

Odessa OO ORACLE and the

Odessa's Quality Newspaper
in Conjunction with the Abergavenny ABER-RANT
and now partnering with Pointe au Baril's POINTEY PARROT

December 25th, 2020 Happy-ish Holiday Edition

16th ANNIVERSARY EDITION - RED MEAT FROM BEYOND THE PALE

TWENTY - TWENTY VISION ? So What Happens Next? 202!

O.O. Times and ABERRANT Join Forces with the Pointey Parrot in a Crusade for Reality

Annie Get Your Gun ! **NEWS FLASH** Noah Get Your Boat ! (but mind the Kraken)

As the 2020 Vision draws to a close a single question is haunting many minds: How can we possibly contrive an equally gripping sequel for 2021?

How can we outdo a pandemic, the spellbinding stand-off of Brexit, the middle eastern chaos, and that dizzying array of Tri-mots, Feel the Steal, Stop the Bern, Let Brexit Matter and Black Lives Done! that have dominated our lives over the past year. Alt news sources like MegaNoose, NewSmacks & ONAN are attempting to capture an ever greater market share of the truth industry. They are betting on different competing strategies to provide an explosive denouement in 2021 or shortly thereafter. Many see the solution as a pitting of the powers of the Q-Anon Cabal against the Kraken's release of a juggernaut of Real News that will subvert 'Soros libtard globalism' once and for all and restore a landscape that is acceptable to our 'Value Voters'.

'Originalism' has become the byword for this unfolding era, and a Go-To mantra for our core Value Voters. This, they hope, will go far beyond the restoring the Courts in a 'Return to Hammurabi' and the great visionary legislators of the past. The whole neo-liberal agenda, grotesquely mutated since those halcyon days, is now being called into question. Non-costal, non-elites anxiously await the Kraken which will tear the heart out of libtard progressivism. The Kraken is a dastardly sea creature that emerges



from the deep seas and wreaks havoc with its writhing mass of flailing limbs equipped with giant suckers that latch onto its prey, the fattened libtards

of our modern pseudo evolution, sucking them dry. The Kraken is a particular bugaboo of coastal elites around the world. Since ancient times, towns ranging from New York to Newport proved particularly vulnerable to its depredations. Mega Noose has brazenly undertaken a hostile raid on failing Rupert Murdoch's News Corp owners of The Sun and The Times in the UK, The Daily Telegraph and The Australian in Australia, The Wall Street Journal and The New York Post in the US, book publisher HarperCollins, and the television broadcasting channels Sky News Australia and Fox News America. The waning powers of Fox News America have demonstrated what can happen when a democratically elected people do not get the news that they demand. Murdoch has watched his ratings plummet overnight and is now making a last ditch attempt to stanch the wound by embracing a 'seamless transition' to a second administration by purging the organisation of all the naysayers and creating an Alt-White House, an exact replica of the building staffed by full time Trumpian high fliers, all conveniently located within its studio headquarters in New York City.

There is one thing for sure, the Kraken is no vegetarian. It is a creature of the Q-Anon depths but it feeds off the sunny heartland grass roots.

Brexy leaders proudly claim to have Out-Warped our foreign cousins with Operation Moonshot in a dazzling display of the Worldbeating scientific acumen that we have long promised to unleash. Brexys can proudly claim to be the first nation in the race to come up with a vaccine and actually get it plunged into random arms of some of our populace.

The true genius of the Brexy OxyAstro-Zen vaccine, with its inspired out-of-this-world connotations, is that it can be delivered at any temperature. Furthermore thanks to an inspired mixup in the testing procedures it has conclusively proven that the less you take of it the better. This will undoubtedly result in astonishing economies.

The first recipient of this elixir of life was Mr William Shakespeare, a name that will surely go down in history linked with this memorable moment. He was wheeled all the way from his retirement home in Little-Plimpton-by-Sea to the mass inoculation centre at the Excel Centre which is designed to process upwards of 1 million stalwart Brexys a day.

After an extensive makeover and numerous screen tests, he emerged some hours later to a round of applause from the 350 attendant care workers and the tearful embrace of the Health Minister Matt Hangdog.

As long promised, Brexetia is proving that our scientists are truly 'worldbeating' after all. Only the genius of the Brexit vision could have made any of this possible.

Meanwhile Eurocrats are still bogged down in their safety trials, the Russians are sending everyone into space with their Sputnik Pro and the Chinese have inoculated everyone with Wuhan Juice. And of course the Americans are wishing they were anywhere else less 'Warped'.



Vaccine Against the TRUMPANDEMIC

Four Years On and The World Awaits With Bated Breath

The Trumpanemic has ravaged the planet for four years now, but as we draw to a close in 2020, there are glimmers of hope that an end is nigh. With astonishing synchronicity 297 potential vaccines claiming to be 99.9% effective have been launched on the market - ranging from the attractively named Fizzer to the PoMo (Post-Moderna) and the astronomically challenging Sputnik. Even the Taliban has come up with their Sure-Fire Mullah-Mix.

However with so many products suddenly available the logistics of actually getting them plunged into peoples arms have created headaches for some governments. Callow army recruits are being fast-tracked, and aged health care experts exhumed to deliver the goods. To counter an entrenched anti-vax movement which has perfidiously claimed that Covid-19 is a hoax and merely a pretext for injecting terminal toxins into the arms of redundant populations, the Brexetian government has been keen to demonstrate the 99.9% efficacy of the bookies' favorite known as Oxy-astro-Zen.

Health Minister Matt Hangdog may have hit on the winning formula by enlisting world class celebrities to 'take the plunge' while attending inoculation extravaganzas. Attendees

bussed in from all parts of the country are encouraged to bare before the cameras. Recently Oxy-astro-Zen hit

a minor speed bump when widespread tests indicated that the less you take, the more effective it proved as a prophylactic. Fortunately this was quickly Peer Reviewed in the House of Lords and the peers immediately agreed that it was a timely boost to revive the Brexetian economy and restore our balance of trade against the incoming floods of Chloro-

Chick Fil-A. Sir Sean Connery, miraculously rejuvenated, has been one of the star attractions bringing the much needed cache of James Bond to the rave rallies.

Adoring crowds grow ecstatic when he is carried in on the shoulders of security detail and takes the 'pledge'. Well-wishers babble in Pentecostal tongues of glee as an epiphany sweeps across the audience and acolytes jostle for places at the front of the queue. Whole nursing homes have been bussed in to join the frenzy.

One elated geriatric attendee, Samuel P. Witterblower of Little Plimpton-on-Sea yelps, 'I'll always be here for the Sean factor. He's 90! but can still muster all that legendary Bond stamina! By the end of the night he must feel like a human pin cushion!'



The Great Brexy Bake-Off Proves Less than 'Oven Ready'

The Great Brexy Bake Off has provided constant entertainment to beleaguered Covid Refugees hunkered



Merry Berry had Alternative Aspirations down in their social bubbles, yearning to breathe free. Prime Minister Bodjo has inspired the nation with his clever affirmation that he was 'pro having our cake as well as pro eating it', a doctrine that the Eurocrats disparagingly refer to as Brexetian



'Cakeism'. In the case of many of our contestants neither of these options was particularly compelling. However the Prime Minister persists with his endearing cakeism catechism. One explanation for the ongoing permashambles, indeed, might be that the entire Conservative party is still off its face on cake. Undaunted, the PM has managed to create a cake that no one is hastening to sample.



The Perfidious Gallic Contribution
'Let Them Eat Cake'

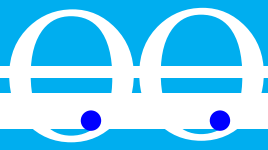
The Tiny House Phenomenon

The Tiny House Phenomenon has invaded the highest echelons of American society. The new Tiny House that has been constructed in the White House gardens in Washington is described by its inspiration, the Alt. First Lady as "an ideal spot for First families to come together."

It is still unclear however which of the Alt. first families will ensconce itself



here and which will actually be occupying the house across the lawn.



Growing Demand for an Alternative Reality

A message from democracies around the world is coming over loud and clear. Progressive voters are no longer content with the outcomes of their efforts. They are demanding access to an alternative reality as a basic human right.

Media outlets are falling over themselves in a rush to accommodate 'Low Information Voters' who refuse to be overburdened with complex negative information that is spun out by so-called experts. They are looking for messages of uplift that can be described as **WYSIWYG**, the Whopper you see is what you get!

"Voting for the right people should be made easy. We all make a big effort to sign up and book a place. We stand in lines for hours to attend and then what do we get? A slap in the face when our choice is discarded by the fake media, that always has some other wacky agenda. In a free country citizens have every right to choose and have their voices heard. That is what democracy

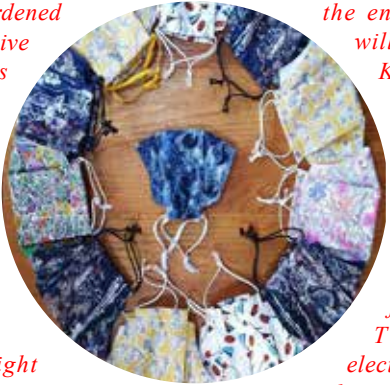
is supposed to be about, and what so many constitutions guarantee. It is all about We The People, not a whole bunch of wacko Thems!"

Brexit is a case in point. The Brexetian voter is growing sick and tired of hearing an endless litany about the downside of Brexit, the rampaging euro-criminals, shortages of pharmacological placebos,

the endless queues that will be transforming

Kent into a soulless waiting room for Euro-goods that nobody in their right mind would want anyway, and massive airlifts of Chloro-Chick-fil A.

The American election has highlighted a huge majority who are demanding their human rights, being totally dissatisfied by the results of the vote. They are proclaiming their entitlement to pursue their own individual beliefs, a right set out in the first sentence of their Constitution which guarantees 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness or else we release the Kraken!'



Aussie Style Cuisine tips for the Brexy Sheila



With the deluge of exotic Australian provender currently flooding our markets, resulting from our *Australian Style Trade Deal*, many Brexy housewives are questioning how to best cook the witchetty grubs that are fast becoming a protein staple of the marketplace. Witchetty grubs are full of vital trace elements and have the delicious taste of roast almonds when nestled for five hours in hot white ash. They are a key part of the diet recommended by our Prime Minister and the Department of Health and Social

Well-Being.

Many people like to just snack on them raw; but it is important to note that it is best to behead the little blighters before consuming as they may bite on the way down. Tip!: I like to set my grub heads aside in a koola-bin until they are clearly out of action and then lightly sprinkle them on my vegemite to give a toothsome crunch, not unlike the crunchy peanut butter we had back in the oldentimes. Baking the grubs in white ash has always been an Aboriginal specialty and the results are mouth-watering when washed down with copious quantities of the Kakadu Root Beer that has suddenly become so readily available.

Since Brexetia is lamentably short of resinous eucalypts, I prefer to use

our own home-grown Brexy two by fours salvaged from neighbouring buildings. Long seasoned ancient lignums produce a high quality ash and the most toothsome barbie-prod.

Though Kanga-steak may be out of reach of many Brexy households, it can be an indulgence on a special occasion like the upcoming Euro-Emancipation Day. (That is for those of us who are not nosing on Chloro-Chick-fil-A smuggled in from the americas) The economical house-sheila can tenderise this by pounding a juicy steak into a thin wafer salami. like prosciutto they have out in Euro-land, but so much more nutritious. This can be steeped in Kakadu juice or eaten raw. I have found that, though an expensive treat, a little goes a long way.



Rewilding the Home

(Drawing the Line)



Those who midst web trendings roam Should best think twice when wilding home.

Waylaid by fashion's pedigree, Dupes may surrender lock and key!

The feckless owner soon regrets Experience rewilding pets. Of many dangers be appraised When pets are left unsupervised.

The polishing of cute pet meme Needs strict adherence to regime. As pet's brains are to quantum tuned You should spot symptoms ere your ruined.

When ambush besets Odyssey, Keep firm in mind - It's Him or Me! Ensure that your pet bites the bit For patience is not infinite.



Seen Barnard Castle Yet?

A trip to Barnard Castle should be on everyone's bucket list in 2021. The town has just erected a bronze statue in Market Square celebrating the visitation of St Dominic, patron saint of the visually impaired, who has done so much to revive the town as a pilgrimage centre during lockdown.

IMAGINE!

IMAGINE! Coming home every day to find a trug laden with delicious edibles miraculously dropped on your doorstep. Today's hard-pressed professionals have so little time to source nourishing, home-grown food! All of our IMAGINE! produce is grown locally by human beings who labour night and day to bring you

vegetable matter that is very obviously free of pesticides. We can also cater to discriminating pets and farm animals. You can have our weekly delivery to your doorstep for as little as £32 a week. (Our Trug alone retails for £31.99, we throw in the contents for free!) IMAGINE! can tailor your order to every digestive proclivity.



A TUDOR PLOT! - Gold Winner of the Coveted Grand Designs Award!

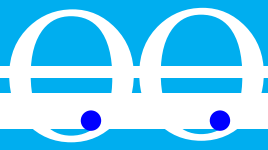
The Grand Designs Committee has remarked upon a Post Brexit aesthetic shift away from horticultural excesses favoured by our Continental neighbours to a more traditional Tudor palette of carefully nurtured historic plant stock well rooted in our ancient culture and ideally suited for puddings, possets and plague posies.



Continental Aspirations are So Yesterday!

Bernina Bananas
break new ground at their Annual Sew-Sew-Knit-athlon

Every year the Odessa Coutouriers exhibit the extraordinary products of their imaginations in a massive exhibition that is held in the reception area of Millhaven Correctional. This year some of the biggest names have again produced astonishingly award winning work.



Pour Faire 'Une McBoatface'

Every year the *Academie Francaise* convenes to assess applications for additions to their *dictionnaire des mots acceptable*. This year they have acted in unanimité to accommodate the growing popularity of *la McBoatface* which has been championed by the Brexy Prim Ministre. According to the *Haute Panele des Gueriers Indefatigable Linguistiques Elyssiens*, *une McBoatface* is a reflection of the petites brettagnaise proclivité to allow the internet to decide major international policy *juste pour les LUL'z*. McBoatfacing, (prononcé mic'bŏt'fezz'ng) is believed to be the foundation of the Brexit phenomenon

which entails a total denial of reality in favour of a parallel universe préférée.



The Pointy Parrot

In the face of a worrying onslaught of fake news, the *Odessa Oracle* and *Abergavenny Aberrant* have united in agreeing a joint editorial policy, pledging to remain 100% Truth-based, Satire Free and printing only rigorously fact-checked information. The **Pointed Parrot** - (Le Perroquet Pointu) has been brought into the fold to bolster these reality based aspirations. The **Pointed Parrot**, covering the international community perspective of Baril. Like its sister paper,



ALIEN ARTS SCENE

Following the startling discovery of extra-terrestrial art installation in a desert canyon in Utah, by a team of callow bighorn sheep counters, sheep counters around the world have been sending in similar tales of extra-terrestrial activity. Some east coast elite 'artisocurs' have made a spurious connection with the work of John McCracken who delighted in cluttering public spaces with mirrored monoliths in order to help disorient the public. Q-Anon has been quick to observe that McCracken is actually code for



the 'Son of a Kraken' and they are demanding that the Alt-Administration exhume the remains of this artist and attempt to establish his genetic profile to compare with harvested asteroid material to help determine which planet he was likely to have come from. The astonishing Monolith disappeared as miraculously as it arrived, just melting before the eyes of flabbergasted onlookers. It has subsequently morphed into a variety of challenging forms ranging from a welded stack of upended baby carriages to what looks like a gigantic egg frother.

redoubtable C a n a r d Enchaîné de Paris, the **Parrot** specialises in leaks from the highest circles of society and government in the Pointe au Baril area. Breaking the Faking is in its lifeblood and the 'PeeP' has made its reputation on the confessions of high ranking diplomats, mandarins of government, international terrorists and war criminals vacationing incognito. Being a boating environment, Pointe au Baril is particularly sensitive to leaks of all descriptions. The newly combined editorial board has undertaken the Nobel News Pledge to provide sources of news that will not mislead susceptible minds. All news items will be checked to ensure that they are Satire Free and compliant with the highest standards of journalistic practice and the lowest IQ's of the reading public. All attempts at hyperbole or exaggeration will be rooted out and replaced by cute kitten photos. In these days of contagious victimhood, it is important to explore the true dimensions of ones own personal afflictions.

Theatre in Socially Challenging Times Hamlet: Socially Distant and Distraught

The Bridge Theatre in London Bridge has adapted splendidly to the adverse conditions of the pandemic and demonstrated how the plucky Brexy arts community can adapt to difficult circumstances with an unbridled tsunami of imagination. Under direction of the immersive genius Nicholas Hayt-blower, they are Zoom Staging Hamlet, a play by William Shakespeare (not the same William Shakespeare from Little Plimpton-by-Sea, who recently received the first Oxy-Astro injection at the Excel Centre last week, though he too may well be writing about his experiences) In fact this play, Hamlet, is an ideal vehicle, since the protagonist is already socially distanced and can spend much of his time on stage wandering around muttering to himself.



There are ghosts who are not required to wear face masks, and courtiers who remain naturally encased in body armour throughout. Stabbings through the arras have proven an inspired way of practicing safe distancing. The trickiest passages however, involve highly interactive sword play. Nevertheless, the poisoned tipped rapiers do encourage some measure of detachment. Though the event is broadcast live through interactive zoom panels, an audience is also in attendance to give the performance a first-night buzz. Eight attendees will be chosen by lottery and dispersed around the cavernous hall, equipped with their own 'clear view' oxygen tents. 'Once they experience this it's unlikely that anyone will ever want to be a groundling again!' claims Sir Nicholas.

Tate Gallery to Remove non P.C. Whistler Room

The Whistler Room, described as 'one of the most amusing rooms in Brex-etia', has come under increasingly adverse scrutiny by politically correcting vigilante groups. The famed mural executed by James McNeil Whistler depicts an expedition 'In Pursuit of Rare Meats' This theme has fallen afoul of the growing vegetarian predilections of an increasingly vegan clientele. The BLM movement has also weighed in, pointing out that the art piece also includes images of black children being strung along by elitist white women.

The mural will be removed by skilled technicians, renamed and auctioned off for reinstatement in a more carnivorous venue or perhaps snapped up to be rehoused by a sympathetic oligarch.



Depraved deep state elites noshing in the Whistler Room at the Tate



A recent survey by Lorem Ipsum has canvassed Brexetians about their attitudes to foreign languages and their increasing concern about their growing exposure to foreign influences. The polling results were telling and underscored the importance of the Brexetian government's determination to close down all unnecessary incursions from the outside world. If the Chines can do it, so can we. In an extensive poll including respondees from all parts of the country and walks of life, 85% of Brexetians claimed that they were uncomfortable when they hear people speaking other languages. They would favour strice legislation and policing to ensure that foreign words and behaviours are restricted to a narrow spectrum, for instance to films that people don't need to go to. Saorise Poppin-Jones in Ashbee de la Zouche sums up local antipathy to the babel of foreign tongues that is increasingly invading the northern heartlands. "It loike'ther speekin in nother lingwich. Youse comes to Englin and youse sposed ter speek de lingwige the kweens givn us, not sum fricken Froggie codswallop. I'd loiketer tellem ter git on goin hometer ware dey blongs!" For centuries our native English language has fallen prey to foreign influence with quislings embedded within the culture showing a predilection for foreign and inappropriate novelties in discourse. None have been so egregious as the sapping of the English language with frenchisms or 'frog speak' as our PM likes to call it. The Normans initiated this trend with their typically froggie obsession with food, rechristening our local dishes such as 'roast cow of ye olde England' and 'pulled pig sandwiches' as bœuf and

porque. They redesignated our 'Pick-Up Joints' as so-called 'restaurants' and designated the minions as 'garecons' insisting that the list of nosh be designated a 'menu' Their conviction that they alone held the keys to 'joy of life' (joie-de-vivre) was particularly appealing to impressionable women who gravitated to the idea of the risky (risqué) items such as lingerie and brassieres instead of good old fashioned knickers and breast-straps. They all succumbed to the lure of having a beau or fiancée as opposed to a 'hottie' or a 'f-mate' and adopted strange norms (etiquette) to achieve their wilful desires. And as for 'french letters' don't get me started, they aren't worth the paper upon which they are writ! The foreign quislings then plagued us with control-freak demands like RSVP's as opposed to the growing post-Brexit popularity of 'LOL' Fortunately, new Apps has come to the succour of beleaguered Brexetians determined to restore the purity of the Queen's language. These Apps boast that they can screen your texts and automatically substitute the proper English equivalent for any invasive Americish or frog-speak. Brexetian concerns also stretch trans-atlantically. The Mother of All Parliaments and First Among Demeritocracies has passed a resolution asking North Americans to refer to their pidgeon language as Americish, since it bears so little relation to proper English and tends to confuse foreigners. Segolène Gaufrette, the Ministre de la Purification de la Langue Français (PALF) promises to retaliate in kind and purge all English words from daily use. As for me I prefer to nosh alone and grab a pulled pig sandwich! It's the life! (C'est la vie)

From the Pen & Pensoire of our Architectural Critic - Kit Waddle



Great architects, have tuned into the tenor of their times gliding effortlessly through phases in their careers embracing radical innovation, with innate mastery. The trajectory of the relentless ascendancy of Elbon Eilriaf Architects to halcyon maturity has been no exception. Like their predecessors, Michelangelo, Frank Lloyd Wright to cite but the obvious, E.E. has become stylistic determinants of an era effortlessly combining restrained Classicism with the erudition of Venturi's most trenchant Po-Mo chistes. Their latest triumph, the Portcawl Griffon Park Crysta-Loos have caught the attention of the world architecture community wryly posing a solution relating the mundane functions of everyday life to the larger scales of political obscurantism which has so convulsed the nation. The new facility stands in the Town Centre at the corner of TrewyrthyrhanghithantghcumryStreet and the Iffy Promenade. The Town Council decided that nothing less than an international competition would enhance the stature of Portcawl as an international tourist destination.

Above all they demanded transparency to demonstrate that local taxpayers were receiving value for their money. The Elbon Eilriaf charette presentation was undoubtedly a summation of all their aspirations. The design solution has indeed turned Portcawl into one of the must see avant-gardist architecture destinations on any world architecture grand tour.



The architects took the brief seriously and provided an architectural riff which addresses a growing appetite for transparency in public affairs by being, well, transparent. The partie lays to rest definitively the post modern debates whether such functions should be contained within a decorated shed or a painted duck. Turning to the kernel of the brief, the architects reference the great glazing masterpieces of Joseph Paxton and his legendary Crystal Palace, the crowning glory of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Like its august

predecessor the Portcawl Crysta-Loo showcases the best of Brexetia, and respects a well-grounded but unflinching pursuit of naked truths. The shimmering diamond cut facade invites the passerby to become an emboldened **Passepartout** into a tantalisingly embroidered interior. As the supplicant approaches, 5G facial recognition adjusts the experience to individual profile and effortlessly undertakes all attendant financial transactions. The supplicant is instantly presented with the conundrum of which door to open. The yellow panel and the clear panel juxtapose an intriguing post-sexual enigma proudly proclaiming that here is to be found no cliché of pink and blue or quaint neolithic pictogram! A comfort host, instantly adapted to your SPP, (Sexual Preference Profile), greets you and assists with your transit. Background music and air fragrance adapt the ambience to you profiled predilections. All other protocols are discharged with disarming aleatoric ambiguity. The genius of the space resides in its being suffused with modern practicality. The sinkiness of the sink and the draininess of the drains in displayed with matter of fact rigour. This is verily a crystal repository of delights, a gift of those modern architectural Magi, the Elbon Eilriaf Partnership.

Improving the Quality of Life of Our Livestock

Animal agriculture produces up to 18 % of greenhouse gases. The food industry has enlisted the help of the legendary Dicky Burpee in its campaign against the growing threat of meatless food alternatives. His powerful lobby group *Humanism For Animals (HA!)* has succeeded in campaigns to expose the perfidious machinations underlying campaigns like *Mothers Against Drunk Drivers*, the *Campaign Against Arming Toddlers* in schools and other various bleeding-heart animal welfare initiatives. Burpee explains, “We’re not going to claim outright that a *Beyond Burger* will kill you on the spot. It is just that the science isn’t there. It’s not that dreary crushed celery helped with a bit of seasoning is going to kill you, it’s more about the hexi-drexo-dot-dot stuff they add which I wouldn’t even feed my dog! And it is all so hyper-processed.” Recently the CEO of *Impossible Foods* told the *New Yorker* that it was his ambition to push the meat industry into a death spiral that would take the whole rotten culture with it. Burpee becomes inflamed at the talk of healthy lifestyle choices. “Only 3%

of the North American population is vegetarian, and anyway half of them cheat when no one is looking. For creeps’ sake! We’ve got more people in our prisons! Don’t talk to me about informed lifestyle choices!” “Just because these burgers are zero cholesterol and low in saturate fats, who is looking at all the ‘heme’ a genetically modified yeast sub life form closely related to slime mould and trying to pretend that that is good for you?” “The burden is on these so-called healthy alternatives to prove that their products are not lethal. And what is with the burgers anyway? Who wants a burger when they can have a big juicy steak?”



Livestock - It's Better Worn than Eaten



Nano-Technology Comes to the Aid of Abergavenny Nudists!

As a spin-off of the great scramble to mass produce economically viable graphene nanotubes, a superconductor with astonishing strength and flexibility qualities, the fashion industry has begun to adopt the benefits of ultra-light absorptive surfaces. These are surfaces so absorptive that only .001% of light is reflected and which effectively disguise all shape and contour. Anish Kapoor’s latest black hole installation, ‘Descent into Limbo’, made the news recently by successfully luring the unwary into a bottomless pit strategically placed in a gallery in Portugal’s Serralvo Museum. This technology has found unexpected favour among growing naturist movements around the world.

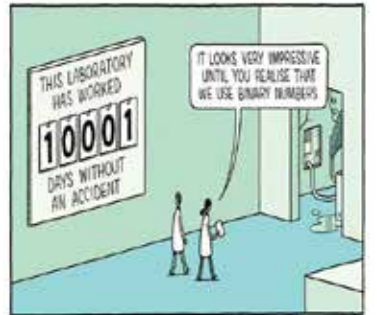


Vanta Spray is marketing a product which sprays on like bug repellent but which through the wonders of nano-science creates a totally light absorptive coating that prevents any contour reflection and thus completely disguises the subject as a featureless black nimbus. This allows nudists and even the visually challenging to function normally in public without incurring public censure. *Vanta Spray* found immediate favour among black-face politicians, but unfortunately it has become also popular among the criminally intent who have benefitted from an upcheck in black-face crime which is displacing the popularity of white collar. *Vanta-black*, which renders a car indistinguishable is a popular choice of get-away car.



The U.S. Food and Drug Administration under *Operation Warp Speed*, has issued immediate authorisation for the investigational monoclonal antibody therapy *Bamlanivimab* developed for the treatment COVID-19. Following the near miraculous restoration of the president to normal functionality EEK Lilly’s *Bamlanivimab* is authorized for patients testing positive who are at least 74 years of age, weighing a minimum of 280 pounds and without pre-existing conditions such as galloping senility or delusional rigor mortis. This therapy will be rolled out as a matter of urgency. While the safety and effectiveness of this pioneering therapy continues to be evaluated for a wider public, *Bamlanivimab* was shown in clinical trials to be 100% effective in immediately reducing hospitalization in this target group compared to those who expired due to the placebo offered. Many have questioned the difference between a course of *Bamlanivimab* as opposed to the widely distributed *Bamlamivibam* which has been specifically engineered to induce delusional euphoria in ADD patients in their early teens or indeed *Bamlamavivib* which is the marketing hallmark for relaunching Perdu’s oxy-contin. Doctors have noted that it is of paramount importance to distinguish between these therapeutic courses to elicit best outcomes.

The Diary
a Mellifluous Moment
by *Babelard* the Aber-Bard
Keep a diary
Make it fiery!
Add some spice
Suggesting vice.
Left alone
Inflate your tone!
You could do worse
Just don’t rehearse.
Let unbridled fervour foment
All the passion
of the moment.
Go for broke
Proclaim you’re woke!



The Fossil Fuels Gang Peer Out Nervously from the Last Chance Saloon

A Terriforming Idea!

With the growing desire during lockdown “to get back to basics” a move to Mars is increasingly seductive. The promise of every expanding space tourism from such seers as Richard Bransons *Virgin Mars* and Elon Musk’s *Intergalactic Tours* has captured many imaginations. Many though just hanker after a ‘Tiny House’ where they can nestle and release a true creative spirit, perhaps writing that long anticipated novel or painting a definitive self-



portrait. Vera Klugveldt depicts a glowing future for herself and her pet gerbil Missie P. “I want to focus on the things that really matter, like growing my own veg and perhaps raise a chicken or two. “The surface gravity on Mars is 38% that of earth and weight watchers, like me, will experience instant benefits!” As some have long suspected, by far the greatest mass of intelligent life on earth lies deep underground. And we’re not talking in the graveyards!

Advantages of Air Based Diets



A Californian start-up, *Air Protein*, is ready to launch a new product which will salve the consciences of a growing lobby to prevent cruelty to Soy Beans and other staple ingredients of the vegan diet. Based on NASA studies from the 1960’s on how to nourish astronauts in outer space, where even soy beans are scarce, *Air Protein* utilises the CO₂ that we breathe out and converts it into nutrients by microorganisms called hydrogenotrophs. Nourishing these cute and compliant microorganisms in tanks and feeding them a rich CO₂ mixture will produce a pale brown sludge that can be dried and pulverised into a yummy and nutritious powder. The resulting *Air-meat* has a delicious nondescript odour and the powder can be mixed with various fractal glues to provide necessary roughage essential

for the human diet. Flavourings can be added to suit individual and cultural tastes. Belzoidia Belluxzi, spokesperson for the *Good Food Institute*, which promotes cruelty free alternates to a plant based diet, explains, “*Air B-B-Q* provides a much needed alternative and absolves the conscience over the harvesting of Soy plants, once considered insensate creatures. (Recent studies prove that the soy bean shares 99.98 of the human genome and emotes significantly at time of harvest as one would) Now, by virtue of *Air Protein* we can shift our nutritive intake ever further down the evolutionary scale where Hydrogenotrophs share only a smattering of our DNA profile. We will be nourishing them with our very act of breathing. This is all win-win, especially if you are a soy bean!”



Pandemic Pandemonium



The pandemic has provided many of us with a timely pause in our mindless weekly merry-go-round allowing an opportunity to re-evaluate our lives and re-acquaint ourselves with the smaller things in life, like whether the day is Tuesday or Thursday. For the more adventurous among us, hunkered down in flickering blue half-light, an elusive inner world has been flung open and the moment has arisen to address procrastination on settling key issues like the fate of the Songhai Empire or the economic collapse of Gao. Suddenly the world is your oyster and it is all there for the shucking! Pearls of wisdom come rolling out the size of watermelons! The secret to managing a successful info-raid is to make regularly scheduled breaks from your social media or your propensity to follow the nadirs achieved in the American elections and put aside the *New Yorker* that you have been staring at aghast for the last however long.

Perhaps you should think of it like snorkelling. Schedule at least 5 minute intermissions say three times a day for an excursion into unfathomed depths. For instance you could blind type a sequence of random letters into U-Tube and see what they suggest. Some regard this as the modern equivalent of consuming a whole bottle of scotch in your local lending library and tearing through the stacks pulling out touchstones of human wisdom in a haphazard frenzy of delight!

Q-Anon

A Public Service Message

The Radical Libtard Deep State is taunting us! Have you ever stopped to consider how many letters are in the name 'Joseph Biden Junior'? That's right – there are 17! And of course the seventeenth letter of the alphabet is Q. This is certainly no mere coincidence! The Pedophilic Cabal (ditto 17 letters) is taunting us, believing that we are too woke to see through their nefarious plot to destroy everything we hold dear. All this is just as foretold in the 'Woke Cabal Protocol' (ditto 17) which highlights the activities of the elite 'Pizza Pedophilic' (ditto 17) intent on injecting you with 5G microparticles to transform you into walking zombies programmed to subvert democracy. It just does your head in to consider these co-ordinated efforts. But awareness is only half the battle. ACT NOW! Don't fall into their trap! Reject their taunting Libtard mantra 'FREEDOM SUCKS BIGLY' (ditto 17)

Sparkling Delight



Many claim that Marie Kondo has set herself the *ultimate fight challenge* in purchasing Kibble Castle in Wales. As her empire has increased and flourished, she has set herself ever greater challenges. No longer attending to her friends sock drawers, *Maricon Intergalactic* has recently purchased Kibble Castle, the so-called *Welsh Versailles*, with its 11 grand reception rooms, 115 bedrooms and two bathrooms. Marie envisions a mecca of minimalism with each room stripped down to an essential purpose that will spark delight in every visitor.



Marie has taught us to delight in exquisite singularities

Knockout! Will It Change Us Forever?

When the Bubonic plague sent Isaac Newton into seclusion in his apple orchard he suddenly found that stripped of social obligations, he had a lot of time on his hands, time to watch apples fall and speculate when one might drop on his own head. As a result of this realignment of his life's priorities he developed a theory of gravity that would change the world forever. Ultimately this must be recognised as the silver lining within the cloud of a bubonic pandemic. Just as in Newtons time, the Covid 19 pandemic has changed us all, and made everyone aware of the artificialities of our previous lives as well as of the truer cornerstones of a happy well-adjusted life, like sharing cute kitten memes with people that we would never care to meet. Hectic calendars of social obligations have sudden-ly

been vacated, new socially distanced relationships have sprung up, new Zoom romances flourished, marriages have flourished, resolutions made and broken during this turbulent time, when the actual passage of time has come to seem almost irrelevant.



Whether it is reaching for the same old shirt every morning or spending the day ZOOMING in jacket and tie without your pyjama bottoms, each of us has had to make decisions about what is truly important in our lives and what corners can be discreetly cut now that no one is looking.

For some it has been an opportunity to focus obsessively on the nadirs of politics in far away lands with rising incredulity. Let us hope that there have been at least some Newtons out there in their apple orchards.

The Ultimate Tiny House

The Covid pandemic has put huge stresses on many societies. In Wild West countries that boast a minimal social security net, many people have found themselves facing the challenges of down-sizing or checking out altogether when the income derived from nail bars, tattoo parlours and oval offices has suddenly dried up.

the mistakes that the lightweight who designed the original joint got away with. Those megahomes are for backstabbing losers.' 'It's a terrifically beautiful place and spite its size it's bigly, big-league. Defying the constant negative covfefe of the fake news media, I've constructed the greatest palace this side of Nambia.

Knitting Hostilities



The Knitting Community, once a bastion of genteel, community affirmation, has been pitched into the culture wars that have characterised the early twenty-first century. Knitting was once considered a relatively apolitical act. No longer the case, many of the knitting communities have recently been whipped up into frenzied intolerance. The awkward fact that most of the wool shorn from sheep was white or blondish was never previously questioned by hide-bound knitters. Black sheep, or Sheep of a Different Colour tended to be relegated to the side-lines while white sheep were selectively bred and then cosmetically enhanced with artificial flavours. Many avid knitting practitioners have attempted to coalesce their prejudices in small communities on Instagram where they can find like-minded partisan practitioners that refuse to challenge age old preconceptions about racism in knitting practice. Such circles have become a bastion

of sexism and exclusion with many of the communities failing to reach out to the disabled, the disenfranchised, the limbless, or those culturally or sexually at variance. Over the last year however knit-bombing has taken on more sinister connotations. The supposedly innocuous cover of many of these exclusive knitting cabals which parade their prejudices blatantly on social media like Instagram, has been literally blown to bits. Traditional knitting patterns are all about affirming Nordic supremacy. They lionise the Viking or Icelandic aesthetic of cold windswept hills, misty fiords and rugged individualism. Rare indeed were initiatives to reach out and include knitting communities in Africa or the Brazilian rain forests where there is a general scarcity of clothing though there's plenty of time available to engage idle hands. Rarely do you encounter knitting circles shifting their focus to knitted Burkas, Kimonos or

loin cloths. After the outing and knit bomb attack on the Kiddie Knitter site run by Agnus McFootrot, who was sent anthrax laced wool for a commissioned toilet lid project, the Svalbard Island community has come together to actively proselytise a widened community of physically challenged or culturally disadvantaged. Svalbard has been exemplary in opening its borders to unrestricted immigration available to countries like Nagaland where populations tick all boxes for knitting enthusiasm. It has also introduced an advanced knitting program into penal institutions where many of the initiates, who have hitherto been deprived of even contemplating a shoelace, have proved keen to address one another's knitting hangups. Healing these preconceptions that lead to social rifts will require time and active engagement of all walks of society. There is still much work to be done proselytizing the male and transgendered communities.



Facing uncertain futures even our leaders are embracing the Tiny House phenomenon. Whether it is a Hobbit Hole in Abergavenny, the grounds of Barnard Castle, or a repurposed phone kiosk in Odessa, people are finding imaginative solutions to their housing challenges. None more so than the owner of the Trump International Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington who, with a largely vacant parking garage at his disposal, has established his ultimate dream tiny house. The building which is designed to accommodate one super-inflated ego has appointments to rival the palaces of Europe, or the legendary submarine glories of Mar el Lago. The walls are gilded with 24 carat gold patterns. All of the sanitary arrangements are solid gold with the highest water pressure this side of Venus. And the drains are big enough drain any swamp. 'The architect was a fantastic guy, I forget his name. But he made none of

Even the Queen tells me she's jealous, it's so classy. And location, location, LOCATION! It's got it all. It's in the centre of everything - yet totally safe. It is 150 feet underground – talk about deep state! and it has a big beautiful concrete wall that goes right up to the ceiling to keep out bad hombres, Mexi-Islamo terrorists and rapists. I can practice my golf swing just outside my door in the miniature Rose Garden and the Senate is just five minutes' walk away. So what's not to like?'



Your Horrorscope

Sponsored this week by the First Unmitigated Nigerian Bank of Offshore Odessa (FUNBOO)



Capricorn 21 December-18 January, 18 'Fit as a butcher's dog' describes the health outcome that you should be aiming for after these months of self-containment. This may involve a fundamental reassessment of your dietary predilections. Perhaps honing your battle skills through Cyberpunk 2077 will bring you greater satisfaction with your life in lockdown and assist in your battle to unseat the Deep State.



Aquarius 19 January - 17 February You have had a good lockdown and proved hyper-productive in all avenues of life. But the time has come to burst the bubble and venture out wearing all of your latest creations and tiaging all of your most brilliant ideas that have festered in you mind over the past months. Have you considered that long anticipated hike up the slopes of Eyjafjallajökull dragging a Beddie-Whip?



Pisces 18 February - 19 March As a Pisces you are perhaps too accustomed to operating within your own wishy-washy element. But remember that shamelessness can be a virtue on this modern merry-go-round. So why not leave the school behind just steam on in and wallop them with the full panoply of your innate wisdom!



Aries 20 March - 18 April 19. 'Unprecedented' has been the byword of the past year and it will be key to all the success that your are destined for on the horizon.. Every step that you take in the coming year should be unprecedented. The occlusion of the Moon by Jupiter in the Second Sector portends major disruption to your daily routine (and life on Earth as we know it.) So enjoy the holiday season while you can! Mask up and let loose!



Taurus 19 April - 19 May You have spent the past year 'Taking Back Control' and are now in a unique position to perceive the many deficiencies of those around you. But remember that many of them just cannot help themselves, being in the thrall of a malign elitist cabal that is determined to thwart freedom by creating a legion of zombie libtard apologists. In the coming year it will be your challenge to draw all this to their attention - in the nicest possible way of course.



Gemini 20 May - 20 June, 1. After nine months of lockdown you are coming to the realisation that the solitary life, including having everything your own way, is not without compensations. You have learned to revel the peace and quite of sorting out your sock drawer. Consider the advantages of maintaining this personal bubble into the foreseeable future and how much more you would be able to achieve by sustaining your Alt-bubble..



Cancer 21 June - 21 July It's not too late to get your pre-emptive presidential pardon if you act swiftly. They have come down considerably in price and are now surprisingly affordable. Having one in your back pocket will open up new horizons on what you might contemplate in the coming year which could result in considerable controversy.



Leo 22 July - 22 August 1. Your are at a time of life when it is prudent to consider breaking down walls and barriers which are constraining the free reign of your creativity. Have you considered taking up the Shofar, the instrument which was so effective in disintegrating the walls of Jericho? You may discover that all resistance to your charms crumbles before you when you unleash your hitherto undiscovered talents. With practice you could soon become the darling of Q-Anon circles and help to release the Kraken.



Virgo 23 August - 21 September; Upon reflection the past year of lockdown has been 'Non Sicut Cogitavi Ut Horrendum' (not as bad as you thought) In fact it has marked many personal triumphs. Perhaps you should relax more and enjoy some of the small things in life in 2021 which everyone else has been undertaking so assiduously over the past year, like sorting out your sock drawer. A trip to Barnard Castle is long overdue to check your Twenty Twenty vision. .



Libra 22 September - 22 October There are indications that you are among the tranche of Librans who were hacked by Russian Intelligence over the last eight months. Though you feel flattered to be such a prime target, there is also reason to panic. Taking evasive action immediately may eradicate the problem. Changing all of your passwords immediately is a no-brainer. A prudent further move would be to change your name and address, perhaps move somewhere that you are far less known and can speak the language. Taking back control of your life from the Kremlin will bring great personal satisfaction..



Scorpio 23 October - 21 November Ancient warriors would terrify their opponents by piling high their riches and setting them alight in a show of conspicuous wastage and to demonstrate how much more powerful they were than such mere accretions of wealth. In the pandemic period we are all warriors, none more so than Scorpios. Remember Shakeltons words as he faced a bleak Antarctic horizon, 'Optimism is the true moral courage!'



Sagittarius 22 Nov. - 20 December Expect sweeping changes to set a breathtaking pace in your life over the coming year. But do try to keep up to speed with what's happening in some of the more out-of-the way places so that you can deflect the spotlight when it falls upon you. We are just about to embark on the roaring twenties revisited or failing that Cyberpunk 2077.



No Significant Other??

Try the **Gene Genie** We will match your genetic profile with someone like totally compatable.



Opposites Attract!

Is it any surprise that singletons tend to lust after those whose immune systems are most complimentary to their own? **It's a fact!**

Let us help you zero in on a fully complimentary profile that makes up for all your glaring deficiencies.

Send for your gene harvest swab kit today and we will dispatch all your details to our hadron accelerator state-of-the-art facility in

Cern, Switzerland!

We have at our disposal a vast body of dishy international suitors with complimentary genes waiting for deployment. Call now! Ask for Eugene (613) - UHU-GENE



The Megaboat phenomenon is so yesterday! Today's boating spirit is much slower paced and more reflective. It is all about suspense over where you're actually headed and revelling in contemplation of all the things that you have avoided bumping into.

Blind Date



Restaurant Trashed as Control Freaks Go On Rampage

Every week our Life Resources Coach, Samoht Eilriaf, seeks to bridge the chasm between different cultures and bring together those who would not normally have given each other the time of day, allowing them to meet, greet and enjoy good food and conversation in a convivial venue of their choice.

This week **Siri**, a Pan-didactic Celebrity who has become a go-to fount of wisdom and style-gestapette to many a lockdown soul, meets **Alexa**, a Home Comfort Specialist The dine at the ever-popular **Fenomennal Freakshake** in Little Piggout Street, London WC1.



Alexa on Siri:

What were you hoping for? Someone Apple cheeked and sexily contoured yet full of down-to-earth bonhomie ... loads o' fashion sense. I have been recently undergoing gender reassignment and I have sensed my growing predilection for smooth, hands on lines, and a full serving of that good old 'What you see is what you get!' I'm hankering for someone to rip her out of her packaging and get down and dirty before...

Oh my! ... well perhaps we can dwell on that more a little later. What on earth did you talk about?

I wanted to tell her about this cute little nosherie in the outskirts of Smolensk. It's called **Gulag Arpeggio** and you should see the Pole dancers, the whole shebang! The route there can tax even the most experienced of directioneers. You take the second left out of Krashnovoe-Ekaterinaberg-Stollennitskaya Drv and then ...

Oh ... well a little more on that later. What about table manners?

I was stunned into silence! Siri just sat there like a turnip. That girl is so out of her depth. ... no social skills! I had to resort to my full panoply of party tricks flipping on and off the lights, turning up the music full blast while completing the PHD thesis of the waiter.

Oh ... well speaking of the waiter, how did you both enjoy the Fenomennal Freakshake? It's quite the place isn't it?

Yeah, but it sure ain't the **Gulag Arpeggio**! I would have enjoyed it more without the company. The FF has a

burgeoning reputation as a 'PPP' ... for the Q-layman that is a Paedophilic Pizza Parlour. It caters to commies, Remoaners and socialist libtards who want to take away your second amendment rights. and return us to a Europe controlled by the Protocols of Soros. But I wanted to savour the atmosphere to ...

Oh ... well a little more on that later. Were there any awkward moments?

Well I must admit that I got so exasperated by that mincing mute that I killed the lights and used the opportunity to wrap the tablecloth around her smirking countenance ... poured soup over it and stomped it all into a mush ... if that can be characterised as an awkward moment?

Oh ... I suppose it might. Would you meet again?

If I do I'll come equipped with a Kalashnikov and blow that simpering bippy all the way to Smolensk!

Oh ... I should remind you that there may be children among our reading public. Marks out of 10?

I'd give her a negative zero. I've never met anyone so unreal, posturing and opinionated.

Siri on Alexa:

What on earth were you hoping for?

I just wanted to bask in my own superiority and perhaps let a smidgeon of my star aura rub off on those lesser endowed. You'd better believe how horrified I was when this Amazon swooshed in and was shown to my table. She's built like a cardboard box! and clearly a person of a sort of brownish colour, not that I have anything against such when they have to occur, but really this was one hike way too far. It doesn't have to happen to me when I'm supposed to be enjoying mylovelyself.

Oh! I'm sorry to hear that! What did you two talk about?

She told me that she was named after some library in Egypt, which they burned down. I could see their point. That girl has just too much information and like zero imagination.

Table manners?

Negative. The table had no manners whereof to speak.

Awkward moments?

The candidate fell upon me lustfully and dragged me to the floor. This can be characterised as an awkward moment.

Didn't you at least attempt to steal a clandestine smooch amidst the mayhem?

You've got to be kidding! I'd short circuit her I could.

Would you meet again?

Not if I have any control of the directioneering!

Marks out of 10?

I would not deign to assign her a real number value at all. Perhaps the square root of negative 10! Shameless Hussy!



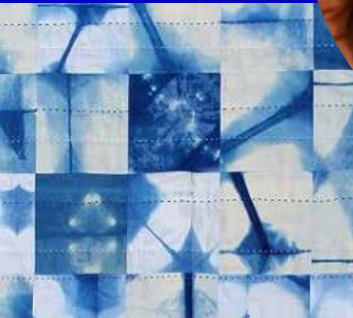
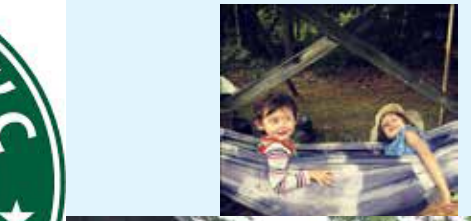
An Australian Style Brexy Trade Deal

Hard line Tory Brexiteers are congratulating themselves over their stellar triumph in staving off an American trade deal with its attendant airlifts of Chloro-Chick-fil-A. They are also delighted to have sidestepped all the blandishments of a 'Canada Style' trade deal which would come replete with red tape and level playing fields. Going 'Australian' means that we will once again be obliged to Rule the Waves to scavenge the world beyond the constraints of quaint old Europe. It should be an opportunity to show our mettle as we gamely sample exotic foreign provender: Kangaroo steaks, Vegamite and witchety

grubs are already fast replacing the long overrated Mediterranean diet. The Nationhood Campaign to grow more leeks and root vegetables to replace our relocated industrial sector has never been more compelling and Brexetia's centres of academic excellences have refocused on long suspended activities such as designing genetically enhanced turnips. Scientists are re-imagining refined beet sugars to sustain burgeoning primary exports, particularly candy, including the now ubiquitous Mars Bars which are fast becoming the cornerstone of a long-anticipated Brexetian renaissance.



Lorries Laden with Witchety Grubs and Kanga-Meat backed up on the M2 from Dover



Some adapt better than others to social distancing



Taking the Wow! Trappist Monks Hit New Single Jingle Bells Trap



The trappiest monks of the Benedictine Order at Our Lady of La Trappe in Europa have seen it all before. Driven from strict monastic observance in France, they wandered as far as Russia attempting to find a home where their social distancing, joie de lockdown and vows of silence would fit right in. Even their skills as brewers were not enough to endear them to local communities. St Benedict knew a lot about social distancing. He is regarded as the patron saint of Europa which has suddenly become so very distant. Several miracles graced his long life and one seems particularly insightful. When the other monks banded together in an attempt to poison him, the proffered lethal chalice shattered into a hundred fragments as it passed into his sanctified

hands. After that date the trappists became trappier and much more expert in blending concoctions. Their fermenting beers have become legendary among those seeking to self-immure.

Father Mo, the current abbot superior, explains 'Our movement is reaching out to a Trappier base and our A-Capella choir has swept the world with mind liberating Clap Trap. The Trap movement hopes to share almost two millennia of religious ecstasy. Our new album Jingle Bells Trap has become a pandemic blockbuster. Since everyone else seems to have gone into lockdown as well and adopted social distancing, we recognised that we had to go the extra mile to invade those vacant minds. Nowadays I like to say we encourage our novitiates to Take the Wow!'



Trappist Nun embracing lockdown life

Time on your hands? At Her Majesty's Pleasure?

Take up the challenge - a correspondence course in interior decoration.

- Just Do It-

loads money to be made and less stress than robbing banks etc. You just take a percentage of everything you sell "Money for nothing and chicks for free" (please specify preferred breed)

applications addressed to: Cordon Nouée School of London Her Majesty's Prison Belmarsh, 400AJ cell2

Is Your Social Bubble Getting You Down?
Visit Spectacular Odessa - only 7 hours away!



Many people in lockdown, reminiscing about exotic foreign travel, overlook the delights of a *reality* destination like Odessa. Odessa may be one of the most interesting highlights of your Canadian experience - a moment you will savour to the *End Times*. Combine the heady atmosphere of Wilton Cheese Factory

with an afternoon hanging out in the ShelLube forecourt, discussing Q-Anon with friendly wiseacres. Or partake of one of our legendary ghost tours visiting sites of historic grisly mayhem. An overnight trek up Mud River with a mosquito net should be on everyone's bucket list.

How to Avoid Avocado Hand

Adult education classes are underway in an uphill battle to address a dearth of homemaking skills evidenced in *Generation ZiZZ*. One of the key lessons that many need to learn is the correct method to remove the stone from a ripe avocado. Casualties are choking the nation's emergency rooms and monopolising scarce Health Care resources. Medical professionals are witnessing an huge uptick in patients suffering from 'avocado hand', a condition which results from attempting to remove the stone from an avocado with the wrong implements. Often patients attempt to do this in the palm of the hand using an oversharpened utensil imported from *China*. This practice often results in severing the hand completely. Or worse



still they may remove some extremity of a kitchen mate. The situation has become so fraught that the National Health Service has published a 124 page guide with detailed prescriptions for best practice in removing the stone. It includes useful home remedies for self-help that will protect the NHS

if the procedure goes drastically off course. The NHS recommends donning chainmail gloves and seeking out a well-founded, level playing field upon which to place your avocado. With the pointy end extending away from the cutter.. two incisions should be made taking care to draw the knife towards you with a deliberate slow action. *Do not hack at your avocado with impulsive irritation!* It is recommended to turn off all CNN news flashes, musical hysteria and perhaps don sound absorbent ear muffs to help obviate unforeseen alarms that might precipitate uncontrolled jitters. If in doubt, always seek expert advice. Of course, it is always prudent to have a full night's sleep before tackling challenging operations.



Maviseratops

Yesterday I said goodbye to my favourite little puffin. Such a squishy, silly, noisy, funny, brave little fluff right to the end. Thank you Rune for being the best cat brother to me for 17 whole years xxx

Rune arrived when I was 13 and we did our growing up together. He was a bengal cat, and used to follow me to school sometimes! He roamed wide, got into huge amounts of trouble, casually slept on the bed in other people's houses, caught and released squirrels in our house right before my piano lessons, and stole chicken wings off of neighbours' bbqs. Someone we didn't know a few streets away once wrote a poem about him and posted it to us. He had a special opera he'd sing when eating chicken, and later in life developed a taste for prawns and raw beef. He was a big chatterbox and an even bigger purrer. He had the softest, sparkliest fur and liked to sleep behind my knees. When he was young he could jump from the floor into my bunk bed. When he was old - 2 days before the end - he could still jump up over a metre onto the wall by the garden. He loved little kids and used to wait in the footpath for small people to walk past. He was a Growltiger and earned grudging respect all up and down the street. He had a fan club and he had a second (and maybe third?) home. And he always looked especially grumpy when he was happiest.

23 October 2002 - 7 July 2020

Pardon Me Prez!
A Message from
His Holiness
Pope Francis



The *Cash for Pardon* phenomenon is enabling at least one cash strapped Alt-government to tap a vital revenue stream. This has been the lifeblood of the Alt Presidency of the Confederate States through which it has engineered a seamless transition into a second term through a burgeoning industry in much coveted *Indulgences*. However Vatican lawyers have raised legal proceedings for a breach of

intellectual property rights claiming that Indulgences have long been held exclusive intellectual property of the Catholic church. Martin Luther abjured all claim to these instruments. However other governments around the world are beginning to cash in on this revenue bonanza. *Pre-Emptive Pardons* are particularly attractive to those contemplating a *walk on the wild side!*

Folies Burgéres



Brexys Say No! to a 'Canada Style' Trade Deal!



Cheques and Balances

A Recipe for Power-Sharing may be a solution to the current American election stand-off. The true nature of their foundling father's obsession with 'cheques and balances' is at last becoming crystal clear to our trans-pond cousins. The Confederacy has continued to attract massive revenues from its ongoing election campaign and has replenished its coffers through the largesse of its base. Indeed, they have the balances to write the cheques, which cash strapped Alt-Prez and his Bidenistas might only dream of commanding. The rivalry of the two factions has become rancorous, polarising the nation. Alt-polarity is the biggest game in town. Having eradicated the middle class, it has taken all the middle ground with it as well.

Historically the United States has been generous in stepping into devastated countries to negotiate 'Power Sharing Agreements' under which rival factions are able to maintain the perqs

which are most important to them while the guest peace-keepers organise everything else. . Faced with rival authorities following the American election, the United Nations has tabled *Resolution 457B* proposed by Cuba which would install a foreign peacekeeping force, possibly spearheaded by Venezuela to help broker a settlement acceptable to both factions. Possible solutions might entail granting the Trumpist faction leader the title of *POTUS*, allowing the dear leader to hold onto the gilded trappings of power, whilst granting the alt-president executive powers under the job description *Presidential Occupant In Charge of Everything Else or POCEE*. This is a formula which has been successfully brokered in places as far-flung as Somalia and Afghanistan. Perquisites of office, like the nuclear football, could be managed on a time share basis worked out on a strict rotor administered by the United Nations.

Virtue Signalling Through Eco-Fash

Be first to embrace the latest Eco-Fash trends with new fabrics that have been designed to actively remove Co2 from the air. Merely wearing a T-shirt cut from *Eclon* you will Hoover up the equivalent of two car emissions daily. Hazardous lead particles, radioactive detritus, noxious chemicals are harmlessly entrapped in the miracle multi-layer *Eclon* matrix. *Eclon* is self-cleansing. So, you will never need to wash your clothes again. Just place it in its 100% biodegradable poly cyano-vegetate bag and shake lightly for 20 seconds after your excursion out into a non-sterile environment.



An inwoven patented fabric alarm will sound when your garment reaches saturation point and the fabric will begin to glow red to give you ample warning that it is time for a change. At the end of its life, or yours, simply bundle your garment up and place it in the handy hazardous waste casket provided at purchase and send you *Eclon* garment back to your nearest local pre-addressed waste depot for recycling. *Eclon's* range of disposable clothing with its luminous light shedding properties is finding itself a powerful 'virtue signaller' that is being avidly adopted by an increasingly eco-fanatic public.

Used MONOLITH FOR SALE

Alien Monolith – single use only. check out our site : www.Klingon.com Three sided obelisk, approximately 3 metres of gleaming kryptonite, rivetted by expert tentacles, slightly sucker soiled, but otherwise in near brilliant uncirculated condition. Alien Monoliths can be a solid investment, even on a time-share basis. They are proven revenue generators in the absence of other assets that might draw the conspiracy minded tourist. Their success has been witnessed by the launching of hordes of visitors to remote quarters of the New Mexico desert that no one had ever bothered to visit before. Pilgrims, travelling over the gruelling desert



on foot, camel or Airstream, come to gawp at the vacant site that was once occupied by the mysterious presence. Even after removal by wilderness preservation vigilantes, the site of its non-presence has become a pilgrimage theatre reputed to have thaumaturgical properties. A similar structure was mysteriously implanted in the eastern Romanian town of Piatra Neamt. Its mayor, Andrei Carabelea, delighted by the sudden influx of tourists to his town, explained that it had been installed by teenage Klingons observed operating in his area. "I am honored that they chose our ancient city as a truly happening spot."

Hard Brexit but Comfy Currency

One of the silver linings of the pandemic lockdown has been the total disappearance of coins and banknotes. The public is beginning to perceive that such tokens of exchange are potential minefields for the spread of contagion. People now turn away in disdain when blighted plague-plasters are proffered. All have become accustomed to airily waving their bank cards in the proximity of a proffered a.t.m. and hoping for the best. These new habits have also come as a welcome reprieve for those who are loath to tip at restaurants, which are all closed anyway. But spare a thought for the many who are without plastic chip-'n-pin and who find it difficult to adapt to a cash free economy. Panhandlers find little reassurance in promissory notes.

The astronomical figures bandied about by our leaders as they jostle to out-popularise each other, make little sense to such Brexys. An Old Age Pensioner in Clacton on Sea, struggling to buy a cup of tea or a pound of carrots, will find it very hard to relate to trillion



Austerity has not been an unmitigated success

pound deficits and costs of furloughing the nation. However the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Richy Sunak, is better placed to know ins and outs of pocket.

Reassuringly his family has been revealed to eclipse that of the Queen in the amassing of wealth. For him the Exchequer is a feel-good charity project and his largesse and confidence in spreading the good news thick has captured the hearts of the Brexy populace. It has set him up as a likely successor to the PM (as soon as possible). To address the growing disparity of wealth that seems to have been exacerbated by the pandemic, Richy has unveiled a new 'Supercurrency' that will suit the world-beating aspirations of emergent Brexetia. For those who have difficulty getting their minds around multiple zero suffixed numbers, he is championing the Mint's latest issue, the 'Giga-Quid', which will be linked to the Pound sterling but computed at a value of 1 to a trillion. It is hoped that the 'Gig' will make the Chancellor's pronouncements more comprehensible to the public who tend to be confused by an abundance of noughts as they try to compute how many Starbux they could purchase for the 1.78 trillion pounds in a furlough relief package..



Hong Kong Packs its Bags

Over 600,000 denizens of Hong Kong are packing their bags in response to Prim Minister's open invitation to become Brexetian citizens and enjoy the freedoms of our recently emancipated homeland. All of these candidates have MBA's and the necessary qualifications to transform the United Kingdom of Brexetia into a fin-tech dynamo and maintain our position as the pre-eminent Go-To safe harbour for the world's anxious money. These immigrants fulfil all the necessary criteria included in the new points-based evaluation system and will be fast tracked before other countries like Canada and Australia attempt to snap them up. Basking in the success of his immigration policy, the Prime Minister announced 'We are attracting only the brainiest and the best. This is the Brexit on Steroids that we have so long promised and that we have fought tooth and nail to achieve. London will once again flourish and become a bastion of conservative values. No mere trickle down, Singapore on Thames will provide a tsunami of prosperity to wash away every red wall in Brexetia. Our Brexy economy is poised to take off! These people are serious shoppers and they know all the best brands. And another plus to keep in mind! It will be salutary to see the civil service rejuvenated by an influx of bona fide, fully accredited Mandarins.'



Chinese investors, eager to cater to an ever-growing post-pandemic 'Stay Put' Tourist frenzy, are engaged in realising a visionary full scale replica of the doomed Titanic. The *Seven Stars Among Jade Billows Investment Company*, (SSJAB) will dock their Proudly Mad in China replica permanently in a reservoir near the Qijiang River in Sichuan Province. It will become the centre attraction of the *Romandisea Resort* which is expected to draw millions of tourists to the province and provide a life affirming experience as part of the *Cooperation for Greater Personal Enlargement Initiative*.

One of the problems challenging Chinese ingenuity in sultry Sichuan will be in providing the iceberg to achieve verisimilitude in the staging of the legendary catastrophe. However Chinese engineers have risen magnificently to the occasion. In an adjacent reservoir a full scale replica of the infamous iceberg will be 'grown' in a gigantic refrigerator. The refrigeration plant will also double as a resource to provide ideal skiing conditions during the hot Sichuan summer months, enhancing the resort's Alpine aspirations.

Covid Passports

For four years Brexetians have been anticipating the delight of reverting



to our primeval burgundy passports proudly emblazoned with the mythical symbols of an eternally sunny Empire depicted in 24 carrot gold. The retro styled passports are expected to revert to centuries old prototypes which, being far too large to carry about, presented a less security risk of being pilfered in ubiquitous foreign muggings. Across the nation, there have been celebrations as delirious Brexiteers dump their unloved travel Euro-docs in local autos de fés. Brexys have been discovering that there is nowhere to go anyway. Trans-atlantic travel tends to be uni-directional. Euro-politicians insist that the ban on export of livestock should also be extended to Brexys themselves under European Convention of Human Rights. When ther is nowhere to go, Covid Passports are helping to fill the vacuum. They are also proving to be an attractive revenue source for a cash strapped government as Brexys embrace the delights of Staycations. The Deputy Under-Associate Vice-secretary of the House of Commons, Jacobean Trees-Frog, has taken some delight in the slapping the 'Dead Hand of Europe', crowing that her Majesty's government has zero interest in Turko-German vaccines manufactured in Belgium and dispatched through France. He lauds our own home made recipe stewarded by Oxy-Astra-Zen which has been proven more effective the less you take, if at all.

The installation will simulate the catastrophic collision with the iceberg. Hollywood production designer Curtis Schnell, who has been hired in to work on the project, states that he intends to approach the 1912 tragedy in a "very respectful way". Schnell confirms: "We're trying to get as close as we can to the original experience and all those legendary moments of heroism and self-sacrifice. We have been able to sign the London Philharmonic orchestra to play 'Nearer My God to Thee' five times daily as the ship goes down to the screams of delighted tourists. It will be a chastening experience for tourist as far flung as Lyong Tsien. A holographic simulation of Leo di Caprio who went down in the original disaster, will regale visitors with tales of personal heroism and sacrifice, a performance that is guaranteed to reduce his audiences to tears and engender beneficent sentiments on behalf of the motherland. One of the most noticeable differences diverging from the original design will be the addition of a "safety deck" between C and D decks to accommodate SOLAS compliant lifeboats and a marine evacuation hospitality centre.

Re-Levelling the Playing Fields for Paris Olympics 2024 Brexys Refuse to Play Footsie

When the Greeks held the original Olympic Games in 776 BC they brought together an exclusively male community keen to show off battlefield prowess. The **Pentathlon** became the hallmark of well-rounded athleticism. Excelling at the pentathlon combined all the skills required on the battlefield, talents like throwing things at the enemy and jumping over hurdles of dead bodies while running away. The winner of the first games was Coroebus of Elis, a pastry cook, who had few expectations of level playing fields.

However, by the time that the French revived the Games under Pierre de Coubertin in 1896, battlefield strategies had shifted somewhat. The legendary pentathlon was revised to include the things that the French thought they might be good at such as *épée* fencing, equestrian **dressage**, pistol shooting, cycling, before ditching the velo and running away. Nevertheless, despite all the good intentions, the first Olympic Champion to emerge from these games was a pesky American, James Connolly. Relentlessly the nature of modern warfare has again shifted and with it the nature of the Olympic competition is expected to morph. Hacking the enemy's intelligence, drone strike prowess and disinformation (fake



Some question whether the Brexetians fully comprehend the concept of a Level Playing Field

news) have eclipsed outdated discobaly and javillany. The whole aspect of running away has become a subtle game of managing the public message.

Once again, the French who will be hosting the 2024 Olympics are proposing to revise the definition of the Olympian.

The French lobby is making a plea for greater 'social distancing' in sport, a capacity for which they have a natural advantage. They are also spearheading a movement to extend the ancient Pentathlon by rationalising the sporting events. A **Sex-athlon** is envisioned which would include **Breakdancing**, now so **nouvelle vague** in Paris.

Meanwhile Brexetians are demanding

that Brexy Bake-Off and Strictly Brexy Ballroom should also be included as Olympic challenges claiming that they will stage their own games if the Eurocrats to not cave to their demands. The famed five entangled circles symbol, alluding to the pentathlon, was first designed by de Coubertin. It represents the five continents of the globe brought together in common cause and united by sport. This too may require some revision as proud Brexy nationalists are often loath to identify themselves with any particular continent. They are demanding a circle of their own in a central position, of a size to be negotiated by their skilled team of persuasive diplos who have from times immemorial spearheaded the concept of the 'level playing field'.

Dear Who?

a weekly syndicated column with Aggie O'Nant B.Psych, MPD, mem. PSICCO and sponsored by:



News Flash !!!

L'il Ole Aggie is a'coming Roaring Back in 2021

As you may remember, if you take any interest at all in human affairs these days, 2020 was to be my year of letting rip and leaving all you suckers behind as I opened the biggest comprimat data bank this side of the Kremlin. However, plans change and the past year has found me locked down in my garden shed 'protecting the NHS'. I have exercised along with Joe Wicks marvelling at his empty life. I have joined the Royal Court's opening



night of *Sra Ogumvale Simba* relayed live in Yoruba. I have learned how to distinguish a lethal suillus mushroom from a *Hypomyces lactifluorum*. And I have bigly gotten over my 'compassion fatigue' in the face of absolutely zero else on my horizon.

But suddenly everyone has become an amateur psychologist and expert in others' lives. I don't need to remind you all that I was here first! Sadly, the quality of emotional problems that do straggle into my email inbox has utterly plummeted, hardly enough to engage my supercharged grey matter. Like who wants to know about the sociopathic sea monkey in your fish tank, or the neighbour across the way who ZOOMS wearing only a face mask.

So, I have decided to open a **Centre of Creative Imagineering**, a long-anticipated dream. Every week I will pick the best of the stories rolling in from your tier 3 alt-reality lives and

help you resolve complex moral conundra that such situations pose. So let your imaginations rip! For God's sake let's see a little more alt-reality here in 2021!

Aggie

Across the Aisle

a Mellifluous Moment

brought to you by

Babeland the *Aber-Bard*

It's often hard to reconcile Benighted views across the aisle. When unconstructive bias reigns A compromise will score no gains. Across the way they are outlandish. Innate the cussedness they brandish They hone their skills to Get Un-Real And revel in their frenzied zeal.

The aisle divides the Lefts from Rights
The bad from good, the darks from lights
Presenting gulf that can't be bridged
It inculcates relations frigid.
They thrive on passions flamed by pundit
Sustain lost causes through Go-Fund-It
They latent embers fan and stoke
Heap scorn on those deemed not yet 'woke'.

Maintain safe distance when you rile
Apoplectic fiends across the aisle
Embedded in conspiracy
They see but what rear mirrors see.
Bolshiness is in their plasma
Their ether is a foul miasma
Their malfeasance is beyond question
To build a wall the best suggestion.



Gun Boat Diplomacy



While american fantasists practice the Shofar Brexetia has at least got the Queen on our side



While American religious leaders are exhorting their flocks to dust off their Shofars to bring down the Walls of Jericho, our somewhat more nautical Brexy Prime Minister is tooling up Royal Navy gunboats to ensure that our newly emancipated nation once more 'Rules the Waves'.at least within the 200-mile limit. Foreign fishermen and cheese smugglers will be sent

packing or sunk. Ironically, the new limit extends into Northern France and the Low-lands, including Brussels, all territories which following Agincourt have historically been part of the British realm. However, the PM has suggested that he will hold this in reserve in his back pocket while employing a lighter diplomatic touch in enforcement of our national sovereignty.

Sophistocles' Arachniad enjoys an unexpected new lease of life

Following the astonishing success of last years Arachnid, the **Hart in Mouth Theatre** is embarking on part four of this trilogy translated from Sophistocles original manuscript by Odessa's own Verity Shakespeare. Adapting the theme to these e-troubled times, Vera has reimagined Solphistocles ancient tragedy as an uplifting comedy of errors where two socially distanced bubbles occupy adjacent apartments. One of the bubbles has lost the key to the front door and discovers that the only escape route is via their neighbour's ventilation duct. The ensuing antics outshine the best Phaedo pharces, replete with unexpected delights and culminating in a frenzied denouement when both bubbles burst explosively across the scene. Quoting her illustrious antecedent, Vera clucks jubilantly, 'Lay On MacDuff! We are all in the gutter, but some of us can see stars.'



Complex Family Dynamics are at the Heart of this Romp



Socially Distanced Audience

Tips on Caring for Your Beddie-Whip



Dr Bruce Foible MVS, FRSPB-W's

One of the more controversial genetic experiments in canine enhancement has been the attempt to cross Bedlington terror with the whippet, in a quest to enhance the agility of the feckless, bon-vivant Bedlington and meld it with the ascetic, anorexic nature of the whippet. However saavy owners warn against enabling wolves in sheep's clothing, (known in the industry as Whippie-Beds) that revel in mayhem and stuffing in the calories. Beddie-Whips are highly intelligent but can also be excessively playful. It is no accident that many owners end up calling them 'Bedlams'.



Fortunately the whippet genes introduce a stabilising ingredient. Whippets like to run very fast and then retire in a heap for the rest of the day. Unfortunately they have little sense of direction and have therefore become prime rescue material. It is important to train yours to run in full circles at least. During the critical first stages of puppy training I have found that this can be achieved by identifying oneself as a POI or Person of Interest. Try to stand out in the crowd. A bunny or sloth costume usually works for me. It is also helpful to adopt a bunny hop as you take your Beddie-Whip out

for its daily perambulation. It will quickly identify you as being somehow unique. The cross is unerringly intelligent and will soon get the sum of your weaknesses and attempt to exploit them in a trice. So you must be on your guard. Be sure to stuff your pockets with treats so that your malleable pup will know who is boss.