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SPLIDE Editorial

VITUPERATION

In response to many requests, I have decided to give an example of vituperation. Let us take the case of the obnoxious Prodnose.

PRODNOSE: You, know that I would rather be wading through wet mud than reading your magazine.

EDITOR: Well then, what is to prevent you wading through as much wet mud as you please ? I don't want you hanging about here, I can assure you.

PRODNOSE: Steady, now. I am one of your readers. You can't afford to be rude to me!

EDITOR: You miserable, wall-eyed, sheep-faced, spavined, lily-livered pig, I care less than nothing for you and your cretinous opinions.

PRODNOSE: Anybody can be rude.

EDITOR: Go ahead then, wart, if you have the courage.

PRODNOSE: I will not be drawn into an undignified brawl.

EDITOR: Undignified brawl! If I had my way, you would be dragged headfirst into a public house and dipped into (you can insert your own opinion here)'s ale, which is the worst in the World, until you screamed for mercy.

PRODNOSE: What would that prove ?

EDITOR: It would prove that you were the kind of berk that gets his head dipped into bad beer by better men than himself.

The above is also an example of plagiarism.

KEV'S SONG

1. He filled physio, put up his Hi-Fi gear,

With a stereo system, two speakers, and a Joni Mitchell L.P.

Don't it always seem to go that the hairs on your chin

refuse to grow

It must be paradise having a fringe like Ginge.

Shoo-ba-ba-ba-bap

Shoo-ba-ba-ba-bap

2. He played that girl two or three times a day,

It didn't matter what the people around did say.

Don't it always seem to go that the hairs on your chin

refuse to grow

It must be paradise having a fringe like Ginge.

Shoo-ba-ba-ba-bap

Shoo-ba-ba-ba-bap

3. Hey Kevin Kevin put away that L.P. now

Give me old Leonard Cohen but leave me my sanity Plee-ease

Don't it always seem to go that the hairs on your chin

refuse to grow

It must be paradise having a fringe like Ginge

Shoo etc.

4. Late last night we heard the Met door slam

And the Geo. chap dragged away the Physio. man

Don't it always seem to go that the hairs on his chin

ain't ever going to grow

It must be paradise having a fringe like Ginge.

Shoo-ba-ba-ba-bap

It must be paradise having a fringe like Ginge

Shoo-ba-ba-ba-bap

It must be paradise having a fringe like Ginge

he he he giggle giggle

LET THERE BE PEACE IN OUR TIME.

AT A POLITICAL MEETING A SPEAKER WASX ADDRESSING A CROWD OF
UNEMPLOYED MEN.

HIS SPEECH WAS VIOLENT AND AGGRESSIVE IN TRUE COMMUNIST FASHION
YET HE WAS FREQUENTLY INTERRUPTED.

"WHAT ABOUT THE CONSERVATIVE'S?" CAME A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

"DRIVE THEM UNDERGROUND," HE REPLIED.

"WHAT ABOUT THE CAPITALIST'S?.

"DRIVE THEM UNDERGROUND" HE ANSWERED.

"WHAT ABOUT THE PROSTITUTES?."

DRIVE THEM UNDERGROUND HE THUNDERED BACK ONCE AGAIN.

A VOICE AT THE BACK OF THE CROWD WAS HEARD TO SAY "PAMPERING THE
BLOODY MINERS AGAIN, JUST LIKE THE OTHERS.

AN OVER SEXED LADY NAMED WHITE,
INSISTS ON A DOZEN A NIGHT,
A FELLOW NAMED CHEDDAR
HAD THE BRASHNESS TO WED HER:
HIS CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE SLIGHT.

A CLEVER COMMERCIAL FEMALE
HAD PRICES TATTOOED ON HER TAIL:
AND BELOW HER BEHIND,
FOR THE SAKE OF THE BLIND,
A DUPLICATE VERSION IN BRAILLE.

TWO NOT-TOO BRIGHT CARPENTERS WERE BUILDING A HOUSE. SUDDENLY ONE
OF THEM NOTICED THAT THE OTHER KEPT PICKING UP NAILS, KEEPING SOME,
AND THROWING THE OTHERS AWAY.
"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?" HE ASKED. THEY HAVE THE HEAD ON THE WRONG END,
THE CARPENTER REPLIED BLITHELY . THE FIRST CARPENTER GAVE HIM A DISDAINFUL
STARE.

*" YOU FOOL, THOSE ARE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE"."

FROMAGE TO GORDON DEVINE.

Wee reekit mouldering odious cheesie,
Oh how noxious, and oh how greasy,
Not with a smell as sweet as a rosie,
But with a pong that got up the nosie,
Lying in state since midwinter daysie,
Polluting the air, and driving us crazy.
But who is the traitor in dark places lurking,
When all honest fids are still hard a working ?
Creeping in stealth to the beauty that's rotting,
What dark deeds in his mind is he plotting,
What mutilation, what terrible damage ?
That treacherous wee Jock, young Gordon Ramage.
And now he's upon you, leaping and shouting,
Dropped you in bin, all decency flouting.
Oh weep for the cheesie, your tears gently streaming,
Stop up your ears at the maggots a screaming.
Into the tunnel, with yells loud and bawdy,
Clutching his prize, ran wild wee Gordie.
Down to the gash shaft in haste he took it,
And threw that poor cheesie right into a bucket.

Mad Dan Stilton.