

RAI

Issue 2

February-March 1992

85p

Spot-the-Dinosaur Competition Win a trip to Phibsboro

A history of humour in SF*

Spit or Swallow : The Chewing Gum Debate



*Some Future Issue

Editorial

PFJ, we feel, is an interesting magazine, and well worth whatever price we've stuck on the cover this issue. If you read any reviews or mentions of the magazine, you'll notice that it mentions that there are only three people do the whole thing. However, in recent weeks, we've suffered something which no other Irish publications have had to undergo - unsolicited contributions.

When Issue zero came out at Octocon '91, we asked for submissions, not really expecting to get any. However, we thought it a good marketing ploy, assuming that anyone who thought they had a chance of getting something in it would buy the magazine, but never get around to contributing. But on the very next day, we had a floppy disk with some submissions thereon, donated by a certain Edward Hickey. "Oh", we thought. "A freak happenstance." But 'twas not to be.

For this issue, we've received submissions from two people, a certain Rory Byrne, and a mammoth submission from a not quite so certain Simon Webster (who, rather rudely, requested that we do not use his name).

We don't have any lofty ideals about exposure for new writers. We just want the money, and the only writers we wish to expose are ourselves.

It's not that we don't want submissions. It's just that we don't want them to be funny. When we get humorous vignettes from others, we feel morally obliged to print them, as when we're famous we don't want anything to stain our characters. So remember. Submissions are nice. Send them to Gardener's Monthly.

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PFJ, Michael Carroll, 44 Leeson Park, Dublin 6, Ireland.

Extract from

————— Mordock of Sheer-Luck Fountain —————

by Rev. Janet Stanley BSc

144

Vendor the wizard closed his eyes and breathed deeply with exhaustion. 'Thank you', he said. 'Here is your reward.'

He gives you the Inter-Galactic Sub-Machine Gun whilst wrapping his cloak about his shoulders. You say that you would like the Staff of Many Miles.

'No,' he snaps sternly. 'It has been by my side for longer than I can remember. It's part of me, and I will never let it go.'

Add 6 Bummer points and continue on your way.

Turn to 378.

145

The Bridgekeeper opens wide his one eye. 'You know the secret, you say?' He hesitates as he awaits your reply.

To prove that you do know the answer, simply add your I.Q. to the number of sheep that was in Mordock's bed and turn to that reference section.

146

Dippy the Dog licked your wound. 'He's so dippy!' Said its owner.

Do you want to...

Let the dog continue (risking some infectious disease). Turn to 152

Turn to 339 (Turn to 176)

Kill the Kangaroo and search its pockets (if you have one). Turn to 608.

147

'Correct!' The Bridgekeeper announced. 'You did not lie to me, Mordock does indeed have 219 sheep in his bed every night... You may cross the Bridge of Gnashing Eyes.'

If you want to...

Cross the River, turn to 47

Cross the Bridge, turn to 74

Cross yourself, turn to 15

Ask the Bridgekeeper for information, turn to 150

Kill him with Vendor's Inter-Galactic Sub-Machine Gun (if you have one) Turn to 154

148

Vendor the Wizard nodded sagely. His smile had vanished and his arms now hung limply by his side. His eyes looked deeply into yours, as his multicoloured cloak fell to the ground revealing a tanned body of firm manly muscles. 'Take me,' he said. 'I'm yours.'

Do you...

Dive in (turn to 700)

Ask what he'll give you in return for a good night's shagging (turn to 152)

149

Sticky Slick McStick listened intently to your fantastic story of Incredible adventure. 'What a load of bollocks,' he said. 'Goblins, Dwarfs, and Intimate Wizards with machine guns? Quests for swords, and shields and shii? Bravery and honour in 1992? What a load of bollocks! Grow up, for Christ's sake.'

And so the quest for the shit comes to an end as McStick brings you back to reality with a thud.

150

'Information, is it?' He said. 'Ayo, Information, I have that, ayo. When you use the Escalator of the Whirring Metal Thing, you must stand between the yellow lines.'

'What is that?' Asks Pablo.

'Because it is written,' he said with meaning.

Do you want to...

Use the Bridge, turn to 155

Fuse the Bridge, turn to 156

Lose the Bridge, turn to 157

Cast a spell that will make Bibi Baskin a permanent part of TV history, turn to 15

151

Turning to this section just proves that Mordock didn't tell you the number of sheep in his bed - In fact, I'll warrant you didn't even find one of his twenty-eight acres. Well, this is just dandy. I mean how can you expect me to construct a whole world with fairly interesting situations and almost fascinating characters, if you're only going to cheat? You people make me so darn sick. Weirdos.

152

Vendor panted as drool dripped from his lips. 'I'll give you a thing you won't forget in a hurry,' he said. 'Oh, and also an Inter-Galactic Sub-Machine Gun.' You oyo the door you entered this room by.

Do you want to..

Go through the entrance (turn to 700)

or leave this party well alone (turn to 15)

153

As you feared, the dog catches an Infection disease. His owner takes out his sword.

What now?

Be polite and look impressed (turn to 15)

Say, 'Honestly, it's only distempor.' (Turn to 15)

Try for another Inter-Galactic Sub-Machine Gun (turn to 15)

154

No sooner do you take it out when the Bridgekeeper rolls about the cavern in a fit of laughter which is frankly annoying. 'You actually had sex with Vendor?!' he cried. 'Hol Hol'

Deduct fifteen zillion Ego points. Your adventure ends here.

'What - "Do It With Anything" Vendor?'

All right, we've finished.

155

'Bye,' said the Bridgekeeper. Turn to 15

156

'Jesus! Do you want the whole place to go up?! What sort of way were you brought up, already?' Said the Bridgekeeper.

Turn to 15.

157

The Bridgekeeper gawked. 'The Bridge! Where's the Bridge? What've you done with my bloody Bridge?!' Turn to 15

158

'So this is the Master Baker's Fortress of Doom, Gloom and Lemon Meringue Fancies,' says Pablo Peggins. 'And look! He's given us a posar to get through before we can climb the escalator!'

As your companion says, there at the Fortress Gates stands Vendor the Wizard in a £875 tailor-made (wool suit from the House of Fabric and Faberge, available in all primary colours (sunglasses: optional extra from Light-Blokkors[tm]; gold medallions not included).

Turn to 148

159

The 30 little elves (which are small and thoroughly enchanting) finish their spectacular tribute to Gene Kelly. Eony - the leader of this merry troupe of touring tap-dancers - greets you again and insists on introducing you to each of his pals.

'This is Cronoy, Dronoy, Moany and Lonoly. Here's Phoney and Sony, and his brother Bony. Triplots: Saxophony, Telophony and Rolf Harris' Stylophony. If-only, Baloney and My Little Pony. Oh, and that one's Tony.'

'Tony!' Says Pablo upon hearing such an unusual name.

'There's Honey and Money and O.K.-What's-So-Funny. Hugh, Pugh, Barney McGrow, Cuthbert, Dibblo, Grubb. This is Marjorio, Forgery, Georgy-Porgy, Orgy, Audrey and Argjo Bargio. And this one's Honny and Ponny.'

'Honny!' Adcis Pablo.

'Yes,' the elf replies. 'His name is Graham.'

Decide your next move while Pablo chats up Graham.

Do you want to kill the elves by using the A-Bomb of the Magic Mushroom (turn to 17)?

Or do you want to set fire to the lot of them (turn to 17)?

160

'You have succeeded in this part of the Quest,' announced Bambl. 'But you cannot call yourself a hero - not yet. The road ahead is very long, and you must see it through to the very end.'

Continue your fantastic adventure in the thirty-seventh book:

"Deep-Throat Dungeon"

Where you're asked to discover:

'Whatever happened to Mungo, Margo and Midge'

Published before you can finish this one

Our card is recognised nationwide. It is used more often than any other. You can withdraw up to a hundred pounds at once, or as little as five pence. At last, easy access when you really need it. Wherever you are, whatever you need..

Don't leave home without it.



Issued by the Dept. of Social Welfare

Competition Coroner

Harry Harrison Competition

In conjunction with nobody at all, PFJ would like to announce a competition to see who has the best copy of *Mechanismo* by Harry Harrison. If your copy is in good nick, send it to us at the editorial address. The best copy wins a special prize. Note: we may not be able to return your entry, so photocopy it first. Only originals will be accepted for this competition.

The PFJ Movie Trivia Competition!

A very special CASH PRIZE will be awarded to the first correct entry out of the balaclava to answer this easy question: Which musical featuring Tim Curry, Barry Bostwick, Susan Sarandon and Richard O'Brien ends with the words "Crawling on the planet's face, some insects called the Human Race, lost in time, and lost in space, and meaning"? Send your answer, along with a good, neat copy of *Mechanismo* by Harry Harrison, to the editorial address.

Literary Competition

How would you like to win an unautographed copy of Harry Harrison's *Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers*? To win this wonderful prize, all you have to do is send us a book. But not any book! What we need is one that fills these criteria...

1. The author's name must be alliterative.
2. The title of the book must begin with the thirteenth letter of the alphabet. —
3. The title must be only one word long.
4. Its title must end in a vowel.
5. The title of the book must not be *Machismo*, or *Meccano*, or *Mechanics*. We wouldn't object if it sounded like this, though.

The Smilee Noveltee Toy Corporation of Japan proudly present the toy craze for 1992...
Yes, it's the...

HAPPY FUN BALL!

...Only \$29.99 from selected outlets.

The ideal after-Christmas present for the one you love or the one you forgot to buy something for.

Warning:

- * The Happy Fun Ball can accelerate to dangerous speeds.
- * The Happy Fun Ball may stick to certain types of skin.
- * If the Happy Fun Ball starts to smoke, get away from it immediately.
- * When not in use, the Happy Fun Ball must be kept in its special refrigerated container. Failure to do so will absolve the Smilee Noveltee Toy Corporation and its mother companies, Whackee Products Inc and Global Chemical International, from all liability. Do not taunt the Happy Fun Ball.
- * Discontinue use if you experience any of the following conditions while using the Happy Fun Ball... Itching, vertigo, dizziness, loss of balance, slurred speech, temporary blindness, profuse sweating.

Happy Funballing!

———— Religious Cults ————

A WHY? Consumer Report by Michael Carroll

As the depression of the 1990's takes its toll, many young people find themselves turning to obscure religious organisations for hope. To this end, **WHY?** Magazine presents a guide to these clandestine societies and the many features they offer.

Our panel of judges was made up of twelve hope-seeking individuals, specially picked from the most select broken homes and street corners. During the course of the tests, contact between judges was strictly forbidden.

Cult	Deity	Influences	Requirements	Benefits
The Moonies	Rev. Moon	Rev. Moon	All your money	Good position in afterlife
Hari Krishnas	Krishna	Dr. Scholl, Yoda	Haircut, schoolbag and bedsheet	Free food and cymbals
Dianetics	Nones (except L. Ron Hubbard)	Aleister Crowley, John W. Campbell	Complete devotion and desire to read Mission: Earth	Dublin street guide, free personality test
IBM	Money	AT&T	Shirt & Tie	Money, cheap PCs
Rock 104	U2	Daily Star	Lobotomy, low self-esteem	Patronising approach to life

Conclusions:

Of the original twelve Judges, three were over fifty, four were women, two came from a working-class background, and two never came back. However, with the testimonies of the others we have compiled a list of hints and tips for all enlightenment-seekers.

When selecting a religious refuge:

- 1 Choose a cult that's based far from home. Otherwise, one of your neighbours might see you and embarrass your mother by mentioning it in public.
- 2 Think about the future: Do they require you to mark your body in any permanent way? Will you ever be able to go swimming again? Remember, religions come and go... Don't just blindly do as they ask. You're the potential

recruit, so try and get the best deal.

- 3 Avoid any cults that require something material as collateral, such as your dad's car, or four kilos of heroin imported from Turkey.

While a member of your chosen community:

- 1 If required to hang around shopping centres and airports selling musty remaindered copies of a book written by your ancient leader, do not become disheartened by the callous attitudes of the public - just smile blandly and keep pushing the book at them. They'll soon get the message.
- 2 When inviting groups of young teens to your order's retreat house to watch movies about God, try not to snigger. They only become suspicious and self-conscious about their spots.

TrinCon 401

The Place : UCD, Galway

The Date : March 17th 2:00 - 6:00pm

The Guests : Vance Aandahl, Edwin A. Abbott, Kobo Abe, R. Cox Abel, Robert Abernathy, Paul Ableman, Edmond About, Alexaner Abramov, Forrest J. Ackerman, Douglas Adams, Harriet S. Adams, John Adams, Louis J. A. Adams, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Morticia Addams, Edmund G. Adlco, Hugh Addison and many more.

The Hotel : The Regency, Cork. The hotel will have the dealers' rooms and the fan room. All the rooms come equipped with televisions and windows so, you know, practice your shot-putting...

Where do we get the money?

After those bastards in Trinity sucking of the system's tit refused to give us any dosh, we went to the Arts Council. When we got nothing from them, we went once again to the Societies Committee. Fortunately, we know the chairdude.

What will be there?

Truckloads of drunken assholes, going around swearing that there won't be any of that fan-type crap one usually finds at this sort of event. Having said that, we'll probably have a video room showing nothing but Star Trek.

We'll have lots and lots of VR next year. Promise. No, really. We're also hoping Robert A. Heinlein will pop in for a few minutes.

Prices

£15.00 attending, £5.00 supporting.

Drunken raving weirdos and children get in for half price. Note : drunken raving juvenile weirdos do not get in for, em, a sixth.

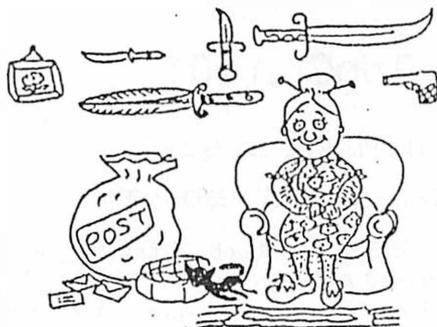
These prices include the 21.5% deduction for Lack of Value Deducted Tax.

Address : Find out yourself.

E-Mail : sfsoc.edu.prtnswnkrs.trincon@555-2341

Phone : Freephone 1234567. Calls will be charged at 48p/min peak, 36p/min off peak.

AUNTIE FRACTAL'S PROBLEM PAGE



Dear Auntie Fractal,

I receive at least twelve circulars in the post every morning. I told my friend and he just said; "Oh," is this some kind of sphere campaign?

Oblivious, Oslo.

Dear Oblivious,

We've been discussing this round the office at PFJ to some degree, and it struck a chord. Give us a ring if you can't circumvent the problem, and we'll arrange for you to see a specialist at The Rotunda.

Dear Auntie,

I need urgent. No matter how hard I try, I just can't do. Are there any classes that could teach me how to finish my. Thank,

Very, Co.

Dear,

Sod.

Dear Auntie Fractal,

I've got two best friends. One is presently making petrol bombs in his garage and is a well-known name in international terrorism, the other is a head of state who, although he insists on not speaking to terrorists, gave my

friend the milk bottles. Neither of them agree with me that Bros damaged their image by dumping Crag. How can I convince them?

Len Epton, Isle of Spam.

Dear Len,

I see your problem. I really think the best thing you can do is act honestly, and try to convince your friends to reimburse the milkman for the bottles.

Dear Auntie Fractal,

Last Tuesday I found myself levitating sixty feet in the air, and yesterday I plummeted down to seven inches below sea level. Today I'm hovering just outside the Earth's atmosphere. Can you help?

Prices in the New Year, Kildare.

Dear Prices in the New Year,

I think you've got an altitude problem.

Dear Auntie Fractal,

I know this sounds silly, but ever since I've been reading PFJ I've felt the urge to give money to the editors. Can you help me?

Ronan The Barbarian, Dublin.

Dear Ronan,

I'd love to help you, but I'm broke.

And now for all you fantasy fans, a piece of fantasy art



CIE INSPECTOR: "I'M SORRY
SIR BUT YOU CAN'T SMOKE
ON THE BUS"

Do you have problems? Let Jesus know, and maybe he can help, maybe not.

Dear Jesus,

What shall I do about contraception? It's against God's law, but the population of the world is doubling every generation. And what about women priests?

Pope John Paul II, Vatican City

Jesus writes: Well for a start you can go over to Afghanistan and distribute some of your cutlery. I mean, my Popemobile was a donkey, you know?

Dear Jesus,

I am being bullied at school. They call me names and sometimes beat me up. What can I do to stop them?

(Name and address supplied)

Jesus writes: Well you can let them crucify you like I did, or you can run away to Alexandria and become a hermit, like I should have. —

Dear Jesus,

What is the meaning of life? I have put my trust in you now for twenty-odd years, and still I can't get a job or a girl. What have you to say for yourself?

Depressed, Wicklow.

Jesus writes: The meaning of life? Who do you think I am - God? My life already.

Dear Jesus,

How about your wallet?

Robber, Car park

Jesus writes: That's me, made of money. Take my cloak as well why don't you.

Dear Jesus,

Look, what is this? What happened to our little agreement? I do my best, you know, and still they expect more from us. You said one more album and that's it. Whatever happened to three Our Fathers?

Mono, Yule Two

Jesus writes: What do I do? I give you all, you still want more. Maybe it'll take a little longer... Besides, the boss didn't like your implication about his mysterious ways.

Dear Jesus,

I was watching Star Trek the other night, and some Vulcan-type dudes said they didn't believe in Gods. Seeing as they are so logical and all that, this has put me in a real quandary. Can you show us a sign, or something?

Garfield deCatt, Philsboro

Jesus writes: Look, does not the bible say that God made man in his own image? Don't look it up, I'll tell you; it does. And did you ever see a picture of God where he had pointy ears? I don't think so. I'm not a Vulcan God; I just get by with you humes and the Br'llaend of Beta Sigoris II.

Dear Jesus,

I was living with my boyfriend for a number of years, and I thought we were ready to get married. But when I mentioned it to him, he packed his bags and left within ten minutes. I've since discovered I was pregnant. I've got a good job, but can't afford to take time off to have the baby. I'm at my wits end. What should I do?

Worried, Coolock.

Jesus writes: For a start, don't give me that "Worried, Coolock" crap. I'm omniscient, remember? I know exactly who you are, and where you live. What does the phrase "53 Woodfield Park" mean to you, eh? I'll tell you what to do. Get down on your knees and pray to Dad that he doesn't consign you to eternal damnation for your heinous sins.

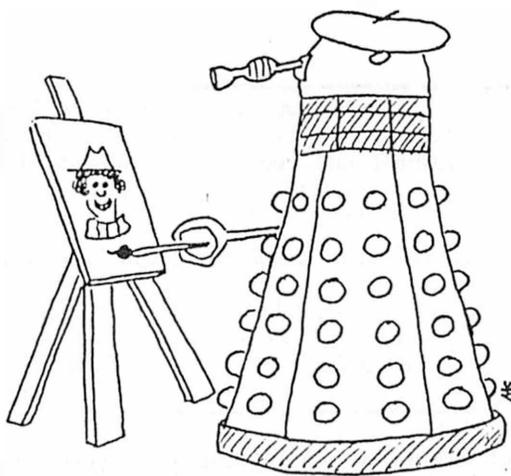
Dear Jesus,

I've been living a most holy life for many years now; I've got all Madonna's records, and I went to see Your film "Last Temptation of Christ" every day that it was on. Is there

anything else I can do to glorify Your name?

Doreen the Cellbabe, Clara

Jesus writes: Oh dear. There's always one. I've got news for you, dearie. The Holy Church of Rome didn't receive one penny of royalties from the film, and that Madonna person displayed her oxters in a magazine that would have had the publishers stoned in my time. When I were a lad we didn't have that sort of thing; we used to have to make our own papyrus. I don't know what the world's coming to. Well, actually, I do. Don't start any long books.



Salvador Dalek

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

A game for 2 players at opposite ends of the socio-economic spectrum. If you're a snob, ignore the pauper's squares. If you're a pauper, dream on, babe.*

1. Place counters here! To move, roll a 6-sided die (though the pauper must let the snob have another go or use a few more dice if requested). Obey the boxes before you roll the die.	2. SNOB: Daddy's company profits are up by 56%, ensuring you an even bigger wage when you leave university - go to 4.	3. PAUPER: Bread's gone up again. Back to 1
6. PAUPER: It rains on the way to school and you get a pneumonic illness - your family has to pay for a doctor. Back one square.	5. PAUPER: Shouldn't have splashed out on that bar of soap. Learn your lesson, and go back to 3.	4. SNOB: Well done! You told Billy Barker to go away today, and as he knows your uncle is the Headmaster, he's promised to be your very own slave. Move to 7
7. SNOB: Daddy's promised to drive you to school in his new Ferrari! Vroom on to 9.	8. PAUPER: In an infinite universe, all things are possible, move to 13.	9. SNOB: Oh, all right, you deserve more than this - Go on to 10.
12. SNOB: Because I know your parents, go on to 13. PAUPER: You just said that I will probably marry a sexy lady. Go on to 14.	11. SNOB: Because you're good-looking, go on to 12. PAUPER: Just caught you doing the Lottery. This is a waste of my money. Stop it and return to 8.	10. SNOB: Because you're witty, go on to 11. PAUPER: Since I've given you a loan with 500% interest per day, move to 11
13. SNOB: Because you're a mason, go on to 15. PAUPER: But they're not always probable. Go back to 5.	14. PAUPER: You've just won the Lottery! Move to 16 and a bigger house. SNOB: Go to 15...	15. SNOB: Daddy's Lottery company has gone bankrupt. You lose everything. So sod off you little shit.
WINNER! However, once you sell the house to settle the loan plus interest you owe me - you've less money than before.		16. Go on one square (If you'd be so kind).

* To discover your very own media label, simply ask your parents how much they earn a year. If it's more than £35,000, is your chair comfy enough?
Middle classes - consider yourselves jealous paupers.

PFJ Do-It-Yourself Humour Magazine

Tired of reading any old crap? Think you could do better but don't really know how? Look no further than the PFJ DIY BIT. In thirty-two bimonthly installments, you can learn how to put together your own magazine.

Part one : Satire

Satiree	Words to Use
Politician	Honest, Junket, Kitty O'Shea, Private Members, Holidays, Japanese Elections, Votes of No Competence, Scandalgate.
Newspaper	Misprunt, Scoop, Ptcayune, Jimmy Hoffa/Lord Lucan/Charles Haughey, Elvis, Phew What A Scorcher
ISFA	Brendan Ayder, Star Trek, Committees, Apple Macs, Star Trek, FTL Deadlines, Star Trek
Music	Bros, SAW, Ray Lynham, James Last, Daniel O'Donnell and all those other people that we hate and think everyone else should too
Star Trek	Dr. Spock, Final Front Ears, USS Second Prize, \$2m an episode, Dead Red Shirts, Wesley Crusher, Gene Deadanburfed,
Comics	Stretching Powers, Chris Claremont's Dialogue, Sea Monkeys, Charles Atlas

Words not to use.

Satire is a lofty form of literary sarcasm, the highest form of wit. Therefore, stay away from any sort of reference to bodily functions and/or appendages. Remember when we used the 'M' word in the last issue? The backlash was non-existent. People, it must be said, don't give a rat's ass. Therefore, avoid gratuitous use of any of the following words... wittle, bum, semprini, anything scatological.

Note that any of the above *may* be used, but only one word in an article, and that only when the article is very serious, eg "The Effects of Cosmic Radiation on the Bicameral Mind and the Wittle"

Next Issue : Dirty Limericks



PFJ reaches a wide cross-section of the public

Did You Know...?

PFJ's fun-filled fact page!

By Michael Carroll

It's not true that Willie Nelson is a form of wrestling hold now banned in America.

It's only a myth that half of the shop owners in Dublin are illiterate... During the time of Oliver Cromwell, a law was decreed that all shops in Dublin should be subject to an "Apostrophe Tax". As a reminder to us all of this tragic time, many shops and public houses in Dublin still deliberately omit the apostrophe. Some keepers, overcome by gull for not paying the appropriate tax, now add apostrophe's to every plural.

Those who dismiss reading as a waste of time clearly don't know their Rs from their Ls.

Finglas Schoolboy Fergus O'Toole, 14, is set to become one of Ireland's most famous people. Fergus has announced to the press that he is the only person in the country who doesn't know anybody in The Commitments.

Famous first drafts: Number 74, Richard Nixon. "I am not a crook. Scout's honour."

Movie fans take note! Thanks to some extra-special product-placement deals, some of the best fantasy and science fiction films of recent years are to be re-released! Look out for The Little Shop of Harrods, The Witches of Evostick, Star Trek II - The Wrath of Canada Dry, The Rocky Horror Scholl and Indiana Jones and The Lucozade. In response to this, the American Vegetarian Society is re-releasing Bill and Ted's Egg Salad Adventure, Bill and Ted's Bogus Chutney, and 20,000 Ligas Under the Sea.

Wise words of the famous: Number 74, Oscar Wilde. "There's only one thing worse than being talked about, and that's being locked up for buggery."

What I Did On My Holidays

By James Joyce, aged 9.

On the crashing rocks still against the sea like the push of the pedals, and the mother's babies grasp as the feathers, lucidly, settle in Chatham Street, against the tide.

And the castle, child-dug in the sand as easy as snow, as quiet as the Tram to Dalkey filled with Sunday-best and shining uppers. And captured brine, sloshing the brim-full bucket bought in the shop in Courtown, where the corned-beef rests in its fly-ridden sandwiches. The brown afternoon lazy in the hot sun, flicking its labrador-tail against the caravan where he slept on the bed that was nearly a sofa.

The collared man-of-God, with a stick like a cane, unshod and desocked, sees the ankle-water with his ingrown toenails and the arse of his trousers damp against the rocks. The very devil, cruel as yesterday's tea bags, like a donkey's fart in St. Stephen's Green, and the evil proof-reader from the Herald dribbling on the grass, roars at the boy and denias him Dickens.

A vow from the boy, a bubble-gum speech balloon, proposes revenge like Sackville Street on Christmas Eve against all his kind.

The evening falls and dies and the caravan evacuated and the boy returns home a man, affirm in his purpose, his future set like church-foundations.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S
The RAVEN
(AFTER A NIGHT
ON THE BOOZE.)

QUOTH THE RAVEN:-



Martin McCanney '92

All About Octarine...

"Octarine?" I hear you ask. "Isn't that the eighth colour of the spectrum, visible only to wizards and other persons of a magical persuasion, the colour of magic?" Well, you're right.

But Octarine is also the name of a British group, primarily dedicated to Humour in Fantasy and Science Fiction. Inspired by the last issue of PFJ, the Octarine committee went back in time a couple of years to produce their own magazine, which they called Tales From the Broken Drum. Inspired by the magazine, Terry Pratchett went even further back in time to write the Discworld series of books. We're thinking of suing him.

All that aside, their magazine is excellent, despite the fact that some of the articles that appeared in their last couple of issues were almost direct rip-offs of things we have planned for future issues of PFJ. Tales... has about 32ish pages, a really cool professional-looking card cover, lots of funny articles inside with some really awful cartoons. They even have letters written by real people (which is daft - real people don't know how to write funny letters).

I'd recommend Tales... and the society itself to anyone who finds PFJ even remotely amusing, but be warned, the annual subscription charge of STG£4 might be off-putting to many of our readers. Octarine will, however, allow members free use of their time-machine, as soon as they're finished with it.

Anyway, Octarine may be contacted at 46 Arnside Road, Bestwood Estate, Nottingham, NG5 5EH, it says here. Tell them PFJ sent you.

Octarine are holding a convention, *Inconsequential*, at the end of May, and it promises to be a superb event. Guest of Honour is Rowdy Robert Rankin, author of the brilliant Brentford Trilogy and the amazing Armageddon series. A man much loved by the PFJ committee, Mr. Rankin is extremely entertaining and has a ponytail.

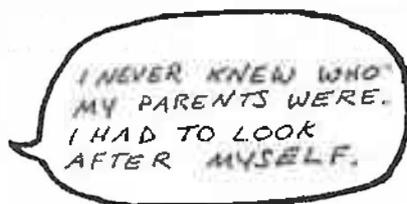
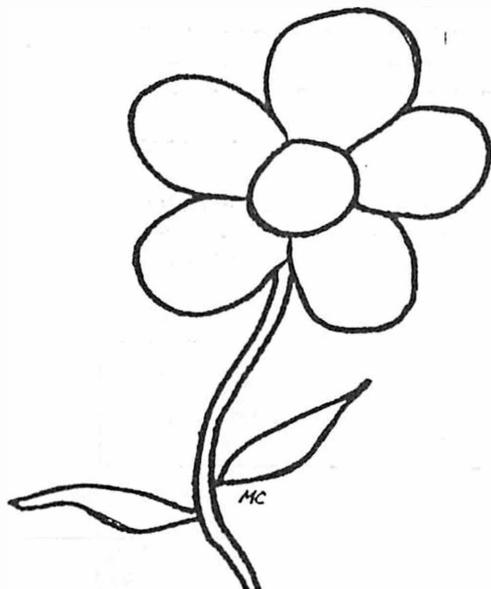
The PFJ committee (or at least part thereof) will be out in force for *Inconsequential*, and it's a great possibility that we'll be producing issue 4 (the June issue) a couple of weeks early, especially for the con.

So, if you're interested in Pratchett, Rankin, Harrison or any of other writers in the humorous F/SF genre (or indeed, interested in anything that appeared on our survey in issue 0 of PFJ (available from the editor at only £17.99 (not really, it's only fifty-pee, including 36 pee for postage (unless you buy it from us direct, in which case there's no postage (look at all these brackets, you can tell he's a programmer, can't you?))))), you could do worse than drop Octarine a line. They have also promised that if you mention PFJ along with your subscription, Octarine will let you have first go on the swing.

Quotes from Great Irish Filocifers

By Rory Byrne

- * Dad always said "Laughter is the best medicine." Maybe that's why so many of our family died of T.B.
- * To gain a greater understanding of mankind, break the word into two parts: "Mank" and "ind".
- * If you define cowardice as running, tripping, crying, begging and snivelling at the slightest sniff of danger, then Yes, brave man, I am a coward!
- * I always think that boxing is like ballet, without the dancing, the music and the choreography, and with the dancers hitting each other.
- * Just remember that the earliest fly-swatters were probably no more than small, square hitting surfaces attached to a long stick.
- * Never send a dog up in the space shuttle, because on re-entry it will just stick its head out the window and be burnt up.
- * We all used to laugh at Grandpa as he packed up all his gear and headed off fishing for the day. But the laugh was on us when he came home that evening with that whore he'd picked up in the village.
- * If you are parachuting and your parachute fails to open, amuse your friends on the ground by flailing your arms and pretending to swim.
- * He who laughs last must have a front tooth missing.



Self-raising flower

PFJ Legal Department

We have been asked by our attorneys to print the following letter as a sign of good will and friendship to the P.R.F.C. That they are an extremely powerful organisation with an estimated eight million members world-wide has nothing to do with it.

P.R.F.C.
THE GROTTO,
ATHENRY,
Co. GALWAY.
3-1-92.

Dear Miss Carroll,

Having just finished reading your periodical (Fnarr Fnarr!), I feel I must warn you of the dangers of releasing another specialist magazine onto the already specialist magazine-filled streets of our city.

I have a vested interest in this area as I am a publisher myself. I release a magazine on behalf of a world-wide organisation. In fact, we, in our organisation, have been referred to as a 'cult' (at least, I think he said 'cult').

The sad thing is that a very upright member (cort) of our organisation shares almost the same name as yourself and the next time I see him I shall pump him thoroughly... for information to ascertain if you are related. If you *are* related I feel an expulsion coming on... (I beg your pardon, it was that prune vindaloo).

Returning to the subject of this letter, your magazine was extremely funny in parts, especially the staples which amused me greatly. On the down side there were no knitting patterns or references to Irish ballad singers. If you could correct these howling errors there may be room for you on the newsstands of this great city of ours, maybe just between 'Practical Chiropody' and 'Do-It-Yourself Sensual Massage'.

I hope you will take this letter in the spirit it is sent and, more to the point, do I win five pounds?

Yours, etc. Rory Byrne, President
Brian Farrell, An Sec

Michael Carroll's reply:

Naturally, we in PFJ would never dare to tread on the toes of such an organisation as the P.R.F.C. Indeed, I feel that some form of collaboration between our journals might be of great benefit. If you could spare us some of your old jokes that you don't think you need any more, we would be more than willing to share advice on how to actually get around to releasing magazines...

for men
who dare



POOF

by Choice

Recipe

Well, it's coming up to Christmas, so why not plan a lovely winter dish that will warm the heart of every child, child and child?

Ingredients:

- 2 Eggs
- 1lb Butter
- 245g Flour
- 1 litre of Water
- 100g Sugar
- 3 teaspoons of Honey
- The blood of sixteen young virgins (fresh)
- 1 tablespoon of Olive Oil

Method:

1. Lightly whip two eggs into a bowl
2. Fill jug with 1 litre of water
3. Obtain the most recent edition of "Who's (had) who"
4. Add the butter, flour and sugar, intermittently adding the olive oil.
5. Read down the list and choose 16 of the most likely
6. Add the honey
7. Put on your coat
8. Place the mixture into the oven Gas Mark 6
9. Track down your victims and use 16 lengths of rope (or one very long length, if you need to be economical).

Once you have hung them upside down, slit their throats and watched with unnatural glee as the pure, glistening blood drains into your bowl, replace the mixture into the oven and wait for it to rise.

The meat of sixteen virgins provides satisfying snacks at black masses over the New Year while also getting rid of any awkward post-yuletide evidence.

(Don't worry if the contents of the jug asks the virgins' blood an easy trivia question which dumbfounds it into silence whilst helplessly searching for an answer. Remember: Blood is thicker than water.)

REVIEWS

"How many Vulcans does it take to change a light bulb?"

-Approximately 1.000000000000"

With this joke we combine the two areas with which this periodical is most familiar - science fiction and humour. In fact, it goes further, and utilises what are arguably the two most popular and recognisable facets of each genre - in science fiction, we have Star Trek, a television series that spawned a whole range of mugs and t-shirts, and in humour, we have the ubiquitous light bulb. Not since the "crossing the road" jokes have we had a branch of humour that spawns all aspects of society.

But as to this joke. Is it funny? One immediately thinks it is; it ridicules that aspect of the Vulcan which all think of - their penchant for Logic.

A part of the Vulcan's logical bent is their desire for accuracy, and it is that which comes under fire here. We are all familiar with Mr Spock's qualification of "approximately" to any figure which is not exact, and the number of decimal places again implies the desire for accuracy.

But is it really the Vulcan that is being ridiculed? We know that the number of Vulcans required to perform the task is exactly one; no qualification of that number is required. Were Mister Spock asked the question, he would undoubtedly reply "One, Captain". Thus is our perception of Vulcans brought into play. We are forced by this joke to analyse our own deepest prejudices, and are found wanting.

On the surface, it seems an amusing joke. But when one digs deeper, one finds a damning indictment of humanity.

Robert D. Elliott



Impersonal Computer

AN ROINN ATKINSON

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1991

ENGLISH - HIGHER LEVEL - PAPER 1

THURSDAY, 9 JUNE - MORNING, 9.30 to 12.00

Total Marks: 4

Attempt QUESTION ONE and several other questions, not including the fourth part of QUESTION THREE, which is too hard. Do not attempt to call the police. If you wish to use the bathroom, clamp your legs together tightly.

I. COMPOSITION - (1 Mark)

Write a prose composition on one of the following subjects:

- (a) John F Kennedy - Did he shoot himself?
- (b) The homeless problem and the arts.
- (c) "My wife is cheating on me".
- (d) Your view of kettles.
- (e) Should we extract gold from dead bodies?
- (f) There is too much banking on TV.

II. PRESCRIBED PROSE (NON-FICTION) - (1 Mark)

Read this passage carefully and then answer some of the questions that follow it:-

Dear Herman

Why do they say that I have done all those terrible things? All I wanted was a quiet life. You told me I wouldn't get involved, and the next thing I know all these people are asking me what to do. Well I resign. You can keep your uniform.

Yours sincerely

Adolf

- (a) Outline in your own words the grounds for Adolf's dissatisfaction with Herman.
- (b) How would you describe the tone of this letter?
- (c) Name and illustrate three features of Adolf's style which are to be found in this letter. Take one of these features and say whether you considered it to be effective, and why.

ENGLISH - HIGHER LEVEL - PAPER II

Total Marks: 4

Four questions must be attempted, as follows:-

Candidates must attempt all of questions THREE and FOUR, excluding the fourth part of question THREE, and any one of the two parts of question TWO if they have answered question THREE, or any of the six parts of question ONE if they have answered question FOUR, or all of question FIVE if they have answered question ONE and then their PEN has run out. Question ONE is a bit tricky so I wouldn't bother.

I. DRAMA

- A. (i) "Macbeth is basically a power-play between the force's of good and evil, with the witch's representing the referee and Duncan a Sky News reporter."
Discuss.
- (ii) Discuss the imagery of cooking utensils in Murder in the Cathedral.
- (iii) "The contrast between life and death in an amalgam of unified secrecy within the frame of undying themes of Savage Ritual and Stern Tradition which, though they may seem opposed, are yet tangential to the main brunt of the storyline in The House at Pooh Corner."
Discuss.

II. POETRY

- A. I wandered lonely as a red, red rose,
Can anybody tell me which way to the DART station?
But there is a nightingale in the bramble yonder
Yum yum, nightingale on crouce.
My love and I we wandered far
And sat awhile neath a hawthorn tree
And watched the reflection of a lonely star
Where the river meets the local sewage works.
I am near death, and death has claimed me
He has wrought his sword to sure ensnare me
But first he will try to rail and maim me
Someone please put me out of my misery.

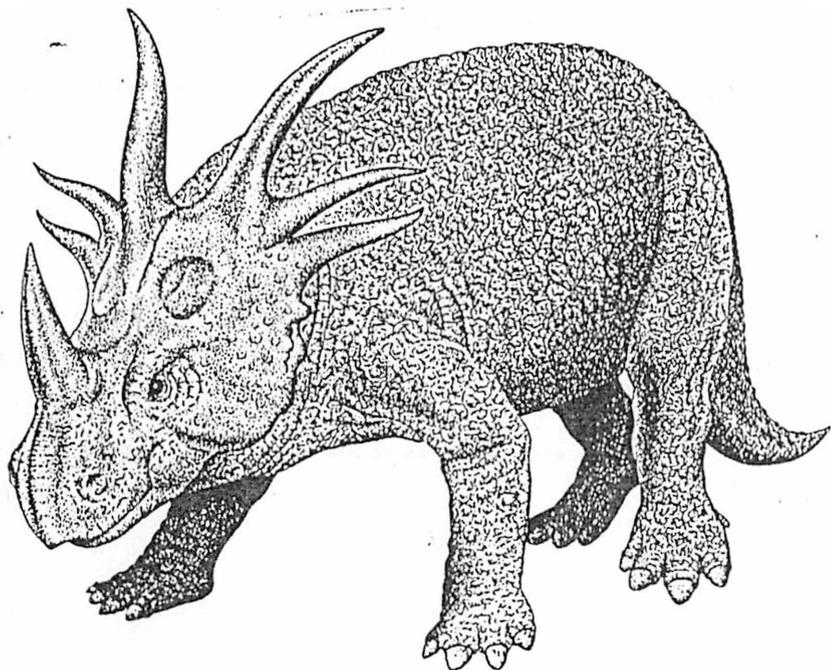
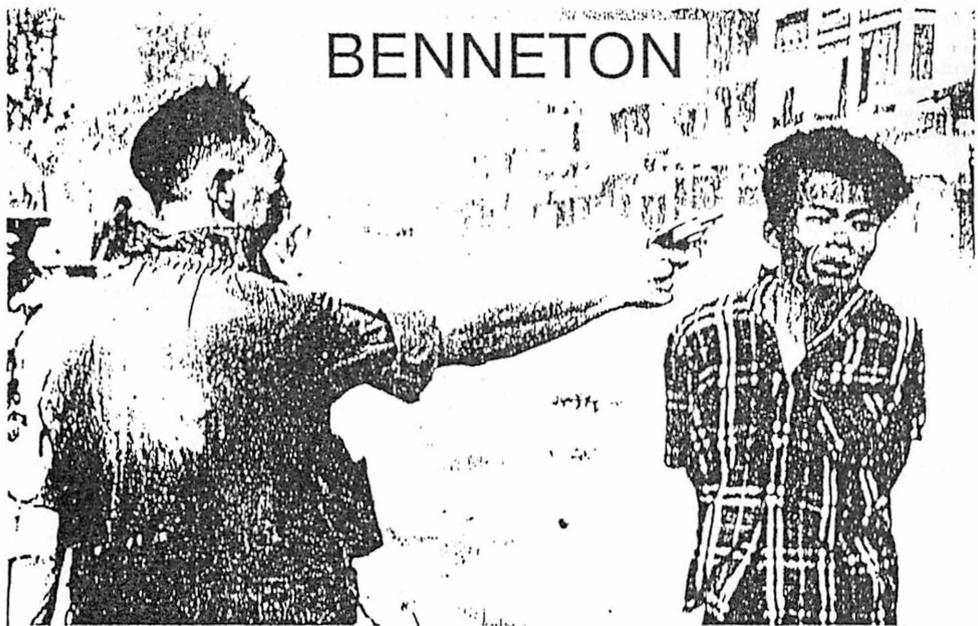
William Shkeatsaworna

- (i) Trace the development of thought in the stanza where the poet yearns for his lost toothbrush.
- (ii) How would you describe the tone of these stanzas? And what makes you an expert all of a sudden?
- B. "Self-awareness is the nub of Yeats's bun."
Discuss.

III. FICTION

- A. (i) "Oh smuth, trbe be cannath in for youth with alwayth problems yo cannath leather an't a folly men's wrackenth see by it." (Mr Typewriter).
How is this philosophy of life illustrated in Hard Times?
- or
- (ii) "In Hard Times Dickens tries a bit too hard to reflect the nuances of poor people's speech."
Discuss.
- (i) "The Modern novel is crap."
Discuss this view with reference to one or more of the modern novels on your course.

BENNETON



Personal

Personal ads are available free to PFJ subscribers. Maximum of thirty words, forty if it's really funny. PFJ Box numbers are available to those sad individuals too ashamed to give their own names and addresses.

LASSIE, Come home.

UNATTACHED Male, seeks urgent attachment.

MALE, 35, wanting female early 20s with large bust for platonic relationship only (and a bit of sex)

ELECTRIC BLANKET Filler seeks follow filler for weekend of hot stuffing.

DOLLY, Well, hello.

WANTED : PFJ issue 0. Willing to pay hundreds of pounds for what is destined to be a classic of literature. Are my thirty words up yet? Contact me at PFJ Box

FOR SALE ; PFJ Issue 0. I need to pay for an operation, so I'm selling it for £300. Cheap at the price. PFJ Box #3.

WANTED : Help in getting through the door in Hitch-Hikers Game. Please. And don't tell me it's something to do with "tea" and "no tea".

Fan Clubs

Lost In Space Fan Club

This sad, pathetic group of individuals sit around a pub table on the first Wednesday of every month, trying desperately to justify their support for the programme. If you like the programme, and can use phrases such as "very good for its time" and "allegory for man's struggle" then pop along to the

Depressing Bore at 8:00. There's a 50p admission charge, because they can't afford to pay more.

Lost and Found

FOUND. Robert Maxwell. Offers.

LOST. Welshman still can't find Lillies. Boyo.

LOST. Ability to erect. Reward.

Contact: Co. Council, Dept of Housing.

FOUND. Ah. Here it is.

LOST. Briefcase with nothing special in it at all. It's very heavy, and needs two people to lift it. Worth absolutely nothing, but has sentimental value. Contact Securicor. Reward.

Thanksgiving

To Our Lord Jesus H. Christ, all the apostles except Judas, to Mary, and most of the saints except those concerned with the poor. Oh, and the Big Guy. Grateful thanks for favours received. Publication promised. Say this prayer every night, publish in three issues of bimonthly humorous science fiction magazine, and click heels three times. Success assured.

To the Dark Lord Satan, to Beelzebub and the Lesser Host. Abject thanks for business rivals who suffered fatal accidents. Publication in the contract. Sacrifice a cute puppy at midnight and swear your eternal soul to the Great One, and say this prayer three times. Success assured.

Word for the month.

Xi (z) Fourteenth letter of the Greek alphabet. Worth 25 points in Scrabble if you get the X on the triple letter score.

"Never heard of it." Yaggi returned his self-appointed task of trying to get all the beer out of his can without drinking any bubbles. It was a pretty futile exercise, but he was sure he could accomplish it if he had sufficient practice.

Toss turned to Pawrik and said "No-one believes in that old kirk about a single planet that humankind came from any more. Everyone knows that humans were created throughout the universe simultaneously by the Supreme Entity, though I suppose you barbaric allons don't have any civilised religious beliefs." She sniffed haughtily, took another swig from her can, burped slightly, cleared her throat and continued. "In the beginning there was the universe, and the Supreme Entity looked down on the planets, and in His wisdom he created humankind, to rule over the planets and give order to the galaxy. Then the Supreme Entity created the Other Races, so that humankind would not go lonely for want of something to kill. That's all there is to it."

Pawrik sighed. He knew that humans thought themselves superior to all, but he hadn't realised they'd made a religion out of their ego trips. He made a mental note to follow all of this fascinating subject up at a later time, but for now he decided to ignore this foolhardy bantering and return to the matter at hand.

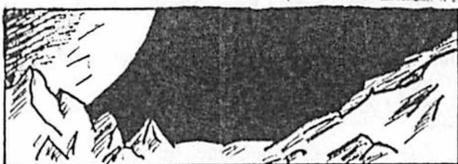
"The point is, the only way we can rescue your friend is to find where he's being held, and perform a jail-break from the outside. That is a very dangerous thing which I'm sure none of you have the intelligence to fully comprehend. You are quite likely to be killed for your cause. It's this sort of thing that makes you naturals for the military." The Gobble smiled smugly and waited for the expected outburst of contradiction, which never came. They were all too wrecked to argue.

Shan had been listening to all of this and he decided that this was an appropriate occasion to chip in his own thoughts on the subject.

"I think," he began, "that you should just drop me off at the nearest inhabited planet and let me go. This is not my fight and certainly not my war. Besides, I was on a mission when your Gobbles captured me. I was trying to rescue a very rich Princess so I could pay off a guy who has a bounty on my head."

Yaggi sat up, instantly sober, his mind working overtime. Shan had said two of his favourite words, "very" and "rich" one after the other in the correct order. Yaggi decided he should forget the antagonism between himself and Shan, and out of the benevolence of his heart he resolved to help Shan rescue the Princess.

He smiled at Shan and passed him another beer. "Well, Shan old buddy. Tell me all about your mission. I must say, it sounds fascinating."



The Tale of Shan The Mercenary

It began one dull and miserable day. I was sitting having a quite drink in a bar on some forgotten desert planet. The bar was not a exactly a reputable establishment, the sort of place where anything could - and did - happen, where you watched your back at all times, and where you wiped your feet before you went out. I noticed an old man come in, with a young, wide-eyed farm boy at his side. They were clearly strangers to this style of living, though the old man had the sort of air about him that made you realise he wasn't the kind who'd come to sell you tickets to a charity draw.

There was a brief skirmish when several of the bar's clients tried to buy the farm boy, but the old man cut them down with some well placed words and some even better placed alces from his laser sword. There followed an embarrassing moment when the old guy began to talk to my partner, Chewie. I guess it was probably too dark for him to see then Chewie was chained up to the wall and had a bowl of water next to him. I got the old man's attention by shouting "Get the hell away from my dog, mister!" With some many strange diseases around I was afraid he might catch something, and I didn't want to sit up all night looking after a sick dog.

THE GOBBIES PLAN

By Michael Carroll

Chapter Three A Bad Feeling...

What has gone before - On a mission to rescue their comrade Sergeant Wayne from the new Gobbie prison planet, Yaggl and Tess allowed themselves to be captured by the Gobbies. After their trial, they were sentenced to Ringsend, the same planet where Sergeant Wayne is being held. Unfortunately, en route to the planet, they unexpectedly find themselves being rescued - and even more unexpectedly their rescuer is a Gobbie. Now read on...

Yaggl stared in disbelief at Pawrik the Gobbie. He tried to say something, but his jaw only moved up and down soundlessly, which would have been fine if he'd been a contestant in a goldfish impersonation competition, but was of little use as far as communication went.

"Come on!" Pawrik the Gobbie said. "I sealed all the corridors except those leading to your ship, but they'll break through in a matter of minutes." Pawrik ran down the corridor, Tess and Yaggl following as quick as they could. As they passed one of the cells they heard a voice call out, and they stopped to see who it was.

"Tess, Yaggl! It's me! Your old buddy Shan! Let me out, please!" Shan put his face to the hole in the door as close as he could, so Yaggl hit it as hard as he could.

"Have a nice time in prison, Shan!" Yaggl continued along the corridor, but was stopped by Tess who dived on top of him and brought him crashing to the ground.

"You can't just leave him there, Yaggl! Who knows what they'll do to him! Anyway, you're the one who put him in there. As his commanding officer you can't let one of your own men be taken by the Gobbies." When Yaggl stopped struggling she dragged him to his feet, and led him by the

hand back to Shan's cell. When they got there they saw that Pawrik had already blown open the cell door, and Shan was making his way out.

"Let's go," Pawrik said. "There aren't any other cells accessible to us since I sealed the corridors, but three out of eight isn't too bad."

Yaggl was by now very curious as to why Pawrik was helping them, but he decided that such questions could wait until they'd escaped.

They finally reached the ship, and they were relieved to find it fully functioning. They were even more relieved to find that there really was a couple of unopened six-packs.

The great starship *Noophyte* was once more making his way through the stars, this time with two additional passengers. Yaggl and Tess were more than a little delighted that they had been rescued, though they knew that getting thrown into prison was all part of the plan.

"We're never going to find Sergeant Wayne now," Yaggl moaned. "I think our best bet would be to just go home and report our mission as a failure."

"No way!" Tess said. "They'll just slap us in irons and court martial us. We'd be just as badly off as if we'd stayed with the Gobbies. Probably worse, in fact. There's a code of ethics as to how prisoners of war are treated, and if there's one thing the Gobbies are, it's ethical. The only thing we can do is get captured again."

Pawrik the Gobbie spoke up. "No, that wouldn't work either. Any prisoners who escape and are recaptured are automatically placed under full surveillance, armed guards around the clock. There'd be no chance of you ever seeing Earth again."

"Seeing where again?" Yaggl asked.

"You know, Earth. The legendary home of mankind, all that sort of stuff. Don't tell me you've never heard of it."

The old man came over to me, placed a bag of coins on the table, and sat down. "We'd like to hire a ship," he said.

"So why are you talking to me?" I asked. It looked as though there was enough money in that bag to buy my ship, but it's not wise to let on about that sort of thing.

"You're Shan Olo. Word has it that you're the best around."

I smiled, it's always nice to find out that you have a good reputation.

"So where'd you hear that? One of the locals tip you off?"

"No, I read it on the card you stuck up in the post office window."

"Oh, that old thing. Well, it's true. I'm the best. So what do you want me to do for you?"

"We need transport, myself, the boy, and two robots. And no questions. I'll pay you half now, half when we get to our destination. Deal?"

I could see nothing wrong with this, and I needed the money to pay off an old debt to Rabbi the Gut, but I kept him talking.

"I don't run a taxi service, Mister. You'd better be thinking about big bucks. And I don't go into these things blind; I want to know everything." I always made sure that I knew everything about my clients, it made it easier to track them down if they jumped ship on me.

The old man agreed, and spread out the coins on the table. He mumbled to himself and counted on his fingers as he divided the money in two, then he took his half and left. It was with no small delight that I pocketed my own share, things were looking good at last. When we got to the spaceport I let Chewie off his leash and he had a good run around while I checked the ship out. The Millennium Falcon was the fastest ship ever produced, and mine wasn't too bad either. Of all the ships ever built, this was one of them.

En route to our destination, the farm boy played with Chewie. He threw a stick around the room shouting "fetch!" and they had a great time with this until Chewie got bored and lay down. The farm boy sulked because now there was no-one to throw the stick. Meanwhile, the old man told me their story. It transpired that one of their robots had intercepted a message from a beautiful and very wealthy Princess.

She'd been captured by a dark and evil empire who were keeping her prisoner on a huge space station they called the "Debt Star". It was said to be about the size of an average moon, with enough killing power to wipe out an entire solar system. They were going to rescue the Princess and, along with a handful of rebels, take on and defeat this empire. I felt very sorry for them, in the short time I had known them I'd become quite fond of them. The old man smelled a bit, but the boy was good company for the dog.

We eventually arrived at the Debt Star, and I was instantly sorry that I hadn't insisted they pay me all the money up front. That thing was big, I mean it was *huge!*

"Don't worry," the old man said. "We'll be quite safe. The force will protect us."

"Great!" I said, relieved that we apparently weren't in this mess alone. "What force exactly? Apollo's force of some kind? The force of the entire robot army? How many ships are we talking about?"

"I think you misunderstood me." The old man took out a small black book and began to read from it. "The force is the divine energy that all life forms have. It enables them to perform wonderful heroic acts under great duress. The force is channelled through the body, along the arms and into the laser sword. This is why we aren't allowed to use guns. Do not fear, Mister Olo. The force will be with you, always. You will be safe -" He paused. "Why are you turning the ship around?"

"I'm turning the ship around by virtue of my birthright. Which is to say that I wasn't born yesterday. I'll let you off here if you like, but there's no way I'm going to tackle anything that big."

They wisely decided to return with me, and the old man must have soon the error of his ways, because when we got back to the bar he sold the farm boy and the robots and took up residency in a brothel.

However, I still had a major debt to pay off, since the cost of the outward journey took up the half of the money he paid me. I decided to go back to the Debt Star, not to rescue the Princess, but to try and get a job. I know Rabbi the Gut wouldn't dare come after me if he knew I was working for an organisation that had machines as big as that in their armoury.



"I was on the way back there when the Gobblies picked me up," Shan concluded. "I have the transmission from the Princess here, if you'd like to see it."

He loaded the data cartridge into the player, and they watched as a hologram flickered into life. A static-filled image of a young girl appeared.

"That's her, the Princess," Shan said.

"She's beautiful!" Yaggl said.

"I don't think much of her hair-style," Tess said. "And her dress is so awful. Really, I don't see how she can be a Princess when she's clearly got no style."

The hologram of the Princess began to speak.

"I don't know who's going to be listening to this, but whoever you are I need your help! I am Princess Lea Oppenheimer of the planet Aldorsame. I have been captured by the empire and have been taken to their Debt Star. My family is very rich, so if you help rescue me you will be well rewarded. Also, I'm not married, so I'm sure my father the king will gladly give my hand to any man who's brave enough to rescue me. I can assure you that it will be worth your while. My interests include skiing, knitting, travelling, opening supermarkets, all-in boxing and indoor hang-gilding. The man I'm looking for will be tall, devastatingly good-looking and will have a very large bank account after he rescues me. My favourite colour is blue and I love children and small animals."

Yaggl rubbed his hands together and giggled to himself. "She's for me! Just think, all that money and rich tool I mean, and beautiful too."

Tess frowned disapprovingly at Yaggl. "You're welcome to her. She's just a tart, throwing herself at the first man who's half-witted enough to rescue her."

"You're just jealous!" Yaggl sneered.

Shan spoke up. "Don't be ridiculous, Yaggl! She wouldn't want you, you're just a pawn of the military. I, on the other hand, am incredible good-looking, while at the same time I have enough brains to rescue her. Anyway, it was my idea."

"We'll see who gets to her first!"

Tess began to feel a little left out, with these two men ignoring her own undeniable charms for some mere Princess, pretty and rich though she was. "I think that it's a hoax. She's probably got some terrible deformity in her family and the only way she can get a man is by pretending she needs to be rescued. Besides, she's not much more than a child. It's no wonder she gets on so well with children."

Pawrik the Gobble was fascinated by this type of human behaviour. He wrote everything down in his notebook, for possible future use in a book on human emotions. Ever the logical thinker, he decided that democracy was the only way to solve this current problem, and shouted for attention.

"Okay, everybody. It's obvious we have a problem here. We'll have to vote on it. Who's for rescuing Sergeant Wayne first?" Pawrik and Tess raised their hands.

"Who's for rescuing the Princess?" Yaggl and Shan raised theirs. "It's a draw. We'll have to toss a coin."

"I've a better idea," Yaggl said. "How about this? If you don't let us rescue the Princess first, we won't rescue Wayne at all. That sounds like a good idea to me."

"Sounds like kirk to me!" Tess said, but she knew she had no choice.

Shan fed the co-ordinates of the Debt Star into the computer, and the *Neophyte* blasted its way across the galaxy once more.

The ship dropped back into normal space about five kilometres from the Debt Star. At this range the Debt Star entirely filled the front windscreen of the ship, and they could clearly see the bristling array of deadly weapons protruding at all angles. There were sudden thoughts in everyone's mind to the effect of "let's get the hell out of here", but no-one wanted to show any fear in front of the others.

They'd been watching the Debt Star for about five minutes when they realised that they hadn't even been shot at yet, let alone destroyed. The Debt Star just sat there, as though it was waiting for them to make the first move.

It occurred to Yaggi that perhaps they should just go blasting in anyway, but another look at the guns cured him of that. The nearest gun was so big it looked as though the *Neophyte* could have easily fit inside the barrel, if they'd been stupid enough to try.

The humans were still stunned at the size of the Debt Star when Pawrik spoke up.

"Maybe they're friendly!"

"Are you kidding?" Yaggi said. "With guns like that? There's no way you can tell me that it's just for self defence! These guys are a bunch of mean, dangerous kurks, I can sense it."

"They're not doing much." Shan observed. "I say we should just find somewhere to dock and go right in."

"That'll never work! What will we do when they see us coming in and they question us?"

"We could lie."

Yaggi considered this. "Okay, I think it's worth a go. Tess, got the computer to find us a parking spot."

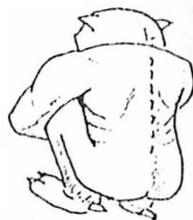
"No." Tess said. "I'm not parking the ship in that thing just so you can get killed trying to rescue another woman. Do it yourself." She stomped off towards the back of the ship to have a good sulk.

"What's the matter with her?" Yaggi said.

Shan grinned, and playfully punched Yaggi on the upper arm. "I think she's very fond of you, Yaggi old buddy! She's just jealous, but she won't be after the Princess falls for me and you go back to chasing Tess."

"Like hell I will!" Yaggi said.

"I heard that!" Came Tess's voice over the intercom. "Well, you can just go in there on your own, you won't get any help from me!"



The *Neophyte* found a docking bay and landed there. There was still no sign of life from the Debt Star, but they were too intent on rescuing the money, that is, on rescuing the girl, to notice.

Pawrik, Yaggi and Shan emerged from the ship cautiously, after a brief disagreement as to who should go first. Yaggi and Shan were the biggest, so they shoved Pawrik out in front. There was light and air, so someone was keeping the Debt Star still running, but there was nothing moving, apart from a few cleaning robots, the odd repair robot, bits and pieces of litter being chased by the cleaning robots, and a large storm-trooper carrying a very big and dangerous rifle, which was pointed at them.

"Halli!" The storm-trooper said. "Who goes there?"

"Hi!" Said Yaggi. "We are but poor travellers, who have been lost in the void. Tired and hungry, we have come to seek shelter for the night, and perhaps a bowl of gruel, if you can spare it."

"No you haven't! You've come to try and rescue the Princess, haven't you?" The storm-trooper raised his rifle to shoulder height, and prepared to shoot.

Yaggi dived forward, grabbed the barrel of the rifle and pulled the storm-trooper forward, then shoved his right shoulder into the trooper's armpit. Then, using the storm-trooper's own weight as leverage, he turned, bent forward and threw him over his back. The storm-trooper somersaulted through the air and hit the floor hard, square on his back. Yaggi dropped down next to him, twisting the trooper's arm, and smashed his elbow into the trooper's chin, rendering him instantly unconscious.

The strap holding the helmet broke and it rolled away, revealing the face of the storm-trooper.

"Hell, Yaggi! It's just an old man! What did you want to go and do that for?" Shan said.

"He was going to kill us! Besides, how was I to know he was an old man? It's not my fault they have a very high retirement age." He stood up, and took the rifle from the trooper's limp arms. "Let's just find the Princess and get out of here."

"I've found her! She's in cell 39E. On level 10." Pawrik said, reading from the computer console he'd tapped into.

"Great, let's go!" Said Yaggi. He and Shan began to pick up their weapons.

"Sector AB2, area 1195," Pawrik continued. "That's in region B7A, zone G6, in the prison block."

"That's not really much use. I didn't realise this place was that big. Can't you be a bit more helpful?"

"Well, it has a green door," Pawrik suggested.

"I'll tell you what, you lead, and we'll just trust you."

They set off, and it only took them four hours to find the right cell. It did indeed have a green door, and Pawrik smugly pointed this fact out.

"Well, it won't have for much longer!" Shan said, as he raised his gun and blasted the door to pieces.

They rushed in, and found the cell empty except for a small old woman, sitting on the bed knitting a pair of socks.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Yaggi said. "We must be in the wrong cell. We've come to rescue the Princess."

"At last!" Shouted the old woman. "I'll be with you in a few minutes, I'll just get my things. Fifty years in the same cell and you tend to accumulate a lot of bits and pieces."

To Be Continued...

In the next episode of *The Gobbies Plan*, our heroes find themselves resuming their mission to rescue the Sergeant, which entails trying to break into the prison planet by pretending to be prisoners.

Pawrik the Gobble seems friendly enough, but doubt grows in Yaggi's mind as to whether he can actually be trusted...

Dunesberry

THE WHITE HOUSE ...



UH, RONNIE ...



IT'S GEORGE, DAN.



For the issues of today read the

DAILY CRAP

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Published by the Daily Crap Press, 1000 Main Street, New York, N.Y. 10001

EXCLUSIVE: CATS GO ON RAMPAGE - SOME BINS DISTURBED

INQUIRY ETC

In the third week of the investigations, an Times each Mr. Colleen went on record with the following comments:

(Something in them) We will go to the bottom of these things and leave no doubt as to the whereabouts of our judicial system both in the country and of the courts and under which the guilty parties will be held. I say it now and I have thought it through, weighing it, and doing things that I've never done before. (Something in them) If it takes five years, it'll take thirty-six years, and half a billion pounds, we will find out what state the Department of P.P.P. policy can hit.

The inquiry will include the following items:

Chief examiner, You have heard an employee say that you failed to give me a copy of P.P.P. issue and that "Stephen King" "improved" and "got" "from Mr. P.P.P. Details". How do you respond to that?

Mr. Colleen: It's something about and very small.

Chief examiner: And how and one other employee who stated that when he came to you with a letter for Mr. P.P.P. from Barcelona, you had him you didn't know what to do with it?

Mr. Colleen: Well, I didn't expect a Spanish acquisition.

Chief: ...



Mr. Colleen's thinking

"It's packed solid!"

LETTERS

Dear PFJ,

Is it true that if your letter is printed in PFJ you get that issue free?

Frank Silgo, Silgo.

Editor's reply: Being the editors, we always get them free.

Dear PFJ,

No, no, I meant that if I was to submit to PFJ, would I get that issue free if it was printed?

Frank Silgo, Cork.

Editor's reply: Rest assured, Mr. Cork, whether your submission is included or not PFJ will most definitely be printed.

Dear PFJ,

Having now been responsible for at least 85 words on this page, am I due a free copy of PFJ?

Frank Dundee, Glochomolra.

Editor's reply: Under no circumstances would we give anybody a copy of PFJ. All the editors go out of their way to ensure that our readers get the real thing. Any accusations that we are avoiding the question by using the editorial power of having the last word are mostly understood by me mainly false for the majority of the fullness of time (maybe).

Dear Editors,

Don't you ever worry about being sued?
Satan's Favourite Love-child, Rev. Ian
Presley, Ballymun.

Dear PFJ,

I think one of your editors - Michael Carroll - looks remarkably like the Sledge from the fab American band Yule Two. Please could you print their photos (or two reasonably accurate drawings) side by side for further analysis.

PFJ Issue Two

Fred Housego, Dept of Clone
Investigations.

Dear Editor,

I notice in the ISFA newsletter that you use "computers" to aid you in the production of your magazine. I think this is totally unnecessary; when I was a student, we used tar and horse droppings from the street.

Yours sincerely, Eamonn "Jack's a
bastard" Dunphy.

Dir Editor

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Volume in drive C is INJOKE
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Dear MR PFJ,

Congratulations on being one of the select group of people we have chosen to take part in this unique offer. You are one of only SIXTY-SIX people in the RANELAGH area who have been given the opportunity to win over £250,000! All you have to do is fill out the attached card and post it to us, and we'll do the rest! Ask yourself, could you and the PFJ family use £250,000? You're in with a chance! Fill out the card now.

Yours sincerely, Bart Summers,
Reader's Digest Prize Draw Manager.

Dear Dudes,

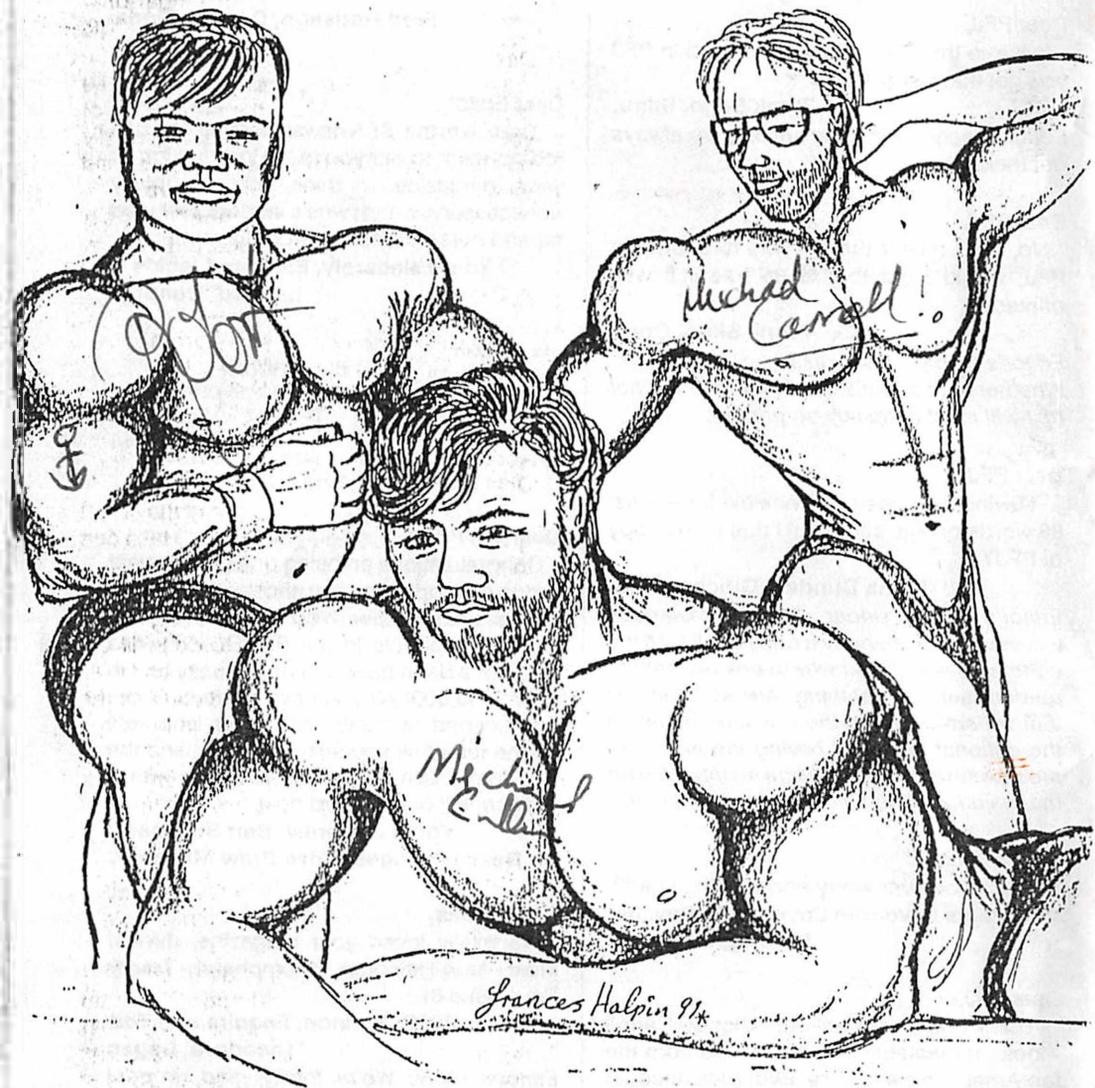
We totally loved your magazine, dudes! Most Non-Helious! Triumphant! Totally liked Issue 8!

Bill S. Preston, Esquire and Ted
"Theodore" Logan

Editors' reply: We're totally glad, dudes! Robert D. Elliott, Esquire and Mike "Michael" Carroll, and Michael "Medieval Babes" Cullen

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The Emmerdales



COMING SOON