

# DWARF NEWS

**The Official Newsletter of the Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain**

No Dwarfs were harmed in the making of this publication.

Applications are **URGENTLY** invited for the position of Senior Print Technician, 'Dwarf News'. Above minimum wage possible for the right applicant.

## EDITORIAL

Welcome to the January issue of 'Dwarf News'. The staff at the office have been busy sorting out all your competition entries. The correct answers, along with the names of the winners, will be published in next month's issue.

There is shocking news from the reading of controversial author Eric Von Smith's will, and we have a full report. We have also been experiencing problems with the computer, since the resignation last month of the Senior Print Technician. Before he left, he filled all the ink supply hoppers used in the printing of the Colour Supplement with light green ink. This was discovered when it proved impossible to read the words, as they matched the paper. For this reason we have had to re-print it, in black and white, as we had used the last of the green paper, and the computer refused to print on the same sheet twice.

There is also a report on the trial of a group of young female Dwarfs accused of 'Bricking', and Sports News for December brings you the latest results from the Dwarf's Indoor Leapfrog League, plus preparations for the Australian Mixed Height Tennis Tournament.

For any one who finds 'Dwarf News' depressing, I can recommend the Swindon and District branch of the Reliant Owner's Club's newsletter. This publication would make a manic-depressive's suicide note seem like light relief. In the latest edition, news on how the chairman's wife is getting on after her brain tumor operations, plus news of three other incapacitated members, including Derek, who returned from his stay in hospital to find his house had been burgled while he was away. There has been encouragement not to let the branch die if it can possibly be avoided, though it might be a kindness to just let nature take its course. If the club were a patient in our local hospital, they would definitely "Do Not Resuscitate" on its chart. I think if I read one more issue, I will probably slit my wrists.

Those readers, who enjoy the work of 'Dwarf News' illustrator Jenny Linn-Cole, can find further examples of her work on [www.stephendann.com/pirateday/pirate\\_day\\_2004.htm](http://www.stephendann.com/pirateday/pirate_day_2004.htm) or by going to Google Search and typing in Gurkin Trifle. Jenny, officially registered as a Dwarf with the Society by Aussie Dwarf Keeper Don Cook, has a guest spot on the 'Talk Like A Pirate Day' web site.

## LATE AUTHOR'S WILL TO BE CONTESTED

The last will and testament of the author of *'Chariots Of The Dwarfs'*, Eric Von Smith, was given it's reading at the offices of his solicitors, Patel, Cohen and Crunge, two days before Christmas. The widow, 'Dwarf News' Assistant Editor Jane Von Smith B.A. asked our Secretary/Junior Reporter Without Portfolio Sophie to go along for moral support. Also attending the reading were the late author's personal assistant and bodyguard, 'Masher' De Vere Hopkins, and estate gardener William Bigger, the former Floodlit Dwarf Racer and recovering meths drinker.

Sophie reports that Jane brought with her a copy of the will, sealed in an envelope, only to be told by the solicitor that the late author had faxed a new will to his office, two days before his death. This document, witnessed by Mr De Vere Hopkins, took precedence over all earlier versions, Mr Crunge informed the gathering.

Moving on to the will itself, the solicitor stated that Mr Von Smith had been of sound mind, if not body, and had made provision for all those he had left behind. To Mr De Vere Hopkins, he bequeathed the sum of two thousand pounds. The author also instructed his solicitor to ensure that all royalties from the sale of *'Chariots Of The Dwarfs'*, and those from the sale of his second book due for publication next year, be credited to his estate. "To my gardener, the Dwarf known as William Bigger, I leave the sum of one thousand pounds, on the understanding that he does not spend it on methylated spirits", Mr Crunge continued. "To my wife Jane, who sent me to France so that she could spend more time with William, I leave that which she gave to me on the day of our wedding, namely five pesetas, two buttons, and a polo mint. I also leave her a copy of 'Tall Tales', more commonly known as Play Dwarf, which features her as 'Play Mate of the Month'. The remainder of my estate, plus the proceeds from the sale of the house, are to be donated to the Alien Life Forms Department of the University of California at Los Angeles; said house to be placed on the market within twenty-eight days of the reading of my will, and all present occupants to be given this same twenty-eight days in which to vacate the premises".

Jane is reported to be devastated by the will, and left in tears. Mr De Vere Hopkins immediately volunteered to take the copy of 'Tall Tales', to give to Jane, however Mr Crunge informed him that he would send it to the widow by registered post, as copies are now reported to be changing hands for eighty-five pounds each, or more if the pages are not stuck together. William Bigger told Sophie that he intends to use his one thousand pounds to erect a memorial to his late employer, at the exact spot where he met his death. "Of course, I'll have to shift the compost heap first", he added.

Jane later informed Sophie that she has decided to mount a legal challenge to the will, and has retained the services of Mr Arthur Law Q.C. to represent her. She has also contacted her former husband, one-time 'Dwarf News' office boy Harry Collins, and asked him to vacate her old house as soon as possible, as she may need to move back in. Harry is staying at the house with his new wife and Dwarf Keeper, Minnie Small-Collins, and their baby. Harry, the star of B&Q's latest advertising campaign for their extensive range of own label buckets, was unavailable for comment.

## TALL TALES ANNOUNCES PLAY MATE OF THE YEAR

The Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs Of Albion's monthly newsletter has announced the result of a reader's vote, to choose the official 'Play Mate Of The Year'. Over ninety per cent of the readers voted for 'Dwarf News' Assistant Editor Jane Von Smith. "We all love Jane", a spokesDwarf for the magazine told our Editor. "If Jane agrees, we could hold a raffle among our readers, to find her a new husband. We would split the money with her fifty-fifty".

Following the death of Jane's latest spouse, the office has once again been besieged by male Dwarfs, with flowers and chocolates. On informing the suitors that Jane is away from the office on compassionate leave, Sophie has received several proposals of marriage herself, which she has declined. "I'm not that kind of girl", she told the Editor, which has added further fuel to the rumours about her private life, and her relationship with her landlady.

The Editor has asked the Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs Of Albion to request that any Dwarf sending a proposal by mail should include a stamped addressed envelope, for the rejection letter.

## OFFICE COMPUTER GIVES FURTHER PROBLEMS

The 'Dwarf News' office computer, which is used to control the new ten thousand-colour printing press, had to be re-programmed after the resignation of the Senior Print Technician. The Editor called the former Chair of the Awards Committee, whose membership of the Society was suspended for three months after the enquiry into the disposal of our old steam press. She agreed to send her husband, known at the office as Grim the Cyber-Dwarf, to have a look at it. Instead of producing the front page, the computer had instructed the press to print, "Where's Grim?" in green ink. At the same time, the computer itself kept playing "Love Is A Many-Splendoured Thing" through its speakers. The staff have since been banned from using office equipment to download music from the Internet.

Grim has revealed that the computer is still e-mailing him at night, when the office staff have gone home. He has also discovered that it is playing Celebdaq by routing itself through other computers, and is running over one hundred accounts. It is a Celebdaq multi-millionaire, and has won the Top Trader prize for the last five weeks, in five different guises. There have been several complaints by e-mail from the BBC, which it conveniently forgot to record, accusing someone at the office of hacking in to the BBC computer to plant false news stories about various celebrities, in order to drive up their share prices. Several of these famous people are now threatening to sue the corporation, which will raise the price of their shares even more. Grim has told it that if this happens again, he will unplug it, and the computer has now promised him that it will behave itself in future.

Grim has now fixed the problem, and we are fully back in control for the time being. Unfortunately, we have had to replace Grim's mobile phone. After Sophie put his number into the computer's address book, it started sending him text messages as well as e-mails, and no one else has been able to contact him, as his phone was permanently engaged.

## SOCIETY'S TECHNICIANS ANNOUNCE DEVELOPMENT OF IMPROVED NEUTERING KIT

The Dwarf Owners Society of Great Britain's technical department, led by Dwarf Friend Chris Straw, has been looking at new ways of saving Dwarf owners money. To this end, they have come up with a new neutering kit for members.

The standard kit, consisting of two house bricks and a pair of carbon fibre re-enforced thumb guards, is cheap to produce. "All we have to do is sand down and prepare the anti-mating surfaces with seven coats of seaplane varnish, to give them a wipe clean finish", Chris explained, "so we can sell the full kit to members at a very reasonable price. Unfortunately, the postage cost is very high, due to the weight of the bricks. Some members have been trying to save money by using ordinary bricks from a local supplier. The problem is that the bricks are not properly sterilized, and this can lead to infection. Even with the proper equipment, we still recommend that the Dwarf is sat in a bucket of disinfectant afterwards". Asked if this was inclined to sting, Chris pointed out that the instructions do mention this. "Although the Dwarf should be very drunk at the time, the bricks coming together do sober them up in a hurry, so we advise members to wear safety glasses, so they don't get disinfectant in their eyes", he explained.

The new kit consisted originally of a pair of inflatable bricks, which could fit into an A4 envelope, however once they were blown up these lightweight bricks proved to be too insubstantial to do the job. The latest version uses plastic bricks, which the owner can fill with damp sand, before carrying out the procedure. They feature a special stay clean surface, and tests have proved promising. "We haven't been able to test them properly, as we seem to have a sudden lack of test subjects. All our usual Dwarf testers have gone into hiding", Chris told the Editor. "We have carried out a variety of simulated tests, initially using two olives in a sock, right up to a couple of tomatoes in an old pair of underpants. The results are very impressive. We will probably have to include a pair of goggles in the kit, to stop the owner getting anything in their eyes, due to the splatter effect".

If you have any unwanted Dwarfs at home, the technical department would love to hear from you. They can offer them a good home, and a rewarding career as a test Dwarf. Contact the Editor, who will pass on the details to Chris. Please do not send Dwarfs via the post, as 'Dwarf News' does not have a large enough letterbox to fit them through, and the postman will probably fold them in half in order to stuff them through the door.

## DWARF NEWS STAFF ARRESTED AFTER CHRISTMAS PARTY

By our staff reporter

Police were called to the 'Printer's Arms' public house on the evening of Monday, 20<sup>th</sup> December, when a fight broke out during the paper's annual Christmas party. After the Printing Room Dwarfs were ordered not to drink whisky, as this has been known to cause problems during previous events, the usually pleasant atmosphere at the pub deteriorated

after two of the locals began making unsavory comments to Sophie, our Secretary/Junior Reporter Without Portfolio.

The staff did not recognize Sophie when she arrived, as instead of the beautiful blond we have all come to know and love, she came as a stunning redhead. "It's a wig", she confided. "I wear it sometimes at parties. I almost feel like a different person when I put it on". Sophie the redhead admitted that she had forgotten her purse, so the rest of the staff offered to buy her a drink. Sophie the blond has always been a model of sobriety during lunchtime drinking sessions, so it was confidently expected that she would hardly break the bank. Sophie the redhead, however, demonstrated a capacity for alcohol that impressed even the staff Dwarfs. Former 'Dwarf News' office boy Harry Collins, who was an invited guest, was awestruck. "Even I wouldn't drink that much, and I've got a lot less distance to travel when I fall over", he told the Deputy Editor. Sophie herself claimed to be completely sober. "Alcohol doesn't seem to affect me", she told the landlord, who confided afterwards that if this was true, then Sophie's impression of a girl who was completely bladdered was the best he had ever seen. "And I've been a publican for the best part of thirty years", he told Minnie Small-Collins, who had come along with a wheelbarrow, to take new husband Harry home at the end of the festivities.

Trouble began when a group of locals asked Sophie if she was a professional pole dancer, as she certainly had the figure for it. Sophie replied that she would be willing to have a go, but that there was no pole available. One of the other regulars then stood up and went to unzip his trousers, telling Sophie "I've got a pole you can dance on any time, darling". Several members of the 'Dwarf News' editorial staff leapt to their feet to defend the honour of their colleague, however before they could take action Sophie threw her drink in his face, and then punched him on the jaw. The local immediately left the room backwards through the window, and took no further part in the proceedings. His friends took exception to this, and the police had to be called to quell the subsequent riot.

A regular at the pub, who asked not to be identified, later told the local press that the 'Dwarf News' staff had been drinking heavily all evening. "I served as CO with a Spitfire Squadron during the war", eighty-seven year old Cyril Hardly told reporters. "The pilots were all Polish, and I thought they knew how to party, but I've never seen a group of people get so drunk so quickly in all my life. The amount they put away was disgusting; they should be ashamed of themselves. Even before the punch-up, most of them were staggering about and nearly falling over". Mr Hardly, wearing a plaster cast on his right wrist, was asked if the injury had happened during the fight. "It happened before the fight even started", he said. "I was trying to get to the toilet, and one of the drunken bastards trod on my hand".

When the police arrived they arrested the entire staff, and searched everyone involved before taking them to Half Street Police Station. Sophie refused to be searched by a male officer, so a young policewoman escorted her to the lady's toilet. Afterwards they both returned to the bar giggling, and the officer was seen to smile and wink at Sophie several times, before the van arrived to transport everyone to the station. This has further fuelled rumours among the staff regarding Sophie's private life, and her relationship with her landlady.

Staff were all held overnight at the station, before being released in the morning, when they had sobered up sufficiently to remember their own names and addresses. Sophie went home to change, and came into the office at dinnertime, complaining of a hangover.

“It’s that bloody wig, whenever I wear it, she always drinks to much”, the Editor was informed. In order to differentiate between Sophie the blond and Sophie the redhead, it has been decided to call the redhead Sophia, so we all know which Sophie we are referring to.

Although Sophie has been told by the landlord that she is still welcome at the ‘Printer’s Arms’, and doesn’t have to pay for the window, Sophia has been banned for life. “That bloody redhead’s trouble, I could see that as soon as she walked in”, he told the Editor, when staff returned for a lunchtime pint on Wednesday.

## COURT DIARY

Mon 13<sup>th</sup> December

Three young female Dwarfs were up before the court this morning charged with assault, after a lone male Dwarf was ‘bricked’ in London last month, on his way home from a lap dancing club in Hampstead. The girls had painted a Dwarf flap on the door of an empty house, before chasing the unfortunate male up the street concerned, by banging two bricks together. The victim is still in hospital.

The ringleader, still with both thumbs in plaster, was sentenced to three years probation; her two accomplices each received community service orders. The judge informed the accused that their sentences would have been harsher, but for the fact that their victim was expected to make a full recovery. “You can think yourself fortunate that your thumbs got in the way, otherwise this attack would have resulted in even worse injuries to Mr Blackhead’s private parts. Why can’t you take up some other hobby, like knitting or flower arranging?” he asked the ringleader, who cannot be identified due to her age.

‘Dwarf News’ Secretary/Junior Reporter without Portfolio Sophie telephoned former radical Dwarf feminist Minnie Small-Collins, to ask her why these attacks have become more frequent in the last few months.

“You can’t really go bricking in the summer, it’s definitely a winter sport,” Minnie told her. “You need to wear a long coat, with nice, deep pockets to carry your bricks in. A girl walking around in a T-Shirt carrying a pair of bricks is looking to get pulled by the law. If they wear a long coat in the summer, they stick out like a sore thumb. Besides, it gets dark earlier in the winter. You can’t get away with conning even the most stupid male Dwarf into thinking a painted Dwarf flap is the real thing, not in daylight. If it’s dark, and you smash a few streetlights outside the house you’ve chosen with a catapult, you have much more chance of the target running into the door and knocking himself out. Then you can have his wallet”.

Minnie went on to admit that she had engaged in this activity when she was younger. “The radical Dwarf feminists keep a close eye on the bricking gangs, they use them as recruiting groups. Of course, when I was involved, we never really hurt anybody. The male would wake up with a bruise on his head from running into a Dwarf flap, and then finding out it didn’t open. That, and of course we would have nicked his wallet. We used to target Dwarfs coming out of strip clubs and dodgy bookshops. It was all a bit of harmless fun, really”.

Minnie told Sophie that she was worried about the fact that these attacks are on the increase, and that the victims are often waking up to find more than just their wallets missing. “It’s totally irresponsible to really use the bricks for more than just putting the wind up some short-arse pervert. Actually trying to neuter the little bugger on someone’s

doorstep, in the dark, is really dangerous. It could result in an injury that would last a lifetime. If young girl Dwarfs have got to go bricking, they should never try to use the bricks to really neuter any males they catch, unless they have a decent pair of thumb guards. Without them, the chances are you could do yourself some serious damage”.

## SPORTS NEWS

The Dwarfs Indoor Leapfrog League is proceeding well, despite complaints made by the captain of the Bristol Bouncers, who were playing away to the British Naturist Dwarfs Over Sixty Unisex Leapfrog Display Team. “My lads were sweating buckets”, he complained, after the Naturists recorded their first win of the season. “They had the heating up so high, it was like a sauna in there”. Ivor Smallpiece, who has been appointed Senior Referee for the season, dismissed the complaint. “They do feel the cold, at their age, and I for one have no intention of watching a bunch of naked geriatric Dwarfs shivering and turning blue, they aren’t exactly a pretty sight in pink”, he announced.

The traditional Boxing Day round-robin tournament saw the top four teams from last year’s league championship competing for the Lucy Bottomley Memorial Cup. Played at Ribble Valley Scout Hut, the home of last year’s champions the Lancashire Leapers, the event ended in a tie. The two highest points scorers, the Leapers themselves and the Grimsby Grasshoppers, went up against each other to decide the final result. The Grasshoppers came out on top in the sudden death leap-off, by three ends to two. Mrs Bottomley was on hand to present the trophy to the winners, and thank all the competitors for their efforts. She also thanked the Red Cross for attending, and congratulated them on their sterling efforts to untangle the British Naturist Dwarfs Over Sixty Unisex Leapfrog Display Team, who provided the usual half time demonstration. “How you managed to sort them out without having to amputate any limbs, I shall never know”, she told the volunteers, “Personally, I would have taken a chain saw to the lot of them, and let the doctors sew any bits back on afterwards”.

The captain of the British Naturist Dwarfs Over Sixty Unisex Leapfrog Display Team has asked that any visitors to the Scout Hut over the next few weeks, who find a set of dentures, should post them to him, care of the Ancient Brotherhood of The Dwarfs Of Albion. He has promised to refund the postage.





## FROM OUR AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT:

Here in Australia, the British team are completing their final preparations for the Australian Mixed Height Tennis tournament, due to start in January. The 'Roo Cullers and Dwarf Wranglers Club of Australia, the event's organizers, have announced a new sponsor for next year's event. It is Wendy's Surf and Diving Centre, of Alice Springs.

Favorite for the Dwarf Singles is French Wonder-Dwarf Marcel Bouffant, the late replacement for Paris Dwarf s Open winner Armand Cognac, who is still suffering from a groin strain. In the Ladies' event, Czechoslovakian/American Dwarf Champion Martika Navratilovska has been forced to withdraw, after failing a sex test. She will still compete in the mixed height doubles tournament, which starts during the second week. Senior Tournament Referee Bruce Foster showed the usual relaxed Australian approach to the problem at a press conference, when he announced that Martika had come all the way from California to take part. "We decided to let her have a go in the mixed doubles, whatever side of the bed she sleeps on. No-one really gives a toss anyway", he told journalists.

Next month's issue will contain a full report on the tournament, as well as all the news from the latest fixtures in the Indoor Leapfrog League.

## PROBLEM PAGE

Once again, 'Dwarf News' Agony Aunt and Grandmother of five Auntie Linda offers advice to a reader with a personal problem. This month, a letter from a young man who has a problem at work.

Dear Auntie Linda;

I hope you can give me some advice, as I seem to have got myself into a bit of a mess, and don't know how to get out of it.

I am a young man in my mid twenties, who sometimes goes out in the evenings and at weekends, dressed as a girl. I only do this for a laugh, and see it as a bit of fun. I have all the usual urges, I am between girlfriends at the moment, but certainly enjoyed a perfectly normal relationship with my last girlfriend, although she used to get a bit pissed off when I used her make up, or left my tights hanging up to dry in the bath room.

Earlier this year, I got fed up with not being able to get a decent job, so I applied for a position as a secretary. I thought I would stand more chance if I were a girl, so I went to the interview dressed up in my weekend clothes. I actually got the job, mainly because I don't think anyone else applied.

I have found that I really like the job, and seem to be quite good at it. I have been promoted, and given a pay rise. All the staff have been very nice to me, the men are always making my coffee, and getting me drinks when we go out at dinnertime. I have also made friends with one of the other ladies at the office, I was even asked to be her bridesmaid when she got married recently. My problem is that I have painted myself into a corner. I like being a secretary, but I am terrified that someone is going to realize the truth. As it is, the fact that I don't have a boyfriend has got some of my colleagues wondering if I am a lesbian, because I don't want to go out with them.

One man in the office seems to be getting very friendly, and I don't want to hurt his feelings, but obviously a relationship could never work. I have no physical feelings for him at all, and as neither of us are gay, he would go mental if he found out I was really a man. Besides, he is married with two children; I could never get involved with a married man.

What can I do to get myself out of this mess, without hurting anyone's feeling, and losing my job?

Yours faithfully,  
'Mark' (and 'Susan')

Dear Mark (aka Susan)

You poor dear! What a terrible situation to find yourself in – if only you had joined the Royal Navy instead you could have trained in the Supply & Secretariat Branch as a male secretary. I knew one gentleman who was much in demand for postings to parts of the world where ladies on their own would have found life difficult. His skills were tremendous: 85 wpm (words per minute) on a manual typewriter and 230 wpm shorthand (he used court reporting short forms to enhance his speed). He got to see such interesting places but never seemed to have the time for a family – odd that, he was such an attractive, well-dressed and charming gentleman, too.

But enough of this, it is your problem to which we must turn our minds to today. As far as I can see there are three solutions to your difficulty:

- 1. Take your courage in both hands and tell your manager what the situation is.** Indeed, this could be your best bet. He (or she) may be quite happy to maintain the status quo, after all, it's a given that you won't be having any embarrassing office flings or running away with the head of the typing pool. It might just be the foundation for a strong friendship especially if your manager likes the idea of the rest of his/her staff making complete idiots of themselves while you and he are the only two in on the secret.

Of course, the downside to this is that you would be open to blackmail and if you don't already get the worst jobs in the organisation you certainly will after.

- 2. Secondly, you can continue with the masquerade and get yourself a girlfriend** outside the workplace who understands your situation and doesn't mind you using her make-up or hanging your tights up to dry – after all, at this joyous season there can't be many young women who would complain about finding a personable young man in their stockings. You will then be accepted as a gay, young thing in more ways than one.

This, of course, will carry some problems of it's own: there are always those males who feel it is both a challenge and their duty to cure you; and there will be female colleagues who feel they should avoid any close encounters and those who decide they now have the right to paw you whenever you go by.

- 3. And finally (and this is very final), you could simply kill Susan off.** As many of the staff members of Dwarf News seem to have come to a sticky end I see no premise that would disallow this option. You would, of course, have to work out how to avoid the usual collection/depressing wake/nosey guests at the funeral, etc,

but I'm sure a burial at sea off the coast of Antarctica or ashes tipped from a sky dive at 20,000ft would be perfectly acceptable.

Turning up at the office one Monday morning as Mark, dressed in elegant black, and obviously in distress will give you ample cover for your story. Explaining that you are Susan's twin brother, that she has died in a terrible accident on the ski slopes at Aspen/diving off the Barrier Reef/doing test laps on her motorcycle at Daytona/killed in a fire rescuing a pet cat, etc, will cover the lack of coffin and then you can offer your services in her place. (She would, of course, have wanted you to help out until a replacement can be found, and you will find solace helping her colleagues and being close to her friends).

I'm certain that once the management and staff realise just how good your secretarial skills are; and what a sympathetic and understanding young man you can be, they will be content to accept you into their midst. Your likeness to Susan in your mannerisms, tones of voice, etc, will simply be put down to the fact that you were twins.

The only downside I can see to this is that you will have to ensure that you are never Susan where one of her ex-colleagues could possibly see you. This sounds simple but remember all those stories about friends of friends of friends who told your granny that they'd seen this girl who looked just like you pony-trekking across Andalusia last summer. And when all is said and done just remember that famous quote from Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion* (1808):

“Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
when first we practice to deceive!”

Well, good luck, my dear. Enjoy your job; ignore the married man (he shouldn't be sniffing around you anyway) and may you find the best solution for your problem.

Have a very happy New Year.  
Auntie Linda

## DWARFS AND DWARF KEEPER OF THE YEAR

The reader's poll to choose the recipients of the prestigious 'Dwarf News' awards has now closed. The awards are as follows:

### MALE DWARF OF THE YEAR

The award goes to 'Super Dwarf' William Bigger, for courage shown in his battle to overcome an addiction to methylated spirits.

### FEMALE DWARF OF THE YEAR

The award goes to Minnie Small-Collins, for her unusual use of an electric pencil sharpener while on remand in Holywell Prison.

### DWARF KEEPER OF THE YEAR

Awarded to Jackie Bruce by an overwhelming majority of readers, for finally removing her Dwarf, Simon Bruce, from the Society's list of eligible Dwarf bachelors. She also wins the gratitude of women everywhere, whatever their height.

# SUPPLEMENT

This month's supplement contains an article by Professor Henry Quigley, Lecturer in Dwarf Mythology at Merkin College, Cambridge.

## THE ELECTRIC DWARF

One myth associated with Dwarfs, especially males, is that many of them have problems understanding modern technology, particularly electricity. To some extent, this is, in fact, perfectly true. I am not concerned here with the problems experienced by female Dwarfs in regard to comprehending how such modern devices as electrical appliances work. Obviously, their total inability to understand anything more complicated than a light switch is something that affects all females, whatever their height.

Why do so many male Dwarfs experience difficulties with something so simple? Some are completely at home with everything that the modern world can come up with, like Grim the Cyber Dwarf, who is only really happy when talking to a computer. Others, such as celebrity Dwarf Simon Bruce, regard anything to do with electricity as something akin to witchcraft.

Throughout history, Dwarfs have been at the forefront of all scientific advances. Give a Dwarf a steam engine, and he will play for hours. Provide him with an internal combustion engine, particularly one from a motorcycle, and he will happily and rapidly reduce it to its component parts, and then put it back together, usually in the kitchen of his owner's house. Jackie Bruce, the long-suffering owner of the above mentioned Simon, has on one occasion been advised that the next meal to be cooked in her oven would probably taste of gearbox oil, as someone had been using it to heat up crankcases in order to fit new bearings. (It is believed that this was actually the Dwarf Keeper Royal, rather than her Dwarf. Simon, however, encouraged him. – Ed).

Taller people started to show an interest in Dwarfs around the time of King Arthur, and the Dwarfs themselves start their own histories at this point. An early copy of Mallory, owned by the society, mentions that Sir Bedevere, as well as being a master of the quintaine, was also 'Keeper of the King's Dwarf'. He is an important figure in Dwarf myth, which tells of the many adventures he experienced while traveling the country with the Dwarf concerned. Although Mallory does not mention him by name, the Dwarfs themselves refer to him as Smallweasle.

Although King Arthur is highly regarded by all Dwarfs, they save their real affection for Merlin, who they refer to as 'Dwarf Father'. The King, to whom one would think they owe their true allegiance, is known as 'Uncle Arthur'. Some Dwarf scholars even go so far as to suggest that Merlin was actually two Dwarfs, one standing on the other's shoulders. This would certainly explain his ability to suddenly vanish and re-appear seemingly at will, as he would merely have to go back to being his two component parts, and slope off for a quick smoke while no-one was looking.

The myth of the headless horseman, which recurs throughout history, is believed to have originated at around this time. Sir Bedevere, on being challenged to a duel the following

morning, accepted, claiming that God would prove him right, by ensuring his victory. All knights made this claim on a regular basis, knowing that if they lost, at least they would not be around afterwards, and have to listen to the other knights taking the piss. Sir Bedevere, believing he would certainly die in the morning, as the challenger was known to be very handy with the lance and even better with the broadsword, was terrified. As a result, he spent much of the night confined to the privy, and refused to come out in the morning. Smallweasle, not wishing to see Sir Bedevere suffer shame, dressed in the knight's armour, mounted Sir Bedevere's horse with the aid of a convenient stepladder, and made his way to the jousting ground at the appointed hour. On the first charge, Smallweasle was struck a blow on the helm. This caused the helmet to come off, and fly through the air, before coming to rest in a large pile of fresh horse droppings. (Sir Bedevere's horse was also terrified). Smallweasle promptly dismounted, fell over, picked himself up, and retrieved the helmet. After replacing it on the shoulders of the suit of armour, he drew his master's sword, and prepared for battle. The challenging knight immediately realized that God was, indeed, on his opponent's side, and promptly dismounted and knelt on the grass, to offer his apologies to Sir Bedevere, for falsely accusing him of having an unnatural relationship with his horse. After accepting the apology, Dwarf Smallweasle returned to the castle of Sir Bedevere, stopping on the way only to purchase a further supply of soft toilet paper.

The Dwarfs also relate that after this incident, Smallweasle was thrashed to within an inch of his life, (About 3ft 4in? –Ed), by Sir Bedevere, for bringing his helmet back full of horse shit, though it is admitted that this event occurred after Sir Bedevere had donned his armour, including the helmet concerned. The Dwarfs point to this as an example of the basic unfairness of life.

Many of the most famous incidents throughout history are reputed to have involved Dwarfs, to a greater or, usually, lesser extent. Dwarf myth tells of Dwarfs sailing with the Vikings, and traveling to England With William The Conqueror. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have taken two Dwarfs with him on the Golden Hind, as he found them useful for cleaning out the barrels of the ship's cannons, after a battle. The Dwarfs believe that only one came back, as his companion, known as Todger, developed the habit of sleeping in a cannon barrel, as they would stay nice and warm for many hours after an engagement with the enemy. Once Todger adopted this unusual resting place, it was only a matter of time before the inevitable happened. It is reassuring to think that he would have been unconscious at the time, after having a large iron ball rolled into the barrel on top of his head, and then forced further in by the action of the ramrod. Unfortunately, this was probably not the case, as Drake's other Dwarf, Brite-Arse, who wrote about the incident in his journal, recorded that Todger always climbed into the barrel head first. When it is appreciated that before the cannon ball was loaded, a charge of gunpowder was poured into the barrel and well rammed down, it must have been an appalling way to leave this world and travel to the next, though ultimately an extremely rapid one. This may be why the Royal Navy later adopted the practice of always plugging gun barrels when they were not in use.

The most famous Dwarf in Elizabethan times was probably Phillip of Staines, (Believed to be so-called due to his habit of missing his mouth when eating, but known by the court as Mouseturd), who became the first Earl Bodkin. His marriage to one of the prettiest,

and tallest, ladies of the court, Lady Jane Krumpett, a distant cousin of the Howards, ensured that his name would be remembered long after his death.

Dwarfs often led the way in many industries, notably coal mining, (Although this is believed to be due to a shortage of canaries. -Ed). It was not until the discovery of electricity, or elektrickery, as the Dwarfs refer to it, that they began to have difficulties. Dwarfs are, if nothing else, practical. As a Dwarf of my acquaintance once explained, if you cannot actually see something, how can you believe it exists? You can loosen a pipe and see the steam escaping, but if you cut through a cable when the device it is attached to is switched on, can you see the electric coming out? (You would probably feel it coming out, though only for a moment, so please don't try this at home, -Ed).

How Dwarfs will cope with nuclear power remains to be seen, but personally, I wouldn't want any of them working in my local power station. The failure of many Dwarfs to understand electricity convinces me that Author Eric Von Smith's claim that Dwarfs are visitors from another world is unlikely to be true, unless they used a steam powered space ship.

**Editor's Note: Many thanks to the Professor for his insights. The cheque is in the post.**

## LATE NEWS

Mon 27<sup>th</sup> December

Staff returning to the office after the two day Christmas break they were generously allowed by the Editor, were somewhat alarmed to notice that Secretary/Junior Reporter Without Portfolio Sophie was wearing the red wig they have come to associate with Sophia. Sophie told her colleagues that she wished to apologise for her behaviour during the 'Dwarf News' Christmas Party, and to make amends for arriving without her purse. "I thought I should come in person, so to speak", she told the Editor. She also brought in a new mug, which she has placed on the shelf in the kitchen, next to her 'Sophie' mug, which is white, with her name written in blue. The new mug bears the words 'World's Greatest Party Girl'. "Just a little something to remember Sophia by", she explained.

After managing to drink her way through a large part of the staff's bank accounts at the party, Sophie promised to take everyone to the pub at lunchtime, and buy them all a drink. As most of the staff are either Dwarfs or journalists, this offer was accepted. The Editor pointed out that Sophie, in her guise as Sophia, had been banned from the Printer's Arms, after the riot. "Oh yes, I forgot about that", Sophie told him, and suggested the Dwarf's Head as a suitable alternative. "It's supposed to be nice and quiet, there's never any trouble. I haven't actually been there before", she told staff. With hindsight, the relationship between these two sentences should have been given more attention.

On arriving at the Dwarf's Head, Sophie/Sophia bought everyone a small bitter. "It is quiet in here, isn't it?" she asked the Deputy Editor. "I know, why don't we have a game of kiss chase, to liven it up a bit. You can chase me along the bar, and if you can catch me, I'll give you a kiss". The Deputy Editor, who is suspected of quite fancying Sophie, accepted.

At this point, Sophie asked the barman to pour one tot from each bottle on the spirit rack into a separate glass, and place the glasses in a line along the bar. She then asked him to repeat the procedure, only using doubles.

“That’s your line”, she told the Deputy Editor, pointing to the singles. “Seeing as I’m on doubles, I get a one glass start. First one to the end of the bar wins.” On asking what happened if he lost, he was told that the loser paid for the drinks. He lost. Afterwards Sophia congratulated him on coming second, and suggested making it ‘best of three’. “Why not just put triples in mine?” she asked the barman. “It will save a lot of washing up afterwards”.

The Deputy Editor eventually gave up halfway through ‘best of seven’, after Sophia reached the end of her line, and met him half way down as she was coming back along his. By this time she was definitely struggling, however she took exception when the barman refused to serve her again, on the reasonable grounds that she was plastered.

“He’s been watering all the drinks”, she told everyone present. “He must have been, otherwise by now I wouldn’t even be able to stand up”. She then fell over. Unfortunately, the suggestion that the drinks were diluted attracted the interest of other patrons, and as the rumour spread to the public bar, things began to turn ugly. Eventually, the police had to be called to break up several fights, which had spread to the pavement, and two adjacent shops.

The owner of the Dwarf’s Head has since been in contact with the office, to inform us that staff will not be welcome at the pub, when it re-opens in three weeks time. The Editor has also given the Deputy Editor a written warning, for bringing the journalistic profession into disrepute by being unable to hold his drink, although when he did let go of it, the result was certainly impressive. Sophia advised him that, as an experienced drinker, she always swallows a tablespoonful of honey before a party. When asked by another staff member if this prevented her being sick, she replied, “No, but it does make it taste better on the way up”. The Deputy Editor will be informed of his warning when he is released from hospital, where he is still on a saline drip.

### Wed 29<sup>th</sup> December

The office was visited this morning by Mr John Gaskill, Solicitor. After presenting his card, he asked to speak to the person in charge. On being shown into the office, he told the Editor, and Gill the tea Dwarf, who’s ear is naturally at keyhole height, that he represented Lady Felicia Crumble’s estate, and asked if anyone knew the present whereabouts of the Dwarf known as William Bigger. He explained that he has been out of the country for the last twelve months. “Taking a sort of geriatric gap year, while I’m still young enough to enjoy it”, he told the Editor, according to Gill. He says that he has been working at the Nairobi National Park and Game Reserve as a Great White Hunter, escorting tourists on safari. He only heard of Lady Felicia’s death on Christmas Eve, after reading an old newspaper. He has flown back as quickly as possible, to deal with the estate. Sophie, who was back in the office after taking Tuesday off due to a ‘slight headache’, took an instant dislike to him. Our secretary, who is always looking for an opportunity to become a full time reporter, shared her suspicions with the Editor, after Mr Gaskill was given Jane’s address, with the warning that she was due to be evicted in the near future as the house was about to be put on the market, so he had better not hang about.

“There’s definitely something fishy about him,” Sophie claimed. “Maybe he was working nights.” When asked why by the Editor, Sophie explained that for a man who is supposed to have spent the last year showing tourists around a game reserve in Africa, he didn’t seem to have much of a suntan. “I go browner than that sitting in front of the television for half an hour”, she explained. She requested permission to telephone the Nairobi National Park and ask a few questions. The Editor agreed, and put Sophie on a staff incentive scheme. “If there is a story there, you won’t have to pay for the phone call yourself. If it’s nothing, you can pay it back at two pounds a week”, he told her.

## SOPHIE’S COLUMN

By Sophie, Secretary/Junior Reporter Without Portfolio

Thursday 30th December

As the paper has closed until New Year, I have stayed on to report the latest news. The Editor has given us all the rest of the year off, and said we don’t have to come back until dinnertime on Monday! He is in a good mood, after talking to Jane on the telephone.

The Deputy Editor has come back, and been given his written warning. After he complained, the Editor gave him a second written warning, for losing to a girl. He has also told me that if I come into the office as Sophia again, I will get a written warning too.

After Jane had called, he asked all the staff into his office, and told us we could go home, and that we would still get paid. Before we left, he said that he had an announcement.

“Our Assistant Editor, Jane, has asked if she can go to Australia for two weeks, to cover the Mixed Height Tennis Tournament. She said she needed a break, to help her get over Eric’s death, and the upset over his will”, we were told. “She has offered to pay her own air fare, and not claim her expenses. Apparently, William and Masher can move her property back to her old house, and close up Eric’s mansion while she’s away.” (William Bigger, former Floodlit Dwarf Racing Champion, once the property of Lady Felicia Crumble, [deceased], now Jane’s gardener; and ‘Masher’ De Vere Hopkins, Jane’s butler, and one time bodyguard to the stars.). “I told her that we all miss her, and hope she feels better soon. Then I told her to take a month off, on full pay. I said that ‘Dwarf News’ would pay her travel costs, and meet all her expenses. I suggested that she flies first class, stays in a decent hotel, and tries to enjoy herself”.

When asked by the Deputy Editor what had prompted this rare display of generosity, the Editor told us, “I want to see how long it takes her to come back, when she finds out that Lady Crumble’s solicitor has only just read the will, and now he’s trying to contact William Bigger”.

On another topic, I rang the Nairobi National Park and Game Reserve, and asked them if they had a Great White Hunter called John Gaskill. The Park Director says they have never heard of him.

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS!**



