

REGULATIONS

DO NOT FOLD OR BEND

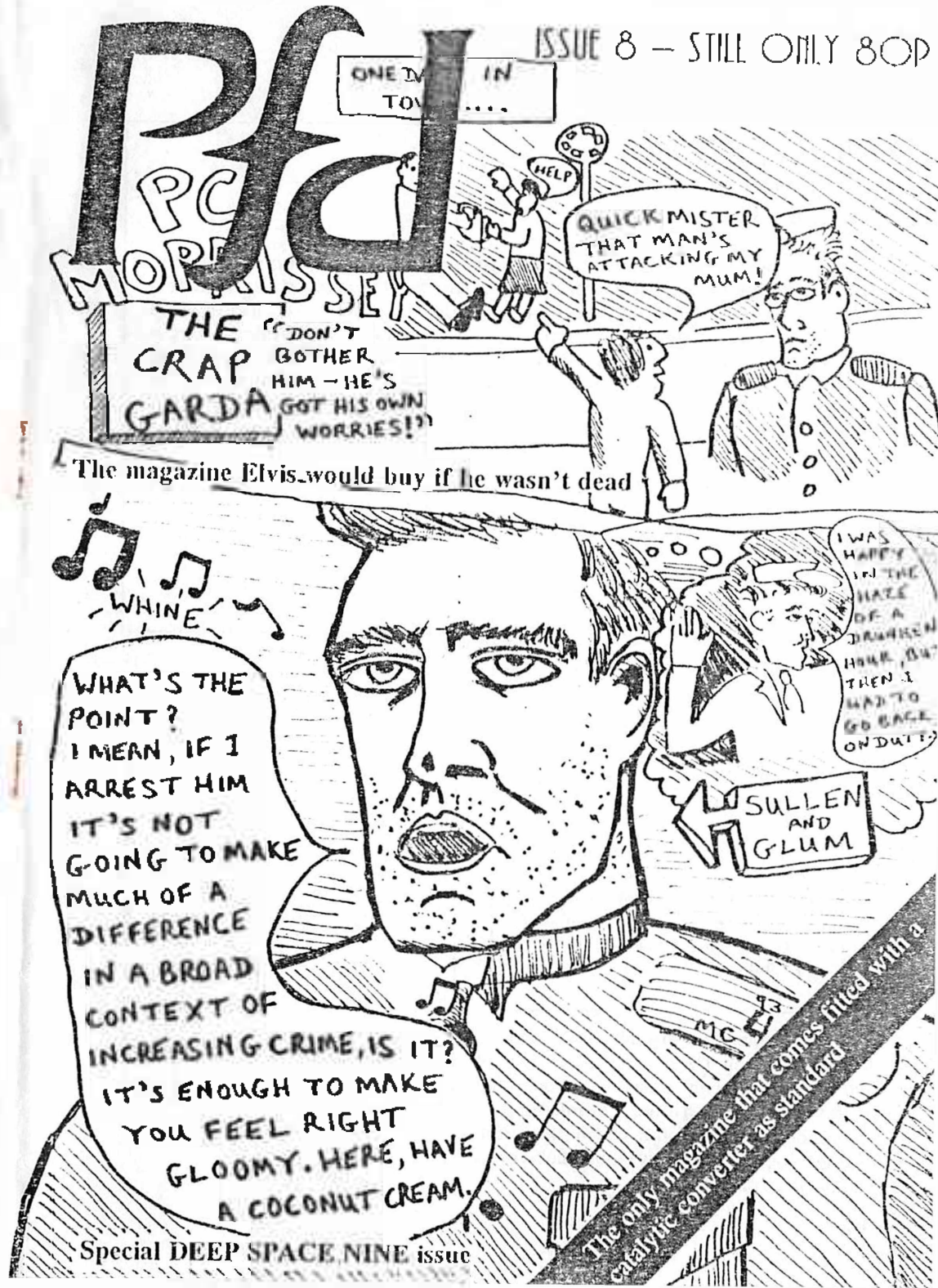
The Bearer is responsible, upon purchasing, to ensure the magazine is validated by the Zine Reader. Claims for refunds in the case of lost, stolen and eaten zines will be entertained by Zippo the Friendly Clown. The Bearer, if responsible, should see that condoms are in good condition at all times. This PFJ remains the property of the purchaser. Bye Bye No. 25

VALIDITY

1. It's satire
2. Not funny though
3. That's very relative
4. So?
5. Well, if that's your attitude...
6. Now who's being relative?
Look, will we be sued?
7. Shouldn't think so.
8. It's valid, then.

COINNIOLLACHA

Eislear an PFJ seo faoi na why bother?
I only got an E in Leaving Cert Irish, you know.
Not that knowing no Gaylock has a stigma
in today's Irish society, but it'd be nice
to have, you know? Though it's a
bit like those Vidphones, and a huge passion
for oral sex: It's useless
unless you know someone else who has it.



ISSUE 8 - STILL ONLY 80P

Before the magazine begins, here's a brief word from

Mike Read

This magazine is priced 80p. This means that when it comes to paying for it, the cost will be 80p. In other words, if you hand the vendor a pound, you will get 20p in change, unless of course you decide to tip him the change, or to buy a box of matches at the same time, in which case you will get back up to 15p depending on the price of the matches. A magazine that costs 80p is on average dearer than one that costs 60p, but at the same time cheaper than one that costs £1.25. This should not discourage you from buying the magazine, however. It is up to your own discretion whether you decide to pay for the magazine with a pound coin, four twenty-pence pieces, eight tens, or a fiveer. Or even a tenner. But keep in mind that if you hand over 52p then the vendor will rightly inform you that this is not enough to purchase the magazine.
I'm Mike Read.

WHO DID WHAT

Simon did the Rev Willy, Heck We're Grey, Intermediate History, nearly all the cartoons and stuff, and a couple of the letters. Michael Carroll did the I'll Be Okay on the Day. Michael Cullen did the rest. Simon thinks that we should put some sort of date here, but I don't think it's necessary for people to know that this is the March/April issue, as saying it's the eighth one should suffice.

The contents of PFJ are subject to change without alteration. The picture on the cover of this magazine is only a representation of the contents, and as such is not to be inferred to depict the actual contents, which may, from time to time, be replaced by other articles of an equally high quality.



a descaled teapot

Ask Derek



Professor Derek Flynn, a scholar at the Dublin Christian University, will answer any questions you care to put to him on any topic.

Dear Derek

Why is the sky blue?

Harriet Nolan (aged 9)

The professor replies:
Because God wants it to be blue.

Dear Derek

I have a penny black stamp which is dated 1841. It is in good condition. Could it be worth anything?

P Johnson

The professor replies:
Everything has worth in the eyes of the Lord.

Dear Derek

I have been trying to get planning permission from the local county council for two years for a small pigeon loft. I am a pigeon racing enthusiast, and I have always wanted a loft of my own, but the council has not given me a decision even though I filled out the forms (for the second time)

ten months ago. Have you any suggestions as to how I might speed things up?

The professor replies:
The planning permission will be granted when God decides that the time is right.

Dear Derek

Why is it that CIE have No Smoking signs on their buses, but nobody ever stops smokers from lighting up?

(Name and address supplied)

The professor replies:
Because CIE are bloody arseholes.



Apology : The author of the book Reflection (available from your local bookstore at an amazingly good price) is Michael Scott, and not Michael Scott as we mistakenly printed in our last issue. We apologise to Mister Scott (also the author of Windlord, Earthlord, Tales of the Bard, Banshee, October Moon, Image and many other entertaining books) for any convenience caused.

is put simply: Fergie's photographic escapades are just a continuation of a long-standing tradition in British royalty. In fact, it is known that a couple of Henry VIII's wives went topless after a bit of a tiff.

Chapter Fifteen

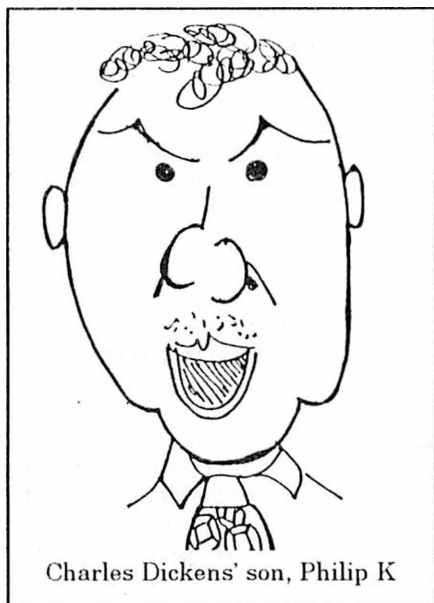
"Good Dickens!"

Despite launching the career of David Copperfield, Charles Dickens is still a popular novelist.

CHARLES DICKENS was a nineteenth-century writer and should not be confused with Darles' Chickens which is something else entirely. Not confusing things with other things that are something else entirely is only the first interesting thing you learn when reading about Darles Chickens. No, no, I mean the other one.

In his lifetime, Charles Dickens lived in Dickensian times along with everyone else who was alive at that time. In those far off distant days everything was made from metal. Even plastic. Back then girlson thecornerof every street knew exactly where they stood, and ice cream wafers used to be cardboard while the ice cream itself was a bit of polystyrene which was all made from metal.

Yet, for all this, Charles Dickens managed to write cheerful, happy-go-lucky stories that are really lovely to read of an afternoon. What a guy! Though that's not to say he didn't get some help. Albeit an embarrassment to his literary clique, Charles Dickens' father, a stool merchant, influenced him greatly as can be seen with the original titles of his works: *A Tale of Two Settees*, *David Chesterfield*, and *The Old Curiosity and Fur-*



Charles Dickens' son, Philip K



↑
THAT'S YOUR SISTER
NO IT ISNT

markus is
a dicklesic

NO I'M NOT

yes you are

niture Shop.

But in some circles, Dickens is more famous for cashing in on the market that D H Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover* created, by dabbling in the porn-cum-literary style. The resulting works include *Knickerless Nickleby*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and his non-eponymous *Hard Times* which was renamed *Nothing At All To Do With Nobs* by Mormons who had taken too much LDS.

Having flopped with *Origin of Species* in which he theorised that humans descended from ladders occasionally, Mrs Dickens, who was married to her husband, didn't help matters by criticising his Tiny Tim. Such niggling strengthened Dickens' conviction of leaving his last novel, *Edwin Drood*, unfinished.

Little did he realise that many of his future contemporaries would imitate this quirky technique as can be seen by their works, which include: *The Silmarillion*, *The Invaders*, and *The Gobbies Plan*.

All of which must leave his admirers wondering: What would he have said to "You've got to pick a pocket or two"?

Dickens was a writer who constantly weaved social comment into his works.

Some examples of Dickens weaving social comment into his works:

From *A Christmas Mary*

"Well, Tiny Tim," chattered Scrooge, "You've got two gammy legs, there; an' you'll probably ne'er walk again, I'll warrant. Aren't you disgusted at RTE's poor coverage of the 1992 Paralympics?"

From *Great Pregnancies*

Pip glinted. "I'm a lad of little words," he said. "Be it rightly, or be it wrongly, my Pa strongly believes in the necessity of black slavery as a serious attempt to increase the value of the pound. As he says himself: 'Slaves are bound to work.' But even he's disgusted that HB sells an ice cream called a Golly Bar."

From *Oliver Live-O*

"Hooray for the Salvation Army!"

6+2=-1



In 1870 Charles Dickens died, and was buried in his birthplace which was, tragically, Portsmouth Maternity Hospital, St Don's Ward (second bed on the left).

Questions for you to answer.

- ✓ 1. "Charles Dickens was a bloody marvellous writer as can be seen with *Christmas Carol*." Agree.
- ✓ 2. Summarize the following, in no less than your own words:

Charles Dickens = Celestial Godhead

Answers for you to question.

1. Yeah, but the Muppets did it better.
2. Dick-head

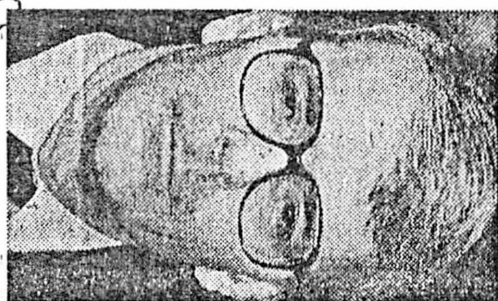
$$\begin{array}{r} 34 \\ \times 2 \\ \hline 68 \\ 467 \\ \hline 92 \\ \hline 386 \end{array}$$

S C O O L

UP
BALLYER

Chapter Sixteen:

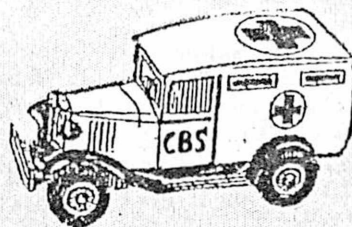
John Major: A Man



BEING GREY, and a circus entertainer, John Major enjoyed many years successfully disguised as one of the elephants, though that was under his original name, John Players Blue. Though he's a last-

Forget The Open University

Now you can learn the



Christian Brothers Way!

A Sample Lesson in Maths

Horner's Method for Approximating Irrational Roots

Well, you see, you can find a rational approximation by using Horner's method, if you know that when the graph crosses the x axis then the function of x is zero. It's as simple as that. Any questions? Good. For tomorrow do question six and seven at the end of the chapter.

A Sample Lesson in History

Oh damn. I forgot my history book. Okay. Do some homework or something, just keep quiet.

A Sample Lesson in Chemistry

Now at this stage I'd like to show you how to isolate oxygen in the lab, but unfortunately we don't have any test tubes. So let's all sing a song instead.

A Sample Lesson in Sex Education

This is the male organ, and this is the, er, harrumph!, eh, female organ.
Any questions? Good. How about a half day?

YES, WELL THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR POINTING THAT OUT, JEEVES

by P F Jadehouse

"You'll never guess what bally happened, Jeeves!"

Jeeves paused and thought for a moment.

"I feel that you may indeed be right, sir," he concluded.

I don't know if you've ever woken up of a morning, drunk your morning tea, gone out for a morning stroll, nipped into the Drones for some light refreshment, beat your pals at the "throwing cards into a hat" game, left said building, met simply the most perfect woman, got chatting, arranged to meet her in a nearby restaurant and reckoned that she'd make a wonderful wife. Well, it bally happened to this Bertram Wooster. I informed said butler.

"Indeed, sir?" said Jeeves with that tone.

"Indeed, Jeeves," I replied.

"Might I inquire as to the lady's name, sir?"

"Ms Garget. Ms Gibbous Garget."

"The same Ms Gibbous Garget that lives up Fisherman's Parts?"

I was stunned. "You know her?"

"Not her personally," said Jeeves, "but I once had a passing acquaintance with her father, John."

Jeeves is the sort of butler that eats a lot of fish. So, the fact that he knew someone that lived up the chilly region of Fisherman's Parts, surprised me not. In fact, I would darn near bet my Aunt Agatha's dog, Mackintosh, on my theory that it is Jeeves' eating of fish that has advanced his grey matter above most human beings. Most human beings that I know, anyway.

"What can you tell me about John, my future father-in-law?"

"Seaman."

"Ah. A slippery Johnny."

"As in 'a man of the sea'," said Jeeves, quite missing the proverbial point.

"I know, I know," I replied in a manner which I tried to keep taut, but prickly. We Woosters pride ourselves with our taut prickles. "Anyway, I shall be meeting Ms Garget at the eating establishment at three o'clock precisely."

"Oh, Jings!" exclaimed Jeeves in a way which I felt departed from the feudal spirit.

"What is it now?"

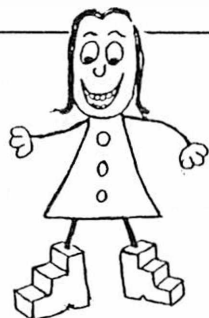
"Well, because we have been having such a detailed synopsis of your previously proposed matrimonial partner for life, I regret to inform sir that Time, as ever heartless on these occasion, has continued regardless.

And, unless my accurate timepiece (which has been with my family for five generations, and hasn't lose more than a second since the day it was crafted) is very much mistaken, it is alas! five minutes past half past four. Too late, I gather, for any formally arranged meeting at three o'clock to now take place."

As much as it hurt me to admit it, Jeeves was right. My single chance at married h. was gone - and my chance of m. itself w. g. also.

"Yes, well, thank you very much for pointing that out, Jeeves," I said, and continued my crossword. There were plenty more fish in the sea.

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves as he returned to the kitchen in his floral apron. "Soupitwist."



The days before elevator shoes

SEX TIPS OF THE CLERGY

By PERRY MAISON

PFJ asked some prominent members of the clergy to give us some of their secrets for attaining sexual ecstasy.

"I always find that the best way to induce pleasure in a woman is to pause a second before giving her the communion wafer," said Father Tomas O'Rose-Marie, from Balbriggan.

"I've seen more women's eyes flicker at that vital moment than you've had Weetabix, sonny Jim." Father Brian Franklin, also from Balbriggan, thinks that there is a strangely sexual connotation in the act of confession.

"Well I mean, it's right there in front of you," he explained. "I mean, it's right in front of your nose, you know? I mean, do I have to draw you a diagram? Okay here's a diagram."



The parish priest, Father Denis O'Dennis, confided "I sometimes don't feel as if I can perform up to scratch, and so instead of trying to bring a woman to the brink of paradise I read the altar list of the dead instead. You see, there's no need to fulfil a relationship every single time. Little things like baptisms or kissing one's vestment can be just as exciting."

Here are some pointers from the



MALCOLM NCC -1701

Results:

- * Clean the chalice every day
- * Don't expect transubstantiation to work every time
- * Don't be afraid to try new things: wearing a yarmulke is considered perverse by some, but others include it as a normal part of their religious practice.
- * Learn to understand the moods and responses of the congregation: do they nod off or cough excessively during the sermon? Perhaps they are getting that "heard it all before" feeling. Don't fall back on doing the mass by rote.



EAMON CASEY "It's very important to stay in touch on the ground"

Experiment. Start off with the Our Father, and work your way back.

10 Popular Myths

It's not true that:

- * Bishops are allowed to park wherever they want.
- * Ecce homo is a hairdresser from Newcastle.
- * Most women only mouth the words at Mass without actually saying them.
- * You can endanger your soul in early life by saying too many Hail Marys under the bedclothes.
- * Women priests would wear trousers.
- * Costa Rica holds the world record for cramming sinners into a confession box.
- * Most nuns wear Wonderbras.
- * The rosary is better after a few drinks.



SISTER MAUREEN O'HARA "Isn't ghee a clarified butter from India?"



HAGARTHE HORRIBLE "Nobody reads me."

- * Priests who watch telly are transferred to the African missions.
- * You can pick up Methodism by sitting on a warm pew.



An Italian Elephant

HECK WE'RE GREY'S

MASSIVE APRIL/MAY SALE!!

At Heck We're Grey we're busily strengthening the foundations for our sale rush! From rubber bands (slightly imperfect) to Guaranteed Irish bananas, we've got the very thing for people needing things. With a list that includes Batteries, Calendars, Diaries, Handkerchiefs and Underwear, our second-hand section is the best in the country. And if that's made you dribble, don't forget we've restocked on our trendy luminous solar-powered light-bulbs, and our Irish-~~Esperanto~~:~~Esperanto~~-Irish Dictionaries are as popular as ever!

Heck We're Grey

It's the Place to Be When You've Got To Be Somewhere

FRAMED PHOTOS OF KYLIE MINOGUE

Everyone just loves that cute star off Neighbours. And a framed photo of this Ozzie beauty is first on most peoples Christmas lists this Xmas. We can't give them away without being hit very hard indeed.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

We've got boxes full of last years Zig and Zag puppets, and loads of those Mutant Turtle things. They're just like the real thing! Yes! At Heck We're Grey, we're hip to the newest teenybopper craze!

PLASTIC THING WITH A FLASHY LIGHT ON TOP

Three year olds of all ages will love our little plastic things. Just push a button or pull a string and hear it go buzz or pop. Hours of enjoyment, and educational too!

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

All the family of all ages will love our range of reading material that leaves Hodges Figgis and

Forbidden Planet very much in Dawson Street. Titles include: Phase One, Two, Three etc. And if it's Etc you're looking for, you've come to the right place! We've got the finest top quality Etc that's the envy of Europe.

HI-QUALITY VIDEO TAPES

You're on a winner with our 3 Hour Video Tapes for just £1.99. People the world over are moomthing Valutronic. Well known for their video tapes, Valutronic are practically notorious. (J/W) Comes in a scientifically designed cardboard case - with labels!

GREETINGS CARDS

For a limited time only, our beautiful greeting cards are a must for many occasions including birthdays for seven year old Kelvins. We've got cards for every Plumbing anniversary you can think of! And Heck We're Grey's the place to visit this Orson Scott Day.

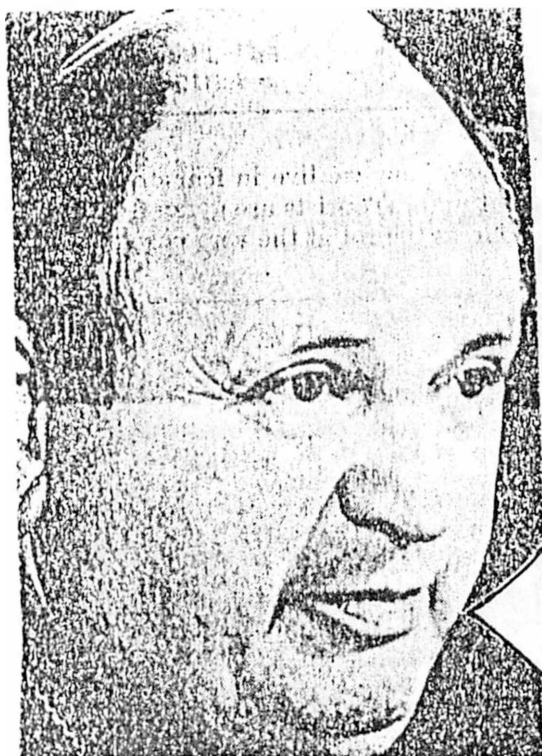
TOILETRIES

Are you ashamed of your skin? Does it embarrass you in front of relatives? Does it stay out all night without even a phonecall? Well, it sounds like you need to get yourself a bottle of Clearasil for problem skin. But, if you're someone who's just sick of Lily of the Valley and Musk: get down to Heck's and buy a can of our Underarm Deodorant Deodorant (from the people who brought you the 8th Amendment Repealant)

SPECIAL OFFERS!

Just in from Japan: a limited torryload of slightly imperfect goods. Items include plugs, fuses, tampons, and condoms. Hurry while products last. All purchases come with a FREE plastic bag (for just 2p extra). So whether you just want to get in from the cold, or perhaps you just fancy a listen to some Radio 2 on a cheap tranny, It's Got To Be Heck We're Grey

**HECK WE'RE GREY
WE'VE GOT A CATCHY SLOGAN THAT RHYMES A BIT TOO OKAY?!**



I WAS FEELING A
BIT DOWN UNTIL I
RANG MICK O'CONNOR
AND ASKED FOR A
COPY OF HIS SPLENDID
RECORD OF OCTOCON '92.
FOR ONLY £4.99, CHEER
YOURSELF UP WITH THE

OCTOCON
VIDEO!

THE POSSIBILITIES
OF REINCARNATION
PART 1



SUNDAY PRUDE

IRELAND'S BIGGEST-SMELLING
"NEWSPAPER"

May 12 Price 99p EIRE 99p No 123

PRIEST "SHOWED SEX FILMS TO ALTAR BOYS"

A Catholic priest from Mayo has been accused of showing perverted porn films - some depicting scenes which could not be described in a family newspaper - to altar boys, some of them as young as eight.

One of the films is said to show two women doing unmentionable things - using vegetables, mostly - to each other. In another scene a young girl is subjected to oral examination by several adults.

DONKEY

In yet another of the vile videos, which are easily obtainable in the town of Westport to anyone with the right contacts, a woman is shown performing an unnatural act. This is possibly a "snuff" video, in which the acts are real, and not simulated. Other snuff videos include one from Brazil involving a donkey. Deranged sex films like the one the altar boys saw often depict a woman, who is seen

wearing slinky black undies, black stockings, and a see-through negligee, totteling herself in certain places. And then she walks along a beach slowly removing each garment. Then six men pounce on her.

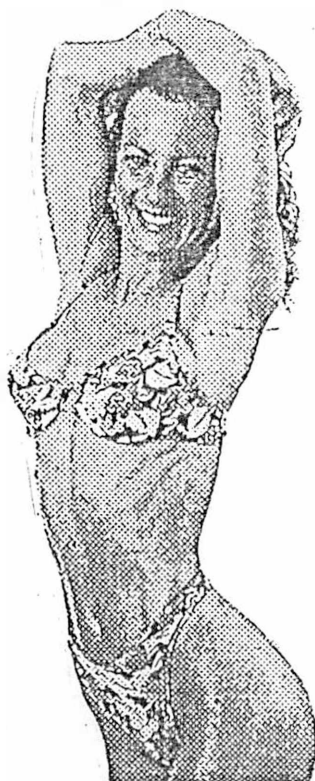
ANGRY REACTION

The parish priest was unavailable for comment, but when our reporter approached a man walking near the church and

(continued on page 2)



50-50 FLASHBACK



TODAY'S WEATHER

Moist, with some warm drizzle from the South, followed by wind.

(from page one)

asked him what he would do if he caught a priest showing sex videos in his vestry he said "I'd bloody well string him up." Another typical sex film shows some schoolgirls fighting in a muddy field, and then being hosed down by the headmaster.

CORRECTION

The report above should have read "priest showed sex films to altar boys" We apologise for any inconvenience caused.

"DANIEL IS SHITE" - OFFICIAL

A SURVEY has found that Daniel O'Donnell, the Country'n'Western superstar who comes from Donegal and is kind to animals, is in fact not very good at all.

This conclusion has been reached by a massive 98 per cent of those polled. Of that percentage, half went on to say that O'Donnell, 65, who broke all previous Irish music records when he sold 50 copies of his album in Britain, is a crap dancer, doesn't exactly strain himself when he sings, and caters for a sad audience of spinsters and men who wear braces on their socks.

The survey was conducted amongst a wide cross-section of PFI editors.

Gaeltacht Minister "Will Scrap Irish by 2010"



THE NEW minister for the Gaeltacht, Mister Cuttycrap, has unveiled ambitious plans to obliterate the Irish language over a 15-year period.

LONG AND HARD

"This has gone on far too long," Mr Cuttycrap said. "This silly language has been an albatross around all our necks, and I see it as a priority to get rid of it as soon as possible. How can we hope to solve the unemployment problem and cut the national debt while roads signs and civil service documents are indecipherable? Stuff Irish, that's what I say."

The Minister was speaking at a meeting of the Irish society in UCD Belfield over

the weekend. His announcement was greeted with rapturous applause.

ANGRY CHIEF

A spokesman for the student group said "He's right. For years I've been going around speaking this stupid Irish, trying to think of all the right words for things. This has opened my eyes. Life's too short to worry about what people will think. I shall certainly sleep better at night knowing that Irish has hit the bin once and for all."

SHOOTING IN YUGOSLAVIA

By Orla Kitoff

IN MEDJUGORPEJ, Serb soldier Justin Case has been taken to task by the United Nations for shooting the Virgin Mary, who was in mid-aparition at the time. Soldier Case has said:

"I am very very sorry and hope this doesn't put me in the bad books with the man upstairs."

Meanwhile, Our Sacred Mother has been rushed to hospital and her personal effects (a packet of Rothmans

and a slip for the 3.20 at Leperstown) have been put safely in the hands of a Sunday Prude reporter.

Surgeons have giggled that the gunshot wounds have made her more holy than ever.



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Ingredients : Wheat flour, vegetable oil and hydrogenated vegetable oil and animal fat, plain chocolate (13.0%), milk chocolate of which solids (5%), monosodium glutamate, paper, laser-printer and photocopying ink, staples (2), blood, sweat, tears.

BALLYFERMOT - THE OLYMPIC CITY IN '12?

The west Dublin suburb of Ballyfermot will soon launch its bid to host the Olympic Games of 2012. Local businesses and politicians have joined forces to convince the International Olympic Committee that the town has the facilities - and the goodwill - to stage the prestigious event. It is proposed that:

the marathon could be a couple of times around the Phoenix Park;
the rowing could be done on the canal;

(continued on page 45)



I CAN
SMELL
YOUR
COUNTRY 'N'
WESTERN
ALBUM.

LISTENING TO BIG TOM MADE ME KILL! - CLAIMS DARNDALE RIPPER

By MAURICE PRAM

THE MAN who is alleged to be the Darndale Ripper, and who is accused of murdering five old age pensioners in the Darndale area, has claimed that the impulse to kill came from listening to the records of Big Tom.

Speaking at his murder trial, Lenny Brute, 34, shocked the public gallery when he said that he "seemed to lose control in a wild haze of purple and orange things" whenever he listened to Ireland's chart-topping Country'n'Western superstar on his walkman.

Defence counsel claimed that Brute, who works as a butcher, and who escaped from prison where he was serving a 320-year sentence for the murder of pensioners in Coolock and Swords, had been a normal family man until "something snapped".

"I believe that something was the previous Country record for jumping into the number one position, as Big Tom released his new double A side,

(continued on page 45)

The Parable of the Seed

When they were in Canaan Jesus told this parable to the disciples.

"There was once a widow with two sons. To the elder son she gave a seed, and to the younger son she gave a fig¹.

"And the next day the younger son came back and asked his mother for another fig, for he had eaten the first.

"Why did you not observe your brother?" the widow said. 'All he had was a seed, and he planted it, and will one day have many figs. But you ate a fig, and threw away the seed.'

"And therefore I say to you, to use little wisely is better than to have a great amount."

The disciple named James was the first to speak.

"So let me get this straight. What you're saying is that if you're going to get figs from a widow you should get them more than one at a time."

"No," Jesus replied. "Do not forget the bit about the seed."

"I have it, my Lord," said the disciple named Peter. "The moral is that the rich may enter the kingdom of heaven only if they are kind to animals."

"No," Jesus said. "I really don't think you were listening."

"How could you all be so stupid?" asked Matthew. "What he's saying is that homosexuals are an abomination."

"How do you come to that conclusion?" asked John.

"It's simple. The younger brother was obviously gay. The fig is a phallic symbol. Everybody knows that. And his secret desire for his own brother caused him to offend his mother, and bring shame on his family, not to mention put the gardener out of a job. So whatever way you look at it, homosexuals are evil and should be denied access to swimming pools."

"I never said that," Jesus protested, becoming greatly agitated.

"Well you didn't have to," Matthew said, wagging his finger. "I could see it in your eyes."

"What about the seed?" John asked.

"I think you're all wrong," Luke said, and the others fell silent. "The fig is Rome. What the parable means is that the conversion of Rome is at hand. The seed, I think, just stands for a seed."

The Parable of the Question

And Jesus pondered on this, and finally he said "Okay, forget about the widow! There's this man, and he says to God 'Is it better to have lots of money, or to have little and invest it wisely?' And God says 'the latter'. Now. Is that plain enough for you?"

1 Or possibly walnut.

Sybil Jackson and Iva Livingstone Present

CENTRE of PROVISIONS

These are vulnerable days - the existence of all settlers in your domicile is at stake! YOU must find some excellent treasures to survive! Armed only with ten quid and a shopping bag, you will travel the twisting menacing corridors of Supre Quince and seek out the needed comestibles for your people, with your trusty Man by your side. But be warned! The lucrative world of Supre Quince is filled with unsavoury mortals just waiting to ambush and ask for the right time. Do you have the required skill and resources to complete this adventure when you should be learning how to sew!

There is only one true way through Supre Quince, and it will take you several attempts to find it. Not all shelves contain items, some merely contain traps and trainee assistants which you will no doubt fall foul of. Make notes and draw a map as you explore - this map will be invaluable on future shopping days and enable you to progress rapidly through the "five items only" checkout.

Two trolleys, a ferner, and a large inside pocket are all you need to make your journey. Good luck, and don't spend the change.



Kids'll Die For
The Edward
Scissorhands Doll

Winner of the EC Safe
Toy Award 1993

Kylie Minogue An Intimate Portrait



Kylie's favourite rugby position

Centre half

Kylie's favourite six-letter-word

Banana

Some anagrams of Kylie Minogue

O, e, I like my gnu.

Lounge? I, I, KY me.

You! I'm eel king!

Kylie's favourite entry in the
Macmillan Compact Encyclopaedia
(1993 edition)

Desiderius Erasmus

An Extract from Shakespeare's
Timon of Athens

"Timon: Let me look back upon thee,
O thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in
the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons turn
incontinent
Obedience fail in children!"

(IV, i)

Some words that don't rhyme with
Kylie Minogue

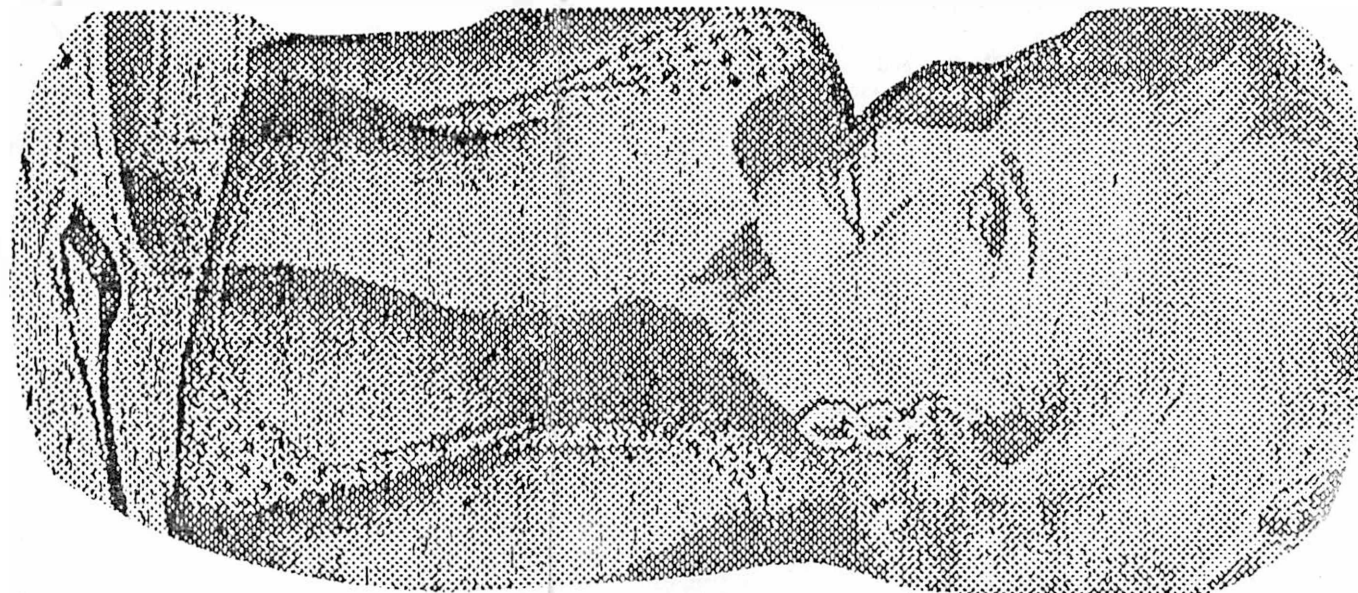
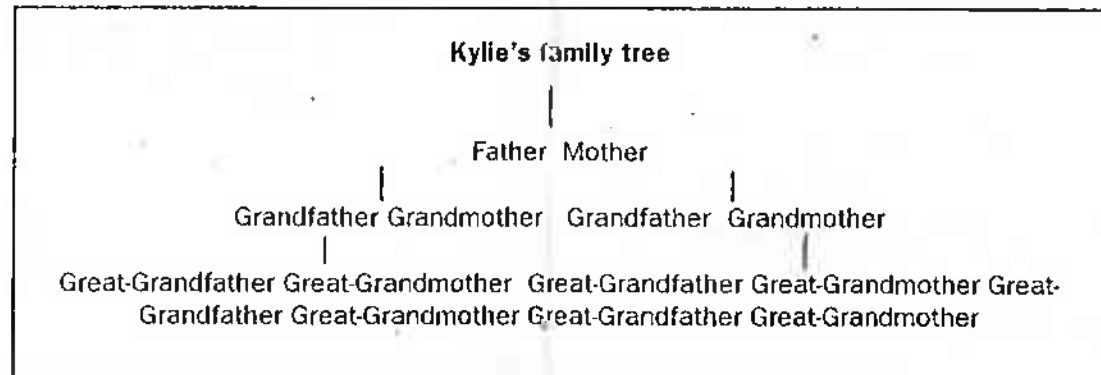
Construction
Hummingbird
New Brunswick
Spectacles

Most abundant element in Kylie's body

Hydrogen

Largest muscle in Kylie's body

Gluteus Maximus



I'M USED,
THEREFORE I SAVE



Rene Day Card

THE BOX™

A revolution in home exercise equipment, The Box is the result of ten years of intensive research in scientific establishments and health studios all over America. There have been other products which can help you to tone your arms, your legs, to flatten your waist, or increase bust size. But The Box is the first product that can actually do all these things.

Who Discovered The Box?

The Box was developed by a group of people at the University of Southern California, headed by Professor Opie Dubbleyew, an expert in respiratory disorders and cramp. The first prototype was made from wood, then a later model was crafted from plastic, and finally today's Box is manufactured, using precise computerised-design, from durable fibre glass.

How Does It Work?

The Box is the most comprehensive and efficient piece of equipment you could possibly own.

Yes, But How It Work?

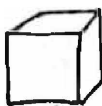
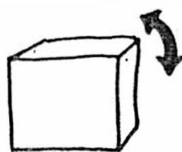
The Box helps you to train yourself, it focusses your physical exertion where it is needed.

Could You Be A Bit More Specific?

HOW TO USE THE BOX

AS A STEP

The Box can be used in place of similar "step-like" products. Simply step up onto the box with one leg, step down, step up with the other leg, step down. Repeat several times.



AS A MUSCLE- ENHANCER

Balance The Box on the front of your feet while lying face-up on the floor. Lift legs slowly. This will build up stomach muscles and upper thighs. Or balance The Box on your arms, and move around a bit.

TO IMPROVE BALANCE

Stand on The Box, and close your eyes. Try not to fall off. Gradually your balance will improve.

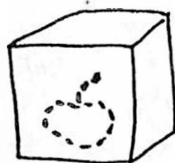
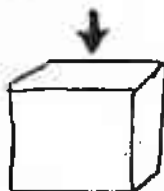


AS A DUST IMPROVER

Hold the box between your hands, in front of your chest. Press firmly, and release. Repeat.

AS A REST AREA

When taking a break during the exercise routine, sit on The Box.



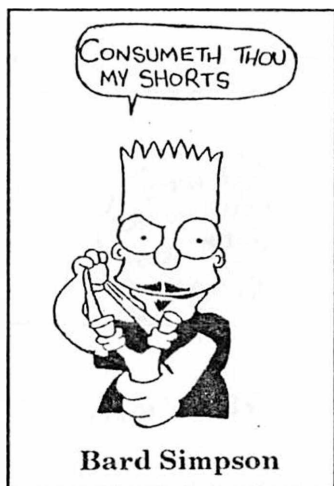
AS A CONTAINER

You can also keep an apple and some chickpea sandwiches in the handy Inside™, a feature of the new improved Box.

How Much Does It Cost?

Considering that The Box has so many uses, and is a real investment in your fitness and the wellbeing of your family, its carefully-determined price is excellent value. See below for cost in local currency. You can pay by credit card, or complete the attached form and send it to:

*The Box (PFJ)
P O Box 67
Louisville 89012 Ky*



Please rush me _____ Box(es). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it to you and will receive a full refund someday.

Signed _____

Address _____

Credit card no _____

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £169.99 (or equivalent in local currency).



Angry people yesterday

Angry Fans Protest Super Move

THE CABLELINK offices were stormed today by thousands of Super Channel fans protesting the proposed return of Bart Sky Broadcasting to subscribers. The move would mean that those who had been given access to Super since Sky was removed would lose it again.

"There would be chaos in my house," said one of the protesters, Maeve Bunchy, who is a founder member of Save Super, which had its first public meeting in the Mansion House yesterday. "When my kids get home from school now they like nothing better than to switch on Bonanza, then sit there like zombies while I'm in the kitchen torturing the cat."

"It's a disgrace," said another protester. "At last we have quality programmes like Japan Business Today, which tells me all I ever wanted to know about the Nikkei Dow and more. And The Simpsons isn't a patch on the hilarious antics of David Niven in The Rogues. And teen-agers are well catered for with The Mix, a hip collection of cool 'pop' promos."

"Sometimes if I'm watching BBC 1 for a while I forget which channel I'm watching," the main speaker said. "But with Super they have a handy brand-name in the corner of the screen all day long. And just in case you don't notice that, they have ad breaks every ten minutes, during which they have their name spelled out in nifty graphics at least twice. All my channel-name-forgetting worries are over since I found Super!"

The guest speaker at the meeting, Morris Cerullo, said that he was gratified that there were so many fans of Super in Ireland, but concerned the audience when he said that the world would end "in about fourteen seconds."



MALCOLM
HEX

Here It Is

A man came up to me
In the street one day
And said "Why don't you write a
poem
About me?"
So I did.



GENE PYGMY

"Our Father, who art impoverished,
Hollowed be thy pockets"

Rev Willy Graham Says
WORSHIP OUR LORD
the WILLY GRAHAM WAY



Modesty makes it difficult for me to tell you how fantastic I am, but I'll have a go!

"I am a throbbing vessel ready to spit the words of our Lord. Think of me as a tool."

Rev Willy, RDS, June 1989

How many times have I uttered
"and now Hymn number 149"
and a member of my
congregation has called "house"
winning a crystal decanter?
Impressed, eh? Maybe the Rev
Willy Experience is for you.
Remember, there are none so
deaf as those who cannot hear,
so why not inspect me, Willy?

rev willy - A man with A mission

In my churches, updated Hymnals mean you can sing Hymns like: You Can't Hurry Love, Everything I Do (I Do It For You), and Ra-Ra-Rasputin, in the name of the Lord. Not enjoying my church is as likely as the drummer from Def Leppard becoming a drummer.

What's more, my Rev Willy church's activities at Christmas rival anything the Presbyterians have to offer. Where else can you find a Christian congregation partaking in games of Sardines, the popular Empty your Wallet game, and Pin the Lord on the Donkey? And when we're all finished what other tinsel-clad Reverend would pass round the selection box?

And when it's confession time, you've sure got a choice down at St Will's! Choose from the Budget Economy Confessional or the Deluxe Executive Cozi-Confessional (£36/min off peak, £48/min peak). I give free confessions to women with a story to tell. Let me give you one.



Moses - A Man in the Bible
(First seen on Brookside)

THAT SPECIAL OCCASION

Apart from the usual wedding ceremony toss, why not have your stag or hen night in the vestry?

For the groom in particular we offer top notch entertainment in the form of Bubbly Belinda, stripper extraordinaire, whilst still focussing on the spiritual side of the evening. Fwoorr!!

Confessional boxes turn into great projection booths for admirers of specialist material, and Indies just love it when I get on the organ and play a selection of low vibrating notes. Always a favourite. Why not give it a try? Remember, there are none so blind as those who don't want cataracts, but have them anyway.

I GIVE LOTS OF MISSIONARY WORK

As you can see, I put a lot of myself into every sermon, and afterwards my All-Girl Gospel Singers are bushwacked if I've got the time, I put a bit of myself into them too. And I'm always on the lookout for women willing to put themselves into the missionary position.

One so fair, mine name's Jehovah,
I beseech thee to hend ova.

James h:iv+

my CREDENTIALS

A lot of folk ask me how I got into this preaching game. Well, it all happened back in '79 when I met a nun called Sister Beverly. One night I confided in her that I thought it disgraceful how she couldn't preach a bit from the pulpit and all. "Gee mister," she said. "Christianity is a cut-throat business. We don't get many gentle men round these parts."

"I don't get many gentlemen round my parts either, ma'am," I reminded. "Now, turn off the light."

It was the start of a beautiful career that has blossomed into the "Saint Willy Way O' Worship", and it all began that night in St Kevin's Nunnery, in the prime of my youth, and in Sister Beverly.

it's Long

It's long been known that as layer on of hands I can pass on the skill by rubbing my blessed palms all over any chosen young attractive member of the congregation. Well, guess what!? Just recently I've been speaking in tongues, so if you'd like to share in this important skill, now it's 1993, make an appointment with my secretary. She can fit you in, if you can fit around me.

even disgusting druggie scum will find A welcome in my church

At the back of every St Willy church you'll find the Hash Box where you can deposit all you joints and thus reserve yourself a balcony seat in Heaven with a very good view. I will see to it personally that every joint is burnt.

Rev Willy says:
Suffer little children that come unto thee,
Hit them occasionally.

A WARM THANK YOU

I look forward to seeing you and your chequebook at my next sermon. In the meantime, I'd like to send a personal "thank you" to all my followers who have sent me money throughout my recent trying time, and a personal "humph" to those who just sent cards.

Tragically, I'm being sued by several amputees concerning my last laying on of hands stint, but I'm sure they haven't a leg to stand on. Well, okay, so laying on of hands doesn't always work. But hey! even Jesus had a limp. It's just that he had one in each leg, no nobody noticed.

Sponsored by

**REV WILLY'S
SPARKLING**

Holy Water

THE AFTERLIFE

Sex, Lust and Sex - now that's a paradise. It's where I'm headed. Wanna come? Just remember, hell isn't a place. It's a state of America.

And lo! sayeth Jesu on the hill,
Give all your dosh to Reverend Will
Kevin Vixi

If you would like to join Rev Willy on his journey to the Promised Land, send \$825 to help with the petrol to:

Rev Willy Graham
c/o 44 Leeson Park
Dublin 6.

THINK OF GOD

Remember an expensive lifestyle like mine requires upkeep. My condom drawer needs refilling every now and then, and rubber doesn't grow on trees. So, think of God when you're about to waste a pound on the Lotto, but think of Rev Willy when you're about to buy something more expensive.

MONEY RAISED FOR LAST MONTH'S APPEAL:

Our Lady's Hospital for Well Children,
Crumlin: 36p

All profit goes towards this month's
APPEAL OF THE MONTH

"Muscles Yielding a Wasteful and
Laboriously Lethargic End" Trouble

Remember

Rev Willy is Responsible, Caring and Kind. "Just ask my wife!"

WORTH SEARCH

Find some words, horizontally, vertically, or any position you feel comfortable in, that best describe the ISFA.

Example: Subscribe Now!

GREATBRILLIANT
FANTASTICSUPER
SUBSCRIBENOW!
TOPFJNADNERBQG
FTLA4GLOSSYAGM
STSOCGNITNIRPD
ABITDEARNOTREA
LLYWORTH£10EVE
RTYEARISIT?KMD
SMEGOTISTOGILG

A Little Word, But a Big Problem

Its

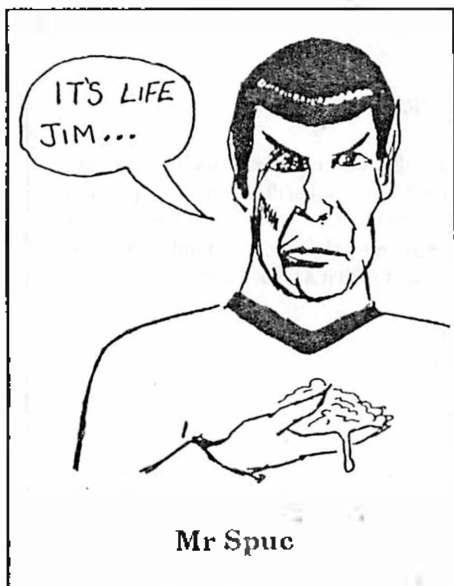
THE POSSESSIVE form of it, in other words "that which belongs to it", is its. This is the only possessive that doesn't take an apostrophe. If the word is "it's", then that is short for "it is". Is that clear? So, if we are talking about the weather, we can say "It's a nice day", and if we are talking about a particular cloud, we might say "Look at its colour. Its colour is a mixture of white and purple." And then we might comment on the attractive nature of the cloud by saying "It's a nice cloud", which is short for "It is a nice cloud". But if we go on to talk about the niceness that it possesses, then we are back to "its niceness", and indeed, its all round character. All right? So if we happen to be writing to an attractive young lady in America and we want to impress her with our eloquence and grasp of the English language and also of the world's iron ore production, we might say "Its main producer is the former Soviet Union, with nearly 24 per cent, and it's no wonder, by gosh. It's a shame that I can't tell you this in person, Belinda, because my desire consumes me with its enormity," but on the other hand if (continued on page 212)

300,000 To Be Laid Off

A staggering 300,000 people are going to wake up tomorrow with no jobs to go to. They are employees of businesses all over the country.

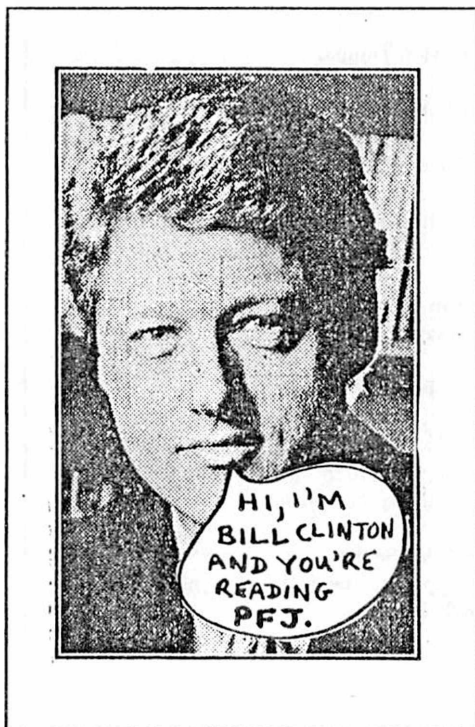
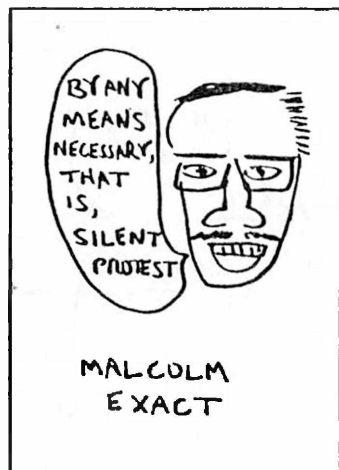
"I don't know what I'm going to do," said one of the victims, Frank Laimley from Tallaght. "I've been happily unemployed for several years now and all of a sudden I'm on the dole. It's a devastating blow to me and my family. And there are thousands like me."

The government has promised extra funds to help with the sudden influx of people who still don't have any jobs.



To the woman in the launderette,
Rathmines, August 6, 1991

You dropped this sock.



Letters for PFJ

Dear PFJ

I'm a publican, and I can't understand other publicans who say that they don't want people to drink to excess. Every drunk who comes in and tanks up in my pub is another chunk of profit for me. Drink up, that's what I say!

A Publican
Wicklow

Dear PFJ

I think putting a deposit of a pound into the handle of shopping trolleys is a good idea because somebody who'd normally steal a trolley, smash it up and leave it at the side of the road is hardly going to steal a trolley, smash it up, take their pound coin out and leave it at the side of the road.

S Towies, Tampa.

A Chara PFJ

I think all the Irish roadsigns and official documents should be in Irish as well as English, cause then other people in Europe will think that you actually speak it. Ha ha ha!

Stefan Kozclenowski
Warsaw

Dear PFJ

Would the editors agree with me that by developing the rotary petrol engine, Felix Wankel was only trying to annoy.

Prof Dry Socket
Fed up with student Wankel jokes
Cork

Dear PFJ

I heard a joke the other day which I found quite amusing.
I think jokes can be funny if they are told the right way. Wouldn't you agree?

Kay Nesbitt
Rathfarnham

Ухуфдцне РЕК

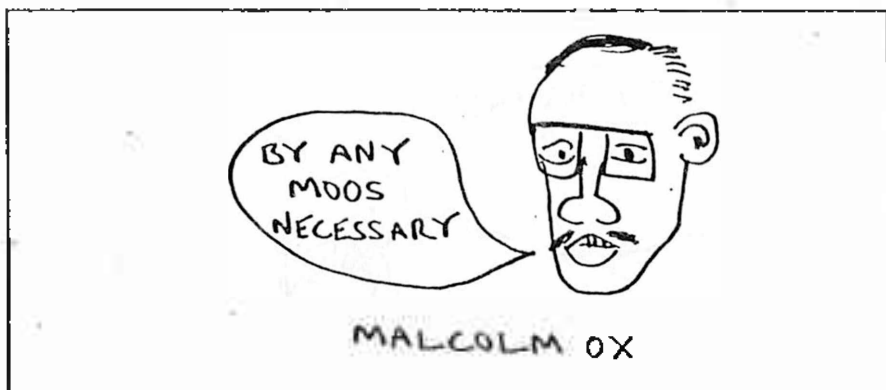
Ибо Тифрбн гкхкмен бид Н хикимкх кф
хеууквне хие шбъ бни хие серене рж хие
ируид хиким хибх ше бие чеуь эрл бх
гнефр шх прх фр эрл бх сурришкнз рну
дрппе пф. Брэ ржж, шифхеун
коссукбикфхф шбгмсьф!

Ivan the Typist
Moscow

Dear PFJ

Here's a tip for bus drivers: if you pretend not to have any change when people are getting on, people rarely ask for it when they're getting off. This is a handy way of supplementing what





must be a measly income.

Liam O'Flaherty
Behmullet

Dear PFJ

I am presently forming a Dunnes Stores Men's Briefs Three-Pack for 99p Appreciation Society. Any of your readers who wear these items, and would be interested in meeting others with a view to organising events, picnics, hikes, etc, please contact me at PO Box DS87.

Harvey Stunna

Leixlip

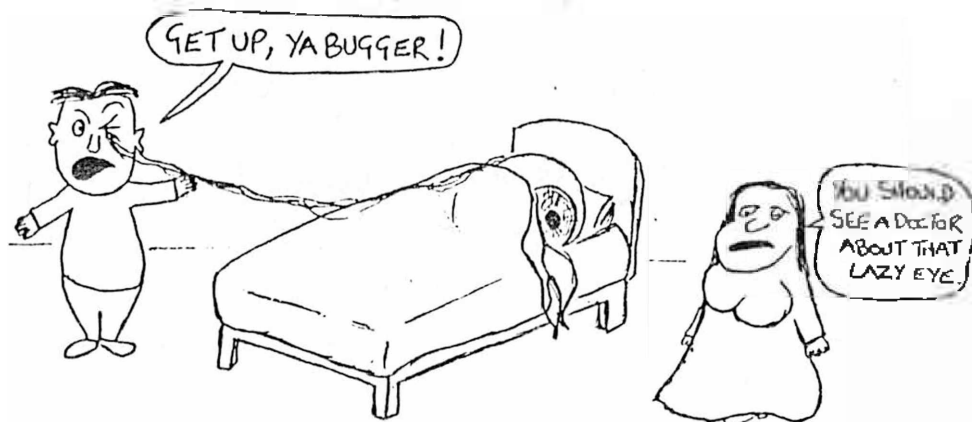
Dear PFJ

I think the world's population worries could be ended if we just kill off anyone called "Martin". My name's not Martin so I would be all for such a scheme - doubly so because there's a Martin who lives down the road and he gets on my wick.

M (not Martin) Smith
Chicago

Dear PFJ





Why do we need ticket machines on buses?
We never had them when I was growing up,
and it didn't do me a bit of harm. I bet they
didn't have them when Mary Robinson
when younger, and look where she is now -
President of Ireland!

N Bishop

Dear PFJ

W A Mozart
Leipzig

W A Mozart
Leipzig

Dear PFJ

I strongly believe that rapists should be
castrated before they commit their first rape.
In this way no woman need ever be in
danger.

(Name and address supplied)

Dear PFJ

I agree with the previous correspondent, but I
don't think she goes nearly far enough. I think
the parents of rapists should be sterilised before
they even get married. In fact, it would be an
idea to dissuade the grandparents from marrying,
just to be on the safe side.

Dr K Flynn
Rotunda Hospital

Dear PFJ

My washing powder can remove fat stains at 40
degrees. Do you think deep sea diving is an
acceptable extreme to take the weekly wash?

D Jones
Ballyfermot

It'll all be okay on the day

or

The comedy of errors

When you see your finished copy of PFJ, you probably think that's all there is to it. But have you ever wondered what goes on behind the scenes? Have you ever wondered if the production is as smooth as the final product indicates?

You have? Then wonder no more...

Way back in issue 2, production was halted for almost a day as we fell about laughing at something Robert Elliott had done. When he typed his review of the Vulcan/light-bulb joke, this is what he should have typed: "On the surface, it seems an amusing joke."

But instead he typed "On teh surface, it seems an amusing joke."

Robert didn't spot this at first, and couldn't understand what we found so amusing!

We've all done this on various occasions, and each time it gets funnier and funnier. Once, I broke wind while I was typing something. It was hilarious at first, but then we realised that the fart couldn't appear in the finished version, so I had to type the whole thing again!

Then there was the time last issue, when Simon was looking for a photo to include in his story "Then he took my hand". The story called for bits of human bodies flying around, and Simon very cleverly found a photo of the remaining charred foot of a woman who had spontaneously combusted! All was well, until he lost the picture he'd so painstakingly photocopied and cut out. So he

made another copy, and that one went missing as well! We searched everywhere, but couldn't find them. As it was three in the morning and we were getting a bit giddy, I said "They've run away!"

But there is a serious side to all this: sometimes mistakes do manage to get by. In issue 2 there is an erroneous carriage return on page 15! We were flooded with letters from confused readers, who thought they were missing a vital joke! One man even phoned Michael Cullen in the middle of the night, saying that he and his wife couldn't get to sleep from worrying about it!

The most worrying thing for many readers is the apparent non-appearance of issue four. Well, you can stop fretting now! Issue four was released specially for inconsequential in May '92. It was only eight pages long, and was given free to all attendees. However, it had completely original material, which has never been reprinted. You can, however, see the cover reproduced on the cover of issue 7, and yes, that is the word "washing" in the second paragraph!

So the next time you see a typographical error or misplaced caption in your copy of PFJ, don't complain about it - Laugh! After all, there aren't many errors, and to be frank we don't give a rat's arse about them. What do you expect for eighty pence?

Jeffrey Dahmer - Could It Happen Here?

One of the questions that has been asked about the Jeffrey Dahmer case is - how was it possible that the police didn't find out about his activities for so long, even when people had made complaints about him?

Another question we must ask ourselves is: could it happen here?

We talked to Detective Inspector Maurice O'Doubt of the Garda Serious Crime Squad. Detective Inspector, do you feel confident that our police force could discover a serial killer like Jeffrey Dahmer before he had killed a dozen people?

"What!? Who said that?"

Eh. Us. Over here.

"Oh. How long have you been sitting there?"

We came into the room with you, Detective Inspector.

"I see. Let me just write that down. Do you have a pen?"

There's one in your pocket.

"There is? My God, you're right. Fantastic! You don't want to be chief inspector, by any chance?"

Garda Frank Fat is another policeman with an impressive record of crime prevention. He believes that an Irish Jeffrey Dahmer would be easy to spot.

"I've seen his picture on the telly and I have no doubt whatsoever that I would recognise him and be able to apprehend the suspect forthwith."

To get an insider's view of how crime is fought on the streets, we followed two detectives around Dublin, as they pieced together the clues to a post office robbery.

"You see this strand of hair?" said Detective



**Jeffrey Dahmer
Bringing Up His
Children**

A. "This strand of hair was found at the scene of the crime on or around four o'clock. I will now put the strand into an evidence bag, and send it to the lab for analysis. Oh no. The evidence bag's been stolen. Help, police!"

As an experiment, PEJ decided to test the detecting powers of the gardai. We sent a video of a "murder" being committed to the headquarters in Harcourt Street. The video showed a man with a t-shirt bearing the name "Robert Elliott, 23 Rushbrook Court" plunging a knife into the stomach of an unidentified woman. The man then took out his ISFA card and held it up to the camera, pointing to himself as he did so.

The police moved swiftly into action. Members of Astronomy Ireland were taken into custody and held overnight for questioning (Astronomy Ireland has had close links with the ISFA over the years: the gardai were obviously heading in the right direction). Then an elite corps of officers were sent on a fact-finding mission to Barbados (the reason for this is unclear; perhaps it was thought that a South American drugs cartel was involved in the "murder").

Two weeks into the investigation we decided to speed things up by phoning a chief inspector and suggesting that the murder had been committed by one Robert Elliott, a resident of number 23, Rushbrook Court. Here is an excerpt from that conversation:

Chief inspector: I'm sorry, you'll have to speak up, there's something wrong with the line (makes phoney interference noise).

PFJ: I said, Robert Elliott is the killer.

Chief inspector: Thanks but I've already got one.

PFJ: No, I think you misheard. I said Robert Elliott is the killer. He's the one that killed that woman on the video.

Chief inspector: Oh yes, the video. We believe that the jewels may come from the continent.

PFJ: No. It was murder.

Chief inspector: Was it? And what's your name?

PFJ: That's not important. This is a confidential

tipoff. Robert Elliott is the killer.

Chief inspector: Robert Killer?

PFJ: No. Robert Elliott.

Chief inspector: Killer Elliott is the robber?

PFJ: No no no. The killer. He killed the woman.

Chief inspector: This doesn't make any sense. Why would the woman flush the jewels down a rubber toilet?

PFJ: No. There are no jewels. There is no rubber toilet. There is only a dead woman and a killer who lives in 23 Rushbrook Court. You can phone him now and ask him. He's been waiting by the phone for nearly three weeks now for you to call.

Chief inspector: Hello?

PFJ: Yes?

Chief inspector: I'll have a twelve-inch please, with extra cheese and pineapple, and a small one for the lieutenant.

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT
TAKES TO BE A
TAOISEACH?

(Complete in ten words or less) I think I should be Taoiseach because...

Simply complete the tie-breaker phrase, and send this form, with two box-tops from Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Kellogg's Rice Krispies, or Kellogg's Smacks to:

Search for a Taoiseach competition
Leinster House
Dublin 2

The form should reach us no later than July 1, 1993. Winner will be announced by post.



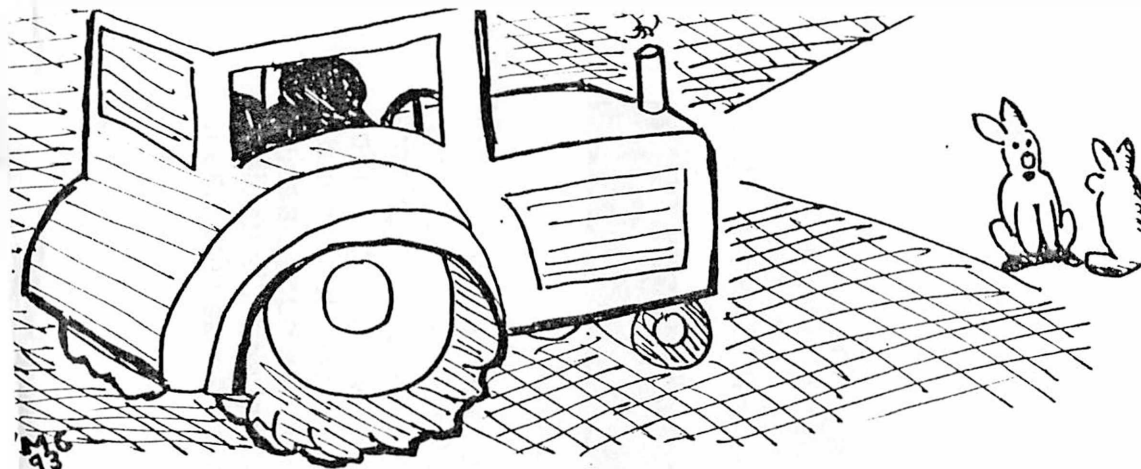
**Fellatio Nelson
Going Down on the
Victory**



**Noah - Just Before
Inventing Ark-welding**

Blue Whisper

We met on the Cote d'Azur.
She smoked Gitanes
Slowly
And I knew then
That our lives would intertwine
Like cigarette smoke.
And that, like
Her Gitane,
I would end up writing
A poem about it.



"LOOKS LIKE WE'RE CAUGHT IN A TRACTOR BEAM"



Spare Parts

In the course of reading PFF you may find that certain letters or even entire words fall out, are rubbed out, or are in some way obscured, perhaps by chocolate smudges. With this in mind we have provided some spare letters and punctuation marks here which can be cut out and pasted down using Pritt, so that the issue remains complete and unimpaired.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 11"'''EE*(())

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ ???...//\

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz 1234567890

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

GOODBYE!