

"Manda having his sex
fair knocked off by
the radiant beauty of
the fair Nylm"



Radiant
Beauty

Nylm bowed
under the weight
of the water

Manda atop
his majestic
tower spies
the fair Nylm



Note extensive
scarring on outer skin
- this is one mean
spell

The particularly
evil + squat
Yam Nitram
tormenting the fair
Nylm whilst forc-
ing her to
carry 6
tacklebags

Nylm forced
to wear
DIRTY
shorts

* Apologies to Lynn from
sherry.

should be he able to trick the Spelios into returning the fair Nylm.

So armed with only his quick wit and a rope protection Mando ventured into the Spelios territory. As it was day he was quite safe to approach the spring since the dark, smelly Spelios feared the bright light of the sun, or more usually the mystical aura of the Pastirius mist, as these were known for their cleansing properties. There he waited for the fair princess, who duly turned up with the orange and blue water containers. Fearing the worst he spoke to her in his native tongue, but which produced a response of pure confusion in the fair Nylm. Being sharp-witted he realised that she had spent so long in the presence of the Spelios that she no longer understood her own language. Their gruff talk and exceptional use of short, ugly words, especially by the hardened female of the band Merry's

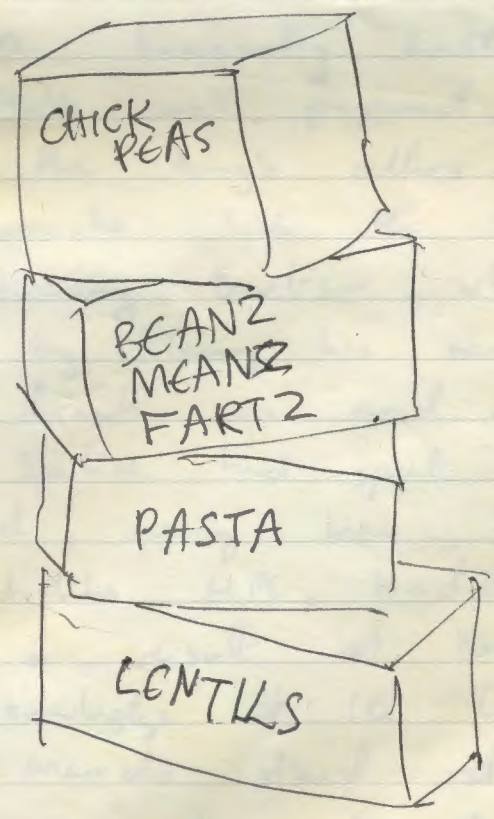
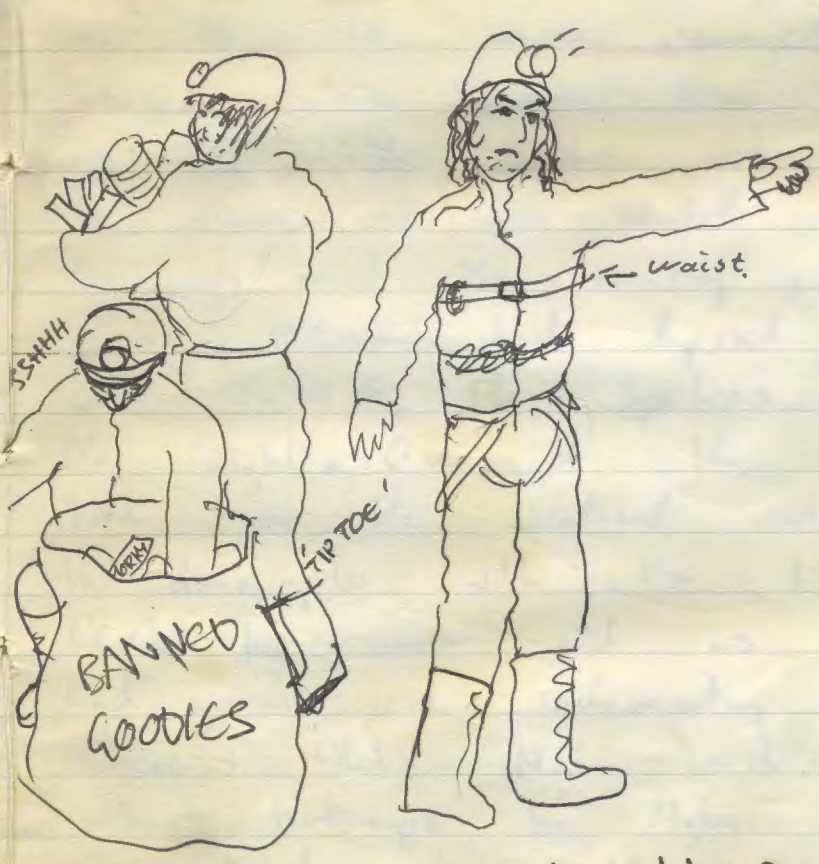
still being quick-witted he realised the only way to effectively communicate with the fair princess was using the pretty alpine flowers of the region. Despite her orders or dead Nylm gruffed. The meaning of this single gesture "I am a prat", and by means of sign language a bond of trust and friendship quickly developed between the p.h.p Mando and the fair Nylm.

Meanwhile on a group of travelling rogues had returned from rape and pillage in the neighbouring kingdoms, including the rakish Nirad and the terrible Nitram twins. Their return heralded a split in the ranks in the Spelios as they had returned to find that their younger brother Yam Nitram had been deposed by the hated Ecom Nad, a particularly shaggy example of the species, known now only as Mad

WOT A COMPLETE PRAT!



* - even more apologies to Lynn from Sherry



"The New Mad Nad directives"

Nad. This heurpde of a spetio had been mercilessly abusing poor, fair Hgln, even more than slowly dim-witted Lamp. Mad Nad who lived exclusively on chickpeas, lentils and ~~pot~~ rice, expected the poor creatures under his influence to do similar. This mean attitude had given rise to dissent in the lower orders of Spetios who looked up to Yam Nitram however Mad Nad quelled such murmurings by shredding their plastic outer skins especially around the huns.

Being very sharp-witted in deed, p. h. p. boy Mando realized the only way to break the Spetios into giving up the fair Hgln was to dull their senses with copious amounts of alcohol. Not only was wine they were used with their food but also with their money so Mando would have to use his last potato to bring this about. He invited them to the massive, majestic banquet hall of Vlassio where much vino tinto was prepared, brought up from the depths of the king's cellars. Despite the absence of gin-soaked wreaths like the the Sone's Songerg's and the ranting, fawning Bert-ser, whom the young Nitram had deposed by lacing his neat meals with T.M.F., the Spetios drank on and on through the night. One of the Spetios had spent some time on the avatrad world, moving from dung-pile to dung-pile with the fish-like HPC, Maddy the Levix by name and as a result of these excursions had gained some rudimentary knowledge of the language of lastirius. Whilst Hgln and Mando stared at each others knees, for Hgln was not allowed to raise her head above the table, he would grant these messages between them. Mando told her of his plans for her escape, his unending love for her,

the heat of her eyes and her cheeks. However he was not quite sharp-witted enough to spot the flaw in his plan since ^{Nadadi} ~~he~~ was not translating word for word; and ^{was} relaying the escape plan to that Mad Mad. For example when talking of her rosy cheeks Nadadi would tell Nylu of his unbridled passion for hamsters, or the interesting way in which his testicles were lob-sided.

As dawn broke and the last Spelios crept away dragging Nylu down to their daytime lair's for more abuse of a sarcastic nature, Mando searched his pockets for his last potatoe and paid off the bill. Still he was separated from his beloved Nylu, still he would spend sleepless nights worrying about her fate, still his love would be unrequited, still Nylu would think him a complete prat.

How will Mando make her understand?

How will Nylu escape the grips of the dreadful Spelios?

Why does Paul B bother coming to Spain?

To be continued in

A reply from fair Nylu?

277 - - Names conceived whilst pissed

36

← P12

← P40

Chokes

Dig

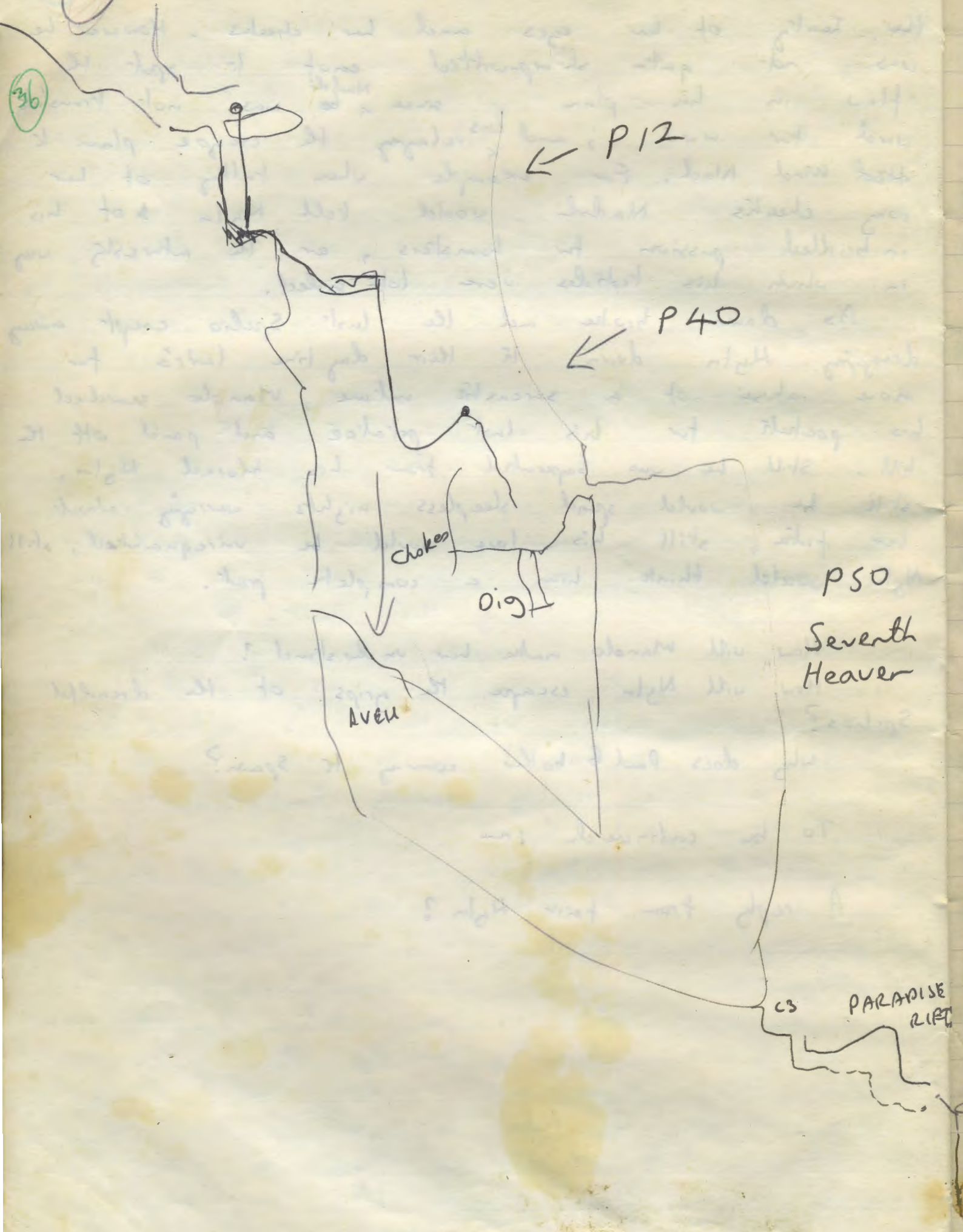
P50

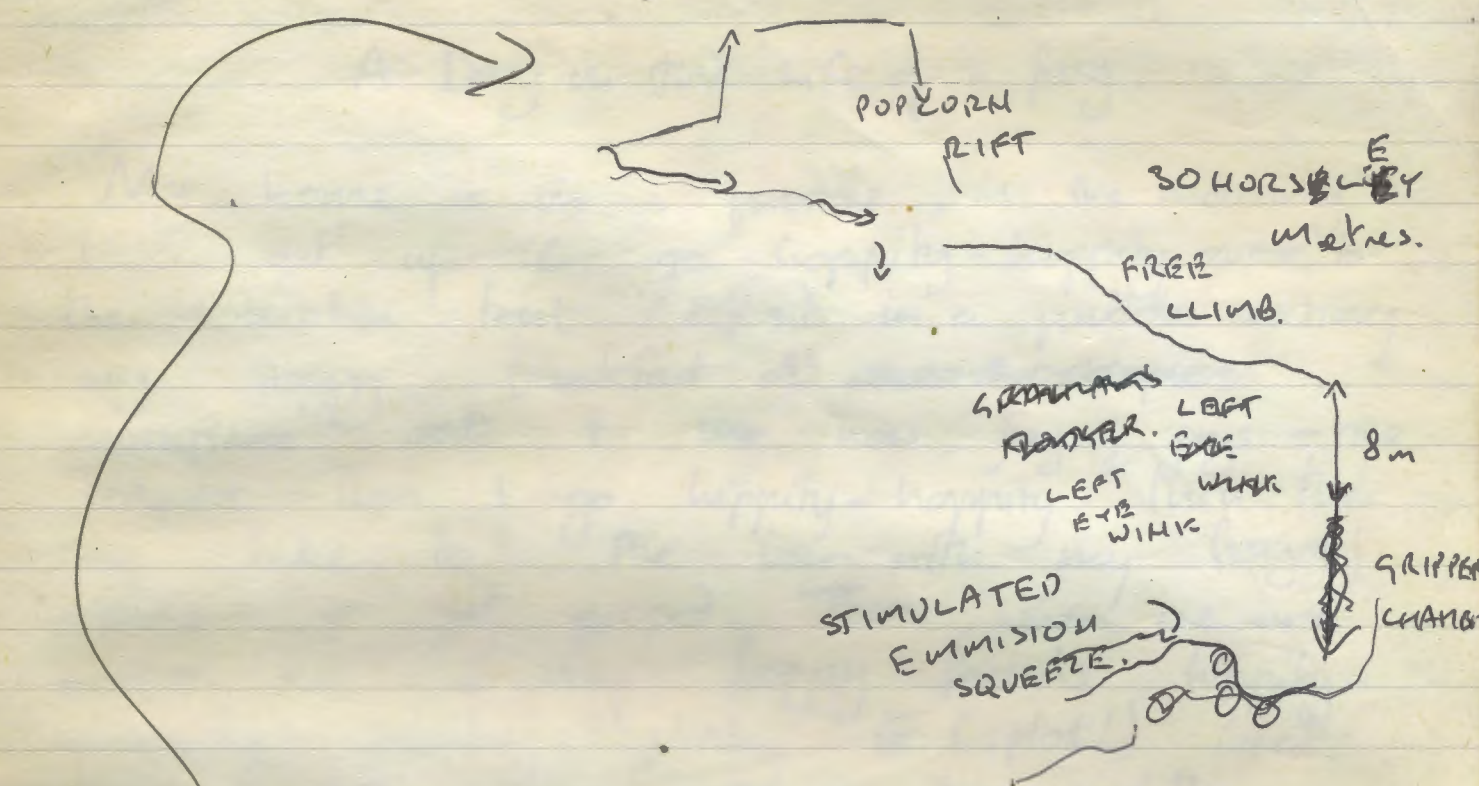
Seventh
Heaven

AVEN

C3

PARADISE
RIFT





p.s. Wt happened
 to Graham's
 Todger pitch
 = The Next pitch.

P20

A Day in the life of a frog.

My home is in a puddle, in the morning I get up & go hoppity-hoppity over to the kitchen tent & sit in a puddle eating my froggy breakfast of ~~oats & crisps~~ ^{oats} + ~~crisps~~ ^{now} - joy of joys - rice cornflake crisps. Then I go hippity-hoppity thru' the big lake to the bar with my froggy friends & get pissed. Then, when we are pissed me & my froggy friends hippity-hoppity splashy splosy ~~to~~ (splat!) back to ~~our~~ our home in the puddle.

But this morning was different, a great yellow orb rose in the sky - It was froggy - friend - Lynns birthday & we will all go hippity hoppity into the yellow frogmobile to the big ~~the~~ puddle by the coast.

~~But~~ But terrible things were happening the sun was drying out our puddles - how could we survive after so long wading in the mud - adapted perfectly to aquatic life.

Actually the moral of this story is I'm totally fucked off with all this rain!



← The exceedingly rare yellow-Van-Speleo Frog - perfectly adapted for life in wet camp sites

Thanks for a brill, fantastic, wonderful, ... etc
mushroom & red bits omelette this morning (Martin).

SHOPPING LIST IV

- Envelopes.
- Jackplug.
- TDA 2030 ?
- Sticky tape for blasters.
- Plasters.
- Cras. (Refill bottles).

oops!
 ↓
 you illetéramte Sagger

28/7 : Oū ^{sont} ~~est~~ Monsieur le Cratchetty
 et Mademoiselle Squik squik.

28/7 Here! 6pm Saturday
 → 12.00 Tuesday.

Is this a record?
 12 hrs = Paris,
 12 hrs = Casadonga
 A long time look at Ivun.

"M le C" ?

Modern Classics of Science Fiction presents:-

Vacher Attack.

Earthman Cooper had been guarding the command module of Space station "Base Camp" against the dangerous aliens of the planet Picos, the bipedal humanoid Spaniards, and the aggressive Vachers. The Spaniards were a docile lot who would keep their distance from the intrepid Earth man (or earthwomen), and were no problem unless provoked, as happened when the Starfighter class ship "Yellow Van", collided with one of their family cruisers whilst entering hyperdrive on the hair-raising Picos No Los Lagos Run.

The Vachers were a different proposition, these two headed beasts had antisocial tendencies. They would lumber around the command module, bellowing & clanking and terrorizing the earth colonists. They were mischievous and would often leave foot-prints in the Base space station and steal or mindlessly vandalize the stores and equipment.

Space Navigator Cooper had been charged with a nerve-racking task, to prevent the alien invasion whilst the remaining colonists, those which had not disappeared in the night of the planet Picos, hoped to find a suitable region for habitation, near the new landing bay at Aris. After bolting down all the hatches and a brief tour of the module to check for alien activity he retired to his bunk.

Next morning he awoke suspecting nothing out of the ordinary. A heavy layer of space cloud had enclosed the space station, so at first he had difficulty finding his bearings. The food