



The Flying Pussy

Clamour for the Flying Pussy's Return

YOUR column has received many emails pleading for it to abandon the cavern and live again amongst the denizens of the 10 Parishes.

The most poignant pleading, dated May 2006, came from the postal address of this fine newspaper.

We quote it in full (with the FP's comments):
 "I suppose I must thank you for the first draft of the June Flying Pussy. It is as peculiar as the others, but we have some space to fill, so I'll probably use it, or part of it (suit yourself).

Why did you scribble the thing by hand? (My batteries are reserved for incoming). I spent hours trying to read your awful writing, and correct your spelling. The pages stink! Grey splodges all over them, euk! (Bat droppings, dear!).

Where did you find the gargoyle who delivered your hieroglyphs? He seemed to have an IQ of minus 12. (He's the FP's most ardent fan!)

It was a burden to have him here, while he waited to carry this note to you.

I will remind you of what I said recently - that it is essential to have a better attitude if you want to master the skills of writing for a local newspaper. (OK! But the Flying Pussy won't be browbeaten by a learning curve)

And finally, you must leave your spurious cavern, and creep back into the real world' (Spurious? What about the splodges?)

An Incidental Voice from the Past

Samuel Johnson would have scorned as intellectually challenged the people who contribute to the Wiveliscombe Messenger and who prepare it for publication.

He famously remarked that '... no [person] but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money'; he is also quoted as saying '...only a fool writes but for

money'.

Without a lot of freely given time and skill, this excellent newspaper would never come to print. The persons who provide these essentials are neither blockheads nor fools, Sam.

Heard in the Town
 Keith: I'm going home to have mushy peas with spaghetti.

Simon: You'll need to eat them with at least two fork'anduls in your 'ands!

Keith: No, with partisan cheese!

Simon: Er...have the Bradford Bulls won anything recently?

R (Reg) Peugeot Writes...

The tallest of my drivers recently took me for a wash... for the first time in eighteen months.

The event took place at the Wiveliscombe Fire Station.

The fire fighters attacked me with two pressure hoses, one on each side, and physically assaulted me with a foaming substance.

It is self-evident that the Wivey firemen are an outstanding assemblage of masculinity.

But their absolute dedication to cleanliness left me breathless.

The next day I stopped in West Street to let other vehicles pass. One of them was L (Land) Rover. I flashed him in that subtle way we have, but he cut me dead. He obviously didn't recognise my shiny paintwork.

I mourn for my lost mud, and for the pre-natal death of so many putative cousins (Reg is obviously referring to the proposed closure of a Peugeot car plant in the Midlands).

(Seven overblown paragraphs on the subject of Flying Pussy's own 'outstanding masculinity' have been expunged- Ed)

Body Parts

Little plastic bottles abound in supermarkets. Their contents enhance the tiny goodies that nature provides for free.

In like manner, the Flying Pussy can now disclose that it has concocted a potion designed to rectify constipation of the charm gland. Production is under way.

Sufficient stocks will soon be available to undertake a trial of the product's effectiveness. The designated test site will be the Lower House at the Palace of Westminster.

The FP has chosen this venue because it attracts more charm-constipated individuals than any other palace in the known Universe.

Anti-Americans will know that there are no genuine palaces in the USA.

Likewise, anti-Europeans have the Flying Pussy's heartfelt support, and sympathy. There is a huge market for Charnolax across the channel.

In the Market Place

This column has come to the opinion that writing regularly is comparable to being in business.

During its younger days, the Flying Pussy was at the sharp end of commerce. In those ancient times, the idea was always impressed upon a young 'executive' that he should always leave something for the other party in a trading situation.

Don't try and grab everything in a deal, he would be told. If you do, it will be difficult to get any repeat business.

Similarly, when writing a column, one must give the reader a chance to notice a failure in the matter of syntax, or an error in the matter of fact.

The Flying Pussy sometimes reads the printed pages of others, and loves to find, say, a split infinitive. Such a discovery inspires a bond with the author that makes the article or book much more interesting.

The FP imagines that such writers have taken a course in Business Studies and are, thereby, trained to offer ingratiating morsels to their readers.

Your column trusts that its scrutineers will respond handsomely to the Flying Pussy's deliberate mistakes, and take joy in its ebullient mendacity.

The magic of Bounce

OUR regular reader in El Paso sent the following ideas for the uses of Bounce fabric softeners:

The US Postal Service sent out a message to all letter carriers to put a sheet of Bounce in their uniform pockets to keep yellow jackets (a kind of wasp) away.

It will chase ants away when you lay a sheet near them.

It also repels mice and mosquitoes.

It takes the odour out of books and photo albums that don't get opened too often.

Tie a sheet of Bounce through a belt loop when outdoors during mosquito season.

Eliminate static electricity from your computer screen.

Since Bounce is designed to help eliminate static, wipe your television screen with a used sheet of Bounce to keep dust from resettling.

Dissolve soap scum from shower doors; clean with a sheet of Bounce.

Freshen the air in your home; place an individual sheet of Bounce in a drawer or hang in the closet.

Put a Bounce sheet in vacuum cleaner.

Prevent thread from tangling; run a threaded needle through sheet of Bounce before beginning to sew.

Prevent musty suitcases; place an individual sheet of Bounce inside empty luggage before storing.

Freshen the air in your car; place a sheet of Bounce under the front seat.

Clean baked-on foods from a cooking pan; put a sheet in a pan, fill with water, let sit overnight, and sponge clean.

Eliminate odours in wastebaskets; place a sheet of Bounce at the bottom of the wastebasket.

Collect cat hair by rubbing the area with a sheet of Bounce, which will magnetically attract all the loose hairs.

Eliminate static electricity from Venetian blinds; wipe the blinds with a sheet of Bounce to prevent dust from resettling.

Eliminate odors in dirty laundry. Place an individual sheet of Bounce at the bottom of a laundry bag or hamper.

Deodorize shoes or sneakers; place a sheet of Bounce in your shoes or sneakers overnight.

Golfers put a Bounce sheet in their back pocket to keep the bees away.

Put a Bounce sheet in your sleeping bag and tent before folding and storing them. It keeps them smelling fresh.

And all this time you've just been putting Bounce in the dryer!

Hopped off!

GONE missing - one metal frog garden ornament.

The frog stands on its hind legs, is 30 inches high and is playing a trumpet or similar instrument.

If you see him please send him to Mrs Trott, Bungalow 22, Plain Pond, Wiveliscombe, tel. 624008, as his guitar playing mate is pining for him.

Nepalese people join in a massive gesture of protest



READERS of the Messenger will know that we have frequently published news updates from Nepal.

We hope that these very personal accounts of the political and social conditions in the country have helped people understand the background, why the situation escalated and the importance to the people of Nepal of the recent events that have been report-

ed in the international papers and TV.

The present situation hangs in the balance with the Maoists, monarchy, government and people all very delicately positioned.

We can only hope that reason will prevail because, as always, it is inevitably the poorest people who suffer most in these conditions.

Out of the mouths . . .

A MOTHER had been teaching her three-year-old daughter, the Lord's Prayer for several evenings at bedtime.

The little girl would repeat lines from the prayer after her Mother.

Finally, she decided to try all by herself. The mother listened with pride as her daughter carefully enunciated each word, right up to the end of the prayer:

"Lead us not into temptation," she prayed, "but deliver us from E-mail.

□ □ □

Some parents had invited a few people to dinner.

At the table, the father turned to their six-year-old son and said, "Would you like to say the blessing?"

"I wouldn't know what to say," the boy replied.

"Just say what you hear us say," he answered.

The boy bowed his head and said, "Lord, why on earth did we invite all these ghashly people to dinner?"

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