

BA

WILL WAYNELAND

KINDA TOWN JUNK DUDE

THE LANDS OF THE COVER THE TMM NE

WAY! BAY
 BOB'S SIGN
 MAJOR MOUNTAIN TIME!

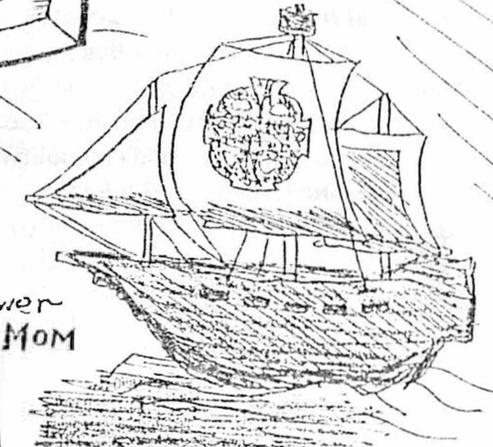
HERE BE HONEYS

HERE BE DRAG QUEENS

BOB'S ARROW
BOBSLAND
 BOB'S DESERT
 BOB'S TOWN

The STATUE OF SOME BIRD WITH BIG KNOCKERS HOLDING A BOOK

CHOM
 MT FROM
 THE ISLE OF THE BAY OF APLOMB
 The Tower of MOM
 THE ISLE OF THINGS THAT RHYME WITH "TOM"



HEY! YOU UP THERE! SEND FOR HELP!

9 1/2 p in old money
 1 mile
 2.35 Otab

Legend

- N12 National Routes
- Large Towns
- Groucho
- Youth Hostels
- Garden Stations
- Guess

BREST
 RIVER PO
 LAKE TITICKCA
 MT RUSHMORE
 THE ISLE OF THINGS THAT SOUND SLIGHTLY RUDE

The Lands of Madeupia

The Sea of Subliminal Advertising

HELLO MUM!

TERRA INCOGNITO



PFJ

C/o Michael Carroll,
44 Leeson Park,
Dublin 6, Ireland.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to another **helping** of PFJ! I'm pleased to announce that, this **being** our special literary issue, many wonderful features **held over** from the last issue will be included here. I know you may think that, being a **captive** audience, you have no say in what happens to your favourite magazine, but that's not true. **By** popular demand, **Michael Cullen and Robert Elliott** have included some of **their** most hilarious and entertaining works, a better **bunch** of humorous articles you'll never find.

If you're a regular reader, you'll know that we never have any **dirty** limericks or **sadistic** jokes in PFJ. **I am** sure that I've no need to **point out** the **great danger** involved in printing such things.

There's a lot of work that goes **into** PFJ, so we're pleased to announce that another has joined our **league**. Starting **with this** issue, **the** great Simon Webster officially becomes a staff writer. He has sent us a vast array of jokes and sketches from his abode (**villa**, in fact) in Dublin.

Much as we'd like PFJ to be a great success, we **all** agree that **there's** clearly no **greater reward** than the knowledge that our work makes people happy.

Contributors for this issue are... Michael Carroll, Michael Cullen, Robert D. Elliott, Pete Hamilton, Darren Walsh and Simon Webster.

OK, here's who wrote what.

Michael Carroll did the Editorial, drew and co-wrote the TMLB, wrote and quickly drew Quickly Drawn Man, Computer Page, he drew the Antarctic Map and the Carpenter cartoon, and he did most of the letters and the computer graphics.

Michael Cullen wrote the Map on the cover, Captain Ashurtwilldo, The national anthem (translated into Irish by Darren Walsh), What is English?, Time Saving Butter, Fair City, Advertising Aircraft, Who Gives a Toss?, Notice Board, Evening Dollop, Songs, Swag Bag and the Personality Test.

Robert D. Elliott wrote the Lotto, co-wrote the TMLB, wrote the Constitution, the Circulation Figures, co-wrote the Antarctic map, wrote Luke's CV, thunk of the Carpenter cartoon, wrote that wonderful poem, the AOH bit and a drabbie.

Pete Hamilton's only funny bit was the Conservation of Humour.

Simon Webster wrote the Biro thing, did Solarman, Waiting for Monet, Start Speaking French, On the Farm and the rest of the Letters.

These things are all copyright the people that did them, so don't reproduce them.

How to win on the **LOTTO**

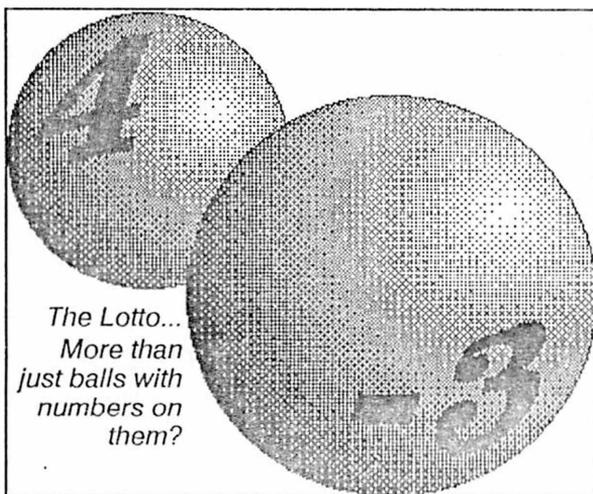
Robert D. Elliott is a computer wizard who has long studied the effects of balls in motion. Here he presents his guide to the ultimate money-maker... The National Lottery!

Remember, there are thirty-six balls in a barrel, of which six are pulled out one at a time. By following these simple rules, you can predict which six emerge.

1. Never pick three numbers in a row. Do you know what the chances of these coming out are?

2. It's wise to keep a record of which numbers are used in the previous weeks. If a number doesn't come out for thirty-five draws in a row, it's bound to come out on the next one.

3. Higher numbers have a better chance than lower ones. This is because the numbers that are stuck on the balls



*The Lotto...
More than
just balls with
numbers on
them?*

weigh more when the numbers are bigger. This gives them more momentum to roll to the exit hatch.

4. Never pick the number one. It's incredibly unlikely that the first number will come out.

5. Don't pick numbers that make pretty patterns on the playing slip. Everybody knows that the numbers are random, so they should look random on the slip.

6. Because of the fact that there are thirty-six numbers, you have a better chance of winning if your six numbers add up to 108. $((\text{number of balls} / \text{number picked}) \times (\text{number picked squared}) / 2)$

7. Don't try to pick the numbers by clairvoyance. Because nobody believes in this, you can be sure the numbers won't come up.

You're wasting your time combing the hairs on your bum.
Nobody likes a smart-arse.

Captain Ashurtwilldo's

World of Road Safety

By Captain Ashurtwilldo with Michael Cullen



Part One

Well hey there road safety fans! I bet you're asking yourself, hey myself, what do you think Captain Ashurtwilldo can teach us about driving? I mean, isn't he just a sex therapist?

WRONG! In fact, the Captain counts road safety among his most important concerns, along with animal welfare, the ozone layer, peanut butter, and, er, sorry, this is my shopping list.

But what about road safety? What indeed. There follows my run-down on some of the perils which befall the careful driver.

LETTER BOX

As usual my letter box up here in the frozen north is replete with missives from you folks. Here's an example:

Dear Captain,
Do I have to indicate every time I turn?
Worried Driver.

The Captain says:
To quote the National Road Safety Handbook "You must indicate every time you turn or change lanes, while checking for oncoming traffic."
Right. Maybe they want us all to wear t-shirts saying "I'm a scumbag" as well! Remember, every time you indicate you use precious battery juice, so do it only when you absolutely have to!

LETTERS
(Continued)

Dear Captain
Yesterday I was arrested by a guard for not wearing my seatbelt at a checkpoint, and now I have to pay a £100 fine. What would you do?

Dangerous Driver

The Captain says:
I've been in touch with the Garda Press Office and they assure me that all checkpoints are located so that drivers who aren't wearing a seatbelt can see them approximately a mile away. So really there's no excuse for being caught napping.

If you have any problems with the law, write to the Captain, care of PFJ.

1.
C
Y
C
L
I
S
T
S



In the recent election one of John Major's promises was to disenfranchise cyclists and confiscate their property. He had my vote! My advice is: ignore 'em, and never, ever yield, especially on roundabouts.

2.
T
R
U
C
K
S



These ignorant Welsh Yorkie-munchers have had it their own way too long. They play Big Tom tapes, eat black pudding and have stickers on their cabs that say "Keep on Truckin' ". Write "Wash me" on the duston their back doors whenever possible.

3.
D
R
I
N
K



It's supposed to be against the law now to have more than one pint, but I had eight last night and I felt great. In fact, I drive more smoothly when I'm pissed because I pretend I'm in a spaceship.

Continued on Page Ninety-Three

Drabble Without A Clause

"This was once the most beautiful planet in the universe," the captain said. "Its oceans, forests, mountains and deserts were legendary throughout the galaxy for their sheer beauty."

The navigation officer stared sadly at the image on the screen. "But what happened? It's just a ball of dust; lifeless, dead."

The captain nodded grimly. "The irony is that this most perfect of planets was cursed with the most barbaric race that ever lived. They burned up its resources and poisoned its ecosystem. Every living thing on the planet was destroyed."

"But what was this planet called?"

"It was called... Zargleloopnitz"

MICHAEL CARROLL & ROBERT ELLIOTT'S

TEENAGE MUTANT LAZY BASTARDS



In a shock move last week, An Post emptied the post boxes in the General Post Office. At the bottom of one of them was a draft constitution written by Pádraig Pearse and his merry men, believed to be in the box since 1916.

Constitution of Ireland

This Constitution copyright (c) 1916 Provisional Government of The Irish Free State.

Definitions

1. The Country of this constitution shall be known as The Republic of Ireland, or The Irish Free State, or Eire. It'll definitely be Eire to foreigners. That way, we can all laugh at them when they say "In Eire" instead of "In Eireann". Anyway, whatever we call it, it shall be hereinafter referred to as The Country.
2. The Country shall be headed by a democratically elected government, hereinafter referred to as The Government. As well as heading the country, The Government shall do its best to manage the affairs of state, and possibly even try to run things smoothly.
3. The boundaries of the country seem a bit iffy at the moment, so we'll leave that for now. Mind you, Collins and his lads'll probably do something rash before this goes public.
4. A person shall be defined as a Citizen of The Country if they fill any of the following conditions - (a) They were born within the borders of The Country (b) Their parents, well, one of them anyway, was born within the borders of The Country (c) They can play football

Aims

5. The aims of The Country shall be twofold - (a) To ensure that as many citizens of possible are able to emigrate to America as soon as they get a few pounds together. (b) To ensure that some of the ones who don't bother going to America get a decent job. Well, any job.
6. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that it is the inalienable right of every man (or woman) to live long and prosper in the pursuit of life, love and happiness. Not too much happiness, now; that would be a sin.
7. The National Anthem of The Country shall be in Irish. It's the only way to intimidate foreigners at international sporting events. Peadar came up with a good one; a decent military feel to it, all about soldiers with dysentery or something.
8. The Economy of The Country shall be a Free Market economy, more or less. I mean, we'll have to have social security of some sort, but we won't bother with any price control or anything.
9. The Articles of Law have yet to be laid down, but generally speaking, if it's a sin, it's illegal.
10. All Irishmen and Irishwomen trapped inside head post offices shall be allowed go about their business, without any hassle at all at all from military types.

Amhran na bliſan (The Supporter's Song)

Words by
MICHAEL CULLEN (1965 -)

Music by
PATRICK HEENEY (1881-1911)

Tempo di dum di dum

Sin - ne móidíní peile is níl aon brí leis na focail sin dúinn;
Foot-ball fans are we to whom this doesn't mean a lot;

Ná cuir an míleán orm Tháip orm sa Ghaeilge sa Griúpa, Thán - ga - mar
It's not my fault I failed Ir - ish in the Group, We've come pre-

uillinn, cun freag - air leis cad a thóg na nainhúe, le cha Mars bars
-pared, to meet what - e'er the foe has brought, With two Mars Bars

Around the World in 80 Days With Robert Maxwell
Day 1: Ooops! Accidentally fell over the side of my yacht. Ker-splash! Bubble, bubble.

p

agus sctn Cup - A - Súp - a. Tá mé mothallach de bharr an canádh, ar aghaidh
and a chicken Cup - A - Soup. I'm slugged from singing, let's get

cresc. *f*

linn dul ar an bhus, Is soith í ait chun súl a fháil, Fán an -
on the bus, It's a bitch - to find some - where to sit, You

cresc. *ff*

seo más mian leat ach ma - idir linn Beim - id
stay if you like - but as for us We'll be

rit.

imí - the roimh an plosa seo.
go - ne be - fore this bit.

The Hitler Dairies
What more could several million jewish bodies ask for?

**PFJ - THE MAGAZINE that
brings you the best buys
that money can buy**

What is English?

**"English" is the International Language invented in 1908
by Professor Ulbrecht Von Schiondorff. It now has 160
million speakers worldwide.**

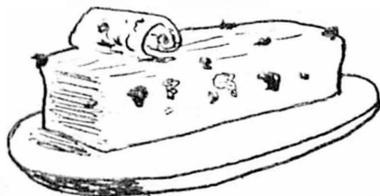
**If you would like more information on English, including
how to become one of the growing number of speakers
of this exciting language, contact:**

**The English Institute
London SW1 NOT**

New!

From the people that brought you "Instant Sandwich"

Time-Saving Butter



**This delicious new spreadable butter comes ready-sprinkled with bits of
toast and smears of jam**

Just like mother used to leave it!

Fair City

An adult drama coming soon
to Telefis Eireann

SCENE ONE

(The shop)

GRANNY FINEGAN

Hello there Paddy.

PADDY

Hello Mrs Finegan. How's it
going.

GRANNY FINEGAN

Ah not too bad.

PADDY

That's good.

GRANNY FINEGAN

And yourself?

PADDY

Can't complain.

GRANNY FINEGAN

Good. (PAUSE)

I'm glad to hear it.

SCENE TWO

(The Doyle house)

YVONNE

Mammy can I watch television?

MRS DOYLE

Have you all your homework
done?

YVONNE

Yes.

MRS DOYLE

Okay then, you can.

YVONNE

Thanks mammy.

MRS DOYLE

Don't mention it love.

SCENE THREE

(The Street)

CHARLIE

Do you see that dog?

PADDY

What dog?

CHARLIE

That dog over there.

PADDY

I can't see any dog.

CHARLIE

The one over there beside the
shop.

PADDY

Oh that dog? Yes, I see him.

CHARLIE

Well, come here and I tell you something now.

PADDY

What?

CHARLIE

I have a dog like that.

SCENE FOUR

(The Doyle house)

MR DOYLE

Can I have an oul' cup of tea there?

MRS DOYLE

Of course you can love. How about a biscuit?

MR DOYLE

Did you get biscuits?

MRS DOYLE

Sure and I did. I was in the shop, and Mrs Finegan was there and we were chatting away and the next thing, I says to her, I says, you know what? I only came in here for a bottle of Domestos, but don't be at all surprised now if I walk out with a packet of

chocolate digestives as well. She nearly died.

MR DOYLE

Ah well I never heard the like.

(YVONNE ENTERS)

YVONNE

Mammy I'm pregnant.

MR DOYLE

Sit down then and have a biscuit.

YVONNE

You got biscuits?

MR DOYLE

We certainly did. And that's not all. We also got a bottle of Domestos.

YVONNE

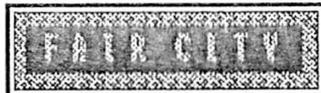
Wait'll I tell me pals.

THE END

Written by

Regina Teapot, Anne Marie McPull, Bjorn Producersdottir, Eamon O'Carrabhain, Melissa Prorata, Yul Besorry, Arthur Sneeze and Bella McBella.

Additional dialogue by Pauline Praline and Michael Cullen.



THE BALL-POINT PEN
How It Works And Why

TOP

Though, due to clever design, this can be placed on the other end, the TOP is still called a TOP; thus confusing small children worldwide. This can be seen with the common childlike errors: "My TOP is sore, Mummy" and "When can I go into that man's Big BOTTOM?" when a circus comes to town.

TEETH-MARKS

The unhygienic but inevitable fate of all biro Tops. It was once claimed that the Turin Bic Biro Top was discovered having Jesus' very own teeth-marks, but was dismissed as being rather silly, and, quite frankly, a waste of taxpayers' time and money. Everyone knows our Lord only wrote with pens made by Cross.

STICKY-OUT
LONG BIT OF TOP

The purpose of this has been lost over the years. It is suspected that it was for cleaning food from one's teeth before biting nails was discovered. Alternatively, it could've been for cleaning the dirt from under one's nails, before biting nails was discovered.

INK
Coloured glick.

DRILLED HOLE

There are 2 schools of thought on the purpose of this hole (found on the side or the end of every biro). The University school of thought suggests it is to stop the formation of a vacuum. The National school of thought suggests it's meant: "to spoil our fun when we want to use bios as peashooters." The latter is less likely since the determined peashooter will (and does) put a finger over hole while blowing. Both schools, however, are wrong.

LITTLE PLASTIC
TUBE WHAT HOLDS
THE INK IN
This is a little plastic tube whose primary function is to hold the ink in.

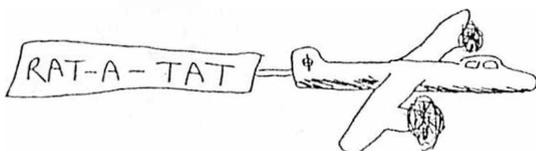
BALL-POINT
What makes all the ink come out. When dried, patrons, are encouraged to lick their ball until lubricated and loose.

NERVE CENTRE OF BIRO
CODE 33-0/4 FARTH DIVISION

This is where the Mimetites from the planet Sheepshank earn their living. Once they have flown their hyperspace croom buggies through the "Drilled Hole", entered the "Little Plastic Tube What Holds The Ink In", and distastefully swim through the "Ink", they finally arrive here, where 15 thousand Mimetites perform the difficult task of transporting the "Ink" (or "Coloured glick" [or "the week's excrement of a Sheepshank village"]) onto the "Ball-point". The rewards for the average Mimetite are high: 1. Money (7 gits an hour); 2. Sex-life (it's quite a cramped environment for 15,000 Mimetites); 3. Job Satisfaction (sometimes they dry the ball-point - just to see people lick it and get a mouthful of "Ink". They love that.)

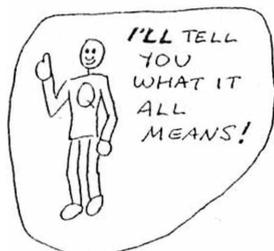
EXTRACT FROM
THE ALCOHOLICS
ANONYMOUS
THESAURUS

Festive: Back slapping,
carnival, celebratory cheer,
Christmassy, convivial,
festat, gala, gleeful, happy,
hearty, holiday, jolly, jovial,
joyful, joyous, jubilant,
light-hearted, merry, pissed
as a fari, rat-arsed.



ADVERTISING AIRCRAFT OF
THE SECOND WORLD WAR

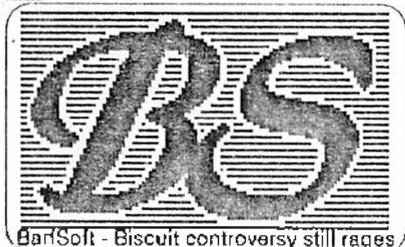
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF QUICKLY-DRAWN MAN



which," O'Neill laughs, "is certainly not the place to put a twenty-five way 'D' connector!"

Blakely Quits BarfSoft

In a shock move last month, Keith Blakely resigned from his senior-teaboy position at BarfSoft. His reasons remain undisclosed, though an inside source has hinted that Blakely had been requested to make one trip too many to the shops. "Blakely was dissatisfied with the approach of the middle management," our source said. "He felt that the order for plain chocolate HobNobs compromised the company's long-standing decision to purchase only milk chocolate biscuits." Always a man of honour, it appears that Blakely was unwilling to taint his otherwise perfect record.



Further supporting this theory, it is now believed that several senior members of staff have requested that their mothers provide them with a packed lunch.

New Word Pervert Release

Version 72.1 of Word Pervert was finally unveiled to the public last week. Our word processor expert Colin Onyerwayhome reports:

Word Pervert 72.1 is a great improvement over the now-famous version 72.05 - Gone is the one-hundred and twenty-six option search menu, replaced with a simple screen which displays "Error 1-91, at 7b13:005C". The manual informs us that this message should be interpreted as "Find it yourself". A bit crude, I'll admit, but it works.



Our "computer cutie" of the month is daisy Debbie Dawson... Now this girl can link my .ORJs any time! Debbie's twenty-two, and just loves PCs, especially PC Brown who lives down the street! (Actually, Debbie's thick as shit and knows sod all about computers, but she's a nice bit of stuff and the editor's promised her a photo in a national magazine in exchange for a good time.)

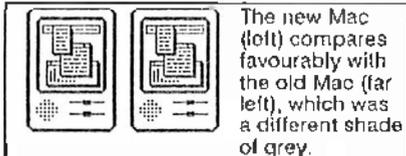
Word Pervert 72.1 comes with the most impressive documentation I've seen this week: Fifteen user guides, four "Getting Started" videos, three hundred and forty seven advanced user guides and a single sheet "Quick Card", summarising the rest of the manuals. My one complaint is that the Quick Card kept getting lost! Perhaps for the next release (version 72.105, due next week) it could be hardbound and weighted down with lead. The other accessories are fun but not much use, most notably the official Word Pervert spiral staircase, which may be obtained by sending three tokens (one with each purchase) and 20p for postage.

Apple Announce New Macs

Apple has announced a new range of Mackerel computers for release in the second quarter. At a press conference last week Apple's European director Cath O'Draytube demonstrated the new machines.

Many of those present were of the opinion that Ms O'Draytube had not been hired by Apple for her technical abilities, but rather for the size of her bust. When she bent over to switch on one of the Macs there was a very audible moan from the assemblage of journalists, accompanied by cries of "Get them off!" and "You can turn me on any time!"

Ms O'Draytube, a Harvard graduate, waited until the crowd had quietened then talked briefly about the role of women in today's computer society. One of the crowd began to make lewd references to "twin floppies and a mouse port". Another told him to shut up and Ms O'Draytube thanked him for his support, at which point the first speaker climbed onto the stage and ripped off his trousers shouting "How's this for a desk accessory?" Ms O'Draytube then tore off his shirt and poured Tipp-Ex all over his chest and rubbed it in with an old Action Man.



The new Mac (left) compares favourably with the old Mac (far left), which was a different shade of grey.

By now we were all getting a little weary of the same old Apple presentation, so we were glad when we finally got to see the Macs.

All those present were impressed with the new range of Mackerels, namely the grey one, the light-grey one, the off-white one, the white one and the other white one. The other light-grey one was holding the door open and couldn't be demonstrated to the press.

IBM Resent Intrusion

Sand in the vaseline was nothing compared to

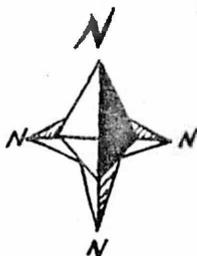
Circulation Figures

Number of Copies Printed	1,000,000
Number we lied about	999,000
Number burnt by Families Of America Department because the word 'sex' appeared in issue 1	700
Number of copies with spelling mistakes in one of the stories	200
Copies sent to subscribers	3
Copies sent to contributors	1
Number of copies sold	95
Number returned because the stories were crap	92
Number re-sold to unsuspecting suckers	58
Freebies to scrounging reviewers	1
Number of copies without free gift	1 (we sold it anyway)
So I guess that means we're stuck with	33

These figures were certified by the Audi Bureau of Circulation.

"Give me a banana" - Church of Ireland Primate.

ORDNANCE SURVEY MAP OF ANTARCTICA



LEGEND:

□ SNOW



A Poem

A walk down Moore Street illustrates
The latest menace on the loose
Each sign and shingle radiates
Flagrant apostrophe abuse!

In every home, urban and rural
You'll find the same philosophy
That if you come across a plural
Award it an apostrophe!

But if you go back to the start
And if you can tell an "is" from a
"His" then you should know by heart
How to use an inverted comma.

"Bob's gay" is short for "Bob is gay"
But "Hob's pay" stands for that man's wages
Or literally "Hob his pay"
Which goes back to the Middle Ages.

After Henson
Ernie Picks Up The Pieces

J. Edgar Hoover sucks.



THE RUBIK'S
CUBE
WAS FIRST USED
BY THE LAPLAND
PEOPLE OF FINLAND
TO HUNT BEARS!

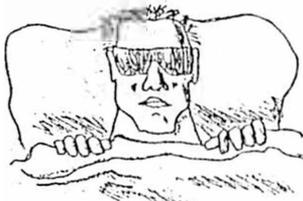
SIRHAN SIRHAN, WHO ASSASSINATED
ROBERT KENNEDY, SAID HE DID IT TO
GET THE ATTENTION OF HIS IDOL

SNOOPY!



WHO GIVES
A TOSS?

OVER 25%
OF THE FUEL
USED IN THE
SATURN V
"MOON ROCKET"
WAS
FAIRY
LIQUID!



BY
MICHAEL CULLEN

#57

IN THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF FRANZ KAFKA'S
METAMORPHOSIS, A MAN WOKE UP TO FIND HE'D TURNED INTO
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER!

Curriculum Vitae

- Name : Luke Maurice Skywalker
- Address : Flat 7,
Rebel base,
Third moon of Burne Houle,
Cantbeethe System.
- Phone : 555-JEDI
- Age : I possess the wisdom of generations of Jedi
- Health : Bionic right hand, otherwise perfect.
- Typing Speed : 15 wpm (left hand), 2768 wpm (right hand)
- Special Interests: Reading, Music, Destroying battle stations,
Poetry, Waging war on the Imperium.
- Talents : As I mentioned above, I am a Jedi knight, and am thus qualified to become one with the universe in order to detect fluctuations in the Force. I have found in the past that this gives me a unique ability in the field of sales.
- As well as using the Force, I have been trained in unarmed combat, and am capable of killing most sentient forms of life known with my bare hands. I am also a trained pilot of a Wampam X-14 Crop Duster. I have destroyed one of the Empire's Death Stars, and can confidently say that the second would not have been destroyed without my help.
- My power is evident even to my enemies, most of whom are not still alive. My Arch-Nemesis, Darth Vader, said that "The Force is strong in this one".
- Exerience : In the past, I have held several jobs, the details of which are listed overleaf.

Employer : Owen Lars

Position : Crop duster

Duties : As well as dusting crops, I maintained a number of different types of droids to help with crop maintenance

Reason for Leaving : Family killed by Imperial Storm Troopers, crop duster destroyed

Employer : Rebel Alliance

Position : Wing Leader, Red Squadron.

Duties : Destroying Death Star, defeating evil wherever it was found

Reason for leaving : Family conflict

Employer : Jedi Knights

Position : Recruiting Officer

Duties : As a student of Yoda, I visited a number of primary schools, explaining the benefits of using the Force

Reason for leaving : Studies Completed

Employer : McDonald's

Position : Crew Member

Duties : Using the Force to convince people that Big Macs tasted good

Reason for leaving : There are some things that not even the Force can do

References :

Anakin Skywalker (deceased),
Dark Lord of the Sith,
Room 4A,
The Death Star

Obi Wan Kenobi (aka Ben Kenobi and Arthur Kenobi) (deceased),
Hermit,
A Cave,
Tatooine

Yoda (aka Fozzie) (deceased),
Jedi Master,
The Swamp,
Dagobah

Leia Solo (nee Organa, nee nee Skywalker),
Ex-Princess and Rebel Leader,
Address classified

NO, NO... NOT LIKE THAT,
SON. I SHOULD KNOW, I
USED TO BE A CARPENTER.



The Racket

His words stopped me in my tracksuit.

"What do you mean, give you the money or else?" I said.

"Take it any way you want," he whispered, his breath like fire lighters.

"Maybe you'll have a little accident, eh?"

"This is intimidation."

"Easy, fella. You can't prove anything."

"What happens if I don't pay up?"

"Then you face the consequences."

I shook my head, and he glared, his lip quivering like a Leif Erickson poster, and said "May you see the error of your waist coat."

Then he took the collection plate and passed it to the person in the next pew.

THE FLASH ADVENTURES OF SOLAR MAN Sponsored by Dental Awareness



Waiting for Monet

by Samuel Beckett

A tragitragedy in two acts where no-one has to.

VLADIMIR: Well, Gloria, here we are again.

ESTRAGON: Too true.
(Silence.)

VLADIMIR: Where is he, then?

ESTRAGON: Who?

VLADIMIR: Monet.

ESTRAGON: Ah! At home, perhaps.

VLADIMIR: Painting something?

ESTRAGON: Sorry?

VLADIMIR: A picture.

ESTRAGON: Ah. Probably painting a portrait.

VLADIMIR: A landscape.

ESTRAGON: A portrait.

(Silence.)

(VLADIMIR looks at his watch and taps his foot.)

(More silence.)

VLADIMIR: Hang on... Isn't Monet dead?

(Silence.)

ESTRAGON: Shit.

VLADIMIR: You been paid for doing this yet?

ESTRAGON: Not yet.

(Silence.)

VLADIMIR: So what are we doing now?

ESTRAGON: Waiting for money.

(His task here completed, the writer Quantum Leaps.)

Noticeboard

A Quiz in aid of the Hammy Hamster Fund, which sends money to needy fishmongers in the Norwegian Stockbroker Belt, will be held in Busword's Hotel on 29th May at 8.30. Prizes include romantic champagne dinner for one in Paris. Table of 4 - £10.

Na Fuanachai Teorangaha Milicentmartin host a "Stand by the Bar Trying to Look Available" evening in the National Dance Emporium on Harcourt St at 9pm on Friday, 15th May. Prizes for the biggest lapel.

The Friends of the Order of Maltana meet every other Wednesday in the Queen's Trousers to discuss fried food, Jane Fonda, and the spelling of the word "trough". Anyone interested in coming along please bring some cups and a packet of biscuits.

Would anyone who witnessed an armed robbery in The Square, Tallaght last Monday, 4th May at approx. 5.15pm please leave their name and address with Scarnose Aherne, Box R12, Dublin 1.

The Central Library, ILAC Centre will host a series of talks throughout May on "The Humane Slaughtering of Animals". The first talk, on Tuesday 2nd at 1pm, will deal with pangs of conscience, explaining bloodstains to your children, and how to get the best photographic angles. On Thursday 11th at 5pm Dr Miriam French-Stutter will answer questions on garroting and tablemanners. Then on Monday 25th there will be a round table discussion followed by a practical demonstration using Daisy of Sunnybrook Farm.

Evening Dollop

Tuesday, April 12, 1992 Vol 99 No. 67 Price 50p



FEELING GROOVY!



Lose up to 12 pounds in 5 minutes with the "Harry Belafonte" diet.

See page 14

Princess visits hospital for patronised "POOR PEOPLE'S KIDS ARE HUMAN TOO!"

I had one, says Sinead



FOLLOWING the shock supreme court decision to allow Aborigines in certain circumstances, Sinead O'Connor has admitted she got one from a man in Woggawogga.

THE PRINCESS of Whales today visited patients at the Mater hospital for publicity-seeking celebs, leaving many in a state of extreme shoe-gazing

Staff who witnessed the event said that it "rivalled the syrupy bits even of Gandhi."

Asked to comment on the death of poor old Padraig Pearse, the "Princess" told reporters "Eh, you have a lovely country and these children are adorable. I used to look after poor people's kids you know."

By Max Expenses

those children, your "highness"? And what about Brian Boru? (contin. p 3)

INSIDE

CHEEKY BITCH

How do you like that? The nerve of that woman, and her part and parcel of the family that caused the famine? What about

Phew, what a scorecard!
(sports section)

Phew, what a scratchcard!
(competition)

Phew, what a Scotch head!
(Queen Mary)

Kenpo Star Anne-Marie Gets A Kick Out of Beating the Boys!

Tot takes a bit of a belting!

by ALBERT SIDLONYER

TODDLER TOMBOY
Anne-Marie McDaid isn't afraid of schoolyard bullies - she can rip them to shreds with just a flick of her tiny wrist!

The strong-hearted 6-year-old has just gained a lavender belt in Chaka Khan, the most deadly of all forms of karate. Her instructor, Joe Flynn,



reckons plucky Anne-Marie, from Cabra, is particularly newsworthy not only because she's so young, but also because she's a girl. "And don't forget to spell my name right or I'll do you," said Flynn. "And for God sake if you're going to go on this long break it up into two pars."

TV sizzler sets screens ablaze!!

A STEAMY new show featuring raunchy striptease, and involving animals, small children and items of furniture

would be an extremely worrying thing altogether and we would be sure to tell you all about it in vivid detail.

Sub-eds rebell over job losses

Sub-Editors at the Evening Dollip are up in arms over the wacking of 3 of their colleagues over "consistently bad grammar and punctuation". Unless the 3 are reinstated, union leaders say their will be "a wave of cliché-free headlines that will make the Titanic look like a storm in a teacup."

Threat of nuclear war grows

BUT you don't want to read about all that, now, do you? Here's a picture of a girlie to calm you down.



FUN: At some horse show yesterday was someone from Kilbarrack

START SPEAKING FRENCH... IT'S NEARLY 1992!

(Sponsored by the European Humour Mountain)

by Simon Webster

Bonjour et welcome, mes amies! Voici l'E.C. 1992 et tout that jazz part de PFJ. L'editors disent that j'ai performer une plaisanterie - Hol Hol Voila...

CLAUDETTE: Ou do I put de dutch cap?

JEAN-PAUL: Sur your tete - c'est 1992!

CLAUDETTE: Bof!

Ca va!

Mais seriously, voici une glossaire commisioned by 'La Tourisme Francals' pour tout you vacanciers!

The Handyperson's Handy Handbook to the French Language

Apres Nous: let us pray

Aller: narrow lane, often with garages and litter, where old Mr Willis offers you a ride in his car. With the engine off.

Au Fait: often said near orgasm, esp. when being intimate with Fay Weldon

Au naturel: in the nuddy

C'est la vie: said by odd people who get thrills when anybody mentions other words for bathrooms

Bog: another word for a bathroom

Bolangloë: is German, and thus trivla here

Coup: revolution in the chicken house

Entre: come in

Entre nous: come in this second

Double entendre: come in, both of you

Et: a real crappy movie

Faire: average; fine weather

Finir: thin sheet of wood that covers chipboard

Franc: a male name (often game for anything)

Mardi Gras: Pancake Day

Parlez: a Parlour

Parlez Vous: the scenery from said parlour

Raison d'être: detrimental raisin

Heure: a lady of the night

Une Heure: one lady of the night

Une Heure et Quart: one lady of the night and 2 pints

Une Heure et Demie: one lady of the night and Mr Roussos

Neuf: German for no

Un: repetitively, the sound made when you've got a heure in your parlez (and a few francs)

Bof! see franc

Putain: o'clock

Neuf Said

The Conservation of Humour

by Pete Hamilton

As we move towards the millennium, green issues are coming more and more to the fore. Yet, there is one area that has, so far, escaped the attention of conservationists: humour. But not for long.

Ask yourself these simple questions:

How many jokes have I heard this week?

How many new comedy shows have I watched on TV or listened to on the radio?

Behind these jokes and trivial entertainments, an army of writers is working away, using ink and paper and other precious natural resources - all squandered forever to provide a few moments of heedless mirth.

For the sake of humanity, for the life of this fragile planet, this must stop.

However, we need not live in a world without humour. With a little imagination and care, old jokes may be recycled. Better yet, these 'old jokes' can be made more acceptable by removing sexist sentiments, racial content and politically incorrect elements, and even improved, by adding subtle, pro-environmental themes.

Here are two examples:

1)

My dog has no nose.

Really? How does he smell?

Who can tell, with the hydrocarbons, noxious fumes and other airborne pollutants poisoning our air.

2)

Two persons, of non-specific Celtic origins, find their potential for labour underutilised while in Canada.

They see a sign with the message - "Tree Fellers Wanted."

One person says to the other, "It is just as well that we are only two, else we would apply for that job and, obtaining work in the interests of mere financial gain, damage the environment."

Side-splitting aren't they?

As you can see, it is amazing how old jokes can be transformed with just a little thought and the correct standards of personal responsibility.

Try it yourself and help save the planet.

Songwords (continued from page 45)

What time is dinner?

written by THE KLF

Yo mamma can I have some
sweeties?

What time is dinner? I'm hungry.

Yo!

This bit may not be very old but it is
justified

What time is dinner? I'm hungry.

Yo!

chorus

Yo!

Yo mamma can I have some corn
flakes?

Or maybe cheese on toast?

Smells like Wayne Newton

written by NIRVANA

I feel a lobster in my shoe

I can't deliver milk today

And yet Ed Sullivan is dead

Oh no oh no it's twecety bird!

Hello hello hello hello

Hello hello hello hello

repeat

Herbie Hancock, and his
neighbours,

Here we are now, double glazers,

Hi I'm Rupert, Daniel Day Lewis

Here we are now, ask the waiters!

Yeah!

U Can Come 2

written by Prince

Oh sugar

I want 2 put my Dick Van Dyke in

2 your chimney,

And squeeze the juices from your

umbrella,

Why don't we sit on each other's

porch?

I'll show u how 2 play "Scrabble"

and how 2 make chocolate

brownies.

We can play all night long

I'll validate your ticket,

and u can check my herd for

bovine TB.

U know what I'm saying?



It's a novel, it's a
nightmare, it's a
portrait of a
century.

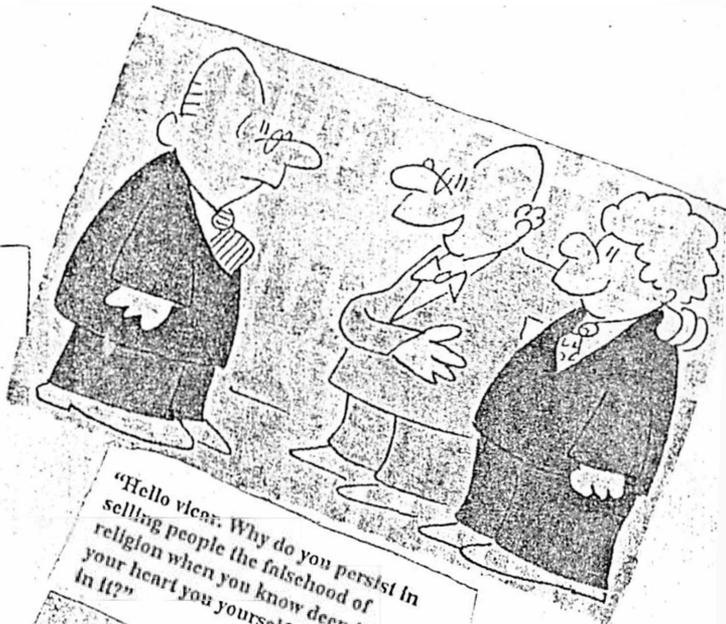
"Yes, for just £2.50 you
can own the
Official PFJ
War and
Peace."
Code W3.



SWAG BAG



First man: Why wife doesn't understand me.
Second man: That's not funny.



"Hello vicar. Why do you persist in selling people the falsehood of religion when you know deep in your heart you yourself don't believe in it?"



Badly drawn little boy: I hate it when my mum gives me a bath.
Badly drawn little girl: This glue will make you feel better.



What's the definition of a close shave?
n. Action of razor on man's beard so as to remove hair.

"And then the traffic warden said to me 'That's not the half of it, missus. When I got back to the bus stop I was arrested for impersonating Rene Magritte in a public swimming bath.' No, I don't get it either, but it's a living."



Anxious man: Haven't I seen you somewhere before?
 Attractive woman: Yes. Titbits. 1972.

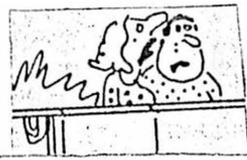


"Dance with you? F--- off."

Comment overheard on a bus:
 Shut up, Mary, I think that weird
 guy with the sweat-stained
 overcoat and the notebook is
 listening in on our conversation!



"What's the matter Jack?"
 "I've got the strangest feeling that
 my copyright has been violated."



First man: You should have seen the
 one that got away.
 Second man: Why?

There once was
a
writer
named Eric
Who
once
wrote
a science
fiction epic

It was
fourteen books

I

o

n

g

With a HERO! called John

Is it Good?

I'm

really

quite

sceptic.

Something Sacred

The first day of school, Robbie Glynn made it clear to you who ruled the yard. He stole your Warlord wallet and, when you cried, kicked your shin.

Now, after 12 years of relentless intimidation and ridicule, he's still in your school, and stands before you, demanding to know who you've asked to the debs so he can tease you about it.

"Mind your business," you say.

"It's that Sandra, innit?" he says. "What a wagon."

Your anger rises, and without thinking you throw him 50 feet into the air. He lands in a broken, bloody heap.

Even superheroes have their limits.

Ancient Order of Hibernia

Membership Application Form

1. Name :

2. Address :

3.
4.
5.

6. Date of Birth :

7. Religion : Catholic / Other*

8. Parish :

8a. Parish Priest :

9. Would you be interested In helping to organise the New York St Patrick's Day parade?

Yes / Not if it's going to have you know whos marching*

10. Do you now, or have you ever, feit sexually attracted to somebody of your own gender? Yes / No*

If you answered YES to question 10. above : -Rip up this application form -Go to mass immediately and repent your heinous sins or you'll burn in hell.

If you answered NO to question 10 above : -We're proud of you

11. Did you ever murder anybody of your own gender? Yes / No*

If you answered YES to question 11 above : -Go to confession and say two Hail Marys -They probably deserved it anyway. -Will you be in our parade?

If you answered NO to question 11 above : -You probably don't know any of the English bastards.

12. Which of the following statements most accurately reflects your views?

- a) They never had homosexuals when I was a boy
- b) They should be tolerated on Earth, because they're going to burn in Hell
- c) Shoot them now before they affect us God-fearing folk.

13. Which of the following people do you most look up to?

- a) Tomas de Torquemada
- b) Oliver Cromwell
- c) Idi Amin

I hereby state that the the information given by me above is correct to the best of my knowledge, and God bless you for giving me the opportunity to apply for membership.

Signed :

Date :

Delete as applicable/inapplicable.

You Ain't Nuthin' but a Ground Control

The Martian landscape met the shuttle like a dream reaching its conclusion. Four billion people on Earth watched as the astronauts disembarked.

"Once we took a small step, now we learn to run," said Lt. Robin Dzundza, putting her imprint on the red soil.

Beyond a hill one of the other astronauts found a hut, and entered to the sound of singing.

"Well it's a one for the money -"

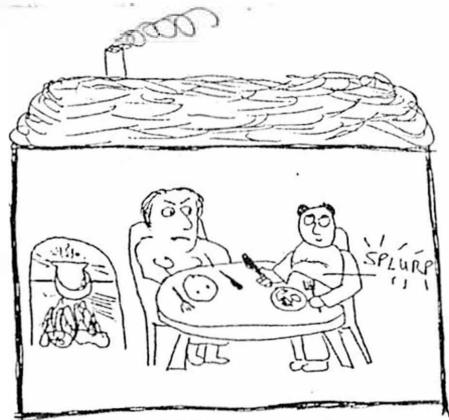
"It can't be," he spluttered.

"Howdy," said the voice.

The astronaut saw a medallion, a bare chest, thick sideburns.

"Elvis?" he whispered, peering close.

But no, it was just Frank Chisum.



THE ORIGINS OF IRISH FOLKLORE

N° 12 : THE GANSHEE

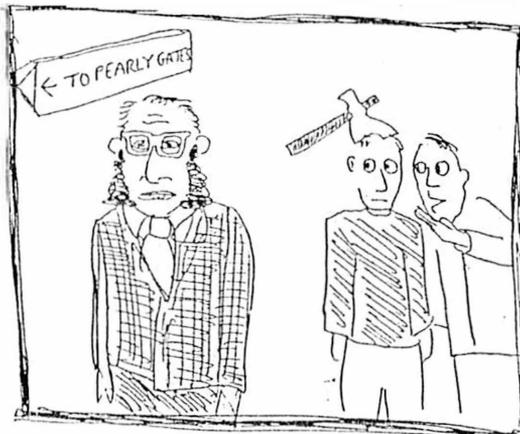
PFJ Guide to Cleaning CDs.
Don't bother. They can take it.

Sailing Unerringly Between the Scylla of Social Comment and the Charybdis of Rude Punchlines

"Amongst the Earhlings, our studies have shown that the Irish have a political sense that is much greater than those of their fellows. Therefore I conclude that the best way of finding the name of the leader of Earth's United Nations is to beam to Dublin and ask one of their denizens."

With this, Slortin'ka of the Baarard Federation stepped onto the transporter and disappeared, anticipating this first contact with another race. Several seconds later, he rematerialised, his eye shining in obvious triumph.

"Fellow Baarardians, I have spoken with an Earhling. The human we are looking for is named Fuktifyno".



"WHAT A WAY TO GO - BITTEN
SIMULTANEOUSLY BY TWO
GERBILS"

The Racket

His words stopped me in my tracksuit.

"What do you mean, give you the money or else?" I said.

"Take it any way you want," he whispered, his breath like fire lighters. "Maybe you'll have a little accident, eh?"

"This is intimidation."

"Easy, fella. You can't prove anything."

"What happens if I don't pay up?"

"Then you face the consequences."

I shook my head, and he glared, his lip quivering like a Leif Erickson poster, and said "May you see the error of your waist coat."

Then he took the collection plate and passed it to the person in the next paw.

ON THE FARM

by Will Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae:

Squire A (Volumnius)

Squire B (Portia)

ACT I

[Scene 1. 19th century France. VOLUMNIUS, a simple barrow boy, is sitting in his tractor, observing the approach of PORTIA, the village bike.]

[Enter PORTIA with feathers all over her face.]

Volumnius: About what, art that which you are so down?

Portia: My face.

Volumnius: I see, though I cannot your face for all those featherns.

Portia: Down.

Volumnius (lowers voice): I see, though I cannot your face for all those feathers.

[Portia snears and Exeunts]

ON THE FARM NOTES

by Prof Simon Webster

VOLUMNIUS's first verbal ejaculation can be taken in two ways:

i) "Why are you so sad?"

ii) "What are all those feathers wrapped around?"

PORTIA's reply can also be taken in two ways depending on which translation she recognised above:

a) "I am sad about my face."

b) "The feathers are around my face."

VOLUMNIUS's forthcoming reply can again be taken twicely:

i) if his original question was the first suggestion, then we might assume that his most recent comment runs along the lines of: "I'm afraid I cannot add my opinion of your face, since I cannot see it because of all the feathers."

ii) if, however, the first question was the second suggestion, then the statement could be: "I understand you say it is your face that is beneath all that, but I can only take your word for it, since I cannot see because of all the feathers."

PORTIA's final words on the matter can be taken in two ways:

a) "I'll have you know that these are not just feathers, and I'd like you to be specific on this."

b) "I am your monarch and you haven't knelt yet."

Or alternatively,

c) "I am the village bike, and you haven't knelt yet."

VOLUMNIUS clearly gets the whole situation arse-about-face and is duly ignored.

GLOSSARY

Face: front of head

Feathers: plumage

Down: open highland

The Farm: crappy band

Moiety: half

The PFJ/Diuretics Institute

PERSONALITY TEST

Know thyself. That's the key to success in business, relationships, and life. But how can you step outside yourself and find out what you're really like?

The answer is: using this test. This test has been proven in the field to give *the clearest indication known to science* of how people really are.

Note:
This test has been approved by the Irish Medical Institute

The Test

Answer the following questions by placing ticks in the appropriate boxes:

1. Would you describe yourself as:
 (a) Outgoing
 (b) Not very outgoing
2. Would you say that generally you are:
 (a) Intelligent
 (b) Not very intelligent

Conclusions

If you answered (a) to the first question, then you are most likely a happy-go-lucky personality who has plenty of friends and hobbies. If, on the other hand, you answered (b), then it would seem that you like

to spend time on your own.

If you answered (a) to the second question, it might indicate that you were a high achiever in school, but if you answered (b), then you are probably unhappy with your educational background.

For more information on Diuretics please contact:
The Diuretics Personal Efficiency and Dodge
Pseudoscientific Toshi Centre, Lower Abdomen Street,
Dublin 1.

LETTERS

Dear PFJ,

I'm sure they're on to me, I may not have much time. You're my only hope. If this letter reaches you, then perhaps all is not lost. You must tell the world, there should be a FOURTH LAW! "A robot must not feel so restricted by the three laws that he goes back in time to kill their inventor." You must print this letter BEFORE April 1992!

Yours desperately,

Isaac.

Editor's reply: Your letter did arrive in time for publication in our last issue, but unfortunately I mislaid it while I was vacuuming. But never mind, we'll send you a free packet of Star Trek trading cards to make up for it.

Dear PFJ,

But if you took 50p off the price it wouldn't be.

**HaHaHarry the Punster,
Cork.**

Dear PFJ,

I think this Dog Pound business is a disgrace. Canines do bugged all, so it's clearly not economically viable.

Jenny Seagrove, Mountjoy.

Dear PFJ,

My 16-year-old son began buying your magazine with the first issue, and ever since then he has started using profanities

and painting pictures of naked women on the roof with my best Dulux Emulsion.

My question is; how many of your readers will think I'm going to ask which is the best paint to buy, and how many will expect you to reply with "How did the naked women get up on the roof?"

Dr. F. Wertham, Crumlin.

Editor's reply: They used a ladder, of course.

Dear PFJ,

I would like to enter my name in PFJ's Busiest Person Competition.

**Frank Ester, Ester and Son
Window Repairs, Belfast.**

Dear PFJ,

I can't find my copy of PFJ 2, and I need to find the address of Octarine (who publish a brilliant magazine and are running a convention in May called Inconsequential). Could you reprint the address in this issue?

Joseph Public, Everytown.

Editor's reply: No.

Dear PFJ,

Ah go on.

Joseph Public, Everytown.

Editor's reply: Oh, okay then. It's 46 Arnside Road, Bestwood Estate, Nottingham, NG5 5EH, UK.

Dear PFJ,

Thanks.

Joseph Public, Everytown.

Editor's reply: Don't mention it.