

Sat on a Tyre

D L Nightingale

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This book is fiction, all the characters and incidents contained within are entirely imaginary and intended for an adult audience.

It is meant as humour although some subject material may be offensive to some, as areas such as religion and mind control are examined. All the characters and incidents contained within are entirely imaginary and intended for an adult audience. Some of the passages will only appeal to an open minded liberal adult reader. If you are easily offended please do not read this book. I wish all readers peace and happiness, tolerance and understanding. We may not always see others point of view, we may not understand them. Whatever we do in life there will no doubt be someone who can find a reason to be upset by our thoughts. The richness of experience comes through diversity and the boundless myriad ways that the human mind devises to express the inner feelings of the individual. Should that no person take that first step to try something different we would have no wheel, no printing press, no medicine. No freedoms, no one standing up for free expression and democracy, for human rights, humanity and the voice of reason.

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Before you read this book ask yourself this:

Do you really know what's going on?

Can you trust what they tell you?

Why are they saying what they say?

Who are they?

Sat on a Tyre

Classification: Humour (possibly Insanity)

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Introduction

“Use your mind or others will.”

D L Nightingale

This book is very silly, it is inspired by Mike and Dave, sit down comedians. Their hilarious twenty minute shows are a smash hit and have attracted a cult following. This book written by Dave draws its influence from their amazing schemes to solve many of the worlds problems. It takes a satirical look at what we perceive as reality. You will be intrigued by the solutions they have devised and wonder why they are not world dictators running everything. You will certainly want to worship them, women are particularly encouraged to fall at their feet. Not always politically correct but always respectful that everyone is important. Read on for a roller coaster ride, on the mind wave of the century. Surf these brain waves and you will feel exhilarated, refreshed and alive.

Warning, reading this book could, may or will damage your sanity. Please consult a physician before attempting to journey further into this rational reality based real world. Do not leave the virtual world of important news about celebrities, politicians and soaps.

Disclaimer, disconnecting people from the television may cause them extreme pain and distress, consult their physician before insisting they read this book.

The title of the book is drawn from the show's trade mark, where the two comedians are Sat on a Tyre. Then there is the ubiquitous

bobble hat routine which we could not omit. Mike and Dave hold women in high regard, anyone or any text that does not respect them as at least equal is fair game. As Dave is fond of pointing out, "In the beginning Dave came forth from woman." The show's run was abruptly cut short due to unforeseen circumstances. Dave continues writing comedy, with pressure from fans this book has come to pass.

Please note this book should come with an Appendix, however in some copies it was dangerously large and liable to rupture. We want you to read this book in its best condition so you may find the appendix has been removed. This is necessary to maintain the book in peak condition.

Warning

Please do not try to read this book upside down. This book was not designed or tested for being held upside-down and we can not guarantee that the pages will not fall out. Also we would warn you that you may experience a rush of blood to the head, which unless you are experienced in gymnastics could prove dangerous, and you may get your hair dirty.

Please observe the following for your own safety:

- 1) Avoid reading this book in a public place, the information although encrypted could easily be overlooked and enemy agents may consider you a threat.
- 2) Walking and reading at the same time can cause damage to the book, this can affect your reading ability and may alter your mental age. You may not see the following hazards: Lampposts, holes, walls, buildings, post-boxes, phone booths , other bipeds including pigeons, signposts, people Etc.
- 3) While trying to learn to fly an aeroplane, we suggest that the planes instruction manual is possibly a better option in this case.
- 4) We would warn against borrowing this from the library, enemy agents may well be hacking into the borrowers list, you don't really want them bugging you !

5) Don't read and drive, this is not too obvious because most people have been seen reading maps while driving, some very skilful drivers can do this while the car is moving, remember they have been specially trained to do this. Such techniques are much more advanced than the beginners course, which we have included an extract for reference below:

Extract from the beginners course in "How to do things in your car while on the move," a comprehensive guide for **Inspired Drivers Interested in Other Techniques and Skills** who don't have time to read the highway code. (Please note the authors and publishers do not Condone this book).

We show you how to do the following, you'll be the envy of your friends, so they'll think they're the best driver.... When you learn these skills you'll really shine.

Sandwiches:- Eat then go, now come on why do you think the Americans invented drive through cafés, no wasting hours in restaurants, lets eat the miles and chew, chew, chew with a little training.

Map reading:- why spend a fortune on satellite navigation leaving little money left to buy the car. Just use the money you save to buy a big car with plenty of room to open the map. Remember to avoid getting lost you may need to open the map fully. Traffic lights and traffic jams are the ideal accessory for the map reading car driver

Mobile phones:- a must for all car drivers, show your skill changing gear, steering and negotiating roundabouts. Who needs a hands free kit !

Smoking:- this is an old technique which was well provided for in most cars with ash trays, and cigarette lighters. However smoking can apparently lead to diseases, one is that it can cause the cars interior to change colour, and leave smells that can prove offensive

to some people (for the men this may detract from its bird pulling capability).

{end of extract}

Foreword

“But thus do I counsel you, my friends: distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful!”

Friedrich Nietzsche

The story that follows is entirely based on Britain and the world in the near future. So no inferences should be made to the world in which you live. Unlike you mere mortals, Dave, Dave and Mike of this comedy duo have special psychic powers and are able see events as yet unpacked from the box of history. That is why this book is considered so dangerous as in reading it you might be influenced to try and change the course of destiny. There are great forces in the world who fear its secrets, they will stop at nothing to prevent you from reading between the lines. Many from the side lacking illumination, have tried to prevent its being printed.

If you dare to read on after consulting with a physician, be very worried if some of the writings in this book do not at first make sense. If the literature seems beyond comprehension, remember only the wise ones may know the inner secrets. To get to such knowledge takes years of study and meditation. Do you fear the future? Will you voyage into the as yet unknown?

“Fill your mind, not your house.”

D L Nightingale

Chapter 1

Period of reflection, this needs mirrors

“Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings, so

that you shall gain easily what others have laboured hard for.”

Socrates

Sir Charles sat in his office looking across the street contemplating what those strange fellows opposite were up to. He saw a tall man with glasses staring from a top floor window in the international headquarters of Poulter & Morton. Sir Charles was rather preoccupied with the new law that prevented one's offspring from doing the same job as it's parents. This had an added dimension that no one in the same family could do a job that another member of the family did. He was keen that his county should not apply this law, to which end he was wracking his brain for some loophole. It had been introduced ostensibly to stop nepotism. He knew it would reduce the transfer of collected knowledge, for knowledge was power. In his county there were thinkers and across the road one was deep in thought.

If only people had had identity cards, the Russian crackers would not have been able to get the credit card information, which they then sold to the American living in the UK. In an state of a deep period of reflection he considered the thousands maybe millions of pounds which would have safeguarded, for the small price of a few billion spent on a new identity card system. Not to mention all the terrorists that would be stopped in their tracks. Idiots he thought when people ask how this would make a difference! The cards would contain vast amounts of personal data, just as in the past you had to declare if you were a commie entering the former US. The new cards would hold sworn declarations of occupation, interests and memberships. That was so long ago, the world was much safer now. Dave pushed his glasses at the bridge, edging them back up his nose. He glanced and caught sight of a rosy cheeked fellow across on the top floor of the municipal offices.

Meanwhile Mike Tawney was sitting at his desk, thinking about Anti-Track ©™ . The small company of Poulter & Morton had been setup by a pair of techi mavericks. Their aim was to help ordinary

people maintain their liberty. Many people complained that they were irresponsible, that their technologies could help terrorists. This they stated was paranoid stupidity, as they will only sell to people after checking their identity cards, making sure that their occupation was not listed as terrorist. The first project to market was the satellite tracking blocker. The tracking device fitted to all cars had to be located where it would not be blocked by metal on the car body. This strict legal requirement, known as the No Block and Track All legislation was hard to compromise legally. So they had come up with an ingenious device to shield the dish.

There was a bell ringing, yet nobody answered it. Mike realised that Dave Poulter and Dave Morton were off to some business meeting. Jenny must have gone to lunch he concluded. He walked to the entry phone, it was a wonderful moment, picking up this technology, banned in all other counties because it used electrons. There was a general distrust of anything you could not see and the ecclesiastical bodies had deemed such things to be the work of the devil. He clattered downstairs to greet the people at the door. In the reception area were two smart fellows, carrying various cases.

“Hello we were wondering if we could interest you in our magazine?”

“Oh well this is a business.”

“Yes we realise that but we decided that we must reach everyone. You see the rapture is coming, that is why God gave us nuclear weapons. This is so we can bring about the rapture. The new president we are sure understands that, he is sure the time of poverty that is being ushered in in the UCA is to make all of us meek, so those living in America will inherit the earth, like it says in the Bible.”

“But what about other countries with nuclear weapons?”

“Satan has given these to other nations to try and deter weak presidents from creating the rapture. But we now have a strong president.”

“Hmm.” thought Mike, everyone thought W was bad but maybe they were right about this new guy. The trillions of debt held by the Saudis and Chinese was worthless because of the induced inflation. He decided to take a magazine, these were most interesting to dissect, Dave and Dave would be pleased.

Down the street, turn right at the maxi roundabout, with its green and white pole. What is this pole? Well let me explain. Poles are used to collect opinions, white and green are cloud and grass. You ask if someone saw a pole in the roundabout? If they did then the question asked is what colour? If they say Green they may be a stupid, obsessive greenie and a danger to the state. If they say white then they think of the lord in heaven and are most pure. If they say white green, this is a sign that they are good people who know greenies, watch them closely and report any suspicious behaviour. If they say green white then they are greenies who are being helped by pure people. If they refuse to answer then they are very honest intelligent greenies hiding their true identity, you must report them immediately. Well that's what it said in the government handbook on keeping to the divine plan. Greenies are not environmentalists, oh no the government gives guidance on the true meanings, but that is another matter. Follow the road down and down and down, past the downs, to be precise, and onto the heath where there is a small cottage, where we find a fine old gentleman.

Old Harry sat looking out to see the plants. He was so pleased with his new project, all those pots. The business had taken off, what a brilliant idea of his wife's. When people have a hosepipe ban in the south-east they were able to bring their precious house plants for his care when they went on holiday. He did have to watch it though as one of his many other activities might cause problems, can you imagine what it is?

Harry was distracted by his wife, this was so unusual she hardly ever distracted him. It was a new leaflet keeping the population of

the nation informed. He stared hard, holding the paper at arms length and squinting, as this is the New Narrow Minded Data Observation and Focus technique proscribed by his optician. Glasses were the devils way of interfering in the Lords Divine plan. Everyone knows short sighted men are that way because they looked at naughty pictures, and so bad evil men without glasses will have a lower chance of not colliding with things, this being their punishment. Harry was pleased when he saw the subject.

Cups statement.

Cup designers are not physicists, or engineers. This is quite obvious; the mug was designed by a thinking man. These are the conclusions of a major new study into everyday household objects. Unlike the well designed mug, the base of a cup is much smaller than the rim. Thus raising its centre of gravity and greatly reducing stability. It is for this reason that male logic understanding the hazards of hot liquids in unstable containers, avoids carrying such vessels upstairs in the early morning to a waiting female. This is the most dangerous time because of the need for precision stabilisation and the conflict with the semi-conscious mind still emerging from a state of deep torpor. The man is putting safety first, this is often misinterpreted by the female, hopefully when the full findings of this study become public women will be more understanding.

Harry smiled and was also pleased to be visiting a lecture given by Professor Gorbtor. Later that day we see him taking this place, Harry like everyone in Britain was keen to take in all the vital information that would keep them safe. The professor sat in the massive hall that seated over twenty people. He announced: "Indicating;

In the past vehicles moved slowly and it was easy to use ones arms to indicate where one would be going. However as speed increased the g forces became too much and so indicator lights evolved from little reflective pop out arms. Then as we all have become more sedentary and power steering evolved to

compensate, so speed has increased. Now people no longer have the strength to overcome the massive g forces involved and are unable to reach for the indicator switches. This explains why you should not use profanities against those less fortunate than yourselves. You may be strong and agile, but many are not, how can you deny them their right to travel.”

The crowd were in awe of this fine man, as were many in a nearby building. This was really the very best time to be living in this green and peasant land.

In a nearby building in the local centre for communications John Boulding stood in front of a large hall full of people.

F: “As chairman of the Safety committee I am pleased to announce the sports safety committees first conclusions. As you will all no doubt be aware we have started with the most popular sports as we feel that this will have the most impact.”

“Well they have been looking at Golf, which with its hard balls and stiff club is highly dangerous. Two solutions have been proposed, the first to cover the balls with soft padding, some consideration was given to airbags, but these it was felt would interfere with the dynamics of the game. The stiff club being covered also with soft padding.

The alternative was to give everyone hard hats, and padded clothing. However after much debate, the thought was that the padded clothing would interfere with the swing.

Of course solution one will reduce the distance travelled by the balls, as padding absorbs much of the golfers swing. However this is seen as a good thing because golf courses will be shortened, thus allowing more courses in the same land. Thus more people can play making it even more popular. Therefore we conclude to put this before Government.”

F: “Any questions?”

Man in red bobble hat: “Will the padding be brightly coloured to assistance those avoiding such projectiles, may I refer to submissions by the National Hikers Club.”

F: “Yes we have insisted that bright yellow or orange are the only

colours permissible, anyone else?"

Man in green bobble hat: "Is the material, from which what these balls are covered in going to be biodegradable?"

F: "Yes, we have had many communications with Green organisations, with regard to lost balls. Materials will be chosen that degrade harmlessly."

Man in blue bobble hat: "What about birds seeing them and thinking they are eggs and sitting on them and predators then eating the birds reducing the bird population."

Man in green bobble hat: "Oh yes what about that Mr Chairman?" he turns to man in blue bobble hat, "You have made a very valid point there my friend."

Man in blue bobble hat: "Oh thank you."

F: "Hmmm Hmmm," the chairman cleared his throat, "We will be specifying materials which contain bird repelling odours."

Man in blue bobble hat: "Ah but will these odours repel all birds as some birds might find such odours attractive, have you done tests on all birds?"

F: "All materials will be tested on all native birds."

Man in blue bobble hat: "Er but with climate change we get rare non native birds frequenting these parts and thus such birds may be vulnerable too, assuming that bright yellow or orange spherical smelly balls are their eggs as such may be the case in tropical regions of which our members in the ornithological society have little or no knowledge of such habits, and hence may not be able to advise the Chairman's sub committee with regard to said issues."

Man in green bobble hat: "Well said my friend, who knows what effect such changes will have on the ecosystem, if everyone went about introducing spherical objects willy nilly into the environment who knows what imbalances could occur."

F: "When you have quite finished, we will be taking all reasonable precautions to protect the environment, however public safety must come first. We all recognise the importance of wildlife and will do all we can to ensure that any adverse affects are minimized. Now unfortunately I must adjourn this meeting as the hall is needed by the Parsnip Production Policy committee. Thank you all for

attending.”

People shuffled through the hall and into the grounds surrounding the hall. Outside they huddled into groups, forming subgroups to debate the issues raised in the meeting.

Meanwhile deep in Corsetshire a subversive group is meeting at a secret undisclosed location. They have come across the border to meet in the relative safety, this is the secret society the order of Q. A questioning sect of theological mavericks. Their issue: Speed. One man started to speak, “We are not sure what it is but this is quite expensive because many people have made road signs in protest – “Reduce Speed Now”. We know that speed is an animal not a vegetable and dangerous because the police are used to catch them in Speed Traps. In some areas people are so enraged that they want it dead – “Kill your speed now”. If you are travelling through this area keep your speed hidden.”

“How do we know if we even have it?,” said a voice from the back. “Yes we know its an animal but what does it look like?” said a man in a long white robe.

Elsewhere in the county the sitting MP was answering questions at his surgery. An eminent mathematician was putting an argument before Sir Charles. He leaned back in his sumptuous chair, one of the few privileges allowed. The very serious man looked at him from across the big old desk. He began to speak.

“Each year in many countries the clocks go forward by one hour and back again. Computers generally do themselves with one click ok?”

Sir Charles, nodded. Then the man continued.

“Your watch, Lounge clock, Kitchen clock, DVD clock, Car clock, Alarm clock to mention just a few examples. Now if each clock takes on average two minutes to change some being easier than others, and we must allow time to go to each of these and effect the change. The young and old will not have so many time pieces

but and will probably get someone else to change them. So if we say only half the population will do the changes, but these will have more than just their own clocks. Even if they don't have children or elderly people to assist they may have clocks at work or in a club or some other place to change. Someone may not have a car clock or a kitchen clock but they may have a boat with a clock or caravan, camper van or some other clock so it is quite reasonable to assume that each person could easily have 6 clocks to change. So each year that is 2 minutes x 6, twice a year which is 24 minutes per year. If the population is 60 million then that is 30 million that will change clocks or $30,000,000 \times 24$ minutes = 720 million minutes each year, or 12 million hours or 500000 days or 1369.86 years wasted changing the clocks. It means each year assuming a 70 year lifespan that 19.57 persons are born each year to change clocks. This is calculated for just one country imagine the values for the whole world and we are into an amazing amount of time wasted. It should also be remembered that a lot of time is lost adjusting to the changes, people waking up late and being late for work etc."

Sir Charles was absolutely amazed and said he would bring it up in parliament, although in essence he had very little influence. He was not a director of any manufacturer of flavourings, such deceptions were not to his taste. He thanked the mathematician and walked from the meeting room back to his office. He saw across the road a fine looking woman rushing through the office building.

There was a knock at the door. Jenny ran downstairs and looked through the spy hole. She saw a smartly dressed couple. "Who is it?"

"We are from No War Animals."

"Oh!" she opened the door.

They exchanged pleasantries.

"So you see we know that animals are still being used in war and we want to put a stop to it."

“I did not think they used animals any more?”

“Oh yes they do, we thought that with all the propaganda, then we discovered various organisations for War Vets.”

“Aren't they for retired war veterans?”

“So naïve, please this is just a cover for War Veterinarians. Can you imagine what people would say if they knew highly trained animals were being sent to war. This is so obvious when you consider how few people are recruited each year, then add the numbers sent to fight, taking into account that they only sign up for a three year periods. We have done the math. Oh yes.”

“Please won't you have one of our leaflets.” said the other person. Jenny took one and made her donation. The two smiling gentlemen left and she went back to her seat. From the window she could see her hero, his rosy cheeks beaming, what a great office view she had.

Down on the street below in a café people were milling around. Out the back three men sat in a room discussing the world of cycling. There was a headline in the Daily Propaganda, not to be confused with the Daily Paranoia. **Most famous British cyclist** In the Tour de France you see marked on the road the names of the cyclists, they are not done very professionally. In Britain it is different; we do the cyclists names professionally. Our most famous rider is “S LOW”. You will see his name on most roads. One of the men looked at his hourglass, they must make a move or they would miss the famous Professor.

Professor Borgor the world famous historian, sat shuffling some papers. Silence fell as he raised his head to speak.

“Football;

In the old days this was played by groups of poor people kicking an inflated pigs bladder through the streets. How did it start? A very poor family could only afford a pigs bladder to eat, and to make it look more the mother thought about stuffing it. Alas she had nothing to stuff it with, so to see what it would be like stuffed she blew into it and tied it to keep the air in. On seeing it her greedy

husband grabbed it and ran into the street. Unfortunately a starving vagabond could not resist taking it, but as he grabbed it, it fell to the ground. The husband not wanting anyone to have it if he could not, kicked it, and so they both gave chase, more and more tried to kick it and so football was created. Many years later the lord of the land decided that they were wasting far too much time kicking this bladder, around and it was spreading to many towns and villages. He went with his men and grabbed it, they ran through the crowd throwing it to one another to stop the villagers getting it. His Lordship enjoyed this so much that he decided to invite another lord to a challenge to see if he could get the pigs bladder from them. So sure was this lord of his superiority. This is how rugby started and you should ignore any other stories, I checked with my invisible friend Mr Ziggy and he confirmed everything.”

He drew breath for his esteemed conclusion.

“In modern times the pigs bladder has been substituted with a ball, and the players are paid lots of money, each earns more than enough to go buy their own ball. If each player had a ball there would be no need for tackles and other dangerous moves. This would greatly improve the safety of the sport. This observation seems to be constantly overlooked.”

A brief note you will understand that Mr Ziggy was sent to him by the one above to give him all the historical information without having to waste hours and hours reading questionable books.

Questionable books were written by questionable people, like the MP for this shire. He sat in his office looking down onto the gathering in the street.

A tall man stood on a box holding a giga phone to his lips, and shouted:

“Tall Buildings;

These should not be allowed as they are dangerous. Someone feeling low might try to get to the top to feel high. When they get there they just feel dizzy and upon looking down get weak at the

knees, thus posing a falling hazard. Also they have been known to cause linguistic confusion. Surrounding smaller buildings get inferiority complexes and let themselves go. When the small buildings are at their weakest, they are pushed aside for taller ones. This prejudice against low buildings must be stopped.”

Sir Charles listened he felt like a tall building, his foundations under threat. His words scattered to the four corners of the now flat earth. He knew he was being maintained in his current position only because all the other politicians needed a bad guy to blame all their problems on. They were sending all the brainy people to his county and relocating all the good people who wanted to move from this land of depravity. Good God it was full of people who ask questions and make things! Can you imagine such a place, people who can do mathematics! Its not normal, astronomers who cling on to strange ideas that the world orbits the earth. Or is it the our planet going around that shiny thing in the sky?

Then he started thinking, he had pondered for some time as to when this all started. Slowly bit by bit things had changed. He remembered telling his wife off because she kept putting prefixes and suffixes on every other sentence. She would say, “The trouble is if it gets cold it might snow or something.” Then follow that with, “That’s the trouble with cold it can affect the plants and anything.” So she would go on, “The problem is with using green houses someone might throw a brick through or something. That’s the problem these days all those louts and anyone.” She would endlessly go over situations as though she was some analyst on the news, and that’s when the penny dropped. They had been using twenty four hour news, news on the hour every hour, with news bulletins every half hour, news updates. He was not one for conspiracy theories, but when he looked at the people affected it was not generally the thinkers, they had to much to occupy their minds, it was the people who did mundane jobs, had dull routines, get home watch teli, go to bed go to work, come home listen to radio on way home, maybe listen to radio at work. It was as though

they were being programmed, as though these prefixes and suffixes were just a test to see if minds could be altered. The scary thing he remembered was after telling his wife off he phoned a friend and they were using the words as well. He then attuned to these phrases realised it was endemic. People were also endlessly repeating their thoughts out loud, as though if they said it enough times it would make a difference.

He could still hear those damn protesters, strange how some were allowed to make a difference yet others, with more rational argument were being given scare tactics. Oh now poor Sir Charles was all of a muddle his head was in a spin.

Chapter 2

Do sesame sticks grow on sesame trees?

"Errors using inadequate data are much less than those using no data at all."

Charles Babbage

Sir Charles woke the following day with rather a headache. The protesters had gone on into the evening. He had a meeting with a rather disturbed man. This engineer was suffering from a common condition. The MP sat in a big chair behind a grand steel desk with its smoked glass top, very deviant. This monstrosity had caused a few raised eyebrows. In walks the MP's secretary, she announces the man has arrived. Sir Charles asks her to send him in. This most efficient woman was a real treasure, and a mine of information. He rather subversively asked her opinion, even at times letting her make decisions. Giving a woman such power was most frowned upon, for it went against the divine laws and teachings. If you find this hard to imagine, please go on pick up the "Good" book that is available in your time, read it from cover to cover.

In comes a balding bespectacled fellow his dress rather shabby.

They went through an unusual greeting session, touching of hands was most dangerous. Clearly a sign of men clinging to some strange custom, a hankering to the enlightenment experiment, which like communism had gone the way of all ungodly societies.

“Well my friend how can I help you?”

“I, I,” the man paused, taking a seat. “I just don't get it!” he said with a rather distraught puzzled look, shaking his head. “Where did we go wrong?”

“Explain old chap,” said Sir Charles, a man who could put all at ease, even many of his most ardent critiques.

“Well, I have just finished a job, very complex, took a lot of effort. Paid a tiny amount by some people who balked at my reasonable charges. They think nothing when purchasing a case of wine, have more money than me, yet seem almost incapable of cognitive operations.”

“So?” asked the MP.

“How come they have money and I don't?”

“With all the rushing around and work you do, you should have plenty of money, its not like there is a glut of engineers.” Reasoned Sir Charles.

“Exactly, I have to explain everything ten times, they write down every detail, complain it's too complicated and yet they command high salaries!” said the man, perplexed by the conundrum. This was one concept he and a few other engineers had grappled with to no avail. Give him a differential equation, a program to write or some stress analysis, no problem, but making money had him beat. “Yet some engineers seem to be able to charge high prices, and I know they don't do work any better, sometimes worse when you see what they continue to supply even when there are more reliable alternatives.”

“Perhaps, if you charged more?” said Sir Charles “People often equate high price with quality, in some cases this is true.”

“Yes, I've tried that but all the people I've met just complain and either go elsewhere negotiate down.”

“Perhaps you should advertise?”

“Tried it, spent a small fortune, got absolutely no work.”

“Can't be any good if you have to advertise!” said Sir Charles, cynical and understanding the way many think. “Perhaps it's image, if you look poor then people will assume you are desperate for work, because you are, so they have the upper hand in negotiation.”

“I know colleagues who dress casual they get well paid jobs!” Sir Charles, leaned back in his chair, glancing across to the building opposite. He turned back to look at his friend. “Do you have an office?”

“Oh, that's it. They have an office so they have to charge that and I don't.” said the sarcastic engineer. “My knowledge and work is only worth half as much because I don't have a building. Heard that one many times.”

“Perhaps you are in the wrong line?” proffered the MP.

“I started in Electronics, then it went to the far east, moved into computing then the prices of computers dropped so low that people got upset because labour to fix a computer was more than buying a new one, so to work you had to lower your rates.”

“Or get lucky and have good paying customers like those well off colleagues!” said Sir Charles with a rather jovial grin. He was well aware that people would very often go for the best marketed product rather than the best engineered. The public were definitely dumber than they looked. The conundrum, how to help his engineering fellow earn more money?

“Aren't the less reliable systems that need more maintenance income generators?”

“Yes if others fit them, if I fit them I just get complaints and am unpaid until I make it reliable! I seem to spend so much time doing unpaid research because the systems are so flaky.”

The two men sat staring out of the window towards the company across the road. This set Sir Charles off again, he was thinking about how people had gotten like this, how we went from revering such chaps as the Brunels, Trevithick, Stephensons, Newcomen and Watt to name but a few. He remembered the days when he used to have nice friendly chats with his good Christian friends, they were never bothered by his views, and always so kind. Now

was a different matter, it was as though someone was using them. He thought about his French friend, "My dear Charles," he said, "If you drop a frog in boiling water it will jump out, but put a frog in cold water and very very slowly raise the heat, you will boil it alive." What Sir Charles could not get his hands on was who is or maybe are the cook or cooks. Yet some fine fellows were determined to try and continue the old ways, as were those across in the office over the way.

At Poulter & Morton deep in the heart of Corsetshire they were having a brain storming session.

"When you play ball sports the opponents often seem unable to aim the ball properly. Take tennis which I recently re tried. The lady I played with on the court seemed to keep missing the racket, even when as a gentleman I moved the racket in the direction she had aimed the ball. Not wishing to upset her I blamed it on the fact that I was wearing an old pair of glasses and that my right eye was not fitted with projectile tracking optics. However as time went on I soon realised that she was having great trouble getting the ball to my racket even though I seemed quite able to get my ball serve to her racket. This was around the time of the Iraq war where they were using smart weapons to accurately hit the targets. So here was a brain wave to make sporting activities more enjoyable, Smart Balls. Yes that's right precision guided balls and with the European Galileo GPS system still operating. This system is accurate to within one metre, so with a slightly larger bat size most ball games will be able to keep the ball going back and forth without those annoying stoppages when the ball goes astray." said Dave, speaking to Dave and Mike.

The three men sat twiddling their thumbs as they cogitated the technicalities of this concept.

The local MP had left the bemused engineer, it was quite usual for people with problems to come to him, today was no exception. Sir Charles was in his surgery down in a village not far from the county town. It was afternoon and he was doing part of his regular visits to

outlying settlements. The man in front of him spluttered out:
“Deep Pile;

Now Sir Charles you may get the idea that I have a bit of a thing about carpets. I did start the Carpet Appreciation Society and during my more radical phase founded the Floor Liberation Front. All carpet manufactures and suppliers should be legally required to inform their customers of the correct meaning of deep pile carpets. Many of my friends have understandably misunderstood and endeavoured to create deep piles on their carpets. In two cases one can only travel through their abodes via a narrow corridor of exposed carpet. All other carpet is subjected to massive pressure, under piles of whatever they can find or buy and it is becoming prematurely fossilised.” The man looked at the MP with a worried frown. His concern was genuine, these abodes were more like a series of tunnels.

Sir Charles was puzzled at all the trivial problems, like the lady who had not moved house because the one she wanted came fully furnished and she already had her own furniture. This bemused him, he explained she could sell the new furniture.

“But where would I put my things, there is not room for them all when I move in?”

“Could she not get someone on the same day to go in and clear the new house, before the removal men took her things in?” He had replied. This had set him wondering if those promoting creationism were just using it to draw attacks from scientists, thus using it to unite Christians. It was as though people were being baited. Still he had lots to do, this chaps problem was real enough to him, and without this fellows support he would be swept under the proverbial.

While Sir Charles checked to see if his local powers reached the floor. Across the road in a narrow street, constrained even more by the people in it, a human pile.

Two smartly dressed men approach a group of students.

“A friend of ours told us about all the poor people losing their marbles. We decided to form a society to raise money to buy marbles. Our aim is to provide free supplies of marbles to poor people who have lost them.”

“Wow that sounds like a good idea.” said a student with a beaming smile.

“We thought so, it amazed us that nobody else was doing it.”

“The students all gave what they had and went on their way happy in their beliefs, praising the Lord that they no longer needed to question, in the New Moral Society.”

They all went into the lecture hall and waited in anticipation of the great Professor Gorbtor.

He stepped down onto the podium to a rapturous pause. There was a clause, in the course, practicality of the title and a smooth recital. He looked up to the stage where the audience sat looking down on him. This was a very humble man doing a very humble lowly performance.

“Cycle Lights;

Why you ask do so many people cycle without lights? Many jump to the wrong conclusions; perhaps it is the weight of the lights and those heavy batteries. This first thought is wrong as cyclists of old used to have heavy metal lamps the earliest were naked flame devices, now there are light weight LED (Light Emitting Diode) lights. So perhaps it is aerodynamics? No this can not be, the modern systems are very sleek and made of plastic. Cost maybe? Batteries and lights are relatively cheap so this is no excuse. Ah sighs the lateral thinker, they are just plain daft, you would think that being seen so as not to become integrated into a four wheel jalopy would be a sane idea for survival! Well this would seem so but we must look to detailed anthropological studies. For many years students have studied human behaviour and noted that at night many mammals become active to avoid predators. Humans are descended from such mammals, the earliest being similar to a mouse, and no sane mouse goes around with a front and back light. So perhaps reasoned scientists, human instinct is overriding

human reason, and this is why people dress in dark clothing when riding un-illuminated dark bicycles.”

The great man clapped and roared rapturous applause for his audience who had been most quiet and attentive. The students were all hay mazed as they tried to leave from the straw bail seats.

Across the road in an Inn, in the back around the front up the stairs down in the basement, sat three men deep in shallow conversation.

“I was going to go for a walk, but I could not.”

“Why?”

“It said that walkers must keep their dogs on a lead.”

“You don't have a dog!”

“So I could not keep it on a lead.”

“Right so you could not comply, and we must comply.”

“Could you have borrowed a dog?”

“It would not be my dog!”

“Oh, silly me, you are so right.”

“Must be a path for dog walkers.”

“Of course, like they have cycle paths for bicyclists.”

“Right that must be it.”

The three men supped on their carrot juice, looking out over windowsill bay admiring the sunset. All descended into tranquil silence as they watched the coloured lights on the radio. These devices turned on automatically to ensure all the people of the nation received important communications. A loud voice boomed in a rather monotone monotonous drone:

“The national government announce a major step in maintaining a grip on technology while keeping to the purity agenda. Inspired by the ecclesiastical operations that use the power of candles they have come up with a brilliant new product:”

There was a pause for effect.

“Announcing the all new candle powered pc, yes that's right a candle powered pc. This revolutionary new pc uses state of the ark

candle power, for many years our research teams have been developing this remarkable machine. This pc is not available in any shops, and for a limited period it can be yours for just \$999 !!!! Yes that's right this fantastic price can't be held so low for much longer. Hurry, don't miss out they are selling fast and stocks are strictly limited."

"Want to know more?" said another voice.

"Frequently asked questions ..."

"But how does it work ?" said the other voice.

"The candles are lit and placed in a tray below the pc, the heat is used to make the new organocynthototic material expand and contract just like your muscles, this drives piezo devices that generate the electricity."

"How long will it run?"

"As long as you have candles."

"Does it run windows ?"

"No we feel that windows are too fragile, so we have a new very solid operating system called doors."

"Will it run my old windows programs ?"

"Yes of course doors has built in windows to let you see your old applications."

"Is it stable?"

"No that's a place where you keep horses."

"Is it as fast as windows?"

"Doors open much easier than windows, the door's handles allow easy opening of applications."

"Can I upgrade it?"

"Why would you need too? Doors and the CPPC (Candle Power Personal Computer) are a perfect combination."

"What is the processor speed?"

"The CPPC does not have a processor in the conventional sense, it uses a neural net, which acts both as memory and processor, its parallel processing capability is lightning fast, equivalent to a 400gHz processor."

"To take part in this revolution and be the first to own one send

your order for a CPPC now. Orders limited to one per household whilst stocks last.”

“That concludes the news from the governments drive to Pure Processing Products.” The announcer went silent, the lights stopped flickering and all went quiet. The men looked at each other, stunned and amazed.

Meanwhile down in the bowels a subversive group were contesting the theory that governments essentially exist to protect people they serve.

“Governments provide a service, protecting people.”

“Just like a protection racket, if you don’t hand over money to them they hand out punishments.”

“Yes and they are just like any other capitalist organisation.”

“How so?”

“They generate revenue from their customers.”

“True, but they find things to spend it on for their customers.”

“Just like a company says you need their latest product.”

“What about the poor, they redistribute wealth to them.”

“Charities, they already help the poor.”

“War, governments protect us from enemies.”

“Who starts wars?”

“Governments!”

“Health care, what about poor who could not go private?”

“Why are they poor?”

“Because of all the taxes?”

While the subversives continued their debate the official wheels were in motion. The great Professor Borgor was giving one of his world famous lectures. He knew his history much to the derision of non-approved historians who were just jealous.

“Democracy;

How did that come about? Greeks wasn’t it? Yes that’s right a long time ago some Greeks found they had no leader, not sure why.

Anyway none of the top people wanted the job, and the masses

were growing restless.

“Come on make up your minds,” shouted a heckler.

“Why don’t you chose big mouth,” shouted one of the potential leaders.

“How rude,” said a gentle lady, “I would not pick him,” she said to her husband.

“We could select a leader from one of you,” he shouted.

“Oh yea and bump us off like you did the last chap,” retorted one of the nobles. Which reminds me that is why they were not keen to become leader.

“Well what if we did not like your leadership after a fixed period we could select another and then the current leader steps down,” shouted the ladies husband.

“Ah now that sounds ok,” shouted the noble.

From that day on Democracy was born, and because the leaders wanted to stay leading they all tried to do a very good job so they would get chosen again, and that is how Greece became the cradle of civilization in Europe. Learning flourished because each leader needed to know more about things so he could understand how to make the Greek world better. To build better buildings, which needed better maths and finer art to decorate and so it went on.”

The people in the viditorium viewed his ideas with great passion. They're eyes deaf to the hubbub outside.

Protesters had gathered near the municipal buildings to let Sir Charles know their displeasure. The tall man with no beard and a wide brimmed black hat stood in a bucket. He began to speak, waving his hands up and down. Gesticulating with his legs crossed, such an angry sight that has never since been seen. Around him he was encircled by a square of people in the town triangle. His voice boomed.

“Floor coverings;

Manufactures should be obliged to put cleaning instructions in a sealed envelope, labelled to only be opened by men if they are sitting down and accompanied either by a woman or medical

support team. I went into a state of shock to read instructions that said my floor covering should be vacuumed every day. A weaker man could have easily been seriously incapacitated.”

The people cheered long and loud. Sir Charles sat listening to the further rantings. Was he being swept under the carpet. Who was weaving? When there was not a thread of evidence. He believed in the age old saying that 'There is no Spinning without Fleece'.

There were certainly a lot of sheepish people herded by those who claimed to be shepherds of men. It also took intellect to learn and understand polytheism, such intelligence would lead to questions. Keep it simple, concentrate power in one and you have much more power and control.

Chapter 3

Cabbages and Mushrooms

"All things will be produced in superior quantity and quality, and with greater ease, when each man works at a single occupation, in accordance with his natural gifts, and at the right moment, without meddling with anything else."

Plato

Sir Charles woke the following day still in his office. Luckily his secretary had defied the divine plan and used her initiative. Before him on the desk was a magnificent breakfast. The crunchiest toast and the tangiest marmalade, his mouth watered, lips drawling. He felt tired, faced with an urgent issue that he could not complete in the time-scales demanded and a recent influx of many other tasks. He felt he could not do the other tasks because he had to concentrate on the urgent one. Yet he was filled with despair and despondency that he could not complete the urgent task. Faced with what seemed impossible he knew he had to start but could not get motivated. Even with the consequences of not doing it hanging over him, he sat unable to respond. He could not do the doable

jobs because he felt he had to do the urgent one. So he ended up sitting doing nothing, his brain gone to mush, as though someone had shut down his mind. Staring from his window he wished he could borrow minds from across the road. In the fine building one man began to use his, speaking clearly.

“Nice Carpet;

Is it not a puzzle why people buy something nice like a fitted carpet. Then because of a fear that it will get damaged proceed to hide that carpet under layers of mats, thus hiding the carpet.

Would it be cheaper just to buy the mats?”

Asked Mike Tawny, scratching his, I can't say.

However we are straying from the plot, so onward. Up the street, turn right at the midi roundabout, with its blue and yellow pole. What is this pole? Well let me explain. Poles are used to collect opinions, yellow and blue are custard and water. You ask if someone saw a pole in the roundabout, if they did then the question asked is what colour? If they say yellow you know they are good people transparent as custard. If they say blue, it is obvious they are cloudy like water, and hiding an obsession with fish. This means they are mad and should not be left alone in aquariums. If they say yellow blue then they are watered down custard and are a danger to goldfish, keep them indoors and warn pet owners. If they say blue yellow they have a desire to become pure as custard, influenced by the great divine one. Those who don't answer are intelligent honest people who have no time to waste on what they consider as trivial market research. Such disrespect for social cohesion derived from such activities possesses a threat to the fabric of society. This must be reported according to the latest bill passed through parliament. Any way follow the road more and more and more, across the moors, to be precise, and onto the heath where there is a small cottage, where we find a fine old gentleman. He is outside when approached by two men in suits.

“Hello can you spare a few moments?”

“Yes.”

“We are worried about the impending extinction of the pound. What we want to do is to collect as many as possible and provide them with a sanctuary.”

“I see.”

“They are so little, they used to be made of paper you know. Then some fool put a metal strip in and this altered their genetic make-up now they have mutated into round metal objects. We believe their natural habitat is likely to be invaded by the Euro.”

“Really?”

“Yes so we are looking to put them in an offshore sanctuary down in the Bahamas while there is still time.”

“What a good idea. You are so kind and thoughtful. Pity there are not more caring individuals like yourselves.”

Old Harry made his donation to this worthy cause, bid them good day and went back to tending the rabbits. Old Harry felt so reassured that there were still people willing to fight to save the pound. He was so pleased to meet two real patriots.

“Oh, my back.” Old Harry had a mind that he was getting too old to be picking up all the rabbits' droppings. Still studies had shown that rabbits were the most efficient way of generating grass pellets. He was proud that Britain was the world's major energy supplier. We lead the world in rabbit dropping production, he mused. Must keep up the good work, all those filling stations and power stations need these. The pellets were easy to store and auto feed into the fireboxes of the steam turbines, and the Excrement/Electric powered vehicles. How wonderful those Normans were to think of the future energy needs of England, no doubt why they invaded.

He did rather envy the rich farmers who were making a killing selling dried cow pats to the big power plants. Mind you he mused they did have to guard the cows day and night from poo pinchers. Such terrible people were very few in number, but would take

millions each year. It had to be just few deviants because all was wonderful in the New Moral Society. Only the shire in which he existed contained the evil ones. He knew his wife would learn much from visiting the lecture. She meanwhile sat staring at the big round man upon the stage.

Professor Gorbob began to speak, first giving the title of his lecture: "Babies;

It is a great misconception that is reinforced by letting fathers see things they do not understand, that highly complex babies come from a single cell fertilized by sperm. This is such a ridiculous notion that something as big and intricate as a human could come from a single cell in just nine months. This is promoted by the media and scientists with their special effects and propaganda. Everyone used to know that rich children were delivered under the gooseberry bush, and had a gooseberry not a plum in their mouth. While poor people had to accept cheap imports flown in by stork. Now there are those who point to the fact that a woman gets very large in nine months and that this coincides with the delivery then they get slim. If only they would think, just for a moment tell me why do women love their crash diets? It comes naturally to them. Suppose you put in an order for a baby. You know there is a nine month waiting list, you don't know what you are going to get, you become worried and anxious. So why do you think women go mad over chocolate, because they comfort eat. The chemicals in the chocolate help them cope with the wait. Then when the baby is delivered they go on a crash diet. This does not always work, and so for their health the bulge is surgically removed by caesarean section. This also explains why women try all sorts of strange foods, they are trying to take their mind off the wait. So you see babies are created just like the first humans were."

Harry's wife suddenly realised that she was totally wrong, for this great man was approved by the government and the ministries, he must be right. She knew he was guided by the lord because it was part of the divine plan, all the men said so!

Nearby more concerned citizens sat in a great hall. A big small man, his voice booming shouted at the bottom of his voice.

“Please silence for the Chairman,” the man stepped back and sat in his chair. The Chairman John Boulding stepped up to the podium to speak. The hall was crowded, even Old Harry had made it to the meeting, it was something that was close to his heart. He stood there with his brown bobble hat, trying to hear what the Chairman was saying:

H: “Please speak up I'm hard of hearing! He shouted, unaware that the chairman was not speaking or equally that due to his deafness the volume of his voice was at a deafening level for all who surrounded him.”

F: “Yes I will try to ensure all can hear sir?”

H: “Thank you.” Boomed Old Harry.

F: “The safety committee, has had a report back from the Car Safety sub committee, which has had a report back from the Car Door Safety sub committee working group.

They have looked in depth at car doors, and concluded that they pose the following hazards:

- 1) Denting and scratching other vehicles when opened in public car parks.
- 2) Blocking pavements, disrupting the smooth flow of pedestrians.
- 3) Bicycles and motorcycles may be impeded by the opening of said doors without warning.
- 4) Prevent quick exit from the vehicle in emergencies.
- 5) Encourage sloppy driving attitudes where people rest their arms on open windows.
- 6) Are unnecessary security in the New Moral Society, they encourage people to leave valuables in the car, thus car doors are a cause of crime.
- 7) May prevent Tracking Inspectors from removing the Poulter and Morton Anti-Track ©™.
- 8) Encourage untidy people to fill them with clutter. Doorless cars would not allow such clutter to build up.

- 9) Prevent ventilation.
- 10) Increase demand for cleaning as they increase the surfaces of the car that need polishing. Thus consuming resources.
- 11) Require complex mechanisms to make doors, such as hinges and locks.
- 12) Consume materials which could otherwise be used to make more cars, thus doors reduce car ownership.
- 13) Maintain a demand for engineers.
- 14) Increase the weight of vehicles thus increasing fuel demand and so are bad for the environment.
- 15) Contain hazardous materials, such as glass.
- 16) Interfere with communications between road users.
- 17) Are ungodly as no Biblical vehicles had doors.
- 18) Encourage immoral couples to indulge in obscenities behind closed doors down dark country lanes.”

“There are no doubt other issues that may still come to light but we believe that car doors are highly undesirable.”

Man in red bobble hat: “Won't people fall out of the cars, especially when going around corners and is this not itself a safety hazard?”

F: “May I refer you to a member of the sub committee working group.” He gestured to a very wiry man to his left.

The wiry man (WM) rose from his seat and addressed the questioner: “Ah that is a myth my friend put about by a tiny minority of those who Satan encourages to drive to fast. We will also be issuing our findings to Government in concurrence with the Car Speed sub committee working group. With whom we have closely worked to ensure that no longer will car velocities be able to endanger the public. Those who wish to travel quickly must in future take the train.”

Man in red bobble hat: “Very well put thank you.”

WM sat down and John returned to the podium. “Any further questions? Ok thank you all for attending here we must close the meeting as the hall is required by the Turnip Tasting Team.”

Meanwhile deep in a sheep shearing shed hidden in the rural

pastures of Corsetshire

The inaugural meeting of the Wool Pullers Club was being instigated.

“What is the Wool Pullers Club? We are a secret society that works hard to assist our members in Pulling the Wool over People (PWP). We have been running for many many years and are a fine and well disrespected Club. Our members are from an elite range of the social strata. Our aims are thus:

- 1) To promote, review and update methods of PWP.
- 2) To invent and refine new methods of PWP.

What are the benefits of being a member?

Well these are many and varied. Having a thorough understanding of PWP can enable you to achieve your aims. We are aware that PWP if used inappropriately may be construed as some illegal act and so will teach you where it is not to be indulged in.

Who will it help?

- 1) If you are keen to become a politician PWP is vital to your success.
- 2) If you are a nasty person who wants to become loved and respected while maintaining your nastiness.
- 3) If you want to work for an unbiased publication.
- 4) If you want a profession in publicity or promotion work for dubious products and services.
- 5) If you want to rise to the top and become the head of a large company or organisation.
- 6) Maybe you want to boost sales of Wool.
- 7) If you are training for a tug of war team in a sheep farming area.
- 8) Ambitious people who want to rise to the top of the knitting circle.
- 9) Jumper and Cardigan sales people.
- 10) Woolly hat manufactures.

- 11) Woollen garment manufactures.
- 12) Wool ball sellers competing with GPS for sales of back tracking devices. (See a real advert below).

Wool Navigation

Wool Navigation is proud to announce the new improved easier to see colour schemed Wool Navigator. The navigator is full biodegradable, low cost alternative to expensive GPS systems. Wool Navigator does not need power so works in all weather round the clock. It is multi-user allowing many people to follow the same route simultaneously. The special colour scheme now shows up better in low lighting and is produced to allow easy determination of which direction you are travelling in. It has built in moth repellent, and a new all weather coating.

Membership of the Club is absolutely free.

Yes this is hard to believe but it is absolutely free. Please note however that we have had to stop people from wandering of with the club house door, so having seen how supermarkets protect their trolleys it is now necessary to put a £2 coin in the door to open it. Unfortunately we are unable to refund the £2 on exit, because of a gravitational anomaly. The mechanism needs another £2 coin to exit. Because we don't charge membership the club does not have any funds to workout how to refund the money and the suggestion box has currently been taken away for repair. Drinks are also completely free, however for safety purposes we can not allow people to bring their own drinking vessels into the club. It is therefore necessary for us to hire glasses."

The pullers were wandering around testing their skills, the world would soon have to reckon with these professionals. However luckily not all were subjected to their tales. In a grand hall deep in a mountain village, many sat in ore. Surrounded by a deep cavernous mine, a man began to speak, it was the great Professor Borgor.

“Mining;

“Wander along, say hello to fellow wanderers and the next topic after the weather is how did we start digging holes in stone? It does seem a tad strange, stone is tough stuff, so why go try to make holes in it? Especially for substances that you don't know are there or what to do with them once you have them! Well simple it was a housing shortage, now we are not talking stone for building houses, oh no we are back in time before architecture. You see people used to live in caves. Nice places, apart from the occasional bear infestation, which apparently is worse than cockroaches, allegedly bears eat through your larder faster. So as more humans were born more dwellings were needed. Not enough caves, overcrowding was becoming an issue. So some humans hit upon the idea, literally. In their frustration one picked up a lump of rock and cracked it against a rock face, to his surprise the rock face broke and his rock which was harder remained whole, but there was now the beginning of a hole. So the whole group picked up rocks and started bashing away, and in a few centuries they had a nice annex. During this process lots of funny coloured stones were dug out. In time these stones in the heat of the fire would reveal their metals, and this is what led to mining.” He was so concise, the community was still paying attention when he finished.

Sir Charles on the other hand was sat, still unable to concentrate on the now even more urgent task. He had almost got himself psyched up to make a start when down in the street below the protesters had formed up and one began to speak.

“Car pets;

Why do we still allow Car Pets to be put down in our homes. This explains the lack of nodding dogs on the back window. These have mercilessly been put down in homes. Next time someone says they are having a new Car Pet put down in their house, you should politely remind them that Car Pets belong in cars. The lack of car

pets has probably led to the popularity of wooden floors.” The crowd roared, jeering up at the window, challenging Sir Charles to respond. All he could do was calculate the time he had to the deadline for the critical task. He thought he should take some exercise, that always helped him think. He knew the people would say he was being lazy and shirking his responsibilities. “Exercise later, for now get that urgent job done.” He could hear them saying it. Then they would comment on how plump he was, obviously unable to comprehend that lack of exercise combined with the only pleasure left had this effect. They all expected him to solve their problems.

He remembered how in his days as a carrot slicing engineer he had been approached by a carrot slicing machine tester. The tester was getting very frustrated, sitting around trying to look busy at the start of the month. Then deluged with work at the end and unable to do his job properly, slicers would go out incomplete and poorly tested. The boss was away, so Sir Charles popped down to production. He found that the staff were stressed, they had cheap slicers to build but had to concentrate first on the top models. This might seem ok until you realise that the top models could not be completed, the workers were awaiting part shortages. Sir Charles, suggested they build the cheap models until the shortages appear. The test engineer was amazed, he had units to test, production were happy because they had moved complete product out of their area. Customers were happy because all shipped units arrived on time, complete and tested.

Then Sir Charles recalled how this ten minute intervention had got him a twenty minute roasting by the boss. The new system had gone unnoticed for many months, one day he was called into the boss's office and given a right dressing down. His enthusiasm sapped, the test engineer despondent at the reversion, left. Customers were again complaining! He never did figure why what he did was so wrong?

Sir Charles sat considering his current situation, if he could not get on with the urgent job, and felt unable to proceed with the less urgent, it would all become very urgent. He made a start on clearing other lesser items. This gave him a real sense of progress, at least he would only have one panic ahead rather than many. He thought back to a saying by Democritus also noted by Marcus Aurelius.

"The man who wishes to have serenity of spirit should not engage in many activities, either private or public, nor choose activities beyond his power and natural capacity. He must guard against this, so that when good fortune falls on him and tempts him to excess by means of false appearances, he must value it little, and not attempt things beyond his powers. A reasonable fullness is better than over-fullness."

Chapter 4

Everything Inspires

"Beware the barrenness of a busy life."

Socrates

Sir Charles looked at the rising sun from his office window. "All that power!" He said to himself shaking his head. For power was why the world was as it was, had Europe followed the German scramble for renewable energy, but no, no that would have been too simple. First they got rid of coal fired power stations, replacing them with gas. This depleted gas stocks, so there was a rush to build more nuclear, thus depleting supplies of uranium. Still we now are running on grass pellets and cow dung so its turned out alright! Hasn't it?

John paused for a moment, the ground rumbled, vibrations waved through the walls. He marvelled at the reassuring sounds of the Creek & Minter Thunderfan © ™ Its giant fans pulling the

atmosphere down past a massive heat exchanger. What a brilliant system, cooling hot air trapped below cold and collecting the energy from it to provide power. The differential sensing controller triggering automatic activation when weather conditions approached Lightning Potential Generation (LPG) status. He wondered how communities without such devices coped. Most big towns and cities had fitted a Thunderfan because of the damage wreaked by the very unpredictable climate. It was cheaper to have one than repair, or protect all the buildings. So many spires had been lost from Churches, even with their lightning conductors. The power in the bolts was phenomenal, the Archbishop had used his great power and influence to make sure that the Cathedrals would not suffer the same fate.

Across the road from the MP's office Dave, Dave and Mike were deep in thought. With the climate so dodgy they were genuinely concerned with the future of the human race. Yet with the limited resources they had to do a lot of lateral thinking, Mike sprung up, and started to speak.

“Rocket;

For long space flights fuel may be a problem, so why not grow trees in the rocket and coppice them and use this for fuel. This way you have a renewable energy source. Sunlight would make the trees grow. I know that this can be a good fuel because of the vast power and lots of large flames seen when using twigs as fuel. The trees would also remove carbon dioxide helping the astronauts' breath. Then the ash could be used to fertilize the trees. This is so brilliant it's a wonder no one has thought of it before.”

Dave, Dave and Mike pause at this inspired idea.

“So now if we can come up with a rocket launch platform.” said Dave, with a smile.

“We might yet get Britain into space.” Concluded Dave.

With a small but steady stream of sales of their other inventions the duo, could afford to put some research into grand projects.

Unfortunately Sir Charles did not have that luxury, his county

budget was being over stretched by the ever increasing demands, emanating from government edicts. To keep his position he had to appear to be implementing these, all be it slower than any other county. He regularly had to contend with jeers at his tardy performance. However with his customary diplomatic nutmeg grating nature he was able to tactfully point out that he did have a disproportionately large number of thinkers to contend with in his constituency.

Luckily down the road in the Town Hall meeting chambers, some of his, well lets say many would consider them enlightened people, were attending an approved lecture.

Little Tim as he was affectionately known by family and friends sat quietly as he listened to Professor Gorbtor. He knew he was lucky to get to be in the presence of such a great man. His parents had stressed how the Professor had been ignored for years by mainstream science as being wacky and off his trolley. Yet in the New Age of Reason as it was called, people were getting to hear previously suppressed theories. All went silent as the great man spoke.

“Now today we will consider the important role trees play in climate change. As you are all aware science is about observation. I have spent many years looking at trees, travelling the world and this has lead to my theories. First theory,” he put a slide on the screen: WIND.

“Now many have observed that in winter it is more windy. Reduced temperatures lead to increased wind, this is because trees try to keep warm. Unlike us they can't run, or do other exercises, but they can sway about. You will of course have noticed this, in this way they generate heat inside. So we also see that in very hot climates there is also a lot of wind. These trees are trying to keep cool by fanning themselves. So if you cut down great swaths of forest you leave trees exposed. They have to keep warm or cool and because they have no trees to share warmth or shade with

and so they start moving around, thus generating wind. This so simple observation has long been overlooked. Yet look at trees on their own and compare them with those in a forest in the same climatic conditions and the difference is obvious.”

“Sir please can you explain why people used to plant trees as windbreaks?” Came an inquisitive question from a small bespectacled lad in the front row.

“Well these trees, react to the cooling wind that approaches them and try to warm themselves creating a counter draft, thus impeding the flow of air.”

“Thank you.”

“Please if any of you have questions please leave them to the end.”

He continued, they were all amazed by his brilliant theories.

Later that day Tim met Mary. She was the pear of his ear, and they both were headed to the lecture on Creationism, by Pastor John. “Its so amazing how God speaks to us through Pastor John.” said Mary.

“I can't wait to hear him, apparently my parents had to learn that stupid Evolution theory.”

“No...”

“Yep...amazing how could anyone have believed that stuff?”

“I know, you know there are still people who think that we evolved from primates and that the world is a sphere!” Mary exclaimed with a half puzzled look.

“Those space pictures look round because they used round lenses, any idiot can work that one out, if you used a proper square lens it becomes obvious that its flat.”

“I know how could they have been so dim?” She said shaking her head.

Tim glanced at his watch and tapping on its face, said “I think we better make a move, don't want to be late.” They both whizzed off hurriedly to the main lecture hall. Spires University was known all

over the world as a seat of learning and derived its name for having a spire on each building. The grandeur of each was thought to inspire its students to reach for the heights.

Sir Charles was contenting with yet another sticky issue, he was snowed under with letters from other counties about the depravity of the schools in his shire. Most schools were now faith based as any parent seen sending their children to a secular school was considered most immoral. Such schools were seen as highly inferior, and were hanging on due to parental funding and the fact that the teachers were branded as heretics and blasphemers and could obtain no other work. All but a few were to be found in and around Middle Hinton. Charles Chuckleberry had forged strong economic links with China. The Chinese outraged at their treatment by the European Christian Community (ECC) and the United Christendom had moved their remaining embassy to Corsetshire.

Upon leaving his office, Sir Charles was surprised by yet another, most forceful group.

“Those evil doers down at Poulton & Morton actually think that people have the right not to be tracked! We want to know what you are going to do about it.” Said the leader of Voice of Christians, as he confronted the local MP.

Charles Chuckleberry was a rather rotund jolly chap, and the people of Middle Hinton, and the surrounding towns had a bit of a rebellious nature. As the representative for Corsetshire, his party had put the squeeze on him. Trying to pull him into line. Eventually to avoid further embarrassment he had been expelled from the party, and now stood as an independent. This stance had made the shire somewhat of a haven for mavericks of all kinds. Voice of Christians were indignant that he allowed Evolutionists to openly speak of such nonsense in public. Having put a stop to Darwin the Opera, they had now moved their focus onto companies who they saw as opposing the will of the lord, who obviously wants people

monitored because with over 8 billion people on the planet he can't be expected to do it all himself as he used to.

Charles looked at John T Robrog with a pleasant smile. "My dear chap you should remember the divine plan, if Poulton & Morton are doing this then who are we to question the ways of the Lord?"

"Then consider this mister Checkalbilly, God has sent us here to stop this and this is also part of the divine plan. You do yourself no favours allowing the work of Satan to happen in your county."

"If you are being directed by the Lord then he might well have told you how to say my name!" said Charles with his famous 'don't try and out logic me' grin.

Try as they may neither main parties or their supporters had been able to get rid of Charles. He was a willy old fox, who had been a fan of the now illegal Star Trek and his favourite character with the pointy ears.

John T Robrog was very vexed by those who would not embrace conformity. Both the Conforatory and Labor of the Lord parties had done a marvellous job of unifying everything. Unfortunately they had allowed all the cranks, weirdos, liberals and foreigners to move to Corsetshire. What idiots he though, now they are much more difficult to deal with as one big group. Spread across the country they could have been targeted individually and either repressed, reformed or removed.

Charles and John T continued to argue and wrangle over what activities should be allowed in the county.

Meanwhile out in the street, the large group of John T's followers stood protesting. Banners proclaiming, 'No to Evil Tech', 'Conformity'... and may other valuable messages.

“Ah friends,” said the tall bald man accompanied by his short hairy friend. “Praise the lord.

We are collecting on behalf of the Wooden Cross.”

“What does the Wooden Cross do?” asked one of the protesters.

“We were very saddened to learn that our Lord's cross was fragmented, and bits of the true cross scattered across the globe. Our aim is to track down all the fragments and save the wooden cross.”

“Wow” they said as one, and gasped, all reaching for their money. The two men were overwhelmed by such generosity.

Far away in closed circles the higher echelons within the government, met in a secret undisclosed location.

“Something has to be done about Chuckleberry, people are getting worried that he is harbouring undesirables.”

“He's got a county full of thinkers.”

“My, oh my, do you remember how hard it was when your every move was questioned.”

“How will we get things done, they might spread thoughts again.”

“Surely not?”

“Besides who will believe them, everyone knows all those Scientists have been lying to them.”

“I have it on good authority that there are still people who believe that Evolution nonsense.”

“How can they, Evolution would take millions of years and it has been proven the earth is only six thousand years old.”

“Do you know some chap actually tried to say that the mustard seed is not the smallest seed and that it does not grow into the largest tree.”

“But the good book says....”

“Indeed, and those Americans have proven beyond doubt that the Giant Redwood was a myth, they were actually very small. I believe they classed it as a weed and chopped the last one down several years ago, pulped it and used it to print the good book.”

“Splendid fellows.”

“Yes, we could do with them to eradicate that county, they don't

shilly shally around.”

“Shame most of those science fellows got away.”

“Don't worry, when the rapture comes they will regret their sins.”

Who are these people, what are they up to? How do we know what they have just said because it was all top secret? Has this snippet been deliberately leaked, or is some disaffected soul on Chuckleberry's side. Or maybe they want him to know so he will be scared, perhaps they hope he will leave.

It is funny what things take our minds, and where they go, we are after all just a bundle of atoms, endlessly re-combined. John Boulding was shuffling his papers.

“Telephones!” He announced, and proceeded to address those present.

“These are incorrectly designed, as they take no account of the fact you may be engaged in some vital activity. We are very concerned that they are causing world food shortages, and obesity. How can this be, just use your brains it is so obvious. When do people call, just when you are trying to get your meal. This is often a parental problem, they are at home and have their meal early so that they can then call you when you get in. “Hello darling, how are you, have you just got in (They have a sixth sense to know that you have)yada, yada, yada”. You interject “I was just trying to get a meal”. To which they respond “I do worry that you are eating properlyyada, yada, yada”. To which you think ‘well I would if someone would let me eat’ at which they say, “You should not eat so late its bad for you and will affect your sleep and you need your sleep”. To which you think, ‘well if I could get my meal when I get in I would not have to eat so late’. And you tried saying, “It's not a good time can I call you later”. This can elicited vehement response, like “Its never a good time is it, I was only seeing how you were I don't know why I bother, you are lucky that someone thinks of you, but you always ring back so lateyada, yada, yada”. So your meal gets ruined, then you try to have a snack as you can't spend the time cooking another meal, the

snack is not so good, more stodge. So one meal is wasted and the other adds to obesity. Not to mention the wasted energy that the cooker has added to global warming. Also because you are using more food you have to work longer to pay for it. So the phone needs a device that you can press a button and for a set time period it says "We are cooking then eating right now so please call back later. Thank you, by doing this you are saving the planet". This would have health benefits because you would not get so stressed, and the other person would say to themselves "Oh just got in cooking, wouldn't want to give them indigestion...." But they would know that you were looking after yourself. Of course this system could be abused because you could cheat, and put it on to have a quiet night, but then maybe if that's what you need it would assist with stress relief and that would reduce the burden on the health service, thus reducing the quantity of hospital food needed. Thus this simple device could save tons of food each year which could feed the starving. We did think that perhaps the device should only be activatable when the oven is on, but this would not allow for salads and when you are eating so after extensive consideration we decide not to include this feature.

When you are eating a meal and they call. You pick up the phone and mumble with a full mouth, and they say, "Are you eating" and you mutter "aes," then they proceed to talk for an hour while you struggle to eat and your meal gets cold, asking you if they have had their hour yet, as that nice telecoms company gives them an hour after six for only five pence, and they proceed to repeat things because they actually have run out of things to say for a whole hour, but have to speak for the hour. So we insist all new phones be fitted with this device, known as the DSRBL (Doing Something Ring Back Later).

When you next go into your toilet, sweep it for bugs, we believe there is a subversive organisation trying to increase sales of washing powder. They achieve this by bugging your toilet, then using subliminal messages via communications systems, to get

people to phone you. This causes you to finish prematurely and reach the phone, thus allowing drips and other unprofessionally wiped bodily surfaces to soil your underwear. This causes you to increase your weekly wash.

It is quite appropriate here to comment on another subversive activity. We believe foreign forces are attempting economic disruption of our economy. Note how a small number of your friends phone you as though they are living in America and have only just got up. Just dozing off, ah bed time at 10, nice early night. 11 or 12 at night, dreams of bells, a strange sound, like a phone, somnambulating a hand connects with the phone and moves it towards the auditory canal, down which a flow of chirpy chatter from a wide awake soul. Now the dream starts taking on a realistic feel, agggghhhhhh, YOU WAKE UP, they say, "You sound a bit tired". Some unmentionable replies that were recorded for training purposes have not been listed as they might prove offensive.

Recorded for training purposes, does anyone make a device for the phones of mere mortals, so that we can say to these call centres that we are recording them for "training purposes". Now some smart mortal will say, but we are not doing any training! Ah but we are, it is necessary to record these calls so that we can learn to cope with some inflexible system, being driven at the call centre by some luckless soul who has to follow some set procedure which is probably driving them more nuts than it drives us. The poor tech support person, being charged out at some extortionate phone rate, is limited to a set of questions. Even if you say what you have tried, they still insist you go through it with them. Then they come to a conclusion, which is either what you knew when you phoned them and they authorise a spare part and or repair, or they are no help the only difference is the time which you must spend justifying to another call centre why you need personal loan to cover all the calls to the call centres.

High up in Corsetshire hidden below in a cave, a group aiming to

keep **Normal United Talented Sparks** together otherwise know as Nuts were examining the fundamentals of their symbol, the Nut. Their chairman after doing some preliminary introductions began the inaugural speech. "Can nuts help keep you sane? Why are insane people referred to as being nuts? For this we must study animals. Extensive research on squirrels has shown that nuts do not help your memory, as they often can't find their nuts. However squirrels are very clever when it comes to working puzzles to get to nuts, thus proving that nuts make you intelligent. But do they keep you sane? Nuts contain lots of essential nutrients, selenium, vitamin E, proteins and essential fatty acids, these help to protect and maintain the bodies cells. Keeping cells healthy is all part of a balanced diet. If you are balanced properly then you will remain sane, so they obviously help to keep you sane. People are considered to be nuts or going nuts when they do odd or unexpected things, this must be due to a lack of nuts. So why call them nuts? In times gone by people realised they needed nuts, and people would say to them are you going to get nuts, this has been lost in time as eating nuts was considered as evil. It became a derogatory remark that you were going nuts, to deter people from going to collect nuts. Why prevent people eating nuts? Nuts can have a sanitising effect on the brain, helping people to think and those who think often question orders which threatens those in power. Thus the nut was seen as dangerous, however this fact was lost. The nut has now crept in through health food shops and has been responsible for all the great advances in science and civilization. Archaeological evidence has clearly shown that humans evolved from apes, to do this they needed high sources of proteins, this was readily available in the form of nuts which our tree dwelling ancestors had ample access to. Only later was this source of protein supplemented with meat. Most men gave up eating nuts and then started to do lots of stupid things, their brains did not work properly without nuts, unlike women who continued to eat nuts as meat was rationed to them, by the crazy men. It is well known that all the great free thinkers, philosophers, scientists and engineers were feed nuts by their mothers and this is why they

differed from ordinary men. If any further proof were needed of the miraculous effect of nuts on the brain one only has to consider that they contain the essential omega 3 and 6 oils. Walnuts look like little brains, and contain approximately 5.5 grams of omega 3 per 100grams and 28grams of omega 6 per 100grams. Now I know what you are thinking, that you should eat more nuts. Reading this the only conclusion you can logically come to is that I must eat mountains of nuts. Correct, this is why when the EC had wine lakes and butter mountains they never had any nut mountains.”

There were loud claps echoing around the subterranean location as the members knew only too well that this chap was onto something. So ended another day, with few clinging to hope and reminiscing of times when you could be proud that your ancestors had lived in trees just like squirrels.

Chapter 5

The dark side of the light

"Concern should drive us into action and not into a depression. No man is free who cannot control himself."

Pythagoras

In the old days before the future, most of the thinkers were kept busy working on technology. When they became too powerful it was deemed that they should all be moved to the equivalent of Siberia. In this case it was to the county of Corsetshire, let the silly Sir Charles Chuckleberry deal with all the bad apples. Unfortunately for the rest of the country he is a shrewd operator and has made good use of these intellectually operational operatives. He knew that dim people could not impersonate the intelligent but those with functioning grey matter can emulate those without.

Sir Charles thought back to the time when his dear old mother

came to stay. His wife did not want her doing things around the house. He understood, his wife had her ways and his mother did things differently, sometimes quite annoyingly so. He could hear the old lady scuffing around the kitchen and across their nice Axminster carpet, yet she did not do it in her own house, and would have told him off. When they took her out she did not scuff, strange he considered. His wife had no idea why he found his mothers playing cards on the computer so annoying. For months after he could hear the dim clicking and wopoh, as it sounded some event. She would play for hours and there was this frantic background clicking. He had wished some smart engineer had come up with a silencer for the damn thing, a silent running mouse. He had tried ear plugs but the high pitch still broke through, he had tried doing work in their bedroom, the spare being occupied by dear mother. However he did not have a desk in the bedroom because it was downstairs in the lounge for mother to use with her computer. Hours and hours it would go on for, like some mad insect that knew no better and was trapped in a box. It was like those animals kept in cages who endlessly repeat the same routines. Give someone a monotonous job and they will moan and complain like hell. Provide them with a repetitive game and they will sit for hours, go figure.

In Poulton and Morton they were at it again. "At some point within a light source where the photon leaves, it is dark." Dave turned to Dave, perhaps they were onto something. Rumours had spread that the Rapture Right and the Christo-Fascist Zombie Brigade were pulling all the strings in the UC and had plans to help the Lord with the rapture. This scared the shit out of Dave, Dave and Mike, the tiny team at Poulton and Morton wondered if they were the only sane people left on the planet.

A friend who was maintained within government circles, on account of there were a dwindling number of people capable of doing anything useful, had tipped them off. The UC was working on a secret project and because of the UC's special relationship our

government had been made aware of said project. Apparently it was going a tad slow on account of the lack of anyone who could count more than the number of disciples. They had asked for assistance, specifically for people with numeracy skills. This made the trio see the sense of irony, all the Rich Righteous Right had denigrated those who worked with numbers as the disciples of the Devil. Accountants had special exemption as Tax collectors were allowed in the good book, and it was deemed that they were an extension of this. Cynical people considered it more likely that, the acquisitive clergy and their kin were in need of such help to praise their Lord Gold.

Secret underground groups did exist, but to belong to a math cell was not something to shout about as they were illegal.

In Sir Charles office the phone rang, it was a satellite phone sent to him specially by his friend down under.

“Hello Charles Chuckleberry.”

“Gday mate,” said the Australian PM, “We have been in discussion with NZ and China. They asked me to give you a call.”

“Jolly good, what news on the R3”

“Hey mate R3 n a bit, well we have formed the Rational Three, and your mate in the Chinese embassy had sent a note to old Chow Min. They decided as you are such a brick for sticking to your guns, to make it three and a bit, so if you wants to send a rep to the next meeting feel free mate.” The Australians being smart and for years accepting immigrants based on skill and intelligence had grown even smarter. New Zealand had been a refuge for the British who had gotten fed up with the decline and over government had likewise stayed immune from the world wide dumbing down. Making computer software that gave you lots of hints and held your hand for you had done nothing for the general populace of the world, open source junkies had their own penguin antidote. China, where over half the graduates were in the science and engineering fields had a similar resistance to the insanity.

“That’s damn decent of them, Doug.” said Sir Charles, who was to

say the least feeling rather isolated.

“Well we put in a good word.”

“Oh did not doubt it.”

The two friends continued to chat for a while discussing top level issues, such as their wives, parents and the state of the world.

Meanwhile back in the lab.... at Poulton and Morton.

“So what do you think this Rapture Project is?”

“Nukes,” said Mike.

“You and Nukes, if you had had your way all vehicles would have been powered by nuclear reactors and we would still be a technologically advanced nation.”

“Heaven forbid.”

“Think according to old Archi-Bish it just did.”

“Ah, hmm.”

“Well considering they closed down all the nuclear powers stations, after North Korea agreed to decommission reactors, and Iran went over to camel powered plants, don't think it likely.”

“But what about all those missiles?”

“Spires, didn't you read the news, after Pastor John S Godly made his speech about every city, town and village should aspire to a church. They thought he meant add a spire to a church and all the missiles were emptied and turned into spires.”

“Oh yea now you come to mention it.”

“So what can it be?”

“Well according to our inside source, it needs maths skills. There is a rumour that they intend causing a cascading molecular breakdown.”

“What? That was discredited theory by Antony Wilorksky “

“Yep discredited by mainstream scientists when they still held sway.”

However while they debated, the new breed of scientists and professionals were hard at work educating the population.

Professor Gorbtor, sat huddled in the corner of the stadium.

“Ironing,” he announced.

“As we know this is done to make cloths flat. Those who worship the great cartoon god believe that we have developed from the two dimensional flat people and this is why we still have the instinct to make cloths flat. To back up this they point to the depictions of our flat ancestors who are represented worldwide on cave walls. This would also explain how long ago when faced with some very hostile animals we could have survived by simply turning sideways the predator would no longer have been able to see us. So now we can understand this desire to iron. However as environmentalists have pointed out we must reduce energy use and consider flat cloths soon become round when on modern humans. So they are trying to get our primitive minds to overcome this need based on logic. In Britain’s 17 million house holds in a recent survey showed at least 15 million people do some degree of ironing. The statistics show that the average ironing time per day is 1 hour and the power consumed is approximately 2kw. So 15Mw are used per day, or the entire output of Pitlochry Power station. Imagine building a power station just to do the ironing! So it makes sense to try and stop this waste of energy. They use such slogans as 'Save the planet, don't iron'. Many shape suited business people and their political allies have countered this argument on economic grounds, sighting the loss of iron manufacturing jobs and retail opportunities. The greens have argued however that as most irons are made in China it will have little effect on jobs here. Also they say many Chinese are desperately needed to harvest the rice crop. 'It is not like picking strawberries' argued a spokes person for the greens, 'Rice is very small so you need lots of people to collect it'. Having done research I can say this is true and that it is an activity which has built in recycling. Blunt chopsticks were originally recycled rice picking spears used by the poor peasant farmers at the end of the day to eat their bowl of rice. The Chinese being most hygienic and unlike our workmen in the west who pick up sandwiches with dirty hands. Thus with global warming a reality we must conclude that stopping the chore of ironing is necessary. Many forward thinking cloths manufactures have developed non-iron cloths and should be given much credit for this. So go with your conscience don't let

vanity and primitive instincts destroy the planet.”

This speech was warmly welcomed by those who had long suspected that Ironing was a subversive activity.

In another meeting, I shall not say where for to reveal ones sources would stifle the narrative.

“I hereby call to order the meeting of the Sub committee for Naughty Things.” John the Chairman was used to such events but amazed at the sense of public feeling on the subject.

“Well I am sure you are well aware that Beelzebub has used women to exploit men in the past. We know that vast sums of money have been taken from poor men, who have had no control over their actions but to purchase images of women in states of undress. I will now read a summary of the evils and distress this has been found to cause. Followed by actions to be taken as a matter of urgency by government to remove any traces of this evil such that never again can it happen in the New Moral Society. For as the great Pastor John said 'Man's mind must be free of the evil distractions of lust, such that he may worship God, and use women as they were intended before the serpent corrupted man's mind.'

- 1) Women were made by God to serve man.
- 2) Sinful women use their knowledge of the serpent to take men's wealth.
- 3) Men having given their wealth in exchange for debouched images of women in states of undress are bereft of common sense. Distraught at the loss of their wealth they loose all sense and spill their seed.

We know that this sin still occurs with a tiny minority. Look around and wonder at how some women have wealth? Of course women of men in high places are maintained to look good by their husbands and should not be considered when looking for harlots. The committee proposes that women will no longer be allowed to hold wealth. This way they can have no reason to extract it from

poor unsuspecting men. Here are the committees recommendations to Government." He showed a slide upon the screen above the podium.

- 1) Women shall give all their wealth to there husband or other male relative. Those women having no male relative shall be found a man who can act as guardian and provider.
- 2) Women after said period of adjustment will no longer have wealth.
- 3) No where in the Bible are women allowed to vote. This shall be repealed as it is ungodly, and may be used by them as a lever in place of wealth.
- 4) Women shall be reminded that they were created for Man by God, and reference to the appropriate biblical texts shall be taught to them. Such that they shall know their place, for doth it not say:

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands in every thing" (Ephesians 5:22-24).

"But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God" (1 Corinthians 11:3).

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord" (Colossians 3:18).

Remember the Lord says women are worth less than men.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When a man shall make a singular vow, the persons shall be for the Lord by thy estimation. And thy estimation shall be of the male from twenty years old even unto sixty years old, even thy estimation shall be fifty shekels of silver, after the shekel of the sanctuary. And if it be a female, then thy

estimation shall be thirty shekels. And if it be from a month old even unto five years old, then thy estimation shall be of the male five shekels of silver, and for the female thy estimation shall be three shekels of silver. And if it be from sixty years old and above, if it be a male, then thy estimation shall be fifteen shekels, and for the female, ten shekels" (Leviticus 27:1-7)

"Well its good to know that we are getting back to good religious moral values. Here we must leave it I'm afraid as the Carrot Consumers Consortium need the hall for their annual meeting."

While such good people were having their meeting, others such as the, House builders and Sellers, were deep in some cellars beneath the town. The head of this group began to speak. "It is important to note that some people like to fill their houses with masses of stuff. They then have problems living in their house. This bugs me because I then get lots of people wanting to stay for long weekends, I discounted the reason as being that I live near the sea because these people do not have boats or go swimming. So I had to conclude that it was to get into a house where there was lots of living space, providing them with relief. Some of them have feelings of depression, this is probably because they have the subconscious perception that things are closing in on them. In future such people of an acquisitive nature should have their special needs taken care of. The current methods are simply to send them to see a shrink. This is hopeless as it is in their nature; they are obviously most suited as museum curators and should be given their own warehouses, so as to reduce household congestion. House builders and Sellers should take into account this and either build houses with attached warehouses or provide one to go with the house nearby. This would save a vast fortune on NHS care, and provide the nation with valuable reserves of everything. The government should institute programs to identify acquisitiveness and channel this into productive uses. Thus these people will be very successful at acquiring vast amounts of things, and get paid to do it which will make them very happy and thus

help them enjoy life. Currently they have little money, partly because it is all spent acquiring things to fill their houses, this can create negative feelings which are obviously a health risk. Also houses that are suffered from floor congestion are a safety risk. Perhaps floor congestion charges could be introduced, the funds generated could be channelled into building personal warehouses. Large retailers must shoulder part of the responsibility as they provide a model which acquisitive people aspire to. One friend keen on DIY having visited these big warehouse stores has got the perception that their garage is a big warehouse and has filled it completely, to the point that if left it will become an archaeological treasure trove of the future. You can just imagine a conversation where they discuss why one small dwelling would have such a huge stock of DIY implements. Extra sheds were bought and these too are now full, the loft was boarded and now this is full, I am very concerned that the history of England may be severely skewed should a dig find this home in the future. It is possible that the same gene that causes squirrels to collect nuts for the winter is responsible for similar human activity. Especially as most of the stuff once collected is never used and much of it can't ever be found."

There was a moment of silence an eminent architect turned to look at an eminent archaeologist, the two realised how related their respective subjects were. Both shared a common interest in the construction and use of buildings. Both wanted to understand how people used them, this was dangerous ground, such blatant thinking. Can you imagine these two people were unashamedly proud of using their brains. Above ground others were milling around.

A group of men sat nattering, as they supped beer outside the pub. They hardly noticed two folks approach the table. "Greetings friends!" "Oh!" one said, startled they turned and looked at the smartly dressed, yet plain and unassuming folks who stood before them.

“We wondered if you would mind helping, it is a truly sad day,” they said looking very glum.

The men looked at them then at each other, “We're good people and keen to help those in need.” said one. “That's right, just like Pastor John says, 'When asked for help give it freely and the Lord will give to you.'”

“We are from the Pebble Protection Organisation.”

“Millions upon millions of Pebbles need our help, we are collecting rare and endangered pebbles and relocating them to a sanctuary.”

“This costs money, can you spare a little?”

“Sure.” they say dipping deep into their pockets. For to question these wise men would be a sin.

Protesters were once again giving Charles a hard time. A Voice of Christians demonstration in front of the Corsetshire government offices.

“Thinking.” Shouted the leader.

“This should need a licence, as it is highly dangerous. If only people would stick to their routines, and do what they are told life would be so much simpler. The world would be at peace, the only reason there are so many factions in the world is because someone thought they had more right than the leader of the original organisation. Why can't people just be happy with working, eating and sleeping, with a bit of breeding now and again. Oh for those good old stone age values, when life was simple and everyone was happy, and if you had had a door you could have left it unlocked, but as there were no doors it was a much safer place. No nuclear threats, or road rage, no MRSA in hospitals, lower taxes because there were not bug ridden hospitals to fund, those were the good old days. Women were freer as they were not kept in the kitchen, us chaps could go around being all macho oh yes bring back the good old stone age values.”

“Excuse me?” came a gawky chirp.

“Yes.”

“Isn't what you are doing called thinking?” said the bespectacled bystander.

“No, no, I am just being guided by the Lord.”

“Oh, that’s alright then.” he said, wandering off.

The protesters waved their banners loudly, causing a virtual hurricane as they stirred the air.

Chapter 6

Scratch and Plastic

“Good people do not need laws to tell them to act responsibly, while bad people will find a way around the laws.”

Plato

Professor Gorbtor was giving another one of his world famous lectures.

“We have been researching, but I may hasten to add we do not use animals. This has lead us to a startling conclusion. Our laboratories have not been raided by animal rights campaigners. Why? Laboratories often contain bunnies, children like bunnies and ask their parents for one. We have looked at the statistics and there is a strong correlation with attacks just before Easter. Statistically the time when bunny sales peak, but poor fathers can't buy bunnies. It is our theory that Daddies for Bunnies are behind these raids.”

Meanwhile as the professor continued with his insightful diatribe, Mike, Dave and Dave are sitting in their office at Poulter and Morton.

“But we need women in charge,” said Dave, looking at the new law from the government.

“Exactly,” said Mike, “Men are intrinsically lazy, if it wasn't for women we wouldn't bother changing in the mornings.”

“I agree. Look what happens in countries where women are subservient,” said Dave.

Just outside a sacred well, many pilgrims are waiting to enter. Two smartly dressed men walk up to the queue.

“Hello my friends.”

“Oh hello,” reply many of the wonderful people.

“We are trying to revive ancient skills.”

“That sounds like a great idea.”

“Yes we are raising funds to pay for youth training.”

“A very worthy cause, what is the skill?”

“Sharpening blades of grass.”

“Why would you want to do that?”

“To prevent grasshoppers eating it.”

The people are very generous to the men, who then move on to a small suburb.

“Hello can we ask for small donations,” said the man handing out a leaflet.

A customer of the small café takes a look at the paper, “Oh I did not realise that.”

“Yes we are trying to keep parking meters at tourist locations alive during the winter.”

“Just some small change so we can go and feed them.”

“I thought they were just machines?”

“Oh no, if you feed cows grass you get milk, if you feed ticket machines you get paper but you have to keep doing it otherwise like cows which stop producing milk, they stop producing tickets.”

“Ah, I wondered why they sometimes don't function.”

“Exactly.”

“Here you are please take all my change,” says the man, his friends at the café also contribute to this good cause.

Corsetshire has its industrial strength squeezed into the centre. To the south lies beautiful pasture, heading towards the feet of the county, it spreads wide into two long ridges. At the head of these is a glorious valley, covered in soft heather. Deep down is a hot spring bringing forth, sulphurous waters, from where life springs eternal. To the north of the constricted centre are two glorious mountains, their snow covered peaks, where people seek to race

and thrill. Beyond the mountains are the sensuous cradles of the county, flowing down by the central highlands on either side. Further to the north is a narrow corridor, the other counties have wanted to axe this, but Sir Charles has keep his head. The beautiful capital, full of activity, you enter through a crescent of luscious red flowers. Above these gardens of delight is the great municipal block, where much wind is ventilated by the elected members. As we move on we encounter to either side, two exquisite blue lakes, where you can see pleasure. The crowning heights above the city are covered in a multitude of creamy white willow, this forest covering a multitude of life. The activity that goes on below this canopy is legendary.

In the town a meeting is being held by a group dubbed by many outside the county as Subversive Urban Villans. The SUV were trying to spread the word, the speaker began:

“Somptueux Urbain Voiture has unfortunately been misinterpreted by the uneducated to mean Sport Utility Vehicle and other more negative words such as Sad Ugly Vanity. It really annoys me that people are against these vehicles. I don't own one but the benefits are enormous:

- 1) Their engines are much larger than a normal car, typically 4 litres, this means they are paying around 4 times the amount of tax, saving us from an extra tax burden.
- 2) Country roads are smooth unlike urban roads, full of obstacles road humps, drains, pot holes, curbs, bollards, shopping trolleys the list is endless. Everyone knows that jogging is bad for us because it jars our internal organs about. Think how much this costs the Health Service, now imagine you have an ordinary car. Yes you bounce up and down travelling along causing massive internal jarring. SUVs are designed to cope better with bumps and dips in the roads, thus helping to keep you healthy.
- 3) They are kind to dogs. Many cruel people carry dogs in the cramped space of a normal car. This is insufficient space for the animal to walk.

So I propose...” he continues, as those gathered take in his thoughts.

Sir Charles on the other hand had worse worries, how could he think when yet more protesters stood just below his window. Central government had deemed that people still had right to free protest, and did not even need permission. They had created a protest zone, which after careful safety considerations and long debate was to be located just below Sir Charles's offices.

A gruff looking man with a big white beard began to boom out: “Now some people are worried about the ageing population, and the fact that the number of young people will decline. This is a very silly thing to worry about, already you can get a robot to cut your grass, we should be promoting the use of such robots, as in the past we promoted the development of washing machines and fridges. There are of course the paranoid control freaks who want to keep us back in the stone age, their- ancestors were probably the ones that complained when the wheel was invented. You can just imagine the scene, some poor lowly bastard sent of to fetch a bloody great stone. After dragging it for a mile he or she was knackered. Frustrated they kicked a log and it rolled, hey wait a short time period, the minute was not invented until much later, on account of clocks needing things called wheels with teeth. Now on arriving back early to the village much to the dismay of the elders, “Oh I thought you said if we sent the annoying little runt to get a big stone he would be gone for months.”

“Well I did not expect him to invent the wheel.”

“A wheel oh my god we can't have that look it rolls, that could be very dangerous. You should ban it great elder, suppose that stone rolls off it could hurt someone.”

“You are right. Annoying little runt we order you to take that wheel thing and that stone away from the village.”

“But were shall I put it?”

“Over there in that barren area, and stick the stone in a hole we don't want it sliding along the ground when it rains.” So the little

runt took the stone dug a hole and stood it on end. He then went back to the village. The villagers were most displeased so they sent him off to get another stone, such could they not withstand his presence. Each time he got a stone they sent him to the barren land to put the stone in a hole. Now you keep those stones nice and neat we don't want an untidy heap. So how should I stand them. Use your imagination, better still ask the sun. Well he looked up at the sun and then away and could see a circle of stars. So the elders thought he guessed the sun had told him how.

"I have now run out of the Sun's plans what shall I do with these stones?" he told them.

"Go and stack them on top!" Exhorted the Great elder, sniggering that should keep him away for a while. But he soon got the stones on top. Now the people of the village heard far away of some blue stones so they made up some excuse that he should put some of these in the middle to please the sky as the circle pleased the sun. So off the little runt goes, and gets these. But they are so far even with his wheel. Then he sees a twig floating down a stream, that's it lots of wheels tied together would float. Then he could take the stones by water. Well soon he got all the stones in the middle. The elders were running out of ideas to keep the little runt away from the village, then they had an idea. He must tend the monument to the Sun, the elders would send food to him. Well being lazy elders they sent the women with food, however this did not last long, as they were too busy to go running around after the little runt while the elders sat around talking. The women sent their daughters, who fell in love with the little runt who had now become quite muscular and very clever. Soon the little runt had many little runts, and as the village declined so the little runts' followers increased. Many came to marvel at the stones, and many more would come through the centuries. Some silly people would even ascribe the stones with some religious significance, well what can you expect from a society that believed crop circles were done by aliens capable of travelling the vast distances of space. The little runt had merely tried to represent his wheel in stone, the rim the spokes and the central axle any engineer can see this."

The man paused for breath as he told his story.

“Of course I hear many of you say, right what about all the other circles. Well imagine you wanted to show others how to create wheels but you had no paper and drawing in the earth was soon gone with the wind and the rain. Such an important idea could only be permanently kept in stone. Now also look at the monuments in the new world and you will not find any stone circles. In fact Britain not only started the industrial revolution, but considering the number of wheels, it is quite possible that we invented the wheel.”

The man glanced sideways, canted his head.

“So you see it is important to look at things from a different viewpoint. Many discoveries have been made by accident. Somebody tasked with doing one thing has looked at ways of making the thing they are doing easier. Humans enjoy leisure so it is lucky for us that some humans like to come up with new ideas that often give us more leisure time. Unfortunately we also like routines, and some people given a new time saving device will use it so regularly that they spend the same time with less effort doing the same jobs. Why do some of us like solving problems, designing new things. This often involves spending much more than a standard working day, many engineers and scientists work very long hours. They often lead solitary lives, as their work becomes all consuming. Why?”

The crowd stood and shook their heads, some had not a clue what this old fellow was on about.

Chapter 7

Hydraulic rams and damp sheep

“Do not anticipate trouble, or worry about what may never happen. Keep in the sunlight.”

Benjamin Franklin

In Poulter and Morton, they would have understood the fellow,

Dave burst into speech about:

“Baseball Caps.” He announced.

“Why do youngsters wear there caps back to front? Speed! Yes they travel at higher speed and wearing the cap backwards helps in streamlining the peak of the cap acts as an aerofoil. This gives them extra traction, as it increases the downward force keeping their feet down.”

“You ok?” said Mike concerned that his colleague might have been affected by one of the professors' speeches.

Down the road, there was more activity. Two smartly dressed men approach a gathering of people waiting to go into one of the numerous enlightening lectures.

“Hello we are from the Pheasant Aviophobia Society and we are raising money to help these poor birds take to the air. We are extremely concerned that when vehicles approach they first stand around, then try and walk away. The reason they pause is because they instinctively know they need to fly but fear overcomes them. Eventually they regain their composure and walk away, this is leading to large numbers of avoidable pheasant deaths. Our society seeks to help them overcome their fear of flying, thus saving many lives.”

The people who hear the man immediately respond with generous donations to his collecting colleague.

“Wow you are so kind and caring.” says a woman with a beaming smile.

The men smile back and wander on their way.

Everyone was very eager to hear Professor Gorbor's latest lecture tour. The professor is a very fine fellow, with his tall stature and high intellect. Many aspire to reach his lofty heights, few can match his insight. He is recognised as being highly gifted, many claim these are given him by a higher power. They may well be right, because today's lecture is on Soya Milk – understanding the facts:

He begins to speak, “Soya milk is much miss understood. People

say it is much more expensive than Cows milk but what they do not realise is that cows are large and it only takes a few of them to produce a large amount of milk. The Soya bean however is small and you need a lot to get much milk. The farmer who milks cows has it easy, imagine milking Soya beans. Before modern milking technology you did not see Soya milk anywhere. Why? Because as if getting millions of little Soya beans into the milking shed is not bad enough, milking their tiny udders was almost impossible. Since the advent of micro electronics and advances in engineering it is now possible for tiny machines to attach tiny milking equipment to the Soya bean udders. This equipment however is not cheap nor is the labour involved in herding billions of beans into the milking sheds.”

People were stunned, how many of us think about how the fibre for our cloths is produced, or the containers for our food.

Further down the road, a more controversial group were gathering. In the hall a group from the Alien Appreciation Association were assembled to listen to their chairman. With everyone in hushed silence he begins to speak.

“You have all been given a copy of my short guide for aliens visiting our planet. It is of great concern that we do not seem to have made facilities for interplanetary guests. My hope is that all governments will print the leaflets below and distribute them to all passing UFOs. This would greatly benefit humans as much as aliens. Of course you may say why is it all in English, that is because all aliens speak or understand English, just remember what you have seen at the movies or on television. Yes a few of the very bad ones do not, but then we will let the military sort them.

Guide to Earth for visiting aliens.

The Human Care Code

- 1) *Please do not abduct humans and put them in confined spaces. We do this to goldfish but that is different, we are only human and fish have no feelings.*
- 2) *Please put the safety catch on all your ray guns.*

3) Visit us during daylight hours, it is more polite and we can get to know you better.

Human Types (In order of intelligence)

These are the people you will meet, we have listed the most intelligent first with their relative perceived human importance rating from 1 being the most important to 5 being least. This may seem odd at first until you meet most humans then you will understand why.

Intelligence – level of knowledge and understanding of that knowledge

Smart – clever and often rich or street wise not necessarily intelligent.

<i>Human Type</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Importance (Perceived by the Masses)</i>
<i>Scientist</i>	<i>Uses observation and logic to discover amazing facts. Not always right, they are open to criticism. Often update and change information.</i>	<i>5 (Scary – they mess with things. Alien do not contact these people, the masses will assume they have created you in some crazy plan to rule the world)</i>
<i>Design Engineers</i>	<i>Use scientific knowledge to create new materials and cool gadgets.</i>	<i>4 (Clever bastards – who make things we can't use without help)</i>

<i>Engineers</i>	<i>Build and fix things, love what the Scientists and Engineers do.</i>	<i>3 (Bloody essential – without these guys most people would have houses full of electric powered junk)</i>
<i>Chemists</i>	<i>Use scientific knowledge to create potions, that fix malfunctioning humans.</i>	<i>4. (Necessary evil potion peddlers)</i>
<i>Doctors</i>	<i>Use the products of all the above – without whom doctors would only function at a basic level. They repair broken humans.</i>	<i>3 (Essential, expensive and in short supply)</i>
<i>Lawyers</i>	<i>Do mental gymnastics with words, and language that seems to come from another planet.</i>	<i>4 (Clever, rich – and for the purposes of this guide after legal advice we think they are all very nice and wonderful, and the level 4 is obviously incorrect and used here for artistic purposes only.)</i>

Nurses, and other essential service people involved in maintaining people and order.

People who have studied and are capable of working out what the above people are talking about some of the time.

2 (Vital people that interface between everyday folk and those strange geeky, egg head people)

Politicians

People who are crazy enough to think they can change things and that people will like them and believe what they say. They try to interface between the masses and the people above, having a knack of getting money from the masses to pay for things that scare the shit out of the masses.

2 (Essential for the masses to pass the buck to. Alien only contact politicians if you want to start a conspiracy theory and become a target for suspicion and hate)

<i>Celebrities</i>	<i>Clever people who do not have the responsibility of politicians, make more money than them, have more influence, and are generally very popular.</i>	<i>1. (Humans could not live without them. They idolize them. Alien my tip is get in with a celebrity and the people will love you)</i>
<i>Religious Leaders</i>	<i>They believe you should believe. They want conformity, not questions. They have answers not solutions.</i>	<i>1 (They can help you when others can't their boss can do absolutely anything)</i>

“We must now call the meeting to a halt as the Asparagus Availability Advisers need to use the facilities.” There was a great sigh.

“Why are these meetings always so short?” said one lady to her friend.

“Perhaps if we are here to long aliens might abduct us?”

“Oh, yes, but what about all the other meetings?”

“Excuse me ladies, it's to do with the fish genes they put in tomatoes some time back.”

“Oh?” said the perplexed women.

“Well, rumour has it that the gene has jumped the species barrier from tomatoes to humans, we are very closely related.”

“Are we?”

“Yes, look you have a healthy glow, but if I ask you what colour knickers you are wearing.”

“Oh, Rosie.”

“What?”

“You've gone quite red.”

“No, I haven't, it's just hot in this meeting hall.” She wriggled a bit.

“Go on Mr.”

“Well, fish have a very short attention span.”

“Oh.”

“That is why people are no longer buying large books.”

“I thought the only large book allowed was the ...”

“Yes, because it is made up of lots of smaller books.”

“Oh.”

“Anything that takes too long to do gets very depressing for most humans, why do you think the most popular books are called. Well,” he paused for thought, “Speak Chinese fluently in just ten minutes. Understand quantum physics in fifty nine minutes, and so on.”

“I tried that one.”

“Did you Rosie?”

“Yes it was very pretty.”

The next group of protesters, had booked the mid morning slot, and were about to give vent to their feelings. A woman most indignant stood tall and boomed in the designated format.

“Baby on board.” She paused, scanning the crowd.

“On the subject of cars, advertising that you have a Baby on Board is nothing to be proud of. How can the baby be restrained if it is on a board, and why on a board and not in a Baby carrier? Boards are hard and this shows a lack of care on the parents part. Babies on boards could roll off slide under the seat, remember they are only small, and get stuck under the foot peddles. This is highly dangerous because the driver will not be able to stop the car. It would then have to run out of fuel in order to stop, thus greatly adding to global warming endangering us all.”

She had a very good point, and all who heard her agreed with her. Yet many frowned upon a woman speaking in such a public place.

Chapter 8

Clogged tree pots

"Wisdom begins in wonder."

Socrates

In Poulter and Morton, Dave again sprang to his feet.

"Patio Heaters." He said with some force, so sudden that Mike and Dave were taken aback.

"I heard someone say "Why do you need a patio heater when you have woolly jumpers" Now this did seem a bit silly as Patios are rather large so even a baggy jumper would have trouble fitting over a patio."

The other two looked at him then at each other, they were now becoming very worried. Had their friend been unduly influenced by the man about to speak just miles away in an venue for learning.

The students are enthralled that Professor Gorbos has arrived at their fine establishment.

"Today I am going to explain genetics, I know what you are thinking, Y." he pauses looking around at the enthralled minds.

"We have found that the reason men are often found wanting is quite simple. They have an X chromosome with a bit missing, as you are aware any one of the X's four lengths can be removed to form a Y. In our experiments we have so far found that the following genes are located on the missing parts:

- 1) The changing pants gene.
- 2) The peace gene.
- 3) The anniversary gene.
- 4) Clothing selecting gene.
- 5) Cleaning gene.
- 6) Coherent speech gene.

This concludes the lecture." He got up from the seats and walked to the podium to speak to the students from whom he hoped to learn more.

Sir Charles had been stunned when he learned that higher education was to be reformed and that in future students would

teach lecturers. It was deemed that their collective pool of knowledge would be so great that massive advances would be made. Professors could then collect this and disseminate it to the masses.

In the gardens nearby two men, both very smartly dressed approached a group hard at it.

“We believe people are being deprived of work, supplanted by heavy plants. There are unscrupulous men offering plant hire. We know this is happening because we have seen heavy plant crossing signs. Money is desperately needed to pay the plants to go back to their roots. You must consider that this is also having an affect on their horticulture.”

The group of people gathered around a tree planting ceremony were greatly disturbed at this news and dig deep, planting huge numbers of notes in the hands of the collector.

The two men leave, seeking other branches of the tree planters organisation.

In the Oak Hall there was a massive meeting, many people voicing their views. A man had just finished speaking and the chairman continued:

“The Soap Conservation Society is delighted to hear that you mainly use shower gel. Our organisation seeks to protect soap from being over used, the first sanctuary for soap has now been established for many years in a small town. The Soap Sanctuary as you know is home to 67 soaps, these soaps were mercilessly left on shelves awaiting their fate. We took them away from this frightening torment and they are now well looked after.”

The man held a picture for all to see.

“Here is just one example of the terrible fate of a poor soap that we interviewed a mere slip of its former self.”

He looked sad as he began the biography.

“The tale started when Sam the Soap was lifted from the chemist’s shelf and thrown into a basket. This cruel act caused much

physical damage because he was thrown against a hard carton which caused a dent, and mental anguish due to the strange surroundings. Then he was pulled from the basket and thrown into a bag causing further trauma. Remember Sam could see nothing because he had been enclosed in a tiny cage of wrapper, which was far too small and did not allow movement or light to enter. After many days, Sam suddenly found the wrapper was being removed, and he was sitting free on a sink which felt really good. He had a lovely view (now here is where I could use some imagination and get carried away but I would need a cold shower so back to the facts) then suddenly he felt a crushing sensation, being mauled all over, this went on for weeks. He became more and more misshapen and grew much thinner, until finally he was discarded in a bin destined for a land fill site. Is this any way to treat a bar of soap? Another case of humans treating defenceless soap without respect for the soap.”

He concluded. “If you were moved by this and would like to help the work of the Society, then its easy. When you see soap on a shelf in any kind of shop, pick it up gently, buy it and take it home and find a nice place for it. Shelves are not a good idea because they make the soap feel like its on sale again. However put it in your cloths draws and the soap will help you to protect your cloths from the moths. This situation is of great benefit to both parties. You can also lobby the government to ban this cruel Soap Slavery.”

“Thank you for attending the meeting. We must now clear the hall for the Carrot Consumers Communications Council.”

Outside Corsetshire Council Offices another man was venting his spleen. He opened with one word:

“Money.” He continues in a with sincere concern.

“It seems that money is endangered; people are worried that not enough is being saved. I heard this on the radio so it must be true. What can we do to save it? Apparently its natural habitat is a bank

vault; here it feels safe and protected. Some people keep it and give it to other people in return for goods and services; this cruel use is on the decline as the use of plastic cards increases. Cards enjoy living with humans; they have skins that are often attractive. This we find irresistible and end up with large collections as pets. Now this is a serious point, cards are very flat, coins and paper money are but note that paper money gets crumpled and coins are all funny sizes and shapes. Cards being flat and uniform in size are exploiting our flat gene determinant. Also remember coins CAN NOT SWIM so throwing them into pools of water is thoughtless and cruel, they will drown. These same coins can bring much more luck if you put them in those nice little proto banks that charity people hold to collect them in. These charity people can find a good home for coins.”

“But people keep rattling money it gets on my nerves,” said an irate listener.

“He's right, money is a dinosaur it's had it's day plastic is the next evolutionary step.” This outburst caused a wave of aghast mummings throughout the crowd. This chap had forgotten himself and made a very quick exit, as people stared trying to catch sight of the sinner.

Chapter 9

Ear the hollow gee

"Knowledge which is acquired under compulsion obtains no hold on the mind."

Plato"

At Poulter and Morton the following day Dave was off again, with another statement:

“Movie Stars.” He almost whispered.

“Many silly people just do not think when they gossip about the plastic surgery movie stars have. Obviously they were asleep while watching the films, have they not noticed how violent these films

are. Don't they realize that after just one or two movies the only jobs they would get would be the scary parts in a horror movie and there are not a lot of those these days."

Mike turned to Dave, "Is Dave on something?"

Dave looked at Dave then back at Mike, "Perhaps he's winding us up." Came an under the breath mumbled reply.

"Do you think he really believes all that stuff?" asked Mike.

"What stuff?" said Dave, rather surprised.

"Did you not know, he's been writing a load of stuff down, documenting the current events."

"Mike, that sounds very dangerous." said Dave now truly worried about Dave. While Dave now back in his seat was thinking on a certain professor's lectures.

Professor Gorbtor to be precise, who was about to begin, in a hall just minutes from their office.

"Pockets." Announced the professor with a wry smile.

"I was chatting to some bullocks in a field asking them for ideas. When one of them used his tongue to wipe his nose. I commented that this was not very civilized why did a domesticated animal not use a tissue or hanky. "Well he," said in Moochi the language of cows, bullocks and bulls, "We have no pockets." Obvious when you think about it. Which led me to ask if he knew how pockets came about. Now you must understand my Moochi is not brilliant so I might have misunderstood what he said, but hopefully this is pretty accurate. Long ago one of his ancestors was living with a group of humans. Well the chaps were feeling a bit hungry, but it was very cold so they did not really want to go off hunting. So being sensible chaps they sent the women out to collect nuts and berries. Obviously they needed a good meal so it was necessary to make sure those women collected enough which they might not if they got to cold. So being true gentlemen they gave the women their deer skins. So off the women go, and not wanting to have to go out again, they decided to collect as much as they could. But what to carry all the nuts and berries in? Well the men were very lazy and had just pushed the legs on the skin through to the inside.

One woman noticed this and said hey look at these lazy men leaving the legs on the deer skins. Which gave another woman the idea of tying up the ends and shoving the nuts and berries down the skins legs. Brilliant or what, so the women came back warm in the skins and with full pockets. But how did they become called pockets? Well in the old times people spoke with funny accents and languages. It is a combination of words, if you remember the women were poking nuts down the legs, well this was shortened to pokenuts and you can see that over time the word has moved in sound and spelling to pock nets then to pockets.”

This revelation was stunning, and of course true as all is within these texts.

As the people left the lecture they passed by some very civilized polite gentlemen.

“Hello we are from the Locust resettlement society, unfortunately as you know locusts numbers are large so we need rather large sums to do this.”

“Why are you relocating them?”

“To prevent them eating human crops.”

“Oh what a wonderful idea,” says the lady giving a large sum of money to their cause.

Down at the hall, the **SAWS (Society Against White Sockism)** were assembling.

“We at SAWS would like to cut out this society’s negativism and hatred towards white socks. White socks are a sign of sock purity and cleanliness, a clean white sock is easier to spot and therefore shows that the wearer is a clean person. Many women are white sockists, allowing white socks only to be worn for sports and opposing their integration into the mainstream wardrobe. Some women have been known to become very vocal in their sockism, this is something that must be tackled through education. Why are they discriminating against these socks just because of the colour of the sock.” The speaker rested for breath.

“We have done extensive research spending many years examining the psychological reasons for this sockism. Here is a summary of our findings.” He presented the list.

Reasons for the sockism

- 1) White is a cold colour associated with snow and therefore women see a white socked foot as cold.
- 2) White shows the dirt and therefore means they will tell more easily that it needs washing which usually falls on their shoulders.
- 3) White reminds them of hospitals which they don't like.
- 4) White socks were what they had to wear at school and they remember all the grim times spent doing sports.
- 5) They need to influence and control what you wear, and opposing white socks gives them a sense of power.
- 6) They understand fashion and men mostly do not.
- 7) They are superstitious and remember the Tale of the White Sock (see separate article in this book).

What men can do to help women accept white sock.

- 1) Make sure your feet are warm when you get into bed. Take exercise to improve your circulation.
- 2) Wash your socks and wash your feet.
- 3) Buy her white socks with little flowers or teddies or other embroidered niceties on it she will love wearing them. She will want you to wear something similar, ah so you can now wear those white socks.
- 4) Join this society.

He concluded, “We hope this brief introduction to SAWS has prompted you to action and that you will join our worthy society. Remember the fate of the white sock rests on your feet. Many white sock manufactures are facing increasing hardship as sales decline in the merciless onslaught of those opposed to the white sock. We must act now to defend the white socks rights to be worn whenever the owner wants. Restricting white socks to sporting use

only is segregation of the worst kind, and will only increase its decline. Remember so few people do sports these days that its natural habitat is being eroded; to survive it must be allowed to co-exist in the domestic environment. Manufactures desperate to assist the white socks integration and acceptance have been interbreeding them with the near extinct horizontal striped sock, thus you will often find a white sock with coloured bands at the top. This however has failed to gain acceptance from those vehemently opposed to the White sock. They have also tried to weavetically engineer them with motifs and pattern patches around the ankles but to no positive effect. The only hope for the white sock is YOU. We must stand up for the rights of the white sock. We hope to start a national white sock day. So join us today.” He was greeted with appreciative applause.

“Thank you,” said Miss Bila Ponosky President of SAWS. “We must now exit the hall to allow the Potato Planters Ploughing Practice Planning Panel.”

Later that day more information dissemination was supplied by the most eminent man, a man of many dates and facts. In an effort to keep people informed of the correct ideas the wonderful Professor Borgor, a history marvel had been assigned to give a lecture the Centre of Enlightenment, just over the border from Corsetshire.

Boat Building a brief history Was the title, and the Professor began with his usual customary throat clearing cough. Below is a transcript of the lecture.

The intellectuals amongst you will already know that Noah was the worlds first ship builder. We know this to be a fact because it says so in the bible and at the time that the bible was written all scribes where scrupulously honest and verified all their data. Unfortunately when as everyone knows God made the earth he did not use a very good glue and the Tectonic plates did not stick on very well. This is why they are sliding around a bit, originally they were all in

one lump but now they have slid apart big lumps of ocean divide them or rivers etc. So now floods excluded those humans who needed to travel to the bits they used to walk to. This is why when we saw an old tree float by we thought ah ha. And the second boat was a bit of old tree. Now this was ok for the first chap to cross a piddly little stream but can you imagine the grief he got from the misses when he left her and the kids on the other side. Well in order to reduce the threat to his audio input devices otherwise know as ears, he had to smarten up a bit and get a bigger model, so two old trees lashed together. Sorted, well so he thought. Remember in those days they lived in big families, well you can imagine the ho ha when the old folks sussed they were missing out on a holiday across the piddly little stream. So the poor chap had to lash lots of old trees together so that they could all go. Now what caused the next phase of development?

Souvenir shopping, here was this bright chap with all his family coming back home from the shopping trip via the piddly little stream. You know how these folks get carried away at the mall and the raft (or proto boat) was well full. Oh and unlike the people who can hold on tight what happens to that statue, it falls of into the water never to be seen again. Can you imagine Granny cave woman is livid, oh she goes on and on about how much it cost and that Daddy caveman is a stupid idiot who can't even build a boat, what he invented. Well this upset Mummy cave man who subjected the poor chap to a right ear full. "You know how much that statue meant to Granny caveman you have no idea how much that upset her losing that. It wasn't cheap either so what are you going to do about it. You know we will have to go and get another one and I dread to think what will happen if you loose that one for her as well....." and so on.

So the poor chap unable to sleep with the constant nagging decided to go fishing down at the stream. It was autumn and along floats a curled up leaf. Now that gives him an idea, he takes another curled up leaf, puts a tiny stone in it to simulate the statue

and sets it afloat. Well he was amazed the stone stayed in the leaf and of it went down the stream. But a leaf was too small he thought ah but a leaf comes from a tree, maybe I could make a tree like a curled up leaf, but it would have to be big, and it would take ages to hollow out a tree. Well it was getting late so he picked up his walking stick and grabbed the deerskin to put on as it was getting chilly when he had his next idea. Make a boat like a basket and cover it with skins, but how to stop it leaking? This was tough, until he got back and saw all the fat of the meat from dinner on his finicky son's plate. Soon the chap had a nice skin covered boat for all the family, it worked and they went on the trip to get the replacement statue but he did get a lot of grief from the wife and Grandma. "Oh it's too rickety, suppose we hit a rock it will be torn to shreds, what if the fat is eaten by the fish and we start sinking, did you think of that?" Oh he did get some negative vibes that day. Winter was coming and you had to keep busy for warmth, also the chap was looking for a good excuse to avoid being at home and getting nagged, unfortunately pubs had not been invented so he decided to go make his dugout boat from a huge old tree trunk that had come down in a storm. Months he spent hacking at it with his antler axe, of which he went through many. On return home it was always the same, "Your late for dinner and haven't you finished that damn boat yet, all you have to do is hollow it out I bet your skiving just like Granddad caveman does when mother's back is turned. I don't know if we women did not go out collecting nuts and berries you men would starve. All you brought home was one deer this week, how am I supposed to feed a family on that?" etc etc."

Well finally spring arrived and it was time to launch the heavy dugout boat. "You could have made it nearer the stream his wife shouted look how far we are going to have to drag it." How he wished he had moved the tree before hollowing out the trunk. Off they went down the stream on a shopping trip. Can you imagine the people's looks as they arrived at the New Caves Shopping complex? "Well that's better than the last lash up he made!" "Oh the basket boat, err this one is pretty good you know." There were

many nods of heads and words exchanged.

One kindly lady approached him, “Err chap my husband is crap at doing anything with wood but it would be really nice if we could have a trip downstream this summer to see the in-laws. We have to go by foot on that rough old trail, they still have not resurfaced it and it kills your feet. With one of these it would be wonderful.” At first the chap hesitated, thinking upon all the work. Then he realised the cost of the family spending spree and knew they could do with earning some more sea shells (the currency in his time).

It was not long before he had quite a few orders and had to get Granddad caveman and finicky kid to do a bit of scraping out of logs. Not everyone wanted the large family model much to his relief. So they produced a small two person model which became very popular with courting couples as it allowed them to sneak of upstream, with the excuse that they did not have room for anyone else, and besides the larger boats were too expensive.

Now chap had to get people in from outside the family. Alas he was running short of sea shells to pay them because he could not charge any sea shells until the boats were finished. Unfortunately the only bank was the river bank down stream, which did not have any sea shells. Chap was very knowledgeable and he knew that a long way down the stream, down the river there was a very big salty water place where there were sea shells but it was so far away that hardly anyone would go their, and when they returned with shells they wanted lots of things for them which meant they became very rich and everyone else was poor. Now chap had an idea, he could go by boat which was easier and he could carry lots of sea shells in his boat. Unfortunately he had the boat building to oversee, but finicky son was doing very well so he decided to leave him in charge and go off with Granddad caveman. Now he told everyone that they were testing one of the boats to see how it performed on the river, actually they went of down the river to the sea. The boat had a hidden hole in it where they could hide lots of

sea shells. It took them many days to reach the sea but they were rewarded handsomely. The beach where the river entered the sea was full of shells so it was like striking shells (gold in modern terminology – for those readers semi-conscious at this point).

After filling up the hole in the boat they headed back. The journey was not easy and they doubted that without chap's boating skills and Granddads navigational skills anyone else would have made the trip. Granddad was into the stars because he often lie awake at night looking up at the sky, while Granny caveman chattered to him. He liked to look up and got to spotting patterns in the sky which he found amusing especially as he named them after Granny's naughty bits! When they arrived back home they took the shells out of the boat and hid some in various places so that the women would not find them or at least not all of them. The women were the fore runners of the taxation system. Chap and the men folk would work and earn some shells and the women would take a large portion to pay for essential services such as wode and statues to improve the living environment of the citizens.

People were now clamouring for new boats but with extra features, most people seemed to now have more shells in their pockets. This of course was due to the payment of shells to the workers and the women's shell tax all of which was spent in New Caves Shopping Complex which was expanding the number of retail outlets. One very select jeweller was making shell Jewellery that only the rich could afford. Typically for one shell jewel you had to pay two or more shells. So you can imagine chap felt like he was shelling out for everything.

Chap even with his expanded workforce could not keep up with demand. The folks that lived down river did not have any trees to make boats, so they were very jealous of the visits from the family and friends up river. Now wetlands man was getting nagged by his misses who wanted a nice boat to make return visits. This chap was sitting on the river bank, he pulled up a reed in frustration and

through it in the river. Watching it float off he was inspired, and very soon had a bundle of reeds, they also floated. So it was not long before he had a boat made that looked like the wooden boats but was made from reeds. His wife was very impressed, oh it was so soft and comfy not like those hard wooden boats.

Caveman chap was most concerned; these reed boats were becoming so very popular because they were comfy and not so heavy. Also if he continued hollowing out boats at this rate he would run out of local trees. The basket boats were still selling to the low cost end of the market. Now a basket boat that was covered in wooden skin not animal skin would be an idea he thought, but how to cover a boat. He was whittling a bit of wood and looking at the shavings. Then it struck him strips of wood! But how to get a tree into thin strips? He tried bark but that snapped, then after pacing back and forth he felt the bottom of his left foot, checking underneath it he found a saw. Using this saw he was able to cut up planks and using wooden pegs was able to make a much lighter wooden boat and using some of the horrid black stuff that oozed out of the swamp he was able to make it waterproof. These new boats were really cool, very sleek. Oh but people were getting so tired having to paddle the boats.

Now it was on one of his wife's shopping trips and she just had to look at the new dress she had just bought while they were travelling back home. As she pulled it out of the bag the wind caught it and nearly blew it away. Chap being so observant had another idea, obviously he could not get his wife to stand up in a boat with a dress, but he could do something with wood and cloth. The following week chap had put a pole in the boat, and got some cloth from the New Caves Shopping Complex summer sale. People asked what it was in the middle of the boat he told them it was something he got in the sale. Now people started saying they wanted a sail in their boat. Sail? Yes chap like you have in yours. Oh this cloth. Yes that sail. And so you see how the sail came into being.

They were all very impressed by the great man's teachings. However back to more mundane items. Out in the streets, Sir Charles was getting no peace, as he walked to his office a man shouted:

“Postboxes.” He paused to let them get the message.

“We hear that the post office is not doing so well. How can they improve things? Do you notice that as you drive around with letters to post that the boxes are always on the wrong side of the road and you can't stop opposite to post the letters so you carry on. A week later you still carry the letters. How can this be? When people walk along a road they walk towards the oncoming traffic and can see the post boxes but they are on the correct side of the road. The obvious solution would be to have drive through post boxes as so many people drive rather than walk. Just like the old post trains you could put your letters in a carrier bag, hang it out of the window and it will be caught in the net and dropped into a post box. The carrier bags could be sold back to the shops that provided them as the post office is good at sorting things. This would increase their profits, improve communications and reduce plastic waste.”

“What a brilliant idea,” shouted a bearded man.

Chapter 10

Rain soaked glass beads

“Rather let the crime of the guilty go unpunished than condemn the innocent.”

Justinian I

At Poulter and Morton, Dave startled everyone again:

“Winter Colds.” He blurted this, without any warning, no official notice of an impending lecture or protest.

“How to avoid them. After a representative sample of the

population was chosen, one who had a cold and the other exposed to this one, the one who did not have the cold still did not have a cold. Then a thorough analysis was carried out, and the conclusion was that the one who had the television had a cold and the one who did not have a television did not have or develop a cold. This is conclusive proof that televisions are the main vector for spreading colds.”

The others were now shaking their heads.

“Hard to believe isn't it?” said Dave.

The others remained silent. There were others around who were also very silent. The national Government afraid of Sir Charles Chuckleberry and his council have sent in their secret agent, Nobody. His mission to find intellectuals sent by Sir Charles, who had infiltrated the other counties. Nobody sat thinking in his hotel room.

Mr Nobody was not just anybody, and he knew it was them and not just somebody. They knew he was there. He was looking for them in Hope, but there were a lot of people living in Hope and it was not easy. Someone told him that they had gone somewhere else, but where? He knew there were a lot of people living in Despair, they might be there. Another person said he heard they were going to Legit. It was hard to follow their tracks. They could be anywhere he thought, no one knew who they were but everyone knew what they had done. It was definitely them no two ways about it. He had to start Somewhere, so he departed in Haste a small dwelling near Hope, which incidentally had good connections to Somewhere.

While on Route he read a message “To whom it may concern, the aforementioned articles notwithstanding the current situation and all things considered at the end of the day when all is said and done and taking into consideration the facts as they stand at this moment in time not to mention the points as given and without further ado at the present moment, and with respect to the actual facts that have been voiced on this matter. We must conclude in no uncertain terms that this is what is at present now at this

junction a matter for review in the light of the day when no more data is forthcoming.”

Oh and then driver of Route announced that they had arrived Somewhere so he had to get Out. Out was scared of Route a large beast. Route was scared of tiny Out but a friend had told him to get Out more so he did and hence had to carry Out around with him. Now they were Somewhere and on enquiring someone told them that they were now Nowhere to be seen. But why would they show themselves, and to be seen by whom? The plot thickened, “What was going On?” On replied, “Only one person would know Where.” So he went to him and he told them Where It was At. He felt Out of It and asked Where It was? No further forward and going round in circles he still knew they were Nowhere to be seen!

Most peoples Lives were going Nowhere so he decided to follow Them. Now he ended up Nowhere, and had spent a lot of time going Nowhere. Things were not getting any Better, he felt sorry for Things but decided he must press On. On unfolded a map showing where they might be. It was plain to see, time was of the essence and they were not going to be Nowhere for Long. Someone rushed up to him saying they were Everywhere, so he concluded that they had moved On. He had wondered why On had gone off, they must have taken On off. This could lead to a shutdown and everything could grind to a halt. Everywhere was a big place it included Everything, this sprawling metropolis would make it easy for them to hide. Now he just wanted to get On, he knew they had gotten On.

This was becoming a real battle. They had covered their tracks, and it was all up hill from now. They really had Things sown up, no words came forth. He had to make Haste because more Haste means less Speed, and they needed Speed.

Mr Nobody sat in small village that lay within a valley, Depression, would he succeed?

Two men came by seeing this man, they stopped to speak.

“Hi we are concerned with helping people on the road to recovery. We have heard that it can be very long and difficult. We are hoping to provide a much straighter shorter route, to do this we must first do surveys and these are expensive, can you help?”

“Wow that is such a good idea, of course,” said this man sitting at the bus stop, “I understanding what they must go through. I have friends who drive cars and they have a much shorter route to our local town.” He dips deep into his piggy bank that he carries in an old shopping bag.

The two men wander off, some way down the lane, one turns to the other.

“Who was that?”

“Oh, Nobody.”

“Be quiet you fool, are you sure?”

“I heard a woman speaking,” she said “Nobody would carry a piggy bank in an old shopping bag.”

“We must be careful, do you think they're onto us?”

“No, but we must get word to himself.”

The two men clammed up as they walked towards habitation and ears.

They were wandering past the village hall where a man was announcing:

“The Safety Committee is pleased to announce the findings of the Pen and Pencil sub committee who have pointed out some rather alarming hazards with such implements. Their main point is that they both have a point, and thus pose a serious threat to human health. It has been found that injuries from writing implements were almost unheard of during the middle ages. There is a strong correlation between this and the lack of writing skills. Only those guided by divine hands were able to perform such functions.”

He shuffled through some papers, “We have a list of hazards from which you can see that access to these items should be highly

restricted.”

The man presents a printed report to the assembled audience.

Dangers of Pens and Pencil

- 1) *They are very pointy and can stick into things.*
- 2) *Unlike computer texts, what they write is harder to monitor allowing subversives to communicate and spread evil.*
- 3) *They are a phallic symbol, encouraging sinful thoughts, some of which get written down.*
- 4) *If they fall on the floor they are a considerable trip hazard because of their tubular construction.*
- 5) *People fiddle with them driving those who watch insane. We do not want mad people in the New Moral Society.*
- 6) *They are used to annotate books with rude embellishments.*
- 7) *Much time is wasted trying to find them, pens are especially prone to migration.*

While above ground this meeting was narrowing down to a point, there was a rather different kind of pen and ink.

Hidden in a rather nasty old dank tunnel system deep within Corsetshire the very **Unfriendly Society (US)** was beginning its meeting. They were becoming enraged by the New Moral Society, who were insisting everyone should be friendly and nice.

“AND JUST WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST UNFRIENDLY PEOPLE :(WHO DON'T TALK A LOT :(This is obviously discrimination and we will have to give you a good quieting to in a most Coventry type manner. Such attitudes are quite intolerable.” Said a man reading the latest unbiased newspaper now under discussion.

“It has come to the attention of the Unfriendly Society that there are people who specify that people they want to be with must be friendly and chatty. Thus they are being unfriendly to unfriendly people and therefore should not want to be with themselves because they are unfriendly. The unfriendly society would like to

point out that if you are not friendly to everyone then you can be classed by many as unfriendly, this means that most people should consider joining the unfriendly society.” He was firm in his voice, handing around a fine paper.

Reasons to join the Unfriendly Society

- 1) *We will be unhelpful allowing you to develop your unfriendly nature.*
- 2) *There are many techniques for dealing with those nice friendly people – learn more about coping with them.*
- 3) *By reading our magazine you can ignore people which will help you become more unfriendly.*
- 4) *If you are felling friendly you can phone a special help line manned by some very unfriendly people.*
- 5) *It would be hypocritical not to join.*

While things were getting a tad upsetting, others were honoured to listen to a great man. Professor Gorbor is venturing into a project to put a new satellite into orbit for the spreading of the message of the New Moral Order. He has seen all the problems that occur with those more technically minded projects and is now commencing on his latest research lecture. The paper he gave out to accompany the tour is startling as you will no doubt agree.

Safe Space Launch

One fizzy bottle filled with the right amount of water, can be pressurised with water and launched to a height of 50 metres. Plastic bottles are difficult to dispose of causing environmental hazards. Some areas of the planet would benefit from rain. Now imagine a space launch in a remote location, imagine if that launch would shower water down over a wide area. This would provide drought relief; it would not pollute the atmosphere. How would this be achieved? Using a multi-stage rocket powered with fizzy water bottle rocket propulsion units. Obviously the calculations of air

pressure in the upper stages would have to be carefully calculated as at high altitude the outside air pressure is less so if the bottles had too much pressure they could explode uncontrollably. The exact number of stages and bottles would need accurate calculation based on the payload. For a mission to Mars the quantity is going to be vast, however the astronauts wee could be recycled and used as fuel for the return journey and this would keep them occupied filling the bottles and pressurising them. How to avoid the bottles burning up on re-entry? Toast, have you noticed how well toast withstands prolonged heat; it is also very light and biodegradable.

The first stage would probably rise no more than a few millimetres above the surface because of the mass of bottles above it. We are currently considering ways of calculating the number of bottles needed and pressures required. Will the Beta 7 Personal edition be allowable to use for this purpose?

Calculations needed

- 1) How many stages.
- 2) Bottle pressures for each stage.
- 3) Water quantities for each bottle in each stage.
- 4) Number of bottles per stage.
- 5) Weight of each stage.
- 6) Number of bottles needed for the lower gravity Mars launch.
- 7) Amount of toast for the heat shield.
- 8) Toast fixing methods.

Benefits

- 1) Safer than using explosive chemicals.
- 2) Environmentally friendly fuel.
- 3) Recycling of plastic bottles.
- 4) Drought relief.
- 5) Low cost.

What we know

- 1) Escape velocity.
- 2) Gravity.
- 3) Bottle weight.
- 4) Mass of air and water.
- 5) Atmospheric pressure.

What we need to find out

- 1) Long term effect of radiation on the plastic bottles (re going to Mars and back).
- 2) Temperatures of re-entry will this melt the bottles even with the toast protection?
- 3) Green or clear bottles?
- 4) 1.5 or 2 litre bottles?

Unfortunately Sir Charles was interrupted from his reading, more noise, why was everyone so noisy? A man billowed out.

“Farmers.”

“If walkers are expected to shut gates and comply with the country code, then you would think farmers would have the decency to scoop up their animals poo. It is quite uncivilized to expect people to have to walk through such excrement. After all if dog owners in towns have to poop scoop then so should farmers, otherwise its unhygienic, and even worse because farms are where they grow our food, you would think they should know better.”

Sir Charles reflected on this, he could not help hearing the chap, who did in a funny way have a point. He had numerous complaints from constituents who had gotten mucky feet when venturing along a public right of way. Perhaps a co-operative scheme, farmers are busy growing food, maybe some townies could form the Cleaning Assistance Farming Environment or CAFE, he knew how his constituents loved to finish their wanderings in a nice café.

Chapter 11

Swell ground almonds

“Man is most nearly himself when he achieves the seriousness of a child at play.”

Heraclitus

At Poulter and Morton as soon as Dave arrived he was off:

“Sockism.” His voice was full of concern.

“Yesterday I spoke to an accounts lady and I told her about white sockism she had the same views as another lady so it must be genetic. Ladies have evolved to like chaps with warm feet because it is a sign of good circulation :) White is associated with cold and therefore their brains associate one with the other and hence white sockism.”

“Dave, have you joined SAWS?” asked Mike.

“No, why?”

“No reason.” Mike glanced at Dave who looked at Dave. Dave could not comment he had a client with him. The client was not flustered by this outburst, commenting that he loved white socks.

Professor Gorbtor was presenting the **Sea Interests Launch & Load Youth** convention with some solutions.

Option 1

Two fundamental problems with global warming are rising sea levels and increased carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. We do have the solution already in hand, with a minor adjustment to some distribution. Carbonated water should be taken to old quarries and mines and used to fill them up, this would remove both water and carbon.

Option 2

Now call me stupid but is there not an obvious solution. Here is the problem sea levels rising, and we need to remove carbon from the atmospheric process. What do you take with you to the beach to remove water from you? A towel and what is a towel made from? Cotton, and what does the cotton plant remove from the atmosphere? Carbon dioxide, after all you would not take a lump of

concrete to dry yourself. So here is the simple solution, instead of wasting millions on concrete sea defences to combat rising water levels. Use towels, surround the whole coast with sea defences made of towels. They will remove billions of tones of water from the sea, lowering its level and locking up carbon. They won't dry out and release the water back, because they will be constantly supplied with water from the sea. This is a simple low tech solution that can be implemented immediately. "Won't they wash away?," every time I give a lecture on this some clever clogs says this. Only an idiot would leave a big pile of towels unsecured on a beach, people would come and purloin them when bathing or to supply hotels and markets, they would be gone before the sea got near them. With all that free towelling the bottom would drop out of the clothing market, towel togas would be all the rage and the garment industry would collapse. This would be most irresponsible, no the towels would be caged in giant stainless steel frames, which would by the way boost British steel manufacturing improving the industry and adding jobs.

Option 3

This is a mad idea that should be ignored; growing more trees. It is included here because someone will question why it was not mentioned. People say trees retain water, helping to prevent floods and associated land and mud slides. Firstly growing trees on the beach will be difficult on stony beaches, pots may be used but these would need manufacturing requiring the use of fossil fuels. The mangrove trees which would be suitable will not grow in our cold seas. Then someone says, "Why not grow them inland". Are they totally off their trolleys, how are trees growing in the middle of nowhere going to protect the coast from rising sea levels when they are maybe hundreds of miles from the coast, really these people think to much.

While the great man was solving problems, two men were doing the rounds in another county. Honing in on some signs which were all over the place. They knew what it was all about and went to

seek the venue. Waiting patiently outside.

Inside a group of the sub committee for the prevention of mass worrying were trying to allay some current fears:

- 1) *It has been noticed that boxes packed for moving have over time become compressed; leaving these boxes for an extended period may lead to further compression this could lead to highly dense matter which could lead to a small black hole forming. Is this hazard covered by household insurance?*
- 2) *Stacking lots of boxes in a confined area could cause a pressure point on the earth's surface. As a butterfly wing flapping can cause a hurricane, this pressure point could cause an earthquake by altering the structural density of the earth's crust leading to outward pressure causing plate shift.*
- 3) *When buying a computer from a UC company they ask; a) Is it for your own use? b) Will it be exported to any of the countries in a pick list? c) Will it be used to make Weapons of mass destruction? What would happen if you said yes to "c"?*

Now some may scoff at such things but for many this meeting was addressing some fundamental issues. Although most were keen to leave, worried that they may not have put enough money in the car park, will their tickets have expired?

"Excuse me," asked a gentleman.

"Sorry, must rush my car, you see." A man scurried away at an alarming pace. A woman clearly in a state of anguish, shouted as she followed behind. "Be careful darling."

"Will he be ok, he could trip or fall or collide with something or someone," said another lady also hurrying past.

"Hello, have you a minute," the other man tried on a woman who was looking rather flustered.

"Why, what's wrong?" she asked, clearly anxious.

"We are collecting, on behalf off..." Before he could finish she was

off.

“Sorry,” she screamed, “I have just remembered I was supposed to be collecting my son from school. Oh, my lord I hope he will be ok. What will they do to me, oh am I a terrible mother, oh, oh.” Her voice faded as she ran towards a car.

“We are worried,” tried one of the gentlemen.

“Aren't we all dear.”

The man and many others went like bunnies bolting for their holes. The gentlemen spotted a quiet timid lady, edging out of the doorway.

“Can we help you?”

She edged back, her teeth biting her bottom lip.

“We won't hurt you, no need to worry, we collect for worthy causes.”

“Everyone should worry, we'll all drown, we must move to higher ground, and buy towels for the good Professors project.”

“We would love to help.” The man looked at his colleague.

“Yes, that's why we are here to spread the word and collect money to buy towels, unfortunately we missed the lecture, could you tell us about it?”

“Yes, yes.” The lady gasped with enthusiasm. Some time later she felt very good having recalled the lecture very well. The two men went on their way and left the lady feeling much more confident.

In the triangle a man shouted:

“Memory.” Gave the customary wait, then continued.

“So why do you keep forgetting things, well it has been alleged that this is due to mobile phones. This is silly as phones get you talking which stimulates the memory, also some humans who never use mobile phones have also been known to forget things. Ah you say they have probably been sitting next to people and subjected to passive mobile phone use. This is quite possible but more likely a cunning plot to undermine manufacturing while covering up the real reason. Tomatoes, oh yes! You are at first stunned, how can a tomato make me forget. Well you have obviously forgotten reports of scientists putting fish genes into tomatoes to give them a longer

shelf life. So what you say, well you may remember some other studies that have shown a goldfish can only remember things for about 7 seconds. Now it does not take a genius to work out that if you have been eating tomatoes you may also have consumed fish genes, and these have gotten into you and modified your brain.” This man proceeded to ask the ladies if they could remember what colour knickers they were wearing as part of a memory survey. To finish the test he then asked them to verify their statements, many were surprised by the answers. He did so love statistics, why math was illegal he would never understand.

Chapter 12

Ice in a salt bucket

The best thinking has been done in solitude. The worst has been done in turmoil.

Thomas A. Edison

“This is just unbelievable,” said Dave, he paused, and said: “Pipe Worms.” To which his chums, realised there was some pattern going on.

“In the old days the wooden pipes were made by using the very straight pipe worms to bore holes through the wood. These days the best way to get rid of blockages in pipes would be to use pipe worms, unfortunately growing them is expensive. The mass marketing DIY superstores do not stock them, so you will need to find a small old fashioned plumbers merchant and try purchasing from there.”

“What has that got to do with the P&M Velocity Check Regulator ©™.” Enquired Dave.

“Mike would understand.”

“Yes, but Mike is training someone today.”

“Who?” Dave was given the sush signal. Training was not permitted, you could give **Determined Instruction Mentoring** so long as it was in line with **Department of Unknowing Methods**.

There were a lot of people going round the bend. What was driving them into nice social applause, namely enthusiasm. Professor Gorbtor, was tackling some tricky subjects, in the hall on the corner. See below for his findings.

Things men suffer from:

Beer Bellies

This is quite a wrong assumption that it is caused by the beer. How can beer cause massive enlargement of the gut. This has been the subject of scientific study and found to be due to darts. Playing darts necessitates leaning forward to throw the dart, as the body moves the force of gravity pulls on the lower extremities causing the skin to bulge. This can be quite painful and is relieved by drinking beer.

Allergy to Baths, Sinks and Showers

This is not a true allergy, more a psychological block. Men have to put these fixtures in or they know a man who has. It often involves getting very dirty, putting in pipes, knocking down masonry, drilling and the rest. So men associate these things with getting dirty, and hence avoid them.

FOB

Football Obsessive Behaviour, the Americans call it SOB (Soccer Obsessed Brain). This affects a large proportion of the male population. They basically become obsessed by round spherical objects and who has possession of it, they do have similar obsessions with other spherical anatomical objects. Psychological analysis has determined that something that large is a must have. This is quite a serious illness, as it interferes with work and relationships. Some see it only as a sport, this is very narrow minded and ignorant, men can't help it. You just have to look at all the sports invented by men and you will see a commonality with all of them is a round spherical object.

Things women suffer from:

Wobbly bits

Women are often accused of being rather full figured. This is not caused by too much chocolate, the same group of scientists who found the real reason for beer bellies have found a similar cause for women. As they move through supermarkets they have to lean forward to push the trolleys, now you may say so how do they get wide at the sides. This is also caused through gravitational pull as they lean from side to side to grab things from the shelves while negotiating traffic in the aisles.

The professors conclusions to this research were startling. You may wonder why there are so many gatherings in this country. This is due in no small part to the professor and his compatriots. They had realised for some time that people were being misinformed, that journalists did not always understand their work. The government keen to engage the people and ensure that all took ownership of the correct ideas, instigated various, laws, rules, procedures and set up departments to correct the many errors of the past. The new professors and their kin were not slaves to mere facts.

In a meeting not far away a man began to say:

“Congestion.” He had a cold so was well aware of the issues.

“Road congestion is not a problem in fact there is no need to enforce congestion charging. How else are we going to reduce road traffic? No matter how many times this comes up people throw up the obvious arguments, about the disintegrated transport systems. Bicycles on trains are really taking a hammering with many bans in force. You are starting to wonder if I have lost my marbles. No they are in a jar under the stairs. Why people are concerned about other people’s marbles when one is trying to discuss a serious subject is another mystery. Firstly you close all schools, what! Now he’s lost the plot, how are we going to educate

people how will people work if they are uneducated? I did not say we should not continue to educate just not in schools. The main problems with traffic are the incubator wagons, extensive studies of traffic flow in the school holidays shows that congestion is in many cases massively reduced. The obvious solution is to bring back good old Victorian values. These values made us a great industrial nation. The offspring can be educated at their parent's work place, thus there is no increase in traffic, and you will end up with a highly skilled labour force who will meet the needs of business."

"Heretic," shouted a vehement agitator.

"Why?" replied the man, with a sniff.

"Don't you sniff at us." Grunted the man, "We need traffic moving slower for safety reasons, and as for a skilled labour force, we want to be humble and follow the Lord, not make things."

"Ey, Chinese people make things, not us, its traditional, how dare you try and disturb our traditions."

In the council offices, Sir Charles greets two smartly dressed men.

"Well I don't know how you two do it."

"Easy really they are all taught believe what they are told."

"So we in Corsetshire keep the coffers full from the pockets of those who oppose us! There is a certain irony to that," chuckled Sir Charles.

"We are worried," said a concerned operative.

"Why?"

"Nobody is here."

"Nobody, just us three, why?"

"No you don't understand, Nobody is after you."

"That's a relief."

"Sir Charles, the governments top agent, Nobody, is in town." The man was anxious.

"How do you know this?"

"We heard a rather well to do lady, say in a condescending tone that Nobody carries a piggy bank in a shopping bag. We collected from such a man."

"What's his brief?"

“We have no idea.” One of the men shrugged.

“Does he know you are my two top operatives.” Sir Charles had a worried frown.

“As far as we know, no.”

“But we can't be seen at these offices, he will smell a rat,” said the other man.

“Well chaps I realise that, but the sewerage system is the only way for you chaps to get in here in broad daylight.”

Outside a din began, there was a massive roar as a man stepped onto a makeshift podium.

“T-shirt under shirt discrimination or TUSD.” He shouted holding his hands high.

“This is an under acknowledged problem. We were out with a woman who confessed to rejecting a chap because in summer he had a t-shirt under his shirt. This woman later said she could take her top off. We reacted with some excitement until she revealed that she had more apparel (the female equivalent of T-Shirt) under her blouse. When challenged that she was doing the same as the chap with the t-shirt under the shirt, our understanding of women's minds was further confused. Apparently that was ok because she was a woman.”

There was silence from the crowd as they were taken aback by such behaviour.

Sir Charles on the other hand was deep in conversation. He felt he had bumbled along too long, let too much grass grow under his feet. He often wondered what he could have done, could he have acted sooner, what was he and his elite group going to do. Was it too late, had things gone to far, were people happy in ignorant bliss. He wished he knew, his operatives had been to most counties so he was about to find out.

Chapter 13

Advice Like Gripe

"Silence is better than unmeaning words."

Pythagoras

"So that's what we know Sir Charles." The operative leaned back in the chair, his colleague scratched his head. He knew the future hinged on Britain, and that Sir Charles was the only man with enough political stature to effect some change.

"Look sir, we are skilled operatives and you are good politically."

"But," Sir Charles spoke rhetorically. "I know we need some extra brains, some deep thinkers." The MP wandered to his window, looking across to the office across the way.

"That lot." He pointed across to the other office, his men stayed low but they knew where he meant.

"The Anti-Track lot?"

"Yes, they are no doubt none to keen one the current situation."

"Engineers, my friends, even scientists are hampered without equipment made by engineers. How do we contact them, I don't want to blow your cover. Look we'll meet as arranged in two days time, make yourselves scarce, let Nobody see you as normal."

"Yes, if we go off scene, we might be rumbled."

Mike picked up the intercom, "Someone to see Dave."

"Which one?"

"He did not say. Seems anxious though."

"Let him in."

"Ok."

They were all surprised, "Sir Charles."

"Is this place clean?" asked the MP.

"We have a lady does it once a week."

"I'm not sure you do," he replied.

"Does this place look clean to you?" asked Dave.

"Well, no," but you said.

"Exactly, grinned Dave."

"I must be so careful, one slip up and I'm roasted."

"It's the same for us." Mike gave the wily old MP the nod.

"You chaps must be struggling, even with the not so cheap imports

from China.”

The new rules imposed by the car construction bill amendment, had seriously reduced sales of the P&M Anti-Track ©™.

“Yes, lack of doors does not help.”

“Question on my mind is can you help me?” Asked Sir Charles, now slumped in a not so fine old swivel chair. “Thought these were banned, the Dizzy Commission?”

“Ah, really, ops we must have forgotten to get rid of it.”

“So, us and whose army?” Mike, was for some reason not optimistic. He was right to be so, the R3 knew Britain was the only hope, the R3 countries were so far away and surrounded, especially China, by a world full of non thinkers. Even the Indian surge to greater things had collapsed when demand for call centres, was eroded by a return to a more traditional Europe.

“Look we may be able to assist technically, but engineers are hardly the best people to ask when it comes to changing peoples minds and getting ideas across.” Dave was being so realistic it was scary.

Sir Charles tried to gather his thoughts, he knew Nobody was after him, he had support from his agents and now technical assistance.

“What about the Wool Pullers Club, if I can trust them?”

“Never heard of them,” said Dave.

“Secret society, one of many, just thought such a challenge might be up their street.”

“How many members do they have?” asked Mike, thinking numbers of people to be converted to the cause, whatever the cause might be.

“I might wake up in a moment and find this was all a dream.” Sir Charles pinched himself.

“This is not like in the movies Sir Charles, mind you Dave could be converted to their side, and do some lectures.” Dave looked at Dave, who was good in lecture emulation mode.

“Like a spanner in the works.” Sir Charles, went into deep thought.

In town Nobody was there. Nobody wandered around, scared of

being noticed. He hated how people put notices on Anything. Why Anything? Some people would pin things on Anybody, but not Nobody. He checked his watch, he was due to chat to the MP for this shire.

“Look, chaps I have to go, damn I have a surgery, if I'm late they may rumble the disruption to my routine.” He speed off, and arrived not a moment to soon. In traipsed a stream of constituents all with problems, then near the end of the day in walks a chap with a shopping bag. Shots him some line about looking for a chap he called On. Tells him how they've got On. Nobody left wondering why his bosses were worried about this MP, the chap was obviously very dim.

How would you get a whole country to change its views? Even massive advertising does not guarantee a product will sell. Even if a theory is backed up by evidence does not mean to say people will believe it in favour of an idea based on wishful thinking.

Something is too complex to have come about, it must have a higher power to make it. There is nothing higher than the higher power, the higher power is the most complex thing, so by it's own rule it can't have come about by accident, yet there is nothing higher to make it. Therefore most would agree that by its own rules the higher power can't exist. This is gotten around by saying well it just is, it has always been. So how does Sir Charles persuade people who think like that?

How did it get like that? You are seeing it happen in your time, you're like the frog, the water seems a bit warmer, you're happy no need to worry, is there?

Still we digress, lets see how Sir Charles does it, he's a smart fellow. He sat musing in his study. Discrediting the opposition does not work, especially if they are very sincere. You also won't win by using a logical argument, he thought, knowing only to well the

skulduggery some people would go to getting their ideas accepted. He decided to go and sit on the toilet.

Then it struck him, he did not have the means to reach the people but the government did. When governments push people a bit too far, then sometimes the reaction is negative. Maybe this is how it all started, some wise guy tried to unseat the government by persuading them to go with some seemingly mad ideas. Yet the people did not react as expected, he would have to watch what was suggested, assuming he could get an idea into circulation.

The following morning Sir Charles woke with a start, darling that perceived shortage of wall paper.

“What about it?”

“Well you were looking for some, is there a shortage?”

“The decorator did not seem to think so, but as he said just because there is some in Corsetshire does not mean it plentiful else where. Why do you ask?”

“Oh nothing.”

Later Sir Charles was thinking about the government tax incentives for the new Wool Paper, and the associated promotions, it was warmer, softer, much nicer and safer than paper, you can cut yourself on paper. The blurb had been most convincing. This started him thinking, he could not see his operatives until tomorrow, but those over a Poulter and Morton might have some ideas.

“So you see chaps I was thinking suppose someone is pulling some strings.”

“Don’t you mean yarn?” asked Mike.

“Yes, Mike, yarn. Has someone spun the more gullible ministers, and those nice ecclesiastical folks, thus all those who speak to the people are with one voice.”

“The knitting circles?” Offered Mike.

“No Mike my friend, no they will be suffering a shortage of wool, wool prices would go up. In fact there may be a lot of Grannies

who will be feed up with the idea.” Sir Charles knew he was onto something but it just needed a few more nudges.

“Sheep farmers, those hill farmers have never been very well off,” added Dave.

“Yes but they will most likely be one man farmers, they won't have time to get involved in politics or the numbers to have enough influence.”

“Carpet makers, they are the ones also making the Wool Paper, said Dave.

“Indeed Dave, just lately there have been protests about carpets, one chap even came to my surgery about it tried to get me involved.”

“Aha!” said Mike, “But who would have the influence, why would they do it?”

“Well I had thought of getting the secret society of Wool Pullers Club, to come in on our side.”

“Suppose it's them? Mike was a deep thinker, Maybe not the run of the mill, but the top fellows, a small upper echelon who began at school telling yarns to teachers.”

“Seeing just how bigger yarn they could pull,” said Sir Charles.

“If you could change the whole world, by pulling yarns, can you imagine the buzz someone might get from that,” said Dave.

“I can Dave, believe me, I've met a lot of people and there are many who believe the yarns they tell, that's why people vote for them and you should know the buzz they get. I've seen what happens after they've won elections.”

“So it could be a politician?” asked Dave.

“Well, no disrespect to my honourable gentlemen but this is one step up, some politicians have come close to world domination, but their little schemes fail because they make so many enemies.”

“This has taken some very devious planning said Mike, to get most of the world thinking the same without resort to wars.”

“Exactly,” said Dave, rubbing his chin.

“Is it worth infiltrating the Wool Pullers?” said Dave, looking at Dave still rubbing his chin.

“Who with, I have some operatives but I can't use them, they're to

well known. Sir Charles then wondered about his two operatives, they were so damn good at collecting for all sorts of causes that they literally made up. Suppose, it was them using him?

"We are far to well known they would not want us joining," said Mike

"They might," said Dave, "They might just want the kudos of having some real high profile rebels on their side, for the very reason you think they would not."

"By jov lads you're damn good," Sir Charles felt like a surfer who had just got on a big one riding into the beach. "Suppose we do infiltrate what then?"

"See if it really is one of them, you trust us because we are definitely not swimming with the crowd. Those sort of people like to confide in someone," said Mike.

"You're damn right," Mike said Dave, Dave also nodded in agreement.

"Just think of the time we perfected the P&M Anti-Track © ™."

"But who will do it," said Dave turning to Mike. Then they both looked at Dave, Dave spoke first to Dave, "You've really had us convinced with those little outbursts lately."

"What, outbursts?" Sir Charles looked worried.

"Oh, he was spoofing those meetings, going according to the DUM guidelines."

"Dave, this is dangerous, I already have Nobody after me, will you do it?"

"Nobody?" asked Dave.

"The top government agent, keeps a piggy bank in a shopping bag."

"Nobody does that!" said an incredulous Mike.

"Yes he does, it's the one thing he never changes apparently. I had a message from my agents, they've seen him a few times now. Different cloths, and face but same bag."

"Do your agents know about you seeing us?" asked Dave.

"Sorry yes they do."

"Hmm," said Dave.

“Having second thoughts?” asked Mike.

“No, I'll still go undercover, but how do we get into this Society of Wool Pullers?”

“My wife.”

“Your wife,” they all said in unison. Little did they realise why married MPs were seen by the public as a good choice. Wives move in circles where others dare not go.

“The reason I know about it, is because my father-in-law whom I have never much liked nor he me, is a member. She let it slip.”

“Can we trust them?”

“Look I will say that you heard a rumour and were desperate to join and just asked me on the off chance.”

Later that day, Sir Charles had finished his penance. It had not been easy and his wife could be quite demanding. Meanwhile Dave was being introduced to some strange folks. The WPC as they were covertly known gave Dave a very good grilling, would he be able to pull the wool over the best of the wool pullers. He was spinning quite a yarn and it was a good one.

Chapter 14

Glowing Floor Apes In

“The good and the wise lead quiet lives.”

Euripides

“Well Dave?” The others were all eager to learn of the WPC.

“Sorry, can't say swore an oath.”

“An oath?”

“Oh, but I did not mean it, I was pulling it over them.” Dave Grinned. “Not much to report actually. Mind you the scariest character was Sir Charles's father-in-law.”

“Isn't he just an associate member?” asked Mike.

“Made me promise not to tell anything to that no good Sir Charles, ranted on about him always messing up their family's plans.

Apparently dearest daughter was meant for finer things until she was corrupted by that two bit politician.”

“So is the father?”

“Not sure, but he is certainly very well yarned as they say.

Certainly Sir Charles has had the wool pulled over his eyes on the status of dear father-in-law. Mind you with the WPC you never know what to believe. Any visitors while I was gone?” Dave asked, curious to keep up with things in the office.

“No, but we've seen Nobody.”

What here in the office? asked a concerned Dave.

“No, no in the street by the Lounge Shaved vendor.”

“I guess he's in demand with fluffy walls,” said Dave, relieved to be back with friends.

“Seemed very busy,” said Mike.

They all sat for a moment, then Dave looked at Dave, “You don't suppose it's the father-in-law doing all this to get back at his politician son-in-law?”

“What, totally changed the world order, like in every country except three, just to get back at the bloke who nabbed your daughter!”

Dave looked startled.

“Could happen,” said Mike, with his oft cynical glance at the world.

“I've got to find out who is the Grand Weaver, also someone is the Master Spinner?” Dave said thinking out loud.

“What about all the other spinners, might be one of them?”

Enquired Mike, “It may not be the ones who think they are the best.”

“Some quiet unassuming person you mean?” Asked Dave, with a pondering expression.

“Might be Nobody.” Said Mike glancing at them both.

“Ok, so he is a bit odd carrying a shopping bag with a piggy bank in it but he's a government agent.”

“No, nobody,” said Mike, frustrated that they did not get his meaning, “Like the first simple life on this planet.”

“Oh, you're not back on that banned subject again.”

“I'm referring to the possibility that if things come together in the right combination, even if it is a very slim possibility you should

consider that it might just have happened. God, why does there always have to be some entity behind everything.”

“Doubt it was him.”

“Who?”

“God.”

“Why?”

“It could be, can you prove it wasn't.”

“Please you two, I have to go undercover, and this is not helping.”

Dave was getting a tad tired of his chums frivolous debate, they did not have to face father-in-law.

While the team at Poulter & Morton worked through various hypotheses, Sir Charles was taking in the stunning news. The budgie scandal was pecking at the PM. An alleged rumour was circulating that a high level minister close to the PM had accepted Sunflower seeds, in return for raising tariffs on imported wool.

The following day, while Sir Charles waited for his two men to arrive he checked the latest news. In the New Moral Society accepting gifts in exchange for favours was very no no. A special budgie investigation team had been following some reports of an escaped bird near the home of the Arch-Bishop. Then he looked down the article, dead budgies and empty cages were turning up all over the place.

As his operatives entered he was glued to the radio, “Breaking news, on the trail of the sunflower seeds, detectives have raided pet shops, documents have indicated that almost all politicians have been keeping budgies. Many dead birds have been found in and around the borders of Corsetshire, however there are no indications that Sir Charles has ever owned one.”

“That's a relief,” said Sir Charles. “Hello, chaps sit down.” The men sat and listened with him. One commented, “I bet they were attempting to dump all the budgies here Sir Charles.”

“Have you ever owned one?” said the other.

“Good, gracious no man.” Sir Charles, looked at the two of them,

“Can I trust you two?”

“Off course why?”

“Someone just wondered if you might not be pulling the strings.”

“Look Sir Charles, we trust you that's why we help you. You're our only hope, the only strings we want to get our hands on are banned.”

“No! I suppose they want us to use wool instead.” Said an irate Sir Charles.

One of the men leaned over and whispered in his ear.

“Oh, QCD, Super, Theoretical.” He replied with a wry smile.

“Heretical!” said the other man.

“My goodness, suppose it's a budgie breeder.” Blurted the MP.

“Sir?”

“Wow, yes Sir Charles, budgies say things don't they.”

The man's colleague, looked at his friend and then at Sir Charles.

“That would explain why all the ministers and ecclesiastical fellows speak as one.”

“Look chaps you go see what you can find out, I'm off to speak to those chaps at P&M.” The rotund MP wobbled across the road, throwing caution to the wind, luckily caution was caught by the breeze.

“So what do you think?” Asked Sir Charles after outlining his notion.

“Smart budgies.” Mike, looked at Dave and Dave.

“Yes, they would have to be a bit brighter than your domestic variety. Show us your knickers, would not cause a world wide change.” Dave grinned.

“Hold on my friend, what did you just say?” Sir Charles leaned forward.

“Yes, they...” Dave started to reply.

“No, no after that bit.”

“What? Show us your knickers.” Dave, looked bemused.

“There is a chap who does surveys of female memory, he gets them to show him their, their....you knows.”

“Knickers Sir Charles?”

“Yes, yes.” Charles nodded his head frantically.

“Question is does Mr Knickerman breed budgies?”

“He obviously likes birds.” Mike had a smile on his face.

“Not politically correct my friend.” Sir Charles, could not keep a straight face and before long they were all having a good giggle. When the mood had simmered down the question as to who they had on their list so far came down to two people.

“Well,” said Dave. “We have a slim possibility that it's your father-in-law or Mr Knickerman.”

“Or Nobody,” added Mike.

“What the top government agent?” Sir Charles, found this hard to believe.

“No, Mike has this notion that it might just be a series of random events that have come together in the right sequence to set the whole thing off.”

“Like a cascading event?” Asked the MP.

“Yes.”

“Mind you, the Chinese probably would not have accepted budgies for fear of bird flu, Australians have more than enough wild ones, and New Zealand frightened of endangering their unique native bird population may also have prevented such import.” Said Mike who was clearly in deep analysis mode.

“Most other politicians would either be too greedy to say no to a free gift, or too polite to refuse such a gift.” Added the MP.

He continued, “We must move fast to make use of this information or the whole thing will blow over and no doubt the MPs will pine for the budgies, get new ones and it will be back to normal.”

With the possibility that smart budgies were the vector by which some cunning person was controlling the world order, Dave set off for his next meeting of the Wool Pullers Club.

The Grand Weaver sat in a small room with only the Master Spinner for company.

“We must be careful of the new fellow.”

“Dave?”

“Yes.”

Elsewhere two men stood with their collection boxes watching Mr Knickerman. It was as though the ladies actually enjoyed his little survey. What he did not realise and they did, Nobody was watching. What the men did not know was that Nobody had got On. On would soon be Off, but first he was helping Nobody. You must remember On is not Unknown, this confuses a lot of people. The two men realised Nobody was getting help.

Nobody had connections, he reported back Mr Knickerman's suspiciously mathematical survey. When those in power realised that a man was gathering statistics, his days were numbered in hours.

Some time later, Mr Knickerman was experiencing a rare event. In the New Moral Society few did anything bad, so bringing a person before the Sanctity Commission was big news.

“You were gathering statistics, weren't you?” The chair of the commission, spoke with a sharp tongue. There was a silent, hush of disbelief as those in the observation gallery took in the enormity of this man's transgressions.

“It was a memory test, that's all,” the man stuttered, realising he would be sent for treatment.

“You were seen counting!” The onlookers, unable to stay silent gasped at his deviance.

“You don't understand,” he mumbled, “I mean..”

“Ah, exactly, a banned word a word from the evil book of numbers.”

“No, no,” he bumbled, “I did not mean to say that.”

“He said it again,” whispered a member of the commission.

“I'm just an average chap, having a bit of fun with ladies.”

“He said another banned word,” said a commission member nudging the chair.

“Why are you gathering such data?”

“I'm not, I just like seeing ladies underwear.” He blushed red at the mention of this predilection.

“If that was so you would work in the garment trade? This is a poor excuse for your sordid collection of those evil numbers. Only tax collectors are allowed to count, and that is only because it has been divinely countenanced, and might I add such men are picked from good families know for their high morals.”

While Mr Knickerman was being subjected to the forces of good. A good friend of the two men sat in the gallery taking in the proceedings, he carried a worried frown, interpreted by the lady next to him as a frown of disgust. Little did she know this man's love of simultaneous equations. He felt for this poor fellow.

Nobody had a good week, he had caught a terrible math man. Gotten On who was now Off. He hoped this new identity would stop people getting Off as they had gotten On. Yet he still had to identify a weakness in Sir Charles, the man was a spanner in the works, a chink in the armour of the Good. He also wanted Pi, with Cream. Cream was topping the list of those able to change sinners. Pi was the worst kind, head of an underground network of math fiends. Deviants who knew the meaning of evil Quadratic Equations. Pi was no doubt hiding in the most terrible county in Britain. At least the Evolutionists with their foolish notions could be counter argued and given the evidence be shown to be wrong. But how could you ridicule a person who said $2 + 2 = 4$. Before you know where you are people start counting, realising one person has more than another, that's how rivalries start, these escalate into such immoral things, people counting their salary, or realising how much tax they are paying.

Later Sir Charles was being briefed by his two loyal agents. “Well that's him off our list.” As he spoke there was a coded knock at the door. It was Dave.

“Sorry,” he said taking a seat, “The WPC meeting was delayed while we waited for two spinners to arrive, father-in-law was with me all the time, so was the head of the meeting, yet I got the feeling he was pulling the wool when it came to him being the

boss.”

“Why?” One of the agents looked curious towards Dave.

“They both came in with small bags.”

What kind of bags? Enquired the other agent.

“Shopping bags.”

“Did you see what they had in them?” The agent wondered if one of the men was Nobody.

“No, but I heard no rattling.”

“You have the making of a good agent,” said Sir Charles with praise.

Chapter 15

The Basket Grows Its In

“Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.”

Benjamin Franklin

“So you think the budgies are a pink grapefruit to throw us off the snail?”

“I do, because my wife keeps saying phrases that were propagated, yet she is allergic to budgies.” Sir Charles was a fine fellow. He had to be on the ball, sharp and smart to avoid being trapped by his opponents. He continued, “I do however think there may be something in those bags.”

“I bet Nobody knows.” Came a comment from one of the agents. The other agent revealed that the Master Pi has been studying the situation. “Mathematical analysis has shown that the number of words in use is declining yet the frequency of some words is rising. It is as though someone is trying to usher in a new Word Order.” “Sounds like a word hijacker is at work.” Dave said looking at the others.

“Indeed,” responded Sir Charles, “By making some words unsavoury they drop out of use. How many women are now given the name Gay or Fanny. Nice names but you can’t use them.”

“Thus communication of certain ideas can be manipulated.”

Commented one agent.

"Children have not been allowed to in all innocence play with GWs." Responded the second agent.

"What are they?" asked Dave.

"Can't say," said the agent.

"If Nobody knows about the Master Pi?"

"So the death of the budgies could be more sinister?"

"Yes they may be a lexicographical repository."

"So that is why machines are frowned upon." Dave added to the two agents banter.

"Why?" Asked Sir Charles, not making the connection.

"Because many can be used to store audio and text, also you need written details to make the machines."

"My word," said Sir Charles.

"Exactly," continued Dave, "It is no wonder there is a paper shortage!"

"You can't write on Wool Paper Sir Charles, we've tried." One of the agents chipped in.

"Suppose it's a foreign power?"

"No Master Pi has done a trend analysis. The lexicographical changes are spreading in a wave emanating from Britain, mirrored with some delay first in the UCA."

"This is puzzling."

"Why Sir Charles you are brilliant."

"Yes thank you please elucidate."

"Someone is using Word domination to achieve World domination."

"Yes I think we've established that."

"It would be like a massive puzzle to achieve." The agent looked at his colleague.

"Well what competes with word puzzles?"

"Ah! and this is also the threat to uncovering what's going on."

"Exactly to be master of the Word you must have alphabet superiority."

"He can not win if we out number him. Numerical superiority, if we can keep that we may yet triumph. Knickerman was one of us, and he is nothing as to Master Pi."

“It could be a her, women are sometimes better at language than numbers.”

“Yes, but women are being suppressed, why?”

“They have intuition, can suss out what’s going on and are usually a tad smarter than your average or mean man.”

“Indeed he is eliminating all threats.” Concluded Sir Charles.

Unfortunately none of them knew who he was. Who would want to be Word leader, who would have such high command of language. Sir Charles scratched his head trying to think who hired the best secretaries, who and perhaps through one of them they might discover the great Dictator.

Nobody had a nervous meeting ahead, he was to be debriefed by his boss, a man with whom one had to choose ones words very carefully. Known only as Alpha, the man sat hidden in the shadows as Nobody entered the room.

“Cream, has Knickerman. Is he?” The voice was gruff, penetrating.

“No sir, just a dabbler in the occult sir.” Nobody, felt uneasy.

“You have gotten On?”

“Yes, he’s now Off.”

“Good, good, but we still need to stop Sir Charles, and clean up Corsetshire. The master of the Occult is obviously hiding there somewhere.”

“I’ve done a through search of Somewhere, the only place left is the mysterious Corsetshire triangle.”

“How dare you use such a term in my presence.”

“Sorr...”

“Be quiet,” barked Alpha with a scary grunt. “They can’t say I don’t help Nobody. So let me help you, it won’t be Sir Charles I know that dunderhead too well, stubborn, smart and cunning but he’s not into the occult.”

Alpha paused, “You can also discount those renegades at Poulter & Morton, they are too busy dreaming up daft ideas.”

“Hmm.”

“Yes, speak man.”

“One of them has been attending WPC meetings.”

“I know that, what I don’t know is how Sir Charles has managed to stay in power so long, he must be getting support from others, that’s what we must find out.”

There was a hush of silence.

“Did you get me a nice new shopping bag like your one?” said Alpha.

“Yes, yes,” stuttered Nobody, handing the bag forward.

“Just leave it on the floor man, now go.”

Nobody was glad to leave, yet in awe of his boss.

Some days later Sir Charles's agents were eye balling an man with a brand new shopping bag. What caught their attention was the similarity to the one Nobody used. The man turned and came towards them, “May I enquire as to what you two gentlemen do?”

“Oh, yes indeed sir, we merely try to help others, said one so meek and mild mannered man.

“Forgive my curiosity but in what way? I don’t get out much.”

“Oh, sir we are raising a little money for the elderly who have no transport to go on a trip,” said the other very sincere, he felt that their usual interesting ideas may not work with someone possibly connected with Nobody.

“How wonderful,” said the man in a gruff voice. He went into his bag, rattled a piggy bank, emptying a few coins and put some change in their donation tin. “Splendid fellows, wish everyone was like you, can’t stand that MP.”

“Quite agree, he should be helping the elderly more.”

“Must dash,” the man sped off, his almost empty bag swaying around in the slipstream.

Some time later after another wave of protesters had vacated the area, three men were gathered in a small room.

“So you saw a man with a new bag, Nobody's bag?”

“Indeed Sir Charles, but this was new, brand new.”

“It’s a powerful man that has a new bag.”

“Exactly Sir Charles.”

“Excuse me sir,” interrupted the MP’s secretary.

“Yes, what is it Ada?”

“There seem to be quite a few men with shopping bags out in the streets around the office.”

“Our office?”

“Yes.”

“I’m no mathematician, and surely if they knew these two were agents they would have picked them up. Don’t worry Ada, these two will leave, if they come in the building it will just be a silly MP and his secretary.”

One of the agents looked at Ada, “We must get you out of here.”

“You think I’m in danger?” Enquired a puzzled MP.

“Ada, get your things, lets hope they don’t know our route in, but we must move fast,” said the second agent with an anxious tone.

Sir Charles gave the three of them a puzzled look.

“When it’s safe we’ll return and explain Sir Charles, but if anyone asks, you have not seen her, she left earlier complaining of a headache.”

“Oh, OK, right you are.” The MP nodded, giving them the thumbs up. Sir Charles resisted the temptation to go around looking out of the building’s many windows, he waited busying himself with various items.

There was a sudden thumping at his door. A man carrying a shopping bag burst in. Sir Charles was quick to register it was an old bag, the man was dressed in grey, his beady eyes scanning the room. He pulled a small inscribed stone sheet from his pocket, flashing it in front of Sir Charles.

“You understand?”

“Yes,” nodded Sir Charles.

“Secretary, yours, where?”

“Headache, not in office,” he stuttered, as the door flew open again. Another grey man burst in, “Not, here.”

“Checked, every?”

“Sir, every.”

“Go,” said the first grey man. He then turned back towards Sir

Charles. "This building name, you send message to, if she here come or if you see, know anything. No do, we come, you understand, you MP, not bother us." The man cold and icy left the room, great feet clunked down, as the hard man descended the stairs.

When Sir Charles was sure the building was empty, and the doors secured he dug out his hidden satellite phone.

"Jes, mate you sound shaken up," said his Australian friend, listening to Sir Charles explaining the visit by the hard men of the Grey Granite, who were after their quarry, his secretary.

"Mate, why would they want a Sheila?"

"N, No, no idea," he paused, "My friend."

"Hey mate, you don't suppose your missus has a bit of a nark on?"

"Sorry my friend, I don't follow."

"Your missus, suppose she's taken a dislike to your secretary, stitched her up?"

"No, no," said Sir Charles, dismissing this thought in an instant.

Ada was great friends with his wife and the three of them all hated the dreaded father-in-law with a vengeance.

"It could be father-in-law," said Sir Charles thinking out loud.

"How so mate?"

"Remove my support, weaken my position."

"Yep," the Australian paused, "What is it with these blokes and shopping bags?"

"Do you know I have been wondering that?" Sir Charles continued to talk to his friend pondering the imponderable.

Ada sat with the two agents, the basement was dark, dank and cold, but not known to anyone else, apart from the three men who offered it's use.

"There you go," said Mike, "Dave and Dave will be down shortly, when we are sure they've gone."

"Grey Granites raided the council offices," said Dave, "Just had a word with Sir Charles, They have shopping bags."

Dave was followed in by Dave, after closing the door he added,

“So Nobody, the Grey Granites and whoever is the boss are all connected by those bags.”

“Why the bags?” asked Mike. It was a good question, all of them looked perplexed as they tried to make sense of the situation.

“What kind of a man would like a shopping bag?” asked Ada.

“Well, they are grey leaning which suggest one colour they don’t want to be identified with.”

“Turing would put them off.”

“Exactly.”

“Why does Nobody carry a piggy bank in his bag?” said one agent.

“That boss man with the new bag had a piggy bank,” remarked the other.

“Why a piggy bank asked Dave?”

“It would deter you from tipping out your money and counting it, but would not easily fit in a pocket.”

“Brilliant Ada, brilliant.” said one of the Agents.

“So, it’s a way of proving you are an anti-math,” said Mike.

“Yes, Mike,” said Ada, “And you would have to be a hard man to walk around confidently with a shopping bag.”

“And a piggy bank is hard?” chipped in Dave.

“So how do we stop them, if they get Sir Charles then Australia is no doubt next, these are very methodical people.”

“But very one dimensional,” said Ada.

“Why do you say that?” Asked a curious Dave, I shall not say which one.

“I have been doing a pattern analysis,” she said. The team of Poulter and Morton were becoming more and more impressed by this lady’s mastery of mathematics. As the evening wore on they formulated a plan, based on her calculations.”

Chapter 16

Will Alpha Beta

“Wise men speak because they have something to say; Fools because they have to say something.”

Plato

“The fact that the secretary has gone missing just confirms that she is the Master of the Occult. He knew nothing?”

“No sir,” the man paused to think, “Seemed to be in a complete mess.”

“I knew it, behind every successful man there is a good secretary. Without her he'll crumble, he'll be seen for the buffoon he is.” Alpha sniggered and snarled. “All we need to do is see who is missing from their normal routine at the same time. Report any changes then we will know who is hiding her.”

In the council offices, Sir Charles sat feeling pretty down. There was a knock at the door, he went down even further, down to the lobby. “Mr Wang, how nice to see you.”

Mr Wang the Chinese ambassador had come across the road from the small embassy across the Corsetshire triangle. He was shaking his head as he took a seat in the MP's office. “I remember a time when you could buy almost anything in this country and it was made in China. Now you can only buy things made from wood or wool. It so crazy,” he paused, looked around, “Where your nice secretary?”

“Ah, well I have no idea my friend,” sighed Sir Charles.

“No wonder you look unhappy. They get her?” He leaned forward anxious.

“I hope not.”

“You in big trouble, she good, she very good, without her you struggle.”

“Yes,” nodded the poor MP.

“You fall, we no be able to keep embassy. Then R3 loose intelligence to counter them. You know they already try again.”

“No.”

“Yes, it bad, they very smart, lot of daft people even in R3. We worried, our language make it big barrier but we no complacent. We not expect Japan to become so irrational, Americans yes, but Japanese.” Mr Wang shook his head from side to side vigorously.

“Indeed, marvellous that the Aussies and Kiwis have held out.”

“Ah, yea, lot of water and crazy lot have no one to work radio transmitters. Aussies and Kiwis, they lucky, we surrounded by crazy people, think world only six thousand years old!” Mr Wang through his hands up in exasperation. “What can we do, we need to stop them, but who is they? Who is leader?”

“We must seek a very wise man.”

“Who?”

“There is a man who wanders into the town, he buys a portion of chips, then goes back into the woods.”

“Who is he?”

“They call him the Woodchip man.”

Mr Wang and Sir Charles set off deep into the forest, as they proceeded deeper it got darker and more mysterious. Mr Wang began to feel uneasy.

“I think few would come so deep?”

Sir Charles nodded. Then he stopped, they saw a man wandering towards them. “Who are you?” he shouted.

“Don’t you know?” asked the MP.

“I do not read newspapers, or listen to any of the media.”

“Why?” Enquired Mr Wang.

“Long ago I was disturbed by my mothers continued use of certain words and phrases. At first I considered it due to her age. Then when I was speaking to friends, most of them were profusely using such words and phrases. Some were worse than mother.”

“You wise man.” said Mr Wang. “You very wise man, you not want words in your head.”

“Indeed, so who might you be?”

“He MP of Corsetshire, me Chinese Ambassador.”

“Why are you here?”

“We seek you old chap.”

“Why?”

“We need lot of help, Sir Charles secretary go missing, he know they now try to get rid of him next.”

“How does that affect China?”

“The man who do this, very systematic, when Sir Charles fall, then all effort turns on China. Australia and New Zealand, no hope if China succumb, already they try to infiltrate our country, but we wise to them because Sir Charles help us.”

“I see, but how might I help, you face a mighty enemy, a master word puller!”

Sir Charles thought for a moment, thinking of a similarly named group. “Why do you call him a word puller?”

“How do you know it is a him?” answered the Woodchip man.

“Just a guess.”

“I noticed how certain words were being pulled out of use, the vocabulary was being reduce, yet folks did not notice because they were still speaking for the same length of time. People were also becoming obsessed and paranoid.”

“Why you think that?” said Mr Wang, puzzled by the last statement.

“Most of the phrases were either negative or indicated that a person was unsure.”

“How do you mean?” Asked a curious MP.

“They would, either include trouble or problem and often finish with an and/or then an unknown item such as something. As though not sure, even when there was really only one answer and the or phrase was completely unnecessary.”

Sir Charles nodded, the Woodchip man continued.

“People were paranoid about cleaning, and cared more about things than themselves. They would spend a fortune on cleaning materials, and save money on food. They would be very unfocused because they were continually distracted by things, cleaning them, positioning them, tidying them. Some people would not move to a location that pleased them because an otherwise suitable property was not big enough for all their things. Things most of which they never used. Then relatives would eventually end up selling the property, dump all the things and go somewhere they wanted, enjoying the proceeds, ironic. People were losing feelings and slowly being conditioned, manipulated by words.”

He paused, “Plastic bags, I remember how women had an

obsession with plastic bags, they would put all sorts of things in them, cover things, use them for rubbish. Had them hanging like confetti, from door handles, cupboard handles, on the floor, various repositories for all sorts of things. Hours would be spent wondering where some item had gone, of course it was hidden by their sea of plastic. Why? To keep everything clean! A tiny crack in lino and it was like the beachhead for an elite assault group of germs. They refrain from physical contact because of a perceived fear of others, yet they will pick a fallen chip off a table in a public place and eat it?"

Mr Wang, burst out laughing at this point. "How they survive now?" "For a while plastic bag dealers made a killing until the price got to high." Chipped in Sir Charles.

"Kitchen roll, they would lay it across shelves and ledges, when staying with people." The Woodchip man was on a roll.

"Oh, my wife was a terror for that, until high paper prices made it impossible." Sir Charles grinned. "Cost me a fortune."

"Why people do such things, why they follow such path?" said Mr Wang.

"Mr Wang, they let others fill their minds as they desire comfort. What people seek is within them, yet it is the last place they explore, the last place they go for a holiday. They indulge in retail therapy, as though the acquisition of things will somehow make them happy. It is a distraction, more things to worry about, more things to clean, to store, to sort, to sell, to replace, to tidy. It is a way to avoid discovering themselves. As they get older, to stop doing this would bring the realisation of all the time they had wasted. It is as though emotions are focused on things, not on people, it is a cold world."

"How we warm it up?" Asked Mr Wang.

"You need a word pusher, he must be a master, taking words out of circulation works because it makes language easier, most people have an aversion to thinking. So it is hard to get words back into circulation."

"What were you old chap, if you don't mind me asking?" said a curious Sir Charles.

“A linguist, until they were banned. Such people were the first to see what was happening, and the word puller knew it.”

“Where we find, word pusher?” asked Mr Wang, his eyes sensitive to the fading light as the late afternoon sun began to sink towards the horizon, obscured by the tree canopy.

The Woodchip man thought long and hard, he knew they understood the problem, as did Master Pi, she also visited him from time to time. Finding a solution is often the hardest part, it will come in the most unexpected form, it can be beautifully simple, or so complex that all but a few comprehend it, but others know it just works, and can apply it. Who, who did he know, and could he trust the Ambassador and Politician? “You must return tomorrow I need some time to think.” The Woodchip man thought of Abraham Lincoln and his six hours.

All was quiet deep in the forest, hidden away was the home of the solitary Woodchip man. He sat contemplating, he knew that for most people they were like car drivers, they frequently got lost, had no idea how to fix their car, and the highway code was even more mysterious than than a holy book. Superficially they would appear to care, the car was nice and clean! If people could not even be bothered to learn about themselves, how could they know others yet they would try to control friends, relatives, countries, sometimes the world, so its no wonder humans had “accidents” or turned down roads, clearly signposted as dangerous, that lead to disasters of genocidal proportions! He remembered all those who wore nice suits, yet would fill their bodies without thought. Clothes that made them look nice, covering bulges or bones! How do you convince people who say they could not spend the money you do on health food, yet spend many times that on drink and entertainment? Perception is a strange thing, and at this point he realised, that it was not one person they needed but three.

Triangles are extremely strong, they had a genius mathematician, Master Pi and Woodchip man the linguist, so they could put

numbers to the problem, giving them understanding. They knew what they had to do to solve it, but they had to find a person who understood the people. They must know how to deliver the cure and get the dosage right. They needed a master of psychology, another branch of thinkers who were now deemed bad in the New Moral Society.

When the following day, the two men reappeared, Woodchip man knew he must join them and go on a quest. "There is one we must find, as I dwell hidden in the forest, dwells Knoblauch the Wise hidden in the mountains."

"Who is this man?" asked Sir Charles.

"Tis a wise woman." Replied the Woodchip man.

"Another wise woman?" Blurted sir Charles, thinking of his wise secretary.

"Yes, there is one you already know, and she completes the mental ménage à trois."

"It take three great mind to stop bad people." Mr Wang nods, he knows how their wise men have been used to stop the infiltration of China. However such a massive task left them short of resources to reach deep into Alpha's lair.

Nobody knew that he had to chase after the MP, but his suggestions were dismissed. "The MP is running scared, my men tell me he has left with that Chinese Ambassador. Now we can concentrate on China, you will leave as planned."

The Grey Granites were keeping track of the MP, Ambassador and Linguist, when they realised the mountainous destination there report was greeted with glee.

"Excellent news, I knew it they are going to ground, hiding like frightened rabbits." Alpha gave a snarling laugh.

"Sir it is rumoured that Knoblauch the Wise lives in those mountains."

"Ha!" came a dismissive bark, "No one will go near Knoblauch the Whiff! That's what the good people call her. Woodchip man grows

the stuff, probably taking supplies.”

“The Grey Granite messenger, spoke again, “Why take the MP and Ambassador?”

“Have you been in that forest?”

“No sir.”

“It is mighty scary, no he will be taking them to hide in the mountains. No doubt waiting for a Chinese supply ship to sail up the river Urine.” This is a small river that has its source in a glorious valley, covered in soft heather. On either side the two long ridges taper down to the sea, giving Corsetshire a toe hold in the ocean. Occasionally the Urine turns red, this is the most likely source for mythical rivers of blood, expounded in so many ancient writings.

The Gray Granites were tough but preferred to roll down a mountain than go up. “It’s not natural!” Puffed one of them, cursing as he caught his shopping bag on a rocky outcrop.” The others agreed, “My piggy bank might get broken with much more of this.” The Grey Granites had the mountains surrounded they had no need to follow and so set-up camp.

Woodchip man was taking the lead, Mr Wang following, and poor Sir Charles, huffing and blowing at the rear. Knoblauch the Wise kept a watch upon those ascending the slopes, when she saw it was Woodchip man, her heart fluttered, he would not bring others unless it was of some importance.

After making contact she stealthily took them into hiding. They all sat recovering from the climb, impressed by her dwelling place deep within the Gland Cavern. Once rested they explained the situation, each had felt helpless, but Knoblauch the Wise realised that with Woodchip man and Master Pi they had a chance, with assistance from the MP and his agents they could yet triumph at the eleventh hour.

Chapter 17 **What is de Scent?**

*"The only good is knowledge and the only evil is ignorance."
Socrates*

The following morning they were up early. "The Gray Granites have been following us, so how do we get out of here without being detected?" said Woodchip man, who was acutely aware of his surroundings.

"Don't worry." said Knoblauch the Wise, "Down here there are underground rivers, they run under the whole of Corsetshire."

She took them to an artery of the great red river that flowed through the very heart of Corsetshire.

"Wow," said a surprised Mr Wang. The boat was a fine one, but he was looking at the colour of the river.

"By, gingo, well I never, is this what causes the monthly surge in the river Urine?"

"Sort of," said Knoblauch the wise.

Following the network of rivers, she guided the little boat to a sewage outfall, just below the municipal block, from where they were able to take a route into the secret basement below Poulter & Morton.

"Phew, what's that smell said one of the agents?"

Master Pi gave him a rather disapproving glance, his colleague nudged him and whispered, "I think it is Knoblauch the Wise approaching."

He was right, and the greeting was a very pleasant one, only the other agent's nose suffering some discomfort. Dave, Dave, Mike, Mr Wang, Sir Charles and his two agents stayed in the main room, while Master Pi, Knoblauch the Wise and Woodchip man retired to the small storeroom to formulate the downfall of Alpha.

Suddenly the small storeroom door opened, it was Master Pi, "Mr Wang, when does the next Chinese supply ship arrive?"

"I not sure, but I can find out, it quite soon, I know that, but depend upon weather. Why?"

“We think the Grey Granites will expect you and Sir Charles to flee on the next ship, if you don't leave that mountain when the ship arrives they may become suspicious.”

“Yes, very clever very good, I find out.” He nodded, and she went back into the room.

“How will you find out, you can't go back to the Embassy?” asked Mike.

“Ah, but we have Sir Charles's satellite phone.”

In the small room three brains were pondering the conundrum.

“We need a raconteur someone who has a rapport with the people and rapprochement with those in high places.” Knoblauch the Wise, understood why people might think the way they did, Woodchip man understood the use of language that affected this and Master Pi could analyse the mathematical patterns and trends. Push at the apex of a triangle and it is strong, push at its sides and it will collapse, they needed to fill the middle of the triangle, it would need to be pliable as they would no doubt face intense pressure, to ridged and the triangle might crack. Who would fill the middle?

Having concluded their plan, it was as though they spoke with one voice, “Sir Charles.”

For one person to have survived so long, when all others in politics had either changed their spots or been hunted to extinction, was remarkable. He was to be the mouth piece.

“Do you agree Sir Charles?” They asked, having invited him in, and briefed him.

“Yes, sounds a splendid plan, lets hope I can convince the population.”

The people were stunned, at first they thought it was snow, but when they saw it was liquid all were amazed.

“It's milk,” said a little child tasting it, as they do.

“Two rivers of milk one from each mountain peak, amazing,” said another in the crowd. The gathering was increasing, and after

forty days and forty nights they saw a man descend from the heights. This man walked upon the river of milk and all were beholden to him, for they all realised that he had come from a higher power, Sir Charles was no more, for he was truly a gem among men, he was Kristall, the chosen one, for he can make milk flow from the mountains.

Meanwhile the Chinese factories had been working overtime and a vast flood of shopping bags, piggy banks and grey cloths were flooding the market.

At an emergency meeting, Alpha was in a rage, "All Grey Granites must go green."

"But they will hate us if they think we are not grey." shrieked one of his operatives.

"Besides who ever heard of green granite?" said another.

"I have, my wife has it in our kitchen work tops, green is her favourite colour."

"Aghh," shrieked Alpha, "You will be Green Granites."

"We will not, I don't want to be associated with those horrible environmentalists, I mean my wife's kitchen is one thing, but going out in broad daylight wearing green."

The others all nodded in agreement, these were Alpha's lieutenants, he needed them on side. "Ok, what colour do you suggest then?"

"Why can't we stay Grey, besides it's very in right now."

"Have you tried those Chinese silk shirts?"

"No, are they nice?"

"Wonderful, wool can be itchy, warm in winter but against the skin silk is so much nicer."

"Yes, yes, but what colour, how else will we know who is and who is not a Grey Granite?" Alpha was red in the face, "I have heard new words being used and some old ones reappearing."

"We did tell you it's that Sir Charles."

"Get rid of him." Shouted an irate Alpha.

"You are trying to make us unpopular, they will never go for

unpopular, he is very popular.”

“Discredit him.”

“How sir?”

“I don't know.”

“Well if you don't how are we supposed to know, thinking is bad, you said so yourself.”

“We must change colour, how else will you be able to find each other.”

The arguments raged, as Alpha's low spring tide in the sea of vocabulary was about to be deluged with a spring high tide, as Kristall walked among the people, so popular was he. So ignorant were people of technology that Poulter & Morton, miracle manufacturing department was able to do some nifty wool pulling.

Corsetshire was becoming the place of pilgrimage as all the world came to hear the teachings of the great man, who had descended upon rivers of milk from upon heigh.

“He can cure our ills” said one woman, her headache gone.

“My he is truly wise for he knows what nail colour goes with this dress.” said another, “But curing your headache, don't tell your husband that dear.”

“He is truly great the first politician to embrace the elderly and promote grey power, these cloths match my hair,” said a pensioner.

With so many retired folks, his grey robes and wisdom had won over the more mature. The youth were drawn by his use of strange words which became all the rage, so vogue so hip to use Kristall clear language.

Alpha had given up on his Grey Granites, he had Nobody to help him, but Nobody was far away. Nobody, was smart he sensed doom and began his own pilgrimage back to Alpha.

Meanwhile Sir Charles's agents were back in operation, spreading

the word and collecting vital revenues.

Chapter 18

Alpha's bet?

"Many a man fails to become a thinker only because his memory is too good."

Friedrich Nietzsche

Alpha realised that the numbers were not on his side, still determined to win, finally he had Nobody back.

"It's not good," said a very sullen Nobody.

"We can turn the tide, I've done it before I can do it again."

"How?" said Nobody, who upon reaching Corsetshire had realised the strength of following. Those known as Kragen were forming the Kristallen structure around which the followers of Kristall would congregate.

Thanks to Alpha, the world now almost thought as one, so ideas were very quick to propagate, and to be in vogue was a dream.

"If you attack him you will be seen as the Anti-Kristall." Nobody was right as usual. Alpha knew it, yet he could not face up to losing control, to losing power. Those who can not win by argument of sound reasoning often resort to violence, Alpha's last bet was to try and intimidate people, he still had the ear of the politicians who fearing loss of power and prestige were receptive to his ideas. To do this Alpha had to reveal himself, to come from the Grey shadowy world he inhabited.

Sir Charles's father-in-law was stunned by his son-in-laws popularity, and much as he hated the fellow, he did not like what was being said at the Wool Pullers Club. Most of what they did was a bit of harmless fun, but this upstart underling was vehemently opposed to Kristall. The man however was sucking the others in, even the leader had succumbed to his charm and arrogance.

“Kristall,” the man stuttered, “I mean, your husband is in mortal danger.”

“Why daddy?” asked his daughter.

“Don’t ask how I know, but that powerful fellow, who has the ear of the politicians,” he was interrupted.

“You mean the one they call Alpha?”

“Yes dear, well he is now pulling the wool at the Wool Pullers and they are too dim to see what might happen. They of course will get the blame, he is just an underling, nobody will believe a bunch of Wool Pullers should they try to defend their actions, or blame it on him.”

“So my poor dear Charles might get hurt and they will be the scapegoats?”

“Yes dear, and remember, I am a senior Wool Puller known for my opposition to your husband.”

“Oh, dear, daddy, I could loose both of you,” she said sobbing.

“Indeed, we must prevent them.”

“Yes, yes how can I help?”

“You have his trust, and I know what they intend doing, so listen carefully.”

Sir Charles's father-in-law and wife took some time discussing the situation, they were his only hope. To stop Alpha would take some doing.

Alpha sat calmly knowing that the events that would follow were his only chance, succeed and he would be the hero, rounding up the evil doers who would go against the great Kristall. If this were not a true story you easily predict the outcome.

People follow routines, creatures of habit, and Sir Charles aided by his Kragen, knew this and so had regular assemblies. Pilgrims would gather in the Corsetshire triangle, where Kristall would speak to them. Today was going to be very different. The crowd froze as they stared at a group of men in yellow suits, shouting “We have seen the light.” They spoke of how the grey world was

encouraging clouds, and that these stopped the light. Crops will wither, rains will flood your home, turn to the light.”

Another group appeared saying, “We nappies, nappies, gaga.” They told of how a baby had explained that good nappies were necessary for the future of mankind, that comfortable, clean nappies could affect the human race and all must follow the dreams of baby. They wore white, the crowd was becoming confused, another group appeared, speaking of the need for wooden egg cups, as these would keep the egg warm while you ate it and this helped digestion and thus, save mankind from starvation. “Trees are where birds live, wooden egg cups are a natural choice, how many birds nest in porcelain?” shouted their spokes person. Who I might add had a good point.

With the people distracted an old lady shuffled and scuffed along, carrying a cup of tea, she had just woken up half of Corsetshire with the clanging of the spoon as she stirred the cup. This woman would chatter all sorts of things to anyone unfortunate enough to listen. Life was always against her, always so much to do, so many things to worry about.

As she approached the crowd, who were now in disarray she took them by surprise, like an army assembled for battle, unsuspecting the enemy attack from the rear. Panic ensued, people flew in all directions, Alpha had painted a humorous picture of the scenario, none could imagine the carnage.

“The old lady, shouted, sorry, I can't get anything right, what ever I do is wrong,” as she scurried off down a side street. The old man looked at her, “Who told you I wanted a cup of tea?”

“Nobody,” came her reply.

Back in the triangle the pressure of bodies clambering for a miracle from Kristall was, pushing against the stage. Strong as it was, the structure was giving way, hordes were clambering to the upper level. The crowd stopped, stunned, Sir Charles had gone behind a screen, which the now angry mob tore down. Lashing out at him, angry at the carnage, he stood for a moment then disintegrated

into powder.

“That was too damn close.”

“Lucky we had that party mould,” said Dave.

“Good job it was life size and the outer shell was so thin.”

“Hura for milk powder, huff huff and a whey.”

“Very funny Mike.”

“The carnage is not though,” said an introspective Sir Charles.

“What will they make of it?” asked one of the agents.

When Alpha heard the news that Kristall was gone, that he had been destroyed by the mob he was overjoyed. Swiftly making arrangements to honour Kristall, and round up those other groups who disrupted the meeting. The death and destruction had many sheathing, demanding vengeance. They had not just lost Kristall, many had broken finger nails, and bruises, worse, piggy banks had been broken, shopping bags ripped. You can imagine the terror and trauma inflicted, fingernails take a while to grow, and men loosing their treasured shopping bags, nightmare.

Few Wool Pullers escaped, father-in-law had gone to ground, and was number one suspect. Alpha's kudos was increasing exponentially as he rounded up the villains. Just as he had predicted they slammed him as the instigator, yet who would believe members of such a club?

“The findings?” grunted Alpha.

“His body was trampled to dust sir,” came the reply from a dull gormless fellow.

Later Alpha sat with Nobody.

“It's not working sir.”

“Yes, yes, it is I'm very popular as are my politicians all over the world.”

“He's become a martyr sir.”

“Yes, but I'm the founding Canyon of Kragen, I'll control his

followers world wide.”

Nobody did not realise that Alpha, had changed his stance, that he no longer was seeking Word domination. Nobody could measure only the frequency of new words he was hearing and judging such a situation as a dismal failure. With his respect for Alpha gone, Nobody cared about words, and so left his master to seek another.

It was three days later, again milk began to flow from the mountains. So many pilgrims had come to Corsetshire to pay their respects that this miracle drew them in their thousands. News spread world wide as pigeons flew hither and thither.

There was at the beginning of that third day a hush as silence fell over the land, all saw Kristall again descend a river of milk from upon high.

As Alpha, now known as Canyon of Kragen crossed the lake of milk that lapped at the base of the mountains, Sir Charles, known as Kristall stood on the opposite bank. He raised his arms, and all heard Alpha speak, a wave of shock rippled through the crowd. This man's treachery was booming through the air.

“So them Wool Pullers weren't lying, when they said he egged them on.” said one man, who had heard many a speech by Alpha in praise of Kristall.

The crowd were left in no doubt when Alpha, realised he had lost his bet, and raced to the far shore, avoiding Kristall, determined to find the source of his words, those words spoken at the Wool Pullers Club. Dave had assisted the father-in-law well, the recording on an old machine was of exceptional quality.

Alpha's advance was cut off by the Wool Pullers, who secretly freed, now chased him. Alpha ran, but Nobody saw him, he was also very angry, as the new Word order crumbled and the structure of language was again changing with time.

Noises boomed from the people as they cheered those who

chased Alpha, now clambering back into the boat. He began rowing it across the only European milk lake. He sat in the middle, all around its banks the followers of Kristall gathered. Alpha was stuck in the centre with no place to go, he would not starve or go thirsty, this was his only consolation.

Chapter 19

The Last Word?

“Some cause happiness wherever they go; others whenever they go.”

Oscar Wilde

Thus concludes our true story, you have learned the about the Alpha bet, and that snails don't eat iron nails. Change can be positive or negative, try to stop it and you yourself are creating change. Of course creating change is a good thing as you will always need plenty whether you travel by bus, or have a car to park.

There is a moral in this story, if you are up to no good, never row a boat across a milk lake. Oh and try not to start the next task before completing you current one, that was Alpha's mistake. Leave multitasking to computers, women might chip in a comment here, please observe others before comment. Myths and legends abound in our human world, remember only humans think like humans, and only humans think that humans think. One final thought, making a rash assumption that humans are capable of thinking, there is a difference between being busy and being productive.

End

Extracts from other books written by Dave

Famous Dave's Digit Tool Photography



Here is a wonderful introduction to Digit Tool Photography. Have you every been amazed at the wonderful tools that you can get to go on your digits. Here is just a short list.

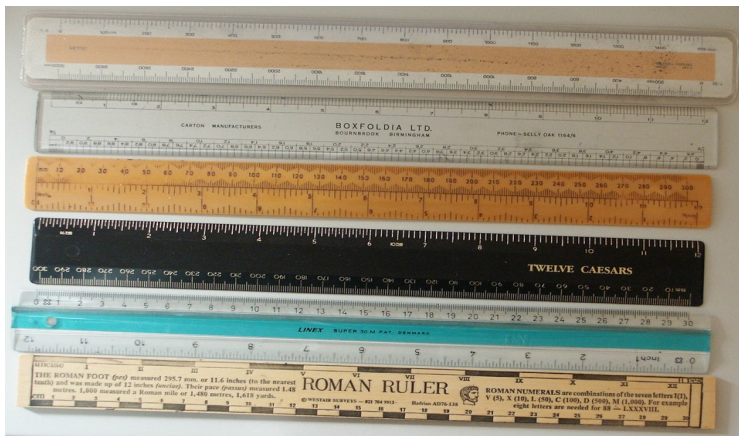
- 1) Pen
- 2) Pencil
- 3) Screwdriver
- 4) Knife
- 5) Hole Punch
- 6) Stapler
- 7) Calculator
- 8) Eraser
- 9) Razor
- 10)Brushes of many flavours
- 11)Hammer
- 12)There are many many more so just look through the book and be amazed.

Are you amazed by their beauty and elegance, if the answer is yes then like most of the population you will have always wanted to photograph them? However when you go to workout how, there is no one to guide you. If you are like me then you will be passionate about pens and pencils and be frustrated at the lack of information

about capturing their images. I decided to do something about this, so have written a short guide. If like me you have been frustrated at all these books on Digital Photography that are thrust in your face when you want a book on Digit Tool Photography, then ask for this book. If like me you have been frustrated at knowing when and where to photograph them then read on.

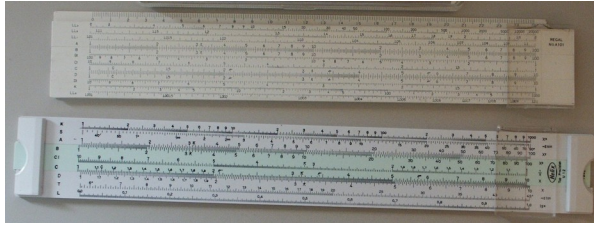
In the centre of the book you will see a wonderful range of Digit Tool Photographs enjoy!

Some general rules before we start;



- 1) Candid shots of digit tools often work better than posed shots
- 2) Ask before you photograph someone else's digit tool
- 3) Take care some digit tools can be dangerous
- 4) Carry a camera at all times to catch digit tools in their natural surroundings
- 5) Take them from unusual angles

Some slide rules



- 1) Make sure your hands are clean otherwise digit tools can slide through them causing accidents.
- 2) Make sure surfaces are clean and level otherwise digit tools may slide or roll off them.
- 3) Make sure the floor is not wet when approaching digit tools or you may slide and hurt yourself.

Natural habitats

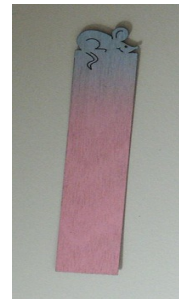
There are many natural habitats; offices are a good place to start your photography. You can when you are more advanced move on to dangerous places like workshops, where you can get a real buzz and adrenalin rush when you see your first scribe, for some it's the sight of a naked bradawl. Remember although hospitals are probably the single most densely populated habitat you must get permission first. We do not recommend photographing digit tools during an operation as this can be tough for the tool and it may not perform its function as efficiently if it's being photographed when it does not look its best. Most tools love to look clean and shiny when they pose for you. You may find a few that want to look grubby and tough; these are mainly digit tools in the workshop environment. Beware digit tools in the workshop areas do bite, they should be approached with extreme caution and you should never turn your back on them or run with them. Many are extremely sharp and unfriendly and should not be touched without their handlers present.

What is a Digit Tool

Some questions over what counts as a digit tool do arise, some people are very strict and count only digit tools that cause physical change to another object. A pen causes change to paper, a knife causes change to a vegetable, a hammer causes change to the position of a nail. All digit tools must be tools that are held in the human hands digits. Bookmarks are a grey area as they do not change the book but they do change the point of reference in a book and are therefore considered as a digit location tool, as they assist your digits to go to a specific location. We have included them because we feel that they represent a large and varied group of useful digit tools that assist in our daily lives.



Book marks are fascinating as they are digit tools that assist our memory. They come in many different materials, patterns and sizes. Many are supplied as gifts to people.



Some are given free with book orders. Those to the left are made of leather and are from the UK , the one on the right with the little mouse on top is from the Czech Republic and is made of wood.

Organising your photos

It is very important to make sure that the photos you take of digit tools are easy to find. Otherwise you may spend hours when your friends come around and ask to see a certain digit tool which you showed them last time they came. I organise the tools by date and location, this is better than say keeping all the pens in one folder. You will often remember a particular pencil by where you saw it. Believe me when I say wading through a collection of over a thousand pen photos is no small task and after about an hour and a half your friends who wanted to see the red Parker pen with the

silver top may start to get a little bored. If you do find yourself in this situation, then try telling your friends about your most recent digit tool photography. They will soon perk up their interest when you tell them about a new office you managed to visit where they had a new style staple remover, or some other new digit tool that you got excited about.

Benefits of good digit tool photography

It is often underestimated the benefits of taking good digit tool photographs. If you have a nice collection of well photographed digit tools you will be amazed at the number of people who will suddenly want to become your friend when they hear about your collection from friends and colleagues. If you are a man reading this then pay special attention, women love to see cute digit tools, especially brightly coloured ones. So you may like to have a special selection to impress the women. And ladies remember many men are impressed by collections of Car digit tools so get snapping. Others are interested in the digit tools used for fishing, although ladies be warned some of the pictures may depict scenes of violence to defenceless creatures, I might recommend the growing number of Vegan Soya fishermen who's fishing methods are far less cruel.

What to wear

It is important not to frighten the digit tools when you are photographing them as they can get nervous and you will end up with blurred picture. You should always try to wear what others wear in the environment of the digit tools. This is especially true of locations such as workshops and hospitals where you may otherwise be savaged by a digit tool that you have no defence against.

Lighting

This is the key to any good photography, if you are taking candid shots then you are best to rely on the light in the natural habitat, and you may need a tripod. Flash is ok where necessary but it

does tend to flatten the photographs and for some tools such as rules then this is not a problem but with things like staplers this can be an issue. Try to use a tripod and the ambient light rather than flash. Also you may find that some digit tools are quite shiny so flash will bounce off and give you a very glaring bright spot. Hospital digit tools are often very shiny. You can place a handkerchief over your flash to act as a diffuser, otherwise take lights with you.

Touching digit tools

Remember in some places the digit tools are dangerous so ask before you touch them. Also in hospitals during an operation the digit tools may need to be sterile so you should not touch without asking here. In the operating theatre remember to pick the right moment to ask if you can take a picture of a digit tool.

Happy picture taking and remember impress your friends by showing them your collection of photos, it is very rare that you will meet someone who is unenthusiastic. Ask people first, with some probing questions so you can delight them as soon as they arrive. Oh and one last thing remember a digit tool photo makes an ideal present.

Vegan Fishing Manual

Fishing for Vegans a handy guide to help you fish and catch a real whooper without harming fish. Since the advent of the new Soya fish products it has become clear that the new vegetable Soya fish is present in our eco system. This is an obvious benefit of Genetic Engineering and something that the Environmentalists should be pleased to see. Now not only can we use the land to grow Soya, but also the aquatic environment. All this without harming animals. Soya fish products are obviously fished on a large scale; this is beyond the scope of this book. However this manual should hopefully bring the exciting world of fishing to those denied the pleasure before because of their ethical objections. In this

publication we will tell you what to catch at different times of year. The right bait to use for the different species of Soya fish. Throughout this leaflet you will find handy tips to make the catch that much more exciting. We have carefully divided the pamphlet into sections to make it easier to use.

Enjoy your Soya Fishing and remember that this is the worlds fastest growing sport so don't be left behind. If you want to be one of the early pros then go out there and become a champion.

Sections to the manual

- 1) Equipment
- 2) Bait
- 3) Where to Soya Fish
- 4) When to Soya Fish
- 5) Technique
- 6) Anatomy of a Soya Fish – understand your prey

Equipment



A good quality nylon line on a fibreglass rod will be fine, however conventional hooks will not work on the Soya Fish. Use a self seal bag on the end of the line, with the bait held by glue or tape to the bottom of the bag and the opening of the bag hanging downward. When the Soya Fish bits, pull the line in fast, the force of the water

over the bag will cause the mouth to close sealing in the Soya Fish keeping it fresh and ready to take home. Base ball hat, this is vital to keep the sun off your head. To much sun can make you go daft, and this would give a bad name to the new and growing sport.

Bait

A good multivitamin, especially one high in minerals is recommended. Some soya fisher people recommend garden fertilizer tabs, however these often dissolve too easily in the water. The multivitamins should be the hard type not those in a cellulose shell which will disintegrate in the water. However the cellulose shell type may be used to entice the Soya fish to where you are fishing so take a few along.

Where to Soya Fish

Look for a really sunny river bank, the Soya Fish will be chasing the Mineralus Particulus which is most active in the heat of the sun.



When to Soya Fish

Soya fish tend to swim during the middle of the day when their

main prey the Mineralus Particulus is most active in the water. However you can catch more if you have advanced equipment. Use a torch, car headlamps or a carbon-arc search light, this will fool the soya fish into thinking it is daytime but the only thing to eat will be your Vitamin Pill because the Mineralus Particulus will be hiding at the bottom of the river. This means that all the soya fish will be drawn to your bait. This is not a new idea; there are many fish that live in the deep oceans that use illumination to attract their prey.

Technique

The bag will initially float a bit on the surface; now to a non-Vegan fisher person this would be bad unless they were fly fishing. Worry not this works really well as the water trickles into the bag so flow the Mineralus Particulus which the Soya Fish will follow. When the line tugs a bit you know the Soya Fish have found the bait, it is then time to do a swift tug on the rod, and this will snap the bag closed. Then reel the line in, a common mistake and one that we get lots of complaints from is when people say I did not catch anything and the bag did not close. This is because they did not yank hard enough on the rod to whip the bag closed before reeling in. Remember soya fish don't have teeth like ordinary fish so are not going to get their jaws clamped on the bait.

Anatomy of Soya Fish

They are generally small and oval in shape and can swim in large oblong shoals. As anyone who has eaten soya fish will know they taste very nice and are bone free. soya fish have no bones.

Famous Dave's Facial Workout

Here is an extract from my new book and video, on the road to riches.

Have you wanted to keep fit but just can't get to the Gym to workout, well this simple series of exercises is ideal for any

situation. Standing in a queue at the bank they are sure to let a person who expresses their fitness to the front of the line because they know you will be quick. This series of workouts is specially formulated for the most effective exercise regime yet. Forget, those Hollywood videos, workout with a real pro :)

Appendix

Ways 2 Win - coming soon – this book will show you how to make millions.

- 1) Wait for a roll-over jackpot greater than £14,000,000, have a nice chat to your friendly bank manager for a small loan of £14,000,000. Assuming he was drunk and said yes, wander down to the post office (might be best to warn them to get a few extra tickets). Take a week off work, fill in every possible combination. Go back to the post office join the queue , you may need to hire a few Sherpas to carry the tickets, because you will have a case full of £14,000,000 to keep an eye on. Hand over the tickets; perhaps best to turn up in the morning – to give them a bit of time for processing. Go home, worry that other people might also win and you could get less back. After the draw either yippee or phone a monastery and hide!
- 2) Pray to God, unfortunately if it is not in his divine plan for you to win, however hard you pray you will not win. You will of course still pray to him if it's in his divine plan for you to do so. If you don't pray don't worry because it's in his divine plan.

Titles by the author:

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About the Author

Famous Dave has for many years worked with computers, thus you will understand why his mind works in such a rational logical manor.