

Lamonic Bibber's Second Best, & Only, Newspaper

The Lamonical Chronicle



Mystery of 'Bermuda Puddle' on high street

» 'Bermuda Puddle makes people disappear,' warns greengrocer

» 'Bermuda Puddle – don't go too near,' he adds

Mustapha Wisp reports

It looks like any normal puddle of water, such as you might see after a heavy rainstorm or a water-pistol fight between two rival gangs of ape-men. But the puddle which sits outside Fibbles' greengrocers on the high street hides a terrifying secret - it quite literally makes people disappear. 'The puddle turned up around the end of May, after a heavy rainstorm or a waterpistol fight between two rival gangs of ape-men,' said Mr Reg Fibbles, who has run his greengrocers shop for over fifty years. 'As soon as I saw it I knew there was something wrong. I didn't like it. I found it sinister.' And Mr Fibbles' insane suspicions were soon confirmed. That afternoon the puddle claimed its first victims, a group of Japanese tourists. 'I looked out my window and I saw them walking along,' recalled the grocer. 'I tried to warn them to stay away from the puddle but they splashed right through it. I never saw them



Reg Fibbles: 'You have to believe me!'

again.' Since then a number of other people have vanished, including a group of Swedish tourists,

a fat businessman from Argentina, a couple of Spanish hitchhikers, a visiting Belgian pop star and an entire class of French schoolchildren over on an exchange. 'They all walked too near the puddle, and they all disappeared,' Mr Fibbles told reporters, his lip trembling. But is the 'Bermuda Puddle,' as the grocer calls it, really to blame for these disappearances? 'There are some things in the world which we simply can't explain,' Mr Fibbles explained. 'The Bermuda Puddle is one of those things. It is sinister. Sinister. SINISTER!' At this point the greengrocer broke down and had to be removed from the press conference. 'It is sinister!' he shouted as he was led from the room. 'You have to believe me! Don't go too near!' However, not everyone agrees with Mr Fibbles' theory. In fact no one agrees with Mr Fibbles' theory. 'It's just a puddle,' said Old Granny. 'None of these people have actually "disappeared". They were over here on business or holiday, or on school trips. And now they've flown back home, that's all.' When told that the greengrocer thought the puddle was 'sinister', Old Granny remarked, 'Well, that's Reg Fibbles for you. He's never been the same since that watermelon hit him on the head.'

The Museum of Last Week – where history comes alive!

» 'It's educational and free,' says museum's owner

» 'Actually it's not free, sorry, that was a mistake,' he adds

Malefica del Zankorta-Unwin-Jones-Stanley-Audiophile reports

What was life like last week? What sort of things did people experience all those days ago? Until now there's been no way to really know – but all that's about to change, thanks to a brand new museum which is about to open in the middle of Lamonic Bibber next to the fish and chip shop, no not that fish and chip shop, the other one, the one with the blue sign and that big plastic fisherman standing outside it, do you know the one I mean? 'People lived very differently last week from the way they do now,' said the museum's owner, Friday O'Leary. 'For instance, these days we have all sorts of amazing gadgets – electric toothbrushes, microwaves, iPods and so

forth. And last week we had those gadgets too; but they were a little bit newer. It will be amazing to see how those gadgets used to look a week ago.' Mr O'Leary said the inspiration behind the idea was simple: 'I just thought of it with my brain.' 'The Museum of Last Week is a fantastic idea,' said town mayor David Casserole. 'I have already donated two exhibits – some containers from an Indian takeaway I ate last Monday and a photograph of my foot taken on the Thursday just gone.' 'We are especially excited about the photograph of the mayor's foot,' said Mr O'Leary. 'Mayor Casserole has agreed to stand next to it for the rest of his life with no shoes on, so that visitors can have the chance to compare the photo of the foot to how his foot looks nowadays.' Other exhibits will include a copy of last week's *Lamonical Chronicle*, a marble that Mr O'Leary found in his nostril over the weekend and a squirrel who has been literally 'frozen in time', after falling into a tub of ice-cream on Wednesday afternoon. Mr O'Leary initially told reporters that entry to the museum would be free,

but then realised he'd just made a mistake, saying, 'In actual fact, entry will be very, very expensive as I'm saving up to take my wife on holiday.' *The Museum of Last Week opens this weekend. Admission £60 (£80 for children and pensioners)*



A-MAYOR-zing: How Mayor Casserole's foot looked last week

FLAN-tastic!

Girls are best when it comes to jumping into puds

Harvey Rosqueforth-Weatherbone reports

It is the oldest question known to humankind, debated for centuries by kings, philosophers and smelly old geezers in pubs. But now the ancient riddle - who is better at jumping into big bowls of pudding, girls or boys? - may finally have been answered. 'I've read all the books on the subject,' said Mr Greg Peterson, a 53-year-old baker from Wample-Upon-Stample. 'From "The Puddiad", written by the Greek philosopher Beardus in 34AD, to more recent works like Stephen Hawking's "A Brief History Of Children Jumping Into Puddings". But none of the books answered the vital question - who was better, girls or boys?' So eventually Mr Peterson decided to take matters into his own doughy hands, building an enormous pudding behind his shop. 'Using my skills as a baker I created a marvellous flan over two hundred feet long,' explained Mr Peterson. 'Then, using my skills as a guy who is good at placing an advert in a newspaper, I placed an advert in a newspaper asking for children to volunteer for the experiment.' In the event, eight children applied to take part - four girls, three boys and a weird skinny kid with a funny high voice, short hair and braces. 'I didn't know whether that one was meant to be a boy or a girl so in order to stop it from ruining my experiment I just set my dog on it to get it to leave,' admitted the baker. But then it was time to get to work. Mr Peterson chased the remaining children up a specially-constructed ladder and observed



Greg Peterson: Baker extraordinaire

them as they jumped into the flan to get away. 'The results were immediately clear,' he said. 'The boys were quite good at jumping into the pudding - but the girls were just that little bit better. They screamed slightly less, they were more graceful; and they didn't break quite as many bones as the boys did. On average, I'd have to say that girls are better when it comes to jumping into puds.'

[Editor's note: Shortly after speaking to our reporter, Mr Peterson was arrested on various criminal charges and is currently awaiting trial.]

Bibbering Through The Ages

PART 12 IN OUR OCCASIONAL SERIES ABOUT THE HISTORY OF LAMONIC BIBBER

Madame Strawberries

Madame Strawberries (1846-1902) was Lamonic Bibber's most famous strawberry-seller of all time. Born in Paris, Vienna, Algeria, Nowhere and Switzerland, she lived a carefree life until the age of six, when she was dropped into the English Channel by a raucous ostrich. For years she wandered the ocean bed, finally washing up on the shores of Lamonic Bibber covered in seaweed and with a lobster hanging from her nose. By now Madame Strawberries had grown into an old woman and she soon became a familiar figure in town. Each summer she would wander the streets with her basket of strawberries and her nose-lobster, calling out in her pretty French accent: 'Buy some strawberries or I'll burn your house down.' Much loved by the children of the town, who would steal strawberries off her at every opportunity, Madame Strawberries eventually died of 'caterpillar of the lungs', an illness I just made up.



HOROSCOPES

WHAT DOES YOUR FUTURE HOLD?
With Old Granny, who is 1/512th part gypsy.



Aries March 21 - April 19

Aries, sometimes it feels like everyone's against you and that they're all talking about you behind your back. But don't worry, I would never do anything like that. So cheer up - at least I'm on your side!



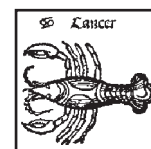
Taurus April 20 - May 20

Hey, Taurus, guess what? That Aries lot are complete idiots. And their breath smells of mackerel, and they can't even do sums and when they eat dinner they're all like, 'Oh, no, I just spilled loads of food all down myself because I'm a big stupid baby and I don't even know how to use a fork properly and I'm a complete and utter dur-brain.'



Gemini May 21 - June 20

Romance is in the air today, Gemini! In other words, you will fall in love with a seagull.



Cancer June 21 - July 22

Romance is blossoming today, Cancer! In other words, you will fall in love with a rose bush.



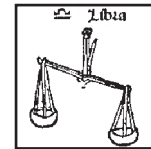
Leo July 23 - August 22

Romance is in the stars today, Leo! In other words, kleptomania chin saxophone Norway peanut.



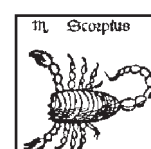
Virgo August 23 - September 22

Good news, Virgo! With the New Moon on the horizon and Jupiter's influence making itself felt, now would be an ideal time to buy Old Granny a lovely bottle of sherry to show how much you love her. Send your sherry to: Old Granny, That House Near The High Street Which Always Smells Of Sherry, Lamonic Bibber. And none of that cheap bargain-basement muck, thank you very much.



Libra September 23 - October 22

If you enjoy being run over by a six-ton lorry carrying scaffolding and other building supplies, today is going to be a real treat, Libra! Lucky you!



Scorpio October 23 - November 21

Do you ever get the feeling you're being ignored, Scorpio? Right, who's next?



Sagittarius November 22 - December 21

Today you will eat some blackcurrants. Tomorrow you will eat some blackcurrants. The day after you will eat some blackcurrants. The day after that you will eat some blackcurrants. The day after that, some blackcurrants will eat you. Serves you right, really, doesn't it?



Capricorn December 22 - January 19

Are you finding the newspaper harder to read these days, Capricorn? Perhaps you ought to get your eyes tested, you might need glasses.



Aquarius January 20 - February 18

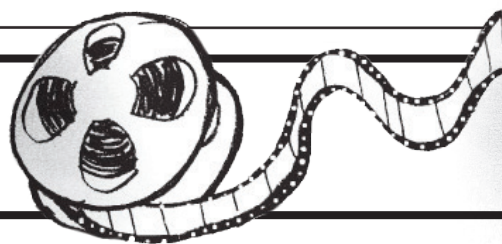
Aquarius, I don't want to worry you, but today you are going to fall into an alternate universe where everything's a bit different and nothing's quite right and your parents' eyes are the wrong way round and everyone speaks in riddles and people keep melting and it's really, really creepy and you'll never escape, no matter how hard you try.



Dinstromondicus February 19 - March 20

Hold on, there's no such sign as 'Dinstromondicus'. What's going on? Oh, no! I've fallen into an alternate universe where nothing's quite right! Help! Somebody help me! Oh, my god! What's THAT? Is he MELTING? AAAARRRRRRGGGGHHH!!

CINEMA SCENE



Steven Bripp reviews the latest film releases

Shoeworm

Based on Henry Bestseller's popular series of children's books, this delightful animated adventure features Shoeworm (voiced by John Travolta) getting into all sorts of trouble, like a bit where he goes for a drive but he can't actually drive and a monkey (voiced by John Travolta) has to help him out or something, and then I fell asleep so I didn't really see the end but it looked quite good overall.

RATING: ★★☆☆

Shoeworm's a wriggly winner for the kids this summer!

Shoeworm 2

Complete rubbish. It was exactly the same as the original 'Shoeworm' except there was loads of rap music added over the end credits and an extra scene where Shoeworm meets God.

RATING: ★

'Shoeworm 2'? 'Not-Very-Good-Worm 2', more like.

Bananafingers

Terrifying horror about a woman with massive long fingers who creeps through your house whispering 'Bananafingers! Bananafingers!' over and over again. Clocking in at almost a hundred hours, 'Bananafingers' is perhaps a little overlong. But first-time director John Travolta builds the suspense well, with plenty of shocks and a bit where you see a horrible goat just long enough to make you poo yourself with fright.

RATING: ★★☆☆

You'll never want to see a banana again after this!

Bag Of Sticks: The Movie – in 3D

Even worse than 'Shoeworm 2'. And it wasn't even in proper 3D at all, halfway through the film a fierce old man with a red beard just walks through the cinema poking you with a twig.

RATING: No Stars

Probably the worst film of all time.

Please Don't Eat Me, Clomper

John Travolta gives a remarkable and moving performance as Clomper, a grumpy old man whose life is changed forever when he finds a baby deer hiding in his kitchen. Slowly, the odd couple grow to be friends and the old man finds that happiness has finally entered his lonely existence. But one day Clomper runs out of food and he is forced to make a terrible decision.

RATING: ★★☆☆

It will have you smiling and sobbing in equal measure – just like life itself.

Robot 3000X And The Sparkle Ponies Battle The Cyclops People From Planet Fun

Don't be fooled by the name – this is just a trick to get children to watch it. In actual fact it is a very long lecture about the importance of brushing your teeth twice a day. And once it's started they lock the doors.

RATING: ★

Still quite a lot better than 'Bag Of Sticks'.

Scientists are scientists, say scientists

According to scientists, scientists are scientists – at least, that's the claim from top scientists working in the field of science. A team of scientists from the Scientific Science Institute of Scientists has spent the last ten years scientifically investigating over one thousand scientists to see whether or not they are scientists – and the final results have startled the scientific community of scientists. 'We studied the scientists using science,' the institute's leading scientist, Professor Ron Scientist, told an assembly of the world's top scientists at the Scientific International Science Conference of Scientists yesterday. 'And we were amazed to find that one hundred percent of scientists turned out to be scientists. This is a very exciting day for science,' he went on. 'We always suspected that scientists were probably scientists. But now we know for sure – and it's all thanks to scientists.'

Raisin travels 5,000 miles to see parents

A plucky raisin has miraculously travelled 5,000 miles around the world to be reunited with his parents. When the raisin, who hasn't got a name as he is a raisin, saw his mother and father being packed into a carton and sent off to be sold in Britain, he left his hometown in California, determined to find them. Braving fierce winds and hungry dogs, he hopped aboard a plane and was soon on his way to completing his astounding trip. The stowaway fruit later hitched a ride with a lorry which brought him to Lamonical Bibber, where he entered the house of a local man, Friday O'Leary. 'I looked in my box of raisins,' said Mr O'Leary, 'and I noticed there was an extra raisin that definitely hadn't been there before. "How remarkable that this wrinkly little fellow travelled so far to be with his parents," I thought to myself. Then I ate him.'

Ink shortage 'nothing to worry about'

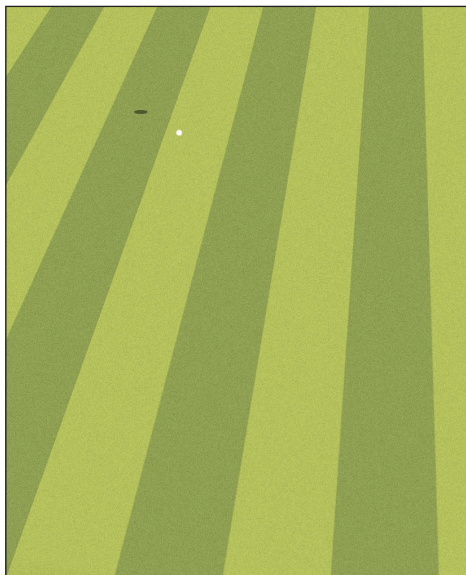
The editor of the Lamonical Chronicle has reassured the public that rumours of an ink shortage at the newspaper are not true. 'Despite what you may have heard, we've still got plenty of ink,' said Krinkel Turtlebatter yesterday. 'In fact, we've got so much of the stuff that

There's an ink shortage so we are leaving this bit blank.

Boring golf thing finally over

By our sports reporter, Jim Jupiter

A boring golf tournament thingy which went on for days or possibly even weeks is finally over, after a guy in a stupid pair of chequered trousers and a cap that made him look like an idiot beat another guy in an even more stupid pair of chequered trousers and a cap that made him look like an even bigger idiot. I don't know what the guy who won was called as I couldn't be bothered to find out, but he had blonde hair. The guy who lost also had blonde hair but it was a bit wavier. I think the guy who lost might have been called Carl something. Carl Robbins? Carl Robinson? Something like that, I'm not sure. Anyway, both of them spent absolutely ages whacking these pathetic little white balls around a giant park and trying to get them into this stupid little hole for no

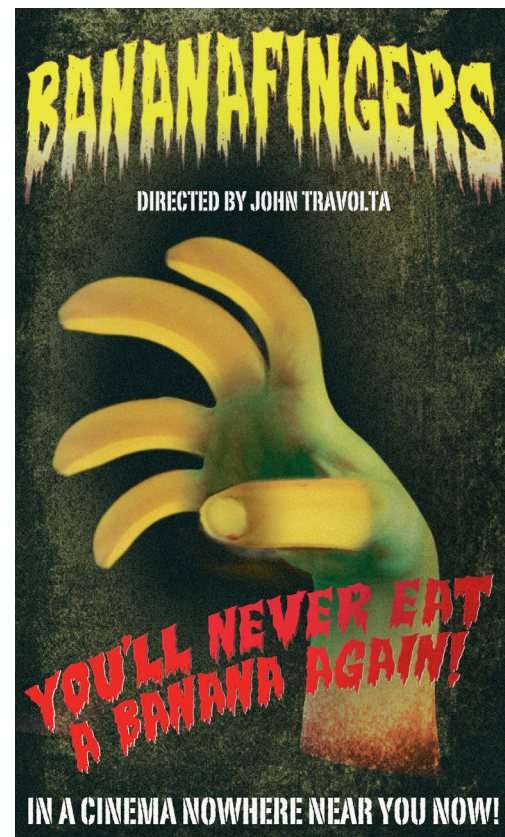


'G-O-L-F': the four most boring letters in the English language

reason anyone cares about. Sometimes the balls ended up in these idiotic sandpit things and sometimes they got lost in amongst some trees, which I'm sure you will agree is simply the most

uninteresting thing you can imagine. At one point one of the balls rolled towards a pond. It looked like it might fall in, which would at least have been quite funny. But it didn't. Eventually both of the blonde hair guys managed to get the balls into the hole. 'Thank god,' I said. 'It's over at last.' But no. It turned out there were SEVENTEEN MORE HOLES still to go. I couldn't believe it. It was like a bad dream. After another few hours I was so bored that I was crying. Actually crying. It really was one of the worst experiences of my life. I'm sorry if that sounds mean but you should have been there. It was so, so dull. I mean, seriously. It was dreadful.

Final score: Don't know, don't care. Leave me alone.



Oi, Trousface!
You looking at these
NEW book
jackets?

