptable genital handling made available through the accidental shifting and bumping of the road and proximity of hands to the chest and hip area, all for the bargain price of a bus ticket. It is estimated that up to 57% of un-expected pregnancies can be accounted for due to the confined spaces of buses and trains and the space between genitals. Everybody glances around the bus trying to not to look at someone else. The prepared have already brought a book, and the foolishly unprepared flip through a flyer for a new restaurant they were handed only moments before. By the time the bus stops the flyer is a well constructed origami ball of rubbish, and there is a sense of relief stepping out into the disease free air. But its just the beginning of the suffering for some. Out of the 14 girls on the bus, 8 have been sexually assaulted and dont yet know it. Of those eight, two are pregnant. The Froterist will stay on indefinitely until they are sufficiently satisfied, before eventually alighting. When stepping off of a bus a Froterist will generally grab at least one unknowing female commuters breast "for the road" as she approaches the driver to pay her fare. As one Froterist exits, another enters, continuing the cycle and enabling their species to survive.