

DWARF NEWS

The Official Newsletter of the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain

No Dwarfs were harmed in the making of this publication

EDITORIAL

A warm welcome to the August issue of 'Dwarf News'. This month, we have a report on the sale of an Elizabethan painting by George Gower, (1540-1596, or thereabouts).

'Dwarf News' relationship advisor and grandmother of five Auntie Linda offers another reader the benefit of her experience, and receives a thank you letter from a recent correspondent. You can also keep up to date with the latest in the sporting world, and catch all the gossip in our Court Diary.

I would like to welcome the return of Sophie's Column, which she has written from her temporary home at Merkin College infirmary. Her doctor, renowned Dwarf psychiatrist William Bodkin, G.F, S.R.C.C.P. reports that she is recovering well, and should be ready to come back to work next month. The office staff have decided to hold a collection, and buy her a portfolio, as she has wanted one ever since being promoted to Junior Reporter.

'DWARF NEWS' PRINTING SHOP STAFF AFFECTED BY MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS

By our Staff Reporter

Over half of the Dwarfs in the printing shop have been complaining of fever and a sore throat, along with a strange rash. The spots, which appear on the soles of the feet and palms of the hand, as well as the torso, do not seem to cause undue itching. As 'Dwarf News' staff are all on the paper's medical insurance, the Editor contacted the local vet, and asked if they have anyone who specializes in small mammals.

The vet sent round a senior partner, who diagnosed foot and mouth, and told us that all the Dwarfs would have to be put down immediately. Fortunately for the Dwarfs concerned, our temporary secretary, Tracy, revealed that she frequently suffers from the same symptoms, and suggested that before we started looking through the Yellow Pages for humane killers, we should get a second opinion.

A doctor from Little Hampton Hospital has since put all the staff, short and tall, on antibiotics as a precaution, and informed the local health authority of a contagious disease outbreak in the 'Dwarf News' offices. The council inspector has begun taking blood samples from all employees, and we are promised the results as soon as tests are completed.

Unfortunately, we have been told that the test results may take some time, as the laboratory which carries out testing on behalf of the department is still out of action after a break-in, reported in the May issue of 'Dwarf News'.

BODKIN FAMILY PORTRAIT SOLD FOR UNDISCLOSED SUM

A portrait of famous Elizabethan Dwarf Phillip of Staines and some of his family was withdrawn from auction at Bond Street Galleries last month, after it was revealed that the painting had been sold privately to Cuthbert, the fourteenth Earl Bodkin, three days before the auction. The picture had been offered for sale by Mr. Piers Bentley, a former Editor of 'Dwarf News', who revealed that he needed the money to pay for his defence in a forthcoming forgery trial.

The painting, "Earl and Lady Bodkin And Some Of Their Children", by Elizabethan portrait painter George Gower, is to be presented to the National Gallery by the Earl, who's younger brother, Doctor William Bodkin, heads the Little Known Department Of Dwarf Psychiatry at Merkin College, Cambridge. "I could not bear to think of the picture going abroad, so I contacted Mr. Bentley. He agreed to sell privately, and withdrew it from auction"; the Earl told a press conference.

The portrait has caused a great deal of excitement in the art world, as there are very few examples of Gower's work in existence. Art experts and historians who have studied the painting are in almost unanimous agreement that the work is genuine.

One of the few who refuse to commit themselves is Professor Claire Worthing, who was last month appointed to the position of Principle Reader, The Recently Established Department Of Political Infighting at Merkin College, Cambridge, after the tragic suicide of Doctor Leon Canarbis. Professor Worthing studied art at Durham University; gaining a degree before she become interested in left wing politics, and spent several years camping outside Greenham Common Air Base. After being given permission to view the portrait, she urged caution.

"The painting certainly appears to be of the right age, the pigments and canvas all appear to be correct for the late sixteenth century, although the frame dates to around seventeen hundred. The picture was almost certainly owned by a Dwarf at some time, as the string on the back of the frame is much longer than usual, so that it would hang closer to the ground. The string also has a knot in it, which would indicate that it was later acquired by a person of normal size, who wanted to hang it at a reasonable viewing height," she told 'Dwarf News'.

Doctor Worthing has questioned that the work is a genuine Gower, however. "Earl Bodkin was not born into the English aristocracy, in fact he started off as a sort of court jester, and was made an Earl by the Queen. He was definitely 'new money'; and would have been treated with distain by the rest of the court. Remember that George Gower painted portraits of the Queen herself, and other leading members of Elizabethan society. He would not have been interested in painting a nobody like Bodkin. Of course, it was the height of style to be painted by Gower, a bit like a modern self-made millionaire getting the video of his wife giving birth directed by Steven Spielberg. Due to the high social status that having your portrait painted by Gower brought, there were a lot of other painters that could do a reasonable impression, at a fraction of the price, and in a fraction of the time. There was some status involved in having your portrait painted to look like a



George Gower's painting of Phillip Of Staines and his wife, reproduced by kind permission of the present owner, Cuthbert, the Fourteenth Earl Bodkin.

Gower, even if no one believed for a moment that it was the genuine article. If Earl Bodkin were around today, he would probably be inordinately proud to show his friends the genuine Rolex wristwatch he bought in Shanghai for five pounds. I would catalogue this painting as ‘in the style of’, rather than claiming it is a genuine Gower, until further research is carried out”.

Doctor Worthing went on to point out that, although the Earl had married into the upper classes, this was not unusual. “It’s always happened, and still does”, she claimed. “The Earl’s wife, Lady Jane Krumpett, was a distant cousin of the Howards. The aristocracy in this country have always bred like rabbits, so marrying off spare daughters to the newly wealthy is an old and established tradition. I would not be surprised if David Beckham’s sons end up marrying the daughters of Dukes and Lords. When faced with the choice of accepting into the family a young man who’s father has trouble spelling his own name the same way twice, but is filthy rich because he can kick a ball around, or watching the stately home being sold off to pay the taxman, the aristocracy will always drop it’s standards and welcome the peasantry into the bosom of the family. It also brings fresh genes into the family bloodline. Without it, they’d all end up as congenital idiots, like Tara Palmer Tompkinson, and society as we know it would collapse; which would probably be a good thing”.

A leading art historian, who asked to remain anonymous after making a generous donation to the ‘Dwarf News’ Staff Benevolent Fund, **(They’re learning, - Ed)**, also expressed his concerns over the subject of the painting. “Gower seems to have specialized in portraits of single figures, in a studio, rather than group portraits outside”, claimed Elizabethan art expert and Fellow of the Royal Academy Professor Winston Seagrove. **(However, the donation wasn’t quite generous enough, - Ed)**. “On a painting of this age, the entire work needs to be historically accurate. The costumes, hairstyles and backgrounds need to be of the correct period. The building behind the subject certainly looks authentic, and I have compared it with modern day photographs of ‘The Dwarfs Head’ in Oxford. Although it has undergone many changes and improvements over the last four hundred years, the inn pictured is undoubtedly the correct pub. My main concern is the inn sign. Although it says ‘The Dwarfs Head’, in Elizabethan times the vast majority of the population couldn’t read, so alehouses generally had pictures, rather than words. I would expect to see a picture of the Earl on the sign, rather than both a portrait and the words depicted in the painting”.

‘DWARF NEWS’ SECRETARY DUE TO RETURN TO WORK NEXT MONTH

Doctor William Bodkin, the psychiatrist who has been treating Sophie, the ‘Dwarf News’ Secretary/Reporter Without Portfolio for a multiple personality disorder, has told Deputy Editor Jane Von Smith B.A. in a telephone call that she is keen to return to work.

“Sophie seems to have responded well to therapy, and has come to terms with her problems,” Doctor Bodkin reports. “Initially, there were three distinct girls, fighting for one body. Sophie herself seemed to lack the strength to control the other facets of her character, and was being used as a sort of human door mat by the other two, Sophia the redheaded alcoholic, and Sofia, who was not a nice person at all. I referred to them

privately as So-So Sophie, Dipso Sophie, and Psycho Sophie. After therapy, Sophie herself has learned how to be more assertive, and take control of the situation. She has told me that she has reached an agreement with Sophia, her red headed alter ego. She has agreed to let Sophia take over at parties, on the strict understanding that she stays around until at least dinnertime the following day, as Sophie is not prepared to suffer any more hangovers. ‘Maybe if she gets the headaches, she might slow down on the drinking, as I don’t want to get liver failure on her behalf’, Sophie told me. She feels that, with Sophia’s help, the two of them can keep Sofia the brunette under control. ‘I wouldn’t like to get rid of her completely, after all, she is a part of me, and she may come in useful for unpleasant jobs, like getting rid of an unwanted boyfriend’. Sofia has not put in an appearance for quite some time, since her friend Leon Canarbis killed himself by jumping off the clock tower, and as a psychiatrist, I am now convinced that she was some sort of temporary aberration, bought on by stress. I am hopeful that she has gone for good”, Doctor Bodkin told the Editor, who went to visit Sophie earlier this month.

As for Matt, Sophie has agreed to take full responsibility for him, as her ‘sisters’ seem to dislike him intensely. “I need Matt”, Sophie told Doctor Bodkin. “Unfortunately, he’s the only one of us who has a full driving licence. When I was seventeen, I tried to take driving lessons. I went through three different instructors, because they all kept on trying to grope me while I was concentrating on driving. I got so fed up with it that I eventually found a lady instructor. After she tried to grope me as well, I decided I’d had enough. I got another provisional licence as Matt, and passed my test as a boy. Before I found a new instructor, I did go back to the four I’d had as Sophie, and got a free introductory lesson for an hour with all them. I managed to hit a bus with the first car, and a wall with the second one. I put the third one in a ditch, and stalled the last one half way across a level crossing, then broke the key off in the ignition trying to get it started. We both had to get out and run for it, as there was a freight train coming at the time. Then I found a new instructor and passed my test. Of course, I had to get my full licence as Matt, as he was the one who passed the driving test. I can’t do another test in my real name, as I think it’s against the law to have two driving licences, in different names. When I need to get around for my job with ‘Dwarf News’, I have to use the provisional licence in my real name, so I ride a moped. If I go anywhere socially, I dress up as a boy, and drive to wherever I’m going as Matt. When I get there, I hide in the disabled toilet, and change back into my own clothes”. **(That explains a lot. - Ed).**

AWARDS COMMITTEE CHAIR RE-INSTATED

The Dwarf Keeper Royal has been forced to give way, and agree to former Chair Zena returning to her position as Chair of the Dwarf Owners Society Of Great Britain’s Awards Committee. Zena has publicly thanked the committee members, who wrote to the Dwarf Keeper Royal demanding her re-instatement, after last month’s riot at a meeting resulted in three members needing hospital treatment. The Chair, Dwarf Keeper Dennis Pritchard, was later charged with Assault With A Deadly Weapon after he used his staff of office, the ceremonial pickaxe handle, to fracture a member’s skull.

Zena, who was forced to resign and had her membership suspended for three months by the Dwarf Keeper Royal last year, has made a statement to ‘Dwarf News’.

“I would like to thank the Awards Committee for their vote of confidence, and promise the Society that I will do my best to serve in this difficult position. I would also like to assure the Dwarf Keeper Royal that he continues to have my full support. As a friend, as well as a colleague, I am well aware that the strain of office has weighed heavily on his shoulders, and that, in recent years, that strain has unfortunately taken it’s toll on his general health, as well as his state of mind. I feel that, at his age, he should consider standing down in favour of a younger member. I would be only to pleased to help in any way I can, providing I felt that I had the support of the membership of the Society”.

Zena also gave the Editor a photograph of the Dwarf Keeper Royal, and asked us to publish it, “in order that the membership can appreciate the effect that holding high office within the Society can have upon the mental health of the person concerned”. The Dwarf Keeper Royal was unavailable for comment as we went to press.

Meanwhile, the first meeting of the committee under it’s new Chair ended peacefully, after voting unanimously to accept Zena’s recommendation that Matt should be allowed to keep his award for Best Dwarf Boots (Male), which he won at the wedding of celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce in March of last year. Dwarf Keeper Mrs. Slavica Ecclestone, whose husband and Dwarf, Formula One supremo Bernie, was last month given a special award as the most hated Dwarf in the northern hemisphere by the American Dwarf Association, withdrew her recommendation that the award be changed to Best Dwarf Boots (Unisex), after being rebuked by the new Chair. She is believed to have suffered bruising to her right arm and a fractured collarbone in the discussion, which followed her suggestion.

Zena, who is rumoured to have spent her three months suspension period taking a crash course in Political Infighting under (**Though not literally, - Ed**) the late Doctor Leon Canarbis at Merkin College, Cambridge, is thought by some members to be determined to get her revenge, after claiming privately that she was “fitted up” by the Dwarf Keeper Royal, over last year’s scandal regarding the disposal of the old ‘Dwarf News’ steam printing press; which was sold for five pounds to a scrap metal dealer. It was later revealed that the press, the oldest surviving example in the country, was actually worth a seven-figure sum.



The Dwarf Keeper Royal: is he showing the strain?

NEW DWARFMOBILE TAKES TO THE ROAD

The Dwarf Keeper Royal has finally received an insurance pay out from Norwich Union, after his Reliant was written off due to its catching fire in a Milton Keynes car park two months ago.

A replacement has now been purchased, from Captain Biggles' Used Motorcycle Emporium and Second Hand Reliant Dealers. The new Dwarfmobile is flame red; unlike the previous vehicle, which started off white, went to flame red, and finished up smoke gray.

YORKSHIRE DWARFS ON DRUG SPREE

Dwarf Friend Chris Straw, who heads the Society's Technical Department, reports that young Dwarfs in Yorkshire have found a new way to smuggle recreational drugs into the county's nightclubs. It seems that, because of their short stature, doormen often refuse to allow them entrance, thinking they are underage. Although proof of identity will allow them access, they are more inclined to be searched for drugs than normal sized people.

Some enterprising young Dwarfs have now discovered how to dissolve ecstasy tablets in alcohol, and inject the resulting solution directly into the bloodstream. They carry the ready loaded syringe into the nightclub, after telling doormen that they are diabetic, and that the syringe contains insulin. Once in the club, they inject the solution. The favourite injection site appears to be the inside of the mouth, as this leaves no easily spotted needle marks. In local Yorkshire drug slang, the method is known as "E, by gum".

COURT DIARY

Dwarf Keeper Dennis Pritchard, who was the Chair of The Dwarf Owners Society Of Great Britain's Awards Committee until May this year, was in court earlier this month, facing a charge of Assault With A Deadly Weapon. One of his alleged victims, seventy-three year old Dwarf Keeper Mrs. Beatrice Lessing, was unfortunately unable to give evidence, as she is still in hospital after her skull was fractured at a particularly contentious committee meeting. Two of Mr. Pritchard's other victims were in court, however, to watch as their assailant was sentenced to eight years in prison.

The judge informed the court before sentencing Pritchard that he was appalled at the severity of the attack. "You are a relatively young man, who chose to strike an old lady over the head with a pickaxe handle. You seem to think that this is normal behaviour for a committee meeting. If your victim had died, I would have no hesitation in passing a life sentence; they should never have done away with hanging", the judge told him.

The judge did not accept Pritchard's claim that it was normal behaviour in meetings of the Awards Committee. He also ordered Pritchard to pay compensation to the Dwarf Owners Society Of Great Britain, to the sum of four pounds and ninety-nine pence, to replace the official staff of office for the committee chair, namely; one ceremonial pickaxe handle, which was broken in the fracas. **(The new Chair, Zena, does in fact have her own pickaxe handle. – Ed).**

SPORTS REPORT

The International Federation Of Dwarf Owners, the governing body for Dwarf sport worldwide, has turned down an appeal by the British team coach against his two-year suspension, at a special meeting in Geneva last month. The suspension was imposed after he ran over American favorite Tyrone 'Weasel' Woods with a golf buggy at the Scottish Open Dwarf's Golf Tournament. He is still claiming that the incident was entirely accidental.

July has seen the start of the Floodlit Dwarf Racing Season. The first meeting of the new season, held in Doncaster, saw the return of 'Lightening' Larry Rogers, known in the racing fraternity as 'The Inflammable Dwarf'.

New President of the Dwarf Owner's Racing Club, Lady Emily Fortescue, watched from the grandstand as her own Dwarf, 'Turbo' Tommy Davis, romped home to win the first final of the night, the sprint. 'Lightening' Larry Rogers was rushed to hospital after dropping a two-gallon fire extinguisher on his foot half way round the first bend. Doncaster General Hospital later told our reporter in a telephone call that Larry had broken three toes, and was likely to be out of action for the next six weeks. He is also suffering from an inflamed rash in the genital area, believed to be an allergic reaction to his new asbestos lined running shorts.

The steeplechase, run under the new rules requiring all competitors to wear crash helmets after the regulation height for the hurdles was lowered by two inches at the end of last season, saw the favorite for the event, 'E-Type' Ernie Entwhistle, romp home to win by over half a lap. This was so unusual that on course-bookmakers immediately suspended payouts pending the result of a steward's enquiry.

The final event of the evening, Last Dwarf Standing, was won by 'Flash' Harry Walters, who took the silver medal in the event at last year's Dwarf Keeper's Olympics. His distance of six and a half miles before collapsing equals the British record set by 'Super Dwarf' William Bigger last year, before his retirement from the sport. Insiders claim that Harry is definitely the Dwarf to watch for this season.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

As an Editor, it is rewarding to know that the efforts of my staff and myself are appreciated by our readers. I am therefore pleased to publish the following letter, from a young lady who last month received some helpful advice from our relationship expert, Auntie Linda.

Dear Auntie Linda,

Thank you for your advice last month, explaining all the symptoms of syphilis. I think that the reason I seem to suffer from the clap on a monthly basis is nothing to do with my periods; I think it is probably because I get paid by my agency on the last Friday of every month, so I always go out partying or rallying that weekend.

I do know about the nice people at the Brook Advisory Service, in fact I know most the staff on a first name basis. I was invited to their Christmas party last year; they say I am their best customer.

Although I thought I was familiar with all the symptoms, I had no idea that if you didn't get treatment, one of the effects was weight loss. Great! I could really do with dropping about half a stone, so I have decided to leave off treatment for a few months, and hope for the best. It's got to be better than the Atkins Diet, hasn't it? All that fried stuff can't be very good for you.

Thank you for the helpful advice, I am looking forward to the new, slim me.

Love,

Tracy.

The paper received many letters from members past and present regarding our advertisement in last month's issue, for the "Doubleblow" Dwarf neuterer. I have decided to print one letter, from a Mrs. Lavinia Johnson, as it gives a fascinating insight into Dwarf keeping during the nineteen forties.

Maple Cottage
Gasworks Close,
Barnsley,
Yorks.

Dear Sir;

I was fascinated by the advertisement in last month's 'Dwarf News', for the "Doubleblow" Dwarf neuterer. What a wonderful invention, it not only protects both thumbs, but is much kinder to your Dwarf, too.

When I married my own dear Dwarf, Douglas, in nineteen forty-one, we didn't have access to decent equipment; after all, there was a war on. In those days, the Society didn't do a neutering kit, like they do now. We had to make do with what was available. Douglas and I lived in the East End of London when we were first married, and he was not allowed to join the army. Like a lot of patriotic Dwarfs in those days, he had tried to enlist as soon as the war started, by lying about his height. Usually, the army turned a blind eye; after all, they needed all the men they could get, but Douglas failed his medical because he had flat feet, and the army was quite strict about that. Douglas's brother, Donald, who was even shorter than he was, served as a stretcher-bearer for the whole

war. Admittedly, most of the wounded he helped to carry fell off the stretcher and got even worse injuries than they had already, as his mate who carried the other end was six feet four, but at least he made the effort. In fact, Donald had eleven mates who carried the other end of his stretcher by the time the war ended, as whenever he needed a new partner, he always tried to team up with the tallest person he could find. His idea was that, if the enemy saw a stretcher with two bearers, they would always aim for the biggest target, as it was easier to hit. It worked, he came home in nineteen forty-five, ten of his eleven mates didn't.

One good thing about living in London at that time was that there was a lot of bomb damage; there were partly demolished houses everywhere you went, so it was easy to find a couple of bricks around if you needed them. When we first moved in, two weeks before we got married, (I insisted on separate bedrooms), Douglas built a barbecue in the back garden with what was left of the house next door. The air raid warden told him he was not allowed to use it during the blackout, after three German bombs destroyed most of the rest of the street one night, when he decided to have an al fresco fry-up with the last of the bacon ration after coming home from the pub.

As there was a war on, we couldn't have a proper holiday when we got married, Douglas was working as a sewage engineer, and with the bombing he was always busy, in fact he was usually up to his neck in it, sometimes he had to use a snorkel. We had a weekend away in Margate. I decided to neuter him when we got back, so as not to spoil the honeymoon.

Although the Society didn't do a neutering kit back then, they did do a helpful little booklet, "Neutering Your Dwarf", which I still have in my bedside drawer. It said that hygiene was very important, so on our first night back home, I put on a large saucepan of water, and boiled two of the bricks from the remains of number thirty-seven for an hour and a half, while Douglas unsuspectingly drank a bottle of whisky I had got for him on the black market. After the bricks had cooled down on the draining board for half an hour, I followed the instructions in the booklet, and made sure I had something to disinfect the wound afterwards. I couldn't get any surgical spirit, but I did have some pine disinfectant in the cupboard. It stung, I remember Douglas nearly went through the ceiling, but the kitchen smelt lovely for days.

The booklet suggested that you should put your Dwarf's testicles in a waterproof bag first, to help keep everything clean and cut down on splatter. I made Douglas a little bag of rubberized canvas, as they didn't have plastic bags back then, and tied it tightly around the top of the scrotum with a shoelace, just like it said in the booklet. Unfortunately, the booklet didn't mention that it was very important to make sure that you used a straw to suck all the air out of the bag before tying the knot. Of course, when the bricks came together, the bag exploded, and the kitchen had to be re-decorated afterwards. At least Dwarfs were real men in those days, after he got back from work the following evening, I had him up on his stepladder after tea, repainting the ceiling.

Sadly, Douglas passed away eight days later, after getting septicemia from working down a sewer with an open wound. I still miss him terribly. I married his brother Donald in nineteen forty-six, after he was demobbed. His last surviving partner, 'Lofty' Collins, was the best man. We had to wait until Lofty got out of hospital before we could get married; he was unlucky enough to get shot in the head, three days before the end of the war.

I do think that the “Doubleblow” is a lot of money, especially when you consider all the other expenses a young married couple face when they are starting their new life together. As my great niece Sylvia is getting married to her Dwarf, Wally, next month, I have sent off for a “Doubleblow” as a wedding present. I am sure they will appreciate it.

Yours Sincerely,
Lavinia Johnson

PROBLEM PAGE

This month, a young man with an embarrassing problem, and an even more embarrassing ex-girlfriend, writes to Grandmother of five Auntie Linda for help overcoming his tendency to rush into things.

Dear Auntie Linda;

I am at present in my final year at Merkin College, Cambridge, where I am studying for my B.A. in Applied Dwarf Lore. My problem is that at the start of my second year, I went out with a new first year student, Janice Harris. Although our relationship lasted for nearly a year, it was beset with problems. Janice is an extremely attractive girl, and I found that being with her was very exciting. Unfortunately, it was so exciting that, whenever she wanted to make love, I got so worked up just thinking about it that I always finished before she had even got undressed. Usually, I finished even before I managed to get undressed, and I was always getting dirty looks from the laundry ladies.

I was forced to end our relationship after Janice suggested that we could always try to numb the area first, to make me less sensitive. Although initially I was quite prepared to try this, the doctor told me that he wasn't allowed to prescribe Novocain to patients for self-injection. Janice's suggestion that she could probably get the same effect by using a steak hammer was what eventually caused the break up.

Although Janice has moved on, and now has a regular boyfriend who is studying chemistry at a college near by, I have been unable to form another meaningful relationship. After Janice, who is very popular at Merkin and was chosen as Captain of our 'University Challenge' team, told everyone about my problem, I can't even form a meaningful one night stand. It doesn't help matters that, thanks to Janice, I have now become known throughout campus as Jump Start Jerry.

I still love Janice, but realize that our relationship is unlikely to start up again. All I have to remember her by is a pair of knickers and a bra that she left in my room one night, and forgot about. I sleep with them under my pillow.

What should I do to get over this problem, and find a new relationship that will last longer than I do?

P.S. I have tried lots of different things, including trying to think about something else, like remembering the names of all the Dwarfs in 'Snow White', in alphabetical order. It doesn't work; I've never managed to get past Bashful.

Yours in hope,
Jeremy Nugget.

Dear Jeremy;

I have to assume that you are a fairly intelligent man or Dwarf or you would not be in your 3rd year at Merkin College, and because of this I am going to suggest a step-by-step process through which we can attempt to manage your problem. First, however, we must purge your psyche of Janice Harris. I'm sure that you felt a lot of love, lust, or whatever for her but from your description I feel she could have done more to help without resorting to a hammer blow. Get rid of the underwear – you'll never be able to let her go with intimate bits of her apparel lurking beneath your pillow. And in any case, it can't possibly still carry her scent unless she uses too much or has a severe personal problem, (or perhaps she should simply bathe more frequently). Do not simply throw these away but go through a small ceremony, a mini rite of passage that will free you up to start again eager and afresh. Find yourself a private place where you will not be startled by unwanted strangers, cattle or other livestock. Wait for the next full moon and take to this place Janice's knickers and bra, a small cushion to sit on, a box of matches, a glass/plastic beaker and a bottle of your favourite wine or spirit (remember the corkscrew if necessary). Make sure that you have had a bath or shower before you go and that your clothes are clean. You should arrive at 11.30pm. Make a small circle of 7 equally sized stones and clear away any dry grass or leaves that are in the centre. Collect 2 handfuls of dry leaves and the fluff of 7 dandelions (100% pure cotton wool balls will make an acceptable substitute); gather them into a compact ball but do not squeeze them tightly together and place them in the centre of your hearth. Collect enough sticks to make a small fire that will burn for approximately 1 hour, (it's better to have more than too few), and ensure that these are oak, rowan and/or beech – do not take them from the live trees or they will not give you a good, bright flame. Light the kindling and gradually feed the fire until it burns steadily. Sit on your cushion, pour yourself a glass of whatever you have brought with you and think happy thoughts of you and Janice (not too happy, of course). Throw the underwear onto the fire and, while remembering that there will be many even happier encounters in your future, raise your glass to the end of your obsession and to the start of your new life. Remain, feeding your little fire and filling your glass until 12.30am then return to the college. Remember to ensure that your fire is completely extinguished, which shouldn't be too difficult if you have drunk the bottle of wine. Right, let's leave aside the emotional damage that Janice could have caused and continue with the practical. First, let me reassure you that your problem is not rare and that a good, sympathetic doctor would have many suggestions for helping you. So here are a few tried and tested solutions:

1/ Self-administration of Novocain is not recommended, however a similar affect can be obtained with any one of the delay sprays that can be purchased from your local Anne Summers shop. If you do not wish to be seen entering one of these emporia they can be accessed on the Internet.

Try <http://www.annsummersuncut.com/main.asp?gid=7&cat=8&scat=1&pid=1088> to see if it's any help.

2/ Don't look on the campus for your next lady. Try a few of the pubs and nightclubs in the locale but be very careful that you don't wait to talk to any prospective girlfriends after 9.30pm; it is unfortunately true that in this day and age most of the women over the

age of 16 will be pissed out of their brains by then, and the last thing you want is an unconscious partner on your hands. Trust me, it will not improve your performance one iota.

3/ Make sure that you have a little more to drink than normal - sod this fallacy about Brewers' Droop, I've never met a man who can't get it up when he's too drunk to walk, and as for delay cream, a good bevy during the evening will probably negate any need for it.

4/ Once you know that the young lady is willing and able to withdraw to the bathroom while she gets herself ready for bed. The romantic stuff of divesting her of her clothing can wait until you have more self-confidence in your ability to control your desires.

5/ Remove your clothing in the privacy of the bathroom and perhaps don an attractive robe for your trip back to the bed - this does not mean a threadbare, toweling monstrosity that your mother gave you when you first went to college. If you don't have something suitable to buy, one before you embark on your new life.

6/ Remember to apply the delay spray or cream before going back to your lady of the evening. It is essential to start with lots of cuddles and kisses and should anything untoward happen apologize and explain that it's been a long time since your last girlfriend - any young lady worthy of your attention will simply see it as a challenge to ensure you enjoy the rest of the night.

7/ And a small tip: these sprays and creams can make your tongue numb so don't be surprised if your partner is more interested in doing than chatting once you've both succeeded in reviving your enthusiasm. And don't forget, once you have gained your confidence and perhaps had encounters with one or two caring young women there's every possibility that your nickname will have a much more positive connotation; after all "Jump Start Jerry" might just be referring to your prowess with the women and not your speedy demise! And one very important final thing. If you are going on this trip of self-discovery you must be safe as well as happy. Check out the page tabbed "Condoms" on the Anne Summers site, or visit your local chemist and get some serious protection for both of you. That being said, I hope you have a wonderful time finding yourself again. When all this has corrected itself and you are the latest campus stud you can smile the satisfied smile of the knowing and drive Janice absolutely mad trying to figure out what she was doing wrong. Good luck, dear.

Auntie Linda

SUPPLEMENT

This month's supplement contains the first half of a guide to Dwarf health, featuring common and uncommon ailments. If you own a Dwarf, you have a responsibility to look after him or her, and correct diagnosis is the first step towards keeping your Dwarf happy and healthy. The guide has been compiled by Ivor Smallpiece, who is the Principle Show Judge at 'DwarfFest'.

COMMON DWARF AILMENTS, OR, AILMENTS OF THE COMMON DWARF

By Ivor Smallpiece

Athlete's Foot. Rare, particularly in male Dwarfs over thirty. Even the most dedicated lady Dwarf Keeper is usually hard pressed to describe her Dwarf as athletic. Floodlit Racing Dwarfs, who train to a high level of fitness, generally retire by the time they are thirty, as by this age they have assumed the traditional Dwarf shape, and have a tendency to get stuck in the trap. Notable exceptions to this are Jok, the Dwarf owned by Marith Mauseth-Clarke, and Ghandi, at present registered to Dwarf Keeper Alex Titterington. An infection often associated with swimming pools, even Dwarfs who go swimming regularly are usually immune. Such Dwarfs rarely suffer from fungal infections on any part of the body, due to their having to swim through the footbath to reach the pool.

Bunions and Blisters. These foot complaints are common in many Dwarfs. For any given distance, a Dwarf has to take more steps than a normal sized person. The feet hit the ground more frequently than usual, due to short legs, resulting in an increased likelihood of these complaints. (See also: **Duck's Disease**).

Cramp. Apart from certain specialized cramp, which only affects female Dwarfs once a month, this complaint is caused by muscle spasms, and is extremely painful. There are two main causes, spasms associated with vigorous exercise, and those due to sitting down and relaxing after a heavy meal. There are no prizes for guessing which sort is most common in male Dwarfs.

Duck's Disease. All Dwarfs suffer from Duck's Disease: it is endemic, and is part of what being a Dwarf is all about. The term is used to describe short leg syndrome. This complaint used to cause severe problems for male Dwarfs who smoked, until the invention of the safety match. Dwarfs who carried matches in their back trousers pocket frequently suffered severe burns when stepping off high curbs.

Earache. A common complaint in many Dwarfs. Often caused by cold drafts, as the average Dwarf has ears that are naturally at the same height as door fittings such as keyholes and letterboxes. Many male Dwarfs claim to suffer from earache, due to being nagged by their owner about losing weight, keeping fit etc.

Flu. Another common complaint that affects male Dwarfs, usually on Monday morning when they have to get up for work after a weekend off. There are two schools of thought regarding treatment; either put the affected Dwarf to bed, wrap him up warmly, and dose him on brandy and easily available remedies from the chemist, remembering to reduce the adult dosage slightly to take into account his small stature; or alternatively drag him out of bed, and tell him he will feel better if he goes to work. Suggesting that, if he is going to stay at home all day, he can do the housework, bathe the dog, and dig the garden often has the required effect.

Grazes And Abrasions. Some Dwarfs suffer frequent skin damage, and are always needing treatment. One such is celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce, due to his falling over regularly when trying to put his 750cc Urinal Russian Monster Bike on the side stand, which he cannot reach from the sitting position, due to Duck's Disease.

Headaches. Common in female Dwarfs, they usually suffer a headache at bedtime. As a cure, owners are advised to try changing the floor covering in the bedroom. This may help to cure the condition, as the Dwarf seems to be fit and well throughout the evening, but complains of a headache as soon as her feet come into contact with the bedroom carpet.

Irritable Bowel Syndrome. Another complaint common in male Dwarfs, some experts believe that, because Dwarfs are smaller than other people, their intestines are shorter, giving less time for food to be fully digested before it reaches the end of the bowel. Others suspect that the bowel is just acting in harmony with the rest of the Dwarf concerned.

Jaundice, or Lockjaw. In adults, often caused by overloading or partial failure of the liver. Many male Dwarfs have a tendency to overload their liver, due to spending too much time being propped up by the bar in their local public house. In most Dwarfs, this tends to result in the skin and whites of the eyes taking on a yellow tinge. In Dwarfs with poor circulation, who have a tendency to turn blue in cold weather, the combination of jaundice and cold can make the Dwarf turn green.

Kidney Stones. Often caused by not drinking enough fluids, therefore rare in male Dwarfs, who require frequent tea breaks when working, and regular evenings in the pub when off duty. The problem is common among those who suffer from frequent urinary tract infections, however. Neutering your Dwarf helps to cut down on the main cause of these infections.

Legionnaires Disease. Suffered by French Dwarfs who served in the military under battle conditions; therefore almost eradicated in the last century, due the tendency of the French government to surrender as soon as possible, and leave the fighting to other people. Can sometimes present as a condition known as Pontiac Fever, when the bacterium causes a flu-like disease. This is a much less serious form, and may also be caused by the air-conditioning in American Muscle-Cars.

Migraine. A migraine is what many female Dwarfs call a headache. Even changing the bedroom carpet is unlikely to have the desired effect.

Editor's Note. Can you think of an ailment or condition that Dwarfs seem particularly prone to? The best suggestion received at the 'Dwarf News' office will win one lucky reader an exclusive 'Dwarf News' T-shirt. Please submit your entry, using surface mail or electric pigeon, by 25th September.

LATE NEWS

Doubts have been expressed in a letter received by the Society, regarding the pedigree of Scottish Dwarf and notorious ankle-knobbler Jok Clarke, owned by South African Dwarf Keeper Marith Mauseth-Clarke.

To the Dwarf Keeper Royal,
I have been advised by my clients to inform you that they are of the opinion that a registered Dwarf by the name of "Jok" is not, in fact, a Dwarf but an outcast from the Nac Mac Feegle clan and, therefore, a Pictsie.

The proof here within is that he is very small, has red hair, a definite clan accent and a propensity for the consumption of alcohol. It is believed that he was summarily dismissed from the clan of the Wee Free Men for REFUSING to fight any and everybody and therefore designated a traitor to his people.

Please remove him from your Dwarf register or my clients will have to take further action. Actually, their words were "Ye'll get sich a kickin', ye scullin big job!"

Signed by command of the Keldar, for and on behalf of Big Aggie.

I remain, sir, your servant, etc.

Ribbit, Attorney to the Nac Mac Feegle.

The Dwarf Keeper Royal has promised a full investigation, and told 'Dwarf News' that Jok has been removed from the breeding register, until any doubts regarding his status as a purebred Dwarf are confirmed or denied. "Due to all Dwarfs having a tendency to mate with other species at every opportunity, it is possible that Jok actually classes as a Dwarf/Pictsie hybrid, which would in no way invalidate his registration; however if this is the case, the Society can hardly accept him as a stud Dwarf", the Dwarf Keeper Royal explained. "I am waiting to hear from his owner, Dwarf Keeper Marith Mauseth-Clarke, regarding this allegation. I have been in contact with the experts at Little Hampton Hospital, and they have informed me that, to be certain that Jok is one hundred per cent Dwarf, they would need to carry out a medical examination, which would involve invasive surgery. I believe the procedure is technically known as a post mortem".

He went on to point out that the letter may be a hoax, connected with accusations that Grim the Cyber Dwarf was actually a Hobbit, made last year by an organization calling itself the Dwarf Liberation Front. “If we find that this letter has actually been sent by a Dwarf or Dwarfs who are deliberately trying to disrupt the workings of the Society, then some owners can expect to receive a free pair of bricks in the post, at the conclusion of the enquiry”, the Dwarf Keeper Royal told ‘Dwarf News’.

SOPHIES' COLUMN

By Sophie, Secretary/Reporter without Portfolio.

Well, I have been told I can return to work next month, although I will still have to see Doctor Bodkin once a fortnight, as an outpatient. I am looking forward to getting back and seeing all my friends at the office, and especially to meeting Tracy, who has been doing my job while I have been off sick.

The new Editor came to see me last week; I like him much better than the old one, Piers Bentley, who was sacked for trying to forge the Von Smith Diaries. I still think of the new one as the Sports Editor, who tried to tell me that a portfolio was something to carry bottles of fortified wine in.

He has told me that, when I get back, I can have a decent pay rise, instead of the measly fifty pence a week I got from Mr. Bentley. He also said that the staff have all clubbed together and bought me a present, but he wouldn't tell me what it is yet. I hope they collected more than usual, as I don't think they will be able to buy much with five pesetas, some buttons and a polo mint.

I have also been told that ‘Dwarf News’ is going to give Matt a job, as my official driver! This means that I won't have to ride my moped all over the country any more; instead I can dress up as Matt, and then change when I arrive. Obviously, he is not going to get paid, as I can't really get paid twice for driving myself around, but the Editor is going to put Matt on the paper's insurance, so that he can drive the works van. I haven't seen it yet, it is usually away at the garage getting fixed, but I just know it will make my life so much easier.

That's all I have time for at the moment, as it is time for my therapy session with Doctor Bodkin. I look forward to seeing everyone next month.