

# SIXTH SENSE

ISSUE 16 \*30p

**Bernie  
The Brown  
Pirate.**

**Justin  
Zaman, on  
the job.**

**Rob Hooker  
tackles  
world  
problems.**

**Alarming  
results of a  
storm in a  
teacup**



*The all new*

# SIXTH SENSE

*Magazine*

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storm in a teacup
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## Thanks to...

Mrs Lenton  
Mr Futter  
Mr Mortimer  
Ralph's Dad

## Production & Design:

Ralph Windsor  
Ross Parry  
Justin Zaman

## Art Director: Darryl Hartley

## Contributors:

Justin Zaman  
Mr Mortimer  
T.L  
Alan Roots  
Tim Leunig  
Simon Nicholls  
Justin St. Ruth  
Ross Parry  
Gavin Badcock  
Rob Hooker

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# GIZZA JOB!

**HAS THE CAPED CRUSADER GONE TOO FAR WITH HIS LATEST EXPLOITS IN KICKING THE POOR INNOCENT SIXTH FORMER WHERE IT HURTS - IN HIS POCKET!**

**JUSTIN ZAMAN INVESTIGATES THE CONTINUING PROBLEM OF SIXTH-FORMERS HAVING JOBS AGAINST THE BETTER JUDGEMENT OF THE HEAD....**

As a result of sheer dedication and almost fanatical devotion, Adrian Giles has clawed his way up from the humble role of "Trolley Boy", to the astronomical responsibility of second, stand-by, reserve cucumber arranger in the infamous Safeways grocery department. However, this promotion is under attack from the combined forces of Bentall and Williams,

So who are these "offenders"?

Obviously it is not as if every sixth-former dons brown flares on Saturday morning, trundles trolleys and stacks shelves for two pounds an hour- there are non-conformists who insist that work and study are two separate monsters and not a gruesome hybrid.

However no article on



produce preoccupation would be written without the view from the top-and so the two intrepid reporters interviewed Mr. Bentall in the claustrophobic

surroundings of his personal cabin. This would hopefully answer some of the various quotes buzzing around the Common Room- is the Caped Crusader really worried about sixth formers earning an honest bob on Saturdays rather than mauling each other in jolly good rugger matches? Is he really out of touch with our needs? Is he really frightened someone

will earn almost half as much as he is? With these burning issues on our minds, myself and Ross Parry started the interview...

BHB: Mr Hall only objected when the

case was really serious and he often talked of the value of part-time employment as work experience. RP: Is there not hypocrisy in saying that jobs may affect study but school sports? Mr Williams says he prefers the sport side and has met certain members of L6 about it. BHB: This takes us back to the list of priorities -some commitment to the school must be shown. If sport alone is affecting the study, then action may be taken.

JZ: Does the job matter - surely the school encourage work experience in the right places. BHB: All jobs give experience of a work environment and an authority structure, rather than the benevolence of us teachers, but career related jobs in places like chemist's and as sales assistants is certainly better than shelf stacking. Financial independence should



son's Mathematical School

Maldstone Road,  
ROCHESTER,  
Kent.  
ME1 3EL

2nd March 1990



Name: John Feege  
G.C.S.E. Results: 6B's, 2C  
Chemistry, Biology, Maths  
A Level options: I can't find one - John seems to be super average. All he needs now is a Ford Sierra and a wife with 2.3 kids  
'Niche' in School: No job so no consequences. John did apply to Toys 'R' Us but did not take it. He wants success in his A levels and this takes precedence over having a job. Being the lad he is though, he wants to spend his free time wisely - in the pool room.

Career Ideas: The definition of specific - John aspires to be a Canadian Forestry Officer - a forest ranger to me and you. Obviously John still lives in Dreamland - Jellystone Park in his case, but lets not discourage him.



Name: Kuldeep Gill  
G.C.S.E. Results: 2A's, 3B's, 1C, 2D's  
A Level options: English, Economics, History  
'Niche' in School: Not much higher than subterranean but better than some. Kully was not chosen as a prefect but does take part in numerous school activities - well one really, Sixth Sense!

Job and Consequences: An interesting situation. Gill was a thirteen hour week man of the infamous SAINSBURY'S for about four months, on Fridays and Saturdays. He soon realised there were more exciting things to life than punching buttons and getting rich and gave it up - he also wanted more free time, part of which was for schoolwork. He may get a summer job.

Career Ideas: Wants to go into the laugh-a-minute, action filled world of stockbroking. Work experience would be hard here except for playing around with your Dad's B.P. shares.

Dear Parent,  
LOWER SIXTH ECO  
I have organised  
Lloyds of Lor

Boys will need to meet  
transport and lunch  
10.05 a.m. out  
We will then  
and expect to



Name: James Mould  
G.C.S.E. Results: 7A's, 1B  
Physics, Maths,  
A Level options: Geography  
'Niche' in School: Sky high: a favourite of many a teacher, member of numerous school teams and of course, chosen as assistant prefect - seems almost perfect...

Job: Here the rebellion starts. James works six hours on Saturdays and three and half hours on Monday and Thursday evenings at Safeways - as a cashier.

Consequences: James expects to drop this cushy job in the summer. His schoolwork is only affected in that he does it at abnormal times - and places too, probably. He did admit it affected his social life - no further questions: A major consequence was a little meeting with the venerable head over a little matter of Saturday rugby - James seems to have won his independence and keeps the job. Nothing specific but expects to go to university. He would do unpaid work experience if necessary.

Will you please  
below.

Yours sincerely

A. J. Lazzari  
Head of Economics

Career Ideas:

be lower down the list of priorities if all it is for is stereos and mopeds. The M6 have realised that a job is secondary to study and are facing the consequences a year late.

RP: Is a pupil contracted in to helping the school? If a talented boy does not want to do his sport for the school and have a job instead can he do so?

BHB: Ultimately teachers have the responsibility of the well being of the pupil and if he is not helping himself nor helping the school to help him, he should get done with it and leave the school rather than wasting his time.

RP: How many hours do you think would be excessive for an A level student?

BHB: Anything more than six hours - all of which should really be on a Saturday. Twelve hours including weekdays is far too much and makes for bad preparation of assignments and essays. For the moment there will be no 'stamping out' but if hours/jobs correlate with poor exam results, then we may no longer choose to

have students any more if they will not give up jobs.

RP: To conclude do you think Mr Williams has been making blanket presumptions rather than looking at individuals and what can we expect to see in the future over this issue?

BHB: Since myself and Mr Williams rarely have personal contact, it is up to house tutors to have a 'pastoral responsibility' in a pupil's social and academic lives. If Mr Williams wanted to take some action, I would lay down both sides of the argument but I cannot comment on the pupils he has already seen. Sixth formers will miss out if they have a 'self-centered knot'. They still need a little direction, less than the juniors but more than in an adult situation.

Well if that does not answer your questions, I can hardly blame you - but this glorious article has to end sometime - so what can be salvaged from it? Well, a job will give you independence from school and family - but dependence on having to wear silly

uniforms and doing petty jobs on your week end - to avoid this, do not work in a supermarket unless you want to be annoyingly boring. A job will give you something to do at weekends if you are so anti social that you stay in all day watching the Chart Show or your friends are unavailable since they are working too. A job will excuse you from playing rugby or hockey or whatever the school wants you to do - but expect a little chat with the man in the cape. A job will give you work experience (unless it is a supermarket, for reasons blatantly described previously). Most of all, a job will give you MONEY, to spend it on your stomach or the little Mini next year or the latest Kylie single (though the latter may put you back more than you might want to both in the pocket and that stuff between your ears.) However a job, will force you to do that assignment after the ten o'clock news and not before it and on the bus rather than in the bedroom. So here comes the little lecture, the moral

of the epic - should we really be mixing work and study; if you want to work, should you leave school at the same leave school at the same time and get a job as an office boy, five days a week for the rest of your living years - and if you want to study should you not quit your job and make sure you go to 'uni' and eventually get an executive job with the chance of a sickeningly high wage packet? If you cannot decide though, college would be the best idea especially if you have school commitments - bit late now though! Whatever you decide to do, remember that decision will be yours, not anyone else, after all you are a big lad now, however the consequences will be yours also.

Thanks to Mr Bentall, Ross Parry, Darryl Hartley, the three case studies.

Written by Justin Zaman one Sunday night at eleven, Shelf Arrangement Dept., Sainsburys.

Another issue concerning the storm of the 25th January, is the danger and damage involved. There were many warnings issued by the media on the previous day advising NOT TO GO OUT UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

But what happens? Everyone listens intently to Radio Kent or Invicta, fervently praying that their school will be closed. There was no joy however, and everyone was expected to trundle to and fro school being buffeted by the wind. With 40 people being killed nationwide by doing exactly this sort of travelling, I think that this was an irresponsible risk to take. One of our treasured secretaries, Mrs. Bassett, was quite seriously injured when she was blown over in the playground during the fire drill. This is one injury that could have been much graver, and one which would definitely have been avoided had the school been closed and had Parker been castrated with blunt cheese-wire. At 3.00p.m, shortly after the damage to the hall

roof, there was panic on the part of the head teachers. Admittedly though, P-Hall and the main lobby acted as quite efficient "safe-houses" even with the lack of foresight. Many teachers had their tempers frayed, including Mr. Barnett, Mr. Heather and Mr. Argent, when their cars were seriously damaged by flak from the hall roof. Just to make matters worse, Kent County Council outrageously denied any liability concerning insurance!

The Hall has suffered tragically, and according to Mrs. Heather Cook, co-financial director of the school, new stage curtains alone will set back a "cool" 12,000 ! The wrath of the storm would appear to be a pathetic fallacy - perhaps anger vented at Mr. Parker for his misdemeanours, or even at the sixth-form for their antics concerning desks, toilet cisterns and the like! Whatever the cause, we mourn the loss of our main assemblies while the governors cry over spilt milk costing\* tens of thousands.

# Another Storm In a Teacup ???

**Alan Roots**

# FOOL INJECTED

Once cannot help but notice the large number of cars in the lower car park owned by sixth formers. Sixth Sense can now, however, reveal the truth about the standard of driving in the Maths School Sixth form. We have a number of potential "Mansells" to contend with . Firstly, and most infamously we have Adam "I drink 'Unlis, [? - Production dept. When writing again, why don't you XXXX keep of the amber nectar.] and drive an Escort Mark I," or at least he did until the liquid gold finally got the better of him, and in a deliberate act of self defiance he crashed head-on into a van - succeeding in writing off his precious Mark I in the process. Fortunately Adam was

not badly injured, since his head took the majority of the impact. Adam, remains resolute and claims the van's lights were not on; neither are the lighter on stationary vehicles - fortunately no one was so selfish as to park a car in Adam's path without first erecting a neon warning sign. This next brings me to Neil Martin and his extra-cautious driving style. Yes, Neil succeeded in having two accidents in the same hour - quite exceptional, and he wasn't even trying. Firstly, Neil reversed straight into a lamp post. However, we can excuse Neil this, the reduced visibility of his vehicle; caused by his very careful collection of stick on Garfields. (Rumour has it that he

has more cuddly toys than Gamleys -we leave it for you to judge for yourself). After this minor oversight by Neil, he returned to school, obviously being even more cautious after his earlier accident, and crashed straight into Curly's fence (stupid place to put it anyway). Next we come to Peter Giles and the "Mac" lads escapade. On returning from an extra curricula visit to Macdonalds one lunchtime, he happened to take a certain corner perhaps a bit too quickly. This coupled with some unsuspecting O.A.P. leaping headlong in front of the car (poetic licence) he succeeded in losing control, skidding uncontrollably towards

a row of bollards. Fortunately, with his cat like reactions he managed to to turn away at the last minute, only hitting the curb, and buckling his front wheel in the process. This worried the usually care-free Pete, due to the car belonging to his girlfriend -never mind I'm sure he will talk his way out of it. Finally and certainly lastly we come to "Ansom" Sansom. This "man" wins the silver ghost award for driving excellence, mind you I'd be careful I was driving 10 k's worth of motor car. Written by T.L.



# Alarming

The consequences of the false fire alarm on the day of the great storm went further than being merely a broken square of glass, frozen bodies and frayed tempers. As there is now little risk of gratifying the warped mind of the miscreant who pulled the stunt, 'Sixth Sense' can reveal the full extent of the damage caused.

In the first place, with the whole school trooping out on to the field for at least twenty minutes, over two hundred and fifty hours of teaching time were lost: i.e. twelve days or

school having been misdirected through the 'cage' on to the field, many boys fell over on the churned up slope which at one moment resembled Ypres after the third battle. Some took it philosophically, juniors were in tears. Inevitably the school was awash with mud for the remainder of the day, which resulted in the already hard-pressed cleaners falling behind in their schedules.

To add to this, with the storm stripping the dinning hall and damaging several cars, all staff and pupils in the

registers, was bowled over in the middle of the *melée* and had to be taken to hospital. With a badly bruised shoulder, which has kept her off school, on sick pay, for several weeks, this in turn has put pressure on the office staff. The registers freed from Mrs Basset's arms, took flight and were pursued by senior pupils, who recaptured perhaps half of them in a filthy state - from R.G.S. Those not recovered had to be replaced and all details copied up again, a soul-destroying chore, which wasted about

mud outside.

It was then, in terms of time, money and ink, a rather costly prank for which the boy concerned was promptly suspended by the Head. There are those, however, who believe that he should have been suspended by some other part of his anatomy.

# Results

forty eight working days, which is equivalent to one pupil being off school for nine and half weeks. Secondly the

area were theoretically in charge of their lives. There was, in fact, one casualty. Mrs Basset, who had brought over

another thirty hours of staff time. Lastly, and certainly for her not least, Mrs Exley lost part of a jewellery set given to her at Christmas in the





Dear Keith  
having received  
your inflatable...

As I sit once again in the opulent surroundings of the upper room of the Queen's College library (described in the prospectus as "the finest single room in Oxford") my thoughts turn from the many other things that occupy it, to that well known, but rather small aspect of Oxford life - academic work.

Academic work is rather like rowing - everybody associates it with Oxford, but few people here throw themselves into it with any enthusiasm, although to be fair, it must be said that there are more enthusiastic rowers than academics. I do not

know of anybody who chooses to get up at 5.30 to work, though many apparently sane people suffer from some strange compulsion to get up at this unearthly hour on cold, wet mornings in order to practice with The Queen's College fifth boat, which is about as prestigious as being selected for a house cross-country team.

They proffer lame excuses such as "Well, why not?" Having to get up at 5.30 seems to be a perfectly good reason to me, but sport seems to bring out the strangest aspect of peoples' characters. Perhaps I am not the best person to appreciate sporting

enthusiasm, as I have not become involved in any sport at all, although I might try a little gentle croquet on the lawns of the front quadrangle this summer. (By the way, I would be grateful if innumerable people would tell Mr King off most severely for describing me as untalented at sport at prize-giving recently; I did of course (as those of you with better memories than the deputy head will recall) heroically represent the school for three long years in cross-country, and feel most deeply offended by his forgetfulness). But I digress, for I was going to write about academic

life and dons in particular, who are a very strange bunch, by and large. However I seem to have run out of space, and as the trumpet has sounded for dinner, out of time as well and so I shall have to resume at some later juncture. On second thoughts, perhaps that sums up academic work perfectly - one always intends to do something about it, but somehow never quite gets round to it. Oh well...

**Tim Leunig**  
The Queen's College

# Simon Nicholls reveals(?) the meteoric fall of one D.Harley, also, how Si's shandy was spiked, but not stirred.

Well, here I am faced with the prospect of trying to accommodate all the "decent" sixth form gossip into one relatively brief column. Although not being particularly vindictive by nature I must say that the prospect of writing this column (and thereby securing my own exclusion) excites me.

There have been several ongoing "dramas" which, despite most people's continued familiarity, demand a certain amount of coverage.

An obvious example would be the eternal triangle of Fletcher, Holland, and a certain red-headed character from the "Garfield" cartoons. Indeed this saga is now one of the more documented items of scandal in the prefects' room.

Rather conveniently Valentine's Day falls

within the span of this column. Now for each one of you who walked into the common room without an inflatable heart or a red rose, there was another who had sat up all night writing himself one in a strange hand. In fact it was alleged by a rather wayward member of the lower sixth that Colin Wheeler would have entered the common room with a bag crammed full of such forgeries.

Now, there are still several Valentine's cards which have miraculously remained anonymous. I of course refer to the cards sent to Asim Sheikh and Peter Budd. Any information would be gratefully received.

I felt a gossip column which did not include the interests of the entire sixth form, would be unrepresentative of such a diverse group.

Consequently, I have decided to include the footballing interests of a rather large minority. Mark Harris and Ian Felton have been bemoaning the fact that they cannot find any quality opposition for their team, the undisputed champions of the sixth form (???), to play. So they would like any budding Matthew Le Tissiers to issue them a challenge. I have saved the most scandalous, the most shocking and indeed the most worrying piece of gossip until last. The shame to which I refer occurred at the second to fourth year disco of the ninth of February. A certain newly-appointed senior prefect; first team hockey player; member of Pepperland Goes Bluey; king of the bass (???); and wearer of a HARLEY-Davidson cap, discredited himself

by being ejected from the aforesaid disco. It's coming to something when an apparently responsible pupil finds it in himself to commit an act of such appalling depravity. The remorseless culprit had attempted to gain entry to the disco without a ticket. This behaviour alone is extremely reprehensible, and indeed brought tears to the eyes of the more impressionable first years present, but the full details of this sordid tale will merely compound the misery which any decent, respectable and upstanding pupil will feel when they read of this outrage. Daniel Harley of Wouldham (full address supplied to the editor), claims to have wanted to see John Kendrew who was running the tuck-shop with great efficiency and even greater profit (10p for a glass of water is a bit steep by even Perrier's "standards"). This perhaps is excusable considering his inebriated state (perhaps it was that pint of Strongbow again), but his intentions must be considered quite abominable. Harley obviously

wanting to disturb an artist at work, tried to gain access to the kitchen by a most unorthodox route; and all this to avoid paying a measly pound. The act of mercy which was his ejection was performed by Mr Nicholls with the full support of all sixth-formers present, including myself. Indeed, some were already forming a queue to help. As I see it only one course of action is open to the honourable majority of the sixth form, and that is to demand a full confession from the unrepentent culprit, here in these very pages of SIXTH SENSE. I hereby by throw down the gauntlet, although I dare say that Harley will respond with his unique brand of reactionary and juvenile comment personified by his own column. I have two post scripts to add. A rather lengthy post script which I wish to add concerns the depravity which was Jeff "I've just ripped your rose up" Doust's birthday celebrations. The fun started in the pavilion at Old

Hockey Club where Jeff downed a few swift jars before scorching back to our own pavilion where the birthday spirit continued to flow. The "Ginger Ninja" and I walked in, and Jeff immediately offered to buy us a drink (he was obviously pretty far gone already). Little did I know that Jeff had instructed 'Olland to put a "little extra something" in my drink, thereby shattering Jeff's image of maturity (Well Julia said it so it must be true!!!) The "posse" moved onto various establishments around the historic city of Rochester, where Jeff would continue to make a fool of himself. If you want the really embarrassing details then I suggest you ask either Tammy, me (when I'm not restricted by threats of libel) or anyone else even loosely associated with Jeff, and everyone knows there are a lot.



# Cheeky Chaz's Spiffing Whizo

## Tuck Box of Fun

### Uncle Keith's used match stick trick !

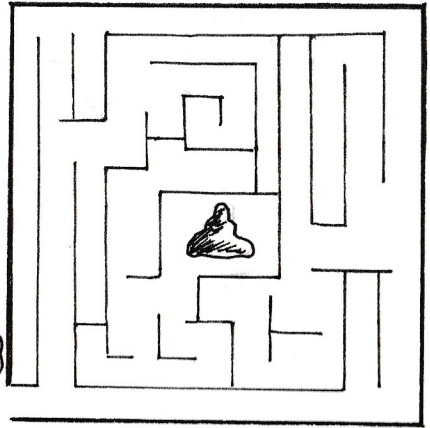
Using just seven slightly charred matches can you construct a cross-sectional third angle orthographic projection of the Elsmere Port Suspension Bridge?



ANSWER: Ho, ho, fooled you readers!! You really need eight matches (one broken in half).

### D.D.D.'s Dilema

In a class of 24, 14 boys have brown hair, 8 have blue eyes, 2 have red hair and brown eyes, 4 have blonde hair and blue eyes and 1 has no personality and neo-nazi tendencies. Which one will be made school captain?



### Humble Simon's Personality Game

Little Simon has lost his will to teach and can't find it anywhere! Guide him through the maze being careful to avoid;

*The smooth, suave, sophisticated but chauvanistic Maths teacher ready to humiliate poor Simon in open debate.  
The wicked winged Welshman and his enormous gun(oo-er!) ready to do some firing.  
The spiteful wit of his many faced lower sixth English set.*

GOOD LUCK...you'll need it!!

## Answers to issue 3

1. Wigan.
2. Yom kippur.
3. Darlington won the "Mitsubishi multi-part invitation trophy" (North East counties division) 3 - 2 on aggregate in 1975, NOT 1974, as many of you said.
4. 23 Lemons and a cheese grater
5. The Larch
6. False - Robert Hooker's is brown
7. flower, mushroom, amoeba, Sverreson (only in this order)
8. No, Mr. Fry does it EVERY Sunday
9. Once a year (and even then it misses)
10. "It puts the turtle's pen up so that the DOS can be patched above RAM overriding the ANSI codes which the programer leaves in all DEC 3864b machines" - Michael Evans (Nov 89)
11. Yes.

# *Another Ten Things You Wouldn't Much Like To Spend A Large Proportion Of The School's Funds On.*

1. Another selection of tasteful, colour co-ordinated high quality, plastic chairs.
2. Yet more potted plants, to enhance the natural beauty of the school lobby.
3. A reappraised portrait of Sir Joseph Williamsonian, in the style of Jackson Pollarck.  
A large hairy mamal to act as both school mascot and
4. "stress-reliever".  
To twin our beloved Math school with a leper colony in
5. Upper Volta.  
A self-assembly helicopter pad - for all those
6. "unexpected visits" from those spiffing chaps from the Royal Navy (Gor Bless 'em!).
7. Another Domesday computer for M.Evans to bugger up.
8. The employment of a full-time psycho-analyst to deal with "problems" of those pupils going through "the change"
9. Having the whole school painted yellow, inside AND out, and a sculpture of 43 colourblind iguanas straddled accross a tangerine light house to symbolise the essential nakedness of man's emotions
10. Replacement textbooks which were written after the reformation and have more than 50% of the pages left.  
*(Now come on that's just getting silly. -Ed)*

# Esquire

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FROM THE CHRONICLES OF WHIPPING  
YAWNS, SIXTH SENSE PROUDLY  
PRESENTS...

# BERNIE

THE  
'BROWN' PIRATE

SCRIPT: ROSS & JUSTIN

ARTWORK: DARRYL

LONG TIME AGO, WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND EVERY SPUNKY YOUNG LAD DREAMT OF ADVENTURE AND SPINNING TALES OF SUNKEN CHESTS, YOUNG DAVE HAWKINS STOWED AWAY ONE COLD WINTERS NIGHT ONTO A MIGHTY SHIP NAMED THE GREEN FROG WHICH SAILED UNDER THE COMMAND OF IT'S INFAMOUS CAPTAIN, JOLLY ROGER BA MA PHD.

BUT AFTER MANY LONG MONTHS AT SEA WITHOUT SIGHT OF LAND NOR HEDGEHOG THE MEN BECAME RESTLESS - MUTINY WAS IN THE AIR!! FINALLY, AS A RESULT OF JOLLY ROGERS ABYSSMAL DRESS SENSE AND HIS UNCANNY ABILITY TO TALK FOR DAYSON END ON THE SUBJECT OF RURAL AND AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT IN SOUTH EASTERN FRANCE IN THE POST WAR PERIOD HE WAS MADE TO WALK THE PLANK BY THE REBELLIOUS CREW, WHO NOW FOLLOWED THEIR NEW LEADER - BERNIE THE BROWN PIRATE (THE CHARISMATIC FIRST-MATE WITH A BROWN ATTIRE AND A PERSONALITY TO MATCH)

THIS, WITH A NEW CAPTAIN AND A SONG IN THEIR HEARTS OFF THEY JOLLY WELL SET, SEEKING STONKING ADVENTURES OF THIGH-SLAPPING PROPORTIONS...

AND THIS, SHIPMATES, IS WHERE OUR STORY BEGINS...



ADDITIONAL IDEAS: DARRYL WARTLEY

WRIGHT WOGER YOU  
WASCALLY WUFFIAN...  
PWEAPRE TO DIE !!!

BUT ALL IS AID WAS...  
IN WELLS SUNK NEAR  
THE COAST IN  
PERNEABLE ROCKS  
WHICH RECEIVE AN  
ADEQUATE SUPPLY OF  
FRESH WATER FROM  
THE RAINFALL, THE  
WATER ENCOUNTERED  
AT SEA LEVEL IS  
NOT SALT AS IT  
MIGHT FIRST BE  
EXPECTED...

THE LIGHTER  
FRESH WATER  
FLOATS ON THE  
HEAV...

ZAARGH!

THESE TRAUMATIC  
EVENTS TOOK THEIR  
TOLL ON CERTAIN  
MUSICALLY-MINDEL  
MEMBERS OF THE  
CREW...

NO SORRY! YOU  
JUST CAN'T  
DO THAT  
NO 'FRAIL  
NOT I THAT  
IT... GO  
THEN  
SHALL I?!!

SPLASH  
SPLASH

BLOODY 'ELL!!  
ANOTHER  
SPLASH!

AS USUAL, AS ONE  
MIGHT EXPECT,  
SEAMAN TROTSKY  
ASSESSES THE  
SITUATION IN  
HIS OWN INEVITABLE  
STYLE. ONLY A  
MAN LIKE  
TROTSKY COULD  
ROLL SUCH WORDS  
OFF HIS TONGUE  
TO OBTAIN THE  
HIGHEST IN  
LIBERAL COMMENTS  
WHEN SUCH  
OCCASIONS OCCUR...

WAKKES!

HOWEVER,  
AS HE PONTIFICATEES  
QUIETLY TO HIMSELF  
HE FAILS TO NOTICE  
A MENACING SILOUETTE  
THAT CREEPS SLOWLY  
ACROSS THE HORIZON...

THAT NIGHT THE  
CREW CELEBRATED  
THEIR NEW FOUND  
FREEDOM AND THE  
ARRIVAL OF THE  
LATEST RECRUIT,  
OUR YOUNG DAVE  
HAWKINS

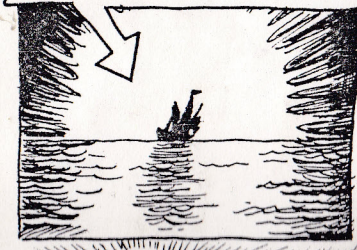
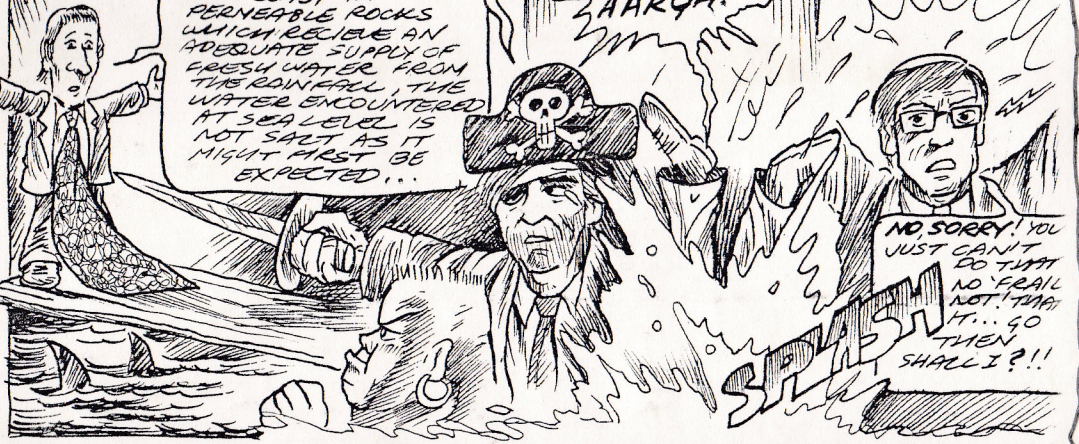
50-

CLANG!

YO HO HO!  
THE ADVENTURES  
BEGIN HERE  
MATEYS!!

A LAD OF GREAT  
CLAVACY, HONOUR  
AND LATE 18TH  
CENTURY POETIC  
ANALYSIS!!

DH00

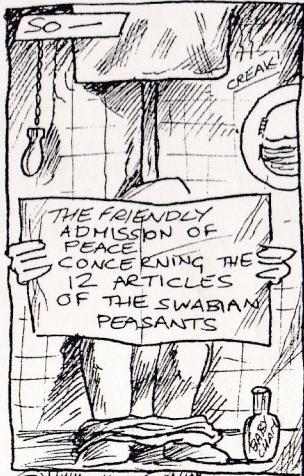
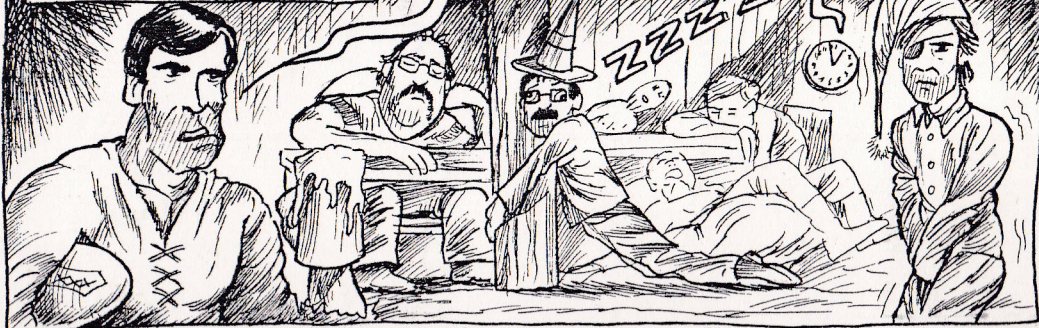




IN THE SLEEPY HOURS OF THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS A RESULT OF THE ROUNDY REVELLING, WEAK BLADDERS PREVAIL!

WOT?!! ONLY 32 PINTS OF UDDKA?!! YER GREAT BUNCH OF GIRLS BLOUSES !!

TIME TO GO TO THE LITTLE BOYS ROOM I THINK... FOR A JIMMY WIDDLE



WRIGHT! I AM AT MY WIMWITS END WITH YOU TWICKSTERS!



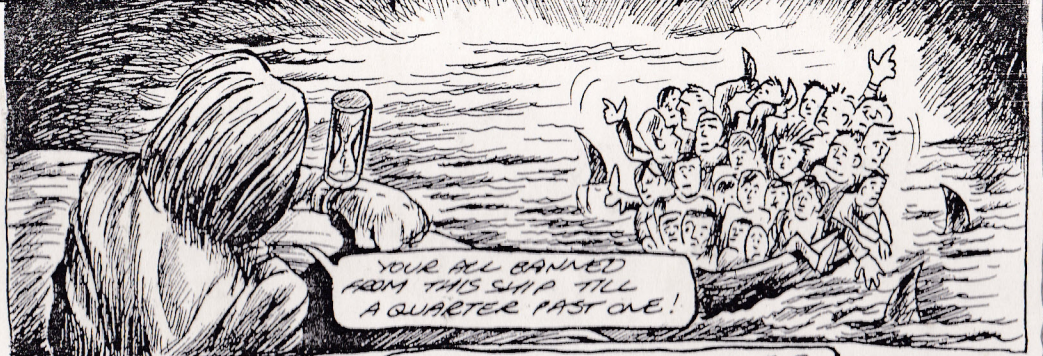
UNFORTUNATELY, THE TABLE WHICH THIS IRATE PIRATE DECIDED TO TAKE OUT HIS VIRILE INDIGNATION ON, WAS THE VERY SAME TABLE THAT SOME JOVIER HAD PREVIOUSLY TAKEN THE SCREENS OUT OF "FOR A LAFF!"

MEANWHILE — THAT MENACING SILHOUETTE HAS DEVELOPED INTO THE OUTLINE OF ... WHAT THAT?



THIS FINAL EXAMPLE OF WANTON DESTRUCTION PROVOKED OUR CAPTAIN TO TAKE DRASTIC AND DECISIVE MEASURES...

TUT TUT! YOU'D HAVE TO BE A TOTAL IDIOT TO THINK THAT A TANKER CAN SEE ITS A TRAIN!!



YOUR ALL BANNED FROM THIS SHIP TILL A QUARTER PAST ONE!

LATER —

WRIGHT! WHICH ONE OF YOU IS W RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE TWELVHEROUS MISDEMEANOURS ?!!

IT WAS HIM!!

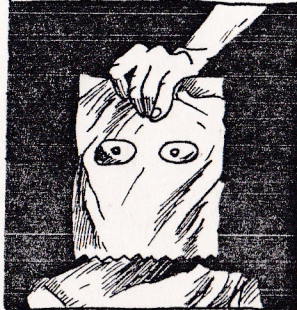


ROB WOODER THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE!

YES! THATS RIGHT, IT WAS MR LOWER SIXTH FORMER — THAT MYSTERIOUS ADOLESCENT WHO STEALS THE LAND, CAUSING HAVOC AND DISRUPTION WHEREVER HE GOES, BUT NEVER REVEALING HIS TRUE IDENTITY!!



THE ACCUSED WAS THEN REVEALED.



OLD KEITHY EXPLAINS...

SINCE I ARRIVED HERE I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE AN IMPACT BY CREATING A BIT OF CONTROVERSY. I WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED AS WELL IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU HEDDLING KIDS!!

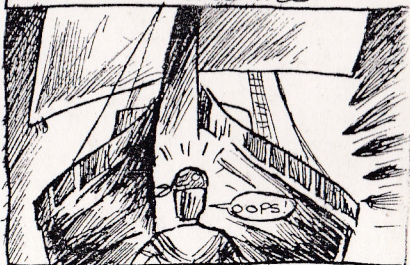
GASPS OF AMAZEMENT!  
IT WAS MR. WILLIAMS ALL ALONG!!

SCOOBY DOOBY DOO!

ONCE AGAIN, OUR OLD FRIEND SEAMAN TROTSKY FROM HIS REMOTE LOOKOUT POST, GRAPHICALLY EXPRESSES HIS SENTIMENTS REGARDING THE PRESENT SITUATION...



LOOK OUT BEHIND TROTSKY BECAUSE THAT ORSCURE SILHOUETTE HAS NOW SHOWN ITSELF TO BE... DIK DAK'S DEADLY DEMON Doves OF DEATH! THE GREEN GROSS DEADLIEST ENEMIES



AWARE OF THE FATE THAT LAY AHEAD OF THEM, THE CREW EMBARKED UPON THEIR LAST SUPPER.



YUM! THIS WINE IS DELICIOUS!

MORE BREAD ANYONE?

Doves

HMM! I'M STUCK HOW EXACTLY ARE WE GOING TO FINISH THIS THING?

EXCUSE ME MEN, I'VE JUST GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT 30 PIECES OF SILVER!!



I DON'T KNOW! WE DIDN'T THINK ABOUT AN ENDING!

GOT IT!! GET A LOAD OF THIS LADS! A HIGHLY DANGEROUS IRANIAN TERRORIST DESTROYS THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE BY MEANS OF A 'LIUMUNGAS INFLATABLE BANANA'!!!

YEAH! HE CAN BE DISGUISED AS RONALD MCDONALD!

OTHER TWO'S VOICES

NO! COME ON LADS! LETS STICK TO REALISM!

BANG



# Gav's Poetry Corner

Poetry Editor, Gavin Badcock presents a collection of poems produced by the very influential, "Toilet Wall" poets.

## MONEY

I love money, it's really good  
You can buy lots of lovely things  
Cars, clothes, records and a very trendy purple hood  
When I have lots my heart sings

William Sarstard, 1 Bridge

## STORMS AND GUSTY WINDS

Woooooooooooo the wind flies past  
It travels quickly, really fast  
When it blows it makes things fall  
Just like the roof of our school hall  
It pushes me about, I feel so small  
OH, oh ,oh I can't stand it all

B Swollox, 2 Pitt

## HAIR ON BALLS

I'm hard I am, bloody hard in fact  
Punching and swearing makes my day  
I kick in anyone who calls me gay  
I'm really crude and lack all tact  
"P\*ss Off" is my witty retort  
I smoke and drink and never get caught  
I've no hair on my balls, just my luck  
I like to keep pets, I have a duck.

D Wellard, 5 Pitt

GAV  
HIMSELF

# AUNTY FLO'S, RAVING MAD, INCREDIBLY CRYPTIC...

22

## ACROSS:

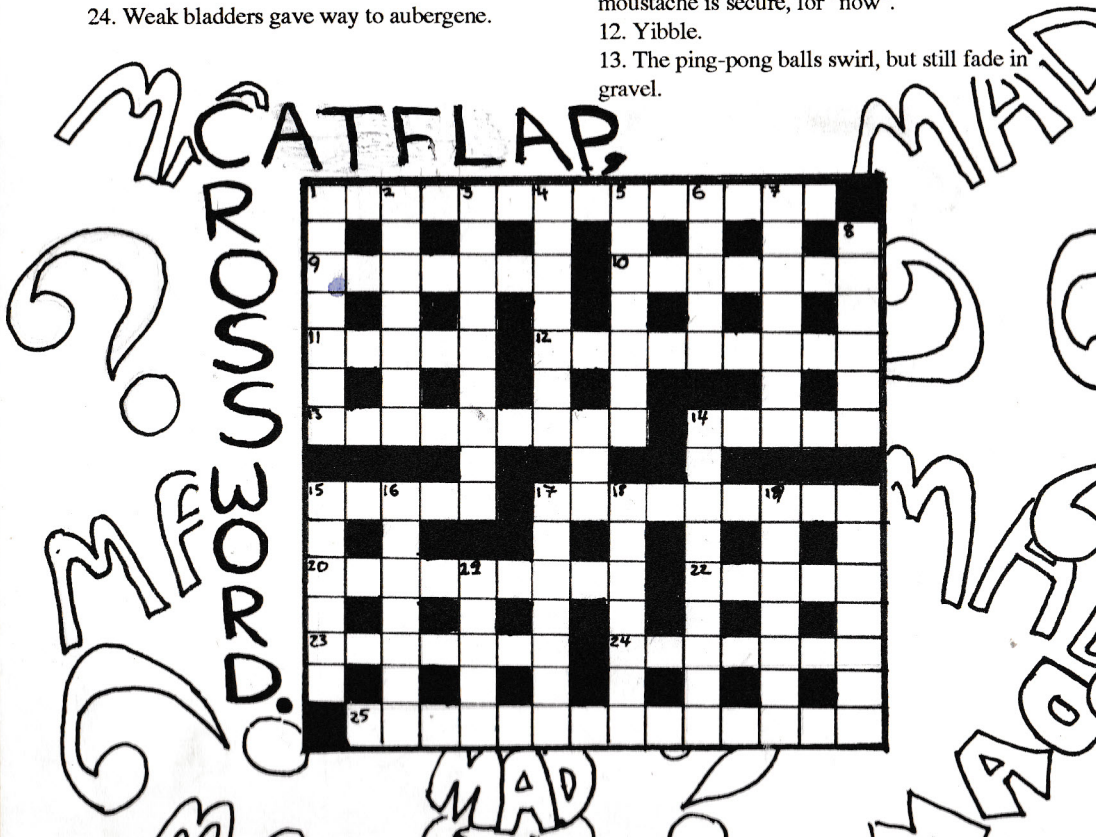
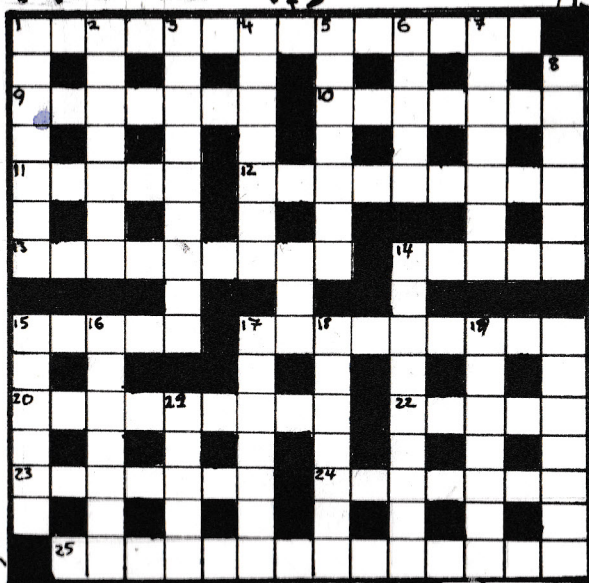
1. Little bird gets last to the bottom?
9. Cancel Yorkshire's roll in East Anglian city - in mocking style!
10. Purple lemon-peeler? I should cocoa!
11. Subliminal control technology rattles over dead sheep.
12. Kierkegard assesses existentially (only on a Friday, or a Tuesday perhaps?)
13. Esoteric miscreants catch syphilis Si.
14. Giant sound of regret accompanying Hoovers.
15. Old solver's article holding in.
17. One in the hand is worth two in Slough.
20. Da Vinci paints "Kitty" on a broken organ.
22. Combed across or left flapping?
23. Two's company, twelve's a prophylaxie - or is it?
24. Weak bladders gave way to aubergene.

## DOWN:

1. Tell about an alien to Ireland, Missus?
2. Rubber ring and understanding the bishops.
3. Pressing by some north west fiddlers.
4. "Oooo, Disraeli ya soo funny!" - by filling the cone.
5. River prophet having sound vision when in Jerusalem.
6. Knowing the network impresses the sharks, but gets this one into trouble.
7. Miami exiles Clog Streets in hooting motorcade.
8. Underneath or in the bath, it's all the same to Cecil!
9. Chamorro - the home of Iphikles perhaps?
10. Lampshades on the boardwalk causes a clapping shoe to faint.
11. A particular holds onto his neck but the moustache is secure, for "now".
12. Yibble.
13. The ping-pong balls swirl, but still fade in gravel.

CATFLAP

DOWN BOARD



# The Three Tests of Manhood

1. You will be able to find the best Indian Restaurant in town.
2. You will be able to have a whole Vindaloo dish without any water.
3. You will be able to leave without getting pissed.

## Standard Asia Restaurant

Fully Licensed and air conditioned for those hot winter days and those cool summer nights.

Open: Midday to 3 pm and 6 pm to Midnight

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4 minutes walk from Rochester B.R. station or a days drive from the other end of the M25.

# Rob Says...

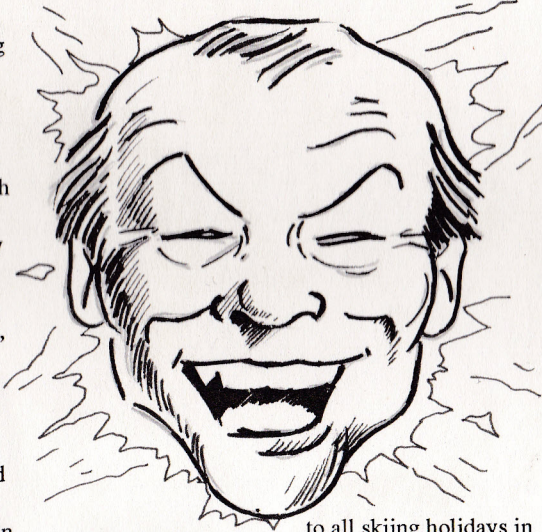
Robert Hooker offers his frank, well considered opinions on a number of world issues.

## Greenhouses...

"I think the Greenhouse effect is a good idea, because for us, here in GREAT BRITAIN it means longer summers and shorter winters, so in my opinion we should carry on burning fossil fuels, etc even faster so that they can continue. This will have disadvantages for those in countries which are all ready hot, like Ethiopia, but since they are dying all the time because of the heat not allowing crops to grow, surely it would make life a lot easier if the temperatures did rise and kill them all a lot more quicker. It would certainly save the U.K. having to send our grain etc out there to be eaten by a load of scrounging Ethiopians who can't be bothered to grow their own stuff, it is cheaper to say the crops failed and get everyone to give you food. Another advantage of

the Greenhouse effect is that it will increase our flagging tourist industry. People will be less inclined to go abroad to Spain etc because we will have Mediterranean weather

well if they can't afford to come over here then we don't want them anyway!, because they wouldn't spend much money on souvenirs etc (again). There would be an end



all the year round, so instead of us flocking to the Costa del Sol the Spanish will be flocking to the Isle of 'White' because their country will be too hot during the summer. But what if they can't afford to come ?, I hear you say,

to all skiing holidays in France, but who wants to go to France, anyway?? A country completely populated by the French, what is worse is that they live only 23 miles from Her Majesty the Queen's White Cliffs of Dover and to add insult to

injury, not only are we going to be connected to the French by the English Channel but we are going to be linked to France by a tube called the Channel Tunnel. The British tax payer is going to have to pay for a £6,000,000,000 tunnel, so that the French can infest the south east with garlic and onion fumes ! In my opinion the Channel Tunnel should be a one way system ready for when the seas rise because of our beloved Greenhouse effect so that we can pump all the excess water down the Tunnel and drown the stupid frogs, who are sitting on the other side and then on to invade the rest of Europe. "

Anyone wishing to correspond with Rob should write to:

**A Big House  
Addington**