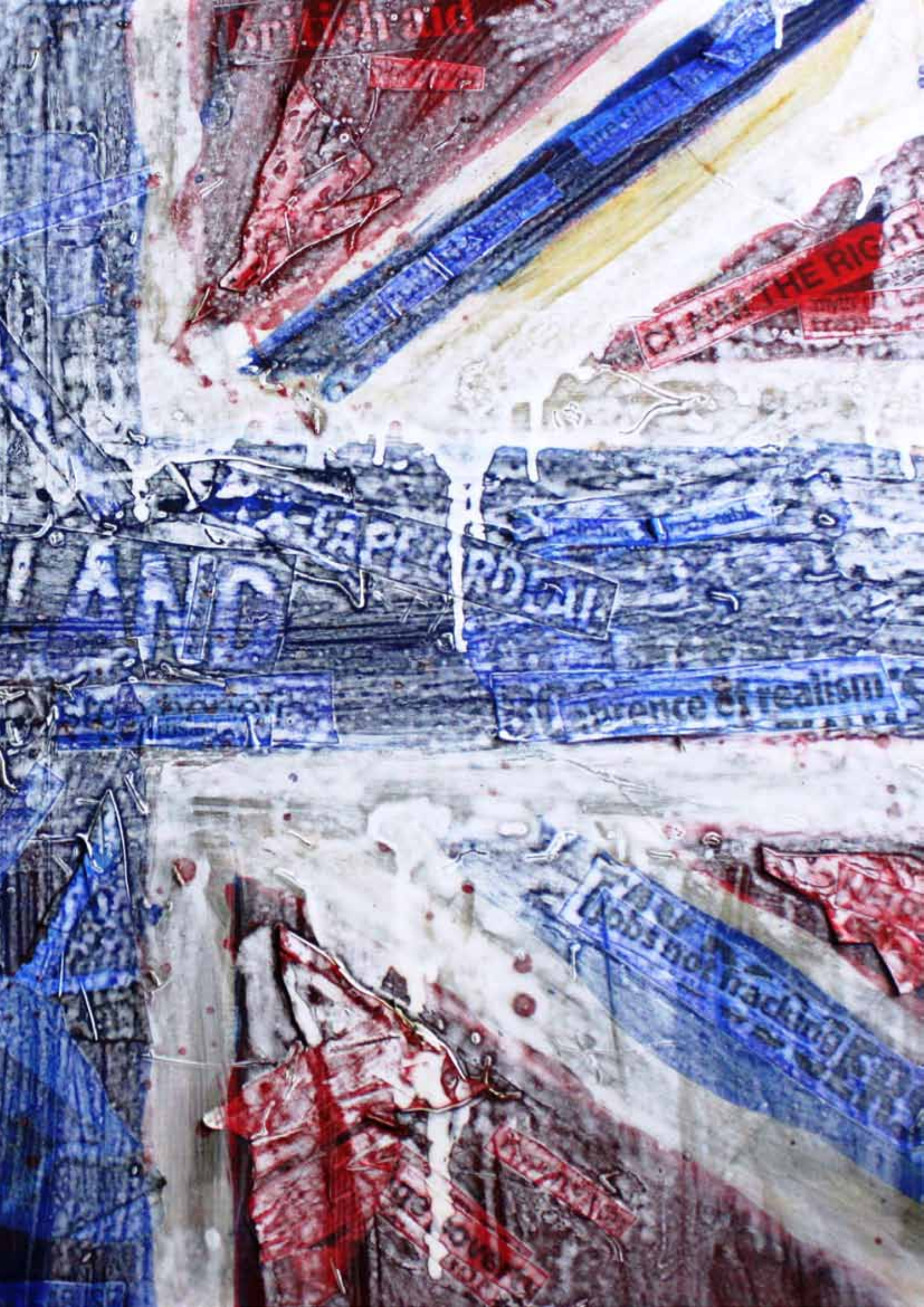


NEVER MIND
THE



BALLOT



STYLING

THE RIGHT

AND

presence of realism

Labs not tracking

This journal is the property of
Howard Trenchford ~~MP~~



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MP RUFFLES LOCAL FEATHERS

By Mallory Mallard, Environment/Crime Reporter
Sir Howard Trenchford (Trenchfort? –Ed.), MP for the constituency of Newton-Under-Wetherly, stands accused of committing indecent acts with local wildlife and is facing calls for his resignation. Sir Howard, described as aged anything from 46-68, a former pillar of the town community, is accused of repeated "interference" and is known for his long-standing habit of visiting waterways and bird sanctuaries throughout the area. Speaking exclusively to this paper, Trenchford vigorously denied the charges against him: "I think this so-called incident has been blown right out of the water by my political enemies attempting to carry out a smear campaign against my good name and fondness for all things feathery and soft." Local man, Graham Neville, a man of no fixed abode or profession who lives in the Newton-Under-Wetherly area, witnessed the alleged events: "What it were, right, he put his arm around it's neck, which is hard, right, cus they're strong and that, and he got it all agitated and squawking, really ruffled its feathers, like." A police spokesperson has said that an investigation may be carried out, providing there is sufficient public interest in the story and enough complaints to sufficiently "rock the boat" and force them to act.

'SWAN-GATE' EXPLODES WITH SHOCK TESTIMONY

By Court Reporter

The number three magistrates' court of Newton-Under-Wetherly Crown Court was silent today except for the flapping of wings and shocked gasps, as shocking testimony was given in the shockingly-horrific case of Sir Howard Trenchford MP, dubbed by national tabloids as 'Swan-Gate'. After hours of debate it looked as though Sir Howard would be cleared of all charges against him due to lack of evidence. Trenchford sat in the dock, most amused and smiled at the magistrates, who smiled back at him all wearing large decorative hats and carrying sacks of Jersey Royals amid rumours that Trenchford, an agricultural tycoon who owns much of the estates around Newton, had paid them off with expensive hats and all they could eat in potatoes. But then, a surprise witness was revealed: Witness X. The gallery went into an awed hush as television screen was brought out showing a white sheet with eye holes and two-webbed feet. The screen was placed in the witness box and it was explained for the official record that there were concerns about Witness X's security. The sheet remained on throughout the trial in order to protect the witness's identity for fears of their own safety and possible further trauma. Trenchford was seen to visibly sweat and his barrister, John Cobb, a small-town lawyer rose immediately to question the witness's ability to swear on the God's honest truth of the Holy Bible held before him, but in a surprise move Judge Derek Dulwich QC allowed for the witness's right to hold no particular religious belief. The witness was described as 'mute' by the bailiff and had to speak through an interpreter. Speaking on behalf of the Witness X, renowned local animal psychic Alexander Trace-O'Knuts explained that Witness X was 'suffering with flashbacks, an inability to be around eggs and a deep personal shame' which it would take many years of animal-counselling to restore. Witness X, through Trace-O'Knuts, spoke for some 6 hours giving harrowing testimony which was considered by the editors to be too grotesque to publish. Speaking outside of the court, the prosecuting QC, also speaking on behalf of the RSPB, had this to say: "At first we tried to pass this case over to various wildlife agencies, they claimed it was a matter for DEFRA, but given his great land-holdings it is believed that Sir Howard's contacts within the department will lead to an impartial enquiry. So we took the case on, and justice is served, I suppose." Trenchford has been released on a substantial bail charge, but is due to appear at the Supreme Court for charges of treason against a royal species which could see him deported to any number of the most grim of Her Majesty's colonies, former dominions and Commonwealth.

I pay my guilt with your need
With M&S biscuits I bought for my greed
£1.33 for you
That's what I've got
What I give
What I grudge
The biscuits were two pound nine p-

What's that about for a start?
9p?
Fuck you M&S
Yeah fuck you
It's you, it's not me-
It's not me-
It's Starbucks
It's Primark
It's Top Shop
It's Macdonald's
And it's HSBC.
It's not me.

Fuck you David Cameron-
I went down to Occupy.
I thought about going on a student march.
I tweeted passionately about the NHS bill.
I never thought the riots were simple criminality-
I said so on Facebook
It's there for all to see.
Fuck you David Cameron
It's you.
It's not me.

Scroll through my feed
Look through my posts
Down my wall
I have been liberal
Left
On the right side of right
I have been witty.
I have Instagram.
You can see for yourself who I am.
I have uploaded pictures of street art and bad Daily Mail headlines.
I have commentated on both accordingly.

I am benign.
I am not offending anyone.
I am a citizen.
I can't look the big issue man in the eye.
I cross the street if I have to walk past the same seller twice.
I don't have Sky.
I am eating less meat.
I signed an online petition for human rights in Uganda.

I gave you four of my biscuits and petted your dog.
I said to keep warm.
It made me feel like a dick-
Heading home to my home.
To my house of things.
I ate the rest of the biscuits on the bus.
I threw up.
Wasteful cow.

WHO'S WHO?

(Captain Ret.) Sir Howard Douglas Chatham Beatrice Trenchford-Trenchfort, MP, KB, MC, BA, MD, QC, OBE; 24th Baron Newton.

Sir Howard Douglas Chatham Beatrice Trenchford-Trenchfort, more usually just Sir Howard Trenchford, is the last heir of the Trenchford and Trenchfort family dynasties, the two influential ruling families of Newton-Under-Wetherly who united their bloodlines on several occasions throughout the last 200 hundred years. Sir Howard is the 24th heir for the barony of Newton, an ancient baronial seat which was the most important base for the English cake export industry in the Early Medieval period and maintained its prominence well into the Industrial Revolution, where the Trenchford-Trenchfort's were integral in industrialising the process of producing cakes from the refuse of heavy industry.

Trenchford-Trenchfort served with modest gallantry in the Royal Newton Yeomen (now 28th Territorial Army Battalion, Newton) into action during the Cold War, where his aristocratic position obliged him to lead the local yeomanry from the front wielding his sword. The majority of the action seen was in the form of providing parades and guards of honour to visiting heads of state to Newton-Under-Wetherly.

Trenchford-Trenchfort's fortune is thought to be extremely extensive, with property holdings all around the Caribbean and in London, although he is thought to be cash-poor.

He is unmarried.

TRENCHFORD OUT! HE SLEEPS WITH THE FEATHERS!

By Paul Grub, Trainee Reporter.

Sir Howard Trenchford has formerly resigned from his position as MP for Newton-Under-Wetherly (independent), after the shockingly explosive dynamic revelations of Swan-Gate, triggering a sudden by-election in our small and sleepy town, with a riot of candidates scrambling to get ahead and grab voters votes before anyone else does first.

Having been forced out of his post, Trenchford has retreated to the seclusion of his lavish country pile, which is well nice, and has refused all media requests. But after sneaking into his security compound, this reporter can reveal he has been swanning about his large lounge, wrapped in a primitive cape of bloodied white fathers drinking large amounts of fancy booze, probably Famous Grouse (because it has a bird on the bottle).

Her Majesty the Queen is rumoured to have voiced her disapproval saying: "Sir Howard is a very naughty boy, he knows how much I love my 'bleedin' swannies' and would do everything within my meagre powers to protect them. I'd often noticed how he cast our royal corgis an approving eye. He is officially in disgrace and I am proper cheesed-off."

With Swan-Gate and Trenchford's career effectively over and rumours of bankruptcy due to court costs and a revoked EU subsidy, all eyes are now on the most coveted constituency prize in the whole of the UK, the parliamentary seat of Newton-Under-Wetherly.

Jack Redfern – An Elegy

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea
Trenchford homeward plods his weary way
And leaves behind the ghost of Newton-UnderWetherly.

Now fades the glimmering lamps of Blanketside
No more to shine and tempt suburban thugs
For Trenchford's retreat has robbed the town of light
And bereft of hope, it bows its head and shrugs.

No more shall Newtonberg workers whistle a jolly tune
No more shall children play in elds of gold
No more shall lovers dance under the glowing moon:
Trenchford's absence has left Newton dark

and cold.

Please Sir Trenchford,
Come back to us.

From all of us at the St. Drogo's Poetry Foundation.

A NIGHTMARE FUTURE FOR ALL.

Ours is the only party that is able to take the tough choices that we all face in this new, uncertain economy. Ours is the only party ready to reduce expenditure where it is essential. We recommend cutting all unnecessary funding for things such as health-care, schools, arts, transport and incapacity benefits, and propose reinvesting the money we save (a whopping 100 percent!) into various ungodly doomsday devices. We want our scientists and policy-makers to be creative in their endeavour to destroy the human race - the more nefarious and cruel the mechanism of death the better. We wish to give new funding for the realisation of the, so far theoretical, "cobalt bomb", as well as financial support and subsidies for more creative implements of destruction like gamma rays and self-replicating nanobots. A grand prize of ten million pounds will be given to the winning creator of the as yet only fictional "Ice-Nine" material featured in Kurt Vonnegut's novel Cat's Cradle, where hopefully the successful application of the right chemistry will turn every water molecule the material touches, and therefore all the water in the world, into ice, which would of course guarantee great peril and death for a world dependent on liquid water for survival. It is our solemn duty as good humans to ultimately obliterate not only ourselves, but all life on earth. We wish to become the true four horsemen of the apocalypse, with our policies spreading bleakness and despair throughout the universe.

REGINA SWIFTCURRENT - EVERY-DAY IS LIKE SUNDAY PARTY

Have you ever wondered whether the world would be better if people never went to work? How about if every day was Christmas day, or if every day was your birthday so you could pull a sickie? I propose eradicating all other days of the week, making every day Sunday (so people could stay in to do a bit of gardening or roast a chicken) and making Sunday the day of rest. We would have no need for hospitals (everyone would be at home, so would always be near a first-aid kit), no need for transport or high-speed rail (there's never any traffic on Sundays and no one needs to get anywhere anyway), no need for education or industry (except education in knitting and the industry of chocolate box making), no need for supermarkets (the smart people will buy their shopping on Saturday) and there would be no wars (because everyone would be pottering about instead). We even envisage an abolition of the electoral process following our success in Parliament, since there's never any elections on Sunday.

Gabe Magnit - 2 COOL 4 SCHOOL OR 4 U PARTY

Hey ass-face. How about you vote for me in this stupid election? If you don't I'll give you a knuckle sandwich. My policies include money for brylcreem, less for books. Yada yada yada economic recession yada yada. This blows, I'm outta here cus I got a date with Cindy behind the bike sheds. Just vote for me ya dweeb. Or don't vote for me, whatever man, don't be a cry-baby about it.

MILES DAVISH - BROKEN LINKS PARTY

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sa1o3iBOceE>

https://www.google.co.uk/?gws_rd=cr#sclient=psy-ab&q=ramshees+magarble&oq=ramshees+magarble&gs_l=hp.3...1798.7247.0.7409.17.17.0.0.0.79.1059.17.17.0....0...1c.1.23.psy-ab..10.7.420.sAm6Os7oyAw&pbx=1&bav=on.2,or.r_cp.r_qf.&bvm=bv.50165853%2Cd. d2k%2Cpv.xjs.s.en_US.seW1cfrvSKg.O&fp=bde9636d05f52614&biw=1366&bih=667

<https://twitter.com/search?q=you%20are%20not%20alone%20in%20this%20cruel%20and%20disturbing%20universe&src=typd&mode=realtime>



UPIP *Humphrey Wexley*

“Regulation of our Yorkshire Puddings is Eurocratic Madness ”

Don't let Jerry unleash the Bulgarians!

Enough is Enough!

British Defence League

Councillor Dave Hunt



“Not racist to debate the unlimited breeding of parasitic Muslimics”

Don't be a CT**

Vote Hunt

“You say Allah, We Say Goodbye”

Democratically Liberal Party

Dr Justin Shelby



- Socially mobile algorithms to create democratically accountable social contracts.
- Internationalist paradigms to create equality co-efficient across cultural strata.
- Committed to muscular fairness and a slender touch society.

“Straight Talking Shelby”

“Standing for something since 1794”



Socialist Union Party

“Distributing Social Beaujolais Since 1901”

Nancy “Nanny” Cavendish

PAID FOR & OWNED BY THE UNITED UNION



- Daughter of Sir Arthur Cavendish the Billionaire Marxist Intellectual.
- Believes comprehensives are “just super”.
- Nanny Says: “Drink Champagne, Eat the Rich”.

One Nation Under Nanny

ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS HARBOUR BADGERS

This shocking claim was made by Councillor Fred Billingsworth at the Newton-under-Wetherly Town Council weekly meeting on Tuesday. Fred, a retired greengrocer who now works in Londis, claims to have heard the news from a friend of his daughter's ex-boyfriend, who wishes to remain anonymous. A government cull on badgers is currently underway, in order to stop the spread of bovine TB. People found to be protecting the furry disease-mongers from the cull, may be committing a criminal offence.

Whether badger-harbours is rampant among the illegal immigrant population is yet to be proven. Residents in the north of the town have reported seeing badgers running past the abandoned cake factory, which was previously a home to squatters (immigration status unknown).

Fred himself has seen no shortage of suspicious happenings at Castle Hill, which he walks along to get to work. "There were two of them," says Fred, "Dark-skinned, sitting in the living room, eating beans and toast bold as brass". When questioned on whether he sighted any badgers in the house, Fred replied, "There was a large photo of a badger hanging on the wall next to the dresser. The badger looked like it was smiling." A task force has been dispatched from the Home Office to look into whether the suspects have the right to be in the UK.

Local police have started an investigation into "badger-gate" and are asking anyone with information "relevant to the case – who Chardonnay Biggs is shagging now is none of our business" to come forward.

Fred Billingsworth has since announced his intention to stand at the upcoming Newton-under-Wetherly by-election as a candidate for the Respect for Rights party. The party's main policies are curbing immigration, opposing human rights and preserving the countryside.

SQUATTERS EVICTED FROM ABANDONED CAKE FACTORY.

The old Newtonberg Cake Factory, once the pride and joy of Newton-under-Wetherly, was yesterday the scene of a fierce battle between police and squatters.

Seven people, aged between 19 and 38, and one cat, were removed from the building at around 9.30 PM. The cat was later found to belong to a Miss Tammie Blyton, who has no connection to the squatters. The seven people, five males and two females, were taken to the district police station where they were charged with illegal entry, squatting and cat-napping. The charge of cat-napping was later dropped after the cat was found asleep in the police inspector's desk and he couldn't explain how it had got there.

Around 20 local residents turned up to watch the scene. "Better than the cinema," commented Ryan Wainsley, 28, "cheaper, too."

However, not everyone was so placid regarding the incident. "These squatters want to have their cake and eat it," complained one irate neighbour, Marjory Pill from Addleston Crescent. "They want human rights, but they don't pay into society." Marjory, a sales rep for a leading loans company, walks past the old Newtonberg Cake Factory with her dogs every day at 6 o'clock in the evening. She says she often smells smoke from illegal substances "Not that I know what they smell like," coming from the broken windows of the squat. "Now that they've gone the town can go back to thriving again, like the good old days when the factory was bringing out 200,000 drop scones a day," commented Marjory. The old Newtonberg Cake Factory building has been on the market for 8 years and 7 months. There are no recent reports of interested buyers.

Friday, 20 September 2013 15:15:49 British Summer Time

Subject: A Direct Proposal By Degrees

Date: Friday, 20 September 2013 14:45:37 British Summer Time

From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Fellow council members,

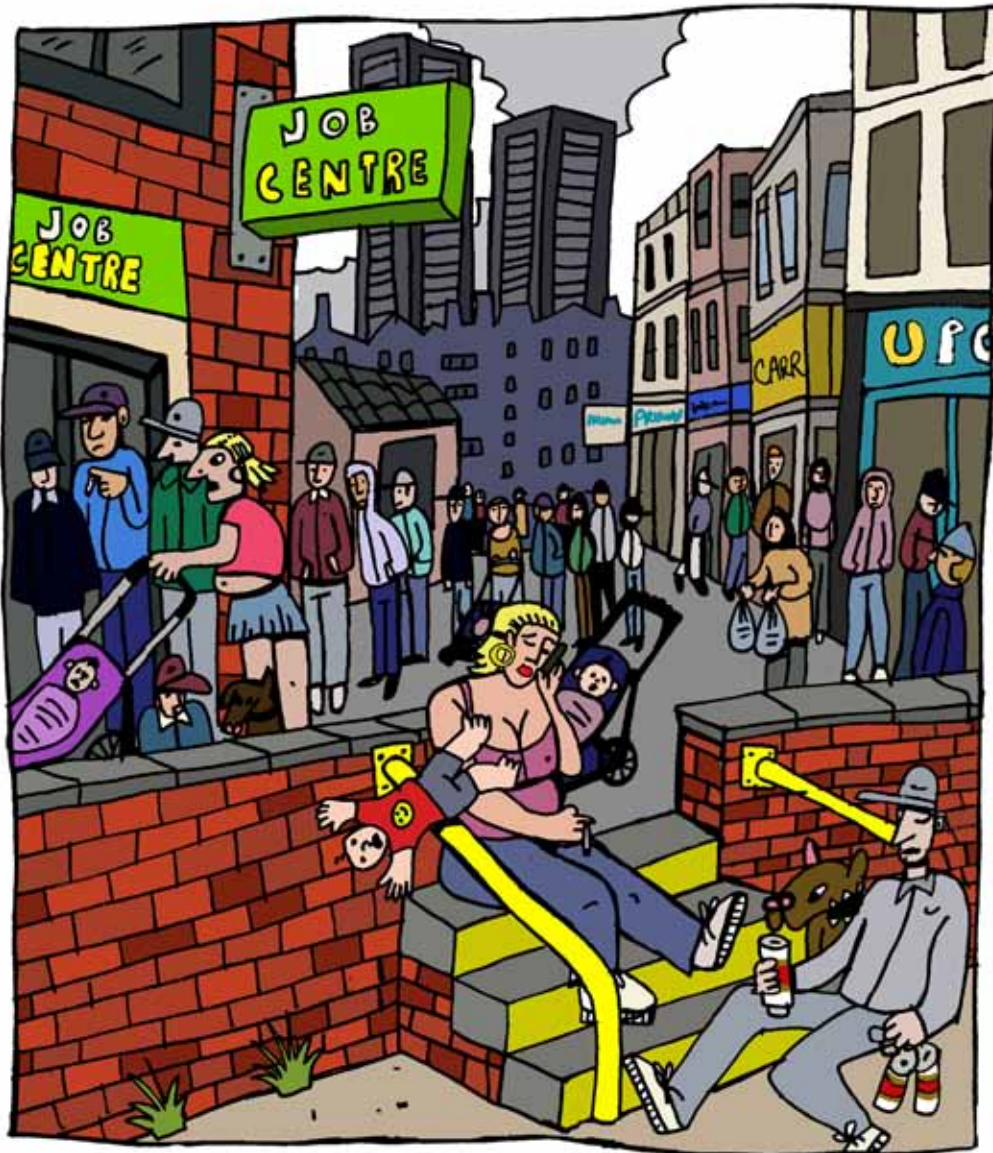
I have noticed a lot of ugly, fat children in my community, along with well-groomed homosexuals and foreign-looking types. My once pleasant housing estate is becoming unliveable and confusingly diverse – no-one speaks English anymore and something must be done!

I propose that the council implement a scheme similar to our future business allies, the Chinese, by which we spy the poor! They don't vote, don't work and contribute little to society except to act as case study examples for nanny-state "schemes" and breed like rabbits which is putting the NHS under considerable strain. The question of what to do with the current surplus of grossly overweight and opinionated children remains. I recently read about a scheme operated by Redditch Council by which dead bodies were burnt in order to heat a nearby swimming pool. The community and clergy came out in arms, and rightly so! However, I do feel, in the interests of saving money from the local energy budget we might make a Localism application for inventive energy generation financing (bearing in mind the funding gap in the council's proposed two-week visitation trip throughout Europe) and pursue a similarly non-drastic course of action.

I feel that these excess children could be put to much better use in maintaining affordable heating for the elderly, in whose gardens balls of various sizes have been kicked and outer garden walls have been loitered upon, with whole summer evenings ruined by peals of childish joy. I trust that in one fell swoop, we can reduce the surplus population in our town, leading to less traffic, smaller classroom sizes and shorter supermarket queues and increase family-focussed energy production from a high-burning sustainable energy source.

Cllr Kevin Rudge, (Newton Bolshevik Party) Iron Gorge ward.





THE JOB CENTRE

COUNCILLOR'S SHOCK COCK COMMENT TRIGGERS BY-ELECTION CONTEST

A local councillor has resigned after being criticised for comparing residents on the Castle Hill housing estate to cockerels. Tony Chance, now former councillor for High Rise ward, made his comment at a full council meeting last night in response to a complaint that was made regarding noise coming from the housing estate. The complaint was originally made by Councillor Charles Barkley, a Conservative, on the grounds that the noise was very loud, and not due to a perceived need to exploit any potential grievance for party political gain. Mr Chance said that residents have resided in the estate for decades without provoking any complaint whatsoever. "What a shame that someone has taken offence to these people making their noise, which is as natural as a cockerel crowing in the morning." A lengthy debate ensued, with some members calling on Mr Chance to resign from his position. He announced his resignation on the basis that he had spent the preceding thirty minutes 'swearing at colleagues unironically'. A by-election will now take place in the High Rise ward, which has been safe Labour set 58 years.

CAKE WORKERS THREATEN WALK OUT

The current owners of the Newtonberg Cake Factory, the China-based company the International Cake and Armaments Concern, have faced allegations of blacklisting trade unionists and health and safety activists.

96% members of the Newtonberg branch of the Cake Workers Union – approximately 13% of the workforce – have voted to go on strike. CWU Regional Secretary, Duncan Sugden, said, 'The International Cake and Armaments Concern are part of a blacklisting epidemic that is punishing workers for raising concerns about basic health and safety. They are literally pulling the ladder up and laughing while my members fall, literally, into a pit of jobless despair.'

The union has written to local MPs and councillors to express its concerns. Labour councillor, Bill Steel, said, 'This is a very sad state of affairs. A few weeks ago, I would have sided with the union completely, but given Mr Miliband's recent dealings with Unite, I feel compelled to condemn the union for existing in the first place.'

COUNCILLOR ACCUSED OF ANARCHY

A Green Party councillor has strongly denied claims that he is an anarchist. Councillor Zachary Silverstone has been accused by Councillor Marcus Boots-Wellington, a Conservative, of wanting to 'bring down the status quo', though Councillor Silverstone has insisted that comments he made at a post-council meeting gathering last Tuesday have been misinterpreted. 'I was having a drink in the mayor's parlour, which reminded me of a lovely pint I once had called Rockin' All Over The World, which is a bit like a Newtonberg Float, but without the slice of cake. Anyway, at one point I mentioned that Rick Parfitt's illness a few years back almost led to the break-up of Status Quo... I can't believe I'm telling you this. Can't you ask me something about recycling instead?' Councillor Boots-Wellington is considering making a formal complaint. He added, 'It's no wonder that local democracy is in such dire straits' although all agreed the remark was not funny.

PIG FINALLY ACCEPTS CANDIDACY

After months of speculation, it has been confirmed that a pig from Trenchfort Farm will be a candidate in the upcoming Trenchfort Parish Council elections. The Chairman of the Newton-Under-Wetherley Conservative Association, Robert Rose, said: 'Residents have been telling me for years that you could pin a rosette on a pig and it would win an election here. By selecting a pig from Trenchfort Farm, with all its obvious connections to the famous Trenchfort family, we have proven that we are listening to what local people want.' However, Labour councillor, Bob Smith, is unhappy with the selection. 'Whilst I'm sure this pig would do a better job than the incumbents, he'll still be yet another Tory with his snout in the trough.'

WHAT'S IN A NAME? QUITE A LOT...

A local councillor is calling for the name of the ward he represents to be changed to prevent it getting mixed up with its 'poorer' neighbour. Blanketside Villages and Blanketside are only separated by Gribble Road but are socially and economically 'worlds apart', with Village residents likely to live 26 years longer, on average, than those less than a mile away in Blanketside.

'My area is Blanketside Villages, which has nothing to do with Blanketside,' said Councillor Christopher Oliver. 'I often get

calls from people living in Blanketside wanting help. Blanketside Villages is one of the most affluent areas of Newton-Under-Wetherley but Blanketside is quite different. I would like to see a new name for the ward so that no one can confuse the two very different areas any longer.' A council spokesperson said changes to ward names can only be made by the Government Boundary Commission for England, or by a two-thirds majority at a special full council meeting following 'appropriate consultation on any proposed change'. Alternatively, planning permission could be sought to build a wall along Gribble Road in order to prevent confusion and any so-called 'riff-raff' from entering Councillor Oliver's ward.

LOCAL MILLIONAIRE MAKES FOOD BANK GAFFE

The opening of a food bank at the abandoned Newtonberg Cake Factory by one of the town's most famous former residents has been marred by controversy. Colin Phillips, who has made millions in the adult leisure industry and spent two months of the first year of his life in the town, was accused of disrespecting potential users of the food bank at yesterday's opening. He has since defended his actions: 'As I cut the ribbon, I said, 'Let them eat cake!' People thought I was making fun of scroungers, but I just thought it was a funny play on words, what with it being an abandoned cake factory.'



New, Naïve Candidate

In upcoming local elections, a candidate will be standing for the Young, Naïve and Think the World Can Be a Better Place Party.

Hope Constance, 25, has been nominated by the party to stand as councillor for the Newtonberg Cake Factory (abandoned) ward.

“I want to re-open the cake factory. I know we don’t have enough money to get the whole thing running, but maybe just a room or two so that the homeless have somewhere to sleep. Who knows, maybe an affordably priced cake shop where we can raise a little money to buy fruit for children with no food?”

Man-on-the-street Patricia Thomas, said,

“I won’t be voting for her.” After a little thought, she added, “She’s young and naïve.”

Hope’s opponent Humphry Hmph, from the Newton Townist Party, said,

“Now is not the time to be spending money on giving people homes or food. I mean, it sounds lovely until you consider the reality. The reality is, really, quite real. I mean, the cost of real estate has fallen in real terms and I personally, and others I know, and the general public, all feel rather strongly, for one reason or another, that there are more important things this money could go towards.”

Other commentators said that Hope’s “disappointing” Bra Size have made her unpopular with the public.

Dear Constituents,

We’re not all bad really
Us MPs.

It’s not so easy paying mortgage on the flat in Chelsea
The family home
And the 2 holiday villas in Rome.

The Range Rovers guzzle fuel like there’s no tomorrow
The insurance on the Jag’s gone up again
And don’t get me started on the cost of the private plane.

The lunchtime meetings are hard to bear
Michelin Star restaurants just aren’t what they used to be
And what’s happened to the quality of champagne recently?

I can’t shop at Harrods anymore
Fortnums is the only place selling good foie gras
And why do all cigars taste like tar?

Sure we’ve raised taxes twice in the last year
And cut education, the NHS too
But spare a thought for your MP
We’re not that different from you.





Outlook Print Message

Page 1 of 1

RE: A New drug in Newton

From: [REDACTED]
Sent: [REDACTED]
To: [REDACTED]

All,

It has been brought to my attention that a dangerous new craze is sweeping the youth of Newton: one of legal highs. I know many of you will have read the frankly alarming news reports of children and young people so horribly afflicted by such products as 'meow, meow' and 'CAKE', well, it seems like that has come to us.

This morning, I received a disturbing report that a child was seen drinking a beverage that was apparently inducing a 'relaxed, soporific and placid state'. The report stated that when confronted, the child had seemed confused and worried and tried to explain that the drink was in fact 'tea'. Needless to say that the cup containing the liquid was hastily thrown away, but some was preserved for analysis. Preliminary reports indicate that it contained large amounts of tannin, lactose and caffeine as well as a large number of other chemicals that could not be clearly identified.

All staff should be on especially vigilant for pupils and youths who are drinking 'tea' (we believe the street name could also be 'coffee' although Maggie in the office thinks that might actually be a stronger, different substance). Signs of excessive tea drinking, which is thought to be addictive and dangerous in high doses, are shaking of hands, relaxation, warmth, awakeness and comfort. If you see a teenager who is struggling to get out of bed, is listless or disinterested in school work, contact 999 immediately stating that the child may have drunk 'tea' in the last 24 hours. Be aware of withdrawal symptoms, which are thought to be grouchiness, inability to concentrate, sluggishness and even headaches.

I hope you will support the Office for Youth Substance Abuse in the fight against this new evil.

Best wishes,
Jean

HIPSTERS: THE SECRET DANGER

A Warning from Mrs Valerie Hippenthwaite, Wetherly PTA Chair and School Governor

Dear Parents and Caregivers,

We all know of the insidious evil of those groups of teenagers known as 'Goths', spreading despair and foppiness amongst our young. These black-clad horrors are regularly dispersed from the grounds of Saint Drogo's with the water pistol purchased for Father Graham by the congregation and regularly filled with holy water from the font.

Their offspring, the fouler-still 'Emos' (one of whom was witnessed spitting into a drain outside Dumbledown Gardens a week last Tuesday) often congregate around the steps of the Town Hall of a weekend, but have been somewhat discouraged since the council began playing Miley Cyrus hits across the public address system.

However, as the kohl-eyed creatures' demonic grip on our children fades, a new, more subtle threat is rearing its head in Newton-under-Wetherly and this one has made it as far as Blanketside!

At first glance, there is nothing to fear from this new breed, 'the hipster'. A standard specimen is of good parentage. He wears brogues. He listens to music via a portable record player or transistor radio, rather than the concealed portable devices the Emos are so fond of. However, on closer inspection, there is much to fear in the hipster's dress and behaviour.

First of all, the hipster's trousers may be of a pleasing canary hue, or a cheerful red brick, but their cut is terrifyingly similar to the skinny jeans favoured by the Emo. The groin area of some young hipster gentlemen's trousers verges on obscenity and also puts them at severe risk of infertility. Lack of an heir is a grave threat in Newton - we have seen where insufficiently clear lineage lands us in the case of poor Sir Howard.

Secondly, hipsters are not averse to that old Gothic threat: androgyny. The hipster uniform of a gaily patterned sweater, sensible glasses and luxuriant bouffant is not limited to the males of the species. With the proliferation of high cheekbones and full lips amongst this group, it can be extremely difficult to tell the cocks from the hens, as it were. (In fact, this is one instance where the tightness of their britches can provide insight, allowing you to determine whether you should instruct their father of their behaviour or chastise them directly.)

Hipsters of both genders rarely wear socks and as discussed in my newsletter for the Newton Baths (Chlorine: Not a Hygiene Substitute) this is the first step towards verrucae, Athlete's foot and other fungal infections usually associated with the poor and unkempt. Let us leave sockless dalliances to the urchins of Castle Hill and encourage fully-clothed feet in our own offspring.

If their dress sense has not aroused sufficient worry in your parental heart (I understand - the ones who wear cravats can look quite charming) I urge you to check their belongings for dissident reading materials. Many hipsters subscribe to alarming partisan socialist agendas. Unless you wish to return from a relaxing break in Monaco to find your children snorting cannabis in the streets with shirtless omnisexuals, I suggest you fight the hipster menace at once, because this is exactly the kind of scenario their indulgently permissive culture encourages!

Vigilantly yours,

Valerie

PS. I have several pairs of loose-fitting formal slacks which I will gladly donate to any parents seeking more suitable attire for their recovered young ones.

The Asylum Elections

The room was covered in posters. Someone had worked out that posters should be glued on the back, and unfortunately someone else hadn't come up with the idea they should be glued to the wall. Besides why ruin the lovely hospital pink paintwork?

There wasn't anything particularly on these posters, where there should be a photo and a slogan there was a scribble and another scribble. They lay piled on the floor in their many colours. Often squelching noises could be heard during the night as regular patients walked on them as they wandered down the corridor, only to end up relieving themselves in the broom cupboard.

This was the first election of the Grantley Institute ("Putting Lunacy Umpteenth") -so called because a nuthouse was too unPC. This was a noble an institution as an asylum could be. All the patients were proud, if only proud to be one of the Pumpkin People. A number of patients were electioneering. The Raving Monster Party seemed to be the most common, if such a term could be used.

The Raving Monster Party were led, if you can call it that, by Lady Crutch. She was always seen in her nightgown, into which she had stuck a rosette of indescribable colours. Her history was rather vague; it is believed she went mad when her second footman asked for the day off. She had been incarcerated in here ever since. No one knows what happened to the footman, but he is suspected not to survive.

She didn't really have any policies: if anyone asked her anything, she would laugh manically. Eventually the questioner would go away confused. That is, if they weren't to begin with, what with it being an asylum. Where would you find a sane questioner round here?

The only thing to keep her sane during the hustings was her campaign manager. Unfortunately he spent most of them time purring on a windowsill, or drinking a saucer of milk. Maybe, coming to think of it, they didn't keep her sane...

Nor could it be said that she had many supporters, she did have a chap following her round dressed as a giant crow, but she felt sure he wasn't about to vote for her. She didn't think about it much, but this election didn't make all that much sense.

Her main opposition were The Great Loony Party, also known as the Shirker's Party, lead by Arthur Salisbury, who currently thought himself to be an oak tree. He was to go "bing-bong" in extreme circumstances, however he felt extreme circumstance happened every day.

The Great Shirker was apparently buried at a crossroads a hundred years ago, but no one knows precisely where. He was also believed to be slightly mad, if you can describe that about a person with a beard running down to his feet and tending to scream every other word.

The only change in Arthur's behaviour was to do his "bing-bongs" through a megaphone. In elections, such speechmaking is usually done driving through the streets, but it wasn't down in this case because a) they were prisoners of the asylum and b) trees can't drive. Not that he ever stopped bing-bonging to find out.

No one knew much about Arthur's past either, if they had given it any thought. They didn't know he was a Trade Union rep. who went mad one tea break over a particularly stale chocolate digestive. It was amazing what sent some people round the twist.

Who were his supporters? Well, of course, it was the same supporters as The Great Shirker, hence no one under 90. There were two ninety year olds in the asylum and they both thought that Hitler was storming across Europe. It was doubtful if he was about to get a victory.

There were other candidates, of course: Tory, Label, and those wishing to close the asylum to anyone who couldn't claim ancestry to King Egbert the Dead. Exactly how an asylum could function when only occupied by an old man and someone's canary wasn't revealed, but that's politics for you. You just had to elect them and wait and see.

Still, Lady Crutch that thought these people could split the vote. Arthur just thought, "bing-bong." As he always did, of course. He may have said it in a worried tone, though.

It was the day of election, the sun appearing above the barbed wire. The main room was given over to voting. The place had banners representing the main candidates. it was revealed that King Egbert's party would no longer be standing, because he felt he was a marsh toad, and besides was anxious not lose his deposit. A lot of people questioned his sanity, they questioned about whether he was in fact insane.

In tiny little cubbies a secret ballot was carried out. The chosen candidate would be marked with an X and they couldn't inform anyone, say, a reporter who happened to be passing, about their decision.

This was the plan, anyway. However, because they were loonies (sorry, differently sensed) more than one of the names was marked, in fact. only one ballot sheet had only one cross. That's all it had: a great big cross which filled the whole of the ballot sheet.

A number of people stared at what they thought was a swing-o-meter, trying to work out which side it was veering towards. Raving Monster? Great Shirker? No one could tell. What they were looking at turned out to be a swingball in the exercise yard.

No one seemed upset about the election defeat. Lady Crutch decided to spend the time she would have used in leading the institute by piling a number of stones into a corner. Arthur Salisbury took root in the Institution's common room and is expecting to bear acorns any day now...

In the end they decided to give the leader of the Institute post to an old sweaty trainer. Everyone felt this a satisfactory conclusion, though there was some daftie with a microphone who got annoyed that the piece of footwear wouldn't answer his question, after he asked it twelve times. But it stopped him cross-questioning the three piece suite, which was a good thing. Give the post to a person? They weren't stupid...

Dear Citizen or Tenant

It is with great regret that the Town Hall announces that the following mandatory cuts will be made to council services related to parks, commons and patches of disused industrial land:

- 40% reduction in the quantity of straight lines on all council funded lawns
- 10% reduction to the amount of birdsong, especially the extremely inefficient pigeon
- 30% reduction in the amount of leaves for young children to kick in glee from months September to April
- 100% reduction to council subsidy for conkers; end to annual International bonkers for Conkers Competition
- 14.5% reduction in the wages for council employees engaged in maintaining estates (gardeners, refuse collectors, park wardens and first aiders; management will not be effected)
- 20% reduction in the quality of play equipment in Castlehill area and at all schools
- 56% reduction in the amount of weather available; some days will now be entirely devoid of weather
- 80% reduction in the quantity of water in all municipal pools; there will only be shallow ends

In addition, a number of other services and facilities must also be cut. In the spirit of localism in the community, please indicate using the spaces provided on the attached sheet which services you would wish to see preserved.

Parks Either Ducks ☒
or
Swans ☒

Either Grass ☒
Or
Provisions for health and safety ☐

Schools Either
Teacher numbers ☒
Or
Number of bricks in school buildings ☒

Infrastructure Either Bin collection only when coin toss shows 'heads' ☐
Or
Bin collection only when coin toss shows 'tails' ☒

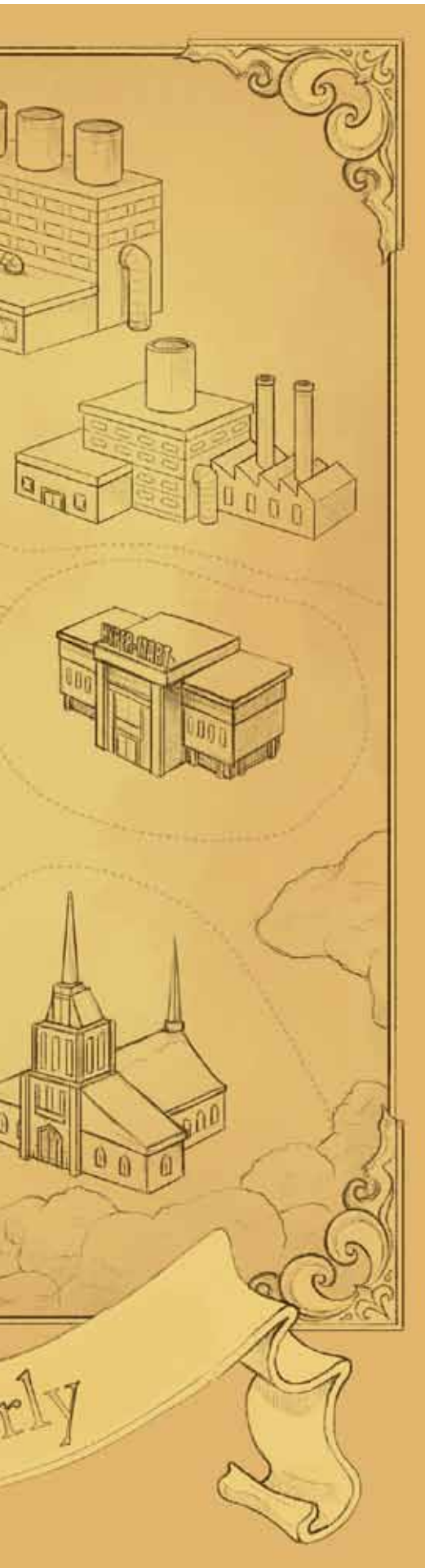
Please be aware that whilst the council will endeavour wherever possible to maintain the services that constituents wish to see preserved, there may be occasion where further cuts need to be made, without prior consent from the electorate.

Your Faithfully



Head of Community Engagement Newton-Under-Wetherly





Hear ye, hear ye! Local historian Sydney Brundlecup here, with another wildly informative tale of past life in our fair town of Newton-Under-Wetherly.

As we approach another election of those parasitical republicans known as politicians, I thought it was high time I reminded the town that Newton-Under-Wetherly wasn't always under the grip of "parliament" – actually, just over 100 years ago Newton still had very strong ties with the crown! (Please rise and sing the national anthem, readers. The Queen may be miles away, but she's still our Queen and you better start showing some respect. Or Cromwell will come for you in your sleep.) To see what I'm talking about, why not link my arm (if you're over 16) and take a stroll down to old St Drogo's.

This church has more historical importance than the cracked tourist information stand would have you believe: not only does St Drogo's hold the record for the most failed baptisms, but in 1901 crowds gathered to watch an effigy of Queen Victoria being paraded down the street just outside. To celebrate her death, the Newton-Under-Wetherly District Council, in cooperation with the Newtonberg Cake Factory, had spent months preparing a model of the monarch using wax, straw, dog hair and bits of cloth to construct a stunningly accurate depiction of her majesty. Contemporary reports write that the effigy was wanted around the world for wax museums, but Sir Rodney Trenchford (the current Trenchford's grandfather and leader of the parade) replied always with the same words: "This un's for burning."

Months passed after Queen Vic's death before the effigy was finally ready. Standing at an astonishing twenty-two feet, the model contained a small space inside for a man to operate its movable mouth and to speak through a large megaphone, to give the illusion that the gargantuan beast was addressing the townspeople. Eyewitness statements recall "fleeing in terror" before the booming voice of the waxen monarch, who apparently issued such commands to the townsfolk as "bring me wine and the blood of oxen, or kneel before the mighty wrath of Queen Victoria, Empress of India", and "Where is my Albert? Bring me my Albert!".

At 8.33 pm on the night of the 31st October, 1901, the effigy concluded its tour of the town at St Drogo's. The man operating the beast stepped down, and all the townspeople watched in eerie silence as the effigy moved gently in the wind - no longer controlled by any earthly being, but perhaps by a higher power (witnesses claim that they saw the eyes move and burn "with the fires of Hell and damnation itself"). Then, the District Council and employees of the Newtonberg Cake Factory moved silently in rows of 6 to the beast, and soaked it in petroleum. Rodney Trenchford himself then stepped forward, chanting in Latin, and lit the dreadful thing alight. As the 22-foot high monster melted in the inferno, the wind rushing through its carcass sounded like the screams of a banshee, and the wax coated the streets in such density that it would take four years to truly disappear.

OCCUPATION OF THE BANALE ROAD BORDER

A village eccentric is occupying the border with Frogford-Moore-Under-Wetherly.

He is calling for an end to disputes over whom Banale Road belongs to. Clearly unaware of the historical evidence pointing towards its historical importance, he persists in his pleas for peace.

“It just doesn’t matter, man.” He told a town council representative who pointed out that the road was the site where the first settlers may have first entered the town, on the off chance that the road existed at the time.

In a display of overt disrespect for the inhabitants of Newton-Under-Wetherly, he can be heard playing the guitar to Woody Guthrie.

“This land is my land, this land is your land” he sings in what critics have termed a B flat minor howl reminiscent of every doubt you’ve ever had about the creative worth of humanity.

Local councillor Humphry Hmph has commented that,

“Yoiks like this really undermine the more respectful members of our constituency. He’s living in a La La land where butterflies live for four days and bees aren’t on the decline. The absolute disrespect for the historical evidence pointing towards the historical importance of this road is ...well...historically disrespectful.”

At this point, the wacko could be heard shouting,

“Don’t be under the weather; we’re all in this together!”

Fortunately, a warrant to remove him has been approved. A new law will be passed to prevent inhabitants launching further attacks upon Newton-Under-Wetherly. No constituents may play Woody Guthrie or any songs “containing references to anti-Newton sentiment or lacking a range of appropriate scales”.

The town council has stated that there is strong reason to believe residents of Frogford-Moore-Under-Wetherly have been pushed into action over the disputed land, which is clearly ours. A reliable source has confirmed that Banale Road will be targeted by very definitely dangerous targeting.



€ EUiP

EUiP – EU integration Party

We are Europhiles, (it's not what you think) and enjoy continental ways, such as fine-dining, lax government, substantial taxation, extensive industrial action and casual overspend on tanning products.

We believe most political parties waste time on issues, such as “poverty”, “human rights” and “freedom of speech”. The NHS is a dead-parrot, the UK is full of stupid English people, Trenchford's out and the Coalition have betrayed the voters who (apparently) elected them to office.

We think the time has come for Newton-Under-Wetherly to leave the UK as it would be a stronger town if it was relocated to Brussels, the centre of power in Europe. We believe in integration with a small “i”, so our plan is to transport the entire town on flatbed lorries to the motherland European continent. This means:

- Better weather
- Better food
- Cheaper booze
- Prettier
- Trains that run on-time
- Affordable property

To do this we need your support, several JCBs and a small flotilla. So join EUiP, and let's move Newton-Under-Wetherly forwards as part of the European continent!



The Committee for Total Voter Participation

‘60% of the children born in Newton-Under-Wetherly today will never see the inside of a polling booth. Less than 5% will write their democratically elected representative a letter. Even fewer will send a Christmas or Birthday card. 75% of those that vote will, at some point in their lives, experience doubt as to whether or not they should bother voting. 10%, unbelievably, will experience doubt as to whether or not a different social structure might be more valid than a democracy. Gentlemen, we who have gathered here today are the first soldiers in the fight for democracy. Are you with me?’

–Oliver Andrews, quoted in the Humbeldson Report on Total Voter Participation

The following extracts are taken from the confessions and papers of Donald Humbeldson, formerly employed as a consultant-consultant with Smith Smythe Schmitt, the London-based consultant-consultancy. Had Humbeldson not killed himself prior to his trial, he would currently be serving a lengthy prison sentence, of that there is no doubt, but I don’t think this should stop us from seeing an element of tragedy in his story.

In the wake of the Committee for Total Voter Participation scandal – popularly known as the Committee for Total Voter Participationgate- there have been investigations into the murkier aspects of professional politics and the role that is played by consultancies and consultant-consultancies in our democratic processes. It is worth remembering, however, that since the events that took place in Newton-Under-Wetherly there are now three newly established consultancy-consultant-consultancies.

An adult debate has, of course, been made impossible by the media’s insistence upon reporting only the more disturbing aspects of the story and ignoring the wider implications of the Committee for Total Voter Participation. The local mythology of Newton-Under-Wetherly has also, unfortunately, further diluted the debate, and tourism in the town has received such a boost that as a result of the affair a second souvenir shop has recently opened.

By publishing these extracts I might also be guilty of making this a debate about personality, character and ‘story’ as opposed to contributing to the grown-up debate Britain needs about its democracy, but this is a story that needs to be told.

Peter Keston
Former Chief Superintendent of the New-

ton-Under-Wetherly Police Force

Extract 1 – from the Kier McDonald interviews in which Humbeldson gives an account of his first meeting with Oliver Andrews

He loved to vote and he voted whenever he could. There was a vast hall at the entrance of his mansion –it was more of a castle really, like one of those gothic style European castles- and at the back of it was a small booth that seemed to be an awkward, temporary construct made out of two display boards with a velvet curtain to conceal whatever happened inside. Next to the booth was a table, much like a school table, and on it was a large black box, secured with a heavy looking padlock.

‘We should all vote as much as possible,’ he said. ‘I try to vote at least a dozen times a day. If I need to go to the toilet, I’ll vote on whether or not to go. It gives me a much greater sense of participation in my life.’

I first voted with him over dinner. There were six of us, Mr Andrews, the two consultants and the two consultant-consultants. He suggested that we’d enjoy dinner so much more if we voted for it. Without even waiting for us to consent to his idea, he put his hand in the air and waited for us. The consultants were used to this sort of thing, I suppose, and they put their hands in the air, too. My colleague caught on before I did and he joined in the voting. I was a bit confused, though, as the servants had already put our dinner on the table in front of us.

Of course, I was hungry and the vote had already been won as even if I had voted against dinner there was already a majority, but I was confused about two things: firstly, what alternative there was to dinner, and secondly, how to register a vote against dinner, as it appeared that the only way of voting was to raise your hand, and that this could only be interpreted as a ‘yes’ vote.

‘Aren’t you voting?’ Mr Andrews asked when he saw that I was dithering. I raised my hand and my questions went unanswered. Perhaps you could say this was the turning point.

Extract 2 – from an email to Humbeldson’s mother in which he attempts to explain his work

and unfortunately I cannot ‘advise’ cousin Rachel on her romantic problems. You seem to have –not for the first time, might I add- confused my job as a ‘consultant-consultant’ with that of an ‘advisor’. Whilst an advisor advises a consultant-consultant, believe it or not, consultant-consults. Let me

put it another way: if cousin Rachel were to hire a ‘romantic problem advisor’ he would advise her on the best course of action to take from the options she felt were in front of her. If she hired a ‘romantic problem consultant’ he wouldn’t be interested in her options, so much as her patterns of behaviour and her life in general. The consultant would then provide her with a detailed and realistic breakdown of what her romantic goals ought to be, how things such as her appearance, the way she dresses, her job, her income and her behaviour are stopping her from accomplishing her romantic goals. As a consultant-consultant, I can only operate if the initial assessment has been carried out. As far as I am aware, no one has carried out a Romantic Obstacle Assessment on cousin Rachel, have they, Mother?

If they had, I would be able to come in and consultant-consult with the consultant on his consultancy with Rachel. I’d be able to come in and give him more realistic goals for Rachel’s romantic goals. I’d measure the effectiveness of his measurements of Rachel’s romantic effectiveness. I’d assess any obstacles affecting his assessment of Rachel’s romantic obstacles.

Having written all this, I understand that you might have actually just been asking me if I could give Rachel some advice. If that’s the case, I’d be happy to talk to her when I come over for dinner on Tuesday.

Extract 3 – from transcripts of Humbeldson’s confession

Mr Andrews had a problem that I was brought in to consultant-consult upon. No matter what the job, you sign the contracts and then you’re supposed to carry it out. If I hadn’t done so, I’d have been in breach of contract. I’d have cost my company money. What choice did I have? I can’t be held responsible for the impact that my work has!

[The interview is interrupted at this point while lunch is ordered. When they resume, Humbeldson is asked to start from the beginning.]

We got a taxi from Newton Junction to the Andrews’s mansion. The driver was called Dave. He said we were mad for wanting to go there. He said it was weird. He said Mr Andrews was weird. We asked him why he thought Mr Andrews was weird and he just shrugged his shoulders. ‘Weird stuff happens up there,’ he said. We asked him what weird stuff and he just shrugged his shoulders and said: ‘stuff that isn’t normal.’ We tried to get him to be more specific, but he wouldn’t he just said something about not

having the vocabulary to describe how it wasn't normal. 'We're not like you London folk,' he said. 'If you've come to Newton-Under-Wetherly expecting people with fancy vocabularies and a talent for exposition, you've come to the wrong place.'

He drove us past Saint Drogo's. We'd asked him not to, but he did anyway. He said all the tourists wanted to see it. We told him we weren't tourists, we were here on business, but he didn't seem to understand the difference. We didn't want to see Saint Drogo's. We knew the stories and we knew that Mr Andrews was a descendant of Reverend Keslock. We didn't want to have to think on it any more than that; it was creepy.

When the church came into sight I could see in the courtyard in front of it six or seven stakes with twisted bodies impaled on them. In the darkness from a distance, it seemed so real. I thought they were actually real bodies, as absurd as it sounds. Of course, no one had been impaled in Newton-Under-Wetherly in over forty years. My colleague must have sensed my panic and told me that they were just wax works, or something. Things for tourists to see.

I was deeply unsettled. The whole town unsettled me. This was the frame of mind I was in before all of this even started.

Extract 4 – from a message sent on social media to his boss, shortly after the start of the Newton-Under-Wetherly project

Perfect project. Idiot with lots of money.

Extract 5 – from the initial report carried out by Oliver Andrews's consultants

The problem of the lack of voter participation is, in fact, part of a wider social problem: lack of political engagement. This problem is not confined to those who do not vote (henceforth referred to as 'non-voters') but has contaminated large parts of the voting population. It is our recommendation to the committee that the problem of low voter participation cannot be resolved without addressing the issue of political engagement. There are myriad reasons for low political engagement, such as inadequate political representation, perceived corruption and lack of political education. Given the limited scope for resolving these issues, however, perhaps a system of incentives for political participation might be appropriate, for instance tax credits for those who join a political party, or rolling out a nationwide political general knowledge test with cash prizes.

Extract 6 – from the Kier McDonald interviews

We went out into the town to conduct some field research and ended up in the souvenir shop where we met some non-voters. To be honest, I wasn't interested in talking to them as I'd already formulated my opinions and had decided what I was going to write in the report. Whilst the consultants were talking to the non-voters, I was looking through the souvenirs, little cuddly Keslocks, keyrings that bore the images of impaled people, wind-up coffins that opened up to reveal black-clad Keslocks with vampire fangs. In the back of the store there's a section with more classy souvenirs, cups and things. I found Mr Andrews looking at a painting of his relative, bathing in a field of blood outside Saint Drogo's whilst in the background hundreds of innocents writhed on stakes.

'My Uncle didn't have much of a democratic impulse,' he said. 'It saddens me now that people would take such a precious gift as the vote and just... waste it.'

For a long time I had assumed he was a friend of Sir Howard Trenchford's, so I wondered who he would be voting for in the coming elections. The first part of his response shocked me so much, that I barely registered the second part. If I had prepared for such an answer and considered its implications, I wonder if this whole affair might have been avoided.

'Oh, I'll vote for everyone again, as usual. I just love democracy,' he said. 'And I hate all the enemies of democracy.'

Extract 7 – from the Smith Smythe Schmitt Consultant-Consultancy paper on Total Voter Participation, co-authored by Donald Humbledson

Non-Voters (henceforth referred to as 'contaminants') are the unconscious enemies of democracy, spreading democratic disengagement like a disease wherever they go. What the initial report to the committee suggests is that there are many social obstacles to total voter participation, but it overlooks the biggest social obstacle of all: contaminants.

There is only one reason for non-total voter participation and that is the existence of contaminants. If contaminants were not counted as potential participants, there non-participation would be a non-issue in terms of total voter participation. Attempts to find social solutions to the problem – as proposed in the initial report – are misguided and seek only to put the blame onto society and not where it belongs: on

the contaminants. Imagine a female relative has contracted an STD. It would be inadvisable to advise her to come to some sort of agreement with the disease, to try and re-integrate it into her organism or, as the initial report seems to be suggesting, to see the body as the problem and not the disease. With an STD the only solution is a large syringe filled with medicine. We need to find a syringe big enough to purge our society of contaminants.

Extract 8 – from transcripts of Humbledson's confession

... I didn't impale one person, okay? I wasn't involved in any of that. Once my partner got ill from Newtonberg cake and had to return to London, I was the sole representative of the company and was left to take complete responsibility for the contents of our report. I was lost... I was overworked. We were voting for everything in those days. I didn't even know what I was voting for half the time. Basically I was just walking around with my hand in the air, consenting to whatever was suggested. Looking back, of course I understand how the recommendations in my report might have been misunderstood, but none of this was our intention; it was just an electoral consultant-consultancy, nothing radical was supposed to come of it.

Of course, I regret what happened and of course I can understand why some people might hold me responsible for the deaths of those thirty-three contamin... ahem... non-voters. If I could apologise to the families of the dead, I would. I'm really, really sorry that they think I'm responsible for this. I'm not.

Afterword

It is a blessing that the Newton-Under-Wetherly by-election massacre did not affect the Newton-Under-Wetherly by-election results, as the victims never had any intention of voting and, indeed, many did not even know how to vote. Democracy is a precious thing and although it might be tempting at times to use non-democratic means to protect it, this will always result in a loss of democratic authority. Thankfully, in this instance, the terrorists whose goal was to increase democratic engagement and participation were thwarted and our democracy came away unscathed.

Sir Howard Trenchford

THE SHIRKER

Q uentin Aspic tries to find car parking in Newton-under-Wetherly town centre.

I was on my way into town for the usual Saturday morning run to buy organic, free-range bagels made by refugees and wheatgrass shakes but parking my car, as ever, remains a problem. I should've gone to the Mega-Mart, where there is substantial parking, but I knew the shop would be full of people spilling cop-pers everywhere and exiting the queues to put things back on the shelves and I was determined to return home in time to ridicule an overly-earnest documentary about food banks; the whole idea of putting food into long-term storage seems ridiculous to me, and I never buy anything with preservatives.

I arrived outside Bagellesies, admittedly, parked on some double yellow lines but I know Janek, the manager and he often lets me jump the queue, so I knew I wouldn't be long. Then she came. Marching up with her overflowing utility belt of tickers and pens and notebooks [like an administrative Batman?]. I'd never been a fan of authority, at Cambridge I once signed a petition against the wearing of ties at weekends and tried a cannabis cigarette – crazy times. So the appearance of this crypto-fascist agent of the nanny-state immediately set me on edge. After several strong words, she advised me to move on, and as she had started to write a ticket, I quickly moved on. Arriving round the corner at North Street multi-storey car park, after trying to navigate our baffling ring-road system, I found a space and attempted to use the ticket machine. The machine would not accept my banknotes which all sprang back into rolled tubes and had some grit all over them; I must stop lending money to my wife. Thankfully the homeless lady who sleeps under the stairs gave me some spare change, mostly silvers, so I could buy a ticket – £2 for 20 minutes, £3 for an hour!

After sticking the ticket into my window, I turned round to see the familiar yellow and blue chequerboard of a police car. I explained to the officers that I had just paid and was on my way to buy bagels. They were investigating a reported robbery of a large amount of small change from a homeless lady. An officer also noted that one of my wheels had crept onto the white line.

I remained calm and argued for about 20 minutes, aware that my ticket was only valid for half an hour. I explained that I was a Newton-Under-Wetherly District Councillor and a good friend of our former MP. The officers referred to the recent cuts to staff and smiled. They had already appeared in an ill-smelling mood as some little kid had spread faecal matter around their door handles of their car, they refused to disclose if it was an animal or not, but had engaged a sniffer dog, Terry, to assist with the case. Terry went for the pocket in which I kept my wallet at which point the officers mentioned that Terry was also a drug sniffing dog, after refusing to accept a stop and search procedure I made a light-hearted comment about pigs being happy in muck.

I am now due to appear in court on several charges, including petty theft, abuse of police officers and a traffic warden, with an enquiry to take place into possession of a class-A drug, my wife and I are not on speaking terms. My car has now been towed and will be redelivered to me as a cube. I never did get the bagels.

Contact Colin Schmitt
RE: Law Suit



COMMUNIST PARTY STATEMENT

From COMRADE ŠVEJK

Our Communist Party will regenerate the industry through which Newton-under-Wetherley made its name and its reputation. This industry, this delicious industry, is: cake-making. We will restore its past glory by invigorating its current practice and expanding its industrial potential. By increasing productivity to include tarts, crumbles, brownies, biscuits, cookies and Welsh pancakes, cake-making in Newton-under-Wetherley will improve and output will multiply. Industrial workers, UNITE!

We turn to the land for the raw ingredients to make the super-tasty Newtonberg Cakes. Men and women will join together to plough the fields, to plant the seeds, to harvest the crops. We will follow sustainable agricultural science and in turn nurture the land. Against GM, Monsanto and chemically-produced agricultural innovations, we will produce for our own needs. We will trade with other countries for the ingredients we cannot grow. Together we will work. Women and men, UNITE!

The profits that the cake-making industry returns to us will pay for those common assets that –we will make every attempt to recover and invigorate: our social programmes, our healthcare and our education system. We will train teachers, nurses and doctors to do the job they have been employed to do: teach and heal. From employer profiles, we will remove every petty manager who is trained to improve statistics by harassing teachers, nurses, doctors and other employees with administrative duties (in triplicate) which distracts them from the task they were intended to perform. We will revive the hearts of schools, universities, hospitals and other work environments by removing these clerical tasks that have over-complicated the jobs for which their employees were trained. The chains that have prevented these professionals from fulfilling their duties will be removed. Professionals will be liberated from having to produce results from students and patients who reflect statistical achievements according to passing trends.

Any profit that is turned will go back to the people and into the system that produced it.

Immigration presents to the Communist Party no impediment. We all work together and share the profits. If the number of workers increases, profit increases. There is always enough for everybody. Immigration offers us diversity, innovation and an opportunity to learn about and enjoy foreign cultures. We embrace this experience.

We abolish the institution of property. Your house will become yours on a temporary basis. A ‘temporary basis’ could amount to your lifetime. It is yours ‘on loan’. All mortgages are hitherto abolished. Banks, building societies, credit unions are forbidden from dealing in monies and speculating on financial markets. Banks are forbidden from the practice of usury: in a Communist system, it is illegal to make money from money.

We will treat offenders with severity. The first of these misfits to be addressed will be the ones who have demonstrated the most anti-social and wicked behaviour. Our first action in Parliament, will be to tackle the problem of bankers. Understood to be a serious threat to themselves, their family and the rest of society, bankers will be immediately excluded from the Communist social and political system. By having demonstrated none of the healthy attributes that contributes to a just political and social enterprise, bankers will undergo radical isolation taking immediate and lasting effect.

As a result of uncontrollable sociopathic and psychotic behaviour, bankers can choose between either banishment or imprisonment. As part of the imprisonment rehabilitation scheme, they will be required to undertake a four-year intensive training. To stimulate the human characteristics bankers have sadly abused, ignored or distorted, each will be enrolled on a number of initiatives in order to learn how to be a Humanitarian. If, and only if, they successfully complete this education – including a one-year unpaid work experience programme as a caregiver – these lost souls can return to their families and to the society they have grievously offended. After careful consideration, they will be afforded the privilege of applying to be an industrial worker or a plough-person. We fully understand how difficult it will be for each one of them to integrate back into and contribute to the society from which their behaviour has excluded them. A highly developed infra-structure of discussion groups and parole officers will be evolved in order to make this transition as seamless as possible.

A final word about the illegal practice of bankers’ bonuses. Of course, under a Communist system, bankers’ bonuses will cease to exist. All monies that have been accrued by bankers through this kind of rampant thieving will be returned to the state. In turn, these funds will be handed over to single and married mothers. In a Communist system, mothers will receive a living wage for the work they do. Our government recognises the need for massive support in the practice of valuing the work mothers do for their family, their community and their town. We believe that proper funding distributed at this level of society will provide the means for balanced and healthy children, family stability and thus creating a social infrastructure that will thrive and flourish. In a Communist system, our people are our first priority and economic strength naturally comes about from this premise.

For too long has the rural town of Newton-under-Wetherley been oppressed. For too long has the petty bourgeois Family Trenchfort held the seat of power. For too long has the worker been denied their freedom. Our Party gives the power back to the Proletariat.

To return prosperity, justice and fair distribution to Newton-under-Wetherley, we initiate a singular approach: simplicity. For the renewal we seek, we will develop industrial, farm the land and share the proceeds. We will work together as a group keeping in mind our individual and unique contributions. Power to each and power to the collective. Workers, labourers, women, men and children, UNITE!

Pure, Good and True Party – Vote For Us (please)

We are well-meaning, socially-aware young people. We wear plain, functional clothing with our hearts on our sleeves. Wherever there is injustice, we will jump on the bandwagon and take upon ourselves the role of YOU, the indirect victim.

-We like everything and everyone (except nasty Tories)*

-We will defend your right to complain about anything, especially causes that we feel have grown too popular

-We are against the sheer violence of debate, especially when we're wrong.

The Pure, Good and True Party will encourage the growth of organic foods though reclaiming lands from self-ish farmers who sell food for minimal profit. We would also like to abolish affordable clothing retailers which create jobs, in favour of premium vintage clothing stores and the purchase of surprisingly expensive apparel from charity shops, although ideally we encourage getting them directly from the dying elderly. We would also like to abolish the local press and all "professional" writers, in favour of grassroots, republican journalism through #socialmedia, to make sure the peoples' voices are heard on every issue, no matter how small or trifling it might appear. We would also like all centres of faith in Newton-Under-Wetherly to be converted into chic wine bars, so worshippers are allowed to pray together, al fresco. This would obviously require the closing down of local country pubs and promote a clampdown on the small-minded opinions of bigoted beer-users, thereby encouraging free speech from people whose opinions really matter (@people on #twitter). Here's what our party members think:

"Not only is #feminism a vital issue, it's also a great way to meet girls."

"Governments are obsessed with stable economies – can't we all just get along?"

"Money is evil, if you have it."

"We should close all the roads, live on communal farms and just ride bikes everywhere"

We often meet at Starbucks on Newton-Under-Wetherly, High Street (where the charity café used to be). We also like to have fun: listening to Coldplay, complaining about people who listen to Coldplay, watching Richard Curtis films (ironically) and drinking branded organic ciders.

#justice #everything #kindness #solidarity #etc.

*Party Membership requires a minimum of three friends from diverse ethnic backgrounds.

This leaflet is printed on organic hemp paper, it can also be smoked!

COUNCILLOR NORTON PASSES AWAY AFTER TRAGIC VISIT TO LITTLE CHEF - BY SIR HOWARD TRENCHFORD MP

It is with great sadness that I must report the death of our beloved town Councillor, Jedward Norton, a homosexual.

Jed, as he liked to be known, died after sustaining a heart condition during a visit to the – otherwise excellent – Newton Junction Little Chef. His best friend – and fellow member of the Conservative and Unionist Party of Great Britain and Northern Ireland – Miles Fwap (the popular ex-jazz musician) was with him when he died. Mr Fwap is not a homosexual.

The health chappies tell me that Jed suffered from a triple-bypass-coronary-death-spasm, but that it could have been prevented by correct application of CPR. Now, while it is somewhat gruesome to go over the death of our close-ish friend and colleague in great detail, I feel it is necessary in order to make sure that we all learn something from Jed's Death. It's what he would have wanted, assuming he had accepted that he was definitely going to die.

At 7.58pm, November 4th, 2013, Jed Norton stood up suddenly, clutching his chest, then collapsed to the floor. A nearby waitress approached, abandoning her cleaning duties and phoning the Emergency Services. It was at this point that Mr Miles Fwap, Norton's heterosexual dining companion, was asked to perform CPR while the waitress was on the phone.

Mr Fwap manfully knelt down and hovered around Jed's mouth, before standing and shouting the following words to the restaurant:

"Is there a gay doctor in the house?
My gay friend has had a heart attack."

Mr Fwap also wishes it to be known that he has a friend who is a gentleman of colour.

The only homosexual medical practitioner in the Little Chef was a lesbian vet. She volunteered her services despite this (please don't read anything into this behaviour, I'm sure she was simply aware of Jed's civic status) but slipped on the waitress's discarded tray and broke her knee on an egg sandwich. Onlookers urged an increasingly frantic Mr Fwap to perform the operation

himself (an example of Liberal cowardice if ever I saw one), so as a compromise enforced by peer-group-pressure Mr Fwap straddled the stomach of Councillor Norton and tried pushing down on his chest, breathing onto his face from a distance of roughly 15cm, and punching him in the temple. The waitress returned from making the phone call to discover that, in the commotion, Mr Fwap's trouser zip had descended, rendering his manhood exposed through the frontal sluice in his undergarments.

Standing to extricate his 'John Major' from public consumption, Mr Fwap's shoulder knocked against a table laden with beverages. As ever with these establishments, too much milk and cream had been supplied and it was this substance that ended up coursing over Mr Fwap, which resulted in the waitress attempting to dab at the spillage. This process appears to have aroused Miles somewhat, and I'm sure we can all say he acted entirely innocently in this aspect of the events, and that we will fight those specific charges. Suffice to say that Mr Major made a surprise reappearance, and that Mr Fwap's attempts to remove the waitress caused her to stand on the lesbian vet's other knee and topple backwards into an arrangement of plastic foliage.

The ambulance crew arrived promptly, only to be greeted with a broken lady-gay, a humiliated serving person, and a man with an exposed semi, his front covered in white liquid, standing over the spasming body of Councillor Norton while pleading to the assembled onlookers: "It's not my fault, he's really gay."

The police have informed us that they are treating the incident as suspicious.

While we are quite certain of Mr Fwap's innocence in certain charges, it does perhaps suggest that Party Etiquette Regarding Queers (or PERQ, as it's also known) needs to be rectified. With this in mind, I have made the following suggestions:

1. Treat all gay people as if they are normal.
2. Never go to a Little Chef.
3. Try not to get too close. It pays to have Convenient Friends, but perhaps these relationships should be downgraded to "Convenient Acquaintances".

4. If we all buy a copy of Mr Fwap's latest ex-jazz LP: The Height of all Pleasures, the Lord of All Things, then this will go some way to cover his legal fees without the party being seen to act.

5. Alternatively, my wife has suggested that we try to reach out to the Gay Community by holding a 'Bring a Gay' sale. This will be much like a 'Bring and Buy' sale except that everyone is encouraged to bring a homosexual along with them, and they will be auctioned off, or given away in a raffle, and so their purchasers will spend time with them and realise that they're not that bad. I can see the virtues in this idea, but I'm not sure I like the idea of owning one. They need to stand on their own two feet, after all.

Councillor Norton's funeral is next Thursday. I am reliably informed that it will be fabulous.

- Sir Howard Trenchford

Hi Paul

Just a quick update on the opinion poll thing Mira asked for.

It turns out focus groups are pretty expensive. Not only do the people who take part expect to be able to sit down in a fairly well-heat-ed and ventilated room, there is also the question of providing tea/biscuits/cash bribes etc in order to make sure our policies are being backed up by the relevant statistics from ordinary members of the public. Since we have already spent most of our campaign budget on the Sky-Writing thing, I'm afraid that the attached scan of the Newton Rubberneck's weekly letters page is the best we have been able to do.

In fairness, they probably do reflect the "diverse range of opinions and issues" specified in the brief given. What you have to remember is that these are ordinary members of the public who have not been properly briefed on what their interests are supposed to be. But hey, maybe we can get a half-decent sound bite out of some of these if nothing else.

Have a look and let me know if there are any issues.

Oscar

< ATTACHED FILE: NEWTON RUBBERNECKERS 10.08.2013 >

Newton should rally against Online Cowards

The sheer torrent of hate-filled abuse and slander directed at individuals in our town should be a wake-up call to all those Liberal wets who bleat about "freedom of expression" every time some sad sicko rears their ugly head to make life unpleasant for everyone else. The owners of the BBC news and Guardian sites should hang their heads in shame for allowing such vile material to be published at all. Honestly, what right do they have to comment on our MP's personal life or how he chose to spend our money? I'm not condemning what Sir Trenchfort [Trenchford? -Ed.] did, but at least he used funds ear-marked for education to pay for his daughters to go to University. It's not as though he was stealing money from the church collection plate! But thanks to the actions of a few sad acts with computers, degrees in Journalism and nothing better to do, the whole world is laughing at someone who was just trying to be a good father. It's high time we sent a message to these idiots by not only urging the authorities to deal with them in a justly severe manner, but to completely boycott the internet. How else will these so-called "Investigative Journalists" peddle their poison if no-one reads their websites?

*Justin Case
10 Gregor Street
Blanketside*

I wish young women would just shut up occasionally.

Lizzie Hadley should be thankful that her teenage daughter has been lobotomised (Newton Rubberneck issue 323). It seems that everywhere you go nowadays there is some little madam with ideas of her own. No matter how much I try to remind my own grand-daughters that potential husbands would not appreciate being told that their views might not be correct, the little madams just will not stop coming out with stuff and nonsense. I am strongly considering not letting my eldest go back to university in September; suggesting that Africans may have the right to live how they choose is not in my experience the way to land a doctor or investment banker.

*Doreen Springsteen
96 Crumpet Towers
Castle Hill*

Foreign Aid Farce

Now that it has been revealed that the United States of America has its own space programme, how long will our leaders continue to prop up this shady, backwards republic with our money? Our "trading partner" has dragged us down long enough. It's high time we got our national pride back and tell this pygmy nation with delusions of grandeur to stick their begging bowl.

Anon. Castle Hill

No jobs for Graduates

I understand just how difficult it is for young graduates to find work in the local area. (Newton Rubberneck issue 344). I left University over a year ago having worked tirelessly to get a First-Class honours degree. I have experience working in schools, in a hospital, and as day shift manager in the Student Union off-licence. However, after all my hard work and hours spent studying, tutoring or mopping floors, it seems that not a single employer wants to know. Which if truth be told suits me just fine - I reckon I'm entitled to a break, and now that I have no work or voluntary commitments I can finally pursue my own interests such as Breaking Bad, Dan Brown novels, and masturbation. Yes, our current employment system is a farce - but what a wonderful farce it is! My compliments to the Depart-

*Lucas St. John
16 Rowling Avenue
Blanketside*

Travellers should be told to move on

I cannot stand the fact that our beautiful little town is blighted by a rag-tag collection of caravans that have been set up just within sight of our local school. Some of these children could have telescopes or know about the zoom function on their mobile phone cameras - imagine how they might react if they peered through their spyglass and saw what I presume goes on in such places! The Opposition has already launched a campaign to get illegal immigrants to go back to where they came from; if they can find the money to have "If you don't have a valid UK passport, *Piss Off*" written in the sky in thirty-foot high writing, surely our current local council can afford something similar to deal with all those unruly types on their "holidays"? The hand-wringers and the pinkos might say that these people are just tourists on caravan trips, but we who live in the real world know better. The last thing we want is anyone of that sort near our private property, heather patches, or children. In that order.

*Ian Gherkin
80 St. George's Drive
Blanketside.*

Having our Cake and eating it

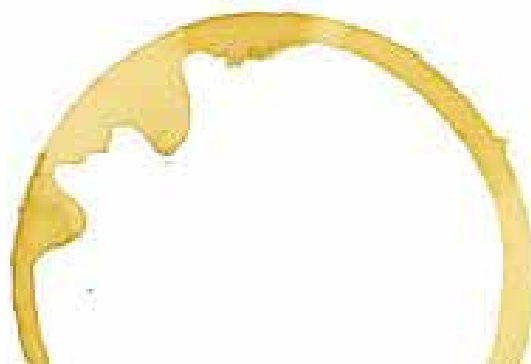
I don't understand why the Newtonberg cake needed to have its recipe changed. (Rubberneck issue 340). I have eaten half a Newtonberg a day every day since I was a child, and apart from the loss of sight in my right eye, the way my leg swells up at night or in cold weather and the triple bypass, I have not seen any ill-effects whatsoever. The new Newtonberg is both bland and tasteless. I am glad I managed to buy a few of the old ones before the Ministry of Defence shut the factory down, but the members of my family who still possess working taste buds and myself will be taking our custom elsewhere until the proper recipe is being followed again.

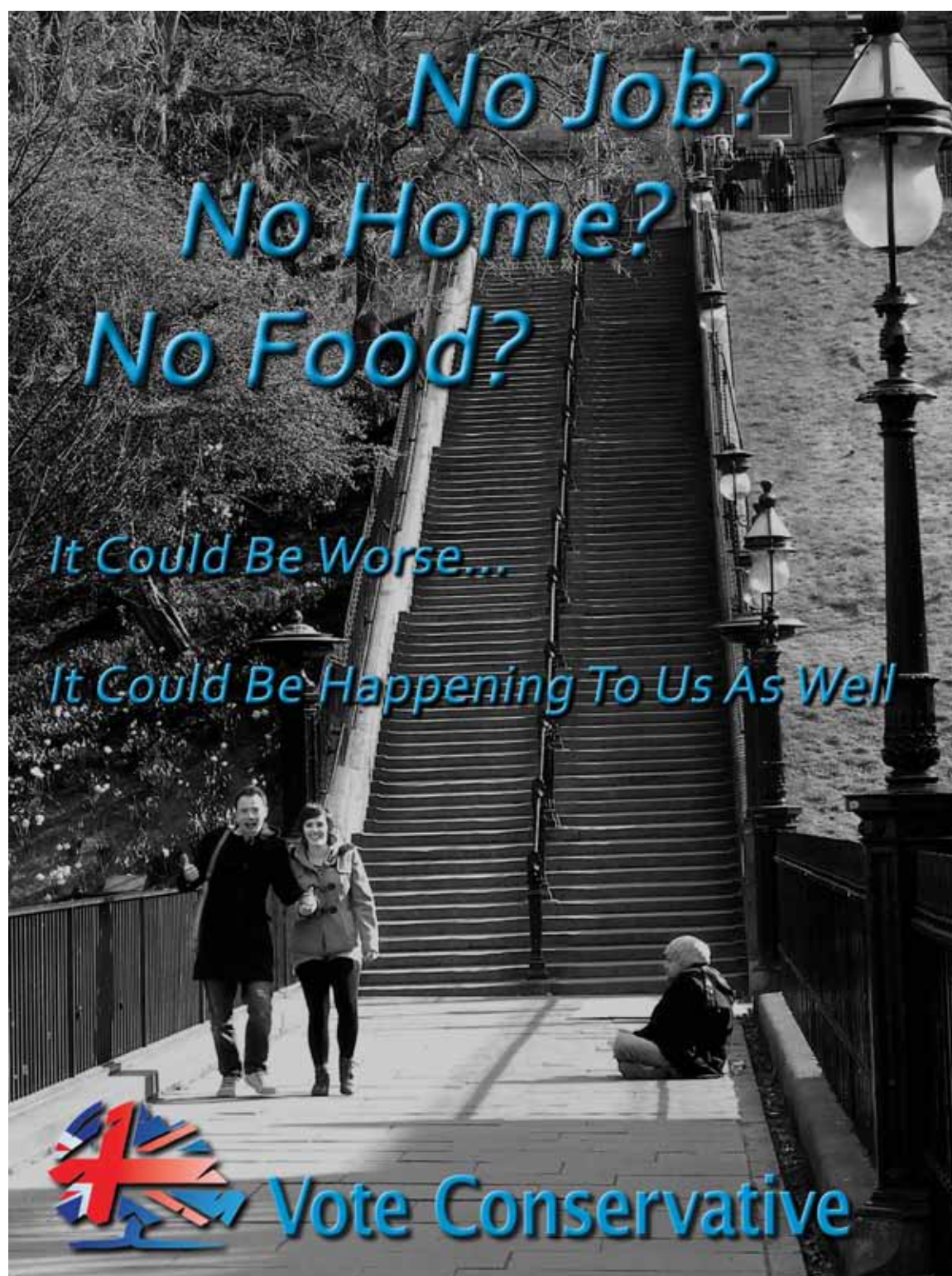
*Jacob Creek
99 Humberland
Castle Hill*

The Mental Health Issue

Further to your article in last week's Newton Rubberneck, I wish to clarify some points which my senior staff and I feel were misrepresented. Yes, it is true that we have been forced to downsize our Hospital's Mental Health Unit, but this is due to unavoidable budget cutbacks imposed on us by the current Government. While this does mean that we now have quite limited resources, there is no plan to "shut the unit down altogether" as your reporter seems to suggest. We already have a number of strategies in place designed to keep people who need help dangling in the proverbial wind for months at a time; we have hired a number of secretarial staff who have been trained to apologetically tell people that "we will get round to you" and then hang up the phone, as well as giving our current counsellors proper guidance on just how to fob off our patients with pills rather than wasting time giving them actual therapy. These strategies prove that we are on top of things (or at the very least are next to them) and that your local Health Trust can in fact be relied upon to get the vulnerable elements in our community to shut up for a little while. I would appreciate it if your readers were to be made aware of this.

Ashleigh Debenham-Marks-WHSmith
Head of Health Services
NHS Trust
Newton and District Hospital





Badger Advocacy Group to DEFRA: 'Cull the cows, milk the badgers' from the Newton High-brow, a liberal newspaper

The controversial badger cull, hoped to prevent the spread of bovine TB, proposed for the farms around Newton-Under-Weatherly suffered another blow this morning as the local pressure group Baiter Safe than Sorry announced that it intended to lobby the government to modify the proposals. In a last ditch attempt to prevent the badger cull from going ahead, Melton Furtle-Chimply, 44, founder of the organisation launched a new campaign.

Making it clear that he felt that the badger cull was unjust and unnecessary, Furtle-Chimply, the self-appointed 'Badger Messiah', pointed out that there was no clear evidence that Bovine Tuberculosis necessarily came from badgers, instead suggesting that in fact the badgers were the victims of a bovine conspiracy.

Speaking with an assembled crowd of indifferent onlookers, Furtle-Chimply said that 'cows were the source of this [TB] evil'. In a display that caused surprised and alarm from the crowd, he then produced a large glass of milk claiming that it was 'badger milk' from his 'friends underground'. Quaffing the liquid, which witnesses described as 'creamy looking' and 'viscous', Furtle-Chimply visibly resisted the

instinct to gag. He made much of the health benefits that badger milk can offer as opposed to cow's such as increased fertility, sexual vigour and stamina.

Asked for a comment, the leader of the local dairy farmers' union, White is Right, Tony Blackheart, 73, said that the proposals were 'stupid', pointing out that badgers had no right to exist in the countryside and even going so far as to suggest that the 'local' cows were being 'oppressed' by an outside migration of 'EU badgers' from Poland saying 'I'm not against our British badgers, it's these foreign ones that are the issue'. When questioned about the possibility of switching from ordinary bovine dairy farming to badger dairy farming Blackheart was evasive: 'there's money in it, and badgers are black and white much like a cow, but I'm not sure if we could get the milking machines to fit them'.

It is unclear what response DEFRA are likely to make, but Furtle-Chimply's campaign is thought to have attracted interest at the highest levels of government with the Deputy Prime Minister tweeting that he 'liked a bit of badger with breakfast'. Meanwhile, at the European Parliament, Furtle-Chimply's support is already well established, particularly in the former Eastern Bloc countries which have farmed badgers for years for meat.

THE SCUM

Chav-engers Assemble!

In a world of riots and police cuts it is not surprising that good, honest law abiding citizens feel compelled to take the law into their own hands. But now there is a surprising new trend emerging in Newton's suburbs: masked vigilantism.

A small group of lower income and unemployed youths have organised themselves into a 'super hero' group to help fight crime in their communities. It is thought that the group are led by a charismatic individual calling herself 'Nikki Fury', real name Shannon McCall, 25, a single, unemployed mother of one from Castlehill. She is thought to have recruited the members of the 'group' from local shops, street corners and magistrates' courts. When asked by this paper why she had formed the group, she made it clear that she felt that the government were not supporting the community and so had taken the decision to 'do something for ourselves'. She went on to explain that 'not many people think folk at Castlehill are worth looking out for, so we look out for ourselves. There's lots of crime and violence around here, angry people, so we thought we'd use them angry people for something good' going on to explain that this meant preventing murders and taking up much of the loitering space by the local shops formerly used by shop lifters.

The police have yet to make an official statement, but a source at Newton Police Force has unofficially said that they're 'delighted' that they no longer have to police Castlehill, even going so far as to suggest that other communities should follow suit: 'there's nobody parodying the Justice League at the moment... maybe a Jewish League in Tottenham? Ah, I'm just brainstorming, really'.

Responding to remarks by some liberal citizens that allowing the 'Chavengers' to enforce justice was tantamount to privatising the enforcement of justice, the local council cabinet member for communities and justice, Arthur Mendacious (Con), said that 'this is just another aspect of the Big Society that allows communities to become more independent and make choices for themselves'. When asked whether the new development would help the council budget crisis Councillor Mendacious shrugged and observed that there would be 'more money for the council Christmas Party'.

It is currently unknown as to whether the group have yet found a parallel organisation to act as their arch-nemeses, but the group have had a number of high profile clashes with an organisation of middle-class mentally ill scientists and academicians, which have resulted in a number of deaths and the destruction of several high-rise blocks of flats.

Other notable members of the group:

- Tin Man, real name Anthony Bland, who wears a hand-crafted suit of old paint tins (mostly aluminium)
- the Bulk, real name, Hardeep Singh, a bodybuilder with a rare skin condition making his skin tone a striking blue
- Sergeant America, an aspiring hip-hop artiste whose real name is Steven Belchwood
- Black Window, Jessica Walton, a former Mi6 assassin expelled from the intelligence community for being 'too vampish'
- Thorgood, an obese man struggling to avoid type-2 diabetes

Do you long for the days when railways travel was a more genteel way to cross the country?
Have you happy memories of being evacuated on clattering, romantic trains away from the bombs that could be dropped on London?

Do you miss those unmistakable sounds and smells of yester year?
Come to The Stick of Nostalgia Heritagerailway Visitors' Centre (just off the A764) and enjoy the delights, romance and child-like delight of the early 1980s in railway form!
See Soviet-era inter-city trains and smell the authentic urine (and other liquids)!
Great for all of the family, look! Granddad is pretending to be a sleeping drunk on his way to Basingstoke! takes the railways seriously anymore.

On a budget? Why not try our 'you can ride for free, if we don't catch you' policy, or for premium customers the 'that'll do' package, where everything is authentically 1980s adequate.
We cater for weddings, christenings and funerals with our executive selection of authentic stale sandwiches and 'high' tea (2 sugars only).

Come on down to the Stink of Nostalgia Heritage Railways Visitors' Centre and find out why British Railways are still the laughing stock of the world!

Experience the authentic sensations of delays, fluctuations in temperature, intermittent industrial action and... on weekends, bank holidays and throughout the summer: Asbestos! Come and find out



Dear Newtonians

Let me introduce myself, my name is Alan Pangbourn, and I represent the Autocratic Party, who are a voice for change in the wilderness that is currently masquerading as British politics. May we thank you in advance for giving up your precious time to read this leaflet, but we assure you it will be worth your while. We Autocrats are great believers in the sacrifice of the many, and we want to bring our values and principles back to the heart of rural England.

Let me tell you what we see when we look at our once-great country. We see children in under-privileged neighbourhoods struggling to get on in life. We see people taunted for the colour of their skin, persecuted for their religion or cultural beliefs. We see a National Health Service so entangled with profits and funding and never-enough money that it fails to provide the very service required. We see prisons overflowing with offenders, even though more and more serious offences are punished with a tap on the wrist. We see, or rather do not see, the shadowy European bureaucrats who, alone and without consultation or approval, and certainly without democratic authority, make decisions affecting every single one of us, every single day.

We see a Home Office, not fit for purpose, and a Government without one.

This is where we come in. Here at the Autocratic Party, we don't believe in endless committees and discussions, regurgitating the same subject in any number of different ways whilst never actually achieving anything. We are not your Opposition Party, who would lose their very purpose by winning election. We are not in this together with the Conservatives, nor showing solidarity with the Labour Party. We are not the third-stroke party who do not even warrant a mention. We want action, and we are the party to deliver.

Let us tell you about our vision for this great Britain.

We see a country where every single person has the same rights and opportunities as every one else. No one is discriminated against, no one suffers due to race, religion or creed. No one is to enjoy advantage at the expense of others.

We see a nation of well educated, well adjusted individuals. Crime levels will become negligible, and productivity will reach an all time high. Unemployment will be non-existent. Delinquency and ASBO culture will be a thing of the past, rather than the badge of dubious honour it is now. Hoodies will not be hugged.

We see a National Health Service which keeps our nation healthy, protects us from disease and is a leader in pharmaceutical and physiological advance.

Now, we know what you are thinking. We have described a Utopian paradise so perfect it must be unachievable, particularly in Newton-under-Wetherly. Just because our wonderful town has been entrenched in the politics of the Trenchford-Trenchforts does not mean we do not have the imagination, or the vision to make this a reality. Let us show you how it will work.

There will be no discrimination on the grounds of religion, for there will be no religion. A higher being is such an outdated concept, given Man's technological advances in physics and biology. Now, please don't misunderstand, there will be people who will be very attached to their religion, and understandably so; the indoctrina-

tion since childhood is a strong, but we have a foolproof strategy to address this reluctance on behalf of the people.

The populace will, of course, be asked to recognise the truth of the new super-secular society, but those that choose not to will not be forced to do so: we do not wish to create martyrs of these people. They will be allowed to live their lives until their natural end believing whatever they choose. It may be that, should these people's continuing self-delusion adversely affect the mainstream population, they will need to be housed on designated reservations, but this remains to be seen. Once we have refined the current Newton-Under-Wetherly residents, it is likely that vast swathes of the Castle Hill estate will be available for such segregation needs, and the requirement for security and correctional personnel will also contribute towards creating jobs for everyone still entitled to take one.

Meanwhile, in Wetherly School and any permitted colleges in the surrounding area, any religious or spiritual teaching will be replaced by a new super-secular subject, where inquiries into the fabric of space and time will be welcomed and encouraged, and, in time, new discoveries will be borne of this young mass of minds. Students will be encouraged to educate their parents, and grandparents in the correct ways of the world, and to report those who refuse to see the light. While splitting up families is regrettable, we will be able to utilise the current social care system to identify families where children might be at-risk so we can act accordingly in cases of actual, and suspected, spiritual abuse.

Racism will also become a thing of the past. A range of acceptable criteria will be drawn up, with reference to both the current and traditional genetic makeup of this land, and the 'ideal resident' characteristics will be published. Those who clearly do not fit within the advisory range may feel relocation to a somewhere more suited to their type would be more appropriate, and dedicated local government representatives will visit these people in their homes to help and encourage them to make the move. These people will, of course, be given details of destinations with less stringent criteria, and their passage to their new, more suitable home, will be assured. Future arrivals at Newton Junction will require a visa to ensure those disembarking are indeed the right sort of people for our town.

Immigration, however, will not necessarily become a thing of the past. Those meeting the initial criteria may attend an interview, in English, to determine their suitability for entrance. After all, when attending a job interview, sensible employers will always assess a potential new employee's fit with the existing team; indeed failure to do so may cause disharmony and distress. And our existing, streamlined and refined team is always our first priority.

There will be no unemployment as the state will provide jobs for all. Capitalism will become a crime: no fat cats will prosper whilst underprivileged starve under this Government. Those unable to undertake traditional roles will be assessed for other skills that could be of use to the wider community. At some level, every person will make a valuable contribution to our nation, be it through managing a production team, performing valuable scientific research, or, particularly in the case of stubborn citizens who do not see the value of the new regime, in helping research teams on an altogether more fundamental, experiential level.

Crime levels will fall. This will be due, in part, to the elimination of certain sections of the current community through the

refining of the citizenship, but will also be affected by the new penalty regime we propose, together with additional measures that will be introduced to eliminate poverty and underprivileged sections of the community.

Crimes will be punished by removal of the offending part. For example, a thief will lose a hand, a rapist his manhood, a murderer his life. Although this may seem extreme, repeat offenders will be rare.

Poverty and disadvantage tend to affect certain, specific sections of towns, cities and regions, and Newton-Under-Wetherly is no different. Despite all our other, far reaching measures, there is only one way to ensure these circumstances cannot self-perpetuate. We therefore propose a reproduction licence system. Requests will be considered from persons of relevant child bearing age and approval will depend on a number of criteria, to include parental IQ, family pedigree and level of contribution to the regime. Careful monitoring of the population will also be possible, to ensure stable, sustainable levels are maintained. Unlicensed pregnancies, and their products, will become property of the state.

We will break our ties with Europe and become Great once again. Our major industries, including the Newtonberg Cake Factory, an idea so cruelly stolen by one of our European neighbours, will become nationalised to return the power to the people. People will work for the reward of contributing towards the greater good of themselves and their neighbours.

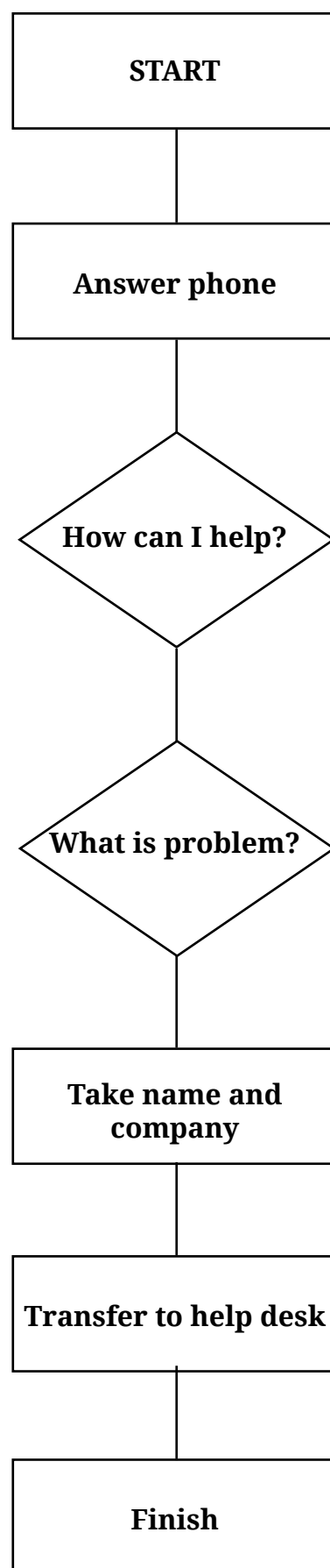
A particular area in which this will make significant difference will be that of the National Health Service. It grieves us to see scientists working in the pay of vile capitalist pharmaceutical companies, who can then charge the state extortionate prices for the drugs they produce. Who are they to put a price on life?

In future, all scientists will be employed by the state of Newton-Under-Wetherly. Heavy taxes will be levied on any private pharmaceutical companies that oppose such a measure. Scientists that come willingly will be rewarded. Those who resist will be encouraged to change their view.

And there you have it, our vision for the future. Britain can be Great again, starting with Newton-Under-Wetherly, but only with your help. All you need to do is put an X in the box on polling day next month, and our vision can become a hitherto unimaginable reality in our great town.

We hope we have given you sufficient information to make the right decision on polling day, but it is, after all, your decision, and should you decide not to vote for us, that is entirely up to you.

We will, of course, send representatives round to visit you following the election to ask you why you personally voted for Mr. Left-of-the Middle, or Mr. Useless Liberal (who all look alike to us), once we have collated our data on who has voted for whom, or worse, not voted at all. We would urge you to please, please think carefully before making your mark on the ballot paper, as we would hate you to regret it, repeatedly, later.



Last Will and Testament of Sir Howard Trenchford-Trenchfort

I, Sir Howard, being of sound mind, declare this to be my last will and testament, naming as the executor of my estate:
In the event of my death, the following assets to be donated to: St. Drogo's Poetry Foundation

- one Range-Maker caravan, beige.
- collection of rare gin bottles (26)
- Stuffed pheasant "Gerald"
- My collected 'works' including my journal

Deposition On My Departure:

I am not, or, if you are reading this in the event of my untimely demise, indeed was, an evil man. Perhaps a little too...determined in my passions, enjoyed the odd drink and sometimes a little too oft to drone on in explication, but as I am now dead, I feel I have somewhat earned that right.

I now find myself gubflushed and half-done over by betrayal and poor quality spirits, broken on the rocks of financial insecurity and with my name and reputation tarnished and dragged through the mudflats of shame and defecated upon by the resentful gulls of the media, but one day, I shall find peace and fly away from this dyspeptic isle.

I am not an evil man, but nonetheless I have stood accused and been found slightly wanting. Having been made bankrupt (twice) in a mere few months, I am more familiar now with the cruel twist of fates that befalls so many homeless types, gypsy scum and benefit-users, and having fallen myself, I can further appreciate their situation, I merely had further to fall. My once-faithful community support, the obedient media, my equally moral politicians and the voters of the town I fought quite hard to serve, have all turned their backs on me and as the by-election in my former constituency grew in pace and ferocity, they picked over every spoil of my patchy but very long-serving career as a man of the people and a knight of the realm. And no matter which way they vote come election time, if at all, and whatever vegetarian, euro-philic, lefty-liberal, poor-hugging manifestos they may subscribe to, it will soon become clear that, as in life, there are no real winners in the political game, only new faces.

Signed:

Sir Howard Trenchford-Trenchfort

Witnessed by:

Signatory 1:

Signatory 2:



FLAMING PHOENIX SPOTTED AT WHITE CLIFFS

Locals are baffled a flaming figure was seen to launch itself from a great height into the sea in the south beach area of White Cliffs.

Covered in what some onlookers described as “a cloak of feathers”, many of them white, the alleged mythical creature was seen to run off of cliff edge flapping its so-called wings and after a brief moment of near-flight, was seen to plunge in a noticeably steep downward trajectory.

Professional bystander, Laurence Turbin witnessed the event: “ooh well, I don’t know about all that phoenix nonsense; looked like a bloke in a bird suit to me, only difference was he were alight, like that Icarus in them old films off the telly.” Experts were keen to stress that Icarus in fact flew too close to the sun and his wax wings melted, not burst into flames.

There is speculation that the alleged phoenix is in fact disgraced ex-MP for the nearby town of Newton-Under-Wetherly, Sir Howard Trenchfort-Trenchford. Several local politicians from the area refused to comment on the incident, perhaps Sir Howard’s last in a series of scandals that have rocked the Home Counties and beyond. A Green Party member, who wished to remain anonymous said: “Well, he always liked a drink, and if it was old Howard, I think it’s interesting, perhaps ironic, he went out in this way, given his, um, relationship with winged animals, and the fact that the town crest of Newton contains a pigeon. A very stupid bird, nonetheless capable of flight. I only hope this doesn’t inspire a spate of copycat animal sacrifices, that’s for the great earth, Gaia, to decide.”

Police are still conducting enquiries and are appealing for more intelligent witnesses, as well as checking nearby zoos for missing birds of around six-feet in height.



LANDSLIDE ELECTION – TRENCHFORD WINS!

After a close by-election race, deviant ex-MP, Sir Howard Trenchford has been declared the new MP for Newton-Under-Wetherly and is now facing calls for his reinstatement and return from exile.

Through a huge voter turnout of 1,241 people, the most ever for any candidate, let alone one presumed dead/missing and who was not actually featured on voting slips, the electorate have spoken. Swing figures show a marked rejection of the three major parties and numerous smaller groups who campaigned on a variety of platforms from racism and isolationism, to neo-liberal and far-right stances.

A spokesperson for the Electoral Commission has refused to comment, simply stating that there are a series of difficulties, in spite of his absence, in granting Trenchford the victory, least of all because the relevant election fees and paperwork had not been submitted, in full, by the candidate by the appropriate deadline.

It is unknown whether a proxy, “runner-up” MP will be put in his place, or whether the entire member of parliament governmental structure will be rejected by the town, in favour of localised, home rule. But what remains clear, is that the people of Newton-Under-Wetherly, the honest voters and constituents, will always get the leader they deserve.

Credits

Shelley Campbell
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/shelleycampbell>

Suky Goodfellow
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/sukygoodfellow>

Jack Redfern
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/jackredfern>

David Ross
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/4667d908-d5b2-416f-b0e1-a23400169dd0>

Andrew Blair
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/andrewblair>

Maxime Webster
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/MPonsWebster>

Rosa Lia
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/rosalia>

Adam Langley
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/66643baa-cc17-4a23-b544-9f7300c3dd4d>

Dan Bellenger
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/d1dd4cf7-2111-43c2-9ae8-a21300332204>

Paul Wimslett
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/958d4c1d-fc20-41f1-90fe-a20600d98e2e>

Constance 'Kubla Khan' Smith
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/d04e1e96-d97e-4e9b-86cb-a20e01301df2>

Sam Thewlis
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/7b00736b-98a9-4cb5-9f4f-a082012b6ec1>

DJ Simpson
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/djsimpson>

Neil Laurenson
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/nlaurenson>

Jessica Sian
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/0cc74787-5c55-4f1f-a988-9fbf016fae6c>

Lynda Clark
<http://www.ideastap.com/People/LyndaClark>

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